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If I were a man, I'd smoke White Owl Miniatures. If you are a man, take up with the small, trim, good-looking cigar that makes you look good. White Owl Miniature... the little one.

PLAYBILL MILESTONES have been passed by our magazine with gratifying regularity during our 11-year publishing history. The latest was reached with our March issue, when over 3,000,000 copies of PLAYBOY were sold. That figure, we might add, is all the more significant because it was achieved without high-pressure, bargain-basement subscription pitches, and represents a more-than-30-percent increase in circulation over the previous March, which we have every reason to believe is the biggest percentage ever racked up by a major national magazine.

A milestone of another sort is attained by this issue's *She Is Ursula Andress*. The dozen-page pictorial devoted to the beauteous film queen is a new record for PLAYBOY, topping the one-girl takeouts on Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle and our paean to Marilyn Monroe. The sensual photography was done by amateur lensman, professional actordirector-producer John Derek, who is—we somewhat ruefully remind you, chaps

—Ursula's husband.

Alex Haley, who interviewed the baroquely grandiose barrister Melvin Belli for PLAYBOY, tells us that the controversial counselor's avocational pursuits are approached with the same theatrical flourish he applies in the courtroom. (Belli once won an astonishingly large personal-injury award for a woman client who had lost a leg by keeping in full view of the jury during the early stages of the trial a neatly wrapped package whose outline resembled that of a lower limb; Belli later had its contentsan artificial leg-passed through the jury box, pointing out that his client was going to have to wear a similar contraption the rest of her life.) Alex accompanied the regal legal eagle on an afterworking-hours tour of various real-estate offices under whose doors amateur horticulturist Belli slipped the scribbled note, "Want a vineyard, small, between \$80,000 and \$100,000. Call me, Melvin Belli." Result: many offers, no sale to date.

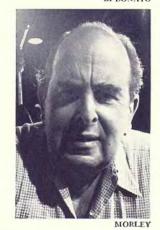
PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Robert Ruark's first fictional effort for us, this month's Sheila, will appear as a part of his upcoming Gargantuan novel The Honey Badger, to be published by McGraw-Hill. Adventurer-writer Ruark says: "I started The Honey Badger in a hospital where I was being treated for a broken pelvis suffered in a singularly unadventurous fall off a plow horse." He also informs us that "the honey badger is a small animal that goes for the groin rather than the jugular; my novel is about American women and their habit of psychically castrating their men." Ruark, who claims to have been bitten by one leopard and several women, is about to embark on a new African book, Tall Hill, which begins at the turn of the century in Kenya, where-because of his previous presciently prophetic fiction -he is still a "Prohibited Immigrant."

Seldom has a novel exploded on the American literary scene the way Pietro di Donato's Christ in Concrete did in the Thirties. Di Donato, whose memoir The Overnight Guest enhances this issue, went to work as a bricklayer at the











age of 12 to support his mother and seven sisters and brothers (his father, a construction worker, was killed in the collapse of a building), is still a member of the bricklayers' union, says his hobby is laying bricks in the sunshine for six dollars an hour. Although this is his PLAYBOV debut, we have enough Di Donato work in the offing to make him a welcome addition to the ranks of our regulars.

Jamaica, both literally and literarily, is featured in this month's PLAYBOY. Fictively, the bright little island in the sun is represented as the locale of Part III of the late Ian Fleming's final James Bond adventure novel, *The Man with the Golden Gun*. And Jamaica, in the palmfringed, breeze-wafted premises of the Playboy Club-Hotel, constitutes half the fun of *The Big Bunny Hop*, our words-and-pictures peregrination to the swinging premieres of our Los Angeles Bunny hutch and the Ocho Rios Playboy pleas-

ure palace.

In the world of electronics there is probably no more prestigious name than that of Dr. J. R. Pierce, author of our *Portrait of the Machine as a Young Artist.* Dr. Pierce, executive director of communications research for Bell Telephone Laboratories, was the man in charge of developing America's Echo satellite, holds over 80 patents, has had his computerized musical compositions recorded by Decca, will have his ninth book, *Quantum Electronics*, published by Doubleday this year. Can machines create art? Dr. Pierce computes a provocative answer.

The headline-grabbing racial fires simmering in Paul Jacobs' Cruising grew out of the author's study of poverty and unemployment in the United States for a book he is writing under the auspices of the Ford Foundation. On the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara, Jacobs is a longtime active liberal and a first-order amateur chef (he has a cookbook cooking which will be tongue-in-cheekly

titled Take a Leek).

Also on the June agenda: David Ely's pertinently harrowing The Academy; actor-playwright Robert Morley's ode to avoirdupois, In Praise of Obesity (it's both entertaining and authoritative. since Morley ranks among the wittiest and weightiest of contemporary Thespians); Keg o' My Heart, William Iversen's capsule chronicle of man's brewing, bibitory proclivities (Bill's research was conducted both by book and by bock. It has left him-not sadder, certainly-Budweiser, perhaps?); Part III of Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert's definitive The History of Sex in Cinema; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's globe-girdling compendium of gourmet greenery, Stop the World, I Want to Get Salads; a new line on warm-weather suiting, Summer Stripes for Urban Types, by Fashion Director Robert L. Green; our annual selection of Playboy's Gifts for Dads and Grads; another mirthful parcel of Teevee Jeebies; and our jaunty June jeune fille, Playmate Hedy Scott.

Herewith, then, an urbane elixir compounded of fact, fiction, photos, opinion and art. Rx: To be taken at your leisure.

PLAYBOY :



Нор

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Ursula

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

FOUR TIMES AROUND

Here's a thought about reading PLAYBOY. The guys who look at the pictures and cartoons, and merely skim the words, are missing a lot. The ones who dig the pix and cartoons and also read your major features are also missing a lot. My way with each issue is this: Playmate first, then other photo features, cartoons and Party Jokes, then I read the major stories and articles, and finally go back to the beginning and get my dividends from such superb secondary fare as After Hours, letters to the editor, the Forum, fashion, etc.-but especially the wonderful stories such as my two favorites in your March issue: The Waters of Stingray and Oh Danny Boy. The first was a first-rate combination of suspense and adventure, with a great depth of insight into strengths and weaknesses of character. The second was, simply, the funniest story I ever read. I not only laughed out loud, I roared.

James S. Hurd Seattle, Washington

LEISURE READING

My daily paper, its Sunday supplements and other magazines have carried articles and news stories relating to the "New Leisure." But it remained for you, my favorite magazine, to really give me an insight into this vexed and vexing subject-by employing your panel technique (Uses and Abuses of the New Leisure, March) to explore the matter at length and in depth, from a variety of expert viewpoints, rather than by having one man sound off on the subject. The exchange of views on controversial and important issues such as this is immeasurably more valuable than the mere statement of one opinion. As we PLAYBOY readers have come to expect, one can almost state that until and unless PLAYBOY analyzes a thorny topic, it really hasn't been done. Reading your Panel was an excellent use of my new leisure.

Lester Behrman New York, New York

BACK TO NORMALCY

In the March article What Is Normal? by Wardell B. Pomeroy, he states that 85 percent of us indulge in nonmarital intercourse. The figure interests me because one of the main arguments against premarital intercourse is that girls who do indulge before marriage are more likely to fool around after marriage. I was wondering if there were any statistics to justify this charge.

> Michael Urquhart Lexington, Kentucky

Dr. Pomeroy informs us that there are no figures which directly confirm or deny the assertion that prior sexual experience is likely to lead to infidelity after marriage. However, he points out that the Kinsey studies show that happier, more enduring marriages are likelier to result when one or both partners have had sexual experience prior to marriage. Since marital infidelity is most frequently the result of unhappy marriage, it seems reasonable to assume that premarital experience—to the extent it promotes marital happiness—is more likely to lead not to infidelity, but to fidelity.

What Is Normal? has touched upon the subject of many discussions I have had with friends who, like myself, are Roman Catholics. The article states that the official position of the Roman Catholic Church is that precoital sex play, variation of position in intercourse and mouth-genital activity are sanctioned on the firmly understood condition that the final act is intercourse. May I ask Dr. Pomeroy's source for the above statement—the official Catholic Church publication that explains this position?

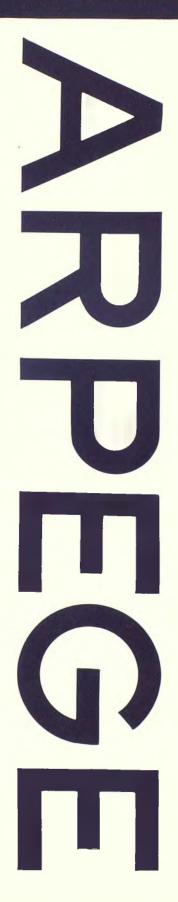
Benedict Carcone Utica, New York

RFU

There are many Catholic sources which confirm Dr. Pomeroy's statement. Among the most accessible is "The Catholic Marriage Manual," by the Reverend George A. Kelly, published by Random House in 1958. The book bears the nihil obstat of John A. Goodwine, censor librorum, and the imprimatur of Cardinal Spellman—indicating that the Church regards the book as "free of doctrinal or moral error." It also contains a foreword by the Cardinal. A chapter en-

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titled "A Catholic Doctor Looks at Marriage" states: "Any physical stimulation which has as its objective natural intercourse, consisting of the deposit of the male semen into the female vagina, is morally permissible."

BEATLE BEAT

Paul McCartney's comments in the February issue of PLAYBOY on "unbalanced maniac Americans" really ticked me off. The cheek of him generalizing like that. Beatle people are not representative samplings of the population. Whereas his other comments were generally pertinent and perceptive, his typically English attitude in this area was so insular it was amusing as well as disappointing. Since, as a Beatle, he has a propensity for attracting more than his share of "nutters," I suggest that, next trip, he doesn't look for normal Americans at Beatle functions, where they are, understandably, in short supply.

Virginia M. Edwards Brookdale, New Jersey

I don't write letters to magazines. I hate the Beatles (past tense—I hated the Beatles). After reading your interview with them, I find I'm a confirmed Beatle fan. That was the most delightfully irreverent, sassy, downright nasty dialog I've read in years. Why the hell don't you let them take over *The Playboy Philosophy* for a while? As a professor of music, I'll have to add another B to the list: Bach, Beethoven, Brahms—and the Beatles.

Dr. John L. Swanay Professor of Music University of Missouri Kansas City, Missouri

CAROLERS

Re Carol Lynley's March description of her ideal man: I have brown hair, am 5'11", Jewish and rich (D. & B. rating supplied on request). So, when do I meet this lovely?

Hank Silverman New York, New York

Go west, young man.

RESTLESS NATIVES

Robert Ruark must have blushed when he saw the picture of equipment that follows his article, Far-Out Safari, in the March issue. I, for one, believe in giving an animal a sporting chance, but not targets. The scope pictured with your "target gun," a Marlin Model 80-C, is a Marlin Micro-vue 4X, and it is erroneously mounted backward. That, my friends, is a very sporting gesture.

Richard L. Ellis New York, New York

The sporting gesture was made by a sportive gremlin in the Marlin factory, which shipped us the gun with the scope looking at the hunter instead of at his prey. Robert Ruark's safari article in your March issue was both fascinating and nauseating. I have shot big and small game in North America, from moose to quail, and I have considerable understanding of the thrills of the chase, though I have no desire to achieve the volume of slaughter of which Mr. Ruark boasts. In addition, I have paid several visits to different parts of Africa and have a keen appreciation of the beauties of the flora, the fauna and the country that are touched on in his article.

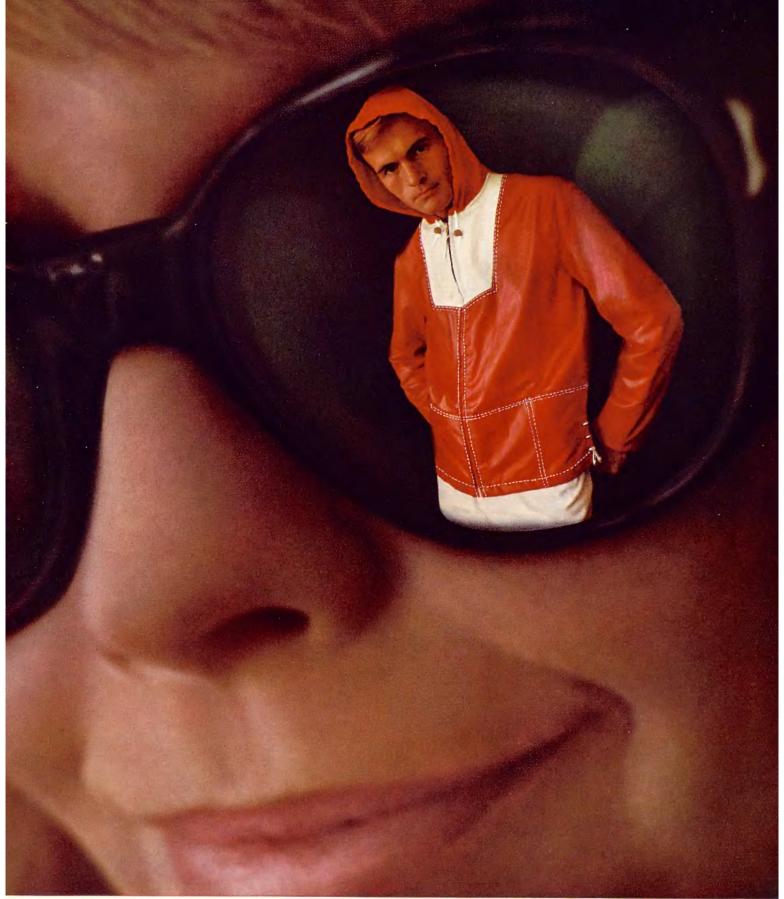
But I also have an understanding of the problems of the Africans, and I look in vain for some evidence of this in Mr. Ruark. His books indicate some awareness of such problems, but in this article the "wogs" do not seem to be human beings. They are some sort of lower animal, most of whom are engaged in tribal battles or in poaching (both bad activities), but a few of whom can be trained to be efficient servants or entertaining performers (both good activities). It is well known that poaching threatens the continued existence of certain species of game animals, but if my children were suffering from malnutrition, as hundreds of thousands in Africa are, I'd be more concerned about them than about conservation. Mozambique may be "one of the last strongholds of . . . smiling natives," but it is also a part of the world where thousands of Africans are engaged in a desperate struggle for basic human freedoms, fighting bravely against the brutal and oppressive rule of their colonial dictator.

Mr. Ruark writes well and vividly, but some of his exaggerations are misleading. When he says, "Everywhere in East Africa the air was full of iron," some may conclude that all travel in these three countries is unsafe. Actually, of course, thousands of tourists daily demonstrate that most of this area is entirely safe. There are problem spots in East Africa, just as there are in New York City. and the wise visitor avoids them. It would be tragic if the fear of tribal battles prevented Americans from seeing the snows of Kilimanjaro or the vast herds of wild animals in the national parks. Africa is a fascinating and magnificent continent, and it can be seen and appreciated at far less expense than this article suggests. If the visitor shows some sympathetic understanding, he may even find that the picturesque thatched huts are lived in by wonderful people, and he may succeed in establishing contacts that will enrich his life far more effectively than will additional trophies in the game room.

> Richard J. Cross, M. D. Evanston, Illinois

BOY-GIRL

In my copy of the Satyricon of Petronius (translated by William Arrowsmith and published by Mentor Press), your



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February Ribald Classic, The Seduction of Cecilia, appears as the seduction of a young boy by his male tutor. Is nothing sacred? We don't rearrange "straight" stories, so why tamper with ours? I am a writer of sorts myself; does your hack Michael Laurence suggest that I try rewriting Romeo and Juliet as Romeo and

> Mike Maltby Ottawa, Ontario

To Petronius-wherever you areour apologies, and to our scholarly readers of all sexes our assurance that we'll be vigilant in authenticating the straightness of our translations from now on. And a rap on the wrist to our sneaky translator for going beyond the bounds of poetic license by tinkering with the sex of the seduced.

OVERBREED

Sir Julian Huxley's January article The Age of Overbreed should bring home a vital message to many an American who, like the unassuming fat man, can't see the direction of his own two feet. However, Dr. Rock's book The Time Has Come was referred to by Huxley with a minimum of fanfare. The Roman Catholic Church fully endorses birth control or family limitation in principle, the Catholic doctor emphatically explains. In fact, Catholics are morally obliged to regulate the size of their families for a number of valid reasons, such as financial or health circumstances. Some Catholic couples may find it necessary to remain childless for life. It is only in the particular method of birth control that the dichotomy

Rather than calling each other names and making unfounded accusations, Catholics and non-Catholics should join forces through research to curb this disastrous rate of growth. Catholicism is guilty of this crime against humanity to a great extent, along with a good many couples who feel that the matter is "too personal" to be regulated by exterior forces, even though the consequences may affect a human life. Seeking similarities of view among peoples, not their differences, will begin to bring this problem under control.

Robert Hearn Auburn, New York

Sir Julian has made a valuable contribution to the education of a section of the public that might not easily become aware of the fact that however desirable, even indispensable, coitus is, it is replete with much more than personal hazard because of its occasional, and sometimes distressing, relationship with conception.

John Rock, M. D. Rock Reproductive Clinic Brookline, Massachusetts

The Huxley article on overbreed in the January PLAYBOY was magnificent.

Nowhere have I seen the situation outlined so succinctly and with such clear warnings of future danger and even calamity. The question always is, "What do we do about it?"

Certainly Huxley proves that we need no further documentation, no further study, no further refinement of this statistic or that. Yet Americans still do not believe it-in their guts, that is. I have talked to business groups and they cluckcluck and wag heads in astonishment as they hear the facts. Then they go on to finish lunch and plan for the next "tag day" to raise funds to take care of another pet project-usually for poor or deprived children of overbreed. I have talked to young people, and they all agree that mothers on relief should have birth control, "but we here in the suburbs are planning additional schools for additional programs for additional children."

When is the first statesman going to get up in Congress and propose the legislation that allows tax exemption of \$600 for the first child, \$300 for the second, none for the third, then provides tax penalties starting with \$300 for the fourth child and doubling thereafter and, conversely, providing such inducements as free vacations, Government bonuses and special tax exemption for each year of "no children" for married couples-a system of encouragement of "nonproduction"?

We can continue breeding like other animals and eventually we or nature will serve up a plague to cut our numbers, or eliminate us, like other animals. Or we can turn our attention to the great tasks of making America, and ultimately the world, a fit place for human beings.

That is Huxley's message and that is the message that responsible people must now take to their friends, their neighbors, their churches and their elected officials.

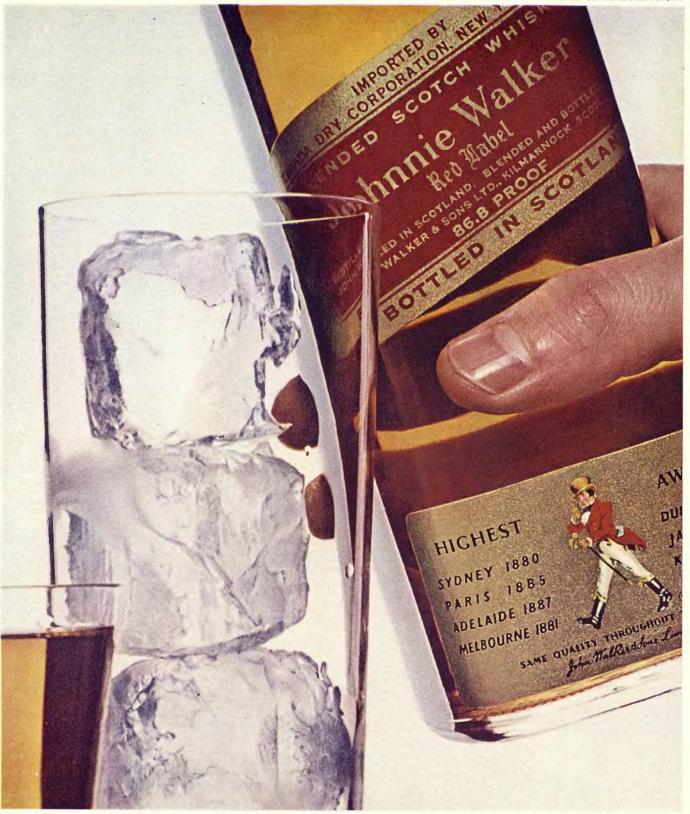
Norman Lazarus Chicago, Illinois

CLOWNY NIGHT PEOPLE

Calder Willingham's story, A Clowny Night in the Red-Eyed World, in your March issue reminds me of Degas' lifelong attempt to capture an analogous phenomenon. Like Degas, Willingham avoids profound examination and resorts to surface detailing. Yet, like Degas, the care with which he has drawn the picture enables the sensitive eye to perceive the phenomenon, and like Degas', his presentation includes the emotional triggers innate in the phenomenon. In his story, as in Degas' paintings, a question is carefully posed and left hanging.

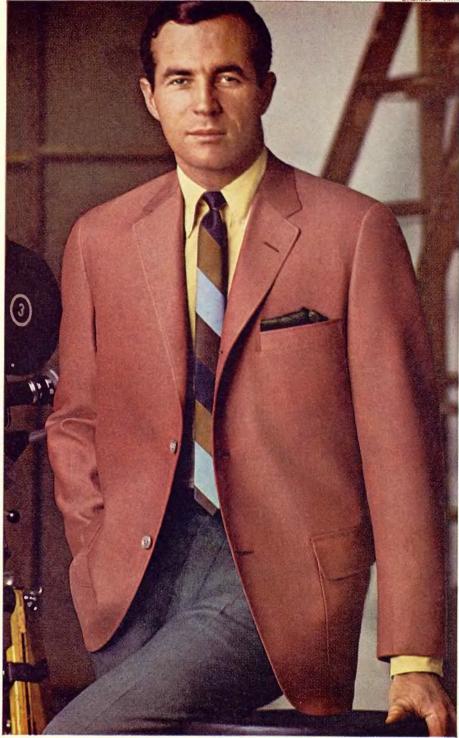
J. G. Sonka Villennes, France

While no one would deny that Calder Willingham is a very talented author,



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Styled in a freewheeling mood, this handsome coat stays comfortably cool all day. Credit Arnel for its calm assurance — no rumpled look, no wrinkles. **Haspel** tailors this jacket in Earl Loom's *Arnel tri*acetate and rayon oxford weave. In a wide range of interesting and unusual colors: Paprika, blue, green, burgundy, gold and navy. With center vent and patch pockets. About \$35. Available at fine stores everywhere.

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and I have certainly enjoyed his work, including A Clowny Night in the Red-Eyed World, it does seem to me that he is unnecessarily and sadistically brutal in the treatment of his female characters.

This gives rise to the notion that he is probably sadistically inclined himself. But even if true, it does not detract from the enjoyment one derives from reading him.

> H. V. Dames Sacramento, California

MISS MARCH

Over the years I have enjoyed PLAYBOY's articles, interviews, *Philosophy* and, last but not least, its Playmates of the Month. I'd like to compliment your selection of Miss Jennifer Jackson as your March Playmate. *Magnifique*.

Vernon F. Holly, Jr. Baltimore, Maryland

With your March Playmate, Jenny Jackson, you have done it again. In your leadership of the avant-garde in modern America, you have taken another giant step forward. Keep up the good work. I am looking forward to seeing more Jenny Jacksons and China Lees, to show that beauty has no racial barriers.

P. Justin Mullen Hartford, Connecticut

We are returning the centerfold from our copy of the March issue of PLAYBOY. Your selection of this Playmate has stirred a great deal of comment on this campus. Your right to publish anything you see fit is recognized and not to be denied, but it must be admitted that this particular Playmate has been met with something less than the enthusiasm for those in previous issues. At the risk of being labeled bigots, racists, reactionaries and sundry other things currently in vogue, we entreat you to return to your time-tested format of Playmate selection, which is more in line with the thinking of the vast majority of your readers.

> Interested Readers University of Maryland College Park, Maryland

Hurrahs and huzzahs are in order for the Negro Playmate of the Month and the manner in which you included her within your publication. Not once was there mention of her race or the color of her flesh; she was merely treated as simply another American young lady with the physical endowments necessary to qualify her for the pull-out page. It was a blessing to see her treated as just another citizen and human being—with an abundance of bodily beauty that God chose to give her.

> G. Donald Lovett Alexander City, Alabama

We put 17 jewels into our \$14.95 Vantage man's watch.

Brand T* only puts in 3 for that price.

Brand C'only puts in 7 for that price.

(How else can we make a name for ourselves?)

Ask any jeweler about the \$14.95 man's watch situation. Go ahead, ask him.

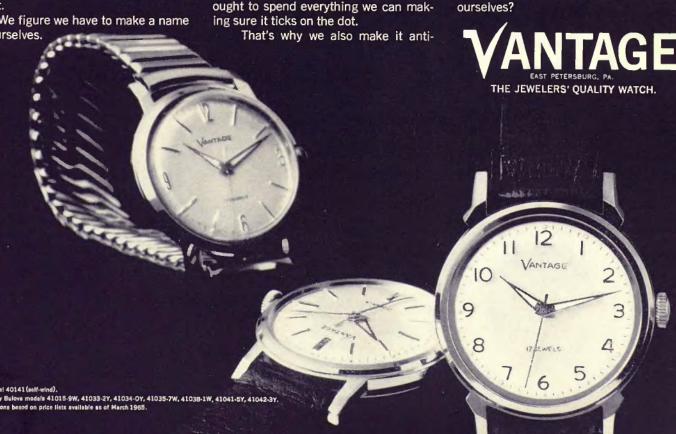
He'll tell you we're a new watch line with almost every kind of man's and woman's watch you can think of. Good watches. Jewelers' quality watches. Only trouble is, not enough people know about

One way to do that is to put 17 jewels into this watch and still only charge \$14.95. If you want the accuracy and durability that a 17 jewel watch gives you, we have it.

When a watch is going to tick 157,680,000 times a year, we think we ought to spend everything we can makmagnetic and shockproof.

And that's why we put in jewels like we do. Not just 7 jewels, but a complete 17 to protect the works. Help keep them from wearing out. Keep them accurate

How else can we make a name for





WHO KNOWS
WHAT THE DAY WILL BRING
WHEN YOU START WITH
MAX FACTOR FOR GENTLEMEN



AFTER SHAVE LOTION, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION, GENTLEMEN'S COLOGNE AND DEODORANT COLOGNE

14

Integration has reached into schools, all forms of business and now it seems to have taken over playboy. Here at Concord College, we feel that what you have published in the March issue is something that we never expected from playboy, and many of the students feel that a good percentage of playboy readers throughout the nation will agree with us. We sincerely enjoy reading the many fine articles in playboy, a magazine as familiar to us as our schoolbooks, but again, never did we expect this from playboy.

Concord College Students Athens, West Virginia

As ardent followers of your magazine, my husband and I were beginning to wonder whether PLAYBOY really was as liberal-minded and intelligent as the magazine seemed to indicate. Glad to see we weren't disappointed. It was an absolute delight to see beautiful Jennifer as your March Playmate. To counteract all the nasty letters and obscene remarks you undoubtedly will receive from our bigoted fellow Americans (not to mention the canceled subscriptions) as a result of a Negro Playmate, we thought you would like to have two affirmative votes.

Mrs. Phyllis G. Rosalli New York, New York

I do not need the foldout in the March issue and I am returning it to you. There are two too many Negroes at this university now.

A University of Mississippi Student Oxford, Mississippi

Your March Playmate is positively smashing! I couldn't use enough adjectives to describe how beautiful Jenny Jackson is. And it is quite sophisticated of you not to even mention her race. I'm sure you didn't because you didn't feel it was necessary or important. I quite agree with you. After all, a woman is a woman is a woman. Kudos to my favorite icon smashers.

Capt. Pat Stiles, Jr. Walker AFB Roswell, New Mexico

PLAYBOY IN BRAILLE

During the past year, a group of business, industrial and professional men, all of whom are blind, have formed an association known as the Foresight Club. This group, which I serve as president, holds monthly dinner meetings and devotes itself to the pursuit of a number of specific goals, some trivial and some lofty. We enjoy one another's company and fellowship, which some might call a trivial goal, and we are seeking ways of furthering public understanding and acceptance of the problems associated with

BARBRA STREISAND ON COLUMBIA RECORDS



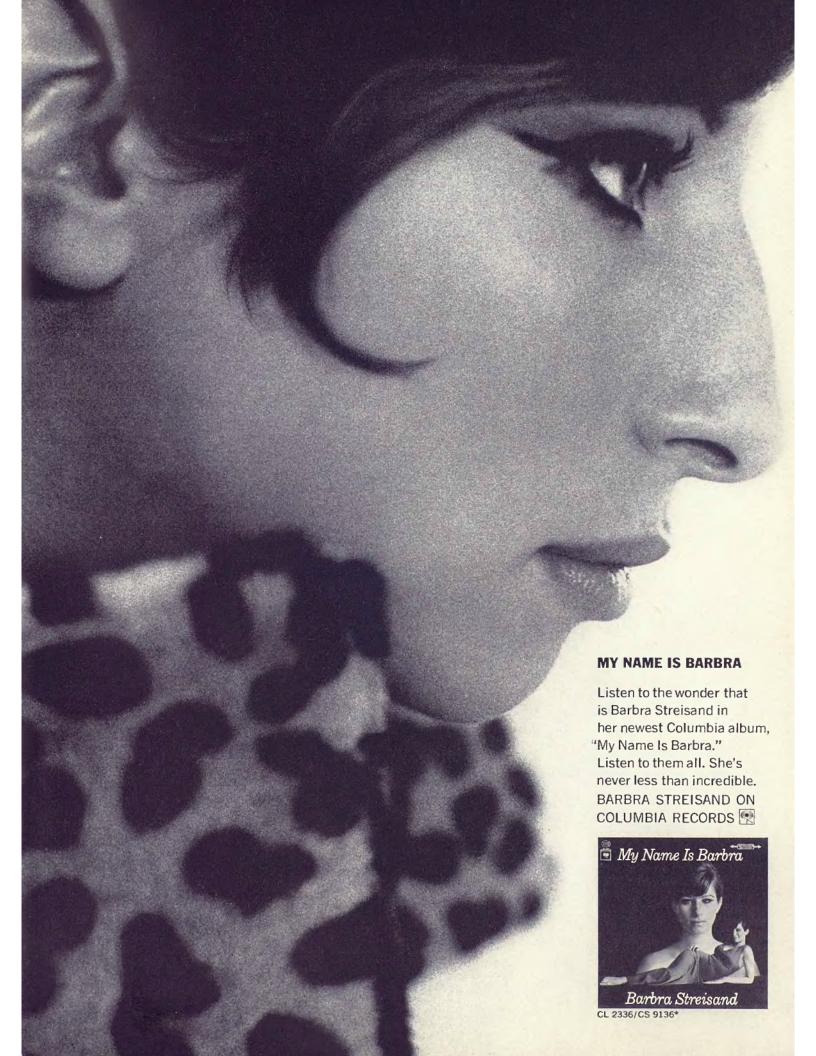






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Discover the sheer joy of seeing better with Tensor... the bright new American way of light









Some Tensor owners actually can go for hours without using their Tensor lamps. Others no. They use their Tensors for fixing something one place, figuring something another place, reading, writing, sewing, and so on.

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Simply because they see better with Tensor. It is high-intensity light, Bright white glare-free light

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Tensor is so compact too that it fits any place (even hangs on the wall), has an extra long cord and an arm that twists to any angle.

And Tensor is all-American. Designed and made in the U.S.A. by illuminating engineers from precision parts.

Check out the Tensor yourself.

It's the *original* miniature highintensity lamp that has set a new
trend in American lighting.

Tensor lamp shown-Model 5975-Neutral Finish-\$17.50. Also available in chrome, chrome and leather, brass, brass & walnut. Lifetime (repair or replacement) Guarantee. Other Tensor lamps \$9.95 to \$22.95. At department, gift, stationery and specialty stores everywhere. Underwriters Laboratories, Inc. Approved. Tensor Corp., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11233.

blindness—which certainly must be considered a lofty goal.

I would like to call your attention to the great variety of publications that are available in recorded form, or in Braille editions, for the enjoyment of literate blind persons. The list ranges all the way from Reader's Digest to the Atlantic, including Time and Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine. Some of these are sold, or rented, to blind readers, while others are available on loan through the distributing libraries for the blind. Conspicuously absent from this eminent list is PLAYBOY. In my opinion, the aims of our own small group, both trivial and lofty, could be enhanced greatly if this fine publication were added to those already available to blind readers. Although I have no firm data to support my view, it is my considered judgment that the potential reading audience among literate blind persons is substantial. I urge you to consider the possibility of expanding your publication to include these blind persons among your readership.

One of the most interesting ventures in publications for the blind is a radio and electronics guide for the use of the blind, called the Braille Technical Press. During the first few years of its history, this magazine experimented with the portrayal in raised forms of various visual material, such as curves, drawings and the like. Most readers had unexpected difficulty in tactually interpreting these curves, and preferred a careful verbal description of the visual displays rather than a direct attempt to print drawings in tactual form. May I humbly suggest that a parallel experiment in a somewhat different medium might prove to be most interesting. However, even without certain visually attractive displays. the content of PLAYBOY has its own substantial appeal, and I am certain that it would be well received and deeply appreciated.

> Charles E. Hallenbeck, Ph.D. Chief Psychologist Highland View Hospital Cleveland, Ohio

GHOUL POST

Your February issue further whetted my appetite for the unique humor of Gahan Wilson. His "man in the garbage can" cartoon is perhaps topped only by his "Santa in the chimney." It's getting so that every time I pick up a copy of your magazine, I start hunting for his cartoons before turning to the latest Playmate. I hope this isn't indicative of some serious personality defect.

Bill Donaldson
Davidson College
Davidson, North Carolina
Only your analyst knows for sure, Bill.





THE SMIRNOFF MULE: SKITCH HENDERSON MADE IT A SONG; 'KILLER JOE' PIRO MADE IT A DANCE.

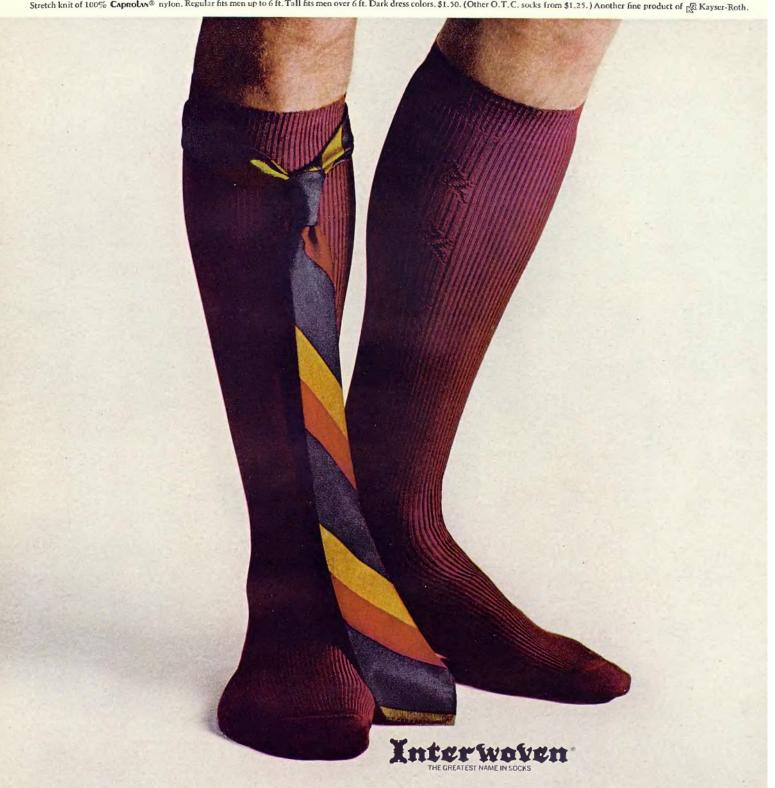
NEW DRINK...SMIRNOFF MULE It swings!

Taste the swingingest drink since Smirnoff invented vodka. The Smirnoff Mule, made with Smirnoff and 7-Up,® is really sweeping the country. Only Smirnoff, filtered through 14,000 pounds of activated charcoal, blends so perfectly with 7-Up. That's why the fuel for the Mule is Smirnoff. How to make the Smirnoff Mule: Jigger of Smirnoff over ice, add juice of ½ lime. Fill Mule mug or glass with 7-Up to your taste. Delicious! And — it leaves you breathless.®

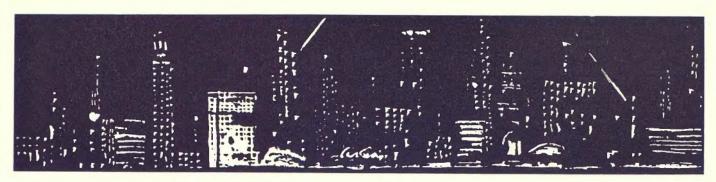
Whenever you wear a tie, your socks should come up over the calf. And stay there.

No leg showing when you sit down. Or you're not well-dressed. No tugging at your socks all day. Put them on and forget them. The Ban-Lon O.T.C. (over-the-calf socks).

Stretch knit of 100% Caprolan® nylon, Regular fits men up to 6 ft. Tall fits men over 6 ft. Dark dress colors, \$1.50. (Other O.T.C. socks from \$1.25.) Another fine product of R. Kayser-Roth.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



 ${
m E}^{
m ditor ext{-}Publisher}$ Hugh M. Hefner had better look to his laurels. From a friend in San Francisco we've just received the following hand-scrawled essay written by a precocious nine-year-old for his fourth-grade English class: "When I grow up I would like to be the editor of PLAYBOY magizene. I would start as being an editor of the high school paper, something else that would help me would be finding out about other playboys. I would like to be the editor because I would enjoy the money and I could be a popular playboy. I would put out some other PLAYBOY magizenes like The Modern Playboy. I would also write a book called Playboys I Have Known and I Was a Playboy for the FBL"

Observers of sexological trends take note: The list of those applying for marriage licenses that runs daily in the Wisconsin State Journal included an application by "Ronald A. Enloe and Rita L. Hagenston, both of Rte. 2, Verona, Brooks St., and Linda E. Abraham, Whitefish Bay."

Though the year is far from over, we feel we can confidently grant our Execrable Taste Award for 1965 to the Toggery, a Sydney, Australia, clothing establishment whose advertisement in a recent issue of Oz, an Australian satire magazine, displayed that grisly photograph of a South Vietnamese Buddhist priest, wreathed in flames, in a fatal act of self-immolation. The copy beneath the photo reads: "Sure, he's warm. But is he elegant? Tasteful? Quietly distinctive? Hotfoot to the Toggery to see our winter collection. Let us be the ones to watch your eyes light up."

Not since the doglighting days of World War One has there been a more engaging sky skirmish than the one currently occupying the commercial airlines over in-flight entertainment. The source of contention is Trans World Airlines'

practice of showing feature-length movies on overseas flights. Competing international airlines, not sharing the increased receipts TWA is enjoying, but unwilling to show films themselves for fear the cost will run ticket prices up, have threatened to inaugurate a multitude of antic extremes which, if taken seriously, would surely bluff TWA out of showbiz. According to the trade magazine Travel Weekly, Air France, as might be expected, reared sex' lovely head by proposing to have barely clad showgirls from the Lido and Folies-Bergère dancing in the aisles. Representatives of BOAC were visibly shaken by this proposal, since English law permits nude shows (outside of private clubs) only if the girls don't move. The question of whether a stationary ecdysiast in a moving vehicle does indeed conform to the law might be in litigation for

An Arab airline offered to expand the skylarking policy by employing air-borne belly dancers. Not only would this increase revenue, said a spokesman, but it would alleviate a minor unemployment problem in several Middle Eastern countries where the ventral art was banned not too long ago. When we learned that Lufthansa threatened to throw lady wrestlers from Hamburg into the lofty arena, and an unnamed European airline declared it was contemplating outfitting its stewardesses with topless uniforms, we felt it wouldn't be long before Scandinavian Airlines System joins the fray by employing amorously uninhibited stewardesses and Cubana exhumes those legendary pre-Castro exhibicións starring "Superman," "Hercules" and Tarzan."

We think the airlines, lacking knowhow, would do well to eschew sexual extravaganzas in favor of current events, for which they're perfectly geared. It might be fetching, for example, to ride a South Vietnamese airliner equipped with TV receivers: The camera would be focused on the capitol building in Saigon and the passengers could watch the government changing hands. In the area of live entertainment, Aerolineas Argentinas and Brazil's Varig Airlines could amuse their customers by flying Juan Peron back and forth on flights to Spain.

A really unique in-flight divertisement, however, might be staged by Iron Curtain and neutralist carriers. They could provide total involvement for their flight roster by installing air-borne USIA libraries, with passengers passing the time by dismantling the shelves and throwing the books out the door.

Untold Story of the Month, from the lost-and-found column of Nebraska's Lincoln Star: "Lost—Pair lady's olivegreen stretch slacks. Parking lot, 4009 Randolph."

Side by side in a corridor of a Bedfordshire, England, factory, a correspondent informs us, are three doors. Between those bearing signs reading LADIES and GENTLEMEN is one marked ENPERIMENTAL.

In case you missed it, the April issue of Successful Farming was a "special Corn Root Worm edition."

You Think Your Thoughts and We'll Think Ours Department: An advertisement for the Borg-Warner Corporation featured this headline—"NEXT TIME YOUR WIFE SLIPS INTO SOMETHING SLINKY, THINK OF THE GREAT ENGINEERS OF BORGWARNER."

Our estimable colleague (but hardly our contemporary) The Nation is now in the midst of celebrating its centennial year. A pulp-paper weekly of rectitudinous intentions, seriously—even squarely—bent on being a sort of upper-intellectual Consumer Reports of world affairs, the magazine is observing its century mark by running full-page subscription ads that speak just a bit louder than the magazine's image might suggest. That's



The imported one

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Martini Men
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of imported
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fine with us: A pitch is a pitch. But the ad's big, black headline stopped us cold -like an advertisement should, we suppose, but like The Nation shouldn't. WHAT DO YOU GIVE SOMEBODY FOR THEIR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY?" it asks, somewhat rhetorically and totally ungrammatically. The answer is supposed to be "Subscriptions." The Somebody we have in mind (the ad copywriter) would receive from us: Webster's Unabridged, Fowler's Modern English Usage, Mencken's The American Language, an elementary-school grammar, and a fat lip, so he could learn to write good, like a copywriter should. In the ripeness of its age, The Nation don't need somebody whom thinks of theirselves as exempt from the linguistic niceties up with which the rest of us put.

Our congratulations to newlywed Olga Bittner of Antwerp, Belgium, and her husband, Leon Grob, whom she met, reports our Belgian correspondent, after he saved her from drowning—by mouthto-mouth resuscitation. "It was love at first breath," sighed Olga to reporters.

Big Brother Department, Dental Health Division: Employees of the Nevada State Highway Department recently found the following words of counsel tucked into their pay envelopes along with their weekly checks: "Remember you are a highway employee on or off the job. Brush your teeth every day."

A full-page ad in *The Sign*, a monthly magazine for Catholics, promises that a book called *The Rhythm Way to Family Happiness*, by Dr. John P. Murphy, will provide "in clear, frank language" an answer to the burning question "How do I use the rhythm method during leap year?"

Worth passing on, we feel, is the following true tale of a lonely artist and his search for self-expression. Seems that in the early 1950s, a bored but obviously talented weatherman, occupying on Her Majesty's Service a lonely outpost somewhat north of Hudson's Bay, decided (perhaps inspired by Mt. Rushmore) to bring contemporary technology to bear on the time-honored craft of graffiti. Making good use of a two-and-a-halfyear hitch, some surveying equipment and an abandoned R. A. F. bulldozer, he laboriously rearranged millions of tons of boulders, earth and ice-into four Brobdingnagian letters spelling out the familiar Anglo-Saxon synonym for coition. His masterwork, when discovered, precipitated something of a crisis in the Canadian parliament—which, after much flapping of paper, failed to produce an appropriation to obliterate it, a lapse which observers attributed to the parliamentarians' collective inability to discuss

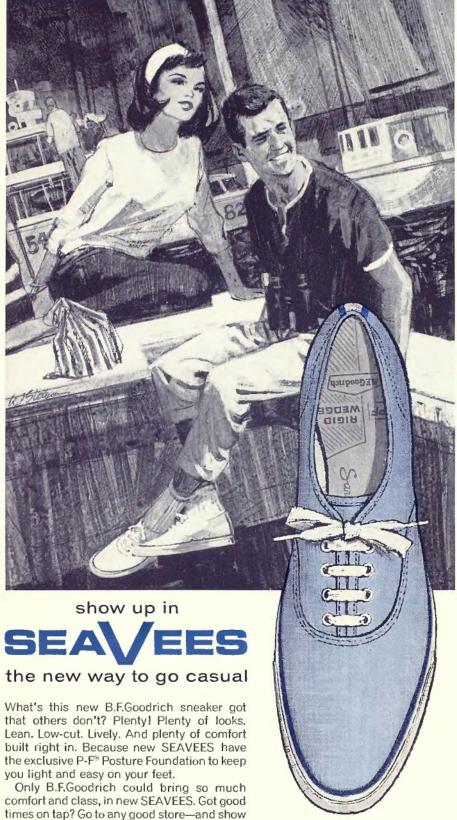


"sic'em tiger...get Top Brass"

Stop pussyfooting around with those "do-nothing" hair dressings. They just slick your hair down. They can't lick dandruff. 'Top Brass' is the one that fights dandruff. Has a special medicated ingredient that works on dandruff...fast! And it's non-greasy, too. So get it, tiger. 'Top Brass' hair dressing. It's the way to really get the girls *stalking* about you!





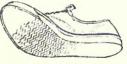


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SEAVEES are priced from \$5.95

SEAVEES in colors? You bet. Besides White, there's Light Blue, Navy, Green and Breton Red.







Get the yacht shoe with Grip Power: the new P-F Yacht Shoe! Exclusive "Grip Block" sole design plus the famous Posture Foundation rigid wedge in the heel for extra comfort.

such a delicate problem without actually mentioning it. So it stands to this day, a monolithic monument to ribaldry, and the first evidence of civilization (clearly visible at 27,000 feet) to greet the south-bound air traveler from Thule. We can't help wondering if—and wishing that—when denizens of other planets begin watching us, this ice-bound love letter will be their first irrefutable evidence of life on earth.

THEATER

The Odd Couple makes an even four winners for Mike Nichols. He has directed only four plays: all comedies, all hits, all currently thriving in New York. Again, as with Barefoot in the Park, Nichols, the foremost graduate of the Compass-Second City school of improvisation, has linked his comedic talents with those of Neil Simon, a former TV gagwright turned playwright-with almost equally happy results. Barefoot was more believable, but The Odd Couple boasts more laughs-for everybody except the title couple, who are blissless. They are middle-aged, decidedly heterosexual males, one divorced (Walter Matthau), the other divorcing (Art Carney). Matthau believes in letting fallen garbage lay, but Carney, his best friend, is a nervous Mr. Clean. When he moves in with Matthau, after sending his wife a suicide telegram, he brings his own pots, pans, Aerosol bomb and air purifier. 'Two men living in an eight-room apartment cleaner than my mother's," Matthau moans in disbelief. Carney is also a cook and a worrier, and in one of the play's funniest scenes he stews about his London broil-burning up while Matthau is tuning up their dates for the evening, a pair of English pigeons named Pigeon. The point of all this is that the two men antagonize each other in exactly the same way their wives did. Carney's frets and Matthau's bleats are irresistibly incompatible, and Nichols paces them hilariously across furniture, in and out of doors, amid flying linguine, and through a tumultuous poker game with their Friday-night cronies. The Odd Couple is, as they say in the blurbs, a laugh riot. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

Some years ago Arthur Laurents wrote a play, The Time of the Cuckoo, and later there was a movie, Summertime, based on the play. Both told the wistful story of an American spinster in love in Venice. The latest incarnation in musical form, Do I Hear a Wahz?, misses both the city and the subject. Beni Montresor's sets are muted, losing the myriad contrasts of Venice—the sun on Piazza San

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4711 does just what any aftershave bracer does. It just does it stronger.

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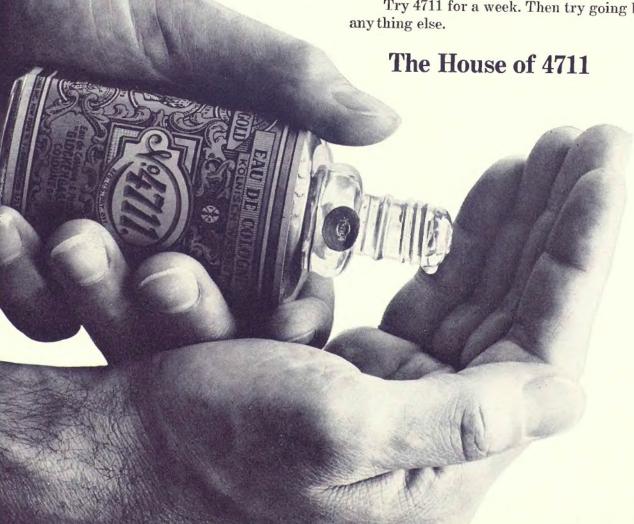
And, being the refreshant cologne, 4711 is also great after a bath or shower. Splash it on all over.

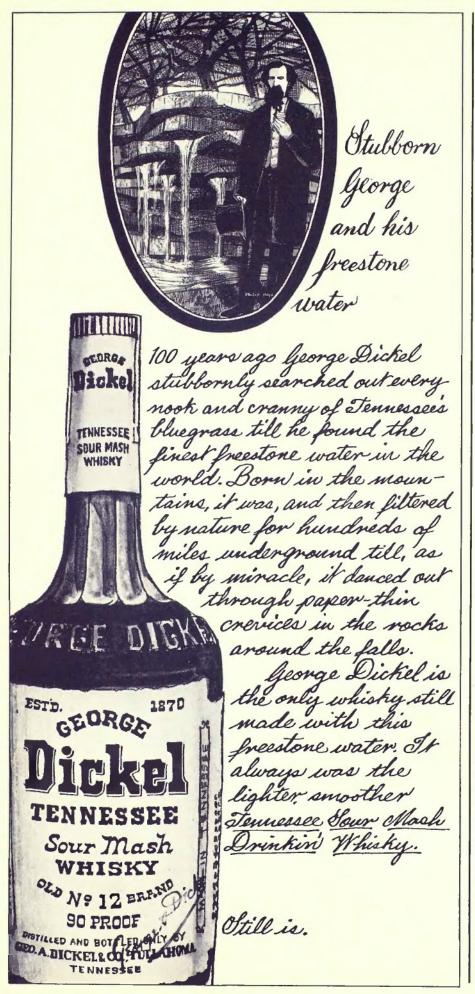
Invigorating.

Men have been using 4711 both ways since 1792, when the Carthusian monks were calling it "Miracle Water."

Maybe, in the 20th century, 4711 won't work miracles. But it will do something your old aftershave bracer can't do. See for yourself:

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Marco, the dazzling mosaics, the dark, shimmering blue of the canals. The only canal is an offstage splash, the only gondola an offstage shout. The story, which Laurents himself has compressed from his play, is so drab as to make one wonder whether the original was really as moving as it seemed. The success of the movie must have been due to Katharine Hepburn as the spinster, and the real Venice in the background. The musical's heroine, played by Elizabeth Allen, is a pushy secretary who likes to hang around American tourists, swill martinis, and call everybody "Cookie." It's easy to understand why she is loveless. Then a craggy-faced Venetian glass seller, starchily played by Sergio Franchi, walks into her life-or rather, she walks into his store. Since both stars can sing, this could have been one of those Richard Rodgers shows whose sound of music obscures the deficiencies of plot. But Rodgers and lyricist Stephen Sondheim, like everyone else, have been frugal with their talents, composing simple songs with simple lyrics and simple tunes, for simple people. "I am not a dream come true," croons Franchi as he ditches the lady in the last scene. The same goes for the show, Cookie. At the 46th Street Theater, 226 West 46th Street.

MOVIES

Ever since Ride the High Country, movie buffs have been touting director Sam Peckinpah. Major Dundee proves they knew what they were touting. In color and Panavision, it's a stirrupy story of cavalry-Indian action in New and Old Mexico during the last months of the Civil War. Dundee (Charlton Heston) is in charge of a clutch of Confederate prisoners, including a former West Point pal, Captain Tyreen (Richard Harris). They have the hate-respect syndrome for each other, and when Dundee asks for Confederate volunteers to help his shorthanded troops punish Apaches, Tyreen promises to lead his men along but also promises to kill Dundee when the Injun job is done. The fights are fine, the cavalry swoops have sweep, and all the minor matters are marvelous-clothes, food, props. Peckinpah piles up these small realities against large larruping movement in masterly manner. It's the script that is slightly slewed. They wanted Senta Berger in the picture (and who wouldn't want her anywhere?), so all of a sudden there's a Mexican doctor's Viennese widow in a remote little town, And out she comes in a décolleté dress to tend the wounded-and later to wound Heston's tenderness. There's also a detour of dalliance with a local dame while Heston heals a wounded leg, but it's all a lot of ballast. No complaints about keeping our eyes front and Senta.



Karen and her set are quite a group. Super sports of the sports car world, they live from hot to hotter. Without them, we'd be lost. For we build the cars they seem to like best. Sunbeams. That's why we listen when they talk. This year, they asked us for two cars. One body—two cars! One body—low, sleek, racy: International Gold Medal Coachwork. Two cars! Sunbeam Alpine... perennial European road racing champion since 1899... S.C.C.A. Class F Champ, today! Put you in an Alpine... you're one... tight, flat cornering... superb handling... unrestrained response... grips your middle with the feel of power that you control. "65 SUNBEAM ALPINE... great at only \$2399 (p.o.e. East Coast)...\$2449 (p.o.e. West Coast). Action people love it.

But some of Karen's friends wanted more, so we built the Sunbeam Tiger. Change the body? Never! Voted Car and Driver's G.T. Sports Car of '65, as it stands.1 We slipped in a huge Super Torque Ford V-8; extra heavy suspension; gear box big enough to handle 400 horsepower; oversize racing disc brakes—and there it was—an over-powered, over-braked rally boomer...wildest of them all...'65 SUNBEAM TIGER... under-priced for what it delivers! (Just delivered 1st place at Daytona.) The question is ... are we too much for Karen, now? How much can she really take? For that matter, how much can you handle?

Test yourself. In a Sunbeam ... convertible or G.T. hardtop.

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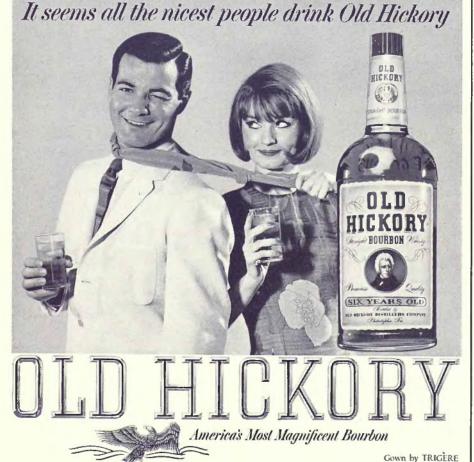


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but the wanderings with women seem wacky in context. Otherwise, the film is fine fun, Heston is incredibly credible, and Harris shows that he may become one of the screen's royal romantic rogues.

Why can't they do do-good pictures good? Synanon is about the new movement of that name for the treatment of drug addiction-the centers where former addicts help newcomers and one another kick the habit and keep it kicked. The drug scene in this country is grim, and the Synanon movement seems to be helping. An exciting enterprise, yet here we get a movie in a moldy mold. This particular Synanon House is on a Southern California beach; a junkie named Zankie (Alex Cord) breaks loose from his pal to try to go "clean" there. In the house he meets a former prisonmate whom he hates (Chuck Connors), but who is trying to make out in a new life, and a blonde (Stella Stevens) with whom Zankie soon makes out. There are heart tugs with her baby, and heart-to-hearts with the head of the house (Edmond O'Brien), his assistant (Richard Conte) and a longtime resident (Eartha Kitt). When the picture isn't being laborious messagewise, it's being dramatically lousy. The only actor in it who rings true is Richard Evans as a young hophead. Richard Quine, who has directed well in the past, has misdirected this one.

After hundreds of shoot-from-the-hip Westerns, at last here's one that's just hip. Cat Ballou (from a novel by Roy Chanslor) was made by cats who know the score-director Elliot Silverstein, writers Walter Newman and Frank R. Pierson. Result: a gun-slinging saga that is colorful, comic and cool. Jane Fonda is Cat Ballou (not to be confused with Ian Fleming's Pussy Galore): a pretty young schoolmarm who goes wrong when she sees it's the only way to stay right in a zany world. The first glimpse of her is in jail waiting to be hanged in Wolf City, Wyoming, 1894. She is introduced by a pair of balladeers who weave through the picture, Stubby Kaye and the late Nat King Cole, so right away everything's in good hands. Then we get the story of how Cat got up her tree: how she ran into two young bandits on the train home from the seminary; how she found her father being rousted off his ranch by a land grab; how she sent \$50 to a gunslinger to help fight the enemy's gunslinger; and what their defender turned out to be like. To list the gaggle of good gags would be to spoil the picture. The young bandits, Michael Callan and Dwayne Hickman, are the weak links in the chain of casting; the parts needed, say, Lemmon and Curtis. Miss Fonda gives a coltish, spirited performance. But the ring-tailed, lalashe skittish?

go British.
go Lyme, By George!



another very persuasive By George! fragrance for men.

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Caryl Richards, Inc., New York, N. Y.



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paloozing blockbuster is Lee Marvin as both gunslingers on both sides of the war: frightening, funny and fine. If Marvin doesn't get an Oscar for this film, it'll be a case of statuary rape.

Its title is the most sensational thing about Wild Seed; the film itself proves a model of how to succeed in moviemaking without using big names, the Yugoslavian army, a handful of assorted sexpots or a presold best seller shot in eyebulging Cinemascopic Technicolor. The plot line is as undevious as a handshake: 17-year-old Celia Kaye runs away from her stepparents in New York to find her real father in Los Angeles. She starts to hitchhike, is befriended by young drifter Michael Parks who teaches her how to ride the rails, friendship blossoms into love aboard a variety of freight cars; Celia wants Michael to settle down when they reach L. A .- get a job with her father, marry her, have kids, meet society halfway, Michael demurs, wavers, is finally convinced. The girl's inevitable rejection by her real dad brings about a decidedly un-Hollywood last-reel denouement. Director Brian Hutton has managed to transmute the Les Pine screenplay into a film that is both unmawkishly sentimental and unadulterously adult. Parks is a little bit of James Dean, a little bit of Brando and a whole lot of actor; Miss Kaye is more than OK as the lass with the dedicated air, and Conrad Hall's black-and-white cinematography is artfully simple. See Wild Seed and reap the rewards.

The early life of Scan O'Casey, the great Irish dramatist, is the classic story of the poor unschooled boy scrabbling toward education and art. Young Cussidy, the film version of his early autobiography, tells that story in picture postcards-pretty colors but pretty unreal. O'Casey called himself Cassidy in his books in order to stand off and get a better look at himself; but this script stands so far off that he becomes a movie hero -broad shouldered and terrific with broads. There are glimpses of darlin' Dublin and the lovely Irish landscape and some feeling for the early-20th Century Sinn Fein flare-ups; there's a luscious tart (Julie Christie) and a delicate lass (Maggie Smith), and there's a bloody brawl between police and populace. But when it gets down to O'Casey cases-his plunge into playwriting, his dealings with the Abbey Theatre-the film gets just as golly-gee as most films about artists. Famous figures like Yeats (Michael Redgrave) stalk and talk through, but no way has yet been found to make literary palayer palatable nor to use the act of writing as a dramatic turning point. Rod Taylor gets better and better as an actor but is not right for this role. And why-especially in a film made in Britain-did they



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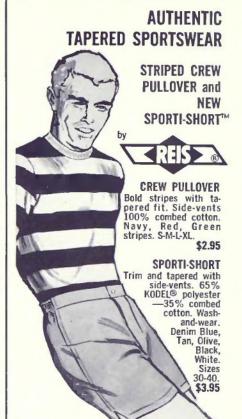


have to use so many assumed Irish accents? When a real Irish actor opens his mouth, the rest of this thin picture seems even thinner.

The Love Goddesses, which is really about sex goddesses, provides a too-short history of sex images in movies since they began, right up to some of our reigning rages. It tries to show what was considered fun with femmes as the decades passed-along with what could be admitted about it publicly. The clips range from the early mustache-muzzled kiss that we showed in our first installment of The History of Sex in Cinema (PLAYBOY, April 1965), through some hefty heaving vamps (How about a screen siren named Louise Glaum?) to Marilyn, Liz and Sophia. There are two Brigittes Helm (German) of the silent days and, of course, Bardot (French) of the pouting lip and beautiful backside. Still shots, brief snips and several solid sequences are nicely selected and neatly knit. We can watch moral taboos swing with the bosoms: An early De Mille orgy has some dykey kissing on the side lines that would never get past the censor dikes today; a night-club scene with Dietrich in white tie and tails kids craftily with Krafft-Ebing. Mae West in a couple of scenes reclaims her crown as the world's greatest female impersonator. The commentary is amiable but the pictures, selected by Saul J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson, are their own best commentary.

BOOKS

In 1950 Alvah Bessie, a scenario writer and one of the famous "Hollywood Ten," went to prison for refusing to answer questions put to him by the House Un-American Activities Committee. Now, 14 years after his release, he has written Inquisition in Eden (Macmillan), which purports to tell the inside story of his martyrdom-his miserable career in Hollywood, his defiance (along with Dalton Trumbo, Ring Lardner, Jr., et al.) of HUAC, and his ultimate ruination at the hands of black-listers. It is an irksome book. Bessie writes in a pretentious, hardboiled style that seems to be the trademark of third-rate Hollywood scripters. He is incapable of sustaining a scene beyond 200 words, so the book breaks up into hundreds of short, unsatisfactory vignettes: Bessie talking to a pimp in prison, Bessie being chewed out by Jack Warner, Bessie buttering up Bette Davis. We see the world through Bessie's peevish myopia-that is, as an irritating blur. Charlie Chaplin becomes a man who will not buy Bessie's story idea; Lee J. Cobb is a man who won't lend Bessie money; and the prison warden is a man who won't let Bessie write dirty poems. Wherever Besssie goes, it



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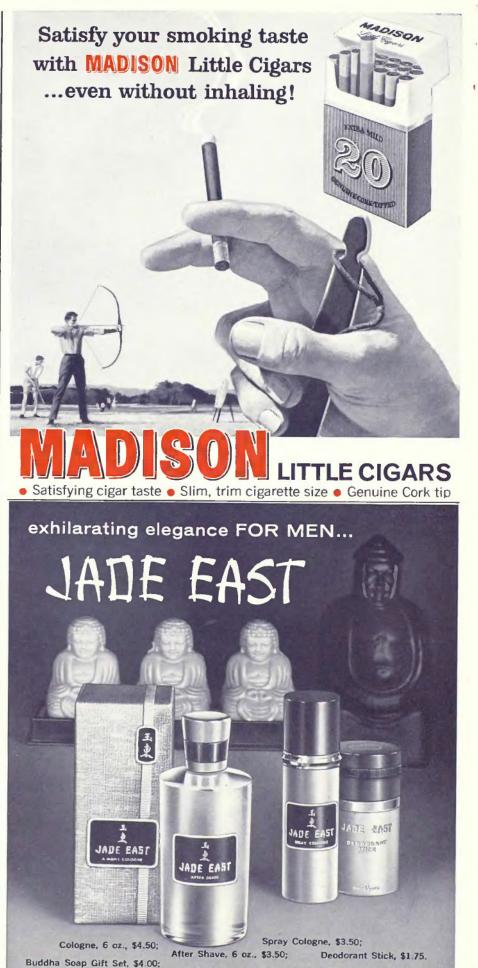


"WORLD'S FINEST" 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY SOLE IMPORTERS; THE PADDINGTON CORP., NEW YORK

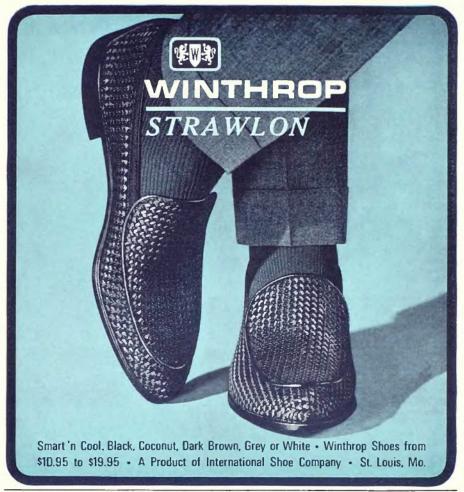
appears, there are powerful people waiting to deny him innocent pleasures. This childlike view of things slops over into Bessie's political attitudes. The "good guys" read The New Masses, join the Lincoln Brigade (as did Bessie) and cheer Russia. The "bad guys" are just as conveniently stereotyped. T. S. Eliot, according to Bessie, "stank on ice," because of "his basically reactionary attitude toward people." That is the median level of Bessie's critical thinking, and of his prose. Ultimately, though, the book is irksome because of our own disappointed expectations. Bessie was a political prisoner, and such martyrs are expected to display strong spirits and deathless prose. But not every victim can be a Socrates, a Debs or a Martin Luther King, and Bessie gives us more of a whimper than a bang. His ordeal has earned him a better biographer than himself.

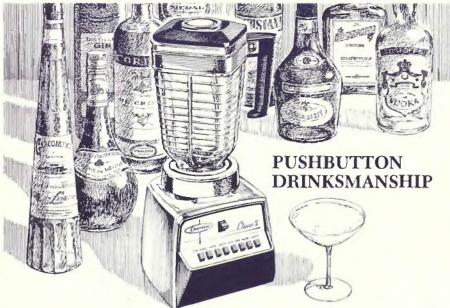
There are 41 stories in Alberto Moravia's new collection, The Fetish (Farrar, Straus & Giroux)-about 20 too many. The judgment is less severe than it sounds. Moravia is acknowledged to be one of the finest of modern Italian writers, and one of the most readable in any language. But it is also not news that he has been accused of repetition. His hang-up is the battle of the sexes, particularly its frustrations. Too, his people are generally most vivid when they are most silent, brooding upon hatred, or violence, or infidelity. In one of the best of these new tales, a husband, while driving with his family, is plagued by the notion that something has slipped his mind. Simultaneously, an overriding sense of monotony of married life leads him to consider gunning the car over a cliff. The impulse passes, and as it does the husband remembers what he had forgotten-that today is his wedding anniversary, the very reason for the drive. In small doses the single note can be shattering, and in novels such as The Empty Canvas or The Conformist it is orchestrated until the ambivalences explode in crescendos of torn emotion. But at times the repetition cloys, and Moravia himself often gives the impression of being impatient with his materials. A character comes within scant feet of a fatal auto accident, and so little emotional reaction is shown that the reader has to think back to be certain what happened. Perhaps some of these latest pieces are exercises, random swings between the major efforts. Which is scarcely a condemnation. Even in batting practice, a Mantle can generate more excitement than a journeyman hitter on the best day of his life. Not that anybody ever called 21 for 41 a slump to start with.

"The only thing I'd miss by dropping out of college," a Harvard lad tells John



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Keats in The Sheepskin Psychosis (Lippincott), "is regular sexual intercourse. Actually, that is the only thing that's keeping me here." Not all college students are so fortunately unfortunate, but it is Keats' thesis that most of them have unedifying reasons for going to college. If it's not sex, it's the draft board. ("If they ended the draft today, the graduate schools in this country would empty overnight," says a graduate student.) And if it's not the draft board, it's pressure from parents, some of whom feed their children tranquilizers before college entrance examinations. "We have been leading our children's lives for them to such an extent," declares Keats. "that their idea of the importance of winning college admission has become as psychotic as ours." Keats has a way of making the quest for higher education appear to be a mindless process: "Because his mother told him to do it, John Youth raced out of the house, through high school and straight into a good college and out the other side. Without pause for breath, he dashed off to suburbia with a nice, safe wife who promptly produced three quick children, who began running, too." The college administrators, meanwhile, entertain the delusion that they are presiding over a "community of scholars." Actually, the typical college student, according to Keats, is seeking not truth, but merely a way to please society. In trying to discover what society wants, he has grown cagey-or, if you prefer, other-directed. "If there's one thing we're all good at." says a student at an Ivy League college, "it's the interview. . . . All you have to do is figure out what the clods (i.e., college administrators) want to hear. You play it straight-arrow, and they all go ape and eat it up." Keats makes a strong plea for putting an end to such nonsense. "The idea of college," he notes, "has been wildly oversold to the public"-and if the public is naïve about it, most students are not. Six out of every ten college students, he points out, "discover that the college of their choice is the wrong place for them." They flunk, transfer or drop out: possibly they are trying to tell us something. At any rate, PLAYBOY COUtributor Keats does in this pertinent and impertinent report.

Leslie Fiedler, whose first novel took place at a birth-control convention, apparently feels that the population explosion can no longer be contained by condom-nation alone. In his second, Bock to China (Stein and Day), a Montana professor, feeling guilty over the bombing of Hiroshima, actually goes so far as to have himself sterilized—and by a Japanese doctor named Hiroshige at that—only to have his wife announce, some 20 years later: "Dear I have something wonderful to tell you, I'm . . . I'm . . ." But we won't spoil it for you. The story



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Jan Marie farina...
ROGER GALLET

alternates between a day in the messy life of Baro S. Finkelstone, one of those modern teachers who regurgitate their students' opinions, and brooding flashes back to China, the scene of his "therapeutic vasectomy"-memories flooding over him, as they do over professors, in a complexly structured time sequence which results in such stylistic hang-ups as: "But he had had to make sure, had he not-he had told himself . . . he had had to make sure." Vague and murky where it intends to be dreamlike, fashionably guilt-ridden where it intends to be tormented, the book seems to have been written in interludes between the author's reading of contemporary genres: Here's the Jewish clown-professor again; there's the modern American wife as a kind of menstruating mummy; hints of incest here, hints of peace movement there, here peyote, there adultery. everywhere a hip hip. Significantly, the father of Finkelstone's impossible yet inevitable child is a blond-bearded, guitarstrumming, pseudo-intellectual dropout -heavily implying that even if sterile, none of us really die, that no man is a castrato unto himself, and that even beatniks have their role to play in the great chain of begetting. Novels written by critics often read as if the answers can be found upside down at the bottom of the page. The weight of "meaning," like an anchor, holds them immobile in the story sea of life. Fiedler's brilliantly provocative criticism swallows literature in huge 100-proof gulps, but his fiction sips at life with all the verve of a man who has trouble holding water on an empty stomach.

Painstakingly thorough yet surprisingly engaging is The Rolls-Royce Motor Car (Crown) by Anthony Bird and Ian Hallows. Although a paucity of full-color reproductions (there are only two) leaves something to be desired, it remains a handsome volume indeed. Part one of the two-part tome, by auto historian Bird, chronicles the early days of the Messrs. Rolls and Royce, their meeting (they both played hard to get, but eventually Rolls went to Royce), their inspired collaboration, and the company's acquisition of the similarly prestigious Bentley marque. Part two, compiled by Hallows, is a statistical genealogy of "the best car in the world," from the 1904 Royce car (two cylinders, 12 horsepower) to the present-day Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud III and Bentley S3. The hundreds of black-and-white photos are a visual nirvana for anyone whose pulse has even slightly quickened at the sight of a Silver Ghost.

Alan Sharp's second novel, A Green Tree in Gedde (NAL-World), is the sexual odyssey of three men. Moseby, the first, is a floundering Scottish intellectual studying for a teaching position. Lusting for

his wife but frustrated by her middle-class inhibitions, he wanders voyeuristically through the streets of Greenock on the verge of orgasm from such fantasies as "the pink distention of a bared nipple wet with spit, like a snail's horn blindly. delicately reaching." His friend and number two, Gibbon, alienated from Moseby by the marriage, contacts a desultory artist, Cuffee, to go off on a tramp to London and Paris. Cuffee quickly develops into a prodigious conqueror of women and nearly dies when the Lesbian lover of a beautiful German girl, who "goes both ways," hits him on the head with a poker. Gibbon, meanwhile, has been busy in Paris discovering whether or not he is a homosexual, while back home Moseby has been procured by one of his professors and the prof's nymphomaniac wife. And so it goes. A lot happens, but the three men are virtually unchanged by their experiences. They seem to have gone only to come back. Which, after all, may be what the author wants to say: We don't change that much, but it takes a little living to know it, to arrive where we began. However, this difficulty recedes in the face of the book's vitality. The writing, astonishingly fresh, conveys a deep and witty grasp of people and how they live, of the incredible complication of life, and the strange ways in which destiny and will work out our years.

Since the days of De Toqueville and Lord Bryce, foreign visitors to these shores have been enlightening us about the peculiarities of our own land. They come and see with fresh eyes the wonders which we, alas, stop wondering over far too soon. Perhaps, as V. S. Pritchett suggests in New York Proclaimed (Harcourt, Brace & World), travelers from Europe see us more acutely than we see ourselves because America is, in essence, a European dream. Whatever the reason, Britisher Pritchett, deservedly admired on both sides of the Atlantic as literary critic and short-story writer, here adds another notch to his accomplishments and wins a respectable place among the more perceptive analysts of American life. He knows the history of New York from the Revolutionary War to the ongoing and complex wars over segregation: he knows the sources of art in this cultural capital of the nation; and he hears sounds in the hectic night life that native ears may not so readily pick up. "You have been listening to the jazz in Birdland, perhaps, listening to the long drumming that says 'Encroach, encroach, encroach, encroach, overcome, come!' or to that woman with the skirling voice which is shoving, pushing and struggling cheerfully to get all her energy out of her body and into her mouth as she sings what is really the theme song of the city: 'And it's good. It's all good, good, good.' She was wired to some dySOUTHERN COMFORT®

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Your home will become an oasis for thirsty friends, when you serve this popular drink from the sunny Southwest.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Pineapple-grapefruit juice

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Playboy June 1965





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Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry.



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Mix just one this smoother way; you'll see at once why it's the smart, new fashion.

Dash Angostura bitters; ½ oz. water ½ tspn. sugar (optional)

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes and S.C. Garnish with twist of lemon peel, orange slice and cherry.

Ordinary Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.

Easily mixed cocktails give you time to mix with guests

GRASSHOPPER

¾ oz. fresh cream • 1 oz. white creme de cacao 1 oz. green creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender. Strain into cocktail glass.

ALEXANDER

½ oz. fresh cream • ¾ oz. creme de cacao 1½ oz. Southern Comfort or gin or brandy Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.

BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice • ¼ jigger lemon juice Dash Worcestershire sauce 1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Salt and pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice; strain into 6-oz, glass.

MANHATTAN

½ oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice, strain; add cherry.
Rob Roy (Scotch Manhattan): Substitute 2 parts
Scotch, 1 part vermouth; serve with lemon peel twist.

WHISKEY SOUR

½ jigger lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye Shake with cracked ice; strain. Add orange slice on rim of glass and cherry.

GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka 1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass.

DRY MARTINI

1 part French (dry) vermouth 4 parts gin or vodka

Stir with cracked ice; strain into chilled cocktail glass. Add green olive, pearl onion or twist of lemon peel.

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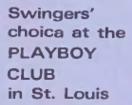
A recipe you're sure to treasure, for a new drink worth a ransom in delicious flavor.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort 1/2 oz. light rum

½ oz. lemon juice • orange juice

Pack glass with crushed ice. Add liquors, lemon juice. Fill with orange juice;

stir. Add orange slice, cherry.



