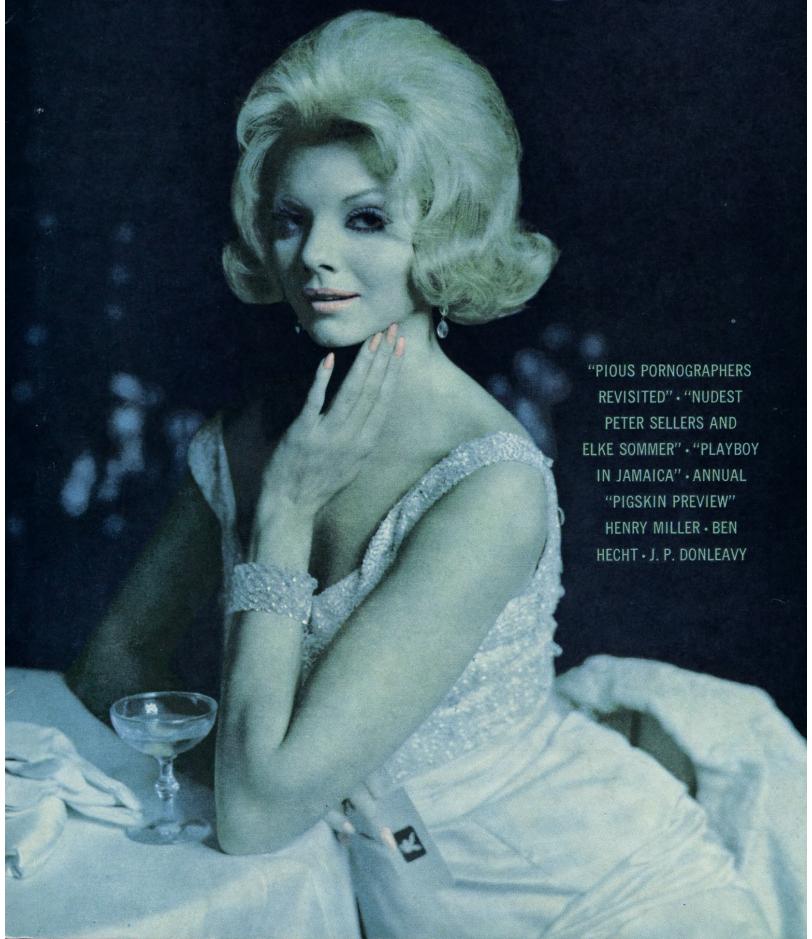


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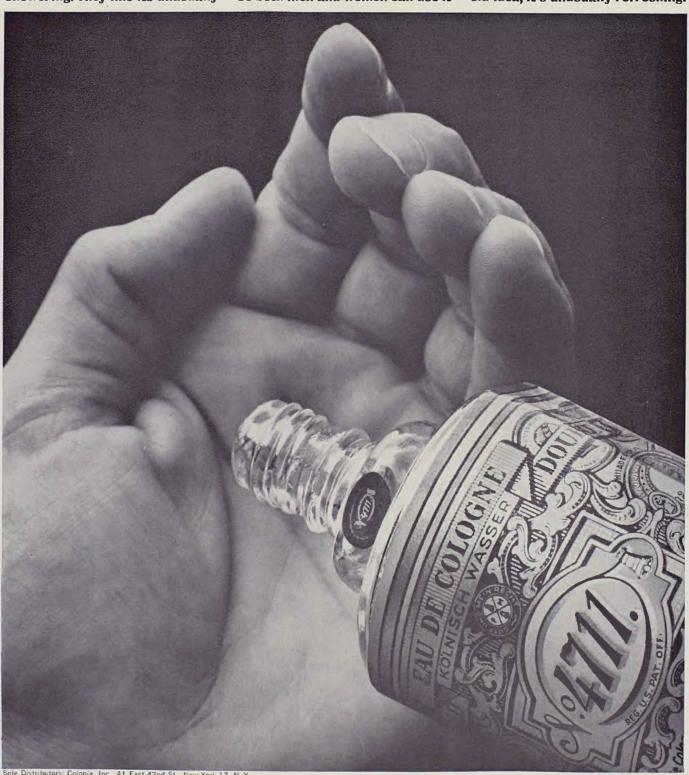
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PLAYBILL Scious CAMPUS-con-September issue at hand offers to the undergrad and the young-in-heart alum a well-rounded curriculum. Playboy's Pigskin Preview, by expert-in-residence Anson Mount, once more crystal-balls the upcoming collegiate gridiron year. It should be noted, with all due immodesty, that the bringing together of the 13 stalwarts of our All-America football team is a logistical feat of considerable dimension and a tribute to both our Photo Department, which coordinated arrivals in Chicago from all parts of the U.S., and the esteem in which the players hold the Preview. Fashions for football watching and other areas of collegiate concern are perceptively projected in Robert L. Green's Big Man on Campus. Involved in our parodistic college fashion guide are three prime practitioners of the subtle art of satire-Ann Elder, Omar Shapli and Dave Steinberg-all members of Chicago's famous cabaret-theater, The Second City.

A somewhat less enthusiastic note on matters academic is struck by eminent authority Paul Goodman in The Deadly Halls of Ivy. He contends that America's mass-education mania has turned our universities into sheepskin factories wherein the graduate is prepared for very little besides becoming a member of the alumni association. The Deadly Halls of Ivy will become part of a book, Compulsory Mis-education, to be published in October by Horizon Press. A caustic analyst of our social and educational systems, Goodman numbers among his published works Growing Up Absurd, The Community of Scholars and the recent Making Do.

In addition to going back to campus, PLAYBOY returns to a favorite hunting ground in Part I of a two-part article by William Iversen, *The Pious Pornographers Revisited*. Bill, who wrote our original piece seven years ago under the pseudonym of Ivor Williams (he was then a contributor to the women's magazines he was examining for us), submerges himself once more in the strange sexual hypocrisy practiced by the women's magazines to show us what changes the intervening years have wrought.

The subject of our September Playboy Interview-a man called a pornographer by some, an important literary influence by most-is the controversial Henry Miller. The interview was conducted for us by another noted writer, PLAYBOY contributor Bernard Wolfe. Bernie says of his long-time comradeship with the author of the famous Tropic of Cancer: "I first met Henry in 1940. I was living in a \$37-a-month termite roost in New York's Chinatown; Henry moved into a midtown room-with-adjoining-air-shaft. Today we live in roomy houses in West L. A., and greenery has been added to our lives-some that grows, some that folds. Neither of us is fighting it."

Youth, Love, Death, an allegorical trilogy in miniature by J. P. Donleavy, author of The Ginger Man, heads a bright line-up of fall fiction. Donleavy, born in New York and educated in Dublin, now lives on the Isle of Man. His PLAYBOY contribution will soon be published by Little, Brown as part of a short-story collection, Meet My Maker: The Mad Molecule.

Daniel A. Jenkins, creator of our fastpaced fictional excursion behind the boob tube, Bertram and the Networks, has had years of television experience to draw on for authenticity of background. Onetime TV editor of The Hollywood Reporter and long-time Hollywood bureau chief for TV Guide, Jenkins is currently in the PR dodge.

This issue also presents John Tomerlin's harrowing *Side by Side*, a tale of love and hate. The versatile Tomerlin has a book on European Grand Prix auto racing and a novel on the Revolutionary War in the works.

Humor also abounds within. Jean Shepherd, the nabob of the night people, takes us on another excursion into his Indiana boyhood in Grover Dill and the Tasmanian Devil. Accompanying the manuscript for How to Be a Jewish Mother by Dan Greenburg (who recently debuted in this magazine with July's Snobs' Guide to Status Cars) was this note from his mother regarding the work in general and her son, the writer, in particular: "I haven't actually read what he has to say-but I'm sure it's very pleasant if he wrote it. You'd think that it wouldn't be a hardship on a young man who writes so nicely to write an occasional letter to his mother who loves him, but it seems that there are more important things to a young man these days than his mother." A book-length version containing lots of additional instruction-complete mit glossary and aptitude tests-will be published in October by Price/Stern/Sloan, the zestful firm that has brought out such humor handbooks as Elephants, Grapes & Pickles and The Very Important Person Desk Diary.

The American literary scene is the poorer for the death this year of Ben Hecht. A regular contributor to Playboy, Hecht wrote this issue's poignant Letters from Bohemia just before he died. A portrait of the pre-Beat beat poet Maxwell Bodenheim, it forms part of a book, with the same title, to be published in October by Doubleday.

This month's PLAYBOY, as always, is graced by eye-filling pictorials. The Nudest Peter Sellers and the Nudest Elke Sommer features filmdom's funniest gentleman and sexiest young lady in scenes from their new movie, A Shot in the Dark, plus additional scenes, from her earlier films, on the awesome Elke Sommer fuselage.

Playboy in Jamaica is a preview of the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, which will soon be the poshest pleasure dome in all the West Indies. An added pictorial attraction to the natural wonders of the island and the man-made wonders of the Club is 1964 Playmate of the Year, Donna Michelle, disporting herself in the sun.

Rounding out our September issue: a continuation of Editor-Publisher Hefner's Playboy Philosophy; Current Attractions, a tempting take-out on stoveless cooking by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario; Playmates Revisited—1961, reprising a gala year of gatefold girls; Shel Silverstein's The Wonderful World of the Teevee Jeebies; and the irrepressible Little Annie Fanny.

In toto, a handsome and heaping issue worthy of toting back to campus or down to the office.



GREENBURG



DONLEAVY



IVERSEN



JENKINS



Pigskin Preview

P. 109



Pornographers Revisited

P. 92



Nudest Stars

P. 131



Campus Attire

P. 146

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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.	7
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	25
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	59
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travelPATRICK CHASE	65
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	67
THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY—editorial HUGH M. HEFNER	71
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HENRY MILLER—candid conversation	77
THE PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS REVISITED—article	
HOW TO BE A JEWISH MOTHER-humorDAN GREENBURG	
PLAYBOY IN JAMAICA—pictorial essay	
SIDE BY SIDE—fictionJOHN TOMERUN	104
THE DEADLY HALLS OF IVY-opinionPAUL GOODMAN	107
PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—sportsANSON MOUNT	
MIDNIGHT SPECIAL—attire	113
DUTCH TREAT—playboy's playmate of the month	
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	120
CURRENT ATTRACTIONS—foodTHOMAS MARIO	
LETTERS FROM BOHEMIA—nostalgiaBEN HECHT	
YOUTH, LOVE, DEATH—fiction	126
THE NUDEST PETER SELLERS AND THE NUDEST ELKE SOMMER-pictorial	131
BERTRAM AND THE NETWORKS—fictionDANIEL A. JENKINS	142
THE WILY DECEPTION OF WASIL—ribald classic	
BIG MAN ON CAMPUS—attire/accoutermentsROBERT L. GREEN	146
GROVER DILL AND THE TASMANIAN DEVIL-memoirJEAN SHEPHERD	153
PLAYMATES REVISITED—1961—pictorial	154
THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY: VAN GOGH SELF-PORTRAIT-humor. JIM BEAMAN	173
THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE TEEVEE JEEBIES - salire SHEL SILVERSTEIN	174
LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER	227

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Penny Edwards, Miss Tiparillo, at Shepheard's

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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JACKPOT

Herbert Gold's contribution to your June issue really hit the jackpot here. It made me somewhat jumpy, even nervous. But my coming trip to Acapulco should cure that.

Terry L. Pruss Corpus Christi, Texas

Jackpot by Herbert Gold, in your June issue, is surely the best story in PLAYBOY in lo these many years. It cuts to the nerve of the California dilemma, which is fair to become the American dilemma, and says about these times what Dostoievsky wanted to say about his times—only with high comedy and low wickedness of insight. Congratulations.

Paul R. Smith Beverly Hills, California

If Herbert Gold's *Jackpot* was written for the purpose of reinforcing Vladimir Nabokov's opinion of Dostoievsky, it did it, I think. At any rate, the story confirmed the Nabokov feeling that "his sensitive murderers and soulful prostitutes are not to be endured for one moment." Would it be libelous to describe a living writer as also "a cheap sensationalist, clumsy and vulgar"?

Virginia Hatfield Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Herbert Gold's golden gift of satire manifests itself masterfully in *Jackpot*. Not only was it the most entertaining, most soulful romp across the youthful American scene that I've read lately, but it was enlightening as well. The problem of values in our contemporary shifting society is one of utmost importance.

John Minnis Phoenix, Arizona

VAN DOREN VOTES

When the issue containing *The Nudest Jayne Mansfield* came out [June 1963] I was very pleased, but I was even more pleased with *The Nudest Mamie Van Doren*. I am just wondering who will be lucky enough to be featured next June.

Franklin Oneton Atlanta, Georgia

Mamie Van Doren looks like she's

been celebrating too long, too often. Frank Bluemlein New York, New York

You've done it again! Your June issue layout on Mamie Van Doren and her latest picture, *Three Nuts in Search of a Bolt*, has theater owners clamoring for the film, proving again what I already knew from a previous experience—that a layout in playboy is worth a hundred thousand billboards.

I believe you will be interested to learn that as a direct result of a similar layout you published a year ago, on Jayne Mansfield in *Promises, Promises!*, that picture, which was supposed to be a flop (all the major distributors refused it, saying it wouldn't make a dime), wound up in third place in *Boxoffice* magazine's annual barometer of outstanding hits. This means that in the theaters in which it played, the boxoffice percentage of our film was higher than any other movie exhibited during the year, except for *Cleopatra* and *Son of Flubber*.

There is no doubt that your picture story on *Promises!* was directly responsible for several hundred thousand dollars in additional grosses at the box office.

Tommy Noonan, President Harlequin International Pictures, Inc. Hollywood, California

FLEMING PASSION

I have just finished reading Ian Fleming's latest James Bond novel, *You Only Live Twice*. This serialization was one of the best ever published in PLAYBOY.

Harry Dealaman Johnson City, New York

Your June issue was great! Being an avid James Bond fan, I could hardly wait for the final installment of Fleming's new novel. It was well worth the wait, however.

Peter Giulviette Briarcliff Manor, New York

When they hand out prizes for longwinded overelaboration, then my vote will go to Ian Fleming, the British "genius." One of his stories is more than

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enough. The Three Stooges affect me the same way; their comic slap-around routine is funny but once.

> N. R. Dussault Elk Grove Village, Illinois

Bravo! Ian Fleming has done it again. In my opinion his skill as an adventure writer is unsurpassed. I thoroughly enjoyed his latest and most exciting novel.

Peter Graf Ithaca, New York

Ian Fleming is truly remarkable. After the worst start of any of his novels (it read like a parody of his other works), You Only Live Twice turned out to be one of his best. And that ending! Only an author so closely followed by his fans would dare it. Shades of Conan Doyle and the Reichenbach Falls!

> Michael L. Linah Brooklyn, New York

I commend and congratulate you on your publication of the latest James Bond novel. As an avid reader of long standing, I must say, with all conviction, that not for many years have I read a novel that contained all of the elements necessary to hold my attention as has Ian Fleming's latest effort.

Phil E. Kinzer Knoxville, Tennessee

POHLING PLACE

Frederik Pohl's June article, Intimations of Immortality, greatly aroused my interest. When Pohl mentioned the fact that transplanting corneas is as routine as an appendectomy, did he mean that these operations are similar in the respect that they are easy to perform, or did he mean that they occur as often as appendectomies?

Chet Goluch Ottawa, Ontario

He meant that they are as easy to perform.

Kudos to Frederik Pohl for pointing out so perceptively and absorbingly that man doesn't spend all of his time trying to destroy himself. It is pleasant to find, among the prophets of gloom and doom, a voice that states in knowledgeable terms that there are many of us who are busily engaged in the business of preserving and prolonging human life.

John Brennan Boston, Massachusetts

I find it difficult to believe that the same magazine could publish, at one moment, the profound truths which Lenny Bruce expressed in his autobiography, and at the next, give voice to the crippled conjectures of Frederik Pohl.

David S. Ogden Lafayette, California

Frederik Pohl's Intimations of Immor-

tality is more popular medical fantasy than sound knowledge. Mainly, he offers half-truths to make a point that fulltruths would deny. Two specific instances are typical: He says, "The great bacterial killers of all previous ages have one by one been brought under control." True. What he fails to mention is that new bacterial killers, and other diseases, have taken their place. We are no better off on that score than we were 30 years ago. He also says, "We don't cure diabetes, but diabetics rarely die of their disease; insulin and other therapies make the disease irrelevant." Diabetics rarely die of their disease now, true; so they live to reproduce and often pass the disease on to their descendants-leaving mankind as a whole no better off than

The truth about our health picture is known and acknowledged by medical theoreticians, but it seldom reaches the public eye-because the public likes to be fed what it wants to believe. Check the Statistical Abstract of the United States, and other sources of genuine information, and you will discover a radically different picture from the one Pohl suggests. We are in a bad way, and we are getting no better, healthwise: 25 to 30 percent of the U.S. population suffers right now from chronic diseases; an additional 20 to 25 percent will spend some time in a mental institution or will be allowed freedom only because of sedation. Life expectancy past the age of 45 is little greater than it was 30 years ago and is shorter than that of some European nations today-and even the slight improvement can be attributed to better sanitation, etc. (More persons reach the age of 45, hence more older people.) There is no basis here for Pohl's argument that medical science is getting so good that we are heading toward immortality! There are wishful thinkers who will delight in his dreams, but others who will remain convinced that the personality should not continue on indefinitely. I am one of the latter.

Robert Dolling Wells, President New Individualism Foundation Mercer Island, Washington

The desirability of personality extension is arguable, certainly, but it seems to us a subjective matter. Pohl, of course, was nonpartisan, merely explaining and discussing the prospects for it. You accuse Pohl of fantasy rather than sound knowledge. There is some justice to this charge: Since his article was extrapolative and prophetic, he could not—and did not—present his predictions as facts. But he avers, and our own research confirms, that his vision of the future was based on facts and on observable trends. To wit:

We no longer have world-wide and runaway epidemics from bacterial killers, despite the fact that mutant strains may

(For Mathematics Majors)



Natural shoulder trim-line jacket; lapped seams, hooked vent. Pull-out handkerchief matches lining.



Ivy vest reverses to traditional Tattersall check.



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Piper slacks in contrasting shade. Beltless; off-seam pockets.

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prove resistant for a while. Medical evidence to date, however, makes it very clear that new antibacterial medicines, or new improvements on the old ones, are developed in ample time to prevent epidemics of the new, mutant bacterial diseases.

Regarding diabetes, it is entirely in the realm of probability that medical researchers will discover a means of eliminating genetically transmitted metabolic diseases by changing the metabolic structure of the individual, and/or the gene structure of afflicted parents-to-be. Meanwhile, since diabetes can be controlled, it is no longer unserviceable to have diabetics sire children. Since diabetes does not now have a fatal or crippling effect on those afflicted, thanks to control of the disease, it is not true that we are no better off than we were before.

You comment that more people reach the age of 45, but also say that 25 percent to 30 percent of the population suffers from chronic diseases. It is the increased segment of older people in the population that is afflicted with chronic disease; in their age group, chronic disease is less than it ever was. And, for the most part, persons over 45 incurred their diseases before recent scientific breakthroughs which are benefiting younger generations; future statistics for chronic diseases should reveal that fact. Similarly, it can be proven that even with the increase of the older age group in the population as a whole, the absolute incidence of chronic disease for the total population has gone down. There is another element to this: Some diseases that used to be fatal are now chronic. This is a medical advance—though a somewhat two-edged one.

The apparent increase in mental illness reflects improved detection and diagnosis at least as much as it does other, nonmedical factors (the tensions and strains of contemporary life, for example). Today, people are classified as mentally ill who—a few generations ago—would never have come under medical attention, but would have been considered eccentric, odd, flighty, slightly touched, a bit dotty, strange, and all the other euphemisms for unbalanced people who went untreated.

Frederik Pohl's *Intimations of Immortality* is certainly a very interesting article. It takes every area in medicine that is being worked on today and carries it to its maximum conclusions.

Louis R. Head, M. D. Chicago, Illinois

DANISH DELIGHTS

Playboy on the Town in Copenhagen was extremely well written about a wonderful place every bachelor (or any man who can get away alone) must visit in his lifetime. It describes so many of the places that I managed to visit in 1959 and 1960 with my then wife, that I am

determined to spend my three-week vacation there in 1965—and this time without any attachments.

Carl J. Patten Monterey Park, California

Your article in the June issue, *Playboy* on the Town in Copenhagen, giving a résumé of Denmark's dazzling capital, was of great interest. Your pictorial illustrations were superb.

Donald E. Leidig Pensacola, Florida

I had been looking forward to the June issue with real anticipation because of the article on Copenhagen. I can now say that it was truly a marvelous job of reporting.

A great deal of what was said was very familiar to me, because last year I was in Copenhagen, and spent three glorious weeks in that beautiful, fantastic city. Most of the night spots spoken of were truly meeting places for people of many nationalities. In all, I spent nine weeks in Europe and I did not find a city throughout the rest of the Continent where the people were friendlier or more hospitable-actually the Danes can't do enough to make you feel at home. Danish women are known throughout the world, and rightfully so -they are so very beautiful and are quick to take you to their hearts and hearths. Your reporter did a beautiful job of making me very nostalgic and of re-creating many days filled with excitement and good sport. I hope to return just as soon as possible.

W. B. Hayden New York, New York

Imagine my surprise when I discovered from reading your Playboy on the Town in Copenhagen, in the June issue, that our restaurant makes 712 different kinds of open-faced sandwiches. Up until that point, we had taken considerable pride in the fact that our smørrebrødsjomfruer (open-faced sandwich maidens, to you) managed to create 178 separate smørrebrøds for our menu. Needless to say, we are flattered that you credit us with such vast ingenuity and artistic imagination, but I think perhaps we should make do with our original claim. I think you arrived at the 712 figure by counting the 178 entries four times each-depending on which of four kinds of bread is used. Actually, the bread type is different, but the delicacy on top is the same.

In any event, we were delighted with the Copenhagen write-up. It was a great piece of research and writing.

> Per Davidsen Oskar Davidsen's Restaurant Copenhagen, Denmark

(For History Majors)



Ever-Neat Back Pleat starts shirt revolution

We ousted the old-fashioned pleat that disappears after the first washing. We stitch down the permanent Ever-Neat Back Pleat, an h.i.s history-making exclusive! It's a brilliant maneuver that allows full freedom of action even though your h.i.s shirt is torso-tapered to fit slick and tight. In solids, stripes, checks, plaids; striking colors, \$3.98 to \$5.98. At educated stores or write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

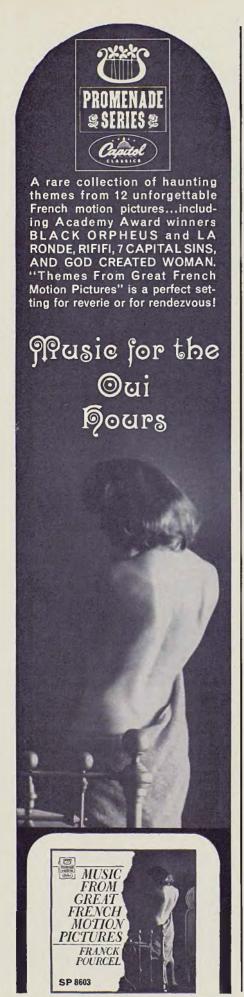








Rounded cuff



Re your article on Copenhagen in your June issue: It was the best I have ever seen on that city. As an unmelancholy Dane I can further state it is all so true. You are forcing me to make another trip to my swinging home town.

John S. Pedersen Los Angeles, California

SHEPHERD'S FLOCK

Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies proves, I think, that Jean Shepherd is not only the most perceptive and provocative talker of our age, but one of the funniest writers. PLAYBOY could do itself, me and literature in general a favor by printing more Shepherd.

Roger Price New York, New York

Since my discovery of Jean Shepherd, I've tried to listen to his program whenever the chance arises. After receiving the June issue of PLAYBOY, the first thing I read was his Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies. May more of these memoirs be expected?

Pete Friedman Brooklyn, New York

Another of Shepherd's manic trips down memory lane is in this issue and more will be forthcoming.

The June PLAYBOY is absolutely first class. What really made it so was Jean Shepherd's *Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies*. In days gone by. Shep used to be on WOR Radio Sunday nights for four hours and we, like acolytes, crammed eight guys into an old '47 Plymouth outside Weaver's Drugstore to listen for the password, the challenge, "Excelsior!" The reply, "Seltzer bottle," gladdened our hearts.

We called him one night from a phone booth at the drugstore. It took us an hour and a half to get through, but it was worth it.

Bill Finley Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Let's get rid of the centerfold and replace it with pictures of Jean Shepherd.

George Leary Glendale, New York

CONGRATULATIONS ON THE JEAN SHEP-HERD FISHING MEMOIR. THIS MONOLOGIST LOGS WELL. ENCORE, PLEASE.

> H. LEE HELM NEW YORK, NEW YORK

To Jean Shepherd from Lake County, Indiana, with love for *Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies*; I'm still chuckling.

I was there. I remember the night well. It was August 17th; it was my uncle who fell out of the boat. He was lowering the anchor out of the front end of the boat when another uncle, trying to be the first to get his line in the water, caught him on the side of his head with

the lead sinkers while whipping his pole back and forth.

> R. Hopper East Alton, Illinois

I would like to thank you for the publication of the memoir by Jean Shepherd. Being acquainted with his work, having interviewed him for a newspaper, and being one of those night people who audit his shows, I was pleased to see him included in a national magazine of Playboy's stature.

Daniel McGlynn Brooklyn, New York

The story in your June 1964 issue by Jean Shepherd is terrific. Please print more by her in the future.

As a matter of fact, if she looks as good as she writes, perhaps you could induce her to pose for Playmate of the Month sometime.

Roy E. Hoffmaster Annport, Pennsylvania

Although you're wrong on gender, we're sure author Shepherd appreciates your sentiments.

BERGMAN APPLAUSE

Until reading the interview with Ingmar Bergman in your June issue, I had abandoned all hope that the movie would ever become an art form. Perhaps the rash of entrepreneurs and promoters who permeate the motion-picture industry had much to do with my pessimism. Your interview with Mr. Bergman, however, has rejuvenated my idealistic vision of what a film can and should be. His films and his person convey lasting, meaningful and beautiful things.

Marty Katz Los Angeles, California

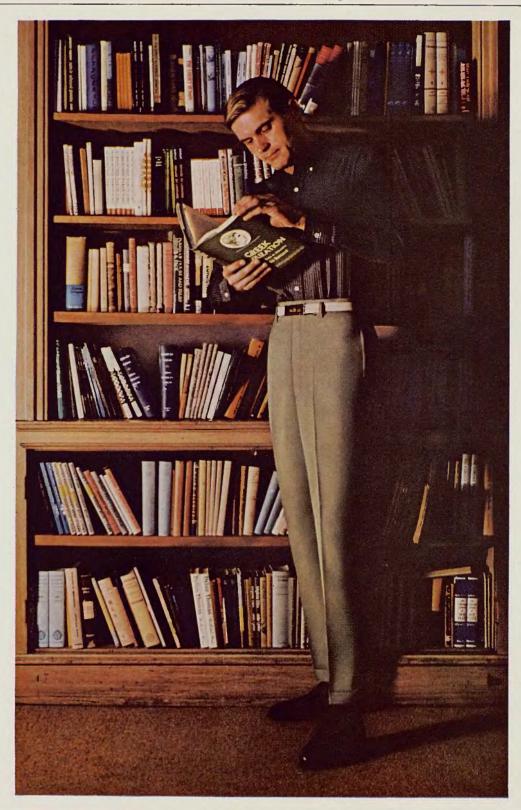
Please accept my sincere congratulations for the superb interview with Mr. Bergman in your June issue. I can remember the trite, distorted cover story Time had about him a few years ago. Your sincere, honest and penetrating questions were matched by his replies. Your magazine is worth the price just for these great interviews alone.

> Ralph C. Johnson Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

After having read several articles in German and French literary publications concerning Ingmar Bergman, I was quite anxious (and, I must add, somewhat apprehensive) to read your June interview. I can only state that its candor and naturalness far exceeded the scope of the foreign publications. Certainly, Ingmar's desire to further the cause of rational emotional-intellectual communication between the sexes, based on love and knowledge rather than fear and ignorance, is amply demonstrated by the PLAYBOY ethos.

G. LeGrand Reed Riverside, California

(For Classics Majors)



Post-Grad slacks are ΚΛΑΣΣΙΚΟ

The Greeks have a word for it—"traditional". And in any language, Post-Grads are strictly authentic from way back. Their trim, tapered lines, neat belt loops, shaped on-seam pockets and narrow-but-not-too-narrow cuffs give them that understated classic look that's always right. Tailored of 65% Dacron* and 35% cotton in all the right colors; only \$6.98. Zipper by Talon. At educated stores or write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



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Try The Better-Tasting Tobacco for The Better Way To Smoke

Have you decided that pipe smoking is for you? Then be sure you try Mapleton Aromatic Mixture. It's the better-tasting way to enjoy this better way to smoke. Mapleton starts with high-grade tobacco leaf. Then this superior leaf is specially processed with flavorful maple and old rum. Result: Mapleton makes pipe smoking richer, smoother, bettertasting than you ever knew it could be. People around you will say it smells great, too!

Whether you've smoked a pipe for years or are switching to one for the first time, fill your pipes (all of them) with Mapleton. It's the better-tasting way to enjoy the better way to smoke.



SCOUTING REPORT

Being a loyal member of the B.S.A. (Boy Scouts of America) and having attained the rank of Scoutmaster, it is my duty to register an official complaint on your June satire (?), Uncle Shelby's Scout Handbook. This may seem like good, trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean fun to you, but to some of us, this is as much a part of life as PLAYBOY, and what it stands for.

It would seem to me that a magazine of your caliber could pick on a more grown-up subject, like sports, unions, armed forces, politics and the like, and leave the 11-to-15-year-olds alone. After all, most of them don't even read your magazine.

Jack Hanthorn (B.S.A.) Phoenix, Arizona

Possibly the Boy Scout oath should include something on having a sense of humor, Jack.

You forgot to have a U. S. Scout's oath: On Uncle Shelby's honor, I'll do my best to take what they give and steal the rest.

J. R. Valentine Farmington, Michigan

VIDE VARGAS

Three cheers for your great magazine and your reply to Mr. E. A. Kucharski's letter attacking the Vargas drawing of a Negro girl in the March issue.

David E. Johnson Rolla, Missouri

I was completely taken aback by a June letter from one irate reader who declared that you'd infringed upon his privacy by 'integrating' girls of varied races in the Vargas drawings. Bah, I say. I care not whether the girl be Caucasian, Oriental or Negro—beauty is beauty, and I appreciate it for what it is.

Max Stern Los Angeles, California

I was very impressed by your answer to E. A. Kucharski of Sarasota, Florida, concerning the Negro pinup in the March issue. Mr. Vargas is a true genius and I look forward every month to more pinups by the master.

> Kenneth L. Himmelstein Baltimore, Maryland

Just a line to tell you how gratified I was at seeing your retort to Mr. E. A. Kucharski's letter concerning your March Vargas. A tip of my hat to Mr. Vargas and a special vote of thanks to playboy.

Roger Hoeft III Elma, New York

DONNA MICHELLE

I have never written to a magazine before, and I doubt that I ever will write to one again; but I had to write you to tell you how much I enjoyed the May issue of PLAYBOY. I think the section on Donna Michelle was a true work of art. When a girl is as beautiful as Donna, I think she should reveal her beauty, as long as she does it in as artistic a manner as she has in PLAYBOY.

> R. J. Williams Manville, Rhode Island

On Tuesday evening, May 26, I came home with my wife and in our parking lot spotted a pink convertible Mustang. Wondering if it could possibly be the one I had heard so much about, I looked at it more closely and there it was, with a Rabbit emblem on each door and a plate inside reading CUSTOM-MADE FOR DONNA MICHELLE. I knew then that it was the car of the Playmate of the Year. You can imagine how surprised I was, knowing that this beauty was in my town of only 15,000 people.

I waited for about 45 minutes to see her and to ask for her autograph but could wait no longer. (I am a milkman and must get up at three A.M.) My wife then wrote a little note and we put it in her car with a pen and autograph book. My wife said, "If she's not a snob she'll sign it and put it in your car for

you."

I would like to take this opportunity to tell everyone that Donna is no snob. She took a few minutes out from what was probably a tight schedule to autograph my book and put it in my car. I wish I could have seen her and thanked her, but since I could not, I'd just like to thank her in your magazine so everyone can know what a swell girl she is.

R. Marek Palatine, Illinois

For more of Donna, see "Playboy in Jamaica" in this issue.

WORDS TO WISER

I read William Wiser's May story, I'm Just a Traveling Man, with great pleasure—as indeed I did the whole issue. In general, I am impressed by the high quality, and the variety, of the fiction that you publish in your magazine. I look forward to reading other good stories in playboy in the future.

Walter Sherwood Berkeley, California

William Wiser's Fm Just a Traveling Man was not only a moving and sensitive little story, but also refreshing proof that an American author can finally write about a Negro for his human interest, and not for his blackness.

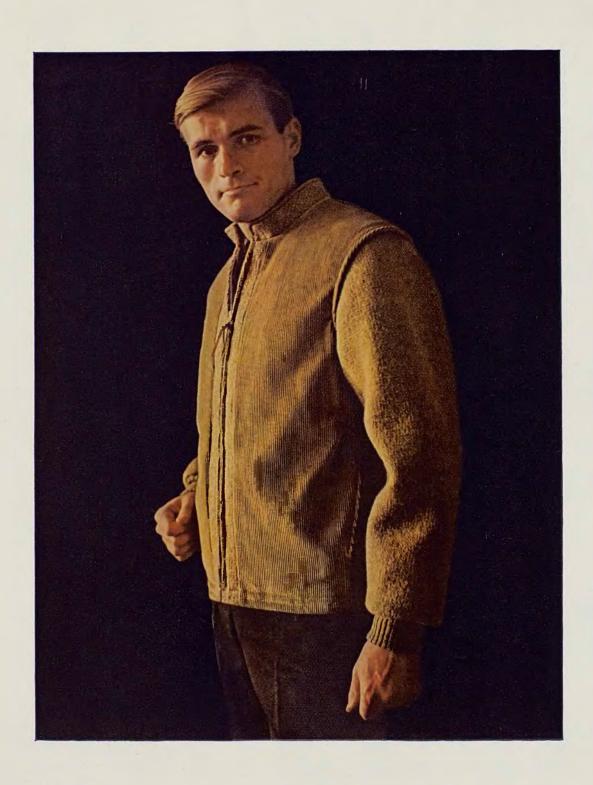
Ted Solis

University of Hawaii Honolulu, Hawaii

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

1 certainly enjoyed The Food of the Gods [PLAYBOY, May 1964], which Arthur

(For Psychology Majors)



Alter your ego with the Royal Cord jacket

The comforting warmth of this quilt-lined knockout knock-about gives you uninhibited pleasure the minute you zip it up. Must be the potent combination of wide-wale corduroy with knit sleeves and trim that gives the libido a lift. New colors: Hemp, Camel, Charcoal; only \$19.95 (slightly higher in the West). Zipper by Talon. At educated stores or write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Wake-up, live-it-up with these 78 wonderful play-it-up











5-09. JACKIE GLEASON, MUSIC, MAR-TINIS AND MEMORIES. Backgrounds to love: Once in A While, I Remember You, I Can't Get Started, 9 more. \$4.98





Bittersweet memories of When the World Was Young, These Foolish Things, 10 others. \$4.98



Love Embers
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16-89. JACKIE GLEASON. LOVE EMBERS AND FLAME. 2 string orches-



Al Martino

20-13. A LETTERMEN KIND OF LOVE. 12 songs for young lovers! Se My Girl, I'll Never Stop Loving You, The Wonder of You, Till, etc. \$3.98



15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of Fever, The Second Time Around, Yes, Indeed, 12 more. \$3.9B





18-27. GEORGE SHEARING. JAZZ MOMENTS. Makin' Whoopee, It Could Hop-pen to You, What Is This Thing Called Love? 9 other hits! \$3.98



19-73. WAYNE NEWTON, DANKE SCHOEN, Woyne sings Tool, Tool, Toolsie; I Cried for You, 10 more. "He's the greatest!"— Jackie Gleason. \$3.98



15-96. WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG. Six songs on the sentimental side, six on the "rockin" side. 12 sugar 'n spice performances! \$3.98



18-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexicon Hot Iwist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist, 5 more \$3.98



20-12. NANCY WILSON. YESTERDAY'S LOVE SONGS... TODAY'S BLUES. She excites you with Bewitched. The Very Thought of You, etc. \$3.98



12-92. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. Bury Me No! On The Lone Proirie. Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo sung by the fe-vorite of the West. \$3.98



00-20. OLDIES BUT GOOD-IES VOL. 5. Original re-cordings of rock 'n roll hits by Des Des Sharp, The Fireflies, Soforis, Bill Doggeri, etc. \$3.98







on records is an event! September Song, Last April, 10 more. \$4.98



19-98. THE BEACH BOYS.
LITTLE DEUCE COUPE.
The No. 1 het-roddin'
group sings title song,
Shut Down, 409, Our Car
Club, B more. \$3,98

LAURINDO ALMEIDA



19-34. NANCY WILSON. HOLLYWOOD

— MY WAY. Nancy sings Academy
Award winners & runners-up — Moon
River, Secret Love, 10 more! \$3.98



16-57. HANCY WILSON/ CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. Teoming up to give you I Con't Get Storted, Hop-py Tolk, Unit 7 - eleven numbers in all. \$3.98

Sinatra all the way







the way thought do you





20-47. MEET THE BEATLES! Their first album now a pop collector's classic! I Want to Hold Your Hand, All My Love, She Loves You, 9 others! \$3.98





9-05. JACKIE GLEASON PRE-SENTS "Oppo!" Malle



18-72. LAURINDD ALMEIDA OLEI BOSSA NOVA. Fresh tatin versions of Heart-oches, Fly Me to the Moon, Satin Doll, 9 other favorites! \$3.98

DICK DALE ANALES

CHECKERED FLAG



19-53. THE INTIMATE MISS CHRISTY. Evocative ren-ditions of It Never En-tered My Mind, Time After

THE INTIMATE MISS CHRISTY



15-46. FERLIN HUSKY.
WALKIN' AND A HUMMIN'. Country bollods. If
Can't Help It, Undesired,
My Shodow, Alone and
Forsaken, 8 more. \$3.98



17-95. KAY STARR. JUST PLAIN COUNTRY. Crazy. 4 Walls, Don's Worry, i Can't Help II, My Last Date, Wolk On By, many others. \$3.98



3-52. JACKIE GLEASON.
MUSIC FOR LOVERS
ONLY. Relax, let romance
take over. Body and Soul,
Some Day, Little Girl,
others. \$4.98



00-19. OLDIES BUT GOOD-IES VOL. 5. Original re-cordings of greatest hits by Skyliners, Jewels, Daminoes, Bobby Day. Preston Epps, others. \$3.98











albums for playboys and playmates to choose from !



THE BEATLES

STEREO OR MONO 12" LONG-PLAY

RAY ANTHONY

THE SOUL OF BLUES

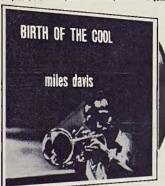
T7-52. RAY ANTHONY, WORRIED MIND. Big band treatment of coun-try western blues. Born to Lose, Your Cheatin' Heart, 10 more. \$3.98



when you purchase just one album now ... and agree to buy as few as six selections from several hundred Capitol and Angel albums offered you in the next 12 months.







19-74. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, others on 11 "cool" tunes. Monaural only. \$3.98





18-88. BILLY MAY. BILL'S BAG. Modern joxx in a cool groove. Filet of Soul, Miles Behind, others. "Power and thrust!" — HiFi/Stereo Review. \$3.98

conducted by allerd news











18-03. THE ALL-TIME HITS OF RED NICHOLS AND THE FIVE PENNIES in hot Dixie-



17-93. NAT KING COLE, RAMBLIN' ROSE. Warm and wonderful country music! Skip to My Lou, Your Cheatin' Heart, 10 more. \$3.98





15-25. IEAN SHEPARD.
GOT YOU ON MY MIND.
Western gol sings country hits: Big Midnight
Special, One White Rose,
Another, 9 more. \$3.98

CAPITOL







18-44. STAN KENTON. AD-VENTURES IN TIME. 23 men blaze new jozz trails into the fourth dimension — time. "Jozz leader of the year!"-Playboy. \$3.98



17-71. ROUTE 86 THEME: NELSON RIDDLE. Plus themes from Ben Casey, Untouchables, Naked City, Sing Along, other TV shows. \$3,98



16-59. DEAN MARTIN.
DINO. Long-awaited elbum of Italian love songs:
Non Dimenticar, Pardon,
Arrivederci Roma, Just
Say I Love Her, more. \$3.98

italian

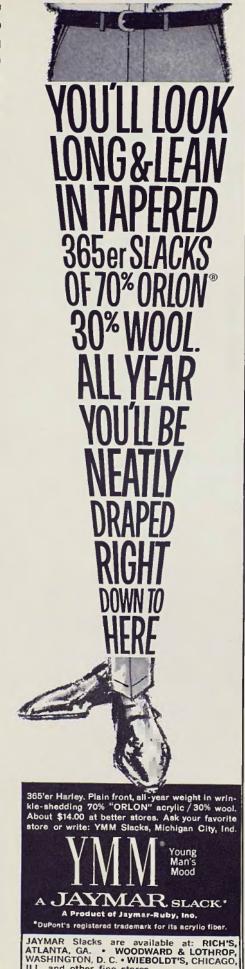




14-72. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEAR-ING TOUCH. Superb stylings of Nola, Misty, Bewitched, Honeysuckle Rose, 7 more. With Billy May strings. \$3.98

20

ILL. and other fine stores.



C. Clarke handled with his usual skill. The theme of cannibalism is obviously still good for a new twist. I am reminded of Two Bottles of Relish, by Lord Dunsany, and of a story, also science fiction, by my wife and myself, called Pariah Girl (published under the pen name of Boyd Ellanby). Congratulations on having Clarke write for you.

William C. Boyd, Professor of Immunochemistry School of Medicine Boston University Boston, Massachusetts

GRAND SLAM

I thoroughly enjoyed the May issue of PLAYBOY, particularly Alfred Sheinwold's article, Big-League Bridge. His style and knowledge of the game kept the article fresh and exciting.

> M. M. Maltz Beverly Hills, California

NAME GAME

I enjoyed your name game (April Playboy After Hours)—thought up a few myself. Dean Martin, president of a bird college; Frank Bolling, straightforward tenpin playing; Johnny Cash, money for a pay toilet; Ernest Hemingway, sincere method of sewing; Bobby Baker, one who turns the heat on law-enforcement officials; and Dick Chamberlain, a minister in charge of detectives.

Russ Lynch Mobile, Alabama

THAI THAT BINDS

Since September of last year there has been a Camp Playboy Thailand in this far-off land. Camp Playboy has gained some fame in this part of the world and is talked about in Vietnam and the big city of Bangkok. The camp consists of a microwave radio relay station and only has a few (15 to 20) men assigned to it. But this is a unit with a very high morale and much prestige.

They have just moved the radios of Camp Playboy (Surin) to a new location. So we now have Camp Playboy Thailand (B) which is located in the small Thai town of Buriram. As you can see, this small part of the U.S. Army is trying to carry on the PLAYBOY traditions in Southeast Asia. Long live PLAYBOY, the mag that makes you glad.

> 2nd Lt. Daniel A. Tweel Buriram, Thailand

PLAYBOY YEAS AND NAYS

I'd like to add my voice to the thousands of others in praise of PLAYBOY. Your stories are fabulous, your articles artistic, and your women—perfect! When I decide to shop for a suit, shirt, hi-fi equipment or after-shave lotion, all I have to do to find the best is refer to your ads, and from there to your Reader Service. In short, you have contained in

your pages everything a man desires for thought, fashion and frivolity.

> **Budd Case** Sacramento, California

Your warped mind should be washed with lye soap and I would like to make the soap. We live in a God-fearing nation and you do this to it. I wish you had to live in Russia. God gave us the privilege of choosing right from wrong. That is why hell is so crowded. We, as teachers, dedicate our lives trying to teach our youth that "God's in His heaven-/All's right with the world," but He also lets people like you live. How can you sleep nights or days? How can anyone with brains to be able to be an editor do what you do?

> Mrs. Audrey Cantlin Ott School Independence, Missouri

Just a note to compliment you and your staff on the consistently high quality of photography, printing, page make-up and outstanding art in your magazine.

R. C. Rice, Design Coordinator The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Akron, Ohio

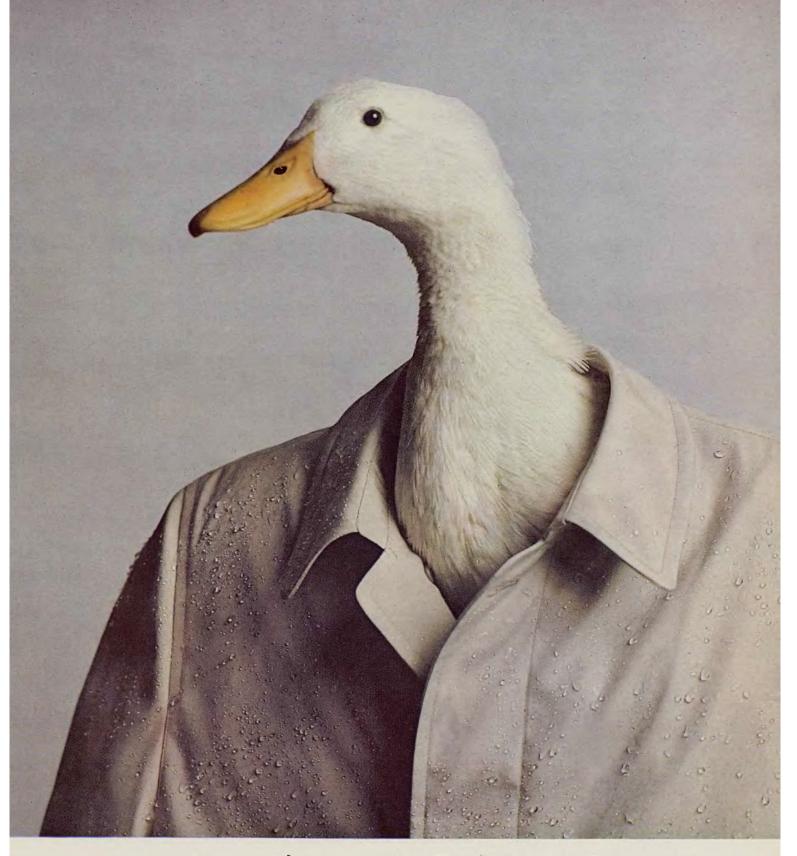
CLEVELAND CLEAVING

Unlike Cleveland readers Zappala and Sobol, who obviously had their tongues in their cheeks when they wrote the letter published in your January journal, I can offer nothing but enthusiastic, if somewhat belated, congratulations for publishing that long-overdue reference, 'square-as-all-Cleveland"! [In Death and the Hubby Image by William Iversen, September 1963.] It is joyously received by all anti-Clevelanders living in The Squarest of the Square. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce will probably deny the truth of the following statements, but they're a pretty square bunch anyway. What Clevelander will not admit that his city is:

- 1. So square that the kids buy glue to build airplanes.
- 2. So square that the phone books win awards.
- 3. So square that the head of the sports-car club drives a Henry J.
- 4. So square that they opened a gourmet shoppe so they could sell Cheez Whiz.
- 5. So square they banned Lady and the Tramp.

George Petlowany Cleveland, Ohio

P. S. The current slogan here is: "Cleveland-The Go-Ahead City." Translation: There's no action here, so let's go ahead to Ashtabula! If this letter reaches print, you'll probably receive a storm of protest from indignant Clevelanders . . . all written in crayon.



How to keep water off a duck's back.

Ducks, being naturally water-repellent, historically had a certain unfair advantage over other animals.

Then London Fog started making Maincoats, and humans also became water-repellent. But still unsatisfied, London Fog added some extra advantages to the Maincoat® that no duck had ever dreamed of. For instance, when Winter comes and the pond freezes over,

For instance, when Winter comes and the pond freezes over, there's no need to fret. London Fog's Andes Maincoat has a luxurious pile lining of "Orlon"® acrylic, that has it all over feathers for warmth.

And when the weather turns warm again, the entire lining zips out for cool comfort. That's why the Andes is perfect for migrations, Spring or otherwise, to any climate in the world.

Moreover, no one's ever going to be called a dirty bird in an Andes Maincoat. Its shell has been given a special new treatment that's great for spot as well as rain protection.

There's no question about it — any human in a London Fog Maincoat is a lucky duck.

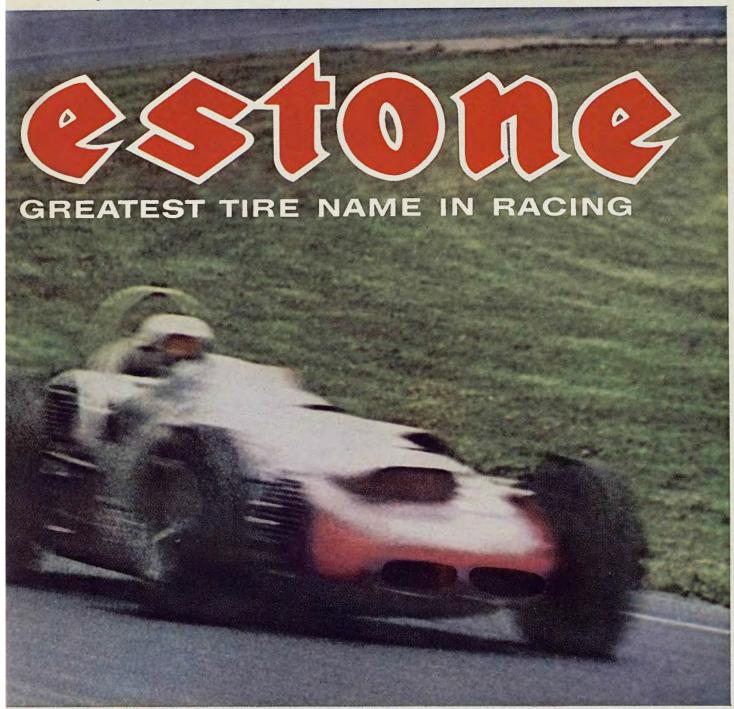
Out of the fastest Indianapolis 500 in history comes an all-new



INTRODUCING FIRESTONE'S NEW NYLON'500'

with wrap-around tread & gold-stripe styling

tire for your greater mileage and highway safety, from...





A. J. FOYT, 1964 winner at 147.350 mph, shown above leading the pack, says: "Fire-stone tires did a tremendous job. I went all the way without a tire change."

This year Firestone again proved it was the greatest tire name in racing by winning in the Indianapolis 500 for the 41st consecutive time. For the first time, the winning car went the full 500 miles without a tire change, and set a new speed record. In addition, every car that finished was on Firestones; not one of them changed a tire!

Now, the same Sup-R-Tuf rubber and Super-Weld body construction in durable Firestone race tires are available in Firestone tires for your car. And out of Firestone's history-making triumph at Indianapolis comes the all-new Nylon "500" tire. Like Firestone race tires, the "500" features a wide wrap-around tread, bolstered shoulders and gold-stripe styling. The new wrap-around tread puts

more rubber on the road for longer mileage and surer traction, especially on curves. The bolstered shoulders mean added rubber to reinforce the tread; you get arrow-straight stability even at turnpike speeds. The gold stripe marks the "500" as the tire built with the same durable Sup-R-Tuf rubber and super-strength nylon cord that made history at Indianapolis. And it's backed by Firestone's famous No-Limit, Road Hazard guarantee.

You can charge the new Nylon "500" at your Firestone Dealer or Store.

"500" \$, Sup-R-Tuf, Super-Weld-Firestone T.M.'s,

All Firestone passenger tires carry a guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials for the life of the original tread; replacements prorated on tread wear at then current Firestone prices.

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter for the taste that's right!



Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.

Not too strong...not too light... Viceroy's got the taste that's right.



SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong...while others taste too light. But Viceroy with the Deep-Weave Filter tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



FYI: The menswear editor of Look is woman; the editor of its "For Women Only" page is a man.

If Russia's latest venture into Western-style commerce is any evidence of things to come in the Soviets' master plan to "bury" us economically, the world will be safe for democracy for some time. Moscow's Soft-Drink Institute has announced in Izvestia that a feasible method has been found for bottling kvass-a traditional Russian beverage which is said to be a cross between wine and hard cider that smells like freshly baked rye bread-on a massproduction basis. Presaging the equally unique flavor of its coming ad campaign, the copywriter went on to wax rhapsodically gastrointestinal in its praises: "Kvass is an excellent drink. It would go over beautifully on the world market. Kvass invigorates, refreshes and quenches the thirst. It is tasty and aromatic. It has a beneficial effect on the digestive system and kills harmful bacteria. It regulates the metabolism and the functions of the central nervous system. It promotes oxidation and reduction process in the respiration of living cells. It aids in the normal deposition of calcium in bone tissue and improves the cardiovascular system." Our suggested slogan: "Now it's kvass, for those who think Young Communist."

Hard-Core Scatology of the Month, Advertising Division: the following copy from an ad in Chicago's North Loop News—"Here is an amazing American bathroom appliance made to do everything a French bidet does, and much more. With a flip of the finger you are washed clean with warm water and dried with warm air. Imagine! No bathroom tissue, ever. And feminine hygiene—so simple, quick and sure, you can hardly believe it. The American Bidet replaces the seat on your present fixture; makes its own warm water and warm air. For

MEN TOO . . . and a positive must for busy youngsters. Colors to match any decor." How about HIS and HERS?

Sign of the times posted outside the chaplain's office at a Sixth Army command post in Korea: sac-religious center.

Cigarette sales, which tapered off for a few months following the release of the Surgeon General's report, have picked up again across the country—especially, we assume, in a Miles City, Montana, drugstore which now offers a special bonus with each purchase of 52 cartons of cigarettes: one free chest X ray.

"Adult" entertainments that might be revamped for the subteen set: The Chapman Report Card, Suddenly Last Summer Vacation, Kitty on a Hot Tin Roof, By Mush Possessed, Lady Chatterley's Steady, Picnic Under the Elms, Larry of Arabia, Days of Pop and Ice Cream, The Pretty American, The Cowboy and the Nice Lady, How to Succeed in School Without Really Crying, The Moon Is Baby Blue, Anatomy of a Malted, Nighty-Night of the Iguana, A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Principal's Office, Last Year at Disneyland, The 400 Pats, The Tricycle Thief, The Man Who Came to Din-Din, and Arthur Kopit's avant-garde farce, Oh Dad, Dear Dad, Mommie's Kissed You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Glad.

You won't want to miss Caterina Valente's act at the Persian Room of New York's Plaza Hotel, billed as follows in a recent issue of *The New Yorker*: "She does it in six languages. With a guitar."

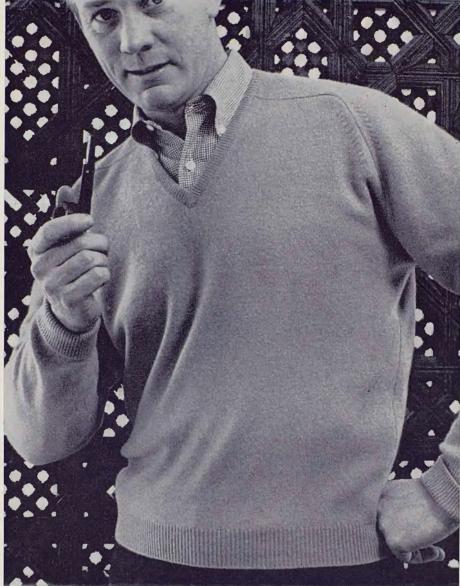
Ever fascinated by "Timespeak," that flashy exercise in editorial economy inaugurated by *Time* magazine with such word-playful semantic superimpositions as "videopus," "cinemogul" and "pantycoon" (this last is an undies-industry

nabob), we herewith offer, gratis, a few new verbal pump primings-lest Time's whip-smart creative wellsprings run dry: brandiloquence: an announcer's expressive eulogizing of a manufacturer's product; crassassin: a vulgar murderer; samovarsity: Russian collegiate sport; elephantasies: a drunkard's delusions; tormentality: sadistic psychology; thankletiquette: politeness in expressing gratitude for an anklet; languorchardor: lazy lovemaking amid a grove of fruit-bearing trees; manxiouster: a worried ejector of tailless cats; saladderangement: a mania for chopping lettuce and radishes atop step stools; blasequestrianimosity: hatred of a selfsatisfied horseman; sexpectantalizing: the expectation of toothsome femininity: shambition: feigned dreams of glory: and geriatrick: a dirty old man who frequents prostitutes.

Over a story reporting the severance of the water pipe connecting the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo with Communist Cuba a while back, a witty wag in the city room of the Bloomington, Indiana, *Pantagraph* ran the following headline: "ADMIRAL ORDERS: DISMEMBER THE MAIN."

From our Best-Laid-Plans Department, Canadian Division, comes the following intelligence: Discovering that their establishment had been looted overnight, officials of a Toronto bank recently began congratulating themselves for their foresight in installing a secret movie camera, to record any untoward afterhours activity. Inspection revealed that the apparatus had indeed been triggered, but when the reel was developed, the bankers were treated not to a screening of a burglary but of a rather unruly office party thrown by the clerical staff.

Taxing our credulity—but apparently true—was a recent wire-service report



A wolf in lamb's wool

Woolama. Puts a gleam in a man's eye-irresistible to women. Full fashioned sweater; saddle shoulders; imported baby lamb's wool.

Lord Jeff New York 1

of a ruling by an Australian court that monkeys working on sheep ranches may be listed as dependents on income-tax returns.

We offer a box of Snickers to anyone boasting a more impressive moniker than a gentleman currently insured by the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company. Though listed tersely in its files as Hubert W. Wolfeschlegelsteinhausenbergerdorff, Sr., his unexpurgated name, swears the Chicago Sun-Times, is Adolph Blaine Charles David Earl Frederick Gerald Hubert Irvin John Kenneth Lloyd Martin Nero Oliver Paul Quincy Randolph Sherman Thomas Uncas Victor William Xerxes Yancy Zeus Wolfeschlegelsteinhausenbergerdorffwelchevoralternwareengewissenhaftschaeferswessenschafewarenwholgeptflegeundsorgfaltigkeibeschutzenvorangreifendurchihrraubgierigfeindewelchevoralternzwolfhunderttausendjahresvorandieerscheinenvonderersteerdemenschderraumschiffgenachtmittungsteinundsiebeniridiumelektrischmotorsgebrauchlichtalsseinursprungvonkraftgestartseinlangefahrthinzwischensternartigraumaufdersuchennachbarschaftdersternwelchegehabtbewohnbarplanetenkreisedrehensichundwohindernuerassevonverstandigmenschlichkeitkonntefortpflanzenundsicherfreuenanlebenslanglichfreudeundruhemitnichteinfurthtvorangreifenvorandererintelligentgeschapfsvonhinzwischensternartigraum, Sr. His friends call him Adolph.

Heady Wine of Victory Department: Golf champion Arnold Palmer, in high spirits after sinking the putt that won him his fourth Masters title, was quoted in the Augusta, Maine, Kennebec Journal as saying, "I feel like going out and laying again."

Congratulations seem to be in order for the United Arab Republic, which adds to its Aswan Dam project and imminent nuclear-power capacity an impressive television first, reported in the U.A.R. Fortnightly: "U.A.R. TV is only three years old, but transmits for 25 hours a day, a figure not yet reached by other countries with a longer TV history."

The fire chief of Ventura, California, announced recently that an increasing number of fires in home and commercial electric dryers are being caused, of all things, by the foam-rubber padding in brassieres, which develops, he says, a very low ignition temperature after about six months of use. Falsie alarm?

Incidental Architectural Intelligence: Among the sculptural adornments on the newly restored bell tower of the Eusebius Protestant Church in Arnhem, Netherlands, reports Reuter's, are stone likenesses not of the traditional gar-



9128. Also: Dream, This Is All I Ask, Noelle, 12 in all





9004. "The most adventurous musical performance...over-ever made."—Life whelming." HiFi Rev.



9034. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.



9078. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all



9022. Also: Go Away Little Girl. Up on The Roof, etc.



9061. "Perhaps the 9133. Also: Land of greatest piano re- Hope And Glory, This cording."—HiFi Rev. Is My Country, etc.

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Ballet Suite

9048. "A treat, a de-light all over again." —N.Y. Journal-Amer.

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Johnny UMBIAL CASH

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9002. A show that's "perfectly wonder-ful!"—Ed Sullivan



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9009. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all



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WALTER / DVORÁK

"NEW WORLD"

SYMPHONY (No. 5)

9137. Here is "the poet of conductors." — New York Times

ROGER WILLIAMS GREATEST HITS

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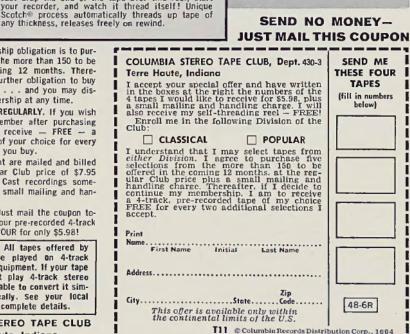
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"COME TO THE FAIR"

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goyles but of such modern mythological figures as Donald Duck and the Three Little Pigs.

Our man in Washington reports that until it was explained that the war-game maneuvers then in progress matched a "Red Army" against a "Blue" one, Pentagon interoffice messengers were understandably embarrassed by the necessity of delivering official documents suggestively stamped: FOR BLUE EYES ONLY.

Disarmingly candid ad from the classified pages of England's *Yorkshire Evening Post*: "UNIVERSAL HEALTH CLUB 5-Yr. membership for sale, half-price, owing to illness."

Bargain offer in a recent issue of the Wretched Mess News (an odd little journal of dissent published in West Yellowstone, Montana, and emblazoned with eagles, stars, banners and Fourth-of-July bunting): "Genuine United States of America One-Cent Pieces. Made of genuine copper (known to ancient Greeks as 'Cyprian Brass'), a truly beautiful metal admired the world over for its conductive properties, and minted by the United States Government (your assurance of quality), your One-Cent Piece carries a striking bas-relief of Abraham Lincoln, 'The Great Emancipator.' The inspirational motto 'In God We Trust' and the patriotic word 'Liberty' (a sentiment echoed in the hearts of all true Americans) appear prominently, in raised letters. In addition, your One-Cent Piece is age-dated—the actual year in which the coin was created is clearly shown in raised Arabic numerals. The accuracy of this date is vouched for by United States Treasury. Moreover, it contains no moving parts, and possessing a waferlike 1/16" thinness, appears to the naked eye to be perfectly round." Available in limited supply, each coin is sent postpaid, gift-packaged, with prompt orders also receiving "an unex-purgated translation of E Pluribus Unum." The price? Only 50 cents apiece.

Disquieting story line for *The Outer Limits*, an ABC science-fiction series, as listed on the TV page of *The Seattle Daily Times*—"Miriam Hopkins stars as Mrs. Kry, a recluse whose life revolves around the small black box into which her bridegroom disappeared on their wedding day in 1929."

A local high school cafeteria lunch menu item, printed in the Sterling, Colorado, Journal-Advocate, may prove appetizingly macabre to fans of PLAYBOY'S Gahan Wilson: "Fried children and gravy, vegetables, dessert."

Record shop proprietors beware: The Southport, North Carolina, State Port

Pilot reports that "a city ordinance banning the sale of phonographic literature was unanimously adopted at a meeting of the board of aldermen of 12 March. Persons convicted of dealing in phonographic literature can be given 30-day terms and/or fined \$50."

It may be a long wait, but we hope that fate someday will conspire to link an improbable chain of circumstances in which a hypothetical rural-area protest is lodged against the decision of a sixmember censorship group, headed by a bluenose named Dix, to refuse accreditation for the amended version of a multipart Tom Mix TV special episode entitled *River of Death*. If it ever happens, *Variety* will be able to run a story about it under the headline "DIX SIX NIX MIX STYX FLIX FIX: HIX KIX."

Only in America: On duty at the complaint desk of the Miami Police Department, deputy sheriff William Box reported to the Miami Herald the following conversation with an anonymous caller:

voice: Police department? Box: That's right.

VOICE: Any bookie arrests today?
BOX: I don't know. I'll check . . . No.
No bookies arrested today.

VOICE: I just couldn't find my bookie. I thought maybe he had been arrested.

BOX: If you give me his name, I'll try to check it out.

VOICE: That would be silly. He's probably just out for coffee. I'll try him later. End of conversation.

BOOKS

Exposés are not our favorite cup of tea, but The Invisible Government (Random House, \$5.95), by Washington newspapermen David Wise and Thomas B. Ross, is the most nourishing outpouring of this genre to come our way in a long time. It documents what sophisticated observers have long suspected-that the intelligence arms of our Government, most especially the Central Intelligence Agency, have been the directing forces behind a good deal of our so-called diplomacy since the War. The consequences, such as the mortifying Bay of Pigs invasion, a discussion of which begins the book, have not always brought prestige to the Stars and Stripes. Uncontrolled by elected officials, unresponsive to public pressure, infatuated with right-wing dictatorships, these topsecret bodies are a strange and disquieting facet of our democracy. This book, which agitated the CIA gumshoes even before publication, describes their joke-and-dagger activities in Guatemala and Vietnam, in Laos and Burma, in Iran and Indonesia-and in the U.S. it-



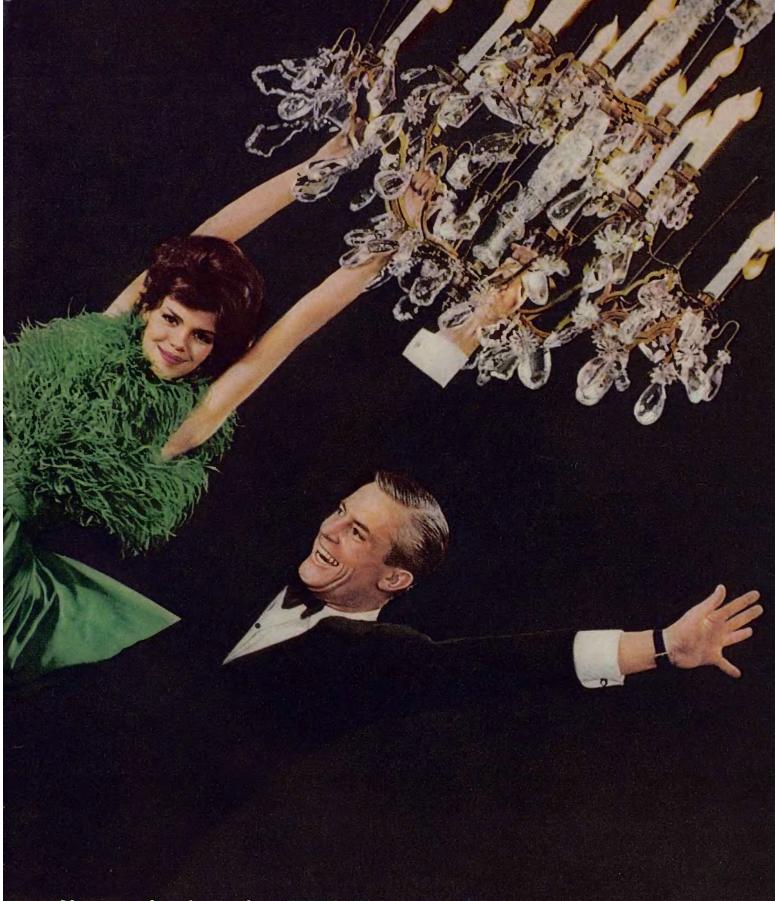
AL SHARP IS CHAIRMAN of the Yale Daily News. Which means that he should stick to his chair and supervise. But at the first sign of a hot, on-the-spot story, Al usually dives into the vest and jacket of his Cricketeer suit and races off. Why, yes, Al wears Cricketeer suits and sportcoats. Don't all college men?

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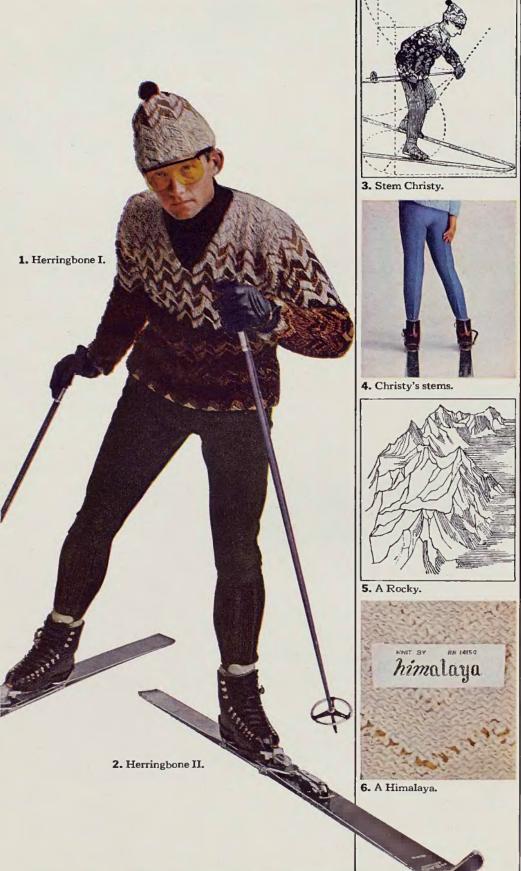
Cricketeer Magna Country Homespun vested suit. In new country colors and patterns. About \$70.00 Other Cricketeer suits, from \$60.00 to \$80.00. At most knowledgeable stores. Or write to Cricketeer, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., and get your free "Clothesmanship" 8ack-to-Campus Wardrobe guide.

He's over his ankles in bright red ADLERS but he's clean-white-sock just the same





No matter how far out he swings, he always lands on his own two feet. He's a character with character. That's being clean-white-sock. An attitude that colors everything you do no matter what color or length your socks. And you get it only from Adler. Swinging here: the Adler SC shrink controlled wool sock. White and 18 colors. \$1.



WOOL

7. Well-dressed/wool-dressed.

SKI REPORT: HIMALAYA CONDITIONS EXCELLENT.

- 1. Possibly The Ski Sweater of the year, the hand-knit look of this handsome Himalaya puts a parka to shame. Of natural wool knitted in America, it has all of wool's natural warmth, natural water-shedability, too! And the appropriate herringbone demonstrates wool's talent for taking the deepest, richest of colors.

 2. Otherwise known as How To Walk Up a Hill. Possible alternatives: take the chair, or just stand there and devastate ski bunnies in that sweater!
- 3. A type of turn. Requires concentration,
- Also requires concentration.
 Do not mix with Stem Christies.
 The peak of ski-where.
- 6. The peak of ski-wear...or any number of other-wears, all
- any number of other-wears, all equally handsome.
- 7. Especially when cleverly clad in the sweater shown, known as a Knit-Wit. Sizes S, M, L, XL. About \$30. Matching cap, about \$4.00. Available at: Weber & Heilbroner, New York City . M. L. Rothschild Co., Chicago, Ill. . Howard's Brass Lantern, San Francisco, Calif. . D. J. Kaufman, Washington, D.C. • Jacobson's, Michigan • Bullock's Fashion Square, Santa Ana, Calif. • Woody's, Manhattan, Kansas · Shepard & Hamelle, Burlington, Vt. . The Cambridge Shop, Coral Gables, Fla. · Judson's, Easton, Pa. Or write: Himalaya, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

self. If half of what is reported here is accurate—and nobody has shown otherwise—the book's title is no exaggeration.

Jack Gelber, who scored an offbeat off-Broadway success with a play in which almost nothing happens (The Connection) that was made into a movie in which almost nothing happens, has now written a novel in which almost nothing happens. Appropriately labeled On Ice (Macmillan, \$4.95), Gelber's novelistic slice of the cool nonlife-Greenwich Village division, with the usual noncharacters making the usual cuts to Florida, Bellevue and Mexico-faithfully presents the loft-loving, pot-puffing and shoplifting of a group of familiar young drifters going through the beat-grinder. In recording the dragging days and nights of the chief nonhero, Manny Fells, Gelber skillfully conveys the chilly boredom of this motionless milieu. But perhaps in desperation at running out of things to say about nothing happening, he has thrown in a slapstick situation involving Manny in a temporary job with a bogus store-detective agency, complete with consciously colorful characters. Gelber is more convincing when he gets back to the pads and the roaches, even though his laying on of the realism sometimes results in monotony; there are more dripping noses in this novel than you'll find anywhere outside of a kindergarten on a rainy day. The hero periodically makes it if a chick is handy and willing, but the nonsex is always more icy than spicy. As Manny tries to console himself in the midst of one of these cool conjunctions, "Geometry can be beautiful." But will it sell?

Patrick Dennis, a perennial menace to solemnity, has entered politics. Fresh from recording the could-be-true-to-life saga of Little Me (first serialized in Show Business Illustrated, and later a musical-comedy hit), Mr. Dennis has now transcribed the "as told to" tale of Martha Dinwiddie Butterfield, in First Lady: My Thirty Days Upstairs at the White House (Morrow, \$6.95). Surely it is only out of embarrassment that history has up to now failed to record the story of George Washington Butterfield, the only candidate of the short-lived Bullfinch Party to occupy the White House-a tempestuous term that ended after only 30 days in 1909 when a stateload of votes was discovered that removed the Bullfinch Party's mistaken margin of victory. This hitherto misplaced morsel of Americana is served up by President Butterfield's blithe-spirited widow, who recalls her crowded days (and nights) upstairs at the White House from the more serene atmosphere of the Bosky Dell Home for the Senile and Disturbed. The former First Lady reveals all, including the rich Southern heritage of the Dinwiddie family, which rose





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Every drop of Gordon's Vodka is screened 15 times by an exclusive U.S. patented process, using an agent that is actually cleaner than the air you breathe. The Gordon's process produces the smoothest, clearest, most mixable vodka you can buy. Try it soon in your favorite vodka drink. And you'll be pleased with the price for Gordon's quality.

to fortune through the distribution of a home-brewed spirit lifter known as Lohocla. Despite brewing trouble from her home-brewing hubby-President and his scandalous liaison with the vulgarly glamorous Gladys Goldfoil (who also saw a good deal of the upstairs at the White House), the First Lady maintained a brave façade. But, as her worldly sister Clytie observed of the Goldfoil-President affair, "Bedfellows make strange politics." The intrepid former First Lady, abetted by Cris Alexander, has documented her memoirs with 172 photographs (Peggy Cass as Mrs. Butterfield) which ought to convulse, if not convince, skeptics and scholars.

Evidently Nat Hentoff is a writer who intends to live up to his notices. It was only last February that we commented here on the increasing range of his interests, and here he is back with another volume-The New Equality (Viking, \$4.50). Hentoff first examined some of the distortions and reflections seen Through the Racial Looking Glass for PLAYBOY (July 1962), and now has put together a timely analysis of the movement for full racial equality. Building his book out of personal observation and reporting, plus a sifting of the latest statistics from the black-white battleground, Hentoff is present through every page as an advocate of The New Equality, and the measures-including preferential employment policies-he feels are needed to bring it about. At his worst, he sometimes slips into the jargon of the overschooled social worker, heaving such verbal medicine balls as "opti-mum compensatory techniques" and "role-playing incentives." At his best, he neatly skewers the romantic racial ruminations of Kerouac and Mailer, and puts down the fuzzy liberal uplift message that Harper's editor John Fischer contributed to the Negro problem several summers ago. The New Equality provides intellectual ammunition for the movement and tantalizing targets for the resistance.

What the world has not been waiting for is a long, detailed biography of Jean Harlow, and Irving Shulman proves it. His Harlow (Geis, \$5.95) answers all the questions that have been bothering so few of us through the years: What did happen on Jean Harlow's wedding night? Why did her producer-husband commit suicide? Did she really have to wear a blonde wig for a while, and why? Shulman turns the saga of the Blonde Bombshell who exploded on the screen in the early Thirties (and died at 26) into a keg of fan-magazine syrup spiked with "daring" details about nipples and pubic hair. It is interesting that Laurel and Hardy were responsible for her first big screen break, that her private life



could it be his broomsticks? (or the Ford Mustang)

What's the difference. We're sure he's got it made with the kind of look that Broomsticks slim-ease slacks give him. These great Glen Oaks tailored slacks say at one glance that you're in . . . in with that slimmer, taller appeal. The fit is fabulous, the detailing delightful, the tailoring terrific. Crafted with patience in a crease-holding, wrinkle resisting blend of wash and wear 55% Acrilan Acrylic, 38% Rayon and 7% Acetate. Styled with frontier pockets and extension waistband. In an array of newest tones and shades. At stores everywhere. About \$8.00.





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was a horror compounded by her weird relations with her mother and stepfather. And Nathanael West would have loved the fact that Jeanette MacDonald sang Indian Love Call at Harlow's funeral, accompanied by the trillings of a caged bird. In fact, there's a good article here. But Shulman, determined to write a Big Best Seller (with the confidences of the star's agent, Arthur Landau), wearies whatever appeal her history might have had. As for his judgment, he announces: "Since Harlow there has been no star whose surname has become an international synonym for sex." Nope, no Monroe, no Bardot, no Loren. As for Shulman, no dice.

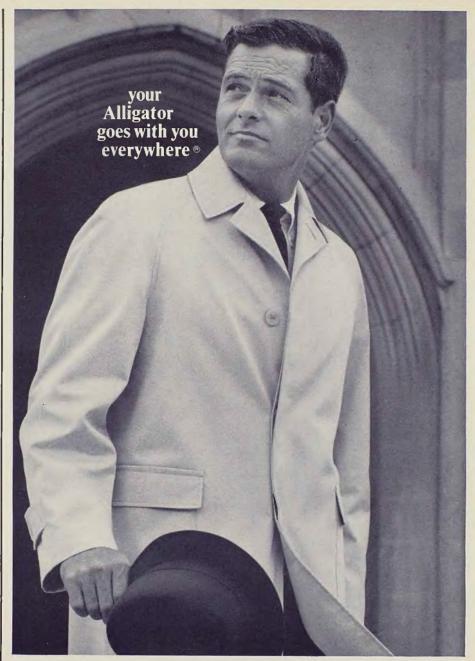
In Survival in the Executive Jungle (Macmillan, \$4.95) Chester Burger dispenses advice on such questions as how to get along with your secretary, how to cultivate a loyal staff and how to fire a subordinate. "The first rule of survival," he says, "is to see things exactly as they are. If the facts indicate that someone is out to get you, then he probably is." This has the makings of a funny ideaalbeit a tattered one-but Burger, alas, is in earnest, and his prescriptions for survival depend more on piety and platitude than insight and wit. "Labor harmony begins with understanding" is a typical insight, as is "... neither loving nor loathing is an effective management tool." Occasionally, though, he breaks through with something sensible, as when he advises one to beware of the prospective employee who opens the first interview with, "I'd call myself an idea man." And he achieves admirable pith in his chapter on corporation psychologists, noting casually that "There are honest psychologists too . . ." On the whole, though, the beleaguered executive can find surer and more amusing roads to survival than this tired tome.

They're still playing the good old songs at the Wodehouse, the latest being a little number called Biffen's Millions (Simon & Schuster, \$4.50), most of which appeared in this magazine. As you'll recall, this one is about an American bloke named Biffen, a novelist manqué whose current project is blonde. A week before his 30th birthday Biffen's godfather "turns in his dinner pail and goes to reside with the morning stars," leaving young Biffen roughly \$10,000,000 on the proviso that he avoid arrest before he is 30. If you think this is easy, you don't know Uncle P. G. Some indication of the complications may be gleaned when you consider that the characters include Edmund Biffen Pyke, Edmund Biffen Christopher, Kay Christopher, Jerry Shoesmith, Henry Blake-Somerset, Lord Tilbury, Linda Rome, William Albert Pilbeam, Percy Pilbeam and Gwendoline Gibbs, all of whom are either related to, engaged to, in love with or otherwise involved with one another and who intrigue, scheme, plot, devise and frolic in pursuit or in defense of Biffen's millions, confronted every five pages or so with a new twist in the plot. It's all designed to gladden the hearts of every Wooster booster.

In What Time Collects (Doubleday, \$5.95) James T. Farrell returns to the world he first became famous for describing-the Midwest in Prohibition days. But his subject is not the effects of the Volstead Act; rather, it is the tragedy of spirit that lay behind it, a tragedy of inner prohibitions, fears and thwarted desires. The Daniels family have all the virtues of their time and town: property, propriety, roles in the Methodist Church and the Ku Klux Klan. But their smug banality is a lid pressed down on tormenting lust and fury. The family's spoiled youngest son finds that his career of drinking and seduction is broken by a girl who demands real love from him. He marries her because it seems to him the only way to have her. But incapable of satisfying the girl's healthy hunger for maleness without shame, he can give her only callousness and a corrupted will. Her struggle for freedom, for womanhood, brings into dark relief the stunted lives around her ridden by Bible Belt specters of the Devil in sex; her final victory is outgrowing and leaving them. Farrell has written on similar themes before-and better. With all his conspicuous faults, though, his books have always had a strength that grows out of his own honesty. His admirers will find that the honesty is still there.

