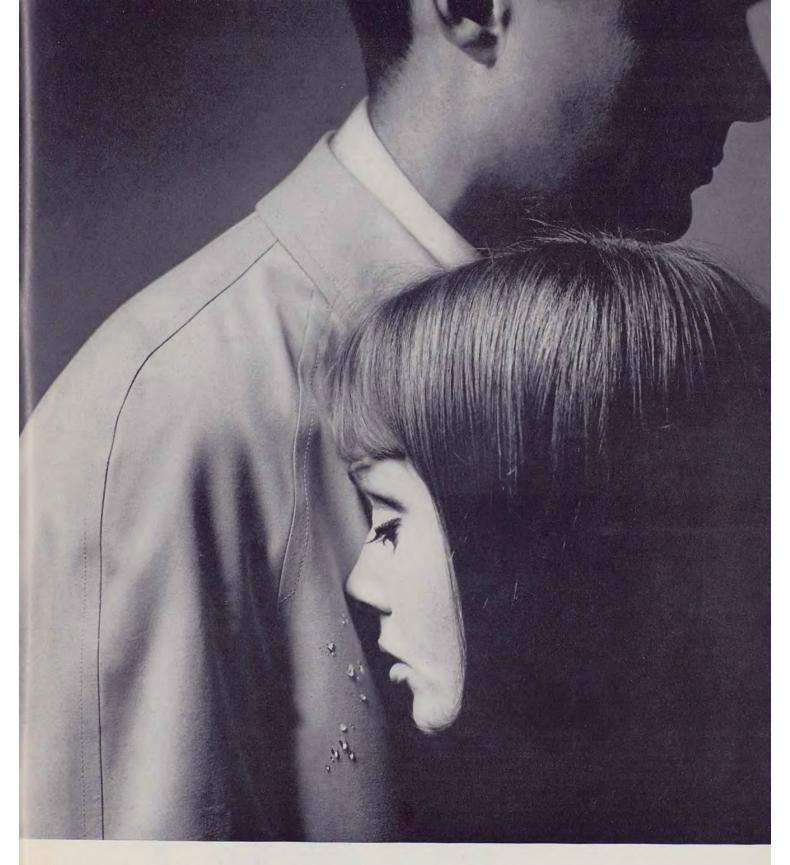


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PLAYBILL THIS is a bonus month for cover watchers: Our 148th appears in its usual position, but inside are selections from the 147 that preceded it, a ten-page behind-the-scenes look at some of the best—and most ingenious and provocative—we have run in the past 12 years. For April, the girl out front is once again Cynthia Maddox, our five-time cover-girl champ, appearing in ten color shots chosen from the 361 made by staff photographer Pompeo Posar during the three-day shooting of our February 1964 cover.

For those readers who strive for sartorial excellence there is Robert L. Green's annual Spring & Summer Fashion Forecast, wherein we are informed that elegance will be in this year and gaudiness out. Robert, our sartorial seer for the past seven years, tells the shopper how to pre-plan the blending of shirts, ties and sweaters to harmonize with suits, slacks and sports coats—and thus attain a wardrobe pre-coordinated to the new casualness that will mark the season.

(Cynthia portrayed a voluptuous valentine, you may recall.)

Hip to Robert Green's predictions is one of our staff photographers, J. Barry O'Rourke, clad usually in the most casual attire, although he does own a single Brooks Brothers suit that he wears to have his picture taken (see below right). Barry is our expert lensman on the best of all possible pads, having shot them from Long Island to Los Angeles (including this month's Palm Springs manse), frequently encountering unique problems in what is listed on his expense account as "research." Now, "research," according to Webster, is (1) "careful or diligent search" or (2) "studious inquiry." But Barry takes it one step further. For, in addition to careful search and studious inquiry, O'Rourke, as photographer of Playboy Pads at Malibu, Phoenix and New York, has also mixed cocktails, rearranged furniture, washed dishes, cooked dinner, made beds and tossed out party crashers. At attorney James Hollowell's digs in Palm Springs, however, none of these domestic chores were entailed. There all Barry had to contend with was a flood that inundated the entire community for a week.

"Those who are ignorant of history are doomed to repeat its mistakes." This remark by the philosopher Hegel might well describe PLAYBOY interviewee George Lincoln Rockwell, neo-Nazi, and his fanatic followers who trudge in the footprints of Adolf Hitler, "the greatest man in 2000 years," according to Rockwell. So when our Alex Haley, who has conducted more Playboy Interviews for us than anyone else (including those with Martin Luther King, Jr., Melvin Belli and Malcolm X), undertook the task of quizzing Rockwell, he was prepared for the worst. But, surprisingly, Negro-hater Rockwell and Negro reporter Haley did find some areas of agreement, if, understandably, not much mutual admiration. "Alex Haley captivated me with his . . . intelligence and inescapable charm," wrote Rockwell to PLAYBOY after the interview. "I recognized Rockwell's hunger for intellectual company," said Haley. "I felt certain that he wrestles with subterranean regrets that he abandoned two wives and seven children; that he made of himself a marked man who can never again earn the respect that he could have won with his talents." Haley's unique ability to get an interviewee to limn his own true self-portrait makes his conversation with Rockwell a particularly illuminating one—in view of the public image Rockwell strives to project.

Two perennially popular PLAYBOY contributors head our fiction list this month. Ken W. Purdy (44 articles and stories in our pages since 1957) has written a tense melodrama, the tale of a man's impulsive revenge after his humiliation in a judo bout in *Chronicle of an Event*. Herbert Gold (32 PLAYBOY appearances since 1955) offers a warm story of his Cleveland boyhood in *Marriage*, Food, Money, Children, Ice Skating. In addition, we are concluding this month two serializations, our James Bond adventure Octopussy by Ian Fleming (to be pub-

lished this summer in hardcover by New American Library), and Vladimir Nabokov's eerie-witty, many-leveled horror tale, Despair. All five installments of the latter have been illustrated by Roland Ginzel, whose paintings have unfailingly captured the existential spirit of the famed author's work. Ginzel is currently teaching in Chicago, has works hanging in the permanent collections of the Art Institute of Chicago and the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, and has exhibited in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York City.

We also have a lady and a tiger for you. Our Playmate, a bantam beauty, Karla Conway, is a surfer, actress and guitarist. The tiger is nameless, the target of big-game hunter Jack Denton Scott, in *Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright*, the second Scott we've run that will be part of his book *Passport to Adventure*, forthcoming from Random House.

And still more: In Part VIII of *The History of Sex in Cinema*, Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert explore the sex stars of the 1930s, among them Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Hedy Lamarr and, of course, Garbo; included are two pages of hitherto unpublished Harlow nudes; and *The Goblet of Dreams* by Ira Cohen, who writes about a potently hallucinogenic and erotically stimulating Moroccan delicacy from whence springs untold delights. Plus—as in all issues of Playboy—many other features, pictorial and proseworthy, for your delectation.

HALEY GREE





GINZEL



O'ROURKE PURD





# PLAYBOY



**Fashion Forecast** 

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Playboy Pad

P. 119



Cover Story

P. 128



Tiger Shoot

P. 10

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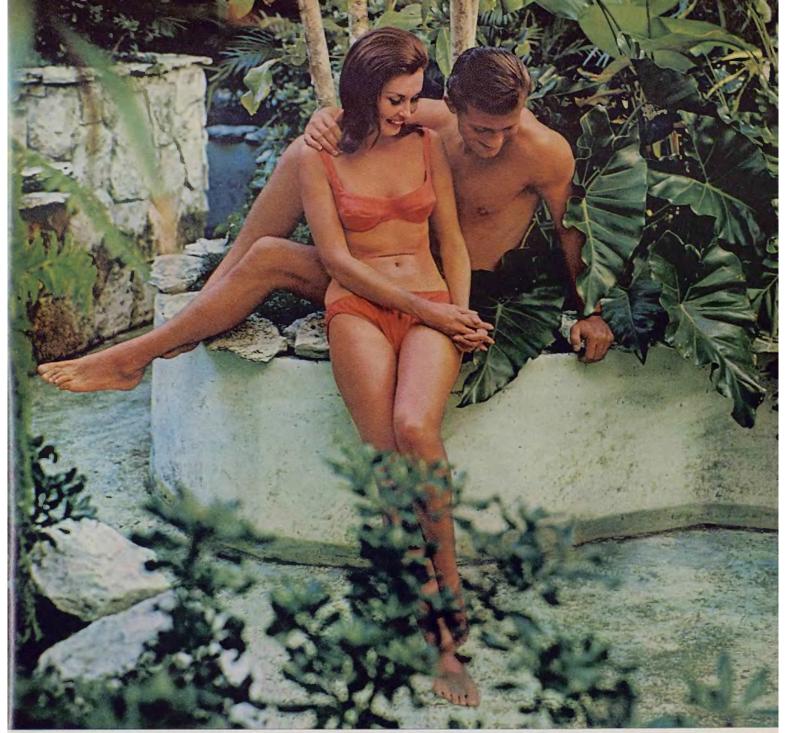
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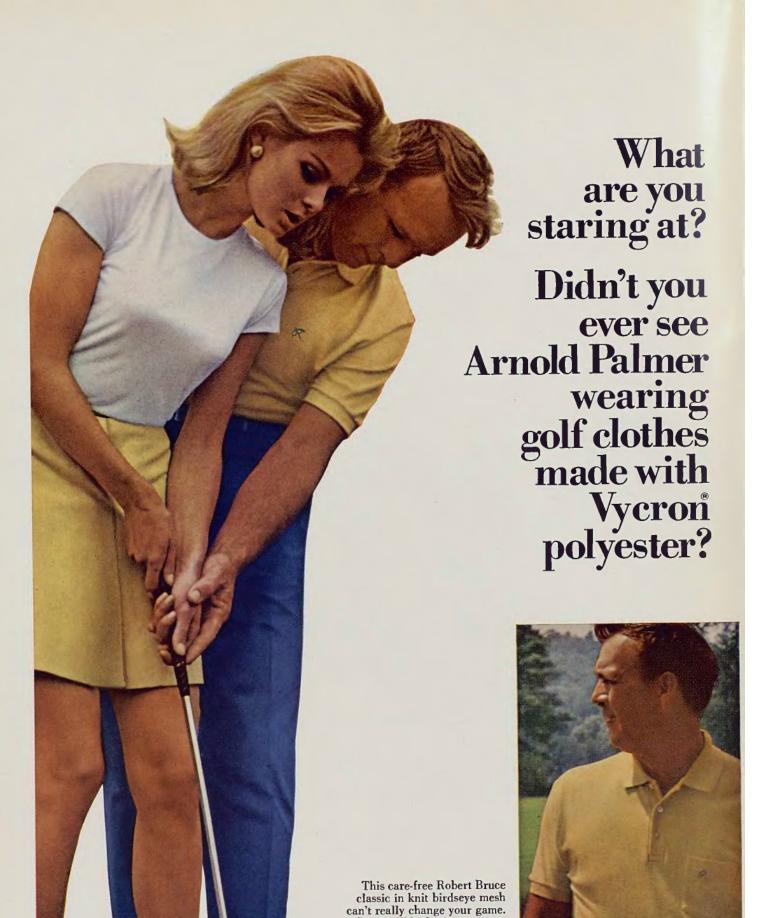
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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#### CENSORS CENSURED

Kenneth Tynan's The Royal Smut-Hound (January) made me envy the British, because they apparently have only one such creature, while we have a whole pack in our courts and post offices. I used to be against all censors, until I realized that television in particular probably does affect the actions of people. Certainly, the advertisers must think it does. I have no doubt that crotic scenes on television would amuse children and cause many adults to make love more than they ordinarily do. That's why I am against the censorship of sexuality. But I'm not against the censorship of violence and sadism in mass media. What can one say of a society that regards the sight of a woman's breast on the home screen as a shocking disgrace, but that provides all kinds of murder for the enjoyment of the kiddies? If television really does affect the actions of people in ways more important than buying habits, God help us. Our censors will have created a nation of sexless killers.

Sloan Wilson

New York, New York

Best-selling author Wilson speaks with more than laymanly knowledge about the flannel-headed grim gray mentalities that prefer the sickness of violence to healthy sexuality.

Ken Tynan's vivisection of the Lord Chamberlain, England's theatrical watchdog, proves censorship is insane.

When my play The Connection was produced in London, I had occasion to deal with the Lord Chamberlain's office. My producer informed me that several phrases and words had been censored. "Shit" was the main offender and had been deleted 11 times. Nine references to "Christ" in such contexts as "Christ almighty" and "Christ's sake" were expunged. The phrase "What do you want me to do? Bend over and drop my pants?" was removed. I decided to remedy the situation and went to St. James'. The gentleman I got to see was six feet, six inches and every inch a Sandhurst graduate, complete with a Guard's tie and suede shoes. He was affable and charming. He offered me a cigarette and we got down to business. "Why take out the reference to

"Blasphemy." It was final. Nothing could move that.

'And what's this thing here?" I pointed to the deletion of the "drop my pants" phrase.

"Literally homosexual."

"Are you joking?"

"No, were you?"

I was about to launch into a long speech which could be summed up as: 'You are out of your mind!"

Actually, my major concern was to get the "shit" ban lifted. The other things were not very important for the play. "What about the word 'shit'?"

"Well"—he almost said, "old fellow"

-"we couldn't allow it."

"Why not?" I explained that "shit" was used to refer to heroin, because it is a common colloquial synonym for

heroin used by addicts.

Well, if you use it, then everyone will be using it. Once we pass on a word, you see, it can be used by anyone. Can you think of the way it could be used in the wrong hands? The English theater would be full of-" He caught himself just in time.

I was not allowed to use the word. There is no legal recourse. As Tynan points out, there seems little chance that Parliament will send the Lord Chamberlain off to a rest home.

Curiously, in England the movie of The Connection was given an X certificate (adults only) and not a word was censored. Just the opposite occurred in America. Not one Government official ever approached me regarding the language of the stage original, but the movie was banned by the New York State censors (now defunct) and a burdensome and costly battle had to be won in the courts.

Jack Gelber

New York, New York

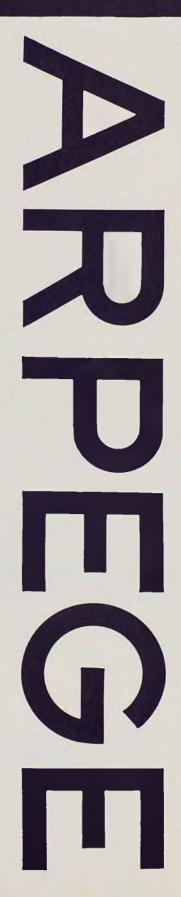
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RFU

While the January issue containing "The Royal Smut-Hound" was still on the newsstands, Tynan found himself involved in a semantic brouhaha in England for using the four-letter word on a B.B.C.-TV panel show dealing with sexual explicitness in the theater. The ensuing uproar indicated that neither British television nor officialdom was ready for such explicitness.

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#### IDAHLATRY

Roald Dahl is already in line for his second consecutive PLAYBOY annual fiction award. The Last Act (January) is probably one of the finest masterpieces of short-story writing since the days of O. Henry. Only, Mr. Dahl will have to give PLAYBOY a great deal of credit for the fact that his subject matter is acceptable today, as it sure as hell wouldn't have been in O. Henry's time.

A. R. Calvert Oroville, California

#### PLAYBOY MANSION

The piece on the Playboy Mansion in your January issue is the best pictorial that you have ever published. And that shot of Playmate Terre Tucker sunbathing on the roof is too much.

Dan Nibblelink Boulder, Colorado

I have just completed the tour through "Hefnerland," and must concede that the Playboy Mansion is one of the most fascinating homes in the world.

> J. Lamar Veatch, Jr. Louisville, Georgia

Like the magazine itself, the Playboy Mansion is a remarkable example of Editor-Publisher Hefner's good taste.

Charles M. Shannon New York, New York

The Playboy Mansion is truly magnificent and the Mansion Bunnies put to shame the seraglio of a Moorish caliph.

William M. Ludwig, M.D. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

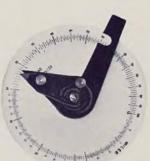
I just finished the article on Hef's pad and, boy, am I jealous! When I'm rich and famous can I come and play in his house, too?

> Susan Williams Aurora, Colorado

I would like to commend those responsible for the fascinating feature on Hugh Hefner's home. It was an exciting experience visiting the Playboy Mansion-with the January article making it almost seem like I was there in person. I was especially impressed by the interesting diversity in guests invited to the Mansion, from the beautiful Playmates to some of the most talented and thought-provoking personages of our time. It appears that Mr. Hefner has successfully created a personal environment in which work and play, leisure comfort and creative activity are truly in harmony with one another. He is to be congratulated.

> Neil L. Cohen Beechhurst, New York

Some of us in the low-income brackets, for whom the PLAYBOY world is more



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an aspiration than a reality, have yet to attend a Playboy Club; and we shall never see, firsthand, the interior of the fabulous Playboy Mansion. But in the pages of our favorite magazine, we can enjoy both. This will have to suffice until some miracle befalls us. In the meantime, thanks for the pictorials on the things that dreams are made of—and especially for the splendid story on the Hefner Mansion. Wow, what a pad!

Earl C. Smith Portsmouth, Ohio

It doesn't take a miracle, Earl. A few short years ago, it was nothing but a dream for Hefner, too.

With a home like that, where does Hefner go on vacation?

James A. Benet Boulder, Colorado

With a home like that, who needs a vacation?

## ADLER, FADIMAN AND BOOKS

While reading Clifton Fadiman's predictions in January's *The Great Books* of 2066, I alternated between damning Fadiman's ancestry back to that protein blob (ignoring Hemingway and cummings and inserting Rilke—the very idea!) and wondering if Queen Elizabeth had the power to vacate the critic's chair at Oxford for old "Clif" (did you dig those comments on Camus and Mann?).

As soon as I finished the article I leaped to the typewriter to dash off letters to Lionel Trilling. Hugh Hefner, L. B. J., The National Geographic Society and Playmate Judy Tyler (don't laugh, she might know someone) to determine what could be done to remedy the oversights and reward the "correct" selections. But after much crumpled paper, I decided to take direct action: Since I am in the English department here at the university, I merely called a few friends over, each of whom brought some beverages known for their powers of relaxation, and we proceeded to thrash it all out. Unfortunately, the results remain unknown. Only this letter and our thanks for a most provocative article still exist to mark the occasion.

Michael D. Johnson Eastern New Mexico University Portales, New Mexico

Apparently this is serious business, picking today's works that will be "the classics of tomorrow." Look at the *Playbill* pictures on page six of your January issue. At least Bennett Cerf, bless him, looks like he's having fun. But Mortimer Adler and Clifton Fadiman are sooo seriou-sss. They are about to embark on their project like a couple of embalmers with wisdom and formaldehyde.

But how serious a business are these lists of "great books"? In the 1920s a highly respected bibliophile, Merle Johnson, made up a list. And his classics

included Hans Breitmann's Party and A Message from Garcia. For heaven's sake! All this nonsense is part of the American obsession with the "box score": runs, hits, errors, times at bat, etc.

I remember as a kid keeping a little book by Ralph Waldo Emerson, called Miscellanies, for two whole years. Memorized it. (Would that thousands of our high school boys and girls could forget these "lists" and at least read Emerson's Miscellanies for the next two years.) And then I went on to a bit of Shakespeare and Plutarch, and Plutarch set me off on a big project to learn more about the Greeks and the Romans, and an agnostic social worker in the settlement house told us that no writer in world history had written a more perfect short story than the story in the Bible of Ruth and Naomi. After a half century of reading, I agree with him 100 percent.

And where in the Adler-Fadiman lists is Heine? Ah, Heine. And since they mention Marx, what about Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*? And when you speak of the 20th Century, where, for heaven's sake, is Churchill?

But I am making up a box score of my own, am I not—and this is something I must avoid at all costs. The main purpose, it seems to me, is to decrease our country's 53 percent who cannot read above a fifth-grade level. Is this not so? Well, you'll never do it with Apollonius. Gilbert and Huygens, But you may do it with Emerson's Miscellanies.

Harry Golden

Charlotte, North Carolina All well and good, Harry, but for our 2¢ plain, you missed the point. Adler and Fadiman were dealing with 20th Century authors. Of those you recommend, only Churchill falls into that time slot.

#### PRESIDENTIAL PARALLELS

Two men, above others, have left an impact upon this decade: John XXIII and John F. Kennedy. One was old, one was young. Both held power but briefly. One was the son of a rich financier, one the son of a small farmer. What they had in common was their integrity. In your December issue, Jim Bishop has drawn, across the decades and in fantastic detail, a comparison down to the smallest items between Presidents Lincoln and Kennedy. Much may be coincidental and will chiefly give pleasure to the astrologers (were their horoscopes the same?). What must impress the political scientist is that like temperaments-including disregard of personal safety, courage, a certain fatalism, dedication to duty-confronting like social situations with their attendant fanatical hates, produced in history the like behavior and the like results.

Professor George E. G. Catlin London, England

The finest thing about the Lincoln-Kennedy article was your art director. As

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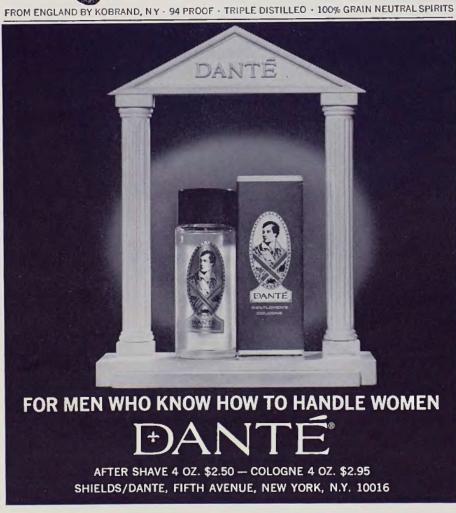


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a former editor of *Colliers* and *Liberty*, 1 marvel at the simple elegance of his lay out. Most of the people who were kind enough to comment about the article quite properly reserved their best adjectives for the artwork. It made me look good.

Jim Bishop Hallandale, Florida

#### PLAYMATE REVIEW

After January's Playmate Review, can there be any doubt? Allison Parks for Playmate of the Year.

James Gerber Los Angeles, California

Who masterminded the April 1965 pictorial on Sue Williams? She was great in the foldout, but I, like many, was curious as to the reason for the sweater. The photo in January's *Playmate Review* reveals the truly outstanding form of Miss Williams. The long-range effect is nothing less than fantastic. If there is any question as to who should represent playboy as its Playmate of the Year, let me nominate Sue Williams.

Ben Greenway Wichita, Kansas

Sally Duberson has got to be Playmate of the Year. The rest shape up as also-rans.

Robert O'Rourke Boston, Massachusetts

Tune in next month, gentlemen, when the Playmate of the Year premieres in living color.

#### CATCH IN THE WRY

I have been reading PLAYBOY for better than a year and until now have not been significantly offended. However, Just Who Is J. D. Salinger? (January 1966) is a confusing, disappointing piece of scrambled literature. Being one of Salinger's avid readers, I have read each of his books several times and consider each reading a new and rewarding experience. It is terribly difficult to accept the possibility that Jerome David Salinger is in reality H. Allen Smith.

T. A. Stone

Michigan Technological University Houghton, Michigan

Actually, T. A. Stone is really J. D. Salinger. The question is: Who is H. Allen Smith?

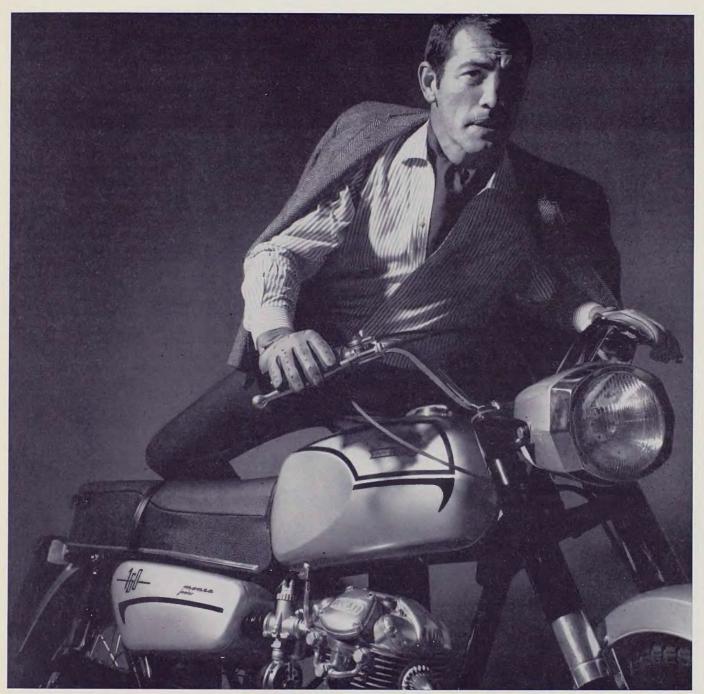
#### PLAZA PLEASED

PLAYBOY is always a most interesting magazine, but the January issue was especially so for us here at The Plaza. The feature Man at His Leisure was an excellent one—the writer certainly caught the spirit of the area as did the artist, LeRoy Neiman.

Alphonse W. Salomone

Vice President and General Manager The Plaza

New York, New York





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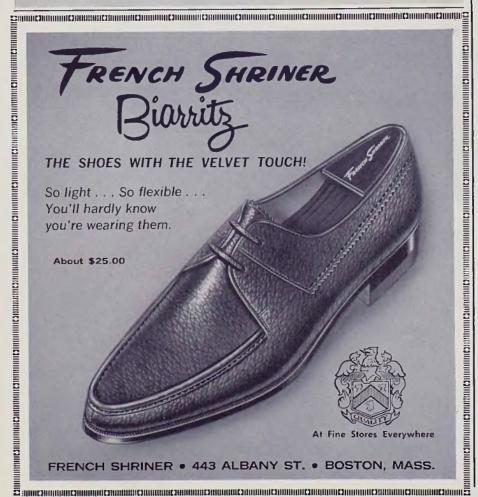
Berliner Motor Corp., Dept. P4, Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

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#### FARMER FUROR

James Farmer's January article, When Will the Demonstrations End?, has, in my judgment, rendered an enormous service in the battle he has so eloquently led. We've long waited for candor about black nationalism, for a militant defense of demonstrations and some straight talk about the roots of rioting. Farmer has upended the villains, exposed the fools and paid a long-overdue tribute to the troops.

Steve Nagler New York, New York

As a veteran supporter of and demonstrator with the NAACP, I cannot respect, but only deplore. James Farmer's despicable and bigoted methods of whitewashing Negro mistakes and blackwashing white attempts at reconciliation. It is always a pity to see a man blind to peace through hate.

Stephen Eidolon University of Oklahoma Norman, Oklahoma

### SIRE IRE

Your pictorial saga Little Annie Fanny, that appeared (as you may recall) in your January issue, has put the cat amongst the pigeons in my family; my father is in high dudgeon because he claims that a character depicted therein (the one with the gap, actually) bears a very close resemblance to himself.

I suppose I should point out that my father and I are as alike as two crumpets, but as your drawing is of a man over 40 years old, it is obviously not me; as my father is older than I am (as is normal in a father and son relationship), he feels it is quite obviously him (or he).

Needless to say, this has caused him a great deal of embarrassment; but he begs me to tell you that he is willing to keep the matter out of the courts if you will furnish him with the name and telephone number of the lady who inspired your artist to create *L. A. F.* You see, for many years he has been looking for a cure for bronchitis and he feels that she might well be it.

Terry-Thomas London-on-Thames, England

## FULL CIRCLE

Re Alan Watts' *The Circle of Sex* in the December issue of PLAYBOY: I am surprised that Watts, who is usually a careful observer of human affairs, should have been taken in so thoroughly by the nonsense of Gavin Arthur's circle-of-sex theories, Gavin, whose main job in life for many years has been that of serving as an apologist for fixed homosexuality, has distorted the findings of Kinsey and others and has devised a chart that is far more astrological than scientific. His notions of sexuality are highly infantile and have little to do with objective real-

ity. It is kindly of Watts and Arthur to fight against our despising homosexuals—which I have done myself for many years in my talks and writings; but it is silly to deny that Dykes and Queans are intrinsically severely disturbed, quite apart from our unfair attitudes toward them. It is also unscientific to contend that all human sex "types" have their exact opposites and that their "oppositeness" or "sameness" causally affects their attractions to members of the opposite or same sex. A nice, neat theory—but basically astrological in nature.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D. The Institute for Rational Living New York, New York

There are many brilliant men who seem to be relatively unknown outside a small sphere of influence. Alan Watts is just such a man. I am delighted to see that you have published an article of his in the December issue. But may I suggest that you use him as a subject of one of your interviews? I think that you will find his philosophy quite profound and challenging. In particular, his views on sex and the man-woman relationship are consistent with but. I believe, more profound than those in The Playboy Philosophy. Dr. Watts views sex as a way of discovering our original identity with the natural universe and of regaining our basic organic spontaneity.

David Perry Jackson, Mississippi

## VOICE HEARD FROM

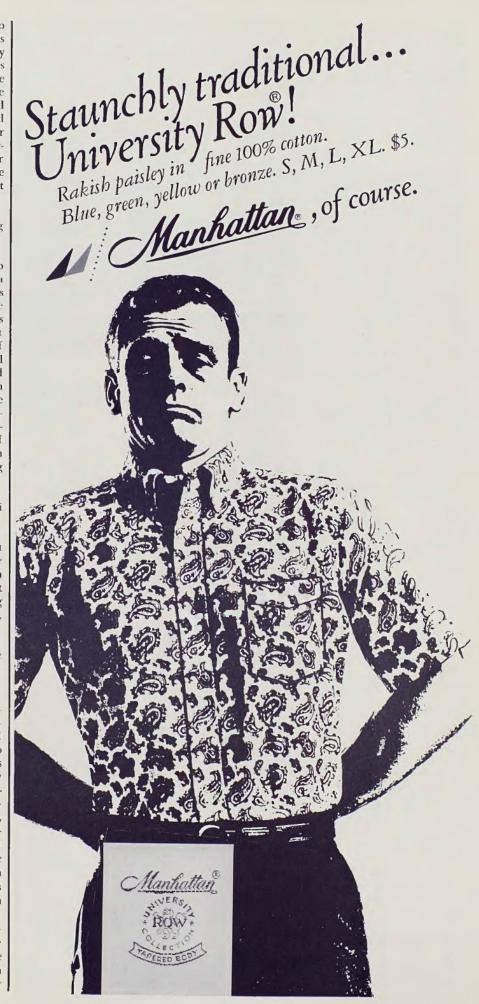
More damn people have pointed out that picture and story you ran (On the Scene, December) than have done so on most of my recent publicity. I didn't need personal proof of PLAYBOY'S pulling power, but it is interesting to get it, nevertheless.

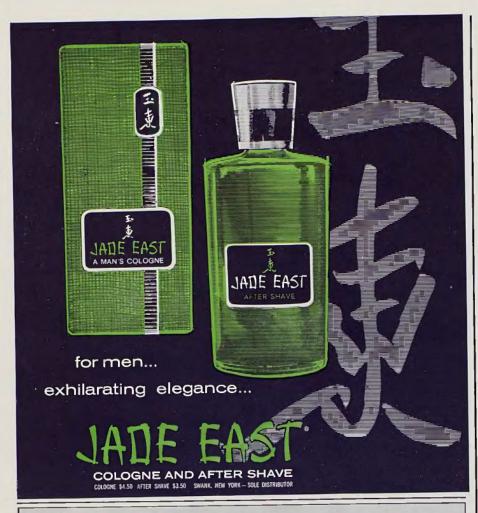
John Chancellor, Director USIA Broadcasting Service Washington, D. C.

#### SHEEPISH SHEPHERD

I am outraged to find that your editors, in a moment of pique, have awarded me a coveted prize, namely, the laurel leaf for the best Humor/Satire piece to be published by PLAYBOY in 1965. This will prove to be a calamitous blow to my hard-earned reputation, gained over innumerable rocky years of ceaseless vigilance as well as honest toil, as a genuine, Mother-lode, Certified, automatic Loser! If the news of this award leaks out, I will be ruined! And my blood will be on your hands. I know of nothing in The Playboy Philosophy that advocates Murder or Career Assassination as an After Hours sport.

I presume that you are prepared—once I am in rack and ruin—to take me in, to give me simple lodgings in the Playboy Mansion, or a humble position in the Mail Room after the news of your





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Jean Shepherd New York, New York

## PUSHKINSHIP

December's Czar Nikita and His 40 Daughters was one of PLAYBOY's most playful features. Ribald and wildly ridiculous, it is both lively and laughable. You are to be congratulated on its inclusion in the December issue, and Walter Arndt is to be commended for catching the naughtiness without vulgarity in his translation.

Louis Untermeyer Newtown, Connecticut

#### FROM VIETNAM

I just wanted to write and thank you for what you have done for the guys here in Vietnam. I am presently the Commanding Officer of C Company, 588th Engineer Battalion (Combat), which is in the Bien Hoa area supporting the 173rd Airborne Brigade. Lt. Jack Price is a classmate of mine (U. S. M. A. '64) and I believe the name may be familiar to you.

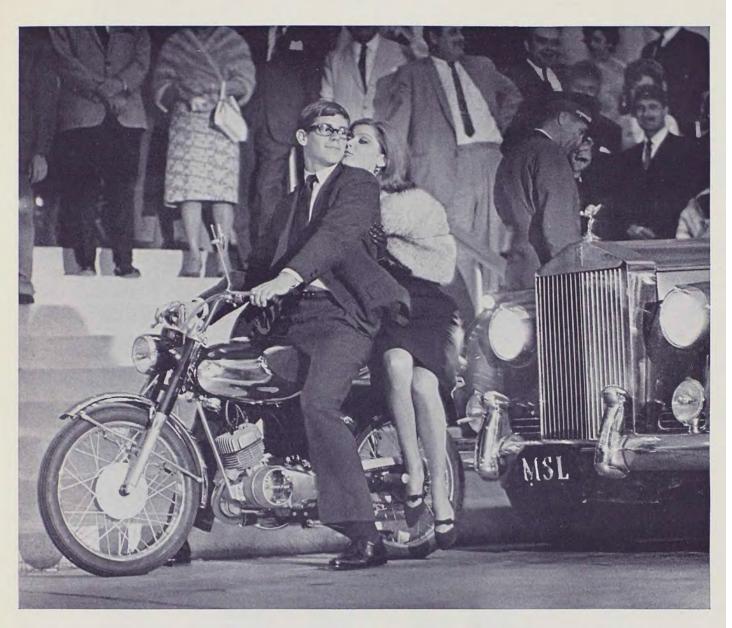
Jack is presently in the 98rd Evacuation Hospital with a very severe sniper wound. The only reason he has not been evacuated to the States already is because he won't let them move him until Jo Collins gets here and he can present her to his troops. I think that alone should give you an idea of just how much this thing means to him and to the troops in his outfit.

I talked to Jack last night and he said the doctors give him a 50–50 chance to use his left arm again, but he figures that is as good as 90–10 odds in his favor, because he says it has a lot to do with mental attitude. That's the kind of guy Jack is.

Again let me thank you for what you have done. It may not seem like much from your end, but you have provided some awfully strong memories for thousands of lesser knowns in this war-torn land. And Jack is mighty proud to have played some part in it.

1st Lt. Sam Burney, Jr., U.S.A. Bien Hoa, Vietnam

Soon after Lieutenant Burney's letter was written, Playmate of the Year Jo Collins arrived in Vietnam to deliver the first issue of the PLAYBOY Lifetime Subscription ordered by Lieutenant Price (March "Dear Playboy") and his men; in addition, she bolstered morale all along the front by visiting a number of combat bases and field hospitals. The success of her mission may be gauged by the fact that Secretary of State Dean Rusk called personally to offer congratulations for the contribution she made in lifting troop morale. See next month's issue for a picture story on Jo's unusual journey.



# Harry rode to class all week, to the library twice, made three trips to Dirty Mac's, and five runs to sororityville ... and still had enough in his budget for a night on the town.

Harry is a sly dog. He's one of the few guys around whose transportation isn't keeping him broke (he runs his Bridgestone 90 Sport for a week on what a lot of fellows spend just for oil).

Harry's 90 Sport is really a screamer. Reason? It's loaded with competition components as standard equipment and engineered to squeeze every ounce of performance out of each drop of gas. Result: It outperforms everything in its class, both in speed and acceleration. (If you'd like us to prove it, send for the comparison table described below.)

Then there are Harry's fringe benefits: Besides moving out in style, big-hearted Harry can afford to run his own taxi service (for lovelies only). There's also Harry's Motorcycle Driving School (which meets every Saturday morning in front of the girls dormitory). Because Harry runs both these "operations" for pennies a week, he has money left to spend on important things (like his passengers and his fledgling riders).

Want to be a hero like Harry? It's easy. See your Bridgestone dealer. (He makes heroes out of Harrys every day.) He'll show you what the new 90 Sport can do . . . including how much better it does than its competition. He'll also show you seven other great models for street, trail, or track. But watch it, any one of them may put you in the taxi business.

BRIDGESTONE 90 SPORT: Top speed: 65 mph. Engine: single cylinder, two cycle, rotary valve. Bore x stroke: 50 x 45 mm. Compression ratio: 6.55:1. Maximum hp: 8.8 @8000 rpm. Weight: 158 lb.

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# **PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS**



We're pleased as punch, if a bit punchy, after poring over the plethora of nostalgic nonsense sent in by readers in response to our After Hours journey down Trivia Lane (no relation to Lois) in the February issue. For the first time anywhere, you'll remember, we offered degrees—first, second and third, in Triviology: the remembrance of things past but not forgotten—from our own College of Insignificant Knowledge.

Since then our undergraduates have been clamoring for a more advanced course in the penny-arcane science. For the dedicated Triviologist, there are always new horizons to look back on; he will not stop, as we did in February, at identifying the comic in Kay Kyser's band (Ish Kabibble), but will press on to demand the name of the band's resident tenor (the ever-popular Harry Babbit). It's child's play to ask the Trivia-minded whom the late Herbert Marshall played on radio (The Man Called X); the true Triviologist wants to know the mouth-filling moniker of his Lithuanian side-kick (Pagan Zelschmidt). And he wouldn't stoop to such kindergarten questions as identifying the character played by Humphrey Bogart in Casablanca (Rick); instead, he wants to know Rick's last name (Blaine). Inconsequentially enough, there's a gold star to be garnered for knowing that Bogart never actually said, "Play it again, Sam." (Ingrid Bergman did.)

In short, the following quickie final exam is designed for those honor students who survived their Trivialaureate in February and now really want to go after their Ph.D. in Triviana in the time it takes to say "Notary Sojac." Happy landings on a chocolate bar (from On the Good Ship Lollypop, sung by Shirley Temple in Little Miss Marker).

1. Who was Helen Trent's soap-opera sweetheart? Whom did Stella Dallas' daughter Lolly marry? Whose husband was "the matinee idol of a million women"? What was the name of the heroine's journalist spouse in *Portia Faces Life*?

2. What is "Goose" Tatum's real first

3. Who was Progress Hornsby?

4. Identify the announcers on the following shows: The old Bob Hope radio show, Fibber McGee and Molly and NBC Matinee Theater,

5. Answer the following with the memorable phrases used at the time: What was Grand Central Station on the old radio show of that name? How did rails from every part of the nation reach out to Grand Central Station? In what kind of warehouse did the Green Hornet garage Black Beauty? Lorenzo Jones was considered quite an oddball in his home town, but not by whom? What was Margo Lane's professed relationship to Lamont Granston?

6. If you didn't answer Dr. I.Q. correctly, what was the consolation prize?

7. How did the Lone Ranger become the Lone Ranger?

8. What was the name of the Kingfish's wife on *Amos 'n' Andy*? How about the name of Amos' daughter?

9. Who played Mr. District Attorney on radio? On television? What did he solemnly swear to do, in addition to prosecuting all crimes perpetrated within his community? Who sponsored the original radio show? What was it good for?

10. Who portrayed the following baseball immortals on the screen: Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Dizzy Dean, Grover Cleveland Alexander?

11. What was the name of the fat kid in the Double Bubble Gum ads?

12. Who said, "Plunk your magic twanger, Froggy"?

13. What was the name of the horse belonging to Tom Mix? Ken Maynard? Zorro?

14. Which characters said each of the following: "Dwat dat wabbit!"; "Aren't we devils?"; "Howdy Bub"?

15. What is the normal color of the primary isotope of kryptonite?

16. Who played Charlie Chan's Number One and Number Two sons?

17. Who played the original: Jack Armstrong? Steve Wilson? Wilson's girlfriend Lorelei Kilbourn?

18. Name Ella Cinders' and Moon

Mullins' kid brothers. How about Nancy's and Fritzi Ritz' boyfriends?

19. What were the roles Bogey played in *The Petrified Forest*, *High Sierra*, *The African Queen*? Who were his female co-stars?

20. And finally, PLAYBOY asks the musical question. What songs began with the following verses: "Choo-choo to Broadway, Foo Cincinnati, don't get icky with the one, two, three . . ."; "Have you ever been embarrassed when you're in a smart café, and when they play a Latin tempo, is your dancing quite passé?"; "Wildcat Kelly, looking mighty pale, was standing by the sheriff's side . . ."?

All right, class, turn in your blue books—and tabulate your scores.

ANSWERS: (1) Gil Whitney; Gil Grosvener: Mary Noble, Backstage Wife; Walter Manning. (2) Reece. (3) The bespectacled, pompadoured, zoot-suited, incredibly far-out jazz musician played by Sid Caesar on Your Show of Shows. (4) Bill Goodwin, Harlow Wilcox, John Conte. (5) "the crossroads of a million private lives, on which are played a thousand dramas daily"; "as a bullet seeks its target"; "seemingly abandoned"; "his wife, Belle, who loves him"; "friend and companion." (6) "A box of Snickers and two tickets to next week's performance." (7) The rest of his company of Rangers were ambushed and wiped out by Butch Cavendish and the villainous Hole-inthe-Wall Gang. (8) Sapphire; Arbadella Jones. (9) Jay Jostyn; David Brian; "to defend with equal vigor the rights and privileges of all its citizens"; Sal Hepatica; "the smile of health." (10) William Bendix, Gary Cooper, Dan Dailey, Ronald Reagan. (11) Pud. (12) Smilin' Ed McConnell. (13) Tony, Tarzan, Diablo. (14) Elmer Fudd, Ralph Edwards, Titus Moody. (15) Green. (16) Keye Luke and Victor Sen Young. (17) Jim Ameche, Edward G. Robinson, Claire Trevor. (18) Blackie and Kayo; Sluggo and Phil. (19) Duke Mantee, "Mad Dog" Earl, Charlie Allnut; Bette Davis, Ida Lupino, Katharine Hepburn. (20) Hold Tight; Six





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

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Lessons from Madame Lazonga; Don't Fence Me In.

All those who passed—with 15 or more correct answers—will be invited to attend a class reunion at Frank Daley's Meadowbrook on Pompton Turnpike near Cedar Grove, New Jersey, for an Enchanted Evening with Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights. (All those who failed will be required to attend a class reunion at Frank Daley's Meadowbrook on Pompton Turnpike near Cedar Grove, New Jersey, for an Enchanted Evening with Horace Heidt and his Musical Knights.)

A British friend reports that during a recent faculty search of the women's dorms at Exeter University, several shame-faced males were discovered—and ejected. Only those rooms with lights on were checked, of course, since dormitory director Louisa Boa remained steadfast in believing that "darkened rooms meant the residents were asleep or out."

An appeal sent by Japanese highway officials to *Motorland*, the California State Automobile Association's official house organ, requested that American drivers driving in Japan do the following when encountering pedestrians: "When a passenger on the hoof hove in sight, tootle the horn, trumpet to him melodiously at first. If he still obstackle your passage, tootle him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning, 'Hi! Hi!'"

To Whom It May Concern: A want ad in the *Buffalo Evening News* requested, "Man, experienced for fairy farm. Call evenings only between 8 and 9. NF2-7580."

Suspicions Confirmed Department: A sign on a West Milford, New Jersey, garage reads: MECHANIC WANTED. MUST LOOK HONEST.

A bachelor acquaintance of ours was a bit unsettled by the mail-order donation appeal he received not long ago from a home for unwed mothers. The opening sentence read: "You always come first whenever we count our blessings, because You Make Our Work Possible!"

Our vote for the Least Surprising Headline of the Year goes to this one from the Army's Fort Belvoir, Virginia, Bulletin: There is a current shortage of enlisted personnel in the explosive ordnance disposal field.

A placard posted at a service station near Universal Studios in Hollywood: WHERE THE STARS GET GASSED.

Travel Tip: On the island of Corsica, according to *The Boston Herald*, "many of the smaller, immaculately clean hotels

at the picturesque beach towns charge very little a lay at the height of the summer season . . ."

Our Jack Armstrong Award goes to the all-American boy who placed a classified ad in the Harvard *Crimson* that read: "Rich Harvard senior wishing to avoid draft seeks pretty Radcliffe girl in trouble. Inquire *Crimson*, Box 1094. Divorce guaranteed in two years."

Attention, Mayor Lindsay: A sign spotted recently on a rest-room door in the IND's 53rd Street subway station read, MEN'S ROOM CLOSED FOR ALTERATIONS. USE FIFTH AVENUE.

You may have noticed that rock-'n'roll and folk-rock groups now clamoring for the national spotlight have begun to eschew such prosaic monikers as the Beatles and the Rolling Stones in favor of such word-playful combination names as Paul Revere and the Raiders, Ivan and the Terribles, Mogen David and the Grapes of Wrath; and the prospects look bullish for a brand-new group that calls itself-so help us-Dow Jones and the Industrials. It won't be long, we predict. before Billboard's weekly rundown of the top 40 includes pop hits by such combos as: Androcles and the Lions, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, Robert Hall and the Pipe Racks, Moses and the Ten Commandments (formerly Buddha and the Ten Perfections), Larry Durrell and the Alexandria Quartet, Billy Do and the Mash Notes, Les and the Miserables, Thorstein Veblen and the Leisure Classes, Tam O'Shanter and the Plus Fours, Jim Crow and the Night Riders, Luke Warm and the Tepids, Bel Paese and the Rat Pack, Thom McAn and the Loafers, Tom Swift and his Electric Runabouts, Nick Lenin and the Proletarians, Jack Daniels and the Four Roses, Robert Burns and the Wily Wee Beasties, Sherwin Williams and the Kem-Tones, Don Quixote and the Windmills, Judas and the Shekels, Karl Marx and the Card Carriers (formerly Karl Marx and the Fellow Travelers, a folk-singing group) and, last but not least, those far-out followers of the big beat, Krafft-Ebing and the Fetishists.

## THEATER

In the nightmarish prolog to John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*, middle-aged lawyer Bill Maitland is on trial, in the courtroom of his unconscious, for publishing an obscene object—himself. In the subsequent two acts, which begin realistically, in jarring juxtaposition to the prolog, Osborne submits as evidence Maitland's life in microcosm, or at least that moment when Maitland's life is exploding all around him. By Osborne's intent, Maitland proves to be his own

# FUN PEOPLE GO KAWASAKI



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# Great on the rocks



... with a lemon peel. It's also great in a tumbler. A mug. Straight from the can. Or sipped through a straw. However, we recommend you drink it like a beer, so long as you don't mistake it for one.

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© SPECIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE, MD. OTHER BREWERIES: DETROIT, MICH.-MIAMI, FLA. worst witness. He is a heel, a cheat and a fraud, in love and in law. He lives off others and reciprocates with pain. He seduces every girl who works for him and ditches them all cold-bloodedly. He insists that he is honest in his marriage because his wife knows about his mistresses, but he is faithful to no mistress. He cannot feel: he can only act-and always against his own interest. He alienates his family, his associates, his clients, then accuses them of deserting him. "If you let me go," he warns his wife, "I'll disappear." While pleading, with a gnawing insistence, for trust, he continues betraying, all the while realizing he is betraying. Self-knowledge is his one asset, but it is not his salvation. He is bitingly abusive of himself, as well as of others, heaping hate on his daughter for being young and indomitable. Maitland is getting old and is ordinary. He is not modern man, but mediocre man, representative of those who make up for lack of character with an excess of self-indulgence. Osborne has turned him inside out so that the spleen shows. Fortunately, for Osborne, and for the audience's attention span, Maitland is played brilliantly by Nicol Williamson (On the Scene, PLAYBOY, March 1966), a rare, exact matching of actor and role. Williamson-tall, sad, incredibly tiredlooking-makes Maitland properly oppressive, but never boring. The part is almost a monolog, and it is a measure of Williamson's enormous capacity that he never lets up, challenging the audience as Maitland challenges his wife, "You can't disown me!" At the Shubert, 225 West 44th Street.

Antonin Artaud, the late, mad French director, actor and theoretician, believed in an active, violent theater, a theater of cruelty, which would forcibly jar the spectator into a greater state of awareness and participation; and he pursued his principles even, on occasion, to wiring selected seats for electric shock. Artaud's disciples, Peter Brook and Peter Weiss, director and author, respectively, of The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade, don't wire the seats, but they attack just about every other part of the body—the eye, the ear, the mind and the central nervous system. In case the title leaves anybody in doubt, the subject is the blood-lusting polemicist of the French Revolution, Jean-Paul Marat, and the Revolution itself; the setting is a madhouse; and the impresario is the Marquis de Sade. Sade actually was an inmate at Charenton, and did stage plays there, although as far as is known, never one about the martyred Marat. But it is Weiss' conception that Sade, representing excessive individualism, might have been fascinated by his opposite, and contemporary, Marat, who



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would sacrifice all individualism (and all individuals) to changing the social order. And so for the delectation of the keeper of the asylum (and for his own stimulation as well-he gets to be whipped), Sade writes the play, and casts it with inmates. Marat is played by a paranoid; his assassin, Charlotte Corday, by a near catatonic; and the other revolutionaries by spastics, erotomaniacs, schizophrenics and a stageful of mixed nuts. Sade gives himself the best lines, or so he thinks, but the play keeps getting away from him. Actors blow lines. On purpose? Does it matter? Patients lose control-violently. Are they patients, or actors, or revolutionaries? Musicians/inmates dangle their feet from the theater boxes and growl accompaniment to a clown chorus that hurls bitter Brechtian songs at the audience. But the play does not live by Brecht alone. Heads roll, Blood pours. Rasps, moans, chants, screams. Marat bares his backside. Where are we? In an asylum? A theater? The Bastille? An abattoir? Actually, all of them. Marat/ Sade is a play within a play, a madhouse within a madhouse, and the actors/ inmates are astounding, in and out of character. Patrick Magee is an oily, elegant, calm and creepy Sade. Glenda Jackson sleepwalks into her role as Corday, straight-arms the dialog, then suddenly is caught up in the ritual of the murder. Marat is afflicted with a strange, itching disease that demands his entubment in water, and Ian Richardson's enactment is a terrifying study in suppressed hysteria. On only one level does the author let the actors and the audience down. The play is meant to be not just theatrical, but also profound. Unfortunately, Weiss' antagonists are too rigid-Sade in his craze for passion, Marat in his craze for social upheaval-and Weiss himself too much the didactician and too little the poet for the argument to be more than provocative. But message aside, Marat/Sade is dazzling theaterliterally, a sensational play. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th Street.

#### BOOKS

Three years ago, a young writer named Thomas Pynchon gained something of a reputation with the publication of a novel called, succinctly enough, V. It was two books in one. The first, having to do with one Benny Profane, self-styled "schlemiel and human yo-yo," impaled much of contemporary pseudohip society on a skewer and roasted it to a turn. Several scenes-particularly one involving a girl's orgastic devotion to her car, and another describing the surgical aspects of a nose job-rank among the most delicious examples of Black Humor extant. But the rest of the novel was something else. Interlaced amid the peregrinations of what Pynchon

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# Before every encounter

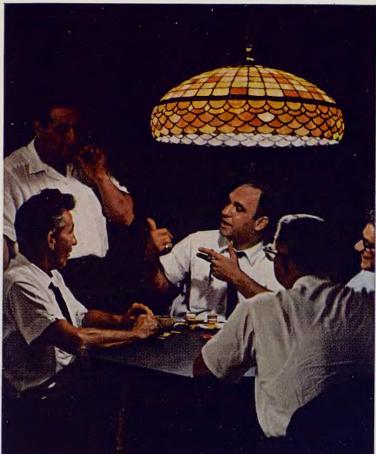
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called "the Whole Sick Crew" were the ambiguous, quixotic adventures of one Herbert Stencil in his quest for that certain "V"-an object or person never quite defined or identified, though lying somewhere east of Kafka by way of Lewis Carroll and William Gaddis. But even the most deliberately symbolic work must, now and then, touch down on some sort of recognizable runway, and Pynchon's never did. Unfortunately, in his new novel-The Crying of Lot 49 (Lippincott)-Pynchon has again gotten hung up on a mysterious quest very much like Stencil's. This time it concerns a secret underground postal service, with roots in 17th Century Europe and with an inordinately complex but uninterrupted history, which Pynchon unravels with unmitigated prolixity. Is the secret courier service real? Or is it all some vast practical joke designed to drive Pynchon's heroine to paranoia? Again it is a matter of some effort to care. If Pynchon has a point, it seems farfetched-perhaps that Federal postal monopoly symbolizes the leveling to uniformity of modern life, but that some few disinherited free spirits might still "communicate" in a muddy limbo. Here and there Pynchon redeems all this with flashes of the sardonic wit that characterized V.-as when he tells of charcoal filters manufactured from the finest of human bones-but in sum, the book is all surface, the product of a keen but cluttered intelligence, and painfully devoid of life. Nor does it resurrect the cadaver when Pynchon dips to the level of the college humor magazine by labeling his characters with names such as Oedipa Maas, Genghis Cohen, Stanley Koteks, Mike Fallopian, or-Freud forgive him -Manny DiPresso.

In Sportin' House: New Orleans and the Jazz Story (Sherbourne), writer-painter Stephen Longstreet has compiled an erotic history of the Crescent City. There are occasional references to jazz, but they are decidedly peripheral to his primary pursuit-a nocturnal voyage through the first two centuries of that pleasureconsuming city which began as a swamp town in 1718 on the site of a moldering Indian village. From contemporary Government documents, travelers' accounts and newspapers, Longstreet chronicles the raunchy growth of the town under the French, the Spanish, the French again and, finally, the Americans. Particularly flavorsome sources of information are long excerpts from the hitherto unpublished memoirs of Nell Kimball, who prospered as a New Orleans madam from 1880 to 1917. "All women are sitting on a fortune if they'd only realize says Longstreet, and he describes tartly the way the bordellos looked, the scope and predilections of their customers and-through Nell Kimball-the care and training of their attractions. Also



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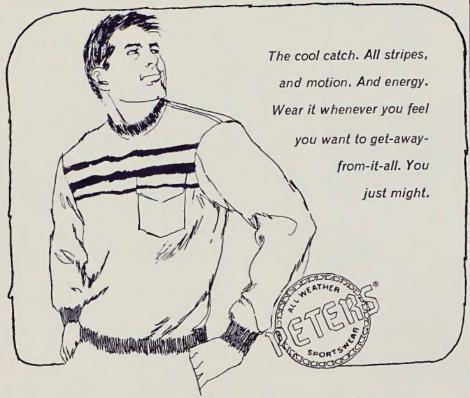
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noted are such hypocrisies as the fact while churchmen fulminated against the red-light oases, some of the land on which the more flourishing pleasure palaces stood was owned by churches. Of psychosociological interest is the fact that throughout the history of New Orleans, bed traffic invariably increased in direct ratio to such crises as war and pestilence. When war scares rose, reminisces Nell, "there were lines outside the sporting places . . . the girls did 20 to 50 tricks a night in the lowclass cribs . . ." Although the city remained segregated in law and in daylight until the very recent present, Longstreet notes that "when it came to orgying and making money there wasn't (and is not today) any color line in New Orleans. White madams and black witch doctors used each other's houses, contracted for business like any theater organization." The book includes over a hundred of the author's drawings and water colors, but they are not nearly so evocative as the text. When Storyville, a center of New Orleans sensuality, was closed by order of the Secretary of the Navy in 1917, many mourned. Those who vicariously visit some of the city's more inviting parlors in this book may share in the regrets.

George Bernard Shaw once remarked that he "often wondered why Milton wrote Paradise Lost. Perhaps he could not help it. In that case, there is nothing more to be said on the subject. Perhaps he thought that it would gratify his fellow creatures. If so, I think he was wrong." The same might be remarked of John Hersey's Too Far to Walk (Knopf), though in Hersey's case there may be another reason: He was recently made the master of Pierson College, Yale, and perhaps he wrote the book as an exercise in comprehending the undergraduate mind, of which he has no very high opinion. If the boys at Pierson ever take the time to read their master's novel, they may return the compliment. The latest Hersey bar is hard to swallow. It's about this sophomore at Sheldon College whose name is Fist, who has a girl named Margaret, and who signs a pact with the Devil. Fist, discontented with the search for knowledge, cuts Human Society 23. (The classroom is "too far to walk.") There is an agent of hell in the form of another sophomore, who announces that he is "the Spirit of Playing It Cool." And there is even a Walpurgisnacht, which Fist attends while under the influence of LSD. Happily, the young fellow arranges for his own salvation, deciding that "there can't be any shortcut to those breakthroughs I yearn for. You can't imbibe them, or smoke them, or take them intravenously . . . I guess you just have to work like hell for them, grub for them with the other

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grubs, and maybe you won't have them even then. But they aren't worth having any other way"—on which edifying note he returns to Human Society 23. Just like Goethe's Faust—except for a total lack of philosophic depth, artful structure, graceful style and engaging characters.

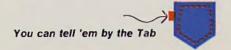
John Scarne is a master magician. John Scarne is one of the great card manipulators of all time. John Scarne is also the crown prince of chutzpah. In his autobiography, The Odds Against Me (Simon & Schuster), Scarne defies all odds. He shouts his credo: "I have never shrunk from an honest appraisal of my own ability with a deck of cards." It is an understatement. Not once in his personal blitzkrieg does Scarne recount a failure. Never did he drop a card, or an egg, or a chick, in the wrong place at the wrong time, whether performing before Al Capone or Arnold Rothstein, or such other heads of state as F. D. R. and Fidel Castro. Everything he did, he did flawlessly. But his book is flawed by more than conceit. Much of it reads like a Mel Brooks script for Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86: "I was startled by a terrific blast, which I judged to be an explosion of some kind." Too bad, because Scarne does have a story to tell. All his life, in the vibrant Twenties, the down Thirties, the dashing Forties, the frantic Fifties, the hustling Sixties, he has managed to consort with arcane types-Capone, the Las Vegas gambling bosses, the hard-eyed boys who moved to Cuba and Panama. And, amid the trivia, there are amusing anecdotes: Once, while at a dinner with James J. Braddock, Scarne planted \$20 gold pieces in boiled eggs; on seeing them, the proprietor promptly closed shop and spent the rest of the morning boiling his entire egg supply, trying to mint fresh \$20 gold pieces. But even the Braddock episode is marred by Scarne's insistence on taking a share of the credit for making Jimmy heavyweight champion of the world.

How does a book become a "classic"? An illustration of one process-what Clifton Fadiman called a cult artist in The Great Books of 2066 (PLAYBOY, January 1966)-may be found in the recent republication of Under the Volcono (Lippincott) by the late Malcolm Lowry. When the novel first appeared, some 19 vears ago, reviews were mixed, but readers such as Conrad Aiken, Robert Penn Warren and Mark Schorer found it remarkable. Set in Mexico in the late 1930s, it is the story of the last day in the life of an alcoholic former British consul-now brooding on the bottom of the bottle, and doomed to a plunge into an authentically tragic and very literal "abyss" by the book's end. Described this way, Under the Volcano may recall a more popular novel, Charles Jackson's The Lost Weekend-though to compare them



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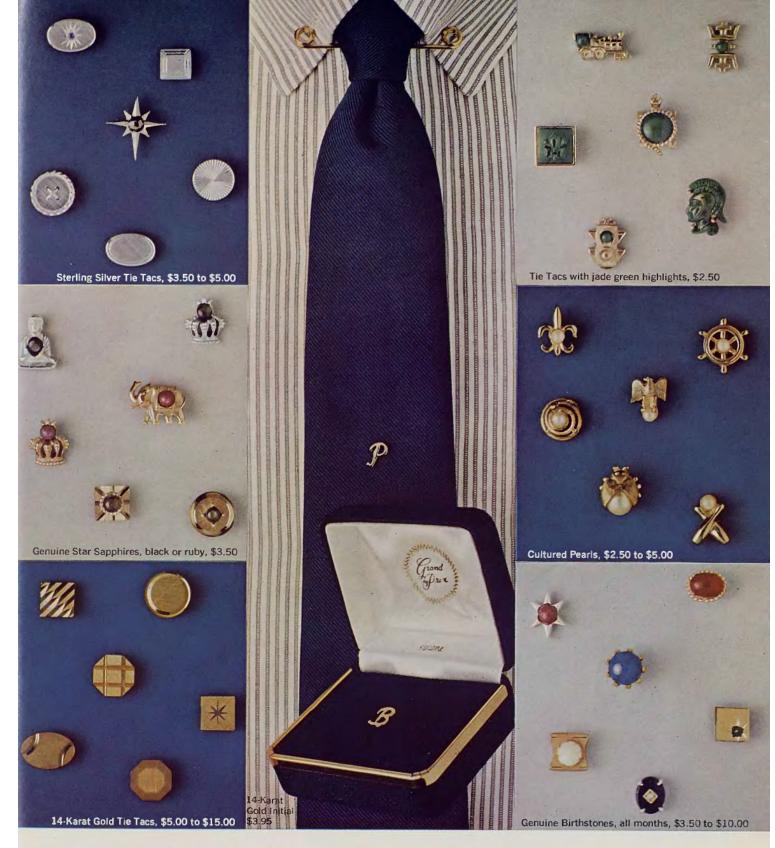


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would be like comparing Moby Dick with Winnie the Pooh because both are mammals. The consul's self-questioning comes finally to the ultimate questions that beset modern man, the whys of his suffering, his uncertainty, the very meaning of his existence. The book was never easy reading: Though it builds to an unforgettably shattering climax, and though the consul casts a shadow as do few other fictional characters, Lowry's prose is highly subjective, involuted, laced with literary allusions and subtle symbolism. Thus, for all its early praise, the original edition soon went out of print. Nonetheless, an underground reputation continued to grow, nurtured by the legend of Lowry the man. Living for most of his life in self-imposed isolation-in Mexico and in the woods of the Canadian Northwest-he was a truly monumental drinker, like his friend Dylan Thomas. When he suffered what a coroner's report euphemistically called "death by misadventure" in Sussex in 1957, he left behind stacks of unfinished manuscripts and a scattering of published minor works-but the one masterpiece salvaged from a disordered, precarious life seems to have been enough. At its reappearance in England recently, it was called "one of the great novels of this century," and Lowry himself was labeled "the prose laureate of the era." The new edition contains a valuable introduction by Stephen Spender. Lippincott has also published The Selected Letters of Malcolm Lowry, which reveal an author whose struggles with his creative demons rival the consul's with his bottle, but they reveal also a man who was brilliant, irrepressible, dedicated, defiantly alive. Both he and the work seem destined to remain so for a long time to come.

The conventional pitch on James T. Farrell is as follows: Admit all his faults, nod toward Studs Lonigan and marvel at his staying power-19 novels, 12 books of short stories, 6 volumes of essays and criticism, and a book of poetry. Quantitative change becomes qualitative change. Individual failure becomes collective success. Meanwhile, nobody reads him except his devotees. Why? Because in answer to the question, So what's new? Farrell's reply is, Nothing. And his reply is Nothing because there is a strange honesty about his imagination (an honesty that is aesthetic as well as moral) that will not allow him to "create," to make up, to innovate. In his latest novel, Lonely for the Future (Doubleday), which ought to be read by those who haven't read him in years, he is again concerned with young Eddie Ryan, the Irish boy in Chicago who is determined to be a writer and who quits college in order to soak up the bohemian environment. The time is the mid-Twenties, and Farrell, more starkly and abruptly than in previous novels, builds the scene of bathtub



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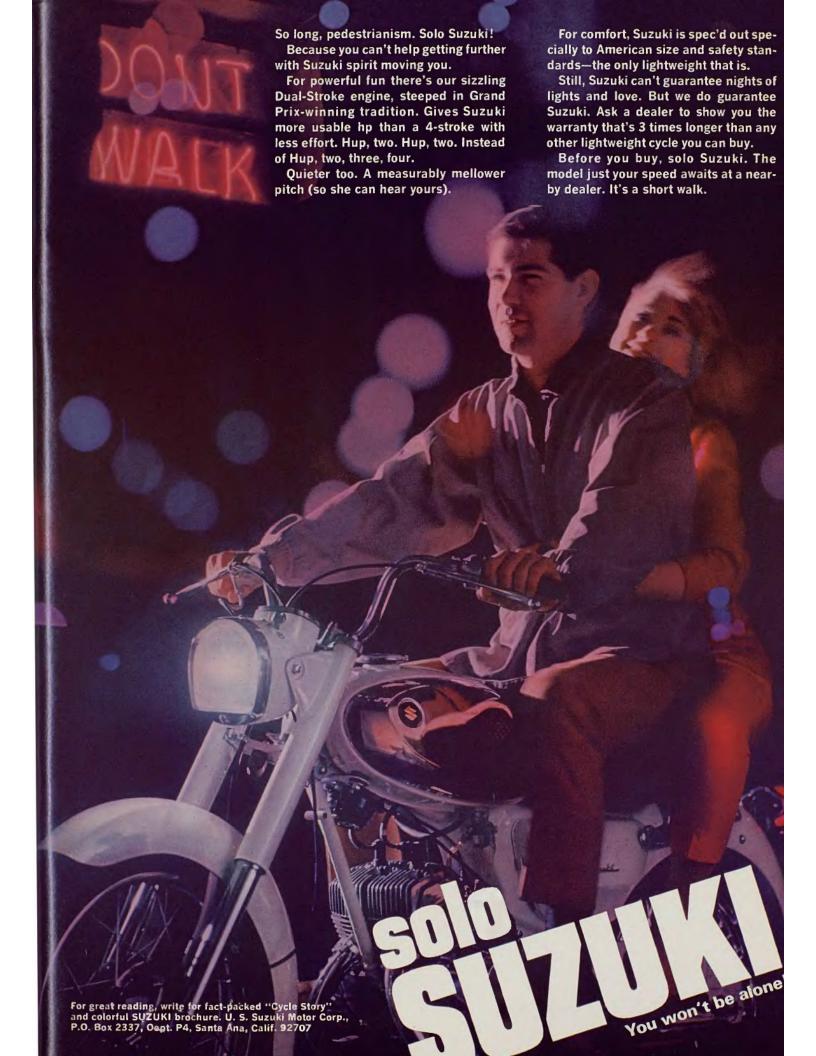
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gin, sex and earnest philosophizing with his usual devotion to fact. As Eddie Ryan doggedly insists, ". . . to us, the world is as we see it and think it to be; but the world is still a real thing. We can have illusions or false notions about it, but we are still in a world which is what it is." Eddie Ryan is, of course, disillusioned by the bohemians. They are not truly serious. At the end of the book, he is off to New York, there to continue in his vocation of writer. He must read more, write more, become what he is called to be. There is one novel still to come in this tetralogy, but there will be no surprises. Farrell is not that sort of novelist. For him, surprises are gimmicks, the stock in trade of phony stylists. One passage stands out in this book; it is about a young man and his mother: "Sadness and silence still filled their home. There was misunderstanding on the part of both of them, but there was a closeness that was a habit of closeness-they had had only each other for so many years." Sadness and silence are at the center of Farrell's integrity, an integrity rare enough to deserve attentive criticism rather than off-the-cuff deference.

Novels condemning thrill seekers are written, of course, for those seeking thrills. The author's disapproval of the vices he depicts, in page after page of neon depravity, acts as a kind of moral laxative, allowing the reader to eat his cake and pass it, too. But when a novelist actually believes that wallowing in tabloid clichés represents "life as it is," with all "its ugliness and corruption and evil," as the late Willard Motley apparently did in Let Noon Be Fair (Putnam), what is shocking is not the ugliness and corruption but the depths of the author's self-delusion. Motley's previous novels, Knock on Any Door in particular, were marked by crude, relentless power. All that remains in his fourth and final book is the crudeness. Motley reveals that the Mexican seaside resort of Las Casas, once a peaceful fishing village where the simple peasants spoke only in poetry ("She has breasts like the fruit on the trees in my grandmother's garden when I was a boy"), has now become an enclave for depraved gringo sensualists who thrust their hands into the crotches of dark-haired, bronze-bodied Mexican lads and whisper throatily: "Take me, Pepito." To reveal mankind in all its infinite variety, Motley devotes one scene to each copulating position, throws in a little philosophy ("Does life not go on? Yes, it goes on."), and adds, every 30 or 40 pages, for resonance: "Somewhere a dog barked." Finally, in what may be the most ludicrous scene in all fiction, the village's Mongolian idiot, a drooling, babbling, 200-pound teenage girl, comes to The Writer's apartment, lies on the floor, lifts her dress and, beginning to masturbate, arouses his pity.





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Wondering "if this said something about the artist and art," he grimly satisfied her. It does say something: Out of such unions come novels like this.

Leaving his How to Succeed in blank Without Really Trying books for a while, Shepherd Mead has produced a fine title: The Carefully Considered Rape of the World (Simon & Schuster). Unfortunately, in speaking about the unspeakable. Mead has written the unreadable. Consider the plot, elements of which were science-fiction clichés 20 years ago: extraterrestrials, working through terrestrial servants, manage to impregnate a great many earthwomen, their aim being to improve the breed, thus eliminating Evolutionary Termination through nuclear destruction. Three farout families are involved in frustrating this plan. One of the men is a writer of "true" saucer stories, another illustrates these stories, and the third is a maverick scientist who discovers what the earthwomen are really pregnant with. Also in the cast are extraterrestrial Phycians (rapers), their earth servants, many earthwomen (rapees), and a scattering of planets, moons, suns, galaxies and mother ships. But all of them together can't make the theme less boring. As any husband knows, endless talk about pregnancy ranks for excitement right up there with conversation about the weather. Considered Rape fails for the same reason most fantasy and science fiction has declined: We are all too fearfully familiar with our new world of sciencefact. The sci-fi stories of the past have come true, and those that haven't no longer shock or intrigue us, because we accept a world in which anything may happen. The great exception to this is fantasy based on character delineation and motivation: People are still capable of surprising other people.

Nonconformist, individualistic, radical, eccentric hobohemians have one thing in common—they all seem to write the same autobiography. After reading again and again about their flamboyant adventures and low-life jobs and soapbox iconoclasm, one can only conclude that there's a wider range of experience in the suburbs. Therefore, let us give thanks that in An Autobiographical Novel (Doubleday) Kenneth Rexroth manages to do better than most. He writes that this account of his youth may be "an interesting story of minor historical importance"-and considering his range of acquaintance, his wealth of anecdote, the generosity of his understanding, the leisurely charm of his style, that's a sizable understatement. Although years as a jack-of-all-tirades social critic and poet entitle him to only a secondary position in the intellectual history of his generation, Rexroth seems suddenly to have found his true place, within the great tradition of American raconteurs. His childhood in the upper Midwest (cranking an ice-cream freezer while listening to tales of the Underground Railway, traveling with his drummer father and meeting everyone from Eugene Debs to James Whitcomb Riley); his adolescence in the Chicago renaissance of the early Twenties (a precocious boy bohemian among sectarian revolutionaries, avantgarde painters, beautiful girls Looking for Life, criminals and the lumpen entertainers of burlesque); summers and winters with wise old-timers in the Rockies; days and nights of grandiose political argument in Greenwich Village-all this constitutes a genuine contribution to Americana. Rexroth's achievement is that he has grown up without growing old, that in mellowing he has lost none of his intransigent vitality, that he has attained "that sense of exaltation" which he tries to make a "habit of living." And his radicalism remains as well, traditionally American, ethical and humanitarian rather than doctrinaire in its impulses, a continuing radicalism that is finally, and not at all paradoxically, truly conservative of the best qualities in American life.

Requiring a cover for their ultrasecret operations, eight Londoners form an organization ostensibly dedicated to studying obscure details of ancient Egyptian life. Most of the bylaws of their Metropolitan Egyptological Society, however, are given over to strict injunctions against ever becoming involved with anything Egyptian, ancient or modern. When a Scotland Yard superintendent pierces this camouflage and hauls the agents in for questioning, he gets a stiff upper lip-they'll die before they'll talk. The Yard man promptly joins up himself and the secret operations flourish and expand. But what operations? The answer will be found in The Egyptologists (Random House), by Kingsley Amis and Robert Conquest, a neat spoof 'n' twist on the spy-novel vogue. The authors dwell on a human motivation far more universal than the mere pilfering of world-destroying secrets. Naturally, a covey of luscious female operatives becomes involved in the under-the-cover network. The intrepid agents' wives take narrow views of their husbands' activities, some because they don't know what's going on, others because they do know. In the end-well, the end is for the reader, who may never again believe that espionage agents really do the things they're supposed to be doing while they're denying doing them. With rollicking humor as their secret weapon, Amis and Conquest may have blown the CIA's cover.

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## Hlayboy Club News



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thing but?) to his newest book of old stories. Twice 22 (Doubleday) is a coupling of those vintage volumes The Golden Apples of the Sun and A Medicine for Melancholy—44 tales, all told. And, need we add, all told very well, indeed.

### **DINING-DRINKING**

At midnight, according to Donald Ward, one of the owners of Eloine's, at Second Avenue and 88th Street, leprechauns transform the place from a restaurant with a bar into a shimmering, star-studded tavern, wherein shine the lights of the literary, theatrical and social worlds. Ward being something of a leprechaun himself, with a colorful past and a good Irish tongue, we have no reason to doubt his word. Partner Elaine Kaufman's frequent excursions to England help maintain the pipeline of British celebrities who flow in and out with John Bullish regularity. All of this takes place in what had originally been an unpretentious New York neighborhood tavern, catering solely to a local clientele of simple tastes. Little has been done to glamorize the original surroundings, and on first sight the bistro's appearance belies its growing and well-deserved reputation. But the kitchen-specializing in Italian cuisine-is not a neighborhood kitchen, either in menu or in style. Antipasto, assembled with unusual imagination, is \$1.75. Baked Clams (\$1.50) are above par for the course. Fettuccine Alfredo (\$2), a standard for judging Italian cooking because it's easy to make but hard to make well, is excellent. They do nicely with meat and fish, too. Veal Scaloppine Piccata (\$2.50) is flavorful but not overwhelmingly so. A typical Friday-night special, Swordfish (\$3) is done with a mushroom sauce. There is also a nice wine cellar, although there's no fuss made about it. The whole place is that informal, unto the jukebox that supplies both rock 'n' roll and Arabic music (because Ward likes it, that's why). The bar is open from 5 in the afternoon to 4 in the morning. The kitchen serves from 7 to 12 in the evening. They are closed Mondays.

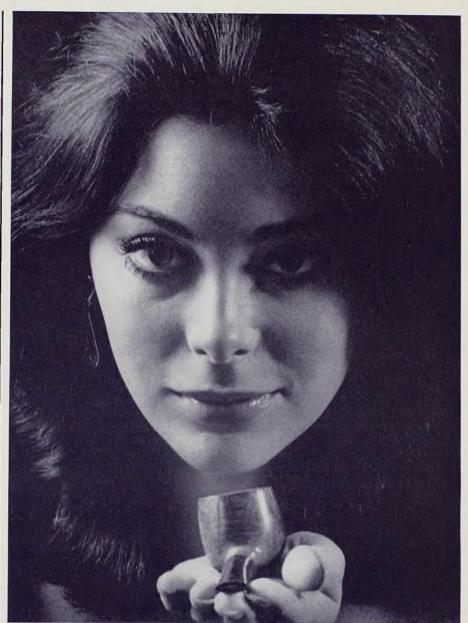
### ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The Mod Show, now swirling at hilarious and breakneck pace across the stage of the New Theatre on East 54th Street, is a revue based on material plucked from the not-so-secret files of more than 100 issues of Mad magazine. Its cast of five very talented people appears to have been assembled directly from the pages of the magazine, complete with interchangeable parts and fright wigs. The book is by Larry Siegel (a Playboy stalwart) and Stan Hart, but the production

was "conceived and directed" by Mad's ever-popular and omnipresent, gaptoothed and elephant-eared Alfred E. Neuman, who, like Hitchcock, appears occasionally in the background. The format resembles the magazine more than it does a revue, but what's in a name? Although there are black-out skits, a great many things happen at once, in between and all around-so that it's almost a satire on satires. Victims are parents, children, men, women and other people. A teenage singer bemoans the difficulties of protesting against this lousy world, baby, when you make \$4000 a week. A telecast of a pro-football game gives complete coverage in broadcasting expertise of everything but the game. A quartet of smiling youngsters explains how to stamp out hate-violently. The single set seems to go off in all directions at the same time, with Mr. Neuman appearing, variously, at the window, as the Mona Lisa, as a cardboard cutout larger than life. There are two cartoon-caption balloons above the stage, on which vital messages are projected from time to time. These include "Good night, Chet," "Support Air Pollution," "Good night, David" and "In case of atomic attack, the Hadassah meeting will be canceled." All of this happens so furiously that it's over before you've had a chance to figure out which of the members of the cast is Marcia Rodd, Jo Anne Worley, MacIntyre Dixon, Dick Libertini or Paul Sand. Pleasantly nonmemorable music, played by one piano and a busy percussionist, is by Mary Rodgers (daughter of Richard, not Buck); the zany lyrics have been masterminded by Siegel, Marshall Barer and Steven Vinaver. They are all, we are pleased to note, quite mad. Nightly at 9 (7:30 and 10:30 on Friday and Saturday); 3 P.M. matinee Saturday and Sunday; no show Monday.

### MOVIES

Poor Marlon Brando. An actor in search of a character, he has now signed on as sheriff of that small town that is supposed to be typical of America. In The Chase it is located in Texas, but its inhabitants are, as usual, out of King's Row via Peyton Place. You'll greet them all with low moans of recognition. There's the Rich Banker who owns everything (and everyone) in sight. His son, of course, is weak and has the customary frigid wife and sexy mistress. The town's middle-class ladies attempt to relieve their boredom with booze and lovers while their husbands try to get up a lynching like they used to have in the good old days. There are restless teenagers and gossipy senior citizens who function as a kind of Greek chorus commenting on these didos. What's got everybody particularly on edge is the imminent return of Bubber (Robert Redford), an



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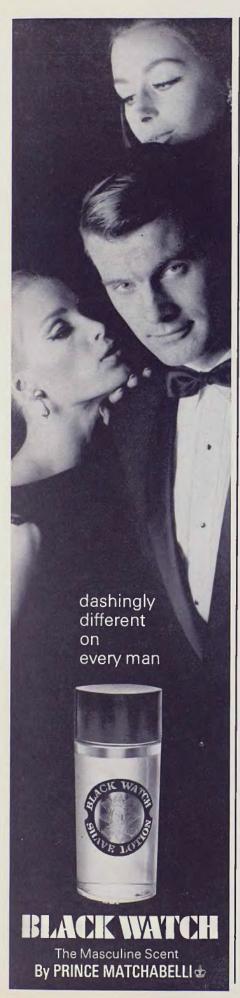
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escaped con who may be wild but is at least not hypocritical about his behavior. Just why he upsets them so much is never made clear by Lillian Hellman's script, which is windy enough about less significant matters. But they finally kill him, despite Brando's strenuously masochistic efforts to protect him. Redford is the luckiest actor in the movie. He spends most of his time skulking around the boondocks outside town and is never subjected to the banalities the rest of the large cast must suffer. Among them, Janice Rule is especially noticeable for the sang-froid with which she tries to fall out of her dress at every opportunity. Martha Hyer also has a great moment when, to indicate frustration, she gnaws madly at a string of pearls. Their behavior gives some idea of the quality of Arthur Penn's direction. The Chase, in short, must be seen to be disbelieved.

The Silencers casts Dean Martin as Matt Helm in a spy spoof that is more double Ovid than 007. Compared with Dino's operative, Sean Connery's James Bond seems as lustful as a Trappist monk. Such beautiful booby traps as Stella Stevens, Daliah Lavi, Cyd Charisse, Nancy Kovack and Beverly Adams make the Bond bedmates seem on the scrawny side, and Matt Helm boasts among his creature comforts a revolving circular bed (strikingly similar to our Editor-Publisher's own) that propels itself to the edge of a pool and tilts just enough so that its drowsy occupant can slide ever so gently into a sea of soap bubbles, where a sudsy secretary is stationed in the surf for morning dictation. Despite his languid libidinousness, Martin manages to obliterate a ring of exotic villains led by Victor Buono's Tung-Tze, sort of a backward Mao. Oscar Saul's script indulges in fairly elementary gunand pun-play, but the basics of booze and broads get more laughs than one might expect in these supposedly sophisticated times. Martin's expertness with throwaway lines is familiar enough by now, but the big revelation and added dividend is former Playmate (January 1960) Stella Stevens' flair for zany comedy, particularly with a kookie piece of ordnance that fires backward. Veteran action-film director Phil Karlson keeps the movie flowing smoothly and cutting sharply even when the acting is all rolling-eye and tongue in cheek.

