

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1966 • 75 CENTS

★ ★ PLAYBOY



IN THIS ISSUE: FURTHER ADVENTURES, ALREADY, OF SECRET AGENT OY OY 7, ISRAEL BOND
AN INTERVIEW WITH RALPH GINZBURG • PICTORIALS ON URSULA ANDRESS AND SEAN CONNERY



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PLAYBILL

IT WAS A CHILL DAY with the hounds of spring lagging a hell of a long way behind winter's traces when a group of us from the Editorial, Art and Picture departments convened before the crackling fire in the Playboy Mansion's fireplace to braindoggle this issue's cover. Some hours later, with visions of summer icumen in after all, the meeting adjourned. Some days later, with several tons of sand spread on our studio floor and five lovely naiads basking 'neath the lights in bikini'd and Bunniform array, this July cover was shot to celebrate high summer and the pleasures that pertain thereto.

Among these pleasures we rate high the return to these pages of Sol Weinstein's Secret Agent Oy Oy Seven, Israel Bond, the kosher hero of a thousand Hadassah meetings and of countless amorous and adventurous encounters, making his appearance in Part I of *On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen*. This is Oy Oy Seven's third exposure—you should pardon the expression—in *PLAYBOY*, where he first burst upon a waiting world in *Loxfinger*, then in *Matzohball*, both of which went on to become best-selling books. Attached to the manuscript of *Queen* was this corned-beef-scented note from Sol on his current activities: "Am working on an exposé of the recent experiences of Ralph Nader, to be titled *Unsafe in Any Place*. Still recuperating from a nationwide junket plugging the Pocket Book versions of *Loxfinger* and *Matzohball*, 1,000,000 copies of which have been sold—be sure to get that in, fellows. Had the disquieting experience of being followed in many cities by Omar Sharif, who allegedly was also on tour to plug *Dr. Zhivago*. Now I ask *PLAYBOY*'s readers, who have been trained by me to use the keen logic of counter-espionage: What conclusion can be drawn from an Arab 'tagging' (an espionage term for shadowing) a Jewish writer who is attempting to sell clean novels wherein the hero is an Israeli secret agent? Obviously, the multimillion-dollar movie was just a flimsy, albeit expensive 'cover' (another espionage term, meaning false role)." *Queen* will also be published in book form by Pocket Books—OK, we got that in, too, Sol. In the planning stage is Sol's fourth Oy Oy Seven saga, *You Should Only Live and Not Die—Altogether*. Hy Roth, whose illustrations so aptly convey the cockamamie carryings-on of Israel Bond, is the center of attraction when he toots about his native Chicago's streets in a London taxicab he bought on a recent trip to Europe.

On a more sober note: Eminent author, lecturer, syndicated columnist for the *New York Post* and professor of American civilization at Brandeis University, Max Lerner in this issue's *Red China, the U.S. and the U.N.* puts forth a cogent appeal for a realistic—if agonized—reappraisal of ours and the rest of the free world's relationship to Asia's largest nation. Lerner, whose *The Age of Overkill* was one of the most controversial books of 1962, is co-editor of a new edition of De Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.

Few decisions in the emotionally charged and troubled sphere of censorship and its collisions with constitutional rights have created the furor that attended the five-to-four decision on the conviction of Ralph Ginzburg—subject of this month's interview—for obscenity: It made international headlines and was the subject of sharply divided editorial comment throughout the journalistic world. *PLAYBOY* chose Nat Hentoff to conduct the interview with the beleaguered publisher because of Nat's special insights into the climate of civil libertarianism in America today, and because of his ability to empathically respond to the problems of a fellow man in trouble. Although he had to assume the role of devil's advocate in asking probing questions to elicit a full account of the case as seen through Ginzburg's eyes, it was clear to Ginzburg that this was done without hostility or malice—with the result that the interview gives us a greater and a deeper insight into the man and his philosophy than reams of reportage could yield.

Rex Stewart, a jazz musician of renown for over 40 years, demonstrates—in his rich reminiscence of Harlem night life in Prohibition's heyday, *Slices of the Apple*—an engaging and evocative ability to communicate with words as well as music. Rex, who began his jazz-band career with Fletcher Henderson and spent many swinging years with Duke Ellington, is an astute student of the jazz scene. He does two radio shows out of Los Angeles—*Dixieland Doings* and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*—is the author of many articles on the subject and is busy compiling an oral history of jazz at UCLA. When Rex puts down both trumpet and typewriter he dabbles, he says, in *haute cuisine*—a modest way of putting it for a man who studied at France's number-one culinary college, the famed *Cordon Bleu*.

Pictorially, this issue is chick full of summer delights: *Ursula*, an eight-page encomium to an all-time *PLAYBOY* favorite who has achieved the status of super sex queen; and *Sean Connery Strikes Again*, wherein cinema's James Bond, in a non-007 film stint, romps nonetheless with dishabilled damsels.

Other July gems: *The Bespoke Ford*, a report on the fastest, farthest-out Dearborn auto of them all; *Gyps That Pass in the Night*, wise words of warning on fiscal finagling by *PLAYBOY*'s Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, J. Paul Getty, and much, much more. You take it from here.



LERNER



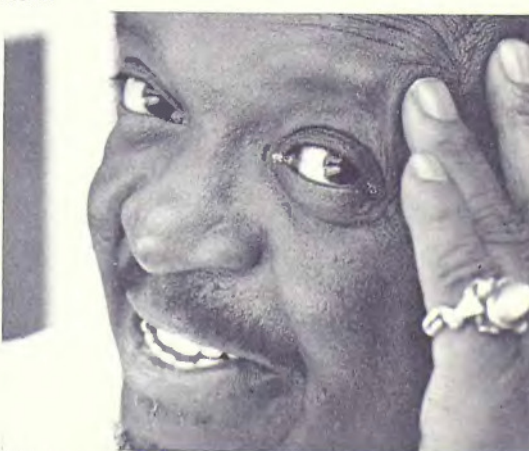
GETTY



WEINSTEIN



ROTH



STEWART

PLAYBOY



Bespoke Ford

P. 63



Red China

P. 71



Ursula Andress

P. 102



Israel Bond

P. 56

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| PLAYBILL | 3 |
| DEAR PLAYBOY | 7 |
| PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS | 21 |
| THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR | 35 |
| PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel | PATRICK CHASE 39 |
| THE PLAYBOY FORUM | 41 |
| PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RALPH GINZBURG—candid conversation | 47 |
| ON THE SECRET SERVICE OF HIS MAJESTY THE QUEEN—parody | SOL WEINSTEIN 56 |
| THE BESPOKE FORD—modern living | 63 |
| THE BETTER MAN—fiction | RAY RUSSELL 67 |
| SLICES OF THE APPLE—nostalgia | REX STEWART 68 |
| RED CHINA, THE U.S. AND THE U.N.—opinion | MAX LERNER 71 |
| SEAN CONNERY STRIKES AGAIN—pictorial | 75 |
| THE DAY ARNOLD PALMER WAS BLACKBALLED—humor | PETER ANDREWS 81 |
| PATRICIAN PLAYMATE—playboy's playmate of the month | 82 |
| PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor | 90 |
| DON'T LAUGH UNLESS IT'S FUNNY—fiction | WILLIAM SAROYAN 93 |
| IN THE SWIM—attire | ROBERT L. GREEN 95 |
| GYPHS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT—article | J. PAUL GETTY 101 |
| URSULA—pictorial | 102 |
| THE ROYAL ASCOT—man at his leisure | LEROY NEIMAN 110 |
| THE GENEROUS GIFT OF GABON—ribald classic | 115 |
| THE ALFRESCO BRUNCH—food and drink | THOMAS MARIO 117 |
| ON THE SCENE—personalities | 118 |
| LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire | HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 166 |

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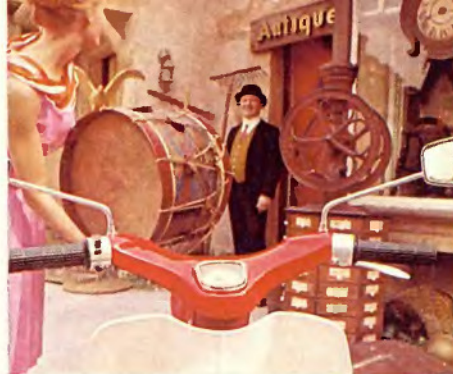
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

NAZI ROCKWELL

I anticipate that you people will probably be roundly roasted for the April Rockwell interview. There is a breed of layman social scientist who will forever cling to a concept of "defeating by ignoring." Hence, when out of the muck of their own neuroses rise these self-proclaimed *Führers*, there is this well-meaning body who tell us that if we turn both eyes and cheeks, the nussies will disappear simply by lack of exposure.

My guess is that in this case, exposure is tantamount to education; and education, here, is a most salutary instruction into the mentalities, the motives and the *modus operandi* of an animal pack that is discounted by the one aged maxim that "it can't happen here." So might have said the Goethes and the Einsteins of a pre-War Germany, who thought then, as we do now, that civilization by itself protects against a public acceptance of the uncivilized. Eleven years of national genocide and ten million lives later, we realized that even the most sophisticated society can still fall prey to an invasion of monsters. It is not public exposure that helps these perverters of human dignity. Rather, it is apathy. Laughter and derision might momentarily embarrass them, but in the long run prove no deterrents whatsoever. What is desperately needed to combat any ism is precisely what PLAYBOY has given us—an interview in depth that shows us the facets of the enemy. Yes, gentlemen, you may be knocked for supposedly lending some kind of credence to a brand of lunacy. But my guess is that you should be given a commendation for a public service of infinite value.

Rod Serling
Pacific Palisades, California

In response to your recent interview with George Lincoln Rockwell, I have one basic question: Why would PLAYBOY lower itself to print such outright trash? In this very insulting and rather gross interview, Rockwell points out that one of his goals is to arouse public interest. By printing this man's nonsense, PLAYBOY has not only accomplished his goal, but also added fuel to his fire. I can't understand why such an intelligent

man as Mr. Hefner would permit the views of such a warped individual to be printed in his magazine.

Gerson Mosbacher
Champaign, Illinois

The do-gooders are probably weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth after reading your Neo-Nazi Rockwell interview. An energetic and civic-minded radio station in my state recently presented the Barnum of the bigots to the listening public in a discussion-interview-debate program. Unfortunately, the radio station kowtowed to an element of the listening public and humbly apologized for having "der Führer" on the program. It was the station's intent to expose the character as you did.

Jack Henson
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Your interview with George Lincoln Rockwell made me want to vomit. This paranoiac crumb of humanity doesn't deserve the exposure and publicity you gave him. He and his kind feed off notoriety.

Milton Maidenberg
Marion, Indiana

You are to be congratulated on the interview with American Nazi Party leader George Lincoln Rockwell that appeared in the April issue of your magazine. Your courage in printing the interview and Alex Haley's in obtaining it are both commendable.

I have come once again to the simple but undeniable conclusion that exposure of ideas such as those of "Commander" Rockwell is the most expeditious method for defeating them. Only by exposing our society to these attacks can we maintain the atmosphere of democratic freedom that has made us great.

Stephen C. Cheney
Los Angeles, California

Once again your magazine is going out of its way, it seems to me, to discredit the forces and ideas of responsible conservatism in your country. I object just as strongly to the inclusion of the interview with George Lincoln Rockwell in the April issue as I did to the articles

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by James Farmer in previous issues. In the first place, I do not feel that political comment has a place in your magazine. However, if you really must indulge in the presentation of political opinion, you should attempt to be fair about it. Interviews with such apostles of the crazy right as Rockwell serve no purpose other than to deliberately discredit the idea that responsible conservative thinking may have a place in our North American society. The publicity given to Rockwell can only be part of a vicious campaign to smear the respectable, intellectual conservatives in your country with the stain of Nazism and racism. It is far from responsible reportage.

James W. Bannister
Brampton, Ontario

Last year, while teaching American Problems in a predominantly white Boston suburban high school, I was frustrated in my efforts to emotionally and intellectually involve my students in the problems of civil liberties and civil rights. Rockwell saved the day. One of his "Boat Tickets to Africa" fell into the hands of one of my least interested (and potentially most bigoted) students. He brought it to class, looking quite ill. He read it to the class, and there ensued the most intelligent and searching discussion of minority rights and freedom of speech (for Nazis as well as for Negroes) that I have ever witnessed. It was a practical demonstration of John Milton's aphorism that when expression is unrestrained, "the truth will out."

Rockwell has a necessary role in our society. Thank God it's not the one he thinks it is. Thanks to PLAYBOY for permitting him to perform it.

William G. Tapply
North Scituate, Massachusetts

Your publication of Rockwell's virulent anti-Semitic mouthings can cause incalculable evil by giving him a far wider audience than he could ever hope for. I am opposed to censorship; however, if I had the power to do so, I would suppress the printing of such material, if only for the sake of good community relations between peoples of all faiths, creeds and national origins. Maybe you think Rockwell's interview shows him up as stupid and laughable, etc. That's the way "Kultured" Germany viewed Hitler before he rose to power and Nazified it. Like it or not, Rockwell's appearance in your pages can be construed as an endorsement.

Donald Tasker
New York, New York

PLAYBOY has published interviews with a great many people, ranging from Albert Schweitzer and Martin Luther King to the late Malcolm X and Robert Shelton of the Klan. We think the range is wide enough to prove our contention that our interviewees are not selected for

the degree to which their ideas and ours coincide—to put it mildly. We do think it is important to conduct interviews in depth, to ask the kinds of questions that will make a PLAYBOY interview a revealing document, rather than a platform for any point of view. We believe that Rockwell has revealed himself to be far from laughably stupid, and would suggest that if more Germans had understood that Hitler was neither stupid nor laughable, they would have been better prepared to cope with emergent Nazism.

To George Lincoln Rockwell I say this—your message reached out to me. It reached out and made me sick. My ancestors helped lay the cornerstone of America. My family has fought in the Revolution, in the Civil War, in World War One, World War Two and in Korea. They fought, bled and died for the freedom to live, think, worship and to not be discriminated against. I, too, will fight—against you and your kind of degenerate filth, until the day I die. I am not a Negro, nor am I Jewish. I believe in, and will uphold, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, which, unfortunately in my opinion, permit you to attempt to suppress all they stand for.

Miss Forrest Reed
Daughters of the American
Revolution
Boulder, Colorado

Three cheers for George Lincoln Rockwell. It's about time the truth came out, especially insofar as the civil rights movement is concerned.

George B. Blount
Vancouver, British Columbia

Mr. Rockwell may have some merit in wishing to allot Government money to allow the Negroes to build their own civilized nations in Africa. You see, I am a descendant of the American Indian, and this could be the first step toward eliminating the non-native element from our continent. Of course, this would mean the intruding white man would have to be the next to go—had he not come in the first place, perhaps our blood would today be untainted by white blood.

Patti Easterla
Maryville, Missouri

PLAYBOY deserves much praise for the valid and fascinating interview that appeared in the April issue. I was especially interested in Mr. Rockwell's denial of Nazi atrocities during the War. The mass murders that Mr. Rockwell refers to as a Jewish lie were, in reality, a truth attested to by the members of the SS who actually carried out the "final solution." Perhaps Mr. Rockwell should read the confession of Rudolf Hoess, the commandant of Auschwitz. In this document, Hoess stated that at Auschwitz he personally supervised the gassing of

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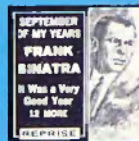
2187. Back in My Arms, Ask Any Girl, 12 in all



2257. Also: Detour, The First Thing Every Morning, etc.



2396. Also: Do You Love Me, Bits And Pieces, etc.



2348. Also: Once Upon a Time, Don't Wait Too Long, etc.



2338. Also: Out of Sight, I'm Crying, Night Train, etc.



2396. Also: Melodie D'Amour, Jamaica Farewell, etc.



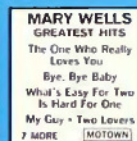
2267. "Stunning with staggering articulation"—High Fidelity



2277. I Can't Get Over Me, Half-Way Loved, 10 more



2231. Also: What Now My Love, Have I The Right, Morgen, etc.



1786. Also: Your Old Stand By, You Beat Me To The Punch, etc.



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2235. Also: Ain't It A Shame, Hey Little Girl, Rhythm, etc.



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2357. Also: The Last Time I Saw Paris, Crystal Fingers, etc.



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2404. Also: Never Too Late, The Pawnbroker, Smiles, etc.

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2392. "A bright swinging score." Variety



1785. Also: Stardust, Battle Hymn of The Republic, etc.



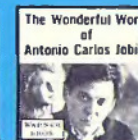
1903. Also: In The Chapel in the Moonlight, etc.



2410. Also: As I Love You, Dreaming The Blues, etc.



2408. Also: Such A Shame, It's All Right, I Need You, etc.



2178. Bonita, She's A Carioca, Dindi, Surfboard, 8 more



2253. "Well done and full of good solid laughs." S.F. Chron.



2141. I'm A Fool To Care, One Has My Name, 10 more



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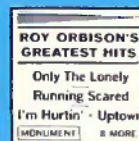
2297. Plus: Shimmy Shimmy Ka-Go Wop, Our Song, etc.



2077. Also: Willow Weep For Me, Friends, Try To Remember, etc.



2232. Also: Wabash Cannonball, Loader's Glory, etc.



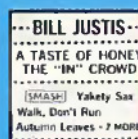
1896. Also: Crying, I'm Hurtin', Mama, Blue Angel, etc.



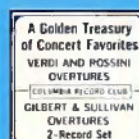
2343. Also: Sonar Blues, Interlude, Jive Samba, etc.



2232. Also: Wabash Cannonball, Loader's Glory, etc.



2263. Also: Harlem Nocturne, Night Train, Tuff, etc.



2290. (This two record set counts as one selection)



1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful"—Ed Sullivan



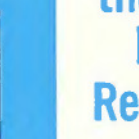
2292. Also: All for the Love of a Girl, Yesterday, etc.



2291. Also: This Is Love, Symphony, I'll Close My Eyes, etc.



2117. Chim Chim Cher-ee, Feed The Birds, Dear Heart, etc.



1925. Also: Martha & The Vandellas, The Miracles, etc.



2268. Also: Why Can I Turn To, Long Ago, Sunrise, Sunset, etc.



2126. Also: Sweet Don't You Just Know, 12 in all



2222. "More fire than Goldfinger."—High Fidelity



2225. Also: Jane Jane, The Rising of The Moon, etc.



2233. A House of Love, While We're Young, 10 more



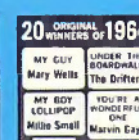
2161. Long Ago, Make Someone Happy, Who Can I Turn To, etc.



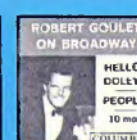
2317. Also: The Last Letter, Just Call Me Lonesome, etc.



2265. Also: Thousands and One Nights, High Spirits Polka, etc.



2358. Also: Send Me Love, The Great City, The Grabber, etc.



2360. Also: Fun Fun, Fun, Hang on Sloopy, Shells, etc.



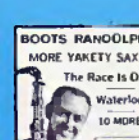
2299. Also: Blues in the Night, After Hours, etc.



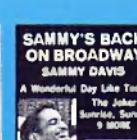
2354. Island Virgin, Jungle Kitty, The Opener, etc.



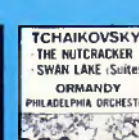
1001. Tonight, Love Is A Many Splendored Thing, 9 more



2356. Also: You Don't Know Me, Gotta Travel On, Last Date, etc.



2183. Also: People, A Married Man, Take The Moment, etc.



2405. "Exciting, sensual romanticism."—N.Y. Times



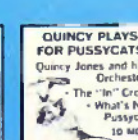
2395. Fearless, exciting interpretation of Batman!



2358. Also: Send Me Love, The Great City, The Grabber, etc.



2360. Also: Fun Fun, Fun, Hang on Sloopy, Shells, etc.



2299. Also: Blues in the Night, After Hours, etc.



2401. Plus: Green Hornet "68", Man From U.N.C.L.E., etc.



2400. Also: Red Sails In The Sunset, It's Magic, etc.



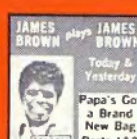
2344. Also: Wait and See, He Was a Friend of Mine, etc.



2347. "... he plays like an 'angel'..." Wash. Sunday Star



2340. Also: Angie, Kathy's Song, I Am a Rock, etc.



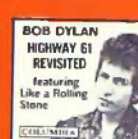
2273. Also: Out of Sight, Oh Baby Don't You Weep, etc.



2171. Also: The New Girl in School, Ride The Wild Surf, etc.



2214. Alborada del Gracioso, Ritual Fire Dance, etc.



2219. Also: Ballad of a Thin Man, Desolation Row, etc.



2232. Also: Young At Heart, While We're Young, etc.



2030. Also: Danny Boy, The Wall, You Wild Colorado, etc.



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if you begin your membership by purchasing just one record now, and agree to buy a record a month during the coming nine months (you will have over 300 records a month to choose from)

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NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. * Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channelled for stereo.

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1930. Greater than ever... winner of 8 Academy Awards



1263. "Magnificent performances!" — High Fidelity



2335. Also: Still I'm So, Nere 'Tis, Respectable, etc.



2112. Also: One Mint Julep, Nice 'N' Easy, Moon River, etc.



2275. Also: Aching, Breaking Heart, Cup of Loneliness, etc.



2255. "Their humor is undiminished..." — Record World



1805. Also: I Can't Stop Loving You, Emily, 12 in all



1915. Serenade in Blue, Elmer's Tune, At Last, 12 in all



1897. Also: Indian Wedding, Rone on The Wind, Leah, etc.



2230. "Performance of beauty & warmth..." — Am. Record Guide



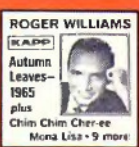
2367-2369. Three-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Lush quality synonymous with Ormandy." — Am. Rec. Guide



2058. Music directly from the sound tracks of 13 great movies



2274. Also: Lollipop and Roses, Tico-Tico, Our Love, 9 more



2286. A real bargain. Two records count as one selection.



2409. Also: The Wild Mountain Thyme, Pauvre Rutebeuf, etc.



2358. Also: I Know A Place, A Lover's Concerto, 8 more



2289. Also: This Is It, Guilty, I Guess I'm Crazy, etc.



2268. Also: Who Can I Turn To, Forget Dorian, etc.



2403. Also: Big Man in Town, Toy Soldier, Rennie, etc.



2409. Also: The Wild Mountain Thyme, Pauvre Rutebeuf, etc.

Mrs. Peter Sellers loves 'That Man'



'That Man' by Revlon

A GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE
AND AFTER-SHAVE LOTION.
ALSO SPRAY-DEODORANT BODY TALC,
SOAP, TALC, PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE.

2,500,000 Jews. He also testified to this fact under oath at Nuremberg.

On January 3, 1945, SS *Hauptsturmführer* Dieter Wisliceny stated on the witness stand at Nuremberg that his immediate superior, Adolf Eichmann, once told him that "he would leap laughing into the grave, because the feeling that he had 5,000,000 people on his conscience would be for him a source of extraordinary satisfaction."

How does Mr. Rockwell explain the photographs taken during the War of the actual process of extermination inside the camps, not to mention the photographs of the *Einsatzkommandos* in operation in the fields of Russia? It seems truly remarkable that the Jews built the huge crematoriums at Auschwitz during the few hours between the time that the SS evacuated the camp and the Russian troops entered it; or did the Russians stay there a few weeks and build the crematoriums themselves?

Perhaps the greatest irony of all is the fact that Mr. Rockwell intends to set up extermination facilities in the United States when he becomes President in 1972. According to him, the concept of extermination is not a Nazi doctrine, but, rather, it is Jewish falsehood. In other words, Rockwell is going to put into operation a plan cooked up by the Jews.

Michael Stevens
Tacoma, Washington

We would like to question your figures as you have questioned those of Mr. Rockwell. You state that the Jewish population of the world in 1939 was 16,600,000. Then, in 1945, the Jewish population was 11,400,000. This quite obviously is a decrease of 5,200,000. Then you state that the European Jewish population in 1939 was 9,700,000. In 1945 it was 3,700,000. This is a decrease of 6,000,000. Quite obviously your figures need revision. How can the European Jewish population drop more than the entire world Jewish population?

Richard Oswald
David Simoncim
Paul Durrance
Utica College of Syracuse University
Utica, New York

We hope you aren't math majors. The world Jewish population, exclusive of Europe, increased 800,000 in that period.

In his interview with George Lincoln Rockwell, Alex Haley stated: "Dr. Martin Luther King is widely respected and admired by the majority of the American public, black and white." This statement is not only ridiculous, but it is a case of rationalizing. If you regard Rockwell as a "nut" and a "hate-monger," I wouldn't want to tell you how the American public regards Martin Luther Coon.

Dave Morgan
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Rockwell's comment on John Beattie's "tremendous and successful" group here in Canada really gave me a laugh; the group's grand rally in Toronto last year had an attendance of four party members plus hundreds of hecklers. Let's see more of these interviews to expose the extremists for the nuts and frauds they are.

Richard S. Nimmons
Edmonton, Alberta

I found your interview with George Lincoln Rockwell extremely amusing; yet at the same time, it was rather pathetic. Various clinics, sanitariums and asylums have been set up to deal with the emotional, mental and personality problems such as those exhibited by Mr. Rockwell.

Stephen A. Alber
Washington, Pennsylvania

Just a note to inquire whether or not George Lincoln Rockwell paid his \$100 bet with *PLAYBOY* that the interview wouldn't be published.

Mike Barton
Merced, California

Not yet.

BOND-À-GO-GO

Just a few words of congratulation on what I consider one of the best issues to roll off the press—the April one, I mean. I especially enjoyed the journey back through more than 12 years of covers; and the conclusion of Ian Fleming's *Octopussy* was the type of story that, once started, cannot be put down until finished. As a result, the staff here at the station was a little shocked to see me spinning discs with a copy of *PLAYBOY* balanced on the control board. Unorthodox, but certainly worth the extra effort.

Bryce Christiansen
CKNL
Fort St. John, British Columbia

NO DUMMY

I was tickled by your Sokol cartoon (April, page 101) showing that dummy nestled on that nude ventriloquist's lap. It may interest you to know that in the heyday of vaudeville, there were a number of charming lady magicians and ventriloquists. The lady magicians, who are said to have had well-developed techniques in legerdemain, traditionally wore low, low necklines. And at that magic moment, when the lady did her sleight of hand, she would also lean forward, misdirecting the audience's eyes from her hands to her other well-developed charms. I've never heard of a lady ventriloquist using this kind of misdirection, but if I ever get the feeling that my lips are moving, I promise I'll keep it in mind.

Shari Lewis
New York, New York



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of water
like
Teacher's**



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Antonio y Cleopatra

Tastes so good it never lasts long enough.



Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.

COVER STORY

I've read and enjoyed your magazine—especially the interviews and *Philosophy*—for the past three years. I'm writing now to applaud *The Playboy Cover Story* in your April issue. It was both interesting and entertaining. I would appreciate seeing more features concerning the publication of your magazine.

Joy Bertwell
New York, New York

The fascinating collection of covers in your pictorial essay *The Playboy Cover Story* makes me wish I could swap my job as a creative adman and artist with that of an assistant in your PLAYBOY studios. I have read many articles and books on the mechanics and aesthetics of picture taking, but nothing has matched your feature. At a glance, a whole gamut of photographic experience is spread before you—and such technical competence, such flights of imagination—and all in such impeccable good taste. We always wondered how you managed to get such svelte female models. Little did we realize that they were actually members of your own staff. Here in Ceylon it is nearly impossible to find even fully clothed models. And when we do come by a willing Oriental doll, the photography has to be done in the presence of a doting momma or a jealous, glaring boyfriend.

Reggie Candappa, Director-Manager
Grant Advertising (Ceylon)
Colombo, Ceylon

GOLD MINE

Herbert Gold's *Marriage, Food, Money, Children, Ice Skating* in your April issue is an excellent example of the beauty and sadness of simple truths: that life is generally frustrating and that possibly the joy of life is being aware of and responsive to your own moments of humor, friendship and intelligence.

Edward Kirk
Hyattsville, Maryland

MAJOON AND THE MIND

Ira Cohen has written the "dream essay" on majoon (*The Goblet of Dreams*, April)—scholarly, clinically accurate, poetically evocative, psychologically subtle and sensitive. And what is this majoon which gently and wisely heals the mind-body split? It is hashish, Cannabis—the oldest and mildest of the mind-opening plants. Just as optical lenses expand external reality along a wide range running from the microscope to the telescope, so do the psychedelic plants expand internal reality along a continuum of increasing power and amplification. Alcohol and the opiates are the dark lenses that cloud and turn off reality. Cannabis is the mild corrective lens that turns on the quivering senses; peyote, the microscope that brings the ancient cellular life process undulating up into



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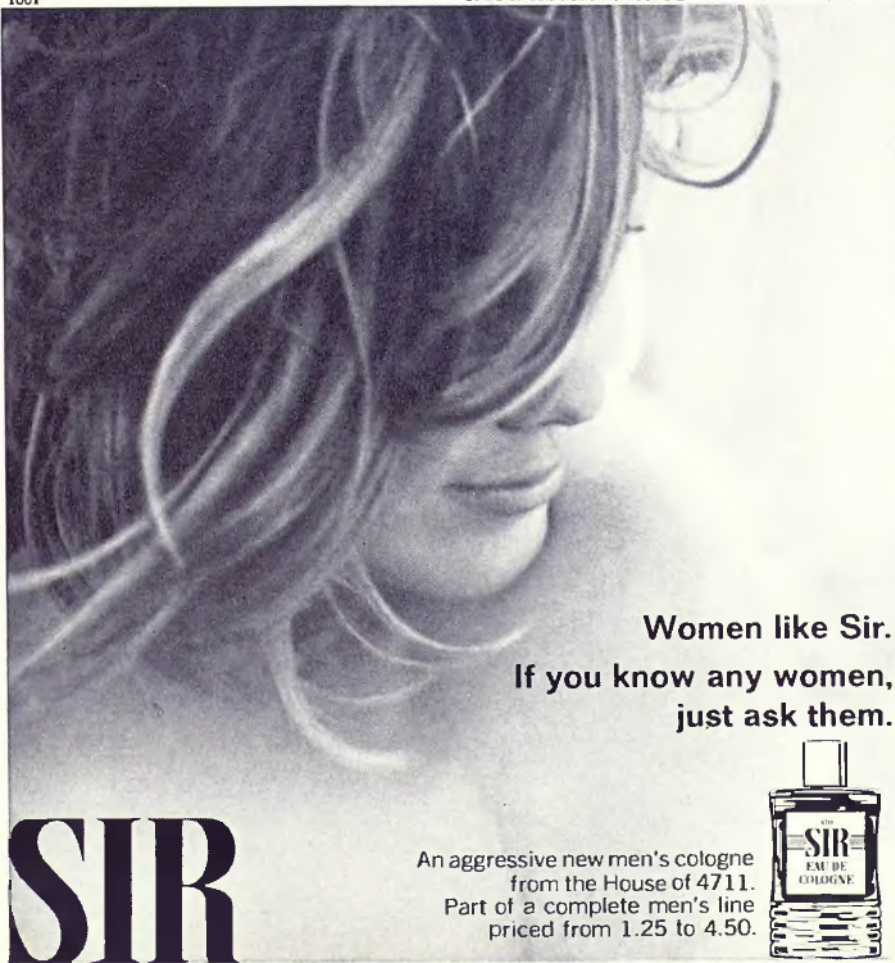
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vision; LSD, the powerful electron microscope that shatters static reality into a shimmering dance of particles. Today, as millions of Americans struggle (within themselves and with each other) to understand and use psychochemicals, we need historical and sociological perspective. PLAYBOY and Ira Cohen do us a favor by reminding us that Eastern and Middle Eastern cultures—older, holier, wiser and sensually more mature than our own—have used psychedelic plants for thousands of years: not for rebellious kicks (a depressingly vulgar American concept), but for thoughtful, aesthetically precise, delicately managed ecstatic experiences.

Let me take this opportunity to congratulate you for the skillful and effective job you are doing in raising the level of American consciousness. PLAYBOY is the most important magazine in the country.

Timothy Leary, Ph. D.
 Millbrook, New York

In March, Dr. Leary, who was dismissed from Harvard in 1963 for his experiments with LSD, was arrested and convicted in Laredo, Texas, on the charge of transporting marijuana and failure to pay tax on it. He was sentenced to 30 years in prison (the maximum allowable under the law), but was freed on an appeal based on religious grounds. Leary calls himself a "visionary prophet" and claims the right to use marijuana as part of his religion. At this writing, he had again been arrested, this time at his Millbrook home, on a marijuana-possession charge.

SEX IN CINEMA

Thanks for those lovely shots of Jean Harlow in *The History of Sex in Cinema* in the April PLAYBOY. Many of her fans who have never seen these radiant pictures will give thanks, also. Cheers to PLAYBOY for mentioning that all those rumors published in that lousy book about her were only rumors.

William Wallace
 Los Angeles, California

ACADEMY AWARD

I'm sure you will be pleased to know that David Ely's *The Academy*, which appeared originally in PLAYBOY (June 1965), is included in Martha Foley's just-published *The Best American Short Stories 1966*.

Diane E. Shluger
 Houghton Mifflin Company
 Boston, Massachusetts

HENTOFF'S HAPPENING

Your magazine is to be commended for publishing *We're Happening All Over, Baby!* (March) by Nat Hentoff. In it, the author reveals perceptively the malaise and the anger that so justifiably motivate the growing student revolt. To concerned adults who have been watch-

ing with increasing alarm the erosion of democracy at home and the counter-revolutionary force that the U. S. is exerting abroad, this new awareness on the part of the younger generation is a hopeful sign. Given time, they will succeed in calling the bluff of the power structure that is making war on change in the name of freedom.

Articles such as this should help make us realize that what is needed to give these young men and women a chance is less shaking of heads and clicking of tongues and more action on the part of all of us to stop the killing in Vietnam and get on with the urgent business of disarmament before the holocaust silences dissent once and for all.

Dagmar Wilson
Women Strike for Peace
Washington, D. C.

ASTERISKY BUSINESS

Re the asterisks in my *Origins* and *A Dictionary of Slang* mentioned in Ray Russell's *A Little Lexicon of Love* (February): In 1958 and again in 1961, it was still forbidden in Britain to print the two "key" words in full. In the new editions of *Origins* (to be published this summer) and *Slang* (to be published in December), they are spelled out.

Eric Partridge
London, England

TRIVIA TOUCHE

Looks like you get a minus ten points on your April Trivia exam (*Playboy After Hours*); Zorro's horse is named Tornado, not Diablo.

Chuck Baker
Chicago, Illinois

Caramba!

PAD PLAUDIT

Re *A Playboy Pad: Palm Springs Oasis* (April): I was happy to see, of course, that you had selected an interesting house of good architecture and interior design and, as always, in good *PLAYBOY* fashion, had decorated the house with some of the most attractive girls.

Jens Risom
Jens Risom Design
New York, New York

FORE SIGHT

We pros are mighty jealous that you had to go to the amateur ranks in choosing your March Playmate of the Month, Pat Wright. Really! I'm sure that if Pat ever decided to join the tour, she would certainly arrive on the scene with more "exposure" than any other girl golfer in history.

Barbara Romack
MacGregor Golf Company
Cincinnati, Ohio




if you feel like this after a day in the sun, read this restful message

How comfortable can sun glasses be? You'll never know until you slip on a pair of Ray-Bans, the quality sun glass. Lenses of real optical glass scientifically block harmful rays. Reduce glare to cool, soft light. You'll like the way they fit and feel on your face, too. Solid. Not loose and flimsy. They come in styles for all kinds of looks and all kinds of uses. You have to go to one of the better stores to buy them. But they're worth the trip. Available in your prescription, too. Write for free style folder. Ray-Ban Sun Glasses by Bausch & Lomb, Rochester, New York 14602.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Finding it increasingly difficult to impress your friends these days? Does everyone you meet seem to be intimidatingly well-informed about current affairs, arts and letters, politics, sports? When you bring up the printed controversy between Kenneth Tynan and Truman Capote over *In Cold Blood*, do the hip *cognoscenti* rattle off, almost word for word, the verbal contretemps about the book that took place between critic and author at a New York cocktail party in 1960? Do they yawn as you launch into a dissertation on the secondary and tertiary symbolic levels of Fragonard's *La Liseuse*? Never before has the role of the raconteur been so tested in the status-seeking contest of one-upmanship.

In these pages several years ago, we recorded the advent of a compendium of useless but thoroughly entertaining facts and figures, the *Guinness Book of World Records*, which we felt would alleviate the dilemma of the pointmaking conversationalist in his efforts to put down the statistic-spouting bore one often encounters at cocktail parties. Recently reissued in a revised edition, *Guinness* is still an arsenal of well-documented inconsequentialia concerning the highest, lowest, biggest, smallest, fastest, slowest, oldest, newest, loudest, greatest, hottest, coldest and strongest persons, places and objects known to man. Since records are continuously being broken, we suggest that you pick up a copy of this 399-page tome and spend a few hours of diligent application boning up on amendments to the minutiae that you may have been dropping into conversational lulls over the past few years, so that you're not caught behind in yardage, light-years or "googols" (not an Oriental barbarian, according to *Guinness*, but the highest number regularly used in mathematics: 10 raised to the 100th power). We were unsettled to learn, for example, that the planet Earth, as of this writing, has become 700,386,770,000,000,000 tons heavier since the last edition of *Guinness* in 1962, for a current polysaturated

weighin of 6,588,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, soaking wet; and that the world's rocking-chair championship, originally held by a Nova Scotia housewife (93 hours, 8 minutes), had been captured in a "Rockathon" in 1963 by an Englishman named George Filbey, who rocked around the clock for 100 hours. We were relieved to find, however, that the record set by Johann Huslinger for the longest walk on one's hands (871 miles, from Vienna to Paris) and the fact that *Clostridium botulinum* was the world's most potent poison (1/4000th of an ounce is all that would be needed to poison the entire human population of Earth) were still in effect, with no apparent upsets in the offing.

Old records updated and new ones duly memorized, you'll be able to walk into any party, conversational master of your fate, and offhandedly toss out such tidbits as the fact that: A music-loving chap named Heinz Arntz once played the piano nonstop for 423 hours (Berlin, 1955); the largest cigar ever manufactured was 5 feet, 7 inches long and 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches in circumference; the most hamburgers ever eaten in one sitting were 77, by one Philip Yazdzik, who outwimpied Wimpy in Chicago in 1955; the record for the most hiccups by one man is 160,000,000, by Jack O'Leary of Los Angeles during an attack that lasted eight years; the largest number of fingers ever recorded for a human is 26; and the longest known one-word palindrome is *saippuakauppias*, the Finnish word for soapmaker.

Should you be besieged by impressed admirers for further incidental intelligence, you can always let them in on the length and weight of the largest sausage ever made (2000 feet, 840 pounds); the most piglets ever born in one litter (34); the world record for bricklaying (3472 bricks in one hour by an American, Joseph Raglon); the longest time that a modern painting has hung upside down in a public gallery unnoticed (*Le Bateau* by Matisse, in the Museum of Modern

Art in New York, for 47 days); the largest number of potato chips ever eaten in less than one hour (30 bags, in 29 minutes, 50 seconds without a drink, by one Akim Akintola in England); or the longest nonstop monolog (5 days, 13 hours, by Kevin Sheehan, Limerick, Ireland).

If such arcane irrelevancies fail to be received with a chorus of "gee whizzes," you can casually drop such bombshells as: the most consecutive rides on a roller coaster (303, by Paul O. Anderson at Council Bluffs, Iowa); the longest chess match ever launched (it was started in 1927; one move is made each year; it's still in progress); history's shortest war (between Great Britain and Zanzibar, from 9:02 A.M. to 9:40 A.M. on August 27, 1896); and the longest abbreviation known, A. U. C. S. R. L. F. R. V. W. A. M. (which denotes the All-Union Central Scientific Research Laboratory for the Restoration of Valuable Works of Art in Museums).

If some wisecrack happens to drop a statistic of his own that one-ups your best efforts, all is not lost. Merely sneer pityingly and put on a haughty demonstration of "floccipaucinihilipilification"—the longest word in *The Oxford English Dictionary*. It means "the action or habit of estimating as worthless."

A headline in *Daily Variety* gave the impression that Los Angeles Dodger pitchers Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax were more smitten with show business than we had imagined. It read: D & K PLAY PALACE RATHER THAN BALL.

We're not sure whose side we're on in the recent case of a London insurance broker who, according to an item in *The New York Times*, "sued his former wife for the return of an 18th Century table, a cut-glass decanter and his Teddy bear."

Out of the Mouths of Babes Department: A high school teacher friend tells us that a book report (on Sinclair Lewis'

If this could make
George Washington
President, think what
it could do for you!



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Arrowsmith) by one of his students concluded with the following bit of unwitting wit: "After reading this book, I decided to become a doctor, because a doctor is someone who devotes himself to the savings of other people's lives."

A popular poster removed by school authorities from a bulletin board at Amherst College announced a forthcoming "mixer" at the Smith College Hillel Club "with music by The Four Skins."

Why not call an avant-garde pop-music concert *tinpandemonium*? . . . the steed of a medieval nobleman a *knightmare*? . . . a printer's wages *inkome*? . . . illegitimacy *out-of-wedluck*? . . . a gay square *squeer*? . . . bogus bubbly *shampagne*? . . . a French donkey a *Jacqueass*? . . . someone who's purple with rage *ultra-violent*? . . . a napkin tucked into one's collar while eating shashlik a *shishkabib*? . . . job seekers *wage yearners*? . . . the helmsman of a racing shell an *oarator*? . . . the keys of a marimba *chordwood*? . . . the tool used by Carry Nation for saloon smashing a *bottle-ax*? . . . the lineage of a pedigreed canine *dogumentation*? . . . a cat fight a *rumpuss*? . . . travel books *litteratour*? . . . the pleasant glow induced by several martinis *gini-ality*? . . . any post office just before Christmas a *mailstrom*? . . . publicity for an Arabian dancer *bellyhoo*? . . . a diminutive dunderhead *ignorunt*? . . . a hand-in-hand stroll *pairambulation*? . . . salted wafers served with duck soup *quackers*? . . . the vessel in which that soup was cooked a *quackpot*?

Sign of the times seen on the front door of a for-men-only Greenwich Village boardinghouse: FOR MARRIED COUPLES ONLY.

Upside Down Under: A radio station in Toowoomba, Australia, reports the Associated Press, broadcast the following announcement—"Those of you who may already be on the way to the races and have radios in your cars are advised to switch them on and listen to this. The races are off. Those who have no radios are advised to stop at the next town and make inquiries."

Good taste note for the man in the gray-flannel suit: A Gotham delicatessen peddles an "executive salami" packed in a replica of a Mad Ave attaché case.

Our nomination for Untold Human Interest Story of the Month is the one behind this classified ad from the Ripley,

Mississippi, *Southern Sentinel*: "Wanted to Swap: White wedding gown, size 16, never used, for .38-caliber revolver. Call 643-5976, Sunday, Monday or Tuesday."

We imagine that the Doctors Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, authors of *The Sexually Responsive Woman*, would have expected fresh clinical fodder if they had read a headline on the society page of *The Van Nuys News and Green Sheet*, which heralded a story describing the busy social schedule of a local debutante who ended her big day at a dance. Emblazoned across several columns was: REACHES CLIMAX WHEN SHE HEARS WALTZ.

Flash: "The basic ingredients for a funeral," we were informed in *The Florida Times-Union* in an article about a morticians' convention, "are still a body and a grave."

Just the News, Please: A political reporter for suburban Boston's *The Transcript* imparted a fascinating but irrelevant tidbit of physiological information in a news story about a tax bill in the state legislature: "Five other legislators from the three local wards voted against the bill. Another was still honeymooning in Europe when it was up for action."

Heartiest congratulations to the angler who, according to the *Port Huron Times Herald*, won first prize in the Cathanhay, England's annual fishing contest. His catch—the only one of the day—was a one-ounce bug.

Aptly named author of a recently published book entitled *Birth Control in the Republic of Tunisia*: Dr. Amor Daly.

RECORDINGS

The Duchy of Ellington has been revisited by the Queen, although this time it's only for a short stay. *Ella at Duke's Place* (Verve) is a single LP as contrasted with the multiple-LP Fitzgerald-warbled *Ellington Songbook* cut a number of years ago, but what there is is choice. Side one is made up of ballads, highlighted by such lovelies as *Passion Flower* and *Azure*. Side two is a swinger that reaches a crescendo on the capper, an infectiously upbeat *Cotton Tail*.

The Newborn Touch / Phineas Newborn Jr. Trio (Contemporary), with Phineas' superb piano adroitly complemented by bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Frank Butler, is a sparkling run-through



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of jazz tunes by such luminaries as Benny Carter, Ornette Coleman and Barney Kessel. There isn't a standard in the lot. Newborn gives a sonic demonstration throughout of why he is one of the most gifted and tasteful of the current jazz pianists.

The Sammy Davis Jr. Show (Reprise) may not help you recollect the late TV offering, but it does give a hearty helping of Sammy hard at work. There are a dozen tunes (on two of which he shares the singing chores: *We Open in Venice*, with Sinatra and Martin, and *Sam's Song*, with Martin) ranging from the Newley knock-out *What Kind of Fool Am I* to the nutty *My Mother the Car*.

Woody's Winners (Columbia) is a steamy session with what has to be the most uninhibited big band extant. The troops plow through jazz territory charted for the most part by Nat Pierce and Don Rader, with the charging tenor of Sal Nistico and Bill Chase's smoking trumpet leading the way. Rousingly revived is an old Herd favorite, *Northwest Passage*, decked out in modern dress by Pierce. **Basie Meets Bond** (United Artists) has the Count and his coterie coming to grips with some meaty slices of 007's soundtrack life. The Basie band is estimably able to convey the musical pulse beat of the Bond flicks. On hand are the title themes (natch) from *Thunderball*, *Goldfinger* and *From Russia with Love*. You dug the movies; you'll dig the music.

Lena in Hollywood (United Artists) takes the magnificent Miss Horne into the realm of filmic musical fare, and her arrival there should be greeted with huzzahs. When Lena as a cast of one leans into the likes of *Singing in the Rain* or *Never on Sunday* or *Wives and Lovers*, it's turned into a four-star production. Unusual items in the collection of Flickville ditties are Henry Mancini's *It Had Better Be Tonight* from *The Pink Panther* and *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* from you know what.

As a study in contrasts, we offer **Wrapped Tight / Coleman Hawkins** (Impulse!) and **Charles Lloyd Quartet / Of Course, Of Course** (Columbia). Old tenor pro Hawkins, with brass and rhythm for support (he discards the brass for a couple of sonorous flights of fancy, *Out of Nowhere* and *Indian Summer*), shows that while he allows others to do the jazz pioneering these days, he still has the keen perception to absorb the best of the new, adding further gloss to his inventive lyricism. Young Turk Lloyd, a Cannonball Adderley stalwart, here fronts a group that includes guitarist Gabor Szabo and Miles Davis men Ron Carter and Tony Williams, all of whom are of

one mind with Lloyd as his tenor and flute explore new musical dimensions through seven of his own compositions.

Morgana King / More Morgana (Ascot) is a tribute to the thrush's undaunted devotion to an uncléed repertoire of too-seldom-heard songs. Included in this session is a foursome of Alec Wilder melodies, each of which deserves a wider audience.

BOOKS

"Getting and spending," wrote William Wordsworth, "we lay waste our powers." **The Big Spenders** (Doubleday) by Lucius Beebe—completed just before his death a few months ago—takes the other tack. It is a joyful recounting of the pleasure of ostentatious spending by those for whom getting was no longer a problem. It is filled with characters such as the tycoon who completely forgot about a railroad he owned; the lady who did not exactly recall ordering \$15,000,000 worth of redecorating on her estate but felt the bill was "rather less than she expected," after all; and the mining king who once wrote a memo cautioning himself not to spend over a million dollars the next day. *Bon vivant* Beebe approaches the world of the very, very rich with enthusiasm, knowledgeability, a thousand anecdotes and a straight face. His purpose—to illuminate the "genius" required to spend millions of dollars on worldly pleasures with total casualness and grace, as so perfectly illustrated in the chapter that ran in **PLAYBOY**, *Those Gilded Galas*, January 1966. "What differentiates the truly big spender from the merely expensive spender," Beebe writes, "is that the money must be spent with a maximum of panache, in the greatest possible expression of the *beau geste*." Beebe expresses pique at today's moneyed classes for their fear of having fun: "Instead of fancy-dress balls of revolting dimensions, or scandalous associations with French actresses, they are a pushover for family foundations. Among the inheritors of great names and great fortunes in America it is difficult if not impossible to find a living man who has given a dinner party at which nude chorus girls leaped from the innards of a lamb pot pie." In 15 chapters, which range from the great country houses of the East to the palaces of San Francisco's mining kings, from champagne-flooded New York restaurants to Chicago bordellos, from Paris to Palm Beach to Pittsburgh, Beebe follows the trail of the big spenders in private Pullman, gold-plated Rolls-Royce or triple-decked yacht, gorging on *contrefilet* of beef and diamond-back terrapin, buying entire restaurants to be guaranteed a good table, scarcely

ever ordering liquid refreshment in anything less than jeroboams, and purchasing everything from too-heavy-to-wear diamond necklaces to jewel-encrusted chastity belts. Occasionally, so rapid is the pace of narrative, Beebe forgets he has told this story or quoted that quote on an earlier page. The lost art of being rich was one that Beebe himself, with his modest personal fortune (he left an estate of \$2,000,000), always strove to practice. It is nice to know that the author's will provided a \$15,000 trust fund for the care of his Saint Bernard, T-Bone Towser 2d.

In Lewis and Clark City, in a state "between Montana and Idaho," Jews are named Miles Standdish and WASPs grow beards and Negro cowboys have ulcers. Only in America? Only in Leslie Fiedler. A collection of three long stories, *The Last Jew in America* (Stein and Day), fictionalizes his longtime preoccupation with the melting pot. In the title story, by far the best, an aging Jew helps act out a hilarious and touching Yom Kippur for a dying friend, asking himself if he's guarding the flame of a noble heritage or just propping up a decaying tradition. *The Last WASP in the World*, a drunken Pulitzer Prize-winning poet, a middle-aging Don Wan, squabbles with a series of Jewish wives and mistresses who view sex as the continuation of war by other means. And *The First Spade in the West*, desperate to become "white" (Kiwanis Man of the Year), is demeaned by the white community's reverse prejudice (they insist on calling a spade a diamond), then trapped by a racial cliché that suddenly comes true. The tragicomic theme of the stories is the hopeless attempt to disentangle ethnic myth and ethnic reality, to preserve the values of tradition while overcoming the oppressions of stereotype. But the myths have become part of the reality, the stereotypes have become inseparable from the tradition. Like many critics who write fiction, Fiedler sometimes chews more than he bites off. And sometimes, like most ethnic jokes, the characters are so caricatured that the comedy becomes slapstick. But the comedy of identity is ultimately sad. The fantasy of acceptance, and even the reality of assimilation, Fiedler says, are merely ways of overcoming alienation from others by substituting alienation from oneself. His characters laugh at their follies until tears run down their cheeks—and suddenly they realize they're sobbing.

The current public image of LeRoi Jones, to which he has contributed mightily, is that of a black equivalent of Peking radio: He sees white America as a maggoty minority in a world of color. But the man is more complex than the image, as is evident in a new collection of "social essays," *Home* (Morrow). They

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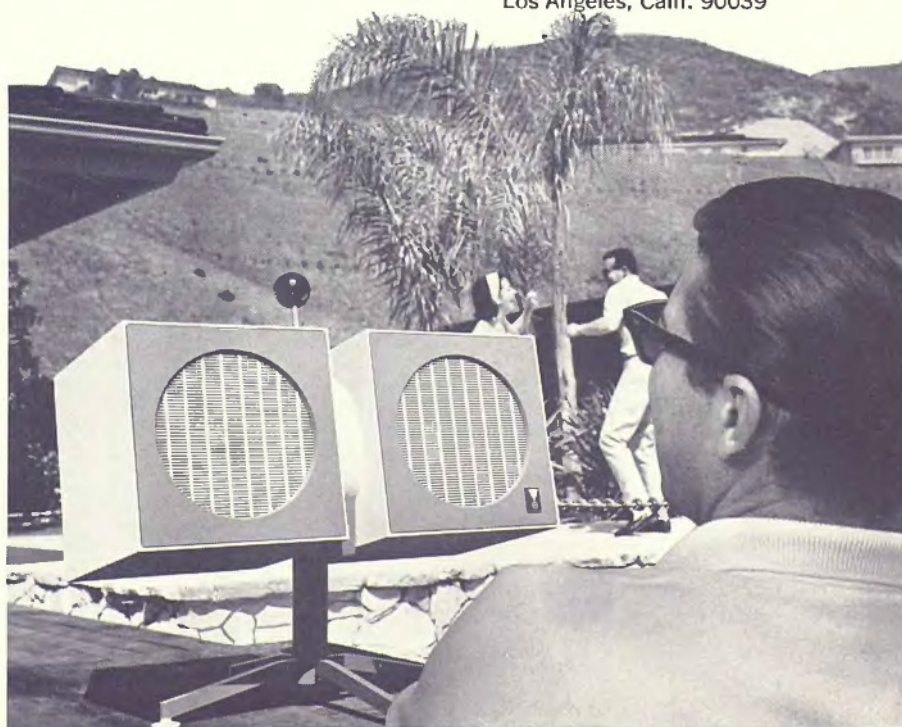
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start in 1960 with a rapturously uncritical description of Castro's Cuba. The rest of the essays chronicle the changes in Jones' view of himself and of his world. In Cuba, he wrote: "The rebels among us (Americans) have become merely people like myself who grow beards and will not participate in politics." From that time on, Jones became more and more consumed with his blackness, finally committing himself to the role of a catalyst toward the uniting of all blacks in America to take power as a separate nation and a separate culture. This concept of Afro-Americans controlling their own voluntary ghettos is not news among many varieties of black nationalists. Jones has little to contribute toward an analysis of how political and economic power can be redistributed; the value of this collection is that it shows with raw candor how one black middle-class American came to feel that way. When not simply coining slogans ("Only a united Black Consciousness can save Black People from annihilation at the white man's hands"), Jones can be a challenging dissector of conventional wisdom, black and white. There are, for example, hard-edged rebuttals to the doctrine of absolute nonviolence, caustic evaluations of the history of American Negro literature and supple thoughts on the variously expressive uses of language as determined by who you are and in what culture you live. A persistent obligato is an indictment—with specifics—of the hypocrisies of American official policy, foreign and domestic. Uniting these essays is not only Jones' acute need to find a place for himself in the world as a black man and a black writer, but also his need to avoid euphemism and comfortable evasions. He aspires, he tells us, to "the craziness of all honest men . . . a craziness that will make a man keep talking even after everyone else says he shouldn't."

MOVIES

An *Arabesque* is defined as a "kind of ornament in which flowers, foliage, fruits, vases, animals and figures . . . are represented in a fancifully combined pattern"—which catches perfectly the high spirit of the new movie of that title. At the center of the fanciful pattern is a scrap of paper. It contains a seemingly innocent ancient Hashimite inscription, but is actually a cipher detailing plans for the assassination of a Middle Eastern prime minister. A great many people want it—among them, not unnaturally, the P. M. himself; an oil baron as shifty as his native sands; and a gang of weirdly swinging rebels. Gregory Peck is the Oxford don engaged to decipher the inscription and he is, as they say, drawn step by step into a sinister web of

intrigue and danger. Sophia Loren is the dangerous and intriguing lady luring him on. The game of hares and hounds is swift, quippy and played against the background of a London that was never lovelier. Stanley Donen's direction is sure-footed, fast-paced and flashy. Among the high points are a chase through the London zoo at night, murder at Ascot, attempted murder with a steam shovel and a climactic chase with the worst of the wrong thinkers in a helicopter whilst our hero, our heroine and the P. M. are on horseback. This is commercial movie-making at its inventive best—glamorous, exciting and amusing—pure fun and games, unadulterated by a single pretense to serious import.

The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming is a pretty funny movie that, with some judicious pruning, pointing and shaping, might have been a very funny one. A Russian submarine captain, curious to see the face of the enemy close up, takes his vessel too close to an island off the New England coast and runs it aground on a sand bar. Needing a boat to tow him off, he dispatches a shore party, under Alan Arkin's command, to discreetly steal one. Stumbling around, they manage to make the natives very restless indeed, and before the day is out, Russkies and Yankees are eyeball to eyeball at the town dock. A sudden, pleasantly corny twist allows them to discover that what they have in common (simple humanity) is more forceful than the things that separate them (ideology, mutual suspicion). Unfortunately, director Norman Jewison and screenwriter William Rose have a tendency to pursue too many tangents and so keep losing their strongest comic line. The picture is, however, almost saved—and certainly made worth a couple of hours of your time—by Second City alumnus Arkin. His performance is a gem of comic acting—warm, low-keyed, beautifully detailed, subtly shaded. His lines and situations are no better than those provided such worthies as Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters and Paul Ford, but he effortlessly gives them overtones and undertones of meaning with a look, a gesture, a verbal accent that are, on this occasion at least, beyond the others' range. In short, Arkin has an instinctive sense of how to use the camera for comic ends that is, these frantic days, a most instructive relief.

