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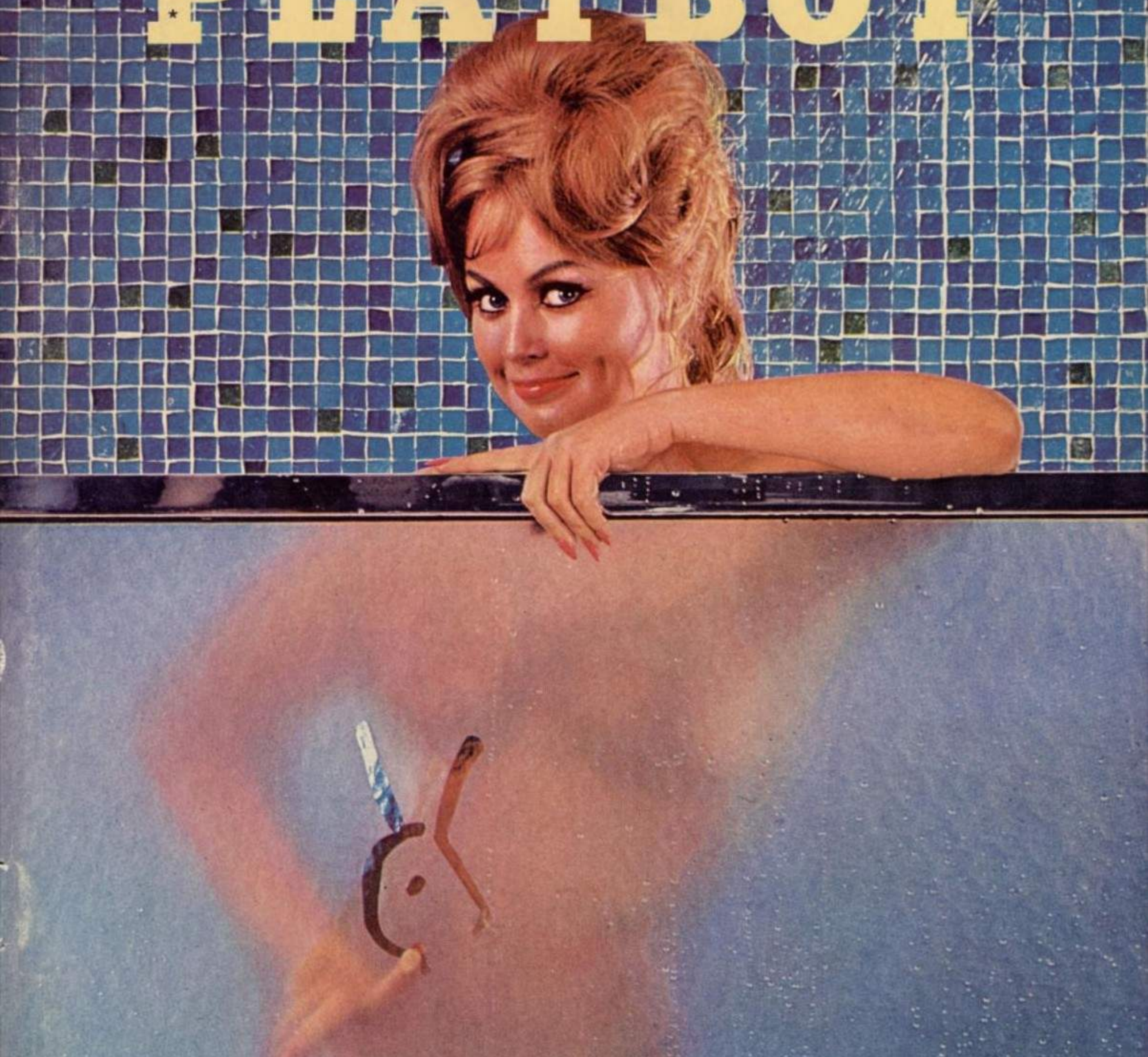
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1963 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH NEHRU OF INDIA / BEGINNING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LENNY BRUCE / YOUR 1964 JAZZ-POLL BALLOT / EIGHT-PAGE PORTFOLIO ON ELSA MARTINELLI AT WORK AND AQUATIC PLAY / FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

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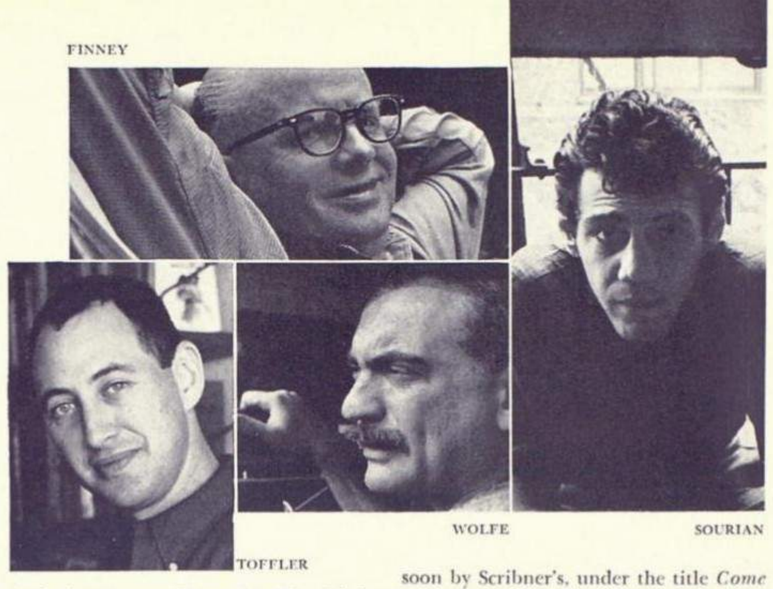
PLAYBILL

LAST JULY, in our pictorial on *The Bunnies*, we mentioned that Teddi Smith, a former Playmate-Bunny (July 1960), had switched to a receptionist's post in our office and was taking writing courses in hopes of breaking into print. This month, Teddi breaks into PLAYBOY—photographically, that is—no less than five times. For an opener, she's the bounteous bathing beauty on this issue's cover. On page 111, she's the doll in the middle of the doorway in our annual *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*. And, in the same feature, she pops up again in a Rolls-Royce rumble seat on page 113. Then, on page 133, she becomes a potential corpse in the dramatic illustration of *It Didn't Happen*, Fredric Brown's suspenseful tale of a man who went beyond reality. Ultimately, on page 159, she shows up as a guest in the VIP Room of her old hutch-haunt, the Chicago Playboy Club, in a nine-page tour of our own *Disneyland for Adults*. (In the same feature, you'll find news of the first overseas link in our international key chain as well as sketches of several Clubs to come.)

As long-time fans of Lenny Bruce, we are pleased to present, beginning in this issue, Bruce's articulate and introspective autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*. While his supporters tend to think of Lenny as a Cause, and his enemies are apt to view him as a Menace, the book, we think, will prove that Bruce is above all a very human human being. Says comedian Bruce of author Bruce's efforts: "What I want is a bad review from *Time* and a good write-up in a magazine that wouldn't ordinarily review books. Wouldn't you flip if I got a tribute in *Popular Mechanics*, right after 'How to Make a Birdhouse for Our Fluffy Friend the Wren'?"

India's eloquent Jawaharlal Nehru is the subject this month of a *Playboy Interview* which probes beneath his outward calm to assess the strength and stress of a man who has chosen to straddle the dangerous chasm of a divided world.

Producer David Merrick, the terrible-tempered boss of Broadway, doesn't like reporters. This was the first thing writer-reporter Alvin Toffler learned after he told Merrick that he wanted to interview him for a personality piece to appear in PLAYBOY. Complaining that every previous article about him had been poison-penned and based on research hastily gathered from newspaper morgues, Merrick challenged Toffler to first "Go out and talk to the people who know me—backstage people, actors, directors . . ."



And that, as you'll see in *The Little World of David Merrick*, is precisely what Toffler did. "He may be sorry I did," reflects Alvin, "but I hope that isn't the case. I hope, in fact, that whether he likes the piece or not, he will admit that it was researched at first hand and written without prejudice."

PLAYBOY regular Bernard Wolfe supplies our lead fiction this month with *The Going Price for Adoration*, an ironic look at Hollywood idolatry as seen through the jaded eyes of Wolfe's hero-hack, Gordon Rengs. The entire Rengs cycle will be published in novel form soon by Scribner's, under the title *Come on Out, Daddy*. "It is, in a very solid way, a PLAYBOY book," says Wolfe. "About half of the book first appeared in the magazine, including the title chapter."

Jack Finney is back this month with a short story called *No Time for the Billiard Ballet*, in which two young couples make elaborate plans to elude the eight ball of suburban routine. Old masters and young mistresses comprise *The Calfayan Collection* by PLAYBOY newcomer Peter Sourian. While *Collection* is the first Sourian story to appear in a major magazine, he has two successful novels (*Miri*; *The Best and the Worst of Times*) to his credit and is now working on a third. Sourian, a 30-year-old New Yorker, teaches extension courses at NYU, and says he's "the kind of snob who prefers boiled coffee to literary teas."

"I spent a good portion of my early life on the chugging monsters," says Chuck Beaumont, explaining his fascination with the subject of *Lament for the High Iron*, a fond farewell to the great days of railroading. Beaumont is currently teaching a creative-writing class at UCLA, acting as critic-in-residence at L. A. State College, working on a novel and a movie (*The Masque of the Red Death*) and several *Twilight Zone* scripts.

In *The Playboy Philosophy* this month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner discusses the moral and legal implications of obscenity charges leveled against him as a result of the now-famous Jayne Mansfield feature in our June 1963 issue. In *The Playboy Forum*, he continues his dialog with readers on issues raised by earlier segments of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Add to all this eight pages of unadorned Elsa Martinelli, Larry Siegel's hip *Fairy Tales for the Jet Set*, more of Shel Silverstein's *Teevee Jeebies*, your eighth annual Playboy Jazz Poll ballot, and a rather extraordinary Playmate, and you have our October-fest of entertainment for men.

Just before closing this section (the last to be printed) of the October issue, after the rest of the magazine had gone to press, we received word from the Indian Embassy in Washington that our interview with Prime Minister Nehru was not, in fact, the result of an exclusive, personal conversation with the head of the Indian state, but simply a gathering together of public pronouncements made by the Prime Minister in various speeches, statements, etc., over the past several years. The Nehru material was submitted to us by a well-regarded journalist-publisher who has previously conducted numerous similar interviews with famous personages all over the world; it was sold as an actual interview, recorded on tape, and the covering letters that so described the material also included photographs of the Prime Minister and journalist together. There was no reason to doubt its validity and we consequently published it in good faith as a personal interview. However, an official refutation from the Indian Government must be respected, and since our attempts to reach the supposed interviewer for further clarification have proved unsuccessful, editorial integrity requires that we print this statement.

vol. 10, no. 10 — october, 1963

PLAYBOY

Forecast P. 109

Safari P. 128

Elsa P. 142

Lenny P. 104

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PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1963, VOL. 10, NO. 10, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., $7 FOR ONE YEAR.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HURRAY FOR HARRY

Jules Feiffer's *Harry, the Rat with Women* [PLAYBOY, June and July 1963] painted the most caustic portrait I have seen in recent years of the castrating female. Feiffer's little clutch of fashionable harpies resembled a psychiatric adaptation of the Grand Guignol.

Frank Summerfield
Los Angeles, California

I have enjoyed Mr. Feiffer's work for many years. His cartoons are excellent but *Harry, the Rat with Women* was superb.

Linda Kornblite
Sacramento, California

SEEWORTHY

We are used to seeing things of spectacular and breathtaking beauty in the pages of your publication, but the July issue, in the opinion of at least this observer, hit what must be some kind of record high.

I refer, of course, to the delightful 12-page section dealing with *Small Boats for Fun Afloat*. The art was the best I've seen in 13 years with boating associations; the advice to the beginning boat enthusiast was some of the soundest ever printed.

Guy W. Hughes, Executive Director
Outboard Boating Club of America
Chicago, Illinois

BEN-IFICENCE

Ben Hecht's *Letitia*, the best story I've read recently, brought home the fact that storytelling as an art is not dead. Hecht is a master and his method is inimitable, and I wonder whether or not one develops a taste for such writers (I began to read Hecht's short tales while living in Chicago during the 1920s). But comparing him to others, even in your own roster, makes his method stand out, as he gets his effects so effortlessly. And, with the present background of knowledge from past contacts (Margaret Anderson, Sherwood Anderson, Maxwell Bodenheim, etc.), whatever he writes is very important. I hope to read more of his memoirs here—but in reading, some time ago, his autobiography, it didn't seem to me quite as mature as did this story you published in July's PLAYBOY.

John G. Moore
Pasadena, California

I nominate Ben Hecht (*Letitia*, PLAYBOY, July 1963) as literature's most affable name-dropper. His memoirs are usually bursting with the names of the greats and near greats, but I never take offense since master-recollector Hecht employs them so delightfully in his narrative.

James Moroni
Chicago, Illinois

RABBITUÉS

Please accept our expression of hearty approval for the colorful photos of your cotton-tailed fairer sex in the July issue of PLAYBOY. But figuratively something seems amiss with your misses. Your *Playbill* statistics on the composite Playboy Bunny in tons, feet, inches and years intrigued my roommate and me to the point of getting out the old slide rule to take an average of your figures. By our calculations, the Average Bunny measures up as follows: Age—22.7 years; height—5'3.7"; bust—36.0"; waist—22.4"; hips—35.0"; weight—137.8 lbs. Either somebody goofed the figures or your Bunnies had best pay an early visit to Vic Tanny's to shed some of that excess avoirdupois.

M. Gateman, R. Roffman
Chicago, Illinois

Somebody did indeed goof the figures, but not at this end, gentlemen. Better check your old slide rule one more time: the Bunnies' average weight is 116.4 lbs.

I received my copy of the July PLAYBOY today, and until I reached the story about the Bunnies I thought it a good, if not outstanding issue. I got as far as Bunny Sharon Rogers and couldn't go on. The rest of the magazine had to be an anticlimax. Please, let's have more, more, more of Miss Rogers; a special edition devoted entirely to her would be great, but in any case, please give us more pictures and information on her.

Joe Foster
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Check next month's cover, Joe; you'll be pleasantly surprised.

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Re the chocolate Bunnies, I believe you said there were 25 of same. Question: How many chocolate keys do you hand out? I am white.

Keith Nordstrom
Santa Cruz, California

We couldn't tell you, Keith. The Playboy Club's membership application asks nothing about race.

As a wife who enjoys reading her husband's PLAYBOY, I must say that I was delighted to see the picture story on the Bunnies. On a recent visit to the New Orleans Playboy Club, our cocktail Bunny was charming and gracious, as well as (from a woman's point of view) sexy in the nicest sort of way. She made our visit exciting and memorable. Any housewife who censures the Playboy Bunnies *must* be jealous.

Mrs. Preston G. DeShazo
Dallas, Texas

I have been wondering if your Playboy Bunnies are under the Social Security program. I observe that they do not have much coverage.

Peter J. Benson
Memphis, Tennessee

PLAYBOY AT SEA

The aircraft carrier U.S.S. Wasp is presently cruising the Caribbean with the famous Playboy "Bunny" Flag flying from the mast (see photo). The flag was "kidnaped" from the New Orleans Playboy Club during a visit to that city on June 13, by the Wasp's Marine Detachment.

Flying beside the pennant of Rear Admiral Riera, Commander, Carrier Division 14, the "Bunny" flag has boosted morale, and is now a permanent part of the Wasp's halyards. The crew of the

Wasp is holding the flag for ransom and will only surrender it to a "full-fledged Playboy Bunny," upon the Wasp's arrival in her home port of Boston, Massachusetts.

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A Playboy Bunny will be in Boston to greet the crew of the Wasp and retrieve our Playboy flag.

SONRISE

I was just thumbing through the July issue when I happened to see Herbert Goldberg's delightful cartoon, "That's my son, the Painter." (Lucky for you I thumb magazines from back to front; had I been thumbing the other way I doubt if I'd have gotten past the feature on Bunnies.)

I thought you might be interested to know how widespread the "My Son" thing has gotten: First of all, it has obviously taken hold among non-Jewish mothers such as the one in Mr. Goldberg's cartoon. If she were Jewish she would call him "My son, the Paintner." A British film opened last week in San Francisco called, *My Son, the Vampire. The Village Voice* published a cartoon depicting the Virgin Mary and the Christ child over the caption "My Son, the Savior." *Time* magazine had an item about Rose Kennedy under the heading "My Son, the President." El Al Airlines took a full-page ad in *The New York Times* called "My Son, the Pilot." I have recently heard that a famous choreographer's mother is writing a book called "My Son, the Daughter."

Whether all of this represents some kind of strange return to Momism I leave to Mr. Hefner, the Philosopher, to determine. At any rate, I have now thumbed my way toward the front of your magazine and my thumb has come to rest on one of your Bunnies.

Which reminds me to remind you that in my new album, *My Son, the Nut*, one of the songs begins:

Though you once
Were the best
Bunny at The Playboy Club,
You're getting to be a rabbit with me.

Allan Sherman
Los Angeles, California

Since writing, we trust you've also dug our "My Son, the Ostrich Egg" cartoon by Merz in the September issue.

PLAYBOY IN RUSSIA

While reading a recent issue (February 1963) of the Soviet humor magazine *Crocodile*, which is published in the Soviet Union by the official newspaper *Pravda*, I came across an article which I am sure you will find of interest. The attitude of the Soviet press toward PLAYBOY, while obviously meant to be satirically biting, is particularly interesting in view of their normally straitlaced position concerning anything American. I am enclosing a copy of the original article printed in Russian and here is my English translation:

"GUESTS UNDER THE WATER
"Chicago Millionaire Receives Guests in an Aqualung

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2 **PRICE/WARFIELD.** Both artists became famous in this work. They're even greater today on a newly recorded album!

3 **THE LIMELITERS.** Today's top trio shines new light on "The Midnight Special," "John Riley." A 14K treasury!

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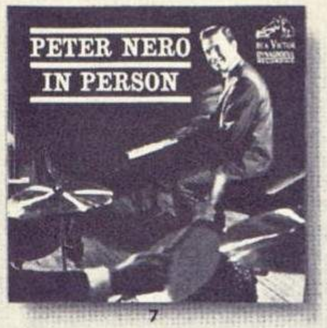
5 **ODETTA.** A lovely, lyrical voice strolls through a folk field of "Shenandoah," "900 Miles," "Blowing in the Wind."

6 **AL HIRT.** Complete with choral backing, renditions of "I Can't Get Started," "Man with a Horn," "I'm Moving On."



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18

7 **PETER NERO.** First live-concert recording of Nero's genius with small combo. Features a "West Side Story" medley.

8 **JOE WILLIAMS.** With a great group of major jazz musicians, Joe swings "A Good Thing," "Sounds of the Night."

9 **CARLE/CRAMER/NERO.** A meeting of 3 keyboard kings. Each rules his "88" with 4 bright, newly recorded selections.

10 **THE THREE SUNS.** A real entertainment value for dance fans! 40 tunes played in wonderfully danceable medley form.

11 **FIEDLER/BOSTON POPS.** Features "Austrian Peasant Dances," "Victor Herbert Favorites," and a "Song Fest."

12 **CHET ATKINS.** Strumming into teen territory like a whirlwind, Chet does "Rumpus," "Walk Right In," "AlleyCat."

13 **HUGO & LUIGI CHORUS.** A flowing sound in romantic love songs. "Melody of Love," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart."

14 **DELLA REESE.** Every favorite melody is tempoed in waltz time. For example, "Fly Me to the Moon" and "Always."

15 **ANN-MARGRET / KALLEN / REESE.** This three's a crowd of top vocal variety. Each lady sings 4, all newly recorded.

16 **PENNARIO/FIEDLER.** A perfect pairing for the melodic and popular rhapsody. Pennario's debut on RCA Victor records.

17 **SAM COOKE.** "Mr. Soul" sings with small combo. "Little Red Rooster," "Mean Old World," "I Lost Everything."

18 **MARTY GOLD.** Big sound featuring strings and big band swing. "Don't Worry 'bout Me," "Skylark," "Tonight."

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For many years he has brought joy to American men with 'Playboy' magazine of which he is the publisher. The old problem of sex is treated freshly and originally in the magazine.

"Lately, Hugh Hefner has opened a string of 'Playboy' night clubs in cities in the U. S. A. with waitresses clad in less than light costumes. And in private life, Mr. Hefner excels in his rich imagination. Lately he attracted attention with an original party for guests. He received friends in a large artificial pool filled with water. All of the guests are given swimming suits, masks, fins and aqualungs.

"It is true that those present are unable to talk to each other, but this doesn't particularly bother anyone."

Bill Webb
Glen Burnie, Maryland

PLAYBOY *apparently enjoys a considerable underground popularity behind the Iron Curtain: When U. S. airmen stationed in the arctic were planning a visit to a nearby Soviet base recently, they asked an intermediary what items of exchange or barter they ought to bring along to swap with the Russians for Soviet souvenirs. The reply: Back copies of* PLAYBOY.

CLAY PIGEON

Reading about Cassius Clay in July's *On the Scene*, I was reminded of these lines from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*:

> There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
> For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
> That they pass by me as the idle wind,
> Which I respect not.

I can almost hear Sonny Liston saying them now.

Hilary Boon
Miami, Florida

Or, from the same play: "Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!"

THE OBSCENE JAYNE MANSFIELD

Your June PLAYBOY was one of the best-edited, handsomest, most entertaining issues I have ever read – from the imaginative cover design (the quality of your layouts, illustrations and printing never ceases to amaze me) to Hugh Hefner's thoughtful, compelling editorial statement on censorship in *The Playboy Philosophy*; from the last part of the latest James Bond adventure by Ian Fleming to the first installment of Jules Feiffer's remarkable first novel, *Harry, the Rat with Women*; from the discerning essay on folk music by Nat Hentoff to the nostalgic piece on *Holidays* – gone, but not forgotten, by Charles Beaumont; from the fiction by Ray Bradbury, satire by Shepherd Mead and service features on food and drink by

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Thomas Mario and male fashion by Robert L. Green to the high humor of the best cartoons published in any magazine in America today and Shel Silverstein's priceless *Teevee Jeebies*; from the lissome, sensitive beauty of Playmate Connie Mason (who gets my vote as "Playmate of the Year") to the pictorial reportage on the moviemaking escapades of full-blown Jayne Mansfield, for the men who like their women with more meat on their bones.

But now — if I am to believe the quite incredible news that appears in the daily press — someone, somehow, has decided that the June issue of PLAYBOY is obscene — all 198 pages of it (since the Supreme Court has made clear in its decisions on obscenity that a work must be judged as a whole, not piecemeal) — and especially, and specifically, those pictures of Jayne Mansfield (apparently we are now to be *required* to appreciate only the thinner, less well-endowed specimens of feminine beauty).

Has the world taken leave of its senses? If the June issue — or *any* issue — of PLAYBOY is obscene then I am a double-dyed purple people-eater from Pluto.

James Kenneth
New York, New York

I am shocked to read of Hugh Hefner's arrest on charges of "publishing and circulating an obscene magazine." In any rational court, you should need no defense beyond your own excellent articles on obscenity and censorship. But if my own reputation as a critic and a scholar (and an admirer of PLAYBOY) can be of any use to you in these proceedings, please do not hesitate to call on me.

Anthony Boucher
Berkeley, California

You rotten moron, the law is finally catching up with you. Your type belongs behind bars. You are lower than the Madison Avenue scum. Hang your head in shame — you and your crackpot Bunnies. Who else but a crackpot would disgrace themselves working for a moron like you! It's your type that gives Chicago the bad reputation it has.

(Unsigned)
Chicago, Illinois

Just heard about the arrest of Hugh M. Hefner for publishing an obscene magazine. Never laughed so much in all my life. I did not know whether to address this letter to the City Jail in Chicago or to Moscow. I agree that the pictures of Miss Mansfield were revealing and, I might add, quite enjoyable, but if this makes the best men's magazine in America obscene then what about all those magazines that fill their pages with nothing whatever except photographs of nude women and what about the so-called nudist magazines that are now legally allowed to print pictures of both men and women completely naked and unretouched?

PLAYBOY so far surpasses all of these publications, in every respect, that the charge of obscenity would be a joke if this attempt at censorship did not have its more serious implications. If Hefner is convicted, we might as well give up any pretense of there being any free press in America.

John Johnson
San Fernando Valley State College
Northridge, California

We have just read a story in the European edition of *Stars and Stripes* regarding the arrest of PLAYBOY magazine publisher and editor Hugh M. Hefner as a result of his pictorial layout of the beautiful Jayne Mansfield in the June issue of PLAYBOY. We of the 1st Missile Battalion of the 39th Artillery feel that a great injustice has been done to a man who does so much for the morale of servicemen the world over. We protest his arrest and praise his June issue. As a result of her appearance in PLAYBOY, the men of this battalion have selected Jayne Mansfield as "Miss Missile of the 39th."

(Signed by SP/4 Arthur Ducero and 34 other members of the 1st Missile Battalion, 39th Artillery)
APO, New York, New York

Congratulations. You have provided Miss Mansfield with what she considers a "reason" for her nudity, have provided untold hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of publicity for her movie and will undoubtedly sell several hundred thousand more copies of your magazine than usual.

If popularity and acceptance must come from the public display of one's private appendages (and she is most amply provided for), I shall remain anonymous forever.

You have, assuredly, tickled many a man's fancy with your pictures, but I wonder if men might not be just a little humiliated or ashamed if women were to take an equally vigorous interest in certain comparable aspects of the male anatomy. I wonder how loud and long the protests would be heard if you provided a layout of a similar type on, say, Cary Grant. That, I suppose, would be considered lewd — while for the men, Miss Mansfield is "art for art's sake." And thus we have another example of the centuries-old "double standard." I think your "art" was a little overdone.

Marilyn Marrs
El Monte, California

Enclosed is a copy of a note I'm mailing today to *Time* [who reported the

Play, boys! The cards are stacked in your

3-52. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY. When the old heart-stealer conducts, romance is sure to rear its seductive head! *Alone Together, My Funny Valentine, But Not For Me, Love Is Here To Stay, I Only Have Eyes For You, Little Girl, I Cover The Waterfront, Some Day, If I Had You, I'm In The Mood For Love, Body And Soul, My Love For Carmen.*

17-54. JACKIE GLEASON. GIGOT. Conducts his own music from his delightful film. "Distinctive appeal." *Amer. Record Guide.* 17 memorable melodies.

9-90. THE MUSIC MAN. Original Cast Album, recorded in Capitol's "big sound". 19 big numbers including *Seventy-six Trombones, It's You.*

18-24. LOU RAWLS. BLACK AND BLUE. A blues-singing "find"! *St. James Infirmary, Strange Fruit, Kansas City, Trouble in Mind.* 8 others.

14-98. JUNE CHRISTY. OFF-BEAT. Unusual tunes by a great jazz voice. *Remind Me, You Say You Care, A Sleepin' Bee, Out of This World,* 6 more.

17-96. STAN KENTON. ADVENTURES IN JAZZ. New directions in exciting sounds. *Turtle Talk, Misty, Body and Soul, Limehouse Blues,* more.

18-31. JIMMIE ROWLES. KINDA GROOVY! Blues-drenched piano and vocals. *Sugar, Me and You, I Wish I Knew, Miss Brown to You,* 9 more.

15-11. WANDA JACKSON. THERE'S A PARTY GOIN' ON. Have a ball with these rockin' songs! *Kansas City, Man We Had a Party,* others.

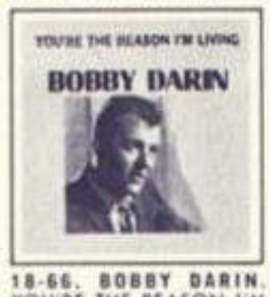
5-09. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC, MARTINIS AND MEMORIES. Backgrounds to love: *Once in A While, I Remember You, I Can't Get Started,* 9 more.

16-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. COLLEGE CONCERT. Thrill to the spontaneity of the live performance—in 12 hits excitingly recorded at U.C.L.A. Hear *Little Light, Coplas Revisited, Chilly Winds, Oh Miss Mary, Laredo, O Ken Karanga, Roddy McCorley, M.T.A., 500 Miles, The Shape Of Things, Where Have All The Flowers Gone, Goin' Away For To Leave You.*

17-73. JONAH JONES. JAZZ BONUS. With organ, guitars. *Soft Winds, June Night, Hot Toddy,* more. "Solidly swinging sound." —Variety

14-34. ERNIE FORD. SING A SPIRITUAL WITH ME. *Steal Away, Old Time Religion, Roll Jordan Roll, I Want to be Ready, Go Down Moses,* many more.

18-17. NELSON RIDDLE. LOVE IS A GAME OF POKER. New sounds on 12 brilliant arrangements. *Finesse, Witchcraft, Penny Ante, Indiscreet,* others.



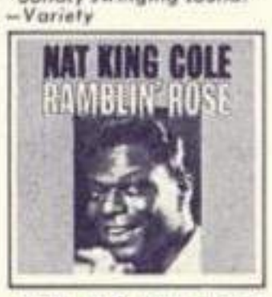
18-66. BOBBY DARIN. YOU'RE THE REASON I'M LIVING. 12 country-western favorites: *Here I Am, Release Me,* many more big hit numbers.

17-12. VAN ALEXANDER. SAVOY STOMP. Salutes to Swingdom's bands and hits. *Undecided, Christopher Columbus, Let's Get Together,* 9 others.

56-18. BIZET. L'ARLESIENNE SUITES NOS. 1 & 2; CARMEN SUITE NO. 1. Von Karajan, Philharmonia. A performance filled with power.

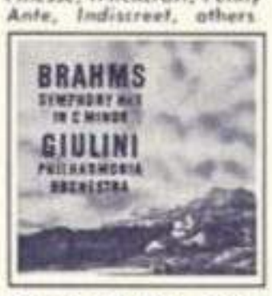
18-47. THE LEE EVANS TRIO. Exciting piano stylings of *West Side Story Medley, The Sweetest Sounds, I'm Old Fashioned, Teacher's Blues,* many more.

18-08. THE BEACH BOYS. SURFIN' SAFARI. Rockin', rollin', splashin' fun! *Surfin' Safari, County Fair, 409, The Shift,* 8 more beach parties.



17-93. NAT KING COLE. RAMBLIN' ROSE. Warm and wonderful country music! *The Good Times, Skip to My Lou, Your Cheatin' Heart,* 9 more.

17-05. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. Now—all their great hits in one album! *Tom Dooley, Tijuana Jail, Everglades,* 9 other best-sellers.



58-35. BRAHMS. SYMPHONY #1, C MINOR. Giulini, Philharmonia Orchestra. ". . . deserves tremendous success . . ." —*The Gramophone.*

8-24. NAT KING COLE. LOVE IS THE THING. Twelve silk-smooth, sophisticated love songs. *When I Fall In Love, Stardust, Stay As Sweet As You Are, Where Can I Go Without You, Maybe It's Because I Love You Too Much, Love Letters, Ain't Misbehavin', I Thought About Marie, At Last, It's All In The Game, When Sunny Gets Blue, Love Is The Thing.*

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10-69. FRANK SINATRA. COME DANCE WITH ME. 1960 winner of 3 awards: Album of Year, Best Male Vocalist Performance, Best Arrangements!

16-09. STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY. Jazz version of stage and screen hit: *Maria, I Feel Pretty, Something's Coming, Cool,* 7 more.

16-42 THE KINGSTON TRIO. CLOSE-UP. 12 songs never before recorded: *Sail Away, O Ken Karanga, Jesse James, Weeping Willow,* etc.

85-56. SALLI TERRI. I KNOW MY LOVE. *He's Gone Away, The Cuckoo,* 12 other folk songs with guitar, lute, recorders, piano or accordion.

10-51. RED NICHOLS. PARADE OF THE PENNIES. King of Dixie cornetists recreates 11 foot-stompers: *Avalon, Delta Roll,* more.

11-72. BOBBY HACKETT. BLUES WITH A KICK. Lyric cornet in a minor key on *Weary Blues, Sugar Blues, Limehouse Blues, Wang Wang Blues,* more.

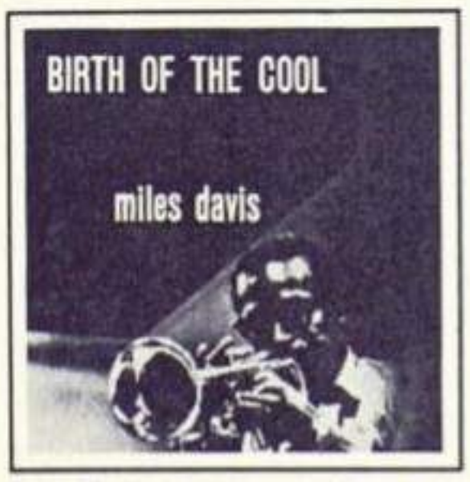
16-93. THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY. Misty One's big hits: *Midnight Sun, Willow Weep for Me, Something Cool, How High the Moon,* 8 more.

17-67. NANCY WILSON. HELLO YOUNG LOVERS. *Sophisticated Lady, Miss Otis Regrets, Nina Never Knew,* 9 more. "Remarkable" — *Down Beat.*

14-42. DEAN MARTIN. THIS TIME I'M SWINGIN'. Dino rocks with *Imagination, Mean to Me, Just in Time, True Love, Someday,* and other finger snappers.

17-50. GEORGE CHAKIRIS. The singing discovery of West Side Story sings *Maria, One Girl, Ill Wind, By Myself, Tonight, I Believe in You,* more.

16-65. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND SUPPER CLUB. Red's 5 Pennies in 13 dancers' delights: *Blue, Always, Sentimental Journey,* 10 more.



7-62. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Miles Davis, also Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, Gerry Mulligan and others — all top men in their own right—on eleven "cool" tunes: *Move, Jeru, Moon Dreams, Venus De Milo, Budo, Deception, Godchild, Boplicity, Rocker, Israel, Rouge.* Here's jazz music for the connoisseur—a prize for any collection. Monaural only.

17-95. KAY STARR. JUST PLAIN COUNTRY. *Crazy, 4 Walls, Don't Worry, I Can't Help It, My Last Date, Walk On By,* many others.

8-58. GEORGE SHEARING. BLACK SATIN. The quintet's lush stylings of *As Long As I Live, Starlight Souvenirs, Moon Song,* 8 more Shearing specials.

17-59. VIVA BOSSA NOVA! LAURINDO ALMEIDA, his fiery guitar and band swing the new dance rage. *Lazy River, Mr. Lucky,* 10 others.

13-19. NANCY WILSON. LIKE IN LOVE. Happy sounds: *Night Mist, Passion Flower, In Other Words, More I See You, I Want to be Loved,* etc.

17-10. JUDY GARLAND. THE GARLAND TOUCH. Stunning performance by Miss Showbiz! *I Don't Care, Lucky Day, Sweet Danger,* 10 more.

16-71. PEGGY LEE. BLUES CROSS COUNTRY. *Basin Street Blues, St. Louis Blues, Goin' to Chicago, N.Y. City Blues, Los Angeles Blues,* 7 more.

17-53. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: THE SWINGERS. 12 jazz sizzlers: *Li'l Darlin', Tops Miller, Satin Doll, Lullaby of Birdland, Lulu's Back in Town,* more.

17-71. ROUTE 66 THEME: NELSON RIDDLE. Plus *Ben Casey, Untouchables, Naked City, Sing Along, Sam Benedict,* other TV shows.

17-62A, 17-62B, 17-62C SINATRA: THE GREAT YEARS

Huge, 36-hit collection of "The King's" all-time BIG records—now in one limited-edition, souvenir album. Thrill again to *Lean Baby, All of Me, Hey! Jealous Lover, Witchcraft, Learnin' the Blues, One for My Baby,* many more. (3-record set counts as 3 separate selections.)

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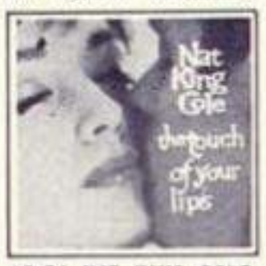
15-69A & 15-69B. JUDY AT CARNEGIE HALL. "Garland at her greatest." *Hi-Fi Stereo Review.* 28 exciting songs from the greatest evening in showbusiness history: *Man That Got Away, Trolley Song, Chicago, San Francisco,* 24 more encores, recorded *live.*

(2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)

10-54. DAKOTA STATON. DYNAMIC! Exuberance laced with bitter-sweet. *Night Mist, Anything Goes, They All Laughed, Cherokee,* many others.

15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch the electric "presence" of her night club performance! *Day In-Day Out, Moments Like This, Fever, The Second Time Around, One Kiss, My Romance, The Vagabond King Waltz, I Got A Man, Peggy Lee Bow Music—I Love Being Here With You, But Beautiful, Them There Eyes, Just For A Thrill, Yes Indeed.*



15-74 NAT KING COLE. THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS. Dreamy musical memories: *Not So Long Ago, Illusion, I Remember You, Funny,* 7 more.

16-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hat Twist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist,* 5 more.

16-26. DON BAKER. THE SOUND OF 94 SPEAKERS. 12 movie themes on electric organ: *Never On Sunday, Exodus, La Dolce Vita* — thrillingly played!

14-90. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Poignant ballad stylings of *Rock Me to Sleep, If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up, I'll Close My Eyes,* 8 others.

14-04. JONAH JONES QUARTET. JUMPIN' WITH A SHUFFLE. *One for My Baby, Lazy River, My Monday Date, More Than You Know,* 8 others.

17-41. HANK THOMPSON & BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS: #1 Country & Western Band! *Gathering Flowers, Jersey Bounce, Red Skin Gal,* 9 more.

10-39. JONAH JONES QUARTET. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH. *No Moon at All, Just a Gigolo, That's a Plenty, Bill Bailey, It's a Good Day,* 7 more.

17-91. BOBBY DARIN. OH! LOOK AT ME NOW. His smash first Capitol album. *Blue Skies, Always, My Buddy, The Party's Over,* 8 others.

14-72. GEORGE SHEARING. THE SHEARING TOUCH. Superb stylings of *Nola, Misty, Bewitched, Honeysuckle Rose,* 7 more. With Billy May strings.

15-24. GEORGE SHEARING/ NANCY WILSON. THE SWINGIN'S MUTUAL! His quintet backs a great voice on *Blue Lou, Inspiration,* 10 more.

14-91. FRANK SINATRA. SWINGIN' SESSION! All time favorites. *It All Depends On You, Always, Blue Heaven, Paper Moon,* 8 more gassers.

16-57. NANCY WILSON — CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. Two superb entertainers team up to bring you a musical gourmet's delight. *Save Your Love For Me, Teaneck, Never Will I Marry, I Can't Get Started, The Old Country, One Man's Dream, Happy Talk, Never Say Yes, The Masquerade Is Over, Unit 7, A Sleepin' Bee* — eleven numbers, all brilliantly performed.

16-35. SWING! STAGED FOR SOUND. Van Alexander's big-band sounds in highest hi-fi: *I Won't Dance, In a Mellow Tone,* 10 more.

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

17-40. CY COLEMAN: BROADWAY PIANORAMA. B'way show hits: *Old Devil Moon, Lonely Town, Lost in Loveliness,* 9 more.

85-81. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT: Leonard Pennario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony. *Cuban Overture, Second Rhapsody,* etc.

15-33. STAN KENTON. THE ROMANTIC APPROACH. His newest, most exciting dance band! *Imagination, I Understand, Fools Rush In,* 9 more.

17-04. FABULOUS HITS OF DINAH SHORE. Especially recorded. *Jim, Blues in the Night, I'll Walk Alone, The Gypsy, Buttons & Bows,* 7 more.

16-82. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: STARS IN OUR EYES. Salutes to great vocal groups of the past. *Apple Blossom Time, Opus #1, Shangri-La,* 9 more.

12-21. FRANK SINATRA. NO ONE CARES. *Stormy Weather, A Cottage For Sale, Here's That Rainy Day, Where Do You Go,* 7 more.

11-07. THE KINGSTON TRIO. FROM THE HUNGRY "I". Recorded live in San Francisco. *South Coast, Dorie, Wimoweh,* 9 others (Monaural only).

16-28. GEORGE SHEARING. SATIN AFFAIR. The quintet with strings—*Star Dust, My Romance, The Party's Over, Early Autumn,* 8 other smooth stylings.

15-53. WILD HI-FI/STEREO DRUMS. Billy May, Les Baxter, others in a percussion orgy! *Bongo Bash, Rocket Rocket,* 7 more. Monaural or Stereo.

16-49. DAKOTA STATON AT STORYVILLE. Her first "on stage" album! *Mean & Evil Blues, Easy to Love, The Show Must Go On,* 9 more greats.

15-64. THE KINGSTON TRIO. GOIN' PLACES. Come along to *Pastures of Plenty, Coast of California, Billy Goat Hill,* 9 more folk-song favorites.

16-02. THE BEST OF DUKE ELLINGTON. *Warm Valley, Rockin' in Rhythm, Satin Doll, Caravan, Flamingo, Black and Tan Fantasy,* more jazz classics.

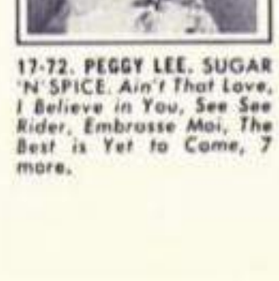
16-59. DEAN MARTIN. DINO. Long-awaited album of Italian love songs: *Non Dimenticar, Pardon, Arrivederci Roma, Just Say I Love Her,* 8 more.

15-14. THE HITS OF BENNY GOODMAN. The Swing King's big ones: *Blue Lou, Air Mail Special, Get Happy, Let's Dance,* 8 others.

9-14. KEELY SMITH. I WISH YOU LOVE. Warm-voiced love songs: *I Understand, Imagination, Fools Rush In, Mr. Wonderful,* 7 others.

14-39. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE. *Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You,* 8 more.

17-20. FERLIN HUSKY. SOME OF MY FAVORITES. Songs with a sound as big as America. *Willow Tree, My Adobe Hacienda,* 10 more.



17-72. PEGGY LEE. SUGAR 'N' SPICE. *Ain't That Love, I Believe in You, See See Rider, Embrasse Moi, The Best is Yet to Come,* 7 more.

7-56. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD. HYMNS. 12 cherished songs, including *Rock Of Ages, The Old Rugged Cross, Sweet Hour Of Prayer, My Task.*

17-99. ROSE MADDOX SINGS BLUEGRASS. "Fine, talented...excellent." *Sat. Review. Cotton Fields, Uncle Pen,* 10 more Rose Maddox specials.

8-59. JACKIE GLEASON PRESENTS VELVET BRASS. Plush interpretations of favorites: *The Man I Love, September Song, Out Of Nowhere*—13 more.

It's easy to tell genuine Roquefort when you taste it. The sheep's milk makes it tangier. Richer. Creamier. And it's easy to tell genuine Roquefort when you order or serve it. It's the one with the red sheep seal on the wrapper.

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If you've any kind of a head on your shoulders, you'll put it under a Hush Puppies hat.

We hear that leather hats are *it* these days. We're glad because Hush Puppies hats happen to be made of leather. Breathin' brushed pigskin, as a matter of fact. They're for people who've tried Hush Puppies casual shoes and wouldn't give any other casuals closet space. There are four models, in six colors. Any one of them is everything a hat should be—debonair, water-repellent, utterly simple to clean (got a brush?) and so long-wearing that it may well outlast your head.

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arrest in their issue of June 21, 1963]:

Sir:

Can't understand why the Chicago vice squad got so "nervous" over the recent Jayne Mansfield exposure in PLAYBOY. It was 100-percent pure stimulation for heterosexuals and the only people who should have been upset are those who objected to being jarred out of their pitiful aberrations.

I found the picture of the "man on the bed too" thoroughly arousing and it cheered me and contributed to my mental health.

Please continue your excellent work. I especially enjoyed this month's *Philosophy* and was also pleased to read the quotation from my uncle Joseph Fletcher's book. I always felt, however, that he tended to be a little more cautious than was really necessary.

Carol E. Edwards
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

In the past I have lauded Mr. Hefner's stand on many subjects, and I think the present situation is a disgraceful violation of a basic right granted by our Constitution — coupled with the fact that the whole charge is ridiculous! As a woman, wife, and the mother of four "impressionable" children (who also like PLAYBOY), I support Hugh Hefner and wish to encourage him to stick to his stand.

Mrs. Joy Vrdoljak
Westmont, Illinois

One wonders if all those people who took such a sudden interest in the June PLAYBOY also took the time to read your very thoughtful and probing editorial *in the same issue* on censorship, obscenity, etc. As your editorial points out, the best thing that can happen to any publisher is to have someone try to ban or suppress his book or magazine — it produces a sellout!

James W. Alford, Attorney at Law
Columbia, South Carolina

The June issue of PLAYBOY *predictably did precisely that, selling over 2,000,000 copies; in New York copies were bootlegged for $5 and $10 apiece.*

I have noted with some interest the recent reports relating to the pending obscenity charges in Chicago. My interest stems from the fact that I have chaired the Committee on Civil Liberties of the National Institute of Municipal Law Officers since 1961. In this capacity I have dealt with the peregrinations of the obscenity laws throughout the country during this period. As you well know, as evidenced by Mr. Hefner's recent, thoughtful editorials upon the subject, the general trend of the law has been in the direction of a more reasonable and

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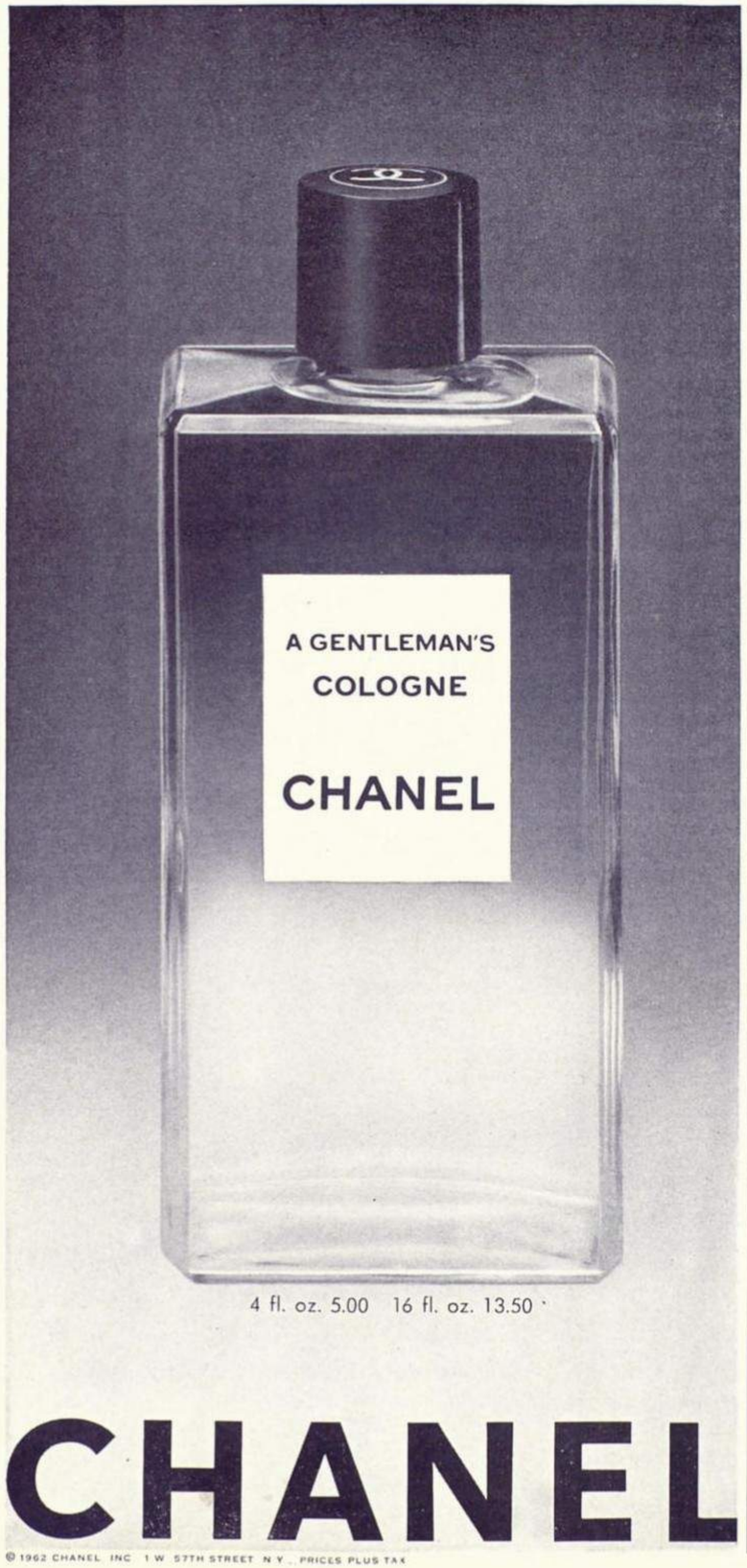

sane posture. This was most recently evidenced by Dicta in the Supreme Court decision of Manual Enterprises *vs.* Day, wherein the Court indicated that only hard-core pornography is properly actionable under obscenity laws.

In summary, I feel that the Mansfield story – which I understand is the subject of your litigation – could not possibly be the reasoned subject of obscenity prosecution. The current status of the law and current community standards (viz., the heavy mailing volume of unretouched sun-bathing publications) effectively militates against an adverse decision respecting the Jayne Mansfield story.

If I can be of any assistance in your present litigation by reason of my civil-liberties work, I would be happy to do so. I might add, parenthetically, that I have been a subscriber since 1958 and thoroughly commend you on the over-all tone of the magazine.

Keith Wilson, Jr., City Counselor
Kansas City, Missouri

Everything is apparently even more up to date in Kansas City than the title of that famous song suggests. We envy Kansas City its enlightened City Counselor; if we were as fortunate in Chicago, the Jayne Mansfield incident would have been impossible.

I THINK THAT YOU CAN WIN A SUIT FOR FALSE ARREST. YOU OWE IT TO ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES TO PUT THOSE PRUDES IN THEIR PLACE ONCE AND FOR ALL. IF YOU CAN WIN A LARGE JUDGMENT IN THIS CASE IT SHOULD MAKE THE PRUDES IN OTHER CITIES THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY TRY TO SUPPRESS IDEAS. IF THE PRUDES DO NOT WANT PLAYBOY THEY DO NOT HAVE TO BUY IT. AS FOR ME I PREFER TO DECIDE FOR MYSELF WHAT IS OBSCENE AND WHAT IS NOT. I AM SURE THAT THE MAJORITY OF THE CITIZENS IN LOS ANGELES AND THE UNITED STATES ARE BEHIND YOU 100 PERCENT.

ROBERT P. COLE
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

I am convinced after reading the June issue of PLAYBOY that the court action against you was brought on – not by the photographs of Jayne Mansfield – but by your fearless editorials in *The Playboy Philosophy*. Fight them all the way – the fight is not only for your magazine, but for the basic principles expressed in our American Constitution and the rights of all free men everywhere.

M. F. Crowe
Arvada, Colorado

Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner devotes this month's "Playboy Philosophy" to the Jayne Mansfield obscenity charges; for a further discussion of censorship in the U.S., see "The Playboy Forum" in this issue.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

Elsewhere in this issue, PLAYBOY readers will find the initial installment of Lenny Bruce's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, a title which permits us to *segue* to the fact that PLAYBOY itself has done no little influencing of people over the years. Our latest leadership ploy was the pioneering in print of the by-now-renowned Tom Swifties (PLAYBOY, February 1963). PLAYBOY has not rested on its Swifties laurels. We've been busy – refining, polishing, supplementing – until at last we think we've carried Tom Swift and His Jet-Propelled Adverbs to a new dimension of unabashed urbanity. To touch off what we predict will be a New Wave of Tom-foolery, we offer the following Swift switch, which we've christened Tom Dirties: "You sure look good in that sweater," said Tom pointedly; "We'll park here for a while and just look at the moon," said Tom feelingly; "I love those mirrors on the ceiling," said Tom reflectively; "This is the last time I'll ever spend the night with a nymphomaniac," said Tom limply; "I've developed a strange attachment to my trombone," said Tom hornily; "I'm afraid the contraceptive was defective," said Tom paternally; "You have unplumbed depths," said Tom shortly; "I made it with a girls' baseball team last night," said Tom asininely; "It certainly messes up a fellow's sex life being out here on the farm without women," said Tom sheepishly; "There's something I should have told you before we went to bed," said Tom infectiously; "There's more than one way of making love," said Tom doggedly; "We were made for each other," said Tom fitfully; "You know I would never take advantage of a virgin," said Tom penetratingly; "Well, it's time we changed the bed linen, anyway," said Tom aimlessly; "I learned a lot during my visit to Paris," said Tom indifferently; "And that's why I call it my six-shooter," said Tom repeatedly; "I'm not particularly interested in bosoms," said Tom cannily; "That's the last time I ever go to a brothel," said Tom crabbily; "You used that excuse last month," said Tom periodically; "It isn't easy making love in a canoe," said Tom tipsily; "I always feel like going to sleep afterward," said Tom piecefully; "I don't think I can make it again," said Tom softly.

"Try Tom Dirties yourself," says PLAYBOY conclusively.

•

At the crest of the nationwide wave of patriotic 50-mile hikes instigated by President Kennedy, Chicago's Carriage House hotel proposed a contribution to the cause which merits an E for Elegance. The management offered a canteen of cold martinis and a pack of rations including caviar, *pâté de foie gras* and three *croissants* to any guest willing to undertake an 800-lap trot around the rooftop swimming pool – with the bonus offer of a free ride to the hospital in the hotel's Rolls-Royce for the first guest to complete the trip. As of presstime, they have yet to find a taker.

•

Good news for those in search of Satisfied Love: You'll find it on page 1415 of the *Manhattan Telephone Directory* at 103 West 117th Street, YU 5-0755.

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This month's Creative Merchandising Award goes to the Washington, D.C., department store which has innovated the practice of enclosing an amusing riddle on a printed card inside the plastic envelope of every LP sold by its record department: "This record is brand-new and sealed for your protection. In the event the record has a factory defect, you may make a new selection within five days. Records returned for exchange not in original sealed envelopes will not be accepted."

•

Nobody's Perfect Department: We learned in a feature story on the entertainment page of the Asbury Park, New Jersey, *Press* that Elvis Presley "doesn't drink, smoke or swear, rarely goes to night clubs or restaurants, has practically no hobbies, doesn't insult people, doesn't get arrested, doesn't get into fights or other public trouble, and shows no inclination whatever to mix with movie people (except, occasionally to date the leading lay of his current movie)."

•

In a reassuring reply to those gloomy critics who feel that American higher education fails to prepare the younger generation adequately for the challenge and responsibility of world leadership, *The Realist* recently published the impressive results of a quiz given to a representative 400 collegians from the universities in New York's metropolitan area. A mere one percent of those tested, it revealed, were unable to name the President and Vice-President. A respectable 5.1 percent correctly identified the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and a heartening 17 percent knew the name of the Secretary of Defense. Only a few believed that John Foster Dulles was still Secretary of State; and the number of those who identified Nehru as Prime Minister of Israel, Faubus as a rock-'n'-roll singer, and Castro as the capital of Cuba, was virtually negligible. But the students' awareness of current events was perhaps best exemplified by the fact that 95 percent were able to name the brand of cigarette that "tastes good, like a cigarette should."

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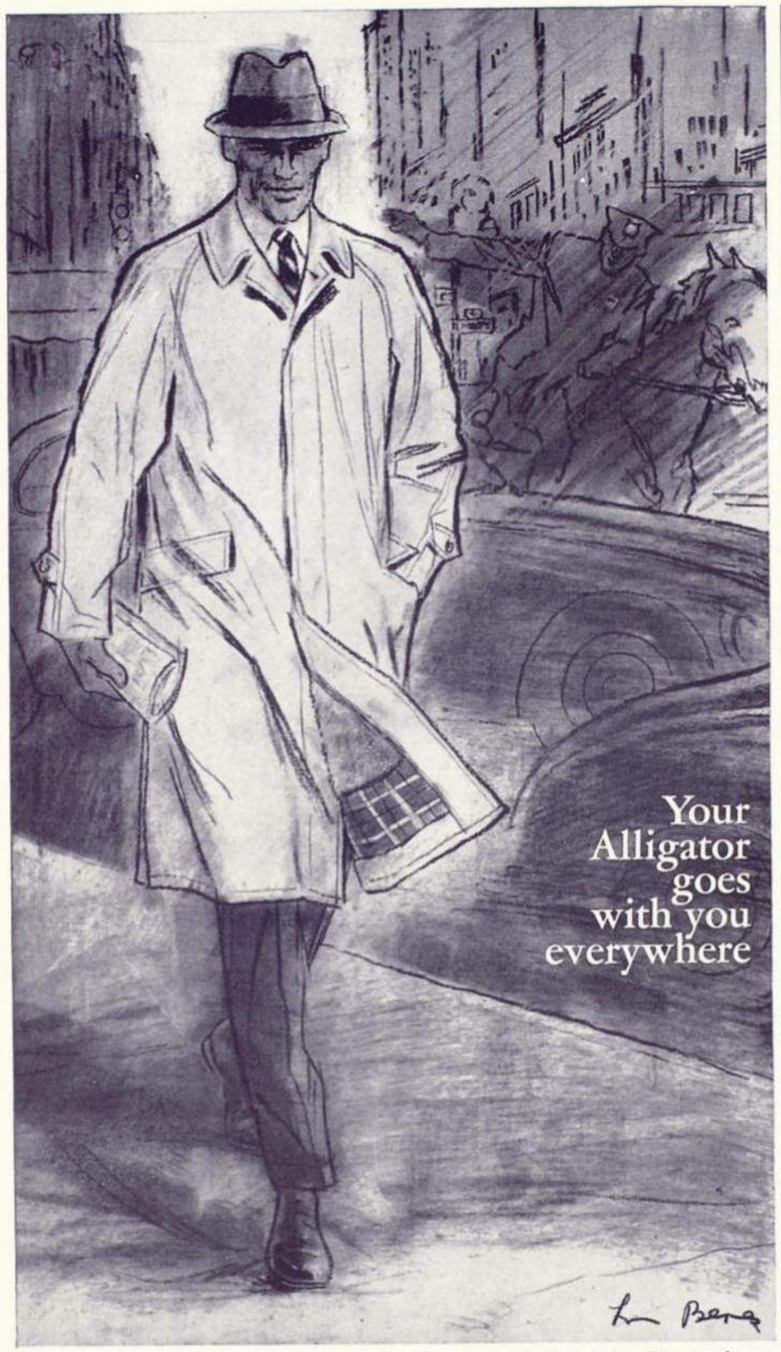

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On our latest survey of the nation's movie marquees, we spotted a pair of aptly matched double bills: *The Honeymoon Machine* and *Two Rode Together*, *The Premature Burial* and *Twist All Night*; and a memorable triple-entendre playing at a Palo Alto, California, drive-in: *Splendor in the Grass*, *Fanny* and *Please Turn Over*. But we're still looking vainly for such ideal double exposures as *Creature from the Black Lagoon* and *Don't Go Near the Water*, *Love Comes to Andy Hardy* and *Adventures in Pygmy Land*, *Adam's Rib* and *All About Eve*, *Camille* and *Calling Dr. Kildare*, and *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Beloved Infidel*.

•

The director of a Jacksonville, Florida, art museum was more flattered than fleeced by a gentleman thief who broke into the museum not long ago. The Associated Press reports that he stole nothing but a look at the *objets d'art*—and left behind a note signed "Breaker and Enterer" with the discerning comment, "I found the exhibits excellent and stimulating."

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We applaud the candor of the distaff speaker who observed at a recent Minnesota women's club luncheon that "underneath every successful man you will find a woman."

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As the young lady most likely to succeed in selling furnaces to Fiji Islanders, we nominate the teller at Manhattan's Amalgamated Bank who replied regretfully, when a greenhorn holdup man sidled up to her window and demanded money: "We haven't got any." He shrugged, turned, and walked out.

•

In ringing rejoinder to faculty claims that the student body devotes more thought to pigskins than to sheepskins, a group of erudite Ivy Leaguers has armed itself with the following battery of pedantic cheers: "Maintain that meridian, fellows! Arrest the vacillating kinetic velocity of our adversaries! Enfranchise the oblate spheroid! Affray tenaciously! Cause our antagonists' debasement! Instigate their atrophy! Violate their terminal territory, thereby increasing the tabulation of our achievement!"

•

Ad-vice to the Lovelorn Department: a classified item in the Lima, Ohio, *News* offering a "Twin Spread and Rape Set" for $10.50.

•

In Milwaukee, a book entitled *How to Stop Pilferage in Business and Industry* was placed in the stacks of the public library. In Biloxi, Mississippi, automobile dealer George Patterson advertised two cars in his lot as "a steal." And in Pueblo, Colorado, a collection of questionnaires to determine the honesty of

Back to the classics: Two modern variations of the long wing tip.

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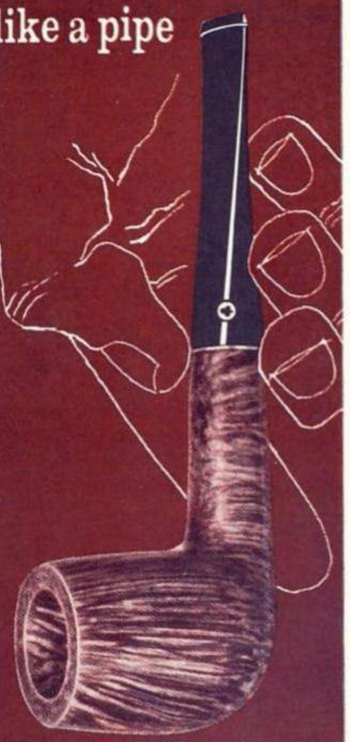

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students at a local junior high school was left in a basement locker. You guessed it: All the items in question—book, cars and questionnaires—were subsequently stolen.

•

Sign spotted in the window of a Tucson, Arizona, drugstore undergoing remodeling: "BISMUTH AS USUAL."

•

We've just managed, but barely, to fete our way through an exhausting summer bursting its verdant seams with special events. During July, we cut a caraway-seeded swath through Rye Bread Sales Month, chauvinistically applauded National Rabbit Week, guffawed ourself to a fare-thee-well during National Clown Week, and worked the old pitching arm into shape during a two-day International Brick and Rolling Pin Throwing Festival. In August, we grew fat and developed a ringing in our ears during National Dairy Dan Cone Month and the annual Phonola Phun Festival, and gave our undivided attention to such sober-sided thought provokers as American Home Lighting Fixture Month, Home Quiet Month, and Home Sweet Home Month. What with giving due deference in September to National Popcorn Farmers' Day, Measure Your Mattress Month, National Tie Week, the Mitchell Persimmon Festival, and National Barefoot Freedom Week, we find ourself hardly able to muster the strength and concentration required of an October cornucopianally replete with events that boggle the imagination. We hope, however, to be able industriously to celebrate National Lath & Plaster Week, keep our appetite sufficiently whetted during Biscuit/Muffin Month, and the month-long Yambilee, eschew all mechanical means of transportation during National Save the Horse Week, be mirthfully altruistic during National Pass the Laugh Week, and put in proper literary perspective Korean Alphabet Day and National Letter Writing Week. While we also intend to do our bit for Sweetest Day and National Cleaner Air Week, we may have to pass up National Pretzel Week—we'll probably be all tuckered out from a prior seven-day stint during which we'll have given our all for International Whale Watching Week.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

Newest of the improvisational theaters is ***The Committee,*** administering satire, alcohol, coffee and food in spanking-new, Arab-blue quarters at Columbus and Broadway in San Francisco's jumping North Beach. Directed by Alan Myerson, who previously directed for The Second City, The Committee's staff includes Bobby Camp, ex–folk singer, ex–Second City mummer, the wild voice of the id of the group; Garry Goodrow, who is best known for his cool and mean Ernie in both the stage and film versions of *The Connection*—he brings, along with a radiantly insane face, a gift for parody of the beat poets and the coolest of cats: Larry Hankin, a stand-up comic who stands up very tall, and excels in a lecture on the virtues of garbage ("That ain't garbage, son, that's *refuse*! Take some home to your child!"); Scott Beach, a former professor and disc jockey who can do rock-'n'-roll and oratorio singers, senators, and the horrid, hidebound square, with equal felicity; Kathryn Ish, a very handsome young lady; and Irene Riordan, who uses both bosom and crisp wit in a suburban-cocktail-party scene ("I'd like you to meet Mr. Jones, everybody. He's a Negro."). The group's combination of literate social and political satire, savantly admixed with plain joy in clowning, has been an immediate success in San Francisco. Its weakness thus far is that its members have not worked together long enough to find a steady level in their improvisations, but if Myerson cracks the whip on them hard enough, they threaten to equal Compass and Second City at their best. Director Myerson, a shrewd chap, has also provided food, drink, and pretty waitresses to supplement the satire. There are two shows nightly except Monday.

•

The internationalization of jazz has been provocatively dramatized by the lissome presence of Ceylon-born Yolande Bavan with Jon Hendricks and Dave Lambert. When we caught the act at New York's Basin Street East, the 23-year-old actress-pianist-singer performed in a variety of flowing saris, using her hands to punctuate and underline her musical points. Her eyes are remarkably expressive and her supple body is itself a highly skillful instrument. Although Miss Bavan's voice does not have either the penetrating purity and power of Annie Ross' or her predecessor's daring confidence in the upper register, she has absorbed the jazz-vocalese idiom extremely well, fitting easily and accurately into the complicated patterns charted by Hendricks. Her sense of humor, too, is akin to that of her confreres; the result is a freshening of the trio's interplay. Lambert, meanwhile, continues to be an energetic, if undistinguished, soloist as well as a diligent section hand. But Hendricks, grown markedly as a singer in the past year, now controls a much wider and deeper range of emotion than before. All three swung fluently through such labyrinthine lullabies as trombonist Melba Liston's *Melba's Blues*, Oscar Pettiford's *Swingin' till the Girls Come Home* and Steve Allen's *This Could Be the Start of Something*. Since ***Lambert, Hen-***

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dricks and Bavan are essentially interpreters of other people's improvisations, their trio remains more of an act than a creative jazz unit, but it is a vividly entertaining act, and the enlistment of Miss Bavan has added a pungent seasoning.

MOVIES

Women of the World is the second global tour conducted by Gualtiero (*Mondo Cane*) Jacopetti, in which he covers a lot of globes — white, brown and black. He has Technicolored some 40 sequences about the ladies, focusing on oddity and paradox. In the former group: the 84 native wives of a wizened old Scotsman who is the only male on an island off New Guinea; the tattooing of Borneo belles; the annual meeting of a Singapore floozies' union; Paris clubs for queers and queeresses; Tahitian dancers getting hip to their hips; and secret shots of the Forbidden Street in Hamburg, with the notorious women in the windows — for those who like their Hamburgers very, very well done. Among the contrasts: European women in a "painless childbirth" clinic — and Maori men compelled to simulate labor pains while their wives deliver in the next room; a "falsie" factory in Los Angeles — and a Malayan father playing wet nurse with half a coconut shell. Some of the scenes are obviously staged — the bikinied babe at the film festival showing off her Cannes, the police raid on the Hong Kong floating brothels. And some are just jarring — the stitching of Japanese women's eyelids, Bedouin women daubing themselves with camel dung, rich Swiss babes having their old face skin chemically burned off. Peter Ustinov's commentary tries to give the film an urbane tone, but it all adds up to less sophistication than sensation.

•

If Warner Brothers had made ***PT 109*** before anyone had heard of John F. Kennedy, the film might have been a first-rate sea saga. But now, in retrospective renovation, we get a Navy lieutenant who talks to his stock-company crew like a retarded scoutmaster with a small passion for chocolate bars. What keeps this big Technicolor bomb from blowing up completely is that — give or take a valiant deed or two — it really happened. The story of JFK's part in the Marine rescue at Choiseul and of his bravery in saving 10 of his men after the 109 was split could have sizzled if they had left in something of the sassy guy he undoubtedly was. But within the plaster mold that has been baked around Cliff Robertson there is neither sailor nor saint nor even phony movie hero. He's just a bloodless bore, which — whatever else you may think — JFK is not. This torpedo boat packs a full load of torpor.

•

Even if it's billed with a Grade Z flick, we urge you to catch ***Love Me, Love Me, Love Me,*** a fey and funny British cartoon currently playing the art-house circuit. Produced, directed and animated by a whimsical Englishman named Richard Williams, *Love Me* is a soft-sell spoof of moral fables, self-improvement courses and even love itself, as it spins out the tangled tale of three improbable protagonists: Squidgy Bod, an unkempt, bumbling but good-natured bloke beloved by everyone; Thermos Fortitude, a gentleman so unendurably impeccable that no one can abide him; and a stuffed alligator named Charlie, in whose inanimate embrace Thermos finds clandestine consolation. We won't reveal the resolution of the tragicomic triangle — but you'll love it, love it, love it.

•

William Golding's ***Lord of the Flies*** was a success the second time it was published here, so maybe there's hope for a second film try — because the first one is a fizzle. Peter Brook, who directed and presumably wrote the script (there is no script credit), has fumbled the allegory, and we get only teasing hints of terror through a tegument of tedium. The story, photographed in the Caribbean, deals with a group of English schoolboys stranded by a plane crash on a desert island. Civilization slips off them like their clothes and reveals the avid little animals they always were underneath. Brook has brooked no "acting" and has ended up the creek. In his try for spontaneity, he got amateurism instead of realism: only the lustiest of the blood lust is somewhat affecting. The music telegraphs and tugs, the sound track is obviously studio-recorded. Among the many juveniles in the jungle, James Aubrey (as Ralph) and Hugh Edwards (as Piggy) are genuine, but the film is only Golding-plated.

•

All the Way Home doesn't quite get there. Derived from a double Pulitzer Prize winner (Tad Mosel's dramatization of James Agee's *A Death in the Family*), it loses in its third incarnation. The story tells of a 1915 Knoxville family — a six-year-old boy, his father and his pregnant mother — just before and just after the father is killed in an auto crash. The virtue of the original work(s) lay in the way they conveyed nostalgia without neuralgia. The drama lay in the way the death shocked the mother into a courage she didn't know she had. Because the film captures only a fraction of the friction between husband and wife, the crucial reaction of the widow comes through but weakly. Director Alex Segal pans a mean camera but handles his players quite gently. Thus, robust Robert Preston, the father, gives us more of his peppy *Music Man* performance. But Jean Simmons is fine as the mother:

impulsive.

Suddenly romantic? Here's an extraordinary potpourri of vocals à la Buddy Greco (with Dave Grusin's Enchanted Voices as imaginative accompaniment). Suddenly moody? The one and only George Maharis soothes and simmers in this exciting collection of Maharis mood-makers. Suddenly frisky? The inimitable horn of Bobby Hackett swings through Henry Mancini's unforgettable tunes. Suddenly carefree? Unique entertainer Max Morath rollicks his way through the colorful era of ragtime, in an exhilarating album of musical nostalgia. The scene is set, the turntable's spinning, the impulse means pleasure — Greco, Maharis, Hackett, Morath — yours on Epic Records.

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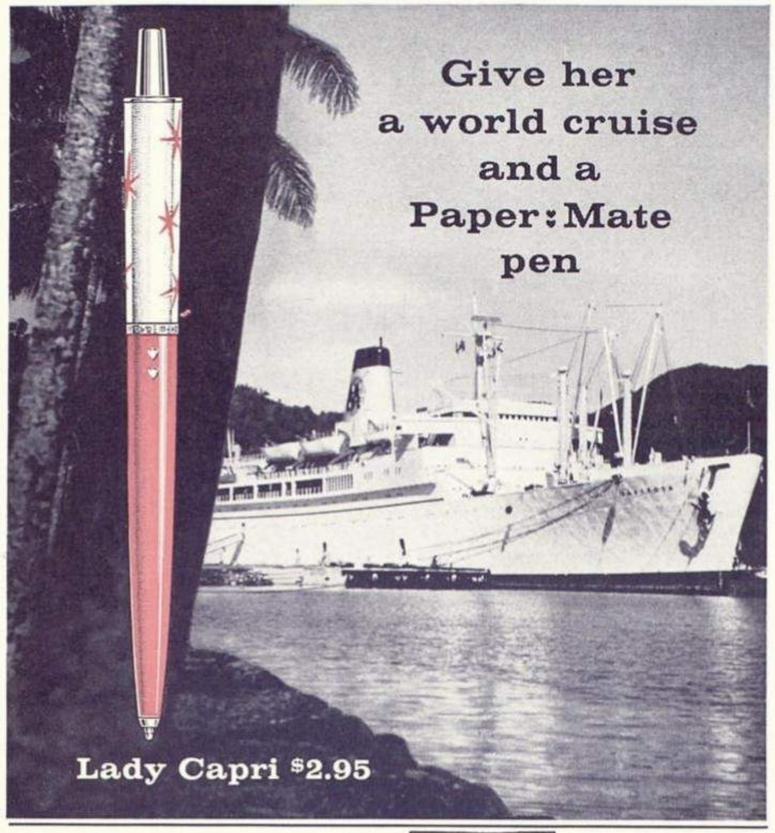

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Michael Kearney, the boy, has a humorous hobgoblin face that seems to hold the whole film together; and Richard Sylbert's sets set the milieu masterfully.

•

Let's assume that Lillian Hellman's Broadway hit, ***Toys in the Attic,*** was as brilliant as some critics said. All the less reason for casting Dean Martin in the central Jason Robards, Jr., role of the free-spending, free-fantasying brother. As his two older sisters in this moody New Orleans *Nachtmusik*, Wendy Hiller is rational, Geraldine Page is a-Freud of her own shadow. The brother, often bailed out of his binds by his sisters, now turns up married — to Yvette Mimieux — and bursting with a big deal that will put them all on Easiest Street. Sister Carrie (Miss Page), subconsciously in love with her brother, spins plots to spoil the marriage and the deal. All ends as unhappily as Carrie wanted — except that she is left to carry on alone. Lurking in the original play was the hint of some point, but screenwriter James Poe has whacked the Hellman out of it and come up with an extremely Poe script, simultaneously hollow and heavy. Gene Tierney makes a suitably brief appearance as a lady with a Negro lover. But then under George Roy Hill's hill-and-dale direction, all the players except Miss Hiller seem like a bunch of mechanical toys that should have been left in the attic.

•

It's news when Kirk Douglas makes a comedy, but it's better news when he doesn't. Don't be persuaded to see ***For Love or Money*** for love or money. It's another comedy about a rich roué; they're always in color (the films, that is) so the audience can revel in the hero's palatial pad. He is a San Francisco lawyer; Thelma Ritter is a zillionaire widow with three attractive daughters (Mitzi Gaynor, Leslie Parrish, Julie Newmar), for each of whom she has selected prospective husbands. She hires Kirk to become the girls' financial guardian and to groom them for their grooms. Two of the matches get struck but one of the girls gets Douglas. The dialog lives up to the unpromise of this plot. Director Michael Gordon once made a funny film (*Pillow Talk*); we don't know how, and neither does he, evidently, because he hasn't been able to repeat.

•

The Sound of Trumpets is a brassy title for a quiet picture, but fanfares are in order for its new director. Ermanno Olmi, a 32-year-old Italian, won the Grand Prize at the London Festival and the Critics Prize at Venice with this, his first feature, which proves that even festival juries aren't always wrong. It is a delicate film about a very young man who comes to Milan to take an exam for a job with a colossal company. He meets a girl who also takes the exam. Both are hired, but are separated in the enormous maze of buildings. We follow the youth to the company's New Year's Eve party, which gives a feeling of being held in a room-size refrigerator; then we see how a senior employee's death moves him from his messenger's desk in the hall to a back-of-the-office desk as junior clerk. That's where it finishes; we don't need to see any more. Dehumanization by mechanization has been flayed in films ever since Clair and Chaplin, but Olmi's personal reaction to this *rigor vivendi* gives great promise of things to come. It will be hard to forget the murmur of the mimeograph machine that swells at the end instead of music.

•

Like that of every true artist, Ingmar Bergman's ambition is simple: all he wants is the secret of the universe. ***Winter Light,*** his latest, is a finely fashioned film that probes to the heart of some questions that trouble our time. Four of his "company" are featured: Gunnar Björnstrand plays a country-clergyman widower; Ingrid Thulin is a spinster schoolteacher who loves him; Max von Sydow is a fisherman; and Gunnel Lindblom is his wife. It all takes place on one winter Sunday between matins and vespers. The fisherman is deeply depressed by the state of the world and the atomic threat over mankind; his wife insists that he speak to the pastor. Not only is the pastor unable to help, but he reveals his own doubts and despairs. After the man leaves, a searing scene between pastor and teacher discloses how she pursues him, how he cannot love her, or life. News comes of the fisherman's suicide. After another exchange, terrible in its truth, between the unwilling lovers, the film ends with the pastor continuing in the pulpit, unable to desert what are for him empty forms. The film's effect is, finally, more literary than cinematic. The crux — the pastor's crisis — is stated rather than dramatized: we may understand it but do not actually experience it with him. Still, Bergman's brooding intelligence and the luminous photography and acting lend brilliance to *Winter Light*.

RECORDINGS

The Dave Brubeck Quartet at Carnegie Hall (Columbia) is a two-LP delight. All concerned, throughout the hour-and-a-half delineation of a dozen numbers, seem to have been at the peak of their creative powers — from the opening *St. Louis Blues* to the group's hit closer, *Take Five*. Except for *Castilian Drums*, a 13-minute effort featuring Joe Morello (and we have

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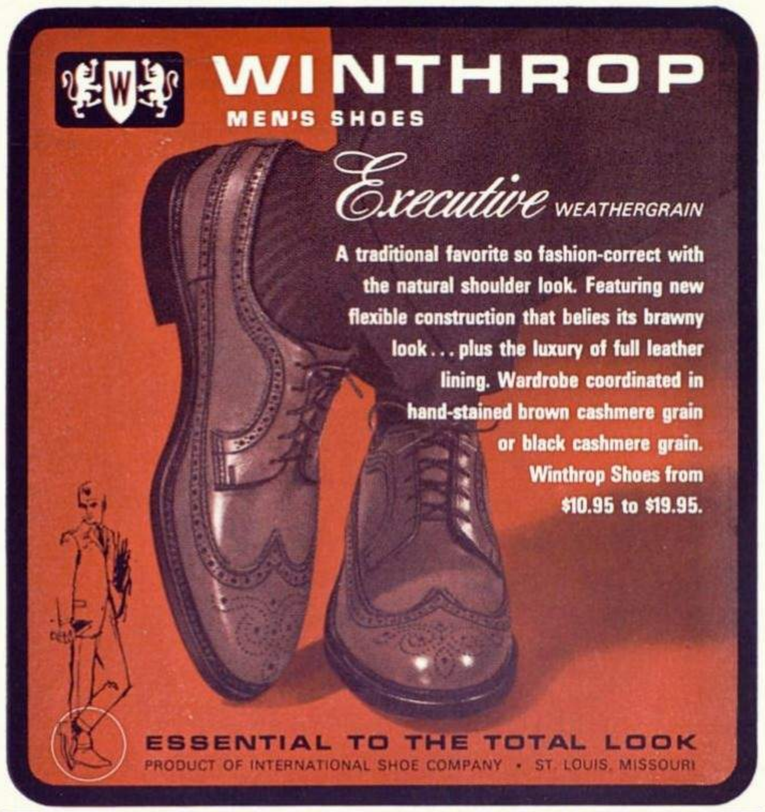

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an admitted prejudice against extended drum solos), the concert held us in rapt attention with its amazing inventiveness.

•

Bossa nova — indigenous or derivative, take your choice — may be found in a Brazil-based LP foursome. ***Bossa Nova Brasil*** (ABC-Paramount), by Juarez and his orchestra, is straight from Rio — performed by musicians unknown in the States, but filled with that special ebullience or sadness that marks the best of the bossa nova. ***Bola Sete/Bossa Nova*** (Fantasy) has the remarkably facile Brazilian guitarist, with Americans Ben Tucker, bassist, and Dave Bailey, drummer, and a pair of Brazilian rhythm men, playing a half-dozen of his own creations coupled with a like and likable number of native tunes, including the *Manha de Carnaval* from *Black Orpheus*. ***Cannonball's Bossa Nova*** (Riverside) reverses the procedure and plunks the estimable Mr. Adderley down among six friendly natives, the Bossa Rio Sextet of Brazil. The results are the Brazilian equivalent of *gemütlich*. The melodies are strictly from Rio; Cannonball's confreres are highly competent and Adderley is happily Adderley. The last and possibly least item on the agenda, ***Three Guitars in Bossa Nova Time*** (Epic) spotlights guitarists Herb Ellis, Laurindo Almeida and Johnny Gray, aided by tenor saxist Bobby Enevoldsen and rhythm, as they run through a rather haphazardly filled grab bag of legitimate bossa-nova anthems, along with standards and originals they are hard put to convert to the idiom — an idiom that is rapidly becoming nova-blown.

•

Her second album, ***Confessin' the Blues!*** (Riverside), finds Billie Poole ably assisted by the Junior Mance Trio, with guitarist Kenny Burrell as an added starter. Miss Poole's vocal approach is direct, gutsy, and appropriately low-down. Her accompanists share her point of view.

•

Tony Bennett — whose career zoomed to ionospheric heights after his sensational vinylizing of *I Left My Heart in San Francisco* — has come up with another LP jackpot. The pace on ***I Wanna Be Around . . .*** (Columbia) is relaxed, the mood romantic, the delivery and material exceptional. High points include *The Good Life*, *I've Got Your Number* from *Little Me*, *Let's Face the Music and Dance*, and a haunting bossa nova, *Quiet Nights*. The fine charts are by Marty Manning. Somewhat less successful due to several minor-league melodies is ***Tony Bennett/This Is All I Ask*** (Columbia). Nevertheless, there's more than enough blue-ribbon Bennett to go round. Dig, for example, the beautiful title tune, the blues-tinted *The Way That I Feel*, and the evocative *Sandy's Smile*. Ralph Burns and his orchestra and the Ralph Sharon Trio supply the backing.

•

The Virtuoso Trumpet, Volume 2 (Vanguard), features the famed Yugoslavian musicians, I Solisti di Zagreb, conducted by Antonio Janigro, in a concert that moves in time from the late 17th Century through the end of the 18th. The baroque quality of the compositions — for solo and ensemble trumpet — takes full advantage of the instrument's majestic tone. The pieces range from Leopold Mozart's *Concerto for Clarino Solo*, a tour de force written for high-register trumpeting, to Heinrich Franz von Biber's *Sonata in B Flat for Six Trumpets, Timpani and Organ* — a regal work.

•

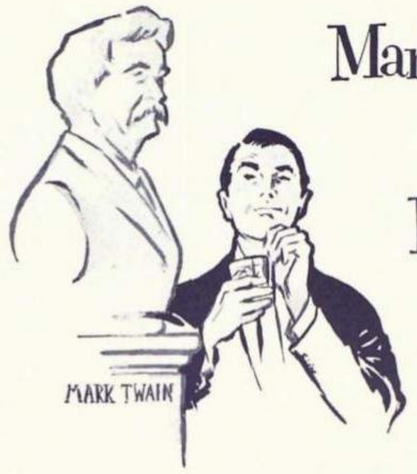
Bill Dana's antic alter ego is up to his old, wild tricks on ***Jose Jimenez/Our Secret Weapon*** (Kapp). Jose is hilarious as he runs through a roguish gallery of service types. As a Coast Guardsman stationed in Kansas City, he's proud of the job he's done guarding our coasts ("You'll notice you haven't found any missing"). As a GI at mail call, he reveals that a six-month-old letter from his devoted girlfriend makes him suspect her ardor is cooling: it reads: "Dear Sir: My husband and I . . ." As a six-star general (he's really a three-star general, but he wears all six on one shoulder which he turns toward someone he wants to impress), Jose discusses his handling of artillery on Guam during the Battle of the Bulge. When informed that the Bulge was in Belgium, he guilelessly replies: "I didn't say we hit anybody." As the CIA Director, Jose voices the opinion that Ludwig von Beethoven was the greatest spy who ever lived. When the astonished interviewer says that he didn't even know Beethoven was a spy, Jose blithely retorts: "See how great he was?" And so is Dana, the irrepressible.