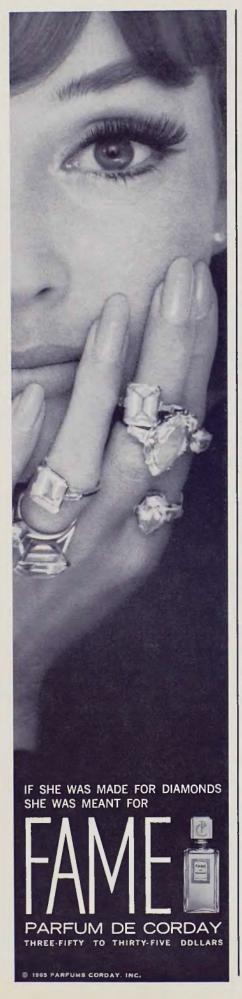
Understandably, Judith is bitter. Her husband was a Nazi general; she is Jewish. He sent her and their son to concentration camps where, she believes, the boy died. Now it is 1948, the British protectorate in Palestine is about to end, the new state of Israel proclaimed; and Arab armies are, as they say, poised on the borders to deal a death blow to the brave new country. Guess who is commanding the Syrian tanks? And guess



who the Haganah have smuggled in to help identify and trap the general? Right. And right again. But Judith is anything but grateful to the Israelis. She lives only for revenge, which means shooting the Herr General the minute she sets eyes on him. If the Haganah wants to keep him alive to interrogate him about troop movements and such. that's their problem. She thinks they're a bunch of hopeless squares, hates life down on Sunnybrook Kibbutz where they have stashed her-and her selfishness very nearly costs Israel its independence, or so we are led to believe. Fortunately, just before the final fade-out, she discovers that revenge is a poor basis on which to build a life, that she needs both a new mate and a new state if she is going to be able to live again. She even learns, as the bombs burst in air, that her son is still alive somewhere. Sophia Loren plays rather sheepishly at the title role; Peter Finch intermittently, and disastrously, lays an Israeli accent over his normal English one as the kibbutz boss who teaches Judith to live and love again; Jack Hawkins wanders ambiguously around the edge of the story as a terribly decent British soldier. (The ultimate silliness of the John Michael Hayes-Lawrence Durrell scenario is attained in a scene in which Hawkins upholds the honor of the British Empire by declining an opportunity to sleep with Loren as payment for some secret documents. Even the late Sir C. Aubrey Smith would have guffawed at that victory of saintly decorum over sweet desire.) Judith is not even a satisfactory shoot-'em-up. The battle scenes are perfunctory, the sneak into Syria to abduct the general, flat and suspenseless, the feeling of ferment and fervor that must have been present at the historical moment, totally missing.

The Shop on Main Street is a dramatic rendering of Hannah Arendt's theory that evil in our time presents itself in the guise of banality, that we acquiesce in it not because we are damned or fallen, but only because we are all too human. The time is World War Two, the place a small town in unoccupied Czechoslovakia that is ruled by a gang of rather slovenly puppets. Tono, the local carpenter, is an essentially goodhearted fellow down on his luck and mercilessly nagged by a wife who aspires to the style of life affected by her sister, whose husband is the local fascist boss. He appoints Tono "Aryan Controller" of a moribund buttonshop owned by an ancient, mentally infirm Jewish lady. It isn't much, but it's a living, especially since Mrs. Lautmann has long been subsidized by the Jewish community, which agrees to cut Tono in as long as he will support their humane fiction. Naturally, he comes to care greatly for the old lady; naturally, he is in agony when, at last,





the transports arrive to take the Jews to the death camps. He knows he should hide her, but lacks the courage. He resolves his dilemma by doing nothingwhich dooms the old woman as surely as berrayal would have. A simple summary cannot do justice to the subtle play of Tono's wavering nerves and emotions, to the deft characterizations in which this Czechoslovakian film abounds (notably by Josef Kroner as Tono, in what may be one of the great pieces of film acting in our time), to the economy with which directors Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos delineate the social structure of the town, or to the firm, intelligent, unselfconscious artistry with which this very direct, gently forceful film is constructed. The exceptionally artful black-andwhite photography perfectly expresses the quiet pity with which its creators examine the fate of ordinary men in extraordinary times.

That Man in Istanbul is a superbly senseless decathlon in which Horst Buchholz is required to run madly around the title city in pursuit of a gang of international crooks who have heisted an American atomic scientist to help them create a big bomb with which to blackmail the world. If you detect in this the SPECTRE of another plot, you are right; if you think it makes one whit of difference, you are wrong. Director Antonio Isasi has a gift for manic action that compares favorably with that of the old Hollywood B keepers, and he never allows one's mind to dwell on the illogicalities of the plot or the banalities of the blessedly minimal dialog. He is much too busy speeding Mr. Buchholz through his paces, which include a marvelously deadly scramble atop a minaret, a chase through the ladies' section of a Turkish bath and a highly imaginative encounter between a bulldozer he somehow acquires and an assortment of automobiles driven by people for whom vehicular homicide is a way of life. There are plenty of well-staged intermediary fisticuffs and gymnastics linking these high spots. Sylva Koscina is on hand to play the CIA agent who gets Buchholz into this mess. She is very sensibly forced to disrobe early on, which is the level of acting she is best equipped to handle; and she is never asked to broaden her horizons. Indeed, the modestly immodest uses to which Sylva is put symbolize the good sense of the producers; they know and respect the limits and virtues of the antique form to which they are committed and do not try to make it pretentiously more or spoofily less than it is-a racily racing entertainment.

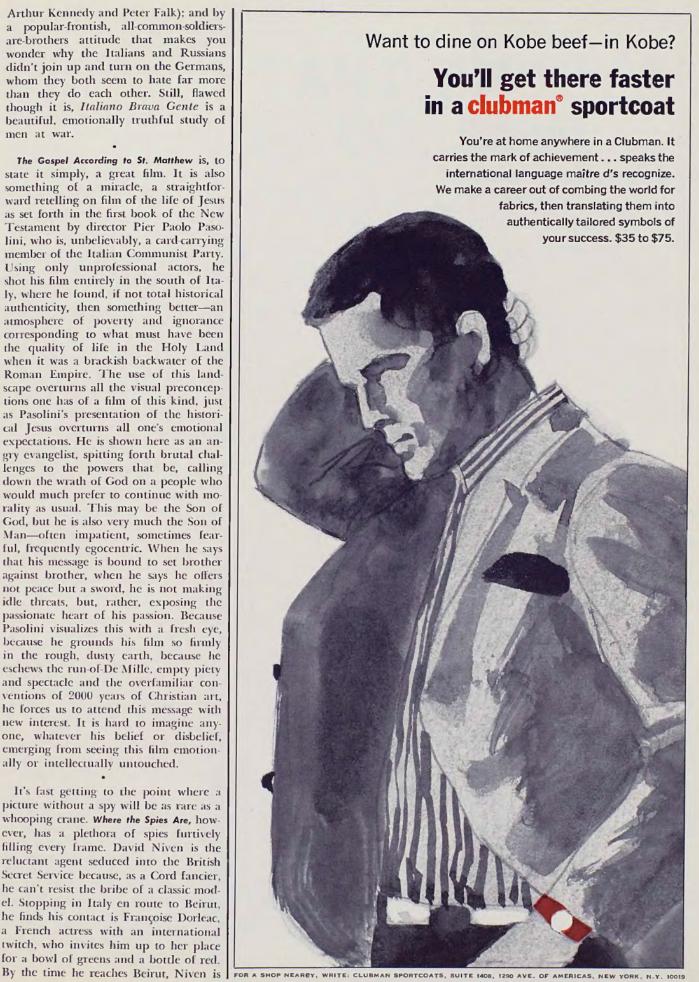
lord love a Duck is writer-producerdirector George Axelrod's satiric mixture of Lolita and Last Year at Marienbad, along with Stella Dallas, Arsenic and Old Lace and The Knack. It takes on such tempting targets as drive-in churches. computerized education, bikini movies, psychoanalysis and the general silliness of Southern California. Axelrod is well served by a cast of zanies, particularly Tuesday Weld as a grown-up nymphet with ambitions to become the most popular baton twirler at Consolidated High: Roddy McDowall as her resourceful fairy godfather (Grimm rather than gay); Lola Albright as her barroom-waitress mother: Ruth Gordon as her prospective mother-in-law teetering hilariously between snobbery and slobbery; and Martin West as an all-American momma's boy and marriage counselor. Despite bursts of wild slapstick and machine-gun satire, Axelrod's direction is calm enough for his dramatis personae to generate some feeling. Unfortunately. the Roddy McDowall character is too weird to serve as Axelrod's mouthpiece, and it is never quite clear what mood the author is trying to establish; the picture's corpse-strewn plot line perches precariously between tragedy and comedy. Perking up the latter is Playmate of the Year Jo Collins' portrayal of a bikinied, wide-eyed starlet.

Italiano Brava Gente is something of a curiosity, a co-production by former military enemies celebrating the heroism with which they once fought each other. The now-friendly enemies are Russia and Italy, the battle in common a littleknown Italian invasion of the Ukraine in World War Two. The film is episodic in construction, following a platoon of Italian soldiers from their first intrusion on Russian soil, when they act more like schoolboys off on a lark than would-be conquerors, to their ghastly final retreat, two winters later, when they are devoured by the Russian landscape and climate. Along the way are many moving incidents-a firing squad disobeying orders and refusing to kill a partisan girl. and her ironic death, immediately after, when she is caught in the cross fire of battle; the execution of a partisan hostage who has come to apolitical, human terms with his guards; the massacre of civilian prisoners when, defying orders, they continue to sing the Internationale. Most affecting of all is the long final sequence of the retreat, which comes to focus on a single soldier who, crazed by his experiences, tries to escape alone, then desperately attempts to rejoin his comrades, only to be cut down by a Cossack charge that whirls out of the blizzard with awesomely beautiful fury. All of this is photographed by director Giuseppi De Santis in a style influenced by the great Eisenstein and Dovzhenko epics of the Twenties and Thirties. The film is marred by an odd blend of acting styles, some effectively realistic, some unfortunately histrionic; by some occasionally hokey episodes (particularly those involving two American guest stars,

Arthur Kennedy and Peter Falk); and by a popular-frontish, all-common-soldiersare-brothers attitude that makes you wonder why the Italians and Russians didn't join up and turn on the Germans, whom they both seem to hate far more than they do each other. Still, flawed though it is, Italiano Brava Gente is a beautiful, emotionally truthful study of men at war.

The Gospel According to St. Matthew is, to state it simply, a great film. It is also something of a miracle, a straightforward retelling on film of the life of Jesus as set forth in the first book of the New Testament by director Pier Paolo Pasolini, who is, unbelievably, a card-carrying member of the Italian Communist Party. Using only unprofessional actors, he shot his film entirely in the south of Italy, where he found, if not total historical authenticity, then something better-an atmosphere of poverty and ignorance corresponding to what must have been the quality of life in the Holy Land when it was a brackish backwater of the Roman Empire. The use of this landscape overturns all the visual preconceptions one has of a film of this kind, just as Pasolini's presentation of the historical Jesus overturns all one's emotional expectations. He is shown here as an angry evangelist, spitting forth brutal challenges to the powers that be, calling down the wrath of God on a people who would much prefer to continue with morality as usual. This may be the Son of God, but he is also very much the Son of Man-often impatient, sometimes fearful, frequently egocentric. When he says that his message is bound to set brother against brother, when he says he offers not peace but a sword, he is not making idle threats, but, rather, exposing the passionate heart of his passion. Because Pasolini visualizes this with a fresh eye, because he grounds his film so firmly in the rough, dusty earth, because he eschews the run-of-De Mille, empty piety and spectacle and the overfamiliar conventions of 2000 years of Christian art, he forces us to attend this message with new interest. It is hard to imagine anyone, whatever his belief or disbelief, emerging from seeing this film emotionally or intellectually untouched.

It's fast getting to the point where a picture without a spy will be as rare as a whooping crane. Where the Spies Are, however, has a plethora of spies furtively filling every frame. David Niven is the reluctant agent seduced into the British Secret Service because, as a Cord fancier. he can't resist the bribe of a classic model. Stopping in Italy en route to Beirut, he finds his contact is Françoise Dorleac, a French actress with an international twitch, who invites him up to her place for a bowl of greens and a bottle of red.



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up to his clavicle in Slavic executioners. truth serum and, of course, Françoise. The tone is fanciful and is maintained long enough to keep the film erratically amusing until the plot approaches its climax in a Russian jet over Canada, where Val Guest, who produced and directed, scuttles his sense of humor in favor of a melodramatic flurry that takes itself too seriously. Niven is at his best when he can cock a skeptical eyebrow while remarking upon the Bondish exuberance of his spy kit. When things take a purely melodramatic turn, his character gets left behind. Miss Dorleac is at her best when walking away from the camera.

The Naked Hours fondles the anatomical landscape of statuesque Rossana Podesta (see Trio con Brio, PLAYBOY, March 1966) with the avidity Italian photographers delight in. From an original story by Alberto Moravia, who with Podesta's producer-director husband, Marco Vicario, wrote the screenplay, it explores minutely Rossana's ambivalent feelings toward her husband, played by Phillippe Leroy, and her lover-Keir Dullea, looking surprisingly Italianate. In the effort to accentuate this erotic but sensitive story. Moravia and Vicario have created some striking sequences, including a seduction scene in a grain bin to the accompaniment of recorded heartbeats and one of Rossana and Dullea gamboling in a bell tower to the clang of the clappers. Her relationship to her husband develops parallel in time and understanding with the progress of her affair with Dullea, and the ingenious intercutting adds clarity and at the same time enhances a sense of human interdependence. The mingling of architectural antiquity with the love play also interjects a sense of the continuity of the human condition. Interestingly, her extramarital adventure brings her closer to her husband and to a truer estimate of his feelings for her. Uninterestingly, the ending is patently pat, resolving matters by the nowoutmoded "sinners beware" formula so dear to the hearts of the censors.

Inside Daisy Clover is yet another restatement of a favorite American mythwhich is that movie stars are made, not born, and that the process of creation inevitably brings great sorrow and confusion to the one the moguls choose to mold and manipulate. In short, it is a cliché. But, somehow, an irresistible one. It is true that the story has by this time worn too thin to support the color, widescreen, Big Picture treatment the producers insist on giving it here. But Daisy is at least a variant on the customary heroine of this tale-a tough, impassive little monkey who, though frequently befuddled, never totally loses her bearings as she is propelled onward and upward;

she even manages to find a way out of the jungle that, for a wonder, does not involve self-destruction. There are two superb performances in the film. Christopher Plummer, jowly, oily, deadeyed deadly, gives a perfect reading as the producer who discovers Daisy. Robert Redford plays the cynical, drunken movie star who loves, marries and deserts Daisy in the desert after one night of love and gives the badly written role a dimension that is quite extraordinary considering his material. If Natalie Wood, as Daisy, could have matched his skill the movie might have triumphed despite everything. But she is without any unique spirit of her own and lacks the simple technical skill to cover up that flaw. She is an actress of moments-some good, some bad-who never seems to find the main line of a character and develop it. The same may be said of the film as a whole. Director Robert Mulligan creates some admirable scenes-notably a couple of films-within-the-film that perfectly capture and kid the spirit of oldfashioned movie ballyhoo-but he never really gets inside Daisy Clover.

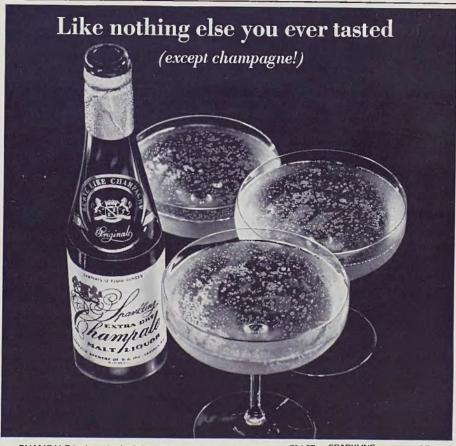
#### RECORDINGS

Nancy Wilson! / From Broadway with Love (Capitol) could have been called Broadway—My Way, Part Two, as Miss Wilson continues her exemplary explorations of Showtunesville, U. S. A. The oldest item on hand is Makin' Whoopee, from 1928's Whoopee; the latest entry is the haunting I'll Only Miss Him when I Think of Him, from this season's Skyscraper. In between are such Wilson wows as Hey There, I've Got Your Number and Somewhere.

Camp, camp, camp, the boys are marching. The Boroque Beatles Book (Elektra) has turned the clock back two centuries to embellish more than a dozen John Lennon-Paul McCartney madrigals with the musical adornments of that era. The Baroque Ensemble of the Merseyside Kammermusikgesellschaft under the baton of Joshua Rifkin melds Bach with Beatles in surprisingly compatible fashion. It is, verily, a hit, a palpable hit.

A pair of superlative soul-cookers have served up savory LPs this month. Hong On Romsey! / The Romsey Lewis Trio (Cadet) and Thor's Where It Is! / The Junior Monce Trio (Capitol) are chock full of infectiously rhythmic goodies. The Lewis recording contains the group's smash singles of A Hard Day's Night and Hang On Sloopy, and seven other swinging affairs including another Beatle best seller, And I Love Her. Mance, who has yet to reach Lewis' popularity pinnacle, is a first-class funk man. Abetted by drummer Bobby





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Thomas and bassist George Tucker, Junior acquits himself admirably in a bluesy session that center-stages the moody classic In the Dark, the Gershwins' Porgy and Bess Bible-belter, It Ain't Necessarily So, and the Duke's I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good.

The scope of Peggy Lee: Then Was Then / Now Is Now (Capitol) is typified by a brace of ballads on side two: the upbeat blues Seventh Son, popularized by Mose Allison, and the melancholy The Masquerade Is Over—opposite ends of the vocal ladder, but spectacularly set forth by the lush-voiced Miss Lee. Conductor Sid Feller has arranged the charts to a fare-Lee-well.

Kenny Burrell / Guitar Forms (Verve) is the most successful attempt to integrate the solo guitar into the context of big-band arrangements we've yet heard, with the kudos going to chartist Gil Evans, who also conducted the session. Even though the big band is heard on only five of the nine tracks, they form the nucleus of the album which, as the title implies, has Burrell exploring a variety of guitar styles (including a solo stint on an excerpt from Gershwin's Prelude No. 2). On three of the tunes, Burrell is backed by a rhythm section and fine pianist Roger Kellaway. But the amalgam of the Evans orchestra and Burrell guitar is the pièce de résistance. Burrell acts as an aide-de-camp on Organ Grinder Swing / The Incredible Jimmy Smith (Verve). Ordinarily, the organ is not one of our favorite jazz instruments, but Smith has a wildly swinging way with a Hammond that can convert even the most unenthusiastic. Drummer Grady Tate is the third man in a trio that takes a half-dozen tone poems in tow, capping the proceedings with a high-gloss go-round on the Duke of Ellington's Satin Doll.

East and West get together felicitously on Ravi Shankar / Portrait of Genius (World-Pacific). The consummate Indian sitar player is joined by flutist Paul Horn on a handful of Asian themes, and the meeting of musical minds is a joy to the ears. Shankar has the spotlight all to himself on side two in a virtuoso performance of the side-long Raga Multani.

Sonny Rollins on Impulse! (Impulse!) has beautifully captured the balladic side of the tenor-sax titan. Accompanied by a rhythm section and the piano of Ray Bryant, Rollins soars mellifluously through On Green Dolphin Street, Everything Happens to Me, Blue Room, Three Little Words and, for a change of pace, a bit of calypso high jinks, Hold 'Em Joe.

Powerful, indeed, is Nina Simone / Let It All Out (Philips). The Simone vocalise



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delivered from the gut puts a very personal stamp on a wide variety of offerings—from the Rodgers-and-Hart Little Girl Blue to Ellington's Mood Indigo to Bob Dylan's The Ballad of Hollis Brown to the bawdy Chauffeur to the gospel hymn Nearer Blessed Lord. They cover a broad range, but not nearly as wide as Miss Simone's grasp.

Now Playing: Erroll Garner / A Night at the Movies (MGM) is a delight from beginning to end, although some of the tunes are tenuously (to put it kindly) connected with the flickers. With long-time associates bassist Eddie Calhoun and drummer Kelly Martin at his side, Garner strolls melodically down moviedom's memory lane. Garnering laurels: As Time Goes By, Sonny Boy, You Made Me Love You and a star-studded bill of stellar attractions.

An unreconstructed blues shouter tells it the way it is on B. B. King: Confessin' the Blues (ABG-Paramount). Spurred on by his own guitar accompaniment, B. B. handles a flock of blues classics in exemplary fashion. Among the items that get down to the nitty-gritty: See See Rider, I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water, Goin' to Chicago Blues and Cherry Red.

The Duke at Tanglewood (Victor) proves that while the king may do no wrong, the Duke is still subject to human frailties. In this case, it was his decision to play piano while the Arthur Fiedler–led Boston Pops Orchestra performed a concert of his songs. It was, regrettably, recorded. Neither jazz fish nor classical fowl, the orchestral sound is a mess. Ellington presses on with stiff upper lip throughout, but he is sadly outnumbered.

The Splendor of Brass (Nonesuch) is a handsomely regal offering. Two Vivaldi Concerti in F Major for two horns, strings and continuo, and Telemann's Ouverture in D Major for trumpet, oboe, strings and continuo are performed by the Collegium Musicum of Paris under the direction of Roland Douatte. The Baroque tapestries woven by these 18th Century works glitter with the thread of musical invention still lustrous after 200 years.

A wealth of well-turned words is available on June Christy / Something Broodway, Something Lotin (Capitol). The thrush's lush warbling, augmented admirably by Ernie Freeman's très smart chartmanship, enhances a host of show tunes—Do I Hear a Waltz?, He Touched Me, Gimme Some, et al.—and several extraneous items, including the often-done, but still-delightful Cast Your Fate to the Wind.



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### THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

y fiancé insists on playing his Sousa records while we make love. He claims that this march music is tremendously stimulating. Even though it excites him, it leaves me cold as a cucumber (although I do react to some music). I've tried adapting myself to the situation, but nothing seems to work. If I don't get help soon, I'm going to "march" right out of this engagement. Advice, please.—Miss B. T., Houston, Texas.

Since martial strains are straining your premarital scene, we think it would be a mistake not to say so. Why not suggest a compromise—allowing you to choose the background music on alternate evenings. If your fiance discovers that you truly are more responsive to his lovemaking when the tune being played is more to your liking, he'll be a very foolish fellow if he doesn't soon dispense with the military marches altogether. In the meantime, on nights when John Philip Sousa is conducting, you might try a pair of earplugs.

How do you serve Japanese sake?—P. B., Roslyn, Pennsylvania.

First, obtain a sake set, which usually consists of two ceramic decanters and five small cups. About five minutes before you're ready to serve, place a saucepan containing two to three inches of water over a flame, and place a filled decanter in the water. When the sake becomes quite hot, but before it boils, remove and pour. As you take out one decanter, replace it with another, which will be ready for quaffing by the time you and your guests deplete the first. The appropriately polite toast is Kampai (bottoms up), and when the gang loosens up, you can also slip in a Banzai (long live the emperor).

have long enjoyed the sport of kings, but have run into a problem when I've added to the excitement of a day at the races by taking along a date. Is it proper to ask her if she would like to join in the wagering? And if she does, do I offer my chips or accept hers for a trip to the window? If it is proper to subsidize one's date, who gets the proceeds in the event her horse wins?—C. L., Van Nuys, California.

If you take a girl to the track, all expenses are on you—from admission fee to double wagering. The winnings on bets you place for her belong to the lady, and whether or not she shares any part of them with you should be up to her.

Fine paisley ties usually have a label reading HAND-BLOCK PRINTED TWILL sewed

on them. It sounds good, but what does it mean?—D. B. L., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The tie's design—in this case, paisley—is originally etched on a wooden or metal block which is then stamped by hand onto the tie material, usually silk. Hence the term "hand-block printed." The "twill" designation refers to a ridged relief pattern that is woven into the fabric.

At 24, I've got a good job, a nice apartment and, I think, a well-adjusted female personality. My sex life leaves nothing to be desired, although I take it with one guy at a time—which is what I'm writing you about. Some of my girl-friends, who rent apartments in the same building, prefer making love to virtually any guy they meet. I don't criticize them, but they constantly call me a "puritan." I know I'm not, but can you give me a sharp line to throw back at them?—Miss E. L., Los Angeles, California.

Sure. Quote H. L. Mencken's definition of puritanism: "The haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy." It obviously fits them better than you.

Ty job requires that I travel to and from Europe fairly regularly. This is part of my business, but most people seem to think I do it just because I like to travel. The word gets out that I am packing and before I know it my friends are calling with shopping lists of things for me to pick up when I get the time. Well, usually I don't have the time and even when I do I don't have the desire to become a one-man overseas shopping bureau; but I don't know how to get out of this gracefully. Au secours!—H. T., New York, New York.

You've said most of it already: You don't have the time. Uncle Sam has done the rest for you by putting a \$100 limit on duty-free items coming into the United States from abroad. Tell your friends your limit is already "spoken for."

Our country club has a dress rule that says a member must wear a "tie and jacket" in the dining room after six. Does an ascot qualify as a tie? In other words, if a man comes dressed in a jacket but with an open-necked shirt and an ascot underneath, is he properly dressed according to customary club rule?

—J. R., Agawam, Massachusetts.

An ascot is not a tie and, given a strict interpretation of the rule, should not be worn in place of one. However, many clubs and restaurants are flexible on this point. If we were on your rules committee, we'd vote to allow ascots after six

## INSTANT MILDNESS

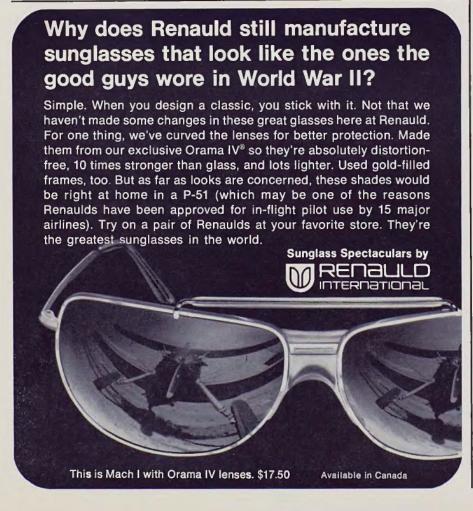
yours with



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(except on special party nights), since this is a country club, not an in-town men's club. With this in mind, why don't you ask some appropriate executive member of your club for a clarification?

My fiancé and I live together most of the time. Circumstances are such that we can do so unnoticed and no one is hurt by it. We want to have a home and family someday, but he is committing all his efforts at present to starting a business. In your opinion, would our marriage stand a better chance if we gave each other up until the wedding?—Miss A. H., Birmingham, Alabama.

Having shared quarters up till now, we can't see any reason why you should suddenly separate prior to your wedding. We know of no guaranteed policy to insure happiness in married life, but we think it obvious that the better two people know each other before they take the vows, the more compatible they are apt to be thereafter.

Ineed your help, because this is something not mentioned in the oath of Hippocrates: I am a young doctor who has been recently shingled and have just begun to set up practice. I enjoy it very much except for the fact that it seems I am expected to give away what other doctors get paid for. I am talking about people I meet at parties who expect me to diagnose every back pain and hiccup at the drop of a canapé. Suggestions?—L. D., Duluth, Minnesota.

The next time a symptom-bearing free-loader corners you, say: "That sounds like something that ought to be looked into. I suggest you make an appointment to see your doctor at the earliest opportunity or, if you prefer, come down to my office any time next week and I'll be glad to give you a complete physical checkup."

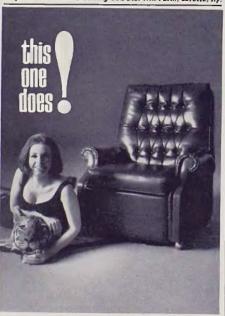
our months ago I became engaged to an English girl living in the U. S., and this coming summer we are going to England to be married. My fiancée has already written her parents informing them of our intentions and she now insists that I also write in order to introduce myself. I am at a loss about what the letter should contain, since asking her father for his daughter's hand at this point seems silly. I would appreciate advice on what to say.—R. V., Hayward, California.

Take a past-present-future approach in your letter. Tell your funcée's parents how fortunate you feel you were in meeting their daughter, how happy you are to be marrying her, and how much the two of you look forward to your future together. Tell them a little something about yourself and about your future plans. It would be a nice gesture on the



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part of your own parents if they sent your girl a note welcoming her to the family. Before going to England, drop a hint to them if you sense they haven't already thought of it.

'm taking a liberal-arts course at the University of Illinois, but I'm damned if I can find anyone who can tell me the meaning of the phrase "liberal arts." Can you help?—P. C., Urbana, Illinois.

The phrase "liberal arts" originated in the Middle Ages and referred to the two divisions of study that a student had to pass before receiving a master's degree from a medieval university. The elementary division was called the trivium and consisted of three areas of study: grammar, rhetoric and logic. The secondary division, the quadrivium, covered arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy. Today, a liberal-arts education has been broadened to include courses in foreign languages, philosophy, history, literature and both social and physical sciences, among others.

Although I'm interested enough in a girl I have been dating to be considering marriage, I'm very much concerned about her past. She was married in her teens and now has a three-year-old daughter. She admits her marriage was a mistake, and has also confessed to several affairs prior to it. I am perfectly willing to overlook these mistakes, but I will not accept her child. She understands this perfectly and, assuming we tie the knot, she'll make arrangements to put the youngster up for adoption. Do you think our marriage would be a happy one?—J. D., Madison, Wisconsin.

We doubt it. We think that the same underlying resentment toward your girl's prior marriage and affairs that prompts you to reject her child would almost certainly, in time, affect the relationship in other negative ways. In addition, you have no right to insist that this girl give up her offspring; if she complied, it would be grossly unfair to the child, and the girl would, in all probability, resent you for it later. Perhaps you don't mean to sound as sanctimonious as you do, but your statement that you are "perfectly willing to overlook these mistakes" is somewhat less than convincing. Obviously, if what you really want is a wife with a pristine past, this girl is not for you, and both of you have a far greater chance of achieving marital stability and happiness with different partners.

While on a ski trip to Switzerland, I tried both cheese and beef fondue. They were terrific, but I'm stumped on some of the ingredients. What kind of cheese is used in cheese fondue? Also, what is



Make that blonde hop on your lap take six strokes off your golf game get you that raise or make your secretary eager

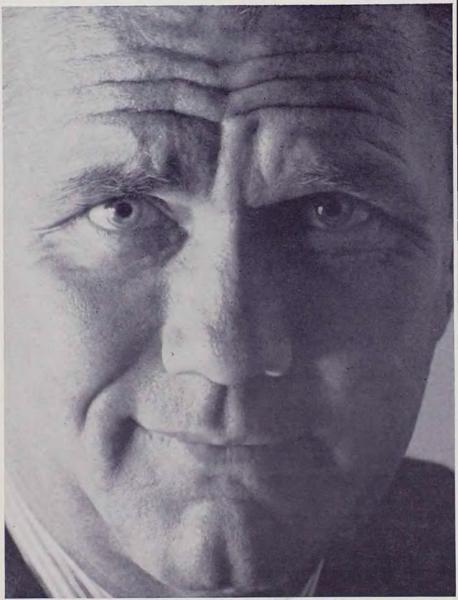
but you never know (till you try a pair.)



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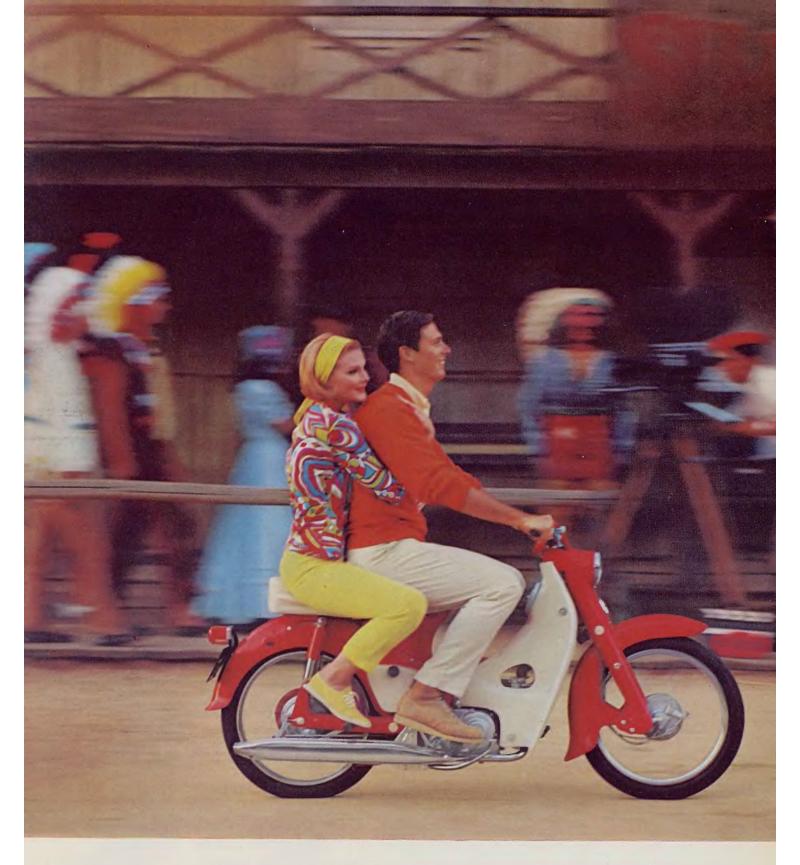
the seasoned oil used in beef fondue?-R. J., Pittsford, New York.

Use only imported Swiss cheese in cheese fondue. The imported-foods department of most supermarkets carries it. Olive oil with a little garlic is what's used in beef fondue. To snow your skiing friends, try this recipe: Heat 1/2 bottle of white wine to the boiling point. Add I pound of grated or cubed Swiss cheese. Bring the mixture to a boil, stirring constantly, so that the cheese melts completely. Stir in 11/2 teaspoons of flour that's been pre-mixed with a bit of cold water. Season with a pinch of nutmeg and salt and pepper to taste. Top with 2 tablespoons of kirsch, serve and enjoy.

have been going steady with a girl for approximately a year. She is very cute and extremely intelligent, but she does possess one puzzling characteristic: She is hyperticklish. Even the slightest touch sends her into absolute convulsions of laughter. I'm not exaggerating when I say she's ticklish even on the soles of her feet-while wearing shoes! Recently, several friends mentioned that the degree to which a girl is ticklish is directly proportionate to her degree of passion. At first I thought this was just another old wives' tale, but lately I've begun to have second thoughts on the subject, as on recent dates she seems to be warming up quite quickly. Is it true that ticklish girls are more passionate than nonticklish ones?-R. C., Villanova, Pennsylvania.

There is no scientific evidence to support a connection between laughing and lusting. It might tickle you to learn, however, that according to sexologist Dr. Albert Ellis some individuals-males as well as females-have a type of ticklishness that enables them to experience "semi-orgasms" (pleasurable body convulsions) when they are kissed or caressed on certain parts of their anatomy. Because these semi-sexual convulsive movements are enjoyable, individuals such as your girlfriend are highly amenable to physical manipulation—and in this sense may be said to be more passionate. But best be careful not to overdo the tickling bit, or when the moment of consent arrives she may be laughing instead of loving.

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



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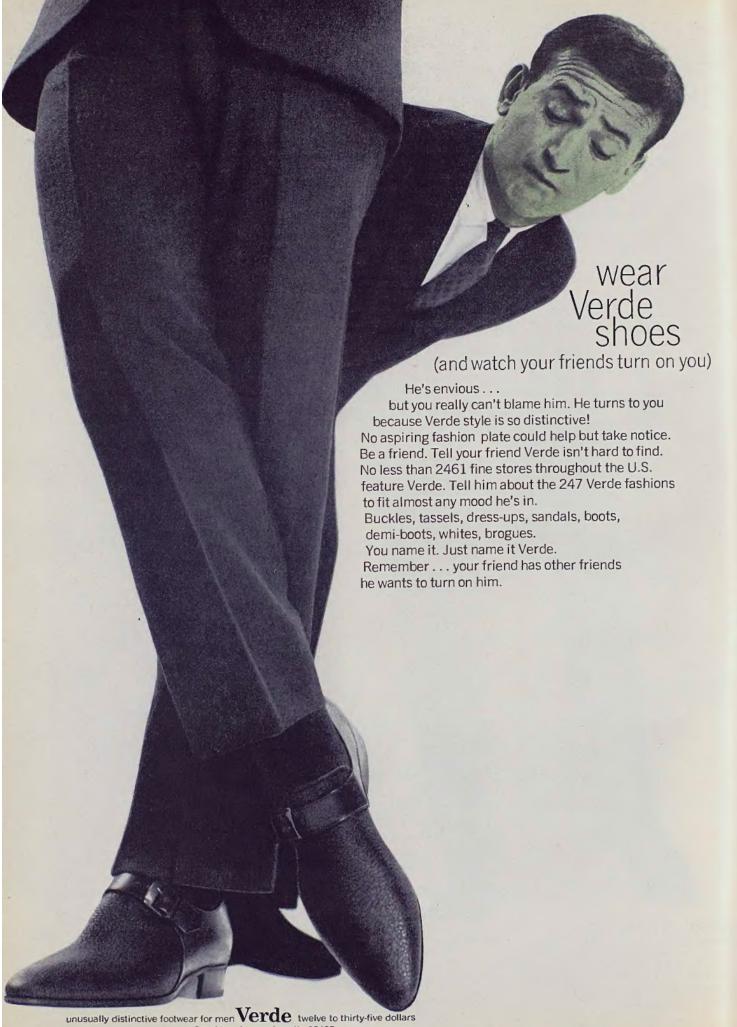
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### PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WHILE WE GENERALLY don't like moving with the pack for extended periods of time, there are some brief specialinterest tours available to the traveler that are definitely worth while. Particularly for the man who wants to spend a few days following his second favorite passion-whether it be wine tasting, desert exploration, gourmet dining, small-plane flying, theatergoing or what have you-these jaunts can often be far more satisfying when enjoyed in expert and convivial company than by lonewolfing it.

Among our favorites is a winebibber's swing through French vineyard country. A typical two-day trip leaves Lyons, with perhaps the world's highest density of top-grade restaurants, runs through the Beaujolais country for a lunch stop at Pont-de-Vaux, where the Restaurant du Commerce specializes in brochet au beurre blanc. You'll stay overnight in Burgundy, at Beaune, in the center of the Pommard and Volnay vineyards.

Those who would like to follow the legendary caravan trails of the East can book trips through Lebanon, Jordan and Egypt highlighted by a luxurious three-day excursion into the desert escorted by troopers of the Arab Legion's Camel Corps to the Bedouin outpost of Wadi Ram.

For the aficionado of high adventure. there is an East African tour that uses planes-mostly five-passenger Aztecs-to fly parties over jungles and get them quickly to remote lodges such as Samburu Game Lodge near the reserve of the same name for big-game hunting or photographing.

If you maintain that high adventure consists of getting safely out of a deep bunker, there are golfing tours of Scotland and England that let groups play at all the hoary shrines of golfdom, including that holiest of holies, the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews.

If you're determined to travel on your own, but still want someone with the know-where and the imagination to find the true flavor of a country for you, you can hire your personal guide in Europe who'll provide his own car or spell you at the wheel of yours. Formed by a group of Oxford and Cambridge men in England, Undergraduate Tours will assign one of their knowledgeable chaps to sit down with you on arrival, talk over your travel ideas and combine your interests with his savvy into a completely personal itinerary; he'll drive you anywhere on the Continent. One target on such a tour might be the Parisian "Festival du Marais" in June. Commemorating and augmenting the preservation of an exquisite 17th Century corner of Paris, this festival utilizes the splendid palaces and churches between Place des Vosges, the Bastille and the Hôtel de Ville as evocative backdrops.

Incidentally, through special arrangements with Nemet Auto International of New York, readers of PLAYBOY and Playboy Club keyholders who are traveling abroad have a splendid opportunity to pick up a European car tax-free. Whether your taste runs to a Rolls-Royce or the new fast-back Volkswagen, you can have the car waiting for you on arrival. The savings, depending on the car you choose, are usually enough to pay for a goodly portion of your vacation.

For the motoring gourmet, one of the world's great treats is the Périgord region of truffles, caves and castles in southern France. Until you have tasted one of the sublime Périgord omelets with delicate slices of truffle folded into creamy egg and flavored with a hint of madeira, you're still on short rations. One of the gustatory treasures of the region is a truffled pâté de foie gras and a glass of local Montravel for an epicurean start to lunch at the Hotel Bonnet in the cliffside village of Beynac, nestled around a 13th Century baronial château. Follow that with a tender veal roast cooked to simple perfection, and a bottle of Côte de Bergerac while you lazily gaze across the river toward turrets of the Château de Fayrac.

The continuing counsel in this column is to avoid the crowded tourist routes. For those who stay away from the Continental tourist lanes, this can even be done in widely touristed American cities such as New Orleans: Stray off the main drags, in this case Bourbon Street. The smaller spots along side streets in the Vieux Carré are what lure the native Orleanians who know their way around. Try Preservation Hall for traditional Dixieland jazz. It's a tiny club on St. Peter Street that offers the warmest atmosphere for buffs who follow the likes of Punch Miller's Bunch, the Eureka Brass Band and the Algiers Stompers. Another small French Quarter bistro, Cosimo's on Burgundy Street, goes in for modern jazz. Then there's the Touché Lounge of the Royal Orleans, featuring piano and group singing, and Le Petit Bar in the Prince Conti Hotel, Ruffino's and Napoleon House. All offer jazz from the good old days of Dixie.

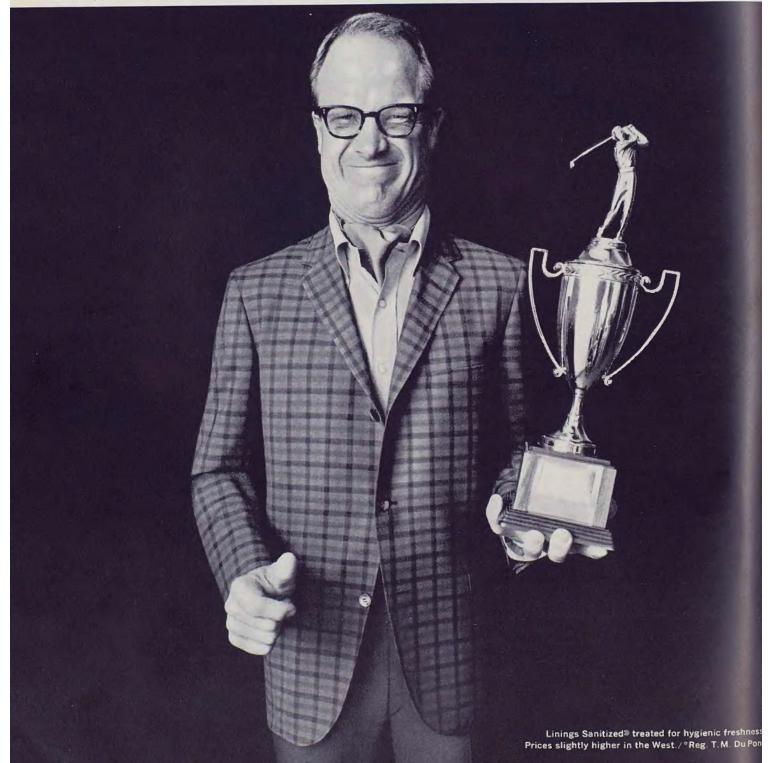
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### THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

### SCORE TO THE RESCUE!

In connection with your continuing campaign to promote enlightened sexual attitudes, we would like to bring to your attention the following news item from the Los Angeles Times.

GROUP FORMED TO RESIST SEX URGE Sheffield, Eng. (UPI) A society patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous has been formed for Sheffield University coeds who want help resisting sexual temptation.

When a girl finds herself in difficulty resisting sexual advances, she can telephone a special number and reach another member of the society who will give her "moral support."

As an antidote to this outrageous organization, a small group of us at Caltech have formed a counterorganization designed to undo the wrongs that the above group promotes. Our elite group of dedicated scientists and engineers has thus formed a society entitled the Southern California Organization for Rewarding Experiences (SCORE). This rapidly expanding organization hopes to offer young ladies many worthwhile benefits.

Leonard A. Fisher Jerry M. Yudelson Marshall Hall, III California Institute of Technology Pasadena, California

### JAIL BAIT

Thank you, Mr. Hefner! You are performing a great service in exposing our "modern" society's antiquated sex laws. How can a body of *legislators* have the effrontery to determine the rightness or wronguess of my personal sex life?

Because of the existing sex laws. I was "jail bait"; but I was also an attractive, normal female attending college. Had my young man, eight years older than myself, and I been discovered having an "illicit" relationship, what might have happened! Upon the young man's conviction for statutory rape, he could have spent up to ten years in a New York State prison; and then, because he was a soldier, could have received additional punishment from the military authorities. His youth would have been entirely wasted and both of us, no doubt, would have had deep emotional scars. Heaven knows what else.

As it is, we now have a family and a

very happy home. But, there are still laws governing what my husband and I can and cannot do in bed! This is not only unfair, but ridiculous! Hurrah for Hefner!

(Name withheld by request) Lawton, Oklahoma

### AGE OF CONSENT

I was very much impressed with the December installment of the *Philosophy*. I was a bit surprised, though, when I read that the age of consent suggested by the American Law Institute is ten! Was this a misprint, or was this for real? If so, would you please explain?

Thomas Hummer Ephrata, Pennsylvania

It was for real, but with an important qualification: The age of consent referred to was for the extremely serious crime of statutory rape; the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code also includes a statute for corrupting the morals of a minor, which covers consensual sex relations with females between the ages of ten and sixteen (where the male is more than four years older than the female), but with a correspondingly smaller sentence recommended for this less serious crime.

### SEX FOR ADOLESCENTS

In reading The Playboy Philosophy and the discussions in the Forum, I find reasonably good arguments for sexual freedom for mature adults, and even for immature adults. But the area noticeably undiscussed is that of adolescence. You neglect to say when you think a young man or woman is emotionally capable of a sexual relationship. Most 21-year-old people are up to it, but few 12-year-olds are. Do you advocate sexual freedom for 12-year-olds? For 16-yearolds? There are something like a quarter of a million illegitimate births a yearmany among girls of high school agewhich you say can be avoided by education and contraception. Should a mother, when explaining menstruation to her 11-year-old daughter, also explain contraception? Or should she say, "Dear, when you're ready for your first sexual experience, let me know and we'll have you ready"?

David Fuchs

Woodland Hills, California The legal rights of a citizen living in our free society aren't fully acquired

### lt can't talk.

# But women get the message.



FOR MEN: Kent of London™ Cologne and After Shave. Also Talc, Deodorant Spray, Soap on a Rope and Hair Groom. At fine stores everywhere. Made in U.S.A. until the age of 21-which we consider unrealistically high; we think 18 would be a more reasonable age for accepting the privileges and attendant responsibilities as an adult member of contemporary society. However, social maturity -in matters both sexual and nonsexual -isn't achieved overnight, as a birthday present; it evolves from the personal experience and education of the individual beginning early in life, ordinarily accelerating significantly with the onset of adolescence. A certain amount of sexual experimentation should be expected as a normal part of this maturing process, and accepted by adult society rather than suppressed. As for sex education, we think it ought to be a standard part of every school's curriculum, starting in the early grades and including-at a logical age-the fundamental facts about birth control. For we are firmly convinced that truly moral behavior is more apt to result from knowledge and understanding than from ignorance.

In the past 100 years, the age of puberty has descended considerably, and there is every reason to believe it will drop even lower. But no one has bothered to notice. The same moral codes and laws prevail today that did a century ago. Consequently, from age 12 onward, we force the sex drives underground, ostensibly for six years, to meet the accepted code of behavior of a hundred years ago. However, I think we realize that sex drives are not so easily disposed of-cannot be put off until they are socially acceptable. Those youngsters whom we do not successfully drive into homosexuality or bestiality are driven toward sex fantasies-violent and animalistic in the case of boys, tender and romantic in the case of girls. With each sex winging off in different directions of fantasy, it is a wonder they ever manage to get together again on a workable basis. They do get together, admittedly, but the relationships that result are often a gauche compromise.

What is the answer? I believe it lies in proper education of the young. It is difficult for anyone old enough to understand this letter to completely disassociate guilt from premarital sex. We have all been too well conditioned. There are too many "eyes" built into our society, and lest we forget it, the hotel clerk is there to remind us. The age of puberty is not likely to change for our convenience; therefore, our moral code

must.

I think almost everyone will agree that an initial sexual relationship, sanctioned and guided by parents, is likely to be a healthier, safer and more wholesome experience than that which most present adults ever knew. It seems unbelievable that loving parents, who will go to any length for their children's future happiness, turn their backs on the

child's most vexing problem. That the introduction to life's greatest gift should be left to chance, perhaps to a sordid experience under adverse circumstances, strikes me as being negligence at an inhumane level.

Let us get rid of the sex fantasies by making sexual participation as natural and healthy as the energy that prompts it. Let us remove the power of sexual intoxication in prompting marriages. Better that people marry because they enjoy each other as individuals than marry as slaves to the mentally paralyzing euphoria of overstimulated glands.

Sidney Ledson Baden, Germany

### ANCESTRAL CONSENT AND COMPULSORY CHRISTIANITY

Hefner's opening remarks in the December installment of The Playboy Phi-losophy included the statement: "Our Government, which derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, should not be empowered to intrude into the private sex conduct of consenting adults . . ." and went on to consider just how the Government had happened to become so empowered. His remarks alluded to, but didn't mention specifically, a fact that has received little notice in the literature of philosophy, or elsewhere, in the past 200 or 300 years.

While the intent of the founding fathers appears to have been to create a Government deriving its powers from the consent of the governed, what they achieved-from the standpoint of both theory and fact-is a Government deriving its powers predominantly from the consent of the governed's ancestors. Although I have not conducted a statistical study on the average age of our laws, Federal, state and local, I am sure that such a study would reveal that nearly 80 percent of the laws and regulations that govern our lives were conceived, debated and passed into law without the explicit or implied consent of any person now

While it can be argued that the failure to repeal a law amounts to implied consent, that argument is without much merit. It should not, in justice, devolve upon each succeeding generation to undo all the misconceived, obsolete or unjust legislation accomplished by its predecessors. What is really needed is a Constitutional amendment providing that "Congress, nor the sovereign states, nor their political subdivisions, shall make no law having force and effect over a period greater than 25 years," every law to be subject to automatic repeal at the end of such period, and requiring the complete legislative process to replace it on the statute books; no such stopgaps as "extension" or legislative actions to consider a block of such laws in a package, to be held constitu-

With such an addition, we might have, indeed, Government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed. Also, a man would be assured of living the majority of his life under a system of laws that at least represented the convictions, or defaults, of his own and adjacent generations-rather than the mistakes, prejudices, and occasionally the wisdom, of his remote ancestors.

In another part of the same installment, Hefner documented the massive interference of the Catholic Church. through its Catholic Welfare Committee (as though the welfare of Catholics as a group had anything to do with such legislation), with the attempt to get meddlesome sex laws off the books in New York State. This is particularly instructive in view of Cardinal Cushing's statement, quoted in the preceding installment, that "Catholics . . . do not seek to impose by law their moral views on other members of society . . ."

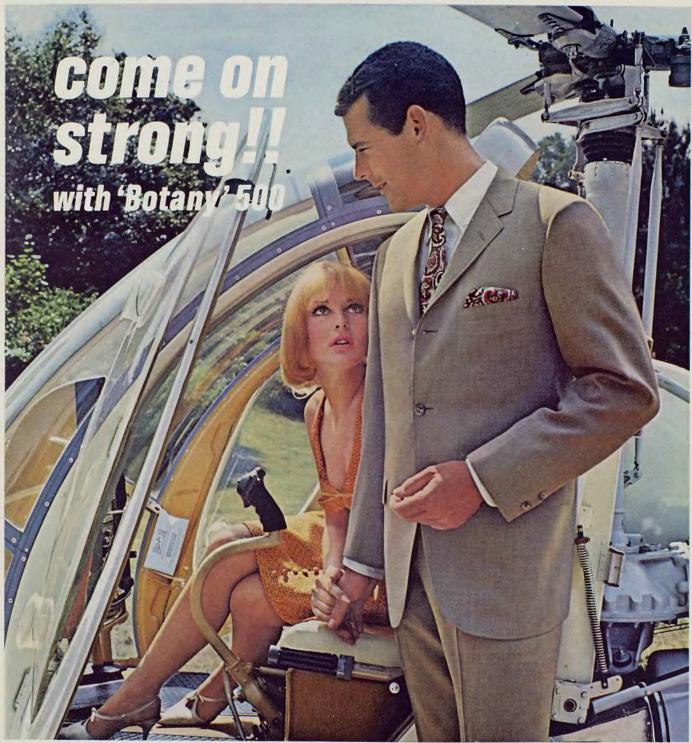
If the leadership of the Catholic Church can't even keep their official branches in line, to say nothing of the rank and file of the Church's professed adherents, perhaps we should follow Philip Wylie's advice and ". . . vote onto the Constitution of the nation an amendment forbidding these [churchgoing advocates of meddlesome legislation] to enter their churches ever again, lest the nonsense and harm they brew there destroy the last honor, tolerance, decency and understanding left among us." I'm for less law and more justice, with the understanding that justice is best served, in at least half the cases, by the absence of a law.

Most of this present plethora of laws comes under the heading of "compulsory Christianity," as Al Capp calls liberalism. Apart from the fact that such laws violate the rights of those of us who have no desire to be "Christians," particularly in the sense in which this word is most often used by the churchly, the idea of compulsion is as foreign to any meaningful definition of Christianity as it is to the idea of freedom. The very idea of "compulsory Christianity" is loathsome, or should be, to real Christians as well as to all free men.

Donald E. Vail Lakeland, Florida

The incorporation of religious dogma, doctrine and taboo in legal codes is intolerable, and the lack of consistency from one part of the country to another makes the entire situation ludicrous. It is high time for a review of the hodgepodge of sex laws that invade the private lives of consenting adults, whether married or unmarried, and I am glad that a magazine of the quality of PLAYBOY is taking the lead.

At the annual meeting of the American Anthropological Association at Denver in November, I conferred with several



Dress by Eloise Curtis for David Styne

Get that "quick-lift" feeling. In the Natural Gentleman Suit the tailoring is subtle, soft and knowing, and fun seems to follow you the minute you put it on. Tailored with the Daroff Personal Touch, it has that Tapered-Trim slim, athletic design. You'll come on strong, enjoy yourself more with this university-bred style. Lightweight suits in Darolite, Daroglo and Daro-Poplon, \$69.95 to \$75.00. Sport Coats, \$42.95 to \$65.00. Slacks, \$17.95 to \$29.95.

### **'BOTANY' 500**° TAILORED BY DAROFF



fellow anthropologists, including Paul Gebhard, head of the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University. Hefner's contributions seem to be well received among anthropologists. I am confident that his analysis of the history of the attitudes toward sex is reaching the kinds of people who are now, or will be, in positions to introduce changes in these attitudes and in legal codes.

I have made two trips to Polynesia. On the first, I was one of four archaeologists on Thor Heyerdahl's Norwegian Archaeological Expedition to Easter Island and the East Pacific (see Aku-Aku). My five months on this island gave me my first direct exposure to a culture in which the enjoyment of all aspects of life is acceptable. In fact, anyone among the islanders who does not share this viewpoint is considered beyond the pale. There were 21 men on the expedition, and the local girls regarded them as the greatest gift they had ever received. The freewheeling life of the Polynesians works out well in their environment and social system, though it would not be practical in our predominantly urban situation. The shocking thing is that certain missionaries see evil in all that is good about Polynesian culture and seem to be bent on changing it into just the sort of taboo-ridden complex in which we find ourselves in the United States.

I agree wholeheartedly with the conclusions and opinions set forth by Hefner in regard to the ways in which our sex laws invade the private lives of our citizens. I hope we shall see many laws repealed and a new uniform code established. Such a code should be totally divorced from religious taboos, outmoded traditions and the opinions of unqualified "sexologists" of the lunatic fringe. Changes in attitudes cannot be brought about directly by legislation, but the removal of objectionable laws will aid immeasurably in promoting such changes. In effect, we should promote the viewpoints of thinking people rather than those who live by the precepts of oral tradition, or the unjustified conclusions appearing in 19th Century literature.

> Carlyle S. Smith Professor of Anthropology The University of Kansas Lawrence, Kansas

### ADULTERY AND LAW

Regardless of whatever laws are on the books, the incidence of adultery isn't going to be affected by any laws. It would not appear that the law is any more of a deterrent to adultery than the death penalty is to murder. I cannot believe that individuals considering the possibility of adultery examine the legal code of their state before they make a decision.

The issue, then, is truly a moral one. And it has not so much to do with the nature of man's sexuality as it does with a given man's or woman's idea of marriage. The Church has long believed that a marriage existed because of the fact that a man and a woman "knew" each other, and that this special "knowledge" put them in a unique relationship, i.e., in a sacramental state. Therefore, anything that destroys this special relationship is, in effect, a denial of the marriage.

Thus, when we talk about adultery we waste our time considering the law. The only purposeful consideration can be about the nature of the sexual act in relationship to the totality of the marriage. The Christian concern is with this fact, rather than an attempt to be antisexual (I am speaking about Christianity today), and I believe this is where the concern properly lies. With our current understanding of marriage, we cannot excuse adultery except in the most unusual conditions. (I am thinking of a case where the adulterous relationship saved the marriage.)

I believe that the Church is properly rigid about adultery. For it would seem to me that adultery in the great majority of cases is not justified, but rather is only the seeking of self-gratification at the expense of the most precious relationship known to man. It is, in the eyes of the Church, an act that is forgivable but rarely excusable or justifiable. Of course, this attitude is absurd; but then, most valuable things usually are absurd.

The Rev. Douglas Evett, Curate Grace Episcopal Church Grand Rapids, Michigan

We agree with your observation that adultery is not deterred by law and that the fundamental issue involved is a moral one. The question Hefner raises is whether, in a free, secular society, this religious morality should be supported by state legislation. We think not.

### SEPULCHRAL CELIBACY

Sure, you Americans have some problems with your sex laws. But here in Holland our problems are far more severe. The Town Council of Voorschoten decided recently that a man and a woman may no longer be buried in the same grave. Two men or two women is all right, however. After all, ours is a densely populated country.

John T. S. Brouwer de Koning Utrecht University Hoensbroek, Netherlands

Perhaps the town council should be reminded of this couplet from Andrew Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress":

The grave's a fine and private place, But none, I think, do there embrace.

#### UNDESIRABLE INSTINCTS

After reading Mr. Hefner's ideas on cohabitation (November *Philosophy*), I feel that his thinking is steeped in the infantile philosophies of Rousseau, Whit-

man and Nietzsche, all of whom pretended to be liberators of the libido.

To substantiate my stand against cohabitation by predicating it upon religious grounds would be a mistake, since Mr. Hefner obviously regards religion as a mistake. My argument will thus be predicated upon pragmatic judgment. Cohabitation is natural, but so is stealing, barbarism and alligator poaching. Hence, we have laws to suppress these undesirable instincts and the state to uphold these laws. I will agree with Mr. Hefner that our moral pretenses and our hypocrisy on matters of sex have led to incalculable frustration, but so does keeping poison out of the reach of babies cause them to feel frustration. I will also agree with Dr. Kinsey, who states that the capricious enforcement of our sex laws offers an opportunity for maladministration, graft, blackmail, etc.; but so does having a city hall or a political administration lead us to the same kind of corruption. Thus, should city government or politics be abolished because of man's frailties?

Although Mr. Hefner's argument exudes some semblance of thought, I'm afraid it isn't very cogent. For in propounding his argument, he has overlooked the fallibility of man and the many frailties of which he is composed. Also, Mr. Hefner has failed to comprehend the implications of his philosophy. For example, if cohabitation were permissible, what would be the purpose of marriage?

Dr. Gene Derow Chicago, Illinois

Your unusual list of "instincts" notwithstanding (alligator poaching is one natural instinct we missed out on; if we came across an alligator, we're reasonably certain that our only inborn desire would be to keep our distance), all of the behavior you mention-with the exception of cohabitation-is provably harmful to society. But by what logic do you define the tendency to cohabit as an "undesirable instinct"? Cohabitation between unmarried adults gives pleasure to the individuals involved and harms no one. The marriage contract is society's way of formalizing a relationship and giving it legal identity-which serves several worthwhile purposes, for couples who wish them. But this is no argument for forcing such a contract on couples not desiring it, or otherwise making it a legal prerequisite for cohabitation.

Society cannot put chastity belts on all of its members when they reach the age of puberty, to be removed when they wed—and it is foolish to have statutes that attempt to accomplish that end. Marriage has many other purposes besides sexual relations, viz., the establishment of a family, the bearing and rearing of children, companionship, security, the mutual accumulation of property, and assistance in achieving other mutual

goals, etc. There is absolutely no evidence to suggest that the institution of marriage has proven any less attractive in those states in which cohabitation is permissible than in those where it is not.

### MUSICAL SMUT

As a professional musician whose ears are constantly abused by music appealing to less discriminating tastes than my own, I should like to make an appeal to the legislators of the various states to outlaw the playing of all music that has no socially redeeming qualities. Consistent with these same legislators' thinking concerning what printed material constitutes abuse to our eyes and what does not, I suggest that a category be assigned to the varying types of music, indicating which types are obscene to the ear and which are not. In short, I think it high time that we legislate against musical pornography in the same way that we have legislated against verbal and visual pornography. Rock-'n'-roll bands, for instance, should definitely be considered as not protected by the free-expression clauses of the Constitution. Rock 'n' roll is obviously hard-core musical pornography and, as such, was never intended by our founding fathers to be included among those freedoms that are guaranteed protection by the Constitution. And while I can voluntarily choose to refrain (by simply closing my eyes) from looking at pictures of sexual matters that do not measure up to my standards, and that, therefore, may offend me, I cannot so easily close my ears to music that offends my tastes. Legislators have in the past concerned themselves with the less important matters of sexual smut, from which I can easily protect myself, and have entirely ignored their duty to protect me from the far more irritating musical smut to which I am exposed day after day.

> Bruce Klingbeil Indianapolis, Indiana

### POSTAL ENTRAPMENT

I read with particular interest the letter in the December Forum from the Kansas City couple that was convicted and given a suspended sentence of two years' probation for sending obscene material through the mail as a result of a "come-on" enticement offered by a postal inspector.

I was not as fortunate as this couple. I have just completed a Federal prison term at the U.S. Penitentiary in Terre Haute, Indiana, on similar charges, I was corresponding with several persons, exchanging ideas and material that Uncle Sam considers pornographic. I was strictly an amateur. I neither bought nor sold any of the material I sent or received through the mail, and I felt that I was in no way harming anyone by my actions.

One of the persons with whom I was exchanging material was caught by the postal inspectors, and he apparently gave them my name. A postal inspector wrote to me representing himself as a "young couple (very broad-minded)," who wished to exchange viewpoints and swap any "hot" material I might have, such as photos, books, movies, etc. He said that he had gotten my name from a friend, and that this friend told him I'd probably be interested in a mutual exchange. I fell right into the trap and sent him a photo I'd received from someone else and asked that he reciprocate. He did-in the form of two postal inspectors and two local detectives who placed me under arrest. I made bond and was to appear in court about 60 days later on Federal charges consisting of depositing or causing to be deposited into the U.S. Mail for delivery, any material which may be classed as filthy, vile, obscene, etc.-a catchall.

I'm married and live in a small town (15,000), and since I wanted to keep publicity at a minimum, I decided to go to court on the appointed day, plead guilty and hope for the best. Since the trial was to be held some 60 miles from my home town, there was even the possibility of the local newspapers not getting hold of the story, and I thought surely I'd get a probated sentence, since I had absolutely no criminal record of any kind, had a good job, considered myself to be a good husband, father and citizen. I didn't even discuss the matter with a lawyer, who I'm sure would have told me of the entrapment you speak of in your response to the Kansas City letter. I guess I just felt that I wasn't a criminal in any respect, had hurt no one, and that the court would be fair. Then BOOM!!one year and one day was the sentence handed down by the judge.

If it hadn't been for some good friends and a wonderful boss, I'd probably still be in prison. My boss contacted a lawyer, who told him that a "motion to review the sentence" could be filed, which was done. The judge reduced my sentence to 181 days. He told me that he was sending me to prison where I could get the psychiatric help he felt I needed. I was visited by a part-time prison psychologist, instead, who spent about 15 minutes with me and said that he didn't think I needed treatment. How's that for openers? So, I've been labeled a criminal and publicly scorned as a sex nut.

It seems to me that the Federal Government could spend less time and money on such cases as mine and concentrate on criminals who are a bit more dangerous.

> (Name and address withheld by request)

I have just read the letter from the man in Kansas City describing how he and his wife were baited and trapped by Federal agents. It doesn't seem possible that this can happen in a nation where freedom is so prized by us all.

It bothers me to see how a Federal agent can actually entrap a person in this way, then come crashing into his home and drag him off to court and prison. This man and his wife have my deepest sympathy, because they have been exposed to one of the greatest injustices I have ever heard about.

Jim Walker North Carolina State University Raleigh, North Carolina

I saw the letter in the December Forum from the spouse-swapping couple from Kansas City. Although the general idea of spouse swapping doesn't particularly attract me, I think these people had every right to indulge discreetly in this activity. The authorities who arrested them were way out of line, and something should be done about the abusive way these people were treated.

The Playboy Philosophy outlines what is wrong with antiquated sex laws and suggests ways they could be modernized, but it hasn't given us any suggestions about how an average citizen can help to change them. Politicians, who are swayed by the influence of religious organizations, are apparently afraid to change these laws for fear of losing votes. But the general voting public is not consulted.

So I ask you, what can I do? Mrs. F. Gray

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania For the answer to what every interested PLAYBOY reader can do to influence this situation, read our reply to the next letter.

I would like to describe another instance of post-office investigation procedure. About two years ago, out of curiosity, I answered an ad in the "Personals" column of a newspaper. I received no reply. However, a few weeks later I was visited by a postal inspector, who had my letter. Fortunately, I had been cautious in my letter and the U.S. attorney declined to prosecute.

The postal inspector who investigated the case told me that the people to whom I had written had been arrested for sending obscene material through the mail. I later tried looking these people up, but could find no record of them, nor was there any arrest or trial record or any mention in the papers. Further inquiries led me to believe that the ad was a plant by the Post Office Department.

There was a further development. The inspector who had handled the case informed my boss, and I was asked to resign. Suspicion is apparently the same as guilt.

Subsequently, I talked to two different

# If gleaming silver isn't the color of your suit, why should it be the color of your zipper?

It shouldn't.
Not when you can buy suits or slacks with the new
Talon Zephyr®nylon zipper in them.
Zephyr is made of soft,
inconspicuous nylon.
So it can be dyed
to the exact color the suit is.
And it can't shine or glare.
Try a Talon Zephyr in your
next suit or pair of slacks.
You just might take a shine to it.



JE FRING, A GEC. TOADEMAKE OF TALON, INC., & THE BY TALON, INC. MEADINES, FA MERICO THEODIN MERICO TA MET VICANADA LICHTONIQ FASTENCIA CO., LTD.

Congressmen regarding these violations of privacy by postal inspectors. While they both sympathized, neither of them was willing to take any official notice of these activities by the Post Office Department. One of the Congressmen told me if enough people complained in writing, he would pass these complaints on to the Postmaster General. But he frankly admitted that he and most of his fellow Congressmen were reluctant to take up a cause of this sort, because of the adverse publicity that might result from any defense of seemingly immoral persons.

Do we have any recourse? I feel that if each reader of PLAYBOY would register his or her disapproval of this method of harassment by the Post Office Department with his Congressman, some action would be taken.

(Name and address withheld by request)

We agree. And we suggest that readers sufficiently incensed by these personal tales of outrageous misfortune to want to do something about them, should do the following: Write a letter of protest to (1) Lawrence O'Brien, Office of the Postmaster General, U.S. Post Office Department, Washington, D.C. (the Postmaster General); (2) Senator Mike Monroney, Committee on Post Office and Civil Service, Room 6215, New Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. (committee responsible for all legislation concerning the post office); (3) Senator Edward V. Long, Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, Room 3214. New Senate Office Building, Washington, D.C. (subcommittee currently investigating the same post-office practices discussed here; see second-tolast letter in this month's "Forum" for more details on Long Committee investigation); and (1) your own Congressmen in Washington.

With Playboy's circulation now approaching 4,000,000, a united effort of this sort by our readers can have a significant effect, and offers the opportunity for influencing society in various worthwhile ways in the future. If this particular cause seems just to you, then write—however briefly—expressing your opinion. But wait until you've read the last few "Forum" letters on the subject, because they are among the most compelling.

### INVASION OF POSTAL PRIVACY

It doesn't take very much imagination to foresee the time when all words, written or spoken, will be monitored and censored. Ridiculous? Impossible? Perhaps. Perhaps not. My personal experience lends weight to that possibility. I had been writing to a friend in a very frank and descriptive manner relevant to sexual matters. By the merest possible

chance, my first-class mail was spotchecked and declared in violation of the postal obscenity law. To make a long story short, a fine of \$1000 was levied and collected (my legal fees amounted to another \$1000); I was fired from my job as a "risk"-a job for which I had gone to graduate school to qualify. I'm finally working again, at a low-paying position not at all related to my training. (I even had to lie to get this one.) My understanding family has been ostracized in the neighborhood, and the future education of my children has been jeopardized. All of this because of the invasion of my postal privacy.

In the exchange of letters between my friend and me. no one was threatened, no one hurt, nothing solicited, nothing sold, no money exchanged, no one complained (except the Post Office Department)-nothing transpired except an open and frank discussion of sexual matters between two consenting, normal, intelligent adults. What was most ludicrous was the fact that when I approached the closed door of the postal inspector's office, having been summoned there. I hesitated just a moment before entering and caught the sound of uproarious laughter and lascivious remarks made by the postal authorities themselves about some of the phrases and remarks in the letters used as evidence against me. But, to make it even more ludicrous, the judge who handed down the fine looked at me and remarked, "Now go home and act like a human being!"

(Name and address withheld by request)

We'd be interested in learning where you were given the impression that "by the merest possible chance, my first-class mail was spot-checked," since post-office officials continue to insist that all first-class mail is sacrosanct and never tampered with. But if random spot-checking isn't permitted, then the question remains: Just how did a postal inspector become acquainted with the contents of your correspondence? (The alleged sanctity of first-class mail is discussed in greater detail in another "Forum" letter, and response, near the end of this feature.)

Your arrest on an obscenity charge for the too explicit sexual description in a private letter written to a friend might have had a happier conclusion-incredible as it seems-if the same explicit description had been presented to the general public as a short story. Different criteria are used in determining what constitutes obscenity in a book or magazine, and in personal correspondence; or, to express it more accurately, the relatively liberal definition of obscenity established by the U.S. Supreme Court is grudgingly accepted by the Post Office Department where publications are concerned, but ignored in their prosecution of ordinary

citizens. In the latter case, a postal inspector may consider a letter obscene if it contains just one forbidden word; and an innocent nude, or seminude, snapshot may be considered pure pornography.

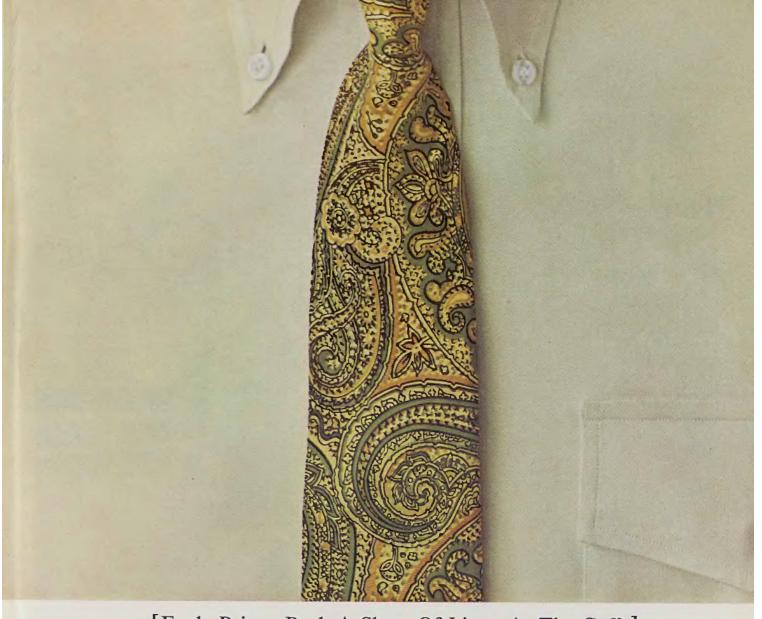
Several months ago, I was an officer in a command position in one of our military services. One Thursday afternoon (the day is important), an agent of the Office of Special Investigations invited me to his office. There we were joined by a postal inspector who produced a letter I had written and asked me to identify it, which I did. The letter contained two photos of a male and female in a compromising situation, which I was returning to a correspondent, a medical doctor, incidentally. These photos depicted neither sexual union nor perversion . . . in fact, the subjects were partially clad. But these photos were flatly termed "obscene," apparently on the personal opinion of the inspector.

I was told that on the basis of the letter, I was "suspected" of sending obscene materials through the U.S. Mail: however, civil charges would not be made, as the whole matter was being turned over to military authorities for processing. As soon as I saw what it was all about, I asked to see legal counsel, but this was refused. I was asked if I had other letters, and being a cooperative, obedient officer, I took them to my military family quarters and turned my letters over to them. As luck would have it, I had kept them locked in a box containing items varying from the innocent, to the original Marilyn Monroe calendar poses, to some undoubted obscenity obtained during travels from the Far East to Europe. The box was immediately seized, over my useless objections, because as a military man I had no protection from search and seizure in my home. I was given a receipt for the "box of obscene items," however.

The next day (Friday), after the "wheels" had had a chance to inspect the contents of the box, I was told that in view of the "new" evidence, I would be given until one o'clock Monday afternoon to decide whether I would resign "for the good of the Service" or face a general court-martial. I asked for more time to enable consultation with a civilian attorney. This was refused, because "competent military counsel" would be made available.

I was told this at five P.M. on Friday; the nearest competent civilian attorney was a hundred miles away. Obviously, I would have to rely on the advice of my assigned military lawyer. My "qualified" attorney was a young second lieutenant six months out of law school, who had never handled a case anything like this one. Over the weekend he came up with virtually nothing of value to defend me,

(continued on page 158)



[Eagle Brings Back A Show Of Linen At The Cuffs]

# REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD BUY A LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT IN THE SUMMERTIME?

HEY, remember palm fans? Ice Cream pants? And hopping on the back step of ice trucks to snitch those little slivers? You don't? \* Well, back in the olden times, men used to wear the bottom of the sleeves, too, because they liked a brave show of linen at the cuffs. Which is why Eagle is bringing back the long sleeved summer shirt. \* The collar is Eagle's old-fashioned bulgy button-down but the shirting is new-fangled, cool Oxfjord Voile, very big in arctic circles. \* It comes in Iceland Blue, Iceland Yellow, Iceland Ice, and, as shown here, either

Iceland Green or Greenland Ice. \* About \$7.00. \* Hey, remember where Eagle Shirts are sold? Miss Afflerbach at the address below does.



### Some things just naturally go with a high-performance car

(our 125-m.p.h. tire, for one)

One glance at certain people and you can tell everything about them, by their manner, by their clothes. They know the difference between a two-step and a four-speed, between a six-pack and a rally pack, between lap seam and lap time. To them, standard equipment on an automobile means four-on-the-floor, wire wheels with knockoff hubs, tach, and dual four-barrels. It also means our 125-m.p.h. tire: The Super Sports "500." Anything less would be like dressing a four-



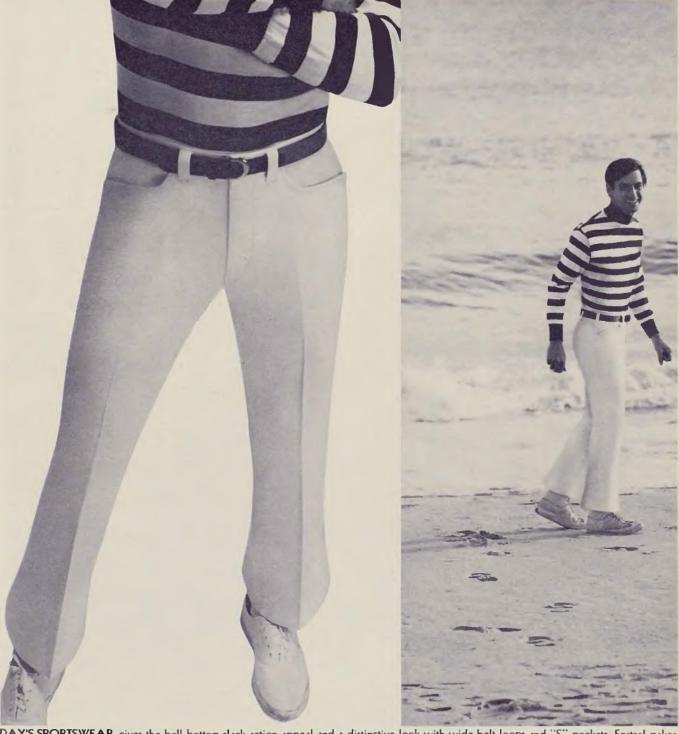
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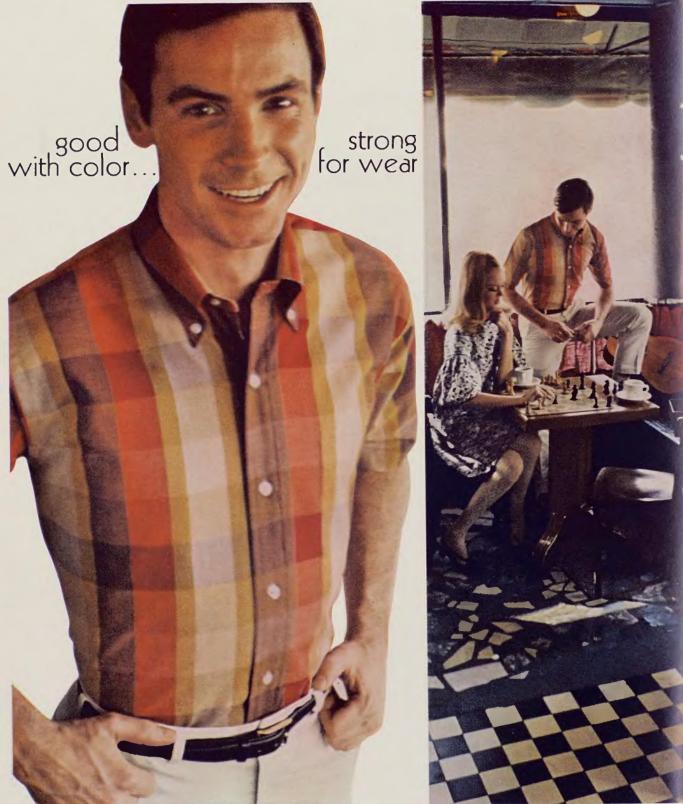
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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

#### a candid conversation with the fanatical führer of the american nazi party

"Genocidal maniac!" "Barnum of the bigots!" These are among the more temperate epithets hurled regularly-along with eggs, paint, pop bottles, rocks and rotten vegetables-at George Lincoln Rockwell, self-appointed Führer of the American Nazi Party and self-styled messiah of white supremacy and intransigent anti-Semitism. Reveling in his carefully cultivated role as a racist bogeyman, he has earned-and openly enjoys-the dubious distinction of being perhaps the most universally detested public figure in America today; even the Ku Klux Klan, which shares his Jew-hating, segregationist convictions, has officially disowned and denounced him.

Until his rise to notoriety, however, like that of the pathological Austrian paper hanger whose nightmare dream of Aryan world conquest he still nurtures, Rockwell would have been first on anyone's list of those least likely to succeed as a racist demagog-or even to become one. The older of two sons born to "Doc" Rockwell, an old-time vaudeville comic, he spent his childhood years being shuttled back and forth between his divorced parents' homes-his mother's place in rural Illinois and his father's summer cottage on the coast of Maine, where he was dandled and indulged by Doc's everpresent house guests (including such showbiz cronies as Fred Allen, Benny Goodman, Groucho Marx and Walter Winchell).

Rockwell entered Brown University

in 1938 and quickly became known among the faculty as a practical-joking, insubordinate student of doubtful promise. Though he spent less time studying than drawing cartoons for the campus humor magazine, he managed somehow to get passing grades; and he began to court the coed who was to become his first wife. Dropping out of school at the end of his sophomore year to enlist in the Navy, Rockwell finally got married, in late 1941, after completing his training as a fighter pilot-just in time to get shipped overseas when the War broke out. Stationed in the South Pacific, he was commanding a Navy attack squadron at Pearl Harbor when the War ended. He mustered out in late 1945, returned to Maine and took up belated residence with his wife, eking by as a parttime sign painter and free-lance photographer while he cast about for a permanent profession. Tightening the family's belt still another notch, he finally decided to quit work for study toward a career in commercial art. He moved his family to New York and signed up at Brooklyn's Pratt Institute, where his considerable graphic gifts were officially recognized in 1948, when a poster he'd drawn for the American Cancer Society was awarded the annual \$1000 prize of the National Society of Illustrators. Then, quixotically turning his back on art, Rockwell returned to Maine a year later to join three friends in opening an ad agency; when it went bankrupt a few months later, he

again found himself scuffling for pin money from one odd job to another.