Lost Command demonstrates how the professional soldiers of France, determined not to suffer a defeat like the one they previously absorbed in Indo-China, adopted a win-at-any-cost policy against the North African rebels, and in the process managed to lose not only another war but the one thing they had salvaged from the Far Eastern debacle—their honor. Director Mark Robson and

screenwriter Nelson Gidding, using a novel by Jean Larteguy, clearly set out to make a blunt morality drama about soldierly agony, and they almost succeeded. As a broad-scale study of what can happen to soldiers under inept, probably corrupt command and serving a civilian government unsure of its purposes, the film is persuasive. But as human drama, it falters badly. Its focus is on a group of paratroops under the command of a tough peasant portrayed by tough peasant Anthony Quinn. Among those serving with him are Alain Delon as a sensitive intellectual and George Segal as an Arab officer who goes over to the enemy and whose irregulars are defeated by his old comrades in the movie's climactic action. As characters, they are all pretty much cartoons; and Quinn's relationship with a countess (Michele Morgan—and it's nice to see her again) and Delon's with a rebel girl (Claudia Cardinale) are laughably in the old-fashioned Hollywood mold. Throughout, the dialog is stilted and the direction, except in the sequences dealing with battle and with the torturing war against civilian rebel sympathizers, is conventional. But the worst trouble is Quinn's performance in the pivotal role. He is just not subtle enough to catch the nuances of a soldier acquiescing in the rape of his principles for the sake of victory and his career. Still, if the creators of *Lost Command* lack the ability to create human beings, their political and social sensibilities are intact and their moral hearts are in the right place.

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off is a movie for people with a special taste—for *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*. It is simply the Anthony Newley-Leslie Bricusse stage musical of a few seasons back faithfully photographed in performance, as if it were one of our age's high cultural events preserved for posterity. If you do not think Littlechap is really a 20th Century Everychapp; if symbolic representations of Man, Woman, Life and Death strike you as unbearably pretentious; if you thought the original production lacked the sheer professional skill to match its ambitions, then you will want to stop this movie and get off before you have followed Littlechap very far down the highway stretching from his birth to his death. Tony Tanner, in the leading role, is engaging in his little way; but his skill at mime—absolutely essential to bringing this thing off—need cause Marcel Marceau (or even Anthony Newley) no anxious moments. Millicent Martin, on the other hand, is both beautiful and adept as his wife and as all the other women he encounters. Film director Philip Saville has done an intelligent job of turning stage director Michael Lindsay-Hogg's patterns into cinematic sense, and there are, as you may remember, a couple of nice songs in



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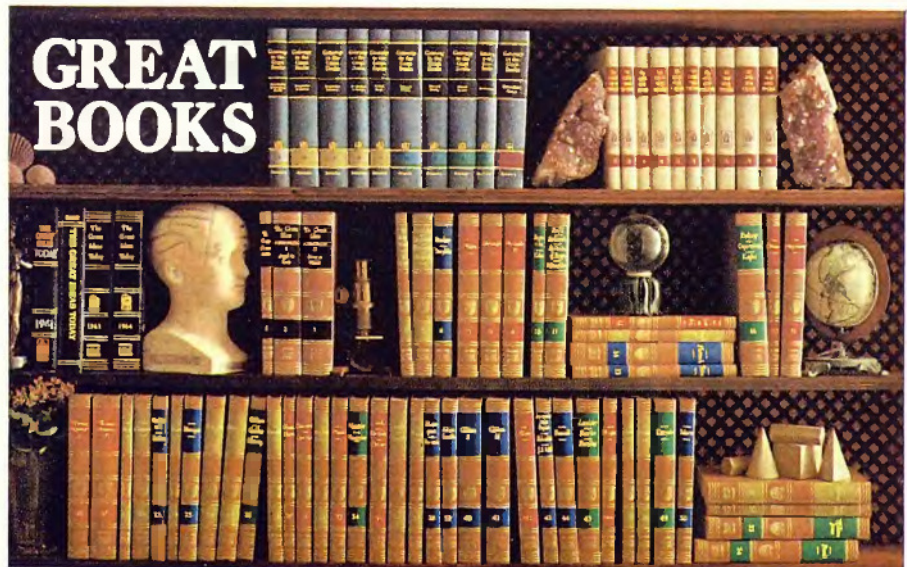
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the score. But if it wasn't your cup of tea to begin with, nothing that happens on the screen will change your mind.

Le Bonheur means "happiness," and Agnes Varda's short, simple, lovely film is an unsentimental essay on that enigmatic subject. In a Paris suburb a carpenter lives in wedded bliss with his beautiful wife and their two beautiful children. They find deep pleasure in the simplest things—taking the kids for picnics in the woods, the work they do (she's a dress-maker), dancing, sex, simply being together. One day he meets another woman, and they become lovers. But that does not spoil his pleasure in marriage; it only completes his circle of happiness. Eager for his wife to share his joy, he tells her about the affair. "It's quite simple—you, me and the children . . . we're like an apple orchard inside a fence. Then I see an apple tree outside the fence, and it's in bloom, too. There are more apple blossoms and apples to add to ours . . ." She seems to understand; they make love alfresco while the children nap nearby. When he awakens from a sleep, she has committed suicide. After a decent interval, he marries his mistress. The last sequence of the film is similar to its opening—the family troupe strolling through the woods. Miss Varda's economical direction and writing perfectly suit her ends, and the performances of Jean-Claude Drouot, his wife Claire and their two children as the family could not be improved upon, while Marie France Boyer as the other woman is beautiful and winning. The sex scenes, by the way, combine eroticism with modesty in an altogether tasteful and beguiling manner.

THEATER

While Batman rules the video waves, Broadway has pointed its ray gun at Superman: Zap! You're a musical. So why not? Musical-comedy heroes are usually square. Why not supersquare? Refreshingly, *It's a Bird It's a Plane It's Superman* plays Supe straight, not spoofy, goofy, campy, draggy or shaggy, but as the hardfisted, softhearted jerk that he is. Wearing his Supe-suit and a big-cheese smile, he waves to a passerby and announces—lest he be confused with anyone else on stage—"Hi! I'm Superman." Later he adds, with the full weight of his work in every syllable, "Being Superman is a full-time job." And so it is. He has to save Lois Lane, who is constantly in peril; Metropolis, which is constantly in peril; and this show, which is likewise. The score by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams is in and out, and the book by David Newman and Robert Benton is up and down. But there is no need to worry when Superman is flying across the stage in a single bound (aided by a single wire) and leaping into phone

booths. As our hero, Bob Holiday is, of all things, credible—the perfect mixture of boy-scout blandness and supreme self-confidence. The show also boasts two supervillains, played by two superior actors. Slick-haired, slippery-smiled Jack Cassidy is a gossipy columnist on *The Daily Planet*, out to sink Supe because of journalistic jealousy (the Big S. monopolizes page one). Michael O'Sullivan, a carrot-haired clown with the face of a fallen soufflé and the body of a pastured dray horse, is a mad physicist who has lost the Nobel Prize ten times and plots to get even by desupering Superman. An added divertissement is Linda Lavin as Cassidy's lovelorn secretary, Sydney. In the show's best song, she tries to vamp Clark Kent to the tune of *You've Got Possibilities*. Mild-mannered Clark watches politely as she entwines herself about him, runs her fingers through his hair, removes his jacket, begins . . . to . . . unbutton . . . his shirt. *His shirt?* Clark looks down in fright. It is not his virtue that is in danger, it's his underwear. Fortunately for Clark, the lady cops out. Superwhew! At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street.

When Herbert Blau and Jules Irving were named as the new co-directors of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater last year, interested bulls were both amazed and hopeful. Blau and Irving, the directors of the Actor's Workshop in San Francisco, were among the most outspoken critics of the kind of theater represented by their Lincoln Center predecessors, Elia Kazan and Robert Whitehead—commercial Broadway disguised (not very well) as art. Faced with "the despicable behavior of people in the American theater," said Blau, he wanted to "kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!" The sad fact is that after their first season in New York, all Blau and Irving have killed is their own reputations, unless one counts the damage they have inflicted on four plays by four of their favorite authors. Unlike Kazan/Whitehead, Blau/Irving cannot be faulted for their choice of plays—except for overambition. What they wanted was a true repertory in which each play would have relevance to every other play, and to our time—in this case, plays of revolution. They opened in the fall with *Danton's Death*, Georg Büchner's impassioned study of the French Revolution; then turned to Wycherley's bawdy *The Country Wife*, a take-off on sexual and social hypocrisy in the 17th Century; switched to Sartre's *The Condemned of Altona*, a moody philosophical work about the guilt of the guilty and of the presumably innocent, particularly among the Germans before and after World War Two; and ended with Bertolt Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, which is Brecht in his less didactic, more antic mood. These are all plays of considerable, if varying, substance, seldom

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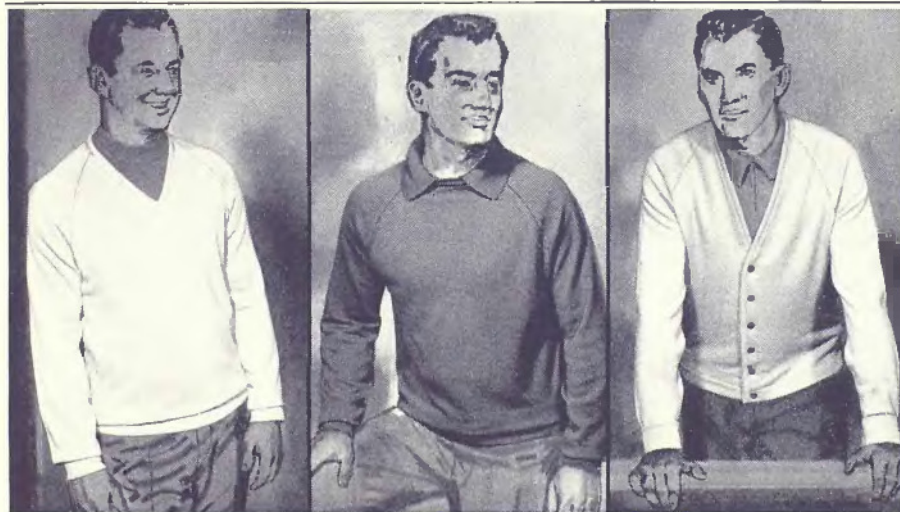
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performed in New York. They are difficult plays that demand great performances and productions, or at least interesting ones. Unfortunately, Blau and Irving lack a lot more than greatness. Expert theoreticians though they may be, on stage they work like amateurs. They seem to have little insight into their plays; or if they have the insight, they are incapable of projecting it to the audience through their actors. Good at choosing plays, they are terrible at choosing actors, either to join their company or to assume the various roles. They have gotten together a stock company, in the basest sense, and from it they chose perhaps the most stock of the actors—the thickly dictioned Alan Bergman—to play Danton, an epic, lyrical part that demands someone with the intelligibility and intelligence of Olivier. Their windy, dull *Danton* was, in fact, the season's greatest disaster. The directors had promised to bring back the best play—whatever it was—for a run after the regular season. With foresight, when *Danton* closed, its scenery was dragged out to the New Jersey marshes and burned. Next in line at Lincoln Center, *The Country Wife* lost much of its fun and almost all of its meaning. The production seemed more concerned with demonstrating the versatility of the Vivian Beaumont Theater's treadmill stage than with the characters themselves. *Altona* was at least a respectful, if not imaginative, production, best when the actors were right (particularly Tom Rosqui as an ex-German soldier hiding in the family attic). Blau and Irving have been accused of many failings—why not nepotism? Their wives, actresses both (and bad ones), figured too prominently in all four productions. As their last show was about to open, Blau and Irving were in such critical disrepute that there was a possibility that *they* might be dragged out to the Jersey marshes. That the two of them are still alive and planning a second season is a credit more to Brecht as dramatist than to themselves as directors. Their production of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* was overstated (a pompous narrator, overuse of the treadmill) and undefined (the minor characters seemed to merge into a crowd), but enough of Brecht's playfulness and theatricality glimmered through to make it an entertaining evening. The company's top actor, Robert Symonds, hitherto hidden in stylized roles, played the Falstadian judge Azdak with great comic zest and, in this stodgy company, with welcome abandon. Elizabeth Huddle as the long-suffering heroine Grusha (she flees from an army across a bridge and over a mountain) was his perfect foil. Surveying the season's wreckage, Blau and Irving, wisely, chose *Chalk Circle* for their extended run. At the Vivian Beaumont, 150 West 65th Street.

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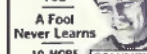
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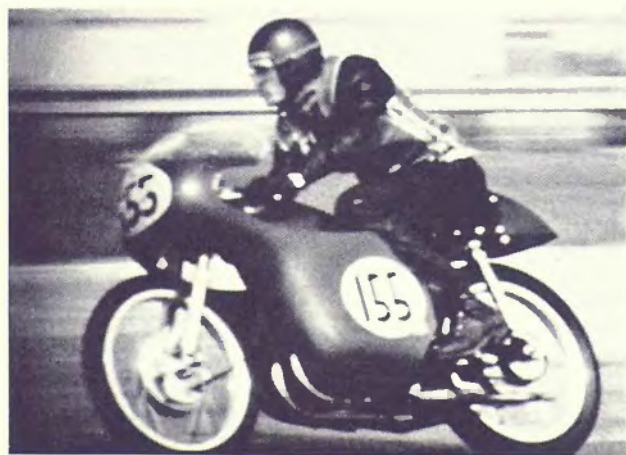
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a graduate of a large private university and am in love with a man who has had only two years of college—and those in night school. He is socially more adept than I am and, except for formal education, our backgrounds are fairly similar. He is four years older than I am and very much the boss in the relationship. He wants to marry me, and right now I'm all for it, but I have reservations about our future happiness because of his limited chances for the material success he seems to value highly. What do you advise?—Miss E. S., Atlanta, Georgia.

You've presented two problems: whether the marriage will be endangered by the possible frustration of a man who seeks success with a limited educational background; and the chances for success of a marriage in which the woman has more formal education than the man. Assuming you're both in your 20s (you don't say) and that your boyfriend is interested in a field not requiring formal education, we'd say he still has plenty of time to prove himself financially and that lack of a degree will not necessarily present an insurmountable barrier. Many factors are involved in a climb up the economic ladder in addition to formal education: personality, intelligence, initiative, learned or inherent skills—none of which come guaranteed with a sheepskin.

Problem number two, concerning the disparity of a husband's and wife's education, should not be a major obstacle in itself, but the way you express it—describing yourself as a graduate of a "private university" while he only went to "night school"—leads us to believe that prestige, more than education, is what's on your mind. Because of the reservations you express, which may cover other unstated ones, we suggest that you let your relationship mature for a while. This will give you time to decide whether it's learning or social status that really concerns you; it will also give your boyfriend time to get started on his career, and learn just how limited his "chances for material success" actually are.

While on a trip to Germany. I sampled an unusual beverage called Steinhager, which seemed more than a little intoxicating. As I remember, I was standing in a bar in Wiesbaden drinking the stuff and next thing I knew, I was in Frankfurt. Can you tell me more about this potent potable?—M. M., East Lansing, Michigan.

"Steinhager" is the brand name of a high-proof German liquor that's bottled in Steinhagen, Germany. It's made of

rye and proofed at over 100. Sit down and sit tight when quaffing this Teutonic terror.

Some time ago you published a piece of fiction by the late Robert Ruark in which the main character offers a toast by saying "Chin-chin." When I arrived in Vietnam, I found that this expression was very popular among Saigon's drinkers. The Vietnamese swear that it is American in origin and imported by GIs. Are they right?—D. C., APO San Francisco, California.

No. The expression "Chin-chin" is derived from the Chinese phrase "Ts'ing ts'ing," meaning "please." Like most toasts, it is sufficiently ambiguous to cover anything from "Please accept my hospitality and remain for more" to "Please drink up—I have a rendezvous at midnight."

A vivacious 19-year-old girl I know has recently become engaged to the guy she's been dating for the past two years. This fact is the source of great dismay, because she's really a fine one, and her kindly, industrious fiancé is strictly dullsville. I suppose they're in love, since she's confided to me that "I love him more and more with each day's passing," etc., but I'm sure this is only temporary infatuation. In case you've been wondering, yes, I would like to make the scene with her, and on more than one occasion have been sorely tempted to try. But beyond selfish considerations, I do think this girl is being cheated out of a swinging youth and I hate to see her isolated from broader experiences. How can I get the message across without sounding like sour grapes?—R. L., Washington, D.C.

From your description, the girl seems to know what she wants and doesn't need your guidance to increase the momentum of her "swinging youth." If something should go awry in their relationship, then you might consider making your move. Meanwhile, concentrate on developing your own broad experiences, not hers.

I will be leaving for an extended tour of England shortly and plan to spend some time doing a bit of pub crawling. Darts, New Jersey-style, is one of my favorite pastimes and I'd like to try my hand at the English game. Can you tell me if anyone can play or if the board is only used by pub regulars? Is there some form of etiquette to follow?—B. R., Newark, New Jersey.

Darts etiquette may vary slightly from pub to pub, but you'll be safe if you stick to the following rules: If the dartboard

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is free, go ahead and shoot; you'll get a match soon enough. If the board's being used, mark your initials in one corner of the scoreboard. Before you can play, you are expected to "take the chinks" for one game. This means keeping score while the current players shoot another game. When it's your turn, you can play until you're beaten. Once you've lost, you must go back and wait your turn to "take the chinks" before you can shoot again.

I recently found out that my wife has been making broad hints to my kids (boy 11, girl 13) that I have been playing around. Lately they have become jumpy and guarded with me, which had never been the case before. I dig the kids very much, and I think they reciprocate. As a husband, I admit I've stepped out of line on occasion, but I'm convinced that as a father I have not failed in any of my obligations—social, emotional or financial. I will not bore you with the troubles with my wife that have driven me out of the nuptial bed now and then; it is too tired and familiar a story. What I want to know is: How can I fight the bad press I'm getting with the children when my back is turned?—B. G., New York, New York.

Are your extramarital activities openly acknowledged in your relationship with your wife? Do you plan to stay married to her? If the answer to both questions is yes, as one might infer from your letter, then have it out with her. Your children are too young to discern the difference between the actual nature of your outside interests and the coloration given to them by your wife's hostility. But you may be sure the kids are troubled by unconcealable marital tensions. If they are going to be given any information at all (and we think they should), it must be presented in an open, aboveboard manner, by both of you, in terms they can understand. Above all, it should be explained that whatever differences you and your wife may have, they don't have any bearing on your love for your children.

What's the connection between London dry gin and London, England?—B. H., Ithaca, New York.

All London dry gin originally came from London. The term has been adopted by the liquor industry to designate an unsweetened gin. London dry gin can be manufactured anywhere.

I'm 28, divorced, and earn good money in insurance. As a result of the divorce, I was awarded our \$28,000 house and all of its contents. Now, as I get back in circulation, many of my bachelor buddies say that since I am not planning to remarry soon, it would be wise to sell this

place because it will always retain a lingering shadow of my ex (she picked out the furniture, etc.). They say I should go the apartment route, since the future women in my life will not be at ease here. I view the situation from a monetary standpoint (there are tremendous tax advantages in home ownership) and from the standpoint of convenience (there's lots of party room, privacy and plenty of space for overnights). As far as meeting new faces, I feel my present acquaintances and the nature of my job will suffice. What do you suggest?—J. S. N., Houston, Texas.

The "lingering shadow of your ex" seems to bother your buddies more than it does you. There's no reason why the new women in your life should detect the "shadow" unless they're psychic, or unless you let the house become a mausoleum to the memory of your marriage. Make the place yours. Rearrange the decor, and as you replace furniture, let it reflect your taste rather than your former wife's.

I never thought it was necessary for a meerschaum pipe to build up a layer of carbon, because meerschaum is porous and does all that the carbon in a briar can do. But a friend of mine, also a pipe enthusiast, claims the carbon is necessary. Who's right?—D. A. T., New York, New York.

Your friend. The coating of carbon inside any pipe—meerschaum or briar—should be 1/16th of an inch thick, roughly the thickness of a penny.

I have very fine hair that becomes mussed at the slightest gust of wind. What do you recommend for a guy who doesn't like to use the greasy kid stuff?—R. B., Cleveland, Ohio.

Try one of the men's hair sprays now on the market (such as Brut by Fabergé or Arden's spray for men). Odorless and colorless, they make a fine top-of-the-head remedy for avoiding that wind-blown look.

Can you tell me the order in which the James Bond novels were published?—S. T., Lexington, Kentucky.

"Casino Royale" (1953), "Live and Let Die" (1954), "Moonraker" (1955), "Diamonds Are Forever" (1956), "From Russia, with Love" (1957), "Doctor No" (1958), "Goldfinger" (1959), "Thunderball" (1961), "The Spy Who Loved Me" (1962), "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1963), "You Only Live Twice" (1964), "The Man with the Golden Gun" (1965). The last three were serialized in PLAYBOY prior to book publication.

The face side of the Kennedy half dollar shows a tiny mark on the late J. F. K.'s

neck. Does it have any special meaning?—B. L., Greenville, North Carolina.

Yes. The tiny mark is actually an "R." It stands for the last name of the coin's engraver, Gilroy Roberts.

What advice would PLAYBOY give in the following dilemma? I sincerely believe that marriage is the most sacred of unions, although I don't always show it, for fear of being accused of prudery. I am mildly disgusted with friends who hold their marriage vows in such contempt that they talk blithely about their latest extramarital relationship. The problem is: Being a bachelor and needing sexual fulfillment as much as the next man, I have to hunt—and hunting takes time, a lot of which I don't have. Consequently, I am left with a disturbing fact: The last three affairs I have had have been with married women, including the wife of a friend who is a writer of the utmost integrity as well as a pillar of advice and encouragement to me in my own struggle to authorship. Sexual relations between them had long ceased, for one reason or another, although they still led an ostensibly blissful life together—but this knowledge failed to prevent my having such a guilty conscience about the whole thing that I could no longer face the man, and eventually severed relations with him and his wife, leaving them both (presumably) wondering what on earth happened to young John Doe. The point at issue, then, is simply this: Is my reproachful attitude to my philandering friends mere hypocrisy—and if so, how can I logically expect any future wife of mine to remain faithful when, by my own actions, I condone infidelity?—J. H., Toronto, Ontario.

With one standard of behavior for your friends and another for yourself, hypocrisy is an excellent description of your attitude. It is to your credit that you appear to be concerned about this inconsistency between your ethical values and your behavior. If your ethical views are sincere, you won't allow this inconsistency to continue. Perhaps Ambrose Bierce's definition of a hypocrite will be helpful: "One who, professing virtues that he does not respect, secures the advantage of seeming to be what he despises."

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.



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 72

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DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

JULY 1966

FOUR NEW CLUBS PLANNED FOR U.S.; LONDON SWINGS TO PLAYBOY CLUB BEAT!



Keyholders and guests idle the sun-filled Jamaica hours away amid convivial company on a cool summer afternoon at the Playboy Club-Hotel.

PLAY IT COOL THIS SUMMER

No long hot summer for you—not if you vacation the Playboy way at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel. Play it cool on our air-conditioned beach (courtesy of the trade winds), sip a long tall one poolside, see nightly shows featuring native and American entertainers, visit cool, splashy Dunn's River Falls, snorkel in the blue-green lagoon called Bunny Bay, fish, tennis, golf, have fun. Play it cool for as little as \$17 a day, and that includes two superb meals each day. Join the Playboy jet set for an unforgettable holiday now. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge to their key.

Ooh La La Revue at New York Club

NEW YORK (Special)—The most spectacular puppet show in the world—Sid and Marty Krofft's *Les Poupées de Paris* is now appearing in the New York Playboy Club Penthouse. The frisky French revue features 137 naughty puppet performers romping through a fast-paced \$250,000 extravaganza with original musical score by Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen. You always find the brightest, most exciting shows in town at every Playboy Club.



Curvy chorus in New York performs cancan. Each doll measures 12-B-12.

Save \$25! Apply for Your Key Now!

CHICAGO (Special)—Four more Playboy Clubs are now planned to make their debut on the U.S. Bunny scene. When they open, keyholders will be using their keys in 19 Playboy cities throughout the world! Negotiations are taking place in Denver, Cleveland and Buffalo, while plans now call for the Lake Geneva resort to open in 1967.

A hundred beautiful Bunnies are on hand to greet British keyholders and guests in our first European Club in London and direct them to Playboy fun and games. Seven exciting club-rooms and lively gaming areas prove to British keyholders that the Playboy world is the best of all possible whirls.

Meanwhile, the newest Bunny bastions this side of the ocean, in Boston and San Francisco, offer keyholders gourmet buffet dining at the same price as a drink, king-size drinks served by lovely Bunnies, convivial atmosphere, fresh new variety shows and cool jazz. American keyholders in every Playboy city enjoy these benefits, of course.

Now is the time to apply for your Playboy Key—you can still save \$25 in many Playboy areas before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect, as it has in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, In-

diana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi.

Your new Playboy Key admits you to every Playboy Bunny haven. When you present your key to the Door Bunny (she may be a PLAYBOY Playmate), your personal name plate is placed on the lobby board and closed-circuit TV telecasts your arrival to friends who may be awaiting you. Upon each visit to the Club of your choice you'll enjoy the atmosphere of a relaxed and friendly party at which you are an honored guest.

Don't waste any more time—a Playboy Key is more valuable than ever before. Send in the coupon now and save \$25.



Lovely Bunnies Elke, Virginia and Bev display the famous Playboy ounce-and-a-half-plus drinks.

YOUR ONE KEY ADMITS YOU TO PLAYBOY EVERYWHERE

OPEN—Atlanta • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Cincinnati • Detroit
Jamaica • Kansas City • London • Los Angeles • Miami • New Orleans
New York • Phoenix • St. Louis • San Francisco. NEXT IN LINE—
Buffalo • Cleveland • Denver • Lake Geneva, Wis. • Washington, D.C.

BECOME A KEYHOLDER / CLIP AND MAIL TODAY

TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
232 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:

I wish to apply for key privileges.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP CODE

Key Fee is \$25 except in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi, where keys are \$50. (Key Fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine.) Applicant for key must be male and over 23. The Annual Account Maintenance Charge (currently \$5) is waived for your first year.

☐ Enclosed find \$_____.

☐ Bill me for \$_____.

☐ I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

272

Now here's a gift
any man will really
get a charge out of...



No, not because it's electric.
But because it's amazing.

He'll *never* wind the Electric Timex.
There's nothing to wind.
No winding stem. No mainspring.

Instead, a tiny energy cell provides
a whole year of steady electric power.
Then? He simply puts in a new cell.
It costs a dollar. Takes a few moments.
And he's all set for another year of
steady electric accuracy.

More? Much more.
The Electric Timex is waterproof*.
Dustproof*. Shock-resistant.
And its second hand jumps, second-
to-second, for precise timing.

More? Only the price.
And that's a lot less than you'd expect.
There are four handsome models for
just \$39.95. And two new calendar
models for only \$45.

*As long as crystal, crown and case remain intact.



THE ELECTRIC TIMEX®
This is the energy cell actual size.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

POLITICAL COLUMNIST Joe Alsop once said he envisioned hell as being an endless series of airport waiting rooms. Waiting around in dreary way stations can indeed become the fate of the traveler who tries to see everything in the world in one benumbing tour. Rather than touch base at a dozen spots, it's much wiser to plan a long trip with extended stays at just a few places, so each spot can yield its own distinctive flavor.

For example, Qantas has recently initiated a glamor route that rings the world from London to Australia while allowing for stops at such tropic spas as Acapulco and Nassau. Even with reasonable layovers for private excursions at each of these points, you can still fly all the way around the world in six weeks.

On the lap betwixt Tahiti and Hawaii, you may even find one of the larger dividends of global air travel in American Samoa. Whenever your plane connections don't exactly meet, you'll be put up at the ultramodern Pago Pago Intercontinental Hotel as the guest of the airline.

There's native dancing at Apia in Western Samoa, which you can reach by plane, but we much prefer an overnight trip on one of the copra steamers that ply the waters near the verdant islands of Tutuila and Upolu. There's also Norfolk Island, a wondrously isolated place where the Hotel Paradise at Kingston offers lagoon swimming, skindiving, golf, island tours, horseback riding and some thoroughly companionable elbow bending for the lounge lizard.

In the South Seas, you'll want to be sure not to miss Tahiti or the neighboring resort islands of Bora-Bora, Mooréa and Raiatée—where the better hotels offer luxurious Polynesian bungalows. They also have fully equipped skindiving centers, deep-sea fishing launches, outrigger sailing canoes and even torch-lit Tahitian ritual dances down among the sheltering palms.

One of the last remaining refuges of plantation civilization—where gentlemen still dress for dinner, even in the jungle—is in the cool Cameron Highlands of Malaya. By bus, train or car, you can go from the rich jungle and mango orchards around Kuala Lumpur into the hillside tea, rubber and coffee plantation country. One of several good resorts is the pine-circled Cameron Highlands Hotel—no Hiltons here—with its own swimming pool and trout-filled lake overlooking a tight little nine-hole golf course.


London is a world of entertainment all its own this summer, particularly

since the new Playboy Club has officially opened its velvet-lined doors. A posh supper spot, an elegant men's club offering a gambling layout designed to please the most discriminating suitor of Lady Luck, as well as an apartment hotel with 17 handsomely appointed service flats for overnight guests, the London Club is the brightest light on London's venerable Park Lane. With 100 Bunnies from Britain ready to serve and delight, and the best in food, drink and entertainment being served up nightly, the nightingales in nearby Berkeley Square now really have something to sing about.

On the Continent, you'll find that wine festivals are a major source of early autumn pleasure. One of the oldest of these is in Germany, where the famed Sausage Mart of Bad Dürkheim runs for two weekends—September 10 and 17. Near here, at Deidesheim, a former monastery hotel, Gasthaus zur Kanne, is now a restaurant specializing in such regional specialties as Rhine eel in a green dill sauce, and stuffed hog's stomach (*Saumagen*).

The Burgundy region of France begins little more than 60 miles from Paris. It's a charming area of rich red earth, thick forests, meandering rivers and superlative cuisine. You can get there in less than two hours from Paris, running southeast down Route N5—through Sens with its ancient Gothic cathedral and the twisted streets of Joigny—to Chablis, center of the district yielding the dry white chablis wine. An alternative is a visit to the Michelin three-star Old World Hostellerie de la Poste in Avallon. A "must" from there is a run to Châtillon-sur-Seine for lunch at the Restaurant de la Côte d'Or. Try the terrine de caneton truffé or a fine coq au vin. While you're in Châtillon, see the Treasure of Vix in the museum there—a superb collection of gold diadems, jewelry and elaborately carved artifacts recovered from the tomb of a princess of Gaul.

For a relaxing touch of France a bit closer to home, there are two little-known corners off the Newfoundland coast that offer Gallic charm and hide-away lures at the end of a 1200-mile route from New York, through the golds and coppers of New England, north to North Sydney and Nova Scotia and on to the islands of Saint Pierre and Miquelon, where the living is easy and the hotel rates include wine in the price of the meals, prepared in a mouth-watering Basque or Breton style.

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

Et tu, Brut?



Bold new Brut for men. By Fabergé.

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

Previn's Piano with Velvet Voices

It's a brand-new sound and approach for André Previn in this album of mood-stirring ballads designed for very special moments. Here's André's piano featured for the first time against a choral background that brings out the full richness of twelve outstanding songs. You'll hear the distinctive Previn touch on such selections as "Embraceable You," "They Didn't Believe Me," along with "Who Can I Turn To (When Nobody Needs Me)" and the hauntingly beautiful "Michelle." Listening to these romantic songs is the perfect way to end a perfect evening—or begin one!



**Catch
André
in
Action***



*Cut pictures apart on dotted lines and staple them together in numerical order. Flip them and see Previn in action.



RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

THE GINZBURG DECISION

The recent Supreme Court decision to uphold the conviction of *Eros* publisher Ralph Ginzburg was as anachronistic and ludicrous as it was unjust.

Let us hope that Justices Warren, Fortas, et al., will in the future return to the kind of writing they do best—clear-headed, liberal, humane interpretations of the law—and leave the writing of tragedy-comedy in the able hands of our professional black humorists.

Dan Greenburg
New York, New York

It is beyond my understanding how the Supreme Court majority could have arrived at its decision in the case of Ralph Ginzburg. That *Eros* was dangerous in any way is a fiction created in the minds of five justices.

The weapon created by the decision could be used anywhere, at any time, for any publication. Is there any writer or publisher, no matter what his opinion of *Eros* and *Fact*, who would want the same tests applied to his own work?

Leonard Zweig, Editor
Trans-Action Magazine
St. Louis, Missouri

The recent Supreme Court decision regarding "obscenity" must certainly rank as one of the most disgraceful and pitifully ignorant legal rulings in history. But the attitude of this nation's courts and society toward sex is so disgracefully retarded already that this new blunder is hardly surprising. Perhaps one day this country will mature sufficiently to realize that the only legal, logical way to deal with literature is to enforce a law absolutely prohibiting the sale of adult material to minors; and to abolish absolutely all restrictions upon adults.

Jeffrey H. Goldman
New Orleans, Louisiana

I have sent the following letter to the great "liberal" *New York Times*:

I regard the present U.S. Supreme Court as the best in history, with a real potential for greatness. But even the best can err. The five-to-four vote in the Ginzburg case reflects the nation's uncertainty, immaturity and insecurity on sex. Basically, the five pro-censorship votes were saying that sex is obscene,

which means, fundamentally, that life is obscene. I find this shocking.

Watch out, PLAYBOY, the godly have you constantly in their gun sights—they carry big guns and never hesitate to use them.

James Conway
New York, New York

There are grave and dangerous implications in the recent majority decisions of the Supreme Court in the Ginzburg, Mishkin and *Fanny Hill* cases. I say this as a veteran historian and sociologist, with considerable knowledge in the fields of psychiatry and criminology, who has also worked with distinguished lawyers like Morris Ernst, Alexander Lindey and Arthur Garfield Hayes on obscenity cases.

Justice Harlan was correct in saying that "no stable approach to the obscenity problem has yet been devised by this Court," and that the new pandering rule is "an astonishing piece of judicial improvisation" that may invite renewed attacks on literary classics that have long been cleared of any obscenity taint. If this is not juristic lawlessness, my knowledge of the English language is sadly deficient.

The approval of *Fanny Hill* was based on the concession, for the moment, that this book possesses enough social significance to pass judicial scrutiny. This is no guarantee against the prosecution of other books, or even of *Fanny Hill*, by a differently constituted Court majority. To concede at any given time that a book "sings a song of social significance" leaves future procedures wide open. The prospect here is for interminable recurring assessments of any books under question.

The "advertising" argument is even more frightening. Justice Douglas put his finger on the spot when he stressed the fact that virtually all advertising today makes wide, obvious and direct use of sex. If "pandering" means profuse use of sex appeal in advertising, then surely most advertising outside the field of heavy metals and mechanical devices is pandering, a highly subjective problem, ever open to changing judicial personnel and attitudes.

Another lamentable aspect of these decisions is that they appear to have introduced faceriousness as a punishable

fill up with
peach brandy flavor



John Rolfe

PEACH BRANDY FLAVOR

John Rolfe Mixture

Here's peach brandy by the pipe bowlful. For John Rolfe Mixture weds finest tobaccos with exclusive peach brandy flavor and aroma. A pleasure break-through for smokers and everyone around them. For a free pack (one to a customer), send name, and address to John Rolfe, Dept. P, P.O. Box 3-AC, Richmond, Virginia 23208



Larus & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

offense, in basing the verdict partially on the fact that Ginzburg sought to mail his material from Middlesex, New Jersey, and Intercourse, Pennsylvania. What is the matter with Middlesex? Is there any reliable evidence that the use of this word has incited anybody to crime? There is the famous old county of Middlesex in England, often alluded to in classical prose and poetry. Did not Longfellow tell us that Paul Revere aroused noble patriotic sentiments in "every middlesex village and farm"? And what about Intercourse? Is not intercourse the main aim of all orthodox sexual teachings, always presented in conventional religious circles as the supreme sexual good? There is no evidence that the citizens of the honorable old town of Intercourse, Pennsylvania, are a sexually debauched group, although they are incessantly confronted with the term in one way or another during their every waking hour. I once had an impulse to mail some postcards from the century-old Adirondack town of Sodom, New York. Had I done so, I might, under the new ruling, be accused of pandering to homosexuals.

This judicial aversion to facetiousness is not only silly but illogical. I would wager that any normal person, receiving a card from Middlesex, Intercourse or Sodom, would regard it as a joke, and, of course, nobody can laugh and lust at the same moment. When one remembers Justice Stewart's remark that Ginzburg has actually received a long prison term without having violated any Federal statute whatever, then facetiousness ceases to be funny. It is a rather rough way to penalize a ribald sense of humor, and one shudders to think what might have happened to Lincoln because of his favorite stories or to Wilson because of his limericks. (President Johnson is also said by his intimates not to be totally devoid of such humor, nor was President Kennedy.)

If the courts really wish to reduce sexual morbidity among youth, the best procedure would be to prepare a volume carefully selected from the best nudist publications and make it compulsory reading—a textbook—in all our schools. This would eliminate much of the morbid curiosity, misinformation and confusion that lies at the roots of sexual crime.

Is it generally realized that Ginzburg's sentence is no more than he might receive if convicted of felonious assault, manslaughter or second-degree murder? This can hardly be justified in an age and country that assumes to be guided by rationality and humanity and claims to possess a modicum of civilization.

PLAYBOY is far and away the most effective magazine in existence today in working toward saner sexual attitudes, revealing the unfairness of many sexual laws on our statute books and exposing

the postal snooping that has already scandalously invaded our privacy. You ought to be immune from the depredations of purist marauders. There can be no doubt of the social significance of any magazine that publishes *The Playboy Philosophy* and maintains *The Playboy Forum* along with the varied and enlightening articles by eminent authorities. Your interviews are usually highly educational—indeed, the interview with Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in the May issue, was one of the most searching, best-informed and most comprehensive presentations of the current domestic and world situation to be published anywhere in many months. The PLAYBOY presentation of sex for humorous relaxation is surely a contribution to mental hygiene. And, fortunately for you, your advertising is in the best taste—nobody is likely to be incited to lecherous thoughts or lewd aspirations by a single bit of it.

Harry Elmer Barnes
Malibu, California

We appreciate these comments from such a distinguished personage as Professor Harry Elmer Barnes. For further authoritative analysis of the recent obscenity decisions of the Supreme Court, read the next letter.

Standing on their own merits, and without regard to the way they were advertised, it is doubtful that Ralph Ginzburg's publications were obscene. His conviction appears to be unjustified and his five-year sentence is certainly too harsh.

In writing on the uncertainty of definitions of obscenity at common law, one writer stated, "There is no unity in describing what is obscene literature or in prosecuting it. There is little more than the ability to smell it."

It is obvious from the Ginzburg, Mishkin and *Fanny Hill* cases that we are not much further advanced than we were at common law, despite the enormous effort put forth by the Supreme Court in the above three cases, as well as in the many cases that have preceded them. One wonders whether we can continue to let the test of obscenity depend upon a sense of smell and, more fundamentally, upon which nose does the smelling. Are we not sufficiently sophisticated to let people read what they want to, whether it is about sex or anything else? A mature society must come to the position advocated by Justices Douglas and Black.

"No interest of society," stated Justice Douglas, "with regard to suppression of obscene literature could override the First Amendment to justify censorship. . . . The censor is always quick to justify his function in terms that are protective of society. But the First Amendment, written in terms that are absolute, deprives the state of any power to pass on

the value, the propriety or the morality of a particular expression."

I endorse Justice Douglas' faith in people and in their right to choose their own reading.

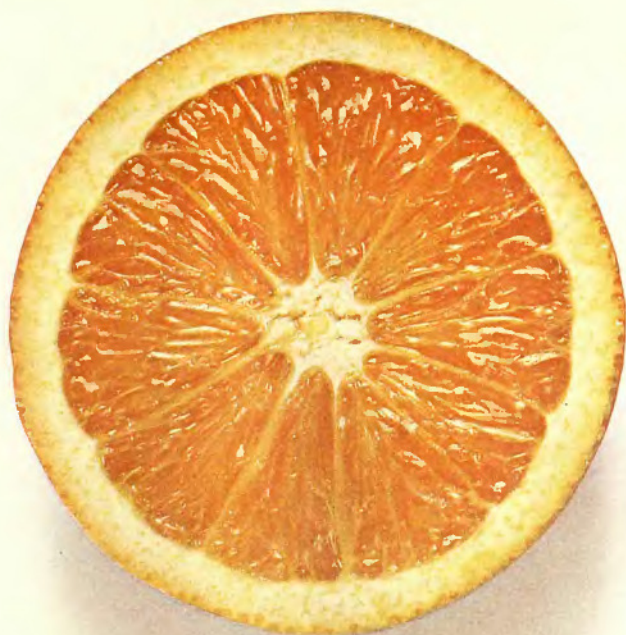
Morris Ploscowe
New York, New York

A former New York City magistrate, Judge Ploscowe is now a prominent attorney, adjunct professor of law at New York University and author of numerous articles and books, including "Sex and the Law," which Hefner has quoted frequently in "Philosophy."

Firearms and hate literature can be sent through the mails, but the publisher of *Eros* magazine is to go to jail! And in an American Broadcasting Company debate between Mr. Ginzburg and one of the nation's leading advocates of censorship, the latter gentleman made the statement that he considered obscenity worse than murder! I'm frightened that this kind of thinking will now rule the land. The age of Big Brother is nearer than we may think.

Joe Marlin
Detroit, Michigan

What does the Ginzburg decision really mean? It means that a man in the prime of life, a man with a wife and three children, shall be taken from his family and dragged off to a prison cell. The right to vote and other prerogatives of the free citizen will be stripped from him. He will live behind bars for five years. For five years he will be denied normal sexual and loving relationships with his wife. For five years he will see his wife and his children only for brief intervals and with bars between them. For five years he will be robotized as surely as any slave in history. He will sleep when his keepers tell him to sleep, rise when they tell him to rise, eat when they tell him to eat. He will not walk farther than they tell him to walk. He will not eat more than they tell him to eat. He will not do anything on whim or "for the fun of it," unless it meets with the approval of his keepers. He will not associate with the writers, artists and intellectuals whom he would normally choose for his friends, but with murderers, thieves, swindlers and other outcasts among whom the state chooses to place him. When despair closes in on him, he will not have the consolation of getting drunk. When loneliness drives him to weep, he will not have a woman to comfort him. When fury and outrage rise in his throat, he will not dare speak, under the threat of having his sentence increased for "noncooperation." All this is "normal" and "average" prison life. More than likely, he will also be confronted by sadistic guards who will torment and torture him for their sport.



Whatever you add to your vodka drinks...
start with the patent on smoothness.



Only
Gordon's Vodka
has it.



And all this will go on for five years—for 60 months—for 1825 days, each of which has 24 long, long hours. And all of this will happen to this man not because he hurt anybody, but because he published words and pictures on paper.

I cannot agree with those who say this conviction is a step forward toward the totalitarianism of 1984. It is a step backward—a long step backward—to the medieval period before freedom of the press was guaranteed to free citizens in free democracies.

Ronald Weston
Suffern, New York

For a highly pertinent and personal reaction to the Supreme Court decision in the Ginzburg case, read the "Playboy Interview" with convicted publisher Ralph Ginzburg in this issue.

Can it be true? On a radio newscast this evening, Fulton Lewis, Jr., disclosed that a committee, including Hugh Hefner, is seeking to exonerate Ralph Ginzburg, and that this committee claims Ginzburg was imprisoned for publishing *Fact* magazine. Mr. Lewis revealed that *Fact* was not even in existence until after Mr. Ginzburg's conviction, which had actually been for the publication of *Eros* and two other publications. I just cannot believe Fulton Lewis' implied conclusion that Hefner is a naïve fool.

Joyce Edwards
Wellford, South Carolina

*The full-page advertisement in The New York Times, to which Mr. Lewis referred in his broadcast, is printed in full below. It was written by Sloan Wilson, author of "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit," and underwritten by those whose names appear after it, including Editor-Publisher Hefner. The second-paragraph reference to *Fact* magazine is peripheral to the subject that is introduced in the first paragraph—a subtlety that apparently escaped Mr. Lewis.*

WHAT DID RALPH GINZBURG DO?

He got out some sexy publications. Many people like them, many don't, but even those who believe them to be "offensive" do not charge that they are anywhere near the most "offensive" of their kind.

*At a time when so many magazines are failing, and when so many survive on sheer tripe, he launched a successful magazine, *Fact*, which is in the great muckraking, spit-in-the-face-of-hypocrisy tradition.*

He published and mailed some effective advertisements for his wares, a few of which are, by most standards, in bad taste.

So they are sending him to jail for five years!

We, the undersigned, are sorry about that, not so much for Ralph as for our nation.

Ralph is a decent man and a

strong one. He'll survive jail and probably write a good book there.

But what is this censorship business doing to the rest of us?

What kind of a society is it that permits any kind of murder and sadism in mass media, but that is so vengeful toward sex? What kind of society permits torture on television programs for children but shudders at "dirty words" or the image of a woman's body?

And what kind of a society imprisons and fines one man, while letting hundreds of others who are doing worse things grow rich?

Are they now going to imprison all the people who print sexy or shoddy advertisements?

Just who is going to jail and who is not? On what theories is this fantastic conviction based? Does erotic material really hurt people?

Is everyone forever going to take for granted our practice of condoning bloodshed for children, and recoiling from sex for adults?

Is our nation really in danger of destruction through sex or even through smut, or through bombs?

What is it about us that has resulted in the U. S. Supreme Court decision to put Ralph Ginzburg in jail, and to reward thousands of purveyors of violence?

Because the mass media do affect people's actions, some of us are not against all censorship. Others of us think the censor is always more dangerous than anything he censors. But we all are against censors who permit most kinds of evil but who convict one man who has done nothing to hurt anyone in any demonstrable way, and who had done much that is useful.

The sick will celebrate. The rest of us will mourn and do everything we can to protest.

THE COMMITTEE TO PROTEST ABSURD CENSORSHIP

Sloan Wilson, Chairman
Arthur Miller, Playwright
Edward Steichen, Photographer
Dr. Theodor Reik, Psychoanalyst
Irwin Shaw, Author
Murray Kempton, Columnist
Rev. Dr. Harvey Cox,
Harvard Divinity School
Otto Preminger, Film Producer
Robert Luce, Publisher,
The New Republic
James Jones, Author
Dr. Louis Lasagna,
Professor of Medicine
Harry Golden, Author
Hugh Hefner, Publisher
Kenneth Rexroth, Poet
Rex Stout, Author
Carl Fischer, Photographer
Ken McCormick, Editor,
Doubleday & Co.

Herb Lubalin, Design Consultant
Herbert Danska, Film Director
Eliot Elisofon, Photographer
John Henry Faulk, Author
Richard Kluger, Editor, Book Week
Professor Horst W. Janson,
Art Historian
William Styron, Author
Dick Gregory, Humorist
Rev. Dr. Howard Moody, Minister
Michael Harrington, Author
George Braziller, Publisher
Nat Hentoff, Critic
Herbert Gold, Author
Rev. Dr. William Glenesk, Minister
Hayes Jacobs, Author
Eric Moon, Editor,
The Library Journal
Allen Ginsberg, Poet
Louis Untermeyer, Author
Maxwell Geismar, Critic
Robert Hazel, Poet
Ralph Ingersoll, Publisher
Richard Gehman, Author
Peter DeVries, Author

Early last year I noticed that my copies of Ralph Ginzburg's *Fact* magazine, of which I was a paid-up subscriber, were not being delivered. I communicated with *Fact*, and they sent me extra copies of the six issues I had missed. On January tenth of this year, not having received these copies, I again wrote to *Fact*. They replied, suggesting that I consult my postmaster, and added that they have experienced similar problems of nondelivery in some areas. I went to our local postmaster and told him that either *Fact* was lying or the post office was misbehaving and, since it was a matter of public record that my Government was trying its level best to destroy the publisher of *Fact*, I was highly suspicious of the post office. He promised an investigation. A month passed, and I did not hear from him nor receive my copies of *Fact*, and then a remarkable document arrived from the "Office of the Inspector in Charge" in New York City, saying that they were investigating my charges against *Fact* magazine. I had, of course, made no charges against *Fact* magazine; my charges were made against the Government itself.

When I wrote to *Fact* about this, they suggested that I drop by their office in New York to pick up my missing copies.

(Isn't this a terrible picture of life in the "land of the free"—I am asked to go to New York, at my own expense, because the Government cannot be trusted to deliver the mail!)

Finally, I received the latest issue of *Fact* through the mail, but the missing issues remained missing. The very same day, the Supreme Court upheld Ralph Ginzburg's conviction and five-year jail term for publishing *Eros*.

James J. Owens
Naugatuck, Connecticut
(continued on page 140)



**IF YOU'VE GOT THE GEARBOX TO DISH IT OUT...
WE'VE GOT A 125-M.P.H. TIRE TO TAKE IT**

We call it the Super Sports "500". We designed it expressly to match the characteristics you buy a sports car for—acceleration, cornering, braking and high-performance stability. We proved it on our blistering hot Texas test track—at sustained speeds of 125 m.p.h., day in and day out. We call it a 125-m.p.h. tire—though many 60-m.p.h. drivers will buy it. Mostly, we proved it gives you an extra margin of safety for your own personal driving. Here's just a sampling of the facts: A



special race construction inseparably welds the nylon cord body to the tread for thorough protection against blowouts. You get a wrap-around tread for cat-claw traction, especially on curves. You get special tie-bars built right into the tread to take wavering out of turnpike speeds. You get our long-wearing Sup-R-Tuf rubber for extra miles and months of service. You can get all the facts from the man who sells the Super Sports "500"—at your Firestone Dealer or Store. Sup-R-Tuf®—"500"®

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE



FROM FIRESTONE

"My mistake, waiter.
I should have said
Johnnie Walker
Red."



Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.6 PROOF. IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RALPH GINZBURG

a candid conversation with the convicted publisher of eros and other erotica, condemned by a new supreme court criterion for obscenity

In 1957, the Supreme Court established, in *Roth vs. United States*, that obscenity was not "speech" in the constitutional meaning of the word and therefore could not be protected under the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights, which reads: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press." At the same time, the Court established a relatively liberal formula for recognizing obscenity, and in subsequent decisions, steadily made the criterion more liberal. On March 2, 1966, in a review of "Story of O" for *The New York Times*, Eliot Fremont-Smith hailed the free publication of that book in the United States as "an event of considerable importance" in that it served "to fracture the last rationale of censorship, our late and somewhat desperate distinction between 'literary' pornography and 'hard-core' pornography."

Less than three weeks later, the Supreme Court proved Mr. Fremont-Smith wrong—at least temporarily—to the considerable concern and distress of many of this country's leading authorities on constitutional law. On March 21, the Court handed down opinions on three cases concerning "obscene literature." By a six-to-three vote, the Court affirmed the conviction of Edward Mishkin of New York for publishing "sadistic and masochistic" material, but reversed a Massachusetts ruling, again by a six-to-three vote, that the 18th Century novel "Fanny Hill" is obscene.

The key decision affirmed, by a five-to-

four vote, the 1963 conviction of Ralph Ginzburg for having distributed three publications—Eros, "The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity" and the newsletter *Liaison*—through the United States mails. Ginzburg's sentence was five years in prison and \$42,000 in fines.

What made the Ginzburg decision so unexpected was that it appeared to reverse the Court's liberalizing trend concerning a definition of obscenity. According to Justice Brennan, the *Roth* case and subsequent decisions had defined a publication as obscene if "(a) the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to a prurient interest in sex, (b) the material is patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards relating to the description of sexual matters, and (c) the material is utterly without redeeming social value."

The majority in the Ginzburg case did not rule that the publications at issue were necessarily obscene under the established formula, but instead added a new criterion: the manner in which a publication is advertised and promoted. "Where the purveyor's sole emphasis is on the sexually provocative aspects of his publication," wrote Justice Brennan for the majority, "the fact may be decisive in the determination of obscenity." The opinion found that the "leer of the sensualist" pervaded the advertising and promotion of the three publications.

Ginzburg was guilty of "titillation," "pandering" and "shoddy" and "salacious" promotional methods. The exact meaning, effect and implications of this new criterion have become a matter of concern to virtually everyone in the communications field, as well as a topic of active debate among constitutional lawyers. By polarizing opinion on censorship, Ginzburg has also been the subject of reams of emotional editorial opinion in the press, and the focus of heated discussion on TV and radio.

At first stunned, Ginzburg himself quickly added to the flaring controversy. On the afternoon of the Court's decision, at a hastily called press conference in front of the statue of Benjamin Franklin opposite New York's City Hall, Ginzburg proclaimed: "America is not only no longer a peace-loving country, but it is also no longer a liberty-loving country. I am confident that future Americans will look back at today's decision with shame and remorse and will regard it not only as the triumph of censorship over free speech, but of psychopathy over mental health. Today's decision was worthy of a Russian court, not of the United States Supreme Court. I am confident that history will vindicate me, and that eventually America will stop branding its artists, writers and publishers as criminal."

Why a press conference in front of a statue of Benjamin Franklin? Because Ginzburg, with his characteristic flair for the dramatic, was able thereby to force-



"What the suppressors of obscenity are really trying to do is suppress sex, and sex is the instinct of life itself. It cannot be suppressed. That's why all attempts at censorship must ultimately be futile."



"The prospect of imprisonment is sickening. I feel emotionally castrated. My daughter's upset by the feeling her classmates will ostracize her, but she's shattered at the thought of losing her father."



"I could have pleaded guilty at the trial and received a suspended sentence. I'd have lost a lot less money and energy, and retained my freedom. But I chose to fight. I lost. I'll abide by the decision."

fully remind the assembled reporters that "Franklin, the founder of our post office and America's first postmaster general, once said that nothing should be banned from the mails except inflammables and perishables and that no form of censorship should be tolerated by the American people."

Throughout the country, there was a wide cleavage in opinion on the case as "decent literature" committees cheered and civil libertarians mobilized to defend the First Amendment. National magazines, which normally fight like tigers for freedom of the press, appeared to have a difficult time making up their minds about the Ginzburg case. The House of Luce criticized the decision in *Life*: "... the Court seems to be saying that a dirty book in a plain wrapper might get by, while a less gamy book, luridly advertised, will not. Instead of settling the issue, the justices appear to have opened a whole new set of questions and test cases to bedevil the censors and the courts." But in *Time*, the decision was hailed for indicating that "The Supreme Court seems to be catching up with the moral election returns." *Time's* chief competitor, *Newsweek*, felt that the Court had "wound up leaving an already tangled body of law more puzzling than ever." And, neatly straddling the editorial fence, *The Saturday Evening Post* favored "an extremely liberal interpretation of the First Amendment's guarantee of free speech and a free press," deplored the lack of wisdom and charity in "imposing a prison sentence on Ginzburg," but nonetheless concluded that the "general limits" imposed by the Court "make sense."

Ginzburg himself remained acutely controversial. Even some of his supporters in the press and in the intellectual community regretted, as one reporter for *The New York Times* put it, "that we have to go on the line for a guy like Ginzburg."

Yet some of those who know Ginzburg personally find it difficult to understand why he arouses so much antagonism. He is, to be sure, brashly outspoken and a self-designated and highly successful "promoter." He also, however, has more than a modicum of courage, firmly believes in the social as well as the commercial value of his publications, and thoroughly lives up to the purported American male ideal of the hard-working businessman who is also a devoted husband and father. As Robert Christgau observed in the *New York Herald Tribune's* Sunday magazine, *New York*: "If he has a vice, it is pride, manifested in work."

Born in Brooklyn of immigrant parents, Ginzburg has been, in fact, a prototypical American "success story." A graduate of the New York public school system, he went on to the School of Business at the City College of New York (where he edited *The Ticker*, the

school newspaper). At 23, he was director of circulation promotion at *Look*. Three years later he was articles editor of *Esquire*. On assignment from that magazine, he wrote "An Unhurried View of Erotica." When that survey was not printed in the magazine, he published it himself in book form with introductions by Theodor Reik and George Jean Nathan. It sold over a quarter of a million copies.

In 1961 Ginzburg announced a new quarterly, *Eros*, which would "deal joyfully with the subjects of love and sex." Four issues were published before Ginzburg was indicted in 1963 for mailing obscene literature. He was tried and convicted in a Federal court in Philadelphia. While battling that case through the higher courts, Ginzburg began a new publication, the crusading *Fact*, which now has a circulation of over 250,000.

Now, suddenly, Ginzburg, at 36, appears to have had his ascent halted—for a five-year immolation in prison. To discover Ginzburg's own views of the Supreme Court decision, as it affects him personally and as it affects free speech in America, *PLAYBOY* interviewer Nat Hentoff went to see the beleaguered publisher on a sunny morning in mid-April. That day's *New York Times* carried a news report on Ginzburg's request of the Supreme Court that it rehear his case. (Since 1957, the Court has granted only two rehearings in criminal cases.) He had told the Court, the *Times* reported, that "it had trapped him into violating the obscenity laws by announcing lax standards for obscenity and then tightening them in deciding his case."

The offices of *Fact* are on the 26th floor of an office building on West 40th Street in midtown New York. Its staff is small and its suite of rooms is large. In shirt sleeves, Ginzburg was standing at a table, scanning the *Washington* and *New York* papers for accounts of his petition for a rehearing.

He led the way up a spiral staircase to his airy private office, four flights above. Most of the time during the long interview, Ginzburg was his customary, bristlingly energetic self—answering the phone, riffling through memos on his desk, leaning forward to make a series of staccato points. Occasionally, however, he seemed suddenly frozen in mid-gesture, struck again by the imminence of his separation from his work, his wife and his three children. He would then shake his head in renewed bewilderment and grief, only to hurl himself back into the interview, the telephone, the memos.

On the wall across the room from his desk was a quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes: "A man should share the action and passion of his times at peril of being judged not to have lived." Whatever his original intentions as a publisher, Ginzburg was now a major figure in the intensifying debate as to

how free "free speech" can be in America.

The interview over, Ginzburg walked down the spiral staircase to work with his editor, Warren Borosan, on the next issue of *Fact*. A visitor asked to borrow a copy of *Eros*, containing a much-discussed article, "The Natural Superiority of Women as Eroticists," by Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen.