•

Keely Smith/Little Girl Blue — Little Girl New (Reprise), with ballads on one side and up-tempo items on the other, simplifies matters for the listener. He can keep playing the ballad side and forget about the other. Torchers such as *Little Girl Blue*, *Gone with the Wind*, *Willow Weep for Me*, and *Guess I'll Hang My Tears Out to Dry* (or, as Keely pronounces it, "Guess Ah'll Hang Mah Tears Out to Drah") are Miss Smith's meat. She loses us on the bubbly, bouncy offerings. The session is arranged and conducted by Nelson Riddle.

•

Beaucoup John Birks Gillespie this go-round: ***Dateline: Europe/Dizzy Gillespie in Concert*** (Reprise), taped in 1952, features Diz blowing with local French talent and expatriates such as Don Byas and Nat Peck. No matter the company he keeps, Gillespie is very much at home. The session, a mixture of standards, originals, and French-flavored offerings, proves that



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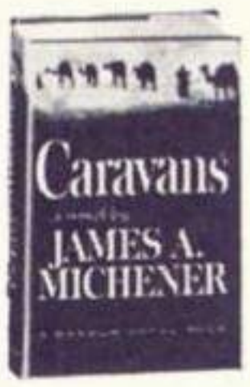

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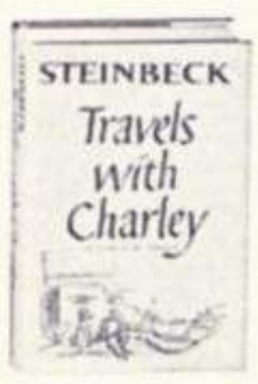

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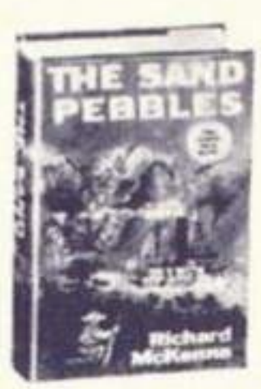

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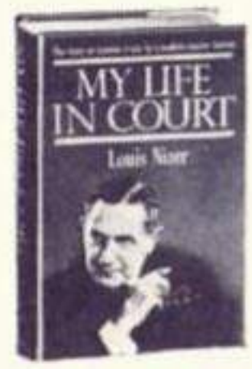

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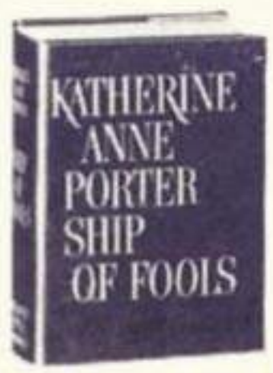

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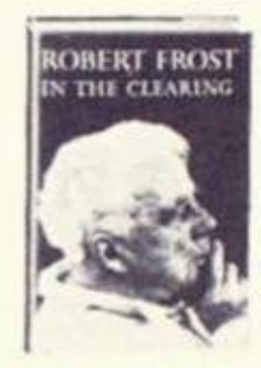

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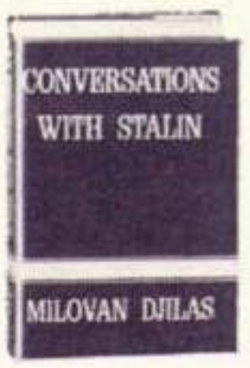

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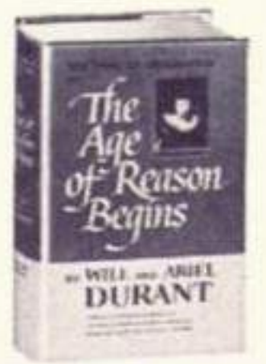

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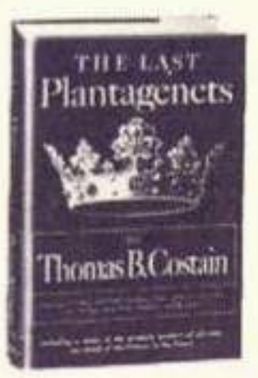

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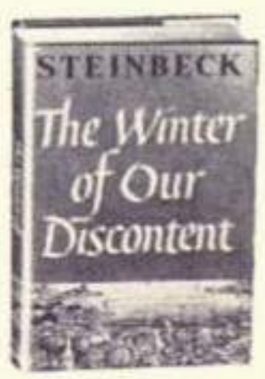

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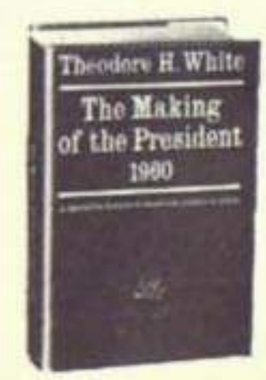

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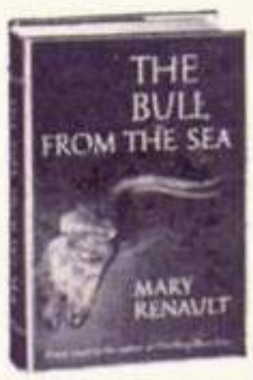

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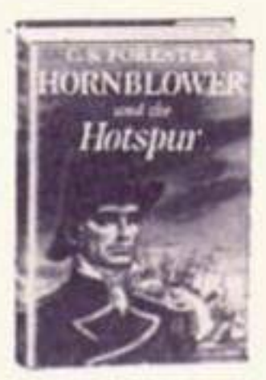

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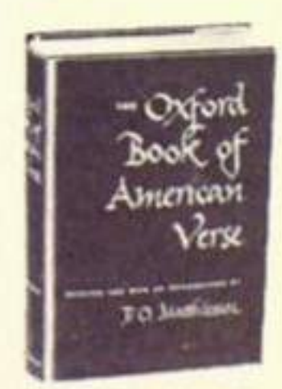

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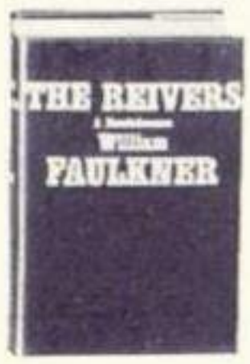

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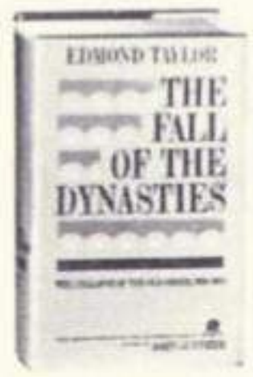

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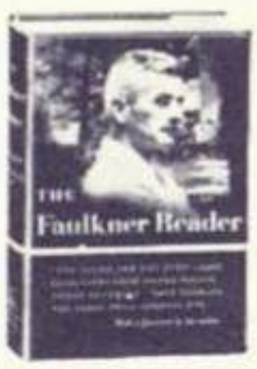

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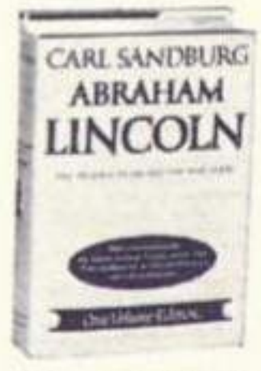

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✶ **GOOD SENSE: STOP MISSING BOOKS YOU INTEND TO READ** Although one reason for this suggested trial is to have you demonstrate—*through your own experience* and over a short period—the almost incredible library-building advantages of the Club's Book-Dividend system, there is another benefit of membership not a whit less important to you. You will have a wide choice among books—almost 200 a year. The new books you most want to read are usually either Club Selections or alternates—those offered here are a fair example—and you will soon find that the Club's system infallibly keeps you from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, those you are anxious to read. That alone, without the money saved building your library, makes this suggested experimental membership good sense.

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even 11-year-old Gillespie is vintage. Much more recent is Volume Four of a quartet of LPs headed ***Norman Granz Presents "Jazz at the Philharmonic" in Europe*** (Verve). Diz, with stellar confreres J. J. Johnson and Stan Getz, leads the way through three extended efforts of glittering dimensions — Gillespie's own *Kush* and *Wheatleigh Hall*, and Ellington's *The Mooch*. Item three is ***Dizzy Gillespie/Something Old—Something New*** (Philips) a fresh batch of Gillespieana, featuring James Moody's tenor, that reprises tunes from Diz' formative years on one side, and a foursome of fresh refrains, three of them by Tom McIntosh, on the other. The Gillespie horn — eloquent, biting or clownish — is always a thing of beauty.

•

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan (Columbia) is the second recording for one of the most exciting folk singers to come down the pike in a long while. Like his first LP, it is almost a musical stream of consciousness, as Dylan unburdens himself on such contemporary and universal matters as integration, fallout and love with a raw-edged twang that is as intense as it is untutored.

•

Harold Harris at The Playboy Club (Vee Jay) proffers the popular pianist of the Chicago chapter and his trio in a set that tees off with a rocking rendition of *Playboy's Theme*, moves into a Harris original, *Hefner Just Walked In* (on which Harold plays celeste) and continues apace through a quartet of standards and a second Harris creation, *Another Time*. It's an outing guaranteed to please the Harris group's growing fan club.

•

The last place we'd expect to find a first-class gospel group would be at Disneyland, but ***The Famous Ward Gospel Singers*** (Buena Vista) were recorded there and they come on with a fervent drive that is pulsatingly impressive. The session contains such well-worn spirituals as *Down by the Riverside*, *Shadrack*, *Dry Bones*, and *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands*, which are delivered with an enthusiasm and rhythmic vigor that impart an air of freshness to the occasion.

•

A trio of big-band offerings are on hand. ***You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet!*** (Dauntless), with guitarist Sal Salvador's outsize contingent, presents a set of beautifully charted tone poems interrupted occasionally, and unfortunately, by Sheryl Easly's vocals. Salvador's deep-throated brass section, which includes a brace of mellophones, is impressive, as are the arrangements by Larry Wilcox, and the solo work of leader man Salvador. On a smaller scale, in size that is, is the band on ***The New Sounds of Maynard Ferguson*** (Cameo), although, pushed by its leader's wild horn, the band can pile up a wondrous decibel count. Included are such jazz

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standards as *Take the "A" Train, Cherokee,* and *One O'Clock Jump,* and a pair of funky favorites, *Gravy Waltz* and *Watermelon Man*. ***Encore*** (Philips), the Woody Herman band recorded live at Basin Street, West, gives ample evidence that the current Herd, playing Nat Pierce charts for the most part, is one of the most exciting entourages going. Tenor man Sal Nistico, pianist Pierce and trombonist Phil Wilson are electric soloists, and the band's ensemble work has a surging exuberance that is infectious. As cases in point, catch *Watermelon Man* and *Better Get It in Your Soul* — nonpareil swingers.

•

Each new Oscar Brown LP offers fresh evidence of a major talent. His latest, ***Oscar Brown, Jr. Tells It Like It Is!*** (Columbia), is the composer-lyricist-singer's best to date. Oscar can be wryly devilish, as on *The Snake,* poignantly tender with *A Young Girl,* funky, via *Sing Hallelujah,* or rocking, as on *Tall Like Pine*. No matter which hat he wears, Oscar is always stylish.

•

The Victor Feldman All Stars Play the World's First Album of Soviet Jazz Themes (Äva) is a surprising set: the six numbers, all composed by Soviet musicians, indicate that Western jazz not only has penetrated the Iron Curtain but has done it with considerable vigor. Feldman employs two task forces; one includes Nat Adderley and pianist Joe Zawinul, the other, Herb Ellis and Carmell Jones. Tenor man Harold Land and the rhythm section perform on both sides. The recording confirms the old cliché (and truth is the ultimate cliché) of the universality of jazz.

•

John Coltrane's rapidly growing kinship with the ballad is readily apparent on ***John Coltrane and Johnny Hartman*** (Impulse!). Hartman, a fine singer, strangely neglected, is matched in his lyricism by Coltrane's horn, as they move effortlessly through a half-dozen standard delights including *My One and Only Love, You Are Too Beautiful,* and the too-seldom-heard *Dedicated to You*.

•

It's You or No One/Bobby Darin (Atco) profits measurably from Bobby Scott's tastefully inventive charts. The dozen ballads — some sprightly, others indigo — have Bobby covering, for the most part, well-traveled territory, but tunes such as *I'll Be Around, I Hadn't Anyone Till You,* and *All or Nothing at All* still fall pleasingly on the ears.

•

An unusual project, authors reading from their works on 7-inch LPs, has been launched with a quartet of eminen novelists. ***James Baldwin*** reads from *Giovanni's Room*; ***William Styron*** does a portion of *Lie Down in Darkness*; ***Philip Roth,*** a segment from *Letting Go*; and ***Bernard Malamud*** reads a short story from *The Magic Barrel* (all on Calliope). The latter is the only disappointment in a project that bodes well for the future. Malamud's dry, pedantic voice detracts from what was, in print, one of his most powerful short stories, *The Mourners*. But Styron's excerpt is beautifully moving, and Roth is a dialectician of the first order, while Baldwin's recounting of a homosexual's first accession to his latent drives is powerfully presented.

DINING-DRINKING

It is appropriate that ***Le Café Chambord*** should refer to itself as French Provincial, since there is really no one more sophisticated, foodwise, than the provincial Frenchman. Let us note here that Chambord has disappeared from Manhattan's 3rd Avenue — much like the vanished el under which it stood for so many years — and moved lock, stock, chef (Fernand Despans) and wine cellar in with La Côte Basque (5 East 55th Street), which bills itself as a French-seafood restaurant. The result is a fittingly prestigious backdrop for the highest of *haute cuisine*. The room is bright and cheerful, replete with wormwood and Tudor decorations as well as magnificently executed murals of the French seacoast, but everything fades before the food. There are specialties of the house that you are not likely to have at anybody else's house — although, by some mysterious Gallic alchemy, the staff is capable of performing culinary miracles with the simplest of dishes. The menu reflects the restaurant's split personality, with Chambord's provincial cuisine à la carte on one side and Côte Basque's *prix fixe* dinner ($9.50) on the other. If your appetite and resources are as big as your eyes, you can eat your way from the coast to the provinces and back again. Crepe Farcie (crab meat with a cheese and lobster sauce) possesses a seductive flavor that is almost aphrodisiac. If you are in the mood to pique your taste buds with something more down-to-earth, try Côte Basque's Coulibiac de Saumon Basque (salmon, mushrooms, eggs and truffles in a cold loaf). The salmon we had was so delicate in flavor, we're convinced it never had to endure the hardy rigors of the sea. Le Homard a l'Amoricaine is a lobster in a startlingly quixotic brandy sauce which will arouse the interest of even the most blasé diner, and as routine a dish as duck in orange sauce in Chambord's knowledgeable hands does more for the bird than Audubon has done for the entire species. Vegetables, of course, are presented as if they were crown jewels. The wines served at the recommendation of the solicitous and notable sommelier,

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•

A swinging merger of modern jazz and Neapolitan *nutrimento* is New York's ***Half Note*** (291 Hudson Street). Two blocks from the Hudson River and buried among antediluvian waterfront buildings, this modest music-filled snuggery is difficult for even neighborhood cabbies to locate. And yet it has managed to survive customer shortages which have sorely tried the tills of better-heeled and better-located brethren to the north. The Note's ultimate weapons in this war for the customers' cash are the Canterinos, who omnipresently preside over the club, treating their musicians with the respect most club owners reserve for ringside patrons. Enter the club and the Canterinos are everywhere. You may be greeted at the door by Sonny, check your coat with sister Rosemary, order a drink at the bar from brother Mike or brother-in-law Arnie, Rose's husband, or request a dish prepared by the Canterino *padrone*, Frank. The only break in this Italian phalanx occurs between the kitchen and your table. Waiter William (Al) Alberg, who feeds *all* of the Note's tables on week nights, is a graduate of a clutch of kosher delicatessens, but he managed to convince the Canterinos he was a *paesano*. Jazz is, of course, the main attraction, but the food is highly respectable. While digging such forward-looking groups as those led by Zoot Sims–Al Cohn, Lennie Tristano, Clark Terry–Bob Brookmeyer, Art Farmer, or Jim Hall, one may supplement the sounds with veal parmagiani, manicotti or concotti (stuffed macaroni), all at $2.50 the plate. Halve that price for a hero-size veal-cutlet or sausage sandwich. Occasionally, when chef Frank feels inspired, he will beget an eggplant lasagna, or a bowl of special pastafazool and offer them, menu aside, to select patrons. The food and firewater are dispersed in two softly lit rooms separated by a raised bandstand. The decor—modernistic wood impressions of instruments and record-album covers adorning the green walls—is more a tribute to the ingenuity of Sonny and Mike, who had to make do when money was in short supply, than a decorative triumph.

BOOKS

The stern reward of Mary McCarthy's virtues is that if she writes what is merely a pretty good novel, it's a disappointment. In ***The Group*** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95), she takes eight members of Vassar '33 from their graduation to 1940. The cast is assorted: an ambitious Westerner, and a romantic Bostonian; a pallid gal, and a frankly sexy one; a beau monde Lesbian, and so on. Their husbands and lovers include a playwright, a fund raiser, a painter, a doctor, an editor, a refugee. The themes are predictable, too: New Dealism, psychoanalysis, Hitler, Spanish Civil War, Leftist theater, sexual freedom, etc. The letdown is not in the choice of characters and themes—what *else* could a Thirties novel of college grads in New York be about?—but in the use of them, which, by McCarthy standards, is superficial. Instead of recreation, there is detail. ("Veal kidneys done with cooking sherry and mushrooms, and a marvelous jellied salad called Green Goddess, made with lime gelatin, shrimps, mayonnaise, and alligator pear, which could be fixed the night before in ramekins and then unfolded on lettuce cups.") Instead of wit, there is cute kidding. ("Libby MacAusland had a spiffy apartment in the Village.") Instead of characterization there is dossier. (Too long to quote.) The structural method is the set piece: a girl's sexual initiation and purchase of a diaphragm; a character vignette of a butler; a party that ends in a near rape. It is good social chronicle in the O'Hara mode, and various sections are eminently excerptable. But the novel we had a right to expect—a book that combines the sociopolitical grasp of a Koestler with the precise bite of a Waugh, a marriage of extraordinary intellect and humanity—*that* novel it isn't.

•

Dan Wakefield's interest in the world of drugs and drug takers, first evidenced in these pages (*The Prodigal Powers of Pot*, August 1962), has brought forth new fruits. ***The Addict*** (Gold Medal, 50¢), which Wakefield has edited, is an intelligently conceived collection of essays and fiction excerpts from the pens of 15 knowledgeables, including a psychiatrist, a junkie, a minister and Alexander King. Their diverse contributions, along with Wakefield's wakeful introduction, provide a wide-ranging, deep-probing view of the uneasy relationship between the addict and his society. The book gives facts, figures and fascinating insights into the psychology of the hooked. We are left with the hope that the old lock-'em-up philosophy, still prevalent in the U. S., is in the process of giving way to a more humane approach to a tragic human problem.

•

Last year, Bruce Jay Friedman's first-published novel, *Stern*, received respectful appraisal from respected critics. ***For***

new shaggy people story Ordinarily you don't expect people to dress just to hear a shaggy story. But many people will wear shaggy sweaters if asked, just because they don't want to hurt the feelings of any shaggy dogs they might encounter. So much for shaggy philosophy. Now, the shaggy sweaters themselves. Please note: *extremely* shaggy. Exceptionally deep brush knit of 65 percent mohair, 35 percent wool. They come s-m-l-xl in winter olive, navy, camel, ivory (Frank's is ivory), and grey heather (Paul's) for men, and in the last three colors in sizes 10 to 20 for boys. We ask you to get yours at better, shaggier stores. Turtle tee shirt about $3.95, golf shirt about $5.95.

Paul Hornung, GB halfback, wears pullover, about $16.95. Frank Gifford, N.Y. Giant flanker, in cardigan, about $19.95. Boys' pullover about $12.98. Shaggy dog was found telling stories in a bar, brought in for the photograph by Tom Kelley.

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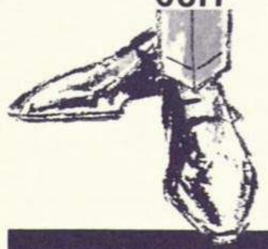

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from the City of Class (Frommer-Pasmantier, $4.50), a collection of his short stories, will do nothing to lessen that respect. In his probing for the aberrations of mankind, Friedman uses a striking juxtaposition of the conventional and the bizarre. Thus, in *The Holiday Celebrators*—about three flower lovers whose duty it is to see to it that the predicted holiday death toll is reached: "A young girl with a lithe figure and gaping wounds emerged from the Lincoln and said, dementedly, 'Band-Aids. Get Band-Aids, and there'll be sex.'" In most of these 16 stories (three have appeared in PLAYBOY), the author's concern is fantasy, and very clever fantasy it is. *When You're Excused, You're Excused* is a Kafka-esque excursion into the conscience of a Jew who must take his exercise at Vic Tanny's even though it is Yom Kippur, the holiest night of the year. Two of the best stories, *The Trip* and *The Good Time*, deal with a young man's relationship to his mother. The mother is the richest character in the collection and one can sense that she must, someday, form the core of a Bruce Jay Friedman novel.

•

In ***Glide Path*** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.50), PLAYBOY regular Arthur C. Clarke turns from science fiction to science fictionalized. Through the eyes of a young Englishman, Alan Bishop, he tells the story of the development in World War II of the radar talk-down system by which planes are guided to landings by technicians on the ground. After initial resistance by pilots who liked to control their own landings and some serious operational snags, the system was finally perfected and accepted. The technical part of the tale is a good deal more effective than the human part—young Alan's story being somewhat reminiscent of the onward-and-upward novels of our boyhood: the lad's moral fiber, except for a brief fling with a lady of easy virtue, is worthy of a bishop. But Arthur Clarke is strictly on the beam when it comes to explicating and celebrating the technical wonders of our time.

•

Erskine Caldwell's ***The Last Night of Summer*** (Farrar, Straus, $3.95) is a cautionary tale if there ever was one. The secretary who makes a play for her boss gets raped and murdered, and the boss gets his head bashed in with a broken gin bottle by his drunken, neurotic wife. Maybe they, whoever they are, do live like this down in Gulfport, but if so, who cares? The violence is banal; the emotions are stale; the language is flat. A novelist who gives us puppets of passion instead of ordinary people (never mind heroes) at least ought to provide us with some amusement—like rhymes, or anagrams, or a limerick every few pages. Not just a woman who gets drunk and keeps saying that she is a "friggin' female" and that she is going to bite her husband's root off because he didn't come home when she asked him.

•

While waiting to see the Taylor-Burton-Harrison *Cleopatra*, or after it, or, better still, *during it*, there's hilarity to be had from two books about the making of this epic. Producer Walter Wanger, assisted by Joe Hyams, has done up a diary called ***My Life with Cleopatra*** (Bantam, 60¢), which traces the crazy crusade from its stillborn start in England where they were filming outdoor Egyptian scenes in October with two minutes of sunshine per day, fresh palm fronds flown in regularly from the Mediterranean, and Liz' hairdresser getting $1000 a week plus $600 expenses. ***The Cleopatra Papers*** (Simon and Schuster, $3.95), consists of out-of-office letters, cables, and phone calls between Jack Brodsky and Nathan Weiss, Fox flacks during the fracas. Their account of the Burton-Taylor boudoir boogie-woogie, of Rex Harrison's Caesarian operations, and of general executive antics is more revealing than Liz' costumes. Sample: Spyros Skouras, harried studio chief, arrives in Rome to see all the film that has been shot so far. Weiss sits next to him and has to wake him 10 times during the running of the picture in which he has sunk over $35,000,000. Note: Brodsky and Weiss now work elsewhere.

•

The Gerard of Jack Kerouac's ***Visions of Gerard*** (Farrar, Straus, $3.95) is an older brother who died at the age of nine when Kerouac was four. This memorial to him is the most recent of the series of autobiographical novels which Kerouac collectively titles *The Duluoz Legend*. It is captivating, less for what it tells of the sickly, luminous brother than for Kerouac's ability to make palpable the details of his family's life in Lowell, Massachusetts. Much of the book is mired in Kerouac's stylistic excesses. His metaphors stumble over each other in various stages of disarray, and sensitivity tends to slip into sentimentality. And there is the usual patchwork philosophy which confusedly blends barely comprehended elements of Eastern religions with a Calvinist view of the human condition ("No man is exempt from sin any more than he can avoid a trip to the toilet"). Yet, there are suddenly alive passages which distill the way French-Canadian emigrants adapted themselves to the cracked American dream 30 years ago. The scenes of the father's all-night card game and boozing are a reminder that Kerouac can be a compelling impressionist when he forgets his role as guru of the beats.

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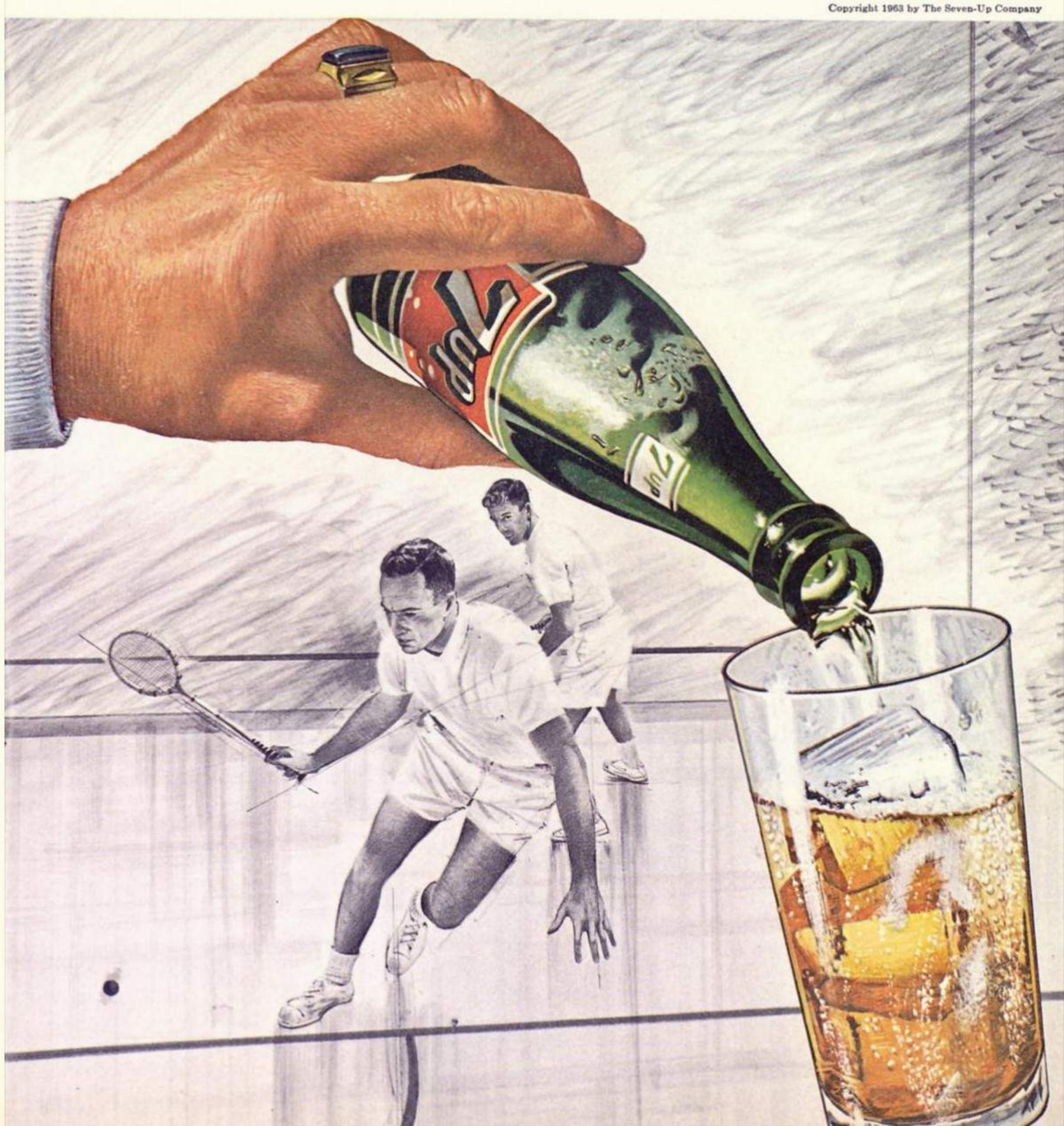

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The following two-part question, which evolved from a late-night bull session, is merely theoretical but we'd like to get the PLAYBOY view on it. Here goes: (A) Suppose you are going to the races and a friend gives you $20 to bet on a particular horse. You get to the track and make the bet, but after the race is under way you discover that you've bought the wrong ticket. As fate would have it, the "wrong" horse wins and the ticket which you bought by mistake pays $670. Now what, ethically, should you do? (B) Same situation, except that the "right" horse wins and the ticket which you should have bought — but didn't — pays $670. Now what? — B. A. and H. L., Miami, Florida.

In either case, it's a horse of the same color. Win or lose, a mistake has been made, so it's up to the man who goofed to give a full report of the error and throw himself on the mercy of his friend. Specifically, in Case A, he should offer to turn over the entire $670. In Case B, he must offer to pay the $670 which his friend would have won. But his friend, knowing that such a mistake was a possibility when he asked for the favor, also has an ethical obligation. In Case A, he should insist on splitting the $670 windfall 50-50. In Case B, he should ask for no more than his original $20 back.

For some time I've been making it with a very hip Scandinavian chick. She's everything one could ask for, but there's one problem: although she has fine manners and does very well in company, she can't resist trying to caress me in very intimate and obvious ways when we're in public. What should I do? — Z. P., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Stay home, avoid crowds and get plenty of bed rest.

All the guys in my dorm think I'm a kook simply because I've toyed with the idea of making the Army a career after I get out of college. I have a hunch a guy with brains and drive could go far in an operation that doesn't generally attract any great intellects. Am I being irrational? — T. W., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

A military career requires a certain type of temperament and outlook. If you can categorize yourself as an aggressive hotshot with a burning ambition to succeed, you may find the military, with its seniority system, built-in bureaucracy and endless red tape, a highly frustrating way of life. If security, a sense of service, and a chance for countless changes of scenery and possible adventure rank high, then probably you would be doing the right thing.

Having recently deserted bachelor ranks, I've encountered my first major marital problem. My father-in-law, of whom I think the world, has offered me a job with his company. It would be pleasant, well-paying, with obviously great opportunities for advancement, but it would be totally undemanding and nonchallenging. My present bottom-rung position has a small salary attached to it, but the work is interesting, and I think the chance to get ahead is there if I really put my mind to it. As the family breadwinner, I want to do what's right, and I'm wondering if turning down my wife's dad would be a purely selfish act on my part. — K. H., Akron, Ohio.

We think not, since your mental attitude at home will be largely governed by the influence your job asserts on you (the majority of your waking hours are spent at work), your choice of jobs will play a large part in your domestic life. Resenting the sinecure, you will eventually wind up resenting your father-in-law, and — it then follows — your wife, who you'll probably blame, consciously or unconsciously, for your taking the job in the first place. Stay put, and work your way up in a job you enjoy.

At a private dinner party recently, one of the guests dropped and broke a wine glass. Immediately thereafter, our host arose from the table and ceremoniously dashed his glass in the fireplace. There were smiles all around, but I secretly felt that this performance had called attention unnecessarily to the guest's accident. Don't you agree? — R. F., Denver, Colorado.

Only in part. Your host was adhering to an Old World custom of graciousness with smashing proof that the breakage was no shattering loss. In the same situation, however, we would merely say, "Don't worry about it, Charlie," and let it go at that.

I've been using a motor scooter to get to and from the office and it has suited my needs just fine. Now, however, I've been promoted out of my junior-junior executive status and I am wondering whether I ought to turn to some more dignified means of transportation — the scooter probably gives me a Joe College label. — D. B., Chicago, Illinois.

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INTIMATE
BY REVLON

A few years back, I was forced to make a decision between two girls. I was able to carry on with both for a number of months before one found out about the other — then they laid down the law and demanded that I choose. I did, and asked her to marry me; we got married, but she couldn't stop nagging me about my affair with the rejected girl, and this — plus other problems, of course — eventually led to the dissolution of our marriage. I'm free now and can't stop thinking about the other girl, who I hear is married and living in a distant city. How did I manage to foul things up so much and what do you think I should do about the faraway miss I missed? — P. F., Dallas, Texas.

Agamemnon made the same mistake and wound up chewing draperies. You were more fortunate. However, it doesn't necessarily follow that you chucked the wrong chick — the other choice might have turned out even worse. It's natural for you to reminisce now about the other romance, but it's the memory you're hung up on, not the girl, and since that "faraway miss" is now a Mrs., it's best to forget her and concentrate on the free fillies in the field.

My boyfriend is a picture of sartorial elegance until he sits down. Then, about three inches of hairy calves show between the tops of his socks and the bottoms of his trousers. I can't believe a fellow has to look like a country bumpkin just because he's seated. He says he's always worn anklets, that he buys them at one of the better men's stores in town, and that they wouldn't sell them if they were unstylish; I say they're awful. Who's right? — R. A., St. Louis, Missouri.

You are. There's nothing as square-rigged as a business-suited or sports-jacketed gentleman with peek-a-boo calves. His socks should reach at least three fourths of the way up his calves, whether he chooses stretch socks or uses garters with the nonstretch kind. For anything but active-sports attire, where sweat socks are permissible, anklets are as out as spats.

I came across an English automotive magazine at my barbershop the other day and I must say the editors could have been writing in Swahili for all I understood. A few of the terms I remember were "facia," "wing," "bonnet," "boot," "squab" and "trafficator." What do they all mean? — O. L., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Facia is the English equivalent of our dashboard, wing is fender, bonnet is hood, boot is trunk, squab is a rear seat's backrest and trafficator is British for turn signal.

During a two-week vacation in the Bahamas recently, I encountered a unique situation: While indulging in some early morning scuba diving I spotted a strikingly beautiful young girl engaged in a similar pursuit — sans bikini. After three mornings of coincidental path-crossing we met, discovered that we shared many interests besides early A.M. dips. For the rest of our stay, we had a ball. So, when she made ready to leave the hotel, I volunteered to pay her bill and she accepted the offer. We separated with a promise to see each other in the near future but I can't help thinking that I should not have picked up her hotel tab. Was this a sucker move on my part? — J. Y., Washington, D. C.

It was certainly generous, that's for sure. But if the two weeks with your mermaid were as pleasant as you describe, we'd never call you a patsy. Still, you have established a precedent with her and you'll have to cuff your next jaunt together unless you tell her otherwise in advance.

Is my current TV set going to be obsolete with the introduction of the new sets having a full range of UHF channels? — S. C., Los Angeles, California.

Not at all. There are converters available which can be attached to your set that will enable it to pick up whatever UHF stations are in operation in your area. They sell for under $10.

Our school uses the honor system for examinations. The other day I spotted a classmate cheating. My initial reaction was to act as though I'd seen nothing. But after the exam I took stock of the situation and realized that, since our exams are marked on the curve, by not reporting him I was probably lowering my grade and the grades of other people in the class who'd been trying to do their best without the benefit of "ponies." And yet, my eventual decision was not to report him, because I didn't want to be a fink. What think you — was I right in choosing to be a patsy rather than a stool pigeon? — D. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

Anyone who chooses to be a patsy deserves to be one. The ground rules for the honor system are very simple. If your cheating classmate won't abide by the rules, he should be tossed out of the game. He took his chances, knowing that the only way he could be caught was for a fellow test-taker to turn him in, and when you gamble you've got to accept the possibility of losing. You have been had by your schoolchum's belief (evidently well-founded in this instance) that the fear of the "informer" stigma was too deeply ingrained among his fellow classmen for him to be exposed.

I'm in the process of furnishing my bachelor apartment, and have enlisted the services of a decorating consultant for a very fine furniture store. The consultant has spent a considerable amount of time making sketches, selecting fabrics and furniture, and has come up with an excellent master plan. But now that I'm ready to order, a friend of mine tells me that he can get me the same items wholesale. Naturally, the idea of saving money appeals to me but, at this late date, I do feel ethically obliged to order from the furniture store. My friend, however, argues that the store offered its *free* service merely in the *hope* of getting my business, and that I'd be a nut not to take up his wholesale offer. What do you think? — R. T., Chicago, Illinois.

Stick with the store. While you're not legally bound to do so, we agree that it would be unethical to take both its recommendations and your business elsewhere. Further, there are a couple of other reasons for heeding your costly conscience: (1) if there is anything wrong with a wholesale purchase, you'll have much more trouble returning it; and (2) since you wanted the store's help to begin with, you'll still want it when it comes time to add the accessories that make the difference between a truly tasteful apartment and a flat full of furniture.

I am 20 years old and am planning to move to Los Angeles soon. Recently I became close friends with a swinging chick who's quite a musician (I'm in theater myself), and she announced just yesterday that she proposes to go with me, to continue her studies there, after getting a job and getting settled in an apartment (with me). She even has $200 to contribute to the cause. Sound like a bachelor's dream? Not quite. The chick is only 15, old beyond her years in many ways, but nevertheless, 15. Is this or is this not bad news? — L. T., Bloomington, Indiana.

Bad news? It's the worst we've heard since our Aunt Matilda willed her millions to a Siamese cat. You may be in theater right now but you'll be in jail until you're old enough to play King Lear without make-up if you don't act fast. Kiss Baby Doll goodbye and fold this show before it goes on the road.

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

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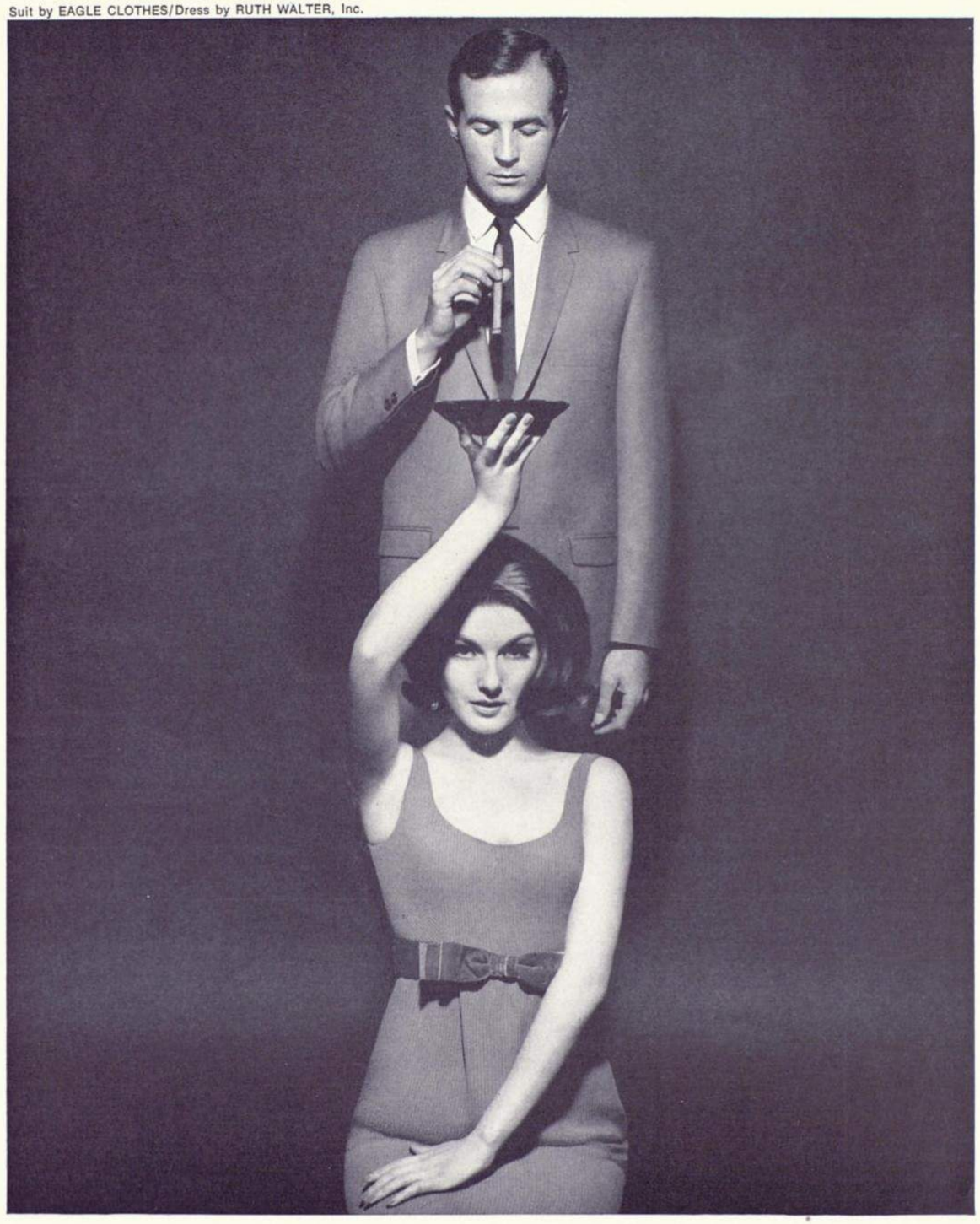

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

a candid conversation with the architect of modern india

During the turbulent course of the Cold War, no world leader has so dramatically personified his country's ideals and aspirations, or spoken with greater eloquence in the cause of peace, than India's indomitable Prime Minister, 73-year-old Jawaharlal Nehru. Despite the surfeit of India's domestic difficulties, Nehru has managed in his 16 years as chief of state to project his country as a persuasive force in international affairs — principally through the persistent lucidity and moral logic of his thinking. Concurrently, he has campaigned energetically at home for the elimination of caste, ignorance, disease, the disheartening poverty which still leaves 95 percent of the Indian people in desperate circumstances, and the national disunity reflected in part by seven different racial types and more than 700 languages and dialects. This humanitarian battle — joined, but scarcely won — has gained "Father Jawaharlal" the almost mystic adulation of his people, a feeling of mutual communion which was intensified by the nationalistic fervor arising from the Red Chinese border attack one year ago this month.

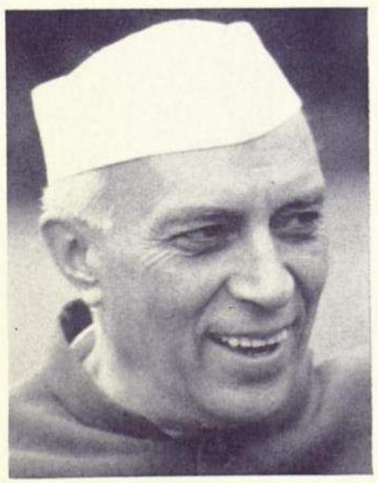
The personality of the political and spiritual heir of Mahatma Gandhi is as complex — and in many ways as controversial — as has been his career. A man of aristocratic birth and fastidious habits, a product of seven years of upper-crust English schooling (Harrow, Cambridge, London's Inner Temple), Nehru seems to draw his mental energy from direct contact with the mainstream of Indian life: the clamoring kisans, or peasants. Often irritable and quick to anger, he passed 10 years of imprisonment by the British in unflustered serenity, using the time to write and to meditate. Though his words to the West on the desirability of coexistence have struck some American observers as morally arrogant and offensive, Nehru has been described by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas as "the most effective campaigner against communism of any of our leaders." Lonely, aesthetic, introspective, a man whose private pleasures tend toward "mountains, running water, children, glaciers, good conversation, all animals except bats and centipedes," he and his elusive identity may perhaps best be explained by the subtle interplay of two disparate points of view—the Indian and the international.

Prime Minister Nehru granted the following exclusive interview on the hibiscus-scented grounds of his home at 10 Tin Murti Marg, New Delhi. Clad in his familiar white Gandhi cap and brown frock coat (a fresh red rosebud in the third buttonhole), puffing occasionally on one of the five cigarettes he allows himself each day, he listened carefully to each question before responding in the meticulous, rather musical accent of the British-bred Brahman. As he spoke, his aristocratic, light-tan visage reflected the sensitive concern of a man who cares deeply about life and its preservation. Our conversation opened on a somber note: the continuing threat of nuclear disaster.

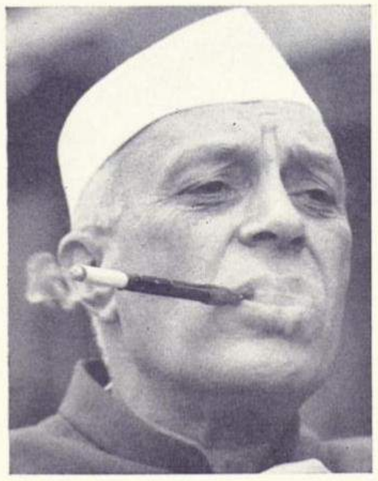
PLAYBOY: Mr. Nehru, during your 16 years as Prime Minister of India, you have endeavored — with considerable success — to keep yourself and your country aloof from the partisan conflicts of the Cold War. From your vantage point of nonalignment, how would you assess the dominant mood of our time?

NEHRU: The symbol of the age is the nuclear bomb — or nuclear energy, if you like, though it is well to remember that today nuclear energy is thought of in terms of bombs only. Man's thinking is conditioned by that symbol. Probably, the prevailing feeling in the world today is fear. Almost everybody is afraid of something; every country is afraid of some other country. Hundreds of millions all over the world live under some kind of suspended sentence of death — from day to day an atmosphere is created in people's minds of death's inevitability. We seem to be driven helplessly toward the abyss. More and more people in responsible positions talk in terms of passion, revenge and retaliation. They talk of security and behave in a way which is likely to put an end to all security. They talk of peace and think and act in terms of war.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are the pos-



"Politicians and journalists have much in common. Both presume to talk too much, to deliver homilies; both, generally speaking, require no qualifications at all for their jobs."



"While there have been great soldiers in the past, I do not think that the military outlook or the purely military method has yet solved any major problem of the world."

"Even in resisting evil and aggression, we have always to maintain the temper of peace and hold out the hand of friendship to those who, through fear or other reasons, may be opposed to us."

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sible consequences of this war mentality?

NEHRU: When the desire for survival asserts itself, then logical thinking and the reasoning faculties do not even function. Human beings forget their humanity, because they are fighting to escape some dreadful terror. They do not care what happens or what they do in order to survive. But when the real struggle comes, few may survive and, possibly, those who do will not be human. If it comes, it will be an overwhelming and all-enveloping war, a war which may well bring utter destruction to the world and which will probably ruin the structure of modern civilization. The democratic nations may win the war – mind you, I have little doubt that they will – but I doubt if after the disaster of a world war, democracy could survive at all. What we are discussing, therefore, is a matter of the greatest consequence. I wish to say frankly that I have no easy remedy. All we can do is to grope in the dim twilight for something that will, perhaps, prevent the twilight from becoming dark night.

PLAYBOY: How, in your opinion, can the malignant belief in the inevitability of war be most effectively countered?

NEHRU: Something more is necessary than mere formulas. What we need is a passion for peace. It is to this temper of peace that I want especially to direct my mind and your mind. While we are in the midst of an international crisis, perhaps an even greater crisis confronts us today in the spirit of man. We have built up a great civilization and its achievements are remarkable. It holds the promise of even greater achievements in the future. But while these material achievements are very great, somehow we appear to be slipping away from the very essence of civilization. Ultimately, culture and civilization rest in the mind and behavior of man and not in the material evidence of it that we see around us. In times of war the civilizing process stops and we go back to some barbarous phase of the human mind.

PLAYBOY: A popular truism holds that the civilizing process will be accelerated by the dissemination of knowledge through modern communications and transport. Do you agree?

NEHRU: There is a great deal of confusion in my mind on this point. Nations, individuals and groups talk of understanding one another and it seems obvious that people should try to understand and to learn from one another. Yet, when I look through the pages of history or study current events, I sometimes find that people who know one another most, quarrel most. Countries which are next door in Europe or in Asia somehow seem to rub one another the wrong way, though they know one another very thoroughly. Thus knowledge, by itself, does not lead to greater cooperation or friendship.

PLAYBOY: What do you believe must be the concomitant of knowledge?

NEHRU: If we approach our fellow human beings or countries in a friendly way, with our minds and hearts open – and that does not mean surrendering something that we consider of essential value to truth or to our own genius – then we shall be led not only towards understanding but towards the right type of understanding.

PLAYBOY: How does this philosophy – the concept of the open hand and the open heart – relate to India's foreign policy?

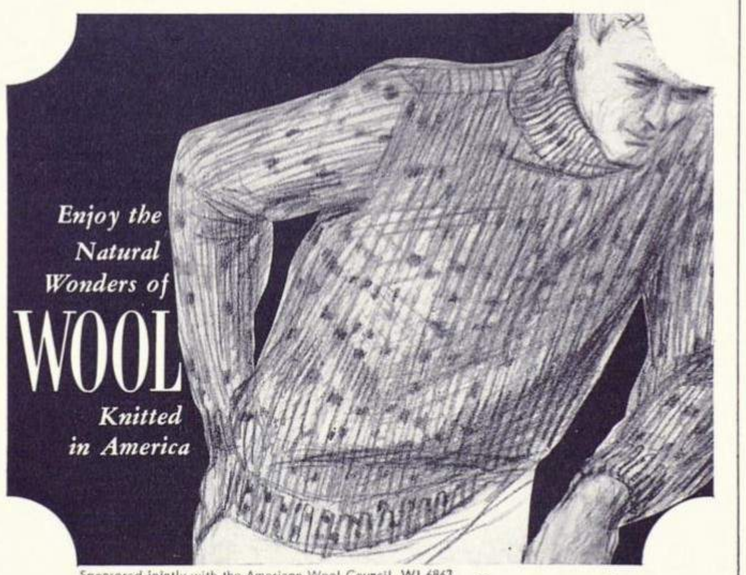
NEHRU: There are only two ways of approaching the problem of international relations. One is the conviction that, even though we try to avoid it, war is bound to come. Therefore, we should prepare for it and when it comes, join this side or that. The other way starts with the feeling that it can be avoided. Now, there is a great difference in these two approaches. If you are mentally convinced that war is bound to come, you naturally accustom yourself to the idea and, perhaps unconsciously, even work for it. On the other hand, if you want to work for the avoidance of war, you must believe that it can be avoided. Of course, no country can entirely ignore the possibility of being entangled in a war; it must take such precautions as it ought to.

PLAYBOY: For India, this possibility became reality last October when 110,000 Red Chinese troops poured down from the Himalayas into Ladakh and the North East Frontier Agency to launch a month-long border war which ended with the present uneasy cease-fire. Is it true, as has been reported, that you believe communism per se had nothing to do with China's attack?

NEHRU: Yes. Chiang Kai-shek makes the same claims on our territory as those made by the Chinese Communists.

PLAYBOY: At the time of the Chinese invasion, India's military forces appeared to be poorly equipped and inadequately armed, a condition for which many blamed former Defense Minister V. K. Krishna Menon. In fact, it has been suggested that were it not for India's dispute with Pakistan over Kashmir the Indian army might scarcely have been maintained at all. What is your attitude toward armed forces in general – and as they affect India?

NEHRU: Our army, navy and air force are not worth mentioning compared with the armadas of other nations. But have these countries solved their problems with the help of their armed forces? I am of the opinion that they have not. We find that somehow the methods we adopt to deal with evil only result in more evil. We have to meet the evil with armed force; yet in doing so we are ourselves corrupted by that evil. Eventually, we develop what may be called the military outlook. While there have been great soldiers in the past,



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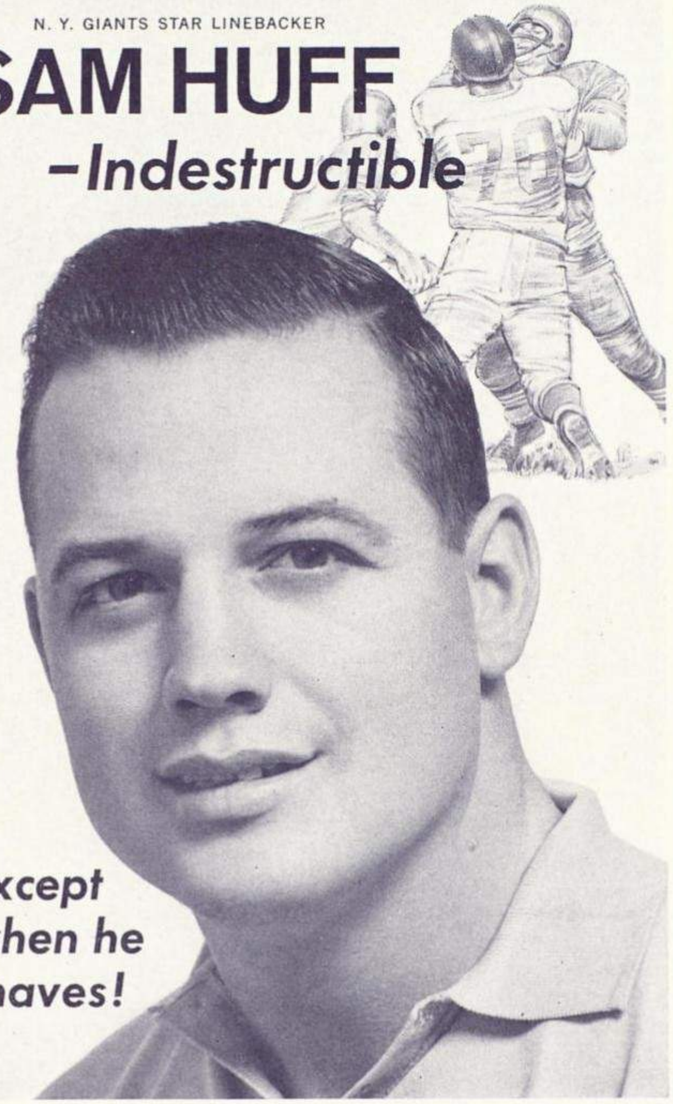

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I do not think that the military outlook or the purely military method has yet solved any major problem of the world. That was why a great Frenchman once said that war was much too serious to be entrusted to soldiers. But if it is too serious to be entrusted to the soldier, to entrust it to a civilian with a military outlook is worse.

PLAYBOY: In view of what you have just said, would you characterize yourself as a pacifist?

NEHRU: I am not a pacifist. Unhappily, the world of today finds that it cannot do without force. We have to protect ourselves and to prepare ourselves for every contingency. We have to meet aggression and evils of other kinds. But in resisting evil, we must not allow ourselves to be swept away by our own passions and fears and act in a manner which is itself evil. Even in resisting evil and aggression, we have always to maintain the temper of peace and hold out the hand of friendship to those who, through fear or for other reasons, may be opposed to us. That is the lesson that our great leader Mahatma Gandhi taught us and, imperfect as we are, we draw inspiration from that great teaching.

PLAYBOY: You once wrote that only two people have genuinely influenced your life — your father, personally, and Mahatma Gandhi, ideologically. What in Gandhi's thinking most impressed you — and your countrymen?

NEHRU: Mahatma Gandhi, in a sense, burst upon the Indian scene. He was, of course, known before and loved and admired for his work in South Africa but he had not functioned on an all-India plane. He suddenly started functioning. And there was magic about the message he gave. It was very simple. His analysis of the situation in India was essentially that we were suffering terribly from fear, so he just went about telling us, "Don't be afraid. Why are you afraid? What can happen to you?" Of course, when he talked in these terms he was thinking of our political fears. If we did something that the British Government did not like, well, we'd be punished. We'd be sent to prison. We might be shot. And so a general sense of fear pervaded the land. It would take hold of the poorest peasant, the lowliest of all our people, whose produce or nearly all of it went to his landlord and who hardly had enough food to eat. This poor man was kicked and cuffed by everybody — by his landlord, by his landlord's agent, by the police, by the moneylender.

PLAYBOY: Why was Gandhi so dramatically effective in dispelling this sense of fear?

NEHRU: Whether there was something in the atmosphere or some magic in Gandhi's voice, I do not know. Anyhow, this very simple lesson — "Don't be afraid" — caught on and we realized, with a tremendous lifting of hearts, that there was nothing to fear. Even the poor peasant straightened his back a little and began to look people in the face and there was a ray of hope in his sunken eyes. Obviously, if we had gone to prison for some high misdemeanor with disgrace attached to it, it would have been terribly painful. But because we felt we were serving a great cause, it became not a fate to be afraid of but something to be coveted. Many of us in India have spent a great part of our lives in trying, though imperfectly, to follow the teachings of our great leader. We were poor stuff. Again and again, he gave us the strength and the vision to achieve our goal. For 30 years or more, we took shelter under his shadow and under his guidance.

PLAYBOY: A profoundly important part of his teachings was, of course, the commitment to nonviolence. Do you consider nonviolence to be an effective tool of international diplomacy today?

NEHRU: The efficacy of nonviolence is not entirely convincing. None of us would dare, in the present state of the world, to do away with the instruments of organized violence. We have, indeed, fallen far below what might be called the Gandhian ideology, though it still influences us to some extent. Anyway, it is not a question of ideologies at all: it is a question of looking at the world with clear eyes. Mahatma Gandhi once spoke warningly of the countries of the world looking at one another with bloodshot eyes. I try, as far as I can, to keep my eyes clear: bloodshot eyes bode no clear thinking, and no clear action.

PLAYBOY: In your eloquent and moving funeral oration following Gandhi's assassination in 1948, you said: "The light that has illumined this country for these many, many years will illumine this country for many more years, and a thousand years later, that light will still be seen in this country . . ." While Gandhi's memory quite obviously still lives, do you feel that his light still shines on your country with undiminished brilliance?

NEHRU: Mahatma Gandhi and the Hindu poet Rabindranath Tagore gave birth to India as she is today. We are their children in thought — very imperfect, very foolish children but their children, nevertheless. Both of them, though vastly different, sprang from the soil and culture of India and are rooted in the 10,000-year-old Indian tradition — both so different but both reminding us of the innumerable facets of India. They represented the ideal of young India — the ideal which I had in my young days and which possibly many people still have. And yet I find that those two men somehow seem very distant now. Though we speak of them very often, we have fallen into different ways of thinking and taken to other ideals. Instead of that mighty spirit of creative effort and faith and hope,

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which those men in their own different ways represented in the modern age, India, as also other countries, begins to represent more and more a spirit of denial and destruction. And so, a fear creeps into my mind: are all our labors possibly going to be swept away by something totally beyond our control?

PLAYBOY: In an effort to maintain a degree of control in international affairs, India has pursued the policy of nonalignment. You have been quoted as saying that the existence of this independent force lessens the danger of war between the two major groups. Exactly what can a third force do?

NEHRU: We cannot influence other countries by force of arms or pressure or money. What we can do positively is not much. To imagine that we will shake the world or fashion international affairs according to our thinking is absurd. We cannot issue ultimatums or make demands; nor can we express our views in strong language to the world at large because it has little meaning unless we are in a position to do something about it. It is certainly within our power not to do anything or say anything which will increase the fear and the hatred. We should not indulge in the contest of shouting, cursing and slandering which seems to have replaced diplomacy. Where we can help positively, we should help, although there is always the risk that our attempts may fail. We cannot take the world on our shoulders and remodel it according to our heart's desire — but we can help in creating a climate of peace which is so essential for the realization of our objectives.

PLAYBOY: Was this the philosophy underlying your efforts as peacemaker in the power struggles in the Congo, Indochina and Korea?

NEHRU: Yes. I have often pointed out that our policy is not merely negative or neutral or passive; so far as I can see, it is a very active one. We do not wish to play a large part in the affairs of the world. We have troubles of our own. But, where our voice is sought, it will be given in accordance with our views and nobody else's, regardless of the pressure that is brought to bear upon us.

PLAYBOY: Are there times when candor should be muted by diplomatic considerations — or do you believe that honesty is always the best foreign policy?

NEHRU: We naturally like to avoid what might be called defamatory attacks against leading foreign nations or personalities. You can criticize as much as you like either our policy or any other country's policy but you must always keep in mind that the affairs of the world are in a very delicate state and words, whether oral or written, count; they make a difference for good or for evil. A word said out of place may create a grave situation, and often does. In fact, it would be a good thing, I think, if most statesmen dealing with foreign affairs became quiet for a few months. It would be still better if newspapers became quiet for a few months, too. It would be best of all if everybody were quiet for a few months.

PLAYBOY: You have at times been critical of the United Nations — for example, when that organization branded the Red Chinese as aggressors in Korea. What, exactly, is your attitude toward the UN?

NEHRU: I believe all of us are liable to error and I rebel against the notion that an organization or idea or country can be infallible. So, I have ventured, in all humility, sometimes to criticize those developments at the United Nations which seemed to me to be out of keeping with its charter and its past record and professions. Nevertheless, I have believed, and I do believe, that the United Nations, in spite of its many faults, in spite of its having deviated from its aims somewhat, is a basic and fundamental part of the structure of the world today. If the United Nations ceases to be, or if it radically changes its position and nature, then there is nothing left which would inspire hope for the future. We shall have to go through terrible experiences and face disasters again before we return to something which offers a forum for all nations, differing as they do from one another.

PLAYBOY: Then India's foreign policy includes firm support of the UN?

NEHRU: We are a member of the family of nations and we have no wish to shirk any of the obligations and burdens of that membership. We have accepted fully the obligations of membership in the United Nations and intend to abide by them. But that can only be done effectively in our own way and of our own choice. Our immediate needs are economic betterment and raising the standards of our people. The more we succeed in this, the more we can serve the cause of peace in the world.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever see the UN as a forum for debate between the forces of evil and the forces of morality?

NEHRU: We here and elsewhere are apt to say that a country is good or bad, as though countries were solid blocks which are good or bad. They consist of millions of human beings — very decent and peaceful human beings. Governments may go wrong and more so politicians. But do not ever talk of countries and peoples as bad. There is a great deal of common humanity in all of us, and in all the countries, although we may differ outwardly a great deal. Yet we find people, nations and statesmen talking in terms of the greatest certitude about their being right and about their undertaking some moral crusade or other for the benefit of mankind. Sometimes, I feel that the world might be better off if there were fewer of these modern crusaders about. Everyone wants not only to carry on a moral crusade in his own environment but to impose his moral crusade upon another. When moralities or the objectives of the moral crusades differ, conflict inevitably comes.

PLAYBOY: In a speech given in 1947, on the eve of Indian independence, you said, "Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now comes the time when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially." How substantial has the redemption of this pledge been? What is the spiritual and material condition of India today, after 16 years of independence?

NEHRU: India today presents a very mixed picture of hope and anguish, of remarkable advances and at the same time of inertia, of a new spirit and also of the dead hand of privilege, of an over-all and growing unity and of many disruptive tendencies. There is a great vitality and a ferment in people's minds and activities. Perhaps we who live in the middle of this ever-changing scene do not always realize the full significance of all that is happening. Often outsiders can make a better appraisal of the situation. It is remarkable that a country and a people rooted in the remote past, who have shown so much resistance to change, should now be marching forward rapidly. We are making history in India even though we might not be conscious of it.

PLAYBOY: In that same 1947 speech you specifically called for "the ending of poverty and ignorance and disease and inequality of opportunity" in India. Are you still optimistic about the eventual elimination of these conditions?

NEHRU: What tomorrow's India will be like, I cannot say. I can only express my hopes and wishes. Naturally, I want India to advance on the material plane, to fulfill her plans, to raise the standard of living of her vast population. I want the narrow conflicts of today in the name of religion or caste, language or province, to cease, and a classless and casteless society to be built up where every individual has full opportunity to grow according to his worth and ability. In particular, I hope that the curse of caste will be ended, for with it there cannot be either democracy or socialism. Tomorrow's India will be what we make it by today's labors. I have no doubt but that India will progress industrially and otherwise; that she will advance in science and technology; that our people's standards will rise; that education will spread; that health conditions will be better; and that art and culture will enrich people's lives. We have started on this pilgrimage with strong purpose and good heart, and we shall reach the end of the journey, however long that might be. But what I am concerned with is not merely our material progress, but the quality and depth of our people. Gaining power through in-

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dustrial processes, will they lose themselves in the quest of individual wealth and soft living? That would be a tragedy for it would be a negation of what India has stood for in the past and, I think, in the present time also as exemplified by Gandhi. Power is necessary, but wisdom is essential. It is only power with wisdom that is good.

PLAYBOY: In point of material progress, it has been observed that at the time of the Red Chinese attack last year, India — then entering her third Five Year Plan — had a greater growth rate than the Chinese. Is it your own belief that India is the faster growing of the two countries?

NEHRU: It is not fair to compare India with China. I do not mean to imply that we are cleverer than China or that we are going ahead faster. The Chinese are an amazing people — amazing in the sense of their capacity for hard work and for cooperative work. I doubt if there are any other people quite equal to them in this respect. But, between us, there is a very big difference, the effects of which it remains for history to show. The difference is that we are trying to function in a democratic setup.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that a democratic setup is morally superior to one that is communistic?

NEHRU: It is no good saying that we are better or more virtuous than others. No question of virtue is involved in this. Ultimately, it is a question of which setup and which structure of government — political or economic — pays the highest dividends. When I say highest dividends, I do not mean merely material dividends, although they are important, but cultural and spiritual dividends also. We have deliberately chosen a democratic setup and we feel that it is good for our people and for our country in the ultimate analysis.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider to be the major defects of a democratic system?

NEHRU: Democracy does not like stinting in the present — not usually. In times of great crisis, it might. Democracy wants today the good things of today. That is its disadvantage. Too, with all my admiration and love for democracy, I am not prepared to accept the statement that the largest number of people are always right. Now, I have little doubt that democracy is the best of all the various methods available to us for the governance of human beings. It offers society something of the highest human values. At the same time, we are seeing today the emergence of democracy in a somewhat uncontrolled form. When we think of democracy, we normally think of it in the rather limited sense of the 19th Century or the early 20th Century use of the term. Owing to the remarkable technological growth, we now have vast masses of human beings brought up by the industrial revolution, who are not encouraged or given an opportunity to think much. They live a life which, from the point of view of physical comfort, is incomparably better than it has been in any previous generation, but they seldom have a chance to think. And yet, in a democratic system, it is this vast mass of human beings that will ultimately elect those who govern.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the judgment of the electorate is likely to improve?

NEHRU: That becomes a little doubtful. I think it may be said without offense — for I belong to that tribe of politicians — that the quality of men who are selected by this modern democratic method of adult suffrage gradually deteriorates. There are outstanding individuals chosen, no doubt, but their quality does deteriorate because of this lack of thinking and because of the application of modern methods of propaganda. All the noise and din and the machinery of advertisement prevent men from thinking. They react to it by producing a dictator or a dumb politician, who is insensitive, who can stand all the noise in the world and yet remain standing on his two feet. He gets elected while his rival collapses because he cannot stand all this din. It is an extraordinary state of affairs.

PLAYBOY: The story is told that when the first airplane landed in Ladakh in 1948, the country people ran up with bundles of hay to feed it. Apocryphal or no, the tale serves to dramatize the sharp wrench which technology is giving — and will continue to give — to accustomed ways of thinking in India. What is your personal reaction to modern mechanization?

NEHRU: I admire the machine greatly. But it grows and grows and grows till it becomes almost human: it begins to think — to give answers to questions. It becomes human, and the human being appears to become more and more a machine. If the human mind loses its creative faculty and becomes more and more of a machine, then surely that is a tragedy for humanity.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that this sort of mechanical perversion can also extend into the realm of science?

NEHRU: We come up against a certain inherent conflict in society between the coexisting principles of continuity and of conservatism and the scientific principle of discovery which brings about change and challenges that continuity. The scientific worker, although he is praised and patted on the back, is, nevertheless, not wholly approved of, because he comes and upsets the *status quo*. Normally speaking, science seldom really has the facilities that it deserves except when some misfortune comes to a country in the shape of war. Then everything has to be set aside and science has its way, even though it is for an evil purpose.

PLAYBOY: Is the fact that India's population is now approaching 440,000,000 — more people than the combined populations of South America, Africa and Australia — a matter of immediate concern to you and your government?

NEHRU: It is expected that the world population may be anything between 3,500,000,000 and 5,000,000,000 by the end of this century. In India, the estimates vary between 600,000,000 and 680,000,000 by the year 2000. The figure of 600,000,000 is the least that we can expect, provided we can check the pace of growth to some extent. There are two aspects of this growth of population. The one with which we are most concerned is that it comes in the way of our economic advance and keeps standards low even though we might be making progress in other directions. The other is that this tremendous world growth is eating up the world's resources and industrial materials at a terrific pace. Thus two consequences flow: one is that we must check the rate of growth of population and the other that we must find other power sources and materials. Possibly the development of nuclear energy will provide us with other sources of power. We in India are most concerned with checking the growth of population and this has become a matter not only of importance but of urgency.

PLAYBOY: One means of raising the standard of living of such a vast number of people is education — and one means of education is through the existence of a vigorous press. Are you in favor of forceful governmental control or intervention to insure that the news is properly reported by a country's newspapers?

NEHRU: Very few individuals are competent enough to know the facts or form an opinion about distant occurrences independently. They are naturally guided by what the press says. Newspapers are, of course, of all kinds. There are responsible newspapers; there are newspapers which are sometimes responsible; and there are some sheets which seem to excel only in flights of imagination and other acts of irresponsibility. In the old days, it was, or at least was thought to be, the function of the government to suppress the newspapers that had an evil tendency, in the opinion of the government. That, of course, is an utterly wrong approach because you cannot cure the evil by trying to suppress it.

PLAYBOY: As an advocate of freedom of the press in theory, do you ever find fault with it in practice?

NEHRU: The person who gets the opportunity to express himself nowadays is the person with means. He can run newspapers, buy them or stop them, employ people who he likes and dismiss people who he dislikes. So, it may be that the freedom of the press means not so much freedom of the writer to write what he will, but rather of the owner of a newspaper to see that the writer writes something that he wants him to write. The freedom of the press may come to mean

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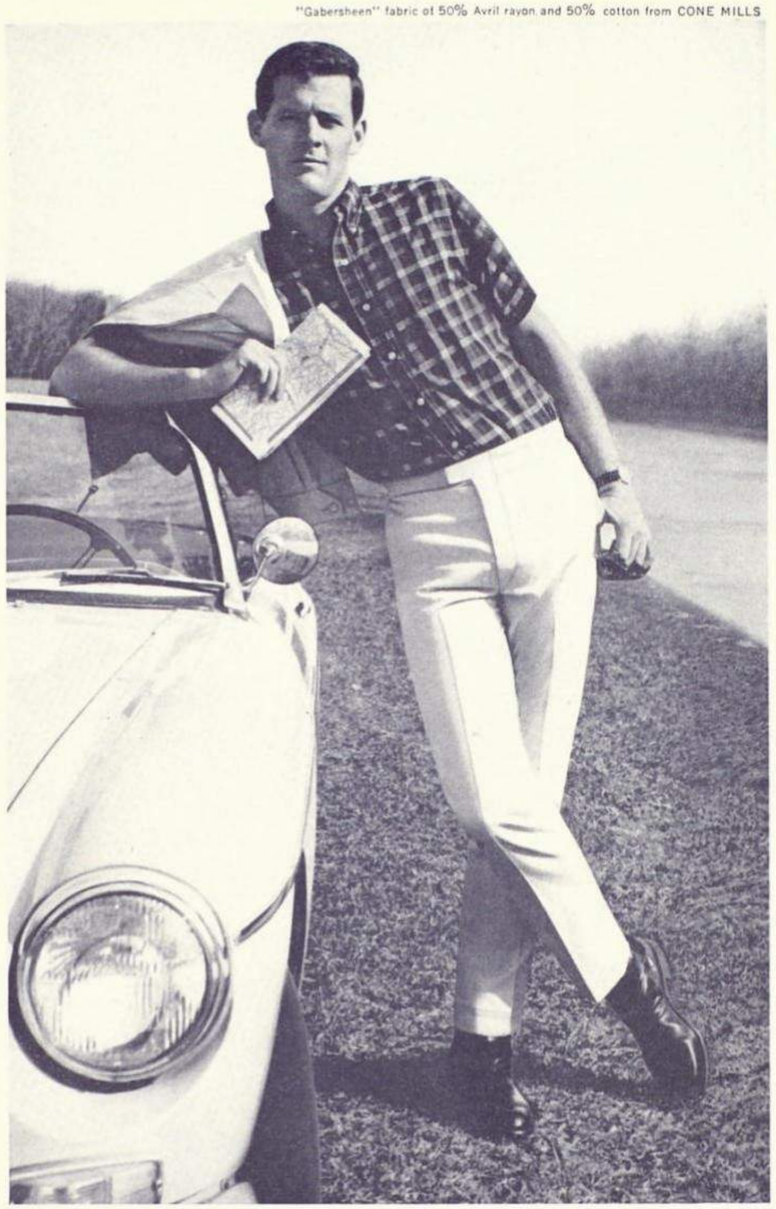

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the freedom of persons who have a knack of making money and that, after all, is not such a noble thing. I think of all these difficulties and wonder how we can have real freedom of the press—a real expression of opinion for or against whatever it might be, and no suppression of any real opinion—provided it is not indecent or vulgar and provided it is not exploited for wrong ends.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that newspapers influence political opinion to any great degree?

NEHRU: I rather doubt it. They give the news, of course, but I doubt if they have any great influence politically. You have seen in other countries—democratic countries—how a great number of newspapers have supported one party while another has won the elections.

PLAYBOY: You yourself, of course, have not been exempt from editorial criticism either at home or abroad. What is your reaction when, for example, the *Indian Express* labels your farm cooperative plan "economic rubbish," or when the American press berates you for your Goa policy?

NEHRU: I should like to say that I endeavor to consider matters as dispassionately and as objectively as possible. I have tried to profit by the comments and criticisms made. I shall, however, repudiate the charge of complacency and smugness that has been leveled against me and my colleagues. I cannot conceive how any person charged with responsibility can be complacent today. Complacency comes when one's mind is closed and one accepts a dogmatic phrase. Complacency is a narrowness of outlook.

PLAYBOY: As a statesman who has had considerable experience with both newspapermen and politicians, how would you compare the two professions?

NEHRU: To some extent, politicians and newspapermen or journalists have much in common. Both presume to talk too much, to deliver homilies; both, generally speaking, require no qualifications at all for their job. If a politician or a newspaperman has a certain gift of expression, he gets going; whether or not there is any content behind that expression is totally immaterial. Normally a politician or a newspaperman has few lucid moments, because he functions from day to day, hour to hour, and minute to minute. He does not have the time to think. I suppose this is an inevitable development of technological improvements and advancement. We apply the newspaper habit of reading to books, with the result that our minds sometimes function with brilliance but hardly ever with depth.

PLAYBOY: Which approach is the more effective in dealing with your own duties—the cerebral or the pragmatic?

NEHRU: I am a humble seeker after truth, one who has continuously struggled to find the way, not always with success, to fit action to the objectives and ideals that

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he had held. The process is always difficult. Politicians have to deal with day-to-day problems, and they seek immediate remedies. Philosophers think of ultimate objectives, and are apt to lose touch with the day-to-day world and its problems. Neither approach appears to be adequate by itself.

PLAYBOY: Do you therefore consider idealism to be unrealistic?

NEHRU: Idealism is the realism of tomorrow. It is the capacity to know what is good for the day after tomorrow, or for the next year, and to fashion yourself accordingly. The practical person, the realist, looks at the tip of his nose and sees little beyond; the result is that he is stumbling all the time.

PLAYBOY: As the leader of one of the world's most religious peoples, how would you assess the impact of religion upon a nation's social progress?

NEHRU: We have had great religions and they have had an enormous effect on humanity. Yet, if I may say so with all respect and without meaning any ill to any person, those very religions, in the measure that they made the mind of man static, dogmatic and bigoted, have had, to my mind, an evil effect. The lessons they taught may be good but when it is claimed that the last word has been said, society becomes static. Almost every country in the world believes that it has some special dispensation from Providence, that it is of the chosen people or race and that others, whether they are good or bad, are somewhat inferior creatures.

PLAYBOY: What effect has such thinking had on the countries of Asia?

NEHRU: The nations of the East are strongly entrenched in their own ideas and convictions and sometimes in their own sense of superiority about certain matters. Anyhow, in the course of the last two- or three-hundred years, they have received many knocks on the head and they have been humiliated, debased and exploited. And so, in spite of their feeling that they were superior in many ways, they were forced to admit that they could be exploited. To some extent, this brought a sense of realism to them. There was also an attempt to escape from reality by saying that it was sad that we were not so advanced in material and technical things, but that these were after all superficial; nevertheless, we were superior in essential things, in spiritual and moral values. I have no doubt that spiritual and moral values are ultimately more important, but this method of finding escape in the thought that one is spiritually superior, simply because one is inferior in a material and physical sense, is surprising. It does not follow by any means. It is an escape from facing up to the causes of one's degradation.

PLAYBOY: Such reservations notwithstanding, you have been quoted as believing that it is "natural" to extend a religious

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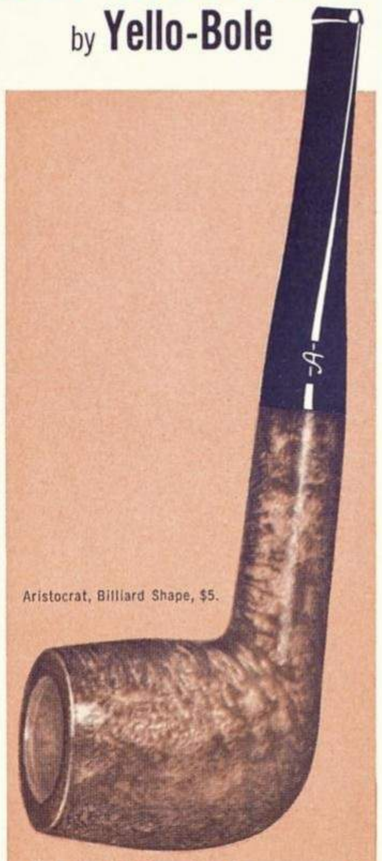

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outlook to international affairs. Would you amplify this thought?

NEHRU: In this torn and distorted world, I am a very confused person. I often stumble. I try to search for what is lacking in me and to find out what is wanted of me by my country and my people. The message of the Buddha may well help to solve the problems of our troubled and tormented world. I often feel that, perhaps, if we think more of that basic teaching of the avoidance of hatred and violence, we may be nearer the solution of our problems.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on a lifetime of dedicated service to your country and considering the international recognition and respect that this service has brought to you, what do you feel to be your single greatest honor?

NEHRU: The affection that has been lavished upon me by the people of my country is the greatest honor that can come to anybody. It is overwhelming and makes me feel very humble.

PLAYBOY: If you were given your life to live over again, would you try to effect any major changes?

NEHRU: I would endeavor to improve in many ways what I had previously done, but my major decisions in public affairs would remain untouched. Indeed, I could not vary them, for they were stronger than myself, and a force beyond my control drove me to them.

PLAYBOY: Your heavy round-the-clock work schedule, and your apparent aversion to vacations have become almost legendary in New Delhi. Do you ever rely on pills as a source of energy?

NEHRU: No. I am a very bad product of the pharmaceutical age because I have hardly ever taken any medicine, pills or drugs.

PLAYBOY: As a lifelong student of history, and the author of such historical works as *Glimpses of World History* and *The Discovery of India*, would you give us a capsule summation of how you view the historical process?

NEHRU: Men of law lay down constitutions, but history is really made by great minds, large hearts and stout arms; by the sweat, tears, and toil of a people. A country's real strength lies in the capacity of her people for disciplined work. It does not really matter very much whether you remember the names of kings or not, but it is important that you remember the achievements of a race.

PLAYBOY: The Indian writer Santha Rama Rau, in summarizing your achievements, has described you as a statesman who is "the initiator of revolutionary ideas that have affected most of Asia and a great part of Africa, a figure who has left his mark on the world and his name in history." With so much accomplished, what now is your major ambition?

NEHRU: Many years ago I read in the writings of George Bernard Shaw a passage that moved me and found an answering echo in my mind and heart. He wrote: "This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap: the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy." The only ambition I have is that, to the end of my days, I should work my hardest, and then, when I have done my job, that I should be thrown on the scrap heap. When I have done my job, there is no need to bother about me further.

PLAYBOY: Reviewing the history of your own lifetime, what trend — either moral or materialistic — discourages you most?

NEHRU: The one very grave and disheartening feature of the present day is a rapid fall in mental and moral standards in all countries. People have become, because of the process of disintegration, somewhat neurotic and hysterical and quite unable to judge anything, more brutal in thought, speech, and action. The human values seem to have suffered considerably. Of course, plenty of human values still remain; I am not saying that everything worthwhile is completely destroyed, but I do say that the process of coarsening is going on apace all over the world, including my own country. I have no magic remedies for the world's ills or our own. The only remedy is to try to understand the disease.

PLAYBOY: Will a cure ever be found for the disease?

NEHRU: Obviously it will be impossible for me and impossible for you to function adequately if we do not believe in the ultimate triumph of creative and unifying processes of the day. If you align yourself to some great purpose or to something elemental, it ennobles you. Whether the reward comes or not, the mere fact of working for it is reward enough. Looking back on the long perspective and panorama of history, one sees periods when great crisis faced the world, and people living then thought that their time was the worst of all times, the most critical, the most dangerous. And yet the world survived. Faith gives one the strength to survive. It is good to have that faith.

PLAYBOY: Then is it accurate to say that despite the virtually endless dangers and difficulties that plague our era, you still view the future with a considerable degree of optimism?

NEHRU: Yes. I have little doubt that in spite of the dangers that beset the world today, the forces of constructive and cooperative effort for human betterment will succeed and the spirit of man, which has survived so much, will triumph again.

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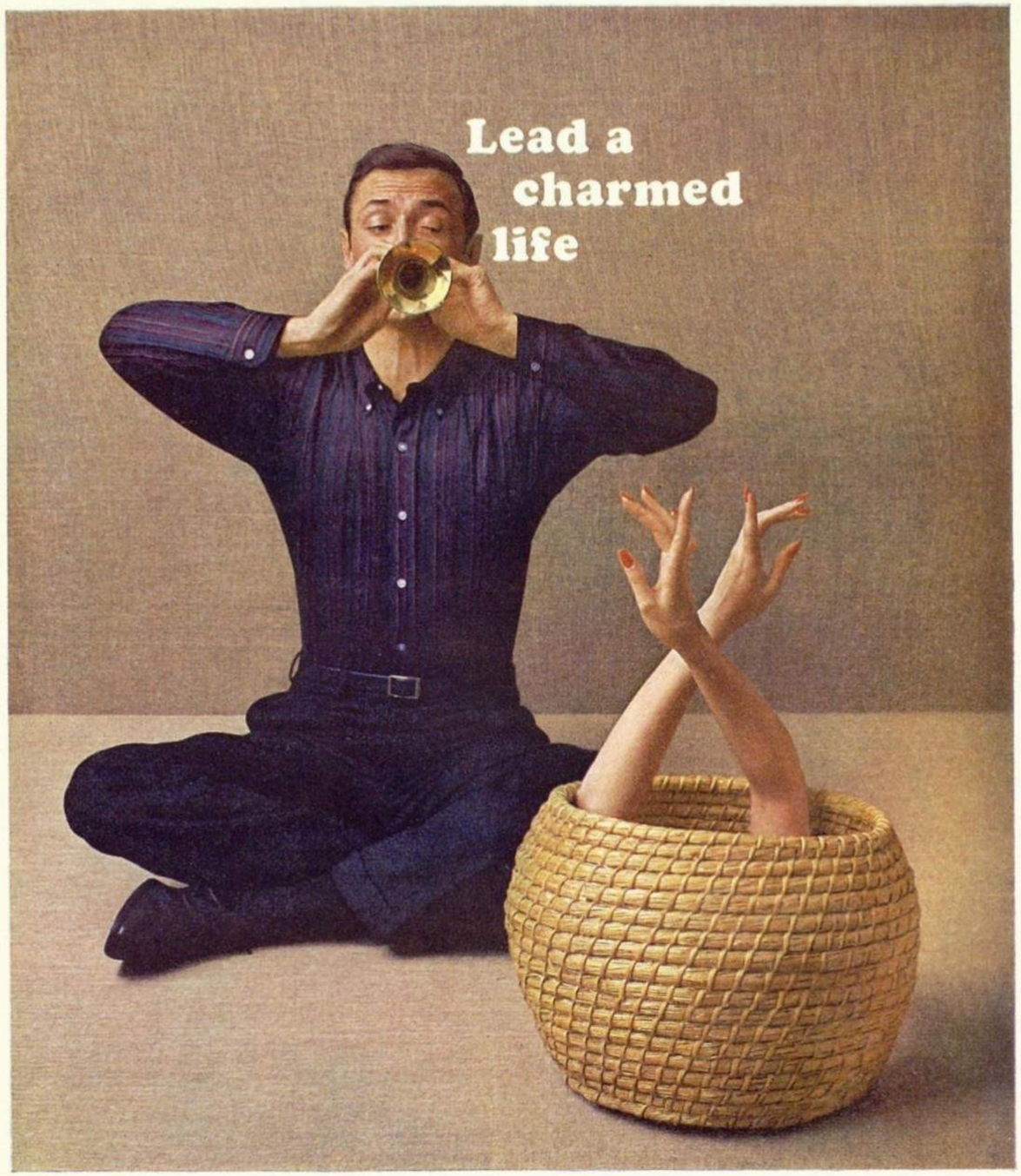

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

EINSTEIN ON GOD

Could you tell me what Albert Einstein's concept of God was? What were his beliefs concerning religion?