You know what's wrong with England? Milton Biow, a long-time advertising man and author of Butting In (Doubleday, \$5.50), tells us: Her ad agencies have an agreement not to solicit one another's accounts. Britain's economy is thereby denied the force of the Big Ideas that advertising agencies are in the habit of developing for other people's clients-dynamic concepts like Halitosis and Cigarette Hangover. Unlike the relatively civilized David Ogilvy, author Biow runs true to the Madison Avenue stereotype. It is clear from the start that his title is not offered in diffidence or apology. Rather, it is his credo. He makes his point early and repeats it incessantly. Butt in for the job. Butt in for the account. If you want something, buddy, butt in and get it. We usually invite irritating people to butt out on occasion. This book is that sort of occasion.

Fevered by the success of *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (Playboy After Hours, April 1964)*, an American publisher has unearthed two suspense novels by John le Carré previously issued in England. Published here togeth-



Rainy day—every day—Alligator is the all-weather coat you'll live in. Styled right, made right, priced right—these are the coats that ought to cost more but don't. No wonder they're America's most wanted coats.

(Shown above)Alligator Samthur—extra fine cotton gabardine beautifully woven of all two ply yarns. Young men's favorite style: shorter length, patch pockets, plaid lining. Great value—\$19.95. Models with zip-in warmers slightly higher. Other Alligator coats, water repellents and water-proofs, \$11.95 to \$71.75 at better stores everywhere.



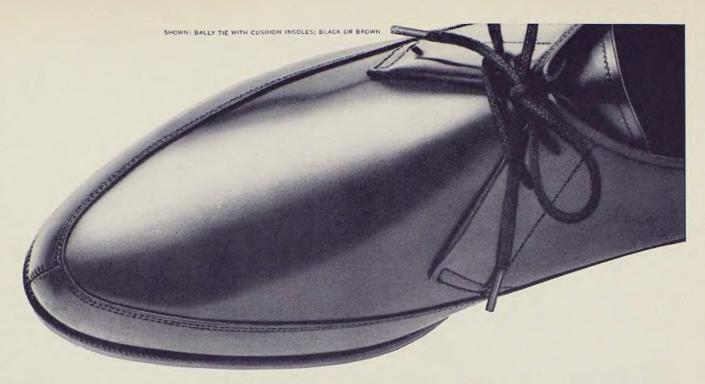
TROUSERED BY CORBIN



er as The Incongruous Spy (Walker, \$5.95), they should please this wider audience. Mr. Le Carré (David Cornwall, a onetime British civil servant) dotes on spies and spycraft. With casual deftness, he relates marvels of intelligence expertise. His unprepossessing agent-hero, George Smiley, a rumpled man known to his associates as The Mole, can machinate with James Bond and deduce with Hercule Poirot. Le Carré definitely has an ace in the Mole: He is an agent of sensibility and style. Does he have to commit murder in Call for the Dead, a well-written spy story? Then he does so with a quote from an Elizabethan poet and a sigh for his Philistine superiors. Does he have to undo the lifework of a friend in A Murder of Quality, a straight tale of detection? Then he averts his eyes as the victim is led away. Mr. Cornwall sees a weighty meaning in the ethical meanderings of Smiley, who played a lesser role in The Spy Who, etc. Can a chap be a spy and remain a decent chap? Some readers couldn't Carré less. For them, it's enough that these two early works stand as superior thrillers.

Business Decisions That Changed Our Lives (Random House, \$4.95) contains self-congratulatory success stories, each presented by a corporation president or board chairman and accompanied by an annual-reportish portrait of the executive. The "Our" in the title refers to us, not them, and the "Decisions" are the ones behind such aids-to-humanity as mail-order insurance, fancy lipstick cases, cake mixes, baby foods and zippers. Most of these accounts are elaborate company puffs, not business histories. They are full of smug similes and ersatz insights. "Every woman is an individual," announces Revlon's Charles Revson in a typical flash of enlightenment. "She has different moods." Equally illuminating is the comment by Lewis Walker III, president of Talon: "No doubt in the communes of China there are men and women who have never put their fingers to the pull of a zipper. . . . But in Western civilization it has long been an important item." The American way of life has more zip to it. A few of the contributors manage to rise above this level. William S. Vaughn of Eastman Kodak turns a brighter-than-average phrase ("Kodak got into the vitamin business by way of a serendipity") and Warren Lee Pierson of Great Western Financial Corporation offers a relaxed, low-key chronicle of high finance. A long pedantic introduction by the editors-Sidney Furst and Milton Sherman-explains nothing.

Mickey Spillane's new adventure in infantile psychosexuality is called *The Snake* (Dutton, \$3.50). Within a page we learn that Velda is back. Who's Velda? Where have you been? She's been behind the Iron Curtain for seven years, taking part



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in the biggest chase scene civilization has ever known. Velda! "What is it when you see woman naked? Woman. Long. Lovely. Tousled. Skin that looks slippery in the small light. Pink things that are the summit. A wide, shadowy mass that is the crest. Desire that rests in the soft fold of flesh that can speak and taste and tell that it wants you with the sudden contractions and quickening intake of breath." Onward! Except that Mike Hammer insists on waiting until they're married! Now this bugs Velda a little. After all, seven years. On top of which she's still a virgin. (Seven years. During which time the Reds have gotten close enough to leave whip and knife Marx on her flesh.) Velda keeps stripping down, showing a body "that rippled and quivered, crying out soundlessly for more, more," but Mike only looks. Oh, all right. "I felt her briefly," he admits-something akin to kissing her now. On the few occasions when he does nearly succumb, doorbells ring, telephones jangle, hoods come blasting in. The crime elements are up to par: three parts coincidence and six parts absurdity. Like the taxi containing \$3,000,000 that sits in the woods for 31 years before Mike has the good sense to discover it. But mainly, it's this thing with Velda. Will they or won't they? Finally, it seems about to happen, in sight of a couple of decomposing corpses. "You ready?" Mike asks, stepping over a body. Velda says yes. But only Spillane and her hairdresser know for sure.

Around About America (Farrar, Straus, \$4.50) is the product of a three-month, 25,000-mile trip by Erskine Caldwell and his wife, Virginia, in 1963. Caldwell's curiosity about the way the rest of us eat, love, steal and work results in a series of crisply drawn vignettes-some of them illustrated by his wife's unfortunately commonplace line drawings. As Caldwell notes, most Americans are still "doggedly insular," and the value of his book lies in the way he has searched out some of the more vivid sectional phenomena in this country-the desolation of unemployed coal miners in West Virginia; the all-night hedonism of the young in Bossier City, Louisiana; the exotic, pre-Marx communism of the Hutterite farms in South Dakota; the substantial satisfactions of a Basque restaurant in Winnemucca, Nevada; the social forces involved in a Full Gospel Indian camp meeting in Burns, Oregon. Caldwell also focuses fragmentarily on more pervasive elements of Americathe inexorable growth of the suburbs; the categories of hookers everywhere; the spread of planned communities for the elderly; the viciousness of race prejudice; the hopeful types at writers' conferences: the new penchant for stealing TV sets rather than towels from motels; and the sadly diminishing number of No Scotch improves the flavour of water like Teacher's





vintage pool halls. Although the book doesn't probe very deep, it is an evocative, illuminating cross section of our pleasures, yearnings, evasions and stubborn remnants of sectional diversity.

Christopher Isherwood's new short novel, A Single Man (Simon & Schuster, \$4), takes place in one day. George, a middle-aged expatriate Englishman, teacher of English in a Southern California college, a confirmed homosexual, rises, spends a day, goes to bed, and-one is supposed to suppose-dies in his sleep. In the course of the day, of course, we get a picture of what his life is, has been, may possibly be; and we get his views on larger eternal questions. His lover, Jim, was recently killed in a car crash and George is somewhat numb; the book is written in shades of sunset: the waning of George's life and of his faith in teaching. His day ends with a drunken dinner with a divorced Englishwoman who has cute ideas of returning to England with him and opening a cute inn. Then he has an even drunker nude swim with a male student-without making a passand it only makes George feel lonelier. Then he falls into bed. To stay. This book is certainly more interesting than Isherwood's last two novels, but there is a slight imprecision in the prose and a slight feeling of strain for emotional effects. It's as if he had taken some of the leftovers from a superb meal out of the refrigerator and warmed them up. Fine fare-but not hot from the oven.

At 66, William Henry Joseph Bonaparte Bertholoff ("Willie the Lion") Smith has written an autobiography, Music on My Mind (Doubleday, \$4.95), that is also an absorbing social history of early jazz in the North. His collaborator, jazz historian George Hoefer, has shaped Smith's discursive style and elastic memory into a cohesive narrative that sounds exactly as if The Lion, with characteristic cigar and brandy, were speaking the book. Willie Smith was one of the most influential of the New York "ticklers"-those prodigious two-handed pianists who worked the back rooms, night clubs and rent parties in the East during the first decades of this century. Among those marked by The Lion were Duke Ellington and Fats Waller. Willie's chronicle focuses on the night life of Newark, Atlantic City, Chicago and Harlem. His ego was, and is, outsize; but he is generous of spirit, fiercely proud of his calling and highly appreciative of such pleasures as liquor and the ladies. The Lion's most dominant trait, as this book makes clear, is his independence. "I only roar when the feeling is right," Willie proclaims; and various club owners and agents have learned that he cannot be exploited nor forced to remain where the "vibrations" do not suit his life style. At the end of his reminiscences, Willie

vehemently indicts the working conditions that still prevail in many jazz clubs, and wonders why jazzmen keep putting up with them. Alas, Willie, not all of us are lions.

RECORDINGS

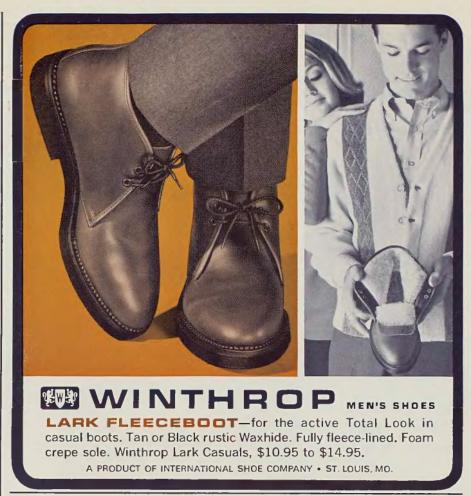
A new Nancy Wilson LP is usually a happy event and Today, Tomorrow, Forever (Capitol) is no exception. Nancy, backed by husband Kenny Dennis' group, dresses up such au courant melodies as I Left My Heart in San Francisco, Call Me Irresponsible, One Note Samba and What Kind of Fool Am I?, but our own favorite is the country-and-western I Can't Stop Loving You which Miss Wilson turns into a lilting serenade for us city boys.

Cal Tjader / Breeze from the East (Verve) is another of the vibist's ventures into an Orient-tinted musical world. In a gettogether charted and conducted by Stan Applebaum, Cal works with several small groups studded with fine musicians—Dick Hyman on organ, Jerry Dodgion on flute, George Duvivier playing bass. Applebaum himself plays celesta on a number of the offerings. Cal, of course, is the star as he and his men wend their way across a jazz lotus land.

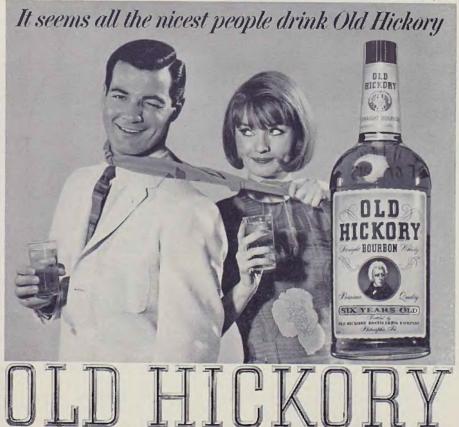
Two sessions, five years apart, make up the contents of Miles & Monk at Newport (Columbia). The Davis Sextet of 1958 had John Coltrane and Cannonball Adderley as members; it probably was Miles' finest group. Cannon and Trane add immeasurably to the proceedings, while Davis, still in the process of growing, produces the sounds of a seeker after musical truth. Monk, leading a quartet at last year's festival, batters, cajoles, caresses and exhorts his piano to do his bidding, a feat of which the instrument occasionally seems incapable. Pee Wee Russell's clarinet was added to the quartet at Newport, and one has the feeling that Pee Wee is a bit mystified by the goings on around him.

Violinist Yehudi Menuhin puts his bow aside for a baton as he conducts the Philharmonia Orchestra of London in Mozart's Concerto in C Mojor for Flute, Horp and Orchestra, K. 299, and Telemann's Suite in A Minor for Flute and Strings (Angel). The flutist is the celebrated Elaine Shaffer; Marilyn Costello is harp soloist on the Mozart work. Together, they have produced a recording of gentle dignity and superb musicianship.

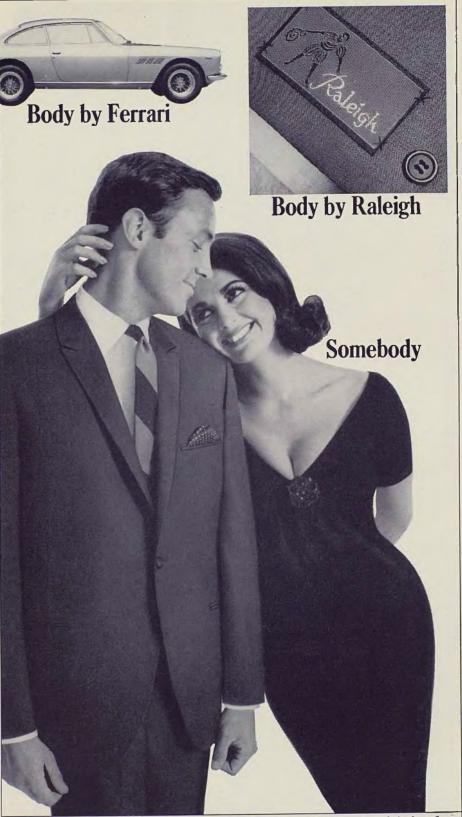
A neat follow-up to his splendid Quincy Jones Plays Hip Hits is Quincy Jones Explores the Music of Henry Mancini (Mercury). Quincy, working with three groups, all of them large, runs through a



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flock of Mancini's more memorable tone poems, imparting to them a dynamic tastefulness that has become a Jones trademark. Among the troops on duty throughout the LP are pianist Bobby Scott, vibist Gary Burton, trumpet man Ernie Royal and trombonist Billy Byers, which should give you some indication of the recording's high performance level.

Joe Bushkin in Concert/Town Holl (Reprise) reveals another facet of pianist Bushkin's estimable talents; he plays a highly respectable trumpet. Although Gillespie, Davis and Terry are in no danger of being pre-empted, Bushkin's horn playing is by no means a novelty act. With guitarist Chuck Wayne, bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Ed Shaughnessy, the twice-blessed Bushkin proffers a batch of standards by a Tin-Pan Alley hierarchy—Berlin, Gershwin, Arlen, Porter, Duke and Youmans.

A fine helping of funk fills Al Grey / Boss Bone (Argo). The hard-driving trombonist, aided by a Chicago-based rhythm section, produces a forthright, surging sound that makes up in impact what it lacks in subtlety. In among the swinging originals are three oldies, Smile, Mona Lisa and Day In Day Out, that lend themselves admirably to the Grey context.

The World of Soroh Voughon (Roulette) is the best Sassy effort in a long while. In superlative vocal fettle, the Divine One moves effortlessly through Fly Me to the Moon, Jump for Joy, Moonlight on the Ganges, Stella by Starlight, Gravy Waltz and a host of other tempting aural treats.

Further evidence that Art Farmer is a horn man of major stature is readily apparent on "Live" of the Holf-Note / The Art Former Quartet Featuring Jim Holl (Atlantic). Art's Flügelhorn is evocatively clarion on Stompin' at the Savoy, What's New, I Want to Be Happy and the Miles Davis Swing Spring. Farmer sits out the fifth offering, I'm Gettin' Sentimental over You, leaving the plaudits for Hall's sensitive guitarwork and bassist Steve Swallow's inventive accompaniment. Drummer Walter Perkins adds a firm rhythmic hand throughout.

Jock Jones / Bewitched (Kapp) and Jock Jones in Love (Capitol) are an absorbing brace of goodies from this fast-rising vocal star. The latter LP is a reissue of his This Love Is Mine album etched very early in his career. Both recordings display Jones' astute choice of material and an ability to handle both standard and offbeat items with equal aplomb. The Capitol sides include a trio of exceptional ballads—Impossible, We'll Be Together Again and Matt Dennis'

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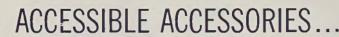


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Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 232 East Ohio St. • Chicago, Illinois 60611 Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no. Angel Eyes, Bewitched is enhanced by the inclusion of I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face, Right as the Rain and I'm Old Fashioned. All in all, quite a vocal display by the Jones boy.

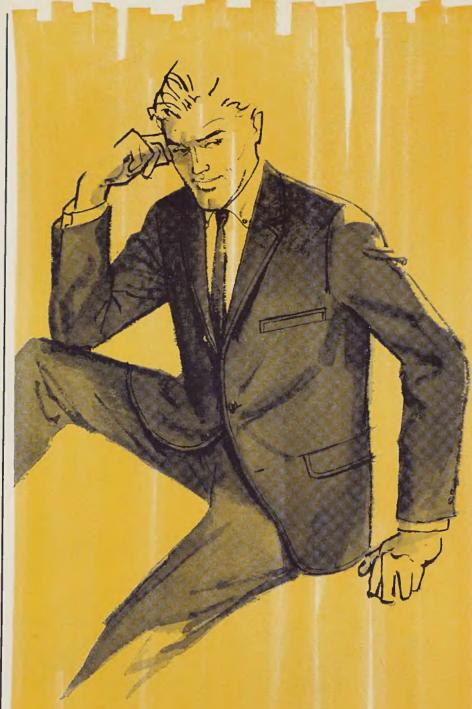
Herbie Mann / Latin Fever (Atlantic) continues the flutist's close association with the bossa nova and kindred rhythms. Backed by Brazilian sidemen on half the session, Herbie also puts such Stateside jazz notables as Ernie Royal, Clark Terry and the likes of You Came a Long Way from St. Louis and John Lewis' The Golden Striker into the Latin bag.

Four more LPs in the Latin vein deserve mention: Warm Winds / Charles Kynard & Buddy Collette (World-Pacific), Bola Sete's "Tour de Force" (Fantasy), The Latin Side of Vince Guaraldi (Fantasy) and Two Jims and Zoot (Mainstream) prove that South America's sunny strains are still very much on the jazz scene. The first and the last are the most intriguing. Organist Kynard and flutist Collette are limpidly simpatico as, with a Latin rhythm section, they establish a fascinating rapport that is consistently excellent. Two Jims (guitarists Raney and Hall) and a Zoot (tenor man Sims), aided by bassist Steve Swallow and drummer Osie Johnson, present a half-dozen tunes by the prolific and imaginative Brazilian composer, Antonio Carlos Jobim. The LP is fleshed out with a quartet of north-of-the-border melodies, but Jobim's works are the main attraction. Raney's solo guitar and Sims' tenor are the catalysts for an inspired outing. The Bola Sete LP, featuring the San Francisco-based Brazilian on unamplified guitar, with rhythm accompaniment, ranges from native strains to such disparate items as Mancini's Moon River, Gillespie's Tour de Force and Bach's Bourree, all stamped with Sete's delicate but sure touch. Fellow San Franciscan Guaraldi-in the company of a trio, plus Latin rhythm and a string quartet on occasion-also takes on a Mancini melody, Mr. Lucky, along with Nat Adderley's Work Song, Anthony Newley's What Kind of Fool Am I? and a pair of tunes by Jobim and Luis Bonfa, adding four of his own creations. The Guaraldi piano is wonderfully attuned to the Latin idiom, as this LP bears witness.

Morgana King / With a Taste of Honey (Mainstream) has the songstress backed by a king-sized orchestra conducted by Torrie Zito, whose arrangements are first-rate. From the lead-off title tune, through the Ellington delight, Prelude to a Kiss, and on to the Cole Porter capper, Easy to Love, Morgana delivers with a style uniquely her own and a flair for the unusual that stamps her as a singer of note.

Although the Broadway musical What Makes Sammy Run? did not take the critics by storm, its music is excellent. For aural proof we offer What Makes Sammy Swing! (20th Century-Fox), a felicitous ramble through the score by Clark Terry & His Friends. Said friends include reed men Phil Woods and Seldon Powell, and trombonist Urbie Green. Terry, on trumpet and Flügelhorn, is the stellar attraction, of course, and his handling of A Room Without Windows is exceptional.

Reissues in ever-increasing numbers are on hand. To wit: A Verve Essential series-The Essential Gerry Mulligan; André Previn; Coleman Hawkins; Gene Krupa; Dizzy Gillespie. The most successful are the Mulligan and Gillespie reissues; the former includes the delightful I Believe in You and My Funny Valentine, the latter is brightened by Birk's Works and the ageless Night in Tunisia. The Hawkins LP is uneven in quality and the Krupa and Previn re-etchings are, in general, not worthy of re-auditing. § Fantasy's oddly named Debut Series is highlighted by re-pressings of jazzmenexpatriated and expired. My Little Cello features the great Oscar Pettiford on that instrument, with an American group including Julius Watkins and Charlie Mingus; and on bass, with a couple of Danish confreres. Bird on 52nd Street and Bird at St. Nick's are technically horrendous, but Charlie Parker's genius is not to be denied. The 52nd Street LP is further enhanced by the presence of Miles Davis and Max Roach. Pettiford and fellow expatriates Bud Powell and Kenny Clarke, joined by Coleman Hawkins, are represented by Essen Jazz Festival All-Stars recorded at a 1960 German jazz concert. Hawkins' efforts on three of the tunes are enough to make the recording worth while. Four Trombones / Volume 2 brings back the full-blown bone foursome of J. J. Johnson, Kai Winding, Willie Dennis and Benny Green, augmented by bassist Charlie Mingus, pianist John Lewis and drummer Art Taylor. The four individually and in ensemble are splendid. Those of us who are no longer callow youths remember vividly the exceptional jazz recordings that poured forth in the 1940s from Commodore, a comparatively small firm. Much of that output is now available in LP form on the Mainstream label: Town Holl Concert has a cast that includes Gene Krupa, Charlie Ventura, Red Norvo and Teddy Wilson; The Influence of Five puts forth the tenorwork of Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, Ben Webster, Don Byas and Chu Berry; Prez features Lester Young fronting the Kansas City Six, a group with changing personnel that included Dicky Wells, Joe Bushkin and Buck Clayton; and a pair of Dixie pressings-Dixieland-New Orleans, which is marked by the presence of Jack Teagarden, Edmond Hall.



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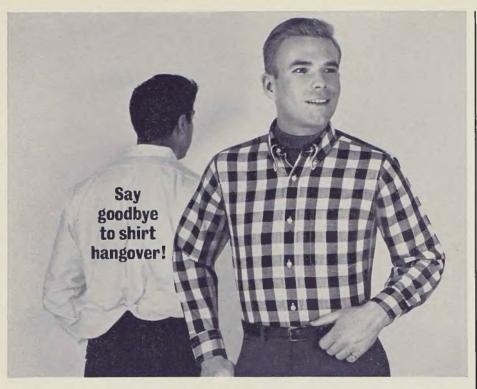
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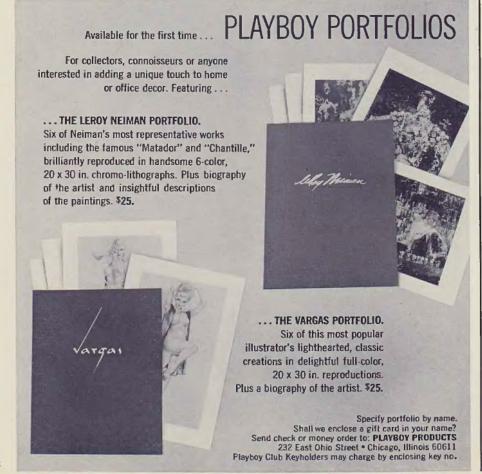


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Pee Wee Russell and the ageless Pops Foster, and Dixieland-Chicago, which has the likes of Muggsy Spanier, Max Kaminsky, Joe Sullivan and Jess Stacy aboard. The stellar item in the series, though, is Billie Holiday, in which Billie, with superb instrumental backing, delivers such classics as Strange Fruit, Fine and Mellow, I'll Get By, Yesterdays and a half-dozen others of equal merit. ¶ Of more recent vintage is the Roulette-Roost World Of reissues. The star attraction is a 3-LP album, The World of Count Basie, wherein the high-voltage Basie band of the 1950s and 1960s is reprised. Vocalists lending a sheen to the Basie gloss are Billy Eckstine, Tony Bennett, Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, and Lambert, Hendricks and Ross. The Modern World of Stan Getz brings back the pre-bossa nova tenor man and admirably demonstrates that he was then a jazz giant. The World of Charlie Parker contains some of the best of Bird-Groovin' High, Scrapple from the Apple —with Dizzy, J. J., Miles and Max adding to its luster. The World of Jozz Piono commends itself for Art Tatum alone; Tatum's Dark Eyes, I Know that You Know and Body and Soul are timeless. Erroll Garner, Bud Powell and Billy Taylor are also represented. The World of Jack Teagarden and Capitol's Tribute to Teagarden emphasize the instrumental and vocal artistry of a classic jazz practitioner who has left a void that will be difficult to fill. I The first in what gives every indication of being an important reissue series, Jazz Odyssey / Volume 1 / The Sound of New Orleans (1917-1947) (Columbia), is a 3-LP journey through the New Orleans sound, from the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Clarence Williams' group, Jelly Roll Morton, King Oliver and Louis Armstrong, through Jimmy Noone, Noble Sissle and Wingy Manone, and on up to Bunk Johnson. It is a rich vinyl documentary.

Make way for a bright new comedian. Here's Godfrey Cambridge Ready or Not . . . (Epic) is a recording of a performance the Negro actor-turned-comic gave at Morgan State College. Cambridge uses his theatrical training to excellent advantage; his delivery is estimable, his timing faultless. Godfrey's material is Negro based, but universal in appeal. He relates how he believed everything he saw on TV until he tried to buy a flesh-colored Band-Aid ("They didn't have me in mind"), how he answered a TV commercial to come on down to Florida ("I went down there and they weren't expecting me. They have white and black pools. The black pool doesn't have any water in it and the diving board is higher."), how he and his wife moved into a middle-income apartment ("Middle income means that if you steal you can make the rent"), how block busting operates ("I got off the bus by

accident in Scarsdale and in fifty minutes property values had dropped fifty percent"). A very funny man is Mr. Cambridge.

MOVIES

That Man from Rio, directed by Philippe de Broca and starring Jean-Paul Belmondo, is a nifty spoof on all the Saturday-afternoon serials ever made, done with wit and zip. Belmondo, an air force private, has a week's leave in Paris, and goes to see his girl. Her father was an anthropologist in Brazil who buried a valuable statue in his Rio garden. Two Indians, after the statue, kidnap the girl. Belmondo cons his way onto the Brazilbound plane without a cent and gets caught up in a scad of escapades that are pure nonsense. Fun is flung nonstop at action and suspense clichés. The plot gyrates through Rio (wow!), Brasilia (pow!) and the jungle (ech!); and the color is magnificent. The brouhaha never subsides. Belmondo's esprit is something to see, Françoise Dorleac plays the girl with sexy nonchalance, Jean Servais (remember her in Rififi?) is terrific as a turnabout bookworm. But the real jewel of this jamboree is De Broca, the least appreciated of the new French directors. The Love Game, The Joker, The Five-Day Lover, now this lulu-what else is needed to indicate that he may well be the new René Clair?

As if to prove that The Birds was not the worst picture a master could make, Alfred Hitchcock presents Marnie. Hitchcock has always been a sucker for the psycho drama with the simple trauma explanation, which not only debases psychiatry, but makes a picture one long riddle with a long-delayed pat answer. This one deals with a frigid female larcenist and how she got that way. Oh, yes, and why she goes allover trembly when she sees the color red (although for some reason she seems able to put on red lipstick). Marnie gets jobs, gets confidence and gets loot from office safes. This is her way of supporting her invalid mother, her own taste in clothes and betting on the ponies. But when she is employed by a strong, silent book pubisher in Philadelphia, we know that after much talky travail, the trauma will subside. Tippi Hedren, who was wooden in The Birds, lumbers through the title role. Sean Connery, the hero, breaks temporarily from his James Bonds, but this is only an unarmed version of the same gent. Two sequences—a murder flash back and a riding accident-are edited excitingly with the old Hitchcock skill. The rest is run of the Miltown.

The Premise is one of the sassier satire groups to work the New York cabaret scene in the past few years, and it was



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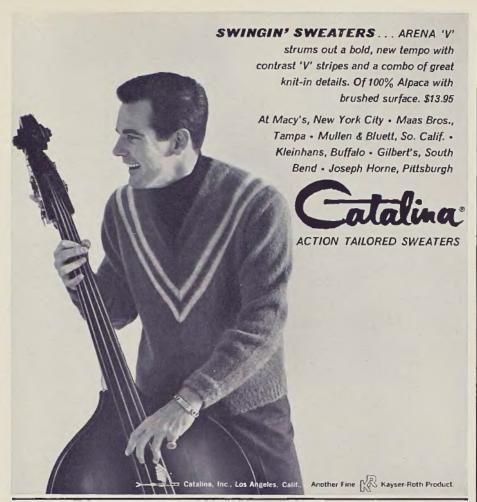
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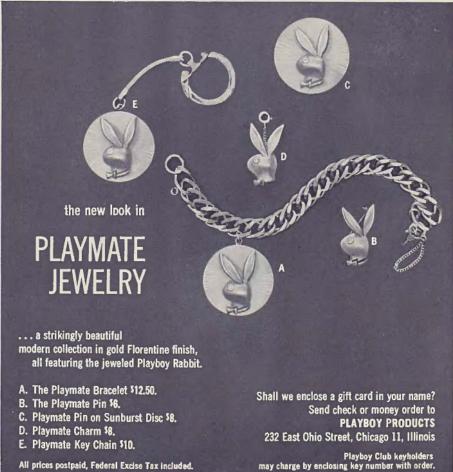
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nice news that they were going to make a film. The Troublemaker is OK, but nothing more. The story is about a guitarplaying chicken farmer, all grin and greenbacks, who comes to N.Y.C. to open a coffeehouse. He gets an open hand-from every municipal inspector and other grafter who wants his palm greased. A college pal, now a light-foot lawyer, fixes the fix and introduces him to a chick. Chick helps him swing, but he never quite swings away from the wide-open space that is His Heart. Along the route are plenty of sight gags, gag gags, neatly naughty ideas; no one could ever mistake this for a film out of Hollywood Comedy Blueprint No. 33457, Series J. But it never quite jets off, because most of the invention has gone into the incidental gags; the plot and characters are off the shelf and not very well dusted. The leads-Tom Aldredge and Joan Darling-are far from far out. just plodders. Better are Buck Henry as the lawyer, Adelaide Klein as a headshrunk headshrinker, and Theodore J. Flicker as the crime commissioner. Also appearing is Playmate-Bunny China Lee. Henry and Flicker wrote the script, and the latter (it had to be said) directed the flicker.

Good Neighbor Sam, on the other hand, does look as if it were made from an old Hollywood blueprint, or a couple of them combined-but it has Jack Lemmon. Here he plays a good schnook who lives in a good schnookery with wife and kids. In his ad-agency job, where he is a nobody, he suddenly becomes a somebody because he is the only one with a clean private life; the big client (Edward G. Robinson) won't deal with a doubledealer. Meanwhile, his wife's girlfriend moves next door, and in order to collect a \$15,000,000 inheritance, she has to pretend to be living with the husband from whom she has separated. When snoopers snoop, Lemmon pinch-hits for the absent hubby. But while he's pinching, the client sees the girlfriend (Romy Schneider) and thinks she's Lemmon's missus. Well, sir! You can just imagine the complications, especially when the girl's real husband turns up. The script is neither deft nor dumb, although it lingers too long. However, it provides Lemmon with a lot of tight squeezes, and he gets the juice out of them. Sample: The girlfriend has fed him a huge steak. When he gets home later, his furious wife has a macaroni casserole ready. To pacify her, he pretends he hasn't eaten and consumes the casserole. On paper, nothing. In action, aisle-rolling.

Nothing but the Best is another epic of a lower-class London youth looking for room at the top. The difference here is that the saga of a young man's money mountaineering suddenly becomes the

story of a clever killer. So what we have is a murder film that takes too long to get to its point-or else a class comedy into which bits of another script have strayed. Alan Bates is attractive as the ambitious clerk in a large real-estate firm. Millicent Martin, former singing star of Britain's TW3, is the boss' daughter, Harry Andrews her brusque pater, Pauline Delany the lad's very obliging landlady. All are A 1; but the knockout performance is by Denholm Elliott as a seedy toff whom Bates takes in and supports in return for lessons in upper-class uppishness. The moment in which Elliott agrees to this deal is screen acting at its best. Frederic Raphael's dialog is crisp. Clive Donner, who directed Pinter's The Guest with distinction, here works more slickly, and, as is often the case, the color detracts from reality. Result: a fine-edged film with some stretches when different writer and director seem to have taken over.

Fail-Safe is the "straight" version of Dr. Strangelove. It's director Sidney Lumet's best job to date-fast and frequently exciting. Walter Bernstein has sculpted a workable script out of the Burdick-Wheeler best seller, and Ralph Rosenbloom's film editing is, or should be, Oscar-bound. The Strangelove gimmick-a runaway bomber headed for Russia, with the U.S. forced to confer with the U.S.S.R. on ways to stop it—is used here as a parable of how machines have taken over from men. The SAC headquarter scenes have lots of snap, and the hot-line conversation-White House to Kremlin-holds conviction because of Henry Fonda as the President. But the final trade of New York for Moscow still seems glib. Some of the "human" embroidery is painfully hemstitched: a general's recurrent dream, a cool scientist's moment with a thrillhungry girl. Frank Overton as the SAC chief, Fritz Weaver as his aide, Sorrell Booke as a Congressman, Larry Hagman as a translator, are solid. Dan O'Herlihy is fruity as the haunted general, and Walter Matthau, a good comic, is badly miscast as a semimad scientist. At its best, though, a superior thrill show.

This month's Peter Sellers film, a sequel to The Pink Panther, is based on Harry Kurnitz' Broadway hit A Shot in the Dark. (See our pictorial in this issue, The Nudest Peter Sellers and the Nudest Elke Sommer, for details of the plot.) Sight gags are the order of the day and night in this one, and there are a number of funny ones-including Sellers bursting into a room when he hears a high-pitched scream, only to discover that it's a soprano at a musicale. There are reminiscent sequences: the discomforts of hastily undressing for a boiling bedmate, noodling in a nudist camp, and almost all of it is neatly sold by Sellers. George

Sanders is more cool than comic as a millionaire; Herbert Lom, usually a heavy, is pleasantly light as the *Sûreté* chief driven crazy by Sellers. Although Miss Sommer's talents are on the surface, they are *not* superficial.

William Holden's motto: If at first you do succeed, Kwai, Kwai again. In The Seventh Down he's an American fighting with native guerrillas in Malaya at the end of the 1945 War, buddy of a colonel named Ng. Holden buys land near Kuala Lumpur; Ng hustles off to Moscow. Cut to 1953 and, by George, if Holden isn't a rich planter and Ng the head of the Communist terrorists. Capucine, Holden's mistress and Ng's unresponsive beloved, is torn between the two, but not soon enough. Susannah York, whom you first saw swimming b.a. (before attiring) in last June's PLAYBOY, is the daughter of the British governor. These are all the elements of a fine Joan Crawford tearjerker, and screenwriter Karl Tunberg-with Michael Keon's novel The Durian Tree as source-does not miss a trick. Noble postures pile up on the screen as dull dialog clutters the sound track. Tetsuro Tamba, as Ng, is N. G. Holden dyes his hair black, but you can tell it's him by the acting. On this road to Mandalay, The Seventh Dawn comes up like hollow thunder.

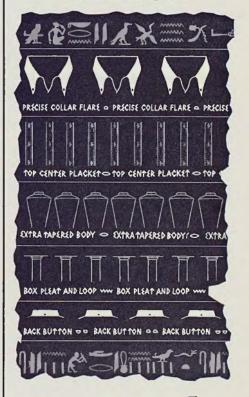
THEATER

Carol Burnett is a knock-kneed, largemouthed, flat-footed clown with a voice as loud as Merman's. For the past few seasons she has been locked up inside the idiot box. Fade Out-Fade In explodes her onto a Broadway stage-and without her, Fade Out would fade out fast. Movie mogul Lionel Z. Governor has had Carol plucked out of a chorus line -only he meant the girl next to her, Judy Cassmore. While L. Z. is in Vienna being analyzed by a short, long-bearded, sex-centered psychiatrist, his F. F. F. Studio is being misrun by his syco-frantic nephews, who comprise most of the old man's padroll, and they are trying, forcibly, to transform the homely chorine into a movie queen. When L. Z. discovers the goof (Carol), he fumes and fires (Carol). Free of F. F. F., she dons six petticoats, blonde spit curls, patentleather shoes, and-don't ask why-takes off on Shirley Temple. It is a completely devastating impersonation-the most unnecessary completely devastating impersonation of the year. Funny, too, is Jack Cassidy as Byron Prong, a movie king deeply in love with himself; he keeps a mirror in the crown of his top hat. Unfortunately the rest of the show is by no means 100-spoof. Betty Comden and Adolph Green's satiric pen pierces right down to the skin, and most of Jule Styne's score is strikingly ordinary. Comden and Green have written a funny



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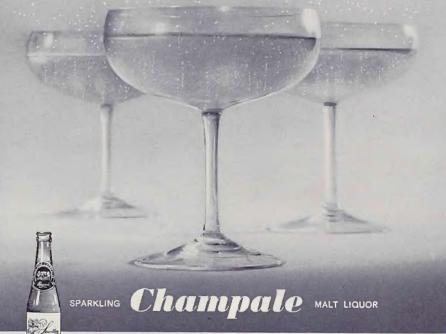
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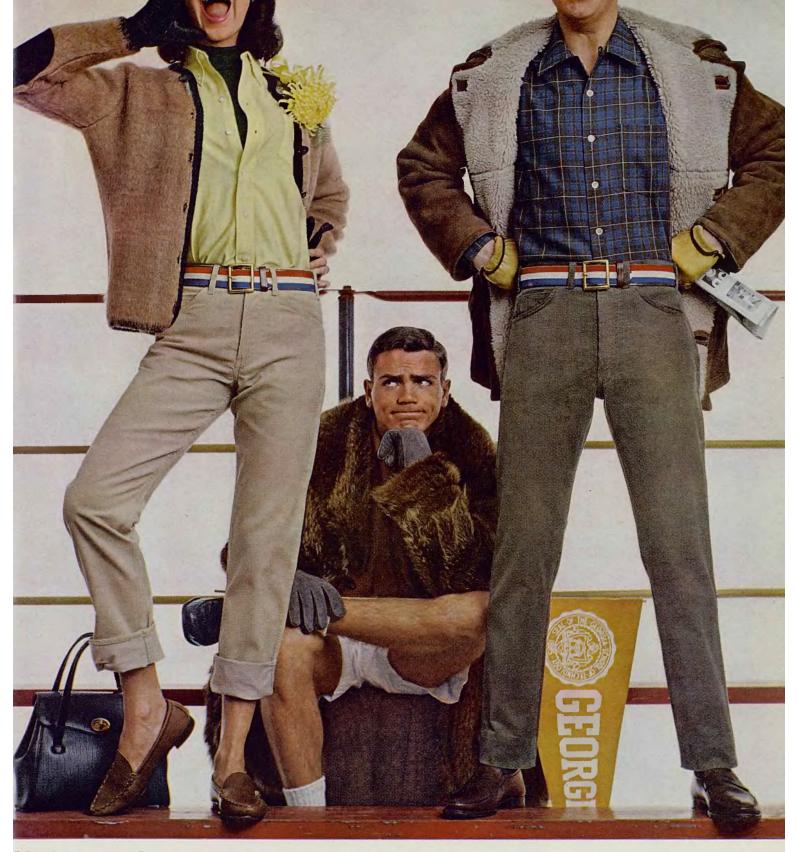
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musical about funny old filmland, but it's not Fade Out-Fade In. It was the movie Singin' in the Rain. At the Mark Hellinger, 237 West 51st Street.

Quietly shunning the shakers and the shockers of modern theater, young American playwright Frank D. Gilroy has written The Subject Was Roses, a three-character, one-set, kitchen-sink drama stubbornly rooted in reality. It is sensitive, wise, keenly observed, and it is staged to perfection by an unknown director (Ulu Grosbard) and acted superbly by unknown performers. Roses is an autobiographical play about a middleclass Irish family in the Bronx in 1946. The father, John Cleary (Jack Albertson), is a simple, hearty, crude coffee salesman, of high promise and low fulfillment. His wife, Nettie (Irene Dailey), is a plain, prudish dreamer who is devoted to devotion; she is a slave to her mother, a drudge to her husband. The Clearys have just about stopped talking to each other when their only child, Timmy (Martin Sheen), returns from the War, with his body intact-his father is secretly a little ashamed of that-and with his vision clarified. A momma's boy, he suddenly sees the sadness in both their lives. The dialog is spare and unsentimental. Deftly, in small strokes, Gilroy makes the Clearys relate to all families. Timmy remembers his mother's love of roses (although he forgets, to her disappointment, that waffles are his favorite breakfast), buys her some, but asks his father to say that they are his gift. He does so with embarrassment; she accepts, with elation; all ends in confusion. The Clearys cannot even exchange a simple gift without domestic complications. This is not, however, a dreary play. It is rife with humor, ripe with insights-the best new Broadway play of the year. At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

"This show began one hundred years ago," says the uncomical comic-m.c., and of course we have changed some of the girls." It is apparent that the Folies Bergère has turned in its 100-year-old girls for some new nudes, but the show itself lays a 1000-year-old egg, as stale as the Easter Show at Radio City Music Hall, and, except for one hot number in a winter garden, almost as naïve. The choreography is archaic (the boys pull the girls through their legs); the singing is atrocious; even the lighting is spotty. For variety acts, a dog stands on a man's thumb, and a knobby puppet undresses; and the tableaux-ah, ze tableaux! Down a steep stairway tromps a girl with a green face (those lights, again), in a white dress. She looks like the bride of Dracula. All about her, girls hold candelabras high over their heads. The bride sings (badly), the curtain falls, and on come the puppets. The pièce de



Never, under any circumstances, If she says she's going to a costume party and wants to go dressed as Huckleberry Finn, turn a deaf ear, or lend her an old shirt. But don't part with your Levi's. Girls find long, an old shirt. But don't part with your Levi's receivible Espacially in extralet a girl borrow your **White Levi's of Cone Corduroy**

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résistance of the vaudeville is Patachou, who pats herself a lot and punches out ten minutes of song in an overemphatic style. But before this cream puff, comes the cheesecake: 11 mannequins, who each wear a patch of cheesecloth and two tiny tin pasties. The night we caught the show, the blonde one in the front row was a nonconformist—she had a Band-Aid on her knee. At the Broadway, 1681 Broadway.

After a mediocre season of new plays, the Actors Studio Theatre attacks a solid classic, Chekhov's The Three Sisters, and trots out the first team (Geraldine Page and Kim Stanley! Live! Together!) with old coach Lee Strasberg as director. Chekhov wins, but barely. Strasberg has not succeeded in welding an ensemble production, nor in capturing the various humors of The Three Sisters. But Randall Jarrell's new translation is clean and free of archaisms, and there are some brilliant performances and some fine scenes. The first two acts are generally dark, moody and languorous, which indicates the despair of the characters, but obscures their differences. The second act is actually played almost in the dark, which obscures the actors. In the last act the lights come on in all respects, shedding a hard glare on the assorted woes, clarifying the characters and providing a contrast to the gloomy doings earlier in the evening. As the three overcultivated, unfulfilled sisters trapped in a provincial town, Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page and Shirley Knight are successful in that order. Miss Knight as the youngest, the innocent Irina, is shrill at times, but in her final plight she is pitiable; Miss Page has the least to work with; Olga, the oldest, is stoical about her spinsterhood and fatalistic about her passivity. In Miss Page's hands, her decision to settle for being a schoolmistress seems like a slightly noble adventure. Masha, the middle sister, is the saddest, smartest, most hopeless, most affecting of the sad trio, and Kim Stanley captures every nuance of the role-the self-engendered inertia, the anger at her wasted life, and her desperate grasp at romance with the self-pitying dreamer Major Vershinin (Kevin McCarthy). Finally, the family house lost, Moscow no longer a hope for any of them, Vershinin transferred, and her husband fussing about foolishly, Miss Stanley cries, "My life is all wrong." The moment is the play, and her performance saves the production. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

DINING-DRINKING

As if you didn't know by now, the most dynamic development on the U.S. night-club scene in years is the discothèque—a place in which to dance to both live and recorded music. It has its roots in contemporary Paris and its



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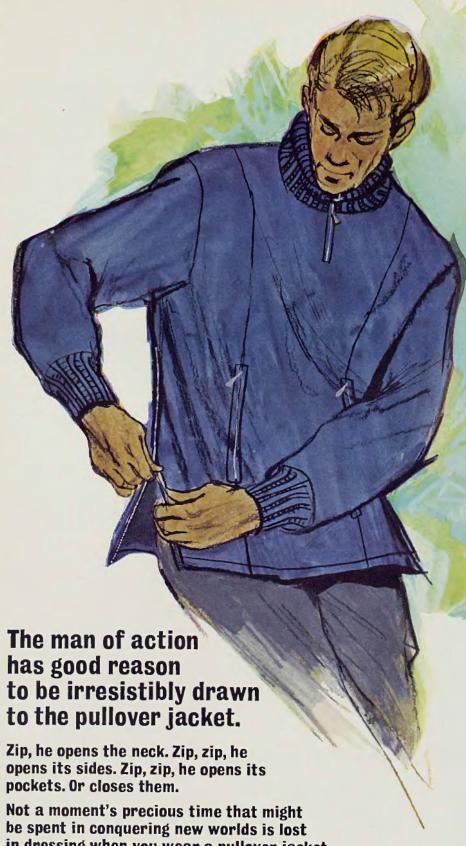
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*We got the extra button from the back of the collar; buttons don't grow on trees, you know.

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in dressing when you wear a pullover jacket.

Especially the Turtle Pop by

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ardent rooters currently are jamming late-night bistros-including the Playboy Clubs in Miami and Phoenix-in half a dozen major U.S. locales. Los Angeles has emerged with the biggest and brassiest of the discos-Whisky à GoGo (8901 Sunset Boulevard)-a frenetic watering spot inspired by its more docile Parisian namesake. Outside, closed-circuit television provides glimpses of the interior, where the wailing voice and heavyhanded electric guitar of group leader Johnny Rivers interpret tunes like La Bamba, Midnight Special and Go, Johnny, Go. Inside, a mass of looselimbed dancers on a postage-stamp-sized floor gyrate the Watusi, the Hitch-Hike, the Swim, the Monkey, the Frug (pronounced Froog), the Chicken, the Bug and the Dog. Two short-skirted maidens demonstrate the latest dance in a 9foot-square glass-enclosed booth dangling 30 feet above the floor. (The GoGo girls have personally schooled the likes of Hedda Hopper, Gina Lollobrigida, Shelley Winters and Pat Boone.) When the live musicians take five, the girls convert the place into a true discothèque, playing record requests made from strategically located floor telephones on a \$3500 stereophonic sound system. Whisky à GoGo is open seven days a week from 4 P.M. to 4 A.M. (with the Sunday session beginning a half hour earlier). There is no cover or minimum. To make certain his disque won't slip, owner Shelly Davis recently installed \$20,000 worth of air-conditioning equipment, a muchneeded addition in light of the heated carryings-on.

A discothèque of another color and another coast is Shepheard's, a down-toearth oasis within the rarefied precincts of New York's ultradignified Drake Hotel (Park Avenue and 56th Street). Here, hip disc jockey-in-residence Slim Hyatt supplies the vinyl sounds that are reinforced by a rhythm section of bass, drums and vibes. The discothecaire juggles records on three turntables to supply music to fit his impression of the mood of the crowd, which he watches through a peephole. His judgment is astute, and as the crowd warms up to him, he heats up the music to the crowd. The rhythm section merely follows what he plays. The whole thing happens nightly, no exceptions, in a semiexotic Egyptian atmosphere echoing the club's namesake, the famous Cairo hotel burned by an Egyptian mob-for political, not aesthetic, reasons-in 1952. The place is always jammed for late-night dancing (until 3 A.M.), with Shepheard's decorative sphinxes bearing mute witness to the wild proceedings. The menu is French and pleasant, but hardly distinguished, which matters little, since sustenance is the last thing on most discothèqueniks' minds.



Playboy Club News



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Hugh M. Hefner, President of Playboy Clubs International, is greeted at the Kansas City airport by Bunny Patti, August's Playmate-Bunny China and Bunny Joyce as he arrives for the debut of the Kansas City Playboy Club.

ATLANTA, SAN FRANCISCO AND WASHINGTON, D.C., DEBUTS PLANNED

Before 1964 is out, the Bunnies will be hopping to keyholders' wishes in Atlanta, San Francisco and Washington, D.C. The

Atlanta Playboy Club will offer luxurious clubrooms on two floors of the now-under-construction Dinkler Plaza Motor Inn. The second West Coast Playboy Club is already under construction at the foot of San Francisco's famous Telegraph Hill - the four-story, milliondollar Club is scheduled to debut at 736 Montgomery St., in the very heart of the city's fun area. The newest location for Playboy's sophisticated Rabbit is set in the nation's capital at the corner of 19th & L Streets.



San Francisco Playboy Club debut is scheduled for first of year.

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PLAYBOY ADVISOR THE

s it proper to remove a girl's fashion wig before making love to her?-S. L., Baltimore, Maryland.

When making love on relatively formal (black-tie) occasions, leave your partner wigged. On informal dates, country weekends, and any time before five, untressing is permissible—if your date consents, of course. But under no circumstances should you move to remove your partner's wig if you suspect (1) she's not wearing one, or (2) she's bald underneath.

aving been raised in a rural atmosphere, I've always retained a countrystore attitude toward my personal finances. I never bought on time, never purchased what I couldn't afford, and always paid cash. That's my problem. I've just moved to a fine job in a new city, and would like to embark on a life that befits my new-found economic status. However, I find myself totally unable to secure needed credit, because my pay-as-you-go past left no one to vouch for me. Do you have any suggestions?-

Y. L., Shreveport, Louisiana.

The simplest way for you to quickly establish credit is to get a bank loan (a collateral loan, secured by your auto or other possessions, would be cheapest), put the money in a savings account where it will draw interest, then repay the loan promptly when it's due. This way you can immediately show potential creditors a nice nest egg, and after you've paid the loan promptly, the lender will gladly supply future cash and a credit reference to boot. (And while you've got a bank balance, cite it as you apply for half-a-dozen special- and general-purpose credit cards-useful credit devices, even if you never have occasion to use them.) If you shop around, you should be able to borrow at six percent and bank at four-and-a-half, for a net cost of a bargain-basement one-and-a-half percent.

ve quit smoking, but my girl still has a two-pack habit. She's used to having me light her cigarettes, and now that I no longer indulge she still wants me to carry a lighter for her personal use. Any suggestions?-F. K., Dearborn, Michigan.

Why don't you get the girl off your back and score some points at the same time by presenting her with her own personal, monogrammed lighter-which she'll be proud to flourish whenever she needs a light. Her love of feminine gewgaws should overcome a rather antediluvian approach to cigaretiquette.

Just before leaving for a three-year jaunt with the Armed Forces in the Far East, I became engaged to a girl in the States, whom I won't see for another 11 months. We plan to be married as soon as my hitch is up. She's not dating, and expects me to refrain also. What do you think?-W. H., San Francisco, California.

We think you made a mistake when you got engaged just before shipping out. Extended engagements between separated parties place unreasonable restraints on both of them and are conducive to the guilt of broken pledges. We suggest you suspend your engagement until you're reunited. If your mutual attraction is genuine, it will be strengthened, rather than diminished, by mutual exposure to others. If the feelings do not last out the separation, they would probably not last out a marriage either.

which wines should be chilled?-K. R., West Redding, Connecticut.

Red wines are almost invariably served at room temperature, and for the rest, the general rule is the sweeter the wine the cooler it should be. White and rosé wines should be chilled (one to three hours in the refrigerator is enough), while sparkling wines should be served at near-freezing temperatures. But be careful not to overchill, or to chill for too long-because either will impair flavor and bouquet.

drive a sports car, and find full-length topcoats a real discomfort. Is it proper to wear a car coat with a business suit? -J. C., New York, New York.

The realities of modern automotive life have made the car coat acceptable apparel for businesswear, provided fabric and design are neither too country nor sporty. Three-quarter-length coats, perfect for sports-car-driving execs, are now available in a variety of urban-oriented fabrics-including worsteds, solid-color wools, and even miniature herringbones.

One of the girls I date is perfectly normal with one exception: She insists that we each take a hot, soapy shower immediately after intercourse. I don't particularly mind this, but it has a ritual air which I find a little eerie. Do you?-K. C., Walla Walla, Washington.

Yes, but if these hygienic high jinks are the only hang-up in an otherwise good relationship, count yourself lucky (and clean).





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The group I play poker with uses Hoyle as an arbiter of disputes. I know that "Hoyle" is an ancient authority—which makes me suspect that he's out of date by now. Am I right?—W. M., Eugene, Oregon.

Yes and no. Edmund Hoyle was an English barrister who gave up the law to write "A Short Treatise on the Game of Whist, Containing the Laws of the Game, and Some Rules Whereby a Beginner May, with Due Attention to Them, Attain to the Playing It Well." The book became a runaway best seller of the 1740s. Though he subsequently wrote on two other card games (piquet and quadrille), Hoyle never played poker, never wrote a rule about it and, in fact, had never even heard of the game. However, his writings were so successful, and his pronouncements so authoritative, that virtually every rulebook for card and board games published since his death has been called a "Hoyle." Though none of the contemporary "Hoyles" contains Hoyle's original words, they do preserve his attitudes of fair play and common sense. From this standpoint, one rulebook is much the same as all the rest, settling infrequent disputes which may occur in groups (like your own) who rely mainly on their own house conventions.

first began going with Susan when I was a sophomore in college. Like a fool, I bragged to my fraternity buddies about our lovemaking exploits. The more I went with Susan, however, the more I realized that this was not just a casual affair. Of course, I quickly stopped my boasting. Now, almost three years later, I'm thinking of asking her to marry me. If I do, I don't know how I'll be able to face my friends. Advice?—L. K., San Francisco, California.

We assume you've been facing them successfully over the last three years, and if so, marriage shouldn't change things. It's too bad that you permitted sophomoric braggadocio to get the better of discretion, but that was three years ago; chalk it up to youthful ego building and forget it—as your friends no doubt already have. If you've been going steady with this girl since then, anyone concerned enough to think about it will have long since concluded that yours is an intimate relationship anyway, no matter what you've said or not said.

picked up a tweed cape while in England. It's a handsome article, and I'd like to know when I can properly wear it here in the States.—R. A., Lynchburg, Virginia.

Provided you have the bearing to sport a cape without looking like Count



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Dracula, you may wear a tweed cape on any occasion that calls for spectatorsports attire.

A year or so ago I began an affair with my lady boss, who-though she's one rung above me on our corporate ladder -is my age and quite a knockout. I went into the relationship with no ulterior motives-other than a good time, which we both found. However, as usually happens with affairs like this, we outgrew it or at least I did. That's my problem: This woman has been absolutely livid for ten days. She insists that I get back in line, and has even threatened obliquely that unless I cooperate she'll make bad trouble for me upstairs, meaning (I assume) my job-which I don't want to lose. Suggestions?-P. A., New York, New York.

Don't let yourself be blackmailed into stud service. Keep to yourself, and trust that this presumably intelligent woman, in a position of responsibility such as you describe, will cool off and act intelligently. However, if she does attempt to prevail on higher-ups to give you the ax, you must overcome your inclinations to the contrary and climb the stairs, with your own side of the story. And henceforth, try to keep your love life separate from your business life.

Lately, I've seen advertisements for shoes made of a new synthetic material. Can you tell me something about them?

—O. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

This new substance is Corfam, developed by du Pont, a leatherlike synthetic which "breathes" like the real thing (porosity is a prerequisite for footwear) and which shares leather's ability to take a shape and keep it. Du Pont says that, unlike leather, Corfam will never wear out, never rot. Many manufacturers now offer top-line shoes with Corfam uppers, at a minimum of around \$20 a pair.

own an XK-E, which presents me with an interesting problem: It's so low that the skirts of my dates tend to ride up when they're getting out of the car. As I hold the door, should I discreetly avert my eyes, or turn my back altogether? Or should I suggest that the demoiselles make their entrances and exits unassisted?—K. F., Washington, D. C.

Keep your eyes on your work, which, in this case, is assisting your dates from your car. Girls have a surprisingly acute awareness of when and what they're showing, and the auto exit is a traditionally acceptable scene for a bit of healthy exhibitionism. Don't let your gentlemanly instincts spoil what amounts to good clean fun; if you look away too often, your girls might get the idea you don't like the merchandise.

Photographed in Zermatt, Switzerland.

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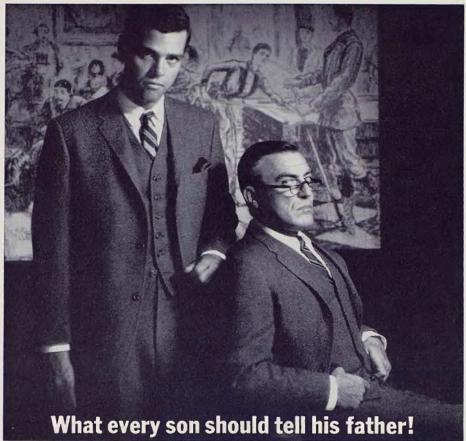


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Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order. always thought that pizza was an American dish, unknown in Italy. However, a friend of mine, just returned from Rome, says he ate a pizza there (only second-rate, incidentally) and that it's a native Italian dish. I maintain that what he ate must have been introduced by American GIs, and that no high-class Italian would be caught dead eating pizza. Who's right?—K. J., Park Forest, Illinois

The answer lies in the origin of the dish, which is, indeed, Italian. Originally, the flat cake of baked dough called pizza served as a test of dough consistency and oven temperature before baking loaves of bread. The flatness of the test sample facilitated quick baking -hence, quick testing. Thrifty Italians saved the test cakes to give to the poorwho garnished them with cheese, tomato, bits of meat, anchovies, sausage, or whatever else they could put their hands on. It's not strictly true that Italian gourmets shun pizza; though it does have the reputation of being a poor man's dish, many well-off Italians eat pizza with the same nostalgic fondness American Southerners feel for fat back and boiled greens, or proper Bostonians for pork and beans. And although pizza is served in restaurants in Italy, its popularity is a post-War phenomenon, and the dish is not offered in restaurants with any pretension to quality cuisine. (This is even true in the U.S., where gourmets interpret the absence of pizza on an Italian menu as an index of authenticity and, therefore, quality.)

I'm a healthy girl who happens to have one good friend who's a homosexual guy. My parents and friends think this relationship can bring me nothing but grief, but I find this person charming and companionable. He shares interests of mine that I've never been able to get my regular boyfriends the least bit curious about, and I can talk with him for hours on end on subjects which my other friends find boring. Do you think I'm mistaken to platonically pal around with this person?—R. W., Queens, New York.

As long as you're not using this friendship to shield yourself from heterosexuality, we see nothing objectionable in the association.

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



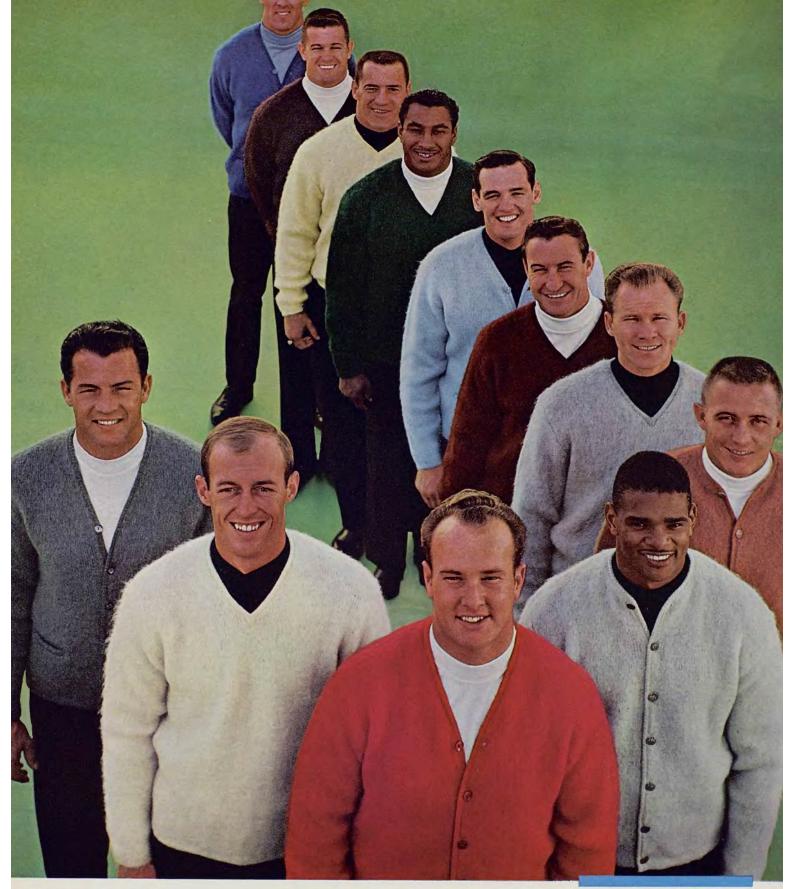
Here is intelligent footwear, the perfect back-to-school ward-robe. The corduroy Gold Cup† Casuals with the glasses cost \$5. Wear them as slippers or to pad around campus. They're hand-lasted like fine shoes, heeled and soled for long wear, innersoled with foam to put bounce in your step. If you prefer the plaid Casuals, \$4 is the price; and \$3.50 will buy the vinyls. Their sole-mates are famous Gold Cup† Socks which you'll recognize by their show of colors. There are 35, but we didn't have room here. They're soft as cashmere, rugged as their

75% Orlon*, 25% stretch nylon blend. Cost, \$1.50. The pure white crew sock is the Burlington Olympic. It's the official choice of the U.S. Olympic Team, and they should know. You can too for \$1. Which brings us to Top Brass†, the dress sock. It reaches up 16" to just over the calf—and stays there—a perfect cover up of 70% wool, 30% stretch nylon at \$2. Chances are your men's store has everything on this page. If not, ask us.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

ALTHOUGH ANY VACATIONER seeking to avoid crowds of tourists will enjoy a November jaunt to Europe, ski buffs find the Continent especially appealing for its early schussing season. In the French Alps, the last word in off-season opulence is offered by the super deluxe Hotel Savoy in Chamonix or the Mont d'Arbois in Mégève. But bachelors-and bachelorettes-may find nearby Courchevel more congenial because of its unique hostelry-Hôtel des Célibataires-which caters to unmarried guests. (Don't let the name of the hotel put you off-célibataire, in French, connotes a state of unwed bliss.) The hotel is a small place, situated at the foot of the slopes, and its owner, Madame Monique Grass, manages admirably to keep the après-ski action intime. Because the hotel has no restaurant, its young guests-mostly the St.-Tropez discothèque set-generally make the rounds of the excellent cafés and chalet-restaurants in Courchevel. For more conventional after-hours entertainment, it's an easy swing to Chamonix' lovely-and lively-casino.

Also in the French Alps, the finest skiing, perhaps in all the world, is found at Val-d'Isère; from nearby Auron and Valberg you can combine skiing with lazing on the sunny beaches of the French Riviera less than two hours away

by car.

In Portugal, the small ski lift at Covilhã in the Serra da Estrêla mountains, 200 miles northeast of Lisbon, supplements low-key schussing with a zestful after-ski atmosphere at the town's only inn. Although the lift rises only 260 feet, a cable car is being built to reach the summit of the mountain. There's also good skiing on the slopes of Mt. Etna in Sicily. Drive or fly to Catania, then follow the highway up the side of the mountain to the Grand Hotel Etna, perched on the south slope amid the ancient pines of Serra La Nave. In Spain, of course, the most famous winter-sport centers are at Molina and Nuria, with others even closer to Madrid. But a lesser known slope at Camprodon, relatively close to Barcelona, offers good skiing on relatively virgin slopes from late fall to early spring.

If you prefer sun to snow, an excellent November holiday can be enjoyed at a Caribbean guesthouse. In Puerto Rico, for example, great old mansions with whitewashed walls and vividly tiled roofs have been renovated to provide the last word in modern comfort and luxury. Their rooms, furnished in Spanish colonial style, frequently open onto clois-

tered arcades facing flowered inner courtyards.

If you locate yourself near San Juan, a rewarding side trip may be made to El Mirador de Anones, a superb country restaurant perched 3500 feet above sea level. We suggest you rent a car and drive the entire distance southwest from the capital to Naranjito, then south on Route 152 and east on winding Route 814. Serving only native dishes, owner Fortunato has parlayed a magnificent view and great cooking into one of Puerto Rico's most successful restaurants. From there, we suggest you drive west across the island to the small fishing village of Parguera. Beyond the dock of the Villa Parguera lie little mangrove islands and empty beaches perfect for twosome picnics, coral hunting and diving down to bright reefs.

Another way to duck the throngs in luxury is to seek out naturally isolated resorts on offbeat islands. We particularly enjoy the 50-room El Lobo Hotel on Cayo Lobos (just 25 minutes from San Juan by air taxi), for its unusual swimming facilities—a huge, natural pool sheltered from the ocean by a magnif-

icent coral reef.

If it's only a weekend jaunt in the States you're after, a rollicking good one can be enjoyed in New Orleans, where local citizens tend to transform any occasion into a celebration. Most every Sunday through November, you'll find marching bands parading through the French Quarter just for the sheer hell of it. Many of these are sponsored by the New Orleans Jazz Club. Almost every night you'll find jam sessions for which the only cover charge is a contribution to the kitty.

One of the delightful problems we consistently confront in New Orleans is that we're seldom there long enough to sample all the fine dining the city offers. One solution, successfully applied by a friend of ours, is a "progressive dinner." One that you might adopt starts with a sazerac at the bar of the Hotel Roosevelt (where the drink originated), followed by oysters at Messina's Oyster House. Then soup at the Gumbo Shop and, for fish, trout amandine at Galatoire's. On to Antoine's for chicken Rochambeau, and for dessert and coffee to Les Patisseries aux Quatre Saisons. A 14-layer poussecafé in the heated courtyard at Brennan's tops it off in truly gracious antebellum style.

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





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Are you using untropical limes in your tropical drinks? Don't you know that the deliciously tart juice of Rose's limes, grown only in the lush Indies, can do more for drinks than any local limes can do? Try this:

the Rose's Lime Collins. 3 parts of gin, rum or vodka to one part of Rose's Lime Juice. Pour into a tall glass, add soda. Stir. Decorate with a tiny sprig of mint. Or this: the classic Rose's Gimlet. Pour one part of cool Rose's into 4 or 5 parts of gin or vodka, stir with ice. Pour into a champogne glass, add a cube. Or the equally

excellent Rose's Daiquiri: one part Rose's to 2 parts light rum and a dash of sugar. Shake with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass. Finally, treat yourself to the Rose's Tonic. Simply add a dash of Rose's to a jigger of gin in a tall glass. Fill with Schweppes Tonic.

No matter what tropical drink you dote on, be fair to it. Use only Rose's Lime Juice. It's the lime juice made from tropical limes, you know.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

SUICIDE IN RALEIGH

The enclosed clippings from the May 9 and 10, 1964, Raleigh, North Carolina, News and Observer show how well justice was served and society protected in our city by the arrest of two local men for committing a "crime against nature," and by the subsequent suicide of one of the men. I shudder to think of the crimes these two could have perpetrated against society if they had not been apprehended. And how fitting that the 26-year-old "criminal" took his own life, a fair and just punishment for committing this most heinous of all crimes.

The tragic and senseless waste of this episode was made all the more disturbing to me by Hefner's shocking editorial in the April PLAYBOY about the laws governing sexual behavior in the United States. I can only hope his crusade against the hypocrisies created in our society by the lip service paid by the majority to a way of life that has ceased to exist for all but a few, will lead to remedial measures—first among them removal of these vicious laws from the books.

Mrs. Horace L. Farlowe Raleigh, North Carolina

The unfortunate example to which you refer is but one of the numberless instances of the kurt and heartache caused by irrational and suppressive U.S. sex laws. Hefner continues his discussion of the subject in the installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" in this issue.

ILLINOIS SEX STATUTES

The closing paragraphs of the April Philosophy do Illinois lawmakers an injustice. Hefner states that the revised Illinois Criminal Code of 1961 dropped the state's former sodomy statute, but retained laws prohibiting fornication and adultery; he added that Illinois thus permits heterosexual and homosexual perversion while prohibiting normal sexual intercourse. Closer inspection of the statute will show that neither adultery nor fornication are against Illinois law, except when such behavior is "open and notorious." Professor Claude R. Sowle, in an explanation of the 1961 Illinois Criminal Code, states that "it is the purpose of the act to penalize only conduct which constitutes an affront to public decency."

> (Name withheld by request) Chicago, Illinois

I have just read your editorial in the April 1964 issue of PLAYBOY with much interest. I believe the next-to-last paragraph may cause some misunderstanding among your readers, however. It states: "This example of modern legislative acumen is not without its irony, however. The Illinois lawmakers did remove the state's sodomy statute, but they left standing the statutes against fornication and adultery. Illinois is thus in the unique position of permitting all socalled 'perversion,' both heterosexual and homosexual, while prohibiting normal sexual intercourse,"

If you will examine again the Illinois statutes on fornication and adultery (Ch. 38, Secs. 11-7, 11-8), you will find that this conduct is prohibited only if the behavior is "open and notorious," or the partners cohabit. You will find also that deviate sexual conduct is prohibited as "public indecency" if performed "in a public place." It is true, as Hefner suggests, that deviate sexual conduct is not included in the prohibitions against fornication and adultery, but, as a practical matter, it is not obnoxious to the moral standards of the community for male and male to room together, or female and female. It is against community standards for persons of opposite sex to cohabit unless married to each other. It was the philosophy of the drafters of the Illinois statutes to prohibit only conduct which openly and notoriously flouts the commonly accepted moral standards of the community, or the institution of marriage, and not to make criminal any sexual activities in private between consenting adults.

Charles H. Bowman, Professor of Law University of Illinois

Chairman, Drafting Subcommittee of the Joint Committee to Revise the Illinois Criminal Code

Champaign, Illinois

In the paragraph prior to the one you quote, Hefner commented on the Model Penal Code drafted by the American Law Institute in 1955, which stressed that the sex laws of the 48 states should not make criminal the private sexual activities of consenting adults. Hefner commended the Illinois legislature as the only body of lawmakers among the half-hundred that "has made any serious attempt to correct its statutes on sex," but stated (correctly, we believe) that while the repeal of the Illinois sodomy

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law was consistent with the Model Penal Code, the statutes that still exist on fornication and adultery are not.

Several of the states that still have laws governing heterosexual intercourse outside of marriage include an "open and notorious" clause, like Illinois'; such statutes, "as a practical matter" (based upon actual court decisions, especially in the lower courts, which are not always upheld on this point), encompass more than cohabitation and "public indecency," and are sometimes used in the prosecution of the private behavior of consenting adults. Hefner was accurate in his conclusion that the revised Illinois sex statutes are more permissive regarding homosexual relations than nonmarital heterosexual intercourse, although this was undoubtedly not the intent of the legislators.

CALIFORNIA ADULTERY LAWS

In the April PLAYBOY the chart showing penalties for sex offenses in the United States indicates no laws concerning fornication or adultery in the state of California. The chart is in part correct: There is no law against fornication (130 Cal. App. 168), but a law does exist classifying adultery as a misdemeanor. To the best of my knowledge this law is not enforced, and the possible sentence for offenders is very vague. When applied, the law is used in civil cases, so why it comes under the penal code is a mystery. It reads as follows:

ADULTERY—Section 269a, California Penal Code. Adultery is the voluntary sexual intercourse of a married person with a person other than the offender's wife or husband (C. C. 95).

Thus adultery is a misdemeanor on the part of a married person. If the other party to the relationship is unmarried, that person commits no crime (17 Cal. App. 278). Formerly two persons married to others, who lived together in a state of cohabitation and adultery were guilty of a felony; an amendment (1933) to Section 269b of the penal code changed this offense to a misdemeanor.

(Name withheld by request) Whittier, California

The definition of adultery given above is actually taken from the California divorce laws, rather than the criminal laws; thus its application in civil cases. Section 269a of the Penal Code is entitled "Cohabitation and Adultery" and reads: "Every person who lives in a state of cohabitation and adultery is guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by a fine not exceeding \$1000 or by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding one year, or by both." Section 269b, entitled "Adultery," states in part: "If two persons, each being married to another, live together in a state of cohabitation and adultery, each is guilty of a misdemeanor." Because both of these provisions require living together in a state of cohabitation, they are classified as cohabitation statutes in the chart of sex offenses in the April issue. Adultery is not a crime in California unless it involves cohabitation, but it is grounds for divorce.

SCHOOL PRAYER

A meritorious concept of prayer, which should be acceptable to atheists and believers in a Supreme Being alike, might be: "Prayer is an expression of the soul's sincere desire." In this sense, prayer is the thoughts, feelings and attitudes of the individual living in a community of equals. Audible public prayer in a group situation, on the other hand, tends to induce conformity, and is perhaps prayer's most superficial and least creative expression. One can observe many examples of public prayer that are intellectually immature, morally disreputable, and socially reactionary. Therefore, it is desirable and essential to close such a potential avenue of thought control by defeating any and all attempts to weaken or destroy the First Amendment to the Constitution. Everyone who prizes this guarantee of free thought, speech, press and petition should make it clear to Congressmen and Senators that the Becker Amendment [permitting "voluntary" school prayer] would curtail freedom rather than preserve it.

"God" is a cultural prestige symbol, more often used and abused than worshiped in contemporary society. Anyone who thinks "God" could care a damn what man calls Him in public pronouncements of an economic, social or political nature is not worshiping a supreme or even a superior being, but, rather, an inferior product of a superstitious imagination.

Dr. R. F. Burlingame Milan, Michigan

The First Amendment states that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . . " By permitting "voluntary" school prayer, the Becker Amendment would not only undermine the constitutional principle of separate church and state, that protects the religious as well as the secular side of society; but would create the official quandary of what prayer the state might establish that would be acceptable to all the members of a given community. Moreover, if sincerity is the essence of prayer, as Dr. Burlingame suggests (and few would argue with that definition), the public recitation of a superficial, state-sanctioned, nondenominational verse would be a pointless lip service, hardly satisfying to the faith of any individual involved.

We wholeheartedly agree, therefore, that everyone who prizes his freedom of religion, speech, press and petition should write or wire his Congressman and Senators opposing the Becker Amendment, or any similar attempt to corrupt the U.S. Constitution.

WHAT PRICE PATRIOTISM?

I would like to thank you for initiating *The Playboy Philosophy*, giving your readers a yardstick by which to measure our individual views of the society in which we live. You have brought us (I speak plurally because I believe that many others feel likewise) to our senses, and have caused us to become more aware of the influences at work about us—at work destroying the liberty that we all have taken so much for granted.

I have gone through life unconcerned with what my neighbors did, read or thought. And I believed the things I did, the books I read and the thoughts I thought did not concern them.

Now I find that my business is their business! At least NODL, CDL, and other organizations and individuals of their kind seem to think so. I was prompted to write this letter by an article in the San Francisco Examiner which I quote here in full:

State Superintendent Max Rafferty told teachers and administrators from Catholic schools that more Latin should be taught in California's public schools.

He also struck out at "garbage dump" books, naming J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, and sexy movies, magazines and other "essentially fleshy trash."

Dr. Rafferty, the first director of public education ever to address the all-Catholic group, also urged the teaching of moral and spiritual values to children in public schools.

"We agree with you 100 percent and have for a long time," said the Very Rev. James D. Poole, Superintendent of Schools of the Diocese of Sacramento, who introduced Rafferty.

The audience of 1000 fathers, mothers, sisters and lay teachers applauded thunderously in agreement.

The Catholic educators are from parochial high schools in California, Arizona and Nevada. The unit of the National Catholic Education Association was in convention here at Riordan High School.

Rafferty equated the goals of progressive education with those of atheistic dictatorships, saying, "Both are designed to lead to state socialism."

He blasted the pedagogic jargon many educators use, then made fun of the results of several researchers in the behavioral sciences.

"I want to give you Rafferty's First Law of Research," he said. "Findings which fly in the teeth of common sense are for the birds."

During the question-and-answer period, he was asked by one nun the best way to teach patriotism.

"I will tell you how not to teach patriotism," he answered. "Talk about Lincoln's poor table manners. They were, you know.... Tell them about Benjamin Franklin's way with the ladies . . .

"Concentrate on the weakness of all living flesh, which we all have. Concentrate on the scandals of the time. Make a fetish of balancing every national virtue with a national vice.

"This will certainly create balance, but it will also be bland and Pablumized," he said. "We had better teach the children to love their country. Anything less than this will not produce the guts which we will need to guide this Ship of State through the tumultuous waters of the last half of the 20th Century."

What can one say after reading remarks such as these made above by Dr. Rafferty? And to think that the man who made these asinine statements is no less than the Superintendent of Education for the State of California!

Don Parkhill

Vallejo, California Superintendent Rafferty recently spear-headed a campaign against high school libraries having copies of a dictionary of American slang because he objected to some of the words included therein, even though it was kept on a restricted shelf and available only for legitimate scholar-ship and study. So long as the press in California reports fully and honestly on his activities, an enlightened citizenry should be able to form intelligent judgments of this public servant and his work.

BACK HOME IN INDIANA

On April 6, the young mayor of Muncie, John V. Hampton, at a meeting of the St. Lawrence Holy Name Society, called for volunteers to help organize a Citizens for Decent Literature committee here. A page-one story in *The Muncie Star*, April 7, quoted the mayor thus: "Our newsstands are saturated with . . . obscene literature which gives our young, as well as old, a detailed course in perversion." (He does not, of course, define either "obscene" or "perversion.")

define either "obscene" or "perversion.")
The quote continued: "The public must be made to see the harm these magazines can cause. . . . If we are successful in building community standards through this [CDL] group, a person serving on a jury who had knowledge of the subject, would find a person putting these magazines on the market guilty of 'knowingly' selling obscene literature. . . . This literature, in the wrong hands, is as dangerous as any drug, automobile, gun or alcohol. Clever publishers have

our communities permeated with filth."

The mayor's plan is to form a CDL similar to the Cincinnati organization which Hefner exposed. The culture gap here in Muncie is already wide enough without this sort of thinking. Hefner's presentation of facts about the CDL in his *Philosophy* will continue to receive enthusiastic support from those citizens who intelligently examine all sides of subjects affecting our freedoms.

Mrs. G. F. Polsley Muncie, Indiana

FREUDIAN SLIP

Apropos the CDL: I recently sent for some of their literature, just to see what sort of mischief they were up to. The reply I received was correctly addressed as to name and place, but instead of "Street" in the proper place, CDL had written "Smut"! Talk about Freudian slips! How fanatical can you get?

Ruth Lansford Playa del Rey, California

INDEX LIBRORUM PROHIBITORUM

Several years ago, while attending a Catholic university, I had occasion to write a letter to a magazine in response to a statement on academic freedom on Catholic campuses. I wrote, in part, that there was little freedom in choosing reading material from the university library, since books on the Roman Index of Forbidden Books could not be read in or taken from the library without written permission, and that, therefore, the university was hardly an academically free school where all branches of knowledge are seen as being of service to man. I subsequently found freedom to read what I wanted by changing schools, but it is not always as easy to escape the censor: Consider the New York State Supreme Court's banning of Fanny Hill [appeal pending at presstime], and the attempt by the CDL, in the May 1964 Reader's Digest, to enlist support for CDL censorship drives.

Thomas Sellers Fairfield, Iowa

While the CDL and others of their ilk busy themselves trying to control the reading habits of their fellow citizens, it is encouraging that the liberal element in the Catholic Church appears to continue to gain in strength and influence. Readers will be interested in the following news item from the April I editions of The Washington Post:

The "Index of Forbidden Books," an institution of the Catholic Church that intellectuals and free-thinkers have criticized for years, was dealt a blow yesterday by the Society of Catholic College Teachers of Sacred Doctrine.

At the annual meeting of the Society at the Statler Hilton, the 395 priests, nuns and brothers attending

unanimously resolved to ask the American Bishops to:

"Support at the next session of the Vatican Council the effort to reform thoroughly that section of Canon Law dealing with prohibited books and the 'Roman Index' so that Catholic scholars, teachers and students may be able to enter into more meaningful dialog with the contemporary world."

"Reform thoroughly" really meant, according to several members, "do away with." Strong language would be "undiplomatic," a priest said, but the resolution carried the implication, he said, of dropping the "Index" entirely.