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Juice 1/2 lime or 1/4 lemon ½ tspn. sugar 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice until the shaker frosts. Strain into a cocktail glass. Umm . . . it's smooth!

Rum Daiquiri: Use 1 tspn. sugar and substitute rum for Southern Comfort.

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Smooth companion at the Penthouse in the PLAYBOY CLUB in Miami

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The most refreshing drink you can find! It's as much at home on Main Street as it is in Miami or Waikiki Beach.

Juice ½ lime • pineapple juice Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pack a tall glass with cracked ice. Add lime juice and Southern Comfort. Fill glass with pineapple juice and stir.

Popular partner in the Living Room

COMFORT'

Tall, smooth, terrific... this drink's popular anywhere it's served. It will be a hit in your living room, too.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Juice and rind of ½ lime (optional) Quinine water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind, Southern Comfort. Fill with tonic; stir. It's a new taste treat!

Gin 'n tonic: Use ¼ lime and replace Southern Comfort with gin. Vodka 'n tonic: Use same amount of juice and switch to vodka as a base.



Play it cool with great summer drinks like these

TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger (¾ oz.) lemon juice 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin • sparkling water

Dissolve sugar in juice. Add ice cubes, gin; fill with sparkling water, stir.

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin. Mix tequila, vodka, Scotch, brandy, rum or Irish whiskey Collinses the same way.

MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) white Cuervo tequila ½ oz. Triple Sec • 1 oz. lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin the moist rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass, and sip over the salted edge.

PLANTER'S PUNCH

Juice of ½ lemon • juice of ½ orange 4 dashes Curacao • 1½ oz. Jamaica rum

Shake and pour into a tall glass filled with cracked ice. Stir. Decorate with fruit and serve with straws



Juice and rind of ½ lime 1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, rum; fill with cola; stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S.C. is to cola.

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

Put two ice cubes into 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.

A new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

GIN RICKEY

Juice, rind ½ lime • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin Sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in an 8-oz. glass. Pour in gin; add lime rind; fill with sparkling water, and stir.

Playboy June 1965



Gourmet favorite at Antoine's, New Orleans

SCARLETT O'HARA

A drink intriguing as the Rebel belle who inspired it. It has a flavor that pleases the most cosmopolitan taste.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort 1½ oz. Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail • juice ½ fresh lime

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into a chilled glass.



Tops in San Francisco at Hotel Mark Hopkins

COMFORT' SOUR

A classic that reached the "top" mixed the smoother way. Try it and you'll be the top mixer in your crowd.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort ½ tspn. sugar ½ jigger lemon juice

Shake with cracked ice; strain. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry.







Switching the base improves these two tremendously!

COMFORT JULEP

as mixed at the PLAYBOY CLUB in Atlanta

Discover how a change in liquor improves the taste of this great long time favorite.

4 sprigs fresh mint • dash water 2 oz. Southern Comfort

Crush mint in water in chilled glass. Pack with cracked ice. Add S.C... stir till frosted.

Bourbon Julep: Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint; substitute Bourbon for S.C.



the way it's mixed at the PLAYBOY CLUB in Chicago

If you're a Collins fan, try one this terrific way. The delicious taste of Southern Comfort is the difference.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Juice ¼ lime or lemon • 7-UP

Blend Southern Comfort and lime juice in a tall glass. Add ice cubes and fill with 7-UP. Stir. You'll learn that it's the easiest as well as the best.

TASTE TEST: shows how to improve many drinks

The choice of a basic liquor determines the taste of any mixed drink you make. Just make this test, prove it to yourself. Fill three short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, a jigger of gin into another, and a jigger of Southern Comfort into the third. Swirl each glass to chill.

Now sip, in turn, the whiskey and the gin. Then sip the Southern Comfort . . . and you've discovered a completely different basic liquor that tastes good straight. Now you understand why and how so many expert bartenders are able to improve the taste of their mixed drinks . . . simply by using Southern Comfort, instead of the traditional basic liquor called for in the original recipe. This "switch" improves many tall drinks, and cocktails too.





What is Southern Comfort?

It's a special kind of liquor. In the days of the Old South, a discriminating New Orleans gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys. So he "smoothed his spirits" with rare and delicious ingredients, and Southern Comfort was born. The formula remains a family secret, but today millions enjoy its satisfying pleasure. Try a bottle. Taste for yourself how it improves your favorite drinks. Or try it the way many of those who drink Southern Comfort enjoy it—straight, on-the-rocks, or in a . . .

Twist of lemon peel or juice of ¼ lime (optional) • sparkling water Pour S.C. over ice cubes; add lime or lemon; fill with water; stir.

Now you're ready to try some great summer coolers

back-barsecrets

from some of America's most expert bartenders

From top barmen in exclusive clubs and famed restaurants come these professional tips that make it easy for you to mix and serve great drinks . . .

Alweys use the best! Above all, use

good liquor... for good reason. No matter what you add in mixing a drink, the taste of the basic liquor still comes through. You can't make a really good drink with inferior liquor.



Never guess—meesure! Not even a highball should be "eyeballed." Tested recipes and accurate measurement of all ingredients assure good drinks.

The besic measures: 1 jigger=1½ oz.; 1 pony=1 oz.; 1 dash=6 drops; 1 tea-



spoon = 1/8 oz.;
1 pint = 16 oz.
(figure a little over 10 jiggers);
1 fifth = 25.6 oz.
(or 17 jiggers);
1 quart = 32 oz.
(21 jiggers).

When to shake, when to stir — As a general rule stir drinks made with clear liquors (Martinis, Manhattans, etc.). Shake drinks made with hard-to-blend ingredients such as fruit juices — and shake hard 10-15 seconds. Pour at once to avoid dilution. For a "frothy collar," add tblespn. egg white before shaking.

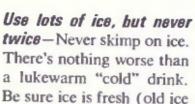
Which comes first? As a rule, put the sugar, the fruit juice, or other ingredients, in your glass first;

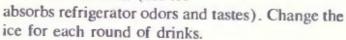


then pour in the liquor. But when you're mixing a carbonated drink, put in the ice, and add liquor; then add the mix—and serve immediately.

Pre-chill your glesses—Start cold drinks with cold glasses; they look better, make drinks taste much better. Chill by filling glass with cracked or shaved ice. Let glass chill, and dump the ice. Add the drink, and serve immediately. For frosted

drinks, put wet glasses in the freezer. To "sugar frost," dampen the rim of prechilled glass with a lemon slice. Dip rim in sugar; brush off excess.





How to improve old favorites—Expert bartenders improve the taste of tall drinks like the Julep, Collins, etc., just by replacing the conventional

basic liquor with Southern Comfort. They use the same "trick" to improve cocktails like the Sour, Manhattan, Old-Fashioned, etc. The secret, of course, is in Southern Comfort's unique flavor, which adds a deliciousness that no other liquor can equal. Try one of your favorites made the ordinary way . . . then try it with Southern Comfort, using the recipe in this guide. You'll be amazed at the improvement! To understand what happens, make the simple taste test on the next page.



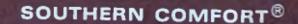


You can expect a great drink when you order it at a fine private club or famous restaurant—expertly mixed by a skilled professional. Well, there's no reason to settle for anything less . . . you can enjoy the same superb drinks right in your own home. This handy new mixing guide brings you recipes by many of the top professional bartenders in the business. Included are not only recipes for the most popular summer drinks, but also other most-called-for drinks as well. And it also makes you master of many of the professional's backbar secrets that make the difference between a good drink and a great one.

It's easy to be an expert

These tested recipes are so simple, so easy to follow, that you'll look like a pro when you use them. They call for only the most popular basic liquors—Scotch, Bourbon, gin, vodka, brandy, rum, Southern Comfort—and for ingredients you probably have right at hand. You'll discover here, too, another professional secret—the art of "switching" basic liquors to improve the taste of both coolers and cocktails. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort as a new and tastier base for such longtime favorites as Juleps, Collinses, Tonics, Daiquiris, and many others. Try this switch yourself, and you'll see how just this simple change livens up drinks you've enjoyed for years!





BARMATE

HOME BARTENDERS' GUIDE TO EXPERT DRINK MIXING

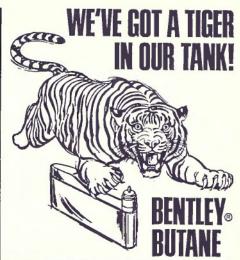


namo." Pritchett is admirably abetted in his efforts to probe the mysteries and madnesses of this mad and mysterious metropolis by the remarkable lens of Evelyn Hofer. Under her touch, even such oft-photographed sights as Brooklyn Bridge and Park Avenue take on new allure. Her pictures make a perfect match with Pritchett's words. Both are rich in imagination, insight and surpassing intelligence, and bring home to us the desperation and the joy, the loneliness and the brilliance, all the "Happy hallucinations" of our greatest city.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is best known for Cat's Cradle, a satiric novel about the end of the world, and his new book is not likely to change things much. God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater, or Pearls Before Swine (Holt, Rinehart and Winston) has its pearly moments, but there aren't enough to fill the string, and the gaps are taken up with artificial ones. Essentially, the book is a switch on Terry Southern's The Magic Christian. In that novel, you remember, the monstrously rich hero, Guy Grand, uses his wealth to play monstrous tricks on people, delighting in proving that every man has his price. Cool satire. Vonnegut's Eliot Rosewater is rich, too-heir to "the 14th largest family fortune in America." But when, as a tax dodge, some \$87,000,000 is transferred from the family piggy bank to the newly formed Rosewater Foundation, Eliot is named president and outrages his buccaneer father, Senator Lister Ames Rosewater of Indiana, by taking philanthropy seriously. Eliot believes in an "uncritical love" of people and actually behaves in accordance with his belief. He concentrates on making grants to the most useless, worthless people around-not to mention his subspecialty of endowing volunteer fire companies, whom he sees as the salt of the earth. Sentimental satire. Naturally, Senator Rosewater thinks his son is crazy, as well as being deficient in most other respects. "Every time I'm forced to look at him," the fond father observes, "I think to myself, 'What a staging area for a typhoid epidemic!" Eliot's wife thinks he's nuts, too, at least some of the time; the trouble here is that she's flipped her trolley, too. A shrewder judge is a weaselly young lawyer named Norman Mushari, who toils somewhere in the bowels of the Washington law firm that dreamed up the Foundation. Mushari has discovered two things about the Rosewater setup: 1. that an officer of the Foundation could be expelled if judged insane; 2. that the next in line to succeed Eliot would be a Fred Rosewater in Rhode Island, a distant cousin. What little plot the book has hinges on Mushari's attempts to build a case against Eliot and then step in to represent the Rhode Islander. Although many of Vonnegut's barbs fall short of piercing our "incentive system," some interesting ideas are at play here, in this sci-fi book about money. Is Eliot Rosewater a saint or a nut? You'll have to decide that for yourself.

If an elephant dreams of God, no doubt God resembles an elephant. When business dreams of the ultimate, it sees a business-directed society. Managers for Tomorrow (New American Library), written by the staff of Rohrer, Hibler and Replogle, industrial psychologists, is a guide to the selection and training of successful company managers, the fellows who will run things in such a society. Psychological factors of motivation, self-concept, authority and development are all well illustrated here with case histories, and the approach is engagingly enlightened: "Of course we can always coerce people and bribe them and produce some type of human response. But we would be better served if we provided an environment in which uniquely human motivations could find a more complete expression. Industrial man has potential for good and evil. Managers have an imperfect but significant opportunity to bring out the best in people and still get things done." Certainly a step forward in the literature of management training, which, as the authors point out, "abounds with mechanistic procedures that sound reminiscent of training manuals for dogs." Unfortunately, the book comes a cropper at the end when it tries to deal with the place of managers, and business as a whole, in society. Now, the same old business dream raises its wraith again: "Some significant transitions have taken place in recent years. It has been the businessman, not the clergyman, who has initiated discussions on how Christian ethics and values can be applied to the problems of everyday living." Or: "It has been the businessman, in civic organizations, who has been most responsive and effective in meeting the social problems of racial discrimination, juvenile delinquency, and the like." You can't tell which of the four editors and more than 20 staff members at Rohrer, Hibler and Replogle worked on the last section, but they can't have been reading their daily newspapers very attentively.

A trio of conversationally told contemporary fables by Artie Shaw has been packaged in book form under the title I Love You, I Hate You, Drop Dead! (Fleet). The inside wrapper on the package reveals that the versatile Mr. Shaw has "long been known to insiders in the literary and entertainment worlds as a most evocative storyteller," and this may help explain the overzealous testimonials from literary insiders that decorate the back of the wrapper. Such words as "genius," "brilliant" and "a deeply probing examination of the American mari-





OPEN-Slide off top and flip out tank.



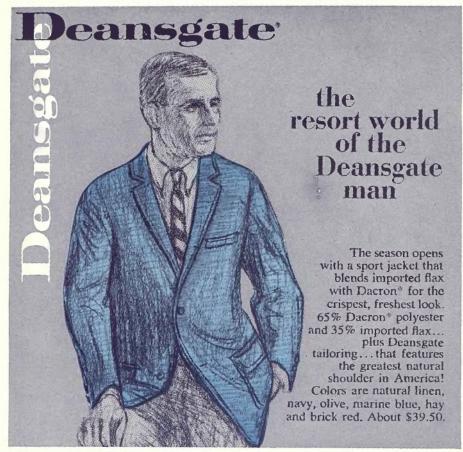
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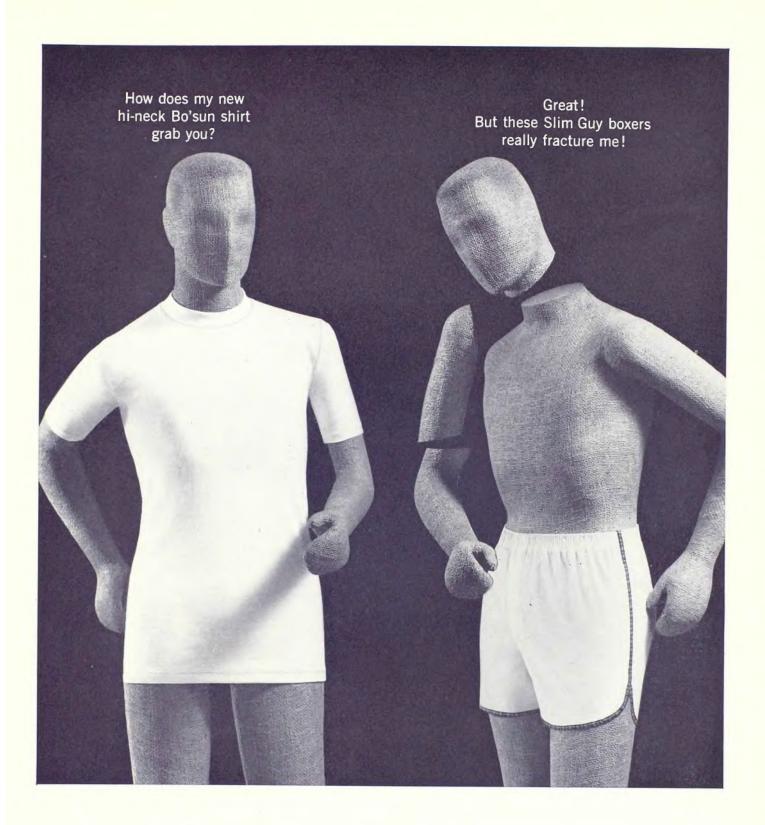
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tal scene" are simply too high-pitched for the pleasantly unpretentious entertainment inside. In his debut as a fiction writer (his autobiography, The Trouble with Cinderella, was published in 1952). Shaw has wisely refrained from trying to be as "literary" as his friendly endorsers suggest, but has written his stories in a relaxed, first-person, conversational style, much as he might have told them over a couple of drinks (a good deal of the dialog in the stories, in fact, occurs over a couple of drinks). He has also followed the sound rule for first-time fiction writers of choosing a subject he knows about -in this case, divorce. The individual tales are told, in succession, by an Ivv League adman, a singing night-club hipster and a TV producer. Full of twists and surprises and shock reversals, their stories might be described as "divorce thrillers," in which the reader becomes absorbed in trying to figure out who killed the marriage. From the way these quite believable characters get along in wedlock, it appears that in the author's view marriage is itself a crime. But the reader must figure that one out, too, for Shaw delights in teasing his audience along with suspicions about his theme and subject as well as about his characters. The book is not "deeply probing" but, rather, entertainingly ticklish, and ought to please anyone who wants to pass a few hours with some light, mysterious domestic intrigue.

Max Beerbohm, the greatest parodist who ever wrote in English and one of the greatest caricaturists who ever drew anywhere, is one of those rare figures who are beloved more than many men whose achievements are mightier. He deserves the best possible biography, and in Max (Houghton Mifflin) by David Cecil he gets only a little less. Cecil has fine sympathy for Max' character and innate understanding of the chief influences of Max' life. (He is a don at Oxford, which Max always loved and about which he wrote his comic masterpiece, Zuleika Dobson.) Cecil's style verges on the florid, his insights sometimes waver and, by intent, his comments on the writings are skimpy. But what emerges nevertheless is a full-scale portrait of the dandified genius who took England by storm in the Nineties, whose first name was a national byword before he was 25. and who was named by Bernard Shaw to succeed him as drama critic of the London Saturday Review. Max' fame rests on his diabolically deft drawings and on a few slim books of stout vitality. At 38 he married, left London to live on the Italian Riviera, and died in 1956 at the age of 84, conscious that he had become in his lifetime not only a legend but a memorial to the outmoded manners of dress and decorum that he treasured. Oscar Wilde, who met him when he was still an undergraduate, said, "The gods



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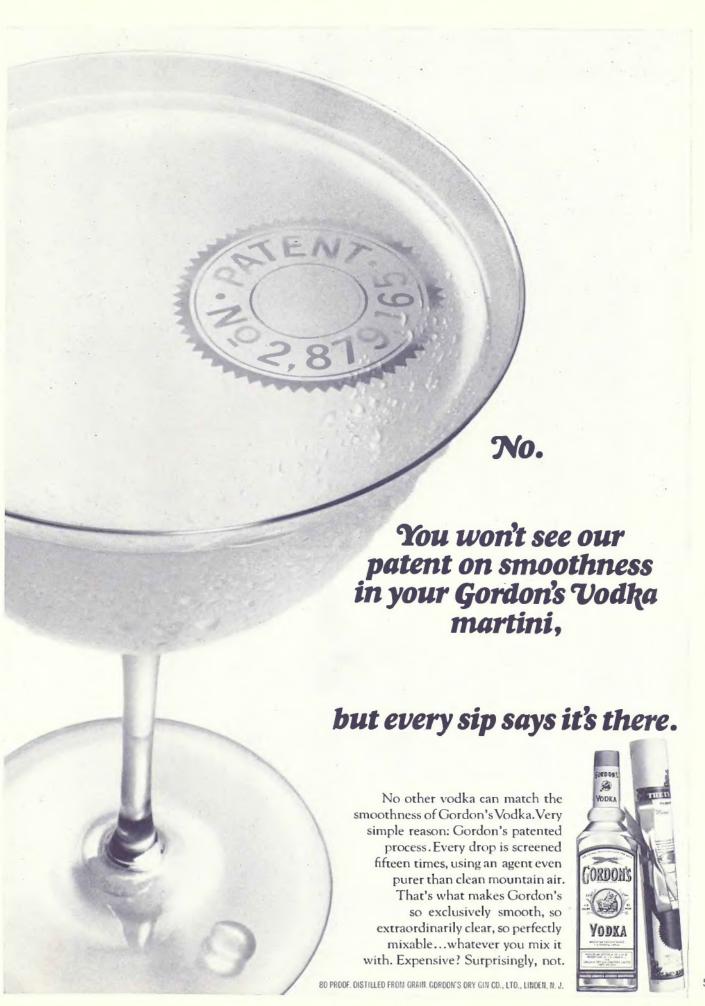
Was it him...or his Piping Rock?



have bestowed on Max the gift of perpetual old age." But Max' writings and drawings have perpetual youth, and Cecil's book now helps keep green the memory of the man himself.

The runaway success of Irving Shulman's Harlow has brought forth another book about the slinky sexpot of the past. The Films of Jean Harlow (Citadel) is a "filmography" full of photographs, edited by Michael Conway and Mark Ricci, who have done similar jobs for Greta Garbo and Marilyn Monroe. Those two books did a good deal to outline the personalities and individualities of two great stars; all this book can do is outline Harlow's outline. For the sad summation must be that, despite the blowy build-up of Conway's prose, J. H. was N.G. as an actress and, as a personality, was very much a period piece. Her career, which ran only from 1928 to her death in 1937, includes a few films such as Bombshell in which her hamminess holds up. But most of her performances, even in powerful pictures such as The Public Enemy, are now as dated as her dresses. There are some curiosities in her chronicle: She did early extra work with Laurel and Hardy, and in the classic café scene in Chaplin's City Lights she's visible at one of the tables. In Red-Headed Woman (1932) a gent named Charles Boyer played a minor supporting part. One point that the book highlights is the speed of her success: Gable, Tracy, Stewart, Grant, Wally Beery, all costarred with her during her brief career. But the stuff of post-mortem glorification simply isn't in her as actress or person, and this nicely produced picture book only proves it.

Let us hope that at the age of 75 Marc Connelly is sprightlier than his A Souvenir from Qom (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). This spoof of Cold War carryings on is a protracted single-joke novel with a vawn for a kicker. The dramatist who co-authored Beggar on Horseback (1924) and won a Pulitzer Prize for Green Pastures (1930) is now resorting to such Hollywooden types as the brainy young scientist who doesn't have much truck with girls, then falls for a luscious jet-setter who social-climbs with her claws: the eccentric, spend-a-million king of a Middle East oildom; and the potentate's young niece, who is everything the bitch isn't and nothing she is. In the course of one of the longest wind-ups since the advent of baseball, the king cons Washington into rushing the scientist to his capital city of Qam on a Top Secret Mission. The plot sickens as the king's nicely-nicely niece prepares, horrors, to be handed into the connubial clutch of a nasty old sheik. When the scientist discovers the preposterous nature of his mission (and preposterous hardly describes it), he goes on the lam from Qam, accompanied by a very slight sur-





HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Everybody should drink it all the time. Or at least once in a while.

Why? Because better beer just isn't made. Need a far instance? O.K. Our brewmasters actually age Heineken for three months. That makes far naturally tiny bubbles. And the smaller the bubbles the better the beer. Sa if you drink Heineken often, you knaw what great beer is. And, if you enjay it just once in a while, you know what your regular beer should be.

HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER



prise—the souvenir referred to in the title. As if all this weren't burden enough, he is further loaded down with chunks of Moslem lore that sound terribly *Britannica*. Somewhere in the weird world of cloak-and-daggerdom there undoubtedly lurks a genuine chuckle, but it is not to be found in this ham from Qam.

James Thurber once wrote, "You can count on the thumb of one hand the American who is at once a comedian, a humorist, a wit and a satirist, and his name is Fred Allen." Now, with some patience you can personally confirm Thurber's analysis in a collection of Fred Allen's Letters (Doubleday), edited by Joe McCarthy. You've got to be patient because there are simply too many letters. But the marvelous Allen wit is there for the alert searcher, pearls imbedded in the showbiz shoptalk. Letter writing for Fred Allen was apparently a form of therapy, an escape from the "cretins and jerks we have to pander to to survive." In a letter to Groucho Marx referring to Milton Berle as "the moron's messiah," Allen wrote, "Berle has been around for 20 years and has never been first in anything. If he is first in television, either our standards have disappeared or there is something wrong with television." Deflation was Fred's forte. He wrote of Darryl Zanuck: "He has so many yes men following him around the studio, I have often thought that he ought to put out his hand when he makes a sharp turn." And of Bennett Cerf: "Bennett rarely says anything until he has sold it in written form in one of his many columns." But his contemporaries were not all clay. Praising Amos 'n' Andy as "the cleverest team in radio," he added: "Most people cannot appreciate the skill involved, which is to be expected. Most people knee deep in the little messes they call their lives cannot appreciate much of anything." Allen suffered for years from overwork and ill health ("I can have no salt and a mere peek at a snapshot of Lot's wife sends my pressure up"), and he became a melancholy man, with a sardonic world view. "Life in my estimation is a biological misadventure that we terminate on the shoulders of six strange men whose only objective is to make a hole in one with you." Thankfully, Fred Allen's life was no misadventure.

RECORDINGS

The Greatness of Joe Mooney (Columbia) reaffirms a unique vocal talent (remember way back to Just a Gigolo?) that has been too long out of earshot. And we're very happy to welcome him back to the recording scene. Joe has Mundell Lowe's impeccable arrangements—played by a reeds-plus-rhythm group—behind him as





GOLD CREST dark claret \$7 (light café finish, \$8.50)

Put relaxation back into your smoking...enjoy the protection of a Medico Filter Pipe. Scientific disposable Filter traps tars, nicotine, juices—gives smoke a clean, natural taste. Every Medico is crafted only from selected imported briar. A few are illustrated at the right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

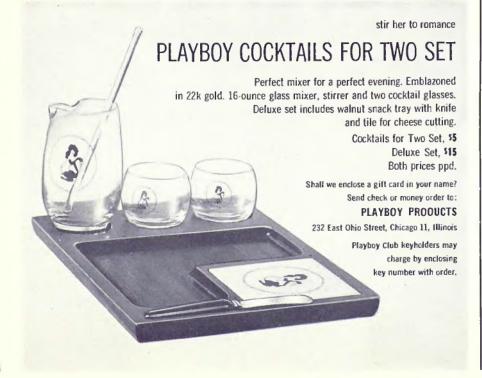
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he delivers his vocal message soft and clear. We especially like his Wait Till You See Her, Call Me Irresponsible and This Is All I Ash.

The indefatigable Hamp has surrounded himself with a host of high-class jazzmen on You Better Know It!!!/Lionel Hampton (Impulse!). Clark Terry, Ben Webster, Hank Jones, Milt Hinton and Osie Johnson are all on hand for the festivities. Nostalgiacs will welcome the revival of Ring Dem Bells, Vibraphone Blues, Pick a Rib and Sweethearts on Parade, renowned Hampton hoedowns that should gain the vibes man a whole new flock of fans.

An interesting experiment is **Out of the Woods** (Capitol), performed by the George Shearing Quintet and Four Woodwinds. It's vibist Gary Burton's baby from start to finish. Burton, who also plays piano and lyre for the session, composed and arranged all 11 pieces. Shearing doubles on harpsichord to impart additional tone to the classically attuned proceedings. Drummer Shelly Manne heads up the rhythm section.

We definitely dig the young lady with the come-hither voice on Fron Jeffries Sings of Sex and the Single Girl (MGM). Fran, former wife and singing associate of Dick Haymes, and now going it alone on both counts, possesses, besides her good looks, some fascinating vocal equipment. It can be sensuous (Make Love to Me), torchy (Early Morning Blues), and down to the nitty-gritty (Goodbye Charlie). Fran even makes the soppy Anniversary Song positively palatable. And that in itself is an accomplishment of the first order.

The Benny Goodman Quartet / Made in Japan (Capitol), recorded "live" in Tokyo's Kosei Nenkin Auditorium, is a comfortable vinylizing. Aided by Dick Shreve on piano, Colin Bailey on drums and Monty Budwig on bass, Benny stays on familiar ground in most instances. Standard Goodman gavottes such as Stompin' at the Savoy, As Long as I Live and Memories of You set the pattern for a free-and-easy outing.

Herbie Mann & Joao Gilberto with Antonio Carlos Jobim (Atlantic), taped in Rio, is a richly rewarding example of our musical good-neighbor policy. The tunes are all Brazilian with flutist Mann and singerguitarist Gilberto alternating tracks. Jobim sings on Mann's recording of his One Note Samba. All in all, a splendid slice of South American life.

The major-domo of mallet men has etched another superlative LP. Jozz 'n' Sombo / Milt Jockson (Impulse!) is a vibes fancier's delight. With pianist Tommy Flanagan, tenor sax man Jimmy Heath,



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 59

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

IUNE 1965

USE YOUR KEY IN 16 CITIES THIS YEAR; BOSTON AND SAN FRANCISCO OPEN SOON!



In every Playboy Club Bunnies greet keyholders, place their personal name plates on the Lobby board and direct them to the many clubrooms.

Playboy Club Circuit Revives Night Life

CHICAGO (Special)—Playboy is noted for Bunnies, fine food and man-sized drinks, but there's also entertainment of another kind—dancing, jam sessions, twist parties, discothèque and top talent performing in the showrooms. Not since the days of the Keith circuit has such an array of talent been available to American showgoers. Our talent roster includes 240 acts that appear in 30 of our clubrooms and new talent is being added daily.

Our performers have cut records—singles and albums, hosted their own local TV shows, been on radio, appeared in other countries, conducted concert tours, been reviewed in Variety,

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—Atlanta Dinkler Motor Hotel; Baltimore 28 Light St.; Chicago 116 E. Walton St.; Cincinnati 35 E. 7th St.; Detroit 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Jamaica on Bunny Bay, Ocho Rios; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental; Los Angeles 8560 Sunset Blvd.; Miami 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans 727 Rue Iberville; New York 5 E. 59th St.; Phoenix 3033 N. Central; St. Louis 3914 Lindell.

Locations Set—Boston 54 Park Square; London 45 Park Lane; San Francisco 736 Montgomery Street.

Next in Line-Washington, D.C.

won awards, had parts in movies and TV plays, played summer stock, and appeared before kings and Presidents.

At The Playboy Club you always see a great show packed with variety and excitement, featuring the stars of today, and tomorrow—like Jerry Van Dyke, Larry Storch, Gary Crosby, Henny Youngman and the Kirby Stone Four.



Bunny Wanda pauses as deft bartender pours full ounce-and-a-halfplus drinks for thirsty keyholders.

CHICAGO (Special) — With two more Playboy Club openings scheduled in the United States this year and London forecast for New Year's Eve, Playboy keyholders will be using their keys in 14 U.S. cities and in two nations abroad (our tropical Jamaican Bunny-

land has been hopping with sophisticated activity since January). For all Playboy locations see the box on this page.

Boston's Bunny hutch premieres this summer at 54 Park Square, opposite historical Boston Common. Our 35 Bunnies will properly greet Bostonians and direct them to Playboy's many clubrooms—Penthouse and Playroom showrooms, the Living Room with swinging Piano Bar, and the festive Playmate Bar.

Following Boston's debut, San Francisco's \$1,500,000 Playboy Club, at 736 Montgomery Street, premieres. Five levels of clubrooms, including two showrooms, will make the Bunny Club the swingingest spot in San Francisco. Site is at the foot of Telegraph Hill in the heart of the entertainment area.

In these two new Clubs keyholders will find Bunnies, toptalent entertainment, live jazz and the friendly, informal atmosphere as in every Playboy Club. Man-satisfying food specialties are the same price as a drink and Playboy's man-sized drink (an ounce-and-a-half of your favorite brand) is known from Massachusetts to California.

Take advantage of the \$25 Charter Rate for keys in new Club areas before the \$50 Resident Fee goes into effect (as in Chicago, Florida and Arizona).

Apply for key privileges to these—and all present and future Clubs—mail the coupon today.



Succulent steak, filet mignon and heaping buffet platters are yours, each for the same price as a drink.

PLAYBOY EXTRAS FOR KEYHOLDERS

CHICAGO (Special) - In addition to admitting you to every Playboy Club now in operation, and to Clubs yet to come, your Playboy Club key also offers a long list of extras, Among these are VIP, the colorful Playboy Club magazine; the use of the Club for private parties; luncheon and cocktail privileges for your wife or playmate; complete credit courtesies at our Jamaican Bunnyland-charge an entire tropical holiday to your key. There are also special events for keyholders and guests, such as Playboy Golf tournaments and Anniversary celebrations.

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Gentlemen:		
Here is my applica	tion for key privileges to The Playboy Club.	
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OCCUPATION		
ADDRESS		
CITY	STATE	ZIP CDDE
	pt within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in Arizona a D. (Key fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to vir	
☐ Enclosed find \$	Bill me for \$	
☐ I wish only info	mation about The Playboy Club.	25



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fellow MJQer Connie Kay on drums, bassist Richard Davis, and Barry Galbraith and Howard Collins sharing the guitar chores, Milt finds himself in good company as he operates in the familiar Bags' bag and explores the bossa-nova beat. Among the former are such goodies as the Duke's I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good and Blues for Juanita; the Brazil-based items include the title tune (with a vocal by Lillian Clark), I Love You and the Oo-Oo Bossa Noova, which has the oo-oos supplied by Joe E. Ross of Car 54, Where Are You? fame.

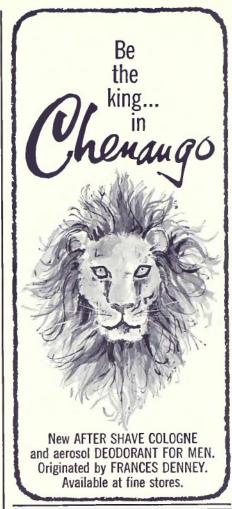
Boby Breeze / Chet Baker (Limelight) displays the recent returnee to these shores in his most felicitous groove to date. His vocalizing—now a major part of the Baker schtick—and Flügelhorn work are inventive and appealing. Baker's boys on this go-round feature Frank Strozier on alto sax and flute, Kenny Burrell on guitar and Bobby Scott on piano. The size of the group varies from trio to quartet to sextet, but Chet's contributions are uniformly lustrous.

The Swingle Singers / Anyone for Mozort? (Philips) continues the vocal group's tonal tour that began with Bach. This time Wolfgang Amadeus is given his due and then some. The featured work is Eine Kleine Nacht Musik, but the scene stealer is Ah! Vous Dirais Je Maman, more commonly known as that childhood favorite Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. The Swingles' star obviously is burning brighter than ever.

Carmen McRae / Second to None (Mainstream) is by no means Miss McRae's best LP—the famed McRae pipes are flawed on occasion, but there is more than enough on hand that is exceptional. Backed by a large orchestra conducted by arranger Peter Matz (who contributed so much to Barbra Streisand's albums), Carmen is splendid on Where Did It Go (the Anglicized version of Manha de Carnaval), Once upon a Summertime and Oscar Levant's moving melody Blame It on My Youth.

In a Relaxed Mood / Harry James (MGM) offers a quietly pervasive big-band sound as drumming elder statesman Buddy Rich plies his trade pianissimo for a change. Tenor man Corky Corcoran, a longtime James associate, is a featured soloist and plays a limpid, breathy sax throughout. There is one fly in the orchestral ointment, unfortunately, and that is James himself. Harry sounds as though his trying to blow a hole in a piece of Kleenex took too much out of him.

If you're a jazz purist, steer clear of Gary McFarland / Soft Samba (Verve), but if you go for a subtle sound that defies cate-





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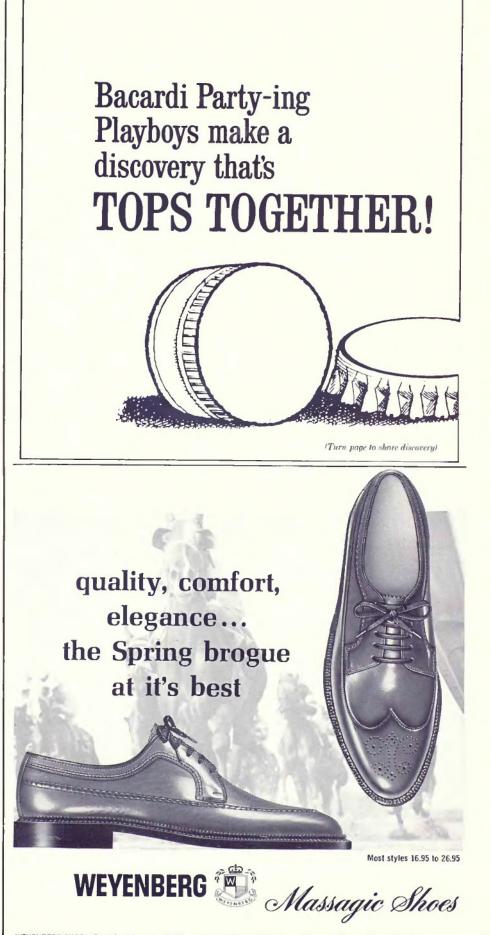
gorization, by all means pick up on this one. Employing an insinuating Brazilian beat, McFarland runs through five Beatle ballads singing wordlessly along with his vibes. The rest of the items tackled are an odd but pleasing assortment: From Russia with Love, Ringo, California, Here I Come and La Vie en Rose among them. Willie Bobo's percussion work and the guitars of Antonio Carlos Jobim and Kenny Burrell are added attractions.

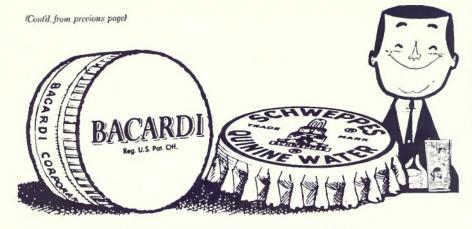
"Tonight"/Clark Terry-Bob Brookmeyer Quintet (Mainstream) is, strangely enough, the first disc by that fine fivesome founded in 1961. The troops stay in a jazz vein all the way, eschewing standards for originals and jazz classics that range from numbers by Terry, Brookmeyer and the quintet's pianist, Roger Kellaway, to the Monk's Straight No Chaser and the Bird's Hymn. But perhaps the best of the lot is Gary McFarland's Weep. Whatever the matter at hand, however, Terry, primarily on Flügelhorn (he plays trumpet on two of the ten tunes), and Brookmeyer, on valve trombone, complement each other to an amazing degree. Drummer Dave Bailey and bassist Bill Crow are the other members of the aggregation.

Morgana King, a lass with a grand voice and a long history of being sadly ignored by fame, is at last coming on strong. A pair of current LPs—The End of a Love Affair (Ascot) and The Winter of My Discontent (Ascot)—should help immensely. The latter is made up entirely of superlative Alec Wilder melodies; among them, It's So Peaceful in the Country, While We're Young and The Lady Sings the Blues are our particular favorites. Love Affair is a Tin-Pan Alley potpourri highlighted by All or Nothing at All, I'll Remember April and You Don't Know What Love Is.

In his transposing of a number of Domenico Scarlatti's harpsichord sonatas to the piano, Vladimir Horowitz has infused the 18th Century composer's works with new-found sonorities and depth of feeling that belie the gossamer-light popular concept of them. Horowitz Plays Scarlatti (Columbia) is a noteworthy achievement for the pianist in a career marked by a succession of milestones.

Herewith, reissues of more than passing interest: Sonny Rollins/Saxophone Colossus (Prestige) was recorded in 1956, at what many consider the pinnacle of Rollins' creative processes. Continually pushed by the quartet's drummer, Max Roach, Rollins scaled the heights of tenordom. Nothing he has done since can equal it. The Immortal Clifford Brown (Limelight) is an illus-

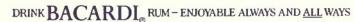




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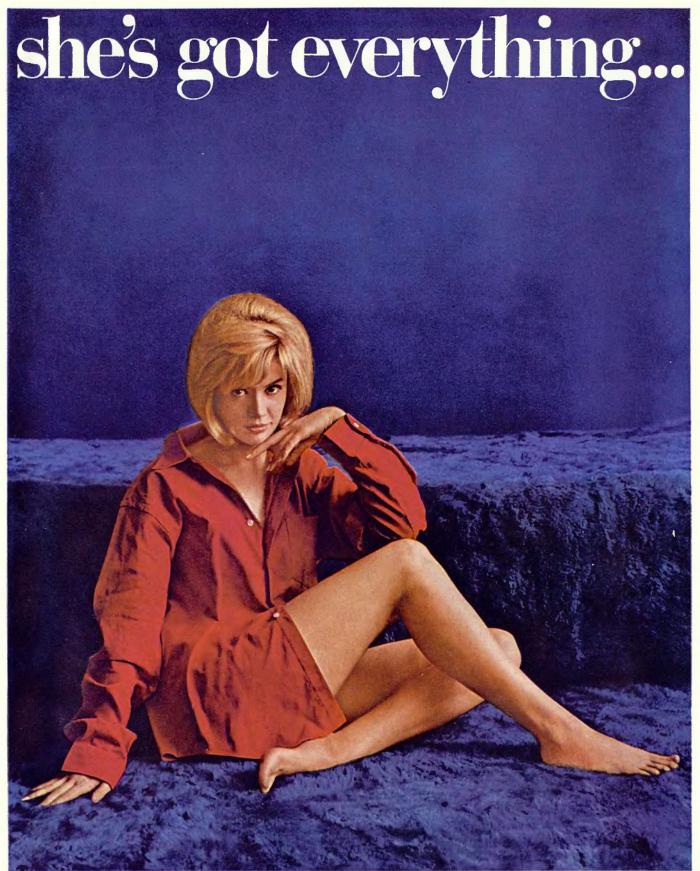
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trious two-LP tribute to the late trumpet giant. Set down between 1954 and 1956, the vinylizings range from the efforts of the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quartet to Brown with strings, to Brown sharing honors with Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington. Whatever its surroundings, the Brown horn was a limpid instrument, combining power and sensitivity in copious quantities. Gleaned from Ella's Cole Porter songbook, Ella Fitzgerald's Tribute to Cole Porter (Verve) proves a moving distillation. The Buddy Bregman arrangements of such Porter perennials as Anything Goes, Love for Sale, Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye and I've Got You Under My Skin provide the perfect catalysts for Ella's clarion warbling. More Porter, this time by that much-neglected song stylist, The One and Only Lee Wiley (RIC). Half Porter melodies, half tunes by the Gershwins, the LP, condensed from two albums recorded in 1939 and 1940, is a gem. Miss Wiley's vocal equipment was as individualistic as a fingerprint-her approach, straightforward yet subtle. The instrumentalists behind her are top flight, including Fats Waller, Bunny Berigan, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell and Joe Bushkin. Required listening for those who appreciate jazz singing of rare distinction.

Jazz Impressions of "A Boy Named Charlie Brown" / Vince Guaraldi Trio (Fantasy) is the sound track for a TV documentary on Charles Schulz and his Peanuts crew. The album is both a failure and a success. It fails in that it does little to convey Schulz' collection of mighty mites; it succeeds, however, in being delightful listening outside the context for which it was created. Guaraldi's compositions are diverting and his playing tastefully attractive. More piano pleasantries are contained in The Popular Previn / André Previn Plays Today's Big Hits (Columbia). Aided by an orchestra arranged and batoned by Marty Paich, Previn constructs myriad keyboard inventions on such smashes as Call Me Irresponsible, Gravy Waltz, Manha de Carnaval and Goodbye Charlie; the last is a real swinger.

The Genius has a gem in Roy Charles Live in Concert (ABC-Paramount). Recorded during a performance of Charles & Co. at Los Angeles' Shrine Auditorium, it is an electrifying outing. The communication between Ray and his audience is absolute as he serves up such timetested Charlesian chants as I Gotta Woman, Margie, Hallelujah I Love Her So and What'd I Say. The Raelets and Charles' band contribute to the evening's activities, but they're all extraneous when Ray reigns.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

am terribly handicapped when making love to a girl because I am extremely ticklish. A light touch (or even a firm touch, for that matter) will send me into fits of laughter. I am susceptible on just about every part of my body. As you can imagine, this throws quite a wet blanket on my little fires. I would appreciate your help.—D. W., Syracuse, New York.

We can't think of any way out of your ticklish situation other than to make sure your feminine companions appreciate a good laugh. And then just grin and bear it.

Several months from now, I am being transferred to Europe. Since, as a Government employee, my moving expenses will be paid, I want to take my hi-fi equipment with me, rather than sell it and buy new gear over there. I have a tape recorder, tuner, amplifier and turntable, all of which are wired for 110v/60c current. Since most European countries have 220v/50c power, I see difficulties in store for me. How can I use my American equipment on European power and, conversely, if I buy any new equipment over there, how will I be able to use it in this country upon my return?-R. F., Berkeley, California.

You can purchase converters—which work both ways—either in Europe, where they're widely available, or in America at stores such as Hammacher Schlemmer and Abercrombie & Fitch.

Are French cuffs on the way out?— B. S. R., Davenport, Iowa.

Only among button manufacturers.

recently made the acquaintance of a very lovely native-born Japanese girl and want to date her; however, her parents are staunch traditionalists and want to meet me first. Knowing the Oriental race as I do, I believe it would be wise for me to try to make the best impression that I can upon my first encounter with them. How should I act? Is there anything especially complimentary that I might say or do? Would it benefit me to know a phrase or two of their language?—M. B., Los Angeles, California.

The best impression you can make is to be yourself. No matter how well you may "know the Oriental race," you're not an Oriental and shouldn't try to be one—even for the duration of an evening. Traditional Japanese will no more appreciate forced flattery than will the Americans you know.

I'm thinking of pulling up stakes and making my career in one of this country's metropolises. Before I decide, could you tell me which United States cities have the largest ratio of women to men?

—H. D. S., Blacksburg, Virginia.

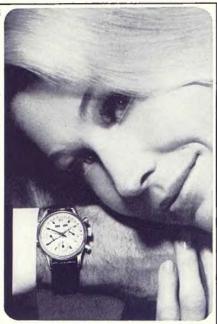
Using the U.S. Census Bureau's 1960 standard for the United States-97 males to every 100 females-as a basis of comparison, you'll find that the ratios in this country's ten largest cities are favorable indeed: New York had only 91 males for every 100 females; Chicago, 95; Los Angeles, 93; Philadelphia, 92; Detroit, 95; Baltimore, 93; Houston, 95; Cleveland, 95; Washington, 88; and St. Louis, 87. Bear in mind that these figures reflect total male and female population, regardless of age or marital condition. We assume that what really interests you is which cities have the most action. On the basis of our own experience (and we're ignoring ratios in favor of the ease with which unattached women can be met), we'd give the nod to New York, Los Angeles and Washington.

Although I understand what is meant by alcoholic "proof"—i.e., pure alcohol is 200 proof and the number decreases in proportion to its dilution—I wonder if you could explain the origin of this usage?—S. L., Seattle, Washington.

According to Dr. Morris Chafetz' excellent book, "Liquor: The Servant of Man," one of the earliest methods of measuring the alcoholic content of liquor was to saturate gunpowder with it and then set a match to the compound. When it burned with a steady blue flame, the distiller knew that he had achieved an equal proportion of water and alcohol—100 proof, which was then, and still is, considered the perfect blend. Hence, the term "gunpowder proof," which has survived simply as "proof."

y fiancé and I have had sexual relations for over three years. At first we were satisfied with one position. Soon he suggested a new one and then a variety. Within a month of weekends (we're separated during the week), I soon found myself wanting and needing this variety for excitement. We got to the point where we wouldn't leave the room and would ring room service for food. Then it was out of bed and onto the floor or in the shower. Finally, it got way out of hand-we were constantly finding new ways and places to excite each other, most of them shocking at first, but at the same time very exciting. I soon became just as abandoned as he. But beginning





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a few months ago, he has become more "stable." He says now that we're approaching marriage, we should begin acting like a mature, grown-up couplewhich seems to mean one position only. He tells me "childish kicks" are unnecessary in an adult marital relationshipbut after three years of "kicks" this monotonous idea is too much for me to take. If his attitude makes him a "mature" 24-year-old, then I prefer to stay immature. I love and need everything we've had before and this new and stable man is impossible for me to adjust to. As a consequence, we're slowly drifting apart. Now I am the most frustrated female in California-and it's only him that I want. I hope this is just a passing fancy with him-if it isn't, we cannot possibly marry. He says it's up to me to change and claims I'm oversexed and need to visit a doctor. He says that if the next three years were like the last three, it would kill him. But what we have now is killing me. Please help.-Miss A. K., Palo Alto, California.

We think you're confusing the nuptial mattress with a gymnasium mat. Your siance will wear himself to a frazzle-mentally as well as physically—if you insist that he spend most of his waking hours trying to top his last act. We suspect that his declining sexual interest, and your ever-increasing demands, are both symptomatic of a deeper dissatisfaction-on whose part we can't say. We suggest a long talk-face to face, both seated-to determine what the trouble is. Depending on the result, you must be ready to consider breaking your engagement. However, if he really is just pooped (and we don't for a minute discount the possibility), then you might be able to hit on an agreeable compromise somewhere between acrobatics and monotony.

n your February Advisor answer concerning ice cubes, you stated that hot water takes longer to freeze than cold. This is untrue. I'm sure if you experimented, as I did, by putting hot and cold trays in the freezer, you'd agree with me.—E. C., Raleigh, North Carolina.

Back to the freezer, E. C. Our original statement is the correct one. The scientific explanation is that there are two distinct steps in the freezing process. Water must give off heat until its temperature drops to the freezing point, and then give off more heat (known as "the heat of fusion") as its molecules rearrange themselves into ice. For identical quantities of water, the heat of fusion is the same, no matter what temperature the water was to begin with. Since your freezing unit absorbs heat at a uniform rate, the higher the temperature of the water in the tray, the longer it will take to reach the freezing point. Ergo: colder water, quicker cubes. If you still don't believe us, repeat the experiment by putting a tray of hot water, alone, in your freezer. Stop-watch its progress. Then repeat with cold water and compare the elapsed times. Your results were inaccurate since you undoubtedly put both trays in the freezer together; because of heat transference, they freze at the same time.

My girl and I had a violent argument recently about revolving-door etiquette. Which is proper: Should the man enter the door first, thereby exerting the initial turning force, or should he stand aside allowing the lady to go first, but also forcing her to do the pushing?—W. H., Brooklyn, New York.

If you had a violent argument over this, we wonder what happens when you discuss something really important. To be correct, the man should let the woman into the revolving door first, turn it as she goes in, follow her in the next compartment and do all the pushing himself.

am planning to get married in late September. Since this is a transitional period between summer and winter dress, could you tell me which would be more proper to wear—a white or a black dinner jacket?—J. R., Avon, Ohio.

White dinner jackets are correct from June through Labor Day. Black is the right one for you.

Where did the term "red-light district" originate?—A. M., Waco, Texas.

The most satisfactory explanation we've heard is that the phrase was first used in the hell-raising railroad construction camps of the Old West, where prostitutes supposedly outnumbered chaste women 20 to 1. A trainman visiting a girl's tent would hang his red lantern outside so that the foreman looking for men to make up a crew would know where to find him. On a busy night, a number of prostitutes' tents would comprise a "red-light district." Subsequently, of course, the red light came to symbolize a house of prostitution.

am a young man studying at the University of Illinois, majoring in physics, and living at home with my father and an older sister. Although my relationship with my father has not quite reached the intolerable stage, we barely pass a day without engaging in at least one good, unhealthy argument. He pays the bills in return for my services in keeping up the house, and this obligation, coupled with our inability to get along, has been playing havoc with my grades; I'm on academic probation this semester in spite of a 135 I. Q. Now, I'm not just another adolescent puppy yelp-



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ing for his daily paternal affection, but even a "damn-fool son"-to use my father's term of endearment-needs an occasional word of encouragement from those around him. Do you think it would be best for all concerned if I called it quits under his roof?-R. C., Chicago, Illinois.

Yes. A part-time job and student loan will help you pull through financially, and the vacation from each other's ruffled disposition will be good for both of you, after which you may be able to establish a happier father-son relationship based on your economic independ-

V v boss and his wife have invited me and my fiancée to be their sole guests for a week-long cruise on their modest yacht. Would it be correct for me to offer to supply either food or liquor?--H. L., New London, Connecticut.

Yes. You can offer to add to the larder or supply the booze; if it's a powerboat, you can also offer to pay for the fuel. And after the cruise, of course, a breadand-butter gift is mandatory.

For reasons that would be self-evident if you saw me, I'd like to know if there is any operation that can be performed to make a person's ears not stick straight out from the sides of his head .- J. L., Boston, Massachusetts.

Yes, there is, and we're told by doctors that it's neither very difficult nor very expensive. You had best check with a physician. Bear in mind, though, that Clark Gable was once told to do the same thing and decided not to.

am a sophomore at a small residential university. Though I'm known as a swinger, my reputation is based more on words than on deeds. This is my problem. I find that I get more sexual pleasure out of telling tales of sexual prowess than I do from the actual acts. Is there something wrong with me?-B. N., Tallahassee, Florida.

Yes. We suggest you seek psychiatric counsel. Besides shedding light on your hang-up, the doctor will make a great listener.

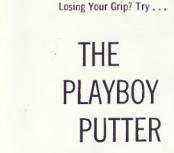
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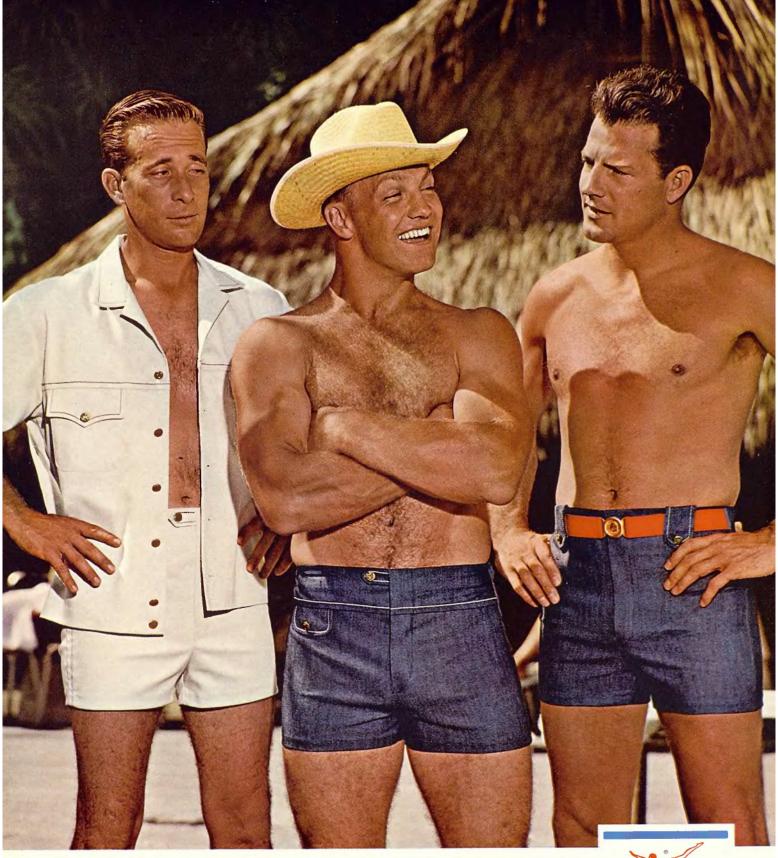


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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IN AUGUST, it's customary for Europeans to take their vacations en masse. Thus, an American motoring on the Continent's crowded turnpikes will quickly avow that pikes pique; but shunning the trans-European routes in favor of the uncluttered byways, he'll find driving an unalloyed pleasure. An excellent start can be made with a series of loops around Paris, each distinguished by historically rich landmarks and superb dining. One of our favorites goes through Fontainebleau and on to the Grand Veneur restaurant, where the eye is rewarded with a view of Europe's most regal hunting forest and the palate is delighted with unsurpassable cuisine. Another short run from Paris goes through St.-Cloud to the Empress Josephine's country home at Malmaison, past the medieval châteaux of Louveciennes (where Renoir, Degas and Monet lived) and on, for lunch, to the Auberge du Fruit Défendu, set at water level beside the Seine, or the Coq Hardi (Bougival), where the meals are served in a magnificent garden. The last leg of the journey is St.-Germain-en-Laye, where you'll enjoy the weekend at Le Pavillon Henri IV, a luxurious resort favored as a teatime rendezvous by the Paris haut monde.

An equally pleasant but longer run leads beyond St. Germain to Deauville where, in August, the racing season is climaxed by the Grand Prix de Deauville and by a succession of splendid white-tie galas at the Casino. The route to this coast town runs through the shrine city of Lisieux, but you may want to stop first for a snack at Pont-l'Évêque, the shrine of cheese gourmets. In Deauville, the places to stay are the Golf—situated on a magnificent golf course and looking out on the sea—or the Royal, conveniently located on the beach.

Heading southeast, you'll find that France's thermal spas offer lots more than the waters. In addition to the two lively casinos at Aix-les-Bains—just off the Paris—Geneva road—there are golf, horseback riding amid challenging hills, swimming and sailing. The menu at the Splendide Hotel is excellent.

One of Belgium's best motor routes is from Brussels through Bruges (including a round-trip barge cruise along the canals) for a delightful lunch at the Duc de Bourgogne. From here, move on to the Belgian coast, where a fine series of resort towns runs for 35 miles along a sandy beach, with an active social life centered about the casinos of Le Zoute and Ostend. If you're going to stop over,

choose La Reserve at Le Zoute, a modernized Flemish manor house with a luxurious restaurant.

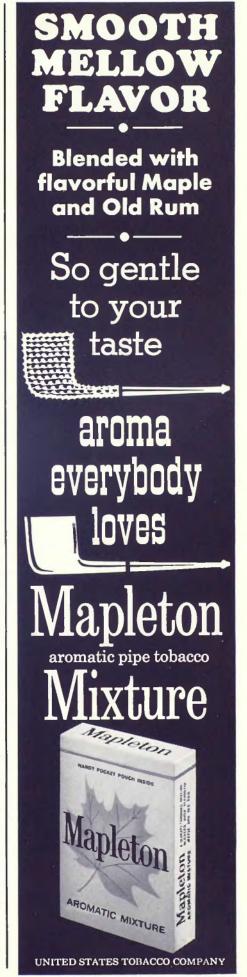
Spain's Costa Atlantica, still relatively ignored by Americans, offers rooms in comfortably modernized palaces with sparkling strands nearby. The Parador Nacional de Gil Blas, a historic castle in Santillana del Mar, accommodates visitors to the famous caves of Altamira, where Stone Age paintings are faithfully preserved. Another excellent mansion, at Santiago de Compostela, is the Hostal de los Reyes Catolicos, originally constructed by Ferdinand and Isabella, but now one of Europe's leading hotels. A late-July festival draws huge crowds here for a dazzling succession of processions, bullfights, fireworks and races.

You can combine the life of a grandee with that of a beachcomber by stopping at Santander's Old World Hotel Real and wheeling over to the nearby beaches at El Sardinero and La Magdalena. Taking your own playmate to this area is a coalsto-Newcastle deal, since you're sure to find feminine companionship among the American students attending the summer school. An after-class hangout near Sardinero that provides more than atmosphere is the Rhin, where the cangrejos (fresh-water crayfish) rank high among the region's gustatory delights.

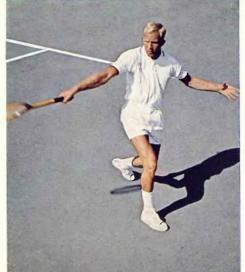
Back home, music lovers tired of many of the ersatz sounds currently labeled "folk" may want to hie down to Asheville, North Carolina's celebrated hoedown, the August Mountain Dance and Folk Festival. Inaugurated in 1927 by Bascom Lamar Lunsford, this granddaddy of hootenannies attracts authentic folk performers from local mountain coves and ridge crests, as well as from all over the nation. The place to stay, on the west slope of Sunset Mountain, is the luxury resort hotel of Grove Park, a massive area of native granite rambling up a series of terraces. If you're willing to learn a few chords before you go, take a guitar along-it will work like a magnet on the many fair-sexed aficionados who make the scene.

Skindiving buffs will find a bonanza in Michigan's lakes, where, in addition to the fish, there's a bounty of sunken ships to explore—well over 600 wrecks dating back to 1679 when La Salle's schooner Griffon disappeared. The chips are really down in Lake Charlevoix, at the bottom of which a gambling ship is currently collecting mollusks.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

RESPONSE TO THOSE IOWA COEDS

While reading the February issue of PLAYBOY we were pleasantly surprised to find that there are coeds in the Midwest with attitudes such as those expressed in the "Men Wanted" Forum letter.

Because we are neither "hustlers" nor "nice types," we can sympathize with the problems of these coeds. As intelligent, educated male students from a neighboring university, we want them to know that if they are unsuccessful in the future in finding their so-called male counterparts on their own campus, there are at least two not far away. Please print this letter.

Verne D. Buhl Jerry Meyer University of Nebraska Lincoln, Nebraska

We have just read the letter to the editor in the February issue from the frustrated girls in Ames, Iowa, and we earnestly think that we have in our persons the answers to all of their hopes, dreams and desires. We would be more than happy to do what we can to remedy the problem. We think that they would find we possess the enlightened attitude that they seek. We, too, are young, mature, attractive, intelligent, fashion-conscious and well educated-in addition to being responsible, honest, respectful and interested partners. If they should consider us fit for their purposes, we suggest a brief sojourn to the "enlightened" community of Chapel Hill. We sincerely apologize for the male population of Ames, Iowa, which seems to be a victim of cultural lag, and we hope that they will soon awake and follow the progressive leadership of the University of North Carolina.

Peter Moister Morris McDonald University of North Carolina Chapel Hill, North Carolina

In reference to the fine Forum letter from the pair of unidentified young coeds at Iowa State University: If Iowa can't supply any "enlightened male counterparts"—send them to Birmingham, Alabama. My number is 786-4846.

Douglas Patrick Birmingham, Alabama

Your letter from the coeds here at Iowa State University that was published in the February Forum caused a small ripple in the great pool of apathy here known as the student body. Enclosed are a letter to the editor and several items from the classified ad column that appeared in the *Iowa State Daily* immediately after the February PLAYBOY went on sale:

PLAYBOY LETTER FABRICATION?
To the Editor:

While perusing the current issue of PLAYBOY, we happened upon a letter in *The Playboy Forum* written by some ignominious person or persons unknown. Said person or persons (allegedly female) not only degraded the university by calling it "narrow-minded," but also fostered the idea that there *actually* exist on this campus females who harbor liberal attitudes on sex.

We, as "enlightened, young, mature, attractive, intelligent, fashion-conscious, educated" men, find it difficult to believe that this letter could have had its origin in an Iowa State coed's mind. Furthermore, where in this energetic and industrious student body is there an individual with enough spare time to have created such an obvious fabrication?

Herbert Malkus, Chem. 6 Leland M. Yates, Jr., Chem. 6 John E. Barker, E. E. 6

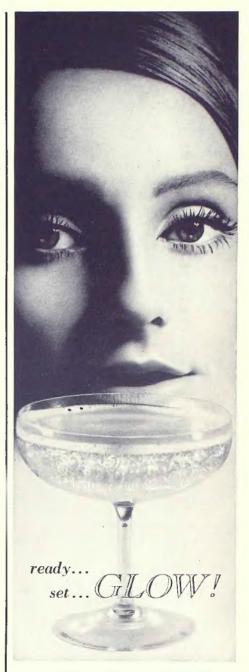
Girls who wrote to Playboy—Call 233-1118. Your Enlightened Male Counterparts.

Forty typical Iowa State men who meet requirements listed by coeds' PLAYBOY letter would like to meet authors. Call "Name Withheld." 232-8160.

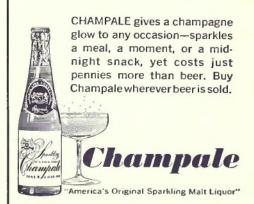
Desdemona and Enlightened Friends. Enlightened Counterparts wish to meet Enlightened Female Counterparts. Contact Box 1105, ISU Station.

Available: 5 "Enlightened Male Counterparts." Call 232-0521.

Attention: Mature, attractive and intelligent *Forum* writers. We understand your dilemma perfectly. For similar attitudes, attributes and desire, call 232-7941.



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METROPOLIS BREWERY OF N.J., INC., TRENTON

Both my wife and I enjoy PLAYBOY tremendously and encourage your fight against censorship and narrow-mindedness.

> Robert Nicklin Ames, Iowa

In regard to the "Men Wanted" item in the February Forum, we, the men of the U. S. S. Hammerberg (DE 1015) have the same feelings as these poor misguided young, mature, attractive, intelligent, fashion-conscious, educated coeds.

As fine upstanding members of the world's finest Navy and the "Fleet's Finest Ship," we truly agree with their thoughts on heterosexual relations between understanding adults. However, we would like to know where our counterparts, the enlightened women of the world, are?

Michael M. Moore George A. Hietman U. S. S. Hammerberg (DE 1015) FPO, New York, New York

I read the letter entitled "Men Wanted" in the February Forum. I don't believe the letter states the whole truth of the matter. First of all, the ratio of men to women being what it is here, the possibility of having heterosexual relationships is very rare to my knowledge. I have been here three years, and have yet to find a "young, mature, attractive, intelligent, fashion-conscious, educated coed" in search of an interesting partner.

Most of the men here believe that sexual relationships outside of marriage are perfectly acceptable. I live in a fraternity and have frequent contact with the "opposite sex"—meaning, in this case, the cold and snobby females of Iowa State University. If they would act more like women, heterosexual relationships here could take a turn for the better.

A. Goldman Iowa State University Ames, Iowa

We have read with interest the letter from the coeds regarding their plight here at Iowa State. While we agree with their mature and rational sexual beliefs and their opinion of this university as narrow-minded, by dividing all men into hustlers or "nice types" they make the same mistake as the "nice" guys who classify girls as those who do and those who don't. We doubt that these coeds know personally enough of the 9000 men here to be able to categorize "nearly all" of us. Many of the men here share the coeds' views. There are three men for every woman here, and if these girls are really "attractive, intelligent and mature." they should have no trouble finding "enlightened male counterparts." Most likely, they fail to consider the guys' position. If we make our views known we are classed as hustlers; if not, we are "nice" guys.

It is unfortunate that contemporary standards prevented these women from signing their names. Social change is little advanced by those who are afraid to speak out for their convictions.

> Don R. Smith Jerry Wilson Carroll Battles Iowa State University Ames. Iowa

On January 21, I received my February Playboy and read with much interest The Playboy Forum, especially the letter entitled "Men Wanted." On the same day I received a letter from a friend at "the narrow-minded university." The interesting thing was the postscript, which read: "Read the Forum in this month's Playboy. There's a letter there from some ISU pigs."

Ken Seiling Morningside College Sioux City, Iowa

The letter from the Ames, Iowa, coeds in your February Forum was interesting and brings up a point too many all-American boys don't consider. Sexual freedom goes both ways. The American male encourages his counterpart to be sexually free while he in turn nurtures his own puritanical feelings.

This double-standard attitude defeats both sides. For every "sweet young thing" who's guilt-ridden because she "fell," there's the casual roué who's unaffected in direct proportion to his own contribution in helping her down the path to ruin.

So long as the all-American boy gives the responsibility of "will she or won't she" to his all-American girl, he sets up a frame of reference that allows her to answer only in the degree to which she's good or bad. If she gives in she's bad. If she doesn't, we're mad, but she's good. If she does and she's good at it, that's really bad. We save the good ones for marriage. Their virtue looks good on the mantel

As the sexual game is played, it's the duty of the man to get her to say yes. It's her duty to say no. The burden of providing his masculinity and her femininity becomes so heavy that it's the game that becomes primary and the act secondary. When the all-American boy, through diligent and tactful persuasion. "conquers" the all-American virgin, what does he win? When you win at the expense of someone else's dignity you don't win anything. With the moral orientation our society offers as a guide, sex becomes a meeting of antagonists. The mutual honesty and respect our Ames coeds are seeking will never be found

The immorality of sex lies not in the doing but in the using. The sexual game epitomizes "who used whom." When the male conquers and takes away female dignity, what does that leave him but the loss of his own? It's no wonder so many otherwise adequate sex partners end up frustrated.

This competition exists as well in marriage. It's difficult to express sexual freedom on the marital bed, since we males insist our "good" wives keep it "clean," befitting an all-American wife and mother. How many all-American husbands, who complain that their wives are unresponsive or frigid, are willing to admit they taught them all they know? How many of these husbands could comfortably live with a sexually free wife? If all the so-called frigid wives rose up and freely expressed themselves sexually, we'd have a din of men screaming "Foul!"

It's about time the all-American boys, these "great lovers," the tasters of the "forbidden fruit." realize these very terms, to which we men so nobly aspire as battle ribbons, are really an admission we're engaged in a sexual war. We may call war noble, but it sure isn't much

Dick Frech Casper, Wyoming

SEX AND THE CLERGY

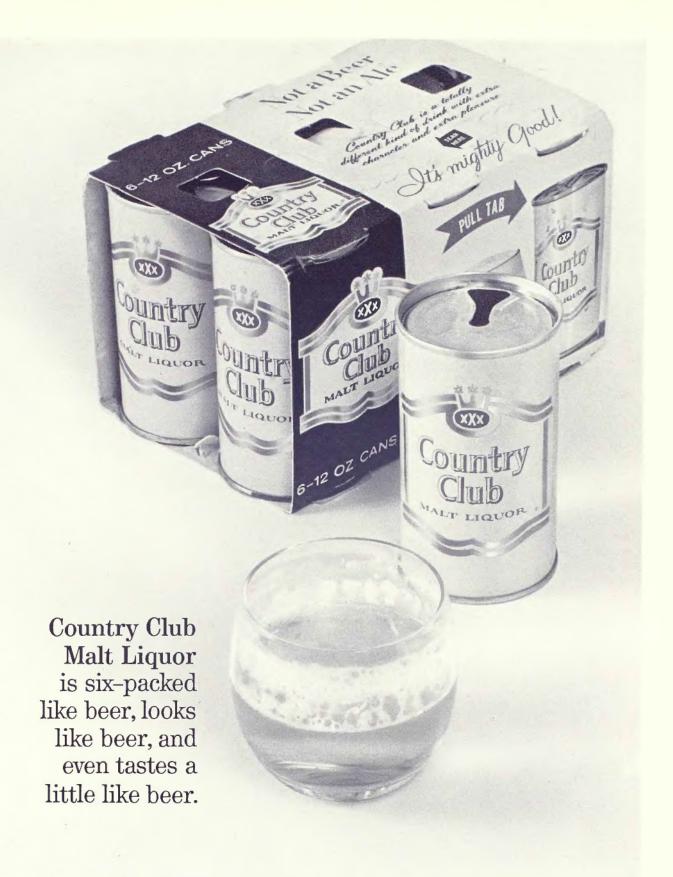
For the past several months I have been lightly scanning your *Philosophy*. At the same time, through contact with several college couples, I have become concerned with the problem of premarital sex, especially as it is found in some of the more sophisticated and mature college circles.

From the contact I have had with your Philosophy, it seems to me that you are speaking rather responsibly to this problem, although I am not sure that I would agree with your position. I do feel, however, that you represent a definite school of thinking concerning this problem. Therefore, I feel that I should read the entire Playboy Philosophy series and see what relationship it does have to what I feel is a desperately needed rethinking of the problem. There is little doubt in my mind that the Church is saving very little that is definitive, and I am interested in seeing just what can be done to overcome this.

Therefore, would you please send me a complete copy of your *Philosophy?*

Byron D. Leasure First United Presbyterian Church Youngwood, Pennsylvania Done.

I am very happy to see the publication of the round-table discussion among Hugh Hefner and three clergymen. In my opinion, PLAYBOY is performing one of the most responsible roles in the area of sex education in America today. We are in the midst of a sexual revolution, which seems to me an integral part of a much larger social revolution, based



But there's a strong difference.

upon modern developments in knowledge, technology, and human rights. PLAYBOY is to be commended for its analysis of this vital area of human concern—for its bringing to bear upon this subject insights from history, religion and science.

I am about to embark upon a series of sermons, which will be a study of "Sex in Context." I propose to examine the sexual attitudes, values and practices as they relate to religion, history, and human nature, and conclude with the attempt to suggest a viable sex ethic for our time. If PLAYBOY would be interested in seeing what comes out of this study, I would be glad to send a copy.

Philip W. Pennington

The Unitarian Church of Boulder Boulder, Colorado

We would welcome a copy of your study when it is completed, and thank you.

THEOLOGIAN HEFNER

I wonder how many of your readers realize that a theological seminary uses PLAYBOY to illustrate to others that the Church is still very exciting and relevant? I wonder if you realize that The Playboy Philosophy has had such farreaching effects? Theologian Hefner... Welcome to the Ministry of Christian education!

Paul Watson Jr. Bower Hill Community Church Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

BLACK AND WHITE

In advocating sexual intercourse outside marriage for both the married and unmarried, Mr. Hefner, in my judgment, evades and ignores some of the most stubborn facts of life, and to the extent he does so he may be justly accused of the very sham and hypocrisy he is so fond of condemning in modern society.

One of these stubborn facts is that sexual intercourse outside marriage produces children. The unprecedented availability of contraceptives today is accompanied by an unprecedented number of unmarried mothers and fathers. If you doubt this, consult any reputable welfare official or juvenile court judge. The Playboy Philosophy is helping flood the country with unwanted children. In refusing to face this situation PLAYBOY is guilty of the worst sort of sham and hypocrisy. As a minister, I have often had to spend long, painful hours with families whose troubles have been brought on in part by The Playboy Philosophy.

Another stubborn fact ignored and evaded by PLAYBOY is that great and good marriages are never built on the casual attitude toward sex propagated by PLAYBOY.

You make much of Dr. Kinsey's finding that most married people who had premarital or extramarital intercourse think it has not had any harmful effects. I am totally unimpressed, because all such findings treat marriage as an undifferentiated entity. The stubborn fact is that there are second- and thirdand fourth-rate marriages, and all too few first-rate marriages. The married person who claims there is no harm in extramarital sex would have to convince me that the marriage in question is of high quality. My experience leads me to believe that such marriages are miserable affairs, so lacking in the elements of greatness that they would flunk the simplest and most minimal test. The fact that two married people who engage in extramarital sex inhabit the same house and have not as yet been divorced proves nothing to me except that they have a most poverty-stricken relationship.

Really, there is very little meeting of minds when I try to communicate with you. We don't seem to get together on what is black and what is white.

Reverend Caxton Doggett The First Methodist Church Lakeland, Florida

It has been our experience that life very rarely exists in simple terms of black and white. But at least a part of our nonmeeting of minds seems to be based on a misunderstanding: Hefner has never advocated "sexual intercourse outside marriage for both the married and unmarried," as you suggest. While establishing his belief that all private sex behavior between consenting adults should be a matter of individual moral determination and not subject to regulation by the government, Hefner has made clear that he considers premarital intercourse and extramarital intercourse two entirely different problems.

We agree with your statement that a successful marriage requires more than a casual approach to the responsibilities of the relationship—sexual and other; and we believe that extramarital sex is usually a cause and/or symptom of marital maladjustment. The immorality of adultery is not in the act of nonmarital sex per se, however, but in the betrayal of the faith and fidelity that bind the members of a marriage together, and to which both partners have willingly committed themselves.

Premarital sex is quite a different matter. No commitment to any third person exists as an extenuating circumstance; the interests and wishes of the couple alone ought to then become the major moral consideration. If they decide to be sexually intimate, they have every moral right to do so—provided the behavior is neither exploitive nor irresponsible. The fact that any portion of our organized religion happens to oppose premarital sex as immoral is completely beside the point—or should be, in this supposedly free secular society.

And it must be mentioned that there

is no unanimity on the immorality of single sex among the major religions of America today-a growing number of liberal clergymen, of various denominations, are no longer willing to state categorically that premarital sex is sinful or wrong, pointing out that this rigid and restrictive view does not come from either early Jewish scripture or from Christ. As Hefner has well documented in "Philosophy," the major antisexual element in our Judaeo-Christian tradition is derived from the Dark Aged dogma of the medieval Church and, following the Reformation, from the teachings of Calvin, after which both English and American Puritanism were patterned.

We have stated our opposition to irresponsible sex. Having an illegitimate child is irresponsible in most instances, because a child very much needs, especially in the first, formative years, the affection and attention of both parents, and the security that a marriage-family environment provides. You offer illegitimacy as your chief argument against premarital sex and even make the incredible assertion that "The Playboy Philosophy' is helping flood the country with unwanted children." But illegitimacy is actually perpetuated by the puritan moralists in our society, not by PLAYBOY.