Elizabeth Thorpe
Gatlinburg, Tennessee

In an essay called "The World As I See It," Einstein wrote: "I cannot conceive of a God who rewards and punishes his creatures or has a will of the kind that we experience in ourselves. Neither can I nor would I want to conceive of an individual that survives his physical death; let feeble souls from fear or absurd egoism cherish such thoughts."

In another work, he expressed the belief that any doctrine, such as that of divine causation, which cannot be scientifically proven, "will of necessity lose its effect on mankind with incalculable harm to human progress." He also wrote: "Teachers of religion should have the stature to give up the doctrine of a personal God . . . that source of fear and hope which in the past placed such vast power in the hands of the priests."

For Einstein, religious feeling took the form of "rapturous amazement at the harmony of natural law."

FROM THE PULPIT

It is with great pleasure and anticipation that I have read your nine installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Your analysis and assessment of the "contemporary man" is superb! Perhaps I say *superb*, because what you are revealing is precisely what I have been contending from the pulpit for some time; with one qualification – I feel compelled to use a slightly more subtle vocabulary. As a clergyman and devotee of your magazine, I wholeheartedly approve of your good work – keep it up!

Robert S. Burt, Minister
The Second Congregational Church
Ashtabula, Ohio

PROPERTY RIGHTS

It's a little laughable to read in your June *Philosophy*: "If government employees were to come into [people's] homes and start slicing off parts of the chairs . . . they would have no doubt that what was happening was . . . not relatively or debatably, but absolutely wrong." Ever since the passage of the 16th Constitutional Amendment [Federal Income Tax] the government *has* indeed been slicing off parts of the people's property . . . and the more property one has, the more is sliced off; something that is not "equal rights for all under the law." Where does Justice Black stand on this simple violation of equal rights and property rights?

Carroll Willis
Wichita, Kansas

Justice Black has upheld, in a number of opinions, the government's right to maintain escalated tax structures. As for property rights, Justice Black said, in a 1946 opinion, "When we balance the constitutional rights of owners of property against those of the people to enjoy freedom of press and religion . . . the latter occupy a preferred position." He has been described as one who "accords to government . . . the widest latitude when it appears to be working in the interest of the little man."

NEW SEXUAL CODE

If the unrealistic and regularly discarded code that pertains to sex is jettisoned, then some other code should replace it – the low estate of human decency being what it is. I have confidence in Mr. Hefner's sincerity of purpose, and I think he will not leave us rudderless in a dull-as-dishwater sea of promiscuous sex. I am sure that in a subsequent *Philosophy* installment he will suggest a new code. I hereby appoint myself protagonist for the female contingent. I propose two items:

1. Prostitution should be designated as a respectable profession and girls should be urged to take it up at an early age. This would give them a broad (no pun intended) experience necessary for sex adjustment to marriage; obviate the clandestine assignation; make them financially independent of the deadly office job, the unsuitable marriage, and the inconstant and/or unsuccessful husband; and freeze out the cheapskates who are always trying to get sex for nothing.

2. Since the female's chances at the good things of life are commensurate with her attractiveness to men, girls outside the profession should hold out for the highest bidder. A really gorgeous girl should not have to lend her "stock in trade" for a hot dog and a Coke.

If these proposals were generally subscribed to, they would serve to pair off blokes with blokes and toffs with toffs, and eventually establish a true aristoc-

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racy of brains and good looks, leaving the punks and flops and plug-uglies to do their fornicating with their own kind at the bottom of the heap.

Mrs. Joseph Lautner
Harvey, Illinois

We have a somewhat more humanistic code in mind — one that frees womankind from the idea that sex must forever be, for her, an impersonal commodity to be bartered or sold. Hefner intends spelling it out in detail in future installments of "The Playboy Philosophy."

FREEDOM FROM RELIGION

This letter has been brewing for some time, and the newly inaugurated *Playboy Forum* seems a good place for it. There seems to be considerable response to your statement that "no nation can be said to have true religious freedom unless it possesses not only freedom of, but also freedom from religion." However, a distinction between religion and religions seems worth the making. There is simply no such thing as freedom from religion, if religion is understood to refer to man's depth response to what he considers to be most important and/or most real, or some such definition of that well of experience from which springs man's "religions." In this sense, religion is normally unavoidable. Hefner's point remains the same and valid: such religion cannot be legislated.

If religion in Hefner's statement is taken to mean organized bodies of belief or practice, i.e. religions, the point would seem obvious. This, I take it, was neither the point nor the issue. The confusion arises over the distinction between freedom, as lack of legal coercion, and freedom as total absence of anything to be coerced about. We ought to, indeed, have freedom from religion, in the sense that we are not coerced. Religion, as I have preferred to define it, and as I am sure Mr. Hefner means it, is between oneself and whatever God or gods one recognizes. In this sense, it cannot be coerced. Only the outward show of it can be so manipulated. Mr. Hefner's point is, I believe, that even this ought not to be legislated. To this, I would add a hearty "Amen." But this, in effect, is not freedom from, but freedom for religion.

That man cannot avoid religion is amply demonstrated by *The Playboy Philosophy*. Though it has evolved into many things through these past delicious issues, at its very heart it contains an unapologetic doctrine of Man that is thoroughly religious; whether or not it be accepted by the "recognized" religions as valid.

Michael Young
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

It is religious coercion that is referred to, but Hefner has made the often overlooked point that true religious freedom, to which our nation is dedicated, comes in two distinct parts: freedom of and from religion. (And your "freedom for religion" is more a matter of the former than the latter.) "Freedom of" assures us that our government will not interfere with our religion; "freedom from" guarantees us that our religion will not interfere with our government. In order to have a true separation of church and state, we must have both kinds of freedom. At present we have only freedom of religion (relatively speaking); we do not have freedom from it. Examples of religion's involvement in government include our so-called Blue Laws, and the statutes concerning sex behavior, divorce, birth control, abortion, censorship, etc., in many of our states, as well as a certain number of the local executive and judicial decisions related to these same subjects. A recent example close to home: the arrest of Editor-Publisher Hefner on charges of obscenity by the City of Chicago. (See "The Playboy Philosophy" this month and next.)

FREE ENTERPRISE

Please correct me if I am wrong but here is what I believe to be your point of view: You believe in complete freedom of individuals and enterprises. You believe in the capitalistic economic system within a democratic framework. You believe in unrestricted competition within the free enterprise system. You sincerely believe in the freedom of exploitation of one individual by another individual or group of individuals and vice versa.

Maurice Hébert
Quebec, Quebec

We believe in freedom for individuals and enterprise up to the point where it impinges on someone else's freedom. And that, of course, means an abhorrence of exploitation, which to us constitutes an abrogation of some facet of human rights and dignity. We believe that a capitalistic economy under a democracy best preserves the rights of the individual.

WOMAN IN A MAN'S WORLD

My husband and I rarely write fan letters of any kind. We are both engineers in the busy missile industry in Southern California. We consider ourselves literate and intelligent although most of our reading and study involves rocket propulsion and inertial guidance. However, the recent *Playboy Philosophy* series has been so refreshing that, as both a vote of confidence and an assurance that we won't miss any future issues, I have enclosed a check for a subscription to your fine magazine.

The distressing schism between the behavior and conversation of people and the written and televised pictures of the same has long been a source of grief to me. As local chairman of the Society of Women Engineers, I have been active in the fight to show the teenage girl of today the true economic picture of the world she will enter in time for her to prepare herself by education. But any desire for equal economic and legal rights must carry with it a willingness to accept equal responsibility for behavior and a mature attitude toward sex. A girl can't work along with men as a professional doctor, lawyer or engineer and faint at the sound of a four-letter word. We've learned this but have rarely seen such honest and frank discussion in print attacking some of the outmoded ideas.

Judith C. Siegel
Manhattan Beach, California

BIBLE BELT

The Playboy Philosophy in the July issue will undoubtedly have a profound effect on the minds of many men, as it did mine. I should like to throw in two quotations of a religious nature which should be reckoned with in any consideration of premarital and extramarital sex. First, from the Ten Commandments: "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Secondly, from the Book of Revelations: "Blessed are those who wash their robes, that they may have the right to the tree of life and that they may enter the city by the gates. Outside are the dogs and sorcerers and *fornicators* and murderers and idolaters, and every one who loves and practices falsehood." Enough said.

G. J. Kral
Cincinnati, Ohio

THE HUMANIST VIEW

The Humanist Press Association of New York, an educational organization devoted to the promotion of a more rational society based on logic, reason, and the scientific method, wishes to commend and congratulate Mr. Hefner for his series, *The Playboy Philosophy*. We believe that the opinions expressed in this series are in perfect accord with our basic purposes, and we are grateful that the realistic approach to life we both favor is receiving nationwide circulation through your magazine.

Among the ideas Mr. Hefner has presented that we are strongly in agreement with is his unqualified espousal of the absolute separation of church and state. An objective study of history clearly shows that in most cases a union of church and state has had deleterious effects on both parties involved and, in addition, generally resulted in the ordinary people's having been burdened by an oppressive tyranny. We also admire his logically correct interpretation of the First Amendment, viz., that freedom *of* religion necessarily implies freedom *from* religion.

As we come from New York State, we cannot help but agree with him on the irrationality of the divorce laws of some states. It is a sheer act of hypocrisy when the Governor of New York must obtain a divorce in Nevada, and then does not lift so much as a finger to liberalize his own state's divorce laws.

In the matter of sex, we strongly agree with Mr. Hefner on the backwardness of our professed 1963 sexual mores, with their double standard, when considered dispassionately in the light of the findings of modern psychology. The Christian vilification of the flesh as evil is a harmful concept which causes untold suffering to millions. Unfortunately, the whole field of sexual conduct is governed more by emotionalism than by rationality. This emotionalism was obviously the cause of the firing from the University of Illinois of Professor Leo Koch, whose case you eloquently related in the *Philosophy*.

Its stand in favor of free speech and analysis of the types of persons who would suppress free speech in order to protect us from what they consider harmful was admirable. The anti-obscenity movement in this country was given its greatest impetus by the emotionally disturbed Anthony Comstock, and it is clear that some of his present-day followers are likewise disturbed.

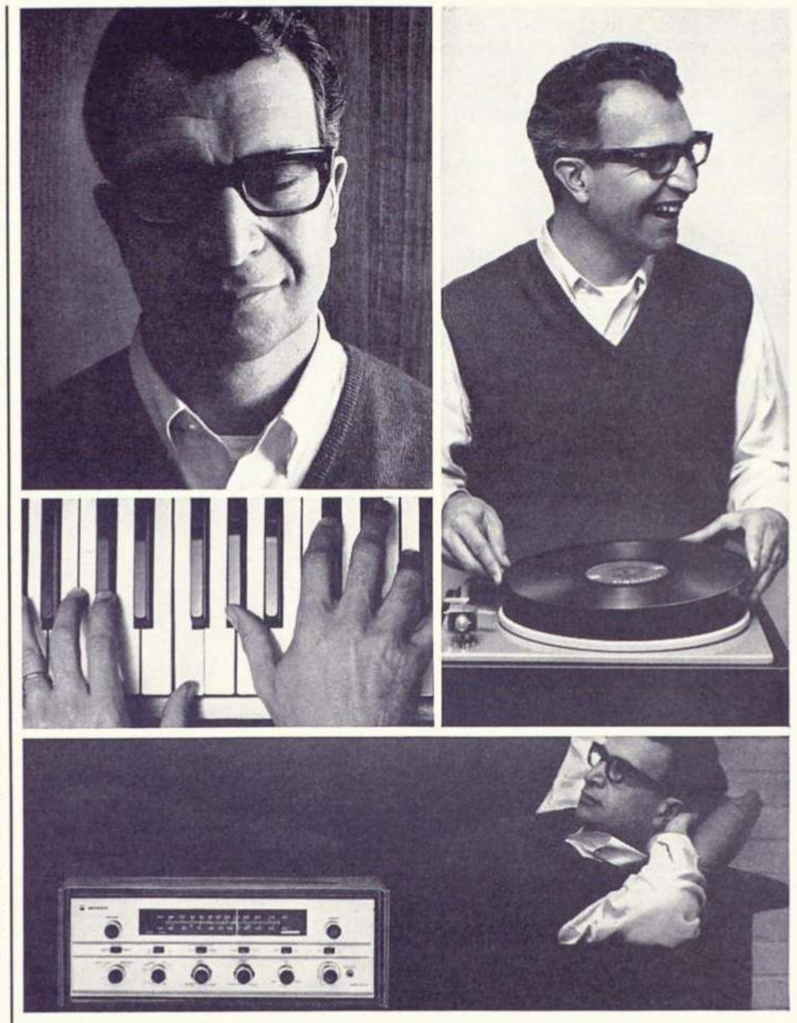
By the clear, frank, and unambiguous discussion of some of the most controversial issues of the day — the deleterious effects of religion and the wholesomeness of sex — Mr. Hefner is doing our society a great service. For he is taking subjects that have previously been considered taboo for public discussion and treating them honestly and realistically in the pages of a prominent, nationally circulated magazine. Knowledge by the electorate, not ignorance, is the prerequisite for a successful democracy. May you continue for a long time to work for a "sane society" through the pages of PLAYBOY.

Marvin Feldman, President
The Humanist Press Association
of New York
New York, New York

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY

Both my husband and I have enjoyed reading your magazine for several years. In the past, my only objection had been that, although I found it highly entertaining, it seemed to be edited with the perpetual adolescent in mind. Since you've begun *The Playboy Philosophy*, I've changed my mind considerably. On most counts, covered thus far in your thoughtful editorial series, I couldn't agree with you more.

In the July issue you brought up one of my pet peeves — the people who "protect" their children by hiding PLAYBOY. I have three small sons who look through every book and magazine brought into the house. I have never even considered stopping them. Once,



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BOGEN

when our then three-year-old was trying to figure out how to refold the Playmate, I asked him what it was a picture of. He told me it was someone's mother getting ready to take a bath. For this, I should lock up the magazine? Next thing, I'll have to lock up the bathtub.

Jane Heller
Minneapolis, Minnesota

PURITANISM

Among the many evidences of reviving puritanism in America are such phenomena as the John Birch Society, militant (that is to say, intolerant) evangelism, the censorship of books, plays and films and the election of a reactionary bigot as California's new State Superintendent of Education. These events mock us, if we pretend to champion freedom, because the world's most militant Puritans are the Communists, who banish joy and enjoin hatred. (Conversely, one might argue that the most impressive economic, industrial and social progress now taking place is being nurtured in this planet's least puritanical society: Western Europe.)

In the March issue of PLAYBOY, you comment on Prohibition. Good eating accompanies civilized drinking and I have often observed that the worst food in the United States is served in the "dry" strongholds of puritanism and abstinence. These too are the fortresses of reaction and obscurantism. They include most of the South, the Middle West and New England. Exceptions: A few of the larger cities. Those American cities which harbor large populations of Latin descent, such as New York, San Francisco and New Orleans, simply eat and drink better than do Houston, Oklahoma City, Memphis and Grand Rapids.

Is there some significance in the fact that Hitler loathed good food and drink?

William Richards
Garden Grove, California

The Playboy Philosophy expounded in the March edition was the first of the series that I have read. My studies at the City College of New York and at Hunter College provided an interest for me in jurisprudence and legislative morality in our society and this in combination with my being of the Jewish faith caused me to be seriously concerned with your article.

For years New York, like many other states, has imposed the Sabbath on Sunday. Jews, who celebrate the Sabbath on Saturday (many close their businesses) are nevertheless restricted in business operation and personal conduct by the Sunday Blue Laws. Religious prayers were forced upon those who were not religiously oriented in our elementary school system and students who did not participate were often subjected to cruel taunts by their peers. In San Antonio, weekly polls were taken in public classrooms to find out which students had attended Sunday school classes at the local churches and which had not. Those with the best attendance were rewarded with prizes, while those whose attendance was nonexistent were rewarded with jeers, often from the teacher. This type of imposed sectarianism does not befit our democratically oriented system of freedom for the individual. It is not worthy of the ideals of our founding fathers or of our Constitution.

It may be noted that the Islamic policy of spreading "the faith" by force gave way to the philosophy of "the pen is mightier than the sword." It is of paramount importance that the pens of the legislatures and judiciaries do not become a Damoclean sword of religious morality swinging over our heads in an arc of threatened encroachment of our heritage of freedom of choice and individuality.

Richard Levinson
New York, New York

ANN LANDERS AND THE DIGEST

Now I am darn mad at you — mad enough to write my first letter to an editor. The eighth part of the *Philosophy* did it. Either you have inadvertently forsaken your major premise ("What we believe in, first and foremost, is the individual — and in his right to be an individual"), or you believe it does not apply to Margaret Banning [author of *The Reader's Digest* article, *The Case for Chastity*] and Ann Landers. Is it because they are old and dried up, or are you intolerant of intolerance? If you are going to preach, you are responsible to your audience for practicing what you preach.

Jean Brawn
Princeton, Massachusetts

When Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner criticizes various aspects of our society, as he has been doing throughout all eleven installments of "The Playboy Philosophy," he is displaying neither intolerance nor any lack of respect for the individual — he is simply expressing another point of view — PLAYBOY's. We haven't questioned the right of either the Digest or Miss Landers to hold any particular set of beliefs that suit them, or to try and convince others of the soundness of their beliefs. It happens, in this case, that we disagree with them, and Hefner has tried — through persuasive argument and logic — to convince readers that the attitude on sex expressed in Ann Lander's column and The Reader's Digest article, "The Case for Chastity," is wrong, and that our own position makes more sense.

I must take issue with your treatment of Ann Landers and *The Reader's Digest* in the July segment of *Philosophy*. I can't help but feel that you are demeaning yourself by adopting and adapting the enemies' weapons. I confess that I haven't read more than a half-dozen or so of Ann Lander's columns, but I must defend her right to express her viewpoint, whether actual or commercial, and I'm sure its influence on that segment of our youth that is already "spoiled" is beneficial. At least until they are mature enough to pull themselves up by their mental bootstraps from the mire of induced ignorance, repression and hypocrisy.

As for *The Reader's Digest*, you have wounded my pride by relegating me to the "impressionable middle class," since I have held the *Digest* in very high regard for at least twice as many years as you have been in print — primarily for the same merits I find in PLAYBOY. (I'm not referring to content.) In point of fact, *The Reader's Digest* has striven to include articles on *both sides* of every controversial subject that has come before the public, including the "Kinsey Report," birth control, the evolution of religions, capital punishment and many others.

I have read and enjoyed PLAYBOY for a number of years and felt a kindred spirit with your staff and contributors (I'm also a Playboy Club keyholder). I have followed the *Philosophy* with avid interest and general agreement, but I begin to see signs of the insidious disease of intolerance that you profess to be combating. It's easy to fall into the trap, but you *especially* must admit that a bigot cannot fight bigotry, a hypocrite — hypocrisy, etc. I do think you could come closer to practicing what you preach. Don't you?

I will have to admit that I can't stay angry very long when you also include, in the same issue, *The Playboy Panel*: "1984 and Beyond," little tidbits like *Letitia* and, of course, the Playmate.

Paul E. Roftis
Guantánamo Bay, Cuba

Much of Ann Lander's advice is sound enough — our principal area of disagreement seems to be sex. But even if we agreed with nothing she says, we would also defend her right to express her viewpoint. On the suggestion that the "Philosophy" comment re Miss Landers and the Digest was intolerant, please note the reply to the letter above; on the Digest's willingness to publish articles giving both sides of controversial subjects, note the letter that follows.

Enclosed find a letter sent to me from the editors of *Reader's Digest*. I think the readers of PLAYBOY will find it most interesting, because it is directly related to Mr. Hefner's comments in the July installment of his *Philosophy*.

Dear Mr. Friedman:

Thank you for suggesting that *The Reader's Digest* print something in the way of an opposing statement to *The Case for Chastity*, and recommending specifically the chapter on premarital sex relations from Albert Ellis' *Sex Without Guilt*. Frankly, it seems unlikely that we would publish anything of this nature, for it would be out of keeping with the general character of the magazine. Some students of human problems advocate sex freedom, yes, but many do not — and it runs counter to the rules of our society. Implicit in *Digest* requirements is support of behavior in basic conformity with the codes of our society's institutions.

We appreciate your making the suggestion in any event.

The Editors
The Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, N. Y.

I would be most pleased if Mr. Hefner could read this letter and make comment, especially on the last sentence, in a future installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

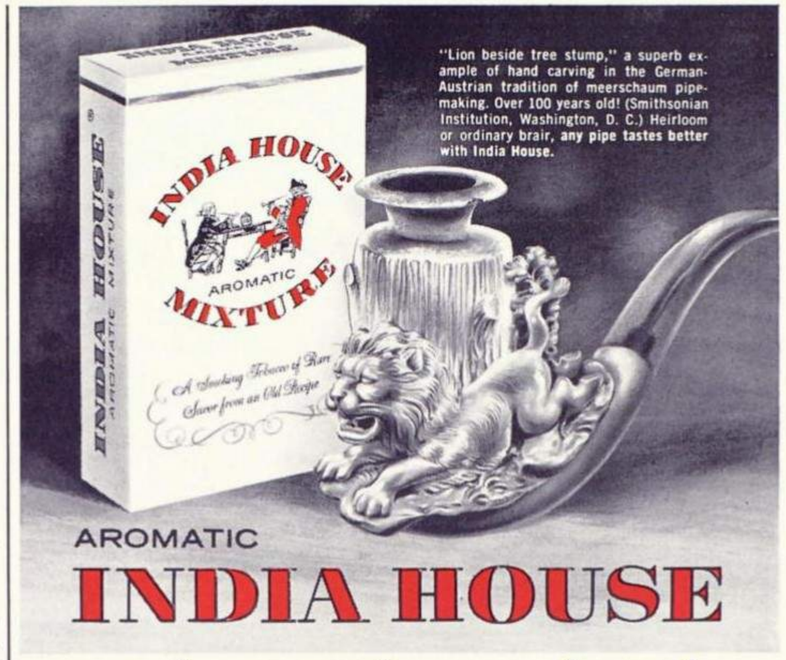
Irwin Friedman
Coral Gables, Florida

RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION GROUP

I believe you have some new subscribers and devotees, built around *The Playboy Philosophy*, which as a result of our study course held the interest of some 20 women — once a week for six weeks — and which course I've been asked to repeat this fall. The articles have been cogent, provocative, and stimulated much discussion. In fact some of these women enjoyed the first brain-stretching experience in many a year — for which I thank Mr. Hefner with whom I willingly share the credit.

I suppose you've had access to the Presbyterian Church's "pronouncement" on matters pertaining to church-state relations, as a result of a two-year study of the matter and the voting at the General Assembly in Des Moines, in mid-May. On matters of opinion such as these — that there should be no prayers or Bible reading in public schools, no use of school or other public property for specifically religious services, no special prerogatives or price deductions for ministers, no tax-free status for churches, no state establishment of religion of any kind — in these regards it seems to me that Mr. Hefner lines up as a "good Presbyterian."

Our religions seem to be making progress in the direction of a needed liberalism and a return to the fundamentals of religious life — mutual respect, acceptance and brotherly love. This was



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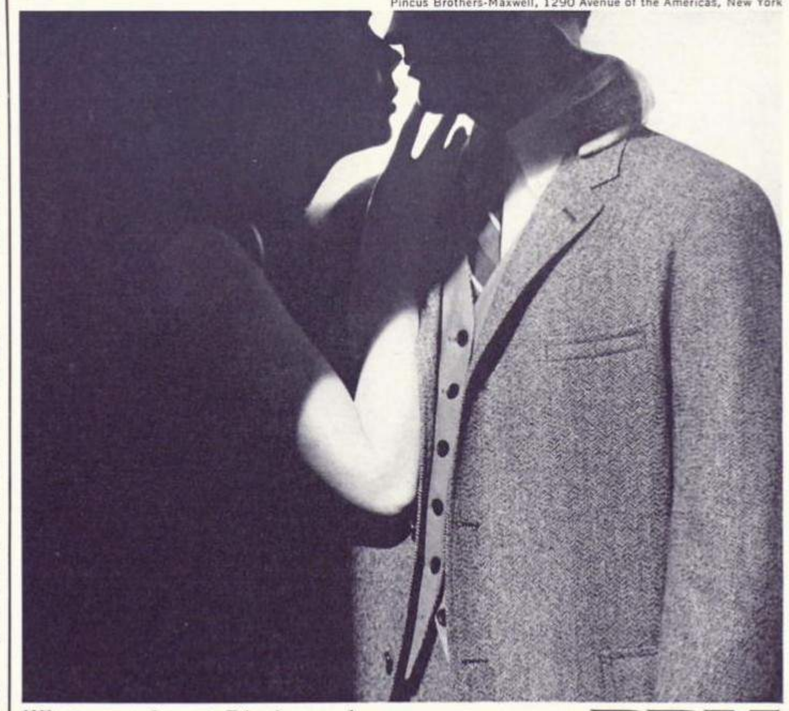

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the spirit which I tried to foster in the course of the discussions at the Y.W.C.A. — among a group of women who represented a real cross section of society's religious beliefs, from a claimed atheism through Roman Catholicism and Judaism to orthodox Protestantism.

Mr. Hefner's *Philosophy* provided an optimum medium and guide for getting at some significant issues of our culture — which has its crisis points. One of the several assignments in the course was to write a letter to PLAYBOY; some of the ladies have written directly, but a number have asked me to send theirs with my own, so they are enclosed. Another of the assignments was to write their own current "philosophy of life" — which proved most demanding and satisfying to them — as I'm sure it must be to Mr. Hefner in his ongoing series.

I must tell you that I personally enjoy PLAYBOY, for it keeps me not only "properly human," for all the vestments, but sharpened in a sense of humor and an appreciation of the things of value from the world of the young in heart.

Christian H. Martin, Jr., Minister
First Presbyterian Church
West Chester, Pennsylvania

I have enjoyed the discussion on Mr. Hefner's philosophy in our class under the leadership of Rev. Christian Martin, Jr. — the *Philosophy* is food for thought and very challenging. It is an eye- and soul-opener and stimulating at times. But for me it was also often upsetting and confusing. It made me feel uncomfortable. It seems to create problems, which it does not help to solve.

Mrs. Edith H. Parker
Paoli, Pennsylvania

Editor-Publisher Hefner will suggest some solutions in future installments of "The Playboy Philosophy," but in the final analysis, each of us must find his own answers to the complex problems our society presents. Feeling "uncomfortable," "upset" and "confused" may well be the first step toward the acquisition of new insight and knowledge.

It appears that Mr. Hefner is objecting to the bigotry and hypocrisy many of us possess and project in our daily living. His points are well taken in critique, but I find no solid guide nor conclusion to his discussion, save one of acceptance of *all things* with open-mindedness. Perhaps this is his purpose!

Lorna C. Norris
West Chester, Pennsylvania

With many of Mr. Hefner's general statements about the social and economic life in America today, I agree. By and large we've become a nation of sheep. In the voice of dissent lies the key to the vitality of a nation. However, I think PLAYBOY creates a cult of its own — perhaps that of the "cool cat." I admit that in matters of sex, America has been too puritanical. I see nothing but beauty in a lovely female figure, but your use of it in PLAYBOY is in poor taste. Your use of women in PLAYBOY relegates them to about the same position as a sports car or hi-fi.

Ruth M. Trumble
West Chester, Pennsylvania

It is our intention to "relegate" women to the role of women in our society—a complementing counterpart to men, rather than competitive, asexual creatures, uncertain of their role in society and in unhappy conflict with their nature and their needs.

What we oppose is that aspect of our society's heritage that — for centuries — alternately treated women as property, or placed them on pedestals. At either extreme, they are robbed of the opportunity to be truly human — to be truly women.

The physical quality of your magazine is the finest money can buy, the finished product an excellent job. From an editorial standpoint, it leaves nothing to be desired. The over-all concept expressed in *The Playboy Philosophy* is very commendable and certainly a step in the right direction.

But I find some aspects of the content and intent of the magazine and the *Philosophy* to be inconsistent. Namely, PLAYBOY endorses beauty, freedom, grace, abundance, etc., which is a wonderful and right philosophy. Most certainly, if anything perfect is a thing of beauty, then it must follow that womanhood, which is a thing of beauty and grace in its highest and truest sense, should never be lowered to a mere plaything or instrument for the satisfying of the animal traits of mankind.

Mrs. Margaret O. Hughes
West Chester, Pennsylvania

We don't consider women merely playthings, but why do you feel a woman is lowering herself when she brings pleasure and satisfaction to a man? Therein should lie the source for much of her own pleasure and satisfaction.

A reading of *The Playboy Philosophy* makes one appreciate the maturing process of outgrowing the chase and settling into the rewarding search for meaning. Your magazine makes me feel so radiantly old!

Ruth O. Humphrey
Coatesville, Pennsylvania

After thoughtfully reading *The Playboy Philosophy*, I've come to the conclusion that it is a contradictory masterpiece. The playboy is painted as a very desirable man-about-town, who is a business success, and a connoisseur of the fine things in life. However, you describe only two facets of man's being — his mind and body; neglecting the third, his soul, which is hungering for God, his creator. This materialistic, self-centered being of yours is an example of any man, past and present, living in a decadent society. Take a look at the history of Greece and Rome.

L. W. L.
West Chester, Pennsylvania

We've taken a look at ancient Greece and Rome, and we must say that if our own civilization contributes as much to the culture, art, government and philosophy of a generation 2000 years hence, we will be greatly surprised.

MINORITIES

Reading your excellent editorial by Hugh M. Hefner, *The Playboy Philosophy*, brought to mind a quotation by Eugene Debs. It has long been an inspiration to me and I feel it is in the same spirit as the *Philosophy*:

"Do you know that all the progress in the whole world's history has been made by minorities? I have somehow been fortunately all of my life in the minority. I have thought again and again that if I ever find myself in the majority I will know that I have outlived myself. There is something magnificent about having the courage to stand with a few, with and for a principle, and to fight for it without fear or favor, developing all of your latent powers, expanding to the proportionable end, rising to your true stature, no matter whose respect you may forfeit, as long as you keep your own."

William Karpinski
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

SEX AND PLEASURE

I have read with extreme curiosity and concern Mr. Hefner's editorial comments in *The Playboy Philosophy*. He, of course, is entitled to his opinion and I sincerely believe that the expression of this opinion shows his concern for his subject matter. I think that his comment is to be respected, but I should like to add just a bit to his discussion.

It must be true that we are actually a nation of hypocrites for I doubt that the awesome figures gathered by Dr. Kinsey and his colleagues are false. It is also true that the power of the censor is constantly being abused by persons who firmly believe that they are capable of "looking out" for the best interests of their fellow man. But I do believe that without some hypocrisy and some censorship that sexual feeling will become a sort of pleasure — an act that has no function except for the stimulation of the parties involved. The idea that sex is for pleasure alone shows a desire by man to strive toward a hedonistic society in which no one displays emotion or mental stress but just thinks of pleasure. I think that there are still some people in the world who think that because sex has something to do with the production of life, sex is to be regarded as something a little bit sacred. There is a chance that there may be just a little bit more to reproduction than the meeting of egg and sperm. Thus, no matter how much justification for free love in a hedonistic sense by statistics and scientific surveys is presented, this does not make it right nor does it give anyone the right to abuse his or her privilege to help create life. To regard everything that represses us or causes us pain as evil is to create a world of happy jellyfish that have no more substance to themselves than the knowledge of their own pleasure. Let us not look for the "easy way out" or the "path of least resistance" but rather a goal in which dwells a man that can say, "I am a human being because I can control my mind and body." It is not easy to be different. This, of course, is something for each individual to gain for himself and not for laws, censors or governments to force upon humanity by their various means of coercion.

Charles F. Robertson
New York, New York

One need not be a hedonist to prefer pleasure over pain; nor does the rejection of pleasure demonstrate, ipso facto, that a man is more responsible, or in control of his mind and body. A willingness to accept pain (i.e., frustration, repression) unnecessarily suggests masochism more than anything else. Sex can serve two ends: procreation and/or pleasure; we see no reason for assuming that God goofed when He arranged things that way. And it seems logical to assume that if He had wanted sex used for only procreation, He would have arranged for the act to take place without any pleasure included as a part of it; or seen to it that the pleasure was limited to only that time in the monthly female cycle when procreation is possible.

Fish procreate without any particular pleasure: the male instinctively fertilizes the eggs after the female lays them. There is no actual contact required between the sexes. This has been suggested as the origin of the expression "poor fish."

If your particular religious convictions have satisfied you that the pleasures of sex are, at best, a side issue, you are welcome to pursue that approach and since you make clear that you respect the right of others to make up their own minds on the subject, we have no quarrel with your position. But it will require more than an edict passed down through the centuries from a time when guilt-ridden men believed that everything associated with sex was evil to satisfy us that the pleasures of sex were not created to be enjoyed.

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DARWIN 1963

"SACRAMENTO (UPI)—TWO REPUBLICAN ASSEMBLYMEN WANT TO END THE TEACHING OF DARWIN'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION IN CALIFORNIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS. ASSEMBLYMEN ROBERT BADHAM OF COSTA MESA AND E. RICHARD BARNES OF SAN DIEGO INTRODUCED A BILL PROHIBITING THE TEACHING OF ANY THEORY OPPOSED TO RECOGNIZED SECTARIAN DOCTRINE. BARNES SAID THERE IS — IN HIS WORDS — 'NO GOOD REASON WHY, AT A TIME WHEN WE ARE PROTECTING ATHEISTS AND AGNOSTICS FROM PRAYERS WHICH MAY BE OFFENSIVE TO THEM, WE CANNOT ALSO PROTECT THOSE WITH RELIGIOUS FAITH FROM IRRELIGIOUS TEACHINGS WHICH ARE EQUALLY OFFENSIVE.'"

Any comment?

Larry Grannis
Station KWIZ
Santa Ana, California

One's first reaction might be to suggest that we apparently need to give literacy tests to our legislators more than to voters; but this would be brushing off the California assemblymen's inanity too lightly. The point they are trying to dramatically draw attention to with such an announcement is their clear contention that the recent Supreme Court ruling against a state-prepared prayer being used in public schools is antireligious and favors, or "protects," atheists and agnostics; all they actually draw attention to with such nonsense is their own inability to comprehend the basic intent of the Supreme Court's decision. For in reaffirming one small aspect of the separation of church and state, the Court was protecting organized religion from governmental interference fully as much as the other way around.

Natural science belongs in a public school, including, of course, the study of evolution; religion belongs in a public school only if it, too, is to be an objective and historically accurate course of study of all major religions. And in no case does a state-planned prayer have any place in a school supported by taxes from the general public.

The assemblymen's bill would have been more logical, though no less foolish, if they had proposed a law to keep science out of church, which is religion's province; as it is, whatever point they hoped to make is completely lost in their own illogic.

MILTON AND MILL

In *The Playboy Philosophy*, Mr. Hefner has done well to present a popular 20th Century restatement of two famous essays on intellectual and social freedom: viz., Milton's *Areopagitica* and John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*. As Mill suggests, even if an argument is false, let it be printed: those individuals who claim to "possess truth" should be able to refute it. In this manner whatever is purported to be true shall be clarified all the more. But what of those who refuse to review alien arguments for fear of moral contamination? This seems to be the view of many who have negatively responded to *The Playboy Philosophy*. Milton would retort that he could not "praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out to meet her adversary," and I think his remark is not too inappropriate for some 20th Century legislators of morality.

James H. Quina, Jr.
Tulane University
New Orleans, Louisiana

COMING OF AGE

I have been following *The Playboy Philosophy* for several months, and after reading part eight as well as *The Playboy Forum*, I have decided to enter my youthful views. Within a week, I shall be of legal age and ready to assume the responsibility of voting. In more ways than one, I am just entering the world. All of my life, including two-and-a-half years of college, I have been "protected" by my parents. It was not until last February that I was able to "leave the nest." It is quite a shock to suddenly discover that one is responsible to oneself for one's actions, not to one's parents.

Two incidents have left quite an impression on me: the first was being approached by a homosexual, and the second was an affair with a lady twice my age. It is impossible for me to relate the knowledge she imparted to me, but the following quotation from *Siddhartha* by Hermann Hesse pretty well sums it up:

"He learned many things from her wise red lips. . . . Her smooth gentle touch taught him many things. . . . He, who was still a boy as regards love and was inclined to plunge to the depths of it blindly and insatiably was taught by her that one cannot have pleasure without giving it, and that every gesture, every caress, every touch, every glance, every single part of the body has its secret which can give pleasure to one who can understand. She taught him that lovers should not separate from each other after making love without admiring each other, without being conquered as well as conquering, so that no feeling of satiation or desolation arises, nor the horrid feeling of misusing or having been misused."

I believe in personal freedom. But before one assumes these freedoms, one should be willing to accept all, not part, of the responsibilities.

L. R. Coad
Oakland, California

REVERENCE FOR SEX

Your view as implied by the whole of PLAYBOY's content and the *Philosophy* is "sex is the grand leveler." It is almost as if you resent reverence, although your feelings are probably layered over with many coatings of contempt and maybe a touch of self-deception. That is what I am curious to find out about.

Reverence and respect is, it seems, the amalgam of any relationship. If everyone intercoursed everyone else, what would happen to the sanctity or stability of marriage? Perhaps you don't give any value to the notion of purity or the notion of discipline.

Phineas Bean
Great Neck, New York

Since sex is an integral part of life, we have the same reverence for it as we do for life; the two, in natural man, are indivisible. To denigrate sex is to deny life.

CENSORSHIP

I have read the first three installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* with great interest. I feel that your consistent espousal of sexual liberalism and individualism, and your equally steady raps at all forms of sex censorship, are particularly worth printing. If enforced conformity is anywhere pernicious, it certainly is so in regard to sex-love relationships. Long may you continue to say so.

If you happen to give IQ tests to your prospective Bunnies, and you have one handy with a 180-plus, just keep in mind that I have been unsuccessfully searching for a well-stacked Mme. Curie for my third wife for quite a while now, with damned little success. So please wrap any good candidates carefully (if only temporarily) and ship them to New York by parcel post airmail. You'd better not bother to register them, since that has unsavory connotations.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D.
New York, New York

During the week of April 21, 1963, Brown University lifted a long-standing ban on the sale by the University Bookstore of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. The man who caused the ban was the Attorney General of the State of Rhode Island, J. Joseph Nugent. However, in response to some statements by Edward O. Cole (president of the University chapter of the Forum of Civil Liberties and the man singly responsible for the lifting of the ban), Nugent said to a reporter that "if he [Cole] leaves the campus carrying that book, and I know about it, he'll be arrested."

On Saturday, April 27, 1963, I took a walk in downtown Providence, prominently displaying a paperback copy of the book. In all, I passed 10 policemen, all of whom saw the book quite plainly, and all of whom refused to arrest me. Finally, in disgust, I went up to a re-

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ROSE'S LIME COLLINS: Tall, cool and classic. 3 parts of gin, rum or vodka, 1 part of Rose's Lime Juice. Pour over ice in a highball glass. Squirt full of soda. Stir clockwise four times, anticlockwise twice. Add a hint of mint.

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LAGER AND LIME: Considered quite the thing in Britain. Take 1 cool, sparkling lager beer. Add Rose's...merely a dash, don't stir, except to lift the glass. Even brings Englishmen out of the midday sun.

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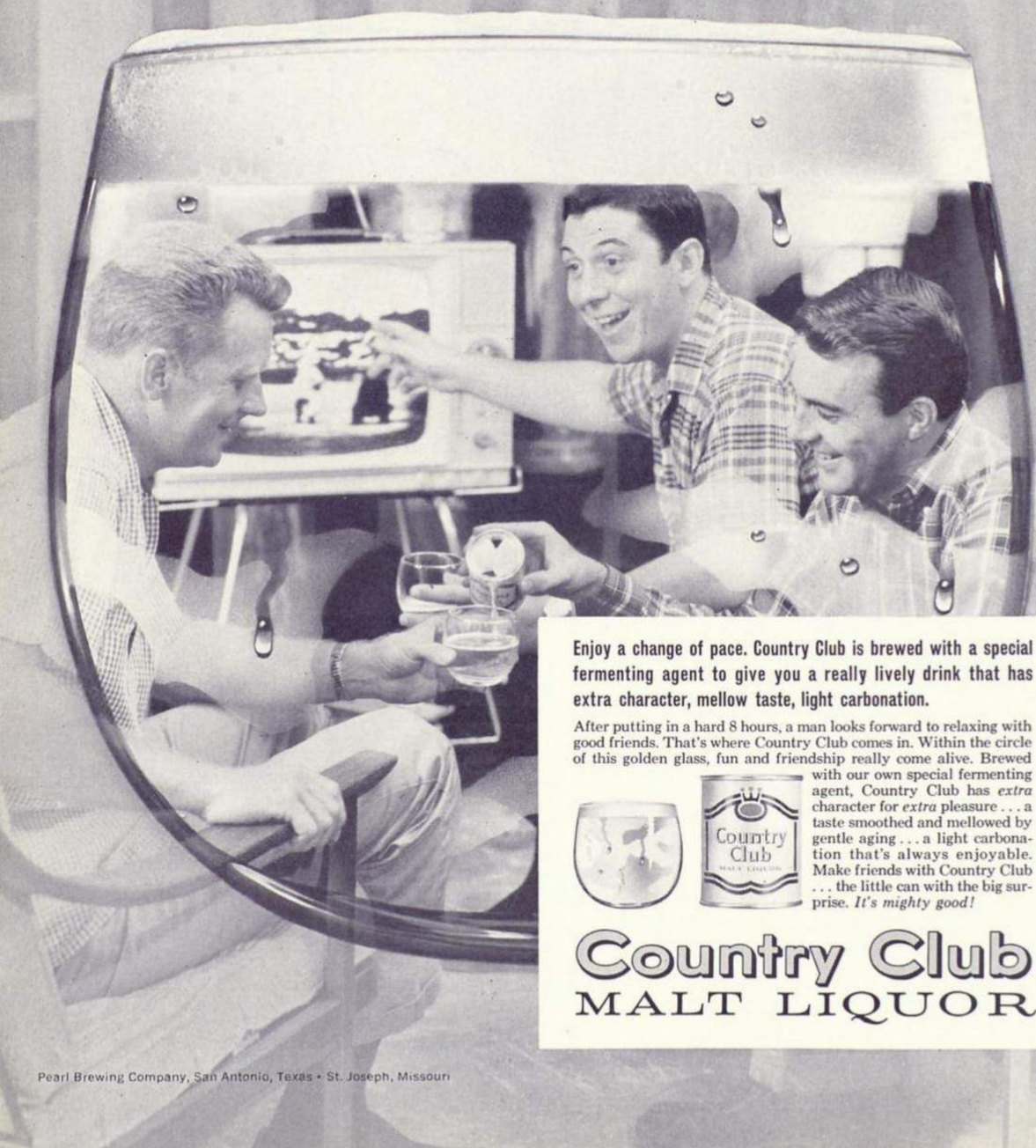

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After putting in a hard 8 hours, a man looks forward to relaxing with good friends. That's where Country Club comes in. Within the circle of this golden glass, fun and friendship really come alive. Brewed with our own special fermenting agent, Country Club has *extra* character for *extra* pleasure . . . a taste smoothed and mellowed by gentle aging . . . a light carbonation that's always enjoyable. Make friends with Country Club . . . the little can with the big surprise. *It's mighty good!*

Country Club
MALT LIQUOR

Pearl Brewing Company, San Antonio, Texas • St. Joseph, Missouri

porter. The story was carried on the national wires, nationwide by NBC Radio, etc. The controversy continues: Mr. Nugent made a statement concerning my actions, and his self-imposed, arbitrary dictum concerning *Tropic of Cancer* — a ban which is solely the whim of one man, not arrived at through either due process of the courts or, in fact, any semblance of legality — still stands.

I am writing this letter, not to claim any glory or to pass myself off as a hero, but merely to inform you of what happened. For one thing, PLAYBOY was, I would say, directly responsible for my action. For another, I saw in action in this smallest state (which seems to have several of the smallest minds) precisely the hypocrisy and coercion Mr. Hefner discussed in the *Philosophy*.

Thank you for your significant contribution to the literature concerning censorship.

Howard A. Karten
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

It's always heartening to hear of individual action against censorship — action which involves a disregard of the danger to the individual's liberty when a greater danger to freedom — freedom of thought and expression — is at stake. In this month's "Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hefner discusses his own experience with his city's censoring minions of the law.

It would not be fair to you if I didn't take this opportunity to express my personal appreciation for Mr. Hefner's editorial on censorship which appears in the May issue of PLAYBOY. He said a number of things which have needed to be said for all too long a time.

We are publishers and distributors of nudist magazines and are, in fact, the largest publishers of nudist magazines in the world with seven of the leading publications in the field. Our company, The Outdoor American Corporation, carried a case through to the Supreme Court of the United States and won. The case — *Mervin Mounce vs. United States Customs* — had to do with the importation of foreign nudist publications. So we can fully appreciate all Mr. Hefner has written in regard to censorship.

The thing that amazes us is that people can work so diligently toward taking the rights and freedoms of others without any realization that in so doing they are themselves suffering a severe loss of those things which have helped to make America great — a bit of their own rights and freedoms. Their actions seem to prove that none can be more intolerant than those who seek tolerance for themselves.

Norval E. Packwood
Mays Landing, New Jersey

They sing about errant ladies.

And love, mayhem, jails, subways, hangings, and_____.

We left it blank because no one ever knows what the Kingston Trio will sing about next.

They collect songs from far and wide . . . real folk songs, popular folk songs, hilarious parodies, college songs, quiet ballads. And give them all a new and bright life.

The free-wheeling, completely entertaining, completely delightful Kingston Trio kind of life.

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And every album is a new and different and delightful collection. Listen to the Kingston Trio on Capitol, and you'll hear what we mean.

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(S)T 1935

(S)T 1871

While enjoying your very intelligent and sane *Playboy Philosophy*, prior to my usual Sunday morning shower, I was struck by the accord we seem to have found in the firm belief that the pleasure of the bedroom is just as proper for discussion as the pleasures of the table, sports, books, art and the general tenor of good and sane living. My wife in her usual playful mood, tossed the *Boston Sunday Herald* at me, and there staring me in the face was the headline: "CARDINAL CUSHING URGES ABOLITION OF THE INDEX." Glory be to God, says I, the Cardinal has been reading PLAYBOY. He says ". . . canon law is the result of the pastoral needs. But the needs of one time are not the needs of another. The laws of the past that were put on the books to take care of the problems of the past may not be of much help to a later generation."

Keep up the good work. We must be ever constantly alert against the do-gooders who would strip us of all our freedoms. After over 50 years of good living, I firmly believe that there is nothing in this world that is sinful or immoral; it is only illegal.

Guy Chartrand
Belmont, Massachusetts

Last semester, my term project for World History IIg, *Censorship in the United States Today*, was censored. In my bibliography were three installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, a transcript of the Supreme Court hearing of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and an introduction to *Tropic of Cancer* (recently banned here) by Karl Shapiro. I received a "D" for 25 pages of typewriting.

I am constantly infuriated by the attempts of censors to deprive a growing mind of reading (or writing about) Lawrence, Salinger, Joyce, Miller, etc., especially in an "institute of learning." I admire PLAYBOY's ideals and the courage it takes to smack the public in the face. Thank you for fighting for the student's right to read.

Marc Thorman
Indianapolis, Indiana

Would Mr. Hefner like more examples of the intellectual stupidity in the selection of censors, and the reasons some censors turn thumbs down on what we are to read, see and hear? Here's one for a starter: About two months ago an American Legion commander in Arlington, Virginia, filed suit in court to have copies of J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* removed from the library because it was immoral. When he filed the suit, the commander confessed that he had never read the book, but a friend of his had told him about it.

Chester Wright
Washington, D. C.

It has been with considerable pleasure and amazement that I have read your *Playboy Philosophy* series. Such forthright social criticism is rarely found except in books directed to the intellectual — and the fact that ideas of this controversial nature are being expounded so logically in a popular magazine is heartening indeed.

On the subject of "obscenity," I should like to state that the whole subject of censorship is obscene. If obscenity is to be defined as something which works against our best interests, moral or otherwise, then censorship is obscenity in its most violent form. No individual or group has the right to infringe upon the freedom of another. If we allow our freedoms to be suppressed by a minority (which is what is being done) only a dictatorship can result. God help us should that happen.

As a mother, I am very interested in the moral and spiritual direction my children are to receive, and I want to do that directing myself, not have it done by a "board." There are many things which I would not care for my children to adopt, but I certainly intend for them to know these things exist. For instance, I would rather they didn't read comic books, so I don't buy them. If they pick them up at a friend's house, though, so what? My encouraging them to read what I feel is good for them ought to be sufficient to offset any possible addiction they may develop for poorer literature. But I want the right to decide for myself what they should read, and I don't tell my neighbors that their kids shouldn't read comic books.

Fortunately, my childhood was governed by a rather liberal family. There was very little supervision over my choices in regard to books, movies, etc., and I can say with a reasonable degree of assurance that I was harmed less by what I read or saw than by what I was told by well-meaning but misdirected individuals.

Jacqueline Morelli
Spenard, Alaska

I was amazed by the item in the May *Playboy Philosophy* regarding the TV program *Open End* and its being censored. Our mass media discusses items such as those apparently thrashed out on *Open End* almost daily with little adverse comment arising from their publication. Our television services have broadcast programs dealing with sex, religion and politics in a very frank manner. We have seen programs dealing with a venereal disease and its causes and effects, which brought more to the people who watched them (the viewing figures ran into tens of millions) than they would have learned in a lifetime of reading posters in public lavatories, but apparently these programs would never have been screened in the U. S.

I believe, as you do, that censorship dams the ever-widening stream of the moral, political, and artistic development of a society and creates stagnant pools of corruption which become quagmires in which the stream loses its direction. May your editorials continue to be published without the benefit of any censor other than your conscience, and may they have some effect in righting the position of publisher vs. censor in the United States.

V. C. Whittington
London, England

Permit me to extend my personal congratulations on the truthfulness and courage Editor-Publisher Hefner has articulated in *The Playboy Philosophy*. I join with him in recognizing the fundamental foundation of a democratic society, to wit, that every idea, no matter how extreme, apparently absurd or repugnant, must have the right and opportunity of seeking majority acceptance. Without this sort of social climate, our society would rapidly and inevitably deteriorate into a tyranny of the majority wherein conformity would become a commandment. With the advent of additional obscenity laws, which is nothing more than censorship, no matter how well-meant, the need for leadership among the responsible American press grows more acute.

Herbert L. Heiken, Chairman
Florida Civil Liberties Union
Miami, Florida

I have found Mr. Hefner's contributions under the title of *The Playboy Philosophy* most interesting and useful in shaping my own attitudes toward the problem of censorship.

Philip Q. Roche, M.D.
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

Dr. Roche, a psychiatrist and author of "The Criminal Mind," who spent years treating prison inmates, has said that he was never able to satisfy himself that "obscene or pornographic materials had a direct or proximal connection with the commission of the crime in any category including that of sex offenses." He has also averred that "blocked sexuality leads to substitutive sadism, violence and, not uncommonly, murder. Paradoxically, and much to the dismay of the moralists, one observes that obscenity or pornography is often a prophylactic release and a crime preventive." He goes further in stating that obscenity itself is "subjective and metaphysical. Its existence is purely a mental associa-

(continued on page 236)

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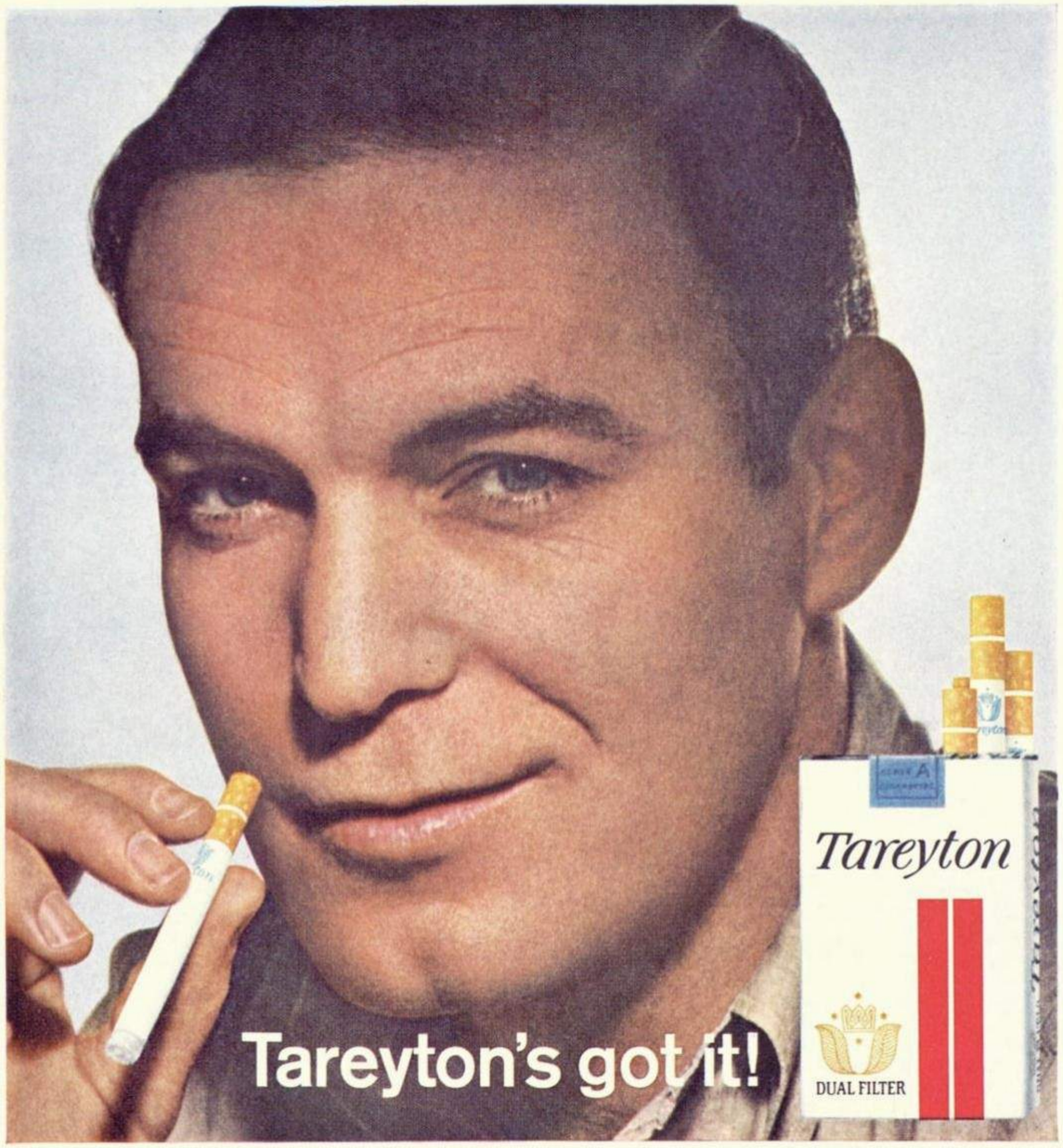

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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY is a sometimes rambling, disorganized discourse, because the writing of each new installment brings forth a succession of ideas and feelings that vie for expression. We put them down as they occur to us. When we have concluded the series, we will probably edit it into a more disciplined form as a book, but for magazine publication, this more direct, organic approach suits our purpose, since the *Philosophy* is intended as a living statement of our beliefs, our insights and our prejudices.

This issue we had intended discussing modern America's sex attitudes and behavior, but that fascinating subject will have to wait a month or two, for another related concern – censorship – has been too forcibly and personally thrust upon us to be denied additional comment. On June 4th, we were arrested in our home on charges of "publishing and distributing an obscene publication." If that fact seems incredible to our readers, the full story behind the arrest is even more unbelievable. It serves to emphasize a point we discussed in earlier installments of the *Philosophy* regarding the importance of the separation of church and state in a free society.

The arrest was allegedly prompted by the nude photographs of Jayne Mansfield appearing in the June issue of PLAYBOY. Were these photographs the real reason for the action taken against us? Or is it possible that *The Playboy Philosophy* itself, critical of the church-state implications in the Chicago justice recently meted out to comedian Lenny Bruce, and emphasizing that true religious freedom means freedom from as well as freedom of religion, supplied the motive?

KNOCK, KNOCK. WHO'S THERE?

The Mansfield melodrama began late on a Tuesday afternoon. We were asleep in our home (or, as *Time* reported it, in our "humble 40-room pad on Chicago's North Side"). We had been working all through the previous day and night on the August installment of the *Philosophy* and retired in the late morning to grab 40 overdue and badly needed winks. We'd gotten about half that number when the intercom beside our bed buzzed us awake. It was our housekeeper, who informed us that four of Chicago's finest were at our front door with a warrant for our arrest and that CBS-TV was there also, with cameras.

The charge, we were told, was obscenity – someone had objected to the pictures of Jayne Mansfield in the June issue and managed to get a warrant for our arrest. Now, it should be mentioned that a violation of the Chicago obscenity statute is a misdemeanor carrying a maximum fine of $200 for the guilty; it is not uncommon, when the charge is a minor one, to serve the warrant and arrange for the booking and posting of bond at a time convenient to all concerned. We asked our housekeeper, therefore, to request that the officers contact our attorneys the following morning and make arrangements through them for accepting the warrant, etc. At this point the melodrama took on some of the attributes of high comedy as our housekeeper misunderstood our instructions – which were given, we must confess, while only three quarters awake. She went downstairs and gave our message, not to the police, but to the men with the TV cameras, who took it to mean that we would have a statement to make to the press through our attorneys the following morning.

We turned over, only half believing that we weren't still asleep and the whole thing just a bad dream caused by the frankfurters and Pepsi we'd consumed just before retiring; we'd managed to get another 1½ winks when the intercom buzzed us awake a second time. We got our instructions straightened around and our housekeeper signed off to carry them down to the officers of the law; ½ a wink later the intercom buzzed again. The policemen had refused to listen to her, she said; what's more, they had followed her back into the house and were, at that moment, in the hallway just outside our room. She was trapped in another part of the house – unable to return to her office, which opens onto our private quarters, for fear they would follow her there also.

Now fully awake, and convinced that the franks and cola had nothing to do with the situation, we decided it was time to call our lawyer; we reached him, appropriately enough, at a meeting of the Civil Liberties Union. We dressed to the thumpity-thump-thump of police fists pounding on our bedroom door. The protectors of law and order were contemplating breaking it down when our attorneys arrived.

From that point on, with our legal representatives on the scene, the police were most courteous. We drove to headquarters, were booked, posted bail ($200), and were free in less than half an hour.

But why, Irv Kupcinet wondered in his column in the *Chicago Sun-Times* the next day, had four armed huskies of the Chicago police force been required to arrest "one non-violent publisher"? Perhaps, we suggested to Kup, they sent extra men along on the chance that one or two might get lost in our swimming pool with the Bunnies. But we couldn't help speculating on the obvious attempt to make a public spectacle of the arrest. Who, for example, had tipped off the TV stations, so that television cameras were at the house waiting when the police arrived?

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JAYNE?

The Number One Question is, of course, what prompted the arrest in the first place? Very obviously PLAYBOY is *not* obscene – previous attempts to censor the magazine when we first began publishing were vigorously and successfully fought in the courts and PLAYBOY has firmly established itself, in the years since, as a major publication on the contemporary American scene.

The press and news commentators of radio and TV tended to treat the arrest as a joke, and if the implications of governmental censorship were not so serious, we would have, too. "Just to balance things out," said Alex Dreier on his WBKB-TV news show, "the *National Geographic* also has a great issue this month!" Tony Weitzel commented in his column in the *Chicago Daily News*: "Now that four husky gendarmes have succeeded in pinching Hugh Hefner for printing Jayne Mansfield unretouched, the June PLAYBOY mag is a collector's item." Walter Winchell wondered

whether or not it might just be another publicity stunt perpetrated by Jayne herself. It wasn't. Jayne, in fact, expressed surprise over the photographs' appearing in PLAYBOY. "Those pictures were supposed to be used to publicize the European version of the film," she said. "I have no idea how PLAYBOY got them. But when Hefner wants something, he usually finds a way of getting it." Actually, Miss Mansfield and the producers of the movie had invited PLAYBOY's photographers onto the set to shoot the exclusive pictures and Jayne had posed in a separate session for the June cover.

Irv Kupcinet wrote, in his *Sun-Times* column: "The obvious question about the arrest of PLAYBOY publisher Hugh Hefner on obscenity charges based on the Jayne Mansfield nudes in the June issue is: Why now? PLAYBOY has been publishing nudes of voluptuous dishes for years." Conceding that Jayne is a bit more voluptuous than most, the question is still a good one: Why now? Jayne first appeared in PLAYBOY as a Playmate of the Month back in February of 1955, and we chronicled her career in a half-a-dozen issues after that, as she went from a bit part in the Broadway show *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, wearing a towel even smaller than her role, to stardom in Hollywood, where she eventually dispensed with even the towel, in her most recent film epic, *Promises, Promises!*

The June 1963 issue of PLAYBOY includes eight pages of photographs of Jayne Mansfield nude in bed and bubble bath during the filming of *Promises!*, co-starring Tommy Noonan, Mickey Hargitay and Marie McDonald. Some of the pictures show a man (Tommy Noonan) on the bed, too. It is this, explained Chicago Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy, when pressed for an explanation by the press, that makes the June issue of PLAYBOY obscene. Besides, he continued defensively, he'd received a lot of complaints, and the caption under one of the photographs states, "she writhes about seductively"; and in another, she is described as "gyrating." The captions, according to Melaniphy, "arouse prurient interests and defeat any claim of art."

Mr. Melaniphy thus appears to be making an interesting legal assumption — that a picture of a nude must either be obscene or a work of art. That, of course, is one of those assumptions that is aptly described as unwarranted. It is quite possible for a nude to be neither — and failing to qualify as one in no way establishes any criteria for assuming it to be the other. The pictures of Jayne in the June issue are, in our opinion, simply candid photographs of a movie in the making. Whatever artistic merit they may or may not possess is very much beside the point. The important thing is, they are *not* obscene — clearly and conclusively — for pictures *far* more brazen than these have been cleared of obscenity by the Supreme Court, appear regularly in a number of other magazines available on newsstands and by subscription (via Post Office approved second class mail) throughout the U.S., and in motion pictures, also, *including films that have been passed by the Chicago Film Censor Board*! (And we'll have more to say about this a bit later.)

A DEFINITION FOR OBSCENITY

At this time, we think some attempt should be made to define just what constitutes legal obscenity and try to determine how the June issue of PLAYBOY squares with this definition. Every corporation counsel, district attorney, judge, police chief, and state or local official, whose position includes the power to censor what his fellow Americans may read, view or listen to, should be familiar with the following facts. And every newspaperman, columnist, and radio and TV commentator, who has the opportunity to comment upon censorship when it occurs in his community, should be familiar with them also.

No one needs to be told that the freedoms of speech and press are among the most precious guaranteed by our Constitution. Without them, all other freedoms would soon vanish and our democracy itself would disappear. The Supreme Court has declared, however, that obscenity is outside the protections of the First Amendment. If obscenity is to be an exception to these most basic freedoms, then it is imperative that we clearly understand just what constitutes obscenity. And we must be constantly on the alert to make certain that the label of "obscene" is not used to censor other areas of free speech and press that are our precious heritage, but to which some fellow member of society — for whatever reason — may object. The Supreme Court has stated, "The door barring federal and state intrusion into [the fundamental freedoms of speech and press] cannot be left ajar; it must be kept tightly closed and opened only the slightest crack necessary to prevent encroachment upon more important interests." And Supreme Court Justice Harlan wrote, in a recent majority decision, "We risk erosion of First Amendment liberties unless we train our vigilance upon the methods whereby obscenity is condemned no less than upon the standards whereby it is judged."

The principal problem in dealing with this exception to free speech and press is, of course, that "obscenity" must always remain, in the final analysis, subjective. Obscenity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. As D. H. Lawrence has brilliantly observed, "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another." Recognizing this problem,

Chicago's censors approved naked passion of Elke Sommer in French film, *Sweet Ecstasy* (top) — disapproved of the naked spoof of Jayne Mansfield in the June issue of PLAYBOY.

Black Devil Green Devil Yellow Devil White Devil

Mix 3 parts Light or Dark Bacardi, 1 part dry vermouth and stir like the devil with ice. Pour, add a black olive — and toast the rising moon!

Or add a green olive and ice cubes, and the devilish delight becomes a *Green* Devil on-the-rocks. A lemon twist makes a Yellow Devil. And so on. There must be at least fifty ways to make a Bacardi Devil–but one thing never changes. Smooth, dry Bacardi makes smooth, dry drinks. There are probably enough bottles of Bacardi to last until you get to the store. But why chance it? It's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost!

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the Supreme Court has established, in decisions over the past half-dozen years (principally in *Roth vs. United States*, 1957; and *Manual Enterprises, Inc. vs. J. Edward Day*, 1962), criteria to be used as a guide in determining what can and cannot be considered legally obscene.

In *Roth*, the Supreme Court supplied this *partial* definition for obscenity: "Whether to [the] average person, applying contemporary community standards, [the] dominant theme of [the] material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

While we share the opinion of Justices Douglas and Black that this standard is too subjective and vague (see *The Playboy Philosophy*, June 1963), the Supreme Court further clarified its position in the *Manual Enterprises* decision, in June 1962, and the present definition is more than satisfactory for the discussion at hand. (Justice Douglas argues convincingly: "The Supreme Court's standard for obscenity as what offends 'the common conscience of the community' would certainly not be an acceptable one if religion, economics, politics, or philosophy were involved. How does it become a constitutional standard when literature treating with sex is concerned?" It is, according to Justice Douglas, "too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment." Justice Black states, on the subject of obscenity: "My view is, without deviation, without exception, without any ifs, buts or whereases, that freedom of speech [and press] 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.")

But whatever the shortcomings of the present Supreme Court test, it has established criteria for censorship that are more specific and limiting than any that preceded it and makes the majority of the current censorship activity across the U.S. extralegal — or without any legal justification — including, as we shall see, the June PLAYBOY arrest.

In the *Roth* case, the Court attempted to separate what is protected under the Constitution from what is unprotected, by use of the term "obscenity." It confirmed that "sex and obscenity are not synonymous . . . [and the] portrayal of sex, e.g., in art, literature and scientific works . . . [is entitled to] the constitutional protection of freedom of speech and press." The Court has held in a number of separate decisions (*Parmelee vs. United States*; *Sunshine Book vs. Summerfield*; *Mounce vs. United States*; *Manual Enterprises vs. Day*) that the portrayal of nudity does not, in and of itself, make a picture obscene. And these decisions include *total* nudity of both sexes, appearing together in a single photograph, with pubic areas exposed.

In *Roth* the Court established that in order for material to be judged obscene, it must be "utterly without redeeming social importance." The Court also rejected the "isolated excerpt" and "particularly susceptible persons" tests — that had been encroaching on Americans' freedom since the *Regina vs. Hicklin* decision of 1868 — and established in their place the "dominant theme of [the] material taken as a whole" and the "average person, applying contemporary community standards."

In the *Manual Enterprises* decision, the Supreme Court confirmed that its intent in *Roth* had been "to tighten obscenity standards." The Court then proceeded to tighten them further by clarifying the definition included in *Roth*: It had been mistakenly accepted by some as a "*single* test for determining whether challenged material is obscene," wrote Justice Harlan for the majority. Actually, it was only *half* of a two-part test, well established by previous opinions and court decisions. Noting that "the thoughtful studies of the American Law Institute reflect the same twofold concept of obscenity," the Court quoted from its draft of a Model Penal Code: "A thing is obscene if, considered as a whole, its predominant appeal is to prurient interest . . . *and* if it goes substantially beyond customary limits of candor in description or representation of such matters." (Emphasis added by the Court.) The Supreme Court "requires two distinct elements" as proof of obscenity: "(1) patent offensiveness; and (2) 'prurient interest' appeal." This is an important addition to the legal definition of obscenity, for it is quite possible for material to appeal to prurient (sexual) interests without being objectionable enough to be obscene.

In *Manual Enterprises*, the Court also clarified what it meant by "contemporary community standards": the "community" was defined as national in nature and "contemporary community standards" as "a national standard of decency," rather than that of any lesser geographical area, which might "have the intolerable consequence of denying some sections of the country access to material, there deemed acceptable, which in others might be considered offensive to prevailing community standards of decency."

The Court also confirmed that the determination of what is obscene in the statutory or constitutional sense is not a question of fact (i.e., a question of what happened), but a matter of fact mixed with a determination of law. It is, therefore, a "constitutional fact," to be established by the higher courts rather than being left solely to the discretion of a jury, which might reach one conclusion if impaneled from a large heterogeneous community like San Francisco and quite another if it were made up of the members of a small town in New England.

These further clarifications should relieve some of Supreme Court Justice Douglas' previously expressed concern about the "common conscience of the community" being used as a guide to obscenity: "Under that test," said Justice Douglas, "juries can censor, suppress, and punish what they do not like. . . . This is community censorship in one of its worst forms. It creates a regime where, in the battle between the literati and the Philistines, the Philistines are certain to win."

IS PLAYBOY OBSCENE?

Having described the Supreme Court's criteria for what constitutes obscenity, let's take a look at the June issue of PLAYBOY and see what level of legal *expertise* Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy is employing on behalf of the citizens of Chicago, in rendering his considered opinion that the magazine is obscene.

First of all, Melaniphy must consider, not simply the eight pages devoted to Jayne Mansfield, but the entire 200 pages in the June issue — for the Supreme Court has admonished him, and all other would-be censors, not to judge a work by "isolated excerpts." He must sincerely believe that "the dominant theme of the material, taken as a whole" is obscene. And to justify his charge of obscenity, he must further believe that the entire June issue of this magazine is "utterly without redeeming social importance."

The June issue included the first half of Jules Feiffer's novel, *Harry, the Rat with Women*, about which *Time* magazine wrote, "Feiffer's stylized fairy tale can be read, some of the time, as light summer fiction. It is studded with scenes of cheerfully skin-deep satire and divertingly chuckleheaded dialog. But occasionally Feiffer's laughter comes close to a stifled cry of anguish — in a way that has not been matched since Nathanael West's *Miss Lonelyhearts*." It included the last installment of *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, the latest James Bond adventure by Ian Fleming, favorite adventure writer of the President. It included new fiction by Ray Bradbury and Brian Rencelaw; an article on folk music by Nat Hentoff and one on American holidays by Charles Beaumont, plus satire by Shepherd Mead and Shel Silverstein. The June issue contained a feature on Scandinavian cooking by Thomas Mario and one on proper male attire by Robert L. Green, a page on travel by Patrick Chase and three pages of gift suggestions for Father's Day and Graduation. It contained 16 pages of cartoons, 10 columns of reviews of current books, records, movies and theater; 5 columns of advice on dating, etiquette, fashion, groom-

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ing, travel and hi-fi; an interview with Billy Wilder; and the seventh installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* devoted, ironically enough, to an extensive examination of the dangers of censorship in a free society, including an interview with Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black on the significance of the constitutional guarantees of free speech and press in the First Amendment. To justify the action he has taken against PLAYBOY, Mr. Melaniphy must consider all of the foregoing as "predominantly appealing to prurient interest" and "utterly without redeeming social importance."

But wait — that's not all. That, as the Supreme Court made abundantly clear in its *Manual Enterprises* decision, is only the *half* of it. In order to be considered obscene, the June issue of PLAYBOY must *also*, in the words of Justice Harlan, "be deemed so offensive on [its] face as to affront community standards of decency" and be an "obnoxiously debasing portrayal of sex . . . that is portrayed in a manner so offensive as to make it unacceptable under current community mores." To be obscene under U.S. law, *that* description must fit our entire June issue — with the editorial contents listed above; including over 60 pages of quality advertising from 102 top American firms (as evidence of its acceptability in contemporary society); and a total sale of over two million copies (as further evidence of its acceptability in contemporary society), plus a pass-along readership (confirmed by an independent research organization as the highest of any major magazine in the nation) of more than 15 million (as still further evidence of the same).

Just who, precisely, does Mr. Melaniphy think he's kidding?

But let's go a step further. Though the Supreme Court will not allow it in any legal consideration of obscenity, let's examine the Jayne Mansfield feature *by itself* — apart from the rest of the June issue. For it is our contention, and firm conviction, that even when considered alone, there is no justification for the charge of obscenity, so capriciously made by the Corporation Counsel of Chicago.

The U.S. courts have clearly established that nudity is not, per se, obscene. And this includes, as we have indicated, *complete* nudity on the part of *both* sexes, appearing together in a single photograph. It also includes nudity in bed, and out of bed, embracing, and engaged only in casual conversation. And it includes still pictures, and moving pictures, too. Our courts obviously believe that the adult American of today is just as mature as his European counterpart and that he may safely be allowed to view Brigitte Bardot in her latest bare-bottomed bedroom bout — winner take all — without any serious effect on his moral fiber. A rather rash assumption, perhaps, but one that the highest court in the land, after hearing considerable argument pro and con, has expressed itself as willing to make.

The nudity in the June photo feature does not begin to approach that which the Supreme Court has already held to be not obscene. In the bed sequence, Jayne is partially covered by a sheet; as for the man in the pictures, he is fully clothed. It must be pointed out, in addition, that there is no direct body contact: that the man is not reclining, but is seated upright on the edge of the bed, with his feet on the floor; that the photographs are clearly identified as being scenes from a movie; and that it is also clearly stated that in the motion picture, the man (Tommy Noonan) portrays Jayne Mansfield's *husband*.

Now what about those "obscene" captions underneath the photographs? The seductive writhings and gyrations that Mr. Melaniphy believes are calculated to "arouse prurient interests" actually describe Jayne's *unsuccessful* attempt to interest her cinema hubby in coming to bed, while he remains thoroughly engrossed in a book of humor he is reading aloud. The excerpts from the two picture captions, as quoted out of context by Melaniphy and picked up by a part of the press in reporting the arrest, give a completely erroneous impression of the full captions, which read: "Alas, poor Jayne. As she writhes about seductively, the best she can draw from Noonan are some funny lines." and "Jayne, admitting defeat, stops gyrating and starts giggling. Too late, Noonan discovers there's a live body in his bed." *Those* are the lines that appealed to "prurient interests" and made the June issue obscene.

No one familiar with the extensive, explicit sexual dialog and description now found in a great number of the nation's best-selling novels, and considering that the forthright sex prose of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* by D. H. Lawrence and *Tropic of Cancer* by Henry Miller has been specifically cleared of obscenity charges in recent U.S. high court decisions, can seriously suggest that these photo captions in PLAYBOY even approach the obscene.

We have offered a number of examples of material that cannot be correctly called obscene. Where, then, do the courts presently draw the line between what may and may not be considered obscenity? In interpreting the Supreme Court's recently established standards, the highest courts in New York, Massachusetts and California have ruled, in individual cases, that only so-called "hard-core pornography" can be considered so repugnant to contemporary society, so worthless and without redeeming social importance, as to be held "obscene" and, therefore, outside the protections of free speech and press guaranteed us by the Constitution.

Last year the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, in ruling that *Tropic of Cancer* was not obscene, cited the Supreme Court's decision in the *Roth* case, stating, "We conclude, therefore, as in effect the New York court did in the *Richmond County News* case, that, with respect to material designed for general circulation, only predominantly 'hard-core' pornography, without redeeming social significance, is obscene in the constitutional sense."

In a unanimous decision involving the same book, in July of this year, the Supreme Court of the State of California also cited *Roth*, and stated, "This decision and others of the United States Supreme Court, we think, impliedly drew a line of constitutional protection around all material except that which has been described as hard-core pornography. In this analysis . . . we follow the interpretations of the distinguished New York Court of Appeals and Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts."

In a footnote to the decision, the California Supreme Court quotes from *Pornography and the Law* by Drs. Eberhard and Phyllis Kronhausen on the difference between erotic realism, which is not obscene, and hard-core pornography, which is: "*In pornography* (hard-core obscenity) *the main purpose is to stimulate erotic response* in the reader. And that is all. *In erotic realism, truthful description of the basic realities of life, as the individual experiences it, is of the essence*, even if such portrayals . . . have a decidedly anti-erotic effect. But by the same token, if, while writing realistically on the subject of sex, the author succeeds in moving his reader, this, too, is erotic realism, *and it is axiomatic that the reader should respond erotically to such writing*, just as the sensitive reader will respond, perhaps by actually crying, to a sad scene, or by laughing when laughter is evoked."

In effect, the court was indicating that simply because the written word, or a picture, arouses sexual response is no reason for damning it — not if it has any additional worth or value. For as Judge Jerome Frank has stated, "I think that no sane man thinks socially dangerous the arousal of normal sexual desires. Consequently, if reading obscene books has merely that consequence, Congress, it would seem, can constitutionally no more suppress books than it can prevent the mailing of many other objects, such as perfumes, for example, which notoriously produce that result."

While the high courts in other states are taking the Supreme Court to mean what it says regarding freedom of speech and press, in Illinois the Chicago Corporation Counsel is attempting to censor one of the most popular magazines in

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Is it possible that Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy is unfamiliar with the Supreme Court's recent rulings regarding obscenity? Not at all. The *Chicago Sun-Times* reported: Melaniphy admitted "that he is fully aware of the difficulty of getting a conviction in the PLAYBOY case, in view of recent Supreme Court decisions." Melaniphy is familiar with the Supreme Court's decisions – he just doesn't think that *he* has to abide by them. That's the kind of Corporation Counsel we have in the City of Chicago!

Nor did Melaniphy's action end with our arrest: Immediately thereafter *Chicago's American* reported, under the headline "COPS SEEK TO BAN 'PLAYBOY'": "The police department, at the request of the Corporation Counsel's office, today began a drive to halt further sale of the June issue of PLAYBOY magazine. Brian Kilgallon, Assistant Corporation Counsel in charge of enforcing the city's obscenity ordinances, said police throughout the city will attempt to purchase the magazine at newsstands, drug- and bookstores, and other distribution points. Warrants charging the sale of obscene matter will be sought against dealers who sell the June issue with the knowledge that the city has declared it objectionable, he said."

An attempt was thus made to ban the magazine before the charge of obscenity had ever been established in a court of law. It hardly mattered that such prior restraint and attempted intimidation of the city's news dealers is unlawful; Corporation Counsel Melaniphy had already admitted that his office is not bound by Supreme Court decisions – that he is, therefore, *above the law.*

Chicago's American also reported, "Maximum penalty for violating the city ordinance covering sale of obscene matter is a fine of $200. Kilgallon said most dealers are probably out of the magazine or have already stopped its sale. He said he has received several letters concerning the city's action against Hefner, and all were favorable. 'Most people are concerned over how we can prevent this type of magazine from falling into the hands of children,' he said. Kilgallon estimated that two out of three of the magazine's readers are under 21 years of age."

The Assistant Corporation Counsel's "estimate" is, of course, as phony as the obscenity charge itself. The composition of PLAYBOY's audience is a well-established fact, for, like all other major magazines in America, we receive the annual *Consumer Magazine Report* prepared by Daniel Starch and Staff from a continuing, independent survey of general magazine readership throughout the U.S. The 1963 Starch survey indicates that 90.7% of PLAYBOY's male readers are between the ages of 18 and 54. The age composition breaks down as follows: 5.9% are under the age of 18; 27.1% are between the ages of 18 and 24; 40.7% are between the ages of 25 and 34; 11.0% between 35 and 44; 11.9% between 45 and 54; 3.4% are 55 and older. PLAYBOY's female readership, which is sizable, follows the same general age pattern.

Melaniphy's assistant is employing a favorite device of the would-be censor – using a concern for children as a justification for censoring the reading matter of adults (see *The Playboy Philosophy*, February and June, 1963) – an action the Supreme Court has specifically held to be unconstitutional (*Butler vs. Michigan*, 1957).

Chicago's American finished its story with, "James R. Thompson, Assistant State's Attorney in charge of handling grand jury action against obscenity, suggested: (1) Citizens report to the State's Attorney's office books and magazines suspected of being obscene. (2) Formation of community or neighborhood organizations to meet with merchants who sell objectionable material. (3) Boycotting of stores which sell obscene literature."

Here is a prospect certain to gladden the heart of every true American: neighborhood vigilantes censoring the reading habits of their neighbors through intimidation of the local news dealer.

When will we learn that our own rights are based upon protecting the rights of others? If we do not like a particular book or magazine, we are not forced to purchase it; if it offends us, we do not have to read it. But we have no right to force our own tastes and predilections onto others.

CONTEMPORARY STANDARDS

The Supreme Court's definition of obscenity makes reference to, as we have noted, "contemporary community standards." Thus the obscenity of yesterday is not necessarily the obscenity of today, and the obscenity of today need not be the obscenity of tomorrow. Contemporary community standards never remain static, but offer ever-changing criteria for judgment. It is the subjective nature of obscenity that disturbs great men like Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, who feels that the freedoms guaranteed by our Constitution should be *absolutes* – a solid, unshakable foundation upon which our democracy is built.

We have discussed at considerable length, in previous installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, our own opinions on the subject of censorship. We are fundamentally opposed to it in concept – believing that any control over the free exchange of ideas can be harmful to a free society. But if any restraint is to be exercised over the speech and press of free men, then it must be limited to those areas where unbridled expression can cause significant, provable harm. And if any control over sexual obscenity is to be justified on this basis, then surely what is "obscene" must be limited to only the most repugnant, perverted, negative aspects of sex – those that would turn sex from a thing of beauty and pleasure to a thing of pain, brutality and horror.

But as history has proven, over and over again, censorship strikes first at the most delightful, pleasurable aspects of sex and leaves the perverted, the twisted and the truly obscene to flourish.

Fortunately for us all, we live in a time when sexual suppression is on the wane. We are presently involved in what may rightly be termed a Sexual Revolution and we have previously made clear our conviction that this search for a "new morality" should lead Americans to a healthier, less hypocritical attitude on an essential aspect of life too long hidden and repressed.

Some of us tend to forget just how far we have managed to climb toward sexual freedom in no more than two or three generations. Contemporary man and woman are able to look at life and discuss it openly with one another in a manner that would have been unthinkable to our grandparents.