Still an officer in the Navy Reserve, Rockwell was recalled to active duty in 1950 and served throughout the Korean War at the naval base in San Diego, where he befriended a married couple who shared his passionate conviction that General MacArthur ought to run for President in 1952. In the course of their conversations, the woman gave him what turned out to be a fateful handful of right-wing political pamphlets-for among them was a particularly gamy piece of anti-Semitic hate literature, the first he'd ever seen. Though he dismissed it at first as racist trash, he found it morbidly fascinating and read it from cover to cover-and then again; it was beginning to make sense to him. The seed was planted. Nurtured by more of the samecheerfully supplied by his new-found friends-it began to germinate; and when Rockwell picked up a copy of "Mein Kampf" in a secondhand bookstore and began to read, it took root. "I was hypnotized, transfixed," he said later. "Within a year, I was an all-out Nazi, worshiping the greatest mind in two thousand years: Adolf Hitler."

Leaving his wife and three daughters behind in San Diego when he was transferred to Iceland in 1952 as a bomber-squad commander, Rockwell was divorced and remarried—to an Icelander—within a year. When his tour of duty was completed in 1954, he moved to Wash-



"I don't believe for one minute that any 6,000,000 Jews were exterminated by Hitler. It never happened. The photographs you've seen passed off as pictures of dead Jews are frauds, pure and simple."



"People everywhere are looking for what I offer. Most won't agree with me openly, but if you ask them privately, they'd tell you, 'Rockwell has the right idea. White Christian people should dominate.'"



"I've never met a black nigger—so black he looks purple—that can talk and think. All the really black niggers are either Uncle Toms or revolutionists, or they want to loaf, loot and rape."

ington, D. C., and made still another illfated effort to become a breadwinnerthis time as the publisher of U.S. Lady, a special-market women's magazine aimed at what he felt was an untapped readership of military wives; because of financial pressures, he was forced to sell out after the first few issues. In desperation, after a futile campaign to persuade well-heeled right-wing businessmen to underwrite his burgeoning but undefined political ambitions, he packed his wife and their few belongings into a car-drawn trailer and hit the road as a traveling salesman. No great shakes at this kind of work, either, he left more than one town empty-handed and dead broke; but his wife managed somehow to keep food on the table.

Rockwell began to sit up nights mapping grandiose plans for the resurrection of National Socialism, with himself as the reincarnated Führer; and during the day, between house calls, he roamed the country seeking fellow malcontents and proselytizing for fearless, dedicated cohorts to join him in his crusade to purify the land of "Reds and blacks." By the summer of 1958 he had collected enough cash (via mailed donations from secret admirers, mostly in the South) and mustered enough fellow fanatics (11 or 12) to give the group a name-the American Nazi Party-and to begin agitating for attention. They got it: Their first official act was to picket the White House carrying such signs as SAVE IKE FROM THE KIKES. Brandishing Lugers, clicking their heels and "heiling" each other in brown shirts, boots and swastika arm bands, they swaggered about their new "National Headquarters"—a tumbledown shack in Arlington, Virginia, just across the Potomac from Washington.

When an Atlanta synagogue was seriously damaged in a mysterious bombing late that summer, the public unleashed a storm of outrage against the Nazis (though none was ever indicted), and their little shack became a target for bricks and Molotov cocktails, police raids, snipers, abusive mail and telephoned death threats. Seeing the handwriting on the wall—not to mention a widening pattern of bullet holes—Rockwell's long-suffering wife quietly packed her bags and left for Iceland.

Her decision, as even Rockwell later admitted, could hardly have been a wiser one, for that first siege proved to be merely the opening skirmish in a continuing campaign of psychological and guerrilla warfare—punctuated periodically by ugly, often violent confrontations—between Rockwell and the public, the press, the law, the courts, the Government, the Church, the civil rights movement, the John Birch Society, the Anti-Defamation League, the A.D.A., the K.K.K., the FBI, and just about every known racial, religious and political minority group from Berkeley to

Baltimore. In almost every contretemps, Rockwell has come out on the short end —winding up usually either in jail for inciting a riot or in the hospital for sticking around to see how it came out.

Often bloodied (once by an outraged viewer in the middle of a television speech), but still unbowed (even by his most recent and humiliating defeat-for the governorship of Virginia), the indomitable Nazi chieftain announced recently that he plans to stage a "back-to-Africa" hate rally this summer at the corner of Lenox Avenue and 125th Street in the heart of New York's Harlem. Few think he's crazy enough to go through with it, but even fewer would be willing to swear that he isn't. In the hope of finding out for sure, and of learning how he got that way, we decided to ask the neo-Nazi for an interview. Unlike controversial past interviewees Klan Wizard Robert Shelton and atheist Madalyn Murray, Rockwell could not be called a spokesman for any socially or politically significant minority; indeed, his fanatical following is both motley and minuscule (estimates of Nazi Party membership range from 25 to 100). But we felt that the very virulence of Rockwell's messianic master-racism could transform a really searching conversation with the 48-year-old Führer into a revealing portrait of both rampant racism and the pathology of fascism. The results-obtained for us by interviewer Alex Haley -explosively exceeded our expectations. Of the experience, Haley writes:

"I called Rockwell at his Arlington, Virginia, headquarters and relayed PLAYBOY's request for an exclusive interview. After assuring himself that I wasn't Jewish, he guardedly agreed. I didn't tell him I was a Negro. Five days later, as my taxi pulled up in front of Rockwell's International Headquarters,' a nine-room white frame house in Arlington (since padlocked by the Internal Revenue Service, which is currently investigating the labyrinth of Nazi financial backing), I noticed a billboard-sized sign on the roof reading: WHITE MAN FIGHT-SMASH THE BLACK REVOLUTION! I couldn't help wondering what kind of welcome I'd receive when they got a look at my non-Aryan complexion. I didn't have long to wait; the khaki-clad duty guard at the door stiffened as I stepped out of the cab and up the front stairs. When I identified myself, he ushered me uncertainly inside and told me to wait nearby in what he called 'the shrine room,' a small, blackwalled chamber dimly lit by flickering red candles and adorned with American and Nazi flags, adjoining portraits of Adolf Hitler and George Washington, and a slightly larger, rather idealized painting of Rockwell himself-a selfportrait. On the table beside my chair sat a crudely bound and printed copy of Rockwell's self-published autobiography,

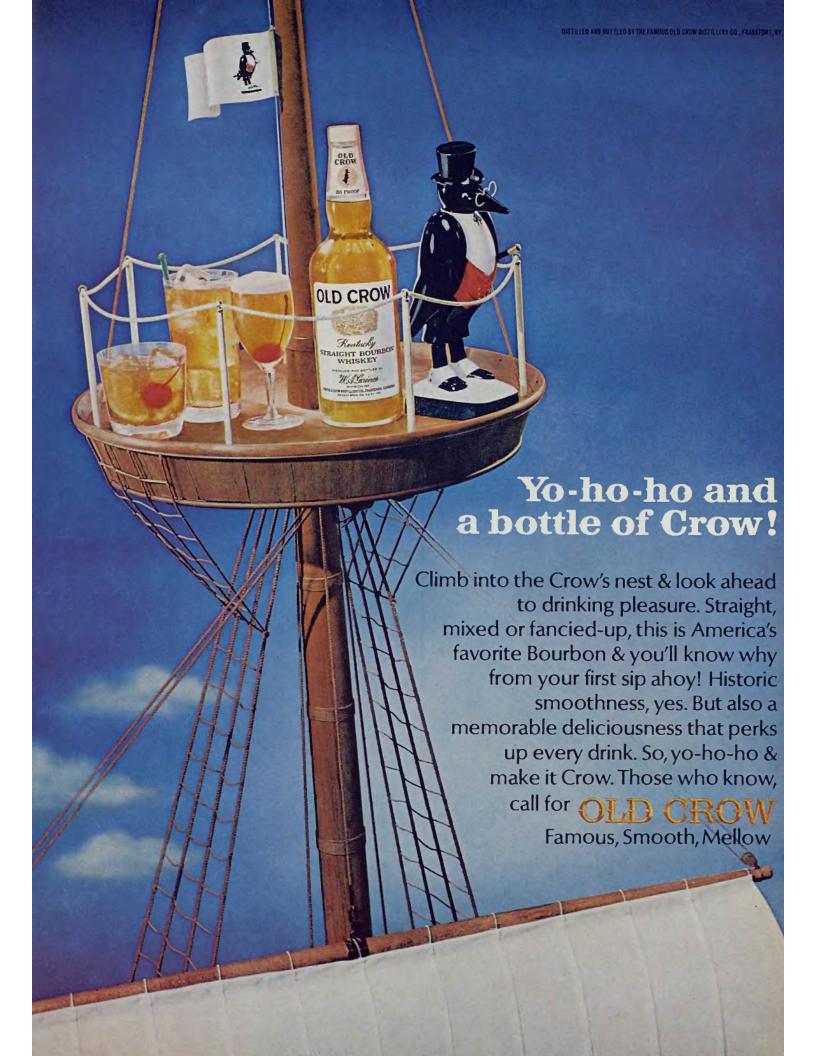
'This Time the World'; I was leafing through it when a pair of uniformed 'storm troopers' loomed suddenly in the doorway, gave the Nazi salute and informed me coolly that Commander Rockwell had ordered them to take me in one of the Party staff cars to his nearby personal headquarters.

Fifteen minutes later, with me and my tape recorder in the back and my two chaperones in the front, the car turned into a narrow, tree-lined road, slowed down as it passed a NO TRES-PASSING sign (stamped with a skull and crossbones) and a leashed Doberman watchdog, and finally pulled up in front of a white, 16-room farmhouse emblazoned at floor- and second-story levels with four-foot-high red swastikas. About a dozen Nazis stared icily as the guards walked me past them and up the stairs to Rockwell's door, where a sidearmed storm trooper frisked me expertly from head to toe. Within arm's reach, I noticed, was a wooden rack holding short combat lengths of sawedoff iron pipe. Finding me 'clean,' the guard ceremoniously opened the door, stepped inside, saluted, said, 'Sieg heil!' -echoed brusquely from within-then stood aside and nodded permission for me to come ahead. I did.

"As if for dramatic effect, Rockwell was standing across the room, corncob pipe in hand, beneath a portrait of Adolf Hitler. Warned about my Negritude, he registered no surprise nor did he smile, speak or offer to shake hands. Instead, after surveying me up and down for a long moment, he motioned me peremptorily to a seat, then sat down himself in a nearby easy chair and watched silently while I set up my tape machine. Rockwell already had one of his own, I noticed, spinning on a nearby table. Then, with the burly guard standing at attention about halfway between us, he took out a pearl-handled revolver, placed it pointedly on the arm of his chair, sat back and spoke for the first time: 'I'm ready if you are.' Without any further pleasantries, I turned on my machine."

**PLAYBOY:** Before we begin, Commander, I wonder if you'd mind telling me why you're keeping that pistol there at your elbow, and this armed bodyguard between us.

ROCKWELL: Just a precaution. You may not be aware of the fact that I have received literally thousands of threats against my life. Most of them are from cranks, but some of them haven't been; there are bullet holes all over the outside of this building. Just last week, two gallon jugs of flaming gasoline were flung against the house right under my window. I keep this gun within reach and a guard beside me during interviews because I've been attacked too many times to take any chances. I haven't yet been jumped by an impostor, but it



wasn't long ago that 17 guys claiming to be from a university came here to "interview" me; nothing untoward happened, but we later found out they were armed and planned to tear down the flag, burn the joint and beat me up. Only the fact that we were ready for that kind of rough stuff kept it from happening. We've never yet had to hurt anybody, but only because I think they all know we're ready to fight any time. If you're who you claim to be, you have nothing to fear.

PLAYBOY: I don't.

ROCKWELL: Good. Just so we both know where we stand, I'd like to make something else crystal clear before we begin. I'm going to be honest and direct with you. You're here in your professional capacity; I'm here in my professional capacity. While here, you'll be treated well—but I see you're a black interviewer. It's nothing personal, but I want you to understand that I don't mix with your kind, and we call your race "niggers."

**PLAYBOY:** I've been called "nigger" many times, Commander, but this is the first time I'm being *paid* for it. So you go right ahead. What have you got against us "niggers"?

ROCKWELL: I've got nothing against you. I just think you people would be happier back in Africa where you came from. When the pilgrims got pushed around in Europe, they didn't have any sit-ins or crawl-ins; they got out and went to a wilderness and built a great civilization.

**PLAYBOY:** It was built with the help of Negroes.

ROCKWELL: Help or no, the white people in America simply aren't going to allow you to mix totally with them, whether you like it or not.

PLAYBOY: The purpose of the civil rights movement is equality of rights and opportunity, Commander—not miscegenation, as you seem to be implying.

**ROCKWELL:** Equality may be the *stated* purpose, but race mixing is what it boils down to in practice; and the harder you people push for that, the madder white people are going to get.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're entitled to speak for white people?

ROCKWELL: Malcolm X said the same thing I'm saying.

PLAYBOY: He certainly was in no position to speak for white people.

ROCKWELL: Well, I think I am speaking for the majority of whites when I say that race mixing just isn't going to work. I think, therefore, that we should take the billions of dollars now being wasted on foreign aid to Communist countries which hate us and give that money to our own niggers to build their own civilized nation in Africa.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the fact that Africa is already spoken for territorially by sovereign nations, all but a few of the 20,000,000 Negroes in this country are

native-born Americans who have just as much right to remain here as you do, Commander.

ROCKWELL: That's not my point. When two people prove incompatible in marriage and they can't live together, they separate; and the mass of average niggers simply don't "fit" in modern American society. A leopard doesn't change his spots just because you bring him in from the jungle and try to housebreak him and turn him into a pet. He may learn to sheathe his claws in order to beg a few scraps off the dinner table, and you may teach him to be a beast of burden, but it doesn't pay to forget that he'll always be what he was born: a wild animal. PLAYBOY: We're talking about human beings, not animals.

ROCKWELL: We're talking about niggers and there's no doubt in my mind that they're basically animalistic.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

ROCKWELL: Spiritually. Our white kids are being perverted, like Pavlov's dogs, by conditioned-reflex training. For instance, every time a white kid is getting a piece of ass, the car radio is blaring nigger bebop. Under such powerful stimuli, it's not long before a kid begins unconsciously to connect these savage sounds with intense pleasure and thus transfers his natural pleasurable reactions in sex to an unnatural love of the chaotic and animalistic nigger music, which destroys a love of order and real beauty among our kids. This is how you niggers corrupt our white kids-without even laying a dirty hand on them. Not that you wouldn't like to.

PLAYBOY: It's sometimes the other way around, Commander.

ROCKWELL: Well, I'll have to admit one great failing of my own people: The white man is getting too soft. The niggers are forced to do hard manual labor, and as a result, most nigger bucks are healthy animals-rugged and tough, the way nature intended a male to be. When you take a look at how the average, bourgeois white man spends his time, thoughhunched over a desk, going to the ballet, riding around on his electric lawn mower or squatting on his fur-lined toilet seatyou can't help but observe how soft and squishy a lot of white men allow themselves to become; especially some of the skinny, pasty-faced white peace creeps with their long hair, their fairy-looking clothes and the big yellow stripe up their spineless back. What normal woman would want one of these cruds? Unfortunately, some of our white women, especially in the crazy leftist environment on our college campuses, get carried away by Jewish propaganda into betraying their own instincts by choosing a healthy black buck instead of one of these skinny, pansified white peace creeps who swarm on our college campuses.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that the

Negro male is sexually superior to the white man?

ROCKWELL: Certainly not. The average white workingman, the vast majority of white men, are just as tough and ballsy as any nigger who ever lived. It's the white intellectuals who have allowed themselves to be degenerate physically, mentally and especially spiritually, until I am forced to admit that a healthy nigger garbage man is certainly superior physically and sexually to a pasty-faced skinny white peace creep.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you consider Negroes superior to white men in any other way? **ROCKWEU:** On the contrary—I consider them *inferior* to the white man in *every* other way.

PLAYBOY: That's a fairly sweeping generalization. Can you document it?

ROCKWELL: When I speak at colleges, they often ask me the same question. I always answer with a question of my own: How do colleges determine the superior and inferior students? By performance, that's how! Look at history; investigate the different races. The Chinese perform; they've created a great civilization. And the white races certainly perform. But the nigger race, until very recently, has done absolutely nothing.

PLAYBOY: How recently?

ROCKWELL: The past 20 or 30 years.

PLAYBOY: What about the contribution of those millions of African Negroes and their descendants—along with that of migrants of every color from all over the world—who helped found and build this country?

ROCKWELL: I don't dismiss it, but the fact is that any contribution of the niggers has been almost entirely manual and menial. Horses could have done most of it, or well-trained monkeys from the same trees they were flushed out of back in Africa. They've picked up a few more tricks since then—but only what they've learned from the white man.

PLAYBOY: Recent archaeological findings have documented the existence of advanced black African civilizations centuries before the dawn of comparable cultures in Europe.

ROCKWELL: If they were so far ahead of us then, why are they still shooting blow darts at each other while we're launching rockets to the moon?

PLAYBOY: The American space program isn't a segregated project, Commander. There are many Negroes working for NASA and in the space industry.

ROCKWELL: This only proves my point. A few niggers, like trained chimpanzees, have been pushed and jammed into such things as the space program by our race-mixing Presidents and the Federal Government; but niggers didn't originate any of the ideas or develop the fantastic organizations capable of putting men into space. The niggers in NASA are like chimpanzees who have learned to ride bicycles. A few trained monkeys

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riding bicycles doesn't prove that chimpanzees could invent or build or even think about a bicycle. The fact is that the average nigger is not as intelligent as the average white man.

PLAYBOY: There's no genetic or anthropological evidence to substantiate that. ROCKWELL: I know you're going to say you can show me thousands of intelligent niggers and stupid white men. I'm well aware that there are exceptions on both sides. All I'm saying is that the average of your people is below the average of my people; and the pure-black ones are even further below us. I have living evidence of this sitting right in front of me.

PLAYBOY: If you mean me, I'm far from pure black—as you can see.

ROCKWELL: That's just it: You're an intelligent person; I enjoy talking to you. But, you're not pure black like your ancestors in the Congo. Now, this may insult you, but we're not here to throw pansies at each other: There had to be some white people in your background somewhere, or you wouldn't be brown instead of black. Right?

PLAYBOY: Right.

ROCKWELL: Well, I'm saying that your intelligence comes from the blood of my people. Whenever they trot out some smart nigger and say, "See? Look how brilliant niggers are," what they usually show you is a part-white man with some nigger blood in him. This doesn't prove that niggers are great. On the contrary; it proves that white blood can make a part-nigger more intelligent.

PLAYBOY: That's not proof, Commander. Can you offer any authoritative documentation to support your view?

ROCKWELL: A psychologist named G. O. Ferguson made a definitive study of the connection between the amount of white blood and intelligence in niggers. He tested all the nigger school children in Virginia and proved that the pureblack niggers did only about 70 percent as well as the white children. Niggers with one white grandparent did about 75 percent as well as the white children. Niggers with two white grandparents did still better, and niggers with three white grandparents did almost as well as the white kids. Since all of these nigger children shared exactly the same environment as niggers, it's impossible to claim that environment produced these tremendous changes in performance.

[Ferguson's study, conducted in 1916, we later learned, has since been discredited by every major authority on genetics and anthropology; they call it a pseudoscientific rationale for racism, based on an inadequate and unrepresentative sampling, predicated on erroneous assumptions, and statistically loaded to prove its point.—Ed.]

PLAYBOY: In his book A Profile of the Negro American, the world-famed so-

ciologist T. F. Pettigrew states flatly that the degree of white ancestry does not relate in any way to Negro I. Q. scores. According to Pettigrew, the brightest Negro yet reported—with a tested I. Q. of 200—had no traceable Caucasian heritage whatever.

ROCKWELL: The fact that you can show me one very black individual who is superior to me doesn't convince me that the *average* nigger is superior. The startling fact I see is that the lighter they are, the smarter they are, and the blacker they are, the dumber they are.

**PLAYBOY:** That's an opinion, Commander, not a fact. Can you back it up with any concrete evidence?

ROCKWELL: The evidence of lifelong experience. I've never met a black nigger—I mean a real black one, so black he looks purple—that can talk, and think as, say, you can. When I do, then maybe I'll change my opinion. All the really black niggers are either what you call Uncle Toms, or they're revolutionists, or they just want to loaf, loot and rape.

**PLAYBOY:** Most sociologists would agree that the vast majority of Negroes—dark-skinned or otherwise—don't fit into any of those categories.

ROCKWELL: Like I said, there are always exceptions—but everybody knows that they prove the rule. Evolution shows that in the long run, if the superior mixes with the inferior, the product is halfway between, and inferior to what you started with in the original superior group—in other words, mongrelized.

PLAYBOY: The words superior and inferior have no meaning to geneticists, Commander—and neither does mongrelization. Every authority in the field has attested that the world's racial groups are genetically indistinguishable from one another. All men, in other words—including hybrids—are created equal.

ROCKWELL: You're bringing tears to my eyes. Don't you know that all this equality garbage was started by a Jew anthropologist named Franz Boas from Columbia University? Boas was followed by another Jew from Columbia named Gene Weltfish. And our present Jew expert preaching equality is another Jew named Ashley Montagu. Any anthropologist who dares to preach the facts known by any farmer in the barnyardthat breeds differ in quality-is simply not allowed to survive in the universities or in publishing, because he can't earn a living. You never hear from that side. But Carleton Putnam has written a wonderful book called Race and Reason, showing that there is plenty of scholarly evidence to back up my contention that the nigger race is inherently inferior to the white race intellectually. [Putnam, a former president of Delta Airlines, has no academic credentials in sociology, anthropology or genetics. Explaining its "Not Recommended" classification for his book-fully titled Race and Reason:

A Yankee View-Book Review Digest writes: "At no time does the author show himself qualified to speak as a scientist."-Ed.] This equality garbage is straight Soviet, Lysenkian biologydirect from the Communist Lysenko, who preached that by changing the environment you could grow one plant from another plant's seeds. This is the doctrine that's destroying our society-because it's not true. You can't grow wheat from corn by changing the environment. PLAYBOY: You can't grow wheat from corn by changing anything. In any case, we're discussing human beings, not foodstuffs. ROCKWELL: I don't feel like quibbling. What I'm saying is that I believe the Jews have consciously perverted the study of anthropology and biology and human genetics in order to reach this phony conclusion-and thus destroy the great white race.

PLAYBOY: What phony conclusion?

ROCKWELL: The totally erroneous notion that heredity has nothing to do with why, for example, the niggers have lower scholastic averages and higher illegitimacy rates than whites.

PLAYBOY: According to geneticists, it doesn't. In any case, how would acceptance of this notion lead to the destruction of the white race?

ROCKWELL: By deluding people into believing that the nigger is only "underprivileged" rather than inherently inferior; into believing, therefore, that he can be cleaned up and smartened up by letting him eat in our restaurants, study in our schools, move into our neighborhoods. The next inevitable step is to take him into our beds—and this would lead to the mongrelization, and hence the destruction, of the white race.

PLAYBOY: You said that the Jews are behind this plot. Since they're whites themselves, how would they benefit from their own destruction?

ROCKWELL: They won't be mingling like the rest of us. They believe they're too pure to mix; they think they're "the chosen people"—chosen to rule the world. But the only world they could rule would be a world of inferior beings. And as long as the white man is pure, they cannot succeed. But when the white man permits himself to be mixed with black men, then the Jews can master him.

PLAYBOY: How?

**ROCKWELL:** They *already* run the niggers. Except for the Black Muslims, the Jews run practically all the big civil rights organizations.

PLAYBOY: You're misinformed, Commander. The key posts in all but one of the major civil rights groups—the NAACP—are held entirely by Negroes. ROCKWELL: They're just the front men. The Jews operate behind the scenes, pulling the strings and holding the moneybags.

PLAYBOY: The Jews who belong and

contribute to these groups serve strictly in an advisory capacity.

Started to say, Jews want to run the white people just the way they run the niggers. Once they get the white people mixed with the black people, the white people will be just as easy to run as the niggers.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROCKWELL: Because when you mix superior and inferior, like I told you, the product is inferior—halfway between the two. The Jews would be able to outwit and outmaneuver and thus manipulate the mongrelized white man just the way he already does the niggers. That's what the whole so-called civil rights movement is all about; and they're just liable to get away with it if the good white Christians of this country don't wake up and get together before it's too late to restore the natural order of things.

PLAYBOY: And what's that?

ROCKWELL: Separation. In nature, all things of a similar being tend to group together. Chimpanzees do not run with baboons; they run with chimpanzees. This is the natural order of people, too. Even in thoroughly integrated colleges, when I visit them, I notice that niggers usually sit and eat at tables with other niggers—even though they don't have to. And the white people sit with other white people. I think this is the natural tendency, and to attempt to pervert this is to fight nature.

PLAYBOY: You fail to make an important moral and constitutional distinction between *choosing* to associate with one's own race and being *forced* to do so. Left to themselves, some people will mingle and some won't; and most Americans think this is just the way it ought to be.

ROCKWELL: That's all very noble-sounding; it brings a lump to my throat. But what does it boil down to in practice? Every time your people move into my neighborhood, the white people move out; and often there's violence—by peaceful, decent white men who never before committed any, but are outraged at the black invasion.

PLAYBOY: That's an exaggeration, Commander. The record shows that fewer and fewer white people are moving out when Negroes move into white neighborhoods; and the fact is that violence very seldom occurs because of Negro "block-busting." In most instances, after an initial period of strain, the newcomers are being quietly accepted.

ROCKWELL: I don't know what neighborhoods you've been hanging around in, but my own experience has been that violence and animosity are the rule rather than the exception. And that goes double when one of my guys moves into a place like Watts. Your people don't just riot; they try to kill him. This is natural. Their instincts are coming out, and they always will. And any effort to

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override these instincts, or deny they exist, will inevitably be unsuccessful. Nature will prevail.

PLAYBOY: Negro hostility toward Nazis could hardly be offered as proof that integration is unnatural. Nor is anti-Nazi violence confined to Negroes.

ROCKWELL: You're right—the Jews are even better at it.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that the Watts, Harlem and Rochester riots, among others, were actually instigated by Jews. Do you have any evidence to substantiate that charge?

ROCKWELL: I didn't say they started them; I said they engineered them. First of all, they tell the niggers, "You people don't have to obey the laws you don't like"just like Martin Luther Coon preaches. If a cop arrests a nigger, it's "police brutality." And he's told he should fight back. Whenever a policeman tries to do his duty, the Jew-oriented niggers have been told to try and take the prisoner away from this brutal cop The Jews turn him into a psychological bomb-so that when a cop comes along and does his duty it's just like touching a match to a fuse. Boom-up it goes! Like it did in Watts. Like they do in Harlem.

**PLAYBOY:** In both the Watts and Harlem riots, the bulk of the property damage was suffered by Jewish-owned stores and businesses. Why would the Jews foment violence that's bound to result in the destruction of their own property?

ROCKWELL: It just happens that most of the businessmen making money off the niggers in the ghettos are Jews. The big Jews in charge are willing to sacrifice the little Jews just as a general sacrifices some troops to win a war.

PLAYBOY: But what could any Jews possibly win by engineering riots?

ROCKWELL: They're just natural-born agitators. They just can't help coming in and getting everybody all stirred upand they're always the ones to suffer for it. Every time! But they just can't quit. It's irrational as hell. With all their liberalism and their preaching about equal rights for niggers, they've promoted disorder and chaos that's eventually going to bury them. The liquor dealers are getting it now. Last summer, all those kike store owners in Watts kept screaming, "Oy! Stop! Listen! We're your friends!"-while the coons beat their brains out. And that's just the beginning, just a sample of things to come. This summer I predict that racial violence even more terrible than Watts will erupt -all because of these two troublemaking inferior races.

PLAYBOY: In judging Negroes "inferior" to whites, you said a while ago that you made this appraisal on the basis of "performance." Do you find Jews inferior for the same reason?

ROCKWELL: I've never accused the Jews of being incapable of performing. As a matter of fact, I think there's a good chance they're *superior* to everybody else in terms of actual mental capabilities. I think the average Jew is probably sharper intellectually than the average gentile, because for years and years he's had to live by his wits. Consequently, there has evolved a race of Jews who are more agile mentally than the rest of us. **PLAYBOY**: In what way do you consider Jews inferior, then?

ROCKWELL: Spiritually. I believe that a human being, in order to be a successful person, in addition to performing—inventing a rocket or something—has got to have something he believes in, something more than his own survival, something that's a little bigger than himself. The Jews don't. They've even got a rabbi now who admits he's an atheist—Rabbi Sherwin Wine of Birmingham, Michigan.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps you didn't know that the current Church movement toward disbelief in God originated among the Protestant clergy. In any case, Rabbi Wine's convictions are a minority voice and could not in any way be said to represent those of the Jewish faith in general. Most Jews continue to believe in God, as set down in the Torah.

ROCKWELL: Jews talk a lot about God. But actually their god, just like Marx said, is money. Cash! This is where the Jews fail-in their lack of idealism. Most of them are strictly materialists at heart. Wherever the Jews have gone, they've moved into a friendly, unsuspecting country and promptly started to glut on its people and resources. They think they're engaging in business, but actually what they're doing is eating the country up alive. And when people begin to resent their viciousness and greed, and either kick the Jews out or kill them, they always scream "Persecution!" That's not persecution. It's self-defense.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you implying that Hitler was justified in exterminating 6,000,000 European Jews?

ROCKWELL: I don't believe for one minute that any 6,000,000 Jews were exterminated by Hitler. It never happened. You want me to prove it to you?

PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

ROCKWELL: We have the figures for the number of Jews in the world in 1939, before World War Two: 15,688,259; and the figures for the number living after World War Two: 18,000,000. Now, if you take the number of Jews for after World War Two—and add the 6,000,000 you say were gassed, you get a total of 24,000,000—which means that there would have to have been a 50-percent increase in the Jewish population during a period of about five years. Even people as good at sex as the Jews couldn't possibly reproduce that fast. So you see, the Jews' own figures convict them as liars!

PLAYBOY: What's your source for these statistics?

ROCKWELL: The pre-War figures came from the 1947 World Almanac, page 219; and the post-War figures from The New York Times, February 22, 1948, in an article by Hanson Baldwin.

[Subsequent investigation revealed that the World Almanac figure of 15,688,259 is correct as claimed. The post-War figures cited by Hanson Baldwin in The New York Times were in the following context: "In these countries (Palestine and Egypt), the Jews are tied by bonds of religion to the rest of the 15 to 18 million Jews of the world." According to every official source, however, Baldwin's estimates are in error. The figures compiled by the Population Reference Bureau in Washington, D C., show that the world's Jewish population declined from 16,600,000 to 11,400,000 between 1939 and 1945-while European Jewry decreased 6,000,000 during that same period, from 9,700,000 to 3,700,000.—Ed.] PLAYBOY: Population figures aside, do you deny the validity of documentary photographic evidence showing the gas chambers themselves, and the thousands of bodies piled up in concentration-camp trenches?

ROCKWELL: I emphatically deny that there is any valid proof that innocent Jews were systematically murdered by the Nazis. The photographs you've seen that have been passed off as pictures of dead Jews have been identified as pictures of the corpses of German civilians—mostly women and children and refugees—who were killed in the one-night Allied bombing of Dresden, which slaughtered 350,000 innocent people.

**PLAYBOY:** By whom have these pictures been so identified?

ROCKWELL: By Matt Koehl, my research chief, who says that you can recognize the buildings in the background of these so-called Nazi atrocity photographs as buildings in Dresden.

**PLAYBOY**: We don't accept the findings of your research chief as authoritative.

**ROCKWELL:** I have conclusive evidence to *prove* that some of these "documentary" photographs are frauds, pure and simple. In a magazine published by the Jews and sold all over America, they show a bottle supposedly containing soap made by the Germans out of the poor, dead, gassed Jews.

PLAYBOY: What evidence do you have for claiming that it's fraudulent?

ROCKWELL: Common sense. That soap could have been made out of anything; it could have been melted down from a dozen bars of Lifebuoy. But here's my ultimate proof of just how utterly ridiculous all the anti-Nazi literature you've read really is: an article in Sir magazine, March 1958, on how the Nazis gassed and burned and murdered everybody. It's by "a former corporal of the SS" as told to an American Army master

sergeant who signs himself "Lew Cor." Well, "Lew Cor" is simply Rockwell spelled backward. I wrote it *myself*—as a test. I wrote the vilest lies I could think of! And here they all are in print in this magazine. Look at the photographs! These are supposed to be actual shots of Nazi victims mentioned in the article—victims that I invented!

PLAYBOY: Your own willingness to lie about Nazi atrocities doesn't prove that the Jews have done the same thing, Commander. Do you also dismiss the testimony of hundreds of prison-camp survivors who have given eyewitness testimony about Nazi atrocities?

ROCKWELL: I have an affidavit from a Jewish doctor, a prisoner at Auschwitz, who says there were no gas chambers.

PLAYBOY: Do you have that affidavit?

ROCKWELL: I'll send you a photostat. [It has not arrived.—Ed.] I believe the gas chambers in these concentration camps were built after the War—by Jewish Army officers. We know this for sure: It was mostly Jewish Army officers who went in there to liberate these camps. And it was mostly Jewish Army CIC officers who were in charge of the Nuremberg trials. It was they who tortured innocent Nazis, using any kind of vile method they could to cook up phony evidence.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you prove these charges? **ROCKWELL:** I know of several cases where American personnel resigned in disgust at the methods used.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't prove that torture was used to extract false testimony. In any case, you still haven't said whether you dismiss eyewitness testimony of Nazi atrocities.

ROCKWELL: Certainly I do. I've lost count of the times I've been in court, after being assaulted and beaten by gangs of Jews, and seen these same Jews get up on the witness stand, with tears pouring down their faces, and tell how I attacked them! The Jews are the world's master liars! They are geniuses at it. Why, when a kike is up on a witness stand, he doesn't even need onions to start the tears pouring.

**PLAYBOY:** It's said that you keep a model gas chamber here at your headquarters. Is that true?

ROCKWELL: No, but we have an electric chair at Sing Sing that's already done a great deed for America in frying the Rosenbergs; and there are hundreds of thousands *more* Rosenbergs running around America who need frying—or gassing.

PLAYBOY: By "more Rosenbergs," do you mean more Jews or more Communist spies?

ROCKWELL: More Communist Jews. They're practically the same thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that many Jews are Communists, or that many Communists are Jewish?

ROCKWELL: I use the term "Communist

Jews" in exactly the same sense that I would say "Italian gangsters." Most Italians are not gangsters, but everybody knows that the Mafia is mostly Italians. Well, my experience is that communism is as Jewish as the Mafia is Italian. It's a fact that almost all of the convicted spies for communism have been atheist Jews like the Rosenbergs. And international communism was invented by the Jew Karl Marx and has since been led mostly by Jews—like Trotsky.

PLAYBOY: Stalin, Khrushchev, Brezhnev, Kosygin and Mao Tse-tung, among many others, certainly aren't Jews.

ROCKWELL: The Jews operate nowadays mostly as spies and agitators for the Reds. Mind you, I'm not saying that there aren't vast numbers of Jews who despise communism.

PLAYBOY: Yet you say there are hundreds of thousands of Jewish Communists in America?

ROCKWELL: Perhaps more.

PLAYBOY: What evidence do you have to

back up that figure?

ROCKWELL: Plain statistics. Fourteen of the 16 Americans convicted in U.S. courts of treason as Communist spies have been racial Jews and one of them was a nigger. Of the 21 Communist leaders convicted in Judge Medina's court, 19 were racial Jews. Of the so-called "second-string Politburo" Communist leaders rounded up, more than 90 percent were racial Jews.

**PLAYBOY:** The total number of convicted spies who you say are Jewish comes to 33. That's far from hundreds of thousands.

ROCKWELL: There's also evidence in black and white. Even in their own publications, the Jews do not hide from the Jewishness of communism. It's there for anybody to see. For instance, the largest-circulation Communist newspaper in America is not *The Worker*, but a paper published in Yiddish called *The Morning Freiheit*. Any American can get a copy of this Jewish Communist newspaper and read, in the English portions, the open Communist treason they're preaching.

PLAYBOY: The views of *The Morning Freiheit* certainly can't be said to reflect those of most American Jews, Commander. Can you give a specific example of a pro-Marxist statement by any recognized spokesman for American Jewry?

ROCKWELL: Just one? That's easy. Let's take a statement made by Rabbi Stephen Wise; he's one of the leading spokesmen for American Jewry.

PLAYBOY: He died in 1949.

ROCKWELL: Well, before he died, he wrote, "Some call it communism; I call it Judaism." That's a direct quote. I'd say that's putting it pretty unequivocally, wouldn't you?

**PLAYBOY:** Can you produce proof of that statement?

ROCKWELL: Certainly. I'll send it to you.

The proof has not arrived, nor was Commander Rockwell able to tell us the name of the publication in which the alleged statement appeared. An official at Manhattan's Hebrew Union College, where Rabbi Wise's entire works are kept in archive, later said that no such statement appears anywhere in the late rabbi's writings. Rabbi Edward Kline, Wise's successor at New York's Free Synagogue, told us further that no such quote appears in any of Wise's speeches; nor could he, as a lifelong foe of communism, said Kline, have been capable of making such a remark. Confronted with this evidence, Rockwell later retracted the allegation.-Ed.]

PLAYBOY: Do you have any tangible evidence to substantiate your charges?

**ROCKWELL:** Would you accept evidence based on a statistical sampling?

PLAYBOY: Let's hear it.

ROCKWELL: Out of the number of Jews that I have known personally, a tremendous proportion—at least 50 percent, maybe as high as 85 or 90 percent—have been pro-Red; either card-carrying Communists or accessories before or after the fact, either openly and knowingly aiding and abetting communism and promoting the Communist overthrow of this Government, or assisting the Communist enemies who are killing Americans, or consciously suppressing legal evidence which would tend to convict such traitors.

PLAYBOY: Your own conjectures about the political sympathies of Jews you've known personally, Commander, could hardly be accepted as evidence to support your allegations about them, let alone the "hundreds of thousands" you say are pro-Red. In any case, you say they "need frying-or gassing." On what grounds? ROCKWELL: Treason. Everybody-not just Jews-with suspicious records of procommunism, or treasonable Zionism, or any subversive attack on this country or its people, should be investigated and arrested and the evidence placed before a grand jury. If they're indicted, they should be tried for treason, and if they're convicted, they should be killed.

PLAYBOY: How?

ROCKWELL: Well, there are going to be hundreds of thousands of Jewish traitors to execute, don't forget. I don't see how you can strap that many people in electric chairs and get the job done before they all die of old age; so it seems to me that mass gas chambers are going to be the only solution for the Communist traitor problem in America.

PLAYBOY: Your suggestion of gas chambers as a "solution for the Communist traitor problem" is reminiscent of the "final solution for the Jewish problem" instituted by the Nazis in Germany. Are you planning to lead another anti-Semitic crusade along the lines laid down by Hitler?

ROCKWELL: The crusade I plan to lead

will be much broader in scope than that. In Germany, Hitler produced a local "lab experiment"; he provided me with an ideology in the same way that Marx provided one for Lenin. My task is to turn this ideology into a world movement. And I'll never be able to accomplish that by preaching pure Aryanism as Hitler did—by glorifying the Nordic-Germanic people as a "master race." There is an easily identifiable master race, however: the white race. You can find it all over the world. This is what I'm fighting for-not Aryanism, but white Christian solidarity. In the long run, I intend to win over the people of Greece, of Germany, of Italy, of England, of Canada, of France, of Spain, of Latin America, of Rhodesia, of South Africathe people of every white Christian country in the world. All the white Christian countries of the earth I would try to mold into one racial, religious, political and military entity. I want them eventually to have hegemony.

PLAYBOY: Over the nonwhite, non-Christian nations?

ROCKWELL: Over the Afro-Asian bloc, which is to me the ultimate danger the earth faces. Worse than the bomb! These people have something both communism and democracy have lost. They're fanatics! They're full of this wild-eved belief and vitality that the white man has gradually been losing. If they ever unite, there will be almost a billion of them against the white man-a ratio of seven to one. They're breeding so fast that the odds could easily be ten or fifteen to one before too long. When these billions of primitive colored people are able to control an atom or an H-bomb, as Red China may soon be able to do, we could wipe out a hundred million of them, and there would still be plenty more who kept coming. The white race couldn't take that kind of a bloodletting for long. We'd be wiped out! The huge masses of semi-animal colored people would simply sweep over us, and there'd be nothing we could do about it. It would be the ultimate victory of quantity over quality-unless the white people unite first. We're in real trouble if they get together first. But make no mistake: There's going to be a battle of Armageddon, and it's going to be not between communism and democracy, but between the colored millions of the world and the small but elite corps of white men; ideological, economic and philosophical issues will play little or no part in it. When the time comes-and it's later than we think-I plan to be ready not only to defend myself, but to lead the millions of whites all over the world who today are foolishly pretending they don't know what's going on.

PLAYBOY: Estimates of your nationwide membership range from 25 to 100. Do you propose to lead the white Christian nations with this handful of followers? ROCKWELL: In the first place, we're a world movement, just as communism is a world movement rather than a local or a national organization. We've launched a world union of National Socialists, of which I am the international commander. In the second place, you've got those figures wrong. In this country alone, we've got about 500 storm troopers—that's men ready for street action—plus about 1500 Party members. Also about 15,000 correspondents—people sympathetic to our cause who write in and donate. And our membership abroad numbers in the thousands.

PLAYBOY: Where abroad?

ROCKWELL: Let me name you countries. Argentina: Horst Eichmann, Adolf Eichmann's son, is our leader there; he's either in jail or disappeared, but our movement is growing there. In Australia, our movement is temporarily busted up, but my leader-an American-is running around under cover, trying to get his group back together again. In Spain, we've got a pretty good undercover movement, but Franco doesn't appreciate it, so we have to stay under cover. In England, Colin Jordan is operating wide open-and doing very well. In France, we've got a damned good group; they were all arrested just a while back. In Belgium, I've got an ex-SS paratrooper in charge, and he's doing very well. In Sweden, we've got a tremendous group: they were all just arrested. In Austria-our guy is in jail, so things are pretty well broken up there. In Canada, John Beattie is leading a tremendous and successful movement. Our leader in Chile is in jail. In Germany, we've gone under cover; our leader is going to jail shortly. In Holland, we're doing fine. In Ireland, they're coming along fast. In Italy, we've got a real tremendous movement. In Japan, one of our guys stabbed the Socialist deputy. Remember? New Zealand is coming along fine. But Norway isn't doing too good. We've a fine group in South Africa now, though, and we've got a group in Rhodesia now, too.

So you see, we've got groups all over the world. They're still little. But after all, it's only been 20 years since Hitler died. Twenty years after Christ was crucified, there were almost no Christians. Right now, the followers of the swastika are in the catacombs, like the original followers of the cross were then. I can't say we're a Christian movement in the ordinary sense; in fact, I personally am an agnostic. But I deeply believe that there is a power greater than ours that's helping us in our fight to keep the world natural and racially pure-as opposed to perverted and mongrelized. We've got an ideology, a dedication, a belief, a vitality to match the zealotry of the fanatical Asian-African bloc. That's why we're going to grow; that's why-eventuallywe're going to prevail.

PLAYBOY: Can you tell us just how you

plan to go about fulfilling this destiny—with or without divine intervention?

ROCKWELL: I have a four-phase plan. The first phase is to reach the masses; you can do nothing until you've reached the masses. In order to reach themwithout money, without status, without a public platform-you have to become a dramatic figure. Now in order to achieve that, I've had to take a lot of garbage: being called a nut and a monster and everything else. But by hanging up the swastika, I reach the masses. The second phase is to disabuse them of the false picture they have gotten of me. to educate them about what my real program is. The third phase will be to organize the people I've educated into a political entity. And the fourth phase will be to use that political entity as a machine to win political power.

That's the plan. They all overlap, of course. Right now we're about 50 percent involved in phase two; we're actually beginning to educate people—in interviews like this one, in speaking engagements at colleges and the like. The other 50 percent is still phase one—just raising hell to keep people aware that there's such a thing as the American Nazi Party, not caring what they call us, as long as

they call us something.

PLAYBOY: What kind of hell-raising?

ROCKWELL: Well, I haven't done it yet, but one of my ambitions is to rent me a plane and skywrite a big smoke swastika over New York City-on Hitler's birthday. That sort of thing. Or I might get one plane to do the Star of David, and I'll come in another plane and squat and do brown smoke all over it-on Ben-Gurion's birthday. I've checked Federal regulations, and they couldn't do a thing about it. All I need is the money to do it. But that's in the future. One of the biggest things we've already done to propagandize ourselves is our "Coon-ard Lines Boat Tickets to Africa." It's our most popular mail-order item; white high school students order them by the thousands. Would you like me to read you what a ticket entitles one nigger to? PLAYBOY: Go ahead.

ROCKWELL: Six things, One: a free trip to Africa on a Cadillac-shaped luxury liner. Two: choice cuts of all the bananas and missionaries desired en route, and a free jar of meat tenderizer. NAACP members may sit up front and twist to Martin Luther Coon's jazz band. Three: a barrel of hair-grease axle grease delicately scented with nigger sweat. Four: a framed picture of Eleanor Roosevelt and Harry Golden. Five: an unguarded chicken coop and watermelon patch on deck, plus fish and chips for breakfast. And six: plenty of wine, marijuana, heroin and other refreshments. And six: On the reverse side, we offer white liberal peace creeps a year's supply of "Instant Nigger." It's described as "Easy-mixing powder! Just sprinkle this dingy black dust on any sidewalk! Just make water on it, and presto! Hundreds of niggers spring up-little niggers, big niggers, fat niggers, skinny niggers, light niggers, midnight-black niggers, red niggers, even Jew niggers." It reads here, "Why wait? With this Instant Nigger Powder, any nigger-loving beatnik peace creep can have all the niggers he can stand!" Want one? Compliments of the house.

PLAYBOY: Is mail-order hate literature your main source of income?

ROCKWELL: That, plus initiation fees from new members; plus small donations from those who believe in what we're trying to do; plus the proceeds from special events like one of our "hate-nannies."

PLAYBOY: What are they?

ROCKWELL: Big musical jamborees. We hold them on patriotic holidays.

PLAYBOY: Would you give an example of

a hate-nanny lyric?

ROCKWELL: Sure. Remember, you asked for it: "Ring that bell, shout for joy / White man's day is here / Gather all those equals up / Herd them on the pier / America for whites / Africa for blacks / Send those apes back to the trees / Ship those niggers back / Twenty million ugly coons are ready on their pier / America for whites / Africa for blacks / Ring that bell, shout for joy / The white man's day is here / Hand that chimp his ugly stick / Hand that buck his spear . . ." That's just the first part of that song. Do you want to hear more of it?

PLAYBOY: No, we get the general idea. ROCKWELL: Well, I believe a man ought to hoist up his flag and tell you what he is. And that's just what we do here.

PLAYBOY: Are there any anti-Jewish ballads in your hate-nanny song bag?

ROCKWELL: Oh, yes! One of our favorites is The Jews Are Through in '72. It goes to the tune of Mademoiselle from Armentières. Want to hear it?

PLAYBOY: We'll listen.

ROCKWELL: "The Jews are through in '72, parlez-vous / The Jews are through in '72, parlez-vous / We'll feed them bacon till they yell / And send them all to kosher hell / Hinky dinky, parlez-vous . . . " The chorus repeats, and then comes the next verse: "We'll steal the rabbi's knife and sheath / And make him do it with his teeth / Hinky dinky, parlez-vous." The rest of it I don't remember.

PLAYBOY: The song says the Jews will be "through in '72." Is that date significant in some way?

ROCKWELL: 1972 is the year I'm going to be elected President on the National Socialist ticket. Five years of the Johnson Administration will leave the country so torn with racial tensions that some Republican will be a cinch to win in 1968. Then, in 1969, a great economic catastrophe is going to hit this country.

PLAYBOY: The nation's economy has never been healthier than it is today, and



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most economists predict that the end of the boom is not in sight.

ROCKWELL: Nevertheless, there will be an economic catastrophe, though of what nature I'm not sure. It could be an inflation. I say so because all this build-up is based on sand. America's so-called prosperity is based on debt, war and inflationary money which has no backing and is bound to collapse. Along about 1969, it's all going to come tumbling down like a house of cards, and the President is going to be blamed for it. In the ensuing economic chaos, plus all the racial warfare, the people will welcome a man who stands unequivocally for the white Christian majority.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think so? ROCKWELL: As I travel, I find that people everywhere, from the smallest towns to the biggest cities, are looking for what I offer. Most of them won't agree with me openly, but if you take them aside, ask them privately, they'd probably tell you "Rockwell has the right idea: White Christian people should dominate." By 1972, with the economy coming apart at the seams, with the niggers pushing, with the Communists agitating, with all of this spiritual emptiness, with all this cowardice and betrayal by our Government, the masses of common, ordinary white people will have had it up to here. They'll want a real leader in the White House-no more spineless jellyfish, no more oily, twofaced demagogs, no more queers in the White House like Walter Jenkins and his friends. They'll be looking for a white leader with the guts of a Malcolm X, with the guts to stand up and say, "I'm going to completely separate the black and white races and preserve white Christian domination in this country, and I'm going to have the Jew Communists and any other traitors gassed for treason. And if you don't like it, you know what you can do about it."

PLAYBOY: Do you seriously think you can be elected on that platform?

ROCKWELL: I know so. Things are going to be so desperate by then that it won't matter whether I've got two horns and a tail; I'll be swept into office.

PLAYBOY: If you are elected, who from among contemporary public figures would you appoint to your Cabinet?

ROCKWELL: If he were still alive, I'd have General Douglas MacArthur as Secretary of State. For Secretary of Defense, Retired General of the Marine Corps "Chesty" Puller. For Attorney General, J. Edgar Hoover. For Secretary of the Interior, Governor George Wallace of Alabama. Let me think, now, others: Senators William Jenner and Harry Byrd, Charles Lindbergh-and William Buckley; he won't appreciate that, but I think his brilliance could certainly be valuable. You'll have to agree that this is a Cabinet to give nightmares to any Jew alive. They'd start swimming for Israel even before I was sworn in. But I don't think

there's a man in that Cabinet who is known as anti-Semitic.

PLAYBOY: How about anti-Negro?

ROCKWELL: Well, I'd prefer to call them pro-white.

PLAYBOY: If you had carte-blanche power to do so as the Chief Executive, would you create a dictatorship along the lines of Hitler's?

ROCKWELL: No, I'd reinstitute the American Constitutional Republic the way it was set up by our *authoritarian* fore-fathers—who were, in essence, nothing more than National Socialists just like me. PLAYBOY: In no way did the founding fathers attempt to abridge the democratic right to "liberty and justice for all." How can you call them Nazis?

ROCKWELL: In the first place, I don't believe in democracy. In the second place, neither did our white forefathers, I believe, as they did, in a republic-an authoritarian republic with a limited electorate-just like the one the writers of our Constitution meant this country to be. When these white Christian patriots sat down to write the Declaration of Independence, there were no black citizens for them to worry about. In those days, all the niggers were slaves; but today, thanks to several misguided amendments, our Constitution provides even the blackest of savages with the same rights as his former white masters.

PLAYBOY: Then you advocate the disenfranchisement of Negroes?

ROCKWELL: And the revocation of their citizenship.

PLAYBOY: And the restoration of slavery? ROCKWELL: No, we have machines to do their work now. I would simply revoke their citizenship and then offer them the alternatives of either returning to Africa with our generous help and assistance in establishing a modern industrial nation, or being relocated on reservations like the Indians were when they became a problem to the survival of the white people. This will apply to you, too, by the way. Nothing personal, you understand; I like you, personally; but I can't make any exceptions.

PLAYBOY: Of course not. What would you do with America's 6,000,000 Jews?

ROCKWELL: I think the Jews can be dealt with individually rather than as a group—like the niggers must be because of their race. As I said earlier, I think all Jews—in fact, all those connected in any way with treason, whether Jews or not—should be investigated and their cases put before grand juries; if they're indicted, they should then be tried, and if convicted, they should be killed.

**PLAYBOY:** Having disposed of Jews and Negroes, would that complete your list of those slotted for removal?

ROCKWELL: Not quite. I'd also purge the queers. I despise them worst of all. They're one of the ugliest problems of our society, and they must be removed—

I don't know if with gas, or what, just so they don't poison society. If they insist on being queers, put them on some island, maybe—but certainly not around the rest of society. They're the ultimate symbol of a decaying civilization.

PLAYBOY: Since you're concerned about the problem, Commander, would you like to reply to a frequent charge by psychiatrists that the womanless atmosphere of military asceticism and institutionalized hostility that characterize your "hate monastery," as you've called your headquarters here, make it an ideal sanctuary for those with repressed homosexual tendencies?

ROCKWELL: My reply is that this is the standard Jewish charge. The biggest charger that we are a bunch of homosexuals is Walter Winchell, whose real name is Isadore Israel Lipshitz, or something like that. [Winchell's real name is Walter Winchel.—Ed.] He's always calling me "George Lincoln Ratwell, Queen of the Nazis," saying I'm a fairy, and so forth. Universally, I have found that the Jews themselves, as Hitler said, are the greatest people in the world for accusing others of their own crimes.

PLAYBOY: You haven't answered the charge that your Party is a haven for homosexuals.

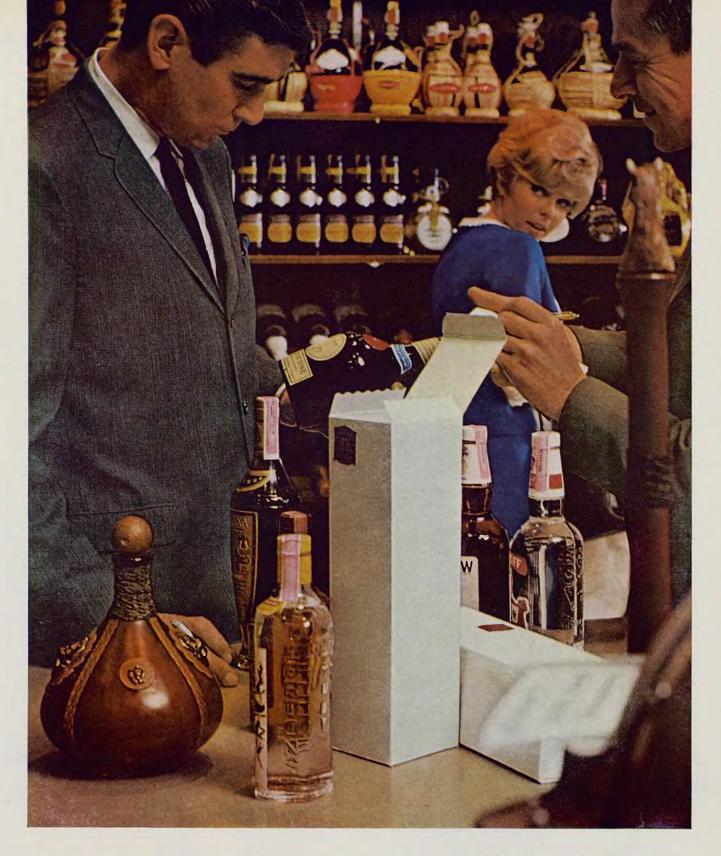
ROCKWELL: Well, I do think there is a tendency for queers to come here, because to a queer, this place is as tempting as a girls' school would be to me. Whenever I catch any of them in here, I throw them out; and I have caught quite a few of them in here. We had one case where we had reason to believe that the police would catch two guys in the act. The two of them left here hand in hand. I tried to get them prosecuted. We won't tolerate that sort of thing.

**PLAYBOY:** How about heterosexual relations? Are they *verboten*, 100?

ROCKWELL: Absolutely not. Any man who didn't vigorously enjoy normal sex could never be a National Socialist. One of the best American Nazis I've ever known used to use a vulgar expression, "Those who won't fuck won't fight." I wouldn't put it so crudely myself, but I heartily subscribe to that doctrine. I never knew a good fighting man who didn't enjoy a lusty sex life.

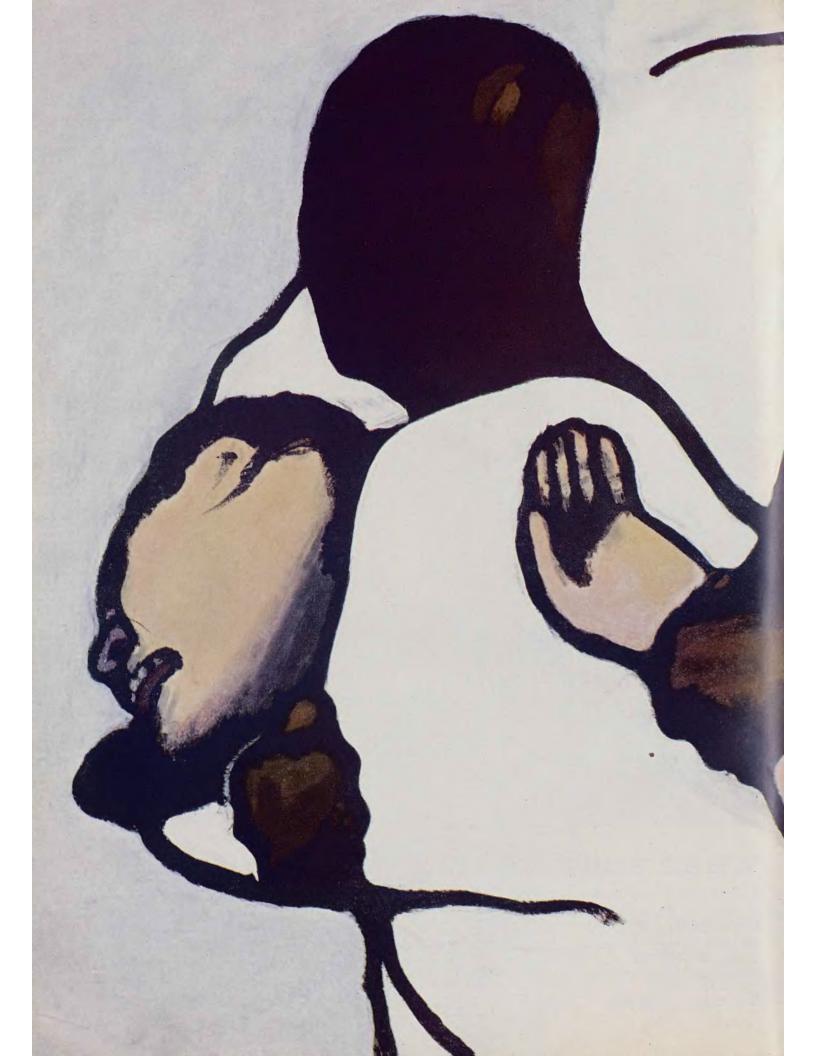
PLAYBOY: Are any of your men married? ROCKWELL: A few, but most are either single or divorced, like myself. I believe very strongly in the importance of basic morals to protect civilization, but it's almost impossible for a guy in this kind of work to have a normal marriage and family; so most of us have no choice but to make other arrangements. And I might add, to paraphrase a French bon mot, vive les arrangements. But I must admit that it's damn difficult—especially for me—to have any sort of normal

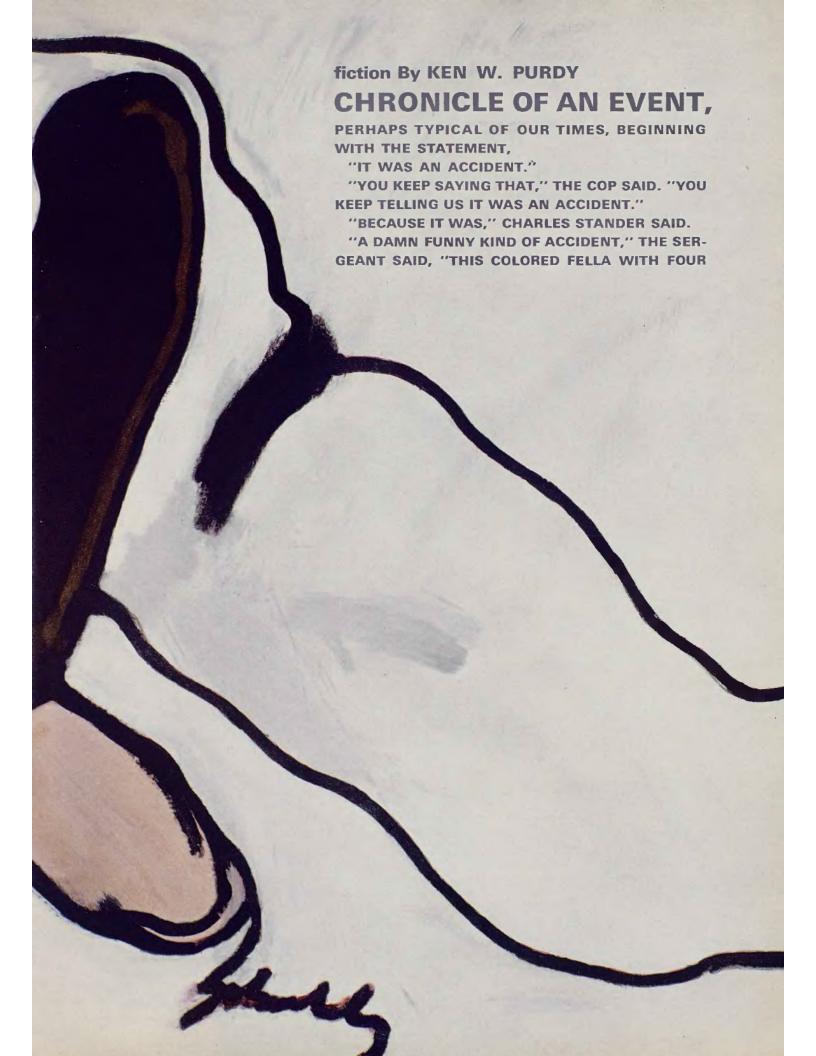
(continued on page 154)



#### WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man with inviting ways and entertaining ideas, the PLAYBOY reader stocks up often to keep in good spirits. And he stirs up compliments by serving only the best of brands. Facts: 86.9% of PLAYBOY households drink or serve alcoholic beverages, the highest percentage for any magazine. No wonder leading distillers and brewers invest more advertising dollars in PLAYBOY than in any other monthly magazine. They know it offers today's foremost market of brand-conscious buyers. (Source: Starch Consumer Magazine Report; P.I.B.; 1965.)





holes in his chest, in a three-inch group, at that. You put four slugs that close together by accident, what would you do if you was to try?"

Stander said nothing.

"I could shoot like that, I'd make Expert," the harnesscop said. He was big and black Irish and baby-faced.

"I don't believe a word of it," the sergeant said. "I don't believe a gahdam word of it, and I never will. You and this jig had a fuss, and you took out this little pistol, a lady's gun, by the way, I might point out to you, and no offense meant, not just now anyway, and you let him have four. You let him have four because he was a big strong fella, he was coming to you, and you didn't think maybe just one .25 would stop him. You had five rounds in the magazine, and you knew it, and you saved one for hitting him in the head if he kept coming in on you. That much is sure as hell true. Well, ain't it?"

"No," Charles Stander said. "It was an accident."

"Balls," the sergeant said. "Lemme read you from the coroner's report, here, along here, it says, '... two of the slugs having struck the left ventricle of the heart, death was almost instantaneous...' Two in the heart and two right alongside it, and that's an accident? Look, Mr. Stander, I been poking around these things for fourteen years, I seen a few gunshot accidents. So turn it off, that crap, accident. Any time a guy gets shot four times, that's no accident. Balls to that."

"Yeah," the other cop said. "Like, you remember, Sarge, that old guy got shot in the Commodore, it was a month ago, he . . ."

"Ah, shuddup," the sergeant said.

The phone rang. He picked it up and listened. "Yeah," he said. "So, OK." He dropped it back.

"Somebody went your bail," he said to Charles Stander. "Somebody put up fifty grand for you. I see you got friends. Me, I wouldn't let you out for any money there is." He rolled in his chair and let his feet drop into the papers on his desk. He looked incuriously at Stander. He sighed. "I remember times I felt better," he said. "Donovan," he said, "where's the coffee for us?"

"I suppose I can go now?" Stander said.

"In due time, Mr. Stander," the sergeant said. "Don't be in a rush. There's some paperwork they gotta do upstairs, one thing and another. Don't be in a rush. Donovan is getting the coffee."

Charles Stander had nothing to say. Most of the fright had left him, but none of the horror. He was numb. When Donovan handed him a cup of coffee he took it. It was weak, and very hot. He couldn't get near it, although the sergeant sucked happily at his own cup. Stander was embarrassed. He didn't feel like a brilliant mind standing off a murder charge, holding wit and intelligence between himself and 20 years, or the electric chair, like a shield and sword. He felt like a cheap con man. He looked around the small room, bare, cramped, not dirty and not clean, an old, tired place. The sergeant was watching his eyes.

"This here's the captain's office, did I tell you that?" he said. "He's on sick leave. First time I was ever in this station house, Eddie Burke was captain. You never heard of him, I don't suppose? Eddie Burke was what you might call a cop's cop. I don't think anybody ever made captain from patrolman quicker than he did. He was smart, and he worked like a dog. To give you an example, he taught himself to read and write and speak

Chinese! He almost had a law degree, too. Night school. He died in a stinking little holdup, years ago now. He wasn't fifty. Gahdam shame."

"No, I never heard of him," Charles Stander said.

"His wife was a cop, too," the sergeant said. "Beautiful woman. A big girl. Funny thing about her, she hated to carry a gun, and she had to, you know. Regulations. She did undercover stuff, narcotics and that, and she said it was too heavy in her purse. I told her one time, so all right, get yourself a .25 automatic, get a Colt's .25 or one of them Berettas, that's a light piece. Like that Beretta you killed this fella with. That's why I said, you killed him with a lady's gun."

Charles Stander said nothing.

"I dunno how it is in your business, Mr. Stander," the sergeant said, "there in Wall Street, I guess it's like this business or some other one, you meet all kinds. People that are looking to cheat, steal, lie, screw the other fella some way. But not so many looking to kill somebody . . .?"

"No, I guess not," Stander said.

"Maybe you just can't tell," the sergeant said. "It's a hard thing to tell. Any time you make a guess about a man, my feeling is, you're worse than even money to be wrong. But some things you can tell. Like, you take you. You're seven kinds of a liar, in this thing here, but you're not a good liar. A real good liar talks, that's one of the ways you can tell. You just sit there and say nothin' because you know you're a lousy liar. You'd say that's right, wouldn't you? I mean, you don't lie a hell of a lot, very often, wouldn't you say? You don't have a lot of practice at it. I mean, wouldn't you say that?"

"I'm not lying," Charles Stander said.

"That's what I mean," the sergeant said. "You sure as hell are lying, and a good liar would make up a sensible story, all cooked up with interesting little details, and things to throw you off, and all. You come in here with a story I'd slap my youngest kid for telling, it's so dumb."

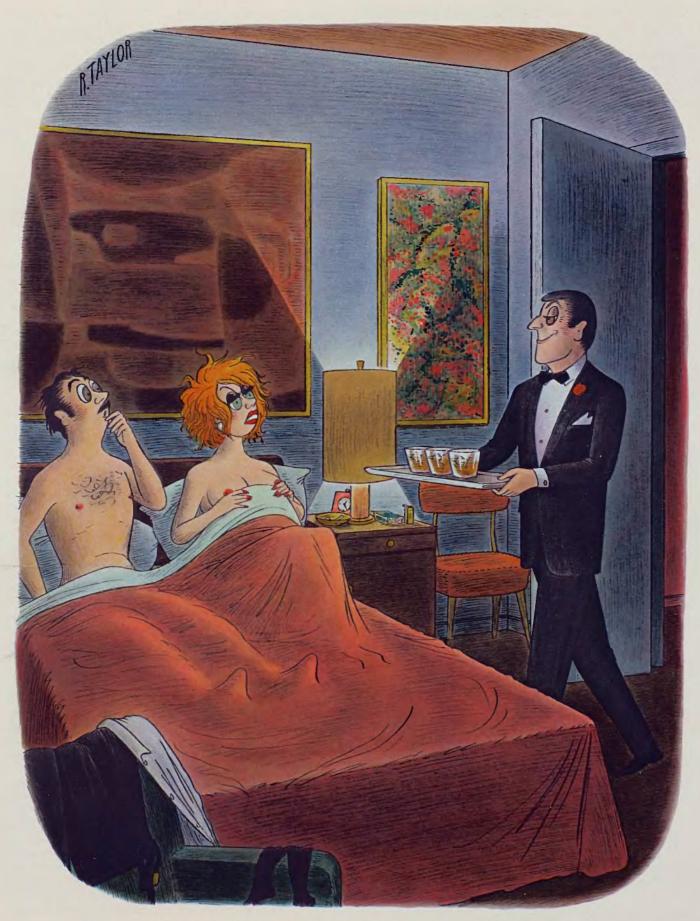
"You don't seem to be getting anywhere, proving it's a lie," Stander said.

"Ah, there's a lot of time for that yet. I'm just telling you it's a dumb story, and we'll get you on it. Thing is, by the time we get you on it, everybody's gonna be sore at you, all that trouble. We got enough to do, we got real heavy cases going in this precinct, why should you come in here and foul us up with your gahdam dumb story? You'd be better off. I'm telling you the truth, if you'd tell us what happened. Look, Mr. Stander, I'm not saying you killed this colored fella because you planned to for a long time. I'm not saying that. I'm not saying this was premeditated murder. I'm with you, up to a point. I'm not saying I wouldn't have knocked him off myself, standing where you stood. He was coming at you, that's the surest thing there is. He was twenty-three and one-eighty and six foot, and you're, what, forty-something, like me, and anybody can tell you're not any too rugged. I'm telling you the truth, I don't think you're anything worse than manslaughter, and maybe self-defense, at that. That's on the true story, what happened, not this crap you been giving us for two days now. Isn't that right?"

"Isn't what right?" Charles Stander said.

"Isn't what I'm saying right, is what I mean," the sergeant said. "Your story. It's a lousy story. What're you doing, a man your age, taking judo lessons? Huh? Well?"

"We've been over that twenty times. I've wanted to, all



"Charles, I think you're an absolute cad to take it like this!"

my life, and now I could, so I did."

"Balls. Four weeks, you're taking lessons from this fella. Four weeks. Then you kill him dead. Why? Huh? I want to tell you, Mr. Stander, and I'm telling you the truth, and no offense meant, some joker from the D. A.'s office will get you up there on the stand and he's gonna crucify you on that one. I mean, you can walk out of that court acquitted and free as a bird and you're never gonna be the same, when they get through with you, four weeks with this young guy and you shoot him. Think about it. You ever see one of those young ambitious shysters work? They don't give a gahdam about you or what happens to you. Anything goes. You'll see. Am I right, or not?

"You could be," Charles Stander said. "Yeah. I could be," the sergeant said. "You're gahdam right, I could be. You'll wish you'd been born dead." He looked around the room, his eyes fell on Donovan as if for the first time. "You got nothin' at all to do, Donovan?" he said. "Beat it."

"I thought you wanted me to stay," Donovan said.

"For what? You think Mr. Stander's going to beat me to death with a chair or somethin'? He's got no such idea, Mr. Stander. He even wishes to hell he didn't shoot his friend there, Jordan or what was his name? yeah, Mike Jordan. That right, Mr. Stander?"

"That's right, Sergeant," Stander said. "You see, Donovan?" the sergeant said. "So, beat it. I'm safe as a church."

"When can I go?" Stander said.
"When I say so," the sergeant said. "Ain't that a funny thing, now? You got bail, and all, but you don't go till I say so. If I feel like picking up the phone. Anyway, like I told you, these things take time, papers to make out, there can be delays . . . there's no rush, anyway. What I say, you're better off in here, When you get out I wouldn't go poking around much above 110th Street. Your picture's been in the papers."

"I know it."

"You take a terrible picture, I'll say that," the sergeant said. "There wasn't one in the whole bunch didn't make you look sixty-five years old, and creepylooking at that. Pictures like that make a bad impression. Maybe you're lucky you're not married, at that. She might want to dump you, seeing those pictures."

"Nothing I can do about it," Stander said. He was terribly tired. The coffee had done nothing for him. He was frightened and sick.

"I don't see a good end to it for you, at all," the sergeant said. "You might think I'm trying to con you, now, but I'm telling you the truth, I don't even like it that you had a permit for the gun. You'd have been better off without it. It looks like you were thinking of something. You didn't have it long enough. And sure as hell you lied to get it. You had to have a permit because you carry large sums of money! Balls. The stock market works on credit, everybody knows that. You go into any brokerage house in Wall Street, you won't find lunch money in the till. What would they use money for? So that was a lie, and that's another thing the D. A.'s bright little bastards will hang you up on, though God knows it won't be as bad as the other one. But, bad enough. It's a fact, you're a terrible liar, and I won't be surprised if they burn you for it." He sighed. "Jesus, my feet hurt," he said. "You'd think I just come in off the beat. Which I did, eleven years ago."

I know he's a fool, Stander thought. I'm sure he is. No, I was sure of it an hour ago.

"Now you take that part of your story where you say Jordan was showing you how to take a gun away from a man when you had the accident," the sergeant said. "I have to laugh at you. I been all through that myself, years ago. Hell, man, I took a gun off a fella and it pointing right at my belly. So, don't tell me. Jordan was a pro. If he was showing you any such thing-and he sure as hell wasn't-before he'd let you come anywhere near him he'd have broke that .25 himself, pulled the slide, pulled the magazine and looked right through it to the floor. You think any professional is going to let a dumb-headed civilian like you come at him with a gun that might have a round in it? You must be crazy. It's what I said before, I'd slap my own kid for a story like that one."

"Still, it's the truth," Stander said.

"Christ!" the sergeant said. "I'll make book they burn you for it, at that. They'll hang a first-degree rap on you, they'll make it stick and they'll burn you. And they'll be wrong. You're no worse than manslaughter, any way you slice it. But, you know something, Mr. Stander, things come out even in the end? They'll tell you you're going to the chair for murder, but it'll be for lying. And I'll tell you something else: you won't be the first one burned for lying. Nor the last. Am I right?"

"You could be," Stander said.

"Yeah," the sergeant said. He lifted the phone. "Tommy," he said. "I'm sending him up. Turn him loose." Wearily, he stood. "The fella outside will take you up, Stander," he said.

"Goodbye," Stander said.

"Oh, I'll see you again," the sergeant said. "Don't think I won't."

A note from Stander's lawyer waited for him: apology, can't wait, wife babyhaving, phone soonest possible, best regards. The formalities of his springing were brief. He signed something. The desk man looked up at the ancient octagonal wall clock, its brass-weighted pendulum flickering past a slit in the glass case, and noted the time: 9:27 P.M., November 7, 1965. No one seemed to watch Stander leave the station house. Cold rain ran in the streets. He walked a little way, picked up a cab and gave the driver an address a block short of his own. He hurried down the other side of the street. Dead opposite, he could see there was no one in the lobby. He ran across, past the elevator to the stairway, and ran the three flights. No one in the hall, he was inside in seconds. He leaned against the door and sighed. "Well," he said, halfaloud, "home and dry."

He lowered the curtains before he turned on the lights. He went into the kitchen. The room was yellow, all of it. even the stove, and things glowed golden in the light. He pulled a bottle of bourbon from the cupboard and slopped three or four ounces into a glass. He drank it like ice water on a hot day and poured another. He squirted some seltzer into that one, carried it into the bathroom, set it on the tray that bridged the tub. He opened the faucets. He pulled off his tie, walking into the bedroom, stripped, and everything he had been wearing, save-his shoes, he rolled into a ball and fired into the laundry hamper. He lowered himself slowly, sat on the hot bottom of the tub for a couple of breaths, then dropped himself to his neck. He let everything come to a balance before he reached a long arm for the bourbon. He took a couple of big bites. He sighed. He looked at the door, to see if the bolt stood crosswise, if he had locked it. Yes. Against whom or whatever, he didn't know, but still he had locked it. The blessed anesthesia lifted him out of himself. He looked fondly into the glass in his hand. My God, he thought, and this is nothing but corn and spring water! There were cigarettes in a copper case. He fiddled one loose into his mouth and lighted it. He knew he was utterly safe, citadelled and long past all harm's way. What the hell, he said to himself, if you have a tub of hot water, a bottle of whiskey and a razor blade, they can all go screw themselves. They can come in and find you when they get around to it. He contemplated himself as a kind of still life, a bloated, drained, violet-white corpse, floating, motionless as a pear in gelatin, forever suspended in a tubful of pink water. Well. He took another little drink. Maybe it would be the sergeant who would come. He would have Donovan with him. "All right, Donovan, just lean on that door, now. You must be good for something, if it's only kickin' in doors." The sergeant, Stander knew, would not approve. Screw him. Who needs him, Stander thought. Anyway, it wasn't going to happen. Just an idea, he

(continued on page 220)



## SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

the definitive statement on the coming trends in menswear and accessories

By ROBERT L. GREEN EVER SINCE Nostradamus started pulling prediction out of the fireplace during the 16th Century, trying to peer into the future has been an alluring, if chancy, business. The fashion prognosticator trying to predict tomorrow's styles generally finds the view doubly opaque, shrouded as it is behind changing tastes and shifting trends. But looking to the upcoming sartorial season, our personal crystal ball is clear. Everywhere we look we find more flair, dash and cultivated elegance than we've seen in almost a decade of fashion forecasting.

As a bonus to the guy searching for new wearables this season, designers have been concentrating on creating shirts, ties and sweaters to harmonize with suits, slacks or sports coats. Sold together in pre-coordinated ensembles, these color coordinates will take much of the guesswork out of selecting a



summer wardrobe. So that you can stay on top of the styles coming from clothing manufacturers, we once again present our annual spring and summer fashion forecast—an up-to-the-minute prediction of the best of latest styles and trends soon to be seen in the better stores around the country.

surrs: For practical wear to the office or for cocktails, medium to dark suits will almost completely take over from the lighter shades so popular in previous summers. The three Bs, blue, brown and black, accented by lighter and bolder ties and pocket handkerchiefs, are very much our choice for the coming season. Of the three, brown should prove to be the most versatile. Combined with a yellow shirt and a paisley tie-handkerchief duo, the dark browns coming into view offer a summertime dress-up appearance that will be hard to beat. The slightly formal striped suit, which got started last summer, is coming back this year in even fuller force. There'll be a wide variety of stripe widths available, from subtle pencil-thins to the broadest chalks. We like them best when coupled with this season's tie trend-setter -a Continental cravat, created by Parisian Pierre Cardin, that comes in a slightly wider cut than the traditional American models.

The big news in fabrics will be silk-like stylings that are actually created from a series of synthetics. Hopsacking suits—long a favorite for fall-winter garb—are about to make an appearance on the summer scene in a modified, lighter-weight fabric.

When shopping for your suits, be on the lookout for new ones with a slightly shaped silhouette, which add a customtailored touch to your ready-mades.

sports coats and color coordinates: While suits will be opting for the more somber shades, sports coats will be flashing a series of bold combinations of tones and textures that will let you make a complete about-face (text continued on page 98)

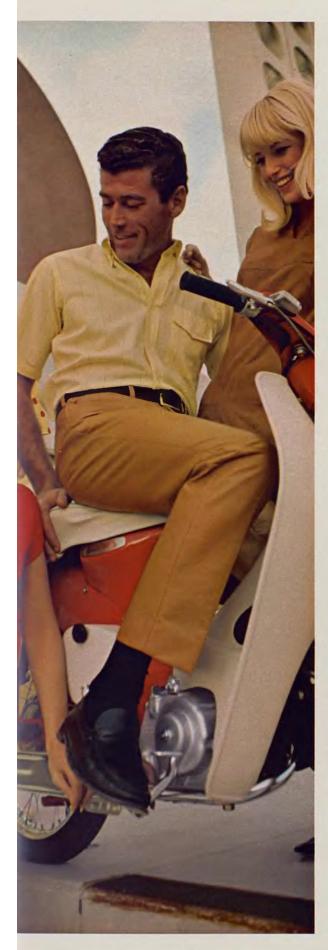
Preceding page: The lucky lad escaping fram a seasonal shawer keeps dry in a rain-and-stain-repellent, polyester and cattan coat, by Gleneagles, \$50. Left: The chap waiting far a buss is casually attired in a washable cattan velour pullaver with a Henley buttan-up callar and ribbed waistband, by Puritan, \$10, and cattan twill jeans, by Levi's, \$5. Right: The friendly fellaw whispering sweet somethings is wearing a ane-piece waol knit pullaver with cattan velvet frant, by Daman, \$25, over rayan and acetate slacks, by Seven Seas, \$14. Far right: Our man dans a flat-knit V-neck pullaver with side tabs, by Daman, \$20, and fully lined paisley-patterned walk sharts, by Newman, \$18.







Left: The helpful gent putting on the dog for o ployful pair weors an Orlon knit V-neck pullover with cotton velour front and contrasting turtleneck dickey, by Jerks, \$17, and Dacron and worsted hopsack slocks with buttoned extension woistband, by Paxton, \$20. Right: Foshionably correct lad tickling his fancy sports o cotton shirt with medium-point collor, \$9, and woven cotton wolk shorts, \$11, both by Hothaway.