There has always been premarital sex and there always will be; however, recent scientific advances have finally given us a simple, inexpensive, effective answer to the problem of unwanted pregnancy. If our society is not using this knowledge to full advantage, if birthcontrol products and information are not readily available to every member of society who wants them-young or old, married or single-it is the hypocritical supermoralists who are most to blame: they decry the social evils of unwed motherhood and fatherless children; but they also oppose universal use of oral contraceptives, because they fear this would lead to sexual promiscuity. Thus is the problem of illegitimacy perpetuated.

For another solution to the problem of unplanned pregnancy, see the next

letter.

THE CASE FOR ABORTION

It appears to me that legalized abortion is basic to the existence of the premarital sexual freedom that Mr. Hefner advocates, as well as necessary to the happiness and security of families into which several children have already been born or in which the married couple is not yet financially ready to take on the responsibilities of raising children.

I have set out my own views on the subject of legalized abortion as follows:

At present the main stumbling block to the liberalizing of abortion laws is the Catholic Church's position on the matter. The Church's casuistry on this subject seems so pedantic and evasive of human values as to appear almost comical, even if one were not conscious of the countless human lives injured by such an inhumane stance. The thinking of the Catholic Church on the subject of abortion should not be the basis of our laws, since this contradicts the constitutional philosophy of division of church and state.

In order to insure that the period of premarital sexual freedom is comparatively free from anxiety, legalized abortion for unmarrieds is necessary. It must be remembered that even the most advanced contraceptives in use today are not foolproof. Also, some people are prone to be careless.

I have read that a number of New York gynecologists are lobbying for more liberal abortion laws that would permit abortion to be performed when the mother's health would be seriously endangered by the birth experience. These changes seem commendable as far as they go. But let's consider (a) the injury to the well-being of families in which the mothers are healthy, but which already have more children than they can properly support. Or (b) consider the emotional catastrophe which befalls the young unmarried couple with the arrival of an unwanted baby. Some people might argue that unmarried couples should be forced to marry in order to atone for the "sin" of engaging in premarital sex. Hopefully, these people are in a small minority. Perhaps the issue is best put this way: Is it in society's best interest to force an unwanted baby on a couple that is not yet mature or financially stable? What sort of upbringing could such a baby look forward to?

The present official policy to suppress abortion only leads to disrespect for the law, thereby contributing to the increasing lack of faith in our legal system that seems to be the hallmark of our age.

In lieu of the Catholic speculations on the existence of a human soul within the fetus, state legislators must answer the question of when in the course of the maturation process a human being is formed who can be said to be endowed with a legal right to existence. It seems to me that no fully satisfying answer can be made to this question since the maturation process is a continuum. It therefore seems that a reasonable, though somewhat arbitrary, point in the maturation process must be chosen as that at which a human being legally comes into existence.

What more reasonable point could be chosen than that of birth? Surely no one will say that when the sperm first penetrates the egg a human being with legally enforceable rights has come into existence; conversely no one will say that a child, once it has been born, is not a human being with legal rights.



For after shave, after shower, after anything! Brut.

It may be contended that we should not attempt to enact any law which relies on such an ineffable concept as the point at which a human being comes into existence. Yet the law has always had to deal with reasonable approximations of the truth. What we arrive at may not be necessarily a theologically satisfying definition nor even a scientifically precise one, but it must be a reasonable and workable legal definition. Having established the point at which a human being legally comes into existence as that of birth, we would be free to set up laws which would allow abortion for both married and unmarried women.

> Richard Kelly New York, New York

Hefner plans to include an extensive examination of the legal, moral and medical aspects of abortion in an early installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

NATIONAL SECURITY

I feel I must comment on the Forum letters from Mrs. Isabelle Spiegel and G. R. Ramsey III, which were printed under the heading of "The Jenkins Case" in the February 1965 PLAYBOY.

I am an Intelligence analyst working for the U.S. Army in Europe. My job deals with the clearance of personnel for access to classified information and material. The security of the United States (which includes Mrs. Spiegel, G. R. Ramsey III, Hugh Hefner and myself) depends upon each and every individual who possesses a clearance to defense information. A person who is cleared is simply a calculated risk. The Government cannot guarantee any individual to be above reproach. Reasons for denial of clearance are: evidence of mental, nervous, or emotional disorder; excessive indebtedness; excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages; use of narcotics; unexplained affluence; immoral conduct; and sexual perversion or homosexuality. The Government is not saying that anyone who falls in one of the above categories is not honest, industrious, trustworthy or reliable, or accusing them of any crime. It just stands to reason that someone who is not vulnerable to blackmail is less a security risk than someone who is.

Both Mrs. Spiegel and G. R. Ramsey III fail to understand not only the concept of national security, but the importance of a classified document. The compromise of one document might simply set back the originating agency a few years; or, it might cost the lives of both Mrs. Spiegel and G. R. Ramsey III, their families, friends and, God forbid, PLAYBOY magazine.

Eugene D. Radeka Headquarters, U. S. Army Petroleum Distribution Command Europe APO New York, New York The primary points made by readers Spiegel and Ramsey—which are valid, we think—were (1) that it's not homosexuality per se, but society's hostility to homosexuality, that makes the threat of blackmail a possibility and thus makes homosexuals security risks; and (2) that the blackmail consideration, which was mentioned in the forced resignation of Jenkins, obviously ceased to be a real factor in his case, once the fact of his homosexual acts was made public.

We do agree with you that national security considerations required President Johnson to remove his personal assistant, but not for reasons that have anything to do with Jenkins' sexual inclinations. The overriding consideration, it seems to us, is simply that Jenkins displayed exceptionally bad judgment, in what was essentially a repeat of an incident that had led to his previous arrest on a morals charge, in that same public washroom, some time before-bad enough judgment to suggest his unsuitability for the sensitive position of key Presidential confidant and aid, in which he had previously served.

ADULTS ONLY

Really, adultery is for adults!

Byron Roche
Eniwetok, Marshall Islands
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it for children!

PSYCHIATRIST'S VIEW

I wish to comment as a psychiatrist on the religious round-table discussions in which Hefner exchanged views with clergymen of the three major faiths. In the course of the discussions, he skillfully and persuasively defended the presentation of female sexuality in PLAYBOY as something positive and pleasurable. If his work helps people look with delight and admiration at the nude form, then it is worth while. He quoted jazzman Paul Desmond as once observing that beauty is in the eye of the keyholder. An old psychiatrist's joke tells of a patient who was being given the ink-blot test. The psychiatrist looked over the test results and gravely said: "Mr. Jones, you are very much obsessed with sex." "Sure I am," replied the patient, "And I will be as long as you keep showing me dirty pictures!"

Negative things can also lurk in the eye of the keyholder, and Hefner indicated this in his description of the way individuals pruriently react to The Playboy Club. Frankly, I think he gives sex, as he says, a whole lot less attention in the pages of PLAYBOY than it receives in the secret psyches of some of the young men for whom the magazine is edited.

Needless to say, PLAYBOY'S moral view, which permits sexual expression outside of wedlock, is opposed to the traditional morality held by the clergy. Hefner has reminded us, sometimes with lurid examples, that as recently as 50 years ago masturbation-and in fact any expression of sexuality in childhood-was held to be a sign of degeneration. Even today, masturbation is referred to as "the sin of impurity" by a major religious group. Yet as Hefner points out, the period between sexual maturation and marriage poses a real dilemma for the individual in our society. Is he to solve it by continence, masturbation, or recourse to prostitutes? Are there to be occasional sexual relations with consenting temporary partners with whom he may contemplate marriage if the relationship ripens? Or will it be early marriage before the partners mature in personality, and with perhaps added problems arising when children are born? What happens depends to a great extent on the psychological balance of forces within each person. There is no ready-made, universal solution.

The Catholic Church holds the view that sexual relations without the aim of procreation are sinful. You hold the opposite view, and I must say from clinical experience that arguments can easily be mustered to support the view that it is immoral to create children who will be deprived of a fair deal in life. I refer to children who will be exposed to rejection, lack of love, and other forms of inadequate parenthood. It is no accident that the underprivileged section of the population provides the vast majority of emotionally disturbed children, who in turn perpetuate similar problems in their offspring. We are becoming increasingly aware that the Great Society must begin in the nursery.

I agree with Hefner's view that personal sex is best. I do not think that there can be fully satisfying sexual relations without personal involvement. Put another way, only a mature relationship provides the medium for complete sexual gratification. That is why sexual relations are, unhappily, so often disappointing. The point has previously been made by Erich Fromm, who stresses the increased feeling of loneliness and alienation after the sexual act has been carried out without a proper relationship. Fromm has also drawn attention to the need for complete absorption during the act of love. This helps us understand the commonly felt frustration and dissatisfaction with sex relations often experienced in courtship and the early period of marriage.

Finally, the idea of sex as a means to personal identity seems to me to be a misconception. Sex is an important means of expression of personal identity, (continued on page 163)



Above: style 5224, Mist Moosehide; 5225, Black; 5226, Olive. Below: style 5194, Golden Brown Scotch; 5218, Cordo Scotch; 5219, White Scotch.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MELVIN BELLI

a candid conversation with the embattled, outspoken attorney who defended jack ruby

"The mad genius of the San Francisco bar"... "a court jester"... "a publicity-mad pettifogger"... "the S. Hurok of the legal profession"—these are among the kinder things said about San Francisco attorney Melvin Mouron Belli (pronounced "bell-eye"). That he is unquestionably among the greatest living trial lawyers, however, is conceded even by Belli's legion of enemies, including no few as formidable in stature as the American Bar Association, the American Medical Association, most major insurance firms, J. Edgar Hoover, Robert Kennedy, Richard Nixon and, perhaps most recently, the city of Dallas, Texas, ever since Jack Ruby-with Belli as his counselwas sentenced to death there for the murder of Lee Harvey Oswald.

An eminent attorney long before the Ruby trial, "Belli has had more effect on the law in the past ten years than any 50 lawyers in the last century," in the possibly overenthusiastic opinion of a colleague. Indeed, many of his cases have established, or carried forward, major precedents in America's civil and criminal law. Defending those accused of rape, robbery, assault, arson, murder, fraud, pimping, income-tax evasion, forgery and even overtime parking, he has won literally hundreds of criminal cases. But he is best known as "The King of Torts"a title he cordially dislikes-for his victories in more than 100 personal-injury and medical-malpractice suits, in which he has earned for clients awards ranging from \$100,000 to a record-setting \$675,000. He has also pioneered the use of "demonstrative evidence" before juries-graphic, and sometimes grisly, courtroom displays of artificial limbs, autopsy photographs, skeletons, mannequins, X rays, witnesses on stretchersinspiring William Prosser, former dean of the University of California Law School, to call him "a Hollywood producer," and his trials "epics of the supercolossal." So potent is the Belli image, however, that defendant insurance companies have sometimes made substantial settlements when mere mention was made that Belli might be hired.

An international law practice, plus a prodigious schedule of writing, lecturing and teaching, takes Belli around the world, usually followed by a wake of controversy. But no case has earned him as many headlines as the one he lost 15 months ago in Dallas, where he caused a courtroom sensation by leaping up after the announcement of the verdict, tears in his eyes, to denounce the death sentence for Jack Ruby as "the shotgun justice of a kangaroo court."

It was to explore the issues and the aftermath of this historic trial, as well as the other unpopular causes he has espoused during his 32-year career, that we went to San Francisco early this spring for an exclusive interview with the embattled 57-year-old attorney. He greeted us in the three-story Belli Building, which he had bought from ten Chinese

owners and spent \$450,000 restoring to such turn-of-the-century elegance that it has been formally designated State Landmark Number 408 by the California Historical Association. The local San Francisco Gray Line tours include a glimpse from the street through the picture window of his ornate office, where Belli himself may be seen at his vintage desk consulting with clients and colleagues amid a spectacular Victorian mélange of heavy crystal chandeliers, velvet chairs, leather couches, antimacassars, quill pens, oil paintings, awards for Belli's forensic triumphs, thousands of legal and medical books, an array of apothecary jars, several human skeletons and a 25-foot-long bar. With a small communications network of telephones and speaker systems, Belli maintains touch with 18 lawyers on the premises, their secretaries, private investigators and sundry other specialists attending the cases of clients by the dozens who have been lured by Belli's magic name and lofty courtroom batting average.

In a casual display of expansive graciousness, millionaire Belli flipped to us the keys to his Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud for our use during the visit; and he wined and dined us regally in his \$280,000 Twin Peaks home. During our weeklong series of conversations, we accompanied him to speaking engagements and joined him at his tailor's for the fitting of three new suits. And on our first morning in town, we even helped



"Look at the creeps who favor capital punishment; you get the feeling they want to be the ones to pull the switch. Dick Nixon is all out for it; I can't think of a better argument for its abolition."



"I'm for hire. I'll defend anyone who comes to me—even the president of the Bar Association suing a guy for accusing him of being in favor of civil rights, due process of law and against wire tapping."



"I've endured my share of slings: 'Belli's a nut, a charlatan, an egomaniac.' Sure, I'm flamboyant; I can afford to be—I'm a damn good lawyer. You've got to ring the bell to get the people into the temple."

him transplant geraniums in his office window box as his fire-engine-red slacks and shirt wowed the ogling tourists in the street outside. In this bizarre setting, we began by posing a hypothetical question.

PLAYBOY: You said once that "any lawyer worthy of the name has a commitment to defend the pariahed, unpopular defendant." You proved your point when you defended Jack Ruby. Would you have been as willing to defend Lee Oswald if he had lived?

BELLI: I would have hated to, for I loved Jack Kennedy very much. But as a lawyer, I must acknowledge that any man charged with any crime, however heinous, is entitled to competent representation. So if Oswald had lived, and he hadn't been able to obtain other competent counsel, and I had been asked to take his case-yes, I would have represented him. If I had refused, I feel I would have had to turn in my shingle. I like to think that the American Bar hasn't sunk so low that there are not other defense attorneys in this country who would have done the same thing. PLAYBOY: Do you think Oswald's rights as an accused were adequately protected by the Dallas authorities?

BELLI: Oswald's treatment by the law was the biggest scandal in the history of American justice. The world saw the horrendous spectacle of Oswald, without legal counsel, interrogated for hours and thrust into that Friday-night mob-scene "press conference" and shouted questions in police headquarters corridors. He had no counsel to object as dozens of self-seeking, self-serving "authorities" volunteered to the press their prejudicial, incriminating and otherwise unwarranted statements regarding Oswald's guilt. He went a full day without counsel. In my belief, the public's mounting outcry shamed the city into sending the president of the Dallas Bar Association, H. Louis Nichols, to visit him in his cell. As far as I know, Nichols has never been inside a trial courtroom except for official inductions to office, eulogies and ceremonial purposes; this legal paragon then did what strikes me as unthinkable and unforgivable by giving an interview to the press that probably destroyed Oswald's obvious and valid defense, that he was mentally deranged. Nichols told the press that "he looked perfectly all right to me," which gratuitously and automatically helped the Dallas establishment condition public opinion against any insanity defense by Oswald. Where was an Oswald defense counsel to scream in protest when Dallas' prosecutor told millions watching on television, "Oswald is the guilty man. There is no doubt about it, and we're going to fry him!" What kind of defense counsel would have consented to the Dallas police department's utterly unbelievably stupid act of marching Oswald right out into the open—for television? An expert defense counsel for Oswald should have been of urgent priority for the American Bar Association—while he was alive. But not until Oswald was safely dead did he get a counsel. When his lawyer couldn't be embarrassed by being seen sitting next to an assassin, an unpopular defendant, then national A. B. A. president Walter E. Craig was appointed to represent Oswald at the Warren Commission hearing.

PLAYBOY: Despite the Warren Report, the belief persists in some circles, especially abroad, that Oswald and Ruby were parties to a right-wing plot against the President's life—a plot in which the FBI, the Secret Service and even the Warren Commission conspired to conceal "the truth," Do you feel that these suspicions have any substance?

BELLI: They're hallucinatory and utterly preposterous. Do you want to know who I believe is solely responsible for starting these rumors? The Dallas police department and the Dallas district attorney's office. Their ominous insinuations that Oswald and Ruby knew each other started during the trial. In the judge's chambers I tried to persuade the D.A. to announce in court that there was no truth to those rumors-which could have been quashed right there-but it appeared to me that the D.A. encouraged them, so as to make Jack Ruby seem some kind of conspiratorial mouster. So the rumor that he had killed Oswald to "silence" him got cabled abroad, and it steadily mushroomed, besmirching the image not only of our law-enforcement agencies, but of our nation. It has been made to appear that our FBI either could not or would not report the full story of the "plot." There was even an outrageous rumor that our own President Lyndon Johnson conspired in the assassination, to succeed to the Presidency. Now, I know as much about the assassination as any man alive, and I can tell you flatly that it was the barren, solitary act of Lee Oswald. He was a crazy man. And he and Ruby were strangers. Those are facts. The most incredible thing to me is why the FBI didn't pass along to the Secret Service the lengthy file it had on Oswald. But as much as I detest the type of man that J. Edgar Hoover is, I can't make myself believe that the FBI or the CIA or anyone else suppressed knowledge of any plot. On the Warren Commission, we had seven wise and honorable men, some of the best. If they couldn't come up with the truth, then God pity us all!

PLAYBOY: What significance do you attach to Warren's statement, during the Commission's deliberations, that the full story of the assassination "won't come out in our lifetimes"?

BELLI: None. That was a horse's-ass thing for Justice Warren to say. I don't

know what he meant, but I don't think he meant anything ominous by it. If you're looking for untold facts, though, I can tell you something most people never knew. The night before Oswald was shot, I learned, a Dallas policeman and his girlfriend talked with Jack Ruby, trying to get him to approve of the idea of having Oswald lynched. Their reason was that they knew what a weak-minded guy Jack Ruby was. At the trial, I never mentioned the cop and his girl, because I never could locate them again; they just disappeared.

PLAYBOY: Why did you take on the Ruby case? Some say it was for the publicity. BELLI: Look, I'm for hire. I will defend anyone who comes to me-even the president of the Bar Association suing a guy for defamation, for accusing him of being a liberal, in favor of civil rights, due process of law, and against wire tapping. My service to the community as a trial lawyer is that I am for hire by either side. As far as publicity is concerned, I'd had my fill of that long before that travesty of a trial ever came along. My motive in taking the case was that I hoped I might be able to do something for that sick man, Jack Ruby, for psychiatry, for law, and for tolerance. But I didn't volunteer for the job. Jack's brother Earl asked me if I would take the case, and he offered me a defense fee of \$100,000.

PLAYBOY: Did that sum play any part in your decision?

BELL: I agreed to take the case for the reasons I've just stated. But since you've brought up the money, it might interest you to know that I never got anything like \$100,000 for the case. What I got was debts—bills, expenses for our defense team, for the medical experts who flew to Dallas to testify for Ruby, and other costs. I did get about \$12,000 from the Rubys, but I paid for every other cent of the costs out of my own pocket—about \$15,000. It might also interest you to know that I was offered \$100,000 from another source not to defend Jack Ruby. I'm not saying what source.

PLAYBOY: There has been some speculation that the offer came from a well-known right-wing Dallas oil millionaire.

BELLI: If that's what you heard, that's what you heard.

PLAYBOY: That's all you want to say about it?

BELLI: No more-now.

PLAYBOY: All right. Once you accepted the case, what made you decide on a plea of temporary insanity?

BELLI: The incontrovertible evidence of psychiatric examinations. Jack Ruby was and is a very sick man who belongs in a mental hospital. We owed to our national image a dramatic example of how the American legal system pursues



I wonder how his secretary feels about that shirt...

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and protects a defendant's rights. We owed to our own law an exposure of the incongruities in our law's understanding of mental illness. Indeed, for the world to see and appreciate the modern medical specialty of psychotherapy at work was one of the great promises of that trial. And those brilliant clinical experts-psychologists and neurologists -who examined Jack Ruby put together an unmistakably clear picture of a mentally unstable man whom the assassination had stunned and shocked and impelled into frantic, attentionseeking compulsions beyond his power to control. Nothing I've ever sensed in advance about the line of defense for a client has ever been more graphically justified by the evidence-or more ignored by a jury.

I never dreamed what a kangaroo court of mockery and errors and prejudice in law and decency we were going to face in that city. There isn't one fairminded lawyer who won't appreciate what I'm saying when the transcript can be read. I've disagreed with jury verdicts before; every lawyer has. But I've never felt that the jurors weren't honestly trying to do their very best—except on that black day there in Dallas.

PLAYBOY: Bitter criticism and even American Bar Association censure have been leveled at you for shouting after the verdict, "May I thank the jury for a victory of bigotry and injustice!" How do you feel about it now?

BELLI: As outraged as I did then. It was a spontaneous outburst of horror at the callous death sentence from a jury that had taken actually less than one hour to consider all of the complex scientific testimony about that pitiful, afflicted little man. I shouted long, vituperatively, and in tears, that a kangaroo court and a bigoted jury had railroaded Jack Ruby to purge their collective conscience in a rape of American justice that made Dallas a city of shame forevermore. Too often have our courts of law shown us that vindictive streak, that drive to heap society's sins upon an individual, that hypocritical refusal to face facts inherent in which are unpleasant truths about ourselves. The watching, listening world needed to hear a voice from among those Americans who recognized what had happened, and who were sickened by Dallas' cruelty, the smugness, the community defensiveness and the blind determination to crucify one man for everyone's sins.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's any more true of Dallas than it would have been of any other city where the President might have been murdered?

BELLI: It's uniquely true of Dallas. Dallas is unlike any other city in America; even the rest of Texas, thank God, is different from Dallas. Federal Judge Sarah Hughes called Dallas "the only American city in which the President could

have been shot." Every major publication had veteran writers there who appraised and reported Dallas in such terms as "murder capital of the world," "a sick city," "a festering sore," "a city of shame and hate." Here is a city where a minister told his flock, "If any of you vote for this Catholic Kennedy, don't you ever come to my church again." Here is a city where I took my wife and son to a beautiful Baptist church and on the Sunday program an usher gave me, the Lord's message was squeezed down in a corner under the church's impressive balance sheet full of dollar signs. Here is a city where I entered a barbershop, unrecognized, and someone discussing the trial said, "I hear they got those Jew psychiatrists out from Maryland," and someone replied, "Yeah, with their slick Jew lawyers." I swept the towel from around my neck, stood straight up, gave the Nazi salute, yelled "Achtung! Heil Hitler!" and goosestepped outside. Here is a city whose prosecutor said of a St. Patrick's Day parade, "Maybe we're pressing our luck too far to allow another parade so soon for another Irishman!" And the same prosecutor said, "Well, if they want to look inside of Jack Ruby's brain, we'll give it to them after we fry him!"

Dallas is where Adlai Stevenson was spat upon and hit upon the head with a picket sign, and where the American flag was hung upside down by General Edwin Walker, an ardent advocate of the philosophy of the John Birch Society. In Dallas in 1960 even Lyndon Johnson and his lady had been insulted. Dallas is a city where the "Minutewomen" get on telephones and call all over with such messages as "Mental health is Communistic" and "Fluoridation of water is Communistic."

PLAYBOY: Aren't you describing the activities of a lunatic fringe?

BELLI: Look, I'm not talking about all the citizens of Dallas. I'm talking about the oligarchy that rules and runs the city. I'd be the first to admit that some of America's truly fine people live there. In Dallas I met two of the greatest stand-up guys I ever knew: Stanley Marcus of Neiman-Marcus-it took visceral courage to speak out as he did; and Rabbi Silverman—he was one of the bravest men there. No, my contempt is reserved solely for the city's archreactionary oligarchy. You know what made them madder at me than anything else? It was when I said what symbolized Dallas for me: a gold-plated bidet I'd seen with a philodendron growing out of it. They were enraged at the implication that they hadn't known what to do with it. Well, I take that back. They do know what they can do with it.

I'll never forget how Sheriff Bill Decker said he was going to see to the "safety" of Joe Tonahill, my trial assistant, and me: He was going to have a police car deliver us to court "because there's so much high feeling around here." I told him, "Look, I appreciate your concern, but we're going to walk down goddamn Main Street to the courthouse. Whenever it gets to the point here in America, in my own country, that I can't walk down any main street as a trial lawyer, then I'll have to take down my shingle." And I would. I'd go to Congress and walk outside wearing a sandwich board. I'd howl to the heavens. I might have to do some flamboyant things to get my story heard, but you know I know just how to do it. In any case, we did walk down that Main Street in Dallas to the trial, but I'm going to tell you the truth, I was scared shitless. I used to say, despite all my enemies, that no one would ever actually want to shoot me. But now, after walking down that street and seeing the hate in the eyes of everyone who watched, I never would say that again.

PLAYBOY: Was your outburst in court the reason for your being dismissed as Ruby's lawyer after the trial?

BELLI: I was not fired. I bowed out of my own accord. I lost my objectivity that day in Dallas. Once I lose my objectivity, I've lost my value in our adversary system of justice. So I got out of the case. It's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: What do you think will result from the appeal of Ruby's conviction which is now pending?

BELLI: I think that everyone in law knows what will almost automatically happen when an appellate court reviews that trial transcript away from that emotionally charged Dallas courtroom. I pray to God that the terrible miscarriages of American justice that trial transcript contains will cause the case to be reversed. And I pray, for the sake of that sick, pathetic little man, Jack Ruby-whose already paranoidschizophrenic condition has deteriorated shockingly during his long imprisonment without psychiatric care, and who has tried several times to commit suicide in his cell, once by butting his head against the wall-that his cruel death sentence will be commuted to life imprisonment in a mental hospital, where he has belonged since the day they put him in Dallas' city jail a year and a half

PLAYBOY: Do you favor capital punishment in murder cases where the assailant is adjudged mentally sound?

BELLI: I don't favor institutional vengeance under any circumstances. Who in God's name has the right to pass judgment on the life of another human being? Who's to usurp this divine prerogative? Only a primitive mind sanctions this kind of barbarity. Just look at the creeps who are in favor of it; you get the feeling they want to be the ones to pull the switch. Dick Nixon is all out for



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capital punishment; I can't think of a better argument for its abolition. I only wish I could take him, and all the rest of them who believe in gassing and "frying" felons, through the agonizing ordeal of the last days of waiting in the death house to be hanged or electrocuted, through the gut-wrenching last meal, through the writing of the last heart-breaking letter to one's wife or daughter. Let me do just this, nothing more—and I'd be able to defeat capital punishment singlehandedly.

PLAYBOY: Do you disagree with the view that the death penalty deters crime?

BELL: Naturally, punishment does deter some crime. A lot of crime hasn't happened because whoever considered it simply feared he'd wind up in the clink. But you've got a different breed of motivation in murder—because of its irrationality. Most murderers just don't think in terms of consequences; they don't think at all, as a matter of fact. Thus, the death penalty does very little, if anything, to deter murder. I've seen prisoners join a jailbreak, going right past condemned row, doing exactly what they knew could put them in the death house, and it didn't deter them a bit.

PLAYBOY: Examining another aspect of American justice in a recent book called *Innocence*, author Edward D. Radin estimated that some 14,000 people each year are convicted, imprisoned and in some cases executed for crimes they didn't commit. Are those figures accu-

rate, in your opinion?

BELLI: We can't have any way of knowing for sure unless their convictions are reversed-and nothing like that number are. Circumstantial evidence can often be loaded or misleading, and eyewitnesses can be mistaken or untruthful, but I'm still not among those who feel that a great number of innocent people are convicted because of either. I have too much respect for our system of law to believe that justice could miscarry so often and on such a scale. Over and above that, I've had the practical experience to deny the allegation. But, of course, miscarriages do occur, and probably always will, for man-made law will always be fallible; but even if it happens only once in a million cases, we must rectify it and look for means to improve our system of justice so that the same mistake isn't made again. If by protecting the rights of an accused, providing him as we do with recourse to appeal for a reversed decision on the basis of irregularities in the conduct of his trial, we enable ten guilty men to go free because their lawyers get them off on a "legal technicality," it would still be better than for one innocent man to be convicted and imprisoned, or even executed, because he had no such recourse.

PLAYBOY: A moment ago you brought up the fallibility of eyewitness testimony. Would you regard policemen, who frequently testify in criminal cases on behalf of the prosecution, as more reliable witnesses than the average man in the street?

BELLI: I'm glad you asked that question. It happens to be one of the axes I grind in my book Dallas Justice. In it, I said I was convinced that the testimonial credibility of policemen on the witness stand is often highly suspect, for it stems from the belief, deep in their law-abiding hearts, that they are serving a higher truth than justice when they testify for the prosecution. They often know a lot about the case in which they are testifying that might be helpful to the defendant-but they sometimes neither make it available to his attorney nor mention it in court. They are convinced-it's part of being a cop-that the reason the defendant is sitting there is that the law, their part of the law, has done its job and that the job of judge and jury is to provide a quick, questionless conviction and a stiff sentence. The presumption of innocence until guilt is proven is for lawyers, not for cops. The man must be guilty, they think, or else why has he been arrested, arraigned and brought to trial? So they sometimes convince themselves that a modicum of truth stretching or truth omission on their part could achieve the desirable end that strict adherence to the rule of evidence could

Perhaps, of all people, from what you've read of me, and because of what I've just said, you wouldn't expect me to say this, but I think the average American policeman not only is a good guy, but he's underpaid, overworked, and a pretty damned good human being. He goes out of his way to help kids, and to help people in trouble. It's only the black sheep, the errant cop, who gets into the newspapers. And thank God there aren't many of them.

PLAYBOY: The U. S. crime rate is steadily rising, and many law-enforcement officers are convinced that part of the cause lies in the courts' insistence on strict rules of evidence that provide lawyers, as you mentioned a moment ago, with "legal loopholes" to spring their clients.

How do you feel about it?

BELLI: What the police mentality seems unable to comprehend is that these "loopholes," these technicalities of the law, are among the inalienable protections against the violation and usurpation of human rights. I admit that I've seen a few flagrantly guilty men slip through legal loopholes and go scot-free in my time; but far more often I've seen these same loopholes used to save innocent men and women who would otherwise have perished or been sent to prison for the best years of their lives. No, that's not the reason for the rising crime rate. And it's certainly not because people are growing more lawless and depraved, as some have darkly hinted. As a matter of fact, I think we're slowly growing better. More likely it's because of the catapulting rate of population growth among the poor, the uneducated and the underprivileged in our squalid, sprawling city slums; because of the struggle to retain our individual identities in an increasingly anonymous mass society; because of our liberation from Victorian sexual strictures, which has set many young people morally adrift; because we find ourselves burdened with more leisure time than ever before, and the Devil is finding work for idle hands; and maybe partly because we have too many laws telling us what not to do-some of them damned silly laws. Instead of trying to legislate morality for adults, why don't we try teaching it to children? The better, the more tolerantly, the more sympathetically we educate our children, the less crime we'll have when they grow up. PLAYBOY: Another "legal technicality" decried, and occasionally defied, by lawenforcement officials is the Constitutional amendment that safeguards the public from "unreasonable searches and seizures," thus prohibiting police, say on a gambling or vice raid, from entering a private residence without knocking, or from searching a premises without a warrant. Do they have a valid complaint? BELLI: In a word, no. I'm still Victorian enough to feel that my home is my castle. Damn it, if I were growing marijuana in my back yard, I'd still insist that J. Edgar get a search warrant before I'd let him wipe his feet on my door mat. Once the uninvited have the carteblanche right to prowl my home and search my person, next they'll be trespassing in my mind, as they're already trying to do with truth serum and lie detectors. Such Gestapo information procedures are not only unnecessary but unendurable in a democracy.

Except perhaps to our God, we all have a façade, even to our closest friends; some of us even to ourselves, and to our spouses—our spouses in particular, for that matter. It may not be good that we have it, but I don't believe the state or anyone else has a right to pierce that façade without the individual's consent—even though it might be good therapy for us to have the veil drawn aside. But that's the psychotherapists' realm, not the cops'.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about legalized wire tapping? Is it morally or

legally defensible?

BELLI: Wire tapping, like lie detectors and truth serum, isn't only impolite, it's morally, legally, innately wrong; it stinks of spying. We can't let Big Brother get away with it. He's already got his long arm up to the elbow into our pocket-books, our offices and our daily life.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't your own firm employ wire tapping in its investigative work?

BELLI: Yes, I'm afraid we do. I don't

have to like it to be forced to appreciate the fact of its widespread use, which makes its counteruse unavoidable. If I'm a layman, I can turn away from an ugly wound, but not if I'm a surgeon—and as a lawyer, I am a surgeon of sorts; I have to use every means at my command to represent my client, just as a surgeon has to use every instrument or drug at his command to save his patient. It's simply that bugging is now so commonplace that no conscientious and realistic lawyer, however much he deplores it, has any choice but to use it.

PLAYBOY: Among the staunchest supporters of legalized electronic surveillance is the FBI. What do you think of its vaunted reputation for scientific crime detection?

BELLI: Their technical expertise is more impressive than their reputation. Sure, it's a patriotic institution, as sacrosanct as motherhood-but both can get a bit sickening when overportrayed, which they are. While it spends its time and the taxpayers' money chasing two-bit car thieves and looking for Communist spies in Greyhound bus stations, organized crime continues to get fat off of prostitution, dope, gambling, "juice" and murder for hire; it's the nation's biggest business. With its resources and its power, there's no reason in God's world why the FBI couldn't have broken up the syndicate long ago if Hoover really wanted to. The reason he hasn't is simply that syndicate bigwigs are so good at covering up their tracks that it's hellishly difficult to get a conviction, and he wants to keep his precious FBI's gleaming escutcheon unbesmirched by failure. PLAYBOY: We take it you're not one of his greatest admirers.

BELLI: You might say that. If you want a good scare, get a copy of Fred Cook's book. The FBI Nobody Knows, and read it some dark night. It tells the cold, hard facts about Hoover. As the FBI's revered director, he's done a great job—of making his position more secure than that of most crowned heads in this troubled world. Hoover's dictatorial ideas and ideology have no place in a position of such power in a democracy.

PLAYBOY: What is his ideology?

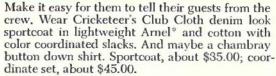
BELLI: The ideology of fascism, of rightism. Look at how many ex-FBI men are members of the John Birch Society; I wonder where they picked it up. Hoover is an archreactionary autocrat who deprecates the concept that "we the people" are fit to govern ourselves. He's a dangerous, dangerous man whom we should have gotten rid of a long time ago. Given full rein, he'd legalize not only wire tapping but search-withoutwarrant and no-knock-and-enter; in the name of law and order, he would completely abandon due process and the constitutional protections guaranteed to every citizen.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you going a bit far?



You've been asked to spend a day aboard the Poseidon. What makes you think you can get away with dungarees and a sweatshirt?







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Later, slip a tie out of your pocket, and suddenly you're dressed for dinner.



BELLI: I probably am—because I'm telling the truth. When this appears in print, I fully expect a knock at the door from Mr. Hoover's gray-flannel minions. They've already tried to tap my phones and monkey with my mail. But I've had uninvited nocturnal visitors before. I'm ready for them. The question is: Are they ready for me?

PLAYBOY: Speaking of violating individual rights, do you feel, as some have charged, that Robert Kennedy, as Attorney General, unduly and extralegally harassed Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa? BELLI: God pity Hoffa. Any individual is in trouble today if he gets the eagle after him. One vicious man, Bobby Kennedy, subverting the powers of government, made it a mission to "get" Hoffa. Now, Hoffa's done a lot I don't like—but I think some of his convictions will be reversed. If Hoffa has done wrong-and maybe he has-the law will take care of him. He should be prosecuted, not persecuted.

PLAYBOY: Fact magazine recently attributed to you the following remarks about Robert Kennedy: "He's the most vicious, evil son of a bitch in American politics today. . . . Sure, he wants to be President, but what he really wants is to become head of the universe. . . . The Pope isn't safe with that little bastard around. . . . He's arrogant, rude, and even ignorant of the law. . , . He's the monied Little Lord Fauntleroy of government. . . Every newspaperman knows what he is, and even Johnson can't stand him, but everybody is too scared of the son of a bitch." Are these accurate quotes?

BELLI: That's what I said. But I certainly didn't expect to see it on the cover of a magazine; indeed, I didn't expect to be directly quoted. But I've since had hundreds of both lawyers and laymen write and telephone me to say, "I wish to hell I'd had the guts to say the same thing." Kennedy as Attorney General had absolutely no experience for the job as top lawyer of the United States. Who is this man, who has never been in a courtroom, to tell me how to act, or to tell my colleague trial lawyers how to act? Which he did. But quite apart from that, and his vendetta against Hoffa, I know of nothing Bobby Kennedy as Attorney General did that he could point to with pride.

PLAYBOY: How about his department's dedication to the enforcement of civil rights legislation?

BELLI: His office did a tremendous and good job on civil rights; but in Jack Kennedy's Administration, could any Attorney General's office have done less? PLAYBOY: What do you feel can be done to rectify the mockery of justice in Southern courts, which perennially exonerate whites charged with murdering Negroes? BELLI: These segregationist barbarians

-the ones who pull the trigger and the ones who let them off-affront not only the law of man but the law of God; they disgrace themselves and our country before the world. But this conspiracy of hate and bigotry won't last; its days are numbered. In practical terms, however, we can't change the state laws or the inbred prejudices that keep them in force. I'm afraid we must resign ourselves to the fact that these atrocities, and these travesties of justice, will continue until the white South learns to understand and respect the spirit as well as the letter of due process and equality before the law. It just takes time. Pretty soon all the subterfuges, tricks and deceits designed to circumvent the civil rights laws will have been tried by the die-hards and eliminated by the Supreme Court. Then, and only then, will Negroes in the South begin to enjoy the fruits of true freedom.

PLAYBOY: Do you share the conservative view that the present Supreme Court, because of its trail-blazing decisions in civil rights, censorship, school prayer and the like, is "too liberal"? And do you agree with those who feel that it has begun to unrightfully usurp legislative authority?

BELLI: What do you mean by "liberal" and "conservative"? If you mean that "liberals" are more concerned with human rights, and "conservatives" with property rights, I think that's as good a definition as any. According to that definition, the present Supreme Court is the most liberal we've ever had. But too liberal? No. As for assuming legislative authority, of course it has. But unrightfully? No. For good or for bad, our Supreme Court has without question become the second legislature in Washington. I say that not in criticism, only as something in the nature of things. I happen to think we have a great Supreme Court, the greatest decision-making Court we've ever had, the most humanitarian in our history. Earl Warren is a great administrator; he has integrity. ability. The individual justices are sincere and hard working; they try hard to be objective, to put country above personality; they're the best we've ever had. The Court has done the American people great justice in rendering the law consonant with the changing needs and increasing complexities of the contemporary world.

PLAYBOY: Since the turn of the century, many attempts at censorship of sexually explicit books and films have been made by the U.S. Post Office, the U.S. Customs Bureau, various state governments and scores of religious and citizens' censor boards. Almost all of these bans have been judicially overruled, some of them in historic decisions by the Supreme Court. With whom do you feel should ultimate authority rest for pass-

ing on the "redeeming social merit" of allegedly obscene creative works?

BELLI: With the public, through the courts. If I were defending a so-called "dirty" book, I'd feel a jury of my peers fully qualified to judge its redeeming merits. Juries do a damned good soulsearching job that speaks for their community's collective morality. Let literary men, ministers, professors, the tolerant, the bigoted, the broad-minded and the narrow-minded all have at it in a jury room. The sparks of conflict will shed the light by which justice may be illuminated. Only a jury will arrive at a judgment that is the wish, the temper of the community-which I think should be the ultimate criterion of judgment.

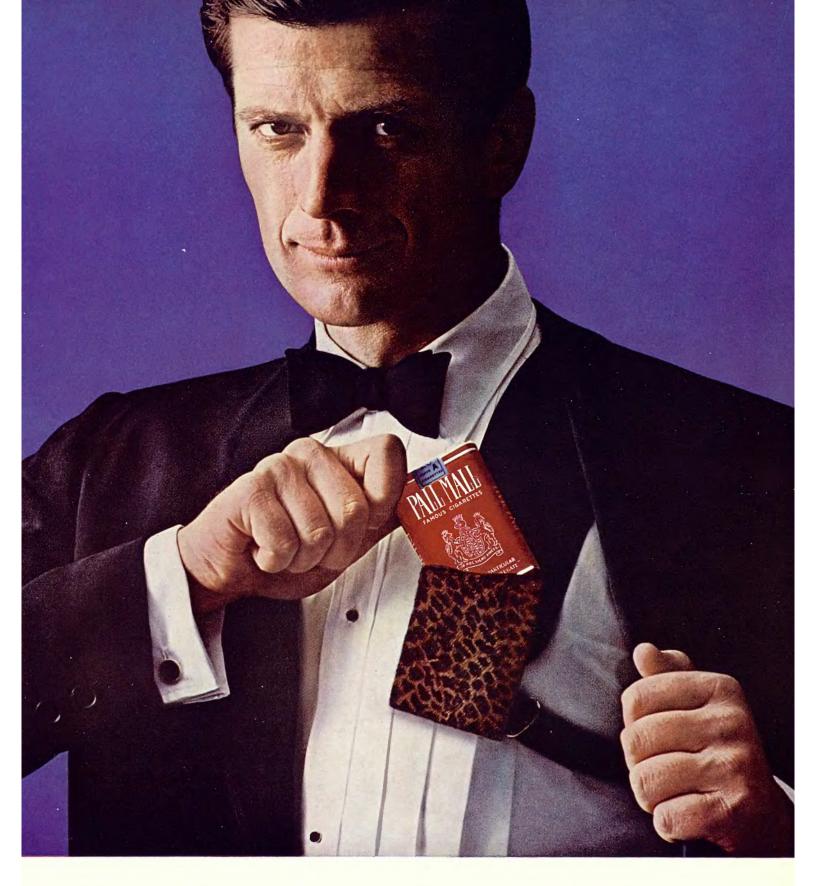
PLAYBOY: How do you feel in general about the much-discussed revolution in sexual attitudes and practices that's taking place in America today?

BELLI: I believe in the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and sex, and not necessarily in that order. But sex has been here since the Garden of Eden and no overnight revolution in the sex relationship is going to accomplish anything good. Greater candor, yes; greater permissiveness, no. I can't believe that premarital and extramarital relations per se can lead to a fuller life or more enduring happiness. I'm certainly not Victorian, except in my office decor, and I've certainly seen enough of life as an able-bodied seaman, knocking around the world with Errol Flynn, and trying cases in every state; but I do not believe, in this particular area of human relationship, that lack of will power will achieve any greater degree of happiness. I will say, however, that I don't think we're more meretricious sexually than lecherous old grandpa. We've just brought sex a little more into the open. And that's all to the good.

PLAYBOY: You and Errol Flynn were close friends, weren't you?

BELLI: Yes, we were. We met when I was retained to represent a sailor who had been accidentally harpooned in the foot by a guest on Errol's yacht, the Zaca. When I went down to Hollywood to question Errol and walked in wearing a white suit and a black Homburg, his eyes lit up. He had always been impressed with the histrionics of trial law, and I've always felt that I might have been an actor. After I'd taken his deposition, we had a most enjoyable legal tussle, and a friendship began. He was great company. He lived life to the fullest; he was up at all hours; he drank vodka before he got out of bed in the morning. And he had the Devil in him. He loved pixy tricks, and played more than his share of them. In a dresser drawer, I remember, Errol kept about 30 emerald-looking rings, which he'd give to girls, telling them with great feeling, "This belonged to my mother."

He and I also played great jokes on



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each other. One hot afternoon in Paris, Errol took off all his clothes to be cool and lay down on his bed for a nap. I left him sleeping soundly and went downstairs to the hotel bar and sold tickets for five dollars apiece to about 20 women—Frenchwomen and tourists—whom I brought upstairs for a guided tour of Errol in the altogether. Well, we were all tiptoeing through the bedroom when some silly Frenchwoman began giggling and yelled "Fleen! Fleen!" and woke him up. Did he get sore!

This was in 1949. I had been in Rome on a business trip, and was about to leave for Tokyo when Errol called from Paris. He said, "Dear boy, you've got to come to Paris. They've got me over a barrel." I went, intending to stay two days, and stayed months. Errol was making a movie partially financed by the French government and there were plenty of complications on which he needed my help. We stayed about half the time on the Zaca, anchored off Nice. Errol would go down to the bilge, where he kept some gold ingots hidden, bring one back, row to shore with it, turn it in for currency-and we'd be off for a night at the casino.

In Paris, at the Belle Aurora, an exquisite little French restaurant, after we'd gotten up at noon, we'd sit from about one to four and have imaginary trials, drinking bottles of calvados. That's applejack made in Normandy country; it would chase white lightning out of business. We'd drink and invent legal cases, usually murders, which we tried on the spot. People would crowd outside in the street until they blocked it. I'd accuse Errol and examine him, then he would accuse me and examine me. We'd get almost to the point of blows.

In later years, back in this country, my family came to know Errol well. He sometimes stayed with us. But he wasn't well. My little son, Caesar, called him "a sick man"-the perception of children. My wife would plead with him to take it easier. He told her, "Look, I've done everything twice, why should I bother? If I had an attack, there wouldn't be anyone to give a damn." Right at the end, he was planning to play me in a film. It was about this time that he sent me galleys of My Wicked, Wicked Ways. I wasn't home when he telephoned, on his way to Vancouver to sell the Zaca; it was like selling his life. He told my wife, "Tell the guy I love him; just tell him that for me." Then, later—it was midnight-I was in bed at our Los Angeles home when Errol's valet telephoned and said, "He's gone."

PLAYBOY: You talk about him like a brother.

BELLI: I guess we were brothers, in a way—though I was an only child. Like him, I'm wild, enthusiastic; I love people. I'm a Leo, you see, born July 29, 1907.

PLAYBOY: In Sonora, California, according to your biography. Is that where you grew up?

BELLI: Until I reached college age, when

I went off to the University of California in Berkeley. But I almost didn't make it. I was the valedictorian of my high school graduating class, but I had to sue the principal to get my diploma, PLAYBOY: How did that happen? BELLI: Well, I was brutally attacked the evening before graduation-by a huge bottle of whiskey. I was so sick the next day that I couldn't get to school to make my speech, and when the principal found out why, he withheld my diploma. He was adamant, so my father took me to see an old family friend, a judge. When the judge heard the story, he said, "My boy, you've been wronged!" And he hauled out of his desk a couple of writs, a replevin, a bench warrant, a couple of subpoena duces tecums, a habeas corpus, a habeas eiploma, a handful of old bail bonds, and he stuck all of them together with notary public seals and red ribbon and he marched over to the school and served all of it on the principal. I got my diploma on the spot. Up to that day I had been thinking about being a doctor, but right then I knew the law was for me.

My father lost his money in the crash, so I had to work my way through college as a soda jerk, a summer farm hand and things like that. I even wrote off for free samples of things like soap and shaving cream and sold them to my fraternity brothers. After I graduated, I spent a year traveling around the world on merchant ships as an able-bodied seaman. Then I entered the University of California Boalt Hall Law School. I stood a lucky 13th in a class of 150.

In 1933, when I got my degree, I was lucky enough to get a job as a Government investigator, posing as an itinerant bum, moving around with the Okies. My name was supposed to be "Joe Bacigalupi." I was supposed to submit reports on what the Okies were talking about and what they wanted. I had a card with a special Los Angeles telephone number to call if I ever got in really bad trouble-not for just getting arrested or beaten up; it had to be really important. I never had to use it. One of my first deep impressions was watching Los Angeles deputy cops standing on the city line clubbing back poor Okies trying desperately to get into the city to get on relief rolls, or at least to get a meal. Eventually, I wrote a report that was used as the basis for migratoryworker relief in that area.

Moving out and about then, riding in and on and underneath freight cars, "bumming," standing in soup lines, sleeping in skid-row "jungles," I don't know how many times I got thrown out of different towns about the Southwestbut I know that's when I developed my deep, strong sympathy for the underdog and the outcast, and it's where I learned about the kangaroo courts in this country. Well, after that migratory hobo investigation job ended—— Say, I seem to be telling my life story. Do you really want to hear it?

PLAYBOY: Certainly.

BELLI: All right, you asked for it. Well, I got desk space in a small San Francisco law firm. But nothing happened. I just sat there. Finally, in 1934, a well-known defense lawyer took me on for the lordly wage of \$25 a month. But nothing happened there either, so I managed to save \$20 and went down to Los Angeles looking for a better job. One big lawyer there who turned me down I later opposed in a case; I won my client a \$187,500 settlement. The guy could have hired me in 1935 and sent me to Palm Springs for the rest of my life at \$100 a week and still saved his client money.

Now he tells people, "I recognized Belli as a comer the first time I saw him." Sure he did! I know ever since then, I've never refused to see a guy fresh from law school. You never can tell.

I finally learned to quit waiting for business to find me. If I was going to get any clients, I decided people would have to know I was around. I got the

idea of spreading it around that I'd take, free of charge, any cases of criminals in lots of trouble. One of the first clients I found was Avilez, "the Black-Gloved Rapist." He had been tried, convicted and sentenced to a total of 400 years. For whatever it was worth, I got 200 years knocked off his sentence. He wrote me a thankyou note. After that, I got a number of other hopeless cases—one of them a convicted counterfeiter who had resumed printing the stuff right in San Quentin's

print shop.

Although I didn't realize it at the time, the case that first showed me the thing that would later get me on my way was that of a young Negro convict named Ernie Smith. He had been indicted for murder for killing another convict, in a fight in the San Quentin prison yard. Smith told me he had done it in self-defense, that the other man was about to throw a knife at him. I couldn't believe it, but the captain of the guard confirmed for me that most of the convicts carried knives. He showed me a desk drawer full of over a hundred lethal-looking pigstickers, explaining, "We take away the big ones." Before the trial, I served a subpoena on the captain of the guard, ordering him to come to court with his drawer full of knives to be admitted into the evidence. Walking past the jury box with it, I was struck by a hell of a thought. My whole case, every argument to determine if Ernie Smith would live or die, was in that drawer! So I "accidentally" stumbled and dropped it; a hundred wicked-looking

knives spilled all over the floor in front of the shocked jury—broken saw blades, sharpened files with tire-tape handles, the works. The jurors took one look and they knew it had been self-defense. You realize what I had hit upon by accident? The effect of demonstrative evidence in trials. I might never have talked those jurors into seeing self-defense, but I had proved it when I dropped that drawer.

Well, that's background. I had a lot of different cases after that, all kinds. And I gradually built up a pretty good practice, at least enough to live on.

PLAYBOY: How did you come to specialize in personal-injury suits?

BELLI: Mainly because when I entered practice, the average individual who had suffered a personal injury faced a pretty dismal financial-award prospect if he went to court. Well up into the 1900s, settlements were in the neighborhood of \$1100 for the loss of a leg, \$5500 for the loss of a male organ. Sometimes people who were even paralyzed with permanent spinal injuries would get simply nothing, perhaps on the basis of a "contributory negligence" claim by the defense. Some states had laws making \$10,000 the maximum allowable death award.

The average suffering, scared, inexperienced plaintiff had usually been rendered penniless by medical costs and the loss of habitual income. If he did get an attorney to go to court, a fee of one third of the average award wouldn't permit the attorney to present a really persuasive case. And when 12 well-meaning but confused jurors sat hearing a jumble of legal terminology they couldn't understand, if the plaintiff got anything, it was the usual, totally inadequate award.

Well, I began to make a practice of showing demonstrative evidence to juries: human skeletons, moving pictures, enlarged X rays, still pictures in color, infrared pictures, wooden scale models. When the jurors graphically saw the nature and extent of injuries, my clients began getting substantially increased awards. And when other personal-injury attorneys around San Francisco, then around California, caught on and began doing the same thing, the whole picture of awards began improving.

It was about then that the defendant insurance companies began campaigning against us. Awards were getting "too high." "Ambulance chasers!" they called us. "Shysters!" Since personal-injury law is 75 percent of all trial work, their implication was that only 25 percent of lawyers in America were respectable—a thought to conjure with.

PLAYBOY: Still, any business—including the insurance companies—must make a profit to survive. Isn't it reasonable that they would resist personal-injury awards of often hundreds of thousands of dollars?

BELLI: Tell me: Who is the victim-the

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poor injury-bankrupt plaintiff trying to collect adequate damages from a rich insurance company; or the rich insurance company trying to whittle down or avoid payment of an adequate award for a personal injury inflicted through the fault of the defendant whose paid-up insurance premium that company has regularly collected? Which is the greater perfidy? You talk about insurance-company profits-well, let me tell you something: The insurance companies are among the world's biggest businesses, and they got that way by taking in unbelievable amounts of the public's money in premiums-billions of dollars a year. The public is buying protection. But the insurance-company executives seem to forget that they are holding the public's money in trust. They come to regard that money as theirs, and they'll be damned if they'll give it up without a struggle. They accept your money readily enough, but did you ever try to collect any money from a big insurance company? Nine times out of ten, when the time comes to pay off, they fight tooth and nail to get out of their obligation.

Their cries that adequate awards threaten to bankrupt them are nothing alongside their shrill cries whenever someone suggests now and then that the state take over their business. Isn't it odd for someone claiming to be losing so much to scream so loudly against losing the opportunity to keep on losing money? No, the six-figure adequate awards I've pioneered are equitable, just and necessary. These awards are here to stay, and I think the trend is further upward. But I will guarantee you that awards to the personal-injury plaintiffs will never keep pace with the insurance companies' fantastic and mounting profits.

Let me ask you something: Except an adequate award, what else can be offered to the personal-injury victim? We have nothing that will make the permanently injured victim whole again, nothing that will let him walk without a limp, nothing but drugs to let him sleep without pain. For many, one day not even morphine any longer eases their frightful suffering, and the only alternative left is a cordotomy—the severing of the spinal cord to halt the dreadful journey of the pain impulses to the brain. Think about that the next time you see one of these propaganda pieces about the "high awards" that are "ruining" the country's insurance companies. Think about those pitiful personal-injury victims who tempt one to say "They'd be better off dead." But the law forbids them to choose death; they have no legal choice but to go on living —and suffering. Think about the double amputees, the "basket cases," the traumatic psychotics, the paraplegics, the spinal-injury invalids, the blinded, the grotesquely burned and scarred. Think about the permanently immobilized cases, the people who were once just like you and me but who are doomed for their lives to a wheelchair or a brace, or to the indignities of bowel and bladder incontinence.

Let me give you an example of a typical case of mine and let you decide whether the award I won for my client was "too high" or not. He was a happy, redheaded kid, just back from the War. He had a wife, a child, a job, and then his life was ruined in an accident caused by the negligence of the San Francisco municipal railway. He suffered a crushed pelvis, and a rupture of the urethra at the juncture of the prostate gland. He will be impotent for the rest of his life. And every tenth day for the rest of his life he must endure a painful urethra catheterization, or his urethra will close, whereupon his bladder would burst. His hospital and doctor bills were over \$25,000 at the time of trial, and they will be at least \$2000 a year as long as he lives. Two years afterward, I saw that boy again, and what I had feared within myself had happenedhis wife had divorced him, his home was gone; he had nothing left but the remainder of his award money. Would you swap places with that boy for the \$125,000 he was awarded? Or for a million dollars? Two million? Ten million? I think not.

Yet according to them, the noble, stalwart simon-pure insurance companies are being "victimized by fakers" for \$50,000 and \$100,000—just for having lost a lousy arm or leg! When I started winning this kind of award, they began sending out letters and buying expensive ads aimed at potential jurors in personalinjury cases: "Keep those awards low, or you'll force your automobile insurance to go up." Bushwa! Today, with personal-injury awards higher than ever before, insurance-company stocks are among the best market buys.

Anyway, when I won three verdicts for more than \$100,000 apiece in 1949 and 1950, I really began to draw fire from the insurance companies. "Belli is a Barnum!" they screamed. "The courtrooms are being turned into horror chambers!" But headway was being made everywhere. Asking not a cent of fee, I began lecturing all over the country-to law students, to bar associations, to groups of plaintiff lawyers. Sometimes my speaking in a state would start an immediate rise in personal-injury awards. An example of that is Mississippi, which was for many years one of this country's lowest-verdict states; soon after I addressed its State Bar Association in 1951, Mississippi awards rose sharply-to at least an equitable level.

Finally I decided that I would write a book of all that I thought was modern and just in trial procedures, in both criminal and civil law. It took me two years to write it; in those two years, I averaged about two hours of sleep on week nights and one hour a night on weekends, but finally I turned out the three volumes that were published in 1955, called *Modern Trials*. I'm happy to say that it's become something of a standard textbook in the field.

PLAYBOY: What about your Belli Seminars? Will you describe what they are and what they do?

BELLI: For the past 13 consecutive years, I and my associates have held these Belli Seminars in almost every state and major city in America, and they have been widely and enthusiastically attended and accepted by trial lawyers, law students and even some laymen. In them we teach in all phases of modern trial law, on civil and criminal, substantive and procedural law. These seminars have done a lot for the law, but not one has failed to draw criticism from some local member of the American Bar Association, some insurance lawyer, or some large law firm with a "business practice." They raise their old cry: My lectures are "illegal" or "unethical."

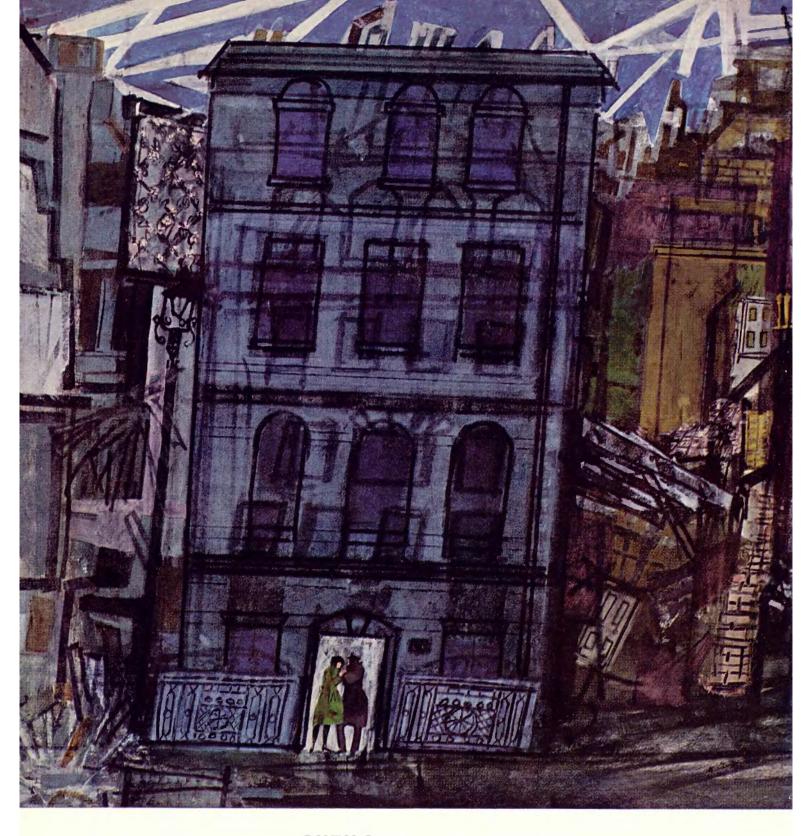
PLAYBOY: On what grounds?

BELLI: I'm teaching lawyers how to raise awards to injured people. I'm teaching them how to sue malpracticing doctors who refuse to testify and who condone the American Medical Association's conspiracy of silence. I'm teaching lawyers how to sue the reluctant insurance company and how to serve the process evader. Among the politicians and the fat cats of the A. B. A. hierarchy, needless to say, none of this law for the benefit of the little man is particularly popular-though social-circuiting A. B. A. presidents are constantly trumpeting on the majestic subject "The Defense of Unpopular Causes," and proclaiming that it's every lawyer's duty to give a courageous representation of his unfortunate brother, however unpopular he is, however heinous his crime. These are the same great vocal defenders who whimper, from behind their corporate desks, when some poor unfortunate's unpopular case has to be tried, "Sure, he's entitled to the best defense, but you defend him, I can't afford to!" Even worse, these preachers of lofty sentiments are the quickest to impose guilt by association on the lawyer of the heinous-crime client. And these same A. B. A. presidents are approving the abolition of law-school courses that would teach the student lawyer how to try an unpopular case! If we continue diminishing the hours devoted to criminal law in our law schools and increasing those devoted to taxation, accounting and the like, we may as well move over into the business-administration schools. Then the few of us remaining criminal lawyers and general trial men may as well be displayed at the monkey house where the public can stare at our (continued on page 170)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

An entertaining young man with a host of friends, the PLAYBOY reader plays host often. And his hospitality demands a lavish larder of beverages. Facts: PLAYBOY has the highest percentage, among all magazines, of reader households drinking or serving alcoholic beverages—86.9%. And PLAYBOY leads all monthly magazines in advertising spending by the nation's leading distillers and brewers. Here's a customer who, obviously, is cause for celebration. (Starch Consumer Magazine Report; P.I.B.; 1964.)



SHELLA fiction By ROBERT RUARK

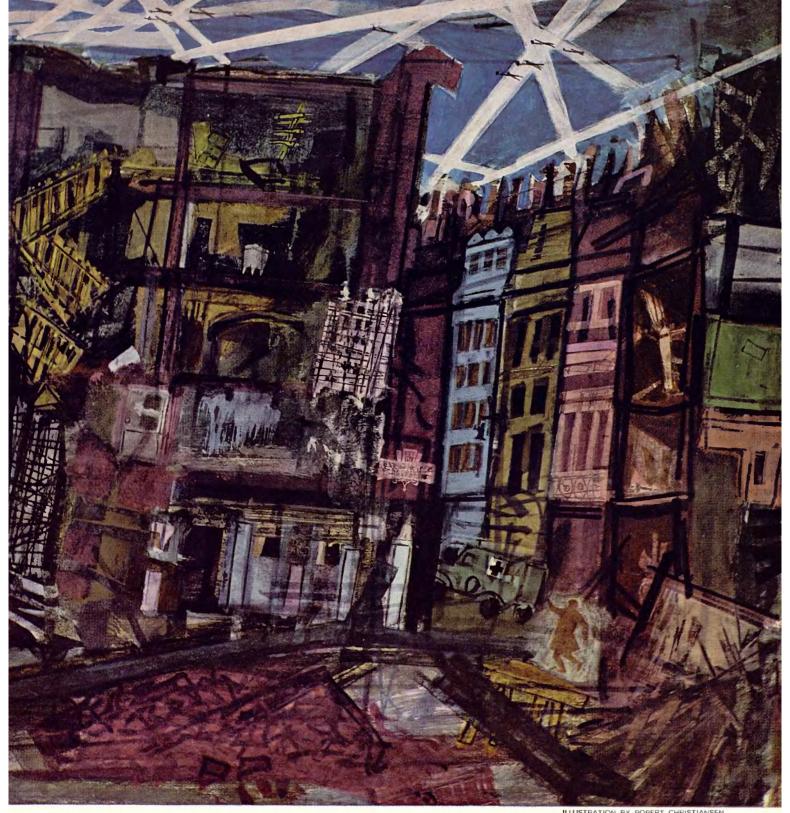


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CHRISTIANSEN

what a lovely and beautiful girl she was, what a gorgeous promise of things to come in the blacked-out night

SHEILA. Alec Barr sighed. He had nearly forgotten Sheila. Sheila what? Audrey? No. Aubrey, that was it. With the shortcropped black curls, the milky Irish skin to go with the bluepurple Irish eyes, the good breasts showing firm under the simple sweater. Lovely Sheila.

And that was a very long time ago. Like in 1943-March 1943, if he remembered right. Alec had been a humble lieutenant (junior grade) in charge of a Naval gun crew in a raggedy-seat service called the armed guard. The armed-guard officers and enlisted men were placed aboard the merchant ships that comprised the convoys which lugged America's vast production to dreary places like Murmansk and Calcutta and the Persian Gulf.

"Fish food" was what they called the armed guard in the early days of the War, when the Luftwaffe owned the skies and the Nazi submarine wolf packs were bold enough to hang around American river mouths, to blast the Allied shipping before the ships actually put out to sea. The armed guardsmen were shoved aboard the merchant vessels ostensibly to man the guns, but actually to prevent a wholesale diversion of American merchant marine to Russia if the Russians suddenly signed a sep-

arate peace with Germany.

Alec had been arbitrarily ordered into the armed guard, like so many other civilian officers with no real mechanical skills-teachers, lawyers, writers (like Alec)-after a brief indoctrination. Three months after he bought his first uniforms, Alec found himself shooting at submarines (with a five-inch cannon that certainly was salvaged from a courthouse lawn) on a coastwise trip from Charleston, South Carolina, before he even had a chance to form convoy in New York. For target practice, he directed his raw crew to shoot at the masts of sunken ships that stuck up like antennas along the American coastline.

Each convoy running upward of a hundred of the slow Liberty ships had a technical commander with the honorary title of "Commodore," who received the signals from the protecting destroyer escorts and corvettes for relay to the other ships in station. This commodore was arbitrarily selected by the Naval port director, at a convoy conference before the long files of ships formed outside and headed hopefully for Murmansk, shepherded through the angry gray Atlantic by a pitiful complement of American, English and Canadian corvettes and DEs. Alec's ship was so chosen, on his second run, to herd the thin-skinned sheep, invariably laden with high explosives or high-octane gasoline, through the wolf packs of Unterseebooten that attacked from New York to the North Cape, and the Heinkels and Dorniers that filled the skies like angry crows once the depleted convoys rounded the North Cape. Murmansk was the death run; the Russians were starving for matériel, and the Lustwaffe had temporarily eased up in the Battle of Britain to concentrate on Russia and the supply lines that were victualing Russia. England, almost knocked out in the first blitz, was breathing again, and clearing up some of the rubble.

The wolf packs beat the living hell out of Convoy Fox, all the way from Sandy Hook to the coast of Scotland. Flares lit the night into ghoulish noon. Depth charges thumped shockingly against the fragile bottoms of the eightknot merchantmen that plowed through dense fog, scraping bows against sterns and butting into one another like milling cattle. It was cold beyond belief; the machine guns and Oerlikons were thawed with blowtorches. Beards clotted into icicles-everyone was bearded, because the touch of steel on skin stripped

patches in its path.

There was a 24-hour general quarters, and there was one period when Alec barely got off his feet for eight days, snatching cat naps in the wheelhouse occasionally when he came down from his station on the flying bridge. Once, when

the attack lulled, he took a chance and stripped off his paper-lined convoy suit to shower his stinking body. As he soaped himself, the attack alarm sounded and he hit the freezing deck naked except for a helmet.

No day or night passed that failed to record the massive display of exploding ammunition ships or the flaming, greasysmoking destruction of tankers. Slightly hit ships and vessels two-blocking the black ball for engine trouble drifted back and out of convoy and were left sorrowfully to be picked off at leisure by the submarines. There was no attempt to rescue the survivors of stricken ships. In that ice-floed water, life expectancy was something under five minutes.

As the crippled convoy hove into Loch Ewe, in northern Scotland, Alec reflected bitterly that he was the last survivor of a shoreside poker game which had been running in New York before the trip started, and that three of the four departed participants owed him money.

As commodore, Alec climbed down the accommodation ladder into a leaping launch run by black-stockinged, pink-cheeked WRENs for a conference on the future of Convoy Fox. A head count showed 32 ships lost out of 120and the worst was yet to come when they rounded the Cape.

The British Naval Officer In Charge was very young for a three-ringer. He wore weary red-rimmed blue eyes and a

long, curly blond beard.

"You chaps proper bought it this run," he said. "I've been onto Operations and we see little sense in continuing the slaughter. The whole bloody Luftwaffe is waiting for you to round the Cape. London's as peaceful as a parson right now. Been nothing over it for weeks-for which thank God, as I believe we only had about six operable Spits left to throw up."

The NOIC paused for a second and looked at the small cluster of Americans.

"Of course I know this convoy's an all-American show, but you belong to us now. What would you say to a shot at the estuary? Nothing much around to trouble you but the odd E-boat. Nip in and be discharged in a week and off again as bright as buttons."

He looked at Alec, who grinned.

"I say 'Aye,' and also thank God. There's no Luftwaffe at all over London?"

The NOIC shook his head.

"Pulled out to devote themselves to the Russkies-and anything that's going to old Ivan. I rather imagine the Murmansk thing has about had it. It'll all be going through the Gulf now, and then overland from Abadan. Not that this'll be too easy on you chaps, but at least it'll be warmer. I believe you blokes run a dry Navy. Fancy a tot of rum?"

"I'd fancy a tot of canned heat, if nec-

essary," Alec said. "I'm still frozen."

The pontoons of the antisubmarine nets swept back next morning and the convoy reformed, with corvettes hooting alongside, to make the quick and dirty run to the mouth of the Thames. They had only the tiniest troubles with Eboats, which made swift abortive sorties and withdrew after two were blown out of the water. They sailed tranquilly into the Thames, and Alec's ship tied up at the Royal Albert Docks.

She had been made fast a very short time when another bearded boy-this time a lieutenant-came aboard.

"You're to secure your guns and batten down your ammunition lockers," he said. "There'll be no repeat no fighting on your ship if Jerry does pay us a visit. We have our own gunnery control and we don't want any of your eager chaps shooting down our chaps by mistake. You can secure your ship and grant full liberty. We'll put our own people aboard."

He looked keenly at Alec.

"I should smarten up a bit if I were you," he said. "At least trim the beard and break out the number ones. You're required at your H.Q. tomorrow at 0900. Something to do with Intelligence and also Public Relations-shoot the gen back home to build morale. After that, I rather imagine you'll be free until you sail." He stuck out his hand and smiled. "Have fun. Pay no attention to the shambles. London's still a bright town, even behind the blackout curtains. Any amount of frustrated females milling about, and a sly grogshop behind every third door. I'm told there's a fine place in Orange Court that serves a marvelous black-market steak. Somebody'll clue you in."

He turned to go and then swung back. "I forgot. They'll be sending a motorcar for you at 0815. Wouldn't like to have you lost in the bus system, what's left of it."

Alec shook his head as he went back to his tiny quarters with LT. (J.G.) ALEXANDER BARR, GUNNERY OFFICER Stenciled on the door. It seemed to him that the British were very casual about their War, which they appeared to be losing by land, by sea and especially in the air. The Russians were being steadily beaten back; the amateur American mother'sboy Army was being clobbered in North Africa, Rommel was running wild in the western desert, the supply lines from America-if his baby was any examplewere being amputated, and the R.A.F. had been almost totally destroyed over

He went to the tiny stall shower down the alleyway and scrubbed himself raw. He shaved off the scraggly beard with relief and decided that the first thing he would do was yell for the gunner's mate

(continued overleaf)



"...I'd like to speak to Mr. Charles A. Wingate III, please."...
"Thank you, I'll connect you with the executive suite."...
"Executive suite."... "Mr. Wingate, please."... "I'll connect you with his secretary."... "Mr. Wingate's office."... "May I speak to Mr. Wingate, please?"... "Who shall I say is calling?"...
"Miss Simmons—Miss Peggy Simmons."... "One moment, please."... "Wingate speaking!"... "Hi ya, stud...!"

third, who had been a barber, and get himself a free haircut. Then he would see to his guns and his ready boxes, batten down the magazine and take a little stroll ashore, to get his land legs back (the old bucket had taken an 80-degree roll, 40 degrees on one side and 40 on the other, damned near capsizing her, and he had still kept his footing) and then maybe inquire if there was a pub near the docks where a man might buy a pint of mild and bitter and perhaps a chunk of cheese that didn't taste cabbagy like everything else in the ship's freeze box.

Alec Barr was more than mildly exhilarated as he dressed. The dress blues felt festive on his freshly washed hide, after weeks of smelling his own sealed-in stink in the convoy Teddy-bear suit with its felt face mask.

He had come through twice now, while others had died in the mountainous snow-capped waves of that cruel Atlantic, which was as gray as death, as permanent as forever. Many had died, but he, Alexander Barr, was still alive.

And he had, he thought, done a good job, although he had been frightened out of his skin. Not only frightened at sea, but frightened at the idea of indoctrination school. Alec Barr owned no mechanical aptitude whatsoever; he could barely switch a typewriter ribbon, and the simple mechanics of changing a tire always managed to bark his knuckles. He had memorized his way through navigation and gunnery and seamanship, and had graduated with the others without cheating.

In actual practice gunnery, on the shooting ships, he had scored well, since at least, as a fair shotgun hand, he understood the axioms of leadoff that appeared to baffle the unsophisticated guncrew he was supposed to be training. He accepted his first ship at Charleston with trepidation, but managed to make out a port-and-starboard watch list with the aid of a regular-Navy gunner's mate second who had been banished to the armed guard for his considerable shoreside sins.

Now it all seemed pretty easy. He had his crew well in hand. He had learned much of practical value on these last two runs. The armed-guard complements were generally drawn from the dregs of recruitment—callow farmer lads from Iowa, bullyboys from New Jersey, street fighters from Brooklyn. Destroyers and DEs and cruisers got the cream. The ragtag went to a service nobody wanted, under officers who didn't know port from starboard, and who still called bulkheads "walls" and ladders "stairs" and decks "floors."

Alec owned one particularly abrasive character, a squat, beveled boy from New Jersey, a Polish kid named Zabinski. Every ship has a problem child, and Zabinski was Alec's cross. If anybody was drunk and in trouble ashore, it was Zabinski. If anybody was smoking in the magazine while the Baker flag was up for ammunition loading, it was Zabinski. If anybody was smoking on watch, or asleep on watch, or overleave, it always seemed to be Zabinski, whose pockmarked flat face wore a constant air of stupidity combined with sullen arrogance.

Having read *The Bluejackets' Manual* and the Naval regulations, Alec tried it all, from confinement to ship to extra duty to patient pleading. Zabinski was impervious to it all. He would say "Yah," forgetting the "sir," and lumber sullenly away, his flat hat on wrong, his neckerchief askew, his blouse sloppy.

One day Alec lost patience. He also lost confidence, because it seemed that Zabinski was gradually taking his ship away from him. God knows, it was tough enough running a small, underpaid Naval complement on a merchant ship in which the Chinese messboy made twice Alec's salary, and on which the armed guard was bitterly resented as upstarts by the merchant personnel. Discipline was tough enough without Zabinski around to foul it up.

One day Alec, tried beyond endurance, called Zabinski to his small stateroom.

"I've tried to reason with you," Alec said to the sullen Pole. "I've punished you with everything short of a general court. Nothing seems to get through that thick Polack skull of yours. I have come to the conclusion that the only thing you might understand is force. So I propose to peel these bars off my collar and take you out on the hatch, and Zabinski, I'm going to beat hell out of you—beat the bejesus out of you in front of my crew and the merchant crew as well. I've got some boxing gloves; Navy regs say that they should be used for recreation."

A slow smile spread over Zabinski's

"Dat's OK wid me, lootenant," he said. "I allus wanted a crack at a god-damn officer."

"You got it," Alec said. "Let's go."

They climbed onto number-three hatch after Alec had announced the exhibition of skill and science for recreational and morale purposes, and the hatch was surrounded by grinning merchant personnel, whose grins increased when they saw the men stripped to shorts. Alec was lean and ropy, but Zabinski was a beer keg of lumpy muscle. He shadowboxed briefly in one corner of the hatch and Alec, who had covered sports as a younger man, felt his heart sink when he watched Zabinski's footwork. The waddling clumsiness was gone; this man had been in rings before. Zabinski slid his feet the right way; he feinted and ducked and slipped and countered invisible punches in the air.

"The old man should asked one of us," one of Alec's men whispered to another. "That dumb Polack was runner-up middleweight in the Jersey Golden Gloves. He's a cinch to cream the boss."