"Be sure to return it," said Ginzburg, "it's one of the few we have left."

"I will," the visitor promised. "Next week I'll mail it back."

Ginzburg, his eyes large behind his glasses, was shocked. "Don't do that," he said. "Don't mail it!"

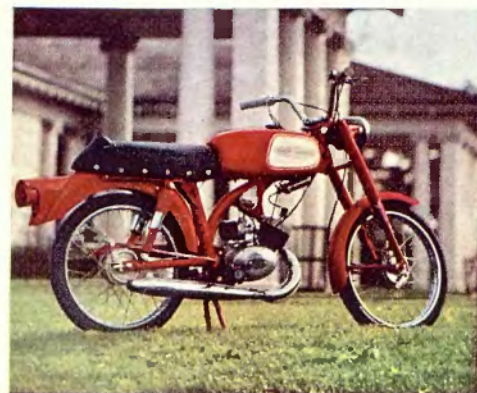
PLAYBOY: Before the Supreme Court decision was handed down, you appeared quite hopeful that your conviction would be reversed rather than affirmed. In an issue of *Fact* in which you reviewed the history of your troubles in the courts, you gave a number of reasons why you felt your case stood "a better-than-average chance" for reversal. Now, how would you describe your reaction to the decision?

GINZBURG: I was flabbergasted, particularly since it was evident during the hearings before the Court that the Government was virtually admitting it had no case under the *Roth* criteria. And I wasn't the only one who was flabbergasted by the decision. Men who are considered real conservatives in the legal profession—Harrison Tweed, Whitney North Seymour, among others—have filed briefs with the United States Supreme Court urging that I be given a new trial. In addition, the American Civil Liberties Union has filed a friend-of-the-court brief supporting my petition for a rehearing. In it, the A.C.L.U. states that the decision is "replete with dangerous implications for freedom of expression."

PLAYBOY: Did you have any intimation that the Court would add a new element to their criteria of obscenity—the advertising and promotion of publications?

GINZBURG: No. The Court said in the *Roth* case that a publication was not obscene if it had "even the slightest redeeming social importance." It was on the basis of this that I decided *Eros* could be published. *Eros* contained reproductions of many masterpieces of art, as well as original contributions by some of the most gifted contemporary writers, artists and photographers. If Shakespeare doesn't have redeeming social value, then I'd like to know who does. So I thought I was completely within the law. Indeed, in the advertising for *Eros*, I stated that only because of current Supreme Court rulings was it possible to publish this magazine. I was stunned when they came out of left field and—zap!—hit me with the advertising bit.

I had no idea I would be accused of



RALLY 'ROUND THE FUN WITH **YOUNG AMERICA**

Get on a Harley-Davidson Sportcycle and get with the In Crowd! Rally 300 swingin' miles between gas pumps. You're free as a breeze for pennies a week. Quality? We wrote the book! Dellorto carb, Pirelli tires, full lighting and brakes, easy handling. You get more for your money now, more for your bike later with Harley-Davidson's better trade-in value. Five models from 50 cc. to 250 cc. starting around \$225. Low-cost financing and insurance from your dealer. See him now for the action time of your life and rally 'round the fun with:

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



50 cc. models start around
\$225

intending to "pander," and, accordingly, I had no opportunity to make an adequate defense. As Justice Black said in his dissent to my case, "The fact is that Ginzburg . . . is now finally and authoritatively condemned to serve five years in prison for distributing printed matter about sex which neither Ginzburg nor anyone else could possibly have known to be criminal."

PLAYBOY: What do you think the Court was trying to establish by adding this new element to the obscenity formula?

GINZBURG: I think they were seeking a complicated rationalization for abandoning due process of law in order to incarcerate Ralph Ginzburg. You see, the criteria set by the *Roth* decision were themselves vague. How does one determine what stimulates prurient interests? What are community standards? Who decides what has or has not "redeeming social importance"? Justice Black has pointed out concerning just one of those criteria: "It seems quite apparent to me that human beings, serving either as judges or jurors, could not be expected to give any sort of decision on this element [of appeal to prurient interest in sex] which would even remotely promise any kind of uniformity in the enforcement of this law."

Now, in my case, Justice Brennan, who wrote the majority opinion, says that even if the publications themselves aren't obscene by these vague standards, they become obscene if the advertising for them "panders" and "titillates." As Justice Potter Stewart points out in his dissent, those words have no legal significance. The result is that we're left with no guidelines at all as to what is obscene. The only way to find out is to risk going to prison. You can hope that the Supreme Court will hear your case, and then you can pray it will reverse the lower courts. The situation has become absurd, like something out of Orwell or Kafka. "Titillate," for example, means to excite pleasurably. To me that's a lovely thing—hardly a crime.

PLAYBOY: Justice Brennan also referred to the "sole emphasis . . . on the sexually provocative aspects" of your publications in your advertising. Yet Richard Morgan, who teaches international relations at Columbia University, writes about you in the *New Leader*, "Whatever one may think of that gentleman's wares, it is a fact that his advertising contained multiple emphasis. Psychological, aesthetic and literary appeals were combined with the erotic, and it does not do to brush this record aside with talk about a nonexistent 'sole emphasis.'"

GINZBURG: Exactly. The fact is that *Eros* had a very real philosophy, which was that love and sex are beautiful and that mature people—everyone, as a matter of fact—ought to approach them without shame or fear. As for *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, it

has been praised as a significant, socially valuable document by world-renowned psychiatrist Dr. Theodor Reik, by Nobel Prize winner Dr. Hermann J. Muller and by many other scientists and psychiatrists. *Liaison*—the third publication in the indictment—consisted largely of interviews with psychologists; reviews of articles in medical, folklore and other specialty magazines; and digests of scientific papers.

PLAYBOY: Returning to the subject of your advertising, Justice Douglas wrote in his dissent: "The advertisements for these publications . . . promised candor in the treatment of matters pertaining to sex, and at the same time proclaimed that they were artistic or otherwise socially valuable. In effect, then, these advertisements represented that the publications are not obscene."

GINZBURG: That's what makes the majority decision so incomprehensible. The fact is, I always thought of *Eros* as an *antidote* to the average conception of obscenity. With very few exceptions, sex has traditionally been relegated to slimy, tawdry, mean, crude and inartistic publications by our society. *Eros* was the direct opposite of all these things. The Court, in effect, is preventing talented, gifted people from dealing honestly with sex in print, and to the extent that the Court succeeds, society is that much poorer.

PLAYBOY: But was all your advertising and promotion that noble? Justice Brennan noted that *Eros* first tried to obtain mailing privileges from the post offices of Intercourse and Blue Ball, Pennsylvania, and then did get permission from the postmaster of Middlesex, New Jersey. He considered this sort of activity as proving the "leer of the sensualist."

GINZBURG: He's wrong. First of all, we didn't use either the Blue Ball or Intercourse postmark. But even if we did, I don't see how that would have made *Eros* any more obscene than, let's say, a wedding invitation from those mailing addresses. And furthermore, I'd like to point out that although we did mail from Middlesex, New Jersey, we had no intention of exploiting the sexual connotation of the name. We mailed from Middlesex simply because one of the largest mail-order facilities in the Eastern United States was located there. Anyone who thinks otherwise is really doing my sense of humor an injustice.

PLAYBOY: On that point, Richard Morgan in the *New Leader* article says of Justice Brennan's concern with the names of those towns: "One is reminded of that working-class puritanism which holds above all that sex must be humorless. Is a man to serve five years for a bad joke?"

GINZBURG: Right. That is one of our national problems—that sex is considered so sacrosanct it can't be joked about. Improper, ugly and antisocial behavior has been imputed to me by judges who are

really reflecting attitudes which must be their own, because they certainly aren't mine. In retrospect, I regret that those postmarks were ever applied for, since the whole damn case seems to have turned on Blue Ball and Intercourse. I'm willing to concede that, at worst, they were high school humor, but I don't think they were tasteless.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that any of your promotion material was tasteless?

GINZBURG: Absolutely not. It was elegantly written and handsomely printed. We used beautiful old engravings for art, and we reproduced them on expensive antiqued paper.

PLAYBOY: What, by your own criteria, is tasteless and vulgar?

GINZBURG: Personally, I think most cigarette ads are vulgar. I think photographs showing B-52s dropping napalm on Vietnamese civilians are vulgar. No, let me make that stronger. They're grotesque, they're obscene. But I wouldn't put a man in jail for publishing such pictures. Good taste is absolutely indefinable in any legal sense.

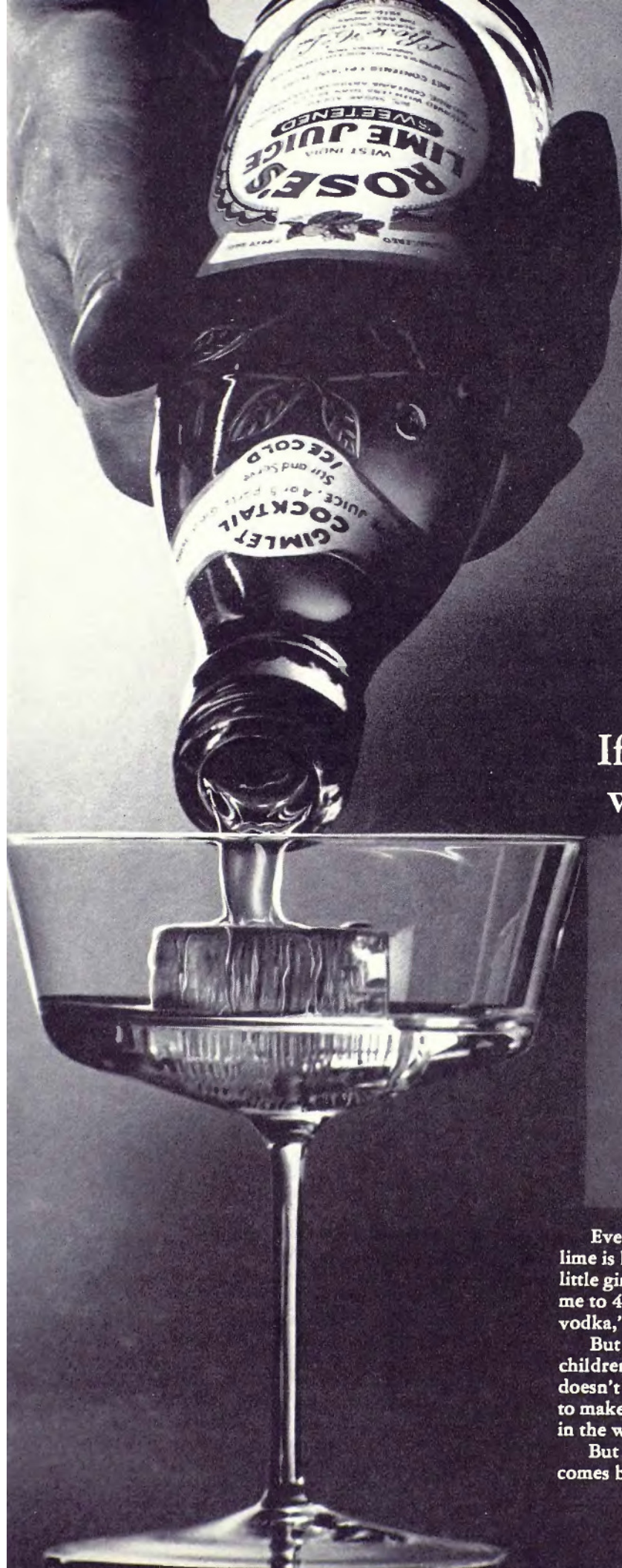
PLAYBOY: It has been suggested that a person's attitudes in the sexual area can be correlated with his political views. Do you feel, for instance, that the forces of censorship are linked with the forces of political reaction?

GINZBURG: Very possibly, but it's hard to make a case for it. For example, I've always had the feeling that people who are liberal in politics are also liberal about sex. Yet look at the justices on both sides in my case. Justices Harlan and Stewart are considered politically conservative, but they voted for my acquittal. On the other hand, Justices Warren, Brennan and Fortas—all regarded as liberals—voted for my conviction.

PLAYBOY: Apart from their political views, were you surprised at the individual votes of the various justices?

GINZBURG: Yes and no. Warren showed promise of being progressive in this area when he wrote the decision in a motion-picture case some years ago, but since then he's consistently voted against a more liberal interpretation of the obscenity laws. Brennan has a liberal record on civil liberties, but, apparently, it doesn't extend to sexual matters. In a radio interview, Fred Graham, a reporter for *The New York Times*, described the manner in which the decisions were read by the individual justices. He said Brennan was red-faced and emotionally wrought as he read his opinion.

Fortas was a surprise. His law firm wrote a friend-of-the-court brief in the *Roth* case, and in that brief, they adopted Justice Black's position that all obscenity laws ought to be ruled unconstitutional as violations of the First Amendment. Why he has changed his position since coming to the Court is difficult to explain. Some people might say he's being hypocritical or confused,



If Rose's is made for gimlets,
what's it doing in a Collins?



Every Rose's West Indian lime is brought up to be a good little gimlet mixer. ("One part me to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka," so the lesson goes.)

But there are some things children learn that a parent doesn't teach them. Like? How to make the best Tom Collins in the world, what else?

But Rose's Lime Juice comes by that quite naturally.

That's because it is made from lush yellow limes grown only in Dominica. They are fatter than untropical limes. Have a much better taste. An exquisite tart-sweet taste. Superb.

Try it in a Collins. Mix 3 parts gin, rum, or vodka to 1 part Rose's. Pour over ice. Fill with soda. Stir. Serve.

Smart kid.

or perhaps he didn't want to come out on the unpopular side of such a controversial vote his first time around. But it's all conjecture. White and Clark, who also voted against me, ran true to form. They have always been conservative on matters of sex.

Black and Douglas, of course, have long been an inspiration to me. Their ringing dissents on my behalf will be a further inspiration during my years in prison.

PLAYBOY: So far, more judges have been against you than for you. In your article in *Fact* on your odyssey through the courts, you wrote—and this was before four Supreme Court judges voted in your favor—"I'm beginning to wonder if we're going to be able to communicate meaningfully on the subject of sex with any judge. A span of 30 years stands between me and the average Federal judge, nearly a whole generation of the most rapid change in sex attitudes this country has ever known. Hell, we don't even speak the same language!" You added that while to you "sex is exhilarating and a source of great strength," Judge Gerald McLaughlin, the 72-year-old bachelor on the United States Court of Appeals who affirmed your conviction in the first Federal court, said that sex is "one of the great weaknesses of human beings." Do you feel that this generational lag concerning sexual values had something to do with the Supreme Court's decision against you?

GINZBURG: Absolutely. It's safe to say that a majority of the justices on the United States Supreme Court were not brought up as young men on the editorial fare of *PLAYBOY* magazine, whereas the judges who will sit 30 years from now will have read *PLAYBOY* and will know that not only can love and sex be taken in stride, but they can be enormously pleasurable, and they are not sinful. I don't think the young people of today consider sex "one of the greatest human weaknesses." But when Judge McLaughlin was growing up, the idea was common. So this terrible time gap does exist.

PLAYBOY: But what about Justices Black and Douglas? Black is 80 years old, and Douglas is 67. Why didn't the time gap affect them?

GINZBURG: I was making a generalization. Black is a sterling exception. He doesn't consider material dealing with sex a form of "non-speech." You see, he believes the authors of the Constitution meant what they wrote when they wrote it. "No law abridging freedom of speech means no law," Black has often said. Douglas, who always votes with Black on this point, is in addition a very sophisticated, well read and modern man—in spite of his years.

PLAYBOY: In your case, Justice Douglas wrote: "The use of sex symbols to sell literature, today condemned by the Court, engrafts another exception on

First Amendment rights that is as unwarranted as the judge-made exception concerning obscenity. This new exception condemns an advertising technique as old as history. The advertisements of our best magazines are chock-full of thighs, ankles, calves, bosoms, eyes and hair, to draw the potential buyers' attention to lotions, tires, food, liquor, clothing, autos and even insurance policies." What implications do you feel the decision in your case will have on the advertising policies of magazine and book publishers of all kinds?

GINZBURG: To start with, I think *PLAYBOY* might find itself the victim of ambitious small-town prosecutors across the country.

PLAYBOY: Why do you cite *PLAYBOY*, since the key issue in your case involved advertising and promotion, yet you know that *PLAYBOY* never emphasizes its sexual side in ads and promotion copy. Would you call *PLAYBOY*'s "What Sort of Man Reads *PLAYBOY*?" ads sexy?

GINZBURG: All right, acknowledging that *PLAYBOY*'s advertising and promotion are not at issue, still some of the ads in it—as well as in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* and all sorts of prestigious publications—might be in trouble under the Supreme Court's new definition of obscenity. Take perfume. Most advertisements for perfume stress that if you spray this on, the man in your life will be sexually attracted to you. Isn't this "pandering," according to the Court? Would not perfume makers now be legally liable to prosecution? And in almost every station on the New York subways there's a big poster showing an attractive blonde with the message, "Have you had any lately?" It's an ad for a wine. Or take a girdle advertisement in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* showing a half-clad young lady, with the caption, DON'T PEEP, TOM! Under the new Supreme Court definition of obscenity, those people could be prosecuted.

PLAYBOY: That might be stretching it a bit. Yet, three days after the Supreme Court decision, Sidney Zion, a news analyst for *The New York Times*, wrote: "Legal experts [agree] that the novel concept announced in the five-to-four decision—that a lurid promotion can make obscene a borderline work that would otherwise pass judicial muster—was likely to result in massive prosecutions across the country against book publishers, booksellers and the movie industry." Is there any evidence of that as yet?

GINZBURG: In New York City, the new Chief Inspector of Police, Sanford Garelik, has announced that arrests for obscene literature have increased 300 percent since the Court's ruling. In San Francisco, a number of movie houses have been shut down. In Richmond, Virginia, a movie house was closed. And another was shut down in Tucson, Arizo-

na. In a city in Maryland, *Catcher in the Rye* has been banned. And these crack-downs are indeed going to become massive in the months ahead.

PLAYBOY: A reader of *The Playboy Forum*—in which, incidentally, a number of letters concerning your case are printed—sent in an ad from that sterling family newspaper the *San Francisco Chronicle* for a movie headlined SUPER WOMEN. The illustration shows a woman in black tights with a hefty décolletage wrestling a man to the ground, and in another view, wielding a whip. The title reads, *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* and the credits include "San Francisco's Topless Tassel Twirler." The second feature is *Mud Honey*, "a film of ribaldry and violence made from the juice of life!" The theater management apparently thought the advertising was too lurid, so they printed in typewriter type at the top of the ad the following disclaimer: "ADULTS: Although these films are of redeeming social importance and of artistic merit, they are recommended exclusively for liberal persons over 18 years of age. This program is ultra-realistically sordid, yet it provides insight into the psychological bases for uncommon pathological behavior. Because of the recent Supreme Court decision on obscenity (*Eros*), we are attempting to advertise both honestly and in good taste." This would seem to be one direction in which advertising practices may go. Another direction was predicted by attorney Ephraim London, who said: "The public will soon know that the more circumspect the ad, the rougher the material. They'll just make the same stuff look like a religious book." Do you agree?

GINZBURG: That's certainly a possibility. But from a sales point of view, I don't think that approach will work, and therefore I doubt that it will become widespread. There is certainly going to be, in any case, an awful lot of activity across the country directed at policing the newsstands. Many magazines will be subject to a lot of pressure. Many far-out "nudie" films simply won't survive if the theater owner cannot indicate on a marquee the type of film he's playing inside.

PLAYBOY: Will the decision, like the Prohibition law, lead to bootlegging of certain kinds of publications?

GINZBURG: This has already begun. *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*—which was grossly mistitled but is nonetheless a valid and valuable case history of the sex life of a woman—has been run off in a 20,000-copy pirated edition in San Francisco.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that, as with Prohibition, there will be such a strong countermovement against rigid enforcement of the new ruling that the Court may be forced to reverse its stand?

GINZBURG: Yes. Ulysses Grant, who was certainly not one of this country's great Presidents, did have a brilliant insight

when he said the best way to get rid of a bad law is to enforce it vigorously. And that's what I think is going to happen. **PLAYBOY:** Justice Stewart pointed out in his dissent that since you were not charged with "commercial exploitation," "pandering" or "titillation," your conviction on these grounds deprived you of due process of law.

GINZBURG: Certainly. The case should have been decided on the merits of the material itself, not on how it was sold.

PLAYBOY: This brings us to the subject of obscenity itself. Apart from advertising techniques, do you think the new decision will, in the long run, encourage greater judicial strictures in print and in films?

GINZBURG: Not in the long run. You see, what the suppressors of obscenity are really trying to do is suppress sex, and sex is the instinct of life itself. It cannot be suppressed. It cannot be swept under a rug. It cannot be banned indefinitely. And that's why all attempts at censorship of sex must ultimately be futile. The direction in this country toward greater honesty concerning sex is clear, and its momentum is such that the decision in my case—and the subsequent wave of repression that will follow—cannot hold. You can see this long-range momentum everywhere. Subjects such as venereal disease and birth control are reported on regularly and candidly in such publications as *The New York Times*, which 20 or 30 years ago wouldn't even have mentioned the words. Americans generally are becoming much hipper, much more sophisticated and somewhat less neurotic about sex.

For another example, who would have thought 15 years ago that in 1966 the United States Government would be providing birth-control information and birth-control appliances to women, unmarried as well as married, not only within the United States but throughout the world? We're moving very rapidly in the area of sexual liberalization, and America has an opportunity to score tremendously in the eyes of the people around the world if it will only continue in this direction. That's why the decision in my case is so unfortunate. But I think it's only a backward step, not a major backward trend, and I'm convinced it's only a temporary backward step.

PLAYBOY: Looking backward, do you feel that the seeds of your own imminent imprisonment may be found in the *Roth* decision of 1957, even though that is usually regarded as the springboard in the Court's liberalization of laws on obscenity?

GINZBURG: Yes, with hindsight we now know the essence of the *Roth* decision was terribly dangerous. It opened up a Pandora's box. But few people were aware of what that decision could really lead to. The cases following *Roth* did indicate a liberalizing trend, but now

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the opinion in my case shows the true meaning of the *Roth* decision. And that is an unhappy, unfortunate and outrageous meaning.

PLAYBOY: You agree, then, with Justice Black that there should be no restrictions whatever on freedom of speech.

GINZBURG: Absolutely. Constitutionally, the American people ought to have the same right to decide what is true and beautiful and what will endure in sex literature as they have in all other areas of literature.

PLAYBOY: But two of the justices who voted to reverse your conviction—Harlan and Stewart—nonetheless believe that the Government should ban hard-core pornography from the mails. Would you go along with this single exception to an absolutist interpretation of the First Amendment?

GINZBURG: I would not, because "hard-core pornography" is no more definable than "obscenity." What this whole bag of smoke really means is that in these issues you're dealing with individual human taste. As D. H. Lawrence said, "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another."

PLAYBOY: But in defending your case in the United States District Court in Philadelphia, your lawyers introduced into evidence eight examples of what they called hard-core pornography to show the difference between that material and your publications. Doesn't this contradict your belief that hard-core pornography is not definable?

GINZBURG: My lawyers persuaded me, and I think correctly so, that irrespective of my own personal feelings in the matter, my case had to be fought according to the definition of obscenity previously laid down by the United States Supreme Court. In other words, that was a practical legal decision. I will say that it was absolutely inconsistent with and repugnant to my own views on the subject.

PLAYBOY: Justice Clark, in his dissent to the *Fanny Hill* decision, expressed a widespread belief that "psychological and physiological studies clearly indicate that many persons become sexually aroused from reading obscene material." He went on to say that "while erotic stimulation caused by pornography may be legally insignificant in itself, there are medical experts who believe that such stimulation frequently manifests itself in criminal sexual behavior or other antisocial conduct." He cites as supporters of that belief a sociologist, police officials—including J. Edgar Hoover—and clergymen. What's your reaction to this argument?

GINZBURG: I have seen absolutely no proof that pornography of the rankest kind results in antisocial behavior on the part of children or adults. And in the absence of such proof, anything and everything concerning sex ought to be

published in this country. Instead of citing J. Edgar Hoover, who is not generally regarded as an expert in the behavioral sciences, Justice Clark would do better to consult a monumental study published by the Institute for Sex Research, founded by the late Dr. Kinsey. The title is *Sex Offenders* and it was published at the University of Indiana. After studying thousands of cases of sexual offenders, the book concludes that there is absolutely no link between pornographic literature and sex crimes.

PLAYBOY: Purely hypothetically: what if substantial proof were presented that a link does exist? Would you then say that hard-core pornography should be banned, despite the First Amendment?

GINZBURG: If there were indeed such proof, yes. The First Amendment in that case would become restricted according to the "clear and present danger" test enunciated by Justice Holmes many years ago. The exercise of free speech does not mean, he said, that someone can get up in a crowded theater and scream "Fire!" That kind of inhibition of free speech is warranted for the protection of society. But I insist that with regard to obscenity, we're grappling with a phantom. Obscenity is no more definable or measurable than witchery. In fact, the analogy has often been made between the crime of witchery in the days of the Salem witch hunts and the crime of obscenity in contemporary society. I think the comparison is valid and our descendants in future generations will look back with profound shame that publishers like myself who dealt honestly with sex had been hounded into prison as criminals in the middle of the 20th Century.

PLAYBOY: On the question of literature inciting antisocial behavior, Justice Douglas' concurring decision in the *Fanny Hill* case quotes from a book called *The Value of Pornography* (Murphy): "Heinrich Pommerenke, who was a rapist, abuser and mass slayer of women in Germany, was prompted to his series of ghastly deeds by Cecil B. De Mille's *The Ten Commandments*. During the scene of the Jewish women dancing about the golden calf, all the doubts of his life came clear: Women were the source of the world's trouble and it was his mission to punish them for this and to execute them. Leaving the theater, he slew his first victim in a park nearby. John George Haigh, the British vampire who sucked his victims' blood through soda straws and dissolved their drained bodies in acid baths, first had his murder-inciting dreams and vampire longings from watching the 'voluptuous' procedure of an Anglican High Church Service!" Justice Douglas' irony is, of course, clear. Do you know of any comparable illustrations?

GINZBURG: None that illustrates the fol-

lies of censorship as effectively as Douglas', but I do know of three criminal convictions in American history based upon portions of the Bible. The first involved George Francis Train, an eccentric and a passionate atheist, who in 1872 printed portions of the Holy Bible—the story of Solomon and his wives and sections of *The Song of Songs*. He didn't alter the texts in the least, but he ran them with screaming headlines: **YOUNG BOY MASTURBATES!** Stuff like that. Train was imprisoned for obscenity. But the case had a great twist. When it was brought up on appeal, the Court was reluctant to rule a portion of the Bible obscene and therefore, on the basis of no evidence whatsoever, found Train insane and dismissed the conviction.

Another case, later in the 19th Century, involved a correspondence between a Baltimore preacher and an atheist. They carried on a theological argument with each other via postcards. One day the atheist put a portion of the Holy Bible on the back of a postcard; a postal inspector read it; and the guy was convicted of obscenity. The third case happened early in this century, when a man named Stephen Weiss in Clay Center, Kansas, was convicted of obscenity for extracting passages from the Bible.

You know, Justice Douglas speculated that if someone were to take a portion from the Bible and advertise it in a titillating fashion, the Bible itself could be declared obscene. He was trying to demonstrate the idiocy of censorship by inventing extreme cases that everyone knows couldn't possibly happen. He apparently didn't know they *already* had happened.

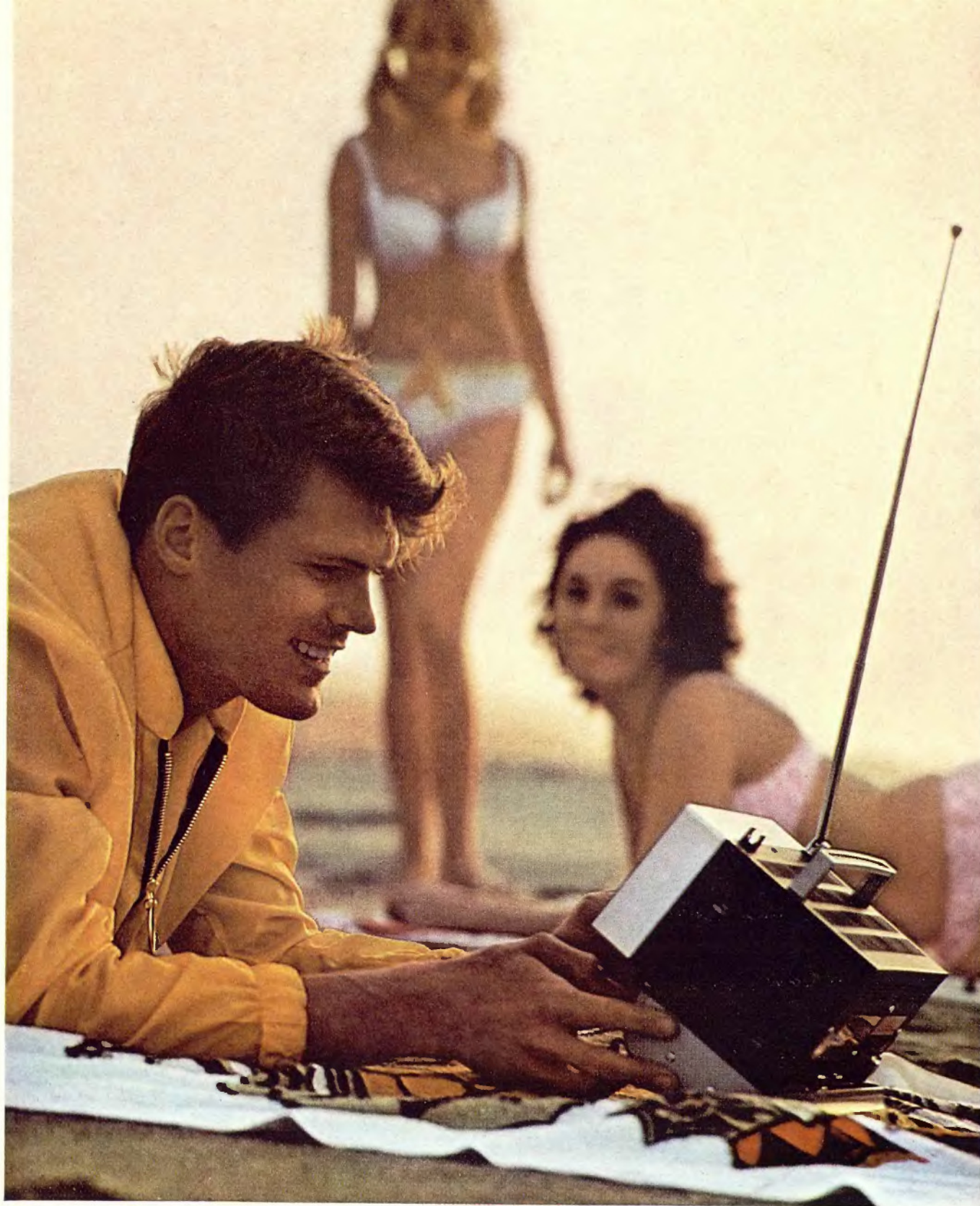
PLAYBOY: In view of your absolutist First Amendment position on freedom of speech and of the press—that anything goes—does your concept of total freedom also apply to sexual behavior outside of print or films?

GINZBURG: I believe that the law ought not to be concerned with any private sexual behavior between mutually consenting adults.

PLAYBOY: In this guideline you mentioned "adults." Would you exclude children entirely? A sizable number of psychiatrists and social psychologists claim that a stultifying phenomenon in this country is that children are largely forbidden from exploring sex.

GINZBURG: True. I wouldn't offer children the same freedom as adults, but I do feel they should have a lot more freedom than they presently have. The current taboos in both adolescent sex behavior and sex education lead to the tremendous guilt feelings many people have about sex when they become adults. Let me give you an example of the absurdity of those laws that try to "protect" children against sex. There's a perfectly marvelous

(continued on page 120)



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A young man noted for his ready reception of new products, the PLAYBOY reader makes the see-scene with a current model in view. Facts: PLAYBOY leads all magazines in percentage of households (17.9%) purchasing a new TV set within the last 12 months. And PLAYBOY is read by 2,635,000 households owning a portable TV. Commercial: If young adult males are what you're really after, PLAYBOY turns them on. (Sources: 1965 Starch Consumer Magazine Report & 1965 Standard Magazine Report, W. R. Simmons and Associates.)

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"Gosh, Iz," Charlene Krosnick sighed as she gazed into the eyes of the secret-agent hero on the billboard, "he kind of looks like you."

ON THE SECRET SERVICE OF HIS MAJESTY THE QUEEN

after a harrowing counterespionage mission (strictly free-lance), secret agent israel bond, oy oy seven, is called upon to protect the new ruler of sahd sakistan from the horrible machinations of tush—a bunch of real nogoodniks

PART I of a parody

By SOL WEINSTEIN

"BEN-BELLA BARKA." The plea tugged its way past the swollen, blackened tongue through the desiccated lips.

The Grand Vizier of Sahd Sakistan looked down with pity upon the sprawled body of the man in the red lizard nightshirt whose sweat-drenched head lolled against the pillow.

"Yes, my King, O son of jasmine, honey and saccharin, blessed shining scimitar of ten thousand righteous disembowelments."

"Ben-Bella Barka, I am dying."

Ben-Bella Barka glanced at the fever chart stapled to the foot of the Bengalese ivory bed made from Consumers Union-approved tusks at selected elephant graveyards. The jagged red line was at 119 degrees, the very top of the chart, and ended, still on an upward trend, at a notice that read: CONTINUED ON NEXT CHART.

"I fear as much, lion of Araby. As it comes to all men in this uncertain world,

so must the black camel of death come even to a king."

"Look, schmuck. Cut out the Westbrook van Voorhis *March of Time* documentary crap and listen to me," the king muttered. A sudden fit of coughing sent a trickle of blood down the right corner of his mouth. "Speak truthfully to me, Ben-Bella Barka, I command thee. What will befall my country when I fall up to The Big Oil Field in the Sky?"

Ben-Bella Barka winced at the king's choice of language. My ruler has been too often among the infidels, he thought. He tried to avoid the king's eyes as he answered. "Anarchy, O Lord of the Thighs, giver of pleasure to many concubines. You leave no heir. Thus, the Kurds and Wheys will become encompassed in a divisive power struggle, leaving Sahd Sakistan easy prey for the colonel in Cairo and his agents here. The mystery rider will do her best to save us, but who will listen to a mere woman?"

The monarch sighed. "Sarah Lawrence of Arabia, the veiled beauty whom no man has e'er seen." He coughed again, more violently, and groaned. "Ai! May Allah spray uncut Lysol upon all carriers of germs! The end is nigh, my Grand Vizier. Is that cold fish of a German within the walls of his room?"

"He is in the hallway, beyond hearing. O roaring lion of a hundred Tom & Jerry shorts. Speak freely."

"Draw close; I shall divulge to you a secret that I have kept locked in my heart for twenty-seven years."

Ben-Bella Barka moved quickly to the king's side.

"I have a son. Years ago, when I was a young man given to adventure, I heeded your advice when you told me to discard my kingly raiments and go among the common people dressed as a lowly seller of myrrh and frankincense so that I might learn something of the world outside the palace. I learned many things,

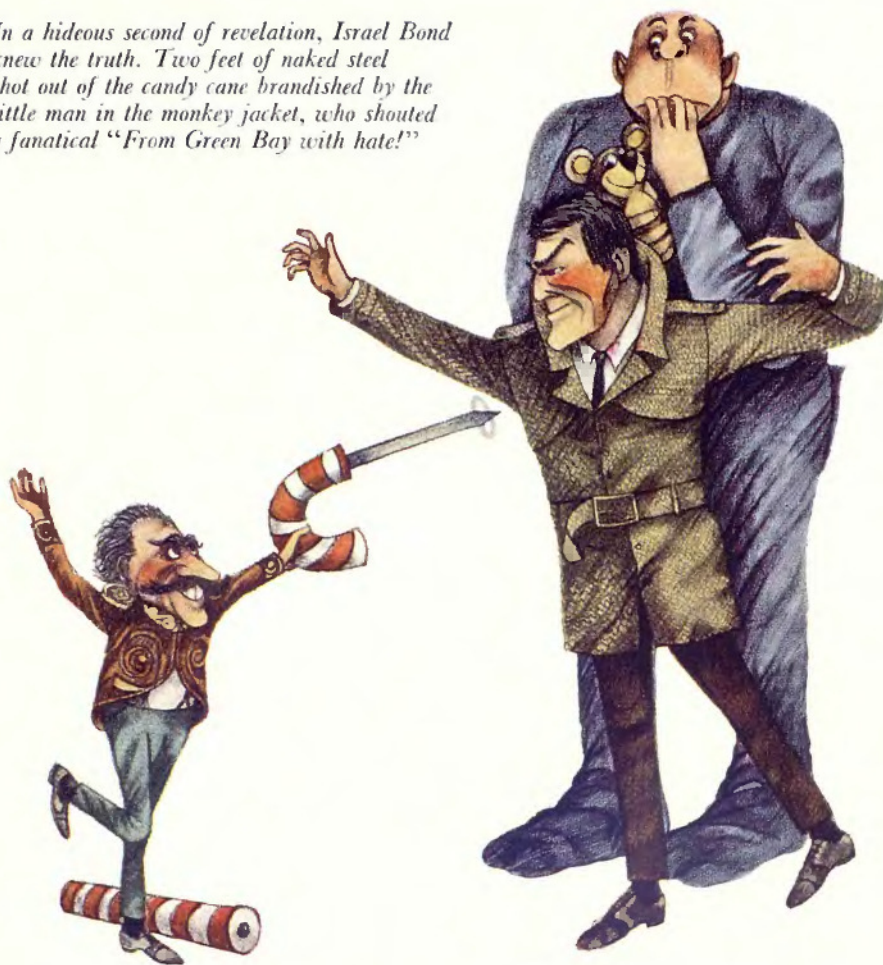


*Releasing the sausage chain
at the end of its swing,
Oy Oy Seven soared over the heads
of the dreaded Sivegroes,
those flaxen-haired, lapidus-
lazuli-eyed, chocolate-hued,
slay-for-pay assassins.*



H. Roth

In a hideous second of revelation, Israel Bond knew the truth. Two feet of naked steel shot out of the candy cane brandished by the little man in the monkey jacket, who shouted a fanatical "From Green Bay with hate!"



Ben-Bella Barka—among them, the fact that nobody in my kingdom knew what the hell myrrh and frankincense were and cared even less. During that one-year hiatus I became a merchant seaman on a charter boat carrying prostitutes from Calique to New York."

"Yes, sire. A tramp steamer."

"Good! You remember. In Manhattan, under the pseudonym of Bernie Seligman, I lived with a handsome, lusty Negro wench named Caldonia Simmons in a boisterous, fetid tenement at 117th Street and Madison Avenue, which, when it was finally condemned by the Board of Health as totally unfit for apartment dwellers, was converted by the city into an elementary school. Caldonia and I had a love child, a boy named Beaster, who has since taken his mother's name. She has borne children by other men, according to our ambassador, who was ordered to keep strict surveillance on the boy. A few years ago we lost contact with him. Yet I know he lives. My son lives! And by the laws of succession, he is the king. Find him, Ben-Bella Barka, and see that he is rightfully seated upon the throne. Swear this by the beard of the prophet, Allen Ginsberg."

"This I swear, O potentate of the pomegranates, master of unveilings and shopping-center openings."

Peace and resignation appeared on the shrunken face. "In a little teakwood

box under my pillow you will find more data pertaining to my son. As for me, Ben-Bella Barka, let my funeral be devoid of ostentation. Since I am an enlightened monarch, I shall be buried in a plain platinum box and laid to rest inside a towering pyramid ten thousand cubits high, which need not be built by the blood and death of thousands, but rather can be ordered prefabricated via the Spiegel catalog. Beside me will be my wives, bedecked in their finest Ceil Chapman black-silk VC pajamas, my complete set of the works of Harold Robbins, and, for the love of Allah, please put in a humidifier. Ah, my faithful old jackal, I grow weary . . . the light grows dimmer . . . and yet I see a spectral face of infinite sweetness calling to me . . ."

His voice grew faint. Then he pulled up his emaciated frame and stared across the room as though beckoned by a vision from another time, another place.

"Caldonia! Caldonia! What makes your big head so hu-a-a-a-r-r-rd!"

He fell back.

Ben-Bella Barka, according to ancient Sahd Sakistani ritual, placed an Oreo cookie over each of the king's eyes.

King Hakmir Nirtah Chinek, defender of the faith, protector of caravans and president of Mecca Records, was dead.

. . .

Like an atomic fireball expanding in

slow motion, the sun came out of the darkness, painting the Gulf of Aden gold. What had been a gloomy, foreboding shape by moonlight was transformed into a sparkling white villa on the shore line of the Road of the Fertile Figs in the tiny enclave of Sahd Sakistan, which clings to the southernmost tip of the Arabian peninsula.

The villa, ringed by 100-foot-high walls of Masonite-Dixonite, is known to the madcap international jet set as Shivs, the world's preferred gambling casino. Once the 50-room estate of a sheik, it was confiscated by the Sakistani government during a revolution that saw the sheik flee to America and eventually become a paid consultant for the famed Hal Van Halvah Company. King Hakmir, desperate for funds to feed his people, sold the white elephant to Hosmer Crenshaw and Montpelier Melon, the safflower-oil cartel barons, who, when they were expelled from an exclusive London gaming club for not being able to recite Kipling's *Boots*, launched their own in retaliation. Under the Crenshaw-Melon stewardship, Shivs began siphoning away the action from the London club, as well as from Monte Carlo, Tangier and Darien, Connecticut.

In the prime of their adventurous lives, disaster struck these hearty Rabelaisian men in 1962. Their stylish two-seater went out of control during Sahd Sakistan's fourth annual Soapbox Derby and hurled them over a bluff into the sea. Because they had been the very spirit of Shivs, it was assumed the casino would fold. It was saved on the day of their funerals when the grieving widows, in a graveside transaction marked by recriminations and a few well-placed blows with wrenched-off coffin handles, sold Shivs to Heinz and Gerda Sem-Heidt, the husband-and-wife co-chairmen of a mace-and-chain syndicate. The Sem-Heidts maintained Shivs' high standards while at the same time broadening its scope to add skat, catch five, knucks and pishch-paysheh to the list of attractions that included "the big five"—*chemmy*, baccarat, roulette, craps and, of course, *la guerre*.

No matter how scintillating the play in the casino's other parlors, the patrons were drawn by irresistible impulse at night's end to the *la guerre* table. The moment of truth was here, all other forms of wagering paling into insignificance. Only the truly affluent are found in the La Guerre Room, for its membership is limited to holders of account numbers 1 to 350 at the Suisse Bank des Légumes.

At 11 A.M. the doors to the conference room at Shivs swung open, admitting nine of its ten directors. They seated themselves in plush Jamaican poisonwood chairs with matching ottomans and lit aromatic Muriel cigars. There were two places at the head of the table for the

co-chairmen—one empty, the other more than amply filled by the corpulent bulk of Heinz Sem-Heidt, who signaled for silence.

"Since our voices can be heard on the sound system in the cellar and my wife can converse with us, we will proceed with the agenda. Herr Zenner?"

A tall blond man with watery eyes stood ramrod straight. "I have the pleasure to report that King Hakmir is dead." There were murmurs of approval, even handclaps. "We, of course, have sent word to the palace that the directorship of Shivs offers its heartfelt condolences (laughter) and regrets that the valiant efforts of our physician, Dr. Ernst Holzknight, to save His Majesty were to no avail (louder laughter). It was most fitting that the good doctor should have attended the king, for it was he who placed the *sivana bacillus* in the king's Diet Pepsi in the first place." The directors gave a standing ovation to the smiling doctor, who shook his head with self-effacement. "A minor but hardly insoluble problem has evolved. From a listening device planted on the fever chart, we have learned there is an heir and that Ben-Bella Barka has been ordered to seek him out and enthrone him. Barka will be shadowed, of course, and Hakmir's son eliminated by some regrettable accident. We foresee a rulerless enclave beset by a vitiating power struggle between the Kurds and their traditional enemies, the Wheys, enabling our client from the U. A. R. to take control."

Herr Zentner sat down to sustained cheering.

An iron voice cut through the collective self-satisfaction and their smiles vanished as though wiped off by an artist's brush.

"What about the mystery woman? I want her eliminated!"

Heinz Sem-Heidt blanched. "Mein liebchen, Gerda, we are doing all in our power to end her disruptive tactics. I swear to you by Himmler's pinkie ring that before long she will be rotting in the sun."

The iron voice from the cellar was cold,

dripping with malice: "This Sarah Lawrence of Arabia, as she calls herself, for the last year has been preaching unity between the Kurds and Wheys. She even urges them to enter upon friendly relations with Israel." A stream of curses followed. "Who is she? Why is she here? Is she in the pay of the Zionists? I want these answers and the issue resolved immediately!"

Heinz Sem-Heidt collapsed in his chair, his obscenely fat jowls shaking. "You have heard my wife, gentlemen. Put a Condition Black priority on Sarah Lawrence of Arabia. We will hear other reports. Herr Krug?"

"Fellow directors, I wish to report that our fee for capturing Hebrew Secret Agent Moe Zambique, Oy Oy Five, taken in Damascus and brought here for questioning by Gerda, will net us twenty-five thousand Straits dollars when we turn him over to Syria."

"Twenty-five thousand Straits dollars?" There was rebuke in Heinz Sem-Heidt's retort. "A pittance. The capture of an ordinary Double Oy from Israel's M 33 and 1/3 is worth easily five times that figure. And if we had taken Oy Oy Seven, well . . ." His hands made a sky's-the-limit gesture.

Stocky Herr Krug puffed his Muriel. "Yes, but this should be considered what the Americans term a 'loss leader.' Let the Syrians have him for the price. They will soon become so highly dependent on *rust*, our Terrorist Union for Suppressing Hebrews, that we can safely raise the ante on each succeeding job."

There was a long trailing scream from the cellar. As inured to violence as they were, the nine men shuddered.

The iron voice returned: "Gentlemen, let us not concern ourselves with the piddling Syrian payment. Please delay any further items until I come to the conference room."

They heard the whine of the elevator, then the doors opened and a wheelchair bearing Gerda Sem-Heidt was pushed across the green-and-black swastika-patterned carpet by a dwarf in a dunce cap and a medieval jester's outfit with

tinkling bells on his pointed shoes.

Gerda Sem-Heidt fixed her mustard-yellow eyes upon her twitching husband, then let them scan the other directors. She was a wizened crone of 73 who bore a startling resemblance to the witch in *Snow White*. Her hands were bony, clawlike, empty of rings, with extra-long fingernails that the dwarf set about honing to razor sharpness with sandpaper. The face was chalk-white, which made the yellow eyes and vein-blue lips appear even more hideous. Her cadaverous body was covered by a red-and-white Robert Hall house dress and her unstockinged, beanshooter feet were ensconced in Kitty Kelly's Mexicali Rosen huaraches. And there was something else on her body, revealed by the deliberately opened house dress.

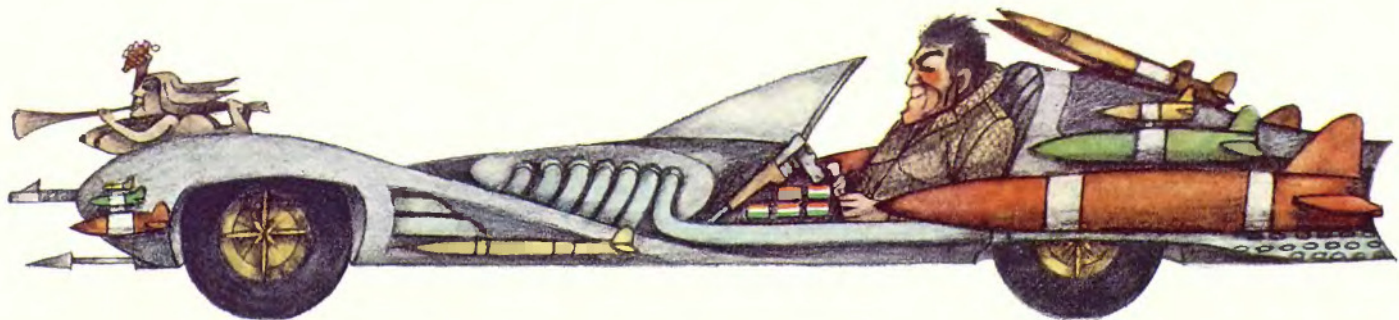
As the directors saw it, their sullen Nordic faces turned a sickly greenish hue. She watched their reactions with a smile. No matter how many times she displayed it, they could never become used to it.

Gerda Sem-Heidt was the proud possessor of a plastic heart.

Dr. Holzknight alone was undisturbed as he viewed with clinical detachment the exposed components in their transparent styrene housing, the action of the atria and ventricles, the unoxygenated blood changed to bright red by the lungs. It was he who had installed the device after a seizure that left Gerda paralyzed in both legs and close to death. The plastic heart drew its power from an external electromagnetic coil hooked into a transistor battery that never left her lap. The same coil toasted her English muffins, of which she had a constant supply in her pockets. Now she grew bored with her shocking little game, so she closed her house dress. "Let us continue, gentlemen. I want to hear Dr. Holzknight's summation of 'Operation Alienation.'"

Dr. Ernst Holzknight, a slightly built man with a bland face and the large forehead of the scholar, cleared his throat. "Fellow directors, as you know, I

A surge of power coursed through Oy Oy Seven's Vance-Packard, whose 24-cylinder, short-stroke, tall-coxswain engine was revved up to maximum cruising speed of 118.9 hectares.



am not only a surgeon but a diplomate of the Schisselzelmknist Institute of Advanced Psychiatry. It was my good fortune to assist occasionally our Führer (the men's right hands shot up in a robotlike heil) during those phases of the War that called for an understanding of the mentality of the Third Reich's enemies. When our beloved co-chairmen, Heinz and Gerda Sem-Heidt, whom we all served with unquestioning loyalty in those glorious, fulfilling days at the Schweinbaden Concen—er, Detention and Cultural Rehabilitation Center, asked me to mount a plot against the *Juden*—several of the directors growled; Gerda spat into the dwarf's puckered apple of a face—"I accepted their challenge with strength through joy. In our previous sessions we have discussed the psychological factors that are involved in Operation Alienation. Now it remains only to carry out the physical extirpation of these installations"—his hand swept across a map of North and South America and western Europe containing thousands of locations denoted by pins—"and phase one will be complete. Then in a few days we should begin noticing the inevitable results. Thousands of fieldmen will be taking surveys on synagogue and Jewish organizational attendance, United Jewish Appeal contributions, Catskill Mountains and Miami Beach resort bookings, El Al aircraft and Zim Line cruise-ship reservations, etc. I have not the slightest doubt that we shall witness a drastic decline in all of these activities. Now I shall yield to Heinz Sem-Heidt, who will outline the personnel problems."

Heinz Sem-Heidt pushed his hands down hard on the armrests of his chair to hoist his 300-pound body. "There are no personnel problems, mein lieber Doktor. In this world, happily, there is never a shortage of Jew-haters. (Laughter and applause.) It was a simple matter for our subagents, who combed the locations marked on our map, to find disgruntled individuals willing to attach a Calgonite charge to the wall of a Jewish-owned business. There are about five thousand key targets on the three continents, which means the total cost to TUSH, at one hundred dollars Amerikanische per incident, will be approximately a half-million dollars. My winnings at *la guerre* alone should cover that."

"It is an ingenious plan and we are beholden to our dear colleague. The repercussions felt by the State of Israel will avenge TUSH for many indignities, not the least of which was the murder of our top assassin, Torquemada LaBonza, at the hands of Secret Agent Israel Bond. Our stock will rise on the Espionage Exchange when the Arab world observes that we have caused the virtual withering away of Israel and Judaism without resorting to armies, nuclear weapons or germ warfare. And, as a not-inconse-

quential subsidiary benefit, we shall enjoy the destruction of M 33 and 1/3, the Israeli Secret Service, and M, the disgusting old harpy we now know is its number one. And who knows? If Wotan and Thor are smiling down on us, Oy Oy Seven will also be found in the debris. Gerda, my sweet, do you have any comments to make?"

"Put the plan into being." The blue lips smiled, but there was no mirth on the face or in the mad-dog yellow eyes. It has been a most satisfying day, she mused. A Jewish agent hangs from his thumbs dead in the cellar; my dear Doktor has crafted a plot to bring the verminous Jewish state to its knees. A most satisfying day . . .

For a moment she seemed years younger, "The Bitch of Schweinbaden" of the happy, rewarding days. It was not for nothing that those few who escaped her clutches to tell the tale never referred to her as Gerda. To them she always would be "Auntie" Sem-Heidt.

. . .

Executing a picture-book *Le Mans* turn, he swung the majestic Vance-Packard, the automobile of true status seekers, over the instep of the CITGO attendant, shouting "You're a gasser!" as the man fell stricken against the highest pump (the witticism, he knew, would do much to assuage the pain from the mashed foot) and headed out of the restaurant stop onto the New Jersey Turnpike. Destination: Trenton, New Jersey, place of his birth.

Israel Bond was going home.

The meal had been as exciting as a Blue Barron recording of *Tiptoe Through the Tulips*. There was no doubt in his mind; the world's safest job was that of a foodtaster for Howard Johnson's. No, don't be smart-alecky, he scolded himself. The dessert, frozen baked beans on a stick, had been first-rate, and the painting of the waitresses' faces orange and turquoise to conform to the decor, a cheery touch.

A surge of power from the Vance-Packard, whose 24-cylinder, 8.6-axle-ratio, short-stroke, tall-coxswain engine was revved up to maximum cruising speed of 118.9 hectares, sent a chill pulsating through his being. With no strain it hummed past two Cadillacs and an Imperial (all parked on the shoulder for repairs), its 12-ply Firestone tires purring a symphony at that most crucial of the world's rendezvous—where the rubber meets the road.

Bond stuck a Raleigh between his sensual, Chap-Sticked lips. His two-week vacation after the El Tiparillo affair involving the Man with the Golden Gums, Torquemada LaBonza, had not been prosaic. An old love, Charlene Krosnick, had stolen away from her husband and children to share a night of bliss with him in New York. She had insisted he

take her to see *Thunderball*, the popular spy movie. "Gosh, Iz," she sighed as she gazed into the mocking yet tender gray eyes of the secret-agent hero on the billboard. "He kind of looks like . . . you. Are you really some dashing spy, Iz?" She giggled at the thought. "I hardly think a guy who promotes Mother Margolies' Activated Old World Chicken Soup would be a swashbuckler, though, would you?" And on an impulse and to tease him, she kissed the figure on the advertisement.

"You're making me jealous, Charlene," Bond had jested. "But I'm better than him in one energetic way," and he whisked her via the subway to his luxury suite at Manhattan's regal Ansonia Hotel, where he whispered, "Let there be no puerile shame, no holding back. *Every pore must score.*" As their bodies fused in *score de combat*, he crooned into her fragrant apricot of an ear an aphrodisiacal song based on the *Kama Sutra*.

"I'll be loving you, all ways . . .
With a love that's true, all ways . . ."

But he had wearied of matchless ecstasy with Charlene, so he had accepted a part-time free-lance job. It had been no piece of cake, his torn shoulder testified graphically. Bond remembered the phone call that began the caper.

"There's a frightened kid holed up in the Hotel Bogaslovsky on West 46th Street. He's promised to work for our organization, but if he steps out of that room he'll be killed."

"Who's after him?" Bond wanted to know. This was the kind of question a real top-drawer agent asked.

"There are undercover men in town representing cliques from Dallas, Minneapolis and Philadelphia. They're ruthless men and if they can't have him, they swear nobody else will. They tried once in Chicago, even killed his guard, but he slipped 'em. Deliver him to us alive and usable and there's twenty grand in it for you. Use the code words 'Flood Formation' and he'll let you in."

The terrorized tot, Bond discovered on arriving at the Bogaslovsky, was one Casimir Predpelski, aged 22, six feet, six, 272 pounds, from Hamtramck, Michigan. Bond spent the better part of a day calming the thumb-sucking, gigantic blob in Dr. Denton pajamas with a medley of Polish love songs, which included *A Glass of Beer*, a *Bowling Ball* and *You and Keep Throwing That Dart in the Dartboard of My Heart*.

A chunky little room-service waiter named Paulo Gunty brought matters to a head. As Bond noticed with relief from the third-story window the arrival of the van that was to take him and Predpelski to safety, the little waiter held out a huge candy cane to the lad. "We always bring some sweets and goodies to our younger

(continued overleaf)



"Hi there, fellow nature lovers!"

guests. It is a policy of the hotel."

"Candy! Candy!" the monster cried with a childish eagerness that made Bond smile a paternal smile.

Click!

In a hideous second of revelation, Bond knew the truth. Two feet of naked steel shot out of the cane brandished by the little man in the monkey jacket who had played the servile fool until his victims were lulled into complacency. Guntz shouted a fanatical "From Green Bay with hate!" and thrust at Predpelski with the classic *coup de murville*.

Bond hurtled his frame between sword point and bobbing Adam's apple on Polish throat, incurring a nasty slash as it ripped through the trench-coat epaulet down into his right shoulder. But he'd yanked out the Chris-Keeler, squeezed the trigger and heard the characteristic, silencer-muffled *slut! slut!* and saw two angry holes pop up in Guntz's forehead. There was an insistent hammering at the door. Someone shouted, "Break it in."

Undoubtedly there were more of Guntz's cohorts in the hallway, perhaps far too many to handle.

When he saw the stuff in the corner, the inspiration flashed through Bond's mind. It made an odiferous mound.

Kielbasa!

The Polish sausage the kid loved best. Links and links of it. Holding his nose, Bond tested the links. Good! They were bound by solid, dependable twine.