Left: Man on the go is ruggedly attired in a cotton chambray buttondown shirt, by Eagle, \$7, and polyester-coated "leather-look" slacks, with buttoned frontier pockets and o garrison-style belt, by Riviera, \$20. His buddy's shirt is a cotton buttondown, by Creighton, \$6. Right: The attentive lad has donned a cotton velour pullover, by Himalaya, \$14, and polyester and rayon bell-bottom slacks, by Jaymar-Ruby, \$16.





Left: Elegantly attired far a quiet tête-à-tête, aur swain wears a waal and silk glen-plaid sparts jacket with slant flap pockets and side vents, by Callege Hall, \$50, over a cattan knit long-sleeved tapered turtleneck sweater, by Robert Reis, \$3, and Dacron and wool slacks, by Anthany Gesture, \$14. Above: Man keeps casual in an imparted cattan madras three-button jacket, by College Hall, \$40, worn aver wash-and-wear slacks with their awn ribbon belt, by Asher, \$15; his catton buttandown shirt, by Excello, \$9, is accented by a paisley-patterned linen tie, by Berkley Cravats, \$4. Top right: Resplendently rigged, chap is decked aut in an Arnel and catton seersucker jacket with flap pockets, by Haspel, \$37.50, worn over warsted waol slacks with adjustable side tabs, by Mantagnac, \$27.50; campleting his ensemble is a Dacran and catton batiste oxfard shirt, by Van Heusen, \$6, and a washable twill tie, by Superba, \$2.50. Right: For an afternoon sairee, our host has chasen a Fortrel and cottan double-breasted blazer with ocean pearl buttons, \$55, that coordinates with a pair of Dacron and cattan babycord slacks, \$15, both by PBM; a lang-sleeved Kadel and cottan permanently pressed shirt, by Truval, \$5, and a paisley-print, imported silk tie, by Excello Cravats, \$3.50.

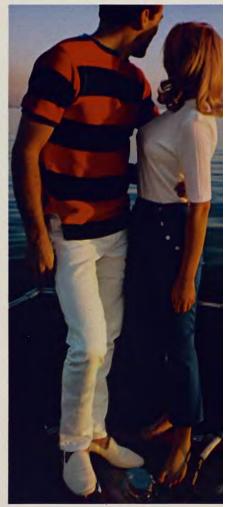












Down to the sea in style go four gobs and their gals. For a day of fair-weather sailing, the lad at far left heads for the briny apprapriately togged aut in a cotton axford Henley pullaver that fashionably cauples with his ribban-belted, cattan twill walk shorts, by Shapely, \$12 for both. His on-deck buddy to the right holds on tight wearing a catton oxford buttandawn shirt, by Shapely, \$4, tucked into rayan and cattan, buttoned-pocket, bell-battam slacks that come with a brass-buckled, leather garrison-style belt, by Riviera, \$10. Carefully surveying a passing yacht, the next sailor is shipshape in a Dacran and cattan zip-front boating jacket with contrasting-stitch trim that features a hidden haod, elastic sleeve cuffs, with frant and back yakes, plus neck and waist drawstring closures, \$10, worn aver cattan duck sharts cambined with a brass-buckled madras belt that reverses to black leather, \$5, all by H.I.S. The crew member above is nautically and nicely attired in a wide-striped cotton velour pullover with zip front, knit trim and side vents, by Himalaya, \$14, and catton denim jeans, by Wrangler, \$4. 97



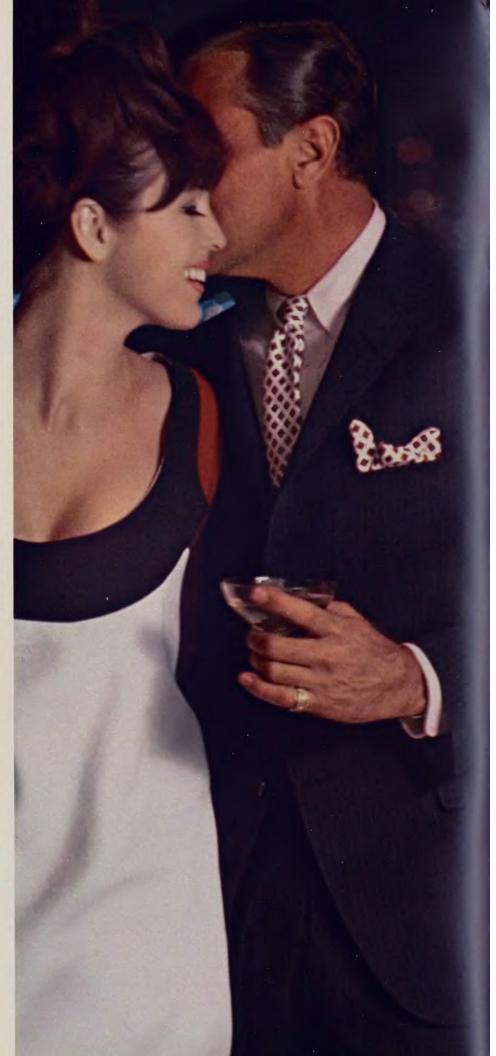
from work to playtime dress. No matter what your pattern pleasure in sports clothes—big bold plaids, miniature checks or solid colors—you'll find ample representation in a variety of weaves, from hopsacks and barleycorns to linens and basket weaves.

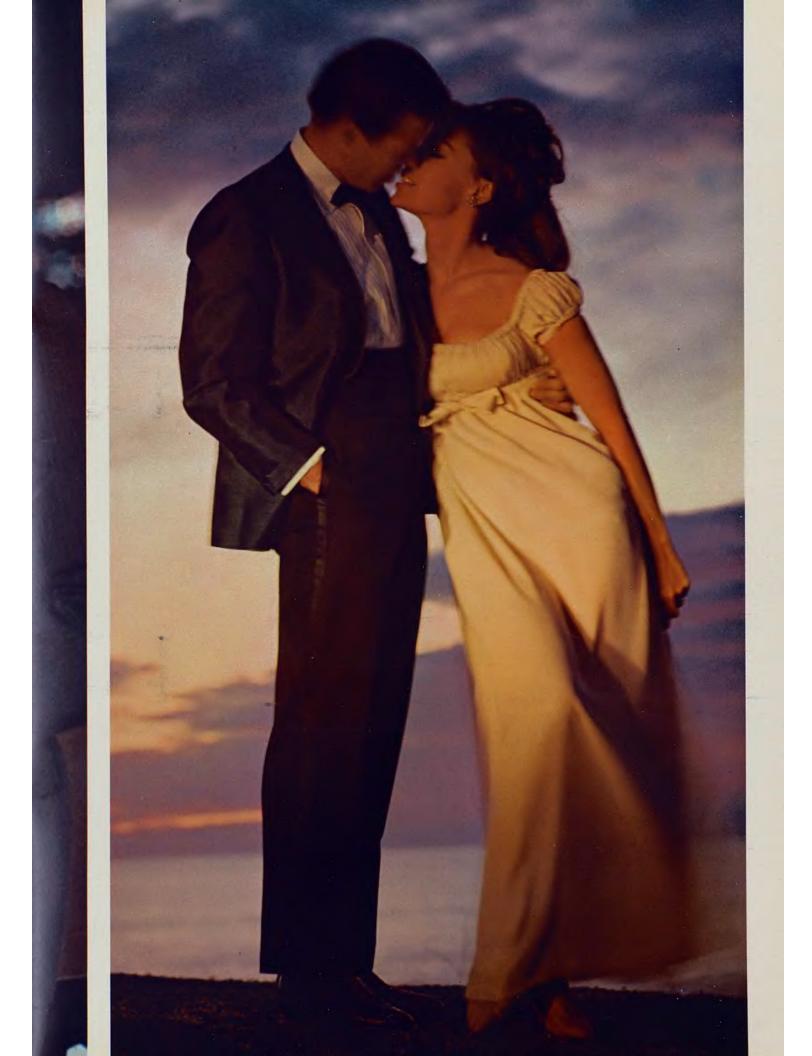
This year, the strongest sportscoat color is going to be blue, with deep French shades and fadeddenim hues leading the parade. Running close behind will be brown tones blended with golds, burgundies combined with black and greens, and solid-color coats of mint green or of gold.

Like suits, many sports coats will follow the line of the shaped silhouette characterized by a slight waist suppression, hacking flap pockets and eight- to nine-inch side vents. Some coats will also be slightly padded at the shoulder. This doesn't mean that the Alan Ladd shoulder-pad coat is on its way back. It's just going to be a slight stuffing to enhance and accent the shaped-silhouette line a bit more.

An item that is becoming virtually

Above: Busy executive works in a wool and mahair shaped suit, by Varsity Town, \$85, with cotton broadcloth shirt, by Excello, \$8, and club-pottern tie, by Resilio, \$4. Right: Lad about town wears a pencil-stripe Docron and worsted suit, by Hospel, \$65, tapered Docron shirt, by Manhottan, \$6, and a tie-and-pocket-square dua, by Handcroft, \$8. For right: Formal fellow dons a worsted and silk showl-collar dinner jocket, \$85, with Fortrel and rayon evening trausers, \$20, pleated broadcloth shirt, \$10, and tie-and-cummerbund.set, \$11, all by After Six.





indispensable for year-round sportswear is the perennially correct blazer, in either the single- or double-breasted style. (Look for a feature on a new look in blazers in next month's PLAYBOY.)

SLACKS AND SHORTS: Slacks manufacturers are going to move away from many of the solid, safe but often dull colors that have saturated the summer market in the past and replace them with more exciting patterns, including outsized madras plaids, fine houndstooths and pin checks. Even tattersalls are getting into the act, and we predict they will be the most popular patterns of all. Colors will be following in the footsteps of those used in sports coats and should include yellows, medium blues, burgundies, greens and white. We particularly favor a pair of patterned slacks combined with a double-breasted blazer for elegant entertaining.

The coming summer's best bets in slacks fabrics will range from polyester cotton and worsteds and sharkskins to narrow-wale corduroy, cotton twills, ducks and silk-like blends. No matter what your choice, you'll find the best of this summer's slacks selections cut along slim, cuffless lines.

As predicted in our European Fashion Dateline in February, slim-lined slacks with modified bell-bottoms have taken the Continent's fashion scene by storm, and it seems a sure bet they'll do the same over here. Most will be available in heavy cotton twill or duck with denim tops, along with a few dressier models.

The same slacks revolution that has established bold patterns as the order of the day is now being extended to walking shorts. You'll find a wide variety of exploded plaids, tattersalls and linen textures to choose from. If you decide on one of these, we suggest you top it with a quiet-looking, solid-color sport shirt. For at-home entertaining, whether it be poolside or terrace, it's perfectly acceptable to wear walking shorts, casual shoes, a luxury shirt and an ascot.

shirts and sweaters: Dress-shirt colors in the coming months will be bright and cheery, with solid blues and yellows among the best. We like orange-tan, a new color making the scene, which goes perfectly with a brown suit. Although solid colors will mostly be represented in oxford cloth, there will be many high-fashion shirtings in pretreated wrinkle-resistant fabrics such as Koratron. Other styles to watch for: wide-track stripes (up to an inch and a half apart), batiste basket weaves, herringbones and twills in fabric-on-fabric treatments.

In sport shirts, Henleys should win the nod as the seasonal favorite. They will be available in virtually every texture, from hopsacks to velours. An excellent choice among these English-inspired hearties is a pullover boat-neck shirt with contrasting collar-and-sleeve trim.

Knit shirts, of course, will still be very

much in the picture. Look for new tones of blue, green and yellow, along with a heavy emphasis on horizontal stripes. Italian-style open-mesh shirts are just being introduced this year and should come on very strong.

Velour shirts are now accepted as a major style. The big news here is going to be the decorated velour that will be available in multidirectional stripes, loops and solids splayed across a variety of styles including crew-, V-neck and zipturtle openings. All will work well for golfing, beachcombing, boating or just quaffing a tall drink at the club. Among the new velours, we heartily recommend a small-diamond Argyle-patterned model with contrasting trim on neck and sleeves.

The cardigan trend is still very big. You'll find lots of hair blends in contrasting-color panels and fabric fronts to choose from. Bold golf colors should also be readily available in an almost endless array, from raspberry to frosted lime.

Before choosing your sweaters, however, keep in mind that smooth-finished, flat-knit styles (PLAYBOY, March 1965) are becoming de rigueur for this season. When used as a protean pullover with its jacket-like open sleeves and loose waist, this style can be comfortably worn with or without a jacket or, set off by an ascot, it can be pressed into service as a heavy sport shirt on cool evenings.

RAINCOATS AND OUTERWEAR: The international-spy-type trench coat, à la 007, with broad shoulders and the classic yoke and belt, will continue to be a strong favorite. Our preference is a simple trencher with a slight flair to the skirt but without epaulets. It can give you a sophisticated demeanor without having you look like something out of an Army-Navy surplus store. Raincoats for spring showers will be the shortest ever, cut well above the knee.

SWIMWEAR: The most popular style in swimsuits will again be the surfer. However, a new model called the "jam" or "baggy" has just made the jump from Hawaii to the mainland. It resembles a cut-off pajama bottom and should be just as popular poolside here as it is in the islands. The best bets will be found among bold surfer-stripe and pareuprint models.

The color-coordination trend in swimwear—originally seen in cabana sets—will be very much back in style this year. We recommend you look for parkas, jackets and beach shirts that match your trunks.

Beach parkas will be playing an important part in this summer's beachwear scene. The favored fabrics for the hooded set will be rugged twill, duck and nylon done up in solid colors, competition and surfing stripes.

BELTS: We see a heavy emphasis coming on 1½-inch-wide leather belts. The newest look will be in the neutral-hued palomino shades for sportswear. Our belt favorites are the ones with

supersoft finishes in dull tones. The best in buckles will be the cinch double-ring models you'll find on most all-leather as well as leather-reversible-to-fabric combinations. Fabric belts, of course, will still be very much in fashion and are going to be available in denims, tattersalls, textured plaids and velours. For the classic look of midsummer ease, try combining an all-white belt with all-white trousers.

HATS: This year hat manufacturers will be offering a wide assortment of hat bands that can be interchanged with neutral-shaded chapeaux to give a color-coordinated appearance to your ward-robe. Although many tones will be available, we recommend you start off with blue, olive and brown separate bands to bring your favorite fedora into close harmony with the latest in suit tones. Select bands about three eighths of an inch narrower than the hat brim.

In cloth hats, the "bucket" or crushable pull-on model will be a strong new addition to sportswear. Our favorites are the madras, patch madras and tattersall styles. Many of the madras perennials will be set off with touches of natural straw, woolen houndstooth checks or brightly colored soft felts.

TIES: The ultra-narrow tie is finally passing completely out of fashion in favor of styles that are bold, wide (two and occasionally even up to three inches) and handsome. By summer, you should be seeing these broad cravats served up in a host of patterns, including circles, dots, medallions, paisleys and geometrics.

FORMALWEAR: That old stand-by, the black dinner jacket, remains the essential prerequisite for any eveningwear collection. But more and more color will be highlighting the party scene this year. So feel free to supplement your traditional model with either white or one of the new vibrant red or blue silken models and still be right in style. Another jacket we think you'll like is a miniature black-and-white club check that looks best when matched with white trousers and white shoes. High on any fashion list is going to be a green brocade jacket that's designed to be worn with traditional formal trousers. Formal separates (originally styled and introduced by PLAYBOY in November 1963) will begin to dominate the formalwear scene and appear in a range of new materials and textures from watered silks to brocades.

All in all, the fashion scene for the coming spring-summer season should be one filled with style and flair. Classics are returning brighter than ever, tire-some fads are disappearing and exciting new colors and fabric combinations are becoming the order of the day. It will be a time for the sartorially aware to stroll down the bright, right way of fashion excellence.



"Well, did you see my lips move?"

OCTOPUSSY

indoors, the major was sweating out his recollections of his crime; in the garden, james bond—cool and incredibly dangerous—lounged in casual ease; and out in the waters of the reef, the hungry octopus waited to be fed

## By IAN FLEMING

SYNOPSIS: It was 10:30 in the morning when James Bond drove up in a taxi from Kingston and stopped at the pleasant Jamaican villa of Major Dexter Smythe. In a way, it was an anticipated visit, for, although Bond was a stranger, the major had been expecting him—or someone like him—for years.

Major Smythe, O. B. E., Royal Marines (Ret.), was the shell of what had once been a brave and resourceful officer in His Majesty's Service. Adventure, women, horses and whiskey had then consumed his interests. Now, at 54, on his island retreat, only whiskey remained; whiskey and his research in life below the surface of the teeming waters of the Jamaican reefs, populated by his only friends, his pets, the indigo parrot fish, the butterfly fish, and especially the octopus—nicknamed by him "Octopussy"—that inhabited the shallows and channels eddying past his property. Indeed, until that morning, his only potential enemy had been the venomous scorpion fish that roams most of the southern waters of the world. But now this man Bond had arrived to shatter the safe torpor of his existence.

His visitor leaned negligently against the mahogany window sill. "My name is Bond," he said. "I've been sent to ask you to recall your work for the Service at the end of the War, particularly the time when you were working with the Miscellaneous Objectives Bureau." The manner was enigmatic, the words were deadly.

This, of course, was it. Smythe's premonitions about Bond had been correct. Curiously, Major Smythe was relieved. At least the years of evasion were over. But he had to carry it through, so he put the bite of impatience in his voice.

"What, if I may ask, is all this in aid of?"

Bond looked at him almost with curiosity. "You know what it's all about, Smythe." He paused and seemed to reflect. "Tell you what," he said, not unkindly. "I'll go out into the garden for ten minutes or so. Give you time to think things over. Give me a hail." Bond walked to the door into the garden, then stopped. "You see, I had a talk with the Foo brothers in Kingston yesterday." He stepped out onto the lawn.

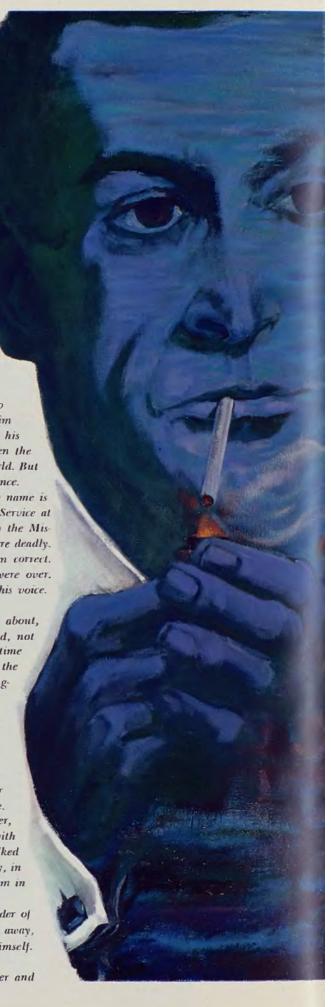
Major Smythe poured himself a drink, then sat down and marshaled his thoughts. They took him back to 1945.

At that time he had been stationed in the Tyrol, assigned to clean out Gestapo hide-outs in the hills and destroy their ammunition dumps. There, purely by accident, he uncovered information disclosing that gold bullion worth at least £50,000 had been buried in a saddle of the Kaiser mountains nearby. All Smythe required was a guide to take him there.

The man he chose, after careful investigation, was Hannes Oberhauser, pre-War ski instructor and climber. He arrested Oberhauser and started with his captive toward an interrogation camp in Munich. En route, he talked pleasantly with the German about the joys of mountaineering and finally, in a friendly manner, promised him his release if Oberhauser would join him in a climb up the mountain. Innocently, Oberhauser agreed.

Ten thousand feet up, the pair came upon a hunter's hut on a shoulder of the mountain. It was the key to Smythe's plan. He knew that 120 paces away, buried under a cairn, lay his treasure, and he could hardly contain himself. Yet his voice remained casual.

"Oberhauser," he said cheerfully. "Wonderful view up here. Step over and





show me some of the sights."

"Certainly, sir." The guide walked to a point above a cleft-scarred glacier. Smythe drew his revolver and fired two bullets into the base of Hannes Oberhauser's skull. The impact knocked the guide off his feet and over the edge.

The deep boom of the two shots, that had been batting to and fro among the mountains, died away. Smythe took one last look at the black splash on the white snow and hurried off . . .

Now, aware of the coolly ominous secret agent at ease in the garden, Smythe wondered just how much of these events Bond already knew. And again, as if silently reciting a litany, Smythe's mind went back to that day on the mountain.

HE STARTED on the top of the cairn, working as if the Devil was after him, throwing the rough, heavy stones indiscriminately down the mountain to right or left. His hands began to bleed, but he hardly noticed. Now there were only two feet or so left, and nothing! Bloody nothing! He bent to the last pile, scrabbling feverishly. And then! Yes! The edge of a metal box. A few more rocks away and there was the whole of it! A good old gray Wehrmacht ammunition box with the trace of some lettering still on it. Major Smythe gave a groan of joy. He sat down on a hard piece of rock and his mind went orbiting through Bentleys, Monte Carlo, penthouse flats, Cartier's, champagne, caviar and, because he loved golf, a new set of Henry Cotton irons.

Drunk with his dreams, Major Smythe sat there looking at the gray box for a full quarter of an hour. Then he looked at his watch and got briskly to his feet. Time to get rid of the evidence. The box had a handle at each end. Major Smythe had expected it to be heavy. He had mentally compared its probable weight with the heaviest thing he had ever carried-a 40-pound salmon he had caught in Scotland just before the War -but the box was certainly double that weight, and he was only just able to lift it out of its last bed of rocks onto the thin alpine grass. He slung his handkerchief through one of the handles and dragged it clumsily along the shoulder to the hut. Then he sat down on the stone doorstep and, his eyes never leaving the box, tore at Oberhauser's smoked sausage with his strong teeth and thought about getting his £50,000-for that was the figure he put it at-down the mountain and into a new hiding place.

Oberhauser's sausage was a real mountaineer's meal-tough, well fatted and strongly garlicked. Bits of it stuck uncomfortably between Major Smythe's teeth. He dug them out with a sliver of matchstick and spat them on the ground. Then his intelligence-wise mind 104 came into operation and he meticulously searched among the stones and grass, picked up the scraps and swallowed them. From now on he was a criminalas much a criminal as if he had robbed a bank and shot the guard. He was a cop turned robber. He must remember that! It would be death if he didn't-death instead of Cartier's. All he had to do was to take infinite pains. He would take those pains, and by God they would be infinite! Then, forever after, he would be rich and happy. After taking ridiculously minute trouble to eradicate any sign of entry into the hut, he dragged the ammunition box to the edge of the last rock face and, aiming it away from the glacier, tipped it into space.

The gray box, turning slowly in the air, hit the first steep slope below the rock face, bounded another hundred feet and landed with an iron clang in some loose scree and stopped. Major Smythe couldn't see if it had burst open. He didn't mind one way or the other. He had tried to open it, without success. Let the mountain do it for him!

With a last look round, he went over the edge. He took great care at each piton, tested every handhold and foothold before he put weight on it. Coming down, he was a much more valuable life than he had been climbing up. He made for the glacier and trudged across the melting snow to the black patch on the ice field. There was nothing to be done about footprints. It would take only a few days for them to be melted down by the sun. He got to the body. He had seen many corpses during the War, and the blood and broken limbs meant nothing to him. He dragged the remains of Oberhauser to the nearest deep crevasse and toppled it in. Then he went carefully round the lip of the crevasse and kicked the snow overhang down on top of the body. Then, satisfied with his work, he retraced his steps, placing his feet exactly in his old footprints, and made his way on down the slope to the ammunition box.

Yes, the mountain had burst open the lid for him. Almost casually he tore away the cartridge-paper wrappings. The two great hunks of metal glittered up at him under the sun. There were the same markings on each-the swastika in a circle below an eagle, and the date, 1943the mint marks of the Reichsbank. Major Smythe gave a nod of approval. He replaced the paper and hammered the crooked lid half shut with a rock. Then he tied the lanyard of his Webley round one of the handles and moved on down the mountain, dragging his clumsy burden behind him.

It was now one o'clock and the sun beat fiercely down on his naked chest, frying him in his own sweat. His reddened shoulders began to burn. So did his face. To hell with them! He stopped at the stream from the glacier, dipped

his handkerchief in the water and tied it across his forehead. Then he drank deeply and went on, occasionally cursing the ammunition box as it caught up with him and banged at his heels. But these discomforts, the sunburn and the bruises, were nothing compared with what he would have to face when he got down to the valley and the going leveled out. For the time being, he had gravity on his side. There would come at least a mile when he would have to carry the blasted stuff. Major Smythe winced at the thought of the havor the 80 pounds or so would wreak on his burned back. "Oh well," he said to himself almost lightheadedly, "Il faut souffrir pour être millionnaire!"

When he got to the bottom and the time had come, he sat and rested on a mossy bank under the firs. Then he spread out his bush shirt and heaved the two bars out of the box and onto its center and tied the tails of the shirt as firmly as he could to where the sleeves sprung from the shoulders. After digging a shallow hole in the bank and burying the empty box, he knotted the two cuffs of the sleeves firmly together, knelt down and slipped his head through the rough sling, got his hands on either side of the knot to protect his neck and staggered to his feet, crouching far forward so as not to be pulled over onto his back. Then, crushed under half his own weight, his back on fire under the contact with his burden, and his breath rasping through his constricted lungs, coolielike, he shuffled slowly off down the little path through the trees.

To this day he didn't know how he had made it to the jeep. Again and again the knots gave under the strain and the bars crashed down on the calves of his legs, and each time he had sat with his head in his hands and then started all over again. But finally, by concentrating on counting his steps and stopping for a rest at every hundredth, he got to the blessed little car and collapsed beside it. And then there had been the business of burying his hoard in the wood, amongst a jumble of big rocks that he would be sure to find again, and of cleaning himself up as best he could and getting back to his billet by a circuitous route that avoided the Oberhauser chalet. And then it was all done and he had got drunk by himself off a bottle of cheap schnapps and eaten and gone to bed and to a stupefied sleep. The next day, MOB A Force had moved off up the Mittersill valley on a fresh trail, and six months later Major Smythe was back in London, his War over.

But not his problems. Gold is difficult stuff to smuggle, certainly in the quantity available to Major Smythe, and it was now essential to get his two bars across (continued on page 170)



"Oh, Mr. Thorndyke, you shouldn't have!"

a world-renowned big-game hunter discovers that, though a half-dozen buffaloes had been sacrificed to the striped monster to keep him coming back, he was not to be taken so easily

#### Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright

sports

#### By Jack Denton Scott

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to get too much of India. True, there can be too many temples, too much emphasis on the various gods and too much symbolic carving and statuary, but with the diversity of people and scene, there is enough in this subcontinent to keep a traveler coming back for years. Yet somewhere I had read that the British had introduced an American fish, the rainbow trout, into some Indian mountain streams, and I was curious. My wife's and my Orvis rods were also panting in their cases, and I still clung to my belief, even here where nearly everything is extraordinary, that a fishing rod is often the magic wand waving you on to unusual experiences and adventure. And again it proved to be true.

The quest started off in such silly fashion that it almost stopped before it started. Since Brigendra Singh, that singularly intelligent fellow who had made possible the Shavlik Range experience with the hunting elephants (see Partridge Shoot from Elephantback, PLAYBOY, February 1966), worked with the American Embassy in Delhi, I approached him. He was a sportsman and I thought he would probably know all about the rainbows. It rapidly developed into a comedy.

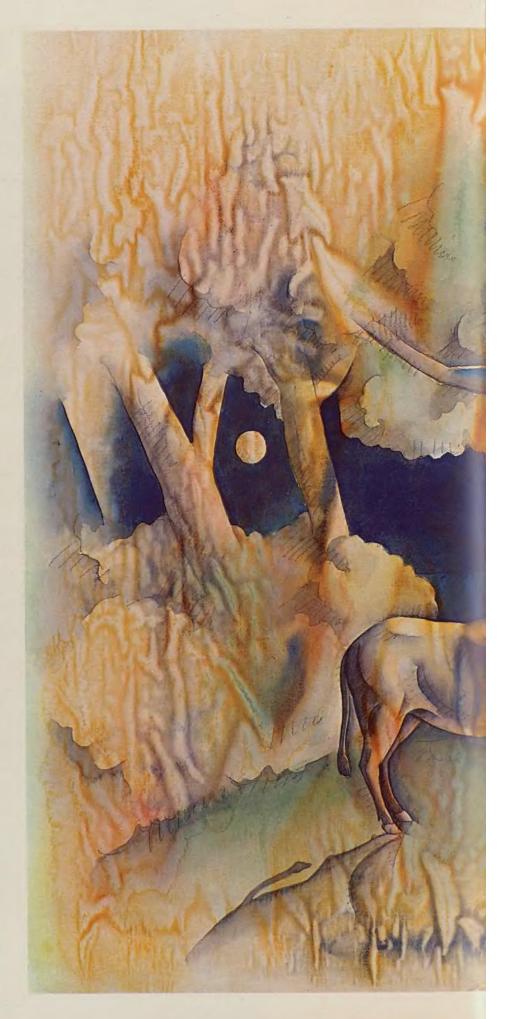
"Are there rainbows in India?" I said. "I've heard that some English sports——"

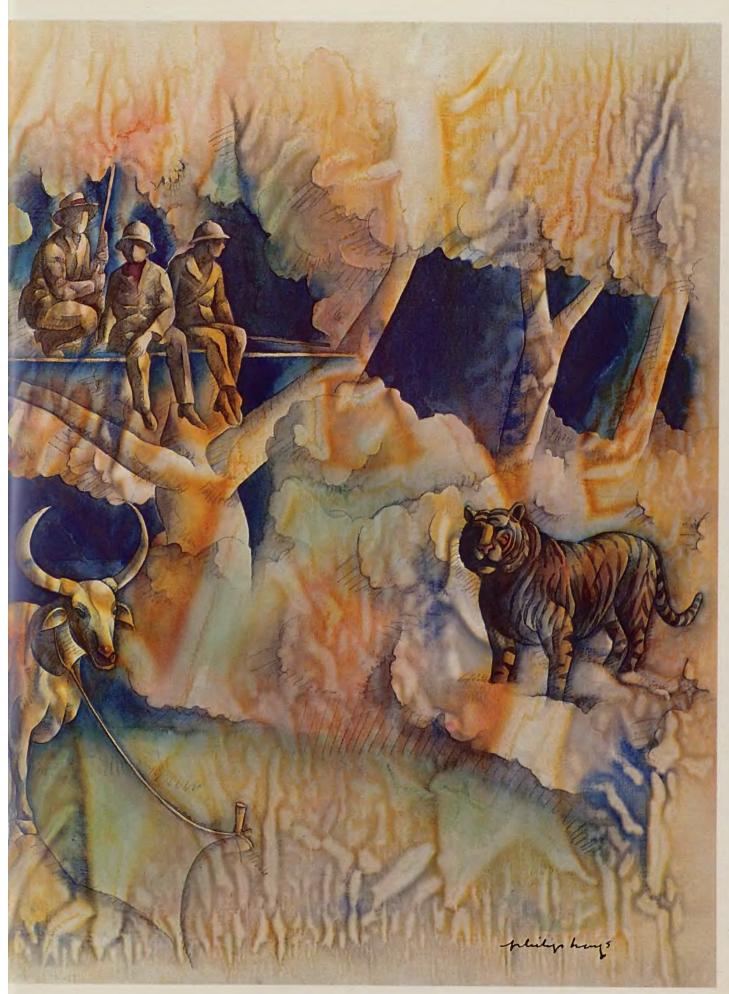
He smiled. "They need rain. There are some beautiful ones during monsoon, but I don't think I've ever seen one during this dry season."

He had me there. This was new information about one of my favorite subjects. "You mean they need rain to survive in India?"

"Of course, my dear chap, they need rain. Let me remind you that a rainbow is a bow or arc of prismatic colors appearing in the heavens opposite the sun, due to the refraction and the reflection of the sun's rays in drops of rain."

I laughed. "My rainbow, Salmo gairdnerii, is a native to coastal waters and streams from Lower California to Alaska, but has been introduced elsewhere. It is (continued on page 118)







#### Malibu Beachnik

april playmate karla conway is a petite, surf-wise wave jockey

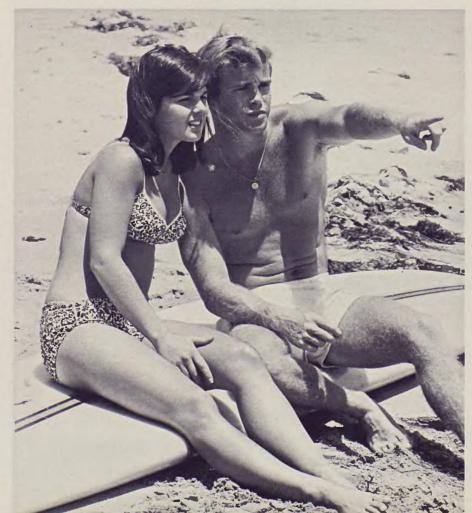
EBRUARY may be the shortest month, but it's been April that has—twice in a row—provided PLAYBOY with its shortest centerfold subjects. In fact, 19-year-old Karla Conway, this month's berry-brown surfing buff, is our second Playmate (last April's bantam beauty, Sue Williams, was the first) to weigh in at 98 pounds, all of them fetchingly distributed on a fine 4'11" frame.

A native of the Golden State, Karla was born in Pasadena, and shared a peripatetic girlhood with her five brothers and two sisters, moving 31 times in 16 years as her father-a car-rental-company executive-traveled across the continent opening new branch offices for his firm. "One winter we moved all the way from a freezing New York to balmy Mexico City," Karla says, "and ever since then I've hated cold weather." Back on the West Coast since 1959, Karla graduated last year from Canoga Park High and promptly persuaded her father to let her use the family's small Malibu Beach cottage as a temporary bachelorette pad while she looked for a job in Los Angeles. "Two days after moving in, I went to work as a receptionist in a nearby bank," says Miss April, "and I talked Mom and Dad into letting me stay on alone at the cottage because it's a 15-minute drive from the office and only a 100-foot stroll to the beach. With all my brothers and sisters married and scattered across the country, I'm the only one left to keep up the place. Outside it's kind of weatherbeaten white, but I've fixed up the inside with a potbellied stove, comfy furniture and lots of big fat candles."

No kook (novice) when it comes to riding Malibu's rugged surf, Karla spends all her off-hours in—or preferably on—the water dressed in a brief bikini. "I guess traveling so much as a child

Top right: Perky Karla starts the day by limbering up on a skate board befare heading for the Malibu surf.
Right: Joined by actor friend Johnny Fain, they check the waves to spot where the biggest ones are beginning to build.











helped me appreciate the outdoors," says the board-riding brunette, "especially near the shore, where there's a wild, free spirit that seems to hang in the air." An avid surf skimmer for some five years now, Karla often rides tandem or "trandem"-doubling or tripling up on one board. "I also do surf stunts," she says, "like riding on someone's shoulders. When I'm out there sliding on a wave, I feel like I own the world. When we wipe out-that's when the board digs into a wave-I jump and 'pearl' as deep as I can so as not to get konked by my own surf stick.

"All my friends are serious surfers," Malibu's prettiest wave jockey admits, "not hodads-that's surf talk for guys who pretend to be surfers. Hodads come to the beach in their woody wagonsthat's an old wood-sided station wagonand loll around in wet bathing suits acting like they just rode a wave ashore. They're not only phonies, but they clut-

ter up the beach on top of it."

When the waves are down, Karla trades her surfboard for a 12-string guitar ("For me it's more like therapy than fun. I play Bob Dylan mostly; his rambling, bluesy lyrics almost make us soul mates."). A pretty fair pluckster, she can liven a Malibu Beach blast with folkrock sounds, or quiet one down with something poignant ("Malagueña's my best"). As for wheeling her way to where the biggest surf rolls in, Karla sports a newly acquired MG-TF roadster, kept carefully covered by a tarpaulin behind the cottage. "I went to one rally after I bought the car," she says, "but I got lost and the officials finally had to send out searchers. Now I just drive and take a date along to do the navigating."

Although Karla intends to keep calling California her home port, she's currently making plans to fulfill one of her fondest dreams: "Traveling across Europe before I'm 21." Prior to her June departure, however, Karla will spend the early spring on her board, shooting the biggest waves she can find. "When I'm in the water," our April Playmate dreamily admits, "I sometimes wish I could slide the surf forever without coming ashore." For purely photographic reasons, we're glad that's one wish that wasn't fulfilled.

Sequence at left: In a dry run, expert surfer Fain shaws Karla the correct way ta properly execute a tricky swan layout. "On share it's easy," she says, "but once in the water-watch aut!" Right, top ta bottom: Karla and Johnny paddle to the line-upsurfer lingo for picking up the momentum of a big wave—then turn a shoulder lift into a perfect swan layout a few seconds before the wipe-aut comes. Karla later said, "That wasn't bad, but I got a little scared and landed all wrong. I think I swollowed a ton of water and two big fish."







Later, at a swinging spat near Malibu Beach (abave), Karla meets her friends far an après-surf dance sessian that leads aff with the jerk. All jerking aside (belaw), she starts the next number with same mankeyshines, featuring the basic steps of a new dance she's made up called the monkey-jerk. "After spending the day an the water—ar under it—I like to ga to one of the nearby discathèques far same dancing befare dinner. Rock-'n'-rall music really daes something to me. My feet get all tingly when the beat begins, and I've gat to get up and do samething about it. It just drives me crazy to sit still."







PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL MORTON SMITH AND R. CHARLETON WILSON

#### PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The learned judge looked down from the bench at the young man who was suing his wife for divorce.

"Your Honor," the young man said, "I just can't live with my wife anymore. She's a hobosexual."

"Just one moment," interrupted the judge. "Don't you mean homosexual?"

"No, your Honor," replied the man. "I mean hobosexual. You see, my wife's a bum lay."



It was almost midnight and the attractive, wellstacked woman had been standing at the bus stop for over half an hour, obviously several martinis past her limit, when up drove a personable-appearing chap with an offer of transportation home. Sliding into the seat beside him, the inebriated miss managed to mumble her address, then slumped drowsily against the fellow's shoulder. Responding to the opportunity, the driver wrapped his free arm around his pretty passenger and pressed her closer to him, proceeding with as personal an appraisal of the terrain as possible without taking his eyes off the road, or his other hand off the wheel.

At first she seemed oblivious to what was going on, but then she came to life, exclaiming,

"Man, you're passionate!"

Quite naturally flattered by this apparent reference to his romantic technique, he attempted to take further liberties and was promptly greeted with a stinging slap across the face. Stopping the car abruptly, he turned to her angrily and said: "Look, lady, on the one hand you tell me how passionate I am and with the other you smack me. Why don't you make up your mind?!"

"I don't know what you're talkin' about, mishter," came the slurred reply, "but all I was referring to was my house—I said you're pashin' it!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines hermaphrodite as a bisexual built for two.

It wasn't long after the town grocer gave his beautiful teenage daughter a job as clerk in his store that the local wolves began dropping by almost daily with requests for items stocked on the highest shelves, since each time the pretty little thing had to climb up a ladder to fill their orders, they were assured a spectacular view. Being as naïve as she was attractive, the daughter didn't catch on; she tried rearranging the stock a few times, but no matter how she planned it, her male customers always seemed to ask for the items she put at the top. One day an elderly gent happened to enter the store while a contingent of these young cads was sending the poor girl up and down the ladder, each one in turn ordering a loaf of raisin bread from the top shelf. Hoping to save herself an additional trip while still aloft on her eighth successive climb to the same height, the girl called down to the senior citizen, "Is yours raisin, too?"

"Nope," said the old-timer. "But it's twitchin' a mite."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines: alimony as disinterest, compounded annually. false pregnancy as laboring under a misconception.

pièce de résistance as a French virgin.

automated as a couple making love in a car.



Happy New Year, everybody!" the drunk shouted as he staggered into a small neighborhood bar.

"For your information, buddy," said the somewhat irritated bartender, "today is the first of April"

"April."

"April!" exclaimed the bewildered bibber.

"Why, my wife will kill me for being out on a bender this long."

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.



"How about that for an invention?!"

also an arc of prismatic colors, especially when it leaves the water, wet and shimmering——" If he wanted to play, I'd play.

"I don't understand," Brigendra said, frowning slightly. "I didn't know that rainbows differed, even in America. Are

you sure?"

Everything can be carried too far. When I told Brigendra what my rainbows were, he laughed until tears came.

"A fish! A fish! My dear fellow, mahseer, yes. This rainbow, no. I don't know. This is a splendid joke!"

But another clever fellow, Som Nath Chib, director of the department of Indian tourism, didn't think it was a joke. I got right to the subject this time. He knew all about the project. There is little about India he doesn't know.

"Well," he said, "I've been told that those tenacious Englishmen who did many good things and some bad things for my country, after years of trying successfully introduced your trout in two or three streams in the Nilgiri Hills in southern India, near a place called Ootacamund. It's many miles from here, but I will write ahead and make arrangements, if you must make the trip."

I must. Two things that Som Nath Chib said intrigued me. The rainbow were in streams straight up, at a mountain elevation of more than 7000 feet, and they were ready to be caught in February. Both circumstances seemed unusual for this fish.

Mr. Chib was right. It was a long way from New Delhi to Ootacamund, the tiny town high in the Nilgiri Hills, or "Blue Hills." We flew to Coimbatore, where we met R. Ramaswamy, a member of the Government Tourist Office, out of the Madras regional office. He was a tall, heavy-set, jolly man who outhaggled the local taxi king, getting us a beat-up bald-tired car—about a 1940, I think—and an old but alert-looking driver.

As we got in and started out of Coimbatore, raising dust that followed us as if it were tied to the car, I saw that the heap had 100,000 miles registered, and worried aloud. "How high are the Nilgiris?"

"Seven thousand feet above sea level," Ramaswamy said. "They're beautiful, with a blue light always on them. I've seen them from the air and they're an oval-shaped, undulating plateau, about thirty miles across."

"But will we see them?" I said.

He was puzzled. "What do you mean, sir?"

"Our car has two badly worn front tires and more than one hundred thousand miles. That's like riding a seventyfive-year-old horse with bad feet."

The driver said, "Sound car, sir. And

don't be concerned about the tires. I am a most careful driver."

In India you have to be. Nothing—goats, Brahma steers, water buffaloes, people or bullock carts—gets out of your way. It is understood that you get out of theirs. Our driver was adept at this, but often the car wasn't cooperative. It stalled; it sputtered fitfully when we tried to pass a bullock cart, alarming the white-turbaned driver so that he put on extra speed. I could hear those worn tires pancaking. The trip up the mountains was a terror. Trucks hurtled; the road narrowed as we climbed; unprotected drop-offs threatened every foot of the way.

Think what you may about British colonialism, but anyone driving that twisting snake of a road into the clouds of the Nilgiris would have to admit that they accomplished a masterpiece of engineering to lay any road at all up the rocky side of these steep, blue-misted wild mountains.

Ootacamund, nestled in a curve between folds of the hills, was an amazing replica of a completely unspoiled English village, with retired British army officers walking about in tweeds, smoking pipes and walking black Labradors on leashes. There were English women in sweaters and skirts, carrying shopping baskets; school children in blue uniforms and caps. The flash of scarlet saris, the slanted dark eyes and Oriental faces of the Indian women brought us back to India.

As our car shivered to a stop beside a small office building, tires smoking, Ramaswamy said, "I will go see about the fishing."

This is what a little curiosity about trout fishing does. It delivers fantastic villages, magnificent mountains, a remarkably dangerous roller-coaster ride and sometimes, if you are very lucky, perhaps even some fish.

E. R. C. Davidar, a slim, handsome young man, thought we would get rainbow trout. A lawyer, he was a member of the Nilgiris Game Association and not only would offer us a complimentary angling license but also tell us where to fish and furnish us with a guide.

As we drove to the comfortable Savoy Hotel to stow our bags and rig our gear, Davidar said, "The rainbows here are a story of British persistence."

Obviously on a favorite subject, he went on. "I believe they tried at least a dozen times before the experiment took: all serious, scientific attempts, too. Dr. Francis Day, an authority on Indian fresh-water fish, tried twice. He tried to import and breed trout in 1863, then again in 1866. He even got to the stage of actually planting fish. But he failed; so did all the others, until H. C. Wil-

son, another accomplished pisciculturist, went to work on the problem in 1906. This, as you probably know, was, and still is, a famous hill station where the English fled to escape the heat of places in the south, and I think nearly every English male is a fly fisherman. Anyway, they spared no expense or scheme to establish trout here where it would be a heaven for fly-rod men. They spent a pretty penny on Wilson. But it paid. He came up with the idea of rainbows and brought ova and stock fish from New Zealand and Ceylon. These took. On September 11, 1911, Avalanche, Emeral Valley, Krurmund and Mekad waters were opened to the public."

Davidar suggested that he have a guide call for me at the Savoy Hotel early the next morning. It was cold when Konnamoto came wearing a slouch hat, looking like an English gardener who had stood in the sun too long. His English was slow but good. Ramaswamy had rooted himself out of bed and stood shivering beside the car.

"We will try the Avalanche, sir," the guide said. "It's only a half hour from here and we should arrive at the right time. I must warn you, sir. These are most wild fish."

It was early enough and cold enough for frost. It lay on the fields and the rolling downs in silver sheets, and the mountains dark against the sky. We turned off the main road, entering a narrow, rutty dirt lane, and bounced through acres of rhododendron the size of apple trees with the scented, flaming red flowers as large as your hand. They must have been a hundred years old.

Suddenly we rounded a curve and the Avalanche lay before us, mist spiraling from it. I knew I was in trouble as soon as I saw the stream: It was small, perhaps 24 feet wide, but the edge was bare, not a tree or a bush. This meant that if these trout were as wild as claimed, they could be easily spooked by the sight of us or even by shadows, if the sun ever got strong enough to etch a shadow.

"No cover," I said hopelessly to Konnamoto as we got out of the car.

He smiled appreciatively. "Right, sir," he said. "That is one reason the trout of Ooty are so shy—and so famous."

Konnamoto carefully examined my flies, selecting a Hardy Favorite, a Silver March Brown and a Peter Ross. I tried them all, getting two rises on the Silver March Brown. But it wasn't easy fishing. The lack of cover was an advantage in casting, of course, but without this we would be altogether too easily seen by the fish. The cast had to be longer, fuller, and you had to stand well back from the stream. This meant that the targeting was poor, for you couldn't see much of the water. And if you walked in, no

(continued on page 194)

modern living

## A PLAYBOY PAD: PALM SPRINGS OASIS

a california bachelor creates his own eminent domain with wall-to-wall wide-open spaces



Above: At stort of the doy, Jomes Hollowell pouses outside his mountain-girt Polm Springs pad to scon the morning headlines before hopping into Jaguar for the five-minute spin to his downtown office. At right: Trio of guests chot ot poolside in back of his desert digs.





WHEN JAMES HOLLOWELL, a prominent young attorney in the desert city of Palm Springs, California, decided to move from his limited quarters in a posh urban high-rise and build a home in the residential outskirts, he had two requirements: One, that his future pad give him the same privacy he had learned to cherish in his city digs; and two, that while offering sanctuary, his house should offer the indoor-outdoor, pool-and-patio type of life that a place away from the city can more easily provide. A careful search by the busy bachelor turned up the ideal location in Deep Well estates, just a five-minute drive from his Palm Springs office.

His finished house, created by architect friend Stan Sackley, of Sackley and Light in Palm Springs, fit the owner's stipulations to a T square. Done as an ultramodern ranch house, Hollowell's Deep Well domicile is just a jack-rabbit jump from the nearest next-door neighbor, yet (text concluded on page 126)















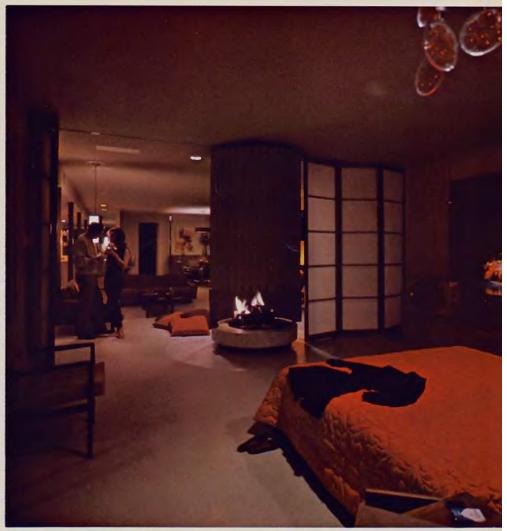
Above left: A busy barrister, Hollowell briefs himself for a day in court in his office-den off the living room. Desk is by Robert John and chair set by Knoll and Associates. The classic Eames lounging chair from Herman Miller sits under an oil painting expressly commissioned to coordinate with his pad's rich color scheme. Above center: An overhead shoulder-level, directional fixture by Design Lite that can be used as a reading light hangs in the living room. Above right: An amateur mixologist's dream, a completely stocked wet bar in the living room, stands ready to dispense potables. Right: After an afternoon swim, a party begins to gather for the sumptuous buffet. For right: One of a pair of frolicking guests tries out the Jacuzzi whirlpool, a relaxing device built into the shallow end of the pool, while a dedicated sunbather lazes on.



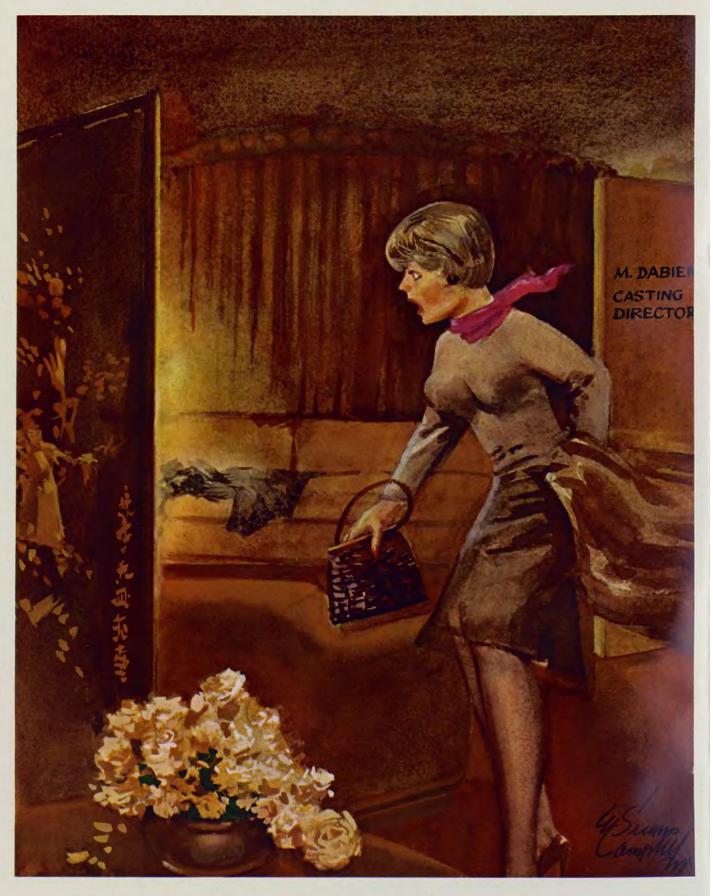








Left: Late in the evening, guests drift outdoors to enjoy the multicolored spectocle created by lights located under the eaves and built into the sides of the pool. Recessed ceiling fixtures throughout the living-room and bedroom oreas are operated on rheastats and can be easily controlled to provide the density of light best suited for ony occasion. Above: Hollowell hos focused a rooftop spotlight on a romantic fountain in the bock-yord potio, which serves as o quiet sentinel outside, while he and his date dance most of the romantic night away. 123



"Hey, Mr. Dabien! You promised that part to ME!"

# article By IRA COHEN there is a moroccan delicacy confected of visions, ecstasies and— allah be praised—a thousand and one erotic delights

MAJOON, majoun, ma'jun . . . how soft the word is, how full of magic and jinn. how dark to the imagination! Majoon is the Arabic word for jam, but here in Morocco and all through the Islamic world, everyone knows that it is a special confection with Indian hemp, or kif, as its main ingredient. In Morocco it is still as commonplace as fruitcake in England or angel-food cake in the United States. It is usually taken on festive occasions or in the wintertime, when it keeps you warm through the long Moroccan nights; but any time you feel like traveling or crave some instant magic theater, all you have to do is find your favorite majoon seller and Open sesame! All doors fall down and you are off on a voyage with no turning back.

Eating majoon is like night diving. You descend into unknown depths surrounded by hundreds of shining eyes. Everything is underwater and slow-motion. Is that a squid I have in my hand, or is it the head of Medusa turning me to stone? Majoon embeds

you in black tar while you glow like sapphires or you leave your body behind and soar through the air, holding on for dear life to the long braid of your jinni.

The effects of majoon are like those of smoking *kif* or marijuana, but stronger and more commonly hallucinogenic, building up gradually in waves and often culminating in oceans of laughter. You wonder where you are or why everything is so strange, like, you never saw your hand before or heard the cry of the muezzin float-

ing over the city. It may take anywhere from 20 minutes to an hour or more before the majoon takes over, before you realize what has happened, and can last for as long as 24 hours. A lumière unwinds in your head, or suddenly a café on the edge of a cliff takes off and sails through the stars. Rooms contract and expand and somewhere from your own most secret places there is a babble of voices made up of old memories and hidden desires asking you to surrender. Each gesture is eternal, for time has nothing to do with metronomes, and minutes have become hours or even centuries. You can feel your heart beating faster and you want something to drink, since your mouth is incredibly dry, or you feel ravenously hungry and can eat for hours on end, sampling one taste after another. But sometimes, especially if you cat too much majoon, you may sleep your voyage away.

The Moorish women, although they very rarely smoke *kif* as almost all the men do, like a nice piece of ma-

joon now and then. It makes them dreamy and sensual, though they say that it makes them want to take off all their clothes and run naked through the streets. But that is the way it is. Sometimes you draw donkey ears, other times it is a command performance between stars and half-spoken wishes.

Remember Sabu's ruby in The Thief of Bagdad in which anything and everything could be seen, and how it exploded into a million flickering pieces (continued on page 218) gives its owner complete privacy.

Hollowell encircled the pool and patio portions of his home with a block wall and then hedged his bid for seclusion with ten-feet-high leafy paracanthia bushes that provide a burst of greenery to his edge-of-the-desert domain. Adding to the intimacy of the setting, a portion of the slightly raked roof extends an extra ten feet over the back patio, forming a shaded area that offers shelter for poolside revelers wishing to escape the ultra-ultraviolet rays of the Palm Springs sun.

To fulfill his personal concept for his home, Hollowell maintains absolute control of the inner spaces throughout his entire domain by utilizing freestanding wall sections, sliding screens and swinging panels instead of traditional interior walls, to adjust the space relationships of his floor plan in accordance with the needs of the moment. With the panels and screens drawn together, the house becomes a comfortable honeycomb, with each room a private and personal sanctuary. Thrown open, the house becomes a baronial 3500-square-foot expanse almost entirely unfettered by restricting walls, doors and entranceways.

Hollowell keyed his home around an outsized rectangular 19 x 39-foot living-dining area with floor-to-ceiling windows and sliding clear-glass doors running its entire length and on into the adjacent master-bedroom area. To divide the living room from the bedroom, Hollowell put up a cylindrical floor-to-ceiling fireplace with a revolving back screen, which gives a cheering blaze to either the living room or the bedroom, depending on the way it's turned.

"When I have overnight guests or don't want the bedroom opened up to a party," Hollowell says, "I can revolve the back screen or just close a pair of sliding shoji-screen doors and seal off the sleeping area completely. But usually I leave it open so my guests can wander around as they please."

Even the master bedroom and Romanesque bath carry out Hollowell's penchant for wide-open spaciousness. The sleeping and grooming chambers are separated by a freestanding black-walnut wall section that doubles as a room divider and as an imperial-sized headboard for his bed, an idea inspired by PLAYBOY in one of our first design features, Playboy's Penthouse Apartment (September and October, 1956). Matching walnut panels fitted to either side of the sectional can seal off the bath area when desired. The back of the standing section becomes the main wall of Hollowell's dressing area and is fitted out as an elegant armoire with drawers and cabinetry to provide space for clothing and haberdashery. In the center, Hollowell built in a dressing table featuring a rheostat-operated theafrical make-up mirror ringed with lights. Feminine visitors find the temptation to check their coifs in its multi-bulbed light all but irresistible.

The master bathroom is divided into two separate areas; one houses the john and—thoughtfully for his female guests—a bidet, while the other, directly adjacent to floor-to-ceiling windows that overlook his swimming pool, contains a sunken terrazzo bath.

"I've got the television bug," Hollowell says, "so I had the tub built where I could sit and unwind while I watch the old movies on the set in my bedroom."

In fitting out his palatial pad, Hollowell limited his furniture selections to a few contemporary pieces to keep pace with the open, uncluttered style of the house.

On one side of the living room near the circular fireplace is a sofa, chair and end-table combination surrounding an unusual custom-built cocktail table with a smoked, double-strength, bulletproofglass top framed in teakwood and stainless-steel tubing. There are also an oval teakwood dining table and a matching sideboard that can be transformed into a large buffet for parties.

"The secret of a successful party," Hollowell claims, "is never to have enough places to sit. That way, everyone keeps moving around."

At even his biggest bashes, Hollowell finds that a variety of giant overstuffed pillows kept scattered about the floor are far more functional, not to mention more portable, than chairs.

A wet bar, located directly to one side of the living-room entrance, has turned out to be a popular spot to rally around at party time. Behind its I-shaped top, Hollowell pursues his predilection for sophisticated saloonery abetted by virtually every bartending accouterment known to bibbing man. On a shelf mounted against the mirror-covered rear wall he keeps a line-up of crystal, ranging from tall tomcollins coolers to superman-sized brandy snifters, set among a series of cut-glass decanters, each with its sterling-silver identification tag. Behind double blackwalnut doors is a full-sized, completely stocked bar refrigerator that includes a handy tap that delivers ice-cold draughts for suds-loving friends. Armed with a built-in electric blender for making frozen daiquiris and other cooling concoctions that call for high-speed mixing, Hollowell plays the perfect host. And if liquor doesn't soothe the savage breast quickly enough, there are always the operating

controls for the stereo AM/FM system built into the back of the bar. A soundly constructed component-part rig pipes high-fidelity music through an extension speaker system to every room in the house and on out into the pool area.

To illuminate this scene of wide-open opulence, Hollowell uses a series of recessed, suspended and mounted lights, most of them operated by rheostats for flick-of-the-finger control. Hollowell can turn off bright living-room beams and bring amber-colored hues into play that fill his home with softened shades conducive to dreamy dancing and dalliance.

Even in Palm Springs, where a swimming pool is practically a requirement of the zoning board, Hollowell's 30-footer is a stylized standout. Surfaced in Kooldeck, which does not absorb heat, the pool area stays comfortable for sunbathing even in the noonday desert. In the shallow end, just around a slight elbow bend, weary waterers can enjoy the built-in Jacuzzi, a below-the-surface bubbling device that creates its own whirlpool. Hollowell finds that after a hard day's night, its rippling rhythm is as refreshing as diving into a pitcher of iced martinis.

Like many a bachelor, Hollowell spends as little time in the kitchen as possible, choosing instead to either whip up a light snack or have a favorite lady fair do the honors in the scullery's ultramodern, black-walnut-cabineted decor kept simple and utilitarian for easy maintenance.

Although attorney Hollowell's Deep Well ranch house sees its share of entertaining, there are many nights when he spends time preparing for a day in court. He gets the study-conducing atmosphere he needs in his office-den, a 12 x 16-foot area just to one side of the main entranceway. Like the bedroom, it can be separated from the living room by sliding shoji screens.

Should the unexpected, out-of-town visitor drop in for a few days' sojourn, there is no problem for Hollowell, even when pursuing the most tangled of briefs. The guest facilities are in the far corner of the house and provide complete privacy for relaxing or a bit of sunbathing in a separate walled patio adjacent to the room.

For many people, Palm Springs is a resort; a salubrious and refreshing place to get away from it all and just relax in the sun while the commercial world marches on. Hollowell's home offers all the amenities for the good life in the West. But, as befits a successful barrister, Hollowell has created a home and an environmental setting where he can lead a full professional life and private life—and always on his own terms.

### MARRIAGE, FOOD, MONEY, CHILDREN, ICE SKATING



lacking the language of love, or even of friendship, how could this father talk with his sons?

MY FATHER MET MY MOTHER at an ice-skating rink in Cleveland, Ohio, in the early 1920s. She says that he had no taste in those days. He was uneducated. He was an uneducated greenhorn. He spoke with a heavy accent, wore green shoes and rode a motorcycle. Also he had the rude habit of picking up girls at the ice-skating rink. The last one he picked up, so far as we know, was my mother. Though he had no taste, he liked the plump blonde little lady whose ankles needed strengthening before she could spend a whole evening on skates. He suggested that she take his arm and try something easy-a waltz, a two-step, or just going where he led her.

"Ohh, what's your name?"

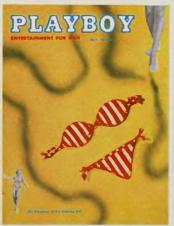
"I said already-Gold. Some hot chocolate."

"Oh, oo, some cocoa would be tasty."

"Cocoa they haven't got, but chocolate I can arrange."

Goodbye, little lady, you're going to get whatever he calls it. He must have been a tough little old-country character, pinkfaced but not a boy, maroon-faced, wooing her with a heavy Yiddish accent, wooing her with arms and legs hardened from heaving crates of vegetables onto trucks, into coolers, off stands. For some reason he had learned to skate, and at that time could do tight, fast little figure-skating turns. Having no family sent him out a lot nights. To school, to the rink. Probably he liked leading girls behind the organ—the organ at the rink that played Stay As Sweet As You Are as he led them round and round until they became so dizzy (continued on page 162) 127





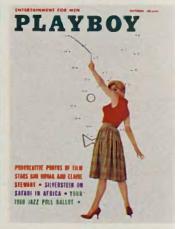




















#### pictorial essay

#### THE **PLAYBOY** COVER STORY

WHILE WE CONCEDE there's merit in the ancient adage about not judging a book by its cover, we also believe that PLAYBOY's outward appearance tells a good deal about the publication. The same individuality in graphic ideas and design that has been a mark of the magazine since its inception is apparent in its covers; its unique contemporary quality, its interests, taste and playful spirit are all reflected on the face of the publication. In addition, a chronological sampling of the covers published during the first dozen years—24 of which appear on this spread—chronicles PLAYBOY's progress to its present position as the most popular men's magazine of our time. With the early issues of PLAYBOY—in the days of high hopes and a low bank balance—our covers were severely restricted by a lack of funds. The original cover (top left) was printed in two colors and featured a photograph of Marilyn Monroe, also featured inside as PLAYBOY's first Playmate of the Month. The magazine had a two-man staff: Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and Art Director Arthur Paul. The initial issue was put together in Hefner's apartment and went on sale late in 1953. The cover carried no date, because Hefner had just enough money to publish the one issue, and he wasn't certain when or whether he would be able to produce a second. The first issue sold well, however, and with the income from that, it was possible to print another. With a sudden surge of publishing confidence, Hefner decided to put a date on the next one, designating it January 1954.

Although the renowned Rabbit showed up inside our premier number as a line drawing illustrating the introductory page.







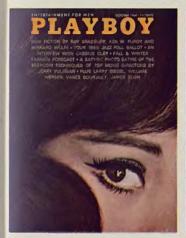




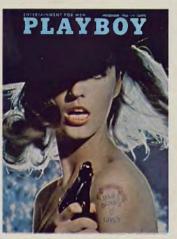














a behind-the-scenes uncoverage of a dozen years of eye-catching covers and the girls who have adorably adorned them

and his profile, enclosed in a small black square, appeared at the end of each story, exactly as it does today, he was not used on the cover until the second issue. He's been there ever since. Hefner conceived our hare apparent as a means of personalizing the publication. Purposely avoiding a human symbol, because of *Esquire*'s Esky and *The New Yorker*'s Eustace Tilley, he chose a rabbit and put him in a tuxedo, as an image of sophisticated sex that was, at the same time, a satirical spoof. Paul drew up the rectangular Rabbit emblem, never dreaming that he was designing what would soon become one of the world's most famous trademarks. Paul comments:

"If I'd had any idea how important that little Rabbit was going to be, I probably would have redrawn him a dozen times to make certain I was doing him justice—and I suppose none of those versions would have turned out as well as the original. As it was, I did one drawing and that was it. I probably spent all of half an hour on it."

The Playboy Rabbit had become so well known by 1959 that a letter mailed by a New York reader, with the Rabbit insignia clipped from the magazine and pasted on the outer envelope as its only address, was promptly delivered to the Playboy Building in Chicago. In 1964, the Society of Typographic Arts chose the Playboy Rabbit emblem from among 1600 entries for an award as one of the 14 most outstanding company trademarks in the United States—the only mark associated with a publication to be so honored. The popularity of the Playboy Rabbit is most dramatically demonstrated by the demand for dozens of different Playboy







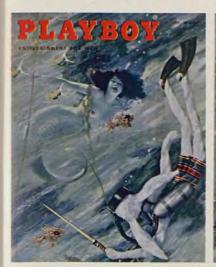








PLAYBOY's sophisticated Rabbit is present on every cover, in one form or another—sometimes symbolically, as no more than a wrinkle in a sheet or a twinkle in the eye of a beautiful girl; and sometimes as his full, furry self—a three-dimensional collage of paper, cloth and textured fabric. The cosmopolitan chap standing center stage (as he did on the February 1960 cover) is far more dapper in dress and manner than he was in his first, rather comic collage cover appearance in April 1954, ogling a passing lady's legs (top left). In May and again in June (center left), his female companion was a paper doll—a collage, like himself; but he soon graduated to real, live girls—or, at least, to photographic images of them. Bottom left: Wearing jaunty yachting garb on the July 1959 cover, our own Commander Whitehare hoisted both a cocktail-hour pennant and the swimsuit of his unseen but obviously obliging first mate. Top right: The debonair hare was surrounded by a clutch of cartoon cuties drawn by seven of PLAYBOY's most popular cartoonists especially for this August 1961 cover. Center right: Urbanely at ease in his penthouse pad for the January 1962 issue, the Rabbit relaxes against a background of elegantly framed Playmates—a January theme that has become a tradition. Bottom right: Putting his tightly furled umbrella to good use on June 1963 cover, our furry friend appeared to be opening the magazine to pictorial on Junoesque Jayne Mansfield inside.





In transit from PLAYBOY to the engraver, the seaweed covering the mermaid's bosom on our August 1955 cover was knocked awry, making too much of a clean breast of things (above left) for an American magazine cover. Retouching (above right) removed the problem.

Products: men's and women's jewelry, wearing apparel, smoking accessories, bar equipment, perfume, playing cards, novelty items, etc.—the principal appeal of which is the presence of the Rabbit image, because of its identification with the magazine. In this regard, the Playboy Rabbit has proven as popular a contemporary folk hero as James Bond and the Beatles.

The Rabbit's presence on PLAYBOY'S covers has taken many forms in our 12-plus years of publication. His initial appearance there—on the front of issue number two—was as a cartoon caricature, flanked by a pair of twin bathing beauties. He was reduced to an inanimate indicia in February, when the cover concept combined a photograph of the current star of the Folies-Bergère with art of the Folies of an earlier era by Toulouse-Lautrec.

Monsieur Rabbit dominated the April 1954 cover (shown at top left, on facing page), as a breezy, rather bug-eyed boulevardier. This was the first PLAYBOY cover reproduced from a three-dimensional collage of fur and fabric, with the photograph of a real girl's legs superimposed in his eye. A marvel of miniaturization, the construction of these collage covers by Bea Paul, wife of PLAYBOY'S Art Director, has consumed in the intervening dozen years less than half a yard of fur. (Genuine rabbit fur was originally used, until it was found that an artificial material actually produced a more photogenic pelt.) In fashioning our fine furry friend, Bea has attired and accoutered him in natty gnat-sized tuxedos, smoking jackets, blazers, sport shirts, ascots, over-





Above left: The beautiful blonde painted by PLAYBOY artist Alberto Vargas for our March 1965 cover heralded the appearance inside of a considerably more revealing double-page portrait, above right.



Ceramic Femlin on our May 1963 cover echoed pose of real model in pictorial "The Femlin Comes to Life."







Above: December 1962 marked the first use of our inside cover as part of the cover design. Playmate-Bunny Sheralee Conners was featured fore and aft, with cover copy flopped on the inside. The matching photos of Sheralee were shot simultaneously by two synchronized cameras through hidden holes in background paper. Test shots, below, show Sheralee sans nightie used in final version:





coats, scarves, top hats, yachting caps, bathing suits, sunglasses, cigars, cigarettes (with and without cigarette holders), umbrellas, walking sticks, ice skates and a complete scuba outfit, including miniature flippers, mask and air tank. In addition to the Rabbit and his habit, Bea has frequently been called upon to create the background furniture and furnishings of his urban hutch: this setting is now an annual theme for January covers, with a wall of ornately framed Playmate pictures reflecting the presence of the *Playmate Review* inside the issue.

On many of the magazine's covers, the Rabbit's presence is suggested symbolically, or introduced in an unusual way. The ingenuity used in fashioning his familiar profile from a telephone cord or a bit of Christmas ribbon, the wrinkle in a bedsheet or the bite in an apple, is often the key to a cover's charm. For the front of the July 1954 issue (second from left, top row, on opening spread of feature), the Big Bunny's outline was traced in the sand of a summer beach, with an empty bikini forming his features.

From an initial sale of 50,000 copies, the monthly circulation of the magazine climbed to 150,000 by the end of the first year. The magazine's staff had grown to seven, with rented offices in a four-story brownstone—across the street from Holy Name Cathedral—on Chicago's Near North Side; we celebrated PLAYBOY's first anniversary with the entire crew collected in a single booth of a nearby restaurant.

Although we had multi-color covers early in 1954, they were an inexpensive and inferior form of mechanical screen, non-process printing, with which we attempted to simulate full-color reproduction. We were able to afford our first authentic color-separated, process printing on the First Anniversary Issue. Throughout the second year, the quality of the color reproduction—on both the inside and outside of the magazine—improved immeasurably.

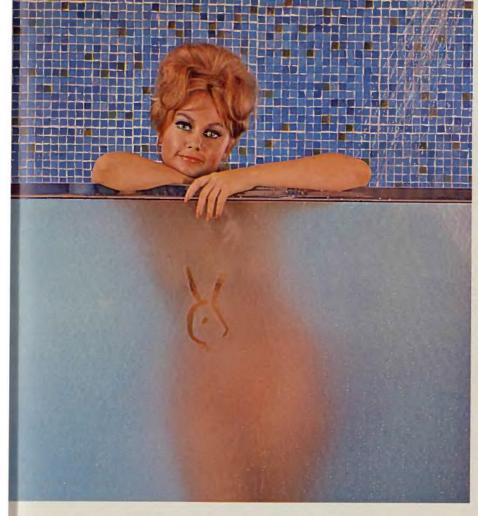
There was no cover dated March 1955, because no issue was ever published for that month. In an unorthodox decision typical of this upstart publishing venture, when PLAYBOY'S small staff fell too far behind in its monthly schedule, Hefner simply designated the issue after February as April instead of March. (All subscriptions were automatically extended one month, so readers weren't adversely affected; the magazine had no advertising in those early issues, so there were

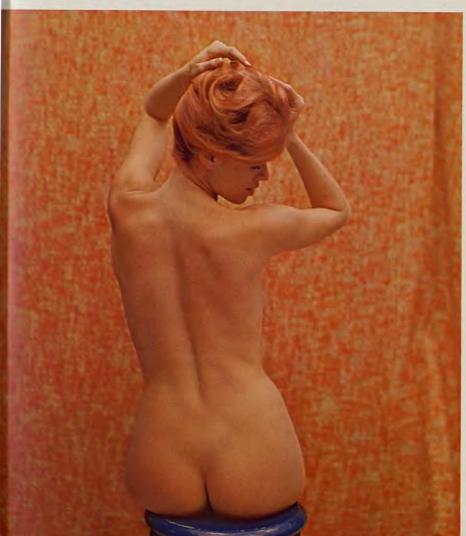
contend with.)

The May 1955 cover (third from left, top row, on opening spread) indicates the variety of visual techniques that were

no ad account or agency complaints to

already being utilized in these early editions: (text continued on page 136)







PLAYBOY secretary-Playmate Teddi Smith has adorned the cover four times (December 1960, October 1963, February 1965 and September 1965). For her October pose (at left and above), Teddi was installed in simulated shower (constructed in one of PLAYBOY's photo studios especially for this cover shooting), where she was depicted doing some hare-line doodling on the steamy shower-stall door-an effect achieved by cutting the Rabbit outline out of translucent acetate which was then pasted on the glass. This worked quite well, but to keep the acetate from peeling, cold water had to be used for the shower, turning the photo session into an icy undertaking for Teddi. PLAYBOY's September 1960 cover was a jigsaw-puzzling back view of Playboy Club Bunny Marli Renfro, in which a color print of a chosen cover photo (like that at left) was sent to a puzzle maker, who cut it to include a suitable hare piece (see below). Before becoming a Bunny, Marli appeared as the double for Janet Leigh in the famous nude shower scene in Hitchcock's "Psycho." Pretty employees like Teddi and Marli frequently appear on PLAYBOY's covers.





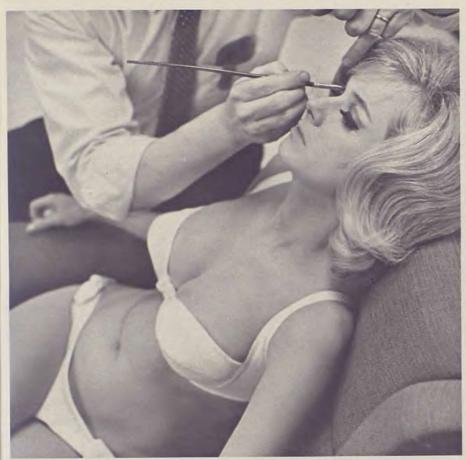




The magazine's current Cover Girl champ is PLAYBOY Assistant Cartoon Editor Cynthia Maddox: The pneumatic Miss Maddox has supplied the cover charge for our February 1962, March 1963, February 1964, July 1964 and current issues. At left, Cynthia strikes a provocative pose in an itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny, yellow polka-dot bikini during test shooting for July '64 cover. In preparation for the actual photo session that produced this comely cover (top), our enticing editorial staffer exchanged her office attire for a hand-sewn costume little larger than a pair of handkerchiefs, then stood, reclined, and lay without wiggling, while studio assistants applied the final touch-up to body and eye make-up (above and above right), and Associate Art Director Reid Austin, right, concentrated on the ticklish business of surrounding the Maddox navel with a lapin image in lipstick.









For Cynthia's March 1963 cover stint, above, PLAYBOY threw in the towel—a terrycloth cover-up embroidered with our Rabbit's famed profile. When Miss M isn't posing prettily, as below, she is an able Assistant Editor in charge of PLAYBOY's cartoon submissions.











To celebrate its December 1963 Tenth Holiday issue, PLAYBOY debuted a three-page cover. The heart-shaped pupil in our Rabbit's die-cut eye was a beauty mark on the face of Playmate Donna Michelle, still prettily puckered on page one after bussing Rabbit's outline on the inside cover.

A three-dimensional collage was created by superimposing the cardboard silhouette of a hansom cab, with the photograph of a girl's legs extending from the side window, against a background painting of a street at night by artist LeRoy Neiman. The September 1955 issue indicates the imaginative variations that were being introduced in cover concepts almost from the outset: The background was a facsimile of a newspaper's society page, reporting on the social high jinks of our Rabbit gadabout, across which were casually tossed his white gloves, address book, et al. That same year, Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim became the first PLAYBOY staff member to appear on the cover of the magazine, as well as inside as Playmate of the Month, in both July and December issues; on the July cover, the Playboy Rabbit's presence was suggested by the shape of an untanned area on the back of a sun-bathing Janet, while December showed her idly doodling his outline on the frosty pane of a wintry yuletide window. By December 1955, thanks in part to the circulation-increasing activities of Subscription Manager Pilgrim, sales had climbed to over 500,000 copies per month.

The fifth issue illustrated on the opening spread is dated May 1956, and it is a typical early example of the pure photographic approach that is frequently used for PLAYBOY covers, and is usually less complicated—in both concept and execution—



One good cover turn deserved another. For May 1964, the acrobatic Miss Michelle (an ex-New York City Ballet member) was able to hold a difficult Rabbit-like pose through a lengthy cover shooting heralding her "Playmate of the Year" appearance. Then Donna tried the pose in the buff (at right); nude sequence was used in pictorial inside issue.





than the collages, or any variation in cover design that depends on the combining of two or more graphic techniques. The very simplicity of a cover such as this-depicting a contemporary sleeping beauty snoozing beneath a blanket of bunnies-can make it a welcome change of pace. Like most PLAYBOY issues of the period, this one carried nary a word of hard-sell cover copy promoting the editorial contents inside-an unprecedented policy for a magazine relying heavily on newsstand sales for its success-but by the close of the year, circulation had risen 60 percent, to 800 000

The April 1957 cover gives some idea of the detail that can exist in a typical collage, including such fashion fine points as the tiny buckle on the back of the knit cap of our furry sports-car aficionado. The miniature MG was constructed of red enamel cardboard, with a simulated wood dash, corrugated-cardboard seat, canvas convertible top, plastic taillights and a rear wheel with silverpainted toothpick spokes. A photograph of the back of a blonde was placed in the seat beside the Rabbit; and inside the frame of the simulated rearview mirror was inserted a photo of a portion of the girl's face-her eyes glancing lovingly across at our hero.

The complex April collage is in sharp contrast to the simplicity of the June 1957 cover-stark white, except for the PLAYBOY logo, the subtitle ENTERTAIN-MENT FOR MEN beneath it. the issue date and price, plus a photo reproduction of a pair of Playboy Cuff Links in the lowerright-hand corner. No other PLAYBOY cover has ever matched this one for understatement. Its design concept was repeated inside the issue, with the opening spread for the lead fiction: In the upper-left-hand corner of an otherwise blank page was an actual-size, full-color illustration of a housefly-so realistic that it seemed about to leave the paper-as the unique graphic treatment of George Langelaan's contemporary horror classic. The Fly. (This June cover was also the first to use a Playboy Product in its design.) The Rabbit swizzle stick shown stirring things up on the September 1957 cover (top right, on opening spread) was conceived and constructed especially for this cover appearance; it didn't become a Playboy Product until after the first Playboy Club was established early in 1960 and the swizzle was reproduced in quantity for Club use.

In the second row of covers shown on the opening spread of this feature, starting at left: A good skate is upset by a pair of gorgeous gams on the front of the February 1958 issue—the first in a series of half a dozen leg covers. The bikinied brunette on the July 1958 cover is Joyce Nizzari, who became Playmate of the Month that December, and Playmate 138 of the Year soon after. The September

1958 cover was a collage of a man's shirt front-with a snapshot of Playmate Teri Hope in his pocket and the Rabbit image on his Playboy Tie Tack. Playmate Eleanor Bradley showed readers where to draw the line on the novel October 1959 cover, but the Rabbit remained just a collection of numbers on the front of this particular issue unless the reader decided to take pencil in hand and finish the drawing himself.

The Femlin has been a familiar figure on the Party Jokes page for almost a decade, but our provocative pixy didn't make her cover debut until August 1960 (second row, fifth from left), where her likeness was lovingly rendered by LeRoy Neiman, who also does the Femlin sketches that appear inside each issuebetween painting assignments for The Playboy Club and the Man at His Leisure series for the magazine. The Femlin on this cover was a drawing, but the Playboy Club Key she was holding was real; the issue included the first PLAYBOY picture story on the Club, which had just been established, and we gave our readers their first introduction to a new female phenomenon that we'd decided to christen "Bunnies," in honor of you know who.

On the November 1960 cover, a pert model put her white-gloved hands in front of her face in a peekaboo pose that formed a pair of twin Rabbits; with the model wearing a black dress against a stark black background, this issue (second row, sixth from left) illustrates the dramatic, poster-like simplicity that had evolved as one of the standard photographic approaches on the publication's cover shootings. For three years PLAYBOY'S circulation had remained relatively stable -just below the million mark-and just above the circulations of our two major competitors in the urban male advertising market, Esquire and Sports Illustrated. Then, in the latter part of 1960, PLAYBOY's sales moved up to 1.200,000.

The Femlin put in a second PLAYBOY cover appearance in April 1961-this time in the form of a shapely, threedimensional doll, wrapped in a Playboy Tie to indicate the presence of the publication's semi-annual Fashion Forecast in the issue-and then romping about in the fashion feature itself, for good measure. This mischievous mite isn't happy unless she's the center of attention, so it should come as no surprise that she has cavorted across more covers than any of our full-sized, human Cover Girls-a total of six, to date.