SEE NO EVIL

How absurd can censorship become, once it has taken root in a society? To what ridiculous extremes might the irrational censor go, if given the opportunity? This clipping from *The* (London) *Evening News*, commenting upon a unique form of film censorship in West Germany, may suggest an answer:

See no evil and, presumably, you'll speak no evil. So thinks the District Council of Bernkastel, in West Germany, anyway. For when the controversial Swedish film, *The Silence*, opens at their local cinema tomorrow, this is what will happen:

1. Police officials will be on duty in the aisles. 2. When the three famous scenes in Ingmar Bergman's film—cut in many countries—are shown, the audience must raise their hands or a piece of paper in front of their faces to blot out the screen. 3. Any who are seen peeping will be marched out of the cinema.

The leader of the Council, Dr. Hugo Brix, is reported as saying: "The sexual scenes are such that they confuse the moral outlook of young people and make numerous citizens feel ashamed, distressed and hurt."

Other places in West Germany have seen the film unaffected by either censor, police or council. I understand the feeling of many people in Bernkastel is that Dr. Brix has dropped one.

"Dropped one" is the English equivalent of "flipped his lid"!

> James B. Harvester London, England

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either the "Philosophy" or the "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW had this to say on the subject of immorality: "Whatever is contrary to established manners and customs is immoral. An immoral act or doctrine is not necessarily a sinful one: on the contrary, every advance in thought and conduct is by definition immoral until it has converted the majority. For this reason it is of the most enormous importance that immorality should be protected jealously against the attacks of those who have no standard except the standard of custom, and who regard any attack on custom-that is, on morals-as an attack on society, on religion, and on

"It is immorality, not morality, that needs protection: it is morality, not immorality, that needs restraint; for morality, with all the dead weight of human inertia and superstition to hang on the back of the pioneer, and all the malice of vulgarity and prejudice to threaten him, is responsible for many persecutions and many martyrdoms . . .

In the February and April installments of The Playboy Philosophy, we examined the extent to which our own society has attempted to control sexual "immorality" by governmental edict; we discussed in detail the degree to which the United States perpetuates, through its laws, the extreme antisexualism of our Puritan religious heritage.

In addition to the legitimate statutes established to protect the individual from uninvited and unwelcome acts of sexual abuse, aggression and attack, there are laws in all 50 of the separate states prohibiting-under penalty of fine and/or imprisonment-various forms of sexual intimacy between consenting adults, even within the privacy of a person's own bedroom and when the intimacy may reflect the considered wishes of both partners.

Our democratic government, dedicated to the doctrine of individual freedom and the establishment of a permissive society, nevertheless invades our most private domain and dictates the details of our most personal behavior. The government boldly asserts that our very bodies do not belong to us-that we cannot use them in our own way, and at our own discretion, but only when and how the state permits. In matters of sex, we

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

have already reached Orwell's world of 19841

The legislators, judges and minor minions of the law are allowed to lurk in the shadows of our bedrooms, to pull away the covers-revealing our nakedness-and to direct the very kisses and caresses we may and may not use in our lovemaking.

Though we are free citizens in most other respects, in sex we are the slaves of society and the state. U.S. sex laws are among the most restrictive of any country's in the world; and they have helped in sustaining what is surely one of the most sexually repressed societies of the 20th Century.

Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen wrote, in a concluding chapter of their book Sex Histories of American College Men: "We cannot help but feel that the present state of sexual confusion and its resulting miseries which most of us in the Western world have grown accustomed to enduring are not necessarily the most desirable and certainly not the only possible experience of which humanity is capable."

Dr. Alfred Kinsey and his associates of the Institute for Sex Research of Indiana University, in a summarizing statement in their comprehensive study Sexual Behavior in the Human Female, observed: "The law specifies the right of the married adult to have regular intercourse, but it makes no provision whatsoever for the approximately 40 percent of the population which is sexually mature but unmarried. Many . . . unmarried females and males are seriously disturbed because the only sources of sexual outlet available to them are either legally or socially disapproved." Kinsey added, "In nearly every culture in the world except our own, there is at least some acceptance of coital activities among [the] unmarried . . .'

The late Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan, who has been described by others in the field of social science as one of the foremost clinicians of our time, commented, in The Interpersonal Theory of Psychiatry: "Our culture is the least adequate in preparing one for meeting the eventualities of sexual maturity, which is

another way of saying we are the most sex-ridden people on the face of the globe."

SEX AND MARRIAGE

A majority of U.S. sex laws are predicated on the religious dogma that sex is immoral outside of marriage. The marriage license thus becomes a churchstate sanction to engage in sex. Without it, in most parts of the country, a couple that engages in coitus is committing a

The sex-in-marriage concept is related, in turn, to the religious belief that the purpose of sex is procreation. Since children are best raised, in the framework of our society, as a part of a family unit that includes both mother and father, there appears to be some rational secular justification for the prohibitions against nonmarital sex. But in order to be something more than the governmental enforcement of a religious morality (which is totally inconsistent with the American doctrine of religious freedom), legislation should properly be directed against the secular aspect of the problem-prohibiting conception of children out of wedlock-rather than indiscriminately outlawing all acts of nonmarital intimacy; and the inconsistency of this argument is compounded by our society's willingness to dissolve marriages, through state-sanctioned divorce, where children of even tender years are involved.

The religious origin of these statutes is especially obvious when one considers the unusually severe penalties prescribed for acts of nonprocreative sex. If the actual purpose of the laws was to assure offspring the benefits of being raised in a family environment, with both parents present and accounted for, the legislators would have been most concerned with prohibiting those forms of unsanctioned sex that could result in illegitimate births. But Judaeo-Christian moral tradition has, for 2000 years, stressed taboos against nonprocreative sexual behavior, and so it is nonprocreative sexmarital and extramarital, heterosexual and homosexual-that our lawmakers have proclaimed as the most serious crimes, and for which they have prescribed the most extreme punishments.

The religious taboos surrounding non- 71

coital sexual activity may be considered consistent with the moral view that the purpose of sex is procreation. But the person who accepts such a sexual morality for himself should still oppose any attempt on the part of the state to force these religious restrictions upon those in our society who do not wish to accept them. By establishing a specific sex ethic as the law, our government deprives each individual of the free choice that our democracy is supposed to assure. This separation of the interests of church and state is one of the fundamental principles upon which this country was founded; it is one of the most important guarantees of the U.S. Constitution; it is what set American democracy apart from the suppressive church-state rule of the Old World.

The laws that govern our land are supposedly created out of a rational and humane concern for each citizen—to protect his person and property—and to keep secure his inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The statutes that place coercive controls over the personal sex behavior of the adult members of our society are, however, quite clearly no more than the reflection of a particular religious code that is unrelated to our secular interests and welfare.

CRIMINAL COITUS

The state's intrusion into the private religious-moral conduct of its citizens would be improper even if a relatively few members of society were adversely affected. But U.S. sex laws are so irrationally conceived, and so unrelated to the actual moral conduct of the community, that they make criminals out of almost everyone.

The most authoritative studies of U.S. sex behavior indicate that most American males (over 85 percent) and approximately half of all females (ranging up to 60 percent among women with some college education) have sexual intercourse prior to marriage. And almost all men and women (well over 90 percent) who have been previously married, but who have lost their spouses through death or divorce, continue to engage in sex on a fairly regular basis, with partners to whom they are not wed. But this sex activity is listed as the crime of fornication in 36 of the 50 states, with penalties ranging from a \$10 fine in Rhode Island to \$1000 and/or one year in prison in Georgia, Missouri and Nevada.

In addition, approximately one out of every two married males, and one out of every four married females, have sexual intercourse with someone other than their respective spouses at some time during their marriages. This behavior is prohibited under adultery statutes in 45 states, with penalties including both fines and imprisonment in most, ranging up to five years at hard labor in Maine, Oklahoma, South Dakota and Vermont.

THE SIN OF SEX

Even though many of our society's present attitudes on sex are a direct outgrowth of the period, it is difficult for most of us to conceive the extent of the extreme antisexualism that existed in America at the end of the 19th and beginning of the 20th Centuries, when most of our sex statutes were written.

We devoted the previous installment of this editorial series (The Playboy Philosophy, July 1964) to a consideration of this time of suppressive Puritanism in America, which had its parallel in the Victorian Era in England a few years earlier. Our grandparents grew up in a society so ashamed of the human body and its functions, and so generally guiltridden about sex, that it was not considered a fit subject even to be discussed in polite company; it was clearly understood that a "nice" girl did not possess any sexual desire; and sexual intercourse, within the bonds of marriage, was looked upon as a necessary evil for the perpetuation of the human race.

The notion that sex is inherently evil has been a part of the Christian tradition for centuries, but it has received greater emphasis in some periods than in others, and we have previously examined the complex codification that the medieval Church brought to all sexual activity—both within and outside of marriage. The Puritans further reinforced this antisexualism after the Reformation and eventually almost all pleasure was considered ungodly.

The sin of sex was primarily in its pleasure and any sexual act that was not for the purpose of procreation, but engaged in for pleasure alone, was necessarily and especially immoral. Thus masturbation, sex play with animals and sexual intimacy between members of the same sex were all forbidden by religious law, and called for the most severe penalties, sometimes including death. In the more extreme periods of religious antisexualism, nonprocreative sex was also forbidden between members of the opposite sex, even within marriage, since it frustrated the moral (religious) purpose of sexual congress.

Out of the close alliance of church and state in Europe, many of these ecclesiastical laws eventually found their way into the laws of secular society. And so, even while proclaiming the separation of church and state in America, we accepted into our own legislative doctrine many of the same statutes covering private sexual behavior that were, by then, a part of English common law—even though they were clearly no more than a reinforcement of church dogma by the state.

CRIME WITHOUT COITUS

The taboos—both social and legal surrounding nonprocreative sex are still extreme in modern American society, but the activity is, nevertheless, quite common. Although masturbation was thought to cause all manner of mental, emotional and physical ills in our grand-parents' day, almost all males (over 90 percent) and a majority of females (over 60 percent) admit to having some masturbatory experience; and precoital petting commonly includes some mutual masturbation, especially among males and females of higher education.

Mouth-genital activity (fellatio and cunnilingus) is also a common part of the heterosexual foreplay to coitus, and sometimes serves as a substitute for sexual intercourse, especially among unmarried, upper-educated adolescents and adults, with whom the taboos surrounding premarital intercourse seem most successful. Dr. Alfred Kinsey states, in Sexual Behavior in the Human Male: "Mouth-genital contacts of some sort, with the subject as either the active or passive member in the relationship, occur at some time in the histories of nearly 60 percent of all males."

Kinsey and his associates found, in their studies of U.S. sex behavior, that approximately 18 percent of all American men have premarital, heterosexual oral-genital relations of an "active" nature (cunnilingus, performed by the male upon the female) and 38 percent have "passive" oral-genital relations prior to marriage (fellatio, performed by the female upon the male); approximately 15 percent of all U.S. women have some mouth-genital experience, either "active" or "passive," prior to marriage; and between 40 and 50 percent of all husbands and wives engage in such activity.

Although Kinsey neglected to tabulate the statistics on anal intercourse derived from his studies, and so specific figures on this behavior do not appear in either Sexual Behavior of the Human Male or Female, Dr. Paul Gebhard, who succeeded Dr. Kinsey as director of the Institute for Sex Research on the latter's death, indicates that this form of noncoital sex is far more common than was previously assumed, and eventually involves between 10 and 20 percent of the total population.

CRIMES WITH MAN AND BEAST

Homosexuality is considered a perversion by most of contemporary American society and the recognized homosexual—especially the male—is often subjected to considerable abuse. It may come as a surprise to many, therefore, to learn that a relatively high percentage of all men and women have had some homosexual experience.

It is recognized by experts in the field of sexual behavior that most males and females can, under certain circumstances, be erotically attracted to members of the same sex. Whenever either men or women are placed in a situation in which their contacts are largely limited to their own sex for any appreciable length of time-as in prison, boarding school or certain assignments in the armed services-there is a marked increase in homosexual activity.

While only a small percentage is exclusively homosexual for a lifetime (4 percent of all U.S. males), Kinsey's researchers found that a minimum of 37 percent of the male population has some overt homosexual experience to the point of orgasm after puberty and prior to the age of 45; and 20 percent of the total female population has engaged in some homosexual activity prior to that age.

Sexual contacts between humans and other forms of animal life are even more taboo in our society than homosexual activity and, until recently, this was assumed to be a relatively rare form of sexual release for man; but Kinsey found that in rural areas, where a variety of animals was readily available, animal contacts were quite common in the early sexual experimentation of young males. Kinsey states, "Something between 40 and 50 percent of all farm boys . . . have some sort of animal contact, either with or without orgasm, in their preadolescent, adolescent, and/or later histories." While only 8 percent of the total male population has postadolescent experience with animals resulting in orgasm, the lowness of this figure would appear to reflect lack of opportunity more than anything else, since approximately 17 percent of the males from rural and farm communities have such contacts, and in some Western parts of the United States, the incidence rises to as high as 65 percent.

CRIMES ABOMINABLE & DETESTABLE

All of the aforementioned nonprocreative sexual behavior has been lumped together by our state legislators into omnibus statutes against "sodomy." In the literal sense, sodomy is anal intercourse involving two males-the word is derived from the Biblical story of Sodom, which the Lord destroyed with fire and brimstone, because He was displeased with the prevalence of the practice there-but its meaning is now sometimes extended to include sexual acts with animals (bestiality), as well.

It is difficult to arrive at any adequate legal definition, however, for the sodomy statutes of the U.S. encompass, without distinction, almost every imaginable form of noncoital sex-homosexual and heterosexual, marital and nonmaritalincluding fellatio, cunnilingus, pederasty, buggery, bestiality and, in two states (Indiana and Wyoming), even mutual

Although the common law of England -from which most American law is derived-considered sodomy as either the act of pederasty or bestiality performed by or upon a man, a majority of our states' statutes have given it a far broader application-covering oral as well as anal intercourse, and prohibiting such activity not only between members of the same sex, but also between members of the opposite sex. Including husband and wife.

Minnesota's statute reads, in part: "Any person who shall carnally know any animal, bird, man or woman, by anus or mouth, or voluntarily submits to such knowledge . . . is guilty of sodomy . . ."

Iowa goes further with: "Whosoever shall have carnal copulation in any opening of the body [emphasis ours] except sexual parts with another human being, or shall have carnal copulation with a beast shall be deemed guilty of

And Arizona goes further still: "Any person who shall willfully commit any lewd or lascivious act upon or with the body of [or] any part or member thereof, of any male or female person with intent of arousing, appealing to, or gratifying the lust, or passion, or sexual desires of either person in any unnatural manner shall be guilty of a felony . . . '

The Indiana law reads: "Whoever commits the abominable and detestable crime against nature with mankind or beast; or whoever entices, allures, instigates or aids any person under the age of twenty-one (21) years to commit masturbation or self-pollution shall be deemed guilty of sodomy . . .

Forty-nine of the fifty states have sodomy statutes; they are among the most irrationally conceived and emotionally written of any to be found in contemporary jurisprudence. The phrase "abominable and detestable crime against nature" appears with great frequency in these laws and often serves as an alternate name, and sometimes as the only description, for the offense.

Rhode Island actually lists its statute under that title; the entire Rhode Island law reads as follows: "11-I0-1. Abominable and detestable crime against nature. -Every person who shall be convicted of the abominable and detestable crime against nature, either with mankind or with any beast, shall be imprisoned not exceeding twenty (20) years nor less than seven (7) years." In Utah, Arizona and Nevada, the offense is referred to as the "infamous crime against nature."

These phrases further substantiate the religious superstition from which such laws were derived. The very concept of a "crime against nature" is religious; it is another way of describing what is considered to be, within a particular religious framework, an act that goes against the will of God.

Without any evaluation of the moral issues involved, it must be pointed out that the modern social scientist, armed with the insights of psychiatry and evidence of the actual incidence of noncoital sexual activity in human and infrahuman species, recognizes that such behavior cannot be considered abnormal, or "unnatural," in any scientific sense.

But these laws evolved from Puritan antisexualism, not scientific insight. And the subject has traditionally been considered so distasteful by those who have dealt with it, on both the legislative and judicial levels, that the statutes and their court application form a record of injustice that is far more "abominable and detestable" than the personal behavior they are supposed to suppress.

CRIMES NOT FIT TO BE NAMED

The noted 18th Century jurist Sir William Blackstone, author of the famous Commentaries, which are still fundamental in any study of English or U.S. law, reflected his own Puritan environment and the irrational emotionalism long associated with the subject, when he wrote: "I will not act so disagreeable a part, to my readers as well as myself, as to dwell any longer upon a subject, the very mention of which is a disgrace to human nature. It will be more eligible to imitate in this respect the delicacy of our English law, which treats it, in its very indictments, as a crime not fit to be named . . ."

The "delicacy" to which Blackstone refers is quite without precedent in English and U.S. law. It means precisely what it implies-that these acts have been deemed so improper, are viewed with such loathing and disgust, that it is considered unnecessary to describe them in any detail in either the statutes or the actual court indictments. The defendants in such cases are traditionally expected to prove themselves innocent of a charge, the particulars of which are unspecified, because they are "not fit to be named."

Former Judge Morris Ploscowe of the New York Magistrates' Court, now Adjunct Associate Professor of Law at New York University, states in his book, Sex and the Law: "Ever since Lord Coke's time, the attitude of judges has been that sodomy is 'a detestable and abominable sin among Christians not to be named.' The result of this attitude is a sharp departure from the usual rules of criminal pleading. It is one of the basic canons of criminal procedure that a defendant is entitled to know the particulars of the crime charged against him, so that he can adequately prepare his defense. If the indictment is not sufficiently specific, the defendant has a right to demand a bill of particulars. But when a man is charged with sodomy or a crime against nature, an indictment in the language of the statute is enough. It is enough that the indictment alleges that at a particular time and place the defendant committed a 'crime against nature' with a specific person. The defendant need not be informed of the 73 particular sexual perversion which is charged against him. As the Court put it in the case of Honselman vs. People:

"'It was never the practice to describe the particular manner or the details of the commission of the crime, but the offense was treated in the indictment as the abominable crime not fit to be named among Christians. The existence of such an offense is a disgrace to human nature. The legislature has not seen fit to define it further than by the general term, and the records of the courts need not be defiled with the details of different acts which may go to constitute it. A statement of the offense in the language of the statute is all that is required.'"

PUNISHMENT TO FIT THE CRIME

Because U.S. sodomy statutes are so all-inclusive in their suppression of non-coital sex, the penalties prescribed are identical for the partners in a homosexual liaison, the farm boy who gets too friendly with his pet heifer, or the husband and wife whose marital intimacies include something more than simple sexual intercourse. All are equally guilty under the law.

And consistent with the Church's historically harsh view of sex for pleasure rather than reproduction (the fire and brimstone that God used on the Sodomites in the Old Testament was but a foretaste of the centuries of carnage the religious offered in pious sacrifice to antisex), the secular statutes against noncoital sex are especially severe. The English common law punishment for sodomy was death; the penalties that still exist here in the United States are, in some instances, exceeded only by those for murder, kidnaping and rape.

In 34 states and the District of Columbia, the maximum sentence specified for any act that may be considered a "crime against nature" is imprisonment for from 10 to 20 years. In Connecticut, the maximum possible sentence is 30 years; in North Carolina, the minimum sentence is 5 years, the maximum is 60; Arizona, Idaho, Montana and Tennessee statutes also have minimum sentences of 5 years; and in Rhode Island, the minimum is 7. In Wyoming and Indiana, where sodomy includes inducing or aiding any person under the age of 21 to masturbate, the maximum sentences prescribed are 10 and 14 years, respectively. In Georgia, a first conviction calls for imprisonment at hard labor for from 1 to 10 years; a second conviction increases the sentence to from 10 to 30. In California, Idaho, Missouri, Montana and South Carolina, the maximum possible penalty is left to the discretion of the courts; in Nevada, the law specifies imprisonment for life.

The combined effect of these premarital, extramarital and assorted noncoital sex statutes is to turn us into a nation of lawbreakers. The private sex behavior prohibited by these laws is, all public pronouncements to the contrary, practiced by a majority of our adult population. It has been estimated that if all of the sex statutes of the United States were strictly and successfully enforced, over 85 percent of our adult population would be put into prison.

UNENFORCED AND UNENFORCEABLE

The majority of our sex laws are not efficiently or effectively enforced, of course, but this only adds another dimension to the problem. Ploscowe states, "Nowhere are the disparities between law in action and law on the books so great as in the control of sex crime."

Kinsey comments, "The current sex laws are unenforced and are unenforceable because they are too completely out of accord with the realities of human behavior, and because they attempt too much in the way of social control. Such a high proportion of the females and males in our population is involved in sexual activities which are prohibited by the law of most of the states of the Union, that it is inconceivable that the present laws could be administered in any fashion that even remotely approached systematic and complete enforcement. The consequently capricious enforcement which these laws now receive offers an opportunity for maladministration, for police and political graft, and for blackmail which is regularly imposed both by underworld groups and by the police themselves."

The very existence of laws such as these is an invitation to malfeasance and malicious mischief; while the random and often irrational enforcement of the statutes causes incalculable havoc, hurt and heartache—making a mockery of the majesty of law—applying justice in an unjust, inhumane, capricious and cruel manner.

PROSECUTION OF NONMARITAL SEX

There are only two legally permissible sexual outlets for the unmarried members of society: nocturnal emissions and solitary masturbation. Our Anglo-American legal codes restrict the sexual activity of those unwed by characterizing all nonmarital coitus as fornication, adultery, lewd cohabitation, seduction, rape, statutory rape, prostitution, associating with a prostitute, incest, delinquency, contributing to delinquency, disorderly conduct, public indecency, or assault and battery—all of which are offenses, with assorted penalties prescribed.

Several of these statutes are designed to deal with special circumstances associated with the sexual act—the use of force or coercion, the involvement of a minor, the payment of money for coitus, or intercourse between close kin. There is justification for some of these laws, though not necessarily for the form that

they sometimes take, or the manner in which they are sometimes administered. We will discuss these variations in sex legislation a little later.

Those laws which cover uncomplicated nonmarital coitus are only occasionally enforced: Although proof of adultery is grounds for divorce in every state, for example, and several thousand divorces are granted for adultery annually, the same evidence is rarely used for subsequent criminal prosecution; though it obviously could be, in any of the 45 states in which adultery is a crime.

A small number of unfortunate men and women do continue to get themselves arrested, convicted, fined and/or imprisoned, on charges of fornication and adultery each year, however. In most states these laws are what Ploscowe calls "dead letters." The annual crime reports for a majority of U.S. cities rarely include any reference to the apprehension and prosecution of adults for simple illicit intercourse; but a select minority of our municipalities continue to bag a random few for their bedroom behavior. The numbers recorded are consequently slight, obviously representing the minutest imaginable percentage of like behavior occurring in each of these jurisdictions; but slight is hardly the word to describe the hurt done to the luckless citizens that these numbers represent.

The perusal of a half-dozen recent reports, from as many cities, reveals that Philadelphia, "City of Brotherly Love," can also become something of a Big Brother, à la Orwell's 1984, spying on love of a more illicit sort that might otherwise remain hidden in the shadows: There, among the figures for murder, aggravated assault, burglary, armed robbery and rape, are three arrests for criminal adultery. The Boston report for the same year is better: 2 males and 17 females arrested and committed to the city prison for adultery: 10 cases of fornication dealt with in a similar manner. The municipal records of 1960 for Baltimore include 2 cases of adultery (both dismissed); for Dallas, 10 cases of adultery: for Seattle, 31 cases of adultery and fornication.

The citizens that these statistics represent were liable for punishments ranging from a \$10 fine (the penalty for adultery in Maryland) to a \$500 fine or three years in prison (the penalty for adultery in Massachusetts).

In New York during the same period (the city's fiscal year of July 1959 through June 1960), approximately 1700 divorces were granted for adultery (the only ground for divorce in New York State); but an analysis of the Annual Report of the Police Department for those twelve months fails to reveal a single arrest for the crime, which is punishable with a fine of up to \$250 or six months

(continued on page 161)

College juniors from widely separated areas met in Chicago last spring to take a campus-eye look at upcoming Paris belt designs. The conference was called to coordinate belt styling with young men's fashion trends emerging in this "year of the young man." In spite of minor regional differences, campus opinion agreed on essentials. Reversible belts, with their two-forone value, were unanimously voted in. Dark hues were favored with wheat jeans to mark a distinct waist-line. Above all, the solid masculine look in buckles won universal approval. College board opinions are reflected in wide selections of Paris belts, now available in college shops and department stores.

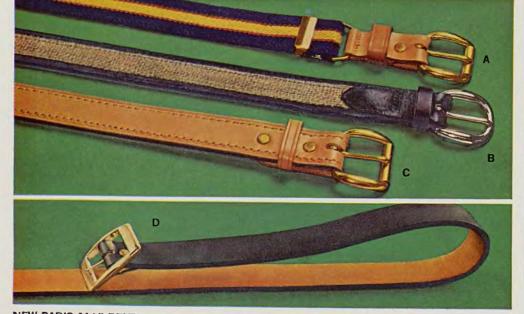
For free GUIDE TO CAMPUS WEAR write College Advisory Service, Paris Belts, 1143 W. Congress Parkway, Chicago, Illinois 60607.

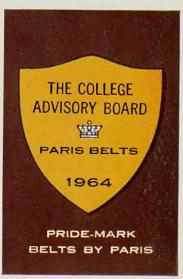




PANEL MEMBERS BUCKLE DOWN TO BUSINESS - John Gueldner, U. of California at Berkeley is belt-shackled by fellow panelists (clockwise) John Moseley, U. of Texas; Rush Haines, Princeton; Albert Sneed, U. of North Carolina; David Sutton, Northwestern; Steven Sturm, U. of Missouri.







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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HENRY MILLER

a candid conversation with the venerable maverick of american letters

Novelist Bernard Wolfe, who conducted this exclusive interview for PLAYBOY, has been a close friend, colleague, drinking companion and brother iconoclast of this month's interviewee for almost 25 years. Fellow literary lights in New York during the Forties, they are now neighbors in the fashionable suburbs of West Los Angeles-where, beside the pool and in the rustic living room of Miller's roomy split-level home, the following conversation was recorded. A long-time PLAYBOY contributor, the 49-year-old Wolfe debuts herein, with hard-hitting authority and familiar expertise, as a PLAYBOY interviewer. Of his subject he writes:

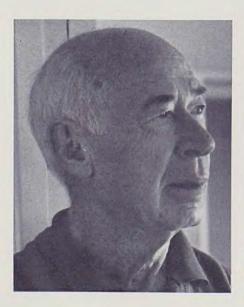
"When the first copies of the first Paris edition of 'Tropic of Cancer' reached our shores in 1934, appetizingly camouflaged in the dust jackets of Escoffier and Brillat-Savarin cookbooks, mine were among the damp hands that reached for them. It was our good luck that the desultory hawkshaws of U.S. Customs never stopped to wonder at this surge of undergraduate passion for l'haute cuisine; for

more than a few of us cut our literary eyeteeth on that contraband book. To us it was, as its author fistily proclaimed, a badly needed 'gob of spit in the face of Art,' as well as an incendiary demonstration of the napalm still latent in the English language.

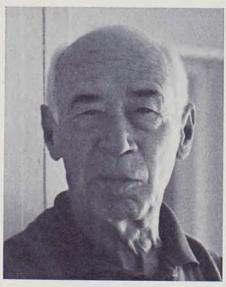
"We campus malcontents worked up a lively image of the berserker who concocted that paper-backed bombshelland the equally explosive volumes that followed. Such a prancing bull of the prose pampas had to be out-dimensional in every aspect: a brawler in rude denim jeans, defiant locks snapping in the Seine breezes; a debaucher on the grand scale who consumed Gargantuan daily rations of wine, women and songs; an expatriate Johnny Appleseed standing, at a conservative estimate, 12 feet tall. We knew a giant when we read one; the deeper underground a book was driven, the taller grew its author.

"Years passed. World War II drove the wild man out of Europe, and when he showed up one day on the streets of New York, where some of us had settled with our typewriters and our distempers, we gaped. The Rimbaud of Myrtle Avenue, the Villon of the 14th Ward, was nowhere near as big or as loud or as rambunctious as we'd imagined him. He was slight and bone-thin. His voice was soft, mellifluous. The gray hair that fringed his bold bald pate was neatly crew-cut. His jowls were as cleanshaven as his nails were clean and manicured. He wore impeccably tailored Bond Street tweeds and a natty plaid ulster. He was kind, courteous, considerate, mild, modest, gentle, and all but old-worldly in his gallant manners with the womenfolk-the very antithesis of the capering, carousing cutup called Henry Miller in the books of Henry Miller. The rapacious desperado of 'Cancer' had turned out to be everybody's Dutch uncle . . .

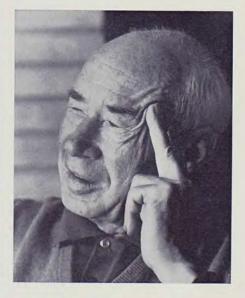
"But with something added—something not exactly avuncular, some special clear unblinking light in the deceptively mild blue eyes half draped by slanty mandarin lids, some special husky vibrant sound in the misleadingly gentle voice that has never deviated from the



"One fear I have about myself is that I may lose control one day and do something unthinkable. But we're all incipient criminals. Most of us simply lack the courage to act out our criminal urges."



"Obscenity has its natural place in literature, as it does in life, and it will never be obliterated. I feel I have restored sex to its rightful role, rescued the life force from literary oblivion."



"For 72 years I've been waiting to see some breakdown of the barriers, a shattering of the wretched molds in which we're fixed. We have the dynamite, but we don't set it off. I get sick of waiting."

flat Brooklyn tones of his birth. You couldn't pin a name on this laxed electricity in him, but you knew when it was turned on. You would stand with the unstagy man at a Third Avenue bar, talking easy about nothing in particular. The barflies would stop mumbling into their boilermakers and perk their ears to Henry's homey sound. They would raise their eyes from the sawdust to study his good-neighborly, ostensibly bland face. They would gather up their beers and drift toward the source of that ingratiating sound and stand in a circle around that good-guy face, asking mutely for something-benediction, warming, the gift of such energy as tightens no muscles, a shot of some unnamable balm. It was impossible to carry on a conversation with Henry in a public place. Too many winos made their mothlike way into the glow that emanated from any bar stool he graced.

"Henry went West. He holed up for a time in the Santa Monica hills. Later he settled in his aerie on the highest rise of the Big Sur mountains in northern California, to stay put for 20 years. Now bestsellingly U.S.-published, duly stamped with the Supreme Court seal of approval, and socially acceptable among all but ladies' auxiliary literary tea societies, he's back in the Los Angeles area, living in Pacific Palisades to be near his two teenage children by his third wife. Our paths cross often, and I am forever amazed at how little he's changed. At 72 he's still lean as an ax handle, with eye undimmed and Brooklyn drawl intact. About the only sign of wear in him is that his appetite for walking is somewhat diminished by a thinning of the cartilage in the socket of his left hip, a memento of all the decades exuberantly spent on foot. But if he doesn't walk up and down the Cathay he makes of Pacific Palisades quite as much as he once walked the Cathay he made of Paris, he certainly rides-on his English racing bike, dressed, of course, in faultlessly tailored Ivy League corduroys. The astonishing low-keyed grace is still there, and the unproving, unpushing energy. And the disciples-barflies and children, aesthetes and novice writers-still flock to that benevolent voice and benign face, begging for the grace without a name."

PLAYBOY: One critic has described your work as "toilet-wall scribbling." Just to set the record straight: Are you now, or have you ever been, a toilet-wall scribbler?

MILLER: No, never. But that reminds me of a story about the French pissoirs which might apply to me. A university professor was just coming out of the pissoir while another professor was entering. As they passed each other, the one entering noticed that the one leaving had a pencil in his hand, "Aha," he

snickered. "So you're one of those who writes on toilet walls?" "Oh, no," said the departing gentleman, "I was just correcting grammar."

PLAYBOY: Your books have been widely branded—and banned—as pornography. What's your reaction to the charge?

MILLER: Well, I can be said to have written obscene things, but I don't think of myself as a pornographer. There's a big difference between obscenity and pornography. Pornography is a titillating thing, and the other is cleansing; it gives you a catharsis. It's not done just to tickle your nerve ends-though I would add parenthetically that I don't go along with those judicious-minded critics and intellectuals who try to pretend that when you write erotically, with obscene language and all that, the reader should be impeccably immune, never have a lustful thought. Why the hell shouldn't a reader have lustful thoughts? They're as legitimate as any other kind. I might also add that apparently I'm even capable of arousing other kinds of thoughts. I get many letters from readers who say, "We're not at all interested in your sexual writing; it's your philosophy we find stimulating."

PLAYBOY: Still, as far as stimulation is concerned, wouldn't you say that most readers prefer your erotica to your philosophy?

MILLER: Perhaps so, but the importance of my work lies in my vision of life and of the world, not in the free use of four-letter words. These banned books of mine fit in with the tradition of literature widely known and accepted in Europe for the last thousand years. Unfortunately, for the last three hundred years, English-language literature has been castrated, stifled; it's pallid, lacking integration and totality. Preceding this period, sex communication never had contained this shocking quality. There was a freedom of expression. There was no emphasis put upon sex. It fitted in naturally because it was and is a part of life. But the Anglo-Saxon people, in the past three centuries, have been terribly deprived-starved, literally speaking, for the natural and normal expression of sex which can counteract unnatural feelings of guilt. So now they leap on the sensational, and because they have found in me this missing element, they overemphasize it.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't it been said that you are the one who overemphasizes it?

MILLER: It might just as well be said that I overemphasize the subject of the freedom of the individual. I feel I have simply restored sex to its rightful place in literature, rescued the basic life factor from literary oblivion, as it were. Obscenity, like sex, has its natural, rightful place in literature as it does in life, and it will never be obliterated, no matter

what laws are passed to smother it. Let me tell you about an incident that may give an indication of my point of view. My little son and I were walking in one of the great forests of northern California. All alone, not a sound, not a person around for miles. Suddenly he started looking frantically about, holding himself, you know. "What's wrong?" I asked him. "I have to go to the bathroom," he said. "Well, you can't," I replied. "There's no bathroom here. Do you mean you have to take a leak? Come on, do it right here near this big tree. Come on, I'll show you. You can't 'go to the bathroom' on a tree." And so there we stood, father and son in the beautiful forest, pissing on a tree. So you see, in life as in writing, I use common words to express myself because it is the only way for me. I haven't considered, chosen or selected. One might just as well ask why I've written the way I have about people, countries, streets, religion, and so on. I haven't singled out sex for special treatment, but I've given it the full treatment. I had been writing for fifteen years and getting nowhere. Everything I had written was derivative, influenced by others. Then finally I decided to please myself. It was a great gamble, but finally I cut the umbilical cord, and in severing it I became an entity. I became myself, you see? When they speak of tradition in the literary world, they are speaking of men who are individualists, who are entities, who, in becoming themselves, become part of tradition. As for being obsessed with sex, they are the ones who are obsessed: they who make so much over the sexual content of what I have written. When people have been deprived, they make up for lost ground the moment the barriers are down. This is what is happening with the banned books. Other countries accepted them as a basic part of life. All over the world they think of us Americans as a people obsessed with the idea of sex but lacking a full and natural experience of sex. The Englishspeaking peoples are precisely the ones who understand the least what I've written and why.

PLAYBOY: Would you care to enlighten them now?

MILLER: I can try. I was sick to death of the lack of substance in English literature, with its portrayal of a truncated, partial man. I wanted a more substantial diet, the whole being, the round view you get in the paintings of Picasso, the works of Montaigne and Rabelais and others. So I rebelled, and perhaps overgenerously made up for this lack and weakness in the literature of my time.

PLAYBOY: One critic has alleged that your "overgenerous" depiction of sex—far from fascinating readers—has actually rendered the subject uninteresting as a literary topic. Do you think he may have a point?

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MILLER: Naturally, anything done to excess becomes uninteresting. But I don't think we need worry about making sex uninteresting. All that was taken care of by the Creator when He created male and female. What is important is whether we have a healthy or a sick attitude toward sex or anything else.

PLAYBOY: Though willing to concede that you personally may not be obsessed with sex, another detractor has accused you of "using freedom of expression as the high-sounding cover-up for a cynically commercial effort to cash in on the sure-fire sales appeal of sex." Have you? MILLER: I have never knowingly been cynical or insincere. And as for the commercial aspect, that was farthest from my mind. I was merely determined to write as I pleased, as I viewed life, do or die, without thought for the consequences.

PLAYBOY: Did you anticipate the worldwide storm of public protest, censorship and suppression that followed the publication of *Tropic* of *Cancer?*

MILLER: I was not concerned with this problem. I had had fifteen years of punishment and rejection before *Cancer* was published. It was something I had to do, and that was all there was to it.

PLAYBOY: What was the initial reaction of European critics to the Tropics? MILLER: A very broad question. Shall I say "varied"? Critics are the same all over the world. They judge by what they are-which we won't go into. On the whole, however, I must say that whether for or against, their approach to my work was on a higher level than that of the Anglo-Saxon critics, who, now that these books are being published here, are saying, after condemning them-and reading them under the counter-for nearly thirty years, "It's about time" or "So America is really growing up at last."

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with them, at least, that popular acceptance of the *Tropics* in the U.S. means that "America is really growing up at last"?

changed-but MILLER: Times have whether in the direction of more freedom or less is difficult to say. There is still a great gap between the accepted behavior of individuals, as regards sex, and the freedom to express this in words. I don't delude myself that the world suddenly sees eye to eye with me on the subject of sex-or any other subject, for that matter. Only the Scandinavian countries, Sweden and Denmark, seem to me to be truly liberated in this sense.

PLAYBOY: Still, don't you view the American publication of the *Tropics*, and the Supreme Court decision upholding it, as a kind of personal vindication? MILLER: I had my victory, if you wish to call it that, long before this American success, if you wish to call it that. In the

countries where my books circulated freely, I was, if not a popular writer, certainly an accepted writer. I had my reward in being accepted and acknowledged by many of the foremost writers and thinkers in Europe. One is truly accepted or understood only by one's peers. PLAYBOY: In addition to literary admirers, you've acquired, along with a controversial reputation, a coterie of disciples so worshipful that it has been called a cult. Are you flattered by this sort of idolatry?

MILLER: Of course not! The most devastating thing about achieving any success as a writer is to meet the people who rave about your work. It makes you wonder about yourself.

PLAYBOY: Though many critics share the admiration of your fans for the vitality of your work, others have used the following adjectives to describe you as a writer: "undisciplined," "chaotic," "confused," "self-contradictory" and "overemotional." What's your reply?

MILLER: Isn't it enough to write books without being obliged to answer for them? It's the function of the critic to criticize. He's like the fifth wheel on a wagon. Oh, well-by conventional standards, I suppose I am an undisciplined, chaotic, disorganized writer. But some of us, fortunately, pay no heed to standards. Undoubtedly I'm as muddled as the next man. But look at the great philosophers-are they so clean and clear? Kant-my God, what murky, cloudy thinking that is! Or take Aristotle-I can't read Aristotle, it's a jungle of nonsense to me. I like Plato much better. But I can get lost with Plato, too. I'll tell you, it may be because of my eclecticism that I'm misunderstood. One time I'm talking this way, another time that way. Naturally, I contradict myself now and then. Who doesn't? One would have to be stagnant not to do so. But I contend that I'm always driving at truth. One has to approach reality from all directionsthere's no one way to go at it. The more avenues you open up, the clearer the ultimate thing should be. I'm antisystem and antistructure, yes. But that's hardly confusion.

PLAYBOY: It's also been said that you suffer from "verbal diarrhea," that your "billowing, undisciplined, rough-hewn prose urgently requires the attention of a sharp blue pencil." What do you have to say about this?

MILLER: I've never pretended to be a careful, inch-by-inch writer, like Hemingway was—but neither am I one of those careless, sprawling writers who feel that the slag belongs with the ore, that it's all one, part and parcel of the same thing. I must confess there's a great joy, for me, in cutting a thing down, in taking the ax to my words and destroying what I thought was so wonderful in the heat of the first writing. You think when

you spew the words out that they're imperishable, and a year later they seem trivial or flat. The ax-wielding is as much a part of the creative process as the first volcanic gush. But this editing, at least for me, is not aimed at achieving flawlessness. I believe that defects in a writer's work, as in a person's character, are no less important than his virtues. You need flaws; that's what I'm trying to say. Otherwise you're a nonentity.

PLAYBOY: Nevertheless, in recent criticism of your work, novelist Lawrence Durrell, a long-time friend of yours, has taken you to task for these very flaws—and for excusing them in yourself. Have his remarks affected the cordiality of your relationship?

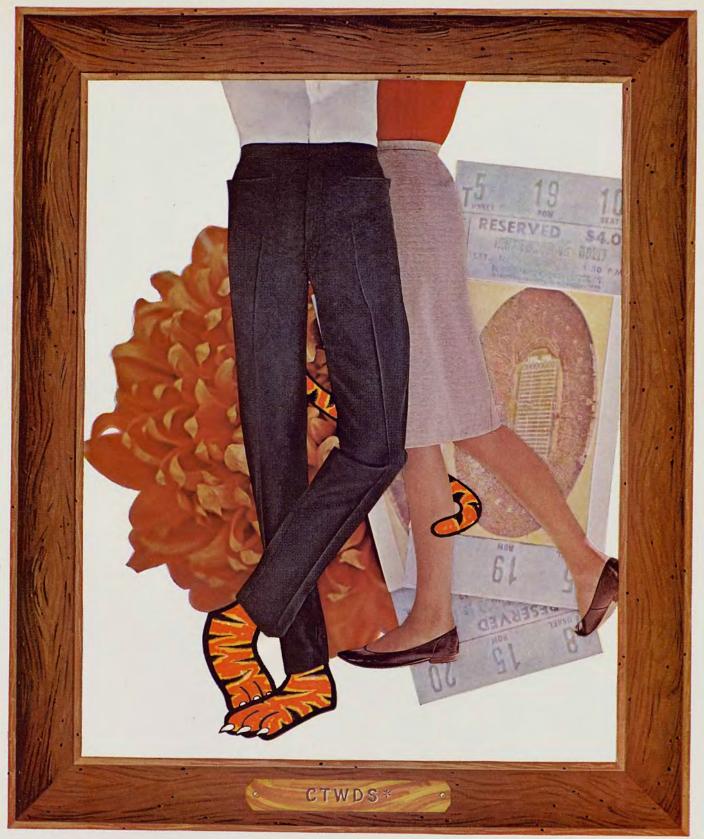
MILLER: Not at all—as you'd know if you'd read my answer to his criticism of my later books. You'd see that I took it all in good part. He could have said much worse than he did, and it wouldn't have altered my feelings toward him.

PLAYBOY: Which are?

MILLER: As a man, I still like and admire him. As a writer, I could make the same criticism of him that's made of me: that the big passages, the panoramic frescoes, really grip you—his wonderfully descriptive purple passages, majestically done, marvelously elaborate and intricate, which exist in and of themselves—whereas the philosophical sections, presenting his thoughts on art and aesthetics, seem drab by comparison—at least to me. Durrell, you see, is first and foremost a poet. He's in love with language itself. Some people find him too ornate, but I love his excesses—they reveal the artist in him.

PLAYBOY: Which other contemporary writers do you regard as artists?

MILLER: I don't think I really keep up, but let me think. O'Casey and Beckett and Ionesco I admire very much. But some of our better-known American playwrights leave me cold. I don't get any kick, any lift out of them. I can't read Nabokov. He's not for me; he's too literary a man, too engrossed in the art of writing-all that display of virtuosity. I do like Kerouac-I think he has a marvelous natural verbal facility, though it could stand a bit of disciplining. Such a wealth of feeling-and when it comes to nature, superb. Burroughs, whom I recognize as a man of talent, great talent, can turn my stomach. It strikes me, however, that he's faithful to the Emersonian idea of autobiography, that he's concerned with putting down only what he has experienced and felt. He's a literary man whose style is unliterary. As for Saul Bellow, I've read only one of his books, Henderson, the Rain King, and I must say, I was infatuated with it. I wish I could write something in that vein. For a while I was interested in Ray Bradbury; he seemed to have opened a new vein. But I think he's shot his bolt. There are still startling ideas in his



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books now and then, wonderful flashes; one senses an inventive mind at work. But it's all in an area that doesn't excite me too much. Science fiction just isn't rich enough.

PLAYBOY: As one whose writing is strongly sexual in flavor, are you as interested in, and influenced by, Freudian psychology as some of the writers you've mentioned?

MILLER: When I first read Freud thirty or thirty-five years ago, I found him extremely stimulating. He influenced everybody, myself included. But today, he doesn't interest me at all. I think it's fine for a writer to roam about wherever he wants; anything that's of deep import to an artist must certainly nourish him. But the whole subject of Freudianism and analysis bores me almost as much as talking to analysts, whom I find deadly dull and single-tracked.

PLAYBOY: What's your objection to analysis itself?

MILLER: Let's put it this way-the analyst is sitting there as an intermediary, father-confessor, protector; he's there to awaken his patient and give him greater strength to endure whatever he has to endure. Well, I say that experience itself, whatever it be-brutal, sorrowful or whatever-is the only teacher. We don't need priests and we don't need analysts; we don't need mental crutches of any sort. More than anything, what I criticize is their efforts to restore the maladapted person to a society whose way of life caused him to be maladapted in the first place. They want us to accept things as they are. But things as they are are wrong.

PLAYBOY: But you've often insisted that people are really self-determined, that it's really a dodge to blame society for our troubles. Isn't that a contradiction of what you've just said?

MILLER: It seems contradictory, but to me it isn't. Look, when you develop the proper strength, you can live in any society. You can achieve a certain immunity-not a total one, certainly, but enough not to become sick, not to be paralyzed. I say if there's strength to be gotten, where else would you look for it than inside yourself? Now it may be that some of us are doomed, some won't have the strength, and will go down-but that's an inescapable fact of life. Some can rise up to meet it and others can't. But to say that we can catch those who are sick and sinking, and buoy them up through analysis—I don't believe it.

PLAYBOY: You were quoted recently as saying that the American approach to things sexual, particularly in plays, movies and television, is becoming increasingly "cute." Do you regard this trend as psychologically sick—and how significant do you feel it is?

MILLER: Of course it's sick—and it could be significant. Cuteness has its part, like anything else, but playing

around with sex on this teasing level, the look-but-don't-touch sort of thing, could make the American male perpetually dissatisfied with his wife or girl. It's another version of this phony misleading drive of Americans to coat everything with glamor-creating a glamorous world of illusion and then trying to live in it. It doesn't work. I think the cute approach to sex is about on a par with a cute approach to the atom bomb. But it is nice for men to be fussed over and titillated; they need that. It's a part of their basic nature, regardless of the fact that they may be in love with their own wives or girls. Take the geisha in Japan: She is an important part of man's life. American women should be educated in school, taught as the Japanese are taught how to treat a husband or lover. There wouldn't be so many marriages that fail. In the Western world, a couple gets married in a romantic mood, but then there's nothing to show them how to go on increasing and nurturing their love. Instead of waiting until they turn out the lights, why not learn how to make a man happy at the dinner table or just sitting about reading? Why don't they wear something flimsy, keep acting out the love role as they did in the beginning? It might make the difference. But it's like churchgoers who run to church on Sundays and then forget religion the rest of the week.

PLAYBOY: Who do you feel is responsible for this situation?

MILLER: I blame most of this unhappy sexual situation on the men. They don't behave as men, as the boss, the dominant head of the family. They allow the women to jockey with them for equality, to become their rivals. This does not make for the ideal sexual climate. In Europe the man is still the boss. He even slaps his woman around a bit, but the woman is happier in this subordinate role.

PLAYBOY: In view of what you indicate is their more feminine, less competitive role, do you feel that European women are more exciting sexually than American women?

MILLER: Any real woman, European or otherwise, is exciting. Frankly, I know of only one sexual type: Either she has it or she doesn't.

PLAYBOY: Will you describe "it"?

MILLER: Everyone of any sensitivity knows when he is in the presence of a great person or a saint. The same applies to a woman with it. She exudes it. She neither shrinks from sex nor juts forward unnaturally when the subject arises. American women seem to have to prove themselves. They wear sex on the surface of their beings like a patina. But the natural ones feel it, as a part of their very being. Sophia Loren is an example. She is living it. She is all woman. Most of your American sex symbols of the

cinema, on the other hand, are just wearing it. It's all on the outside. They feel nothing, really—so neither do you. PLAYBOY: Would you be willing to tell us what kind of sexual relationship you've found most gratifying—with whatever nationality of woman?

MILLER: I prefer to keep that information to myself. It's nobody's business but my own. Even an author has some rights! But I will say that the atmosphere of hazard, peril or danger of embarrassment is most exciting—the encounter with someone, even a stranger, in an alleyway, a dark hall or doorway, maybe even a telephone booth.

PLAYBOY: Why?

MILLER: Well, I suppose it's because it's the opposite of our everyday experience. The element of surprise is what makes it so intriguing-you aren't set, you have no stand one way or the other. I must amplify: I feel that I'm a man to whom things happen. I seldom deliberately set out to bring things about. I'm always sort of open and vulnerable, waiting for something to come aboutwhich actually permits things to happen much more frequently, don't you see? If I set out to have an experience, a sexual or love experience, it would have a totally different tonality to it, it seems to me -probably in a lower key.

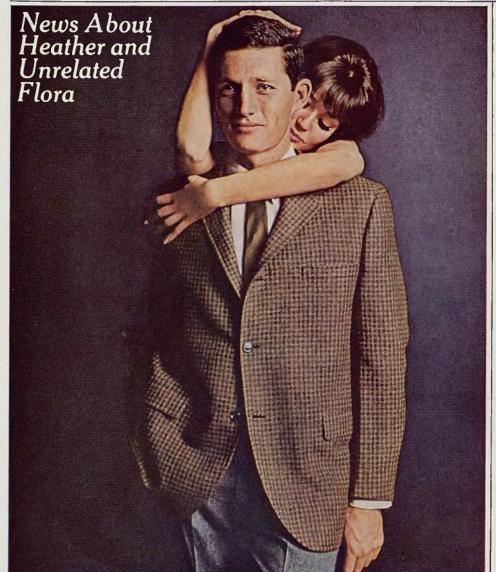
PLAYBOY: You've said that the "hero" of Cancer is a man who initiates nothing, who merely accepts things as they come to him. Isn't that a Buddhist view? MILLER: Perhaps. I make no secret of the fact that I have been much influenced by Taoistic writing and Oriental philosophy in general. I think we all take from others. I don't think there's such a thing as an original artist. We all show influences and derivations. We can't avoid using or being used. When it comes time to express yourself, what you put forth should be done unconsciously, without thought of influences. But all this is in your blood already, in the very stream of your being. I've come to believe that I'm at my best, I express myself best, when I'm following the philosophy of the East, but I wouldn't propose it as the one way. I think each one has to find his own unique route.

PLAYBOY: Does this imply that you incline toward the role of observer rather than protagonist?

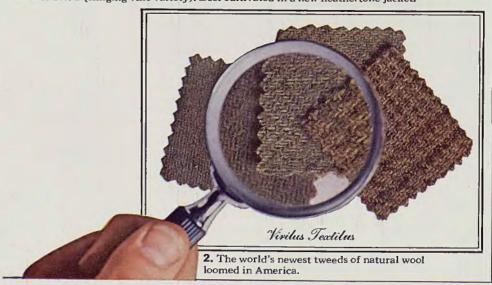
MILLER: No. I think the peculiar quality of an artist is that he's both participant and observer at the same time. He's playing a dual role always. I mean, I don't go through life as a writer who's always making notes in a mental diary, though I am aware of making note of things for future use. I can't help it; it's my nature. But I don't enter into things in a spirit of detached research. When I participate, I do so as a human being; I'm simply more aware than most men of what's actually happening.

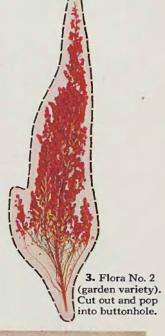
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graphically to the role of the "artist." Yet you've called Tropic of Cancer "a gob of spit in the face of Art." Do you see any contradiction between this scorn for "Art" and your self-identification as an artist?

MILLER: No. I think that only a man who has been steeped in art, who is truly inoculated, as it were, with culture, can see the defect in it. This is a doubleedged thing. One has to be an artist in order to speak against art. Coming from a layman, it has no validity. Only someone immersed in art could renounce it. I mean that one should lop off all that is stupid, nonsensical, unimportant-all that goes with capital letters when one invokes the words "Culture" and "Art." We have an analogy in what happened to the philosophy of Zen when it was brought from India to China. What did the Chinese do? They took Buddhism as the Hindus had known it and they lopped off the superstructure; they brought it down to earth and made it viable, livable, I would say. My purpose, when referring to art in this denigrating way, is to bring it closer to life. Art has a tendency to detach itself from life. One has to bring it back again, like a gardener taking care of a plant-cut away the overgrowth, give the roots a chance to breathe.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you've done this in your own writing?

MILLER: I hope so, in my own small way. What I've strived to do is to get away from the fictive and down to the reality about oneself, embrace every aspect of one's being, look at it all clearly, boldly. That's the whole purpose of writing, isn't it, to reveal as many sides of yourself as possible? Though I've done all sorts of short-term things, books of the moment, offshoots without any consistent note running through them, there has also been the long-term job, the record I want to make of my life, no matter how long it takes or how many volumes. That is a planned work: The Rosy Crucifixion is the master title. Though I haven't thought about it every minute, it has always been in the back of my head.

PLAYBOY: When did you decide to write

MILLER: I laid it out way back in 1927, in about thirty-five pages of telegraphic notes, and I'm still working from them, from the very last pages. Sexus and Plexus both came out of these notes, and now the concluding volume of Nexus, which I've nearly completed.

PLAYBOY: Would you read us a sample of those notes?

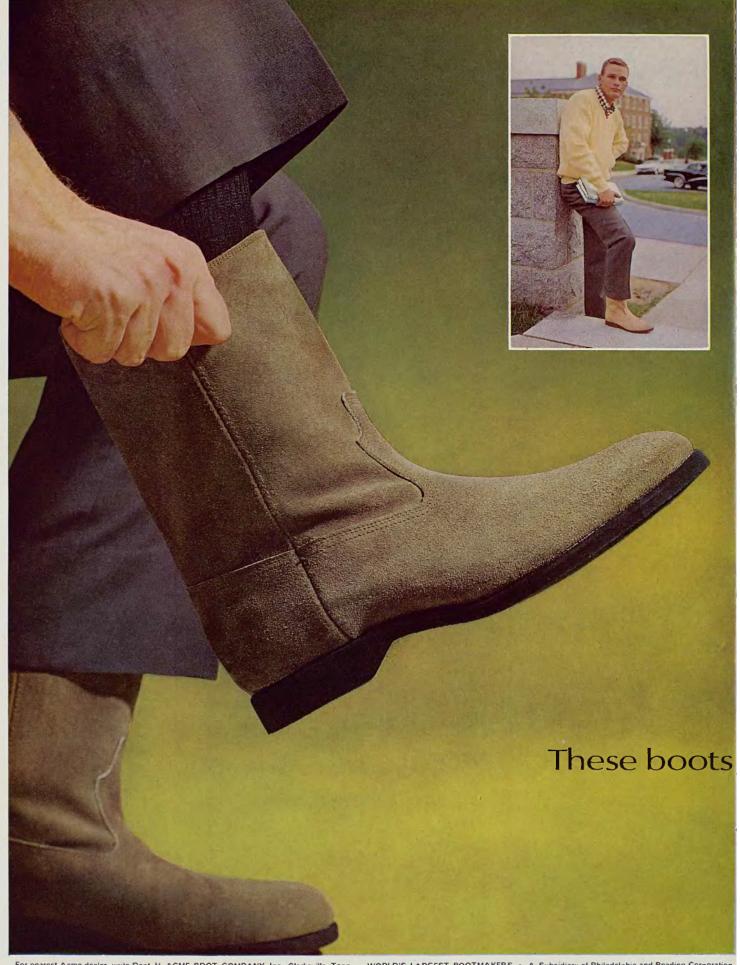
MILLER: Well, if you insist. Here are a couple of pages I used as raw material in writing Plexus and Nexus. They begin like this: "L. decides to make puppets and sell them. Also death masks. At dawn I go out and steal milk bottles and rolls that are left in vestibules. Panhan-

dling along Broadway outside the burlesque shows and movies. Incident at Borough Hall when the guy throws money at me in the gutter. I begin to paint the walls myself and hang up crazy charts. S. arrives and looks on, nodding his approval of the disruption. Reminiscences of childhood. Relations with L. are improving. Sleeping three abed. J. now jealous. Working this to death. More gold digging on a grand scale, only now it's a burlesque. The two of them look like freaks. L. hiring herself out for experiments of all kinds. I get the idea of selling my blood. Begin visiting the hospitals. Must eat better food, drink milk, red wine, and so on. The jujitsu expert at Hubert's Cafeteria bringing the rent to us while we are in bed, slipping it under the door. The German savanta ticket chopper on the elevated station. The two sailors listening in to scenes from the shed outside of L.'s room and freezing to death. Drunks with B., the Cherokee Indian. The night of S.'s birthday. We go out to celebrate, I in a torn khaki shirt. The night club uptown. Drinking everything in sight. Then the line-up and search by thugs. S., in his crazy way, calmly palming off a bad check on them for \$125. The scene in the vestibule of cloakroom when the expugilist beats the piss out of the drunken customers. Returning at dawn to find L. sleeping in my place. Dragging her out of the bed by the scalp. Peeing over her on the floor. Then falling asleep in the bathtub, nearly drowned. Return to Paul & Joe's near 14th Street. Waiting at the Bridge Plaza to see if J. is coming over the bridge in a taxi. Finding her home in bed, paralyzed with drink. Next day vomiting begins. Continues for three or four days, night and morning. The story of rape by jujitsu doctor. I.'s explanation. Go in search of wrestling doctor, murder in heart. Returning silently and listening to their conversation on the stairs. Suddenly the explosion in Jersey City and discovery of L. standing on stairs. Last confrontation. Dragging her along in the snow despite protestations and denials. I leave for the West . . ."

PLAYBOY: You seem to have led a rather violent life in those days.

MILLER: I was a pretty turbulent character, all right-and not a very agreeable one, either. Though I never failed to make friends, I was always in hot water, always arguing and disputing. I was an obnoxious sort of chap who had to get his ideas across, who was forever buttonholing people and bludgeoning them with words. I made a pest of myself. I was an idealist and a rebel-but an unpleasant one. As I've grown older, I've become even more rebellious-but also more adapted, at least to myself. Maybe I've become more skillful in the art of dealing with people and circumstances, so that I don't blow my top so easily













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Then, traveling swift and light and free he's what every smoothie wants to be Cunning and wolf-like (dig that wink) yep, a dingo's hep to what males think When out for pleasure . . . boots, you bet with the leisure look of the "doggie" set

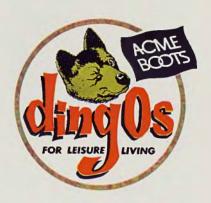
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Like many major fashion trends, Dingos were first "discovered" by college men. Some who found the "go" in "Dingos" are . . . left to right: Bob Batson, *University of Tennessee*; Joe Sahid, *Rutgers University*; Dan Baty, *University of Washington*; David Carlock, *University of Texas*; at left, Gary Cole, *University of Wisconsin*.

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anymore. But I'm still entirely capable of violence. In fact, one fear I have about myself is that I may lose control one day and do something unthinkable. But of course we're all incipient criminals. Most of us simply lack the courage to act out our criminal urges. I've been fortunate enough to find an escape valve in writing. I've been able to act out my antisocial urges, stir up trouble, deal out my shocks and jolts on paper; and thanks to the release of all this steam, I've slowly become—well, more human, let's say.

PLAYBOY: Do you find, with your lengthening emotional distance from the early experiences recorded in your notes, that it has become easier to write about them?

MILLER: Technically, yes. But with time, of course, everything tends to grow cold. One has to blow on the embers. It's not easy to warm a thing up again, to put yourself back in the old positions, at the emotional pitches you once attained, to re-create the conversations-talk that lasted all night, ten hours, full of fight and struggle, going the whole gamut from personal trivia to literature and history and every damn thing. Today these things are easier to write about, yes, but they're almost impossible to recapture in their pristine fire and substance. You have to fall back on your imagination, to rely on your artistry.

PLAYBOY: But it's been said that in Sexus and Plexus you seem to show total recall of both emotions and events.

MILLER: I may give that illusion, but if you could compare my reconstructions with tape recordings of the original scenes, you'd find a tremendous disparity. Lately I've been inventing more freely than before, but always in conformity with the remembered feel of the thing. I never invent in the sense of disguising or altering; I always want to recapture, but not in the strictly photographic-phonographic sense. Also, of course, I've left a lot out. One can't put everything in, even if one lives to be a hundred.

PLAYBOY: You've been working on *The Rosy Crucifixion*, on and off, for some thirty-seven years now. Why has it taken so long?

MILLER: Well, you see, the more one writes about oneself, the less important it all seems. One writes to forget himself, or better said, to forget the self. When I started writing, especially the Tropics, I thought: No one has suffered as much as I. I had to get it out-so many volumes, so many millions and millions of words. And now that it's almost finished, I don't want to write like that anymore, understand? But I find that I'm caught in my own web. Now that the Tropics are socially acceptable, I've suddenly be-, come fashionable, and people are hounding me from every direction to translate these books into plays, films,

librettos. I can't do this! I can't change these books into something else. I thought once I'd finished writing them that that was the end. I wanted to forget them. But they're coming back to haunt me.

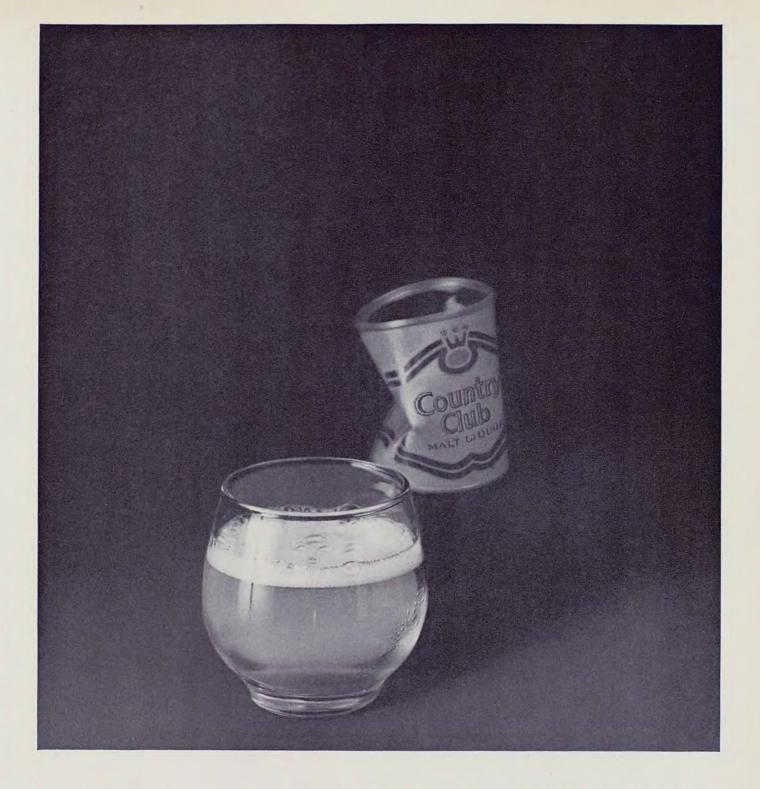
PLAYBOY: Don't you take some comfort in the very fact of this social acceptability, however belated, and in the royalties you've been reaping?

MILLER: It's sort of amusing, but also it's absurd and a bit of a headache. You see, in a way it's too late. The money should have been there in the beginning. Getting it now doesn't alter my life in the least. I continue to live on very little for myself. My problem now isn't how to get money, but how not to get too much of it. It frightens me. Millions, these movie people talk about! Can you believe it? Already I've given away to my friends and family over half of what I've received from Cancer. It's just too much. Having too much of anything worries me-especially money. It makes me uncomfortable. But I have to think of my children. They have to have their schooling and their living. Nowadays, at least, if they want to go someplace or do something special they dream up, I can give them a hundred dollars and it means nothing. But do you know I'm contributing to three families? Me and my divorces. I think I'll have an aspirin-maybe three. Would you care to join me?

PLAYBOY: No, thanks. But tell us: With all your extracurricular commitments, how do you find time for writing? MILLER: Good question! The phone calls, the correspondence to answer, propositions to consider, contracts to decide on! Do you know it takes me a good four hours a day at least? I have hardly any time left for writing. I should have a secretary. Well, maybe not, because if I did, naturally I would fall in love with her, and then I wouldn't get any writing done. You see, I couldn't possibly have an ugly old girl for a secretary, could I? She must be beautiful, attractive. And there I'd be-again. I fall in love so easily.

PLAYBOY: Still?

MILLER: It seems normal to me to fall in love over and over. Is it a sign of youth or of wisdom? It seems to me that most of us grow old long before our time. Being in love is the natural condition of the heart. I'm talking about loving someone else, of course, not yourself. But I was talking about work. The demands are never-ending. The moment one starts getting big money, he becomes involved with tax problems, lawyers, people who want money from you for a thousand causes-especially themselves. You have to suffer because of it. It's a challenge to your normal way of life. Time that should be spent working is



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throughout an evening's pleasure. We thought you ought to know about the short head, so you won't think that the first can you pour is just beer gone flat. It sure isn't! You'll get the message before you're

even two sips into that light-headed little rascal.

Country Club

taken up with all of these unvital, unpleasant things. I feel sometimes as if I may throw in the sponge and quit writing entirely.

PLAYBOY: Are you serious?

MILLER: Probably not-but if I decided tomorrow to take up some other pursuit, I'd certainly have no qualms about it. Sometimes I think it would be lovely to be a gardener or a nurseryman. That way nobody would get hurt, cheated, deceived or disillusioned: authors aren't the loveliest people in the world, you know. But if I don't stop writing, at least I want to start having some fun with it. I'm tired of doing those long, somber, serious things. Why shouldn't I have some fun now with writing?

PLAYBOY: No reason at all. What sort of thing would you enjoy writing?

MILLER: It happens that I wrote a play a couple of years ago-a satirical farce called Just Wild About Harry-because for thirty years I'd been wondering if I could write in that form. It was fun. Now I'm working on another. If I do more plays, they'll continue in the vein of the farcical, the satirical and the burlesque. I would like to write what I call pure nonsense. It wouldn't be unintelligible, but it wouldn't pretend to have any profundity or any relation with actuality; I wouldn't take up "meaty" subjects, social problems and all that. It would be a pure exercise of the imagination and of my skill, whatever that may be, and an enjoyment of the medium itself with no ulterior thought whatsoever-perhaps, finally, with no thought at all. I know I've been called a thoughtless writer, and it doesn't offend me at all. Perhaps that's the state in which I'm happiest.

PLAYBOY: Will sex be as big a factor in your future writings as it has been?

MILLER: I doubt it. Not because I have lost interest in sex, but because I have about come to the end of my autobiographical writing. As I said earlier, it seems to me that people have focused too strongly on this element in my work: they think it's-how shall I say it?-the dominant note of my writing because it has the quality of shock. At least it had for the early readers. Especially in America, many were too taken aback by the forthrightness of the Tropics to see in them, as I do, a quality of lyricism. Though it may sound immodest, I'm forever amazed at the singing passages in them. They're not always pleasant, of course, but even when sordid and nihilistic, they are nevertheless poetic. Critics abroad have always pointed this out. But I think there's a range of thought and feeling that goes far beyond either of the Tropics in some of my later work-in The Books in My Life, for instance, and such collected works as The Wisdom of the Heart and Sunday After the War, in which essays are mingled with stories.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider these your finest works?

MILLER: No, The Colossus of Maroussi is my own favorite, and I find it's coming more and more to be accepted by the public. I'd rather be known in the future by The Colossus than by any other effort. It shows me at my best-a man who's enjoying himself and appreciative of everything.

PLAYBOY: Was this change in style and attitude from the nihilism of the Tropics the result of a change in your life?

MILLER: I would rather think so. One might say it was due to the feeling of exultation and exaltation that came over me in Greece. I wrote Colossus just after returning to the U.S. I wrote it hot, as it

PLAYBOY: But then you reverted to a more pessimistic tone in The Air-Conditioned Nightmare, a grim chronicle of your disenchantment with America. Why?

MILLER: It was the disparity between the two countries. I set out on a tour of America with hopes that I might write, maybe not an exalted report, but a book of appreciation of my country after a long absence. But everywhere I went, I was let down. And I would be again, I think, if I took another look today. Perhaps even more so.

PLAYBOY: Why do you take such a dim view of your homeland?

MILLER: I've always felt that I'm in this country and not of it. I feel little connection with the things around me here. I'm not interested in political or social movements. I live my own restricted life, with my friends. What I read about the American way of life, about what goes on here, fills me with horror and dismay. It's become even more of an air-conditioned nightmare than it was when I wrote the book. I'm being corroborated, I feel, by events.

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

MILLER: Well, it seems to me that in the seventy-two years I've lived, we've advanced-what, half a millimeter? Or have we gone back a few yards? This is how I look back on what we call our "progress." However civilized we seem to be, we're still just as ignorant, stupid, perverse and sadistic as savages. For seventy-two years I've been waiting to see some breakdown of the artificial barriers surrounding our educational system, our national borders, our homes, our inner being-a shattering of the wretched molds in which we're fixed-but it never happens. We have the dynamite but we don't set it off. I get sick of waiting. Despite the rosy dreams of the politicians and the so-called intellectuals of today, we're not going to bring about a better world peaceably and in an evolutionary manner, through piecemeal improvements: we progress, as we regress, in catastrophic jumps. And when I talk about the violent, explosive alteration of things, it's a wish as much as a prediction of future events. To me it means a new chance, a new birth. I'm tired of history. I want to see everything swept away to clear the ground for something new. I want to get beyond civilization to what has been called the posthistoric state and see the new man who will live without all the restrictive, inhibiting barriers that hedge us in.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this is a realistic hope?

MILLER: How can we tell? If we knew what was coming-good or bad-we'd probably give up struggling to achieve it. It's true enough that the evidence of the past gives us little reason to believe that we ever will, for in the unfolding of history, the advances we have made have seemed to me illusory. We relapse time and time again. It can be argued that we always will, that man will always remain basically the same-that he's spiritually incurable. Well, maybe that's true about the majority of mankind, but there have been enough emancipated individuals throughout the course of history-prophets. religious leaders, innovators-to make me believe that we can break the old, suffocating molds, that we can somehow end forever the vicious and futile cycle of aspiration and disenchantment, transcend the age-old and recurring dilemmas, rid ourselves of the appurtenances of so-called civilization-jump clear of the clockwork, as someone put it. If we can, it's just barely possible that someday what's buried in us and longs to come out will find expression. I can't imagine what the form of that ideal future may take-but it will mean giving egress, however belatedly, to the human

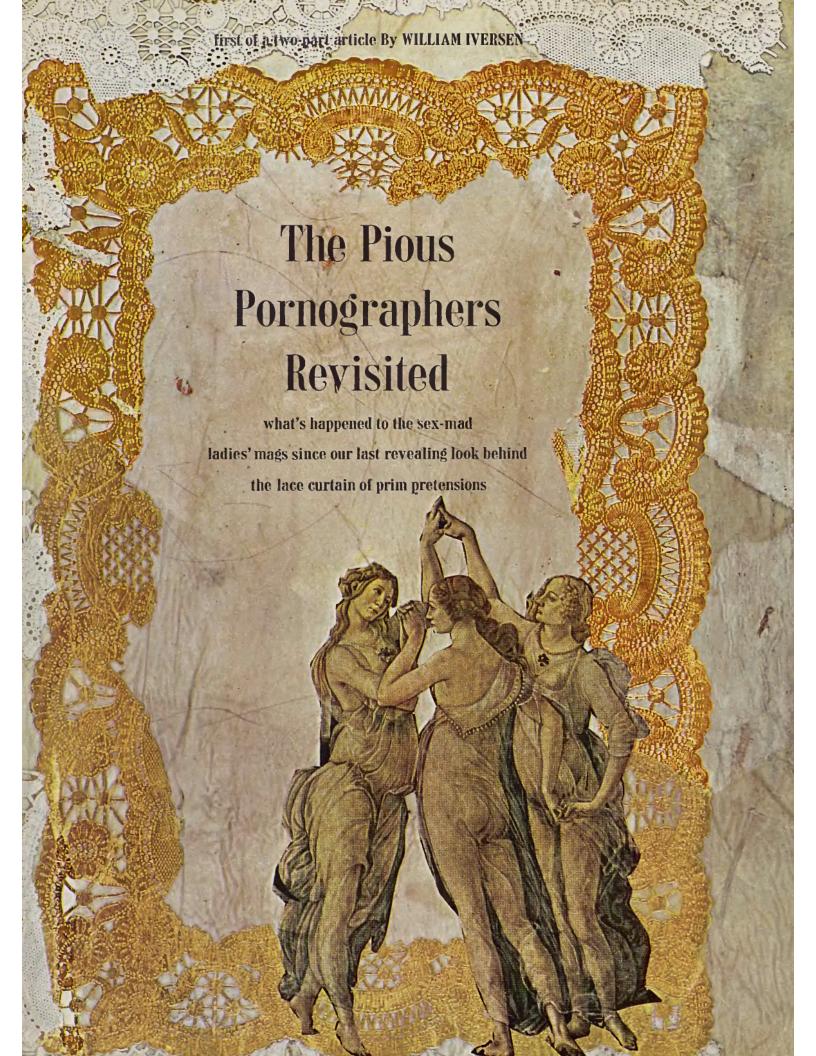
PLAYBOY: Do you feel that your own career has made any lasting and meaningful contribution toward that end?

MILLER: Who could dare to hope for that much? I'd say, undoubtedly, that I have brought about a tangible revolution which has won for English-language authors a certain degree of freedom from censorship-at least temporarily. I wonder, however, now that you put the question, what sort of effect I would want to have, were I capable of having one-I mean, in an everlasting way. But of course nothing is everlasting, unless it be the endless cycle of creation and destruction on which you and I and each of us, for good or ill, leaves his own unique but infinitesimal mark. We are just men and women, after all. And the lowest is not so different from the highest. To be human, truly human, that is quite enough for me.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A polished product of the War-baby boom, the college-age PLAYBOY reader is a firm believer in top grades on campus and off. Quick to grasp the importance of an ambitious course, his drive for success is matched by his quest for quality. Facts: 1,900,000 of today's 3,000,000 male students read PLAYBOY every month. Asked to single out the magazine they would like to see a quality advertiser use, PLAYBOY won hands down. 85% specified PLAYBOY "first" among all magazines. To excel in the college market, PLAYBOY is the course to take. (Source: 1964 DuPont College/Career Fashion Conference Study.)







HAT INVERTED NIPPLE seems better than it was,' the doctor told Evelyn Ayres after he had concluded his usual examination. 'Have you been pulling it out gently several times, morning and night, the way Mary Ann showed you?'

"'Yes, Doctor . . .

"I believe I told you that there is a difference of medical opinion as to the best method of toughening

the nipples . . . '"

The phone rang, but I was too engrossed in my reading to answer. Business calls, social engagements and friendly chitchat could wait. After six long years on a bland diet of newspapers, novels and historical studies, I had finally recuperated from the shakes and staggers brought on by the research involved in writing the original *Pious Pornographers* for this journal of enlightenment, and was once again scanning the bizarre bulletins on glands, guilt, grief, gynecology and intercourse which are the peculiar specialty of some of America's most widely read sex books—the women's magazines:

"... Your uterus is small and firm. ... Your breasts show no signs of pregnancy engorge-

ment . . .

"... This was an atavistic dream of a man and woman alone in a Garden of Eden, perfumed, flecked with butterflies. A red petal fell from the African tulip tree..."

"'Oh, Bill,' she whispered, half-choking. . . . Then he kissed her. Her lips were like orchids—crumpled, soft, cool, moist. They clung to his. Her

arms were around his neck . . ."

"The range of frequency in intercourse for couples of 25 to 35 is great. A few have intercourse as often as 20 to 30 times a month; others only twice a month. For the majority, the average is 2 or 3 times a week . . ."

"If he had his way, it would be every night. It isn't that I'm a frigid wife, for I am not. Once a week (which is my preference) I respond readily . . . ""

"Q. What about the forceful technique of making love? Do you think that women prefer it?

"A. Sometimes. Many couples think that variation in sex simply means a different position. Variation can also mean a different psychological attitude. If a man surprises his wife, spontaneously, on a Sunday afternoon, or in a different room of the house, aggressively taking her, this type of approach can make their relationship enormously more erotic . . ."

"'He said I was cold, and I said he was oversexed. Once he even wanted to make love at lunchtime!"

"'Of course it's awfully hard not to. You both want to so much. Sure, Jim used to get fresh with me now and then, but I'd always handle it by saying "Look at the television" or something. But once I thought, Oh, why not?..."

"The hymen is a thin little membrane, Phyllis, stretched across the lower end of the vagina . . . "

"'Am I afraid to use mine?' I said.

"'No,' George-said, 'like I say, you're naturally lascivious. You use your pelvis . . .'

"I did a little bump.

"'But I wouldn't go too far,' George said. I could feel from his neck that he was beginning to color."

"'Why do men want sex to be like a burlesque show? Why can't they realize that it is a solemn thing?'"

"'... And ... well, one night I drank a can of beer in the car with him, and it happened again I just couldn't help it. After all, girls want it just as much as boys do, don't they?"

"I hate being pregnant, and I hate sex. Bob has no self-discipline . . . "

"'Shhh! It's all right,' Harry said to soothe her, and his hand began carefully to explore the eye hooks which closed the band of her brassiere."

"Movies, popular songs and television constantly portray only the passion side of human love, giving our adolescents the false impression that this is love in its entirety . . ."

"We went across the bridge to the soft dark grass . . . 'I will not ever love anybody else in my life, nobody but you.' I put my arms around his shoulders, and I pulled him down on top of me on the grass."

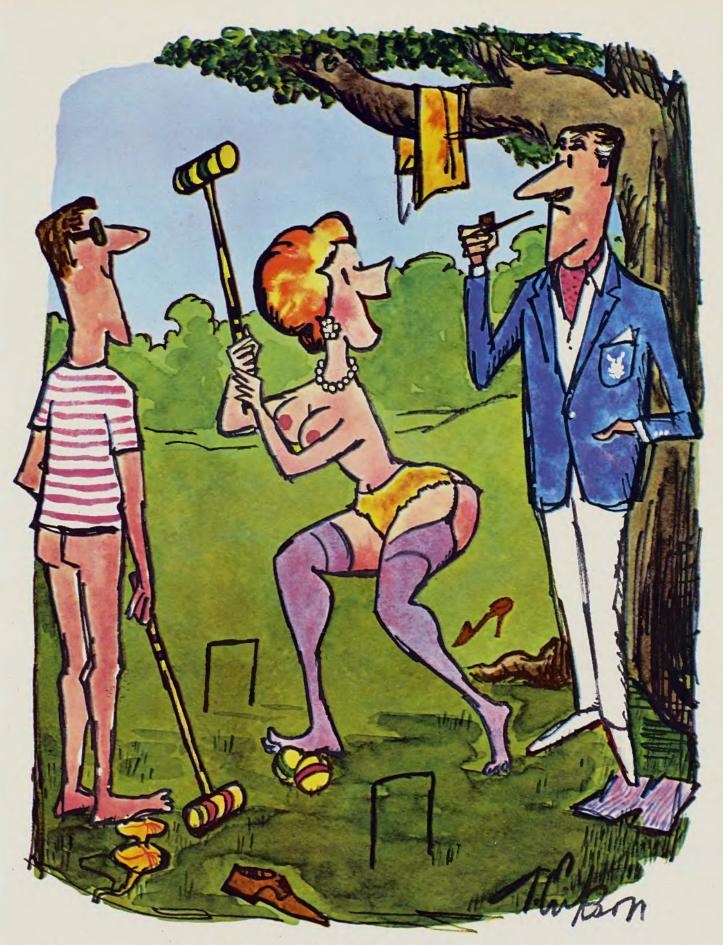
"Our daughters are the targets of the smut purveyors, the shoddy advertisers and the tasteless entertainment makers of Hollywood and television . . ."

"'... What we do, stated in simple terms, is to insert the husband's sperm into the cervix by artificial means, partially or perhaps entirely above the harmful influences in the vagina and cervix ...'"

But all this was merely prolog.

Since my original safari into the steamy sexual swamps and dismal rain forests which comprise the ladies' literary home jungle, the natives have grown considerably more restless, tasteless, sanctimonious and outspoken. As the above sampler of quotations suggests, the carnal and the clinical are still being served up in large monthly doses of titillation and despair. But, as we shall soon discover, time has bred some rather curious and significant developments. As a result of the much-discussed sexual revolution, and the new trend to verbal frankness, the medicine men and tribal counselors have occasionally made bold to doff their gynecological fright masks and appear in the guise of a modern piece corps, intent upon helping the sexually underprivileged female to hoist herself up by her own bra straps, while introducing the more backward wives and virgins to crotic techniques and handicrafts which have formerly borne the stigma of mass-circulation taboos. In addition to offering thinly veiled sanctions of certain methods of arousal previously relegated to the fear-haunted purlieus of the "deviant" and "abnormal," the pious Pooh-Bahs of the women's field have seen fit to beguile their gentle readers with case histories and dramatic vignettes concerning rape, incest, Lesbianism, homosexuality, prostitution, mate swapping, group intercourse, and interracial copulation between a middle-aged Frenchman and a 13-year-old Negro nymphet.