"Here's our escape route, buddy-boy," he told the whimpering leviathan. "Tie one end round the bedpost and throw the rest out the window."

Bond put two slugs through the door, exulting in the screams. He heard a voice: "Jesus, he just killed the chambermaid."

He looked down. Predpelski had already shinnied down the thick, greasy chain of sausages with amazing agility for one his size and was bolting into the back of the van. Bond started his own descent, his long, tapering fingers clutching the links in a vice-like grip. He was at the second story now, pausing just long enough to chance upon a disrobing brunette and take her phone number, when he spotted the trio of hired killers racing up the street toward the van.

Swegroes!

They were the flaxen-haired, lapidus-lazuli-eyed chocolate-hued descendants of the Swedish mariners who had decades ago impregnated the willing women of West Africa's Hullaballuba tribe. They wore Libby's split-pea jackets, nail-studded Levi's and crepe-soled Venetian bedsocks. Once, on a psychological-warfare mission into Jordan, where he had dynamited a theater showing an Omar Sharif movie, Bond had come in contact with a Swegro, disguised as an usher, in the employ of the Jordanian

league for actors-in-espionage, Mosque & Wig. It had been a hellish minute of combat that left the Swegro decapitated and quite incensed about it and himself with a dirk in his shoulder.

The Swegroes saw him immediately. Shots rang out, one of which skinned his gun hand and he dropped the Chris-Keeler into the street. Gottenu! Unarmed! There was one chance.

He kicked out against the sign HOTEL BOGASLOVSKY, MANHATTAN'S PREMIER RESIDENCE FOR DRIFTERS AND INDIGENTS and, releasing the sausage chain, fell through the roof of the van, shouting "Go! Go already!"

Miles away, the van parked at Yankee Stadium and the driver handed him the money. "You've pulled it off, Mr. Bond, but then, it's what we'd expected of a man with your reputation. As for you, Predpelski, sign here on the dotted line. Thanks to Israel Bond, young fella, you are now the middle linebacker for the New York Giants."

A burst of song from the Vance-Packard's custom-made Atwater Kent UHF-CIO radio drove the perilous adventure from Bond's mind, a tune that had moved the hearts of Americans from coast to coast and was certain to capture the annual Francis Scott Key Award for the most meaningful lyric of the year.

"Batman!

Batman!

Batman!

Batman!

Batman! Batman!

Batman!"

Unforgettable.

For variety's sake, and Abel Green's as well, he switched stations.

... extraordinary series of events. Following the mysterious explosion that leveled Wisniewsky's famous bagel and bialy bakery under the Jerome Avenue El in the Bronx come reports of like explosions or bombings—though no deliberate criminality has yet been proven—throughout the country. Two famous Kosher wine companies have had their Brooklyn warehouses blown to bits, with three known dead, seven missing and scores injured. Traffic in that unhappy borough is backed up all the way to Michigan City, Indiana. In Manhattan, two prominent show-business delicatessens on Sixth Avenue went up, hurling tons of sour pickles and tomatoes onto the Rockettes at Radio City Music Hall. At Coney Island, a convoy of trucks transporting Nathan's immortal hot dogs has been wiped out on the Belt Parkway. Chicago's contribution to the holocaust has been explosions at several bakeries, wine warehouses, dairy-products plants and three huge corned-beef and pastrami processing centers. Windy City police said the sky there looks like Mrs. O'Leary's cow is back in business. Here's

more: Like events are occurring in Philadelphia, where a cream-cheese plant and dozens of small delicatessens and a number of catering houses have been blown up. St. Louis, Detroit, San Francisco, Cleveland, Denver, New Orleans, Miami Beach, the last named a shambles—in short, every major city in the country. Reports of additional explosions in all of these cities are coming in so fast the news wires are running behind. There are further reports, unconfirmed, that several major cities in Canada, western Europe and South America have experienced disasters at the same sort of establishments. A freighter of Panamanian registry, the *Hispianola Roll*, en route from Halifax to New York, radioed news of an explosion and raging fire in the hold. Coast Guard vessels are steaming to the rescue; helicopters have airlifted seventeen wounded. We will interrupt for further bulletins . . .

Bond surrendered to a nagging voice inside (or possibly outside; one could not be sure where nagging voices came from unless one were hopelessly married) that urged him to think, think, think about the bizarre newscast, seek some grand design in the widely spread catastrophes.

He pulled into the driveway of his brother Milton's house at 1919 Starling Dropping Drive, in the heart of Trenton's opulent Hiltonia section, and parked behind Milt's snappy 1966 Sherpa-Hunza. Soon Israel was bathed in the love and warmth of home, the not-too-sister-in-lawly kisses of Lottie, the whoops of leaping Rickey, twelve, and a mushy buss from adorable six-year-old Praline. Milton himself stood strangely apart; a questioning look said: We've got something to discuss, younger brother.

• • •

LET HE WHO IS WITHOUT SIN BEGIN SINNING, BECAUSE HE'S MISSING FUN! FUN! FUN!—Mother Margolies.

The long queue of sun-baked tourists waiting to be admitted to the various divisions of Mother Margolies' factory outside Tel Aviv noted with approval one of her typical Old World proverbs emblazoned on the main gate. "Gosh, eighty-two years old and she still comes up with those golden thoughts," said a B'nai B'rith president from Wisconsin, fanning her flushed face with Joel Lieber's authoritative *Israel on \$1.98 a Day*.

In the private, sealed-off wing of the factory, M watched the throng on her closed-circuit TV as she knitted what soon would be Oy Oy Seven's new paisley shoulder holster. A good boy-chick! that Israel Bond, a little sex crazy sometimes and maybe a little too clothes-conscious, but when it came to murdering and maiming, a fine person altogether. Ach, such a dirty business this cloak-and-dagger stuff! I lost my dear nephew, Nochum, in this filthy enterprise.

M was worried, deeply so. With the
(continued on page 66)

THE BESPOKE FORD

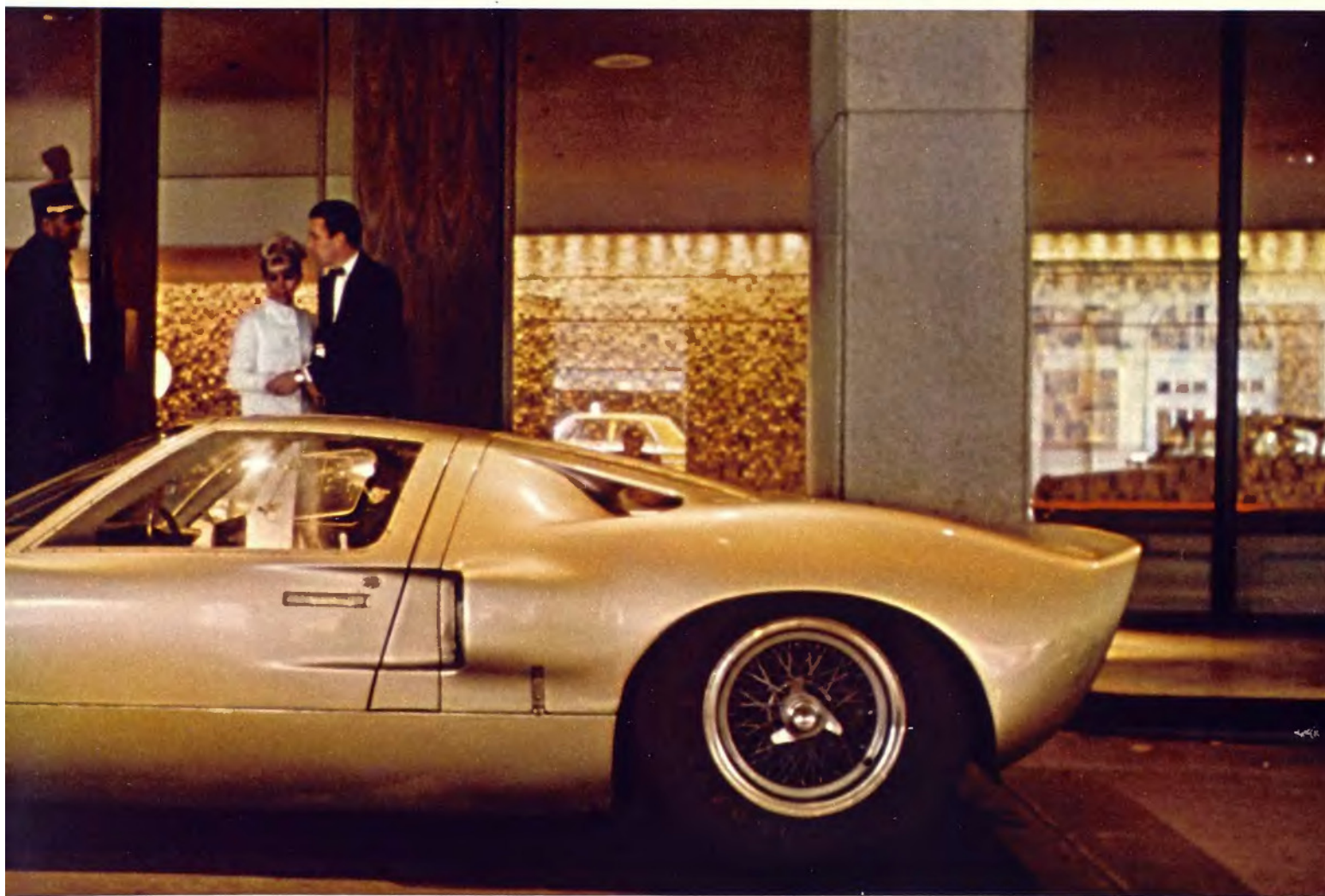


conceived to beat europe's best on the racing circuit, the sleek GT40 now comes custom-tailored, superfast and superpriced for street and sport

THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY, several racing seasons ago, began a serious sortie into the rarefied atmosphere of international competition. It built—via its Advanced Vehicles division working out of Ford of Britain—a formidable GT that was soon making its weight felt on two continents (*Ford Flat Out*, PLAYBOY, August 1964). Now its lineal descendant has been transformed into one of the sleekest, swiftest and costliest street-and-sport machines ever to tool down the pike. If you'd like one of these low, low (40 inches) Fords with the high, high (around \$18,500) price tag, and time is hanging heavy on your hands between visits to your broker and your polo stables in Old Westbury, the company's English affiliate in Slough, whence springs the GT40, invites you to pop over for a fitting. One will suffice, but a knowledge of your dimensions is required—the semi-reclining seats are in fixed position, so the pedals have to be adjusted to the driver's configurations. Of course, you could mail them the necessary data, but as long as you *do* have the time, and you are investing a sizable sum (the exact price will depend on what you put in or leave off), there's no sense in not doing things right. The original intent of Ford was to get its 4.7-liter V8 racer, holder of Le Mans lap record and scourge of Sebring and Daytona, into the hands of private owners who were eager to add a Ford GT to their racing equipment. The target figure was 50 machines, the minimum number needed to qualify for international racing's "S" (Sports) category. However, they've been gobbled up as though they were Batmobiles, so that figure's been raised to 100, enough to bring furrowed brows to the opposition on racecourses all over the world. While building the rac-



The vents in the Ford GT40's hood permit air taken in under the nose to escape. Its aerodynamic shape is maintained by use of body-conforming clear-plastic covers over the head lamps. Doors that cut deep into the roof of right-hand-drive outo solve a thorny entry-and-exit problem for driver and passenger. A full complement of gauges, angled toward the driver's eye, is embedded in the heavily podded dash panel. Upholstery of the semi-reclining seats is perforated so that fresh air circulated through the seats' innards can cool the cor's occupants. Since seat position is fixed, pedals ore custom-fitted to the driver's dimensions. The original racing Ford GT, top right, is caught at speed on France's Le Mans circuit. Later models had a "spoiler" lip added oft to keep the car's rear end from becoming airborne at high speeds. The current consumer version's supersleek profile shows the spoiler's upword curve.



ing version, the company detected a distinct interest in the GT40 as a street machine, albeit a rather exotic one. A number of things had to be done to domesticate the beast so that it was civilized enough to supply the creature comforts while still retaining most of the superbomb characteristics of the 200-plus-mph prototype. For starters, the engine was detuned so that it now produces a smooth 335 bhp at 6250 rpm, more than enough horses to get it up to a 165-mph gallop. Special exhaust silencers have been incorporated and they cut down the decibel count considerably. Softer brake linings and a 25-percent reduction in the stiffness of the shock absorbers do away with most of the bone-jarring aspects of the GT40's strictly competition sister ship. Such grand-touring niceties as air-cooled seats, a choice of over 150 paint colors, an electrically heated windshield, a single variable-speed wiper blade that operates efficiently at 200-mph speeds and a complete complement of gauges—all angled toward the *pilote's* eye—pack a lot of luxurious driving pleasure into the ground-hugging profile. Packing luggage in is another matter. Currently, owners are having to make do with the two heat-resistant luggage lockers installed on either side of the rear-based engine. Future models will carry a U-shaped locker that will up the luggage load to a minimum of three pieces, but when one is at speed in the GT40, a satchel more or less hardly seems of moment. Slough, as of this writing, has turned out a mere handful of these roadworthy rockets, so if you do decide to put your money where your garage is, the odds are overwhelmingly in favor of your being the first one on the block to have one.

SECRET SERVICE *(continued from page 62)*

exception of Bond, who was on leave in the United States, all the Double Oys were unaccounted for. Oy Oy Five had gone to Syria to track down a lead on those TUSH people and had failed to call in. If he'd been taken by TUSH and that—that *thing*, Auntie Sem-Heidt, heaven help him! In M's way of thinking, TUSH was as dangerous to the survival of her nation as the American Council for Judaism. Now Double Oys Two, Three, Four and Six were missing—and right here in Israel! They had gone to that little bureau near the Ministry of Defense in Jerusalem to renew their licenses to kill—and never returned! She'd sent the newly promoted lad, Neon Zion, to investigate. Where was he?

And what was the meaning of these explosions bannerlined in this morning's Tel Aviv *Daily Trumpeldor*? They all seemed to have occurred at Jewish establishments in both the Old and New Worlds, and many of them somehow related to eating and drinking. Certainly food for thought.

All in all, it was a gloomy day, she sighed, putting aside the completed shoulder holster and starting on a trench coat for Lazar Beame, her Chief of Operations; for Israel had just lost a potential friend, King Hakmir of Sahd Sakistan. An Arab, true, but not one of the diehards.

The day wore on. She watched the tourists, Americans for the most part, meandering through the Potato Lotke division, the Hall of Yogurt and the new Schaneria, and shrieking with delight at the automated conveyor band carrying pots of fresh-made beet soup, "The Borscht Belt," as Oy Oy Seven had named it. What a wit that lad had!

The buzzer sounded. "M, it's Quartermaster Ha Lavi to see you, sir," said M's beauteous secretary, Leilah Tov. "Shall I send him in?"

"Yes."

"Oh, sir. Have you heard anything about the Double Oys? Op Chief Beame is most concerned."

"As yet, no. But the one you're personally concerned with"—M's TV focused on Leilah's blushing loveliness—"is safe. Oy Oy Seven will be back soon."

Lavi Ha Lavi walked through the door. "Shalom, M, I have come to discuss some new devices for the field." He was an intense, nervous little man with fidgety eyes that seemed afraid to look into hers. The white-laboratory-coated Q. M. had been back in harness just a few days, having spent the last six months at Foam Rubber Acres, the Service's rest home for overworked personnel. "Oh, I can't stand it in here!" he cried petulantly. "This cold air drives me insane."

"Patience, Ha Lavi," M said tran-

quilly. "It will be quitting time soon."

"I have added some new modifications to Oy Oy Seven's car, the Mercedes Ben Gurion." He spread open a chart. "You will notice this, Button 71-A. If Bond is being tailed, he has only to press it and a movie screen rolled up in a rear bumper springs out, a camera emerges from the roof and projects a series of . . . uh . . . shall we say 'art films' . . . which cannot fail to distract any members of the 'oppo' in the car behind, thus giving Israel time to either eliminate or capture them, as the situation dictates. These films would make a ballistic missile come to a dead stop."

Ha Lavi lit a Raleigh and tore the coupon from the pack, placing it in a receptacle near M's desk. "My ninth contribution of the day, M. You should soon have enough for that nuclear reactor. To continue, Button 95 releases a mist of 007 cologne to freshen both his face and any wilting carnation in his lapel. And I rather think the copywriters missed out on an obvious grabber of a slogan that would treble their sales: 'Use 007 Products and You, Too, Will Get Pussy Galore.' Button 96 pops a nice piece Danish into his mouth; 97 converts the MBC's front grille into a barbecue pit into which 98 flings *filet mignon* for two; 101 converts his license plate into a hilarious sign that says CHICKEN INSPECTOR; you know Oy Oy Seven's far-out sense of humor . . . Oh . . ." He pinched his nose. "This air conditioning . . ."

"Go on, Quartermaster Ha Lavi."

He dragged on his Raleigh. "I have taken the liberty of sending Oy Oy Seven several new portable devices in care of his brother in Trenton." From a pocket he fished out something. "This is my new anti-homing-capsule capsule. If Bond suspects an enemy has swallowed a homing capsule, he needs only to introduce the anti-capsule capsule into the agent's body and it will nullify the first one immediately. And here's a little toy he will find invaluable." Ha Lavi held up a length of metal. "It is a file that can be strapped to his leg. I have urged him to carry it at all times. Made in my laboratory by a fantastic new process of freezing ore at one million below, Fahrenheit, its ridges can slice through any metal known to man. The new metal, by the bye, is called Instant Processed Cold Rolled Extra Strength Steel."

"Excellent, Q. M.!" she nodded. "Now you may take a breather from the air conditioning. Shalom."

Gasping, his nostrils flaring in his anxiety, Ha Lavi ran out. Then a chill shook M's body as she heard Leilah Tov cry, "3-D! 3-D! 113 is back with a 3-D!"

3-D! Danger. Doom. Disaster!

Neon Zion, 113, was a pale young

blond ghost as he slunk through her door. "Dead. All dead—Oy Oys Two, Three, Four and Six. They were in a cab on Ben Yehuda Street after leaving the license bureau. It blew up." He sobbed and buried his face in her shawl.

At that moment the homeward-bound receptionist, rummaging among the coats in the front-office cloakroom for her own, found the thing under M's silver-blue mink, ticking, ticking, ticking . . .

. . .

Milton Bond, at 45, was 12 years older than his Israeli brother. Like all the Bond men (there was a third brother, Ragland, 41, a Jonny Mop quality-control inspector—"Rag" to everybody), he was blessed with the familial dark, cruelly handsome visage, his marred a trifle by dietary indiscretions.

After the passing of their parents and the departures of Israel and Rag Bond for their own careers, Milton had wooed and somehow won Lottie Vine, one of the lithe, leggy, desirable daughters of industrialist Oleander Vine, and with the father-in-law's backing opened a successful catering house in West Trenton, the Pinochle Royale, where upper-class Jews staged their various social and sometimes religious functions.

Throughout Lottie's sumptuous meal, Milton remained uncommunicative. She noticed this and attempted to brighten the occasion with light banter. "Trying some new things tonight, Iz. Mrs. Paul's frozen fish sticks, Mrs. Paul's frozen shrimp, Mrs. Paul's frozen mythical kraken suckers . . ."

"What's the next thing she's going to freeze? Mister Paul?" It was one of Israel Bond's better bons mots, yet he noted Milton's face held no smile. Something wrong there. Milton normally would roll on the floor for this kind of one-liner.

"OK, big brother, noble patriarch of ye Clan Bond." It was a half hour later and Israel was emerging from a bracing shower with Mione Soap, its haunting aroma permeating Milton's bedroom. "Let's have it, stoneface."

Milton sat on the edge of his Xochitl *tostada* bed, puffing doggedly on a 95-cent Houdini. "Your face. It looks like hell. And your body—bruises, welts, slashes. It's like this every time you come home for a visit. What the hell are you doing for a living, Iz? And no crap."

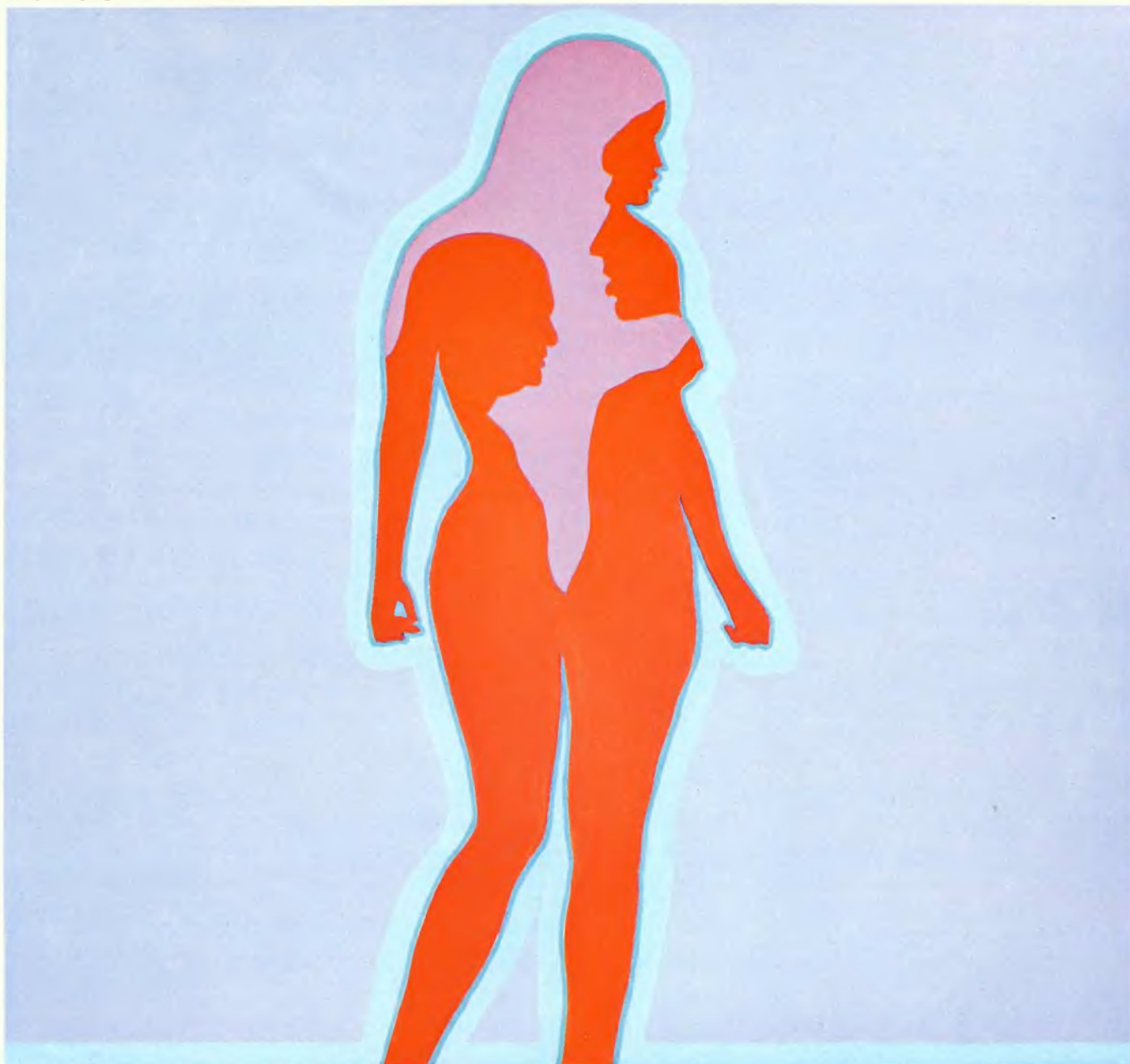
Bond inhaled a Raleigh, blew a figure eight the hard way—four twos. He looked into those gray eyes, so shrewd and hard, like his own. "You know what I do, Milt. PR for Mother Margolies. These"—he ran his hands over the purple-and-yellow blotches—"the result of a car crack-up."

"That scar on your shoulder?"

"If you want to know the truth, Adolf Hitler did it to me. With a Luger."

"I said, cut the crap. I've had the

(continued on page 125)



THE BETTER MAN

fiction By RAY RUSSELL

one of them was destined to enjoy a singular distinction—to sexually possess the last woman on earth

SHE WAS LOVELY and graceful and serene, but it wouldn't have mattered if she were none of these. All that mattered was that she was female. And that mattered very much, indeed, for she was said to be the last woman.

As such, she was the hope of the earth, a prize to be fought over. Her two suitors—the last of their sex—stood now in the twilight of their world, prepared to duel to the death. The winner would become a new Adam, in an Eden of ashes and rubble.

"Put away your weapons," she said. "There has been enough dying. Let us decide by reason which of you is the better man."

"My name is John," said the one who limped and was bald, "and I am the better man. It is true that I am no kid, as they say, and my sight is no longer what it should be, and I am deaf in one ear, and I seem to have developed this cough, and my teeth are false, and I really cannot say to what extent my genes may be affected by radiation, but I am educated, skilled in many crafts and, I hope, wise with the experience of my years."

"Thank you, John," she said sweetly. "And you, young man?"

"My name is Nine," said the other one, who was tall and handsome, "and I am not a man at all. My full name is Nine Four Six Three Seven, decimal, Zero Zero Five Two Eight. I am an android. But *I* am the better man."

John laughed. "Better man! A thing of plastic bones and chemical blood and artificial flesh? Ridiculous!"

She asked, "Why do you say you are the better man, Nine?"

(concluded on page 163)

SLICES OF THE APPLE

a
swinging
trumpeter and
longtime duke ellington
sideman recounts with relish the
happy, hectic days of harlem club
life during the freewheeling, roaring twenties

nostalgia By REX STEWART

NEW YORK in the Twenties: Color it white, a dazzling, blinding white for the Great White Way, Gotham's answer to Paris, where the suckers flocked like lemmings, where cider and seltzer passed for champagne, where the rumrunners' *pistolas* boomed louder than the music that filled the theaters, dance halls, speak-easies and cabarets from the Palace to Princess Oui Oui's; color it black for Harlem, the iris of the city's eye, focusing and reflecting the mirror image of a post-War population mad for fun and glad to be alive; color it red and green for the Harlem cabarets like The Bucket of Blood and The Green Parrot, stamping grounds of the gunions, gangsters and Feds of those antic times; color it green and silver for the big-sized green bills and the piles of silver dollars tossed up on tables, bars and bandstands night and day by a city that needed no excuse for a party; color it blue for the times between when the jazzman, hung over and beat, lay down in his room alone, and when the Georgia peapicker and the Alabama field hand, bored with the flush toilets, elevator jobs and white folks' kitchens, remembered Southern mornings down home. But no matter where you hailed from, you never stayed blue long in the Promised Land, where the wild women and the raw whiskey could make a boy feel like a man overnight.

When I hit Harlem in 1921, a 14-year-old trumpet player with the Musical Spillers, the saying among the group at Charley's Tavern or the uptown Rhythm Club was: "I'd rather be a lamppost in The Apple than the mayor of any other burg." We came from all over, from Haiti, from Martinique, from the Northern ghettos and the rural South, to the city where, until the crash, a musician could make more money than any place in the world. Just being in New York was cause for constant celebration. Nobody saved or banked; nobody worried about tomorrow; we made more in a week's tips than the average guy made in a month, but despite all the money we threw away, there was always more coming in. It looked like the party would never end. The joints were jumping; the neighborhood cantina, pub or saloon carried your hometown paper, and the jobs were so plentiful that if you drank yourself off a gig or the boss gave you a hard time, you quit then and there and went to work in the club next door or in one of the dance halls around the corner.

These dance halls, euphemistically called "dancing schools," were pickup places where two minutes' worth of fox trot, waltz or tango was served up for a nickel. They were always either in a basement or up on the second floor in some compact, low-ceilinged room illuminated by rose-colored spotlights. Some were run like harmless social clubs, but there were plenty of others that were rough places manned by gangsters whose girls took the clients out and robbed them. This social aberration, according to the





ILLUSTRATION BY BARRY GELLER

old-timers, originated on San Francisco's Barbary Coast during the gold rush, when even a few minutes' contact shuffling around the floor with a woman made life worth living. That almost still seems the case with the last of these places left in New York, which does a staggering business with the bump-and-grind set. Back in the Twenties, the dance-hall jobs provided rugged, unique training for the budding musician who, to keep the nickels rolling in, had to play a marathon of tunes that left some trumpet players with bleeding lips and drummers so exhausted they slept right on their drums. But if you could endure the grind, you ended up either reading very well or with an excellent ear, or both; plus, if you had the stamina, you always had a job.

The management thoughtfully provided droves of females of all types, sizes, shapes and colors, on the assumption that one was sure to fit even the most perverse taste. The girls called themselves "hostesses" and some were just that, but there were plenty of hookers mixed in among the *Hausfrau*s, haughty English and Latin types, and the inevitable little gals from back home striving to climb up the ladder of some kind of success in the big city. These hostesses were kept clustered as far away from the bandstand as the wary boss could arrange, a sensible but futile attempt to keep the musicians' minds on business instead of on the wild variations of the shimmy, bumps and grinds the girls whipped up, promising everything in exchange for a John's ticket. It was a real education to watch the competition for tickets, the girls enticing the customers onto the dance floor with the seductive gyrations of Indian nautch dancers. Once a girl had the ticket in her hand, she would follow the customer's lead motion for motion, bodily accommodating but completely expressionless, her eyes fixed on some distant point, her facial movements limited to chewing gum.

This seeming sensuality was, of course, a ruse, because as a rule, at the end of an evening's contortions, all the John really had was a limp feeling and a bunch of ticket stubs. The floormen saw to that. It was their job to collect tickets from the couples on the floor and to watch for anyone who was getting too carried away by the magic of the moment. The floorman would tap the guy on the shoulder and snarl, "Move on, buddy." The customer usually took the hint. These morals custodians were a motley crew of minor hoods, punch-drunk fighters and pimps, who used the job as a front to keep the police off their tails. They were well suited to cope with the characters who hung out in the halls. For years, every time I saw the Goodyear blimp lazily cruising the sky, I would recall with much amusement old man Jones sweeping up the men's room saying, "God-

damn, look at all them rubbers. If there was only some way to melt 'em all down, you could build a whole Goodyear blimp!"

But in spite of the wide-open social climate of the dance halls, the musicians were forbidden even to speak to the girls, many of whom were prostitutes so jealously guarded that when a musician happened to intrigue one of the ladies, her pimp, not wanting to damage his source of revenue by whipping the girl, would maul the musician or have him fired. The situation was aggravated by the fact that all the men in the band were colored and everybody else was white. However, it is hard to divorce the human element by fiat, and plenty of adventuresome cats welcomed the challenge. Besides, the gals trusted us, knowing we realized everybody's life and/or job depended on keeping your eyes open and your mouth shut. Also, since we lived in Harlem, we knew the score on everything from after-hours fun and good food at five A.M. to the right abortionist or faith healer. We felt a natural camaraderie with the women because we both worked on the same side of the bosses. The old canard that all Negroes "go ape" over white females was refuted in the dance halls, because even though the opportunity for intrigue was almost unlimited, liaisons were selective and mainly social, almost playful. The way we communicated under the watchful eyes and ears of the bosses and floormen was by tiny notes the girls wadded up and flicked onto the bandstand where the musician for whom the message was intended would answer a yes-or-no question by playing, for instance, *No, No Nora*, or *Yes Sir, That's My Baby*. Sometimes, if they were to meet later, the guy would play *There's a Small Hotel*; then, before the evening ended, there would be a telephone call during which a male voice would say, "I am calling for Ada." The information would be relayed and they would rendezvous. This system worked well until a series of happenings over which we had no control broke up our playhouse and cost us our jobs.

Coming onto the job, I had been caught bringing liquor in a Coke bottle and had been warned to stay dry or leave, so I was sober, a strange and unaccustomed state, and I remember the evening well. The boss' son, a precocious brat, had, to his father's horror, fallen in love with one of the hostesses, a little Jewish girl who had eyes for our drummer. The boss barred his son from the dance hall, but in the fashion of desperate adolescents, he lurked around the entrance waiting to see his favorite come out. This particular night he followed her up to Harlem, where he caught her *flagrante delicto* with the drummer. In revenge, he had the whole band fired on the spot, a rather charitable act, because had he described this pre-dawn scene to

his father, the drummer would not only have lost his job, he would have ended up in the river like several other musicians who disappeared under mysterious circumstances.

After this scene in the dance hall, I stuck to the clubs like Small's Sugar Cane and the Bamville. New York was such a swinging town that it seemed as if the whole world was out having a ball all night every night. As a result, no one was in a better position to pick up on the dramas mimed in the name of pleasure and passion night after crazy night than the musicians as they sat on bandstands all over the city, privy to intrigue and romance. There was a lot to be seen if you kept an eye open; there was even more to see if you appeared not to be looking. Harlem, in particular, had an excitement that made the night life on Broadway just an opener for the main attraction uptown.

The toughest joint on the roughest street in a rugged section of Harlem was The Bucket of Blood, an aptly named basement dive on 133rd Street notorious from coast to coast as a clearinghouse for vice. Jimmie "Blue-eyes," the boss, whose name portrayed his fetish for blue-eyed women, had connections for everything from providing a safe hide-out for a San Francisco hatchet man to strikebreaking. His broad-based business included protection for warehouses, selling Prohibition whiskey and finding buyers for stray furs or jewels. The boosters, dips, hustlers, strong-arm men, alky cooks and gambling kings, patrons of the club, automatically cast the musicians in the role of father-confessor and drinking buddy. They trusted us to keep our mouths shut and that is just what we did, no matter how startling the action. I remember one cold morning during a blizzard when the door to the Bucket burst open and two cobra-eyed oafs whizzed past the bar and bandstand to the back of the club. The regulars froze in a tableau of black, brown and beige alerted by this weird interruption. During the next few ominous seconds of hostile appraisal they waited, fingers surreptitiously on a switchblade or a .38 Special, ditching bindles of cocaine and marijuana, vials of mickey and Spanish fly under the tables, waiting for the cue from Jimmie. Behind the cash register, impassive as Buddha, he passed judgment on the grays, who probably never knew death was only as far away as Jimmie's experienced fingers were from his sawed-off shotgun. As the seconds merged back into reality, the band played on loud and fast while one hood told Big Ben, the bartender, to give everybody a drink. This eased the tension and people started talking loudly as if ashamed of having been buffaloed. We noticed that the other gungel was still standing by the back entrance, which

(continued on page 80)

RED CHINA



THE U.S. & THE U.N.



A POLITICAL ANALYST'S PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT FOR BRINGING ONE FOURTH OF THE EARTH'S PEOPLE INTO THE WORLD COMMUNITY OPINION BY MAX LERNER

In a time like ours—witnessing the revolutions of space, weaponry, automation, anticolonial nationalism and our own civil rights movement—the best foreign policy for America would have to possess an imaginativeness and self-confidence equal to so revolutionary an era. The core issue on which this imaginativeness can be tested is that of China—its claims, ambitions, expansionism, its view of the world and the world's view of it. Almost overnight, if it willed to do so, America could transform its own standing in the world by taking the lead in welcoming China into the world community of nations. Communist China today cannot enter into the potential world consensus because it is outside the community of nations. It is not part of the United Nations, nor of the disarmament talks and agencies, nor of the technical, scientific and cultural bodies through which the diverse intellectual currents of the world run and are interchanged.

There are two basic reasons why China must become part of this community. One is that if you continue to treat a nation as a pariah, it will remain a pariah and behave as one. China has the double sense of feeling at once superior to the rest of the world, because of its long history, its vast expanse and population and the past glories of its civilization, and also of feeling an outcast: As with the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, the world is not its friend, nor is the world's law. There is no sure way of ending this outlaw status, especially if (as is sometimes charged) the outlaw nation wants to get into the world community only to wreck it more easily from the inside. But the stakes are so high that we must take the gamble, and bringing the outlaw into the circle of community will help allay the sense of estrangement on both sides.

The second reason is that, pariah or not, Communist China belongs in the UN and other world bodies simply as a matter of operational reality. In terms of *de facto* power, the rule of the Chinese government today extends over 700,000,000 people in a vast territorial expanse. The UN is not a gentlemen's club, but a community of operative *de facto* regimes. It is an assemblage of governments that do actually exercise power, and that therefore have the right, the responsibility and the need to belong to a world body that deliberates, debates and (in some areas) makes decisions on the great issues that shape the future.

The trend of opinion inside the UN has steadily been moving toward China's admittance and against the official American position of opposing it. In the last test (fall of 1965), the vote stood 47 to 47. Despite this trend, the hindrance to China's admission lies in two related factors. One is America's insistence that this is, within the meaning of the UN rules, an "important" question, which must therefore be settled by a two-thirds rather than a majority vote. The second is China's insistence on (continued on page 74)



*"How do you like
my Dynamic Duo?"*

Vargas



RED CHINA

(continued from page 71)

setting a key condition for its admission—the simultaneous exclusion of the Republic of China, which is in reality the present government of Taiwan (formerly Formosa), the large island off the Chinese mainland to which Chiang Kai-shek and his aides fled when the Chinese revolution ousted them in 1949.

The issue of the simultaneous admittance of one member and expulsion of another member, involving not only membership in the UN but possession of one of the five permanent seats on the Security Council, is what makes the question “important” and the two-thirds-vote requirement a reasonable one. Given the 94 UN votes, which were split evenly in the last test, and not counting the abstentions, it will need a shift of 16 votes in order to get the necessary two-thirds vote of 63 to 31. Since it is highly unlikely that China will make things smoother by changing its rigid control over the sponsoring resolution and its wording, the problem will have to be taken out of the struggle over legalisms in the United Nations, and will have to be transferred to the larger reaches of Chinese and American diplomatic policy. Either China will have to become more flexible and relax the conditions it has set for admission, or America will have to shift its stance—or both.

The American stance is based essentially on the argument that China, by its past actions, has shown that it is not qualified for membership according to the intent of the UN Charter. (Article I: “respect for the principle of equal rights and self-determination of peoples”; Article II: the members “shall refrain . . . from the threat or use of force”; Article IV: “Membership in the United Nations is open to all other peace-loving states which accept the obligations contained in the present charter.”) The American position is that China does not respect the rights of other peoples, has not refrained from the threat and use of force and is not a “peace-loving state.”

There are two ways of meeting this charge. One is to ask how some of the present UN members have measured up to these high standards. This query could be raised, for example, about Egypt, which has been pretty rough toward its neighbors, and which has been accused at times not only of aggression but even of plots against the heads of neighboring states. It could be raised about Indonesia, which has leveled war against the newly created state of Malaysia. (The fact that Indonesia has recently left the UN does not affect its acts while a member.) It could be raised about Cuba, which has many times been accused of covert intervention in the internal affairs of Latin-American states. It could be raised about the Soviet Union, particularly in the way in which its

tanks crushed the Nagy regime in Hungary in 1956. And it could be raised about America itself, which sent troops to Santo Domingo to prevent a regime from emerging whose anticommunism it doubted, and which has for years been carrying on an undeclared war in Vietnam. Actually, there are few members of the UN whose records could endure a rigorous scrutiny under the criteria of the Charter. If, indeed, the UN is to be viewed as a gentlemen's club, then it is one with few gentlemen in it.

This does not mean that the UN is a tissue of sham and cant. It means only that its members function not in a paper world but in a real world of tension and conflict, of claims and counterclaims, of cold wars and even some hot ones. The UN Charter does make provision for the expulsion of members who have violated its terms, but thus far none of the violations have been so gross as to invoke expulsion. Clearly the operative principle among the UN members has been the belief that an austere purity of action is less important than face-to-face confrontation and debate and a thrashing out of differences among the member states. There has also been a prevailing feeling that the UN should aim at the principle of “universality”: that so far as possible every functioning sovereign state, no matter how minute its power or population, and whatever its ideological base, should be included in the world community.

Why not apply a similar principle of political realism to China? True, there is an ideological aggressiveness and an expansionism at the core of that behavior. But why have the Chinese behaved as they have? The reasons are partly rooted in Chinese nationalism, partly in doctrine. The Chinese have a great pride in their history and culture, and bitter memories of their recent past when they were manipulated and humiliated by the great powers of the West. Their resurgent nationalism is in large part a response to that experience. They aim to be second to none in Asia. In a world in which both America and the Soviet Union have carved out vast power masses, the Chinese see the rest of Asia as their sphere of influence.

The Chinese rulers today are also militant Communists who carry their doctrine with the fervor of a political religion that has not yet lost its fire of belief. Inside the world Communist camp, as well as in Asia, they aim to be second to none, not even to the Soviet Union. They are convinced that the Russians have allowed their special national interests and their fear of a nuclear war to tame their militancy as Communists. They see America as a menacing expansionist power, occupying the world's central urban area, bent not only on pre-

serving the *status quo* but on reversing the historic revolutionary tide that they feel has been flowing toward a Communist world ever since the Russian Revolution of 1917. They are confident that, despite America's urban technology and economic power, there is a countervailing force which world communism can call upon and count upon—the force of rural revolutionary nationalism, operating through guerrilla wars, much as the Chinese revolution did. They see their own global role as one of keeping this force moving and mounting in strength until they themselves—the Chinese—have built a nuclear force that can match those of America and Russia, and a technological and economic base strong enough to hold it.

It is idle to argue about how wrong or right the Chinese are in this world view. What counts is that they have a world view of their own, just as the Russians do, and one more explicit than that of the Americans or the French. The Chinese base their present behavior and their future expectations upon the power principle. But that, too, does not make exceptions of them. One could argue persuasively that the operation of the power principle has become an extremely dangerous one in a world of overkill weapons. But today it is the Americans and the Russians who have the predominance in these weapons, not the Chinese. The logic of their foreign policy is in their effort to find and exploit a power principle that will counterbalance the weapons. They have it in part in their vast land armies, which they have used to apply pressure upon neighboring states. Even more, they have it in the nationalist guerrilla movements they nourish and, when convenient, initiate.

By encouraging and supporting these movements where they exist, and by stirring them up where they don't, the Chinese have found a powerful weapon in their double struggle against the American camp and the Soviet camp. Their doctrinal position, as the self-proclaimed exclusive heirs of Marxism-Leninism, is a congenial one for them to take, but it is also a useful one in developing a power leverage against their rivals and enemies. In time they may change their doctrine, and probably will. In their present phase there is an impressive interlocking of their nationalist aims, their ideological strategy and their global power politics. One may call this “lawlessness,” as American spokesmen in the UN have done. But to dismiss it with a label is to miss much of its larger meaning in the present phase of contending world forces, and certainly achieves nothing but the coalescing of unrealistic attitudes around a slogan.

It would be merely innocent to ignore
(continued on page 158)

sean connery! STRIKES again!



BEST KNOWN for his four filmic portrayals of British superspy James Bond, actor Sean Connery comes in out of the cold for a pair of steamy, if frustrating, scenes in the current Warner Bros. farce *A Fine Madness* and proves he doesn't need a secret agent's credentials to succeed—up to a point—with the fair sex. In this case, Sean portrays the part of a would-be poet named Samson Shillitoe, whose masculine magnetism leads him into more pandemonium than pleasure. During an early-reel stint as a rug shampooer, Sam finds himself floored by a blonde and bosomy receptionist—played by Sue Ann Langdon (above)—and their subsequent sexy gambol across a suds-filled office costs the beguiled bard his job. Later, during an all-expenses-paid stay at the local laughing academy, our hero happens to catch the roving eye of the chief psychiatrist's wife, Jean Seberg, during his daily dip in the sanitarium's ripple bath. More than willing to aid in the patient's therapy, she quickly doffs her duds and joins him in the tub for an impromptu watery romp—a breach of hospital etiquette guaranteed to gall her spying headshrinker husband and separate the screw-loose rhymester from his marbles when the final vote is taken on subjecting him to a prefrontal lobotomy. But even without 007's license to live it up, Sean's sex appeal saves the day as the medic's faithless mate—with fondest memories of their brief bathtime dalliance—decides that even an addled paramour is better than none at all and prevents the staff surgeons from inflicting on her laureate lover the unkindest cut of all. The following four pages offer cinemaphiles proof that the heady Connery charm needn't be bottled in Bond.

**in an unbonded
film frolic, 007's alter
ego finds seduction
a haphazardous
assignment**



SUE ANN LANGDON, shown below in her appealing all, plays the role of a sex-powered missile-plant receptionist who attempts to seduce carpet cleaner Connerly when he shows up to shampoo the office rugs in an opening scene from *A Fine Madness*. Above: Director Irv Kershner gives some pointers on working-day revelry.

Surprised by an intruding plant official, the wayward outer-office miss tries to cover up the fact that she's been cavorting on company time.



Realizing she's been caught giving much too warm a welcome, Sean's clerical cutie changes from chaser to chaste with a hard, right-handed rebuff.



Hapless hero Connery recognizes a case of love's labor lost when he spies the fear of unemployment in his now-unreceptive receptionist.



Slap-unhappy Connery stares incredulously as the barely clad beauty tries to simulate the spirit of outraged femininity. Retiring to a neutral corner, Sue Ann resorts to woman-at-bay histrionics while paw-struck Sean desperately looks for the nearest exit.



JEAN SEBERG, playing a latter-day Delilah to Sean's Samson, happens upon filmdom's favorite Scot slipping into his therapeutic bath at her husband's sanitarium and joins him for a dunking *à deux*. Like Samson, Connery nearly loses his hair—and a goodly portion of his prefrontal lobes—when the head headshrinker (Jean's husband) observes their bathtime byplay and diagnoses it as a case of amphibian two-timing. Convinced he's been cuckolded, the enraged physician goes ape and plots to separate his poetic patient from his philandering ways by prescribing a lobotomy. In the end, 007's alter ego is saved from subnormality when his tubmate persuades her husband that if he doesn't spare the scalpel he'll spoil his marriage.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID SUTTON



Unaware in his underwear, Connery is caught completely off guard as he prepares for a dip in the hospital's ripple bath; he doesn't know his every move is being spied upon.



Camaraderie replaces hydrotherapy in the tub turned playground, with Sean and his splashmate Jean pooling their pleasures for the best of all possible buddy systems.



Worm's-eye view hides Sean's blushes when, on turning toward the tub in the altogether, he discovers his fully clothed observer. Now ensconced in the tub, Sean and Jean indulge in a bit of sea-horse play while director Kershner preps them for next sequence.



Seberg surfaces to discover that her on-screen husband has observed the watery wingding. Deep-six discretion seems the better part of valor, so the desperate duo try to submerge their identities with a frantic but fruitless voyage to the bottom of the bath.

SLICES OF THE APPLE (continued from page 70)

was always kept locked to prevent just such escape strategies. Then the picture sharpened when the door quietly opened and a dapper little guy in a pearl-gray snap-brim came in completely surrounded by five more flays wearing derbies and chesterfields. At this, "Blue-eyes" started smiling. "Well, I'll be an s.o.b., if it ain't Jack 'Legs' Diamond. Jack, why in the hell didn't you call me if ya knew you were coming up to Harlem? Hey, waiter, fix up these two tables for Mr. Diamond and his party." Just about then, Chuck-a-Luck, our doorman, sidled up to Jimmie, whining, "I 'clare to Gawd, Mr. Jimmie, I couldn't stop 'em." Everybody broke down laughing at Chuck-a-Luck's pathetic attempt to clear himself, everybody but Jack "Legs," who sat there pasty-faced and somber, above it all. The table was crowded with whiskey, not the ordinary shake-'em-up that the house generally served, but a special brand of brew that came not only in a bottle, but a bottle inside a tin can. This was a real eye opener Jimmie came up with labeled Chicken Cock.

Daybreak came and went; everybody had left but the band when Jack "Legs" decided he wanted us to play *Melancholy Baby*. When we naturally obliged, he began to amuse himself by throwing silver dollars at the house "kitty," a wooden replica of a yawning black cat. Back then silver was out, all the way out; musicians were highly insulted when anyone tipped them a lousy dollar, but "Legs" and his party had begun by handing around 10s and 20s, so we didn't mind the silver, even after his whiskey made his aim so bad that Tricky Sam, our trombone player, got hit on the head. Tricky's feelings were soothed by a personal \$50 bonus as the band wearily played *Melancholy Baby* for Mr. Jack "Legs" Diamond while the notorious tough, wrapped in some private sorrow, put down his head and wept.

Jimmie "Blue-eyes" was minor league compared with another character who turned out to play an important part in my rather unorthodox schooling. Country, a ginger-colored, skinny version of Peter Lorre, ran a joint on 133rd Street that he called Seventh Heaven; and because of a boyhood friendship with the police commissioner, his Seventh Heaven was just that for the dim half-world of hoodlums that hung out there. Country and his elite provided my first exposure to the underworld of con games, stick-up men, shoplifters and dope addicts, many of whom were supporting \$50-a-day habits by pimping. I recall that eight or ten fellows stood out as big shots and Country provided them with special facilities—boxlike compartments behind the bar that only the bartender had the keys to. We used to be

able to gauge which pimp had the most industrious stable of whores by the number of hourly deposits made in each box. One would suspect that in this den of thieves, the common knowledge of all that money there would be too great a temptation, but Seventh Heaven had only one way in or out. Old Whistling Sefus, the inside doorman, kept watch perched high on a stool, shotgun across his knees. A nonsmoker, he never drank and he saw everything. If a real rumble started, Sefus would merely bar the door and push the buzzer that signaled Sacramento Slim, the outside lookout, that there was trouble. Once that buzzer sounded, nobody could get in, not even the police. What began in Seventh Heaven ended right there, too.

My starting salary was supposed to be \$25 a week, but I never knew what I was paid. Sometimes Country would give me a Mexican dollar bill, then, before the week was up, hand out a 20 or even a 100. Since tips were great and whiskey was free, we never dared ask for wages; Country just might jump salty, so we let well enough alone.

One memorable morning around seven or eight, just as we finished playing, Country, who was tending bar at the time, yelled, "Hey, you little sad-assed horn tooter, come on and have a drink with me." I was flattered; Country never drank with his help. He put a pint of good Canadian rye on the table, poured some high-class sherry for himself and proceeded to reminisce about his past. He told me how he started out being a runner for the old Hudson Dusters gang, then worked up to being part of Monk Eastman's mob specializing in strikebreaking and strong-arm stuff. Finally, he got his own organization up on San Juan Hill, where most of the colored people lived at the time. Country then confidentially told me he no longer had anything to do with sporting women or dope, except for smoking the poppy, which in sporting circles proved that a man could afford the best. With a sigh he said he'd like to make one more good haul at safecracking (his specialty) and retire to a farm away from everything illegal. Looking back, I'll never know if Country was conning me or setting me up for the pitch that came next: "Boy, you look like a good kid. I like you. Now you listen and listen good, 'cause I ain't gonna say this but once. Do as I tell you and you'll never be sorry. Smarten up; be somebody! First of all, you gotta cut way down on the whiskey. Drinking is OK, but getting drunk all the time is out—get me? Out! Next is women. You gotta know how to live with 'em and handle 'em. If you don't, they'll handle you; and when that happens, you ain't a man; and if you ain't a man, you might as well be dead—get me?" He poured us

another drink and continued, "So the way you handle it is never get one that you love. Get somebody that loves you, but don't you fall in love with her. If in case you do, quit the bitch and get the hell out while you're still a man, 'cause the breed can't help but devour a man, especially if she knows he loves her."

"Hold onto these truths as long as you live and you'll find them to be true. Now, dough is important, but it ain't everything. The thing to do if you get a chance is to grab a bundle, run like hell and go straight from then on. I'm gonna give you that chance because you're young and I want to do somebody some good. Besides, I got a hunch I can trust you."

So saying, he opened a big compartment behind the bar and started piling money in front of me. You can believe my eyes popped wider and wider and I started sobering up. I had never seen so much money in my life. All kinds of thoughts tumbled through my head. I was a green kid, as naive as they come and completely at a loss as to what Country had in mind with this display. I guess he got a kick from my expression, because he laughed and said, "Don't get so excited, kid, ain't you never seen queer dough before?" I felt absolutely sober as he continued, "Here's the deal—every day I will give you a hundred or so to take up to Philly, Stamford, anyplace close to town, and spend. Buy shirts, suits or anything with this scratch and I'll give you twenty percent of the good money you bring back. If you get caught, telephone this number and I'll have a lawman spring you, just don't let *nobody* know my name! If you have to take a beating, take it; I'll pay you for taking it. Just stick to your story—you found this on the street and didn't know it was queer."

Every syllable registered like the blow of a hammer, not because of the opportunity but because everything inside me said No, this is definitely not for me! The problem was how to get out of it without making an enemy of Country. I asked for time to sleep on it, went jamming way downtown and the next night I was working in a little joint in Hackensack. I just couldn't go Country's route; in fact, I was so scared I stayed away from New York about two months and only mention this 40 years later because I know Country has been dead a long time.

• • •

Jack "Legs" Diamond, as the man in power with his Little Caesar vulnerability, and Country, the seemingly invulnerable gangster, were interesting studies, but an obscure handy man named Clarence "Pshitty Sam" Samuels presents in retrospect a character far more spectacular. The story of how Clarence Samuels

(continued on page 152)



THE DAY ARNOLD PALMER
WAS BLACKBALLED
AT THE FAIRWOOD
GOLF AND TENNIS CLUB
humor **By** PETER ANDREWS

Harry! A bourbon and water. And this time don't drown it . . . Well, you fellows can do whatever you want to . . . I don't pretend to be the only man on the Greens Committee, but if you ask me, I'd ban every single one of these touring professionals from Fairwood right now. Who thought up this ridiculous idea of a two-ball tourney with professionals, anyway? I mean, that pro-am tournament Bing Crosby runs at Pebble Beach really cuts it thin enough. But my God! When you set up a tournament where a pro and an amateur actually play side by side and take alternate shots at the same ball, then, for my money, you come pretty close to ruining the whole spirit of the game. Are we really sure

(continued on page 145)



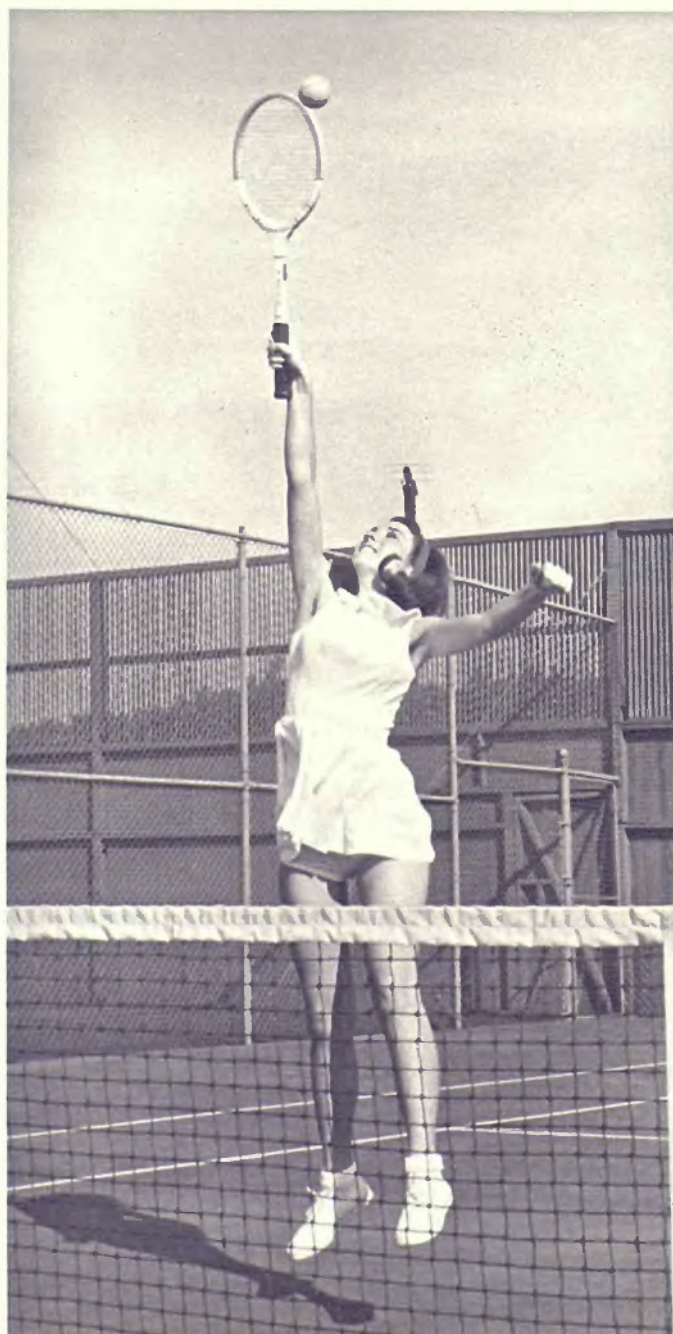


Tish talks over plans for an après-tennis rendezvous with one of her admirers outside Palm Springs' Racquet Club, then picks up a few backhand pointers from club owner and silent-screen star Charlie Farrell. Later, our Playmate shows smashing form both on and off the court.