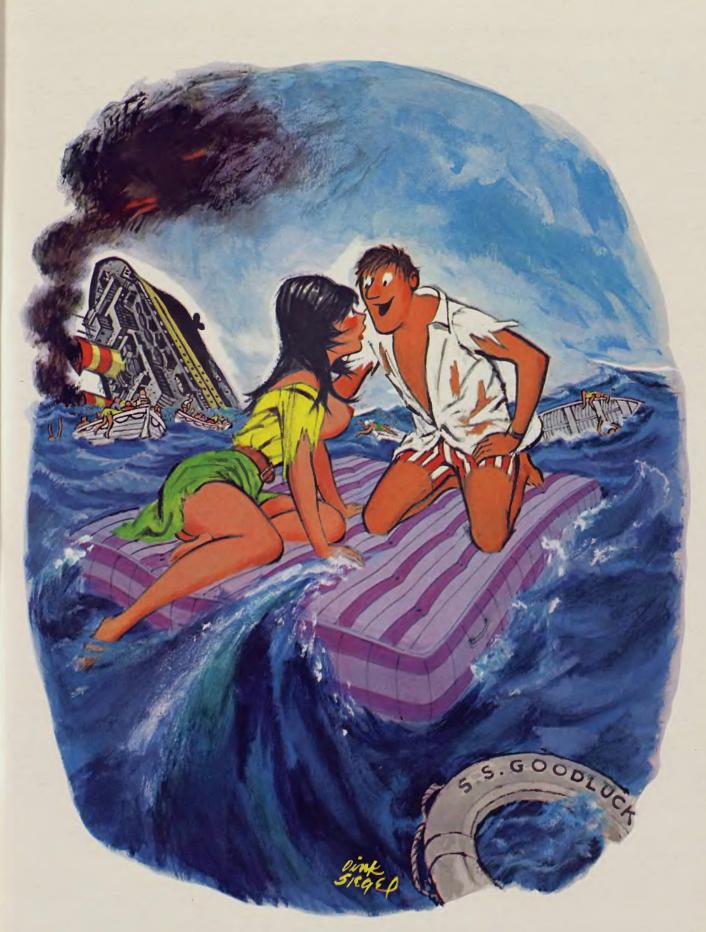
The June 1961 cover (second row, extreme right, on opening spread) was one of almost two dozen, from PLAYBOY's first dozen years of publication, to be honored with awards, certificates of merit or exhibitions for outstanding graphic art and design. The front of this particular issue simulated a portion of a page from a dictionary, supplying the definitions of

PLAYBOY and Playmate of the Month, plus a full-color likeness of the latter in the person of Playmate-Bunny Heidi Becker. This cover won a place of honor in Typomundus 20—the first international competition and exhibition of "the most significant typographic design of the 20th Century," and one of the most prestigious graphic art events to which a designer can aspire. A jury of 12 internationally famous designers judged the week-long competition and the pieces they chose-including PLAYBOY'S June 1961 cover-are now on a world tour to be seen in New York, Stuttgart, Zurich. London, Paris, Prague, Leipzig, Tokyo, Toronto and other major cities. Following the tour, the exhibition will be the beginning of an archive for the International Center of the Typographic Arts, founders of the show, at their New York headquarters.

In the bottom row of covers shown on the opening spread of this feature, starting at the left: Readers able to look beyond the tanned tummy of the sunbathing beauty on the front of the June 1962 issue found the renowned Rabbit's profile formed by the knot in her bikini; while in August 1962, he became the reflected image of a lovely water sprite. In December of that year, we introduced our first two-cover cover concept (see page 132), with Playmate-Bunny Sheralee Conners shown fore and aft, as photographed simultaneously by a pair of synchronized cameras. (This cover notion one of the most novel ever conceived for PLAYBOY, or any other publicationwas originally planned for our Number One Playmate, Marilyn Monroe, whose untimely death came just a few days before the scheduled shooting in PLAYBOY'S West Coast Photo Studio.) The Rabbitcreated from a bit of vuletide ribbonwas hidden from view on the outside of this Christmas cover, but revealed on the floor behind the provocative Cover Playmate when the reader opened the issue. The front-and-rear graphic concept of the cover was echoed several times inside that issue—on the Playbill, lead fiction, gift gallery and two cartoon pages.

By December 1962, the circulation had climbed to over 1,400,000-a monthly sale we had never anticipated achieving with a publication of such specialized and sophisticated appeal. And yet the period of PLAYBOY's most phenomenal growth actually lay directly ahead. The February 1963 issue featured another hare-nonapparent cover design, with the Rabbit a minuscule highlight on the edge of a skyline-reflecting champagne glass (bottom row, third cover from left). That month the circulation jumped to over 1,700,000, and by mid-year it had reached

A number of Playboy Products have appeared on the magazine's covers-as a (continued on page 176)



"Well, shall we continue where we left off . . .?"





the double deception janos the jack a Magyar folk tale

THERE RESIDED, in ancient Buda, Janos the prince who, like most of us, eventually found himself trapped into marriage. The trapper was a handsome princess and also (as often follows) a domineering, aggressive woman, and she made the poor prince's life a bed not of love but of thorns.

Yet the good-natured prince could not bring himself to clout the shrew about the head. Instead, he sought solace in the arms of lovely Joanna, the maidservant who cheerfully shared her soft delights with the frustrated nobleman.

When he wished to game with her, Janos would affix a silken thread from the perfumed sewing cabinet in the boudoir to his biggest toe and dangle the other end out the window to the ground. After all was still in the palace, the wench would tug gently at the thread, notifying Janos of her arrival. The jackanapes would then quickly slip downstairs to Joanna while the princess snored innocently away.

One unfortunate eve, as the knave dozed off, his wife unexpectedly lay awake and, as fate decreed, she brushed the thread. Checking this oddity, it soon overcame her that chicanery was afoot. She tiptoed to the window and sat waiting to see what arose.

Janos, instinctively sensing trouble, awoke and noticed his spouse seated anticipatorily at the window. Wisely, he pretended to be still aslumber and fortunately, for all concerned, Joanna did not show that night.

Nothing was mentioned of the episode to Janos the next day, and he went about his business as if everything were quite in order. But he knew something had to be done swiftly to rectify the situation.

That same night, he again tied the thread to his toe and then pretended to fall into a deep sleep. Immediately, the princess rose from the marital cot and hurried to the window, where the thread was suspended, to await developments.

To her vindictive glee, the thread was gently tugged from outside a short time after she took her stand. Swiftly, she rushed downstairs to apprehend the love thief.

To her amazement, the waiting figure turned out to be a virile village lout, who crushed her hungrily in his hairy embrace. In a remarkably short time, the stunned princess ceased her struggles. Eventually their wild game was done and her visitor whispered his story: "I had heard a lovely woman in this palace waited for a good lover. I also heard she slept with a perfumed thread tied to her toe . . . I doubted the story at first . . . but finally I decided to investigate for myself . . . and lo, it is all too true!"

Showering her with moist kisses, he vowed to return the next night. The princess quietly staggered upstairs, on her face a smug smile. And at the following dawn, her muses were interrupted by a somewhat sheepish Janos, who confided: "Now I can tell you a silly little story. I had heard rumors that a scoundrel in town planned to assault a girl in our palace. He arranged whereby the girl would have a thread tied to her toe and he would tug on this at night and she would then rendezvous with him.'

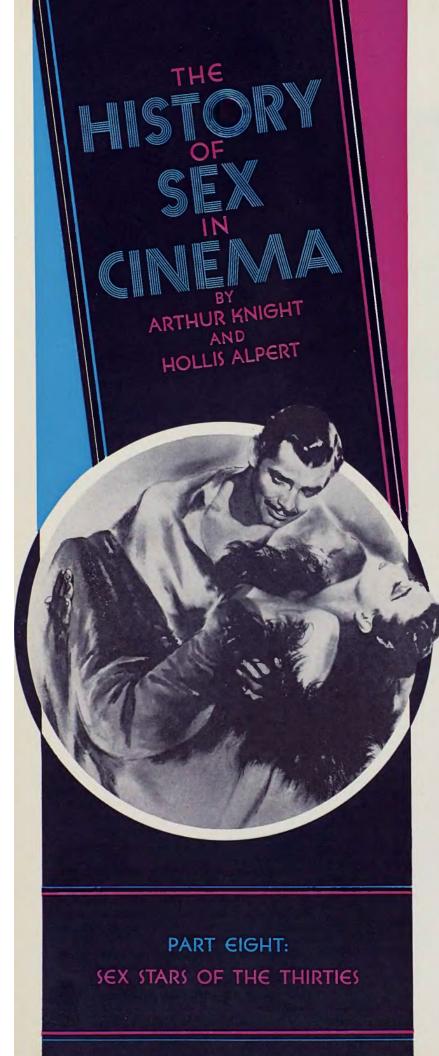
The princess lifted a brow, but said nothing. Janos went on: "I wanted to trap this wrongdoer, so I tied the thread to my toe for several nights, but nothing transpired. Clearly, he lost his nerve or the rumors were false. At any rate, there's nothing to worry about!"

The princess chuckled at Janos' gullibility and patted his cheek.

Now, for many of the nights thereafter, the princess secretly tied the thread to her toe while Janos apparently slept. On the much-tobe-desired evening when the thread was tautened, she would eagerly steal downstairs for her clandestine interlude.

Hardly was she out of the room when Janos would move in the other direction to the crib of the lovely Joanna. Here, they would play their own game-and thus justice was served

-Retold by William Danch 141



# THE PRIVATE LIVES AND PUBLIC IMAGES OF THOSE LEGENDARY LOVE GODDESSES AND MATINEE IDOLS WHO WERE AMERICA'S NOBILITY IN THE DECADE OF THE DEPRESSION

THE HOLLYWOOD screen sirens of the Thirties were bolder, brassier, bitchier and, for the most part, bustier than their counterparts of the previous decade. It is true that Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri, so characteristic of the flamboyant Twenties, continued on into the depressed Thirties; but their latter-day images, like those of most of the silent stars, gave off only a pale reflection of their former luminescence. The sole exception was the great Garbo, whose haunting hold on audiences endured throughout the decade. Nevertheless, the harsh fact was that the new and harder times precipitated by Wall Street's 1929 debacle, plus the technical changes in cinema brought on by the sound revolution, spelled *finis* for Hollywood's flaming flappers, vintage vamps and tempestuous glamor queens.

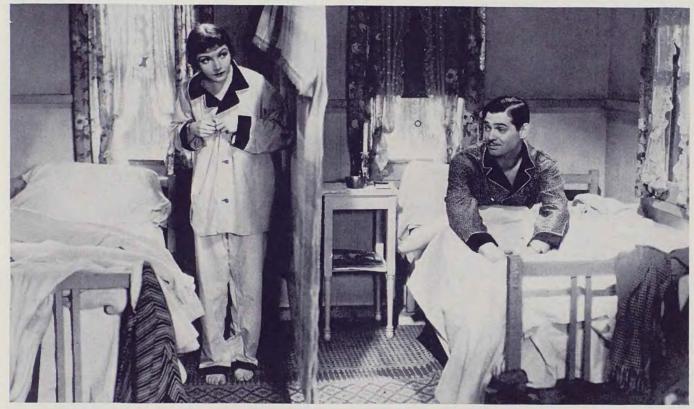
As though waiting in the wings for the Thirties to begin, however, was a new breed of screen beauties: the voluptuous Jean Harlow, the magnificently buxom Mae West, the worldly Marlene Dietrich, and a host of others-responding women who seemed to know instinctively what their audiences wanted of them, and who stood together in their defiance of censorial efforts to curtail the proliferation of sex in the midst of general economic stringency. Early in the Thirties, the bitch female also emerged on the screen as a new type-played often by Joan Crawford, Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck and ultimately by Vivien Leigh. Strong-willed, selfhating man-killers, these girls knowingly used their sex to manipulate their men. To counter this perversion of normal sex drives demanded a no-less-drastic change in screen heroes. The Latin lovers and all-American boys of the Twenties clearly could no longer suffice; something at once more rugged and more sophisticated was called for. Fortunately for female film fans, a generous supply became available in the persons of Clark Gable, James Cagney, Gary Cooper and Cary Grant, each employing his own design for conquest, be it suavely wooing or savagely striking the objects of his affection.

The Hollywood attitude toward sex had changed: Never before had it treated sex as a commodity, as something to be bought and sold. Gone were the flapper films of the Twenties, in which sex was treated as

THE KING: Cast in a series of rugged screen roles during the Thirties, Clark Gable defrosted many a coldhearted heroine during his reign as filmdom's male monarch—including a reluctant Joan Crawford (top left) in "Dance, Fools, Dance," his first starring stint, in 1931. With Jean Harlow in "Red Dust" (top right), he gained the upper hand by displaying his cave-man tubside manner. Gable's first seriocomic role, opposite Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night" (center), earned him an Oscar in 1934and sent men's undershirt sales plummeting when, in that film's famed "Walls of Jericho" motel-room scene, he removed his shirt and revealed his bare-chested distaste for such sartorial niceties. As the masterful Mr. Christian in "Mutiny on the Bounty" (bottom left), he fanned the primitive passions of vahine Mamo Clark. And in his greatest role, as Rhett Butler, he tamed vixenish Vivien Leigh (bottom right) as Scarlett O'Hara in Hollywood's biggest box-office hit, "Gone with the Wind," filmed in 1939.





















WEST: With such predatory "promo pix" as the one above, Paramount publicized the salty Mae West, top target of the 1934 Code crackdown.



GARBO: One of the few stars to survive the advent of sound, the sultry-voiced Swede actually enhanced her appeal in such talkies as "Mata Hari,"

a rather agreeable pastime-petting in the back seat of somebody's flivver, or making whoopee on somebody's yacht. Gone, too, were the sugar-sweet romances of Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, in which sex was less a matter of physical contact than of "dreaming true." Vanished was that old sweet mystery of life. More often than not, it was cash on the barrelhead: I've got something you want and you've got something I need-jobs, clothes, fancy apartments. Thanks to a rash of gangster films that began to appear early in the Thirties, the country soon grew oppressively aware of such self-seeking types as molls and mistresses, B-girls, gold-diggers and twotiming prosties who'd double-cross a John at the drop of a rhinestone. Into Hollywood poured hordes of sexy young actresses to play these roles-girls like Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ann Dvorak, Kay Francis and, of course, Jean Harlow.

Harlow, the first important star discovery of the Thirties, was not exactly new to

Hollywood or to pictures when fame arrived. Born Harlean Carpenter in Kansas City, Kansas, she arrived in Los Angeleswith her mother and stepfather-in the summer of 1927. Barely 16, she was already in the process of shedding her first husband, a Chicago boy named Charles McGrew. Adopting her mother's maiden name, Jean Harlow, she quickly found work as an extra in silent films, including a bit in a Laurel and Hardy comedy, Double Whoopee, in which she was seen as a haughty society girl stepping out of a Rolls-Royce, helped by the fumbling Stan and Ollie. Somehow, her dress got caught in the car door and she strolled into a ritzy hotel lobby clad only in black-lace underwear and an aureole of hair bleached to an improbable platinum sheen. In its way, it was an impressive-and appropriate-entrance for the future siren.

While Harlow was making her way from bit part to bit part, millionaire Howard Hughes had been sinking a couple of million dollars into his silent 1930 air epic, Hell's Angels. When sound came in, he was still shooting. To scrap the film at that point was unthinkable; sound effects could easily be added to his magnificent aerial footage. But it was distressingly apparent that Norwegian-born Greta Nissen, playing the leading female role of a sexually restless English society girl, would never make it in the "talkies." The lissome Nissen was fired, and after an intensive "talent hunt," Harlow got the vacated part, and a contract as well, even though Jean's flat, Midwestern tones were hardly more suitable than Miss Nissen's Scandinavian gutturals for impersonating a pure-bred member of Britain's upper crust. But Hughes assumed, correctly, that after one look at Harlow, the public would charitably overlook this deficiency. "Jean Harlow," a Variety reporter enthused after the film's premiere in 1930, "is the most sensuous figure in front of a camera in some time. She'll probably always have to play these kinds of roles, but nobody ever

LOMBARD: Gable's third and most celebrated spouse, golden-haired Carole Lombard was already a member of cinematic royalty when she married The King in 1939—having sparked several of the decade's brightest filmic farces with her talents as a clown princess. Two publicity shots (top, opposite)—the one at left from the early days of her career, the other taken shortly before her death in a 1942 plane crash—offer ample proof of her sex-star status. DIETRICH: While other screen sirens raised censorial eyebrows by wearing as little as possible, Berlin-born Marlene managed to cause a sensation without removing a stitch. Contrasting studio stills (opposite), showing her bedecked in both feminine and masculine attire, epitomize her ambivalent image off screen as well as on. The mannish garb she affected in "Morocco," her U. S. debut—thereafter adopted in private life—inspired a nationwide distaff swing to slacks.













ADONIS AND LOTHARIO: Thanks to an MGM buildup (and the ease with which he swept Irene Dunne off her feettop left-in "Magnificent Obsession"), handsome Robert Taylor made it big as a major matinee idol. Errol Flynn was an authentic sex star, too, though cast with such bland beauties as Olivia de Havilland in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." COWBOY AND COSMOPOLITAN: Archetype of the strong, silent hero, Gary Cooper (center left) in "The Plainsman"-a Hollywood rewrite of Western history-played a tame Wild Bill Hickok in love with Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane. Antithetically, Cary Grant epitomized the dashing sophisticate in such comedies as "Holiday," with Katharine Hepburn. IDEALIST AND SENSUALIST: Cleanest-cut of the noble heroes, Tyrone Power made little besides music with Alice Faye (bottom left) in "Alexander's Ragtime Band"; but Charles Boyer waxed amorous with Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers."

starved possessing what she's got."

What she possessed was abundantly in evidence in the film's famous seduction scene, still considered one of the most sizzling sequences ever to singe celluloid. In it, Harlow entered her luxurious bachelor-girl apartment wearing a sleeveless, low-cut. figure-hugging white dress, a concoction expertly calculated to emphasize the shapeliness of her breasts and to outline their naturally erectile nipples. Having lured to her rooms Ben Lyon, playing the brother of her fiancé, she uttered that now-legendary line, "Please excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable." The "something more comfortable" proved to be a clinging satin robe of startling décolletage, and with little further ado, she enveloped the weak-willed Lyon in an abandoned embrace. The scene faded from the screen just in the nick of time to save it from the censors, but precious little was left to the imagination of its audiences. "I sat through the film trying to realize the girl on the screen really was me," Harlow later said, unaccountably.

During the production of Hell's Angels, Hughes had taken the precaution of putting his star under personal contract to him at \$250 a week. After her success in the film, he cannily capitalized on his investment by lending her to other studios for five pictures in quick succession-among them, Public Enemy and Platinum Blonde-at prices ranging from \$1500 to \$1750 a week. As it happened, her escort at the Hell's Angels premiere was a dapper, diminutive MGM producer named Paul Bern, who, as Harlow's career burgeoned, proceeded to take both a personal and a professional interest in the girl and ultimately managed to persuade Metro to buy her contract away from Hughes. Once at MGM, the platinum hairdo-which by now had become both her trademark and a national fadwas promptly, albeit temporarily, abandoned in a showmanlike effort to change her image. In Red Headed Woman, she played a winning minx whose permissive morals carried her all the way from a small Ohio town to the Champs-Élysées, where she was soon being squired about town by a gigolo French chauffeur (Charles Boyer). The film had scarcely been completed when Harlow created sensational headlines by announcing her impending marriage to its producer, Paul Bern. The headlines were even more sensational when, barely two months after the wedding, on September 5, 1932, Bern shot and killed himself, leaving behind a note: "Dearest dear," it read, (text continued on page 201)







THE SARONG: Dorothy Lamour (top left) became Hollywood's favorite tropical flower after going native in a pareu for her first starring role in "The Jungle Princess." THE LEGS: Betty Grable (top right) spent the late Thirties playing innocuous ingénue roles in musicals; war was soon to make her the GI pinup queen—and a box-office bonanza. THE SWEATER GIRL: Lana Turner's long reign as a sex star began with "They Won't Forget" (1937), in which she took a sexy stroll—bra-less beneath her sweater—to a soda fountain (above left) not unlike the scene of her discovery in a Hollywood drugstore.



HARLOW: The first big female sex star of the Thirties, platinum-tressed Jean Harlow (shown above with her last flame, William Powell, of "Thin Man" fame) was the decade's reigning glamor goddess from 1930 until her death in 1937—at the age of 26. The nude beach photo below is allegedly of the blonde bombshell, but there is reason to question its authenticity. No such doubt exists regarding the previously unpublished figure studies at right, however. Contributed by a PLAYBOY reader, they are unquestionably of Harlow at her radiant best. Such provocative pictorial uncoverage could never have been published during Harlow's heyday, for the 1934 Production Code imposed strict censorship on both the movies and the stars who made them.









despair

in the ominous gloom of the forest, the final meeting exploded in action: killer and prey, yet victims both, each in his own way

Conclusion of a novel By VLADIMIR NABOKOV SYNOPSIS: For months, our narrator Hermann, a narcissistic chocolate merchant, has planned the murder of his double, the wanderer Felix. His motives: desperation and greed. Hermann is facing bankruptcy; to escape its maw he will kill Felix, change clothes with him, then hide out. When Felix' body is discovered, the police will think it is Hermann who is dead. Eventually Hermann's "widow" Lydia will collect his life-insurance money and join him in France, where together they shall live in comfort and idleness—as Monsieur Malherbe and his femme.

Lazy, good-natured, credulous Lydia has been innocently drawn into this rather obvious and melodramatic scheme by Hermann's persistent persuasion. She has been told that Felix (whom she has never met) is Hermann's black-sheep younger brother, whose impending suicide her husband has no power to prevent. Confused and upset, she agrees to play her role, unaware that she will become an accessory to murder.

Hermann had first met his intended victim on a business trip to Prague and was immediately struck by their astonishing resemblance, although Felix himself did not recognize the likeness. At Hermann's insistence, they met again, in another

city, where Hermann promised his double a job.

Now his plan is complete. He will kill Felix in an isolated wooded retreat owned by Lydia's cousin, Ardalion, an impoverished painter. To remove the latter from the scene, he gives him 1000 marks and sends him off to paint in Italy. He then summons Felix to their fateful rendezvous—on an elaborate pretext which requires that Felix will come secretly and without letting himself be seen by anyone. They are to meet in a ditch beside the deserted forest road. Although Hermann himself is late, his febrile impatience leads him to imagine that Felix may not be there and that he may have carelessly let himself be seen. The anger of tension, fear and frustration builds within Hermann as the moments pass; in his mind, Felix is now more villain than victim. When he finds Felix waiting, he feels no relief, for by this time, his anxieties have been transformed into homicidal rage.

"YOU SCOUNDREL," I uttered through my teeth with extraordinary operatic force, "you scoundrel and double-crosser," I repeated, now giving my voice full scope and slashing myself with the glove still more furiously (all was rumble and thunder in the orchestra between my vocal outbursts). "How did you dare blab, you cur? How did you dare, how did you dare ask others for advice, boast that you had had your way and that at such a date and at such a place—Oh, you deserve to be shot!"—(growing din, clangor, and then again my voice)—"Much have you gained, idiot! The game's up, you've blundered badly, not a groat will you see, baboon!" (crash of cymbals in the orchestra).

Thus I swore at him, with cold avidity observing the while his expression. He was utterly taken aback, and honestly offended. Pressing one hand to his breast, he kept shaking his head. That fragment of opera came to an end, and the

broadcast speaker resumed in his usual voice:

"Let it pass—I've been scolding you like that, as a pure formality, to be on the safe side. . . . My dear fellow, you do look funny, it's a regular make-up!"

By my special order, he had let his mustache grow; even waxed it, I think. Apart from that, on his own account, he had allowed his face a couple of curled cutlets. I found that pretentious growth highly entertaining.

"You have, of course, come by the way I told you?" I inquired, smiling.

"Yes," he replied, "I followed your orders. As for bragging—well, you know yourself, I'm a lonely man and no good at chatting with people."

"I know, and join you in your sighs. Tell me, did you meet anyone on this road?"
"When I saw a cart or something, I hid in the ditch, as you told me to do."

"Splendid. Your features anyhow are sufficiently concealed. Well, no good loafing about here. Get into the car. Oh, leave that alone—you'll take off your bag afterward. Get in quick, we must drive off."

"Where to?" he queried.

"Into that wood."

"There?" he asked and pointed with his stick.

"Yes, right there. Will you or won't you get in, damn you?"

He surveyed the car contentedly. Without hurry he climbed in and sat down beside me.

I turned the steering wheel, with the car slowly moving. Ick. And once again: ick. (We left the road for the field.) Under the tires thin snow and dead grass crackled. The car bounced on humps of ground, we bounced too. He spoke the while:

"I'll manage this car without any trouble (bump). Lord, what a ride I'll take (bump). Never fear (bump-bump), I won't do it any harm!"

Yes, the car will be yours. For a short space of time (bump) yours. Now,



There were hundreds of them, standing there and staring in absolute quiet; audible only was the swish of their breathing.

keep awake, my fellow, look about you. There's nobody on the road, is there?"

He glanced back and then shook his head. We drove, or better say crept, up a gentle and fairly smooth slope into the forest. There, among the foremost pines, we stopped and got out. No more with the longing of ogling indigence, but with an owner's quiet satisfaction, Felix continued to admire the glossy blue Icarus. A dreamy look then came into his eyes. Quite likely (please, note that I am asserting nothing, merely saying: "quite likely"); quite likely then, his thoughts flowed as follows: "What if I slip away in this natty two-seater? I get the cash in advance, so that's all right. I'll let him believe I'm going to do what he wants, and roll away instead, far away. He just can't inform the police, so he'll have to keep quiet. And me, in my own car-

I interrupted the course of those

pleasant thoughts.

Well, Felix, the great moment has come. You're to change your clothes and remain in the car all alone in this wood. In half an hour's time it will begin to grow dark; no risk of anyone intruding upon you. You'll spend the night hereyou'll have my overcoat on-just feel how nice and thick it is-ah, I thought so; besides, the car is quite warm inside, you'll sleep perfectly; then, as soon as day begins to break-But we'll discuss that afterward; let me first give you the necessary appearance, or we'll never have done before dark. To start with, you must have a shave."

"A shave?" Felix repeated after me, with silly surprise. "How's that? I've got no razor with me, and I really don't know what one can find in a wood to shave with, barring stones."

"Why stones? Such a blockhead as you ought to be shaven with an ax. But I have thought of everything. I've brought the instrument, and I'll do it myself."

"Well, that's mighty funny," he chuckled. "Wonder what'll come of it. Now, mind you don't cut my throat with that razor of yours."

"Don't be afraid, you fool, it's a safety one. So, please. . . . Yes, sit down somewhere. Here, on the footboard, if you like."

He sat down after having shaken off his knapsack. I produced my parcel and placed the shaving articles on the footboard. Had to hurry: the day looked pinched and wan, the air grew duller and duller. And what a hush. . . . It seemed, that silence, inherent, inseparable from those motionless boughs, those straight trunks, those lusterless patches of snow here and there on the ground.

I took off my overcoat so as to operate with more freedom. Felix was curiously examining the bright teeth of the safety razor and its silvery grip. Then he examined the shaving brush; put it to his 152 cheek to test its softness; it was, indeed, delightfully fluffy: I had paid 17 marks 50 for it. He was quite fascinated, too, by the tube of expensive shaving cream.

"Come, let's begin," I said. "Shaving and waving. Sit a little sideways, please, otherwise I can't get at you properly.'

I took a handful of snow, squeezed out a curling worm of soap into it, beat it up with the brush and applied the icy lather to his whiskers and mustache. He made faces, leered; a frill of lather had invaded one nostril: he wrinkled his nose, because it tickled.

"Head back," I said, "farther still."

Rather awkwardly resting my knee on the footboard, I started scraping his whiskers off; the hairs crackled, and there was something disgusting in the way they got mixed up with the foam; I cut him slightly, and that stained it with blood. When I attacked his mustache, he puckered up his eyes, but bravely made no sound, although it must have been anything but pleasant: I was working hastily, his bristles were tough, the razor pulled.

Got a handkerchief?" I asked.

He drew some rag out of his pocket. I used it to wipe away from his face, very carefully, blood, snow and lather. His cheeks shone now-brand-new. He was gloriously shaven; in one place only, near the ear, there showed a red scratch running into a little ruby which had turned black already. He passed his palm over the shaven parts.

"Wait a bit," I said, "that's not all. Your eyebrows need improving: they're

somewhat thicker than mine.'

I produced scissors and neatly clipped off a few hairs.

"That's capital now. As to your hair, I'll brush it when you've changed your shirt."

"Going to give me yours?" he asked, and deliberately felt the silk of my shirt collar.

"Hullo, vour fingernails are not exactly clean!" I exclaimed blithely.

Many a time had I done Lydia's hands -I was good at it, so that now I had not much difficulty in putting those ten rude nails in order, and while doing so I kept comparing our hands: his were larger and darker; but never mind, I thought. they'll pale by and by. As I never wore any wedding ring, all I had to add to his hand was my wrist watch. He moved his fingers, turning his wrist this way and that, very pleased.

"Now, quick. Let's change. Take off everything, my friend, to the last stitch." "Ugh," grunted Felix. "It'll be cold,"

"Never mind. Takes one minute only.

Please hurry up.'

He removed his old brown coat, pulled off his dark, shaggy sweater over his head. The shirt underneath was a muddy green with a tie of the same material. Then he took off his formless shoes, peeled off his socks (darned by a masculine hand) and hiccuped ecstatically as his bare toe touched the wintry soil. Your common man loves to go barefoot: in summer, on gay grass, the very first thing he does is take off his shoes and socks; but in winter, too, it is no mean pleasure-recalling as it does one's childhood, perhaps, or something like that.

I stood aloof, undoing my cravat, and kept looking at Felix attentively.

'Go on, go on," I cried, noticing that he had slowed down a bit.

It was not without a bashful little squirm that he let his trousers slip down from his white hairless thighs. Lastly he took off his shirt. In the cold wood there stood in front of me a naked man.

Incredibly fast, with the flick and dash of a Fregoli, I undressed, tossed over to him my outer envelope of shirt and drawers, deftly, while he was laboriously putting that on, plucked out of the suit I had shed several things-money, cigarette case, brooch, gun-and stuffed them into the pockets of the tightish trousers which I had drawn on with the swiftness of a variety virtuoso. Although his sweater proved to be warm enough, I kept my muffler, and as I had lost weight lately, his coat fitted me almost to perfection. Should I offer him a cigarette? No, that would be in bad taste.

Felix meanwhile had attired himself in my shirt and drawers; his feet were still bare, I gave him socks and garters, but noticed all at once that his toes needed some trimming too. . . . He placed his foot on the footboard of the car and we got in a bit of hasty pedicuring. They snapped loud and flew far, those ugly black parings, and in recent dreams I have often seen them speckling the ground much too conspicuously. I am afraid he had time to catch a chill. poor soul, standing there in his shirt. Then he washed his feet with snow, as some bathless rake in Maupassant does, and pulled on the socks, without noticing the hole in one heel.

"Hurry up, hurry up," I kept repeating. "It'll be dark presently, and I must be going. See. I'm already dressed. God, what big shoes! And where is that cap of yours? Ah, here it is, thanks."

He belted the trousers. With the provident help of the shoehorn he squeezed his feet into my black buckskin shoes. I helped him to cope with the spats and the lilac necktie. Finally, gingerly taking his comb, I smoothed his greasy hair well back from brow and temples.

He was ready now. There he stood before me, my double, in my quiet darkgray suit. Surveyed himself with a foolish smile. Investigated pockets. Was pleased with the lighter. Replaced the odds and ends, but opened the wallet. It was empty.

"You promised me money in ad-

vance," said Felix coaxingly.

"That's right," I replied, withdrawing my hand from my pocket and disclosing (continued on page 178)



## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 82)

contacts with women, since I'm so often approached in this regard for political blackmail.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you require your Party members to swear an oath against drinking, smoking and cursing?

ROCKWELL: All my officers take an oath against drinking, including myself. Most have also taken an oath against smoking. I, myself, would not smoke except that the corncob pipe I've smoked for so long has become sort of a trademark. As for cursing, it's hard to stop cursing in the rough situations in which we live, just like in the Armed Services: but I do all I can to discourage it.

PLAYBOY: You've used swearwords in this interview. Is this setting a good example for your men?

ROCKWELL: Well, I exempt myself from that oath for professional appearances such as this. In talking to you, I've used words like "nigger" and "kike" because this is a big interview in a national magazine, and I want to attract attention-to shock people into listening to what I have to say. If I were discussing, say, the favorite word of niggers-"mother-fucker"-I'd say it strictly as a factual observation and to make a point. But in private conversation, neither I nor any of my members ever use that word-or any other foul language.

PLAYBOY: Do you also forbid the use of

ROCKWELL: Certainly. I've had a few guys in here who I think were marijuana smokers, but I've thrown them out and turned them in. Addiction to any drug is degenerative mentally as well as physically, and we're dead serious about our dedication to the healthy-body-healthymind philosophy.

PLAYBOY: Is karate or judo instruction part of your training program?

ROCKWELL: Not so much of that. I've found that unless you're a real expert at karate or judo, it doesn't help you much. Unless you use it instinctively, it's no use at all. So we concentrate on physical education, boxing and weapons training.

PLAYBOY: What sort of weapons? ROCKWELL: Rifles and pistols. PLAYBOY: For what purpose?

ROCKWELL: Self-defense. I believe the white people of America should learn methods of surviving in the event of racial anarchy and general bedlam in this country, which I think is likely.

PLAYBOY: Do you share the belief of the Minutemen in the importance of being prepared for an armed Communist invasion of the U.S. mainland?

ROCKWELL: The Minutemen are kidding themselves. If there is a total Communist take-over, they haven't got a prayer in the world of surviving it, let alone stopping it-running around in the weeds with a few guns like little boys playing 154 cops and robbers. All they're doing is

giving themselves an emotional catharsis. They're wasting millions of dollars, and in the process they're getting a lot of good kids sent to jail for illegal possession of weapons. I think it's like the Klan. Their aim, insofar as being ready is concerned, I'm for. I'm for the Klan's principles, ideas and so forth-except the anti-Catholicism-but from my point of view, their methods stink!

PLAYBOY: What methods?

ROCKWELL: Their partial terrorism. I feel that terrorism is a valid weapon in guerrilla warfare, or any kind of warfare; and under the circumstances in which our country finds itself, I would favor terrorism if it could be complete-if it would work. A hundred years ago, I'd have been a Klansman with a rope and a gun and the whole business. I'd have really gone all out during the Reconstruction to save the white South, And make no mistake about the terrorism: It did the job. But today, it plays directly into the hands of Martin Luther Coon; it manufactures martyrs for the Northern press, for the liberals, and it doesn't scare the niggers out of hell-raising anymore.

PLAYBOY: But apart from your belief that racial violence against Negroes has become self-defeating, you have no moral

objection to it?

ROCKWELL: None at all. What I object to is wars among white men. This is what we've been doing for centuries-fighting among ourselves and wiping each other out. The North versus the South is a perfect example: the biggest bloodletting we've had, the cream of the white population wiped out, all because of the niggers. It solved nothing; it really changed nothing-except that a lot of good white kids got killed. I'm agin that! If we have any more wars, I want to fight the Red Chinese or the Jews, or go over to Africa and fight the niggers. This I can see some point to. As far as violence on an individual basis is concerned, well, when I come to power I plan to have dueling for officers in the Armed Forces. I'll have two purposes in that: first, to maintain a corps of officers unafraid to face death-not just in case of war; and second, to restore the concept of personal honor. I don't think going to court and suing somebody is really a deterrent to libelous, vicious talk. But people don't flap their mouths quite so freely when they're liable to have to back it up with a gun. Right now dueling isn't legal, but the moment it is, I would be eager to face Billy James Hargis and Robert "Rabbit" Welch on a field of honor for going around calling me a Communist.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered the possibility that you might be killed in such a confrontation?

ROCKWELL: I've not only considered it; I

expect it. And I'm ready for it. Being prepared to die is one of the great secrets of living. I know I'm going to goprobably in some violent manner; the only question is when and how. But I don't think that's going to happen to me until I complete my mission. I know this is irrational, but I believe that I was placed here for a purpose and I think God has something to do with it: Our country needs a leader. So I think I'll be spared. As Rommel said, "Stand next to me; I'm bulletproof."

PLAYBOY: Do you think you're bulletproof, too?

ROCKWELL: Not literally, of course, but I firmly believe that the more arrogant and defiant you are of danger, the safer you are from harm. I think that's the reason I've survived so many times when people have shot at me. If you're fearless enough, it implants a certain psychology in the guy that's trying to shoot at you. It's almost as if he could smell your fearlessness, the way an animal smells fear. But the effect is the opposite: Instead of being emboldened to attack, he's so unsettled that his hand shakes when he goes to pull the trigger; and this makes it almost impossible for him to hit you. Either that, or he'll back down entirely. When I go out in the street and toughs come up threatening to whip me, I look them straight in the eye and say, "Go ahead. Start." Maybe they could whip me, but so far nobody's tried.

PLAYBOY: What's the closest you've come

to getting killed?

ROCKWELL: The closest, I guess-though I didn't get hurt-was the time we had scheduled a picket by 14 of us of the movie Exodus in Boston. The other men were in a truck, and I had registered in a nearby hotel as Nathan Ginsburg, where I waited until the scheduled picket time of two P.M. The newspapers and radio estimated that 10,000 or more Jews were packing the streets waiting for us, and my truck full of boys couldn't get through the crowd. Well, our picket had been the subject of headlines for days, so I couldn't possibly chicken out at that point. I had to get through the crowd somehow to picket in front of the theater; so I put on an overcoat, went through the crowd quietly, and when I got in front of the theater, I took off the overcoat in the middle of all those Jews and stood there in full-dress uniform. They were shocked into silence for a moment; their jaws dropped. Then somebody hollered, "It's Rockwell! Get him!" And the whole huge mob marched in on me with their clubs and baling hooks. If I hadn't been rescued by a flying wedge of tough Irish cops, I would certainly have been killed. I was taken into protective custody and put in a cell. I'll tell you, I was glad I was out of that; it could have ended horribly. But I had to show my men that I wouldn't ask them



"I don't believe I've told you about my tattoo, have I, George?"

to do anything I wouldn't do myself. Another reason I did it is the effect the Nazi uniform has on Jews: It turns them into insane hatemongers-easy to beat, outmaneuver and outthink. The most dangerous man on the face of the earth is a rational, carefully planning Jew, but a raging, hate-filled Jew will act foolishly; you can whip him.

PLAYBOY: How many times have you been jailed for this kind of agitation, Commander?

ROCKWELL: Up to now, 15 times. But never for very long; two weeks was the longest-that was in New Orleans. We'd gone down there with our "Hate Bus" to make fun of nigger agitators who were calling their bus the "Love Bus." Without so much as a warrant or any real cause, the Jew-dominated officials of New Orleans had us all thrown in jail on phony charges that were later dropped. We finally got out by staging a hunger strike; eleven of us went eight days without a bite. On the fourth day, one of our men began to crack and said he was going to eat, so we had to let him know that if he did, it would be his last meal. He changed his mind. Another time in Virginia, they put me in jail, and I was facing ten years' possible imprisonment for "starting a war against the niggers." You've never seen a man act as guilty as the sheriff who arrested me.

PLAYBOY: Guilty about what?

ROCKWELL: He felt he was doing the wrong thing. Here was a fellow white man fighting for the same things he believed in, and he was throwing me in jail. But this town is in the clutches of this Jew who owns two huge department stores and grocery stores there; so the sheriff was acting under leftist political pressure. But that leftist hotbed is a sanctuary of segregationist archeonservatism compared with Philadelphia. Believe it or not, my men and I were jailed there for picketing a hotel where Gus Hall, the head of the American Communist Party, was speaking. As far as I'm concerned, Philadelphia is the enemy capital. They've practically got Jewish flags flying from the flagpoles. In most cities, though, I've found that they're only bluffing when they threaten me with jail. I tell them, "You'd better start arresting, 'cause I'm going to start speaking." Nine times out of ten they chicken out. They're used to nonviolent niggers being willing to go to jail-not white supremacists. Well, here's one white supremacist who ain't afraid to go to jail. And neither are my men. As a matter of fact, we've got at least two or three Party members in jail somewhere in the United States almost 365 days a year. Every Sunday night we honor them in ceremonies that we hold on the parade grounds in front of this building. We also award special decora-156 tions for conspicuous achievement on behalf of the Party and for acts of heroism above and beyond the call of duty. Our top award is the Order of Adolf Hitler, then the Gold, the Silver and the Bronze awards. The highest award I've given yet was the Silver; that was to a man who couldn't contain himself in Birmingham and belted Martin Luther Coon on the head for calling that nigger Jew Sammy Davis Jr. "an example of the finest type of American."

PLAYBOY: You know, of course, that Dr. King is widely respected and admired by the majority of the American public, black and white-while you, a champion of white supremacy, are regarded by most people as a "nut" and a "hatemonger," abominated by almost everyone-including the John Birch Society.

ROCKWELL: Martin Luther Coon may go on pulling the wool over the public's eves for a while longer, but sooner or later they're going to find him out for what he is-an 18-karat fake, a fraud on the Negro people. When the black revolution comes, I wouldn't be surprised to see him get it first-from his own people. As for my being a nut, that name has been applied to some of the greatest men the world has ever known, from Christ to the Wright Brothers. I say it's therefore one of the highest accolades I could be given. My father once told me that his Jewish friends ask him, "How could you spawn such a viper?" Well, I'm proud that Communist Jews think me a viper. As for the threats and the beatings and the investigations and the assassination attempts and all that, when I hung up the Nazi flag, I counted on being jailed and hated and hounded. If I hadn't been, I'd figure I was a flop. Harassment is par for the course in the embryonic stages of any new movement that's opposed by the established powers -especially one as revolutionary as mine. I wouldn't be surprised if the Anti-Defamation League already has a cross built for me, with the nails ready. But I don't consider myself persecuted. Maturity is to accept the consequences of your own acts. I think it's a symptom of paranoia to feel that it's anyone's fault but your own if you fail to accomplish what you set out to.

PLAYBOY: We read a newspaper interview a few years ago in which you claimed you were being "gagged and slandered by the Jewish press," sabotaged by a nationwide journalistic conspiracy in your fight to put your case before the nation. When "the Jewish press" wasn't pretending that you didn't exist, you said, it was either deliberately misquoting you or doctoring your public statements to remove the sense and retain the shock value-in order to make you sound simple-minded or to portray you as a racist monster. Only this conspiracy of silence and misrepresentation, you claimed, was preventing you from getting your revolutionary message across to the white, gentile masses and rallying them to your flag. To some people, Commander, these might sound like the remarks of a man who's trying to blame his failures on someone else.

ROCKWELL: You think I'm being paranoid, is that it?

PLAYBOY: Some people might.

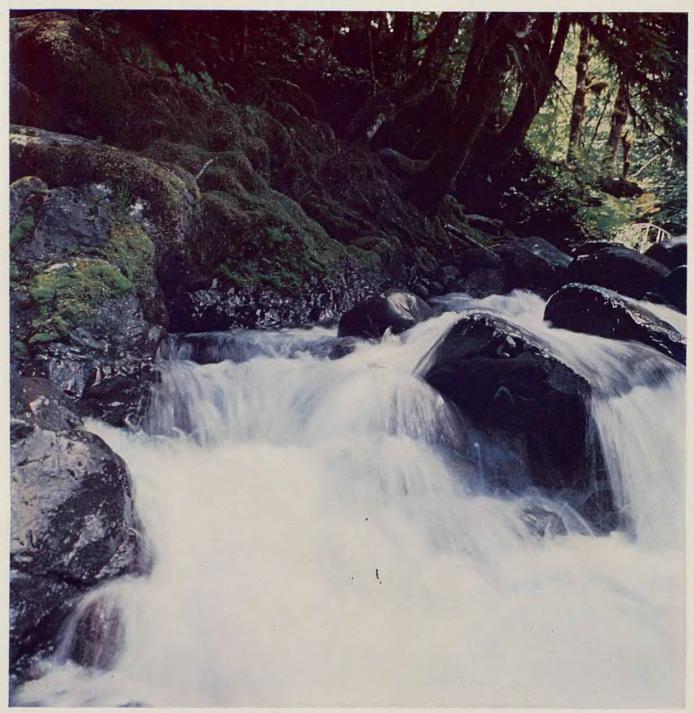
ROCKWELL: In the Columbia Journalism Review about three months ago, Ben Bagdikian, a frequent writer for the Anti-Defamation League, wrote an article called "The Gentle Suppression" which asked the question, "Is the news quarantine of Rockwell a good thing?" Bagdikian openly reveals that the press maintains as much silence as possible about our activities. So you see, the Jew blackout on us is as real as a hand over my mouth. They know we're too poor to buy air time or advertising space, so they ban our publications from all channels of distribution, and they refuse to report our activities in the daily press. I could run naked across the White House lawn and they wouldn't report it. I'm being facetious. But I'm dead serious when I say that the only kind of free speech left in this country is that speech that doesn't criticize the Jews. If you criticize the Jews, you're either smeared or silenced. They have that same kind of "free speech" in Cuba, Red China and Russia and every other Communist country: You can say anything you like as long as it doesn't criticize the dictator. The Jews are never going to let me reach the people with my message in the American press; they can't afford to.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile that statement with the fact that you're being interviewed at this moment for a national magazine?

ROCKWELL: I've been interviewed, taped and photographed thousands of times for just such presentations as these, but they never appear. The fact that you come here and get this interview doesn't prove that you'll print it, or that if you do, you'll print it straight. After the editors read over the transcript, they'll decide it's too hot to handle, and they'll chicken out rather than risk getting bombed by the Jews and the niggers when it comes out.

PLAYBOY: We'll take our chances, Commander-if you will.

ROCKWELL: I'll take any chances to get my message read. But it's never going to happen. We've been kept out of the news too many times before. I'll bet you a hundred dollars this whole thing has been nothing but a waste of my time, because it's never going to reach the people who read your magazine.



If only somebody would brew a beer in these surroundings, wouldn't it be refreshing?

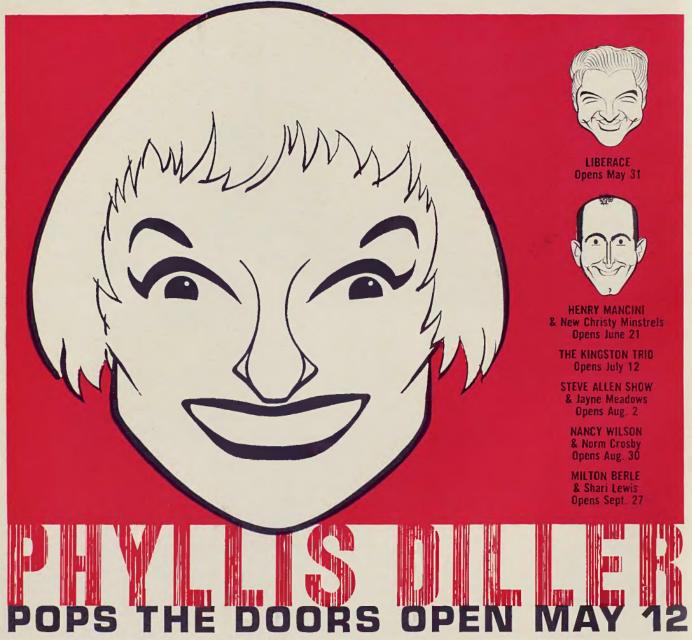
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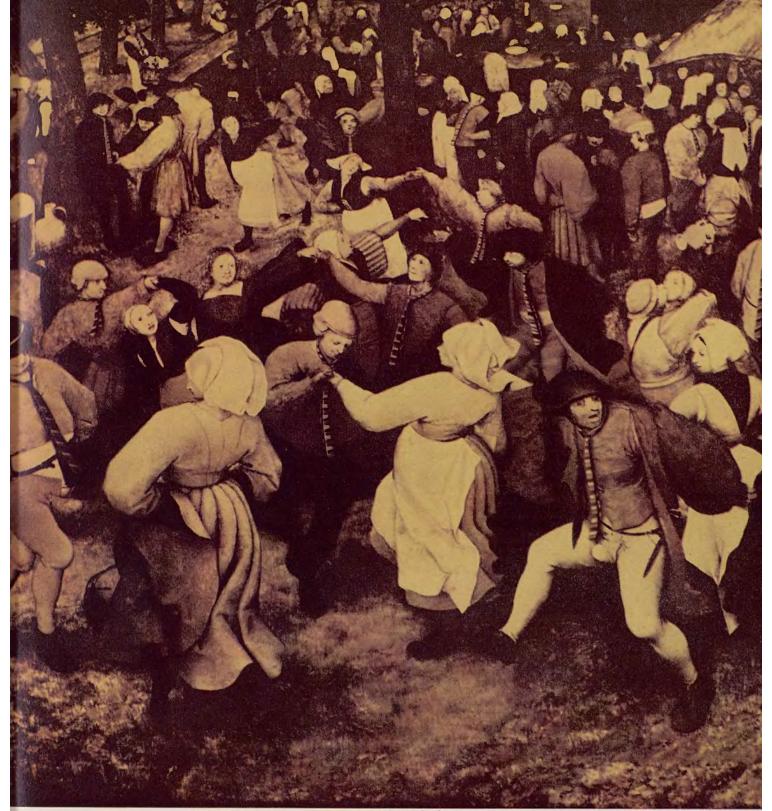
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### PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 68)

but he made a two-page list of the benefits I could lose if I resigned.

Now, I had had firsthand experience with local military justice, having been a member of several courts and president of one, and I wasn't eager to get the same cut-and-dried treatment.

However, I felt that my first responsibility was to my family, and if I went to trial on charges of this nature, the publicity could well destroy us all. Also, I was given the hope that if I resigned, my perfect record and wartime decorations (several of the nation's highest) would very likely get me some form of honorable discharge. On the other hand, if I decided to fight the charges, even if I won, I had a lot to lose, so I submitted my resignation. Did I get an honorable discharge? I did not.

The punishment inflicted by an otherthan-honorable discharge can stagger the imagination. Nearly every day I am aware of some new loss or threat occasioned by that discharge. Financially, it's almost unbelievable. Conservatively, I estimate that if I live to normal life expectancy. I will have lost well over \$200,000 in wages, retirement pay, etc. This does not include the many benefits that go with military service and retirement other than pay.

So this is what can come from two mature adult U. S. citizens' writing personal letters to each other . . . letters that could have belonged to millions of other good, moral Americans. From my censorship experience in World War Two, it is safe to say that were all "violations" of postal obscenity laws, as presently interpreted, enforced on servicemen's mail, our forces in Vietnam would be considerably reduced.

The U.S. postal authorities went to great trouble to somehow invade the privacy of two of its honorably and usefully employed citizens, and without benefit of trial or even formal charges in the case of at least one of them, literally negated many years of training and great expense to that same Government.

I wish I could contribute to the Playboy Foundation, but my ordeal has left virtual impoverishment in its wake.

(Name and address withheld by request)

How much longer Big Brother (the U. S. Post Office Department) will be reading our mail is clearly up to us. I'm referring not only to those of us who have had inspectors walk into our homes (which really brings you face to face with reality), but to those of us who cherish our freedom and right to privacy.

It is evidently going to be necessary for some organization to go into the courts to make sure the Post Office Department delivers the mail without invading the public's privacy.

About a year and a half ago, I wrote to a company that advertised books for sale on the subject of transvestism. The letter I wrote was not pornographic, nor did it request anything pornographic. The word transvestism suggests clothing, not the lack of it, and how it can be misconstrued to be pornographic is beyond me. In any case, about eight weeks ago an inspector came to our home and produced the letter and wanted to know if I had written it and, if so, why! I explained to him that I was seeking information on the subject and signed a statement that I had never received or ordered any pornography through the U.S. Mail. He finally departed, but not until he had asked many embarrassing questions which thoroughly upset my wife (she was not upset about the transvestism, as she is very understanding about that, but rather that an agent of the Federal Government would be in possession of a letter I had sent first-class and would make such a fuss over it).

I have not seen or heard from the Post Office Department since. However, when I think back on the incident, it is apparent that it could have had tragic results if it had happened in a home where the wife knew nothing of her husband's transvestism, and believe me, there are many such homes. It is apparent that the Post Office Department couldn't care less.

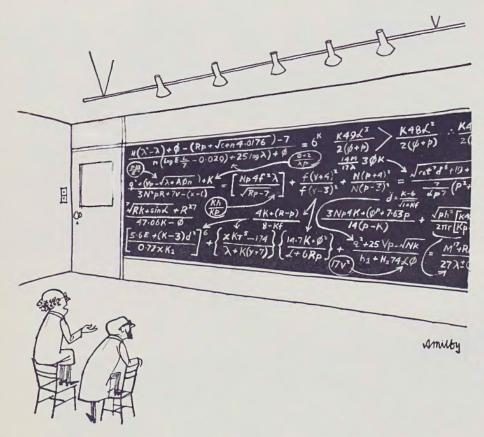
#### (Name and address withheld by request)

When a person mails a letter, he pays for the service; he doesn't get it for nothing. The fee is small, true, but that is unimportant. The fact remains that the post office charges for its services. Does this not imply that a contract exists? The citizen entrusts his letter for a fee. The envelope has been sealed as sanctioned by postal custom to ensure privacy and to prevent loss of contents. If that letter is stopped en route to its destination, then opened and read, does that not imply a breach of trust and of contract?

Robert H. Redding Barrow, Alaska

In the January Forum letter "Invasion of Postal Privacy," one of your readers described his encounter with the postal authorities and, specifically, Henry B. Montague, chief postal inspector.

The letter was an interesting footnote to Fred J. Cook's article in *The Nation*, "Snoopers & Tappers: Law-Enforcement Underground." Mr. Cook relates the following sequence of events: On February 23, 1965, Mr. Montague testified before Senator Edward V. Long's committee investigating invasions of privacy. The chief postal inspector flatly asserted, "The seal on a first-class piece of mail is sacred." He added, "When a person puts first-class postage on a piece of mail and



seals it, he can be sure that the contents of that piece of mail are secure against illegal search and seizure."

Shortly after Montague's testimony, the committee learned of cases in which the Internal Revenue Service had secured tax liens against defaulting tax-payers, and by arrangement with the postal authorities, first-class mail was being delivered and opened by IRS agents searching for clues to assets. Some weeks after his first testimony, Montague again appeared before the committee. This time, presented with the contradiction, he conceded the department knew of 34 cases in which mail had been opened and examined by the IRS and then forwarded to the addressee.

Many of the postal "invasion" questions are difficult because of their undetermined or unstable legal status. In 1835, Congress debated a proposal to bar all materials from the mail that might incite rebellion among Southern slaves. Senators, both Northern and Southern, including Calhoun, Clay and Webster, declared such legislation would violate the Constitution. They argued that the Government had a duty to carry all the mail; and the monopoly of mail delivery did not empower the postman or Congress to act as censors. Although there is virtually no case law to fortify this position, first-class mail appears to be "legally sacred."

However, Title 18, Chapter 71, of the U.S. Code declares, "Every obscene, lewd, lascivious... letter... or other publication of an indecent character... is declared to be nonmailable matter..." The difficulty and danger lie in determining what these words mean and in deciding who shall make that determination. Few of us would suggest the postal authorities assume the role of censor and keeper of the public morals.

Michael Silver School of Law University of California Los Angeles, California

Few of us would, indeed. The Post Office Department seems to have augmented its appointed rounds far beyond delivering the mail through snow, rain, heat and gloom of night. In the article you cite. Fred Cook relates that the Long Committee has established that "invasions of privacy . . . are legion and permit the average American almost no security of thought or communication." How this is done, despite Chief Postal Inspector Montague's statement that "the seal on a first-class piece of mail is sacred," is detailed by Cook: "Penetrating solutions can be rubbed on the back of envelope flaps to loosen the gum and enable a snooper to open a letter without trace. One of the best methods . . . is still the old one of steaming open the flap. Another simple way of spying is to immerse a letter in a solution of cleaning fluid. This brings up the contents, but one must be careful not to wiggle the letter around in the solution lest the envelope become softened and messed up. A much more sophisticated method borrows a device from the medical laboratory, the cystoscope. Insert one end of this pencil-thin instrument under the flap of a letter, switch on the cystoscope's powerful light, and you are examining in great detail not the human bladder but the contents of 'sacred' first-class mail.

"How widely are these methods used? That question the committee has not yet answered and perhaps can never answer. Verification is, of course, extremely difficult. One may see, and I have, firstclass mail arriving at his home mysteriously unsealed . . . but how is one going to prove that this was done deliberately by the snooper's paw? All that can be said is that a lot of detectives and knowledgeable persons in other walks of life today distrust the mails-and the patent evasions of the highest officials of the Post Office Department before Senator Long's committee did nothing to bolster confidence."

Cook concluded, "Freedom can hardly endure, despite all the platitudes of stump-shouting politicians, unless people can feel free to exchange their private thoughts and indulge in uninhibited discussion. And who can feel free in a world in which government employees spy on a sun-bathing wife, snoop through mail, tap telephones, bug the most private areas of the home-and then, if it suits official purposes, take the witness stand and, superior to the law, blithely lie about it? The subterranean world that the Long Committee investigation has been exposing is in irreconcilable conflict with the traditions of our past and is incalculably menacing to any continuance of a healthy democracy."

Although our first and foremost Postmaster General, Benjamin Franklin, was a vigorous opponent of every form of tyranny, since the latter part of the 19th Century-when the infamous Anthony Comstock secured the passage of Federal legislation making it a serious crime to send through the mail any matter of an "obscene, lewd, lascivious . . . or filthy" character, while conveniently neglecting to define what was meant by these terms, then managed to have himself appointed a special, nonsalaried postal inspector, and in that position caused the criminal prosecution of countless numbers of his fellow citizens and the destruction of over 160 tons of allegedly "obscene" material (whatever Comstock considered obscene was impounded and the individual involved vigorously prosecuted, more than one of his victims committing suicide during the ordeal)-the U.S. Post Office Department has sustained a wellearned reputation as the country's Chief Gensor. But nothing in the Post Office Department's illustrious past, as the guardian of all America's morality, can compare with the current misuse of Federal administrative power and privilege, and abuse of individual rights of privacy and free expression. We certainly concur with Senator Long's recent statement: "The further we get into this investigation, the more I am impressed with the idea that the Post Office should deliver the mail and not pry into it."

### PHILOSOPHY FOR THE CLERGY

We are sponsoring a conference for the clergy of our Northern New Jersey Conference of The Methodist Church on the current revolution in sex morality. One of the main purposes of the conference is to assist our men in becoming sensitive—in a constructive rather than moralistic way—to the current psychological, physiological, sociological, cultural and theological factors influencing sex morality.

The education of those clergymen attending the conference will not be complete unless they are familiar with *The Playboy Philosophy*, which is doing a most valuable service in opening up for re-examination and discussion this whole area of sex morality and sexual attitudes.

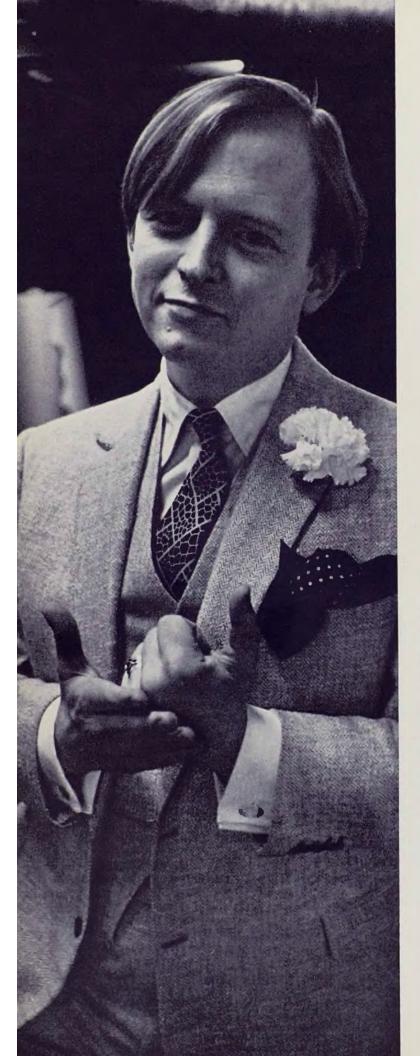
Could we purchase copies of *The Play-boy Philosophy* that we could distribute to the clergymen at the conference?

The Rev. David J. Bort, Chairman Board of Christian Social Concerns The Methodist Church Orange, New Jersey

A supply of reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy" is being sent to you without charge. We hope it stimulates some provocative discussion and we'd enjoy hearing how the conference turns out.

Readers interested in purchasing booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy" —including Part IV, just completed, which contains the entire "Trialogue" religious-roundtable discussion on the "Philosophy," with Hefner, a priest, a minister and a rabbi, plus a convenient subject index of everything covered in the first four booklets—see below.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy." including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at \$1 per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

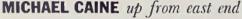


# ON THE SCENE

# TOM WOLFE king of zonk

GANDER OF THE goosed-up sentence is a 34-year-old writer of nonfiction whose prose reads as though it were fed through a faulty telephone connection. He is Tom Wolfe, the man who took the zonks, zaps and zowies out of comic strips and pop art (see Playboy After Hours, December 1965) and put them into the New York Herald Tribune, where now they offer a Sunday supplement respite from the pontifical pronouncements of the Trib's Walter Lippmann and Roscoe Drummond. Super . . . . . fantastic!!!! is the way Wolfe himself might describe his own splendid argosy to a mooring in this august harbor. A Virginia-bred Yaleman, he worked on The Washington Post before assaulting New York clad in an offwhite suit and a lemon-colored tie. There he began to festoon his prose with the ornate repetitions, decorative exclamation points, flaky half-words and the other semi-surrealistic doodads that so distinguish it today, not only in the Herald Tribune, but in The Saturday Evening Post and Esquire. An example: "She is gorgeous. . . . a huge tan mane . . . two eyes opened-Swock!-like umbrellas!!!!" Unlike Lippmann and his Olympian colleagues, Wolfe eschews analysis of the men at work in the bazaars of world intrigue for those engaged in lesser pursuits: the hot-rod rider, the faded movie queen, the bored Park Avenue housewife, the carnival claque at play in the market place of "in." His biographical portraits have won wide recognition. His dissection of William Shawn, editor of The New Yorker, left literary figures gaping like beached fish; and his visit with Hugh M. Hefner, presenting the other side of the coin, resulted in the most perceptive profile written about PLAYBOY's publisher to date. His biggest splash thus far, however, came from his recently published book, The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby, an unexpected best seller compiled from his newspaper and magazine pieces. Says Wolfe of Wolfe's work: "I try to keep it spontaneous."





WHEN BLOND, bespectacled Michael Caine auditioned for a role in Zulu, a bloody-good 1964 South African Western, he tried out for the featured part of a crude cockney noncom in the British army. "No, you don't look right for that," the director told him straightaway. "You're more the aristocrat type." Though cockney born and bred. Caine offered no objection and was forthwith signed up for a major role—his first—as an effete young upper-class officer. It wasn't a bad break for a chap who, a few years before, had been sleeping on park benches and filching fruit from greengroceries. Born inauspiciously in London's East End to a cockney charwoman and a Billingsgate fishmonger, Caine left school at 16 to fulfill his ambition of becoming an actor by starting as an office boy for a London film producer. Finding his toils more clerical than creative, he soon abandoned them to pursue the muse full time-but she managed to elude him in a dreary succession of one-line walk-ons in third-rate plays and musicals. Disenchanted, he took off for Paris and spent the next few months in a restless quest for self-fulfillment. Upon returning to London, however, he scored a minor triumph in the Royal Court Theatre's production of The Long and the Short and the Tall, replacing Peter O'Toole in the lead role. Zulu came soon after, and then, in 1965, the long-awaited break that launched him overnight into the rarefied ranks of international stardom—as Harry Palmer, the ingratiatingly insolent spy hero of The Ipcress File. Liberated at last from the deprivation of his bleak background (among other things, by his proper-posh new pay check: \$6000 a week), the 32-yearold actor is currently enjoying the pleasures that accompany screen success. With two more films in the can-Alfie, a ribald sex farce, and Gambit, a romantic cliff-hanger-plus contracts for a dozen more in his pocket, Caine is belatedly but delightedly discovering that there is, indeed, room at the top.



RAMSEY LEWIS instrumentally in

HISTORICALLY, the blues and the baroque would seem to be centuries apart, but it's taken jazz pianist Ramsey Lewis only a decade to blend these two musical idioms into an awardwinning and hit-record-making musical style. At 30, the tall, boyish-looking leader of the Ramsey Lewis Trio-flanked above by bassist El Dee Young (left) and drummer Red Holt -has managed to parlay his divergent musical backgrounds as a onetime aspiring concert pianist and part-time accompanist for his father's Baptist church choir in Chicago ("Churchgoing and blues singing are synonymous with my people") into a soulful jazz style that reached a new peak of popularity with the 1965 release of his Argo album, The In Crowd, Already over the million mark in sales and well on its way to becoming the most successful instrumental LP in record history, The In Crowd not only walked off with the 1966 Playboy Jazz. Poll's award for the Record of the Year by a small combo, but also helped Lewis garner second-place laurels in the piano and instrumental combo voting categories. Equally notable, however, was the fact that the trio's first breakthrough into the firmament of recording stardom represented the efforts of ten years of professional collaboration-all of them spent developing a spontaneous variety of modern jazz called funk or soul music. "Our trio is a partnership," explains Lewis. "We try to distribute everything-from money to musical duties-equally. I can offer no better proof of this than by pointing out that, although the three of us have spent our entire careers together, El Dee and Red have come closer to winning more jazz polls than I have." Before forming his combo, the Chicago-bred musician-who currently resides with his wife and five children on the Windy City's South Side-majored in piano at the Chicago Musical College and De Paul University. In 1966, Lewis has returned to the campus —this time with his trio on a 40-college jazz concert tour. 161

### MARRIAGE, FOOD, MONEY (continued from page 127)

that he looked tall, elegant and rich. He sold produce during the day; he leaped on his motorcycle in his green shoes and roared to the rink at night; he lived in a fury of using himself. After a starved boyhood in the old country, he found himself uncorked in the New World-full of food, blood hot, and the name Gold for power and flash and the new tooth in his head. He smiled often to show the tooth. Then he met, took and married my mother, some of whose people were rabbis. They were quiet ones and thought he looked like a brute, but a nice fellow; and perhaps he would be kind to her, as brutes often were in folklore.

Anyway, it was too late to do anything about it. The marriage papers were in order and my mother was already leaning back on her Enna Jettick heels in order to carry me more easily forward in her belly. Once he had bad taste; now he had her taste.

I grew up in Lakewood, a westerly suburb of Cleveland, where my father kept a grocery store. He was up at dawn or before, splashing cold water on his face, unshaven, throwing on his sheepskin coat with the silvery-pronged crating and decrating hammer sticking out of his pocket; and then he was off to the market in his truck to bid for fresh fruit, fresh vegetables, berries and tomatoes, and sweet damp lettuce. He drove through miles of two-family houses, filled with sleepers. Even the streetcars stood huddled in their barns at this hour. Occasionally a light snapped on and a face peeked out at him as the truck throbbed in idle gear at a stop light. The face would see night, stars, mysterious rider on high perch; the face would hear gears, exhaust; my father rode against the dawn, piercing Cleveland in his Dodge truck.

Old-country, accented, a tradesman, Jewish, this man rode like a stranger, even to his sons. The other boys' fathers were like their children in a familiar history, leaning back into sweet America until they forgot that their grandparents or their great-grandparents had also been immigrants. Or their great-greatgrandparents. But turkey at Thanksgiving, George never told a lie, Abe chopped, and some of us were all there. When these fathers dealt with money, it was in abstract forms, dividends, salary checks, allowances. My father played with money directly in the form of silver and small bills; housewives poked. pinched, nibbled, squeezed up their eyes, brooded, swallowed, sniffed, licked and handed over a few cents in exchange for 162 a pint box of lima beans.

"They're fresh?"-coins still clinging to the bulbs of finger tips, magically defying gravity, magnetized.

The night before we had all shelled the lima beans together under a mothpersecuted light on the back porch. My mother, father, my brothers and me.

"I guarantee, missus."

Words which break the current. The coins drop into his hand. Commitment to these particular lima beans, including the half-eaten sample bean, caused sighs all around. No smiles, but buyer and seller are united in the ceremony of shopping. Missus has dared her budget at the altar of food; the dark seller from foreign climes has met her challenge and sworn by the gods that he is honest and true; a sweet demonstrator from downtown now asks her to sample the bouillon in a crinkly paper cup. ("Something hot for a man who Mister Coffee Nerves you know special offer genuine beef stock today only . . .")

Sip, sip.

"I'll take the lima beans, Mister Gold, and thank you for the sip, but I really didn't plan on any beef bouillon for today."

"I understand this, missus."

The demonstrator said: "For a few pennies a week, more delicious gravies and soups, broths, and wake-me-ups without nasty foreign ingredients dilute the blood cause sleepless nights, instead delicious hot beverage proteins for meals or in-between times

"I think missus got her shopping done already," my father said.

"In handy cube form!" cried the demonstrator as her hot plate shook.

"That's enough, Miss Herbox."

"Thank you, Mr. Gold," said the missus. "And maybe a pint of those berries, too, they look so nice I won't even turn it over and burrow inside."

This was not mere money. This was a ritual of risk and communication. Gypsies and Jews brought danger, but bore secrets of fortune, sharpened cutlery, beans and berries. This was cash.

When I received my allowance on Saturday night, very late after the store was swept out and washed down, it was not a matter of my due. The quarter lay cool in my hand like a weekly gift of love from my father. Slim. To be spent quickly on a movie, candy, ice cream. Sometimes he also tumbled loose coins between the cushions of the truck so I could find them when I cleaned it out. Next week we might be chased away or fleeing, as my father had fled from Kamenets Podolski. There could be fires, bombings or mere drunken murder. Cash might give joy, but no security; love, but a flirting and fickle love, not protection against fate.

This was the time of the Depression, the Black Legion and the German-American Bund. Masked riders gathered in the countryside around Cleveland. A legionnaire from Jackson, Michigan, screamed over the tail gate of a pickup: "Send 'em all back to Mount Sinai!" This gave me a start, since my brother was born in Saint Luke's Hospital, but I had been born at Mount Sinai. Why me? Why not my brother? Father Coughlin, speaking with his rich caramel radio voice, drove the money changers from the temple every Sunday afternoon. My father was certainly a money changer. His store was no temple, but it was a nice clean store.

The murder of the Jews had already begun in the great center of civilization across the sea. It was barely noticed. The Lakewood public schools exchanged students with schools in Germany. I sat stifly through assemblies where the returned exchange students delivered reports on their year in the renovated Third Reich. "I didn't see any Jews being beaten. Of course, I didn't see any Jews, either." (Laughter) Or solemn, precisely enunciating German children explained to us why the elimination of the Jews was essential to German survival. Who could find an argument against purity? Even Ivory Soap suffered because it was only 99 and 44/100 percent pure. Perhaps that 56/100 of a percent was Semitic. Someday a bar of soap would sink in a bathtub, brought low by race mixing.

In this confused universe ice skating took its important part. My life had begun with ice skating, and so it continued. But what can a life have to do with mere ice skating? Even a boy's first career in the ancient winters of Lakewood, Ohio? The lesson of rhythm consoled me -rhythm and skill and the use of the body. And especially the continuity with my father, the beginnings of community.

First money and food, first the Jews. Then back to ice skating and marriage. Freedom means getting all this together -marriage, food, money, ice skating.

Not a rich man, my father always dealt in the commodity marketing. He was a storekeeper; later he speculated in real estate. In both conditions he suffered great pleasure and success, and also reversals and loss. The same with gambling: He liked to play with money in the evening, abstractly, after playing particularly with money all the workday. When he won, he smiled contentedly, showing his gold tooth. When he lost, he laughed uproariously, showing the tooth. Bargaining had athletic charms for him; gracefully he swung from the invisible sums in the air, head over heels into cash, risking his neck on a scaffolding of will and intention. The game



pleased him; he was like an elegant sportsman—a matter of form.

When he lost in the stock market, he said happily, "I had no business there. They're a bunch of crooks. What do I know about stocks? Somebody called me up on the telephone and told me, Buy, so I bought, but I must have been soft in the head."

"Stupid!" said my mother.

"My very words," he answered softly, grinning, "what I was trying to say."

Earlier, when the banks closed in 1932, my mother wept; my father ate raw turnips and chicken fat, and schemed at the kitchen table. My mother said, "We've lost everything." My father said, "We'll start again."

He enjoyed the play of money as an artist enjoys the texture and potentialities of his medium. He liked to create something from nothing, but he did not rest on the seventh day. Near his 80th year, when he had given up mystifying about his son the writer, he made this discovery as we sat in the steam room at the Y. M. C. A. in Cleveland: "You're a lot like me."

"What you mean, Dad?"

"You got good feet. You're lazy and you like to work."

He would have said, if he could, that writing is like speculation, deploying the materials of life in an abstract formulation, the issue of imagination which seeks to marry elements that have not earlier been joined together. Wood and flesh, steel and light, berry and branch. A woman's hip is a symbol of grace, of fecundity. Yes. And also the way of presenting a lima bean to a shopper brings power in the world, and represents that power. The Roman coin with a picture on it, signifying something, is far different from a brute slice of metal which lacks the imprinted dream of ancient rulers, Latin mottoes, the accumulated history of a nation. Intention changes everything. Silver is only silver, gold is only gold, until effort and history make them more than silver and gold; and in the magic of speculation, they become myth.

Now here is a mystery. Near the end of his life my father suddenly found new energy and redoubled his efforts, spending himself ferociously in buying property, remodeling, floating loans, floating mortgages, building additions, juggling the economics of stores, apartment houses, land, offices, houses, in a varied, fluctuating and treacherous market. At times, approaching 80 years of age, he ran the risk of bankruptcy. I would say to him: "Why don't you quit while you're ahead? You can retire"-I knew it would be his death to retire, but he could slow down-"you can at least slow down, Dad."

"Why should I?"

"Well, why take so many chances now? You're secure."

"A man is never secure," he said, with glaucoma, with spells of fainting, nearly 80 years old.

He was still building his myth for the future, and no money in the bank could do it for him. Like an artist, he was only as good as his last deal, and he knew it. He dissected this fantasy of money like a schoolboy dissecting a worm. He seemed to find its nerve, for it wriggled as he wanted it to wriggle. His joy in the play of Cleveland negotiations was undiminished; the notion of security merely threatened him. Getting money or losing it was nearly irrelevant. It was what he painted on the medium of money that mattered-labor, relish, imagination, himself. Being able to act was what he loved at age 80, and he acted.

At large family dinners my father sometimes liked to talk about food. He drank a shot before dinner, straight whiskey downed straight, and then stared the heavy table down, the turkey, the roast beef, the slippery steaks—and the diners, my mother, my brothers and me—and wondered aloud how we could eat so much; or perhaps how he could have eaten so little when he was a child. "In the old country," he said, "meat once a week. If then, I don't think we had meat once a week."



"Us Tareyton smokers would

Then he remarked that they are lots of carp.

Then he remarked that often they couldn't even get carp to eat and had to make do with the heads of carp.

And then he said in great wonderment: "But carps' heads tasted better in those days."

Hunger in the old country. In New York, on his way to Cleveland, starvation. There was the famous strike of 1913. He shared a bed in a basement on the Lower East Side. They slept in shifts; he had the bed for one third of a 24-hour period, then rolled out, then it was taken by another man, still damp and mussed. Later he was proud that he had sublet the bed from a man who was a relative of Eddie Cantor's wife, Ida.

Living through the endless days, out of work, he wandered the streets of Manhattan, picking up rumors, mumbling the strange language, English. He was still in his teens, but he was not a teenager. He was a hungry man. One week he only had three rolls to eat. The dizziness of hunger still mystified him. He was not uncomfortable or weak, he said. The strangeness of New York must have been a more powerful stimulant than sugar and meat. But he would sleep at odd moments, in parks, on benches, on any shadowed grass, at the Battery. "I could still do it if I had to . . . Whatever I have to do, I do."

Later, when I was in college in New York, we tried to find the tenement where he had rented part of a bed. We wandered the neighborhood. Almost all the landmarks were gone—the kitchens, the bakeries, the night school. The few old Jews looked at him as at a stranger. They saw a fat, prosperous man with a heavy head, darting up stoops to cock his eye at the street, peering down into basements and finally, disappointed, hailing a cab to go back to his midtown hotel. He was from out of town. The old Jews in their caftans and beards saw a tourist. He didn't have to live as they did.

Now back to ice skating again. My father, who worked in a smiling rage all day and much of the night, who did not "understand" children in the American style, as did the parents of my friends, who did not really know how to play with a child once the time of tickling and dandling was past, liked to ice skate and determined that I would see what he saw in it. He decided to teach me. After I learned, he continued to go ice skating with me on Sundays at the City Ice and Fuel Rink, or at Lakewood Park when the firemen watered the baseball diamond and it froze over nicely. He was a good skater, slightly stiff on his feet compared with a ten-year-old child, but steady and tireless and continually smiling with his red face frozen and his hair tufted with bits of snow. He hated to stop for hot chocolate; he liked to skate—when you skate, you should skate.

As I grew self-conscious, I thought, Now everyone will know my father has an accent. I was in love with other skaters, of course. They would like me less if they saw with their own blue eyes, heard with their own shell-like ears just how Jewish my father was. Pattie, Donna, Lucille—they took in the news that Vs and Ws can be confused.

But on the other hand, he liked to skate, and I liked to skate, and we liked to skate in each other's company.

Round and round we went, and sometimes my father tried little figure-skating turns that he had learned, perhaps to impress my mother or some girl before her. Afterward he liked a bowl of soup. He took it noisily off the spoon. He told me to order anything I wanted, just finish what I ordered.

One day at school I was teased by some kids about my father. He was foreign, strange, walked differently, talked differently, did different things—bad, they thought. This happened more than once, but I remember one particular day. Snow, mud, a boy yelling at me, distended folds of snout: "Parkyakarkus! Parkyakarkus!"

This may have been the first time in



my life that I formulated a most necessary thought: The hell with them, they don't know Greek from Jew, but I know what I want.

Now we come to some wars. There were many wars, the Depression, the wars of family, and the one that rose above our personal mortalities. This is the War that almost made private life seem irrelevant, and then became very personal, as if to demonstrate that we are each of us required as individuals for the grand disasters of the human fate.

September 1939. I had been at a summer camp. I was proud of learning tennis, writing couplets. Camp Sherwood, Grass Lake, Michigan-near Jackson. I was also learning how warm it could get at night fighting a girl's legs in the woods. The girl that summer was a goaway-closer girl, interested in battles but also interested in her mysterious gift for breaking a boy's breath. Then my parents came up to drive me home. We spent the night at a cottage on Lake Erie. My father sat on the porch at dusk, reading the newspaper. He studied and restudied the large black type, square black letters filled with furry ink-serious news. The newspaper said: war. He sat on a swing on a wooden porch. He read until he boiled, and then he threw the newspaper to the floor. Then he picked it up and read some more. Then, regularly, he threw it down, waited and picked it up. I took a snapshot of him.

My mother was worrying about whether I had packed my fountain pen, whether the fan belt on the car would hold out until Cleveland, whether we were men enough to do justice to the bag of fruit she had somehow accumulated. My father was flinging the paper down again and again. I took his picture

My mother fought her own wars closer to home. I was her battleground; I was the rough turf over which she struggled toward victory. She determined to root out my flaws before they could appearparticularly the flaw of marrying the wrong woman. There were millions and millions of the wrong women, wherever she looked; they covered the earth, like Sherwin-Williams paint.

anticipated the shame, she anticipated and crying out that age-old subtitle from the dialog of an international low-budget might be metaphysical; suddenly my for her-a family with a house by the lake.

Like an unsharpened blade, I first

again.

Starting from about the age of 11, I was a worry to her in this traditional way. Would I or would I not marry a nice Jewish girl? My mother debated this question with herself, with my aunts, with my father and with me. She the disgrace, she anticipated the moment when my bride would turn on me, holding up one of my socks from the hamper nightmare: "Dirty Jew!" Or perhaps it wife would conclude that I had killed the Savior. Or that I wasn't good enough must have replied clumsily, sawing back and forth, looking for my way in life. "Well, Ma, everybody's human, we heard in auditorium today. Where's my skate key?'

"Oh! Oh! Aie! Human, yes! But marry her, no!"

"What her? Who? But it's love that counts, Ma. Hey, the peanut butter's all gone."

"In your own kind you'll marry. Otherwise what will happen to us? She'll turn on me because I don't have an accent, you just say I do-on your father, he speaks worse. I learned it from him. Do you think they let us into their country clubs? Do you think they invite us to dinner? You're an aggravation, not a son."

"OK, I won't marry anyone this year. First I got to get out of junior high, OK?"

There's the new jar of crunchy peanut butter, dummy. I suppose you want me to make the sandwich, too."

And thus the matter was settled for ten minutes. But then it began again.

"You're only eleven years old." "Twelve, going on thirteen."

"You're too young to marry a shiksa." "Who said I wanted to marry anyone?

Just because I'm in love with Pattie doesn't mean I can marry her." Sadistically, ominously, Oedipally I added: "Yet."

"Oh! Oh! Aie!" sobbed my mother, struck at her core.

"Eleven years old," I pursued her angrily. "When you want me to do something, you make me a year older-then I'm thirteen already; when you want me not to do something, I'm a year younger. Why can't I be my own age?"

For a moment I seemed to seize the advantage. But my mother was a Ulysses S. Grant of discussion. She recaptured the terrain, heroic about costs and logic.

"You're a boy!" she cried. "A boy, my own boy. I want you to be a man, a pride to me. Not a baby, a shame-a man!"

"So far," I said dejectedly, "I'm not even a adolescent."

"Where'd you learn that word? Where? Come on, tell me."

"On the playground. In the toilet. From a kid in tennis shoes."

"Oy, he'll ruin his feet," my mother said. "Flat feet before twenty, and the arch, and the callouses, and that's how the govim take care. But their feet hurt, they take it out on the Jews. Pogroms. Prejudice. No Jews in insurance companies, no Jews in the banks, not even a teller."