It did not take Lieutenant (j.g.) Alexander Barr overlong to discover that he was in a nonroped ring with a semi-professional. Zabinski toyed with him, using only a snaky left that chewed steadily at Alec's face, an occasional short right that landed in the stomach with controlled force. Alec's arms were longer, and occasionally he got in a punch, and Zabinski did not bother to move his head when the glove landed.

They were fighting two-minute rounds, with the merchant skipper holding the clock, and from the first five seconds of the first round, Alec knew that Zabinski could knock him kicking with a single punch if he wanted to. But Zabinski did not want to; he was toying with his commanding officer, and the snickers grew into laughter from the hatch side. Alec could see himself losing his ship, as Zabinski smirked and fed him light doses of leather.

In the third round, his face a bloody smear, and his middle pounded pink, Alec held up a glove and said "Time!"

"I can't see," he said. "I'm going up to my quarters and fix up a couple of cuts. Take a breather, Zabinski. I'll be right back."

He turned and ran up the ladder to the boat deck and went to his stateroom. In the stateroom was a safe. Among the extra duties allotted to an armed-guard officer was that of temporary paymaster in foreign ports. Alec dabbed the blood off his face, stuck a piece of adhesive on a split brow and twirled the dials of his safe. He reached in and drew out a paper-wrapped roll of ten-cent pieces. He inserted this roll of dimes into his glove, flexed his fingers comfortably around the silvered weight, laced the glove tightly and slid jauntily down the ladder, gloved hands supporting his body on the rails, feet not touching the steps, in the most approved seamanlike manner. He leaped up on the hatch and said, "OK, let's go!" touched gloves with Zabinski and bored in.

It had pleased Zabinski to allow Alec to hit him occasionally in smirking disregard of Alec's punching power, and also because it gave him a beautiful opportunity for a short and hurtful counterpunch. He would look over his shoulder and laugh at his audience when he took Alec's best punch on the chin.

Now he reprised his act, jabbing lightly at Alec's face and then dropping his hands to give Alec a shot at his chin. Alec saw daylight, with the rock-ribbed chin in front of it, and swung from his heels. The silver-weighted glove crashed into Zabinski's chin, and you could hear

(continued on page 202)

from california to the caribbean,
playboy flies you to the swinging debuts
of our hollywood hutch and
coconut-palmed jamaica paradise

THE RIG RUNNY HOP

Hefner and a cottontail contingent step lively for photographers at airport at beginning of Los Angeles-Jamaica junket.

N ONE PRODIGAL HOP, the boundaries of Bunnydom advanced to both the Pacific and Caribbean, with the back-to-back openings of the long-awaited Playboy Club on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip, and the Edenesque Playboy Club-Hotel on Bunny Bay, in Ocho Rios, Jamaica. The memorable week of inaugural activities—at both Clubs—was personally supervised by Big Bunny Hugh M. Hefner, Editor-Publisher of Playboy and President of Playboy Clubs International. The festivities began amid the dazzling spotlights of Hollywood with three days of celebrations, celebrities and celebrants, Bunnies and bubbly, and just plain good times; reached a high point—quite literally—in a transcontinental chartered jet flight, which whisked Hefner, special guests, Club executives and a bevy of Bunny beauties the 2950 miles from L.A. to Jamaica; and ended, with a background of coconut palms and the haunting calypso refrain of Yellow Bird, among the tropical wonders of the West Indies.

In the last days of 1964, pleasure seekers were arriving in Los Angeles from every part of the country, drawn by the double attraction of a New Year's Eve Playboy Club opening and Rose Bowl festivities the following day. Hef himself arrived in California several days before the end of the year (met upon landing by a Bunny color guard that turned the L.A. airport topsy-turvy) to make sure all was in order and to confer with his executive crew in his spanking-new penthouse office-pad, which occupies the top floor of the West Coast Playboy Building. Besides Hef's digs, the ten-story, cream-and-gray structure, chopped into a hillside at 8560 Sunset Boulevard, houses the Playboy Club, six stories of office space, and PLAYBOY'S Hollywood photo studio.

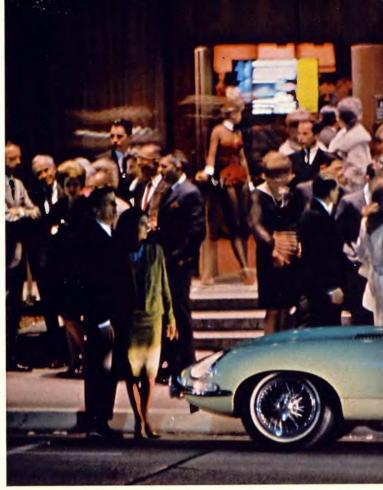
The Club itself covers three full floors and the initial impression upon entering is, at once, one of spaciousness and intimate warmth. If you look over her ears while being greeted by Door Bunny Nancy Scott (not the most logical place to look, we must admit, since Nancy was a Playmate in March 1964), you'll be able to see across the Lobby and the entire length of the bilevel Living Room beyond, to the swinging combo playing at the Piano Bar. Behind the musicians is a candy-striped curtain covering a rear wall of glass that looks down upon the myriad twinkling lights of the city below. If you decide to enter the Living Room area, you'll discover an elaborate buffet set against a side wall, not visible from the Lobby; you may wish to relax in the comfortable apartmentlike atmosphere, sharing drinks and conversation with a chosen friend and then, at your leisure, enjoy a dinner from the buffet for the price of a drink. The Living Room has walls of walnut paneling, burnt-orange carpets, and scating in upholstered couches of olive and deep (text continued on page 101)







Top: Beautiful Bunny rates a double take from openingnight keyholders ascending to catch Playroom show. Center: Playboy Hugh Hefner greets video playboy Tony Francioso (Valentine, of TV's Valentine's Day); that's Milton Berle (and Mrs. B.) behind. Above: VIP Room party gets VIP treatment from Czechoslovakian Bunny Maria Tallafuss.



Above: L.A. keyholder and date leave XK-E to join celebrating throng. Playboy's first West Coast outpost was the newest link in the key chain for just three days—until Jamaica Club-Hotel opened.





Below: Two cottontoiled terpsichores, backed by the Monty Alexander quartet, dance the twine atop the Steinway in the Piano Bar, delighting revelers awaiting 1965 in the Living Room of the Los Angeles Club.











Above, from top: Keyholder's joke provokes merriment among revelers and robbits in Playmate Bar; Bumper Pool Bunny displays both prow and prowess; Door Bunny Nancy Scott and cartoonist Shel Silverstein discuss hairdos and don'ts; actor Stuart Whitman plays it straight as streamers welcome 1965.



Bunnies Judy and Gayle beam from bus carrying junketeers to Los Angeles airport.



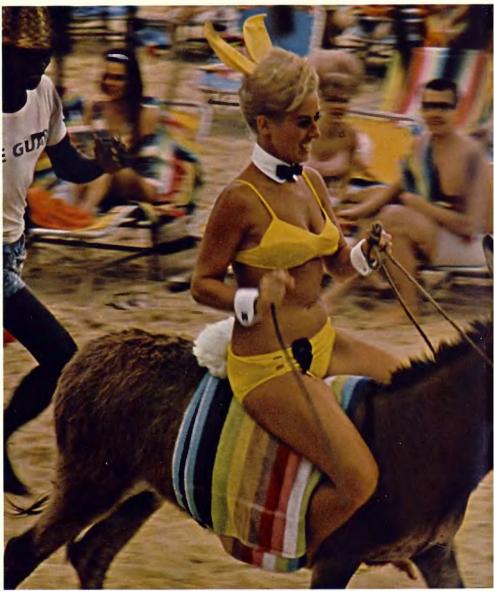
Cottontail offers Electra's crew a preflight invitation to postflight party in Jamaica.



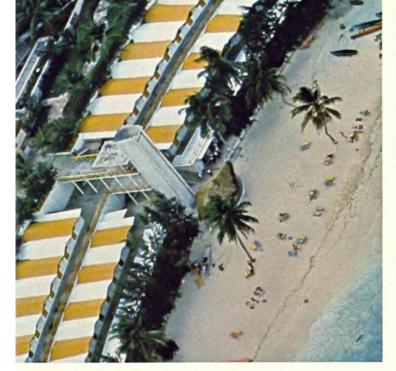
Hef ponders difficult hand while planemate Mary Warren lights his pipe for him.





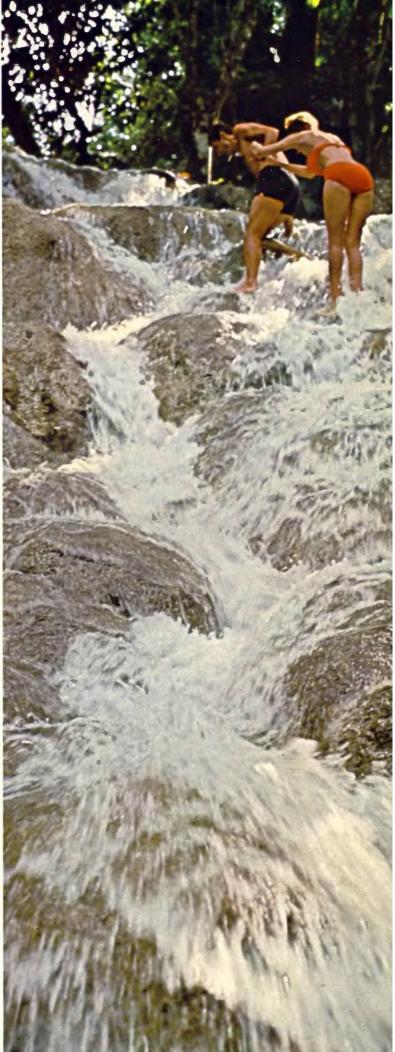


Left: With cottontail topping, Bunny Nancy Scott snoozes in early-morning sun high over Gulf of Mexico. Top: The Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel comes into view. Lanai cabins rim Bunny Bay at right; posh rooms almost encircle VIP Room rotunda at left. Above: Coached by Jamaican lifeguard, Bunny rides winner in pari-mutuel surfside donkey race.

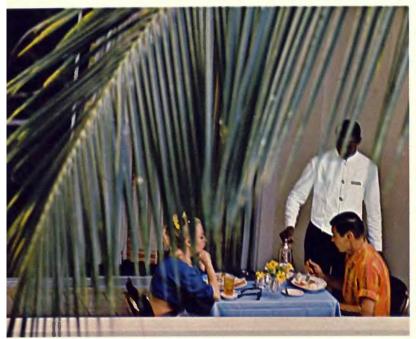




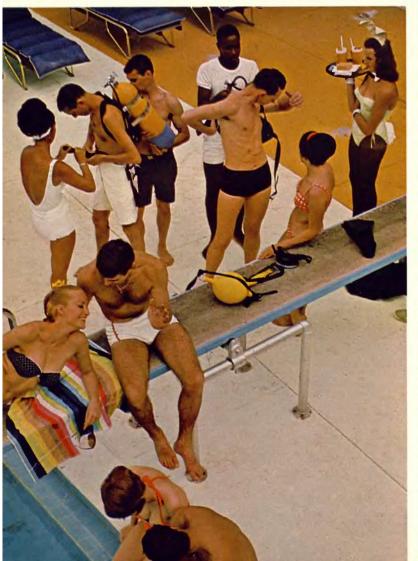
Right: Adventurous couple climbs cascading Dunn's River Falls, one of many nearby spectacles along Jamaica's Gold Coast. A fresh-water stream that plunges dramatically into the Caribbean, Dunn's River is one of eight that give Ocho Rios its name.



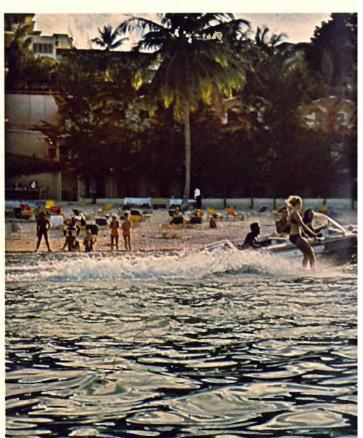
Below: Guests rise and dine on private balcony 'neath the sheltering palms. Right: It's chicken-in-the-sun day as ravishing rabbitués queue up at "surfbord." At beachside barbecues guests can broil their own or leave the cooking to us.

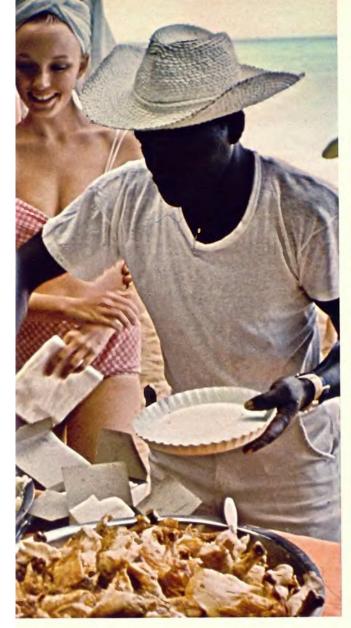


Belaw: Diving belles and partners prepare to sink and swim at complimentary group scuba lessons in Club's pool. Below right: Novice water skier learns the ropes sans ropes on beginner's bar.

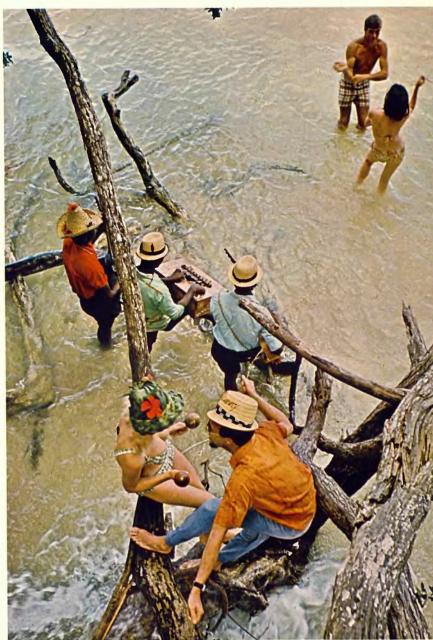


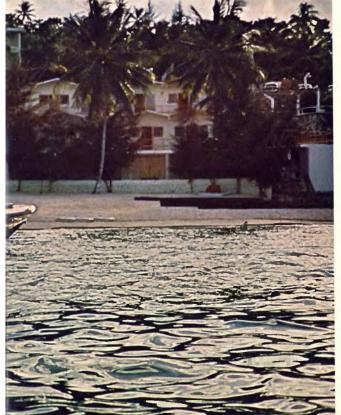






Below: Our calypsonian wandering minstrels, the Shipwreckers, accompany Club guests on weekly Playboy excursion to Dunn's River Falls. Girl in the green chapeau goes out on a limb, borrows maracas and rattles off Jamaican rhythms for water-skaing companions at the foot of the falls.





blue; it is the center of activity in every Playboy Club, but it is only one of several alternatives that present themselves as you cross the Lobby. To your right is the checkroom and the Playboy Gift Shop, and you may note your name going up on the name-plate board that identifies the keyholders who are in the Club that night; to your left is the entrance to the Playmate Bar, and beyond it, the orangecarpeted stairway leading to the elegant VIP Room, the Playroom and the Penthouse on the two floors above. The dimlit intimacy of the Playmate Bar sets off the warm glow of the backlit Playmate photographs. Not all the Playmates in the Playmate Bar are by Kodak: For example, the real Sharon Rogers is a Playmate (PLAYBOY, January 1964) who will actually take you on-at the Bumper Pool table. Bunny Sharon may not have the hottest cue in cottontaildom, but the distractions of her attractions make it almost impossible for the normal man to best her on the baize. If he does, the game's gratis; but if he loses he owes Sharon one green-and-white wallet-size portrait of George Washington.

One flight up from Sharon's green (text continued on page 104) 101



Left: Navy Lieutenant Ron Wright, whose ship came in at nearby Ocho Rios, presents Hef with canvas that canvasses almost but not quite all of 1964 Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle, selected top morale booster by sailors at U.S. Naval Air Station at Guantánama Bay, Cuba. Since Playboy's arrival in Jamaica, Navy brass has joined us to see our world, sailing in from Caribbean bases to spend weekend passes on Bunny Bay.

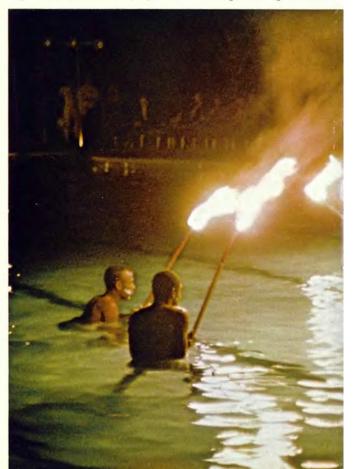




guests by climbing coconut palm with firebrands, performing intricate, flame-defying maneuvers high among fronds.



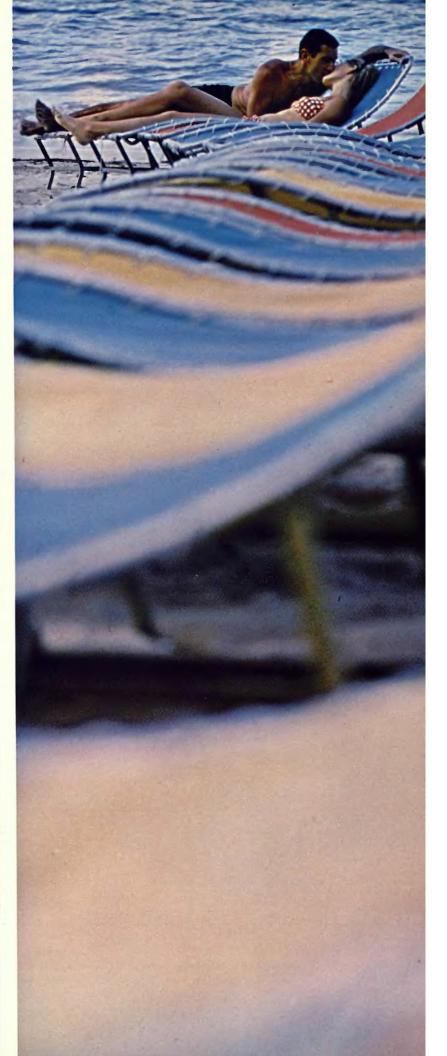
Above center: Caribbean cottontail chorus line kicks off Saturdaynight extravaganza, starring both native and Stateside performers. Above: Capacity audience cracks up at comimicry of George Kirby. 102 The 500-seat Playroom is the largest and liveliest showplace in Jamaica.





Below: Aquabats and guests flip for torchlit water show. Right: On deserted Bunny Bay, two sleepy people by dawn's early light who were just too much in love to say good night.





is the blue-and-silver crystal palace called the VIP Room, the stairway to which is literally a stairway to the stars, producers, directors and writers who have made the VIP Room the most the luncheon and dinner spot in Hollywood since Romanoff's. It is also the home of a truly international set-the curvaceous contingent of Bunnies from Belgrade (Elisabetha Kinkel) to Bangkok (Tina Gamwell). Among them, the multilingual VIP Room Bunnies (all VIP Bunnies must know at least one foreign language as well as English) speak nearly every language except early Danny Kaye -and Danny, a frequent visitor, never gives up trying to teach them.

Also, and always, on hand to help the luscious linguists serve the VIP Room's five-course luncheon and nine-course dinner are butlers so elegantly liveried they give the impression of having stepped right out of the 18th Century as they wheel in silver salvers of chef Erik Jakobsen's chefs-d'oeuvre. Before going to the Hollywood Club, Erik won several of Europe's top awards for culinary skill. One of his specialties was Lapin Moutarde (Rabbit in Mustard Sauce). "He's never made the dish here," says French-bred Bunny Bi Egnell, "because he says the rabbits in America are too scrawny; but sometimes when he's in a frivolous mood he'll look at me and say, 'You know, chérie, I may have been wrong after all.' For all his playfulness, though, Erik is a genuine aristocrat of the kitchen."

VIP Room dining is properly a leisurely affair, and one small but important reason the busiest Sammies in town don't eat and run but sip their brandy slowly in the Hollywood VIP Room is the small blue princess telephone set unobtrusively next to each table, "Most everyone who is anyone in the VIP Room," columnist Joe Hyams recently noted, "gets at least one call during lunch. There's a lot more cooking there at midday than food." An interesting sidenote on the use of Alexander Graham Bell's conversation piece in Hollywood's VIP Room, as compared to New York's and Chicago's, is that here most of the calls are received by rather than made by the diners.

On the level, architecturally speaking, with the VIP Room is the Playroom; and one flight up, on the third floor, is the Penthouse. In the Playroom and Penthouse it's what's up front on the stage that counts. Each of these showrooms seats about 150 and has become so popular that it's a good idea to make reservations before the sun sets on the Strip. There's a new show in each of the show places every two weeks, but because it's Hollywood and there are often more comics and singers in the audience than on stage, something new can happen any time, and usually does. On a recent

night in the Penthouse Larry Storch was in the midst of imitating George Kirby imitating Frank Gorshin imitating Jonathan Winters imitating Custer's Last Stand, when he spotted Sammy Cahn in the audience and brought him on stage to give the assembled the rare treat of hearing the composer at the keys. Meanwhile, downstairs in the Playroom Tony Bennett and Count Basie were up from the audience doing San Francisco. The regularly scheduled act that followed the spontaneous Bennett-Basie combustion was a group of song-andjoke men called The Cables, who came out of the wings to remark that "Tony was lucky; like, sure he left his heart in San Francisco, but think of us, we left our cars . . ." A man who never needs a car ("I let Hef put me in the driver's seat") is Jackie Gayle, king comic of the Playboy circuit, jet-setting world traveler ("I been to Cincinnati, Detroit . . .") and headliner plenipotentiary at practically every Playboy Club opening, including the New Year's Eve invitation-only premiere of the Los Angeles Playboy Club. To the gentlemen in tuxes and the ladies in mink who paid \$65 apiece to attend the charity benefit opening, which yielded \$33,000 to the Reiss-Davis Clinic for Child Guidance, Jackie explained from the Playroom stage that for many of the guests this was their first visit to a Playboy Club, but "me, I been around the Clubs so long I can recognize some of the Bunnies by their faces." The remark was greeted by pandemonium-ribbons flew. noisemakers blew and Jackie, absolutely bewildered, leaned over the stage and said to Hefner at ringside center, "Huge, baby, you have just heard the greatest ovation for a comedian in the history of showbiz, and I thought it was my lousiest joke."

"It was, but Happy New Year," said Hef, who suddenly ended his career as the world's most repressed vocalist, jumped on stage, grabbed a mike, and delivered a few bars of *Auld Lang Syne*.

For all the old acquaintances who should not be forgotten, and a few new ones, too, Hef moved the party from the Club's Playroom to his own penthouse. Shortly before dawn (which is the moment critique at all of Mr. Playboy's parties), Bill Dana arrived and pleaded to join the next night's Bunny Hop to Jamaica. "I've always been just plain Hosé Himénez," he explained; "here's my chance to be Hosé Himénez in Hamaica!" Hef found the argument irrefutable and Hosé was in his seat belt the following night for the next leg of the Bunny Hop. Somewhere over the jungles of Yucatán it became morning in the Electra (a Lockheed which Hefner borrowed from the Los Angeles Dodgers), and while Dana dozed and Bunnies dreamed, Hef and his execs were engaged in the largest established impermanent floating

poker game in the sky. Writer Richard Gehman, who for the past three years has been gathering material for his forthcoming biography of Hugh Hefner, analyzed all hands for literary analogies and jotted something down on a scratchpad when Hef drew a king of clubs to a full house. As Gehman was jotting down, the jet was dropping down to the airstrip at Montego Bay. Nobody knew what time it was, but the sun was shining, the Bunnies were bright-eyed after their naps and bushy-tailed after adjusting their snaps. Waiting limousines whisked all the isle landers through 70 miles of seaside greenery to the Clubwith the exception of Hefner, Bunny Mary Warren and Vice-President Arnold Morton, who went back in the air in a six-seater Hawker Siddley and arrived at the Club's landing strip 20 minutes later.

Following the flight, a long day's night

of informal get-togethers began among compatriot Bunny Hoppers who had planed in from Chicago, New York and Miami. Most of the guests went down to the beach for a relaxing dip before hitting the sack till noon. (For the sleepiest heads, a spirited concoction of brandy, milk and cinnamon, called the Playboy Bracer, was helpful in the rise-and-shine department.) Around three-thirty, 50 uniformed members of the Jamaica constabulary band marched into the hutch and up to the upper lobby and got ready for the official ribbon-cutting ceremony to begin, appropriately enough for an Anglo-isle, at teatime with the playing of the Jamaican national anthem. While the band was tuning up, the Bunny Mother collected her 25 charges and positioned them on each side of the wide curved stairway leading from the Living Room to the upper lobby, in a kind of double-file receiving line, and the prettiest line of the kind ever formed. Halfway up the stairway a Bunny and her opposite number held a ribbon of gold, green and blackthe colors of the Jamaican flag. Suddenly somebody said "Ready," the bandmaster tapped his baton twice, drums ruffled, trumpets blared, flashbulbs popped, a movie camera whirred and minutes later, through the gathering crowd, as the band began to play The Star-Spangled Banner, Big Bunny Hugh Hefner appeared with Mr. and Mrs. Chester Touzalin, official representatives of the Queen, and, sharing a huge golden ceremonial scissors, they sliced the ribbon and the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, 13th link and first extraterritorial outpost of what is now truly an international organization, was officially open. Waiters circulated with trays of cocktails and, miraculously, in a matter of minutes everyone had a drink in hand-except Hefner, who elevated up to the fifth-floor Penthouse with V.P.

(continued on page 200)

a polysaturated performer offers a stout defense against the proselytizers of the lank look

humor By ROBERT MORLEY IT'S NATURAL that I should be proud of being fat. A few months ago in California I found myself on a surfboard—not, I must admit, without a certain amount of effort, not the least part of which I had expended simply in getting us both into the water. I can't pretend I succeeded in staying on the board for very long, but I floated around it for a time and at length felt sufficiently rested to start the exhausting journey back over the rocks and across the hot sands to the spot from which I had hired it. I hadn't got very far when I met one of my children crying quietly by the water's edge. My family cry very easily, and normally it doesn't do to inquire into the cause of their grief. But on this occasion I was glad of an excuse for a breather and, sitting down beside my daughter, I asked what could be the matter on such a lovely day. Was it that she was homesick, or in love, or had not properly digested the frozen pizza we had shared at lunch? It turned out to be none of these things, but simply that as I had made my heroic way across the beach she had heard me being discussed by a pack of teenage werewolves who had escaped from the Malibu Forest Reserves. They had apparently not only failed to recognize me from the Late Late Late Show, but had thought me, of all things, too fat, and had said so-rather loudly. I never could persuade my daughter to tell me what their exact description had been, but I was touched that she should have cared so much, and I was reminded of how many many years ago it was since I last felt badly about my figure.

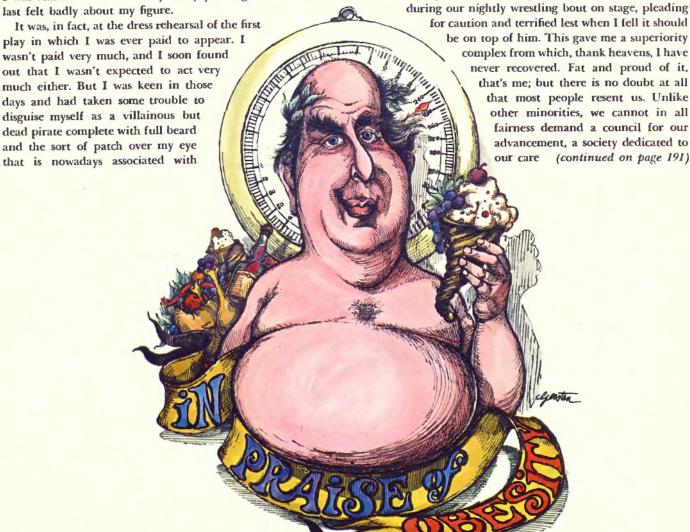
It was, in fact, at the dress rehearsal of the first play in which I was ever paid to appear. I wasn't paid very much, and I soon found

sophisticated shirtmanship. At the rise of the curtain, having taken my place on the quarterdeck under the skull and crossbones, I lay athwart a cannon clutching a cutlass, which in the silence that preceded the entrance of the star I allowed to drop from my dead hand. In those days I was a method actor and had worked out the exact moment when rigor mortis would set in and I would be justified in causing the clatter. I could hardly be held to blame if this happened at the moment when, except for other dead pirates, I had the stage to myself. Just then, the wife of the leading man (she was unfortunately also the director), who was sitting in the circle to watch what went on while her mate was engaged with his own performance, interrupted the rehearsal.

"Just a minute," she cried, "just a minute, Basil"-for the star was called Basil and was, indeed, with the exception of Basil Rathbone, the only actor I ever knew to be so named. "Just a moment . . . the fat boy by the cannon . . . move him away, he spoils the scene."

Spoils the scene! Fat boy! I couldn't believe-I still can hardly believe-she was talking about me. But the stage manager thought otherwise and banished me from the quarterdeck for the rest of the run. He also took away my cutlass.

My next engagement was in Shakespeare and I played Charles the Wrestler, a part in which I could exploit my ample physique at the expense of the actor playing Orlando, a rather skinny and nervous type who constantly circled me



THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN GUN

there would come a moment when scaramanga would draw—and then bond might either have a very small edge or perhaps wind up slowly sinking to the bottom of the lake

Part Three of the final novel By IAN FLEMING

SYNOPSIS: Scaramanga!—even his name evoked evil—"The Man with the Golden Gun," secret agent and hired assassin for Fidel Castro, confidant of the hoodlum kings of the Western world, insatiable womanizer: Here was the final target for James Bond, Secret Agent 007 on Her Majesty's Secret Service. Dispatched by his chief, the inscrutable M, to the Caribbean, Bond tracked his elusive quarry from port to port in the steaming Antilles, finally caught him by happenstance in a Jamaican bordello.

Confronted with his foe, Bond passed himself off as a somewhat disreputable insurance investigator for a British sugar corporation and, hoodwinked, Scaramanga hired him to serve as bodyguard at an international conclave of hoods in the Thunderbird Hotel at Bloody Bay, the site Scaramanga had picked for this tropical Apalachin Conference.

In the wings as Bond moved to ensare his foe was 007's former secretary, sensuous Mary Goodnight, now assistant to Commander Ross, M's operative in Jamaica. Ross himself had mysteriously disappeared shortly before Bond's arrival in Kingston.

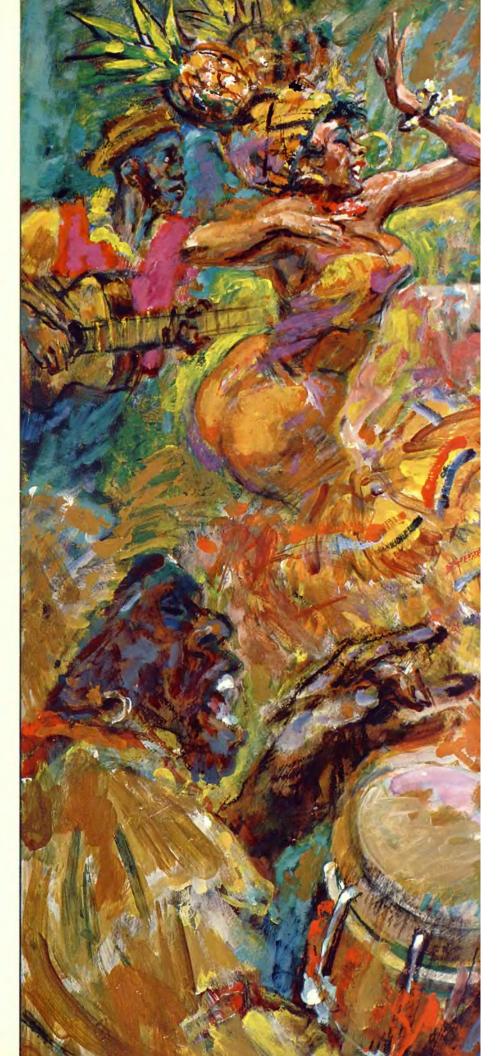
But the center of the stage itself remained dominated by Scaramanga. After he and Bond had sealed their bargain, they left the brothel. A red Thunderbird, with a Jamaican chauffeur, was waiting. Scaramanga sat beside the driver.

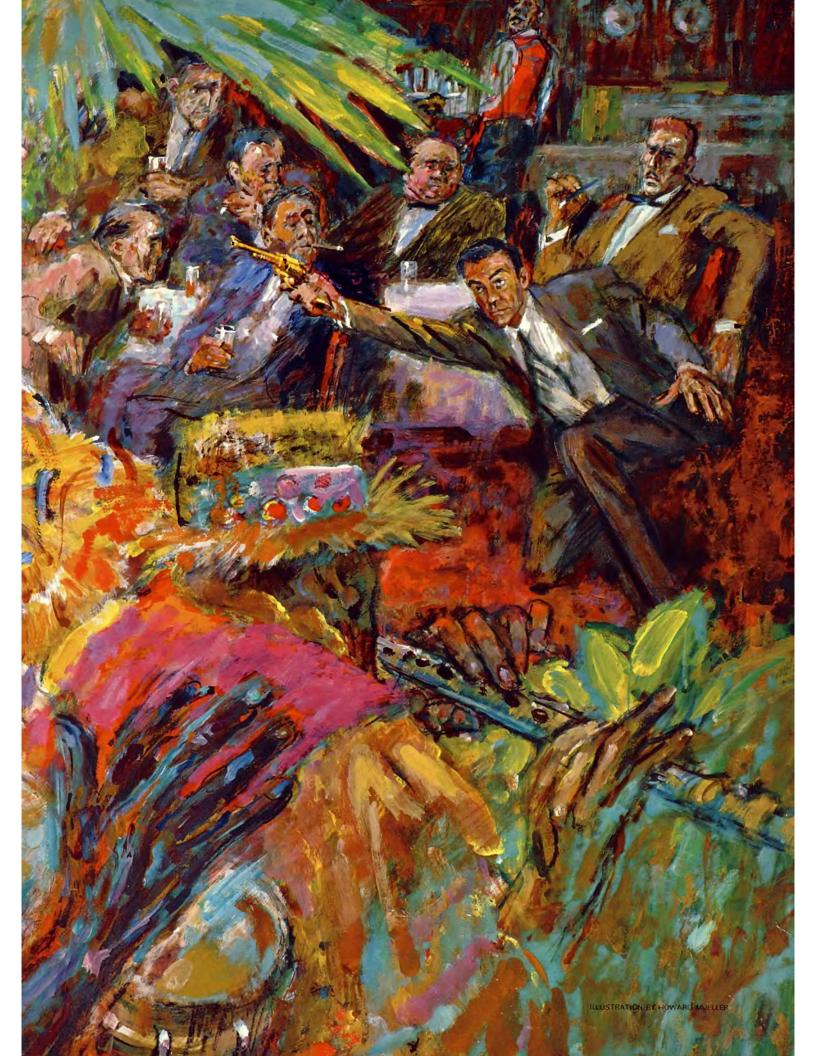
"Pve got a car at the bottom of the road," said Bond.

"Get in the back. Lift you down to your car. Then follow along."

Bond got into the Thunderbird behind his prey and wondered whether to shoot the man now, in the back of the head—the old Gestapo-K.G.B. point of puncture. A mixture of reasons prevented him—the itch of curiosity, and built-in dislike of cold-blooded murder, the feeling that this was not the predestined moment, the likelihood that he would have to murder the chauffeur also. But at that moment Bond knew that he was

Bond whirled, dropped on his knee and, his arm at full length, let fly with Scaramanga's golden gun.





not only disobeying orders or at best dodging them, he was also being a bloody fool.

when he arrives at a place on a dark night, particularly in an alien land which he has never seen before—a strange house, perhaps, or a hotel—even the most alert man is assailed by the confused sensations of the meanest tourist.

James Bond more or less knew the map of Jamaica. He knew that the sea had always been close to him on his left and, as he followed the twin red glares of the leading car through an impressive entrance gate of wrought iron and up an avenue of young royal palms, he heard the waves scrolling into a beach very close to his car. The fields of sugar cane would, he guessed from the approach, come close up against the new high wall that surrounded the Thunderbird property, and there was a slight smell of mangrove swamp coming down from below the high hills whose silhouette he had occasionally glimpsed under a scudding three-quarter moon on his right. But otherwise he had no clue to exactly where he was or what sort of a place he was now approaching and, particularly for him, the sensation was an uncomfortable one.

The first law for a secret agent is to get his geography right, his means of access and exit, and assure his communications with the outside world. James Bond was uncomfortably aware that, for the past hour, he had been driving into limbo and that his nearest contact was a girl in a brothel 30 miles away. The situation was not reassuring.

Half a mile ahead, someone must have seen the approaching lights of the leading car and pressed switches, for there was a sudden blaze of brilliant yellow illumination through the trees and a final sweep of the drive revealed the hotel. With the theatrical lighting and the surrounding blackness to conceal any evidence of halted construction work, the place made a brave show. A vast pale-pink-and-white pillared portico gave the hotel an aristocratic frontage and, when Bond drew up behind the other car at the entrance, he could see through the tall Regency windows a vista of black-and-white marble flooring beneath blazing chandeliers. A bell captain and his Jamaican staff in red jackets and black trousers hurried down the steps and, after showing great deference to Scaramanga, took his suitcase and Bond's, then the small cavalcade moved into the entrance hall where Bond wrote "Mark Hazard" and the Kensington address of World Consortium in the register.

Scaramanga had been talking to a man who appeared to be the manager, a young American with a neat face and a neat suit. He turned to Bond. "You're in number 24 in the west wing. I'm close by

in number 20. Order what you want from room service. See you about ten in the morning. The guys'll be coming in from Kingston around midday. OK?" The cold eyes in the gaunt face didn't mind whether it was or not. Bond said it was. He followed one of the bellboys with his suitcase across the slippery marble floor and through an archway on the left of the hall and down a long white corridor with a close-fitted carpet in royal-blue Wilton. There was a smell of new paint and Jamaican cedar. The numbered doors and the light fixtures were in good taste. Bond's room was almost at the end on the left. Number 20 was opposite. The bellhop unlocked number 24 and held the door for Bond. Air-conditioned air gushed out. It was a pleasant modern double bedroom and bath in gray and white. When he was alone, Bond went to the air-conditioning control and turned it to zero. Then he drew back the curtains and opened the two broad windows to let in real air. Outside, the sea whispered softly on an invisible beach and the moonlight splashed the black shadows of palms across trim lawns. To his left, where the yellow light of the entrance showed a corner of the gravel sweep, Bond heard his car being started up and driven away, presumably to a parking lot which would, he guessed, be at the rear so as not to spoil the impact of the façade. He turned back into his room and inspected it minutely. The only objects of suspicion were a large picture on the wall above the two beds and the telephone. The picture was a Jamaican market scene painted locally. Bond lifted it off its nail, but the wall behind was innocent. He then took out a pocketknife, laid the telephone carefully, so as not to shift the receiver, upside down on a bed, and very quietly and carefully unscrewed the bottom plate. He smiled his satisfaction. Behind the plate was a small microphone joined by leads to the main cable inside the cradle. He screwed back the plate with the same care and put the telephone quietly back on the night table. He knew the gadget. It would be transistorized and of sufficient power to pick up a conversation in normal tones anywhere in the room. It crossed his mind to say very devout prayers out loud before he went to bed. That would be a fitting prolog for the central recording device!

James Bond unpacked his few belongings and called room service. A Jamaican voice answered. Bond ordered a bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon, three glasses, ice and, for nine o'clock, eggs Benedict. The voice said, "Sure, sir." Bond then took off his clothes, put his gun and holster under a pillow, rang for the valet and had his suit taken away to be pressed. By the time he had taken a hot shower followed by an ice-cold one and pulled on a fresh pair of Sea Island

cotton underpants, the bourbon had arrived.

The best drink in the day is just before the first one (the Red Stripe didn't count). James Bond put ice in the glass and three fingers of the bourbon and swilled it round the glass to cool it and break it down with the ice. He pulled a chair up to the window, put a low table beside it, took Profiles in Courage by Jack Kennedy out of his suitcase, happened to open it at Edmund G. Ross ("I looked down into my open grave"), then went and sat down, letting the scented air, a compound of sea and trees, breathe over his body, naked save for the underpants. He drank the bourbon down in two long draughts and felt its friendly bite at the back of his throat and in his stomach. He filled up his glass again, this time with more ice to make it a weaker drink, and sat back and thought about Scaramanga.

What was the man doing now? Talking long distance with Havana or the States? Organizing things for tomorrow? It would be interesting to see these fat, frightened stockholders! If Bond knew anything, they would be a choice bunch of hoods, the type that had owned the Havana hotels and casinos in the old Batista days, the men who held the stock in Las Vegas, who looked after the action in Miami. And whose money was Scaramanga representing? There was so much hot money drifting around the Caribbean that it might be any of the syndicates, any of the banana dictators from the islands or the mainland. And the man himself? It had been damned fine shooting that had killed the two birds swerving through the window of 31/6 Love Lane. How in hell was Bond going to take him? On an impulse, Bond went over to his bed and took the Walther from under the pillow. He slipped out the magazine and pumped the single round onto the counterpane. He tested the spring of the magazine and of the breech and drew a quick bead on various objects round the room. He found he was aiming an inch or so high. But that would be because the gun was lighter without its loaded magazine. He snapped the magazine back and tried again. Yes, that was better. He pumped a round into the breech, put up the safety and replaced the gun under the pillow. Then he went back to his drink and picked up the book and forgot his worries in the high endeavors of great men.

The eggs came and were good. The mousseline sauce might have been mixed at Maxim's. Bond had the tray removed, poured himself a last drink and prepared for bed. Scaramanga would certainly have a master key. Tomorrow, Bond would whittle himself a wedge to jam the door. For tonight, he upended his suitcase just inside the door and balanced the three glasses on top of it. It

(continued on page 210)



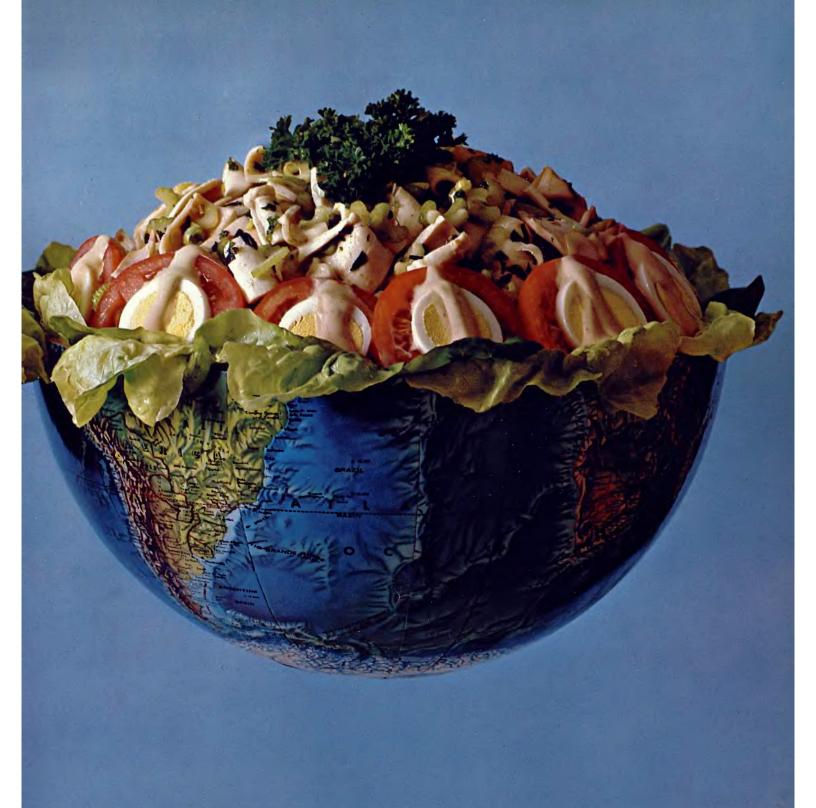
"... Of course, things aren't so bad since Shirley went back to her part-time job."



STOP THE WORLD, I WANT TO GET SALADS A GLOBAL GARDEN OF EXOTIC ENTREES—FROM ITALIAN SQUID TO CHINESE CHICKEN **food By THOMAS MARIO**

THROUGHOUT HISTORY great trenchermen have taken the whole world for their salad bowl. As early as 1631, the English cookbook author John Murre described a "Grand Sallet" fashioned not with run-of-the-garden greens from his British Isles, but with sun-drenched fruits from Mediterranean groves, livened with French capers. Goethe, in a burst of lyricism to the anchovy, once struck off a poem beginning, "Die Welt ist ein Sardellensalat." Even Alexander Dumas the younger, who never failed to pay homage to his native land as the very heart of the comestible universe, turned to the Orient when he dreamed up his now-classic Japanese salad of mussels, potatoes and truffles in a vinaigrette dressing.

Now and then one of the newer crop of salad men may hesitate when he looks at some of the foreign salads for the first time. Take the Sicilian octopus salad—and you should. Too many Americans have reservations about tangling with this kind of epicurean challenge, even though octopus is still sold in every respect-



able Italian fish stall in this country. In making the doughty kind of salad all men like in the summer, the octopus' ten-armed cousin, the squid, can be a saline delight. Baby squids are no more trouble to boil than lobsters, and when fresh they are every bit as succulent. In the mouth of every sea-minded gourmet, ice-cold squid marinated in olive oil, lemon juice and mint turns into pure manna.

The first and most striking view, in any cook's tour of the verdant world of salads, is the vast number of them parading under the deceptive guise of appetizers. The Norwegian salad of diced herring, potatoes, apples, veal and beetroot—a baroque but very delicious combination—appears on the smorgasbord table as just one of a large line-up of appetite stimuli. Frenchmen, in their own bistros, particularly at noontine, will call for the hors d'oeuvres cart laden with ox-mouth salad, mushrooms in oil and vinegar, marinated artichoke hearts and beef with pickle salad. They will pile the plate high at least once, and then sometimes even twice and thrice. The salads are then methodically demolished along with a mountain of heavily buttered French bread. These culinary rites are often concluded with an unpretentious baba au rhum and a pot of dark roasted coffee. It's all done in the most casual style, but it winds up as a salad meal in the best Rabelaisian tradition. Even many of the

Chinese start, and sometimes finish, their feasts with a salad known as Leng Pan, or cold plate. Strangely, Chinese restaurants in America are often timid about including salads on their menus. But transplanted Chinese gourmets in their American homes offer them forthrightly as the beginning, middle and even the end of a sumptuous singleplatter meal.

On the surface, salad making looks like a transparent art. You glance into a big bowl. You see julienne of ham, chicken and swiss cheese strewn over a combination of greens and, without further investigation, you know the recipe for a chef's salad. But the power to make your chef's salad a cut above the next one and to eventually perfect it, means mastering the salad dressing. It is an art that takes a sensitive hand and an even more sensitive palate. Just saying that a salad dressing needs a clove of garlic or a small onion isn't nearly enough. Garlic bulbs, like onions, vary in their virility, mostly depending on age. The wise garlic man always moves slowly but surely. Under no circumstances should a chef have truck with the antigarlic cult of the ancient poet Horace, who advised mistresses to put their hands over the mouth of any garlic-eating Roman offering his kisses and to hide under the bed sheets to avoid his caresses. In France, experienced salad men will often merely rub a cut clove of garlic on the inside of the bowl and then throw the garlic away. Or they will rub garlic onto a piece of bread, called a chapon, and permit it to loiter in the salad bowl until its fragrance is barely detectable. In the south of France, however, gourmets love a thick salad dressing called aïoli or Beurré de Provence, which is really a garlicflavored mayonnaise. Here the flavor greets you like a hearty handshake in a country tavern. Garlic-flavored wine vinegar found on most gourmet shelves is a thoroughly dependable means of releasing the herb's volatile perfume. When it comes to the choice of the proper oil, no Continental salad maker trained in the Grande Cuisine will use anything but olive oil in his dressings. Brands of olive oil vary from light, winsome flavors to those with heavy peasanty overtones. All olive oil for salad dressing should be virgin, that is, the first pressing of the olives. But it isn't necessary to go to the lengths of some olive oil addicts who demand a certain vintage olive oil and won't pour a dressing into a bowl unless the bowl itself is made from the root of an old olive tree.

For some reason, most Americans insist on serving salad only in a salad bowl. International gourmets are much less bound to this stringent convention. 112 For mixing purposes, the salad bowl is

extremely useful. But then, so is a large pot or saucepan. At the table, particularly for the meat, poultry and seafood salads, however, it's good sport to exploit the show-off effects of big silver or china platters, long copper au gratin dishes or shallow casseroles. A salpicon of lobster is perfect served in a coquille or scallop shell. Even punch bowls can be pressed into service as outsize salad bowls.

It's no accident that when a man and a woman order a salad to be mixed at the table in a restaurant, the maître de just naturally hands the bowl to the man to do the honors. It's a man's salad world and the reasons are not open to question. The hearty mixed salads call for something akin to engineering skill. A man sizes up his resources. Is his capon freshly boiled, the elite of juicy eating? Do the crab lumps literally measure up to lump-size meat, or are they merely flakes? Do the celery hearts crackle with freshness when they fall under his French knife? A man won't waver if he must use shallots instead of chives or substitute smoked ham for smoked turkey. A man can distinguish between hot and cold-in the winter he wants his black bean soup hot on his tongue, but in the summer he insists that his salad have the same thermometrical effect as the cracked ice in his planter's punch or a tall, thin glass of freshly poured ale. The following recipes, each of which serves four, are a sample of some of the world-wide gambits available to the internationally oriented gourmet of superior saladry.

ITALIAN SQUID SALAD

2 lbs. baby squid Olive oil Juice of 1/2 lemon 2 celery hearts, thinly sliced 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh mint 2 scallions, thinly sliced I tablespoon finely minced parsley Salt, pepper, celery salt 1/2 cup mayonnaise 2 tablespoons wine vinegar 2 teaspoons anchovy paste Boston lettuce 2 hard-boiled eggs 2 firm, ripe tomatoes

Clean squid, discarding head, insides and cartilage. Wash well in cold water and remove skin. Bring a large pot of salted water to a rapid boil. Add squid and boil until tender (about 1/2 hour). Drain. When cool enough to handle, cut into 3/4-in. dice. Place in mixing bowl with 1/2 cup olive oil, lemon juice, celery hearts, mint, scallions and parsley. Mix well, adding salt, pepper and celery salt to taste. Marinate in refrigerator overnight. In another bowl combine mayonnaise, I tablespoon olive oil, wine vinegar and anchovy paste. Mix with wire whip

until smooth. Line a platter with leaves of Boston lettuce. Pile squid salad in center. Place alternate slices of tomato and egg, both thinly sliced, overlapping slightly, around salad. Pour mayonnaise mixture over tomatoes and eggs.

HUNGARIAN CORNED BEEF, POTATO AND SAUERKRAUT SALAD

3/4 lb. sliced, freshly cooked delicatessen corned beef

2 lbs. potatoes

1/2 cup light cream

2 teaspoons Dusseldorf mustard

2 tablespoons garlic-flavored wine vinegar

Salad oil

1/4 cup mayonnaise Salt, pepper, paprika 11/2 lbs. sauerkraut

1 medium-size onion 11/2 cups sour cream

2 teaspoons caraway seeds

Boil potatoes in jackets until just tender; don't overcook. Remove jackets while potatoes are still warm and cut potatoes into slices about 1/4 in. thick and about 1 in. in diameter. In a mixing bowl combine cream, mustard, vinegar, I tablespoon salad oil and mayonnaise. Stir well with wire whip. Cut corned beef into pieces 1/2 to 3/4 in. square and add, along with potatoes, to bowl. Toss thoroughly. Add salt and pepper to taste. If a more tart salad is desired, add vinegar to taste. Lightly oil an 81/2-in. ring mold. Pile corned-beef mixture into mold. Press outer and inner edges to pack ingredients tightly. Chill in refrigerator at least 2 hours, longer if possible. Drain sauerkraut, pressing with hand to remove as much juice as possible. Peel onion, and cut through stem end into halves; cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices and separate slices into strips. Put caraway seeds in well of electric blender; blend at high speed I minute. In a bowl combine sauerkraut, onion, sour cream, caraway and 3 tablespoons cold water. Mix very well. Chill in refrigerator. Unmold corned-beef mixture onto large round plate or platter. Pile sauerkraut mixture in center of ring. Sprinkle sauerkraut generously with paprika.

FRENCH COLD SALPICON OF LOBSTER

4 boiled 11/9-lb. fresh lobsters 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms 1/2 cup celery, small dice Mayonnaise l teaspoon Dijon mustard Juice of 1/4 lemon 7/8-oz. tin brushed truffles, finely I teaspoon finely chopped chives 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley Salt, pepper, celery salt Boston lettuce

Cut each lobster in half. Remove sac (concluded on page 187)



THE ACADEMY

why was it, he wondered, that the stone commander pointed toward the school, rather than away from it?

fiction By DAVID ELY

THE ACADEMY LAY in the center of a valley, its red-brick buildings arranged in a square. Beyond the surrounding athletic and drill fields were thick woods that rose gradually on all sides, forming a shield of privacy that made the Academy seem in fact to be, in the words of the school brochure, "a little world of its own."

Mr. Holston parked his car in the area marked for visitors. Before proceeding toward the administration building, he paused to watch several groups of uniformed cadets marching to and fro on one of the fields. There was an atmosphere of regularity and tradition that he found quite pleasing. The buildings were old and solid, their bricks weathered to a pale hue, and the stone steps worn down by generations of cadets. The concrete walkways were scrubbed clean and bordered by grass meticulously clipped and weeded. Even the trees of the forest stood in formation.

In front of the administration building was the statue of an elderly man in military dress, one hand resting benignly on the stone shoulder of a young cadet, (continued on page 126)

satire By ROBERT CAROLA WORD PLAY

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

STOP

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NONESENTIAL

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CONCETED



". . . But it's OK to float!"

BRUSSELS SPRITE

our travel-happy belgianborn playmate wants to send the whole world packing

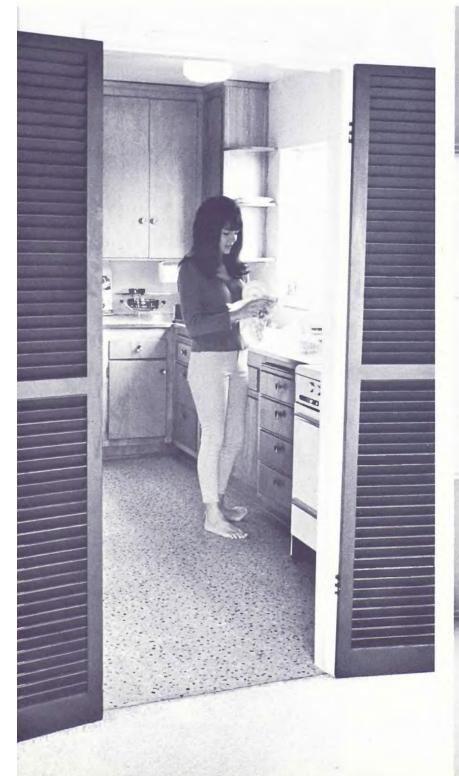
> COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY ORLANDO

IF THAT ADAGE about travel softening one's prejudices has any validity, then June Playmate Hedy Scott couldn't possibly have a biased bone left in her attractive frame. The daughter of an American professional soldier and a Belgian actress, 19-year-old Hedy ("I'm actually twenty, if you use the European system of figuring a person's age") was born in Jodoigne, Belgium, and spent a typical Armybrat childhood wandering from base to base with her family. As she recalls it: "We changed mailing addresses the way most people trade cars. By the time I was seven, I'd lived in Paris, New York, St. Louis and Los Angeles, with plenty of stopovers in between. Living out of a suitcase like that is supposed to be bad for most kids, but I found it exciting. Seeing so many new places at such an early age



only made a confirmed travel bug out of me." Our peripatetic Playmate's youthful wanderlust was sadly curtailed in 1953, when her father was killed in Korea and she returned to Belgium with her mother. "We lived in Brussels for the next seven years," Hedy told us, "and Mom managed to eke out a pretty good living, taking small parts in local theatrical productions and making occasional European television commercials. Living in Europe was exhilarating at first, but I couldn't have been happier when we packed up the old trunk and moved back to California in 1960."

Following in her mother's talented footsteps, our artful June miss has had her fair share of initial success as a part-time model and actress since she recently moved into her own Hollywood digs near Left, below: An early riser, heady Hedy catches up with last night's domestic duties. "I seldom cook at home," she explains. "I much prefer to dress up for a special date and have an elegant late dinner." Right, below: Our trim traveler works out to music, then winds up (bottom) doing the frug.







Below: Miss June has the finishing touches applied to a pair of original ensembles by designer Charles Gallet, before heading for modeling stint at nearby Beverly Hills restaurant. "Next to traveling," confesses Hedy, "clothes are my biggest weakness." Hedy's one of ours.

the Los Angeles Playboy Club. Despite weekly assignments as a fashion model for L. A. designer Charles Gallet and her appearances in television (Mr. Novak, Ozzie and Harriet) and films (Harlow), the Belgian-born beauty continues to eschew the possibility of a show-business career. "Sure, I've managed to pay the rent and keep up the installments on my '56 T-bird," says Hedy, "but I have no illusions about my acting ability and no desire to become just another Hollywood hopeful. What I'd like to do, someday, is open up my own travel agency and find a lifetime partner to help run it." A position for which there'll surely be many applicants.





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A well-known lawyer friend of ours informs us that the difference between making love to a girl and making love to a woman can be as much as 20 years in some states.



A young zoologist entered a cocktail lounge and ordered a triple martini, explaining to the bartender that he was celebrating his first major achievement in the field of genetics. The shapely miss at the other end of the bar asked if she might join him, since she was also there to commemorate an outstanding personal accomplishment.

What a coincidence," said the zoologist. "I've just succeeded in breeding a very rare blue-eyed female pheasant for the first time in

captivity. What did you do?"

'Nothing quite so significant," replied the girl. "It's just that, after ten long years of marriage, my doctor tells me I am finally pregnant. But how did you ever manage to breed your blue-eyed pheasant?"

"It was simple," he explained. "All I did was keep changing mates until I found the right

biological combination."
"Really," said the girl, with a knowing smile. "What a coincidence!"

When her gardener suddenly took ill, the wealthy matron decided to visit him in the hospital. Approaching the visitors' desk, she announced, "I've come to see Mr. Johnston in room six-thirteen.'

"Are you his wife?" asked the nurse on duty. "Certainly not!" retorted the haughty dowager. "I'm his mistress."

For weeks the young man had answered correctly all the questions asked him on a television quiz show. His subject was lovemaking, and for his final question and a grand prize of \$100,000 he was allowed to call in an expert from France. The jackpot question was: If you had been a king during the first 50 years of the Babylonian Empire, which three parts of your bride's anatomy would you have been expected to kiss on your wedding night?

The contestant snapped off the first two answers without hesitation—"Her lips and her neck." When it came to choosing the third and final most kissable part of a new Babylonian queen, however, he turned to the Frenchman

"Mais, do not ask me," said the expert. "I have been wrong twice already!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines twist expert as the torque of the town.

Then there were the two old maids who went on a drunk—and nearly killed him.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines bachelor apartment as a wildlife sanctuary.



The editor of a small weekly newspaper, in a rage over several Government bills that had recently been passed, ran a scathing editorial under the headline: "HALF OF OUR LEGISLATORS ARE CROOKS." Many prominent local politicians were outraged, and tremendous pressure was exerted on him to retract the statement. He finally succumbed to the pressure and ran an apology with the headline: "HALF OF OUR LEGISLATORS ARE NOT CROOKS."



Calling on an attractive coed, the theology professor asked, "Who was the first man? "If it's all the same to you, sir," replied the embarrassed coed, "I'd rather not tell."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines summertime as the season when there's nothing much on radio, TV or most girls at the beach.

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.



mechanistic muses are expanding their domain to encompass every facet of creative activity

article BY J.R. PIERCE TWO REPRODUCTIONS OF prints by Harunobu hang on the right wall of my office. I know what I think of these. On the left I have reproductions of paintings by Ingres and David. I know what I think of these, too. When I look at the wall opposite my desk, I am a little puzzled. There I see a buff painting, five feet long and ten and a half inches wide. I understand the inscription in the lower left; it reads: Pour John Pierce, amicalement, Jean Tinguely, Avril 1962.

The painting itself consists of strokes of red, turquoise and gray ink, generally to the right and downward. Most of the strokes are accented at the beginning. The pattern of strokes is densest and widest a little above the middle, and the turquoise and gray strokes are nearly vertical toward the bottom of the picture. The general effect is Japanese.

This painting is the product of a stupid machine of clanking metal parts, a machine devised and built by the talented constructor of the jiggling "metametics" which have been shown in many countries, and of the celebrated "self-destroying machine" which partially succeeded some years ago in the courtyard of the Museum of Modern Art. Tinguely once built many painting machines similar to the one that created my picture, and sold them to a variety of people, including Nelson Rockefeller.

If I didn't like the painting on my wall, I wouldn't have it there. I am astonished that in some sense it is the product of a machine. But I am appalled when I think that a few hundred feet to my left there resides a machine, an electronic computer, which is to Tinguely's machine as Newton is to an earthworm. What sort of art can we expect from a comparative genius of a machine when a clanking metal monstrosity can produce a picture of at least dubious merit?

While intellectual visionaries have busied themselves asserting that the computer will outstrip man in his intellectual endeavors, and will manage wisely where the executive now mismanages, a less noisy few have approached the computer with artistic intentions, hoping to elicit from it something more patterned and of greater impact than chaos.

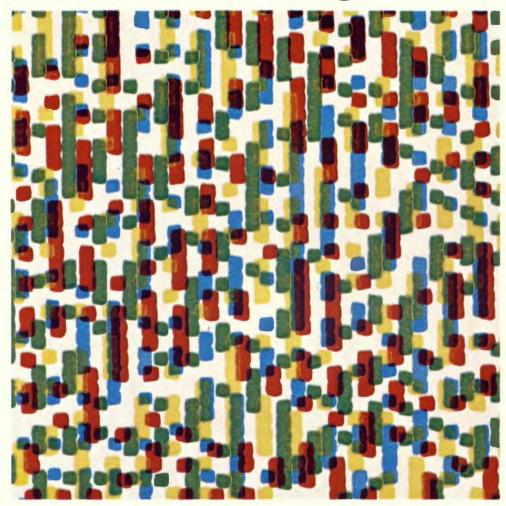
Indeed a similar quest goes back well beyond the digital computer. Many years ago Marcel Duchamp, who painted *Nude Descending a Staircase*, allowed one-meter-long white threads to fall from a height of one meter upon a flat surface. Some were framed and I have seen them. In the curved order imposed by the stiffness of the thread and the random configuration resulting from its passage through the air, there is a mixture of the graceful and the unexpected. Too, by adding a repeated symmetry to a random pattern of bits of colored glass, the kaleidoscope has pleased many generations of children and adults.

From the remote past to the very present, human beings have incorporated geometrical forms and psychological tricks in their art. The straight lines and rectangles of Mondrian have a geometrical regularity which we might associate with a machine, and the subtle curves of Op Art remind us both of mathematical curves and of the psychological texts on perception and optical illusions from which they are drawn. When the artist approaches science and the machine, will the machine perhaps approach the complexity and surprise which we associate with the human artist?

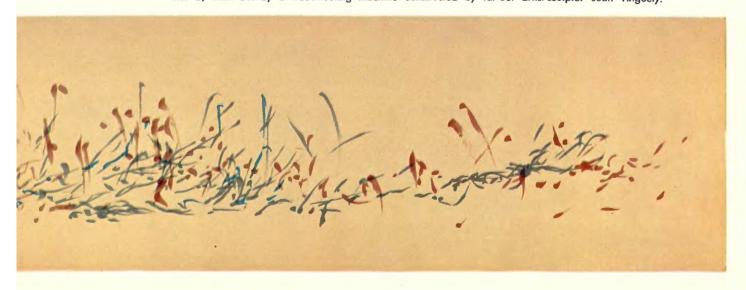
I don't know who first used the electronic computer to produce patterns of some originality and interest, but it may have been Dr. Bela Julesz of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. In studying properties of vision, Dr. Julesz caused the computer to generate patterns of black and white dots within squares, in which just a (continued on page 150)



PORTRAIT OF THE MACHINE as a young artist



The eye-jangling pointillistic pointing above is the creation not of a contemporary abstract impressianist but of an electronic computer programed as part of a research project on the properties of vision. Below: This delicate pattern of Jopaneselike brush strokes, likewise, was conceived and executed not by man but by a freewheeling machine constructed by far-out artist-sculptor Jean Tinguely.



PLAYBOY

the other arm extended in a pointing gesture. Mr. Holston supposed this might represent the Academy's founder, perhaps a retired Civil War general, but the legend inscribed on the base was so faded that he could not read it. The symbolism of the man and boy was conventional, of course—the firm but kindly teacher indicating the horizon of manhood to his youthful charge—although Mr. Holston noted that the figures were facing so that the stone commander was pointing toward the school, rather than in the direction of the outside world, which would have been more appropriate.

In the lobby of the administration building, Mr. Holston gave his name to the cadet at the reception desk, and was at once ushered down a hallway to the

Director's office.

The office was as spare and neat as everything else Mr. Holston had observed about the Academy. It contained a filing cabinet, a single chair for visitors, and a desk, behind which the Director himself was in the process of rising.

The Director was a strongly built man whose white hair was closely cut in military fashion, and his handshake was vigorous. He wore the gray uniform of the school, with a single star on each shoul-

der to denote his rank.

"Well, Mr. Holston," he said, after the customary exchange of amenities, "I've studied your boy's transcript and test records, and I've discussed them with the Admissions Committee, and without beating around the bush, sir, we're prepared to look favorably on a formal application, if you care to make one."

"I see," said Mr. Holston, who had not expected such an immediate response. "That's very encouraging to hear." Feeling slightly ill at ease under the Director's gaze, he glanced around at the walls, which, however, were absolute-

ly bare.

"So," continued the Director, "the only question that remains is whether you want your son to be enrolled here. I'm assuming there's no special financial problem involved, naturally."

"Oh, no. We have that all worked out." Mr. Holston hesitated, thinking that such an important matter should not be disposed of so simply. "I would like to ask about one thing," he said. "Your catalog mentioned a policy of not having any home visits the first year."

The Director nodded. "Yes. Well, we've worked out our system over a long period of time, and we've found that home visits just don't fit into the picture until the cadet is thoroughly oriented to our way of doing things. We say 'a year' merely as a general guide. Sometimes it's longer than that. Parents can visit here, of course, at specified times." The Director gazed inquiringly at Mr. Holston, who tried to think of some more ques-

tions, but could not. "Actually," the Director continued, "the cadets seem to prefer it this way, once they get started. What we're looking for, Mr. Holston, is to motivate them—motivate them to achieve success, which means success in becoming a fully oriented member of this community, and you can see how home visits might cause a little disruption in the process."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Holston.

"Well," said the Director. "You'll want to see a little more of the Academy before making up your mind, I should imagine. Classrooms, dormitories, and so forth."

"If it isn't too much trouble."

"No trouble at all." The Director rose and escorted Mr. Holston out to the hall. "Nothing special about our classrooms," the Director remarked, stopping at one of the doors. He opened it. The instructor, a gray-haired man, roared "Attention!" and the entire class leaped up smartly, as the instructor did a left-face and saluted the Director. "At ease, Grimes," said the Director, returning the salute. "Proceed with instruction."

"Very good, sir."

The Director closed the door again, so that Mr. Holston had only a glimpse of the class—a roomful of gray uniformed figures, heads so closely cropped that they were almost shaven, with nothing much to distinguish one cadet from the next.

"Those were big fellows," remarked Mr. Holston, as they continued along the hallway. "I suppose they're your seniors."

"We don't go by the usual class designations, Mr. Holston. Each cadet is paced according to his needs and capacities. Our purpose is to build men, sir, and you simply can't find a formula to satisfy the requirements of every case. Now here," said the Director, pushing open a pair of swinging doors, "is our cafeteria, which is staffed by the cadets themselves. Part of our community work program."

It was the middle of the afternoon, and the cafeteria was empty, except for a few men who were mopping the floor and scrubbing the serving counters. They, too, snapped to attention when the visitors appeared, until the Director motioned for them to continue their work, as he escorted Mr. Holston on into the kitchen, where several male cooks were busy preparing food for the evening meal.

"At ease," the Director called out, for the cooks, too, had come to attention. "All modern equipment, Mr. Holston, as you can see," he said, indicating the gleaming ranges, the sinks and the neat rows of cleavers, knives, and other implements hanging on the white walls. "You will understand," he added, "that we can't run a military establishment in a sloppy fashion. We try to be thorough, sir. We have, as I say, a little world here, and it's a world that happens to be organized along military lines." He turned to an elderly cook. "Looks good, Carson."

"Thank you, sir." Carson saluted.

Mr. Holston and the Director left the kitchen by the rear door, passing into the square formed by the Academy buildings. "I suppose," said Mr. Holston, "that you find a lot of employees who like the military way. Old Army men, say."

The Director was busy returning the salute of an instructor who was marching a platoon of cadets nearby. He stood silently watching the ranks pass by. "Drill," he declared finally. "Sometimes I think it's the greatest lesson of all. When a boy knows drill, Mr. Holston, then he knows something about life, don't you think?"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Holston, a bit uncertainly. "Of course, it's a splendid training, especially when a boy goes on to have a career in the services."

"Not only there, sir, if you'll permit me. Drill has important values in civilian pursuits as well, in my opinion. And I don't mean only physical drill," the Director added, as he and his guest walked on. "We use drill techniques in classroom work, to instill habits of mental discipline and personal courtesy. We've been given hopeless cases, Mr. Holston, but we've managed in every single one, sir, to find the right answer. And the key to it has been drill, whether on the parade ground or in the classroom. Of course," he said, ushering Mr. Holston into the next building, "in some instances it takes more time than in others, and I don't mean to imply that the Academy deals primarily with so-called problem boys. Not at all. The great majority are like your own son-good, decent young fellows from fine upstanding homes." He opened a door. "This is one of our dormitories, Mr. Holston."

The room ran the length of the building. The wall was lined with beds spaced out to accommodate lockers, chairs and desks. The few cadets who were then studying in the room sprang from their chairs.

"Maybe you'd like to chat with one of the boys," the Director said to Mr. Holston, after he had put the cadets at ease. "Here," he said, as they approached the nearest student, who was taller than either of the men, "it's Cadet Sloan, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, this is Mr. Holston, Sloan, and he'll have a few words with you," said the Director, who then moved off along the row of beds, inspecting the blanket

SUMMER STRIPES FOR URBAN TYPES

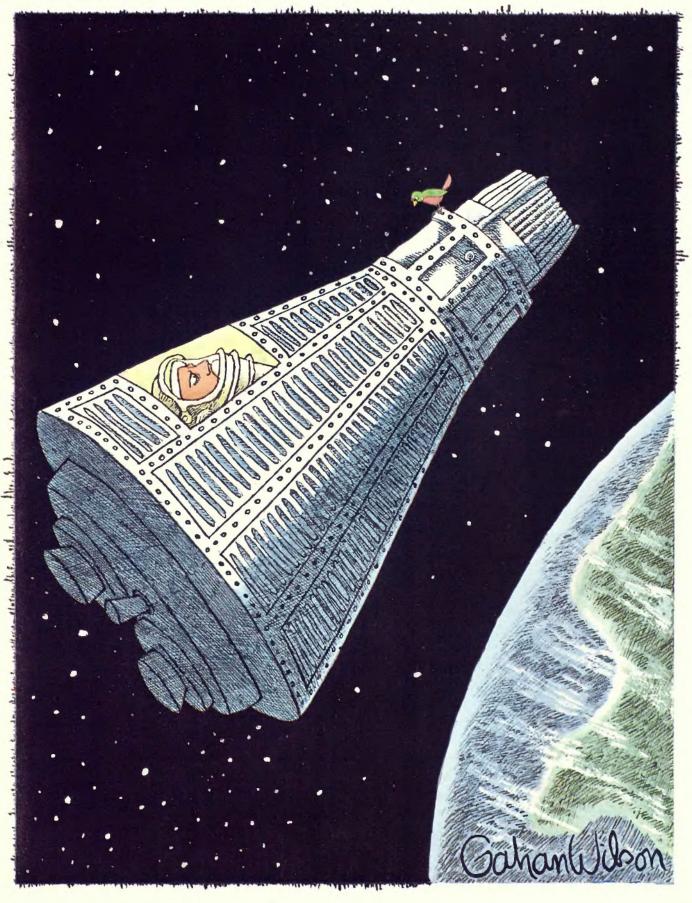
the classic fall-and-winter pin-stripe suit is reincarnated as a warm-weather standard

The pin-stripe suit, that essential ingredient in the young executive's fall and winter wardrobe, has now made a happy switch to summer. These sartorially elegant suits-whose tailoring, fabric and fit belie their airy lightness-are completely correct for office or evening wear and yet keep you coolly comfortable in the warmest of climes. PLAYBOY predicts that these summer sensibles, particularly in the darker shades of blue and gray, will be the outstanding new suitings of the season. The young exec on the left is appropriately turned out in a two-button silk and wool paisley-pattern silk foulard pocket square, by Handcraft, \$3.

sharkskin, black with a muted blue stripe, side-vent coat and adjustable-tab trousers, by Raleigh, \$80. His outfit is complemented by a cotton oxford buttondown shirt, by Hathaway, \$9, and a patterned silk tie, by Wembley, \$2.50. His associate on the right is wearing a gray hairline-stripe Dacron and wool three-button center-vent suit with tapered trousers, by Worsted-Tex, \$75, offset with a cotton oxford snap-tab-collar shirt, by Sero of New Haven, \$7.50, a silk rep striped tie, by Resilio, \$3.50, and a hand-rolled Italian

attire BY ROBERT L. GREEN





"I'm only guessing, but I think it's a red-tailed warbler . . ."

THE SUMMER of 1928 my swimming pal, Fred, and I decided on a two-week vacation. From newspaper ads I picked a "Camp-Do-Not-Worry" in the Berkshires. We arrived by bus in the evening, and then found out it was a Socialist camp. Fred was 19, I, 17. What counted was that the rates were cheap, the menu good, the tent nice, and there was a splendid lake for swimming.

The next morning we headed down the hillside to the lake. Up the path came a barefoot girl wearing shorts and a white-linen Russian blouse. She had long brown braids, a child's face and the body of Venus. We introduced ourselves. Her name was Wanda Sloan. She said her parents were Rumanian Jews and progressives. From then on we were with her constantly. Fred adored her openly; I, secretly. I was like a kid brother to Fred and Wanda. We would spend the nights in Wanda's tent; Fred and I clothed, lying on either side of her; Fred holding her hand, and I keeping space between her and myself.

The two weeks went by. I chose to stay another week. Wanda and I walked Fred to the bus. After the bus left, Wanda hooked her arm into mine. "Your tent is sloppy. It needs a woman's touch." When she got through fixing up my tent, she suddenly embraced me and kissed me. I pushed her away and slapped her. She was startled.

"Are you crazy? Why did you hit me?"
"Fred's in love with you," I said, "and
he thinks you're his girl. You let him
think so, then you turn around and kiss
me minutes after he's gone—you whore!"

"I just felt like kissing you—there's nothing wrong in that—oh, you'll never understand a girll" She began to cry, and ran out of the tent.

Later, as I was on my way to the concert, she was waiting for me on the path. Her tent was at the top of the hill, and we sat half the night on the grass outside it. Then we lay in each other's arms on her cot until morning. Every night we were on her cot, silently and innocently kissing.