PATRICIAN PLAYMATE

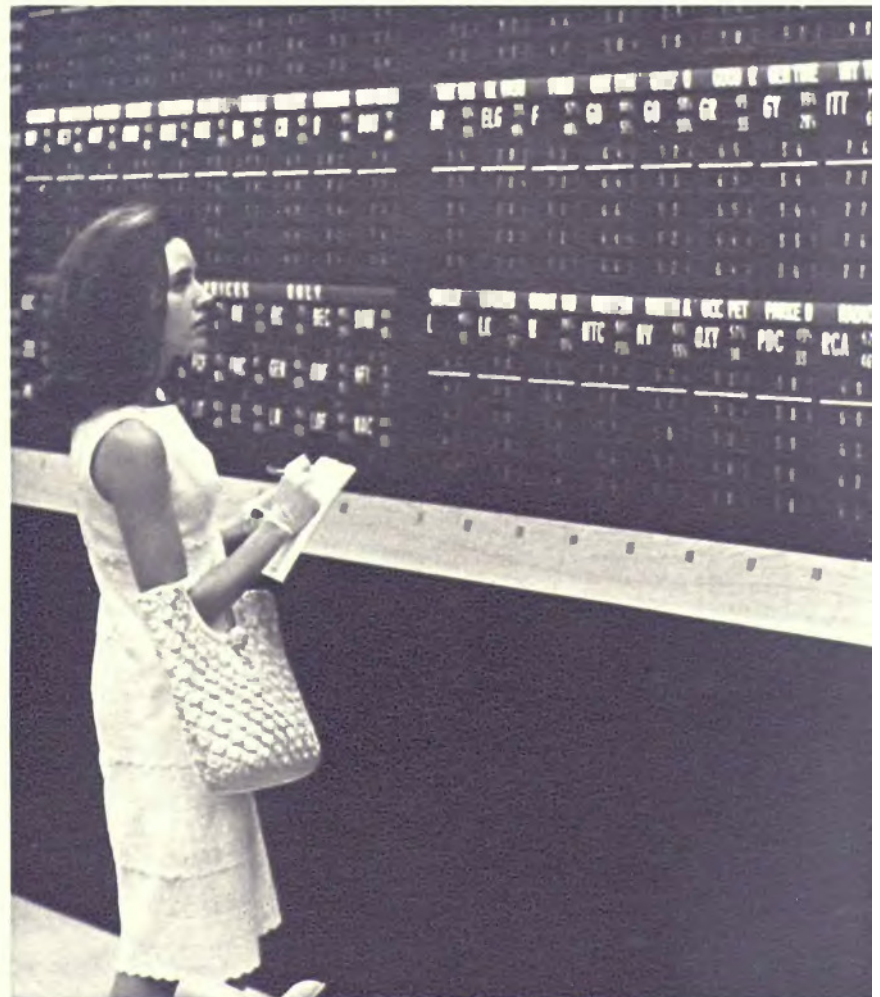
our haut monde miss july is a delectable debutante

WHEN IT COMES TO having a ball, 19-year-old Tish Howard—who recently debuted at coming-out galas on two continents—is undoubtedly our most accomplished Playmate to date. The debutante daughter of well-to-do West Coast parents ("Dad is a top scriptwriter. Mom is a successful painter, and I'm just a great spender") who make their home in both Palm Springs and Los Angeles' swank Holmby Hills section, Tish made her official high-society bow late last year amidst a bevy of other blue-blooded Angelino belles, then traveled to France in December as one of this country's comelier invitees to Versailles' 1965 International Debutante Ball. Currently eschewing a life of leisure in favor of devoting her summer to trying on a fashion-designing career for size, Tish is a better-than-average art major at a small Southern California college. "If I can keep





Our July deb and a caed companion take time out from a pre-exam cramming session for some old-fashioned girl talk in the den of Tish's parents' Holmby Hills estate ("Anyone who tells you that girls love to gossip is absolutely right"). Somebody left the sprinkler running as our barefoot beauty of the month tries valiantly but in vain for a dry run across the family back lawn ("I'd just taken a shower, too!").



Tish takes her father's Rolls-Royce for a downtown-L.A. shopping trip ("The Jag has barely enough room for me, a hatbox and a change of stockings"), then stops off at the stock-brokerage firm of E. F. Hutton to check on her current holdings ("I have only a few shares of my own, but the market has always fascinated me").



The junior motoring member of a four-car family, Tish gives her Jaguar its regular semiweekly rubdown with an assist from one of her able-bodied classmotes. "I made a deal with Dad," she explains. "As long as I wash my own car and keep within the speed limits, he pays the upkeep on it." At leafy luncheon on the Beverly Hills Hotel patio (below), Tish chats animatedly with an aunt and two cousins.





MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Tish treats her youngest cousin to a window-shopping expedition at Los Angeles' Farmer's Market, paying a visit to its pet shop's aviary. Later, browsing through a Beverly Hills toy store, the junior miss falls in love with a whole bevy of dolls and doll-house accouterments, bursts into tears when she's told she can't have them all. But Tish soothes her into settling for an ice-cream soda.

my grades up for another couple of years," she says. "there's a strong chance of my being accepted as an apprentice designer by one of the top French or Italian *couturiers* after graduation. Hitting the books has meant having to pass up a pair of invitations to deb balls this summer in Vienna and Monaco; but if I'm going to be serious about getting anywhere in a field as competitive as contemporary feminine fashions, my studies had better come first."

When she's not in hot pursuit of high fashion and higher marks, our *haut monde* July miss spends many an off-hour on the tennis courts near her parents' place in Palm Springs or atop a pair of water skis at Lake Arrowhead. "It's not that I have to travel so far from Los Angeles just for a little weekend relaxation," she explains, "but ever since my folks gave me a new XK-E last year, I've used any excuse to get it out on the highway and open her up." On days when the lady's not for burning up the road, however, there's always her collection of rare coins or an unread historical novel ("Robert Graves and Rebecca West take up most of my extracurricular reading time") to keep this well-bred beauty busy. "I'm not much for TV," Tish told us, "and except for an occasional late-show rerun of a Richard Burton or Burt Lancaster movie, you'll never find me sitting in front of the family tube. Actually, it's a simple case of being a much better participant than a spectator." Born on Independence Day, our red-white-and-blue-blooded July Playmate lets *PLAYBOY* readers join in her birthday celebration with a centerfold display of her gifts.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *compulsive gambler* as a guy who'd rather lay a bet than anything.



Two garment-district executives were consoling each other with news of how bad their respective businesses had been all year, when the subject of their two sons came up. The first executive shook his head sadly from side to side, exclaiming, "What a no-good son I've got. You really wouldn't believe it. I don't believe it myself. A twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year salary I give him, but you think he pays any attention to the business? He does not. He stays out all night, doesn't come to work until its time for lunch, and then fools around with the models in their dressing room the rest of the day."

"You think that's bad?" the second executive asked. "You should have *my* son. He's so much worse, you couldn't believe it. He also gets a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year salary, stays out all night, comes to work at noon, and spends the rest of the day fooling around with the models in their dressing room."

"So what makes him worse?" asked the first executive.

"You forget," replied the second executive, "I'm in men's clothes."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bathing beauty* as a girl worth wading for.

An experienced steward on a plush cruise ship was giving a young apprentice advice on how to handle unexpected situations: "If you enter a cabin at an embarrassing moment, pretend not to notice, and try to say something to put the passenger at ease. For instance, yesterday I entered a cabin just as a lovely young lady was about to step into the shower. Without a moment's hesitation, I turned away, saying, 'Excuse me, sir,' and went out."

That afternoon, while serving tea to the passengers, the young steward walked in on a honeymoon couple making love in a lower berth. Remembering what he had been told, he promptly turned away and, fumbling with the cups, politely inquired: "Either of you gentlemen take sugar?"

Have you heard about the bed-wetting racist who went to Klan meetings in a rubber sheet?

The spirited bidding at Sotheby's in London was halted temporarily when the auctioneer

held up his hand and announced:

"One of the gentlemen in the audience has lost his wallet containing fifteen thousand dollars. He has asked me to tell you that he is offering a reward of five hundred dollars for its immediate return—no questions asked."

There was a brief hush in the hall, then a voice from the back was heard: "Five twenty-five!"



An English friend reports that during a recent trip to Africa he was a luncheon guest at a monastery and was served such delicious fish and chips that he asked the good brothers if he might be allowed to meet the cook, in order to thank him personally for the delicious meal. There were several men working in the kitchen and our friend asked which of them had prepared the fish and chips.

"Well, I'm the fish friar," one man replied, "and that's the chip monk over there."



The expectant mother was in her seventh month when she decided to break the news to her small son.

"Darling," she said, "if you could have your choice, which would you like to have—a little brother or a little sister?"

"Well," said the child, "if it wouldn't put you too much out of shape, I'd really prefer a pony."

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 come we only have enough traveler's checks when you want something?!"



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"Fifi! He's not hurting Momma . . . !"

DON'T LAUGH UNLESS IT'S FUNNY

the fresno armenians' self-appointed wit—the one they called “the englishman”—had only one fault, but it proved fatal to his humor

WHAT WE ARE as a family is a lot of enemies who make fun of one another, imitate one another, belittle one another and laugh our heads off about the absurdities, pomposities, follies and general all-around ridiculousness of one another.

This may be the supreme friendship of which members of the same family are capable, or it may be that all of us are mad—from sheer good health, most likely. At any rate, we are still laughing at our heroes, now dead, whom we remember as old men, although these dead are younger men than we who remember them have become. We are the old men now, but we go on remembering one another as if we were still kids.

One of our heroes, Sark Bashmanian, called the Englishman, for instance, wasn't even 15 when he was given that nickname because of his ability to speak like English butlers he had seen in movies. He actually looked more like an Arab, but how do you imitate the speech mannerisms of the Arabs, considering they never invaded any of the first talking pictures, if, in fact, they ever invaded any of the later ones? Like most of us, he was a few inches under six feet, but because he was roly-poly he seemed shorter. He had a hawk nose that was decent enough, certainly true and valid at any rate, and just right for the dark round face it was set in, the earnest full mouth over which it stood and the smallish intense but rather dreamy and even forgetful eyes it was under. Sark, or the Englishman, began to lose his hair before he was 20, and that is most unusual among us. We generally don't ever lose our hair, although it tends to become gray at the temples when we have had 30 years.

We are all of us actors of one sort or another, although the idea of going on the stage, as such, never entered our heads. We acted in the world, and some of our acting was rather good, too. It could have been worth a great deal of money, and made a lot of fame, but it just didn't seem to occur to any of us that acting was something to sell or to get famous by—we were famous enough to one another, in any case. The fact is we enjoyed two orders of fame—the courteous order, which was not necessarily untrue but certainly wasn't true enough, and the discourteous order, which was probably just a little truer than the other. The courteous order of fame enjoyed by the Englishman, for instance, was that he was an awfully funny storyteller, and the fact is he was. In addition to the movie butlers he knew how to be, he was very good at being a highly excitable Italian, or a patient and friendly but unloved and unwanted Jew, a deep-voiced simple-minded Negro, and many others, such as fairies, Okies, Mexicans, Indians and Japanese.

When the Englishman did Armenians, we were scarcely aware that he *was* doing them, because that's who we were, although he did them specifically by name: his father, his father's four brothers, his father's three sisters, his mother, and a whole variety of others we knew, each of whom had his own peculiar style of speaking, swearing, shouting and laughing.

He had this skill of mimicry, as of course all of us did, in one degree or another. All of our kids began early in life talking in scornful imitation of mama and papa, uncle and aunt, grandma and grandpa.

One day when the Englishman was 22, married and the father of a small son, he ran into his cousin Vigan Bashmanian, called Vigo, who was then 17, and is now 50, and he said, "Vigo, come on in here and sit down." At that time the Englishman worked in his father's furniture store on Mariposa Street, where he affected a lordly order of English when he felt a prospective customer would be impressed by it, and where he acted as all-around contact man with the business world, with the furniture wholesalers who came to the store, and with customers who wanted to open charge accounts. Consequently, he had a little office at the back of the store, and it was to this office that he took Vigo that day. The furniture in the office was all quite good, and Vigo was invited to sit down in a very comfortable red-leather chair.

"I want to tell a number of new stories I've been working on," he said, and Vigo thought, "Oh, boy, this nut is going to bore me for at least an hour now, what shall I do?" He was fond of the Englishman. We all were, but Vigo, like all the rest of us, was afraid, whenever he ran into him, that the Englishman would want to try out some of his latest stories on him. These stories were actually jokes the San Francisco wholesalers had told him, which he in turn had thought about and had enlarged and ornamented. He had a good feeling for detail and he liked to build his stories slowly, so that a joke that a wholesaler would tell in one minute flat the Englishman would tell in five. And they weren't really barren minutes. On the contrary, they were frequently pleasant. If I wasn't in a hurry, for instance, or thinking about something I wanted to go on thinking about, I enjoyed the Englishman's long drawn-out versions of American jokes. Vigo, himself a mimic of great



fiction

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

skill and speed, had very innocently been on his way to the furniture store when he had come face to face with the Englishman. Vigo had wanted to see if he could borrow a dime from the Englishman, or from his father, Paulus, or perhaps even have Paulus ask him to go on an errand for maybe as much as a quarter, but there had been no customer in the store on this very hot afternoon in August 1927, and Paulus was fast asleep in an overstuffed chair at the front of the store, waiting for a customer to come in.

And now, at the back of the store here was the Englishman at work, practicing the recitation of a new story. Vigo wanted to get up and hurry away, when his cousin said in his own voice and speech, which had a kind of lazy, mushy slur to it, "Vigo, you're just the man I've been hoping to run into for many days now."

Vigo's spirits lifted a little because he thought this might mean that the Englishman had a chore of some kind for him to do, for a dime or a quarter, or if it was for the rest of the afternoon, for 35 cents, maybe.

"Yeah, Sark? Me?"

"You and no other, Vigo."

"What's on your mind?"

And then it happened.

The English butler arrived into Sark's voice and he said, "What's on my mind, lad? We'll soon know what's on my mind."

Vigo wanted to talk to Sark, not to the Englishman, but once the Englishman had arrived on the scene, it was impossible to get through to Sark. With a dime Vigo would have been able to pay his way into the Bijou Theater, where two features, a comedy, a travelog, a newsreel and a Tarzan were showing, but now this whole happy possibility of the afternoon appeared to be shot to hell. Vigo liked going to the Bijou, because he enjoyed noticing how ridiculous the movies were, including the newsreels, and it made him feel good to talk back to the stupid stuff, sometimes out loud, sometimes softly, sometimes only in his mind. Vigo's whole life so far had been one unfortunate, comic event after another, but at the movies he saw people involved in even more unfortunate, more ridiculous, more comic and stupid events than he had ever known, and this was a kind of comfort to him. At any rate, after a three-or-four-hour visit to the Bijou, Vigo always felt better, sometimes good, now and then great, and he didn't mind at all going home quickly to a big dinner. In fact, invariably after three or four hours at the Bijou, he walked home quickly and eagerly, talking and laughing about everything on the way, eager to sit down and eat and go on being Vigo Bashmanian.

Now, though, Vigo was in the red-leather chair, and he really didn't like the feeling of being captured. He didn't

mind being an audience, as such; he simply preferred to pick his time and place. For instance, if a customer had come into the store and Sark had gone to work trying to make the customer buy a heavy dining-room set when all the poor Mexican wanted was a kitchen table, Vigo would enjoy watching the performance, because it would *be* funny. The bewildered Mexican would *make* it funny. Now, though, Vigo was in the unhappy position of the Mexican, and it scared him.

Now, in his own voice, Sark said, "Here's the first story, but don't laugh unless it's funny."

But this remark itself was so funny to Vigo that he jumped to his feet, laughing, and Sark's face fell, as if he had been insulted. Vigo didn't want to be rude, so he quickly stopped laughing as Sark said, "No, this is serious, Vigo. I've put in a lot of work on these stories and I want to try them out on somebody I can trust. Just sit down and relax, and let me tell you the first one and let's see if it makes you laugh."

Vigo said, "I wish you hadn't said that, Sark. It makes me feel self-conscious. I won't really know *what* to laugh at now."

"I think you will, Vigo."

And the Englishman began to tell the first story. About this London Lady who was in bed with the gardener while her husband, the Lord, was in the bathtub having his back scrubbed by the upstairs maid, who had refused to work without having her eyes blindfolded. The Lady said something, the gardener said something and, since they were in bed, it was about petunias and fuchsias, which Sark mispronounced, but not on purpose. Then, the Lord said something, and the upstairs maid said something, and pretty soon it began to go on and on, and Vigo's mind began to wander because he believed he had plenty of time to bring his mind back in time for the point. And then all of a sudden he noticed that Sark wasn't talking any more.

"Was that the story?"

"For God's sake, Vigo, what happened?"

"I guess it wasn't funny, Sark."

"That's impossible. It's one of the funniest stories I've ever told. All right, all right, let's say you didn't like it. Let's go on to the second story."

The first story had taken about five minutes. The second was taking even longer, and to Vigo it seemed as if it was *never* going to end. He kept forcing himself to listen, to try to believe that what he was hearing *was* funny, but it was hard work, and again his mind wandered, and when the story ended, again he didn't laugh, he just sat there.

"Are you trying to tell me that *this* story isn't funny, too?" Sark said.

"Not necessarily," Vigo said. "It isn't

that it isn't funny, it's just that you got me confused by telling me how to listen, and I think that that's making me miss all the things I wouldn't have missed if I hadn't been told. I guess I took you too seriously about not laughing unless I couldn't help it. I guess I wanted to find out if your stories *would* make me laugh, the way you believed they would."

"I'm awfully surprised they didn't."

"I'm sure it's my fault."

"The stories *weren't* funny?"

"Well, they didn't make me laugh."

"All right, all right," Sark said. "Let bygones be bygones, the best is yet to come," and inwardly Vigo groaned and wished he had never been born into the lousy family. The fact is, the stories *had* been funny, and Sark's way of telling them had been funny. If Vigo hadn't been captive, if Sark had been telling the stories to a couple of wholesalers from San Francisco and Vigo had been over to one side, out of range, and not captive, as the wholesalers would have been, Vigo was sure he would have had a great time, because the stories really didn't need to be funny at all, the thing that made for the real comedy was Sark himself.

"Now, the third story," Sark said, "and I defy you not to laugh at this one."

"Hold it," Vigo said. "You've killed the story for me already. I've been defied, and so it's going to be impossible for me to laugh. Skip the third one, tell the fourth one, and don't expect anything. I don't want to tell you how to tell your stories, Sark, but I don't think you're giving yourself a fair shake by telling me what is going to happen to me when you tell them, because you ought to know by now that that's not the way I'm made, that's not the way any of us are made. We get everything we get on the bounce, or we don't get it at all. Why do you think none of us is a big success?"

"None of us?" Sark said. "I consider myself a very big success."

"As *what*?"

"Well, first," Sark said, "where it doesn't really count, because it's only a living, as a furniture salesman, not to mention buyer. Ask any of the wholesalers who come in here if they have ever been able to pull a fast one on me. They haven't. I buy my furniture for less than the smartest furniture dealers in San Francisco, and on top of that I get ninety days, not sixty. But that's business, and the hell with it. Where I'm really a success is in storytelling. I'd just like you to be in here someday when I've got a couple of wholesalers to tell my stories to."

"I *have* been in here on a day like that, Sark. Have you forgotten?"

"Well, what happened?"

(continued on page 151)

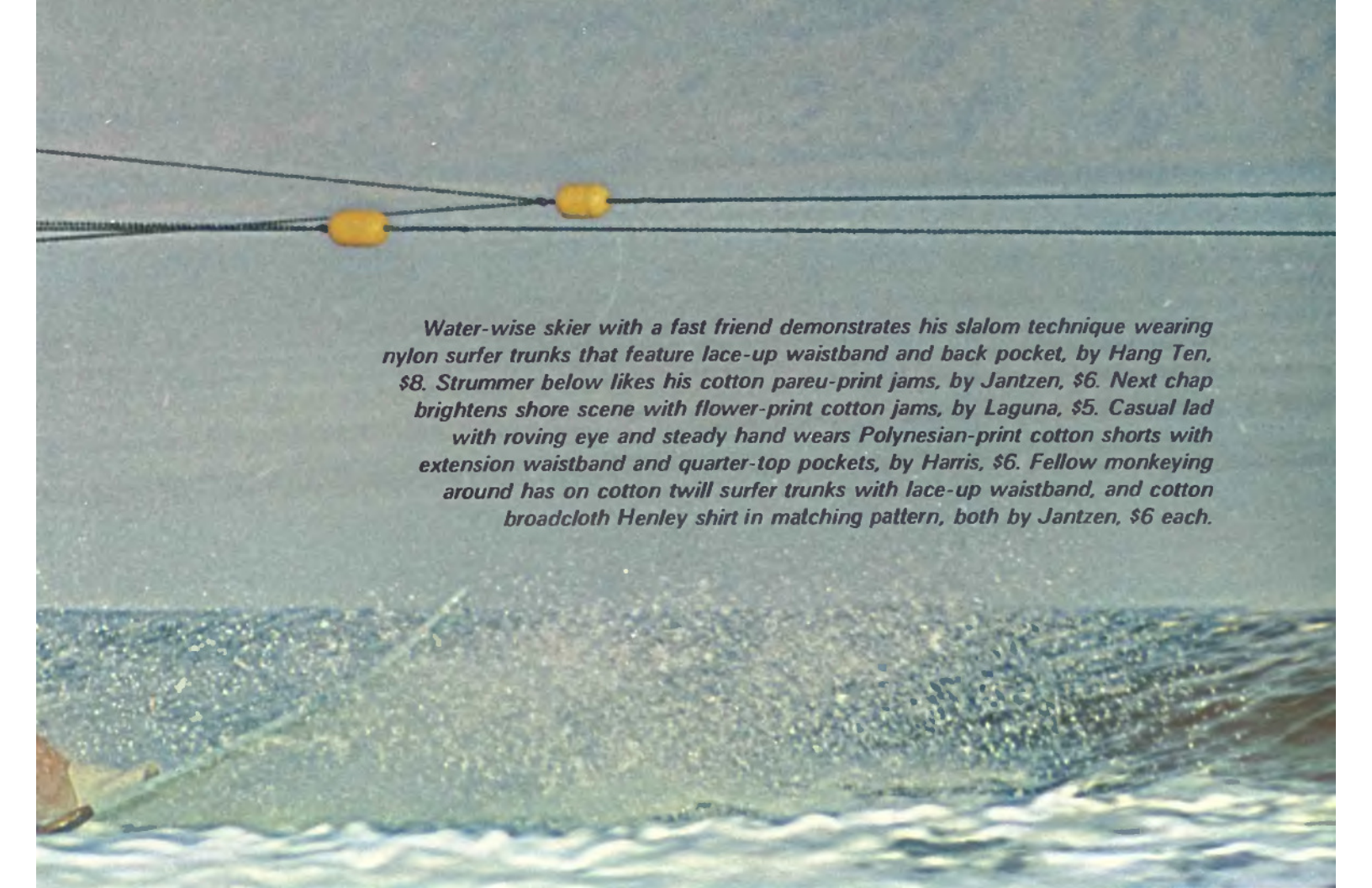
IN THE SWIM

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN** *how to make a stylish splash in surf and on strand*



*Guy gets playful
dousing in cotton
broadcloth jams
with drawstring waist,
by Jantzen, \$5.*





Water-wise skier with a fast friend demonstrates his slalom technique wearing nylon surfer trunks that feature lace-up waistband and back pocket, by Hang Ten, \$8. Strummer below likes his cotton pareu-print jams, by Jantzen, \$6. Next chap brightens shore scene with flower-print cotton jams, by Laguna, \$5. Casual lad with roving eye and steady hand wears Polynesian-print cotton shorts with extension waistband and quarter-top pockets, by Harris, \$6. Fellow monkeying around has on cotton twill surfer trunks with lace-up waistband, and cotton broadcloth Henley shirt in matching pattern, both by Jantzen, \$6 each.



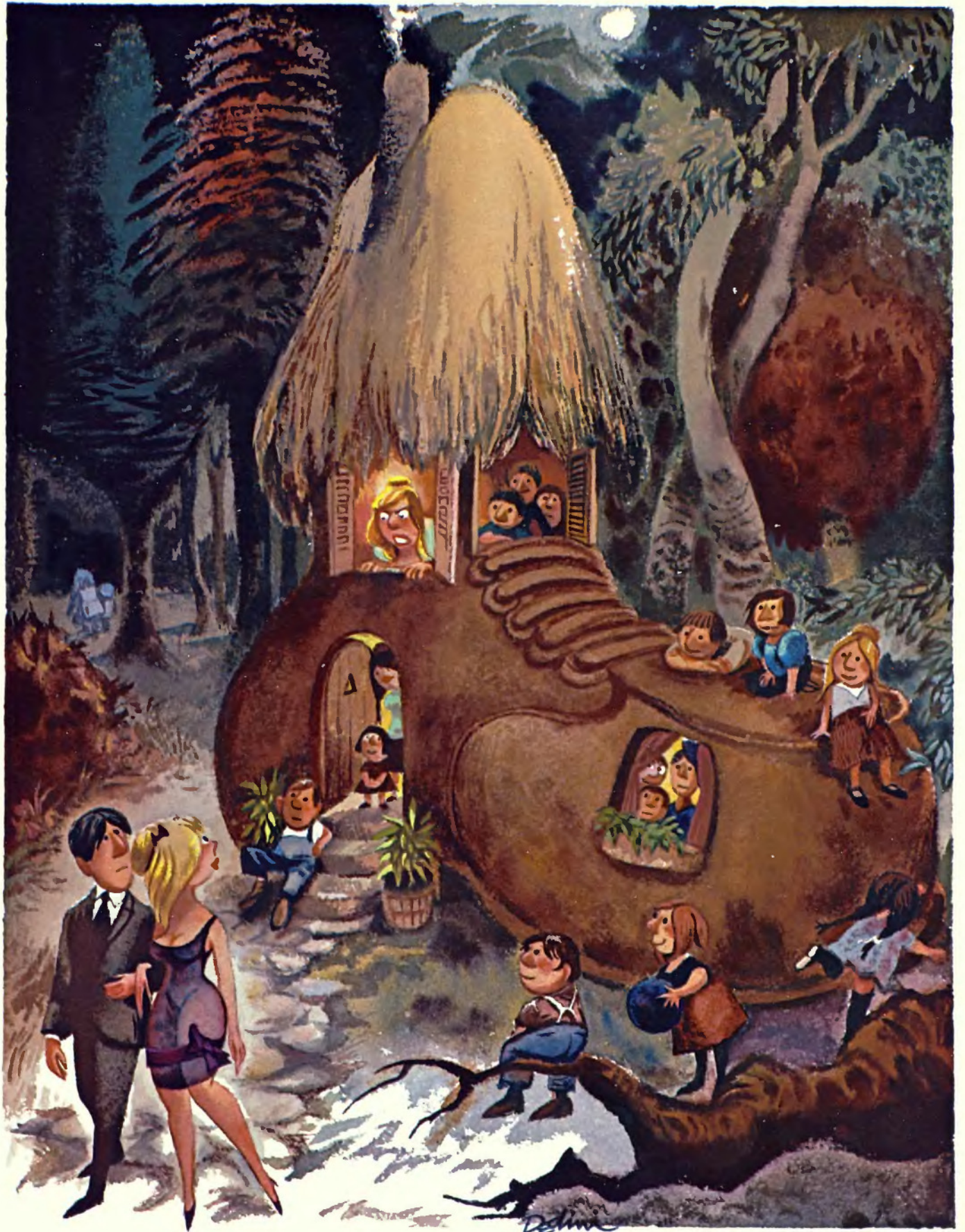


The swinger above sports a wool knit pullover, by Penguin, \$18, worn over wash-and-wear slacks, by Day's, \$8. Poolsider looks fine in surfer pullover, \$8, and cotton trunks, \$7, by Catalina. On-the-rocks guy wears corduroy pullover, \$9, and trunks, \$6, both by Catalina. Gent at fireside wears scrub-denim pullover, \$11, with matching jams, \$6, both by Martin; while the fruggers like nylon jackets, \$16 and \$15, over matching surfer trunks, \$7 each, all by Silton.

FROM COAST TO COAST, beachniks like to go down to the sea in style, toggled out in the latest of shoreside wearables. Surfers and sunners alike, in all corners of the country, will want a large and diversified wardrobe for surf and strand to take care of their water-borne needs. This year's summer-swear splash will be bigger than ever, with bright color combinations straight from a Gauguin palette. The tropical look of oversized floral prints has drifted from Polynesia to our own shores. Beach sports this season are going big for "jams"—loose-fitting, knee-length trunks that look like chopped-off pajama bottoms. Corduroy trunks in solid or multicolored patterns are another new arrival on the scene. Many top them off with a coordinated buttondown pullover or a multicolored velour. The guys and gals pictured here having their own beach ball are attired in the very latest in swimwear—a refreshing array that will make you make fashion news from Portland to Palm Beach.







"Did you remember to take your pill?"

GYPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

HOW THE EXECUTIVE CAN THREAD HIS WAY THROUGH A FINANCIAL LANDSCAPE MINED WITH DOLLAR-DIVESTING CHICANERY

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

I HAVE BEEN in business a long time, and I've seen a sizable chunk of the business world. It has been my experience that the majority of businessmen are honest, and that they conduct their business affairs honestly, adhering to the spirit as well as the letter of the law.

Nonetheless, one is liable to encounter cheats and frauds in the business world just as he is liable to encounter them anywhere. There are always some individuals in every sector of commerce and industry who cut corners, seek out the loopholes in the laws and engage in unethical or even illegal practices. They are, however, in the minority—and the great mass of legitimate businessmen would dearly love to be rid of them.

But obviously, the world in which we live is hardly utopian. Everyone—be he taxi driver or tycoon—has to be on his guard to avoid being cheated in the market place by the small but ubiquitous percentage of unethical or dishonest businessmen.

I received my introduction to these more dismal facts of business life early in my career, when I began wildcatting for oil in Oklahoma. The great Oklahoma oil rush was a magnet that drew highbinders, swindlers and plain ordinary crooks as well as honest, hard-working men to the drilling sites and boom towns. Land pirates, credit sharks, confidence men and manipulators of all kinds were among those who flocked to the oil fields. Fraudulent leases, bogus deeds, worthless stocks—these were only a few of the devices the swindlers employed to mulct money from the unwary and gullible. Countless people were fleeced in one way or another by the sharpsters.

Among the most vicious forms of fraud was the fatal credit trap that crooked “grubstakers” and unscrupulous equipment dealers set for wildcatting operators who held leases on promising properties.

“Take all the equipment and gear you need. Just sign this paper,” was the siren song chanted by the credit sharks. “We trust you. The paper is a mere formality.”

The wildcatter who signed received all the credit he needed—until he brought in a producing well. Then the vultures who held his notes would descend and take over his lease and equipment, leaving him little but the clothes he wore.

One of my acquaintances fell into such a trap. Holding the lease on a property he felt certain would prove to bear oil, he went to a credit shark. Signing the agreements that were thrust under his nose, he purchased everything he needed to drill a test well—on credit. He spudded his well and a few weeks later struck oil. The man who held his notes immediately called them in and seized the wildcatter's lease and rig. To his sorrow, the wildcatter learned he had no recourse; the fine-print clauses in the agreements he had signed gave his creditor the right to do as he pleased. The gyp eventually netted a \$250,000 profit on the lease he literally stole.

The most regrettable aspect of such incidents was that there was absolutely no need for them to happen. For every credit shark operating in the oil fields, there were two legitimate machinery-and-equipment firms who would grubstake and extend credit to independent operators. I, myself, occasionally found that I was short of capital and had to buy machinery and equipment on credit. I never encountered any undue difficulty in obtaining what I needed on fair terms from reputable dealers. I, like many other successful oilmen, willingly concede that I owe at least part of my success to the help I received from legitimate machinery-and-equipment dealers who grubstaked me at various times during the early stages of my career.

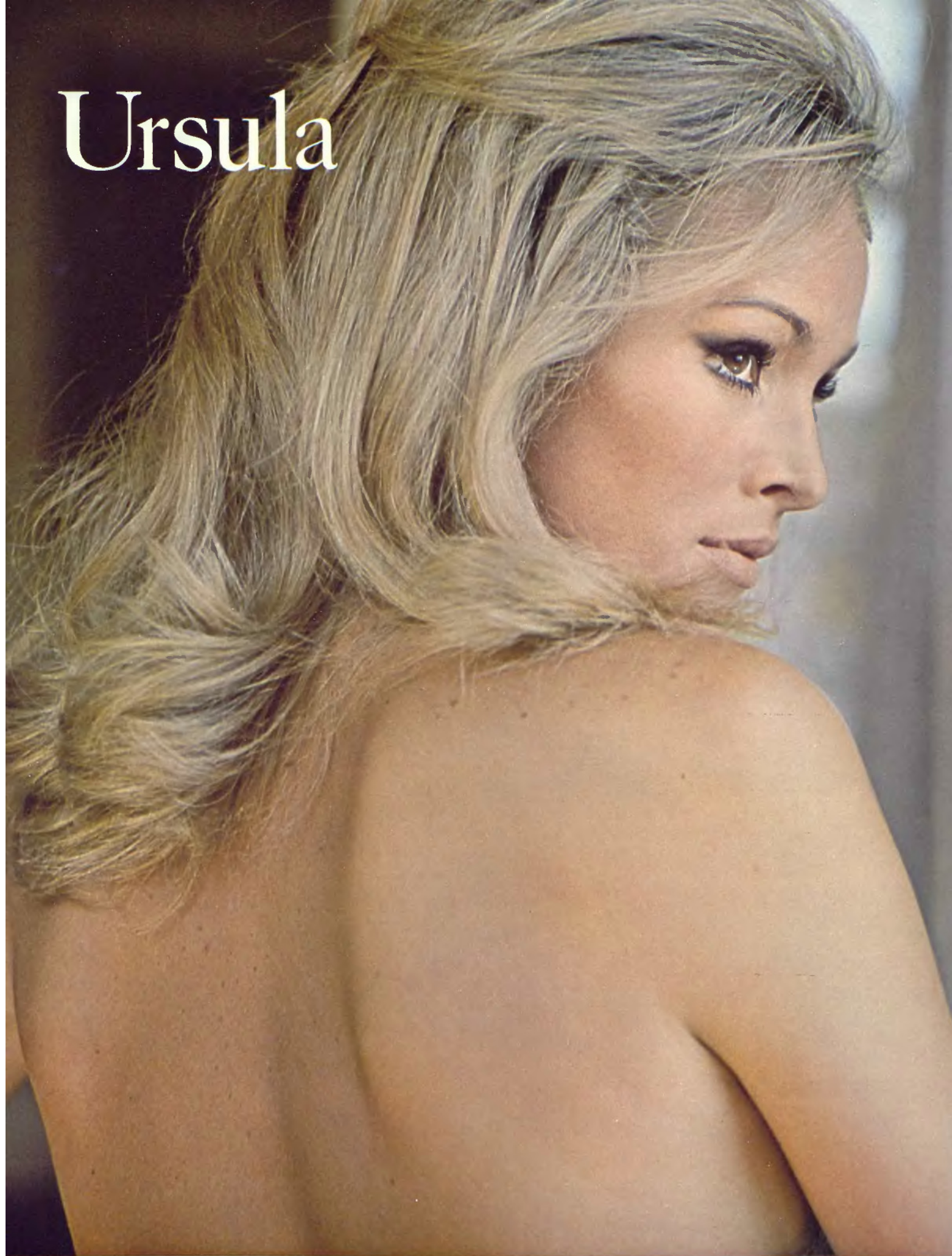
There were also other avenues open to the wildcatter who was short of cash. Banks, and individuals with capital to spare, would finance exploration and drilling operations at fair rates of interest or in return for reasonable shares in a venture.

Why, then, didn't all independent operators obtain their financing from legitimate sources? The reasons are many, varied—and familiar. In the first place, the credit sharks talked fast and made everything seem ever so easy and attractive. They seldom mentioned such sordid details as interest rates or the method of repayment. On the other hand, reputable dealers clearly stated the terms on which they would grant credit; they made no pretense of giving anything away free. They also took a bit more time to think things over than did the sharks, who grabbed eagerly at any proposition, for they knew they could afford almost any risks on their immense profit margins.

Then, some wildcatters had an instinctive distrust of banks and bankers. Their concept of a banker was of a gimlet-eyed, rapacious plunderer of widows and orphans—a totally erroneous idea but one unfortunately still held by many.

The cruelhearted, cold-blooded banker is a good “heavy” (continued on page 116)

Ursula





a pictorial report on her ascent to sex stardom

IN HER FIRST STARRING ROLE, as Honeychile Rider—the child-of-nature heroine of *Dr. No*—Swiss screen siren Ursula Andress emerged from the sea like a latter-day Venus, thus serving advance notice, to connoisseurs of comeliness, of her impending reign as the queen of contemporary cinema sex goddesses. Coming up quickly through the ranks of filmdom's celestial bodies, she received subsequent star billing opposite Frank Sinatra (*Four for Texas*) and Peter O'Toole (*What's New, Pussycat?*), then secured her status as the screen's high priestess of pulchritude in the title role of *She*. Today, just three years from the date of her initial cinematic conquest as a Bonded beauty, Ursula is the acknowledged sex star *ne plus ultra* and a current able-bodied screenmate of such leading Lotharios as Marcello Mastroianni (*The Tenth Victim*), Jean-Paul Belmondo (*Up to His Ears*) and George Peppard (*The Blue Max*). Already the subject of the longest PLAYBOY pictorial feature ever devoted to any one fair lady (*She Is Ursula Andress*, June 1965), she makes a resplendent return this month in an up-to-date photographic report on her rapid ascent to the summit of international box-office acclaim. Even in her off-camera moments—such as the above between-scenes shots of the bikiniéd bombshell gamboling with first co-star Sean Connery and going it alone—Ursula gave early evidence of her future claim to a cinema queen's crown. Later likenesses of the unadorned Ursula—including the life-sized painting of her below, by artist Ben Stahl, which provided the *Four for Texas* sets with a most provocative prop—prompted one film producer to refer to her stellar anatomy as the “greatest example of Swiss architecture since the Alps.”





Between takes for her forthcoming film, *Up to His Ears*, Ursula basked on a secluded palm-fringed beach on Malaya's Langkawi Island, while enjoying the pleasure of co-star Jean-Paul Belmondo's company. The latest in a laugh-laden line of Belmondo's screen adventure farces, *Up to His Ears* finds the man from Rio and the sensuous Ursula playing a pair of romantic cutups who hop all over the Orient trying to flee a troupe of hired assassins. The two cinema sex symbols start out on their trans-Asiatic safari—all the way from Hong Kong to the Himalayas and back again—as little more than friendly fellow targets, but by picture's end, they have heeded the call to each other's arms.





In an early-reel scene from *Up to His Ears*, Ursula serves a stint as a striptease in a Hong Kong night club (left), and while dutifully doling her duds for the boys at stage-side, she understandably imbues the doomed and despairing Belmondo with a new zest for life—and liberties. Part of the same shooting that supplied *PLAYBOY* with its June 1965 pictorial uncoverage of the previously hidden Andress assets, the above photo was taken by actor-director John Derek while on location in the Philippines for the filming of his forthcoming *Once Before I Die*—a Seven Arts production depicting the Japanese invasion of the islands—in which Ursula has a specially written-in starring role. Although she refused to do the nude scenes called for in the original scenario for *She* on the ground that “it’s often sexier to keep your clothes on,” the blonde beauty reversed her position in our pages soon after with the explanation that she was “not against nudity when it is used for a purpose and is done with a maximum of taste, style and class.” Although cinemaphiles have since been granted increased exposure of Ursula’s fetching frame, *PLAYBOY* remains the only medium in which the screen’s reigning sex queen has offered proofs positive of her regal charms.



As the comeliest of comic relievers in Woody Allen's *What's New, Pussycat?*, Ursula parachuted onto the screen and subsequently brought out the best in Peter O'Toole's bedside manner (above)—no mean feat in view of the fact that he was already being pursued by such other *sensualistes* as Capucine, Paula Prentiss and Romy Schneider. With Latin lover Marcello Mastroianni in *The Tenth Victim*, however, it was strictly a case of kiss and kill when Ursula used her seductive wiles (below) to size up a new victim for a futuristic society that bestowed honors on ten-time winners in a coeducational game of major-league murder.





At the time these two previously unpublished photos (left and above) from her original *PLAYBOY* shooting were taken, Ursula was somewhat ambivalent about her future in films. She told us then, "After *She*, I may never make another picture; and then again, I may." Now a confirmed and dedicated movie actress, Ursula is currently starring in 20th Century's *The Blue Max*—a tale about the derring-do of World War One's air aces—in which cinematic candor is the order of the day as she and George Peppard (below) become the best of bunkmates.





Back from a hard day of dogfighting, aviator George Peppard (an amateur pilot, he did all of his own flying for the airborne sequences in *The Blue Max*) makes the most of being grounded with his glamorous leading lady. In what 20th Century moguls rate as "the most sensational love scene ever screened," unclad and uninhibited Ursula takes her high-and-mighty hero on one of filmdom's wildest flings, proving that war isn't *all* hell.







man at his leisure

*artist leroy neiman depicts the action at
england's most regal race track*

THE ROYAL ASCOT, English nobility's most elegant turfside event, is a gala four-day gathering traditionally timed for mid-June. Presided over by the Crown since 1711, it offers British bluebloods the chance to sport fair-weather finery while rooting home a favorite thoroughbred in the famed Hunt Cup and Gold Cup races. The spectators' attire is almost as colorful as the jockeys' multicolored silks, with gentlemen donning traditional morning coats, top hats and waistcoats while their ladies fair top off late-spring ensembles with oversized chapeaux especially created for the occasion. The gentry keep track-based bookmakers and the pari-mutuel windows in the Royal Enclosure operating at a brisk clip. LeRoy Neiman, *PLAYBOY*'s artist laureate, toting brush and palette to post and paddock, has captured the pageantry on and about the track. He reports: "Ascot, which lies about 18 miles due west of London, is the perfect spot for a royal running. The grandstand sits atop the meadows like a white-lace ruff on a green-velvet cape. Opening day, all roads are bumper tight with Rolls-Royces, Jaguars and other gleaming marques as the British peerage heads for the racecourse. The Queen officially opens the meeting by taking a once-around-the-track in a horse-drawn carriage. Then she adjourns to the royal box to cheer on her own royal entry."

Brightly silked jockeys parade the Royal Ascot's thoroughbred entries postward while sartorially resplendent bettors look for last-minute inspiration. Top: The old guard maintains a lordly manner while waiting for the action. Stiff upper lips are the order of the day—win or lose.



In the royal paddock, a half-dozen horseflesh fanciers carefully weigh the pros and cons of a mount just prior to posttime. The customary sudden shower dampens few spirits as most spectators, including the unperturbed high-and-dry nobleman, above, wisely bring their brollies with them. Comments Neiman, "After the downpour, raindrops on the turf sparkle like diamonds in the Queen's crown. When the day's meet is over, lords and ladies retire to the pubs located in the trackside village of Ascot for *après-turf* aperitifs. A toast to the winners is a pleasant ritual that precedes a comparison of notes on the next day's entries."



As their riders urge them on, the high-spirited mounts leap away from the starting wire during the running of the Queen Anne Stakes race, which begins the meeting in properly posh style. Right: Neiman's railbird's-eye view of the neck-and-neck finish.





"Down . . . ?!"

the generous gift of gabon

a 17th Century French farce

Ribald Classic

THE ROBUST YOUNG student Alceste went to Paris to study and found lodging with the pompous logician Gabon. This Gabon had as his ward a beautiful girl of 19, Lucinde, of whom he was passionately jealous. And not without reason—for it was known she had jousted in the past. Noting the student's handsome physique and roving eye, Gabon warned him: "Confine your mind to your studies and your person to your room. Lucinde is learning the ways of virtue so that she will be worthy to be my wife." And with this fatuous suggestion, Gabon was off to his carafe at the corner café.

Alceste made a haphazard attempt to comply with this bidding, but the sight of Lucinde was far more than he could endure. Thus, he soon found himself popping his eyes with a peculiar projection that seemed to make them stand out on sticks.

This went not unnoticed by Gabon. "Young men are all fools," the old pedant said to him. "They reason that all they have to do is look at a girl and she walks obediently to their bed. Even the maiden has a better mind than yours. She knows that the best protection against the world is the serious mind of a mature man." (Here Gabon laughed.) "Even if by some miracle you did succeed in forcing upon her your too obvious attentions, her charity would prompt her to tell me the truth. Then, with much regret of course, I would have you removed to the provinces."

The old man's words gave Alceste much pause for rumination, and, eventually, an idea. On a day when fortune took everyone from the house but himself and Lucinde, Alceste lay supine upon the floor near her locked chamber and proceeded to groan as though his next breath would be his final one. Opening her door, Lucinde rushed to him and placed his head in her lap. "I shall go for a doctor if you think it wise."

"Unwise, indeed, is my diagnosis, my dear," Alceste replied with a fraudulent moan. "For it is you who have made me ill, and as the good Gabon himself has taught you to be generous, I doubt not that you will but grant a dying man so simple a cure as a healing caress."

Now, even when she thought about this seeming unusual suggestion, Lucinde could not, in logic, commit so grave an omission, and so bent her head in repose. This proved so pleasant a maneuver that she decided upon further treatment, which she forthwith applied during the remainder of the afternoon—until utter exhaustion bade both of them stay.

When it was time for physician and patient to part, Alceste begged Lucinde not to reveal her therapy to Gabon.

"But I have never lied to him," Lucinde said innocently. "And surely he will not condemn an act of charity that was its own reward."

Alceste gave great thought to this argument, and then spoke. "Certainly I agree that Gabon will be proud of this sacrifice. But tell me, has the good philosopher not also said that to boast of charity is to rob it




DANCE

of its virtue?"

"It is one of his favorite lessons," Lucinde admitted.

"And thus to boast of having saved my poor life would sadden a man whose feelings you have been taught to spare. Sometimes, Lucinde, there is the virtue of silence."

The logic of this was so apparent to the maid that she resolved never to pain Gabon with the truth. Thus, Alceste continued to enjoy the delightful ministrations of Lucinde, a girl whose only virtue till then had been silence, but who now was credited with the sparing of one man's feelings and the relieving of the suffering of another. And under her constant treatment, Alceste in time grew thin and wan—but, strangely, he didn't seem to mind this at all.

—Retold by Jack Paublan  115

GYPS THAT PASS (continued from page 101)

character for cheap cowboy films, but that's about all. The average banker is a man who is in business to help his clients—be they depositors or borrowers. He must safeguard the interests of the former and supply the needs of the latter. That's the only way he can stay in the banking business.

Still other independents were reluctant to surrender any share of their anticipated profits in return for the financing of their operations. Instead of agreeing to part with a 25- or 30-percent share, they went to the credit cheats who said they wanted nothing—but in the end took everything.

The credit sharks are still with us today. They victimize the general public as well as the small businessman—and sometimes businessmen who are not so small. A while back, a Senate banking subcommittee heard evidence of how these gyps operate. The subcommittee members listened to a dismal recital of sharp, usurious and unethical loan and credit practices. There was testimony that some so-called "small-loan" companies, automobile and appliance dealers, home-improvement contractors and merchants of various kinds charged interest rates ranging anywhere from 25 to 75 percent and even more per annum.

The Senators examined sample loan or "conditional-sale" contracts printed in microscopic type that loaded staggering extra fees, charges, costs and penalties on top of regular interest charges.

But credit cheats do not limit their activities to consumers. There is a type of gyp that preys primarily on small and medium-sized businessmen who find themselves suddenly in need of cash. Members of this breed advance needed sums on short notice—and at astronomical rates of interest—taking the businessman's stock, accounts receivable or capital assets as collateral. If the borrower fails to meet his payments on the dot, so much the better. The sharpsters are eager to seize the collateral—invariably worth far more than the amount of the loan.

Bad as all this might seem, it is only one side of the story. Actually, there are very few people who really *need* to borrow or buy from credit sharks. Banks and legitimate lending institutions will lend money or finance purchases and charge only the legal rates of interest, adding no extras. Reputable dealers and merchants sell on credit and charge reasonable interest for this service.

Truly astute businessmen never try to make money on the interest they charge for making sales on credit or time-payment plans. They want to sell their goods or products and make their profits on the sales price, not on the interest charges, which they peg only as high as is necessary to meet the costs of handling a credit account.

After World War Two, the Spartan Aircraft Corporation—which I control—reconverted to the peacetime production of mobile homes. I insisted that the interest rate on all time-payment purchases be held down to five percent, even though other firms were charging twice that. Spartan's sales boomed; the five-percent rate was ample to meet all the costs of credit selling. Soon other companies lowered their interest rates.

Many people do not take the time and effort necessary to shop around, to investigate carefully before they borrow or buy on credit—and, all too often, they fail to read what they sign. Many are still afraid of banks. Others are impatient; they want their shiny new automobile or the money they intend to borrow right now. They don't want to wait until the formalities attendant upon, say, a bank loan, are completed. And, like some of the old-time wildcatters, they listen to the blandishments of the fast-talking credit gyps—who promise everything and deliver very little of what they promise.

Yes, there were many forms of frauds and swindles in the oil fields of Oklahoma. Not even experienced, cautious men were always able to avoid being cheated—and sometimes the situations that arose had their amusing aspects. I recall how one of the smartest and most successful among all independent oil operators once fell victim to a swindler's trick—and how he obtained his revenge.

The oilman is now dead and his name, though it was long a household word, doesn't really matter. I'll call him Fred Johnson, which is close enough.

Johnson was bilked in Oklahoma by a crook who sold him an oil lease at a sky-high price. There was a well on the property covered by the lease and when Johnson inspected it before the deal was closed, the well gave every sign of being a producer. It was only after he'd paid over his money that he discovered he'd bought a dry hole that had been soldered up and filled with crude oil the swindler had trucked to the site.

The crook vanished, but Fred Johnson swore he'd even the score, if it took him the rest of his life. Ten years later, in Texas, Johnson accidentally ran across the man who had cheated him. The gyp did not recognize his onetime victim, for Fred had gained weight and looked much different than he had the last time they had met.

Fred Johnson saw an opportunity to obtain his long-deferred revenge. As it happened, he'd brought in a dry hole on a property only a few weeks earlier. He now had his crew rig a hidden pipeline from an oil storage tank to the dry well. After arranging to have himself "introduced" to the man who had swindled him, Johnson talked his way around to

offering the crook the lease on the property in question. He said he'd sell it for \$60,000—a low price, considering there was a "big producer" on the land. The swindler was interested, particularly since Johnson gave some plausible reason for wanting to sell out so cheaply.

Fred took the prospective buyer out to the site. Sure enough, the well was bringing up a steady flow of sweet, high-gravity crude—and the deal was closed on the spot. Fred Johnson collected the \$60,000 he'd asked for and signed the necessary papers. That same day his men quietly dismantled the pipeline that had been feeding the crude oil to the dry well. The sharpster who had cheated Johnson ten years before now discovered that he had been repaid in full—and in kind.

By no means can it be said that all oil swindles have involved only individuals who were actually in the oil industry. Through the years, uncounted tens of thousands of people have lost their life savings in swindles that were based on the sale of bogus stocks or shares in worthless or even nonexistent oil leases. A prime example was the notorious C. C. Julian scandal, in which a corporation, authorized to issue 5,000,000 shares of stock, actually issued 15,000,000 shares. A collapse was inevitable—and when it came, thousands of small investors suffered heavy losses.

Despite the clear warnings provided by such swindles, many people still persist in buying fake stocks and worthless leases. These are most generally sold by high-pressure promoters and gyps—almost all of whom have never even seen an oil well at close hand. They capitalize on the glamor of the oil industry and on the facts and legends of the fortunes that have been made in it. They sell their beautifully engraved—but virtually meaningless—"certificates" through the mail or by using boiler-room telephone sales techniques. Some individuals are unable to resist the glowing promises of huge profits and throw their money away under the mistaken impression that they are investing it.

Of course, stock swindles are not limited to oil stocks. Worthless shares of all kinds are peddled by opportunists and cheats. Highly dubious shares are touted by some individuals and firms who blandly designate themselves "investment advisors," but who are apparently in business for the sole purpose of encouraging the wildest and most dangerous forms of stock speculation.

"If you had followed our advice, you would have made \$10,000 on a \$2500 investment in the last 120 days . . ."

"We will give you the names of 15 stocks that we expect to double in value during the coming month . . ."

"Let me tell you how you can make \$50,000 on the stock market in only six weeks . . ."

(continued on page 164)

The ALFRESCO BRUNCH



gourmet fare with an outdoor flair

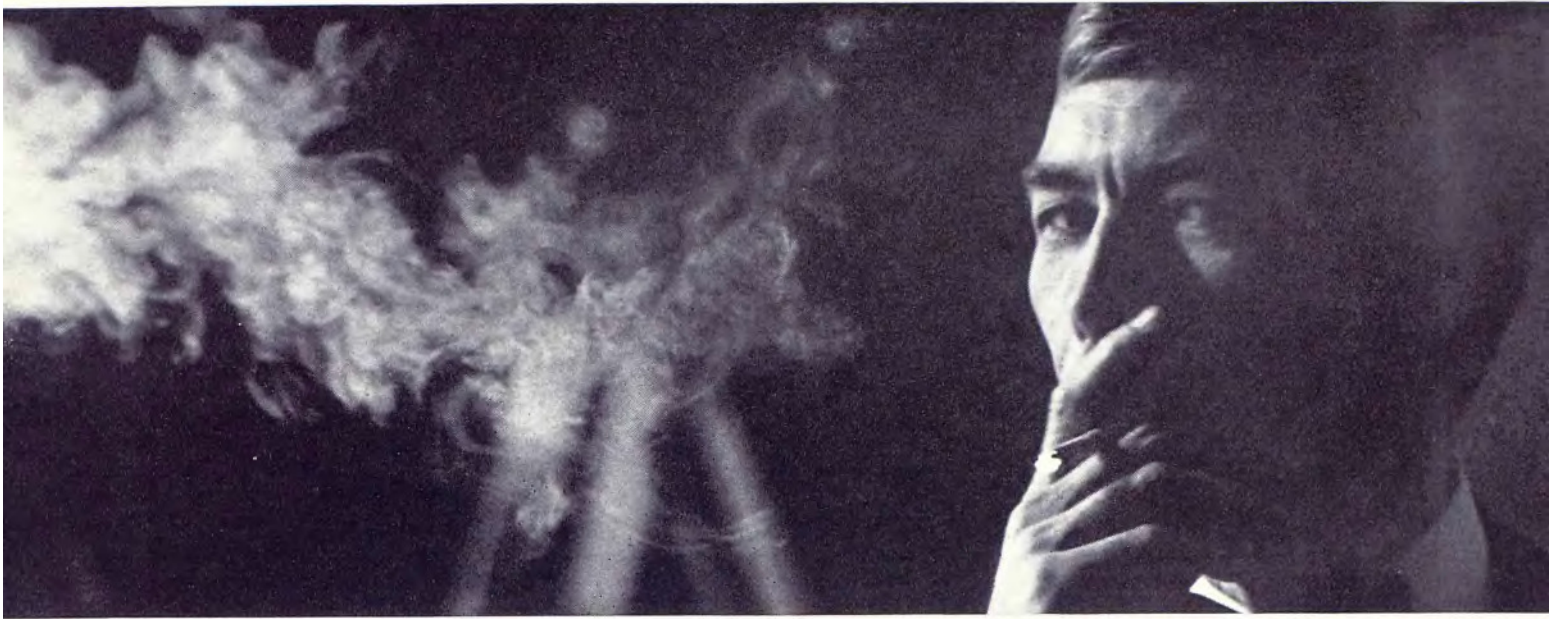
food and drink By THOMAS MARIO

ON A WEEKDAY MORNING, the urban bachelor often has barely enough time to gulp down a cup of coffee before going out to face the world. But on a summer weekend, the gourmet worth his seasoned salt is in the mood to socialize in the sun and may get his partying started early by judiciously combining potation and collation.

There are countless occasions for outdoor brunches: after-tennis fetes fashionably served at courtside, on-deck affairs just prior to weighing anchor for a day on the briny, or the classic late-morning board offered up on your patio or terrace. Whatever the event, a properly gala brunch gets the day's festivities off to an elegantly flying start. Begin with a round or two of pick-me-ups: Bullshots, screwdrivers, tiger's milk, Ramos gin fizzes, bloody and ruddy marys rightfully replace such five-o'clock favorites as martinis and manhattans. While your guests are hoisting the libations, you can be adding finishing touches to the delectable edibles. A few whiffs of country ham frying in its own juices and a generous batch of warming brioches

or croissants should have hunger coming up like thunder.

If you're hosting a poolside brunch, remember that swimmers and sun bathers are notorious for working up king-sized appetites. When entertaining natators, start them off with hearty but easily prepared taste-tempters such as thin slices of smoked salmon or Westphalian ham heavily peppered and rolled into cornucopias on buttered pumpernickel. Another great conqueror of early afternoon hunger is a mixed grill. This culinary delight stems from the old English hunt breakfast, where the chase often led not only to the fox but to lamb chops, country sausages and lamb kidneys. A mixed grill is simply a platter of assorted foods such as lamb chops, bacon, sausage and tomatoes separately broiled and served together. But they become especially regal fare when joined by sweetbreads, ham slices and artichoke bottoms. At an alfresco brunch, such food cooked over a hibachi—or one of those fine portable charcoalers with a smoker top—seems to make appetites even more delightfully (continued on page 148)



JAMES COBURN *this spy's the limit*

A LIVING EXEMPLAR of practice making perfect, lean and lanky James Coburn put in six years of yeoman's service as a top Hollywood supporting actor before taking a firm fix on starring-role status in one of the year's campiest cinematic spy spoofs, *Our Man Flint*. As Derek Flint, filmdom's farthest-out secret agent, Coburn singlehandedly saves the world from the take-over tactics of GALAXY's maddest scientists by relying on his trusty cigarette lighter with 82 different and devastating functions, his expertise in everything from cooking to karate, and his unflinching faith in such democratic ideals as the pursuit of happiness—a pursuit made merrier by his four-member staff of lovely female house companions. Off camera, he shares his flinty filmic counterpart's tastes for fast cars ("My wife and I have the only his-and-hers Ferraris in the neighborhood") and fancy footwork ("With several years of judo under my belt, the fight scenes in *Flint* were a snap"). Bitten by the acting bug while preparing for a film director's lot at Los Angeles City College, Coburn set out for New York in 1954 and gradually worked his way up from TV commercials to regular guest shots. With the fading of live television, Coburn returned to Hollywood and earned his first screen credits playing ride-on roles—before getting his big box-office break in 1960 as *The Magnificent Seven's* sinister knife-throwing Texan. Then came a slew of diverse supporting roles (*The Great Escape*, *Charade*, *The Americanization of Emily*) until 20th Century-Fox chose him for the lead in its new superspy series. Currently starring in *What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?*, Coburn will soon be up to his old world-saving, womanizing tricks again in *F Is for Flint*—to reaffirm 20th Century's contention that its spy's the limit.