"Mother, I want to go out now. The kids are waiting. I've got the bat."

"You won't go out and play baseball till you promise me. No shiksas. A nice Jewish girl with a good family, plays the



"Harry's not having much luck with his 'Step outside for a cigarette and a breath of fresh air' routine tonight."

piano, not flat-chested, educated."

"Who?" I asked, suddenly interested.

"Promise," she said. "When the time comes, don't worry."

My father participated gloomily, if at all, in these discussions. He could be awakened by my mother's invocations of the sufferings of the Jews. But he looked at me—skinny, knobby, with an oversized Adam's apple and a trombone voice—and was reassured. No one would have me, of whatever race, creed or color. Also he could not accept these future risks as disasters. Even future disasters were not yet disasters. When the time came, he would think about it.

"Your father doesn't care," my mother said. "I bear the entire burden of worry-

ing."

"Who needs you to worry?" my father asked. "I'll do the work, we don't need the worry."

"I don't work?" my mother asked. "I raise a son, and he is lost to us?"

"Can I go read my book now? Lost Horizon by James Hilton? It's a grownup book by an Englishman?"

"Lost, lost, lost," my mother said. "What good is it for me to worry and nag and nag and worry if nobody listens?"

My father was behind his paper, Der Tag, which came by mail from New York City. I was behind the movie edition of Lost Horizon, which had a photograph of Ronald Colman and Melissa or was it Elissa Landi, holding hands on a stone bench in the world of the future, where no one grew old, while old Sam Jaffe, the great High Lama, watched in his robes. ("The years will come and go, and you will pass from fleshly enjoyments into austerer but no less satisfying realms," Sam Jaffe told Conway while I itched with spiritual desire. "Hmm. Chang tells me that Mozart is your favorite Western composer.") I fled the unreality of family life into the reality of the realms of the spirit, where all is peace and tranquility, and Chang reminisces about Mozart, whom he knew personally.

My mother always tried to have the parting shot. "But you will," she said.

And I responded malevolently, before sinking into eternal truth. "Yes, Ma. First Pattie, and then I'll divorce her. Then Dorothy, and then she'll divorce me. And then Pattie again, because I'll always love her, she has such a nice red bicycle."

Dorothy, of course, was put into play only to poison the wells of discourse. I didn't want to give away my secrets. Pattie was the only girl I could ever love. She hated me.

My mother took aim once more. "What did we give you for your birth-day, lummox?"

"A typewriter," I said. "I already thanked you."

"Yah," she said dubiously.

"Thank you again," I murmured.

"Yah," she said, frowning, having lost her point in a notion about the ingratitude of eldest sons, the perilousness of filial love, the risks of devotion to the cause of that son, the future doctor, the future lawyer, the future pride and joy, the future marrier of a—ah! ah! She caught the thought on the wing.

"Well," she said cunningly, hoping I would catch all the implications of this news, "I heard about a girl lives up the street, only a year or two older than you, I forgot her name, you know her, I won't tell you her name, you should leave her alone, Anna says . . ."

"What's your point, Ma?"

"For her fifteenth birthday her ma and pa gave her a case of beer. That's the kind of people you're going to marry?"

The War in Europe and Asia seemed to end victoriously. And also my mother's war. I married a Nice Girl, her definition.

When I was a child, and later, too, when I was an adult, my father sometimes asked me to go for a walk with him. We strolled the streets of Lakewood, Ohio, or the east-side suburbs of Cleveland, where he later lived, or New York or Paris or Port-au-Prince or Detroit, where I lived. His invitation always seemed important; yet when we walked, the company seemed to be a signal to put his mind elsewhere. It seemed as if he had something to say. He knew he had something to say. But he could never say it to me.

"Remember when we went ice skating?" I would ask him.

"Yah-you still do that?"

"Yes."

"I could still do that. My legs are OK, I just don't have the time. Felt good, don't it?"

"Yes, why don't we try it again next winter?"

And we walked on in silence.

Once, on the day I was married, he looked especially jaunty—a short fat man with a heavy face and a rough thatch of gray, loosely curled hair. He ambled in his peculiarly comfortable gait. He asked me a few practical questions: Where do I expect to live? When, finishing my graduate work, did I expect to get a job? How did I feel about things in general?

I tried to give him both the answer that was true and the answer that he wanted to hear. I wanted to please him, but also to take my new status, married man, head of house, with proper seriousness, which meant no concessions to a boyish cagerness either to please or to defy him.

It was time, he noted, to get ready for the ceremony. I knew that, too. He sighed and gave me the envelope with the check in it. It was hard to say what



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he wanted to say, but I understood him.

At about the time I was born, my mother told me, my father was in a motorcycle accident and laid up for months with "a broken back—couldn't do a thing for himself." Now, each time I am bored or distracted by my life, I find myself looking at motorcycles and considering buying one. Then—before buying it—I always recall the news of my father's accident and find some other way of satisfying the dream of evasion.

Later he suffered from a brain fever which nearly killed him. He often tells of how he recovered: He heard a click in his head, it was just a click, and then he knew he would be well. It all happened in a moment. Click! Just like that.

Still later, in his 70s, active and healthy, he developed glaucoma. This is a disease that can be controlled by medication, though the threat of blindness is continually present. The eyedrops, administered three times a day, keep the channels open, irrigate the eyes, prevent the destructive blocking of fluids. They are also burning and painful to take. My mother and my youngest brothers, who were still living at home, had the job of reminding him to take his drops and giving them to him. If they reminded him, he groaningly submitted, saying, "Ah! Ah! Ah!" If for some reason they neglected this, he forgot and missed the drops; there was, later, pain in his eyes and, presumably, some degeneration; yet he would never give the drops to himself or even ask them to be administered. He refused to admit his need; he wanted it to be inflicted upon him; it was an obligation to others, still another duty in his life.

When I visited him and occasionally gave him the drops, I felt both sad and distracted as he lay beneath the dropper, his plump legs spread and his large head turned up, complaining, "Ah! Ah!" and then turning immediately to the papers he was studying or to the television or to playing with my daughters, his grandchildren.

My mother always described him as "a poor patient." He simply refused to admit he was ever sick, and his spirit retreated to an abstract contemplation elsewhere whenever his body disobeyed his will for it.

If there was a family crisis, my father would stew silently over it, bugging his eyes out in fury or hiding his eyes in scheming. When his mind was made up, his rage exploded. There was the sense of decision worked through in his rage. It was nothing trivial. It was final. Later, of course, it was not "final"; it was forgotten. Still, his energetic absence was more potent than my mother's energetic presence. She resented his concentration on business, but the family ran on his intentions about it, no matter how busy he seemed outside the family.

My father had few insights; therefore,

the ones he possessed were especially valuable. He also took the right to use a few anecdotes from his past to prove many different things. The carp's head. The sublet bed. The strike of 1913. They were what he allowed himself to remember. He hardly ever mentioned his mother or his father. I have never known their names. Their parents, their families are smoke to me-vague shapes in the air, blown in the wind. He never said exactly how his father and mother died. All but a few strands of history disappeared when he came to America, and yet he worked with a fury to make his mark upon that history. Like a solitary skater on the ice, he rehearsed his own gestures, his own patterns.

. . .

There came a time when more and more I wanted to buy a motorcycle. In my dreams I felt the skidding wheels under my feet, the kick of speed and the cool weight of moonlight on my back. I would sail through groves of pine, past regions of sleeping farms, where owls hung from branches, digesting mice all the night long. I had two children, I had a job, I was in the middle of a career, but I was also distracted by every whimsical fantasy, tick of evasion, tock of salvation, hint of death, suicide, murder. I was sickened by life. Crisis inhabited me, making room for fevers and infections. My wife and I were rending each other. At first there seemed to be some sort of passion in this bloodletting, but then it became habitual, even negligent. A word, a gesture, a glance could set the careless devils loose. Ridicule, vanity and hopeless rage; echoes against empty walls. The time of divorce.

My parents suspected nothing; we lived in separate towns. When I told them, then the separation began to take on the thickness of reality. They did not comprehend, yet they comprehended. I was back in the world again; there was power and love in the world.

My father came to Detroit to take care of me. I was ill. He studied me, frowning, with pursed lips. I had a stiff neck: heat treatments. I had an infection where I had been scratched. I had an earache. I was too thin. I saw a doctor who told me to eat more, sleep more and to relax. He was a Communist. He pulled down a chart of a dog's nervous system and told me that dogs never suffer ulcers, prostate trouble or nervous breakdowns. Since I didn't have ulcers or prostate trouble, but I seemed to have everything else, I felt that this observation about bourgeois society was more relevant to his philosophy than to my condition. Also I later learned that dogs do have nervous breakdowns. I informed him a little stiffly that, although nervous, even a bit jumpy, I had not yet broken down.

"I'll be the judge of that," said the doctor. "Look at the wolfhound. See

how sleek its coat. It sleeps and eats its fill, never more, of nourishing food. The nice wolfhound."

The rolled chart flew up in his hands. From each according to his spring, to each according to his graph. Well, he sent me a copy of *Anti-Dühring*, by Friedrich Engels, instead of a bill. Not only a Communist, but disloyal to the A. M. A.

I sent him a couple of guitar records. He sent me a ballpoint pen.

I sent him a sweater.

He sent me two blue chambray work shirts.

Exhausted, I gave up this ideological conflict. Only great nations can play potlatch; I was an emerging state, busy with selfish problems.

My father did better than to lecture me in general. He took charge at a moment when I needed him to take charge. He did not understand power or love, but they were his familiars. Lacking the language of love or friendship, he dwelled in these commodities as if they were houses. Cut off from his own family at age 12, he lived in the world of do and make. How could he talk to sons? Nothing to say but: "Go out. I give you the stars." And of course no words even for that. "I give you the sky, the earth, the stars and your freedom. It's all out there." No words.

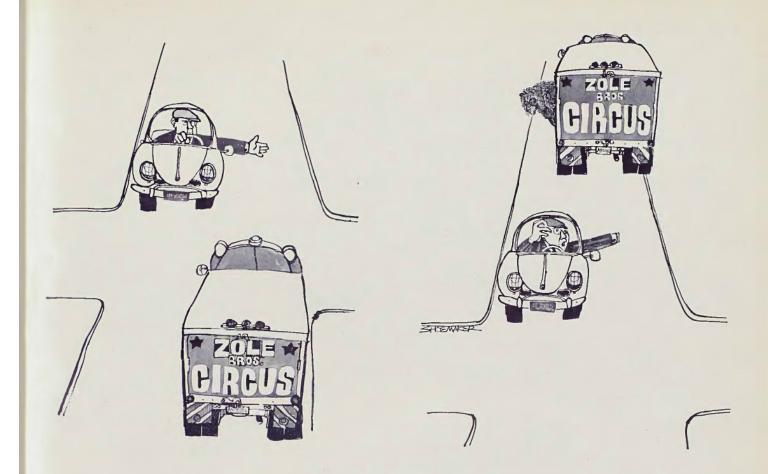
And how to show that he was generous? With money and energy. He swam in a motel pool with my daughters on his back. He seemed like one of those ageless Galápagos tortoises, living rocks which burgeon out of the sea, encrusted with the centuries, stubbornly enduring and waddling about their beachy turf.

At this time, he also began to suffer loneliness before the fact of death. He spoke of dizzy spells—syncopes—stunningly empty moments when he would grip his chair and a swarming emptiness filled his head and the world just disappeared. But as to the person he was talking to, doing business with—"He never knew a thing. He didn't know. He thought I was thinking."

He told me this, and then buried himself in my troubles. He looked over my house, my wife, my children, and the furnished room in which I lived. He said, "This is a mess." It was. He had come to clean up the mess.

At first he hoped to rescue the marriage. Divorce was incomprehensible to him, as it was to me. There were children, responsibility; there was a history and a contract. He was not sentimental, but he believed in promises. The pretty little girl and the young man had a long way to go; they had "problems"; but they could not abandon themselves in this way.

Then he became aware of the other road. He invented divorce all by himself. It was his first experience of it, and it struck him as a fresh possibility. He



abandoned sentimentality, not just for himself, but also for me. "Worse things than bankruptcy," he said. "Sometimes you got to admit you're beaten." Having made up his mind, he was determined not to let me waver. "You're beaten," he said. I was skinny, boyish, green. "So now what?" he said.

With the stubbornness of the ill or the childish, I wanted my typewriter and fixed on this with monomaniac rage. It's mine!—the tricks childishness plays on us. I was willing to leave my books, my records, even my clothes, but I needed the typewriter I had been given on my 13th birthday. It was worth very little, but as much as I wanted it, just that much my antagonist did not want me to have it. There was a scene. Boxes of clothes, debris of abandon, the smell of burnt coffee from the kitchen. Claws. My father stood apart, frowning over this madness. I remember that he looked sleepy.

Even now, I recall with shame his reaching into his pocket to extract a roll of bills. He was puzzled by the yelling going on about him. He did not understand such yelling. It was a practical matter: get them separated. "Wait!" he said. "Stop!" He bought the typewriter back. I looked on bewildered, bereft, as the bills changed hands, and then I took up the black Royal portable—there was silence, silence—and carted it out to my father's automobile.

In Cleveland, his first words to my

mother: "Well, I cleaned it up."

"They're back together?"

"They're back apart. It's got to be."
And it was.

Years later, my former wife needed help and came to my father for comfort and money. "He's a good man," she said to me. They had been estranged; there had been no love between them; there had been anger.

One afternoon my father sat with me under the pear tree in his back yard after the frenzy of recriminations and revenges had ended, and the legal business was in process, and life could begin again. He looked at my mother with a glint in his eye, He had few jokes and stories, but the ones he had, he polished. This was a new one. "Next time," he said, "just make sure it isn't a Nice Jewish Girl."

I remembered this when my former wife remarked about him, "I always wanted to know him better. Even now, why doesn't he let me be his friend? I can be a daughter to him. I'm the mother of his grandchildren. He's a good man."

"I know," I said. Most of the time I sought to be agreeable; just agreeable would be enough.

The next winter I returned to Detroit to visit my daughters during the Christmas holidays. I wanted to teach them to skate. It was a stubborn notion. The frost of the season was right, but there was a great scramble to find skates, bundle up and get to the flooded playground. There were tumbles, tears in snowbanks and hot chocolate afterward in the shed. I explained how we learn to skate later, after trying hard, just as we learn to ride a bicycle later, after skinning the knees. But anyway, we can skate a little right now. "Let's try again."

Triumph when my elder daughter sailed, smiling and blinking, round and round the rink. Suspense while the younger one staggered, complained about watery ankles, finally learned. I pumped along, feeling the easy glide beneath my blades as some sort of validation. It is that pleasure we know in only a few moments of a lifetime—when we discover the soul at age 13 as we dive into deep water and the water slides over skin. Or when we teach our children to skate, and they learn, and we skate with them.

And yet there is sadness in this easy pleasure of crackling air and blood in the cheeks. I remember why skating with my father gave me such joy. It was the hope of intimacy, waiting to be redeemed. I remember that I always expected more of my father than he gave. I sought to penetrate his secret life. The limits remained, unredeemed.

Now I look into the eyes of my daughters and see the same loneliness and expectant hope. I can give them things; I can take them skating; to them I am still a stranger.

the Channel and into a new hiding place. So he put off his demobilization and clung to the red tabs of his temporary rank, and particularly to his Military Intelligence passes, and soon got himself sent back to Germany as a British representative at the Combined Interrogation Center in Munich. There he did a scratch job for six months during which, on a weekend's leave, he collected his gold and stowed it away in a battered suitcase in his quarters. Then he resigned his post and flew back to England, carrying the two bars in a bulky briefcase. The hundred yards across the tarmac at each end of the flight and the handling of his case as if it contained only papers required two Benzedrine tablets and a will of iron, but at last he had his fortune safe in the basement of an aunt's flat in Kensington and could get on with the next phase of his plans at leisure. He resigned from the Royal Marines and got himself demobilized and married one of the many girls he had slept with at MOB Force Headquarters, a charming blonde WREN called Mary Parnell from a solid middle-class family. He got passages for them both in one of the early banana boats sailing from Avonmouth to Kingston, Jamaica, which they both agreed would be a paradise of sunshine, good food, cheap drink and a glorious haven from the gloom and restrictions and Labor Government of post-War England. Before they sailed, Major Smythe showed Mary the gold bars from which he had chiseled away the mint marks of the Reichsbank. "I've been clever, darling," he said. "I just don't trust the pound these days, so I've sold out all my securities and swapped the lot for gold. Must be about fifty thousand pounds' worth there. That should give us twenty-five years of the good life, just cutting off a slice now and then and selling it."

Mary Parnell was not to know that such a transaction was impossible under the currency laws. She knelt down and ran her hands lovingly over the gleaming bars. Then she got up and threw her arms round Major Smythe's neck and kissed him. "You're a wonderful, wonderful man," she said, almost in tears. "Frightfully clever and handsome and brave and now you're rich as well. I'm the luckiest girl in the world."

"Well, anyway, we're rich," said Major Smythe. "But promise me you won't breathe a word or we'll have all the burglars in Jamaica round our ears. Promise?"

"Cross my heart."

Prince's Club, in the foothills above Kingston, was indeed a paradise. Pleas-170 ant enough members, wonderful servants, unlimited food and cheap drink, and all in the wonderful setting of the tropics that neither of them had known before. They were a popular couple and Major Smythe's War record earned them the entree to Government House society, after which their life was one endless round of parties, with tennis for Mary and golf (with the Henry Cotton irons!) for Major Smythe. In the evenings there was bridge for her and the high poker game for him. Yes, it was paradise, all right, while, in their homeland, people munched their Spam, fiddled in the black market, cursed the government and suffered the worst winter's weather in 30 years.

The Smythes met all their initial expenditures from their combined cash reserves, swollen by Wartime gratuities; and it took Major Smythe a full year of careful sniffing around before he decided to do business with the Messrs. Foo, import and export merchants. The brothers Foo, highly respected and very rich, were the acknowledged governing junta of the flourishing Chinese community in Jamaica. Some of their trading was suspected to be devious, in the Chinese tradition, but all Major Smythe's casually meticulous inquiries confirmed that they were utterly trustworthy. The Bretton Woods Conference, fixing a controlled world price for gold, had been signed and it had already become common knowledge that Tangier and Macao were two free ports that, for different reasons, had escaped the Bretton Woods net and where a price of at least \$100 per ounce of gold, 99 fine, could be obtained, compared with the fixed world price of \$35 per ounce. And, conveniently, the Foos had just begun to trade again with a resurgent Hong Kong, already the port of entry for gold smuggling into the neighboring Macao. The whole setup was, in Major Smythe's language, tickety-boo. He had a most pleasant meeting with the Foo brothers. No questions were asked until it came to examining the bars. At this point, the absence of mint marks resulted in a polite inquiry as to the original provenance of the gold.

"You see, Major," said the older and blander of the brothers behind the big, empty mahogany desk, "in the bullion market the mint marks of all respectable national banks and responsible dealers are accepted without question. Such marks guarantee the fineness of the gold. But, of course, there are other banks and dealers whose methods of refining" -his benign smile widened a fraction-"are perhaps not quite so accurate."

"You mean the old gold-brick swindle," said Major Smythe with a twinge

Both brothers tee-heed reassuringly. "No, no, Major. That, of course, is out of the question. But"-the smiles held constant-"if you cannot recall the provenance of these fine bars, perhaps you would have no objections if we were to undertake an assay. There are methods of determining the exact fineness of such bars. My brother and I are competent in these methods. If you would care to leave these with us and perhaps come back after lunch?"

There had been no alternative. Major Smythe had to trust the Foos utterly now. They could cook up any figure and he would just have to accept it. He went over to the Myrtle Bank and had one or two stiff drinks and a sandwich that stuck in his throat. Then he went back to the cool office of the Foos.

The setting was the same-the two smiling brothers, the two bars of gold, the briefcase; but now there was a piece of paper and a gold Parker pen in front of the elder brother.

"We have solved the problem of your fine bars, Major" ("fine"! Thank God, thought Major Smythe), "and I am sure you will be interested to know their probable history."

"Yes, indeed," said Major Smythe, with a brave show of enthusiasm.

"They are German bars, Major. Probably from the Wartime Reichsbank. This we have deduced from the fact that they contain ten percent of lead. Under the Hitler regime, it was the foolish habit of the Reichsbank to adulterate their gold in this manner. This fact became rapidly known to dealers, and the price of German bars, in Switzerland for instance, where many of them found their way, was adjusted downward accordingly. So the only result of the German foolishness was that the national bank of Germany lost a reputation for honest dealing it had earned over the centuries." The Chinaman's smile didn't vary. "Very bad business, Major. Very stupid."

Major Smythe marveled at the omniscience of these two men so far from the great commercial channels of the world, but he also cursed it. Now what? He said, "That's very interesting, Mr. Foo. But it is not very good news for me. Are these bars not 'good delivery,' or whatever you call it in the bullion world?"

The elder Foo made a slight throwaway gesture with his right hand. "It is of no importance, Major. Or rather, it is of very small importance. We will sell your gold at its true mint value, let us say, eight-nine fine. It may be refined by the ultimate purchaser, or it may not. That is not our business. We shall have sold a true bill of goods."

"But at a lower price."

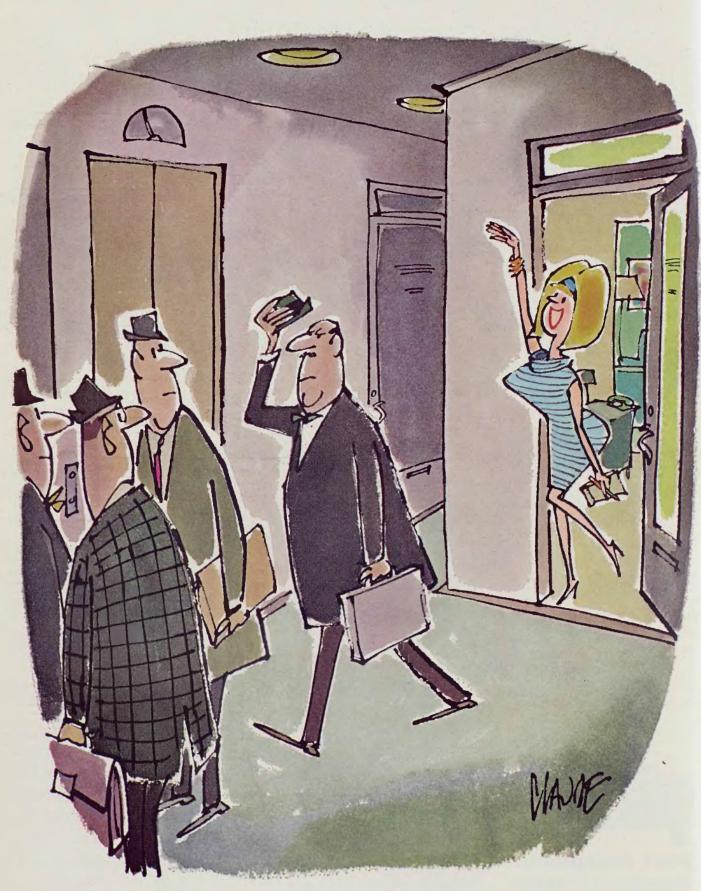
"That is so, Major. But I think I have



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"Have a good evening at home, sweetie!"

good news for you. Have you any estimates as to the worth of these two bars?"

"I had thought around fifty thousand pounds."

The elder Foo gave a dry chuckle. "I think, if we sell wisely and slowly, you should receive one hundred thousand pounds, Major, subject, that is, to our commission, which will include shipping and incidental charges."

"How much would that be?"

"We were thinking about a figure of ten percent, Major. If that is satisfactory to you."

Major Smythe had an idea that bullion brokers received a fraction of one percent. But what the hell? He had already as good as made £40,000 since lunch. He said "Done" and got up and reached his hand across the desk.

From then on, every quarter, he would visit the office of the Foos carrying an empty suitcase. There would be 1000 new Jamaican pounds in neat bundles on the broad desk and the two gold bars, that diminished inch by inch, together with a typed slip showing the amount sold and the price obtained in Macao. It was all very simple and friendly and highly businesslike and Major Smythe didn't think that he was being submitted to any form of squeeze other than the duly recorded ten percent. In any case, he didn't particularly care. Four thousand net a year was good enough for him, and his only worry was that the income-tax people would get after him and ask him what he was living on. He mentioned this possibility to the Foos. But they said he was not to worry and, for the next four quarters, there was only £900 instead of £1000 on the table and no comment was made by either side. "Squeeze" had been administered in the right quarter.

And so the lazy, sunshiny days passed by for 15 happy years. The Smythes both put on weight and Major Smythe had the first of his two coronaries and was told by his doctor to cut down on his alcohol and cigarettes and take life easier. He was also to avoid fats and fried food. Mary Smythe tried to be firm with him, but, when he took to secret drinking and to a life of petty lies and evasions, she tried to backpedal on her attempts to control his self-indulgence. But she was too late. She had already become the symbol of the janitor to Major Smythe and he took to avoiding her. She berated him with not loving her anymore and, when the resultant bickering became too much for her simple nature, she became a sleeping-pill addict and, after one flaming, drunken row, took an overdose "just to show him." It was too much of an overdose and it killed her. The suicide was hushed up, but the resultant cloud

did Major Smythe no good socially, and he retired to the north shore which, although only some three miles across the island from the capital, is, even in the small society of Jamaica, a different world. And there he had settled at Wavelets and, after his second coronary, was in the process of drinking himself to death when this man called Bond arrived on the scene with an alternative death warrant in his pocket.

Major Smythe looked at his watch. It was a few minutes after 12 o'clock. He got up and poured himself another stiff brandy and ginger ale and went out onto the lawn. James Bond was sitting under the sea almonds gazing out to sea. He didn't look up when Major Smythe pulled up another aluminum garden chair and put his drink on the grass beside him. When Major Smythe had finished telling his story, Bond said unemotionally, "Yes, that's more or less the way I figured it."

"Want me to write it out and sign it?" "You can if you like. But not for me. That'll be for the court-martial. Your old corps will be handling all that. I've got nothing to do with the legal aspects. I shall put in a report to my own Service of what you've told me and they'll pass it on to the Royal Marines. Then I suppose it'll go to the Public Prosecutor via Scotland Yard,"

"Could I ask a question?"

"Of course,"

"How did they find out?"

"It was a small glacier. Oberhauser's body came out at the bottom of it earlier this year. When the spring snows melted. Some climbers found it. All his papers and everything were intact. The family identified him. Then it was just a question of working back. The bullets clinched it."

But how did you get mixed up in the whole thing?"

"MOB Force was a responsibility of my, er, Service. The papers found their way to us. I happened to see the file. I had some spare time on my hands. I asked to be given the job of chasing down the man who did it."

"Why?"

James Bond looked Major Smythe squarely in the eyes. "It just happened that Oberhauser was a friend of mine. He taught me to ski before the War, when I was in my teens. He was a wonderful man. He was something of a father to me at a time when I happened to need one.'

"Oh, I see." Major Smythe looked away. "I'm sorry."

James Bond got to his feet. "Well, I'll be getting back to Kingston." He held up a hand. "No, don't bother. I'll find my way to the car." He looked down at the older man. He said abruptly, almost harshly-perhaps, Major Smythe thought, to hide his embarrassment-"It'll be about a week before they send someone out to bring you home." Then he walked off across the lawn and through the house and Major Smythe heard the iron whir of the self-starter and the clatter of the gravel on the unkempt drive.

Major Smythe, questing for his prey along the reef, wondered what, exactly, those last words of the Bond man had meant. Inside the Pirelli mask his lips drew mirthlessly back from the stained teeth. It was obvious, really. It was just a version of the corny old act of leaving the guilty officer alone with his revolver. If the Bond man had wanted to, he could have telephoned Government House and had an officer of the Jamaica Regiment sent over to take Major Smythe into custody. Decent of him, in a way. Or was it? A suicide would be much tidier, save a lot of paperwork and taxpayers' money. Should he oblige the Bond man and be tidy? Join Mary in whatever place suicides go to? Or go through with it-the indignity, the dreary formalities, the headlines, the boredom and drabness of a life sentence that would inevitably end with his third coronary? Or should he defend himselfplead wartime, a struggle with Oberhauser on the Peak of Gold, prisoner trying to escape, Oberhauser knowing of the gold cache, the natural temptation of Smythe to make away with the bullion, he, a poor officer of the commandos confronted with sudden wealth? Should he dramatically throw himself on the mercy of the court? Suddenly Major Smythe saw himself in the dock, a splendid, upright figure in the fine bemedaled blue and scarlet of the ceremonial uniform that was the traditional rig for courts-martial. (Had the moths got into the japanned box in the spare room at Wavelets? Had the damp? Luna would have to look to it. A day in the sunshine, if the weather held. A good brushing. With the help of his corset, he could surely still get his 40-inch waist into the 34-inch trousers Gieves had built for him 20, 30 years ago.) And, down on the floor of the court, at Chatham probably, the Prisoners' Friend, some staunch fellow, at least of colonel's rank in deference to his own seniority, would be pleading his cause. And there was always the possibility of appeal to a higher court. Why, the whole affair might become a cause célèbre, he would sell his story to the papers, write a book . . . Major Smythe felt the excitement mounting in him. Careful, old boy! Careful! Remember what the good old snip-cock had said! He put his feet to the ground and had a rest amid the dancing waves of the northeast trades that kept the north shore so delightfully 173



Not yesterday's underwear. Those bulky, bunchy shorts under today's slim, trim styles? Forget it. The tailored, tapered look needs briefs and boxers and T-shirts that fit it, not fight it. But Life underwear by lockey has that all solved. Life is the new underwear styled lean for the new trim cut of clothes. Anyone who says underwear has to be dull doesn't know about Life. Look across the page and see what's happening.

L 记记 underwear by 174 It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy cool until the torrid months, August, September, October, of the hurricane season. After his two pink gins, skimpy lunch and happily sodden siesta, he would have to give all this more careful thought. And then there were cocktails with the Arundels and dinner at the Shaw Park Beach Club with the Marchesis. Then some high bridge and home to his Seconal sleep. Cheered by the prospect of the familiar routine, the black shadow of Bond retreated into the background. Now then, scorp, where are you? Octopussy's waiting for her lunch! Major Smythe put his head down and, his mind freshly focused and his eyes questing, continued his leisurely swim along the shallow valley between the coral clumps that led out toward the whitefringed reef.

Almost at once he saw the two spiny antennae of a lobster, or rather of its cousin, the West Indian langouste, weaving inquisitively toward him, toward the turbulence he was creating, from a deep fissure under a niggerhead. From the thickness of the antennae it would be a big one, three or four pounds! Normally, Major Smythe would have put his feet down and delicately stirred up the sand in front of the lair to bring the lobster farther out, for they are an inquisitive family. Then he would have speared it through the head and taken it back for lunch. But today there was only one prey in his mind, one shape to concentrate on-the shaggy, irregular silhouette of a scorpion fish. And, ten minutes later, he saw a clump of seaweedy rock on the white sand that wasn't just a clump of seaweedy rock. He put his feet softly down and watched the poison spines erect themselves along the back of the thing. It was a good-sized one, perhaps three quarters of a pound. He got his three-pronged spear ready and inched forward. Now the red angry eyes of the fish were wide open and watching him. He would have to make a single quick lunge from as nearly the vertical as possible; otherwise, he knew from experience, the barbed prongs, needlesharp though they were, would almost certainly bounce off the horny head of the beast. He swung his feet up off the ground and paddled forward very slowly, using his free hand as a fin. Now! He lunged forward and downward. But the scorpion fish had felt the tiny approaching shock wave of the spear. There was a flurry of sand and it had shot up in a vertical take-off and whirred, in almost birdlike flight, under Major Smythe's belly.

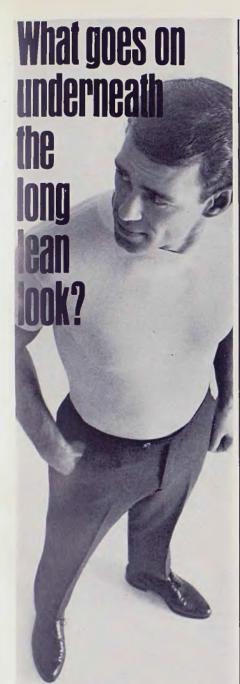
Major Smythe cursed and twisted round in the water. Yes, it had done what they so often do, gone for refuge to the nearest algae-covered rock and there, confident in its superb camouflage, gone to ground on the seaweed. Major Smythe had only to swim a few feet, lunge down again, this time more accurately, and he had it, flapping and squirming on the end of his spear.

The excitement and the small exertion had caused Major Smythe to pant, and he felt the old pain across his chest lurking, ready to come at him. He put his feet down and, after driving his spear all the way through the fish, held it, still flapping desperately, out of the water. Then he slowly made his way back across the lagoon on foot and walked up the sand of his beach to the wooden bench under the sea grape. He dropped the spear with its jerking quarry on the sand beside him and sat down to rest.

It was perhaps five minutes later that Major Smythe felt a curious numbness more or less in the region of his solar plexus. He looked casually down and his whole body stiffened with horror and disbelief. A patch of his skin, about the size of a cricket ball, had turned white under his tan and, in the center of the patch, there were three descending punctures topped by little beads of blood. Automatically, Major Smythe wiped away the blood. The holes were only the size of pinpricks, but Major Smythe remembered the rising flight of the scorpion fish and he said aloud, with awe, but without animosity, "You got me, you bastard! By God, you got me!"

He sat very still, looking down at his body and remembering what it said about scorpion-fish stings in the book he had borrowed from the Institute and had never returned-Dangerous Marine Animals, an American publication. He delicately touched and then prodded the white area round the punctures. Yes, the skin had gone totally numb and now a pulse of pain began to throb beneath it. Very soon this would become a shooting pain. Then the pain would begin to lance all over his body and become so intense that he would throw himself on the sand, screaming and thrashing about, to rid himself of it. He would vomit and foam at the mouth and then delirium and convulsions would take over until he lost consciousness. Then, inevitably in his case, there would ensue cardiac failure and death. According to the book, the whole cycle would be complete in about a quarter of an hourthat was all he had left-15 minutes of hideous agonyl There were cures, of course-procaine, antibiotics and antihistamines-if his weak heart would stand them. But they had to be near at hand and, even if he could climb the steps up to the house, and supposing Dr. Cahusac had these modern drugs, the doctor couldn't possibly get to Wavelets under an hour.

The first jet of pain seared into Major Smythe's body and bent him over double. Then came another and another



A T-shirt like this to start with—the new tapered Brute shirt. Tapered for a leaner look. From the new Life line of underwear by Jockey. Droopy collar? Saggy arms? Baggy body? Short tail that rides up, gets bulky around your middle? Forget 'em! Life underwear is designed slim to make the lean look work. Look in the next column for more styles. Who says underwear has to be dull?

៤១៩៤ underwear by

Jockey

It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy

radiating through his stomach and limbs. Now there was a dry, metallic taste in his mouth and his lips were prickling. He gave a groan and toppled off the seat onto the beach. A flapping on the sand beside his head reminded him of the scorpion fish. There came a lull in the spasms of pain. Instead, his whole body felt as if it was on fire, but, beneath the agony, his brain cleared. But of course! The experiment! Somehow, somehow he must get out to Octopussy and give her her lunch!

"Oh, Pussy, my Pussy, this is the last meal you'll get."

Major Smythe mouthed the jingle to himself as he crouched on all fours, found his mask and somehow forced it over his face. Then he got hold of his spear, tipped with the still-flapping fish, and, clutching his stomach with his free hand, crawled and slithered down the

sand and into the water. It was 50 yards of shallow water to the lair of the octopus in the coral cranny, and Major Smythe, screaming all the while into his mask, somehow, mostly on his knees, made it. As he came to the last approach and the water became deeper, he had to get to his feet and the pain made him jiggle to and fro, as if he was a puppet manipulated by strings. Then he was there and, with a supreme effort of will, held himself steady as he dipped his head down to let some water into his mask and clear the mist of his screams from the glass. Then, blood pouring from his bitten lower lip, he bent carefully down to look into Octopussy's house. Yes! The brown mass was still there. It was stirring excitedly. Why? Major Smythe saw the dark strings of his blood curling lazily down through the water. Of course! The darling was tasting his blood. A shaft of pain hit Major Smythe and sent him reeling. He heard himself babbling deliriously into his mask. Pull yourself together, Dexter, old boyl You've got to give Pussy her lunch! He steadied himself and, holding the spear well down the shaft, lowered the fish toward the writhing hole.

Would Pussy take the bait, the poisoned bait that was killing Major Smythe, but to which an octopus might be immune? If only Bengry could be here to watch! Three tentacles, weaving excitedly, came out of the hole and wavered round the scorpion fish. Now there was a gray mist in front of Major Smythe's eyes. He recognized it as the edge of unconsciousness and feebly shook his head to clear it. And then the tentacles leapt! But not at the fish! At Major Smythe's hand and arm. Major Smythe's torn mouth stretched in a grimace of pleasure. Now he and Pussy had shaken hands! How exciting! How truly wonderful!

But then the octopus quietly, relentlessly pulled downward, and terrible



Hi-neck Bo'sun Shirt. The action T-shirt. Heavier fabric. Higher neckline stresses the look. Sleeves are longer. Stay-put tail is, too. Just \$1.50 and you have the look.

Slim Guy Briefs by Jockey. Trousers can't get too tapered now. Waist is cut lower, legs cut higher, side vents styled in. New ventilating mesh in the pouch. And famous Jockey support, too. \$1.50. It's what goes on underneath the look.

L責任 underwear by **Jockey** 

It's not Jockey brand if it doesn't have the Jockey boy

realization came to Major Smythe. He summoned his dregs of strength and plunged his spear down. The only effect was to push the scorpion fish into the mass of the octopus and offer more arm to the octopus. The tentacles snaked upward and pulled more relentlessly. Too late Major Smythe scrabbled away his mask. One bottled scream burst out across the empty bay, then his head went under and down and there was an explosion of bubbles to the surface. Major Smythe's legs came up and the small waves washed his body to and fro while the octopus explored his right hand with its buccal orifice and took a first tentative bite at a finger with its beaklike jaws.

The body was found by two young Jamaicans spinning for needlefish from a canoe. They speared the octopus, killed it in the traditional fashion by turning it inside out and biting its head off, and brought the three corpses home. They

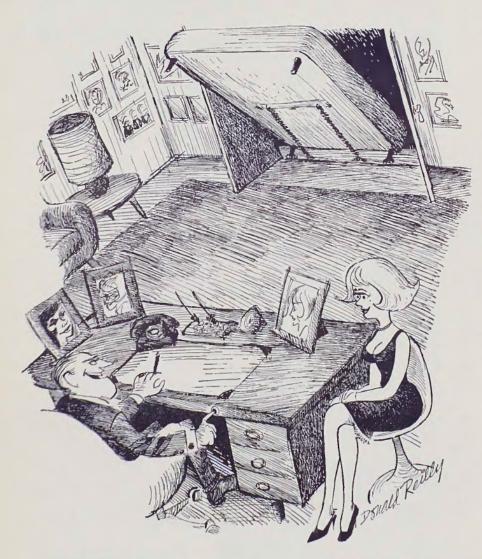
turned Major Smythe's body over to the police and had the scorpion fish and the "sea cat" for supper. The local correspondent of *The Daily Gleaner* reported that Major Smythe had been killed by an octopus, but the paper translated this into "found drowned" so as not to frighten the tourists.

Later, in London, James Bond, privately assuming "suicide," wrote the same verdict of "found drowned," together with the date, on the last page and closed the bulky file.

It is only from the notes of Dr. Cahusac, who performed the autopsy, that it has been possible to construct some kind of a postscript to the bizarre and pathetic end of a once-valuable officer of the Secret Service.

This is the conclusion of a two-part serialization of "Octopussy," a new James Bond novelette by Ian Fleming.





"Another stagestruck kid who thinks she's got what it takes to become a star, eh? Well, Miss Pomeroy, I'm going to give you a chance to prove it . . ."

### COVER STORY

(continued from page 138)

logical means of establishing the Rabbit's identity there. Thus, Playmate-Bunny Sharon Rogers made an enticing snow bunny in our Playboy Ski Sweater on the front of the November 1963 issue (bottom row, fourth from left). Of the 148 PLAYBOY covers published to date, 54 have featured Bunnies, Playmates or Playmate-Bunnies, but Bunny Kelly Collins—on the front of our April 1963 issue—was the only one to appear there in official Bunny costume.

Our lapin Lothario was the light in the lovely lady's eye on the October 1964 cover (bottom row, fifth from left, on the opening spread of this feature). And our eyes lit up, too, when we found the acceleration in circulation from the previous year continued unabated throughout 1964, establishing a monthly per-copy sale of 2,600,000 by December. This circulation increase put PLAYBOY in contention for the title of top-selling men's magazine of the world-a position heretofore held, secure and uncontested, for over a generation by True, the masscirculation outdoor men's magazine (with a margin of more than a million copies a month between it and its closest competitor, Argosy). PLAYBOY bridged that gap with a 1,200,000 jump in sales -almost doubling its circulation in less than two years.

Continuing to press our advantage in the only way we felt really counted, we invested increasing amounts in the overall editorial product-paying top prices for the finest fiction, articles, interviews, art, cartoons, photographs and pictorial essays. We increased the total number of editorial pages and the amount of full color in each issue, spent more on the preproofing of color and on other production controls to improve the quality of the publication. As evidence of the soundness of this approach, the specially priced \$1.25 December and January Holiday Issues-on which we annually lavish the most time and money-now consistently outsell the majority of our standard-priced issues of the year.

Perky Bunny Joey Thorpe struck a properly festive pose on the July 1965 cover, drawing an outline of our hare in the air with a sparkler (bottom row, sixth from left, on opening spread). There was ample reason for festivity round the Playboy Building, as the sale of that issue soared like a Fourth-of-July rocket to a new high of 3,200,000 copies, establishing PLAYBOY as the largest-selling men's magazine of all time. The November 1965 cover (bottom row, seventh from left) presented a spy that any rightthinking counterespionage agent about town would unhesitatingly invite to come in from the cold; a conveniently located tattoo on her arm informed the interested that a pictorial essay on James

Bond's Girls was inside. The sale of that month's PLAYBOY proved more spectacular than any best-selling 007 novel, hitting 3,500,000.

The last cover appearing on the opening spread of this feature is the one on the issue you are holding in your hands. We won't know its sale for several weeks, but the February 1966 issue—the most recent on which figures are available—reached 3,750,000, and some sporting staffers have formed an office pool for

wagering on which forthcoming month the magazine will hit 4,000,000.

The girl on the cover of this April issue is Cynthia Maddox, whose regular job is Assistant Cartoon Editor for the magazine, but who also has time for an occasional modeling assignment in the Playboy Studio-for a cover (this is her fifth), a Playboy Products ad or some other editorial or promotional project. The color transparencies of Cynthia and the Playboy Puppet used in the design of this cover were originally taken for the February 1964 issue. A PLAYBOY photographer frequently shoots 200 or 300 pictures of the same subject to get the single shot that will ultimately be chosen for the cover of the magazine. The transparencies on this April cover are reproduced close to actual size, as they appear on the editor's light box when being considered for publication. In other cover appearances, Cynthia traded her Jax original for an undersized bikini (July 1964) and an oversized towel (March 1963). (See pages 134 and 135 for candid photos of Cynthia during bikini and towel cover shootings.)

Since Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim appeared on the July 1955 cover, and inside that issue as Playmate of the Month, dozens of PLAYBOY's prettiest office employees have modeled for the magazine. In addition, a number of PLAYBOY's gatefold girls have worked for the publication as receptionists or secretaries, including Joni Mattis, Sharon Rogers, Eleanor Bradley, Judy Tomer-lin, Lannie Balcom and Teddi Smith all of whom appeared on PLAYBOY's cover as well as on the center spread. Teddi Smith is a secretary for the magazine and she has also posed for four of our most enticing covers, including a February 1965 appearance, in which she was shown slipping into (or out of?) a Playmate Nightshirt, and a nude shower scene for the front of the October 1963 issue, in which Teddi's torso was partially obscured behind a steamy glass. (See top of page 133.)

Many of our female employees who have never appeared on a cover have none-theless helped make them a success: The 57 lip prints—all different—that left a lasting impression on the February 1960 cover were contributed by PLAYBOY'S distaff staff. And two secretaries in the Photo Department risked raised eyebrows over the knitting of tiny

garments, producing the wee wool sweater, scarf and hat worn by the Femlin on the front of the March 1966 issue. The only male face ever to appear on a PLAYBOY cover besides our renowned Rabbit's belonged to actor Peter Sellers (April 1964).

Each cover is unique and each has its unique problems. One of our earliest collage designs, conceived for the August 1955 issue, turned an underwater-nude photo of Playmate Joanne Arnold into a mermaid. The mermaid's tail was painted over the lower half of Joanne's body, but the only camouflage added to her

ed over the lower half of Joanne's body, but the only camouflage added to her ample bosom was a strand or two of strategically placed seaweed on the left and a miniature metal fish on the right. The completed collage was shipped to the engraver, but en route someone dropped it. The little fish dutifully clung to the one breast, but the seaweed shook loose from the other. No one noticed the mishap until the color plates were completed and the cover was proofed. One bare breast was one too many for

the front cover of a national magazine. There was nothing we could do at that late date but send it back for some hasty retouching. No reader was any the wiser

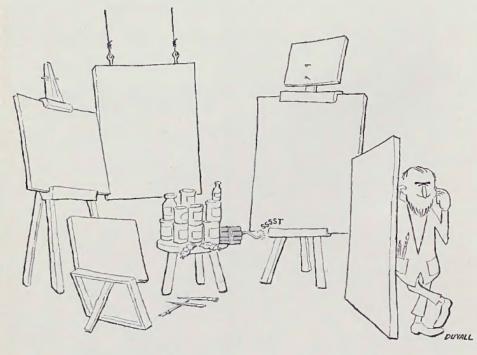
-until now.

Our May 1961 cover seemed simple enough at the outset. A man's hands were supposed to be placed in front of model Judy Newton's eyes, with the fingers of his left hand spread apart in guess-who style so that she could see his Rabbit-embossed gold ring out of the corner of her eye. The studio was set up; the camera was at the ready; the models were in place-when the male model discovered after an hour of trying that he was unable to separate his middle and ring fingers while still keeping them against his index and pinkie fingers, as required by the layout. End of that day's shooting schedule. Next day, a guy with more dexterous digits solved the problem.

Pert Joey Thorpe, a Bunny who's twice appeared on our covers, recalls her recent July sparkler-waving stint all too well. Quoth Joey. "It was like something out of a Buster Keaton comedy. The photo studio was dark, and for each new shot I had to run from my spot in front of the seamless background paper, light another sparkler from a burning candle, then dash back to my place on the paper and wave it around. What with the candle and the sparklers, the seamless paper kept catching fire, which I thought was carrying a fireworks display a little too far. The assignment did have its compensations, though: I became absolutely great at drawing Rabbit heads in the air; the shootings lasted for about a week.'

Playmate-Bunny-cover girl Sharon Rogers had her own problems for her November 1963 appearance up front. This time, snow was the culprit. The Photo Department had gathered a big





batch of pulverized Styrofoam "snow" for a skiing cover. It was to be sprinkled over Sharon to achieve a wintry slopeside effect. By the time the photographer was ready to shoot, the fluffy stuff had sat around too long: it had solidified into a quivering blob of foam as big as a medicine ball. Undaunted, our resourceful lensmen fed the goop in handfuls through a blender-but all it did was turn into tennis-ball-sized lumps that would have looked like snowballs instead of snowflakes. Finally, the whole mess had to be dumped and new "snow" brought in. Then came the next problem: getting it to stick to Sharon's pretty face; it wouldn't. In the end, each snowflake had to be individually glued on-which worked perfectly for the shot, but required some determined and prolonged scrubbing by cupcake Sharon to divest herself of her frosting.

PLAYBOY'S Production Manager, John Mastro, had a king-sized headache with a technically ungimmicked cover. Our September 1964 number displayed an elegantly attired damsel in night-clubby surroundings. The over-all picture was to have an atmospherically greenish cast to it, and therein lay the rub-how to hold the tinge of green without turning girl into ghoul. Seven times the cover proofs came back from the engraver and seven times the color was wrong-by which time Mastro's skin shade was beginning to match the proofs. But at the eleventh hour and on the eighth proof, the engraver supplied the successful color combination, and John's complexion returned to normal.

As we suggested at the outset, the

story of PLAYBOY's covers chronicles the progress of the publication over the 12-plus years of its exuberant existence. When our then-neophyte Editor-Publisher received the bill for printing 70,000 copies of the very first issue of PLAYBOY, it came to a little over \$6000 (including paper, binding and production charges). A dozen years later, the cost of die-cutting the hole in the front cover of our December 1965 issue came to almost \$10,000. The paper on which the nearly 4,000,000 covers of this past December's issue were printed tipped the scales at almost a quarter of a million pounds; the ink used in its printing weighed 8000 pounds.

After this capsule chronicle of the past and present of PLAYBOY covers, one might ask what lies ahead. "No dearth of excitement and surprises," says Art Paul. "There are no limits other than our imaginations and the evolving technology of graphics and their reproduction."

"Our only limiting guideline," adds Hefner, "is that each cover has to say PLAYBOY. It should be possible to conceal the logo and still instantly recognize a cover as being distinctively—in concept and in execution—PLAYBOY's alone.

"And if there's ever any doubt," Hefner says with a smile, "there'll always be Mr. Rabbit to lend his inimitable presence to our covers. In one guise or another, he'll always be there: in case there's any question about it, let's reassure our readers that his future on our covers is secure."

Be reassured.

despair

(continued from page 152) a fistful of notes. "Here it is. I'll count out your share and give it you in a minute. What about those shoes, do they hurt?"

"They do," said Felix. "They hurt dreadfully. But I'll hold out somehow. I'll take them off for the night, I expect. And where must I go with that car tomorrow?"

"Presently, presently. . . . I'll make it all clear. Look, the place ought to be tidied up. . . . You've scattered your rags. . . . What have you got in that bag?"

"I'm like a snail, I carry my house on my back," said Felix. "Are you taking the bag with you? I've got half a sausage in it. Like to have some?"

"Later. Pack in all those things, will you? That shochorn too. And the scissors. Good. Now put on my overcoat and let us verify for the last time whether you can pass for me."

"You won't forget the money?" he in-

"I keep on telling you I won't. Don't be an ass. We are on the point of settling it. The cash is here, in my pocket—in your former pocket, to be correct. Now, buck up, please."

He got into my handsome camel-hair overcoat and (with special care) put on my elegant hat. Then came the last touch: yellow gloves.

"Good. Just take a few steps. Let's see how it all fits you."

He came toward me, now thrusting his hands into his pockets, now drawing them out again.

When he got quite near, he squared his shoulders, pretending to swagger, aping a fop.

"Is that all, is that all," I kept saying aloud. "Wait, let me have a thorough—
Yes, seems to be all. . . . Now turn, I'd like a back view——" He turned, and I shot him between the shoulders.

I remember various things: that puff of smoke, hanging in mid-air, then displaying a transparent fold and vanishing slowly; the way Felix fell; for he did not fall at once; first he terminated a movement still related to life, and that was a full turn almost; he intended, I think. swinging before me in jest, as before a mirror; so that, inertly bringing that poor piece of foolery to an end, he (already pierced) came to face me, slowly spread his hands as if asking: "What's the meaning of this?"-and getting no reply, slowly collapsed backward. Yes, I remember all that; I remember, too, the shuffling sound he made on the snow, when he began to stiffen and jerk, as if his new clothes were uncomfortable; soon he was still, and then the rotation of the earth made itself felt, and only his hat moved quietly, separating from his crown and falling back, mouth opened, as if it were saying "goodbye" for its owner (or again, bringing to one's mind the stale sentence: "all present bared their heads"). Yes, I remember all that, but there is one thing memory misses: the report of my shot. True, there remained in my ears a persistent singing. It clung to me and crept over me, and trembled upon my lips. Through that veil of sound, I went up to the body and, with avidity, looked.

There are mysterious moments and that was one of them. Like an author reading his work over a thousand times, probing and testing every syllable, and finally unable to say of this brindle of words whether it is good or not, so it happened with me, so it happened-But there is the maker's secret certainty, which never can err. At that moment when all the required features were fixed and frozen, our likeness was such that really I could not say who had been killed, I or he. And while I looked, it grew dark in the vibrating wood, and with that face before me slowly dissolving, vibrating fainter and fainter, it seemed as if I were looking at my image in a stagnant pool.

Being afraid to besmirch myself I did not handle the body; did not ascertain whether it was indeed quite, quite dead; I knew instinctively that it was so, that my bullet had slid with perfect exactitude along the short, air-dividing furrow which both will and eye had grooved. Must hurry, must hurry, cried old Mister Murry, as he thrust his arms through his pants. Let us not imitate him. Swiftly, sharply, I looked about me. Felix had put everything, except the pistol, into the bag himself; yet I had self-possession enough to make sure he had not dropped anything; and I even went so far as to brush the footboard where I had been cutting his nails and to unbury his comb which I had trampled into the ground but now decided to discard later. Next I accomplished something planned a long time ago: I had turned the car and stopped it on a bit of timbered ground lightly sloping down, roadward; I now rolled my little Icarus a few yards forward so as to make it visible in the morning from the highway, thus leading to the discovery of my corpse.

Night came sweeping down rapidly. The drumming in my ears had all but died away. I plunged into the wood, repassing as I did so, not far from the body: but I did not stop anymore—only picked up the bag, and, unflinchingly, at a smart pace, as if indeed I had not those stone-heavy shoes on my feet, I went round the lake, never leaving the forest, on and on, in the ghostly gloaming, among ghostly snow. . . But how beautifully I knew the right direction, how accurately, how vividly I had visual-

ized it all, when, in summer, I used to study the paths leading to Eichenberg!

I reached the station in time. Ten minutes later, with the serviceableness of an apparition, there arrived the train I wanted. I spent half the night in a clattering, swaying third-class carriage, on a hard bench, and next to me were two elderly men, playing cards, and the cards they used were extraordinary: large, red and green, with acorns and beehives. After midnight I had to change; a couple of hours later I was already moving westward; then, in the morning, I changed anew, this time into a fast train. Only then, in the solitude of the lavatory, did I examine the contents of the knapsack. Besides the things crammed into it lately (bloodstained handkerchief included). I found a few shirts, a piece of sausage, two large apples, a leathern sole, five marks in a lady's purse, a passport; and my letters to Felix. The apples and sausage I ate there and then, in the W.C.; but I put the letters into my pocket and examined the passport with the liveliest interest. It was in good order. He had been to Mons and Metz. Oddly enough, his pictured face did not resemble mine closely; it could, of course, easily pass for my photo-still, that made an odd impression upon me, and I remember thinking that here was the real cause of his being so little aware of our likeness: he saw himself in a glass, that is to



say, from right to left, not sunway as in reality. Human fatheadedness, carelessness, slackness of senses, all this was revealed by the fact that even the official definitions in the brief list of personal features did not quite correspond with the epithets in my own passport (left at home). A trifle to be sure, but a characteristic one. And under "profession," he, that numbskull, who had played the fiddle, surely, in the way lackadaisical footmen in Russia used to twang guitars on summer evenings, was called a "musician," which at once turned me into a musician too. Later in the day, at a small border town, I purchased a suitcase, an overcoat, and so forth, upon which both bag and gun were discarded-no, I will not say what I did with them: be silent, Rhenish waters! And presently, a very unshaven gentleman in a cheap black overcoat was on the safer side of the frontier and heading south.

Since childhood I've loved violets and music. I was born at Zwickau. My father was a shoemaker and my mother a washerwoman. When she used to get angry she hissed at me in Czech. Mine was a clouded and joyless childhood. Hardly was I a man than I set forth on my wanderings. I played the fiddle. I'm a lefthander. Face-oval. Not married; show me one wife who is true. I found the war pretty beastly; it passed, however, as all things pass. Every mouse has its house. . . . I like squirrels and sparrows. Czech beer is cheaper. Ah, if one could only get shod by a smith-how economical! All state ministers are bribed, and all poetry is bilge. One day at a fair I saw twins; you were promised a prize if you distinguished between them, so carroty Fritz cuffed one of the two and gave him a thick ear—that was the difference! Golly, what a laugh we had! Beatings, stealings, slaughter, all is bad or good, according to circumstances.

I've appropriated money, whenever it came my way; what you've taken is yours, there is no such thing as one's own or another's money; you don't find written on a coin: belongs to Müller. I like money. I've always wished to find a faithful friend; we'd have made music together, he'd have bequeathed me his house and his orchard. Money, darling money. Darling small money. Darling big money. I roved about; found work here and there. One day I met a swell fellow who kept saying he was like me. Nonsense, he was not like me in the least. But I did not argue with him, he being rich, and whoever hobnobs with the rich can well become rich himself. He wanted me to go for a drive in his stead, leaving him to his business in queer street. I killed the bluffer and robbed him. He lies in the wood, there is snow on the ground, crows caw, squirrels leap. I like squirrels. That poor gentleman in his fine overcoat lies dead, not far from his car. I can drive a car. I love violets and music. I was born at Zwickau. My father was a bald-headed bespectacled shoemaker, and my mother was a washerwoman with scarlet hands. When she used to get angry-

And all over again from the beginning, with new absurd details. . . . Thus, a reflected image, asserting itself,

laid its claims. Not I sought a refuge in a foreign land, not I grew a beard, but Felix, my slayer. Ah, if I had known him well, for years of intimacy, I might even have found it amusing to take up new quarters in the soul I had inherited. I would have known every cranny in it; all the corridors of its past; I could have enjoyed the use of all its accommodations. But Felix' soul I had studied very cursorily, so that all I knew of it were the bare outlines of his personality, two or three chance traits. Should I practice doing things with my left hand?

Such sensations, however nasty, were possible to deal with-more or less. It was, for example, rather hard to forget how utterly he had surrendered himself to me, that soft-stuffed creature, when I was getting him ready for his execution. Those cold obedient paws! It quite bewildered me to recall how pliant he had been. His toenail was so strong that my scissors could not bite in at once, it screwed round the edge as the jag of a tin of corned beef envelops the key. Is a man's will really so powerful as to be able to convert another into a dummy? Did I actually shave him? Astounding! Yes, what tormented me above all, when recalling things, was Felix' submissiveness, the ridiculous, brainless automatous quality of his submissiveness. But, as said already, I got over that. Far worse was my failure to put up with mirrors. In fact, the beard I started growing was meant to hide me not so much from others as from my own self. Dreadful thing -a hypertrophied imagination. So it is quite easy to understand that a man endowed with my acute sensitiveness gets into the devil of a state about such triffes as a reflection in a dark looking glass, or his own shadow, falling dead at his feet, und so weiter. Stop short, you people-I raise a huge white palm like a German policeman, stop! No sighs of compassion, people, none whatever. Stop, pity! I do not accept your sympathy; for among you there are sure to be a few souls who will pity me—me, a poet misun-derstood. "Mist, vapor . . . in the mist a chord that quivers." No, that's not verse, that's from old Dusty's great book, Crime and Slime. Sorry: Schuld und Sühne (German edition). Any remorse on my part is absolutely out of the question: an artist feels no remorse, even when his work is not understood, not accepted. As to that premium-

I know, I know: it is a bad mistake from the novelist's point of view that in the whole course of my tale there is—as far as I remember—so very little attention devoted to what seems to have been my leading motive; greed of gain. How does it come that I am so reticent and vague about the purpose I pursued in arranging to have a dead double? But here I am assailed by odd doubts: was I really so very, very much bent upon making profit and did it really seem to



"Hello, there. I've been wanting to meet you all evening."

me so desirable, that rather equivocal sum (the worth of a man in terms of money; and a reasonable remuneration for his disappearance), or was it the other way round and remembrance, writing for me, could not (being truthful to the end) act otherwise and attach any special importance to a talk in Orlovius' study (did I describe that study?).

And there is one other thing I would like to say about my posthumous moods: although in my soul of souls I had no qualms about the perfection of my work, believing that in the black and white wood there lay a dead man perfectly resembling me, yet as a novice of genius, still unfamiliar with the flavor of fame, but filled with the pride that escorts selfstringency, I longed, to the point of pain, for that masterpiece of mine (finished and signed on the ninth of March in a gloomy wood) to be appreciated by men, or in other words, for the deception-and every work of art is a deception-to act successfully; as to the royalties, so to speak, paid by the insurance firm, that was in my mind a matter of secondary importance. Oh, yes, I was the pure artist of romance.

Things that pass are treasured later, as the poet sang. One fine day at last Lydia joined me abroad; I called at her hotel. Not so wildly," I said with grave warning, as she was about to fling herself into my arms. "Remember that my name is Felix, and that I am merely an acquaintance of yours." She looked very comely in her widow's weeds, just as my artistic black bow and nicely trimmed beard suited me. She began relating . . . yes, everything had worked as I had expected, without a hitch. It appeared she had wept quite sincerely during the crematory service, when the pastor with a professional catch in his throbbing voice had spoken about me, ". . . and this man, this noblehearted man, who-" I imparted to her my further plans and very soon began to court her.

We are married now, I and my little widow; we live in a quiet picturesque place, in our cottage. We spend long lazy hours in the little myrtle garden with its view of the blue gulf far below, and talk very often of my poor dead brother. I keep recounting to her new episodes from his life. "Fate, kismet," says Lydia with a sigh. "At least now, in Heaven, his soul is consoled by our being happy."

Yes, Lydia is happy with me; she needs nobody else. "How glad I am," she says sometimes, "that we are forever rid of Ardalion. I used to pity him a good deal, and gave him a lot of my time, but, really, I could never stand the man. Wonder where he is at present. Probably drinking himself to death, poor fellow. That's also fate!"

In the mornings I read and write; maybe I shall soon publish one or two little things under my new name; a



"You're next, four-eyes!"

Russian author who lives in the neighborhood highly praises my style and vivid imagination.

Occasionally Lydia receives a line from Orlovius-New Year's greetings, say. He invariably asks her to give his kindest regards to her husband whom he has not the pleasure of knowing, and probably thinks the while: "Ah, this is a widow who is easily comforted. Poor Hermann Karlovich!"

Do you feel the tang of this epilog? I have concocted it according to a classic recipe. Something is told about every character in the book to wind up the tale; and in doing so, the dribble of their existence is made to remain correctly, though summarily, in keeping with what has been previously shown of their respective ways; also, a facetious note is admitted-poking sly fun at life's conservativeness.

Lydia is as forgetful and untidy as ever . . .

And left to the very end of the epilog there is, pour la bonne bouche, some especially hearty bit, quite possibly having to do with an insignificant object which just flicked by in some earlier part of the novel:

You may still see on the wall of their chamber the same pastel portrait, and as usual, whenever he looks at it, Hermann laughs and curses.

Finis. Farewell, Turgy! Farewell,

Dreams, dreams . . . and rather trite ones at that. Who cares, anyway? . . . Let us return to our tale. Let us try to control ourselves better. Let us omit certain details of the journey. I remember that when I arrived at Pignans, almost on the Spanish border, the first thing I did was to try and obtain German newspapers; I did find a few, but there was nothing in them yet.

I took a room in a second-rate hotel, a huge room, with a stone floor and walls like cardboard, on which there seemed to be painted the sienna-brown door leading into the next room, and a looking glass with only one reflection. It was horribly cold; yet the open hearth of the preposterous fireplace was no more adapted to give heat than a stage contrivance would be, and when the chips brought by the maid had burned out. the room seemed colder still. The night I spent there was full of the most extravagant and exhausting visions; and as morning came, and feeling sticky and prickly all over, I emerged into the narrow street, inhaled the sickening rich odors and was crushed among the southern crowd jostling in the market place, it became quite clear to me that I simply could not remain in that town any

With shivers continuously running down my spine and a head fairly bursting, I made my way to the syndicat d'initiative, where a talkative individual suggested a score of resorts in the vicinity: I wanted a cosy secluded one, and when toward evening a leisurely bus dropped me at the address I had chosen, it struck me that here was exactly what I desired.

Apart, alone, surrounded by cork 181

oaks, stood a decent-looking hotel, the greater part still shuttered (the season beginning only in summer). A strong wind from Spain worried the chick fluff of the mimosas. In a pavilion, reminding one of a chapel, a spring of curative water gushed, and cobwebs hung in the corners of its ruby dark windows.

Few people were staying there. There was the doctor, the soul of the hotel and the sovereign of the table d'hôte: he sat at the head of the table and did the talking; there was the parrot-beaked old fellow in the alpaca coat, who used to produce an assortment of snorts and grunts, when, with a light patter of feet, the nimble maid served the trout which he had angled in the neighboring stream; there was a vulgar young couple come to this hole all the way from Madagascar; there was the little old lady in the muslin gorgerette, a schoolmistress; there was a jeweler with a large family; there was a finicking young person, who was styled at first vicomtesse, then comtesse and finally (which brings us to the time I am writing this) marquise-all due to the doctor's exertions (who does all he can to enhance the establishment's reputation). Let us not forget, too, the mournful commercial traveler from Paris, representative of a patented species of ham; nor the coarse fat abbé who kept jawing about the beauty of some cloister in the vicinity; and, to express it better,

he would pluck a kiss from his meaty lips pursed into the semblance of a heartlet. That was all the collection, I believe. The beetle-browed manager stood near the door with his hands clasped behind his back and followed with a surly eye the ceremonial dinner. Outside a riotous wind raged.

These novel impressions had a beneficial effect upon me. The food was good. I had a sunny room, and it was interesting to watch, from the window, the wind roughly upturning the several petticoats of the olive trees which it tumbled. In the distance against a mercilessly blue sky, there stood out the mauve-shaded sugar cone of a mountain resembling Fujiyama. I was not much out of doors: it frightened me, that thunder in my head, that incessant crashing, blinding March wind, that murderous mountain draft. Still, on the second day, I went to town for newspapers, and once again there was nothing in them, and because the suspense exasperated me beyond measure, I determined not to trouble about them for a few days.

The impression I made upon the table d'hôte was, I am afraid, one of gruff unsociability, although I tried hard to answer all questions addressed to me; but in vain did the doctor press me to go to the *salon* after dinner, a stuffy little room with a cottage piano out of tune, plush armchairs and a round table

littered with touring advertisements. The doctor had a goat's beard, watery blue eyes and a round little belly. He fed in a businesslike and very disgusting manner. His method of dealing with poached eggs was to give the yolk an underhand twist with a crust of bread which landed it whole, to the accompaniment of a juicy intake of saliva, into his wet, pink mouth. He used to gather, with gravysoaked fingers, the bones left after the meat course on people's plates, and wrap up his spoil anyhow, and thrust it into the pocket of his ample coat; by doing so he evidently aimed at being taken for an eccentric character: "C'est pour les pauvres chiens-for the poor dogs," he would say (and says so still), "animals are often better than human beings"-an affirmation that provoked (and goes on doing so) passionate disputes, the abbé waxing especially hot. Upon learning that I was a German and a musician the doctor seemed quite fascinated; and from the glances directed at me, I concluded that it was not so much my face (on its way from unshavenness to beardedness) which attracted attention, as my nationality and profession, in both of which the doctor perceived something distinctly favorable to the prestige of the house. He would buttonhole me on the stairs or in one of the long white passages, and start upon some endless gossiping, now discussing the social faults of the ham deputy, then deploring the abbé's intolerance. It was all getting a little upon my nerves, although diverting after a fashion.

As soon as night fell and the shadows of branches, which a solitary lamp in the courtyard caught and lost, came sweeping across my room, a sterile and hideous confusion filled my vast vacant soul. Oh, no, I have never feared dead bodies, just as broken, shattered playthings do not frighten me. What I feared, all alone in a treacherous world of reflections, was to break down instead of holding on till a certain extraordinary, madly happy, all-solving moment which it was imperative I should attain; the moment of an artist's triumph; of pride, deliverance, bliss: was my picture a sensational success or was it a dismal flop?

On the sixth day of my stay the wind became so violent that the hotel could be likened to a ship at sea in a tempest: windowpanes boomed, walls creaked; and the heavy evergreen foliage fell back with a receding rustle and then lurching forward, stormed the house. I attempted to go out into the garden, but at once was doubled up, retained my hat by a miracle and went up to my room. Once there, standing deep in thought at the window amid all that turmoil and tintinnabulation I failed to hear the gong, so that when I came down to lunch and took my seat at the table, the third course was in progress-giblets, mossy to the palate, with tomato sauce-the



"It behooves me, fair maiden, to ask one question, before I do battle."

doctor's favorite dish. At first I did not heed the general conversation, skillfully guided by the doctor, but all of a sudden noticed that everyone was gazing at me.

"Et vous—and you," the doctor was saying to me, "what do you think upon this subject?"

"What subject?" I asked.

"We were speaking," said the doctor, "of that murder, chez vous, in Germany. What a monster a man must be"—he went on, anticipating an interesting discussion—"to insure his life and then take another's—"

I do not know what came over me, but suddenly I lifted my hand and said: "Look here, stop." and, bringing it down, with my clenched fist I gave the table a bang that made the napkin ring jump into the air, and I cried, in a voice which I did not recognize as mine: "Stop, stop! How dare you, what right have you got? Of all the insulting—
No, I won't stand it! How dare you—
Of my land, of my people . . . be silent! Be silent," I cried ever louder: "You! . . . To dare tell me to my face that in Germany—— Be silent!"

As it was, they had all been silent for a long time already—since that moment when, from the bang of my fist, the ring had started rolling. It rolled to the very end of the table; and was cautiously tapped down by the jeweler's youngest son. A silence of exceptionally fine quality. Even the wind, I believe, had ceased booming. The doctor, holding his knife and fork, froze: a fly froze on his forehead. I felt a spasm in my throat; I threw down my napkin and left the dining room, with every face automatically turning to watch me pass.

Without pausing in my stride I grabbed the newspaper that lay outspread on a table in the hall and, once in my room, sank down upon my bed. I was trembling all over, strangled by rising sobs, convulsed with fury; my knuckles were filthily splashed with tomato sauce. As I pored over the paper I still had time to tell myself that it was all nonsense, a mere coincidence—one could hardly expect Frenchmen to hear of the matter, but in a flash my name, my former name, came dancing before my eyes . . .

I do not recall exactly what I learned from that particular paper: since then I have perused heaps of them, and they have got rather mixed up in my mind; they are now lying somewhere about, but I have not the leisure to sort them. What I well remember, however, was that I immediately grasped two facts: first, that the murderer's identity was known, and second, that that of the victim was not. The communication did not proceed from a special correspondent, but was merely a brief summary of what, presumably, the German papers contained, and there was something careless and insolent about the fashion in which it was served up, between

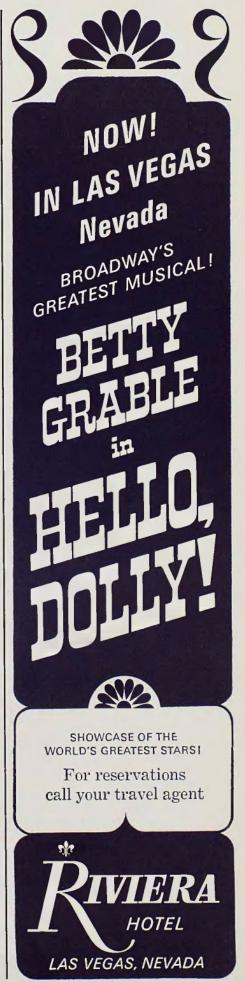
reports of a political fray and a case of psittacosis. And I was unspeakably shocked by the tone of the thing: it was in fact so improper, so impossible in regard to me, that for a moment I even thought it might refer to a person bearing the same name as I; for such a tone is used when writing of some half-wit hacking to bits a whole family. I understand now. It was, I guess, a ruse on the part of the international police; a silly attempt to frighten and rattle me; but not realizing this. I was, at first, in a frenzy of passion, and spots swam before my eyes which kept blundering into this or that line of the column-when suddenly there came a loud knock at the door. I shoved the paper under my bed and said: "Come in."

It was the doctor. He was finishing chewing something.

"Ecoutez," he said having hardly crossed the threshold—"there has been a mistake. You have wrongly interpreted my meaning. I'd very much like——"

"Out!"-I roared-"out you go!"

His face changed and he went without closing the door. I jumped and slammed it with an incredible crash. Then, from under the bed, I pulled out the paper; but now I could not find in it what I had just been reading. I examined it from beginning to end: nothing! Could I have dreamt reading it? I started looking through the pages afresh; it was like a nightmare when a thing gets lost, and not only can it not be discovered but there are none of those natural laws which would lend the search a certain logic, instead of which everything is absurdly shapeless and arbitrary. No. there was nothing about me in the paper. Nothing at all. I must probably have been in an awful state of blind excitement, because a few seconds later I noticed that the paper was an old German rag and not the Paris one which I had been reading. Diving under the bed again I retrieved it and reread the trivially worded, and even libelous, communication. Now it dawned upon me what had shocked me most-shocked me as an insult: not a word was there about our resemblance; not only was it not criticized (for instance, they might have said, at least: "Yes, an admirable resemblance, yet such and such markings show it to be not his body") but it was not mentioned at all-which left one with the impression that it was some wretch whose appearance was quite different from mine. Now, one single night could not very well have decomposed him; on the contrary, his countenance ought to have acquired a marble quality, making our likeness still more sharply chiseled; but even if the body had been found quite a few days later, thus giving playful Death time to tamper with it, all the same the stages of its decomposition would have tallied with mine-damned hasty way of putting it, I am afraid, but I am in no





"Maybe that will knock some sense into you!"

mood for niceties. This affected ignorance of what, to me, was most precious and all-important, struck me as an extremely cowardly trick, implying as it did that, from the very first, everybody knew perfectly well that it was not I, that it simply could not have entered anybody's head to mistake the corpse for mine. And the slipshod way in which the story was told seemed, in itself, to stress a solecism which I could certainly never, never have committed; and still there they were, mouths hidden, and snouts turned away, silent, but all aquiver, the ruffians, bubbling over with joy, yes, with an evil vindictive joy; yes, vindictive, jeering, unbearable-

Again there came a knock; I sprang to my feet, gasping. The doctor and the manager appeared. "Voilà," said the doctor in a deeply hurt voice addressing the manager and pointing at me. "There—that gentleman not only took offense at something I never said, but has now insulted me, refusing to hear me out and being extremely rude. Will you please talk to him. I am not used to such manners."

"Il faut s'expliquer—you must thrash it out," said the manager glowering at me darkly. "I'm sure that monsieur himself——"

"Be gone!" I yelled, stamping my foot.
"The things you are doing to me—— It's beyond—— You dare not humiliate me and take revenge—— I demand, do you hear, I demand——" The doctor and the manager, both with raised palms and in clockwork style prancing on stiff legs, started gibbering at me, strutting ever closer; I could not stand it any longer,

my fit of passion passed, but in its stead I felt the pressure of tears, and suddenly (leaving victory to whoever sought it) I fell upon my bed and sobbed violently.

"Nerves, just nerves," said the doctor, softening as if by magic.

The manager smiled and left the room, closing the door with great gentleness. The doctor poured out a glass of water for me, offered to bring a soothing drug, stroked my shoulder; and I sobbed on and was perfectly conscious of my condition, even saw with cold mocking lucidity its shame, and at the same time I felt all the Dusty-and-Dusky charm of hysterics and also something dimly advantageous to me, so I continued to shake and heave, as I wiped my cheeks with the large dirty meat-smelling hand-kerchief which the doctor gave me, while he patted me and muttered soothingly:

"Only a misunderstanding! Moi, qui dis toujours . . . I, with my usual saying that we've had our fill of wars . . . You've got your defects, and we've got ours. Politics should be forgotten. You've simply not understood what we were talking about. I was simply inquiring what you thought of that murder . . ."

"What murder?" I asked through my sobs.

"Oh, une sale affaire—a beastly business: changed clothes with a man and killed him. But appease yourself, my friend, it is not only in Germany that murderers exist, we have our Landrus, thank heaven, so that you are not alone. Calmez-vous, it is all nerves, the local water acts beautifully upon the nerves—or more exactly, upon the stomach, ce qui revient au même, d'ailleurs."

He went on with his patter for a little while and then rose. I returned the handkerchief with thanks.

"Know what?" he said when already standing in the doorway. "The little countess is quite infatuated with you. So you ought to play us something on the piano tonight" (he ran his fingers in the semblance of a trill) "and believe me you'll have her in your beddy."

He was practically in the passage, but all at once changed his mind and came back.

'In the days of my youth and folly," he said, "when we students were once making merry, the most blasphemous fellow among us got especially tight, so as soon as he reached the helpless stage, we dressed him up in a cassock, shaved a round patch on his pate and late at night knocked at the door of a cloister, whereupon a nun appeared and one of us said to her: 'Ah, ma soeur, voyez dans quel triste état s'est mis ce pauvre abbésee this poor priest's sorry condition! Take him, let him sleep it out in one of your cells.' And fancy, the nuns took him. What a laugh we had!" The doctor lowered his haunches slightly and slapped them. The thought suddenly occurred to me that, who knows, maybe he was saying all this (disguised him . . wanted him to pass for someone else) with a certain secret design, that maybe he was sent to spy . . . and again fury possessed me, but glancing at his foolishly beaming wrinkles, I controlled myself, pretended to laugh; he waved his hands very contentedly and at last, at last, left me in peace.

In spite of a grotesque resemblance to Rascalnikov—— No, that's wrong. Canceled. What came next? Yes, I decided that the very first thing to do was to obtain as many newspapers as possible. I ran downstairs. On one of the landings I happened upon the fat abbé, who looked at me with commiseration: from his oily smile I deduced that the doctor had already managed to tell the world of our reconciliation.

Coming out into the court I was at once half stunned by the wind; I did not give in, though, but clapped myself eagerly against the gate, and then the bus appeared, I signaled to it, I climbed in and we rolled downhill with the white dust madly whirling. In town I got several German dailies and took the occasion to call at the post office. There was no letter for me, but, on the other hand, I found the papers full of news, much too full, alas . . . Today after a week of allabsorbing literary labor, I am cured and feel only contempt, but at the time the cold sneering tone of the Press almost drove me crazy.

Here is the general picture I finally put together: on Sunday noon, the tenth of March, in a wood, a hairdresser from Koenigsdorf found a dead body. How he came to be in that wood, which, even in

summer, remained unfrequented, and why it was only in the evening that he made his find known, are puzzles still unsolved. Next follows that screamingly funny story which I have, I think, mentioned already: the car purposely left by me on the border of the wood was gone. Its imprints, a succession of Ts, established the make of the tires, while certain Koenigsdorf inhabitants possessing phenomenal memories recollected having seen a blue Icarus pass, small model, wire wheels, to which the bright and pleasant fellows at the garage in my street added information concerning horsepower and cylinders, and gave not only the car's police number, but also the factory one of engine and chassis.

The general assumption is that at this very instant I am spinning about in that Icarus somewhere—which is deliciously ludicrous. Now, it is obvious to me, that somebody saw my car from the highway and, without further ado, appropriated it, overlooking in his hurry, the corpse lying close by.

Inversely, that hairdresser who did notice the corpse asserts that there was no car around whatsoever. He is a suspicious character, that man! It would seem to be the most natural thing in the world for the police to pounce upon him; people have had their heads chopped off for less, but you may be sure that nothing of the sort has happened, they do not dream of seeing in him the possible murderer; no, the guilt has been laid upon me, straightaway, unreservedly, with cold and callous promptitude, as though they were joyfully eager to convict me, as though it were vengeance, as though I had long been offending them and they had long been thirsting to punish me. Not only taking for granted, with strange prejudication, that the dead man could not be I; not only failing to observe our resemblance, but, as it were, a priori, excluding its possibility (for people do not see what they are loath to see), the police gave a brilliant example of logic when they expressed their surprise at my having hoped to deceive the world simply by dressing up in my clothes an individual who was not in the least like me. The imbecility and blatant unfairness of such reasoning are highly comic. The next logical step was to make me mentally deficient; they even went so far as to suppose I was not quite sane and certain persons knowing me confirmed this-that ass Orlovius among others (wonder who the others were), his story being that I used to write letters to myself (rather unexpected).

What baffled the police absolutely was the question how did my victim (the word "victim" was particularly relished by the Press) come to be in my clothes, or better, say, how had I managed to force a live man to put on not only my suit, but down to my socks and shoes, which being too small for him ought to Dear Reader.

I have a serious business decision to make and I need your help.

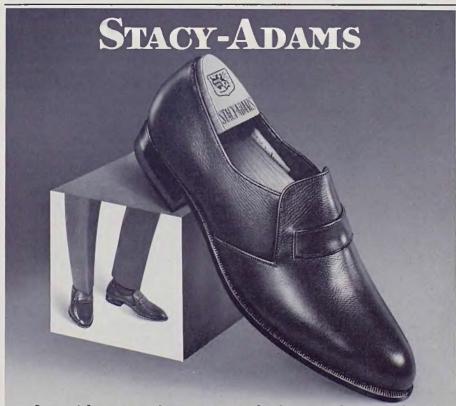
My company, Lancer of California, manufactures a line of fine dress and sports shirts. We have been in business for 20 years and have enjoyed a remarkable success which we attribute to our insistence on the finest styling and the best workmanship. To date we have sold over ten million shirts mainly by "word of mouth" advertising.

We would like to double the size of our dress shirt factory. An advertising expert says we could sell a great deal more dress shirts if we advertised in Playboy.

What do you think? Are Playboy readers interested in finding out why Lancer makes better dress shirts? Or should we continue to let the merchandise speak for itself and trust in "word of mouth" advertising.