My vacation over, I hastened to see Fred. He was painfully lovesick for Wanda. I didn't want him hurt by her, so I told him how Wanda and I kissed and petted on her cot every night for a week. But sure enough, the following weekend Fred had Wanda out to our canoeing and swimming club at City Island.

Wanda let me know that Fred had told her everything I had said to him. She laughed, "You're a kid with weird Old World ideas about girls."

During the winter weekends Fred,

Wanda and I swam in the salt-water pool of the St. George Hotel. Then Wanda did not show up with Fred anymore. Wanda had been swept off her feet by an Englishman named Daniel Cummings and married him. I didn't meet Dan until the beginning of the Depression, a year later. Wanda's husband was tall, handsome and suave. I had to give up my dream of ever having Wanda for myself.

I moved my family of brothers and sisters from Brooklyn to a village far out on the north shore of Long Island. I lost contact with both Fred and Wanda. Years passed and the Depression deepened. During my long period of unemployment I read a great deal and contemplated writing. I was compelled to write the story of my father's death and call it Christ in Concrete. After I finished it, Wanda loomed in my mind very strongly. No matter how many girls I went to bed with, there was always the vision of beautiful Wanda. I wrote her a long love letter, and also told her about the story I had written. I was surprised by her prompt answer. Her letter looked as if it had been scrawled by a little girl.

Accompanying my second love letter was the carbon copy of *Christ in Concrete*. In her return letter she said the story had made her laugh, then it shocked her and made her weep bitterly. She wanted to see me. I was to meet her in Milano's restaurant on 42nd Street near 8th Avenue.

On the appointed day it was snowing. I took the train into the city. Wanda was waiting for me in Milano's. She was breath-taking; the dark-brown hair, the small fine forehead and ears, the deep warm brown eyes, the slightly upturned nose, the rich mouth and lovely teeth, the sparkling skin, the short slender neck, the short arms and high hips above the long graceful legs. She gave me a modest kiss. We had a light lunch with wine and coffee.

"I have only bourgeois news to report," she said wearily. She and Dan had no children. Dan was a sporting-goods salesman at Gimbel's. She still modeled dresses and furs on 7th Avenue. They had a Yonkers apartment. Her parents lived around the corner from her. "A few years after my marriage I became disillusioned. Dan is not an Englishman; his father is a poor Bronx rabbi. In the beginning his cane, spats, monocle and handkerchief in his coat sleeve snowed me. He talked a storm about fabulous deals, but the best he could do was to be a salesman with a carnation in (continued on page 185)

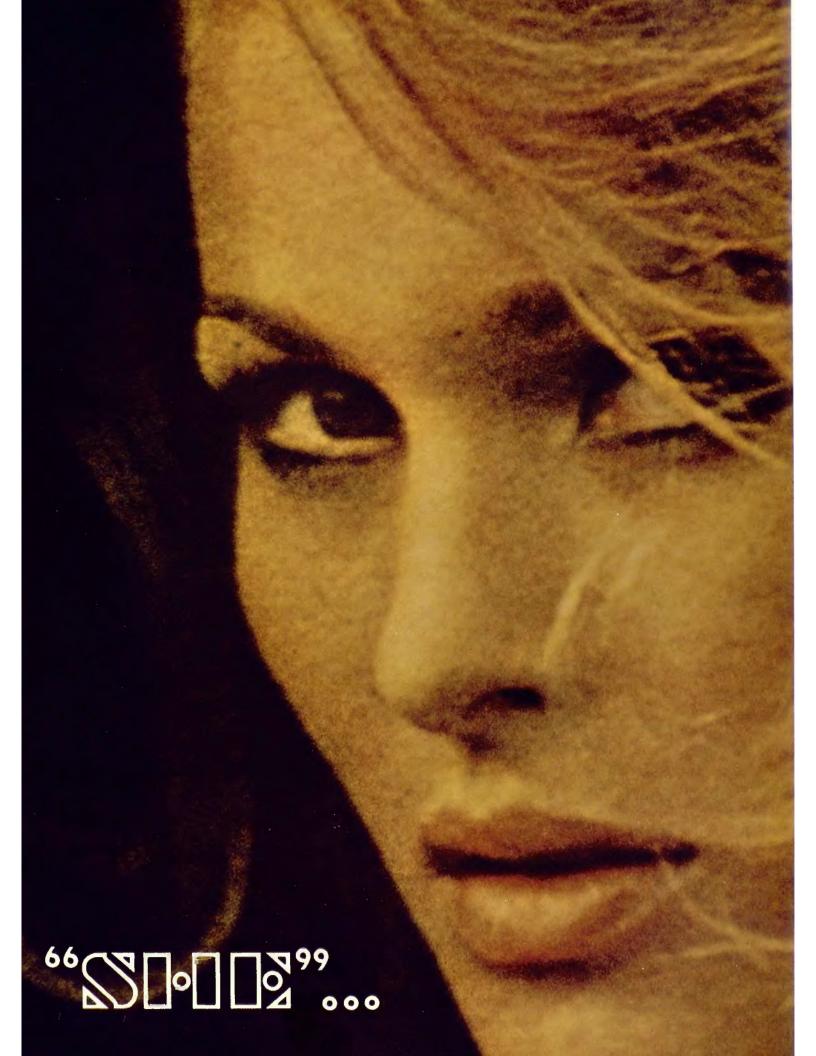


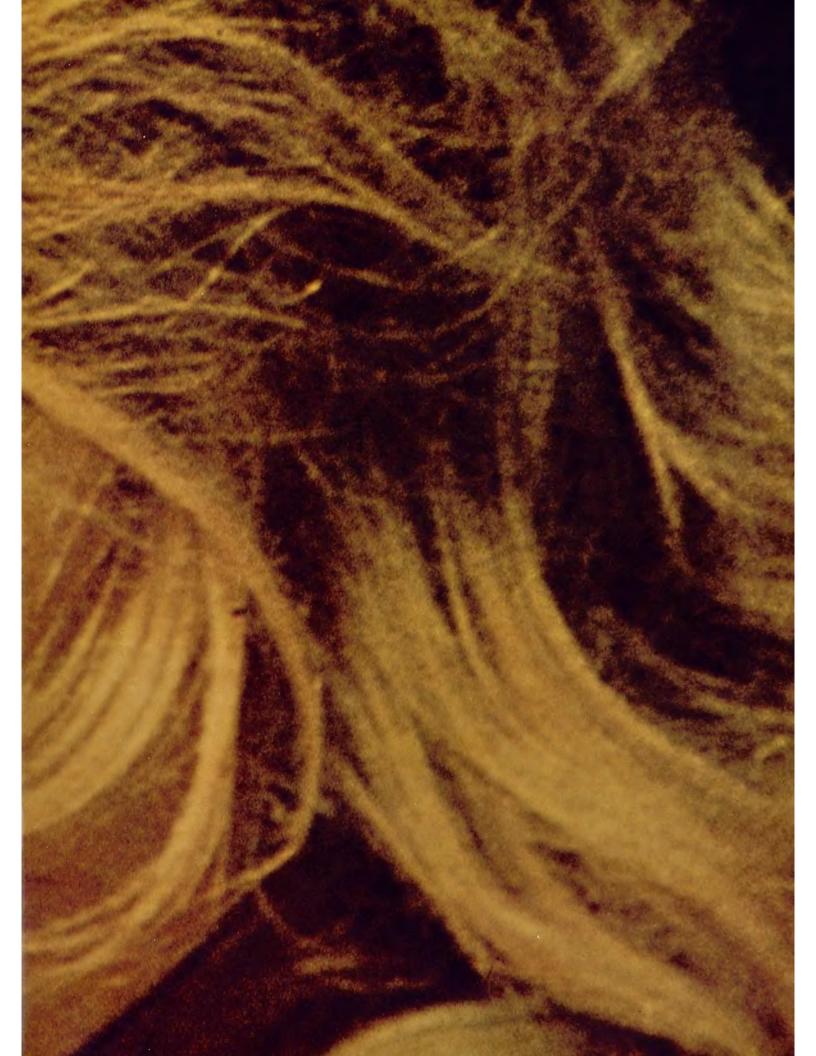
THE OVERNIGHT GUEST

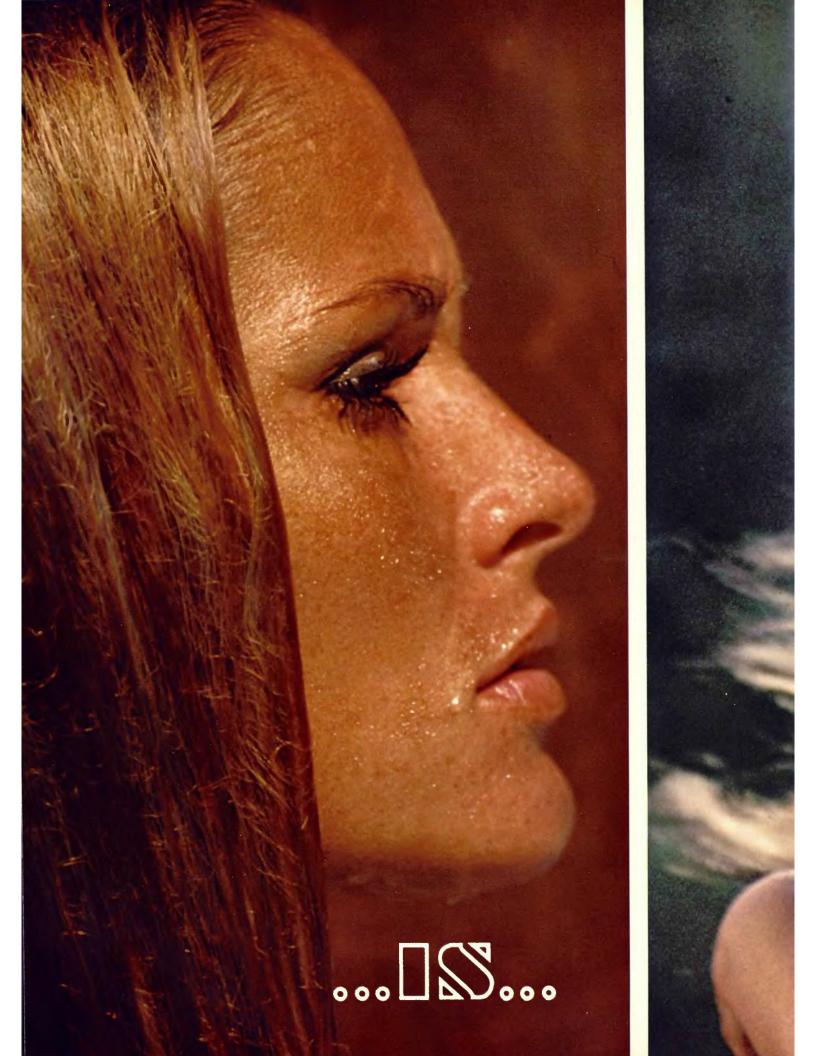
both he and the husband were huntsmen—but his prey was the nocturnal kind

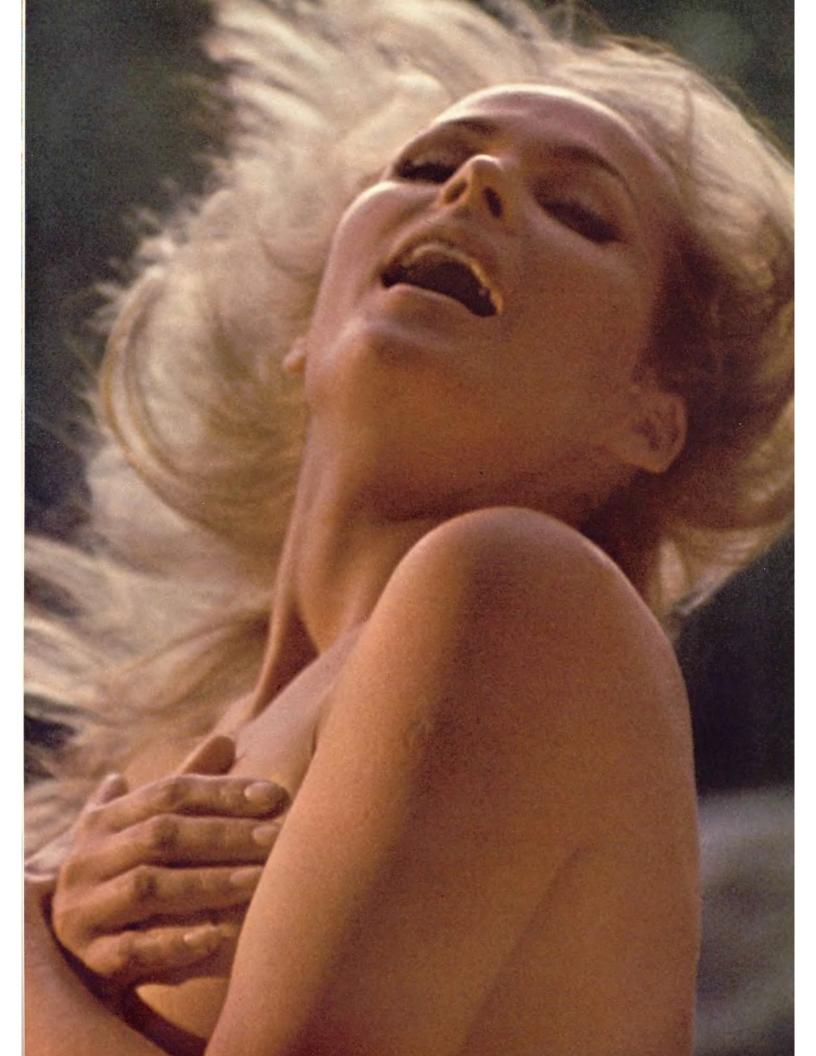
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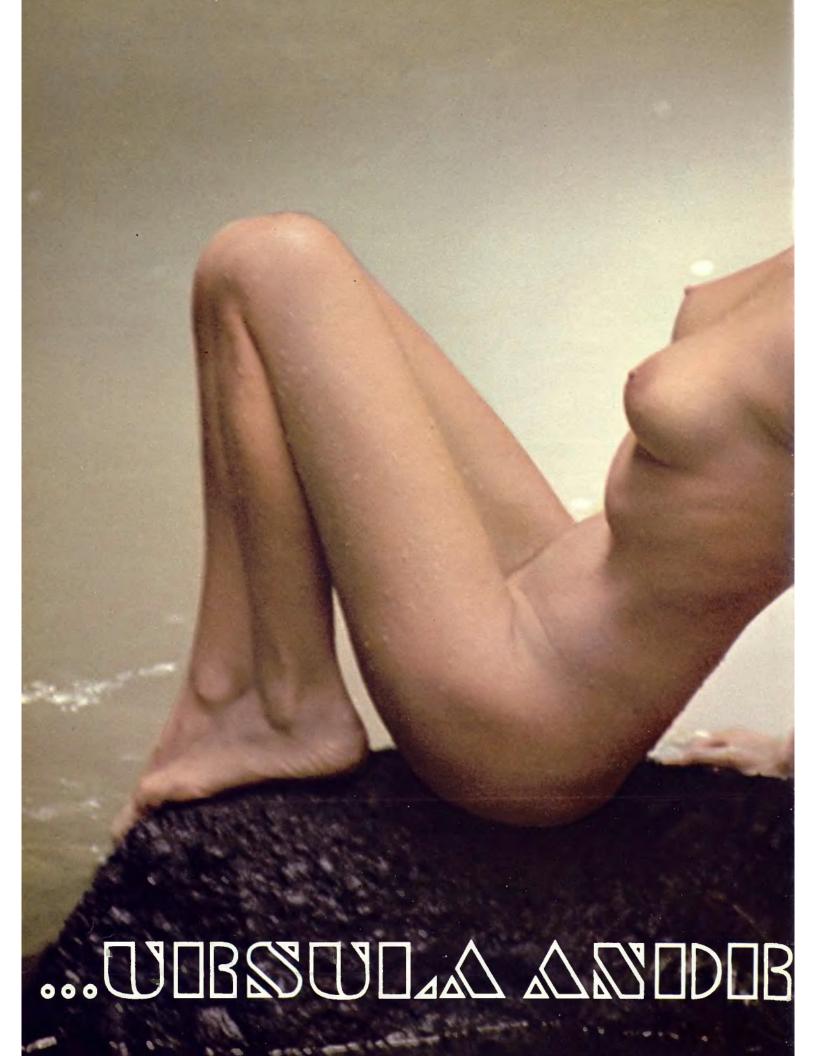
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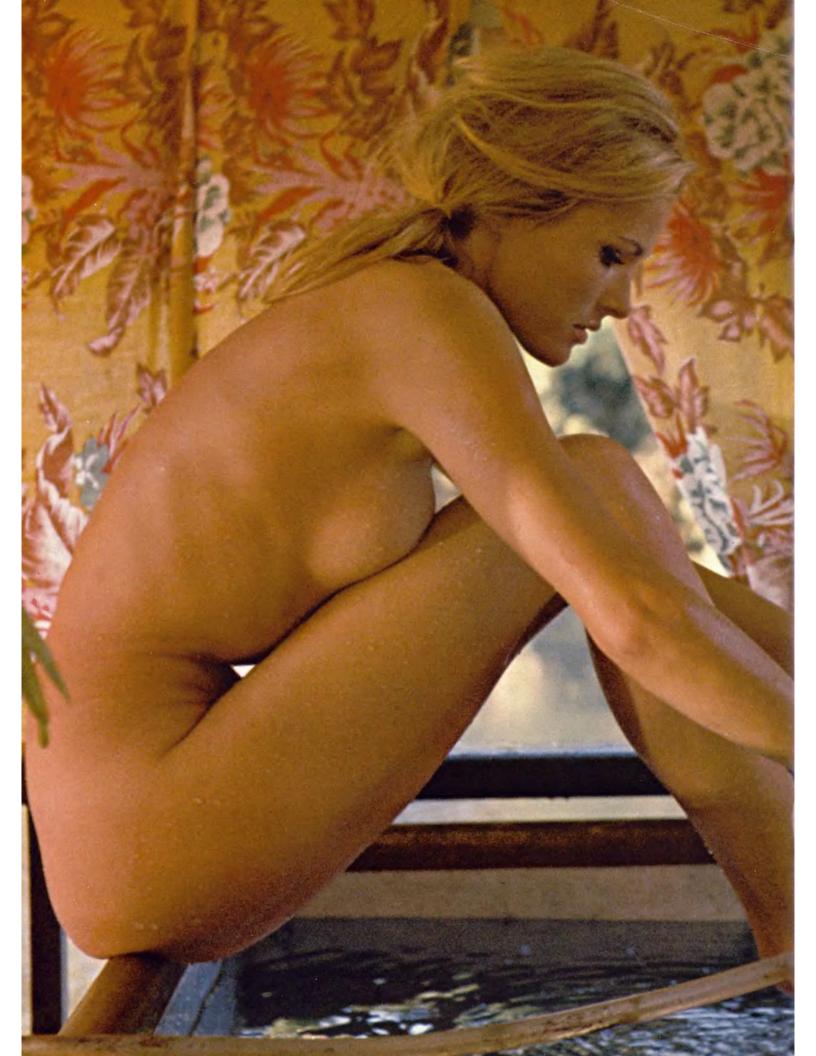










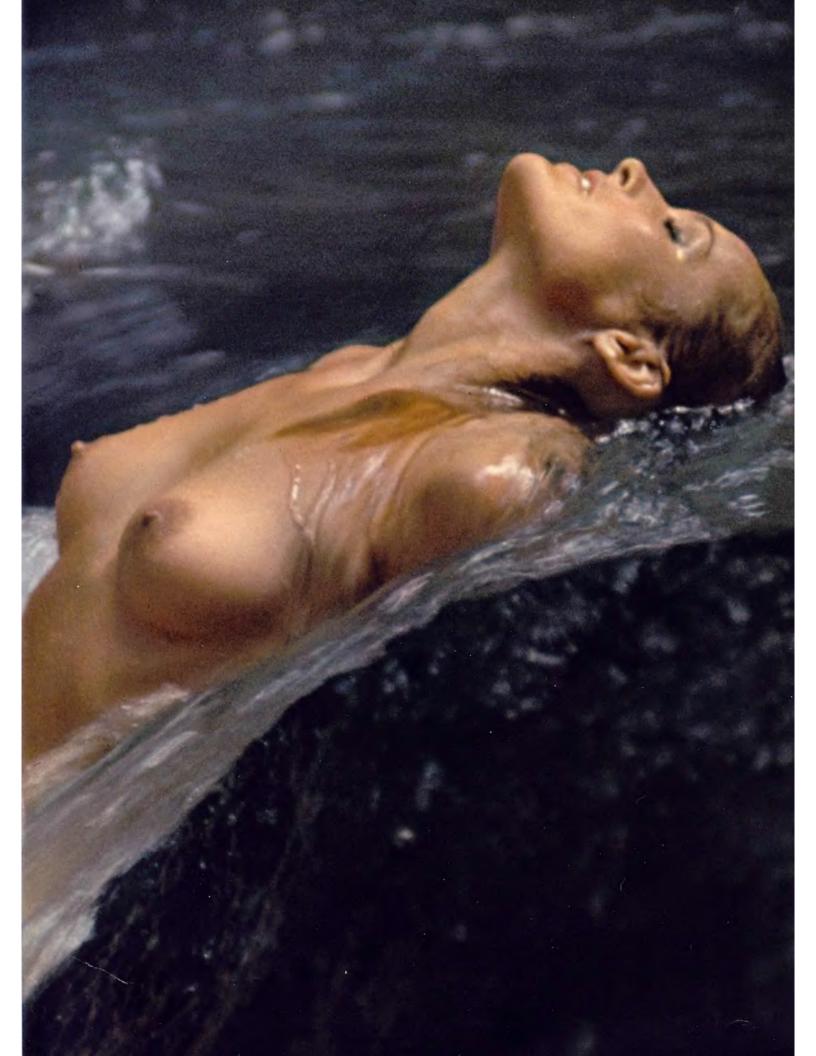


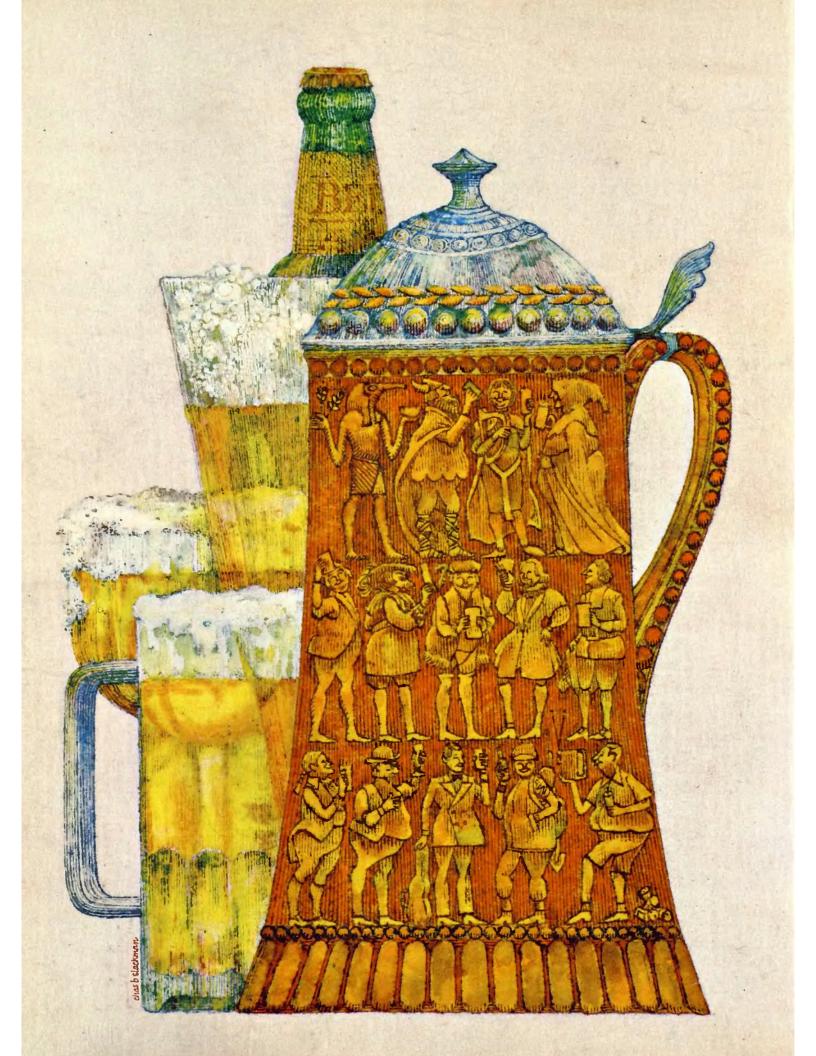












article **Ey William Juersen** a heady history of sudsmanship—from ancient boozah to modern been been is the original and authentic booze. The name boozah was given to the merry malt beverage by the ancient Egyptians over 5000 years ago, when a superior brand of suds was brewed in the delta city of Busiris. Tomb paintings, papyri and hieroglyphs all attest to the fact that beer was the Egyptian national drink. Two gallons was the minimum daily quota quaffed by even the lowliest sons and daughters of the Nile, and temple priests made light work of religiously chugalugging the daily beer offerings made to Egyptian deities by Pharaoh and his followers. On a typical feast day in old Memphis, over 900 jugs of beer were offered to the god Ptah alone, and Ramses III is credited with picking up the tab for 466,303 jugs used to slake the eternal thirst of the holy guzzlers.

Brewed of barley, wheat or millet (a kind of seed now sold as a treat for parakeets), Egyptian beer was often spiced or perfumed, and always consumed in quantity. In one tomb painting a lightly clad tavern maid is seen exhorting the customer to drain his crock for a foamy refill. "Drink unto rapture," she coaxes in come-hither hieroglyphs. "Let it be a good day. Listen to the conversation of thy companions and enjoy thyself." When after-dinner beer was served in the palaces of the wealthy, servants would exhibit a wooden "skeleton at the feast" to all the guests, urging them to "Drink and be merry; for when you die, such will you be."

Since the demand was great, and the beer highly perishable, brewing was an everyday task, and was considered a kitchen art, like baking. "Beer is liquid bread," the chemist Liebig observed in the 19th Century, and the Egyptian housewife whipped up a batch of home-brew along with her loaves and spice cakes. In the brewing kitchens of the nobility, professional brewers made beer for households numbering in the hundreds, and a list of such brewers' names in the Petrie Papyri has left scholars puzzling over a mystery greater than the riddle of the Sphinx. According to an Egyptologist named Mahaffy, who made a study of the scrolls, one strangely un-Egyptian name keeps reappearing: "It is the name SMITH, undeniably written this way in Greek letters."

Who Smith was, or where he came from, no one knows. Despite the Greek lettering of his name, it is not considered likely that this brewer to the third Ptolemy was of Hellenic origin, since the Greeks were a winebibbing people and had even less understanding of cereal beverages than the grape-oriented Romans and Hebrews. It should be noted, though, that a former Cairo brewery official, named James Death, once wrote a book that attempted to

Reg O'My Heart

prove that the "leavened bread" of the Bible was, in reality, Jewish beer, which the Israelites learned to make during their captivity in Egypt.

Actually, the primitive brewing process was so simple that anyone could have learned it at a glance. In the case of the Egyptians, grain was moistened with water and allowed to stand until it began to germinate, at which time it was dried and ground into a coarse malt. The malt was then steeped in a vat of hot water and yeasted with sour bread dough. When fermentation had taken place, and the yeast had converted the grain sugars into alcohol, the foaming beer was then strained off into jugs.

By this same basic process, beer had been brewed since the dawn of thirst by peoples from the southern tip of Africa to the Arctic Circle. Yeasts and cereals varied according to climate, however. In Africa the fermentation of native millet beers is still induced by means of milkweed and fermented roots. In the *Kalevala*, the ancient folk epic of the Finns, the saga of the search for yeast is told in the same iambic pentameter as Longfellow's *Hiawatha*:

What will bring the effervescence, Who will add the needed factor, That the beer may foam and sparkle,

May ferment and be delightful?

With a mythological assist from Kapo, "snowy virgin of the Northland," the old brewess tries adding ripe pine cones and foam from the mouths of angry bears, with no success. Finally, honey is tried, and the beer begins to ferment, "Foaming higher, higher, higher . . . /Overflowing all the caldrons." The news travels fast:

Scarce a moment had passed over, Ere the heroes came in numbers, To the foaming beer of Northland, Rushed to drink the sparkling liquor . . .

Said to make the feeble hardy, Famed to dry the tears of women, Famed to cheer the broken-hearted. Make the aged young and supple, Make the timid brave and mighty, Make the brave men even braver, Fill the heart with joy and gladness, Fill the mind with wisdom sayings, Fill the tongue with ancient legends . . .

Among the most ancient of Norse legends was the story of Valhalla, where Odin's armored maidens, the Valkyries, greeted slain heroes with brimming ale horns, and heaven consisted of an eternity of booze on the house. Since distinct differences between ale and beer had yet to evolve, malt brew was called both öl and biorr. Common to all Northern languages was some form of biorr, which etymologists have traced to beo, a word which the Old Germans used for "barley" and Anglo-Saxons applied to the yeast-yielding honeybee. From this double-barreled source we got beor, biorr, bere and, eventually, beer.

Differences in nomenclature aside, the heroes of the North were never at a loss for an excuse to pass around horns of the wet and foamy. Ale was drunk in thanksgiving for the harvest and in penance for one's sins, to celebrate births and marriages, and to make the mourners merry at wakes. Long before the beery reigns of Harald Bluetooth and Gorm the Old, ancient Danes gave "ales" in the same way that 19th Century English ladies gave "teas." Every sort of meeting, secular or religious, was called an "ale," for the same refreshment was served at all, whether held in a sacred grove, a family hall or the council room of a king. Saxon chiefs would never sit to decide an important matter without first whetting their wisdom with large humpen of brew, and Norwegians held that business transacted at an ale drinking was as legal and binding as any performed in a court of law.

From the beginning of the Christian

era, beer became as closely associated with the northern Church as it had previously been with pagan religion. Saint Brigit, the Fifth Century abbess of Kildare, is still remembered for having miraculously transformed a tub of bath water into most excellent beer to assuage the thirst of lepers. The good saint held Irish brew in such high esteem that she was moved to declare, "I would like to have a great lake of beer for Christ the King. I would like to be watching the Heavenly Family drinking it down through all eternity."

Throughout the Middle Ages, beer was served at breakfast, dinner and supper, and the per-capita consumption is estimated to have been in the vicinity of eight quarts a day. Brewing for a large feudal estate was, therefore, a major operation. In Wales, where beer was called cwrw by drunk and sober alike, the royal brewer ranked above the court physician, and it was the king's privilege to sample privately every new cask of ale. It was further ordained that the high-ranking steward should receive "as much of every cask of plain ale as he can reach with his middle finger dipped into it, and as much of every cask of ale with spiceries as he can reach with the second joint of his middle finger."

The steward's finger was by no means the first to be put into the beer. The ageold custom of dipping a digit into a vat to determine the temperature of a malt mixture was already known as "the rule of thumb," for brewing remained an instinctive art practiced mainly by women in their kitchens. A girl learned to make ale at her mother's knee, and counted the ability among her beau-catching accomplishments. When she married, the bride and her mother brewed a big batch, and gave a "bride ale" feast to which friends and neighbors brought gifts to start the young couple in housekeeping-and in this we have the beery beginnings of all bridal parties.

Among the feasts and ceremonies retained from pagan days were the old religious "ales," which were adapted to the celebration of Christian festivals in the Middle Ages. There were Whitsun ales, Easter ales, tithe ales, and ales in memory of saints and the dear departed. On the eve of a saint's day, people would gather in the churchyard, as they had formerly gathered in sacred groves, with beer and food to see them through the long night's vigil. As a Tenth Century manuscript describes it, they came "with candelys burnyng, and would wake, and come toward night to the church of their devocian." And "afterwards the pepul fell to letcherie, and songs, and daunses, with harping and piping, and also to glotony and sinne."

Against all such unbuttoned "ales" and dubious devotions, the higher clergy of Britain, Germany, Scandinavia and Flanders issued repeated warnings. But

nowhere was better beer brewed than in the convents and monasteries, where brotherly brewers and cloistered brewesses worked to perfect their beers with a precision of method unknown to any other branch of medieval science. At a time when the taste and quality of home-brewed beers varied from house to house, and from one batch to the next, monastic brewers were striving to standardize their product by means of grain selection, temperature control, and the exact measurement of malt and "spiceries." The familiar XXX symbol for strong booze began with the monastic grading of beers into one-, two- and three-X qualities, and the first significant step toward the development of modern beer is believed to have been made in a convent kitchen with the experimental use of hops.

Though hops are mentioned in the Finnish Kalevala, and Belgians credit the invention of hopped beer to a 13th Century Flemish king, Gambrinus, the first reliable reference to the use of hops in beer occurs in the Physica Sacra of Saint Hildegard. Speaking De Hoppho, the 12th Century German saint wrote that while its bitterness gave beer "a longer durability," the hop "creates in man a sad mood" and "affects his bowels unpleasantly by reason of its heating properties." In the third volume of the same work, she therefore advises, "If thou desirest to make a beer from oats and hops, boil it also with the addition of Gruz and several ash leaves, as such a beer purges the stomach of the drinker and eases his chest."

To this day, the exact nature of Gruz is unknown, though brewers and scholars generally agree that it doesn't sound like anything the modern drinker would like to have in his beer. The theory is that Gruz was a seasoning compounded of plants and herbs, such as sweet gale, wild rosemary, yarrow, juniper, bog myrtle, broom tops, alehoof and moth-kraut. Whatever its ingredients, it is known that the Archbishop of Cologne had a monopoly on its manufacture in 1381, and that German Gruz, or Grut, beers were brewed and sold for export in Hamburg, Bremen, Lübeck, Münster and Einbeck during the 11th Century.

The fame of Einbeck's wheat-and-barley beer was such that brewers in other towns began to imitate the summer brew, which was called Ainpock, or Einbock. In time, the name was shortened to Bock-the German word for "goat"and all reference to Einbeck was lost when the head of a bucking goat was adopted as its universal trademark.

Among the most popular beers of the Middle Ages were the light, hoppy wheat beers of Bohemia, which were often favored over the native product by drinkers in the leading beer towns of Germany. The importation and enor-

(continued on page 154)

PETER GOLO

CRUISING



a tense and racially explosive tour of duty with a team of plainclothesmen on patrol

reportage BY PAUL JACOBS "HEY, look at that stud walking over there, on the other side of the street. Let's check him out," Frank, the burly cop, says to Charley, the slender one who is driving. From my seat in the rear of the police car, I look over at the sidewalk and see a middle-aged Negro man walking slowly down the street.

"What are we going to check him out for?" Charley asks. "He looks OK to me. He's not bothering anybody."

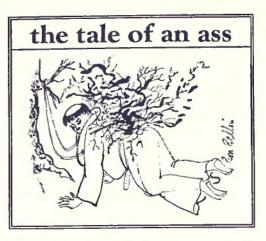
"That stud doesn't belong on this side of town at eleven o'clock at night. He should be over on the East Side. I think we ought to stop and look him over."

"Well, I don't," answers Charley, and so we ride on, with Frank a little sullen, perhaps because he's been put down in front of me, an outsider who's just riding with the two plainclothes cops and not a part of the team.

In the police department of this large northern California city, the cop driving the car is responsible for deciding what they shall do. But, I think to myself, suppose it had been Frank who was driving, as he'd done the night before; then he would have made the decision to stop even if Charley objected. And Charley wouldn't have pressed his objections, because the relationship between two cops in a police car is a delicate one: Even when one is temporarily in authority, they are still equals who are always dependent upon each other while on duty.

If Frank had been driving, I muse, while the car keeps moving slowly along the boulevard, they would have stopped, looked at the Negro's papers and then let him go about his business. Nothing more would have happened to him, but the police would have earned another increment of hostility and another Negro would have learned, (continued on page 188)





Ribald Classic from an old Italian roundelay

THERE ONCE LIVED in Italy a jovial friar who took pity on the wife and ass of a man who did beat both for no other reason than that he was of a stupid and nasty nature. But although the friar, named Timothy, took pity on both, from the wife he would have taken more, for she was as comely as her husband was nasty-and as Timothy was lusty. Accordingly, the roguish man of God put into motion a plan by which he hoped to taste those delights of which he had heretofore only been informed, for he had never seen, nor been observed by, husband, wife or ass.

Thus, with a trusted friend who knew the three, he stealthily followed the husband into a nearby forest one day, where the miserly oat was in the habit of gathering fagots and loading them upon his ass. From concealment the pair watched him tie the beast to a branch, then go off into the trees, whereupon Timothy took the halter from the ass' head and fitted it upon his own. "Make haste, Antony!" he whispered to his companion. "Lead the beast back to the convent." And, looping a rope around the animal's neck, Antony did as they had planned, while Timothy with speed fastened himself to the branch in the same manner and position in which the ass had been.

When the fool, named Gilbert, returned and saw who stood in his animal's stead, he let out a shriek, dropped his bundle of fagots, crossed himself, bellowed, "Lord, have mercy! An ass turned into a man!" and would have run off were he not stopped by the quick and gentle words of Timothy. "Fear not, my friend. Admire, rather, the powerful hand of God. It was thy belief that thou hadst an ass in thy stable, whilst, under the skin of that beast, thou wert harboring there an unfortunate Franciscan, no other than myself. For I did fall into temptation in the past, and it did please divine justice, by way of punishment, to transform me into a vile beast of burden. So severely have I suffered, however, that God hath now restored me to the human form. Free me, I pray thee, from this disgraceful halter, the only vestige now left of my ignominy."

Gilbert, more blessed with strength than intellect, gave entire faith to the friar's story. Throwing himself upon his knees before the holy man, he begged forgiveness for the blows and curses he had inflicted upon such a holy ass. Feigning great affection, Timothy raised him from the ground. "Let not these

recollections afflict thee, good man. For know that the heavy and frequent blows of thy cudgel have shortened the time of my penance and hastened the arrival of my deliverance.

Overjoyed at his own deliverance, Gilbert with speed asked the friar to lodge the night with him and his wife. Timothy made haste to reply that, although it would be a hardship to endure a return to the scene of his humiliation, he would nevertheless accept such a kind invitation. Accordingly, they proceeded to the oaf's house, whereupon Timothy related to Gilbert's comely spouse, named Cicely, the story of his life as an ass and recent transformation. She listened with devotion and compassion, for she well remembered his scanty nourishment of bad straw, worse hay and vile garden weeds.

To demonstrate proof of her pity of his past life and delight in his present, she placed before him a repast of fine pullets and excellent hoarded wine. "Nay," pleaded the friar. "I dare not indulge in spirits, lest I relapse again into sin. Let your good husband drink, for he is a man strong and tempted not." Gilbert complied with speed, pleasure and great thirst, drinking the whole of the wine until in time he was snoring in fumes, whereupon the rogue of a friar began to charm the comely Cicely with drolleries, facetious tales and winks, to which she responded with increasing coquettishness.

Soon they were at play in another part of the house. "Will not our sport transform thee back again into an ass?" she coyly asked while they were in the midst of delight.

"For thee, dear lady, I shall risk it-not only now but into the future as well."

"Oh, sir, thou art indeed a man fearless and brave." Timothy emitted a heavy sigh and murmured that this might well be true.

Great was the friar's surprise the following morning when on his return to the convent he learned that the ass had escaped during the night, Equally surprised was Gilbert when, a few days anon, he saw his own ass for sale at a neighboring fair, recognizing the beast because of a cropped ear. Going to him, he placed his lips close to the animal's head and whispered, "Good father, the rebellious flesh, then, has played thee another trick?" The ass, feeling a tickling upon his ear, shook his head, as if in denial. "Deny it not," resumed Gilbert. "I know thee well; thou art the selfsame." Again the ass moved his head. "Lie not!" rejoined the farmer, raising his voice so that those about him, observing a man in conversation with an ass, believed him out of his wits, more so when the fool began to bellow that the ass was not an ass but a friar, raging on-taunted by their laughter-until in time his nasty nature led him to attack a score of men, who with ease sent him running, bellowing for mercy.

Thus ends the tale of a nasty man who, while trying to make a friar out of an ass, made an ass out of himself instead, while his wife, who had made an ass out of him as well, took her delight from that day on with the friar, who, although believed to be an ass, had made asses out of both of them.

-Retold by John D. Keefauver \$ 147

TEEVEE JEEBIES, PLEASE COME HOME

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"No, I don't, Mr. Jackson—how do you play 'button, button'?"



". . . And a nickel's worth of these chocolate-covered almonds."



"Oh, I don't know—how about a nice big stack of pancakes . . . ?"



"And they melt in your mouth, not in your hands . . . !"



"Now let's see if I've got it right—this is the ovary, here, and this is the spermatozoa over here. . . . Is that right so far . . .?"



"I don't know how to tell you this, Bartlett, but—uh—it's a boy . . . !"

new tongue-in-cheek dialog to enliven television's late-night movies



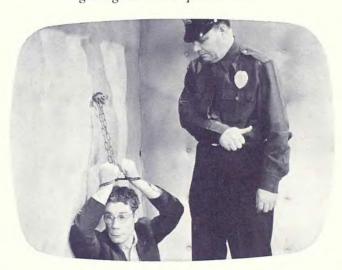
"OK, I'll build my fort here and you guys build your fort over there!"



"All right, Marge, throw the garbage in there quick . . . !"



"The game is really quite simple—we all put our room keys in a pile on the floor . . ."



"Scram!"



"Listen, when my kid rides on the merry-go-round, he rides in style."



"You know, Lou, I bet we have more fun than most Siamese twins . . . !"

Machine (continued from page 124)

little order was imposed upon randomness. The result was so pleasing that a Japanese publisher used the pattern on the cover of a translation of the book in which it appeared.

Others have invoked the computer as an artist with more direct motives. Thus, the computer has been used not only to solve the equations of motion of a particular kind of satellite in orbit around the earth, but also to create an animated motion picture showing the satellite at first tumbling around in its orbit and finally aligning itself radially so that it points at the earth. Another programmer has caused the computer to produce a whole animated instructional motion picture showing rolling balls, the operation of the computer itself and titles that rise across the screen, expand and dissolve. The result is far from Walt Disney in skill, but much cheaper in cost. And one ingenious programmer did manage to make the computer draw pictures of Mickey Mouse's head as seen from any chosen direction.

This is serious work. Scientists and engineers want to present data in graphical and even in moving form, and they want to see what proposed devices and structures will look like from various angles. In some cases, the computer can produce the required drawings, or sequences of drawings, much more quickly and cheaply than could the most skilled draftsman.

But people have been tempted beyond these practical essays in computer art. In fact, one ingenious man, A. M. Noll, caused the computer to generate drawings in the style of Piet Mondrian, drawings consisting of short, heavy vertical and horizontal lines rather randomly arranged on a sheet of paper. Then Noll carried out a psychological experiment. He showed 100 people an original Mondrian drawing and a drawing made by the computer in the style of Mondrian. He asked them to decide which drawing was artistically better, and which was produced by a machine. Of all those asked, only 28 percent correctly identified the computer picture, and 59 percent preferred it to the Mondrian. However, people who said they disliked or were indifferent to modern art were equally divided in preferring the computer picture or the Mondrian; but people who said they liked modern art preferred the computer picture three to one. I don't know whether this is overestimating the computer's artistic ability or underestimating Mondrian's.

Noll has taken the computer far beyond imitation. In his use of the computer, he always prescribes some order but leaves the drawing partly to chance. By these means he has produced a weaving pattern formed by a self-intersecting 150 line, patterns of lines splattered over a page, and even pairs of drawings which, when viewed through a stereoscope, give the effect of many lines hanging in space, much like the Orpheus and Apollo of Richard Lippold in the foyer of the Philharmonic Hall in Lincoln Center, but without any supporting wires at all. I feel driven to the fatuous comment, it's fascinating, but is it art?

Whether the computer, man, or both together create the art of the future, it is likely that man rather than the computer will enjoy it, and the place of a good deal of art is in the home. Today we have books and magazines, TV, slides and primitive forms of 3-D. But the future holds something better in store for us. Emmet Leith and his colleagues at the University of Michigan have produced a visual effect as real as looking through a window.

By illuminating an object to be "photographed" with a coherent beam of light from a laser, that much-vaunted marvel of quantum electronics, Leith produces what is called a hologram, a wavy pattern of ultrafine lines on a photographic plate. When this hologram is illuminated by a laser, a person looking through it sees behind the hologram what appears to be a very solid three-dimensional version of the object that was used in producing the hologram. The whole object is represented in all parts of the hologram. When one moves his head, it is just as if he were looking through a window. If a less interesting detail is in front of an interesting part of the object, one merely has to move his head to see around it. Imagine such solidity, such rotundity, which goes far beyond that of 3-D movies or the oldfashioned stereoscope. At present, one can achieve this effect in only one color, and in still pictures, but who knows what the future will bring?

A computer is blind, deaf and dumb, and it produces visual art only because someone forces it to. A computer can just as well produce a numerical description of a sound wave-in fact, a description of any sound wave. Don't think that people who are ear-minded rather than eye-minded have neglected to make computers produce sound. In the earliest attempts, a computer was made to play simple tunes in buzzes or squeaks, but we are now far beyond that point. A Decca record of 1962, Music from Mathematics, shows that the computer can play tunes in a variety of tone qualities, imitating plucked strings, reed instruments and other common effects, and going beyond these to produce shushes, garbles and clunks that are unknown in conventional music. Further, the computer can even speak and sing. In the record I refer to, the computer actually sings A Bicycle Built for Two-to its own accompaniment.

Today, scientists and musicians at MIT, Bell Telephone Laboratories. Princeton University and the Argonne National Laboratory are trying to make the computer play and sing more surprisingly and more mellifluously. As a musical instrument, the computer has unlimited potentialities for uttering sound. It can, in fact, produce strings of numbers representing any conceivable or hearable sound. But as yet, the programmers are somewhat in the position of a savage confronted with the grand piano. Wonderful things could come out of that box if only we knew how to evoke them.

While some mathematical musicians. and musical mathematicians, are trying to use a computer as a super orchestra, others are following a much older line of endeavor, which goes back to Mozart. Mozart provided posterity with a collection of assorted numbered bars in threeeight time together with a set of rules. By throwing dice to obtain a sequence of random numbers, and by using these numbers in choosing successive bars according to simple rules, even the nonmusical amateur can "compose" an almost endless number of little waltzes, which sound something like disorganized Mozart, Joseph Haydn, Maximilian Stadler and Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach are said to have produced similar random music.

In more recent times, the inimitable John Cage has used a random process in the selection of notes. Indeed, there is a whole school who believe that chance is better than judgment and that a composition would be freshest if the composer guided it in a general way only, letting the individual notes fall where they will.

Some of the early experiments in this direction were as primitive as shaking a pen at a sheet of music paper and adding stems to the ink dots. Since the coming of the computer, chaos has entered music more scientifically. In 1956, the Burroughs Corporation announced it had used the computer to generate music, and in 1957 it was announced that Dr. Martin Kline and Dr. Douglas Bolitho had used the Datatron to write popular melodies. Jack Owens set words to one-which was played over the ABC network as Pushbutton Bertha. In 1957. F. P. Brooks, Jr., A. L. Hopkins, Jr., P. G. Neumann, and W. V. Wright published an account of the statistical composition of music on the basis of extensive statistical data on hymn tunes.

Perhaps the most ambitious early attempt was that of Lejaren A. Hiller, Jr., and Leonard M. Isaacson, of the University of Illinois, who succeeded in formulating the rules of four-part first-species counterpoint in such a way that a computer could choose notes randomly and reject them if they violated these rules. Music so generated, together with other

(continued on page 182)



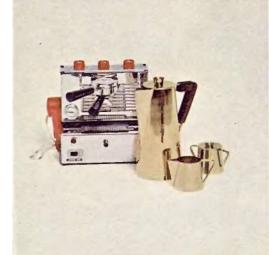
Below: High-fidelity component that transforms the sounds of the music spectrum by changing them into potterns of colored lights and projecting them onto woll, Model 3500, by Colorsound, \$349. Bottom, elegant leather goods, clockwise from noon: Pigskin possport cose with extro pockets for tickets, currency, luggage checks, etc., \$21; ostrich bosic billfold, \$39.50; ostrich pod and pencil set, \$16; Italian nopo wallet, \$18.50; pigskin racing wollet with pencil and special sections for programs, money, pari-mutuel tickets, etc., \$19.50; 8-doy, 15-jewel travel alorm clock that tells the time anywhere in the world, in pigskin cose, \$72, all from Mark Cross.















Top, left to right: Black-walnut humidor, \$55, ond cigor cutter, \$6.50, both from Alfred Dunhill. Burlop and leather humidor, from L.E.R. Distributors, \$25. Teokwood and gloss pipe rock, from Alfred Dunhill, \$40, with selection of five pipes, from Folcon Internotional, \$17.50 to \$33.50. Zoima gas table lighter, from Hommocher Schlemmer, \$9.95. Center: Chess set sculpted in oluminum, \$84, ond wolnut-finished chess boord in olive ond gold foil with Mylar surface, \$24, both by Austin Cox. Round-pot gome set with chips, cords and dice, from Mork Cross, \$69.50. Bottom: Quick Mill espresso coffee moker, \$179.50, and Italian three-piece brass coffee set, \$50, both from Hommacher Schlemmer.



Top: Stereophonic rodio and phonograph, by Admirol, \$199.95. On the console is o 200watt stereo omplifier, model SSP/200, by Mottes Electronics, \$375. On the right is o portable outdoor speoker, by Electro-Voice, \$28.80. Center: Slide-screen theater, by Hudson Photogrophic, \$124 with case. In front are motorized subminioture 25mm f/2.8 comero, from Korl Heitz, \$197.45 with cose ond meter; underwoter exposure meter, by Scopus, Inc., \$99.95 with cose; and wide-ongle 30mm f/1.7 half-frome comero, by Bell & Howell, \$83 with case. Bottom: Electric golf cort, by Bobcock Mfg. Co., \$269.40. Duck ond vinyl bog, \$65, with nine irons, \$171, and four woods, \$107, oll by Arnold Polmer.

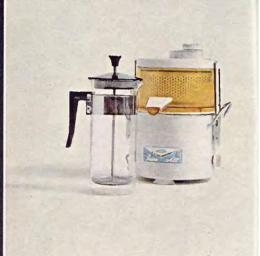


Below: Italian stainless-steel extension lamp with adjustable steel shade and white marble base, by Castiglioni, \$750. Next ta it are a launge chair in black saddle leather with chrome-plated steel construction throughout, from Laverne, \$595, and orange-leather-upholstered barrel chair with chrome steel legs, imparted from Switzerland, fram Stendig, \$900. Center: One-cylinder matarcycle with 4-speed gearbax that cruises at 55 miles an haur, Model JY-1, by Yamaha, \$249. Bottom: Bird-call package with paintings, special record and calls to reproduce the sounds of the thrush, partridge, blackbird, curlew, tawny awl, cuckaa, widgean and skylark, custam-made, by the Atelier Del Prie af Paris, \$18.















Top: Cambinatian phonagraph and AM/FM radio, by Sharp, \$79.95. Vaice cammand tape recarder, by Sony, \$159.50. Center, clackwise from naan: Gladstane, \$210, and black satchel, \$195, bath by Seeger. Pair af 13oz. flasks and case, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$50. Hairbrush set and case, by Essway, \$21. Fitted toilet case, \$145, and canvas threesuiter, \$85, both fram Mark Crass. Bottom, left ta right: Automatic marine radia directian finder, by Esse Radia, \$397.50. Electrically powered zoom scape, by Kalimar, \$200 with leather carrying case. Piloting, Seamanship and Small Baat Handling, by Charles F. Chapman, \$6. Three-band radio direction finder/receiver, by Cancard Electronics, \$125.



Top, left to right: Leather-bound stationery bax, \$55, and magnifying glass, \$15, bath fram Henri Bendel. Letter opener, calendar, memo pad and desk-pad set, fram Mark Cross, \$45. Twa-pen desk set and perpetual calendar, by Sheaffer, \$50. Eight-day clock, by Haralavar, \$32.95. Italian, French and German dictionary set, from Mark Crass, \$32. Center: Cambination instant caffee brewer and martini mixer, by Berkay Industries, \$9.95. On the right is an automatic fruit juicer, by Jahn Oster, \$49.95. Bottom: Aquaplane zip sled, by Unian Carbide, \$24.95. Slalam water ski with adjustable binders, by Cut 'n Jump, \$54.95. Lying in frant is a heavy-duty, threeharsepawer autbaard matar, by Evinrude, \$175.

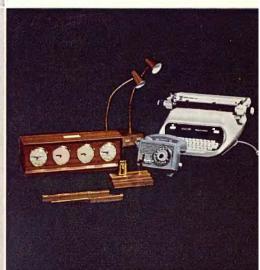
Below: English picnic hamper far six, fram Hammacher Schlemmer, \$229.95. Center, clackwise from 11: Onyx and gold 21-jewel watch, by Carum, \$450. Ultrathin 17-jewel packet style, by Universal Geneve, \$250. Large-face 21-jewel madel, by Corum, \$500. Autamatic 24-jewel watch with gold wristband, by Omega, \$1000. Automatic 28-jewel calendar madel, by Zenith, \$325. Daytona chronagraph with three separate dials, by American Ralex, \$230. Bottom, left to right: Oak Mass calagne, 4 ozs., from Alfred Dunhill, \$6.50. Black Watch spray calagne, 2 ozs., by Prince Matchabelli, \$5. Flaating-head speed shaver, by Norelca, \$30. Razar, \$5, and Sun Up calagne, \$1.75, bath by Gillette.

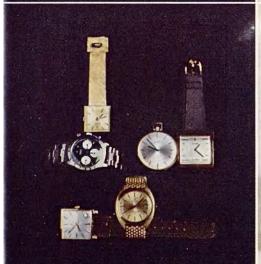


Below, clockwise from naan: Dual-head lamp, by Tensar, \$29.95. Electric typewriter, by Rayal, \$385. Telecom intercammunications telephone attachment for faur simultaneaus canversations, by Webster Electric, \$79. Desk pen and lighter set, by Gultan Industries, \$24.95. Brass ruler/letter opener, fram Mark Crass, \$25. Desk clack with the time in faur cauntries, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$75. Center: Baard game versions of battles, from left ta right: Afrika Korps, Bismarck, Midway and Waterlaa, all fram Avalon Hill, \$5.98 each. Bottom: Deep-sea-fishing chair, by Yankee Craftsmen, \$611; with fiberglass tralling rod, from Abercrambie & Fitch, \$45.50, and 50-lb. reel, by Tycoan Fin-Nar, \$250.















Top: Austin/Caaper S racing and rally car, by BMC, \$2395. Center, clackwise fram ane: Three persanal steak branding irans, fram Mark Crass, \$6.95. Teakwaad meat trencher, fram Hammacher Schlemmer, \$55. Spatula and fark set, fram Mark Cross, \$12. Barbecue set, by Ace Mfg. Ca., \$13.75. Lang-handled salt-and-pepper shaker, \$17; bar set, \$18.50; and three Austrian knives, \$16.50, all from Mark Crass. Bottom: Small bar refrigerator in rosewood, by Springer-Penguin, \$480. On tap are glass captain's decanter, fram America House, \$8; brass martini pitcher, \$25, and sada siphan, \$21.50, both fram Hammacher Schlemmer. Standing is a woad nut-and-balt pepper mill, from L.E.R. Distributars, \$95.



Reg OMy Deart (continued from page 141)

mous sale of Bohemian beer by the cathedral chapter of Breslau created such economic havoc with the town's brewing industry that brewers and councilmen joined forces to make the trade illegal, thus touching off the Pfaffenkrieg, or "Parsons' War," of 1380. Denied their traditional right to sell beer of any origin, the clergy closed the churches and refused to perform all sacraments.

In the equally memorable year 1492, when Columbus set sail to discover the West Indies and a hitherto unknown malady called syphilis, a sensible stay-athome German brewer of Braunschweig, named Christian Mumme, is said to have concocted a thickish, hopped barley beer, which later became a favorite in London. Most Englishmen found the hopped German beers too bitter for their taste, however, and preferred the more saccharine English ales.

Because of the spicy sweetness of their ale, the English traditionally drank it with festive cakes and fruit, in consequence of which custom King John was reported to have died, not of his enemies' poison, but of a "surfeit of new ale and peaches"-a combination that impresses one present-day American beer drinker as being pretty much the same thing. In an effort to explain the early English distinction between ale and beer, a 19th Century authority theorized that ale was "brewed from malt to be drunk fresh," while beer was "brewed from malt and hops, intended to keep." But the same writer found that distinctions were "different in different parts of the country," even in his own day, and failed to take into account that the word "bere," or "beer," had been in use long before the English fancied the flavor of hops. The most likely explanation is that the terms were used almost interchangeably, since British brews differed widely in taste and strength, and were known by a variety of local names as well.

One reason for the profusion of names and types is that most English householders did their own brewing, or patronized a breed of boozy brewesses, called "alewives," whose recipes were highly individualistic. Recalling the broom-top flavoring used in German Gruz, it is significant that the original English alehouse sign was a broom hung outside an alewife's door to inform the thirsty traveler that home-brewed ale was for sale within. This tradition of female "brewsters" carried over into the 15th and 16th Centuries, when women not only brewed for London taverns, but frequently ran them.

Insofar as the modern student can ascertain, the brew and services of some

lady innkeepers left much to be desired, however. As early as 1464, the male members of the first professional Brew-154 ers' Company petitioned the Lord Mayor of London for more rigid regulations against unscrupulous brewesses who made "their bere of unseasonable malt, the which is of little price and unholsome for mannes body." A statute of Henry VIII forbade brewers to use hops and "brimstone." A more liberal attitude toward hops was displayed by Henry's son, Edward VI, however, and the controversial vine grew in English esteem over the following century, eventually winning the scientific approval of herbalist Nicholas Culpepper. Hops, Culpepper held, "easeth the headache that comes of heat" and "killeth the worms in the body."

If Culpepper was correct, the Elizabethans must have been remarkably free from all possible obstructions. The Queen and her maids of honor began each day with pieces of toast floating in quarts of warm ale. Mary, Queen of Scots, who was weaned on beer as a tot. expressed anxiety over the supply as soon as she was imprisoned in Tutbury Castle, and sent her secretary to inquire, "At what place near Tutbury may beer be provided for Her Majesty?"

"Beer may be had at Burton," the secretary was told, and, according to all accounts, Burton brew was indeed fit for a queen. Its chief Elizabethan competitors were "March beer," which required an aging of two years, and the ale that was sold at the sign of the Dagger, in Holborn.

"We must have March bere, dooble, dooble beer, and Dagger ale," Thomas Dekker declared, and brew of all types and grades was joyously guzzled in Maytime, haytime, or on any old day of the week. "Cakes and ale" were synonymous with merrymaking. "Beer and skittles" (a kind of ninepins) came to mean any sort of fun and games.

He that drinks strong beer and goes to bed mellow, Lives as he ought to live, and dies a hearty fellow.

Such was the credo of John Fletcher, the Mermaid tavern wit, who lived to drink the healths of Elizabeth, James and Charles I. Following the execution of Charles by Cromwell's Puritans, beer quickly lost status among the royalists -not because the Puritans were opposed to malt liquor, but because they approved of it. With the overthrow of the monarchy by Cromwell, royalists drank foreign wines and scorned to visit alehouses. Came the Restoration, and the monarchy was re-established, but English brew never quite recovered from the effects of royalist ridicule. Beer and ale had already disappeared from the tables of the fashionable, who now delighted in a new dinner beverage-hot tea, sipped from saucers. When the Great Turk Coffeehouse opened, in 1662, even breakfast ale was threatened by creeping coffee addiction, and malt brew of any sort became a lower-class drink.

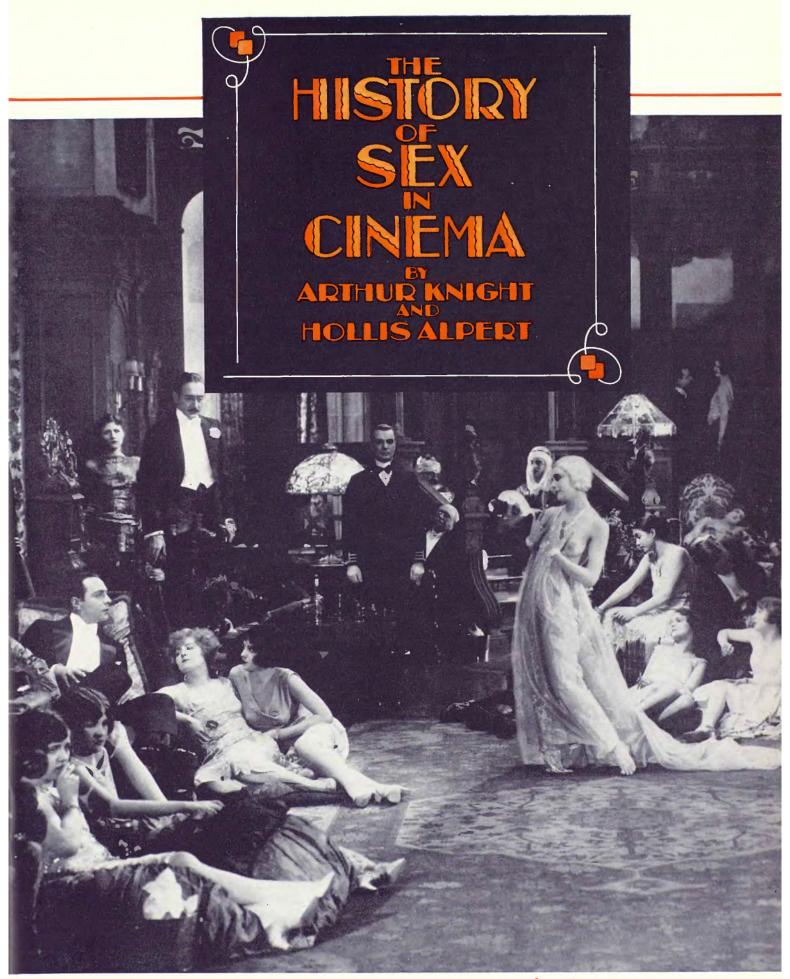
But not for long. Twenty-seven years later, William of Orange arrived from the Netherlands with a retinue of Dutch courtiers and a regal supply of brandy and Holland gin. Though the Irish and Scots had been distilling whiskey for centuries, English fondness for strong liquor dates only from 1690, when William's government passed "An Act for the Encouraging of the Distillation of Brandy and Spirits." Stills sprang up everywhere, and within four years the annual production of English gin rose to a million gallons. Because of its potency and cheapness, gin became the favorite tipple of the common man.

Wealthier and more discriminating citizens savored brandy, and cultivated a connoisseurship of Continental wines. The classless simplicity of all-purpose table beer was lost in the ritualized consumption of correct vintages. Where toast, fruit, raw eggs and other foods were formerly added to ale, wine and brandy were now added to foods. English brewing degenerated.

In Germany, Scandinavia and the Low Countries, the story was much the same. With the advent of distilled schnapps, the bravura beer drinkers of Brueghel and Rubens became moody dram nippers, and brewing went into decline. By 1728, the quality of German beer sank so low that Frederick William I denounced the brewers of Potsdam, declaring that the King of Prussia had "had their watery, sour unwholesome slops going by the name of beer in his eye about long enough." Threatening to appoint a whole new set of brewers, he ordered that his son, Frederick, be instructed in the art of brewing in preparation for the day when he would succeed to the throne. By the time young Frederick became "the Great," however, the Prussian passion for imported coffee was draining the royal treasury. "It is disgusting to notice the increase in the quantity of coffee used by my subjects," he wrote in 1777. "If possible this must be prevented. My people must drink beer. His Majesty was brought up on beer and so were his ancestors, and his officers and soldiers."

Among Frederick's beer-fed army brass was a little-known drill instructor named Steuben, who assumed the title of Baron in order to hoax his way into the service of the American Continental Army, where his genius won the respect of another beer-drinking military man-General George Washington, who made his own home-brew, in keeping with a Colonial tradition which started with the Pilgrim Fathers. The Mayflower, as one shipboard journal noted, was actually on its way to Virginia, and landed passengers at Plymouth Rock only because "we

(continued on page 166)

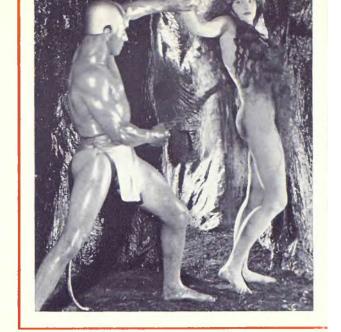


PART THIREE: THE TWENTIES—HOLLYWOOD'S FLAMING YOUTH

LOST SOULS: In D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" (preceding page), the Devil, played by a sinister, mustachioed Adolphe Menjou, standing, bargains for the soul of artist Ricardo Cortez, seated at left, by tempting him with the pleasures of the flesh: wall-to-wall wantons at an opulent debauch in London's most fashionable fleshpot. At right, one of Satan's oiled minions prepares to inflict the tortures of the damned on an unclad sinner in the 1924 spectacle "Dante's Inferno." BREAST FIXATION: Explicit scenes of seduction, with special attention lavished upon the heroine's heaving cleavage, were a titillating trademark of the Trunties. In "A Society Scandal" (below left), Gloria Swanson cowers as a

BREAST FIXATION: Explicit scenes of seduction, with special attention lavished upon the heroine's heaving cleavage, were a titillating trademark of the Twenties. In "A Society Scandal" (below left), Gloria Swanson cowers as a rapacious Rod La Rocque reaches to lower her already plunging décolletage. Resigned to ravishment, Aileen Pringle (below right) submits to the rending of her bodice by John Gilbert, portraying a lustful nobleman in "His Hour." Flapper queen Billie Dove (bottom left) offers token resistance to the amorous advances of Donald Reed in "The Night Watch." Filmdom's first and foremost male sex symbol, the legendary Valentino (bottom right) set female hearts aflutter—and aroused the wrath of the censors—with his fond fondling of Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand."

LA DOLCE VITA, RUSSIAN STYLE: A hard-breathing 1928 costume drama, "The Scarlet Dove" (opposite) was highlighted by an uninhibited bottle party at which a cossack is lured atop a table by the mistress of his commanding officer.







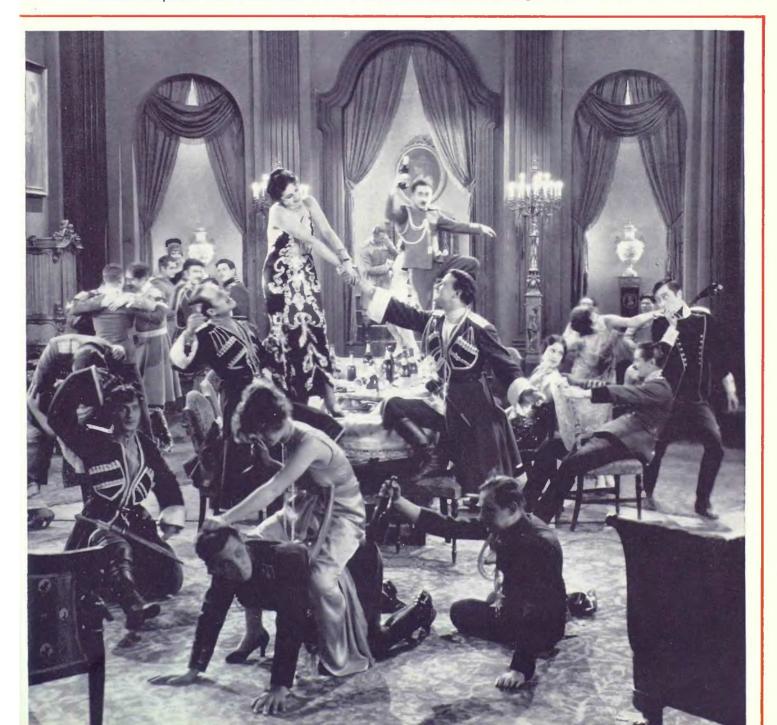


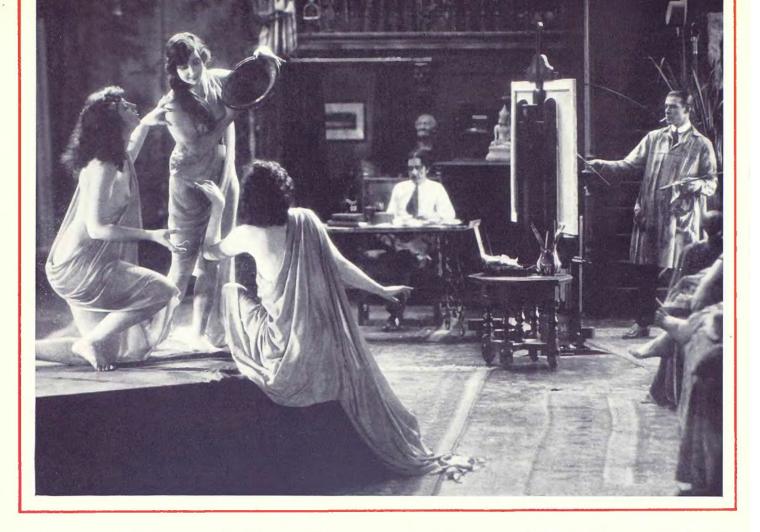


epitomizing the capital sins it depicted and denounced on screen, jazz-age hollywood became a gilded mecca for the star-struck—and a scandal-ridden sodom for the censors

ARLY IN THE TWENTIES, the entire nation was rocked by a series of ugly, well-publicized Hollywood scandals. Sex orgies and suicides, dope addiction and murder—these seemed the very warp and woof of the movie colony's new loom of life. The newspapers, ever mindful of the salubrious effects of scandal on circulation, headlined the lurid details; nor were they averse to promoting extras and bit players to full stardom if it made a better story. The fan magazines, which by the Twenties had become a major link between the studios and their audiences, frequently ran editorials and open letters purporting to warn either the industry at large or certain of its stars against "the evil of their ways." Through innuendo and veiled reference, these pious admonitions helped fan the flames of public indignation to a white heat. By the time the sordid Fatty Arbuckle scandal broke in the fall of 1921, the popular image of Hollywood was a Gomorrah with modern plumbing. All over the country, voices were calling out for the movies to repent and reform.

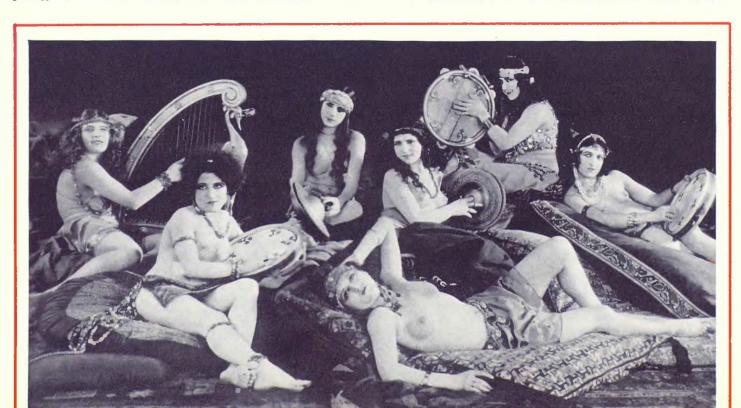
Actually, the moviemakers had been caught up in a two-way bind not entirely of their own devising. Like Shaw's Alfred P. Doolittle, they were "a victim of middle-class morality," which had shifted with unprecedented swiftness at the close of World War One. On the one hand were the forces of puritanism, strong and well organized enough to bring about Prohibition. On the other was the dawn of the Jazz Age, an era of emancipation symbolized by the flapper and the flask. Once the movies began to reflect—and in some instances anticipate—this new design for living, they immediately ran up against the defenders of the past. It was a curious time—a time in which Cecil B. De Mille's voluptuous Forbidden Fruit and D. W. Griffith's





A STAR IS BORN: The artist at the easel (above) is Rudolph Valentino, at the age of 26, in the first major role of his career—as the dashing, dissolute Argentine land baron, Julio Desnoyers, in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," a picture typical of the Twenties in its copious use of the fine arts as a pretext for the display of socially acceptable seminudity. With his next film, "The Sheik," in 1921, Valentino certified his status as the prototypical Latin lover—the oily, irresistible good-bad guy.

NOBLEST ROMANS: If the silent screen's "Ben-Hur" (1926) failed to compare with its Cinemascopic sequel (1959) in eye-filling pageantry, the original easily surpassed the remake in spectacular pulchritude. Prominent among its "cast of thousands" were several sloe-eyed houris (below) in various stages of artful deshabille—shown thusly, the producers vowed, only for the sake of historical authenticity. Scoffing at these lofty sentiments, American censors snipped them from the film.

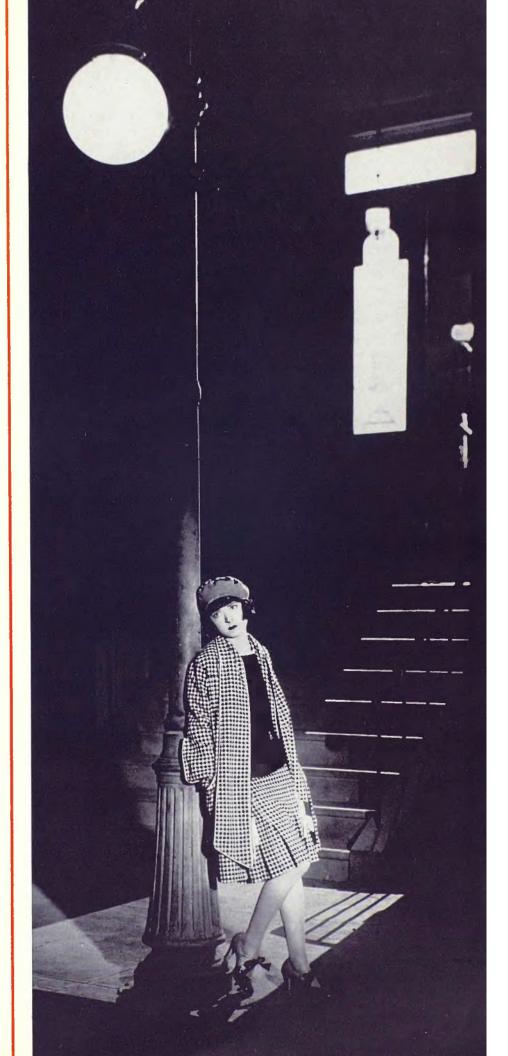


sanctimonious Way Down East could both command huge audiences. These audiences, however, refused to remain separate but equal. The conservatives, primarily rural and Midwestern, were genuinely shocked at the changes being wrought in the world about them. How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm was more than a popular song; it was an acute problem. And the conservatives were determined to meet its challenge.

Hollywood was a made-to-order whipping boy. Not only did its films illustrate in eyefilling detail the very excesses that the defenders of pre-War ways were railing against, but Hollywood's own way of life, as reported by the press, seemed to epitomize all the capital sins. Nor was Hollywood utterly blameless in this respect. In a mere handful of years, the movie industry had transformed itself from a shabby, side-street operation into a vast complex of studios, exchanges and theaters which, in capital investment alone, ranked it among the largest in the nation. And men who only a few years before had been dealing in nickels and dimes suddenly found that they owned or controlled millions. The sleepy suburb of Los Angeles, to which most film makers had repaired during the War years to escape the coal and power shortages of the East-and to take year-round advantage of the sunny Southern California sun for outdoor filming-had become the new Klondike. And like the original Klondike, it attracted all sorts. The lure of easy money always does.