Almost as interesting as the differences are some of the astonishing similarities-the echoing and reechoing of many of the same peculiar problems and anxieties which were noted the first time around. "I'm in love with my obstetrician!" a young mother had blushingly confessed in an old June issue of Redbook. And, five years later, the Ladies' Home Journal ran a similarly twittery epistle from a flustered "Mrs. Red-Faced," in which the same momentous revelation was made without so much as a change of punctuation: "I'm in love with my obstetrician!" Equally coincidental, one supposes, is the fact that in January 1960, the Journal's longplaying misery-of-the-month feature, "Tell Me Doctor," ran a clinical retread of a story on trichomoniasis, a pesky form of vaginal itch that had cropped up in the same feature during our first set of office hours. "I think (continued overleaf)



"It's a new game, dear-strip croquet!"

maybe I've got it, Doctor—that infection you told me might flare up," a young newlywed named Marian Hodges now exclaimed in agitated italics. "Anyway,

I've got something! . . ."

Though localized in the same vital area, it was an itch of a much more usual sort that troubled Jan, the sex-starved mate of a brilliant but unresponsive young physicist named Kent, whose impassioned account of sexual neglect in the May '63 issue of the Journal bore a remarkable similarity to Redbook's equally impassioned saga of a female named June, the sex-starved mate of an unresponsive accountant named Ken, which had first alerted me to the sexual preoccupations of the women's monthlies, eight years before. "CAN THIS MAR-RIAGE BE SAVED?" the Journal now wondered. And, just beneath, there was the old familiar two-line playlet, suitable for production by little-theater groups who couldn't afford the royalty fee on Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?.

"She says: 'Kent isn't one bit like the average man. He's cold—sexually cold, I

mean.

"He says: 'If I feel that any other person is getting too close, I feel hemmed

in, panicky."

"In many ways he is considerate and gentle," 24-year-old Jan woefully acknowledges, when the article finally settles down to the meat and potatoes of her problem. "He is extra good about opening doors for me, pulling out my chair, remembering holidays. But if we make love three or four times a month, Kent is satisfied. Even then the experience is frequently spoiled by his elaborate birth-control procedures . . ."

On the face of it, it seemed to me that Kent might merely be a young man with extremely moderate appetites and an inordinate fondness for life's little rituals and ceremonies—a rather prudent sort, who would not hesitate to wear two or three pairs of socks to bed, if he deemed it wise to do so. But I had no time to mull the matter, because Jan went right

on talking:

"Because yesterday was our anniversary. I had high hopes things might be different. . . . I stayed home from the office and rode herd on our cleaning woman, and we got the apartment in super shape. . . . I put romantic records on the hi-fi, candles on the dinner table,

I wore a sexy negligee."

But Jan's efforts were all in vain. When Kent came home from the laboratory, he was still deeply absorbed in research problems. "Naturally he didn't notice my negligee. And he didn't kiss me . . ." she said, with an almost audible sob. "Dessert was cherries jubilee. As I flamed the brandy, he announced he had an evening date with laboratory colleagues to practice golf shots at a floodlighted driving range. At that moment I lost my temper, and suggested he go

back and sleep in the laboratory, since he cared so little about sleeping with

"Kent ignored my outburst and went off with his golf clubs, unruffled and screne, still without kissing me. I had hysterics there in the apartment—all dressed up in my sexy black chiffon with nobody to admire it or me . . ."

Moved to manly compassion by Jan's scantily clad tizzy, I had to admit that Kent-the-physicist was a much cooler customer than Ken-the-accountant had ever been. As I recalled, Ken-the-accountant had taken up the nocturnal hobby of playing with a jazz band because June's come-hither tactics consisted mainly of harping, nagging, and toying with his ears-activities that should suffice to cause the most ardent husband to lose interest. But what sort of unfeeling cad was Kent to ignore the flaming Freudian suggestion implicit in Jan's anniversary offering of cherries jubilee? How could he serenely go off and spend the evening belting golf balls, when his young and attractive spouse was slinking about their supershaped apartment in her sexy black chiffon, ready and eager for a fast round of conjugal pitch and putt? Was it possible that Kent was physically and emotionally depleted from opening doors and pulling out chairs? Or had he, too, been taking days off to ride herd on the cleaning woman? But no. According to Jan, "The only people Kent enjoys are other physicists. The only sport that interests him is golf . . .

I had just about made up my mind that Kent was the sort of chap who would bear watching in the men's locker room, when the Journal gave him a chance to speak his piece, and I began to see where friend Jan could be something less than totally lovable. "She is argumentative and bossy," Kent flatly declared. "For a small person-she weighs barely a hundred pounds-she's astonishingly noisy. She is heavy-handed, heavyfooted. Jan is an excellent cook. But thumping around our kitchen, banging the pots and pans, she produces the sound effects of an invading army." Before they were married, he recalled, Jan was content to spend a quiet evening at his place, cooking dinner, while he caught up on his reading and paper work. "Now if I open a book, Jan's mouth opens and an aimless stream of chitchat pours forth. The other evening, while I was trying to concentrate on a tricky problem that had arisen at the laboratory, she followed me from room to room, saying again and again: 'Talk to me, honey, talk to me. Listen to me, honey, listen.' Eventually the refrain drove me to the street . . .'

According to the Ladies' Home Journal, Kent's and Jan's differences were so great that even the experts at the American Institute of Family Relations could

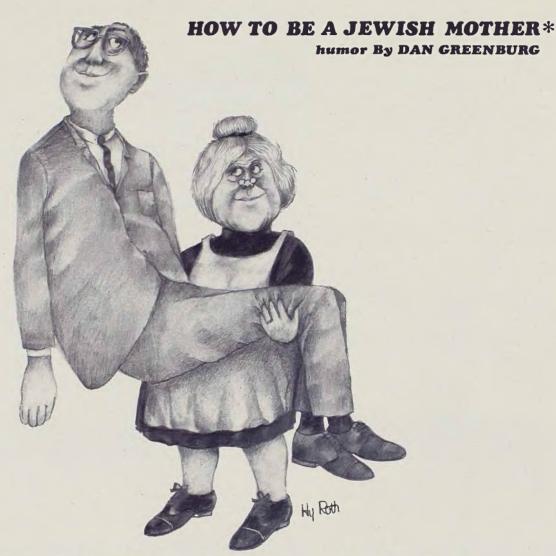
claim only partial success in resolving them. With the aid of a marriage counselor, Jan "devised methods to reduce the pressures she had been putting on her husband. . . . She rejoined a once-aweek bowling club, became active in an intraoffice sewing circle." Kent, on his part, "suggested membership in a Saturday-night dance club." While their sexual relationship remained far from ideal. Kent became more amenable to thumping around in the boudoir as soon as Jan gave up banging pots and pans in the kitchen. "As yet they have no children, but they no longer practice birth control," the Journal reported, with its usual coffee-klatch candor. "And, very soon. Jan hopes she may have exciting news to announce."

On the basis of a long-term acquaintance with the women's magazines, I knew better than to assume that Jan's "exciting news" would necessarily concern the birth of a bouncing baby physicist. If she were at all typical of the general run of Ladies' Home Journal brides, Jan would be just as likely to make a national announcement of the discovery that she had a U-shaped uterus or inverted nipples, or that the new sexpeppy Kent had become so insatiable in his demands that she had been forced to enroll in a Wednesday-night class in defensive judo.

Lest anyone, at this late date, question our masculine right to read and comment upon such wifely woes, let me hasten to point out that in the opinion of one of its male editors, the Ladies' Home Journal is a man's magazine. "As a playwright . . . I found myself writing about women a good deal," Journal editor William McCleery wrote in the same issue that had given America the inside story on Marian Hodges' itchykitchy case of trichomoniasis. "It finally dawned on me that I didn't really know much about women, and I thought working for the Journal might be an excellent way to learn something. I have-I think. My wife thinks so, too. Actually, I take the view that the Journal is a man's magazine. Who needs to know about women more than men?"

While serving as our own personal passport to a greater knowledge of the troubled sex, Mr. McCleery's statement underscored the women's magazines' new and ever-increasing emphasis upon the male and his sexuality. Reading through the six-year stack of back issues that had piled up under my bed, I found, for instance, that more and more men were turning up in the previously all-female "Tell Me Doctor" feature. As nearly as I have been able to determine, this trend to sexual integration of the doctor's office began in June of '59, when a young bride-to-be named Evelyn visited the Journal's Trusted Physician for a premarital checkup. The visit

(continued on page 190)



*or an irish, negro or german mother or any other kind of smotherloving mother you can think of

THERE IS MORE to being a Jewish mother than being Jewish and a mother. Properly practiced, Jewish motherhood is an art—a complex network of subtle and highly sophisticated techniques. Fail to master these techniques and you hasten the black day you discover your children can get along without you.

You will be called upon to function as a philosopher on two distinct types of occasions:

(1) Whenever anything bad happens.

(2) Whenever anything good happens. Whenever anything bad happens, you must point out the fortunate aspects of the situation:

"Ma! Ma!"

"What's the commotion?"

"The bad boys ran off with my hat!"

"The bad boys ran off with your hat? You should be grateful they didn't also cut your throat."

Also point out that Bad Experience is the best teacher:

"Maybe next time you'll know better than to fool with roughnecks. It's the best thing that could have happened to you, believe me."

Whenever anything good happens, you must, of course, point out the unfortunate aspects of the situation:

"Ma! Ma!"

"So what's the trouble now?"

"The Youth Group Raffle! I won a Pontiac convertible!"

"You won a Pontiac automobile in the Youth Group Raffle? Very nice. The insurance alone is going to send us to the poorhouse."

Underlying all techniques of Jewish motherhood is the ability to plant, cultivate and harvest guilt. Control guilt and you control the child.

An old folk saw (continued on page 169)

THE MOST EXCITING CLUB ACQUISITION TO DATE—AN ISLAND PARADISE IN THE CARIBBEAN

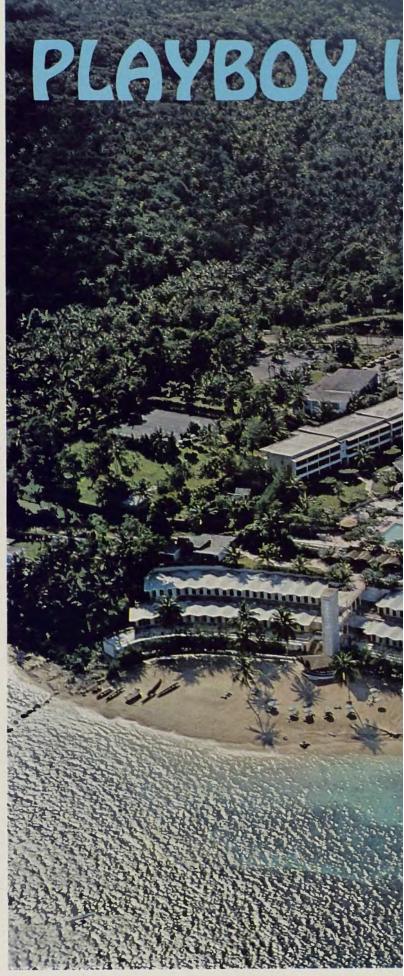
TWENTY-TWO MINUTES out of Montego Bay, the de Havilland Heron, its quartet of Rolls-Royce engines thrumming gently, flew eastward over the ribbon of white beaches lazily lining Jamaica's swank north coast. The plane held its course past the town of Ocho Rios; then, banking slowly to starboard, it began chasing its shadow across the lush jungle surrounding the huge resort hotel that now lay below.

Inside the de Havilland was Hugh M. Hefner, Playboy's Ambassador Plenipotentiary to Jamaica, Editor-Publisher of Playboy and President of Playboy Clubs International, come to the island in the sun to make a decision that would extend the world of Playboy to the most exciting and sophisticated of all the Caribbean isles. With him were Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle, whose photogenic presence would later enhance this magazine's editorial coverage of Jamaica and the Club's promotional literature, and long-time friends Shelly Kasten, Playboy Club Talent Director, and Lee Wolfberg, former head of the Chicago office of General Artists Corporation and now personal manager for singer Vic Damone. Pompeo Posar, Playboy Staff Photographer,

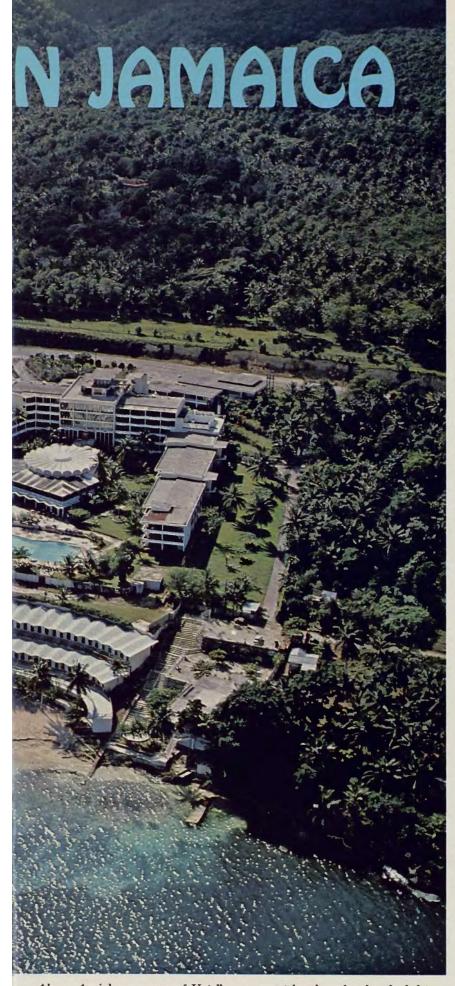




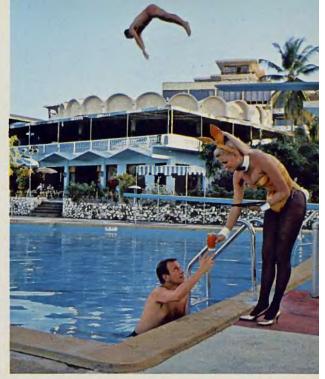
Top: Hefner and friends en route nonstop from Chicago to Montego Bay in private Lockheed JetStar.



Left: Prop-planing from Montego, gang is waved a warm welcome by Bunnies at airport adjoining Playboy Club's lavish Resort-Hotel.



Above: Aerial panorama of Hotel's sun-swept beach and palm-shaded tenacre grounds, just a few miles from Ocho Rios on Jamaica's north shore.



Above: S.O.P. for VIPs, Bunny service "bar excellence" is enjoyed by guest in Hotel's Olympic-sized swimming pool, largest in the West Indies.



Above: Male guest and water-spritely first mate cut wide, wet swath across newly named Bunny Bay, Hotel's private lagoon, once a pirate haven.



Above: Late-rising couple savors Bunny-served champagne brunch on lanai of spacious suite. 99



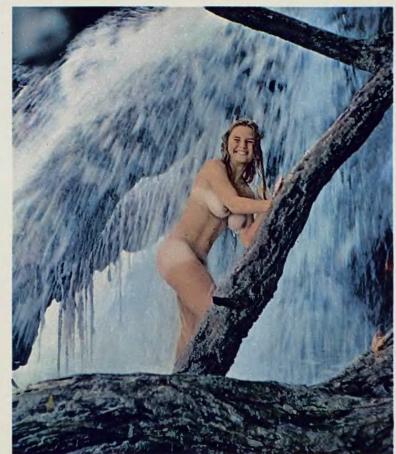
Slipping away from Hotel social whirl, Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle makes tracks on secluded strand.

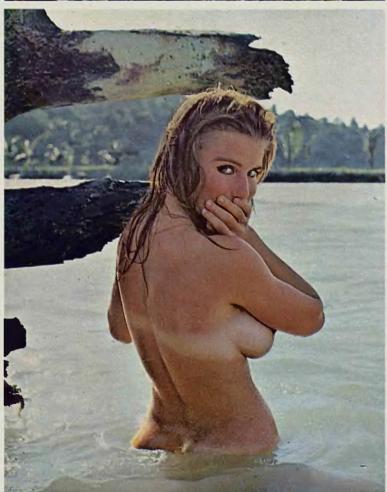
rounded out the airborne entourage.

Hefner earlier had sent Arnold J. Morton, Director of Playboy Club Operations, and Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager for all Playboy enterprises, to Jamaica for preliminary investigations and to work out details for the acquisition of the \$6,500,000 ultraluxurious Reef Club, which had been offered to Hefner as a Playboy Club-Hotel. The glowing reports of Morton and Preuss had brought Hefner and the others that morning from Chicago to Montego Bay in a private JetStar lent to him by Lockheed. From Montego Bay's International Airport they'd switched to the prop-driven de Havilland for the short hop to the smaller field near Ocho Rios. If Hefner agreed with the recommendations of his top executives, the signing of final papers would take place and the multimillion-dollar property, framed in a fabulous Jamaican land- and seascape, would be on its way toward becoming the most lavish and spectacular link in the Playboy Club chain.

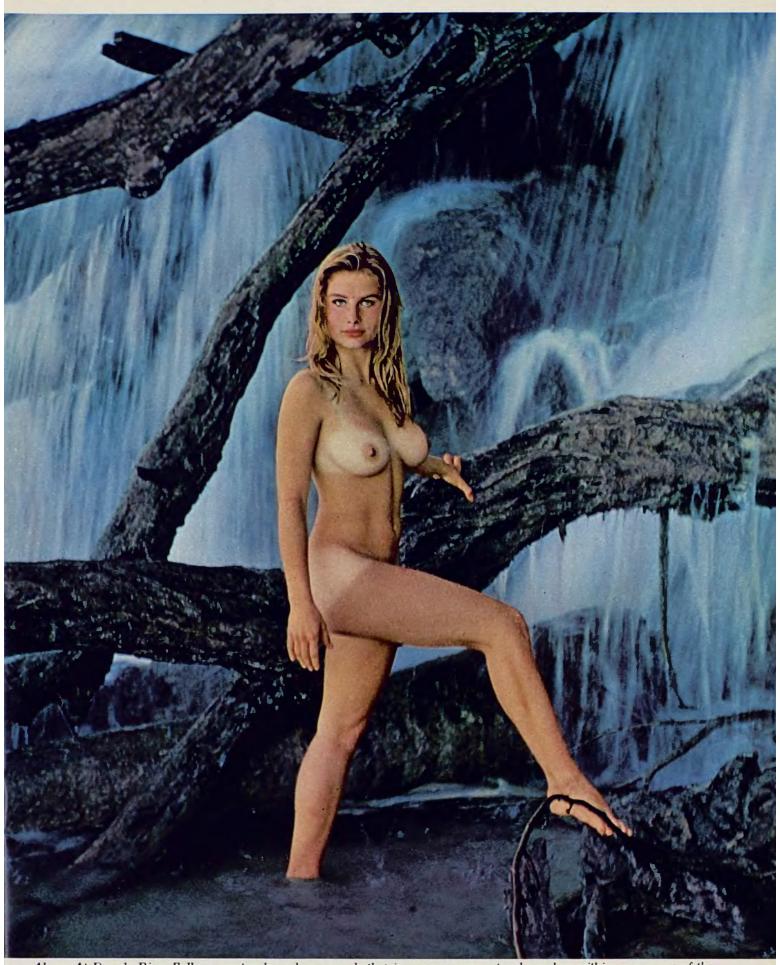
Leaning forward in his seat as the plane began to circle for a landing, Hef pointed out the window with the stem of his briar. "There it is," he said. "My God, it's beautiful!"

"It looks like something out of The





Above: Taking eye-filling advantage of the area's abundant seaside privacy, Donna sheds her duds for a refreshing dip in the Caribbean.



Above: At Dunn's River Falls, a spectacular sylvan cascade that is among many natural wonders within easy access of the Hotel, Donna—a spectacular natural wonder in her own right—wades winsomely in the shallows where the falls meet the sea.

Displaying flawless form and table manners, Donna draws bead on ball during late-afternoon pool game in Club-Hotel's new Playmate Bar, soon to be adorned with gatefold photos, including hers.



Arabian Nights," said Donna, as the resort came into full view. In that brief glimpse, the Hotel did indeed seem as plush and as elegant as it had in the reports Morton and Preuss had sent back to Chicago-and, as it proved on inspection, to be: ten acres of choice land fronting on a sculptured cove; the largest swimming pool in the West Indies; an 800-foot private coral sand beach; two championship tennis courts; exotically landscaped gardens and walks; and a separate night-club building. The Hotel complex itself has a main building and two large wings, between which is the huge circular dining room. There are 204 spacious rooms, most of them bilevel, with step-down living rooms for entertaining; private patios; sunken baths; and penthouse apartments. Tiers of lanai rooms and cabanas overlooking the ocean complete the layout. The site itself, though secluded and jungle girt, is within easy reach of the island's myriad vacation delights.

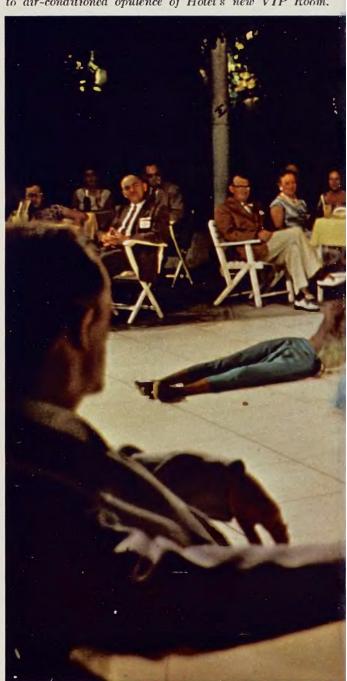
The private airfield is adjacent to the Hotel. Donna was the first one out of the plane. It was a balmy 72 degrees outside (it was mid-January and the temperature had been close to freezing when they left Chicago a few hours earlier): a refreshing breeze was blowing in off (continued on page 176)



Taking cue from Danna, Playboy International President Hefner decides to pool assets, ponders how to pocket them as friend Lee 102 Wolfberg, offering counsel, tells him he's behind the eight ball.



Donna and Hef lead line of guests at poolside buffet which will be nightly attraction for those preferring outdoor dining to air-conditioned opulence of Hotel's new VIP Room.







Above, l to r: As part of after-dinner entertainment in Playmate Bar, Bunnies twist on tabletop to rhythms of Jamaican band, which honored Playboy's acquisition of Hotel with original calypso song of welcome. At party celebrating the event, Hef and Donna chat with fellow guest Hugh Downs, NBC "Today" show host. Below: Guests learn limbo from limber native troupe.



SIDE BY SIDE

she was dead now and he was going to kill the man who stole what was left of her

fiction By JOHN TOMERLIN

"IT STILL SEEMS HARD to believe," the young man said from the chair next to mine. "Saul Kessler . . . the author of Letters from Miriam . . . after all these years." Doubt flickered across his glowing features. "You don't think he'll mind? Your bringing me along?"

"No," I said. "I don't think he'll mind."

The young man's name was Joel Carson, a summer student at NYU whom I'd met the week before at Rienzi's, in the Village. He'd been looking for a chess opponent, and I'd obliged him with a couple of games, turning back his enthusiastic king's gambits without much difficulty. He had spoken fluently, between moves, of "the death of the novel," and of the great literary figures, past and present. I'd found his optimism both refreshing and contagious, and when our conversation had chanced upon the name of Kessler, I'd admitted (for the first time in how long?) that Saul had been my friend.

"I don't think he'll mind," I said. "In fact, he likes company. I should get up to the sanatorium more often myself to see him."

It was true; guilt was part of my motive. The long ride and the inevitable postvisit depression made me reluctant to see Saul more than about once a year. I was overdue this time and, when Joel had proved such an ardent admirer (as most young people seem to be of Kessler), it had occurred to me to suggest that he come along. We were seated in the train now, headed north along the Hudson on an overly warm Sunday afternoon, and I still wasn't certain I'd done the right thing.

Joel said: "I wasn't even sure he was still alive. I mean, I read his book years and years ago. He must be at least——" He broke off and looked at me, flushing.

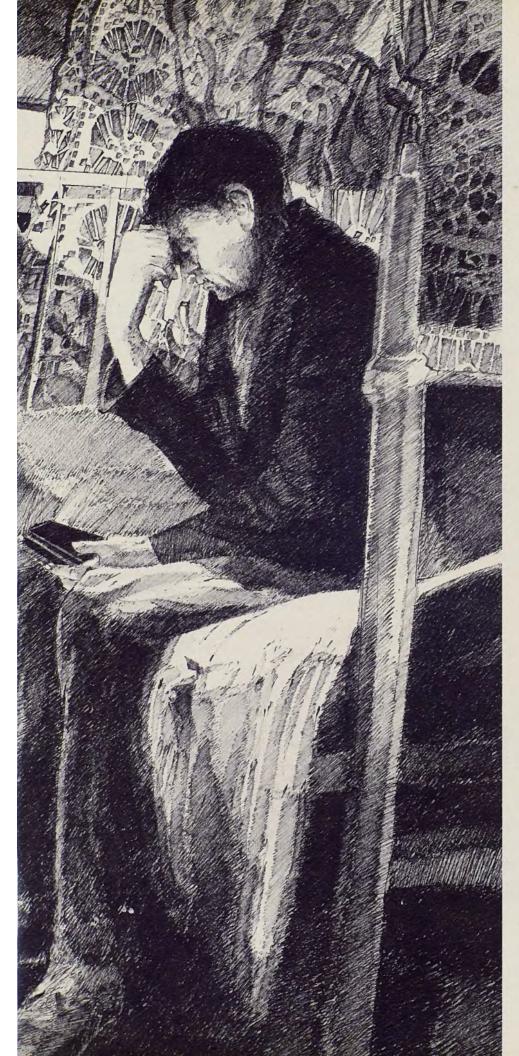
"Only thirty-seven," I said, smiling at the tide of red rising toward my friend's close-cut blond hair. "However, that may seem more advanced to you than it does to me."

"Oh, no, I didn't mean——" But then he, too, grinned and said: "Well, I guess it does. I was only about fifteen when I first read him, and the book had already been out several years."

"It was published in 1952 . . . the year after Miriam died."

He nodded solemnly, "I know. Tragic. To think of his talent, and then a thing like that happening. It was what ruined him, wasn't it? I read about it."





"Yes," I said, "Miriam destroyed him." Beyond the window, the wide sweep of river moved past. It looked more like a lake at this point, its current so deep and slow that it left the surface untroubled-like the lives of "normal" people. Across the sun-silvered expanse, West Point rose high against the green hills, threatening as fate, commanding the passage below. I found myself feeling strangely disassociated and remote; standing at a distance from life, an observer instead of a participant. "What you may not have read," I went on, -because so few people knew it-was that she destroyed him after she died."

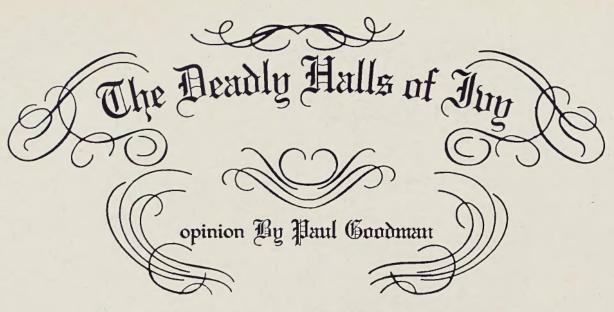
I sensed his eyes on me (rather shocked, I imagined) and knew, then, why I really had invited him. I meant to tell him the story that had been caged inside me so long-the story that had been rising, slowly, like a cake of soap, to the surface of my mind for 12 years. Images . . . voices . . . characters from the past were crowded in the wings, waiting to perform for my audience of one...

Miriam was, in many ways, the most remarkable woman I've ever known. She and Saul had met (had been introduced by friends) in 1950, while she was still attending the university, and Saul had already begun the struggle to write. It had been the sort of meeting where "the heavens open and the earth moves," and everyone could see it. They left together that first night, and a week later Miriam moved in with him. After that, they were virtually never apart. I confess that I envied Saul a little-all his friends did -but only a little, because they were obviously meant for each other.

She was a beautiful girl. Not the Broadway type, perhaps, but with darkly arresting features and a fine body, rather full-figured for one so small. She was excellent at any kind of sport or game, hating to lose as much as she loved to win. But it was her eyes, and the mind that looked out from them, that I remember best: She had one of the keenest minds I've ever known, and Saul was forever saying how much brighter she was than he-though I don't think anyone believed that.

Still, she conquered just about everything she set out to do. She had studied languages in school, and spoke several-Greek, French and German that I know of; she was a talented artist (with a leaning toward caricature), and played guitar and sang folk music so well that we spent many evenings at Saul's just listening to her. I heard that she won rave reviews once, for her performance as Nora in A Doll's House, while she was at college, but I never saw her act. Then, in her mercurial way, she decided to take up dancing, and she left Saul for the first time-and the last-to attend a school on (continued on page 216) 105





is america's mania for mass education throttling initiative, individuality and intellect in the groves of academe?

AMERICANS ARE SOLD on schooling and are continually pouring new billions into it. Yet for most youth, including the brightest, going to school for many years is not only a poor way of getting an education, but is positively damaging. The high schools and colleges can superficially be improved, of course, but their basic idea is wrong. For most students, schooling prevents education. It destroys initiative and the relation to society that education is supposed to be about.

Consider a usual case: a young fellow, 20 years old, in a college classroom. Let me point out some obvious facts about his situation.

The salient and astonishing fact is that he has been in an equivalent classroom for 14 continuous years, interrupted only by summer vacations. Although schooling has been the serious part of his life, he has spent those 14 years passively listening to some grownup talking or has doggedly done assigned lessons. (Even the lessons, by the way, have not been programed by the living teacher in front of him, but by a distant board of regents, a dean of faculties, a textbook manufacturer.) Our young man has never once seriously assigned himself a task or done anything earnest on his own initiative. Sometimes, as a child, he thought he was doing something earnest on his own, but the adults pooh-poohed it as play and interrupted him. Now he's a junior in college.

He's bright; he can manipulate formulas and remember sentences. For instance, during his last year in high school, he made good grades on a series of grueling state and national tests, regents, college boards, national merits, scholastic aptitudes. In this college, which is increasingly geared to process Ph.D.s, he has survived, though the washout rate is nearly 40 percent. He has even gotten a partial scholarship through the National Defense Education Act. Yet he doesn't especially like books, he is not scholarly, and he gets no flashes of insight into the structure or the methods of the academic subjects. This isn't the field in which his intelligence, grace and strength show to best advantage. He just learns the answers. Needless to say, he has already forgotten most of the answers that once enabled him to pass his courses, sometimes brilliantly.

The academic subject being taught in this particular classroom is intrinsically interesting—most arts and sciences are intrinsically interesting—and the professor, or even the section man, probably knows a good deal about it. But, especially if it is one of the social sciences or humanities, our young man does not grasp that it is *about* something; it has no connection for him. He has had too little experience of life. He has not practiced a craft, been in business, tried to make a living, been fired, been

married, had to cope with children. He hasn't voted, served on a jury, campaigned for office, or picketed. If he comes from a middle-class suburb, he might never have even seen poor people or the foreign-borns. His emotions have been carefully limited by conventions, his parents, the conformism of his peer group. What, for him, could philosophy, history, sociology, political science, psychology, great music, classical literature, possibly be about? In The Republic, Plato forbids teaching most of the academic subjects until the student is 30 years old, lest the teaching and learning be merely verbal and emptily combative.

Our young man is not verbally combative. But sometimes he is stimulated, or piqued, by something that the teacher or the book says, and he wants to demur, argue or ask a question. But the class is really too crowded for dialog. If the teacher is a lecturer, the format forbids interrupting. And a chief obstacle is the other students. In their judgment, discussion is irrelevant to the finals and the grades-"Professor! Are we responsible for that on the final examination?"-and they resent the waste of time. They resent it if any individual is paid special attention. Even so, suppose that the professor, or the young section man, is heartened by the sign of life and does want to pursue the discussion. Then possibly, in the social sciences or the humanities, he might express subtle, speculative or dissenting opinions; he might ask about the foundations of an institution or refer to somebody's personal experience. At once a wall of hostility will rise against the teacher as well as the questioning student: surely he must be a Communist, pacifist or homosexual; maybe he is making fun of them. Feeling the hostility, and being, on the average, a rather timid academic, worried about tenure or advancement, the teacher signs off: "Well, let's get back to the meat of the course," or "That's beyond our scope here, why don't you take sosh 403?" or "That's really anthropology, young man, you'd better ask Professor O'Reilly, hehheh."

Little of the teaching makes a student see the relevance, necessity or beauty of the subject. The teacher might indeed be interested in the latest findings or the ingenuity of the technique, but the student is at sea as to why he is studying it at all, except that it's part of sequence B toward a bachelor's. His confusion is aggravated by the fact that his generation, including the young teachers, has an exceedingly tenuous loyalty to the culture of the Western world, the ideal of disinterested science, the republic of letters. Mass culture, world wars, a largely phony standard of living rooted in status striving and material acquisitiveness. lack of community spirit; all these have torn the humanistic tradition to shreds. 108 (I find these youth almost unteachable;

though they are bright, eager and respectful, they simply do not dig what we academics are trying to say.) The humanistic function of higher education has been replaced: The university has become nothing but a factory to train apprentices and process union cards for a few corporations and a few professions. Their needs predetermine what goes on.

Paradoxically, a college is a poor environment in which to train apprenticesexcept in lab sciences, where one works at real problems with real apparatus. Most of the academic curriculum, whether in high school or college, is necessarily abstract. A structure of ideas is abstracted from the ongoing professions, civic and economic activities, and institutions, and these ideas are imported into the classrooms and taught as the curriculum. This ancient procedure sometimes makes sense; it makes sense for aspiring professionals who know what they are after, and for the scholarly who have a philosophical interest in essences and their relationships. But for most students, the abstractness of the curriculum, especially if the teaching is pedantic, can be utterly barren. The lessons are only exercises, with no relation to the real world; they are never "for keeps." And many of the teachers are not practicing professionals but merely academics, interested in the words, not the thing. (As if recognizing the academic unreality, the college has recently been inviting outsiders, professionals, poets, politicians, etc., to give talks and readings and spend a week "in residence"; but this only makes the ordinary classroom seem duller by contrast, especially since the outsiders, who have no status to lose, are more outspoken or flamboyant.)

Our young man respects his teacher, perhaps unduly so, but he cannot help feeling disappointed. He had hoped, in a vague way, that when he came to college it would be different from high school. He would be a kind of junior friend of learned men who had made it: he could model himself on them. After all, except for parents and schoolteachers, he had had little contact with any adults. He thought, too, that the atmosphere in college would be-somehowfree, liberating, a kind of wise bull session that would reveal a secret. But it has proved to be the same competitive cash accounting of hours, tests. credits and grades. The teacher is, in fact, preoccupied with his own research and publishing; in both class and office hours he is formal and standoffish; he never appears in the coffee shop; he certainly never exposes himself as a human being. He is meticulous about the assignments being on time and about the grading, not because he believes in the system, but to keep the students under control; he does not realize that they respect him anyway. So, just as in high school, the youth are driven back to their exclusive

youth "subculture," which only distracts further from any meaning that the academic subjects might have. As David Riesman and others have pointed out, the students and faculty confront one another like hostile, mutually suspicious tribes.

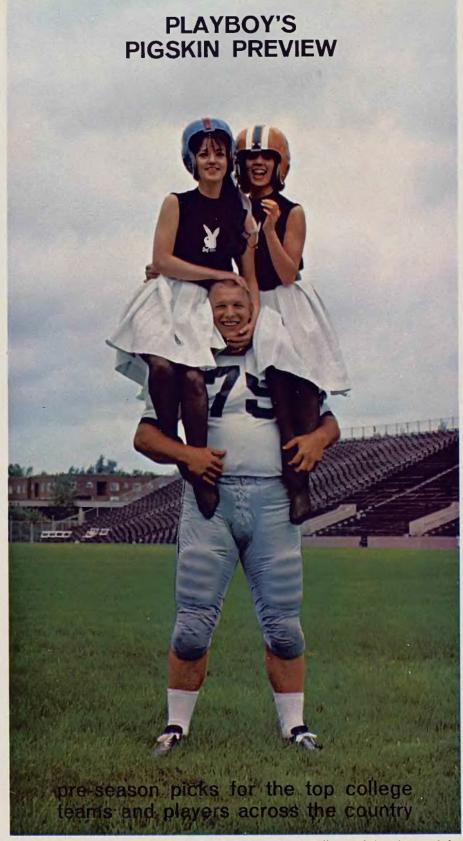
Also, in recent years, this alienation or lack of community has been badly exacerbated by the chaotic transition that almost every college in the country is now undergoing. The grounds are torn up by bulldozers; the enrollment is excessive: the classes are too large; the students are housed three and four in a room meant for two. The curriculum is continually being readjusted; the professors are pirated away by salary increases and contracted research. These conditions are supposed to quiet down eventually, but I have seen them now for seven or eight years and the immediate future will be worse. Meanwhile, a whole

generation is being sacrificed.

An even deadlier aspect of transition is the knowledge explosion. New approaches and altogether new subjects must be taught, yet the entrenched faculty is by no means willing to give up any of the old prescribed subjects. This is a peculiar phenomenon: One would expect that, since the professors have tenure, they would welcome dropping some of the course load; but their imperialism is too strong-they will give up nothing. So our student is taking five, or even six, subjects when the maximum might better be three. Whenever he begins to get interested in something, he is interrupted by other chores. Rushed, he can give only token performances, which he has learned to fake. No attention is paid to what suits him, although without intrinsic motivation he will obviously learn nothing at all. The only time a student is treated as a person is when he breaks down and is referred to guidance.

Instead of reliance on intrinsic motives, on respect for individuality and leisure for exploration, there is the stepped-up pressure of extrinsic motivations-fear and bribery. On the one hand, there is the pressure of schedules, deadlines and grades, not to speak of the fantastic tuition and other fees that will go down the drain if the student flunks out. On the other hand, lavish scholarships and the talent scouts for the big corporations hovering about with tempting offers. In this atmosphere of forced labor-punching a time clock, keeping one's nose clean, and with one eye constantly on a raise in salary—disinterested scrutiny of the nature of things, the joy of discovery, moments of creativity, the finding of identity and vocation die before they are born. It is sickening to watch.

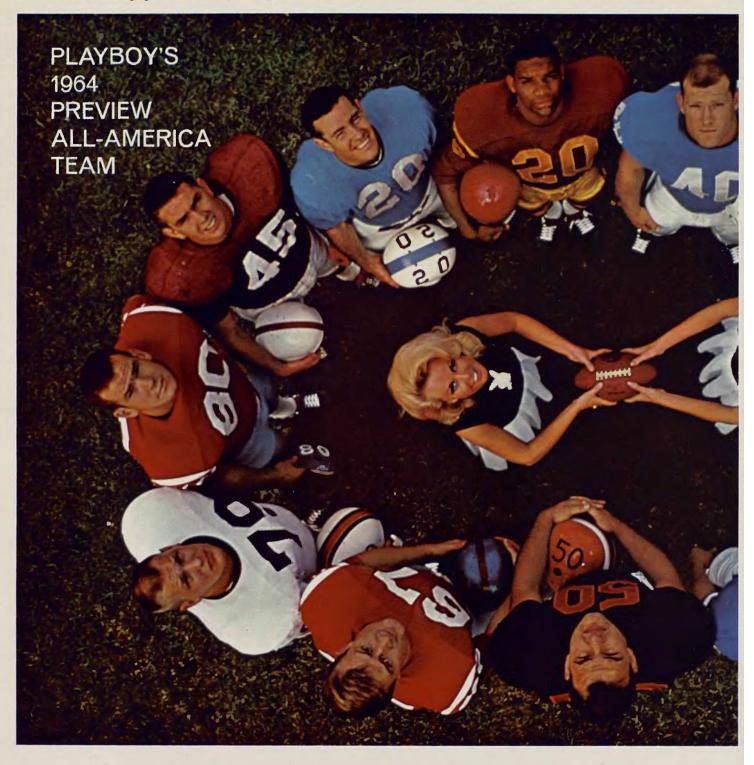
Finally, we must say something about the animal and community life from which our collegian has come into this (continued on page 206)



Memphis State tackle Harry Schuh holds Bunnies Mary Kelley and Ana Lizza aloft.

sports By ANSON MOUNT THE RAT RACE IS ON AGAIN. But this time the catcalls have turned to cheers. Back in the late Forties, when unlimited substitution revolutionized college football, anguished groans rose from conservatives. Overnight, football changed more than it had since the forward pass was legalized. "Football has become a rat race," insisted Tennessee Coach Bob Neyland to all who would listen. Neyland and others finally rallied enough support, and strictly limited substitution was reinstated in the early Fifties. And it's been a big mess ever since, with confusing, complex and often contradictory new sub-

Clockwise from noon: Mike Gorrett, halfbock, Southern Col; Ken Willord, holfbock, N. Corolino; Lowrence Elkins, tlankerbock, Baylor; Jerry Lomb, end, Ark.; Steve DeLong, guard, Tenn.; Rolph Neely, tockle, Okla.; Glenn Ressler, center, Penn State; Dick Butkus, linebacker, Ill.; Ston Hindman,



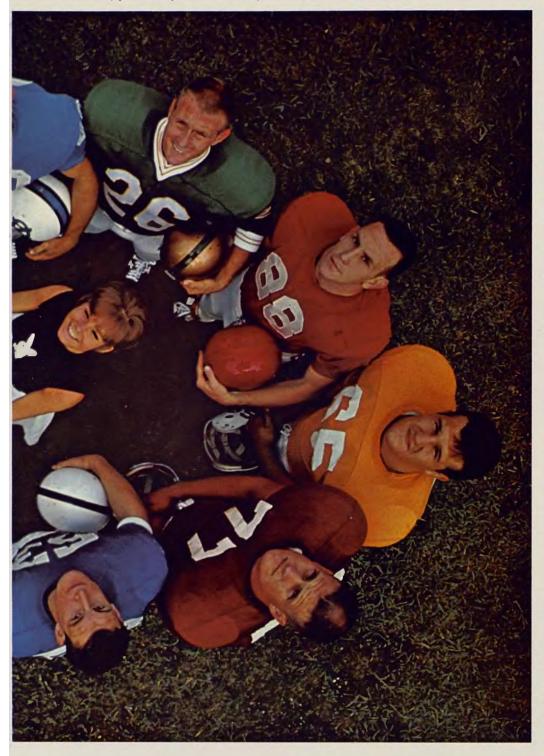
stitution regulations being adopted nearly every year since, in a patently impossible attempt to satisfy everyone. Last year was the worst, the dead end. Chaos reigned in many games and the coaches spent much of their time keeping track of substitution legalities.

So the noble experiment has been scuttled, the purists have abandoned their hope of forcing coaches to teach all players every aspect of the game, and hordes of players will be streaming on and off the field every time the ball changes hands. The old axiom "If in doubt, punt," has been changed to "If in doubt, send in a new team."

Result: Many college teams will look for all the world like the pros; fast, skilled and elusive on offense, with a bunch of impregnable meat choppers playing defense. Because of this new look, we've selected a couple of specialists for our All-America Team this year in addition to the traditional 11: a flankerback whose specialized skills set him apart from other backs, and a linebacker whose defensive know-how makes him a key performer on any successful team.

Actually, unlimited substitution makes much more sense now than it did in 1948. High schools are turning out legions of

guard, Miss.; Harry Schuh, tackle, Memphis State; Allen Brown, end, Miss.; Jim Grisham, fullback, Okla.; Archie Roberts, quarterback, Columbia. Center, I to r.: PLAYBOY cheerleaders Teddi Smith and Lannie Balcom.



good prospects and even the small colleges can have a dormitory full of behemoths if they're able to get them past the entrance exams. With more players than ever sharing the playing time there will be more action for the spectators and fewer injuries for the team.

Color, nostalgia and old loyalties are the ingredients that make college football games heady autumnal rites for most of us. And these elements, together with the faster and brighter game made possible by the rules changes, are the only things that will save college football from the rapacious inroads of professional football.

Pro ball, as everybody knows, is booming. Alarmists among college football buffs have been crying wolf in the fear that pro football, like pro baseball, would devour its own young. Bill Reed, Commissioner of the Big Ten, was nearer reality when he told us, "Let the pros work their side of the street and we will work ours, and let the crossings be well

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America eleven.)

ENDS: Altenberg (UCLA), Jefferson (Utah), Thomas (Southern Cal), Jones (Wisconsin), Shinn (Kansas), Sands (Texas), Cripps (Syracuse), Stephens (Alabama)

TACKLES: Yearby (Michigan), Kearley (Alabama), Schwager (Northwestern), Shay (Purdue), Rissmiller (Georgia), Harvey (Mississippi), Neville (Mississippi St.), Lawrence (Yale)

GUARDS: Burton and McQuarters (Oklahoma), Prudhomme (LSU), Branch and Croftcheck (Indiana), Pickens (Wisconsin), Hansen (III.)

CENTERS: Kelley (Ohio St.), Curry (Georgia Tech), Briscoe (Arizona), Henson (TCU), Watson (Mississippi St.), Hanburger (N. Carolina)

BACKS: Staubach (Navy), Sidle (Auburn), Mazurek (Pitt), Namath (Alabama), Schweickert (Virginia Tech), Stichweh (Army), Rhome (Tulsa), Morton (California), Timberlake (Michigan), Barrington (Ohio St.), Grabowski and Price (Illinois), Glacken, Curtis, Bracy (Duke), Roland (Missouri), Anderson (Texas Tech), Piper and Walker (Rice), Davis (Georgia Tech), Oupree (Florida), Bird (Kentucky), Granger (Miss. St.), lacavazzi (Princeton), Vaughn (Iowa St.), Nance (Syracuse), Oouglas and Coffey (Washington), Crain (Clemson), Murphy (Northwestern)

ALTERNATE ALL-AMERICA TEAM

ENDS: Bob Hadrick (Purdue) John Parry (Brown)

TACKLES: Larry Kramer (Nebraska) Archie Sutton (Illinois)

GUARDS: Rick Redman (Washington) Tommy Nobis (Texas)

CENTER: Malcolm Walker (Rice)

QUARTERBACK: Tom Myers (Northwestern)

HALFBACKS: Gale Sayers (Kansas) Tucker Frederickson (Auburn)

FULLBACK: Tom Nowatzke (Indiana)

FLANKERBACK: Fred Biletnikoff (Florida State)

LINEBACKER: Ronnie Caveness

(Arkansas)
SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR:

Center Don Downing (Navy)

Halfback Frank Antonini (Kentucky)
SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR:

marked. The prime danger to college football is not the losses we may suffer at the gate, but that we will become so bedazzled by the success of the pros that we let their values dictate the dilution of ours. After all, the two games are different institutions existing for different purposes. Pro ball is a part of the entertainment industry, purely and simply, and exists solely for the purpose of making money. College ball is a function of the educational system and exists ideally for the same basic purposes as other amateur athletics. It does make money, and it does entertain, but these are not its only reasons for existence."

But the days of lily-white amateurism are gone, and have been gone since the first university president discovered to his delight that proceeds from the sale of football tickets could not only build and maintain a fabulous athletic plant, but could finance a few new dormitories as well. They've been gone since the first alumni secretary discovered that alumni contributions rise and fall with the success of the football team. Let's face it, despite the preceding statement by Commissioner Reed, football is big business.

A good many years ago—when college football had a much larger streak of idealism than it has today, when football fans were a little easier to please, and when sportswriters were a great deal more poetic—Grantland Rice wrote a little poem that has become something of an American classic:

When the One Great Scorekeeper comes to write against your name— He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game.

But things have changed. A 1964 version of that verse would read:

When the University Accounting Department compares gate receipts and cost— It matters—not how you played the game—but whether you won or lost.

And now let's take a look at the teams around the country. We'll start the fun at the beginning (continued on page 178)

COACH OF THE YEAR JOHN VAUGHT University of Mississippi



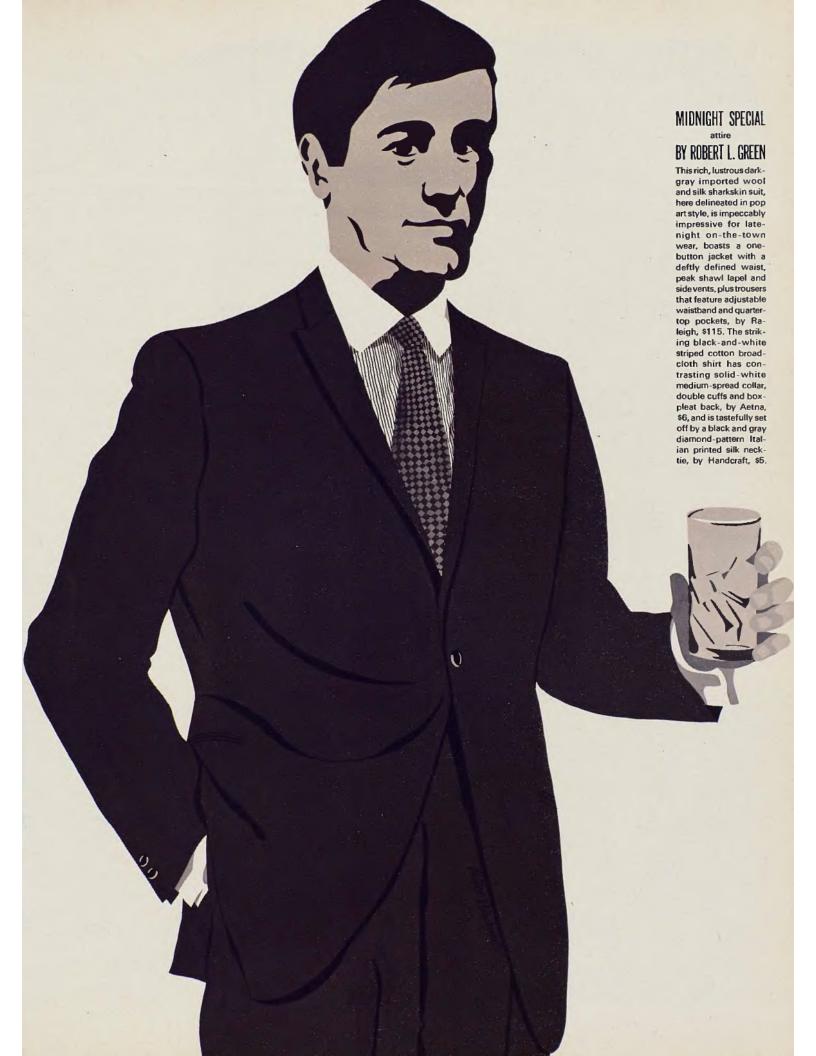
TOP TWENTY TEAMS

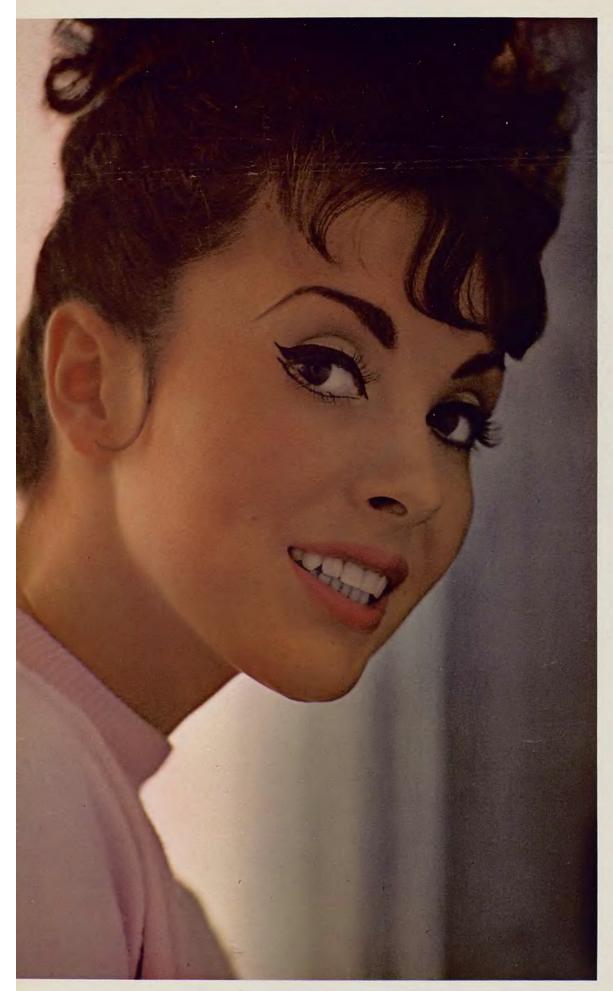
National Champion: MISSISSIPPI 9-1

2.	Oklahoma 9-1	11.	Kansas	20. Texas 6-4
3.	Syracuse 9-1	12.	Alabama	
4.	Washington 8-2	13.	Duke	Possible Breakthroughs: Wyo-
5.	Rice 8-2	14.	Kentucky7-3	ming, Southern Methodist, Mem-
6.	Auburn 8-2	15.	Georgia Tech 7-3	phis State, Florida State, Penn
7.	Arkansas8-2	16.	Indiana 6-3	State, Boston College, Delaware,
8.	North Carolina 8-2	17.	Michigan 6-3	Ohio U., Dhio State, Cincinnati,
9.	Nebraska 8-2	18.	UCLA 6-4	Virginia Tech, Arizona State, Utah
10.	Illinois	19.	California 6-4	State.

Assisted by PLAYBOY All-America end Allen Brown (80), Mississippi wingback Bill Clay (32) scoats through the LSU line.









lovely, talented miss september adds a touch of holland to hollywood



THOUGH ASTRID SCHULZ, our saucy September Playmate, has been in America only one year, she's already a rising starlet, and she's adopted her new homeland so thoroughly that it's difficult to tell her from a California native. Born and raised in Heemstede, Holland, quadrilingual (Dutch, French, German, English) Astrid left home to pursue careers in acting, modeling and singing, finally arrived at her West Coast abode-which is permanent, she says-after jobs in Paris and London. Astrid studied ballet at the Sorbonne, performed professionally in light opera all across Europe and modeled in some of the best salons in London, but despite her international background and her impressive artistic credentials, she now enjoys such down-to-earth pursuits as watching



Late far rehearsal, Astrid hurries (left) to studio appointment with choreagrapher (abave) to practice steps for her dancing role in Universal's *The Art of Love*. Belaw: Astrid plays a dazzling lady of pleasure (center) in Paramount's A House Is Nat a Home. That's Shelley Winters (as Pally Adler) at left.



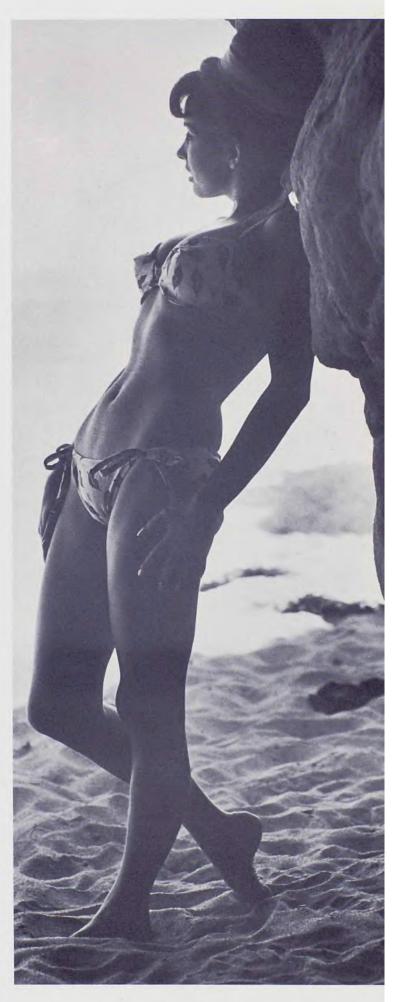




A tireless water nymph, our Hollondoise sorceress (above) talks surf with Molibu beachboys and (right) sooks up sun watching cohorts cotch the big ones. Below, nonaquatic party includes gome of pass-the-orange (no hands ollowed) to which our Playmate opplies her considerable talents.



TV's The Outer Limits in her trim Santa Monica apartment, reading gothic chillers by the Brontës, acting week nights in a Santa Monica little-theater group, and skindiving off nearby Catalina Island. With an ever-so-slight accent, brown-eyed Miss September told us she feels her given name (which means stellar) makes her destined for stardom-and she already has two small movie roles to her credit: In The Art of Love, a Ross Hunter/Universal picture, she plays a Mexican danseuse, and in A House Is Not a Home, a forthcoming Levine/Paramount movie, she plays a Polly Adler minion. Though she never skied or surfed before reaching these shores, Malibu regulars rate her above average in both. Living proof that good things can come in not-so-small packages (she stands 5'7" barefoot, weighs in at 120 sans bikini, arranged on a framable 36-23-36 frame), Astrid understandably has a wide range of dates, prefers "the Iun ones-honest and outgoing guys who show me a happy time," a job for which, needless to say, most honest and outgoing guys would gladly volunteer.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A fashion expert of our acquaintance predicts that if stretch pants get any tighter, they'll be replaced by spray paint.



She had just finished her shower when the doorbell rang. Tiptoeing to the front door, shivering in plump, pink nudity, she called, "Who is it?"

"The blind man," came a mournful voice, so she shrugged and opened the door with one hand while reaching for her purse with the other. When she turned to face the man, he was grinning from ear to ear, and she saw that he was holding a large package in his arms. "You can see!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah," he nodded happily. "And mighty pretty, too. Now, where do you want I should put these blinds?"

You're in remarkable shape for a man your age," said the doctor to the 90-year-old man after the examination.

"I know it," said the old gentleman. "I've really got only one complaint-my sex drive is too high. Got anything you can do for that, Doc?"

The doctor's mouth dropped open. "Your what?!" he gasped.
"My sex drive," said the old man. "It's too

high, and I'd like to have you lower it if you

can."
"Lower it?!" exclaimed the doctor, still unable to believe what the 90-year-old gentleman was saying. "Just what do you consider 'high'?"

"These days it seems like it's all in my head, Doc," said the old man, "and I'd like to have you lower it if you can."

Loping down a Manhattan street, the boxer stopped and wagged his tail in friendly greeting at a Russian wolfhound, likewise unencumbered by collar or leash.

"How do you like America?" he asked. "Well, it's different from my homeland," said the wolfhound. "In Russia, I eat bones dipped in vodka and caviar. In Russia I have my own doghouse made of rare Siberian woods. In Russia I sleep on a rug made of thick, warm ermine."

"Then why did you come to America?" "I like to bark once in a while."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines conversation piece as a girl men like to talk about.

A fool and his money are soon popular.

The cute young trick thought she had a sure winner the other day at the track. The tote board listed her horse as starting at 25 to 1, and she knew the race didn't begin until one P.M.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines fairy as one who'd rather switch than fight.



And what do you two think you are doing?!" roared the husband, as he came upon his wife in bed with another man. The wife smiled at her companion.
"See?" she said. "I told you he was stupid!"

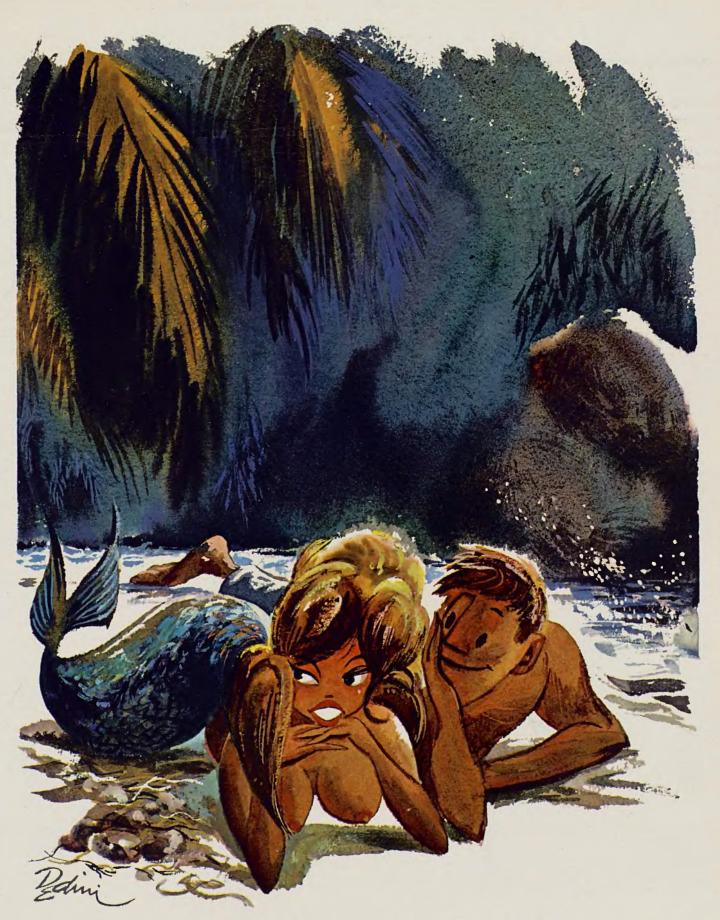
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines practical nurse as one who falls in love with a wealthy old patient.



The next phase in the space race is sure to make headlines: Scientists are planning to put 300 head of cattle into orbit. It'll be the herd shot round the world.

When a girl can read the handwriting on the wall, she's in the wrong rest room.

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

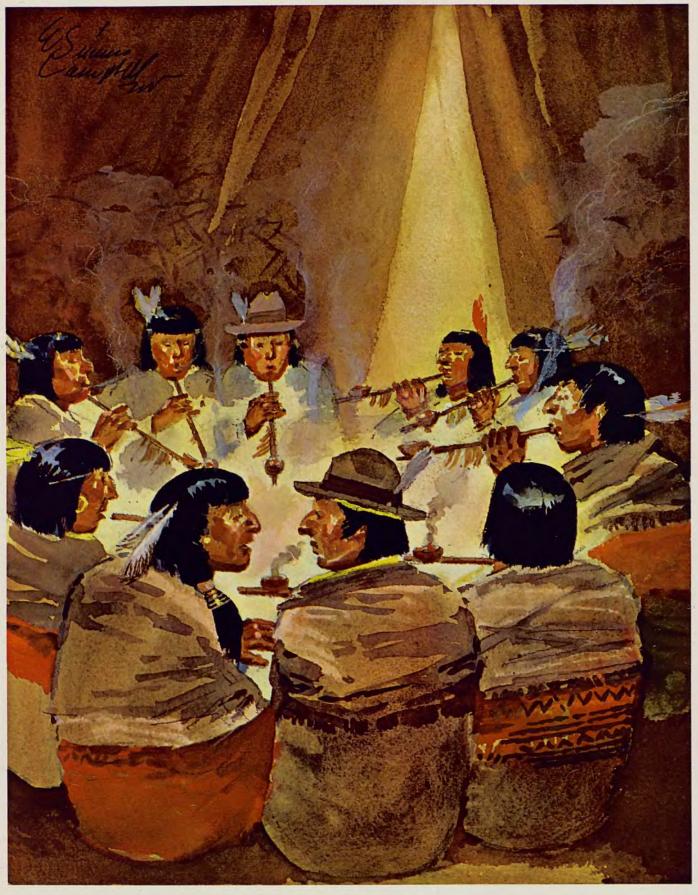


"But will you love me after the novelty wears off?"

current ditractions succellent warm-meaner countery and dispenses with the store own a blender, you can grind freshly roasted coffee beans in all of 15 seconds. If you're particular about the exact degree of pulverization you want, you can grind the beans in one of the new electric coffee mills. In either case, the brew and its aroma which follow will bring forth smiles of delight. If you like to sip espresso or cappuccino, and you want the real Latin

> potion rather than the slow drip variety, there are electric espresso coffeemakers that sit serenely on your table, and in a matter of 60 seconds pour forth their jet-black brew right into the waiting pitcher or demitasse cups. Give the electric skillet credit for demolishing the old wheeze that good cooking is necessarily difficult. Good cooking requires sensitivity and precision, rather than labor. For centuries the professional chef's dream of the perfect saucepan was one that would heat evenly, hoard its heat within a narrow temperature range, and thus liberate the chef from the chore of continuous pan watching. The electric skillet or saucepan, now matured into the electric chafing dish, performs this feat infinitely better than anything heretofore known in the pot-and-pan kingdom. Any cook who's handled a delicate fare like oysters or frogs' legs knows that prolonged heat at a high temperature will turn them to rubber. Too low a heat will inhibit their flavors. By a mere flick of the dial, the electric skillet can be set to sauté them in a few minutes. Another setting will simmer them gently, and a third will keep them warm until the (continued on page 213)





"Somebody here is smoking pot."



nostalgia By BEN HECHT MAXWELL BODENHEIM was more disliked, derided, denounced, beaten up and kicked down more flights of stairs than any poet of whom I have ever heard or read. He was also more ignored than any literary talent of his time.

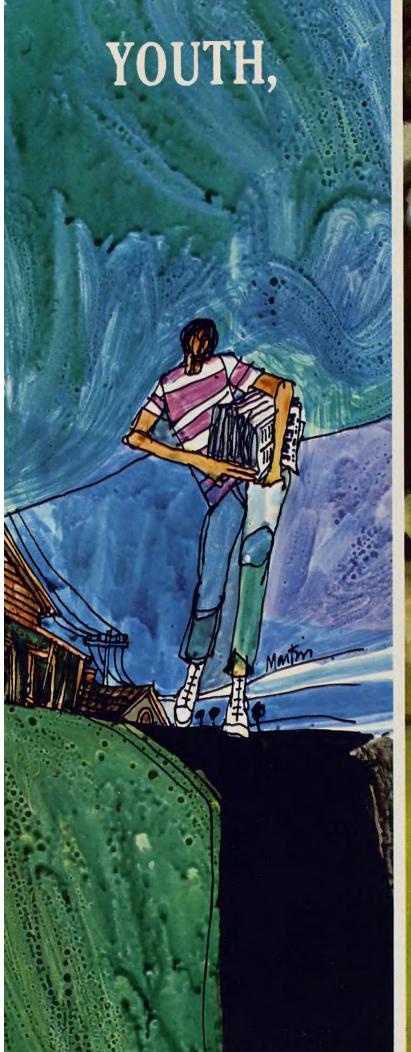
His seven volumes of poetry fetched him hardly a thimbleful of notice. Not acclaim, but ordinary notice such as is given the most inconsequential bores who darken the lives of literary critics.

Yes, my friend Bogie whose work I admired more than the poetry of most of his famed contemporaries was a total washout as a literary contender. His glowing metaphors seemed to remain invisible to the critics. And without critics to give a poet a leg up, he is likely to remain in limbo. No lecture dates, no college faculty jobs, no royalty checks. And, of course, no invitations to the White House or other important showcases for the poetry writer.

But I doubt whether poet Bodenheim ever daydreamed of such grand finales. From the time I first met him in his Chicago teens, Bogie had a mystic sense of himself as an unwanted one. No one asked him for lunch or dinner. He was a sort of unharnessed human. You watched him scampering around, and never thought of offering him shelter or the diversion of friendship. Besides, you knew what happened if you did—insults, rows, thefts, and complaints from the neighbors.

It wasn't true. Bogie was often a guest in my home. He revealed a few oddities that stood my teeth on edge. But I preferred him to the usual visitors, who droned through card games, or put me to sleep with political discussions.

Another truth was Bogie's attitude toward social invitations. It pleased him immensely to turn them down. "Thank you for inviting me to dine at your house," he wrote a well-to-do lady who fancied (continued on page 130)





fiction By J. P. Donleavy three haunting allegories from the author of "the ginger man"

YOUTH: WHEN I BROUGHT THE NEWS

I THOUGHT I was going to be a millionaire. With moroccobound books for looks everywhere. And even a drive that went for a mile through the trees and little lakes and lilies. So in my best serious face I stood in line for the job and told the nervous man I'd work very hard.

Every afternoon loaded down I set off on the outskirts of town folding papers with a sleight of hand and flicking them across the gray porches. And even in an open window for a laugh which I thought I needed. And as I proceeded along this frontier road picking berries, grapes and peaches I said hi to the rival newspaper boy and told him he was underpaid and you'll never make the money I've made. But it was a lie.

Because Friday I collected and most said come back tomorrow and I objected but turned my sad face away and mumbled it was only a dime. And you'd think it was a crime every time I rang a doorbell and even those with chimes and added up the weeks they owed. In there they sit warm and reading, with smells of steak and pizza pie. Out here lips chapped with frost I might die, dancing on my cold toes. There's only so much I can stand, you savage hearts.

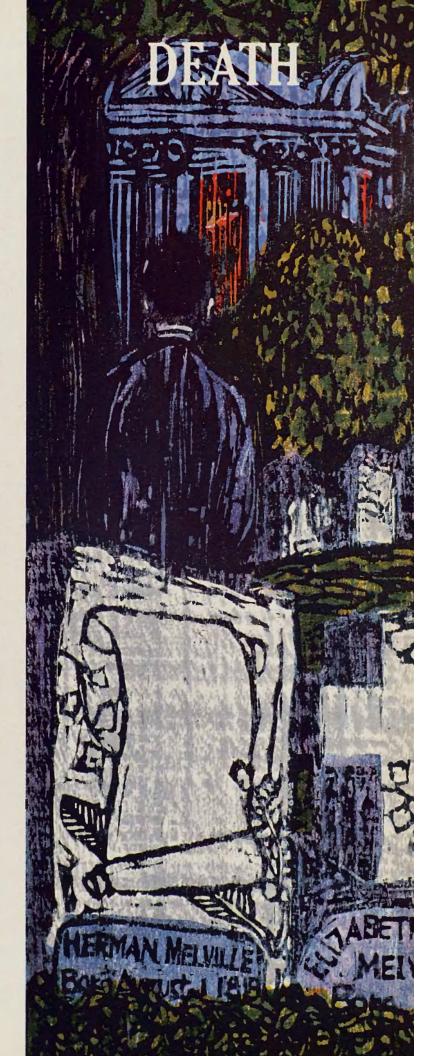
But I was glad at times along here in the sun on these quiet roads where some buildings were built in the sky out of trees and near the river. The green the grass the cliffs and hills and bridges bent over the trains. Cool summer halls to click heels and spin down the stairs on my educated wrist. Noisy with the news. And deep in my own unsavage heart I loved nothing better than delivery.

And Saturdays in autumn afternoon kicking through the leaves I came to ring the bell and knock on the door and say I beg you pay me please. And the heads with after-lunch eyes came out too beaten to refuse. In my little book I marked them paid and with some quiet charm of mine I tried to make them feel it was not the end of the world. And maybe there would be a new woman's page soon. Or a competition for a prize.

But some heartless called me liar and lingerer. Napping under trees, banging on doors and a whistler in halls. I whispered something about freedom and they shouted don't come back no more and slammed the door. I walked away with young tears melting with despair. They'd all be sorry when they found me Christmas Eve shoeless and starved, dead in the snow.

And weeks went by till one Sunday dawn in black winter I brought my pencil. I wrote across the front page how poes it feel to cheat a child. And tucked the paper carefully in the door. Monday creeping through the streets I saw the raging faces watching from windows everywhere and a man on a porch shaking a fist which he said would break my head. And fearful but forceful I told him drop dead. And ran.

I prayed for spring when I could sing once more and steal the cooling cookie from a window sill. With the sun such a fat red thing up in the sky. And count my blessings instead of money. But things were sad instead of sunny when Mr. Brown screeched up in his sporty car. I wore my slack jaw. He wagged a finger, confound you D, the News is deluged with complaints, your public relations are a scandal, the customers



claim you're a nuisance and a vandal and did you write how does it feel to cheat a child? I did. Confound you D, don't you know the customer is always right? Come along with me and apologize. I said no. He said so, you're fired.

Never to bring the news again. Or trap a customer on the street or write my editorial across the front page. A failed millionaire with no morocco-bound books for looks anywhere.

LOVE: PINS AND MEDALS

SITTING BACK HERE with flowers on the curtains, cologne in the air and tinkling music with all the comfort.

My first real girlfriend I met not far from here by saying hello and she looked in my face for signs of disrespect. In her brown sweater and skirt and all I wanted was to know her to go for a walk up and down the paths around the school. Where spruce trees grew in their blue tips to touch the windows and there were little hills and mountains for miles around and lakes clear and magic. And I'll never forget her or when she touched me on the shoulder asking for company to come with her for cake and cola. I said sure. In her house I sat on the edge of my seat while she brought it in. She stood in the middle of the floor and yawned. I put my mouth deep in the chocolate cake, cream and soft eating. Otherwise I was shy worrying whether I said what she wanted.

I whistled going home that afternoon and jumped up to sit on a mail cart thinking of her looks and waiting for the train. And later in our little nipping at love I asked her with her handkerchief twisting in her hands to come to a dance. And arrived that evening in cool late spring, a bright tie to make my suit feel new. She was dressed in blue with pleats round her skirt a sort of endless thing I thought, her legs rich round and 17. With two dollars and a bath and my feelings tied up inside me we stepped out from the shaky car of a friend saying hello to all the others under the maple trees. Down steps between palms to where the band was playing. I danced better than ever before. She was looking up at my face and sometimes putting hers on my shoulder. While they dripped candle wax to make funny bumps I tried to be talkative and tell her what I wanted to mean. When the rest went to a bar for drinks we sat alone in the back of the car waiting till she took a cigarette, lit it and threw it away so that we were kissing.

I never kissed anyone like her before except just once quickly somewhere and the next day we rushed back to her house hand in hand stopping only for six colas for the cake. By days we saw each other in history class and lunchtime went to have milk and crushed egg sitting on the grass. I threw my feet up carelessly anywhere while biting my bread saying I failed everything last month but didn't care. She said she wanted some sort of ring or pin of mine to wear. I gave her a medal I won throwing the weight. I was afraid to ask her for something. She showed me how nice my medal looked hanging around her tan neck. And going back through the breezy green corridors to class she said she couldn't let me have her sorority pin because it was too expensive. I went to physics where the teacher was always doing tricks like making things jump or go the other way. He called me sunshine boy because I sat by the window with my shoes off and I thought that when he made these explosions and sent stuff flying round the room we were just supposed to get a good laugh. I didn't hear him when he said it was magnetism and the atom.

One day as I stood in the sun outside school she came up to me and said she couldn't go out with me or see me Sunday because she'd been asked up to Yale for the weekend. So I said well I better have my medal back then. She said if you feel that way all right. She put her head up and bouncing all the brown curls of her hair, walked away.

On my way here tonight when I got off the train to get the bus I saw her waiting with her hands folded on her diaphragm which went out like a shelf over her pregnancy. I was so changed that when I stuck my face where I was sure she could see it she just looked and that was all. Standing there in the chill near the cemetery the bus came. I thought watching the tall white tombs go by and she waddling through her motherhood that it was a pity I could not have come one night to her bed during the dark of these last few years.

DEATH: A GRAVE

I WAS ON MY BACK with a book at midnight in Connecticut. A storm filling the Housatonic river and a fox barking at the lightning coming down into this mountain of trees. They said on the last page that they buried Herman Melville on a rainy day in Woodlawn Cemetery on the outskirts of New York.

Later in the month I got on the train and went to the city to visit. Through Danbury, Stamford and New Rochelle and along the Bronx river where years ago they could sail a battleship. Now it's dammed, small and smelly from sewers. Lovers come down here in the summertime. And kids swim in the parts that are deep and twins once dived off a ledge and got stuck in the mud and never came up again.

I went up the steps of the station, stood on the bridge watching the cars on the new highway. All that smoothness, comfort and curves. Roll you everywhere on the soft wheels. I went through the big iron gates and up into a cool stone mansion with typewriters and quiet pleasant people. A young woman took me to a chair and table and went through the files. She came back with a card and a map and drew a line along the winding avenues to an X which she said was on top of a hill.

I strolled by all the marble, granite and bronze doors, late blossoms and lovely trees. In there richer than I am alive. A man in a gray uniform saluted and smiled. I climbed a little hill up fern-and-ivy-lined paths and stopped under a great elm tree. There were four stones, one with a scroll and feather pen. Through the trees I can see the mausoleums and the stained glass and doors for giants. And down there on the New York Central tracks the trains are roaring by to Boston. I came here to see if it were true and it is. And as everywhere the gravestones say the voice that is silent the hand that is still or even my Mabel I'll never forget you till we're together again. I went reading and wandering until I went out the gate again.

A few blocks away I stepped into a bar called Joe's. And sat up on a high stool and ordered a glass of beer during this dark afternoon. A smell of cheese, oil and tomato pies. Some lazy jazz out of the jukebox. Behind the bar a man with his white sleeves neatly rolled up on tough hairy arms said I've seen you here before a few years ago maybe five or six, I remember your face. Yeah I remember you, I never forget a face. Got a memory for faces. He brought me a shot of whiskey and another beer and said this is on me. When I left he said yeah I'll see you again.

I walked back to the station and waited for the train. Others were going by bound north for suppers in the country, swaying on the center tracks with lovely lighted windows, white napkins and fresh evening newspapers. Some were aluminum with red stripes. Once in a while a woman would look at me from a train to Chappaqua, Valhalla and Pawling.

When I got back and drove along by the dark empty fields with round shadows of cedars and down my own lonely lane through the pines and further to the little clearing in the woods I heard the Housatonic rumbling below and saw three deer standing in the headlights. I had spareribs with onions and lemon juice and a bottle of beer. After that I wrote a letter to a man in Europe and said:

> Will we all Be watering Lawns Some time later In Connecticut?





"I believe the new nurse is going to do wonders for him. He's already learned to count to two . . ."

she was running a salon, "but I prefer to dine in the Greek restaurant at Wabash Avenue and 12th Street where I will be limited to finding dead flies in

Of his rapidly growing unpopularity in his youth, poet Bodenheim said, with

a mocking grin:

"Nobody seems to like me. Do you think it is because I am too aware of people's tiny hearts and massive stupidities?"

"They are too aware of your big mouth," I told him. "Why don't you try ignoring their imperfections, after sundown?"

"I was born without your talent for bootlicking," said my friend Bogie. He crowed with delight and whacked his

Despite the continuing, unvarying defeats of his life, it is this strut I remember as Bogie's signature. Ignored, slapped around, reduced to beggary, Bodenheim's mocking grin remained flying in his private global war like a tattered flag. God knows what he was mocking. Possibly mankind.

I may be writing of a Bodenheim with a special routine in my presence. He may have whined and wept elsewhere. But not the Bodenheim I knew. Disaster was never able to disarm him. Even the Greenwich Village moocher, half-starved and ragged, remained proud of his ability "to destroy people on my guillotine of phrases. Oh, boy, stick around and you'll see some heads roll."

It was not Sherwood's sort of self-love that kept Bogie abloom. It was his incredible sense of superiority. In his last vears, tottering drunkenly to sleep on flophouse floors, shabby and gaunt as any Bowery bum, Bogie hugged his undiminished riches-his poet's vocabulary and his genius for winning arguments. He won nothing else.

New York, after 1924, failed to alter him by a hair. He wrote of New York, "The poverty of its ash cans cannot match the pathetic debris in the heads of its literary critics."

Nearly everyone who met Bodenheim was either irritated or outraged by him: and frequently moved to take a swing at his nose. Although poet Bodenheim had small ability as a pugilist, it was unwise to attack him physically. He threw things. Bottles, chairs, vases, plates, carafes, end tables started flying across the room. Such missiles always belonged to some aggrieved host or hostess who had not even invited him. Bodenheim, in his lifetime, never owned a cup or saucer to aid him in combat.

The poet also alienated rafts of people who had never met him, but "had 130 heard of him." They heard that on a dance floor poet Bodenheim was certain to cut in, enfold your wife or sweetheart in a lecherous grip, and insist that she go to bed with him, pronto.

I never witnessed the spectacle of Bogie trying to drag a dancing partner into the hay, and ending never in a bed, but hurtling headfirst out of a doorway. There may have been a grain or two of truth in such gossip, for the poet wrote, in our Chicago Literary Times:

"Since the dubious dawn of human history, dancing has been one of the more adroit female ruses for the sexual stimulation of the male. A young woman who embraces a man while he is being assailed by primitive drumbeats and bacchanalian horn tootings, may pretend she is interested only in the technique of dancing. I wonder if the same young woman, naked in bed with a man, would insist that she is only testing out the mattress."

Another rumor had it that the poet arrived at studio parties carrying a burlap bag into which he transferred speedily all the canapés and liquor bottles available. I could verify this rumor, and also another one-to come within earshot of the poet was to be derided stridently for any convictions you had about anything.

These tales were to be heard in Bodenheim's heyday, his 20s and 30s, before he had matured into a Greenwich Village sot. He became, then, too pathetic a fellow to punch in the nose or kick down the stairs.

Only the police continued to beat him up, due to his defiance as a Communist orator. He would not climb down a ladder from which he had been addressing a noon-hour audience of factory workers, or cease his oratory.

The truth is that Bogie was the sort of Communist who would have been booted out of Moscow, overnight. He insisted that communism was a cure-all for the miseries of the poor. Stalin and his selfless colleagues were toiling to create a utopia of peace on earth and good will to men.

"How can you be against the Russian politicians, as you call them," asked my friend, "when those alleged politicians are doing exactly what Jesus Christ tried to do-eliminate war and tyranny from the life of mankind? Russia," he smiled happily, "has rediscovered love and justice, and is ready to turn the other cheek to the capitalistic bullies of the world. Yes, sirree, Moscow is the new Mount of Olives."

Bogie dreamed that in Stalin's Russia he would find all the good meals and sensitive understanding that he had been denied in the U.S. Lacking carfare to go have a look at his cornucopia land, he aired his fondness for it-with the

usual Bodenheim results. He not only angered the police but disturbed, equally, the Communist Party leaders of New York. They denounced Bodenheim as a nuisance and refused to print his proletarian poems, gratis, in their Red periodicals.