At the turn of the century, the can-can – a lively dance of the French music halls of the time – was considered highly licentious and was even outlawed in Paris, but a little past the midcentury mark, it seems perfectly proper entertainment to most everyone but Khrushchev (who took a very dim view of the performance he witnessed on the set of the film *Can-Can* while visiting Hollywood a couple of years ago – Disneyland, it may be remembered, was more his speed); Judge Thurman Arnold remarked, in a *Playboy Panel* on "Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts" (July 1961), that pin-up photographs in the *Police Gazette* that were regarded as very hot stuff when he was a lad wouldn't warrant a second look from the modern young man raised on Playmates; early in the 1900s, a girl was thought indecent, and was liable to arrest, if she ventured out on a public beach in a bathing suit that bared her knees, while a bikini-clad lass of today wears a suit that covers little more of her anatomy than do her shoes and gloves; the archcensor and bluenose Anthony Comstock caused a national sensation over the painting of an innocent young maid taking an early morning dip – Comstock called it "obscene," among other things (he had a rich, blue vocabulary) – he made the painting famous and anyone who has ever seen a reproduction of *September Morn* may

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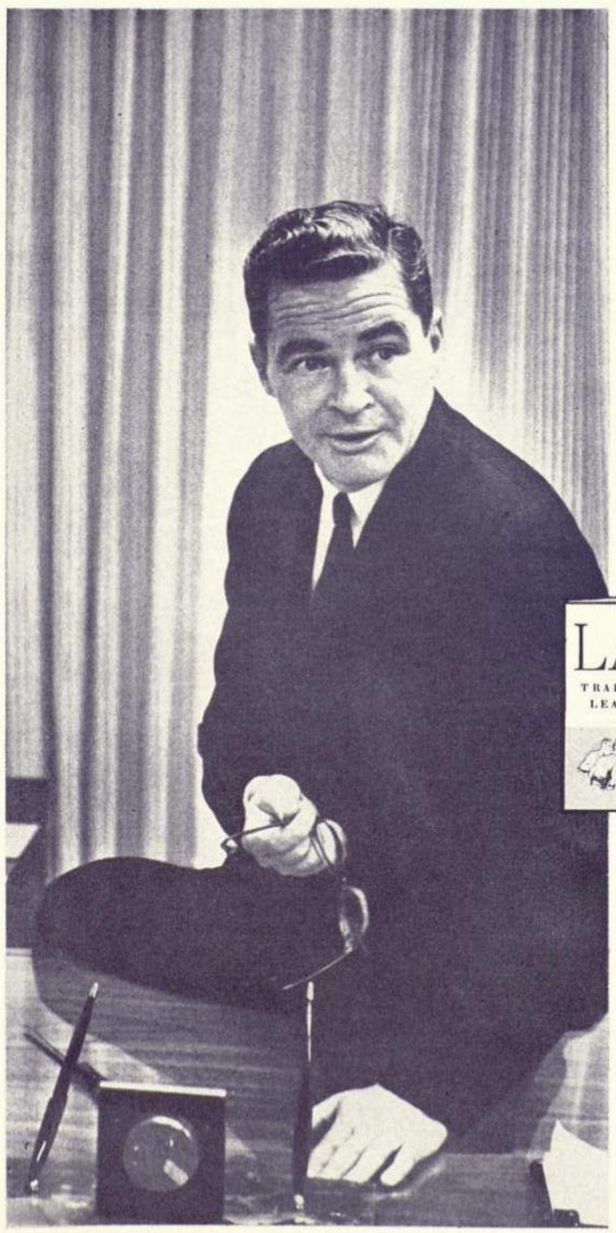

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very well wonder what all the excitement was about.

In the Sixties nudity and sex no longer project the same sense of sin, shame and guilt for most of us that made them such deadening and oppressive burdens for our ancestors throughout history (see *The Playboy Philosophy*, August and September, 1963). The growing acceptance of Freud's revelations regarding the sexual nature of man undoubtedly helped free us; more recently, Kinsey's statistics on sexual behavior helped, too. As scientific perception has replaced medieval superstition, the fear and mystery surrounding sex have been stripped away and, with them, much of sex's power to corrupt and pervert. As we have previously observed, sexual perversion thrives when normal sexual outlets – both physical and psychological – are suppressed.

England's excessive Puritanism over the past two centuries must take the blame for not only the Englishman's traditional lack of spontaneity, but the country's extensive sexual perversion as well. (Britain's more versatile prostitutes offer, as a common practice, such variations on the sexual theme as flagellation, for both sadists and masochists, and homosexuality has long been referred to as "the English vice.") England is now undergoing a Sexual Revolution of its own – about which a great deal is being written – that should markedly reduce such deviations in the future and the chance of any more such pathetic public displays as the Stephen Ward–Christine Keeler–Mandy Rice-Davies trial.

There is still a substantial amount of sick, sin-laden and sensational sex available in every medium of mass communication here in the United States, but there is a growing willingness on the part of many to accept sex more simply and honestly, as a natural part of human experience that need be neither sacred nor profane.

Millions of Americans are reading the sexual realism of books long suppressed as obscene without turning into a nation of sex fiends.

On the one hand, we are still offered such tired tripe as *The Case for Chastity*, a 1962 reprinting by *The Reader's Digest* of an article that originally appeared in that periodical in 1937, with a brief introduction by the editors that proclaims, "The problem it discusses is as acute as it was 25 years ago, and the sound advice contained in the article is, if anything, more pertinent." Which places the *Digest* in the interesting position of apparently believing that sex has stood still in America for the last 25 years; the article is as "pertinent" today as it was in 1937 only in the sense that it was inaccurate, opinionated poppycock then, and still is now. (see *The Playboy Philosophy*, July 1963.)

In contrast, the August 2, 1963, issue of *Time* includes a story that amounts to an editorial endorsement of that grand old dame of English pornography, Fanny Hill. Said *Time*, reporting on a New York trial in which a new edition of the book (published by G. P. Putnam's Sons) was held to be obscene: "Just when it was becoming fashionably sick, someone had to come along and remind everybody that sex can be fun. The contemporary five-foot shelf abounds in incest, lewd vagrancy, homosexual hanky-panky, reckless driving, and other suburban indelicacies. Such misdemeanors seem thoroughly neurotic compared to the plain if repetitive dalliance of Fanny Hill, heroine of John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. . .

"In an age when even serious authors treat the sexual act in terms of a case history or social protest (and the Olympia Press' professional pornographers are driven to exploit De Sadean whips, chains and intricate multiple interlacings to keep ahead of the uncensored press), Fanny Hill's straightforward heterosexuality must come as a shock. None of her escapades, for instance, are as unsavory as the AC-DC boy-meets-boy encounters of James Baldwin's *Another Country*, nor are they as grubbily explicit as the climactic sexual passage in Updike's *Rabbit, Run*.

"Certainly Fanny was no common harlot. Her *Memoirs* combine literary grace with a disarming enthusiasm for an activity which is, after all, only human."

This remarkably refreshing tribute from *Time* offers evidence of just how far society has traveled on the road to sexual liberation, when it is remembered that only a dozen years ago sister-publication *Life* decried the obscenity in the award-winning best sellers *From Here to Eternity* by James Jones and *The Naked and the Dead* by Norman Mailer, in an editorial titled, "From Here to Obscenity."

It should also be remembered that in writing his powerful war novel, Mailer, no pussyfoot among contemporary authors, felt obliged to use *fug* and *fugging* for the more conventional four-letter word and its gerund – a compromise no self-respecting writer of realism, Mailer included, would think of making today.

Mark Twain wrote, "Man has been called the laughing animal, but the monkey laughs; and he has been called the animal that weeps, but several of the others do that. Man is merely and exclusively the Immodest Animal, for he is the only one with a soiled mind, the only one under the dominion of a false shame." The Society for Indecency to Naked Animals – an organization with the avowed purpose of putting pants on all domestic animals ("for the sake of decency") – notwithstanding, man suffers from a good deal less false modesty and shame today than he did in Samuel Clemens' time. The modern young male, and his female counterpart, seem perfectly able to look at the nudity of a fellow human being – even one as uncommonly voluptuous as Jayne Mansfield – without being reduced to an inarticulate state of blushes, smirks and snickers, or developing any of the symptoms of satyriasis or nymphomania. The present generation is being given ample opportunity to prove its new-found maturity, too, as there is more human nakedness on display nowadays than ever before in the magazines and newspapers people choose to read and the motion pictures they go to see. And we're not even considering the problem of all those unclothed domestic animals running around loose – we'll let SINA worry about that.

There can be no question but that we are living in a period of marked social change. In such a time of transition, some portions of society are certain to lag behind the rest. It would be nice to believe that the entire Jayne Mansfield incident could be explained on this basis: that those responsible for the arrest are simply somewhat "behind the times," as it were, and not aware of the changes that have taken place so recently in contemporary standards. No such positive view seems possible. Not when the June issue of PLAYBOY – or *any* issue of PLAYBOY – is so *far* removed from anything even remotely resembling the truly obscene. And not when PLAYBOY is so very much an accepted part of the contemporary scene.

When we first began publishing the magazine nearly 10 years ago, it was much further ahead of the mainstream of contemporary taste and opinion than it is today. The publication was in the forefront of a remarkable sociosexual evolution that was then just beginning to gain real momentum. PLAYBOY has continued to press forward in the years between, but a major part of society has moved forward with it. This shift in PLAYBOY's position, relative to the rest of society, can be seen both in terms of the magazine's own increased acceptance and in the diminishing contrast between the more controversial aspects of PLAYBOY's editorial content and that of a great many other suddenly liberalized U.S. publications.

The circulation success of the magazine is by now legend: from a primary readership of just over 50,000 copies for its first issue, in December 1953, PLAYBOY has grown in popularity to an average circulation of over 1,750,000 for the first six months of 1963, with the largest secondary, or pass-along, readership of any

this lion wears a Rose

and so should you. This Rose is magnificently tailored in Surrétwill® worsted to arm you to the teeth with distinction. When you feel the urge to express your reserve power of good taste, choose your favorite suit model from Rose Brothers superb collection of luxurious Surrétwill worsteds. At fine stores everywhere, or write Rose Brothers, Inc., 275 7th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

ROSE BROTHERS

major magazine in America, pushing its total number of readers each month to more than 15 million. This is community acceptance, in a very real sense. (In an *amicus* brief filed by a "Group for the Defense of Literary and Artistic Freedom" in the California *Tropic of Cancer* case discussed earlier, the sale of the matter in question was actually used as evidence of its having met with community acceptance. The brief stated: ". . . over one million copies of the book have been distributed over the counters of bookstores and libraries throughout the land. . . . Although we would not cite such popularity as a *necessary* criterion of a work's social importance, it seems to us undeniably *sufficient*." If a one-million-copy sale of *Tropic* is "sufficient," what must the continuing, month-in-month-out sale of now nearly two million copies of PLAYBOY each issue represent?)

The diminishing contrast between this and other publications in the editorial approach to sex and nudity is equally evident — and further proof of PLAYBOY's position, as regards contemporary community standards. We have already offered considerable evidence of this trend toward a more forthright handling of sex, in this and previous installments of the *Philosophy*, in almost every area of communication — books, magazines, movies and television.

When PLAYBOY first began publishing, the appearance of a nude photograph in a major American magazine was a real rarity — not only in the family-oriented and women's magazines, but in the men's magazines as well. The calendar company that owned the now-famous nude of Marilyn Monroe, that became PLAYBOY's first Playmate of the Month, was so intimidated by the U. S. Post Office that the only version of the calendar they dared to send through the mails in 1953 had a ludicrously artificial black negligee overprinted on it. Contrast that Post Office position toward nudity with the present administrative attitude, whereby a second-class mailing permit was granted last May to *Sundial* and *Nude Living*, two American nudist magazines in which both sexes appear together in photographs completely naked with the pubic areas exposed.

While no major magazine has seen fit to go this far with its nudity, figure photography is appearing with increased regularity in the family and women's magazines and the majority of the men's magazines now on the newsstands of the nation include photographs of undressed females in every issue.

Harper's Bazaar published a full-page nude of high fashion model Contessa Christina Paolozzi early last year that photographer Richard Avedon had originally intended to submit to PLAYBOY (see *Playboy After Hours*, April 1962); it provoked a stormy reaction in the women's fashion world, but primarily because the Contessa is so very well known in high society. This May *Vogue* printed a double-page, full-color figure study that could have passed for a PLAYBOY Playmate and it produced no apparent criticism; and *Bazaar* bounced back with a black-and-white nude in July with similar success.

Show Publisher Frank Gibney apparently learned a lesson from his brief experience as editor of PLAYBOY's now defunct *Show Business Illustrated*, for hot on the heels of his two-issue diatribe against The Playboy Club (he was a key-holding regular while working for PLAYBOY, but became a Bunny-baiter after moving over to *Show*), his August cover carried a picture of Gina Lollobrigida as a mermaid, with naught but a few strands of hair for a brassiere and enough bare Gina revealed below so that anything more would have matched the maximum exposure of *Nude Living*.

Time has taken to running photos of an over-ripe tomato or two almost every week and they offered readers a nude back shot of actress Carroll Baker (in a scene from her latest movie) in the issue of July 5, followed by a bare-bosomed *Fraülein* at a Bavarian health resort on August 16.

Among the magazines for men, all but the smallest handful publish several pages of nude photographs every issue and a great many of them make PLAYBOY look like *Good Housekeeping* by comparison. Posing in the altogether has become so respectable a part of contemporary mores that well-established film stars like Arlene Dahl, Jane Fonda and Shirley MacLaine willingly strip for special magazine spreads. (In this issue, PLAYBOY presents a nude picture story on Elsa Martinelli; within the next few months, we will publish similar features on Kim Novak, Susan Strasberg, Ursula Andress and Mamie Van Doren.)

Nudity has become an accepted part of American magazine publishing and movies are barer than ever, too. From super stars like Liz Taylor in the multimillion-dollar *Cleopatra* to the unknown starlets in the most inexpensive "nudie" films, the girls are baring their all to boost the box-office appeal of their pictures. More significantly, in terms of the Jayne Mansfield–PLAYBOY arrest, the Chicago Censor Board left uncut the seminude scenes in *Cleo*; the nude shot of Marilyn Monroe in *Marilyn*; the male nudity in *The Sky Above, the Mud Below*; and the nude bedroom scenes of June Ritchie in the English *A Kind of Loving*, and of Romy Schneider in the Italian *Boccaccio '70* — both of which involved men (see *Europe's New Sex Sirens*, PLAYBOY, September 1963). Chicago's censors have also approved the showing of a lengthy list of nudist and "nudie" films during the past year, with extensive female nudity in scenes including men.

But if nudity is now quite common in motion pictures, bedroom embraces in adult cinema are more the rule than the exception. Indeed, in foreign films imported to the U. S., it is difficult to find an example that does *not* include at least one tussle in, on, or near a sack. *The Lovers, The Cousins, The Balcony, From a Roman Balcony, The L-Shaped Room, Shoot the Piano Player, Seven Capital Sins, Five Day Lover, The Joker, Odd Obsession, Jules and Jim, The Truth, Phaedra* and *Never on Sunday* — *all* included tomfoolery twixt the sheets. In *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, French film star Gerard Philippe played mixed doubles in bed with the bare Jeanne Valerie and Annette Vadim.

And in the *same month* that we were arrested for those photographs of a nude Jayne Mansfield trying unsuccessfully to entice her hubby into coming to bed, the Chicago Censor Board approved the showing of *Sweet Ecstasy*, in which see-worthy sexpot Elke Sommer is decked by a male member of a boat party, has her clothes torn open, and is thoroughly manhandled in the passionate, horizontal embracing that ensues (see photos, page 82); in a previous scene on the same afternoon, Miss Sommer rolls about on a sandy beach with a different passion pal and consummates the sex act (while the camera, in a last-minute display of modesty, pans to the rolling surf).

The beach scene in *Sweet Ecstasy* reminded us of the tender seduction in the sand in the Swedish film *One Summer of Happiness*, and we recalled that the *Chicago Tribune* had thought it perfectly permissible to run a photo, in the Sunday roto section of that conservative family newspaper, showing the young couple in a nude embrace.

In our Jayne Mansfield pictorial, as we have mentioned, Tommy Noonan was fully dressed and there was no embrace: Jayne's movie husband was seated upright, on the edge of the bed, reading. In the *same month* as our arrest, two other national magazines ran photographs of couples in bed: *Esquire* and *The Saturday Evening Post* (honest!). The *Post* picture, in the issue of June 22, showed Ian Fleming's bold British agent James Bond, as portrayed by Sean Connery in a scene from 007's second film adventure, *From Russia, with Love*, tucked under the covers with his latest adversary, a sensuous blonde. The July issue of *Esquire* had, as its lead feature, a picture profile of hip-beat author John Filler; in the last photograph, Filler is tucked under the covers with his hip-

(concluded on page 236)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who keeps in step with the changing tempo of the sartorial scene, the PLAYBOY reader is as current with the model he wears as the model he dates. And whether dressed for business or pleasure, the impression he makes is impeccably correct. Facts: 63% of PLAYBOY readers own five or more suits. Over 70% paid $71 or more to suit the season. And if the shoe fits, he wears it. 30% own five or more pairs. 61% paid $20 or more when pairing up. 68% are fully accredited at leading department and clothing stores. It's truly a fashionable man's world. Ask the PLAYBOY reader—a man whose appearance is tailored to set fashion trends. (Source: *1962 Playboy Male Reader Survey*, Benn Management Corp.)

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fiction **By BERNARD WOLFE**

THE GOING PRICE FOR ADORATION

poised between devouring love and destroying hate, the screaming crowd burst through civilization's thin veneer

"GORDON RENGS!" Shelley Makravetes chirped at me over the phone. "Give a listen to this, Gordon Rengs! About that *Roar of Charlemagne* script you did for me two years ago? We're finally going with it, boy! With Anson Luddy in the lead, no less! We're shooting exteriors at the Pacoima ranch, and Luddy'd like you standing by, for say two months, at your usual absurd price, of course, in case we need any hurry-up script changes! We're budgeted at five mill on this one, Gordie, boy! This is in the category of very large! An all-out, and pure family-type, can't miss, Gord!"

Two smoggy Mondays later, at the studio ranch, I met Anson Luddy in the Brobdingnagian flesh. The whole downtown shopping district of Charles the Great's family-type walled home town of

Frankfurt am Main Street had been reconstituted there ("Instant Frankfurt," Shelley announced to me with the creator's pride in his finished product); suddenly, from out of the mossy old castle that apparently was the city hall, there next to the municipal parking lot, came striding this improbable family-type tor of a man, dressed in homespun tunic, breastplate and visored helmet — part viking, part Olympic discus thrower, part Johnny Appleseed, part Paul Bunyan — with maybe a smattering of heist-artist Sterling Hayden and the merest smidgen of trail-boss John Wayne; his *jai-alai* scoop of a hand was held out to me in what I took to be a welcoming.

No wonder Anson Luddy *looked* larger than life: he *was* larger than any life you see on your daily rounds, by several inches, in any dimension you'd care to name. There was no mystery about Shelley Makravetes' willingness to hold up production indefinitely, and to keep reshuffling all the other expensive ingredients in his multimillion golly-gee family-type pie, in order to get this scowling giant for his leading man. It made no difference whether Luddy played Genghis Khan or Beanstalk Jack, Robin Hood or John Glenn: all over the world people by the massy millions would throng to any theater that had Luddy's incitement of a name on its marquee to see Luddy, more Luddy, nothing but Luddy.

So, at 44, I took hold of the first hand ever extended in my direction by a movie star of the first magnitude, and listened to his growl of a voice saying, "You're a man I've been wanting to meet." The vowels came at me rough-edged and slow, as though reluctant to leave his bullish throat.

"Oh? You mean, you like the script?"

"Script?" From their vantage point well over six-feet up, his crisp blue eyes plied me with joyless questions. "Wasn't talking about fool scripts." He seemed let down. He thinned his lips, which, I knew from three-dozen movies, generally hung in meaty immobility, too heavy with programmatic standoffishness to alter with the more superficial play of mood. "All right. If we're talking movie talk: what do you think of this casting me as Charlemagne?"

"My question first: What do you think of the script?"

Knotting of brows: "You've put down the minimum of words to tell what looks like a story, words that almost make this kindergarten fabrication sound true, words mediocre enough not to upstage the actors; which means, I think it's a good script, as scripts go. What do you think of me as Charlemagne?"

"It's complicated. Originally, Shelley had Tony Curtis in mind, so I wrote Charlemagne as Tony Curtis. Tony Curtis as Charlemagne would have been a good Tony Curtis, and you as Charlemagne will be a damned-good Anson Luddy."

"Meaning: this picture isn't about Charlemagne, it's about Anson Luddy?"

"If I understand the logic of the movie business at all, it adds up to this: Charlemagne can't pack them in at the box office, but Anson Luddy can and does, so we call our hero Charlemagne and make him come out Anson Luddy. With this logic in mind, and intending no sarcasm, I can honestly say: I'm glad you're doing the part."

"I'd return the dubious compliment and say I'm glad to be doing it," he said, narrowing his eyes, "but I don't think you give a damn one way or the other."

With that, he squinted provocatively at me for a moment, then turned and made his ponderous, cannonball-shouldered, sequoia-thighed way to his mobile dressing room, where he sat on the stairs, pulled a book from under his chest armor, and settled down with grouty lips to read. From time to time he raised his blue-sherbet frosts of eyes to consider me, but whether this was in contemplation or derision, I had no idea.

• • •

For the next two weeks Luddy stayed in his corner whenever he wasn't doing a scene, reading, and I sat a cautious half-block away, satisfied to reinforce the psychic distance between us with some of its physical counterpart, doing my best not to go to sleep. During those 10 working days I was asked to change exactly seven words in the script; in one case an "a" was substituted for a "the" and in another, after lengthy conferring a "these" was made a "those." Computing it on a piecework basis, the studio was paying me exactly $571.43 for each word change, more than Lincoln had been reimbursed for the entire Gettysburg Address or the English barons for their superior phrase-making in the Magna Charta; and as for the inspired prophet who inscribed those two Letters to the Corinthians, I doubt that he received for his total effort a royalty check anywhere close to my rate per word. The literary market, I reflected, is nothing if not erratic.

On the morning of the third Monday, Shelley came over to the disc-wheeled tumbrel in the shadow of which I was stretched out on the grass doing my usual crossword puzzle. He patted one of the twitchy Arabian steeds hitched to the expertly ruded-up conveyance.

"When's the last time you got paid this kind of coin for not writing?"

"Every time I work on a movie I get paid this kind of coin for not writing. The industry won't come of age until it gives up the pretense that the scenarist's job has anything in common with writing."

"Any suggestions for a more fitting term?"

"A few come to mind. Creative Typing. Tenoning and Mortising with Words for Fun and Profit. The Syllabification of the Inconsequential in Conversational Mode. We'll find something."

"A meat cleaver down on your meat head, buddy-boy." Shelley brooded for a while. "That Anson worries me. How much horseback fighting and tearassing around parapets can you do on Metrecal?" He drifted off.

Two days later, when lunch break came, I went over as usual to the truck that served us as commissary, a sort of Monel-metal chuck wagon, got my cardboard plate heaped high with short-order specialties (Salisbury-steak patty, twist of carrot, spill of cottage cheese, soggy pineapple ring) and walked back to my retreat alongside my tumbrel. In a moment a gravelly voice from behind ground out, "You're not going to eat that slop?"

It was Luddy, in a sort of burlap jerkin.

"Don't know what else to do with it," I said.

"I can think of something," Luddy said. He reached for the plate, went over to the horses tethered before the cart, and offered them my lunch. The animals jawed the garbage out of sight in two seconds, and looked as pleased as if they had just eaten uncorrupted high-protein grass. Luddy came back and flopped on the lawn next to me. "I'll see that you get some decent chow today. I should have invited you to lunch before, but I had some reading to do." He held up a book, one of mine, *Messages, Hints*. "Hard to get, and hard to read."

"Hard to write, too." He'd caught me so far off base that I had no further gems to offer.

"I can believe it. Parts of it have bite, especially the parts about Spain. But you go too far with the word games. The words can get in front of the people."

Could I have put it better myself? "The dodge of a writer in his first gropings: the hideout of style. If you don't see your people clearly, weave embroideries of words around them; diversionary maneuver. Most books are about words rather than people, I'd say. Because most writers are better at weaving words than seeing people." I followed his power-shovel hands as they tried to restore order to his blond hair. "I know the book's not easy going. All the same, it shouldn't take two-and-a-half weeks to —"

"Don't get me wrong: I started it yesterday and finished it today. Since we started shooting I've read all *nine* of your books."

I said, "Don't you know you can get blackballed *(continued on page 216)*

"Somehow, I can't see this lasting . . ."

LIQUEURS: AN APPRECIATION BY KEN W. PURDY

a connoisseur's tour through the exotic, the esoteric, the elysian in after-dinner nectars

THE LAUDABLE PURPOSE of freeing the young and the beautiful from the tangled skein of inhibition is best accomplished, folklore has it, by the 10-to-1 martini.

For boors, perhaps. For those who would dynamite a trout pool, yes. For gentlemen, no. Even for the merely sophisticated, no. Alcohol in volume may increase the carnal appetite, but it raises hell with participatory appreciation. And even if the baseball-bat approach be considered (as it may have to be, granted, in very special cases) the martini, the Rotarian's delight, is not the instrument of choice. The martini looks and tastes like what it is: a cold anesthetic. As strong and innocent-tasting a drink as is known to the civilized world is this, invented in the 1930s by a man behind the Wrigley Building bar in Chicago and called A Raincheck for the Departing Guest:

1 part tequila
¾ Fulstrength Scotch (114.2 proof)
¼ Drambuie
Juice of half a lime.

This confection, you will note, is, save a teaspoon of lime juice, all alcohol; but unlike a martini, a Raincheck tastes like fruit punch. The Scotch kills off the tequila; the Drambuie, being a Scotch-base liqueur, smooths down the whisky; the lime juice cuts back the sweetness of the Drambuie and lends the jolly fruit-cup overtaste. Most drinks touted as strong are either nothing of the kind or else they taste like blowtorch fuel. The martini is a strong drink, and the taste tells you so. The original zombie was a strong drink, and the sheer volume of it told you so. The Raincheck is a strong drink and it warns you not at all. (It should be made with Fulstrength Scotch only, and you may have a little trouble finding that brand today. The best of British luck to you.)

Another virtue of the Raincheck is that the inclusion of Drambuie in the formula gives it a foothold in the infinitely interesting world of liqueurs, brandies and cordials. It's strange that we make comparatively so little use of liqueurs in this country. Their variety endlessly rewards exploration. Many have fabulously interesting histories, and a modicum of knowledge about them can proliferate into remarkably interesting conversational discourse. And it is *not* true that there is only one aphrodisiac among liqueurs (absinthe) and that one banned. *All* liqueurs, cordials and crèmes are aphrodisiacs. Not chemically, but in the subtler sense: students of such matters know that all smooth, spicy, scented substances are aphrodisiacs, foods as well as liquors. A grilled double lamb chop is not aphrodisiac but lobster newburg is.

The well-tended private bar has a capacious liqueur section, and the bottles with which it is stocked can be dismally dull or most intriguing, an accurate reflector of the personality of he who has done the stocking. A bottle of cognac, one of B&B and a flagon of domestic crème de menthe do not constitute a gentleman's array of liqueurs. A more nearly complete catalog impends. Meanwhile, this is as good a place as any in which to state that the following discourse does *not* constitute a total listing of the world's liqueurs, or of those liqueurs available in the domestic market; it is not a listing of anything save what has interested and pleased me alone. I have made no attempt at achieving a complete encyclopedia and if I do not include your favorite *eau de vie*, or the one in which you have a commercial interest, kindly do not send your complaint to me.

Exotics like barack-palinka and Calisay and mandarine are tempting, but the basics, the foundation stones, should be considered first, and the first of the basics is the prince of liqueurs, Chartreuse. There are two kinds of Chartreuse, and all yellow Chartreuse, according to an ancient saying, would be green if it could. Green Chartreuse runs 110 proof, which means that it is 55 percent alcohol, and contains, according to various authorities, 130 or 230 or 136 separately identifiable ingredients, most of them herbs. It is unique. The formula is one of the world's best-kept secrets, and the liqueur cannot be duplicated without it: Chartreuse has defied analysis by every means presently known to us. Yellow Chartreuse is 86 proof and its formula lists 110 ingredients, it is said. Although the lesser of the two, yellow Chartreuse is probably the best of the *liqueurs jaunes* or yellow liqueurs, a category that takes in all the herb- and seed-based forms. (Among common liqueur ingredients which an expert taster can quickly pick out: fennel, anise, sage, orrisroot, ginger, cloves, nutmeg, cardamom, calamus root, lemon balm, génépi, angelica root, arnica, amber, cinnamon, caraway, aloes, the pits of almonds, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries, citrus rind, orange blossom, cacao, coffee, tea, sugar, honey, gentian, wormwood, rose petals, violets, hyssop, myrtle, rosemary, sage, mint, grapefruit.)

Chartreuse is strong stuff, far stronger, at 110 proof, than brandy or bourbon, although a long way under the brutal 150-proof *(continued on page 204)*

"Thank heaven there are just so many full moons in a year!"

NO TIME FOR THE BILLIARD BALLET

this was it, they decided, this would liberate them from the rat race

DRIVING HOME, Ray said, "Want to stop at the Hibiscus for a nightcap or something?"

"A drink? Just before bed? I don't think so. Unless you particularly want one for some reason."

"No. We could make it coffee if you'd rather. They have a coffee shop."

She didn't answer immediately, and when he glanced at her the corners of her mouth were bunched in a repressed smile. Quickly she said, "All right, let's stop if you like. Only I think I'll have tea; coffee keeps me awake."

"What's funny?"

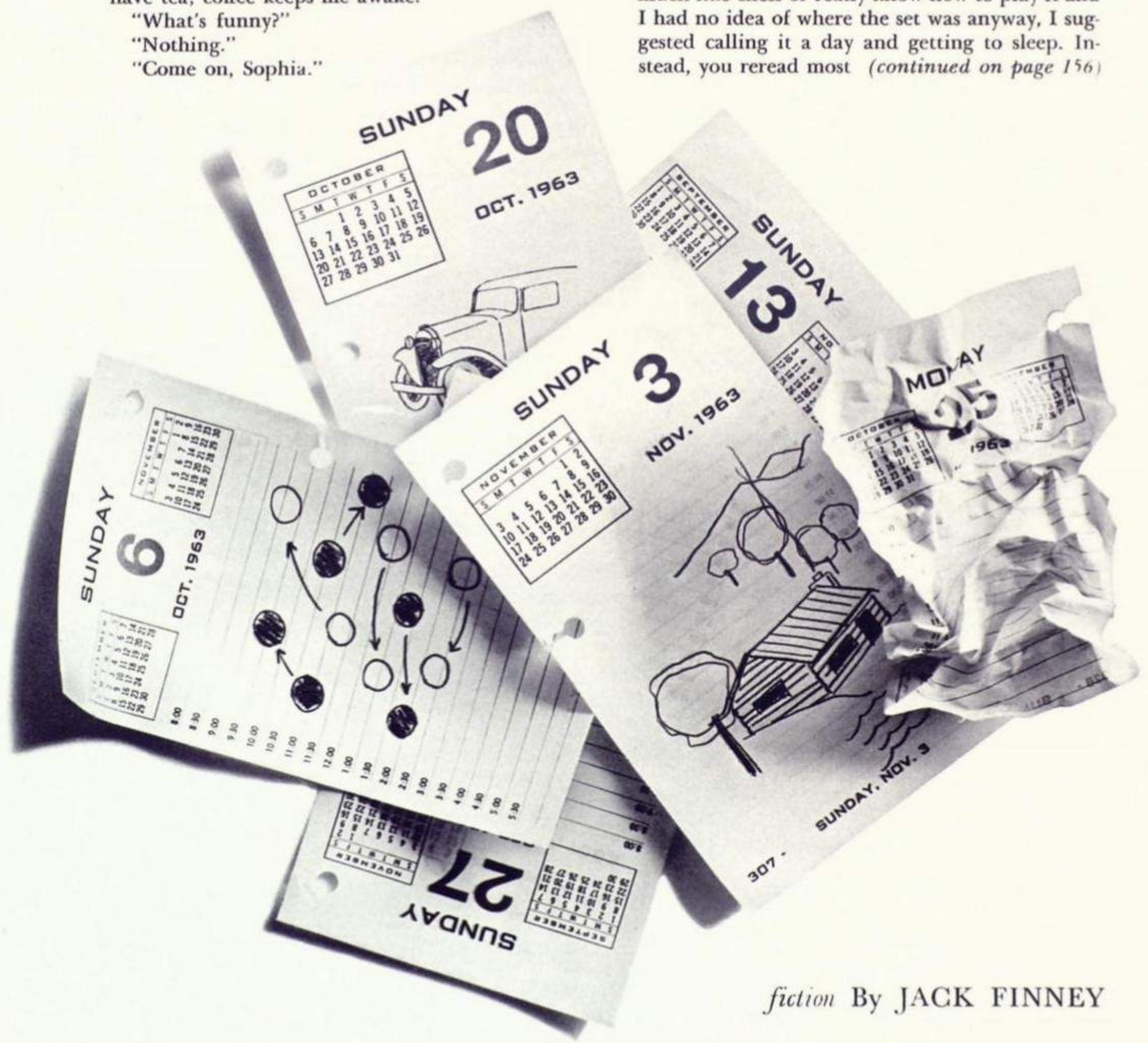
"Nothing."

"Come on, Sophia."

She let her mouth relax in a laugh. "You really don't know? Well, it's just that you've started the Sunday-night Stall; I've been wondering what it would be this week."

"The what?" He touched the brake, then curved onto the turnoff for the pink-neoned motel-bar-and-restaurant on the paralleling service road.

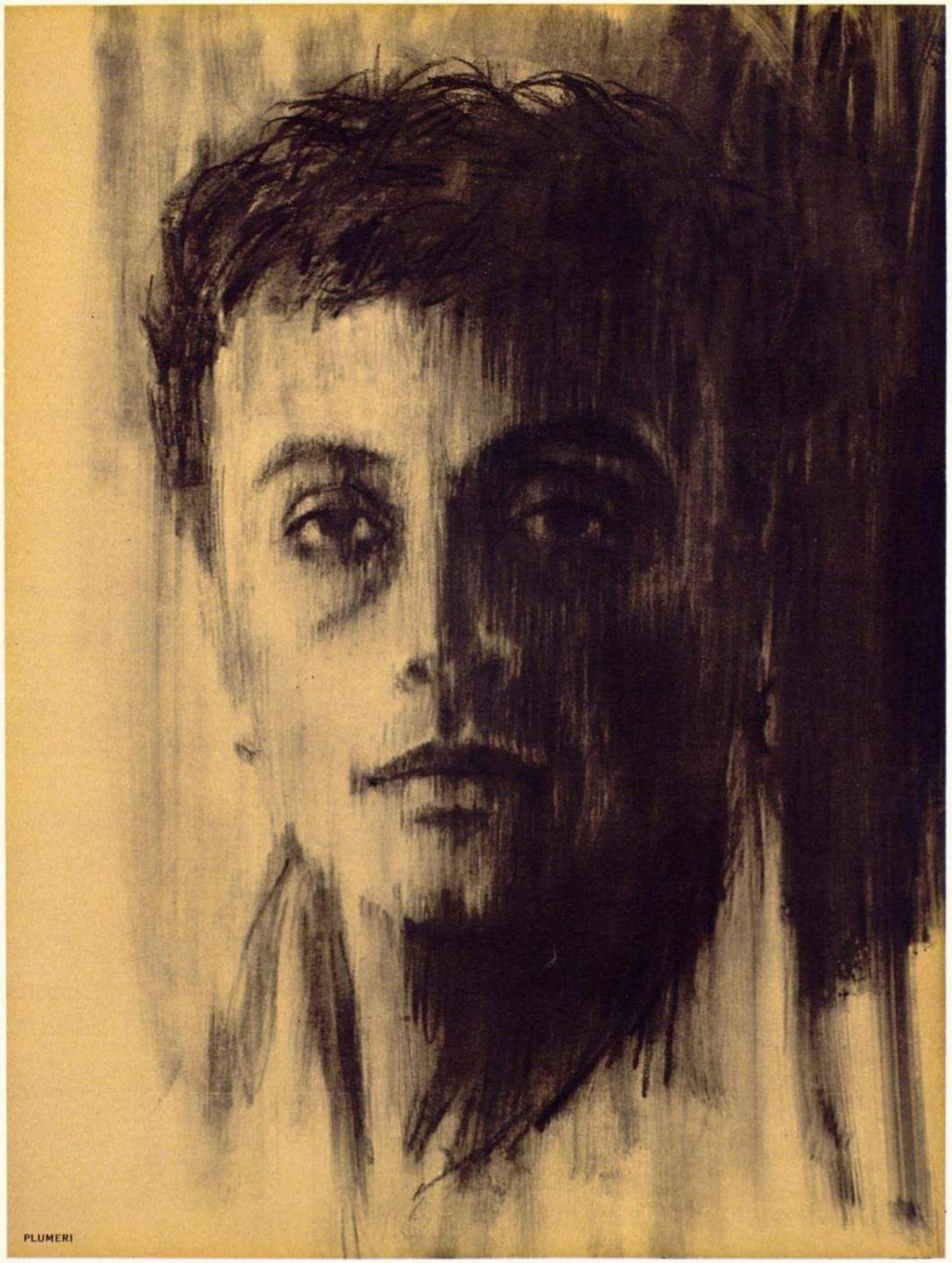
"Well, last Sunday when we got home from the movies it was a sudden revival of interest in chess. Since it was 11:40 at night and we don't much like chess or really know how to play it and I had no idea of where the set was anyway, I suggested calling it a day and getting to sleep. Instead, you reread most *(continued on page 156)*



fiction By JACK FINNEY

"I went to the craziest party tonight! We played a game that's sort of like Musical Chairs. It's called Musical Beds . . . !"

how to talk dirty and influence people



part one of an autobiography by lenny bruce

introduction: *Once upon a time, when everyone else was afraid to speak out about a certain infallible emperor as he paraded grandly through the streets, there was one little boy who insisted that the emperor was naked. That little boy grew up to be Lenny Bruce, the most controversial — and the most busted — comic of our generation.*

Today, almost every time Bruce opens his mouth or takes his medicine he gets arrested, either for obscenity or on a narcotics charge.

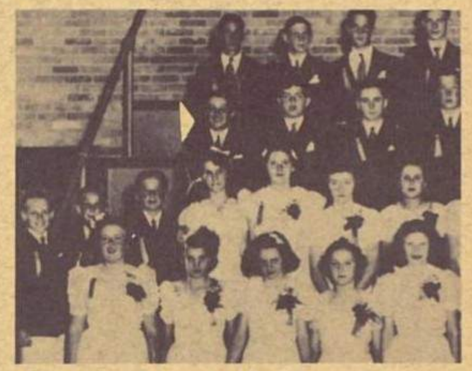
His narcotics busts have occurred in Philadelphia (dismissed), Miami (dismissed), Van Nuys, California (dismissed), and in Hollywood (convicted). In the Hollywood case earlier this year, a jury found him guilty despite conflicting expert testimony; two doctors stated that a series of standard chemical tests proved that he was not an addict, but two psychiatrists who interviewed him briefly said he was. Instead of sentencing Bruce to jail, the judge invoked California's "Department 95" which provides for indefinite hospitalization for a period of up to 10 years. The case has been appealed and, as of this writing, Bruce is free and working.

Why all those narcotics arrests? Bruce says emphatically that he takes only certain legally prescribed drugs for physical trouble related to a couple of bouts with hepatitis years ago and carries with him letters by three physicians to that effect. But the letters carry no weight with vice-squad officers whose real interest in him, Bruce says, is a desire to somehow punish him for his night-club material.

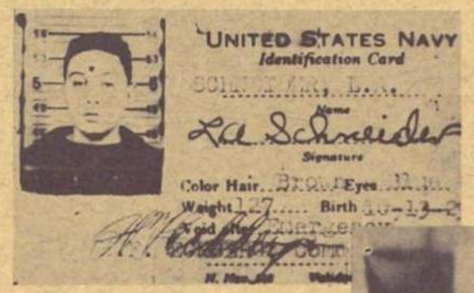
There does seem to be a correlation: besides obscenity arrests in San Francisco (acquitted), Chicago (convicted in absentia, one year and $1000, under appeal), and Los Angeles (two cases dismissed, one pending), Lenny has also been the target of police warnings, visitations and investigations in almost every city that he's worked. Night after night, teams of detectives loom in his audiences, eagerly keeping score of his "dirty" words. (Since one of the legal criteria for determining obscenity is the appeal to prurient interest, Bruce is fond of saying: "If any of my words stimulate police officers sexually, they are in a lot of trouble.")

The word watchers and vice raiders have also taken to hitting Bruce in the bankbook, using their flashing badges to badger nervous night-club owners. In Vancouver last year, a club owner regretfully closed Bruce out after local officials threatened to tear up the club's license. The same thing happened in Australia. And, earlier this year, Bruce wasn't even allowed to enter England. There is no way of knowing just how many potential U. S. bookings have dried up under official heat, but it is safe to say that (1) the majority of American club owners admire Bruce but (2) they're now afraid to touch him.

Police action against Bruce has become so consistent that Variety deemed it newsworthy to report that he was not arrested during his engagement earlier this



A group of my North Bellmore schoolmates who may someday turn up on a jury.



"How come your name is Schneider and you use the name Bruce?" Because Leonard Alfred Schneider sounded too Hollywood.

Portrait of a post-War vagrant. I wanted to look like Warner Baxter or Roland Young but, alas, the comment from Aunt Mema was: "You look like a pimp."

A girl in every port.

year at San Francisco's Off Broadway.

But Bruce has not compromised his performances. On opening night at Off Broadway, a man in the audience suddenly hollered out with spontaneous sincerity: "Lenny, you're honest!"

That salute has become the rallying cry of the many perceptive people who admire and respect the man upon whom Time magazine originally hung the albatross label of sick comedian — "the sickest of them all." To his supporters, Bruce's brand of humor is not an illness but a potent antibiotic, capable of attacking — and perhaps curing — our real social ills.

"Lenny Bruce is here to talk about the phony, frightened, lying world," wrote the Chicago Tribune's Will Leonard scant days before Bruce's obscenity arrest at Chicago's Gate of Horn this year. And Richard Christiansen, in the Chicago Daily News, termed Bruce "the healthiest comic spirit of any comedian working in the United States today." His act, said Christiansen, "is right smack at the center of a true comedy that strips all prejudices and reveals man's inhumanity to man."

Total honesty, of course, is not necessarily total wisdom or even total goodness. In Bruce, a compulsive, albeit honest, desire to develop the inherent humor in macabre situations is often misunderstood by literal-minded listeners. Accused of being sadistic in his comedy, he once replied: "If there is any sadism in my work, I hope I . . . well, if there is, I wish someone would whip me with a large belt that has a big brass buckle."

Unable to grasp the subtle side of Bruce, his enemies have been forced to attack the one thing about him that they do understand — his vocabulary. Much like the militant folk of Butte County, California, who succeeded in having several copies of the scholarly, 670-page Dictionary of American Slang destroyed because it contained some words they considered obscene, many Bruce-haters would like to see him burned because he, too, contains a few dirty words.

But there is a reason for Bruce's "dirty" words and, fortunately, there are still some articulate people who see it. Columnist Ralph J. Gleason, writing in the San Francisco Examiner, put it this way: "That Bruce can be hilariously, brilliantly funny without the use of his steaming vocabulary is absolutely true. But it also seems to me that it is equally beside the point . . .

"Lenny Bruce says that words are not, in and of themselves, dirty. That he illustrates this by the use of words you and I may think are dirty, and in the process cleanses these words, seems to me to have considerable reputable precedent, not the least of which is Lawrence and Joyce.

"Bruce constantly, and in an infinite variety of ways, attacks the hypocrisy of today's world . . . Lenny Bruce makes you think and makes you examine your basic attitudes. This is upsetting. If it distresses you and you can't come to grips with it, then perhaps the hang-up is yours, not his."

Writing on the subject of Bruce and his vocabulary, Professor John Logan of the University of Notre Dame came to a similar conclusion: "I find him a brilliant and inventive moralist in the great tradition of comic satire — Aristophanes, Chaucer, Joyce. If his use of four-letter words constitutes obscenity, then those satirists were also obscene."

His curiosity aroused, he tells us, by all that he has read and heard about himself, Lenny Bruce recently decided to figure himself out by writing his own story.

The result is an autobiography that is much more than merely factual — it is true. It explains the why and how of Lenny Bruce. And, because we believe that Bruce is worth understanding, we are proud to present — in this and forthcoming issues of PLAYBOY *— his story.*

Any potential reader who may have been offended by Bruce's language onstage is forewarned that "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People" is written in the same idiom. To have altered it would have been untrue to what he is.

As Kenneth Tynan, Britain's leading drama critic, has written: "We are dealing with an impromptu prose poet, who trusts his audience so completely that he talks in public no less outrageously than he would talk in private . . . Hate him or not, he is unique, and must be seen."

Similarly, we believe, he must be read.

LADIES WITH SHORT HAIR are Lesbians; colored men are built abnormally large; Filipinos come quick.

Such bits of erotic folklore were related daily to my mother by Mrs. Janesky, a middle-aged widow who lived across the alley, despite the fact that she had volumes of books delivered by the postman every month — *A Sane Sex Marriage, Ovid the God of Love, How to Make Your Marriage Partner More Compatible* — which always arrived in a plain brown wrapper marked "Personal."

She would begin in a pedantic fashion, using academic medical terminology, but within 10 minutes she would be spouting her hoary hornyisms. Their conversation drifted to me as I sat under the sink, picking at the ripped linoleum, day-dreaming and staring at my Aunt Mema's Private Business, guarded by its sinkmate, the vigilant C-N bottle, vanguard of Lysol, Zonite and Messingil.

Aunt Mema's Private Business, the portable bidet, was a large red rubber bulb with a long black nozzle. I could never figure out what the hell it was for. I thought maybe it was an enema bag for people who lived in buildings with a super who wouldn't allow anyone to put up nails to hang things on; I wondered if it was the horn that Harpo Marx squeezed to punctuate his silent sentences. All I knew was that it definitely was *not* to be used for water-gun battles, *(continued on page 108)*

FAIRY TALES FOR THE JET SET

satire

By LARRY SIEGEL

in which some classic bedtime yarns are devilishly updated

GOLDENBERG AND THE THREE BEHRS

ONCE UPON A TIME, there were three Behrs — Edward Behr, Keith Behr, and Wesley Behr. They were brothers, and they lived in adjoining houses in a small town in Connecticut. One morning, an hour after they all caught the 8:03 for Manhattan, a brush salesman named Goldenberg called at Edward's house.

When Edward's beautiful wife opened the door, Goldenberg forgot all about his brushes and started to make love to her. But she was too cold. Feeling insecure because of her seeming indifference toward him, Goldenberg seized his sample case and fled to the house next door.

There he met Keith's wife, who was also very lovely, so he began to make love to her too. But she was too hot. Possessed by a deep-seated fear that he wouldn't be able to satisfy her, Goldenberg grabbed his sample case and went to the next house.

When Goldenberg saw Wesley's comely wife, he made love to her also. And to his delight he found out that she was neither too cold nor too hot, but just right. So he spent the day with her.

That afternoon the three brothers returned from work a little earlier than usual. When Edward noticed that his wife's lipstick was smeared, he ran next door to Keith's house and said to his brother, "Somebody's been making love to my wife."

Keith suddenly noticed that his wife's lipstick was also smeared. So he and Edward ran next door to Wesley's house. "Somebody's been making love to my wife!" cried Keith to Wesley.

The three of them began searching through the house for Wesley's wife, and they finally found her in the master bedroom. She was in what they refer to in nonfairy tales as a compromising position with Goldenberg. "Somebody's been making love to my wife," said Wesley. "And *there he is!*"

Instead of panicking, Goldenberg calmly got out of the bed, began to dress, and said, "Did *I* have a day today! First I tried making love to Edward's wife, but she was too cold and I felt insecure with her (at this Edward snickered knowingly). Then I tried making love to Keith's wife, but she was too hot and I felt I couldn't satisfy her (at this Keith smiled inwardly). And then I made love to Wesley's wife, and I found her to be neither too cold nor too hot — but just right. And very obliging and cooperative too, I might add. Now she is planning to divorce Wesley and leave with me for Australia, where I will open up a brush store."

So Edward and Keith killed him.

CITRONELLA

ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA there lived a beautiful young rich girl named Citronella. While her stepmother and two stepsisters were running around all the time having fun, Citronella was forced to sit home every day and supervise the staff of 24 household servants.

One day the dashing Duke of Mesmerania decided to throw a beach party at his own private waterway — the Mediterranean Sea — and all the fair maidens from miles around were invited to attend. But when Citronella asked to go, her stepmother and stepsisters laughed at her.

"Who ever heard of a household manager going to a beach party?" they said. "Besides, we're all to wear bikinis, and *you* don't own one. *You* would look ridiculous in a bikini. Absolutely ridiculous! Nude you look great, but in a bikini . . . !"

Then they laughed again, put on their bikinis, and went to the party.

Poor Citronella. She had a wardrobe of 135 gowns, but no bikinis. How she cried! How she wanted to go to the beach party!

All of a sudden a handsome young man with stenciled eyebrows and a neat pompadour appeared.

"Who are you?" asked Citronella.

"I am the fairy dress designer," said the young man. "Your stepmother just hired me this morning. I am sorry to see you look so sad. I will make you a bikini so that you can go to the beach party too."

In a flash he removed a bandanna that he wore around his neck, and with the aid of a pair of scissors and needle and thread, he magically transformed it into a cunning bikini.

Bursting with joy Citronella removed her clothes, and while the fairy dress designer looked on indifferently, she put on the bikini.

"You'd better return at 12 o'clock," he warned her, as she prepared to leave.

"Why?" asked Citronella.

"I don't know," he said. "It sounded like a good dramatic thing to say. Actually, as far as I'm concerned, you can stay a week if you like."

What a glorious time Citronella had at the beach party! She danced every dance *(continued on page 238)*

how to talk dirty

(continued from page 106)

and that what it *was* for was none of my business.

When you're eight years old, nothing is any of your business.

All my inquiries about Aunt Mema's large red rubber bulb, or why the hairs came out of the mole on her face and nowhere else, or how come the talcum powder stuck between her nay-nays, would get the same answer: "You know too much already, go outside and play."

Her fear of my becoming a preteen Leopold or Loeb was responsible for my getting more fresh air than any other kid in the neighborhood.

In 1932 you really heard that word a lot — "business." But it wasn't, "I wonder what happened to the business." Everyone knew what happened to the business. There wasn't any. "That dumb bastard President Hoover" was blamed for driving us into the Depression by people who didn't necessarily have any interest in politics, but just liked saying "That dumb bastard President Hoover."

I would sit all alone through endless hours and days, scratching out my homework on the red Big Boy Tablet, in our kitchen with the shiny, flowered oilcloth, the icebox squatting over the pan that constantly overflowed, and the overhead light, bare save for a long brown string with a knot on the end, where flies fell in love.

I sort of felt sorry for the damn flies. They never hurt anybody. Even though they were supposed to carry disease, I never heard anybody say he caught anything from a fly. My cousin gave two guys the clap, and nobody ever whacked *her* with a newspaper.

The desperate tension of the Depression was lessened for me by my Philco radio with the little yellow-orange dial and the black numbers in the center. What a dear, sweet friend, my wooden radio, with the sensual cloth webbing that separated its cathedrallike architecture from the mass airwave propaganda I was absorbing — it was the beginning of an awareness of a whole new fantasy-culture . . .

"Jump on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round — the Highway, the Byway, to New York Town . . ."

"And here comes Captain Andy now . . ."

The biggest swinger was Mr. First-Nighter. He always had a car waiting for him. "Take me to the little theater off Times Square." Barbara Luddy and Les Tremayne.

And Joe Penner said: "Hyuk, hyuk, hyuk."

"With a cloud of dust, the speed of light and a hearty *Hi-Yo Silver Away!*"

Procter & Gamble provided many Fulbright and Guggenheim fellowship winners with the same formative exposure.

Long Island had loads of screen doors and porches. Screen doors to push your nose against, porches to hide under. It always smelled funny under the porch. I had a continuing vision of one day crawling under there and finding a large cache of money, which I would spend nobly on my mother and aunt — but not until they explained the under-the-sink apparatus; and, if there was enough money, perhaps Mema would even demonstrate it for me.

I would usually hide under the porch until it came time to "get it."

"You just wait till your father comes, then you're really gonna get it." I always thought what a pain in the ass it would be to be a father. You have to work hard all day and then, instead of resting when you come home, you have to "give it" to someone. I didn't "get it" as much as other kids, though, because my mother and father were divorced.

I had to wait until visiting days to "get it."

I look back in tender relished anger, and I can smell the damp newspapers that waited on the porch for the Goodwill — they never picked up anything we gave them because we never had it packed right — and I can hear the muffled voices through the kerosene stove.

"Mickey, I don't know what we're going to do with Lenny. He was so fresh to Mema. You know what he asked?"

Then they would all laugh hysterically. And then my father would *schlep* me from under the porch and whack the crap out of me.

For being fresh to Mema. For forgetting to change my good clothes after school and catching my corduroy knickers on a nail. And for whistling. I would even "get it" for whistling.

I used to love to whistle. The first tune I learned to whistle was *Amapola.* "Amapola, my pretty little poppy. . . ." I received most of my musical education from the sounds that wafted from the alley of Angelo's Bar and Grille, Ladies Invited, Free Lunch. I was enthralled with the discovery of the jukebox: a machine that didn't sew, drill, boil or kill; a machine solely for fun.

I almost always made a good score in back of Angelo's Bar and Grille; the loot consisted of deposit bottles. But there was a hangup — you could never find anyone willing to cash them. The most sought-after prize was the large Hoffman bottle which possessed a five-cent bounty.

Mr. Geraldo, our neighborhood grocer, cashed my mother's relief check and so he knew we had barely enough money for staples. Therefore, the luxury of soda pop in deposit bottles was obviously far beyond our economic sphere. Besides, he couldn't relate to children. He disliked them because they made him nervous.

"Could I have a glass of water, please?"

"No, the water's broken."

When I brought the bottles to him, he would interrogate me without an ounce of mercy. "Did you buy these here? When did you buy them?" I would always fall prey to his Olga-of-Interpol tactics. "Yes, I think we bought them here." Then he would finger-thump me on the back of the head, as if he were testing a watermelon. "Get the hell outta here, you never bought any soda here. I'm going to report your mother to the welfare man and have him take her check away."

I could hear the welfare man saying to Mema: "Your nephew — you know, the one who knows too much already — he's been arrested on a Deposit Bottle Charge. We have to take your check away."

Then where would Mema go? We would all have to live under the porch, with the funny smell.

That was the big threat of the day — taking the check away. Generalities spewed forth: The goyim were always being threatened with the loss of their checks because of their presence in bars, and the Yidden for their presence in banks.

Another sure way for a family to lose its check was for any member to be caught going to the movies. But I didn't worry about that. My friend and I would sneak in, hide under the seats while the porter was vacuuming, and then, after the newsreel was over, we would pop up in the midst of Lou Lehr's "Mongees is da chrrazziest beeple . . ."

Anyway, my next stop with the deposit bottles would be the King Kullen Market. The manager stared at me. I returned his stare with no apparent guile. I tried to look as innocent and Anglo-Saxon as Jackie Cooper, pouting, pooched-out lip and all, but I'm sure I looked more like a dwarfed Maurice Chevalier.

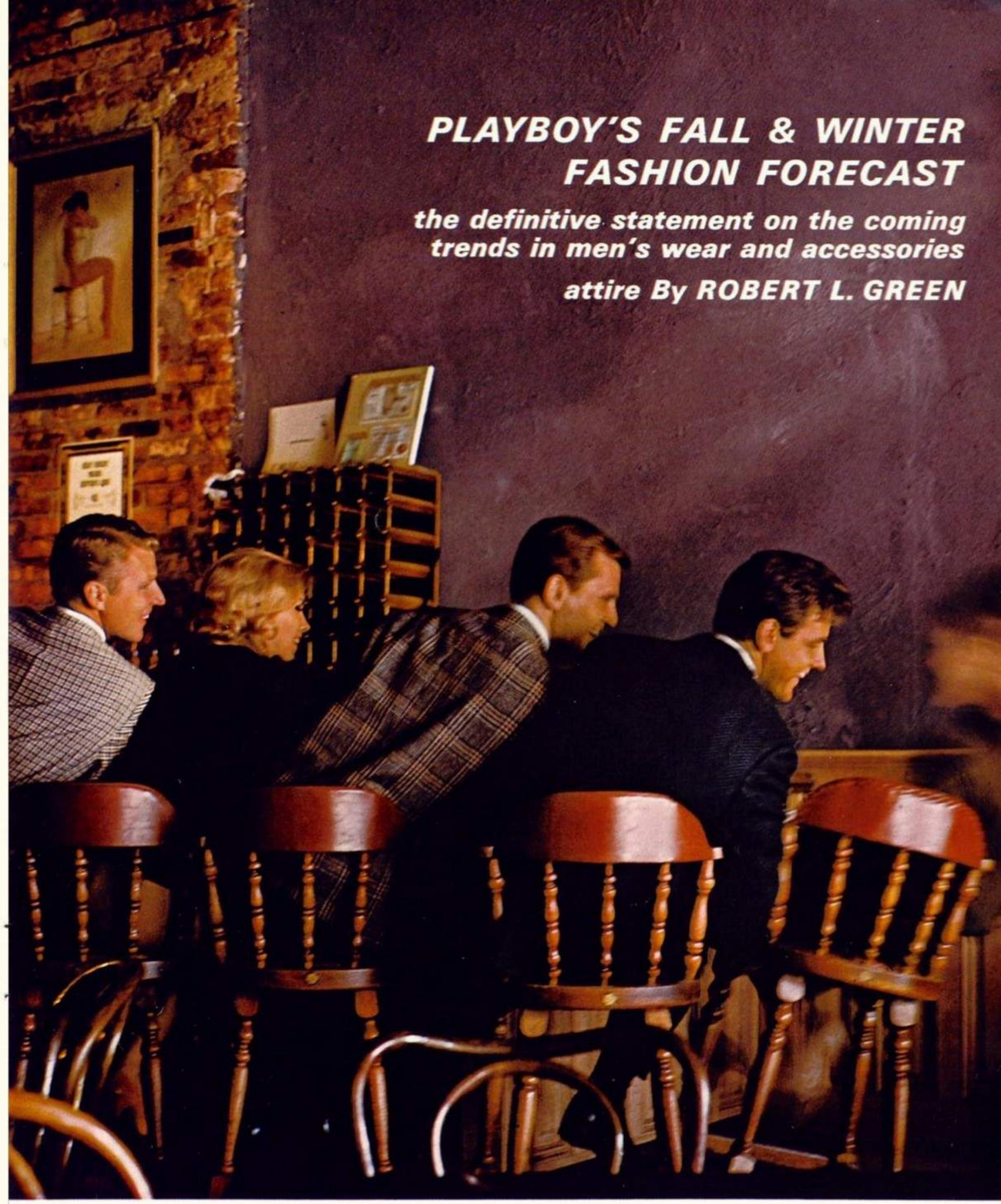
"I bought them yesterday — I don't know how the dirt and cobwebs got inside . . ."

He cashed the bottles and I got my 20 cents.

I bought a *Liberty* magazine for my mother. She liked to read them because the reading time was quoted: "four minutes, three seconds." She used to clock herself, and her chief aim was to beat the quoted time. She always succeeded, but she probably never knew what the hell she had read.

I bought Aunt Mema a 12-cent jar of Vaseline. She ate it by the ton. She was

(continued on page 188)



Offbeat leanings are indulged at a fashionable *fin-de-siècle* saloon in burgeoning Old Town, Chicago's Greenwich Villagey bohemian quarter—a bustling artists' enclave of renovated brownstones, period ice-cream parlors, Gay Nineties grogshops, Victorian cafés and Edwardian coffeehouses. Extravagant tippers are impeccably attired in natural-shouldered, three-button jackets with center vents and flap pockets, 1 to r: white cashmere with blue-and-yellow overplaid, by Stanley Blacker, $85; black-and-white wool glen plaid, by Cricketeer, $40; blue Irish-wool herringbone, by Hanover Hall, $40.

THE TWO MAJOR STYLISTIC REVOLUTIONS of the past decade-and-a-half (Ivy and Continental), each having made important contributions to a sound fashion profile, appear ready for a season of harmonious coexistence. There will be significant innovations in every aspect of men's clothing, of course, but this year there is no overriding trend transforming well-planned wardrobes into apparel museums. Accordingly, if the soul of a man is his clothes, as Shakespeare once wrote, then this is an excellent year for sartorial soul-searching and a perfect time to increase the variety of duds hanging in your closet and stashed away in your dresser.

You'll never have a better chance to augment your array of business apparel, because the vested three-button suit, reflecting regulation Ivy tailoring and various Continental modifications, remains essentially unchanged. Since last year's natural shoulders and standard jacket lengths are still in force, the innovations are minor: slightly wider lapels and a moderately *(text continued on page 116)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON BRONSTEIN

Revelers revive *l'Âge d'Or* amidst Old World opulence of The Midas Touch, another vintage-decorated Second City spa. By contrast, guy at left cuts cleanly contemporary figure in nailhead worsted suit with one-button front, clover-shawl lapels, no vents, quarter-top trouser pockets, by Monte Cristo, $125; cotton shirt with French cuffs, detachable collar, by Hathaway, $10. Welkin ringer hoisting goblet is no less unimpeachably accoutered in his three-piece Dacron-wool herringbone suit with flap pockets, lap seams, center-hook vent, by North Park, $50; cotton-broadcloth shirt with tapered body, by Aetna, $6.

Making much adieu about nothing but a weekend business trip, feminine phalanx detains departing swain with helping hands and fond farewells. Bearded in his den's doorway, he's lionized in water-repellent wool herringbone topcoat with fly front, raglan sleeves, flap pockets, side vents, zip-in acrylic-pile lining, by Alligator, $44; wool-silk suit with two-button front, slanted flap pockets, side vents, trousers with quarter-top pockets, by Eagle, $115; cotton-broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, tapered body, French cuffs, by Van Heusen, $5; blue herringbone-weave silk twill tie, by Countess Mara, $10.

Revving up Rolls-Royce roadster for an old-fashioned ride along Chicago's lake shore, carload of joy riders pauses to pick up a pretty passenger. Front man is ready to wheel and deal in cotton-corduroy greatcoat with button-off mouton collar, double-breasted front, quilted lining, by Cortefiel, $50. Running boarder will be riding high in cotton-corduroy coat with knit collar, matching scarf and Orlon-knit foam-laminate lining, by Golden Fleece, $30. Rumble seater is set for stylish 23 skiddoo in short suede coat with slash pockets, two-way zip front, attached split hood, Orlon-pile lining, by Mighty Mac, $100.

Well-armed customer hands her friends a laugh while casing curiosities on display at The Emporium, a quaintly cluttered gift shop in old-fashioned Old Town. Fellow browsers are neatly new-fashioned, casually correct: bloke at left in mohair-wool crew-neck pullover, by McGregor, $18, wool-flannel belt-loop trousers, by YMM, $17; guy at center in Indian-patterned wool zipper cardigan, by Brentwood, $22.50, tapered Dynel whipcord slacks with quarter-top pockets, by H.I.S., $7; right-hand man in mohair-wool cardigan with sueded elbow patches, by Himalaya, $21, wool-flannel belt-loop trousers, by Corbin, $24.

At Moody's Pub, wee-hour watering place for Chicago's after-theater crowd, toasting and tippling are first order of business at formal meeting of hot-stove league, presided over by elegantly attired gentlemen-about-Old-Town. Escort at left is immaculate in wool-hopsack dinner jacket with satin shawl collar, flap pockets, center vent, tapered formal trousers, $80, matching tie and waistcoat, $17, both by After Six. Other man warms hands, dazzles date in Dacron-worsted formal suit with silk-faille notched lapels, maroon figured jacket lining, $110, matching tie and waistcoat, $20, both by Lord West.

slimmer outline (showing up in trimmer jacket waists and narrower trousers). Thus, you can cast your eye in the direction of the newer one- and two-button suits (both featuring squarer shoulders), which are excellent for those occasions when an additional touch of urbanity is desired. Suit colors will be livelier (lighter blues, grays and browns are in; dark olive is out), but last year's bold patterns are expected to be more subdued. We're pleased to note a material shift toward soft fabrics such as tweed, Shetland and cheviot: suits cut from these cloths pay dividends in versatility since, by varying your accessories, you can wear them both for casual country weekends and your normal city workday. A noticeable revival of herringbone is a-borning, in patterns ranging from a tissue shadow to a wide, spirited accent, and in colors varying from light gray or muted tan to a firm black and white or virile blue and black. If you don't have at least one herringbone, now's the time to buy: it will be an enduring addition to your wardrobe. Regulation formal wear this season will be the natural-shoulder dinner jacket in hopsacking with a satin shawl collar, but a striking departure from fashion orthodoxy is a new straight-peaked-lapel dinner jacket that has the same silhouette as a business suit.

The sports-jacket look will be rough in fabric, light in color and bold in pattern. Except for the sustained revival of Norfolk jackets and the appearance of suede as elbow patches and pocket trim, there will be few styling departures this season: natural shoulders and plain backs still prevail. The big news is in fabrics, where smooth, hand-finished materials, like worsteds, are hibernating for the season, with rugged, beefy materials, like coarse-grained tweeds (especially herringbone) and bulky Shetlands, taking their place. Unabashedly large patterns will enliven sports jackets in almost every combination from glen plaids to shepherd checks, but even more notable will be the unusual combination of black and white in such conventional patterns as houndstooth, herringbone, club checks and stripes. Along fraternity row and at penthouse cocktail parties, the pre-eminence of the navy-blue blazer will be challenged by upsurging camel tones; rich, burgundy shades also promise to be welcome trail blazers. Sleeveless sweaters will show up increasingly this year in combination with sports jackets and slacks.

We're pleased to report that the trend in slacks toward trim, functional tailoring will remain in force. Traditional styling will set the tone even in such venturesome arrivals as trousers utilizing stretch materials (double-knit wools and blends) and newly interpreted beltless models. Last year's dark-hued pants will still be around, as will the conventional materials — whipcords, twist weaves, corduroy and basket weaves of the Harris-tweed type — but you might want to add a couple of pairs in the new clay tones (pewter, tan, putty) or in the synthetic blends, which will be seen more than ever this year. Fashion iconoclasts will be interested in the introduction of suede trim both on pockets and belt loops, while traditionalists will welcome the revival of vertical on-seam pockets. One more comeback that we view with favor is the return of glen plaid as a trouser fabric: slacks made of this material co-ordinate perfectly with solid-color blazers.

The outer look of outerwear will remain remarkably stable this season, with last year's long, woolen overcoats, both in single- and double-breasted models, still prevailing, and herringbone patterns continuing to rise in favor. The inside word, however, is color: linings will be bright and exciting, with audacious combinations in plaids, stripes and vivid geometric patterns. Bold shades of red will figure prominently in almost all of them. In decorous contrast to this burst of color, Continentally inspired linings that feature both trim and inner waistbands of leather will be available for more conservatively inclined men.

The sports-outerwear scene has rarely been as active as this year. A renascence of rugged corduroy is in the offing, and it will show up both in arena-oriented stadium coats and ski-influenced three-quarter-length jackets. The knee-length garments will feature detachable hoods, toggles, big patch pockets, cleanly defined yokes, and linings in bold plaids, stripes or pile; the thigh-high jackets' detailing will include removable fur collars (simulated) and a choice of buttons or zippers. Second only to the corduroy comeback will be a fashionable revival of suede, which is expected to appear in all types of casual outerwear, frequently in combination with other fabrics (corduroys, wools, double knits); but the most noteworthy application of suede, as we see it, will be on functional waist-length jackets with pile linings. While the average sportsman will have the usual abundance of versatile convertibles to choose from (particularly cottons and blends with removable pile collars and zip-out hood linings), the active outdoorsman will be especially pleased with the newly interpreted finger-tip-length ski parkas: snug tailoring and a de-emphasis on outside quilting qualify these jackets both for the ski-slope and hot-toddy scenes. This season, hooded parkas generally reverse from rich, solid shades to colorful geometric patterns.

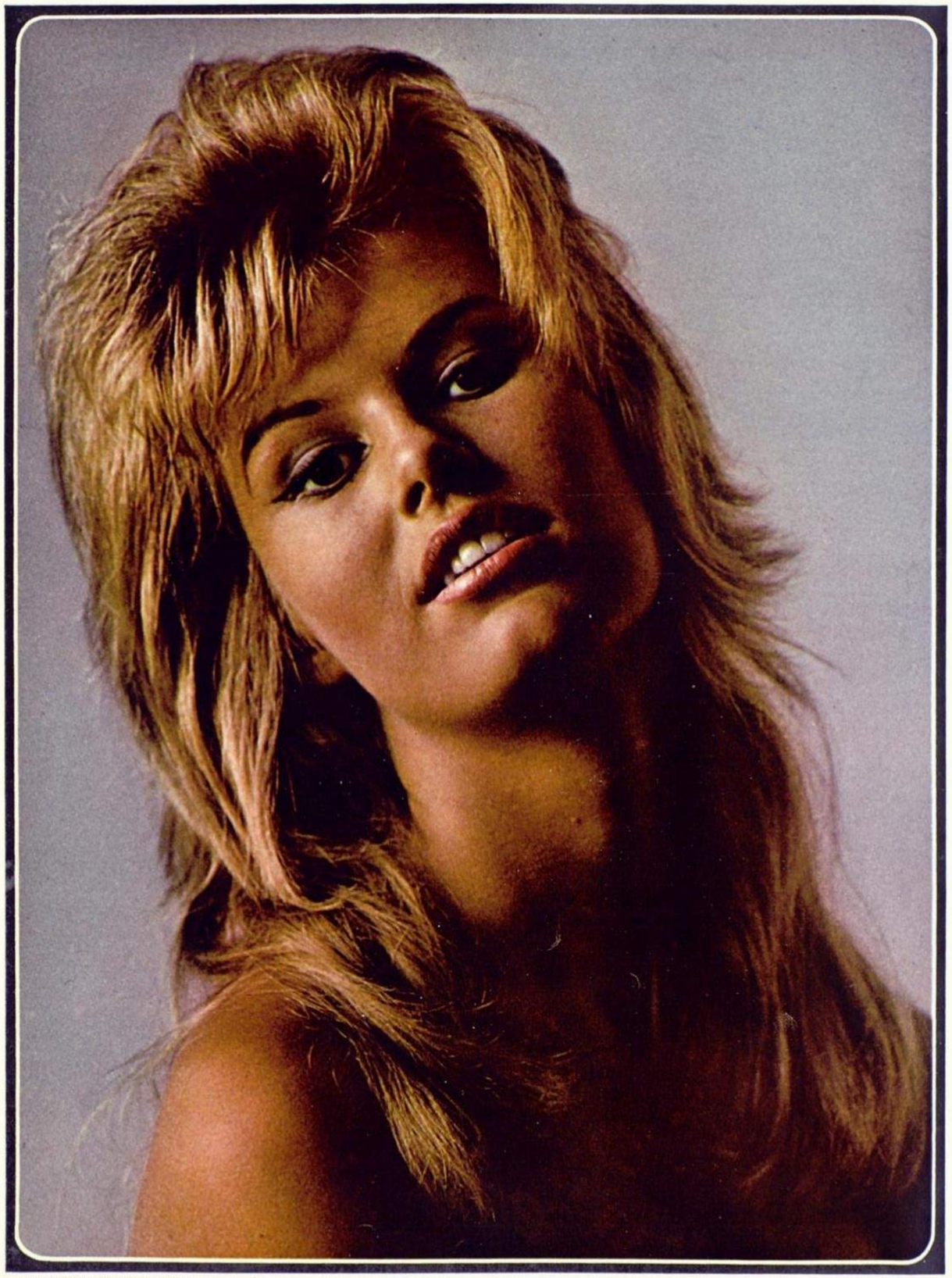
We regard with favor a revival of the traditional topcoat, which is reappearing as a staple for urban workaday and weekend wear. While the choice of fabrics and patterns will be wide, neat herringbone designs will predominate, with unadorned fly fronts and slightly padded shoulders squaring off the topcoat's outline. Most of these garments will be seen in subdued patterns and dark colors, but fashion pace-setters will be interested in modish camel's-hair interpretations, like the classic polo coat and British warmer.

In a complete swing of the fashion pendulum, last year's boldly styled rainwear will give way to conservative colors and classic tailoring. Such Continental touches as yokes and button-off back belts will be replaced by the more traditional appearance of regulation raglan sleeves and trim-looking split shoulders. Both the perennial single-breasted and recently revived double-breasted trench coats will be knee length, with styling on the latter varying from the smart ulster collar outline to a snappy military profile. The usual zip-out and pile linings in wetwear will be unusually colorful this year: bright solids, vivid split shades and lively wool plaids (with camel the ground color) will prevail. The contrastingly restrained outer look of rainwear will be dominated by orthodox gabardine, in natural and sand colors, with the new, muted London tan (plain and iridescent) following closely, and last year's black, though still strong, holding up the rear.

The most newsworthy yarn being spun on this year's sweater scene is that brushed surfaces and bulky knits are surging back strongly. The fleecy look will be seen in patterns and solids, in coat models and pullovers, while the bulky style — notably mohair — will be keeping active men in stitches like cable and popcorn. Look for a compatible marriage of both brushed and bulky in lightweight interpretations that are perfect for early fall outings. A versatile choice for both fall and winter is the ski-oriented turtleneck, which is showing up in two versions: traditional and zippered. This year, the turtleneck will be worn during early-in-the-season days under an open-neck sport shirt and, when the temperature drops in earnest, underneath a parka for extra warmth. (Incidentally, one of the brightest pearls in the whole skein of knits is the new two-in-one pullover that combines a V-neck with a set-in turtleneck.) Another enduring influence of the schuss-and-slalom resorts is the ubiquitous ski pattern which, this year, will appear not only in the accepted multicolor delineations, but in new double-hued combinations as well. The closely related Tyrolean will also be popular in colorful zip-front versions, but, if subdued shades are more to your liking, there

(concluded on page 182)

"Up to today, in this new class in sex education, we have dealt only with theory . . ."

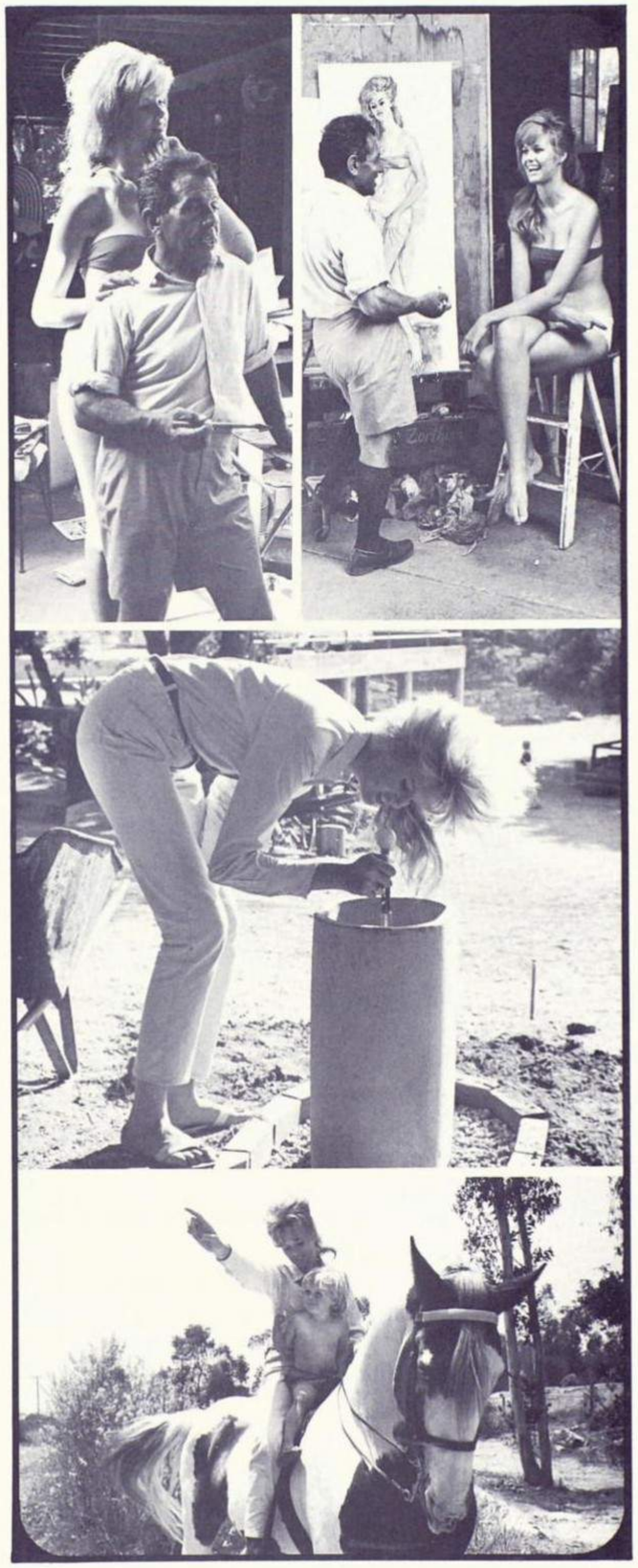


PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

GROWING WONDER

a well-constructed high-rise beauty makes an exceptional october playmate

THE CALIFORNIA PROPENSITY for beauty on an epic scale was never more admirably illustrated than by our October Playmate, a six-foot (in bare feet) stunner from Altadena named Christine Williams. Today a thoroughly cheerful 18-year-old with ash-blonde hair and an instant smile, queen-sized Christine once viewed the world and her stature in it with considerable misgivings: "I was always the tallest and gawkiest girl in my class," she says, "and it really embarrassed me, especially during my first two years of high school in Pasadena, where some of the other girls got their kicks by taunting me openly. Then one day I realized that *they* were making all the noise—the boys didn't seem to mind my height at all. From that moment on, I've loved being tall. I really prefer dating shorter men, which is a good thing, because when my hair is piled up and I've got my high heels on not many men are taller than I. I absolutely insist on wearing heels, by the way—I'm told they make my legs look even longer and I'd feel self-conscious going out on a date without them." As the daughter of a

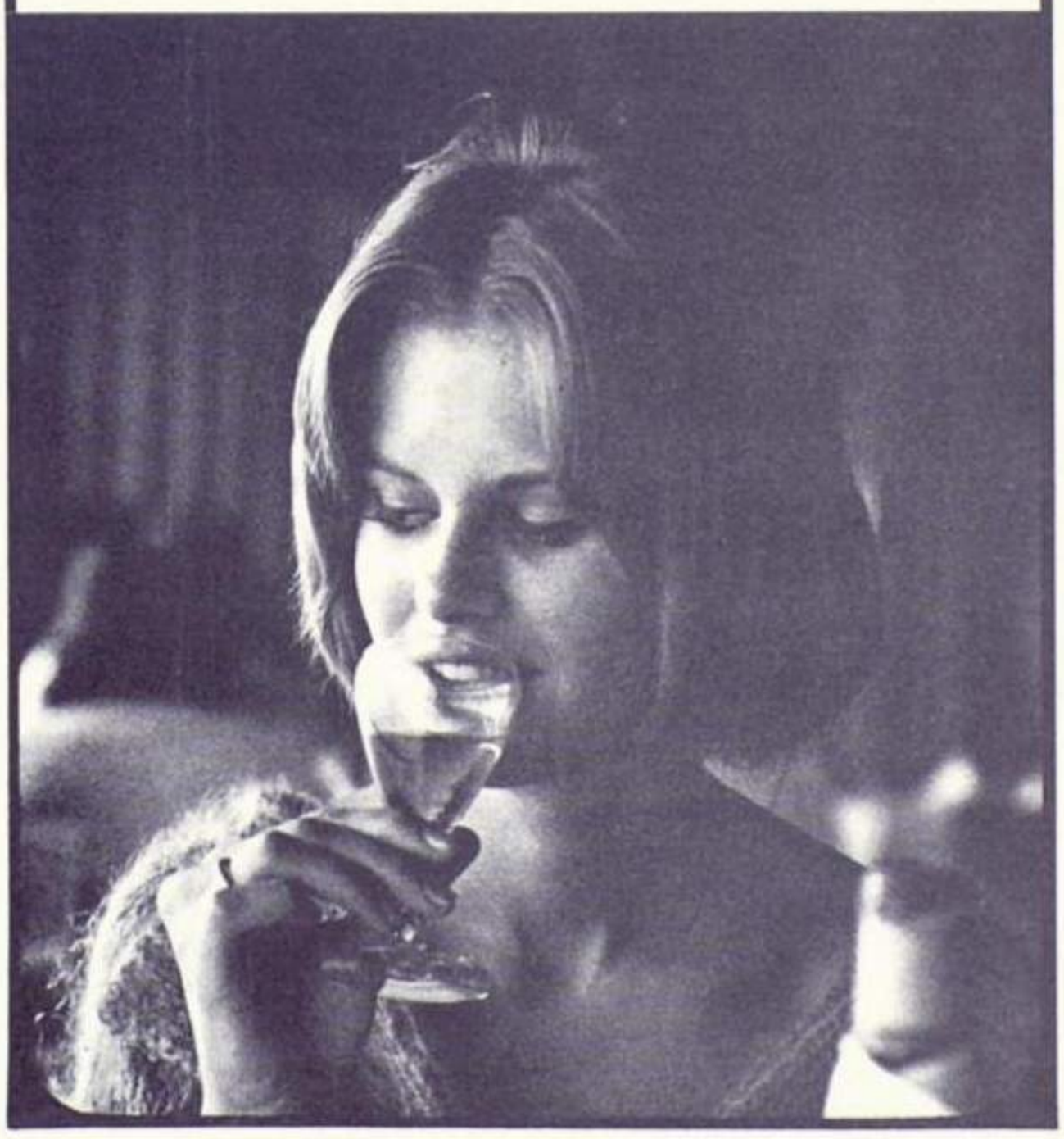


"My stallion, Flash, lives on the ranch of Jirayar Zorthian, who is an extremely talented artist and very good buddy of mine. I've spent many hours during the past year at Jerry's place, posing for his fine paintings—which helps to pay for Flash's oats and stall. One of the children who live on the ranch, a little girl named Nanette Rohiff, loves horses almost as much as I do, and I'm always glad to share a ride with her."

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

now-retired Army captain, Christine was shuttled about a good deal in her youth, along with kid brother Roy and younger sister Carolyn ("The real beauty in the family – only 16, with the face and natural coloring of Sophia Loren"). Her circuitous route to the Golden State included stays in England (she was born in Basingstoke), Germany, and Red Bank, New Jersey. After graduating from high school, she sagely decided that her natural resources (37-26-37) might be put to profitable use in some phase of show business – but has discovered that it takes as much luck as grit to gain entree to the world of entertainment: "The rule seems to be that you have to have experience to get experience." Christine takes advantage of the time on her hands between job-hunting expeditions to enjoy long rides on her horse, Flash, a spirited russet-and-white stallion which she boards at the ranch of a friend in Altadena. "Flash is a charming horse and a veteran movie actor," she says proudly. "His greatest role was in *Sand* with Rory Calhoun a few years back, and he has a long list of other credits. I wish I could say the same." Such moments of malaise are fleeting, however, for the excellent reason that life-as-it-is-now seems eminently worth the living to Christine. Says she: "All it really takes to make me happy is science fiction on the book shelf, pizza in the oven, a goodly supply of tailored sheaths in the closet, Cannonball Adderley on the hi-fi, and male friends who are indulgent about my two major vices – talking, and eating large amounts of chocolates. Fortunately, I never have trouble with my weight." That the distribution of her pretty pounds is above reproach should be quickly apparent to all males who look at the big picture: the gatefold, wherein the full fathom of charming Christine Williams is revealed enticingly at ease.