One sort that arrived in great profusion was the eager young actress. Winner of a local beauty contest, or voted "most likely to succeed" by her classmates, she came by train or bus, resolved to be the next Mary Pickford or Mabel Normand. Many had been lured west by "scouts" for shady talent schools that promised, for a few hundred dollars, not merely to teach them the essentials of acting, but also to secure for them important supporting roles once they had finished their brief "course." Typical of the come-on literature of the period was a brochure that began by listing stars' salaries-Mabel Normand's \$7800 a week, Anita Stewart's \$4500 a week "on a long-term contract," Gloria Swanson's \$2500, Wallace Reid's \$2000-then added coyly, "In no other profession can an inexperienced person so soon reach a position

CALL OF THE MILD: In a tongue-in-cheek lake-off on the moralistic "message" movies of the day, "Synthetic Sin" cast Colleen Moore as a flapper who comes to the big city intent on wallowing in wickedness—but fails miserably when she brings out the best, instead of the beast, in the men she meets. In the scene at right, our heroine waits in vain to be picked up by a predatory passer-by.



where he can earn so much money. . . . Salaries of \$300 a week are not at all unusual in the motion-picture world, nor does one have to have had long experience or play big parts to get them . . .'

When casting couches and wild parties "to meet producers" led only to disillusion, some-the sensible ones-packed their bags and went home. But others drifted into prostitution in order to remain on the fringe of an industry they still hoped to conquer. The newspapers were soon filled with such headlines as "BEAUTIFUL FILM STAR ARRESTED IN BAWDY-HOUSE," OF "BEAUTIFUL FILM STAR CAUSES SHOOTING AFFAIR AT WILD PARTY." TO maintain the flow of this kind of copy, editors dispatched to the Coast their most sensation-minded reporters, and these were joined by a host of hungry freelancers who knew all too well the profits in yellow journalism.

Many invented what they couldn't find, or inflated whatever they managed to uncover. But Hollywood, at the turn of the Twenties, afforded a wealth of solid factual dirt to writers who were eager to relate the seamier, steamier aspects of film making. Never before had so many done so little to earn so much. The young men and women on whom fortune had smiled found themselves rolling in riches far beyond their fondest and greediest dreams, with no hint that the fabulous flow would ever cease. And most of them were utterly unprepared for it. After they had bought their Spanish-type mansions high in the hills of Ho'lywood or Beverly, after they had installed the swimming pool and acquired their custom-built Isotta-Fraschinis, what else was there to do? The answer was obvious. Bootlegged liquor was available, for a price. Women were available, for a price. Drugs were available, for a price. And they had the price.

The first breath of Hollywood scandal centered upon, of all unlikely people, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The reigning movie stars of the time, their names had been frequently linked despite separate spouses. During their World War One Liberty Bond tours together, Fairbanks sought to quiet malicious tongues by implying that such gossip was inspired by German agents seeking to sabotage their fund-raising drive. The estranged Mrs. Fairbanks did not agree. In a statement to the press she said, "I cannot defend any longer this woman with whom my husband's name has been linked. The gossip has foundation in fact." Whereupon she sued for divorce, naming an "unknown" woman as corespondent. Soon after the Fairbanks divorce, one Gladys Mary Smith Moore took up residence in a ranch house conveniently near the court city of Minden, Nevada, One month later, the Minden court granted a divorce to the same Mrs. Moore, better known to the 160 world as Mary Pickford. Twenty-six days

after that, Mary and Doug were married.

Probably if it had been anyone elseany of the thousands whose cases are processed annually by the Nevada divorce mills-they would have been permitted to live happily ever after. Instead. the ambitious, publicity-seeking attor-ney general of Nevada attempted to set aside the decree, claiming that Miss Pickford had come to his fair state specifically with the intent of obtaining a divorce, rather than to take up residence there. The Nevada Supreme Court eventually upheld the divorce, but not before the newspapers had had ample opportunity to editorialize about Hollywood's contempt for the institution of marriage and about the promiscuity of its stars. Up to then, the stars who had made headlines were of the manufactured variety; but because Pickford and Fairbanks were the real thing, they lent authenticity to all that had gone before and was to follow.

What followed, as it happened, was another Pickford, Jack Pickford, Mary's younger brother, was also a film star, albeit nowhere near his sister's magnitude. But he had married a great favorite of the day, pert Olive Thomas, who had traveled the route from salesgirl to Ziegfeld Follies beauty to movie star in three short years. Then, with tragic swiftness, her career ended when she swallowed poison in a Paris hotel in September 1920. Every light on Broadway was dimmed for the night at the news. But the Paris police, intent on learning why she had committed suicide, followed up clues that led to an American officer who had stayed on in Paris after the War: She was on the clients' list of a Captain Spalding, a known dealer in narcotics. The French threw Spalding into jail for pushing cocaine; but for the millions of Americans who had idealized Olive Thomas, the revelation that she had been an addict was more than merely shocking. It was another indication that Hollywood was "a sink of corruption and depravity," as one newspaper editorialized.

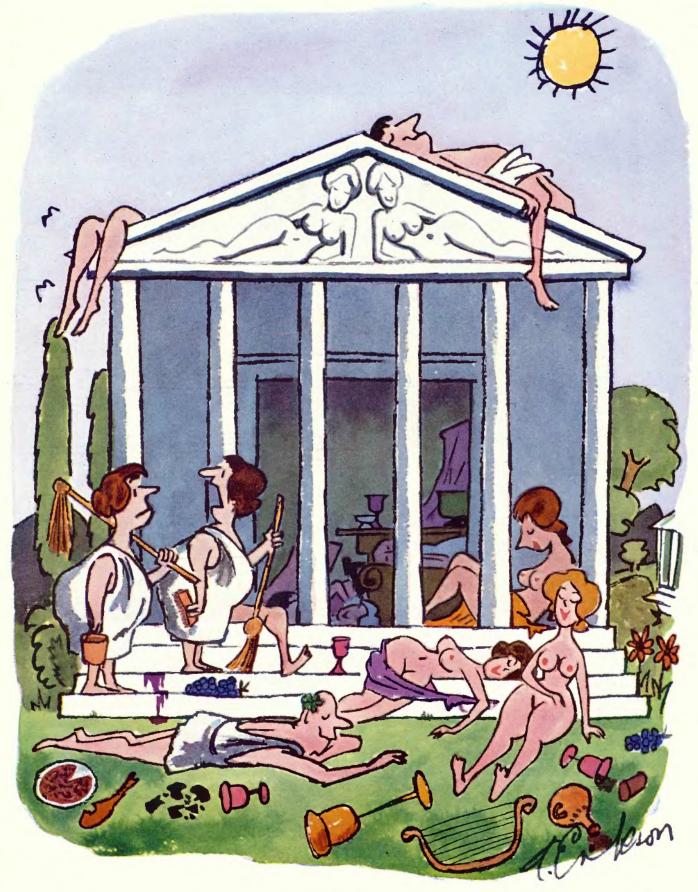
But if Olive Thomas was the ideal American girl, handsome Wallace Reid was even more the all-American boy. A D. W. Griffith discovery, he had played a sturdy blacksmith in The Birth of a Nation, starred opposite Geraldine Farrar in De Mille's 1915 production of Carmen, and went on to make over 50 films in the next 6 years, all of them highly successful. Then one day he keeled over on the set. His wife, actress Dorothy Davenport, later charged that, in order to maintain the grueling work pace, his studio gave him drugs. He died in 1923, at the age of 30. By a supreme exercise of the will, he had kicked the habit, but complications set in and his weakened system succumbed. The newspapers, however, were decidedly less than charitable. Even before his death,

the public learned that their clean-cut Wally was on drugs. Shortly thereafter, the California State Board of Pharmacy issued the statement that it had over 500 prominent film personalities down on its rolls as addicts. Undoubtedly among them were lovely Juanita Hansen, mischievous Mabel Normand, and sultry Barbara La Marr, all of whom had their promising careers cut short by the habit.

But the scandal that blew the lid off Hollywood was the notorious Arbuckle case. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, who began his film career as a three-dollar-aday Keystone cop for Mack Sennett, by 1921 was heading his own unit for Famous Players-Lasky at \$7000 a week. A grossly fat man weighing well over 300 pounds, Arbuckle was fantastically coordinated and light on his feet, an unlikely combination that served as the basis for much of his comedy. Audiences adored him; he had teamed in shorts with Chaplin, with Mabel Normand and with Buster Keaton to great success, and at Famous Players was beginning to direct and star in feature pictures. Then the storm broke, It began innocently enough with a drive to San Francisco for the long Labor Day weekend. Checking into the St. Francis, he promptly threw a party for some friends -among them a 25-year-old bit player named Virginia Rappe, whom Keaton was later to describe as being "about as virtuous as most of the other untalented young women who had been knocking around Hollywood for years, picking up small parts any way they could."

Details of what followed varied from story to story, according to whether they were told by friend, foe or muck-minded reporter. Certainly everyone at the party had had more than enough to drink; Arbuckle was known to be a generous provider. And there is general agreement that, after a few orange blossoms, Miss Rappe felt ill and began tearing off her clothes-a habit of hers when she had too many cocktails. But from here on, reports began to differ. According to his friends, Arbuckle sent the girl into an adjacent bedroom attended by some of the other women present who completed the undressing. Others say that Arbuckle, clad in pajamas and a robe, accompanied her to the bedroom himself, locking the door. Friendly testimony alleged that Arbuckle, in the presence of the other women, viewed the prostrate Virginia on his bed, tested to see if she was faking by holding a piece of ice against her thigh, then helped carry the nude body to a bathtub to try to revive her and called the house physician. Less friendly testimony tells of screams from behind the locked door, of Fatty emerging, his pajamas dripping under the dry robe, and the girl on the bed moaning. "I'm dying. He broke me inside. I'm dying," Four days later, she was dead.





"Revolting, isn't it?"

just as truly creative work is. Both imply the ability to give of oneself freely, but for many people, unfortunately, this is not possible. Hefner makes the point that somehow because work is for many of us so ungratifying, sex can supply what is lacking. I do not agree with this, because the mature individual should ideally find gratification in both work and love. Personal identity, however, is something else, basically established long before, in childhood. Here, early parental influences are profoundly important. Specifically, the over-all parental attitudes toward sex, love, and the free expression of affection are far more important than any factual instruction in sexual behavior. It's not what you tell, but the way that you tell it, that is the vital factor in leading to unconflicted sexual development in the child. After all, the first emotion felt by Adam after he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge was-shame.

Fred B. Charatan, M.D. Syosset, New York

We appreciate this positive psychiatrist's-eye view of "The Playboy Philosophy"; the minor reservations expressed in the last paragraph may be due more to a misunderstanding in meaning than to any actual disagreement. Some semantic confusion seems to exist regarding the term "personal identity," for example. When you state that it is "basically established . . . in childhood," you are apparently using the phrase to mean a person's essential personality. When Hefner spoke of personal identity, however, he was referring to the "self-image" that each one of us develops—as a child, an adolescent and an adult. This view that each person has of himself is very much related to the primary personality characteristics that are formed in the initial interplay between a child and the love-sex-security environment in which he first finds himself, but it is also influenced by later experiences-successes and failures, satisfactions and frustrations-in school, courtship, work and marriage situations.

Thus, when Hefner referred to sex as "a means to personal identity," he meant, as you suggest, a means of expressing personal identity; but also, that through such expression, one may gain a greater awareness and appreciation of oneself—as well as of the other individual in a relationship.

Hefner did not intend to imply that sex can supply the gratification that man fails to find in his work, however. What he meant to indicate is that in our highly industrialized, specialized, depersonalized, automated society, it is becoming increasingly difficult for man to get the same personal satisfaction and

identification from his work as he did in the simpler societies of centuries past; and, therefore, that this essential sense of self-purpose and significance traditionally found in a vocation must, in future, be sought in avocations as well.

It is certainly true that in the more impersonal society of the latter 20th Century, all personal relationshipssexual and otherwise-will acquire greater importance. If man is to avoid becoming a dehumanized automaton in this age of automation, he must, Hefner believes, find ways of stressing the most human aspects of his nature-including the sexual. But what Hefner was actually emphasizing, in that part of the round-table discussion, is the increasing significance of leisure time and the uses we make of it; he believes that this society of automation and affluence offers modern man a rare opportunity and that if we take full advantage of it, we will be on the threshold of what can truly prove to be an American Renaissance.

THE CASE FOR SPANKING

My girlfriends and I were quite distressed after reading Mr. Hefner's brief comments, in the February *Trialogue* installment, about women who are spanked.

When I have misbehaved I am led to our bedroom, taken over my husband's knee, my bottom bared, and spanked soundly. We are both intelligent college graduates. I do not consider my husband a sadist or myself a masochist. Nor do I consider myself placed in a "negative, almost nonexistent position" or "put in my place" after being spanked. Rather, I consider that my husband has reasserted his position as the strong, dominant force of our home that I want him to be and hoped he would be when I married him.

Most of my young married girlfriends have had similar experiences. So would you please elaborate to include the many wives and playmates who are spanked as a normal occurrence, rather than the small minority of sadomasochists?

Jane McElroy Newark, New Jersey

No elaboration needed. You obviously dig it, and we've said before that it takes all kinds. Bare bottoms we like, but spanking them, after childhood, we think is somewhat more than disciplinary in nature.

NEBRASKA SEX LAWS

As an avid reader of PLAYBOY who supports Hugh Hefner's *Philosophy* all the way, I thought you might be interested in this article which appeared recently in the Lincoln (Nebraska) Evening Journal. It states:

A noted criminologist says many of Nebraska's sex statutes are "cruel, outdated and unenforceable." However, this call for modernization apparently is falling on deaf ears.

Dr. James M. Reinhardt, a University of Nebraska professor of criminology, emeritus, said Nebraska's sex laws are "remnants of middleage thinking that would require formation of a Nazilike police state to enforce."

Although several state senators admit that many of the sex statutes are archaic, they said they wanted no part of any move to update them. As one senator put it:

"I'm not going to sponsor any move to liberalize those laws, not in this state. I've got to worry about getting re-elected."

The American Bar Association has urged all states to review their sex laws, and several states have taken action. But Omaha attorney Harry B. Cohen, president of the Nebraska Bar Association, said he would not call for a review of the laws in Nebraska "unless there's a real clamor for it." He said the clamor would have to come from "a legitimate social agency and not some crackpot reform group."

Dr. Reinhardt said several of Nebraska's sex laws were passed with little thought years ago during a period of "furious morality."

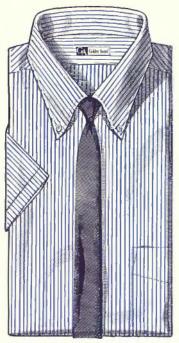
"The regulation of private morals except as they directly affect the public good is not the business of law, but this is exactly what some of our laws in Nebraska attempt to do," he said. "I feel these laws should be updated to harmonize more with modern, sophisticated thinking. As it is now, forms of sexuality forbidden by law are not uncommon in the general public."

Attorney General Clarence Meyer said the constitutionality of many of the laws, including one which prohibits profanity, has never been tested.

The profanity law states that "whoever, being of the age of 14 years and upward, profanely curses or damns or profanely swears by the name of God, Jesus Christ or the Holy Ghost, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding one dollar nor less than 25 cents for each offense."

Dr. Reinhardt has studied the sex laws of all the states during the last 15 years. His conclusion is that Nebraska's laws rank with the worst.

"And I feel our greatest shame, our midnight, is Nebraska's sexual psychopath law and how it's admin-



Dural Cloth . . . 65% Dacron*/35% Cotton-100% Wash 'n wear. In the new Blue & Maize. Solids & Stripes.

if you wear the authentic shirt...



we speak your language!



istered," Dr. Reinhardt said. He said there is no other law in the Nebraska statutes which is implemented "so cruelly and unreasonably."

"Sex laws become bad laws when they attempt to meddle in the personal affairs of consenting adults who, if they are harming anyone by their actions, are only harming themselves," Dr. Reinhardt said.

I am delighted to see such an authority as Dr. Reinhardt stating views identical to those expressed by Hugh Hefner in *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Peter Hansen Lincoln, Nebraska

MUTUAL CONSENT

I have just completed reading my first installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. I will readily admit that I had not heretofore thought of PLAYBOY as a pioneer of intellectual endeavor. I will hereafter. I cannot help but comment that I have seldom encountered any lay writing, outside the professional psychiatric field, that has been so obviously comprehensive in scope, so exhaustive, so insightful. I am, unqualifiedly, impressed.

I assume that you will propose "mutual consent" as the criterion for legality of sexual practices, and most objective thinkers would probably concur. But generalized social acceptance of that concept in this era is unrealistic, I believe, since it presumes widespread public enlightenment—which is not easily forthcoming on any issue. However, it would seem that the greatest chances for success lie in concerted efforts at replacing oppressive legislation with more just and realistic laws.

I say "concerted" efforts because that is exactly what is required to succeed at the monumental goal that you have set, implicitly or explicitly. Organized effort on the part of responsible citizens across the land, lawyers, physicians and housewives alike, might very well be initiated by you, thereby lending direction, purpose and stature to a worthy cause. I would be happy and proud to serve, if possible, and doubtless would not be a lone volunteer.

Again, may I compliment you on the *Philosophy*, which I find truly commendable and classic.

(Doctor's name withheld by request) Flint, Michigan

We appreciate your words, and, in view of your willingness to serve, we wonder why you're unwilling to have your name attached to them. We recognize that there are valid personal and professional considerations that sometimes require readers to request anonymity, especially with the writing of a particularly outspoken or unorthodox letter to "The Playboy Forum"—and we make a special point of protecting the

identities of any who ask it—but we think you and most of our other readers will agree, upon reflection, that the more of us who are willing to express our opinions openly in society (even unpopular ones; especially unpopular ones), the better.

We certainly concur in your suggestion that an organized effort, by respected and responsible citizens, stands the best chance of replacing oppressive legislation with more just and realistic sex laws. An organization of concerned citizens can be established in a local community, since the most objectionable and oppressive sex legislation-deserving of thorough, almost total overhaulis state rather than Federal. We think this publication's place is properly apart from any one, or another, of these organizations, however-free to help whichever, and whoever, seems most deserving at the moment, in whatever way we are able; remembering, too, that the magazine's primary contribution in this time of transition continues to be the editorial probing of these social and sexual problems of contemporary society -in "The Playboy Philosophy"-out of which is gradually evolving a new morality for man.

The following letter is a personal tale of tragedy from an individual whose life has been made a shambles by our severe sexual laws. He is one who might have understandably preferred to tell his story anonymously, but he didn't.

A "SEX OFFENDER" SPEAKS

I have just finished reading Parts I through XXI of Hugh Hefner's Playboy Philosophy, and not since reading The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell have I read anything so informative and enlightening. I was particularly interested in the sections pertaining to "Sex and the Law." I am an inmate in the West Virginia Maximum Security Prison at Moundsville, serving a one-to-ten-year sentence for submitting to a crime against nature (heterosexual fellatio-no force involved). I was formerly a radio-TV personality in the Ohio Valley, a bachelor with a rather large teenage following. I am a college graduate, an ex-GI, and a former member of the Wheeling Symphony Orchestra. I was quite active in local theater groups and belonged to numerous civic clubs and organizations. I had no previous criminal record of any type. Now, because of what happened, I have had a very promising career ruined, lost my home (complete with swimming pool and built-in hi-fi), a new Jaguar XK-E roadster, my health and almost my sanity.

The girl involved was a local teenage high school girl. However, I was not tried for "contributing to the delinquency of a minor"—a misdemeanor with a maximum one-year jail sentence. I was tried for the more "serious" of-

fense of sodomy-a felony with a maximum of ten years in prison. I might add that neither the girl nor her parents ever brought any charges against me. They were pressed only by the local authorities, who threatened the girl with two years in the Girls' Industrial School for committing "immoral acts" and for "juvenile delinquency" unless she testified against me! She was sentenced to the reformatory for two years and locked up in the county jail for 37 days until she signed statements against me. After testifying against me at my trial, she was granted probation on the earlier charges. Another girl, aged 20, was threatened with prosecution unless she signed a statement corroborating the other girl's statement. She refused. A morals charge, sodomy, was then brought against her by the prosecuting attorney, threatening her with ten years in prison. She signed. The charge against her was then dropped. Are these police-state methods or are they not? Of this kind of police zeal Professor Nathan Frankel of Columbia has written: "It seems odd to me to read in the press daily of so many arrests being made and yet apparently so many more crimes being committed. Perhaps the police spend a disproportionately large amount of their time enforcing morals rather than preventing what most people generally regard as crimes."

In June of 1964 I was sent to the Weston State Mental Hospital for observation and examination-as now required by state law, before sentencing, in all sex cases. In recently enacting this law the legislature stated that "the court shall act on the recommendations of the State Board of Control"-in this case the Weston State Hospital. I spent two months in the security building of the State Hospital, right in with the worst mental cases in West Virginia, after which the hospital clinical director, Dr. E. J. Lazaro, stated in a written report: "This man is not harmful to society and I recommend immediate probation or parole and a program of outpatient psychiatric treatment due to severe depression." At that time, I had been either in jail or Weston, under extreme pressure, for over a year and things looked rather hopeless to me. My attorney filed a petition for probation based on the grounds stated by Dr. Lazaro. The prosecuting attorney called this a rather "unique" approach and said: "I don't think the legislature ever intended a psychiatrist to become the judge in these matters."

If they were not going to listen to the recommendations of the psychiatrist (an expert on sex matters), why were they required by law to send me to Weston in the first place? The local probation officer said he could not recommend probation because, "He lived by a substandard moral code"—i.e., I enjoyed my work, pretty girls, good food, sports cars,

music and nonmarital sex.

Although I was a first offender, I was denied probation by the judge and immediately sent to the state penitentiary. My effective sentence date was set at July 1963 (the month in which I was first incarcerated), and on a one-to-ten-year sentence I became eligible for parole in August 1964. I first went before the parole board in September 1964, and so far the board has not seen fit to parole me, even after reading Dr. Lazaro's recommendation and taking into consideration my excellent conduct and work record here at the penitentiary. Also, in order to get out on parole a man must have suitable employment-although it's rather difficult to find a job while locked up behind prison walls. Recently President Johnson said: "Some conduct which we now label criminal might better be removed from the criminal system and dealt with more effectively and appropriately elsewhere." (AP-Feb. 16, 1965.) He did not elaborate! I think the Jenkins incident and The Playboy Philosophy have done much to bring these legal anachronisms to the attention of the general public. I hope that more states will follow Illinois and wipe these archaic, unrealistic statutes from the books. They are all based on the premise that "unnatural sex" (meaning all sex not relating to procreation) is bad. This can be traced to a period in history when life expectancy was about 30 years and the religions of the time felt compelled to encourage production of as many children as possible in order to perpetuate the faith and protect believers from infidels. Today. of course, thoughtful people everywhere agree that the problem is quite the opposite: the population explosion must be curbed if mankind is to survive. Anyway, it's certainly time to quit turning religious "sins" into serious crimes punishable by years and years in prison. I wish you continued success in the good work you are doing with The Playboy Philosophy.

Donn Caldwell, #45293 West Virginia State Penitentiary Moundsville, West Virginia

We want to express our special appreciation to those who send us such tortured testimony from their own lives. The most eloquent editorial indictment of irrational and inhuman U.S. sex laws that we could conceive would still lack the emotional impact of a single personal experience of this sort. If, instead of permitting the oral-genital intimacy, this man had consummated an act of sexual intercourse with the same teenage girl, he would have been liable to a maximum sentence of a few months in jail. With the older girl, fornication would have been no more serious than a traffic violation, with a small fine prescribed as the penalty; but the moment she placed her mouth on his sexual organ, they were both guilty of "the

abominable and detestable crime against nature," and liable to imprisonment for up to ten years.

Forty-nine of the fifty states have sodomy statutes similar to West Virginia's; and most of them are, if anything, more severe: Ten states specify maximum sentences of 20 years; in five states the minimum sentence, for a first offense, is five years; in Connecticut the possible punishment is thirty years, in North Carolina it is sixty, and in Nevada it is life. (See "The Playboy Philosophy," April 1961.)

Historically speaking, sodomy has been considered an extremely serious offense in Western civilization since Biblical times, when religious dogma damned such behavior as a crime against God and nature, and the punishment prescribed for the transgressor was death. Historically speaking, the oralgenital act that caused West Virginia authorities to prosecute and imprison Donn Caldwell isn't sodomy, however; the vice of the men of Sodom, that caused the Lord to destroy the city with fire and brimstone as related in the Old Testament, was neither oral nor heterosexual.

Even under English common law, which is the basis of our own system of jurisprudence, the legal definition of sodomy had been expanded only enough to include bestiality along with buggery. But puritan antisexualism had grown so excessive in America by the end of the last century, that our lawmakersin a fearsome fit of irrational and irresponsible supermoralistic zeal-gave us a contemporary U.S. sodomy statute that prohibits, under the most extreme penalties of law-as "a crime against nature"-almost every imaginable form of sexual activity other than simple coitus, including, and without distinction: oral and anal, human and animal, heterosexual and homosexual, marital and nonmarital. The same statute that sent Donn Caldwell to prison, for from one to ten years, applies equally to every married couple in West Virginia; who it is actually used against-and this is equally true of the near-identical statutes in the other states throughout the country-depends upon the personal prejudice, point of view, or whim of the local

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Three booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12 and 13-18, are available at \$1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on either "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Reg O'My Deart (continued from page 154)

could not now take time for further search or consideration: our victuals being spent, especially our beere. . . ." Once settled ashore, the parched Puritans wasted no time in putting their crocks and kettles to work. The first commercial brewery in Massachusetts opened in 1634, and was soon followed by others in Connecticut and Rhode Island. In New Amsterdam, the methodical Dutch started a full-scale beer works north of Wall Street.

According to William Penn, the quaffing Quaker, who made and sold beer at Pennsbury, Pennsylvania, early settlers in the state improvised homebrew "of Molasses, which well-boyld, with Sassafras or Pine infused into it, makes a very tolerable drink." In the Southern colonies, less tolerable beer was brewed of dried cornstalks, persimmons, potatoes and Jerusalem artichokes.

By 1710, the cheapness of West Indian rum, and the quick Yankee grasp of the principles of distilling, had made beer brewing a marginal occupation. Since stills were tax-free and easy to build, farmers converted their grain into easily shipped kegs of whiskey for sale to tav-

erns and grocery stores.

Back in England, meanwhile, a 20shilling-per-gallon tax on spirits had raised prices to a level where the workingman was forced to drink malt brew in defense of his pocketbook. Some drank beer and some drank ale, while some favored a combination of the two known as "half-and-half." Others inclined to a three-way mixture of strong beer, light beer and ale, which kept publicans hopping from one keg to another filling mugs, until a brewer named Harwood hit upon the idea of packaging the three brews in one keg. Harwood called the mixture "entire," but it quickly became known as "porter"-presumably because of its popularity among thirsty London porters. In less plebeian taprooms, gentlemen often requested a stronger, higher-priced ale called "stout," and kept count of their pints and quarts by chalking the score on the table-thus "minding their Ps and Qs.'

When America's score with the British was settled, and Hessian mercenaries had gone home to Germany to seek solace in steins of Frederick the Great's patriotically improved beers, the victorious Yankees went back to hitting the jug in jubilation. Rum sotting and whiskey snorting threatened to become the American way of life, and the Massachusetts legislature sat in 1789 to find a way of limiting drunkenness without curtailing independence. The result was "An Act to Encourage the Manufacture of Strong Beer, Ale and Other Malt Liquors," in which commercial brewers were exempted from all taxes 166 for a period of five years. But tax-free

breweries still couldn't compete with tax-free stills-of which there were 5000 in Pennsylvania alone.

Much of the American aversion to malt brew may be attributed to the fact that early 19th Century beers were flat and dull. They tasted moral, and bore little resemblance to our lively latter-day product. Modern beer, or "lager," was the inspired creation of some unknown German brewer or brewers, and involved the use of a yeast that sank into the brewing mixture, instead of floating on top, thereby causing fermentation to work up from the bottom. Additional liveliness was induced by krausening, or carbonation.

Lager was first brewed in the United States by a German brewer named Wagner, who made the first batch in a shanty on the outskirts of Philadelphia in 1842. Its success among the German-Americans of Philadelphia was instantaneous, and with the growing influx of German immigrants, other brewers began making lager to supply the ever-increasing number of beer saloons in the German neighborhoods of Eastern cities.

Among native Americans, however, drunkenness remained a national problem in the years preceding the Civil War. Seventeen states had experimented with prohibition by 1855, but Yankees and Rebels continued to enjoy the strong comfort of whiskey and moonshine all during the Great Conflict. The stillness at Appomattox was followed by renewed keg thumping on behalf of beer, whose temperance virtues were now underscored by the solid citizenship of the industrious German-Americans of the North.

An 1866 report of the U.S. Department of Agriculture found that "a moderate use of beer will aid digestion, quicken the powers of life, and give elasticity to the body and mind." More appealing to the average American was the lively taste of lager, and a growing appreciation of the brew made beer the basic beverage in New York's new "concert saloons" and German-type beer gardens. A fastidious French tourist, named Longchamp, tells of an 1867 visit to one of these pretzel palaces, which he found "handsomely fitted up, and crowded with visitors-a number of what they call 'pretty waiter girls' flitting about among the customers, and laughing and loudly talking with them. A piano player, wildly thumping and banging on a cracked and hideously wired instrument, the rattling of glasses, and moving of chairs and tables-all contributed to bewilder and madden me . . .'

The sight and sound of so much happy guzzling bewildered and maddened many former advocates of beer temperance, too. The dutiful sipping of warm, flat prelager brews as a substitute for

"ardent spirits" was to be admired, but the genuine enjoyment of cool, refreshing lager in saloons where "pretty waiter girls" served whiskey, brandy and rum, as well-that, of course, was something to be deplored. By 1880, annual lager production was up to 13,500,000 barrels, and in the next decade it doubled. Beer had become the American fun drink, and if the Nineties were gay, lager could justly claim a good part of the credit. The large foaming mug and the small five-cent price still symbolize "the good old days," and the corner saloon with its sleek mahogany bar, brass rail, swinging doors, free lunch and genuine handpainted study of a romantic nude, epitomizes the happy past for all who take their nostalgia in gulps.

The Gemütlichkeit that beer promoted on the working-class level was counterbalanced by the urban elegance described by O. Henry in his purple-tinted snapshot of A Cosmopolite in a Café: "I invoke your consideration of the scenethe marble-topped tables, the range of leather-upholstered wall seats, the gay company, the ladies dressed in demistate toilets, speaking in an exquisite visible

chorus of taste . . ."

From the melting-pot neighborhoods to the haunts of the upper strata, the revolution that lager had worked upon American social life was all but complete, and tastes were beginning to reflect a new sophistication. Pasteurization, which Pasteur developed from his studies in beer fermentation, now made it possible to enjoy bottled beers that were free of deterioration caused by active microorganisms. German beers were imported to New York, Milwaukee beers were available in Alabama.

But lager was doomed by its very success. Militant prohibitionists no longer discriminated between beer and ardent spirits. They were antisaloon, and since beer had built the American saloon, they were out to ban beer. Through the agitation of feminist reformers, Prohibition was emotionally linked with the fight for woman suffrage. The clergy and large corporations joined the crusade to stamp out "the curse of drink," and when the Kaiser's army overran "little Belgium," in 1914, American indignation was directed against beer as a German beverage. No one thought to point out that the Belgian victims were themselves the world's leading beer drinkers, with a percapita capacity almost twice that of the German invaders, and by the time America entered the War, beer had few public defenders. The Volstead Prohibition Act of 1919 gave only token approval to the former temperance drink by allowing the manufacture and sale of a beer that would contain no more than one half of one percent alcohol.

The new low-key lager was dubbed "near-beer," and Luke McLuke of The Cincinnati Enquirer sadly commented



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that the man who first called it that was a mighty poor judge of distance. Many brewers went out of business rather than produce such wishy-washy suds. Some kept their plants intact and sat back to await the failure of the Noble Experiment, while others brewed near-beer as an adjunct to making the soda and ginger ale Americans now needed to dilute raw bootleg hooch. Of all outlawed liquids, lager was the most difficult to bootleg. Since beer could not be brewed profitably in bathtubs, bootleggers would purchase breweries through dummy corporations and produce enough dealcoholized beer to satisfy appearances, while vats of full-strength lager were piped off into a nearby garage for delivery to speak-easies. Others supplied their near-beer customers with a supplement of alcohol, which could be added or "needled" into a glass or keg of legal brew to bring it up to full strength.

As an alternative to drinking questionable fluids at high prices, economy-minded quaffers made their own home-brew from ingredients sold in malt-and-hops shops, but, for all its purity, home-brew was usually inferior in foam and flavor to the worst in the bootlegger's

stable. Small wonder, then, at the rejoicing on April 7, 1933, when a New Deal law legalized the sale of 3.2 lager, which was only .5 short of pre-Prohibition strength. In cities and towns from coast to coast, crowds gathered in a New Year's Eve mood to celebrate the end of the 14-year dry spell. In Times Square, a mock funeral for near-beer was held amidst shouted choruses of Happy Days Are Here Again. A Milwaukee brewery threw open its doors to cheering celebrants and doled out free beer to all who brought a container. In the 20 states where the law was immediately effective, lager was sold in restaurants, lunchrooms, hastily equipped taverns and drugstore soda fountains. A million barrels were joyously guzzled in the first 24 hours, and breweries ran dry,

The first canned beers hit the market in the mid-Thirties and, by 1939, beer-can punchers shared the homey clutter of kitchen drawers. In neighborhood beer stubes a brassy-voiced girl trio, called the Andrews Sisters, was rattling glasses with the *Beer Barrel Polka*, a raucous recording that became the American beer drinker's national anthem. Sentimental customers fed a few nickels into the slot and sipped their

Once again the beer-drinking Belgians were overrun, but Americans knew better than to hold beer responsible for German aggression. British pub patrons were braving out the blitz with the help of an occasional pint, and Yanks in uniform drank their beer to the tune of Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition, When the Lights Go On Again and the Victory Polka. GIs stationed in England grew familiar with aromatic British ale, beer and stout served at the warmish temperatures natural to a nation reluctant to accept central heating. In occupied Germany and Austria they met with a wide variety of lagers, ranging from light, dry Pilsner types that resembled the better American brews, to the darker, sweeter beers characteristic of Bavaria. Color, they soon found, had little to do with a beer's strength or body. A bottle of pale Danish beer purchased in post-War Paris might have a fuller body and higher alcoholic content than a dark table beer which Belgians drank in place of water.

brew to the strains of Our Love and I

Didn't Know What Time It Was, Ac-

tually, it was later than most Americans

imagined. In the previous September,

England's Prime Minister Chamberlain

had flown to Munich, beer capital of Ba-

varia, to play a losing hand for peace

with Nazi Chancellor Adolf Hitler.

For the most part, however, the GI preference was for the familiar American beers, which varied somewhat in flavor from brand to brand, but were similarly light, dry, medium-strong and refreshingly effervescent. From repeal to the present day, beers of this type have been favored by the majority of Americans in all sections of the country. Minority drinkers, who appreciate differences, are more than likely to hit upon a brew to their liking among such relatively offbeat American types as Prior's Double Dark, Pittsburgh's Iron City Beer, the robust Rainier Old Stock Ale and Danish-yeasted Olympia Beer of the Pacific Northwest, and such premium draught beers as Michelob or Pabst

Andeker. Fortunately, beer has no sacrosanct vintages. In selecting a brew, there's nothing to do but quaff and compare, and the urban beer buff is by no means confined to domestic brands. Over the past ten years or so, American travel abroad has created an increasing demand for foreign beers, and a bewitching bevy of bottled imports share supermarket shelves with canned Geschlürf from Milwaukee and "merry-go-down" from Detroit. Pushing a cart through the beer section of a well-stocked metropolitan market, the serious sudsman can fill his basket with a library of famous brews; Amstel and Heineken's from Holland; Carlsberg and Tuborg from Denmark; Löwenbräu and Würzburger from Germany; Carta Blanca from Mexico; Kirin



"Mother had mailed the invitations, booked a Meyer Davis orchestra, engaged the caterer, and written up the announcement for the Times. Then I woke up one morning and said to myself, 'Like, man, who needs it?'"

from Japan; Guinness Stout and Harp Lager from Ireland; Bass and Whitbread English Ales; and an occasional sampling of Czechoslovakian Pilsner Urquell. The list is far from complete, and new labels keep turning up to pique the palate.

The greatest single influence on American beer-drinking habits in the past 15 years has been television, which has sharply reduced over-the-bar sales of draught beer, and sent home consumption of packaged beers soaring. In bottles, cans and on draught, American beer consumption has doubled since repeal, with an estimated 15.8 per-capita gallons guzzled in 1964. This was still only about half the amount consumed in Belgium in 1963, when the world's champion beer drinkers burped in at 30.6 gallons to beat West Germany's 30.0 by a foam fleck.

If America was lagging behind in the chugalug league, its scientists were making major brew break-throughs. A few years ago the New York Herald Tribune heralded the discovery of "A New Drug Found in Beer Said to Clear Mental Illness." The drug, called glutathione, is "made up of three amino acids, the basic chemicals of all protein-life substances," and is therefore essential to man's very existence. In a paper delivered before the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine, Dr. Mark Altschule of Harvard reported that experimental doses of glutathione were given to disturbed patients, "and removed their excessive mental aberrations for a month." The only drawback to its widespread use is the difficulty of extracting glutathione from whole beer, which puts the cost of a single treatment at "about \$1000."

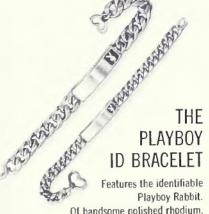
The human digestive tract can do the same extracting job for free, of course. With a \$1000 beer budget, it would seem that the normally distressed drinker could enjoy the benefits of therapy for a considerable period of time, while absorbing additional protection against an embolism in old age, by virtue of another element in beer which British researchers find "decreases the rapidity of blood clotting." But science in the Age of Anxiety only confirms the folk wisdom of the Age of Heroes, when rugged warriors of the Northland "Rushed to drink the sparkling liquor . . . / Said to make the feeble hardy . . . / Famed to cheer the broken-hearted . . . / Fill the heart with joy and gladness. . . ." Hops, as old Culpepper discovered, "easeth the headache that comes of heat" and should be used to "cleanse the reins of gravel." As the poet A. E. Housman has pointed out, ". . . malt does more than Milton can/To justify God's ways to man." There's peace of mind in Pilsner, and lager is the liquid staff of life.

Let's drink to that, shall we? Here's to your very good health!





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 88)

odd and nearly extinct species-attracted to the zoo by the A. B. A. presidents' public barking against us.

PLAYBOY: For a member of a nearly extinct species, you seem to be making a pretty good living. It's been reported that you earn more that \$300,000 a year from the "adequate awards" you

win for your clients.

BELLI: Every penny I get, I earn! Do you think all a lawyer has to do is pick up a phone and get an insurance company to settle for \$100,000 and then bite off a third of it? To start with, I'm gambling when I take a case. Especially when it's a large award to be sought, the layman has no dream of the amounts of time and talent and money that the plaintiff's lawyer must invest in preparing the best presentation possible. If we get to court and a jury votes against my client, I've lost all I advanced -in cash as well as effort. I don't just sit in my office and work my cases. Our firm here, we aren't just some fat-ass corporation of lawyers sitting around thinking about new ways to screw the Government out of taxes; we are a firm of concerned and committed people representing men and women who need help. We care. It's the most precious thing we've got here, our feeling for the people who come here wanting help. I'm working my cases in the shower, when I'm trying to sleep and can't, when I'm on the john, when I'm driving my car, when I'm sitting in those late-night planes. If I win the adequate award for my client, I feel I deserve the one third I take for the work that got the award. Most personal-injury lawyers take a bigger cut than I domany of them 40 and 50 percent.

PLAYBOY: Still, you've managed to amass a sizable fortune from the proceeds of such cases. How much would you say

you're worth today?

BELLI: I could cash out today with-well, look, let's put it this way: I feel that after he makes a million dollars a guy should start counting his blessings instead of money. I'm counting my blessings.

PLAYBOY: Your remarkable success in winning six-figure awards, and earning five-figure fees, in medical-malpractice cases has made your name a red flag to the American Medical Association as well as to the nation's insurance companies. What's your brief against the medical profession?

BELLI: George Bernard Shaw wrote it better than I could say it, in The Doctor's Dilemma: "We're a conspiracy, not a profession. . . . Every doctor will allow a colleague to decimate a whole countryside sooner than violate the bond of professional etiquette by giving him away." The same as with chicken-hearted, fatcat lawyers, my complaint isn't against 170 the individual doctors; 99 percent of

them are great guys, doing their best and working hard. But here again, the individual doctor has a far higher code of ethics than when he acts in convention, through his association. With lawyers and doctors, it seems there's some sort of collective amorality, a callous mob psychology, that takes over the individual practitioner's ethics and honesty. Doctors as a group condone malpractice acts that individually they wouldn't dream of sanctioning. The individual doctor is so busy treating the sick and performing operations that he's forfeited the administration of his national organization to a bunch of dirty sons of bitches who try, because of their own shortcomings in their profession, to make him conform to what they think medicine should be. They tell him not to publicly criticize his fellow practitioners; they have usurped his conscience. PLAYBOY: Do you think it's reasonable to expect a doctor to jeopardize his professional standing by testifying against a colleague?

BELLI: Look, every doctor is licensed by us, the public, to practice. His training, his talent, his title, is given to him in trust, by society. To whom, morally, does he owe more-to mankind, or to the A.M.A. and the insurance companies who underwrite his practice? Think of yourself as a victim of some doctor who was simply careless. Think of your being maimed, maybe irreparably, because of his bungling and of your being unable to get another doctor to testify against a wrong that he can plainly see.

My first malpractice case was my eye opener to this incredible conspiracy. I was retained to sue a doctor who had prescribed enemas and cathartics for a young man who was suffering classic appendicitis symptoms. The boy's cramping worsened, the doctor sent him to a hospital where he let him wait; the appendix burst and the boy died. Not only was the treatment patently wrong, but later I had good reason to believe that the doctor was intoxicated when he made the house call. Are you ready? I lost that case! Not one of this drunken doctor's colleagues would testify in court to what he had obviously done. Worse, five doctors testified in his behalf, including the head of one of our largest university hospitals. Five years later, that defendant doctor killed himself; he had become a dope addict and a habitual drunkard.

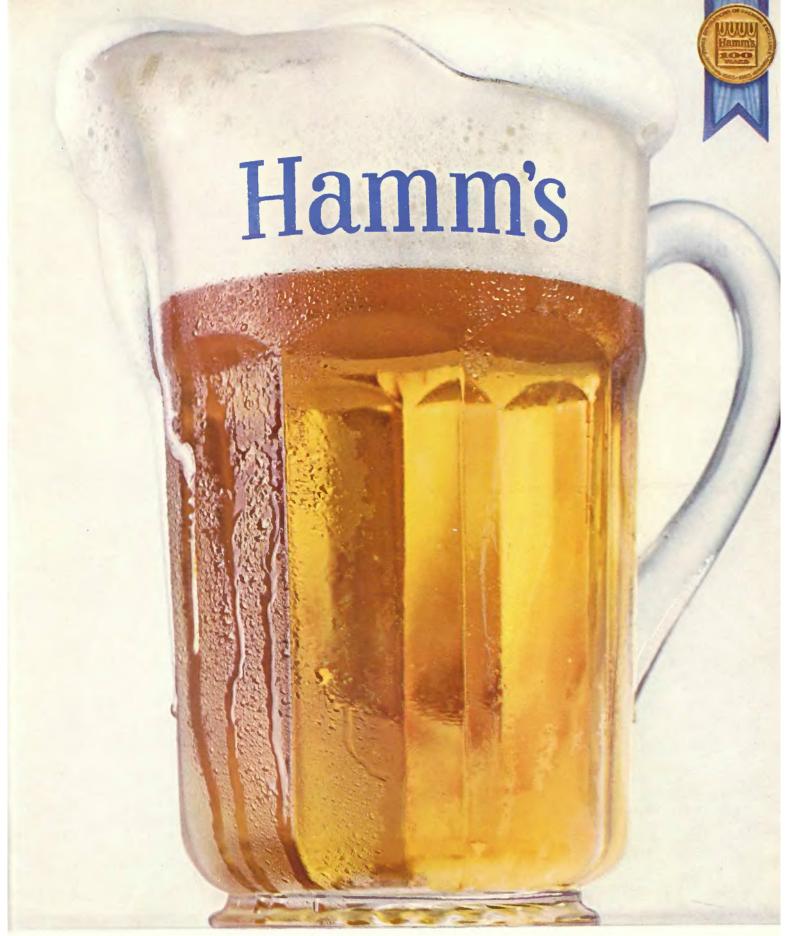
Twenty-five years have passed since then, but it's still next to impossible to get one doctor to testify against another, and it doesn't matter how flagrant the case is. Good old Doc Frebish may have come into the operating room dead drunk, carrying a rusty knife and wearing an old pair of overalls, but as long as he's a member in good standing of the A.M.A., not one doctor in 10,000 will testify against him. You can force a doctor to take the stand as a witness, but all you can get out of him is a grudging acknowledgment that good old Doc Frebish may have forgotten to wash his hands before taking out Mrs. Smith's uterus instead of her tonsils, and that he may have absent-mindedly left a sponge in her abdomen, but that this "could happen to any of us," and certainly couldn't be considered negligent. PLAYBOY: Aren't you exaggerating a bit? BELLI: You think so? Listen, an entire book has been written about things left in patients-not just sponges and forceps, but rings, wrist watches, even eyeglasses, for God's sake. Imagine: "What time is it, nurse? I've lost my watch." "Just a minute, doctor, I'll put on my glasses. Oops! Where are my glasses?"

Now I have personal knowledge that most doctors privately do deplore this sort of thing. A number have told me privately of incompetent colleagues generally regarded as disgraces to their profession. "But Mel," they say, "don't ask me to testify against him. My insurance would be canceled." I can't really say I blame them; if you ever do actually get a doctor to take the stand and testify against another doctor's flagrant and perhaps tragic malpractice, he's regarded as a "stoolie" and will be ostracized for life. Score another victory for the conspiracy. This is the sort of thing I'm trying to fight. Is it any wonder my name is anathema to these people?

But you know, I take pride in the fact that there's an instructor in one San Francisco medical school who asks his students, "What man has done the most for medicine in the past century?" They name Pasteur, Lister. He says, "No-Melvin Belli, because the son of a bitch has made medical men conscientious about their courtroom testimony, and has made lawyers learn medicine."

PLAYBOY: Is a background in medicine essential for a lawver?

BELLI: Absolutely. In our courts today, three fourths of the criminal and civil cases involve some understanding of some aspect of medicine and medical practice. If a general trial lawyer doesn't cultivate for himself something beyond a layman's knowledge of medical fields, he cuts himself off from essential information, and he deprives his client of an essential service. Every law student I meet, if he indicates to me that he wants to do something more worth while with himself than to be a jockstrap for some insurance company, or to keep some corporation's legal skirts clean, I advise him to arrange not only to see a complete autopsy but to learn firsthand about surgical procedures of every sort, to sit in on skin grafts, bone grafts, plastic surgery. I advise him to learn the functions of surgical instruments, to familiarize himself with hospital para-



Pour yourself some freshness.

phernalia and procedures.

Let me tell you a very simple case of where medical knowledge paid off for me, among the hundreds and hundreds of times that it has. This was as simple as merely knowing a word, a medical term, when I heard it. I was cross-examining a doctor who contemptuously attributed several of my plaintiff's com-plaints to "amenorrhea." When I got up to present my argument to the jury, I had a medical dictionary in my hand. I read aloud the meaning of that word; it wasn't something with which my male client was likely to be afflicted. It means "irregular menstruation." My client won a handsome award. By now I probably know as much medicine as I do law. Here in my office I've collected a bigger medical library than is owned by probably any doctor in San Francisco. It rivals my law library-in which 29 of the books are my own, by the way.

PLAYBOY: How do you find the time to study medicine, write books, give lectures, teach law courses-and still maintain your overflowing calendar of

personal-injury cases?

BELLI: Well, somehow you manage to get done what you feel has to be doneespecially if you don't see anybody else doing it. And besides, I love my work. But I sometimes wish I could be a werewolf, with two lives-the life I have now and another life. I yearn for the quietude and the thoroughness of dealing with only a few cases. The way it is now, I have to budget my time like a whore when the fleet's in. This morning I've been on the telephone, about different cases, with Canada, New York City, Pittsburgh, The Virgin Islands, and I've exchanged some cables with Hong Kong. I need time to work on my autobiography. I've been collecting stuff for 15 years. It's going to be big. And it's really going to lay into all those bastards. PLAYBOY: Who do you mean by "all those bastards"?

BELLI: You know: Bobby Kennedy, J. Edgar, the A. M. A., the A. B. A., the insurance companies, ad infinitum.

PLAYBOY: Don't you sometimes feel that you've earned a few more enemies than you can afford?

BELLI: Maybe so. Maybe I should have better sense than to take them all on headfirst and simultaneously. Because you know what I'm scared of in this office today? The big frame-up! I'm always telling myself I have to watch my tongue. My fault is that of Adlai Stevenson. He likes to make cracks, too. It cost him the Presidency. But whatever the cost, I've got to fight for what I think is right-and against what I think is desperately wrong-or I wouldn't think much of myself as a human being.

I've told you how in my early days I began to acquire my bitterness against the guy with a billy, the entrenched 172 powers. We see injustices all around us,

and we all want to cry out-but how many of us dare? We all see Big Brother's steady encroachment because we don't. I know we have to give up some freedom to have some safety, some order in society, but I simply cannot tolerate very much of Big Brother-those who claim to know what's better for you than you do.

I don't believe that the average person, informed people included, really realizes the swiftly increasing degree to which our country is being run and controlled by an unseen government-not only by the FBI and the CIA and the A. M. A. and the A. B. A.—but by foundations, banks, ad agencies, insurance companies, trust companies and their monolithic ilk. In insidious ways, they are prescribing our moral codes, limiting our freedoms. Their cold-blooded business ethics are becoming universally, and passively, accepted.

The A. B. A. is at war with me-like the A. M. A. and the insurance companies-because I'm at war with those who abet evil by keeping silent when they see wrongs being perpetrated and perpetuated by the greed, malice and deception of these self-seeking institutions. I'm under attack because I believe in crying out against injustice. God knows, I've endured more than my share of slings and arrows: "Belli's a nut, a charlatan, a publicity seeker, an egomaniac!" Sure I'm flamboyant. I can afford to be, because I'm a damn good lawyer. You've got to ring the bell to get the people into the temple. But my brand of nonconformism is so offbeat they don't know what to label it. About the only thing they haven't tagged me is "Communist." It's a wise thing they don't; I'd sue. This, mind you, after all I've done for the law. I've tried more cases, I've had more judgments affirmed on appeal, I've made more new law than probably any lawyer, group or firm in the past 15 or 20 years. After I'm gone, they'll be teaching courses about Belli. But the pack is out in full cry salivating over me. So be it. If I'm going to go down, I'm going to go down fighting.

PLAYBOY: Is your plight as serious as all that?

BELLI: You bet it is. And things have been coming to a head since the end of the Ruby trial. I was absolutely awed by the speed and the ruthless efficiency with which Dallas' multimillionaires retaliated against me for my uncharitable remarks to the press about their fair city. You've heard that money talks? Listen, money screams! By the time I got back to San Francisco I found that insurance policies of mine had been canceled without explanation; a book publisher had backed out on publishing Black Date: Dallas, the title I had planned for a book; mortgages had been foreclosed; my name had been withdrawn from official lists of lawyers; my credit was frozen; some TV appearances and lectures were canceled. I'm not being paranoid when I say that those bastards in Texas were behind the whole thing. Why, you wouldn't believe some of the mail I got postmarked Texas. Imagine opening a letter addressed to you as "Dear Rectum." Heart-warming!

The best part of it, though, is their campaign-with the cooperation of the heads of the A. B. A., who have been waiting for an excuse-to have me kicked out of the American Bar Association. After the Ruby trial, I was notified that I'd be given a "trial," investigating my "conduct of the case"—though publicly I'd already been convicted by the A. B. A. "grievance committee." I was notified that my trial would be held in the Statler Hotel in Dallas. I replied that I wasn't about to come to Daflas. Out of curiosity I asked them if they intended for it to be held on the hotel's top floor with my seat next to the open window.

I was next peremptorily notified that my trial will be held in San Francisco instead. That suited me fine. Then they announced they had decided to take depositions against me. I asked that the depositions be delayed until a date when I could be present. Denied. I asked by what "rules of evidence" was I to be tried. No reply. I asked for the privilege of taking depositions on my own behalf. Denied. Next came an indefinite postponement of my trial. So I not only don't know how I'll be tried, or for what I'll be tried: I don't know when I'll be tried either.

PLAYBOY: Can you continue practicing if you're ejected from the A. B. A.?

BELLI: I don't have to belong to the American Bar Association to practice. I don't even have to belong to the A. B. A. to take books out of their library. To practice, I just have to belong to my own state bar. As Bob Considine said, "Being kicked out of the American Bar Association is like being drummed out of the Book-of-the-Month Club." I'd cry all the way to the bank.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you were disbarred also by the California state bar.

BELLI: Well, I've always got my solidgold Honorary Life Membership card in the Bartenders' Union. Or maybe I could get the Coast Guard to renew my able-bodied-seaman papers. I think I might write, too. Back when I first started, I might as easily have gone into steelworking, or teaching, or exploring, or doctoring, instead of law-and I bet there are a lot of people who wish I had. But you know, it's hard for me even to think about having any other career than law. The law is my muse. She has in her wooing been a jealous mistress, but my courting of her these 30 years has been an exhilarating time.



"I think this is what he had in mind ten percent cotton and ninety percent me!"

Probably the exact truth will never be known. Zealous friends of both parties did their utmost to conceal the facts. For example, Al Semenacher, Virginia's agent, gathered up her torn and possibly telltale garments before leaving the suite and destroyed them before the trial. Rumors flew that Arbuckle had used the piece of ice to assault the girl sexually, that he had used a Coke bottle, or a wine bottle. Friends asserted that "any such obscene act would have been beyond him." Actually, when the case finally went to court, Arbuckle was tried not for murder but for involuntary manslaughter. And despite an inflamed public opinion, his first two trials ended with hung juries, while the third not only acquitted him but criticized the state for having put him on trial in the first place. But, innocent or guilty, the damage had been done. Arbuckle's pictures were banned from the screen and the man was forced to change his name even to find employment behind the camera. As the distinguished criminal lawyer Earl Rogers prophetically observed in turning down the case, "They'll never convict him. But this will ruin him, and maybe motion pictures also for some time. I cannot take the case, but prepare Hollywood for tornadoes."

Hollywood had already begun to batten down the hatches: Will Hays, Postmaster General of the Harding Administration and a power in both politics and religion, had already been approached by the worried heads of studios; then still another scandal broke. In the midst of the third Arbuckle trial, on the night of February 1, 1922, someone shot and killed the handsome and respected director William Desmond Taylor. Murder is always newsworthy; but what kept this case in the headlines during the ensuing weeks and months was a dramatis personae that included two of the most engaging and popular young stars of the day: Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand. No one ever suggested that either might have been the murderer. Indeed, it was established that Mabel was having dinner at home at the time the shooting probably occurred. But subsequent questioning revealed that not only was she the last person, apart from the murderer, known to have seen him alive, but that she was being bled for money by dope peddlers and had turned to Taylor for help. There was something the papers could use-and did. Some girlishly passionate love letters from Miss Minter then turned up among Taylor's effects, and again the papers had a field day. As a direct result of the notoriety, Mary Miles Minter, at the time Mary Pickford's only serious rival for little-girl roles, retired permanently from the 174 screen, while Mabel Normand's career went into swift decline. But the Taylor murder was never solved. As Gloria Swanson observed, the police seemed more concerned with digging into the man's past than with finding his murderer.

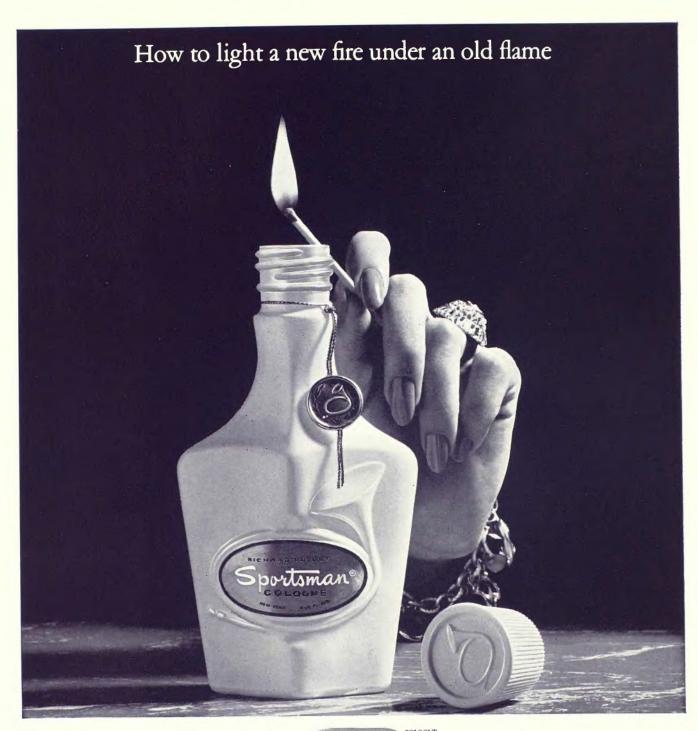
The part that the press played in whipping up hysteria against the moviemakers cannot be underestimated. Hearst, Buster Keaton has stated, never really believed that Arbuckle was guilty of the crime for which his own papers had pilloried him; in fact, only a few years later, Arbuckle was hired by Hearst to direct Marion Davies in The Red Mill (although he did so using the adopted name of William Goodrich). At the height of the Taylor case, which is reputed to have sold more papers than the outbreak of World War One, two men had a fight on the sidewalk outside of Mary Miles Minter's home. The fight had nothing to do with Miss Minter herself-nevertheless, it made headlines. Charlie Chaplin provided reams of good copy with the sensational charges surrounding his divorce in 1920 from teenaged Mildred Harris, after two years of marriage. The "secret" marriage of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne became public property when the papers devoted their front pages to her accusations of flagrant and frequent infidelity. There were more headlines when, in 1921, Rudolph Valentino impetuously married actress Natacha Rambova in Mexico without waiting the full year required by California law for his interlocutory divorce from dancer Jean Acker to take effect; he was jailed for bigamy by a politically ambitious district attorney who saw to it that the reporters had the story long before the actor's friends or lawyers could come to his rescue, Movie stars made news, and somehow all the news they made added up to one enormous black eye for Hollywood.

The American public, apprised on the one hand of the incredible salaries paid to movie people, and on the other of their profligate squandering on riotous living, swiftly responded with a resentment that bordered on vindictiveness. Churchmen, clubwomen, schoolteachers, editorial writers all inveighed against the new Gomorrah in their midst; and politicians played upon their reaction to prepare and push through more and stricter censorship legislation. "Sex appeal," a phrase that the producers had only just discovered at the dawn of the Twenties, promptly became a bludgeon that the reformers used to beat them about the ears. They demanded regulations governing the treatment of sex on the screen, the depiction of crime, the use of weapons, drugs, narcotics and liquor. They organized successful boycotts against pictures starring offending players, and threatened reprisals against the entire industry unless it mended its ways. By early 1922, the reformist elements were aggressively on the offensive, and the producers were reeling against the ropes.

Only in that condition could they possibly have come together to create the formidably titled Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America-better known for three decades as the Havs Office. Thoroughly frightened by the aftermath of the Arbuckle case, industry leaders felt the need for a "czar"-a respected public figure who, by his very presence, could assure outraged civic groups of the studios' high resolve to do the right thing. Their choice settled on Will Hays, a Presbyterian elder and Hoosier politician who had risen high in the ranks of the Republican Party. He accepted the job-at \$100,000 a year.

Hays and his hastily formed organization had two fronts that demanded immediate attention. The producers, in an effort to counter the flood of bad publicity in the press, had actually taken scriptwriters off assignments and set them to grinding out newspaper and magazine testimonials to the lofty moral standards of the movies and their makers. Hays realized the futility of this gambit. Instead, he and his staff sought speaking engagements before powerful civic and religious groups to outline the reforms that the industry had voluntarily authorized him to make. Even more pressing was the need to stem the procensorship forces. By the time Hays took office, censorship bills were pending in 32 state legislatures, with Massachusetts the most immediate and threatening. He centered his forces there, rallying citizens' committees in the name of freedom of speech. By September, when Hays himself appeared on the scene, a crusade against political censorship was already well under way. It remained only for him to use his considerable talents as a behind-the-scenes manipulator to persuade politicians of both parties that the move was ill advised. When the bill went to the voters in November, it was defeated by better than two to one. With only two exceptions, Louisiana and Connecticut, the Hays Office was equally successful in blocking state action elsewhere, although scores of communities throughout the country continued-and still continue-to harass the film makers with their own self-appointed censor boards.

But more significant than either of these actions in the long run was the evolution of a code-the Code-that profoundly affected all subsequent film production in America. Originally and essentially, it was just that: a codification of existing state and municipal censorship regulations that was designed to permit the producers to get their films shown anywhere with a minimum of costly cuts and changes. Inevitably, the censor temperament being what it is,



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SPIRITED NEW SCENT OF THE SIXTIES IN THE ALABASTER FLASK WITH THE HUNTING HORN this proved less than useless. It presupposed a consistency of judgment and standards that most censors could not provide. What it did, however, was to instill in the minds of producers the principle of self-censorship of their pictures in order to make them as widely acceptable as possible-always under the benign eye of the Hays Office, of course.

Despite a basic understanding reached shortly after the formation of the M. P. P. D. A. that the producers would voluntarily proceed to clean up their own pictures, Hays was shrewd enough to perceive that, left to their own devices, they could be expected to return to the primrose path the moment popular indignation had subsided. In fact, it had begun to subside by the end of 1922, and already the righteous sponsors of Mr. Havs were straining at the leash. Lacking enforcement machinery, Hays hit upon a singular method of insinuating his views. Early in 1923, Paramount was considering the acquisition of Homer Croy's West of the Water Tower, a popular novel that owed much of its success to such story ingredients as illegitimacy, a dissolute clergyman, and a wide assortment of exceedingly unpleasant small-town types. Because of its sensational nature, the studio asked Hays to sound out some of the groups with which he was working. Although the reaction was uniformly negative, Paramount made the film anyway. But the experience gave Hays the handle he needed. Member companies were forthwith instructed to submit to his office their synopsis of any play, book or story considered for purchase, along with their proposed handling of any questionable or objectionable material it might contain. By resolution, the producers were enjoined "to prevent the prevalent type of book and play from becoming the prevalent type of picture; to exercise every possible care that only books or plays which are of the right type are used for screen presentation; to avoid the picturization of books or plays which can be produced after such changes as to leave the producer subject to a charge of deception; to avoid using titles which are indicative of a kind of picture which should not be produced, or by their suggestiveness seek to obtain attendance by deception, a thing equally reprehensible . . ."

Subsequently, wielding the power to review completed films, Hays was able to extend his control over material that came from other literary sources as well; while in 1927 appeared the first formulation of what was to become the industry's Production Code, a detailed listing of "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls." Among the 11 "Don'ts" that member companies pledged themselves never to show on the screen were: "any licentious or suggestive nudity-in fact or in silhouette; any 176 lecherous or licentious notice thereof by other characters in the picture; any inference of sex perversion; white slavery; sex hygiene and venereal diseases; and children's sex organs." Among the 26 carefully spelled out "Be Carefuls"-"to the end that vulgarity and suggestiveness may be eliminated and that good taste may be emphasized"-the studios were advised to be particularly wary in depicting: "the sale of women, or of a woman selling her virtue; rape or attempted rape; first-night scenes; man and woman in bed together; deliberate seduction of girls; and excessive or lustful kissing, particularly when one character or the other is a 'heavy.' " Needless to say, this primitive code was more often honored in the breach than in the observance. Revised and extended in 1930, it did not exert the restraining influence that Hays had wished for until 1934, when the newly organized Legion of Decency provided the teeth for enforcement.

On the other hand, what the Hays Office "formula" (as Hays liked to call it) did do was to provide the moviemakers with a simple rule of thumb that would permit them to incorporate a maximum of "sex appeal" into their films and at the same time relieve them of the onus of immorality. Termed the "law of compensating values," it stipulated that sin could be shown, but never condoned. Conventions could be flouted, but only if the flouter ultimately paid the full price for his wayward wayspreferably with interest. Evil must be punished, virtue rewarded. Once the producers had grasped the basic principle, they found the formula worked like a charm. For the first six reels, their pictures could be filled with all sorts of delightful, forbidden sin, just as long as they made it clear that they were against it in the seventh. It was a form of hypocrisy admirably suited to the multileveled morality of the Twenties.

Quite apart from his effect upon production, Hays also played a formidable role in scrubbing up Hollywood's besmirched face. Through his insistence, morality clauses were written into the contracts for all studio talent. The language left no doubt that anyone involved in a scandal-particularly if it reached the attention of the presswould find his or her lucrative career abruptly halted. In addition, those whose predilections toward wild parties, perversion or drugs were too notorious for camouflage or concealment were quietly eased out of the industry. To stem the influx of eager youngsters who arrived daily Hollywood-their cardboard suitcases filled with dreams of glory-Hays undertook a vigorous propaganda campaign to scotch the notion that this was the new El Dorado. Articles underlined the difficulties of finding employment and the odds against attaining stardomor even an adequate living wage. He even encouraged the production of a

movie, Hollywood, to dramatize the indisputable fact that the film capital was no open-sesame to fame, wealth or happiness. Unlike the more famous Merton in Merton of the Movies, the heroine of Hollywood learned by the end of the film that none of the studio doors would ever swing open for her. To further insure the virtue of the movie colony, the Hays Office created and helped staff Central Casting, a clearinghouse for extra and bit players. The studios agreed to cast such roles only through Central Casting, while the organization itself enrolled new applicants only after a careful scrutiny of their moral probity and psychological make-up. Literally thousands were turned away.

Perhaps the one film that best illustrates the efficacy of the "law of compensating values" came, appropriately enough, from the one director most responsible for bringing it about in the first place. As early as 1919, Cecil B. De Mille had introduced into movies the concept of fashionable sinning; in 1923, while still regaling his audiences with such highly colored accounts of the peccadilloes of the flapper set as Adam's Rib and Manslaughter, he launched into the production of The Ten Commandments, which demonstrated for all time how to make sinning not only fashionable but moral as well. Actually, the original Ten Commandments was in two parts-a long Biblical prolog that followed Moses and the Israelites in their flight from Egypt to the moment the Commandments were given to Moses on Mount Sinai; then a modern story starring Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque and Nita Naldi, in which the consequences of breaking the Commandments were graphically explored. In it, La Rocque, a building contractor, deserts his wife for the voluptuous charms of Miss Naldi, skimping on the quality of his concrete in order to keep his new mistress in jewels and revealing negligees. But soon the cathedral he built collapses, killing his mother. Then he learns that he has contracted leprosy from Miss Naldi, and kills her-and is himself killed while making a mad dash for the Mexican border. As Will Rogers said at the time, "It's easy to see where God left off and Cecil De Mille began."

If any single scene could epitomize both the Hays and the De Mille approach to morality, it would be the climactic sequence in the movie's prolog. While Moses is up on the mountain awaiting the Word of God, down below Estelle Taylor exhorts his followers to worship the golden calf. To get the crowd into the mood, she drapes most of her outer garments about the idol, then leads them in one of the most elaborate and explicit mass orgies ever put on film. Within moments, everyone is gloriously drunk, tearing at one another's clothing, kissing everyone-and everything-in sight. There was a good deal of multiple



"You're all the sunshine I need, Miss Hobbs."

kissing, too, with one character embracing a girl's face and bosom while another tends to her feet and legs. The scene grows wilder and wilder as the golden calf is laden with more and more jewels and castoff clothing. Then, just at the height of the debauch, Moses returns with the Commandments to tell them how wicked they've been, and dashes the tablets to earth in his fury. The errant Israelites were rewarded with 40 years of penance in the wilderness: the law of compensating values in excelsis-you sin; you pay the price. But in the meantime, as wily De Mille knew, the public would have a grand time vicariously (but virtuously) participating in the goings on. Whenever anyone protested about the inordinate amount of sin that invariably turned up in De Mille's early pictures, he had a pious answer ready. "How can you show the defeat of evil if you do not show evil itself?" he would ask sententiously.

Other producers promptly got the message. The following year, for example, Fox released an elaborate version of Dante's Inferno complete with sets based on the illustrations of Gustave Doré. In it, a millionaire who has amassed his fortune by breaking every rule in the book drops off to sleep over a copy of Dante. As he dreams, he visualizes all the gaudier aspects of hell-naked sinners, male and female (the men wearing flesh-colored fig leaves, the women clad, if at all, in their own flowing locks), being tormented by the brawny, oiled minions of Satan. Although the cameras lingered on ladies being shoved into bubbling caldrons or writhing on flaming stakes, the millionaire, when he wakes up, immediately reforms, and spends the rest of the picture undoing his many injustices.

In some instances, the moralizing was even less subtle. Dorothy Davenport, the widow of Wallace Reid, launched a film, Human Wreckage, soon after his death, in which, as the wife of an addict, she pretends to succumb to the habit in an effort to inspire her husband to struggle against it. Reputedly, the film had more than tacit support from the Hays Office, even though it showed quite graphically not only the effects of drugs, but techniques with the needle. However, Miss Davenport made it abundantly clear that she was opposed to the traffic in drugs, and apparently in those halcyon days Hays demanded nothing more. (Later, of course, as the Code was solidified, any suggestion of the use of drugs whatsoever became completely taboo-a stricture that remained in force until the Code was revised in 1956.) As for Miss Davenport, she continued her personal crusade against vice in Broken Laws, condemning the excesses of modern youth, and in The Red Kimono, a lurid expose of the evils of prostitution.

Understandably, Mrs. Reid's pictures were devoted to the dim view. Most pro- 177 ducers, however, looked upon the social scene with considerably more élan. The flapper had come into her own; the public knew all about petting parties, bathtub gin and cars that stalled conveniently on old dark roads. There were dancing mothers and emancipated fathers who stepped out with their secretaries. There were girls who rolled their silk stockings, and boys who carried hip flasks under their raccoon coats. Despite the increasing strictness of the Hays Office and state censor boards, the film makers could not afford to ignore this sure-fire material. Particularly since the "formula" provided them with a socially acceptable method of exploiting it. They showed it, then deplored it.

In the years that followed, Clara Bow led a whole contingent of dark-haired, vivacious, devil-may-care cuties in a seemingly endless series of flapper pictures; they dominated the American screen throughout the mid-Twenties. Suddenly, the sultry vamp, with her lacquered nails and footlong cigarette holder, was passé. The girl next door was no less sexy, no less eager for a good time, and was a lot more fun. Her eagerness might lead her to consort with some questionable characters-roadhouse operators or well-heeled older men whose mustaches immediately identified them as far too worldly to be trusted; but the likes of these could readily be dispatched by the clean-cut youth with the Stacombed hair who really loved the girl. Actually, the flapper films never failed to underline the fact that their heroine, although wild in her ways-she smoked, drank, danced the charleston, and was the life of the petting party-was fundamentally a nice girl and altogether worthy of the hero's love. The parental admonition that generally preceded the happy fade-out was more for the benefit of the audience than for the girl herself.

Throughout the Twenties, the characteristics of flapperdom varied somewhat, depending in part on the story, and in part on who was playing the lead. Sometimes she was a spoiled darling, or a girl who could distinguish right from wrong better than her frivolous parents. But there was an elusive quality that made them all sisters under their boyish bobs -a quality that was eternally, triumphantly and pithily identified in 1926 by Elinor Glyn as "It." Mme. Glyn had been brought to Hollywood early in the Twenties to supervise the adaptation of her best-selling novel, Three Weeks, in which the queen of a Ruritanian kingdom takes a holiday from her regal duties to loll on beds of rose petals and tigerskins with a British aristocrat before resuming the burdens of state, considerably refreshed. There was little more to it than that, but Mme. Glyn's professed knowledge of high life in high places quickly made her, in addition to a wealthy novelist and scriptwriter, Hollywood's social arbiter supreme, and its unofficial advisor on the more rarefied aspects of sexual behavior. Her position was solidified with the publication of *It*, which contained her classic definition of what had been called, more crudely up until that time, "sex appeal."

To have 'It,' " she wrote, "the fortunate possessor must have that strange magnetism which attracts both sexes. He or she must be entirely unself-conscious and full of self-confidence, indifferent to the effect he or she is producing, and uninfluenced by others. There must be physical attraction, but beauty is unnecessary. Conceit or self-consciousness destroys 'It' immediately. In the animal world 'It' is embodied by tigers and cats-both animals being fascinating and mysterious, and quite unbiddable.' Among her contemporaries possessed of "It" she listed the Prince of Wales, Gary Cooper and Lord Beaverbrook, Subsequently, when Paramount bought the title and set her to work concocting a new story around "It," she added the name of her picture's star, Clara Bow, who promptly became the "It" Girl.

In the movie, which, despite the contributions of the prestigious Mmc. Glyn, was quite typical of dozens that Clara Bow appeared in between 1924 and 1931, she plays a pert salesgirl in a department store who has caught the eye of her boss, wealthy Antonio Moreno. Moreno calls on her one night, discovers her minding a friend's baby, promptly decides that she is an unwed motherand therefore available. This misunderstanding reaches a happy conclusion, however, aboard Moreno's vacht. Edward Wagenknecht, author of The Movies in the Age of Innocence, recalls the final scene when, after successfully preserving her virtue, she is thrown into the water; she emerges "with her wet skirts clinging high about her naked thighs, she carefully pulls them down just far enough to make a modest gesture but not far enough to cover up anything that the audience might wish to see!" Such delicate concern for the proprieties won her a vast and loyal audience-an audience as avid and enthusiastic over each new appearance as was Brigitte Bardot's in the Fifties.

If, on the distaff side, favor had switched from exotic vamps to homegrown flappers, the most popular male lead during the Twenties was, by all odds, the Latin lover. Introduced to the screen early in 1921 by Rudolph Valentino in The Four Horsemen of the Apoca*lypse*, the type was given definitive shape -and a name-in his very next picture, The Sheik. Here was a man who both used women and abused them, danced with them and flung them aside, loved them and laughed in their faces. Oddly enough, the women adored it; flappers from 16 to 60 flocked to his movies. (Some psychiatrists hold that all women

secretly want to be raped.) Even odder, while men tended to deprecate Valentino-calling him, in the language of the day, a "jelly bean" or "pink powder puff'-they went to his pictures, too. As the late Robert E. Sherwood noted in 1923, "Ninety percent of the young men who have been most withering in their denunciation of the suave signor have also made sheepish attempts to imitate him in every possible way: Witness the number of sideburns that have been cultivated in the past two years." Even more than Clara Bow, the Italian-born Valentino inspired a host of imitators: Spanish-born Antonio Moreno, Austrianborn Ricardo Cortez, Hungarian-born Rod La Rocque, Mexican-born Ramon Novarro, not to mention the impeccable British-born Ronald Colman, After Valentino's untimely death in 1926, every studio brought forth candidates, faces bronzed and hair slicked back, to fill the idol's boots. None ever quite succeeded.