Why did a young man as talented as Max Bodenheim bring such a load of bricks down on his head, until the day he had it, literally, blown off by a crazy man's gun? I'll tell a few Bodenheim stories that may partly answer the query. Bodenheim was, in his youth, a slim fellow with blond hair, albino eyebrows over pale eyes, five feet, ten inches in height. He had a lean, handsome face, and all his teeth. His clothes were shabby but clean, and included in winter an American Army overcoat. He had joined the U.S. forces at 17 and been stationed a year in Texas, half of that time in the regimental guardhouse. He had been put behind bars for hitting a lieutenant over the head with his musket. The lieutenant had been ridiculing Private Bodenheim as a Jew.

Bogie carried all his worldly belongings with him. They were in the bulging briefcase held under his right arm. In this case were all his unpublished poems, an extra pair of socks and underpants, a spare tin of tobacco for his corncob pipe, rejection slips from the nation's editors and a bottle of Tabasco sauce.

Bodenheim journeyed to New York as the salaried Eastern correspondent for a weekly paper I had started called The Chicago Literary Times. He received \$30 a week for his Gotham reports, and his name was on the paper's masthead as assistant editor. I filled some 70 percent of the paper with copy, Bogie wrote most of the remaining 30 percent. There were a few intruders, among them Lloyd Lewis, Vincent Starrett, Wallace Smith, Rose Caylor, George Grosz, Herman Rosse, Stanislaus Szukalski. I wrote in the paper of my editorial assistant:

"Maxwell Bodenheim, in manner and appearance, is the ideal lunatic. He is somewhat bowlegged and possessed of malicious pale-green eyes one associates with murderers.

"While engaged in arguments (he has seemingly nothing else to do) Bodenheim improvises brilliantly. He accompanies his razor-edged epigrams with startling grimaces. He bares his teeth in sudden snorts. He clucks unexpectedly with his tongue, as if summoning a flock of chickens to enjoy his wit. He beats a tattoo with his right foot, and whacks triumphantly at his thigh.

"Excited by the withering fire power of his phrases, he starts bobbing his head (continued on page 220)

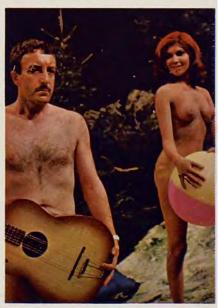




The most hilarious sequence of the Sommer-Sellers whodunit, "A Shot in the Dark," is set in a nudist camp where murder suspect Elke seeks refuge. Bumbling French police inspector Sellers trails her to the spot.

THE NUDEST PETER SELLERS

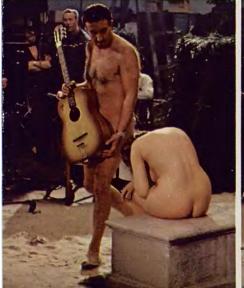
FOR THOSE WHO FOUND Peter Sellers' characterization of the stumbling blockhead French police inspector Jacques Clouseau in The Pink Panther a triumph of gumshoe ineptitude, the United Artists sequel, A Shot in the Dark, should be the topping on the frappé, as it continues Peter's maladroit masterminding. The teaming of Sellers with Germany's current sexpot titlist Elke Sommer makes the Blake Edwards-directed film a twofold treat. Well-packed parlormaid Elke has been accused of murdering her swain from Spain. Sellers, assigned to the case through a departmental snafu, decides that no one that good-looking could have committed homme-icide, figures Elke is covering up for someone. Decked out as a balloon vendor, he flat-foots after Elke only to be picked up for peddling without a license. Resuming la chasse, he finds Elke standing over the very dead body of her employer George Sanders' gardener with nothing more incriminating than bloody pruning shears in her hand. Still with implicit faith in Elke, Peter has her sprung from jail, shadows her in a Toulouse-Lautrec disguise. Another misunderstanding with the gendarmerie deposits him in the hoosegow. Sellers' next guise in his pursuit of Elke is that of a hunter, and when he bags a crow in self-defense, the local game warden claps him in irons for doing it without a license. By the time Sellers is released, Elke has taken refuge in a country retreat called Camp



A grimly game Sellers, on an Elke hunt, passes bemused nature girl.



He soon discovers to his dismay that he can't enter the camp without going native. Undaunted and unclothed, stiff-upper-lip Sellers sizes up the situation before making the best of a bare situation by draping guitar amidships.

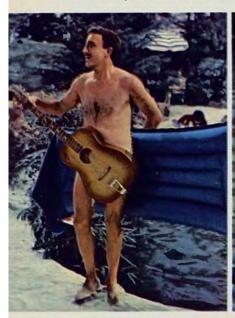




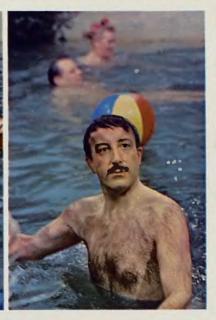


Studio technicians dig scene as Sellers asks information of sun worshiper who proves uncommunicative since she is a murder victim (something Sellers fails to note). Nudiste adjusting her beach towel adds to Sellers' distress.

Sellers, who has added a plastic raft aft, edges perilously close to lake's edge as he backs away from an undraped female. A step in the wrong direction dunks the distraught detective in the drink. As raft and guitar float away, the hapless Sellers wonders how he can continue the search for the elusive Elke and still maintain his modesty.







Sunshine. To Sellers' discomfiture, it turns out to be a nudist camp. Here, Peter reluctantly settles for the haphazard cover-up of a guitar and plastic pool raft as he commences a bare hunt for Elke among the sun bathers. What he does stumble upon is another corpse (though he doesn't realize it at the time). When he eventually finds Elke, after a series of dishabilled disasters, the two of them just manage to avoid the law called in for the latest murder. There's no time for clothes as they drive an naturel through the streets of Paris, returning to George Sanders' mansion just in time to discover yet another corpse. This is the last straw for Sellers' superior, who takes him off the case vitement and banishes him to Le Havre. Sellers' exile is short-lived, however; his superior has second thoughts and reassigns him to the case. Sellers' first move is to have Elke, now in prison, released to join him for dinner. A night-club tour results in four more murders as an assassin out to get Sellers keeps bungling the job. Our defective detective, blithely unaware of the carnage, takes Elke back to his apartment for a tryst, but it's bonjour tryst as a time bomb explodes under his bed, shattering the mood. Undaunted, Sellers assures his chief, by now a manacle depressive, that he's about to crack the case, gathers together a half-dozen suspects in the Sanders mansion. The denouement that follows is too wildly improbable to let le chat out of the bag. Suffice to say that Peter as a flick flic is superbly incompetent and Elke as a domestique formidable is incomparably sexational.



Our intrepid inspector decides to press on regardless. In this corner, wearing nought but tree trunks, Sellers tries to pick out the Sommer anatomy from among the unfettered naiads parading before him. The perceptive powers that have made him the farce of the force fail to detect a delectably unclad Elke on the other side of the bush.



Sellers' balloon-sharp sixth sense tells him Elke is near at hand. She finally reveals herself to him when, zut alors!, the camp swarms with gendarmes summoned because of the murder. Sellers believes Elke is a misjudged miss, helps her escape, then joins her in a wild car ride, an naturel, that takes them through the streets of Paris.



THE NUDEST ELKE SOMMER

HOLLYWOOD has been frenetically searching around the world for a sexpot who will provide its cash registers with the same healthy ring in the Sixties that Brigitte Bardot and the late Marilyn Monroe imparted to them in the Fifties. It now believes that relief is finally in sight in the form of a handsomely configured Fräulein, Elke Sommer. Born in Germany not much more than a score of years ago, Elke has blossomed into an international attraction. The fast-rising and fastdriving (she's used to touring Europe's speed-limitless highways at well over the century mark) Elke got her first break while on vacation in Italy. She was spotted by someone who called himself a movie producer and who, contrary to what mothers warn their little girls about. turned out to be a movie producer. A series of European flickers followed (including one directed by Vittorio De Sica) in which Elke was given an ample opportunity to display almost all of her amply endowed (36-23-37) frame. Hollywood producer Pandro Berman caught her statuesque symmetry in a German film, The Girl, and realized that she was the girl to play Paul Newman's Swedish skoalmate in The Prize. That did it. Her Prize performance brought her a revealingly ripe part in Carl Foreman's The Victors, where she more than held her own among the fast female company of Melina Mercouri and Romy Schnei-

Her face (a hypnotic blend of gamine and tigress) and figure (a sensuous delight) are Elke Sommer's fortune. Elke's natural beauty is such that movie moguls, in attempting to give her the Hollywood "glamor" treatment, were hard-pressed to find flaws to correct, wound up making minor repairs on two teeth, slightly changing the color of her hair (the styling remains her own).









The delectable charms of Elke that most American movie audiences have yet to see are displayed here in sequences from two European films that helped catapult her to Continental fame. Scene below is from "Sweet Ecstasy," a tale of wealthy European youth living la dolce vita on the French Riviera. A torrid love bout (one of several in the film) with Christian Pezy, which takes place on a yacht, is part of a daylong roundelay of orgiastic revels that almost ends in tragedy when boat burns.













"Daniella by Night," made several years ago, has yet to be shown in the U.S.; the producers won't allow it to be run without the above sequence; American censors insist on the scene's deletion.



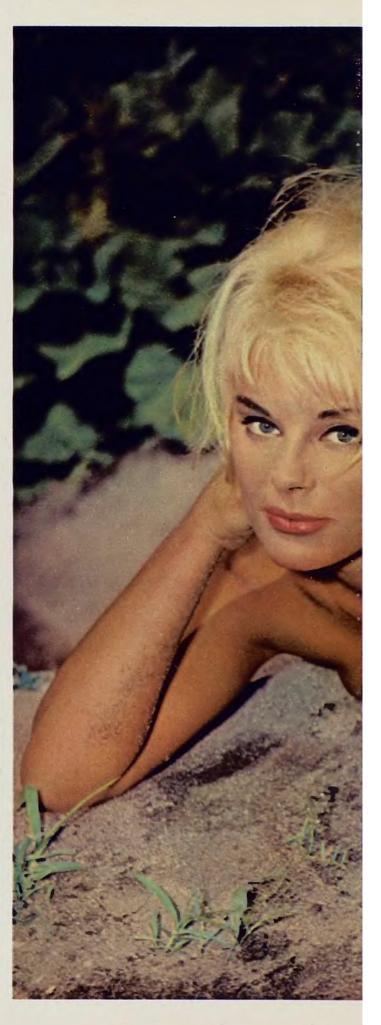
in the controversial sequence, Elke is forced into a unique striptease, as a pair of cloak-and-dagger types, in search of microfilmed secret plans, undress her on the stage of a Roman peclery. The divestiture is accomplished behind a transparent curtain which does little to hide what is undoubtedly filmdom's friskiest frisk. The night-club audience, thinking it's a new act, gives the uncovering undercover men and unwilling ecdysiast Elke a round of applause.

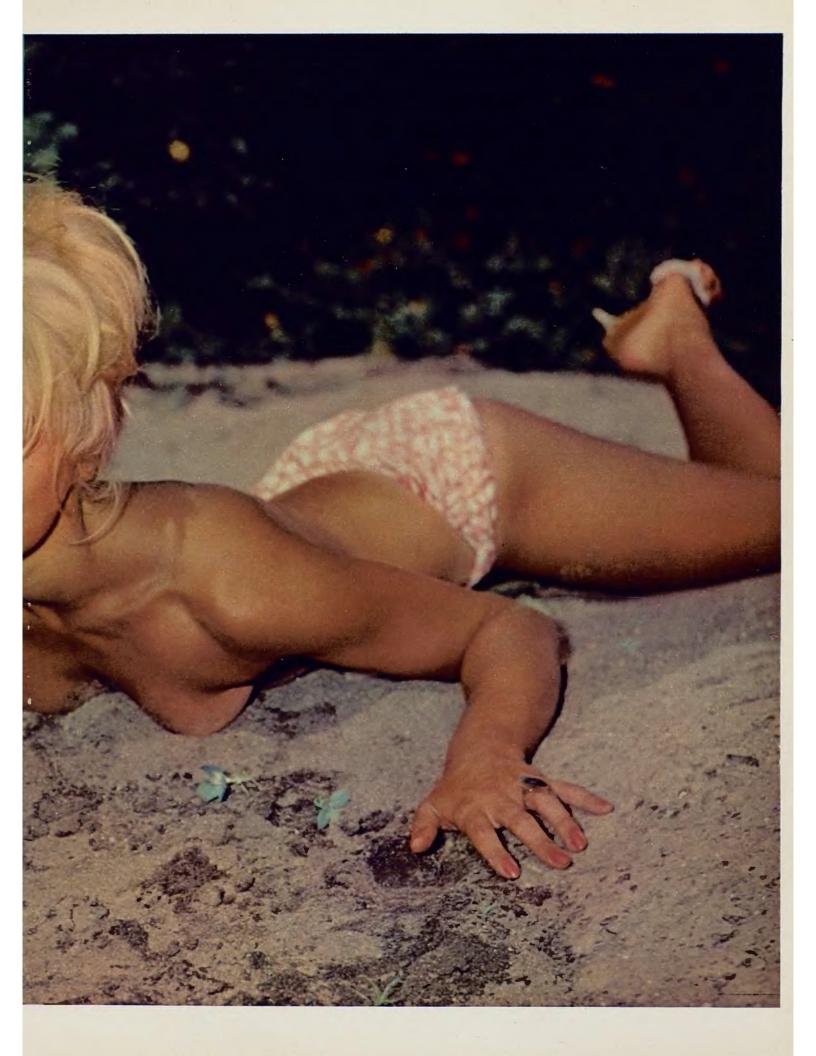
der. Now very much a part of the Hollywood scene, Elke is comfortably wrapped in a three-picture MGM contract that will bring her approximately a quarter of a million dollars. Along the road to stardom she has managed to raise a number of roofs over her head-a \$300,000 mansion in her home town of Erlangen, Germany, a villa in Spain, an apartment in Switzerland, and a house she rents in Beverly Hills for a modest \$900 a month. One of Tinseltown's most eligible bachelor girls, Elke belies the cliché image of the bubble-brained beauty; she knows Latin. Greek, French, English, Spanish and Italian, has more than a passing acquaintance with Homer and Plato, Goethe and Schiller. A Shot in the Dark and the upcoming The Unknown Battle, in which she co-stars with Tony Perkins and Stephen Boyd, should prove to be two important rungs up the filmic ladder. Miss Sommer, with a firm resolve that has characterized her movie career, is striving to bring her acting ability up to her screen sensuality. Few who know her artistic capabilities (she's a passable painter and a composer who has recorded her own songs), and strong-willed determination, have any doubts that she will make it. And when Elke, who has no objection to shedding her clothes for the cameras, emerges as the compleat movie star, the super sex symbol of the Sixties may well have arrived.





Monobikinied Elke, right, was completely nude for scene with George Hamilton in "The Victors," above right, that was shown only in Europe. Segment was reshot with Elke in bra and Levis, above left, for the American market.





fiction

BERTRAM AND THE NETWORKS BY DANIEL A. JENKINS

he had a heady appetite for women, whiskey and other fringe benefits of the full life, and beneath the bland exterior he hatched a wicked plot to get them—gratis

as the super chief approached los angeles on its overnight run from Santa Fe, Bertram Bascomb Baylor sat in the club car thoughtfully sipping some 25-year-old Scotch that had been placed aboard for his convenience by the press department of the Federal Broadcasting Company. United Broadcasting had arranged for Bertram's train accommodations (he had a thing about flying) and it had behooved Federal to get in there fast with a little judicious care and feeding of its own.

Bertram, whose syndicated television column, *Inside the Eye*, appeared in 226 papers, lived in and worked out of East Pecos, New Mexico, a somewhat preposterous place for any kind of columnist unless he happened to have a wealthy wife who liked it there. Marigold Hartley Benson Hosthwaite Spencer Baylor was wealthy and liked it there. So much for that.

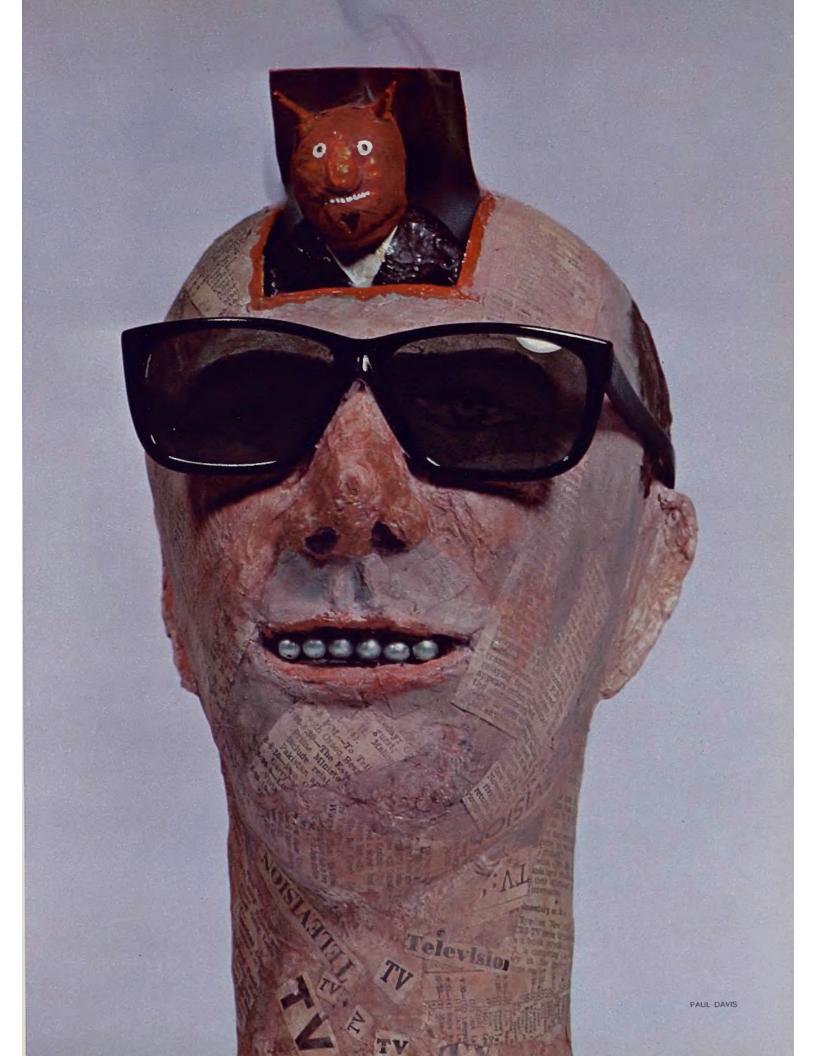
Such being the case, Bertram Bascomb had fallen into the pleasant habit of making annual trips (he would never call them pilgrimages) to New York and Hollywood, subsidized in annual turn by the three major networks. His daily column was a model of pedantry, edged with that tiny but effective bit of steel that indicated he knew where 17 different bodies were buried and was not above digging any or all of them up. Tallish, thinnish and high of brow, he had twice testified as to the state of television before Senate committees and had twice caused three network presidents to check through the expense vouchers and ask why so much money had been spent in keeping Mr. Baylor "happy."

People who didn't have to curry favor with Bertram Bascomb generally referred to him as a pompous ass. The rare comedy show he found to his liking was invariably pronounced "enormously funny," and no drama had it made unless Baylor gave it the accolade "enormously moving."

Bertram himself was something of a contradiction in qualities, possessing those which ordinarily didn't mix well in a single individual and which, in fact, didn't mix too well in Bertram. He was a self-styled intellectual, having been brought up on Edgar Guest, Rudyard Kipling, Sinclair Lewis, Maxfield Parrish, Johann Strauss and Guy Lombardo. He was firmly convinced that television could and must be improved and that he, Bertram Bascomb Baylor, was its appointed savior. At the same time, he had a large and well-developed appetite for whiskey, women and other people's expense accounts, bolstered by an equally large ego.

Aboard the Super Chief, Scotch in hand, Bertram was reading a script called *The Lonely Vigil*, written by Bertram Bascomb Baylor. It had to do with a fisherman patiently waiting for a fish and there was more than a slight resemblance in the story, if not in the writing, to Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*. It was the kind of thing Bertram would like to have seen as the traditional opening episode of *Omnibus* every season, had *Omnibus* still been on the air. He considered it, in fact, four notches better than *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. Besides, it had only the one character and was written in blank verse. He had discussed its outline with Senator Brazwell and the Senator had been keenly enthusiastic. He hadn't read it, but he liked it.

Just as he was about to accept an Emmy as the creator-producer-writer of Omnibus Revisited ("I am enormously moved . . ."), Bertram was roused by the tap of the conductor's hand on his (continued on page 200)





"In these small towns everybody knows everybody else's business!"

THE WILY DECEPTION OF WASIL

a 16th Century Polish tale

AMONG THE CITIZENS OF Iwangorod was one named Wasil, a man of high sexual appetite who one day found himself lusting after Sophie, wife of Stanislaus.

Now, consumed by this lust, he began frequenting those places where she might be found, and, at length, he approached her and made clear the nature of his interests.

Upon hearing this, Sophie slapped him upon the face.

"I am the property of my husband," she declared haughtily. "Go, therefore, and think of me in this manner no more."

Wasil did go, but he thought of her often and at great length; finally, he came upon a plan by which he hoped to enjoy her.

She claimed to be her husband's property, he reasoned; therefore, it would be the choice of the husband whether that property would be retained for his own use or made available to others.

Having reasoned thusly, and planned accordingly, he sat himself down and penned a note to the husband, Stanislaus. The note was written in a very feminine and flowery hand, and signed with the name of Wasil's wife, Doris. It read as follows:

My darling Stanislaus: So great is the passion that rises in me whenever I think of you that I can control myself no longer; meet me this evening behind my house and we can surrender ourselves to the delicious ecstasies that await us in each other's embrace. My husband will be afar from here so fear not. Lovingly, Doris.

At dawn Wasil himself delivered the

note, sealed in an envelope, to Stanislaus and spoke:

"I know not what this is about, but my wife asked me to deliver it to you as I left this morning. I am about to depart for Warsaw."

Stanislaus read the note and, cheerfully noting that the foolish Wasil had lent credence to it with his comments about leaving for Warsaw, resolved to keep the engagement.

That evening there was a sound outside the house of Wasil. When Doris asked what it might be, Wasil—who, naturally, had not left for Warsaw nor planned to—suggested that she investigate.

Outside, she saw Stanislaus at the same time he saw her. Mistaking her expression of surprise for one of ardor, he seized her and tossed her violently to the ground. She screamed and resisted him, but he assumed that this was part of her pretense—as many women are wont to carry on in this manner at such a time—and proceeded to take the pleasures he thought were his due.

Now, it was not until the screaming subsided that Wasil made his appearance on the porch, by which time the act had been completed.

"What proceeds here?" he asked.

"Stanislaus has raped me," the wife replied in some confusion.

"Indeed!" boomed Wasil, feigning indignation. "Is this the way for a friend to act?"

"But, Wasil . . ." protested Stanislaus.
"Why, this very morning I saw you and you greeted me with a smile! Who would think, you base scoundrel, that

you planned to rape my wife that very night!"

"But, Wasil . . . "

"Enough!" thundered Wasil. "No more of your sniveling. You have violated the code of our fathers, and I must take my legal remedies accordingly."

"Legal remedies?"

"You have taken my wife, Stanislaus; now it is fated that I take yours."

"I have never heard such a code," said Stanislaus; and, indeed, there was none such in existence.

"Do you blame me for your stupidity?" rejoined Wasil. "Come, now; we must go to your house and I shall claim my revenge. Or would you prefer to lose your head instead of your wife's services?"

Stanislaus, knowing how the townspeople looked upon such activities as raping another man's wife, and having no doubt that Wasil would chop off his head should he not get his way—for Wasil was known to be a strong man and one of violent temper—consented to the arrangement; whereupon, he brought Wasil to his wife.

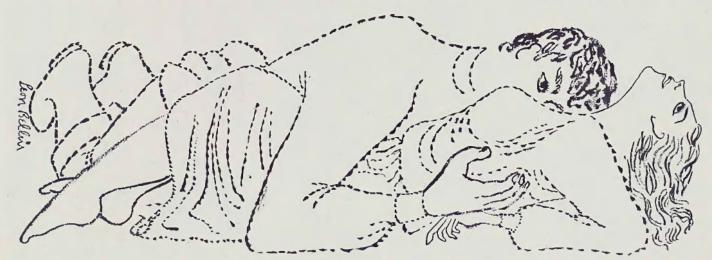
"I now have your husband's permission to take my pleasures with you," Wasil told her. "Do you submit willingly, or shall I resort to force?"

"Go along with him, dear," said Stanislaus with some misgivings. "It is according to the code of our fathers."

Thus encouraged by her husband, Sophie submitted to Wasil's advances with surprising alacrity, and the two dallied together till the cock did crow.

If there be a moral to this, it is: Be you not deceived by the code of the fathers, unless it serve you and not a lowly knave like Wasil the Pole.

-Retold by Paul J. Gillette



BIG MAN ON OR HOW JOE'S CLOTHES BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD SHAME CAMPUS

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE / STARRING CHARACTERS FROM THE SECOND CITY



Are YOU the kind of fellow who comes in SECOND IN A ONE-MAN RACE? Are you SICK AND TIRED of watching FASHIONABLE FRAT MEN beat your time with the KEEN COEDS? Joe was. A social and sartorial DOOR MAT, he used to take it lying down (left) when fellow frosh BIRD-DOGGED DATES from under his nose. How he envied their QUADSIDE MANNER—and their GIFT FOR GARB. FOOTBALL FREDDIE makes points in brushed-wool cordigan, by Lord Jeff, \$17; tapered broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, \$9; cotton corduroy slacks with frontier pockets, by Contact, \$7. At center, DAPPER DAN is bedecked in wool jacket with hacking pockets, side vents, by Cricketeer, \$40; wool worsted cavalry-twill slacks, by Corbin, \$21. NATTY NED, right, sports wool tweed jacket with hacking pockets, side vents, coordinated slacks, by Madisonaire, \$59.50; cotton oxford shirt with box-pleat back, by Sero, \$7. Above: ALL WET FASHION-WISE, Joe wishes he were os tastefully—and dryly—dressed as: SUAVE SAM (front left), in water-repellent fly-front coat with bal collar, split shoulder, zip-on hood, Orlonpile collar and lining, by Tricon, \$50, sueded deerskin gloves with pile lining, by Daniel Hays, \$8; RAH-RAH RALPH (row 2, left) in wool parka with zip front, drawstring waist and hood, slash pockets, by Fox Knapp, \$20; HANDSOME HARRY (center) in wool stadium coat with detachable zip hood, patch-flap and slash pockets, Orlon-pile lining, by McGregor, \$45, mohair hat, by Cap Crafters, \$10; JAUNTY JACK (right) in double-breasted alpaca coot with leather buttons, satin lining, by Marshall Ray, \$55, velour felt hot with hemp band, by Champ, \$12; third-row ROOTER in burnt-green corduroy jacket, reversible to red-green-black plaid, by Zero King, \$45.

Although we can't guarantee that PLAYBOY'S annual campus fashion feature will bring you fame instead of shame (as in the accompanying photo story), we're willing to warrant that if you heed this guide, your peers, especially the fair sex, will regard you as a Big Man On Campus.

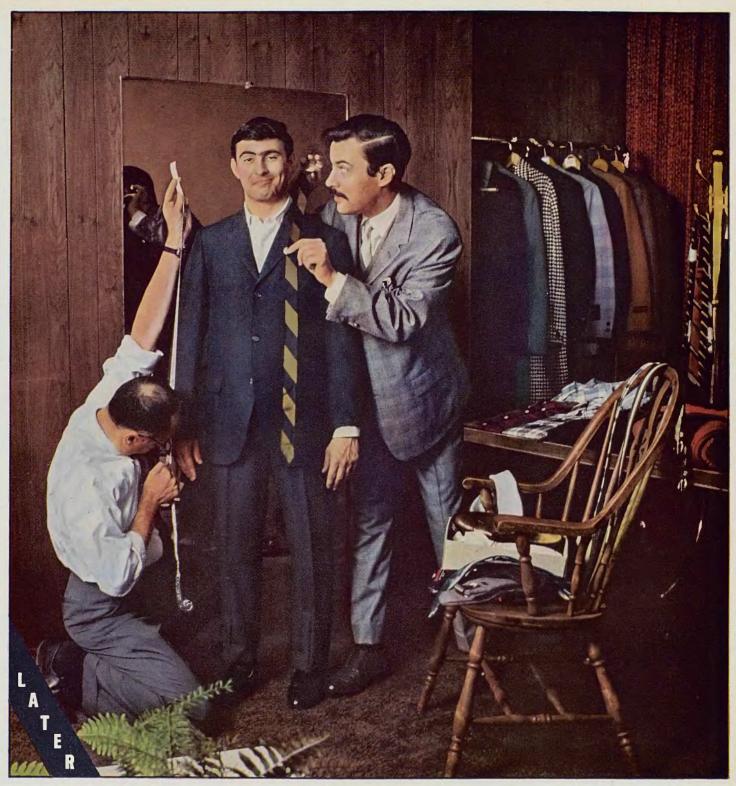
To begin with, potential B.M.O.C.s, ready to enter another academic year, will be glad to know that, more than ever, faddishness in fashions is being supplanted by function: With the avantgarde taking a giant step to the rear, good taste joined by utility will help shape a virile and handsome wardrobe. Particularly heartening to freshmen and transfers heading into unfamiliar terrain is the knowledge that regional trends are making up their differences and giving way to a compatible across-the-country 147



INEXCUSABLY ATTIRED, Joe is SHUNNED by his STYLE-WISE roommates. Hitting the books, they're informally but IMPECCABLY GARBED in (left to right): multicolor boxplaid tapered cotton shirt with buttondown collar, box-pleat back, by Aetna, \$7, and oyster-white wrinkle-resistant cotton twill tapered trousers with extension waistband, Western-style pockets, by Levi Strauss, \$7; bold-striped tan and navy link-stitch sixbutton wool cardigan, by Brentwood, \$18, and gray reverse-twist wool trousers with belt loops, side pockets, noncurl waist, by Asher, \$16; burgundy-toned imported V-neck wool pullover sweater with black-stripe trim, reversible to solid black, by Jantzen, \$35, and navy wool worsted flannel trousers with belt loops, side pockets, by YMM, \$16. Meanwhile, seeking solitary consolation with a copy of EVERYONE'S FAVORITE MAGAZINE FOR MEN, Joe happens onto a FATEFUL FASHION FEATURE. "By George, that's it!" he expostulates, dazzled by visions of a MIRACULOUS TRANSFORMATION from Sad Sack to Sartorial Cynosure. SEE NEXT THRILLING CHAPTER.

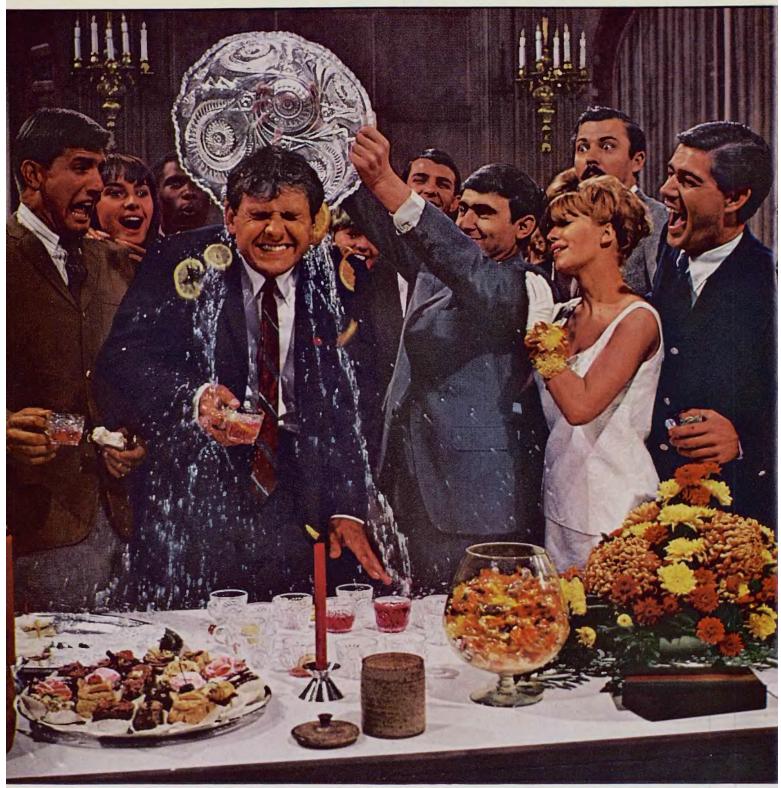
profile; while desirable touches of individuality remain in many areas (most often influenced by climate), collegiate duds throughout the nation are becoming more notable for their similarities than for their disparities. This year's campus fashion forecast is divided into two parts—the first describing those apparel items acceptable on any campus in the country, the second predicting those style variations that will appear in this country's six geographic regions.

Setting the pace for a consistent cam-



Feeling the DYNAMIC, RED-BLOODED VITALITY of new-found SELF-CONFIDENCE surging into his SCRAWNY 97-POUND FRAME, a vital, virile JOE COLLEGE stands straight and tall before the fitting mirror, PROOF POSITIVE that clothes can make the MAN. The embodiment of URBANE UNDERSTATEMENT, Joe's ready for all coed comers in his DANDY NEW DUDS: dark-olive midweight Dacron-Avisco-rayon suit with natural shoulders, three-button front, flap pockets, center hook vent, belt-loop trousers with side pockets, by Sagner-Northweave, \$50. Green and gold rep tie (by Wembley, \$2.50) suggested by salesman will complete ensemble. This latter worthy is himself no less FASHIONABLY OUTFITTED in black-and-white glen-plaid wool suit with oxblood overplaid, natural shoulders, three-button front, flap pockets, center vent, matching vest, belt-loop trousers with side pockets, by Michaels-Stern Ph.D., \$85; ivory-and-black woven silk tie, by 8eau Brummel, \$3.50; and imported white cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, barrel cuffs, by Excello, \$9.

pus silhouette is the blue blazer, which will be the number-one sportswear choice of college men everywhere; sharing its universal acceptance are contrasting grayflannel trousers (we recommend two pairs), followed closely by versatile chinos (three or four pairs). Several other items in the undergraduate's wardrobenotably dress outerwear, dress shirts, dinner jackets, shoes and accessories-vary little from coast to coast. Topping these off is the topcoat; fashion-wise collegians will take along a couple (particularly in 149



That night at the BIG FRAT PARTY: "Here's something I owe you, Dexter Dwillingham III, CAMPUS BULLY, SMARTY PANTS and JADED ROUÉ!" cries OUR MASTERFUL HERO, launching his best SUNDAY PUNCH. "SIGH," breathes Dexter's EX-steady, at right. "Let's get out of here and slip into something comfortable, JOE, DARLING—like my apartment!" "Holey Moley, what a SWELL SUIT!" murmurs male bystander. "Joe's the CAT'S MEOW, all right," another whispers, "in his TASTEFULLY TAILORED glen-plaid wool suit with three-button front, hook vent, flap pockets, matching vest, by Cricketeer, \$70." "Golly gee, you're REGULAR FELLOWS," blurts Joe, "and I must say, you're looking PRETTY SPIFFY yourselves—you there, young Biff. Armstrong, far left, in your wool blazer with flap-patch pockets, hook vent, by College Hall, \$37.50; cotton broadcloth buttondown, by Manhattan, \$6; wool check tie, by Rooster, \$2.50; and yes, even you, ne'er-do-well Reggie Fortesque, far right, in your metal-buttoned wool blazer with flap pockets, hook vent, by Sagner, \$35; and cotton twill buttondown shirt, by Aetna, \$6."

Northern schools; one will do for the South), choosing from among gabardine, tweed balmacaan, reversible tweed/gabardine, or camel's hair for casual wear, while dress-up occasions suggest a darktoned semifitted fly-front Chesterfield, a traditional herringbone cheviot in dark gray, or a double-breasted camel's hair. Rainy-day alternates can be a natural, oyster or tan poplin raglan raincoat (with zip-in liner for cool climes) and a black poplin, while weekend winter jaunts to nearby big cities and year-end



Now occlaimed os BMOC (Best-dressed Mon On Compus), Joe flexes his right eyebrow in the UNRETOUCHED photo obove, surrounded by a KINGLY CACHE of bock-to-compus porophernalia. Friends, this veritable TREASURE TROVE can be yours, too—that's right, we said YOURS. Just pass this page around among your WELL-FIXED lody friends and let them have a BALL with it. Clockwise from Joe (clod here in cable-knit wool sweater, by Lord Jeff, \$21.50; Zontrel cotton twill slacks, by Contact, \$6]: Vespa 150, with 56-mph cruising speed, runs 100 mpg, by Vescony, Inc., \$439; leother wet pack, with Kananga lining, from Rigoud, \$37.50; toxi trunk, from Mark Cross, \$110; imported cone umbrello, from Dunhill, \$15; shetland-wool ploid muffler, \$5; russet mohoir-blend scorf, \$6, both by Hondcraft; tiltoble wolnut bookrest, with stoinless-steel page holders, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$14.95; lomp, with swivel-ormed 2X magnifier for detail work, by Tensor, \$23.50; cordless shaver, with three-month botteries, from Dunhill, \$25.95; Jeother game box, with corved-wood chess set and board, from Mork Cross, \$136; The World of Love, definitive 2-volume reference work, published by George Braziller, \$17.50; 22-oz. Femlin-frescoed ceromic coffee mug, by Ployboy Products, \$5; deluxe-edition Webster's New International Dictionary, \$47.50; block-lizord rodio, from Mark Cross, \$57.95; leather toilet cose, from Dunhill, \$29.50; English-worsted belt, by Canterbury, \$4; silk hondkerchiefs, from Handcraft, \$2.50 each; lightweight portable typewriter, pico or elite type, by Royal, \$109.95; bontom cortridge tope recorder, by Westinghouse, \$69.95; red ploid cotton shirt, by Von Heusen 417; brown-white cotton ploid shirt, by Monhotton; cotton oxford shirt-jocket, by Aetno, all \$6 eoch; flightweight vinyl luggage, with keyless combination locks—five suiter, \$65; one-suiter, \$42.50; briefcose, \$37.50, all by Ventura; precision zoom binoculars, single zoom control, from Edmund Scientific, \$56.10; Polimatic Spectaculars sunglosses, with adjustable rheostat-type light-to-dark lenses, by Renauld, \$15; clock radio, with timer outlet for coffeemoker, etc., by Heothkit, \$29.95; Miriam Makebo's The Voice of Africa, RCA; The Second Barbra Streisand Album, Columbia, both on stereo tope, \$7.95 each; 9-inch Ponosonic TV set, battery or A.C. operated, from Hommacher Schlemmer, \$199.95; automaticthreading, 3-speed, 4-trock stereo tope recorder, with automotic reverse permitting ploy on both sides without rewind, by Ampex, \$499.

homecomings will require a fly-front wool overcoat with pile or fur lining.

Although buttondown shirts are still the correct style for dress, a couple of tab collars or the newer buttonless buttondowns (worn with a collar pin) should fill out a collection of from 18 to 24. Blue and white are the dominant solid shades, but stripes are running wild and we're confident that even such wilder hues as yellow and pink will be appreciated. The only rule in neckwear concerns width: Give your pencil-narrow ties, if you still have any, to your kid brother and take along a dozen of the slightly wider (25/8 to 23/4 inches) cravats. Vivid rep stripes are still popular this year, as are classic wool challis and foulards. To complete your initial assortment, balance these with a standard black knit, some elegant club stripes in the small size and a couple of ancient madders, leaving space on your tie rack, however, for later additions from the campus haberdasher.

For those B. M. O. C.s whose names adorn many debutante invitation lists, there's no question that buying, rather than renting, a dinner jacket or two is the proper step; however, even lesser campus lights enjoy the luxury of swinging off for an occasional weekend without the usual last-minute rental-agency bother. The greatest advantage of owning your own formalwear is that it will be tailored to fit you alone. The classic natural-shoulder black-satin shawl collar jacket is de rigueur, with the white shawl collar jacket a commendable alternate for spring and summer.

For comfortably correct stepping out in any part of the country, we recommend a half-dozen pairs of shoes, selected from among brown cordovan plain-toe bluchers, classic loafers, deserttype boots, black slip-ons, grained wing tips and deck or tennis shoes. A record of heavy snowfall in your area will, of course, require ski or rough hide boots. Your dozen-and-a-half pairs of socks should include dark stretch nylons, white and dark crew socks, and over-thecalf dark ribbed Orlons.

As the popularity of Continental-type, loopless trousers wanes, the importance of belts increases. Since fabric belts are still acceptable, take along a couple from last year; but we prefer the trim appearance of one-and-a-quarter-inch alligator belts in brown or black for dress, while for everyday use, we give the nod to beefy harness leather or web styles. You can fill out your collection of a halfdozen belts with a dull calf and a subdued pigskin. Regardless of your school's climatic conditions, you ought to buy a pair of elegant leather gloves to coordinate with your dress topcoat; frosty weather will require, in addition, a couple of pairs of wool-lined gloves.

Whether or not you plan to partici-152 pate in campus pajama parties, we suggest that you be prepared with three pairs, at least two of them wash-andwear cottons, the third, a warm knit or flannel (even in the South). A pair of robes in different weights-washable cotton or lightweight wool and heavy terry or heavy wool-will also be useful.

The walk-short look will be fashionable this academic year where the weather warrants it: A minimum collection of four pairs, increasing in number the farther South you go, should be built around madras, white ducks, cords and wash-and-wear poplins. A check list of accessories applicable to any school in the U.S.A. includes odd vests you may have, 18 sets of underwear, a dozen handkerchiefs, a pair of slippers, shower clogs, six pocket squares, formal cuff links and studs, toilet kit, pocket secretary, leather wallet, colognes, shaving lotions and a couple of ascots.

Notwithstanding the national trend toward homogeneity in apparel this school year, there are still subtle-but stylishly important-differences among this country's collegiate regions. These distinctions apply primarily to suits, sweaters, sportswear and hats, all discussed in the pertinent sections that follow.

THE NORTHEAST: The three-button natural-shoulder suit still reigns supreme on campuses from Harvard Square to Brooklyn College (and elsewhere throughout the U.S.A.), the only change from last year being that dark shades are no longer mandatory. A balanced selection of four suits will include a navy worsted, medium-gray sharkskin, tan or brown cheviot herringbone and a renascent Donegal tweed, clay-colored Shetland or natural gabardine. (Vests are optional with the light shades.) The correct leisure accent begins with the obligatory blue blazer and goes on to pale, bold-patterned tweeds, camel blazers and, for the warm months, lightweight seersucker jackets. Ten pairs of coordinating slacks-semidress and casualmay be chosen from among dark- and medium-gray flannel, olive hopsack, chino, whipcord and cavalry twill, with dark corduroys and washable whites rising in favor this season among campus pacesetters.

Predictably frigid winter months in New England and the mid-Atlantic states will require, in addition to your overcoat and topcoat, a full complement of casual outerwear. A quilted ski parka, short loden duffel coat and mammoth-plaid jacket will put you in warm shape for anything from quadside snowball fights to gridiron gatherings, while a lightweight tan poplin golf jacket will keep the nip in the air during autumn woodland walks. For under-the-parka comfort, or a welcome touch of color on brisk spring mornings, take along an assortment of six sweaters, including a couple of V-neck pullovers, a crew neck, a cardigan and a boat neck. Cotton and

wool jersey turtleneck pullovers in solid shades of white, black and blue will be providing a rakish under-the-sport-shirt look-speaking of which, we suggest a half-dozen sport shirts in solid knits, madras plaids, bold stripes and dark solids.

The top of the male profile will be capped with a wide variety of headgear in the Northeast: Ivy Leaguers will be at their dressed-up best in center-crease felts with raw or welt edges in olive, gray or mustard tan. For between-classes wear, the poplin rain hat is still a favorite, as is the knitted toque for ski weekends and snow festivals; for a casual topper with a little more flair, take along a velour or tweed cap.

THE SOUTHEAST: Still maintaining its reputation as the best-dressed campus region in the country, the Southeast combines high standards of fashion awareness with deceptively variable temperatures, thus requiring a wardrobe chosen with special care. For seminars, socials and vacation visits back home, a minimum of four natural-shoulder suits is essential. Although the vest is no longer mandatory, it will still be worn by fashion leaders, who will also set the pace with such suits as navy-blue worsteds, glen plaids, and light-toned tweeds and cheviots. Or, you may also choose from among a vested whipcord outfit in natural shades, a light-brown tweed or a black-and-white herringbone tweed.

A leisurely look can be achieved with a trio of blazers (one blue, one camel and the third gray or green), an outspoken herringbone tweed jacket in black and white, a windowpane bold tan Shetland and a brown tweed. Coordinate these with two pairs of light-gray flannels (to go with your blazers), four pairs of tan chinos, two pairs of blue (dark and medium) poplins, a pair of natural whipcords and a blue-gray worsted hopsack. Since the position of the sport shirt on Southeastern campuses is presently in flux, we suggest that you take no more than six-a couple of solid knits, a pair in dark solid colors, a madras and a bold stripe-and see what happens as the season develops.

You'll need only a minimum of really warm-weather apparel in the Southeast. For dressing up, be sure to have at least one topcoat, and, for casual wear, choose from among nylon shells in red, yellow, blue or white, madras pullovers, black or tan poplin golf jackets and fleece-lined waist-length poplins. Sweaters, on the other hand, will make up an important part of your wardrobe; we think you should be prepared with an ample assortment of V necks and cardigans in Shetland, lamb's wool and camel's hair, as well as a sumptuous cashmere or two. Sweater shades in this area are seen rather than heard, so play it safe with camel shades, followed by wine, navy blue and dark green. Since hats are optional, you

(concluded on page 158)

GROVER DILL AND THE TASMANIAN DEVIL

out of the darkness screamed the fanged and maniacal carnivore that lurks in each of us at age thirteen

memoir By JEAN SHEPHERD The male human animal, skulking through the impenetrable, fetid jungle of kidhood, learns early in the game just what sort of animal he is. The jungle he stalks is a howling tangled wilderness, infested with crawling, flying, leaping, nameless dangers. There are occasional brilliant patches of passionate orchids and other sweet flowers and succulent fruits, but they are rare. He daily does battle with horrors and emotions that he will spend the rest of his life trying to forget or suppress. Or recapture.

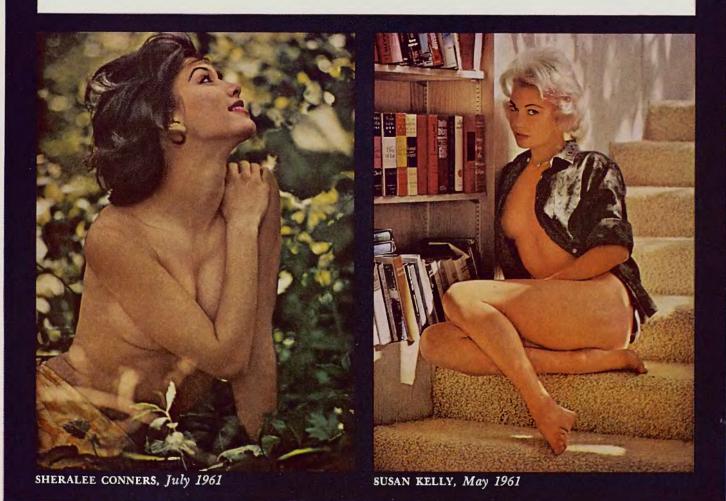
His jungle is a wilderness he will never fully escape, but those first early years, when the bloom is on the peach and the milk teeth have just barely departed, are the crucial days in the great education. I am not at all sure that girls have even the slightest hint that there is such a jungle. But no man is really qualified to say. Most wildernesses are masculine, anyway.

And one thing that must be said about a wilderness, in contrast to the supple silkiness of civilization, is that the basic, primal elements of existence are laid bare and raw. And can't be ducked. It is in this jungle that all men find out about themselves. Things we all know, (continued on page 187)

Playmates Revisited · 1961

playboy encores its eighth year's gatefold girls

HEREWITH, the eighth step in our Tenth Anniversary romp down Playmate Memory Lane, to be followed shortly by a December Readers' Choice portfolio. The phenomenal growth of PLAYBOY was reflected in its eighth year by a torrent of mail responses to 1961's gatefold girls. So many readers raved about Christa Speck (September) that her total has never been topped; Speck-tacular Christa (38-22-36) later appeared in the Playmate Holiday House Party feature (December 1961), which garnered additional overwhelming male reaction; shortly thereafter, PLAYBOY's editors unanimously selected her the Playmate of the Year. Christa's bosom companion, Heidi Becker (June), a strudel-sweet Austrian, elicited enough letters to place her third in all-time Playmate popularity; our mail room also worked overtime toting billets-doux for Barbara Ann Lawford (February) and Connie Cooper (January). Sheralee Conners (July) and Lynn Karrol (December), having tasted gatefold fame, opted for cottontailing and became two of New York's most popular Bunnies; admirers may also recognize Lynn as one of Peter Sellers' charmers in his movie-lover parody (PLAYBOY, April 1964), and Sheralee via her appearance on Steve Allen's show, when she tutored him on the techniques of Bunnying. If you've already decided on your ten favorite Playmates of the Decade, send in your choices now. Any girl who appeared between December 1953 and December 1963 is eligible for our year-end portfolio.









HEIDI BECKER, June 1961

BARBARA ANN LAWFORD, February 1961





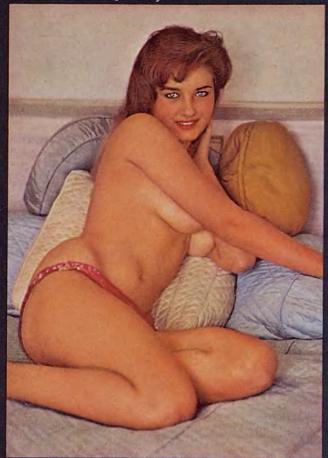
NANCY NIELSEN, April 1961

LYNN KARROL, December 1961

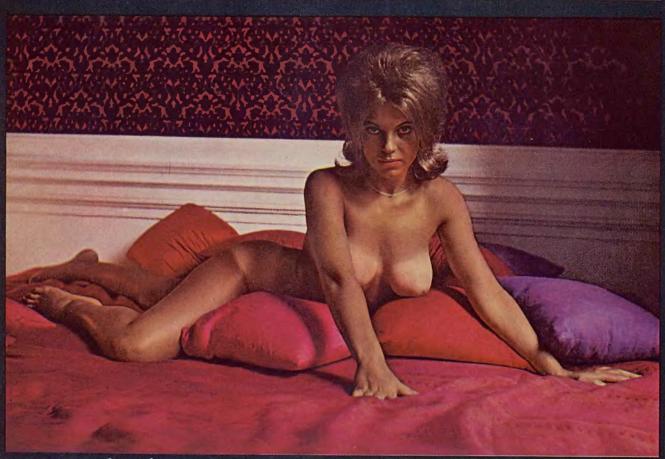




TONYA CREWS, March 1961







CHRISTA SPECK, September 1961

B.M.O.C. (continued from page 152)

can get by with a rain hat and perhaps a sporty tweed cap.

THE DEEP SOUTH: The formula for Deep Southern fashion tastes is dictated by equal parts of sunshine, quality-consciousness and orthodoxy. Accordingly, the natural-shoulder suit-with vest (in spite of the weather)-prevails unquestionably. An array of four light- and middleweight suits, varying in tone and texture from navy-blue to medium-gray herringbone, understated glen plaid, tan gabardine and washable tan poplin, will be an unimpeachable assortment for any social diversion from fraternity bashes to weekend sorties in New Orleans, Atlanta or Palm Beach. Since the Southern sportswear accent is influenced by resort trends, your sports jackets should be appropriately freewheeling. We suggest several bold plaids on light grounds, a vibrantly toned madras, a couple of seersuckers and a camel blazer (in addition to the indispensable blue blazer). Ten pairs of slacks, including a large proportion of washable blends in tan, blue and olive, will suitably round out your casual ensembles.

Although warm outerwear is rarely needed here, the Southern student will want to be ready for unseasonably cold days with a fleece-lined poplin and a brightly colored nylon shell. Sweaters, likewise, are exceptional rather than standard, but a couple, similar in style to those worn by Southeastern matriculants, will come in handy for autumnal events. The sport-shirt scene, on the other hand, is very much alive, with buttondown collars the style-wise choice. Madras in both light and dark grounds, as well as vivid solid shades, will be the prevailing hues, but you can vary your collection with a couple of solid-color knits and some Henley crew shirts.

THE MIDWEST: The predictably unpredictable extremes of weather in mid-America dictate a full complement of outerwear matched by a suitable array of warm-weather apparel for early fall and late spring. With the Ivy League three-button suit as unquestioned here as it ever was (and vests de rigueur), you'll want to start out with a herringbone, cheviot or glen plaid in revived brown tones, supplemented by a heather mix of olive or blue in tweed, a gray flannel and a dark-blue worsted sharkskin; include, for warmer days, a tropicalweight blend in either black or navy. For quadrangle bull sessions and beer-hall elbow bending, a jaunty leisure look can be achieved with sports jackets in bold tweeds, also light-colored but outspoken patterns of plaid Shetland and brown herringbone. Slacks coordinates will range from the classic gray flannels to taupe corduroys, olive gabardines, tan chinos, worsted whipcords 158 and, for late spring, washable whites.

One of the brighter aspects of matriculating in the Midwest is the wide variety of great-looking winterwear you can add to your wardrobe. Prismatic ski parkas, suave suede jackets, virile loden and duffel coats are all nifty for the casual campus scene, while, for weekend dates in Chicago or St. Louis, this season's furcollared tweed coats and handsome pileor fur-lined jackets are noteworthy. For wintry under-the-coat comfort, bulky ski sweaters and classic V-neck Shetlands are top choices; since there are few hard-fast rules regarding knitwear in the Midwest, the balance of your initial four-sweater assortment may be freely selected. Going counter to the national trend toward lighter colors, this section favors deepdyed shades in sport shirts. We recommend, as your first choice, several of these in solid colors, supplemented by a madras, a couple of bold stripes and plaid patterns, making a total of eight.

THE SOUTHWEST: The give and take of fashion influences is seen most clearly in this sharply individualistic area. Harness-leather belts and bold brass buckles originated here and are now seen all over the country; similarly, fields of Southwest-inspired wheat jeans are being cultivated as far North as Seattle, as far East as Princeton; modified Western boots and ten-gallon hats, also born and bred in this region, have become a frequent item on campuses everywhere. Conversely, the traditional natural-shoulder outline is so firmly entrenched here that it brooks no exceptions. You'll need four suits, and we think you'll be decorously attired in a vested navy worsted, a dark-gray flannel, a light-gray herringbone and a medium-gray glen plaid.

For an impeccable leisure look, we recommend five sports jackets: a camel blazer added to your necessary navy jacket, a seersucker in burgundy, a medium plaid Shetland and a rugged herringbone tweed. Ten pairs of slacks, chosen from among basic gray flannels and chinos for chill Southwestern evenings, and wash-and-wear summerweights for blistering high noons, will coordinate correctly. Outerwear, too, should be chosen with an eye to the thermometer: For after-dinner playmate prospecting, take along a quilted nylon ski jacket, a lined waist-length jacket, or a three-quarterlength car coat.

Southwestern tastes in sweaters range from wild to woolly, with undergraduates competing to see who can accumulate a larger and more colorful collection. Accordingly, you'll need a minimum of eight, varying these from regulation camel's-hair cardigans to Shetland and lamb's-wool crew necks and V necks, from mohairs, alpacas and heather mixes to flag-bright bulky knits and ski types. In a reversal of last year's trend toward subdued tones, standard sport-shirt styles

will be seen in vivid bursts of color, Ban-Lon and cotton knits will show up in every hue, and madras in bold plaids promises to be popular. To balance your assortment of 12 shirts, include a couple of conservative hopsacks in dark solid tones. Although bare heads are OK in this section, you may want a rain hat and gray center-crease felt for dates, and a cloth tweed lid for informal occasions.

THE WEST COAST: Nowhere in the United States are fashion preferences so sharply unpredictable as in the freewheeling Western states, which, from an apparel point of view, have little in common other than a justified reputation for sartorial independence. West Coasters, for example, will depart from nationwide style trends by sporting jaunty short-sleeve cardigans, venturesome selfsupporting slacks and evening suits in glistening mohair. Even though the natural-shoulder accent is prevalent in the Pacific States, its importance is attenuated by a universal casualness of dress that is acceptable for even the most formal occasions. Since you won't need the collection of four vested suits standard for most other campuses, choose a couple or three from among sharkskins in black, navy or gray, natural gabardine and taupe hopsack. Naturally, your leisure wardrobe will be correspondingly large: Complement your blue blazer with one in olive or camel; add to these an assortment of sports jackets in gray herringbone tweed, madras, seersucker and blended polyester-worsted (in one of the new clay tones). Complete your casual ensembles with several pairs of the standard flannel and worsted trousers, plus an ample supply of lightweights (the number determined by your geographical location), and leave room on your slacks rack for a pair or two of locally purchased beltless trousers.

Northwestern matriculants will need a full supply of outerwear, including at least a ski parka, a corduroy stadium coat and a three-quarter-length cameltoned raglan with leather trim. For California, any one of these, or a navy convoy coat, will be sufficient. Because there are no definitive sweater trends in the West, you can take along anything from lamb's wool to cashmere, from light alpaca to heavy bulky knits. We recommend at least a dozen sport shirts, all buttondown except for a selection of solid knits and a sweat shirt or two. Colors run rampant here, so take your pick of many hues in velours, madras, bold stripes, hopsacks and tartans. Since hats are optional, don't burden your skull with more than a couple: a poplin for rain and a tweed cap for dates.

There it is. School fashions have never been better looking-yet more masculine -than they will be this year. Relax and enjoy them.



Do you know that the odds are 200 to 1 against your finding the world's smoothest Scotch?

There are at least that many Scotch whiskies on the market. But only one is smoothest.

How, then, do you find it?

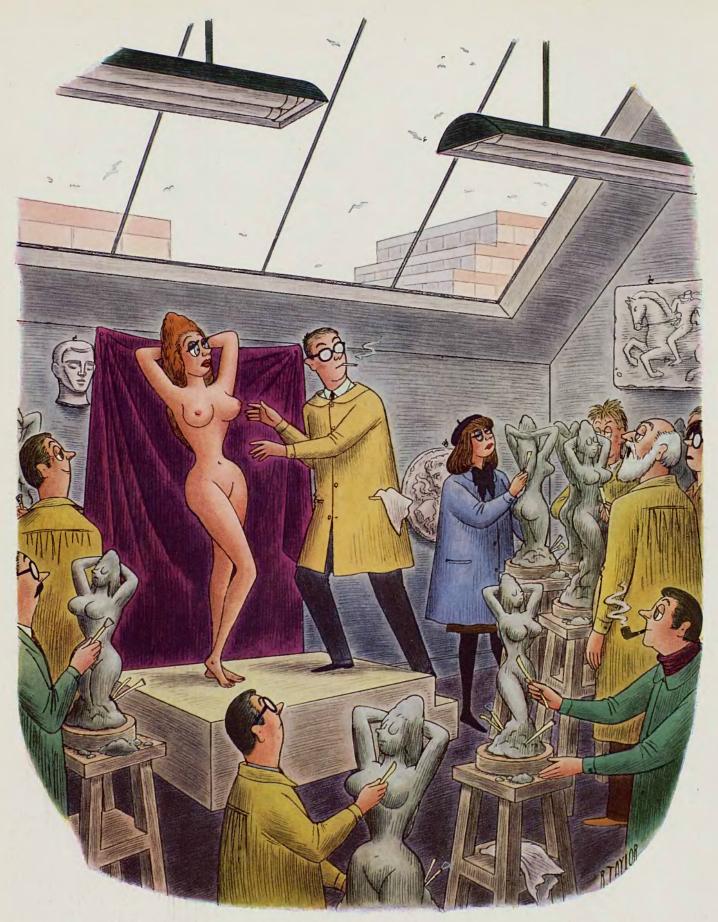
Sampling each could take months. And color is no guide: lightness or darkness has nothing whatever to do with smoothness.

But you can eliminate all the odds with just one sip if you head straight for Johnnie Walker Red.

You'll find it smooth, and satisfying.

So very smooth, so very satisfying, that Johnnie Walker Red is the largest-selling Scotch whisky in the world.





"Uh, Hutchins . . . when I remarked that you weren't getting enough feeling into your work, I was speaking in terms of aesthetics . . ."

in jail or both. Quite obviously, as Judge Ploscowe observes, "The left hand of the law does not know what the right hand is doing." Quite obviously, too, those 31 residents of Seattle, who were arrested for adultery and fornication, would have had a happier, less harried year if they'd been residents of New York instead.

Kinsey offers this interesting comment on the capricious manner in which our state fornication and adultery statutes are administered: "Extramarital coitus is rarely prosecuted because its existence rarely becomes known to any third party. Even when it does become known, the matter is rarely taken to criminal court. Most of the cases which we have seen in penal institutions were prosecuted because of some social disturbance that had grown out of the extramarital activity, as when a wife had complained, or when the family had been neglected or deserted as a result of the extramarital relationships. . . . Not infrequently the prosecutions represented attempts on the part of neighbors or relatives to work off grudges that had developed over other matters. In this, as in many other areas, the law is most often utilized by persons who have ulterior motives for causing difficulties for the nonconformant individuals. Not infrequently the prosecutions represent attempts by sheriffs, prosecutors, or other law-enforcement officers to work off personal or political grudges by taking advantage of extramarital relationships which they may have known about and ignored for some time before they became interested in prosecuting.'

Kinsey then notes that in Boston, one of the few large cities in which there is an active use of the adultery law, the statute appears to serve chiefly as a means of placing heavier penalties on prostitution than the directly applicable statute provides. This explains the disproportionate female-male ratio to be found in the statistics cited for that city.

PROSECUTION FOR COHABITATION

Fifteen states have laws against what is termed "lewd and lascivious" cohabitation, which, upon investigation, turns out to be nothing more than an unmarried couple living together as man and wife, or carrying on an extended affair in what is deemed to be an "open and notorious" manner. One might logically assume that society would prefer this more permanent sort of liaison to the promiscuous, hit-and-run variety, but it must be obvious by now that logic has nothing to do with our sex legislation and, in general, the penalties for cohabitation are greater than for random fornication. In fact, Arkansas, California, Louisiana and New Mexico, which do not have laws against either fornication or adultery, do have statutes prohibiting cohabitation.

And in Arkansas, the more constant a fellow is to the girl of his dreams, the rougher things get: His first conviction for living with the lady brings only a small fine (\$20 to \$100); the second conviction for cohabitation boosts the fine to a minimum of \$100 and a maximum that is left to the discretion of the kindly old reprobate on the bench, whoshould judicial ire be provoked by the defendant, for taking a local pussycat out of circulation with such an illicit bed-and-board arrangement-can elect to slap the fellow in the pokey for 12 months: the third time around, the constancy of the relationship is rewarded with a prison sentence of from one to three years.

On the other hand, if the same brash lad turned into a promiscuous version of the Arkansas Traveler, never tarrying in any one domicile for more than a night or two, he could visit every maid and madam in the community-including the judge's wife and daughter-with nary a fear of legal reprisal.

This tendency to deal more harshly with long-lasting relationships than with short-lived ones is also reflected in a number of the adultery and fornication statutes, which are worded in such a way as to make them actually laws against cohabitation. A number of lower court convictions for fornication and adultery have also been reversed by the higher courts, because no more than a single assignation, or two, was involved.

The prejudice against more permanent nonmarital affairs is justified by the proposition that they have a greater tendency to "debase and lower the standard of public morals," because they are less furtive, less secretive, are more open and available to public scrutiny. But we fail to see the logic in a legal position that promotes the promiscuous, and prefers the hidden over the honestly open; nor are we able to comprehend how the same act can be legal when it occurs once, or a few times, but becomes illegal when it occurs more frequently.

This peculiar wrinkle in our sex legislation was conceived, we suspect, so that citizens could not easily enjoy the pleasures of hearth and home without the official church-state seal of approval. Such control over our private lives provides the Establishment with power; such power begets more power, which is used to further restrain us. It is a power that should rightly rest with the individual, we think, rather than with our government.

TWO CASES OF ADULTERY

A single act of nonmarital sex is sometimes quite sufficient, of course. And an act of adultery may be prosecuted, even when perpetrated with the approval of the spouse, as an Oregon gentleman named Ayles learned the hard way. In the case of State vs. Ayles, a man was arrested for adultery for having had intercourse with a married woman. (As we have noted previously, in The Playboy Philosophy, February 1964, adultery is variously defined in the different states, sometimes including only the married members in extramarital affairs, and sometimes including the unmarried members as well.) During the trial Ayles offered to prove that the woman's husband had induced the adulterous relationship by leaving the couple alone, after making various remarks and innuendoes indicating to the defendant that whatever occurred would be all right with him. The Court excluded this evidence. The conviction was upheld on the ground that even if the husband had induced the relationship, the defendant was still guilty.

In an even more unusual case, commented upon in the February installment, intercourse between a husband and wife was construed to be adultery by the Court (State vs. Grengs, Wisconsin, 1948). The court record indicates that a man and woman were married in Wisconsin and subsequently separated, the wife moving to Minnesota. The husband then obtained a divorce in Wisconsin; under Wisconsin law, the divorce was not final for one year. During the year, the woman remarried in Iowa. Under Iowa law the second marriage was valid, despite the Wisconsin one-year waiting period. The newly married couple then decided to return to Wisconsin to liveand that was a mistake. They were arrested, tried and convicted of adultery, because under Wisconsin law the wife was still married to her first husband.

SEX AND UNCLE SAM

In addition to the state statutes, the Federal Government also has a law, commonly referred to as the Mann Act (after Representative James Robert Mann, who drafted it), which has been used to prosecute acts of nonmarital sex. Though officially titled the White-slave-traffic Act, and passed by the U.S. Congress in 1910 to curb interstate prostitution, the law reads, "Any person who shall knowingly transport or cause to be transported, or aid or assist in obtaining transportation for . . . any woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or debauchery, or for any other immoral purpose . . . shall be deemed guilty of a felony." The Federal Courts have interpreted "any other immoral purpose" to include simple fornication-nonmarital intercourse between consenting adultsand the maximum penalty prescribed is a fine of \$5000, or five years in prison, or both; if the girl involved is under the age of 18, the potential penalty is a 161 \$10,000 fine and/or imprisonment for up to ten years.

A young man who takes his girlfriend with him on a vacation is subject to prosecution under the Mann Act, if they travel from one state to another-even if neither of the states has laws against fornication. The young man may be found guilty under this law, even if he and his girl are not actually intimate; intention is sufficient: If he merely considered the possibility of their being intimate when he was making preparations for the trip, and she later refused him, he is guilty.

The first unfortunate fellow to be convicted in this manner was a Californian named Caminetti who took a female friend to Reno with him for the weekend. Writer Alan Holmes commented on this case in an article on the subject in PLAYBOY (The Mann Act, June 1959), concluding: "Clearly, it had not been the intention of Congress to apply the Mann Act to this kind of peccadillobut in order to revise the law to conform to its original purpose, some brave Congressman would have had to propose an amendment which would surely result in his being tagged throughout the land as an advocate of sin. A Congressman that brave was not to be found at the time, and none has appeared since.

"Appellate courts have consistently ruled, therefore, that premarital intercourse comes under the heading of 'any other immoral purpose . . . ' " Mr. Caminetti's weekend in Reno cost him a \$1500 fine and 18 months in prison.

PROSECUTION OF NONCOITAL SEX

Just as the penalties for noncoital sex acts are more severe, so are they also more frequently applied. This is because, as Kinsey states, "There has been an insistence under our English-American codes that the simpler and more direct a sexual relation, the more completely it is confined to genital coitus, and the less the variation which enters into the performance of the act, the more acceptable the relationship is morally."

As previously stated, the sodomy laws of America are actually a catchall for every manner of nonprocreative sexual behavior. They are primarily used to prosecute offenses of a homosexual nature, but the statutes are written so as to apply to heterosexual noncoital acts as well. And none of the sodomy statutes of the United States makes any distinction regarding the marital status of the

Kinsey states, "It is not often realized that the [sexual] techniques which are employed in marriage may be subject to the same legal restrictions which are placed on those techniques when they occur between persons who are not wedded spouses. . . . In most states the sodomy acts are so worded that they would 162 apply to mouth-genital contacts and to anal [intercourse] between married spouses, as well as to both heterosexual and homosexual relations outside of marriage. . . . While the laws are more commonly enforced in regard to such relations outside of marriage, there are instances of spouses whose oral activities became known to their children and through them to the neighborhood, and ultimately led to prosecution and penal sentences for both husband and wife."

There are court decisions not involving a husband and wife that have confirmed the applicability of these sodomy statutes to married couples also. In the case of State vs. Nelson in Minnesota, for example, the Court stated: "It is not the normal sexual act that this statute aims at. Rather and only it is the unnatural and prohibited way of satisfying sexual desires that the statute is designed to punish. Thus husband and wife, if violating this statute, could undoubtedly be punished, whereas the normal sexual act would not only be legal but perhaps entirely proper."

Circumstantial evidence may be sufficient to obtain a conviction and the mere attempt to commit the act may be all that is required. The Alabama law states: "An offense may be proven under this section as in other cases, by circumstantial evidence, when positive proof is wanting" and "... A conviction may be had for attempt to commit an offense denounced by this section."

It is actually possible for a husband to be arrested and convicted of sodomy for simply suggesting to his wife that their marital sex might be more satisfying if it included something more than simple intercourse. Kinsey reports, "One case even goes so far as to uphold the conviction of a man for soliciting his wife to commit sodomy.'

Kinsey's records include "cases of persons who were convicted because one of the spouses objected, or because some other person became aware that oral or anal play had been included in the marital activities." He goes on to say, "In those states where the definition of cruelty as one of the grounds for divorce includes 'personal indignities' or 'mental cruelty,' divorce cases involving either the husband's or wife's desires or demands for the use of oral techniques are not infrequent." Ploscowe reports that in 1951 an appellate court in Pennsylvania had two such divorce proceedings in a single day (Glick vs. Glick, in which the wife asked for the relations; and Kranch vs. Kranch, in which the request came from the husband).

New scientific insights regarding the sexual nature of man have considerably altered society's views on this subject in recent years. What was once considered "unnatural" is now recognized as perfectly normal and, in many instances, desirable, since such noncoital techniques can add appreciably to the pleasure and satisfaction gained by both partners in the sexual act.

Most modern marriage manuals and experts in the field of sex education endorse a natural freedom in the love play that accompanies coitus; they indicate that the intimate preliminaries that precede the actual act of intercourse can be extremely important to the success of the coitus itself; they conclude that no intimacy that brings pleasure to both partners in the relationship should be considered improper or taboo.

This quote from Sexual Harmony in Marriage by Dr. Oliver M. Butterfield is typical: "Any position is proper which permits full satisfaction for both parties. All parts of the body are proper for use if they can be made to contribute to the general goal without giving offense to the taste or feelings of either partner, and if neither partner is harmed thereby."

D. Stanley Jones states, in a volume published by Medical Press: "Many of the variants of conventional sexual technique which were formerly regarded as perversions are now acknowledged as playing a legitimate part in the forepleasure that leads up to happily consummated intercourse. . . . It is now recognized that any form of bodily manipulation which can be used as an adjunct to mutual sex orgasm may in no way be regarded as a perverse or unnatural addiction."

Dr. Albert Ellis writes, in an article published in Marriage and Family Living: "The only true sexual 'perversion' is a fetish or rigidity which convinces an individual that he or she can only have satisfactory sex relations in one method or position. The great majority of sexual 'perverts' in this country are not sadists, homosexuals, exhibitionists, or similar deviates, but 'normal' married individuals who only enjoy one method of coitus . . . because they are afraid or ashamed to try the dozens of other sexual variations that are easily available to them."

The attitude of most organized religion has also changed in this regard. A majority of the contemporary Protestant and Jewish clergy who offer guidance in this area expound the same enlightened viewpoint on the naturalness of noncoital sex as do the secular experts. The Catholic Church holds a similar view, restricted only by the dictum that the natural end of the sexual association must always remain coitus, and thus procreation.

But in offering such sound advice, the marriage counselors, educators, scientists and clergy are actually inviting their fellow citizens to commit criminal acts in their bedrooms-acts that are prohibited by law almost everywhere in America. with lengthy prison sentences prescribed for the guilty.

Almost all U.S. sex laws are woefully unrelated to the realities of contemporary society, but the disparity is nowhere more evident than in the legislation designed to suppress "unnatural" sex behavior.

Until quite recently, every state in the Union had a sodomy law and/or similar legislation on "perversion" and "crimes against nature." In 1961, in a moment of rare sexual enlightenment for a U.S. legislative body, the lawmakers of Illinois repealed their statute on sodomy, which was typical of those described in this editorial, including the usual prohibitions against unnatural acts with man or beast. As of this writing, none of the legislatures of the other 49 states has seen fit to follow Illinois' lead. Nor is the current Illinois position as rational or permissive as this particular legislative action suggests. For the lawmakers repealed the state's sodomy statute, but left standing those for fornication and adultery. This puts Illinois in the interesting position of being more tolerant of homosexual than heterosexual sex; of permitting "unnatural" acts between partners of the same or opposite sex, while prohibiting acts of "natural" intercourse. (See letter of comment on this matter from Charles H. Bowman, Professor of Law at the University of Illinois, who was Chairman of the Drafting Subcommittee of the Joint Committee to Revise the Illinois Criminal Code, in The Playboy Forum in this issue.)

Ploscowe writes, "While it would appear that there is a definite softening of the legislative attitude toward the crime of sodomy in certain jurisdictions, there is no uniform profile of improvement or progress in this area. Here and there, retrogression in the form of increasingly severe penalties may be observed.

"Formerly, sodomy in Arkansas was punishable by a minimum prison term of five years. But in 1955, owing to the fact that juries for a long time had evidently displayed reluctance to condemn defendants to five years' imprisonment for the crime, the Arkansas legislature reduced the minimum penalty to one year. [In five states the minimum sentence is still five years and in one it is seven.]

"In a counter direction, just a few years earlier, Arizona, which previously had on the books a one-to-five-year range of prison penalties for sodomy, in 1951 increased the limits to five to twenty years

"The severity of the penalties against sodomy and crimes against nature in so many jurisdictions indicates that the law has lost little of the abhorrence for aberrant sex behavior expressed by the early text writers [i.e., Blackstone, quoted earlier]. It is even more clearly revealed in the laws of states like Wyoming and Indiana. These states punish a completed act of sexual intercourse between a man and a girl under 21 as fornication, with imprisonment of three months and six months respectively. The masturbation

of such a girl in those states would be sodomy, punishable by maximum imprisonments of five years and fourteen years respectively."

PROSECUTION OF HOMOSEXUALITY

All of the methods of sexual gratification that are commonly employed in a homosexual relationship are prohibited under our sodomy laws; and the statutes are more frequently enforced against homosexual than heterosexual partners. What is less commonly recognized is that almost all of the prosecutions for homosexual behavior are against males, although acts of female homosexuality (Lesbianism) are quite common.

Kinsey states, "Our search through the several hundred sodomy opinions which have been reported in this country between 1696 and 1952 has failed to reveal a single case sustaining the conviction of a female for homosexual activity. Our examination of the records of all the females admitted to the Indiana Women's Prison between 1874 and 1944 indicates that only one was sentenced for homosexual activity, and that was for activ-

ity which had taken place within the walls of another institution. Even in such a large city as New York, the records covering the years 1930 to 1939 show only one case of a woman convicted of homosexual sodomy, while there were over 700 convictions of males on homosexual charges, and several thousand cases of males prosecuted for public indecency, or for solicitation, or for other activity which was homosexual. In our own more recent study of the enforcement of sex law in New York City we find three arrests of females on homosexual charges in the last ten years, but all of those cases were dismissed, although there were some tens of thousands of arrests and convictions of males charged with homosexual activity in that same period of time."

Several of the state statutes on sodomy do not apply to female homosexuality, including those of Connecticut, Georgia, Kentucky, South Carolina and Wisconsin. A footnote to the Georgia statute states: "Crime of sodomy as defined in this section cannot be accomplished between two women; hence person convicted in indictment charging her with



"Say, you're not in Cosa Nostra for the FBI, are you?"



"It isn't off any of my wigs."

sodomy, both participants in act being alleged to be females, will be discharged on habeas corpus on ground that she is being illegally restrained of her liberty, in that indictment on which she was convicted was null and void."

Heterosexual cunnilingus (mouth-genital act performed upon the female) has been held not to be "the crime against nature" by the courts in Illinois (prior to repeal of Illinois' sodomy statute), Mississippi and Ohio, and the decisions would presumably apply to homosexual cunnilingus as well. There is also some doubt as to whether the laws in Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa and Nebraska would apply to female homosexuality. In those states in which sodomy includes fellatio, but not cunnilingus, a heterosexual act of oral-genital intercourse performed upon a male by a female is a crime, but a homosexual act of oral-genital intercourse performed by a female upon another female is not.

The legal leniency shown female homosexual behavior is consistent with the traditional religious attitude on the subject. The ancient Hittite code condemned only male homosexuality, and 164 that only under certain circumstances,

and made no mention of homosexual activity among females. Similarly, the references to homosexual activity in the Bible and in the Talmud apply primarily to the male. The condemnations were severe and usually called for the death of the transgressing male, but they rarely mentioned female activity, and when they did, no severe penalties were proposed. In medieval European history there are abundant records of death imposed upon men for sexual activities with other men, but very few recorded cases of similar action against women.

This inconsistency in attitude toward male and female homosexuality is probably a result of the differing social and legal status of the sexes in the past. Being socially less important than males, the private activities of females were more or less ignored, except where another man was involved. (We have previously commented upon the manner in which our modern prohibitions against adultery grew out of the early concept of women being the property of men; thus to use another man's wife sexually was a crime against property; the moral significance was not added until

The prosecution of male homosexuality in the United States is not declining; if anything, it is on the increase. Ploscowe notes, for example, that during the ten years from 1930 to 1940, the New York City Police Department reported a total of 1396 arrests for sodomy, or an average of only 139.6 per year: during the eight-year period from 1950 through 1957 (the last year in which sodomy statistics were listed separately), a total of 2637 arrests were listed, an average of 329.6 per year. The great majority of these arrests were for homosexual acts, and these figures do not include the many thousands of additional arrests for homosexual behavior on other than sodomy charges.

In an excellent article, titled "Homosexuality in America," in their issue of June 26, 1964, Life comments on the current get-tough attitude of officials in California and Florida: "As part of its antihomosexual drive the Los Angeles police force has compiled an 'educational' pamphlet for law-enforcement officers entitled Some Characteristics of the Homosexual. The strongly opinionated pamphlet includes the warning that what the homosexuals really want is 'a fruit world.'

"In their unrelenting crackdown on homosexuals the Los Angeles police use two approaches: One is an effort to deter homosexual activity in public, and the other is an arrest effort. . . . To arrest homosexuals the police have an undercover operation in which officers dressed to look like homosexuals-tight pants, sneakers, sweaters or jackets-prowl the streets and bars. The officers are instructed never to make an overt advance: They can only provide an opportunity for the homosexual to proposition them. Arrests are made after the officer has received a specific proposition."

Life mentions that the legislatures of some states, including New York and California, are currently considering penal code revisions similar to Illinois', which would remove the restrictions on homosexual acts between consenting adults. "But in Florida," the article continues, "early this year the Legislative Investigation Committee's consideration of homosexuality produced an inflammatory report, calling for tougher laws to support the conclusion that 'the prob-Iem today is one of control, and that established procedures and stern penalties will serve both as encouragement to law-enforcement officials and as a deterrent to the homosexual [who is] hungry for youth.' Its recommendations would make psychiatric examination of offenders mandatory and create a control file on homosexuals which would be available to public employment agencies throughout the state. The report, which included an opening-page picture of two men kissing and photographs of nude men and boys, was so irresponsible that it brought attacks from the Dade County state's attorney and the Miami Herald, which described it as an 'official obscenity.'

Some authorities have suggested that homosexuality is itself increasing, but Kinsey's statistics tend to refute this assumption; he found little difference in the incidence of this and other forms of sexual activity among persons growing up in each of the decades since the turn of the century. He concludes that, in general, human sexual behavior changes very little from generation to generation; what changes greatly, however, is society's attitude toward that behavior. There is no question but that the new openness and permissiveness toward sex in contemporary society has produced a greater awareness of homosexual activity, creating the impression that the behavior itself is more prevalent.

We tend to think of ourselves as a heterosexual society; and to view homosexuality as relatively uncommon and a symptom of sickness. Neither assumption is valid.

Katharine B. Davis studied 1200 unmarried female college graduates who averaged 37 years of age; she found that half of them had experienced intense emotional relationships with other women and over 300, or one fourth of the total, engaged in sexual acts with members of their own sex. Of 100 married women studied by G. V. Hamilton, one fourth

admitted homosexual episodes of a physical nature. Kinsey's research was far more extensive and must be considered the most authoritative available; he found that 20 percent of the total female population has some overt homosexual experience prior to the age of 45, and 13 percent has homosexual activity resulting in orgasm. Among women who are still unmarried at the age of 45, the incidence of overt homosexual experience rises to

Kinsey's research on male homosexual activity also confirmed the findings of previous, less extensive U.S. studies by G. V. Hamilton (1929), G. V. Ramsey (1943) and F. W. Finger (1947); Kinsey and his associates found that no less than 37 percent of the total male population has some homosexual relations resulting in orgasm between puberty and 45 years of age. Among males who are still unmarried at the age of 35, the percentage increases to "almost exactly 50 percent."