"A part of the ritual of trying to break into show business is a visit with my agent, William Schuller, and his assistants, John Sorrenti and Leslie Brenner. Afterward, there's nothing like a glass of white wine to help me dream about how terribly rich and famous I'm going to be."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *optimist* as a man who sits in the last row of the theater and winks at the showgirls.

The beautiful 18-year-old girl, sobbing quietly at the funeral services for her 75-year-old husband, was overheard confiding to a solicitous neighbor: "We had such a happy marriage for the six months it lasted. Every Sunday morning he would make love to me, and he'd keep time with the church bells that summoned you all to services." She sobbed a little, then said with rising animation, "And he'd still be alive today if it weren't for that damned fire engine that went clanging by!"

A Mad Ave friend of ours tells of a client who wanted to get his "message" to every married woman in a specific community. The solution to the problem was simple, according to this enterprising publicist: "We just addressed letters to every married man in town and marked them 'Personal.' "

George, after tying on a whopper the night before, woke up in the morning to find a pathetically unattractive woman sleeping blissfully beside him. He leaped out of bed, dressed quickly, and furtively placed a $20 bill on top of the bureau. He then proceeded to tiptoe out of the room. But as he passed the foot of the bed, he felt a tug at his trouser cuff. Glancing down, he saw another female almost as homely as the one he'd left in bed. She gazed up at him soulfully and asked, "Nothing for the bridesmaid?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *flag-waving speech* as star-spangled banter.

Have you heard about the new insecticide that, while it doesn't actually kill flies, makes them so sexy that you can swat them two at a time?

The young man-about-town enjoyed luxury but didn't always have the means to buy it, and so he huffily walked out of the Miami Beach hotel when he found out the charges for room, meals and golf privileges were $50 a day. He registered across the street at an equally elegant hotel, where the rates were only $10. The following morning he went down to the hotel's golf course and asked Scotty, the pro, to sell him a couple of golf balls. "Sure," said Scotty. "That'll be $25 apiece."

"What?" screamed the bachelor. "In the hotel across the street they only charge $1 a ball!"

"Naturally," replied the pro. "Over there they get you by the rooms."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cookie* as a virgin doughnut.

Then there was the coffee bean who, though she could be made instantly, still preferred the old grind.

In what they thought was a great propaganda coup, the Russian government sent an order to an American rubber company for 1000 gross of contraceptives, 18 inches long and 8 inches in circumference. The company filled the order, but countering propaganda with propaganda, labeled each container: MEDIUM.

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

Lament for the High Iron

nostalgia

By CHARLES BEAUMONT

a sentimental journey aboard the elegantly romantic trains of our youth—now highballing toward oblivion

THERE WERE GIANTS UPON THE EARTH when the earth was young. Enormous fire-breathing giants they were, with voices of thunder and a tireless stride that carried them across continents. And people feared them, because they were the most powerful creatures that ever existed; but they loved them, too, for they served the needs of man.

The creatures were called trains. They are not gone from the earth yet, but they are going. Inexorably, they are passing into extinction, like the giants of another time, the dinosaurs. Yet they will never be forgotten. Like the dinosaurs, they will also pass into legend. And, one day, a thousand years from now, a schoolboy will be asked to describe this time of ours and he will begin an essay titled *The Railroad Age*.

If the essay is thorough, it will open with a study of America, for this country owes its expansion to railroads. Over a period of almost a century-and-a-half, our land was a veritable webwork of railroads, of main lines and short lines, of standard and narrow-gauge lines: a reticulum of steel ribbons along which rushed the mighty iron monsters—and they were the corpuscles in the lifeblood of our continent. If they had stopped, the arteries would have collapsed and America would have withered and died. That is how important they were.

The past tense is shocking but only slightly premature. While our eyes are on the jets, the missiles and the space capsules, the glory and the grandeur that was railroading is quietly fading from the contemporary scene. Unimaginable but true that all the lore, the romance and vivid lexicon of an era will utterly vanish, and all in our lifetime; that for a while, before it is elevated by heraldry, the train will be consigned to the Quaint Artifact section of the museum, somewhere between the Conestoga wagon and the oxcart.

So let us sing the giants to their rest now, while yet they can hear us; and let us sing loudly, without tears, if we can. We are not, after all, mourning a sickly friend whose face we have forgotten, nor sighing for a bit of childhood lost: the song is for giants.

Think of them. Think of how it was when you went down to the depot to see the One-O-Four, not because It Was There but because it would be, soon. Remember how you walked the track, pretending it was a hundred feet up, and tried not to fall, and did? How you knelt and put your ear to the steel and waited. For miles ahead nothing could be seen but the diminishing tracks, but you knew it was coming, and you went on waiting. Any moment. Now! The steel began to vibrate. You looked up; still nothing in sight; then back down, quick, bare ear pressed onto bare steel, and the vibration turning into a hum. You could hear it truly. Another couple of moments ("Get the hell away from there, boy! You wanta get yourself killed?") and up, scrambling over the cindery gravel. Still nothing ahead. Then a far-off scream and a black dot, and your heart beginning to jump. The One-O-Four! Another shrill scream, the dot becoming larger, taking on shape, the rails shaking, the ground trembling, and you, edging just as close to the track as your courage allowed. Watching the great iron beast approaching, you felt again the crazy urge to throw yourself in front of it, but you only felt this for a split second, just long enough to be thrilled. No time for anything else, anyway, because here it was, thundering past you, great wheels turning, *(continued on page 132)*

LOOKING FOR AN OUT

TRYING TO CATCH 40 WINKS

SURRENDERING TO A WHIM

OVERLOOKING A SLIGHT

CLICHÉ *SAFARI*

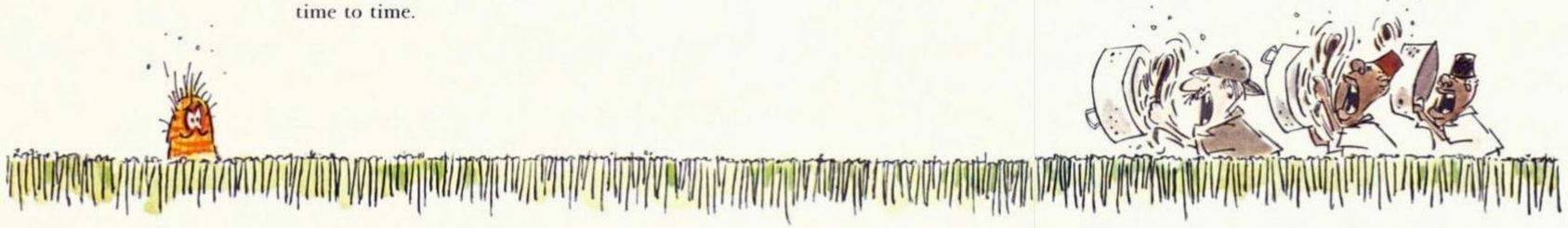
humor

By PHIL HAHN and PAUL COKER, JR.

ANYONE WHO HAS ever tried to catch 40 winks knows how elusive the rascals can be; in fact, most people don't even know what they look like. Many a man has overlooked a slight simply because he did not recognize one. And can any general who has ever mounted an offensive display one in his trophy room? We doubt it. To remedy these quandaries, we crossed the wide semantic, trekked intrepidly into the land of duck-billed platitudes and lesser kudos, and there bagged the absolute limit in conversational creatures. Herewith, the results of our cliché safari: a prize collection of those beastly utterances with which all of us animate our discussions from time to time.

TAKING A FLYER

STALKING A PREY



SCARING UP A DATE

RUNNING INTO A SNAG

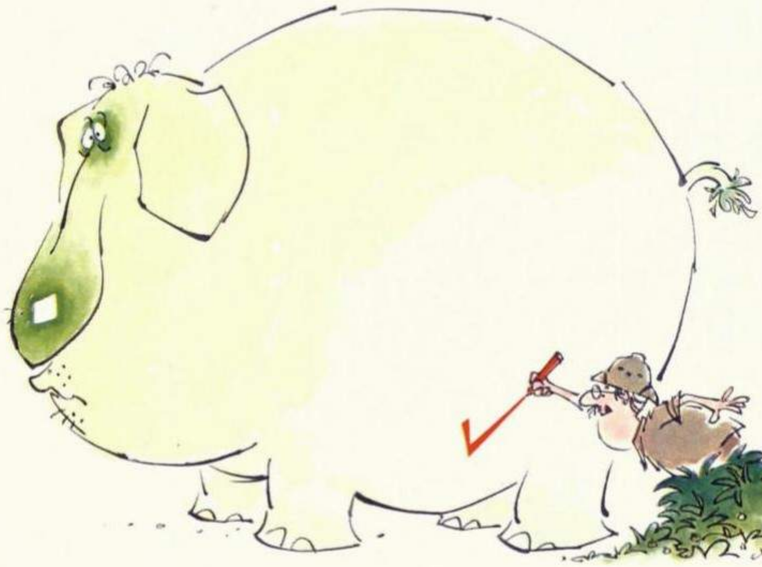
MOUNTING AN OFFENSIVE

PRESERVING AN ILLUSION

ESCAPING A
CRASHING BORE

TICKLING A FANCY

THROWING A TANTRUM



CHECKING AN IMPULSE

IN A QUANDARY

CALLING A BLUFF

POSING A PROBLEM

TRYING TO RECAPTURE
A MEMORY

Lament for the High Iron

(continued from page 127)

pistons pumping, brakes screeching, and you were lost in a pure white cloud of joy and steam.

The province into which the One-O-Four moved was yours, but you were humbled. You'd stand there in the middle of the open, staring at the strange people — strange because you had never seen them before and you would never see them again — and they would stare back, as aristocrats in a peasant land: patronizingly, pityingly, scornfully; or so you fancied. Those in the dining car gazed out with a particularly jaundiced eye, seeing you not at all but, instead, the distance, beyond this unimportant town, beyond you and all that made up the world you lived in. You often wondered if they even knew the name of the town. And you hated them a little for their obvious superiority, and this made you want to throw a stone lightly at the window to attract their attention, to let them know that you, too, somehow counted in the scheme of things. But you never did this. They were the gods, the lucky ones, these diners, sitting before tables covered with whitest linen and sparkling silver, with the shapes of waiters hovering at their sides. They were a people apart, moving from one Olympus to another, people from a world apart, people from a world you'd never know, from another time and another place, people who started their soup 50 miles up the line and finished their last cup of coffee 50 miles down the line. Where were they going, and where did they come from? And by what right did they move into town, bisecting it with a railroad car, stopping traffic and commerce? Of course, you knew. They did it by the Divine Right of Railroads, for they were, in this brief passage, part of the railroad, and as such they were immune from the ordinary rules of life.

You thought these things if you lived in a town where the trains stopped. And you thought more: When the mighty high wheeler at the head end gave two long blasts of its whistle and the heavy steel wheels began to turn, the immense train moved, proud and defiant; to the accompaniment of angry clouds of smoke and steam, it moved, down the track, and dwindled into the mysterious distance; and your heart moved with it, for you'd made the promise again. Someday you would be an aristocrat. Someday you would sit at that table and stare out at the poor kids. But you'd remember to smile and, maybe, if you felt expansive, step outside and shake their hands.

How different this was from those occasions when you would hike over to the airport! From a world of regularity and establishment to one of near madness. No schedules here, no certainty. You might see something and you might not; it depended, for the most part, on the whims and caprices of a few daredevil fliers; if the weather wasn't right, your long walk was for nothing.

Flying was for the wildly adventurous — or for the very rich, who bought great clumsy-looking crafts and kept them in the hangar. And as you watched, the best time being sunshiny Saturdays and Sundays, you saw the ugly-engined crates jounce lumberingly by, their wings shuddering and bending, eventually wavering between earth and sky, belonging to neither, and then, amazingly, move upward in a great noisy spasm. You weren't envious of the pilot or passenger, despite your ambition to become another Baron Von Richthofen. There were many thoughts, many feelings, but one thing you surely did not consider: that one day somewhat modified versions of the bloodless birds you were watching would, in partnership with trucks, buses, passenger cars and improved hard roads, all but destroy the venerable institution of train travel.

In fact, if you had *any* thoughts about the future of train travel, they were to the effect that it was here to stay. The sight of giant locomotives roaring across the countryside, trailing their pearled plumes, with a cut of 50 cars in tow, or more — this was so commonplace, their thunderous snorts in heavy labor so ordinary, their polyglot whistles so much a part of the American scene, that you did not bother to appreciate them consciously. It was only the children who stood and wondered. They were always let out of school once a year and escorted down to the station for a close look at the leviathans, and invariably they stood in awe of what they saw: a black looming mass of high iron capable of achieving whatever it chose to, a taller-than-the-tallest-house colossus, with its human masters, or servants, in attendance. There was the striped uniform of the engineer, the bandanna neckerchief, the bright copper oil can; and the man himself, looking every wrinkle and seam the King. There were the brakemen with their flashlights, examining the wheels and boxes, as though anything could ever go wrong. And there, the shiny dark-blue-suited conductors with their omnipresent railroad watches, to which they continually referred, and by which the world kept time; and the red lanterns they always carried, if they were at the rear of the train, signaling mysteriously to the engineer. These were not sights for you; you were older than the children, very blasé, for you had seen it all many times before. Still, did you ever become too old, too blasé? No, indeed; it was merely that your pleasure had been deepened, moving from brain to blood.

Certainly you would never be so old that you would not thrill to the moment when, in response to the chuffing of the engine, the coach you were in started to move, almost imperceptibly, gaining speed, the train snaking its channeled way precisely out of the yards and into the wide, bright world.

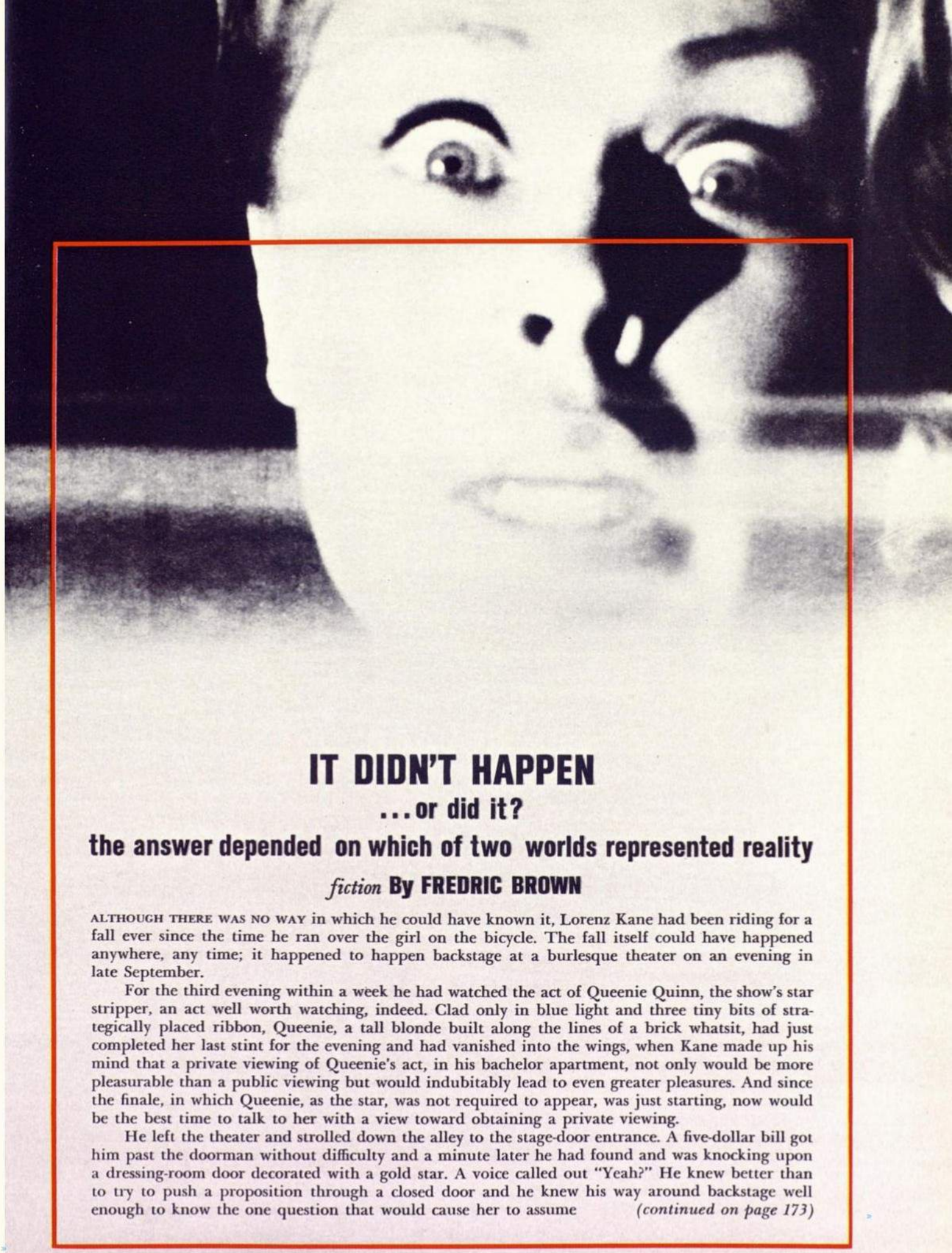
Didn't you always press your forehead against the already smudged glass the better to see the old buildings go by, the ones with the car wheels and the lanterns, the signal lights and the switches, to watch the towers and poles glide by until you were truly out in the country, rolling along, lulled by the satisfying clickety-clack of the rails and the Doppler effect of the clanging railroad crossing signals? On warm days, when the windows were open, you might even get a cinder in your eye, or draw into your nostrils a whiff of the sulphurated smoke direct from the monster's throat.

You didn't care: the dream had come true: you were an aristocrat now.

The railroads were at their zenith then and time was standing still. Their proud engines and cars displayed heralds that were bywords of the day: Santa Fe, Rock Island, Great Northern, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Great Western, the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Baltimore & Ohio, Missouri-Kansas-Texas, Denver & Rio Grande, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe — the list is endless, each name distinct and more stately than its predecessor. Even the trains themselves were adding color to the literature: Twentieth Century Limited, Hiawatha, City of San Francisco, Broadway Limited, Panama Limited, Super Chief, Sunshine Special, Capitol Limited, Sunset. And the cars that made up the trains: Pocahontas, Blue Feather, Helene Modjeska, Prince Rupert, Rose Creek.

Poets were inspired to sonnets by these names, and novelists put them into their books, just for the music of them. But it took a giant to write properly of the giants, and he did. Over and over again, Tom Wolfe plunged his great hands into the lore and brought out gold, as though he knew that this was the crest of the wave, this time, a culmination of all that had been high adventure, the beginning of the end of the color and romance that had seen through the years a flowering of wheel and track, a century of ever-reaching fingers of steel across the country, over the fields, into the valleys, through the very mountains. Now there were steam engines capable of running at speeds in excess of 100 miles an hour with complete safety, trains that could take curves at 70 without spilling more than a few drops of your coffee, trains that passed each other as a matter of routine at speeds of over 90, the point of passing brief and savage, an instant's blurred lightning bolt that for this moment obscured the onrushing scenery and set your heart rapping.

(continued on page 208)



IT DIDN'T HAPPEN

...or did it?

the answer depended on which of two worlds represented reality

fiction **By FREDRIC BROWN**

ALTHOUGH THERE WAS NO WAY in which he could have known it, Lorenz Kane had been riding for a fall ever since the time he ran over the girl on the bicycle. The fall itself could have happened anywhere, any time; it happened to happen backstage at a burlesque theater on an evening in late September.

For the third evening within a week he had watched the act of Queenie Quinn, the show's star stripper, an act well worth watching, indeed. Clad only in blue light and three tiny bits of strategically placed ribbon, Queenie, a tall blonde built along the lines of a brick whatsit, had just completed her last stint for the evening and had vanished into the wings, when Kane made up his mind that a private viewing of Queenie's act, in his bachelor apartment, not only would be more pleasurable than a public viewing but would indubitably lead to even greater pleasures. And since the finale, in which Queenie, as the star, was not required to appear, was just starting, now would be the best time to talk to her with a view toward obtaining a private viewing.

He left the theater and strolled down the alley to the stage-door entrance. A five-dollar bill got him past the doorman without difficulty and a minute later he had found and was knocking upon a dressing-room door decorated with a gold star. A voice called out "Yeah?" He knew better than to try to push a proposition through a closed door and he knew his way around backstage well enough to know the one question that would cause her to assume

(continued on page 173)

personality

THE LITTLE WORLD OF DAVID MERRICK

broadway's brilliant, asp-tongued grand panjandrum— and how he got that way

BY ALVIN TOFFLER

WITH THE DRAPES DRAWN, David Merrick's office looks like the inside of a wound. Walls, hangings, sofa and carpet are all the color of hot, uncoagulated blood, and there are those who insist the blood is real — squeezed from the army of actors, directors, stagehands, chorus girls and composers he employs, or drawn from the lacerations of the critics with whom he has dueled. This impression is heightened by the stage prop, a blood-stained headsman's ax, that stands in a corner of his assistant's office, as if ready for instant use. For David Merrick, the most powerful individual in the American theater today, producer of such hit shows as *Fanny*, *Irma la Douce*, *Becket*, *A Taste of Honey* and *Oliver!*, is a brass-knuckled businessman and, by reputation, the biggest bastard on Broadway.

He has been called "The Abominable Showman," "Typhoid David," "Broadway's Bad Boy," "Merrick the Terrible Tempered," an Iago, a monster, a mortician, a "Schubert Alley Catiline," and, in David Susskind's memorably grotesque phrase, "a twisted id on a sea of crocodile tears." So entrenched is the image of Merrick as a sort of modern-day Mephistopheles that one enemy, who believes Merrick has manufactured this image to suit his own purposes, says: "I don't want to say anything bad about him. I want to find something good I can say about him, so I can ruin him."

It would, as a matter of fact, take more than a kind comment to destroy the empire that Merrick has built for himself on Broadway. Merrick is not quite a one-man cartel, but he is the greatest single economic force in the theater today. Since 1954, when he produced *Fanny*, theatergoers have laid out an impressive $75,000,000 for tickets to see his plays. Last year alone his productions grossed $12,500,000. He employs 500 to 600 theater people at any given time — about one out of every ten who, in a chronically depressed industry, are lucky enough to have jobs at all. Other producers struggle along with one show at a time, or two. Last year Merrick had four running simultaneously, and he has, at times, juggled as many as six or seven productions on Broadway, plus another one or two on road tour. Moreover, in a business that is, according to *Fortune*, riskier than a race track when it comes to making a buck, Merrick has returned something like $9,000,000 to his investors and himself in the past nine years. Says one competitor: "There isn't another producer who doesn't honestly admire David's kingdom."

The emperor of this kingdom looks the part. Nearly six-feet tall and scrupulously well-tailored, he wears custom-made shoes and Savile Row suits, usually with a handkerchief darting from the breast pocket. He has been named one of the nation's 10 best-dressed men. But it is his countenance, rather than his clothes, that commands attention. It is a brooding, majestic deadpan. Thinning black hair, worn long, strays romantically over an ear. A pair of penetrating brown-black eyes punctuate the face. An aquiline nose strikes downward toward a thick black mustache. Under this a pair of lips are almost hidden. When a smile fleets across them, as it only rarely does, the incipient jowls on either side take no part in the pleasure. Characteristically, Merrick will slouch in a chair, knees crossed, listening rather than talking, playing with the horn-rimmed glasses he carries, but only seldom wears. His voice is *(continued on page 150)*

THE 1964 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL

VOTE *for your favorites*
for the eighth playboy all-star jazz band

JAZZ BLOSSOMED in almost every corner of this shrinking globe during the last twelve-month, with America's jazz ambassadors booking gigs in Bangkok, São Paulo, and points east of the Iron Curtain as though they were two weeks in Trenton. Brazil's own jazz envoy, bossa nova, flourished, but had to make room for the new Thing, pop gospel.

Now it's time once again to pay tribute to those responsible for making it a vintage jazz year by voting in the 1964 Playboy Jazz Poll, America's most monumental and meaningful jazz consensus. This year's ballot, as in the past, is comprised of only those artists who have been active on the jazz scene during the past 12 months. Those musicians honored by the readers will make up the 1964 All-Star Jazz Band and will each receive the much-coveted Playboy Jazz Medal.

To vote, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite jazzmen where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot to us before the deadline date.

1. Your official Jazz Poll ballot is attached to this page. A Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for any *living* artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, and in some categories you may vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes, two tenor saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. For leader of the 1964 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or less musicians. In all categories, vote for the artists who have pleased and impressed you the most with their music during the past year.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your correct name and address if your vote is to be counted.

6. Cut your two-page ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 31, 1963, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail today. The results of the eighth annual Playboy Jazz Poll will appear in the February 1964 issue.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Chet Atkins, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Philly Joe Jones, Stan Kenton, Dave Lambert, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Sonny Rollins, Frank Sinatra, Jack Teagarden, Kai Winding; Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic; Nat Hentoff, Jazz Critic; Wilder Hobson, *Saturday Review*; Russ Wilson, *Oakland Tribune*; Esmond Edwards, Argo Records; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; Alfred Lion, Blue Note; Teo Macero, Columbia; Robert Byrne, Command; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Max Weiss, Fantasy; Dave Pell, Liberty; Quincy Jones, Mercury; Richard Bock, Pacific Jazz; George Avakian, RCA Victor; George Wein, United Artists; Creed Taylor, Verve; Jimmy Hilliard, Warner Bros.

LEADER
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Count Basie
- ☐ Les Brown
- ☐ Ray Conniff
- ☐ Johnny Dankworth
- ☐ Les Elgart
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Gil Evans
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Jerry Fielding
- ☐ Terry Gibbs
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Bob Haggart
- ☐ Lionel Hampton
- ☐ Slide Hampton
- ☐ Ted Heath
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ Harry James
- ☐ Quincy Jones
- ☐ Stan Kenton
- ☐ Henry Mancini
- ☐ Billy May
- ☐ Ray McKinley
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan
- ☐ Oliver Nelson
- ☐ Marty Paich
- ☐ Nelson Riddle
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Pete Rugolo
- ☐ Johnny Williams
- ☐ Gerald Wilson
- ☐ Si Zentner
- ☐ _____

TRUMPET
(Please check four.)

- ☐ Nat Adderley
- ☐ Red Allen
- ☐ Louis Armstrong
- ☐ Benny Bailey
- ☐ Emmett Berry
- ☐ Ruby Braff
- ☐ Billy Butterfield
- ☐ Donald Byrd
- ☐ Conte Candoli
- ☐ Pete Candoli
- ☐ Don Cherry
- ☐ Buck Clayton
- ☐ Ted Curson
- ☐ Miles Davis
- ☐ Wild Bill Davison
- ☐ Sidney De Paris
- ☐ Kenny Dorham
- ☐ Harry Edison
- ☐ Roy Eldridge
- ☐ Don Ellis
- ☐ Art Farmer
- ☐ Maynard Ferguson
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie
- ☐ Don Goldie
- ☐ Joe Gordon
- ☐ Bobby Hackett
- ☐ Al Hirt
- ☐ Freddie Hubbard
- ☐ Harry James
- ☐ Carmell Jones
- ☐ Jonah Jones
- ☐ Thad Jones
- ☐ Howard McGhee
- ☐ Blue Mitchell
- ☐ Lee Morgan
- ☐ Ray Nance
- ☐ Joe Newman
- ☐ Red Nichols
- ☐ Shorty Rogers
- ☐ Ernie Royal
- ☐ Doc Severinsen
- ☐ Charlie Shavers
- ☐ Jack Sheldon
- ☐ Muggsy Spanier
- ☐ Rex Stewart
- ☐ Clark Terry
- ☐ Joe Wilder
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

TROMBONE
(Please check four.)

- ☐ Fred Assunto
- ☐ Dave Baker
- ☐ Milt Bernhart
- ☐ Harry Betts
- ☐ Bob Brookmeyer
- ☐ Lawrence Brown
- ☐ Georg Brunis
- ☐ Jimmy Cleveland
- ☐ Cutty Cutshall
- ☐ Wilbur De Paris
- ☐ Vic Dickenson
- ☐ Bob Fitzpatrick
- ☐ Carl Fontana
- ☐ Curtis Fuller
- ☐ Tyree Glenn
- ☐ Al Grey
- ☐ Bennie Green
- ☐ Urbie Green
- ☐ Slide Hampton
- ☐ Bill Harris
- ☐ Wayne Henderson
- ☐ J. C. Higginbotham
- ☐ Quentin Jackson
- ☐ J. J. Johnson
- ☐ Jimmy Knepper
- ☐ Melba Liston
- ☐ Tricky Lofton
- ☐ Albert Mangelsdorff
- ☐ Lou McGarity
- ☐ Turk Murphy
- ☐ Dick Nash
- ☐ Kid Ory
- ☐ Tommy Pederson
- ☐ Benny Powell
- ☐ Julian Priester
- ☐ Frank Rosolino
- ☐ Jack Teagarden
- ☐ Dickie Wells
- ☐ Jiggs Wigham
- ☐ Kai Winding
- ☐ Trummy Young
- ☐ Si Zentner
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

ALTO SAX
(Please check two.)

- ☐ Cannonball Adderley
- ☐ Earl Anderza
- ☐ Gabe Baltazar
- ☐ Al Belletto
- ☐ Earl Bostic
- ☐ Pete Brown
- ☐ Benny Carter
- ☐ Ornette Coleman
- ☐ Hank Crawford
- ☐ Paul Desmond
- ☐ Eric Dolphy
- ☐ Lou Donaldson
- ☐ Bob Donovan
- ☐ Herb Geller
- ☐ Gigi Gryce
- ☐ John Handy
- ☐ Johnny Hodges
- ☐ Paul Horn
- ☐ Hilton Jefferson
- ☐ Lee Konitz
- ☐ Walt Levinsky
- ☐ Charlie Mariano
- ☐ Jackie McLean
- ☐ James Moody
- ☐ Ted Nash
- ☐ Lennie Niehaus
- ☐ Gene Quill
- ☐ Marshall Royal
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ Sonny Simmons
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Willie Smith
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Jimmy Woods
- ☐ Phil Woods
- ☐ Leo Wright
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

TENOR SAX
(Please check two.)

- ☐ Georgie Auld
- ☐ Al Cohn
- ☐ John Coltrane
- ☐ Bob Cooper
- ☐ Eddie Davis
- ☐ Sam Donahue
- ☐ Teddy Edwards
- ☐ Bud Freeman
- ☐ Stan Getz
- ☐ Benny Golson
- ☐ Paul Gonsalves
- ☐ John Griffin
- ☐ Eddie Harris
- ☐ Coleman Hawkins
- ☐ Jimmy Heath
- ☐ Bill Holman
- ☐ Illinois Jacquet
- ☐ Budd Johnson
- ☐ Plas Johnson
- ☐ Richie Kamuca
- ☐ Roland Kirk
- ☐ Al Klink
- ☐ Yusef Lateef
- ☐ Charles Lloyd
- ☐ Eddie Miller
- ☐ Hank Mobley
- ☐ James Moody
- ☐ Vido Musso
- ☐ "Fathead" Newman
- ☐ Sal Nistico
- ☐ Dave Pell
- ☐ Bill Perkins
- ☐ Flip Phillips
- ☐ Sonny Rollins
- ☐ Clifford Scott
- ☐ Zoot Sims
- ☐ Sonny Stitt
- ☐ Buddy Tate
- ☐ Stanley Turrentine
- ☐ Ben Webster
- ☐ _____
- ☐ _____

BARITONE SAX
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Pepper Adams
- ☐ Ernie Caceres
- ☐ Harry Carney
- ☐ Charles Davis
- ☐ Chuck Gentry
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Frank Hittner
- ☐ Bill Hood
- ☐ Gerry Mulligan
- ☐ Cecil Payne
- ☐ Jerome Richardson
- ☐ Bud Shank
- ☐ Lonnie Shaw
- ☐ Sahib Shihab
- ☐ Stanley Webb
- ☐ _____

CLARINET
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Alvin Batiste
- ☐ Barney Bigard
- ☐ Acker Bilk
- ☐ Phil Bodner
- ☐ Buddy Collette
- ☐ Buddy DeFranco
- ☐ Pete Fountain
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre
- ☐ Benny Goodman
- ☐ Edmond Hall
- ☐ Jimmy Hamilton
- ☐ Woody Herman
- ☐ Paul Horn
- ☐ Darnell Howard
- ☐ Peanuts Hucko
- ☐ Matty Matlock
- ☐ Pee Wee Russell
- ☐ Tony Scott
- ☐ Bill Smith
- ☐ Phil Woods
- ☐ Sol Yaged
- ☐ _____

PIANO
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Toshiko Akiyoshi
- ☐ Mose Allison
- ☐ Count Basie
- ☐ Dave Brubeck
- ☐ Barbara Carroll
- ☐ Cy Coleman
- ☐ Bob Darch
- ☐ Duke Ellington
- ☐ Bill Evans
- ☐ Victor Feldman
- ☐ Clare Fischer
- ☐ Russ Freeman
- ☐ Red Garland
- ☐ Erroll Garner
- ☐ Vince Guaraldi
- ☐ Herbie Hancock
- ☐ Eddie Heywood
- ☐ Earl "Fatha" Hines
- ☐ Richard Hyman
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal
- ☐ Pete Jolly
- ☐ Hank Jones
- ☐ Wynton Kelly
- ☐ Billy Kyle
- ☐ John Lewis
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis
- ☐ Junior Mance
- ☐ Les McCann
- ☐ Marian McPartland
- ☐ Thelonious Monk
- ☐ Peter Nero
- ☐ Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- ☐ Bernard Peiffer
- ☐ Oscar Peterson
- ☐ Bud Powell
- ☐ André Previn
- ☐ George Shearing
- ☐ Don Shirley
- ☐ Horace Silver
- ☐ Martial Solal
- ☐ Jess Stacy
- ☐ Billy Taylor
- ☐ Cecil Taylor
- ☐ Bobby Timmons
- ☐ Lennie Tristano
- ☐ McCoy Tyner
- ☐ Mal Waldron
- ☐ Randy Weston
- ☐ Mary Lou Williams
- ☐ Teddy Wilson
- ☐ Stan Wrightsman
- ☐ Joe Zawinul
- ☐ _____

GUITAR
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Laurindo Almeida
- ☐ Chet Atkins
- ☐ Billy Bauer
- ☐ Kenny Burrell
- ☐ Charlie Byrd
- ☐ Eddie Condon
- ☐ Herb Ellis
- ☐ Tal Farlow
- ☐ Barry Galbraith
- ☐ Freddie Green
- ☐ Grant Green
- ☐ Jim Hall
- ☐ Bill Harris
- ☐ Al Hendrickson
- ☐ Barney Kessel
- ☐ Mundell Lowe
- ☐ Wes Montgomery
- ☐ Oscar Moore
- ☐ Tony Mottola
- ☐ Joe Pass
- ☐ Les Paul
- ☐ Joe Puma
- ☐ Howard Roberts
- ☐ Sal Salvador
- ☐ Bola Sete
- ☐ Johnny Smith
- ☐ Les Spann
- ☐ René Thomas
- ☐ George Van Eps
- ☐ Al Viola
- ☐ _____

BASS
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Don Bagley
- ☐ Norman Bates
- ☐ Joe Benjamin
- ☐ Keter Betts
- ☐ Ray Brown
- ☐ Monty Budwig
- ☐ Red Callender
- ☐ Ron Carter
- ☐ Paul Chambers
- ☐ Buddy Clark
- ☐ Joe Comfort
- ☐ Curtis Counce
- ☐ Bill Crow
- ☐ Art Davis
- ☐ John Doling
- ☐ George Duvivier
- ☐ Pops Foster
- ☐ Johnny Frigo
- ☐ Bob Haggart
- ☐ Percy Heath
- ☐ Milt Hinton
- ☐ Chubby Jackson
- ☐ Eddie Jones
- ☐ Sam Jones
- ☐ Charlie Mingus
- ☐ Red Mitchell
- ☐ Joe Mondragon
- ☐ Monk Montgomery
- ☐ Gary Peacock
- ☐ Mike Rubin
- ☐ Howard Rumsey
- ☐ Eddie Safranski
- ☐ Arvell Shaw
- ☐ Slam Stewart
- ☐ George Tucker
- ☐ Leroy Vinnegar
- ☐ Wilbur Ware
- ☐ Butch Warren
- ☐ Gene Wright
- ☐ El Dee Young
- ☐ _____

DRUMS
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Dave Bailey
- ☐ Danny Barcelona
- ☐ Ray Bauduc
- ☐ Louis Bellson
- ☐ Denzil Best
- ☐ Art Blakey
- ☐ Larry Bunker
- ☐ Frank Capp
- ☐ Cozy Cole
- ☐ Nick Fatool
- ☐ Vernel Fournier
- ☐ Sonny Greer
- ☐ Chico Hamilton
- ☐ Louis Hayes
- ☐ Roy Haynes
- ☐ Red Holt
- ☐ Sticks Hooper
- ☐ Ron Jefferson
- ☐ Osie Johnson
- ☐ Elvin Jones
- ☐ Jo Jones
- ☐ Philly Joe Jones
- ☐ Rufus Jones
- ☐ Connie Kay
- ☐ Gene Krupa
- ☐ Don Lamond
- ☐ Stan Levey
- ☐ Mel Lewis
- ☐ Shelly Manne
- ☐ Joe Morello
- ☐ Sonny Payne
- ☐ Walter Perkins
- ☐ Charlie Persip
- ☐ Joey Preston
- ☐ Buddy Rich
- ☐ Max Roach
- ☐ Mickey Sheen
- ☐ Jack Sperling
- ☐ Ed Thigpen
- ☐ Milt Turner
- ☐ George Wettling
- ☐ Sam Woodyard
- ☐ _____

MISC. INSTRUMENT
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ray Brown, *cello*
- ☐ Milt Buckner, *organ*
- ☐ Larry Bunker, *vibes*
- ☐ Gary Burton, *vibes*
- ☐ Candido, *bongo*
- ☐ Buddy Collette, *flute*
- ☐ John Coltrane, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- ☐ Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Leo Diamond, *harmonica*
- ☐ Eric Dolphy, *flute*
- ☐ Don Elliott, *vibes, mellophone*
- ☐ Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- ☐ Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- ☐ Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
- ☐ Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- ☐ Paul Horn, *flute*
- ☐ Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- ☐ Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch*
- ☐ Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Prince Lasha, *flute*
- ☐ Yusef Lateef, *flute*
- ☐ Charles Lloyd, *flute*
- ☐ Mike Mainieri, *vibes*
- ☐ Herbie Mann, *flute*
- ☐ James Moody, *flute*
- ☐ Ray Nance, *violin*
- ☐ Red Norvo, *vibes*
- ☐ Pony Poindexter, *soprano sax*
- ☐ Emil Richards, *vibes*
- ☐ Dick Roberts, *banjo*
- ☐ Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Bob Rosengarden, *bongo*
- ☐ Willie Ruff, *French horn*
- ☐ Shirley Scott, *organ*
- ☐ Bud Shank, *flute*
- ☐ Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- ☐ Ray Starling, *mellophonium*
- ☐ Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
- ☐ Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
- ☐ Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- ☐ Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- ☐ Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- ☐ Frank Wess, *flute*
- ☐ _____

MALE VOCALIST
(Please check one.)

- ☐ David Allen
- ☐ Mose Allison
- ☐ Louis Armstrong
- ☐ Harry Belafonte
- ☐ Tony Bennett
- ☐ Brook Benton
- ☐ Pat Boone
- ☐ Oscar Brown, Jr.
- ☐ Ray Charles
- ☐ Nat "King" Cole
- ☐ Perry Como
- ☐ Bing Crosby
- ☐ Vic Damone
- ☐ Bobby Darin
- ☐ Sammy Davis Jr.
- ☐ Johnny Desmond
- ☐ Fats Domino
- ☐ Frank D'Rone
- ☐ Billy Eckstine
- ☐ Jesse Fuller
- ☐ Buddy Greco
- ☐ Roy Hamilton
- ☐ Johnny Hartman
- ☐ Clancy Hayes
- ☐ Bill Henderson
- ☐ Jon Hendricks
- ☐ Al Hibbler
- ☐ Lightnin' Hopkins
- ☐ Johnny Janis
- ☐ Frankie Laine
- ☐ Steve Lawrence
- ☐ Dean Martin
- ☐ Johnny Mathis
- ☐ Les McCann
- ☐ Mark Murphy
- ☐ Jackie Paris
- ☐ Arthur Prysock
- ☐ Jimmy Rushing
- ☐ Frank Sinatra
- ☐ Jack Teagarden
- ☐ Mel Tormé
- ☐ Joe Turner
- ☐ Muddy Waters
- ☐ Andy Williams
- ☐ Joe Williams
- ☐ Jimmy Witherspoon
- ☐ _____

FEMALE VOCALIST
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ernestine Anderson
- ☐ Joan Baez
- ☐ Pearl Bailey
- ☐ La Vern Baker
- ☐ Mae Barnes
- ☐ Joy Bryan
- ☐ Jackie Cain
- ☐ Diahann Carroll
- ☐ June Christy
- ☐ Chris Connor
- ☐ Doris Day
- ☐ Frances Faye
- ☐ Ella Fitzgerald
- ☐ Connie Francis
- ☐ Aretha Franklin
- ☐ Judy Garland
- ☐ Eydie Gormé
- ☐ Shirley Horn
- ☐ Lena Horne
- ☐ Helen Humes
- ☐ Lurlean Hunter
- ☐ Mahalia Jackson
- ☐ Etta James
- ☐ Sheila Jordan
- ☐ Beverly Kelly
- ☐ Teddi King
- ☐ Eartha Kitt
- ☐ Irene Kral
- ☐ Peggy Lee
- ☐ Abbey Lincoln
- ☐ Julie London
- ☐ Gloria Lynne
- ☐ Carmen McRae
- ☐ Jaye P. Morgan
- ☐ Anita O'Day
- ☐ Patti Page
- ☐ Billie Poole
- ☐ Della Reese
- ☐ Ann Richards
- ☐ Mavis Rivers
- ☐ Annie Ross
- ☐ Dinah Shore
- ☐ Nina Simone
- ☐ Carol Sloane
- ☐ Jennie Smith
- ☐ Keely Smith
- ☐ Joanie Sommers
- ☐ Jeri Southern
- ☐ Jo Stafford
- ☐ Dakota Staton
- ☐ Barbra Streisand
- ☐ Teri Thornton
- ☐ Diana Trask
- ☐ Sarah Vaughan
- ☐ Dinah Washington
- ☐ Margaret Whiting
- ☐ Lee Wiley
- ☐ Nancy Wilson
- ☐ _____

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Cannonball Adderley Sextet
- ☐ Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- ☐ Al Belletto Quartet
- ☐ Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- ☐ Dave Brubeck Quartet
- ☐ Charlie Byrd Trio
- ☐ Barbara Carroll Trio
- ☐ Al Cohn—Zoot Sims Quintet
- ☐ Cy Coleman Trio
- ☐ Ornette Coleman Quartet
- ☐ John Coltrane Quartet
- ☐ Miles Davis Sextet
- ☐ DeFranco-Gumina Quartet
- ☐ Wilbur De Paris Sextet
- ☐ Dukes of Dixieland
- ☐ Don Ellis Trio
- ☐ Bill Evans Trio
- ☐ Art Farmer Quartet
- ☐ Firehouse Five plus Two
- ☐ Erroll Garner Trio
- ☐ Stan Getz Quartet
- ☐ Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- ☐ Jimmy Giuffre Trio
- ☐ Urbie Green Septet
- ☐ Al Grey—Billy Mitchell Sextet
- ☐ Vince Guaraldi Trio
- ☐ Chico Hamilton Quintet
- ☐ Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
- ☐ Ahmad Jamal Trio
- ☐ Jazz Crusaders
- ☐ Jonah Jones Quartet
- ☐ Barney Kessel Quartet
- ☐ Gene Krupa Quartet
- ☐ Ramsey Lewis Trio
- ☐ Lighthouse All-Stars
- ☐ Shelly Manne and his Men
- ☐ Les McCann Ltd.
- ☐ Marian McPartland Trio
- ☐ Charlie Mingus Quartet
- ☐ Modern Jazz Quartet
- ☐ Thelonious Monk Quartet
- ☐ Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- ☐ Red Nichols' Five Pennies
- ☐ Red Norvo Quintet
- ☐ Oscar Peterson Trio
- ☐ André Previn Trio
- ☐ Max Roach Quintet
- ☐ Sonny Rollins Quartet
- ☐ George Russell Sextet
- ☐ Pee Wee Russell Quartet
- ☐ Bud Shank Quartet
- ☐ George Shearing Quintet
- ☐ Horace Silver Quintet
- ☐ Nina Simone and her Trio
- ☐ Cecil Taylor Quartet
- ☐ Terry Brookmeyer Quintet
- ☐ Cal Tjader Quintet
- ☐ Teddy Wilson Trio
- ☐ Kai Winding Sextet
- ☐ Paul Winter Sextet
- ☐ _____

VOCAL GROUP
(Please check one.)

- ☐ Ames Brothers
- ☐ Andy & the Bey Sisters
- ☐ Brothers Four
- ☐ Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- ☐ Clancy Bros. & Makem
- ☐ Double Six of Paris
- ☐ Four Freshmen
- ☐ Four Lads
- ☐ Hi-Lo's
- ☐ Ink Spots
- ☐ Mary Kaye Trio
- ☐ King Sisters
- ☐ Kingston Trio
- ☐ Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan
- ☐ John LaSalle Quartet
- ☐ Limeliters
- ☐ McGuire Sisters
- ☐ Mills Brothers
- ☐ Chad Mitchell Trio
- ☐ Modernaires
- ☐ Peter, Paul & Mary
- ☐ Platters
- ☐ The Raelets
- ☐ Staple Singers
- ☐ Kirby Stone Four
- ☐ Weavers
- ☐ _____

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name_____

Address_____

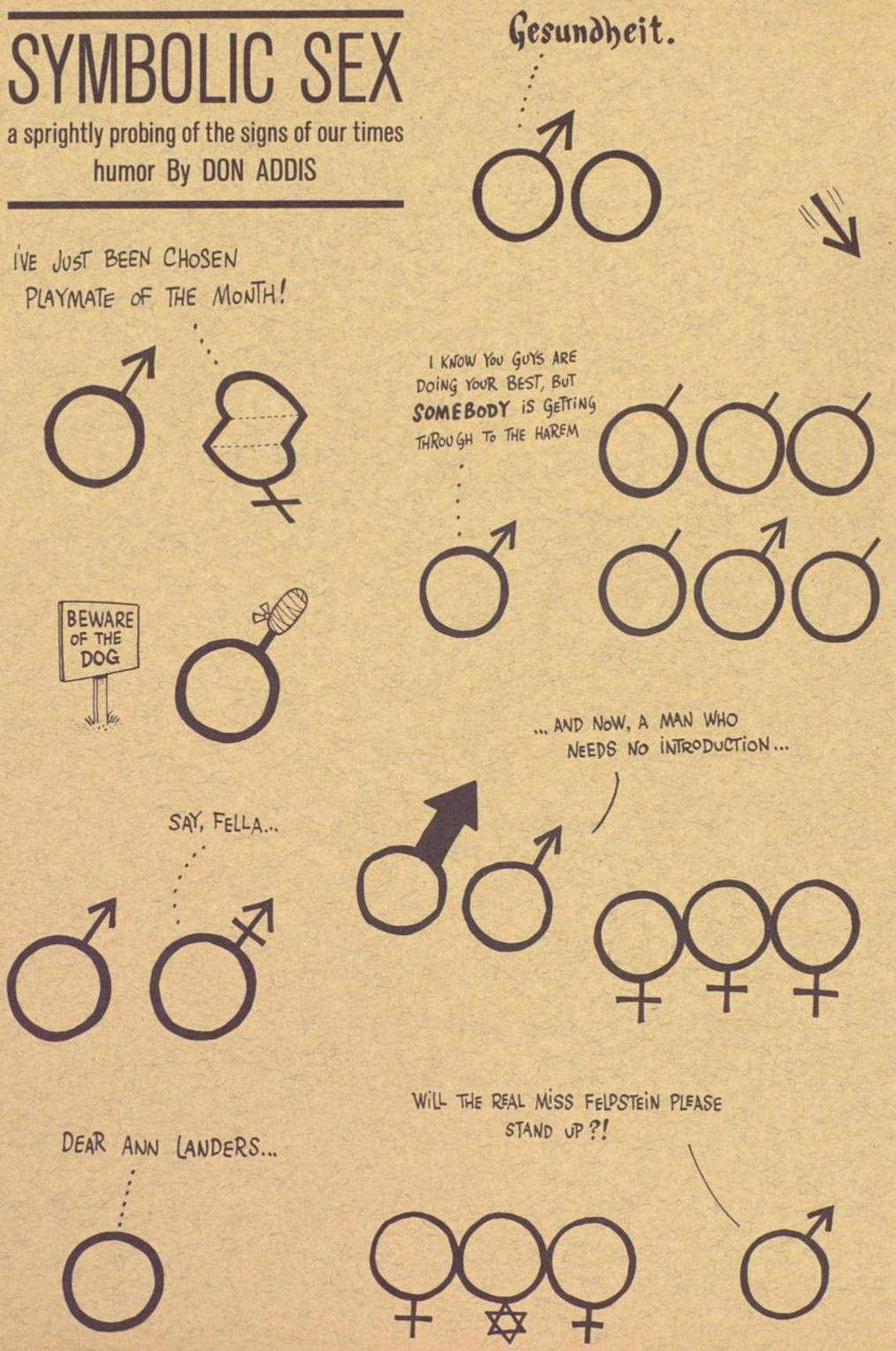
City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

YOUR 1964 PLAYBOY JAZZ-POLL BALLOT

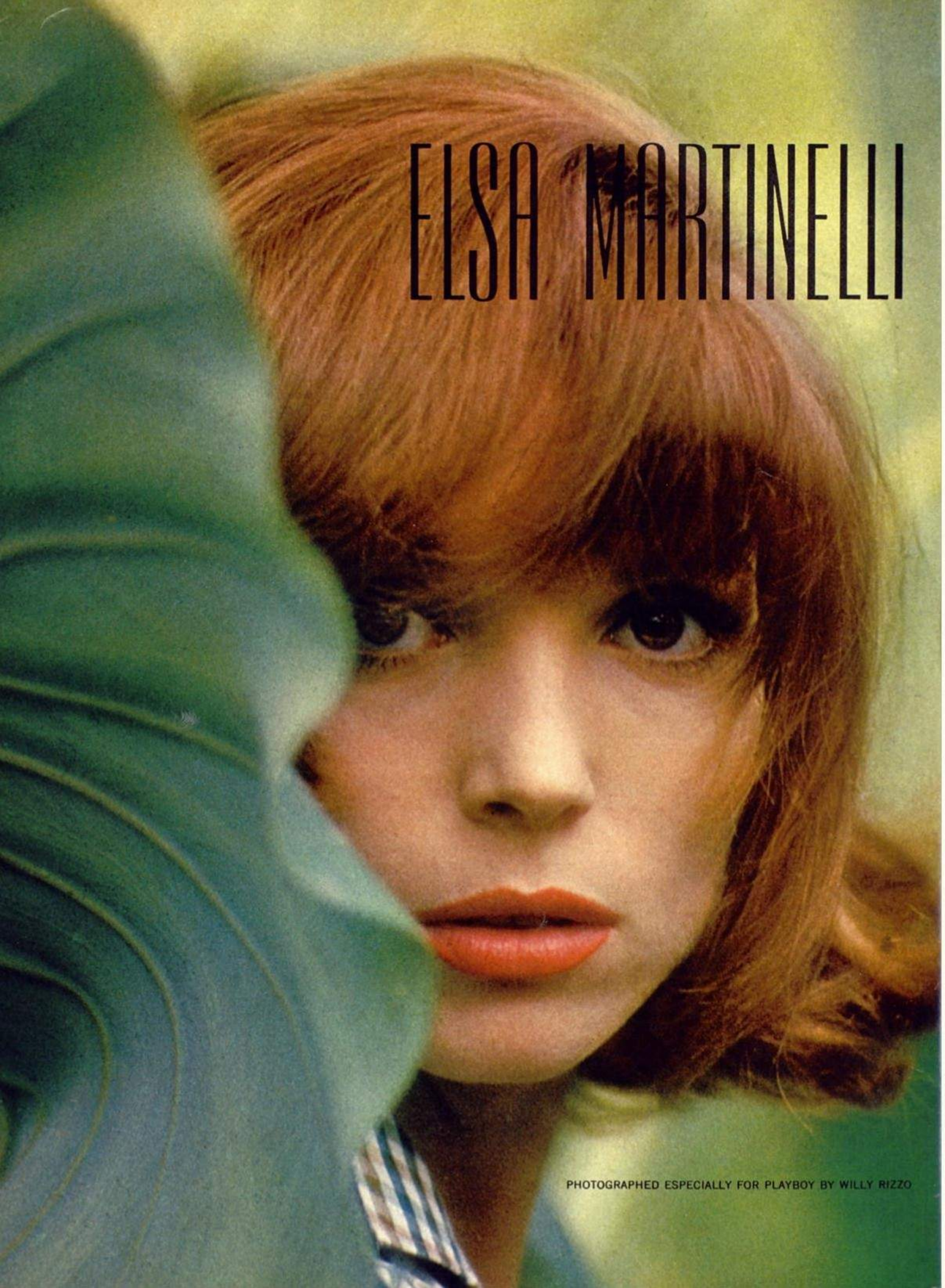
SYMBOLIC SEX

a sprightly probing of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS



"Harry, we can't go on meeting here like this anymore. I think my husband is beginning to get suspicious."



DURING THE EIGHT YEARS that have elapsed since Elsa Martinelli untied her barmaid's apron in a Florentine *trattoria* and set out for Hollywood (via Rome, Paris and New York), she has been bussed by the best in the business (see below). But in *Rampage*, her newest flick, she is bussed as never before. Elsa, who is also the Contessa Mancinelli Scotti, is one of nine children of a waiter. Eventually she became a barmaid in a small café frequented, fortunately, by dress designer Roberto Capucci, who spied beneath her apron the assorted charms that have since made Elsa the subject of as much cinematic smoochery as any other star of our time. Capucci sped her to Rome where she became a model. Later she invaded Hollywood and has appeared in more than 20 films, although never before in such a delightful state of altogetherness as in the Seven Arts production of *Rampage* (see following pages).

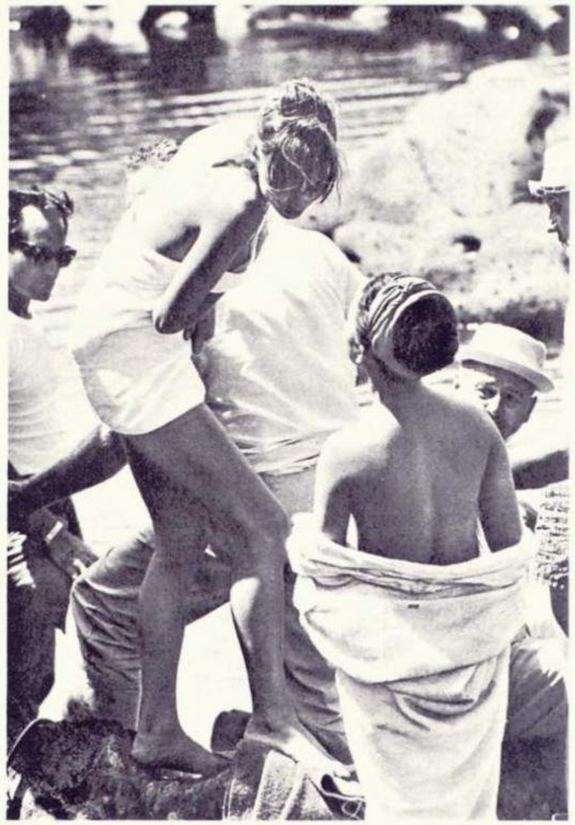
if you wonder who's kissing her now . . . . . .

It was Charlton Heston in *The Pigeon That Saved Rome* . . .

. . . Kirk Douglas in *The Indian Fighter* . . .

. . . John Wayne in *Hatari!* . . .

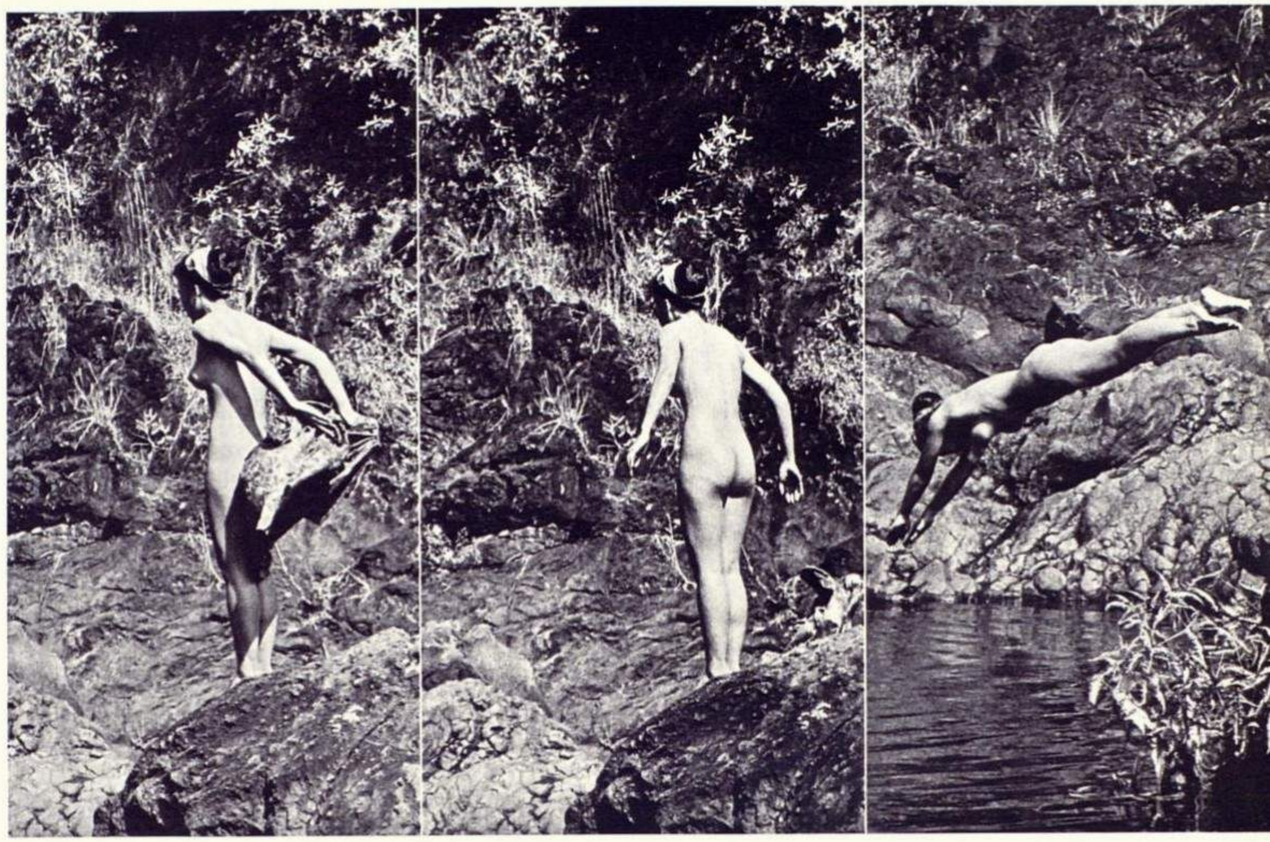
. . . and Tony Perkins in *The Trial.*



. . . . . *or wonder who's teaching her how* . . . . . .

The fine Italian hand (and practically everything else) of Elsa Martinelli is on display in this scene from *Rampage*, in which Elsa and Cely Carrillo dally *deshabillé* in a mountain stream. The film, which concerns the efforts of two men to capture a rare leopard in darkest Malaya (it was filmed in Hawaii), contains ingredients customarily served up in cinematic potpourris of this sort: jungle drums, roaring beasts, dry rot, bead curtains and The Eternal Triangle. But something new has been added: the most sensational aquatic smooch ever screened (see next spread).

Above, Elsa and Cely prepare to bare all in eye-filling swim scene as crew stands by. Then Elsa takes plunge, awaits Cely (below).

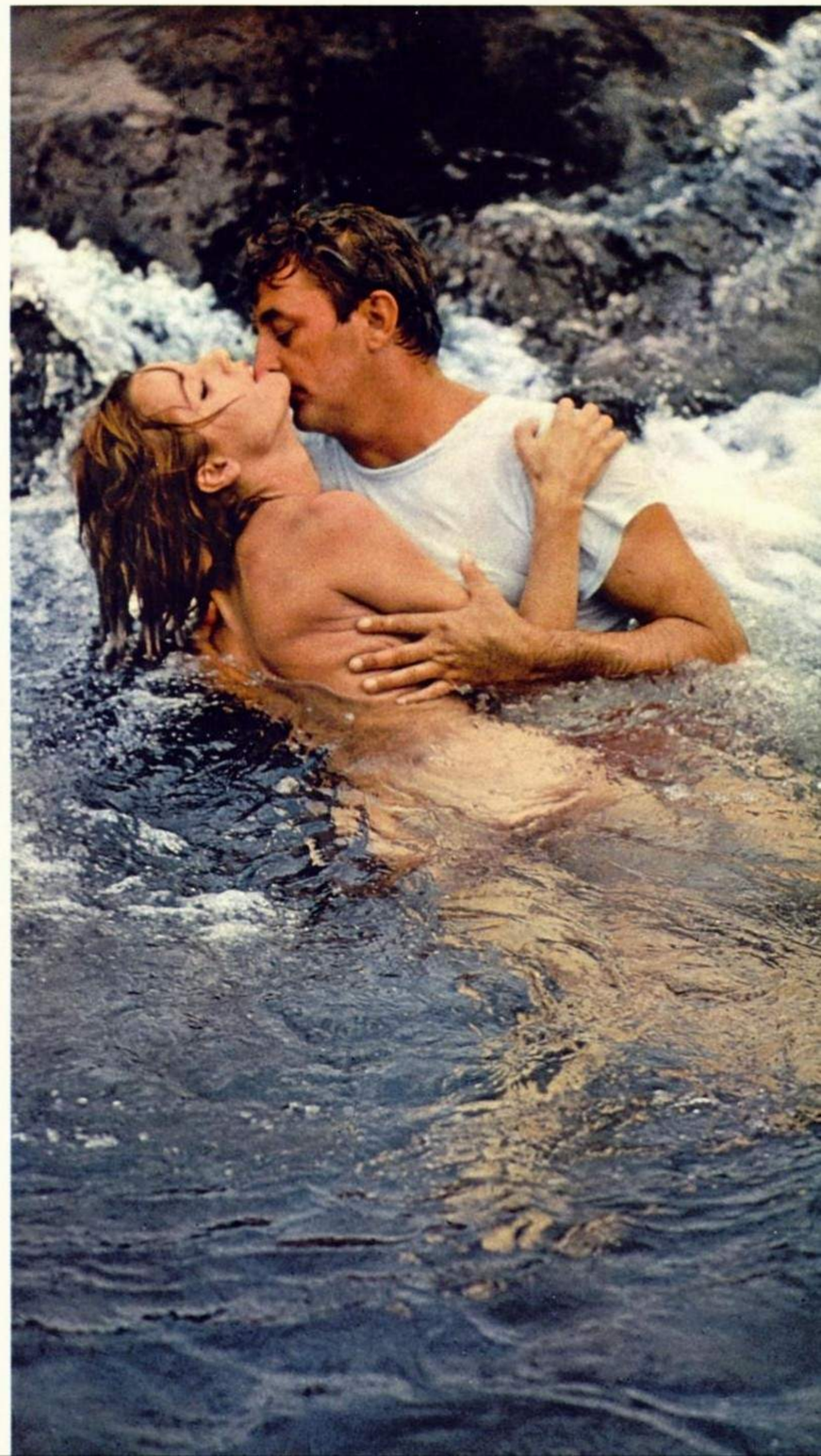


Above, Cely Carrillo doffs her robe and dives gracefully from a rock, joining *La Bella* Martinelli in nude romp in water.

...it's bob mitchum in this steamy scene from "rampage"

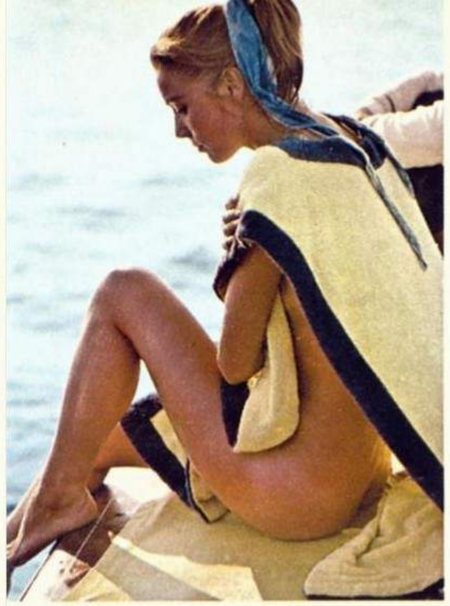
Above, girlish frolic in shallows continues as camera dollies in on Elsa and companion. But the lissome pair, paddling through the surf, soon discover that they are not alone. Ashore is Robert Mitchum in the role of a big-game trapper who has set his snares for Elsa and has been stalking her for weeks. Below, Elsa reacts to peeping Bob with mock alarm but Cely retains Oriental poise.

Right, trapper Bob, spying his prey alone in rapids, swims salmonlike upstream, nets Elsa and closes in for epic clinch.

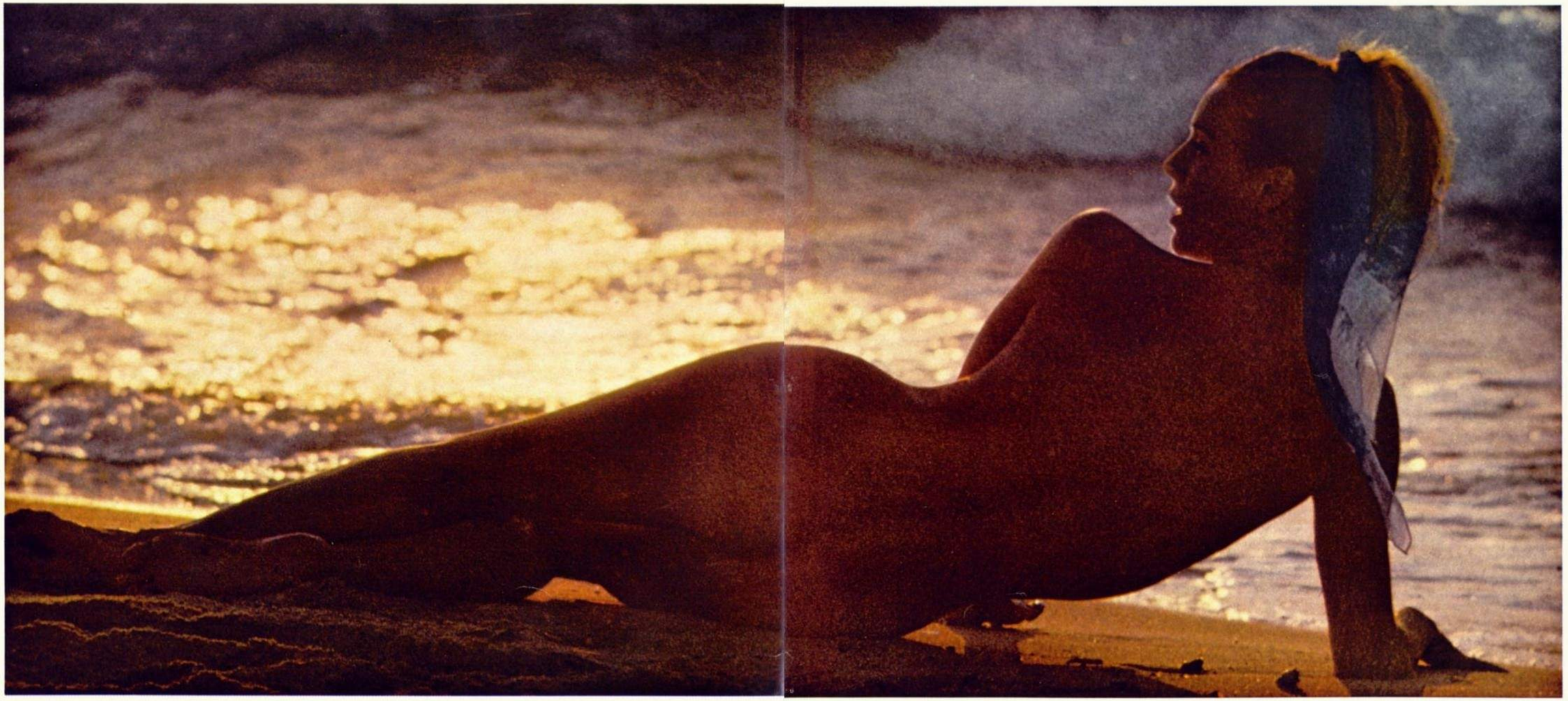


at shooting's end, nude elsa takes to water skis

"She looks," said Vittorio De Sica, "as if she had been painted in oils." And Elsa works hard to preserve this portrait. At breakfast she diets by eating only a pomegranate, and for exercise she water-skis, in the nude if possible, at some secluded setting with her lover, Willy Rizzo (she feels this helps both her health and her disposition). Right, she skinny-dips at Juan-les-Pins, off southern France, then dries in the sun. Below, as the sun slowly sets over the Mediterranean, we savor a delightful Dry Martinelli with a twist.



Although she remains an authentic countess (her husband, Count Franco Mancinelli Scotti, holds one of the oldest titles in Rome), Elsa Martinelli has renounced her marriage and now travels about the world in the company of Italian photographer Willy Rizzo, who shot for PLAYBOY these exclusive pictures of his unadorned inamorata as she water-skied in the Mediterranean off the French Riviera shortly after the filming of *Rampage* was completed in Hawaii. For Elsa and Willy, love remains a many-splendored adventure, but life, they have discovered, can sometimes be difficult. Because a divorce for Elsa is unobtainable under Italian statute, she and Willy find themselves continually living under a cloud of scandal ("At the cafés on the Via Veneto they consume gossip as though it were *grappa*," says Elsa). In New York, London, Hollywood and elsewhere they must always have two hotel rooms (preferably adjoining) for, says Willy, "If a man shares a single hotel room with a woman not his wife, this is adultery. And all over the world they throw you into prison for this – except, of course, in the civilized nation of France. Ah, what a wonderful country is France!"



DAVID MERRICK (continued from page 135)

soft and lethargic. As Peter Ustinov puts it, "He is almost caressing when he talks, carefully modulated, redolent of warmth and comfort — not brusque at all. He seems almost half-asleep at times." The over-all impression is one of imperturbable majesty. As in so much else about David Merrick, however, there is a jarring note. Imperturbable monarchs don't bite their nails. Merrick does.

This is only the most superficial of the many contradictions in Merrick and in his image. The image tends to be simpler than the man. For not even Merrick can be as Mephistophelian as his reputation suggests. Jule Styne, composer of innumerable hit songs and now a Broadway producer, testifies: "There is no such person as David Merrick"—meaning the Merrick of bogieman legend. "I don't find David an s.o.b.," he says. "The image is painted all wrong." Michael Stewart, author of the libretto of *Bye Bye Birdie* and *Carnival!*, goes even further. "He has created an image of himself as the Nero of our business," Stewart says. "It's become a kind of party game to see who can say the nastiest things about him. I'm sorry, but I find Merrick warm and easy. I find him loyal and completely honest. He has the courage of a lion. And no man is more generous to his creative people."

Merrick's reputation for being a rough, tough character grows in part out of his public troubles with actors and actresses. These began as early as 1954 when he staged *Fanny*. Merrick telephoned Walter Slezak and induced him to accept a role in the musical. Slezak came to New York from Hollywood. Hostilities broke out almost immediately. Slezak charged furiously that Merrick had backtracked on contract terms, and refused to talk to Merrick for months at a stretch. Recently, almost a decade after the event, Slezak was still nursing his anger. When I called him and told him Merrick's office had suggested I interview him in connection with this story, he shouted, "Whatsamatter, the sonofabitch is trying to become a humanitarian?" He refused to discuss Merrick.

Merrick's noisiest brawl with an actor, however, came in 1959 shortly after the opening of *Take Me Along*, in which Jackie Gleason played the lead. Gleason, apparently happy during the rehearsal and tryout period, soon after the opening tried to pry himself loose from the contract that bound him to the show. Merrick refused to let him go. Before long columnists were quoting Gleason as saying things like: "Dealing with him is like playing handball against a putty wall . . . I'm going to put Merrick's picture on my golf balls — I would be able to get anywhere up to 800 yards with that kind of inspiration."

Merrick, in turn, on being told that Gleason had a stomach-ache, announced that he was deeply sympathetic because, "When Gleason has a stomach-ache it's like a giraffe having a sore throat." Gleason, he said, wanted nothing but the acclaim of an opening night. He was not interested in the hard, unromantic work that goes with performance after performance in a Broadway hit. "This was really unbelievable," Merrick said at the time. "Jackie actually requested one week's vacation after every three weeks that he is in the play."

Today Gleason will no longer comment on the feud, beyond snapping that "I've done enough for him already." Merrick is less reticent. "His press agents and mine found easy access to getting plugs in the columns," he says quietly. "But personally, I objected to the feud. I consider Gleason about 12,000,000 light-years beneath me. He's just a great big fat comic."

Another battle between Merrick and one of his stars broke out during the run of the musical, *Carnival!* The lead was played by Anna Maria Alberghetti, a slim, dark soprano who a friend describes by saying, "For a frail little girl, she's a helluva street fighter." Street fighter or no, the frail Miss Alberghetti fell ill and was hospitalized. Her press agent promptly publicized the news. Usually, when the star of a Broadway show is ill, pains are taken to keep it quiet, on the theory that ticket sales will fall off once the public knows the star is not appearing. Merrick, irked, replaced Miss Alberghetti with her understudy, announcing, "I wish I had been clairvoyant enough to know at the beginning that she was that much better than Miss Alberghetti." He rubbed in his revenge by sending the sick singer a bouquet of wax roses, duly publicizing that, too.

Such conflicts, of course, are superheated by the press agents who proliferate in the Broadway underbrush. They are primarily for public consumption. Not for public consumption, however, are the private, often far more bitter, battles that occur in the course of Merrick's negotiations with actors, directors, composers, writers and their legions of agents and lawyers. For Merrick is the toughest negotiator in town.

Just how tough he can be is suggested in this comment by the upset wife of a composer who has dealt with Merrick a number of times. "Negotiations with David?" she says. "It's nervous-breakdownsville!"

Merrick has been charged with calculated campaigns to weaken the opposition when he is negotiating. Conductor Lehman Engel recalls: "The first time I worked with him was in *Fanny*. We had breakfast one morning at the Plaza. I told him how much I get. He agreed to pay it. But when my agent called to confirm the deal he was unable to get through to Merrick. He tried for a week. Finally, I got through to him myself and he said, 'Forget it,' and hung up. I called Harold Rome and Josh Logan, who were working on the show. They called David. Twenty minutes later he called my agent and the deal was confirmed. I think he just does this to make you nervous."

One of Merrick's best-known tactics in negotiation is the temper tantrum. He has on occasion stormed out of meetings. He has screamed with rage, pounded the table, called people names. Sometimes the tantrum is genuine. More often it is a tactical maneuver. Says one friend, "I've seen him all heated up, and as soon as he hangs up the phone he smiles and says, 'Wasn't that a wonderful act?'" Eruptions of Mount Merrick, however, can be corked. Says Jule Styne, "If you're weak, you're no match for David Merrick. He'll devour you. But he knows I'll fight back and hit him with a chair — I really would — and he knows it. I don't use agents and lawyers between us. I tell him myself. If you are strong, you can argue with Merrick."

Despite all this sound and fury, says one leading agent who has haggled and fought with Merrick repeatedly, "He's not unfair. He's tough. He's called my bluff several times. Many other producers are easier to deal with. They will pay all kinds of salaries that are unwarranted. Merrick won't. So he seems unfair by comparison."

Actor Sydney Chaplin puts it this way: "He wants to get everyone cheap. But all the other producers do, too. Some do it with a smile at a cocktail party or an arm around your shoulder. David is direct. He lives up to the contract. I didn't have one day's trouble with him. After all, when you put $400,000 into a show, it's no longer crapping around artsy-craftsy. It's a business."

If Merrick looms as an ogre to many outsiders, he presents a totally different picture to his own tightly knit permanent staff. He is the only producer in America to have built a 52-week-a-year organization. Others hire and fire people as needed. Merrick retains a cadre of trained people. He is thoughtful of them. He gives them great leeway for individual initiative. He is paternal. The same is true of Merrick's relationships with offstage creative personnel. Typically, when he hires a director, he leaves the director alone. "I don't constantly hover over them taking notes, sitting alongside them at rehearsal," Merrick says. "The producer with a pad and pencil will drive the

(continued on page 228)

THE CALFAYAN COLLECTION

fiction **BY PETER SOURIAN**

it was not his intention to share his treasures—either old masters or young mistresses—with the rest of the world

BEDROS CALFAYAN, the Armenian multimillionaire, had taken again to walking out for lunch from his deceptively modest Paris office. The wizened little hunchback servant Rifat, who accompanied him, skipping to keep pace, was not surprised when Calfayan stopped having the limousine pick him up at noon, for it had been almost three months since Rifat had been charged with dismissing his employer's last mistress, a café singer.

Calfayan, his conscious genius totally absorbed in matters of business, knew less than Rifat what Calfayan was now up to. The hunchback knew, because it fell within the range of one of his primary tasks, which was to procure, help train and ultimately discard the objects of Calfayan's powerfully animal, yet delicately aesthetic inclinations. Calfayan did not know, because his brain, the apparent equivalent in practical and imaginative capacity of a heavily staffed corporation, preferred not to know. Therefore, Rifat's brain, like a pilot fish, followed by leading the Armenian whale.

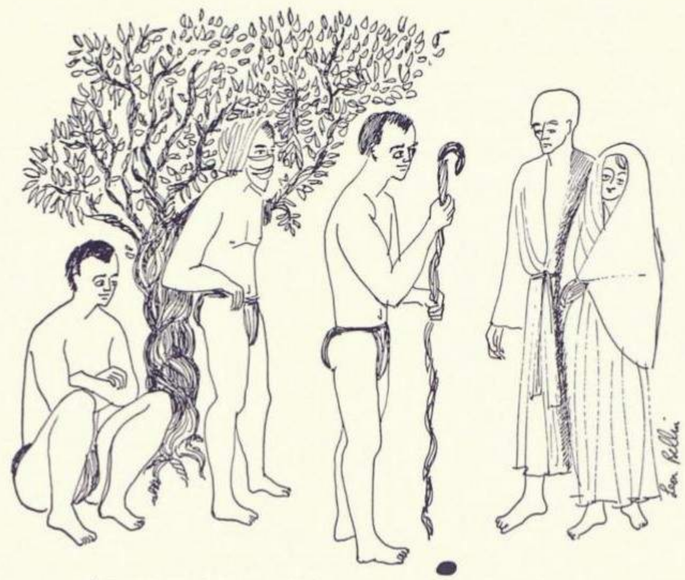
And so Calfayan, as he moved, glimpsed women of Paris dimly through the slow, turbulent seas of his absorption. A lower-class matron, ripe and wise-seeming, came close, but receded; then a short, trim young student on the arm of a shaggy-haired boy; and there was one lithe Swede. But Rifat knew his work would not begin until a vision touched and then firmly arrested Calfayan.

Calfayan had granted one newspaper interview in his 50 years. But it was not really an interview. The London *Times* reporter had opened his mouth, about to ask a first question, when Calfayan said: "I am not a gambler. I am truly audacious. I wait and wait without panic until I am sure. I tell myself no hopeful lies. I am not too much vain. These are my courage. Good day." Then he left the room, nodding briefly to Rifat in signal that the Englishman be ushered gently away.

This summer noontime they passed a sandwich counter near the Printemps. Calfayan stopped. One of three blue-smocked salesgirls from the department store, on their lunch hour, leaned tight against the chromium edge of the counter, on tiptoe, her full breasts half-outlined, blue cloth drawn tight. She was laughing at the ungainly, oversize man behind the counter, who

(continued on page 183)

"Trick or treat, Mr. Malcolm?"



persuasion

Ribald Classic

from the prose fables of the Hindu *Tantrakhyayika*

IN A CERTAIN VILLAGE of India lived a Brahman whose duty it was to tend the sacred fire in the temple. This holy man of noble caste, though poor, worried mightily that people might overlook the purity of his position. One day he journeyed to a nearby village to beg for a slave to help him with the tending of the fire, and a rich man gave him one, saying: "Take this damsel, for she is comely and will be skillful in tending the fire."

Having eyed the girl, the Brahman had an impure thought, for all his piety, and he said to himself: "I am certain this damsel will tend the fire quite well, and, if I am not deceived, can be taught, in addition, to kindle the flames of love."

Now, a certain young man of the village, too poor to buy life's pleasures, had learned to rely on his wits; seeing the damsel, he was smitten with her beauty and he vowed to possess her. "But," he said to himself, "it cannot be by force, for she is the slave of a holy man and the law would be vindictive. I must use the weapons of guile and persuasion."

Thus, when the Brahman had proceeded some distance along the road with his newly acquired assistant, a farmer lad appeared and said: "O reverend sir, why are you leading an unclean person to the shrine of eternal fire? This girl is a prostitute and I, begging your pardon, know her quite well and in an intimate way. Recall the proverb:

"The prostitute and knave,
The hangman and the slave,
Untouchables, defile you
And get you in a stew."

The Brahman was furious and swore by the damsel's virginity, and the farmer lad departed, begging his pardon. But, a few miles farther along the road, a potter appeared, his face masked in a sweat cloth. To the Brahman he said: "Alas, holy sir, even were this prostitute of your own clan and caste, it would not be meet to take her to the shrine, for the proverb says:

"Touch not too freely man or beast,
And woman touch not in the least,
For he who does must weep and fast,
If he would purify his caste."

The Brahman was astonished and angry, and the potter apologized humbly, saluted, and walked away. Yet, later, on the same highway and near the gate of the city, a shepherd stopped the Brahman and said: "Pious father, be not irate, but do you know that the girl whose hand you hold is a well-known joy girl? People will talk if you take her to the shrine. Remember the proverb:

"When pious Brahmans of high class,
In ignorance, or in passion's blast,
Reach out for prostitutes in lust,
They must cleanse their lives — it
is a must."

The Brahman shook his head and said aloud: "Surely this damsel *must* be a prostitute, for the first three young men I met on the road knew her all too well. Verily, people would talk if they saw her in the shrine. And my position and background are worth far more than the charms she has."

Turning to the shepherd, who could hardly divert his eyes from the damsel's face and figure, he said: "Will you take her off my hands, lad, and tell no one you saw her with me?"

When the shepherd said he would, the Brahman said to the damsel: "Go your way, daughter of folly, and forget you ever saw me."

The damsel lowered her eyes until he had hastened away to be purified. Then with a smile, she gave her hand to the youth who had assumed the disguises of farmer lad, potter and shepherd, and together they entered a nearby woodland to offer a fitting tribute to the god of love.

— *Retold by J. A. Gato*

GONE WITH THE TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN

"You didn't ask me if I was a vampire, so I didn't tell you I was a vampire . . ."

"Watch it, Marge—you forgot to put on your tights . . ."

"I appreciate your advice, dear, but Hertz put me in the driver's seat!"

"You say you lend money on anything . . . ?"

"I'm sorry, Dad, but when Shelley Berman does it, it's funny. When you do it, it isn't funny!"

"I think they're expecting us to put on some sort of show . . ."

a fresh supply of whimsical dialog for tv's late-night flicks

"I'd take some bones for my puppy, but I can't seem to find him around anywhere . . ."

"Now, boys, that's a part of Bird Watching that really shouldn't be watched . . . !"

"Damned sports cars!!"

"All right, Son, you caught the fly. Now I think it would be a very nice thing if you let him go . . ."