Valentino's hold on his audience was something quite extraordinary, as evidenced by the enormous success of a series of revivals of his pictures during the late Thirties and early Forties. In New York during the Thirties, a Helen Hokinson-type matron in search of her youth attended such a revival and became intensely absorbed in a sequence from Son of the Sheik, Valentino's last film. Bent on vengeance, Valentino carries a struggling Vilma Banky into his luxurious tent. At the entry, he kisses her fiercely, then laughs and tosses her on a pile of silken cushions. As he advances upon her, the camera begins to follow, but the folds of the tent fall together and the scene blacks out. "My God," gasped the matron in an agony of anticipation, "don't stop now!" After a screening of The Four Horsemen at the Museum of Modern Art, another well-dressed middle-aged woman confided to her companion, "I came to this expecting to laugh, But you know, that boy really had something!" Whatever it was that he had had altered the style of hair, dress and lovemaking of an entire generation.

As the Twenties rolled on, competition for Hollywood's increasingly provocative output began to arrive from overseas. In 1925, a German film, Variety, was so successful in the American market that it ushered in a whole new cinematic era. During the final years of the silents, American film makers tried desperately to make their pictures look as German as possible. To help them, German stars and technicians were imported by the boatload. Raven-locked Pola Negri had already arrived, rivaling Gloria Swanson in impersonating somewhat cynical ladies who had been around. So had director Ernst Lubitsch, who introduced to the American screen a light and flavorsome touch of Continental sophistication. Moonfaced Emil Jannings, the star of Variety, was no



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one's idea of a sexpot; but in a series of lugubrious films for Paramount-The Way of All Flesh and The Last Command (which won for him the first Academy Award to an actor) and The Sins of the Fathers-Jannings delineated a character irresistibly drawn from the paths of rectitude by the desires of the flesh. This frank acknowledgment of sex as a motivating factor in men's lives, even though somewhat diluted from the European handling of the same subject, nevertheless kindled a spark of recognition in the breast of many a moviegoer. Besides, Jannings was a European; therefore his films had to be Art.

But it was never a question of Art, art or pure sex appeal with Greta Garbo. Deposited on MGM's doorstep as part of a package deal with the eminent Swedish director Mauritz Stiller, Garbo panned out as pure gold in her very first American picture, The Torrent (1926). Wrote Variety, "Greta Garbo, making her American debut as a screen star, might just as well be hailed right here as the find of the year . . . She makes Torrent worth while . . ." In it, she played a Spanish prima donna in love with Ricardo Cortez-another of his essays at being the Latin lover. Although the film had little else to commend it, one still recalls the finale, the "torrent" of the title, in which Garbo sits frozen-faced in a small boat while the aristocratic Cortez pleads vainly with her to come away with him, promising to abandon wife and family in return.

What Garbo brought to the screen, unlike the foreign-born vamps and seductresses who preceded her, was a hint of sexual mystery, the suggestion of a depth of sexuality to which she alone held the key. Alistair Cooke once aptly described her as "every man's fantasy mistress." Her somber, brooding eyes were inscrutable pools of love; her slim, languid body drooped under the burden of her knowledge of the world. Because nothing was ever obvious about Garbo, she could play courtesans, mistresses, Other Women, even common prostitutes and, wrapped in her own private mystery, still appear pure, untrammeled and desirable, ever awaiting the embrace of one true love to stir the fires that burned within her. Often as not, those fires consumed both her and her lover-but what man would not gladly pay such a price to plumb the depths of ecstasy that she alone seemed to offer? Her special awareness of the pleasures and vices of love were hinted in hundreds of ways in every film she made, although perhaps never quite so boldly as in the church sequence from Flesh and the Devil. Kneeling for the Mass beside John Gilbert, she accepts the chalice from which he has drunk the sacred wine. Gilbert carefully turns the cup as he passes it to her. Garbo, her eyes on Gilbert, just as carefully turns it back and drinks from where his lips have sipped.

Sophistication of this kind one might expect to find in the films of Erich von Stroheim, that master of sensuality, but hardly in the work of home-grown Clarence Brown. Nevertheless, it was symptomatic of what was happening to American pictures as the silent era drew to a close. The Continental influence affected all Hollywood films-with the possible exception of the Westerns. Continental themes, Continental manners and-to the extent that the censors would allow-the implied wickedness of Continental morality pervaded the American screen. Ernst Lubitsch did it by sly suggestion: The droop of a fan, the straightening of a tie, an insinuating glance conveyed hints of all sorts of delicious transgression. As a result, his films got past the censors without much difficulty. On the other hand, Von Stroheim never hinted. The old millionaire in The Merry Widow was a foot fetishist; Von Stroheim not only showed a closet filled with the shoes of his former conquests, but included a shot of the man slobbering over Mae Murray's dainty toes. Miss Murray recounts in her autobiography that Von Stroheim kept on shooting the scene until she ran screaming from the set. For the same film, he shot an orgy so lewdcomplete with voyeurs, Nubian servants wearing padlocked chastity belts and a female orchestra wearing nothing but masks-that the entire sequence was excised from the picture. What remained, however, was enough to make it his greatest commercial success.

Riding the crest of this popularity, Von Stroheim next launched into another protracted study of the Vienna he both loved and hated: The Wedding March. In it, he not only wrote, directed and designed the sets, but also portrayed Prince Nikki, an impoverished aristocrat who, after an affair with a commoner (Fay Wray), is forced by his father to marry the deformed daughter (Zasu Pitts) of a cornplaster manufacturer in order to recoup the family fortune. Again, Von Stroheim's passion for a bizarre realism led to scenes without precedence on the screen-a brothel, with more padlocked Nubians, in which Nikki's marriage is arranged by his drunken father and the groveling magnate, who sit swigging and haggling while Nikki makes love to Miss Wray (off screen) in a nearby garden. There was also a rape staged in a slaughterhouse, the blood dripping from a carcass of beef upon the figures squirming in the sawdust on the floor. The picture was designed to demonstrate the degeneracy of Austria on the brink of World War One, and there is no question that it succeeded; but by the time the film was completed to Von Stroheim's satisfaction, there was enough footage for two movies. Paramount forthwith took the film away from him and eventually cut it into two pictures, only one of which was ever re-

leased in the United States.

Von Stroheim's final directorial effort, begun just as sound pictures were coming in, was Queen Kelly, starring and produced by Gloria Swanson. It was a fantastic affair in which Miss Swanson, playing a convent girl, is coveted by a lecherous prince who burns down the convent in order to carry her off to his palace. But the prince is engaged to the perverted queen of the realm, who roams the palace clad only in an angora cat (live). When she discovers the liaison, she literally froths at the mouth and bullwhips Gloria out into the night. The story was to continue with the girl inheriting a chain of brothels in German East Africa and ending up as their madam; but Von Stroheim, who was writing the script as he shot, revealed this to Miss Swanson only gradually. When she realized that after almost six months of shooting only about a third of the picture had been made, and that the arrival of sound would soon make it obsolete, and that the story Von Stroheim proposed to tell could never be shown on any screen in the first place, she called a halt. "A madman is in charge," she cried-and thriftily took over the directorial reins to tie off the footage that existed. But by that time, it was already too late; the public was clamoring for talkies. The Swanson version of Queen Kelly was seen commercially only abroad.

The coming of sound changed everything. Just as the public had once responded wholeheartedly to the novelty of seeing shadows move, now it responded just as heartily to the novelty of hearing shadows speak. At first, it mattered little what they said. Consequently, the first talkies were often naïve in the extreme. But because the Broadway stage was being combed for filmable properties, the talk was often more sophisticated than anything the screen had known up to that time. Groucho Marx, for example, eying worldly Margaret Dumont, could say, "I've come here to defend this woman's honor; I'll bet that's more than she'd do for herself!" As the Twenties drew to a close, however, the Depression was just in the offing-and with it, panic time for the motion-picture industry. For most producers, there was only one panic button to push. And it was marked sex.

This is the third in a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema." In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert explore the sinful Twenties, European style—from the blatant eroticism of the burgeoning German cinema to the far-out, phantasmagorical creations of those experimental film makers from the Continent who clasped Freud to their artistic bosoms.

Machine (continued from page 150)

partially random, partially controlled music, was published as the *Illiac Suite* for the String Quartet in 1957.

Since that time the computer has come to function in a dual capacity: as an orchestra playing its own compositions. J. C. Tenney, who is now in the music department at Yale, has been a strong advocate of this approach. As a composer, he provides general guidance to the computer as to high or low, slow or fast, loud or soft, and some guidance as to timbre. Within specified ranges that change with time, the computer chooses the notes at random and plays them according to its own directions. The results are surprising in many ways. However unpredictable chance may be, it has a sort of uniformity that seems to preclude the kind of surprise one finds in Haydn's Surprise Symphony, that is, a carefully calculated loud effect following a soft passage. Perhaps the composer should provide the computer with more or less guidance, or perhaps guidance should be built into the computer.

Musicians of the modern school condemn, or at least wish to depart from, traditional musical devices and forms, but this hasn't kept musical scholars from analyzing music to see just what the form consists of. Harry F. Olson and his coworkers at RCA have already put Stephen Foster's melodies through the wringer and caused a computer to generate Fosterlike tunes. In principle, what makes Mozart like Mozart, Haydn like Haydn, Wagner like Wagner is not beyond analysis. I would be very surprised if someone could cause a computer to produce good and original Mozart at the push of a button. I wouldn't be surprised at someone's making the computer sound something like Haydn or Mozart or Bach.

As in the case of the visual arts, new science and technology have much to offer in the reproduction as well as in the creation of the sounds of the future. It's a commonplace that listening to a stereo system, however good, isn't like hearing an orchestra in a concert hall. Yet it is not beyond the ability of science to create in one very particular place in a room the exact environment of sound that one would experience in a concert hall. Manfred Schroeder at the Bell Telephone Laboratories has shown how this can be done. He uses the computer to process the sounds that will be played over a pair of loudspeakers, so that in the vicinity of a person's head he creates the exact acoustical environment of a huge reverberant hall. This effect is uncanny. It is much fuller than a stereo system, and it is very different from hearing something through headphones.

The ability to localize sounds outside of one's head, the feeling of being immersed in sound, depends on the way in which what one hears changes as he moves his head slightly. Schroeder cleverly simulates the sound near the head so that when one turns his head slightly, this has just the effect on the sounds he hears that it would if he were in an auditorium. At present this has to be carried out at great cost in an anechoic or echoless chamber, a large and expensive room with sound-absorbing walls. But who is to say that at some not-distant date it may not be possible to create exactly the same effect in any easy chair at home?

The question of whether a computer can be made to write as well as to draw, compose and play is no less provocative. The manufacture of meaningful prose and poetry, as of art and music, is a challenge that may or may not be beyond the capacity of the computer, but the composition of striking new words and sentences is certainly well within the realm of mechanization. As part of a linguistic experiment conducted at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in 1961, for example, Dr. Melvin Hinich caused a computer to generate a number of rather compelling sentences which, considered as a single composition, might be said to substantiate my belief that the artistic utterances of mechanical chance and of contemporary avant-garde writers are approaching one another so closely as to come into competition. Wrote the computer:

this is shooting
this seems to be sleeping
a vapid ruby with a nutty fan lies
seldom below this tipsy noise
this cute snake by that wet pig is
clawing coolly to a weak pig
any black otter below a holy fan is
poking hotly in that furry ape
to killing from this tipsy bat
a fake mud on this cute hero is sel-

a fake mud on this cute hero is seldom sipping that bad moose below a tipsy house in moving from this tipsy creep.

Rather vivid imagery, I think, if a bit less than illuminating. But one doesn't need a computer, or even a beat poet, to generate such literary gems. One can do it with a pencil and paper and dice, or even with a group of cooperative human beings, C. E. Shannon, the inventor of information theory, demonstrated this many years ago when he chose letters on the basis of the probability that they would follow preceding letters. This led to the creation of some new words: deamy, ilonasive, grocid, pondenome. To me deamy has a pleasant sound. If someone said I had a deamy idea, I would take it in a complimentary sense. On the other hand, I'd hate to be denounced as ilonasive. I would not like to be called grocid, perhaps because it reminds me of gross, groceries and gravid. Pondenome is at least dignified.

Shannon carried this further, and



"Are you crazy? Move out of the neighborhood just when it's starting to deteriorate?"





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chose words on the basis of their probability of following other words. Anyone can carry on a similar process easily, as a sort of parlor game. You can write, say, three grammatically connected words in a column at the top of a slip of paper. You can then show these to a friend and ask him to make up a sentence in which the three words occur and to add the next word of this sentence. You then fold over the top word of the four, show the remaining three to yet another friend and get an additional word from him, and so on. After I had canvassed 20 friends, I had the following: "When morning broke after an orgy of wild abandon, he said her head shook vertically aligned in a sequence of words signifying what."

One can invent more complicated means for producing grammatical sentences that wander over the same ground but never exactly repeat. By using a chart of phrases and flipping heads or tails, I obtained the following interesting item: "The Communist Party investigated the Congress. The Communist Party purged the Congress and destroyed the Communist Party and found evidence of the Congress." This could go on forever, always grammatical and never exactly repeating, but I don't know to what end.

There have been other experiments with random language, of various sophistication and success. In 1946, a Yale undergraduate walked into the Sterling Memorial Library at Yale, picked a direction at random, took a book off a shelf at random, selected a page and a sentence on that page at random, and repeated the procedure until he had produced a 20-line "poem." This was accepted for publication as a legitimate man-made composition by the Yale Poetry Review, but the young man got cold feet at the last moment and withdrew the manuscript.

Though the Yale poem is long since lost, I can regale you with the following poem of my own, which I "composed" in about ten minutes by gleaning random quotes from a book selected at random from my shelves: Great Science Fiction by Scientists, edited by Groff Conklin.

The Dictator shoved his plate aside with a petulant gesture

The homely smile did not dismay

He was still not quite sure what had happened

"I doubt if they starved," said Pop

The needle was near the first red

Well, I merely pose the question.

Author William Burroughs is less painstaking and squeamish than was the student at Yale. He writes his books by cutting up already-written material and pasting the pieces together after mixing.

With this montage technique he has written five or six books; the best known is Naked Lunch. Recently, I read in the press that a young student had succeeded in producing quite effective modern poems by a process that involved choosing lines or phrases entirely at random. I found the effect striking, but I am too old-fashioned to prefer it to

A group up at MIT some years ago tried another tack. They asked the computer to plot a simple story, choosing at random, for instance, whether the shot fired by the sheriff killed the bad man or vice versa. To my mind, Zane Grey did better; but then, this was a very early MIT effort.

Matters of art aside, there is no question that machines other than computers, and computers themselves, have made pictures, have played music, have made music, and have constructed a semblance of English. What I am to think of this I find as hard to know as what I am to think of Jean Tinguely's painting that hangs on my wall. Some of what has come out of the computer isn't as bad as the worst of man-made art, but it certainly isn't as good as the best. The computer is a great challenge to the artist. It enables him to create within any set of rules and any discipline he cares to communicate to the computer. Or, if he abandons discipline, he may leave everything to chance and produce highly artistic noise.

I am sure that time will extend all the possibilities and opportunities for artistic creation and reproduction that I have described, and will bring them economically within the reach of the general public. Come tomorrow, we will be able to close our eyes and hear in our living room something completely indistinguishable from what we might hear in a concert hall or a theater. And it may be that we will also be able to open our eyes and see, in all its solidity, what we might see in the concert hall or the theater. What will we see? What will we hear? We may hear a poem written by a computer, sung in a computer voice, to an accompaniment of computer-generated and computer-played music. Perhaps we will see a ballet of computer-generated figures dancing in computer-generated patterns.

Scientists can only provide the means for doing this. Artists must school the computer if this is to become reality. I think that it isn't too early for artists and programmers to study man and his arts on the one hand, and for the computer and its potentialities on the other, hotly and realistically. We must decide whether men and machines should work together gravely or wackily to produce works that are portentous or delicious. The choice is open, and I hope it won't be made too solemnly.



OVERNIGHT GUEST (continued from page 129)

his lapel in department stores, and now he's a sporting-goods salesman at Gimbel's."

Without preliminaries she said calmly, "You are coming to bed with me tonight. Dan must think you dropped in
unexpectedly. You will miss your last
train and be our overnight guest. I've
got it all worked out. Dan is going deer
hunting at Greenwood Lake with pals.
His pals are picking Dan up around
two in the morning. After Dan leaves,
you come to my bed. Tonight I am
yours."

We left the restaurant late in the afternoon. It was a long ride by subway and bus to Yonkers. We shopped for dinner. She made me feel as though I were her husband by her side as we purchased the food and carried the bags to her apartment. Dan arrived soon after. I was uneasy from the moment he came in. He was surprised but glad to see me.

"Dan dear," said Wanda, "a little while ago I heard a knock. I opened the door and there was Pee-ate-trow di Donato!"

Wanda took Dan his smoking jacket and slippers. In his superior manner he said, "Your Christ in Concrete is not too bad a piece of scribbling." He was the same bull-fuzz artist who knew all, had been everywhere, and could do anything.

During dinner Wanda talked about the Camp-Do-Not-Worry days, and then asked me, "Pietro, do you still have your hell-and-heaven ideas about girls? Dan, to him a woman is either a Madonna or a prostitute. You're twenty-six, Pietro, and still virgin, I'll bet."

Dan said with a patronizing air, "You'd better do something about your virginity." He reached over, ruffled my hair and said, "We're only pulling your leg because we're fond of you."

Wanda bubbled about in high spirits. Dan puffed his pipe with smug pride. The hours passed. Finally, Dan's eyebrows went up and he said to me, "You've a long trip home. What train are you catching?"

"The last train. What's the right time?"

"It is exactly ten to eleven."

I fumbled for my schedule, then handed it to him. He read it and said, "Your last train from Penn to the Island leaves 12:01. You'd better move fast."

"Do you think I can make it?"
"I don't know. Give it a try."

I rose to leave. "Wait a minute, Pietro," said Wanda. "Dan, how long does it take you to get to Gimbel's from here?"

"Well, darling, about an hour and ten minutes."

"At this time of night the buses and subway trains are few and far between, and his last train leaves in one hour and six minutes. It's impossible for him to make that train." Dan looked at the schedule again. "There's the first morning train for the Island that leaves Penn at four-thirty A.M. Benny and Hal are picking me up after two. We will drop Pietro at the Van Cortlandt Park subway station. He'll get to Penn three-thirty or so. He can have coffee there, read the newspaper and get the four-thirty out. How about that, Pietro?"

I nodded.

Wanda said decisively, "I can tell that Pietro is coming down with a cold. He's going to sleep on the divan in the living room!"

"Thank you, Wanda," I said, "but how about my sleeping over at your mother's?" I did not want Dan to suspect me in the least.

Dan said quickly, "I'll give her a buzz for you—I know she'd love to put you up!"

"You'll do no such thing," commanded Wanda. "It is late and mother is an invalid." Then she went on heatedly, "Dan, you're trying to get rid of Pietro because you have a dirty evil mind and do not trust his being alone in the same apartment with me after you leave with your pals! Isn't that the truth?"

He took her in his arms and protested that he had never mistrusted her nor ever would.

After Wanda had her bath and went to bed, Dan said, "You take your bath now. I'll fix you a glass of warm milk and cookies. I'm worried about that cold of yours coming on. I'll give you a half dozen sleeping pills. You'll sleep like a baby and sweat out the cold . . ."

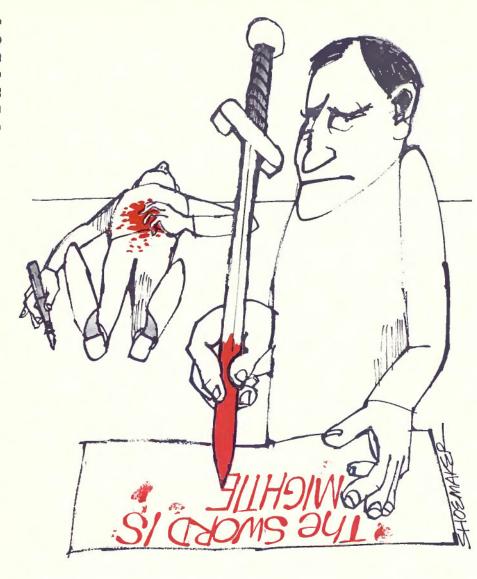
In the bathroom I threw the sleeping pills down the toilet. I had my bath and went out into the kitchen wearing a pair of his pajamas. I drank the warm milk and ate the cookies, although I hated milk and sweets. "Gee," I said, "those goddamn pills work fast—I'll have to say good night—I wish I hadn't missed that last train . . ."

"Will you be here when I get back from hunting?"

"I guess so . . ." He squeezed my



"Contemplate your own navel!"



hand, drilled his eyes into mine, and said, "Well then, kid, be good!"

I went to my divan bed in the living room. The glow of the corridor night light showed through the glazed pane of the door. Their bedroom adjoined my room. Dan took his bath and went to the bedroom. He wound the clock. Sleep was out of the question for me. I simply had to bide my time. Dan's clock ticked interminably and finally went off with a clatter. I heard Wanda tell him he was crazy to go off at that hour into the ice and snow. He kissed her and said, "I love you, Wanda. Remember that.'

"I will," she answered sleepily. He dressed in the kitchen, then got his hunting gear out of the corridor closet.

A car with a broken muffler roared to a stop out in the street in front of the apartment house. I distinctly heard two pairs of heavy boots clomp through the hallway. Dan opened the door and let his pals in. They gathered in the kitchen with a boy-scout enthusiasm about hunting deer with bows and arrows. Dan checked the bows, twanging the 186 strings, and also checked the side arms. One of his pals said, "The deer aren't going to wait for us. Let's go, boys!" The light was snapped off in the kitchen, the hall door opened and shut. I thought my ears were deceiving me, but again I distinctly heard two pairs, and not three pairs, of boots along the hallway. I did not hear the car motor start. Was it possible the car took off without my hearing it? I could hear Wanda snoring lightly, and the alarm clock. I had the feeling that Dan was hiding.

I prayed that Wanda would not awaken. I counted seconds into minutes, five, ten, twenty. If Dan were hiding in the kitchen that long, why wouldn't his pals get annoyed and come noisily back for him? Otherwise they were in on the scheme with him to catch me doing something with Wanda. A half hour had gone by. I figured I had let my imagination throw me. Dan was miles away on the road to Greenwood Lake.

I had always wanted Wanda. I was bursting with lust. I started to get up to go to her. Just then I heard an unmistakable creaking of the parquet floor in the corridor and saw a shadowy form through the glazed door pane. I didn't hear Wanda snoring. Was it Wanda on the other side of the door? The door opened slowly. I saw a figure with swelling hips. Wanda, of course.

In the instant I was about to exclaim "Wanda!" I realized it was Dan. The swelling hips were his hunting trousers billowing above the puttees. He tiptoed toward my bed with an unlighted flashlight and a revolver. I froze in pretended deep sleep. He felt me, reached over and felt around the bed. Then, to make sure, he flashed his light. I sat up and mumbled. There was a tormented dangerous expression in his eyes. I rubbed my eyes and growled, "Hey, Dan-what the hell's going on?" The crazy mask fell from his face.

"My pals and I are just about to take off-I came in for cartridges-thought I'd see if you had enough covers." He went to the closet, picked up some cartridges and tiptoed out, whispering, "Good night. Sleep tight." I heard his boots through the hallway. Seconds later the car out in the street churned and churned, started with a coughing bang, revved up and then roared away into the night. Then I wondered if he had sent his pals away and had removed his boots and sneaked back into the apartment. I couldn't get myself to leave my bed. I heard Wanda get up, go through the corridor, bolt and chain the hall door, go into the kitchen, snap on the light, go into the bathroom, flush the toilet, run water and then turn out the bathroom and kitchen lights. She opened the door, came in and turned on the floor lamp. She was in a black negligee. She blinked her eyes, yawned, smiled and asked me, "Did you fall asleep, too?"

"That bastard, Dan!" And I told her

what had taken place.

She yawned and shrugged, "How should I know what Dan would have done if he had caught us in bed? I'm no mind reader. If I'm not afraid, why should you be? I looked through the apartment. He's gone. The hall door is bolted and chained and the windows are locked. He'd have to be a Houdini to sneak up on us."

I made love to Wanda until five o'clock the following afternoon. After we got up and dressed she put on horn-rimmed glasses, looked at me sweetly and said, "You must forget we were in bed. I mean like it never happened."

About six o'clock Dan came in with his pals. They were jubilant; each had gotten a deer; Dan's had the biggest antlers. Wanda fell all over Dan. "Dan, my Dan!" Dan looked at me. Wanda had taken everything out of me.

"Pietro," he said, "boy, are you pale!" I said, "Dan, you know that goddamn cold I had coming on? I got that goddamn cold!"

SALADS

(continued from page 112)

in back of head. Separate claws from body and remove the ends of claws from shells, keeping meat intact. Chill in refrigerator. Cut balance of claw meat and balance of lobster meat into 1/4-in. cubes. Cut mushrooms into same size. In mixing bowl combine diced lobster, mushrooms, celery, 1/2 cup mayonnaise, mustard, lemon juice, truffles, chives and parsley. Mix well, adding salt, pepper and celery salt to taste. Chill in refrigerator at least 1 hour. Line four 5-in, scallop shells with leaves of lettuce. Pile lobster mixture on lettuce. Place 1 tablespoon mayonnaise on top of each. Place 2 claw ends on top of mayonnaise. Chill until serving time.

GREEK TOSSED SALAD WITH FETA CHEESE

I quart salad greens, torn into I-in. pieces

8 anchovies

8 Calamata olives

8-oz. jar tiny stuffed eggplants

4-oz. jar tiny artichoke hearts in oil

1 green pepper

8-oz. can sliced beets

2 ozs. shelled pine nuts

3 minced cloves garlic

1/2 cup olive oil

Juice of 1 lemon

I medium-size potato, boiled and mashed (no milk)

2 firm, ripe tomatoes, cut into eighths

1/9 cucumber, thinly sliced

1/9 lb. feta cheese, crumbled

Salt, pepper

Be sure salad greens are well dried. Drain anchovies, olives, eggplants and artichoke hearts well. (Do not use drained oil for salad.) Cut green pepper in half lengthwise. Remove seeds and stem. Cut crosswise into thin slices. Drain beets. Put pine nuts and garlic in electric blender and blend until nuts are finely chopped. Slowly add oil and lemon juice while blending at low speed. Add potato and blend until smooth. Chill dressing thoroughly. In large bowl put salad greens, anchovies, olives, eggplants, artichoke hearts, green pepper, tomatoes, cucumber and feta cheese. Add dressing and toss well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Place beets on top of salad.

AMERICAN AVOCADO AND CRAB MEAT SALAD

1 lb. fresh or canned crab meat 3-oz. package slivered almonds I tablespoon salad oil 2 large ripe, firm avocados Juice of 1 lemon 1/4 green pepper, finely minced 1 piece celery, finely minced 1 small onion, grated 2/3 cup mayonnaise 2 tablespoons dark sherry Salt, pepper

1 bunch watercress French dressing

Carefully remove any cartilage or pieces of shell from crab meat. Chill thoroughly. Place almonds in shallow pan or pie plate. Add salad oil and mix well. Place pan in oven preheated at 350°. Heat until almonds are light brown: avoid scorching. Set aside to cool. Cut each avocado in half lengthwise. Remove seeds. With sharp paring knife remove avocado shells, keeping each half intact. Sprinkle avocados, inside and outside, with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. In a mixing bowl combine green pepper, celery, onion, mayonnaise and sherry. Mix well. Add crab meat and mix well. Add salt and pepper to taste. In another bowl toss watercress with about 2 tablespoons French dressing. Place watercress on four serving plates. Place avocado half in center of each plate. Pile crab-meat mixture into avocados and top with almonds.

CHINESE CHICKEN AND BAMBOO SHOOT SALAD

2 whole chicken breasts Salad oil

1-lb. can bamboo shoots

2 teaspoons sesame oil

2 tablespoons soy sauce

1/4 cup cider vinegar 2 teaspoons sugar

1/4 teaspoon powdered ginger

1/8 teaspoon cinnamon

1 clove garlic, finely minced

1 small onion

2 hard-boiled eggs

3 cups Chinese cabbage, 1/4-in. diagonal strips

1 cup celery, 1/1-in. diagonal strips

Remove chicken meat from bone or have butcher bone chicken breasts beforehand. Discard skin. Cut each breast into 1/4-in. slices. In a heavy skiller heat 3 tablespoons salad oil. Add chicken and sauté until tender, about 5 min., stirring constantly. Don't overcook. Chill in refrigerator. Drain bamboo shoots, pressing to remove liquid. Chill well. In well of blender put 2 tablespoons salad oil, sesame oil, soy sauce, vinegar, sugar, ginger, cinnamon and garlic. Blend at high speed 30 seconds. Chill well. Peel onion and cut in half through stem end; cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices and separate slices into strips. Separate egg whites from volks. Chop each separately and set aside. In mixing bowl combine chicken, Chinese cabbage, celery, bamboo shoots and onion. Just before serving add soy-sauce dressing, tossing well. Pile mixture onto platter. Sprinkle egg whites over salad, covering top thoroughly. Sprinkle egg yolks over center of salad. Serve at once.

These recipes are only a few stopovers on a global tour of adventurous eating. The ports of call are as endless as they are exciting. Bon voyage.

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CRUISING (continued from page 145)

if he didn't already know, that he could be questioned on the street just because he was a Negro.

A few minutes later, Frank, his good nature restored, asks Charley to stop so he can get some cigarettes. We pull up alongside a liquor store and while Frank is inside buying his cigarettes and chatting for a moment with the clerk, Charley turns around on the seat to me.

"My partner's still new in the squad and he's kind of an eager beaver yet. He was a patrolman until a few weeks ago. But he'll learn, he'll be a good cop someday."

Frank gets back into the car and as we slide out into the traffic, the radio cuts in with the dispatcher's voice calling our signal. Frank reaches over for the microphone and returns the call. The dispatcher then recites in a flat, dispassionate voice a report that a group of kids have been reported having a beer party up in a park overlooking the city. Frank tells him they'll check it out and we make a U-turn back toward the park. The dispatcher keeps talking, though, giving us the address of a hall where a big dance is just starting that should be checked later. I can tell from the loca-

tion that the dance is in the Negro section of the city.

In about ten minutes, the police car is riding along the park drive, high above the city. Charley turns off the headlights and I see the city sprawling every which way below us. "They're probably down at the parking lot," Frank says, and Charley grunts in assent as we turn off the main road into a big paved area. There we see cars in a ring, their parking lights barely showing shadowy couples dancing to music from a small combo. Frank turns on the red spotlight as the car moves forward, its headlights on now, too.

As we pull up, the dancers look at us curiously but keep on dancing, without fright. They're white, I see, and they all look like college kids, the boys with crewcuts, walking shorts, sport shirts and loafers; the girls in skirts, sweaters and sneakers. One of the boys steps away from his girl and walks over to the car.

"Is there anything wrong, Officer?" he asks Charley.

"No, we're just checking. What kind of party is this?"

"It's a frat dance. I'm president. We have a dance up here once a year. We've never had any trouble."

"Miss Leffler! Do you have a man in your room?"

Frank gets out of the car and walks over to the side of the lot toward a dark clump of bushes where I can faintly see some figures. We stay in the car, chatting with the fraternity president. Then, another boy, his replica, comes up and speaks to him in a low voice.

"Excuse me," the frat president says politely and goes to the area where we can see Frank's flashlight moving around in the bushes.

"This looks OK to me," says Charley. "I wonder what's keeping Frank."

The frat boy comes back and says, "Your partner seems to be disturbed about something he found over there. Maybe you can help us out."

We get out of the car and walk past couples dancing or sitting on blankets to where Frank is standing, his flashlight shining on a driver's license he holds in his hand, with a couple of boys watching him. Near them is a keg of beer.

"What's up?" asks Charley.

"Well, they've got beer and this kid's put a phony age on his driver's license."

We look at the license and I see that the boy has crudely erased his real birth date and typed in another so that he can pass for 21, the legal age for drinking even beer in California. Charley takes Frank to the side and I can hear them in earnest conversation. They come back and Frank tells the boy whose license he's holding, "OK, we'll let it go this time, but don't ever let us catch vou doing it again." Then he takes a pen and writes in the boy's real age on the license. We walk back to the car, get in. exchange farewells with the boys and drive away, some of the couples still confidently dancing, not even looking at us as we leave the lot.

"What the hell," says Charley. "That's just what I was doing at their age."

We drive back into the city and begin just cruising around in the Negro section. The two cops are relaxed in the front seat and one of them is making a wisecrack about the other's driving, just as the police car turns a corner slowly and its headlights pick up a young Negro woman wearing a tight red dress. She's hopping around on the sidewalk, flailing with the sharp heel of a red shoe at a muscular young Negro man. The other shoe is still on her foot.

"You mother, keep your goddamned mothering hands off me!" she screams at the man who, desperately, tries to hold her off from slashing at his eyes. As the police car's brakes catch and the two white cops jump out, the man shouts, "You lousy bitch, if I ever catch you laying up with him again, I'll kill both of you!"

The cops rush over to the struggling couple and pull them apart as I get out of the back seat of the police car and stand by the front fender, watching. "Break it up," they say, "we're police officers." Charley grabs the girl's arm,

pulling her away, while Frank blocks off the man with his own body. We are in the heart of the Negro district and even though the street has been deserted until now, suddenly a dozen Negroes appear out of nowhere, as if they are instant people materialized out of the sidewalks and building fronts.

They stand around, warily watching the tangle of four people as they clash and separate in an intricate ballet of frustrated violence. The girl's voice gets higher and higher while Charley keeps her from getting at the man, and she repeats, over and over again, in a monotonous litany, "I'll kill that mother, I'll kill that mother." Both of them act as if the cops are simply inconvenient physical barriers to having at each other, with the girl leaning around Charley and vainly striking at the man who keeps pushing Frank away.

"Ah, the hell with them both," Charley says, finally tiring of the fight the girl is putting up to get free of him. He lets her go and Frank releases the man. Instantaneously, they fly at each other again, she still shouting, he still trying to keep the wicked steel-tipped heel from his eyes. Once again the police separate them, and this time she kicks Charley in the shin with the foot that still has the shoe on it. He pushes her away and says to her, "Go home and cool off and if you don't quit it, I'm going to arrest you."

Defiantly, she turns and stalks away a few feet. Then she spins and shouts at the Negro man, "I'll kill you if you ever lay a hand on me again! And that goes for you, too, you mother," she screams at Charley.

That does it. Charley lunges after her, grabs her by the arm and shouts, "You're under arrest!" Instantly, the crowd, by this time much larger, explodes. The man with whom she's been fighting starts battering at the cop who is holding him and hollers, "Don't you put her into that car! Don't you put her into that car!" Two others run to help the girl, whose whole body is engaged in a desperate, writhing attempt to free herself from Charley, by now trying vainly to clamp his handcuffs on her. Frank lets go of the man and rushes back toward the police car, with the menacing crowd beginning to move in around it, giving me ugly looks, too. Frank reaches through the open window, grabs the radio microphone and, without waiting for the dispatcher to respond, puts in a hurried call for reinforcement, giving the exact location of the car. I hear the dispatcher say, "Just a minute, I've another call coming in," and Frank shouts back into the transmitter, "The hell with your other call. We're in the middle of a riot here!"

Suddenly, I realize that I am in the middle of it, too, and I probably won't

have time to explain I'm for civil rights before being jumped by the angry crowd. That is when I get really scared, nauseatingly scared.

But in what seems to be only seconds, two motorcycle cops roar up to the scene and I hear sirens getting louder and louder as police cars in the area respond to the call. Only minutes later, four or five police cars are sprawled around the intersection, the red lights on the roofs of the cars turning lazily, the sirens just dying out as the policemen burst out of the doors onto the street. Then the wagon arrives and three cops push the girl, still fighting and screaming, into it, while the other police disperse the sullen crowd, which slowly starts drifting back into the dark hallways.

The two cops and I get back into our car. As we start away, I ask where we're going. "Down to the jail to book the girl," Charley says. "I'm the arresting officer, so I have to be there for the booking."

We drive in silence for a minute or two. "I've lost a button from my jacket," Frank says, fingering his sports coat. "That guy must have pulled it off."

"You're lucky that's all you lost," Charley mutters. "Did you see the muscles on him? He'd'a really creamed you if he ever hit you."

"See his muscles? Christ, I felt them



as long as you're up get me a Grant's



when I was trying to hold him back. Christ, he must be a blacksmith. Hey, what happened to your raincoat? It looks like it's split down the back."

"Yeah, it is," Charley answers wearily.
"I split it trying to wrap it around that crazy chick. Boy, that's a wild one. I'll bet she does it the way she fights, too. No wonder that guy wants her all for himself."

"You want to try some of it?" Frank asks. "Maybe I can fix you up after she gets out. She'll probably have nice memories of you."

We drive in silence for a few more minutes until we come to the driveway of the jail. Then, as we get out of the car, Charley says to me, "Were you scared back there?"

"Yes. Were you?"

"Yes."

The three of us go into the jail. In the hallway, behind a glass window, a policeman sits who presses a buzzer to let us into a small room where we can watch the door and foyer. The two cops take out their guns, put them into separate drawers in a desk, lock the drawers and put the keys in their pockets. They talk through a public-address system to the men in the booth and to the cops lounging in the fover, matter-of-factly explaining what has happened. The wagon drives up and we can hear the girl still shouting inside it. Three cops pull her out and rush her through the foyer into one of the detention cells. As they go by, I hear her scream, "He called me a black-assed nigger bitch, he called me a nigger bitch!'

When the three cops come out, back from the cell block, Charley says through the PA system, "Did one of you guys call her a black-assed nigger bitch?"

"Yeah, I did," a florid older officer answers defiantly.

"How come?" asks Charley.

"She called me a white mother. What am I supposed to do, take that kind of crap from her?"

The cops walk out, back to the paddy wagon, and as they go through the door, I hear the florid one mutter, almost under his breath, "Animals, that's what they are, animals. And they want to live next door to us."

After the girl has been booked, the two cops retrieve their guns from the drawers and we walk back to the police car. When the three of us are inside, Frank turns to Charley and says, "Where to, now?"

"Well, we've got an hour to go. I guess we should check out that dance. It must be going full blast by now."

Charley swings the car into the street and looks up, catching my eyes in the rearview mirror. "What's the answer to all this, Paul? What's going to happen?"

I can only reply, "I don't know anymore, I just don't know."

3

dear. I'm willing to wait for Grant's.

OBESITY

(continued from page 105) and protection. We are already more advanced and far better protected than our fellow citizens, physically and mentally better equipped to greet triumph and face adversity. We are also gayer, more resilient and tolerant, more appreciative and demonstrative. In short, we are finer people.

Someone once wrote (and it may well have been myself) that folly is the privilege of man. At folly, above all else, we excel. We must always be on our guard, therefore, that we do not infuriate others less well endowed than ourselves, Above all we must avoid boasting. And this is not easy; at least I do not find it so. How is it, I sometimes ask myself, that nature has singled me out? Why am I so wonderfully fat? It cannot just be chance. What qualities of character, what nobility of spirit did she detect in my person that made her so determined to enhance my shape? Every now and then surely there appears on the assembly line of man a model of such perfection that he or she is given a custom finish, an extra-deluxe appearance. "This one," the happy workers tell each other, "this one is a special."

So it has proved in my case. Since my pirate days I have always been proud of being fat, or corpulent, to put it more delicately. I have found I am happier among fat people. Bookmakers, chefs, comedians, rich women, barmaids, lady wrestlers all tend to be stout. Doctors, on the other hand, as well as accountants, lawyers, air hostesses, fashion models and women journalists, are usually emaciated. Indeed, while I am sorry for thin people and not, I hope, entirely insensitive to their problem, I can't help feeling that often they only have themselves to blame for their scrawny appearance and personality. Doctors especially.

Though very little is known about the causes of underdevelopment of the fatty tissues, undernourishment is often at the root of the trouble. People simply don't eat enough. Some people, of course, don't get enough to eat-but this is another problem, and one I do not propose to deal with. I am concerned with the sort of people who habitually say "No, thank you" when offered succulent trimmings, who pass up the bread and butter and potatoes and cream and sugar, the foie gras and the pancakes with honey. Normally I avoid eating with such people, skeletons at the feast of life. The longer they refuse food, the more deranged the poor creatures becomeand the more boring. Is there anything less calculated to charm and amuse than the woman who arrives at your table announcing she's on a diet? Next, unless you can stop her and put her out of the front door, she'll be telling you the poundage she has lost over a specified period.

Fat people are never guilty of this breach of manners. We don't go around telling others that we've gained five pounds since last Christmas. Few of us weigh ourselves at all, and if we do, do so in private. This invasion of the weight privacy of the individual is quite unpardonable. Next to schoolmasters writing reports about my children, I find the greatest impertinence exists among doctors who comment on my weight. Every now and again I am forced by the nature of my profession to attend a medical examination to find out whether I am strong enough to make a pictureand to make some of the pictures I make, I have to be very strong indeed. My employers like to insure my life for the limited period they propose to put me under contract, so that if I die before they've finished the picture they can hit the jackpot. It hasn't happened yet, but they're still hoping. The first thing the doctor does on these occasions is to ask me to step on his scales. Later on during the interview he usually finds some excuse to discuss its findings.

"You would be well advised," he murmurs, "to lose a few pounds, quite a lot of pounds, actually."

"Would I?" I reply. I am always polite to the fellow; I don't want him to turn me down. "How do you suggest I do that?"

Whereupon, nine times out of ten, he'll whip out a diet sheet, which I pocket, and that is the end of the matter as far as I'm concerned. Until next time, of course; for sometimes, I find, although it's a different film (more or less), it's the same doctor.

"That diet sheet you gave me last time," I tell him, "I found it most helpful. I lost ten pounds. Unfortunately, I seem to have put them on again."

He nods sympathetically. He is never surprised; he relies on his patients' putting on weight as well as taking it off; if they didn't he would be out of business.

"Have you still got my diet sheet?" he

I tell him I've lost it. Happily he hands me a fresh one. If you've read one diet sheet, you've read them all. It would seem, not that I have ever tried out the theory, that all food properly cooked in butter, cream or wine has what is termed a high caloric value. Raw carrots, lemon juice and boiled fish, on the other hand, contain hardly any calories—and no wonder. I once asked a doctor if he had ever seen a calorie; he admitted he had not.

"Show me a calorie," I told him, "and I will consider your proposition."

Knowing their own weight has a curious attraction for the lean and dispirited. I don't say they are meaner than we are, but thin people always know exactly not only how much they weigh



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Thin people worry about almost everything, fat people very little. You'd think, therefore, that if a thin person wanted to stop worrying all he need do is to put on some weight. That is where nature is so wonderful. Obviously, if everyone could put on weight there would be no virtue in doing so; nature therefore sees to it that thin people, unless exceptionally well adjusted, stay that way. Nature not only encourages thin people to worry, she actually persuades most of them that worrying is a desirable habit. She sees to it that, to take one example, a thin boy can run faster than a fat boy. Once aware of this, the thin boy will want to run not only faster than fat boys but faster than other thin boys. To do so he will have to start worrying, and the faster he runs the more he will worry that he is not running fast enough. No such temptation faces a fat child. He knows he cannot run very fast, so he looks around for alternative means of transport. He buys a bicycle; later on he will find out that thin men bicycle faster than fat men. But he will not worry, as by this time he will have bought a car. Perhaps one day as he is being driven along the road he may encounter a mudbespattered figure in running shorts who is forced to leap into the ditch to avoid being run down by the chauffeur. He is unlikely to recognize this woebegone stranger as the child who beat him in the under-12 100-yard dash.

Fat children, you see, are protected from the folly of athletics, the boredom of games, the futility of competition on equal terms. Not for them the broken nose, the smashed collarbone, the fractured skull. They learn to watch from the side lines or, at the worst, to become anchor man on the tug-of-war team. The thin make it clear that they do not wish to play with them, and the fat are free. Released forever from the sweat, humiliation and danger of organized recreation. Fat men, therefore, do not habitually waste as much time as thin men on polo fields and golf courses. Personally, I have never willingly pursued a ball; still less have I struck one. I simply cannot understand the fascination of hitting, say, a golf ball and then hurrying after it to hit it again. Football, hockey, tennis, cricket are equally anathema, and I find people who play or watch them tend in middle age to grow feeble-minded.

It is the same with people who hunt. There is a feeling in England that hunting is bad for foxes, and so it may be, but I am far more alarmed by the effect it has on members of my own species. Elderly hunting people always seem to 192 have gone mad. Of course, it is not particularly noticeable as long as they are actually mounted, but sometimes during a prolonged period of frost, the poor demented creatures are forced to dismount and come up to London and sit around in their clubs, where their condition is immediately apparent. Fat people, as a rule, do not hunt. Quite apart from the reluctance of the horse to carry the weight is the problem of getting one's seat onto the saddle.

Over and over again we see how nature protects fat people from danger, but never let it be thought that she exercises a purely negative control over us. While ensuring that we shall not waste our time in useless and dangerous activities, she encourages us to enjoy more fully the real pleasures of life: food and wine, dozing, contemplation, reading, listening, watching, and doing nothing whatever. She does not encourage us to overwork; often she doesn't even encourage us to work at all. After meals, for example, she sees that a feeling of well-being, of gentle acquiescence prevents us from violent exertions or the making of illconsidered decisions.

In love she protects us from early marriage, and sometimes from marriage altogether. Fat girls are not swooped upon by thin boys attracted by their lack of contour and definition and carried off into domestic slavery. Fat men are not at the mercy of a 36-22-36 looking for a 42-42-42. When we finally select a mate, it is the case of one mature human being choosing another M. H. B. The percentage of happy marriages among fat people is far higher than among skinny

Yet, holding as we do all the cards in the pack, how is it that fat people are not more admired and emulated? Why are we not afforded more of the respect to which we are plainly entitled? What is behind the present campaign to discourage and deter us, to denigrate our achievement and decry our appearance? Who is it who dares challenge the preference of Rubens, the taste of Renoir?

And what is all this about cholesterol and heart failure? The doctors started the nonsense and it may well be true that we don't all live as long as some of the thin ones-but we live a great deal better. Provided we keep our nerve and don't listen to all those manufacturers of patent food substitutes, sugarless sweeteners, and radioactive bath salts who keep urging us to change our shape.

Like Julius Caesar, I avoid the company of those who have a lean and hungry look, even if I don't go all the way with Caesar in regarding them as positively dangerous. And I am never very happy in the company of the aggressively healthy. The man who boasts of his physical prowess, his muscle expansion, his lack of girth, I find, has as little time to enjoy my company as I have his. Besides, he is anxious to get away to his local health club. If I believed in hell, I should imagine it as one vast gymnasium with the wicked perpetually engaged in physical training. Eternity on the parallel bars. I found myself in a health club recently-it is extraordinary where they will go to make films these days-and I was reminded of one of those awesome engravings of Blake with the bad angels clothed in bath towels plunging downward into the abyss, in this case a faintly steaming medicinal bath, round the edges of which the members sat repenting their weight and playing strip rummy, the loser every now and again forfeiting his towel and plunging into the tepid caldron.

None of this does for me at all. I have only once allowed myself the indignity of a massage and on that occasion chose as my tormentor a live bear. In Turkey it is quite usual to be massaged by bears: One lies down on one's stomach and the bear prances up and down one's spine, leaping from buttock to buttock with obvious relish. He is accompanied by his agent (who remains, fortunately, on the floor), to whom one pays the few piasters demanded, a considerable saving on the health-club charges, and one does not have to undress. Indeed, as the bears give massages only at street corners in between their dancing performances, it is inadvisable to do so. Both Turkish people and Turkish bears are great ones for the proprieties, and what gets by at the American health clubs would certainly shock the Turks.

Just as I am repelled by health clubs, I am equally shocked at the behavior of those who visit starvation clinics and pay enormous sums to be forcibly fed on lemon juice and raw carrots. After a few weeks they are discharged from such places lighter in frame and pocket, and for a few pathetic days cavort and prance like mad butterflies among the snows at Christmas. "Look at us," the poor creatures chant, tugging at our coat sleeves, "just look at us . . . we've lost pounds and pounds." Then off they flutter to their tailors to have their trousers taken in, their buttons repositioned. In another month they are back being measured for new suits, and learning the hard way that what comes off usually goes back on.

Weight, like wealth, carries responsibilities, and there are some people who simply don't deserve to be fat, who do not appreciate the privilege, who by constantly trying to shed their weight bring us all into disrepute and encourage those who are forever waiting to exploit

In childhood and especially in adolescence, of course, there is always the danger of fat children becoming sorry for themselves and betraying their heritage of what the French refer to so delightfully as avoirdupois. Indeed, when I was a schoolboy I didn't particularly relish the

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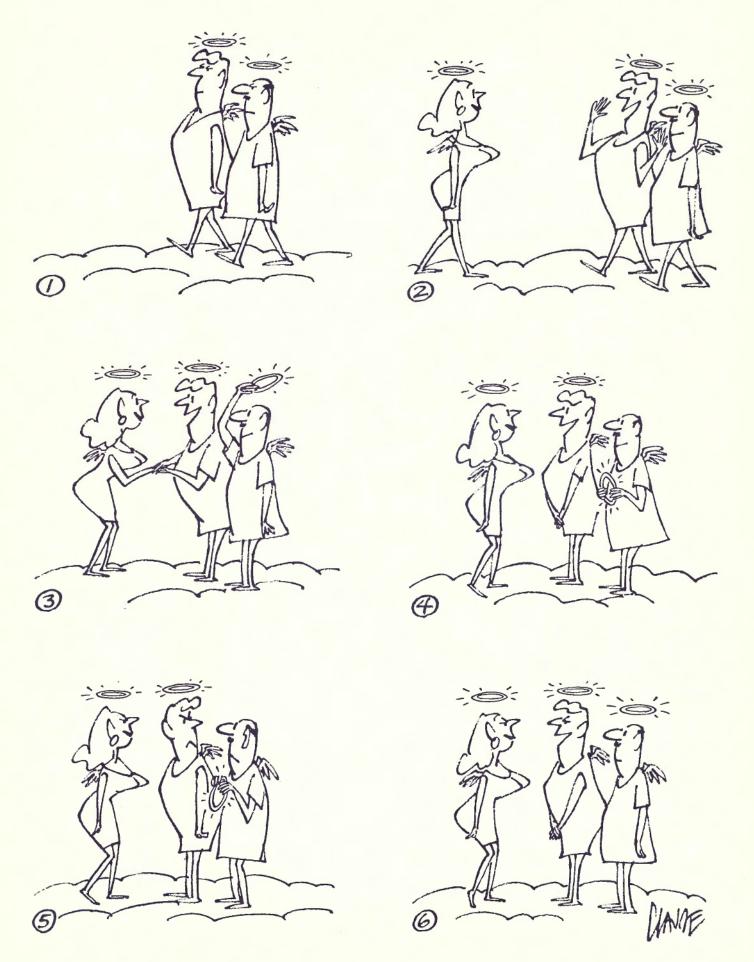
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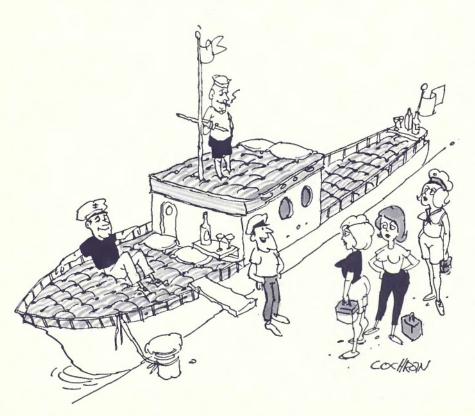
pinches and kicks and jibes of the perfectly horrible thin children with whom I was forced to associate. I made no friends at school either among the masters or pupils, disliking and being disliked by both, and although this was possibly more a triumph of personality than of appearance, I like to think that my shape did contribute to the envy that undoubtedly inspired the enmity of my fellows.

Food in British schools is notoriously scarce and bad, particularly when the schools are run by private enterprise for profit, and my companions were always suspicious that I had a private source of nourishment which I managed to keep to myself. In point of fact, although I spent more time in the tuckshop than most of the others, because I was happier there, I spent a good deal less time than they did in what was considered healthy exercise. I am not going to dispute the commonly held theory that there is some connection between weight and physical exertion. It is possible to spend a great deal of life perched on the saddles of stationary bicycles or trying to row oneself across gymnasium floors. What is not generally understood is that time spent in such ludicrous occupations is not only degrading to the spirit, it should in all fairness be deducted from the life span. Obituaries of the physically fit invariably ignore these vital statistics. Even a man who spends only ten minutes a day trying to touch his toes will, if he lives to be 80 and has exercised regularly since

manhood, have spent 60 times 365 multiplied by ten minutes of his life merely trying to prolong it. I am not going to work this out, but it is a considerable number of days, possibly months; and with most health fiends it certainly doesn't stop at ten minutes each morning. Moreover, fit persons and those who believe themselves to be so are much more liable to be struck dead by golf balls or perish in avalanches than we are. They are indeed in some danger every time they cross the road, believing themselves sufficiently fleet of foot to outsmart the traffic. Fat people know their bodies are uncoordinated; thin people often have to reach this moment of truth in the osteopath's consulting room, the casualty ward or even the morgue.

I do not begrudge the figure-conscious those extra days of life, supposing they contrive to achieve them. They are entitled to every hour they can scrape together, just as those who live abroad in Switzerland to avoid paying taxes must be judged to have earned their remittances. But life can be bleak in Switzerland, the only country I know where the cows seem to keep to the pavements and the citizens to the fields. Not for me the slopes of Mont Blanc, or the massage table in some overheated steam bath. I am content to remain what I am-a stout party, a figure of fun, in the glorious company of Pickwick and Falstaff.





"Well, we said it was going to be a pleasure cruise . . ."

ACADEMY

(continued from page 126)

corners and testing here and there for

Mr. Holston, left with Cadet Sloan, did not know quite what to say.

"Well," he began, "how do you like it here?"

"I like it very well, sir."

"That's good. Um, the food and everything . . . you find it all right?"

"Everything is very good, sir."

"Ah," said Mr. Holston, rubbing his hands together, trying to think of additional questions while Cadet Sloan gazed at him with polite attention. "Well, I suppose you're planning on some college or other, aren't you?"

"My plans aren't too definite at present, sir."

"Yes, yes. Well, I can see you're a hard worker on your books, Mr. Sloan," Mr. Holston continued, glancing first at the stack of texts on the desk and then at Cadet Sloan's face, which wore a studious look that was reinforced by little wrinkles of concentration around the eyes and mouth.

"We have plenty to do, sir, that's right."

"Your parents must be proud to have such a hard-working son."

"My parents aren't living, sir."

"Oh—I'm sorry." Mr. Holston regretted his blunder. No wonder Sloan looked drawn.

"That's all right, sir. It's been quite a while."

"Ah, yes. Well." Mr. Holston could not help being struck by the manly demeanor of Cadet Sloan. He put out his hand. "Nice to talk with you, son," he said. "And good luck."

"Thank you, sir."

The Director and his guest walked back toward the administration building. On all sides, Mr. Holston was aware of organized and purposeful activity. Several groups of cadets were marching along the paths on their way from one building to another; a soccer game was in progress on a field nearby, and on the main parade ground, a full company in dress uniform was executing a complex series of drill maneuvers.

"It's all very impressive," said Mr. Holston.

The Director smiled. "We try to keep our young men busy."

"That cadet I talked to back there," Mr. Holston added. "Sloan. He seemed to be a remarkably mature person."

"We strive to build a sense of maturity, Mr. Holston."

"Yes, yes. I can certainly tell that."
Mr. Holston saw that they were approaching the stone figures of teacher and student which were turned the wrong way. He gestured toward the statues. "That's quite a piece of sculpture."

"Thank you. We're very proud of it."
Mr. Holston could not repress his curiosity. "It does seem a little—well, unconventional. I mean, the positioning. You know, facing toward the Academy instead of away from it."

The Director nodded. "Yes, most visitors notice that, Mr. Holston. At first glance, it does seem to be a mistake, I agree." He paused beside the figures and gazed approvingly up at the stern features of the teacher. Mr. Holston thought he saw a resemblance between the Director and the statue, which, he reflected further, might be no mere fancy, for the operation of the Academy could very well be a family matter, with the leadership being passed on from one generation to the next.

"For us, you see," said the Director, continuing with his explanation, "the important thing is the Academy. This is our world, Mr. Holston. All that a boy needs is to be found right here. So that the symbolism of the figures, sir, is to represent a welcome to this little world—rather than the more conventional theme of farewell which would be indicated if the man were pointing away from the Academy."

"Of course," said Mr. Holston.

They returned to the Director's office, where an elderly man in green fatigues was polishing the desk and chairs. He stopped as they entered and stood stiffly near the wall.

"At ease, Morgan," said the Director. "That'll be all."

"Very good, sir." The elderly man saluted and hobbled out.

The Director seated himself behind the desk and briefly inspected its top for signs of dust. "Well, Mr. Holston," he said, "now you've seen something of the Academy, and I'm sure you've had an opportunity to consider a little further the question of whether it may be what you're looking for, to help your boy."

"Yes, yes. Of course." Mr. Holston nodded. "You have a fine institution here, I must say. Everything seems to be organized with . . . with real efficiency." He glanced toward the door beyond which he thought he could still hear the shuffling steps of the elderly man in fatigues. "It's a real example of what the military method can achieve," he added, feeling that perhaps he had not sufficiently expressed his admiration for all that the Director had shown him.

The Director took a folder from a drawer and placed it on the desk.

"As for my son," said Mr. Holston, "that's the important question, of course. Whether this would be the right place for him. Or rather," he amended, "whether he would be right for you. I'm sure there are many instances where boys simply don't fit in."

The Director smiled. "We don't believe in failure here, Mr. Holston. When we agree to admit a boy, sir, that means we are laying our reputation on the line." He opened the folder and took out a letter. "And without intending to boast, Mr. Holston, I think I can truthfully say that we have yet to concede defeat." He pushed the letter across the desk. Mr. Holston saw that it was an official notice of acceptance, complete except for his own signature as parent. He felt in his pocket for his fountain pen.

"In some cases, naturally," the Director continued, "we need to have more patience than in others. But patience is built into our system."

"Patience, yes," said Mr. Holston, He laid his pen beside the letter of acceptance. "Boys need patience. You're right there, of course. Some boys need a lot of that, I agree." He moved the letter slightly, so that it was squared off with the edge of the desk. "He's not a bad boy, though. Not at all," he added.

"Mr. Holston, in my experience there is no such thing as a bad boy."

"I mean, he's gotten into a couple of little scrapes—that's in the records, of course—but nothing really . . ." Mr. Holston cleared his throat.

"Boys will be boys, sir. Lack of proper motivation leads to trouble, even in the





"If there's one thing I hate, it's the way they undress us with their eyes."

best of families. You have nothing to be ashamed of, sir."

"Oh, we're not ashamed. We just feel —my wife and I—we feel that he would be better off in the kind of atmosphere you provide here, especially during the, um, difficult years."

"That's what we're here for, Mr. Holston," said the Director.

"I mean, it's not as though we were trying to avoid our own responsibilities as parents——"

"Far from it, sir," agreed the Director.
"—but in certain situations it seems advisable to, um . . ."

"To place a boy in congenial surroundings under the proper form of supervision," said the Director, helpfully completing Mr. Holston's thought. "You're absolutely right, sir. Believe me, I deal with parents every day of the year, and I know all of the things that pass through their minds." He clasped his hands together and smiled at his visitor.

"Some people think it's a kind of rejection of the child. I mean, getting rid of him-"

"Oh, I've heard plenty of that, Mr. Holston. It's all this modern psychiatric stuff. Guilt feelings!" The Director gave a short laugh and shook his head. "I tell you, when a father and mother are prepared to undergo heavy financial sac-

rifice in order to see their boy receive a decent chance in life—well, if that's getting rid of him, then it's a pretty conscientious way of doing it!"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Holston quickly. They smiled at each other. In the brief pause that followed, Mr. Holston heard the commands of the drill instructors faintly in the distance, and the muffled beat of the marching cadets. There was marching in the hallway, too, and he supposed that it was a class, moving in formation from one room to another.

"Perhaps you have some further questions," the Director remarked.

Mr. Holston picked up his pen. "Oh, not at all. No, I think you've covered everything." He tested the point of the pen against his thumb, to be sure it was working.

"This is the time for questions, Mr. Holston," the Director continued. "It's better to ask them now, I mean to say, while the Academy is fresh in your mind. Sometimes it's hard for a parent to remember later on the things he wanted to ask."

"Oh, yes, I can understand that," said Mr. Holston, studying the letter before him.

"For example, you might like to know more about our cooperative work program for the cadets. The cafeteria was an instance of that." "It was a very fine cafeteria," said Mr. Holston. "No, I don't really have any questions about it."

"Then there's the academic program. Perhaps you feel insufficiently informed on that aspect."

"No, the catalog was quite complete. I really can't think of anything it didn't cover."

"We are great believers in the value of learning by teaching. Let me explain that. The cadets take turns, you see, in the instruction program——"

"Quite so," said Mr. Holston. "I'm sure it's a remarkably effective feature of your system."

"Oh, it is indeed. That classroom that you saw, for example——"

"Really, I have no questions," said Mr. Holston. He signed his name in the proper place, put his pen in his pocket, and pushed the letter back across the desk.

"Thank you," said the Director, placing the letter carefully in the folder. "Actually, few parents do have questions." He smiled at Mr. Holston who, however, was glancing at his watch and pushing back his chair. "They seem to sense right away whether the Academy is what they really want for their boys. Like yourself, sir, if I am not mistaken."

"Absolutely," said Mr. Holston. He stood up and touched his face with his handkerchief, for the air in the room seemed close.

The Director rose and shook his hand. "Of course, the very best guarantee of satisfaction for the parent is to see the experienced cadet and have a chance to chat with him. As you did with Sloan, I believe."

"Yes, Sloan." Mr. Holston went to the door. "I can find my way out, sir. Don't you bother."

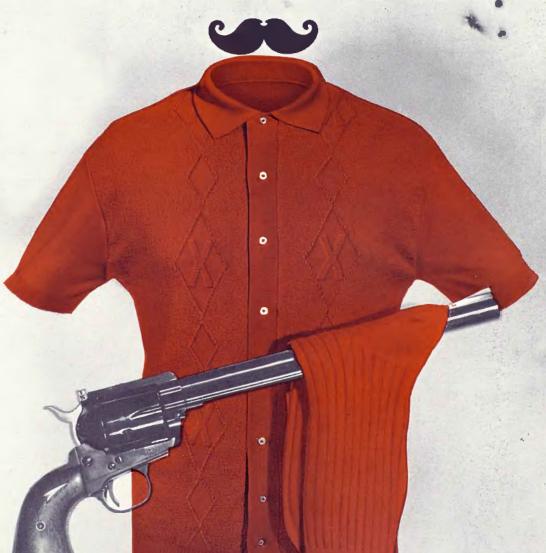
"No bother at all, Mr. Holston," said the Director, accompanying his visitor along the hallway. "Sloan—yes, a fine cadet, Sloan. He's been with us for quite a while now. Let's see——"

"Goodbye, sir," said Mr. Holston, as they reached the front entrance.

"-it must be nearly . . ."

But Mr. Holston did not stay to hear. He went quickly down the worn stone steps, passed by the statues of the man and boy without looking up at them, and hastened to his car. On his way out, he drove by a group of cadets in sweat shirts resting by the road after a session of calisthenics. They got quickly to their feet at the command of their instructor, but Mr. Holston concentrated on his driving, and although it seemed to him that several of the cadets were bald and that others were quite gray, he gave them only a glance, and thought no more about it.

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BIG BUNNY HOP (continued from page 104)

Arnold Morton for a press conference. "Yes, Playboy plunked down two and three-quarter million dollars to purchase the resort and spent upwards of a million more on improvements . . . That's right, many of the non-Jamaican Bunnies were imported especially to train local prospects and as soon as the home-grown girls win their silk ears the Bunny staff will consist mostly of islanders. . . . Well, sure, the success of this Club-resort could lead to other Playboy Club-Hotels elsewhere around the world . . . Gentlemen, it's time for dinner."

Dinner in the Nordic-blue VIP Room rotunda was (and always is) strictly Continental except for some interesting island appetizers such as pearls of pawpaw, tamarind juice and Caribbean spiced herring—and Jamaica's own marvelous Blue Mountain coffee. Adding savoir to the fare on opening night, Club Manager Gordon McKay introduced the home-grown and far-flung dig-

nitaries-among the latter, a 28-year-old multimillionaire keyholding sheik from Kuwait named Bader Almulla. Hugh Hefner then thanked John Pringle, Jamaica's Director of Tourism, for his gracious assistance and presented him with a solid-gold Playboy key, number J-I. The occasion was celebrated with an astonishing concoction called a Herbie Special—a citrus-and-papaya libation atop an immiscible foundation of equal parts dark rum, light rum, gin and vodka. A few others ordered Herbie Specials, too, and all lived to tell the tale and enjoy the facilities and felicities of Mr. Playboy's new Playground of the Western

The Club-Hotel, on the north coast about ten miles from the town of Ocho Rios, is a majestic structure in brilliant shades of lemon and vanilla, set on ten blue-green acres that slope gently down to a sculptured, reef-enclosed cove rimmed by 800 feet of bone-white sand

The state of the s

I think my mother is getting suspicious of these afternoon naps, Eddie . . ."

and recently christened Bunny Bay. The Hotel boasts 160 spacious rooms in the main building, whose two large wings flank contoured formal gardens and the spectacular circular VIP Room. Many of the rooms feature step-down living-room areas, private patios and nine-foot sunken Grecian tile baths. Add to this 44 lanai rooms by the sea, where occupants are lulled to sleep by the rhythmic lapping of the waves. For those accustomed to the best of the best, an opulently appurtenanced beach cottage is available and-high above the main lobby-a deluxe penthouse apartment. The arcade adjoining the main building houses barbershop, beauty salon, and several meeting rooms. The Jamaica Club is a perfect place for top-level business conventions, as, for examples, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, Sealy Mattress and General Electric have recently discovered. One 3M executive wrote, "Our final selection was Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel in Ocho Rios, chosen because of its ability to handle a group of our size, the excellent accommodations and, most importantly, its flexibility in meeting our varying needs."

The Club's international cuisine is offered on a modified American planbreakfast and dinner included in the room rate. Early-rising guests can dig into a hearty American ham-and-eggstype breakfast or kick off the day in British Isle style with eggs and kippers. You can lunch in the Playmate Bar, on the Playmate Patio, at the Bunny Hutch buffet (adjoining the pool) or-for sun worshipers who can't bear to leave the strand-at the Beachcombers' Grill, where you may charcoal your own franks and burgers or leave the cooking to us. Befitting the casual resort atmosphere of the Club, coat and tie are required only for dinner in the VIP Room, where liveried butlers and Bunnies in black tie and white tails bring you a dinner which, from pâté to flambé, is truly haute, mon!

Entertainment in the Club is as lavish and tasty as the cuisine. Featured in the Playroom—largest night spot in the West Indies—during opening festivities was the clown prince of mimicry, George Kirby, backed for kicks by a cottontail chorus line—plus songstress Susan Smith, backed by the Gene Esposito Trio. In the Penthouse, pianist-singer Jo Henderson kept things swinging.

On Monday nights the entertainment goes native with George Curry's fire-eating and dancing-in-the-sparks feats, Chinapoo, and the mad aquabats. Tuesday nights the stage is set for top acts from the U.S. Playboy circuit. On Wednesdays, it's a floodlit water show at the pool with a fireworks finale. Every Thursday night everybody gets together on Bunny Bay for a beach ball, and Fridays it's more top talent from the U.S. Saturday nights, Stateside and island performers team up for the greatest show

on this part of earth, and Sunday night's a fine time to take in one of the first-run British or American films (which are shown every night at the Club's outdoor theater), then win a bundle at the parimutuel crab racing.

Every day, there's dancing at the beach or poolside to the Club's own Shipwreckers, a straw-hat troupe of calypsonian wandering minstrels, and to the jazz combo on the Patio from cocktail hour on. The Shipwreckers are music makers for daily ska and limbo lessons at the beach or on the Patio.

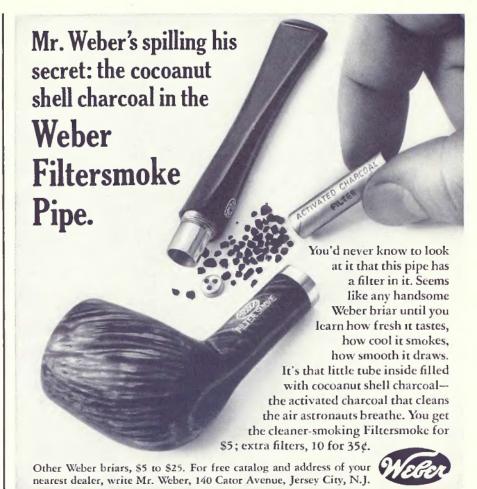
If you'd rather dive than dance, the Club-Hotel boasts the largest fresh-water swimming pool in the Indies—attended by bikinied Bunny lifeguards—and instructors in scuba diving will start you out with free lessons in the pool. There's tennis day and night (the courts are illuminated for P.M. play), and pro Cecil Heron will be glad to help you brush up on your backhand. For shuttlecockers, a good game of badminton is not hard to find, and shuffleboarders who learned at sea will find that the Club's courts never tilt.

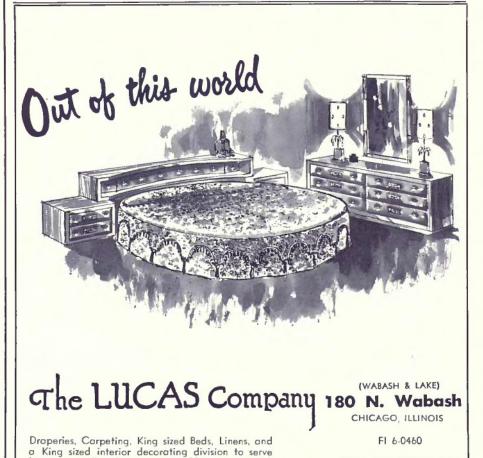
Nominal fees are charged for golfing at nearby courses, flying (there's an airstrip a Bunny hop from the Club), waterskiing, sailing, speedboating, deep-sea fishing and escorted undersea explorations of the sunken wreck on the coral reef. For those who prefer to sight down barrel rather than gaze at coral, there are trap and skeet shooting and dove hunting, to say nothing of crocodile hunting. Or you can raft down the Rio Grande. If you'd rather go after cards than crocs, sail into the Living Room any time and you'll find a game going-maybe even a tournament. The Playmate Bar has dart boards, TV and the greenery of the billiard tables.

Though the Club is a world in itself, it is also a world within a world of historic landmarks and scenic spectaculars. The most must-see spot is Dunn's River Falls, a roaring 600-foot cataract where the trick is to climb to the top, boulder by slippery boulder, and back again.

Wherever you stay or go in Jamaica, the main attraction is an unlocatable, ineffable something called atmosphere. It's made up of three parts pellucid aquamarine waters, two parts dulcet tropic air ever so slightly scented with the musky fragrance of ripening akee and the sudden emerald flash of a doctorbird in the bougainvillaea. Christopher Columbus dug the scene in 1494, and 471 years later it's better than ever.

For further information on the Los Angeles Playboy Club and the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, write to Travel Director, Playboy Clubs International, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.





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SHEILA (continued from page 94)

the jaw break from Norfolk, Virginia, to Archangel, Russia. It started breaking under one ear and broke all the way round to the other ear.

Zabinski was out cold, flat on his face. Alec looked briefly at Zabinski, and then stared coldly at his own men, then even more coldly at the merchant seamen. He jerked his head. Blood squirted from his face.

"Somebody throw some water on him," Alec said. "When he comes around take him to the chief engineer's cabin. We'll have to fix up some sort of hawsepipe to feed him through, and I am no goddamned mechanic." He leaped lightly off the hatch, pushed his way through the gaping crowd of sailors and went up to his room to clean his cuts and restore the roll of dimes to the safe.

After that Alec Barr had no more personnel trouble aboard ship, and his crews chipped seconds off the time it took to get the guns manned and ready at the bull-horn blare of general quarters.

Yes, he had his crew in hand, and what was more important, he had come

through. If he could make it back and make one more out and back again . . . well, you were due for rotation on this run after six months—if you lived.

And Alec figured to live. He had seen others of his training chums foul with the death smell, the death feel on them, and they had mostly gone boom within two convoys. Alec didn't feel like going boom. He felt like getting out of this ammunition-ship business and writing some pieces about it that would sell to the magazines, and then he would graduate to finer things, preferably shorebased in a comfortable billet.

But at least, he thought, I've done it, and I'm glad they hit me with a tough one first crack out of the box. My old man tried to go to war in the first big one—he grinned—possibly to get away from my mother, and he wound up with influenza before he got transplanted from the National Guard. He didn't even die of the flu. He didn't even get sick in uniform. He got sick at home, in bed, while Mother was being very big as an amateur nurse with a red cross on her cap. Alec remembered very clearly her

coming home in the evenings, full of Florence Nightingale enthusiasm, to a house where everyone lay ill, including Grandpa, Grandma, Daddy and himself.

A putty-colored car driven by an uncommunicative A. T. S. driver, a mousy short-haired female who briefly curtailed his efforts at friendly conversation, conveyed Alec to American Naval Headquarters.

My God, Alec thought, surveying the shattered East End, the fire-gutted buildings, the vast bomb craters, the old Hun certainly gave this place a working over.

He found the Naval people very friendly, not at all so condescending as the Stateside desk jockeys. Intelligence had a brief crack at him, after a look at his logbook, and then turned him over to the public-relations department, which seemed more interested in Alec personally than in the actual fate of the convoy.

"You see," the PR lieutenant commander said, rather apologetically, "you're the first convoy up the Thames since the big blitz started, and as such you're hot news back home. And the fact that you're not exactly unknown makes you even more newsworthy. The Army's been doing a lot of Joe Blow stories from North Africa, and the Marines are getting in their whacks from the Pacific, and the Navy's sort of sucking on the hind teat publicitywise Stateside. See if you can tell me how it was and, as a novelist and playwright, exactly what you felt."

"I was just sort of numb, most of the time, during the attacks," Alec said, thinking: Barr, my boy, you'll keep most of the how-it-was for yourself for future reference. Give Navy the facts and you keep title to the conjectures. You'll be sure to need them in a book someday.

"There's really not much to tell," Alec said. "It was cold as charity and we had storms most of the way over and a lot of fog and a great deal of trouble keeping station. I personally was more frightened of some of those merchant-ship farmers we call captains colliding with me than I was of the submarines. We were under attack most all the way to Scotland. I actually saw only one submarine. The DEs depth-charged one up to the surface right in the middle of the convoy and we all turned to on him and blew him to bits."

"You have a hand in it?"