Ex-judge Ploscowe comments, "Obviously, the notion that sodomy and crimes against nature are loathsome perversions which occur only in rare instances and must be severely repressed because of their very abnormality is erroneous."

Even those who oppose the criminal prosecution of homosexuality as unjust and inhumane often consider it the result of an emotional abnormality; they believe it is simply a problem for the psychiatrist rather than the police. But you cannot call behavior abnormal when it involves 37 percent of the male population-not if you want the word to retain any semblance of its scientific meaning.

Most analysts, psychiatrists and psychologists consider the confirmed homosexual emotionally disturbed; and the majority of those with whom they come in contact undoubtedly are. Analyst Ernest van den Haag was once told by a colleague, "All my homosexual patients, you know, are quite sick." "Ah, yes," said Dr. van den Haag, "but so are all my heterosexual patients."

Freud did not believe that homosexuals were necessarily neurotic; in a letter to the mother of a homosexual, who had asked him for help, he wrote, "Homosexuality is assuredly no advantage, but it is nothing to be ashamed of-no vice, no degradation, it cannot be classified as an illness." Neither did Kinsey, who was certainly no Freudian; he concluded that homosexual conduct was simply too widespread, in our own society and others, to be considered a sickness.

Kinsey points out the error in thinking of the homosexual and the heterosexual as two distinct classifications or types; there are only individuals, who respond to various kinds of sexual stimulation in various ways; the nature of the response is dependent upon the



Of course she'll stop for a second look-because the new you appears taller, slimmer, trimmer in authentic Ivy slacks by Carwood. On a bicycle built for two or side-by-side in bucket seats, you stay neater, fresher-longer-in Carwood Casual Slacks. Your favorite store will show you a complete fabric and color wardrobe of Carwood authentic lvies priced from about \$4 to \$7. Now, isn't that worth a second look?

taboos of a particular society and the extent to which the individual has accepted them. All mammals, human beings included, are born with the innate capacity to respond to homosexual as well as heterosexual stimuli. Zoologists have observed homosexual behavior in nearly every species of animal; anthropologists find it in human societies the world over; and historians find records of it in the civilizations of the past.

It may help our understanding of the matter if we make a distinction between the person for whom homosexual activity is but a part of the total sex experience; and the true invert, who may be emotionally disturbed, and for whom homosexuality represents an escape from relations with the opposite sex. (Only 4 percent of the males interviewed by Kinsey were exclusively homosexual throughout their lifetimes: the other 33 percent had varying proportions of both homosexual and heterosexual activity in their histories.)

But it must be remembered that the law does not prohibit being a homosexual; it prosecutes a person for the performance of a homosexual act (or, as in the example of Los Angeles law enforcement, the individual who simply suggests such an act). Thus the full 37 percent of all U.S. males could be arrested for this part of their sex experience; and undoubtedly would be, if they happened to be caught.

Even though homosexual activity is prosecuted far more aggressively than illegal heterosexual activity, it is obvious that the arrests represent only a minute percentage of the total behavior. Ploscowe states, "When the number of arrests and convictions are compared . . . with the estimates of homosexuality, and with reports on the incidence of unconventional methods of sexual satisfaction, it is obvious that the legal prohibitions against sodomy, homosexuality, and crimes against nature are practically unenforceable. One study estimated that six million homosexual acts of sodomy, fellatio, and mutual masturbation take place each year for every 20 convictions."

Even if it could be justified, the most vigorous law enforcement would neither curb nor cure homosexual activity. Life reports, "Law officials and psychiatrists who have tried to make international comparisons do not believe that homosexuality is any more widespread in places like France, the Netherlands and Sweden, where it is not punishable under the law, than in other nations like ours where it is considered a crime.

"Most people who have studied homosexuality believe that the laws against it are what Freud once called them, 'a great injustice' and 'cruelty'-unjustly penalizing the few who are unlucky enough to be caught. Indeed some observers think that the legal penalties and 166 social stigma which threaten the homosexual's life may cause him more emotional disturbance than homosexuality itself-and even that some defiant and thrill-seeking men may take up homosexuality for the very reason that it is illegal, just as some people who had never drunk before began drinking during Prohibition."

Society actually combines with nature to perpetuate homosexuality. The sexual patterns established at an early age tend to continue for a lifetime. And precisely at that period in his development when a young man's sexual desires are greatest, society forbids him to find release through heterosexual contacts. It is not surprising, therefore, that the most sexually precocious males are the ones most apt to be drawn into early homosexual experiences.

Says Life, displaying rare insight regarding sex for an American mass-circulation magazine: "Some well-meaning people feel that homosexuality could be reduced if our society were not so blatantly sexual in general-that is, if we protected our growing boys from the stimulation of sexy movies, books, magazines and outright pornography. But this theory ignores the urgency of the adolescent's sexual drive. 'When a boy reaches puberty,' says Dr. Gebhard [head of the Institute for Sex Research], 'his hormones keep him far more stimulated from the inside than he could possibly be stimulated by anything he sees or hears.' About the only effective way to discourage homosexuality at that crucial age, Dr. Gebhard believes, would be 'to encourage heterosexuality.' " That simple statement has significant implications for all of our social and legal restrictions on sex, including censorship, and the rest. If the legislator, judge, police official and common citizen understood the truth in those words, and their full significance, we might at last have an end to our society's continuing attempts at sex suppression.

Nothing but a healthier emphasis on the heterosexual will ever reduce the homosexual element in society. And not even that, it must be added, will ever eliminate it entirely-for it is one of the natural variations on the human sexual theme. We must agree on this with the author of the article in Life, who concluded: "Many optimistic students of our society believe that we may some day eliminate poverty, slums and even the common cold-but the problem of homosexuality seems to be more akin to death and taxes. Even if every presentday American with the slightest trace of homosexuality could be deported tomorrow and forever banished, Dr. Gebhard believes, there would probably be just as many homosexual men in the U.S. a few generations hence as there are now."

To which we add this thoughtful note from Kinsey, for a society that tends to

perpetuate perversion when it believes it is suppressing it: "The judge who is considering the case of the male who has been arrested for homosexual activity. should keep in mind that nearly 40 percent of all the other males in the town could be arrested at some time in their lives for similar activity, and that 20 to 30 percent of the unmarried males in that town could have been arrested for homosexual activity that had taken place within that same year. The court might also keep in mind that the penal or mental institution to which he may send the male has something between 30 and 85 percent of its inmates engaging in the sort of homosexual activity which may be involved in the individual case before him.

"On the other hand, the judge who dismisses the homosexual case that has come before him, or places the boy or adult on probation, may find himself the subject of attack from the local press which charges him with releasing dangerous 'perverts' upon the community. Law-enforcement officers can utilize the findings of scientific studies of human behavior only to the extent that the community will back them. Until the whole community understands the realities of human homosexual behavior, there is not likely to be much change in the official handling of individual cases."

SEX LAWS AND SOCIAL LEVELS

As we mentioned in the April installment of this editorial series, Dr. Kinsey and his associates found a marked difference in sexual attitudes and behavior at various social and educational levels in society. These differences have a definite effect upon the legislation and administration of our sex laws.

Upper-level males suffer the greatest inhibitions regarding premarital intercourse and frequently resort to other forms of sexual release (masturbation, heavy petting, mouth-genital activity) in preference to coitus. In contrast, almost all lower-level males engage in coitus prior to marriage (98 percent of those with no more than a grade school education, compared to 84 percent of all males who have been to high school, and 67 percent with some college education); lower-level males have premarital intercourse more frequently and with a far greater number of different partners than their upper-level counterparts, but they have much stronger taboos against noncoital sex, often considering such activity as "unnatural" or a form of "perversion."

Kinsey comments on the relationship between educational background and our sex laws in Sexual Behavior in the Human Male: "Anglo-American sex laws are a codification of the sexual mores of the better educated portion of the population. While they are rooted in the English common law, their maintenance and defense lie chiefly in the hands of state legislators and judges who, for the most part, come from better educated levels.

"Consequent on this fact, the written codes severely penalize all nonmarital intercourse, whether it occurs before or after marriage; but they do not make masturbation a crime, even though there are a few courts which have tried to read such interpretations into the law [and, as previously noted, two states specifically prohibit mutual masturbation or inducing another person to masturbate].

"However, the enforcement of the law is placed in the hands of police officials who come largely from grade school and high school segments of the population. For that reason, the laws against nonmarital intercourse are rarely and only capriciously enforced, and then most often when upper-level individuals demand such police action. It is difficult for a lower-level policeman or detective to feel that much of a crime is being committed when he finds a boy and a girl involved in the sort of sexual activity which was part of his own adolescent history, and which he knows was in the histories of most of the youth in the community in which he was raised. If the behavior involves persons against whom the policeman has a grudge (probably for some totally nonsexual reason), if the relation involves too public an exhibition, if it involves a contact between a much older and a younger person (which under the policeman's code is more or less taboo), if it involves a relation between persons belonging to different racial groups (which under his code may be exceedingly taboo), then the laws against premarital intercourse become convenient tools for punishing these other activities. But if it is the routine sort of relationship that the officer very well knows occurs regularly in the lower-level community, then he may pay little attention to the enforcement of the laws. The policeman's behavior may appear incongruous or hypocritical to the citizen from the other side of town, but it is based on a comprehension of realities of which the other citizen is not often aware. There are policemen who frankly state that they consider it one of their functions to keep the judge from knowing things that he simply does not understand.

"On the other hand, if it is the case of a boy who is found masturbating in a back alley, the policeman is likely to push the case through court and see that the boy is sent to an institution for indecent exposure, for moral degeneracy, or for perversion. When the boy arrives in the reformatory, the small-town sheriff may send a letter urging that the administration of the institution pay special attention to curing the boy of the perversion. However, the educated superin-

tendent of the institution is not much impressed by the problem, and he may explain to the boy that masturbation does him no harm, even though the law penalizes him for his public exposure. The superintendent may let it be known among his officers that masturbation seems to him to be a more acceptable form of sexual outlet than the homosexual activity which involves some of the inmates of the institution, and he may even believe that he has actually provided for the sexual needs of his wards by making such a ruling. On the other hand, the guards of the institution, who are the officials most often in contact with the inmates, have lower-level backgrounds and lower-level attitudes toward masturbation. In consequence, they continue to punish inmates who are discovered masturbating as severely as they would punish them for homosexual activity.'

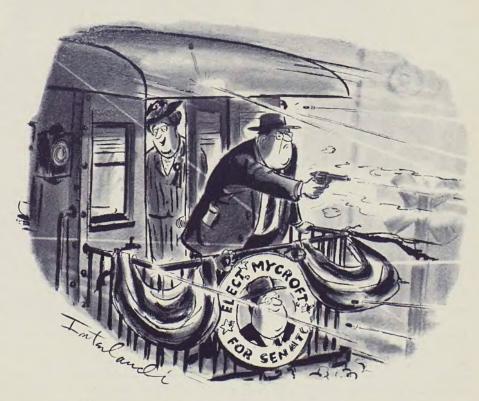
SEX AND THE MILITARY

Though Kinsey does not explore the matter to any degree, it is interesting to note the extent to which the sexual attitudes that have long prevailed in all the branches of our military service reflect, even at the upper echelons, prejudices peculiar to the lower educational level in society as a whole. The U.S. Armed Forces have traditionally taken an extremely permissive attitude toward nonmarital coitus: Free contraceptives are issued to all servicemen on request, regardless of age, rank, or marital status; and there were instances during World War II in which military bases overseas

sanctioned and controlled houses of prostitution in their areas.

Evidence of homosexuality automatically precludes a man from military service, however; and a single homosexual act by any member of the Armed Forces is sufficient cause for a dishonorable discharge. It is fortunate that no examining officer can single out, with any degree of accuracy, the majority of the men who have had some homosexual experience, since the ranks of our Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines would be severely depleted if the one male in every three who has engaged in such activity was not permitted to serve.

In response to any suggestion of a possible negative correlation between homosexuality and military prowess, a historian would be apt to point out that Julius Caesar, one of the foremost military men of all time, was almost as well known for his conquests in the bedroom -with male and female alike-as for those on the battlefield (Caesar was referred to by his soldiers as "the husband of every woman and the wife of every man"). A sociologist might add that some of the fiercest fighters in the world belong to Arabian tribes that are notoriously homosexual. And a psychologist might suggest that the U.S. Armed Forces, or the military of any country, probably includes a higher proportion of males with homosexual experience than is to be found in society at large, since any protracted sexual segregation invariably leads to increased homosexual behavior.



"How'd it go, dear?"

A more remarkable lower-level sexual prejudice in the military is the attitude toward masturbation, which is considered due cause for the rejection of a candidate for the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis (any candidate "shall be rejected by the examining surgeon for . . . evidence of . . . masturbation"-U.S. Naval Acad. Regul., June 1940). If the inability to pinpoint the homosexual histories of men being considered for the armed services is fortunate, the futility in any examining surgeon's attempt to weed out Naval Academy aspirants who masturbate must be considered the height of good luck-for if he were successful, Annapolis would be a lonely place; masturbation is commonest among college-level males and candidates for the Academy would have to be found among the sparse two or three percent without such experience.

SOCIAL LEVELS & JUDICIAL JUSTICE

In a further consideration of the relationship between law enforcement and educational background in society at large, Kinsey states: "On sex cases, the decisions of the judge on the bench are often affected by the mores of the group from which he originated. Judges often come from better educated groups, and their severe condemnation of sex offenders is largely a defense of the code of their own social level. Lower-level individuals simply do not understand the bitter denunciations which many a judge heaps upon the lower-level boy or girl who has been involved in sexual relations. They cannot see why behavior which, to them, seems perfectly natural and humanly inevitable should be punishable under the law. For them, there is no majesty in laws which are as unrealistic as the sex laws. Life is a maze. The sex laws and the upper-level persons who defend them are simply hazards about which one has to learn to find his way. Like the rough spots in a sidewalk, or the traffic on a street, the sex laws are things that one learns to negotiate without getting into too much trouble; but that is no reason why one should not walk on sidewalks, or cross streets, or have sexual relations."

As Kinsey notes, the influence of class mores is strikingly shown by a study of the decisions which are reached by judges with different social backgrounds. There is still a portion of the legal profession that has not gone to college and, particularly where judges are elected by popular vote, there are some instances of judges who have originated in lower social levels and acquired their legal training by office apprenticeship or night school courses. In addition, the GI Bill has made it possible for a number of veterans of the armed services from lower socioeconomic levels, who would not normally have been able to afford a 168 higher education, to continue into college and postgraduate training. Sexual attitudes and patterns are established at an early age, however, and the individual most often carries the prejudices of his own social background with him for a lifetime, even though the increasing social mobility of our society may have permitted him to advance to an upper socioeconomic or educational level.

"The significance of the background becomes most apparent," Kinsey states, "when two judges, one of upper level and one of lower level, sit in alternation on the same bench. The record of the upper-level judge may involve convictions and maximum sentences in a high proportion of the sex cases, particularly those that involve nonmarital intercourse or prostitution. The judge with the lower-level background may convict in only a small fraction of the cases. The lower-level community recognizes these differences between judges, and expresses the hope that when it is brought to trial it will come before the second judge, because 'he understands.' The experienced attorney similarly sees to it that his case is set for trial when the understanding judge is on the bench. Parole officers and social workers who investigate cases before they are decided in court may have a good deal to do with setting a particular case before a particular judge, in order to get a verdict that accords with the philosophy of their (the parole officers') background.

Judges who are ignorant of the way in which the other three-quarters of the population lives, naïvely believe that the police officials are apprehending all of those who are involved in any material infraction of the sex laws. If the community has been aroused by a sex case which has involved a forceful rape or a death following a sexual relation, the judge may lead the other public officials in demanding the arrest of all sex offenders in the community. Newspapers goad the police, and there is likely to be a wave of arrests and convictions which carry maximum sentences, until the wide scope of the problem becomes apparent to even the most unrealistic official . . .'

SOME CONCLUSIONS

Dr. Kinsey sums up: "Eighty-five percent of the total male population has premarital intercourse, 59 percent has some experience in mouth-genital contacts, nearly 70 percent has relations with prostitutes, something between 30 and 45 percent has extramarital intercourse, 37 percent has some homosexual experience [and] 17 percent of the farm boys have animal intercourse. All of these, and still other types of sexual behavior, are illicit activities, each performance of which is punishable as a crime under the law. The persons involved in these activities, taken as a whole, constitute more than 95 percent of the total male population. Only a relatively small proportion of the

males who are sent to penal institutions for sex offenses have been involved in behavior which is materially different from the behavior of most of the males in the population. [Thus] it is the total 95 percent of the male population for which the judge, or board of public safety, or church, or civic group demands apprehension, arrest, and conviction, when they call for a cleanup of the sex offenders in a community. It is, in fine, a proposal that 5 percent of the population should support the other 95 percent in penal institutions. The only possible defense of the proposal is the fact that the judge, the civic leader, and most of the others who make such suggestions, come from that segment of the population which is most restrained on nearly all types of sexual behavior, and they simply do not understand how the rest of the population actually lives."

And it can be stated, in addition, that since the publication of the Kinsey reports, in 1948 (Male) and 1953 (Female), the legislators, judges, police officials, and other assorted defenders of public virtue no longer have the excuse of ignorance to justify their intemperate and inhumane attempts at sex suppression.

The extent and variety of human sexual behavior is now an established scientific fact, widely published and well publicized. Whenever a person is now arrested, tried, or convicted for committing a sexual act of the kind we have been discussing here, those in authority are blatantly ignoring the evidence that a majority of our society regularly engages in similar activity.

Our officials should be prepared either to imprison all of us-or none of us.

We can think of nothing more fitting, as a conclusion to this installment, than these words from Dr. Alfred Kinsey:

"Somehow, in an age which calls itself scientific and Christian, we should be able to discover more intelligent ways of protecting social interests without doing such irreparable damage to so many individuals and to the total social organization to which they belong."

In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner offers specific suggestions for a more rational set of U.S. sex laws, and discusses the problems of prostitution and juvenile sex crime.

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments-pro and con-on subjects raised in previous installments of this editorial series. Two booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy"the first including installments one through seven and the second, installments eight through twelve-are available at \$1 per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

says "Beat a child every day; if you don't know what he's done to deserve the beating, he will." A slight modification gives us the Jewish mother's cardinal rule: "Let your child hear you sigh every day; if you don't know what he's done to make you suffer, he will."

To master the Technique of Basic Suffering you should begin with an intensive study of the Dristan commercials on television. Pay particular attention to the face of the actor who has not yet taken Dristan. Note the squint of the eyes, the furrow of the brow, the downward curve of the lips-the pained expression which can only come from eight undrained sinus cavities or severe gastritis.

This is the Basic Facial Expression. Learn it well. Practice it before a mirror several times a day. If someone should catch you at it and ask what you are doing, say:

"I'm fine, it's nothing at all, it will go away."

This should be said softly but audibly, should imply suffering without expressing it openly. When properly executed, this is the Basic Tone of Voice.

Here are some practice drills:

(1) Give your son Marvin two sport shirts as a present. The first time he wears one of them, look at him sadly and say in your Basic Tone of Voice:

"The other one you didn't like?"

- (2) Borrow a tape recorder and practice the following key phrases until you can deliver them with eye-watering per-
 - (a) "Go ahead and enjoy yourself."
 - (b) "But be careful."
 - (c) "Don't worry about me."
 - (d) "I don't mind staying home alone."
 - (e) "I'm glad it happened to me and not to you."
- (3) Remember, the child is an unformed, emotionally unstable, ignorant creature. To make him feel secure, you must continually remind him of the things you are denying yourself on his account, especially when others are present.

And here are Seven Basic Sacrifices to Make for Your Child:

- (1) Stay up all night to prepare him a big breakfast.
- (2) Go without lunch so you can put an extra apple in his lunch pail.
- (3) Give up an evening of work with a charitable institution so that he can have the car on a date.
 - (4) Tolerate the girl he's dating.
- (5) Don't let him know you fainted twice in the supermarket from fatigue. (But make sure he knows you're not letting him know.)

- (6) When he comes home from the dentist, take over his toothache for him.
- (7) Open his bedroom window wider so he can have more fresh air, and close your own so you don't use up the supply.

Wherever possible, make your old clothes do the job of new ones. Old clothes are more substantial than new ones, anyway, because in the old days they made things to last. Be an example to your family in this area. Be certain, of course, that they are aware of your sacrifices:

"Well, I'm glad to say I won't be needing a new winter coat this year after all.'

"Oh? How's that, Esther?"

"I glued the Women's Section of the Sunday paper inside the lining of my old one, and now it's warm as toast.'

If this has not left the desired impression, follow it up a few days later with a seeming contradiction:

"Well, I finally broke down and did it. I bought something for myself."

"Good. What did you buy, Esther?"

"I hated to spend the money, believe me, but today I bought a small roll of Scotch tape to hold my stockings together."



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Should no old clotnes or hand-medowns be available, then you will have to think about buying new clothes at a regular store. If no one in your family is in the garment business, ask your druggist or the vegetable man to suggest the name of a store he's heard of. There's no point in going to a store that does not have a strong recommendation.

When you take your child to the store, keep these important points in mind:

- (1) Never buy a color that will show the dirt.
- (2) Never buy a fabric that will wear out.
- (3) Never buy a style that is apt to change.
- (4) Never buy a garment that fits-it should always be two or three sizes too large so that the child can grow into it.

The most efficient way to buy clothes for any child below the age of 22 is to utilize him merely as a dressmaker's dummy and to address all questions about the fit or the appearance of the garment directly to the salesman:

"Tell me, how does it fit in the crotch?"

"It looks pretty good from here, ma'am."

Should the child object to any garment that has been selected for him, ask the salesman if he talked to his mother like that when he was a boy. Never fear. The salesman will not let you down.

Just as Mother Nature abhors a vacuum, the Jewish mother abhors an empty mouth. It shall therefore be your purpose to fill every mouth you can reach with nourishing food.

At mealtimes, be sure there is a continuous flow of food from stove to serving platter to plate to mouth. If anyone should be foolish enough to decline a particular dish (e.g., potatoes), proceed as follows:

(1) Find out whether he has any rational objections:

"What do you mean no potatoes, Irving-you think I'm trying to poison you?"

(2) Suggest that he take only a small amount as a compromise:

"Take only a sliver of the potatoes, then."

"All right. But remember, only a

- (3) You may now proceed to fill his plate with potatoes. The instant he has crammed down the last one, you must be ready to:
 - (4) Offer him a second helping:

"There, I told you you'd like it once you tasted it. All right now, you're ready for seconds?" "God, no."

Here you must really be on your toes. 170 Between your question and his answer, little more than one microsecond will elapse. Within that microsecond, you must scoop all the rest of the potatoes out onto his plate and make the turn back to the kitchen.

When the last crumb has been cleared from all plates by means of vague references to privation in Europe, you are ready for the real test of your art. Begin with a general all-inclusive warning:

"I am now ready to begin serving third helpings."

Immediately switch from the general to the specific. Select your quarry:

"Eddie, I can tell you are ready for a third helping of chicken."

"Believe me, Sylvia, if I took one more piece of chicken I would sprout feathers."

The next step in the ritual calls for a statement about your quarry addressed to the spectators:

"Eddie doesn't like the way I cook chicken."

"I'm crazy about the way you cook chicken, Sylvia. I simply cannot eat another particle without bursting.'

"You see, I happen to know that chicken is Eddie's favorite dish. I prepared it specially for him-but do you think he cares? Eddie, tell me. You like chicken?"

"Yes."

"You like my chicken?"

"Yes, yes."

"You are too full to eat any more?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

"All right. This I can understand. A man says to me 'I am too full,' this I can understand. It's not like you are asking me to throw it out, after all. All right. (Pause.) So I'll wrap it up in wax paper and you'll take it for later."

Your job as hostess is not complete when your guests have been properly fed. You must see to it that they are also entertained.

Your family and friends will expect you to be able to relate amusing stories which you have heard at the butcher shop, at a meeting of Hadassah, or which your husband has told at a previous gathering of these same people. Familiarize yourself with the following formula for successful storytelling and in no time at all you will have a widespread reputation as a raconteuse. To begin the telling of any story:

(1) Ask whether anybody has heard it before.

"Listen, you all know the story about the old Jewish man?"

It is important that this initial query be as general as possible, so that anybody who has heard the story before should not recognize it and hence have it spoiled for him. The next step is:

(2) Ask someone else to tell it.

"Listen, it's a very funny story. About an old Jewish man. Morris, you tell it."

"I don't know the story you mean, Esther."

"Of course you know. Don't you? The story about the old Jewish man. Go ahead, you tell it, Morris. You know I can't tell a story properly."

This modesty is very becoming to a performer and will surely be countered with heartfelt cries of denial from your audience. You are now ready to:

(3) Explain where you heard the story.

"All right. This story I heard originally from Rose Melnick. You all know Rose? No? Her husband is in dry goods. Melnick. You know the one? All right, it doesn't matter to the story, believe me. Anyway, Rose Melnick heard it from her son-inlaw, Seymour, a lovely boy, really. A nose-and-throat man. Seymour Rosen-you know the name?"

By now your audience has been sufficiently prepared for the story and will be anxious for you to begin. Go ahead and tell it, but be sure to:

(4) Begin the story at the end. Professional comedians call the end of the story "the punch line." Since this is usually the funniest part of the story, it is logically the best place to start:

"Anyway, there's this old Jewish man who is trying to get into the synagogue during the Yom Kippur service, and the usher finally says to him, 'All right, go ahead in, but don't let me catch you praying.' (Pause.) Oh, did I mention that the old man just wants to go in and give a message to somebody in the synagogue? He doesn't actually want to go into the synagogue and pray, you see. (Pause. Frown.) Wait a minute. I don't know if I mentioned that the old man doesn't have a ticket for the service. You know how crowded it always is on Yom Kippur, and the old man doesn't have a ticket, and he explains to the usher that he has to go into the synagogue and tell somebody something, but the usher isn't going to let him in without a ticket. So the old man explains to him that it's a matter of life and death, so then the usher thinks it over and he says to the old man, 'All right, go ahead in, but don't let me catch you praying.' (Pause. Frown, Stand and begin emptying ashtrays.) Ach, I don't think I told it right. Morris, you tell it."

Sooner or later, to go to a fine univer-

sity or to accept an attractive position with an out-of-town firm, one of your children may ask to leave the home.

As soon as possible after the child has moved into his new quarters, pay him a visit and do the following:

- (1) Bring food. He does not know where to buy any in a strange city and is starving. Tell him how thin he looks.
- (2) Take everything off his shelves and out of his drawers and line them with oilcloth.
 - (3) Wash his floor.
- (4) Rearrange his furniture and buy plastic slip covers for everything.
- (5) Go out and get him a warm sweater, a pair of galoshes, a pair of gloves, a hat and (if the temperature there ever falls below 50 degrees) earmuffs.
- (6) If he has plastic dinner plates, say he needs something more substantial and buy him china ones. If he has china ones, say he needs something more functional and buy him plastic ones.

After you have returned home, you may call up his professor or his employer, introduce yourself, tell him how tired your son looked when you saw him and suggest that he not be made to work so hard.

There are only two things a Jewish mother needs to know about sex and marriage:

- (1) Who is having sex?
- (2) Why aren't they married?

Since it is by now apparent that everyone in the world is determined to have some kind of sex, it will therefore be your duty to make sure that everyone gets married. And what more logical place to start than in your own home?

It is never too early to begin preparing your son for marriage. At the age of eight or nine, start to develop in him an appreciation for the good grooming habits which will help him to win the hand of a capable young woman in marriage:

"Feh! Look at your cars—what girl in her right mind would ever marry a boy that has wax in his ears?"

Develop his poise in a similar manner:

"Stand up straight and don't slouch—what girl in her right mind is going to marry a hunchback?"

By age 12 or 13 the child is ready for his first social encounter with the opposite sex. Arrange a party for young people at your home.

If he appears hesitant to meet the young ladies, steer him over to several of them and urge him, under your breath, or in audible whispers from a few paces off, to introduce himself. If he remains reticent, smooth the way over those first few embarrassing moments by introducing him yourself:

"This is my son Marvin who stands like a hunchback."

By the time your son gets into high school, he will be going out on regular dates and will very likely insist on selecting the girls himself from among his classmates. Do not discourage this, but try to find out something about these girls for his own protection. Ask him:

- (1) "This girl, she's Jewish?"
- (2) "What's the family's name?"
- (3) "What was it before?"

By now your son is in college and dating quite seriously. If he is no longer living at home, your task will admittedly be more difficult, but by no means impossible. You will still arrange to spend vacations together, and you will still have the telephone and the U.S. Mails at your disposal.

Your son will probably have a young lady friend whom he particularly admires. As before, be sure of her background, but now the questioning should be on a more sophisticated level:

- (1) "This girl, she's Jewish?"
- (2) "She gets good marks in school?"
- (3) "She smokes cigarettes in moderation?"
- (4) "She drinks liquor in moderation?"
- (5) "What kind of a girl smokes cigarettes and drinks liquor?"



Invite your son's girlfriend to your home for dinner so you will have a chance to determine whether she is good daughter-in-law material. To permit a completely objective evaluation, never speak to the young lady directly, but use your son as an intermediary:

"Does she like mashed potatoes?"

This form of address is known as The Third Person Invisible. Should your son ever decide to marry the girl, this device adapts very nicely to Basic Daughter-inlaw Technique, otherwise known as The I-Forget-Her-Name Gambit:

"Is what's-her-name-is your wife coming over also?"

If, by the time your son is out of college, he is still not married and he is not, God forbid, a homosexual, you must be-

gin to Take Steps.

Speak to friends of yours who have daughters his age or maybe a few years older or a few years younger, and try to get the young people together. Pass the word around that your son, though a talented, intelligent young man, is unable to find a girl who will go out with him.

Have your friends ask him regularly why a nice boy like that is not married.

Also speak of the matter to your son. Perhaps the idea of marriage has merely slipped his mind. Remind him. Often.

Joke about it in public to show that you aren't taking the matter too seriously:

"Excuse me, mister."

"You talking to me, lady?"

"This is my son, Marvin."

"Twenty-five years old. A master's degree in Romance languages. A careful driver. Tell me something confidentially."

"Yeah."

"Would any young lady give her right arm to have a wonderful young man like that for a husband?"

"Search me, lady."

"Yes or no?"

"I suppose yes."

"Marvin, did you hear? Listen what the man is telling you."

Suddenly, one day your son brings a strange girl over to the house and introduces her as his fiancée. What do you do?

You say hello to her, ask her what the weather is getting to be like outside, excuse yourself for a moment, lead your son off to a corner of the room, begin to sew a button on the sleeve of the coat he is wearing, and say to him as follows:

"Marvin. You intend to marry this girl?"

"Yeah. Not so loud, Ma." "She's very pretty, Marvin."

"Yeah. Look, it's not very polite to-

"Maybe even a little too pretty,

you know what I mean?" "Ma, look-

"I hardly know what to tell you. (Pause. Finish sewing the button, begin to bite off the thread, stop, study the end of it and look up into his face.) Look, you're still so young. You know what I mean? What's your big hurry to get married all of a sudden?"

You have now done all you can be expected to do for your son. It is time to give some thought to your daughter.

You are fortunate in that you will be able to meet and personally evaluate all the young men who come to the house to take her away.

Greet each young man at the door. Appraise him closely from head to foot. Ask him the following:

"You're Jewish?"

(2) "What's your family's name?"

(3) "What was it before?"

If the young man is driving a car, be sure to add these important queries:

(1) "You know how to drive?"

(2) "You have a driver's license?"

(3) "How fast do you drive?"

(4) "Your father knows you're out?"

Even if the young man has answered all your questions in a satisfactory manner, it is not a bad idea to frown, avert your head and sigh:

"Ach, I don't like it, I tell you. You youngsters all drive like maniacs. You'll wind up in some ditch tonight, mark my words. (Pause. Smile, frowning.) All right, all right -go, drive careful, and have a wonderful time. And I'm going to worry myself sick about you, I promise

As they are about to go out the door, turn to your daughter and whisper loudly in her ear:

"Stay all the way on the right side of the seat, if you know what's good for you."

If your daughter should not be married by the time she is out of college, apply the same tactics to her as to your son, with these subtle variations:

Seek out any young man at a party or other social gathering and begin to sell him on your daughter. Speak of her excellent disposition. Point out her many physical attributes:

"A face like a Vermeer—you know Vermeer?"

"Yes, the painter."

"And teeth? Did you see how straight her teeth are?"

"Well, as a matter of-

"Three thousand dollars I spent having her teeth straightened-four years at the orthodontist's so her mouth could close."

"Look, I really have to be-

"A beautiful girl. Beautiful. (Pause.) The only thing, she is maybe a tiny bit heavy in the bust. (Smile.) It runs in the family.

Calling attention to a slight imperfection often lends just the right note of credibility to your sales pitch. In any case, do not beat around the bush. The young man will appreciate your frankness. Be direct. Beg him to invite your daughter out-

"For a malted-milk shake, I'll pay for it myself."

Should the young man actually come to the house to take your daughter out, be sure to reassure him:

"You're not making a mistake, believe me. She refuses forty dates a

How do you behave when you discover your daughter necking in the living room? Wait until the young man has gone home, go into your daughter's room and say to her as follows:

"Miriam."

"Oh, hi, Ma."

"Miriam, I saw. I saw what you were doing in there."

"Oh."

"Miriam, who taught you this?"

"Oh, for God's sake, Ma. I'm a

big girl now."
"Miriam, we are decent people. We have always tried to teach you the right thing. How could you do this to us?"

"Ma, for God's sake, I was only

"Do you know what your father will do when I'll tell him? Do you?" "No, but-

"He will have a heart attack, that's what he will do. I promise you."

"Look, Ma, you don't have to tell-

"Not only that, just think what the neighbors would say if they knew."

"Look---"

"For this I had your teeth straightened? For this I bought you contact lenses? For this I paid good money to have them teach you to speak French?"

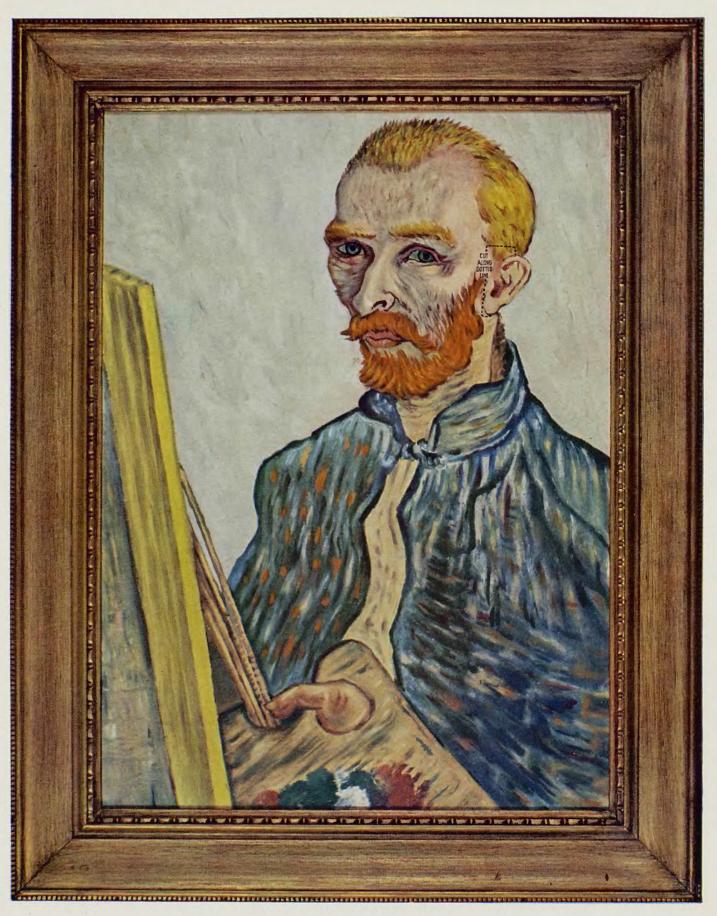
"Ma-

"Ach, I don't know what to do with you. (Pause.) My own daughter, a streetwalker. (Pause.) If you have any consideration for your parents at all, you'll do the only decent thing."

"What's that?"

"You'll leave this house and you'll not come back until you're a virgin."

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



VAN GOGH SELF-PORTRAIT By Jim Beaman

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"And this time watch out for the goddamn fountain!"



"Doc . . . you're sitting on my appendix . . . !"



"You know, Pierre, the farther we go out here in the desert, the more you fascinate me!"



"Look, baby, after handing you a check for a million bucks ain't I at least entitled to a little kiss?!"



"But . . . I thought the double-breasted suit was back in style . . ."

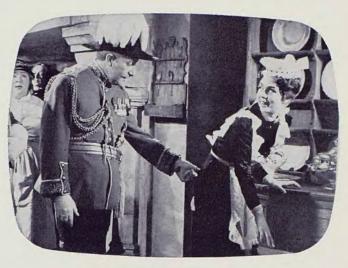


"Gentlemen, I'm going to do something now that may appear, to some of you, to be unorthodox medical procedure. I believe, however, that it will help restore her will to live . . ."

tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies



"Gee, those first ten weren't half as nice as you."



"And for dessert ..."



"I couldn't find a file, but I thought you might like the cake anyway."



"OK, OK—next time I promise we won't use any starch . . . !"



"What the hell do you think you're doing, Bernie? We're on the ground floor!"



"Quick, Sam, get back to the dining car and push oatmeal!!"

PLAYBOY IN JAMAICA (continued from page 102)

the ocean. A pair of Bunnies were at the field to greet them when they landed: Playmate-Bunny Jean Cannon (Miss October 1961) and Bunny Diane Stewart, who had been flown down from the Miami Playboy Club for publicity and promotion photos; they began waving and running across the field, their familiar costumes an incongruous but welcome sight in this tropic island setting.

A party had been arranged for that evening in order to meet the local dignitaries and the press. Someone suggested a bite to eat, but Hefner wanted to take a tour of the Hotel and its sun-drenched grounds before anything else. Preuss and Morton accompanied him, and Art Miner, Director of Playboy Club design, followed them with a pad and pencil.

The Hotel's rooms were everything they had said, being 30 feet long and 16 feet wide, with step-down living rooms, private patios 10 feet wide, and baths equipped with sunken Grecian tubs, all tile and 9 feet long by 4 feet wide. Morton pointed out a large low structure adjacent to the Hotel. This would be ideal for a shopping arcade where guests might purchase all manner of luxury items-British tweeds, silver, diamonds, Swiss watches, leather goods, cameras, bone china, French perfumes, binoculars, fine liquors, crystalware-from all over the globe. Since Jamaica enjoys free-port status, with no duty on these luxuries, shops could sell at prices half those in the States.

Entering the Hotel through the main lobby, they made their way down a flight of steps to a large hall about half the size of a basketball court. This would become the Living Room, a place for quiet socializing, relaxing over a drink with some friends. The back of the room, under the overhang of the upper lobby, would be turned into the Den, with card and billiard tables.

The grand tour led next through a wide corridor to the circular dining room.

"I think this would make an ideal VIP Room," Morton said.

"It could be decorated in Wedgwood blue and white," Miner added, "with blue carpeting, sconces, dark-blue tablecloths and light-blue napery." The room -one of the largest on the island, seating 450-seemed perfect. Continental cuisine and tangy native dishes could be highlighted on the menu, Morton pointed out. At the front of the proposed VIP Room, French doors open onto a terrace that offers a stunning view of the blue Caribbean. "It's breath-taking," Donna said, and Hefner nodded in agreement.

From the dining room they walked down one flight to the Shipwreck Bar, and all agreed that there would be no difficulty in turning it into a Playmate 176 Bar, complete with illuminated transparencies of Playmates on the walls. The bar opens onto a terrace bordered by shrubbery and overlooking the Olympicsized 50-meter pool. Here, luncheons are served and guests gather at night to dance, enjoy an outdoor buffet, and watch the native floorshows.

"We'll want Bunny lifeguards for the pool," Hefner said. "Maybe we can design a special Bunny bikini for them."

"With waterproof Bunny tails," injected Lee Wolfberg with a laugh.

A pair of championship clay tennis courts are hidden by some trees at one side of the pool, and there's a top Jamaican tennis pro on hand to give free lessons. There's also an archery range on the grounds and a nine-hole golf course nearby.

The group walked on past the pool to the beach tower, which houses an automatic elevator to whisk guests to the sunny beach below. At the bottom of the tower is a thatched-roof bar on the coral strand. When the Playboy Club-Hotel is in full swing, there will be weekly burro races with pari-mutuel betting, torchlit beach parties after dark complete with native entertainment, outdoor barbecues and Bunny beachguards.

All agreed that this was an aquatic sportsman's paradise. With swimming, snorkeling, scuba diving, surfing and water skiing already available, it would be simple to add a glass-bottomed boat for sight-seeing over the coral reef that sheltered the cove, pedal boats, sailboats and a sportfisherman or two for deep-sea angling. Hefner suggested that they rename the cove Bunny Bay and check the cost of building a small marina at one side of the beach so that visiting yachtsmen could tie up.

Now everyone was talking at oncemaking suggestions, expressing their enthusiasm in superlatives that were unprecedented even for Playboy, where, after a decade of unprecedented publishing and Club success, the extraordinary is almost commonplace.

"Every Playboy Club keyholder will want to vacation here," Hefner exclaimed. "It can become a meeting place for keyholders from all over the world. When we add the fun and excitement of The Playboy Club to what's already here, this will be one of the most fabulous resorts in the world!"

"There'll be nothing else like it anywhere," Shel Kasten said.

"My only problem," Hef added, "will be trying to explain to the staff of the magazine why it isn't a good idea to move our editorial offices down here."

"Well, for one thing," said Preuss, "you'd never get an issue out on time. All the editors would be down on the beach, or chasing the bikinied Bunnies around the pool. Now with my business department, it might just make some sense. . ." His voice cracked as he ended the sentence and began to laugh. Everyone was feeling wonderful. The tropic sun warmed them. This was another world; the pressures and problems of everyday life seemed a million miles away. This was a paradise . . . a Playboy paradise.

The hotel is set on ten acres of gently sloping land, surrounded by jungle on three sides and the ocean on the fourth, with the main building, the dining and drinking areas, pool, cabanas and beach all on separate levels. The grounds are handsomely landscaped with tropical greenery; there are winding paths, and water fountains, and exotic flowers and foliage, and numberless palm trees.

The tour ended with a look at the night club. Like the dining room and pool, it is the biggest on the island; it was decided that it would be renamed the Playroom, again carrying through the Playboy Club nomenclature familiar to keyholders. The group discussed entertainment policy for the Jamaica Playboy Club: shows in the Playmate Bar and on the Patio every night, using the best in native Jamaican talent, as well as the most entertaining acts from the Playboy Club circuit in the States. There would also be entertainment down on the beach: a calypso band, limbo dancers and the like. The night club-the Playroom-would be reserved for really big name acts: Tony Bennett, Vic Damone, Sammy Davis Jr., maybe Sinatra.

The afternoon had disappeared and it was time to be getting back to the Hotel, to get ready for the party. There are a pair of penthouse suites on top of the Hotel. One had been reserved for Hefner; the other for Hugh Downs and his wife, Ruth, friends of Hef's, who had been invited down for the week. As Hef showered and dressed, he made mental notes on details that could be added to the penthouse suites to make them the ultimate in luxury living.

The beginning of a crowd had gathered at 7:30 P.M. in the Shipwreck Bar. From a landing off the stairway to the dining room, the Shipwreckers, a native calypso group, played Yellow Bird. The landing would also serve as a stage, giving the guests a good view of the fire-dancing and limbo exhibitions to come later. Now the maracas flashed and rattled, the rumba box boomed and the penny whistle and guitar carried the melody of one calypso tune after another-Mary Ann, Star O, Matilda.

Present at the gathering was the Honorable Chester Touzalin, Custos Rotulorum, representing the Government of Jamaica in the area. He was there with his wife, who stood listening attentively as Touzalin asked Hefner questions about his plans-and how many Bunnies would be at the Jamaica Playboy Club.

"I can't be sure until we do a full

analysis of the operation," Hefner said, "but we have over five hundred Bunnies working in the nine Playboy Clubs in the States. We'll want to use both Jamaican girls and girls from the U. S. for the Club here. And if those I saw at the airport are any indication, I'd say Jamaican girls are among the world's loveliest."

"Will you use Bunnies for room service?" Mrs. Touzalin asked, having spotted Bunnies Diane and Jean in costume.

"No," said Hefner, "just in the dining and drinking areas, in the night club, at the pool and at the beach."

If Mrs. Touzalin had any vague reservations about the role of the Bunnies in the Playboy Club operation, they had disappeared by evening's end. She engaged Bunnies Diane and Jean in an extended conversation that ended with her requesting, and receiving, Diane's beribboned Bunny tag (worn by each Bunny to identify her by name) as a souvenir for her teenage daughter. "She'll be the most envied girl in school when she wears this," Mrs. Touzalin enthused.

"You'd better be careful," her husband warned. "You may be starting a teenage fashion fad."

Hefner shook his head. "The Bunnies aren't ordinarily permitted to give them away. Your daughter will have the only one."

A reporter from the Daily Gleaner, and another from the Star, Jamaica's largest papers, came over to talk to Hefner. The Star man asked why he had decided to go into the resort business. 'That's easy," Hefner said. "The first Playboy Club grew naturally out of PLAYBOY itself. We'd been writing about the best in entertainment, fine food and drink; we'd been running picture stories on beautiful girls and elegant bachelor apartments. Why not a gentlemen's club that incorporated the same ingredients? Make it admission by key only, for those whose appreciation of such things matched our own.

"Now, let's extend the Playboy Club concept a bit. Add to the basic elements I've just mentioned the romance of a Club far removed from the surroundings of office buildings. Put such a Club on an exotic tropical island steeped in romantic legend; supply every modern luxury imaginable, yet retain the full flavor of the traditions of the island. Serve its native foods and beverages along with the finest in urban cuisine. Surround a man with its beautiful women, the sounds of its music. Give him beaches so isolated that he and his playmate can bask and frolic as they please.

"Jamaica is as close to a tropic island paradise as you can find anywhere in the world today, with the advantage of being only seventy-five minutes from Miami and three-and-a-half hours from New York. That's why we're here."

Someone wondered aloud how successful Playboy in Jamaica would be. Major

Douglas Vaughan, retired British Army officer, who owns an 800-acre banana plantation in the area, and R. Alan Philip, publisher of *Jamaica Pictorial Panorama*, voiced as one the opinion that it could only be a resounding smash. They also felt, they said, that the tourist business of the entire island would benefit from Playboy being there. The Jamaican government apparently feels the same way about it, giving Playboy and its executives the warmest welcome they have received anywhere.

Major Vaughan brandished a well-worn Playboy Club key and exclaimed, mustache bristling, "Wait till Noel Coward hears there's a Playboy Club down the highway. He'll be here every night." Coward and Ian Fleming each have homes nearby and, in fact, the first James Bond movie, *Dr. No*, was filmed near the Hotel. A few days after Hefner's return to Chicago, he received a personal note from Fleming commenting on the amount of excitement Playboy's coming to Jamaica was causing.

Someone mentioned that Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher had honeymooned at the Hotel. Someone else said they thought that it was a very romantic spot *anyway*.

The Hefner party now included Donna Michelle, magnificent in a chiffon gown, and Hugh and Ruth Downs, who had just arrived by car from Kingston. Downs gave Hefner the latest issues of the Star and the Daily Gleaner which he had brought from Kingston. Both carried stories about the Playboy arrival. The Star's read: "The Playboy agreement to take over the Reef Club has delighted the Director of Tourism, Mr. John Pringle. Mr. Pringle told of the enormous promotional potential of the Playboy organization. The organization, he said, was known throughout North America, but Jamaica was the first country chosen by Playboy for a Hotel and a Club. He added: 'This is international news of consequence.'

"Mr. Morton had earlier told of his admiration for Jamaica and why the country had been chosen for another phase of Playboy International's operations. The Club already has 300,000 keyholders. He said: 'Jamaica is a young, vibrant, growing nation and we believe it will prove to be an ideal tourist location for our keyholders.'"

The story in the Gleaner made page one, and next to a large photograph of Bunnies ran the headline: "PLAYBOY BUNNY JOBS FOR JAMAICAN GIRLS." The story went on to list requirements for being a Bunny, outlined the strict rules for Bunny behavior, then told about the plans to hire Jamaican girls. "To the query as to whether Playboy chooses colored Bunnies, Mr. Morton said there are colored Bunnies in the American Clubs and the same policy will be applied in Jamaica. A number of American Bun-

nies will serve in Jamaica along with the local girls."

Hugh Downs told Hefner, "I don't think you could have made a better choice as far as location goes. You've picked the most beautiful island in the West Indies and you're in the area that should become the Riviera of the Caribbean in the next few years."

Downs went on to explain how the trade winds cool the island even in midsummer, that the year-round temperature averages 78 degrees. "Since Columbus discovered Jamaica in 1494," said the erudite Downs, "people of all kinds have come here looking for either peace or excitement. The English drove the Spaniards out in 1655, not far from here, at Runaway Bay. That's how it got its name—the Spanish left in a hurry."

The Shipwreckers were playing a limbo for a troupe of barefooted Jamaicans dressed in clam-digger trousers and ruffled-sleeve shirts. Each member of the troupe moved in turn under the limbo pole which was moved lower and lower. Now the leader of the group took a pole that had been wrapped in rags and doused it with kerosene; he placed it so that each end rested on the mouth of an empty beer bottle, then he ignited the rags. When the flames licked across the entire length of the pole the band began a frenzied beat. The man proceeded to slither step by step under the flaming rod, through a gap from floor to flames of no more than nine inches, as the audience burst into wild applause.

As a capper to the party, the Shipwreckers had prepared an appropriate calypso ditty. The leader sang:

"In January of Sixty-Four
Hugh Hefnah come to Jamaica's shore.
He bring to our island in de sun
A new idea called Playboy fun.
Sing de chorus:
Play—boy, Play—boy, Playboy in
Jamaica.

Soon we all will roll in clovah When Playboy's Hefnah he take ovah. He bring to our island plenty money But best of all he bring de Bunny. Sing de chorus:

Play-boy, Play-boy, Playboy in Jamaica."

It wasn't difficult for Hefner to make his decision. He confirmed what his key Club executives, Morton and Preuss, were already confidently counting on; that made it official, and they immediately set up meetings to work out the details of the acquisition. The official opening of the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel is planned for late December.

Reservations for the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel may be secured by writing to Travel Director, Playboy Clubs International, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW (continued from page 112)

by making our annual out-on-a-limb picks. Each year we choose a recent door mat that we have a hunch is about to go on a rampage. We're often right. Last year our pick was Illinois and some people thought we were candidates for the funny farm. This time we have no less than five out-on-a-limb picks, but that's the kind of season it's going to be. So watch these teams: Indiana, Kentucky, Southern Methodist, UCLA and California. They're all going to raise a lot of unexpected hell.

THE EAST							
INDEPENDENTS							
Syracuse 9-1 Holy Cross 7-3 Penn State 6-4 Buffalo 7-3 Pittsburgh 6-4 Rutgers 6-3 Navy 5-5 Villanova 4-5 Army 5-5 Colgate 3-6 Boston College 7-2							
IVY LEAGUE							
Princeton 7-2 Brown 5-4 Columbia 7-2 Dartmouth 4-5 Yale 6-3 Harvard 4-5 Cornell 6-3 Pennsylvania 3-6							
YANKEE CONFERENCE							
Massachusetts 7-2 Rhode Island 5-5 Maine 6-2 New Hampshire 3-5 Vermont 5-3 Connecticut 2-6							
MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE							
Delaware 8-1 Gettysburg 5-4 Bucknell 7-2 Lehigh 3-6 Temple 6-3 Lafayette 3-6							
TOP PLAYERS: Mahle, Little, Nance, Cripps (Syracuse); Klingensmith, Ressler (Penn St.); Staubach, Donnelly, Freeman, Downing (Navy); Stichweh, Zadel (Army); Mazurek, Popp (Pitt); Whalen (Boston C.); Lilly, Kavanaugh (Holy Cross); Ward, Brendel (Rutgers); Holly (Buffalo); Atkinson (Villanova); Roberts, Malmstrom (Columbia); lacavazzi (Princeton). Parry (Brown); Molloy							

Syracuse seems to be back on top. There is little, except a possibly thin interior line, to keep the Orange from being one of this year's best teams. In addition to the most impressive stable of backs in memory, Coach Schwartzwalder has newcomer Floyd Little, who may kick up more fuss in his sophomore year than any Orangeman since the magnificent Ernie Davis. If the line play can be kept from going sour, Syracuse has got it made in 1964.

vazzi (Princeton); Parry (Brown); Molloy

(Penn); Boyda, Grant (Harvard); Lawrence (Yale); Clarke, Klungness (Dartmouth);

Whelchel, Meers (Mass.); DeVarney, Smith (Maine); Bianco (Delaware); Mitchell (Buck-

nell); Ward, Boyd (Gettysburg); Kish, Noel

(Lehigh); Petro, Speers (Temple).

The four other members of the East's perennial big five, Penn State, Pittsburgh, Army and Navy, all suffered grievous graduation losses. As a result, Eastern football may take a bit of a dip this season after its best year in a long while. All four of these schools have excellent first teams, but lack experience 178 and potential on the bench. Consequently, the survivors of the fall campaign will be determined by the usual intangibles plus the excellence of newcomers. Up at Penn State, Rip Engle, having quarterback problems, will go with a rugged running game led by the remarkable Gary Klingensmith who has overcome deafness to become one of the flashiest halfbacks in the country. Gary lip-reads signals in the huddle, keys his movements to the line charge, and never busts a signal. Clearing the way for Gary will be PLAYBOY All-America offensive center Glenn Ressler, a vicious blocker and tackler who Engle says is the best interior lineman he has ever coached.

Pittsburgh still has quarterback Fred Mazurek, tops in the school's history, but he will be surrounded by so many new faces that last year's excellent record may be impossible to duplicate. Still, the Pitt squad is always deep and the Panthers will probably finish strong.

Navy returns its biggest guns from last year. But, as Coach Wayne Hardin told us, a few key men do not make a team. The Middies are bilge-water thin after the first unit, and classy passer Roger Staubach has lost his best receivers. Fullback Pat Donnelly returns, backed up by Danny Wong, probably the country's only Chinese fullback. But he's a good one, and so is center Don Downing, PLAYBOY'S Sophomore Lineman of the Year, who is said to be the finest Navy soph lineman in many years. Still, the Middies have trouble because of the thin reserve team and a schedule that is much meatier than last year's.

In potential, Navy and Army are lookalikes, with quarterbacks representing the main difference between the two teams. Staubach is a brilliant passer and elusive scamperer, while Stichweh is an old-fashioned quarterback who does everything in a methodical but killingly effective way. When they met for a showdown at Philadelphia last year, Stichweh appeared to pick up most of the marbles. Despite its few lettermen, it must be remembered that Army has a recruiting system second only to that of the Kremlin, and Coach Paul Dietzel has been busy stockpiling for a couple of years. Since some of the new hands may turn out to be better than the departed ones, the West Pointers could be hell on wheels by the end of the season. If not this year, look out in 1965!

Three lesser independents who may be vastly improved are Boston College, Holy Cross and Rutgers. The Beantowners, especially, show promise of joining the Eastern power cartels. They have nearly everyone back, a dormitory full of bright new faces, and they are all bigger and speedier than ever.

The Ivy League is always a handicapper's nightmare, and the situation this year is wilder than ever. Last season's weak teams are all much stronger, and recent powers Dartmouth and Harvard have been decimated by graduation. Harvard has had two excellent freshman teams in a row and rumors around the Ivy circuit say the Crimson is loaded. But we doubt it. Green quarterbacking and line play will have to ripen in support of superior running if Harvard is to do better than break even. Princeton is the only team among last year's top three that looks as good as ever. The Tigers are the sole major team left in the country still using the original Cro-Magnon single wing offense, and with a juggernaught fullback like Cosmo Iacavazzi, they make the creaky old system work as though General Neyland had just invented it. We have a nostalgic affection for the single wing, so it would be real fun seeing the Tigers gather in the laurels this year. And they have a good chance.

Princeton's biggest threat seems to be Columbia. The Lions at last have some linemen to stack in front of one of the finest backfields ever seen at the Heights. PLAYBOY All-America Archie Roberts is, we believe, the best of a dozen excellent quarterbacks around the country this year. Roberts is the nearest thing to a one-man team since Frank Merriwell graduated from Yale. Last year Archie led his team in passing, running, punting, punt returns, kickoff returns, interceptions and scoring, missing out only in receiving; that's something even a quarterback as great as Archie couldn't

Delaware will continue to dominate the Middle Atlantic Conference, though not as overwhelmingly as last year when all the other teams, except Bucknell, lay down and died. Lafayette and Lehigh will be vastly improved, and both Lafayette and Gettysburg will field aerial circuses. Temple, with a limp schedule, will probably have its second winning season in a row, an almost unprecedented situation. Once more, Dave Nelson's Delaware Blue Hens should win most of their games by lopsided scores and cop the Lambert Cup for the third straight time. Bucknell has the best chance of being the spoiler.

Massachusetts will again be the terror of the Yankee Conference. The Redmen, who were undefeated in 1963, are back virtually intact with the additional blessing of a fine bunch of sophs. However, defending champions have recently found the going rough in the Yankee Conference. Maine took the crown in 1961, then hit bottom in 1962. New Hampshire was undefeated in 1962 and finished last the following year. This fall, Maine has the man power to unseat Massachusetts, and the new coaching staff at Connecticut may pull some surprises. Rhode Island finished fast last season and could be a real contender. Vermont was tough to handle in 1963

and if they can find someone to replace Ken Burton they'll be in the thick of the race. New Hampshire, suffering from graduation losses, will have a hard time climbing from the cellar.

THI	Е МІ	DWEST					
	BIG	TEN					
Illinois Indiana Michigan Ohio State Purdue	7-2 6-3 6-3 6-3 5-4	Wisconsin Northwestern Michigan State Iowa Minnesota	5-4 5-4 3-6 2-7 1-9				
MID-AME	RICAN	CONFERENCE					
Ohio U. Bowling Green Miami Marshall	8-2 7-3 6-4 5-5	Kent State Western Mich. Toledo	5-4 5-4 2-7				
INDEPENDENTS							
Notre Dame Xavier	5-5 5-5		5-5 3-7				
bowski, Custardo Branch, Croftch Ward, Yearby ski, Hadrick (f (Ohio State); F Schwager, Myen western); Juday bazzi (Jowa); Ho Williams (Bowli) ami); Cure, N (Kent); Gray (Tol	o, Suttoneck (I (Michige Purdue) Pickens s, Murp (Michovler (Cong Gre lahone (edo); M	Price, Hansen, n (Illinois); Nowat Indiana); Timberl (an); Shay, Kuzn; Barrington, Kuzn), Banaszek (No. St.); Snook, Gi (bio U.); Cunninghen); Kellermann (Marshall); Asl (Mainer (Xavier); Bon); Costa, Snowers	zke, ake, iew- elley sin); orth- aco- iam, (Mi- bury eier				

The day Ara Parseghian arrived on the Notre Dame campus the university's seismograph registered 8.3 on the Richter Scale, and there have been reverberations ever since. All spring the air above the hallowed Irish practice fields was blue with Ara's commentary. Parseghian and his crew took charge like hijacking pirates and seldom have so many learned so much from so few. The hiring of Parseghian was in itself a monumental -and healthy-break with tradition, and all over South Bend there is the feeling that the Era of Ara has arrived and the elusive new days of glory are just ahead. It won't be this year, however, because the Irish ranks are still too thin for the murderous schedule. But since Parseghian is a master of the art of getting the most from limited material, Notre Dame fans can at least look forward to a few pleasant surprises.

Last year, as we mentioned earlier. Illinois was our annual out-on-a-limb pick, even though it had won only a total of two games the previous two seasons. The Illini took the Big Ten title and beat Washington in the Rose Bowl. However, the same forces that worked for Illinois in 1963 are arrayed against it for 1964. With the return of nearly all the best talent and the topsergeant leadership of PLAYBOY All-America linebacker Dick Butkus, Illinois will be the prime target of all its opponents. Still, we're persuaded to tab them for top place in the league, by virtue of their sheer talent. If they make it,

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they will be the first pre-season popular choice to take the Big Ten title in a generation.

If Illinois falters, the team likeliest to succeed is Michigan. The Wolverines have been just shy of greatness for two years now, and with an almost unprecedented wealth of material on hand, this could be the year for cohesiveness to set in. Watch for a prime crop of sophs at Ann Arbor, the slickest of whom is halfback Carl Ward. Altogether, it should be the year of the Elliott brothers in the Big Ten. Pete at Illinois will be trying to beat Bump at Michigan for the first time, and Bump will be trying to bump Pete from the championship.

Believe it or not, Ohio State football is going to be even duller this year than in the past. Wayne Woodrow Hayes, inventor and leading proponent of the Neanderthal-T offense, builds his whole team with tackles, fullbacks and one place kicker. This year Woody is shyer than ever of offensive talent, but his big bruising defensive stalwarts will be even more impregnable. Result: football circa 1913.

Likeliest team to pull the annual big surprise in the Big Ten is Indiana, with Purdue not far behind. The Hoosiers have been on the threshold for three years, but tough breaks, probation and fourth-quarter exhaustion have dogged them. Indiana may have as good a first team as any school in the country, and if Coach Dickens can mold some reserves to spell his first stringers, the squad could enjoy its best season in decades. Purdue, with better depth, will have good defensive and offensive units. Quarterback Doug Holcomb will take over this year and with great receivers on hand, Purdue may surprise everyone by fielding a strong passing team.

Northwestern and Wisconsin, having succumbed in 1963 to the usual hex visited upon Conference favorites, find themselves shorn of vast quantities of speed, beef and plain cannon fodder. Northwestern, with fewer returning lettermen than it's had in years, is well set in the backfield but is hurting up front. However, if anyone can mold a Big Ten line out of last year's leftovers and raw sophs, new Coach Alex Agase is the man. A cynical pro scout once told us, "If you have a bad quarterback, you lose. If you have a good quarterback, you probably lose. If you have a brilliant quarterback, you win." If this were always true, Northwestern would take every game, but even Tom Myers can't throw bombs behind a leaky line. Still, the Wildcats bear watching this year. No one expects much from them because of the large number of graduation losses. But the top dozen men are back and Agase & Co. are in perfect position to bushwhack some teams that will be looking the other way. Strange as it may 180 seem, we may look back at the end of

the season to find that the Northwestern-Indiana game on September 26th was decisive.

Wisconsin, pruned of much speed, will field a top-notch passing attack. A brace of new quarterbacks with advance rave notices will help launch the Badgers' new look.

All teams seem to go through power cycles with some degree of regularity, and Michigan State, Iowa and Minnesota seem to be hitting bottom this year. Iowa's traditional supply of blazing speedsters is at low ebb, due in no small part to recruiting difficulties brought on by stricter academic demands. Michigan State will be slower and greener than anyone can remember. Duffy Daugherty always has plenty of unproven man power in the wings, however, and some of it is sure to be excellent. So the Spartans could surprise us like they did last year.

Alas, weep for Minnesota. Murray Warmath, one of the top five coaches in the land, has knottier problems than even he can solve. A couple of bad recruiting years, a number of academic and medical casualties, and the dearth of good high school football players in the north country have all combined to leave Murray with less material to work with than he's ever had. The knuckleheaded scalp seeker, a species that thrives in the cold country, will be howling before the year is out and Warmath will probably again be subjected to that special brand of verbal barbarism peculiar to Minnesota.

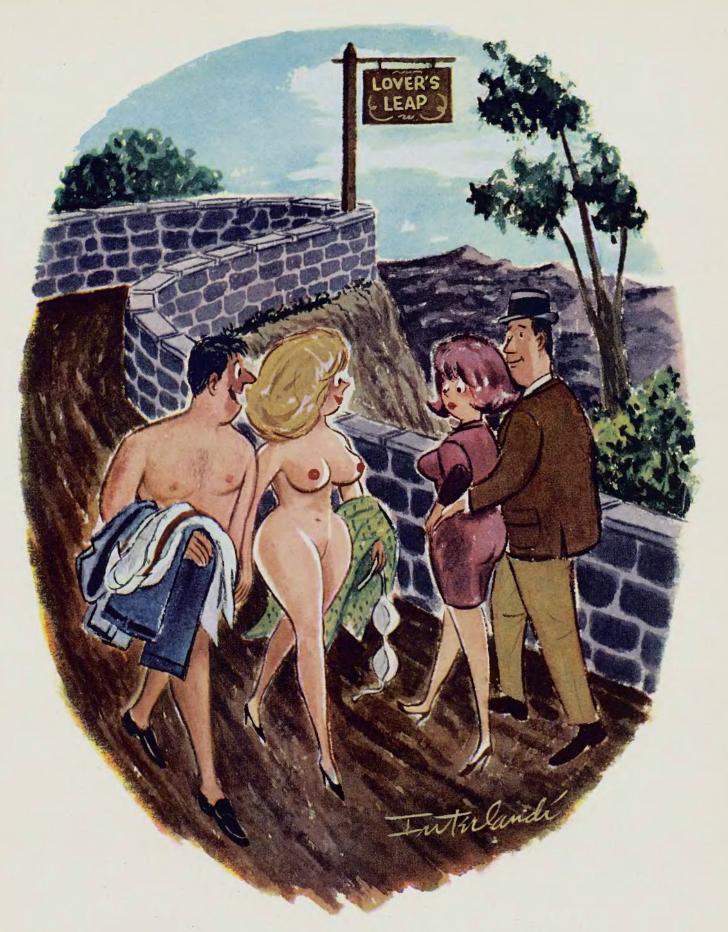
There is a group of teams playing in the Midlands that gets far less attention from the national press than it deserves. Playing in the shadow of the Big Ten, each year they field teams that could hold their own in most of the country's major conferences. The Mid-American Conference plus independents Detroit and Xavier are growing in power and prestige every year with Dayton not far behind. Each of these teams will be much stronger this year and some of the country's prime gridders are in this circuit. Jim Gray of Toledo, Walt Mainer of Xavier, Willy Asbury of Kent, Ernie Kellermann of Miami, Stew Williams and Joe Siesel of Bowling Green, Fred Beier of Detroit, and Mickey Bitsko of Dayton will all have pro scouts panting after them. Detroit, reaping the benefits of a fabulous recruiting drive that provided it with 50 sophomores, will take on an impressive national schedule and should be a major power in a couple of years. Although Ohio rates as top dog in the Mid-American circuit on sheer momentum from last year, don't be surprised if either Bowling Green, Miami, or even Western Michigan, all of them loaded, winds up on top. Kent and Western Michigan have new coaches with impeccable references, and Toledo has a group of West

Point transfers who got sick of the military life and followed new Coach Lauterbur to greener pastures.

THE SOUTH INDEPENDENTS					
Memphis State Georgia Tech Florida State		Miami Southern Miss.	1-9 3-6		
SOUTHEA	STERN	CONFERENCE			
Mississippi Auburn Alabama Kentucky Louisiana State Mississippi State		Florida Vanderbilt Georgia Tennessee Tulane	5-5 4-6 3-7 2-8 2-8		
ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE					
North Carolina Duke Clemson Virginia	8-2 7-3 5-5 5-5	South Carolina Maryland N. C. State Wake Forest	5-5 5-5 3-7 1-9		
SOUTH	IERN (CONFERENCE			
Virginia Tech West Virginia Richmond The Citadel G. Washington	6-4 5-5 5-5	Furman Virginia Military William & Mary Davidson	5-5 4-6 3-7 3-6		

Biletnikoff, Hermann (Florida State); Brown, Hindman, Harvey (Mississippi); Sidle, Frederickson (Auburn); Dupree (Florida); Stephens, Kearley, Namath, Bowman (Alabama); LaBruzzo, Schwab, Screen, Prudhomme (Louisiana State); Bird, Antonini (Kentucky); Watson, Neville, Granger (Miss. St.); De-Long (Tennessee); Rissmiller (Georgia); Willard, Hanburger (North Carolina); Barlow (N. Carolina St.); Glacken, Curtis, Bracy (Duke); Reeves (S. Carolina); Kowalkowski (Virginia); Crane (Clemson); Schweickert (Virginia Tech); Leftridge (West Virginia); McNeil (George Washington); Murphy (Citadel); Stoudt (Richmond).

An event of more than apparent importance took place on July 31st when Georgia Tech withdrew from the Southeastern Conference. Tech had long been at odds with several of the other schools over administrative fundamentals. The SEC appears to be run not by Commissioner Bernie Moore or the university presidents, but by a few all-powerful coaches who don't give a damn about anything but football. These coaches have for years engaged in the seamy practice of recruiting far more players than their Conference-imposed limit of athletic scholarships can support, and then literally drumming out the boys who don't make it athletically. Sometimes they even run sophs and juniors out of school in order to vacate scholarships. Tech's Bobby Dodd, on the other hand, harbors the quaint idea that educational values have some importance and that once having awarded a scholarship to a student, the school has an obligation to see him through. With a strict interpretation of entrance requirements and an efficient tutorial system, Tech keeps nearly all its boys in school, even those who flunk football. Dodd demanded reform along



"We changed our minds."

the lines of Big Ten recruiting rules, was voted down, and walked out. The Southeastern Conference was the heavy loser in this divorce. It lost a lot of class.

With 12 schools in the Southeastern Conference, anything resembling a round-robin schedule has been impossible. Year after year, December arrives and we are still wondering who is really the Conference champion. When it's possible for two or even three teams to finish undefeated, the championship is a joke. A few of the strongest teams carefully avoid playing one another. The cream-puff schedules Ole Miss has been enjoying have been due in part to an undisguised freeze-out by some other Conference schools. Georgia Tech flatly refuses to play the Rebels, having scheduled them last in 1926. That's ridiculous. The SEC should do what the Southern Conference did a few years ago:

split itself in half. Then each new league could take on a couple of deserving new teams. A logical arrangement, both for geographical and scheduling reasons, would be Tennessee, Vanderbilt, Kentucky, Georgia and Florida in one league with Florida State and Miami as new members. Perhaps even Georgia Tech could be prevailed upon to return to the fold. The other group would consist of Alabama, Auburn, Mississippi, Mississippi State, LSU and Tulane, with Southern Mississippi and Memphis State providing new blood.

If any one team dominates the circuit despite the present unwieldy setup, it should be either Ole Miss or Auburn. As usual, they won't play each other. Ole Miss has to get top pre-season billing from sheer weight of material. The Rebs' schedule is a bit more respectable this season, largely because yesteryear's

pushovers are showing muscle. Coach Johnny Vaught is surrounded by a small army of blue-chip players. His third team is probably better than half the first teams in the country. How Ole Miss, with an enrollment of 3800 menmost of them from the home stategets this kind of material year after year is amazing. Leading a line that would command respect in the pro leagues are PLAYBOY All-Americas Stan Hindman and Allen Brown. With this kind of beef up front, Ole Miss will field what is primarily an infantry attack despite the presence of passer Jim Weatherly. Coach Vaught, now the winningest mentor in the nation, is due for national honors this season; we tab him Coach of the Year.

Only we saw Auburn coming in 1963, but this year no one will be surprised by the Tigers. Jimmy Sidle is the only quarterback ever to lead the nation in rushing, and he has a whole herd of superb backs running with him, including Tucker Frederickson, who seems to do almost everything better than anyone else. The line, last year's vulnerable area, is this year's strong suit. So the Tigers should be tougher than ever.

Alabama should be only a little less potent, even though this is the youngest edition of the Crimson Tide in five years. Coach Bear Bryant insists that Joe Namath is the best quarterback in the country, but Joe won't have much help in the running department. The Bear always erects a lethal defense, so nobody is going to run up much of a score on the Tide.

The LSU line was gutted at graduation, but, like Alabama, the Bengals are so deep in reserves the difference won't be noticed by the end of the season. If quarterback Pat Screen regains his health and the injury jinx takes a recess, LSU should match last year's remarkable performance. Mississippi State, unaccustomed to such riches, is wallowing in agile, aggressive and versatile combatants. However, the Bulldogs must run a murderous end-of-the-season gantlet against Alabama, Auburn, LSU and Ole Miss, which no team in the country could survive. Since Florida has most of its 1963 running backs in tow, including tremendous fullback Larry Dupree, maybe the Gators will jell this season, a feat they failed to accomplish during most of last

Tennessee and Georgia have reached a talent nadir, so their fans will have to tighten belts and regard 1964 as a rebuilding year. Both schools are starting over fresh with energetic young coaches. Vince Dooley at Georgia must pick up the pieces of the Bryant-Butts imbroglio, rebuild morale, and try to win some recruiting battles. Both he and new Coach Doug Dickey at Tennessee inherit lean squads, and Dickey has the additional problem of installing the T formation at



"Tulane? No, my boyfriend goes to Yale, too . . ."

a school where the single wing has been sacrosanct for 30 years. This is the sad end of a magnificent-but outdatedera. Yet it holds hope for future glory. A rare bright spot this year is the return of PLAYBOY All-America guard Steve DeLong, an exceptional lineman who may lead the Vols to a few unexpected victories. Vanderbilt and Tulane, both having scraped bottom the last two seasons, are now well on the way back to distinction. Teams that take either of them too lightly this fall are likely to be ambushed. Tulane, especially, will show some new muscle in 1964, but the Greenies don't have much of a chance against a schedule that reads like a Kafka nightmare. Give Coach Tommy O'Boyle one more season, then watch out. At Vanderbilt, Coach Jack Green has been conducting recruiting raids up in Yankee country, and the results will begin to show this fall. For what it's worth, the Commodores should have the most spectacular kicking game in the country.

The team to keep your eye on, if you like surprises, is Kentucky. Coach Charlie Bradshaw has been training this outfit like a Marine combat platoon. His recruiting patrols have made a series of successful forays into Pennsylvania, and the Wildcats promise to be not only tough as leathernecks, but there are quite a few of them for a change. Kentucky will have two of the finest halfbacks in the country in Rodger Bird and Frank Antonini, PLAYBOY's Sophomore Back of the Year. In short, look for Bradshaw's band of brigands to rip into some of the complacent glamor teams that have been victimizing the Wildcats in recent years.

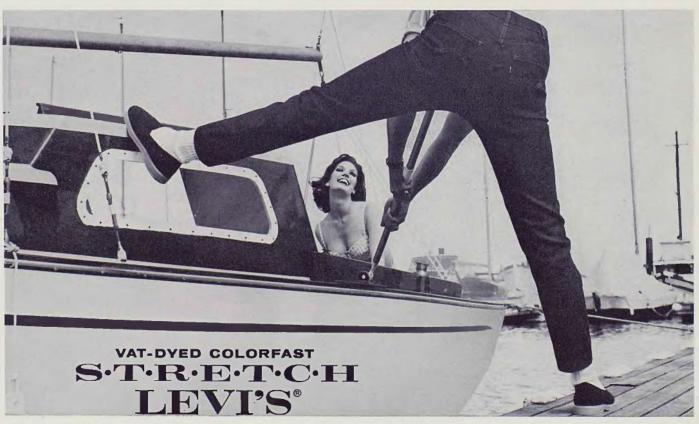
North Carolina is the team to beat in the Atlantic Coast Conference. Most of the muscle is back from the squad that engineered the impressive Gator Bowl trouncing of Air Force, and the Tarheels look bigger and faster than ever. Top player on Coach Jim Hickey's team is PLAYBOY All-America halfback Ken Willard who weighs in at 225 and runs like an antelope. If the Tarheels don't crumple before Michigan State, as they did last year, they will have their best season in 15 years.

North Carolina State, which shared honors with its state cousin last year, has been hurt by graduation and will have a tough time in 1964. Clemson has similar problems. The Tigers flubbed last year's opportunity for greatness and now look rather toothless. Veteran Coach Frank Howard, long known for his potent lines, will have to depend mostly on backfield talent. Fullback Pat Crain will be one of the best in the country

if he can find any holes to run through.

The folks at Duke are exuding confidence, and perhaps it is justified. The Blue Devils are much stronger than last year, but will be vulnerable to injuries. The loss of one or two key men in the backfield could wreck their season. South Carolina should recover some prominence after a disastrous 1963 campaign, with the help of a phalanx of excellent new men. Virginia and Maryland both look much improved, so look for each of them to engineer some big upsets. Virginia has prospects for a happy future with a flock of good sophomores, a new offensive system and blossoming morale. Wake Forest, weary of losing games, is embarking on a major rebuilding program, headed by new Coach Bill Tate, late of Illinois. First step was to break the color barrier, and the first Negroes have been recruited, with more to come. It will be a couple of years before Tate's new regime begins to show results, but the Deacons are definitely on their way up.

Virginia Tech could be the class of the Southern Conference again this year. Quarterback Bob Schweickert is one of the best in the land. Although West Virginia suffered from complacency last year, it does not plan a repeat performance. With enough raw material on



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hand, the Mountaineers should be much improved. The rest of the Southern Conference looks weak. Citadel and George Washington, however, could become formidable by the end of the scason. Richmond, with a more realistic schedule, should better last year's record.

Memphis State achieved major college status in 1960 and has lost only five games since that time. Last year, the Tigers were probably one of the ten strongest teams in the country, but the myopic post-season pollsters, who have a hard time seeing any but the traditional glamor teams, ignored them. The Tigers will be just as lethal this year. The Memphis State line, led by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Harry Schuh and end Chuck Brooks, looks like a pro forward wall. The only problem Coach Spook Murphy has had in recent years is finding other teams to play against his fearsome aggregation. This season the Tigers are forced to play against Southern Mississippi twice in order to fill their slate. But Memphis State is here to stay as a national power and the other Southern teams can no longer look in the other direction and hope the Tigers will go away.

Florida State will be vastly improved and is expected to compete with Memphis State and Georgia Tech for top honors among Southern independents. The Sunshine State's Seminoles have two quarterbacks, Steve Tensi and Ed Pritchett, who should pass opponents dizzy this year. The rest of the squad is bigger, faster and meaner than ever. Everyone will be watching to see how Georgia Tech does in its first season as an independent. The Yellow Jackets lost several star performers, but the sopho-

more crop is the best in years and during spring drills the Jackets looked very good. Miami, on the other hand, has encountered lean days, and no one will be surprised by a repeat of last year's disappointingly dismal record. The ranks are thin and the immediate prospects for new Coach Charlie Tate are dim indeed.

THE NEAR WEST

	BIG	EIGHT	
Oklahoma	9-1	Iowa State	5-5
Nebraska	8-2	Colorado	3-7
Kansas	7-3	Kansas State	3-7
Missouri	6-4	Oklahoma State	3-7
SOU	THWEST	CONFERENCE	

Rice	8-2	Baylor		5-5
Arkansas	8-2	Texas	Tech	4-6
Texas	6-4	Texas	A&M	3-7
SMU	6-4	Texas	Christian	3-7

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Cincinnati	8-2	Louisv	ille		5-5
Wichita Tulsa	5-5 5-5	North	Texas	St.	4-6

INDEPENDENTS

Texas Western 6-4 West Texas St. 3-7 Houston 3-7

TOP PLAYERS: Grisham, Neely, Burton, McQuarters (Oklahoma); Sayers, Shinn, Schweda (Kansas); Kramer, Hohn (Nebraska); Vaughn, Berrington (Iowa St.); Roland, Lane, Otto (Missouri); Mitts, Dusenbury (Kansas St.); Harper, Ward (Oklahoma St.); Reese, Lewark (Colorado); Lamb, Caveness (Arkansas); McReynolds, Walker, Piper, Wayt (Rice); Sands, Nobis, Koy, Harris (Texas); White, Roderick, Knee (SMU); Elkins, Maples, Marshall (Baylor); Anderson, Willis (Texas Tech); Henson (TcU); Owens, Nelson (Cincinnati); Rhome (Tulsa); Waskiewicz, Farr (Wichita); Buffone, LaFramboise (Louisville); Moore (N. Texas St.).

It's almost like old times in the Big Eight. The team to beat is Oklahoma, but the Sooners' dominance won't be as easy to maintain as it once was. The Big Eight is bulging with power and any one of the four top teams could wind up number one. Oklahoma is literally loaded in every sense of the word, but unfortunately it is also top heavy with seniors. Senioritis is a tricky and unpredictable disease that strikes a few death blows to otherwise affluent aggregations every season. New Coach Gomer Jones will make his take-over year a prosperous one if he can maintain good team morale. The Sooner line is anchored by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Ralph Neely, with the rest of the veteran line nearly as good. PLAYBOY All-America fullback Jim Grisham will provide most of the offensive punch, and quarterback Mike Ringer has regained his health after backing into an electric fan.

Main threat to the Sooners will be Kansas, which has its usual quota of blazing speed, mostly in the person of halfback Gale Sayers. Nebraska will probably fall short of last season's remarkable performance due to graduation losses. But the Cornhuskers are so deep in reserves, especially classy backs, that they'll be as good as ever by the end of fall. Nebraska football has been sensational since Coach Bob Devaney arrived two years ago, and judging from the new talent on hand, it will be that way for quite a while. If Missouri can find some new beef for the line to go with a superb backfield, it will be another happy autumn in Columbia after a slight letdown last year. Since the Tigers are nearly always better than anyone expects, look for them to hold true to form. Snazzy speedster Johnny Roland is back, and passer Gary Lane looks better than ever.