"Excuse me, but I couldn't help overhearing your conversation about 'balling.' I used to be a pretty fair baseball player myself. Pitched for Spokane in the Pacific Coast League back in . . ."

"Do you want to know why none of the guys will play leapfrog with you?"

BILLIARD BALLET

(continued from page 101)

of the Sunday paper. Out loud. To me. Including some classified ads." Ray stopped the car between the angled parking-space lines before the big windows of the coffee shop, shut off the motor, and turned to face Sophia, still listening. He was 28 years old, she was 24; both were blond, and their name was Rasmussen. "The Sunday before, I think it was, you discovered a wonderful radio program; old records, old 78s. And it *was* good; I liked it. But it started at midnight. Tonight — well, we stayed at the Dabneys' till they were ready to throw us out."

"Phil wasn't."

"No, he's as bad as you are Sunday nights; June's told me. He'd have kept us there another hour. June was tired, though, so we left reasonably early, but now instead of going straight home we're stopping for coffee." She watched his face for a moment. "You still don't know what I mean?"

Opening his door, he smiled wryly. "Yeah, I know all right: the Sunday-night Stall before the Monday-morning Blues. I didn't realize it was that bad, is all."

Inside, after they had sat down at the long plastic-topped counter and ordered, Sophia said, "Do you really hate your job all that much, Ray?" It was after 12, and there was only one other customer, a tan-uniformed California highway patrolman halfway down the counter.

"No, I don't hate it. Though I guarantee you I don't love it."

"Then why don't you find another job? You're young, your career's ahead of you; find something you really love to do. There must be something that ——"

His eyes were amused. "You sound like my mother; just before I finished school. Always after me to tell her 'what I really wanted to do,' and I never knew what to say." He glanced up to thank with a smile the waitress who was setting their cups down. "She assumed — it was an article of absolute faith with her — that for every boy there was not only a girl but a job he'd love. But it's not necessarily true. Not for me. The girl, yeah, the job, no."

"Ray, I know people who ——"

"Oh, I know 'em, too! I grew up with a kid who knew when he was 10 years old that he wanted to be a doctor. Now he is one, working 12 and 14 hours a day, and loves it. Another kid I knew was a natural-born artist. He didn't have to learn, he could always draw. He's a commercial artist now and it's all he ever wants to do. Well, I envy people like that; they're the lucky ones of the world. They have the call. They spend their lives doing what they want to do and that's the best thing there is. Next to good health and a chubby little wife. It's a million times better than just making money. But mostly the world is populated by people like me."

"No, it isn't."

He smiled, picking up the sugar jar. "You're deluded, kiddo. I fooled you easy."

They poured cream into their cups; unwrapped sugar, and dropped in the cubes; stirred; tasted; set down their cups. Ray stared ahead for a moment or so, then shrugged and turned to Sophia. "Oh, I'm not running myself down; I'm intelligent enough and I'm not lazy. I just don't have any special talent, that's all; none. The world's full of us, and all we can do is go out and hunt a job when the time comes, and it doesn't much matter what kind. I'm an assistant account executive in an advertising agency; for no special reason. I could just as well be something else. There are times when the job's tedious, plenty of them, but it has its interesting moments, too; as many as any other job I could hope to find. So I don't hate it, Soph; a job's necessary and this one's OK. I guess what I resent is the *time* it takes; most of my life."

"What do you mean?"

"Figure it out. I get up at 6:30; still dark most of the year. And for more than the next 12 hours, till I get home just before seven, it's either work, preparing to leave for work, or going to and from it on a bus. If I get eight hours' sleep, that's over 20 of the 24 hours gone. And it happens five days out of seven. That's most of my life, kid." He smiled at her, shrugging again. "I'm not complaining, though; it's no worse for me than anyone else. You just got me started is all." He shook his head, still smiling. "The Sunday-night Stall; I didn't know it showed."

The Dabneys visited the Rasmussens the following Sunday. Phil Dabney was Ray's oldest friend; they'd grown up together in San Francisco. Now they each lived here on the Peninsula, in the commuting area south of the city, and because their wives liked each other, the Rasmussens and the Dabneys were each the couple the other saw most often. Tonight it was rainy and chilly outside, typical end-of-the-winter Bay Area weather. But here inside they sat or lay on the floor before a fire in the tiny black-metal fireplace which hung suspended by its own stovepipe from a corner of the living-room ceiling.

The room was silent. The two men lay sprawled on their stomachs facing each other across a very large tablet of white paper, a layout pad from Ray's office. Each of the men, Ray in corduroy pants and a collar-frayed white shirt, Phil in dark pants and a red-plaid wool shirt, was drawing a careful series of dime-sized circles on the pad. The circles, their edges overlapping, formed two curved lines moving out toward each other from each side of the sheet. Beside the pad lay an open box of colored pencils, and each time one of the men finished a circle he would color it in: Ray's were red, Phil's green. Scattered on the carpet around them lay other sheets, each with a diagram of colored discs.

Phil laid down his pencil, and ran the spread fingers of his hand through his straight black hair. He was a big nervous-mannered man and this compulsive gesture was so familiar to his wife and friends that they no longer saw it. Glancing at June, his wife, he smiled.

She nodded at the pad. "I'm still not sure how that's supposed to work." She lay on the floor on her side, watching them, wearing black slacks and turtleneck sweater, head propped on her elbow, her blue eyes calm and intelligent. Her long hair, black as her clothes, was piled on her head: she was a fair-skinned, unusually tall girl with a handsome figure; she seemed half again as big as Sophia sitting cross-legged beside her in blouse, wool skirt and coral sweater.

Ray looked up from the pad to answer her; he enjoyed looking at June, which made him feel a little guilty toward Sophia and Phil. "It's the *Billiard Ballet*. The *Pool Table Polka*. And it'll revolutionize the experimental film."

"I know. So you've both said."

"Fourteen times," Sophia added. "With more to come."

"But will it work?"

"Sure it will," Phil said. "We'll use the pool table in Al Kahler's family room; we'll give him a credit line in the finished film. And Ray's going to borrow a 16-millimeter movie camera with a stop action; an artist at his office has one."

"That's the part I don't ——"

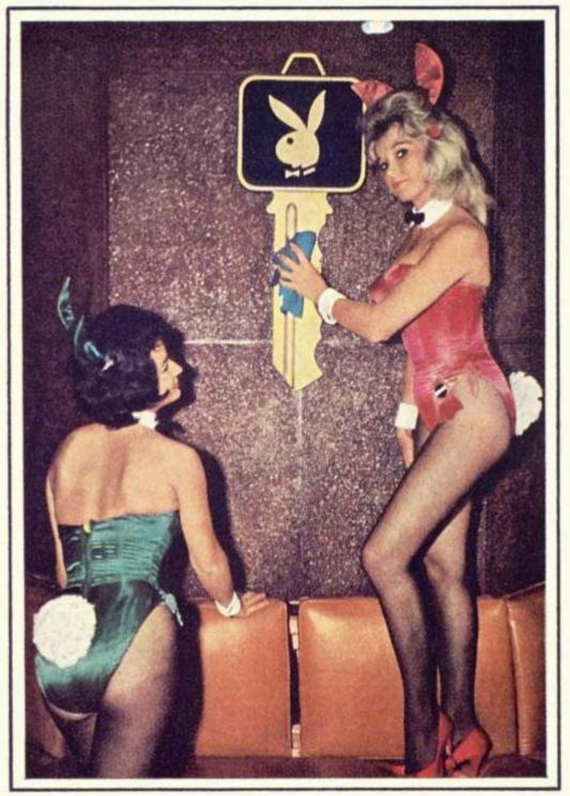
"We mount the camera above the pool table, and focus straight down on it," Ray said, looking up at June again. "We arrange the pool balls in a pattern, and then snap just one frame at a time, using color film. Between each frame we take, we move the pool balls slightly, according to these diagrams. It's the way you make an animated film; and when we finish our film, and run it off, the balls will seem to move. They'll come rolling up onto the table from the pockets first. Then they'll roll all over the table, bouncing off the side cushions, circling one another, forming all sorts of intricate moving patterns."

"It'll be absolutely spectacular," Phil said, and again he ran his fingers quickly through his hair. "It really will; they'll roll around like magic. We'll dub in music, finally, and the balls will seem to

(continued on page 168)

DISNEYLAND FOR ADULTS

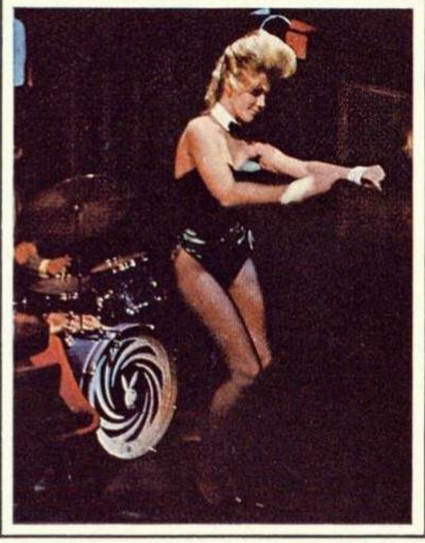
MULTIPLYING LIKE RABBITS, THE SIX U.S. PLAYBOY CLUBS WILL SOON BE TWELVE, AND THE BUNNIES PREPARE TO HOP OVERSEAS

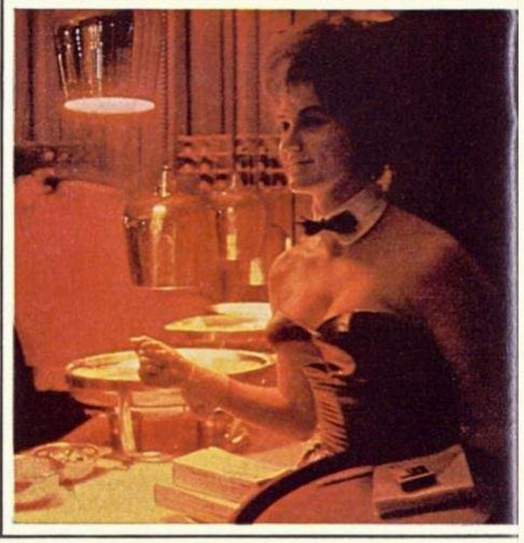


WHEN TIME MAGAZINE reported that Playboy Club keys were "the closest thing to a Phi Beta Kappa from Yale," we earnestly hoped that members of that venerable academic society didn't think we were competing. Far from it, we consider the pleasures unlocked by a Playboy key to be anything but academic.

Similarly, we reluctantly take issue with many of the Clubs' admirers who regard the key as primarily a status symbol. Quite the contrary: While membership in "the world's most distinguished key club" (*Direct Mail* Magazine) is undoubtedly prestigious, any status accrued is purely secondary to the very real (as opposed to symbolic) benefits of belonging. These (text continued on page 166)

new orleans





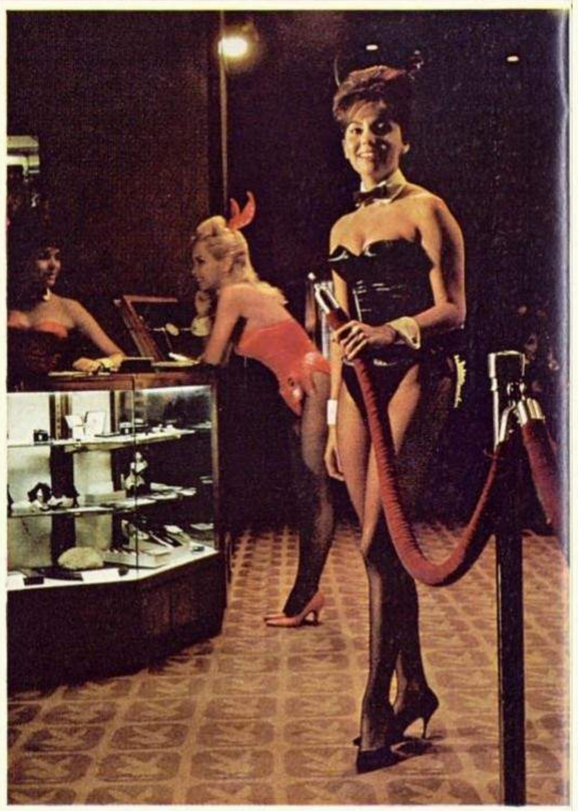
Top, left: Bunnies peer through picturesque stained-glass door of New Orleans Playboy Club. Although swingingly modern, the Club, set in the heart of Crescent City's historic French Quarter, sustains façade of Old World charm. Top, center: Bunny Gloria Fleming shakes mean cotton-tail within a hare's breadth of rabbit-emblazoned bass drum. Top, right: Wee-hours specialty in New Orleans is combination of Dixieland beat for music buffs and after-midnight breakfast for food buffs in Club's Living Room. Bunny Wanda Owens relaxes while waiting to serve members at buffet. Above: Casual comfort, plush decor, choice entertainment make Club Living Room one of town's most popular rendezvous.

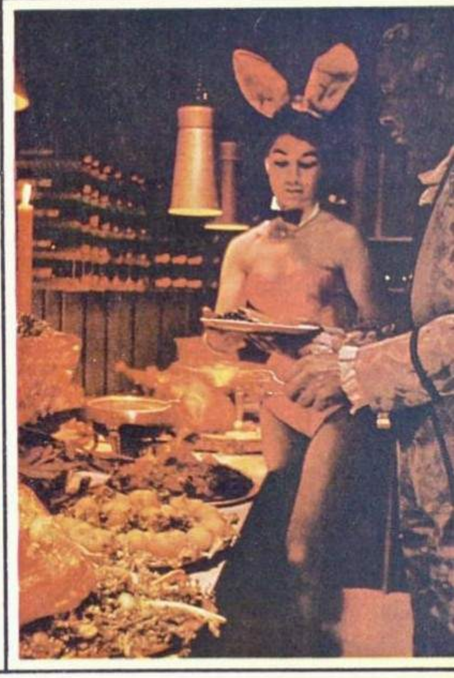
chicago

Top, left: A sumptuous repast is savored by members and their guests at Chicago Club's elegant new VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys). Top, right: Playmate-Bunny Connie Mason takes call for keyholder in Club's handsome new Lobby. Above, right: Members perform a lively twist with Playmate-Bunny June Cochran, Bunny Peggy Vidas and other bright-eyed, bushy-tailed Bunnies to the swinging strains of new rock-'n'-roll hit, *I'm in Love with a Bunny*. Late-hour Celebrity Parties in Chicago's Playroom last until four A.M. six nights a week, five A.M. on Saturdays. Above, left: Bunny Bonnie Jo Halpin serves generous Playboy-size libations (a full one-and-a-half ounces) in casual surroundings of Club's Living Room.

miami

new york

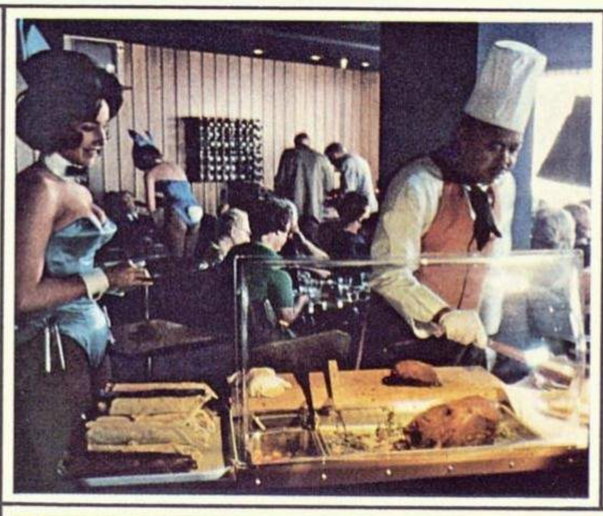


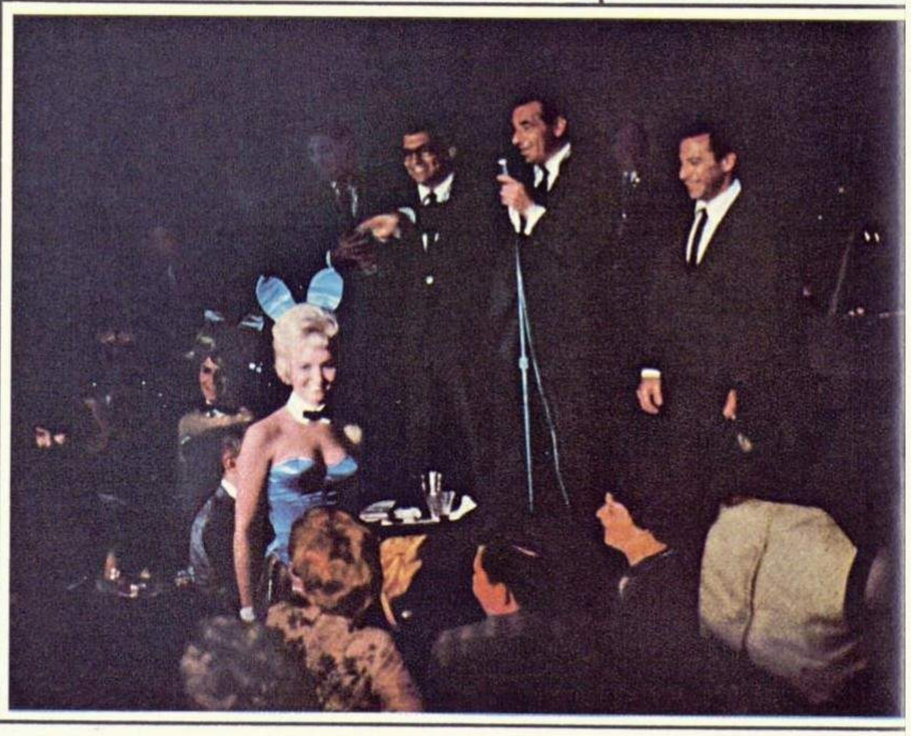


Left: Miami Playboy Club, situated on a 40,000-square-foot waterfront estate, offers unique docking facilities. Top, right: Playmate-Bunny Joyce Nizzari greets incoming members in the Club's elegantly appointed Lobby. Above, right: Living Room Celebrity Party gets going after midnight and keeps going until 3:30 A.M. every night but Sunday. Personalities such as John Wayne, Sonny Liston, Danny Kaye, Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis, Harry Belafonte, Steve Allen, Johnny Carson, Peter Lawford, Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman and Dean Martin are frequently in attendance at Clubs across the country. These fun-filled parties are highlighted by Bunnies twisting enticingly atop Living Room's Piano Bar.

Top, left: Extraordinary multilevel decor of New York Club, in a view from the balcony, features Living Room at the top, circular Piano Bar in center, popular Playmate Bar below, and Lobby (only partially visible) in foreground. Top, right: The blessings of giving are extolled by Bunny Carole Butler, who beautifies Playboy Gift Shop. Above, right: Buffet viands fit for a king are served with queenly grace by Bunny Annette Prescott in Living Room. Above, left: Full view of New York Playboy Club's elegantly decorated Lobby shows members and their guests entering Gotham's most lavish night club — which, according to a recent New York Court ruling, may now be restricted to keyholders exclusively.

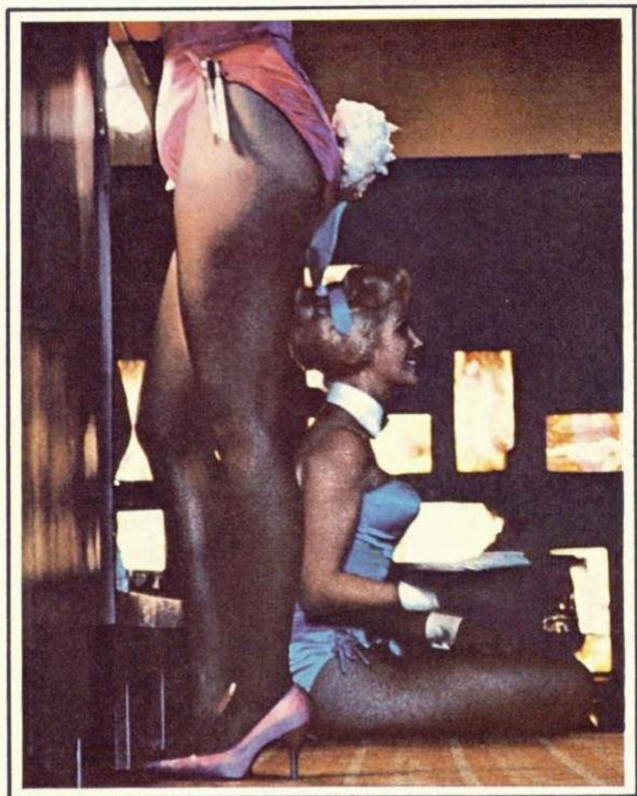
phoenix

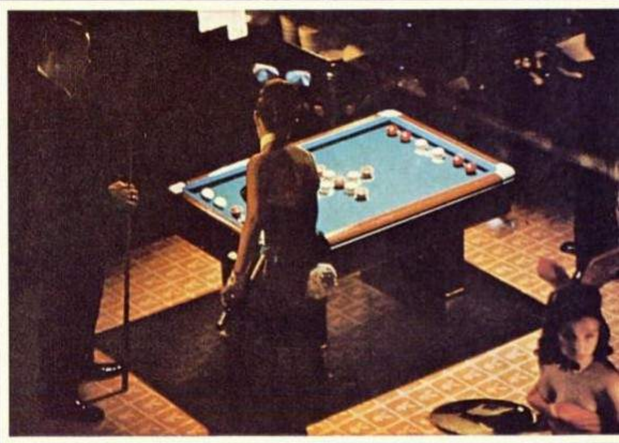


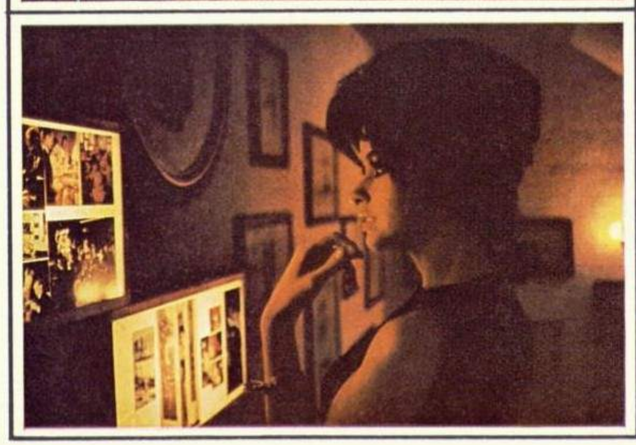


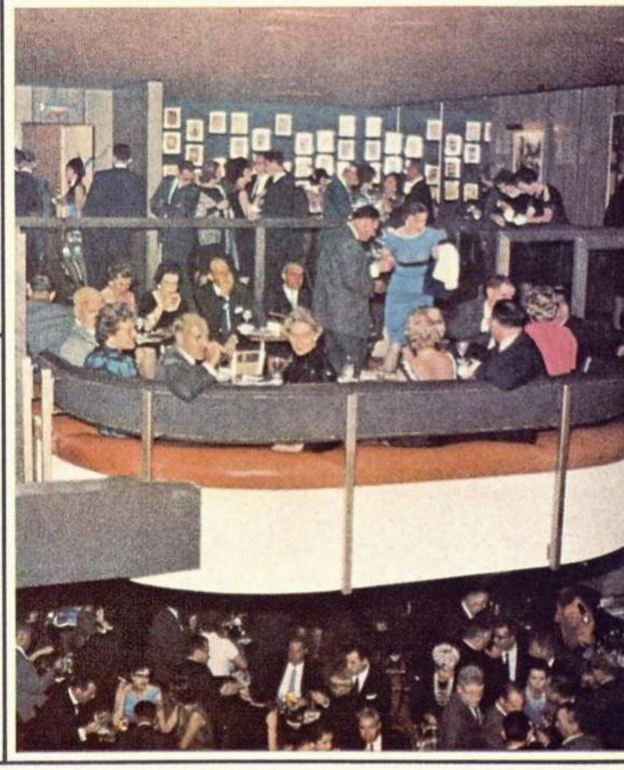
The newest link in Playboy's glittering key-club chain is penthoused atop the Mayer-Central building in Phoenix, Arizona. Elevator, shown in inset, swings with Playboy image — when cab reaches Penthouse, a light blinks on Playboy's famous rabbit emblem. Above, left: Bunny, in soft focus against Penthouse window that reveals panoramic view of city, serves hearty, man-size lunch. Top, center: Rare roast beef sizzles on Living Room cart as Bunny Linda Loren prepares to serve Playboy keyholder. Top, right: Two cotton-tailed Bunnies fill their trays at service counter in popular Playmate Bar. Above: Voices of the Kirby Stone Four are in close harmony with elegant walnut-paneled decor of swank Penthouse showroom.

st. louis









Top, left: The beauty of the St. Louis Club's Lobby is enhanced by break-taking Bunnies in foreground and breathtaking gatefold photographs decorating Playmate Bar in background. Top, right: St. Louis Bunny crosses cue sticks with keyholder in a game of bumper pool. Constant practice makes Bunnies hard to beat (Chicago Bunny Kathy Greenlee recently trimmed billiard champ Willie Mosconi five games in a row). Above, right: Intimate Playpen is suspended over Playmate Bar, with Cartoon Corner visible in background. Above, left: Training Bunny Kelly Collins, in town to break in a new Bunny brood ("Hare-raising," she calls it), looks over PLAYBOY magazine pictorial in St. Louis Club's stair well.

san francisco

los angeles

EXECUTIVE SUITE

PENTHOUSE

LIVING ROOM

LOBBY

Top left: Gracefully sculptured arches highlight trim, handsome lines of San Francisco Club, which will be opened to members in Spring 1964. Above, left: Artist's conception of interior shows many-tiered splendor typical of most Playboy Clubs. In this view, Lobby split-levels up to Living Room and down to Playmate Bar. Top, center: The $10,000,000 Los Angeles Playboy Club-Hotel, shown in front view, is scheduled for early 1965. In addition to lavishly appointed Playboy Club, it will house a 200-room luxury hotel with office facilities, swimming pool, shopping arcade, health club and conference rooms. Above, center: Rear view of the 10-story edifice shows plaza, pool and cabanas. In artist's renderings above photo at right, detail of hotel's swank Executive Suite shows smart duplex styling. Penthouse is glass-enclosed and provides both a magnificent vista of Los Angeles and a starlit backdrop for performers. In photo, Big Bunny Hugh Hefner celebrates Club's groundbreaking by shattering champagne bottle over bulldozer's nose, while spectators, newsmen and Bunnies (who dug the event with silver shovels) cheer. In renderings below photo, architect's conception of Living Room shows multilevel decor enhanced by handsome ramp. Lobby stairway, which leads to Playroom, VIP Room and 24-hour-a-day Cartoon Corner Sandwich Shop (which will service poolside members with luncheons), takes members past tumbling waterfall.

include the fellowship of educated and urbane companions, the solicitous presence of the most beautiful club girls in the world, relaxation in sophisticated and decorous surroundings, epicurean edibles and potables at modest prices, and superior entertainment.

Judging by a recent survey of the Playboy Club keyholder, he's not the type of person who needs *symbols* of status. Seventy-five percent of our members are either company presidents, vice-presidents, managers, sales managers or professionals, while an additional eight percent own their own businesses. Eighty-four percent have completed college and the median annual income of all keyholders is just under $20,000. Status seekers? Hardly. Status holders, yes; trend setters, assuredly; taste makers, certainly: Keyholders share all this in common, as well as the fact that only they and their guests can be admitted to Playboy Clubs throughout the world.

When Publisher-President Hugh M. Hefner first conceived the Club concept as a fun-filled oasis from the toils of the workday world, drawing its personality from the pages of PLAYBOY, he didn't realize that the Clubs would be described as "20th Century Dreamworlds" (*Variety*) or "Gaudy and titillating lands of make-believe" (*Newsweek*). Curiously, the common denominator of both praise and criticism of the Clubs is this evocation of a dream world, to which Hefner replies, "It would be a sad and empty world without any dreams. Of *course* there is a certain amount of make-believe connected to The Playboy Club — there is with all of the entertainment world: When a keyholder comes into Playboy, his name goes up on the members' nameplate board and from that moment on he is king. It's *his* own club and everyone — from bus boys to Bunnies — from floor managers to entertainers — helps to make him feel at home (whether he's in The Playboy Club in New York or the Philippines) and they do their best to see that he has the time of his life while he and his guests are with us." Perhaps what these commentators are groping for is an explanation for the most spectacular night-club phenomenon of our generation, that has grown from the nucleus of an idea a little more than three years ago to a 250,000-member operation with six swinging Playboy Clubs already in existence in key cities across the U. S. and immediate plans for nine more, plus projected Clubs for every major city in the country and most of the capitals of the world.

Newsweek was the first to dub The Playboy Clubs a "Disneyland for Adults" and it is a particularly apt title. The famous children's amusement area incorporates suggestions of fantasy, but the entertainment is very real, making Disneyland virtually a dream come true. More significant, in relation to The Playboy Club concept, this youngsters' paradise provides such a wide variety of entertainment that a visitor can keep himself amused from opening to closing time without leaving the premises. The same is true, on an adult level, of The Playboy Clubs; for in the tasteful surroundings of each, the male member (stag or accompanied) is offered a complete evening of sophisticated entertainment, unruffled relaxation in his very own club, music, variety, laughter, the eye-filling presence of Playboy's own Bunnies, and excellent, reasonably priced food and drink (a complete dinner is the same price as the man-sized drinks — and any drink in the house, from the finest Scotch to a champagne cocktail, is $1.50). The keyholder can even add an appetizing lunch to his Playboy Club day, cocktails in the afternoon, and a late-night Breakfast Buffet and Celebrity Party, with the twisting Bunnies.

The elements of variety are most clearly discernible in the diversity of rooms in each Club. The keyholder can relax in the elegant and comfortable environment of the Playmate Bar, Living Room, Cartoon Corner and Piano Bar; he can be entertained in the Playroom and Penthouse — usually there is a different show in each, timed so that the member can see both within two hours.

The Playboy Clubs' newest addition is the candlelit VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys). Here, in a small but stately room, elegantly decorated in opulent shades of deep blue and contrasting silver, a *haute-cuisine* 10-course dinner is served in resplendent china, silver service and crystal glassware by liveried butlers and velvet-adorned bilingual Bunnies. The gastronomic delights of the VIP Room are, understandably, the only exception to the flat $1.50 food policy: dinner costs $12.50, with lunches or midnight suppers available at prices varying from $5.50 to $7.50. Seating in these intimate *salons* is limited to 35 in Chicago and 50 in New York (so far, the only Clubs that have VIP Rooms), which means that reservations must be made in advance.

In addition to the diversity of the rooms, the variety of entertainment at each Club helps enhance the "Disneyland" feeling. While most night spots feature *a* show, the Clubs normally put on a minimum of *two* three-act performances each evening (except in Phoenix, where there is no Playroom at present). "The Playboy Circuit," as reported in *Life*, "is one of the nation's most important talent incubators," and a full roster of entertainers supplies fresh shows to the showrooms every two weeks. As a result of its extensive scouting system and a policy of introducing the best of the nation's talented newcomers, The Playboy Club has become known, in show business circles, as the night-club star maker, introducing such previously unknown entertainers as Dick Gregory, Jerry Van Dyke, Johnny Janis, Jackie Gayle, Ray Kirby and the Danny Apolinar Trio to stardom. Barbra Streisand, the night-club sensation of the season, was under contract to play The Playboy Club Circuit a full year ago.

Many members regard the ubiquitous Bunnies (PLAYBOY, July 1963) as the Clubs' greatest entertainment. The Bunnies smile, beguile, serve, sing and dance, check hats and coats, manage Playboy Club Gift Shops, welcome members at the door, lock cue sticks with keyholders in diverting games of bumper pool, take souvenir photographs of, and with, the patrons and, by their very pulchritudinous presence, help to make evenings spent at The Playboy Club unforgettable experiences. The *New York Journal-American*'s description of the Playboy Bunnies is flattering — "They're just plain girls . . . except for their curves, beautiful faces and charming manner" — but incomplete. The Bunnies combine the wholesomeness of airline stewardesses, the glamor of showgirls, and the warm efficiency of hostesses at a swinging house party.

While all the Clubs, present and future, share the common denominator of atmosphere, entertainment and Bunnies, none of them has been extruded through a cookie cutter: each has its own stamp of individuality, as typified by the newest Club, Phoenix (opened to members in December 1962). Located atop the Mayer-Central building, it's an authentic penthouse, and members, while dining in glass-enclosed rooms or strolling on the outdoor terrace, enjoy a panoramic view of the city.

The St. Louis Club was linked to the key chain in September 1962. A series of pyramids form a porte-cochere for keyholders who enter at 3914 Lindell Blvd., and one of the first sights to greet their eyes in the magnificent lobby is a view, behind the transparent wall, of a traditional Japanese garden exquisitely illuminated by a finely sculptured fountain. Also unique to the St. Louis Club is a Playpen, with seating for 12, suspended over the Playmate Bar. Bob Goddard, columnist for the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, has described the Club's multilevel decor as "Early Fabulous." "I don't like to use the word 'classy' any more than I can help," writes Goddard, "but let's face it, the St. Louis Club is class with a capital C."

(concluded on page 226)

"But most of all, Your Honor, my client wishes the divorce so that she'll be free to wed the father of her children!"

BILLIARD BALLET

(continued from page 156)

roll into and out of patterns in rhythm."

"I like it," June said. "It sounds wonderful."

"So do I," said Sophia, "and I'd love to see it. But won't it take an awfully long time?"

Phil looked up to nod ruefully. "Yeah. Just rearranging the balls between each frame will take several minutes. And you need 16 frames for every second of finished film. The whole thing will take days."

"Well, why do you want to do it, exactly?"

The two men looked at each other for a moment, then turned back to the women. "For fun," Phil said. "For nothing else but the sheer pleasure of doing it. It'll be one of the few things done in the 20th Century for absolutely no other reason."

June nodded, and rolled to a sitting position. "Yeah," she said, and turned to Sophia. "Five will get you 10 that we never hear of it again after tonight. Remember the game they were going to invent? Like *Monopoly*, only better? And the mail-order business they were going to start in our garage?"

"Sure, Sunday projects, every one. In full, glorious bloom Sunday night, withered and forgotten Monday morning." Sophia nodded at the colored diagrams on the floor. "June, don't you realize? It's just this week's version of the Sunday-night Stall."

"Of course; I should have known"—she glanced at her watch; it was a quarter of 12. "Today is Stretchable Sunday, the only day in the week with at least 25 hours." Working on their diagram again, the men ignored her. "Look at them; this week the *Billiard Ballet*, next week Lord knows what. Did I ever tell you that one Sunday last summer Phil wanted to start washing the car at 12:15 at night? There was a full moon, he pointed out, and it was warm outside. We'd never washed the car by moonlight, he said; an argument that, believe me, is hard to answer."

"Someday they'll finally figure out how to hold off Monday forever and it'll be Sunday for the rest of our lives."

"We sure married a pair of comical ladies, Phil. Not much on looks, but they're sure a laff-riot, to quote the movie ads. How come you're not chuckling away?"

Phil smiled slightly. "Maybe because it's true. We'll never finish this or even start it. And we both know it. It'd take several weeks' full time, and maybe longer." He smiled again, in the manner of one about to repeat an old joke—"Working for a living takes too damn much time. And you know something?" He pushed himself up from the floor, and sat facing the others, arms around his knees, one hand clasping the other wrist. "I finally figured out why. It's three-and-a-half days till payday for me right now, and as is usual at that time we're broke. We've got about a buck and a half between us; I'll carry my lunch till Thursday. Well, I used to laugh whenever that happened. I'd say, 'Where does the money go?' then shrug and forget it. But lately I've been thinking about where it goes. You know what the real-estate man said when we bought our house? He said it cost 'eighteen-five,' and that's how I thought about it for quite a while. Then it occurred to me that another way to say it—very slowly—is $18,500. It sounds different that way, but I think it's the right way to say it because it's going to take me exactly 24 years to pay it, and that isn't all. When we finally own the house—in 1987, and we want you over to dinner to celebrate—I'll have paid out another $12,000 in interest on the mortgage, seven or eight thousand more in county taxes, and several thousand on top of that in repairs and upkeep. At least $40,000 all told. Well, Raymond, my boy, it takes years and years of getting up in the morning and going to work to save up that much. You spend years of your life just to buy a roof over your head."

He held up a hand against interruption, though none of the others had tried to speak. "And you've got to have a car, don't you? It never enters your head that you don't. But I'm warning you; don't ever sit down and figure out what it really costs. Three thousand bucks just to buy one, every few years. Well, that's over four months' work for me, after taxes. And it's only the beginning. Add insurance each year, license, gas, tires, repairs, parking fees, meter fees, tolls—and, man, it's fantastic what a chunk of your life goes into earning what it takes just to drive a car around: you could make half-a-dozen *Billiard Ballets* in that time! Another full quarter of everything I earn—one fourth of my working life—goes for nothing but taxes; Federal income tax, state tax, sales tax, liquor tax, cigarette tax, tax tax! June and I have a decent house, decent clothes, food, car and some luxuries besides, and that's fine; it's great. But sometimes I wonder: Do you really have to spend over half your waking hours at a job or getting to and from it—for just the necessities of life and something over? Could there possibly be another quicker way to get them if I could only think of it? And wouldn't it be great to find one? So that every once in a while, all through your life, you'd have enough of it left over to go to work on a *Billiard Ballet* just for the sheer fun of it?"

Through several seconds they sat silent and motionless, then Phil smiled embarrassedly, looking sheepish, and ran a hand through his hair. Ray said, "Right! So it's Up, Rebels, and we'll free Ireland! Let's work all night on the *Pool Table Polka*, and to hell with the jobs in the morning." But even as he spoke he was getting to his feet, then he stood stretching his back and shoulders. The evening was over and not long afterward the Dabneys went home.

On Friday of the next week the sky cleared, the sun came out strong and warm, and as happens several times during a California winter, it was briefly summer again. Saturday was warmer still, and immediately after breakfast Ray told Sophia that he'd like to take the car; that he'd be gone all day and, smiling as he said it, she was to ask no questions. But it was nearly eight o'clock before he was home again, with Sophia beginning to worry. Then he came in through the kitchen door, from the garage, and he was smiling, and she saw that his eyes were excited. Before she could speak he held up a hand. "A big favor; hold the questions till tomorrow. We're going on a picnic with the Dabneys, and it's a surprise till we get there."

Sunday was bright and clear, almost hot, and they left early in the Rasmussens' four-year-old Plymouth station wagon; the women in sweaters and slacks, the men in wash pants and wool shirts. By 11 o'clock they were driving past the domed State Capitol building in Sacramento, Ray still refusing to say where they were going. At noon, a dozen miles past Placerville, in the mountain foothills, Ray turned off U. S. 50 onto an asphalt county road. A few miles later he turned off this onto a narrow dirt road, drove for a mile, and parked. Then, the men taking turns carrying the wicker basket of lunch Sophia had prepared, they walked into the woods, following a trail, for a quarter-mile.

They came out into a natural clearing, a meadow of some several acres sloping to a small stream. It was entirely surrounded by tall pines, and above and beyond them the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas rose in the hazy distance. It was a beautiful place, secluded and wonderfully warm in the noon sun. The little stream, perhaps 20 feet wide, was strewn with gray-black boulders, some as large as a house, and the racing water gurgled and sang as it flashed between them. As they walked down the slope toward the stream, June saw and exclaimed over deer tracks leading to and from the water; then, finding places to sit on a great shelving of flat rock beside the stream, they all saw a trout leap, white-bellied and shining momentarily in the sun.

Lying or sitting on the warm rock sur-

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face, they ate lunch. Then Sophia and June poured coffee, steaming from the insulated jug, and now, cups in hand, the others turned to Ray. Phil said, "OK, Ray; it's a great spot and I'm glad we're here. But it's a long drive for a picnic."

He smiled, nodding in acknowledgment of the implied question. "Yeah, it is a nice spot. Yesterday I looked at half-a-dozen others around here, all just about as nice; the woods are full of them. A guy from Placerville took me around; a local real-estate man. You know what property like this costs? Off the roads and utility lines? Maybe a $100 an acre, not a lot more. You could buy this whole place, as far as you can see, for only a few hundred bucks."

The others were nodding, interested, and June said, her voice pleased, "You mean to come to in the summers?"

"Be great here in the summer, wouldn't it?" Ray answered. "It's perfectly possible, you know, to build your own cottage. Out of logs. From the trees right on your own property. It'd be work; plenty of it, and hard, but it's perfectly practical and the kind of hard work I'd actually enjoy. Wouldn't you, Phil?" Phil nodded, and Ray lifted his arm to point up the slope of the clearing. "I've thought about how you'd do it. You'd cut your logs up on the slopes, all around the edges of the woods. You'd trim and peel them where they fell. Using ropes and levers, you'd roll them downhill to the site. Phil and I'd work together; build two cabins, one for each of us. They'd have only one room at first. You'd add on in subsequent years, as many more rooms as you wanted to have. They'd cost almost nothing but the work and fun of building them. You'd even make your own shingles; shack shingles aren't hard to split once you get the knack. I think maybe you'd buy aluminum window frames and screens, and the flooring, but that's about all. A couple of fireplaces in the house, and you'd be snug and warm in the winter, too; wouldn't Christmas up here in the snow be something?"

Phil had been nodding, frequently running his hand through his hair. "Be terrific. Cut your own Christmas tree! And you'd be perfectly warm, all right; log walls are fine insulation. What's the matter, Junie?"

She was shaking her head. "Look, I love the place, and a cabin up here would be fine. And I know you two could build them. But before you get all worked up and excited, figure it out in advance for once! Half-a-day to drive up here and half-a-day back leaves one day a week, plus a two-week vacation, to build your cabins. It simply isn't enough time!"

"I know; I'm not talking about weekends." They all swung around to stare at

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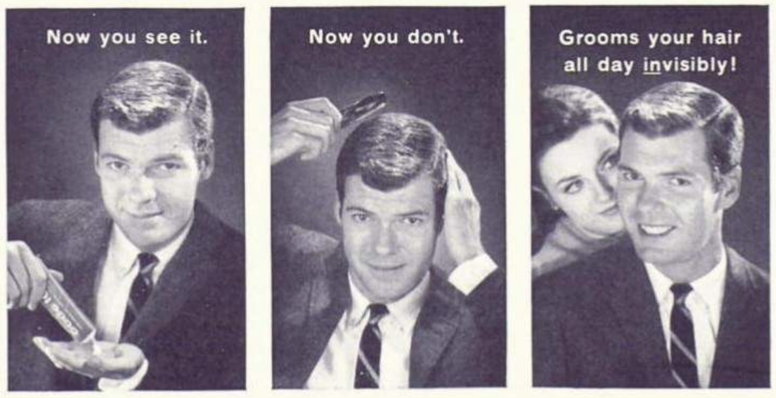

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Ray, and he set down his cup, and got to his feet, shoving both hands into the back pockets of his tan wash pants. Not looking at the others, he began to slowly walk the flat surface of the great rock. "Do me a favor; all of you. Just listen to what I say and don't laugh till I'm finished; then, if you feel like it, laugh all you want." He turned to look at Phil. "What you said last Sunday is absolutely true; I've been thinking about it all week. A man spends a big hunk of his life just paying for a house to live in. Tens of thousands of dollars, all told, just for a house on a 60-foot scrap of land." He flung out an arm at the clearing around them. "But here's a hundred times as much land that costs a fraction as much, and your house comes with it practically free! Over no more than three or four years you could build a house just as big as you wanted it, just as solid and strong and good as the houses we own — or that own us. And that's the end of it. You'd own it! Free and clear! Monthly payments zero! Good Lord; you'd save years of your own life!" He stood looking at them, eyes elated. Then he leaned toward them, and said softly, "Can any of you tell me why the hell we don't do it?"

After a long moment Sophia spoke — as gently as though speaking to a child. "Ray, Ray. How would we live? Where would you get a job? And at what?"

He grinned at her. "I wouldn't, baby; that's just the point. I wouldn't need one. What's a job *for*, when you think about it? Unless it's something a man loves and really wants to spend his days at, why does he have a job? Only to buy shelter, food, clothes, a car, some luxuries. Well, we'd build our own house; we really and truly could. As for food — what are you buying, Sophia and June, when you pay out nearly one-third of a dollar for a small can of peas for supper? You're paying for a steel can, a label printed in color, for cardboard shipping cartons, canneries, diesel trucks, warehouses, and for a big fluorescent-lighted supermarket to buy it in. You almost forget that the peas themselves just grow out of the ground. And that it's perfectly easy to grow them and that it could be done right here. Right there by the stream, on half an acre of our own land, we could grow all the peas, beans, carrots, beets, corn, lettuce, tomatoes and all the rest of it, that the four of us could possibly eat."

His voice surprised, Phil said, "That's true, isn't it? In fact, that's exactly what everyone did as a matter of course only a couple of generations ago. People didn't buy their fruits and vegetables; they raised them in backyard truck gardens. Ate them fresh all summer and canned the rest in Mason jars for the winter. And you know something else? I've got a good shotgun; in the winter, when they'd keep, we'd kill three or four deer. That's meat for weeks!"

"And the other weeks?" June said almost sarcastically.

Phil smiled, holding a hand up defensively. "I don't know! I haven't decided to move here tomorrow! I don't know if it's practical, or what I think of it." Then he shook his head, and almost muttering it to himself, he added, "Except that it's the damnedest, most exciting idea I've heard in years."

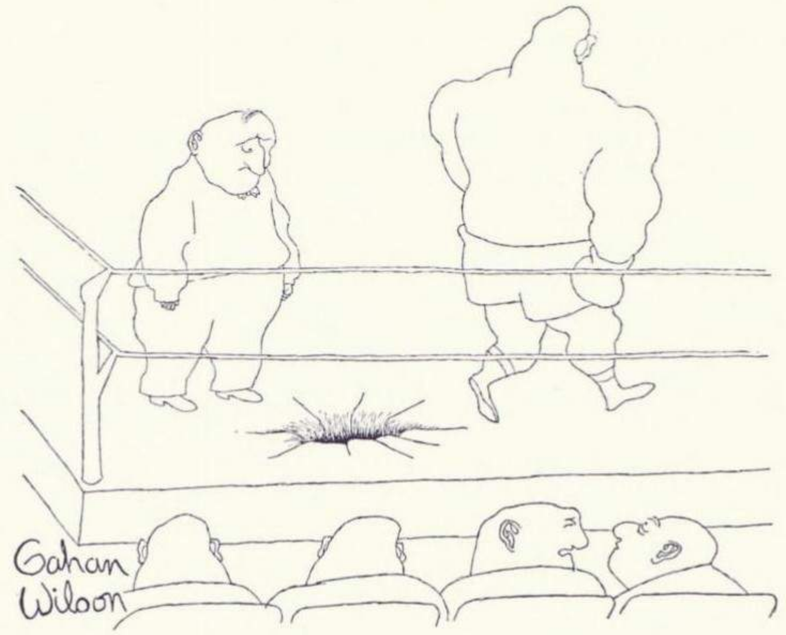
Ray said, "Sure, Junie — we'd have to buy meat sometimes. Other things, too; salt, sugar, flour. And still other things for variety, and even luxury. Well, Phil and I'd work for them; maybe two or three months out of every year. There are farms all around us, there's a sawmill, towns, county roads to work on, ski resorts; a man could easily get work by the day or week or month. Enough to earn a few hundred dollars each year. And that's all we'd need for house, food, and clothes, too; because day in and day out we'd wear denims, not expensive dresses and business suits that cost half a week's pay!"

"Oh, for heaven *sakes*, Ray!" Sophia burst out. "What about water, gas, electricity? What about entertainment? And reading a book, magazine and newspaper occasionally? What about seeing other people, and getting into civilization? What about —"

"Hold it!" He walked over to Sophia, squatted before her and took her hand in his. "Relax, baby; no one's got a gun in your back. You've got full veto power; you ought to know that." Then, speaking to the others, too, "It's not something any of us ought to decide in a hurry, unless you already know you're absolutely against it. We couldn't begin work on the cabins or do much of anything till the rains stop. And that's several weeks away yet. This would be a big decision; we ought to talk it over plenty."

They did; starting at once. On the way home, June said, "I suppose you two pioneers are prepared to give up your cars along with your jobs? The two sort of go together."

Phil said, "I've been sitting here thinking about that. Take this car. Ray's finally finished paying for it. But all that means is that he's now entering the big-repair period. From now on, till he breaks down and buys a new car and starts the cycle all over again, he can expect some nice fat repair bills every now and then. Like 65 bucks. And $142.50. Because it's far too complicated a piece of machinery for him to repair himself, even if he had the tools. But you know something? Ray could sell this car tomorrow morning, and I could sell mine, and we'd have at least three times what we'd need to buy a Model A Ford sedan!"



"Well, I guess that settles that . . ."

"Heaven help us."

"Build a log garage on a $40 scrap of farmland next to the county road up there, and we're set! A Model A never wears out if you take care of it; they've proved that. They give twice the gas mileage, they're so simple we could repair it ourselves, and even the license is the cheapest you can buy! We could drive into Placerville every week, and even down to San Francisco twice a year, on two or three bucks a month."

"Damn right." Ray was delighted. "Leave the chrome, whitewalls, and power cigarette lighters to those who want them."

They talked about it at the Dabneys'; the men lounging in the kitchen doorway while the women made waffles for supper. "You don't mind waffles golden brown from an electric waffle iron, do you?" Sophia said. "Eaten under the harsh glare of electric lights?"

"I don't mind," Ray said, "but I don't think electricity is a necessity either. My grandfather didn't have it in his house and he lived in the heart of New York City."

Phil said, "For that matter, we didn't have it in my folks' summer cottage near Tahoe when I was a kid. We used kerosene lamps and they gave a fine light; steady and bright, wonderful to read by. And a six-bit can of kerosene lasted all summer. Hell, when you think about it, the kings and queens of France living in the Palace of Versailles never had lights even a fraction as good!"

"That's right. And while a kerosene stove takes a little longer to start, once it's going it gives just as hot and even a flame as gas or electricity. So who needs a $25 gas and light bill every month? Who really needs every last thing that's ever been invented?"

Pouring batter into the waffle iron, Sophia nodded. "Fine; that takes care of gas and electricity. But it may be harder to do without water."

Ray looked at Phil. "She thinks it has to come out of a faucet or it doesn't count." To Sophia he said, "We'd have running water, kiddo; it would run right past the door, fresher and cleaner than we've ever had it before in our lives. I'd have to carry it in, I know that. Unless Phil and I rigged up some way to pipe it in. But I'm willing to haul water, aren't you, Phil?"

"It's what we're built for, isn't it? Why are we men, why do I weigh 180, what are my muscles *for*?" Clenching his fists, he began rotating his shoulders slowly, moving his big back muscles. "It *can't* be to sit at a desk all day. Pushing little pieces of paper around. When you think about it, it's the most unnatural way to live that the human race ever dreamed up — *sitting* all your life; getting flabby in mind, muscles and guts. We're *made* to carry things! And to cut down trees and hunt for food!" Standing in the doorway, he glared at the two women; then he shook his head. "*God*, I'd love to build my own house!" he said; and after a moment June

walked over to him, her eyes suddenly soft, and kissed him.

At five minutes of two, all sitting in the Dabneys' living room still talking, Sophia stood up. "It's absolutely practical," Ray was saying to Phil. "Sell the two houses and cars and get our equities back, and we'd have several thousand dollars apiece. Buy our Model A, our tools, tents and gear for the first summer while we build the cabins, and we'd still have a nice emergency fund left over." He looked up at Sophia. "What's the matter?"

"I'll die if we don't go home; so will June." Smiling ruefully at June, she said, "The Sunday-night Stall to end them all."

"Wasn't it a beauty? This one started Saturday morning!"

But on Thursday, June phoned Sophia to say, "Listen, that was no Sunday-night Stall. Phil's absolutely serious; he doesn't talk about anything else."

"I know. Ray, too. Even at breakfast."

"Well, what're we going to *do*, Soph? I'm worried; I really am. If we let them keep on, they'll talk us all into a pair of log cabins!"

There was a pause, then Sophia said slowly, "June, there's one thing I have to do. If Ray is serious about this, then I've got to be, too. I could kill the whole thing with my attitude; Ray would give it up if he felt I really and truly hated the whole idea. So it wouldn't be fair to him not to give this an honest chance in my own mind, silly as it seems. And that's what I've been doing all week; here by myself in the daytime. Standing washing dishes, or vacuuming, I think about it, trying to imagine how it would be. And I've got to tell you, June; there are moments when I almost wonder if it isn't actually possible."

"Well, thank goodness. I wanted you to say it first. Because Phil's been after me morning and night, and he's got me half-thinking that all in all, recognizing the problems and even hardships, it might just possibly be a wonderful way to live."

That Sunday all talk on the subject was stopped, by general agreement. The women suggested it. Again they were sitting or lying on the floor before the Rasmussens' tiny fireplace; it had turned cold and rainy once more. Phil had been describing, with sketches, a simple block-and-tackle method he'd read about in the library one noon hour for raising logs into place while building a cabin. He finished, then June said, "And now we've talked enough. We've said it all. Most of it twice. And Soph and I think we ought to have a moratorium on any more talk for a while." She looked over at Sophia for confirmation.

"Yes, it's time to shut up, really think this over, then make up our minds once and for all."

Phil nodded. "Well, that makes sense. What about two weeks of silence while we think about it? If we all want to do it then, we'll know we really mean it."

They looked at Ray, who said, "It's OK with me; it's a good idea. But there's something I'd like everyone to be clear about before we shut up and think this over. And that is that we're not talking about making our own soap, weaving our own clothes and retreating from the 20th Century; just the opposite. We're talking about making the best possible use of the time we live in — by *selecting* from the best it offers. We'll pick what's really useful, but forget the junk; we'll take the penicillin and forget the electric back scratchers. And by stripping to the essentials of good living we'll get back our own lives and have more time to live!" Smiling, but his voice intense, he said, "And believe me, we'd really live; *that's* what I want you to think about. Picture it! There'd be time for the kind of reading you'll never get a chance for otherwise. Every week we'd bring home books and magazines from the Placerville library, books we've all meant to read for years. Now there'd be time for them and time to discuss and think about them. And we'd play chess and bridge and have hobbies. We'd take hikes, we'd hunt, fish, work in the garden, ski in the winter, make things for ourselves. There'd probably come a summer when we'd all build a log-and-earth dam to make a pool big enough to swim in. And we'd see people more than ever before; new friends up around there, and old ones who'd drive up from the Bay Area. And I'll tell you something else; after a year or so, when they saw how it was, some of those friends would stay; build their cabins, too, and join us. One last thing; Soph and I want children, and soon now, and I know you two do. We've talked about that; there are farms up there, other children for them to know and play with. There's a school less than two miles away they could walk to; through woods part of the way, along a country road the rest. It would be a wonderful place and a wonderful way for children to grow up in. They'd miss the joys of spending sunny days in a darkened room watching animated cartoon figures beat each other up on television. But they'd learn a lot about the woods and fields and about the four seasons." He shrugged. "That's all I wanted to say; that this may be more than just practical, it may be fun. Here, in the 20th Century, we may just possibly have hit on a wonderful way to live out our lives."

They kept their agreement, or very nearly. Two weeks later they met at the Dabneys' for Sunday breakfast. June served scrambled eggs and sausage; then, over second cups of coffee, cigarettes lighted, plates pushed aside, Phil turned to Ray and said quietly, "OK; what's the word with you two?"

Ray took a final sip of coffee, set his cup down carefully, then looked up at Phil. "Phil, I'm sorry but we broke our word; Soph and I have been talking about this for the last two nights, and we can't decide, we can't make up our minds." He looked from Phil to June, then back at Phil, and shrugged helplessly. "Something's happened."

"Happened?"

"Yeah." Ray nodded several times. "I could give you the long version; all the stuff we've talked about for hours. But maybe I can say it all in four words — I got a raise." For a moment or so he sat searching their faces, then he said defensively, "Matter of fact, it's a pretty damn good one. I don't know if you'll understand, but—"

Phil laughed then; a single bark of abrupt laughter. "Oh, I understand," he said, "I understand very well. About 10 days ago the rumors started at work; the head of my department was going to leave. Friday we learned that it's true. Ray, that means somebody will have to replace him, and the funny thing is that it looks as if I've got a chance if I want to make a try for it. So we understand you, Ray, boy; we've been talking, too."

They laughed then, uneasily; offering jokes, shaking their heads. Then Sophia looked around the table. "Well?" she said. "Today's the day. We've got to decide. We can't just talk forever. What are we going to do?"

No one answered. The men sat staring at their plates, restlessly tapping their cigarettes. Then Ray said, "We'll do what my father did." They looked up, and Ray said, "He was a doctor, and not long before he was married — he'd been practicing about a year — he was offered a chance to go down the Amazon River as part of an expedition, exploring and mapping; to be the doctor for the party. It would mean giving up his practice, and starting all over again after a year, but he wanted to do it, and he thought about it, and agonized over it, and finally made up his mind."

Ray waited till Phil said, "Well? What did he do?"

Ray smiled slightly and tilted back on the rear legs of his chair. "He did what we're going to do, Phil. He talked and thought about it. And finally, for a long, long list of very excellent and sound, sensible and practical considerations, he decided against it." Ray dropped his chair to its four legs, leaning forward across the table to look the others in the eye. "And then — not always, by any means, but just every now and then, every once in a while during all the long and successful years that followed — he regretted it for the rest of his life."

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN *(continued from page 133)*

that he was someone connected with show business who had a legitimate reason for wanting to see her. "Are you decent?" he asked.

"'Sta minute," she called back, and then, in just a minute. "OK."

He entered and found her standing facing him, in a bright-red wrapper that beautifully set off her blue eyes and blonde hair. He bowed and introduced himself, then began to explain the details of the proposition he wished to offer her.

He was prepared for initial reluctance or even refusal and ready to become persuasive even, if necessary, to the extent of four figures, which would certainly be more than her weekly take — possibly more than her monthly take — in a burlesque house as small as this one. But instead of listening reasonably, she was suddenly screaming at him like a virago, which was insulting enough, but then she made the very serious mistake of taking a step forward and slapping him across the face. Hard. It hurt.

He lost his temper, retreated a step, took out his revolver and shot her in the heart.

Then he left the theater and took a taxi home to his apartment. He had a few drinks to soothe his understandably ruffled nerves and went to bed. He was sleeping soundly when, at a little after midnight, the police came and arrested him for murder. He couldn't understand it.

• • •

Mortimer Mearson, who was possibly if not certainly the best criminal attorney in the city, returned to the clubhouse the next morning after an early round of golf and found waiting for him a message requesting him to call Judge Amanda Hayes at his earliest convenience. He called her at once.

"Good morning, Your Honoress," he said. "Something gives?"

"Something gives, Morty. But if you're free the rest of the morning and can drop around to my chambers, you'll save me going into it over the telephone."

"I'll be with you within an hour," he told her. And he was.

"Good morning again, Your Judgeship," he said. "Now please take a deep breath and tell me what it is that gives."

"A case for you, if you want it. Succinctly, a man was arrested for murder last night. He refuses to make a statement, any statement, until he has consulted an attorney, and he doesn't have one. Says he's never been in any legal trouble before and doesn't even know any attorneys. Asked the Chief to recommend one, and the Chief passes the buck to me on said recommendation."

Mearson sighed. "Another free case. Well, I suppose it's about time I took one again. Are you appointing me?"

"Down, boy," said Judge Hayes. "Not a free case at all. The gentleman in question isn't rich, but he's reasonably well-heeled. A fairly well-known young man about town, a *bon vivant*, what have you, well able to afford any fee you wish to charge him, within reason. Not that your fee will probably *be* within reason, but that's between you and him, if he accepts you to represent him."

"And does this paragon of virtue — most obviously innocent and maligned — have a name?"

"He does, and you will be familiar with it if you read the columnists. Lorenz Kane."

"The name registers. Most *obviously* innocent. Uh — I didn't see the morning papers. Whom is he alleged to have killed? And do you know any of the details?"

"It's going to be a toughie, Morty boy," the judge said. "I don't think there's a prayer of a chance for him other than an insanity plea. The victim was a Queenie Quinn — a stage name and no doubt a more valid one will come to light — who was a stripper at the Majestic. Star of the show there. A number of people saw Kane in the audience during

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her last number and saw him leave right after it during the final number. The doorman identifies him and admits having — ah — admitted him. The doorman knew him by sight and that's what led the police to him. He passed the doorman again on his way out a few minutes later. Meanwhile, several people heard a shot. And a few minutes after the end of the show, Miss Quinn was found dead, shot to death, in her dressing room."

"Hmm," said Mearson. "Simple matter of his word against the doorman's. Nothing to it. I'll be able to prove that the doorman is not only a pathological liar but has a record longer than Wilt-the-Stilt's arm."

"Indubitably, Morty. But. In view of his relative prominence, the police took a search warrant as well as a warrant for arrest on suspicion of murder when they went to get him. They found, in the pocket of the suit he had been wearing, a .32-caliber revolver with one cartridge fired. Miss Quinn was killed by one bullet fired from a .32-caliber revolver. The very *same* revolver, according to the ballistics expert of our police department, who fired a sample bullet and used a comparison microscope on it and the bullet that killed Miss Quinn."

"Hmm and double hmm," Mearson said. "And you say that Kane has made no statement whatsoever except to the effect that he will make no statement until he has consulted with an attorney of his choice?"

"True, except for one rather strange remark he made immediately after being awakened and accused. Both of the arresting officers heard it and agree on it, even to the exact wording. He said, 'My God, she must have been *real*!' What do you suppose he could possibly have meant by that?"

"I haven't the faintest, Your Judgeship. But if he accepts me as his attorney, I shall most certainly ask him. Meanwhile, I don't know whether to thank you for giving me a chance at the case or to cuss at you for handing me a very damned hot potato."

"You like hot potatoes, Morty, and you know it. Especially since you'll get your fee win or lose. I'll save you from making wasted motions in one direction, though. No use trying for bail or for a habeas-corpus writ. The D. A. jumped in with both feet the moment the ballistics report came up heads. The charge is formal, murder in the first. And the prosecution doesn't need any more case than they have; they're ready to go to trial as soon as they can pressure you into it. Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," Mearson said. He left.

• • •

A guard brought Lorenz Kane to the consultation room and left him there with Mortimer Mearson. Mearson introduced himself and they shook hands. Kane, Mearson thought, looked quite calm and definitely more puzzled than worried. He was a tall, moderately good-looking man in his late 30s, impeccably groomed despite a night in a cell. One got the idea that he was the type of man who would manage to appear impeccably groomed anywhere, any time, even a week after his bearers had deserted in mid-safari 900 miles up the Congo, taking all his possessions with them.

"Yes, Mr. Mearson. I shall be more than glad to have you represent me. I've heard of you, read about cases you've handled. I don't know why I didn't think of you myself, instead of asking for a recommendation. Now, do you want to hear my story before you accept me as a client — or do you accept as of now, for better or for worse?"

"For better or for worse," Mearson said, "till——" And then stopped himself; "till death do us part" is hardly a diplomatic phrase to use to a man who stands, quite possibly, in the shadow of the electric chair.

But Kane smiled and finished the phrase himself. "Fine," he said. "Let's sit down, then," and they sat down on the two chairs, one on each side of the table in the consultation room. "And since that means we'll be seeing quite a bit of each other for a while, let's start on a first-name basis. But not Lorenz, in my case. It's Larry."

"And make mine Morty," Mearson said. "Now I want your story in detail, but two quick questions first. Are you——?"

"Wait," Kane interrupted him. "*One* quick question ahead of your two. Are you absolutely and completely positive that this room is not bugged, that this conversation is completely private?"

"I am," Mearson said. "Now my first question: Are you guilty?"

"Yes."

"The arresting officers claim that before clamming up, you said one thing. 'My God, she must have been *real*!' Is that true, and if so, what did you mean by it?"

"I was stunned at the moment, Morty, and can't remember — but I probably said something to that effect, because it's exactly what I was thinking. But as to what I meant by it — that's something I can't answer quickly. The only way I can make you understand, if I can make you understand at all, is to start at the beginning."

"All right. Start. And take your time. We don't have to go over everything in one sitting. I can stall the trial at least three months — longer if necessary."

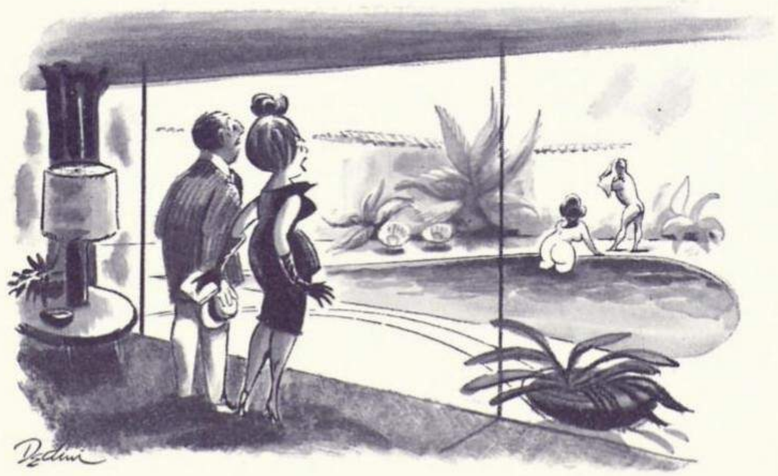
"I can tell it fairly quickly. It started — and don't ask me for an antecedent for the pronoun *it* — five-and-a-half months ago, in early April. About 2:30 A.M. on the morning of Tuesday, April the third, to be as nearly exact about it as I can. I had been at a party in Armand Village, north of town, and was on my way home. I——"

"Forgive interruptions. Want to be sure I have the whole picture as it unfolds. You were driving? Alone?"

"I was driving my Jag. I was alone."

"Sober? Speeding?"

"Sober, yes. I'd left the party relatively early — it was rather a dull bit — and had been feeling my drinks moderately at that time. But I found myself suddenly quite hungry — I think I'd forgotten to eat dinner — and stopped at a roadhouse. I had one cocktail while I was waiting, but I ate all of a big steak when it came, all the trimmings, and had several cups of coffee. And no drinks afterward. I'd say that when I left there, I was more sober than usual, if you know what I mean. And, on top of that, I had half-an-hour's drive in an open car through the



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cool night air. On the whole, I'd say that I was soberer than I am now — and I haven't had a drink since shortly before midnight last night. I——"

"Hold it a moment," Mearson said. He took a silver flask from his hip pocket and extended it across the table. "A relic of Prohibition; I occasionally use it to play Saint Bernard to clients too recently incarcerated to have been able to arrange for importation of the necessities of life."

Kane said, "Ahh. Morty, you may double your fee for service beyond the call of duty." He drank deeply.

"Where were we?" he asked. "Oh, yes. I was definitely sober. Speeding? Only technically. I was heading south on Vine Street a few blocks short of Rostov——"

"Near the 44th Precinct Station."

"Exactly. It figures in. It's a 25-mile zone and I was going about 40, but what the hell, it was half-past two in the morning and there wasn't any other traffic. Only the proverbial little old lady from Pasadena would have been going less than 40."

"She wouldn't have been out that late. But carry on."

"So, all of a sudden, out of the mouth of an alley in the middle of the block comes a girl on a bicycle, pedaling about as fast as a bicycle can go. And right in front of me. I got one clear flash of her as I stepped on the brake as hard as I could. She was a teenager, like 16 or 17. She had red hair that was blowing out from under a brown babushka she had on her head. She wore a light-green Angora sweater and tan pants of the kind they call pedal pushers. She was on a red bicycle."

"You got all that in one glimpse?"

"Yes. I can still visualize it clearly. And — *this* I'll never forget — just before the moment of impact, she turned and was looking straight at me, through frightened eyes behind shell-rimmed glasses.

"My foot was, by then, trying to push the brake pedal through the floor and the damned Jag was starting to slew and make up its mind whether to go end over end or what. But, hell, no matter how fast your reactions are — and mine are pretty good — you can barely start to *slow down* a car in a few yards if you're going 40. I must have still been going over 30 when I hit her — it was a *hell* of an impact.

"And then, bump-crunch, bump-crunch, as first the front wheels of the Jag went over and then the back wheels. The bumps were *her*, of course, and the crunches were the bicycle. And the car shuddered to a stop maybe another 30 feet on.

"Ahead of me, through the windshield, I could see the lights of the precinct station only a block away. I got out of the car and started running for it. I didn't look back. I didn't *want* to look back. There was no point to it: she had to be deader than dead, after that impact.

"I ran into the precinct house and after a few seconds I got coherent enough to get across what I was trying to tell them. Two of the city's finest left with me and we started back the block to the scene of the accident. I started out by running, but they only walked fast and I slowed down because I wasn't anxious to get there first. Well, we got there and——"

"Let me guess," the attorney said. "No girl, no bicycle."

Kane nodded slowly. "There was the Jag, slewed crooked in the street. Headlights on. Ignition key still on, but the engine had stalled. Behind it, about 40 feet of skid marks, starting a dozen feet back of the point where the alley cut into the street.

"And that was all. No girl. No bicycle. Not a drop of blood or a scrap of metal. Not a scratch or a dent on the front of the car. They thought I was crazy and I don't blame them. They didn't even trust me to get the car off the street; one of them did that and parked it at the curb — and kept the key instead of handing it to me — and they took me back to the station house and questioned me.

"I was there the rest of the night. I suppose I could have called a friend and had the friend get me an attorney to get me out on bail, but I was just too shaken to think of it. Maybe even too shaken to *want* out, to have any idea where I'd want to go or what I'd want to do if I got out. I just wanted to be alone to think and, after the questioning, a chance to do that was just what I got. They didn't toss me into the drunk tank. Guess I was well-enough dressed, had enough impressive identification on me, to convince them that, sane or nuts, I was a solid and solvent citizen, to be handled with kid gloves and not a rubber hose. Anyway, they had a single cell open and put me in it and I was content to do my thinking there. I didn't even try to sleep.

"The next morning they had a police headshrinker come in to talk to me. By that time I'd simmered down to the point where I realized that, whatever the score was, the police weren't going to be any help to me and the sooner I got out of their hands the better. So I conned the headshrinker a bit by starting to play my story down instead of telling it straight. I left out sound effects, like the crunching of the bicycle being run over and I left out kinetic sensations, feeling the impact and the bumps, gave it to him as what could have been purely a sudden and momentary *visual* hallucination. He bought it after a while, and they let me go."

Kane stopped talking long enough to take a pull at the silver flask and then asked, "With me so far? And, whether you believe me or not, any questions?"

"Just one," the attorney said. "Are you, can you be, positive that your experience with the police at the 44th is objective and verifiable? In other words, if this comes to a trial and we should decide on an insanity defense, can I call as witnesses the policemen you talked to and the police psychiatrist?"

Kane grinned a little crookedly. "To me, my experience with the police is just as objective as my running over the girl on the bicycle. But at least you can verify the former. See if it's on the blotter and if they remember it. Dig?"

"I'm hip. Carry on."

"So the police were satisfied that I'd had a hallucination. I damned well wasn't. I did several things. I had a garage run the Jag up on a rack and I went over the underside of it, as well as the front. No sign. OK, it hadn't happened, as far as the *car* was concerned.

"Second, I wanted to know if a girl of that description, living or dead, had been out on a bicycle that night. I spent several thousand dollars with a private-detective agency, having them canvass that neighborhood — and a fair area around it — with a fine-tooth comb to find if a girl answering that description currently or ever had existed, with or without a red bicycle. They came up with a few possible redheaded teenagers, but I managed to get a gander at each of them; no dice.

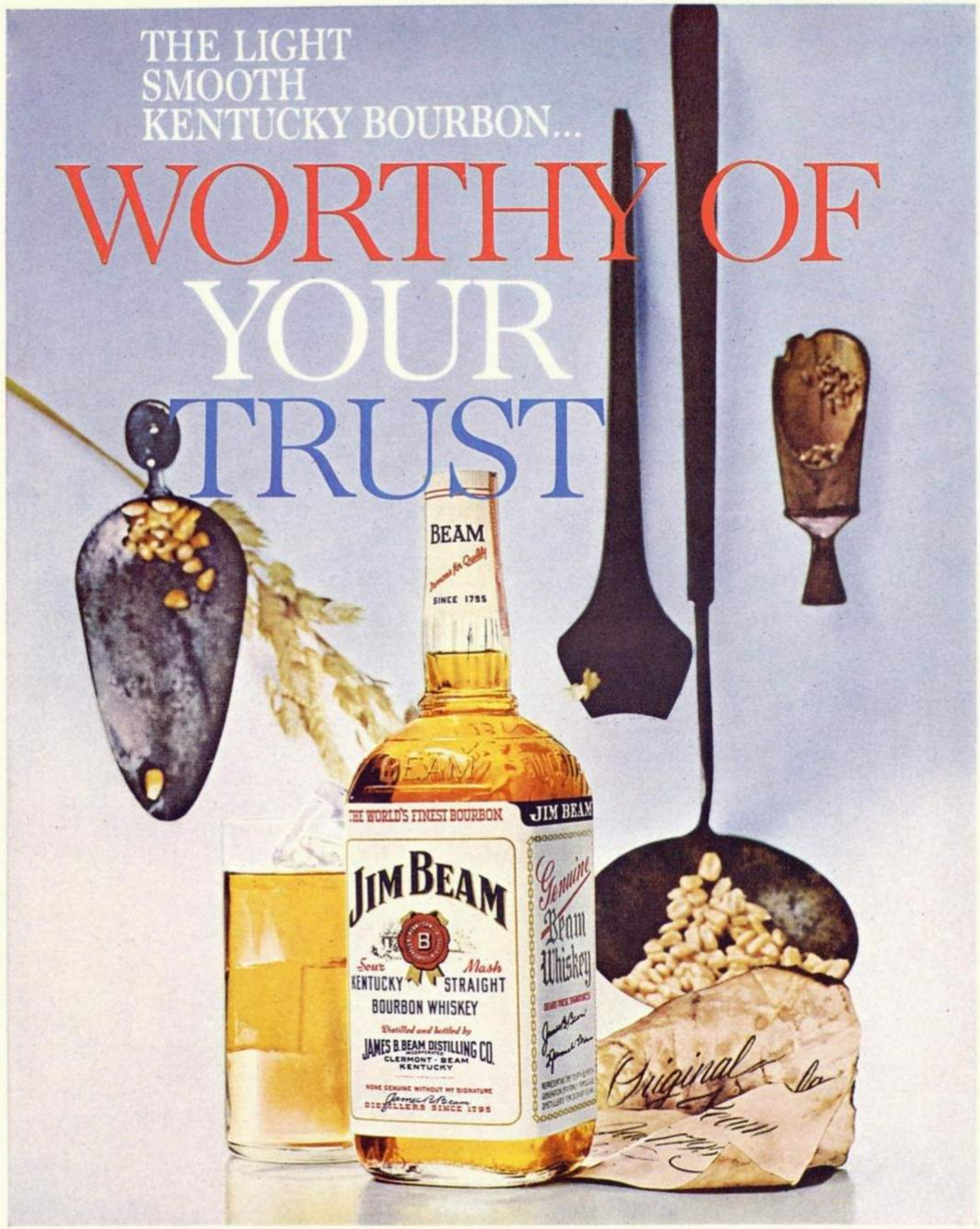
"*And*, after asking around, I picked a headshrinker of my own and started going to him. Allegedly the best in the city, certainly the most expensive. Went to him for two months. It was a washout. I never found out what he thought had happened; he wouldn't talk. You know how psychoanalysts work, they make you do the talking, analyze yourself and finally tell them what's wrong with you, then you yak about it awhile and tell them you're cured, and they then agree with you and tell you to go with God. All right if your subconscious knows what the score is and eventually lets it leak out. But my subconscious didn't know which end was up, so I was wasting my time, and I quit.

"But meanwhile I'd leveled with a few friends of mine to get their ideas and one of them — a professor of philosophy at the university — started talking about ontology and that started me reading up on ontology and gave me a clue. In fact, I thought it was more than a clue, I thought it was the *answer*. Until last night. Since last night I know I was at least partly wrong."

"Ontology ——" said Mearson. "Word's vaguely familiar, but will you pin it down for me?"

"I quote you the *Webster Unabridged*, unexpurgated version: Ontology is 'the science of being or reality; the branch of knowledge that investigates the nature, essential properties, and relations of being, as such.' "

Kane glanced at his wrist watch. "But this is taking longer to tell than I thought.



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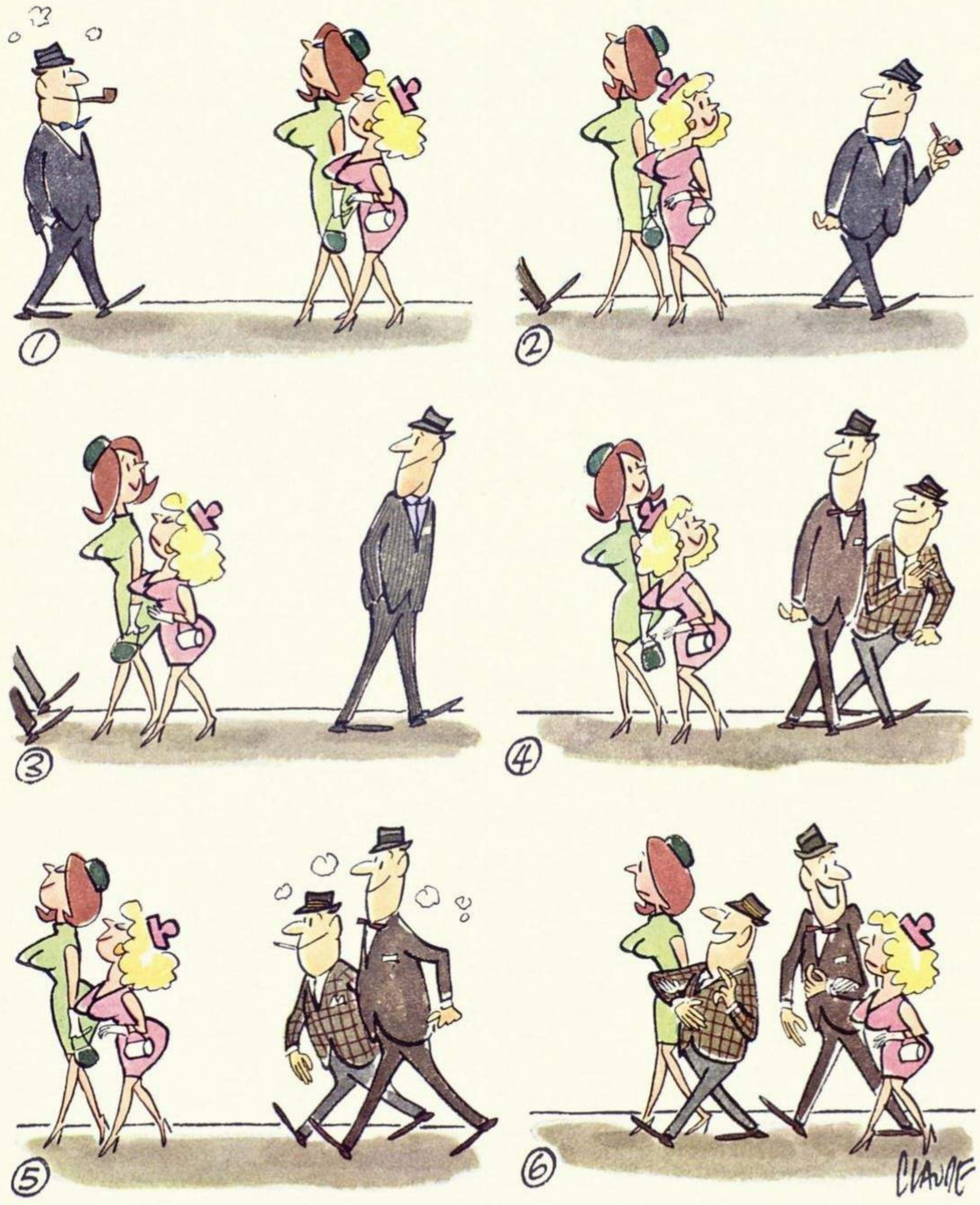


I'm getting tired talking and no doubt you're even more tired of listening. Shall we finish this tomorrow?"

"An excellent idea, Larry." Mearson stood up.

Kane tilted the silver flask for the last drop and handed it back. "You'll play Saint Bernard again?"

• • •

"I went to the 44th," Mearson said. "The incident you described to me is on the blotter all right. And I talked to one of the two coppers who went back with you to the scene of the – uh – back to the car. Your *reporting* of the accident was real, no question of that."

"I'll start where I left off," Kane said. "Ontology, the study of the nature of reality. In reading up on it I came across solipsism, which originated with the Greeks. It is the belief that the entire universe is the product of one's imagination – in my case, *my* imagination. That I myself am the only concrete reality and that all things and all other people exist only in my mind."

Mearson frowned. "So, then, the girl on the bicycle, having only an imaginary existence to begin with, ceased to exist – uh, *retroactively*, as of the moment you killed her? Leaving no trace behind her, except a memory in your mind, of ever having existed?"

"That possibility occurred to me, and I decided to do something that I thought would verify or disprove it. Specifically, to commit a murder, deliberately, to see what would happen."

"But – but Larry, murders happen every day, people are killed every day and don't vanish retroactively and leave no trace behind them."

"But they were not killed by *me*," Kane said earnestly. "And if the universe *is* a product of my imagination, that should make a difference. The girl on the bicycle is the first person *I* ever killed."

Mearson sighed. "So you decided to check by committing a murder. And shot Queenie Quinn. But why didn't she ––?"

"No, no, no," Kane interrupted. "I committed another first, a month or so ago. A man. A man – and there's no use my telling you his name or anything about him, because, as of now, he never existed, like the girl on the bicycle.

"But of course I didn't *know* it would happen that way, so I didn't simply kill him openly, as I did the stripper. I took careful precautions, so if his body *had* been found, the police would never have apprehended *me* as the killer.

"But after I killed him, well – he just never had existed, and I thought that my theory was confirmed. After that I carried a gun, thinking that I could kill with impunity any time I wanted to – and that it wouldn't matter, wouldn't be immoral even, because anyone I killed didn't really exist anyway except in my mind."

"Umm," said Mearson.

"Ordinarily, Morty," Kane said, "I'm a pretty even-tempered guy. Night before last was the first time I used the gun. When that damned stripper hit me, she hit *hard*, a roundhouse swing. It blinded me for the moment and I just reacted automatically in pulling out the gun and shooting her."

"Umm," the attorney said. "And Queenie Quinn turned out to be for real and you're in jail for murder and doesn't that blow your solipsism theory sky high?"

Kane frowned. "It certainly modifies it. I've been thinking a lot since I was arrested, and here's what I've come up with. If Queenie was real – and obviously she was – then I was not, and probably am not, the *only* real person. There are real people and unreal ones, ones who exist only in the imagination of the real ones. How many, I don't know. Maybe only a few, maybe thousands, even millions. My sampling – three people, of whom one turned out to have been real – is too small to be significant."

"But why? Why should there be a duality like that?"

"I haven't the faintest idea." Kane frowned. "I've had some pretty wild thoughts, but any one of them would be just a guess. Like a conspiracy – but a conspiracy against *whom*? Or *what*? And *all* of the real ones couldn't be in on the conspiracy, because I'm not."

He chuckled without humor. "I had a really far-out dream about it last night, one of those confused, mixed-up dreams that you can't really tell anybody, because they have no continuity, just a series of impressions. Something about a conspiracy and a *reality file* that lists the names of all the *real* people and keeps them real. And – here's a dream pun for you – reality is really run by a chain, only they're not known to be a chain, of *realty* companies, one in each city. Of course, they deal in real estate, too, as a front. And – oh hell, it's all too confused even to try to tell.

"Well, Morty, that's it. And my guess is that you'll tell me my only defense is an insanity plea – and you'll be right because, damn it, if I *am* sane, I *am* a murderer. First degree and without extenuating circumstances. So?"