RICHARD PETTY *taking stock*

THE FASTEST MAN ON wheels in stock-car racing—a sport that tallies up higher annual attendance figures than does the national pastime—is a soft-talking, hard-driving 27-year-old country boy, Richard Petty, from Randleman, North Carolina. The son of three-time NASCAR champion Lee Petty, Richard proved he was a chip off the same high-powered block just five years after entering NASCAR's Grand National racing circuit by steering No. 43, his Chrysler-sponsored Plymouth, to victory in the 1964 Daytona 500, breaking records at every turn (154-mph average for 500 miles) in the process. He eventually captured the NASCAR national championship that year, as well as locking up a trunk full of qualifying marks at other tracks along with \$100,000 in winnings. "I guess I inherited my daddy's way with the wheel," Richard drawled after totaling up his lucrative laurels. But at the end of the 1964 season, NASCAR officials temporarily stalled the Petty cash drive by banning the brutish Chrysler hemispherical-domed engine (they called it nonproduction) from further competition. With power to burn, Richard spent most of 1965 burning up the drag strips with No. 43 Jr., a hungry hemi-engined Barracuda that greedily ate up all competition. After NASCAR reinstated the hemi, not-so-poor Richard immediately got back on the right track with another Daytona win. Petty spends his off-track time with his wife and children at their Randleman home that's right next door to poppa Petty (he manages the racing team), brother Maurice (he builds the engines) and the family's auto speed shop. "Equipment is 75 percent of a driver's success," Richard once stated. What he was too modest to add was that it's the other 25 percent that brings home the bacon.

DAVID GILMOUR *in sound shape*

FOR YEARS hi-fi buffs took as Holy Writ the idea that separate components were the only acceptable makings for a proper rig. Consoles, went the argument, were just high-priced pieces of furniture with low-grade electronics housed in even lower-grade cabinetry. Until Canadian furniture designer David Harrison Gilmour came on the scene, this was, with few exceptions, true. In 1956, he teamed up with Peter Munk; they pooled \$3000 and went into business, dedicated to the then-unique proposition that good sound deserved to be served up in quality furniture. Munk would handle the electronics, Gilmour the cabinetry. This year the two are celebrating a tenth anniversary, and their brain child, the Clairtone Series, is growing every day. Gilmour now busily oversees a seven-acre computerized Ontario plant engaged exclusively in the manufacture of top-quality cabinets for the Series. With sales topping \$11,000,000 this year, Clairtone is the world's largest specialist in stereo equipment. The chef-d'oeuvre of the line is the revolutionary \$1600 Project G, which Gilmour calls "the most important development in the high-fidelity industry since the first phonograph." With separate sound globes mounted outside of the main cabinet, the Project G literally turns the room in which the unit is being played into part of the console. Turn the speaker-loaded globes directly at the listener and he enjoys the intimacy of a supper club; turn them toward the walls and the room becomes a vaulted cathedral filled with sound. In a first bid for the mass-market appeal, Gilmour is now bringing out a successor, the Project G2, for \$995. With a fistful of international design awards and a jangling cash register, he clearly enjoys his reputation as the man who brought a new shape to sound.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 54)

picture, *Shakespeare Wallah*. It's a lovely movie, a tender love story with some sex scenes that are explicit but magnificently done. I have a 12-year-old daughter approaching puberty—she's at the age when conventional wisdom says she must be shielded and protected. However, I wanted her to see this film because I thought it would be valuable in helping her develop into a well-adjusted woman. But they wouldn't let her in, because she's not 18. There's a perfect example of obscenity laws working against the real interests of the young.

PLAYBOY: What sort of restrictions should there be on what children can read or see?

GINZBURG: None by the state. The selection of what children read or see is the parents' responsibility, not the Government's.

PLAYBOY: Do you carry your permissive views about sex into your own sex life?

GINZBURG: Certainly I do. I have a very happy love and sex life. They happen, by coincidence, to be completely within the framework of my marriage. But certainly I don't look down my nose at couples who aren't as lucky as we are and who have to find sexual satisfaction outside of marriage. It's their business.

PLAYBOY: There's a theory that if a man really is fulfilled in love and sex, neither one dominates his life—they both form an important but not a pervasive part of his existence. Does that apply to you?

GINZBURG: I don't know about the sex part, but I would say that love does dominate my life—whether it be the love of my wife or the love of the readers of my magazine or the love of the Supreme Court or the love of the American people.

PLAYBOY: Do you expect the American people to love you?

GINZBURG: In the long run, yes. The need to love and be loved is dominant in all people whether they recognize it or not. As a matter of fact, one psychiatrist speculated in a letter to Sloan Wilson that the Supreme Court, in ruling against me, was actually trying to gain the love of this country's right wing.

PLAYBOY: In his column in the *New York Post*, Pete Hamill wrote: "The FBI and the rest of the country's law establishments have never been able to break up the animals in the Mafia. But there will always be tenth-rate Communists or so-called pornographers like Ginzburg to arrest to disguise their big failures." Do you feel that the Government's prosecution of you and your publications is connected with an attempt to disguise its "big failures"?

GINZBURG: Consciously, no. Unconsciously, certainly. The unconscious motivations for being gratified by my conviction apply not only to law-enforcement officials but to a number of people not

concerned with censorship. I think, for example, that many of the "hawks" on the Vietnam issue know that *Fact* has opposed the war vigorously through articles by Arnold Toynbee and Dr. Spock. Although the pro-war faction may welcome my conviction for conscious reasons concerning their feeling about obscenity, they may also welcome it unconsciously because they resent my outspoken views on the Vietnam situation.

PLAYBOY: To what extent do you think the photographic essay in *Eros*, "Black and White in Color"—a series of nude photographs of a Negro male and a white female in various postures of embrace, not including intercourse—was a factor in rousing the authorities against you?

GINZBURG: To a tremendous extent. About three or four days after that issue was deposited in the mails, two members of Congress from the South cried out for my head. I was informed that the postmaster of Birmingham, Alabama, was going to put the magazine before a grand jury there. Apparently someone at the Justice Department in Washington prevailed upon him not to do it, preferring instead that the case be brought to Philadelphia so that the racial aspects would not be so clearly evident. It's been speculated that if I'd been convicted in Birmingham, I'd now be facing not a five-year term but a death sentence.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that anti-Semitism—latent or overt—has anything to do with the opposition to you?

GINZBURG: I think so, although it's impossible to document on official levels. Some have suggested—and I personally don't believe this to be the case—that Fortas' vote against me might have been a manifestation of reverse anti-Semitism. As the sole Jew on the Court, he didn't want to be associated with me. On unofficial levels, however, I'm subjected to open manifestations of anti-Semitism. I get hate mail saying, "Good for you, you kike Ginzburg! I hope your children have the intelligence to change their names."

PLAYBOY: Whatever the causes that may have motivated the action against you, you've written in *Fact* that there were several unique aspects to the manner in which your case was prosecuted. For one thing, you wrote that it was practically unprecedented in the 90-year history of the Comstock Act for a publisher to be forced to defend himself in a city other than his own.

GINZBURG: Yes. Obviously, they felt they had a better chance for a conviction in a narrow-minded town like Philadelphia than in New York. A Philadelphia librarian wrote in the *Library Journal*: "Ralph Ginzburg has about the same chance of finding justice in our courts as

a Jew had in the courts of Nazi Germany." And one of the sad ironies of my case is that the very same materials that were ruled obscene in the Quaker City had been put before a grand jury in New York City and found not obscene.

PLAYBOY: You also wrote that it was unusual for the Government to bring criminal rather than civil charges against you. Would you explain that?

GINZBURG: It was indeed unusual. You see, the Comstock Act has been the basic Federal censorship weapon. Under the act, the mailing of each copy of, or advertisement for, an obscene publication constitutes a separate breach of the law. It was passed in 1873 and was vigorously enforced until the turn of the century; but around then, people began to realize there was something tyrannical about imprisoning a man for something he had published. Accordingly, the post office established what it called its Administrative Review Board, which allowed for the possibility of censorship without criminal penalties. A publisher was now able to present his publications and learn in advance of mailing them whether or not he was committing a crime.

For example, when Grove Press published *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, they first sent a copy to the postmaster general, who then put it before the Administrative Review Board. The Board ruled against the book, but did not attempt to imprison its publisher. Grove Press then went into court and got the Administrative Review Board's ruling reversed. The same thing happened to me when I published *An Unhurried View of Erotica*. I submitted that book to the Review Board and was told it was not obscene, that there would be no prison penalty for mailing it.

However, soon after I began publishing *Eros*, Bobby Kennedy, then attorney general, and J. Edward Day, then postmaster general, decided they had better crack down on literature dealing forthrightly with sex. They abandoned the Administrative Review Board procedure and revived the old Comstock Act. Not only that, but they had Congress amend the Comstock Act so that it became possible to indict a publisher in any city to which his publication was mailed.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel the pro-censorship forces singled you out for a concerted campaign?

GINZBURG: You be the judge. Some 35,000 down-with-Ginzburg letters went to the post office, many of them identically written by entire classes of parochial school children. I've seen copies.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get that figure?

GINZBURG: From the postmaster general. His office is always quoting it as if it proves something. But if they want to play the numbers game, I can beat them, because their figure doesn't add up to the 150,000 people who bought the mag-

MEN AND STEEL

Skilled men...doing
a mighty important
job. Camel smokers?
Lots of them. They
like a real taste that
satisfies longer!

Join the smokers who know
Camel has more flavor.

**Camel's real taste
satisfies longer!**



azine. But the fact is that even if everyone in America—except one man—objected to *Eros*, the magazine had a right to exist.

PLAYBOY: That is still a subject of active debate. Typical of the press division in this country, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, among more than a score of papers that editorialized in your favor, commented: "The Court has added a new dimension to censorship [and has] invited a whole new attack upon books, publishers and writers. . . . Close decisions often make bad law, and Monday's made bad law indeed." Yet Bob Ellison, an entertainment columnist for the same paper, wrote: "Nobody today is crying for the poor sex-starved clucks who fell for the mail-order pitch. They spent about 20 bucks for *Eros*, and a few other shekels for the other sheets, all of which they were told in sizzling prose would be hot stuff. They're to be pitied. They're to be pitied because any dumb slob who can only get his kicks if they come in a plain sealed wrapper is a cripple, a very special kind of emotional cripple, and Ginzburg exploited their sickness."

GINZBURG: Isn't this the same Bob Ellison whose by-line I've seen in a schlocky girlie magazine? Not that I see anything wrong in that, but he's a fine one to cast stones. In any case, if he'd been familiar with *Eros*, he'd know it wasn't mailed in a "plain sealed wrapper." Indeed, we deliberately avoided the "feeble peccature" connotation by putting the name on the wrapper of every issue. We were very proud of the magazine. We didn't want to "exploit" any guilt feelings *Eros*' subscribers might have had. And it's absurd to say *Eros* was aimed at "emotional cripples." It was not aimed at homosexuals. It was not aimed at sadomasochists. It was aimed at people with a completely mature, wholesome outlook toward love and sex. Many of our subscribers were also subscribers to the *Saturday Review* and *American Heritage*. Many were members of the American Bar Association.

PLAYBOY: What about this comment from Barbara Tuchman, the historian, who protested the decision of the Authors League to file an *amicus curiae* brief in your case? In the *Authors' Guild Bulletin*, she wrote: "I do not think at this stage of our culture that freedom of speech, as regards artistic expression (including obscenity), and as distinct from political expression, needs as much concern as the proliferation of obscenity itself. In other words, I believe that the obsessive pornography in every realm of the printed word and its pictured accompaniments, is today a more clear and present danger in ultimate evil effect on society than the supposed danger to freedom of speech. . . . I do not think that the occasional efforts here and there to restrict the spread of obscenity are a

danger to free speech or that they carry over to, or open the way to, censorship of political free speech. I do not think that freedom of speech is an absolute, necessarily endangered at its core when efforts are made to curtail its abuse. To insist that free speech is absolute is to abdicate one's right to exercise judgment and distinguish values—to pretend that we do not know the difference between what is smut and what is an honest attempt to say something meaningful."

GINZBURG: That's double talk. And it's double talk of the most insidious kind, because the woman has a command of language, even if she doesn't have command of her emotions. The fact is that society has often been unable to recognize great works of art at the time they were created and instead has denigrated those works as rank pornography. A good example of that can be found in recent masterpieces of erotic literature. It wasn't until some 25 years after *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was first published that the book was recognized as the beautiful novel it is. When it came out, it was denounced in the very same language and in the same cavalier manner as Miss Tuchman now denounces *Eros* and my other publications. And how about James Joyce's *Ulysses*? It is now considered by many critics to be the greatest novel in the English language, but it was banned as obscene from this country until 1933—11 years after it was first published.

PLAYBOY: Another critic of yours is I. F. Stone, a militant liberal who publishes a Washington newsletter. He said that since you are not among those who take the First Amendment seriously, he was not too disturbed by the Court's decision.

GINZBURG: I regard I. F. Stone as one of the most energetic and important political journalists of our time. You know, Stone, to his credit, has always been very outspoken in maintaining that Communists should enjoy free speech. Yet he must know that their belief in the First Amendment is purely selfish—they would reserve free expression for themselves yet deny it to others. My position on the First Amendment is well known, however. I emphatically believe that everyone—not just Ralph Ginzburg—but everyone, including people like George Lincoln Rockwell, is entitled to speak out in this country. Yet Stone doesn't think I take the First Amendment "seriously." I wouldn't know how to explain Stone's motivation in attacking me, except to refer to Freud, who said a man's intellect, no matter how enormous, is circumscribed by the limitations of his emotions. Therefore, Stone's limited emotions concerning sex blind him to certain truths about free speech.

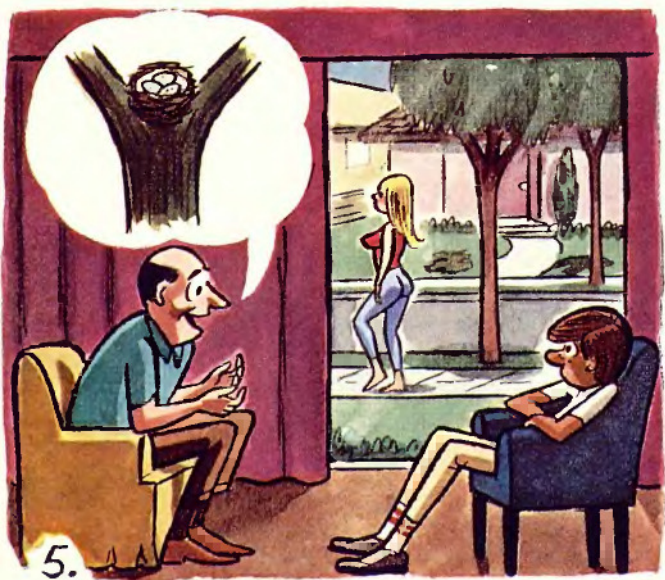
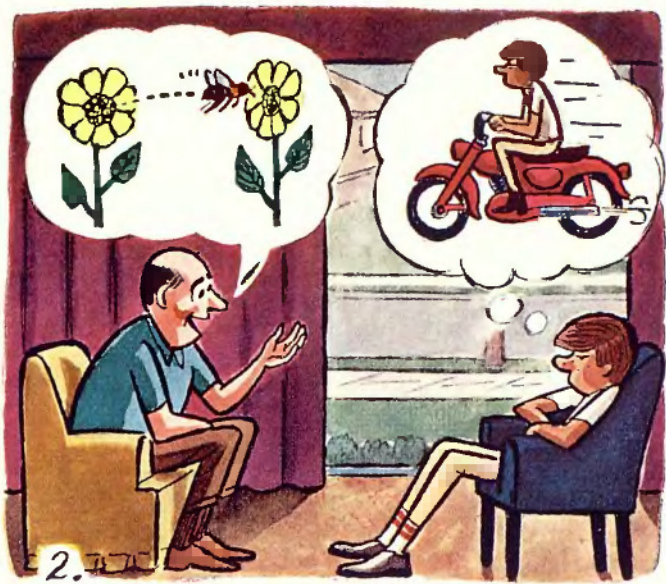
PLAYBOY: The *New York Times*, which is usually firm on civil liberties, was another of your critics. In an editorial ap-

plauding the Court's decision, it said: "Ginzburg was clearly publishing pornography. . . . The Court inescapably concluded that Ginzburg had no scholarly, literary or scientific interests; he was strictly an entrepreneur in a disreputable business who took his chances on the borderline of the law and lost. He is no different from Edward Mishkin . . . who was convicted for hiring hack writers to produce books deliberately aimed at an audience of sexual deviates. . . . It is entirely misleading to argue that these latest decisions have cast any shadow over the rights of genuine writers and legitimate businessmen; the scrupulous care taken by the Court in the *Fanny Hill* case demonstrates that once again. But the pornographic racketeers have cause to worry; and their defeat is society's gain."

GINZBURG: It's obvious that the scribbler of that diatribe was so infected by his own antisexuality that he couldn't respond to the issues in a temperate manner. I was pleased, however, that a satire of the Court's decision by Russell Baker appeared on the same page as the editorial. The *Times* does have the integrity to print opposing views side by side. But as for the editorial, clearly its writer had never laid eyes on *Eros*. He was totally unaware that during its one year of publication, *Eros* won a greater number of awards for artistic excellence and design than any other magazine in the United States. Among them was the Gold Medal of the Art Directors Club of New York—the most coveted design award in the country. Also, although one branch of the Government considered the magazine obscene, another branch—the State Department—had planned to send portions of *Eros* to the Soviet Union as part of an exhibition of excellence in American design.

PLAYBOY: Your admiration for the *Times* is apparent. But how does it strike you emotionally to pick up the paper you read every day and see yourself classed among "pornographic racketeers"?

GINZBURG: Well, I'm kind of accustomed to it. I used to grimace when I heard myself referred to as "The Smut King" or "The Kike Pornographer." But I know my position is correct, so it doesn't bother me that much anymore. I'm insulated against attacks, because I know I'll be vindicated in time. I also know that Margaret Sanger, now one of America's most honored citizens, was regarded as a menace to every respectable American home when she began her work to popularize birth control. History and society vindicated her. I am intrigued, though, that almost everyone has some kind of psychological need to flog me. Even some of my most passionate defenders feel it's necessary to add, "Well, the guy has every right to free speech, but he's a slob as a businessman." Nearly everybody goes out of his way to take a whack



at me. I'm like the scapegoat of our time.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think this is so?

GINZBURG: Partly because of what I print in *Fact*. I hit pretty hard myself, and having hit a lot of people, they like to retaliate. Also, by espousing uninhibited sex, I stir the anxieties of many people and they have to purge themselves of sexual guilt by taking a swipe at me.

PLAYBOY: You have also been criticized as publisher of *Fact* on the grounds that its articles are superficial and often misleading. Do you regard this as fair criticism?

GINZBURG: I think it's fair to say that many of the early things we published—and I limit this almost entirely to our sensationalist cover lines—were misleading. But this is no longer the case, nor has it been for more than a year. It is not accurate to say that *Fact* has never published anything in depth. It was *Fact* that touched off the national debate now raging on automobile safety. In May 1964, *Fact* ran a piece entitled "American Cars Are Death Traps." It was the first article to emphasize that there is a tremendous emphasis on styling and a total neglect of safety in American cars today. The chief researcher on that piece, by the way, was Ralph Nader, who is now acknowledged by Congress and the public as the leading American critic of the automobile industry. But it was *Fact* that blew the lid off this scandal.

PLAYBOY: Can *Fact* survive while you're away in prison?

GINZBURG: Fortunately, *Fact* is in pretty good shape financially. It has a quarter of a million circulation now, and, under the able editorship of Warren Boroson, it will definitely remain in publication.

PLAYBOY: How has the imminent prison term affected your family?

GINZBURG: My wife has taken it quite well. She's a strong woman and she's as convinced as I am that my position has been correct and my activities free of guilt—despite what the courts may hold. And she has told the children that there have been evil laws throughout history, which courageous men have opposed, and, as a consequence, they've had to sacrifice parts of their lives.

PLAYBOY: How have your children responded?

GINZBURG: My oldest girl, who is twelve, was the most visibly upset. She was depressed for several days—as much by the feeling that her classmates would ostracize her as by the anticipation of losing her father for several years. But she has adjusted as well as can be expected. The little kids—they're eight and five—are less able to grasp what's happening and probably will not show their feelings of loss until I'm gone.

PLAYBOY: And what about your own adjustment to your imminent imprisonment?

GINZBURG: The prospect is sickening. I feel emotionally castrated. You know,

you're limited to something like two or three letters a week of a specified length to only certain individuals. You can't have a typewriter, and it's very hard to get any book or magazine you want. Certainly you can't choose the music you'd like to listen to. You can't go out to sniff the air when you want to. I live life to the hilt, and being behind bars is a very painful prospect.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered writing a book while you're in prison?

GINZBURG: Creative writers—writers of novels, short stories, poems, plays—can work while in prison. But I'm not that kind of writer—I use libraries, archives and the telephone. And I have to interview people. So I'm not going to be able to do very much, if anything, in prison.

PLAYBOY: What do you plan to do after you're released from prison?

GINZBURG: Well, I intend to return to *Fact*, but I won't publish *Eros* or anything dealing with sex until the Supreme Court clearly establishes that erotica can be dealt with honestly. I regard myself as a law-abiding citizen, and when the Supreme Court says, "Ginzburg, you can't go on publishing that kind of material," I intend to abide by that ruling.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that contradict your frequent assertion that you're a crusader for freedom of expression?

GINZBURG: Not at all. I'm a law-abiding crusader. You know, I could have pleaded guilty at the trial and received a suspended sentence. I'd have lost a lot less money and personal energy, not to mention my personal freedom. But I chose to fight. I lost, and now I'll respect the decision.

PLAYBOY: You didn't sound so reconciled immediately after the decision. *The Washington Post* quotes you as saying, "As long as I'm in prison, it's specious for Americans to pretend it's a free society." How much of that was rhetoric?

GINZBURG: I believe that statement with all my heart. As long as a publisher, whether it's me or anyone else, can be imprisoned for five years for what he prints, America is not a free society. It's very easy for us to criticize the Soviet Union for imprisoning writers, because that's another country restricting freedom of speech. It's a lot harder to recognize a similar act of repression when it happens in our own society.

PLAYBOY: We've discussed at length your lofty ideals concerning free speech and a free press. Many of your critics insist you are essentially a "promoter" and a "hustler." Do you see any contradiction in this?

GINZBURG: There isn't any. Look, I am a vigorous, energetic promoter and hustler, but that doesn't preclude my being a serious publisher, too. Under all the razzle-dazzle, flash, noise and promotion I come up with, there is a very real, beautiful, important and worth-

while philosophy. It is a philosophy that will endure, and I express it in my publications.

PLAYBOY: And what is that philosophy?

GINZBURG: It boils down to two words: *simple honesty*—whether, as in *Eros*, about sex, or, as in *Fact*, about all the fields that are hypocritically dealt with by the bulk of American journalism.

PLAYBOY: Can you give an example of how open publications ought to be about sex—by your criteria?

GINZBURG: We will really have a sexually mature society when publications can address themselves to genital sex—that is, the consummation of the sexual act.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to predict when that sexual millennium will arrive?

GINZBURG: Not for quite a while, but possibly within our lifetime. Eventually this country will grow up to the point where it will recognize both in law and in fact what the Holy Bible says in memorable poetry: "Unto the pure all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled . . . is nothing pure, but even their mind and conscience is defiled."

[As we go to press, the Supreme Court has denied a rehearing to Ralph Ginzburg. This means that unless Judge Ralph B. of the Philadelphia Federal District Court, in which Ginzburg was convicted, chooses to reduce his sentence, he faces the prospect of a five-year jail term and \$42,000 in fines. With time off for good behavior, however, he may serve only half that time. Immediately after the news was released, we asked Ginzburg for a statement. "The American public," he told us, "has witnessed in my case an elaborate witch hunt in which the issue was the 'lust' of Ralph Ginzburg, and I am being sent to prison as a 20th Century witch. As for the closing of that last door of hope that I myself can remain free, it is a mordant relief that the suspense—which was a terrible element of the whole battle—is now over. I was crushed for the first ten or fifteen minutes after I heard that the Supreme Court had refused me a rehearing. But within four or five hours I was able to adjust, now that I know I'm definitely going to prison. It's kind of like the aftermath of playing a one-armed bandit. I'm sure there will be heartaches—kissing my wife and children goodbye and missing them. But in a way it's as though I were hit by a drunken driver and were going to be laid up for two or three years in a hospital. It happened. It's too bad it happened, especially at a crucial time for *Fact* magazine and for me, but we'll both survive it. Both of us will be hurt, but that's part of life. And that, it's now clear, is the price you have to pay if you choose to do the kind of work I've done. So, if five of the nine justices on the Supreme Court wanted me to waste a few years of my life, they've succeeded."]

SECRET SERVICE

(continued from page 66)

feeling for a long time you're in some kind of—well, undercover stuff. PR guys don't get chopped to pieces from parroting the praises of chicken soup to adoring women on seven continents."

"Why don't we just watch a little TV, Milt, huh?" He flicked on the Zenith portable, giving an affectionate pat to as many of the superior, hand-wired circuits as his long, tapering fingers could locate.

When the buzz died down, an Indian chief, hatred blazing from his lined face, spoke: "White man steal Apache land, white man slaughter buffalo, white man make Injun loco with firewater, traumatize him, emasculate him, steal Indian nuts, leave him rootless, without something of value. Now, white man—die!"

The tall Texan did not flinch. "Hear me, Running Abscess, mighty chieftain of the Trocadero Apaches. You and your braves massacred the peaceful homesteaders at Lamprey Landing, took many scalps, burned homes, schools, churches and trading-stamp redemption centers. And now you expect the Great White Father in Washington to put your likeness on the new nickel after *this*?"

Milton turned it off. "Iz, I want you to do me a favor. I want you to see Lottie's sister tonight. She's been asking about you."

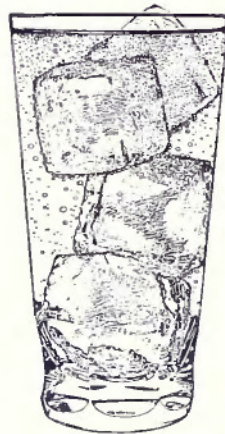
A pang triggered a sonar ping in the soul of Israel Bond. Liana Vine! Youngest of the lithe, leggy, desirable daughters of Oleander. She hadn't forgotten.

They had been "The Sweethearts of Trenton High" and, on a few hundred fumbling occasions and 70 distinctly competent ones, lovers. Cool, lissome, blonde Liana. There had been something special about Liana, something you couldn't put your finger on (it was rare in that respect). Her painfully shy smile? The gliding carriage of a ballet dancer? Or was it the protective urge she evoked in him, the way she made him feel she *needed* him as he posed her for stag photos?

It might have come to something, but then the trouble erupted in Palestine. Young Israel Bond, steeped in intense Jewishness by his parents, heard the call from across the world. He had long been involved in Jewish National Fund collections, he belonged to Trenton's Y. M. H. A. and A. Z. A., a fraternity for Jewish high schoolers with mathematical interests (Angle Zide Angle).

With alacrity he joined a kibbutz near Hightstown where Zionist-minded youths were being trained to endure conditions approximating those in Eretz Israel, fabled Land of Milk and Magnesia. Realism was the keynote at K'far K'near. The eager kibbutzniks slept on straw mats in barracks swarming with scorpions and pit vipers (imported at great cost from the Holy Land), tilling

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the soil under fire. (The kibbutz had advertised in a rural weekly for men who wanted \$1.25-an-hour work shooting through barbed wire at Jewish boys and girls. K'far K'ne'ar had been overwhelmed by the generous response from the surrounding community.)

The War. Awful moments on mountain roads pocked by mortar shells. Hand-to-hand combat with bestial mercenaries of Glubb Pasha's Arab Legion. Bond's rapid rise in the informal yet deadly army to the rank of water carrier. A flair for recklessness and conspiracy noticed by an astute colonel, leading to an eventual post with M 33 and 1/3, the coveted Double Oy number and a license—to kill!

Eighteen years away from Liana. Still she remembered.

There was a small PR chore to get out of the way, a speech before the Histamine, the ladies' auxiliary to the local chapter of the Zionist Labor Organization, which met each month at the Pinochle Royale. Then the decks would be cleared for an evening with Liana. Her voice was silky, teasing on the phone. "Mother and Daddy are in Aruba, so it's just you and me, Iz. Wear something casual."

"Like my skin, dearest?" he quipped, with his usual flashing wit. But he prayed she would not hear the juvenile pounding of his heart.

Bond donned a pair of sequined stretch pants and Shropshire Argyle bedsocks, and pulled a buff-colored hair shirt over his rippling torso. He completed the ensemble with a multicolored luau car coat and went downstairs.

On the way to Milt's Sherpa-Hunza, he and Milt made some safe small talk about cars, politics and suburban life.

"Any of that wife-swapping bit going on out here?" asked Israel.

"Nah, old hat. The real hippies are swapping their mistresses. Hey, Iz, did you read Jim Michener's new book?"

"You bet, Milt. Damn fine. I saw him in Jerusalem while he was gathering *Source* material."

From Milton's outraged "Ooooh" and his howls of merriment, Bond knew the ice of early evening had been broken.

Chums again!

• • •

Bond finished the speech before the sweet old matrons, any one of whom could have been fated to head the Secret Service of Israel, so much like M were they. Having won Mother's products a few dozen more lifelong supporters, he rejoined Milton in the latter's modernistic office with the Tupperware ashtrays.

"Come on, Iz; I'll take you through the joint."

He led the Israeli through the Pinochle Royale's rooms, explaining their functions. "You see what it is, Iz; Jews have become so jaded; they just won't buy

old-time ways anymore. You gotta give 'em that ol' show-business pizzazz in every area of existence. Now this," and Milton's eyes glowed, "is the Slice o' Life Room."

No further explanation was needed as Bond watched the rite of circumcision performed upon an eight-day-old squeaker in a room whose walls were a montage of *Life* magazine covers. "Noch a Yid!"—another Jew!—Bond said with fervor. "Amen," Milton chimed in. As the mohel worked, they saw the child's cowering father, his arm before his face. Not so the mother, who coolly applied a tape measure to the pink monkey feet.

"Real Jewish mother," Milton said. "Already measuring him for corrective shoes. And here's my magnum *epis*."

They walked through nutria-lined swinging doors into a vast night club crowded with raucous people in furs and eveningwear. "It's bigger than the Copa, huh, Iz? This is the Club Thirteen, my room for post-bar mitzvah receptions. Got a dilly tonight for multi-millionaire Keefe Barrington's kid, Whitney. Getting this shindig was quite a plum in my compote. Every fency-dency caterer in the East was after this one."

On stage at the microphone an animated little man in a Po Valley mohair suit jabbered away.

"Good evening, ladies and germs. Welcome to Whitney Barrington's bar mitzvah reception. You know what a bar mitzvah is. That's when a Jewish boy reaches manhood. And a motel is where he proves it."

He spoke through a cupped hand to the musicians: "Notice how the hip material never makes it? Well, back to the dreck, by heck. My wife is a lousy cook. She has to call a repairman to fix a TV dinner."

"Jesus, it's *all* dying tonight. And is she square! She thinks a condominium is something a guy buys in a drugstore."

"Speaking of spies, they got a lot of spies on TV. There's a spy called Blue Light, but he's got troubles. Whenever he drives his car, they won't let Blue Light cross at the Red Light until they give him the Green Light!"

Marvelous, marvelous, Bond thought, envying the clever material and delivery. Why aren't these fools laughing? And haven't I seen this little funmaker before? Yes. It was Henny Benny Lenny, West Coast comedy sensation. His mind wandered back to a night at the Kahn-Tiki, the leading Class B hotel in the Catskills, and pain twisted the cruelly handsome face as he recalled the wonderful girl who had been so enmeshed in that electrifying Loxfinger caper, the girl who now slept under the eternal sands of the Negev. Poontang Plenty. Something cried out from the core of his being with the profoundest sincerity: *Better her than me*.

"Speaking of sex, did youse hear about the Greek who found true love by

accident? He backed into it. Oh no, this can't be the *regular* bar mitzvah crowd. My kid likes rock 'n' roll. His favorite song is *I'm Too Tired to Rock Around the Clock, So Let's Just Walk Around a Watch*. Forget it, you rich-bitch bastards!"

Wow! Bond enthused. What a great powerhouse of an impromptu shock line, designed, of course, to win back the blasé celebrants; but they continued to ignore the scintillating treat that could have been theirs. He jotted down as many of Henny Benny Lenny's gems as he could remember.

Henny Benny Lenny's triangular head hung in defeat.

"And now," he shrieked, "the real star of this clambake, Master Whitney Barrington!"

As the 25-piece band crashed into a pounding, twist-beat version of *Mazel Tov!*, the crowd broke into yells at the entrance of a small boy with an incurious, bored demeanor, who walked down a red carpet toward the stage flanked by six dazzling young women in tight, rhinestone-encrusted miniskirts. At a signal from Henny Benny Lenny, six cages descended from the ceiling, into which the maidens sprang.

Whitney Barrington, resplendent in a Steve Lawrence turquoise quilted formal lounging robe, midnight-blue Dean Acheson diplomatic trousers with sateen stripes and Martin Agronsky patent-leather loafers, squeaked out of his world-weary face from a voice box whose nodules were pimple-stippled:

"My bar mitzvah speech," he began.

Then something strange happened. After his wavering opener, Master Barrington's voice suddenly became rich, resonant, dramatic, as the lips moved on about "my sacred commitment to the faith of my fathers" . . . "this memorable day on which I take my place among . . ."

"Hell," Bond grunted. "That's Richard Burton's voice. The kid is lip-synching his speech."

"Family's got money, Iz," Milton shrugged. "Guess whose voice sang in synagogue this morning? Robert Merrill."

Whitney Barrington's proclamation of his covenant with the ancient faith concluded, Henny Benny Lenny raised his hand and the band hit a fanfare; the girls frugged tigerishly in their cages.

"Now, ladies and germs, the presents! Will the gentleman from Price Waterhouse please come forth . . . or even fifth"—it died—"with the envelopes?"

Bond left at the 500 shares of A.T.&T. from Uncle Giles Rivkin of West Palm Beach. Weary of it all and sorry for Master Whitney—it's all downhill for him after tonight, he thought—he needed a drink, but not here in this Fellini orgy scene. "Try the kitchens: there should be someone around. Place's full of part-time help tonight," Milton said.

The man behind the service bar in the kosher-style kitchen was tall, powerful



*"Could we step outside and see how they're
looked at in the daylight?"*

and very blond, very cruelly handsome, too, Bond noted. He looks like a Gestapo me!

"Hungry, old chap? Or thirsty?"

The accent was slightly German, the English colloquially good. "We have just the sort of fare that will appeal to your discriminating taste buds, Mr. Bond. Gold-speckled-with-mauve bayou heron eggs, scrambled, not Shirred, *pommes de terre Chevelle*, piping hot Chase & Sanborn coffee—and remember, sir, what Mr. Chase didn't know about coffee, Mr. Sanborn didn't know, either—served with Domino sugar cubes cut to geometric exactness by Cal Tech-trained technicians . . ."

Bond lit a Raleigh. "How did you know my name was Bond? And that my tastes are so extraordinary?"

The blond man smiled. "You must admit, sir, you look remarkably like the entrepreneur of this establishment. And you hardly look the sort who'd order peanut butter on white bread."

"You're very perceptive. A Montessori martini, please."

The man set about making one. "Beef-eater gin made from potatoes crushed by the feet of exceedingly bright Italian orphans, a Samuel Bronston lemon, Allen & Rossi vermouth: now a little shake."

Bond's heart was about to burst through his rippling chest. He smelled it on the man's large corded hands—Cal-

gonite! The thoughts piled up like blue chips on a *la guerre* table. Calgonite. Bombing. A man in a Jewish establishment. Jewish establishments being bombed. And his last three words . . .

He smiled in spite of himself. "The martini gave you away. Martinis are *stirred*, never shaken. Anyone who drinks 'em shaken is a social misfit. And I spotted the tattoo on your wrist when your tuxedo sleeve moved up—the symbol of the SS jack boots kicking naked buttocks. You're from TUSH."

• • •

"Sessue Hayakawa!"

The Nazi spat it from his sneering mouth as he hunched into the ping-pong stance of the karateist.

It's started, Bond thought. He's attempting to "psyche" me with a stream of vitriolic Japanese words that will bring on panic and terrifying images of him as the star pupil in the Ginza studio of Sensayuma, "The Cobra," master of unarmed combat.

I must "psyche" back, guttural word for guttural word, hissing curse for hissing curse until he, too, is beset by devilish visions of me as a holder of the Black Belt in the top half of the 12th Red Dan, in my red Dan River karate robe, the star pupil of Moto of Sausalito, the only man alive whom Sensayuma fears. And I must be *all* Moto. A mere quasi-Moto will not intimidate him.

Hunching into a similar pose, Bond snarled:

"Ginza! Osaka!"

"Nagasaki! Hiroshima! Hirohito!" The TUSH man's rejoinder was disdainful.

Gottenu! Three Japanese words in a row! Does this kraut really know the lingo? No, Bond, don't use "lingo" in your next rebuttal. It isn't even close. He'll die laughing of contempt.

"Ko-Ko! Yum-Yum! Mikado! Madame Butterfly! Sake! Glocca Morra!" There, Hun! Six straight! But that last one . . . true, it *sounded* legit, but will he accept it? Or insist on the strict rules laid down in Admiral Cockinoyama's definitive monograph on *Pre-Karate Combat Cursing*?

The TUSH agent yawned, a great comical yawn.

Gottenu! He treats this as though it's a kindergarten exercise! Is he *that* confident? There is an unnatural stillness in the air, the moment before the black funnel springs out of the West to carry away Dorothy and Toto . . .

In a quicksilver instant the German cried: "Zero!"

"Mostell!"

Oh, Gottenu! The response had been mechanical, unthinking. Israel Bond, you stupid son of a bitch! You fell into the oldest trap in the game. He knows you can be had. Round one to the killer from TUSH!



"Us Tareyton smokers would

The smell of victory in his nostrils, the blond titan soared off the balls of his feet, his stiffened commando's cutting edge of a right hand smashing down on Bond's torn shoulder, screaming: "Fukuoka!"

Bond fell back, screaming a savage "Same to you, oka!" but his pain-paralyzed shoulder was a useless instrument. A brutal kick to the stomach almost bent him double and sent him crashing into a service stand, spilling a trayful of dessert all over the marble floor; another to the same spot and it was all over. Bond lay groaning, conscious of two Flagg Brothers pebble-grained brogues planted at each side of his neck. One horrible thought kept pushing through the red haze in his head:

I've been taken by a man who wears nine-dollar shoes!

"It is all over, Oy Oy Seven. I had long entertained the hope of ending your career in this fashion, but the co-chairmen of my organization had already contracted to furnish Torquemada LaBanza to the KGB to do the job. Alas for him, happily for me, he was not equal to the task. In a few seconds I shall kick your head off its trunk, then plant a fifty-zis Calgonite charge that will blow this Jewish pigsty to oblivion. It is the kind of thing I have been doing for the last twelve hours in New York as part of Dr. Holzknight's magnificent

Operation Alienation. As an added fillip, I may leave another fifty-zis at your brother's house. His sweet children will enjoy the ride. And now, the crowning touch, jüdischer Hund . . ." There was a clicking sound of cubes. "Drink your martini—shaken!"

He'd known it was coming, but that didn't make the ignominious, nauseating stream of ice and liquid on his lips any more bearable.

But there was *something* bearable, something with prongs pressing into the small of his back. Something that could be a weapon! His left hand was inching under his back. Now!

"Fork you!"

It tore out of his throat with maniacal fury as he drove the fork into the TUSH man's ankle, savoring the protracted wail as prongs chomped through skin, capillary, gristle, marrow, cockle, mussel and bone. The German was howling like a banshee, writhing on his own back now like an animal in a trap. Bond yanked at the fork. Stuck too deep! His hand closed on a hard, cold, slippery object near the spilled tray and he drove it into the horrible O of the screaming German's mouth, past the palate, hammering it with his elbow far back into the throat, snapping off six gold-filled teeth in the process. There was an eye-rolling paroxysm, the face turned a revolting purplish-blue, the hands flopped at the sides.

Out of curiosity, Bond forced open the jaws and extricated the object that had killed by strangulation. A thin smile hardened the cruel, sensual mouth. To no one in particular he remarked mildly, "There's nothing like a frozen Milky Way to take snotty Snickers off a face."

Oblivious to the swelling on his head, the gushing shoulder wound and the fire in his kicked stomach, he frisked the German, found a plastic I. D. card:

"James Bund, 43 Ulbricht Allee, Schweinbaden, East German Republic."

So this was James Bund, number two in TUSH's murder squad and one of the Schweinbaden ghouls as well. Then the martini finally got to him and Israel Bond was very sick.

• • •

He found the Calgonite in a Volks in the Pinochle Royale's darkened parking lot, shoved the corpse of James Bund into the back seat and drove deep into the woods of nearby Titusville. With a makeshift fuse of Bund's shoestrings he touched off the Calgonite, and from a hill a half-mile away watched the blast sear 300 feet of scrub pine.

Using his powerful European heel-and-toe walk, he ate up the 6 miles to Liana's house in 12 minutes, using the time to reflect on the fast-moving events since he'd heard the newscast. The phrase "Operation Alienation" kept bedeviling



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him, but for the second time in the same day he repressed an analysis that might have led him to something more concrete, for he was now standing before something very concrete, the Vine Mansion at the corner of Lazy Lazarushian Lane and Molting Macaw Road.

The door was open. A silvery voice said, "In the kitchen, Iz," and he tiptoed across the Dacron-Orlon-Leon rug (the latter no miracle fiber—the manufacturer merely wished to immortalize his son) and . . .

There was Liana Vine. Naked.

She stood braced against the kitchen table, proud, unashamed, fully cognizant of the effect of her wondrous physiognomy upon him. "If anything's to happen, dearest Iz, it should be in here. No matter how rich we get, we Jews still live in the kitchen."

"I'm hungry," Bond said. "Did the special pie I ordered come yet?"

Without warning she began to cry, her creamy shoulders heaving. "Oh, it's all wrong. This whole thing I had in my mind . . . seeing you after eighteen years . . . and I'm naked . . . and all you're interested in is some damn pizza pie . . ."

He slapped her hard. "Sorry, ketzeleh, but I don't dig hysterical broads. Not even one I love with all my heart." The last sentence, pitched in a low, throbbing tone, seemed to snap her out of her funk and she dried her face on a napkin. "Besides, Liana, you're a Trentonian and you know damn well we call it *tomato pie*, not pizza."

"You've changed, Iz." Her smile was sweet yet grave. "You're so sophisticated 'n' all." Her warm, finely fleshed but not disgustingly plump arms encircled his neck. "Were there any others, Iz?"

His fingers caressed the silky Chemstrand hairs at the nape of her neck. "Don't throw up smoke screens, my pet. The question isn't what *I've* been doing. I'm a man. How about you, maideleh? Simon pure all the way?"

Her breath titillated three of the thousands of erogenous zones on his left ear. "Just once, Iz. It was back in '57 and I hadn't gotten a letter from you in nine years and—"

"Tramp!" He shoved her against the wall. "You bitch! You're all alike. Who was it?" His slaps turned her cheeks blood-red.

She bowed her head. "A guy I met at the John Cage Music Festival in Levittown. He was the third player in the coal-scuttle section. Short, fat, morose fella . . . kinda reminded me of Jackie Vernon. I was just sorry for him, Iz, 'cause everybody was dancing with a girl and he was dancing with a cello, and I guess I was sorry for myself, too. Nine years without . . ." Her voice cracked.

His nose rose, pushed up by a snarl of loathing. "And now you want your old lover boy to swing for you a little, you bitch! By heaven, I'll take you as callously as I took . . ." he reeled off 4000 different names, each one a dagger in her heart, he knew.

Arms flailing like a John Deere thresher, he threw his clothes to the

floor, the cool sensuality of the Armstrong tiles causing insensate emotions on the broad, excitable areas of his bare soles. He was in a shimmering mist, nothing mattered but the pitiless defoliation of this adorable hellcat who had brought her soiled body to mark their reunion. His cruel, sensual lips parted, the liberated teeth laughed with barbaric glee and sank into her neck.

"Oh, Iz! Iz!"

The song of sex roared unabated through the obsessed body of Israel Bond; sparkling glissandos intermingled with Ernie Durandos; fugues swelled into full-blown Rizzutos, revealing concept and cosmos, bread and wine, death and transfiguration, Kukla and Fran, port and starboard, Sonny and Cher, David and Lisa, night and day, day and night for she was the one and she was Mother Earth, releasing at last the boiling magma in her depths, and he was taking it, reshaping it, selling it to Goodwill Industries, for he was Father Earth and father knows best and he was in the clutch of a centrifugal force, surrendering to it and his head slipped down, down, down into a pool . . . sweet, dark . . . so sweet, so dark . . .

She helped him pull his head from the bowl of chocolate pudding on the kitchen table.

He had failed her.

"Well, how was it, Iz?" she said with ill-concealed bitterness.

"My-T-Fine."

Once again Israel Bond's rapier wit had saved the day.

For ten minutes Liana Vine laughed her adorable hellcat head off. "Iz, what a stupendous pun you just made!"

He chucked her under the chin. How had he ever stayed away so long from this warm, bewitching, understanding girl? He would reward her patience, for he knew that she must still be seething like a tidal wave that can find no coastal town to obliterate. The rapier would become the rapist!

Before he commenced his second onslaught, he was struck by an inspiration. If laughter and love were so inescapably intertwined for Liana and him, why not combine the two? Poking about, he found an Allan Sherman album chock full of the chubby little fellow's devastating song parodies.

So it was that, accompanied by Sherman's gift of laughter, he took Liana Vine once more; this time it was no cold, furious exhibitionism, but mature and rich, a love of giving, not sadistic taking, and they melded soul-searing climaxes with gullaws at the comedian's rib-tickling punch lines. Fortune was with them, the funniest bits, *Sarah Jackman* and *Drapes of Roth*, issuing from the speaker at the exact moments of fulfillment in their sexual congress.

Congress was in session a long time.

"Think you'll ever forget that third



"... And by now I'd probably be top man at Collier's."

coal-scuttle player now, my dearest?"

"Don't ever go away again, Iz. Stay. Marry me, live with me. I don't care which."

"Hold on thar, Miss Liana. Thou hast fain tempted me, fair damsel, but it can't be done that quickly. I'll have to ask out of Mother's, maybe help train another agent—uh, salesman—to fill my 10-D wing-tipped Florsheim cordovans."

Her hand flew up to her mouth. "Oh, my God! I meant to tell you—"

"Meant to tell me what, my funny valentine who makes me smile with my heart?" He saw her strained face and his heart ceased smiling.

"Forgive me, Iz. The thought of seeing you again, doing this—it just drove everything else out of my brain. Iz, there's no need for you to go back and resign. You're out of a job."

He pulled himself up. His voice was harsh. "What the hell do you mean by that?"

"I heard it on the radio just before you came in. A bulletin from Tel Aviv. Mother Margolies' Activated Old World Chicken Soup factory—it's been blown up!"

. . .

London?

Israel's Secret Service handed what could be a knockout punch and Op Chief Beame was ordering Bond to London?

He'd been quite dictatorial about it on the phone. "This is a Mem Echod, repeat, Mem Echod. Rendezvous with 113 at Point WCH, Station Benny der Graiser, for further instructions. Shalom."

"Are you in Foam Rubber Acres yourself, Op Chief? Zvi is—"

The line went dead.

He shook his head. Beame's off his—and despised himself for the cheap play on the name at a catastrophic time like this. Well, Beame *was* off his beam, damn it! 113 had been Zvi Gates' designation, and lovable, laughable Zvi Gates was gone, buried in some Godforsaken spot in the green hell that was the El Tiparillan jungle, with only kindly Sister Sweetcakes, "The Swinging Nun," caring enough to stop by sometimes and place a portion boiled beef on his grave. No, Beame isn't the type to go off the deep end like Lavi. There's a logical explanation, idiot. A new 113. He felt a childish resentment toward the man and cursed himself for being unjust.

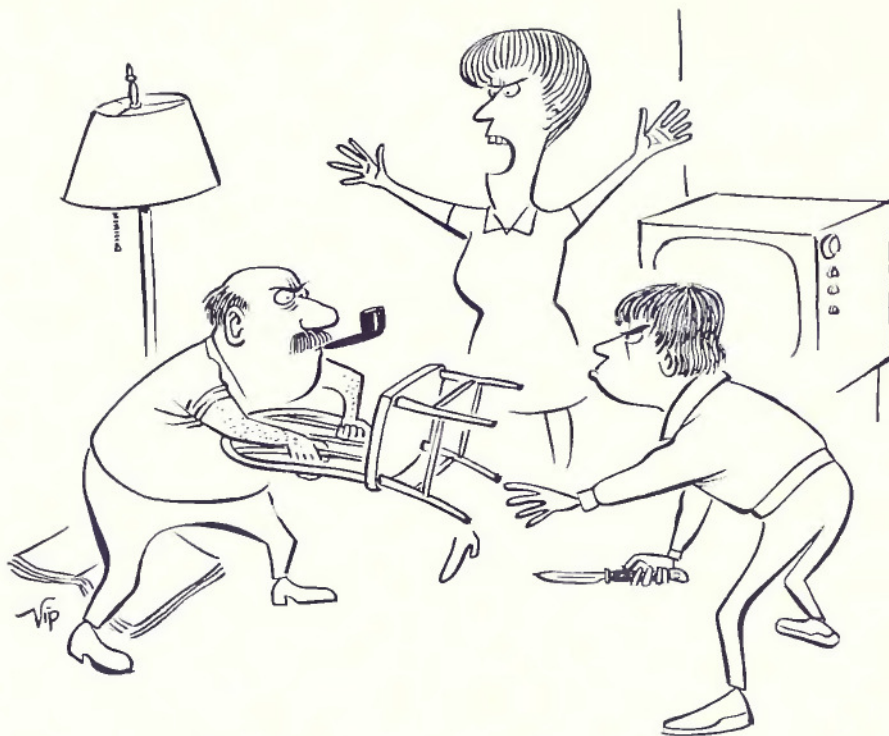
Wait! Mem Echod!

Gottsedanken!

Mem is Hebrew for—M! Echod for—One! Mother was alive! Benny der Graiser was Yiddish, the *lingua frankel* of the truly cultured "in" of the world. Benny the Great, Benny the Big, or Big Ben . . . London, his next stop.

. . .

Now Ha Lavi's new gear was in his bags and he was looking out the window of an El Al jet 31,000 feet up.



"For crying out loud! Why can't he have the car keys tonight?"

He busied himself with *The New York Times*. There was a wrap-up on the explosions, minus the one at Mother's that had broken too late to make the edition. The FBI had been ordered to investigate 178 deaths at 3500 disasters; dozens more were dead in South America and Europe. As Sahd Sakistan mourned King Hakmir, Grand Vizier Ben-Bella Barka had flown on a hush-hush mission to London. New York's Mayor Lindsay had been offered a plan for a new police review board that would review the decisions handed down by any civilian review board; the mayor had promised to review it.

"Coffee, tea or LSD!" chirped the curvaceous, black-eyed Yemenite stewardess.

"The latter," Bond requested, popping the minute dose into his mouth; for three hours he was aloft in a reverie that enabled him to see music and hear Marcel Marceau's entire act. He came out of it as the pilot announced the descent into London.

Point WCH was code for the William the Conqueror Hotel.

"Cabby, take me to 1066 Hastings. Make it in less than ten minutes and there's a handful of farthingales, four-pennies and jujubes for you." On the way to Cheapside they passed what had been a delicatessen, its windows blown out; on the sidewalk lay salamis and tongues in the appalling rictus of death.

"Gar! Fifteenth bloomin' one I seen like that to-dye. Someone's got it in for the bloody Yids, they 'as." Bond cut four farthingales from the bigot's tip.

In his room, he paced hour after hour, each new disaster broadcast by the telly deepening his concern. He looked at the two-foot mound of Raleigh stubs and berated himself for the filthy habit. Maybe the coupons would cover the cost of the lung operation, he smirked, with yet another display of his sardonic humor. Bond moved to the door when the rap sounded, opened it wide and was driven back by an agonizing blow to his tender stomach by the muzzle of a .44 Bump-Hadley.

"Just put your hands behind your neck." The speaker was a sandy blond with a bandage on his forehead. He was slim, of medium height, wore a black windbreaker, khaki ducks and white sneakers. With his left hand he removed the outsized Italian wrap-around sunglasses that blocked off a third of his face.

"Neon! Neon Zion! You damn-fool kid! Don't you remember the Matzoh-ball caper?"

"Stow it, Mac. The quick brown I. J. Fox jumped over the pickled lox."

A rage shook Bond. This damn punk, an ex-Israeli Peace Corpsman who owes his life to me, is pulling guns and demanding countersigns as if I'm some snott-nosed recruit. There was no choice but to play along:

"Folks who live on Quemoy are known as Quemoyim."

"And all these Quemoyim, for damn sure, are goyim."

The breath whooshed out of the kid and Bond realized how nervous he must have been. "Thank God it's you, Oy Oy



Seven! I had to do what I did. Orders."

"What the hell is bugging Lazar Beame? Doesn't he know who I am?"

Neon lit a Raleigh. "Mr. Bond, since it happened, nobody knows anything anymore or trusts anybody. Sure, you look like the man I grew to worship on that terrible isle, but you could have been a rushy with a plastic-surgery job." He took a deep breath. "Here's the scam. Somebody disguised as one of the tourists left some Calgonite, at least 200-zis worth, in the front wing of M's factory. Now how in hell did rush know the factory was a cover for M 33 and 1/3? Another thing—with the exception of Oy Oy Five, missing, presumed captured, and you, sir, all the Double Oys are dead. It's foolish to suppose rush hadn't heard of you. But how did they know who the others were?"

Bond bit his lip. He knew, but that could come later. "Who got it at the factory? How bad is M?"

"Crippled. In a wheelchair. I was next to her when it happened. A hundred cases of Mother's Activated Old World Kosher Charcoal Briquettes fell on us. Got my head banged up, but that's all. Uh, you and Leilah were kinda pally. I take it—"

Bond sprang at Neon, dug his long, tapering fingers into the lad's shoulder. "Leilah! What about her?"

Tears streamed from H3's eyes. "She wasn't as lucky. Got hurled into the gefüllte-fish vat. It was boiling."

He let go of Neon and stared into the night. In his rage he whipped out the Chris-Keeler and fired through the window into Berkeley Square. The nightingale fell dead. "The others?"

"Aide de Camp de Camp, gone . . . Section Psychiatrist Pippikel, gone . . . Mendel the Mantis, gone . . ."

"Ha Lavi?" Was the little genius of weaponry killed, too?

"He's OK, sir, s-s-s-sort of. He had just stepped out for a breath of hot stale air—he can't stand air conditioners, you know—and he was knocked down. But he came out of it kinda funny. I was the first to get to him. He'd been hit a glancing blow on the head by a board with one of M's proverbs painted on it, which said, HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A PLYMOUTH. He looked at me and said, 'You know, Neon, if you keep giving massive doses of iron to Persian lambs, you might very well get steel wool,' and that's when I called Op Chief Beame, who took him away."

Bond was pulling on his trench coat. "We're wasting time. Let's get home."

Neon pulled on his Raleigh. "You're not going back, Oy Oy Seven. Mem Echod order. You've a job that starts right here in London town."

Up your foggy day, Bond grumbled to himself.

"And"—Neon moved to the door—"if I'm not mistaken, it starts this second."

A bronzed, gaunt man in a dark double-breasted sharkskin suit with rakish fins entered. His face was distinctly Arabic, proud, barbaric, distinguished by a hooked nose. A yellow fez perched atop his gray locks. "Israel Bond, I am Ben-Bella Barka, Grand Vizier of Sahd Sakistan. Please come with me. Your duties commence at once."

"Goddamnit! What the hell is going on in M 33 and 1/3? Are they trading me to the Arabs for Suez and thirty oil fields?"

Neon smiled. "Something like it, sir. M has consented to have you act as the Secret Service of Sahd Sakistan on a temporary basis. You are to guard King Hakmir's son, who is in a ticklish spot, untested and surrounded by enemies. The new monarch was quite specific in requesting you. Ben-Bella Barka found the lad living here and contacted our P. M., who agreed to the deal."

"Deal? This is lunacy! The big show's going on in Israel: they're bumping off our Double Oys, crippling our number one, and I get sent on some tinhorn assignment! Listen, Ben-Ball Breaker or whatever your name is—what's in this for my country?"

The mouth was taut and irate. "A great deal, Mr. Boor. In return for guarding His Majesty, Sahd Sakistan, a believer in *Realpolitik*, is going to be a force for your nation's welfare in the United Nations. Our alignment with you on key issues will lure the Asian states from their ties with the Arab bloc and perhaps even convince our Middle Eastern neighbors to end their puerile, unprofitable obduracy. There is more at stake for you in Sahd Sakistan than in Tel Aviv, no matter how horrendous your present tragedy."

"He's right, Oy Oy Seven," Neon asserted, and Bond knew it. "M says I'm to be your assistant."