Oklahoma State, Kansas State and Colorado have embarked on intensive rebuilding programs and the first results are likely to show this year. But the competition is so strong from the top teams in the circuit that it will be a major accomplishment for any of the three to have a winning season. By 1965, however, the league should be so well balanced that anyone might finish on top.

The Missouri Valley Conference will feature two of the flashiest passing teams in the country. Tulsa will build almost its entire offense around brilliant quarterback Jerry Rhome in an effort to capture its third straight national passing title. Cincinnati, on the other hand, has a good running game to go with the passing of quarterback Brig Owens. So, with a surfeit of speed and experience, the Bobcats should cop the championship. Wichita has so many talented transfers from other schools to replace losses from last year's cochampionship team that the Shockers could be as good as ever, but the tough schedule will probably preclude a good won-lost record. North Texas State still hasn't recovered

its recent eminence, although it's much improved and should be hard to score on. So will Louisville's Cardinals, despite Charlie Mudd's tragic death last February. Having a strong emotional impetus, they could erase last year's dis-

mal performance.

The Southwest Conference race will be the usual dogfight. Last season's heavy losers have grown new fangs, making the scrap more fun to watch than ever. Top team at season's end should be Rice, but don't bet money on it. Arkansas has the offense that was missing last year and the Razorbacks are always brutal on defense. Ronnie Caveness is a superb linebacker and PLAYBOY All-America end Jerry Lamb should make the passing game successful. With a talented bunch of sophs joining 17 of last season's top 22 players, depth will be a major strong point of the Razorbacks. The Rice Owls are loaded, too, and if Coach Jess Neely can find some tackles and a speedster or two to go with all that power running, they will be nearly unstoppable. Neely, having more talent than he's had in years, should celebrate his 25th season as head coach in style.

Southern Methodist is the team to watch. The Mustangs have been abuilding for three years now and all the hard work could pay off in a big way in 1964. With NCAA probation serving to make the Mustangs angrier and more upsetminded than ever, they could become one of the big surprise teams of the year. Keep an eye on the Ohio State game September 26th.

Baylor lost brilliant passer Don Trull, so most observers will consign the Bears to the lower ranks this season. But new quarterback Mike Marshall looks nearly as good and the Bears still have playboy All-America flankerback Lawrence Elkins to do the catching. Baylor's colorful defensive unit, the "Chinese Baptists," is a holy terror to opponents, so the Bears will be hard to score on. Despite the schedule, Baylor should be nearly as hot as it was last year.

Both Texas Tech and Texas A&M will be stronger, but fans won't notice much difference because the opposition

will also be tougher.

Which brings us to Texas, and therein lies a quandary. On paper the Longhorns seem a good deal weaker than last year's National Champions. But games aren't played with scouting reports. There is a legend in the oil country that Coach Darrell Royal recruits outstanding high school players he can't hope to use, just to keep the other teams from getting them. At any rate, Royal has so much unprobed depth on hand that no one can guess where he'll land, although it isn't likely to be in the second division. Royal must produce some good new linemen, and he probably will. The backfield looks more potent than ever except at quarterback. Texas

probably won't win the Conference championship this year, but it will have much to say about who does.

Whoever arranged Houston's masochistic schedule must have been an incorrigible optimist. The Cougars will be better than last year, especially if all the lame and halt from the 1963 nightmare return, but they won't achieve much upgrading in the won-lost columns. Texas Western should give El Paso fans a happy autumn with the best team in years.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC COAST

Washington	8-2	Stanford	5-5
California	6-4	Oregon State	5-5
UCLA	6-4	Oregon	4-6
Southern Cal	5-5	Washington St.	2-8

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Wyoming	8-2	New Mexico	5-5
Arizona State	6-4	Utah	4-6
Arizona	5-5	Brigham Young	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Utah State	7-3	Colorado St.	4-7
San Jose St.	7-3	Pacific	4-6
New Mexico St	. 6-4	Air Force	4-6
Idaho	5-5		

TOP PLAYERS: Coffey, Douglas, Redman (Washington); Morton, Schraub (Cal.); Nelson, Haffner, Zeno, Altenberg (UCLA); Garrett, Fertig, Thomas (USC); Ragsdale, Chapple (Stanford); Washington (Oregon St.); Berry (Oregon); Williams (Wash. St.); Levine, Wilkinson (Wyoming); Briscoe, Hudlow (Arizona); Jefferson (Utah); Murray, Joseph (Utah); Murray, Carnota (Air Force); Leetzow, Litzinger (Idaho); Kroll (San Jose St.); Burkett (Colorado St.).

Pacific Coast football has been growing steadily in power and prestige for a decade, and this year a lion's share of football's spectacular events should occur on the West Coast. For one thing, two teams (Washington and Southern California) will no longer dominate the scene as they have in the recent past. Power will be more evenly spread from top to bottom, and only one team, Washington State, may be counted out of the championship race. Two of the most impressive power explosions in the country this year should occur at UCLA and California, with Stanford not far behind. Look for West Coast teams to bump off intersectional rivals in unprecedented numbers.

As if to celebrate this renaissance, a reformation has been decreed. The quarreling faculty fathers have forgiven if not forgotten, and the hallowed Pacific Coast Conference has been remade.

Washington gets the nod this year because of momentum and man power. The Huskies wound up on top of the totem pole in 1963, despite crippling injuries and a disastrous start. With a much deeper, more experienced and presumably healthier squad, they should be even harder to handle this season. Quarterback Bill Douglas and fullback Junior League Coffey—when well—are





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peerless performers, and the Huskies' line, led by Rick Redman and the Knoll twins, is one of the best in the land. Still, the perennial favorite's hex will be following Washington this year. Most likely to apply the whammy are UCLA, California and Stanford. UCLA, which administered a poetic coup de grâce to Washington toward the end of last season, has suffered few casualties by either combat or graduation, and is now ready to take on the whole league. The Bruins have high-velocity running in Byron Nelson and Mike Haffner as well as a superb passing game in Larry Zeno and Steve Sindell. A deep and rugged line, something new at UCLA, completes the happy picture. So, despite the schedule, look for spectacular improvement on last year's 2-8 record.

California is an almost identical twin. The Golden Bears also have nearly all belligerents back from last year, plus a new coach and an excellent quarterback. If head man Ray Willsey can make his take-over a smooth one, and if team morale can be maintained, California could clobber a few of the impressive Eastern powers on the schedule. Watch the Illinois game on September 26th.

If Stanford can find a quarterback and a few runners among a fine crop of sophs, the Indians will also improve much over last year's series of narrow defeats. The line is tough and defense will be stalwart. There is a plethora of man power in the Indian camp, so perhaps this will be the year when Coach John Ralston can put together the right combination.

Southern California may be as strong as last year, but, like Washington, the Trojans face fierce opposition from former patsies. PLAYBOY All-America halfback Mike Garrett is a mercurial and elusive runner, while flashy new quarterback Rod Sherman will help Craig Fertig run the attack. New halfback Ray Cahill adds even more speed, but the center of the line must be rebuilt to spring all these runners loose.

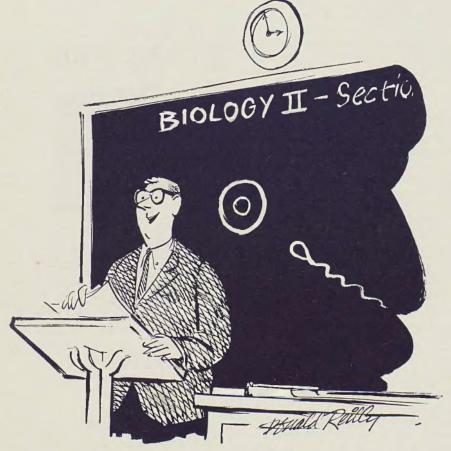
Despite the return of quarterback Bob Berry, Oregon will have a tough time celebrating readmission to the Pacific Coast league. The Webfeet have little depth beyond the first unit and will be easily weakened by injuries. Oregon State has two sharp new quarterbacks, Bob Grim and Paul Brothers, who threaten to displace veteran Gordon Queen. The Beavers will also be bigger and faster than they were last year, but will have a tough time posting a winning record against a rugged nationwide schedule. Washington State will have to start all

over from the bottom after losing 22 lettermen from last season's disappointing squad. New Coach Bert Clark faces a monumental task.

Wyoming will be the heavy favorite in the Western Conference. A herd of experienced veterans is returning, aided by outstanding talent up from Wyoming's best-ever freshman team. The Cowpokes have had three years to master Coach Lloyd Eaton's flip-flop offense, and the big payoff should come this fall. Arizona State, although unaccustomed to losing, will have a hard time maintaining mastery in the cactus country, mainly because such teams as Utah and Arizona are getting stronger. Arizona, in particular, may fool us all this year. The required elements are present, and if the Wildcats get off to a good start they could have a big year. The brightest star at Utah is end Roy Jefferson, said to be the best all-around football player in Utah's history. From here, Brigham Young still looks out of the race with 22 lettermen missing from a team that posted a 2-8 record last year.

Air Force will have a rough time fielding an offense as potent as the one operated by now-departed Terry Isaacson. The Falcons will have a strong ground game, but the passing department will be limp. Also, Air Force is getting into the real big time and the schedule is more ambitious than ever. If the Falcons win half their games it will be a great year. Both Idaho and Colorado State are on the way up. Last fall, Idaho posted the first winning season in a quarter of a century, and the Vandals look just as good this fall. Utah State won most of its games last season by outlandish scores and seems to be just as potent this year, despite the loss of quarterback Bill Munson. The 1964 Utags will feature a herd of stampeding runners to replace last year's aerial circus. San Jose State and Pacific are sharing the West Coast football revival. San Jose, especially, shows signs of becoming a major factor on the West Coast scene.

So now that we-and all the other preseason prognosticators-have told you what is going to happen, how come the teams even bother to play their games? Because, as always, we will be right in some cases (most, we hope) and wrong in others. After all, it's the unexpected, the improbable and the unbelievable that make football such a great game. Before this season is over, a few unheralded teams will rise and smite the mighty, and a few gridiron Goliaths will fall with resounding thuds. And then what will happen? Twenty thousand Mondaymorning quarterbacks will write us letters saying "I knew it all along." Nevertheless, we haven't met a man yet who got rich playing the weekly footballparlay cards. So don't try it.



"Does she or doesn't she? Don't miss tomorrow's exciting lecture!"

GROVER DILL

(continued from page 153)

but rarely admit. Say, for example, about that beady-eyed, clawed and ravening carnivore, that incorrigibly wild, insane, scurrying little beast—the killer that is in each one of us. We pretend it isn't there most of the time, but this is a silly, idle sham, as all male ex-kids know. They have seen it and have run fleeing from it more than once. Screaming into the night.

One quiet summer afternoon, leafing through a nature book in the library, with the sun slanting down on the oaken tables, I came across a picture of a creature called the Tasmanian devil. He glared directly at me out of the page, with an unwavering red-eyed gaze, and I have never forgotten it. I was looking at my own soul!

The Tasmanian devil is well named, being a nocturnal marsupial of extraordinary ferocity, being strictly carnivorous, and, when cornered, fighting with a nuttiness beyond all bounds of reason. In fact, it is said that he is one of the few creatures on earth that actually *looks forward* to being cornered.

I looked him in the eye; he looked back, and even from the flat, glossy surface of the paper I could feel his burning rage, a primal fury that glowed white-hot like the core of a nuclear explosion. A chord of understanding was struck between us. He knew and I knew. We were killers. The only thing that separated us was the sham. He admitted it, and I had been attempting to cover it up all of my life.

I remember well the first time my own Tasmanian devil without warning screamed out of the darkness and revealed himself for what he was-a fanged and maniacal meat eater. Every male child sweats inside at a word that is rarely heard today: bully. That is not to say that bullies no longer exist. Sociologists have given them other and softer-sounding labels, "overaggressive child," for example, but they all amount to the same thing-meatheads. Guys who grow up banging grilles in parking lots and becoming captains of industry or Mafia hatchet men. Every school had at least five, and they usually gathered followers and toadies like barnacles on the bottom of a garbage scow. The lines were clearly drawn. You were either a bully, a toady, or one of the nameless rabble of victims who hid behind hedges, continually ran up alleys, ducked under porches, and tried to get a connection with city hall-city hall being the bully himself.

I was 13, and an accomplished alley runner who wore sneakers to school not from choice but to get off the mark quicker. I was well-qualified to endorse Keds Champions with: "I have outrun some of the biggest bullies of my time wearing Keds, and I am still here to tell the tale."

It would make a great ad in *Boys'* Life: "KIDS! When that cold sweat pours down your back and you are facing the moment of truth on the way home from the store, don't you wish you had bought Keds? Yes, our new Bully-Beater model has been endorsed by skinny kids with glasses from coast to coast. That extra six feet may mean the difference between making the porch and you-know-what!"

Many of us have grown up wearing mental Keds and still ducking behind filing cabinets, water coolers and into convenient men's rooms when that cold sweat trickles down between the shoulder blades. My moment of truth was a kid named Grover Dill.

What a rotten name! Dill was a runny-nose type of bully. His nose was always running, even when it wasn't. He was a yelling, wiry, malevolent, sneevily snively bully who had quelled all insurgents for miles around. I did not know one kid who was not afraid of Dill, mainly because Dill was truly aggressive. This kind of aggression later in life is often called "talent" or "drive," but to the great formless herd of kids it just means a lot of running, getting belted, and continually feeling ashamed.

If Dill so much as said hi to you you felt great and warm inside. But mostly he just hit you in the mouth. Now, a true bully is not a flash in the pan, and Dill wasn't. This went on for years. I must have been in about second grade when Dill first belted me behind the ear.

Maybe the terrain had something to do with it. Life was very basic in northern Indiana, in a steel town at the far southern tip of Lake Michigan. Life was more primal there than in, say, New York City or New Jersey or California. Take the seasons. Snow, ice, hard rocky frozen ground that wouldn't thaw out until late June. Kids played baseball all winter on this frozen lumpy tundra. Ground balls would come galloping: "K-tunk K-tunk K-tunk" over the arctic concrete. And then summer would come. The ground would thaw and the wind would start, whistling in off the lake, a hot Sahara gale. I lived the first ten years of my life in a continual sandstorm. A sandstorm in the Dunes region, with the temperature at a hundred and five and no rain since the first of June, produces in a kid the soul of a Death Valley prospector. The Indiana Dunes-in those days no one thought they were special or spectacular -they were just the Dunes, all sand and swamps and timber wolves and even rattlesnakes. There were also rattlesnakes in fifth grade: like Grover Dill, a puff adder among garden worms.

This terrain grew very basic kids who fought the elements all their lives. We'd



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go to school in a sandstorm and come home just before a tornado. Lake Michigan is like an enormous flue that stretches all the way up into the Straits of Mackinac, into the great north woods of Canada, and the wind howls down that lake like a gigantic chimney. We lived at the bottom of this immense stovepipe. The wind hardly ever stops. Winter, spring, summer, fall-whatever weather we had was made 20 times worse by the wind. If it was warm, it seared you like the open door of a blast furnace. If it was cold, the wind sliced you to little pieces, diced and cubed you, ground you up, then put you back together and started all over again. People had red faces all year round from the

When the sand is blowing off the Dunes in the summer it does something to the temper. The sand gets in your shoes and always hurts between the toes. The kids would cut the sides of their sneakers so that when the sand would get to be too much, you just stick your foot up in the air and the sand would squirt out and you're ready for another ten minutes of action.

Grover Dill was just another of the hostile elements of nature, like the sand, the wind—and the stickers. Northern Indiana has a strange little green bur that has festered in fingers and ankles for countless centuries. One of the great moments in life for a kid was to catch a fly ball covered with a thick fur of stickers in a barehand grab, driving them in right to the marrow of the knuckle bones.

One day, without warning of any kind, it happened. Monumental moments in our lives are rarely telegraphed. I am coming home from school on a hot, shimmering day, totally unaware that I was about to meet face to face my Tasmanian devil, that clawed, raging maniac that lurks inside each of us. There were three or four of us eddying along, blown like leaves through vacant lots, sticker patches, asphalt streets, steaming cindered alleys, wading through great clouds of Indiana grasshoppers, big dark-green ones that spat tobacco juice on your kneecaps and hollered and yelled in the weeds on all sides. The eternal locusts were shricking in the poplars and the monarch butterflies were on the wing amid the thistles. In short, it was a day like any other.

My kid brother is with me and we have one of those little running ball games going, where you bat the ball with your hand back and forth to each other, moving homeward at the same time. The ball hops along; you field it; you throw it back; somebody tosses it; it's grabbed on the first bounce, you're out, but nobody stops moving homeward. A moving ball game. Like a floating crap game.

We were about a block or so from my house, bouncing the ball over the concrete, when it happened. We are moving along over the sandy landscape, under the dark lowering clouds of open-hearth haze that always hung between us and the sun. I dart to my right to field a ground ball. A foot lashes out unexpectedly and down I go, flat on my face on the concrete road. I hit hard and jarring, a bruising, scraping jolt that cut my lip and drew blood. Stunned for a second, I look up. It is the dreaded Dill!

To this day I have no idea how he materialized out of nowhere to trip me flat and to finally force the issue.

"Come on, kid, get out of the way,

willya?" He grabs the ball and whistles it off to one of his toadies. He had yellow eyes. So help me God, yellow eyes!

I got up with my knees bleeding and my hands stunned and tingling from the concrete, and without any conception at all of what I was doing I screamed and rushed. My mind was a total red, raging, flaming blank. I know I screamed.

"ҮААААААНННН!"

The next thing I knew we are rolling over and over on the concrete, screaming and clawing. I'm out of my skull! I am pounding Dill against the concrete and we're rolling over and over, battering at each other's faces. I was screaming continually. I couldn't stop. I hit him over and over in the eyes. He rolled over me, but I was kicking and clawing, gouging, biting, tearing. I was vaguely conscious of people coming out of houses and across lawns. I was on top. I grabbed at his head. I caught both of Grover Dill's ears in either hand and I began to pound him on the concrete, over and over again.

I have since heard of people under extreme duress speaking in strange tongues. I became conscious that a steady torrent of obscenities and swearing was pouring out of me as I screamed. I could hear my brother running home, hysterically yelling for my mother, but only dimly. All I knew is that I was tearing and ripping and smashing at Grover Dill, who fought back like a fiend! But I guess it was the first time he had ever met face to face with an unleashed Tasmanian devil.

I continued to swear fantastically. I was conscious of it, and yet it was as though it was coming from something or someone outside of me. I swore as I have never sworn since as we rolled screaming on the ground. And suddenly we were pulled apart. Dill, the back of his head all battered, his eyes puffed and streaming, slashed by my claws and fangs, was hysterical. There was hardly a scratch on me, except for my scraped knees.

I learned then that bravery does not exist. Just a kind of latent insanity. If I had thought about attacking Dill for ten seconds before I had done it, I'd have been four blocks away in a minute flat. But something had happened. A fuse had blown. And I had gone out of my skull.

But I had sworn! Terribly! Obscenely! In our house you didn't swear. The things I called Dill I'm sure my mother had not even heard before. And I had only heard them once or twice, coming out of an alley. I had woven a tapestry of obscenity that as far as I know is still hanging in space over Lake Michigan. And my mother had heard!

Dill by this time is wailing hysterically. This had never happened to him before. They're dragging the two of us apart amid a great ring of surging grownups and exultant, scared kids who

knew more about what was happening than the mothers and fathers ever would. My mother is looking at me. She said: "What did you say?" That's all. There was a funny look on her face.

At that instant all thought of Grover Dill disappeared from what was left of my mind and all I could think of was the incredible shame of that unbelievable tornado of obscenity I had sprayed all over the neighborhood.

I go into the house in a daze, and my mother's putting water on me in the bathroom, pouring it over my head and dabbing at my eyes which are puffed and red from hysteria. My kid brother is cowering under the dining-room table, scared. Bruner, next door, has been hiding in the basement, under the steps, scared. The whole neighborhood is scared, and so am I. The water trickles down over my hair and around my ears as I stare into the swirling drainage hole in the sink

"You better go in and lie down on the day bed. Take it easy. Just go in and lie down."

She takes me by the shoulder and pushes me down on the day bed. I lie there scared, really scared of what I have done. I felt no sense of victory, no sense of beating Dill. All I felt was this terrible thing I had said and done.

The light was getting purple and soft outside, almost time for my father to come home from work. I'm just lying there. I can see that it's getting dark, and I know that he's on his way home. Once in a while a gigantic sob would come out, half hysterically. My kid brother by now is under the sink in the john, hiding among the mops, mewing occasionally.

I hear the car roar up the driveway and a wave of terror breaks over me, the terror that a kid feels when he knows that retribution is about to be meted out for something that he's been hiding forever: his rottenness. The basic rottenness has been uncovered, and now it's the wrath of God, which you are not only going to get, but which you deserve!

I hear him in the kitchen now. I'm in the front bedroom, cowering on the day bed. The normal sounds—he's hollering around with the newspaper. Finally my mother says: "Come on, supper's ready. Come on, kids, wash up."

I painfully drag myself off the day bed and sneak along the woodwork, under the buffet, skulking into the bathroom. My kid brother and I wash together over the sink. He says nothing.

Then I am sitting at the kitchen table, toying with the red cabbage. My old man says: "Well, what happened today?" and looks up from the sports page. Here it comes!

There is a short pause, and then my mother says: "Oh, not much. Jean had a little fight."

"Fight? What kind of fight!"

She says: "Oh, you know how kids are."

The ax is poised over my naked neck! There is no way out! Mechanically I continue to shovel in the mashed potatoes and red cabbage and meat loaf. But I am tasting nothing, just eating and eating

"Oh, it wasn't much. I gave him a talking to. By the way, I see the White Sox won today . . ."

About two thirds of the way through the meal I slowly began to realize that I was not about to be destroyed. And then a very peculiar thing happened. A sudden unbelievable twisting, heaving stomach cramp hit me so bad I could feel my shoes coming right up through my ears.

I rushed back into the bathroom, so sick to my stomach that my knees were buckling. It was all coming up, pouring out of me, the conglomeration of it all. The terror of Grover Dill, the fear of yelling the things that I had yelled, my father coming home, my obscenities—I heaved it all out. It poured out of me in great heaving rushes, splattering the walls, the floor, the sink. Old erasers that I had eaten years before, library paste that I had downed in second grade, an Indian-head penny that I had gulped when I was two! It all came up in thunderous, retching heaves.

My father hovered out in the hall, saying: "What's the matter with him? What's the matter? Let's call Doctor Slicker!"

My mother *knew* what was the matter with me.

"Now, he's going to be all right. Just take it easy. Go back and finish eating. Go on."

She pressed a washrag to the back of my neck. "Now, take it easy. I'm not going to say anything. Just be quiet. Take it easy."

Down comes the bottle of Pepto-Bismol and the spoon. "Take this. Stop crying."

But then I *really* started to cry, yelling and blubbering. She was talking low and quiet to me.

"We'll tell him your stomach is upset, that you are something at school."

The Pepto-Bismol slides down my throat, amid my blubbering. Now it's really coming out! I'm scared of Grover Dill again, scared of everything. I'm convinced that I will never grow up to be 21, that I'm going blind!

I'm lying in bed, sobbing, but I finally drift off to sleep, completely passed out from sheer nervous exhaustion. The soft warm air blew the curtains back and forth as we caught the tail of a breeze from the great north woods, from the wilderness at the head of the lake. Both of us slept quietly, me and my red-eyed, fanged, furry little Tasmanian devil. Both of us slept. For the time being.

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Pornographers Revisited (continued from page 96)

started typically enough, with Evelyn bursting in at the top of the page to announce, "I am afraid I'm pretty ignorant about sex matters, Doctor. Ought I to read a sex manual, or something like that, before my wedding day?"

Without commenting one way or the other on the value of book learning, the doctor casually inquired, "'. . . By the way, have you ever had a thorough physical examination, Evelyn? Including a vaginal one, that is?'"

"Not what you would call a thorough physical," Evelyn replied. "Doctors have just tapped my chest and looked in my throat and ears—things like that. I've always been pretty healthy. My periods are as regular as clockwork..."

A rather long and extremely intimate conversation ensued concerning the chronometric accuracy of Evelyn's self-winding menstrual cycle, and the best way to make certain that her wedding day would not occur "bang in the middle" of her period. "'You can start now taking your temperature every morning,'" the doctor advised. "'The body temperature rises slightly at the time of ovulation—when the egg leaves the ovary and passes down to the uterus; the only time, as you probably know, when an ovum can become fertilized...'"

Since I had already learned about the Miracle of Reproduction from sneakreading E. Haldeman-Julius' Little Blue Books in my sixth-grade geography class, I warily skipped over the eggs and arrived at a two-line break in the next column, just in time to meet Evelyn and the doctor as they came out of his examination room. "I hope that wasn't too uncomfortable, Evelyn?' the doctor said. The first pelvic examination, I know, can be pretty bothersome.'

"'It wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. There was just one time when it really hurt. What is the verdict?"

"Your confidence in your good health is well grounded. I was impressed, too, with your poise and good sense during the examination. Actually, it wasn't quite as simple as I had thought it would be. The reason for the discomfort you experienced was that your vaginal opening is not very large. You probably know something about the hymen, or "maidenhead," as it is called?"

"Yes, and Mother told me to ask you about that. I forgot. It's her impression that in the premarital examination, the doctor breaks it or tears it or whatever it is you do. That's what she gathers from her friends whose daughters have had premarital examinations."

The doctor, who obviously didn't want to become implicated in the little white fibs being circulated by hymenless hoydens to explain their nonvirginal status, was quick to deny the canard: "I don't think that's strictly accurate, Evelyn, any of it. The normal hymen—it's a thinnish membrane or tissue, which partially closes off the lower end of the vagina in a virgin—is rather easily

stretched. Doctors do that sometimes, without damaging it, when they feel that a vaginal examination is advisable for a virgin. Or when some slight correction is needed to make a bride's first intercourse easier and less painful. . . . Generally, it doesn't make any trouble, and I don't myself interfere with a perfectly normal hymen. Now and then, however, we find a hymen that is extra tough or fibrous, or that has an unusually small opening. In such cases it may not stretch easily. It can make the first intercourse painful and sometimes may actually prevent normal intercourse.'

"'And that's the way I am? What can I do?'

"'... First of all, I'm going to give you some graduated dilators. Mary Ann, my nurse, will tell you how to use them. You can start tonight. If the condition isn't corrected by a month before your marriage, we will use surgical dilation... But Alec should know that this is being done. Would he be willing to come in for a little talk?'

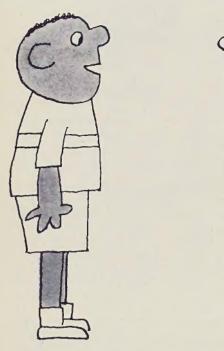
"I'm sure he would be glad to, Doctor," Evelyn assured him—and while the visit ended before the unsuspecting Alec had a chance to drop in for a little chat on hymeneal stretch-sex and a detailed briefing on the sort of thing he might expect to run into on his wedding night, the following April found another man (Sam Jenkins by name) bursting into the doctor's office: "'My wife got this sudden awful pain. I was so scared that all I could think of was to put her in the car and take her to a doctor quick! Did I do right?"

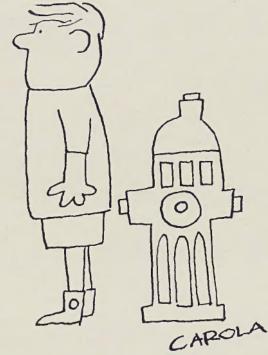
As it turned out, Sam had done exactly right—and just in the nick of time. As the doctor explained, after he had removed Mrs. Jenkins' left ovary, Sam's wife had been the victim of an "ectopic" or "ruptured tubal" pregnancy: "'The baby was growing in the outer part of the left Fallopian tube instead of in the uterus where it belonged.'"

In his gynecological give and take with the Jenkinses (who had been hoping for a little girl), the doctor was obliged to go into considerable detail about how "the ovum is normally met by the sperm at the outer end of the tube," and the fact that sometimes "there are little blind alleys in the tubes"—the whole comprising a small handbook on female plumbing and the etiquette of sperm and egg. "'Doctor, I just don't know how to thank you," Mrs. Jenkins murmured gratefully, when all was said and done.

"The doctor put his hand on Mr. Jenkins' shoulder. 'This fellow here is the one to thank, Mrs. Jenkins. He probably saved your life by his promptness in getting medical attention. I think he really deserves another chance at having that little girl!'"

With these historic words, the door was thrown open for other troubled





"I'll sell you my chance to be President for a nickel."

hubbies to come in and chat with the Journal's Trusted Physician.

"'It's her mother, Doctor,' "Bob Winston said gloomily, apropos his wife's case of forceps-fear in July '61. "'Ever since Mrs. Wilkens got here, we've been treated to play-by-play accounts of all the suffering she and her friends and her friends' friends went through when their babies were born . . .'

"The doctor shook his head. 'We obstetricians run into quite a lot of that, Bob. There are women who seem to take a ghoulish delight in trotting out all the childbed horrors they can think of when a young wife is approaching her first delivery. They don't seem to realize the effect they may be producing on the expectant mother. . . . " And, two months later, the doctor was deep in a closed-door consultation with young Edgar Ferris, whose wife Marian was suffering from "placenta previa"—which means, literally, a placenta too far down.

"'What is so bad about it, Doctor?'
Mr. Ferris asked.

"The doctor drew a picture on his note pad. 'Here we have a cross section of the uterus, in late pregnancy, with the placenta well up toward the top, where it ought to be. And here'—making another sketch—'is a uterus where the placenta is so low that it partially covers the cervical opening . . .'" But, on the off

chance that these pages might fall into the hands of some hopefully expectant young wife, let's spare ourselves the gory description of Marian's "massive hemorrhage" ("'It's happened, Doctor, and it's dreadful, unbelievable! It's a fountain a—a torrent! What shall I do?' ") and the grim Caesarean sight of "the big uterine arteries . . . temporarily restrained by rubber-covered clamps."

One ingenious device for stepping up the hubby's postcoital involvement in the female sexual cycle is to make him an active participant in "natural childbirth"-a do-it-yourself kind of obstetrics which, by the spring of '63, was getting some pretty heavy promotional play in the form of "home delivery." Apart from catering to the aspirations which some women have to emulate the Great Earth Mother and bring forth the fruit of their teeming wombs with no more frills or antisepsis than might be had in a mud hut on the Amazon, "home delivery" is additionally attractive in that it expands the hubby's household duties to include on-the-job training as a resident midwife and obstetrical handyman-presumably on the theory that if he was in at the conception, it is only fair that he be allowed to share in the joys of welcoming the stork. For an example of this kind of hubby-wife labor union, we need look no further than page III of the same

issue that contained William McCleery's statement on the Gentlemen's Home Journal, and the story of Marian Hodges' scratch-and-go brush with the galloping trichomonads. The article is called "Our Baby Was Born at Home," and opens with a note written to the editors by 28-year-old Patricia Nissen. "We are planning our baby to be born at home," Mrs. Nissen wrote, "Would you like to share in the experience?"

The question was almost absurdly rhetorical. Would a fish like to swim? Do kids like parades and circuses? Of course the *Journal* wanted to share in Patty Nissen's accouchement! And so it was that, come July, the *Journal*'s Joan Younger and photographer Joseph Di Pietro were dispatched to the Nissens' Indiana home to provide on-the-spot coverage of the blessed event, using the same dramatic, minute-by-minute technique that had been employed in documenting such great moments in history as the day Lincoln was shot and the sinking of the S.S. Titanic:

"1:31 P.M. 'Wow, here's another one that's a beauty,' Patty says. The contractions are now a regular six to seven minutes apart, but Gene [Patty's husband] is no longer watching Patty worriedly when she has one. He is excitedly occupied by the pans of boiling water and the time sheet. Patty's excitement, on



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the other hand, is leaving her. . . . Only when a contraction comes does she stiffen and become taut. . . . Patty draws in her breath, startled. 'Oh, that was a funny one.' 'Six minutes on the dot,' Gene says and then looks at her sharply. 'Gee whiz, Patter, we're going to have a baby! . . . '"

"Patter," in case you haven't guessed, is Gene's pet name for Patty, and "Noos is her pet name for Gene. It means 'brain' in Greek and she says that is why she chose it, but Gene, laughing, says obviously it is short for Nuisance." The whole family talks cute like that. "Mommy, Mary is fricker-fracker," their little daughter Becky shouts in reporting the bedtime behavior of her younger sister. Fricker-fracker "is a family phrase for being naked." And, when Patty's lady doctor has her bedded down on a pad of newspapers at 1:47 P.M., Patty laughs as she reminisces: "Remember those funny things we used to say in high school? They all had a storal to the mory. Spoonerisms. 'Oh, sometimes your boubles are trig and sometimes your smoubles are trall. But if you trad no houbles at all, how could you blecognize your ressings?' "

"2:23 P.M. The contractions are now coming five minutes apart and are of considerable intensity, but Patty has been dozing through them. . . . The only time she has cried 'Ouch' was when the birth area was washed with soap and germicide. She is stretched out on the bed, the newspapers under her and a sheet over her.

"The doctor has been resting and waiting on a chair beside the bed. . . . When Patty opens her eyes the doctor says, 'You must get up and walk around now. We have only a four-centimeter

dilation and we need nine."

And so it goes, while Gene rushes around sterilizing cloths, boiling rubber gloves, making tea, and keeping track of Patty's contractions on his time sheet. At 3:50 p.m. Patty's tension relaxes, and she sits to rest. "'You must walk,' the doctor says. 'Ah, bension is tilding up again,' Patty says, getting up, 'and I am just putzing around.'

"5:10 P.M. The baby has moved downward now and Patty has gone to lie down. . . 5:40 P.M. The water sac broke suddenly and completely a few minutes ago. . . 'Mr. Nissen,' the doctor says, 'put your hands on top of her abdomen and massage very gently, please . . . very gently.' There is a long, heaving breath from Patty. 'I see the head!' Gene exclaims. 'Dark curly hair—like yours, Patty, like yours!' 'But I wanted red hair,' Patty says. 'Patter,' Gene cries, 'the baby is coming!'"

As I read, my own bension was tilding up to pever fitch. I was ready to settle for any color hair—auburn, chestnut or peroxide blonde. "6 P.M. But the baby does not come. Its head is pressing, pressing against the cervix, as each powerful contraction of the uterus drives it farther down the birth canal, but it cannot push through. . . . 'Relax,' the doctor says. 'Relax. Relax between contractions. Push only with the contractions.'"

Lord knows, I was trying to relax. My grip on the *Journal* was tense and moist, but I wasn't pushing between contractions. Maybe Mr. McCleery and the other fellows were pushing, but not me!

"6:30 P.M. The baby still has not stretched the cervix sufficiently, nor have the contractions. . . . 7:10 P.M. Still the baby has not arrived. . . . 7:30 P.M. Delivery is close now, as the baby presses

downward, downward, and the contractions come one upon another so closely they are almost continuous. 'Stretch, baby, stretch,' the doctor murmurs. 'Now—now, push with this contraction—push—push—now relax—relax—.'"

Crouched down in my armchair, I dug my heels into the rug and pushed —pushed—relaxed—relaxed. The paragraphs were coming one upon another so closely they were almost continuous. "Wow!" I gasped. "Here's another one

that's a beauty!"

"7:39 P.M. Then—suddenly—there is the sound of a baby's wail and like an arrow the baby has popped from the uterus into the doctor's deft hands. In skilled rhythm the doctor has caught the child, clamped the cord, and laid the baby on Patty's stomach. 'Oh-h'—Patty's wail is one of pure joy—'see the baby!' Gene is still thunderstruck 'Oh,' he says. 'Oh, oh, oh. What a thrill!' 'What is it?' Patty says. But there is no time to examine the baby now. The afterbirth is coming with the same catapulting speed the baby did . . ."

"Oh, no you don't!" I muttered, and slammed the magazine shut just in time to prevent the hamned dafterbirth from

lopping into my plap!

Sitting in a dreamy kind of postnatal haze induced by a couple of stiff shots of Old Twilight Sleep, I fancied I could still see the memory book of photos Mr. Di Pietro had taken at the Nissens' obstetrical open house: Noos gently massaging Patter's abdomen at 5:10 P.M. . . . Noos clutching Patter's hand as she winced at a 6:30 contraction. . . . Patter's ecstatic smile at the sight of the newborn little what's-it lying across her fricker-fracker tummy. . . . So vivid and complete were the innumerable clinical details which I have here had the decency to omit, I was certain that I, or any of the Journal's other male readers, could have gone out that very night and delivered quintuplets in a snowbound taxi. The Journal, it seems, was rather hoping that some of us would. "Well, thank goodness!" the letters' editor exclaimed, some months later, when Bettie J. Downing of Yerba Buena Island, California, wrote in to announce that due to the late arrival of the ambulance her husband had delivered their six-pound, nine-ounce daughter. "Thanks to the Journal, we know just what to do!" Mrs. Downing shouted from the far-off Yerba Buena shore.

For a while, I half suspected that the new trend to home deliveries by Journal-trained midhubbies was just a marriage-saving gimmick to prevent pregnant women from developing sneaky crushes on their obstetricians. But if the Trusted Physician was being deemphasized on the natural-childbirth front, June 1961 found him in there and pitching as a specialist in artificial insemination:



"Well, are you going to push or not?!"

"'We have a pretty difficult question, Doctor, that we haven't been able to work out for ourselves,' Hal Ward said with a nervous laugh . . .

"I see you have an infertility problem,' the doctor remarked, referring to the notes his secretary had handed to him. 'Dr. Fairchild has been treating you

both for four years . . .'

"'Yes. We had been married three years when Ann went to him about her failure to conceive. He couldn't find anything wrong with her, so he had me come in. He made two separate examinations, said the sperm potential was only fifty to sixty percent of normal. He decided this was due to a very severe case of mumps, with complications, that I had when I was in the Army . . .'

"'Testicular mumps can do it,' the doctor said. 'At that, you are luckier than many men who have had mumps of this type, if your index is still better

than fifty percent.'

"'So Dr. Fairchild said, and he was very optimistic at first that treatment might fix me up. I've had the works, Doctor—diets, thyroid, shots, prostate treatments, male hormones, and some female hormones for good measure.'

"'He even gave *me* female thyroid and female hormones, too,' Ann Ward added. . . . 'He had me keep temperature charts, and every now and then he blew air through the Fallopian tubes—he called that insufflation—to make sure

they were completely open."

The Journal didn't explain how Dr. Fairchild went about the business of blowing air through Ann Ward's tubes, but masculine delicacy led me to assume that some sort of hand pump was used. At any rate, the Trusted Physician's particular forte was "homologous insemination"—artificial insemination "using the husband as donor."

"'We call this homologous insemination because it is all in the family, so to speak,'" the doctor explained. "'Undoubtedly you know that a terrific number of spermatozoa—millions, in fact can be released at a single time. . . . They are of course incredibly tiny. And though they appear to move very fast when you look at them under the microscope, it takes from three to four hours for the strongest and liveliest sperm to make the short trip from the cervix up into the Fallopian tubes. Most of them, countless thousands, perish on the way.'"

As in his previous descriptions of the descent of the ovum into the uterus, the doctor's story of the sperms' journey up the tubes had much of the color and drama usually associated with sagas of Westward migration, and how jazz came up the river from New Orleans. "Recently," however, "there have been some very helpful findings concerning the environment—"climate" we doctors call it—in the vagina," he went on to reveal, adding that "It was not a good



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one for the sperm. . . . So the sperm are only too happy to make their way out of the vagina into the inviting atmosphere of the cervix."

By this time, I would have been only too happy to make my way out of the vagina, too, and would have welcomed a Fallopian-free sojourn in the high, dry climate of the Colorado hills. But the doctor was just hitting his stride: "'It's even more interesting that in a normal woman there are marked changes in the quality of the secretions in the cervical canal around the time that ovulation is imminent. For example, extra carbohydrates appear on which the sperm appear to flourish. . . . The result is that at this time of the month sperm can travel more quickly and easily, reach the Fallopian tubes in more virile condition, and live as long as three days in a woman's genital tract."

To me, three days was beginning to seem like no time at all. " 'That is interesting," Hal put in-and that was all the encouragement the doctor needed to launch into a discussion of other secretions and factors that were hostile toward a well-meaning sperm. "'If you find there is a hostile element of some kind, can anything be done?" one of the Wards asked.

"'That is where homologous insemination comes in," the doctor replied. "'What we do, stated in simple terms, is to insert the husband's sperm into the 194 cervix by artificial means, partially or perhaps entirely above the harmful influences in the vagina and cervix . . .'

"Mr. and Mrs. Ward exchanged excited glances. 'Won't you please do that for us?' Mrs. Ward implored."

But the doctor hardly needed imploring. If I knew my Trusted Physicians, the Wards couldn't have gotten out of that office with a loaded .45. Happily, however, the tests "revealed no evidence of antagonism between the secretions of husband and wife. The specimen Hal furnished showed only about half the usual sperm concentration, a good many extra cells, much debris and some peculiar sperm forms." But, despite this oddball assortment, the medical consensus was "that Hal could be considered fertile under favorable conditions. The doctor's examination of Ann Ward, however, disclosed one thing which escaped Dr. Fairchild's scrutiny . . .

There is a small erosion at the cervical opening, with a very slight infection-we call it endocervicitis,' the doctor told the Wards." "Then you won't use homologous insemination after all?" we all asked in unison. "Indeed, we will," the dauntless medico retorted, " 'and during this ovulation period. We can give the sperm a lot better chance by depositing them high up in the cervical canal. . . . If we are not successful this time, we will cauterize the erosion. . . . We will insufflate the tubes a few days before the homologous insemination is done. . . . Anything that makes it easier for the sperm to travel up the tubes is all to the good."

I agreed. But since there was nothing we male Journal readers could do to assist, I just stood around trying hard not to stare while Hal, Ann and the doctor performed three homologous inseminations with "no results." Disheartened by his failure to come up with a winning sperm count, Hal offered to resign from the team, and suggested calling in an outside donor. But the doctor wasn't ready to give up so easily. "That does you credit, Hal," he said, in a private pep talk with his number-one seeded player, "'but let's try at least once more. This time we'll make it easier still for the sperm. We will do a more complete dilatation of the cervix when we reinsufflate the tubes. We will watch Ann's temperature very closely. If the rise that indicates ovulation does not occur immediately after insemination, we'll inseminate again . . . ' "

Much as I admired the man's spirit, I began to wonder how Ann was responding to all these attentions. Did she still regard the doctor as a purely scientific middleman? Or was she, perhaps, beginning to welcome his approach with warm, soulful glances and a softly hummed chorus of You Brought a New Kind of Love to Me? Fortunately, such questions must remain forever moot. "The next insemination worked, and nine months later Mrs. Ward gave birth to a fine boy!"

During my first journey into the calamitous world of sex in the women's magazines, I had occasion to remark that there were no limits to how far the ladies' books could go, as long as they approached the subject with a medical license and a little black bag. But I never dreamed the day would come when the male sex glands would be treated with the same clinical familiarity as the female genital tract. For the record, it must be noted, moreover, that the Journal's fertility triangle featuring Hal, Ann and the doctor was but a come-lately instance of a new kind of sexual manhandling that first came to my notice in the July '59 issue of Cosmopolitan—a highly sex-laced number devoted to "Man and His Woman."

The "Case History" of the month was a detailed dossier on "Man's Personal Disease," and had as its troubled protagonist a man named Jim Rogers, who was suffering from an enlargement of the prostate gland: "For over a year Jim Rogers had been aware of decreasing sexual ability. . . . For more than a year there had been a marked change in his urinary habits; he had frequent difficulty, sometimes a little pain. He had been making more and more pilgrimages to the men's room during the day and waking up increasingly during the night . . ."

Though the story ended happily, with Jim functioning flawlessly in all departments, this pioneering probe of man's most intimate sex gland was noteworthy for at least two reasons. First, it expanded Cosmopolitan's far-reaching sexual domain to include the bathroom and the office urinal. And, second, it successfully applied the sick, sad sex approach to the problem of getting a man to drop his pants, so that a million-odd women could get a few vicarious kicks from

"playing doctor": 'As far as anybody has been able to discover, the prostate gland in the human male has one primary function: to produce fluid in which sperm can live during their long journey to the Fallopian tubes. . . . It lies at the base of the bladder. . . . Thus its secretions-up to two cubic centimeters of fluid dailyhave ready access to the urine for elimination. And during coitus, when they increase greatly, they also have a ready exit and can join with the sperm. . . . But as the enlarging prostate begins to dam up the lower urinary passage, the bladder has to work harder to get the same amount of urine through. . . . Massage of the prostate might give him relief for a time. But the advice of the urologist was surgery. . . . An instrument is introduced into the penis, and passed up through the urethra. It is fitted with a telescopic lens system and a light, allowing the surgeon to see what he is doing. . . . A Baltimore physician once attributed enlargement to excessive sexual activity. But the condition is observed in Catholic priests in whom there's no question of overindulgence. A famed physician, Dr. Will Mayo, once thought it was due to . . . prolonged voluntary retention of urine. But enlargement is as frequent in farmers, who don't have to hold their urine. . . . Other doctors have noted that eunuchs never have prostate trouble . . ."

Nonfarming male readers who managed to hold their water long enough to finish the article, found that castration was not being specifically recommended as a cure for prostatitis. But a description of a vasectomy, or male sterilization, on page 58 of the same issue, was as detailed as a recipe for Granny Grimshaw's old-fashioned Nut Surprise: "The two slim tubes through which spermatozoa must travel from the testicles to ejection outside the body are called the vas deferens; each is about one-eighth of an inch thick and twenty inches long, and each, conveniently, lies just below the skin of the scrotum. In a five-minute operation that can be performed under a local anesthesia . . . a half-inch incision is made on each side of the scrotum, the two tubes are lifted out, a tiny section is cut off each, the ends are tied off and buried in the neighboring tissue-and the patient forsakes fatherhood for good." Voilà! and Vive le vas deferens! As easy as taking a tuck in a skirt or trussing up a turkey!

Equally simple was the female sterilization, in which the surgeon deftly ties off "and cuts out a portion of each Fallopian tube." The purpose was, of course, "the prevention of parenthood," and the beauty of both operations lay in the fact that "Sex characteristics and sex drive are not affected. . . . Menstruation continues. . . . Seminal fluids, minus sperms, still flow undiminished from each ejaculation . . ."

Dedicated to a full, frank discussion of "Our Sterilization Scandal," the article nevertheless turned up some pretty specific information about where a hubby could be sent to have his tubes tied off with a minimum of fuss and financial strain, and treated the male sex organs with the familiarity of a hand thrust in a wide-open fly. But that wasn't all. As anyone acquainted with Cosmopolitan's comprehensive coverage must have already surmised, the pace-setting "Man and His Woman" issue did not neglect the techniques of natural insemination and the business of promoting an undiminished flow of conjugal ejaculations and orgasms.

In strictest adherence to the traditional "problem" approach, the month's guide to better sexual relations was presented under the heading of "Man's Greatest Blunder," and was in the classical question-and-answer form of an "exclusive interview" with the "noted authority on marital problems," Dr. Frank S. Caprio. "The American male makes the woman feel that he's overly sex-conscious," Dr. Caprio charged, "and that his love can *only* be expressed by his physical desire for her. The more talented lover will try to establish some sort of companionship with his woman. He makes a woman feel that he enjoys her conversation. He remarks about her hair, praises her . . ."

While the doctor's point might be well taken, most men would agree, I think, that the majority of American wives are inclined to attribute a sexual motive to practically anything a man might say, from "Gee, honey, your hair looks nice tonight," to "Think I'll get the stepladder and replace that bulb in the chandelier." But one sure-fire way for a husband to avoid the appearance of being overly sex-conscious, would be to refrain from discussing the articles in her favorite magazines. Under no circumstances should a talented lover make companionable inquiries concerning the balminess or inclemency of her vaginal "climate," or praise the "quality of the secretions in the cervical canal." Neither should he seek to make chummy small talk of his urinary habits, speak boastfully of the "terrific number of spermatozoa" he can release at a single time, or try to beat up a conversation about his prostate, penis, testicles or scrotum. This may leave him with a mute choice between going out to an all-night golf



"Truthfully, miss, I don't think you can get away from it all!"

driving range or having her follow him around from room to room, pleading, "Talk to me, honey, talk to me." But regardless of provocation, he should never commit the blunder of discussing sex with her as exhaustively as did Dr. Caprio.

American marriage will achieve true happiness when our men develop technique that is midway between being shy and inhibited, and being too bold and brazen," the doctor opined-thus setting up a psychological tightrope of such indefinite height, length and fragility, that even the most sexually sure-footed of men must despair of ever getting across on the very tiptoes of devotion and desire. Helpfully, however, the doctor also advocated a more active participation on the part of American wivessans tightropes and, presumably, sans tights. "A common complaint among many male patients of mine is that their wives have seldom taken the sexual initiative," he remarked. ". . . Happily, this trend is changing. Maxine Davis recently wrote a book, The Sexual Responsibility of Women, which makes a valuable contribution because she has tried to show the importance of the wife's occasionally surprising her husband and initiating the advances. This adds to the variety of the physical relationship, and makes the wife coparticipant in sex . . ."

After settling the old "frequency" question with a traditional twice-a-week reply, the doctor then broke new ground by addressing himself to a problem that the women's magazines had previously handled with noncommittal kid gloves. "Q. Could you tell us about what is normal in the sexual relationship between men and women—and what constitutes sexual deviation?

"A. A man and wife who have conventional sex relations and do not indulge in deviations can be normal. By the same token, those couples who do practice variations in technique are also normal. My experience has been that the couples who do indulge in variation are more compatible and have a better adjusted sex life than those who are too inhibited to do so. Whatever two people do, within reason, in the privacy of their bedroom can be considered normal as long as it is done by mutual consent."

Depending upon each reader's sexual sophistication, the Caprio statement could be construed as carte blanche to practice the most outré Oriental deviations, or as a mere medical permit to leave the little bedroom light on. But this, coupled with the doctor's recognition of the need for greater sexual responsibility in women, represented a significant effort to liberalize the American woman's attitudes, and reduce the impossible number of restrictions which years of "authoritative" marital advice had imposed upon the sexual deportment of the American male. Significant, too, was Morton M. Hunt's analysis of "The New Sex Problems" in an article on "Our Manly Men," on page 35 of the same sex-laden issue:

"For the past 30 years, feminists and marriage advisors have sternly forbade the male to enjoy his wife sexually without arousing her and completely fulfilling her," Mr. Hunt observed. "The impact of this campaign has led modern woman to expect a more superior performance than the average man can regularly put on. The requirement that he woo her carefully and long each time assumes the appearance of an onerous duty and a threat to manliness. I once knew a man who, warned by a doc-

tor that he was giving his wife insufficient preparatory wooing, put a luminous clock by the bedside and faithfully tried to provide 20 minutes of arousal before obeying his own impulses. In less than half a year, he had taken up with a beer-joint doxy, with whom he was able to be riotous, selfish and crudely masculine."

Anyone familiar with the findings in the original *Pious Pornographers* need hardly be told that it was just such prohibitive platitudes that the women's magazines had been propagandizing for years. Curiously, the first indications of a change in editorial attitude toward these man-killing clichés had appeared in *Cosmopolitan*'s special issue on "The American Wife," which hit the newsstands in January of 1958—a few months following PLAYBOY's publication of my first report on the clinical concupiscence and misery-ridden erotica that passed for sex in milady's popular monthlies.

While instances of sexual happiness were still notable for their absence, the month's lead article, by T. F. James, took 19th Century Puritanism to task for insisting that "decent" women were incapable of sexual passion. "Only bad women enjoyed sex," the writer recalled. And the liberating influences of Freud and Havelock Ellis had only led to an increase in sex antagonism. "All shapes and varieties of marital anguish were laid squarely at the door of the clumsy husband. It was the man, the marriage manuals unanimously declared, who was responsible for success in sex, and equally responsible for its failure. For the enlightened readers of the manuals, making love became a kind of challenge . . .

"Frequently couples spent so much time worrying about whether their technique was right, whether their climaxes





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occurred simultaneously as the book said they should, whether the wife really had an orgasm, that they lost all the meaning of marital intercourse, not to mention

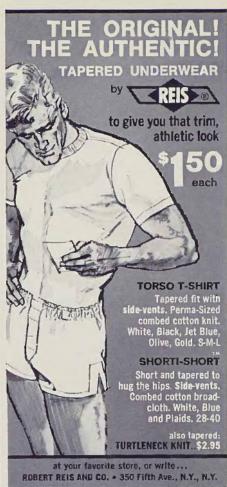
the pleasure . . ."

"Pleasure" was a word that the ladies' books had seldom mentioned in connection with sex, and T. F. James' reference to it came as a welcome surprise. Even more surprising was the writer's announcement that "Doctors now feel the whole concern with orgasm has been overdone. Dr. Clark E. Vincent of the University of California, for instance, declares that the important thing is a spontaneous love relationship in which 'the two people lose themselves without any particular thought as to whether their technique is achieving results.' Psychiatrists point out that orgasm is an extremely difficult phenomenon to measure. In the popular mind it is a sort of physical and emotional explosion at the climax of the sex act. But Dr. Lena Levine says: 'The descriptions women give of an orgasm may be as different as the differences among women themselves, for each has her own sexual responses and in response to a particular man."

This recognition of psychosexual variables, and Dr. Vincent's advocacy of "a spontaneous love relationship," added up to a radical change in both doctoral and editorial thinking. In a Cosmopolitan article quoted in my original report, no less an authority than Dr. Frank S. Caprio had deplored the "misconception many young married people have . . . that the best sex is spontaneous." "Actually, the most rewarding and consistent sexual happiness is planned," he had declared, and success "comes slowly, in the course of years, as couples learn what caresses achieve the richest response, and how to time these responses so they achieve orgasm together-a necessity for maximum fulfillment."

From advocating that young couples approach sex as though it were a kind of arduous home-study course in erotic engineering, by which the technically gifted might learn to caress their way to success, Cosmopolitan's sex specialists had openly and abruptly switched to promoting the recreational aspects of physical amour. Diligence was no longer placed ahead of desire, planning gave way to spontaneity, and sex was now a spirited folk art in which couples find fulfillment through mutual self-expression.

This new and salutary emphasis upon enthusiasm and delight was to echo in the kitchen-and-cookie-oriented pages of Good Housekeeping in 1962, and amidst the big, splashy color spreads of Mc-Call's, in 1963. The Ladies' Home Journal made an early and valiant attempt to introduce a note of sexual uplift by launching a new series on "Sex and Religion," six months after Cosmopolitan had sounded its come-one-come-all









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call to sexual joy in "The American Wife." But, while the first article, by the Reverend Doctor Ruel L. Howe, was given prominent billing on the cover, the Journal's reluctance to abandon the weeping womb and go all out for the power of positive intercourse, was evidenced by the equally prominent bill-boarding of an ace-in-the-hole agony item: "I HATE BEING PREGNANT AND I HATE SEX."

However, in shifting even a portion of its sexual content from the clinical to the clerical, the Journal moved considerably closer to the side of the angels. The Reverend Doctor Howe didn't hate sex. In the process of expounding his beliefs, he never once suggested that sex was anything less than one of life's greatest blessings. Writing on "The Bible and the World of Dr. Kinsey,' in October '59, Dr. William Graham Cole, then Cluett Professor of Religion at Williams College, went even further in freeing sex of some of its puritanical clichés and pious negativism: "For a variety of reasons, the Western world, under Christian influence, has all too often been inclined to view man's sexuality negatively," he wrote. ". . . Somehow the notion has got around that the original sin of Adam and Eve was the sexual act; and though the church may not have been guilty of positively creating such an impression, it must be confessed that little has been done to counteract or correct it. . . . The insistence of the secular mind upon the essential goodness of sex as a fact of nature must be underlined and strengthened by a Biblically oriented viewpoint rather than attacked or refuted.

"The Bible begins with the story of creation, and creation includes the fact of sexuality. Man's bodily nature is not, according to the Bible, an occasion for regret, a prison house of sensuality from which we must seek to escape. It is perfectly clear that the Old Testament sees man as a psychophysical unity, as a creature made to enjoy the material world, including his own body. . . . The New Testament is somewhat more confining, bringing to an end the era of polygamy, divorce and prostitution, as the Judaism of the First Century had virtually already done. But still, sex is good . . ."

It was not necessary to agree with the "Sex and Religion" series on all points in order to recognize the basic health and hopefulness of the clergymen-writ ers' position, and to appreciate the absence of the sort of militant hypocrisy that often oozes from the pious pronouncements of morally disturbed laymen. But the *Journal* was apparently unwilling to allow the thoughtful reader's growing respect for clerical collars to distract from the trials and tribulation which had for so long been associated with the marriage counselor's casebook and the physician's clinical coat. While

the professor of religion held forth hopefully on page 30, "bright-haired Ava, slender as a newly planted willow tree," was blurting out all the intimate little details of "The Marriage that Could Not Be Saved," on page 82: "In spite of everything, I don't hate Kenneth. In some ways, physical ways, perhaps I still love him. I miss the sexual part of our marriage. Whenever he drops by Mother's place with a basketful of fresh excuses, I telephone a friend to come and sit in on our conversation; I don't entirely trust myself not to be hugged and kissed into a reconciliation. . . . I believe I have been more than fair to Kenneth. I offered him his choice of our furniture and he took the TV and hi-fi. . . . All I took was an orthopedic bed-a wedding present, and the only bed I've ever slept in that is perfect for my back . . .'

On page 44, old Mrs. Harrison, the Patient of the Month, burst into the office of her Trusted Physician, and exclaimed: "Doctor, I am sixty-eight and I have started to menstruate again! Everyone tells me I look younger, too. What is happening? Is it good or bad?"

To hear Mrs. Harrison tell it, everything was hunky-dory. After years of aging gracefully, she had suddenly experienced all the thrilling symptoms of a return to youthfulness. "The first thing I noticed was a change in my breasts," she explained. They would become engorged and rather painful. I marked these episodes down on my calendar, found it was happening roughly once a month. Presently my breasts began to assume a better shape and substance. Rounding out, firming up again. Getting back to the way they used to be! . . ."

"'This is certainly an interesting story, Mrs. Harrison,'" the doctor murmured for all of us. "'Any other changes?'

"'Oh, yes. That was just the beginning! After a while Arthur started looking at me in a puzzled way. He would say, "Ellie, you seem younger." And I did! The natural oils have been returning to my hair and skin, there are fewer wrinkles. . . . My friends started commenting about my youthful appearance. And I feel twenty years younger!'

"'That must be exhibitating indeed! What made you think there might be something unhealthy about this renewal of youth?'

"You will probably find this hard to believe, Doctor. But I started menstruating again! That seemed to be a little too much of a good thing."

And indeed it was. "Three days later, Mrs. Harrison was operated upon, the preoperative diagnosis being a tumor of the left ovary . . ." Recuperating in a quiet column of copy, next to a coffeepot ad, Mrs. H. knowingly inquired, "T suppose you removed my second youth,

along with my female organs?""

"'I'm afraid I did, Mrs. Harrison. It was a granulosa-cell tumor that caused your second youth. As you suspected, it wasn't normal or healthy . . .'

"Mrs. Harrison pushed herself up higher on her pillow and said, 'Doctor, I am not going to let you leave this room until you have told me all the why and how of that weird experience I had! Surely it isn't a common one?'

"'Well, it isn't rare. And you don't have to urge me to talk about ovarian tumors! To me, there are few things more interesting. . . . But that is because the ovary is such a very special and fascinating organ. . . . Among other things, it contains . . . ""

But enough of such bedside pretty talk. Like all male Journal readers, I already knew much more than I needed to know about the contents of ovaries. More interesting, at the moment, was the why and wherefore of the ladies' books' new fascination with female breasts-round, firm references to which had been popping up with increasing regularity. Putting aside my notes on the many lurid matters yet to be discusseda collection of offbeat erotica that made my notebook read like the big holiday issue of "The Sex Maniac's Newsletter" -I returned to the curious case of Evelyn Ayres and her inverted nipple:

"... Have you been pulling it out gently several times, morning and night, the way Mary Ann showed you?"

"'Yes, Doctor. And using the soft brush and rubbing alcohol on both nipples twice a day, just as you said to do.'

"'I believe I told you that there is a difference of medical opinion as to the best method of toughening the nipples. . . . But none of the approved methods is harmful, and the nipples are such an important factor for success in breast feeding that it's worth while doing what one can. I hope you have been expressing the fluid from your breasts?'

"'Yes. I've been doing that morning and night, too.'

"'Good! Expression of breast fluids for several weeks before delivery seems quite definitely to stimulate the milk glands and bring the milk in earlier. It's fine, too, for you to get this practice in the technique of manual expression . . .'

"'Doctor——' Evelyn hesitated, then continued impulsively, 'Please be honest with me. Am I being foolish, after all, to try to breast feed my baby?'"

The doctor looked at Evelyn in surprise, but I didn't.

Familiarity with the format of fear, distress and medical salvation that underlay the doctor's monthly sex operas, had bred in me a sense of foreboding—an uneasy premonition of mammary malfunctions to come. Having served my internship with the Trusted Physician, I knew that all the soft brushes and alcohol in the world could not toughen Eve-

lyn's nipples enough to survive breast feeding her baby without something going catastrophically awry. No matter how practiced she might become at manual expression, the *Ladies' Home Journal* would still manage to squeeze a few drops of anguish from her breasts, and her boubles would soon be trig.

Before facing up to the fricker-fracker facts of Evelyn's ordeal, I flipped through the pages in search of a spiritual word of hope, a positive clerical assurance that the human body need not be an occasion for regret, and that, all things considered, sex was still good.

Unfortunately, however, the "Sex and Religion" series was missing that month. Possibly it wasn't too popular, I reflected. Perhaps the ladies had found it a bit too upbeat and wholesome to be really interesting. There was so little in it for anxiety to chew on, so little that a woman could personalize in terms of her own ovaries, temperature, heartbeat and Fallopian tubes.

But, patient reader, how wrong I

In making my way back to page 46 for the inside low-down on "The Man Princess Margaret Married," I came upon Dr. Clifford R. Adams' "Making Marriage Work" feature, and ran smack into a letter that threw me into an instantaneous and full-scale relapse. "My wife," some anonymously Troubled Hubby wrote from Somewhere, U.S.A., "My wife has a crush on our minister. Isn't this abnormal?"

Looking back on it now, I can see that it wasn't abnormal at all. In light of the Journal's "Sex and Religion" series, it was, in fact, all too predictable that clergymen everywhere would now become the objects of the same twittery female passions which had formerly been directed toward obstetricians!

It shouldn't have rattled me as it did. I should have been prepared for it. But reading that Troubled Hubby's letter caused something within me to buckle and snap. The old shakes and staggers returned. Magazines and notebook were shoved back under the bed, there to gather dust for three whole months . . . Each morning I would open my eyes, push myself up higher on my pillow, and resolve to so toughen my inverted psyche with daily applications of alcohol, and morning and evening practice in the techniques of verbal expression, that nothing would ever throw me in the future-that I would live to write another day, and complete the final installment of this full . . . frank . . . revealing story of my second bout with sex in the women's magazines.

This is Part I of William Iversen's "The Pious Pornographers Revisited." The conclusion will appear next month.



Motor Scooter

shoulder. "Pasadena in five minutes, Mr. Baylor." Bertram sighed and nodded, Getting off the train at Pasadena was an annoying ploy of his. In the old days, before the invention of the DC-3, Hollywood-bound celebrities invariably got off the train at Pasadena to "avoid" the press and the admiring throngs, thus guaranteeing the presence of both without the distraction of other debarking passengers. Bertram did it as a matter of form. He considered it a graceful bow to an old tradition.

Casey Flannagan, United's publicity director, considered it a damned nuisance. Bertram was not someone who could be met by an underling and Casey had to make the drive over to Pasadena himself. Surprisingly, he found himself defending the hated freeway on the way back. Bertram was the kind of irritating pedant whose condemnation of anything, up to and including narcotics, child labor and communism, invariably moved one to its instant defense.

Dusk was gathering strength by the time Casey ushered his charge into a \$40-a-day bungalow on the grounds of the Holmby Hills Hotel.

"She's in the shower," he said wearily as Bertram cocked an ear at the sound of running water. "Fine," said Bertram. "What's her name?"

"Marlene."

"The last one was Sheilah and the one before that Sandra. Isn't anybody named Mary anymore?"

"My wife's name is Mary," Flannagan said, wishing he hadn't.

"Oh," Bertram said. "Well, we're having dinner here?"

"At seven, with Chuck Chamblis. He's the star of——"

"I know, I know—he's the star of *The House on H Street*, your big new and different two-hour dramatic series. It's different because it's longer. Fifteen years ago it would have made a passable B picture and nobody would have spent a dime promoting it."

Flannagan let it pass. "At seven," he reminded. "And please, don't bring the broad. Chamblis will have his wife with him and she wouldn't like it. Her name is Priscilla."

The following morning, while Chuck Chamblis was telling everyone on Stage Six out at Magnet Studios that he had had his last out-of-town press interview, he didn't give a damn what United Broadcasting said, Bertram Bascomb was

Conno Contrary

"Now that you've become a prince again, darling, must you keep on croaking?"

being gingerly ushered into the presence of Harvey Brewster, vice-president in charge of programing, Hollywood, by a slightly red-eyed Casey Flannagan.

"Bert!" said Brewster, his voice ringing with the sincerity of a used-car salesman at the sight of a prospect.

There is an art to meeting and greeting the press and every broadcasting executive worth his inflated salary had it down pat: Treat him as a friend, as an equal, as a brain. Defer to his opinions. Praise his latest column. And tell him nothing more than is absolutely necessary.

Having done all this, Brewster launched into his standard defense of television, hoping to forestall the standard Baylor attack. "I think you'll have to admit, Bert, that with all its faults and problems, television is doing a remarkably good job. When you consider——"

Bertram waved a weary hand to interrupt. "I've been all through that in front of two Senate committees, Harve. I've got something here that's a lot more interesting. A script. Mine. It's exactly the kind of thing Washington is looking for on TV, only nobody seems to know how to write it. Well, here it is. I wanted you to be the first to see it becausewell, you've always leveled with me, Harve, and I have a lot of friends at United, a lot of friends." What he meant was, he'd gotten a lot of loot from United, including several trips to New York and Hollywood, and he was on a buddybuddy basis with the network president, but these were not things gentlemen discussed among themselves. They just thought about them. Constantly.

Brewster blanched. The last thing in the world he wanted to be stuck with was a script from a TV columnist, least of all one from Bertram Bascomb Baylor.

"Bert," he said, his voice treading the thin line between intended earnestness and hidden panic, "knowing you and your work, I'm sure it's an outstanding job. But you know policy at United—everything goes through the story department. We spend a lot of money on the story department and they're well worth it. Everything goes through there."

Bertram smiled thinly. "New young writers and relatives from the East you can tell that to, Harve," he said. "But not to old Bert here. I especially want you to read this because you're one of the very few genuinely sensitive souls in this business. The job you and your people did on *The Last Days* of the Aztecs was outstanding, superb, enormously moving."

Brewster could almost physically feel the trap closing. "Bert," he said, "you know I'd love to read anything of yours, but I can't even read the *title* of a *thing* that comes in here without an agent. You know that."

"I have an agent, Harve."

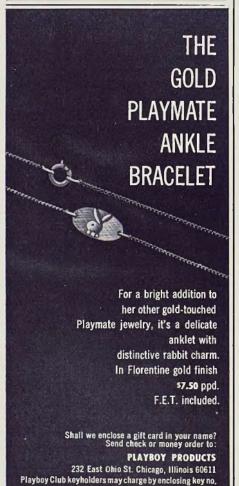
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A brightly colored, luxurious Terrycloth towel big enough (66" x 36") for a stylish wrap-up to any aquatic occasion. \$6, ppd.



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Brewster had used his last defense. "Well, fine, then!" he said, mustering what heartiness he could. "I'll take it home with me tonight. And I sure appreciate your letting us have first crack at it."

"I'll call you in the morning," Bertram informed him unnecessarily. "I'll be interested in knowing what you think of it. It's an allegory."

"It's a what?" Brewster was now frozen in his seat.

"An allegory. It's the story of mankind and his emotions as told through the relationship between a man and a fish. Harve, it's good to see you again. I'll talk to you in the morning."

The door closed gently behind Bertram and Flannagan. Brewster followed them with his mind's eve, saw them our of the outer office and down the hall, then flicked on the intercom. "Miss Fanchon," he said. "If Mr. Baylor calls between nine and ten in the morning, I'm not in yet. If he calls after ten, I'm on a set at Paramount. Then I'm at lunch, you don't know where. In fact, you've been trying to reach me with a New York call and can't find me. And then I've gone to Santa Barbara for an emergency conference with someone. You think who it is. One other thing. Have the phone company change my home number immediately and make it unlisted. Thank you."

He leaned back in his chair and sighed deeply. After a moment he leaned over and flicked on the intercom again. "Miss Fanchon, be sure to give New York the new home phone."

One hour later Clarence Frisby, vicepresident in charge of programing, Hollywood, for the Federal Broadcasting Company, flicked on his intercom. "Miss Lemming," he said, a great weight in his voice, "book me on the eight-A.M. plane for New York in the morning. And if no, not if—when Mr. Baylor calls, tell him I'll be in the East indefinitely."

One hour after that the intercom gracing the office of Joshua Frost, vice-president in charge of programing, Hollywood, for Global Television, was flicked into action. "Miss Pumphrey. When Mr. Baylor calls in the morning, tell him I'm out. I leave it to you to figure out where, but just be sure it's someplace where I can't be reached. Meanwhile, get me Mr. Brewster on the phone at United."

Mr. Brewster was reached. "Harvey? Josh Frost... I know it's your turn this year to pick up the Baylor tab, so I presume he has already been in to see you... Ah. And did he force feed you with a script he's written?... He did. Have you read it?... No, neither have I. I'm afraid to. How do you say no to a guy who's read by everybody in Hollywood and New York and twelve million

IF YOU THINK WOMEN ARE THE



THEN YOU HAVEN'T

WOMENFOLK

And it's high time you did! Because these five swingin' girls pack T.N.T. aplenty into this powerhouse album, "Never Underestimate the Power of the Womenfolk." It's full of the songs that brought cheers from audiences all during their recent national tour. Hear these excitingly different folk singers in sock performances of "Davey's Come Home," "Morning Dew," "Once Upon a Springtime" and nine others. Here's great music with an accent on the beat!





people in between? . . . What do you mean, 'only' ten million? . . . Well, what are you going to do about it? Look, it's a cinch Frisby's been sandbagged with this thing, too. Let's the three of us have lunch tomorrow . . . No, not at the Derby. The three of us seen together would start all sorts of crazy rumors. Better come over to my place . . . You know, the old Jean Harlow place on Rexford. And you'd better bring Casey Flannagan."

The following day the three executives and their publicity directors gathered at Frost's home. The old Jean Harlow place on Rexford. Lunch out of the way, Frost addressed himself to the three publicity men. "Have you gentlemen read thisuh-this-er this?" They shook their heads. "Well, I'm going to read this opening scene to you. It will give you an exceptionally clear idea of what we're up against."

He settled back in his chair and began to read.

"'It is dawn. As the camera pans the horizon, slowly, a tiny speck is seen in the distance. The camera trucks in. The speck is now revealed to us as a rowboat and in it there sits a man. He is not a young man nor is he an old man. He is just a man. He is MAN. As the camera comes full upon him, he speaks. (Note: As this is an allegory, it is not necessary to do this scene in actual water. The power and the sweep of the allegory will bring the sea to life as it unfolds and it can be staged with inexpensive simplicity.)' "

A number of interesting facial expressions, none of them ecstatic, were registered around the table during Frost's reading. He paused, sighed, then said: "Are you ready for the power and the sweep?"

He continued reading.

"MAN now speaks: 'The sun is lonely here. I sit alone and breathe the damp salt and know that I must live. And I must wait. I must wait for strike of time . . . The wind is lonely here. And still I sit alone and hear the creak of man-made oar And God's own breath on westward wing."

There was a long pause, and silence. One of the publicity directors, the one with the quickest recuperative powers, said flatly, "You're kidding."

Frost gave him a cold look. "You know what it costs to cater a luncheon when your wife doesn't feel like cooking? I am not kidding. Gentlemen, we have a nice little common problem here. Mr. Bertram Bascomb Baylor thinks this is the greatest thing since the invention of the kinescope and he fully expects 202 one of us to produce it and actually put it on the air. I wouldn't wish it on either one of you, any more than I'd expect you to wish it on me. So what are we going to do about it?"

Various suggestions, all of them impractical and a few of them somewhat lewd, were made and discarded.

Josh Frost finally summed things up. "Gentlemen, it's a cinch that Bert Baylor holds the balance of power here. If we all three turn him down, I hardly have to tell you what he's going to say in his column-and keep on saying. That culture means nothing to us. That we are illiterate moneygrabbers. Et cetera, et cetera. He's the Bible in Washington, and we're all in enough trouble back there without any more bad news from this jerk. If one of us does do this idiot script, that network gets graceful bows from Bertram and garbage pails from every other critic in the country while the other two are put on Baylor's crap list.

"Now I have a suggestion. Let's put together something called the Tri-Net Workshop, a place for new talent to try out its little wings. Air it once a week or once a month or as seldom as we possibly can. We take turns at it, and it goes Sunday afternoon at three when everybody is out playing polo instead of watching television. We'll start with Mr. Bertram Bascomb Baylor's The Lonely Vigil. We'll have filmed statements from the three network presidents, which will take some of the onus off the one that has to air Baylor's little horror. And when the critics get through with The Lonely Vigil, I think that will be the end of Bertram Bascomb and the Tri-Net Workshop. Whichever network gets stuck with it, the other two will share expenses on an equal basis."

The idea quietly soaked in, like a coat of clean white paint covering an old eyesore. "I like it," Brewster said finally, "but isn't Baylor going to see through

"No," Frost said. "All we have to do is sell it to him. You forget the man's ego. What other writer ever got such cooperation from all three networks?"

"As an ex-writer myself," Frisby growled, "I resent the use of the word in connection with Bertram Baylor. But I think you're right, this just might work."

Frost was named a committee of one to deal with Bertram and reached for the patio phone. There was a touch of confusion at the beginning of the conversation, Bertram having been under the impression that Frost had had to go to Alberta, Canada, for his father's funeral and Frost having forgotten, momentarily, his instructions to his secretary. They made an appointment for lunch the next day, in Bertram's bungalow.

This turned out to be a mistake, because Bertram apparently hadn't left the bungalow in two days. Neither had Marlene. Nor was Bertram completely sober. He was at that stage where a degree of reasonably lucid, if highly impractical, solemnity had taken over.

"Joshie," he said after listening to Frost's pitch, "the trouble with you people here in Hollywood is that you don't think big. You're on the right track but you're going in the wrong direction. It would be fatal, you understand, to give network exposure to completely unknown talent, even on a Sunday afternoon . . . which is something else I want to straighten out with you later. Joshie, old man, you have the solution staring you right in the face and you don't have the imagination to see it. What you have, right here on a silver platter, is-The Bertram Bascomb Baylor Theater! I have the name, don't you see? Tri-Net Workshop means nothing. But Bertram Bascomb Baylor-that means something! Even at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, that name will draw an audience -although that time period is something I want to discuss with you as we go along.

"And I have more than just the name, Joshie boy. I have the ability. You think The Lonely Vigil was just a one-shot, don't you? You think it's the first and only thing I ever wrote and I got lucky, don't you? You thought I was just a li'l ol' country boy come up here from New Mexico to peddle you an amateurish script, that you'd buy just because you were afraid not to, didn't you? Well, old Bert fooled you, didn't he? That script was so good that just one network wasn't big enough to handle it, wasn't it?

"An' I'll tell you something else, Joshie boy. I got six more scripts in my briefcase there and I got two more than that sittin' home waitin' to be finished. You think The Lonely Vigil is good, wait till you read Woman's Work. And wait till you see Marlene baby in it!"

When Josh Frost finally managed to escape from the bungalow, he found himself tottering. He called a hasty meeting with the others, telling them Bertram was now apparently all set to sever his New Mexico ties and move to Hollywood, bag and baggage.

"He already has the baggage," Frost added sourly. "Her name is Marlene and she'll have the lead in his second show, Woman's Work. What am I saying?"

"Yes," snapped a highly nettled Brewster. "What are you saying? First you sell him on the idea that we all think he's great, and now he's selling us on the idea that he's even greater. You got us on this hook, Josh, and now you had damned well better get us off it. If one little tiny word of this gets back to our New York people, we're all dead."

Frost blanched. "Baylor!" he said, horror-stricken. "Is that guy nutty enough to give this to the trade papers?"

He leaped for his intercom. "Get me Jules Pollard at Variety." He sat silent,



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head in hands. The other five slumped in their chairs. The suddenly ringing phone sounded like the bell for round ten of a lost fight. "Jules? Josh Frost. Have you talked with Bert Baylor today? . . . You have . . . He did." He covered the mouthpiece and said to the others, "We're dead." Then into the phone, "Jules, it simply isn't true . . . Well, yes, I did talk to him. But . . . Well, yes, I did mention a workshop. But . . . But Jules, you don't understand . . . No, no, that was his idea. You don't think we'd be idiots enough to offer that maniac his own series, do you? . . . What do you mean, don't ask you that question? . . . Jules, if you print that, I'll deny it. We'll all deny it. And I'll pull every stick of advertising this network ever thought of giving you."

The sudden screams in the background were Brewster, Frisby and three press agents saying, "Now wait a minute, wait a minute!" The thought of all that daily free publicity going down the drain was almost too much for them.

"No, no, I didn't mean that, Jules," a now-sweating Frost went on. "I lost my head. But I'll lose my job if you run any kind of story on this, even a denial. Can't you just forget it? Make like it never happened? . . . What do you mean, what will you tell Baylor? Tell him you didn't have the space, it went into overset, anything . . . No, no, you do not tell him we have denied it. You haven't even talked to me . . . Jules, please . . . Jules! . . . Jules?"

He hung up, Jules having preceded him in this maneuver. "I don't know what he's going to do, but whatever it is, it can't do us any good. We're all going to have to call our New York people and soften 'em up for the blow."

"I'll call yours if you'll call mine," Brewster said gloomily.

It was Casey Flannagan who finally led the way into the light. "Gentlemen," he mused, "we have all overlooked a very simple fact."

They all looked at him, as hungry cocker spaniels to their master.

"There is a Mrs. Baylor. Bertram Bascomb has a wife."

"I don't want to meet her," Frisby said. "I don't even want to see a woman who would marry Bertram Bascomb Baylor."

You miss the point," Flannagan said patiently. "There is Baylor and there is Marlene baby-and there are network press photographers."

The point now came crashing into their midst and lay there like a ticking bomb.

You want to put us in the blackmail business?" Frost asked.

"You are already in the blackmail business, but in the wrong end of it. If you are going to be in it at all, it makes 204 more sense not to be the victim."

"Casey," Brewster said, "I am going to buy you and your wife the biggest, most expensive dinner Dave Chasen ever served to four people."

Getting the appropriate pictures was no problem at all. Bertram was now living in the best of all possible worlds. He was ensconced in a luxurious bungalow, all tabs being picked up by United Broadcasting. Three networks were bidding for his services as a writer and producer. The Bertram Bascomb Baylor Theater was all but a reality, which would easily mean a million dollars to him. And Marlene baby was a doll, a darb, a duck. (Marlene had been eating and drinking for free for three days now and this guy even signed for cashmere sweaters. Who needed a career when they still grew guys like Bertram Bascomb?)

On the morning of Bertram's fourth day in town-or, more accurately, in the bungalow-he received a phone call from Harvey Brewster. "Bert," Brewster said, "will you please be in my office at two this afternoon?" There was something in Brewster's voice that gave Bertram pause. That man hadn't even mentioned lunch-and to speak to a member of the press without mentioning lunch was like forgetting the responses in church.

At two o'clock Bertram presented himself in Brewster's office. After all, a million dollars was a million dollars, surely worth getting dressed for, and even leaving the party. Waiting for him were Brewster, Frost and Frisby with their respective publicity directors, and right away Bertram got the feeling that this was not a reception committee bearing the Pulitzer Prize.

"Sit down, Bert," Brewster said with no particular warmth. "We want to talk to you. Casey, would you please give that stack of pictures to Bert." There was a period of uncomfortable silence while Bertram looked at the pictures and

began to get the message.

"I, uh, don't quite understand this," he said, understanding it all too well. "If this is your idea of a publicity stunt or something, it's certainly not mine. I want these prints and negatives destroyed immediately."

He'd have had a happier time asking Khrushchev to sign a unilateral total disarmament treaty.

"Bert," Brewster said softly, "there are some things you should know and I will be happy to tick them off for you. One: Your Lonely Vigil script is probably the worst, most immature piece of pretentious trash any one of us has ever read. Two: It is not going to be produced by anybody. Three: There is going to be no Bertram Bascomb Baylor Theater, unless you want to start it yourself at your own expense on some local station in New Mexico that has temporarily run out of

fourth-run, fifth-rate old movies. Four: Starting today, you are moving out of the bungalow and into a motel. You also are going to start covering all our shows and writing about them. This may come as something of a distinct shock to you, but we are not shoveling out all this money on your behalf simply because we love you. Five: You have a widely syndicated column, which gives you a lot of power. But we now have these pictures, which gives us even more power. All we ask from you is a fair return for our money and fair treatment in your column. Otherwise these pictures will be hand-delivered by a special messenger to Mrs. Bertram Bascomb Baylor-and there is a really shocking rumor going around, Bertram, to the effect that you married Mrs. Baylor for her money.'