"So," said Mearson. He doodled a moment with a gold pencil and then looked up. "The headshrinker you went to for a while – his name wasn't Galbraith, was it?"

Kane shook his head.

"Good. Doc Galbraith is a friend of mine and the best forensic psychiatrist in the city, maybe in the country. Has worked with me on a dozen cases and we've won all of them. I'd like his opinion before I even start to map out a defense. Will you talk to him, be completely frank with him, if I send him around to see you?"

"Of course. Uh – will you ask him to do me a favor?"

"Probably. What is it?"

"Lend him your flask and ask him to bring it filled. You've no idea how much more pleasant it makes these interviews."

• • •

The intercom on Mortimer Mearson's desk buzzed and he pressed the button on it that would bring in his secretary's voice. "Dr. Galbraith to see you, sir." Mearson told her to send him in at once.

"Hi, Doc," Mearson said. "Take a load off your feet and tell all."

Galbraith took the load off his feet and lighted a cigarette before he spoke. "Puzzling for a while," he said. "I didn't get the answer till I went into his medical history with him. While playing polo at age 22, he had a fall and got a whop on the head with a mallet that caused a bad concussion and subsequent amnesia. Complete at first, but gradually his memory came back completely up to early adolescence. Pretty spotty between then and the time of the injury."

"Good God, the indoctrination period."

"Exactly. Oh, he has flashes – like the dream he told you about. He could be rehabilitated – but I'm afraid it's too late, now. If only we'd caught him before he committed an overt murder–– But we can't possibly risk putting his story on record now, even as an insanity defense. So."

"So," Mearson said. "I'll make the call now. And then go see him again. Hate to, but it's got to be done."

He pushed a button on the intercom. "Dorothy, get me Mr. Hodge at the Midland Realty Company. When you get him, put the call on my private line."

Galbraith left while he was waiting and a moment later one of his phones rang and he picked it up.

"Hodge?" he said, "Mearson here. Your phone secure? . . . Good. Code 84. Remove the card of Lorenz Kane – L-o-r-e-n-z K-a-n-e – from the reality file at once . . . Yes, it's necessary and an emergency. I'll submit a report tomorrow."

He took a pistol from a desk drawer and a taxi to the courthouse. He arranged an audience with his client and as soon as Kane came through the door – there was no use waiting – he shot him dead. He waited the minute it always took for the body to vanish and then went upstairs to the chambers of Judge Amanda Hayes to make a final check.

"Hi, Your Honoress," he said. "Somebody recently was telling me about a man named Lorenz Kane, and I don't remember who it was. Was it you?"

"Never heard the name, Morty. It wasn't me."

"You mean 'It wasn't I.' Must've been someone else. Thanks, Your Judgeship. Be seeing you."

ON THE SCENE

JAY WARD *vidiots' delight*

THOUGH HIS NAME is not unknown as the impresario of *Bullwinkle*, TV's kookiest cartoon series, 43-year-old Jay Troplong Ward has gained greater acclaim among insiders as a madcap packager and promoter of totally imaginary entertainments. The producer of such apocryphal attractions as *Phaedra Goes Hawaiian, An Evening with Amos F. Mungo* and *The Sessue Hayakawa Dance Party*, he may have trouble persuading the public that his latest vidiotic inspiration — *Fractured Flickers* — is anything but another figment of his whimsical imagination. Debuting this month, it's a weekly festival of silent-movie classics outrageously updated with dialog and re-edited into an animated emulation of PLAYBOY's *Teevee Jeebies*, starring such screen immortals as Theda Bara in *Cleopatra*, re-Vamped as "a love-starved Lithuanian chicken flicker." With the assorted nuts who constitute his staff (headed by partner Bill Scott), ex-realtor Ward is set to celebrate the show's premiere with Gatsbyesque éclat: Vintage limousines will deliver luminaries to a Hollywood preview appurtenanced with ragtime bands and bathtub gin. After two seasons of skeptical head-scratching at this sort of showy drollery, broadcasting bigwigs have begun to get the message that there's money as well as method in Ward's brand of madness, have finally decided to let Jay be unconfined. This fall he'll be keeping the oddball rolling with an hour-long tour de farce for CBS; a film version of Samuel Beckett's *Act Without Words*; and $100,000 worth of satiric cereal commercials for the Quaker Company—"which ain't hay," says Jay, feeling his oats.

VALERI BRUMEL *russia's man in space*

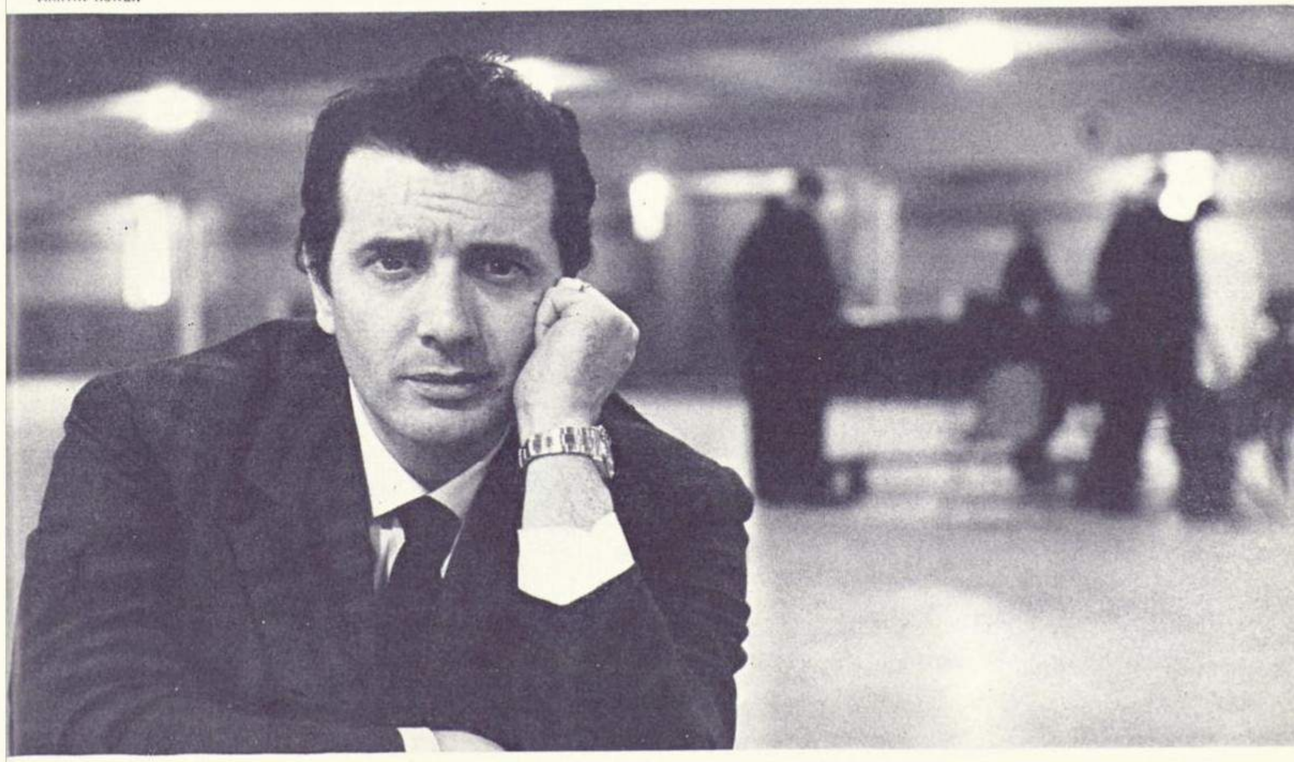
A GOOD MANY BASKETBALL PLAYERS lack bounce enough to touch the 10-foot-high rim of a regulation net, but six-foot Valeri Brumel does it easily — with his foot. He did it, just for kicks, in Stanford University's gym scant hours before setting a seemingly untouchable world high-jump record of 7' 5" in last year's U. S.–Soviet track meet. At this year's meet, held in Moscow's Lenin Stadium in July, he pushed the record up an extra three quarters of an inch. Not surprisingly, he also holds the world indoor mark of 7' 4½". None of the U. S.' nimble jumping jacks can hold a candlestick to the 21-year-old Soviet hero; he has overflown former record holder John Thomas six times running. A married third-year student at Moscow's Physical Culture Institute, Brumel is perhaps the best of the mass-produced sports models to come off Russia's post-War athletic assembly line. Born in a Siberian mining town untouched by war and hunger, he received his first high-jumping training in the fourth grade (at an age when most American kids are still playing leapfrog). Drafted into a succession of state-run phys-ed programs, he rapidly developed his slamming left-foot take-off, a soaring side-straddle style, and a Palookalike pride in the party line ("I have always objected to the U. S. system of professional sports . . . it doesn't exist in the Soviet Union"). Still improving by leaps and bounds, Brumel is certain to top his own record before retiring to a coaching job. And, as long as only the kangaroo can outdo him, there will be no sad songs among the Soviets when Valeri crosses the bar.

FRANCO CORELLI *opera's prima don*

WHEN, AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE this fall, the terrible-tempered Franco Corelli struts and frets his hour upon the stage in *Aïda, Il Trovatore* and *I Pagliacci*, he will have reached the apex of a career that has carried him from the marshes of the Adriatic coast into the hearts of millions of Italian bobby-soxers who now chase him down the streets whenever he appears in public. Today, among the purveyors of yesterday's fish in the *gallerias* in front of La Scala, the devotees speak of his voice with the reverence they once reserved for Caruso's. "Last night I saw him fling into the pit one half a casaba," they say. "But who cares, when the man has the voice of a god?" Godlike or not, Corelli's voice is largely self-developed. He was born in the seacoast town of Ancona, there learned most of what he knows about singing by listening to the records of others, soon developed a solid dramatic tenor, darker in timbre than most and equipped with a baritone's power. Following his debut in Spoleto in 1952, he opened at La Scala in Spontini's *La Vestale* and at the Met 10 years later. Corelli, big and brawny (6 feet, 200 pounds) for a tenor, is built — and behaves — like a bull basso. Once he skewered his own bass, Boris Christoff, through the kidneys with a prop sword when Christoff tried to upstage him, and later he slugged a spectator he thought had insulted him. Off the boards, he consumes large amounts of *polpo* (the stuffed vitals of octopuses) prepared by his wife, rips about Rome in one of his four sports cars, and enjoys listening to the sound of his own voice. "*E molto grande!*" he has often modestly observed of the latter.

CAL BERNSTEIN

MARVIN KONER



FASHION FORECAST

(continued from page 116)

will be a large variety of cardigans (still the leading sweater style) in camel's hair. Suede elbow patches and pocket trim will appear prominently on many coat-style sweaters.

We have observed with pleasure the increasing acceptability of knitted outerwear in places and times formerly reserved for more formal apparel. Accordingly, for such occasions as suburban patio parties or impromptu city dates, when you'll want to feel dressed up even though your garb is casual, you'll be interested in one of the more sumptuous styles. Cashmere, always in good taste, fits this category perfectly, along with the handsome V-neck alpacas and intricate intarsias (an ornamental style adapted from medieval-Italian woodwork patterns).

If your assortment of dress shirts is dominated by buttondown and tab collars, in that order, you're facing in the right fashion direction for this coming fall and winter. What you'll want to add is a collection of the newly revived stripes — especially red — which will be seen in a wide variety of designs, from bold, heavily dyed patterns to thin, subtle hairlines. Blue stripes will continue to be a staple, and black-on-white and black in combination with red promise to be popular. Because of the revival of red this year, pink may move, once again, into male dressing rooms.

The sport shirt is making a singular double-entry as it merges tastefully and functionally with the dress shirt. The casual number will resemble its more formal counterpart in every detail but collar size (it has none), as it utilizes the same oxford, chambray, madras and twill fabrics, features exact sleeve lengths, and adopts the tapered back. (A note on tapering: Too frequently, men try to achieve the tailored-shirt outline by buying a garment a size too small. While this may provide the desired waist measurement, it also pulls the shoulder seams out of place. Proper tapering is accomplished by taking in the waist only. Depending upon your size, a suppression of five to six inches should turn the trick.) Buttondown collars, which are available in traditional styles; as "highboys" (with the neckband raised to two inches); and in the short spread, are still the preferred sport-shirt style: leave the tabs for your teenage nephew. If a vacuum will be left in casual wear by the ascension of the sport shirt to more formal spheres of influence, it will readily be filled by the wide variety of cotton knits available. Appearing in every color of the spectrum, these sportive garments, in turtleneck and button-front models, will be worn under most types of light outerwear. The collars on both cardigans and pullovers this year tend toward greater length and less spread.

The preponderance of striped shirts this season leaves two basic choices in neckwear. For the fashion-wise, the alternative will be the bold stripe-on-stripe approach, with rep and twill stripes predominant; more conservative dressers will look for simpler designs with a lot of ground color showing. Of the latter type, we lean toward paisleys and madders, with the caution that the basic color be in harmony with the jacket. Knit ties, of course, in black, deep maroon and burgundy, will also work well with striped shirts. Tie widths this year vary between 2¼ and 2⅜ inches.

Belts, on the other hand, will be 1¼-inches wide. Plain and exotic-grain leathers with simple buckles will be the standard both for business and most casual wear. The fashionable exception is glove-tanned harness leather, perfect for the most formal occasions; if you like large touches of color in your leisure duds, look for reds in solid, madras, plaid and striped fabrics.

For this year's urban scene, handsomely on hand are gloves in capeskin and prominently stitched Italian soft leather. The casual and country bit is best handled with deerskin — because many of these gloves feature removable wool liners, they're remarkably versatile. If you detect your playmate puzzling over a year-end gift for you, suggest the practical driving gloves that feature gripper ribs to hold the wheel — or better still, the popular stretch models: she won't even have to remember your size.

The top of the male profile will be brimming with a large variety of sportive and colorful fur, leather, laminated and knit caps. Bridging the gap between formal and casual headgear will be the popular pinch-front and telescope models, while fashion pace-setters will be donning lids of silk and suede. The fundamental business hat is still felt and it will be seen in a large variety of colors, ranging from clear grays and browns to blues and soft greens (dark olive is in retirement for the season). The trend toward brimless hats is now in reverse: borders, which will be raw-edged, are moving out again.

This year's footnote to the basic fashion text will be a study in brown; whereas black shoes only recently made up 75 percent of the male shoe rack, this season it is expected to be an equitable 50-50. The standard repertoire of regulation boot styles, loafers, laced plain-toes and modified wing tips will still be around, but trend-setters will be stepping out in stylish tassel loafers. Socks continue to appear in dark solid colors, both in ribbed numbers of Orlon-nylon and in crews (with striped tops showing up on the latter).

Thus, tradition enhanced by variety promises to be the outlook for men's fashions this fall and winter. The choices, in brief, are understated, but eloquent, for guys with the gift of garb.

"We make it a point not to stand on ceremony around here."

CALFAYAN COLLECTION

(continued from page 151)

shook his head sternly, irritated. Then a trace of a smile flexed the corners of his mouth. He forced it stern again for an instant, but at last, full free laughter shattered his naturally sullen gray face. The girl jumped in triumph, reached her bare arms out to grasp his head, pulled it down and put a kiss on his fleshy nose. Then she ran out the open door past Calfayan, nearly tripped across his cane, but darted from it, turned her dark eyes at him for an instant and skipped to disappear in the vast department store. The other two girls, sedate, now followed, good-humoredly shaking their heads.

Calfayan looked down at Rifat, nodded and walked on, leaving Rifat.

The Armenian was lunching at the Plaza Athénée with Sir George Rainer, curator of the British Museum, on a short visit to Paris. As he arrived, Rainer was toying with an aperitif and with the idea of again broaching an old question.

Calfayan had, in the past 15 years, acquired a remarkable collection of paintings and other art objects that had disappeared into a Neuilly building used for the sole purpose of housing them. The building was watchdogged, full of burglar alarms and surrounded by a high wall. Rembrandt, Rubens, Frans Hals, Fragonard hung in rich lively silence along the wide corridors and spacious rooms, awaiting nothing but Calfayan's private pleasure. The only works ever to reappear were those less-than-magnificent ones which, as Calfayan's taste developed, were discarded and replaced. Not even Rainer himself had ever been invited to view the collection. The masterpieces had vanished from the world except insofar as they remained in the minds of a few men who dreamed of convincing Calfayan that he should share them by placing them on public exhibition from time to time. Calfayan, not a public man, had always stubbornly refused to do so.

Rainer sensed that he himself was one of the few men who this orphaned survivor of the Turkish massacres respected, even admired, and was deeply flattered, for the select company was a notable one; in spite of Calfayan's idiosyncrasies and certain downright meannesses, he drew such people to him. Rainer also felt, quite inexplicably, that Calfayan was in some way a decent man. Yet Rainer could find no means of excusing what was to him no less than a frightful crime: the gratuitous withholding of beauty from the world. The implication that followed from that seemed fully as frightful: that his friend Calfayan believed he could possess such beauty merely because he had purchased it with money; that such beauty could *belong* to

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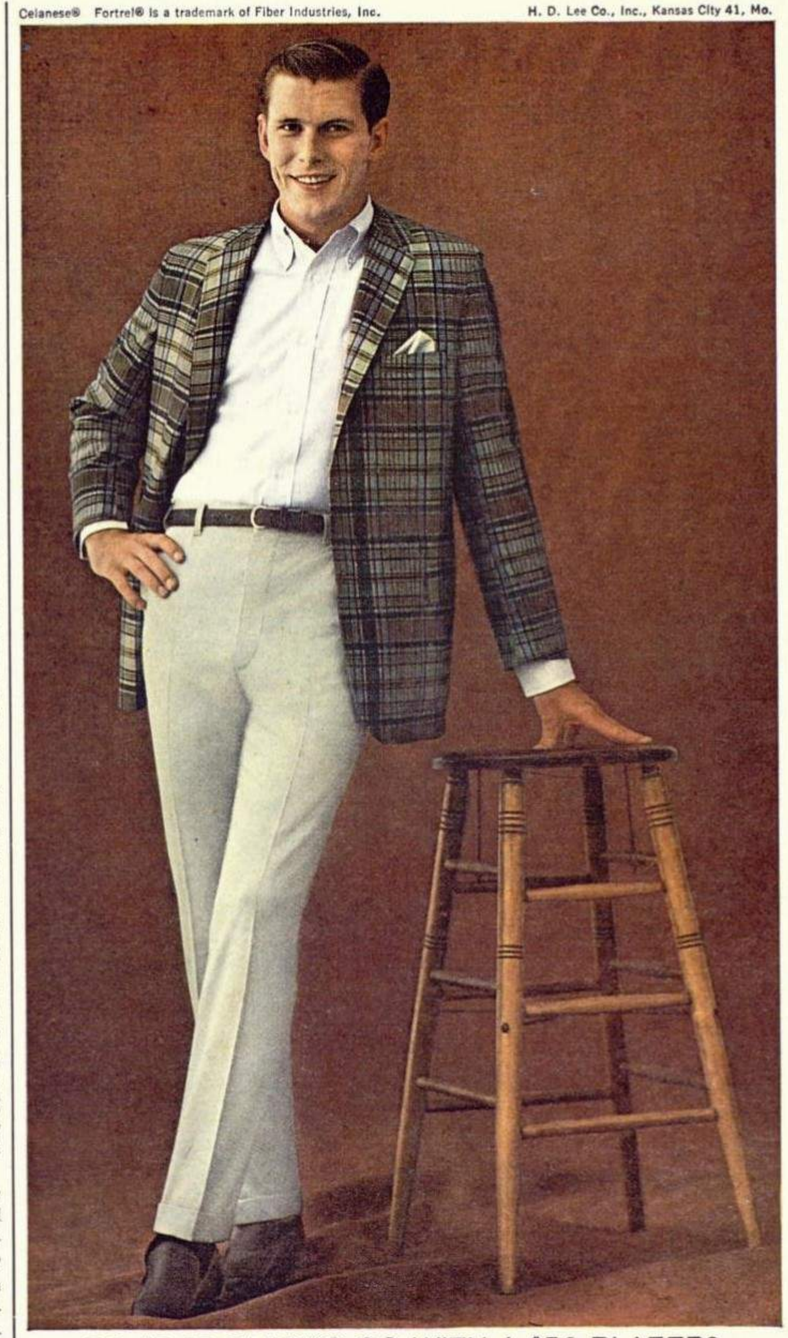

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one man. The picture of Calfayan gloating over it, all by himself in that Neuilly mausoleum where no breathing person lived, was a monstrous one.

Now, as Calfayan walked briskly, smiling, toward the table, Rainer looked up with pleasure.

The conversation during lunch was almost completely about art, and Rainer, stimulated, marveled again at the quality of Calfayan's sensitive, unsentimental taste.

It was not until coffee that Rainer asked when the British Museum would be privileged to exhibit part of the Calfayan Collection on loan.

Calfayan shook his large head, smiling coldly, yet pleasantly: "My paintings need privacy. They cannot stand to be gaped at."

Rainer properly showed contempt for Calfayan's absurd answer, knowing that Calfayan would never harbor a grudge for the show of contempt. They parted warmly and at profound odds.

• • •

Shortly before five that afternoon, Rifat slipped a note and a 10,000-franc bill into an envelope, sealed it and took it with him to the department store, where he waited at the employees' exit for the dark-eyed salesgirl to come out. It began to drizzle. Rifat, the familiar dull pain having begun along his back that morning, had known it would. He now took a difficult deep breath, winced and unfurled his umbrella. He readjusted his black Homburg and drew his alert little eyes from the exit for but an instant to glance down and check his perfectly tailored gray suit.

The three salesgirls came out together and began to hurry through the wet, not dressed for it. He trotted along beside them. "Are you heading for the bus stop?"

"None of your business, is it?" one of the girls said harshly.

Rifat had steeled himself to attend such remarks only vaguely, and said, "Please allow me," reaching high to hold his umbrella over them as best he could.

"Talks and acts as funny as he looks, huh, Gabrielle?" the second girl said, glancing merrily at the dark-eyed girl, Calfayan's interest. Gabrielle did not respond, but turned her eyes directly upon Rifat and answered him in a heavy meridional accent: "Yes sir, we are."

"I'm going along that way, you see," Rifat said, "and since I have an umbrella . . ." Gabrielle was now alone under the umbrella. Spots of water spread large on Rifat's gray suit as the drizzle became a rain. The other two girls giggled. "Gabrielle, who's your wet friend?"

"What's the matter with you two?" Gabrielle said in a surprisingly sharp voice. She glared at her companions. "What's the matter with you?" she repeated.

They reached the bus stop. There was a long line of people waiting. "I'm sorry, but I must go now," Rifat said. He handed Gabrielle the envelope. "Here. I hope you don't get too wet."

He disappeared around the corner as rapidly as he could without running.

Late that night he sat in his front room, in his seldom-used armchair, under a yellowish light, reluctant to go into his bed, fingering her manner toward him over and over again like a creased, worn, much-reread letter of tenderness.

• • •

Shortly before one o'clock the following afternoon a telephone rang in one of several private houses which Bedros Calfayan maintained in Paris. A chunky woman in her mid-40s stopped working at a massive desk and answered.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello. My name is Gabrielle Monnot. I was ——"

"Yes."

"A man gave me a note yesterday to call about a job."

"A position, yes."

"The note says to talk to Mlle. Dussane. Is that you?"

"This is Mlle. Dussane," the woman said, smiling. "You may come here for the interview if you like, or I could meet you elsewhere."

"I'm working and I can't leave till after five o'clock."

"You may come here then if you like," the woman said, still smiling.

"All right."

The woman gave Gabrielle Monnot the address, put down the telephone, stopped her pleasant smile and returned immediately to the work at her desk.

Tina Dussane, a Belgian, had been in Calfayan's employ for the past 11 years, ever since Calfayan, on a visit to his daughter's school in Lausanne, had asked the girl who she liked best on the school staff. Calfayan engaged his daughter's favorite teacher on the spot, at a substantial increase in salary, and took her back to Paris, where she proved to be of great service in a number of capacities.

• • •

Early that evening Gabrielle Monnot, wearing a green dress that buttoned to the neck, not at all suitable for her black hair and ivory complexion, was led into Mlle. Dussane's sitting room.

The two women were served tea, and Mlle. Dussane observed Gabrielle Monnot's manner of receiving the tea and drinking it. She noticed that the girl was quick to do as she herself did, and that the effect was not at all one of slavish imitation. Sometimes the women put in Mlle. Dussane's charge were quite stupid. This one would not need intensive instruction. But this one was also sensitive, perhaps more sensitive than any of the others, and would need to be handled gently.

They were left alone. "If you agree to the conditions of this situation, I am authorized to see to it that you are very well paid," Mlle. Dussane said.

"That's good."

"May I call you Gabrielle?"

"Sure."

"Gabrielle, why are you interested in making so much money?"

"It would be nice."

Mlle. Dussane smiled.

"Why are you smiling that way?"

"I might have expected you to say that it was a foolish question, that everyone is interested in making a lot of money."

"Oh."

"I'm sure you realize that one does not make a lot of money for doing nothing."

"No."

"You're from the south, aren't you?"

"Yes. From near Pau. I've been here almost six months."

"Why did you leave, may I ask?"

Gabrielle beamed. "Oh, that's simple. Because I always wanted to come to Paris. It's the most wonderful place in the world. I want to live here all my life. It was hard to leave home. But I did. My poor father, he's a postman, he didn't like it. You can imagine. It was sad. But I had to see."

"Tell me, Gabrielle, would you like to live in this house?"

The girl looked about. "Oh, yes. Is the job here?"

"It can be yours to live in if you like. There are servants. This wing is my apartment, with a separate entrance at the side. You would live in the main part of the house."

"I don't understand."

"I'll explain simply and to the point. My employer is an extremely wealthy man. He saw you the other day and admired you. He would like you to stay here and allow him to take you out from time to time, as he chooses. He is an attractive man, and I can say that he is a kind man, in no way cruel or unpleasant. He will certainly sometimes choose to stay here with you."

"Oh."

"Do you understand now?"

"Yes," the girl whispered.

"You look astonished."

"When I came in, I thought it would be a job as a servant. I couldn't figure out why I was picked out on the street and given the 10,000 francs, but people often do funny things. But I never thought ——"

"There is nothing in this that should astonish you. It is a common occurrence. Don't you realize that you are a beautiful young woman who should not go to waste among those who don't know how to appreciate you? With the right clothes and the right hair style, you will see how beautiful you are. I can promise that."

"They found me pretty at home." She laughed.

"I'm sure."

Although the girl seemed to want out of Paris just the sort of thing that a man like Calfayan offered, Mlle. Dussane was surprised at her blithe eagerness to come to an agreement. What the offer involved had surely been made clear to her, and yet Mlle. Dussane sensed an innate fineness in the girl; therefore, it was somehow as if the girl did not fully realize what she was accepting.

What a prize she could be! Mlle. Dussane thought. If she was indeed what she seemed — a precious mixture of coarseness and fineness, heavy vulgarity and sensitivity.

The girl did not ask any details about money. Oddly, she insisted on returning alone to her small room for her belongings; and she insisted on keeping the room, but agreed to return that night by subway and begin living in the house.

Mlle. Dussane paced her sitting room excitedly, telling herself that she would outdo herself with such material, imagining how pleased the Armenian was going to be. After a few minutes she composed herself, telephoned Calfayan to compliment him coolly upon his luck and taste and to inform him that he might call on Gabrielle in less than three weeks' time. She could tell by the sound of his hello that his wife was present. "Gabrielle is an intelligent and naturally graceful woman. I will have difficulties, but they can be handled."

"I leave it to you," Calfayan said, and he hung up without speaking further.

He doesn't appreciate me, Mlle. Dussane thought, changing into a negligee and robe. Then she sat down at her desk and made some notes: *Dresses — blues, beige. Panties — regular assortment plus floral print? Taffeta half-slip.* Mlle. Dussane had an ivory-satin gown in mind for this girl that would need a taffeta half-slip. *Red girdle with gunmetal nylons?* In the case of the last girl, the singer, Mlle. Dussane had felt Calfayan was much moved by that combination. She might try it again. She went to bed early, wondering about an appropriate hair style. I will show him what I am made of, she thought. As she lay in the darkness, her mind created magnificent combinations: gowns, stoles, handbags, perfumes, gloves, jewelry, suits. Rapidly she set off that perfect complexion in various ways, and that body as well, the fine legs and the breasts, wasted until now beneath an ugly buttoned-up green dress.

• • •

Charles, the handsome, talented, youngest captain at Maxim's, whose

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startling rise from ordinary waiter in only half-a-year had aroused the impotent jealousy of the older captains, waited calmly at his station one evening three weeks later. Charles was calm by nature, but altogether alert. Monsieur Calfayan was expected shortly, presumably for after-theater *souper*, with a guest, and Charles had his table. Although the maître d'hôtel was sure to handle everything personally, Charles deeply appreciated the opportunity to further his education through any close contact with such an important man as Calfayan. The last time Calfayan had dined at Maxim's, Charles not only had observed the multimillionaire without in any way neglecting his own duties, but had also often deftly managed to stand where he could overhear bits of conversation at Calfayan's table.

You would never presume to joke with Calfayan, bait him half-subtly, or patronize him in any way. Charles knew that his response to such standard headwaiter gambits would be immediate and utterly cold. Some wealthy men (not only middle-aged women, in whom the phenomenon was most common) responded very well to such gently attentive means of humiliation. It was remarkable to Charles, though evident, that they not only welcomed such debasing treatment by headwaiters and sometimes by captains, but positively desired it. Charles was objective enough about himself not to presume to fathom definitively the whys of such behavior, but he gave himself due credit for his powers of observation.

He respected Calfayan. Calfayan was his better, unlike so many of the others, because of whom he had already come far. They were always delighted to see him as they entered Maxim's. It made him sometimes wonder what sort of poor life they must have. Calfayan would never register pleasure or displeasure at the sight of Charles, so long as he was served efficiently. Calfayan had flat, black, intelligent eyes, and when he smiled, with delicate reserve, they did not change. His face reacted with extreme economy. Calfayan was consistent at the core, most surely, but Charles, having watched him converse, saw that Calfayan was not bland. Calfayan was composed. He did not laugh, nor was he in any way loud.

At last a young woman wearing a cream off-the-shoulder gown entered, followed by Calfayan, his barrel bulk in evening dress, his clipped gray hair coming only to the height of her chin. Patrons glanced up from their troughs. The maître d'hôtel escorted them smoothly past Charles to the table; the ball-bearing mechanism, Maxim's, had begun to function for Calfayan. Charles nodded in greeting, but not in order to be observed for more than a flicker. The maître d'hôtel swept their table back. They sat. The maître d'hôtel hovered. The solemn, independent little wine steward presented himself. Calfayan ordered. Champagne, beluga, lobster and, for dessert, a soufflé.

The woman began to talk. Charles kept looking at her, looking away, looking back at her. It was the smile. The smile was infectious. The last woman, older, who Calfayan had brought had also talked a great deal. Charles remembered that Calfayan had been very quiet, almost motionless but for an occasional polite nod. He remembered that he had laughed, not obsequiously, over the look on Calfayan's face, afterward, with the maître d'hôtel.

Calfayan was talking to her. Each of them spoke about the same amount of time. Calfayan opened his mouth inordinately wide once, eying her, to put beluga into it, not unattractively. He smiled often and his eyes changed when he smiled, once in astonished glee. What were they saying? What on earth was she saying to him? Charles caught the maître d'hôtel staring once at them. He met Charles' eyes and turned away.

It was not until they were finishing the lobster that Charles managed to position himself and hear a bit. She now put her hands palm upward and said, "We just got on our bicycles and rode right out of Pau!"

"No!" Calfayan said, sucking at a claw's tiny end.

"Yes!"

"I've never ridden a bicycle in my life," Calfayan said.

"Is that true?"

"Yes, of course it is."

Then Charles was forced to move away. A patron wanted his attention. Charles made some remark and drifted off. His eyes went back to Calfayan's table. And for an instant he did not at all recognize Calfayan.

The face.

A night sky sat now upon Calfayan's face. Stars and planets — a deep perverse astronomy of abandoned lingerie, mirrors, cries, revealed and ravaged flesh; female eyes, terrified, lost, drugged, were reflected here in these black eyes. Charles saw a whole constellation, a tableau of elaborate private charade incorporating the most extreme dark, impersonal dreams of any man, dreams long since forgone by mere Charles himself.

Charles took a deep breath. The girl, frightened, put her fingers to her mouth.

"My dear girl," the man murmured, hovering, his lips red and wet. "You look as if you had forgotten something."

"You — you had a funny look," she said. "It surprised me."

The man did not answer. His face began settling back into old Calfayan again. Charles returned to his duties. He glanced at the couple from time to time.

Now Calfayan lifted his hand and put it down upon hers; his short fingers lay inert along her knuckles. "Yes. We shall go home soon, eh?" he said. "Have you found everything to your liking at the house?"

She nodded. She smiled wanly, was about to take a mouthful of the soufflé, but put her fork down slowly and smiled with strain into his eyes, holding her head fixed.

Suddenly she turned away from him. Her head bobbed downward. A mass of black hair faced Calfayan like that of a doll with its head twisted partway around. The girl's bare, rich white shoulders shuddered — and again.

She was retching into her napkin above the cream lap of her gown.

Charles rushed to the table, unhesitatingly, ready. He tried to help her. He saw her large dark frightened eyes. Calfayan arose, nodded silently at Charles, who withdrew. He helped her to rise and ushered her, Charles leading the way, to the *toilette*. As she moved, she glanced at Calfayan. His look, gentle, seemed to reassure her. He nodded as she disappeared.

Calfayan gazed long at the shut door, his shoulders uncharacteristically, almost imperceptibly, slumped forward. Charles looked away. "Poor beautiful thing," Calfayan murmured. Then louder: "Poor girl." Charles assumed Calfayan was talking to himself, but upon turning back to the man, saw that Calfayan was actually addressing him personally.

"Perhaps we might fetch her stole for her?" Calfayan asked.

"Right away, sir," Charles said, and hurried away.

When he returned, they were standing together in the corridor.

"I can't go back there. I — I'm sorry," the girl whispered.

Charles, holding the stole, waiting to be acknowledged, noted an unmistakable look of relief on Calfayan's face.

"My dear girl. You must not be sorry. I will take you directly to your old room. There, there," he said, and patted her shoulder with his little fingers.

Then the black eyes went flat at last and Calfayan said, "Have the car brought around."

• • •

Sir George Rainer was awakened at three o'clock that morning. The telephone at his bedside was ringing. What the devil, he thought, and turned over to grope for it.

"Rainer here."

"I have a call from Paris for Sir George Rainer."

"Yes. Rainer here . . ."

"Hello. Rainer?"

"Rainer here."

"Good. This is Calfayan. I have been thinking about your proposal. I will consider it. You will have my decision shortly."

"Well! Calfayan!"

"We had a pleasant lunch the other day, didn't you think?"

"Why, yes."

"Well — goodbye."

"Oh. Right. Right. Goodbye."

As Rainer put up the telephone he realized for the first time that he had never for one moment seriously expected Calfayan to offer his collection for loan. Now that Calfayan had awakened Rainer out of a sound sleep to announce that he was considering such a step, Rainer was surprised to feel quite certain that nothing would ultimately come of it.

What state of being could have brought on such an urgent passing fancy? It was as if the fellow madly feared, out of a clear blue sky, that his wall was about to be breached, his watchdogs shot, his burglar alarms smashed, his people bound and gagged; that his collection was about to be carried off by bold thieves; and that therefore it would be safer across the Channel for a time, in the British Museum. Rainer chuckled to himself at his own bizarre idea.

It was not at all like Calfayan to call anyone in the middle of the night.

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PRIDE MARK
PARIS

how to talk dirty

(continued from page 108)

a Vaseline addict. She would rub it on and stick it in anything and everything. To Mema, carbolated Vaseline was Jewish penicillin.

Perhaps at this point I ought to say a little something about my vocabulary. My conversation, spoken and written, is usually flavored with the jargon of the hipster, the argot of the underworld, and Yiddish.

In the literate sense — as literate as Yiddish can be, since it is not a formal language — "goyish" means "gentile." But that is not the way I mean to use it.

To me, if you live in New York or any other big city, you are Jewish. It doesn't matter even if you're Catholic; if you live in New York you're Jewish. If you live in Butte, Montana, you're goyish even if you're Jewish.

Evaporated milk is goyish even if the Jews invented it. Chocolate is Jewish and fudge is goyish. Spam is goyish and rye bread is Jewish.

Negroes are all Jews. Italians are all Jews. Irishmen who have rejected their religion are Jews. Mouths are very Jewish. And bosoms. Baton-twirling is very goyish. Eddie Cantor, Georgie Jessel and Danny Thomas are Christians, because if you look very closely on their bodies you'll find a boil somewhere.

To trap an old Jewish woman — they're crafty and they will lie — just seize one and you will find a handkerchief balled-up in one of her hands.

I can understand why they can't have a Jewish President. It would be embarrassing to hear the President's mother screaming love at the grandchildren: "Who's Grandma's baby! Who's Grandma's baby!"

". . . and this is Chet Huntley in New York. The First Lady's mother opened the Macy's Day Parade screaming, '*Oy zeishint mine lieber*' and furiously pinching young Stanley's cheeks . . ."

Actually, she bit his ass, going "Oom, yum yum, is this a tush, whose tushy is that?" The Jews are notorious children's-ass-kissers. Gentiles neither bite their children's asses, nor do they *hahhh* their soup.

Gentiles love their children as much as Jews love theirs; they just don't wear their hearts on their sleeves. On the other hand, Jewish mothers don't hang gold stars in their windows. They're not proud of their boys' going into the service. They're always worried about their being killed.

Celebrate is a goyish word. Observe is a Jewish word. Mr. and Mrs. Walsh are *celebrating* Christmas with Major Thomas Moreland, USAF Ret., while Mr. and Mrs. Bromberg *observed* Hanukkah with Goldie and Arthur Schindler from Kiamesha, New York.

The difference between Jewish and goyish girls is that a gentile girl won't "touch it once," whereas a Jewish girl will kiss you and let you touch it — your own, that is.

The only Jewish thing about balling is Vaseline.

One eventful day, I discovered self-gratification. An older kid conducted a school, and five of us graduated about the same time.

A few days later, I was all set for an afternoon of whacking it. I was propped up in bed, taking care of business. I was so involved, I didn't hear the door open. "Leonard, what are you doing?" It was my father! My heart stopped. I froze. "I said what are you doing?"

To say it was a traumatic moment would be euphemistic. I had to restrain myself from asking: "Would you wait outside for just a minute?" He snarled at me, "It's not only disgusting, what you're doing — but, goddamnit, in my bed!"

He sat down and proceeded to tell me a story, that story we have all heard, with embellishments. Its grim conclusion left three of our relatives in state insane asylums — poor souls who had never been instructed in the wisdom of sleeping with their hands above the covers. The story line implied that this sort of thing was a nighttime practice and was associated with werewolves and vampires. Their punishment was that their hands withered away into wings, and they couldn't do it anymore, just fan it a little.

I had all sorts of horrendous visions of my future: my spine would collapse; my toes would fall off. Even though I resolved never to do it again, I felt I had done some irreparable damage.

Oh, what a cursed thing! I could see myself on a street corner some day, giving a testimony for the C.B.W.A. — Crooked Back Whackers Anonymous:

"Yea, brothers, I was of mortal flesh. Fortunately for me, my father walked in that day while I was having my struggle with Satan. Suppose he had not been an observant person, and merely thought I was doing a charade — committing hara-kiri triple time — what then? But no, brothers, he knew he had a pervert living under his roof: the most dangerous of them all — a whacker! I would have to stop. No tapering off. I would have to stop *now*! In the language of the addict's world, I would have to kick the habit — cold jerky . . ."

• • •

I credit the motion-picture industry as the strongest environmental factor in molding the children of my day.

Andy Hardy: whistling; a brown pompadour; a green lawn; a father whose severest punishment was taking your car away for the weekend.

Warner Baxter was a doctor. All priests looked like Pat O'Brien.

The superintendent of my school looked like Spencer Tracy, and the principal looked like Vincent Price. I was surprised years later to discover they *were* Spencer Tracy and Vincent Price. I went to Hollywood High, folks.

Actually, I went to North Bellmore public school for eight years, up until the fifth grade. I remember the routine of milk at 10:15 and napping on the desk — I hated the smell of that desk — I always used to dribble on the initials. And how enigmatic those well-preserved carvings were to me: BOOK YOU.

My friend Carmelo, the barber's son, and I would "buy" our lunch at the little green store. That's what we called the student lockers from which we stole many a hot cold lunch. "Let's see what we've got at the little green store today."

We would usually go shopping around 11:30 on the eighth-grade floor, when everybody was in homeroom. Carmelo would bust open a locker. A white paper bag! Who used white paper bags? People who could afford to buy baked goods and make their children exotic sandwiches. Tuna on date-nut bread, four creme-filled Hydrox cookies, a banana which was unreal — the color wasn't solid brown, it was yellow tipped with green, and the end wasn't rotten — and the last goody: a nickel, wrapped in wax paper.

Sometimes we would go over to Carmelo's house to eat dinner. His father had a barbershop with one chair and a poster in the window showing four different styles of haircuts, and guaranteeing you sure-fire results in securing employment if you would follow the tips on grooming: "The First Things an Employer Looks at Are Hair, Nails and Shoes." An atomic-energy department head who looks at these qualifications in a job applicant would probably be a faggot.

Carmelo's mother was the manicurist and town whore. Those symbols of my childhood are gone — what a shame! — the country doctor, the town whore, the

"Hello, you must be the new trainer."

you can try it like this

or buy it like this

Double your protection with big, wide, man-sized Brake. Brake's man-sized roller does twice the job, stroke for stroke, of little girl-sized roll-ons. Brake with the BIG roller gives the big protection a big man needs. Next time, buy Mennen BRAKE! (M)
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village idiot, and the drunken family from the other side of the tracks, have been replaced by the Communist, the junkie, the faggot, and the beatnik.

Prostitution wasn't respected and accepted, but I figured that if she was the town whore, then all the people in the town had had her and had paid her and they were all a part of what she was. I staunchly defended Carmelo's mother.

My mother worked as a waitress and doubled as a maid in fashionable Long Beach, Long Island. My father was working during the day and going to college at night. His motive was to better himself and, in turn, better us all. If he had graduated, I might not be where I am now. I'm the head of a big firm today, thanks to my dad's foresight in placing handy knowledge at my fingertips.

"You're going to have that set of encyclopedias for your birthday," he had pledged. "You're going to have everything I never had as a child, even if I have to do without cigarettes." And then, to demonstrate his self-sacrifice, he would roll his own in those rubber roller things that Liberty Bugler used to sell.

Today I give my daughter what I *really* didn't have as a kid. All the silly, dumb, extravagant, frilly, nonfunctional toys I can force on her. She probably wants an encyclopedia. That's how it goes — one generation saves to buy rubbers for the kids on a rainy day, and when it comes they sit out under a tree getting soaking wet and digging the lightning.

My father instilled in me a few important behavior patterns, one of which was a fantastic dread of being in debt. He explained to me such details as how much we owed on the rent, what the coal and light bills were, how much money we had and how long it would last.

He would constantly remind me that we were living on the brink of poverty. He would go miles out of his way to look for bargains. He would wear clothes that friends gave him. I became so guilty about asking for anything that I concluded it was much more ethical to steal.

When I was in seventh grade and, for physical education, each boy had to buy sneakers which cost about $1.98, I couldn't bring myself to ask my father for the money. The previous night he had confided to me that he didn't know where he was going to get the money for the rent. I decided to steal the money for my sneakers from the Red Cross.

The class kept all the money they had collected for the annual Red Cross drive in a big mayonnaise jar in the supply closet. I volunteered to stay after school to wash the blackboard and slap out the erasers. I knew that the teacher, Miss Bostaug, was always picked up at 3:30 sharp by her boyfriend.

She was the kind of woman who was old when she was 23. She wore those "sensible" corrective shoes with lisle stockings; and crinkly dresses, the kind that you can see through and don't want to. The only color she ever wore was a different handkerchief that she pinned on her blouse every day. Her short sleeves revealed a vaccination mark as big as a basketball.

As soon as Miss Bostaug left that afternoon, I picked up the radiator wrench and jimmied open the closet door. I really botched up the door, but I made the heist. My heart was beating six-eighths time as I split with the mayonnaise jar.

I hid under the porch and counted the loot. Over $13 in change.

I spent some of the money on the sneakers and a carton of Twenty Grand cigarettes for my father. I figured I would take what was left and return it. Maybe no one would miss what I had spent. Maybe no one would notice that the door had been torn off its hinges.

But as I neared the classroom, I could hear the storm of protest, so I changed my mind and joined in the denunciation of the culprit. "Boy, how could anyone be so low? Stealing from the Red Cross! Don't worry, God will punish him." I felt pretty self-righteous condemning myself, and quite secure that no one suspected me.

But I had underestimated Miss Bostaug.

"Boys and girls," she announced, "this morning I called my brother, Edward Bostaug, in Washington. He works for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He told me that if the criminal doesn't confess today, he is going to come up here on Monday with a lie detector." And then, in minute detail, she described the technical perfection of the polygraph in spotting the slightest irregularity in blood pressure, pulse and temperature. As she spoke, my heart was pounding and I was sweating.

After everyone left, I marched boldly up to her desk. She was creaming her face with Noxzema. "Miss Bostaug, I know who stole the money. I told him the jig was up, and he told me to tell you that he only spent three dollars and is willing to give me the rest to bring back and he will make up what he spent, little by little, if you promise not to call your brother from the F.B.I."

A week later the Long Island Welfare Board paid a visit to my father, attempting to ascertain what sort of family atmosphere produced a criminal of my proportions.

Miss Bostaug hadn't "squealed" on me, but she had done her duty, not only to the authorities, but also to me. She was aware that my environment was as much to blame for my behavior as I was. She was trying to help me.

My father didn't see it that way, however. He was simply amazed. "How could a son of mine steal, when all he has to do is ask me for anything and I'll give it to him, even if I have to give up cigarettes?"

He sat down and talked to me. It was difficult for me to answer because he was sitting on my chest.

My mother's boyfriends were a unique breed. They were buddies rather than beaux. I can't remember seeing anyone ever kiss my mother — not on the mouth, anyway — and for sure, I never saw her in bed with any man, not even that once-in-a-while "mistake" in the one-bedroom apartment when "Ssh, you'll wake the kid up!" makes going to the bathroom during the night a combination of horror and fascination.

I can remember only one "walk-in" in my life. As an eight-year-old child, I stumbled through the living room on the way to the bathroom at four o'clock in the morning. My cousin Hannah and her husband were pushing, kissing, tearing and breathing in asthmatic meter. I watched and listened in wonderful curiosity.

I had no concept of what was going on. They were maintaining a consistent rhythm that kept building in strength and force. Then the rhythm became overpoweringly intense and heavy, and his voice changed pitch — that crazy soprano sound that the funnymen in the movies affect when they imitate ladies.

I saw the sweet dizzy quality on the face of my 23-year-old cousin, as her paint and powder dissolved and mixed with her lover's sweat. She was looking over his shoulder, as if right at me, but her eyes looked funny — like my cousin Herman's when he was drunk. Her legs — lovely, smooth legs with just a suggestion of fine, soft hair, like the guard hairs on the willow-limb flowers — seemed to float heavenward, her toes twisting in a tortured fashion, praying for release.

Now her eyes started to roll as if they were completely disengaged. My cousin Harry must have broken that thing that makes the doll's eyes go up and down.

Her lips parted slowly and she joined him in a chant of submission — a chant with the vocabulary of theology, although I have never heard it again in synagogue, church or Buddhist temple — a chant that was perhaps pagan: "Oh God, oh God, oh goddamnit God! Oh it's so good, Harry — oh God it's good — ohhhh . . . Oh!"

Suddenly Hannah's eyes focused on me. She screamed as if I were some horrible monster, "How long have you been standing there?"

She reiterated: "I said, how long have

"Miss Peters, I'll never understand how I let a business opportunity like that slip through my fingers!"

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you been standing there?"

I reacted subjectively, assuming they wanted me to show off since her question related to an area of learning that I was involved with at the time. I looked up at the clock, thought for a moment, and repeated her question. "How long have I been standing here? Well, the big hand is on the five, and the little hand is on the three, that means it's – umm – 3:25."

They told me that was very nice and I was a very clever boy, and that I should go to bed.

Without someone telling me what they had been doing, I could never tell you whether that was a clean act, a dirty act, a self-indulgent act, or a religious act of pure religious procreation. With all the exposure I've had, I still can't tell you. You must interpret what went on in your own way – and, of course, you will.

My childhood seemed like an endless exodus from aunts and uncles and grandmothers. Their dialog still rings in my ears: "I had enough *tsooris* with my own kids. . . . How many times have I told you not to slam the door? . . . Don't *run* up the stairs. . . . Don't tell me Danny did it – if Danny told you to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, you'd jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, right? . . . Children have children's portions and big people have big people's portions – if you're hungry you'll eat more bread – and there's plenty of cabbage left . . ."

"Don't read at the table," I would be told.

"Why do they put stuff on the cereal box if they don't want you to read?"

"Not at the table."

When I get big, I thought, I'll read anywhere I want. . . . Standing on the subway:

"What's that you're reading, sir?"

"A cereal box."

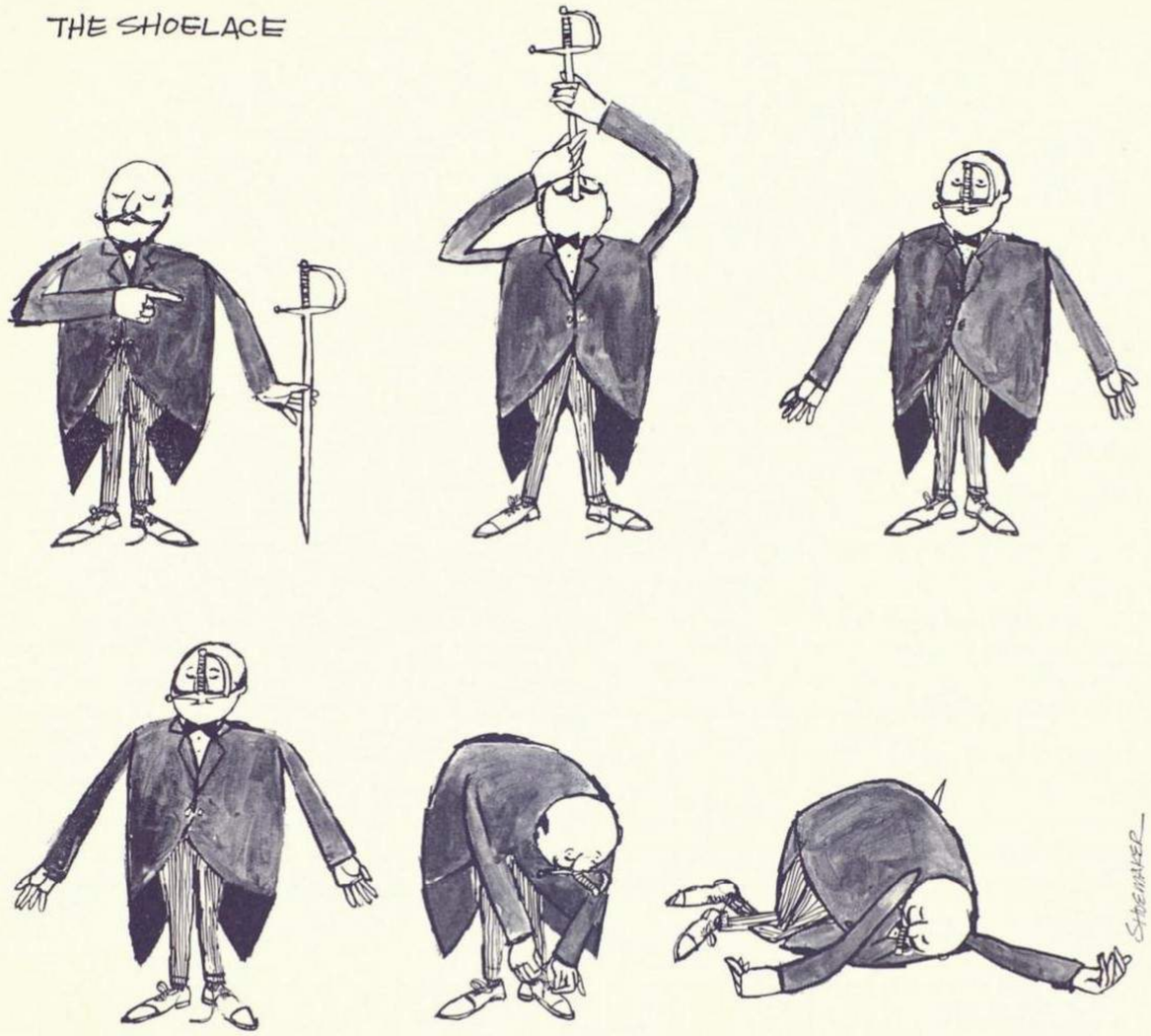
The plan was I would stay with relatives till my parents "get straightened out."

I learned there is no Judge Hardy, there is no Andrew, nobody has a Mom like Fay Bainter.

Oh God, the movies really did screw us up.

• • •

As an imaginative young sensualist, I dreamed about living over a barn, seeing the stars through a cracked-board room, smelling the cows and horses as they snuggle and nuzzle in a shed below, seeing the steam come up from the hay in the stables on a frosty winter morning, sitting at a table rich with home-canned goods with seven other farm hands, eating home fries, pickled beets, fresh bacon, drinking raw milk, laughing, having company in the morning,



having a family, eating and working and hanging out with the big guys, learning to use Bull Durham.

At 16 I ran away from home and found it. Two rich, productive, sweet years with the Dengler family on their Long Island farm.

The Denglers were a combination of Swedish and German stock. Although they were still young – she in her 30s and he in his 40s – I never saw them kiss each other. I was shocked when I learned that they slept in separate bedrooms. I knew they were tired after working a long day, but I couldn't understand why anyone who could, wouldn't want to sleep in another person's arms.

I would wait for an opportunity when Mr. Dengler was enjoying a good laugh, and then I would catch him unawares and give him a big hug. Mrs. Dengler called me a "kissing bug," but she never rejected me. They said I would probably end up being a politician.

The Dengler farm faced the highway. As I carried the pails of slop to the hogs, I watched the cars whizzing by on their way to Grumman and Sikorsky and Sperry. Neither the drivers nor I realized that their day's work would some day put an end to someone somewhere also carrying slop to hogs. A couple of times when the cars overheated, they would stop for water, and I would ask them what they were making out at Sperry's.

They didn't know. "Some fittings. . . ." Some fittings – the Norden bombsight to fit into the B-17. "I just do piece work." (My approach to humor today is in distinguishing between the *moral* differences of words and their connotations; then it was simply in the synonym: "Oh, you do piece work? How about bringing me home some?")

Directly opposite the highway that ran by the farm was a long dusty dirt road with crops on each side – potatoes, carrots, lettuce – everything you buy in your grocery store. They were cultivated, irrigated, weeded and fertilized by the farmhands. Some of the fertilization was direct from producer to consumer: There were no lavatories in the fields, but the itinerant dayworkers – six Polish women – had a very relaxed attitude toward the performing of their natural functions.

To this day, I always insist that all my vegetables be washed thoroughly.

I was entrusted with the unromantic job of weeding, although I did get to drive the old truck with the broken manifold, back and forth across the field, which really gassed me. I imagined myself to be Henry Fonda. The only thing that bugged me was that it was so lonesome out there all day. I tried to talk to the Polish ladies, but they didn't understand me. I even brought them candy – Guess Whats, Mary Janes, Hootens – but all they did was grunt.

They allowed me to witness their most intimate functions, but it was as if I didn't exist.

Mrs. Dengler would get up about 3:30 in the morning to cook breakfast for eight men: she would work in the fields herself till about eight o'clock that night, and then she would do her housework.

During the winter months, the Denglers ran a roadside stand selling canned goods and eggs to the workers on their way to and from a nearby defense plant.

The canned goods would actually be sold out the first day, and we only had enough chickens to supply eggs for about two or three cars. So we bought eggs wholesale from as far away as Texas, and Mason-jar canned goods from an outfit in Georgia.

My job was to immerse the jars in hot water, wash off their labels and put ours on. I would also open the egg crates — which were packed by the gross — and repackage the eggs in our cartons, by the dozen. With my philanthropic sense of humor, I would add a little mud and straw and chicken droppings to give them an authentic pastoral touch.

People were always coming back and telling us: "How fresh the eggs are!" Sales increased rapidly and I soon had a big problem. Although I had enough straw and mud, there were only 22 chickens — and I was too embarrassed to ask if there were any wholesale chickenshit houses in Texas.

I decided to cut the pure stuff with cow manure. There was never a complaint.

Once a week a big LaSalle would drive all the way out from the city to get farm-fresh eggs. The chauffeur was a little wizened old Englishman who never, ever spoke. The owner was a woman who looked like Mary Astor. She was a very grand-type lady, about 35, which seemed quite old to me.

She said the farm was "quaint" and remarked how fortunate I was not to be "cursed by city pressures." She began to bring me things — sweaters, shoes, even a tennis racket. I fed her charitable id and exclaimed: "Oh, gosh, a real sweater! I always wanted one with no patches on it!" All I needed was "Gloriosky, Zero!" to complete the picture.

Once I sensed she was feeling a little low, so I told her that my mother and father had been killed. I fabricated a very pathetic story for her, and it really picked her up. It was a sort of Fantasy CARE Package — a little something extra added to the product, like with the eggs.

One day she forgot all about buying the eggs, and insisted on taking me to town to buy a new jacket. I had an old suede jacket with a broken zipper that had to be pinned shut. I told her I couldn't leave the stand. She told the chauffeur to get out and take over for me, and she would do the driving.

On the way back from the city, she pulled over into a shaded area and stopped. We talked for a long time, and she told me about her son who was drowned, and also about her husband who manufactured and rented candy machines. She intimated that she would like to adopt me.

She asked about my religious beliefs. She asked if I had ever been naughty with girls. I had never even kissed a girl — I hadn't gone to high school and I was very shy — I had often thought about being "naughty" with girls, but I could never seem to arrange to be in the right place at the right time.

We talked about some other things, and she told me to look in the glove compartment for a surprise. Inside I found a sheath knife and a flashlight. There was also a packet of pictures, and she asked me if I would like her to show them to me.

I had never seen any pictures like those before. They were of men and women in various attitudes of lovemaking. The nudity and the absurdity of the contortions amused me, and I started to laugh. She was quite disturbed by my reaction, but I couldn't help it. I had a genuine giggling fit.

She asked me if I thought the pictures were dirty, and when I couldn't stop laughing long enough to answer, she said that it was a cover-up for a filthy mind. Not wanting to lose the jacket, I apologized.

She forgave me and then delivered a lecture on how some women can give you a terrible disease. She explained how you can get some diseases from using towels or from sitting on toilet seats. She asked me if I knew what the symptoms of these diseases were. I confessed my ignorance, and she grew alarmed.

"Why, you can have one of those diseases right this minute and not even know it!"

And, with a very clinical attitude, she unbuttoned my pants.

A few years later in boot camp, when we got our first illustrated lecture on venereal disease, I was disappointed that it lacked the same personal touch.

The Denglers were quite upset with my impatience to volunteer for the Navy. I pestered Mrs. Dengler daily, waiting for that official letter. I had some literature about the Navy and the training courses they offered, and I reviewed it at every opportunity in my "reading room" — a four-seater (one seat was entirely sewn up by a cobweb) with a wasp hive up in the right-hand corner of the ceiling that was the color of gray cardboard. I always read uneasily, in dread of an attack.

The outhouse is to the farmhand what the water cooler is to the white-collar worker.

But, working for the Denglers, goofing off wasn't necessary for me. They were easy bosses to work for. Although I put in about 60 hours a week and received $40 a month plus room and board, I felt no resentment, because they worked longer and harder.

"This looks like an interesting case."

Then, too, they were my mother and father — the mother and father I had always dreamed about — and I always had good company, which made me think about all the lonesome people who lived in furnished rooms with their container of milk or can of beer on the window ledge. Wouldn't it be nice if all the people who are lonesome could live in one big dormitory, sleep in beds next to each other, talk and laugh, and keep the lights on as long as they want to?

Lonesome people are a vast neglected segment of that mythical American Public the advertising men are always talking about. One mustn't assume that all lonesome people are pensioners, old maids and physically handicapped shutins. There are lonesome young men who sit in the Greyhound Bus Station and there are secretaries who live in immaculate apartments which they wouldn't mind having messed up by some guy who doesn't hang up his clothes.

Sometimes when I'm on the road in a huge hotel, I wish there was a closed-circuit television camera in each room, and at two o'clock in the morning the announcer would come on: "In Room 24-B there is a ripe, blue-eyed, pink-nippled French-and-Irish court stenographer lying in bed tossing and turning, fighting the bonds of her nightgown. All the ashtrays in her room are clean, her stockings and panty-girdle have just been washed and are hanging on the shower-curtain bar. This is a late model, absolutely clean, used only a few times by a sailor on leave."

Or: "In Apartment 407 there is a 55-year-old Jewish widower who is listening to Barry Gray on the radio, sitting in his underwear and looking at the picture of his daughter and son-in-law who live in Lawrence, Long Island, and haven't called since Yom Kippur. This is a bargain for an aggressive young woman who can say to him, 'I like you because you're sensible and sensitive—all right, it's true young men are a "good time," but after *that*, what? — I like a man I can have a serious discussion with, one who can co-sign. . . .'"

Mrs. Dengler drove me to the station of the Long Island Railroad to catch the train that would take me away to war. I kissed her and said, "Goodbye, Ma." She smiled at me and left. She never had any kids of her own.

• • •

One day I was standing at 90 Church Street in downtown New York City, literally in the hands of an Army doctor who was telling me to cough — that universal male experience.

I volunteered for the Navy in 1942. I was 5'2", weighed 120 pounds, and had a heavy beard that needed removing

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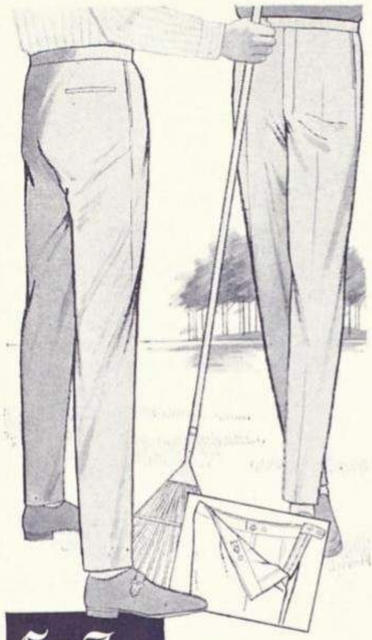

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The Navy taught me a sterile sense of cleanliness, punctuality, and gave me the security of belonging. For the first time I was able to relate to my fellow man.

My first "relative" was Artie Shaw. We took boot training together in Newport, Rhode Island. During that 21-day incubation period, the excitement of war was dwarfed by "Artie Shaw is here!" Artie Shaw: *Begin the Beguine*, *Night and Day*, Dave Tough, Max Kaminsky, Lana Turner, Kathleen Winsor. Artie Shaw — Orpheus, music and love — and me; we were brothers in blue. Of course, I never saw him, but it was enough for me that he was there.

(Eighteen years later I got the same gratification from those magic words, "Artie Shaw is here!" — when the owner of the Blue Angel Café whispered it to me before I went onstage. "Artie Shaw is here!" How just, how natural — we were in the war together.)

He had enlisted as an apprentice seaman. He could have gone in a dozen other ways — like Glenn Miller, for example, with a commission in clarinet — but he made it as an apprentice seaman, which was a silly-ass thing to do.

As it turned out, he had a much rougher time in service than I did. He either got an over-solicitous: "This is Artie Shaw, Captain Alden, he has agreed to give you that autographed picture of himself for Admiral Nimitz!" — or, more often: "Look, pretty boy, you're not in Hollywood now, there ain't no butlers around here!" Artie Shaw would have been glad to have been as anonymous as I was then, an ordinary seaman with a serial number, wanting to fight for his country.

Even as a kid, I was hip that 80 percent of the guys that go for Civil Service pension security have no balls for the scuffle outside. I am not knocking the desire for security; we're all kind of scared and would like to be sitting under the kitchen sink, picking at the linoleum. But it really bugged Shaw. He put in an urgent request for a transfer to the Mediterranean. We were all anxious to go and be blessed by priests and rabbis, thereby giving us the OK to kill the enemy.

Those dirty pregnant Japanese women who stood in the silent army, like Italian mothers standing over boiling pots of spaghetti, and Jewish mothers slaving over pots of chicken soup — women unconcerned with politics; all they know is that 49 cents a pound for chopped meat is ridiculous. Those dirty Jap babies crawling on the floor, amused by the magic of a cat, his purr, his switching tail. Those dirty Japs we hated, who now fill the windows of American stores with cameras. Those dirty Japs that knocked up the portable-radio industry.

Where the hell was *Criswell Predicts* then?

Now there are no more dirty Japs; there are dirty Commies. Those dirty Commies! And when we run out of them there'll just be dirty dirt. And dirty mud. Then we'll eat the mud and Pearl Buck will write a book about it. By that time, the few hippies who discovered that it's the *earth* which is dirty will have made it to the moon for the Miss Missile contest.

On a cruel triple-brrr snow-cold gray winter morning at Coddington Point, Rhode Island, Artie Shaw and 20-odd other sailors sat in the fetal position with their red eyes and chapped thighs, waiting for chow to blow. A Chief Petty Officer came in and told Artie that a Lieutenant Commander was outside the barracks and wanted to see him immediately. Shaw was sure that this was his transfer.

He marched out with his Don Winslow snap, the other sailors nervously pecking through the barracks window. When you're in boot camp, a Lieutenant Commander might as well be the President. Shaw was understandably nervous as the Lieutenant Commander reached out his hand, saying, "Put 'er there, Artie," and then said 14 words that had more impact than Roosevelt's "December 7th, a day that will live in infamy" speech.

The Lieutenant Commander looked Shaw in the eye and said: "I just wanted to shake the hand that patted the ass of Lana Turner."

It was in the Navy that I had my first love affair — a one-night stand with Louise — the kind of chick that makes an elevator operator feel possessed of great control because he went up 18 floors and didn't rip off her dress.

Louise was 28 when I met her. Her father and mother had just died, and she and her brother inherited the business: a 13 x 13-foot combination Italian-American grocery and soda fountain, with living quarters in the back. Her brother took care of the store during the day, and she worked there at night so he could go to CCNY.

Her husband was a private in the U. S. Infantry, stationed in Iceland for the duration.

I walked into the store in white hat, dress-blue uniform and my Endicott-Johnson shoes, so new they slipped on cement. I was announced by the little tin bell — the candy-store burglar alarm. Behind the counter stood Louise.

Doctors who have probed, cut, sewn and rubber-gloved so many women that it has become a task would get shaken by a Louise.

"Hmm, your adenoids seem quite normal; perhaps the trouble is respiratory. Unbutton your blouse a moment and we'll give a listen to the old ticker. There's quite a bit of flu going around and I . . . there, uh . . . actually . . . uh, uh . . . here, uh. . . . Oh God, oh merciful Mother of God, what a body! You're so tan and yet so white. Please, may I touch you? Not as a doctor. . . . Let me unbutton my shirt and feel you close to me. Please don't push me away. Here, let me . . . please . . . oh God! I'm losing my mind, let me latch the door . . . *let me just kiss it*, that's all I want to. . . . Oh, please please please please. *Please just touch it*. Just . . . *look at it* . . . I do respect you. I just can't catch my goddamn breath!"

With eight dollars hidden in my shoe and a dollar in my hand, I walked up to the counter and spoke out with a jaded-enough tone so that Louise would know that I'd been around. "Pepsi, please, and a bag of potato chips."

She ripped the stapled chips away from the cardboard. When she spoke, her words stunned me. I never expected a woman who looked like that to talk that way to a *bon vivant* such as I.

"How the hell did you get gum in your hair?" she asked.

"The guy who sleeps in the bunk above me stuck it on the edge of my rack. I thought I got it out."

"C'mere, I've got some benzene, it'll take it out."

I followed her through the blue-rayon portals that separated the store from her home. I sat on a soda box and watched her rumble through the medicine cabinet, which was a cardboard carton under her bed.

She soaked the rag and stood over me, gently kneading the chewing gum from my hair. Her thighs, with the good-life scent of the white dove, pressed weightlessly against my cheek. The gum was long gone and my first love was nurtured, in a setting of Medaglia D'Oro coffee, Ace combs and Progresso tomato purée.

I wonder if any Chilean chicle worker ever dreamt of the delicious fruit that I received from the by-product of his labor.

I was assigned to a light cruiser, the U. S. S. Brooklyn.

Me — Leonard Alfred Schneider — on the deck of a warship bound for North Africa, along with 1300 other men and enough munitions to bring a man-made earthquake to Ain el Turk, Bizerte, and Algiers, which was to be followed after the war by a socio-political earthquake — for we were blasting more than enemy breastworks; we were shaking loose the veils from shadowed Moslem faces and the gold from their front teeth.

I had two battle stations — one on a 1.1 gun and my watch was on a five-inch deck gun. A cannon in the Navy is always called a gun.

Five in the morning, reveille. Five-ten, topside; wash down the deck and do paint work. Seven o'clock, secure. Seven-thirty to eight, chow: prunes, beans, cornbread, cold cuts, Waldorf salad, coffee. Eight o'clock, turn to: painting, chipping, scraping, ammunitions working party. Twelve o'clock, chow: Braised beef, dehydrated potatoes, spinach, coffee, cake with icing. One o'clock, work. Two-forty-five, attack by enemy planes, man your battle stations, fight with planes.

(I could use Navy time, zero six-hundred, etc., but I had elevated to the idiomatic group: "Look out the window and see who is on the left side of the boat.")

The secure from battle may be at eight P.M. Secure at sea, ammunitions working party, replace expended ammunition. Quick scrubdown, 12:30, hit the sack. I never got more than 4½ hours sleep a night in three years.

Blood and salt water mixed together look blue. Eight men followed by 12, then by about 40 more, floated gracefully by the bow of the U. S. S. Brooklyn. These dead Air Force men that just a few months ago were saying . . .

"What do you want, Hi-Test or Regular?"

"Did you get my pants out of the cleaner's, sweetheart?"

"They'll never get me — my uncle is an alderman."

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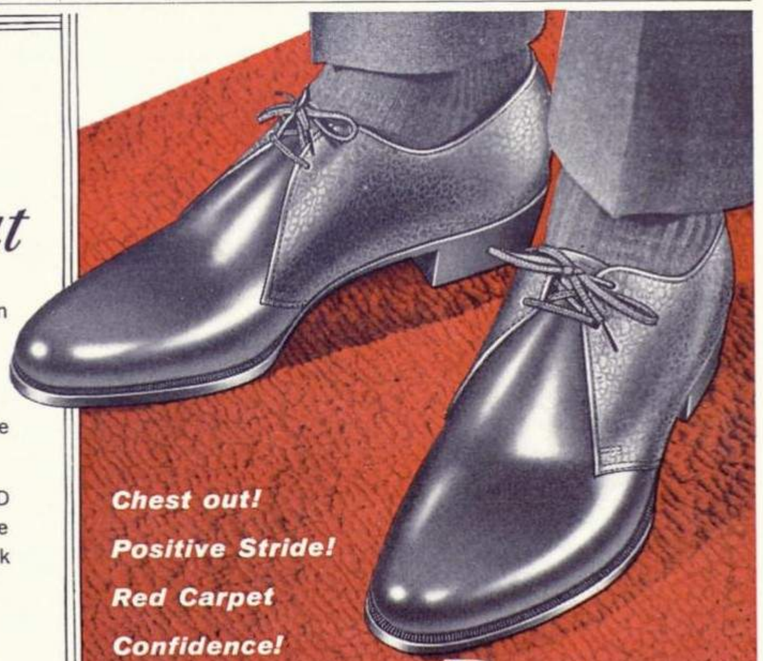

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"Now listen, Vera, I'm going to put all my stuff in these cardboard boxes, and I'm going to lock them in that closet back of the den. Please don't let anyone touch them — and don't just say 'Yes' to me — I don't want anyone, do you understand, *anyone*, fooling around with my stuff. . . ."

His stuff. My stuff. Everyone was worrying about their stuff . . . their papers . . . their possessions.

The bodies continued to float by, their heads bumping the starboard side.

Seeing those pitiful, fresh-dead bodies, I knew then what a mockery of life the materialistic concept is. After they got the telegram, someone would go through his "stuff" and try to figure out why in the world he wanted "all that stuff." The stuff that he kept so nice would eventually be thrown out of the basement, for the stuff would now be crap. "Hey, throw this crap outta here!"

• • •

Standing on the deck of a warship in battle, you get a good look at the competitive aspect of life, carried to its extreme.

Our society is based on competition. If it isn't impressed upon you at home with the scramble for love between brothers and sisters, they really lay it down to you in school — in numbers any child can understand — that's what grading is.

You bring home 100 percent, and your mother hugs you and your father pats you on the back. The teachers beam at you. But not your schoolmates; they know they're in competition with you, and if you get a high percentage they must get a lower one. Everybody wants love and acceptance and he soon learns that one way to get it is by getting higher marks than the other fellow.

In essence, you are gratified by your schoolmates' failures. We take this with us into adulthood. Just look at the business world.

So, my first instinct in this structure of economic and critical success is to want Mort Sahl, Jonathan Winters, Shelley Berman, etc. (my "schoolmates") to bomb. If I bring in a bigger gross at a café or a concert than Mort does at the same place, I've brought home a good report card.

I struggle with this part of me which is inhumane, and now — perhaps this can be explained by the fact that I am making enough money to *afford* to be magnanimous about it — I genuinely rejoice in another's success. I would like to believe that if I were still scuffling and Mort was doing well I would still be happy for him. But I wonder. I am happy he's doing well. But not better than me.

The U. S. S. Brooklyn was a big ship, and she was considered quite a danger and a nuisance by the enemy. At night the enemy planes, unless they had inside information, could only tell what they were bombing by the fire power that was thrown at them. If they received nothing but 20 millimeter and 40s, they would assume that the largest craft below was a DE or some other small craft that carried only small arms.

We were trapped in a strange bind. We were the only heavy power in the area, but if we threw up our big stuff — our five-inch guns — they would know immediately that we were a cruiser, and then they would send for assistance, and do us in.

When General Quarters sounded at sea, it was usually an E-boat or a submarine. I loved this because I wasn't as afraid of being killed in battle as I was of being bored. Lucky for me that the guys in power at the time knew the real danger and kept me occupied. I was grateful, but it was still pretty exhausting, fighting 60 hours without securing from battle stations.

Through three years and four major invasions — Anzio, Salerno, Sicily, Southern France — I was a shell passer with a heavy helmet that was lined with smelly foam rubber. Two years of sleeping in a hammock, then graduating to a lower bunk. Three years of hearing "Now hear this!" till I didn't want to hear it ever again. Three years of being awakened by a buzzer that made the sound that a gigantic goose would, laying an egg the size of a Goodyear blimp.

Gonk! Gonk! Gonk! Gonk! — that was the base line. The boatswain's whistle and the trumpet just lacked a rhythm section to keep them from being real hard swingers.

The impersonal voice would boom over the speaker: "All men man your battle stations, secure all hatches, the smoking lamp is out."

I'd scramble up the ladder just in time to get my helmet knocked off and my nose bloodied from the concussion vacuum created in the hatch cove.

We would be bottled up in Naples harbor, the Germans bombing and strafing every ship in the bay. It was blindman's buff.

As a child I loved confusion: a freezing blizzard that would stop all traffic and the mails; toilets that would get stopped up and overflow and run down the halls; electrical failures — anything that would stop the flow and make it back up and find a new direction. Confusion was entertainment for me.

While the war was on, the alternation of routine and confusion sustained my interest, but then it was over and I wanted out.

I had been a good sailor with a sterling record of consistent performance, but I wasn't a *mensch*. However, I didn't put the Navy through any red tape coming in, so I felt they should permit me to exit with the same courtesy. A lot of guys tried to get out during the war and I considered that cowardly, but I rationalized *my* schemes with: "Why not — the war is over."

But how does one go about shooting his toes off with an oar?

We lay at anchor in the Bay of Naples and the night closed in around me. I had to get out, and get out fast. Other guys had gone wacky — some on purpose — and the only ones that got out were those who could just sit and say "No" to everything. They got out, but with a dishonorable discharge. And by the time they were processed, it was six months in the brig, a trial, and such a hard time that it wasn't worth it. I had to think.

You spend your whole life thinking and worrying. Worrying about the deposit bottles, and where to cash them. That night it seemed that getting out of the Navy, or even getting out of the Mediterranean, was years away. I wondered who was buying Mema her Vaseline.

I closed my eyes in the pitch-black night and then, all of a sudden, the heavens seemed to light up like Times Square. For a moment, I thought: "Oh-oh, I don't have to worry anymore; my problem has solved itself: I won't have to pretend." I recalled previous flashes on my optic nerves. . . .

I am sitting at the Silver Dollar Bar in Boston, next to a girl with chipped, bitten-off, painted fingernails, and lipstick on her teeth. We are having our picture taken by the night-club photographer. *Flash!*

The first time I ever saw a flashlight, my cousin Stanley was sticking it in his mouth, making his cheeks all red.

Magic lights — the flash of lightning on choppy Long Island Sound as my Uncle Bill pulls in a flounder.

Fireflies through the window screens.

The lights in the Bay of Naples kept getting brighter and brighter. I wondered for an instant — is this the spiritual illumination I've read about? Will I see the Virgin with the Fatima appear next?

My vision cleared and simultaneously I felt a smothering wave of factory heat — hotter than all the asphalt road in Arizona put together. Mt. Vesuvius had erupted for the first time in centuries. Mt. Vesuvius, the earth that bore the tree, that bore the fruit, that fed man. The carbon process — each of us one molecule in the vast universe.

The earth that saw man destroy his competitor.

The earth that saw Italians killed. Italians — the Venetians, the brilliant colorists. The Italians that would soon clothe Miles Davis.

The earth saw this and vomited that night in Naples.

"How do you expect me to love you when you keep me chained to this goddamn rock?"

In the Army you can get out if you're a wack. Why couldn't you get out of the Navy if you were a WAVE?

Down in my bunk I had a copy of *Psychopathia Sexualis* by Krafft-Ebing. There it was.

A transvestite is a nut who likes to get dressed up in women's clothing. He may never engage in homosexual practice or do anything else antisocial. He's completely harmless. But obviously he would be an inconvenience to the Navy, where they like to keep everything organized by having everyone dress alike.

I figured that if I could demonstrate to the Navy that I still had a great deal of patriotism and loyalty to the uniform, the old *esprit de corps* — rather than indulging myself with the obvious sort of feather-boa negligee and gold-lamé mules drag-outfit — then maybe instead of booting me out, they'd open the door politely and escort me out like an officer and a lady.

Swanson, one of my shipmates, could sew as well as a girl. He was also a beer addict. He'd do anything for a bottle of beer.

In North Africa, Gibraltar, Malta, Corsica, Sicily — wherever we made port — they had given us chits that entitled us to so much beer. I didn't drink beer, and I saved all my chits. Along with these, I won some gambling, and I also received quite a few for standing watch for different guys. I had enough beer chits to play Scrooge at an AA Christmas show.

I gave my chits to Swanson, and his fingers flew to the task. The way he threw himself into his work made me wonder about *him*. With the pleats, the shields, everything, he made me a Lieutenant.

For a while it was just scuttlebutt that a WAVE was seen promenading forward at the fo'c'sle during the midnight watch. A number of guys who saw it didn't report it out of fear that they'd be given a Section 8 themselves. Finally one night I was doing my nautical Lady Macbeth when four guys, including the Chief Master-at-Arms, jumped me.

I yelled, "Masher!"

Four naval psychiatrists worked over me at Newport Naval Hospital.

First Officer: "Lenny, have you ever actively engaged in any homosexual practice?"

Lenny: "No, sir."

(An "active" homosexual is one who does the doing, and the "passive" is one who just lies back. In other words, if you were a kid and you were hitchhiking and some faggot came on with you and you let him do whatever his "do" was, he was an "active" homosexual because he performed a sexual act with someone of the same sex, and you are a "passive" homosexual if you allowed any of this to happen. You'll never see this in an AAA driving manual, but that's the way it is.)

Second Officer: "Do you enjoy the company of women?"

Lenny: "Yes, sir."

Third Officer: "Do you enjoy having intercourse with women?"

Lenny: "Yes, sir."

Fourth Officer: "Do you enjoy wearing women's clothing?"

Lenny: "Sometimes."

All Four: "When is that?"

Lenny: "When they fit."

I stuck to my story, and they finally gave up. Only, it didn't work out the way I had figured it. They drew up an undesirable discharge.

At the last minute, though (this *does* sound like a Fairy Story, doesn't it?), the Red Cross sent an attorney who reviewed the case and saw that the whole thing was ridiculous. There were no charges against me. The entire division was questioned, and when it was ascertained that I had a good credit rating in virility — based upon paid-up accounts in numerous Neapolitan bordellos — I received an honorable discharge.

So everything worked out all right, except that they took away my WAVE's uniform. It bugged me because I wanted to have it as a sort of keepsake of the war. I wouldn't ever wear it, naturally — except maybe on Halloween.

• • •

The first place I went to when I got out of the Navy was back to the farm. I was anxious to show the Denglers my uniform and battle ribbons. And I wanted to see the Soaper farm down the road and the Ettletons across the way.

I got off the bus, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Dengler in the front yard, crating tomatoes. I ran over and threw my arms around Mrs. Dengler. She said "Hello" to me as if she had seen me only an hour before and I had just finished cleaning the stables.

I had written to them many times from overseas and had never received any reply, so I assumed they had sold the farm. I hadn't expected to see them now; I merely wished to find out where they moved. I couldn't believe they just wouldn't answer, because I'd thought our relationship had been so close.

"Didn't you get my letters?" I asked.

"Yes, thank you. We've been so busy we haven't even had time to do any canning."

I had expected . . . I don't know *what* the hell I had expected. Maybe some crying, or a big surprise cake; but instead Mr. Dengler simply climbed into the truck and his wife joined him.

"You put on some weight," she said. "Are you going to be around? Probably see you later."

And they drove off, leaving me staring at their dust.

Would I be around? I wept out of embarrassment. I really felt like a clown in my uniform. The next train didn't go back to New York until 11 P.M.

I walked the six miles back to the station and just sat around, sort of half-hoping that Mrs. Dengler would come looking for me. She knew there were only three farmhouses in the area and only one train back to the city. She would go to each farm and inquire if I was there. Then she would rush off to the station and say, "Boy, you fell for the oldest trick in the world. You were really feeling sorry for yourself, weren't you? We were going to let you stay here another two hours just to tease you. I made a big surprise-party cake for you, and all your friends can't wait to see you and hear all about how it was over there."

But no one came to the station.

I bumped into one kid I had known slightly, and he asked me if I was looking for a job. They wanted some bean-pickers at the Ettletons.

I knew then that this was all it had ever been: a job. Tom Wolfe was right when he said you can't go home again, but it's especially true when it was never your home to begin with. Still, you don't completely dissolve the fantasy. . . .

Any minute that big black LaSalle would pull up, and my benefactress would make me secure with a sweater and some back-seat sex, and the chauffeur would shake my hand and say, "Good show, son! It's grand to have the master home!" Then we would drive off to The Little Theater Off Times Square, where Madame Chiang Kai-shek would confide to me in the lobby that the Generalissimo hadn't taken off his stinking Boy Scout uniform in 25 years; Franklin Delano Roosevelt would be standing up, pushing his wheel chair, screaming, "See the boardwalk in Atlantic City!"; my mother and father would be there — together — because they were never really divorced . . . they would kiss each other and say, "It's *all* over, Lenny, it was just a joke." Now everyone is seated, the lights come down, the conductor strikes up the last 32 bars of *Pins and Needles*, the curtains open, and there is Mema, reading a cereal box and poking herself with that douche nozzle, squeezing it and getting the most beautiful sounds, and telling the whole world: "It's Nobody's Business But Lenny's."