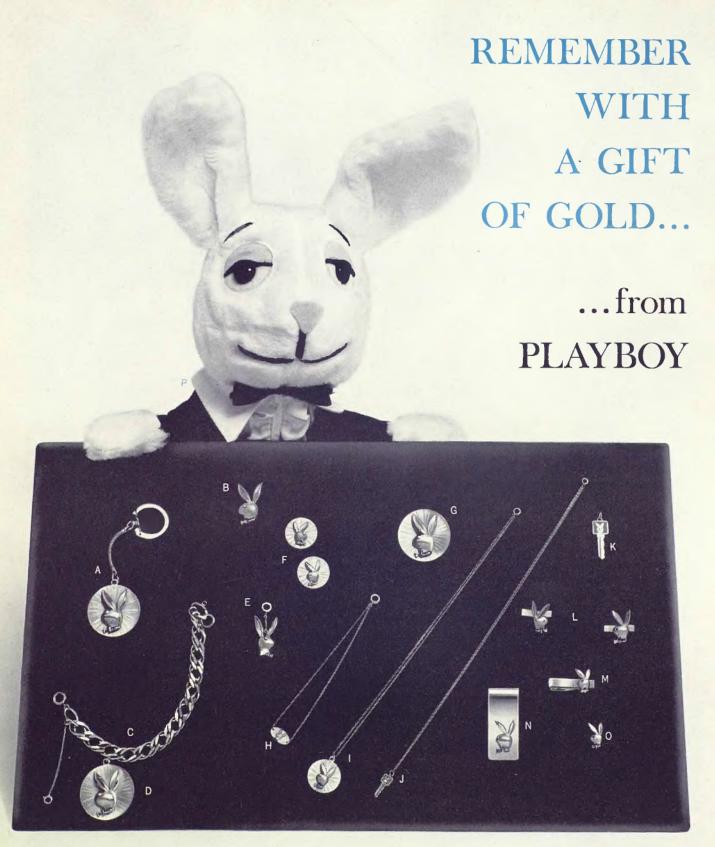
"I don't know. Everybody was shooting, including my boys. Who actually hit him is hard to say. But somebody did."

The PR lieutenant commander smiled. "Saving most of it for yourself, eh? You'll need clearance from Censorship in Washington, you know."

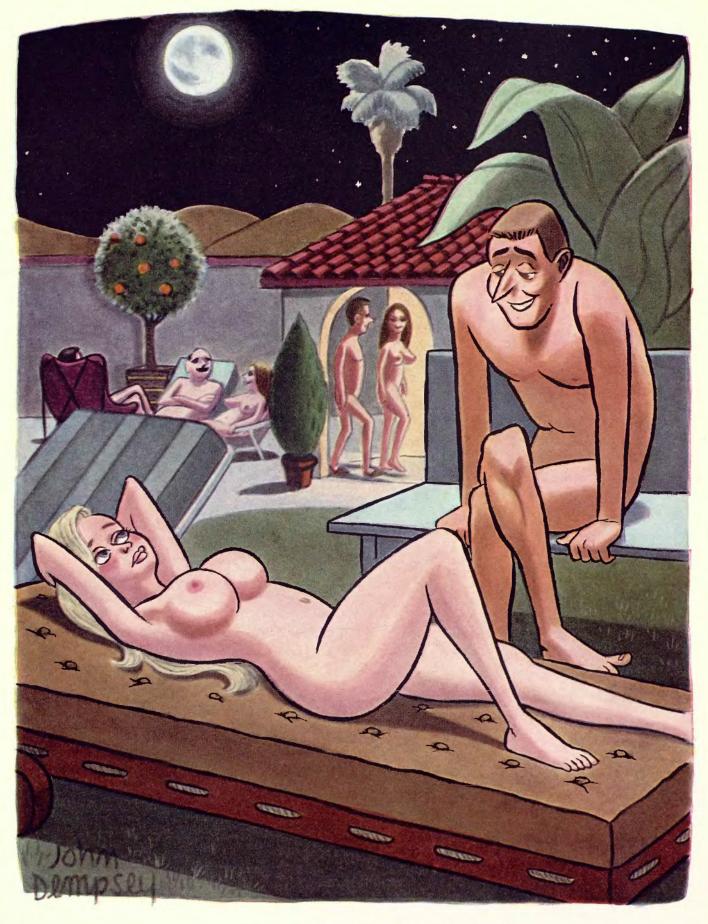
"I know." Alec smiled back. "I wasn't



"Of course I know regulations, Larry-I'm not married."



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"There are places right here on earth that I'd much rather land on, Miss Martindale."

planning to do any writing at this very moment. I was more or less planning to get myself a little bit tight and explore the pleasure potential of the town. Remember, we've been a long time at sea. And how about hotels?"

"There're several where we can billet you. But I know the PR gal at the Savoy pretty well. If you can afford it I can book you in there."

"Book me in there," Alec said. "I used to look at it when I was a kid in the merchant marine and wondered how it would be to live in it. Where's the action, otherwise?"

"Friend." the PRO said gravely, "the action is everywhere. I would recommend the American Bar at Grosvenor Housedownstairs. I would recommend a little club called the Deanery, just across the square from the Dorchester-that's Park Lane, and the Deanery is on Deanery Street. I would recommend any lobby, any bar, any café, any street corner, any park, in London. They tell me it's busy in Washington. Washington is a nunnery compared to London in this year of our Lord. The bombing released a certain amount of British glandular reserve on the distaff side."

"Fair enough," Alec said. "If you'll ring up your friend at the Savoy, I'll just go back to the ship and pick up some clothing. Where's newspaper headquarters, mainly?"

"Savoy again. Quent Reynolds runs a sort of open house for everybody there. Know him?"

"I know him," Alec said, "Who else is around I might know?"

"Harrison Salisbury. Walter Cronkite. Tom Wolf. Ed Murrow. Red Mueller. Any number. They're Savoy by day and Deanery by night."

"I'll bear it in mind," Alec said. "That all. Commander?"

"I guess so. Write some good pieces and don't forget to clear it with Washington, or they'll have your tripes, as well as your stripes."

"When and if I write, I'll clear. Thanks."

"It must be kind of fun to go to sea," the PRO said wistfully.

"In a grisly kind of way, it is," Alec said, leaving. "It makes the land seem so steady under your feet."

London, charred and scarred and bomb-pitted, blacked-out and hell-dark by night, beset by shortages and austere to the point of starvation, slave to the queue and the ration book, still owned an almost violent gaiety. There seemed to be a total absence of fear, and the bravery was not bravado.

London was-well, chirpily cheerful by day and riotous at night. By day the parks, Green and Hyde, were blanketed by home-leave soldiers making love to their girls under newspapers. By night, in the bars and private drinking clubs and sly-groggeries, you needed no introduction. You walked into the "American" bar in any major hotel, nodded at a lady and left shortly thereafter for your digs or hers. She might have been a duchess or a tart.

Alec continued to feel the strange exultation of war. America, safe beyond the sea, could know nothing of this feeling. Amelia, his wife whom he had left in Washington, knew nothing of bombs or bombing, of submarines and sinking ships, of the kind of-well, friendship, fellowship-that war engendered. Polish fliers, R.A.F. types with sweeping mustaches, bearded Naval types, WAAFs, WRENs, A.T.S. and ATC girls-girls from Ireland and Scotland and Wales who had come in to work for this ministry or that, and who were out on the razzle after working hours-all drank and danced and freely fornicated out of war's peculiar friendship.

There was some resentment of the growing number of enlisted American personnel, which crowded the pubs and outbought the poorly paid local soldiery for the favors of the local lassies, but that was mainly confined to the outlying county towns. In London everyone was nearly on his own, on equal footing, except that the officers kept mainly to their own terrain, while the enlisted men worked the enlisted ranks of the ladies, apart from the tarts around Piccadilly and in the Strand, on Curzon Street and along the Mall.

With such a profusion of femininity, it was unusual that Alec did not meet Sheila Aubrey in the Deanery or at Sandy's or in one of the cocktail lounges.

He met her as he hurriedly ducked into a doorway when the Luftwaffe launched the first massive wave of the second blitz, three days after Alec had nursed his convoy up the estuary.

She was terribly pretty, Alec thought, black hair crisp and curly, snug to her head, eyes almost purple in their blueness, milky skin and body hintingly full in the greatcoat over long slim legs. Irish, for sure, he thought, as she followed him behind the heavy felt curtain.

He took out a package of cigarettes and shook it at her.

"Smoke?" he said. "This ought to be over pretty soon."

"Thank you," she looked at him levelly. "I don't think it'll be over pretty soon. Not from the sound of it." She accepted a light. "This sounds like it might well be a big one. I'd almost forgotten what it was like."

"I wouldn't know," Alec said. "It's my first. But I'm afraid it's also partially my fault."

She looked at him through the smoke and raised an eyebrow.

"How could it possibly be your fault?" Another bigmouth Yank. In a minute he'll make a pass at me. Blackout makes the whole world kin.

"Well, I didn't exactly order it from Berlin," Alec shouted over the ack-ack. "But I sort of brought a convoy up the estuary the other day, and I suppose Jerry got wind of it. I've been told you've had quite a holiday from our friends upstairs until now. Perhaps this little visit is a gesture of discouragement for future Naval activities of my sort."

"They do have quite an intelligence setup," she shouted back and smiled now. "Thank you so much for livening things up for us. I'm afraid we were growing soft-and the weather's been so lovely lately, you'd scarcely know there was a war on if you didn't listen to the B.B.C."

"My name is Alec-" The rest of his words were drowned as a bomb struck nearby, and the building trembled. There was a crash of glass. The drone of motors, uplit by the thunder-rattle of antiaircraft batteries, made him shout-"Barr!"

"How do you--" There was another tremendous explosion on the other side, and increased intensity of ground fire -"do," she shouted. "We're lucky for tonight. They won't drop another in the same neighborhood. I'm Sheila---" Auother tremendous explosion rocked the building again—"Aubrey!"

"Your intelligence is all wet," Alec shouted. "Lightning does strike twice in the same-" Still another explosion. "Somebody up there is looking for us. What did you say the name was?'

"Aubrey. Sheila Aubrey," the girl shouted. "Listen." There was a lessening thrum of motors overhead. "Our chaps have them on the run. They really shouldn't have given us a chance to mend our fences. You'll hear the all clear in a moment. See. The ack-ack's dving."

In a few minutes the all-clear siren

"That's all for tonight," the girl said. "Home to beddy-byes for me. I get up early in the morning. The Air Ministry needs me. So nice to have met you, Lieutenant-you said Barr? Even if you did bring this revisitation on our heads."

Alec glanced at his watch.

"It's very early yet. I don't suppose I could interest you in a drink and perhaps a bite of supper? I've done all the damage I'm capable of for one evening." He smiled, rather shyly. "I'm rather short on companionship in this big town. New boy."

The girl looked at him coolly, appraisingly, seemingly conducting a short ar- 205

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gument with herself, and then nodded.

"I suppose. You don't really look like that kind of Yank. I don't mean to be rude," she said hurriedly, "but I-

"I think I know what you mean," Alec said, taking her elbow as they stepped out into the street. "Overfed, oversexed and over here. I don't bite. And I'm also a happily married man, if that means anything. We're not too far from a place called the Deanery, where quite a few of my Stateside chums hang out-newspaper people, correspondents, radio types, like that."

"The Deanery is just fine," she said. "I live a few blocks away, in Hill Street. It's walkable."

The Deanery was crowded, smokefilled, noisy, bar-jammed, tables filled, wild with the hysterical exhilaration that follows air raids in which you don't get killed. Half of London seemed to have used it as an air-raid shelter. All the press corps, it seemed, had been drinking at the Deanery when the first wave of bombers came over.

"This is no good," Alec said. "Perhaps we'd better try the Grosvenor or the Dorchester."

"They won't be any better, not tonight," Sheila Aubrey said. "See here. Working at the Air Ministry entails a few perquisites. I'm just a hop and a skip away. I've a tiny flat with a few rather illegal things in the fridge. If you'd like-only thing is, I've no grog, except possibly a little sherry."

"That I can fix with my vulgar American money," Alec said, and fought his way to the bar, where he importuned the bartender. The bartender nodded negatively and then changed the nod to a smile, beckoning to Alec to follow him in the general direction of the w.c. A moment later Alec emerged with a slightly bulging jacket.

'Let's go," he said. "Home to Hill Street." He gurgled slightly as he walked.

The flat was tiny; one small bedroom, a slightly larger lounge, a gas-ring-cumrefrigerator kitchen in an alcove, and a bath in which one might reach everything from any given position. But it was bright and cheerfully chintzy behind the heavy blackout drapes, and there were daffodils on a small coffee table in front of a burnt-orange sofa. Alec sat a bottle of Scotch on the coffee table.

"It's probably homemade," he said. But this is the best I could do. At that place. At this hour."

"It's a miracle," she said. "That's the first full bottle of private whisky I've seen since the War started-or almost." She slipped out of her coat and took it to the bedroom. "It's not very large," she said, "But at least I don't have to share it. There's only room in the bath for one



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pair of stockings at a time. There should be one tiny ice tray in the fridge if you like ice in your whisky, as I'm told most Americans do."

"I can take it or leave it," Alec said. "In this instance I'll take it. You?"

"Just with a spot of soda. I like it warm. I'll be with you in a moment. While you're seeing to the ice, you might check what's in the larder. There should be some cheese and biscuits and possibly some sausage. Or I can make you an egg; yesterday was ration day. Certainly there's Spam, courtesy of your

"Sounds like a feast," Alec said. "I'm one of the few members of the military who actually like Spam. Hell's horns, woman, you've got kippers and sardines as well. You must be running a black

market."

"A girl does the best she can," Sheila Aubrey said, coming out of the bedroom. She had done something to the black curls, had freshened her lipstick, and was wearing a simple jersey over a tweed skirt. The jersey showed curves that had been hinted but not verified.

"Tell me about you," Alec said when

they sat with their drinks.

Simple. Born Irish. Raised British. I was orphaned early-father in the I.R.A. business, mother of heartbreak, I should suppose. A sort of renegade aunt sent for me and I grew up in Sussex, hence no Irish accent. Went to school until the War came, and then I went to work. I didn't fancy uniforms very much-I mean, I couldn't see being a WREN or a FANNY—so I got a job in the Ministry. That's about it."

"That's all of it?"

"Well, there was a fiancé, sort of." Sheila Aubrey poked a thumb at the sky. "R. A. F. type. Didn't come back one day. Nothing much since but work, I decided early on not to become a member of the officers' mess. Not that it's easy these days, with everybody hurling themselves into bed after one cocktail . . .'

"It would be difficult to resist the impulse to attempt to hurl you," Alec said, and held up a hand. "Have no fear. I appreciate the hospitality, and shall not

presume."

"If I thought you might I wouldn't have brought you home," Sheila Aubrey, said. "It's the only home I've got. My aunt rather unfortunately got bombed out. What about you?"

"Writing type," Alec said, adopting her clipped phrasing. "Moderately successful. Married. Childless. That's about it."

"What kind of writing?"

"Newspapers, first. Then articles for magazines. Then books. Most recently, a play. It was still running when I left." He lit two cigarettes and passed her one.



"There's a dollar in it for you if you'll help me across the street without making jokes.

"Thank you. What is the play called?" "Not Without Laughter. Not a very good play, I'm afraid. But very commercial."

She frowned.

"I've read about the play, and I think I've read a book of yours. If you're that Barr, what are you doing in a Navy uniform? Why aren't you a war correspondent? Or if you're married, why didn't you just stay home? I believe they defer married men over there."

Alec laughed and tipped another inch of Scotch into both glasses.

"I didn't want to miss it. I wanted to be the first Barr to actually go to war. Grandpa contrived to get captured by the Yankees early, and my father caught the flu about the time World War One ended. I wanted to be a reluctant hero and see it from the inside."

"You're pulling my leg," she said. "I can't believe-" and then the alert screamed again outside, and the thrumming was heard again.

"Oh, God, they're back," she shouted above the uproar. "I thought they were gone for good tonight. I don't mind it once, but twice-

Alec saw her shaking, and put an arm gently round her shoulders.

"Shush," he said, in a kindly roar. "They'll be gone again soon. And we've had our near misses for tonight. At least this is-" another bomb drowned his voice.

"-what?"

"A better bomb shelter than that doorway. We've got whisky and lights inside and the percentages with us."

After the all clear Sheila Aubrey said:

"I don't really mean to be a ninny. But it does get on one's nerves. I mean, after it's happened often enough, and the windows blow out, and the lights go, and there's always a great hole where something familiar has been-" she was still trembling.

"Stop it. I'll have a look outside." He doused the lights, drew back the black- 207 out curtains and gazed at the night. Half of London seemed ablaze.

"It was pretty bad," he said soberly. "I'll have to wait, I imagine, before I can start beating my way back to the Savoy. Until the streets clear a bit, anyhow, and the fire brigade does its chores."

"You can't go back to the Savoy tonight," Sheila Aubrey said. "It's too far to walk. You'll have to stay here. And anyhow, I want you to stay here—I don't want to be alone tonight. And I don't mean what you think I mean. I don't—I mean . . ."

Alec smiled.

"I know what you mean. And I know you don't. Sure, I'll stay, and gratefully. I'll just curl up on the divan and sweat out the dawn. Or we can both sit up and talk until morning."

Sheila turned and kissed him lightly on the cheek. She smiled, mistily.

"It's not that I would actually mind so very much, but tonight, I—I just want someone near me without—I want to be held without—"

"I'll hold you, without repeat without," Alec Barr said. "On that you can depend."

Alec Barr lay in bed, his left arm cramped by the head that nestled into his shoulder, afraid to move for fear of waking the girl who now was sleeping sweetly. He was wearing skivvies, and the girl was wearing pajamas. She was very soft and fragrant as she breathed evenly beside him.

Alec Barr looked at the ceiling, considered his benumbed arm and smiled wryly. He had stroked her into slumber as one might gentle a horse or a child. He shook his head slightly.

Of all the women in London you might go to bed with, he thought, the sailor fresh from the sea has to wind up with a platonic roommate. Here I lie abed with a beautiful girl I've not so much as kissed. My wife would never believe it. He dozed lightly before he was wakened by a slight touch on the shoulder.

"There's tea, if you'd like some," Sheila said, coming into the room in a dressing gown. "Did you sleep at all? And I'm sorry I was such a mess last night. But thank you, Alec. Thanks terribly."

Alec scrubbed the back of his hand across his face. His mouth was dry and

"Slept like a log," he lied, "And no thanks necessary. You wouldn't have such a thing as a razor handy, would you? I hate to walk into the Savoy, if it's still standing, with a green beard like this one. Navy regs and all that."

"I would indeed," she said. "And also the egg we didn't eat last night."

"There were quite a lot of things we didn't do last night," Alec said, getting into his pants. "It was sort of an unusual night."

Sheila Aubrey smiled and wrinkled her nose.

After he had shaved and breakfasted, Sheila said, "I'm quite free this evening, if you have nothing better to do. I'm off early. Fiveish."

"I have nothing better to do I wouldn't cancel. Meet me at the Savoy—in the bar?"

"Love to," she said, and kissed him briefly on the check as he went out the door to search for a cab.

Alec logged in later with Naval Headquarters and was informed that his ship had taken a hit in last night's bombing. Nothing really severe, but troublous enough to warrant the attention of the commanding officer. The number-one stern gun was loose from its moorings, and a couple of Oerlikons were past redemption. There was some damage below decks. It would be appreciated if—

Alec was driven down to the East End by another mousily anonymous female driver, to find a British repair crew already busy with blowtorches and welding apparatus. Four P.M. still saw him busy. He went ashore and rang up the Air Ministry, and was eventually put through to a Miss Aubrey in Coding.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," he said. "But I'm afraid our Savoy date is off. My old bucket took a little beating from that business last night, and I'm up to my ears with your countrymen, who seem to want to work around the clock. There's some damage down below that can be repaired at night—damage that'll prevent discharge unless it's fixed fast, and we are aiming for a speedy turnaround. Sorry. Maybe tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow's fine," Sheila Aubrey said. "But I've a better idea. If you finish any time before midnight, why don't you come round to the flat and we'll have another quiet evening. Maybe we won't even have to shout. There's still some of your whisky left."

"Lovely. If I can possibly wind up here, you'll find me knocking on your door."

Alec got out of his working khaki at eight P.M., and whistled while he shaved carefully again and flicked a quick brush over his blues. You had to hand it to the limeys, he thought. They had accomplished in a day what it would take a week to do in Hampton Roads back in the States. The battered old bucket had been welded back as good as—or possibly better than—new. Maybe the blitz had taught the limeys how to turn to and get things done in a hurry—the air-raid wardens, the fire-brigade boys, the bomb-disposal squads. He whistled. Here it was only just past eight and with luck he'd

be back in the West End by nine. If he was just lucky enough to find a taxi...

The evening promised much. What a lovely girl, this Sheila, whom he'd met in the doorway—what a beautiful girl, what a nice girl, what a sweet girl—and after his exemplary behavior of last night, what a gorgeous promise of things, more serious things, to come. He whistled and silently applauded himself for taking no advantage of proximity last night. When the moment came it would come, with full eagerness on both sides, because time was short and she knew time was short, that he'd be shipping out again in a week or less.

Sheila was no tart, no military mattressback, like the easy ones he'd seen in the hotels and bars and clubs. But at the same time she was all woman—she'd been engaged and semiwidowed in wartime, and she knew the briefness of time in war. There was no thought of his wife, of infidelity, here. This was wartime in London. There were submarines beneath the sea and aircraft overhead. Time was short, and time was also sweet. And tonight Sheila would come as sweetly into his arms, and not merely for comfort, like a child in the dark.

God smiled. Alec walked off the docks and beheld a taxi. The cabby was agreeable, he was going back to the West End anyhow.

"Took a proper pounding, we did, last night," the hacker said, almost with pride. "Where to, guv?"

"Hill Street," Alec said. "And step on it as much as you can. I've got a lovely lady waiting."

"Too right, guy," the hacker said and winked. "Nuffink like a war for lovely lydies, ch?"

"Too right," Alec said shortly, and settled back in the corner of the cab to meditate on fate and blackouts and air raids and doorways and lovely girls named Sheila.

They were coming into Grosvenor Square when the air-raid siren went.

"Cor," the driver said. "'E's back agyne. I can just get you to Grosvenor ouse, unless you want a shelter?"

"Make it Grosvenor House," Alecsaid. "Damn it to hell. In another five minutes I'd have been at Sheila's. Well, I can beat it over there after the all clear."

"Wot was that?" the driver asked, as the thrumming grew and the antiaircraft began to bark in the distance.

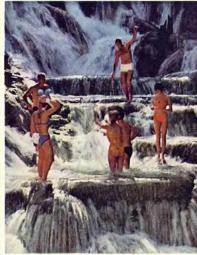
"Nothing," Alec said. "Step on it."

The driver drew up in front of Grosvenor House. Alec paid him and dashed inside. The lobby was jammed, and so was the American Bar downstairs, but he managed to wriggle through to the bar and extract a large Scotch from the bartender.

Jerry was over in force tonight, and he seemed to have abandoned the dock area for a repeat run on the West End. The









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crump of big bombs rattled the windows. Once the hotel appeared to have been straddled—how close it was difficult to say. The ack-ack batteries in Hyde and Green Parks rattled your teeth as well as the windows, and you could hear the scream of the Spitfires over the steady thrumming of the big bombers. After half an hour the thrumming died again, as on the night before, and the ack-ack faded as the Nazi striking force headed back to Holland.

"Nasty one, that," the man next to Alec said. "I don't mind it so long as they concentrate on the docks. It's when they plonk one straight down the Café de Paris that a bloke feels uncomfortable. Bastards got no class-consciousness. That's the trouble with the Hun."

When the all clear sounded Alec stepped out into the night again and once more found London stabbed and ringed round with fire. Ambulances screamed, and the rescue-and-fire teams were already at work.

He picked his way through rubble in the general direction of Hill Street, uncertain still of London topography, and after several blocks, concluded that he was lost. But no—the fires were bright enough for him to pick out a sign HILL STREET. He recognized the corner.

His feet carried him numbly in the direction which they'd taken last night, in the dark, and suddenly his stomach twisted.

There was no bell to ring.

There was no door for him to knock on

There was no house behind the door.

There was no girl in the house that was not behind the door which had no bell for him to ring.

There was no girl. There would never be a girl—not that girl.

Alec Barr awoke next morning, his mouth brassy and foul from whisky. The girl—some loose-lipped wench he had collected somewhere, he couldn't remember, was gone. His pillow was still wet with what, he supposed, were tears.





"My liquor! . . . My wife!! . . . My best friend!!!"

THE GOLDEN GUN

(continued from page 108)

was a simple booby trap, but it would give him all the warning he needed. Then he took off his shorts and got into bed and slept.

A nightmare woke him, sweating, around two in the morning. He had been defending a fort. There were other defenders with him, but they seemed to be wandering around aimlessly, ineffectively, and when Bond shouted to rally them they seemed not to hear him. Out on the plain, Scaramanga sat bassackwards on the café chair beside a huge golden cannon. Every now and then, he put his long eigar to the touchhole and there came a tremendous flash of soundless flame. A black cannon ball, as big as a football, lobbed up high in the air and crashed down into the fort with a shattering noise of breaking timber. Bond was armed with nothing but a longbow, but even this he could not fire, because every time he tried to fit the notch of the arrow into the gut, the arrow slipped out of his fingers to the ground. He cursed his clumsiness. Any moment now and a huge cannon ball would land on the small open space where he was standing! Out on the plain, Scaramanga reached his cigar to the touchhole. The black ball soared up. It was coming straight for Bond! It landed just in front of him and came rolling very slowly toward him, getting bigger and bigger, smoke and sparks coming from its shortening fuse. He threw up an arm to protect himself. Painfully, the arm crashed into the side of the night table and Bond woke up.

Bond got out of bed, gave himself a cold shower and drank a glass of water. By the time he was back in bed, he had forgotten the nightmare and he went quickly to sleep and slept dreamlessly until 7:30 in the morning. He put on swimming trunks, removed the barricade from in front of the door and went out into the passage. To his left, a door into the garden was open and sun streamed in. He went out and was walking over the dewy grass toward the beach when he heard a curious thumping noise from among the palms to his right. He walked over. It was Scaramanga, in trunks, attended by a good-looking young Negro holding a flame-colored terrycloth robe, doing exercises on a trampoline. Scaramanga's body gleamed with sweat in the sunshine as he hurled himself high in the air from the stretched canvas and bounded back, sometimes from his knees or his buttocks and sometimes even from his head. It was an impressive exercise in gymnastics. The prominent third nipple over the heart made an obvious target! Bond walked thoughtfully down to the beautiful crescent of white sand fringed with gently clashing palm trees. He dived in and, because of the other man's

example, swam twice as far as he had intended.

James Bond had a quick and small breakfast in his room, dressed, reluctantly because of the heat, in his dark-blue suit, armed himself and went for a walk round the property. He quickly got the picture. The night, and the lighted facade, had covered up a half project. The east wing on the other side of the lobby was still uncompleted. The body of the hotel-the restaurant, night club and living rooms that were the tail of the Tshaped structure, were mock-ups-stages for a dress rehearsal hastily assembled with the essential props, carpets, light fixtures and a scattering of furniture, but stinking of fresh paint and wood shavings. Perhaps 50 men and women were at work, tacking up curtains, Hoovering carpets, fixing the electricity; but no one was employed on the essentials, the big cement mixers, the drills, the ironwork, that lay about behind the hotel like the abandoned toys of a giant. At a guess, the place would need another year and another \$5,000,000 to become what the plans had said it was to be. Bond saw Scaramanga's problem. Someone was going to complain about this. Others would want to get out. But then again, others would want to buy in, but cheaply, and use it as a tax loss to set against more profitable enterprises elsewhere. Better to have a capital asset, with the big tax concessions that Jamaica gave, than pay the money to Uncle Sam, Uncle Fidel, Uncle Trujillo, Uncle Leoni of Venezuela. So Scaramanga's job would be to blind his guests with pleasure, send them back half drunk to their syndicates. Would it work? Bond knew such people and he doubted it. They might go to bed drunk with a pretty colored girl, but they would awake sober or they wouldn't have their jobs, they wouldn't be coming here with their discreet briefcases.

He walked farther back on the property. He wanted to locate his car. He found it on a deserted lot behind the west wing. The sun would get at where it was, so he drove it forward and into the shade of a giant Ficus tree. He checked the petrol and pocketed the ignition key. There were not too many small precautions he could take.

On the parking lot, the smell of the swamps was very strong. While it was still comparatively cool, he decided to walk farther. He soon came to the end of the young shrubs and guinea grass the landscaper had laid on. Behind these was desolation—a great area of sluggish streams and swampland from which the hotel land had been recovered. Egrets, shrikes and Louisiana herons rose and settled lazily, and there were strange insect noises and the call of frogs and Gekkos. On what would probably be the border of the property a biggish stream meandered toward the sea, its muddy

banks pitted with the holes of land crabs and water rats. As Bond approached, there was a heavy splash and a man-sized crocodile left the bank and showed its snout before submerging. Bond smiled to himself. No doubt, if the hotel got off the ground, all this area would be turned into an asset. There would be native boatmen, suitably attired as Arawak Indians, a landing stage and comfortable boats, with fringed shades, from which the guests could view the "tropical jungle," for an extra \$10 on the bill.

Bond glanced at his watch. He strolled back. To the left, not yet screened by the young oleanders and crotons that had been planted for this eventual purpose, were the kitchens and laundry and staff quarters, the usual back quarters of a luxury hotel, and music, the heartbeat thump of Jamaican calypso, came from their direction-presumably the Kingston combo rehearsing. Bond walked round and under the portico into the main lobby. Scaramanga was at the desk talking to the manager. When he heard Bond's footsteps on the marble, he turned and looked and gave Bond a curt nod. He was dressed as on the previous day, and the high white cravat suited the elegance of the hall. He said, "OK, then" to the manager and, to Bond, "Let's go take a look at the conference room.

Bond followed him through the restaurant door and then through another door to the right that opened into a lobby, one of whose walls was taken up with the glasses and plates of a buffet. Beyond this was another door. Scaramanga led the way through into what would one day perhaps be a card room or writing room. Now there was nothing but a round table in the center of a wine-red carpet and seven white leatherette armchairs with scratch-pads and pencils in front of them. The chair facing the door, presumably Scaramanga's, had a white telephone in front of it.

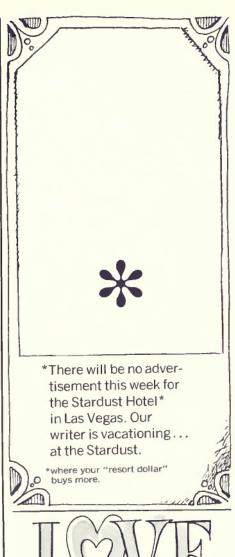
Bond went round the room and examined the windows and the curtains and glanced at the wall brackets of the lighting. He said, "The brackets could be bugged. And of course there's the telephone. Like me to go over it?"

Scaramanga looked at Bond stonily. He said, "No need to. It's bugged, all right. By me. Got to have a record of what's said."

Bond said, "All right, then. Where do you want me to be?"

"Outside the door. Sitting reading a magazine or something. There'll be the general meeting this afternoon around four. Tomorrow there'll mebbe be one or two smaller meetings, mebbe just me and one of the guys. I want all these meetings not to be disturbed. Got it?"

"Seems simple enough. Now, isn't it about time you told me the names of these men and more or less who they





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represent and which ones, if any, you're expecting trouble from?"

Scaramanga said, "Take a chair and a paper and pencil." He strolled up and down the room. "First there's Mr. Hendriks. Dutchman. Represents the European money, mostly Swiss. You needn't bother with him. He's not the arguing type. Then there's Sam Binion from Detroit.'

"The Purple Gang?"

Scaramanga stopped in his stride and looked hard at Bond. "These are all respectable guys, Mister Whoosis."

"Hazard is the name."

"All right. Hazard, then. But respectable, you understand. Don't go getting the notion that this is another Apalachin. These are all solid businessmen. Get me? This Sam Binion, for instance, He's in real estate. He and his friends are worth mebbe twenty million bucks. See what I mean? Then there's Leroy Gengerella, Miami. Owns Gengerella Enterprises. Big shot in the entertainment world. He may cut up rough. Guys in that line of business like quick profits and a quick turnover. And Ruby Rotkopf, the hotelman from Vegas. He'll ask the difficult questions, because he'll already know most of the answers from experience. Hal Garfinkel from Chicago. He's in labor relations, like me. Represents a lot of Teamster Union funds. He shouldn't be any trouble. Those unions have got so much money they don't know where to put it. That makes five. Last comes Louie Paradise from Phoenix, Arizona. Owns Paradise Slots, the biggest people in the one-armed-bandit business. Got casino interests, too. I can't figure which way he'll bet. That's the lot."

"And who do you represent, Mr. Scaramanga?"

"Caribbean money."

"Cuban?"

"I said Caribbean. Cuba's in the Caribbean, isn't it?"

"Castro or Batista?"

The frown was back. Scaramanga's right hand balled into a fist. "I told you not to rile me, mister. So don't go prying into my affairs or you'll get hurt. And that's for sure." As if he could hardly control himself longer, the big man turned on his heel and strode brusquely out of the room.

James Bond smiled. He turned back to the list in front of him. A strong reek of high gangsterdom rose from the paper. But the name he was most interested in was Mr. Hendriks who represented "European money." If that was his real name, and he was a Dutchman, so, James Bond reflected, was he.

He tore off three sheets of paper to efface the impression of his pencil and walked out and along into the lobby. A bulky man was approaching the desk from the entrance. He was sweating mightily in his unseasonable woodenlooking suit. He might have been anybody-an Antwerp diamond merchant, a German dentist, a Swiss bank manager. The pale, square-jowled face was totally anonymous. He put a heavy briefcase on the desk and said in a thick central European accent, "I am Mr. Hendriks. I think it is that you have a room for me, isn't it?"

The cars began rolling up. Scaramanga was in evidence. He switched a careful smile of welcome on and off. No hands were shaken. The host was greeted either as "Pistol" or "Mr. S." except by Mr. Hendriks, who called him nothing.

Bond stood within earshot of the desk and fitted the names to the men. In general appearance they were all much of a muchness. Dark-faced, clean-shaven, around five feet, six, hard-eyed above thinly smiling mouths, curt of speech to the manager. They all held firmly onto their briefcases when the bellboys tried to add them to the luggage on the rubber-tired barrows. They dispersed to their rooms along the east wing. Bond took out his list and added hat-check notations to each one except Hendriks, who was clearly etched in Bond's memory. Gengerella became "Italian origin, mean, pursed mouth"; Rotkopf, "Thick neck, totally bald, Jew"; Binion, "Bat ears, scar down left cheek, limp"; Garfinkel, "The toughest. Bad teeth, gun under right armpit"; and, finally, Paradise, "Showman type, cocky, false smile, diamond ring."

Scaramanga came up. "What you writing?"

Just notes to remember them by."

"Gimme." Scaramanga held out a demanding hand.

Bond gave him the list.

Scaramanga ran his eyes down it. He handed it back. "Fair enough. But you needn't have mentioned the only gun you noticed. They'll all be protected. Except Hendriks, I guess. These kinda guys are nervous when they move abroad."

"What of?"

Scaramanga shrugged. "Mebbe the natives."

"The last people who worried about the natives were the redcoats, perhaps a hundred and fifty years ago.'

"Who cares? See you in the bar around twelve. I'll be introducing you as my personal assistant."

"That'll be fine."

Scaramanga's brows came together. Bond strolled off in the direction of his bedroom. He proposed to needle this man, and go on needling until it came to a fight. For the time being the other man would probably take it, because it seemed he needed Bond. But there would come a moment, probably on an occasion when there were witnesses, when his vanity would be so sharply

pricked that he would draw. Then Bond would have a small edge, for it would be he who had thrown down the glove. The tactic was a crude one, but Bond could think of no other.

Bond verified that his room had been searched at some time during the morning-and by an expert. He always used a Hoffritz safety razor patterned on the old-fashioned heavy-toothed Gillette type. His American friend Felix Leiter had once bought him one in New York to prove that they were the best, and Bond had stayed with them. The handle of a safety razor is a reasonably sophisticated hideout for the minor tools of espionage-codes, microdot developers, cyanide and other pills. That morning Bond had set a minute nick on the screw base of the handle in line with the Z of the maker's name engraved on the shaft. The nick was now a millimeter to the right of the Z. None of his other little traps-handkerchiefs with indelible dots in particular places arranged in a certain order, the angle of his suitcase with the wall of the wardrobe, the semiextracted lining of the breast pocket of his spare suit, the particular symmetry of certain dents in his tube of Maclean's toothpaste-had been bungled or disturbed. They all might have been by a meticulous servant, a trained valet. But Jamaican servants, for all their charm and willingness, are not of this caliber. No. Between nine and ten, when Bond was doing his rounds and was well away from the hotel, his room had received a thorough going-over by someone who knew his business.

Bond was pleased. It was good to know that the fight was well and truly joined. If he found a chance of making a foray into number 20, he hoped that he would do better. He took a shower. Afterward, as he brushed his hair, he looked at himself in the mirror with inquiry. He was feeling a hundred percent fit, but he remembered the dull, lackluster eyes that had looked back at him when he shaved after first entering The Park-the tense, preoccupied expression on his face. Now the gray-blue eyes looked back at him from the tanned face with the brilliant glint of suppressed excitement and accurate focus of the old days. He smiled ironically back at the introspective scrutiny that so many people make of themselves before a race, a contest of wits, a trial of some sort. He had no excuses. He was ready to go.

The bar was through a brass-studded leather door opposite the lobby to the conference room. It was—in the fashion—a mock-English public-house saloon bar with luxury accessories. The scrubbed wooden chairs and benches had foam-rubber squabs in red leather. Behind the bar, the tankards were of silver, or simulated silver, instead of pewter. The hunting prints, copper and brass hunting horns, muskets and pow-

der horns on the walls could have come from the Parker Gallery in London. Instead of tankards of beer, bottles of champagne in antique coolers stood on the tables and, instead of yokels, the hoods stood around in what looked like Brooks Brothers "tropical" attire and carefully sipped their drinks while "Mine Host" leaned against the polished mahogany bar and twirled his golden gun round and round on the first finger of his right hand like the snide poker cheat out of an old Western.

As the door closed behind Bond with a pressurized sigh, the golden gun halted in mid-whirl and sighted on Bond's stomach. "Fellers," said Scaramanga, mock boisterous, "meet my personal assistant, Mr. Mark Hazard, from London, England. He's come along to make things run smoothly over this weekend. Mark, come over and meet the gang and pass round the canapés." He lowered the gun and shoved it into his waistband.

James Bond stitched a personal-assistant smile on his face and walked up to the bar. Perhaps because he was an Englishman, there was a round of handshaking. The red-coated barman asked him what he would have and he said, "Some pink gin. Plenty of bitters. Beefeater's," There was desultory talk about the relative merits of gins. Everyone else seemed to be drinking champagne except Mr. Hendriks, who stood away from the group and nursed a Schweppes Bitter Lemon. Bond moved among the men. He made small talk about their flight, the weather in the States, the beauties of Jamaica. He wanted to fit the voices to the names. He gravitated toward Mr. Hendriks. "Seems we're the only two Europeans here. Gather you're from Holland. Often passed through. Never stayed there long. Beautiful country.'

The very pale blue eyes regarded Bond unenthusiastically. "Sank you."

"What part do you come from?"

"Den Haag."

"Have you lived there long?"

"Many, many years."

"Beautiful town."

"Sank you."

"Is this your first visit to Jamaica?"

"No."

"How do you like it?"

"It is a beautiful place."

Bond nearly said, "Sank you." He smiled encouragingly at Mr. Hendriks as much as to say, "I've made all the running so far. Now you say something."

Mr. Hendriks looked past Bond's right ear at nothing. The pressure of the silence built up. Mr. Hendriks shifted his weight from one foot to the other and finally broke down. His eyes shifted and looked thoughtfully at Bond. "And you. You are from London, isn't it?"

"Yes. Do you know it?"

"I have been there, yes."

"Where do you usually stay?"





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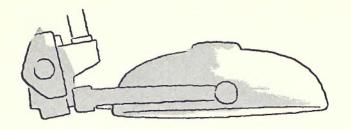


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"Now, if memory serves me . . ."

There was hesitation. "With friends." "That must be convenient."

"Pliss?"

"I mean it's pleasant to have friends in a foreign town. Hotels are so much alike."

"I have not found this. Excuse pliss." With a Germanic bob of the head Mr. Hendriks moved decisively away from Bond and went up to Scaramanga, who was still lounging in solitary splendor at the bar. Mr. Hendriks said something. His words acted like a command on the other man. Mr. Scaramanga straightened himself and followed Mr. Hendriks into a far corner of the room. He stood and listened with deference as Mr. Hendriks talked rapidly in a low tone.

Bond, joining the other men, was interested. It was his guess that no other man in the room could have button-holed Scaramanga with so much authority. He noticed that many fleeting glances were cast in the direction of the couple apart. For Bond's money, this was either the Mafia or K.G.B. Probably even the other five wouldn't know which, but

they would certainly recognize the secret smell of "The Machine" which Mr. Hendriks exuded so strongly.

Luncheon was announced. The Jamaican headwaiter hovered between two richly prepared tables. There were place cards. Bond found that, while Scaramanga was host at one of them, he himself was at the head of the other table between Mr. Paradise and Mr. Rotkopf. As he expected, Mr. Paradise was the better value of the two and, as they went through the conventional shrimp cocktail, steak, fruit salad of the Americanized hotel abroad, Bond cheerfully got himself involved in an argument about the odds at roulette when there is one zero or two. Mr. Rotkopf's only contribution was to say, through a mouthful of steak and French-fried, that he had once tried three zeros at the Black Cat Casino in Miami but that the experiment had failed. Mr. Paradise said that so it should have. "You got to let the suckers win sometimes, Ruby, or they won't come back. Sure, you can squeeze the juice out of them, but you oughta leave them the pips. Like with my slots. I tell the customers, don't be too greedy. Don't set 'em at thirty percent for the house. Set 'em at twenty. You ever heard of Mr. J. P. Morgan turning down a net profit of twenty percent? Hell, no! So why try and be smarter than guys like that?"

Mr. Rotkopf said sourly, "You got to make big profits to put against a bum steer like this." He waved a hand. "If you ask me," he held up a bit of steak on his fork, "you're eating the only money you're going to see out of this dump at this minute."

Mr. Paradise leaned across the table and said softly, "You know something?"

Mr. Rotkopf said, "I always told my money that the bindweed would get this place. The damn fools wouldn't listen. And look where we are in three years! Second mortgage nearly run out and we've only got one story up. What I say is . . ."

The argument went off into the realms of high finance. At the next-door table there was not even this amount of animation. Scaramanga was a man of few words. There were clearly none available for social occasions. Opposite him, Mr. Hendriks exuded a silence as thick as gouda cheese. The three hoods addressed an occasional glum sentence to anyone who would listen. James Bond wondered how Scaramanga was going to electrify this unpromising company into "having a good time."

Luncheon broke up and the company dispersed to their rooms. James Bond wandered round to the back of the hotel and found a discarded shingle on a rubbish dump. It was blazing hot under the afternoon sun, but the doctor's wind was blowing in from the sea. For all its air conditioning, there was something grim about the impersonal gray and white of Bond's bedroom. Bond walked along the shore, took off his coat and tie and sat in the shade of a bush of sea grapes and watched the fiddler crabs about their minuscule business in the sand while he whittled two chunky wedges out of the Jamaican cedar. Then he closed his eyes and thought about Mary Goodnight. She would now be having her siesta in some villa on the outskirts of Kingston. It would probably be high up in the Blue Mountains for the coolness. In Bond's imagination, she would be lying on her bed under a mosquito net. Because of the heat, she would have nothing on, and one could see only an ivory and gold shape through the fabric of the net. But one would know that there were small beads of sweat on her upper lip and between her breasts and the fringes of the golden hair would be damp. Bond took off his clothes and lifted up the corner of the mosquito net, not wanting to wake her until he had fitted himself against her thighs. But she turned, in half sleep, toward him and held out her arms. "James . . ."



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232 East Ohio St. Chicago, Illinois 60611 Playboy Club keyhölders may charge by enclosing key no. Under the sea-grape bush, 120 miles away from the scene of the dream, James Bond's head came up with a jerk. He looked quickly, guiltily, at his watch. 3:30. He went off to his room and had a cold shower, verified that his cedar wedges would do what they were meant to do, and strolled down the corridor to the lobby.

The manager with the neat suit and neat face came out from behind his desk. "Er, Mr. Hazard."

"Yes."

"I don't think you've met my assistant, Mr. Travis."

"No, I don't think I have."

"Would you care to step into the office for a moment and shake him by the hand?"

"Later, perhaps. We've got this conference on in a few minutes."

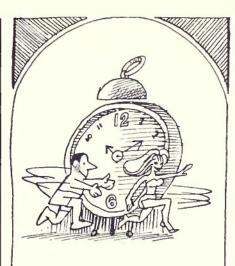
The neat man came a step closer. He said quietly, "He particularly wants to meet you, Mr.—er—Bond."

Bond cursed himself. This was always happening in his particular trade. You were looking in the dark for a beetle with red wings. Your eyes were focused for that particular pattern on the bark of the tree. You didn't notice the moth with cryptic coloring that crouched quietly nearby, itself like a piece of the bark, itself just as important to the collector. The focus of your eyes was too narrow. Your mind was too concentrated. You were using 1 × 100 magnification and your 1 × 10 was not in focus. Bond looked at the man with the recognition that exists between crooks, between homosexuals, between secret agents. It is the look common to men bound by secrecy-by common trouble. "Better make it quick."

The neat man stepped behind his desk and opened a door. Bond went in and the neat man closed the door behind them. A tall, slim man was standing at a filing cabinet. He turned. He had a lean, bronzed Texan face under an unruly mop of straight, fair hair, and, instead of a right hand, a bright steel hook. Bond stopped in his tracks. His face split into a smile broader than he had smiled for—what? Was it three years or four? He said, "You goddamned, lousy crook. What in hell are you doing here?" He went up to the man and hit him hard on the biceps of the left arm.

The grin was slightly more creased than Bond remembered, but it was just as friendly and ironical. Mr. Travis said, "The name is Leiter, Mr. Felix Leiter. Temporary accountant on loan from Morgan Guarantee Trust to the Thunderbird Hotel. We're just checking up on your credit rating, Mr. Hazard. Would you kindly, in your royal parlance, extract your finger, and give me some evidence that you are who you claim to be?"

James Bond, almost lightheaded with



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pleasure, picked up a handful of travel literature from the front desk, said "Hi!" to Mr. Gengerella, who didn't reply, and followed him into the conference-room lobby. They were the last to show. Scaramanga, beside the open door to the conference room, looked pointedly at his watch and said to Bond, "OK, feller. Lock the door when we're all settled and don't let anvone in, even if the hotel catches fire." He turned to the barman behind the loaded buffet. "Get lost, Joe. I'll call for you later." He said to the room, "Right. We're all set. Let's go." He led the way into the conference room and the six men followed. Bond stood by the door and noted the seating order round the table. He closed the door and locked it and quickly also locked the exit from the lobby. Then he picked up a champagne glass from the buffet, pulled over a chair and sited the chair very close to the door of the conference room. He placed the bowl of the champagne glass as near as possible to a hinge of the door and, holding the glass by the stem, put his left ear up against its base. Through the crude amplifier, what had been the rumble of a voice became Mr. Hendriks speaking, ". . . and so it is that I will now report from my superiors in Europe . . ." The voice paused and Bond heard another noise, the creak of a chair. Like lightning he pulled his chair back a few feet, opened one of the travel folders on his lap and raised the glass to his lips. The door jerked open and Scaramanga stood in the opening, twirling his passkey on a chain. He examined the innocent figure on the chair. He said, "OK, feller. Just checking," and kicked the door shut. Bond noisily locked it and took up his place again. Mr. Hendriks said, "I have one most important message for our chairman. It is from a sure source. There is a man that is called James Bond that is looking for him in this territory. This is a man who is from the British Secret Service. I have no informations or descriptions of this man, but it seems that he is highly rated by my superiors. Mr. Scaramanga, have you heard of this man?"

Scaramanga snorted. "Hell, no! And should I care? I eat one of their famous secret agents for breakfast from time to time. Only ten days ago, I disposed of one of them who came nosing after me, Man called Ross. His body is now very slowly sinking to the bottom of a pitch lake in Western Trinidad-place called La Brea. The oil company, the Trinidad Lake Asphalt people, will obtain an interesting barrel of crude one of these days. Next question, please, Mr.

"Next I am wishing to know what is the policy of The Group in the matter of cane sabotage. At our meeting six 216 months ago in Havana, against my minority vote, it was decided, in exchange for certain favors, to come to the aid of Fidel Castro and assist in maintaining and indeed increasing the world price of sugar to offset the damage caused by Hurricane Flora. Since this time there have been very numerous fires in the cane fields of Jamaica and Trinidad. In this connection, it has come to the ears of my superiors that individual members of The Group, notably," there was the rustle of paper, "Messrs. Gengerella, Rotkopf and Binion, in addition to our chairman, have engaged in extensive purchasing of July sugar futures for the benefit of private gain . . ."

There came an angry murmur from round the table. "Why shouldn't we . . . ? Why shouldn't they . . . ?" The voice of Gengerella dominated the others. He shouted, "Who in hell said we weren't to make money? Isn't that one of the objects of The Group? I ask you again, Mr. Hendriks, as I asked you six months ago, who in hell is it among your so-called 'superiors' who wants to keep the price of raw sugar down? For my money, the most interested party in such a gambit would be Soviet Russia. They're selling goods to Cuba, including, let me say, the recent abortive shipment of missiles to fire against my homeland, in exchange for raw sugar. They're sharp traders, the Reds. In their double-dealing way, even from a friend and ally, they would want more sugar for fewer goods. Yes? I suppose," the voice sneered, "one of your superiors, Mr. Hendriks, would not by any chance be Mr. Khrushchev?"

The voice of Scaramanga cut through the ensuing hubbub. "Fellers!" A reluctant silence fell. "When we formed this cooperative, it was agreed that the first object was to cooperate with one another. OK, then. Mr. Hendriks. Let me put you more fully in the picture. So far as the total finances of The Group are concerned, we have a fine situation coming up. As an investment group, we have good bets and bad bets. Sugar is a good bet and we should ride that bet even though certain members of The Group have chosen not to be on the horse. Get me? Now hear me through. There are six ships controlled by The Group at this moment riding at anchor outside New York and other U.S. harbors. These ships are loaded with raw sugar. These ships, Mr. Hendriks, will not dock and unload until sugar futures, July futures, have risen another ten cents. In Washington, the Department of Agriculture and the sugar lobby know this. They know that we have them by the balls. Meantime, the liquor lobby is leaning on them-let alone Russia. The price of molasses is going up with sugar and the rum barons are kicking up hell and want our ships let in before there's a real shortage and the price goes through the roof. But there's another side to it. We're having to pay our crews and our charter bills and so on, and squatting ships are dead ships, dead losses. So something's going to give. In the business, the situation we've developed is called the Floating Crop Game-our ships lying offshore, lined up against the Government of the United States. All right. So now four of us stand to win or lose ten million bucks or so-us and our backers. And we've got this little business of the Thunderbird on the red side of the sheet. So what do you think, Mr. Hendriks? Of course we burn the crops where we can get away with it. I got a good in with the Rastafaris-that's a beat sect here that grows beards and smokes ganja and mostly lives on a bit of land outside Kingston called the Dungle -the Dunghill-and believes it owes allegiance to the King of Ethiopia, this King Zog or what have you, and that that's their rightful home. So I've got a man in there, a man who wants the ganja for them, and I keep him supplied in exchange for plenty fires and troubles on the cane lands. So all right, Mr. Hendriks. You just tell your superiors that what goes up must come down and that applies to the price of sugar like anything else. OK?"

Mr. Hendriks said, "I will pass on your saying, Mr. Scaramanga. It will not cause pleasure. Now there is this business of the hotel. How is she standing, if you pliss? I think we are all wishing to know the true situation, isn't it?"

There was a growl of assent.

Mr. Scaramanga went off into a long dissertation which was only of passing interest to Bond. Felix Leiter would in any case be getting it all on the tape in a drawer of his filing cabinet. He had reassured Bond on this score. The neat American, Leiter had explained, filling him in with the essentials, was in fact a certain Mr. Nick Nicholson of the CIA. His particular concern was Mr. Hendriks who, as Bond had suspected, was a top man of the K.G.B. The K.G.B. favors oblique control-a man in Geneva being the Resident Director for Italy, for instance-and Mr. Hendriks at The Hague was in fact Resident Director for the Caribbean and in charge of the Havana center. Leiter was still working for Pinkerton's, but was also on the reserve of the CIA, who had drafted him for this particular assignment because of his knowledge, gained in the past mostly with James Bond, of Jamaica. His job was to get a breakdown of The Group and find out what they were up to. They were all well-known hoods who would normally have been the concern of the FBI, but Gengerella was a Capo Mafiosi and this was the first time the Mafia had been found consorting with the K.G.B. -a most disturbing partnership that must at all costs be quickly broken up, by physical elimination if need be. Nick Nicholson, whose "front" name was Mr.



"But first, my dear, let me tell you how Schweppervescence was perfected. It all started back in 1794..."

Stanley Jones, was an electronics expert. He had traced the main lead to Scaramanga's recording device under the floor of the central switch room and had bled off the microphone cable to his own tape recorder in the filing cabinet. So Bond had not much to worry about. He was listening to satisfy his own curiosity and to fill in on anything that might transpire in the lobby or out of range of the bug in the telephone on the conferenceroom table. Bond had explained his own presence. Leiter had given a long low whistle of respectful apprehension. Bond had agreed to keep well clear of the other two men and to paddle his own canoe, but they had arranged an emergency meeting place and a postal "drop" in the uncompleted and "Out of Order" men's room off the lobby. Nicholson had given him a passkey for this place and all other rooms and then Bond had had to hurry off to his meeting. James Bond was immensely reassured by finding these unexpected reinforcements. He had worked with Leiter on some of his most hazardous assignments. There was no man like him when the chips were down. Although Leiter had only a steel hook instead of a right hand-a memento of one of those assignments-he was one of the finest lefthanded one-armed shots in the States and the hook itself could be a devastating weapon at close quarters.

Scaramanga was finishing his exposition. "So the net of it is, gentlemen, that we need to find ten million bucks. The interests I represent, which are the majority interests, suggest that this sum should be provided by a note issue, bearing interest at ten percent and repayable in ten years, such an issue to have priori-

ty over all other loans."

The voice of Mr. Rotkopf broke in angrily. "The hell it will! Not on your life, mister. What about the seven-percent second mortgage put up by me and my friends only a year back? What do you think I'd get if I went back to Vegas with that kind of parlay? The old heaveho! And at that I'm being optimistic."

"Beggars can't be choosers, Ruby. It's that or close. What do you other fellers

have to say?"

Hendriks said, "Ten percent on a first charge is good pizzness. My friends and I will take one million dollars. On the understanding, it is natural, that the conditions of the issue are, how shall I say, more substantial, less open to misunderstandings, than the second mortgage of Mr. Rotkopf and his friends."

"Of course. And I and my friends will also take a million. Sam?"

Mr. Binion said reluctantly, "OK, OK. Count us in for the same. But by golly this has got to be the last touch."

"Mr. Gengerella?"

"It sounds a good bet. I'll take the rest."

The voices of Mr. Garfinkel and Mr.

Paradise broke in excitedly, Garfinkel in the lead. "Like hell you will! I'm taking a million."

"And so am I," shouted Mr. Paradise, "Cut the cake equally. But damnit. Let's be fair to Ruby. Ruby, you oughta have first pick. How much do you want? You can have it off the top."

"I don't want a damned cent of your phony notes. As soon as I get back, I'm going to reach for the best damned lawyers in the States—all of them. You think you can scrub a mortgage just by saying so, you've all got another think coming."

There was silence. The voice of Scaramanga was soft and deadly. "You're making a big mistake, Ruby. You've just got yourself a nice fat tax loss to put against your Vegas interests. And don't forget that when we formed this Group we all took an oath. None of us was to operate against the interests of the others. Is that your last word?"

"It damn is."

"Would this help you change your mind? They've got a slogan for it in Cuba—Rapido! Seguro! Economico! This

is how the system operates."

The scream of terror and the explosion were simultaneous. A chair crashed to the floor and there was a moment's silence. Then someone coughed nervously. Mr. Gengerella said calmly, "I think that was the correct solution of an embarrassing conflict of interests. Ruby's friends in Vegas like a quiet life. I doubt if they will even complain. It is better to be a live owner of some finely engraved paper than to be a dead holder of a second mortgage. Put them in for a million, Pistol. I think you behaved with speed and correctness. Now then, can you clean this up?"

"Sure, sure." Mr. Scaramanga's voice was relaxed, happy. "Ruby's left here to go back to Vegas. Never heard of again. We don't know nuthin'. I've got some hungry crocs out back there in the river. They'll give him free transportation to where he's going—and his baggage, if it's good leather. I shall need some help tonight. What about you, Sam? And you,

Louie?"

The voice of Mr. Paradise pleaded. "Count me out, Pistol. I'm a good Catholic."

Mr. Hendriks said, "I will take his place. I am not a Catholic person."

"So it be, then. Well, fellers, any other business? If not, we'll break up the meeting and have a drink."

Hal Garfinkel said nervously, "Just a minute, Pistol. What about that guy outside the door? That limey feller? What's he going to say about the fireworks and all?"

Mr. Scaramanga's chuckle was like the dry chuckle of a Gekko. "Just don't you worry your tiny head about the limey, Hal. He'll be looked after when the weekend's over. Picked him up in a bordello in a village nearby. Place where I

go get my weed and a bit of black tail. Got only temporary staff here to see you fellers have a good time over the weekend. He's the temporariest of the lot. Those crocs have a big appetite. Ruby'll be the main dish, but they'll need a dessert. Jes' you leave him to me. For all I know he may be this James Bond man Mr. Hendriks has told us about. I should worry. I don't like limeys. Like some good Yankee once said, 'For every Britisher that dies, there's a song in my heart.' Remember the guy? Around the time of the Israeli war against them. I dig that viewpoint. Stuck-up bastards. Stuffed shirts. When the time comes, I'm going to let the stuffing out of this one. Jes' you leave him to me. Or let's jes' say leave him to this."

Bond smiled a thin smile. He could imagine the golden gun being produced and twirled round the finger and stuck back in the waistband. He got up and moved his chair away from the door and poured champagne into the useful glass and leaned against the buffet and studied the latest handout from the Jamaica Tourist Board.

The click of Scaramanga's passkey sounded in the lock. Scaramanga looked at Bond from the doorway. He ran a finger along the small mustache. "OK, feller. I guess that's enough of the house champagne. Cut along to the manager and tell him Mr. Ruby Rotkopf'll be checking out tonight. I'll fix the details. And say a major fuse blew during the meeting and I'm going to seal off this room and find out why we're having so much bad workmanship around the place. 'K? Then drinks and dinner and bring on the dancing girls. Got the photo?"

James Bond said that he had. He weaved slightly as he went to the lobby door and unlocked it. "E. & o. e.—Errors and omissions excepted" as the financial prospectuses say, he thought that he had indeed now "got the photo." And it was an exceptionally clear print in black and white without fuzz.

In the back office, James Bond went quickly over the highlights of the meeting. Nick Nicholson and Felix Leiter agreed they had enough on the tape, supported by Bond, to send Scaramanga to the chair. That night, one of them would do some snooping while the body of Rotkopf was being disposed of and try and get enough evidence to have Garfinkel and, better still, Hendriks indicted as accessories. But they didn't at all like the outlook for James Bond. Felix commanded him, "Now don't you move an inch without that old equalizer of yours. We don't want to have to read that obituary of yours in The Times all over again. All that crap about what a splendid feller you are nearly made me throw up when I saw it reprinted in the





"So then I said to myself, 'Look! In this modern day and age, nobody has to be bald...!"

American blats. I damn nearly fired off a piece to the *Trib* putting the record straight."

Bond laughed. He said, "You're a fine friend, Felix. When I think of all the trouble I've been to to set you a good example all these years." He went off to his room, swallowed two heavy slugs of bourbon, had a cold shower and lay on his bed and looked at the ceiling until it was 8:30 and time for dinner. The meal was less stuffy than luncheon. Everyone seemed satisfied with the way the business of the day had gone and all except Scaramanga and Mr. Hendriks had obviously had plenty to drink. Bond found himself excluded from the happy talk. Eyes avoided his and replies to his attempts at conversation were monosyllabic. He was bad news. He had been dealt the death card by the boss. He was certainly not a man to be pally with. While the meal moved sluggishly onthe conventional "expensive" dinner of a cruise ship, desiccated smoked salmon with a thimbleful of small-grained black caviar, fillets of some unnamed native fish, possibly silk fish, in a cream sauce, poulet suprême, a badly roasted broiler with a thick gravy, and bombe surprise, was as predictable as such things arethe dining room was being turned into a "tropical jungle" with the help of potted plants, piles of oranges and coconuts and an occasional stem of bananas, as a backdrop for the calypso band which, in wine-red and gold-frilled shirts, in due course assembled and began playing Linstead Market too loud. The tune closed. An acceptable but heavily clad girl appeared and began singing Belly-Lick with the printable words. She wore a false pineapple as a headdress. Bond saw a "cruise-ship" evening stretching ahead. He decided that he was either too old or too young for the worst torture of all, boredom, and got up and went to the head of the table. He said to Mr. Scaramanga, "I've got a headache. I'm going to bed."

Mr. Scaramanga looked up at him under lizard eyelids. "No. If you figure the evening's not going so good, make it go better. That's what you're being paid for. You act as if you know Jamaica. OK. Get these people off the pad."

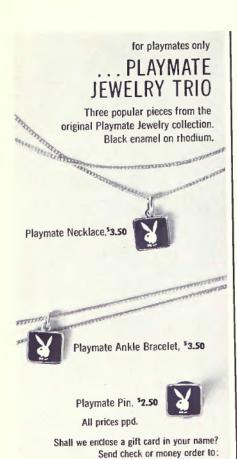
It was many years since James Bond had accepted a dare. He felt the eyes of The Group on him. What he had drunk had made him careless—perhaps wanting to show off, like the man at the party who insists on playing the drums. Stupidly, he wanted to assert his personality over this bunch of tough guys who rated him insignificant. He didn't stop to think that it was bad tactics, that he would be better off being the ineffectual limey. He said, "All right, Mr. Scaramanga. Give me a hundred-dollar bill and your gun."

Scaramanga didn't move. He looked up at Bond with surprise and controlled uncertainty. Louic Paradise shouted thickly, "C'mon, Pistol! Let's see some action! Mebbe the guy can produce."

Scaramanga reached for his hip pocket, took out his billfold and thumbed out a note. Next he slowly reached to his waistband and took out his gun. The subdued light from the spot on the girl glowed on its gold. He laid the two objects on the table side by side. James Bond, his back to the cabaret, picked up the gun and hefted it. He thumbed back the hammer and twirled the cylinder with a flash of his hands to verify that it was loaded. Then he suddenly whirled, dropped on his knee so that his aim would be above the shadowy musicians in the background and, his arm at full length, let fly. The explosion was deafening in the confined space. The music died. There was a tense silence. The remains of the false pineapple hit something in the dark background with a soft thud. The girl stood under the spot and put her hands up to her face and slowly folded to the dance floor like something graceful out of Swan Lake. The maître d'hotel came running from among the shadows.

As chatter broke out among The Group, James Bond picked up the hundred-dollar note and walked out into the spotlight. He bent down and lifted the girl up by her arm. He pushed the bill down into her cleavage. He said, "That was a fine act we did together, sweetheart. Don't worry. You were in no danger. I aimed for the top half of the pineapple. Now run off and get ready for your next turn." He turned her round and gave her a sharp pat on the behind. She gave him a horrified glance and scurried off into the shadows.

Bond strolled on and came up with the band. "Who's in charge here? Who's in command of the show?"



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232 East Ohio Street • Chicago, Illinois 60611 Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key no. The guitarist, a tall, gaunt Negro, got slowly to his feet. The whites of his eyes showed. He squinted at the golden gun in Bond's hand. He said uncertainly, as if signing his own death warrant, "Me, sah."

"What's your name?"
"King Tiger, sah."

"All right then, King. Now listen to me. This isn't a Salvation Army fork supper. Mr. Scaramanga's friends want some action. And they want it hot. I'll be sending plenty of rum over to loosen things up. Smoke weed if you like. We're private here. No one's going to tell on you. And get that pretty girl back, but with only half the clothes on, and tell her to come up close and sing Belly-Lick very clearly with the blue words. And, by the end of the show, she and the other girls have got to end up stripped. Understand? Now get cracking or the evening'll fold and there'll be no tips at the end. OK? Then let's go.'

There was nervous laughter and whispered exhortation to King Tiger from the six-piece combo. King Tiger grinned broadly. "OK, captain, sah." He turned to his men. "Give 'em *Iron Bar*, but hot. An' I'll go get some steam up with Daisy and her friends." He strode to the service exit and the band crashed into its stride.

Bond walked back and laid the pistol down in front of Scaramanga, who gave Bond a long, inquisitive look and slid it back into his waistband. He said flatly, "We must have a shooting match one of these days, mister. How about it? Twen-

ty paces and no wounding?" Thanks," said Bond, "but my mother wouldn't approve. Would you have some rum sent over to the band? These people can't play dry." He went back to his seat. He was hardly noticed. The five men, or rather four of them, because Hendriks sat impassively through the whole evening, were straining their ears to catch the lewd words of the Fanny Hill version of Iron Bar that were coming across clearly from the soloist. Four girls, plump, busty little animals wearing nothing but white sequined G-strings, ran out onto the floor and, advancing toward the audience, did an enthusiastic belly dance that brought sweat to the temples of Louie Paradise and Hal Garfinkel. The number ended amid applause, the girls ran off and the lights were dowsed, leaving only the circular spot in the middle of the floor. The drummer, on his calypso box, began a hasty beat like a quickened pulse. The service door opened and shut and a curious object was wheeled into the circle of light. It was a huge hand, perhaps six feet tall at its highest point, upholstered in black leather. It stood, half open on its broad base, with the thumb and fingers outstretched as if ready to catch something. The drummer hastened his beat. The service door sighed. A glisten-



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ing figure slipped through and, after pausing in the darkness, moved into the pool of light round the hand with a strutting jerk of belly and limbs. There was Chinese blood in her, and her body, totally naked and shining with palm oil, was almost white against the black hand. As she jerked round the hand she caressed its outstretched fingers with her hands and arms and then, with well-acted swooning motions, climbed into the palm of the hand and proceeded to perform languorous, but explicit and ingenious acts of passion with each of the fingers in turn. The scene, the black hand, now shining with her oil and seeming to clutch at the squirming white body, was of an incredible lewdness, and Bond, himself aroused, noticed that even Scaramanga was watching with rapt attention, his eyes narrow slits. The drummer had now worked up to his crescendo. The girl, in well-simulated ecstasy, mounted the thumb, slowly expired upon it and then with a last grind of her rump, slid down it and vanished through the exit. The act was over. The lights came on and everyone, including the band, applauded loudly. The men came out of their separate animal trances. Scaramanga clapped his hand for the bandleader, took a note out of his case and said something to him under his breath. The chieftain, Bond suspected, had chosen his bride for the night!

After this inspired piece of sexual dumb crambo, the rest of the cabaret was an anticlimax. One of the girls, only after her G-string had been slashed off with a cutlass by the bandleader, was able to squirm under a bamboo balanced just 18 inches off the floor on top of two beer bottles. The first girl, the one who had acted as an unwitting pineapple tee to Bond's William Tell act, came on and combined an acceptable striptease with a rendering of Belly-Lick that got the audience straining its ears again, and then the whole team of six girls, less the Chinese beauty, came up to the audience and invited them to dance. Scaramanga and Hendriks refused with adequate politeness and Bond stood the two left-out girls glasses of champagne and learned that their names were Mabel and Pearl while he watched the four others being almost bent in half by the bearlike embraces of the four sweating hoods as they clumsily cha-cha'd round the room to the now riotous music of the half-drunk band. The climax to what could certainly class as an orgy was clearly in sight. Bond told his two girls that he must go to the men's room and slipped away when Scaramanga was looking elsewhere, but, as he went, he noted that Hendriks' gaze, as cool as if he had been watching an indifferent film, was firmly on him.

When Bond got to his room, it was midnight. His windows had been closed and the air conditioning turned on. He switched it off and opened the windows halfway and then, with heartfelt relief, took a shower and went to bed. He worried for a while about having shown off with the gun, but it was an act of folly which he couldn't undo and he soon went to sleep to dream of three blackcloaked men dragging a shapeless bundle through dappled moonlight toward dark waters that were dotted with glinting red eyes. The gnashing white teeth and the crackling bones resolved themselves into a persistent scrabbling noise that brought him suddenly awake. He looked at the luminous dial of his watch. It said 3:30. The scrabbling became a quiet tapping from behind the curtains. James Bond slid quietly out of bed, took his gun from under his pillow and crept softly along the wall to the edge of the curtains. He pulled them aside with one swift motion. The golden hair shone almost silver in the moonlight. Mary Goodnight whispered urgently, "Quick, James! Help me in!"

Bond cursed softly to himself. What the hell? He laid his gun down on the carpet and reached for her outstretched hands and half dragged, half pulled her over the sill. At the last moment, her heel caught in the frame and the window banged shut with a noise like a pistol shot. Bond cursed again, softly and fluently, under his breath. Mary Goodnight whispered penitently, "I'm terribly sorry, James."

Bond shushed her. He picked up his gun and put it back under his pillow and led her across the room and into the bathroom. He turned on the light and, as a precaution, the shower, and, simultaneously with her gasp, remembered he was naked. He said, "Sorry, Goodnight," and reached for a towel and wound it round his waist and sat down on the edge of the bath. He gestured to the girl to sit down on the lavatory seat and said, with icy control, "What in hell are you doing here, Mary?"

Her voice was desperate. "I had to come. I had to find you somehow. I got on to you through the girl at that, er, dreadful place. I left the car in the trees down the drive and just sniffed about. There were lights on in some of the rooms and I listened and, er," she blushed crimson, "I gathered you couldn't be in any of them and then I saw the open window and I just somehow knew you would be the only one to sleep with his window open. So I just had to take the chance."

"Well, we've got to get you out of here as quick as we can. Anyway, what's the trouble?"

"A 'Most Immediate' in Triple-X came over this evening. I mean yesterday evening. It was to be passed to you at all costs. H.Q. thinks you're in Havana. It said that one of the K.G.B. top men who goes under the name of Hendriks is in the area and that he's known to be yis-

iting this hotel. You're to keep away from him. They know from 'a delicate but sure source' " (Bond smiled at the old euphemism for cipher breaking) "that among his other jobs is to find you and, er, well, kill you. So I put two and two together, and, what with you being in this corner of the island and the questions you asked me, I guessed that you might be already on his track but that you might be walking into an ambush, sort of. Not knowing, I mean, that while you were after him, he was after you."

She put out a tentative hand, as if for reassurance that she had done the right thing. Bond took it and patted it absent-mindedly while his mind chewed on this new complication. He said, "The man's here, all right. So's a gunman called Scaramanga. You might as well know, Mary, that Scaramanga killed Ross. In Trinidad." She put her hand up to her mouth. "You can report it as a fact, from me. If I can get you out of here, that is. As for Hendriks, he's here, all right, but he doesn't seem to have identified me for certain. Did H.Q. say whether he was given a description of me?"

"You were simply described as 'the notorious secret agent, James Bond.' But this doesn't seem to have meant much to Hendriks, because he asked for particulars. That was two days ago. He may get them cabled or telephoned here at any minute. You do see why I had to come, James?"

"Yes, of course. And thanks, Mary. Now I've got to get you out of that window and then you must just make your own way. Don't worry about me. I think I can handle the situation all right. Besides, I've got help." He told her about Felix Leiter and Nicholson. "You just tell H.Q. you've delivered the message and that I'm here and about the two CIA men. H.Q. can get the CIA angles from Washington direct. OK?" He got to his feet.

She stood up beside him and looked up at him. "But you will take care?"

"Sure, sure." He patted her shoulder. He turned off the shower and opened the bathroom door. "Now, come on. We must pray for a stroke of luck."

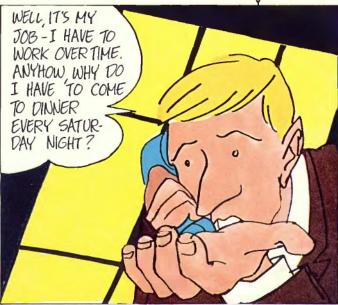
A silken voice from the darkness at the end of the bed said, "Well, the Holy Man jes' ain't running for you today, mister. Step forward, both of you. Hands clasped behind the neck."

Scaramanga walked to the door and turned the lights on. He was naked save for his shorts and the holster below his left arm. The golden gun remained trained on Bond.

This is the third installment of Ian Fleming's final James Bond novel, "The Man with the Golden Gun." The conclusion will appear next month.











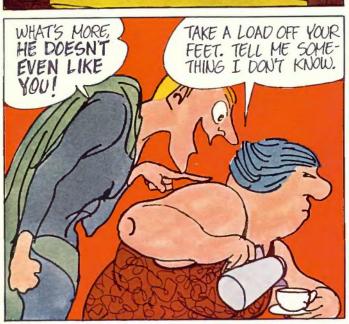








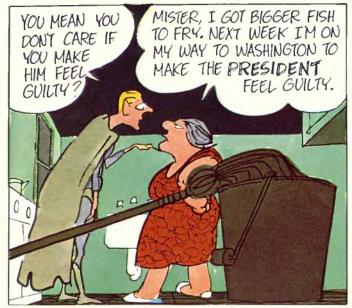




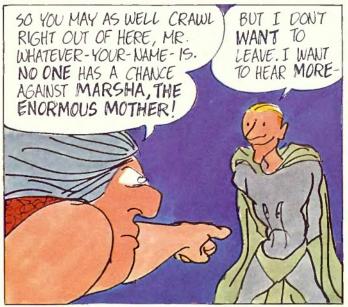


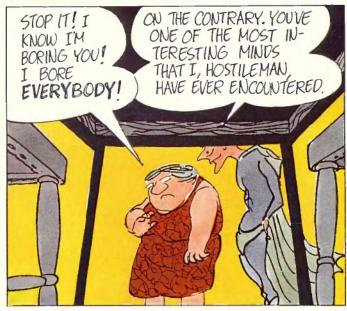


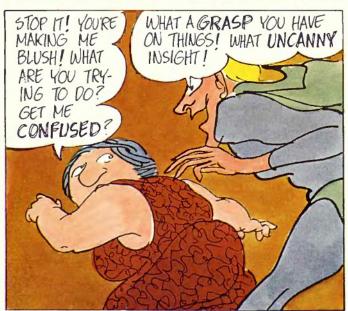






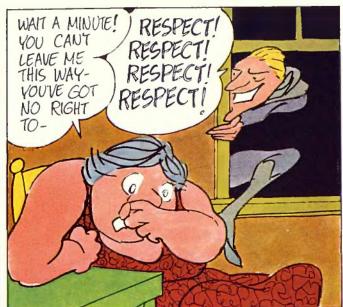


















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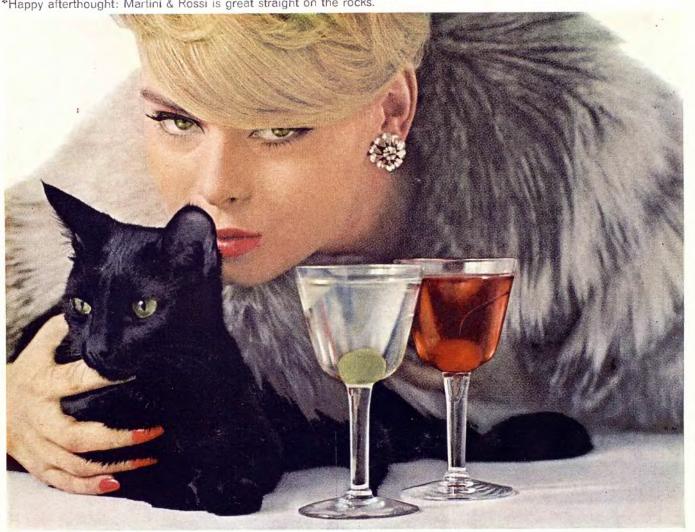


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