Bond's shoulders slumped. "Where is His Majesty?"

"He is having his fitting for the coronation. Come with me, gentlemen."

Ben-Bella Barka's block-long Rolls took them to an address in fashionable Mayfair, where they parked in front of a glittering salon on Darn Cat Mews and got out and walked the block to the entrance. "His Majesty is in Monsieur Pierre's suite, gentlemen."

And in Monsieur Pierre's arms, it developed. The designer, clad in a purple toga and hunter's-green Jamaicas, held the tiny monarch to his heart. "*Mon roi, mon amour . . . je t'adore . . .*"

Then a wild eye caught Bond's bemused face and a spidery hand pushed the Frenchman's face aside cavalierly. "Split, you disgusting Frog! Here's the real stuff in life to cling to—my sweet Super-Jew . . ."

Sahd Sakistan's new monarch looked like the cat about to swallow the aviary. With a frenetic series of ballet leaps, he

vaulted to Bond and threw his fragile arms around his neck. "O blessed spirit of Oscar Wilde, it's the all-time beefcake bonanza, the Eldorado of virility, the mother lode of musculature and it's mine, mine, mine . . ."

Bond groaned; his heart hit his heels as he recognized the elfin Negro with the Dick Van Dyke beard, horn-rimmed glasses and Courrèges dress and white boots, who had been tapped by destiny to rule a nation.

Baldroi LeFagel, author of the epic *Up Your Blue Toilet, Mr. Charlie* and brother of Sister Sweetcakes, Bond had last seen him on the island of El Tiparillo.

. . .

"I will *not*, I will *not*, I will *not*! Let Israel be overrun by Egypt, let the sky fall into the sea, let banks fail in Yonkers. I will *not*!" Bond bellowed.

Then his patriotism triumphed and he consented with utmost reluctance to follow Neon's quite sensible advice.

"If you're going with His Majesty tonight to the club, it ill behooves you to look out of place. He may already be shadowed by rush, Mr. Bond. You must not look as though you're guarding him. You must appear to be one of LeFagel's companions."

So he put on the dress.

After the first shock of seeing the smart Cecily of Sicily two-piece electric-blue jersey clinging to his lithe, muscular frame, he found the freedom of the skirt somewhat refreshing. After all, Scotsmen wear these kilt things all the time, he reasoned, and certainly no one finds the Scots unmanly. And the blonde wig—well, hadn't Harpo Marx worn one like it during his career? And Harpo had never been suspect. As for the shaped Cuban heels, doesn't José Greco—

Knock it off, Bond: stop the rationalizing. You're afraid of what you're wearing, afraid you might like it.

Hadn't a renowned observer of the human scene once said, "There's six percent of latent homosexuality in every man"? Who was it? Freud? Adler? Jung? James M. Cain?

And, Mr. Bond, his inner self asked his outer self, what man taking a shower at the Y has not looked at the man in the next shower and said to himself, "That's another man in the next shower there?"

Snap out of it, Oy Oy Seven. The philosophical mood, not the dress. There's a job to be done for M, Eretz Israel and the ruler of Sahd Sakistan. You're on the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen. Thank heaven Neon's working out all right. He's a bright kid, even suggested that he go on ahead and ease the joint because we shouldn't be seen together.

Bond finished applying the base make up and Maybelline eye shadow. Not 133

bad. I could never be one of those truly beautiful girls, but I'm undeniably . . . interesting. A touch of Tangee on my cruel, sensual lips and it's off to Soho with King Baldroi and a night at Baldroi's own bistro, the Gayboy Club.

LeFagel was a vision in crinoline and lace when Bond stopped by to fetch him. "I feel so Scarlett O'Hara tonight—magnolias by moonlight—warm winds whipping whatever part of the slaves of massa missed in the afternoon." He stared at Bond. "Why, you've turned, you've turned! Glory, glory—"

"Cool it, LeFagel. This is just a disguise. Don't get your hopes up."

LeFagel winked. "I'd much rather get your . . . hopes up, you bonny brawny thing." He clasped his hands in a prayerful attitude.

Gottenu! Bond sighed.

As the cab rumbled through the night, a blanket of fog lent a sinister touch to the city. Good, Bond thought. It'll be hard to be followed in this pea-souper. He felt his purse, heavy with the comforting weight of the gun inside, hoping he would not need to use it.

"Say, LeFagel, what's with the Old-South-by-moonlight getup? A man who's written such violent anti-white power-structure novels as *Burn, Whitey, Burn in the Fire Next Time* has no right to look like a 19th Century plantation owner's imperious daughter."

LeFagel put an orange-tipped Phyllis Morris between his lips. "Oh, I'm over that phase. Not that I'm unsympathetic to my people's problems, you understand, but if they haven't got enough sense to better themselves by inheriting Middle East kingdoms, the hell with them. Anyway, I'm much too involved with the real movement, Bondikins."

"Call me 'Bondikins' once more and I'll kick your tail. Oh, we're here."

"Promises, promises," LeFagel sighed.

Bond felt a sharp pain aft as he guided LeFagel toward the lavender-blue Dilly Dilly door of the club and turned to see an evil grin on the cabman's ruddy face. By thunder, the man had pinched him! Only his Double Oy training constrained him from punching in the brute's face. Then Bond smiled. The man had pinched *him*, not LeFagel. No matter which scene I make, it's *me* they're after, and he felt somehow reassured and waved back at the driver.

Down winding steps they went, into a dimly lit cellar crowded with tiny circular tables no bigger than hula hoops, around which were clustered little knots of Gayboy regulars, their lively faces illuminated by candles stuck into Clorox bottles.

In a pin spot on a miniature stage was a heavily rouged, marcelled blonde sitting on a stool, his legs crossed. He wore a pink Linkletter Calypso shirt, the ends tied at his waist, and the tapered red-satin slacks so popular in this milieu,

Transves-Tights. He was singing in a throaty German accent.

*"When we crawled in bed one night last week,
I found we had the same physique.
You brought a strange kind of love to me."*

Sighs and moans ensued. "Willi, you're fantabulous!" cried a plump onlooker.

"She is chi, isn't she chi?" the admiring king said.

"Who is she?"

"I'll certainly find out."

LeFagel exchanged a whispered conversation with the plump onlooker, then turned to Bond. "That's a new one I've never heard of, Willi Marlene from East Berlin. She asked my maître de if she could go on tonight. Far as I'm concerned, she can go on *any* night."

"Damn it, LeFagel! Enough with the limp innuendoes already."

"Jealous, jealous, jealous. Admit it. Cat got your tongue? Lucky cat."

Bond paid him no mind. He was thinking. Willi had asked to perform, Willi from East Berlin. King Baldroi, we may be in trouble right off the bat.

As Willi did a medley of bittersweet songs obviously dear to his enrapt, weeping audience—*My Man, Mad About the Boy* and a slow, specialized rendition of *Stonthearted Men*—Bond scanned the layout. On the wall behind their table was a gallery of photographs of world-famous celebrities. "Are they—uh—special, too?"

"Course, silly Semitic sweetness. The squares would die if they knew. See that one of the big-league ballplayer? He's a switch-bitter off the field, too. And the nuclear scientist? Right now he's working on something for us, the Gay-Bomb." LeFagel pointed a finger. "Like that mural? It's a masterpiece."

It depicted one of the heroic moments of antiquity, a homosexual holding off hordes of Mongols singlehandedly to protect his Greek city-state, the immortal *Fellatio at the Bridge*.

Willi demonstrated his versatility with a collection of risqué stories that had the audience in titters (one of them with a rhyming punch line, "faggot maggot," wasn't bad at all, Bond conceded, writing it down in his notebook).

Throwing kisses to all, stopping to bestow certain favors on a few, Willi made his way to LeFagel's table.

"Your gracious, gracious liege, defender of man's inalienable right to be alien," he purred and knelt to kiss the king's hand.

As he genuflected, Willi Marlene's right hand slipped into the back pocket of his Transves-Tights, Bond's eyes on it all the way.

Bond's fingers were without prehensility, it seemed. He couldn't get the damn clasp to open, cursing himself for not having tried a dry run with the purse.

Willi's right hand came out with a curved kris, its wicked silhouette standing out in the candlelight.

Bond swung with all his power and smashed Willi across the throat as the dagger moved toward LeFagel's heart. Willi Marlene fell softly on his back, a broken rag doll.

LeFagel was screaming from the top of a table now, hurling Clorox bottles all over the club in his hysteria. One of the candles touched off the stage curtain and it flared into a sea of flames.

Bond stood looking down at Willi Marlene's body. How good it all had been before tonight, he thought—the glorious killings by Moishe Dyan rifle, the Tzimmes-88, the frozen Milky Way, the ten-ton matzohball.

Now I'm at the nadir of my career.

But to look at it from a professional viewpoint, he *had* done his job. Willi Marlene's windpipe had been crushed. For now, Baldroi LeFagel was safe.

But he couldn't keep the enormity of what he'd done out of his head.

I have just killed a man by striking him with a purse.

He turned his face aside so that he could not be seen. Israel Bond wept.

LeFagel snapped him out of it.

"Mr. Bond! Mr. Bond! I'm on fire!"

So now it's Mr. Bond when you're up against it, eh, King Baldroi? He resisted an urge to cry "Burn, baby, burn!" and pulled the screaming ruler from the tabletop, beating out the tongues of flame with his hands.

The wild fire LeFagel had set off by his outburst of irrationality was spreading like—well, wildfire. Not a bad line, either, Bond thought, and scribbled it down as he choked on the black smoke.

He put the tiny fellow on his torn, aching shoulder and barreled through the clawing, howling Gayboy customers to the street, the cool air a godsend to his scorched body.

Depositing LeFagel in a trash can, he raced back into the inferno three times, snatching 12 more trapped customers, dumping them all on the sidewalk.

"Oy Oy Seven!" There was a bleat from one of the blackened faces in the third batch he'd taken up.

"Neon! Are you OK, kid? And where the hell were you?"

"Backstage. I just came to a minute ago. You've saved my life again, Oy Oy Seven. I wish to hell I knew how to—"

"Forget it, boydick! That's what Double Oys were made for. Why were you backstage?"

"I told you I was going on ahead to snoop, and I found something." He looked rueful. "Trouble is, something found me, too. I'd spotted this Willi Marlene actor making up in the dressing room and I saw one of those symbols on his wrist."

"Tush?"

"Well, sort of. Naked buttocks were

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being kicked, but by high heels."

Bond snapped his long, tapering fingers. "TUSH's special department for killer queers. He was in the Gayfia."

"Well, I guess he'd seen me in the mirror or something, because when I turned around, I got coshed real good." He rubbed the back of his head. "Sorry, Oy Oy Seven. I loused up my first big job and he got away."

Bond gave the youngster a friendly jab to the mouth, which split it and sent three teeth flying into the gutter. "He's been taken care of, fella." Several of the Gayboy patrons loped screeching down the street and Bond grinned. "See them running? I guess that's what they really mean by drag racing."

"Oy, *mommeleht!*" Neon's eyes bulged out and he was in the grip of an uncontrollable fit of laughter. "Lord, that's funny! Drag racing!"

Hey, Bond thought, looking at young Neon with new respect. The kid's a *laugher!* Hell, he laughs more than Zvi Gates ever did. 'Course, I'm sorry for what happened to Zvi, but . . .

Back at the William the Conqueror, Bond called a parley.

"We've got to get the hell out of here. TUSH has a boatload of agents in London. But we'll throw 'em a curve. Instead of Sahd Sakistan, our next stop'll be Israel."

"I suppose I should thank you for saving my royal life, Bonderooney," said a subdued Baldroi LeFagel. "It was precious of you. Mayn't I reward you in my own sweet way?" His eyes burned into the secret agent's.

"Yes, by acting like a king. Now go pack."

As Bond did his own packing, he looked with regret on the electric-blue jersey dress that had served him so well on this grim night. Seems a shame to throw it down the incinerator, he thought. I'll take it along. There might come a day when I'm just bugged by everything else in my wardrobe and . . .

At the airport he bought them all insurance, including the new policy that covers death by plane crash in the waters of a holy shrine—sold only by Lourdes of London—and settled back to do some hard thinking as Neon and Baldroi snoozed. The London *Times* had more explosions to report, a total of 4999 on the three continents. The Pinochle Royale would have made it an even 5000, he reasoned, adding 4999 and 1 and coming up with the inescapable answer.

The *Times* noted again that in virtually every instance the bombings had destroyed edifices that had some relationship to food and drink. The exceptions were five Halifax-to-New York freighters. Were these just random, unrelated incidents? Or part of the TUSH plot in some unrecognizable way?

James Bund's oblique references came back to him. "Operation Alienation." "Dr. Holzknight." He'd have to tell M and Beame immediately. Then a great guilt pervaded him. He'd also have to tell them that he had covered up the sordid betrayal of Israel by weaselly Nochum Spector, the little man with the big dream of world domination in the Matzohball caper. Nochum had been M's nephew; Bond had not wanted to hurt her. Because of his foolish gallantry, there were almost 60 dead, including his buddies, the Double Oys, whose identities Nochum had revealed. That part of the story intrigued him the most, the blown-up cab in Jerusalem after they'd gone to renew their licenses to kill.

It was obvious. Someone in the license bureau had fingered them in some way.

He would pay that bureau a friendly little visit.

Two cartons of Raleighs later, the El Al jet circled Lydda Airport and angled downward. It touched the soil of Eretz Israel and tears rolled down Bond's cheeks as fast as the plane rolled down the runway.

Lazar Beame was waiting in the Simcha, the ugly but gutsy little car produced in Beersheba by a French-Israeli cooperative. Beame was a short, stocky man of 55, with a tanned stoical face. He was an ex-Double Oy himself who had moved up when he reached the field-combat retirement age of 45. He'd begged for a two-year extension, but M had turned him down: "You don't know what the really good wines are anymore, your thickened waistline makes you unattractive to women and your golf game is way off. Worst of all, you can't work that hair-across-the-doorway trick anymore. You're bald. Come in out of the cold, Lazar."

Now, as they drove toward town, Beame's teeth were serrating a White Owl. "We're headquartered in emergency site Zaddik-Iyan-Gimmel-Gimmel-Yood ever since . . ." He bit through the cigar in his anger.

Z-I-G-G-Y. Ziggy's! The popular kosher restaurant on Bezael Street. Was that the new cover? Was fat, wisecracking Ziggy Gershenfeld, the Max Asnas-Toots Shor-Duke Ziebert of Israel, a big cog in the Secret Service?

"Surprised?" Beame said *sotto voce* so that King Baldroi and Neon, seated in the rear, could not hear. "I can hear your brain clicking. Yes, it's Ziggy's and, yes, he's way up in M 33 and 1/3; has been for years. There are some things you never learn until you get up to my level, Oy Oy Seven."

They motored through the Judean hills, harsh and beautiful. Somewhere along the line, three of the Simcha's four tires fell off, but the doughty auto chugged along with spirit. "These little babies can really take it, Bond," said Beame. The rear end dropped off at

Jaffa Road and Bezael Street, the motor three blocks from Ziggy's, yet the sturdy little frame cruised right up to the door.

They were hustled through the service entrance, down a hallway redolent with odors of stuffed cabbage, into the kitchen.

There was M.

She sat in a wheelchair, her slight legs made tree-trunk thick by yards of bandages. There were bruises on her forehead and cheeks and a plaster sticker on the tip of her nose. But her eyes had lost none of their keenness.

"Shalom, Oy Oy Seven, 113 and honored guest, King Baldroi."

After a round of salutations, M suggested that Neon take King Baldroi to the front for a bite and seemed bewildered by the little ruler's arch response.

"The king has a bizarre sense of humor," Bond said, apologizing. He then unloaded his terrible secret.

Beame's reaction was instantaneous. "You stupid bastard! Nobody's feelings are ever spared in this game. There's a ton of blood on your head, Mr. Bond. If I were you, M, I'd take away his number and throw him to the wolves."

M's answer took a long time in coming. "Op Chief Beame is correct. Oy Oy Seven. You have done a terrible thing," Bond bit his elbow. "And a noble thing. I must be condemnatory in my official capacity, grateful for your concern in my human one. I disagree with Op Chief Beame's solution, however. It is unrealistic. Oy Oy Seven is perhaps our last hope, Mr. Beame. He will finish this assignment, at least, before any departmental inquiry is held. Now, Mr. Bond, a detailed report on your experiences in Trenton and London, and your theories."

So that's it, Bond thought. This is my swan song. The folds in his heart gave way at the seams and the whole mess collapsed into his stomach. Popping ten Roloids into his mouth to neutralize it, he recounted in an unemotional manner the whole narrative.

At the mention of Dr. Holzknight, M and Beame registered shock. The former pressed the pilot-light button on the stove and in five seconds Ziggy Gershenfeld waddled into the kitchen, wiping his hands on his apron. "I was listening to Oy Oy Seven's report on these"—his forefingers touched his hearing aids. "I was wondering when you'd call me in." He was a round little man with bright eyes in a face that was a dead ringer for Harry Golden's. "If Holzknight authored this thing, it's something dark and deep. Certainly gives me food for thought."

"How odd, Z," said M with a nervous smile. "That very phrase, 'food for thought,' went through my mind when I first heard about it."

"Invert it! Invert it!" Bond was screaming.

"What the hell do you mean?" thundered Beame.

It was all clear to Bond now. One of the three (he'd pretty well discounted Pincus) had forged a memo on Ministry of Defense stationery, which was easy enough to obtain, dropped it in Pincus' box and Pincus had complied. There's no sense asking which one. They'll all



At 3:30 p.m. Ziggy's was closed to the

"Mr. Moonlight-Bey, you've eaten 137

only nine pieces of kugel! For shame! Little clerks with hollow legs need lots of nourishment. Come on, Mr. LaToole. Surely you can stand another pound of that gefüllte fish! Mr. Ben Blue, open wide and nice Mr. Bond'll give you another spoonful of relish . . ."

Ninety minutes later, the dinner was over. "Golly," said Bond, "I guess that was just about the niftiest meal I've ever had." He rubbed his tummy. "What do you lads feel about the dinner? Give me your honest opinion."

"*Merci, Monsieur Bond. It was formidable.*" This from Pierre LaToole.

Shofar Ben Blue shook his head in disbelief. "Amazing. Amazing."

Bond lit a Raleigh. "Mr. Hassim Moonlight-Bey?"

Mr. Hassim Moonlight-Bey patted his own tummy. His full lips opened, revealing firm, strong teeth. From that mouth came a belch—no ordinary belch, but a mega-belch.

Israel Bond smiled. Then he hurled his bowl of Mother's Chicken Soup into Mr. Moonlight-Bey's leathery visage with all his strength, squashing the aquiline nose to jelly. He dived like an avenging falcon on a lynx that has raided its nest, pinning the clerk to the floor and driving his fist into the man's solar plexus.

He stood up. Beame and Z came out of the kitchen, wheeling M.

"There's your spying Arab plant. Your gassy belch, Mr. Moonlight-Bey, so traditionally the Arab mode of expressing satisfaction with a meal, gave you away. Sweat him, Op Chief Beame, sweat him good so he'll talk. From this point on, we're back in the old ball game!"

. . .

Z's three days were up.

What was left of the battered Secret Service of Eretz Israel looked with hopeful eyes upon the restaurateur as he shuffled his notes.

"The Arab had some interesting things to say, but they can wait until Z is through," Beame said.

Z's opening statement of his peroration was blunt:

"TUSH is trying to alienate the Jews of the Western world from Israel by destroying the one element it thinks is holding that relationship together—Jewish food."

Beame glanced up at Z and swirled his forefinger in a circle around his ear.

"I am not crazy," Z said with no rancor. "Dr. Holzknight was the key to the puzzle, of course. During the last three days I have been in contact with those who knew him at the Schisselzelmknist Institute and they concede he is warped but a genius. As an illustration of that genius, let me say that in 1955 he performed an unauthorized operation upon Gerda Sem-Heidt at the Konigsborgen Clinic. It was too delicate an operation for him to do alone, so he enlisted the aid

of two veterinarians. One of them talked to me. He gave her an external plastic heart and it works."

There were gasps from all but M, who made a notation.

Z continued: "The good doctor has made a thorough study of Jewish life, according to one of his old colleagues, and, I'm sorry to say, is more familiar with the milieu than most Jews. Undoubtedly, because he speaks our languages, Hebrew and Yiddish, he has been among us in disguise for many years in many places. He has noticed the shameful indifference of huge numbers of Jews toward Jewishness in recent years, which has been expressed in many ways: the rising rate of intermarriage, the slackening of synagogue attendance, dwindling affiliations with Jewish organizations, the weakening of respect between children and parents, the empty hotel rooms in Miami Beach at the height of the season, the burning rush to change names and bob noses—this trend has been arrested for the moment by Barbra Streisand's celebrity, but it may surge again.

"He saw a phenomenon so common to us that we wouldn't give it a second thought. Have you ever noticed how Jewish we become, even the most disaffected of us, when we sit down to bagels and lox, corned beef, pastrami, kishke, borscht with sour cream, M's insuperable chicken soup, Manischewitz wine, sour pickles, et al.? In a twinkling of a boiled-potato eye, that emotional vestige of our heritage pops up. With each bite of the schmaltz herring we become ghetto philosophers, each bar of cream cheese sings the score of *Fiddler on the Roof*, each piece of rye bread—and suddenly we're fighting for the varnished heel with the union label again—makes us hum 'bum-bai-biddy-biddy-bum-bai!' In short, we feel Jewish . . . and—this is important—charitable to other Jews, to Israel.

"This is why Dr. Ernst Holzknight destroyed the sources of food, many of the leading establishments where Jews congregate to eat, and so forth."

Bond raised his hand.

"You want to go to the bathroom?" Z asked.

"Well, since you ask . . ." Bond said. "But first I have a question. How does the bombing of the five Halifax-to-New York freighters fit in with your theory?"

Z laughed. "Schnook, you answered your own question and you don't know it. I'll help you. Where is Halifax?"

"In Nova Scotia," Israel Bond's face was flushed with shame. "I see. They were all carrying Nova Scotia lox."

"Vu den? You see, just thinking about food has me talking Yiddish!"

"Dr. Holzknight knows it'll take years to rebuild the massive food structure TUSH's Calgonite planters have leveled these past few days. And by that time so

many 'marginal' Jews will have left the fold that it would never be the same again anyway. For all we know, the damage is already done.

"I made some spot checks in every big city concerned. There's been a decline in these related activities already. The tourist bookings to Israel—down. U. J. A. donations—down. Synagogue Sunday breakfast meetings—down. Georgie Jessel's speaking engagements—down."

M turned to Beame. "Here, your trench coat is done. I'll shorten it later." She looked at Z. "Do we just sit on our hands? Is there no way of counter-attacking this monstrous thing?"

"No, don't sit on your hands, it's bad for the circulation. Yes, there is one chance—if we could get hold of any one of TUSH's big three, Auntie Sem-Heidt, Heinz Sem-Heidt or, better still, Dr. Ernst Holzknight, and make him confess this terrible thing to the world, get the master plan, the list of all people paid for the bombings. With the proper exposure on TV, press and radio, we could show the world what's happened and, incidentally, make our fellow Jews so mad they'll start going to daily services again—and buy some bonds, too. The question is: Who will shake these rats out of their nest and get the evidence?"

Operations Chief Lazar Beame answered him for all those present. He walked briskly to the bathroom, flung open the door and cried: "Israel Bond, come out and save Judaism!"

Bond slammed the door. "Now?"

"Yes, now!"

Bond emerged.

The gray eyes were cynical. "I thought I was just about all washed up with M 33 and 1/3."

"It's all changed," Beame was brusque. "Now I'll tell you all what the Arab said, from least important to most. One, Ziggy's was to be bombed. I intercepted a guy with a 100-zis charge. He's out of business for keeps."

Good-o! Bond thought.

"Two, he didn't know anything about the master plan; he's too small to be trusted with that info.

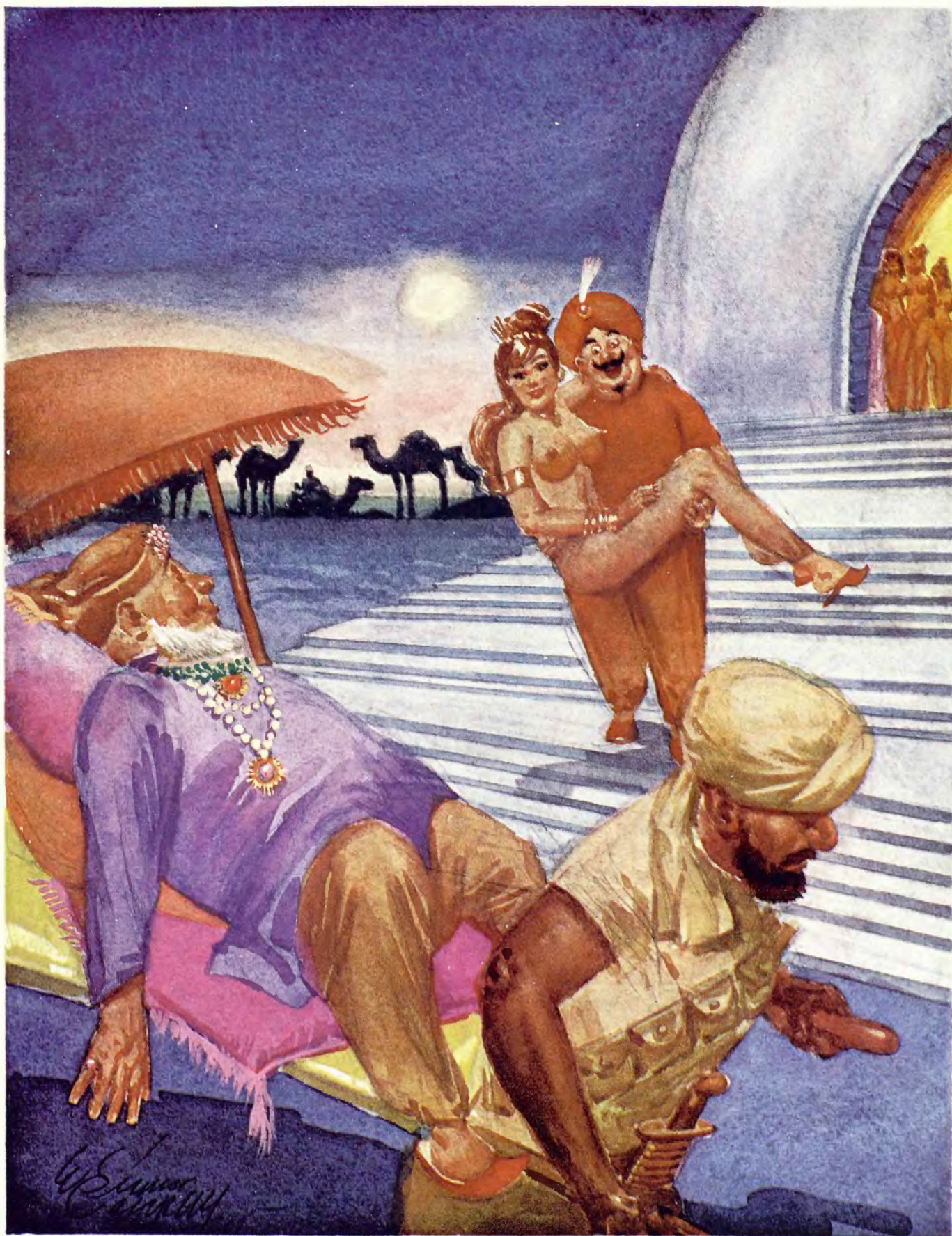
"Three, he does know where TUSH is located. The Sem-Heidts are operating a gambling casino as a front.

"Four, it's in the very place you're heading. Oy Oy Seven. Sahd Sakistan.

"Go in there, Oy Oy Seven, smash that horrible junta, get the documents, capture one of the big ones and make him talk, save the king from assassination, save Eretz Israel from disappearing into oblivion."

This is the first of a two-part serialization of Sol Weinstein's parody "On the Secret Service of His Majesty the Queen." The conclusion will appear next month.





"How about one more for the road, Pasha?"

Could you help me out? I have always been against censorship, on purely personal grounds—I don't want anybody, not even five out of nine Supreme Court justices, telling me what I can and cannot read. I regard such thought control as an offense against my dignity as a human being and an impertinence on the censor's part, but this is an entirely subjective outlook. Objectively, just what are the arguments against censorship? As far as I'm concerned, Jimmy Durante once summed it up better than any judge, when he said, "Don't put no constrictions on da people. Leave 'em to hell alone," but I would like to have a more impressive legal authority to cite when the subject comes up in the future. And while you're at it, what are Hefner's views?

Bruce Stuart
Detroit, Michigan

Hefner's position on censorship is expressed with simplicity and clarity in the First Amendment to the United States Constitution: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." Hefner agrees with Justice Hugo Black, who believes that when the authors of the Constitution wrote "no law," they meant "no law," Justice Black has said:

The beginning of the First Amendment is that "Congress shall

make no law." It is one of the most amazing things about the ingenuity of the times that strong arguments are made, which almost convince me, that it is very foolish of me to think "no law" means no law. But what it says is "Congress shall make no law . . ." Then I move on to the words "abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." It says Congress shall make no law doing that. What it means—according to a current philosophy that I do not share—is that Congress shall be able to make just such a law unless we judges object too strongly. [But] it says "no law" and that is what I believe it means. My view is, without deviation, without exception, without any ifs, buts or whereases, that freedom of speech means that you shall not do something to people either for the views they have or the views they express or the words they speak or write.

In his dissent to the Ginzburg decision, Black said further:

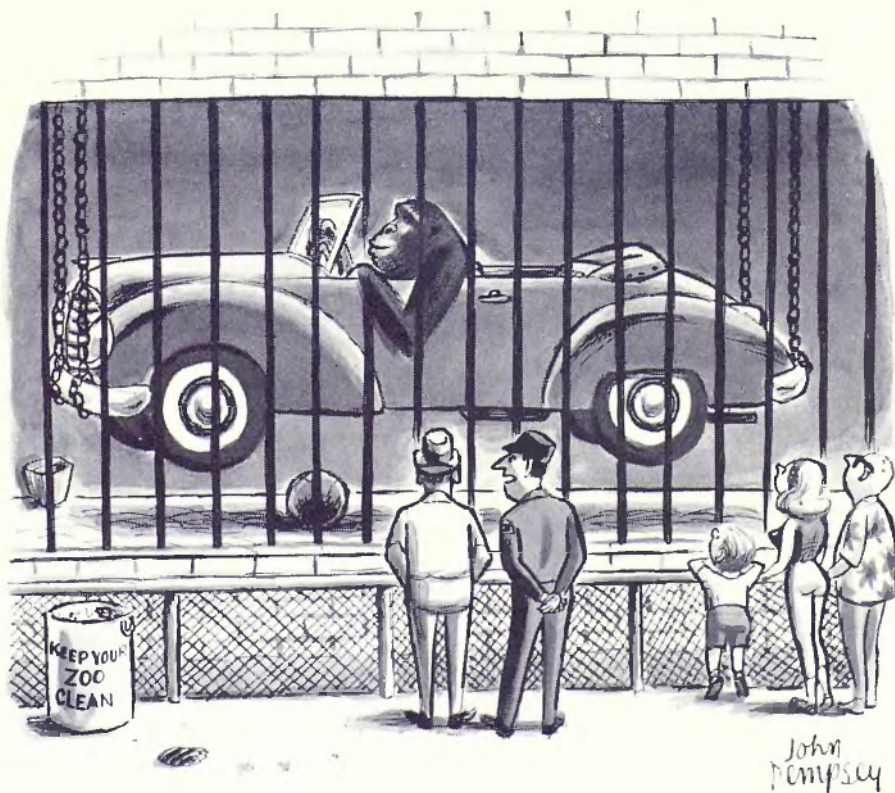
Sex is a fact of life. Its pervasive influence is felt throughout the world and it cannot be ignored. Like all other facts of life, it can lead to difficulty and trouble and sorrow and pain. But while it may

lead to abuses, and has in many instances, no words need be spoken in order for people to know that the subject is one pleasantly interwoven in all human activities and involves the very substance of the creation of life itself. It is a subject which people are bound to consider and discuss, whatever laws are passed by any government to try to suppress it. Though I do not suggest any way to solve the problems that may arise from sex or discussions about sex, of one thing I am confident, and that is that Federal censorship is not the answer to these problems. I find it difficult to see how talk about sex can be placed under the kind of censorship the Court here approves without subjecting our society to more dangers than we can anticipate at the moment. It was to avoid exactly such dangers that the First Amendment was written and adopted. For myself I would follow the course which I believe is required by the First Amendment, that is, recognize that sex at least as much as any other aspect of life is so much a part of our society that its discussions should not be made a crime.

The standard argument against Black's literal interpretation of the First Amendment is that, since obscenity allegedly has no redeeming social value, it is not "speech," and therefore is not sheltered by constitutional guarantees. But if this argument were to have any practical application, if we were to set aside a certain type of communication and declare it "non-speech," it would first be necessary to define it in order that everyone might clearly recognize what he is forbidden to say. Concerning the prospect of satisfactorily defining obscenity, Justice Black said in his dissent to the Ginzburg decision:

My conclusion is that certainly after the fourteen separate opinions handed down in these three cases today no person, not even the most learned judge much less a layman, is capable of knowing in advance of an ultimate decision in his particular case by this Court whether certain material comes within the area of "obscenity" as that term is confused by the Court today.

Another favored argument for censorship is that, whether or not we can define obscenity, it does exist, and it is the Government's duty to protect society from the antisocial behavior it may cause susceptible individuals to perform. Justice Tom Clark stated this argument in his dissent to the "Fanny Hill" decision: "While erotic stimulation caused by pornography may be legally insignificant in itself, there are medical



"After we hung the tire in there, he wanted a wheel. Then he had to have an axle. Then . . ."

experts who believe that such stimulation frequently manifests itself in criminal sexual behavior or other antisocial conduct." But the "medical experts" Justice Clark cited were expressing personal opinions not based on empirical evidence. Since these opinions were arrived at, a monumental scientific study of the causative factors in sex crimes, based on interviews with over 2000 sex offenders, has been published by the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University ("Sex Offenders," 1965). The authors declare:

With great assurance, many persons state that exposure to erotica and pornography leads to moral decay and sex offenses. The axiomatic character of these statements would lead one to the conclusion that incontrovertible scientific evidence had been adduced, either of an experimental or survey character, for their support. The present state of confusion in the courts and legislatures is ample evidence that these purported causal relationships have not been subjected to any scientific test. . . . The common presumption is that depiction of sexual activity is a strong stimulus of sexual arousal, and one which not infrequently engenders sexual activity of one sort or another. This presumption is shaken by the discovery that rather large proportions of the men reported little or no arousal from pornography . . .

The authors go on to point out that sexual arousal from pornography is associated with "imaginativeness, ability to project and sensitivity, all of which generally increase as education increases. . . . Since the majority of sex offenders are not well educated nor particularly youthful, their responsiveness to pornography is correspondingly less and cannot be a consequential factor in their sex offenses . . ."

Justice William O. Douglas, in his concurring opinion to the "Fanny Hill" case, argues the same position from a judicial point of view:

Perhaps the most frequently assigned justification for censorship is the belief that erotica produces antisocial sexual conduct. But that relationship has yet to be proven. Indeed, if one were to make judgments on the basis of speculation, one might guess that literature of the most pornographic sort would, in many cases, provide a substitute—not a stimulus—for antisocial sexual conduct. . . . As I read the First Amendment, judges cannot gear the literary diet of an entire nation to whatever tepid stuff is incapable of triggering the most demented mind. The First Amendment demands more than a horrible example or

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"What do you say we sit out the next few dances?"

two of the perpetrator of a crime of sexual violence, in whose pocket is found a pornographic book, before it allows the nation to be saddled with a regime of censorship.

Justice Douglas elaborates this point in his dissent to the *Mishkin* case, in which a New York publisher was convicted for publishing sadomasochistic paperback books: "... Catering to the most eccentric taste may have 'social importance' in giving that minority an opportunity to express itself rather than to repress its inner desires. ... How can we know that this expression may not prevent antisocial conduct?"

In any discussion of pornography, it is easy to lose one's way among its merits and demerits, while forgetting the simple fact that censorship, as Justice Potter Stewart described it in his dissent to the *Ginzburg* decision, "reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself. It is a hallmark of an authoritarian regime." In a democracy, we do not have the option of allowing free expression for some, limited expression for others and no expression for still others. "In upholding and enforcing the Bill of Rights," Justice Stewart concluded, "this Court has no power to pick or choose. When we lose sight of that fixed star of constitutional adjudication, we lose our way. For then we forsake a government of law and are left with government by Big Brother."

POSTAL PRIVACY

After reading the "Postal Entrapment" and "Invasion of Postal Privacy" letters in the April Forum, we became so angry and sick to our stomachs that we sent the following protest to the Postmaster General, with the hope that others may react in the same manner:

It is not 1984. We feel that Big Brother is not necessary to decide what we may or may not include in personal letters. As free citizens of a free country, we protest the Post Office Department's infringement of our personal liberties.

Keith and Romyd Murrow
Indianola, Iowa

I have sent the following complaint to Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien; I hope he gets a lot more like it:

It strikes me that the Post Office Department has expanded into an area that raises the cost of postal service and does not add to your effectiveness. I would be happier if you would work on better mail delivery and refrain from violating the privacy of individuals.

By my definition, the Post Office Department is being obscene, for I define obscenity as "presumptuous

actions by one person toward another in a vulgar or contemptuous manner."

Howard Glen Auble
San Francisco, California

As a candidate for a master's degree in journalism, I must praise you and your magazine for taking a definite, positive, all-the-cards-on-the-table stand on issues needing examination, when the general press seems hell-bent on letting sleeping dogs lie. I have sent the following letter to Senators Monroney and Long:

It seems the height of irony that I could be jailed for five years and fined up to \$5000 for mailing a frank, intimate letter to my fiancée, while the same passage, if included in a book, could be mailed to every Book-of-the-Month-Club member in the country.

The censoring of private expressions that seem *morally* undesirable to some official is only one short step from censoring private expressions that seem *politically* undesirable.

Richard L. Wiles
Port Matilda, Pennsylvania

I thought you might be interested in the following letter, which I sent to Postmaster General Lawrence O'Brien and Senators Mike Monroney and Edward V. Long:

During the past few months I have become aware of gross injustices allegedly perpetrated by members of the U.S. Post Office Department. According to several letters published in *The Playboy Forum*, which I consider credible, there has been much "official" energy and money expended in order to prosecute citizens whose first-class mail had been intercepted by investigators and the contents thereof proclaimed obscene. This is alarming news. If private correspondence can be impounded and sentences levied because individuals enjoy sharing ideas, experiences and perhaps photographs that are frankly and candidly sexual, what next? The consequences for the lives and reputations of the individuals involved and their families have been devastating; the penalties inflicted insanely out of proportion to the "crime" committed—and it would seem that the "crime" exists only in the sick minds of prudish petty officialdom.

Do we pay your salaries for the unsolicited "protection" of a voyeuristic, sadistic Big Brother? Must our right to privacy in personal correspondence be in constant jeopardy of the leering and heavy-handed caprice of self-appointed guardians

of the public morality and legislators of the majority's taste in Government positions? If so, freedom in America is a sham, and tyrannical hypocrisy reigns unchecked.

Investigations are predictably interminable and their findings regularly emasculated through ingenious pettifoggery and suppression of information. Nonetheless, I demand an investigation of zealous prudes who tamper with the mails.

Gary Randolph
South Bend, Indiana

I have written to Postmaster General O'Brien, saying:

Your attention is called to the letters and comments beginning on page 66 of the April 1966 PLAYBOY. Giving "obscenity" its comprehensive meaning, the material on sex with which your inspectors deal would seem to be of minor importance compared to the obscenity that is communicated day in and day out over the television, radio and telephone. For example, dial 412-333-9300 (Let Freedom Ring) or listen to Paul Harvey (ABC), who can be heard in Pittsburgh over KQV at 6:45 P.M. His talk on the income tax on March 18 contained more misinformation than I thought anyone could squeeze into five minutes. Paul Harvey broadcasts for Schick, whose president is right-winger Frawley (Frawley's wife wrote *An Echo or a Choice*). I do not here deny that Paul Harvey and Frawley have the right to try to confuse our people to their heart's content. But to fuss over sexual pornography and to overlook the other obscenity is to choke on a hair and swallow a camel.

My children are being taught in school that the difference between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R. is that in the U. S. certain constitutional liberties are guaranteed to us. I would like to know how I should attempt to explain your department's activities to them.

H. Diamond
Attorney at Law
Monroeville, Pennsylvania

I am a U.S. Marine and have just finished several months of intensive training prior to going into combat in Vietnam. After reading your exposure of our postal snoopers, I am outraged that the Government for which I may give my life can stoop to such Gestapo-like tactics. I am proud to say that when I wrote my protest letter to Senator Edward Long, almost everyone in my unit insisted on signing it.

Pfc. Charnell T. Hart, USMC
Campen, California

The postal inspectors are going to have a rough time when they start putting their steam to mail coming out of Southeast Asia. I'm a bit afraid they are going to find many "lewd" words and maybe a few "suggestive" ones also from all of the "sex maniacs" who have been separated from their wives and girls for months. When this happens, I'm inclined to think they'll fill all the Federal prisons with men from the 6th Special Forces group alone, not to mention what they'll do with all those from the 173rd Airborne and the 1st Cavalry Division. And with all these nasty people in jail breaking rocks and making license plates, someone else is going to be needed to keep the Viet Cong busy. Perhaps then our saviors in the post office will have to give up their steam kettles for guns and fill their mailbags with ammunition, and take on a foe a little bit more dangerous than the neighborhood dog.

Don Stephens
Special Forces
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

The behavior of the Post Office Department is rather hard to explain to my wife, who broke through the Iron Curtain a few years ago to get away from police-state methods. Now I am about to take her to the United States and must break the news that she should be careful about what she writes to her parents and friends, because the Government is in the habit of opening private letters.

Carl R. Bush, Jr.
U. S. Army, Germany

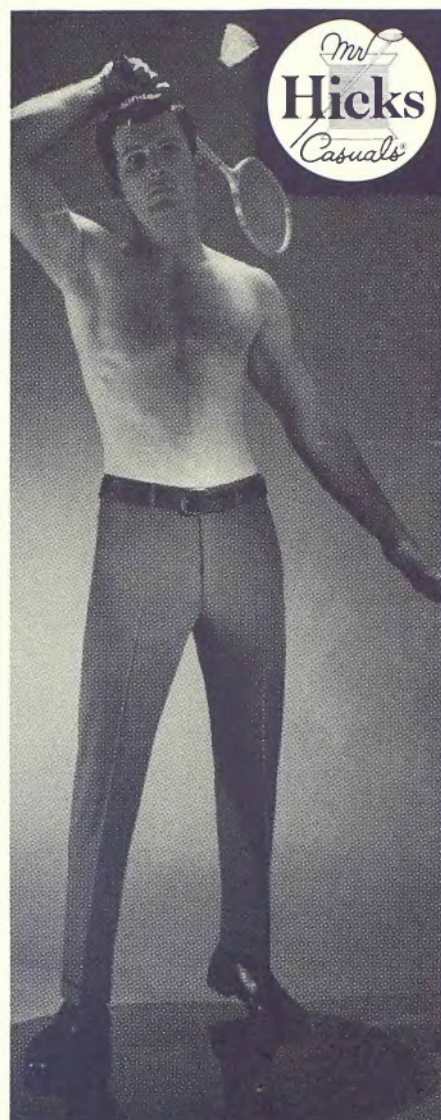
I have sent the following letter to Senators Long, Monroney, Murphy and Kuchel, Postmaster General O'Brien and Representative Gubser:

It is the business of the Post Office Department to deliver the mail. It has not been established as a new-style Holy Inquisition to police the thoughts of the citizens.

Brooking Parsons Tatum
Palo Alto, California

I applaud and support laws whose effect is to prevent obscene mailings to individuals who object to receiving such letters, or to minors whose parents object on their behalf. I am at least willing to argue the legality of laws that restrict business dealings in pornography among consenting adults, provided always that appropriate judicial procedures are followed. However, I vehemently oppose any law that permits seizing and reading of private mail, recalling always that in clear cases of lawbreaking there are always available the warrant procedures set out in the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution.

If there are any such laws, this letter is meant to notify my Congressman that I



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support changes in these laws.

Considering the permanent character damage that a prosecution under the postal obscenity regulations can cause an individual, I propose that whenever a letter is lawfully seized by postal authorities, the individual who would be the accused in the case be notified at once and enabled to obtain legal advice *before the letter may be opened*. Furthermore, every effort should be made to prevent unnecessary publicity; I especially feel that legal authorities have no right to take it upon themselves to notify the employer of the accused. Publicity and notification of this kind have the effects of convicting a man, as far as his job and his community standing are concerned, before he goes to trial, and of penalizing him many times beyond the sentence provided by law.

Howard M. Levin
Waltham, Massachusetts

The following news story appeared in the *Miami Herald* on April 10, 1966:

POST OFFICE SNOOPING IS CUT

Postmaster General Larry O'Brien has cracked down on snooping into the private lives of employees by postal inspectors. Overzealous post-office gumshoes were using unverified reports of extramarital peccadilloes and other flimsy excuses for tailing and harassing of workers.

Perhaps this is a ramification of the growing concern and indignation caused by PLAYBOY and its readers.

Steve Nagin
South Miami, Florida

Some time ago I answered a personal advertisement in a newspaper allegedly placed there by a young girl looking for companionship. I wrote an introductory letter and, when she replied with a picture and a letter that was quite inviting, using a couple of words describing her anatomy, I answered with a graphic description of how we would make love. She never replied, so I let the correspondence drop.

Five months later, a postal inspector came to my home accompanied by a local detective. He showed me the two letters I had written, informed me of the law I had broken and had me sign a confession. My wife was present and I wanted to make the situation as easy as possible for her. Of course, looking back now and being aware of my rights and the benefit of counsel I could have had, I realize how foolish I was.

It developed that the "girl" I had written to was really a man. All the post office did was sit back and watch the letters this man received. (This was not his first offense.) I was informed that the next step was up to the grand jury in this man's home state. Four months passed, and then one morning a local newspaper called to inform me that I

had been indicted by the grand jury as part of "a smut ring involving people in half a dozen states." The same newspaper also called my employer—the police force of our city—and, of course, I was immediately compelled to resign from my job.

To avoid further hardship to my family, I pleaded guilty in the nearest Federal court. I was not fined, this being a first offense, but was put on probation for three years. My police pension, of course, was lost.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

Early in November 1965 I received a phone call stating that two postal inspectors were in the area and wanted to know if they could come to my home and talk. I said OK.

Two men arrived and presented their credentials. They were postal inspectors and they were investigating a postal matter submitted to them from California, which had little connection with me. I could offer no real help on that matter. One of the postal inspectors then said, "We will have to look around when we finish talking."

Afterward, I led them to my bedroom, where they commenced a thorough search of all the objects in the room.

Then they proceeded to form a small pile of photographs and a nudist film, all of which are currently, and have been for years, publicly displayed in bookshops in an open manner.

After slipping these objects into an envelope, they asked if they could take them, offering me an illegibly scrawled receipt and promising to return the objects in a week or two. I assumed at the time that postal inspectors had the power of search and seizure.

Approximately a week later, a state police investigator and a uniformed officer showed up at my home and presented me with a warrant. The warrant was originated by the postal inspectors based upon the objects they had spirited from me under the guise of another investigation.

I consulted a lawyer, who informed me that if I pleaded innocent, the judge would probably find me guilty, fine me heavily and sentence me to something like 30 days; whereas, if I pleaded guilty, the judge might let me off with a \$50 fine and no jail sentence at all.

I took my lawyer's advice, pleaded guilty and received the small fine.

Upon returning to work the next day, I found that my employers had held a conference to reorganize the office; they decided I could not fit into their newly acquired spectrum. I was issued an ultimatum to resign or be separated. Once again I was faced with the lesser of two evils. I resigned.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

I entered into correspondence some time ago with several persons on various subjects, including sexual matters. Although I am a physician, none of my correspondents was, strictly speaking, a patient of mine. I do want to stress, however, that the material that was exchanged between these persons and myself was less explicit than the detailed drawings of nude couples in various coital postures commonly sent to patients by obstetricians and gynecologists.

I received word last December that the home of one of these persons had been the object of a terrorizing visit by a postal inspector.

On the morning of March 23, 1966, my home was invaded by a postal inspector and a deputy U.S. marshal armed with a search warrant. After the postal man mumbled by rote his meaningless little preamble about my not being required to answer any questions, the right to consult an attorney, etc., he and the other man spent the ensuing two hours making a shambles of my residence, searching for "evidence," and thoroughly messing up the premises. He confiscated a number of photographs of nudes, some of which I had taken and some of which were purchased. A number of these photographs were even removed from an album. When I remonstrated with him about this, he replied that "maybe I intended to place them in the mail."

Several days ago I was indicted for allegedly placing obscene matter in the mail, but not before I had become the intended victim of a clumsy and unsuccessful attempt at blackmail by a man who apparently was acting upon a "leak" from, or was employed by, some Government office possessing the pertinent information.

Please feel free to publish all or any part of this communication, although I must request that you withhold my name and address for obvious reasons. This does not mean that I am in the least bit reluctant to testify under oath to the exact truth of all statements made herein or to have them confirmed by any reasonably disinterested party.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

"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 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



ARNOLD PALMER *(continued from page 81)*

that is the sort of thing we want for Fairwood? Are we? I mean, that is a game that calls for the kind of teamwork you can't expect when you harness a sportsman to a professional. One thing I do know—Arnold Palmer will never be allowed inside this club again as long as there is a breath left in my body . . . Who did you play with today, Ralph? . . . Billy Casper! Now, I hear he's a real gentleman. But fellow, you can have this Palmer.

Did you hear about him stalking off the course in the middle of the round today? . . . Incredible! . . . Of course I know what happened . . . Listen . . . I was the one who had drawn him as a partner . . . We played together and I saw the whole thing.

Palmer and I were paired with this professional, Phil Rodgers, and the other amateur member was George Wilson. I don't know why Wilson was put in with us. Frankly, if it comes to that, I don't know what Wilson is doing in this club at all. He's so damned vain about that four handicap of his. Never actually mentions it right out, of course. He's too smart for that. But he has that smug air about him when he swings that lets you know he thinks he's better than you are. If there's

one thing that has no place on a golf course, it's that kind of attitude. No place at all.

Anyway, Palmer and I were first off and, more as a courtesy to a guest than anything else, I gave him first shot. Right away I was glad I did, because I was able to give him some help . . . Listen, I don't care what kind of professional you are, or where you've played before, there is something about standing up there on the first tee of the Fairwood Golf and Tennis Club that tightens the nerves. Palmer must have felt it, too, because I noticed that instead of that smooth, fluid backswing you need, there was a little pause—no, it seemed like more of a hitch—right at the top of his backswing. I think he might have pulled himself off his stance just a little and was trying to get back together. Anyway, he hit the ball kind of fat. He got lucky, though, and just managed to clear the downhill slope of the fairway and pick up enough roll to get out about 285 yards . . . I know, I know. It was a long drive . . . But you know as well as I do that sooner or later Fairwood punishes the sloppy hitter. And today, the way they have absolutely ruined the course with a lot of tricks to let the pros show

off their muscles, I knew we weren't always going to be so lucky. So on our way down to the ball I told him, in a very friendly way, about that hitch. When I said it, he looked kind of surprised. You know, he probably hadn't noticed it himself. You can get that way if you let yourself get all wrapped up in your own game and don't think about anyone else . . . Listen, I read all the time about the pros getting into trouble and having to go and get straightened out. No one is so good at this game that he can't use a little help. Anyway, Palmer just said, "Thanks for the tip, pal," and walked on down the fairway.

Now, you know me. I didn't expect him to call me Dr. Martinson all the time, but I can't say I liked that "pal" stuff too much. Maybe spending 18 years building up a gynecology practice may not seem like a whole lot to him, but it's damned important to me. But, you know, a lot of these professional golfers haven't had too much education and don't know any better, so I let it pass as his way of trying to be friendly with me.

Anyway, our ball was about 145 yards from the green and I laid into it with my brassie pretty good—but at the last minute the wind got ahold of it and the ball just trickled out of bounds on the right.

I didn't really mind the first hole,



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"I said, 'When we finish here, how's about getting together for a beer?!' "

though. As long as I am hitting the ball well, I know that the score will take care of itself. And, besides, I noticed that since I pointed out that hitch to him, Palmer was hitting good, too. I had to keep reminding him, though . . . You know how easy it is to forget something new the first few times around . . . Anyway, he kept nodding and told me he thought he had the hang of it now.

Golf is a game of inches. There's no question about that. And it was on the fourth hole where just a few inches meant the difference. I don't have to tell you about that fourth—536 yards of sheer murder. Well, I smacked a drive. I mean, I really smacked a drive—a slow-rising, quail-high job—but it just barely caught the tips of those bushes around the water hazard about 25 yards in front of the tee, or it would have really flown. I had some rough luck and the ball dropped in the saw grass and was down there pretty good. Palmer got out, but he seemed to hit it sort of up and a little high instead of snapping it out there the way he should have. I told him when you're in that saw grass, you've got to really flatten out that swing and punch it out if you want to get any distance. Even though he got some wind behind him, we were still about 250 yards from home.

I had a lot of yardage to make up from where he left me, so I laid a spoon right where I wanted it in the light rough on the right side. That gave him a real good 130-yard control shot to the green over the roadway through the gap between that clump of spruce and the soft-drink shack over by the 11th tee. But, like a lot of these pros, Palmer doesn't know what to do unless he's got an absolutely open shot to the green. He let those low-lying weeping-willow branches buffalo him. I told him not to worry. I told him it was just like the saw-grass shot. I told him to take a three iron and slap one through the break in the trees. If you hit one just right with a little fade, it can fly those traps and settle on the green. I told him not to be afraid of it . . . I told him to just choke up on the three iron and punch it right up there.

You know, the one single quality that stands out most about professional athletes is their almost complete lack of manners. All the time I was getting Palmer set for the shot, this Rodgers fellow was laughing at him. I mean it. Rodgers was actually laughing at him just because Palmer had this delicate shot. You know how a needler can take all the fun out of a round. But I guess all Rodgers wanted to do was win, no matter how. Because, as a matter of fact, he kept it up the whole round. Not even an open, man's laugh either, but one of those

behind-the-hand sniggers where you pretend you're trying to hold it back but let everyone hear it anyway. I could see all that laughing was getting under Palmer's skin, because he wasn't even thinking. He must have used the wrong club . . . I think it was an eight or something, and tried to power it over the trees. That's no way to play that shot. I guess he skulled it or something. Anyway, it stopped about 20 feet in back of the green on the downhill side from where it was absolutely impossible for me to steer my wedge away from the trap. Palmer got out, but couldn't put it any closer to the hole than about five feet. He must save his good shots for television. I had to save the score by laying an approach putt stony to the pin for Palmer to sink.

I could see that Palmer was off his feed, but we were just going to have to pull up our socks and get moving if we wanted to turn the corner in any kind of shape. It wasn't going to be any cinch, because he was really letting his bad play get his goat. I tried to draw him out in conversation, but he hardly said a word. Although I noticed that once he did take Rodgers aside and started nodding and talking real seriously. Probably told him to stop that laughing stuff. God knows, if Rodgers had tried anything like that on me, I would have made him knock it off and damned quick. We got to the sixth tee and Palmer was a tight bundle of nerves when he addressed his ball. His backswing looked very stiff. Tension was never going to win us anything, so I tried to settle him down. "All right, partner," I said, "this is a new hole. Nice smooth backswing and just lay it out there."

He stopped and turned on me! He, honest to God, turned on me, and said, "I'll keep it smooth if you'll keep it quiet."

Well, stupid me or something. I thought we were supposed to be partners or something. I mean, how do you like that? Here Rodgers is the one who is needling him and Palmer turns on me. I suppose he thinks he's got to live with people like Rodgers on the tour all year, but if he openly insults a member of the Greens Committee of the Fairwood Golf and Tennis Club, that's all right.

Listen . . . don't talk to me about professionals in sport. The minute you let a professional in, you can just let manners and traditions go right out the back door. Remember that celebrity-member bridge tournament last year when Charles Goren was insulting to my wife? I mean it. I mean he was actually insulting. Well, don't let me get started on that.

Anyway . . . I am perfectly willing to admit that Palmer can hit the long ball. But, like so many of these pros, he

doesn't use his brain. He doesn't try to think his way through a course. He tries to overpower it. And you know as well as I do that Fairwood does not give in to the bully.

The tees are set back on the ninth today . . . If it comes to that, the tees are back on all the holes today. That isn't golf. That takes the finesse out of the game and makes it into some sort of weight-lifting contest. Anyway, with the tees set back, that turns the ninth into a very tight 340 yards indeed. But instead of playing it smart and cosying an iron over to the left, Palmer hit one of those long drives as if he was on television or something. It went about 285 yards, but instead of leaving the green open, he put me right in front of the trap. I tell you, the man has no sense of strategy. He's just a slammer, who thinks he can bring Fairwood to its knees with his press clippings. Well, it takes something a bit more than that, let me tell you. Anyway, I decided that if we were ever going to win anything today, I was just going to have to be bold. So I took a wedge and laid a sweetheart of a shot up on the green for a sure birdie. But then Palmer blew this 35-footer and I had to try to scramble to get down in par. You probably saw how tricky the grass is around the north side of the cup today. It left me with the toughest two-footer on the course. I put the brakes on it, but the ball just skidded by. It was about all anyone could do from there. I could see Palmer giving a big exaggerated exhale as he sort of backhanded the ball into the cup. Well, I have got to admit it. I gave him a very sharp look. I told him right out it may be all right for him to take a day off and horse around, but I try to be serious about my golf.