Bertram, who was now the color of an uncooked carp, managed to croak out a single word: "Blackmail!"

"Exactly," said Brewster, smiling smoothly. "You have just said the jackpot word-blackmail. But it's really not costing you anything you've ever earned, now, is it? Oh, and by the way, Miss Marlowe has been assigned a small role in the current episode of The House on H Street, so she'll be working for the rest of the time you're here. A shame, but it couldn't be helped."

"Miss Marlowe?" mumbled the dazed Bertram. "I don't know any Miss Marlowe."

"Marlene baby," Brewster said. "Marlowe is her last name. How nice for you that you now know it. You can send her a postcard from East Pecos."

Bertram, defeated, left, a depressing figure. The others left. And Brewster was alone in his office, looking like a man who had just won a long, hardfought battle with the Internal Revenue Service. He punched the intercom. "Miss Fanchon. Have a bottle of good Scotch sent over to Mr. Pollard at Variety. Just write 'Thanks' on one of my cards, in my handwriting." Josh Frost, he thought to himself, wouldn't think of it, so why add his name?

He picked up his copy of The Lonely Vigil, held it gingerly by one corner, walked across the room and deposited it in a large wastebasket. His intercom buzzed. "Mr. Albright of the Chicago Globe is here to see you."

Brewster sighed. "Show him right in." he said, conscious of the fact that Albright could hear his voice on the intercom. He took a deep breath, braced himself against the table at the far side of the room.

'Roger!" he said, his voice ringing with the sincerity of a used-car salesman at the sight of a prospect. "Roger, baby! How wonderful to see you again! Those pieces on the Senate investigationmarvelous, marvelous! How the hell are you?"



"He wants to know if we make deliveries!"

Halls of Juy (continued from page 108)

classroom. The college has spent a lot of Government and foundation money on pretentious buildings with plush lounges, but the food is lousy and the new dormitories are like Bedlam for want of soundproofing. It's a world tailored for catalog photographs, not for living. The administration is strongly against fraternity houses because of the exclusion clauses and because they destroy cohesiveness of the student body; these are excellent reasons, but one sometimes suspects that the motive is chiefly rent gouging, since with urban renewal and area redevelopment many colleges have become great landlords. (In fact, some prestigious centers of learning are, under fictitious names, urban slumlords; or alternately, they gobble up neighborhoods, dislocate tenants, disrupt communities.) If students want to live off campus in their own cooperatives, they are avuncularly told that they are not mature enough to feed their faces and make their beds. There are exquisitely elaborate regulations governing sexual and convivial behavior-days and hours and how many inches the door must be open and whose feet must be on the ground. If these 19- and 20-year-olds were factory hands, nobody would fuss about their sex lives or drinking habits, so long as they arrived punctually at the plant the next morning; as students, they are supposed to be the chosen of the land, the hope of the future, but they are not "responsible." Needless to say, despite the regulations, the young make love anyway, but frequently the conditions are not charming. The degrading atmosphere of the much-publicized "wild college weekend" develops as an inevitable reaction to, or revolt against, such strict and patronizing regulations.

The administration claims to be in loco parentis, yet many of these young men and women had more freedom at home, when they were still kids in high school. The psychologist in charge of guidance has made a speech about the awful plight of unwed mothers-with about as much compassion as they used to speak of "bastards"-but he will not ask the infirmary to give contraceptive information on request. One has more than a strong suspicion that all this parental concern has nothing whatever to do with the students' welfare, but is for public relations. The college motto may be Lux et Veritas, but there is a strong smell of hypocrisy in the air.

Maybe the most galling thing of all is that there is a student government, with political factions and pompous elections. It is empowered to purchase the class rings and organize the prom and the boat ride. Our young man no longer bothers to vote. Now our average student's face isn't quite so blank. It is wearing a little smile. The fact is, he is no longer mechanically taking notes but is frankly daydreaming, as he used to in the sixth grade, ten years ago. Think of it: There might be four or five more years of this, for his father wants him to continue in graduate school. This will make 19 years of schooling.

This is an appalling prospect! He will now have to do "original research" under these conditions of forced labor. And he will be in a panic about failing, or not getting the assistantship, because he now has a wife and an infant to support.

Of course, many of the unfavorable college conditions that I have been describing can be, and should be, improved. In my book The Community of Scholars, I suggested a number of expedients. Grading, for example, can be scrapped (keeping tests as a useful pedagogic device). There can be more part-time active professionals in the faculty, to generate a less academic atmosphere. There are several arrangements for teachers to pay more attention to students, discover their intrinsic motivations, guide them in more individual programs. The social sciences can be made less unreal by working pragmatically on problems of the college community itself and its immediate rural or city environment. The moral rules can be reformed to suit the purpose of an educational community, which is to teach responsibility by giving freedom in an atmosphere of counsel and support. Certainly these and other reforms are possible.

Nevertheless, when we consider those 14 years, 16 years, 20 years of schooling, we cannot avoid a far more disturbing question. Why is the young man in this classroom in the first place? It suits him so badly! He is bright, but not bookish; curious, but not scholarly: teachable, but not in this way. Of course he must be educated, everybody must be educated; but has school been the best way to educate him? We have seen him in other situations than school, when he looked far brighter, both more spontaneous and more committed; when he learned a lot, and fast, simply because he wanted to or really had to. Maybe, for him, the entire high school and college institution, in the form that we know it, has been a mistake. If so, what a waste of his youth and of the social wealth!

Every child must be educated, brought up to be useful to himself and society. In our society this must be done largely at public expense, as a community necessity; certainly Americans ought to spend more on it than they do. But it is simply a superstition, an official superstition and a mass superstition, that the

way to educate a majority of the young is to keep them in schools for 12 to 20 years.

The hard task of education, as I see it, is to liberate and strengthen a youth's initiative, and at the same time to make him able to cope with the activities and culture of society, so that his initiative can be relevant. In a democracy, each citizen is supposed to be a new center of decision. But schools and colleges, as we have them, are boxes in which the young mainly face front and do assigned lessons according to predetermined programs, under the control of professional educators who are rarely professional in any other way. Then by magic, after years of nothing but this, the young are supposed to decide their own careers, make a living in a competitive market, choose to marry or not marry, and vote for President of the United States.

At no other time or place in history have people believed that such schools were the obvious means to prepare most youth for most careers, whether craftsman, farmer, industrial worker, nurse, architect, writer, engineer, lawyer, shopkeeper, party boss, social worker, sailor, secretary, fine artist, musician, parent or citizen. Many of these careers require a lot of study; some need academic teaching; but it has never before been thought useful to give teaching in such massive and continuous doses.

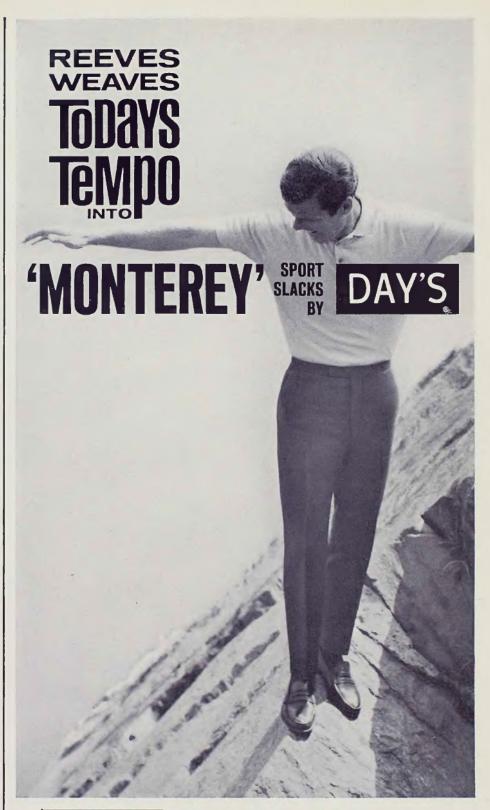
The idea of everybody going to a secondary school and college has accompanied a recent stage of highly centralized corporate and state economy and policy. Universal higher schooling is not, as people think, simply a logical continuation of universal primary schooling in reading and democratic socialization. It begins to orient to careers and it occurs after puberty, and jobs and sex are not usually best learned about in academies. In my opinion, there is no single institution, like the monolithic school system increasingly programed by a few graduate universities (and the curriculum reformers of the National Science Foundation), that can prepare everybody for an open future of a great society. What we are getting is not education but regimentation-baby-sitting, policing, brainwashing and processing technicians for a few corporations at the public's expense. (About 35 percent of college graduates go into the corporations; a good percentage enter government service and teaching; less than 2 percent engage in "independent enterprise.") We are in an increasingly closed society, dominated by the sovereign and the feudal corporations. Instead of education being a means of liberation, independence and novelty, everybody pays for schooling that rigidifies the status quo still further.

At present, facing a confusing future of automated technology and entirely new patterns of work and leisure, the best educational brains ought to be devoting themselves to devising many various means of educating and paths of growing up, appropriate to various talents, conditions and careers. We should be experimenting with different kinds of schools, with no school at all, using the real cities as schools, or farms as schools, with practical apprenticeships, guided travel, work camps, little theaters, community service, etc. Probably most of all, we need to revive the community and community spirit in which many adults who know something, and not only professional teachers, will pay attention to the young.

Instead of new thought, the tendency is crashingly in the opposite direction-to streamline, aggrandize and totalize what we have. (Just recently, with the unanimous applause of all right-thinking people, Congress appropriated another two billion dollars for college buildings.) Last year more than 60 percent of our 17-yearolds graduated from high school, and the President is leading a vigorous campaign to cajole and threaten the rest back into school. About 35 percent go to college and, by 1970, it is hoped to push this figure to 50 percent. It has recently been proposed to make the two-year junior college compulsory. Among all liberals and champions of the underprivileged, it is an article of faith that salvation for the Negroes and Spanish Americans consists in more schooling at the middleclass level. And all educational observers, from hard-liners like Rickover, through James Conant, to "liberal" thinkers like Marty Mayer, insist that salvation for America lies in tightening and upgrading middle-class schools and getting rid of progressive methods that might give the kid a chance to breathe.

Like any mass belief, the superstition that schooling is the only path to success is self-proving. There are now no professions, whether labor-statesman, architect. or trainer in gymnastics, that do not require college degrees. Standards of licensing are set by boards of regents who talk only school language. For business or hotel management it is wise to have a master's. Access to the billions for research and development is by Ph.D. only, and prudent parents push their youngsters accordingly; only a few are going to get the loot, but all must compete. Department stores require a high school diploma for a salesgirl; this might seem irrelevant, but it speaks for punctuality and good behavior. Thus, effectually, whether it is rational or not, a youth has no future if he quits, or falls off the school ladder. Farm youth can still drop out without too much clatter, but the rural population is now only eight percent and rapidly diminishing.

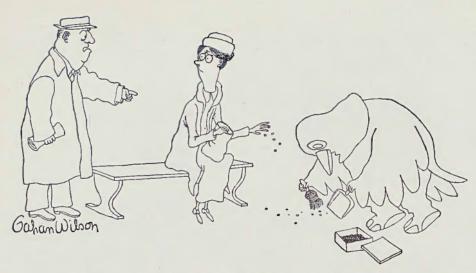
We can understand and evaluate our present situation if we review the history





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"Miss, that person is making a fool of you!"

of schooling in this country during this

By 1900, our present school system was established in its main outlines, with almost universal primary schooling, in a great variety of local arrangements. Yet only six percent of the 17-year-olds in that year graduated from high school. Maybe another ten percent would have graduated if they could have afforded it (recently James Conant has estimated that only 15 percent are "academically talented"). Now we may assume that those six percent were in classrooms because they wanted to be there. There were no blackboard jungles or startling problems of discipline. More important, such students could be taught a curriculum, whether traditional or vocational, that was interesting and valuable for itself; they were not merely being chased up a ladder by parents and police, or pulled up by the corporate need for Ph.D.s.

But who were the 94 percent who did not graduate? Obviously they were not "dropouts." They were, as I have said, everybody: future farmer, shopkeeper, millionaire, politician, inventor, journalist. Consider the careers of two wellknown architects who were born around that time. One quit school at the seventh grade to leave home and support himself. After a few jobs, he gravitated to an architect's office as an office boy and found the art to his liking. He learned draftsmanship in the office, and French and some mathematics on the outside (with the help of friendly adults), and he eventually won the Beaux-Arts prize and studied in a Paris atelier. Today he has built scores of distinguished buildings and, as the graduate professor of design at a great university, is one of the most famous teachers in the country. The other architect happens to be the most successful in America in terms of size and prestige of his commissions. He quit

school at age 13 to support his mother. Working for a stonecutter, he learned to draw, and in a couple of years he cut out for New York and apprenticed himself to an architect. He studied languages and mathematics in competition with a roommate. Via the Navy in 1918, he went to Europe with some money in his pocket and traveled and studied. Returning, he made a splendid marriage, and so

These two careers—not untypical except for their éclat-are almost unthinkable in our day. How could the young men be licensed without college degrees? How could they get college degrees without high school diplomas? But they had the indispensable advantage that they were deeply self-motivated, went at their own pace, and could succumb to fascination and risk. Would these two men have become architects at all if they had been continually interrupted by high school chemistry, freshman composition, psychology 106? Indeed, it would be a useful study, which I have not made, to find how many people who grew up from 1900 to 1920 and have made great names in the sciences, arts, literature, government, business, etc., actually went through the continuous 16-year school grind, without quitting for good, or quitting and occasionally returning.

As the decades passed, higher schooling began to be a mass phenomenon. In 1930, 30 percent graduated from high school and 11 percent went to college. And by 1960, we see 60 percent have graduated, of whom more than half have gone to college. Who now are the other 40 percent? They are the dropouts, mostly urban-underprivileged and rural. From this group we do not much expect splendid careers in architecture, politics or literature. They are not allowed to get jobs before 16; they find it hard to get jobs after 16; they might drop out of society altogether, because there is now

no other track than going to school.

What happened to the schools during this tenfold increase from 1900 to 1960? Administratively, of course, we simply aggrandized and bureaucratized the existing framework. The system now looks like the system then. But in the process of massification, it suffered a sea change. Plant, teacher selection and methods were increasingly standardized. The students were a different breed. Not many were there because they wanted to be there; a lot of them, including many of the bright and gifted, certainly wanted to be elsewhere and began to make trouble. The academic curriculum was necessarily trivialized. An important function of the schools began to be baby-sitting and policing. The baby-sitting was continued into the rah-rah colleges, to accommodate the lengthening youth unemployment.

Naturally, in the aggrandized system, educational administration became very grand. This was important because of the very irrelevance of the system itself, the inappropriate students and the feeble curriculum. Stuck with a bad idea, the only way of coping with the strains was to have more assistant principals, counselors, truant officers, university courses in methods, revised textbooks. Currently, we are getting team teaching, visual aids, higher horizons. And to compensate for the mass trivializing of the curriculum, there are intellectually gifted classes, enrichment, advanced placement. (Also, opportunity classes for the dull and 600 schools for the emotionally disturbed.) The freshman year in college has been sacrificed to surveys and freshman composition, to make up for lost ground and to weed out the unfit. Correspondingly, from 1910 on, school superintendents have become scientific business managers and educators with a big E, and college presidents have become mighty public spokesmen. Public relations flourish apace.

Until recently, however, the expansion-though abundantly foolish-was fairly harmless. It was energized by a generous warm democracy and an innocent seeking for prestige by parents becoming affluent. By and large, the pace was easygoing. Few adolescents had cause to suffer nervous breakdowns because of the testing, and one could get a gentlemanly C by coasting. The unfortunate thing was that everybody began to believe that being in school was the only way to be educated. What a generation before had been the usual courseto quit school and seek elsewhere to grow up-became a sign of eccentricity, failure, delinquency.

But suddenly, since the Korean War, and hysterically since Sputnik, there has developed a disastrous overestimation of studying and scholarship. Mothers who used to want their offspring to be "well adjusted," are now mad for the I.Q. and



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the percentile. Schools that were lax, democratic or playful, are fiercely competitive, and an average unbookish youth finds himself in a bad fix. He may not be able to cope with the speed-up and the strict grading, yet if he fails there are loud alarms about his predelinquency, and there are national conferences on dropouts.

It is an educational calamity. Every kind of youth is hurt. The bright but unacademic can perform, but the performance is not authentic and there is a pitiful loss of what they could be doing with intelligence, grace and force. The average are anxious, the slow are humiliated. In the process the natural scholars are ruined; bribed and pushed, they forget the meaning of their gift. Nothing is studied for its own sake. Bright youngsters "do" the Bronx High School of Science in order to "make" MIT, just as they will "do" MIT in order to "make" General Dynamics.

I doubt that any of this rat race is useful. Given quiet and food and lodging, young scholars would study anyway, without grades. According to the consensus of teachers of science, reported in Jerome Bruner's The Process of Education, drilling, testing and competitionthe sine qua non of our educational system-are incompatible with learning to do creative research. Is there evidence that most creative youngsters, whether in sciences, arts or professions, especially thrive on formal schooling at all, rather than by exploring and gradually gravitating to the right work and environment? For some, schooling no doubt saves time; for others, it is interruptive and depressing. On lower levels of performance, do the technical and clerical tasks of increasingly automated production really require so many years of boning and test-passing as is claimed? I asked the United Automobile Workers how much formal schooling is required for the average worker in the most automated plant. The answer was: None whatever. (It takes three weeks to break in a man.) In a year in the Army, average inductees somehow learn to read blips and repair machinery. To put it bluntly, generally speaking it is not the fancy training that is lacking, but the jobs.

For urban poor kids who are cajoled to not drop out, the miseducation is a cruel hoax. They are told that the high school diploma is worth money, but what if the increment amounts, after several years, to five dollars a week? Is this worth such arduous effort, in itself distasteful and to them unnatural? Isn't a lad wiser to choose the streets for the few years of his youth?

Of course, there is no real choice. Poor people must picket for better schools that will not suit most of their children and won't pay off. Farm youth must ride to central schools that are a waste of 210 time for most of them, while they lose

the competence they have. Middle-class youth must doggedly compete and be tested to death, to get into colleges where most of them will cynically or doggedly serve time. It is ironical. With all the money spent on research and development, for hardware, computers and tranquilizers, America can think up only one institution for its young human resources. Apparently, the schooling that we have already had has brainwashed everybody.

This is the social and historical background out of which our young friend has come to that dazed look in the college classroom. He has been through a long process that has sapped his initiative, discouraged his sexuality, dulled his curiosity and probably even his intellect. His schooling has distorted earnestness and ambition. If he went to a good suburban high school, he no doubt engaged in the fun and games by which middleclass youth sabotage the system. Even the highly intelligent often resist by "underachieving"—they do not want to achieve in this way. Much of the social life and subculture that defeats the schools' purposes is spiteful despair. School is pointless, but it prevents anything else. A fellow can't quit and earn his own money.

What to do for him, or at least for the next generation of him?

Here are some possibilities:

Maybe the chief mistake that we make is to pay too much direct attention to the "education" of the children and adolescents, rather than provide them with a worth-while adult world in which they can grow up. In a curious way, the exaggeration of schooling is both a harsh exploitation of the young, regimenting them, and a guilty coddling of them, since mostly they are useless in our world and we want them to waste their hours "usefully."

Certainly, directly useful real activities would be more cultural than the average classroom for the average youth.

We must start from where we are. A promising present expedient is to develop the many public enterprises that we have been neglecting, for they can also be educational opportunities for the young, as lively alternatives to continuing in school, and to spend on these some of the money now misused on schools for the nonacademic. (It costs \$750 a year to keep a youth in a New York City high school; also, more than \$2000 a year to process him in a reform

For instance, there are scores of thousands of ugly small towns in the country to be improved, where adolescents could do most of the work. These could be local affairs, or private enterprises, or we could apply to the purpose the Youth Work Camps proposed by Senator Humphrey in 1959, modeled on the Civilian Conservation Corps of the Thirties, but

with smaller gangs and paying the youth Army minimum. (Incidentally, after the smoke of criticism cleared away, the CCC was judged to have been economically worth while, and many of its products have been lovely and lasting.)

Another necessary enterprise is community service like the Friends' Youth for Service. Mobilization for youth might be useful if it got out of the antidelinquency business and out of the Department of Justice. In the past few years, hundreds of students have in fact left their disappointing colleges to work on Negro problems in the Northern Student Movement, CORE and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee.

Here is a suggestion for the nonacademic who are especially bright and talented. In order to countervail the mass communications that swamp us with mediocre canned entertainment and brainwash us with uniform information, we need hundreds, perhaps thousands, of little theaters, little magazines, independent local papers, unaffiliated radio stations. These would furnish remarkable opportunities for youthful spirit and labor under professional direction. (To help finance these, I have elsewhere proposed a graduated tax on the size of the audience of the mass media, to create a fund earmarked for the counterbalancing independent media.)

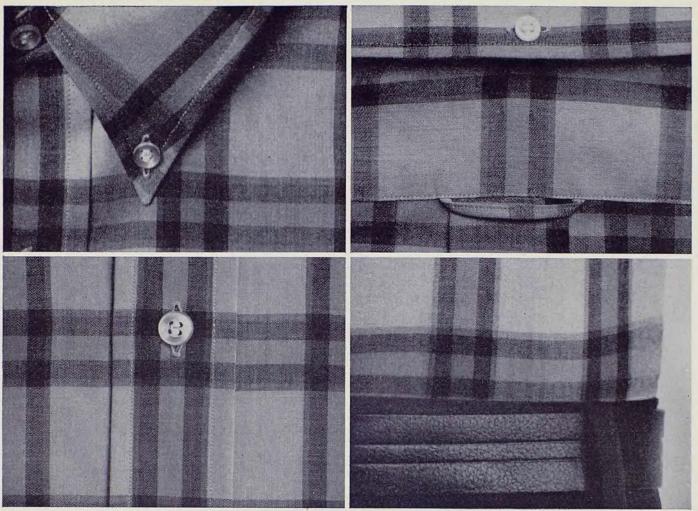
In general, vocational training, including much laboratory scientific training, ought to be carried on as technical apprenticeships within the relevant industries. Certainly the big corporations have a direct responsibility for the future of their young, rather than simply skimming off the cream of those schooled, tested and graded at the public

expense.

Interestingly, the retraining and rehabilitation programs of the Departments of Labor and Justice usually have better educational ideas, including schooling, than the direct school-aid bills. Since much of the Federal aid to education has been balked because of the hang-up on the parochial-school issue, some of the money has been allotted indirectly and more effectively, but not through the school systems.

Small farms should be used as educational environments. Consider if June through September a small farmer of depopulating Vermont would put up half a dozen New York slum children. He would get \$100 a head-it costs \$600 a year to keep a child in a New York City primary school. This, across the country, would rescue thousands of economically marginal farms and bring thousands of others back into operation; and it is, without doubt, a wise policy to reverse the 8 percent rural ratio to something nearer 25 percent, if it can be done not on a cash-crop basis.

Again, on the model of the GI Bill, we might boldly allot a certain amount of



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public-school money—now allocated to college, high school, and even primary school—directly to the students or parents, to be voluntarily used for any purpose plausibly educational. This would produce a great variety of educational experiments, some weird, some excellent. But there is no such uniformity of need or educational theory as warrants the present improbable uniformity of the public schools from coast to coast.

Most important of all, given academic as well as unacademic alternatives, the young can be allowed to experiment in their 12 to 16 years of lessons rather than feel that they are trapped and must face front. Late bloomers might then choose to return to formal academic study, without having been permanently soured by schooling that was inappropriate to them, and that they underwent unwillingly. Surely many on the GI Bill profited by going to school maturely, when they knew what they wanted and were sexually sure of themselves.

Finally, let me fit these proposals for secondary and higher education into the present framework of the colleges and universities. Returning to their tradition of agriculture and mechanics, the big state colleges could become administrative centers for the public enterprises mentioned above: town improvement, radio stations, rural culture, health and community service. Many of the students would have been working in the field on these projects; and they could soft-pedal the compulsory academic program that now wastefully leads to 50 percent dropouts. Conversely, the liberal-arts colleges could return to their authentic intellectual tradition of natural philosophy, scholarship and the humanities. Professional and graduate schools could work far more closely with the working professionals and industries in society, with whom many of the adolescents would have served apprenticeships. They would thus avoid the present absurdity of teaching a curriculum abstracted from the work in the field and then licensing the graduates to return to the field to learn the actual work.

I realize that all of this-like much else that I have written-is hopelessly "utopian." We are in the enthusiastic flood tide of a delusion about schooling that can sweep us to a future of prefabricated, spiritless and fundamentally ignorant people. But let me ask young readers to consult their own experience, and to consider what they want for their younger brothers and sisters and for their own children. Schooling is one subject where the young know more than their elders; they are closer to it and they have had more of it. Unfortunately, they can't imagine alternatives, any other ways of growing up. But that is what we-and they-must put our minds to.

current attractions (continued from page 122)

last straggler pulls up to the buffet.

Perhaps the prime advantage the appliance-attuned host has over others is that when his guests are taking their ease around his cocktail table, he, too, is able to relax, and devil take formal dinner protocol and clock watching. For fostering this kind of civilized relaxation, there are hot buffet servers, hot tables and hot serving wagons, all of the plugin family, in many sizes and models. Any casserole, plate, pan or platter placed on them should have a perfectly flat bottom for maximum surface-to-surface contact. Hot foods that should never under any conditions wait for the guests-such as shirred eggs or soufflésdon't belong on hot tables. But chowders, casseroles, stews and most sauce dishes or sauces actually become mellower during their warm-up period.

The sheer profusion of electrical kitchen gadgetry already begot and still being born at an explosive rate, is so great that a cook must use a certain amount of restraining judgment in deciding just how much his atelier shall hold. If the job of vegetable peeling reminds him too vividly of K.P., he may buy an electric potato peeler that removes not only potato skins but shaves the hides off beets, carrots, asparagus and broccoli stems. If he wants to add to his oven space, there's a portable electric roaster. The ham that comes out of the electric roaster may be carved with an electric carving knife, fitted with dual blades that snick back and forth like a hedge trimmer. His ham can be served with a madeira sauce kept warm in an electric sauceboat, accompanied by French bread nestling in an electrically warmed breadbasket. In time he'll learn that if he wants only a few teaspoons of minced shallots, it's actually easier to mince them by hand with a French knife than to use the electric vegetable-mincer attachment which must be assembled, disassembled and rinsed for a relatively minor job. On the other hand, if he's cutting Spanish onions for hot onion soup at a midnight party, the electric slicer turns out to be a heaven-sent time- and tearsaver. The absolute summit of the how-lazy-can-youget department, it seems to us, is reached with the battery-powered pepper grinder.

Most pieces of electrical equipment have individual personalities. The electric open-hearth broiler, for instance, with its source of heat beneath, rather than above, the steaks and chops, is one of the few portable broilers that really browns the meat rather than cooking it to a neutral gray. Fat dripping past the hot rods falls into a pan far enough below the heat so that the chance of a conflagration is nil. An occasional wisp of smoke and some spattering will show up from time to time, but

you'll never find yourself groping in the dense smoke screen laid down by most permanent indoor broilers. The openhearth broiler won't char food like a fierce charcoal fire or gas flame; but the resultant beef or lamb flavor has a clean natural taste which veteran beefeaters or lambeaters find delicious.

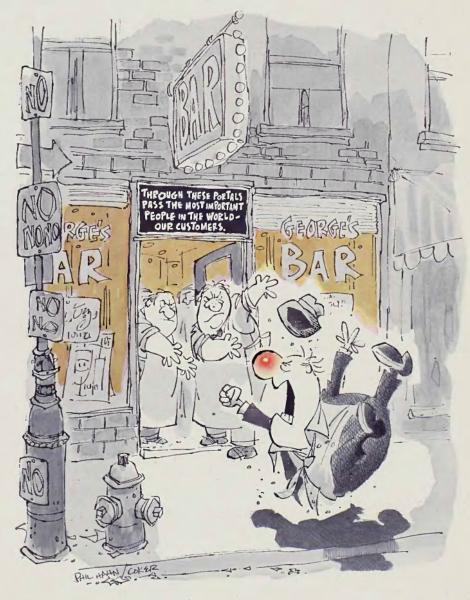
The electric brochette or upright electric skewer stove radiates a gentle, easygoing heat. For delicate foods such as scallops, sweetbreads or chicken livers, where only modest heat is required, the electric brochette does a handsome job. Shish kabobers should allow about one half hour cooking time for lamb on the electric brochette. Large cubes of food won't fit; the space between the skewer and the hot cage allows pieces no larger than one inch in thickness.

For the history-bent chef, the electric waffle iron is a reminder that one of Thomas Jefferson's most significant deeds has been comparatively neglected. Jefferson introduced waffles to the United States. As early as the Tenth Century in Europe waffles were being celebrated in ballads. While waffle irons are supposed to have originated in Holland, the French seized upon this ingratiating form of pastry, and developed it over the centuries into its many variegated and delicate versions-waffles made from rolled biscuit dough, waffles of light yeast batter, waffles with sweet-cream filling and butter-rich waffle cakes. Needless to say, waffles in the electric waffle iron are now an effortless art.

To illustrate how little energy is needed for high-voltage gastronomy, try any of the following recipes, each designed for four portions.

COLD CREAM OF ALMOND SOUP

- 1 cup blanched sliced almonds
- 2 12-oz. cans chicken broth with rice



"Hypocrites!"

1 cup milk

3/4 cup light cream

3 tablespoons very dry sherry

Salt, white pepper, cayenne pepper

I teaspoon minced chives

Preheat oven at 375°. Spread almonds in a shallow pan and roast in oven until light brown, stirring occasionally to brown evenly. Avoid scorching. Set aside 2 tablespoons almonds for garnishing soup. Place balance of almonds in blender with chicken broth and milk. Blend 30 seconds. Remove from blender and stir in cream and sherry. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Chill soup in refrigerator, at least 3 hours. Pour into prechilled cups. Float reserved almonds on top and sprinkle with chives. Soup may be heated and served hot if desired.

CURRIED FROGS' LEGS

11/2 lbs. frogs' legs

1/2 cup flour Salt, pepper

I teaspoon paprika

l tablespoon salad oil

I tablespoon butter

I teaspoon curry powder

2 tablespoons minced onion

1/2 teaspoon minced garlic

I tablespoon minced parsley 1/4 cup dry white wine

1/2 cup chicken broth or stock

8-oz. can Italian plum tomatoes, coarsely chopped

2 tablespoons cognac

Cut feet from frogs' legs. Cut each pair in half. Upper and lower parts of legs may be detached or left whole. Put flour, I teaspoon salt, 1/8 teaspoon pepper, paprika and frogs' legs into a paper bag and shake well. Remove legs from bag and pat off excess flour. In electric skillet preheated at 300°, heat salad oil and butter until butter melts. Sauté frogs' legs until meat is firm, about 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add curry powder, onion, garlic, parsley and wine and stir well. Simmer 3 minutes. Add chicken broth and tomatoes. Reduce heat to 250° and simmer 8 minutes. Add cognac. Correct seasoning. Serve at once or keep skillet at warming temperature on dial until serving time.

VEAL AND ONION SCALOPPINE

11/2 lbs. Italian-style veal cutlets

2 tablespoons salad oil

Salt, pepper

I teaspoon minced fresh thyme or 1/4 teaspoon dried thyme

1/2 teaspoon finely minced garlic

2 large Spanish onions, cut julienne

1/3 cup very dry sherry

12-oz. can chicken broth

I teaspoon anchovy paste

I tablespoon butter

Pound cutlets thin with meat mallet. Preheat electric skillet at 300°. Add salad oil. Sprinkle cutlets with salt and pep-214 per and sauté until meat is light brown.

Pan may not hold all cutlets at one time, but as they shrink during cooking, additional meat may be added. Cook until meat juice in pan bottom has evaporated and drippings turn brown in pan. Add thyme, garlic and onion and sauté until onions are limp, not brown. Add sherry, chicken broth and anchovy paste. Stir well to loosen pan drippings. Reduce heat to 250° and cook 10 minutes longer. Add butter to gravy. Add salt and pepper to taste.

SKEWERED CHICKEN LIVERS

- 1 lb. fresh or thawed frozen chicken livers
- 2 tablespoons sherry
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- I medium-size onion, sliced
- 1/4 teaspoon ground fennel seed
- 1/4 teaspoon sesame oil
- 2 3-oz. cans whole mushrooms, drained
- 2 5-oz. cans water chestnuts, drained

Bring a large saucepan of water to a rapid boil. Add livers. As soon as water resumes boiling, remove from heat and drain livers. Cut livers into two or three pieces each, so that no piece is larger than 1 in. across. Place livers in a bowl with sherry, soy sauce, salad oil, garlic, onion, fennel seed and sesame oil. Marinate overnight. Divide chicken-liver pieces, mushrooms and water chestnuts among the eight skewers of the electric brochette. Arrange pieces of food alternately. Preheat brochette 10 to 15 minutes. Broil skewered livers 25 minutes. Serve with Béarnaise sauce.

BÉARNAISE SAUCE

1/4 cup dry white wine

2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar

2 tablespoons minced onion

1/2 teaspoon crushed whole pepper

3 egg yolks

1/4 lb. sweet butter

2 large sprigs fresh tarragon, minced, or 1/4 teaspoon dried tarragon

1 teaspoon minced fresh chervil or

Salt, cayenne pepper

Pour wine and vinegar into small saucepan. Add onion and pepper. Simmer slowly until liquid is reduced to approximately two or three tablespoons. Watch pan carefully so that all liquid does not evaporate. Strain into electric blender. Add egg yolks and blend slightly. Melt butter in small saucepan over moderate flame. Avoid browning. Start blender after removing pouring cap, and very slowly add melted butter, no more than a tablespoon at a time. Remove sauce from blender. Stir in tarragon and chervil. Add salt to taste, and a dash of cavenne pepper. Keep in a warm place (not over direct heat) until serving time.

MUSTARD SHISH KABOB

1/2 leg of lamb, cut into 1-in. cubes

3 tablespoons Dijon mustard

2 tablespoons white wine vinegar

2 tablespoons olive oil

1/4 teaspoon rosemary

3 cloves garlic, crushed

Salt, pepper

I large green pepper

l large sweet red pepper

Butter, at room temperature

Be sure pieces of lamb do not exceed 1 in. in thickness. In a mixing bowl place the mustard, vinegar, oil, rosemary and garlic. Stir well. Add lamb and sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Mix well so that lamb is thoroughly coated. Marinate in refrigerator at least 3 hours before cooking. Remove from refrigerator about one half hour before broiling. Cut peppers into 3/4-in. squares. Preheat electric brochette 10 to 15 minutes. Fasten meat and peppers alternately on skewers. Broil 25 to 30 minutes. Brush with butter just before serving.

WAFFLES AND APPLES, RUM SAUCE

4 medium-size apples

I cup maple syrup

1/4 cup light rum

2 tablespoons heavy dark rum

2 tablespoons sweet butter

1/4 cup heavy sweet cream

1 tablespoon sugar

2 egg yolks

1 whole egg

1/2 teaspoon vanilla

1/3 cup milk

3 tablespoons salad oil

I cup cake flour

11/2 teaspoons baking powder

1/2 teaspoon salt

2 tablespoons sugar

Peel and core apples and cut them into thin slices, about 12 slices per apple. Place apples in saucepan with maple syrup, light and dark rum and butter. Simmer, covered, until apples are just tender. Avoid overcooking. Keep warm until serving time. Whip cream in a small narrow bowl. Stir in 1 tablespoon sugar. Chill in refrigerator. In well of electric blender put egg yolks, whole egg, vanilla, milk and salad oil. Add cake flour, baking powder, salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Blend until smooth. Stop blender and scrape sides with rubber spatula if necessary to blend dry ingredients with liquid. Preheat waffle iron. Pour 3 to 4 tablespoons into each section of iron, or until batter is about 1 in. from edge. Bake until steam is no longer visible from sides of waffle iron. Spoon apples onto waffles on serving plates. Top with whipped cream.

The above is a mere skimming of the surface. The current attractions of plugin prandials and potables are such that the appliance-hip chef need never join the Hot Stove League.

FOR CUTTING CAMPUS CAPERS... ... NOTHING BEATS A PLAYBOY GIFT



SIDE BY SIDE (continued from page 105)

the West Coast. Remember, now, she was in her early 20s, and so far as anyone knows she'd never given ballet a thought up till then. But that's what she wanted to do, and it didn't make a damn she knew nothing about it, or that most ballerinas begin study about the same time they learn to walk; she had decided to dance, and that was it. We all knew that when she came back she'd be able to do it, and she could. I only saw her the one time, of course. At the party Saul gave to celebrate her return. The night she died.

The whole scene returned to mind, like the curtain lifting on a play. Not that I'd forgotten, or ever could, but the curtain had been there, and tightly drawn. Now, I saw the tar-paper roof, the yellowish light bulb strung on a cord from Saul and Miriam's loft apartment below. I heard the music from the battered phonograph we'd borrowed from someone and smelled the warm wind, wet from the summer shower that had fallen that afternoon. I saw the people . . .

Everyone came in good clothes, though for many of the men that meant only the cleanest pair of Levis and a white shirt. Some of the girls wore faded cocktail dresses, usually a size too small for them (holdovers from high school or college, parent-bought). It was a doublebarreled occasion: Miriam had come back and, even more exciting, Saul had just sold his novel to E. V. Reinwald Company with a \$500 advance. (He'd worked feverishly on it all the time Miriam was away.) It was the first important sale he'd made, and he didn't have much of the advance left after paying overdue bills and sending Miriam bus fare. But what there was, he went out and spent on food and liquor for the

It was a fine party. Everyone we knew was invited, plus a dozen couples who'd heard the noise and come up off the street (that's the way parties were in Greenwich Village back then . . . there doesn't seem to be much of it anymore). About halfway through the evening, we came across a record of excerpts from Swan Lake, and Miriam agreed to dance for us. I remember standing there, listening to the tinny, scratchy sounds from that old record player, softened by the dim rustle of the city noises in the background. Watching her spin and glide, her face and arms visible only when she came under the tiny circle of light from the bulb, then disappearing as she left it; a disembodied swirl of white dress, white shoes. The music ended, and she did a little series of pirouettes that made us all catch our breaths. She did one more, and touched the cement coping, which was only about 18 inches high on one side, and went over it, 75 feet to the brick pavement.

For what seemed a long while, no one moved, and I think no one believed it had happened. It was as though Miriam had merely exited, with the same flair for drama she'd always had. As though she might reappear in an instant or two, to take her bows. Then, of course, we all ran to the edge and looked. She was lying down there-quite visible, even in the dark, because of her white dress. She was not at all sprawled or awkward, the way people like that are supposed to look. Some of the girls began to cry, some to scream, and one of the men yelled, "Get an ambulance, for God's sake!" but none of us moved. We all knew she was dead.

I thought of Saul, and turned to see him standing at the edge, too, just standing there, with a funny twisted expression on his face. I went over and pulled him back, holding his arms tightly; I think I was afraid he was going to jump after her. Gary March (a bit-part actor, and Saul's best friend other than myself) came over, and between the two of us we got him downstairs. By the time we reached the room, he was vibrating like a high wire and cursing steadily: "Damn her," he kept saying, "goddamn her!" I made him sit down, and Gary ran back to get a bottle. When he returned, we forced several stiff ones down Saul. He kept fighting us (though in an odd way, he didn't seem conscious we were there), and after a while he started crying and finally passed out.

A little later, Renatta, Gary's girl, came in. She told us that the ambulance had taken Miriam away, and that someone had gone along to take care of the details. "Do you think one of us ought to stay here?" I asked Gary.

"I don't know," he said. "Kind of gives me the creeps, the way he's acting. Stay if you want to." I didn't, but I thought somebody should. So I sat up most of the night in a chair (Saul had gone to sleep on the couch) and read some, and drank the rest of the bottle of whiskey. It was the longest night I'd ever spent. Saul kept muttering in his sleep—a sort of half-laughing, half-crying sound—and I was horribly afraid he was going to wake up. He didn't, though, until about ten o'clock the next morning.

At first, he seemed to have forgotten what had happened, and then, abruptly, he said, "I'd better try to work, you know? That way, maybe I won't have to think about it." He went over to the table where his beat-up old Remington stood, and rolled a piece of paper into it. He sat down, looked at the typewriter a minute, and began to grin. He began to chuckle, then to laugh. "It's funny when you think about it," he said. "I mean—the way it happened—it's comi-

cal." He grabbed the table and bent to one side, laughing harder, uncontrollably, jumping around in his chair and making the table rattle, and the window next to it. Suddenly, he coughed and began to retch. He got up and staggered into the bathroom, and I could hear him throwing up.

I started to go after him, then changed my mind. I made some coffee instead, and some toast, and when he came out he was trembling terribly, but he managed to eat a little nonetheless. He seemed to have got hold of himself and apologized for acting like a fool. He asked if he could be alone, and since I was almost dead anyway, I left him and went home. I fell into bed and slept the rest of the day and late into the night.

It surprised everyone, but for the next day or two it seemed as though Saul was going to be all right. He began coming down to Macdougal Street, to the coffeehouses where the gang had always met. He looked miserable, of course, didn't talk much, but he'd smile when we tried to cheer him up, and for a while he appeared to be taking it well—better than we'd hoped. And then something happened that none of us could have foreseen; something that should never have happened. Miriam came back.

No, the problem wasn't supernatural; it was financial. It costs money to die, you know, and we didn't have any. None of us had made a go of it at that time (most of us never would), and the cost of taking care of Miriam was too much. Fortunately, she had always said she wanted to be cremated, which proved the cheapest way of handling the body. We had it done at Scarfiotta's Funeral Parlor, but raising the necessary \$50 about bankrupted all of us. There was nothing left to pay for a burial plot, or even a vault. (Of course, the city will take care of that if you want it to, but Saul flatly refused to put her in a pauper's grave.) So, when the mortician started raising hell, we went over and picked up the box with her ashes in it, and Saul took it home with him. He put it on the mantel, over the fake fireplace with the electric heater inside. I didn't like the idea, but there didn't seem any alternative until one of us came up with some money.

Things were rough for everyone that summer. I was making a few bucks every now and again, adapting some public-domain stories for a small recording company that produced spoken records. The last batch had been paid for about a week earlier, though. I'd spent the money, and wouldn't get any more for a month or two. Saul had used up his advance, and had no other source of income. I urged him to take a job for a while, if only so he could draw some unemployment, but he didn't want to, or

couldn't find one. The utility companies finally turned off his gas and lights, and he had to borrow candles to use at night. He put them on the mantel, on either side of that small black box. The effect was ghastly.

After that, the change in Saul really became apparent. He wasn't eating, and he refused the offers of friends to feed him. There had been a lot of liquor left from the party, but he'd drunk it all and was finding more, some way. He grew thinner, and since he'd been thin to start with, he became increasingly skeletal. He claimed to be working (everything would be all right, if he could get the book in, and get the rest of his advance from the publisher), but I noticed that the pile of pages on the table was not rising. We tried to keep him company, in the evenings at least, as much as possible, but the setting of his room was so weird it was oppressive and his friends started staying away. He had always referred to the box as "Miriam." rather than "it," or even "her," but when he took to addressing some of his remarks-on the evenings when we were at his place-to the box on the mantel ("Isn't that right, Darling?" or, "It's getting late, and Miriam's tired, aren't you. Dear?"), I knew something had to be done. All of the shock he'd felt-and survived-when she was killed had returned to prey on him, and he was breaking under it.

I stayed one night, after the others had gone, and begged him to let me—or someone—take care of the box until we could afford a burial. He acted as though I were joking: "You know I can't work unless Miriam's here," he said. "You know I can't do anything without her, she's always helped with my stories, and now the book——"

The next day I called his publisher. I talked to the editor who'd accepted Letters from Miriam, and asked for more money. He was sympathetic, but said there was no way he could help; the book was overdue, and the publisher felt, anyway, it was only a prestige item. (He had no way of knowing the popular appeal it would turn out to have.) He turned me down, so the next thing to do was to go see Saul's parents. They lived in Jersey, so I hitchhiked over that afternoon and arrived in time for dinner. The old man, Saul's father, must have figured I planned it that way. He watched every bite I ate, like I was picking his pocket, and finally I lost my appetite even though I hadn't eaten anything else that day. The mother seemed a little better, but she knew to keep quiet and at last I felt I had to get to the point and get it over with.

They knew what had happened, and I told them that, in my opinion, that damned black box was killing Saul. "I've found a place," I said, "that'll take her

for seventy-five dollars. I'll personally guarantee to pay you back if you'll lend Saul the money."

The old gentleman just laughed at me. "Seventy-five dollars that vandal will never see from me," he said. "Never."

I said, "It isn't for Saul, it's for his wife."

"No!" he cried, "not his wife—he's not married." That was so, though oddly enough I'd forgotten about it. I guess, to him, they'd been living in sin, though no one who knew them looked at it that way. Saul and Miriam were as married as anyone can be, though they'd never had (or wanted to spare) the money for a license and the rest. I tried to explain this, but Mr. Kessler was adamant: "She wasn't even Jewish!" were his last words on the subject, and he was getting so angry I thought I'd better leave.

Mrs. Kessler saw me to the door. She slipped me a five as I went out. I tried to refuse, but she said, "See that Saul eats," so I had to take it. The door was closed, and it was already dark and I still had to catch a ride back across the river. I finally got one, and on the way home I examined the whole affair very carefully in my mind. By the time my benefactor dropped me off in the Village, I'd decided I had to get the box away from Saul.

And the only way to do that was to steal it from him . . .

My story was interrupted by the slowing of the train as it approached our stop. My friend and I got our coats and hats from the rack above the seat and, a few minutes later, stepped off onto the small station platform. Behind us, the train lurched, heaved itself ahead, and clattered away. I measured the sun as it settled behind the pine trees, and hoped I'd timed our visit right: We should arrive a few minutes after five. Past experience had taught me that an hour with Saul was about all I could take. We began to walk up the winding, crushedbrick path, toward the complex of white buildings. We strolled slowly, my companion waiting in silence for me to resume . . .

Perhaps I was wrong to have done it, I don't know. I've thought about it often, wondering if I was in any way responsible for what happened. But it seemed right at the time, and I believe, at worst, I only hastened the end a little. I went over to his place and let myself in (he never locked his door) and found him asleep in his room. I took the box from the mantel, carried it home and hid it.



"No wonder he wanted to die with his boots on!"



In the dynamic style that has brought him tremendous success in both TV and nightclub appearances, Sergio Franchi sings this album of romantic ballads... as they were meant to be sung. Attribute it to his personal magnetism, or to anything you wish, but "Ebb Tide," "And This Is My Beloved," "Stardust," "Tenderly" and eight other favorites have never had quite the warmth and excitement that Sergio Franchi gives them.



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Then I went down to The Bagel shop, found Gary, and told him what I'd done. We were still sitting there, sipping coffee, when Gary glanced toward the door. His face went as white as any man's I've ever seen, and when I looked around, there was Saul.

He must have waked up for some reason, soon after I'd left, gone into the front room and seen that she-I mean, it -was gone. Now, he stood in the doorway, sort of hanging onto the frame on both sides, his gaunt head with its mane of long, uncut hair swaying back and forth. He reminded me of the Westernmovie character-drunk, or half deadwho comes to warn the town that the Indians are rising. He spotted us, let go of the doorjamb, and lurched toward our table. We might have been all right, if Gary hadn't panicked and leaped out of his chair to back away. Hell, I would have done the same, only I was sitting between the table and wall and couldn't move in time.

"Where is she!" Saul croaked, his normally high, smooth voice deep with menace. He stumbled as he reached the table, came up against its edge and seized it with bony, white hands. His eyes were absolutely stark, and they would have held me even if the table hadn't been jammed against my chest. "Where is she, goddamn it—I've got to find her—you know where she is!" It was as though Miriam—the live Miriam—had left him, and he was going to kill the man who took her. Which was me.

I should have lied, of course, but my mind wasn't functioning: There is something about insanity (and I knew, then, that's what it was) that paralyzes the senses. I blurted out something about not meaning any harm; about her being bad for him, and——

I didn't get any further; he came straight across the table, and I felt his hands reach my throat. I tried to scream, "I'll bring her back!" but I couldn't get the sounds past the pressure of his fingers.

I guess I fainted then, because the next thing I knew I was sitting on the floor, against the wall, watching this godawful scramble of bodies in front of me—all seen through a blood haze. Tables and chairs were being knocked every which way, and I saw a figure, torn and disheveled, Saul's figure, rise up out of the pile and come for me. There was a scream—his or mine—and I found I couldn't move to get away. He had almost reached me when two cops burst through the door and caught him from behind. If they hadn't, he'd have killed me, I'm sure.

My friend and I had reached the steps of the main building, and we paused there. Joel gave me a cigarette and took one for himself. We leaned against the railing to smoke them, and the sun hid itself behind the hill. A cool breeze began to come up off the Hudson.

"That was the end of him," I went on after a moment. "They took him over to St. Vincent's for the night, and the next day he was transferred to Bellevue, to the psychiatric ward. During the next few weeks, I managed to put the rest of his book together for him, and when it was published, and became a best seller, the royalties allowed him to be moved here, where he's been since."

We finished our cigarettes, stubbed them out, and entered the wide, cool, antiseptic-smelling foyer. I said, "He might have survived her death, but that little box of ashes was too much. It finally overpowered him. That's why I say she destroyed him *after* she died."

Joel shook his head in sadness. "She must have been an amazing person," he said. "I can understand why he loved her so much."

"Loved her? He didn't love her-he hated her."

My young friend stared at me in disbelief.

"He hated her because he depended on her so much—and knew that he did. She had helped him with his stories, given him ideas, even rewritten them for him. He knew he couldn't make it without her, and he hated her for dying and leaving him. Most of all, he hated her for being able to do everything—while he could do nothing."

Joel said: "I don't understand! After writing the book he did?"

"Surely you see he didn't write it. Letters from Miriam was just that: the letters Miriam had written while she was out West. It was all there: the magnificent descriptions of the countryside, the sensitive portraits of the people she met, the yearning for home and the loneliness; all of it. Saul simply edited them and put them together for publication. When they sold, he hated her even more"

I gave my name to the nurse on duty, and we started down the corridor to Saul's room. "There's one thing I should warn you about," I said. "Saul is quite rational and I think you'll enjoy talking to him. But the doctors discovered fairly soon that the only way to handle him was to include his fantasy; you mustn't be surprised at what he keeps on the shelf above his bed. It's not the original . . . it's a duplicate, made specially for him. He's happy, as long as he thinks she hasn't left him. That they're still 'together.'"

We stopped in front of Saul's door, and I knocked. A smooth, rather high-pitched voice answered, "Come in," and then, more faintly, as though he had turned to address someone else: "Darling—we have visitors . . ."

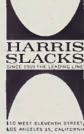
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like a pigeon on a trail of popcorn. During rebuttal by an opponent, he gives vent to catcalls and ear-splitting guffaws.

"The expressions of his face are usually unrelated to his subject matter. While hamstringing a critic (and he can) he adopts a pensive look—

"H. L. Mencken suffers from the hallucination that he is H. L. Mencken. There is no cure for a disease of that

magnitude.'

"During such utterances, he flutters his yellow-fringed eyelids, cocks his head to a side and pretends he is falling asleep. His grimaces remind me of a child making faces out of ennui.

"Yet despite the chronic ferocity of his opinions, Bodenheim is a sentimental man. Anyone's sufferings but his own bring a tear to his eye or pencil. He gives away most of his wealth—nickels and dimes acquired in alley crap games—to beggars, old drunks and cigar-butt hunters.

"Behind his almost idiotic guffaws and facial contortions, a first-rate mind is in constant operation. H. L. Mencken, who despises him, cannot assail his 'dunderheads' as wittily as can Bodenheim. Despite the hallucinations of grandeur and nightmares of persecution that bother Bodenheim, the poet retains an astonishing diagnostic clarity toward others.

"Bodenheim's poetry and prose are a worship, chiefly, of words.

"I have known Bodenheim to be mistaken by casual observers for a pickpocket, a vaudeville acrobat, an errand boy, a theological student and a French aristocrat."

What I wrote of Bodenheim in 1924 was true, but it overlooked almost entirely the poet's charms. There was innocence and courage in him, and wild loyalty. And his misfortunes seldom produced a note of self-pity.

We collaborated during one winter on several one-act plays. One of them was called *The Master Poisoner*. We were both excited in its writing. We thought it contained our finest acrobatic phrases. When I read the play recently, I was astonished by its plot and dialog. They were both incomprehensible. Yet the printed phrases seemed to spin and leap with some mysterious excitement. Youth in love with words. The embrace may have been a little disorderly, but I have found few things better to love—since then.

We worked nights. Bogie would arrive at my apartment at eight o'clock, having filched his supper elsewhere. I didn't invite him to dine in my house because I hated to watch him eat. My wife also found the spectacle unpleasant. He drank like a man gargling, and wolfed his food as if he feared it might be snatched away.

But his table noises were a minor matter. It was what he ate that was upsetting. As soon as his food was placed before him, Bogie set up a clamor for Worcestershire sauce. He emptied a full bottle on his steak or chicken. He then fished his bottle of Tabasco sauce out of his briefcase and sprinkled the fiery fluid over his food. For a finale, he unscrewed the tops of all the salt and pepper shakers on the table and coated his saucedrenched food with their contents. A jackal would have shied from his dish.

As important to collaboration as not watching Bogie eat, was not hearing his denunciations of his enemies, who seemed to have overrun the world. We made a pact that during our writing together, neither of us would utter a word of criticism or complaint on any subject.

Bogie was a half hour late one evening. A blizzard had delayed him. He entered the room with the remains of a pipe clutched in his teeth. It had been a pipe brought back from the South Seas by the painter Jerry Bloom. It was a pipe four feet long and its carved bowl rested on your foot as you stood smoking it. Jerry had given Bodenheim the pipe (the only one like it in the Western Hemisphere) in exchange for a sonnet by the poet describing one of his seascapes.

"The streetcar step was covered with frozen snow when I alighted from it," Bogie explained, "I was smoking the pipe at the time, and tripped over it and it broke into little pieces." The yellow eyelashes fluttered. "Shall we start with our collaborating for tonight?"

We worked till midnight. I noted an oddity in Bogie's posture. He kept his head in a crooked position as he offered his share of our weird dialog. He made no complaint, however, of any injury; and I thought it wiser not to inquire if anything was the matter with him.

At midnight Bogie bowed himself out of my doorway.

"I think we have done some exquisitely confusing work tonight," he said. "We will resume our capricious wrestling match with Mr. Maldor tomorrow, same time." Mr. Maldor was our Master Poisoner.

We didn't resume the next night. After leaving my apartment, Bodenheim collapsed in a snowdrift. An ambulance took him to the County Hospital. I learned the next day that Bogie had broken his shoulder when he had tripped over his Polynesian pipe. He had spent the three hours writing with

me while in acute pain. But he had honored our collaborator pact—no complaints.

During the winter of our playwriting, Bodenheim was in love with a dancing girl named Ilona. She had been a member of the Chicago Grand Opera ballet troupe, but was dismissed that season from its ranks.

"Due to the insensate jealousy of Signorina Pitalli, the première danseuse," Bodenheim explained. "Beside Ilona, Miss Pitalli became aware that she was glued to the stage."

"That is partly true," Ilona said. We were together in an all-night beanery. The ousted ballerina was mostly skin and bones. But I remember her large, glittering eyes favorably. They hinted at some mania. She informed Bogie that she was going to be given an audition by a vaudeville booking agent named Sam Singer. She had been working on a wonderful dance that she called Lavender and Old Lace.

"I've got the costume for it," she said, "except for the shoes. I need a pair of lavender ballet slippers. And I guarantee you, Maxy dearest, I'll bowl Sam Singer over with my routine."

A great quarrel developed between the lovers. Bogie forbade his Ilona to go near Sam Singer. I left the table while the poet and Ilona were exchanging violent insults.

I didn't see Bogie again for several weeks. I remember that he sat with me in a saloon one night, tears running from his eyes:

"We kept on quarreling for two days about Sam Singer," said Bogie. "Then we separated. I told her she could go dance for Mr. Sam Singer in her tights, but in doing so, she was dancing out of my life, forever. Last night I realized that I was crude and unjust to Ilona. I decided to go to her and apologize for my ugliness, and beg her to forgive me. When I arrived at her rooming house, the landlady told me that Miss Ilona Metz had died five days ago of pneumonia and that she was now in her grave in the Woodlawn Cemetery. Can you loan me ten dollars, please, so that I can buy Ilona the lavender dancing shoes she wished for. I want to put them at the foot of her grave."

The next night, Bogie told me the end of the story. It has stayed in my mind ever since as a sort of ballet in which a poet dances the strange, secret meanings of his life.

After leaving me with the ten dollars in his pocket, he had dropped into another saloon for a drink. A prostitute joined him there. He bought her a drink and then read her a newly written poem to the prostitute. It was about Ilona's









dying and was titled *Elegy to a Pirouette*. After reading his complete cycle of Ilona poems to the prostitute, he went with her to her room.

"When I woke this morning," Bogie said, "she was still asleep. I dressed quickly. Then I looked in my briefcase which should have contained the eight dollars remaining from the original ten. I intended to give the prostitute two dollars and then go buy the lavender dancing slippers for Ilona. But there wasn't a single simoleon in the briefcase. I knew at once that I had been robbed after I fell asleep. I knew also it would be a pure waste of time to accuse her of the theft, or to try to get back my stolen money. She would start yelling and po-

licemen would ultimately appear and take us both off to jail.

"Then I felt an electric shock as I noticed something on the floor—the sleeping prostitute's shoes. They were purple shoes with purple buttons on them. They were not shoes for dancing, but they had a gay look of their own."

Bodenheim stole the sleeping prostitute's shoes and a few hours later placed them at the foot of Hona's grave.

"Exposure to wind and snow," he explained, "will fade their purple color to the right shade of lavender that Ilona wished for to match her costume. I wrote this poem to Ilona while riding in the streetcar."

Bogie recited a poem of which I re-

member a few lines:

Dancer on the floor of heaven, These once industrious shoes Now dream of you.

News came to us that the young poet Maxwell Bodenheim had refused to register for military service in the First World War. He had announced himself as a conscientious objector. A number of radicals on the Near North Side had undertaken to protect him from military oppression. They had hidden him away in a lush apartment, and were providing him with excellent food and drink; and allowing a trusty trollop to spend a night, now and then, with him.

A few of us who knew the Federal Building as newspaper reporters, called on the proper authorities to persuade them to stop hounding our sensitive poet and causing him to remain in hiding, atremble for his life.

"You're a bunch of fools," the head recruiting officer told us. "Your poet friend Bodenheim registered for service on the first day our office opened. Here's his card. Nobody's hunting for him. Your friend is ineligible for further Army service. He was dishonorably discharged after previous Army service in Texas. The United States Army has no interest in him whatsoever except to keep the daffy son of a bitch out of its ranks."

This news finally leaked out to the radicals who were wining and dining

their heroic conscientious objector in the flossy apartment. Loud with wrath, they descended on the poet. They excoriated him as a crook and a charlatan, and drove him out of his sybaritic hideaway.

Listening pensively to the rage of his deceived benefactors, Bodenheim fluttered his eyelids and announced, "The anger of fools is my favorite crown."

Bodenheim came to dinner in my house, having promised to forgo sauce bottles and salt and pepper shakers. It was a party of welcome to a new writer for *The Chicago Literary Times*. Its staff to date had remained only Bodenheim and I. I thought it time to add another worker.

His name was John Armstrong. He had sent me the manuscript of a novel written while in detention at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station at Lake Forest. It was a fascinating manuscript, detailing the miseries and frustrations of life in the Navy. Sailor Armstrong was under detention in the lunacy ward of the U.S. Navy Hospital.

After some discussion, the Navy doctors admitted that Armstrong was not seriously insane, but only too oddly behaved to serve in the U. S. Navy. His chief oddity was that he was inclined to go off into fits of laughter that lasted for hours. He could be quieted only by powerful drugs.

The officer in charge of the Naval base agreed to release him into my custody with three provisos. I was to give him employment on my weekly paper; to provide sleeping quarters for him in my house; and to do all I could to keep his novel from being published.

At the dinner table welcoming the new literary find were Margaret Anderson, Sherwood Anderson, Burton Rascoe (the critic), and several opera singers whose names I have forgotten. And Bodenheim.

A discussion of music circled the table despite Bodenheim's insistence that the art of music had no relation to the art of conversation. His further efforts to swing the talk around to a discussion of himself, or at least, of poetry in general, were ignored. But literary find John Armstrong suddenly sided with the poet.

"Mr. Bodenheim is right," said Armstrong, "one doesn't talk about music. One listens to it."

Armstrong left the table and headed for the phonograph in the living room. The music he selected for listening was Chaliapin's record *The Song of the Flea* from Boito's opera *Mefistofele*.

In the middle of the record Chaliapin unlooses a burst of satanic laughter, for a half minute that seems like an hour. Sailor Armstrong kept putting the needle back and playing the passages over and over. Finally, rolling his pants up to his knees (why, I don't know), Armstrong joined Chaliapin in his laughter. Putting the needle back to replay the passage, Armstrong finally outlaughed the great baritone in range and volume.

We all listened and watched from the dining table.

"A fascinating sort of dementia," someone said.

"It is rarely you see an American writer," said Margaret Anderson, "who is not hopelessly sane."

There were other comments about the laughing genius with the rolled-up pants whom I had been clever enough to add to my paper's staff. Please, we were very young that night.

It was all too much for Bodenheim. At last our lonesome poet made a canny bid for our attention. Having emptied his



"This is his cleaning woman."

tenth wineglass, he proceeded to cat it. He bit off chunks of his fragile goblet, chewed and swallowed the bits of glass as if they were the finest of desserts.

The diners turned one by one to watch the poet's amateur and gory performance as a glass cater.

"Good God!" someone said, "you'll kill yourself swallowing that glass. You're a poet, not a circus freak."

"Every poet is both," Bodenheim answered aloofly.

He continued to talk of poetry, and to recite some of his own latest work, holding the diners fascinated by the stream of blood and words from his mouth.

A half hour later, Bodenheim's triumph was completed. A doctor arrived to inject a powerful drug into John Armstrong, who had never stopped laughing.

Our literary find went back that night to the detention ward at the Naval base. Bodenheim, after some minor medical attention, remained as my sole colleague on the *Literary Times*.

Publisher Horace Liveright came to Chicago to scout for new writers. Liveright had a lean, medieval face. His large, dark eyes looked on authors with an enthusiasm rare in publishers. He thought writers were elves and genii. He never wearied of listening to their boasts or loaning them money. His only misbehavior toward his authors was his attitude toward their mistresses. He did his best to lure them to bed, and sometimes succeeded.

In his suite in the newly built Drake Hotel, Liveright listened to Bodenheim's true story of a prostitute he had known and whom he deemed the finest of human beings. Bogie was trying to land a job for his paragon of a streetwalker.

"Believe me, she is a perfect typist, and," the poet said, "if you dressed her up correctly she would contribute an exquisite air to any office."

"You must write her story as a book for me," said Liveright. "I have never heard anything more moving. I'll give you a thousand-dollar advance right now."

Liveright wrote out a thousand-dollar check to Maxwell Bodenheim, and the poet watched the pen move as if he were looking at an incredible feat of magic. When the check was signed, Bogie stood up and asked in a hushed voice, "Can you tell me, please, where the bathroom is?"

Bogie was shown the right door. We waited a half hour for the new Liveright author to emerge. Horace became nervous.

"I never saw such happiness in any author's eyes," he said. "I couldn't help looking at him when I was signing the check. He sat there like a man bewitched. Hadn't you better go see if anything's wrong? He may have had some sort of collapse."

I entered the bathroom. Bogie was standing over the toilet, all set to urinate, but unfunctioning. Perplexity was in his face, and some pain.

Over the toilet seat was a woven-cane cover, the latest thing in stylish toilet decor. Pointing at the half-inch holes in the ornamental cane cover, poet Bodenheim said:

"I can't possibly pee through that small aperture. Maybe rich people can, after considerable practice. But I don't want to start practicing in Mr. Liveright's bathroom. If I wet that elegant cane seat, he's likely to think of me as a vandal, and tear up that little old check he has written out in my name."

I showed Bogie how to outwit the cane seat by lifting it out of the way, and came back to Horace with the story of the confused urinator.

"What an honest, unspoiled human being," publisher Liveright said. "We have no natural geniuses of that kind in New York."

Bodenheim, putting the check reverently into his briefcase, said, "I give you my word of honor that I shall surpass Victor Hugo as a novelist."

Bodenheim wrote a few novels for Liveright, Georgie May, Replenishing Jessica, Naked on Roller Skates. They were hack work with flashes of tenderness, wit and truth in them, and some verbal fireworks in every chapter.

He spoke of his novels without enthusiasm.

"Millions of people are reading my prose effusions," he said—millions and thousands were the same general number to Bogie—"but I'm not actually happy. I am returning shortly to writing poetry."

He did. His royalty checks dwindled. His brief fame as an odd, crotic novelist evaporated. And the Greenwich Village Bodenheim emerged. A homeless wino started reading his poems in saloons and picking up the pennies and nickels thrown to him. Occasionally an editor bought one of his poems and rewarded him with a \$25 check.

He continued trying to strike it rich by entering all the poetry contests. Prizes ranging from a hundred to a thousand dollars were to be snatched by the winners.

Bodenheim had entered, since his youth, 223 such contests, and been defeated by other poets in all of them. He used to sign his letters to editors "Maxwell Bodenheim, 224th-ranking U.S.A. poet."

The Greenwich Village Bodenheim had no allure for me. I preferred to remember the Chicago version. One rainy day I ran into Bogie on Broadway. His



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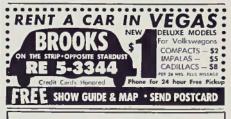
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face was gaunt, most of his teeth were gone. But there were some things unchanged about him. He was wearing the same Army overcoat, carrying the same worn and bulging briefcase; and his eyelids still fluttered disdainfully when he spoke.

In a saloon, Bogie showed me the poems he had written in the last ten years. They covered several hundred pages of typing. They were no longer poems full of fragile and unexpected metaphors, poems that used to seem written not by a human being but by some brilliant Jack of Diamonds.

The new Bodenheim output in his ten New York years was full of coherently phrased love for shopgirls, laborers, and all underdogs and castaways. There was no hint in them of the poet's own travail, of his despairs, hungering days, attempted suicides. Written during hangovers, during illnesses that kept him out of saloons that still tolerated his presence, they were the poems of an observer, never a victim. They were also in sonnet form, and rhymed. But their unexpected imagery was unchanged.

Unchanged also was his talk. Not a cackle, grimace or snap of phrase missing. We rode to my home in Nyack. The rain turned into a thick snowfall.

I wanted him to stay overnight, but he couldn't. His wife, Grace, was ill and needed his love and attention. In the snow-clouded doorway, Bogic said, his voice full of mockery:

"I don't suppose you can imagine anyone loving me or needing my love. I am a scarecrow without teeth. Well, let me tell you something: My little Gracie loves me and needs me. As much as any man is loved or needed in the world. And she knows I will always come home to her, to take care of her."

A half-drunken Bodenheim left Nyack, without staying for dinner. His overcoat pockets bulged with loot stolen from my dressing room—socks, shorts, ties, shirts, a pair of patent-leather shoes, and pajama tops. He had been too proud to ask for them.

During our talk before he went, we had made a literary arrangement. Bogie was to send me every week a new poem or two pages of prose on any subject. In return I would send him a check for \$35.

The arrangement lasted for a year, possibly two. I never saw Bogie again, but his two pages of prose and an occasional poem arrived every week. Separate from them came a letter acknowledging the receipt of his weekly check, or protesting politely its nonappearance.

These letters, some of which I didn't lose, contain one of the most desperate self-portraits I have ever read; the portrait of an unwanted talent; penniless, almost rotted away with liquor and calamities—but still as proud and articulate as any prime minister.

Since the time Mencken identified Maxwell Bodenheim as "a faker and a stupid clown," almost nothing has been written of the poet or his work. In the U.S. an unsuccessful poet is more disdained than even a bankrupted industrialist.

In these letters a first voice sounds for Bodenheim—his own.

Care of Harvey Barnes R.F.D. No. 1 Woodstock, New York

Dear Marie [Marie Armstrong Hecht for a while]:

You did not answer my last letter so perhaps The Mountebank has reached you with some of his subtle poison. I am rather ill, with a touch of t.b .- the result of long years in stuffy, quaintly odored, cheap rooming houses-and I am penniless with no strength to go out and fight for nickels. If you could send me \$50 I might get through the next month, as I cannot impose on the people I am with any longer. At any rate, you will not respond with a note announcing the invisible enclosure of \$200—an ironic relief. I do not expect to hear from you, of course-my attitude toward all humans is invincibly cynical just now. However . . .

> With all earnestness, Maxwell Bodenheim

10 Montague Terrace Brooklyn, New York January 11th

Dear Ben and Rose:

Thanks very much for the January 8th check which came this week. Yesterday, I attended a party given by the Doubleday and Knopf firms in honor of the publication of an anthology entitled Poems of the Negro, edited by Langston Hughes, and One Way Ticket, Langston's latest book of verse. I was invited because two of my poems to Negroes are included in the anthology. The affair was held in the Downtown Art Gallery which occupies two spacious floors, and the large assemblage was rather evenly divided between white and Negro highbrows, male and female. I was entranced by the talk confined entirely to literary small talk, social gossip and airy witticisms. It was weird to turn from this atmosphere and remember the existence of a grim, portentous, menacing, outside world. I was treated with nice friendliness and responded in turn, but . . . I felt a bit puzzled as I left the Gallery and walked to the subway . . . Best regards to both of you from Grace and myself.

> As ever, Maxwell

10 Montague Terrace Brooklyn, New York February 24th

Dear Ben and Rose:

Thanks very much for the weekly check which came yesterday . . . The Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress have just awarded a \$1000 poetry prize to Ezra Pound. This honoring of a shallow, pompous, racehating, heartless old wraith of a fascistwho was a trivially eccentric snob long before fascism came into being-represents a brazen insult to American poets and poetry. Reading through a list of the judges in the account printed by The New York Times, Louise Bogan, Conrad Aiken, T.S. Eliot, Allen Tate, et al., I failed to see the inclusion of a single person known to me as a Jewish creative writer. Another writer apologetically confessed to me that the entire situation was a bit odd, and I replied that it was as odd as a pane of transparent glass . . . If you can send the next check so that it will reach us on the coming Monday, we will greatly appreciate it. We hope that your book is proceeding smoothly and we both send both of you our best regards.

> As ever, Maxwell

10 Montague Terrace Brooklyn, New York Saturday

Dear Ben:

Glad you like the two poems. After reading them-and I have 20 more, just as good and written during the past half year-you can readily see why poetry of this kind doesn't have a snowball's chance on the equator with American magazines and papers. Five weeks ago I sold one poem to Esquire and two months ago Poetry-once Harriet Monroe's pet-accepted another. Never before in the history of American print have magazines shrunk to such a low level. Formerly, on the cultural field, we had Dial, The Freeman, The Double Dealer, The Little Review, The Seven Arts Monthly, etc. Now we have exactly nothing, and after the War, with the attendant dull, semifascist sneak punch which certain men will try to put over here, it will be even worse . . . I have been very ill with neuritis, arthritis, and a slightly frayed heart. Put a nice snarl, dagger, sympathy for underlings, and a searching grin into that new book you're writing. In the midst of my material flirtations with a park bench as a future couch, and my semistarvations, I'm glad that a few men are still alive to write edged truth and matters generally offensive to pigs, foxes and rodents. Despite our personal differences, I have always liked your work and can honestly say



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that I've never slammed it. Do write very soon. I'm enclosing another poem. As ever,

Bogie

When I say I've never slammed your work, Count Bruga, of course, is excepted.

P.S. Give my very best wishes to Rose. I hope it's a girl!

10 Montague Terrace Brooklyn, New York Wednesday

Dear Ben and Rose:

Your weekly check came yesterday afternoon. Thanks a lot. The Cleveland Plain Dealer mailed me a clipping of a tiny 17-line review of the Selected Poems which states that the poems are uneven but "there are times when Maxwell Bodenheim rises to heights from which he cannot be dislodged by any legitimate criticisms. His influence on his important era-from 1914 to today-will be acknowledged in the end." Seems that some of the out-of-town boys and girls haven't heard of the Gotham brush-off and indifference bloc, or are too fair to subscribe to it. Glad to note that Swan Song is contradicting its title and holding on in a lingering prelude. Now that OPA has been murdered, the cute black hogs can give themselves a coat of whitewash and emerge as legally sanctioned white swine. The big bloaters were also getting envious of their underworld half brothers and decided to end the intolerable situation. Capitalism will eventually crumple under the weight of its greedy clichés, ponderously frayed hypocrisies and unholy marriage between racehating poisons and commercial rivalries for world markets, and the result will be a better life for the many or a survival of a few dazed wandering semisavages. The finale may not take place for two or three hundred years because the old top hog is tricky, resourceful and astute . . . Well, fond regards to you and Rose and best wishes to your daughter.

> As ever, Bogie

10 Montague Terrace Brooklyn, New York Wednesday

Dear Rose and Ben:

When I opened the letter in the hotel lobby and took out the two checks, I wept a little, and the hotel clerks and bellboys regarded me with a sort of suspicious and puzzled aloofness, wondering whether they were witnessing a mysterious ham act or deep emotion. Thanks very, very much to both of you. The landlady accepted the money with an amazed, sullen manner—the mien of a baffled wolf—though she had to be verbally polite and there is nothing else she can inflict now . . . I hope that you have read my short stories and will tell me whether they are good or bad. This is

one of the very few times that I have ever been rescued from a greased tight-rope several feet away from the edge of the chasm and I'm still a bit shaky. Thanks again, I do hope that I'll have a chance to talk to both of you soon. My second play, The Elusive Answer, was presented to Mike Todd two weeks ago and I'm crossing fingers and hoping for a miracle. Fond regards to both of you and best wishes to your daughter.

ever, Bogie

10 Montague Terrace Brooklyn, New York Monday, September 8th

Dear Ben and Rose:

Thanks very much for the weekly check which came today. In an ancient Chinese tale, the poet Li T'ai-po recited his personal woes to another creator much more endowed with worldly goods. The other quizzically remarked that the list represented a monotone of misfortunes calling for an equally undeviating amount of compassion close to the exhaustion of boredom. Li T'ai-po replied that the ability of two monotones to blend harmoniously represented a test of the presence or absence of suppleness, depth and variety in friendship . . . The building in which we live has been sold, and the landlady, only a lessee, must vacate the premises. We have been told by the city renting commission that we can remain, after her departure, and strive to make arrangements with the new owner. The hitch is that the furniture in our place belongs to her, and she has offered to sell it to us and asked us to name a figure. So, we must either purchase the furniture, or buy new chairs, beds, tables, etc., or be left with a bare apartment and the floor for sleeping quarters. With a new abode practically impossible to find in the present housing shortage, this leaves us in a dire dilemma. One hundred and fifty dollars including the coming rent would solve our abrupt and entirely unexpected problem. I trust that you will not be irritated at my having at least presented the above facts to you. The deadline for the furniture purchase is September

Hoping to hear from you, we send our fond regards and best wishes to your little daughter.

> As ever, Bogie

10 Montague Terrace Brooklyn, New York March 10th

Dear Ben and Rose:

Thanks very much for the weekly check which came today via airmail.

I spend 15 minutes every Sunday listening to ex-Mayor La Guardia over the radio, as he lambastes the 30-percent loan sharks; the real-estate gang blocking sorely needed housing construction until rent ceilings are abolished and rentals can skyrocket; the food firms and their clammy, infinitesimal tricks; the professional gambler-crooks and their crocodile lurkings, etc. The guy is shrill, stuttering, old-maidish and sometimes banal, but his sheer guts, defiance, and pounding away at little disagreeable truths and facts are marvelous in comparison to the dreary, smooth, covered-up hacks among other radio commentators. If he is connected to the Coast, you ought to tune in on him some Sunday noon. His New York station is WJZ.

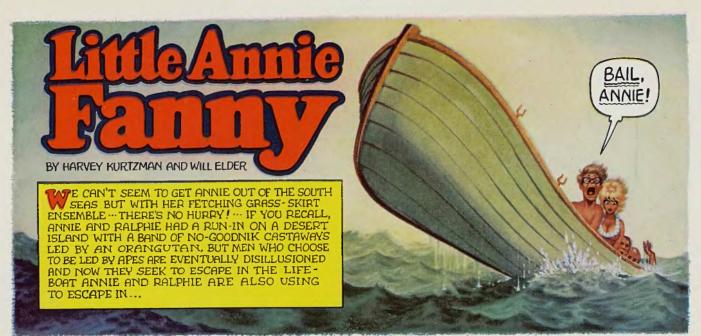
Fond regards to both of you and best wishes to your child.

As ever, Bogie

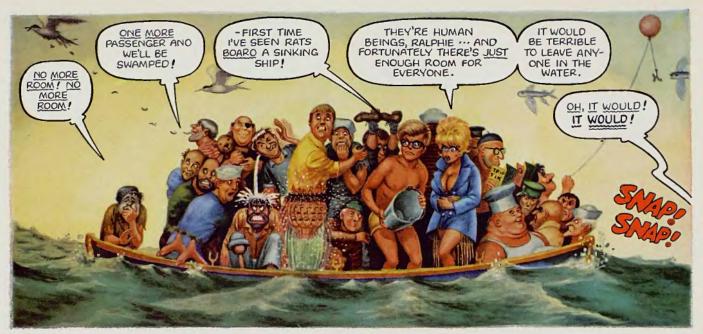
Dear Ben and Rose Hecht:

Please forgive my delay in thanking you for the \$100 check-a delay caused by the fact that I've been having a tough time of it. I was compelled to leave the Brooklyn address where dearest Grace and I lived for so many years. At present, I am staying with surface friends in New York City, but I have no privacy there, since my bed is in their living room and their children are prying and noisy. A lone drab room in a third-rate hotel would repel me. I have searched for a locked-door private room with a nice family-I would eat my meals outsidebut that is difficult to find. On the night before the morning on which Grace died in the flesh only, I gave a lecture before an evening English class at Washington Irving High School in New York and hurried back to Grace. Our apartmentdoor lock was broken and Grace closed the door with an inner latch which I could lift from the outside with a knife. On this night she had forgotten and locked the door. Very sick, she had to crawl on hands and knees to open the door. I telephoned her doctor but, since we owed him \$10, he refused to come and sent a substitute, who injected morphine into her aching legs and assured me that she would fall asleep and survive. At the beginning of the next morning when she was gasping for breath, I phoned him again, desperately, and he came . . . when it was too late. Then he had the nerve to stand in the doorway and ask me if I was going to pay him. If the landlord had heeded our pleas to repair the lock, Grace might still be alive in the flesh. The vicious heartlessness of most human beings appalls me . . . I am not asking for money and I sincerely mean this, but if I could have a quiet talk with both of you, soon, I would deeply appreciate it, as I seem to be going to pieces.

As ever, Maxwell Bodenheim Bogie





















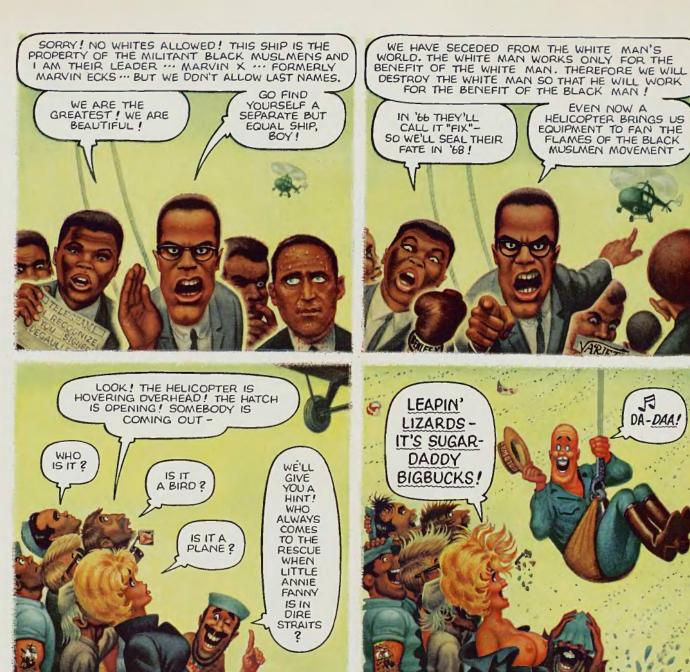






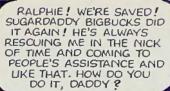








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ANNIE. I'M WILLING
TO HELP ANYBODY
WHO WANTS MY
HELP... REGARD LESS OF RACE, CREED
OR COLOR.



DF COURSE, THOSE MUSLMEN HAVE KIND OF EXTREME VIEWS, BUT THEY WERE WILLING TO RESCUE THAT POOR MAN IN THE WATER. EXTREMISTS ARE A GOOD INVESTMENT, MY CHILD. I LIKE TO ENCOURAGE
THEM. THERE'S NOT MUCH MONEY
IN THIS ADVENTURE, BUT I LOOK
ON IT AS AN INVESTMENT IN THE
FUTURE THAT CAN GROW TO STAGGERING PROPORTIONS!-AND WHAT
HAVE I GAMBLED ?-SOME OBSOLETE
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