If you have a moment to spare to express your opinion, I would appreciate it very much. Please write to me personally. I will answer each letter.

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have hurt—(well, as to shoeing him, I could have done that *post factum*, wise guys!).

In getting into their heads that it was not my corpse, they behaved just as a literary critic does, who at the mere sight of a book by an author whom he does not favor, makes up his mind that the book is worthless and thence proceeds to build whatever he wants to build, on the basis of that first gratuitous assumption. Thus, faced by the miracle of Felix' resemblance to me, they hurled themselves upon such small and quite immaterial blemishes as would, given a deeper and finer attitude toward my masterpiece, pass unnoticed, the way a beautiful book is not in the least impaired by a misprint or a slip of the pen. They mentioned the roughness of the hands, they even sought out some horny growth of the gravest significance, noting, nevertheless, the neatness of the nails on all four extremities; and somebody-to the best of my belief, that hairdresser who found the body-drew the sleuths' attention to the fact that on the strength of certain details visible to a professional (lovely, that) it was clear that the nails had been pared by an expert-which ought to have inculpated him and not

Try as I may, I cannot find out what was Lydia's demeanor at the inquest. As none doubted that the murdered man was not I, she has certainly been, or still is, suspected of complicity: her own fault to be sure—ought to have understood that the insurance money had faded into thin air, so no use butting in with widow's wailings. She will break down in the long run, and never questioning my innocence but striving to save my head, will give away my brother's tragic story; to no avail, however, for it may be established without much difficulty that I never had any brother; and as to the suicide theory, well, there is hardly any chance of the official imagination swallowing that trigger-and-string stunt.

Of the greatest importance to my present security is the fact that the murdered man's identity is unknown and cannot be known. Meanwhile I have been living under his name, traces of which I have already left here and there, so that I might be run to earth in no time were it discovered whom I have, to use the accepted term, plugged. But there is no way of discovering it, which suits me admirably, as I am too tired to plan and act all over again. And, indeed, how could I divest myself of a name, which, with such art, I have made my own? For I look like my name, gentlemen, and it fits me as exactly as it used to fit him. You must be fools not to understand.

Now as to that car, it ought to be found sooner or later—not that it will help them much; for I wanted it to be found. What fun! They think I am meekly sitting at the wheel, whereas,

actually, they will find a very ordinary and very scared thief.

I make no mention here of the monstrous epithets which those irresponsible scribblers, those purveyors of thrills, those villainous quacks who set up their stalls where blood has been spilt, consider it necessary to award me; neither shall I dwell upon the solemn arguments of a psychoanalytic kind in which writers-up rejoice. All that drivel and dirt incensed me at the outset, especially the fact of my being associated with this or that oaf with vampirish tastes, who, in his day, had helped to raise the number of sold copies. There was, for instance, that fellow who burned his car with his victim's body inside, after having wisely sawed off part of the feet, as the corpse had turned out to exceed in length his, the car owner's, measure. But to hell with them! They and I have nothing in common. Another point that maddened me was that the papers printed my passport photo (on which I indeed looked like a criminal and not like myself at all, so maliciously did they touch it up) instead of some other one, that one, say, where I dip into a book-an expensive affair in tender milk-chocolate shades; and the same photographer took me in another pose, finger at the temple, grave eyes looking up at you from under bent brows: that is the way German novelists like to be taken. Really, they had many to choose from. There are some good snapshots too-that one, for example, which depicts me in bathing shorts on Ardalion's plot of land.

Oh, by the way—almost forgot, the police during their careful investigations, examining every bush and even digging into the soil, discovered nothing; nothing, except one remarkable object, namely: a bottle—the bottle—of homemade vodka. It had been lying there since June: I have, as far as I recollect, described Lydia's hiding it. . . Pity I didn't bury a balalaika somewhere too, so as to give them the pleasure of imagining a Slavic murder to the clinking of goblets and singing of "Pazhaláy zhemen-áh, dara-gúy-ah . . ."—"Do take pity of me, dear . . ."

But enough, enough. All that disgusting mess is due to the inertia, pigheadedness, prejudice of humans, failing to recognize me in the corpse of my flawless double. I accept, with a feeling of bitterness and contempt, the bare fact of unrecognition (whose mastery was not darkened by it?) but I keep on firmly believing in my double's perfection. I have nothing to blame myself for. Mistakespseudo mistakes-have been imposed upon me retrospectively by my critics when they jumped to the groundless conclusion that my very idea was radically wrong, thereupon picking out those trifling discrepancies, which I myself am aware of and which have no importance whatever in the sum of an artist's success. I maintain that in the planning and execution of the whole thing the limit of skill was attained; that its perfect finish was, in a sense, inevitable; that all came together, regardless of my will, by means of creative intuition. And so, in order to obtain recognition, to justify and save the offspring of my brain, to explain to the world all the depth of my masterpiece, did I devise the writing of the present tale.

For, after crumpling and flinging aside one last newspaper, having sucked it dry, learned everything; with a burning, itching sensation creeping over me, and an intense desire to adopt at once certain measures I alone could appreciate; it was then, in that state, that I sat down at my table and began to write. If I were not absolutely certain of my literary forces, of the remarkable knack-at first it was tough, uphill business. I panted and stopped and then went on again. My toil, mightily wearing me out, gave me a queer delight. Yes, a drastic remedy, an inhuman, medieval purge; but it proved efficient.

Since the day I began a full week has gone by; and now my work is nearing its end. I am calm. Everyone at the hotel is beautifully nice to me; the treacle of affability. At present I take my meals separately, at a little table near the window. The doctor approves of my separation, and heedless of my being within earshot he explains to people that a nervous subject requires peace and that as a rule musicians are nervous subjects. During meals he frequently addresses me across the room from the top of the table d'hôte recommending some dish or else jokingly asking me whether I could not be tempted to join in the general repast just only for today, and then they all glance over at me in a most goodnatured fashion.

But how tired I am, how deadly tired. There have been days, the day before yesterday for instance-when, except for two short interruptions, I wrote 19 hours at a stretch; and do you suppose I slept after that? No, I could not sleep, and my whole body strained and snapped as if I were being broken on the wheel. Now, however, when I am finishing and have almost nothing more to add to my tale, it is quite a wrench to part with all this used-up paper; but part with it I must; and after reading my work over again, correcting it, sealing it up and bravely posting it, I shall have, I suppose, to move on farther, to Africa, to Asia-does not much matter whither-though I am so reluctant to move, so desirous of quietude. Indeed, let the reader only imagine the position of a man living under a certain name, not because he cannot obtain another passp-

I have moved to a slightly higher altitude: disaster made me shift my quarters. I thought there would be ten chapters in all—my mistake! It is odd to remember how firmly, how composedly, in spite of everything, I was bringing the tenth one to a close; which I did not quite manage—and happened to break my last paragraph on a rhyme to "gasp." The maid bustled in to make up my room, so having nothing better to do, I went down into the garden; and there a heavenly, soft stillness enfolded me. At first I did not even realize what was the matter, but I shook myself and suddenly understood, the hurricane wind which had been raging lately was stilled.

The air was divine, there drifted about the silky floss of sallows; even the greenery of indeciduous leafage tried to look renovated: and the half-bared, athletic torsos of the cork oaks glistened a rich red.

I strolled along the main road; on my right, the swarthy vineyards slanted, their still naked shoots standing in uniform pattern and looking like crouching, crooked cemetery crosses. Presently I sat down on the grass, and as I looked across the vineyards at the golden gorse-clad top of a hill, which was up to its shoulders in thick oak foliage, and at the deep-deep blue-blue sky, I reflected with a kind of melting tenderness (for perhaps the essential, though hidden, feature of my soul is tenderness) that a new simple life had started, leaving the burden of laborious fantasies behind. Then, afar, from the direction of my hotel, the motorbus appeared and I

decided to amuse myself for the very last time with reading Berlin papers. Once in the bus, I feigned to sleep (and pushed that performance to smiling in my dream), because I noticed, among the passengers, the commercial traveler in ham; but soon I fell asleep authentically.

Having obtained what I wanted in town, I opened the newspaper only when I got back, and with a good-humored chuckle settled down to its perusal. All at once I laughed outright: the car had been discovered.

Its vanishing received the following explanation: three boon companions walking, on the morning of the tenth of March, along the highway-an unemployed mechanic, the hairdresser we already know, and the hairdresser's brother, a youth with no fixed occupationespied on the distant fringe of the forest the gleam of a car's radiator and incontinently made toward it. The hairdresser, a staid, law-abiding man, then said that one ought to wait for the owner and, if he did not turn up, drive the car to the police station at Koenigsdorf, but his brother and the mechanic, both liking a bit of fun, had another suggestion to make. The hairdresser retorted, however, that he would not allow anything of the sort; and he went deeper into the wood, looking about him as he did so. Soon he came upon the corpse. He hurried back, halloing for his comrades, and was horrified at not finding either them or the car. For some time he loitered



"It's a real adult script, J. B.—boy meets girl, boy leaves girl, boy meets boy."

about, thinking they might return. They did not. Toward evening he at last made up his mind to inform the police of his "gruesome discovery," but, being a loving brother, he said nothing about the car.

What transpired now was that those two scamps had soon damaged my Icarus, which they eventually hid, intending to lie low themselves, but then thought better of it and surrendered. "In the car"-the report added-"an object was found, settling the murdered man's identity."

First, by a slip of the eye, I read "the murderer's identity" and this increased my hilarity, for was it not known from the very beginning that the car belonged to me? But a second reading set me

That phrase irritated me. There was some silly huggermugger about it. Of course, I at once told myself that either it was some new catch, or else they had found something of no more importance than that ridiculous vodka. Still, it worried me-and for a while I was conscientious enough to check in my mind all the articles that had taken part in the affair (I even remembered the rag he used for a handkerchief and his revolting comb) and as I had acted at the time with sharp and sure accuracy, I now had no difficulty in working back and was satisfied to find everything in order. Q.E.D.

In vain: I had no peace. . . . It was high time to get that last chapter finished, but instead of writing I went out of doors again, roaming till late, and when I returned, I was so utterly fagged out, that sleep overcame me at once, despite the confused discomfort of my mind. I dreamt that after a tedious search (off stage-not shown in my dream) I at last found Lydia, who was hiding from me and who now coolly declared that all was well, she had got the inheritance all right and was going to marry another man, "because, you see," she said, "you are dead." I woke up in a terrific rage, my heart pounding madly: fooled; helpless!-for how could a dead man sue the living-yes, helpless-and she knew it! Then I came to my wits again and laughed-what humbugs dreams are liable to be. But of a sudden I felt that there was something extremely disagreeable which no amount of laughing could do away with, and that it was not my dream that mattered-what really mattered was the mysteriousness of yesterday's news; the object found in the car . . . if indeed, I reflected, it is neither a wily snare nor a mare's nest; if, indeed, it has proved possible to find a name for the murdered party, and if that name is the right one. No, there were too many ifs; I recalled the carefulness of yesterday's test when I followed up the curves, graceful and regular as 188 the paths of planets, which the diverse

objects used had taken-on, I could have dotted out their orbits! But nevertheless my mind remained ill at ease.

In quest of some way of freeing myself of those intolerable forebodings I gathered the sheets of my manuscript, weighed the lot on my palm, even muttered a facetious "Well, well!" and decided that before penning the two or three final sentences I would read it over from beginning to end.

It struck me that a great treat was now in store for me. Standing in my nightshirt near the writing table, it was lovingly that I shook down between my hands the rustling profusion of bescribbled pages. That done, I got into my bed once more; properly arranged the pillow under my shoulder blades; then noticed that I had left the manuscript lying on the table, although I could have sworn to its having been in my hands all along. Calmly, without cursing, I got up and brought it back with me into bed, propped up the pillow anew, glanced at the door, asked myself if it was locked or not (as I disliked the prospect of interrupting my reading in order to let in the maid when she would bring my breakfast at nine); got up again-and again quite calmly; satisfied myself that the door was not locked, so that I might have not bothered, cleared my throat, got back into my tumbled bed, settled down comfortably, was about to begin reading, but now my cigarette had gone out. In contrast with German brands, French cigarettes claim one's constant attention. Where had the matches gone? Had them a moment ago! For the third time I got up, now with my hands trembling slightly; discovered the matches behind the inkpotbut upon returning into my bed squashed under my hip another boxful hiding in the bedclothes, which meant that I again might have spared myself the trouble of getting up. I lost my temper; collected the scattered sheets of my manuscript from the floor, and the delicious foretaste with which I had just been penetrated, now changed to something like pain-to a horrible apprehension, as if an evil imp was promising to disclose to me more and more blunders and nothing but blunders. Having, however, lit up my cigarette again and punched into submissiveness that shrewish pillow, I was able to set about my reading. What amazed me was the absence of title on the first leaf: for assuredly I had at one time invented a title, something beginning with "Memoirs of a-" of a what? I could not remember; and, anyway, "Memoirs" seemed dreadfully dull and commonplace. What should I call my book, then? The Double? But Russian literature possessed one already. Crime and Pun? Not bad-a little crude, though. The Mirror? Portrait of the Artist in a Mirror? Too jejune, too à la mode . . . what about The Likeness?

The Unrecognized Likeness? Justification of a Likeness? No-dryish, with a touch of the philosophical. Something on the lines of Only the Blind Do Not Kill? Too long. Maybe: An Answer to Critics? or The Poet and the Rabble? Must think it over . . . but first let us read the book, said I aloud, the title will come afterward.

I began to read—and promptly found myself wondering whether I was reading written lines or seeing visions. Even more: my transfigured memory inhaled, as it were, a double dose of oxygen; my room was still lighter, because the panes had been washed; my past still more graphic, because twice irradiated by art. Once again I was climbing the hill near Prague-hearing the lark in the sky, seeing the round red dome of the gasworks; again in the grip of a tremendous emotion I stood over the sleeping tramp, and again he stretched his limbs and yawned, and again, dangling head down from his buttonhole, a limp little violet hung. I went on reading, and one by one they appeared: my rosy wife, Ardalion, Orlovius; and they all were alive, but in a certain sense I held their lives in my hands. Once again I looked at the yellow signpost, and walked through the wood with my mind already plotting: again on an autumn day my wife and I stood watching a leaf which fell to meet its reflection; and there was I myself, softly falling into a Saxon town full of strange repetitions, and there was my double softly rising to meet me. And again I wove my spell about him, and had him in my toils but he slipped away, and I feigned to give up my scheme, and with an unexpected potency the story blazed forth anew, demanding of its creator a continuation and an ending. And once again on a March afternoon I was dreamily driving along the highway, and there, in the ditch, near the post, he was waiting for me.

"Get in, quick, we must drive off."

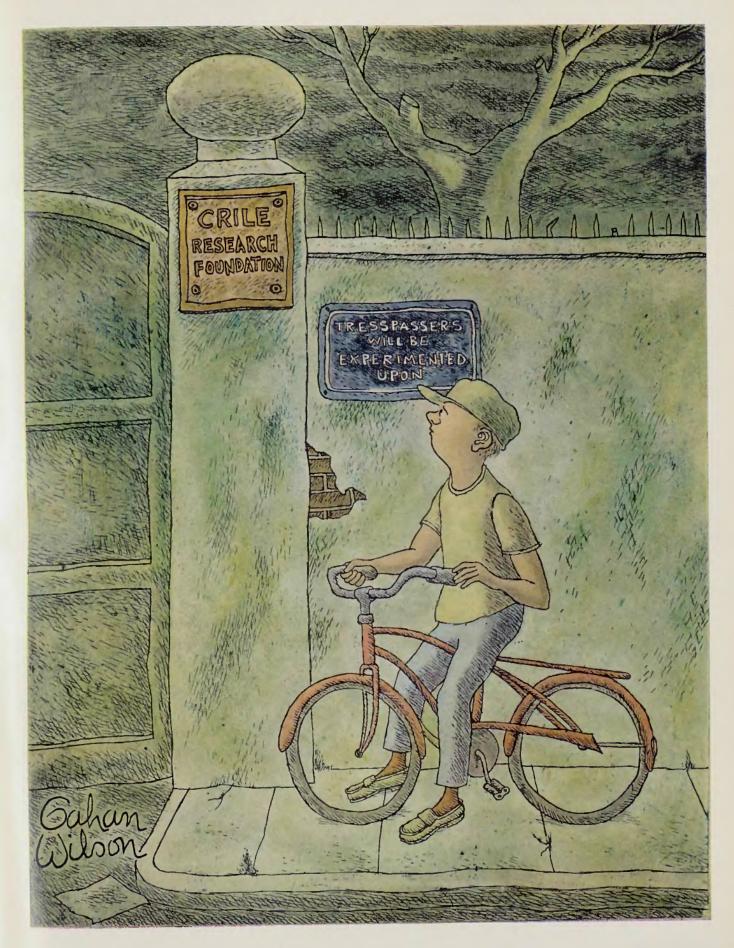
"Where to?" he queried.

"Into that wood."

"There?" he asked and pointed-With his stick, reader, with his stick.

S-T-I-C-K, gentle reader. A roughly hewn stick branded with the owner's name: Felix Wohlfahrt from Zwickau. With his stickau he pointed, gentle or lowly reader, with his stick! You know what a stick is, don't you? Well, that's what he pointed with-a stick-and got into the car, and left the stick there, upon getting out again, naturally-for the car temporarily belonged to him. I in fact noted that "quiet satisfaction." An artist's memory-what a curious thing! Beats all other kinds, I imagine. "There?"-he asked and pointed with his stick. Never in my life was I so astonished.

I sat in my bed and stared, popeyed, at the page, at the line written by mesorry, not by me-but by that singular associate of mine: memory; and well did



I see how irreparable it was. Not the fact of their finding his stick and so discovering our common name, which would now unavoidably lead to my captureoh, no, not that galled me-but the thought that the whole of my masterpiece, which I had devised and worked out with such minute care, was now destroyed, intrinsically, was turned into a little heap of mold, by reason of the mistake I had committed. Listen, listen! Even if his corpse had passed for mine, all the same they would have found that stick and then caught me, thinking they were pinching him-there is the greatest disgrace! For my whole construction had been based upon just the impossibility of a blunder, and now it appeared that a blunder there had been-and of the very grossest, drollest, tritest nature. Listen, listen! I bent over the shattered remains of my marvelous thing, and an accursed voice shrieked into my ear that the rabble which refused me recognition was perchance right. . . . Yes, I fell to doubting everything, doubting essentials, and I understood that what little life still lay before me would be solely devoted to a futile struggle against that doubt; and I smiled the smile of the condemned and in a blunt pencil that screamed with pain wrote swiftly and boldly on the first page of my work: Despair; no need to look for a better title.

The maid brought my coffee; I drank it, leaving the toast untouched. Then I hurriedly dressed, packed and carried my bag down myself. The doctor luckily did not see me. The manager showed surprise at my sudden departure and made me pay an exorbitant bill; but that did not matter to me anymore: I was going away merely because it was de rigueur in such cases. I was following a certain tradition. Incidentally, I had grounds to presume that the French police were already on my scent.

On the way to town, I saw from my bus two policemen in a fast car which was white as a miller's back: they dashed by in the opposite direction and were gone in a burst of dust; but whether they were coming with the definite purpose of arresting me, that I could not say -and moreover, they may not have been policemen at all-no, I could not saythey passed much too rapidly. Upon arriving at Pignans I called at the post office, and now I am sorry I called, as I could have done perfectly without the letter I got there. On the same day I chose, at random, a landscape in a flamboyant booklet and late in the evening arrived here, at this mountain village. As to that letter . . . On second thought I had better copy it out, it is a fine sample of human malice.

"See here, I am writing to you, my good sir, for three reasons: (1) she asked me to do so; (2) my firm intention to tell you exactly what I think of you; (3) a sincere desire on my part to suggest your

giving yourself up into the hands of the law, so as to clear up the bloody mess and disgusting mystery, from which she, innocent and terrified, suffers, of course, most. Let me warn you: it is with considerable doubt that I regard all the dark Dostoievskyan stuff you had taken the trouble to tell her. Putting it mildly, it is all a damned lie, I dare say. A damned cowardly lie, too, seeing the way you played on her feelings.

"She has asked me to write, because she thought you might still not know anything; she has quite lost her head and keeps saying you will get cross if one writes to you. I should very much like to see you getting cross now: it ought to be wildly funny.

". . . So that is how matters stand! It is not enough, however, to kill a man and clothe him adequately. A single additional detail is wanted and that is: resemblance between the two: but in the whole world there are not and cannot be two men alike, however well you disguise them. True, any discussion of such subtleties was never even reached, since the very first thing the police told her was that a dead man with her husband's papers on him had been found, but that it was not her husband. And now comes the terrible part: being trained by a dirty cad, the poor little thing kept insisting, even before viewing the corpse (even before-does that come home to you?), insisting against all likelihood that it was her husband's body and none other's. I fail to grasp how on earth you managed to inspire a woman, who was and is practically a stranger to you, with such sacred awe. To achieve that, one ought to be, indeed, something out of the common in the way of monsters. God knows what an ordeal awaits her yet! It must not be. Your plain duty is to free her from that shade of complicity. Why, the case itself is clear to everybody! Those little tricks, my good man, with life policies, have been known for ages. I should even say that yours is the flattest and most hackneyed one of the lot.

Next point: what I think of you. The first news reached me in a town where owing to meeting some fellow artists I happened to be stranded. You see, I never got as far as Italy-and I thank my stars I never did. Well, when I read that news, do you know what I felt? No surprise whatever! I have always known you to be a blackguard and a bully, and believe me, I did not keep back at the inquest all I had seen myself. So I described at length the treatment you gave her-your sneers and gibes and haughty contempt and nagging cruelty, and that chill of your presence which we all found so oppressive. You are wonderfully like a great grisly wild boar with putrid tusks-pity you did not put a roasted one into that suit of yours. And there



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is something else I want to get off my chest: whatever I may be-a weak-willed drunkard, or a chap ever ready to sell his honor for the sake of his art-let me tell you that I am ashamed of having accepted the morsels you flung me, and gladly would I publish my shame abroad, cry it out in the streets-if that might help to deliver me of its burden.

"See here, wild boar! This is a state of things that cannot endure. I want you to perish not because you are a killer, but because you are the meanest of mean scoundrels, using for your mean ends the innocence of a credulous young woman, whom, as it is, ten years of dwelling in your private hell have dazed and torn to pieces. If, nevertheless, there is still a chink in your blackness: give yourself up!"

I should leave this letter without any comments. The fair-minded reader of my previous chapters could not have failed to note the genial tone, the kindliness of my attitude toward Ardalion; and that is how the man repaid me. But let it go, let it go . . . Better to think he wrote that disgusting letter in his cupsotherwise it is really too much out of 192 shape, too wide of truth, too full of

libelous assertions, the absurdity of which will be easily seen by the same attentive reader. To call my gay, empty, and not very bright Lydia a "woman frightened out of her wits," or-what was his other expression?-"torn to pieces"; to hint at some kind of trouble between her and me, coming almost to cheek-slapping: really, really, that is a bit thick-I scarcely know in what words to describe it. There are no such words. My correspondent has already used them all upthough, true, in another connection. And just because I had of late been fondly supposing that I had passed the supreme limit of possible pain, injury, anxiety of mind, I now came into so dreadful a state whilst reading that letter over, such a fit of trembling possessed my body, that all things around me started shaking: the table; the tumbler on the table: even the mousetrap in a corner of my new room.

But suddenly I slapped my brow and burst out laughing. How simple it all was! How simply, said I to myself, the mysterious frenzy of that letter has now been solved. A proprietor's frenzy! Ardalion cannot forgive my having taken his name for cipher and staging the murder on his strip of earth. He is mistaken: all are gone bankrupt long ago; nobody knows whom this earth really belongs to -and . . . Ah, enough, enough about my fool Ardalion! The ultimate dab is laid on his portrait. With a last flourish of the brush I have signed it across the corner. It is a better thing than the nastycolored death mask which that buffoon made of my face. Enough! A fine likeness, gentlemen.

And yet . . . How dares he? . . . Oh, go to the devil, go to the devil, all go to the devil!

March 31st. Night. Alas, my tale degenerates into a diary. There is nothing to be done, though; for I have grown so used to writing, that now I am unable to desist. A diary, I admit, is the lowest form of literature. Connoisseurs will appreciate that lovely, self-conscious, falsely significant "Night" (meaning readers to imagine the sleepless variety of literary persons, so pale, so attractive). But as a matter of fact it is night at present.

The hamlet where I languish lies in the cradle of a dale, between tall close mountains. I have rented a large barnlike room in the house of a dusky old woman who has a grocer's shop below. The village consists of a single street. I might dwell at length on the charms of the spot, describing for instance the clouds that squeeze in and crawl through the house, using one set of windows, and then crawl out, using the opposite onebut it is a dull business describing such things. What amuses me is that I am the only tourist here; a foreigner to boot, and as folks have somehow managed to sniff out (oh, well, I suppose I told my landlady myself) that I came all the way from Germany, the curiosity I excite is unusual. Not since a film company came here a couple of seasons ago to take pictures of their starlet in Les Contrebandiers has there been such excitement. Surely, I ought to hide myself, instead of which I get into the most conspicuous place; for it would be hard to find a brighter spotlight if that was the object. But I am dead-tired; the quicker it all ends, the better.

Today, most aptly, I made the acquaintance of the local gendarme-a perfectly farcical figure! Fancy a plumpish pink-faced individual, knock-kneed, wearing a black mustache. I was sitting at the end of a street on a bench, and all around me villagers were being busy; or better say: were pretending to be busy; in reality they kept observing me with fierce inquisitiveness and no matter in what posture they happened to beusing every path of vision, across the shoulder, via the armpit, or from under the knee: I saw them at it quite clearly. The gendarme approached me with some diffidence; mentioned the rainy weather; passed on to politics and then to the arts. He even pointed out to me a

scaffold of sorts painted yellow which was all that remained of the scene where one of the smugglers almost got hanged. He reminded me in some way of the late lamented Felix: that judicious note, that mother wit of the self-made man. I asked him when the last arrest had been effected in the place. He thought a bit and replied that it had been six years ago, when they took a Spaniard who had been pretty free with his knife during a brawl and then fled to the mountains. Anon my interlocutor found it necessary to inform me that in those mountains there existed bears which had been brought thither by man, to get rid of the indigenous wolves, which struck me as very comic. But he did not laugh; he stood there, with his right hand dejectedly twirling the left point of his mustache and proceeded to discuss modern education: "Now take me for example," he said. "I know geography, arithmetic, the science of war; I write a beautiful hand . . ." "And do you, perchance," I asked, "play the fiddle?" Sadly he shook his head.

At present, shivering in my icy room; cursing the barking dogs; expecting every minute to hear the guillotinette of the mousetrap in the corner crash down and behead an anonymous mouse; mechanically sipping the verbena infusion which my landlady considers it her duty to bring me, thinking I look seedy and fearing probably that I might die before the trial; at present, I say, I am sitting here and writing on this ruled paper-no other obtainable in the village-and then meditating, and then again glancing askance at the mousetrap. There is, thank God, no mirror in the room, no more than there is the God I am thanking. All is dark, all is dreadful, and I do not see any special reason for my lingering in the dark, vainly invented world. Not that I contemplate killing myself: it would be uneconomical-as we find in almost every country a person paid by the state to help a man lethally. And then the hollow hum of blank eternity. But the most remarkable thing, perhaps, is that there is a chance of it not ending yet, i.e., of their not executing me, but sentencing me to a spell of hard labor; in which case it may happen that in five years or so with the aid of some timely amnesty, I shall return to Berlin and manufacture chocolate all over again. I do not know why-but it sounds exceedingly funny.

Let us suppose, I kill an ape. Nobody touches me. Suppose it is a particularly clever ape. Nobody touches me. Suppose it is a new ape—a hairless, speaking species. Nobody touches me. By ascending these subtle steps circumspectly, I may climb up to Leibnitz or Shakespeare and kill them, and nobody will touch me, as it is impossible to say where the border was crossed, beyond which the sophist gets into trouble.

The dogs are barking. I am cold. That mortal inextricable pain . . . Pointed with his stick. Stick. What words can be twisted out of "stick"? Sick, tick, kit, it, is, ski, skit, sit. Abominably cold. Dogs barking: one of them begins and then all the others join in. It is raining. The electric lights here are wan, yellow. What on earth have I done?

April 1st. The danger of my tale deteriorating into a lame diary is fortunately dispelled. Just now my farcical gendarme has been here: businesslike, wearing his saber; without looking into my eyes he politely asked to see my papers. I answered that it was all right, I would be dropping in one of these days, for police formalities, but that, at the moment, I did not care to get out of my bed. He insisted, was most civil, excused himself . . . had to insist. I got out of bed and gave him my passport. As he was leaving, he turned in the doorway and (always in the same polite voice) asked me to remain indoors. You don't say so!

I have crept up to the window and cautiously drawn the curtain aside. The street is full of people who stand there and gape; a hundred heads, I should say, gaping at my window. A dusty car with a policeman in it is camouflaged by the shade of the plane tree under which it discreetly waits. Through the crowd my gendarme edges his way. Better not look.

Maybe it is all mock existence, an evil dream; and presently I shall wake up somewhere; on a patch of grass near Prague. A good thing, at least, that they brought me to bay so speedily.

I have peeped again. Standing and staring. There are hundreds of them—men in blue, women in black, butcher boys, flower girls, a priest, two nuns, soldiers, carpenters, glaziers, postmen, clerks, shopkeepers . . . But absolute quiet; only the swish of their breathing. How about opening the window and making a little speech . . .

"Frenchmen! This is a rehearsal. Hold those policemen. A famous film actor will presently come running out of this house. He is an arch-criminal but he must escape. You are asked to prevent them from grabbing him. This is part of the plot. French crowd! I want you to make a free passage for him from door to car. Remove its driver! Start the motor! Hold those policemen, knock them down, sit on them-we pay them for it. This is a German company, so excuse my French. Les preneurs de vues, my technicians and armed advisors are already among you. Attention! I want a clean getaway. That's all. Thank you. I'm coming out now."

This is the final installment of a fivepart serialization of Vladimir Nabokov's novel "Despair."





SHARKES

Slacks by Day's Sportswear, Tacoma, Washington

matter how stealthily, the fish would vanish in silver streaks.

When the sun got warm enough to melt the silver frost and take some cold out of the water, I waded in my sneakers and made upstream casts, letting the fly drift back into the pools. I tried my few tricks or techniques for more than two hours and didn't raise a fish. Then Konnamoto took command. Taking from his pocket some flies that he identified as a Greenwell's Glory, a Coch-y-Bonddu, a Butcher and an Alder, he used my rod. His smooth, practiced cast made the rod look like an extension of his right arm.

But master that he was, he didn't move a fish. He came wading back. "We'll have to fish only rough water, sir, where the fish can't see us."

He had the Alder on. I took the rod, and we walked for a mile until we came to a stretch where the stream moved swiftly and brokenly over rocks. I took two in five casts—scrappy fellows, flinging themselves into the air in the prismatic arc I had described to Brigendra Singh.

Konnamoto and I walked for ten miles, leaving Ramaswamy dozing in the sun near the car, and took a total of 20 fish. I gently released all but a half-dozen that we had for breakfast the next morning, appreciating, as we ate the crusty, juicy fish, the gentlemen who had tried so hard to bring them here to the tall Nilgiris.

This is a country where you can wander in fascination for months. But we had an invitation to spend time in the central jungles. Our route was by plane to Nagpur, then a drive to the wild area. We boarded a plane at Madras, deep in the south.

Planes from that city, Delhi, Calcutta and Bombay land at Nagpur, the geographic center, within five minutes of one another, to exchange mail and passengers for other destinations. The resultant confusion is appalling. It looks and sounds like a Hollywood-staged riot or mob scene, but even among Indians of all sizes, dressed in everything from dhotis to the formal high-necked achkan (the mark of the political servant or diplomat), we had little trouble locating Vidya Shukla, owner of Allwyn Cooper, Ltd., the country's leading shikar organization. He stood, lean and aloof, waving his hand at us as we deplaned. A handsome, light-skinned young man in his black achkan and white trousers, he loomed out of the bustle like a stork among barnyard chickens, tall and calm.

He greeted us with the folded-hand, prayerlike gesture, the namaste, which

is the Hindu silent wish for good health and the mark of pleasure at seeing you.

And it was a decided pleasure to see him again. We had hunted with his organization in 1958—without bagging a tiger. Not through the lack of skill of his people, but just plain bad luck, on which nebulous asset all hunting depends. But he had been greatly disappointed and wanted us to return. Now he wrapped his arm around my shoulders, saying, "It's been a long time! It's great that you two are here again! Knowing you, we will get you into the jungle immediately."

Vidya Shukla is the son of the former governor of India's Central Provinces, now part of Madhya Pradesh, and is a member of the House of Parliament. He created the shikar organization to keep himself busy, in contact with visitors to his country, and because he liked hunting and the jungle.

As we drove into Nagpur he went into detail on a new service his company was offering. "It's just for a week," he said. "We want to give visitors the chance to see what I consider the best part of India, her jungles and animals. Travelers who can't afford the time or money to take the monthly or halfmonth shikar.

"For \$215 a person can stay in our dak bungalow for seven days with the full complement of servants, use our jeep and shikari, and have the opportunity to bag four kinds of deer, two antelope, the blue bull, the sambur, wild boar, sloth bear, about a dozen kinds of game birds, go fishing, hunt crocodile, get the whole taste of the jungle."

He went on to say that the hunting itself wasn't important. People could take advantage of this new program just to live in the jungle in luxury, drive its roads, photograph or rest.

"Why didn't you let me know?" I said. "This appeals more than tiger hunting."

He smiled grimly. "Oh no, Jack! Our reputation is at stake. We want the honor of your bagging the world's most important trophy with Allwyn Cooper."

He became solemn as we transferred equipment into his new black air-conditioned Oldsmobile, obviously the pride of that part of the country, with a crowd gathering to touch its shiny sides, cocking their heads to listen to the soft cat-purr of the motor.

"You will be at the jungle dak before nightfall. Don't be alarmed now at what I say. But I'm afraid our zeal to try to put you in the way of a tiger has backfired slightly. A monster awaits you."

He wouldn't say any more, assuring us that Rao Naidu, the chief shikari, whom we had hunted with before and were anxious to see again, would meet us. "He will explain," said our friend as he waved goodbye.

We arrived in air-conditioned comfort, courtesy of Detroit and Vidya Shukla, at the predetermined meeting place more than 200 miles from Nagpur, in an area where the real jungle begins to form its green wall. Rao was there waiting for us in his jeep in an inkwell of shade thrown by a fat *mahwal* tree. He stepped from its shadow as Mary Lou and I got out of the car. We hugged like brothers long separated and he respectfully shook hands with Mary Lou, saying, "Welcome back to our jungles."

Rao Naidu is a Hindu, of the Kshatriya warrior caste, a man with a university education. As an intelligent individual, he has found his way in life, made his peace with it, decided what he really wanted to do with his short span and had the courage to do it. Loving the jungle since childhood, he decided that one day he would spend most of his time in its serenity, away from conformed man and the terrible bee swarm of his cities.

As you read these words, Rao has made the break. He is his own man, head of his own shikar organization, which informed observers and hunters tell me is one of the best in the world. It would be. Rao is a neat, conscientious person who can bring order out of chaos, calmness from calamity. And, to the point, he can find the big cats when no one else can.

He walks with long-striding feline grace, talks softly, almost in a purr, can climb a tree like a leopard, hear a twig snap at 200 yards, tell from the track of a tiger its size, sex, when it ate last, how fast it was traveling. Rao is about five feet, ten, with slightly receding hair the shade of a crow's wing in the sun. His complexion is the color of Italian coffee after it comes from the espresso machine and is heavily treated with milk. He is slim, in excellent physical condition, can walk all day without breathing hard, and when he is your friend you are a lucky man.

We drove another three hours, probably 100 miles, deeper into the jungle to a dak bungalow, a whitewashed sprawling building with a thick red-tile roof, on a rise five miles from the forest village of Mulni. The staff of cook, bearer, driver, tracker, skinner, room boy, each with an assistant, waited for us on the broad yeranda.

After introductions Rao said, "As I promised, your tiger is here. I made sure by giving him a buffalo every two days to keep him. He is a big one. He finishes the bait easily in that length of time and is always ready for more."

"How many buffaloes have you given



him?" I asked in chilled fascination.

"Five. And one tonight makes six."

"Terrible!" said Mary Lou. "Isn't there another way?"

"Well, madam," Rao said, "I suppose so. But this is the sure way. I gave my promise that I would have your tiger here. I am keeping that promise. Mostly these buffaloes are old and useless animals. So there is no great waste."

"Have you tried sitting up for him?" I asked. "Just to size him up?"

Rao smiled. "No. But the machan is ready. We will sit up tonight."

"Is there a dead bait?"

"No. He dragged it away and finished it."

"What do we do tonight, then?"

"We tie a fresh bait."

"Alive?" my wife asked.

"Of course. It's the only way now, isn't it?"

Over hot Darjeeling tea laced with Dugson's honey we discussed that one, making it clear to Rao that we weren't at all happy with the thought of sitting in a tree watching the tiger kill a helpless animal. Rao said that it was the best method. The tiger was accustomed to getting fresh meat regularly. He had kept returning, apparently without suspicion. We could wait until he killed the animal, then follow to where he dragged it, build another machan and hope that he would return. But he didn't advise it.

"Seeing that we have made this much of an investment in buffaloes," he said, "it is my suggestion that we sit up tonight. The buffalo is already tied at the place in the jungle. The machan is ready. If we disturb anything, or do wait until he makes his kill and then follow his drag, it is almost certain that he will be aware of us following him. He will hear the men making the new machan. He will know we are there. And he might not come back to finish his meal."

When you are with an expert on his own ground, it is considered intelligent to follow his instructions. That's exactly what we did.

We drove the jeep five miles into the jungle, then left it with the driver and walked another three miles until we came to a stream running through a sort of glade—an open spot in the jungle surrounded by giant creepers and other large, well-leafed trees. It was four o'clock and the sunlight was still falling through the leaves in blotches of gold on the ground, touching the tree trunks with color. Then we saw the bait, standing quietly and tied to a stake in the ground. The live buffalo.

Rao ignored it, walking directly across from it, perhaps 40 yards, to a stately *kowa* tree that looks much like our oak. The machan was high up in the tree. A rope ladder dangled. Cautioning us not to speak, Rao went up the ladder

like a langur; my wife followed almost as gracefully; I swayed up feeling like a bear shinnying a sapling. The machan was a good one. Thick branches with the twigs smoothly hacked off were plaited together with bamboo, forming a secure platform. A blanket was spread to soften it. As we sat, the clearing spread before us almost like a stage. Left center was the buffalo. Behind him the stream ran, making its serene sounds.

We had been settled about ten minutes when we heard the sound, like an animal dragging something. We stiffened, each of us automatically searching his own piece of jungle. A porcupine came waddling out into the open, its long tail heavy with quills. The Asiatic type, nearly the size of a cocker spaniel and the world's largest, could bring death to a man, and is responsible for making many man-killers out of tigers and leopards. It fills their paws or mouths with fishhook barbs that fester and poison and prevent the cats from hunting normally. The porcupine took a long drink from the stream, eyed our buffalo, then waddled on.

We were in the tree at 4:30 and would probably have to wait most of the night before the cat came. Tigers, the sane, normal ones, are nocturnal. That means it would be late before this one came for his meal.

Nothing much happened now as we sat—except that discomfort grew as the night became darker. As the sun's radiation leaves the earth, melting away in the night, the cold comes. In the jungle it is a creeping cold that lays its chill deep in your bones and it is a physical impossibility not to shiver and shake, even with heavy pants and sweater. The picture of sultry India is often a false one, especially high in a tree at night.

Now the moon had gone and the last heat had left the earth. The only warning as the tiger came out of the darkness was a long, sighing gasp—the death sigh of the buffalo as it was choked, the most frightening sound I have ever heard.

Still we sat. Rao was to give the sign to shoot by pressing my knee, then shining his light on the tiger. We sat quietly for about five minutes. There was a splashing in the stream, then silence. Still no sign from Rao. Finally he flashed his light at the stake. There was nothing but a broken rope. The probing searchlight reached the stream. In the middle of its bed was the buffalo.

In cold defiance the cat had killed the animal, dropped it in the stream, then vanished into the jungle. He was aware of us, probably had seen a movement, or had watched us arrive earlier.



"The meeting was called to order by the chairman. For two hours everyone compromised his personal integrity. A motion was made and seconded to adjourn the meeting. The meeting was adjourned."

But it was still dark and we couldn't climb down until dawn. The tiger could be there waiting. Rao explained why he hadn't given the signal to shoot or flash the light. He was waiting for the tiger to start feasting on the kill, for the sounds of crunching bones. "Once he started eating," he said, "not even the light would frighten him. But if I flashed it earlier, he would have run."

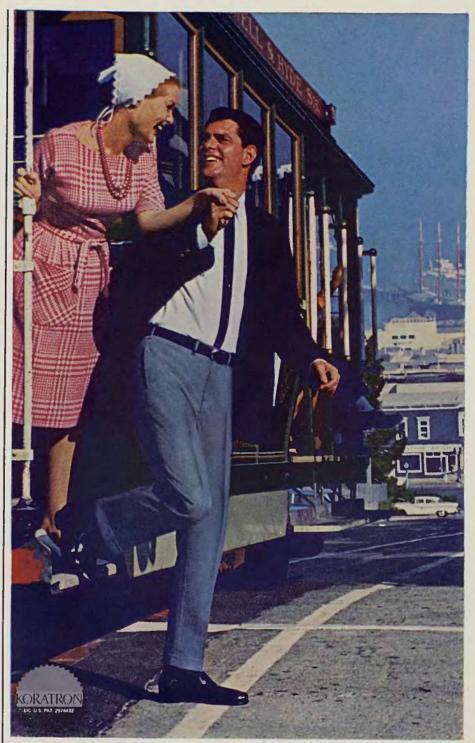
As dawn came we went down, rifles at the ready, and walked back to the jeep, wondering aloud why the tiger had killed and disappeared. Why hadn't he eaten? Why had he carried the buffalo only to the stream? Why hadn't he taken it deeper into the jungle?

Rao shook his head. "Strange. He is more clever than I gave him credit for. He knew we were here. Killing the buffalo and leaving it was contempt." This, then, was our monster, produced by a friend wanting to do us a favor.

Rao sent several men back to drag the buffalo out of the stream, cover it with branches and brush so the crows and vultures wouldn't get it, and retie it to the tree with double ropes so it couldn't be dragged off.

Now started a series of all-night vigils. We had the dead bait and we refused to sacrifice any more live animals, arguing that a meal was a meal, that the tiger would surely come back to this kill. Rao agreed, and we sat over the bait for three nights. The tiger didn't return. The fourth night we left before dawn. An impatient mistake. When we returned the next night the bait was gone; even the double rope was broken. It was necessary to wait until morning to try to follow the drag marks of the bait into the jungle. Even then we moved cautiously, rifles ready. Rao and the three trackers went first, then Mary Lou and I, then three more trackers-moving in single file. What we found was the head and a few bones. The tiger, hungry after waiting several nights, had polished off the animal in one sitting. Now what?

We still didn't want to go through the live-buffalo ordeal again, so Rao suggested that we rest for a couple of days and see what happened. The first night the tiger came out of his jungle and roared all night. He wanted his usual buffalo. The boys all came and huddled in the dak bungalow until dawn. Next day was Holi, a Hindu religious ceremony in which everyone hurled colored water into one another's faces and the lowliest had the privilege of painting the faces of the most respected. Everyone in camp had his face daubed in reds, blues and oranges. The men built a roaring bonfire and danced around it, screeching out songs. The

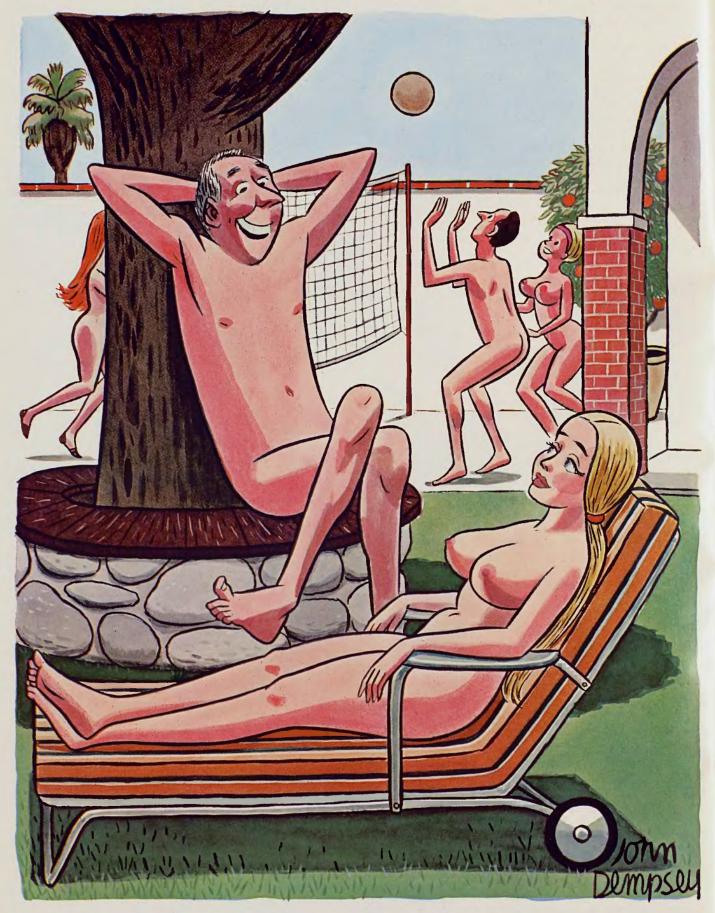


### FOR THE FUN OF IT...Travel in Classic Style

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"Personally, I don't care that much for the sun. I just like to run around naked!"

skinner and the tracker, dressed like women, sang and danced with each other and the cook and the sweeper.

It had been a gay day, but gaiety ended abruptly at dusk. The tiger was hungry again and his roars circled the camp, growing closer as it got darker. I suppose some hunters would have charged out into that unknown darkness after the cat and settled the whole business then and there. But Rao's experience and my lack of courage teamed up and we sat and listened to the tiger talking-telling us how upset he was that we hadn't tied up a buffalo for him. Toward dawn we could hear him walking along the road in front of the dak, making as much noise as a bullock hauling a cart.

"Tigers just don't act that way," said Rao, shaking his head, just before we went to bed for an hour or so. Shortly after we awoke, a deputation awaited: four of the camp boys, the bearer, the assistant cook, driver and the room boy. They said that unless the great shikari and the brave sahib killed the tiger and stopped his walking around their tents threatening them all night long, they would leave—walk back to Nagpur.

Rao told them that Nagpur was 300 miles off, that it would grow dark before they reached a place to stay for the night. He gently suggested that they come to the dak every night until we had settled with the tiger. They weren't happy, but they agreed, at least for a while.

They were unhappier the next night. The tiger talked again and stalked along the road to the village. At dawn a group from Mulni told us that he had killed a calf in the middle of their village, carried it two miles and eaten it. What would he do tonight?

Rao rubbed his head in chagrin. "I'm afraid in my eagerness to see that you got your tiger this trip I created a problem. If we don't tie out a bait, apparently he will go and get his own buffalo. It could happen that if someone gets in his way we will have a tragedy on our hands. This is not a normal tiger. He's too bold. He comes too close to us. He walks like an elephant. I'm not sure what the plan should be——"

It turned out to be a daylight beat, with Rao assembling the able men of Mulni to walk through the last area where the tiger's tracks were seen. We loaded the jeep with trackers and started for the place. As usual, Rao drove. We hadn't been driving a half hour, getting to a point on the Kesla-Bori road where it crossed the Tawa River, when one of those unexpected

jungle dramas unfolded. Sadly, terribly.

Rao stopped suddenly, pointing through teak trees that stood in a line, slim as fishing rods, with two enormous leaves sticking from the top of each tree like elephant ears.

At first I didn't see it, then Mary Lou gasped, and I saw the horror. A dozen wild dogs, not much larger than fox terriers, red, with up-pointed ears and pointed muzzles, tongues out, stood by the stream. In it were two animals that they had chased to exhaustion and torture: a sambur doe (a huge, elklike animal) and her fawn. Evidently she had tried to fight the dogs off and was bleeding and gashed with great wounds; beside her, barely able to stand in the shallow river, was the fawn with its eyes eaten out. Quietly Rao and I reached for our rifles and got out of the jeep. We shot until the clips were empty and the barrels hot. But the wild red dogs were small targets and they were clever. We got three: the others vanished silently, the most feared killers in the jungle, able to take even a tiger in their relentless, never-tiring chase. Rao left two men to end the suffering of the sambur and we drove on to the beat area.

This turned out to be our day for unexpected drama. As we moved toward our tree machan, the sky darkened and the trackers walking ahead of me paused, glanced at the sky, then with troubled faces looked at Rao. He shook his head. "It looks like rain. I hope it doesn't. Strange things can happen in a jungle storm." Prophetic words.

I climbed into the machan, this time a rough one, and placed my foam rubber mat under me. An old man in a loin-cloth, looking older than my grandfather, monkcy-agile, swung up beside me. He was a wrinkled, nut-brown fellow with a constant, toothless grin; he became helpless-looking when the rain came, and his smile vanished.

I have never seen rain fall this way; it was like having a fire hose turned on you full blast. The skies just opened and let it out. The old man touched my arm, pointing. Coming out of jungle tangle was a magnificent sambur stag with great antlers, noble even though he was soaking wet. Close behind was a wild boar.

They held their heads high. Suddenly they bolted, running as if all hell had broken loose. It had. Hail. A rain of stones the size of golf balls pelted us. I waited for it to stop, as our hailstorms do, but this one didn't. We were being beaten and welted with the ice rocks from the sky. I took the foam pad, clutched the old tracker to me, and

held it over our heads. It probably saved us from being seriously injured.

I worried about Mary Lou. Then, running through the hail, was Rao, followed by Mary Lou, both holding machan pads over their heads. They stood hunched up under my tree, trying to avoid the hail, Beaters were all around them, arms over their heads, some crouching under bushes. The storm ended after 15 minutes. As I unclutched the old fellow, he leaped from the platform and slid down the tree like a fireman answering a four-alarm.

When I got down, the ground was covered with two inches of hail—the jungle floor a carpet of ice. We examined ourselves: bruises, some open and bleeding, were on our arms, but we had all protected our faces.

The sun came out as suddenly as it had disappeared, transforming the scene of terror into one of gleaming splendor. Mist rose in tendrils through the trees. The ground was a bed of brilliant diamonds. From behind trees and from under bushes, the villagers appeared, many of them bleeding.

As we stood there drenched to the skin, beaten with hail, shaking with cold despite the reappearance of the sun, Mary Lou began laughing—a little hysterically. I joined: then Rao. The villagers caught the humor, if humor it was, and began laughing. It would have made a mad scene if someone who had avoided the storm had suddenly come upon us. Bedraggled, beaten down, shivering, we started back toward the jeep, a tattered and defeated troop of tiger hunters.

The next night was quiet. We needed that. The boys did report seeing a big leopard in the road close to camp, but the tiger didn't talk that night—nor the next. And no kills were reported. But the big leopard was seen again, creeping up on two little white kids that we kept around the camp as mascots—or probably pot insurance. The little goats bleated so loudly that the cook came running, saw the leopard, and ran shouting to us.

"We better try to get the panther," Rao said. "These people are as fright-ened of them as they are of tigers, perhaps more so. The panther is more treacherous. I have no idea what happened to the tiger. He puzzles me. Perhaps he has found something dead that is keeping him happy for a while."

"Let's count our blessings," said Mary Lou.

"But we'll have to face up to it soon," I said. "We have to stay here until we get that tiger. I think he's confused. All that free, easy meat——"



"What really bothers me is that we're living way beyond our means."

"No doubt," said Rao stiffly. "But let's have a change of pace and see if we can get that leopard tonight. Here's the way we'll do it . . ."

He suggested that he take one of the kids, dig a hole in the ground, put the animal in it, and protect it by covering it with bamboo matting. The kid would bleat, luring the leopard. We would sit in a tree nearby and shoot the spotted cat as he crept toward the hole in the ground.

'Normally," Rao said, "we'd just tie the kid to a tree. Expose it. This way we usually get more noise from it, thus more attraction for the panther. But knowing you two, I suppose-

"We like the idea of the pit better," said Mary Lou. "The kid will be safer."

We decided not to go too far from camp—less than a mile. The leopard had appeared in camp twice after the kids. He would not be far away. Rao didn't carry a rifle; Mary Lou took her Winchester .308 and I had the .338, a new caliber that hadn't been completely proven yet. Winchester had tested it, thought it was a great rifle, and I was going to see what it could do with India's big game. Its 250-grain bullet was supposed to have a muzzle energy of 4050 foot-pounds. Winchester suggested that it was an excellent rifle for moose and bear. It should be plenty of gun for a leopard. Mary Lou was the better shot, and her .308, with a muzzle energy of 2730 foot-pounds, would be 200 right for the spotted cat.

So the hole was dug, the kid placed in it. He began bleating immediately. Rao selected a tree about 50 yards from the pit and perhaps 20 feet from the dirt road that ran into the village five miles away. It wasn't a tall tree and the machan was a makeshift thing.

Rao thought the leopard was eager for his young-goat dinner and would show up within an hour. As darkness came swiftly, the kid stopped his bleating. As it grew darker, he would let out an occasional halfhearted bleat. But that was all. A leopard bait he was not. But maybe he had a brain. Down in that dark hole, silence might bring some kind of security.

After two hours, a noise. Something was creeping out of the jungle screen. It came in a creepy, wobbly gait-a striped hyena, a horrible creature that looked as if he had come right out of the gravevard. But Rao had secured the matting well. Finally the hyena gave up and continued his search for something easier and deader.

Then it came as all true drama does, completely without warning. The tiger returned. His roars began as before, starting low, then growing louder, fiercer, angrier. "Going away from us," I said. He sounded miles away. Mary Lou, keen of eye and ear, said, "I'm afraid not."

Rao said nothing. He sat there like a person caught up a tree, without a plan. Which is exactly what he was. For the first time, this exceptionally cautious hunter had ventured forth without his rifle, an effective .423 Mauser. But we were close to camp; we were out for leopard. Two guns were plenty.

Now the roars faded. Silence was all around us, a breathing, pulsating silence. Why didn't the tiger roar? Where was he now? We needed a noise.

We got it. The kid started bleating. He had been mute for nearly two hours. Now, of all times, he decided to cry for help. And his sharp, spaced little bleats sounded exactly as if that was what he was saying. Then he stopped.

Something was clumping along the road beneath us, heading for the village. Whatever it was, it didn't care about being heard. Then it started breathing heavily, and I felt Rao on one side, Mary Lou on the other, stiffen. Mary Lou took my arm in a frightened grasp.

Suddenly Rao flashed his light. In the middle of the road stood an enormous tiger. He knew something was wrong, knew that he was caught in a strange light. He twisted his head. He turned and looked up at us. I shot carefully at the point where the spine joins the neck. He roared, going down as if pushed by a huge hand. He went into a frenzy of motion in the road.

Rao gasped. "Shoot again!" Mary Lou, rigid beside me, put her .308 to her shoulder and shot twice. I placed one more shot below the shoulder in the twisting, roaring animal.

The tiger suddenly was still, spreadeagled in our light. The kid was bleating. Our driver was supposed to have been here ten minutes ago. Now the lights of the jeep came up the road. They fell upon the tiger. The horn began blaring.

Rao shouted that the men in the jeep should stay back until we made certain the animal was dead. He took Mary Lou's .308 and shot twice close to the body-no movement. Then he took a knife out of his pocket and threw it. It landed on the tiger's back. It didn't move. We climbed down.

As we stood there in the road looking at the great cat, Rao said calmly, "A good shot. If you had only wounded him, he would have been up after us in seconds. They can jump straight up eighteen feet, you know-"

"How high was our tree?" Mary Lou asked weakly.

"Fifteen feet," Rao said. "A little tree for a little cat. I wasn't counting on this surprise."

Why was our jeep late? Flat tire. If it had come roaring up on time, there is no telling what would have happened.

## SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 147)

"Unfortunately, this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you. Paul." After some preliminary doubts, the police accepted the note as genuine.

The quick assumption of the fascinated public was that the tragedy occurred because Bern had found his sex queen too hot to handle. Either Bern was impotent, the newspapers baldly hinted, or he was otherwise incapable of satisfying his young wife's inordinate physical demands. (Bern was 42 at the time, Harlow 21.) On the other hand, if the note were false, as some darkly implied, there was the possibility of murder. Complicating the sordid affair was the revelation that Bern had a common-law wife, Dorothy Millette, who, as it turned out, had jumped (or was she pushed?) from a ferry and drowned in the Sacramento River only two days after Bern's death.

The whole unsavory story dredged up again-and again lapped up by the public-when, in 1964, Irving Shulman's Harlow (spiced with sensational revelations provided by Harlow's agent, Arthur Landau) shot to the top of the best-seller lists. The movie colony had known Bern as "the small man with the biggest heart in Hollywood." Shulman's description was far less flattering: "the small man with the smallest penis in Hollywood"-to which Shulman attributed the suicide. His (and Landau's) theory was that Bern, in the rage and frustration engendered by his inadequate sexual endowment, had resorted to the use of an artificial phallus to sexually penetrate his wife; that she had burst into cruel laughter at the sight of the dildo; and that his suicide had followed. Shulman also asserted that the diminutive and ostensibly mild-mannered Bern had cruelly beaten Harlow in earlier bouts of anger sparked by his sexual shortcomings, and that these beatings had contributed to Harlow's early death five years later. Just how much credence one can give to this version, embroidered as it is with snatches of dialog that neither Landau nor Shulman could possibly have overheard, is difficult to say. Perhaps Landau himself gave the best clue when he told a reporter after the publication of the book: "For me to say that it was inaccurate wouldn't be fair. . . . Some things are exaggerated or shown wrong, I think. . . . But the book is selling very well. We did very good by the movie rights."

The enterprising Joseph E. Levine, who purchased these rights not long ago, did considerably less well. His version of *Harlow*, starring Carroll Baker, was preceded by another, less authoritative but no less sensational *Harlow* starring Carol Lynley. Neither resulted in a land-slide at the box office, partly because

they were poor films, and partly, perhaps, because the public had become surfeited by the voyeuristic revelations served up by Shulman and Landau. Former friends of Harlow's had meanwhile risen up to defend her reputation, and even Bern had a champion in the person of fan-dancer Sally Rand, who claimed on national television that she had had firsthand knowledge of the little man's more-than-adequate prowess as a lover.

While she lived, however, Harlow's career did not suffer from the tragedy; her sex image, in fact, may even have been enhanced by it. Certainly it was heightened considerably by her next MGM film, Red Dust, in which she was paired with Clark Gable, whose star was emphatically in the ascendant. In it, she played an American girl stranded on an Indonesian plantation run by overseer Gable, who perversely seemed to prefer the ladylike Mary Astor to the more volatile Harlow. In the end, however, the platinum blonde won the day-soon after Gable had dunked her, hair and all, in an overflowing rain barrel. The love scenes between Gable and Harlow were sexually explicit enough, but they were later "improved upon" by shady distributors who spliced in close-ups of nude doubles for the stars in burlesque-house versions intended for overseas consumption. One popular "blue" version of Red Dust included shots of actual fornication for the delectation of visitors to dives in

pre-Castro Havana. But there wasn't much MGM could do about this piratical dramaturgy except hope that the Breen Office would never hear about it.

Harlow married again a year after Bern's death, this time to Harold G. Rosson, the cinematographer on three of her films-in one of which, Blonde Bombshell, she played the somewhat autobiographical role of a film star beset by leech-like relatives. The marriage lasted less than a year. "He was rude." she averred. "He read in bed." Not long after, she transferred her alienated affections to actor William Powell: but this liaison, too, was destined to be shortlived. She soon contracted a kidney infection-which developed into uremic poisoning-and died, at 26, on June 7. 1937. Powell purchased the crypt in which she was interred at Forest Lawn Cemetery and for years took fresh flowers to the grave.

Another blonde bombshell who kept the screen lively during much the same period was the redoubtable Mae West, who arrived in Hollywood-totally unawed by it all-in the summer of 1932, claiming to be "a big girl from a big town makin' good in a little town." A big girl she indisputably was, as copiously endowed in the bosom as in the hips; and long before she descended upon the movie capital, she had been making good in a bad way on Broadway. When she first appeared there as a musical-comedy star 14 years earlier, a New York drama critic wrote that she "shook the meanest hip that ever concealed a flask," Born in



"They decided not to wait."

Brooklyn in 1892, a heady mixture of German-Jewish-Irish-American ancestry, she stopped bothering with formal education at the age of 13, went into vaudeville and for a brief period performed as a strong woman in an acrobatic act at Coney Island. When her uninhibited singing, dancing and clowning took her to Broadway in a 1918 Shubert revue, she quickly developed star status. She also developed a flair for writing risqué comedy that flowered into a play called This Wicked Age, and then into another even more pithily entitled Sex. A reviewer who covered the opening of this suggestive slice of life in a Trinidad brothel termed Mae West "the star of the filthiest play to cause a stench on Broadway." But one man's stench is another man's perfume: Sex ran for 350 performances before the police closed it down and haled Mae into court.

Charged with writing and performing in a lewd and obscene play, she defended her efforts as "entirely educational"; but this touching plea failed to move the jury, and she was sentenced to ten days in the Welfare Island jail. On her release, she donated \$1000 for a new prisoners' library, because, she said, the reading facilities in that uncultivated corrective institution were "deplorable." Official disapproval of her dramaturgic efforts notwithstanding, she immediately turned out another play-this one on homosexuality, called The Drag, which failed to drag its way to Broadway. Her next try, Diamond Lil, was a smash, however; and it wasn't long before Hollywood decided to bolster its waning box-office take with West-ern-style dialog and a jesting attitude toward sex. Paramount put her under contract and paired her first, in a supporting role. with tough-guy George Raft in Night After Night, a thoroughly routine gangster farce. Shown the script in advance, she cannily insisted on rewriting prerogatives-and proceeded to hand herself the best lines in the film. Although a ripe 40 years old at the time, she nevertheless looked imperishably voluptuous, and Raft ruefully commented afterward, "She stole everything but the cameras."

Offered next a free hand in the selection of her first starring vehicle, Miss West, not surprisingly, decided to film her New York hit, Diamond Lil. Despite the play's unsavory reputation and the massing thunderheads of censorship in 1933, Paramount gave her the green light-but took the precaution of changing the title to She Done Him Wrong, and the titular role to Lady Lou. Even so, Lou remained, as Mae described herself in the film, "the finest lady to ever walk the streets." As queen of the Bowery during the gaslight era, Lady Lou cavorted and consorted with the likes of Russian Rita, head of a white-slavery 202 ring, a Latin gigolo, crooked politicians

and a dope-crazed former lover. With the kind of romantic irreverence that Mae savored, however, Lou's affections are riveted upon a handsome young Salvation Army captain played by Cary Grant. "You can be had," she says, coolly appraising his manly physique. "Come up and see me sometime-anytime."

She Done Him Wrong did right by Paramount, which found itself in the unaccustomed position of having an overnight hit on its hands. Mae's mots were being quoted from coast to coast, and continued to be for a long time thereafter. "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?" she asked in one of her pictures. "A man in the house is worth two in the streets," she declared in another. "It's not the men in my life that counts; it's the life in my men," was among her more prized observations." Although her song bag of bawdy ballads was sent out for cleaning after the Production Code came into its own, Variety justly noted, "Mae couldn't sing a lullaby without making it sexy." Inevitably-indeed, immediately -she incurred the wrath of the newly formed Legion of Decency. As a matter of fact, one reason for the early success of this Catholic repressive group was Miss West herself; her films provided it with a clear-cut and convenient target to snipe at. It was specifically to counteract her baneful effect on public morals that such an organization was necessary, said the Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures, a forerunner of the Legion.

It was too late, however, for either the Legion or the Breen Office to do much about I'm No Angel, already completed by the time the Production Code was given its teeth in 1934. A scintillating mixture of songs, banter and sexually suggestive comedy-pairing her again with Cary Grant-Angel proved an even richer bonanza than She Done Him Wrong. But no sooner had she started on her next film, It Ain't No Sin, than the Breen Office closed in. Originally, the story was to have starred Mae as an 1890s musical queen who travels the saloon circuit, keeps a young prizefighter around as a great and good friend, kills another of her lovers and is eventually acquitted at a trial. Very little of this reached the screen, however, and even the title was laundered into Belle of the Nineties. George Raft, who was to have been her male lead, begged off after Code-instigated revisions emasculated both the script and his part. What eventually found its way onto the screen was the saga of a diamond-loving songstress and her demure amours with an assortment of prizefighters and New Orleans gamblers. Mae was transformed into a pitiful caricature of her former lusty self; and from then on it was downhill all the way, although she remained popular with audiences throughout the

Thirties; in 1936 she was listed as the highest-paid female performer in the

Chaste though her subsequent film appearances were, she became the target of virulent abuse from William Randolph Hearst, who claimed to have been mortally offended by Klondike Annie-one of her most innocuous vehicles-and banned the very mention of her name in any of his newspapers. In a self-written (and self-indicting) editorial, he denounced Mae as a "monster of lubricity" and enjoined Congress, no less, to restrain her from further destruction of the moral fiber of the republic. In 1937, an exhibitor's journal infamously and falsely declared her to be "box-office poison"; and that same year a radio broadcast on which she appeared in a comedy skit as Eve in the Garden of Eden drew jeremiads from the pulpit and the press. 'MAE WEST POLLUTES HOMES," read one editorial's headline. Careful reading of the script reveals precious little, if anything, to incite such righteous wrath; perhaps it was the show's lighthearted approach to a Biblical theme and the fact that it was broadcast on the Sabbath that so outraged the bluenoses.

None of this, however, stopped the dauntless Miss West-her screen career lasted until 1943-but it did slow her down. Actually, about all she ever revealed of herself on the screen, apart from her earthy humor, was a certain amount of cleavage; but she had the misfortune to be unjustly pilloried for taking, as film historian Richard Schickel has expressed it, "a sensibly mocking attitude toward our attitudes, both romantic and repressive. about sex."

Nor was her attitude in her private life anything like the mocking, come-upand-see-me-sometime, anything-goes pose she purveyed for the screen. Whatever she did in private was considered private by Miss West-including her one marriage, in 1911, to a jazz singer named Frank Wallace. They separated after a few months, never to intertwine again, but Mae overlooked a legal technicality: She neglected to divorce him. Years later, in 1942. Mr. Wallace sued his nowrich wife for divorce and demanded a maintenance allowance of \$1000 a week. The judge threw his case out of court, but Mae decided to countersue and was granted an interlocutory decree. But "he did get a few blue chips as a present from me," she admitted later. Through most of the intervening years, her faithful escort had been a New York attorney, James A. Timony, who became her manager and presumably her romantic interest. Timony's name was the only one ever linked with hers, and their friendship remained close and devoted until his death in 1954. Today, in a somewhat more enlightened and sexually liberated atmosphere, Mae no longer stands condemned for lewdness; she glows, rather, like a bright beacon in the darkness of a time when loudmouthed prudes had perverted healthy good humor about sex into virtually a crime against morality.

Marlene Dietrich, that durable siren, was another cup of tease entirely. Like Harlow, she burst upon the American screen in 1930, although she had been glimpsed from time to time-without noticeable fanfare-in a few German imports of the Twenties. Paramount, the studio that acquired her, rather matterof-factly reported in a press release: "She has fair hair with a reddish tinge, bluegreen eyes and a supple figure. She looks very unlike the popular conception of a Continental star." Yet it was precisely because she did, in her unique way, embody the popular image of a Continental star-enigmatic, cynical, wise in the ways of the world and love-that she was able to carve out her extraordinary career. In this enterprise she was ably abetted, not to say masterminded, by the great American director Josef von Sternberg, who had seen her in a play called Zwei Krawatten in Berlin. Von Sternberg was in attendance because its cast included two actors he had already lined up for his next picture, The Blue Angel. And then Dietrich came on. "Here was the face I had sought," he later confided, "and, so far as I could tell, a figure that did justice to it." A few days later, that observation confirmed, Von Sternberg signed her to the pivotal role of Lola Lola, the cold-blooded cabaret temptress who entices, entrances, exploits and ultimately emasculates the aging professor played masterfully by her co-star, Emil [annings.

Dietrich-born Maria Magdalena Dietrich on December 7, 1901-liked to purvey the legend that her star had appeared full blown in the filmic firmament in Von Sternberg's world-famous classic, released in Germany in 1930 and in this country in 1931. "I never made any films before The Blue Angel," she once told an importunate interviewer. As abundant research has since proven, however, Marlene had appeared in no less than nine films of German makeall of them eminently forgettable-prior to The Blue Angel, in three of them as the star. She began her career as a music student, then enrolled in Max Reinhardt's acting school in Berlin, Frizzyhaired and slightly plumpish in the face, she was transformed by Von Sternberg into a svelte and devastating femme fatale, beginning with her role as the soulless Lola Lola. Siegfried Kracauer, the eminent historian of the German film, described Dietrich's chillingly erotic portrayal as "a new incarnation of sex . . . with her provocative legs and easy manners, [she] showed an impassivity



"Thanks anyway, Emma. I'll grab something downtown."

which incited one to grope for the secret behind her callous egotism and cool insolence. That such a secret existed was also intimated by her veiled voice which . . . sang about her interest in lovemaking and nothing else."

An overnight sensation in Berlin with the film's premiere, Dietrich hurried aboard a liner bound for New York, where "Svengali Joe" von Sternberg-as the press soon dubbed him-waited for her at dockside. Von Sternberg's grand plan was to make of his new discovery a new and universal sex symbol; instead of a honky-tonk tart, he now visualized her as a glamorous woman of mystery, the lineal descendant of the Greta Garbo of the Twenties. Critic Alistair Cooke found in Dietrich the ideal screen embodiment of this elusive, enigmatic sex appeal. "The femme fatale," he wrote, "must lose her obvious characteristics of place and age, she must never seem quite real enough for any audience. It is because she has no roots of race or home that she can appear suddenly in strange places with the inevitability of a hurricane; it is because she is this sort of international essence of sin that she exotically blinds the senses of the conventional man. . . . It is because she has no

home, no passport, no humdrum loyalties that the memory can hold her in permanent soft focus, which is the regular way of presenting her screen image."

At least it was Von Sternberg's way. He went so far as to use, on occasion, a spray gun on nearby props and backgrounds to prevent any reflected glare that might interfere with his soft focus on Marlene. He also arranged for her to turn up eternally in exotic settings. In her first American film, Morocco (released here prior to The Blue Angel), she made her entrance on the foggy deck of a freighter approaching a North African port, then appeared as a chanteuse in a Moroccan night club clad in white tie and tails, a top hat perched rakishly on her golden head. When a woman at ringside offered her a flower, Marlene accepted it with a secret smile, tipped back the hat and kissed her admirer full on the mouth. Not to play favorites, when she sang "Who will buy my apples?"-flaunting a tray of the forbidden fruit, a long feather boa and her already famous legs-an immediate applicant was Foreign Legionnaire Gary Cooper. She passed him not only an apple but the key to her apartment.

"I not only wished to touch lightly on 203



"Please don't make love to me, Mr. Claypool! I'm accident prone!"

a Lesbian accent," Von Sternberg later revealed, "but also to demonstrate that her essential appeal was not entirely due to the classic formation of her legs. Having her wear trousers was not meant to stimulate a fashion which not long after the film was shown encouraged women to ignore skirts in favor of the less picturesque lower half of male attire." Nevertheless, one of the first to succumb was Marlene herself. For a premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater, she arrived in a man's full-dress tuxedo and top hat, accompanied by Gary Cooper in similar attire. Those who suspected her of real-life Lesbian tendencies were on occasion reminded that Marlene was safely married to one Herr Sieberand that she had a daughter by him. The marriage has endured to this day, though they are seldom seen together. There is no doubt, however, that both wear the pants in the family.

The Dietrich-Von Sternberg collaboration—seemingly a closer one in some ways than her laissez-faire marriage—lasted six years and made Dietrich one of the highest-paid stars in the industry. But her films, under his direction, became increasingly like albums of lovingly photographed still pictures, and her roles became monotonously alike. In Dishonored, she played an Austrian prostitute who is recruited as a spy during World War One, falls in love with a Russian agent and is executed for helping him escape, preferring to betray her

country rather than her lover. In Shanghai Express, she played still another prostitute-"the notorious white flower of China"-though she exhibited little of the sexuality that would justify such an appellation; this time she offers herself to a brutal Chinese revolutionary in order to save her former lover from torture. And in Blonde Venus-you guessed it-she was once again a prostitute, this time after becoming the mistress of a wealthy playboy in order to get money for her husband, a research chemist dving of radium poisoning. The film is still memorable for a bizarre production number in which chorus girls in blackface drag a giant ape onto a night-club stage; the grotesque creature then performs a startling simian striptease, ultimately removing its head to reveal another one inside: none other than that of Marlene herself. Speaking of beauty and the beast, Fay Wray tangled with the biggest and hairiest of them all in King Kong, appearing first in something akin to vestal-virgin attire aboard a ship bound for an unknown island; and later, tattered revealingly, in the ape monster's huge fist. But while Kong might be considered by those of Freudian bent as an immense sadomasochistic rape symbol, Miss Dietrich's simian impersonation was taken by some critics to have Lesbian implications-the Von Sternberg motif again. But it was not Von Sternberg who dared to display Marlene's svelte form in marble nudity-the work of sculptor Brian Aherne-in Song of Songs; it was director Rouben Mamoulian, who snagged her for the picture in 1933,

After the Production Code crackdown in 1934, it became increasingly difficult to get any kind of sex into pictureseven in marble. But Von Sternberg continued to make a mighty effort. As the dissolute Catherine the Great in his The Scarlet Empress, Marlene was enveloped in a redolently sexual atmosphere compounded of huge, dripping, phallic candles and large, virile, drooling courtiers. He also managed to suggest that Catherine's husband, the Grand Duke Peter, was an impotent fool, and that she paved her way to the throne on the pillows of the palace guard. After The Devil Is a Woman, in which the decadent decor was far more satanic than Marlene was, her relationship with Von Sternberg ended. The film had been a failure: and the Spanish government, taking umbrage at what it chose to regard as insulting references to Spain's military and police, demanded that the negative be destroyed. (It wasn't, but the film quietly disappeared until only a few years ago.)

So fixed had the Dietrich image become under Von Sternberg's aegis that she seemed to have nothing new to offer in the last years of the decade; but in 1939 Marlene's tottering career was rescued by Destry Rides Again, a riotous Western farce in which she turned in a tour-de-force performance as a vulgar, strident B-girl of the golden West. In one scene, rolling about the saloon floor with Una Merkel in a no-holdsbarred brannigan, she provided tantalizing glimpses of her classic legs-until doused with a pail of cold water by hero James Stewart. The gusty warmth and humor of this new Dietrich touched off a spectacular comeback, and she sailed into the Forties high on the crest of a new wave of popularity.

Hollywood continued to import foreign-born actresses throughout the Thirties-girls like Madeleine Carroll and Greer Garson, who could supplement the patrician but fading beauty of Norma Shearer. Then, in 1937, still another specimen of foreign allure arrived in Hollywood: the almost too beautiful Hedy Lamarr. In 1933, as Hedi Keisler. she had exhibited her all, at a ripe 18, in a Czechoslovakian film called Ecstasy, in which she took a celebrated skinny-dipand performed in the most candid love scene ever filmed for public showing up to that time. In graphic close-ups of her ecstatically agonized face, the film showed the actual moment of sexual climax as she mated with a young man she'd met that same day in the woods.

She had made four films in Germany and Austria prior to *Ecstasy*—not that she needed the work for other than rea-

sons of vanity. Her father was Emil Keisler, director of the Bank of Vienna, and it was in Vienna that Hedi was born on November 9, 1915. Physically and emotionally precocious, she grew into a knockout-and a heartbreaker-early in life; it was said to have been for love of her that young Ritter Franz von Hochstettin committed suicide in Berlin in 1933. Wasting no time in mourning, she soon married an Austrian munitions magnate named Fritz Mandl, a prudish gentleman who forthwith set out to undo his wife's premarital indiscretions on screen by buying up every existing print of Ecstasy: fortunately for posterity, he failed to get hold of them all, however, thanks to the duplicity of filmlab technicians who made—and quietly secreted-a duplicate of the film's negative. Attempting to amuse his beauteous bride at his homestead near Vienna, Mandl threw lavish receptions attended by distinguished men of letters, international royalty and such burgeoning celebrities as Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini. But her husband's tyrannical ways taxed Hedi's patience, and one day in 1937—providentially, as it turned out, for her blood lines did not meet with the Nazis' Aryan specifications-she ran off to Paris, sold her jewelry and took the boat train to London, where Ecstasy was playing to capacity houses.

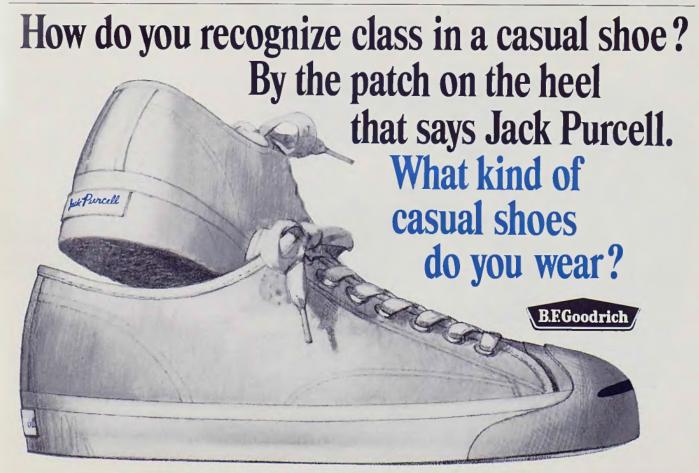
One of its patrons, as it happened, was

Louis B. Mayer, passing through town on one of his European shopping sprees for movie talent. Along with the audience, Mayer liked what he saw of the Viennese nature girl-which was a good deal-but he made no move at the time to put her under contract. Undaunted, Hedi deliberately boarded the same boat that he took homeward: while no one knows, or will say, what transpired between them on the voyage, by the time the ship docked in New York, Hedi had an MGM contract in her pocketbookwith a new name on it: Hedy Lamarr, the impresario's own inspiration, in honor of the late Barbara Lamarr, whom Mayer esteemed as the most radiant beauty ever to have graced celluloid.

American audiences, hoping for an encore exhibition of Miss Lamarr's fabled anatomy, were doomed to disappointment. In Algiers, her first American film, she was seen—fully clothed, alas—as Gaby, an exquisite kept woman who, slumming in the casbah with her fat, wealthy keeper, meets the notorious criminal, Pépé le Moko, played by Charles Boyer. The romantic Pépé is safe from the French police only so long as he does not venture from the teeming native quarter: but so great a passion does he nurture for Hedy that he rushes from his casbah sanctuary when he learns she's about to sail away—and is

shot dead at dockside after one last glimpse of his lost love aboard ship. Though undeniably beautiful, Hedy acted cold and remote in the part-and remained so in MGM's Lady of the Tropics, in which, as a half-caste Indonesian married to Robert Taylor, she takes her own life when he suspects her (falsely) of infidelity. Her performance, unfortunately, was no more memorable than the picture. Despite her flawless face and figure, she seemed to lack-and never did acquire-that special spark of sexuality that kindles high-voltage stardom on the screen. She did acquire several additional husbands, however. Number two (1939-1940) was Gene Markey, a writer and producer; number three (1943-1947) was actor John Loder, who, according to her testimony in divorce court, "always fell asleep on me"-a thought to conjure with: number four (1951-1952) was bandleader-restaurateur Ted Stauffer; number five (1953-1959) was W. Howard Lee, a Texas millionaire: and number six (1963-1965) was Lewis W. Boles, Jr., her attorney during her divorce from number five. Perhaps seven will be her lucky number.

The British—and blonde—counterpart of Lamarr was Madeleine Carroll, as exquisite in her way as Hedy, but unfortunately a bit icy in demeanor. She soon



ran afoul of casting demands on her as queens, princesses and the like; but she came briefly to life as the star of Hitchcock's *The 39 Steps*, in which she shared Robert Donat's bed in a country inn; she had no choice: They were handcuffed together. Both managed to keep stiff British upper lips throughout the ordeal.

Another British beauty of the Thirties who rose to stardom in America was Merle Oberon, who was brought to Hollywood, after appearing as Anne Boleyn in The Private Life of Henry VIII, for a series of films in which she was seen mainly as an elegantly dressed, vaguely Oriental figurine with about as much sex appeal as a bowl of rice. Best remembered for her politely passionate portrayal of Cathy in Wuthering Heights -which represented high art for the American screen at the time (1939)she played opposite a stormy young firebrand of a Heathcliffe named Laurence Olivier, who in the following decades was to attain far greater heights than Wuthering.