These professionals are so sensitive. Just because Palmer was off his game and fozzling it all around, he decided he'd had enough and just plain forget about anybody else. Anyway, he mumbled something about having a stomach-ache or being sick to his stomach or something and said he felt he was going to get a lot sicker if he kept on playing.

And with that he left the course. Listen! Don't tell me. I know these professionals. They will do anything to keep from having to own up to a bad round. He was sick of his score and sick of his game . . . that's what he was sick of and I can't say I blame him for that.

No . . . I have been a member here ever since Grandfather lent the club the property to build the course, but if Arnold Palmer is ever allowed back here again, you will have to do without me. Maybe I am just old-fashioned, but I think it is time these professionals remembered that golf is still supposed to be a game for gentlemen.

BRUNCH (continued from page 117)

unmanageable than at a sundown steak-out. Small grills are also perfect for garnishes such as bananas, spiced peaches, mushrooms and sweet green peppers. When your mixed grill is done to a turn and assembled on the platter, it deserves a butter-based sauce. Maitre d'hôtel sauce calls for $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, softened to room temperature, mixed with the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and 1 tablespoon minced parsley. A favorite of ours, *beurre noir*, is prepared by heating $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, mixed with 2 tablespoons small capers and 2 tablespoons vinegar, in a pan until it turns nut brown.

If you have friends taking off for an overseas vacation, send them smiling with a *bon voyage* brunch given on the morning of departure. The occasion calls for the best in bubbly and fresh caviar served with ham, a creamy chicken hash, or any one of the hundreds of varieties of omelets that can be the signature of a successful repast.

Brunch has been almost a way of life in England since the turn of the century. Whatever put-downs you may have heard about traditional English culinary arts, the British do have a proper way with kippers and finnan haddie. Over here, our own domestic fish can be used for making creamed or steamed finnan haddie, but the imported Yarmouth bloaters and Scotch kippers are still first lords in the smoked-fish kingdom. Try English Van Smirren rainbow trout grilled in butter and lemon for a light seafood serving. Italian food such as sweet sausage, polenta and prosciutto are tailor-made for an American brunch. Panettone, originally an Easter cake, is now an all-year *dolce*. Buy panettone fresh from an Italian bakery, or try the Motta brand that can be heated through in the oven in a few minutes. Sliced, toasted and buttered, and served with a generous helping of black-cherry jam, panettone is a splendid meal's-end sweet.



Many dedicated brunchermen look to the Scandinavian smorgasbord for inspiration: Rare roast beef, ox tongue, ham, rolled pork, sautéed kidneys and steamed herring with boiled potatoes make ideal fare. One of the best things about a smorgasbord is that it can take care of itself. You serve up the food on platters and then join your guests in line waiting to serve themselves.

The following brunch recipes are sure to satisfy the heartiest of early afternoon appetites.

CHICKEN HASH BROWNED WITH PINEAPPLE (Serves eight)

- 1½ lbs. sliced chicken or turkey roll
- 6 medium-to-large-size potatoes
- 3 5-oz. cans water chestnuts, drained
- ½ cup melted butter
- Salt, pepper, onion powder
- ¼ cup salad oil
- 8 pineapple spears
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- Cinnamon
- Sugar

Peel and boil potatoes in salted water, and cut into small dice. Cut chicken and water chestnuts into $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. squares. In mixing bowl combine chicken, potatoes, water chestnuts and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter. Mix very well, mashing potatoes slightly while mixing. Add salt and pepper to taste and season generously with onion powder. Preheat broiler flame. In a large skillet of cast iron or other thick metal, heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil over a moderate flame. Add chicken hash. If necessary, use two skillets or brown the hash in two batches. When hash is light brown on bottom, mix well and move to one side of pan to make hash oval-shaped. Continue to sauté until well browned on bottom; lower flame if it browns too fast. Place pineapple in shallow metal pan or pie plate. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoons butter, cinnamon and sugar. Place under broiler flame until just heated through; it isn't necessary to turn it. Turn hash onto large platter, browned side up. Reshape, if necessary, into an oval. Place pineapple on top.

PATTY OF HAM, EGG MOLLET (Serves eight)

- 8 baked patty shells
- 1½ lbs. sliced boiled ham
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups hot milk
- ½ cup light cream
- 2 tablespoons minced fresh chives
- 2 raw egg yolks
- 1 hard-boiled egg yolk
- ½ lb. sweet butter
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Salt, pepper, cayenne
- 8 eggs at room temperature

All steps in this luscious patty combination should be done before guests arrive. Warm the ham and the eggs slightly before serving. As a laborsaver, prepared hollandaise sauce may be used. The real *passionnés* of hollandaise will prefer the fresh version in the recipe. Any French bakery will supply patty shells; they're also available in frozen form ready for baking.

Cut ham into 1/2-in. squares. Melt 1/4 cup butter in saucepan, remove from flame and stir in flour, blending well. Slowly add hot milk, stirring constantly. Return to moderate flame and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Stir in ham, light cream and chives; add salt and pepper to taste and set aside. Pour 2 raw egg yolks into well of electric blender. Force hard yolk through a small wire sieve into blender. Melt 1/2 lb. butter over low flame until sputtering hot but not brown. While running blender at medium speed, slowly add butter through opening of blender top, about a tablespoon at a time. If the sauce does not blend completely, stop blender and stir center with rubber spatula, then resume blending. Continue until all butter is added. Remove hollandaise sauce from blender, stir in lemon juice and add salt and pepper to taste and a dash of cayenne. Store hollandaise in a warm place (not a double boiler) until serving time. Bring a deep saucepan of water to a rapid boil. Place 8 eggs in water, one at a time, keeping water at a boil. Cook 5 to 6 minutes—until medium boiled. Remove shells from eggs and place eggs in saucepan of warm water. Reheat just before serving. Remove lids from patty shells. Pour a small amount of ham into each patty shell. Place an egg mollet on top. Spoon hollandaise sauce over egg. Place remaining ham alongside each patty shell and top with patty-shell lid.

HERRING FRY PLATTER (Serves eight)

- 3 fillets of schmalz herring, drained
- 1 large Spanish onion
- 3 eggs
- Salad oil
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 3/4 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/3 cup cornstarch
- 4 large tomatoes

Wash herring in cold water and dry with paper toweling. Cut crosswise into 1/2-in. pieces. Peel onion and cut in half through stem end, then crosswise into 1/4-in. slices. Separate slices into strips. In well of electric blender put eggs, 3 tablespoons salad oil, pepper,

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to stay in
look-alike
places,
night after
night after
night...
you don't
need this...*



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"OK, darling, how's this one: It was the captain of my high school football team and I hated every minute of it . . ."

salt, water, flour and cornstarch. Blend 10 seconds, scrape sides of blender, then blend 10 seconds more. Pour batter into mixing bowl. Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ in. salad oil in electric skillet preheated at 370° . Dip herring into batter and fry until light brown. Use a large pair of tongs or two large spoons to handle herring. If there are too many stray pieces of batter in fat, strain it before frying onion. Dip onion into batter and fry a small amount at a time to keep strips from sticking together. Long frying of onions isn't desirable. They should be light brown when removed from pan. Place herring and onions in shallow pan. Reheat if necessary before serving by placing in a moderate oven 5 to 10 minutes. Cut out stem end of tomatoes and cut each tomato in half through stem end, then crosswise into $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. slices. Stack tomatoes down middle of serving platter. Place onions and herring on both sides of tomatoes. Serve

as accompaniment to scrambled eggs.

BRUNCH CREPES, BAR-LE-DUC (12 crepes)

5 eggs
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup all-purpose flour
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. cottage cheese
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, whipped
2 $\frac{3}{4}$ -oz. jars red bar-le-duc
Salad oil

Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ cup salad oil into coffee cup or other small container and set aside for frying crepes. Put eggs, milk, water, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and flour into well of electric blender. Blend 10 seconds at high speed, scrape sides of blender, then blend 10 seconds more. Pour batter into bowl. Heat a heavy skillet, 7 ins. across bottom, over moderate flame. Pour

enough salad oil into skillet to cover bottom. Pour excess oil back into coffee cup, draining well. While holding pan off flame, pour in 3 tablespoons batter. Tilt pan to cover bottom completely. Adjust flame to prevent browning too fast. When each crepe is lightly browned, turn with spatula and lightly brown other side. Remove crepe from pan. Stack crepes on large dish. Continue cooking until all batter is used. Pre-heat broiler flame. Combine cottage cheese, sugar and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt and mix well. Place 3 tablespoons cheese mixture in a long strip on each crepe, about 2 ins. from ends. Roll up. Cut $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from each open end of crepe. Place crepes in shallow casserole in a single layer. Cover with whipped cream and place under broiler flame until tops are light brown. Watch crepes constantly, and turn when necessary to brown evenly. Spoon bar-le-duc over each crepe before serving.

GRAPEFRUIT NOG (Serves two)

1 cup unsweetened grapefruit juice
Juice of 1 lemon
2 tablespoons honey
3 ozs. California brandy
1 egg
1 cup coarsely cracked ice

Pour grapefruit juice, lemon juice, honey, brandy and egg into well of electric blender. Blend 30 seconds. Add ice and blend 10 seconds longer. Pour into prechilled double old fashioned glasses, each containing 2 ice cubes.

RUDDY MARY (Serves two)

1 cup tomato juice
3 ozs. aquavit
2 tablespoons heavy cream
2 dashes Tabasco
1 egg yolk
Juice of 1 lemon
1 tablespoon catsup
1 cup coarsely cracked ice

Put all ingredients in well of electric blender. Blend 20 seconds. Pour into prechilled double old fashioned glasses, each containing 2 ice cubes.

SCREWDRIVER WITH SHERRY (Serves two)

1 cup orange juice
4 ozs. oloroso sherry
2 ozs. vodka
1 cup coarsely cracked ice

Put all ingredients in well of electric blender. Blend 20 seconds. Pour into prechilled double old fashioned glasses, each containing 2 ice cubes.

The brunchboard herein delineated is a mere sampling of the multitude of fare suited to make any midday feast into a weekend summer festival.



DON'T LAUGH (continued from page 94)

"The wholesalers killed themselves laughing."

"How about you?"

"I laughed, too. Not the way they did, maybe, but I laughed."

"That's where I'm really a success," Sark said. "Telling stories that make people laugh. So here I go again."

Sark told another story, but again Vigo didn't laugh, and it wasn't that he wasn't willing. The fact is that when Sark began to tell the story Vigo made up his mind to enjoy it and to laugh at the end of it, but he *didn't* enjoy it and he didn't laugh at the end of it.

"Sark," he said, "I've got to go."

"No, no, sit down. Take it easy. We've got all afternoon."

And without stopping to catch his breath, Sark began to tell a new story, and this one was so bitterly empty and desperate, although probably actually funny, or potentially funny, that Vigo began to get annoyed with his cousin. When the story ended he got to his feet and looked at Sark with contempt, and he said, "You and your stories are a pain in the ass, Sark. Get out of my way or I'm going to hit you in the mouth."

"You're doing this on purpose," Sark shouted. "I know you Vartan Bashmanians. That branch of our family has always been full of troublemakers. Who are you to come in here and tell me my stories aren't funny? Now, get out of here."

Vigo hit him in the mouth, so Sark hit Vigo in the stomach, but Vigo always had a stomach that was as hard as a rock, and instead of hurting him, the wallop made him feel good. He began to roar with laughter, saying, "Don't fight me, Sark, I'll murder you." But Sark kept fighting, swinging and missing, slipping and falling, and Vigo kept laughing and urging him to stop. Sark's father came running from the front of the store, and he began to shout in Armenian: "What is it? Why are you killing each other?"

The fight stopped and Vigo said, "Uncle Paulus, I'm sorry," but he couldn't stop laughing.

"If you're sorry, why are you laughing, Vigo?"

"I don't know, Uncle Paulus. I think I've got a fever."

"And you, Sark," the old man said. "What's the matter with you?"

"He didn't laugh at my stories. He did it on purpose. He came here to start a fight."

"I came here," Vigo said, "to see if you had some work I might do for a dime or a quarter. I haven't earned a dime in two weeks. Uncle Paulus, is there some work I can do for a dime?"

"Yes, of course," the old man said. "Come with me."

Now, Sark was in a rage.

"If you give *him* a job, and a dime,"

he shouted, "I'm not going to work here anymore. I'm going to take the wife and the little boy to San Francisco. I know a lot of wholesalers up there and I can have a job any time I want one."

"Vigo, you better go home," the old man said.

"Yes, Uncle Paulus." And then Vigo turned to Sark: "I'm sorry. I really don't know what happened. If you want to know the truth, the stories *were* funny."

"Then why didn't you laugh?"

"I didn't *mean* not to."

"Which of the stories was funniest?"

"You may not believe this, Sark, but it was the last one, just before the fight started."

"Yes, I thought that that was the funniest one, too, but if you think that story was funny, wait'll you hear this one."

"You don't want to tell me another story, do you?"

"This one'll kill you."

"Sark, don't tell it, please."

"Why not? You've got nowhere to go."

"No, we all know I haven't got a job, and can't get one. We all know I'm lazy, the same as all of the Vartan Bashmanians, but Sark, don't ask me to listen to another story. I feel kind of stupid, and I think I want to walk home and eat. All I do is eat. Everybody says so."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Sark said.

"I'll tell the story to my father, and you just hang around here somewhere, and after the story, go ahead, do the work my father wants you to do, and he'll give you a dime. All right?"

"Well, let's get out of this little office, at least."

They went out into the store and Sark began to tell his father the new story while Vigo wandered around among the chairs, tables, sofas and floor lamps. Every now and then Vigo glanced back at Sark and listened to him as he spoke with the accent and style of an English



"See here, Nurse Chalmers—I thought I told you to use sedation if the patient couldn't sleep!"

butler, and he glanced at Sark's father, Paulus, standing there like some kind of frog-like creature, hypnotized, and it made Vigo feel pretty good. At the end of the story he almost went to pieces, laughing. He sat in a chair, bounced out of it against a table, turned, knocked over a floor lamp, picked it up, ran half the length of the store and, still laughing, came back. Sark was standing, dumbfounded, staring at his father, because his father hadn't laughed, and wasn't even smiling.

"Well, what's the matter with you, Papa?"

"I don't like dirty stories," the old man said in his gentle, high-pitched voice.

"Jesus H. Christ," Sark bellowed, "what's a man going to do with a bunch of converted old-country Presbyterians? Papa, wake up, this is America."

"You go to hell," Paulus said to his son. "Come on, Vigo, we go down to the basement and open new crates. I don't want to argue with somebody who thinks being in America means he can tell dirty stories."

"No, wait, Papa," Sark said. "I've got

a clean story, a very beautiful story."

"If it's clean, all right," the old man said, so Sark told another story, and again it murdered Vigo but didn't do anything at all to Sark's father. Sark insisted on telling a third story, but again his father didn't laugh, whereupon Sark swore bitterly and left the store.

Paulus said to Vigo, "I don't know what's the matter with my son. What's the matter with him, Vigo?"

"He's rich, he's spoiled, and he's a big success," Vigo said.

"Yes," Paulus said, "God forgive me."

He brought some coins out of his pocket and handed Vigo a dime.

"Open the crates downstairs and put the furniture on the floor."

This work took only an hour. When Vigo came upstairs, Sark was back in his office, standing in front of a mirror, making funny faces, and Paulus was up front near the door in an overstuffed chair, fast asleep. Vigo hurried out to the street, on his way to the Bijou, and a little happiness, for a change.



"It's not so much that I mind your going out every night, if you wouldn't always say that you're just going to the corner for a pack of cigarettes."

SLICES OF THE APPLE

(continued from page 80)

came by his nickname "Pshitty Sam" is worthy of more than casual mention. Clarence worked for "Piggy" Whitmore, who maintained a poolroom as a front for his gambling setup in back. It was Clarence's job to run errands for the gamblers, rack the balls in the poolroom and make himself generally available, for which service he got all the food he could beg off the sports and the right to sleep on a pool table. Despite his being the lowest human on the totem pole, he was well liked for the cheerful step-n'-fetch-it quality he brought intact from his home in the Deep South, along with his facility for greeting any situation with acres of snow-white teeth. If you gave him a hotfoot while he dozed, he woke up grinning. He would skin 'em back over any joke played on him, no matter how cruel. Once some sadistic moron decided it would be funny to bring him a hamburger covered with red pepper, which Clarence gulped down, tears streaming from his eyes, and in between choking and crying, remarked, "Hard times will make a rat eat a red onion." I happened to be in the back room the night Clarence's scene opened. The crap game was red-hot; the dice were just not cooperative. One fellow would make a point and then fall off, seven out, or else he would throw crap on his first roll. Men were cursing the dice while their chicks vainly tried to coax or drag them away from the table. During a momentary lull, with everyone afraid to shoot, Clarence eased up and said, "Mr. Piggy, I wants to shoot a quarter." We turned around and looked at Clarence as Piggy came from behind the stick to reward Clarence's plea with a swift kick in the pants, yelling, "You simple son of a bitch, get the hell back in the poolroom where you belong and rack them balls. A lousy goddamned quarter he wants to shoot in a game where there's a thousand dollars on the table. I got a good mind to fire his ass!" Just then, "Paper Sack," a pugnacious 300-pound fairy, piped up in his falsetto, "Aw, for Christ's sake, Piggy, let the joker shoot. What the hell, I knew you when you didn't have a quarter, so let him go." The cats all laughed and Clarence shot the quarter; he shot the half; he ran the stack up to \$64 in eight straight passes, which was more money than any of us had ever seen him have. Then while the gang kidded him, claiming he couldn't stand to win, he took down his stakes. Clarence stood there grinning and saying, "Goddamn! I sure had me a hot hand."

This was only the beginning for our hero. He got back in and proceeded to have the damndest run of luck. He shot and hit; he took bets that only a fool

would take and won; he bet on everybody's hand and still he won. Piggy went to the safe for more dough and Clarence won that, too. Then, after his pile climbed to about \$2500 and change, suddenly Clarence said, "I quit! I got me a Georgia persuader (a razor, which he produced) and I don't mind using it on any living ass that f---- with me and this dough. I quit, and Mr. Piggy, for all them nights you let me sleep on that funky pool table, I wants to thank you, but I don't appreciate it. As for you, Broadway Al, I wants to thank you for that red-pepper sandwich, outside of that you can kiss my ass. And as for the rest of you jokers, don't ask me to lend you nothin', 'cause I started with nothin', now I got somethin' and I'm going to keep it. I guess I got a pshitty feeling. Clear the door—I'm leaving."

Well, the crowd talked about Clarence like a dog for weeks and started labeling him "Pshitty Sam." It went so far that when anyone was real ungrateful, they would be called "Pshitty Sam." The original had really left the turf after his windfall, but every now and then someone would mention they had seen him at the race track with his new old lady, Carmen, and he would be excoriated anew. Carmen's name would always bring up the comment, "Carmen, you mean Carmen 'The Chirper'?" I knew what they meant, having worked with the lady, a singer of sorts who more than made up for what she lacked in the vocal department with animal magnetism, beauty and cunning. One look into her big almond-shaped eyes made most men feel like Pilgrims sighting the Promised Land, and the eyes were just the beginning. Pan in on the rest of the goodies which, to the best of my memory, shaped up like about 33-16-33, and all of this fine, peach-brown exterior tapered down to miraculous legs and tiny feet. She was about 4'10", with the innocent face of a madonna, but all the other chicks called her "Satan's Slut"—jealousy, perhaps, or her preference for women, not unusual among the sisters; or maybe it was the two dainty, gold-handled whips she always carried around for special customers. Carmen boasted of whipping the asses off some of the best folks in town. This was the gal that our friend Clarence, better known as "Pshitty Sam," hooked up with. All of the wise guys were making book on how long this alliance would last. "Nose-Candy" Norris won the marbles, picking four months, which beat out "Trombone Charlie" Irvis by a week.

After Carmen busted him and left him high and dry, just as the script read, Clarence was back, all grins, racking balls and running errands. The regulars all ignored him at first except to call out, "Hey, Pshitty, do this or that," but predictably, after a week or two, all was

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forgiven and Pshitty's grin grew broader. Then, just as though time was standing still, history repeated itself. The same bunch stood over the same crap table watching Pshitty take them to the cleaners again, but with a difference. This time the take was much bigger, and when Piggy said, "Well, fellows, that's it, this s.o.b. has done it again," Clarence slowly began cramming loose change into every pocket as Carmen walked in on cue, saying, "Come on, Daddy, we got a train to catch." So, with over \$3000 in his poke, Clarence grinned his broadest and announced, "Well boys, I guess I got that same old pshitty feeling again."

Luck like Clarence's was very rare; however, most of the Harlemites would take a gamble, staking hard-earned cash night after night in tense back-room bouts of cooncan, red dog and Georgia skin. Consequently, the time was ripe for a racketeer to step in and capitalize. The town and the times were in the throes of reflecting total disdain for Prohibition, which in turn led to an open-house attitude toward all kinds of crime. The city fathers didn't seem to care and neither did the police. The people demanded hard liquor; bootleggers were condoned; they organized, roughed out their territories and fought to the death to keep other aspiring boozemen out. Harlem was only a small part of the local alky operations, which were centered in New Jersey, Staten Island and Brooklyn, but Harlem's grand entrance into the sordid underworld was signaled by the appearance of a Cuban gambler named Don Marcellino.

I was working in the band at Small's Sugar Cane Club on Fifth Avenue one night when a light-brown, heavy man came in accompanied by two six-foot giants, one very dark, the other even more piercingly black, with all his upper teeth encased in gold. Herb Gregory, a fellow bandsman, took a look and said, "My God, here's the Gold Dust twins." Our clarinet man at the time was a Cuban named Jejo, who recognized the party and told us with great excitement that it was Don Marcellino, a big gambler known all over Cuba. It wasn't too long before the waiters in Small's started coming around with their little pads, asking the band and the customers, "Do you want to play some *bolita* with me tonight?" I forget the initial odds, but they were tremendous. Later it spread all over the nation known as policy, and the odds were much shorter. An obscure Cuban gambler had given the gangsters another big business.

Another first I happened to be in on was the demonstration by a couple of waiters of a dance that quickly became an international fad. Human nature being what it is insofar as people pirat-

ing any good idea that is not adequately protected, it is no wonder that the dances of the Twenties like the shimmy and the black bottom are claimed to have so many originators. Somebody is always saying, "Here's a little dance I found the people doing as they beat their feet on the Mississippi mud," but the truth about one dance that hit New York is as follows: I was playing at Small's Sugar Cane in the middle Twenties when a few of the young waiters started having fun on a dull evening by doing a dance as they served the few customers. It was a novel sight to see them balance four-foot trays of drinks on their heads while dancing the basic cotillion step of the charleston. This caught on like wildfire among the all-Negro patrons, who used to come up to Small's just to see Whitey (later Whitey's Lindy Hoppers) and the other waiters trying to out-improvise one another on what they called the "Geechee glide." Later, when the Caucasians started pouring in, they really put Harlem on the map by popularizing a less embellished version of the dance the waiters cooked up so everyone could join in the fun. The next thing Harlem knew, New York was doing the Geechee glide, except it was now called the charleston and credited to someone else. Oh well, the Geechees from the islands off Charleston, South Carolina, still enjoyed doing their dance.

Another unforgettable dance, but one never destined for widespread imitation, was performed at an eerie little soiree over in Jersey. The action started at Goldgraben's with a phone call to Johnny Montague, the piano player. A female voice asked, "Are you the piano player?" and when Johnny replied, "That's me," the lady continued, "If you can play for a singer, I have a job for you tonight after you finish. The money will be good and you won't have to play long." Johnny told me later he started to hang up, figuring that somebody was trying to play a joke on him, but he listened on, hoping to catch the voice. The rest of the conversation intrigued me. His instructions were to take the Hackensack ferry to New Jersey at exactly five A.M., and when the boat docked, he would see a Packard with the side curtains up waiting at the end of the pier. He was to get into the car to be driven to an undesignated place and there was to be no conversation with the driver. I didn't like the sound of the closed car and the mysterious driver, which smacked of the bootleggers back in D.C. (who would assemble fleets of twin-6 Packards marshaled by guys with revolvers in the lead car and guys with sawed-off shotguns in the rear car covering their alky runs to Baltimore or Delaware), but Johnny wanted me along for

moral support. At 17 the scene struck us as just crazy enough to pursue, so we set off for Hackensack, where we were met by a Japanese chauffeur who grunted when we got into the car and never spoke again. After about ten minutes of fast driving, we pulled up at a big iron gate that barred the passageway to a winding private road. I looked at Johnny and he looked at me: This was the real big stuff or murder or something, and I for one wished I had never left Harlem. Eventually we stopped in front of a mansion, where another Oriental received us and led us to the elevator. Elevator! Not only had we never seen an Oriental servant, we had certainly never seen an elevator in a home before; then, to cap this, the damn thing descended instead of going up. Johnny mumbled in my ear, "Ain't this a bitch! I wonder how the hell we get out of here?" I didn't have any answer, but I sure was wondering, too. This was only the beginning: The elevator opened on a real weird sight—a room that looked like a night club anywhere in the world, complete with a stage and about 20 couples sitting around at scattered tables, except that nobody was talking or laughing; no one was smoking or drinking; it was as quiet as a morgue. When it dawned on us that the patrons were not alive, that they were store dummies, we were stunned. I know I was scared shitless and Johnny was no braver, but at that moment a delightful Nipponese doll appeared in a side-slit Oriental gown that revealed a beautiful thigh with every step she took. This sight back in the Twenties was enough to revive us. She minced toward us, smiling, bowing and bearing a silver tray with three notes for Johnny:

1. Gentlemen, welcome. Mr. Montague, please be seated at the piano and play any of the Broadway show tunes that you know. When you hear someone singing, do continue with that song until the lights flicker, then go on to another.

2. When I have finished singing, the girl will serve refreshments and give you your money.

3. You will be escorted back to the ferry and thank you for coming.

The charade began with this unseen woman singing in a damn nice, soothing, caressing voice, which so relaxed me that I fell half asleep until I felt Johnny shaking me and saying, "C'mon, she wants you to play." I remember saying, "Play what?" and a treble reminiscent of Mae West answered, "Play me the blues, boy. Play them low-down and dirty." Calling me boy did not even offend me as it usually did, because the way she





"Hlp!"

said it made everything seem OK, so I pulled out my horn and started wailing. That's when the fun began. Like the boys back home used to say,

*I don't have no ear for music,
And I don't have no voice for song,
But when the sun goes down
In the cool of the evening
Look out for Baby Brother
'Cause he's been here and gone.*

It turned out that the lady not only sang but she also danced, an impressionistic Arabian cooch peppered through with stimulating bumps and grinds. As the lights grew dimmer and the room temperature soared, we followed every move of her voluptuous body, imagining the face (which was veiled) to match. Mesmerized, we played blues Handy would have enjoyed until, finally, our hostess danced away into the shadows and the party for one ended with the little lady from Nippon's presentation of a bright smile, a bottle of Scotch and a \$100 bill.

Back out in our world, the evening seemed unreal. For years we puzzled over where the woman had gotten John-

ny's name and exactly what kind of fantasy we had been party to. We never even mentioned the incident, because we figured no one would believe us. Anyway, we drank the Scotch and spent the money. As a matter of fact, we drank and played ourselves out of this world and back in on that one evening.

Despite all the stories I've told, not all our time was spent inside clubs. Each year there was a different fad among the fellows. Bicycle riding was so popular at one time that after cabaret jobs you might see 250 guys riding through the streets of Harlem. The year after the bicycle fad, we took to flying kites and betting a bottle on whose kite would soar highest, but we had to discontinue bottle betting because the stakes holder always drank up the bet. In summer, when we would get the urge to swim, 20 or 30 of us would ride the subway to Long Island or Pelham Bay in the Bronx. It must have been quite a sight, all of us in our rumpled tuxedos and wine-stained shirts with bathing suits hanging out of our pockets, so loud and carefree and drunk. On looking back to those days

now, I can see how desperately we were clinging to our youth and at the same time trying to prove to ourselves and the world that we were men. Mass roller skating followed the kite flying, but the cops made it tough for us to skate, so some of the fellows started buying automobiles, which in turn led to girlfriends and marriage; until, before the end of the decade, almost before anyone realized it, there was no more gang. We were growing up.

Damon Runyon's sympathetic reality notwithstanding, New York in the Twenties was not ever recommended by Emily Post as the ideal prep school for a youngster, but it was a great time to be young in. Underneath the surface glamor, the scenes were often sordid and unhealthy, but from the time I charged onto the merry-go-round at 14, I had a large portion of fool's luck, because as stupid and as unprepared for exposure to the underworld as I was, the trauma insulated rather than twisted me. A sinister strong man like "Legs" Diamond could hardly remain heroic after I saw him weeping over a sentimental tune. The metamorphosis of "Pshitty Sam" clearly demonstrated that a humble exterior does not necessarily house a soul of the same order, and of course, that for any man, money is power. By the same token, the wealth and privilege of the mystery dancer was no hedge against the primitive needs expressed so furtively in her mansion and so publicly in Harlem. Not that she would have been better off grinding away in a dance hall, but that she was not that different from the girls she mimicked. Then, to be offered a chance to make big money in the rackets and turn it down, partly out of fear, partly from moral aversion, is a privilege not everyone is given at such a tender age. Looking back, I think I have to say it all happened for the best, because I did survive, but mostly because it became a region in my mind, one it is possible to revisit.

All hail to the days of the silver dollar, when the clarion call of "Hello, sucker!" echoed from a thousand side streets on the island; hail to the myriad musicians taking the evening stroll on Seventh Avenue—to the brassy tone of Big Green's trombone, Poor Bubber's sensuous growl, Happy Caldwell's honking tenor—to everyone who waited at Goldgraben's, Mexico's, Leroy's or the Garden of Joy; all hail to the fairies at the 101 Ranch; to the breakfast dances and rent parties (social and bow-wow); to the ponies, chorines and showgirls young, full of life and sometimes beautiful; hail to assignations that hinged on matching up torn \$50 bills; to the audiences we couldn't live without; and, finally, all hail to a decade begun with expectations that were more than met.



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Which tastes better...bottled or draught?
(now you've got us over a barrel)

REDCHINA (continued from page 74)

the hurts that the Chinese have inflicted by their pressures and expansionism. They have kept India in turmoil by border incursions all along India's northern frontiers, and by one episode, in 1964, when Chinese armies moved deep into the interior before they withdrew. They have overrun Tibet in one of the most naked aggressions in recent history, have incorporated it (under the rhetoric of a former suzerainty) within their own domain, and in the process have all but destroyed an ancient culture. The shadow of their power looms over Burma and Cambodia, both of which have broken with the West and reoriented themselves toward their powerful neighbor. The Chinese have encouraged, and done much to equip and supply, the Viet Cong rebellion against South Vietnam. There are already signs of a similar movement in Thailand with Chinese encouragement and support. In Indonesia they went so far as to help engineer an unsuccessful plot by the Indonesian Communist party against the Sukarno government, on the theory that while Sukarno was himself friendly, the effective power lay with the army leaders.

The Indonesian instance, itself a massive fiasco that resulted in the massacre of perhaps 200,000 Communists and set back Chinese aims in Indonesia by a decade, is a symbol of how little success the Chinese have thus far had in carrying out their design for power. In Africa they have almost wholly failed, except for a foothold of influence in the Brazzaville Congo Republic and a less firm one in Tanzania. In Latin America the Castroist movements have been allied with Russia rather than with China. In Asia the annexation of Tibet has been the one solid achievement of Chinese expansionism, and the Vietnamese war has had the effect of engaging American troops and strength over an extended period of time, and of temporarily damaging America's relations with its allies and its standing in the UN.

James Reston quotes an Asian prime minister as saying: "You Americans . . . taught us everything we know about pragmatism, but you are not approaching China pragmatically. You are operating on what China says and not on what China does." The striking fact about the Chinese has been the combination of truculent pronouncements along with rel-

atively wary actions, especially in staying clear of war in Asia itself. This has been true of their refusal to mount an invasion of Taiwan, and even of their failure to follow up the shelling of the offshore islands. True, the Chinese did carry through on their threatened intervention in the Korean War across the 38th Parallel. But it was a gamble in which the risks of further escalation were not high. The Chinese were much warier in refraining from direct intervention in the war between Pakistan and India in 1965, and thus far in the Vietnam war as well.

They have been careful not to push beyond the limits of their effective power. Their power base itself has thus far not been great. Their huge army forces are not yet adequately equipped, their air force is minor, their navy negligible, and their nuclear power still in its early stages, without delivery systems for the missiles on which they are working. We tend to forget that, with all its population and resources, China has not yet become one of the industrial powers. In terms of its industrial product, it is inferior not only to America and the Soviet Union, but to France, both Germanys, Great Britain and Sweden: One estimate puts it somewhere on a par with tiny Belgium. While it has often given the impression of being a nation in a great hurry by its pronouncements and incitements, it has in fact kept itself from major military showdowns while trying to build a stronger industrial base. The real adventurism and overhastiness have come in the internal economic policy of the regime. The great leap forward in the economic plan, which suffered so disastrous a failure and from which China is only just recovering, can be best explained by the pressure to build this base quickly in order to move ahead with China's global military and political ambitions.

The detonation of China's first atomic weapon, on October 16, 1964, intensified many of the Western and Soviet fears about China's future world role. Secretary McNamara's estimate is that despite its problems of industrialization, China will have delivery capabilities for medium-range missiles by 1967 and for long-range missiles by 1975. It will thus have, before another decade, a chance for the kind of major confrontations—with India, possibly with Japan, with the Soviet Union and with America—that it has thus far avoided. And it will not have to tread as softly as it is doing now in the early stages of its atomic development, while it fears reprisals that could wipe out its incipient nuclear power. But to put it thus is another way of saying that only a few years remain for a final effort to bring China into the world community. For even today, when China has not yet developed the strength of a modern great power, it has shown itself capable



"There's no room in this outfit for a glue sniffer!"

of raising a number of challenges to its Asian neighbors and to America and Russia. When China does develop nuclear strength and a firmer economic base, it will have more than its current capacity for mischief and disorder: It will be able to force a very dangerous showdown. It should be the aim of American policy, as far as possible, to avoid such a showdown. There is one school of American military-political thinking that urges a preventive destruction of Chinese atomic power now, before it becomes too great. This is a dangerously adventurist course. The course of prudence will be to prevent the confrontation by an effort to make Chinese policy more responsible and pacific.

What effect would China's membership in the UN have upon its power in world affairs? There are many who feel that a China inside the UN, with a stage on which it could dramatize its position, and with a voice in world councils, might keep the world in continuous turmoil. They also fear the increased prestige it would have in the factional struggles of the overseas Chinese, and the increased opportunities for the Chinese espionage network in the new embassies and consulates that would come as a result of UN admission.

This might well prove true. But it cannot be used as an argument against Chinese membership. It is simply one of the facts about the UN that membership in it carries advantages of prestige and publicity, along with duties and burdens. To refuse membership to any nation on the ground that admittance would strengthen it is to apply to it a measuring stick not used for the others, and extraneous to the purposes of the UN itself. If China would in fact be strengthened by being part of the UN, that is one of the facts of global life that its opponents will have to recognize and accept as such, for the alternative promises chaos and world-wide war.

This brings us to the nub of the matter. The question of the admission of China to the UN should not turn on issues of the world power struggle, but on our basic ideas about the nature of the UN and our concern for its enduring strength. The UN was meant to be a means toward collective security and not an instrument in the world power struggle, nor should it be turned into such an instrument now. The basic principle must be that of recognizing the operative realities and the *de facto* situation in any nation.

Since October 1949, the Chinese people on the mainland have in fact been ruled by the Communist government of Mao Tse-tung, as the People's Republic of China. During that same period the people on the island of Taiwan, off the mainland, have in fact been ruled by a Chiang Kai-shek government that,



although calling itself the Republic of China, has no power on the mainland and no realistic hope for its return to power. These are the only facts relevant for the UN on the question of membership. As long as the UN holds to that ground, it has a secure base for its decisions. Questions of the formal legality or of the justice or injustice of either regime are not operative here. What is crucial is that both regimes have been functioning since 1949. If there were any doubts at the start about their stability, those doubts have now been resolved. It is time for the UN to recognize the principle of *de facto* power as applying to both nations—China and Taiwan—and to steer clear of any effort by pressure groups on either side to use the UN as an instrument for taking sides in power struggles or for redrawing the map of Asia.

This bears on the most troublesome issue in the problem of admission: that of whether "Nationalist China" should be expelled from the UN at the same time that Communist China is admitted, and whether the new member should immediately succeed to the permanent seat on the Security Council that Nationalist China has held. Communist

China and its sponsors, which in the 1965 admissions struggle were Albania and Cambodia, have adamantly insisted that since there can legally be only one China, it must be the People's Republic of China, including not only mainland China but Taiwan and the smaller offshore islands as well. They regard the present Taiwan regime as illegal, and as an interloper in the UN, to be ousted by the same act that admits the People's Republic to its rightful place in the UN and its Security Council. By parallel reasoning, the position of the Chiang Kai-shek regime is that it is still the only legal Chinese government, and that Communist China is a usurper government and an outlaw on the world scene. Both of these are legalist positions. Obviously, Communist China has the better claim, beyond legalism, on the hard empirical ground that it is in possession of the mainland. But by the same empirical reasoning, Taiwan is also a reality—not as China but as Taiwan. The best consistent position that the UN and the U. S. can take is to apply to both regimes the principle of operative *de facto* power, covering only the territory that each holds.

I am not speaking of a "two-Chinas" solution, which is an absurd phrase for

an impossible premise. There cannot be two Chinas occupying the same UN seat, just as there cannot be two Chinas occupying the same continental space. There is one China and one Taiwan. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the past, those are today's *facts* and the UN must base its action on them, with a package resolution that would admit Communist China and retain Taiwan not as the "Republic of China" but as the "Republic of Taiwan." America should take the lead in advocating this policy. As *The New York Times* has put it, "Washington would be wise to consider a switch in policy from one of keeping Peking out of the UN to one of keeping Taiwan in." The failure of America to take this lead, the *Times* adds, "will make it easier for the Assembly to vote Peking in and Taiwan out."

This leaves as the hardest problem of all the question of what Communist China's relation will be to the Security Council seat that has from the start been assigned to the legal Chinese government, and that is now occupied by Taiwan. It is my strong hunch that this issue has weighed more heavily than any other with American policy makers. They are understandably reluctant to consent to the expulsion of Taiwan, which has been a faithful ally and is still a strong American power base in the Pacific. But even if Taiwan can be kept in the UN, the American leaders may have a genuine doubt about how China would use its seat in the Security Council, in debate and especially in voting, and in the use of the veto that goes with each of the five seats provided for "permanent members" in the original Charter. The veto arrangement was the result of an agreement among Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin, as a way of assuring the UN's founding states that the Council would not override their national interests by a majority vote. China was included at the time largely because of Roosevelt's insistence, against the judgment of Stalin as well as of Churchill. China was not a real great power, but today it is far along the way to becoming one. Quite possibly a Chinese Communist regime, seated in the UN Council, may decide to use its position as a potent weapon against the "urban" power heartland of America and Europe, even at the risk of paralyzing the UN itself in the process.

But this is again part of the unavoidable gamble to be faced by America, Britain, Russia and the other great powers. It is part of the gamble of responsibility involved in bringing China into the world community; if the UN cannot survive a second Communist state as a permanent member of the Security Council, its future is shaky at best.

Does China genuinely want to join the world community? When André Malraux visited Peking in 1965, and

asked the Chinese leaders about their attitude toward the UN, he got a wary response but not a negative one. As I mentioned earlier, the Chinese have used their allies, Albania and Cambodia, to sponsor the resolution for admitting them, and they have kept close watch over the language of the resolution—which means that they *do* want to come in, but on their own terms. If America persists in its wholly negative position, the Chinese may succeed in getting the UN Assembly to declare that this is not an "important question" within the meaning of Article XVIII of the Charter (as it did in December 1965 on an African-Asian resolution to dismantle military bases in colonial countries), and bring China in by a majority rather than a two-thirds vote. But if America takes the lead in a resolution to bring China in while Taiwan is kept in, it could get a two-thirds vote, keep the procedural rule from being broken, and come out of the whole process with prestige.

Such an American policy for China and the UN would naturally be followed by mutual diplomatic recognition and the exchange of ambassadors between China and America. The "China lobby" has worked hard and effectively against such recognition, as well as against UN membership for China. But it has proved to be far from invincible, as evidenced by the new climate of opinion developing in America on the question of policy toward China. The stronger resistance is likely to come not from America but from China. The real question for some time has not been whether America will recognize Communist China, but whether China will recognize "imperialist" America. The Chinese rulers may well feel that they cannot afford to lose America as an enemy, exactly at a time when the image of the American enemy serves as a cement to unite the Chinese people behind their rulers. We must not underestimate the need for such an enemy on the part of a regime that is very much in a hurry and must demand sacrifices from its people. For that very reason, a dramatic American gesture in reversing its policy by actively sponsoring Chinese membership in the UN and offering diplomatic recognition would undercut the enemy role in which the Chinese rulers have tried to cast America. And if China still refused to meet America half way on diplomatic recognition, the world would know where the burden of the failure belonged.

With mutual recognition would come a breaking down of the wall of noncommunication between the two countries—a wall that now prevents journalists, teachers, scientists, social thinkers, writers and artists of each nation from visiting the other (although, as this article goes to press, American adamancy is weakening on these matters, the core issues are unchanged). This would not

ensure or even imply that power struggles and doctrinal wars would cease. But America's experience with the Soviet Union suggests that, even while there have been spy trials, and declamations in the UN, and power confrontations, the quieter forms of diplomatic and cultural interchange have led to a growing understanding. There is no reason this should not happen in time with China.

The UN itself, moreover, not only as a diplomatic site but also as a world political and cultural center, has a dissolvent effect on insular prejudices and prejudices. It has taught Americans and Russians many things about each other and themselves, just as it has taught Africans and Asians and Latin Americans. It may well help the Chinese break down some of their age-old xenophobic attitudes, and—without diminishing their pride in their historic culture—open them to other cultures that have deep-seated pride of their own.

One of the consequences of the Great Debate, early in 1966, over the American role in the Vietnam war was a public re-examination of American policy toward China. A large number of American experts on Asian affairs were involved in this debate. What emerged was a clearly discernible shift in American opinion, best expressed in the testimony of Professor A. Doak Barnett of Columbia University before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. He pointed out that the American efforts to contain Chinese expansionism have had some substantial success, but that American policy directed toward isolating China from the rest of the world has been largely futile. This approach was also expressed in a speech by Vice President Humphrey, who characterized the new American policy as one of "containment, not isolation." It marked the beginning of the end of the American effort, since the Chinese revolution of 1948, to throw a *cordon sanitaire* around China's growing strength.

The fact is that even America's closest allies—including Great Britain, France, West Germany, Canada, India and Japan—have in one way or another resisted American efforts toward isolating China. The British recognized China as early as 1950, and the French in 1964. The other allies, while thus far refraining from diplomatic recognition, have refused to go along with the trade boycott of China. The new American policy—if, indeed, it should prove to be such—would therefore represent an acceptance of political and economic realities, and an effort to work within them. Beyond the problems of trade and cultural relations with China, such a new policy is bound to have a healthy effect on America's relations with its older allies and with the developing nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America. This is especially true of the younger generation in these countries



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that will be assuming positions of power, in both the commanding elites and the intellectual elites, in the next decade. One of the sources of the anti-American feeling on the part of this generation has been the refusal of American policy makers to recognize the reality of China as a new fact of life in Asia, and its effort to assume a major world role consistent with its earlier history and traditions as a great power. If America succeeds in playing down this aspect of its China policy, it can more effectively concentrate on the policy of containment—that is to say, the effort to influence and diminish the militancy of China's foreign policy and its disrupting impact on the structure of orderly relations.

What applies to elite groups abroad applies also to similar groups within American society. The resistance movement among both students and faculty on the issue of the Vietnam war, which has so deeply divided American intellectual opinion, goes beyond Vietnam itself and extends to the issue of China's world role as an operative fact today. There is no question here of identifying with China's revolutionary aims, although that is doubtless true of a tiny segment of the American left. It is a question, rather, of refusing to shut our eyes against a major world development, and of building a foreign policy that is confident and imaginative enough to challenge this force on its own terms. For America to adopt such a policy toward China would be to parallel the containment policy it adopted toward Russia at the crucial turning point in European history, in 1947 and 1948. The efforts at containing Russian power did not exclude continuing diplomatic and cultural relations with the Soviet Union, and were accompanied by a major program to help rebuild Europe through Marshall Plan aid. Since this policy proved tolerably successful in confronting Russian power, it should prove equally successful over a period of time in confronting Chinese power.

It would also be helpful in achieving the minimum world consensus that is necessary to control nuclear policies and keep the world from a destructive missile war. Overkill weapons can be controlled, provided the great powers can reach a meeting of minds, first on the proliferation of these weapons, then on disarmament, and finally on a world policing authority. But this world consensus cannot be achieved without recognizing China's role as a world force and a growing nuclear power. It is by no means certain that China will go along with these efforts for world peace. But the attempt must be made. The alternative is more turmoil and anguish—for America, for China and for the rest of the world—than we dare envision.



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BETTER MAN (continued from page 67)

Nine cleared his throat. "I won't bore you with the history of robots and androids," he began.

"Please don't," John interjected.

"But I'm sure both of you are aware," Nine continued, "of the refinements that have gone into the manufacture of androids during the past few centuries?"

John shrugged. "Eyes that work like eyes instead of like television cameras."

"Hair and nails that grow," she said.

"Waste-disposal systems like our own," John granted, and gallantly added, "Excuse me, miss."

"Laughter," she said. "Tears." And she smiled.

Nine smiled back at her. "That's right," he said. "As we were made more efficient, we naturally were made more human, because the human body and brain are still the most efficient machines there are. You might almost say that, while you folks were becoming more and more false-toothed and nose-jobbed and bustplastered, and more and more warped and mutated by radiation, more and more *dehumanized*, we androids were becoming more and more human. Kind of ironic."

"Very," said John, stifling a yawn.

Nine said, "The point being, John, that you're getting old and infirm, while this body of mine—ersatz though it may be—will last another hundred years or so, with care. I'm stronger than you, also, and have better sight and hearing and quicker reflexes, all of which will be vital in building the new world. So you see," he concluded, spreading his hands, "there's no contest."

Smugly, John said, "You're forgetting one thing."

"No, I'm not," said Nine. "We androids used to be put together in laboratories and on assembly lines, I grant you, but not anymore. Too expensive. It's not generally known (fear of public opinion), but for quite a while now it's been cheaper and simpler for androids to be so constructed that we can reproduce ourselves. In fact, it's been proven in certain top-secret lab experiments that, theoretically at least, we can even, er, intermarry with humans."

John spluttered and stammered, "But that's—indecent and—unheard of and—you mean *mate*? Produce offspring? A human and an android? That's absurd!"

"It is, isn't it?" reflected Nine. "But it's also true."

Their beautiful prize looked long at the handsome, muscular Nine, then turned to the squinting, coughing John. "He's right, I'm afraid, John," she said, sorrowfully. "He is the better . . . man."

John sighed but said nothing. He crept slowly away, into the jagged shadows. In a few moments, they heard a single shot and the sound of a frail body

crumpling to the ground.

"Poor John," she said. "I felt so sorry for him."

"So did I," said Nine, "but that's life." He led her toward the hovel that would be their home. "You know," he said, "I was really afraid John's education and skill and wisdom and all that might tip the scales in his favor . . ."

"It did, almost."

"Yes, I could tell. That's why I made up that little fib about being an android. My name's not Nine, it's Bill, and I'm one hundred percent human."

"Just as I thought," said John triumphantly, emerging from the shadows. "Not only a liar but stupid as well. Stupid enough to be taken in by my simple sound effects a moment ago." John turned to the lovely object of their rivalry. "Is this the kind of mate you deserve, my dear? A man without principles? A muscle-bound clod both morally corrupt and mentally deficient? Is he indeed the better man?"

She wavered, but for only an instant. "No, John. The father of the new race should be a man of honor and intelligence. You are the better man."

John turned to Bill. "In the absence of judges and juries, I take it upon myself to pronounce sentence upon you for mendacity, opacity, and crimes to future humanity. The sentence is death." John shot Bill through the head, and the younger suitor fell, lifeless.

"Now, wife," said John, with a gleam in his eye, "let us not waste any more precious time in getting that new race started. I am, admittedly, neither as young nor as handsome as the late Bill, but I think you'll find there is life in the old boy yet."

"Are you an android, by any chance?" she asked.

John said, "It just so happens that Bill was entirely correct about the, er, compatibility of humans and androids. I put up a fuss about it only because I didn't want to lose you. So, actually, it wouldn't make any difference if I *were* an android. However, I assure you I am quite human, if it matters."

She smiled prettily and took his arm. "How nice," she said. "If it matters, I'm not." And silenced his expression of surprise with an admirably genuine kiss.



"What do you mean, 'the hell with it?!'"

GYPS THAT PASS (continued from page 116)

Such are the advertisements and claims of these "investment advisors." These claims are at best misleading—for they are most often based on nothing more than beliefs or hunches, and the "advisors" never mention their wrong guesses. At worst, they are intended to set off frantic buying waves to line the pockets of the "advisors," who have bought the issues they recommend at rock-bottom prices for the express purpose of running up the prices and then selling out.

Even some mutual funds will take great pains to obscure the facts about their operations and financial condition. Not long ago, one such mutual fund went so far as to send out an annual report that conveniently made absolutely no mention of the fact that its assets had dwindled by no less than \$49,000,000 during the previous 12 months.

Instead of reading brochures and advertisements dreamed up by high-pressure promoters and gyps, prospective investors would be much better off if they memorized and heeded this warning from Keith Funston, president of the New York Stock Exchange: "Some would-be investors are attempting to purchase shares of companies they cannot identify, whose products are unknown to them, and whose prospects, at

best, are uncertain. Some people have not yet discovered that it is impossible to get something for nothing."

There is no real reason why anyone should allow himself to be cheated when he buys stocks or invests money. Any individual can easily protect himself against fraud and chicanery—if he will only take the effort to do so.

The Federal Securities and Exchange Commission and various other Federal and state regulatory agencies exist for the sole purpose of safeguarding the investor's interests. Reputable stock-brokerage firms and investment counselors will cheerfully provide prospective investors with complete and unbiased information about stocks and the companies that issue them. The Better Business Bureau, trade groups and other agencies and organizations stand ready to inform and advise the public and to protect it from gyps and cheats. Whether he has \$10 or \$10,000,000 to invest in stocks, an individual needs only to follow the dictum: "Before you invest—investigate."

The same holds true for those who would avoid being tricked or cheated in other ways. Take, for example, the perennial rackets employed by the gyps who prey on the nation's homeowners. Door-to-door sharpsters solicit "home-

improvement," "landscaping," "exterminating," "weatherproofing" and similar contracts. They offer what appear to be irresistible bargains in everything from house painting to lawn seeding to interior decorating. They produce cleverly worded and entirely deceptive contracts for the homeowner to sign. If he does sign, he eventually finds that he has obligated himself to pay staggering prices for shoddy materials and grossly substandard workmanship.

Each year, the victims of these rackets are counted in the tens of thousands; estimates of their losses run into the tens of millions. Yet, it is totally unnecessary for even one person to be bilked by these racketeers. The preventive measures are almost childishly simple. The homeowner should deal only with established, reputable merchants and contractors who, being part of the community, have a reputation to maintain. Then, of course, the homeowner needs only to contact the nearest office of the Better Business Bureau—or his own chamber of commerce. These agencies will quickly provide him with all the information he needs about the glib salesmen who come to his door. Lastly, of course, no one should ever sign any contract or agreement unless he reads and understands it thoroughly beforehand.

Paradoxically, it's often more difficult for the businessman to protect himself against gyps than it is for the average individual. True, the businessman can also use the Better Business Bureau's services and there are credit associations that will provide him with information about the financial integrity and credit rating of firms and individuals. But there are highbinders who specialize in bilking businessmen. They're almost always experts at the fine art of financial juggling and chicanery. Because they're usually out to obtain large sums, they devise elaborate and convincing schemes to separate the businessman from his money.

A number of years ago, a wealthy industrialist I know was approached by two men who said they owned a valuable mining concession in South America. They produced deeds, documents and assay reports to substantiate their statements. Declaring they were in desperate need of funds to finance the exploitation of the property, they offered to sell him a 49-percent interest in the concession for \$100,000—of which \$25,000 had to be paid immediately.

All in all, the proposal seemed plausible and legitimate. The claims made by the men were believable and supported by apparently authentic documents. The references they gave checked out, and a telephone call to the South American bank they gave as reference verified their story.

The industrialist was about to agree and pay over \$25,000 to bind the trans-



action. Then, at the last minute, he decided to hold off for a day or two while he made an independent investigation. It was fortunate for him that he did. The men were impostors; they had stolen or forged all their documents, including those that identified them as being who they represented themselves to be. The actual owners of the concession were in the Middle East on a business trip.

Many other types of swindles are highly favored by crooks who specialize in mulcting businessmen. One popular form is the so-called "nuisance suit." Nuisance suits are simply lawsuits filed on little or no grounds by individuals in hopes that the person or firm they are suing will settle out of court rather than spend the time and money and be exposed to the publicity attendant upon fighting the case in court. Trumped-up patent- or copyright-infringement suits, fake personal-injury claims and actions that dispute title to a property are typical examples of nuisance suits. The astute, experienced businessman knows better than to settle any such action out of court. He is well aware that it is nothing more than a form of blackmail. He always chooses to fight the suit; in the vast majority of instances, the plaintiff either drops the action or loses, because his case will seldom stand up in a court of law.

Bogus charity appeals are another favorite device used by swindlers. Every businessman and business firm receives hundreds of appeals from various charities each year. The requests for contributions are often made on expensive, embossed letterheads bearing the names of dozens of prominent persons who are listed as "patrons," "sponsors" or "committee members"—the implication, of course, being that if their names appear, the charity must be a deserving one.

Until comparatively recently, it was the custom of many firms to send contributions to all charities that appealed to them for funds. Then, as the number of appeals multiplied, it became impossible for even the largest companies to follow this policy. It also became apparent that some charitable organizations were badly administered—and that some were even out-and-out frauds. In certain cases, the names of those shown as supporting or sponsoring the charity were used without permission or knowledge of the persons concerned.

Thus, most businessmen today investigate all charity appeals with great care. They and their firms make contributions only to those that are known to be legitimate and that have been cleared by the Better Business Bureau or similar organizations.

By the same token, a businessman must exercise great care and caution before lending his name to groups or

organizations that solicit him to serve on committees or to endorse them in any way. No matter how flattering such requests are to one's vanity, they must be investigated thoroughly. It is not unknown for an individual to endorse what he has been led to believe is a legitimate charitable, social, fraternal or service group only to learn too late that his name was being used by a fraudulent or even subversive organization. Needless to say, such errors—no matter how inadvertent and innocent—are liable to damage a businessman's reputation as well as his wallet.

It would be impossible for me to list all the unethical and illegal practices, tricks and swindles that either members of the public in general or businessmen in particular are liable to encounter. I have purposely omitted the categories of gyps sometimes found within business firms. Embezzlers, pilferers, expense-account cheats and the like are types against which any well-organized firm has built-in safeguards and which alert management automatically takes all necessary precautions to prevent.

Withal, neither the average individual nor the businessman has to worry much about gyps and swindles if he will only follow four simple rules.

1. No one should ever expect or try to get something for nothing. The mouths of gift horses should always be examined with meticulous care. There is generally something unsound or unsavory about any business proposition that promises tremendous profits overnight. By the same token, although everyone loves a bargain, bargains are not always what they appear to be. Before buying, borrowing or investing—investigate thoroughly.

2. Deal only with established, reputable firms and individuals.

3. Never sign any contract, agreement or other document until you have read it carefully and are certain that you understand every word of it. If you have even the slightest doubt about what the paper you're signing says and implies, consult an attorney. You may be saving yourself a great deal of trouble—and a great deal of money.

4. Lastly—and perhaps most importantly—be scrupulously honest yourself. It has been said that it's impossible to cheat an honest man by any form of swindle—that the swindler invariably appeals to the real or latent larcenous instincts of his victims. This is, of course, an overstatement; but it is certainly true that an honest man will scorn any dubious scheme, no matter how great the promised profits.

In short, the person who is himself open and honest and takes the time to examine all proposals made to him in the bright light of day will never fall prey to the gyps that pass in the night.



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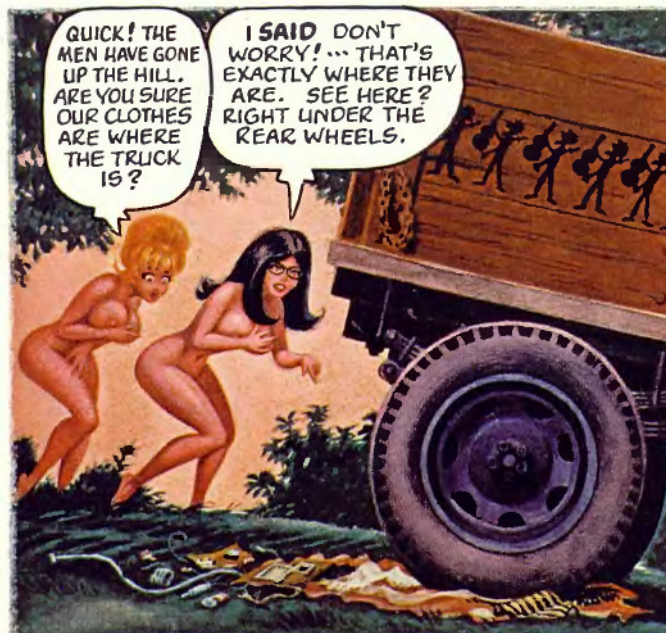
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