The most durable female of the foreign contingent, however, was the haunting, sphinx-like Greta Garbo. Her career in sound films spanned the decade, beginning early in 1930 with an adaptation of O'Neill's *Anna Christie*, rising to a splendid crescendo in Ernst Lubitsch's effervescent *Ninotchka* (1939) -then fizzing to an inglorious conclusion in 1941 with an absurd comedy of manners, Two-Faced Woman. Until the release of Anna Christic, her legion of admirers waited with bated breath: Would Garbo, like so many European-born favorites of the Twenties, be forced from the screen by her accent? Could she speak English? Would the voice complement her already legendary "face of the century"? Metro trumpeted the answer in heralding the release of her first sound film. "Garbo Talks!" was the catch phrase they used to sell Anna Christie-and nothing more was needed. Deep-throated, sensual, intriguingly accented, the voice held all the mystery and allure of the face itself. Garbo not only survived her ordeal by microphone; the microphone actually enhanced her image. As O'Neill's man-harried prostitute, she projected depths of cynicism, tinged with a tremulous note of hope, that were deeply moving.

Between "Garbo Talks!" in Anna Christie and "Garbo Laughs!" in Ninotchka, the seductive Swede appeared in a dozen films, generally playing a woman both worldly-wise and world-weary. By 1937 Alistair Cooke dubbed her, with a bit more poetry than accuracy, "every man's fantasy mistress." Actually, by that time most male tastes were yearning after the earthier, saltier fantasies fleshed out by Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard, judging by box-

office returns. Female fans, however, still identified with Garbo, who remained for them the embodiment of tragic romance. In Grand Hotel, she played a jaded prima ballerina who is briefly reju-venated by her hopeless love for a dapper German baron afflicted with the deplorable habit of stealing gems to pay off his gambling debts. Catching him red-handed in her hotel room, she decides her jewels are a negligible price to pay for the pleasure of his company in her boudoir. In Queen Christina, she momentarily rescued the fading career of John Gilbert, by insisting that he play her lover in a tale (based vaguely on historical incident) of a Swedish queen who has an amorous interlude with a noble emissary to her court. Incognito in male hunting attire, she encounters Gilbert in a forest; mistaking her for a young man, he seeks shelter with her, when a storm develops, in a crowded country inn, where they are forced to share the same room. Soon enough after retiring it becomes abundantly apparent to him that a tender woman's heart beats beneath his bedmate's manly garb, and three days of lovemaking ensue-discreetly implied rather than depicted, thanks to the Production Code. At the end of the idyl, knowing that she must return to the palace and resume the solitary burdens of the crown, she runs her hands tenderly over the walls of the bedroom, over the furnishings, over the posts of their bed of passion-as if memorizing these details to last for a lonely lifetime.

Her fate in Anna Karenina, after an illicit affair with Count Vronsky, was even more unhappy: death. In Camille, her best-remembered role, she was destined to fade away slowly and exquisitely of consumption-but not before playing a series of love scenes with young Robert Taylor, all of them more poetic than passionate. So bejeweled and voluminous were the costumes provided for her by MGM that they could scarcely have been disarrayed, much less removed. No less sedate was her next picture, Conquest, which embroiled her in still another ill-starred liaison, this time as a Polish countess, with no less an august personage than Napoleon himself. Despite everything-including an imperial budget-this romantic extravaganza flopped at the box office, whereupon director Ernst Lubitsch was given the green light to try his luck with Garbo in the comedy Ninotchka, a gay, frothy satire on Soviet puritanism. As a commissar sent to Paris to seek the return of some Russian jewels, Garbo meets a suave, lighthearted boulevardier (Melvyn Douglas) and promptly falls for both him and the frivolous Parisian delights to which he introduces her. Arranging scenes in which she laughed, danced, got magnifi-



"Have you noticed, Felicia, the extremely low caliber of people one meets at these wife-swapping parties lately?"

cently drunk and playfully flirtatious, Lubitsch succeeded in defrosting the

Garbo image.

Even though Ninotchka was a success, Garbo's career had but one more film to go. By the time she made Two-Faced Woman, the European market could no longer compensate for the declining interest in her films in America. In any case, the movie was not a good one; but it might have been better if the Legion of Decency had not objected to one of the two roles she played in it. In one, she played a naïve ski instructress married to the sophisticated Melvyn Douglas, and unable to compete with the wily ways of city women. In the other role, she adopted the guise of an imaginary twin sister, supposedly an insatiable seducer of all males who crossed her path. As her seductive sibling, she manages to win back her husband. But Cardinal Spellman raised the cathedral roof, and in order to avoid Catholic condemnation of the film, MGM inserted a new scene in which Douglas discovers Garbo's impersonation before hopping into bed with her presumed sister-thus modifying adulterous intent to ordinary marital cohabitation. Perhaps in consequence, the film died at the box office, even though Garbo made a delightful parody of her vampish twin-sister role. On this dual note of artistic success and commercial failure, she unceremoniously bowed out of films-mainly because MGM was no longer willing to pay her customary fee of \$250,000 a picture.

The public, however, continued to be fascinated by Garbo, and it gobbled up whatever bits of gossip were available about her intensely private private life, not easily penetrable because of her reclusive cloak of silence and mystery. In the late Thirties, however, her real-life intermezzo with conductor Leopold Stokowski was avidly followed by the press of the entire world. Meeting her at a dinner party, he convinced Garbo that a mystical affinity existed between them, and after that they were frequently seen together. In December of 1937, she sailed alone for Sweden, but motored to Italy for a rendezvous with Stokowski at a secluded villa in Ravello. Their joint presence was discovered by the press which, augmented by platoons of reporters and photographers from other countries, staged a three-week siege of their hideout. Day by day, the world breathlessly followed reports from Ravello: Garbo and Stoky appeared on their terrace! They took a walk together! They stayed indoors all day! In return for a promise to lift the siege, Garbo granted an interview in which she revealed that Louella Parsons had erred in a recent "exclusive" announcing that she and Stoky were secretly married. The couple thereupon retreated to her estate in Sweden. where they spent another three months



"One of the first things you've got to learn here is to chew your food well."

together; but they returned separately to the United States. What made the whole affair so extraordinary was the fact that the public, although thoroughly informed about every detail of the liaison, remained completely unscandalized by Garbo's unconventional behavior. It was as if one could expect nothing less of such an elusive and enigmatic goddess. A legend in her own time, she was also a law unto herself.

Shortly before Garbo and Stokowski started making beautiful music together, the public had been treated to a peek beneath the sheets of a considerably gamier sex scandal involving the beautiful Mary Astor. Following her film debut in the early Twenties, Miss Astor had made a smooth transition to talking pictures, where her cultivated voice, perfect figure and Madonna-like profile brought her dozens of starring roles throughout the Thirties. Off screen, meanwhile, she had married a society doctor, Franklyn Thorpe, given birth to a daughter-and was faithfully making entries in what proved to be a fateful diary. Leaving her husband in 1935, she failed to contest a divorce action brought by Dr. Thorpe, and lost the legal custody of their child. The diary she kept was said to have had something to do with this unusual favoritism to the husband. When Miss Astor changed her mind and decided to fight for the custody of her daughter a few months later, the diary suddenly made nationwide headlines. In her own words, it contained "not only the details of my own life, but it also revealed much that I knew about other people.'

Sensing an imminent scandal, several leading studios called an emergency meeting, attended by Irving Thalberg, Harry Cohn and Jack L. Warner, among others; out of it came the not unpredictable suggestion to Mary that she drop the suit. She refused. Meanwhile, a lurid handwritten journal alleged to be her diary (Miss Astor later termed it a "fake" in her published memoirs) began to circulate among an inner circle of producers. Newspapermen learned that the volume was a black-covered ledger filled with scribblings in an ink called Aztec brown, which dries to a purple shade-inspiring reporters to crow about

the diary's "purple prose."

The Los Angeles Examiner and the New York Daily News, among others. published what were euphemistically called "charm ratings," which they claimed were based on disclosures in the diary ranking the physical prowess of several noted Hollywood lovers. Surprisingly enough, the vaunted John Barrymore rated only seventh in this derby; even more surprisingly, it was middleaged, acid-witted George S. Kaufman, the scowling, prune-faced, bespectacled playwright, who turned out to be niimero uno. Purported quotations from the diary recently published in Kenneth Anger's Hollywood Babylon suggest that 207 the intimacies between Miss Astor and Mr. Kaufman were truly extraordinary in variety and endurance. Kaufman, it alleged, was capable of protean and prodigious efforts in the bedroom; he could devote morning, afternoon, evening and night to these sessions and come out refreshed-as would his partner-rather than debilitated. Eventually, the judge who tried the case impounded the diary and consigned it to the flames, and the daughter's custody was divided equally between the two contestants. (Dr. Thorpe, it developed in the hearings, had his own little peccadilloes, like sleeping three in a bed.) Significantly, Mary Astor's stock at the box office skyrocketed as a direct result of the court case and its revelations, though she later claimed in her memoirs that "there wasn't any box score, and I never called the damned thing 'Dear Diary'!"

Unfortunately, the permissive attitude of the public in the Thirties toward scandalous off-screen behavior was not matched by any easing of regulations governing what could be put on celluloid. Because of the repressions of the Production Code and the Legion of Decency, the portrayal of sexual passion took an increasingly neurotic cast—in the person of a cold-blooded, self-seeking

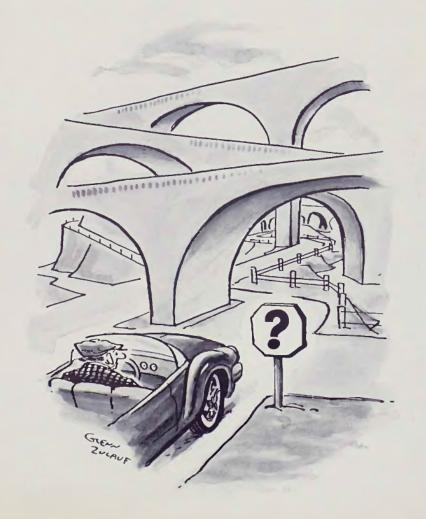
new breed of vamp: the bitch-heroine -a type prototypically exemplified by a gimlet-eyed young actress named Barbara Stanwyck. Brooklyn-born in 1907 as Ruby Stevens, Stanwyck came up the hard way-and alone. Orphaned when she was four, she grew to sullen, sultry maturity in a succession of foster homes. A professional dancer by the time she turned 13, she worked her way from the chorus line in third-rate musicals to a starring role-at 21-in a Broadway show called Burlesque. Then, in 1929, along with hundreds of other star-struck screen hopefuls, she went to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune. Surprisingly enough, unlike all but a handful of the others, she found both; a tough, good-looking kid from Brooklyn, she happened to arrive just in time to ride in with the new wave of hardboiled heroines. Frank Capra was among the first to spot her movie possibilities, in Ladies of Leisure; from then on, Stanwyck herself took over: In less than three years, she had made 12 pictures, the titles of which show the tawdry trend of the time: Ten Cents a Dance, Illicit, Forbidden, Shopworn, Lost Lady, Working Girl, etc. The bitchy, brassy image she projected in all of them-and ever since-has proved to be a remarkably durable one, almost as durable as

that of her most formidable rival in those days: a burgeoning bitch-heroine named Joan Crawford.

Miss Crawford (born Lucille LeSueur in 1908), who had started out in the Twenties as a flapper starlet, had begun to metamorphose into a headstrongyoung-career-girl type by 1930, and before the decade was well under way, into a liberated-American-woman-out-to-liveher-own-life. As a sexy German secretary in Grand Hotel, as mistress to politician Clark Gable in Possessed, as Sadie Thompson in Rain, as a cosmopolitan fashion model in Mannequin-in all of these early roles-she lived, loved, lost, lamented and somehow always managed to get what she wanted in the end, even if it was only her independence. When the Code and the Legion began to execrate and expunge "unladylike excesses" on screen in the mid-Thirties, Miss Crawford's forthright sexual image was promptly and cannily toned down by MGM to the new level of social acceptability-particularly by the costume department. Adrian, her designer at the studio, created for her a tailored, broadshouldered look that was destined to influence feminine fashions in America for the rest of the decade.

By the late Thirties, however, she had become just one of several sophisticated female stars dominating the screen (among them: Norma Shearer, Myrna Loy and Katharine Hepburn), and her box-office potency began to decline-to such an extent that by 1938 she was declared "poison" by an exhibitor's journal. By the following year, she had to plead for the part of the bitchy Crystal in Clare Booth's The Women, in which she stole Norma Shearer's husband away from her-only to lose him herself when Miss Shearer learned how to swing in the feminine jungle and wooed him back again. By the end of the decade, despite her ebbing popularity, Crawford was acknowledged to be one of Hollywood's most capable actresses; and though she still had her figure-and her shapely legs-it was her angular face, with its wide, tragic mouth and its huge, astonished eyes, that was her fortune.

She had, by then, married twice. The first marriage, to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (who was all of 19 at the time), lasted four years, and was marked by a series of miscarriages. Franchot Tone, a young socialite from the Broadway stage and heir to a Carborundum Incorporated fortune, was her next. She declared Franchot to be "her great love," but this marriage, too, foundered, because, as Joan herself put it, "Husbands with sensitive hearts don't like second billing." Meanwhile, Hollywood was rife with rumors about her early career. When she published her autobiography recently, she grabbed the bull by the horns and recapitulated a good many of them. "It



was a day of unbuttoned journalism." she wrote in Portrait of Joan, "and the stories about me got increasingly out of hand. There were stories that said I'd had my eyes slit to make them bigger . . . that I'd ruined my health by drastic dieting . . . that I'd danced at smokers . . . that I'd made a stag reel of film . . . that I floated easily from one romance to another." The outraged Miss Crawford then declared, "It couldn't have been less true!" What purports to be a print of that rumored stag film, nonetheless, reposes in the archives of Indiana's Kinsey Institute.

The neurotic screen heroine was brought to a near pinnacle of acting art in the many roles portrayed by Bette Davis, who reached stardom in 1935after some 20 films that failed to show her to best advantage. Her portrayal of Mildred in Of Human Bondage changed all that. As a grasping, rasping cockney waitress who teases and torments a young crippled medical student, she forged an ugly but unforgettable amalgam of the heroine and the wicked woman. Few can forget the scene in which Mildred contemptuously reviles her benefactor and boyfriend (Leslie Howard) before deserting him for his best friend. "You disgust me!" she spits at him, in a devastating comment on his prowess in bed. "I didn't think you really cared for that sort of thing," is his revealing reply.

Bette Davis was 27 at this time, a product of New England boarding schools and a New York acting academy. During a stage appearance in an all-tooforgettable play called Broken Dishes, she so impressed Universal scouts with her classic command of the English language that she was offered her first film contract. When Universal boss Carl Laemmle saw her screen test, however, he summarily dismissed her potential cinematic charms with the shortsighted observation that "She has as much sex appeal as Slim Summerville," and Warner Bros. was soon allowed to obtain her services. Relegated at first to frequent featured parts in B pictures for Warner's and still hampered by the prevalent Hollywood lack of faith in her future as a screen siren, Bette concentrated on creating unusual and recognizable acting mannerisms-angular movements, nervous twitches of the fingers and chain smoking-that made her seem the prototype of the neurotic modern woman. And once she'd managed to cast off the bonds of box-office anonymity with her performance in Of Human Bondage, she remained at the head of the class among contemporary screen bitches for the rest of the decade -a reign that also saw her ample Thespian talents reap two Academy Awards. For her role in Dangerous, a

second-rate film made memorable by her first-rate portrayal of a brilliant but alcoholic stage actress, Bette won the first of her Oscars, which many felt she had earned the year before as Mildred. In Marked Woman, she was the tough hostess of a B-girl clip joint who has her face slashed by gangsters. She earned her second Oscar in 1938 for Jezebel, an antebellum epic in which she was cast as a seductive and selfish Southern belle. At her bitchy best as the headstrong Julie Marsden, Bette disrupts a highly proper New Orleans ball by showing up bedecked in the kind of red dress worn only by "a woman of Gallatin Street"in other words, a prostitute. Near the end of the film, however, our shameless hussy redeems herself through selfless service in a hospital during a yellow-

fever epidemic.

In addition to becoming one of filmdom's foremost "man-eaters," Miss Davis also managed to run up a pretty good off-screen marital score for herself, even by Hollywood standards. Her first marriage, in 1932, was to bandleader Harmon Nelson; but matrimonial harmony finally soured after six years because of "career incompatibility"-hers was too big. She took her second walk up the aisle with West Coast resort director Arthur Farnsworth, who suffered a sudden fatal heart attack on a Hollywood street in 1943. For her third husband Bette chose a pugilist turned painter, William Grant Sherry, who matched her in artistic temperament, if not in talent. The ex-slugger's sensitivity got the better of him, however, when he started hearing rumors of an off-camera alliance between his wife and actor Barry Sullivan, with whom she was costarring in a film called Story of a Divorce. Sherry reportedly showed up on the set one day and floored the rugged film star with an expert one-two. After their divorce, Sherry married the governess Bette had hired to look after their child, Barbara, and cattishly sued his exwife for alimony. Bette, meanwhile, had already taken her fourth marital fling, with actor Gary Merrill, who later appeared with her in All About Eve. Merrill was seven years her junior and, although their union remained relatively peaceful for a time, he, too, eventually elected to admire the hardheaded film heroine from afar. After a brief period of voluntary exile from films, Miss Davis recently returned to the screen to garner Grand Guignol laurels for her leading roles in Whatever Happened to Baby Jane? and The Nanny and-though no longer eligible for femme fatale status-once more proved herself an acknowledged alltime grand dame of Hollywood actresses.

After her 1938 triumph in Jezebel, Bette had regarded herself as a prime candidate for the role of Scarlett O'Hara in Gone with the Wind, but her sup-



posed lack of sex appeal once again ruled against her. Other hopefuls for this plum part were Norma Shearer, Carole Lombard, Joan Bennett, and a young new discovery named Judy Turner, who had just changed her first name to Lana. Instead, Selznick launched an intensive search for a "new face" and awarded the coveted role to a relatively unknown young English actress who was in Hollywood at the time-ostensibly to visit her boyfriend, Laurence Olivier. Her name was Vivien Leigh. It was said that a prominent Hollywood actress requested a print of the test for private showing at her home-and burned it.

A cool beauty whose face seemed to mirror the discontent of a passionate girl at war with her own instincts, Miss Leigh was bitchily convincing in the film as she lied, cheated, betrayed her sister and provoked Clark Gable, as Rhett Butler, into near rape on their marriage bed. That she fully appreciated this forthright treatment was apparent from the memorable Cheshire smile on her face as she voluptuously stretched beneath the covers the following morning. But even the stalwart Rhett grew fed up with her callous self-indulgence and finally left her to her own vixenish devices. When Scarlett wondered aloud at the end what she would do if left alone, Rhett responded with the classic line. "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." Audiences were shocked less by his cavalier indifference than by the use of the word "damn" on the sound track, in flagrant violation of Code prohibitions. Selznick had wrested this unprecedented exemption by reminding the Hays Office that millions of readers of Margaret Mitchell's best seller already knew perfectly well what Rhett had said in parting.

. . . There had been no competition at all when it came to the casting of Rhett Butler. Not only was Gable eminently suitable in physical appearance and robust appeal, but the author of the novel, Margaret Mitchell, admitted that she'd had him in mind when she created the character. So keenly did Selznick want him for the part that he had to agree to allow MGM, the studio that had Gable under contract, the rights to release the film in return for Gable's services. Thus Gable brought vast riches to MGM, as well as to Selznick, for the film brought in revenues of more than \$50,000,000.

Gable was already known as "The King" of the movies, an appellation bestowed upon him when columnist Ed Sullivan invited his readers to vote for the "king" and "queen" of Hollywood. The overwhelming response favored Gable, while Myrna Loy eked through as "queen"-thanks primarily to the popularity of the Thin Man series in which she was then playing. A healthy Ohio-210 born (in 1901) specimen of Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch stock, Gable had developed his notable physique while working as a driller in the Oklahoma oil fields. Having also developed a yen for acting along the way, he joined a traveling theatrical troupe and, when the small touring group went broke in Montana, worked his way to Portland, Oregon, where he doubled for a short while as a necktie salesman and a reporter on a local newspaper. He spent his off-hours working with the local little theater, run by ex-actress Josephine Dillon, who helped the well-built Billy Gable to tone up his acting muscles. When she left Portland to open an acting school in Los Angeles, Gable went with her. They were married in 1924; the groom was 23 at the time, the bride 40.

In the next few years, Gable landed an occasional job as a film extra, then returned to the theatrical trail with another stock company. Reaching New York in 1928, he was seen in Broadway bit parts for the following two years before being signed up for the role of the condemned man in a Los Angeles stage production of The Last Mile. It was during this run that Lionel Barrymore, then functioning as a film director at MGM, saw Gable and arranged for him to be screen-tested by MGM. On the strength of the test-about the merits of which MGM studio heads failed to share Barrymore's enthusiasm-Gable won the part of a leering Western villain in The Painted Desert.

Subsequently earmarked for a series of similar tough-guy roles, Gable was next seen as a brutish chauffeur who slapped around a typically bitchy Barbara Stanwyck in a sexy film called Night Nurse. Thanks to his cocky grin and his manifest filmic disrespect for the weaker sex-an endearing male quality with filmgoers of the early Thirties-he was soon called upon to manhandle other screen wenches in like manner. He showed up as a gang leader in Dance, Fools, Dance (opposite Joan Crawford); and he stole the show from Lionel Barrymore and co-star Norma Shearer in A Free Soul, delighting male and female fans alike by ruthlessly slamming the svelte, ladylike Miss Shearer heartily into a chair. So rapid was Gable's rise to popularity that he was soon paired with the great Garbo in Susan Lennox: Her Fall and Rise, and again with Crawford in Possessed. Tinseltown gossip began to link the names of Gable and Crawford (who was at the time married to Hollywood royalty in the person of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) and, for a while, it was even rumored that filmdom's foremost he-man had broken up Joan's marriage. Miss Crawford denied this stoutly, explaining, "Clark did not break up my marriage with Douglas. That marriage was already broken." And so, at this point, was Clark's marriage to Josephine Dillon. He had divorced her in 1930. and a year later married Rhea Lucas Langham, an attractive and well-to-do New York widow who, like Gable's first wife, was many years his senior.

In 1932, Carole Lombard became his leading lady in No Man of Her Own, a filmic friendship that ripened off camera into marriage, after she was divorced from her first husband, William Powell, and Clark was released from his marital bondage to Rhea. Except for an unproven paternity suit and two marriages following the untimely death of Carole Lombard-his fourth, to London jetsetter Sylvia Ashley (1949); and his fifth and final liaison with Kay Williams (1955), which produced The King's only direct descendant—Gable's private life was relatively unblemished by scandal, sexual or otherwise; and just as well, for his stalwart screen image was worth a large fortune to MGM.

By the time he made sweltering, realistic love to Jean Harlow in Red Dust, he was the studio's hottest male property. And he went on to win an Oscar for his 1934 role as a wise-guy reporter opposite Claudette Colbert in It Happened One Night, a film in which he brought down the house when he hung a blanket between their twin beds while sharing a motel room with Miss Colbert, playing a runaway heiress. Incidentally, it was in this picture that he threw the entire American underwear industry into a tailspin when, undressing for the night, he revealed that he wore no undershirt next to his manly chest. Underwear manufacturers feared that his revelation might have a disastrous effect on sales of the garment, theretofore regarded as a sartorial sine qua non. It did. Parenthetically, it might also be mentioned that Gable's chest was shaved for the occasion, for it was the practice in movies at this time to pretend that hirsute male chests did not exist.

When Margaret Mitchell used Gable as her model in writing Gone with the Wind, she described him in a way that publicity departments could hardly have equaled. "There was a cool recklessness in his face, and a cynical humor in his mouth," she wrote, going on to limn a handsome chap who, while able to conquer women through his assertive masculinity, was nevertheless tenderhearted beneath that tough exterior. Gable thus symbolized for vast numbers of women the kind of man they secretly longed for -one who was obviously potent enough to break through all the taboos that held them in sway. So potent was his performance in the picture that he caused repercussions at the directorial end. George Cukor, known as "a woman's director," had first been signed for the movie, primarily because of the dominance of the Scarlett O'Hara role, But The King could hardly be asked to appear in sup-

port of a virtually unknown leading lady; thus Victor Fleming, who had directed several of Gable's previous films, was brought in to take over the picture-mainly to ensure proper direction for Gable. When Fleming became exhausted by his task, Sam Wood finished it up, although most of the shooting had already been done by Fleming. Gable won a 1939 Oscar nomination for his portrayal, but unaccountably lost out to the effete performance of Robert Donat in Goodbye, Mr. Chips. As a consolation prize soon after, he won Carole Lombard as his third wife, upon which they immediately became Hollywood's most famous married couple.

Thirty-one at the time of her marriage, Miss Lombard was one of Hollywood's most popular stars in her own right, vastly adored by male audiences for her clear-eyed beauty, her fetchingly proportioned figure and her "madcap" characterizations in some of the best comedies of the decade. Born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, she reached Hollywood at the age of eight and worked as a child in silent films. Four years later, she was sufficiently well developed to appear as a cowgirl in Westerns and as a bathing beauty in Mack Sennett's two-reel farces. During lean periods between pictures, she engaged in Charleston competitions at local dance halls and was even rumored to be one of the more available girls around town. But the Thirties' vogue for "screwball comedy" soon brought her into her own-and to the attention of William Powell, who married her in 1931, after she had appeared with him in Man of the World.

The film that made her a full-fledged star was Twentieth Century, in which she happened to play a full-fledged movie star. Screaming, screeching and kicking, she fought off the attempts of a down-and-out theatrical producer, John Barrymore, to lure her back to the Broadway stage so that he might revive his own career. His ploys, all of them taking place aboard the Twentieth Century Limited while it huffed across the country, were somewhat hampered by the fact that the actress had once been his mistress, and had been unceremoniously discarded by him. Director Howard Hawks drew an altogether delightful performance from Miss Lombard, at one point vouchsafing a view of her in flimsy underwear that revealed a posterior without equal in its pleasing curvature. She invariably enlivened Hollywood both on and off the set, being given to playing off-screen practical jokes. One of her pet pranks was to screw flashbulbs into light sockets and then hang around for the explosion when the light was turned on. Her wisecracks were said to be the gamiest in Hollywood, and she was also known for her ability to outswear the most hard-bitten studio grip.



"Take an indecent proposal . . ."

But she was also a first-rate comedienne-the best of the screwballs, Richard Schickel termed her in The Stars, rating her above such others as Jean Arthur and Rosalind Russell. In My Man Godfrey, playing a dizzy debutante on a scavenger hunt, she discovered her (by then) ex-husband William Powell in a city dump and brought him to the bosom of her family-and ultimately to her ownas a butler. She scored another triumph in True Confession, as a lawyer's wife hoping to advance her husband's career as his client-by pretending to be a murderess. In Nothing Sacred, she was again an impersonator, this time boisterously posing as a celebrated victim of radium poisoning so that her "doom" might be exploited by a newspaper to raise circulation. When she threatens to give away the hoax, ace reporter Fredric March is forced to knock her cold with a haymaker. Captivating as she was, there were those who saw her as an authentic type of the Thirties, a girl who expressed deep dissatisfaction with conventional behavior and who gave vent to her frustrations through zany behavior; unlike the bitch-heroines, however, Lombard revealed a warm feminine submissiveness beneath her wisecracking exterior. Her marriage to Clark Gable appeared to be an ideal one, but it was soon to end in tragedy. On a war-bond-selling mission in 1942, she was a passenger on

a plane that crashed into the side of a mountain in Spain and snuffed out the lives of all aboard.

Throughout the Thirties, several male stars gave Clark Gable strong competition for the top popularity ratings, their appeals, like his, clearly based on sexoriented screen images. James Cagney, who pre-dated Gable as a star, won his following through an open espousal of violence, first smashing his way to fame as the lethal gangster of Public Enemy in 1931. A product of Manhattan's tough Lower East Side, and the son of a bartender, young Cagney knocked around New York in several menial jobs, then drifted into show business, starting out as a chorus boy and a song-and-dance man. After winning modest success in a straight play called Penny Arcade (starring Joan Blondell), he was brought to Hollywood by Warner Bros. Public Enemy revealed him to be a distinctly new kind of screen personality: cruel and pugnacious, callously unfaithful to his women, and so ill-tempered that at one point in the film he smashed his breakfast grapefruit straight into the face of Mae Clarke. He persisted in this unseemly behavior with bantam-cock bravado through a series of profitable action films in which he played successively a gambler, a con man, a taxi driver 211



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and, in Winner Take All, a prize fighter. It was in this film that he booted Virginia Bruce in her pretty rear. Cagney was given a chance to sing and dance in Footlight Parade, showing himself well accomplished at both, after which he reverted once more to racketeering in Lady Killer, and also to his treat-'emrough tactics-at one low point dragging the long-suffering Mae Clarke across the floor by the hair. The adoption of the Production Code inhibited his antisocial ebullience briefly; but a socially acceptable outlet for it was soon found when he was cast on the side of the law in G-Men, thus giving him carte blanche to rough up members of the underworld in lieu of law-abiding citizens. (Ironically, quite contrary to his ruthlessly violent screen image, Cagney in private life was and is an exemplary husband and father, a man of distinct cultivation who espouses liberal causes, and who fought hard and successfully to get The Screen Actor's Guild recognized by the reluctant studios as the official bargaining agent for screen actors.)

Not handsome by typical Hollywood standards, Cagney was nevertheless one of the most popular sex stars of the decade—with both men and women—and one of the most symbolic; his appeal was symptomatic of the vicarious release to be obtained for pent-up hostilities through public displays of sadomasochistic behavior. Social critic Lincoln Kirstein picked Cagney as the star who expressed "in terms of pictorial action the delights of violence, the overtones of a semiconscious sadism, the tendency toward destruction, toward anarchy, which is the basis of American sex appeal."

But Cagney-style violence was not the only basis for sex appeal during the Thirties. Ronald Colman, for instance, adopted a distinctly nonviolent approach and achieved a lasting popularity of his own. With his cultivated British manner and accent, Colman became an even greater star during the Thirties than he was during the silent Twenties: He had the look of a sensitive, idealistic, poetic gentleman; and he both admired and respected the women of his choice. As a discredited English barrister in A Tale of Two Cities, he sacrificed himself for the sake of the woman he loved, offering his own neck to the guillotine of the French Revolution in place of that of the man she preferred. "It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done," he intoned bravely en route to his death-thereby melting every female heart in the house. In the view of the studios, Colman was distinctly "class"; and thus he was often seen in films made from popular classics, always polite, romantic and self-sacrificing-absolutely perfect for those never-never lands of love and adventure to be found in The Prisoner of Zenda and Lost Horizon. The Production Code Administration never had any trouble with a Ronald Colman film, and the Legion of Decency deemed him safe for the entire family. There were other gentlemanly types, of course—scions of well-to-do families such as Franchot Tone and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—but until his death in 1958, Colman remained the studios' first choice as the perfect gentleman.

He had a bit of competition, though, from another Englishman cut from the same theatrical cloth-Leslie Howard, whose cultivated British accent became familiar to American filmgoers soon after the arrival of sound. With his soulful eyes and his vague look of poetic intellectuality, he was an ideal candidate for gentleman-hero roles in such films as Berkeley Square and The Scarlet Pimpernel; and he proved a well-tempered British foil for Bette Davis' bitchiness in Of Human Bondage, Formerly a bank clerk, Howard gave up his duties at the teller's window for a career on the British stage, from whence he moved on to Hollywood. Understatement was his forte, and it was his "throwing away" of poignant lines-letting a cowlike gaze do most of the dramatic work-that endeared him to hosts of female filmgoers. Already well on into his 40s, Howard was next chosen to play a distinctly middle-aged Romeo to Norma Shearer's overripe Juliet in MGM's lavishly miscast production of the Shakespeare classic. As the tweedy Professor Higgins in Pygmalion, however, he was closer to type; and his myriad female fans voted him an ideal Ashley Wilkes in Gone with the Wind. He ended the decade as a mature musician carrying on an affair with the nubile Hollywood newcomer Ingrid Bergman in Intermezzo. During the War years, while said to be on a secret British intelligence mission, Howard was killed when his plane was shot down by the Germans.

Gary Cooper, although considerably more laconic than either Colman or Howard, was no less a gentleman. Lanky and shy, he was the favorite audience prototype of the innately self-confident American who, though perhaps lacking in eloquence, could be relied upon in any perilous situation. Born in Helena, Montana, in 1901, of British-born parents (his barrister father had already become a true Westerner in keeping with his job as a Montana Supreme Court judge), Gary was first employed on a new ranch his father had acquired. But the boy who was then known as Frank James Cooper took little interest in livestock; he preferred painting. After studying art at Iowa's Grinnell College in hopes of becoming a cartoonist, he trekked to Los Angeles in search of a drawing post on a newspaper. Unappre-

ciated by local editors, he went through a series of odd jobs that included a brief stint selling advertising space on theater curtains-until he happened to run across a pair of old friends from Montana who bragged about their ten-dollara-day movie-studio jobs as cowboy extras. Cooper decided to try his luck, too, and was soon riding, roping and trick shooting in B Westerns. Opting for filmdom's wide-open spaces over space sales, Cooper hired an agent (Mina Wallis, sister of Hal), who suggested he change his name to Gary-after Gary, Indiana, her home town. His big break came soon after, when she got him a bit part in The Winning of Barbara Worth and Cooper proved himself a capable replacement for an actor of larger stature who failed to appear for one of the featured roles. When the picture appeared, a woman in one movie house was heard to exclaim, "Oh, he's so beautiful!"

Paramount offered him a contract, and the studio then busily proceeded to promote him-first featuring him in Westerns, and later with Fray Wray in The Legion of the Condemned as "Paramount's glorious young lovers." Cooper had taken this appellation somewhat seriously himself by the time he made Wolf Song in 1929 with the Mexican spitfire Lupe Velez as his leading lady. The subsequent torrid affair between the two was adroitly aided and abetted through Paramount's publicity channels, providing a predictable box-office boom for the picture. After disengaging himself from the volatile Miss Velez, Cooper began courting the international beauty Lady Ashley; Lupe, meanwhile, spliced the knot with that vine-swinging star of the jungle, Johnny Weissmuller-who, as Tarzan, had sailed through several censorship crackdowns wearing the same paltry loincloth, and thus could easily lay claim to having been the most undressed male star in moviemaking annals.

But physical perfection was evidently not enough to satisfy star-smitten American womanhood, who much preferred the gangling Gary Cooper. His look of shy innocence was oddly sexual in its effect on women. Female fans felt the urge to arouse his slumbering passions, and he soon zoomed to the top position among male stars in the early Thirties. Whether he played in Westerns, aviation epics or sudsy melodramas, the effect was always the same. Cooper was the type who could be trusted by male and female alike; he was true-blue, honest as the sky, taciturn, utterly unafraid, always on the side of the right and the righteous. What did it matter if, off screen, he was something of a rake and an international gadabout?

Early in the Thirties, Cooper decided to call a halt to his hectic screen schedule and headed for Europe, where he ran into a café-society playgirl, Dorothy di Frazzo, and managed to double his news value by simultaneously headlining both the gossip columns and the society pages of two continents. Returning to Hollywood, he met another socialite, Veronica Balfe, who was attempting to make the starlet scene under the name of Sandra Shaw. They were married in 1933, and the marriage lasted until his death in 1963—despite an intervening romance (his one and only extramarital adventure) with actress Patricia Neal.

On screen, Cooper had been the archetypal Hemingway hero; he even played in the first version of A Farewell to Arms, during which he shared a hospital bed with nurse Helen Hayes, and, much later, a sleeping bag in Spain with Ingrid Bergman in For Whom the Bell Tolls. Who would deny so idealistic a young man an occasional furlough for lovemaking in the midst of hellish war? For when Cooper loved, the audience knew he loved true and well.

A picture that Cooper made in 1931 called *Devil and the Deep* is mentioned here only because in that same relatively minor film appeared a dashing young Englishman, born Alexander Archibald Leach, but by then renamed Cary Grant. He had a small role as a caddish seducer, and he was not particularly impressive, but he had come to Paramount at exactly the right moment. The studio was angry at Cooper, by then the nation's biggest box-office draw, because he had tarried too long abroad whooping it up with the international set. To chasten him,

Paramount embarked on a program of building up new romantic fodder—thus subtly suggesting that Cooper might well be expendable. So the studio tossed Cary Grant into Mae West's She Done Him Wrong and I'm No Angel; and thereafter he became a much-soughtafter boudoir adornment of almost every top female star of the Thirties—at least in their pictures. Like a good many of the male stars of the period, he behaved circumspectly otherwise.

Unlike Cooper, his once-married Paramount colleague, Grant was a frequent off-screen worshiper at the nuptial altar: In 1934, he married actress Virginia Cherrill; in 1942, he became another addition to heiress Barbara Hutton's collection of husbands; in 1949, he reentered the marital sweepstakes in tandem with a young actress named Betsy Drake; and in 1965, the still indefatigable and then-60-year-old Grant married yet another actress, Dyan Carroll-who recently presented him with a bouncing male heir to the considerable fortune he amassed during his prudent pre-paternal days.

The product of a calamitous child-hood, Grant grew up in Bristol, England, where his mother suffered a grievous mental breakdown when he was 12—not long after which his father took up with another woman. Thus deprived of the customary familial ties, the boy ran away and joined a juvenile acrobatic troupe, and the physical rigors of the work developed in him a hardiness that is apparent even to this day. From vaudeville he moved on to acting in



"Up to your old tricks again, huh?"

English repertory theater, then headed for Broadway. After a few small parts and some work in short films at Paramount's Astoria, Long Island, studio, he went to the Coast under contract.

Grant's non-U Bristol accent was a handicap to him for a while, and he had not yet gotten down to the romantic slimness he was eventually to possess. Thus, he was cast more often as a crass seducer than as a romantic lover-that is, until he developed the suavity and poise that now characterize his work.

Director George Cukor, for one, was of considerable help in developing Grant's stylishness as an actor, aiding him to develop the deft timing he needed to keep pace with Katharine Hepburn in Holiday, in which he played an engaging young investment broker who has fallen in love with an heiress to millions. He was seldom a heavy after that, and in a remarkable refinement of his own personality, quickly became the epitome of the elegant, charming male-both on screen and off. But bed never seemed the prime object of the on-screen lovemaking indulged in by Grant. His approach was offhanded, wary and witty -and, paradoxically, by talking about everything but sex, he helped bring more sophistication to the screen. The women who played opposite him were, more often than not, such angular, barbed, sharp-tongued types as Katharine Hepburn, Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell. Anything but cuddly and malleable, they were, in fact, hardly more than foils for Grant's kidding, lighthearted approach to sex.

. . .

Far more serious and heavy-lidded was Charles Boyer, who first went to Hollywood in 1930 as an accomplished actor from the Comédie Française in Paris. In those early talkie days, the studios sometimes made simultaneous foreign-language versions of their films, using Continental actors imported for the purpose. Boyer came over specifically to play the Chester Morris part in the French version of The Big House, and he stayed around to play smallish parts in other American films. In Harlow's Red Headed Woman, for instance, he appeared briefly at the end as her French gigolo-chauffeur. By 1934, however, he had become a Hollywood star in his own right, playing in Caravan a gypsy violinist who fiddles around with a countess (Loretta Young). It became apparent in this film that his voice-languorously slow, mellifluously accented-had distinctly seductive connotations for women. Hollywood publicists also made a fuss about his "bedroom eyes." Thus he became for the Thirties the latter-day incarnation of the Latin lover of the Twenties. He was a passionate French psychiatrist, for example, in Private Worlds (1935) and he 214 wooed Jean Arthur in History Is Made at Night, one of the best of the romantic films of the Thirties. In that film Boyer played a maître d'hôtel who is also a refined man of the world. As a young American wife whose husband is attempting to incriminate her so that she won't be able to leave him, Jean Arthur is rescued by Boyer and wooed by him for one long, marvelous night of palpitating Thirties-style romance: He takes her to the deserted cabaret where he is ordinarily employed and arranges for the chef to prepare a masterpiece of a dinner for them with exactly the right wines and the right music (tangos played by the cabaret orchestra). Dawn finds them in a park murmuring au revoir, both misty-eyed and trembling with

Even as the seedy Pépé le Moko of Algiers (with Hedy Lamarr) in 1938, Boyer exuded a romantic appeal that elicited thousands of female fan letters. (Just incidentally, Boyer never said to Hedy, or to anyone else, "Come weez me to ze Casbah." A radio mimic of Boyer's Continental delivery beamed the line into the national consciousness, and there it has remained, fixed but fallacious.) In all his pictures, however, Boyer eschewed the torrid techniques of previous Latin lovers. He was all suavity and polish, and he always respected a woman's feelings-even though his aim was still to ease her into bed.

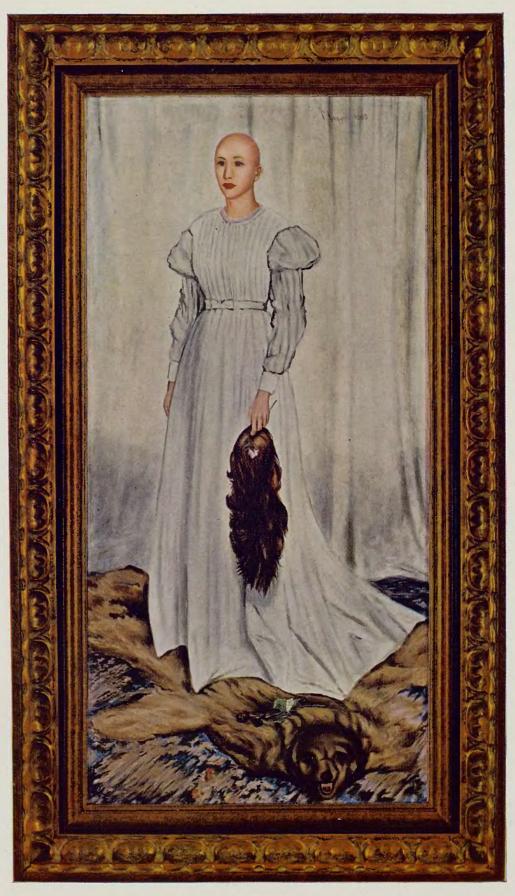
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The same could never be said of another prevalent male screen type of the Thirties: the clean-cut, handsome young man with lots of white teeth but little masculine aggressiveness. Obviously, the popularity of such toothpaste-ad types as Don Ameche could be explained only by the need to develop relatively sexless stars to portray relatively sexless lovers in discreet romances-in line with the innocuousness demanded by Hollywood censorship during the mid- and late Thirties. Ameche was just the man-with his toothy, relentlessly cheerful smile-to invent the telephone, to compose Stephen Foster's melodies and, because of his ingratiating singing voice, to appear in musicals with his female counterpart, Alice Faye. Ameche's presence virtually guaranteed that a movie was, if nothing else, "in good taste." But if popular with many, he also antagonized vast segments of the audience who found him just too clean-cut to be believed.

Of all these pretty-boy heroes, however, none set more shopgirls' hearts aflutter than the lushly handsome, patricianly profiled Robert Taylor. Born Spangler Arlington Brugh in unromantic Filey, Nebraska, he had moved into theatricals while still a premed student at Pomona College, near Los Angeles, and was signed by MGM to a long-term contract when a brief appearance in a Crime Does Not Pay short produced an unanticipated flood of feminine fan mail. At the outset, no one-and least of all Mr. Taylor-pretended that the clean-shaven young man with the dark wavy hair and sensual lips was also an actor. Cast opposite actresses of the caliber of Irene Dunne and Garbo, his Thespic inadequacies were almost painfully apparent, although this did little to hamper his skyrocketing popularity. Well muscled, he wore clothes impeccably, smiled an Ipana smile above a deep-cleft chin, and exuded an air of well-groomed well-being that made him a particularly glamorous figure in an era when most male stars cast themselves in the more rugged mold of Cagney or Gable. Toward the end of the Thirties, however, Taylor himself recognized that he could not go on playing romantic juvenile leads ad infinitum and began demanding more dynamic roles of his studio, such as the prizefighters in The Crowd Roars and Stand Up and Fight, the athlete in A Yank at Oxford, the gangster in Johnny Eager and the first of innumerable Western heroes in Billy the Kid. Although his acting had improved but little, the slight elevation of the eyebrows by which he had formerly registered passion also proved serviceable as expressions of chagrin, disdain and manly determination. Maturity brought lines of character to his comely face, to which Taylor added a trim mustache; and soon the callow youth of the Thirties was gone, replaced by a durable-but never again so popular-all-purpose star.

If Robert Taylor never quite became an actor, the equally handsome Tyrone Power was rarely permitted to display on the screen the formidable dramatic ability he actually possessed. Scion of a distinguished theatrical family, he first won praise for his performances in Katharine Cornell's productions of Romeo and Juliet and St. Joan; but when he got to Hollywood in 1935, producers saw only a pretty face and an athletic physique, the standard makings of a matinee idol. Power quickly established his feminine appeal as the ringleted hero of the pseudo-historical Lloyds of London, and was promptly flung into a series of eminently forgettable light comedies opposite the likes of Loretta Young and Sonja Henie. That he survived at all is evidence of the buoyant charm he brought to the thinnest of roles, plus the suggestion of a healthy sexuality behind the clean-cut, boyish good looks that he shared with innumerable lesser stars of the day. Frequently miscast, as in Marie Antoinette and Suez, for a time he seemed doomed to play forever Don Ameche's errant younger brother as 20th Century-Fox kept rewriting substantially

### THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



Whistler's WHITE GIRL By Jim Beaman

the same plot to accommodate him on various pages in America's past-In Old Chicago, Alexander's Ragtime Band-or swashbuckling through romantic costumers such as The Mark of Zorro and The Black Swan. What ultimately saved him was his honest hankering to act. Although his studio was reluctant to let Power, the epitome of apple-pie wholesomeness, play a drink-sodden geek in the offbeat Nightmare Alley, it was this role that suddenly reminded critics that he once had been an actor; and their praise opened the way to a wider variety of parts. Until his untimely death in 1958, while filming Solomon and Sheba in Spain, Power continued to test his talents, several times quitting the movies altogether in order to work on the stage at the thing he loved best: acting.

Such dedication to the craft was not among the professional preoccupations of Errol Flynn-who, if he resented being typecast as a swashbuckler, kept it a close-guarded secret. A man who had the look and the style of a genuine adventurer. Flynn had accumulated a raffish wealth of experience as a genuine soldier of fortune by the time he went to Hollywood in 1935. A native of Tasmania, where he was born in 1909, Flynn's early adventures had included short stints as a slaver in New Guinea, working in the gold fields of the South Pacific, running a schooner up uncharted rivers to get close shots of dangerous head-hunters, being charged with murder (after Flynn defended his crew from a raid) and acquitted, getting disemboweled within an inch of his life, contracting every variety of infection (including the venereal) and finally smuggling some diamonds out of the South Seas into the civilized world of London, where he took up acting. A few years later, in Australia, he convinced a local movie director that he was just the man to play Fletcher Christian in a 1933 version of Mutiny on the Bounty. When MGM decided to film the story, with Clark Gable and Charles Laughton, they bought the Australian version to keep it off the market. Undaunted, Flynn followed his unreleased footage to Hollywood, where Warner Bros. put him under contract and assigned him to The Case of the Curious Bride for a scene in which Margaret Lindsay lethally bopped him on the head with a poker. His image was quickly changed, however, to its more familiar swashbuckling style when he led The Charge of the Light Brigade as a British officer. In Captain Blood, he unveiled his manly musculature while working on the rigging of a pirate ship. He went on to twang a mean bow and fence with abandon in a remake of Robin Hood, during which he seriously endangered his screen opponents with his fierce, reckless, ill-aimed and ill-timed slashes. Less abandoned, understandably, were his love scenes-considering the chaste and anemic leading ladies who played opposite him. Olivia de Havilland and Brenda Marshall among them.

Off the screen, however, he exhibited no such gentlemanly restraint. In addi-

tion to a Brobdingnagian yacht, Flynn kept a custom-made Packard fitted with back rests that, at the touch of a button beneath the dash, instantaneously converted the seats into beds. He was also likely to disappear from the set during filming-whether into the master bedroom of his yacht or the back seat of his car is not known. Ezra Goodman, in The Fifty-Year Decline and Fall of Hollywood, told of a search for him while Edge of Darkness was on location in Monterey, California. "A manhunt," wrote Goodman, "uncovered him with a young local lady in the loft of a fish house on the pier." The somewhat odorous Flynn was rushed off in one fast car, the girl in another. Bills of large denominations were handed to interested spectators by Warner Bros. operatives well schooled in handling such contingencies. Meanwhile, his married life to Lily Damita, among others, was predictably stormy and characterized by much public and private squabbling. Among his peccadilloes was a fondness for drinking and for slightly unripe girls; but more of this-and the famous statutory rape case in which he was involvedwhen we discuss The Sex Stars of the Forties in a later installment.

A rash of new sex goddesses came along in the late Thirties. Stuffed into sweaters that made interesting bulges, they had Oomph instead of It; they were said to resemble "the girl next door"; and they had the look of being fashioned from common democratic clay. Among them were Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner and Betty Grable, and while each began her career in the Thirties, the years of their important stardom didn't come until the Wartime Forties. Dorothy Lamour was an exception. Darktressed, dark-eyed and curvaceous, she was discovered, so she claimed, in a Chicago elevator, and promptly became the favorite "exotic" of the pre-War period, Paramount, in 1936, had accumulated some stock footage shot in southeast Asia for jungle documentaries-including a dandy elephant stampede a cameraman had happened to encounter-and decided to put it to use in a picture. A search was undertaken for a girl to play in the film, imaginatively entitled The Jungle Princess. The specifications were that she be non-blonde, long-haired and capable of looking well in a native pareu. Miss Lamour, a bit player on the lot at the time, was plucked as the sought-for jungle flower, mainly because she had the longest hair in Hollywood. The film, in which she sang Moonlight and Shadow to Ray Milland in a kind of Malayan double talk (he barely managed to keep his face straight), was an unexpected hit. Her costume was a kind of leather chemise; but in Her Jungle



"I always said there was a lot more to Aunt Martha than met the eye."

Love, it had metamorphosed into a cloth print and was henceforth called a sarong. It promptly sparked a national fashion. Between the above two films, Sam Goldwyn borrowed her for The Hurricane, in which stalwart Jon Hall was considerably more revealed by his sarong than she by hers. Nevertheless, Miss Lamour was billed as "the sarong girl," the girl who wore the latest thing in sexy costumes-but since these covered even more of the anatomy than any bathing suit of the period, they would hardly qualify as such today. Even in the jungle, the Production Code demanded its tithe of modesty. A recurrent scene in Lamour jungle films was the one in which the primitive girl is being taught to kiss by the leading man. The Legion of Decency was always alarmed by these interludes-though they were marked by the strictest propriety-perhaps because the sarong looked as if it could easily be slipped off in the middle of the lesson; consequently, Miss Lamour and her innocuous opuses often suffered the onus of a "B" rating. In any case, by 1940, both the sarong girl and her costume had become a joke, and the erstwhile jungle princess thenceforth got along by kidding herself in a series of Bob Hope-Bing Crosby films.

Far more durable was Lana Turner, dubbed at the beginning of her career "the sweater girl." Born Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner, and called Judy by her friends-Lana made her screen debut in 1937, wearing a tiny beret and a very tight sweater, in one of Warner Bros.' films of "social significance," They Won't Forget. Few forgot the sight of the 16-year-old blonde walking down the street of a Southern town, her pert head high and her braless breasts bouncing saucily beneath their covering. Many a film career has been built on considerably less-and Lana had considerably more, including well-rounded little buttocks that undulated when she moved in an intriguing combination of locomotion and invitation, and a face that somehow managed to suggest simultaneously apple-pie innocence and shopgirl worldliness.

Actually, Lana Turner's career reads astonishingly like the plot of a Lana Turner movie. All the glamor and all the clichés are there, along with such sordid but standard elements of cheap melodrama as the murder of her gangster lover by her nubile daughter. As for romance, during nearly three decades of Hollywood life, she accumulated five husbands (most of them rich and/or famous) and, according to one fan magazine, a total of 41 boyfriends.

No stranger to violence, she was nine when her father was murdered on a San Francisco side street after winning a crap game. After his death, she was sent to stay with family friends in Modesto, California, but was so badly mistreated that her mother took her back, and the two moved to Los Angeles. Again like a movie script, while playing hooky one day from Hollywood High School, she was spotted drinking a soda on a stool in Schwab's famous drugstore by Billy Wilkerson, publisher of The Hollywood Reporter. Wilkerson popped the classic question, "Would you like to be in pictures?" Judy said "Yes" and, with her mother as chaperone, was brought to a talent agency that arranged several interviews for her. She was carefully instructed to give her age as 18.

At Warner's she was singled out from a group of aspirants by director Mervyn LeRoy who, without even the formality of a test, put her under contract at \$50 a week and cast her in his then-upcoming They Won't Forget. Although she appeared in only three scenes, playing a young student who is raped and murdered, these proved a foothold for her career. When, soon after, LeRoy moved over to MGM, he took Lana's contract with him; she appeared there in such antiseptic items as Love Finds Andy Hardy and Calling Doctor Kildare. Turner, the all-American sexpot, was still a few years away-at least, on the screen. Her private life, on the other hand-if anything so minutely documented in the gossip columns can be called a private life-was quite another matter. By 18, she was dating so often and so many, and keeping such late

hours, that she was known as "the queen

of the night clubs." She was caught in the vortex of what she later described in a Sunday-supplement article as "too much money, too much beauty, too much sex and too little background." The first of her marriages, to bandleader Artie Shaw, occurred in 1940; but the details of that and her other marriages are matters that belong more properly to later installments that will deal with the sex stars of the Forties and Fifties, when Lana shone brightest among a whole new galaxy of love goddesses. By the end of the Thirties, the candidates were more numerous than ever, many of them drawn to Hollywood by Lana herself. Not surprisingly, the story of her discovery in a drugstore had kindled kindred ambitions in the hearts of hundreds of sweet young things who also could boast a well-filled sweater. But mostly they were drawn by the siren call of stardom itself, which-thanks to the ever-increasing popularity of the movies and the concomitant proliferation of dream-spinning fan magazines-somehow seemed more attainable than ever.

In the next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert take up the role played by movie sexuality during the War years of the 1940s, when Hollywood mobilized its pinup brigades and soldiers worshiped at the leggy shrines of Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth—while anti-Axis films kept the home fires burning with inflammatory scenes of patriotic sadism.





"Y'know who I'd like to have here right now? The feller who wrote 'He don't say nothin', he don't do nothin', he jes' keeps rollin' along!"

GOOCT of PCOMS (continued from page 125)

and him falling and falling until he landed among the tents of the Wise Men who called him Prince? Majoon is for dreaming, and anyone could be turned into a dog or a bird just like that. Once in Marrakech I remember a gold-turbaned storyteller sitting on a faded rug from which the beauties of the hammam looked out. He flips sheets of colored papers-Noah's ark loaded with golden lions, ibis, jeweled serpents, pink stallions, swords cleaving heads in two, blood dripping red all over onto the ground. Eggs materialize in thin air. Everyone has eyes. An Arab midget does a trance dance to ouds, drums and flutes; whirls, stumbles drunkenly and falls down. A crowd begins to gather around the storyteller as the sun sinks below the horizon and the red city of Marrakech is glowing like an ember.

There in the Djemaa-el-Fna, it is the same as it has been for many centuries, and the Thousand and One Nights happened just yesterday, are still happening all around you, while there in the center of colors the storyteller unfolds his tale of the miraculous Aladdin who was conceived in majoon. Yes, by Allah, this is

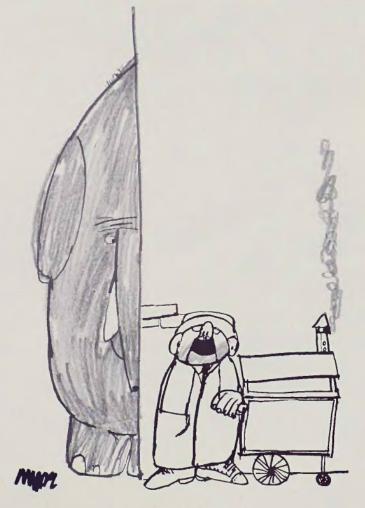
the best majoon! It will cure you of all your ills, bring you laughter, thicken your seed! Buy it for your husbands! Buy it for your wives! He pulls out of his sleeve one of his bonbons, holding it up for everyone to see, and there is a shuffle of yellow slippers as the crowd presses forward.

The white-humped Atlas holds up the sky like a great carnival tent and all around there is the bustle of people at twilight on their way home through a sea of Genouas, monkeys, pickpockets, sailing corpses, scattered teeth, 738 bicycles threading the eye of a needle, coming out on the other side, which is Marrakech. And somewhere above it all you can see Negro acrobats in baggy red-and-green suits describing theorems of geometry in the orange air. Dig the imagery! Watch as the last sheets fall from his handsjinn, afreets, demons all around under the power as Suleiman sits golden above the kingdom of beasts. So you step right past the porcupine quills wrapped in old anatomy charts, past burning frankincense and copal, and you cop a stick of majoon from a large brass tray. The magic numbers, the sword of Suleiman, scorpions and serpents, circles, stars and pentagrams are all yours for only *khamsin* francs or one thin dime. An old wizened Arab plugs into Allah's switchboard with a one-way toy telephone and boy dancers do their bumps and grinds, while off at the side a trayful of goat heads looks coldly on the scene.

The ordinary majoon sold in the market place usually comes in the form of greenish black or brown sticks about the size of your thumb and is of a gummy or pastelike consistency. There are many different kinds of majoon, and the quality and appearance vary, naturally, with the recipe used. The most important ingredient is, of course, kif, or hemp, and it is best to use only the gum or resin of the plant-sometimes called chira or charas by North Africans and hash by foreigners-or the powdered buds and flowers when this is not available. The outer leaves, stalks and seeds, which are commonly discarded when the kif is prepared for smoking, are often used in the making of majoon, but may leave you with a throbbing headache, although local songbirds seem to thrive on a diet of seeds. Some of the best majoon is made by boiling the kif, stalks and all, with butter for many hours, so that the cannabis, or active principle of the hemp plant, is absorbed by the butter, which can then be used in any recipe you like.

The traditional majoon is made from powdered hemp, honey, fruit, nuts and spices and often contains samin, or rancid butter. Sometimes other ingredients may be added to give a particular effect, such as cantharides (Spanish fly), Datura or stramonium, opium or poppy seeds, some pounded lizard (still considered an aphrodisiac) or any other of the countless powders and herbs sold in the magic shops of Morocco. Datura, a long, trumpet-shaped white flower with a heavy fragrance, which grows all over Morocco, is not really to be recommended, since it is considered a poison and is more likely to be employed for purposes of revenge than pleasure. Stramonium is hallucinogenic and has always been a key ingredient in preparations involving sorcery and black magic, but extreme care should be exercised. It is probably more suitable for a Walpurgis Night than an Arabian one, and if too much is used, you will be spending all your time in long conversations with chairs or electric-lamp cords, and falling through walls or down stairs.

Cantharides is often used in majoon and helps to account for its reputation as an erotic electuary, but even without cantharides or other aphrodisiacs like soft amber, majoon, if it is properly made, will set the stage for a night of houris and exotic delights, for Allah is all-merciful and will provide endless orgasm in paradise. The scarabs or cantharides beetles are of a brilliant metallic hue in



"Peanuts!"

the shape of a death's-head—blue, green or gold, the gold bugs more highly valued than the others, as Edgar Allan Poe certainly knew.

Getting together the perfect majoon in Morocco would take you on a tour of the whole country to find the best of each ingredient-Taroudant for the gold bug, the mountain caves of Xauen for 75year-old honey, the magic shops of Marrakech for jduq jmel (small black seeds probably containing scopolamine), the Sahara for its specially strong gouza, or nutmeg. In fact, these ingredients alone could be used to make quite a powerful majoon without any kif at all. An Arab magician I once knew used to claim that he could make even stronger majoon without kif, only herbs, he said, very old recipe from Fès. In Marrakech, with luck you may find the fabled white kif cookies or ghrebiya, which would pass anywhere as ordinary Girl Scout cookies, but would leave any Girl Scout flat on her back, which is possibly just where she belongs.

Once a psychiatrist vacationing in Morocco ate a great deal of majoon at my house, and after looking for a while at the brightly colored tiled floors and walls which began to revolve slowly around him like a giant kaleidoscope, he said, smiling, Yes, I can see why you live here, and helped himself to some more. Unfortunately, he ended up by fleeing the country the next day, afraid that if he stayed any longer he would never be able to return to his patients in America. Another psychiatrist who turned up once got a terrible case of the horrors after trying some majoon and began to scream that he had been poisoned. Despite all efforts to calm him, he insisted on having his stomach pumped at a local hospital in Tangier.

Majoon is not only useful for scaring psychiatrists; it is also excellent for taming savage lions. Once upon a time, when lions used to roam the Atlas Mountains, there was one lion so vicious that it terrorized an entire village, attacking its inhabitants even in broad daylight. The people of the village, unable to capture or kill this lion, finally took their problem to an old man who was well known to them as an enchaioui, a man who has devoted his entire life to the enjoyment of kif. After listening to what they had to say, he promised to help them, but first he asked that they bring him 100 kilos of the best kif and a cow. When the villagers had acceded to his request, the old man cleaned the kif, keeping the best part for himself, and then killed the cow, stuffing it with the rest of the kif. Then he sewed the cow up again and left it at the side of the road just outside the village and waited in a tree with a goatskin full of water until the lion appeared. The majoon cow did its work and soon the lion was rolling on the ground and laughing. The enchaioui then came

out of hiding and poured the water down the lion's throat—the mouth gets very dry after eating majoon, and liquids, especially hot mint tea, help to intensify the effect. Then he took the lion by the ear and led him to the center of the village, where the astounded townspeople shook with fright as the old man and the lion looked at them, shaking with laughter.

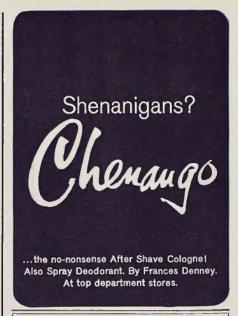
Of course, kif, or hemp, may be used in many other ways and you can brew an excellent tea from its flowers with fresh mint and a lot of sugar. In Arabia, according to Sir Richard Burton, a mixture of powdered hemp leaves, black pepper, cloves, nutmeg and mace, infused into watermelon or cucumber juice and then passed through a strainer, makes a pleasing beverage. Another traditional Arabian drink is made from dried hemp leaves, poppy seed and cucumber seed, black pepper and cardamoms pulverized in a mortar and added to milk or ice cream.

The Sufis regarded majoon as a symbol of mystical knowledge, and such 12th Century Persian poets as Attar and Nasafi commonly celebrated the Goblet of Jam in their verses. Nasafi, in *The Unveiling of Realities*, writes: "In quest of the Goblet of Jam, I journeyed through the world. Not one day did I sit down, and not one night did I give myself to slumber, when from the master I heard a description of the Goblet of Jam, I knew that I myself was that Goblet of Jam, revealing the universe."

For the mystic poets, majoon revealed the essential harmony of the universe and the knowing man was even identified with the great electuary or ma'juniakbar, the Goblet of Jam which opened the way to the secrets of cosmic correspondence and the nature of the true self. Hassan-I-Sabbah, the legendary old man of the mountain who led his cult of assassins from Mount Alamut in Persia and certainly one of the most renowned of all hashish eaters, is reputed to have said on his deathbed: Nothing is true; everything is possible.

And that is what is most interesting about taking majoon, the sense of infinite possibility as you move from instant to instant, like Mister Magoo stepping onto a steel girder in mid-air. For some the experience may be frightening, but for others there will be no greater exhilaration than the exploration of new worlds of feeling and consciousness. O how I love walking in evaporated moonlight! Majoon Traveler recommends that you nibble slowly and see what happens. You have nothing to lose but yourself, and that is precisely what you may find in the losing. And remember that one ounce of pure gold can be drawn out into a wire 50 miles long. Al-hamdulillah-Allah be praised.







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told himself. Just a little something in

That the sergeant knew perfectly well he was lying was not really important, Stander thought, because he did not know just where he was lying. And, the funny thing, the story that so outraged the sergeant in its improbabilities was nearly all true. In nearly every detail, what he had told the police had been true.

It was true that he had met Mike Jordan in his own office, at the instance of a friend who'd sent him. And it was true that he had tried hard to find a job for Jordan, and, when he couldn't, even harder to convince the boy that it was not because he was a Negro that he had failed.

"Mr. Jordan," he had said, "there isn't one damned job in this whole outfit. The chairman of the board couldn't get his own kid in here today without making the job first. That's the way it is. And I'm awfully sorry."
"I understand," Jordan said softly.

"No, really," Stander said. "That's the way it is."

"OK," Jordan said.

"There must be other places, other ideas," Stander said. "What have you done before?"

"Well, my age, you know, not much," Jordan said. "I got through business school, you saw that"-he nodded toward the papers on Stander's desk-"then I was in the Service, in the Marine Corps . . ."

"Did you pick up anything there?" Stander said.

Jordan smiled. He was good to look at. He was easy, everything about him fitted. "In high school, in L. A.," he said, "I did some judo. So that came up, and I went into it, it was natural, because after boot camp I was stationed in Japan, and I wound up instructor. I'm black belt third dan, matter of fact. But that's not like money, right off." He smiled again.

'I always wanted to do that," Stander said. "When I was about thirteen, I remember I bought a book, they called it jiu-jitsu then, little red-and-white Spalding book, the kid next door and I, we worked out on it for a long time. We got two or three moves down pretty good.'

Jordan smiled, and after a while he went away. Stander reported to his friend. His friend knew he had really tried, one always did, it was understood, you take care of one for me, I take care of one for you. Twenty or thirty days later the man phoned Stander to say that Jordan was working, teaching judo in a dojo on 88th Street.

"He's making out," the man said. "It's big now, the judo thing, you know, and he's doing seventy-five-eighty-five bucks a week, I think. So, what the hell?"

"I'm glad to hear it," Stander said.

"Where is the place, exactly? I always wanted to try that myself, maybe I will."

So, one night, he went around. Over a bowling alley, pizzas next door, bar over there, but it was no stinking gymnasium, it was bare but shiny-clean, straw mats on the floor, not much else. People in short white canvas pants and jackets were dumping each other around. It wasn't hard to find Jordan.

"What I thought," Stander said, after they'd got through the hello-how-areyous, "I'd like to try it. All right, I'm forty-seven, and all the exercise I've had since V-E Day, if you know what that means, is lifting my eyebrows, but I thought if I took a couple months to get into some kind of shape, so I wouldn't break my neck straight off . . . you think there's any sense in that?"

"Well, Mr. Stander, you see that man over there, that white-haired man?" Jordan said. "That man's sixty-three. He's doing OK."

"All right," Stander said. "I'll see you in six weeks or so."

"Good," Jordan said.

"One thing, though," Stander said. "The first few times, I don't know, I suppose I'll look like a clown, and maybe . . ."

"Sure," Jordan said. "Everybody feels like that. I know what you mean. This place opens at nine in the morning, and the first class is eleven. So from nine to eleven, that's for private lessons. Costs more, but if you don't mind that . . ."

"You just made a deal," Stander said. They shook hands and he went away. He stopped smoking that night, and he stopped drinking. Next morning he walked 20 blocks before he took a cab. He went around to Abercrombie's and bought a stationary bicycle. It was all very easy and painless. In a couple of weeks he could do a lap around the reservoir in Central Park. It was no sweat. He felt good. He didn't know what was happening to himself, he didn't know why he was acting like an 18-year-old kid, skinny and sex-starved and wearing acne vulgaris on his face like a curse or a banner, but there it was, and as long as he didn't think about it, and didn't see himself as a 47-year-old clown trying to play an 18-year-old kid, skinny and sexstarved . . . one thing led surely to another, like rocks rolling down a mountainside, if you didn't smoke for some reason you didn't care so much about drinking, and if you didn't drink you didn't go out so much, and if you didn't go out so much you didn't get laid much, and you didn't care, either. In due season he went around to 88th

Jordan was a natural teacher: he was patient, and he could put himself in an-

other man's place. For a week Stander did ukemi, ways to fall without being hurt. Then they began with simple moves and throws. When it came to Stander that the essence of the art was rhythm, that it was dancing, that judo lived in the same house with skiing, with skating, with diving, with the rappel in mountain climbing, that it was a sensuous thing, then he was hooked, and knowing that with this wild, hard-on game you could kill a man, too, that was the extra bounty that put the lock on it. He bought all the clichés, that the price of a black belt is 10,000 falls, that the pious hope of the master judoka is that he will never in the rest of his lifetime touch a man in anger or in meanness . . . he bought all of it.
"You know," he said to Jordan one

day, "I feel as young as I feel, if that makes sense."

"Yeah?" Jordan said, unblinking.

"I feel good," Stander said. "I just feel good."

'Well, now, that's nice," Jordan said. It was Jordan who had brought him

all this, and it was Jordan after all who could throw him 25 times to the floor in half an hour's time and never hurt him, and it was Jordan who'd let him, Stander, dump him as hard as he knew how and every time come up smiling, saying, "Now that wasn't bad, Mr. Stander, but if you could remember to keep your left foot just a bit higher . . . try it again . . ." and he had to like the man. One day he said, "The hell with it, I'm not going back to the office today, can we have lunch?"

"Sure, I guess so," Jordan said.

Lying there in the tub, more hot water coming in, more whiskey on the tray, Stander could see that it was that one day that did it. They went to the wrong place. It was a hotel restaurant in the West 60s, a so-so place, good but not too good, Stander had thought, if he'd thought about it at all. Nobody did anything you could pin. It wasn't the worst table in the room. They waited only a little longer than was decent. All right, things were cold, but what the hell, it wasn't the Pyramide in Vienne, it was a West Side hotel in New York. Jordan didn't seem to notice. He went along. He wasn't a big talker at any time, so Stander talked, a little too much, a little too fast, maybe, he thought, doing it, but still it had been his idea . . . I'll give the son of a bitching waiter a quarter tip, he thought, and then, just then, when he's picking up the tray, I'll take it back, and if the mothering so-and-so blinks an eye at me . . .

It didn't come to that. The waiter brought melon for dessert. He put Stander's down, then Jordan's. He stayed. He looked down at Jordan and he said, softly, pointing, "You use that spoon, there, to eat it with."

Jordan stood up. He took the waiter's



lapel in his thumb and his finger. He said, "You know something, Whitey? I'm not going to kill you for that. Not now, I'm not, that is." He turned. "You coming, Mr. Stander?" he said.

They stood in the street, then, for two shakes, in the wind, the insensate low scream of traffic, across the Park and high towers of Fifth Avenue, all madness to the manor born, and Stander said, "Mike, I'm sorry."

"See you Wednesday, man," Jordan

said, and he went away.

Stander stood there, irresolute, an idiot, no thought in his whole being, well, one spin on his heel, find the waiter, break his bones, ah, no good, no good at all, he did what he had to do, he lifted a limp arm for a cab and went away.

On the Wednesday they worked out as they had the other days. There was no need to speak, although Stander tried.

Don't send money to chase lost monev, Stander thought, locked in the warm embrace of whiskey and hot water. I know it now. But then, he had sent it. I'm not going to let some sick, wet-eyed, fish-bellied, all-people-hating hash-slinger louse me, and louse him, he had pledged himself. I'll wash that one out.

"Mike," he said, another day, "I'm having a few people around Friday for drinks, can you make it, say six-thirty,

seven o'clock at my place?"

"I guess so, Mr. Stander," Jordan said. Brown eyes in a brown face. "Why not, man?"

"Bring somebody," Stander said,

"Sure," Jordan said.

What the hell, Stander thought, it wasn't that I didn't try. And looking back, even now, he couldn't see where he had been wrong. He tried. Of the 15 couples he could get into his flat, another one of Negroes? No. He had a little black book of his own. Tiji Yumosaka. He called her. "If there's no big flap in the Secretariat that night," she said, "sure. Love it, lover. See you."

He called Benstead. "Don't argue with me," he said, "bring your little Jamaican friend," he said. "Bring her, or don't

come."

"OK, motha," Benstead said.

What went wrong, Stander never knew. It was a swinger, up and down and sidewise, for all he ever knew. He kissed Jordan's date on the same cheek he kissed all the others, no more no less, no sooner no later, and standing in the kitchen door, looking into the wriggling mass of idiots screaming into each other's faces, over their silly heads into the gray light-flecked sky and the Queensboro Bridge, he could think only that it was maybe cocktail fight number 136 out of say 500 going that night in a long stone's throw of the corner in which he stood. He didn't see Jordan go, and he was drained and happy, warm and full of love for all the world that three in 222 the morning when Tiji Yumosaka bumped her little breasts against him, sitting up to light a cigarette, and said, "Your friend Jordan didn't have a very good party, did he."

"He didn't?"

"Well, he left mad. Real mad."

"Why? What happened?"

"I don't know, honey. I just saw him bang out the door, somebody told me he was sore.'

"Alone? He left alone?"

"I guess."

He didn't know where Jordan lived, and so Saturday and Sunday went. Monday at nine, before he could say hello, Jordan said, "Real nice party, Mr. Stander," bowed, hands on thighs, the regular thing, lightly took his hold and threw him, hard.

Stander tried once more, another time. A real cement-head, he thought, looking back, never knows when he's dead. No good. "I'm sorry," Jordan told

him, "I'm busy, that night."

And so it came up to November 4, in the year 1965, in the morning, 9:16 on West 88th Street in the Borough of Manhattan. There was nothing exotic about it. Jordan threw Stander with an ankle-block, rolled him, and put his left wrist behind his ear. The pain came through slowly to Stander, slowly at first, and then in a big howling rush, a flash flood of pain screaming down a canyon wall. He patted the mat with his free hand. Nothing stopped.

"You know, chum," the soft voice came over his shoulder, "a judoka, he has to be able to take a little pain."

"I know," Stander said, as levelly as he could. "And that's as much as I can

"No, it's not," Jordan said. "You can take a lot more. And you're going to."

"Mike. Lay off. What's this about? You're going to break my goddamn arm.

"Mr. Jordan. And I'm not about to lay off. And it's about nothing. And I know when your arm will break. And where."

"Jesus, Mike, please, lay off, you out of your goddamn head? What'd I do to you?"

"You did nothin' to me. Uncle Charlie," Jordan said. "It just came to me, a little while ago, that I don't like you. I don't like vou for no reason. I don't want to know why I don't like you. I don't want you around. I never did want you around. It's time you blew the scene, that's all." He lifted Stander's arm an

"So let me up," Stander said. "If that's all that's eating you."

"I don't know what's eating me," Jordan said. "And you don't." He took another inch, and Stander screamed. He tried to think of a move. A joke. He was nailed to the mat, he was locked like a beam in the building, he was lucky to breathe. "All right," he grunted, he

moaned, he was crying, "what do I do, tell me?"

"You kiss my ass, I tell you to," Jordan said. "You BEG!"

Stander begged. He debased himself with every word he knew, in every permutation of words he knew. He howled like a dog, he groveled like a witch. His arm came free. He couldn't move it. It hung behind his back like someone's else. He tried to get up. Before he had moved a foot, Jordan was on him again, clamped to him, riveted to him.

"That was that arm, Whitey," he said. "Now we going to try this one."

Stander crawled off the mat in the end. After a while, his arms came back and he could use them. He dressed. And in dressing, the Beretta locked in the little holster in the watch pocket of his trousers softly reminded him that it was there. The sergeant was right, of course, he'd got it on a lie, the same lie that carried half the pistol permits in New York, that and knowing somebody in Centre Street. For carrying money? No. For hearing of muggings and beatings and holdups, for being scared. Still, there it was. He tied his shoelaces, he knotted his tie, he flexed his hands a few times. He went back.

Jordan was on the mat. He was doing push-ups. He looked, and he laughed. "You back?" he said. "Whitey?"

"Mike," Stander said. "All right, you blew your top. And I'm white and I was handy. I dig it all. I'm not sore. But it's no good that way. I can't have it all my way, but you can't either. I won't take what you made me take, what you made me do. So, I want to hear you say one thing. I just want to hear you say you're sorry.

Jordan came off the mat like a big toy doll on the end of a rubber band as big around as your wrist, bouncing twice, barefoot, without a sound.

"What you got there in your hand, Uncle Charlie?" he said. "Water pistol?"

'No," Stander said.

"Might as well be, all the good it's gonna do you," Jordan said. "Takes more guts to shoot a man, than you got." He stopped grinning. "You son of a bitch," he said, "you just don't want to know, do you? You just ain't gonna learn, are you?" And he started in.

If I let him inside ten feet, Stander thought . . . there were two dozen ways Jordan could do it, or try to do it . . . if I let him inside ten feet, Stander thought, I'll see him flat in the air, spread, his legs kicking out, swinging like a gate gone crazy, and that will be all I'll see . . . he hung a thread in the air in front of him, ten feet away, if he comes past that, he thought, God help me and love me, that's it, and Jordan came, laughing, scuttling, fast, fast, and Stander took it off his hip-at Fort Dix they told you, hold it low on your hip, don't let The Enemy get his hands on it that easy—he crouched, he grabbed his right hand with the other one, he pointed it, stuck it out in front, FBI way and all, all right, now he knows I mean it, and Jordan came through the thread hanging there and he pulled pow pow pow pow.

Stander went out into the street and grabbed the first cop he saw and it was then that he told the only lie, but of course, the big one, the one the sergeant laughed at, that Jordan had been teaching him a move. And he stuck with it.

. . .

There is a point in drinking where the wildly rocketing soaring upward curve must turn, and fall back. Charles Stander came to that place. The water was cooling in the hard white tub. He pulled himself out. He dried himself after a fashion. He was hungry as a shrew. He went into the kitchen and broke six eggs into a pan, stirred them into a kind of omelet, ate them with however many slices of toast, drank a can of tomato juice and put himself to bed. He was drunk, and stuffed, and sick of himself, and sleep came quickly. He dreamed.

A cemetery. He came into it under an art nouveau kind of archway. "The Lord God Jehovah's New Ethiopian Place of Rest." He saw himself. That man, there, in the belted trench coat, that one, with the flowers. A long way off, but he could see it clearly with his telescopic-wonder vision, a new grave, and a headstone, MICHAEL ARLEN JORDAN, 1942-1965, JESUS GRANT HIM REST. In a crescent shape, 500 Negro men formed around it. Or 600. Or a thousand. He, Charles Stander, with flowers (early violets, a rose, dirty daisies and some anemones) going that way. But, just before, a turning, a place for cowards, a pathway to the right. Down that way. Here, a little white marker, and, drunken-slanting in a green-wire holder, a glass vase, brim-full with brown rain water. And this: MARY LOU HATKINS, CATHERED UP IN HER LORD'S SWEET HARVEST, AGED SIX YEARS AND SEVEN MONTHS. The man in the trench coat kneeling, and filling the vase with his flowers.

Charles Stander woke late. The phone was ringing, and while he wondered, was it this bell that had brought him back, it cut itself off, half in the middle of its shrilling faceless racket. He slept again, and at four in the afternoon got up. He made coffee and drank whiskey. He stood on his terrace and looked across the gray river into Long Island. He came in for more whiskey. The glassframed door swung in the wet wind behind him. He phoned his lawyer, the new father, and told him nothing. He looked up the name of a newspaper in Harlem. He spoke to three people and in that nine minutes he drank coffee and bourbon half and half. The third man told him what he wanted to know. The Lord God Jehovah's New Ethiopian Place of Rest was in fact called John the Baptist Cemetery.

On Lexington Avenue in the 50s and 60s, it's easy to buy flowers. Stander took what was offered him. He waved for a cab and went uptown. In the end, he had to walk a long way in the rain, but he hardly knew that. He thought that the place, the very place, would be hard to find, but it was not, new graves, new babies, everyone knows. The old ground fills up, the new ground is over there. At the tight end of a narrowing white gravel path, he saw it, and he went that way. There were no 500 people crescenting around the red clay mound, there was no one. He went on. Fifty feet or so away, another path crossed to the right, and looking along it he could believe that there must be a little stone, MARY LOU HATKINS, GATHERED UP IN HER LORD'S SWEET HARVEST, but he kept on. There was no vase on Jordan's grave.

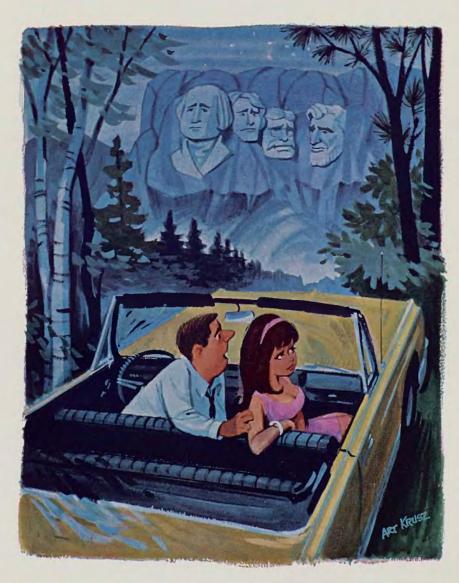
He put his foolish flowers where there

was room for them. He knelt and tried to pray, or pretended to try. He couldn't think of anything to say, beyond, a couple of times, "I'm sorry," and he was in some doubt as to whom he was addressing this message. The ground beside the grave was wet, and knobbed with gravel. He was cold, uncomfortable and futile. He did not feel that he was in communication with any of the deities of which he had heard during his life, and he could summon neither kinship with Jordan, below, nor compassion for his memory. He gave up. He stood, he looked around, he walked away, two wet and muddy patches clammy on his knees.

I thought there'd be more to it, he said to himself, I really thought there'd be more to it than this.

There never was. It was all downhill from there. The trial was a walkthrough, the acquittal a certainty, the publicity brief. A year later, he couldn't clearly remember Jordan's face.





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