My mother had involved herself with a girl named Mary. In business, that is . . . my mother did not profess Will Rogers' paraphrased philosophy: "I never met a dyke I didn't like."

They taught ballroom dancing. My mother's name is Sally, so they combined names and came up with "The Marsalle School of Dance."

The school — a loft over Tony Canzoneri's liquor store — consisted of an office and a big room where their pupils (pensioners and other lonesome men that

"I don't know how to thank you, Doctor. Group therapy seems to be the answer to my problems."

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Casanova used it after

4711 is a men's after-lotion. Bon vivants have sought it out since 1792. It is eminently suitable for a man because it refreshes, yet it leaves no cloying after-scent. 4711, the classic cologne, may be used after a shave, after a shower, after a long day's work. Frankly, what you use it after is your own affair.

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belonged to The Great Army of the Unlaid, but who were fortunate enough to be reaping the benefits of Mutual of Omaha) waited to learn the tango and the peabody.

The sad thing was that the women these men got to dance with were Mary and my mother.

There were lots of rooms over the dancing school that were condemned. The whole building, in fact, was condemned, except for the lower loft. I loved to hang out in my own special "condemned room." I would indulge myself in bizarre melodramatic fantasies, the spell usually being broken by my mother's request to empty the garbage.

If it was Monday I would take the garbage with me to the VA building, because to empty the garbage downstairs you had to separate the cans from the papers. The landlord insisted that you put the cans in one container and the papers in another. He was a real twisted nut in regard to his refuse-filing system.

"Miss Clark, check in the files of May 18th, 1950, and bring me the eggshells and the coffee grounds and one orange peel. . . ."

My reason for going to the Veterans' Administration (where I would just dump all the garbage, unsegregated, into a big wire basket) was the 52-20 Club. The Government gave all ex-GIs $20 a week for a year or until they could find a job. The accepted smart-thing-to-do was to find an employer who didn't report your wages or take out withholding tax, and then you could grab the $20 plus your salary.

I would fill out a report form, swearing that I had tried to find work that week. Which was true. I had asked my mother and Mema and two guys that sat next to me in a movie if they knew of any jobs.

When I finished filling out the weekly report, I noticed ink all over my fingers from one of those scratchy post-office pens. The man who invented them is the same guy who invented the wax napkins they give you with hot dogs. It doesn't wipe the mustard off; it rubs it in — sort of like flavored Man-Tan.

I used a piece of newspaper to wipe the excess ink off my fingers. It contained a glowing account of Father Divine and all the money he was making. I stared at his picture and the amount. Then I went back to my "condemned room," carrying the work light from the dancing school. There was no electricity above the school floor; you just plugged in downstairs and carried up the extension.

I had my Fred Astaire fantasy, dancing up the steps with the light in my hand.

One day, while my mother was going through her "stuff" — four or five earrings that didn't match; six pairs of platform shoes in simulated lizard that she never wore; numerous bras with broken straps that she intended to mend some day; and, always, five or six crumpled-up Kleenex with traces of lipstick — she told me that she had decided to study eccentric dancing.

It was called "Legomania" or "Rubber Legs."

There was a fellow by the name of Joe Clooney who rented the studio to limber up early in the morning, for which he gave my mother a couple of dollars. After a while, he started trading her — Legomania lessons for limbering-up space.

"Now that's asking too much!"

Within six months, Joe and my mother were doing an act together.

They started out by working hospitals and benefits, and then progressed to Saturday-night joints in Brooklyn: on Bergen Street, Ocean Parkway, or Coney Island. A short time later, Joe left the act and my mother was doing a single. The shows consisted of a comedian/master of ceremonies, a girl singer, a ballroom team, and my mother.

On one particular night, at the Victory Club on Ocean Parkway, the master of ceremonies didn't show up. He had trouble with his car . . . they found half-a-pound of pot in the trunk.

The owner asked my mother to emcee. She was petrified. She had never spoken a single line on the stage before. Moreover, audiences were not used to seeing women emcees. I had seen the master of ceremonies lots of times, so I asked my mother if I could do it — what was so hard about, "Say, how 'bout a nice hand for the Soandsos, folks?"

What with a quick meeting with the boss, and the law of supply and demand, I was given my entree into show business.

It was about 15 minutes before show time. I went into the men's room to comb my hair. I pushed my pompadour as high as I could get it, and I put a little burnt match on the mustache which I was sporting at the time. I was really dap, with my sharp brown-suede shoes from A. S. Beck and a one-button roll suit from Buddy Lee's. It was *bar-mizvah* blue. I had a Billy Eckstine collar, a black knit tie, and a five-point handkerchief, hand-rolled, made in the Philippines, with the sticker still on it.

Should I wear my discharge button? No, I'll make it on talent alone.

Then I suddenly realized — I don't have any make-up! My first show and no make-up. The men's-room attendant (sigh, My Salary Is Your Tips, Thank You) had a can of white after-shave talc. I put that on, and in the rush I dropped it and spilled it all over my brown-suede shoes. I don't know if you've ever tried getting white talcum powder off brown-suede shoes, but it's worse than trying to use leaves in the woods.

The men's-room attendant started getting nervous and staring at me. I laughed it off and exited with my now brown-and-white-suede shoes.

The bandleader who was going to introduce me was doing a warm-up and getting laughs. Loud laughs. He was using his clarinet in a manner that was beyond mere phallic symbolism; he was swinging it between his legs and singing, "He's My Queer Racketeer. . . ."

The cashier asked me, "You nervous — want a brandy before you go on?"

"No, thanks. I don't know what the hell everybody is worrying about. I've emceed a million shows."

The ballroom team gave me their cues for applause. "Now, when I drop the one knee, she comes up. . . ."

Suddenly my feet began to get cold, and I was in the men's room, throwing up. I was scared to death, and the attendant was flipping. It was five minutes before show time, all the waiters had been alerted, and a few of the "regular" customers had developed anticipatory neurosis.

My mother looked at me from the opposite side of the room and pantomimed: "Your shoes are dirty!"

I again retreated to the men's room, but the attendant blocked my entrance this time, and I threw up on a customer who was exiting.

I heard the strains of "Hi, Neighbor" — one of the standard night-club music intros — and I fled to the wings. My mother took one look at my powdered face and took me by the hand. I bolted away from her and into the ladies' room for one last purge.

I felt a wave of self-pity and identified with Aruzza, Manolete, Belmonte, and every other bullfighter — scared not of the bull but of the crowd. A crowd that waits: to be entertained, to view, *to judge*.

I heard the bandleader:

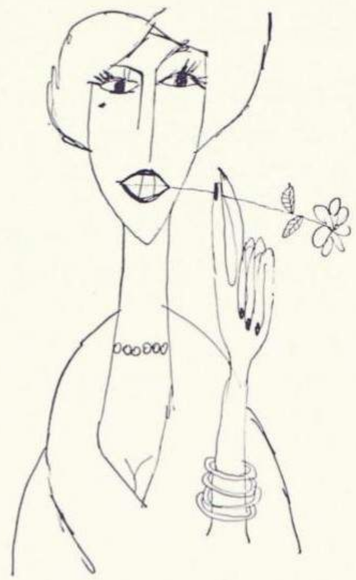
"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. As you may know, our regular master of ceremonies, Tutti Morgan, is ill, due to a service-connected injury. Luckily, folks, show business has a big heart. A friend of his, Lenny Marsalle, a famous comic in his own right, who was in Guadalcanal with Tutti Morgan, is here in town to do the Ed Sullivan show, and when he heard that Tutti was sick he came right over to fill in — so how about it, folks, let's hear it for a great comedian and a great *guy* — Lenny Marsalle!"

I wiped my mouth with the square sheet of toilet paper that came in the container marked Onliwon, and made my grand entrance onto the stage right from the ladies' room.

Actually, my function was quite simple. I was going out there and I was merely to say "Good evening," do a few straight lines and introduce the girl singer. But why did that bandleader have to say I was a "great comedian" and all that dishonest stuff about the Ed Sullivan show? Now they were all waiting for a great comedian.

But he also said I was a "great guy." Maybe, I hoped, that was more important to the audience, my being a "great guy." Maybe I could do some of my "great guy" stuff. Maybe I could have my mother go out and say, "He's really a 'great guy'" and everybody would believe her because a mother knows her son better than anyone.

I saw a strange, silver, rather grotesque-looking ball in front of my nose. It was a microphone. I was onstage.



"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen ——"

"Bring on the broads!" cut me short. Oh, my God, a heckler! The angry request came from one of two guys standing near the bar; with them were two Lerner-clad ladies with the let-out hems, brown-and-white spectator pumps and whoopee socks, cloth coats with silver-fox collars which were a little too tight, and the final unique touch: lipstick on their teeth.

It shocked me into reality.

I looked at my mother and I saw a helpless smile. Her son, her baby that she nursed through chicken pox, working as a maid to sustain the both of us. Her child was in trouble and she couldn't help him.

Ma, help me; that boy hit me, Ma; gimme a quarter, Ma; I'm in trouble, Ma; I'm alone, help me, Ma. . . .

"Bring on the broads!"

This time the request was more positive and energetic. The heckler must have sensed a weak, inexperienced prey. The two girls and the man with him bathed in his reflected glory. His friend joined him and they screamed in unison: "Bring on the broads!" And their lady friends shrieked with ecstasy.

"I'd like to, but then you wouldn't have any company at the bar."

My first laugh.

It was like the flash that I have heard morphine addicts describe, a warm sensual blanket which comes after a cold sick rejection.

I was hooked.

My mother looked at me and really *schepped nachis* (which is the Jewish equivalent of "That's my boy!").

I introduced the first act, and an hour later, at the end of the show, when I was bringing my mother back for an encore, I said, "How about that, folks, Sally Marsalle — isn't she great?"

How about that for *silliness*? I'm telling a group of strangers: "Isn't my mother wonderful?" I had a dangerous desire to extend the tribute: "Yes sir, folks, not only can she dance, but she makes great chicken soup, and sweet lima beans, and when I'm sick she rubs my chest with Vicks."

When the evening was over, to my surprise the owner did not assume the Eduardo Cellini posture with the dialog that I had been conditioned to expect in the movie scene where the novice succeeds. Lyle Talbot always nods to Eugene Pallette: "You've done it again, Mr. Florenzo, this kid's sensational! We'd better sign him up before the Rio Bamba gets him."

I received no such gratification. As a matter of fact, he charged me for a meatball sandwich and ginger ale.

And when I stood on the subway platform and reached into my pocket for a dime, I found that the men's-room attendant had gotten even. I won't go into the scatological details; I threw the coat into the trash can.

But I'd had a smell of it and the aroma lingered.

Well, that's show business.

This is the first installment of "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People," the autobiography of Lenny Bruce. Part two will appear next month.

LIQUEURS *(continued from page 99)*

rums; it is the most complicated of liqueurs and by all odds the oldest. It was first made in 1607, and during the 356 years since, only one person at a time has known how to make it. It is the only liqueur made by monks, despite the widespread conviction that Benedictine friars make Benedictine. They do not. Benedictine is wholly secular in origin.

The recipe for Chartreuse was set down by a chemist who lived in the 1500s. He presented it to François-Annibal d'Estrées, Marshal of France. According to one version of the story, the Marshal gave it to the monks of Chartreuse de Vauvert, near Grenoble in France, and it was tucked away and forgotten for more than a century. According to another version, the D'Estrées family did not give the formula to the monks until 1605. In any case, *les Pères Chartreux* began making the liqueur in 1607, entirely for local consumption as a medicinal agent. (Many liqueurs had a similar early purpose.) In 1757, one of the Carthusian monks, Brother Gérôme or Jérôme Maubec, a chemist of competence, refined the formula and reordered the manufacturing process. In 1901, the Carthusians were expelled from France when the French government expropriated all real property belonging to religious orders; they went to Tarragona in Spain. "Pre-expulsion" Chartreuse has ever since commanded a heavy premium price, pointlessly, since the stuff does not improve in the bottle. Unlike most liqueurs, Chartreuse is aged in cask for three years, during which time it notably does improve, but once drawn off, it's finished. The snob appeal of pre-expulsion Chartreuse is strong for some people, and if you are among them, an indicator of authenticity in pre-1901 Chartreuse is the name of the man who printed the labels, one Alier.

Usually ranked second to green Chartreuse is dry curaçao, based on spices and the peel of the bitter orange. Grand Marnier is a curaçao; so is triple sec and so is Cointreau. Bols makes a *blue* curaçao. Benedictine, like Chartreuse, is a herb-based liqueur, a *liqueur jaune*, best-known here as half of the drink B&B: Benedictine and Brandy. The letters D.O.M. on the bottle stand for *Deo Optimo Maximo*, To God Most Good, Most Great is the officially approved translation, and not "Dominican Order of Monks" or "Dear Old Mother" or any of the other popularly ascribed renderings.

One might go back at this point and consider the brandies. Brandies are not liqueurs in the strict meaning of the word, although they are used in making many liqueurs: Grand Marnier, for instance, is based on cognac, which is brandy from grapes grown in the Charente region. But we are using the term liqueur here to include any and all alcoholic drinks historically used for after-dinner consumption, as finishing notes to a good meal, and that is brandy's primary role.

The best brandy is that produced in the Cognac region of France. It is distilled from an unpalatable grape wine. You can pay anything you like for a bottle of cognac, opening at around five dollars. For the special use we are presently contemplating, $15 will fetch a superior example. Some people prefer the rather firmer taste of Armagnac, another grape brandy. An unusual grape brandy is Metaxa, made in Greece, heavy and flavored lightly with resin. A bottle of five-star Metaxa is nice to have, and so is a bottle of good Spanish sherry-based brandy like Pedro Domecq.

When we think of brandy we mean grape brandy as a rule, but many other fruits do very well. A true fruit brandy is *not* sweetened, as a liqueur is sweetened, and it is usually water-white (apple brandy is an exception). I like best barack-palinka, Hungarian peach brandy, and Eau de Vie de Poire Willamine, a pear brandy made in Switzerland from the medium russet pear called the William. Incidentally, one can occasionally find Eau de Vie de Poire Willamine with a pear inside the bottle, at a premium price. The bottle is clear glass, unlabeled, with a flat on one side to display the fruit. This is a notable conversation piece. It's amusing to hear one's guests trying to decide where the bottle was cut in order to insert the pear, and how it was afterward filled with the gin-clear brandy. The truth is more interesting: Every year the makers tie a thousand or so bottles to a thousand branches, enclosing a thousand promising-looking blossoms. The bottles, carefully supported, act as small greenhouses, and a certain proportion of the blossoms produce suitable fruit: large, properly formed, unblemished. These pears are cut off inside the bottles, bottles and fruit carefully washed and the brandy poured into the bottle. As long as it is covered with brandy, the pear will remain as firm and bright as it was on the day it was picked. If you drink the brandy, break the bottle and eat the pear, you will find it delicious, but most people buy a plain bottle of Willamine to drink, and keep the fruited bottle. This oddity is usually available only around Christmas, and you may have to take a firm line with your liquor dealer to get it. A clerk in one of the biggest establishments in New York once explained to me that it could not be imported into the country or sold in the city. The reason, he said, was that liquor dealers were not allowed to sell fruit and grocers were not allowed to sell liquor. It sounded very logical and I was almost surprised when I went across the street and bought a bottle with a pear in it.

Next to grape brandy, Americans are best acquainted with apple brandy, a distillation of hard cider which can be very good. The best used to be made in New Jersey and Laird's still comes from that state. Apple*jack* is rougher than apple brandy and is usually made from a mash of apples rather than from hard cider; sometimes it is produced by freezing a barrel of hard cider and tapping the center, where high alcoholic content has kept the stuff liquid. Best of all apple brandies is calvados, made in France with the same care given cognac and Armagnac and patiently aged. Buy a bottle of domestic apple brandy and, if you like it, lay in a bottle of good calvados.

Cherry brandy is a widely misused term. A true cherry brandy is kirsch, or kirschwasser, a distillation of the juice of wild cherries, bottled white. (All brandy comes white from the still, as does all whiskey. Aging for long periods in charred barrels gives the brandy color [pointed up by burnt sugar sometimes]. Fruit brandies are usually not improved by aging beyond two or three years, and most of them are so delicate in flavor that charred casks would destroy them. Those that are aged are kept in glass or in plain wood.)

Slivovitz is brandy made of the purple plum. It is aged, and a good 10- or 15-year-old slivovitz is pleasant. It will never achieve the soaring majesty of a great cognac no matter how long it's kept, but it can be rewarding just the same. Quetsch is made of Alsatian plums. The yellow plum makes mirabelle, generally finer than slivovitz. Eau de Vie de Framboise is raspberry brandy in France, and a delight wherever one finds it. The best is made from *wild* raspberries (the best kirsch and the best maraschino are made from the Dalmatian marasca cherry), and since the raspberry flavor is elusive, many berries (some makers say 17 pounds) are required for one bottle. Framboise is costly, and worth it.

Strega has been made in Italy for a century. Galliano resembles yellow Chartreuse. Fiori Alpini (Alpine flowers) is well-known; Enzian, similarly based, less so.

There are two primary methods of manufacturing fruit-based liqueurs: cold and hot. A "cold" liqueur is made by infusing, or soaking, the basic material in high-proof spirits (170-proof alcohol) or brandy, then sweetening it with sugar syrup or honey and cutting it back in proof with distilled water. You can make your own liqueur in this fashion. Buy a quart of alcohol (get it at your liquor dealer's, please, not the hardware store), decant it into a stone crock with whatever crushed fruit you fancy and stash it in the back of the refrigerator for a couple of months. Then filter, cut, sweeten and bottle. You may even like it.

The "hot" process involves distillation and produces a superior product. A cherry liqueur made by infusing wild cherries in kirsch, for example. Some

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herbs will not tolerate distillation, and *must* be infused.

Really cheap liqueurs are made by a laboratory process: synthetic flavorings added to alcohol and water. Really cheap liqueurs are an abomination, much worse than nothing at all.

Apricots, cherries and peaches are the bases of the best-liked fruit liqueurs. A good apricot is lovely, and some cherry liqueurs, such as the Danish cherry heering, are famous. There are others: cherry-rocher, guignolet, maraschino, wishniak.

Blackberry liqueur is, in my view, for grandmother, except in one usage, as part of a hangover palliative. There is no such thing as a hangover cure. Inhalation of pure oxygen will help to a degree, but only time and rest will remove a genuine *Katzenjammer*. However, there are some potions that will get you over an emergency, such as luncheon with your mother or a vital committee meeting, something that can be done in an hour-and-a-half, say. I have occasionally had to have recourse to such restoratives, and the most effective was about an ounce-and-a-half of Fernet-Branca bitters with a couple of teaspoons of blackberry liqueur floated on it. Do not try to *drink* this potion. Fernet-Branca is very bitter indeed, and the shock of the stuff hitting your taste-buds may knock you down. Take the glass firmly in hand, open your mouth and hurl it as far toward the back of your throat as you can. If you're lucky, you'll taste only the blackberry liqueur. Set the glass down quickly, grasp the bar edge firmly in both hands and hang on until the initial tremors have passed. You will shortly feel quite well. Don't repeat the dosage. For some reason it won't work the second time.

In addition to *liqueur jaune*, and fruit liqueurs, there is a third standard category: cordials, or *crèmes*, so called because some of them are so high in sugar content that they have a syrupy or creamy consistency. Americans are most used to crème de cacao and crème de menthe, respectively chocolate and mint. A combination of the two is now on the market. Crème de cacao is used in the alexander, which bartenders consider a cocktail suitable for one's maiden aunt, and in the grasshopper, a mixture of crème de cacao, cream and crème de menthe favored by some as an after-dinner drink. Crème de menthe (the best of which is made from English-grown peppermint leaves) is fundamental to the classic stinger cocktail and is otherwise taken straight or as a frappé. It is splendid over vanilla ice cream. So are some of the others, notably the cherry liqueurs. Fruit cocktail au kirsch is good and liqueur-flavored soufflés are fixtures in the *haute cuisine*.

There are others? But yes. There is crème d'ananas, which is not the essence of the banana but of the pineapple. Bananas make crème de bananes. Crème de café and crème de moka are made from coffee. Cassis comes from the black currant and is almost exclusively used in making the light and refreshing vermouth cassis: dry vermouth, cassis and soda. Céleri is what it sounds like, and has no great following. Fraise, strawberry, and not very good, more's the pity. (The strawberry flavor is most difficult to capture.) Framboise we have been over. Mandarine, tangerines. Crème de noyaux is run up from apricot pits and bitter almonds, usually colored red. Prunelle? That's right. Rose, vanille, violette. I suppose crème de vanille might be considered the most nearly innocuous drink in the world.

Drambuie is a standard, based on Scotch whisky, with honey and herbs. Irish Mist is based on Irish whiskey and heather honey. Advocaat is a Dutch liqueur compounded of eggs, sugar and brandy, rather an acquired taste and for that, if for no other reason, unusual. Parfait Amour, which translates as Perfect Love, is made from the citron and the lemon and colored purple. It is useful in the pousse-café, a drink formed by decanting liqueurs in layers. They will remain separate if poured in order of specific gravity over the back of a spoon. Or, for a quarter, the Bols people will send you a plastic gimmick that makes it easier. A five- or six-layer pousse-café is spectacular to see, if not to drink.

Anisette is anise-flavored and is properly ranked with the important discoveries of man. Pastis and Pernod are anisettes. The Greek Ouzo is anise-flavored. Kümmel suggests, predominantly, caraway seed, and is often the base for one of the great novelties: Goldwasser or Liqueur d'Or, a liqueur in which particles of real gold leaf are suspended. The leaf will eventually settle, of course, and the bottle must be inverted just before pouring, in order to redistribute it. My favorite Goldwasser is made by Fockink, amber in color and rather more spicy than most. Pomeranzen is a gold-bearing orange liqueur.

Rock-and-Rye is a liqueur and good for more than colds in the head. Southern Comfort is a whiskey-based liqueur made in this country, and so is Forbidden Fruit. (The fruit in question is not really forbidden to anybody. It is the shaddock, a kind of grapefruit, borne by the rutaceous tree *citrus maxima*, and named after the hardy British sea captain who brought the first one back from the East Indies.)

Sloe gin, best-known as an ingredient in a fizz, is actually a liqueur based on the sloe berry, the fruit of the blackthorn, *prunus spinosa*. It has nothing to do with gin. Gin began as a liqueur, and still exists in that form as Hollands or Geneva gin. Delicious, too. Swedish Punch is not punch and not Swedish, being a rum-base liqueur flavored with tea. Some people use aquavit as a liqueur, but the Scandinavians, who originated it, drink it ice-cold as an aperitif. Even South Africa has a liqueur, Van der Hum. Herbsaint is one of the many absinthe-types, minus wormwood (*artemisia absinthium*).

A few genuine oddities to round off the collection? Something you won't find in just anybody's liquor cabinet? There's Borovicka, a Slovakian specialty made from juniper. Or Visnovka, a Czech cherry liqueur. The Japanese make O-Cha with a tea base. Claristine, a *liqueur jaune* made by the Clarist nuns, is not common, nor is trappistine. Izarra, a *jaune*, comes from the French Pyrenees. The Mediterranean Alkermes is compounded of orange-flower water, spices and brandy. Cordial Medoc is a French liqueur little known here.

Mesimarja is a Finnish liqueur, made of a berry that grows in the northern part of that country, near the Arctic circle. Mesimarja tastes cherrylike and is very sweet. Another sweet one is Beauquer, a Canadian origination in which whiskey and maple syrup are prominent.

A surprising number of people who should know better believe that the German Schinkenhager, or Hamhager, is a liqueur based on ham, probably because the stone crock in which it's bottled carries a picture of a ham. Actually the stuff is gin, but because it's heavy, rather oily as compared with the standard London dry gin, most drinkers will nod wisely and agree if you remark on the subtle flavor of the fine Westphalian-ham essence. It's useful to keep a bottle of Schinkenhager around just for this deflationary ploy.

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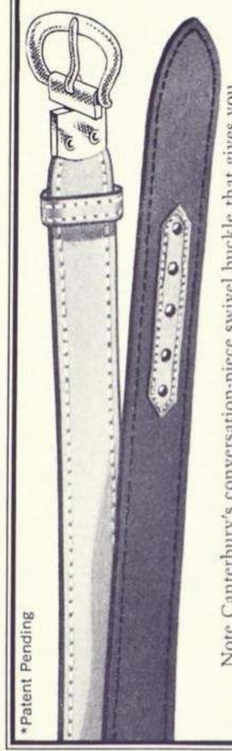

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Lament for the High Iron

(continued from page 132)

The beginning of the end? Ridiculous thought. Why, the trains were modernizing all the time, streamlining, and there was the diesel-electric on the horizon. The golden age of railroading had only just begun, we told ourselves. And it seemed so.

The country could point with pride to the New York Central's Twentieth Century Limited, probably the most famous train in all the world, powered by a locomotive described as a Hudson-type Class J-3A, which developed a cylinder horsepower of 4700 at 75 miles per hour, a completely air-conditioned beauty, all rooms deluxe, with a bar lounge, two diners, and an observation-lounge car. This was the train for which the long red carpet was laid at Grand Central Station and at La Salle Street in Chicago. This was the train that represented an investment of $1,384,000 and made its run of 960 miles from New York to Chicago at an average of a mile a minute including stops. That was luxury *and* speed, and there was an army to see to it that both were maintained—eight enginemen, eight firemen, three conductors, six brakemen, three baggagemen, a train secretary, barber, tailor and maid, one Pullman conductor and as many porters as sleeping cars. The two dining cars had a crew of 24 men. This was a train that, in the 40 years of its running, brought in more than $142,000,000. Where else could it go, with its constant improvements, but on to bigger and better things?

There were other great lines, some fit to challenge the Twentieth Century, or, for that matter, Europe's fabulous *Train Bleu* and Orient Express. The Broadway Limited, for example, was the favorite child of the Pennsylvania System, a speed train, all rooms, offering complete privacy over the shortest east-west route between New York and Chicago with a running time of 16 hours. The Pennsy had 10 great trains between these two cities, six to St. Louis, three to Detroit, seven to Cleveland, 24 to Pittsburgh and 50 to Philadelphia every 24 hours. The road would offer the Trail Blazer, a low-cost, high-speed train between New York and Chicago with reclining-seat coaches, all seats reserved, including observation-buffet-lounge cars, club-lounge cars and twin-unit diners with popular-priced meals and refreshments.

The Southern Pacific Company had the Daylight streamliner between San Francisco and Los Angeles, a Saxony-red-and-orange train with aluminum striping extending over its entire length, including locomotive and tender. The interiors were of varying color schemes, shades of apricot, jade and Nantes blue, with ceilings of warm ivory. The reclining chairs were upholstered with curly mohair and

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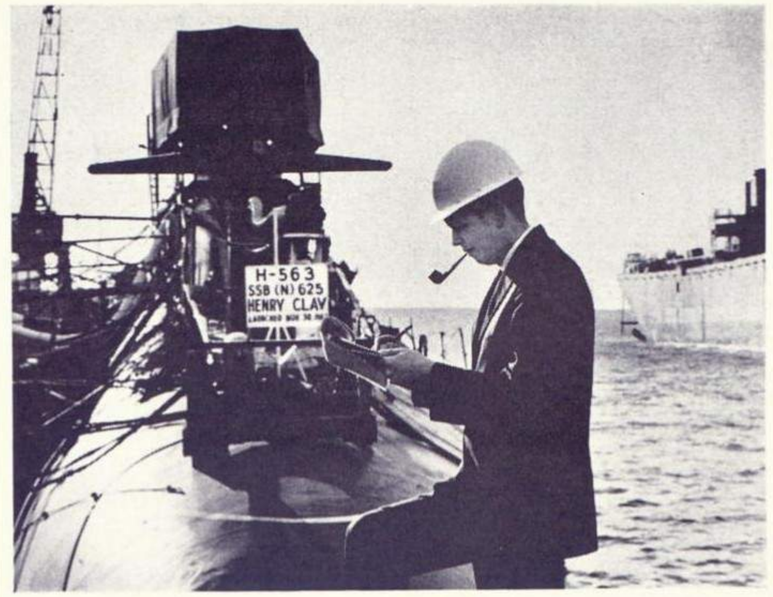
Wherever you went there were fine trains to take you. The Louisville & Nashville offered the Pan-American and the Azalean between Cincinnati and New Orleans, the Southland and Flamingo (Cincinnati to Atlanta), the Dixie Flyer, the Dixie Limited and the Dixiana (Evansville to Nashville), the Jacksonian and the Florida Arrow (Louisville to Montgomery). There were others: the Crescent, the Piedmont Limited, the Dixie Flagler, the South Wind, and many, many more, all great.

Even freight trains were not excluded from the romance that pervaded all phases of railroading, as a partial sampling of names will show. An all-freight from Columbus to Chicago was called The Big Smoke. Another that moved between Buffalo and Harsimus Cove was known, simply, as Guts. Others bore such euphonious designations as The Speed Witch, The Blue Goose, Cock of the Walk and The Cornucopia.

For every big line, there were hundreds of smaller ones, entirely independent railroads offering passenger service. The Doniphan, Kensett & Searcy in Arkansas ran twice daily between Kensett and Searcy, a distance of six miles. The McCloud River line transported people from McCloud to Hambone, a distance of 32 California miles. They ran on schedule, these tiny lines, and they made money.

There was all of this, and diesel-electric around the corner. You thought, Sure, maybe the roads will lose some of their charm with the new engines; and you knew you'd miss the delightful cindery smell of the steamers; but a train was a train, and nothing would ever change it.

With only slight apprehension, you watched the march of progress. Railroads which had kept the *status quo* for more than 20 years began to modernize. Passenger trains became air-conditioned, lines adopted tight-lock couplings, rubber draft gears, interlocking signal systems and centralized traffic control. They did go to diesels, most of them, and to streamlining. They grew quieter and smoother. At first the face was unfamiliar, along with the build, but you got used to it. Of course you mourned for the smokestack and that old black magic of the big iron, but you knew that all things must bow before progress. You were happy when, little by little, the roads began to recapture some of their glory and luster, inching back to the splendor of other years, with superluxury cars complete with



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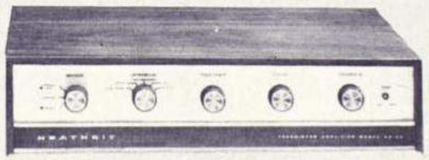

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barber shops, motion-picture theaters, doctors, radios, showers, wall-to-wall carpeting, maids and manicurists. There were new cars called "slumber coaches," strata domes and vista domes, passenger cars with names like Silver Lake and Silver Arrow to suggest, if not to match, the Silver Palace Cars of another generation. Progress had not licked trains: it had joined them. Now, available for everyone, were drawing rooms, compartments, double bedrooms, duplex single rooms, roomettes and parlor cars, the last at one time the pinnacle of solid, stately elegance for the daytime rail traveler. For the dreamers, there were, still, the observation platforms, where a man could stand with his head in the wind and his hands about the brass rail and watch the miles clicking away.

Then something happened.

Out of the scrub pine and conifers, the railroads came to the bare top of the long, lovely haul; and the road ahead was not level. It sloped downward in a gently lowering curve, so gentle, so smooth that the passengers did not even know they were descending. Revenues, however, knew very well.

Railroads had always been taxed high; that started when they were young, powerful and wealthy. But when business slackened, restrictive legislation, which had been imposed upon them when they were indeed a monopoly, plus the high taxes, remained; and they were soon losing as much as a million dollars a quarter. Naturally the railroads became frantic. They cut service, after all appeals had been denied. They cut lines. They cut what personnel they could. And they developed an inordinate passion for mergers, dropping branch lines, cars, offices, stations, sidings, yards and whole sections of track. In 1926, the railroads logged 40,000,000,000 passenger miles; in 1960, with the population doubled, they toted up only 20,000,000,000, and recorded a deficit in passenger traffic that totaled nearly three fourths of a billion dollars. The Transportation Act of 1958, which allowed them to abandon service where losses each year could be proved, was too little and too late.

Why did it happen? What caused it?

For the movement of goods, the semi and the truck trailer were responsible; for passengers, the automobile and the airplane.

That a superior means of transport should develop and, because of its benefits, displace the old, is logical. One cannot argue that trains are still ideal for shipping freight. The facts prove otherwise. But what of the matter of human beings?

That matter, I think, *is* debatable.

Assuming the destination to be a continent's length away, how does this generation's traveler choose to go? By car, most often. Unless he is in a hurry, he will gas up the family sedan and embark upon what he fancies will be a leisurely, inexpensive, relaxing journey. Of course, he fancies wrong. He will embark upon a journey fraught with danger, taking his chances on clogged highways and city streets, blinding himself to the extravagant price he pays for propelling his vehicle, for fuel and oil, for repairs, for depreciation, for the inevitably frazzled state of his nerves. He thinks nothing of hidden taxes; in fact, he ignores them. He has a compulsion to be self-steered; after all, it's an *auto*mobile he's driving, isn't it? Now he's free, with freedom to go where he will, down that side road, up that hill, into that town with the funny name, and freedom to stop whenever and wherever he wishes and for however long.

Ideally, he's right; practically, it is nonsense.

Today's highway traveler suffers from a complex which reveals itself in his comments at the end of each traveling day: "Covered 852 miles today!" (with pride) or "I don't understand it; we've only gone 420 miles" (with shame). This complex, even more than the increased traffic congestion, robs him of his touted freedom. He doesn't take that side road, he doesn't go up that hill, and he never finds out about that town with the funny name.

The plane traveler is hardly better off. Whereas the price in dollars is low, the price in peace of mind is astronomical. He pretends, this traveler, to take comfort in the statistics, and will be happy, after claiming that planes are the safest means of transportation ever invented, to quote them. "You're a lot better off in the sky than you are on the highway," he will say, and he will be correct — statistically. But there will be an edge to his voice as he tells you of the x-million passenger miles flown and the mere x-hundreds of fatalities. Perhaps he is thinking of last week's headline (AIRLINER CRASHES! ALL PASSENGERS PERISH!), or of the sweat on his palms when the big jet took off with him aboard; or perhaps he isn't thinking anything at all. But the edge is there.

Tell these people about trains and they will chuckle and ask if you are serious. Point out to the driver that he would save money in the long run, and have far more actual freedom; tell the air traveler that if he is so fond of statistics he should investigate those regarding train travel — or, better still, quote them; they're easy to remember: NOT ONE PASSENGER FATALITY ON PULLMAN CAR TRAINS IN 10 YEARS.

Advise them that on trains they can have utter privacy, if they wish it, or social intercourse; that they will be living in a sort of castle away from home, a room on wheels where they can relax, read, sleep, do anything they want. Shout to them that a train, unlike an automobile or an airplane, moves in bad weather and good, it doesn't matter, that ice on the tracks is no hazard at all. Tell them that they can now look at the face of America, view mountains without the intervening clutter of billboards, look into back alleys and back yards, across fields and valleys. Try to show them that for the first time they can reach their destination truly and completely relaxed, if only they will make a slight adjustment in their thinking: relaxed, refreshed and ready to enjoy themselves.

But don't try with any hope of success.

"It's for a new drum."

The complexes are too deep, the thinking too rigidly formed. A train trip for the modern man would, after the first hour or so, evoke nothing. He would probably tap his feet with impatience, crack his knuckles, read all the magazines, look at his watch, ruminate that if he'd only used his head and gone by plane he'd be there by now, and hate the idiot who suggested this outmoded rattletrap. He wouldn't enjoy it.

The principal reason is that modern man has never cultivated the art of leisure, which used to be acquired on trains and nurtured ever afterward. He almost never finds himself alone with himself for two or three days; certainly never by choice. There is, he thinks, nothing profitable in it. That it could be the most profitable two or three days in his life is unimaginable.

That is why there is rust instead of silver frost on the steel rails. That is why the old depots and stations are boarded up and overrun with weeds. That is why ties are disintegrating, why there are deserted spurs and decaying rolling stock, corroded wheels, boilers, tracks, signals, engines, towers and switches. And that is why ghosts walk the right of ways, the long high trestles, the dark, curving tunnels, the empty, forsaken platform out to the semaphore that isn't there anymore, waiting, hoping, listening for the melancholy wail of old One-O-Four as she rounds the bend and puts on steam for the grade.

Trains that once were living things, pulsating and vibrant with life, exist now in the minds and hearts of those who knew them. We were profoundly moved by what we saw and heard and experienced, and so were whole communities whose characters were changed by the trains that stopped there, all the financial and personal roots of them going deep into local history and pride.

For that future schoolboy, and his question: What was a railroad, anyway, that it could mean so much?

The Pennsylvania consists of 600 former short lines, but railroads *in toto* are more than short lines, more than sections of track and engines and equipment. Railroads are songs the balladmakers sing: *The Wreck of the Old 97, The Wabash Cannonball, In the Baggage Coach Ahead*; songs we used to sing: *The Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe* and *Chattanooga Choo-Choo* and *Alabamy Bound*. A railroad was the smoker up front with its leather seats and strong smell, its floor etched with spittle and its air blue with smoke, where beard-stubbled men in overalls rubbed shoulders with sports and dandies in loud striped suits with gigantic stickpins in their ties, where drummers and brakemen played a few hands of seven-up as they deadheaded back home. A railroad was

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an influence, a maker of public opinion; and it was drama, high and low: *Under the Gaslight, The Ninety and Nine, A Mile a Minute, The Midnight Special, Forty-five Minutes from Broadway, Twentieth Century* and *The Honeymoon Express*. It was *The Great Train Robbery*, also, and *Night Train* and *Union Pacific*. These were dramatic events that nourished the consciousness of trains and travel and are not likely to be forgotten, even if every foot of track is torn up and overgrown with weeds.

But trains per se we forget. Today stress is placed on getting there, on being right, on the profit of a given action, on the IBM. It is an age of weighing and measuring and proving.

But a train cannot be weighed or measured, nor can anything about it, in terms of the human equation, be proved. How do you reduce an *experience* to black and white and make it something that can be totaled? How do you weigh or measure the human, pleading wail of a train whistle heard on a rainy night, or convey to someone else what it means, or explain why it lured so many out into the world, into trails west, into the big city? How do you equate the elegance of a brightly lighted diner and the delicious aroma of the coffee being poured there by an immaculately attired waiter, or the way he sure-footedly rocks with the train, like an old sea captain, as he maneuvers down the aisle with a full tray of soup bowls? And how, in the name of Progress, do you analyze the slumbering quiet of a Pullman sleeper at three in the morning with you sitting in the porter's quarters, looking out at the mysterious myriad lights as the Pennsy rounds the big curve at Altoona?

What is disturbing about the disappearance of the railroad train, then, isn't so much the train itself, but what it means and has meant to Americans, and to people everywhere. When we think of the Overland stage, we also think of Indians and cowboys and what the stage *meant* to the people of the Old West. When we think of the Mississippi River steamer and side-wheeler, we envision dandified slick-haired gamblers, and wide-eyed belles with beauty marks. We do the same sort of reconstruction with packets and clipper ships. We identify the times and the people with them, rather than regarding the objects for themselves. So what will it mean when the trains are gone?

It will mean the end of an era, of course; but it will also mean the end of the kind of leisure and escape that nurtured men's souls for a good many years. The elegance of rail travel, along with the concomitant necessary break in routine, made one feel expansive and romantic and, for a little while, content. It was a way of life. It had *class*, the very concept of which is becoming quaint.

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Airplanes are quicker and cheaper, but they offer nothing else. What is romantic about being catapulted through the air from one end of the continent to the other in five hours? What is genteel and relaxing about being strapped to a seat, or being served food in pink plastic containers? True, the sight of a city at night from 20,000 feet is enchanting, but it is not really a city you see; it is an abstract painting of lights. And your fellow passengers are abstract, for you can never really get to know them in the short time you are together. And you *are* together, because there is no such thing as privacy on a plane, except in the washrooms.

Contrast this aerial bus ride with a trip on a train, assuming, always, that you are not compelled, except by your complexes, to get there in a hurry. The train is yours. You move through it like a king. Servants stand ready to do your bidding, ready to please you; just ring the bell. Your bed is made, your slightest whim catered to, your appetite is magnificent, the scenery is unsullied and just outside the window. You can have a second martini, because you are home, and a third, too, if it pleases you. Perhaps you will have dinner sent in to your room, or perhaps you will prefer the diner. There's always the chance that the steward will seat you beside that remarkable blonde who seems to be traveling alone. If that is the case, you can look forward to an acquaintanceship ripening over a period of days, not hours. If you're seated, instead, beside the jolly fat man, you can always excuse yourself, return to the room, maybe take a solid whack at that Chardin book you've been trying to read, or simply retire to the crisp double-mattress bed.

What can equal this for traveling—not "getting there"—*traveling*? Should we not be sad at its passing?

No dishonest tears are shed on the graveyard runs. Many stations and walks of life are represented in the common commemoration of the death of trains. These people have come to love trains, and the last trip is always a time of despair, a time for cherishing what will soon be history. Unhappily, these final one-way trips have been occurring with increasing frequency the world around.

In July 1961, 90 people on the platform of Paris' Gare de l'Est boarded the Orient Express for the last time. It is not difficult to guess the thoughts of those passengers as the great train roared across France for the final time; over the Rhine, down the Danube, the shrill whistle signaling its surrender as it whipped past castles and cathedrals. Those people sat back in seats that were once velvet and fringed in Brussels lace, and they remembered other years, before the windows had begun to rattle, before the cars had

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become worn and dirty; they remembered the oysters and the chilled wine served by waiters in blue-silk breeches, white stockings and buckle shoes: luxury beyond luxury. Perhaps, also, they thought of all the mystery stories that were written about the Express, and the characters in those stories: the glamorous woman spy who wore mink and nothing under it but her flesh; the one who always carried a tiny pistol in her handbag; the smooth diplomats who were really working for several governments at the same time; the sturdy hero with a sardonic smile and an attaché case, full of secret papers, locked to his wrist. And the passengers may have wondered if the ghosts of these characters were not, in fact, riding with them. Mostly, they were surely thinking: This is the end. This will be no more. The Orient Express, which made its first run June 5, 1883, will run no more.

The splendor of old-time rail travel was not, however, confined to Europe. As far back as 1911, American trains knew how to live. The Santa Fe DeLuxe, which ran from Chicago to Los Angeles, carried a complement of 70 persons, including a barber, a lady's maid, a manicurist and a public secretary. It provided a library, telegraphic news reports, stock quotations, tubs and showers, electric curling irons and stereoscopic views of the passing scenery along the line. The breakfast menu was more than substantial, offering such delicacies as calf's liver sautéed, grilled French lamb chops, corned beef, roast beef, buckwheat cakes, griddle cakes, Rocky Mountain trout and French toast.

An antelope dinner was offered on the Overland Limited, after which passengers would be invited to raise their window sashes and take pot shots at buffalo.

All of the rolling stock then was gaily varnished to a high gloss, rather like mobile country estates. The trains were immaculate, from the high-wheeled locomotives to the canopied observation platforms. There were covered bridges, water towers, hand-operated switches and bearded engineers in derby hats. The engines never wore out, even after as many as 50 years of service; and those in the know maintain that the steamers were more dependable and every bit as fast as the later diesels. The introduction of the diesel seems, in retrospect, to have been merely an economy move. Nonetheless, it took over, and that is when the luster began to tarnish.

Who can forget the stories and pictures of conductors in muttonchop whiskers and blue tail coats, the thunder and fire that exploded from the tall stacks of Taunton-built engines with crimson-and-gold lettering on their tenders, the time when station agents' and dispatchers' offices buzzed with telegraph keys and batteries of telephones? All along the right of way it was freedom scented with coal smoke or wood smoke, and passengers answering the friendly waves of field-plowing farmers and barefoot children.

Fittingly, locomotives were accorded the same respect as ocean liners. They were ladies, whereas the diesels, like airplanes, were neuter genders. Everybody loved the high iron with its proudly polished brass, not merely the railroad people but everybody. It was natural. A steam engine, panting hoarsely as she climbed a grade, or breathing sweetly as she ran along an open stretch, or crying in the night, a cry of pain or joy, depending, was no thing of metal. She was alive.

She was also many things. On some lines she was the girl next door; on others, a queen. In 1870 she was an empress, her drive spokes fire-red, drive rods silver, the iron on her boilers iridescent-blue, the scrollwork on her engine cabs and running boards emblazoned with gold leaf. And that was only right, for she was pulling the luxury palace cars.

Those cars reached a point of elegance undreamed of before or after. They had rosewood paneling, chandeliers of purest crystal, velvet hangings, fringes, draperies, inlaid wood in sleeping apartments, drawing rooms and connecting staterooms rich with brocades, divans with cushions and hassocks, dressing rooms and bevel-edged mirrors.

Anyone at all could enjoy these cars on a cross-country jaunt, provided he could afford to rent the entire train. And in that turn-of-the-century time, when Mr. Astor made his democratic remark ("Anybody with a million dollars is as well off as if he were rich!"), no small number could do exactly that.

Less plutocratic citizens made do with the privately owned railroad car. Almost unknown today, the private car was at one time the dream of every American, for it was the touchstone of success, the supreme symbol of having Arrived — as opulent and luxurious as the age that created it. For 50 years these cars moved splendidly over America's rails in a wake of sighs and heartbeats. Any millionaire, socialite, industrialist or national figure who did not own at least one had not succeeded in any real sense. But ownership was only the beginning. One had to have the best car; and this led to bitter competition. Period furniture was installed, and pipe organs, rare paintings, solid-gold and silver dinner services, marble plumbing fixtures, ceiling murals, gigantic mirrors and costly upholsteries. The first air-conditioned railroad car was privately owned; it belonged to Major Max Fleischmann, the yeast tycoon. Mrs. J. P. Donahue's car, called the Japauldin, had solid-gold lighting fixtures, quartered oak beams that ran the length of the drawing-room ceiling, and a wood-burning fireplace. Ignace Paderewski had his own car, the General Stanley, and of course it contained a piano. American Presidents from Lincoln's time forward rode grandly on campaigns and official tours aboard private cars — but today, United States Railroad Car Number One, the Magellan, is rented to the Government by the Association of American Railroads for a dollar a year for the use of the President. It was built during Franklin Roosevelt's time and is approximately as ornate as a stockbroker's office. Not that it matters: our Presidents travel nowadays by plane.

The private car usually included an observation drawing room that opened out onto the brass-railed open-air platform. The rest of the car consisted of several sleeping apartments, a *salon* for dining, accommodating eight or ten, a galley, pantry, store rooms, iceboxes and sleeping quarters for the crew.

The ultimate in private-car ownership was achieved during the time of George Gould (Jay's son), the railroad tycoon. His guests were expected to appear for dinner in full formal attire.

For most of the more than 350 varnished masterpieces, the end came long ago on the rip track. Jay Gould's fabulous Atalanta, built in the 1880s for $50,000, faded away as a yardmaster's shack on the Missouri Pacific in Overton, Texas. The car that hauled the Prince of Wales about the U. S. during his tour here in 1924 is the home of a Pennsylvania coal-stripping gang.

Only two private cars are in use today for the pleasure and convenience of their owners: the Helma, home of Bruce Dodson, a Kansas City insurance magnate, and The Gold Coast, owned and operated by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. The Gold Coast has two master bedrooms, a 24-foot-long drawing room, crystal lighting fixtures, Venetian mirrors, antimacassars and lopped and fringed draperies which re-create the interior of Leland Stanford's Stanford, built in the 1870s.

It was George Pullman who engineered most of the elegant palace cars, but he left a broad stroke across the canvas of railroading when he developed the folding upper berth. Perhaps his sleepers were a departure from the Victorian elegance of his previous inspirations, but they were immensely popular. By 1916 the Pullman Company operated 7500 sleeping cars over 137 railroads; and 260,000 persons occupied those berths every year.

The next change, as noted, was the replacement of steam engines with diesels. We even tried to engender some kind of affection for the oil eaters, giving them nicknames like chugglebugs, hinky dinks, galloping geese and bungaloos; but it wasn't the same. The punka-punk, punka-punk of the diesel seemed too efficient, too utilitarian. It had none of the warmth and majesty of the steam engines. The full-speed sound it made was powerful, but contemptuous; and we bitterly missed the stirring, spiritual cry of the steamers.

And now the diesels themselves are going, and their contempt is honorable. That of the personnel of all but a few trains is not. Aware that they are dying, the porters and conductors and news butchers and dining-car stewards are behaving like cranky nonagenarians. They are rude, inept, surly and impatient. The best of them would have been dressed down and summarily fired in the old days. The same would happen to them today on the Twentieth Century Limited, the Broadway Limited, the Super Chief, and a half-dozen others. But these men probably wouldn't care. Their pride is gone.

That is the unbearable loss to railroad men, and they know it. Our loss is greater, but we don't know it. We fancy that we have rid ourselves of an inefficient means of transportation. Instead, we have rid ourselves of one of the two remaining refuges, one of the two sanctuaries where a man can retreat from the maelstrom and become acquainted with himself.

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GOING PRICE

(continued from page 96)

from the industry for reading a book in the original rather than a story-department synopsis of it?"

"For *Christ* sake, Rengs," he said, squinting his total displeasure, "when are you going to stop talking at me as though my head was full of nothing but movie crap and your head was full of nothing but movie crap? I *fought* in Spain. Lincoln Battalion. Jarama de la Morata front. I was a kid off the tuna boats around Galveston, a talker, I shot my mouth off about the Moscow Trial frame-ups, the G. P. U. musclemen, the commissars tried to liquidate me twice, I had to weasel out over the Pyrenees, get the point, I'm *interested* in Spain, I had *stakes* in Spain, I'm not just *browsing* in the subject."

So, in the middle of our third week of family-type kinescopic empire building, Charles the Great and I returned to his dressing room to have some home-cooked vittles and to mull over the strategies of the good lost war against El Caudillo, the bemedaled Franco who had jousted us all, with the help of the Moors and the Messerschmitts and the Moscow musclemen, and without retakes, clear out of the Iberian Peninsula and our dreamy youth.

• • •

I had been seeing Anson Luddy on the screen for 23 years, the full span of his movie career. When my eyes first encountered his image, in the year 1940, he was a lean, lithe, panther-graceful Greek god who lazed around in blue jeans and raveling sneakers and spoke sullen monosyllables out of the corner of his Apollo-cool mouth. Today, 50 pictures later and 50 pounds heavier, but still all muscle, he moved with deliberate lumbering rather than an Olympian airiness, his eyes were harder and there were lines of care, of inside lacerations, on that once unblemished and ready-for-anything fist of a face; but he was still the rag bag of the populace's simmering fancies, who adventured on the tall crags along which our imaginations are forever goat-dancing in defiance of gravity and clocks. How was I to accept him as a 17-year-old deck hand, or, indeed, as of any chronometric age or mundane occupation, crouching his way along the Jarama de la Morata front trying to dodge the very real bullets of the all-too-real G. P. U.? It took too radical a stretching of the mind to vision Anson Luddy in any sweat not fashioned of Make-up's cunning glycerins. But there it was: once, without too many poses, maybe, Pacoima's Charlemagne had tried to lead an impactive life. And now, two-and-a-half decades later, he'd had me put on salary to spill his guts to. I was pleased, and more, to be of service. I am in favor of audiences for any Charlemagne who has something to say besides giddy-yap.

• • •

Two weeks passed. Between takes, over lunch (aromatic delicacies for me, Metrecal or a dump of cottage cheese for him), strolling through the lush arboretums and nurseries of the ranch, we talked ourselves deaf, dumb, and at least myopic, mostly about political ideologies.

"What else but politics is there to talk about?" he asked me one day.

"We could talk about Metrecal. I haven't seen you eat a solid meal since I came to what is laughingly called work. Are you trying to lose weight, or have you lost your mind?"

"I'll tell you about that," he said. "I don't have a weight problem, never did. Nope, it's just that, after seeing enough compulsive eaters in action, I lost my appetite. Not the compulsive eaters in *Spain*. Oh, no, this came later. I'm talking about another category of compulsive eaters altogether. The ladies. The little darlin's. The wolfers in high heels. They turned my stomach for good, the trencherwomen did."

"Just which ladies would you have reference to?"

"The first time I met them was down in Havana. After I got out of Spain I knocked around the Caribbean, working on charter boats, that's what I was doing when this Hollywood company came down there on location and gave me my first movie job. Well, down there I was working for the rich playground people, and I met a lot of the frilly girls of the playful set, and, brother, they had big eyes, they had slobbering eyes. They didn't throw themselves at me because of what I was and felt like inside, it was because I looked like some kind of athletic bindle-stiff ape to them and they got ants in the pants imagining what brutish delights I, the well-designed animal, would lead them to, with my promises of steamy degradation and all-around beastliness. That make any sense to you, my getting spooked by all those lacquered tootsies zeroing in on me? Remember, I had just turned 20. I still had the naive idea that women dropped their eyes and guys reached for *them*. I wanted to be the taker, I was only the target." Luddy had the air of a man imparting vital information to himself. "Yeah. That's it. You know something? I don't have the exhibitor personality. It makes me feel like a girl, to be scanned and appraised by the eyes of the world. Here and now I make this confession, Rengs. Every minute he's before the cameras, tough Anson Luddy feels like a girl. Because he's on the wrong end of the staring. But when I started to make movies they really stared, the ladies, and their eyes got steamier and steamier. My head was full of ideas about the dynamics of the class dialectic and ways to a more equitable social arrangement, and this was what I wanted to talk about, but the women would run their eyes up and down my carcass and say, hmm, stop talking, stop thinking, you gorgeous hunk of stud, you come and service me fast, sweet stuff. I'd be walking down the street, full up with the news from Moscow and Peking and Vietnam and the Congo, and suddenly the ladies would be coming at me in a howling mob, grabbing for my middle — amazing, the way they always grab for the middle — as though I had no right to pretend to an existence above the neck. Their eyes grab, too. Well, I worked up a contempt for my body and its needs. *That*, yes, that's the exact point where I stopped eating, when I saw what slobbering and irrelevant appetites got worked up in other people, particularly women, at the sight of my adorable frame. The more they slobbered over me, sizing me up like a meal, the more my own salivary glands dried up. For some reason I'm ashamed of that. Without being able to put my finger on why, I've got this feeling it would do me more honor if I'd lost my appetite in *Spain*, as a result of Spain, where *heads* were very much in contest. But the slobbering women are another sort of Spain, maybe. Listen, Rengs. I'm not on call tomorrow, and I'm in the mood for driving down Pacific Coast Highway to get Charlemagne out of my head and breathe some fresh air. Want to come?"

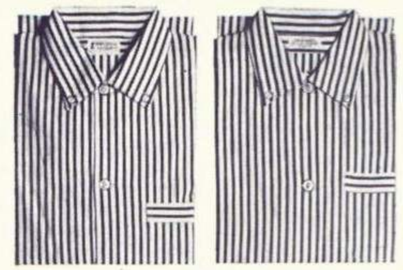
"Where'll we go?"

"The inspiring thing about Hollywood is that you can start traveling in any direction and in no time at all get to a place that's not Hollywood. Let's play it by ear. Pick you up at eight o'clock."

Taffy came over that night with a bad case of the jitters, too keyed up to go out to dinner; we fired some briquettes and barbecued steaks on the patio. I had met Taffy when she showed up in Pacoima, well-filled Capris, come-all-ye eyes and all, to play Charlemagne's sister; I had liked her because she seemed so spectacularly unsuited for the role of sister in anybody's life; she had very quickly begun to play a refreshingly unsisterly role in mine.

It was hard for her to sit still. Halfway through her main course, she got up and did a few fast hully-gully steps alongside the avocado trees; a bit later, when I brought out the Bing cherries, she ate a couple and jumped up again. She was a girl whose ferments went directly to her muscles. I asked her what was wrong.

"When I was running myself ragged trying to get bit parts," she said with a too-quick and overcharged laugh, "I was cool as the cucumbers in the Safe-



These his-and-hers shorty sleepshirts are exactly the same

but somehow they seem to look different.

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way and collected as taxes. Now the parts are coming, I'm on my way, and I can't get to sleep without two Doridens, and the entire insect population of L. A. County seems to have taken up residence in my embroidered pants. What's my ailment, no tolerance for improvements?"

"Nobody's born with the talent to take the good with the bad," I said. "It's something you have to learn. But I don't think the booze is going to help you, as a particular individual."

"I'm not a particular individual," she said, refilling her glass. "I'll drink almost anything."

An hour later she was falling-down drunk. She brought this to my attention by falling down in the middle of an inspired boppy saraband and passing out cold with her head under a hydrangea bush. I put her to bed. Next morning, for all the bismuth mixture I forced on her, her stomach was really paying her back.

When Anson arrived, I introduced him to Taffy and said, "Sorry, but I don't think I'll be able to go. Something's come up."

"Mostly my dinner," Taffy said.

She was sagging on the edge of the sofa as though she'd been rained on for a year. Anson studied her.

"Hangover?" he said.

"That's one thing," she said. "Also, they boned me when I wasn't looking."

"I think I'll stay with her, Anson," I said. "She's feeling depressed about working regularly and somebody should see her through the crisis."

"Is it a big crisis?" Anson said.

"Very big," Taffy said. "I'm getting a *lot* of work."

"In that case," Anson said, "two might see you through this better than one. You come with us. First off we'll stop and get you a pick-me-up and some eggs and plenty of black coffee, and you'll feel your skeleton coming back. You're an actress? Actresses often feel boned when their careers begin to go well. You must be an actress, to be having a crisis of good fortune."

"You're both so understanding," Taffy said, "I think I *will* come along, just to get even. If you're planning to have a real good time you'll be needing my company to restore the balance."

We went out Sunset in Luddy's beat-up Mark IV Jag, and just before we hit the beach, turned off at the Santa Ynez Inn. Two gin fizzes brought Taffy back to life; by the time she had wolfed down her eggs and part of mine (Anson held himself to V-8 juice, dry cinnamon toast and Postum), she seemed as relaxed as if she were behind in the rent again. When we started south along the coast she heaved a profound sigh, rubbed her belly contentedly, and purred, "I may live. The prognosis is suddenly on the upswing. Mr. Anson Luddy, you don't look like a movie notable, you look like a Grand Prix driver on his day off. Are you cold or just incognito?"

He had on blue jeans, his eyes were shielded by the widest smoked goggles I'd ever seen, a buff poplin cap was pulled down almost to his brows, the turtleneck of his rough straw-colored sweater was rolled up to hide his neck and his jacket collar was turned up over that.

"Wait'll *you* get to be a big movie star, miss," he said. "Just wait. You'll find yourself traveling around the country with a burlap bag over your head with two slits for your eyes to see out of. Great adventures await you when you success yourself into the burlap bag."

"If I spend enough of my life cooped up in burlap," Taffy said, "and if *that* makes enough discomfort for me, maybe I'll be able to ease off on the drinking. Say, Mr. Anson, instruct me. Do big movie stars wear their burlap bags when they drink in public? How do they take their nourishment, through a straw? Is there a special slit for the straw? I've got to learn all these technical details because there are plans afoot to make me a big star. In case I still want to drink, do I have to take my martinis through a slit, through a straw? What about the olives? They won't go through a straw, will I have to put the straw away and slide them through my eating slit or what?"

Luddy's reaction to this mild-enough jollying was anything but mild. He swerved abruptly to the curb just north of the Santa Monica pier, slammed on the brakes, hit the steering wheel hard with his ham hock of a fist, and said in his best Chief Justice voice, "What the hell're you doing in the movies anyway? What good's it going to do you being a morsel for the whole damned world?"

Taffy looked startled. "Gee, Anson," she said, "some folks are nice enough to believe that I'm already something of an appetizing dish, and if I want to make a career of it ——"

"They'll eat you alive!" Luddy blasted out. "They'll crunch your bones between their bulldozer teeth and leave you a pile of calcium crumbs for the street cleaners to brush off! The tastier you get to that great big admission-paying mouth out there, the less taste you'll have for anything but to hide! You hear me?" He seemed to be addressing his fist. "Don't offer them your hide on a silver platter! Keep some of it for yourself! There're careers that don't reduce you to roast beef in the window!" He became aware that he was not alone with his monitoring fist. He looked over at us and his eyes welled with apology. "Sorry. Thinking of personal matters. Impolite to take leave of company without goodbyes, won't happen again."

"Go any time you want," Taffy said. "Just make sure to leave a forwarding address."

We proceeded to spend a meandering, knockabout day. We walked over to the wide beach at Venice West, bought a ball and threw it fitfully for a while. We headed down Sepulveda and stopped at the new terminal at International Airport to examine, first, the 10th-of-a-mile-long mural along the corridor of the American Airlines building, an astonishing stretch of colored tiles arranged in angular Mondrian chunkings of subtly shifting hues, then the Skyways restaurant, a great flying saucer suspended high over the ground on Giacometti constructivist stilts that were themselves arcing technocratic *objets d'art*. At Palos Verdes we wandered along the cool arcades bordering the fine Old Spanish square at the center of town. Farther south on the Palos Verdes peninsula we took a breather at Portuguese Bend to have a look at the all-glass and foliage-interiored Wayfarer's Chapel of the Swedenborgians, a creation of Frank Lloyd Wright's son, where a modern dancer in flowing Isadora Duncan robes was doing a bit of dramatic miming to portray the story of Ruth.

Finally we stopped at the restaurant at Marineland for a drink. Luddy seemed moody as he looked around at the tourists, shielding his face with his paw.

"Marinas," he muttered to himself. "Ski resorts. Funiculars. Scuba diving, surfing, sleep-in trailers, do-it-yourself tile mosaics, judo classes. UCLA extension courses in home ceramics. One big damned playpen. Making all of Southern California into a coliseum, greatest romp area mankind's ever seen, and getting so exhausted, haven't got the emotional capital to pay the entrance fee. Fun! Hit the road! Reach for the brass ring! Circuses, when bread won't stay on your stomach!"

With this dribble of unrelatedness, he ordered six tequila martinis in a pitcher. He drank straight from the pitcher. As for Taffy, she was soaking up her beloved Scotch sours again.

The minutes hobbled by.

"Hey," Taffy said suddenly, "this is Marineland, right? Where they have the fish?"

"Several acres of fish," Luddy said.

"I'm an old fish fancier," Taffy said. "What say we go and look at our finny friends?"

"How'd it go, Tarzan — did you finally tell that witch doctor off?"

"By George, there's a man who knows how to lose!"

We proceeded toward the main building, a great rounded structure with outside ramps that slanted upward to give access to the second and third stories.

We entered now into a circus of gulp. This sprawled institution seemed designed to demonstrate that protoplasm, however unlikely the form it takes, has one trend and one purpose on this earth: intake, gorge, glut, bolt, cram, batten, slurp. Here, Greedygut was king. Up above, in the open pool that could be viewed from roof top, the whales maneuvered their sluggish tons, rolled, shimmied, flapped their tails, in return for tasty tidbits tossed to them: porpoises leaped and gyrated in perfect synchronization, hurled themselves through hoops, did piscatorial *entrechats*, for the reward of slithery fillets. Down below, in the glass-enclosed tank, groupers, sting rays, eels, sharks, octopuses, tunnies, marlins, tortoises, unique in their shapings but united in the preoccupation with maw, obsessed with the urge to embladder whatever was outside the skin, to gastronomize the other, swarmed around the attendant who lumbered through in a diver's helmet, scattering delicacies of shrimp and chopped squid as he went. In the outdoor amphitheater, the sea lions and dolphins played basketball, tooted horns, pulled rowboats, slid down chutes, burped into microphones, donned funny hats, spurred on in their antics by the trash fish their trainers kept tossing into their always ready mouths. In other enclosures, otters contorted themselves and penguins did lumbering soft-shoes in response to the appetizers held out to them by enrapt spectators.

Taffy found it all noteworthy and delightful. Anson's face was getting longer and longer. In fact, he seemed horrified. "Swill and swill some more," he mumbled to himself. "Try to digest those brass rings" — a statement that did not seem to call for a reply.

We had finally seen all the sights. We headed back across the grounds, toward the main building.

• • •

When we joined the crowd alongside the mammoth circular glass tank, the thing happened that I suppose has got to happen to every Anson Luddy sooner or later in a public gathering place: he was recognized.

Not by the other visitors, though. Not at first. The man in the diver's outfit was down in the tank again, plowing his leaden-legged way along the hull of the old whaler's boat as he scattered his prawns and cuttlefish patties to the thronging, jawing sea creatures that followed him like storm troopers in drill formation. This man came close to the glass wall, peered out, and spotted Anson, who, for a moment, had forgotten to keep his Cracker Jack prize of a face covered.

It's not every day you go to work 40-feet down in the briny, to feed fish to fish in an endless sort of gustatory closed circuit, and suddenly come face to face with an Anson Luddy. A Luddy face simply does not show up during business hours. It makes no damned sense, looming up among the pinched, peaked nine-to-five mugs of your workaday clients and colleagues. It belongs to the womby night, when you go dreamy-slack and extraterrestrial over your buttered popcorn or TV dinner.

It must have been some such qualmish sense of categories toppling that led the fish feeder to gape at Anson, pressing his diver's helmet against the glass wall of the tank to get a better look. I could see his brown eyes bulging and burning as they took unbelieving inventory of Anson's features. He looked like a grouper spread-jawed at feeding time.

Anson did not notice the mute underwater drama taking place practically at his elbow. He was too busy thinking about brass rings, or some such engrossing subject.

It mystifies, how often that which fascinates you makes you want to hit out at it. I won't lay it down as absolute law, but movie fans have been known to mob their idol with such enthusiasm as to send him to the hospital: romantic literature is densely populated with lovers administering lethal potions of this or that hemlock to each other as they hymn their mutual thralldom; each Mario seeks to gun down his Magician. Conceivably the thing that bewitches is taken as a danger precisely because it wields so much power, immobilizes and drains will, freezes eyes, steel-traps thoughts; and if hitting it is so reassuring, it must be more than a punishment meted out to the totalitarian object for its snaring and crushing magic, the blow must also help to establish that there is lifesaving and facesaving space between trancer and trancee, as witness the fact that the victim is still autarchic enough to command his own muscles.

This, at least, is the only sense I can make out of what the fish feeder did next.

He began to thump on the glass wall. Anson turned his head, startled; so did the nearby rubbernecks.

The diver put his hands alongside his temples and began to waggle his fingers, as a playful parent does when he makes funny faces at a child. Anson looked puzzled: he was thinking many-fathomed thoughts about the big modern business of fun, and from the bottom of a fabricated sea, at the prow of a whaling boat designed for sinking, surrounded by frantically flailing cut-ups of the deep, a man was doing unmotivated comedy routines at him.

Now the diver pressed his index finger against the glass and began to trace capital letters, writing backward. His finger left smudgy, dim lines wherever it went.

In a moment the message was spelled out for all to see: "ANSON LUDDY GO HOME."

Strange spume from a contrived sea. The diver's eloquent fingers, which were now fluttering before his nose area in the age-old gesture of screw you, made it very clear that he was directing himself to a particular individual in the crowd.

The onlookers turned. And there, impossibly, gloriously, was Anson Luddy, looming up an awesome head above his neighbors, within spitting range, kicking range, rending range.

All the females roundabout — grannies, mumsies, teeners, even moppets — fixed widening eyes on their shining knight from the drive-ins that interlard the missile bases of the Southland; they stared, with eating eyes, and they broke into smiles, as though in anticipation of larger meals. They looked like so many groupers gaping to be fed. And, in reflex to this ocular salivation of their womenfolk, the men and the boys began to smile, too, though less broadly, half-shamefaced, half-sullen.

The mob radars relayed their high-speed messages back and forth, the team compacted, and, by the weird chemistry of instantaneous community, the Spokesman, the Proconsul, the Internuncio, the Minister Plenipotentiary, the Front Runner, was selected by secret ballot, felt his catapulting to high office, shudderingly accepted the signal honor, and stepped forward.

He was a bit uneasy with the delicate complexity of his mission, rather, I imagine, as the Japanese ministers must have been in Washington on the night of December 6, 1941; but he had a sly hunger and a peekaboo revelry about him, too; there was in him a suggestion of much quiet lip-smacking. He was a lumpy, overpadded man, tall, his face like a blob of dough that had risen in haphazard bubbles, with the beefy hunch of a truck driver. His gray-green jacket was a demonstrative houndstooth, his open-neck sport shirt a slashed, silver-sheened plaid, his powder-blue slacks lined with faint tan pinstripes, his sandals of the open-toed and beaded-huarache type; there was a camera slung over his shoulder, there was awkward hesitation in his puffy lips and some obscure but wracking demand in his intent brown eyes.

"We'd better get out of here," I whispered to Anson.

"How?" he said. "Run, and you've got the whole pack at your heels."

The high-voltage charge that had knit together the rapt congregation in our neighborhood was now sparking out through the building. Other gapers were curving into the orbit of the crowd, like iron filings captured by a magnet; and as the clot of people grew, the emissary kept coming on his thick huaraches. He was lipping a cerise Popsicle. He'd had it in his hand when he'd been mobilized and dispatched.

He reached us, stopped, and broke into a grin which was rather like the lip poising of the hyena the moment before snapping at carrion.

"Hey, Luddy," he said with a kind of reluctant, edgy homage, "my missus thinks you're a devil, a wonder. She'd rather see your old flicks on the TV than eat."

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"Right, I'm an anti-obesity drug," Anson said.

The onlookers smiled some more. They loved the idea of a democratic exchange between these two, Mr. Big and Joe Nobody, deity and dink.

I sensed what Anson, who must have had plenty of experience in the manipulation of tensed crowds, was trying to do. If he bolted, his admirers would feel deprived, neglected, betrayed. His only chance, in his own mind, anyhow, was to let them have the satisfaction of immobilizing him for a moment, of forcing him into a bare minimum of civil chitchat.

"I swear, I don't know what it is with her," the man went impishly on. "Put an old Luddy flick on the little box and she's like nailed to the sofa, the dirty dishes can grow worms in the sink, the beds can stay unmade till they mildew, the kids can sprout potatoes and fungus stuff in their ears, for all she cares."

He was perfectly ready to do the talky spadework for the mass assault on Luddy. He felt that Luddy had to be hit for being Luddy, a man who cut off the light from other men. But he wanted it clearly understood that his own personal trademark was on the blow, along with the gang's anonymous one.

"Well," Anson said, his face still not bothering to assume an expression, "some people say that cleanliness isn't next to godliness at all, that it's just a Freudian washing compulsion, and neatness, too. If you don't bother to make a bed then it can't get mussed, maybe you could look at it that way."

The man sensed the undertone of contempt without being able to grasp the spoken words one by one. He tongued his dripping Popsicle reflectively.

"Wait, get my meaning, I'm not faulting you, pal, I'm only making the point what a hold you got on the little woman," he said without much humor. He fished a ball-point pen out of his jacket pocket and held up a Marineland program. "No hard feelings, now, I just wanted you to know you're the wonder boy around my house and home, they all go down on their knees to you, boy. What say you scribble your John Hancock on here for the missus, huh?"

"Sorry," Anson said, "I have a policy, I don't give autographs, I don't make personal appearances. You see how it is."

"How's that? Ain't you appearing here and now, and ain't it personal? Come on, Ans, give us the old John Hancock." The man held his program higher. "Say something personal, say, 'To Florence, happy days and all the best,' all right, hotshot? It'll tickle her to her toes."

"Tell Florence to write to the studio," Anson said. "They'll be glad to send her a picture with an inscription."

"Don't give me that, Ans. They got some fan-letter service where a couple of old-biddy stenogs sign the pictures wholesale, unseen by you; it's not the same. Come on, give the old girl the thrill of a lifetime, Ans, sign on the dotted line, what's it cost you?"

Smiles broadened, eyes expanded with partisanship for the underdog bargainer, heads nodded in the keening of the long-deprived rising up appetitiously.

"You're not trying to see my side of it," Anson said. "Suppose I give you the autograph, that means if there's any fair play I'll have to give it to everybody, and I can't just stand here all day signing programs, can I? But if I say yes to a few and turn away the rest, that's discriminating. Come on, now, you don't want to be a party to the worst kind of discrimination, do you? You know that's not the Amurcan Way. If your sister wanted to marry one of them, you wouldn't try to bust it up and put the Amurcan Way to shame, would you?"

It was a rough turn Anson was taking. Those last words were a reference to his tormentor's unmistakably Deep Dixie accent, and the crowd knew it, and the man knew it.

"Don't see where you have to drag politics into it," the man said with a quick stiffening of lips and shoulders. "I ask in a neighborly way for a signature and you're talking politics, what's that all about?"

"Man is a political animal," Anson said gently. "Your asking for my autograph is political because it's a power grab, a maneuver to install you over me because you think the TV screen has installed me over you and that hurts. My refusing you the autograph is political because I don't believe in discrimination and the only autographs I'm prepared to give you are those of Martin Luther King and James Meredith, two very political names."

"What are you, out of your head, Charlie?" the man said unbelievingly. This was not the kind of talk you expect from a movie star in process of being slyly mobbed. "I'm asking you for a lousy sample of your handwriting, not a soapbox speech about your religion."

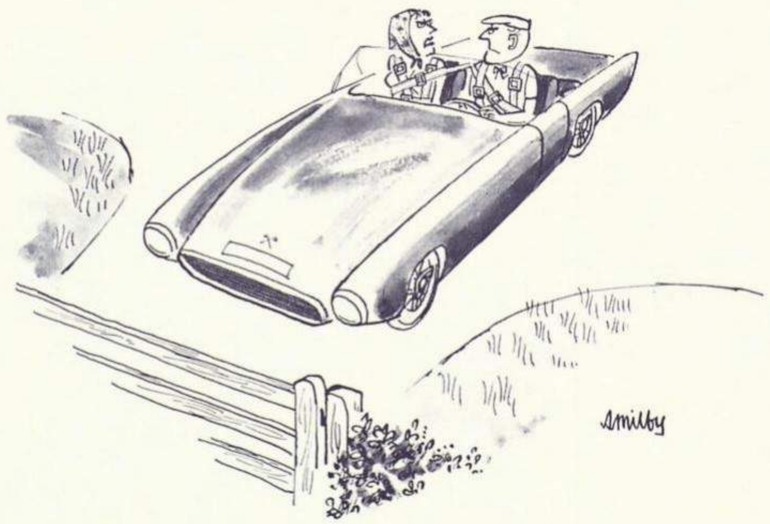
"If we're on the subject of religion," Anson said, "isn't this a revival meeting you suddenly decided to hold alongside the fish tank? Egging on the sinners to munch some communion out of my hide? You say you want to collect autographs, but what you really want to collect, isn't it some nice relics, my anklebone, a hunk of my meat, a lock of hair? No, I don't think I'll let you and your friends divvy me up. I'm in a dilemma, friend. The reason a man in my position can't let you lick his boots is that next you'll be chewing off his leg. Would you be good enough to stand aside? I'm afraid I have to go now."

"Now you don't want to be that way," the man said. His eyes were narrowing. He had placed his hand on Anson's forearm. "Why don't you just make a nice gesture for Old Flo and not bring up the big issues, fair enough?"

The crowd, aware that the preliminary sparring was over, sensing a showdown, pushed closer.

"Would you be good enough to let go of my arm, friend?" Anson's face was dramatically emptied of drama. His voice was easy and there was something misleadingly close to a smile on his lips.

"You want me to go back to Flo and tell her that her honey boy wouldn't even give her the time of day?" The man tightened his hold on Anson's sleeve.



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"You want me to give her a slap in the face like that?"

"Let go of my arm," Anson said, mild as Jell-o.

"I guess you don't think much of my missus. And her drooling over your muscles all these years, how about that."

I put my hand over the man's hand, wishing I had the good sense to want to be faraway, knowing I didn't.

"You're not getting the message," I said, relishing the foolishness I was untypically allowing myself. "He's telling you he's tired of your company. He's asking you nicely to travel on."

"Who appointed you some bum master of ceremonies?" the man said. "Let go of me, Jim."

"We'll do it in stages," I said. "You let go of *him*, Jim, and I'll let go of *you*, Jim."

"I can handle this, Gordon," Anson said.

"I'd like to handle it with you," I said. "You take 50 percent of him and I'll take 50 percent of him, that's the Amurcan Way." Muscle was silly, but I was working into a blind rage.

The hand that was holding the autographless program slammed edge-first at my Adam's apple, choking me and knocking me away at the same time. There was an appreciative mass mmming from the crowd as it surged closer.

Anson regarded the man with a kind of ponderous entomologist's curiosity.

"That wasn't a nice thing to do," he said.

"You insulted my wife," the man said with supreme logic.

I was back at his side, saying, "You insulted her by letting her marry a pig like you," and I slammed the hand holding the Popsicle as hard as I could into his beefy face. The smashed cerise ice made cascades down his cheeks and over his lips and onto his raucous plaid shirt.

The pressing crowd went, mmm-ooo, in a mass sigh of rapture. The best spectacles are those not on the program.

"You want more autographs?" I said. "On the chin?"

With his jerky sandals and his insipid box camera, he was a wall, and my one profession at this moment was scaling. Only as an old vaulter of whatever elevations were around I knew that those who make a career of scaling walls never get their feet on the ground; that was my inside plague, that I knew it but still had the itch to climb. This kind of impasse breeds writers and other indoor mountain climbers.

"Couple of bucky-coon lovers," the man said, eying both of us squint-hard. "The kind that put the dinges up front on the buses and at the lunch counters and there in Ole Miss, for the eyesore of it. Stirring up troubles and poo-pooing real folks' homey tastes."

With that, he drew himself tight to

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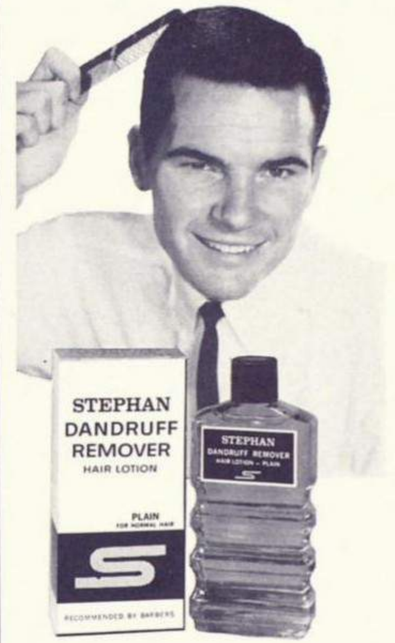

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"Good enough," Anson said with what I took to be relief, "let's get down to it," even as he was bracing his feet apart to take the impact and reaching for the oncoming hulk with both hams of hands.

He absorbed the shouldering charge without budging.

The man caved in, I guess because Anson's knee had slammed up against his chest. It looked like the wind had been knocked out of him. His legs were buckling and he might indeed have gone down if Anson's fingers had not been gripping him firmly by the houndstooth lapels.

The crowd, now swollen to a hundred or more, went low-voiced and dejectedly, aaaawr.

"You want to cool off, fella," Anson said with almost a bedside manner.

He stretched his hand to a frowsy-haired thin woman who was standing close by, completely absorbed, and lifted the triple-scoop strawberry ice-cream cone from her spread mouth. He ran the mush cone down one of the man's cheeks and up the other, then over and around his bushy hair, depositing it finally on his head, pointed end up, like a dunce cap.

"Better wear something on top," Anson said with concern. "If you cool off too much you might catch cold."

The crowd shuddered from one end to the other, with an uneasy shifting of its centipede feet, and went, zhzhzhzh.

"Now," Anson said, "you ready to travel? Like to take a little trip?"

The man was catching his breath. He swung one arm back and aimed a rabbit punch at Anson's liver, but Anson's free hand was there in elephantine readiness to block it.

"We don't want any of that," Anson said. "We can't go around hitting people as though we were their equal."

To make this point, Anson chopped his palm edge at the man's gullet, exactly as the man had chopped at me. He gasped, glugged, growled feebly.

"All packed up?" Anson said. "Ready for that trip?"

He heaved the man high by the lapels, dangled him once in a practice swing, and let his hulk fly off through the air in easy orbit. He landed yards away. He sat there, head down, looking puzzled. One minute you're asking jaunty-jolly for autographs, the next, you're wearing a sugar cone for a hat.

• • •

So the preliminaries were over. The troops that advanced for combat were without exception women, of all ages and varieties. Big and little, broad-beamed and scrawny, high-heeled and Wedgied, they swooped down on Anson while their shamefaced menfolk kept their distance. It is always excruciatingly embarrassing for men to see their women go amuck as they swarm with plucking, plowing fingers around a bargain counter. Anson Luddy was, for the moment, their bargain counter. Their lustiness implied that their men were no bargains.

They advanced swinging handbags, carryalls, parasols, cameras, binoculars, raincoats, even shoes. Under this relentless barrage, Anson went down, and a second later, so did I. As I rolled from side to side to escape their windmilling hands, I caught glimpses of Anson: there were many more of them bent over him, and they were really working him over. He had his hands up to his face, trying to protect his venerated features from their venerators.

In very short order the few women and teenagers who had deigned momentarily to acknowledge me as a target worthy of a sideswipe had abandoned me to move in on the Anson Luddy glory-day kill.

I sat up, feeling a bit out of focus, shaking my fogged-in head.

Something improbable caught my eye. It was the fish feeder in the tank, who still had his helmeted head pressed against the glass wall to follow the marvelous fray. He seemed to be doing some sort of dance, a bathymetric tango, jerking his members from side to side as fast as the water would let him. Each time his body reversed its rotational movement, his hands made energetic pugilistic gestures. He looked like a grouper on the gorge.

My head cleared. I moved my eyes to the turmoil around Anson's flattened body. Now I saw what the end-all of the whole operation was, how the adoration of movie fans gets localized and pinpointed in the infighting.

The women had given up their broad swiping movements and were now rummaging in, feinting at, picking over, Anson's groin, each trying to shoulder the others aside, each intent on establishing her exclusive squatter's rights to these hallowed precincts. It's all very well to knock out the enemy's outposts. That's part of the softening-up process. But ultimately you have to strike at the other guy's G.H.Q. or you're not campaigning seriously.

Anson was curled into a wretched ball, his hands trying ineffectually to shield his middle. The marauding fingers tore indifferently through them. I couldn't get to him to help, I couldn't get near.

I thought: let the wars of the future be fought exclusively with weapons that aim at the male privates and very quickly, for the first time in human history, war will become outmoded as a form of contest between man and man because each gent will be so preoccupied with trying to defend his most precious and delicate possessions with his hands that he will have neither the inclination nor the instrumentation to take a poke at anybody else.

We were saved, finally, by the guards. A contingent of them arrived on the scene and, one way or another, sweated their way to Anson's side. I was right behind them. They managed to heave the mob back.

Then Taffy was scrambling toward us and yelling, "Quick! The side door!"

I helped Anson to his feet. His belt had been torn apart and his pants were half-off. He fumbled with them.

"The minor adjustments can come later," I said. I pulled him toward the side entrance, through a path which the guards had cleared.

At the door, he jerked away from us and stopped. He was panting, his eyes were in a blaze. He surveyed the rioting grouper-faced women, still in a lusty free-for-all with the guards, with a sweeping wildness.

He bellowed: "I only cook the slop, you eat it! I spit out the idea of Celluloid at the end of the working day but you go on wolfing the stuff right through the night and scream for bigger helpings! Your bellies are full of Celluloid! When's the last time you had solid food? You think you're going to get any nutrition, making a meal out of me?"

They pressed against the guards, mouth-manifesting, straining to get at their main course again, determined to bite their initials into the hide that was treacherous enough to crease with use.

"Want their adoration?" Anson panted at Taffy. "Learn the going price! Keep track shoes handy, girl! Pray for no traffic!"

"Hope I'll be a good distance runner!" Taffy breathed back. Her eyes were wide with the future, when she would be a ranking brass ring: no marginal notes discernible. "One thing sure, never was a sitter! Let 'em chase me! When I'm my own audience, damned if I don't chase myself! All over the place!"

I wasn't listening. I was studying Anson Luddy with fascination. Now, even now, with the jawers still howling, a slowed and slacked Charlemagne cornered in a most family-type Jarama and facing camera-bearing Moors and sandaled Vishinskys who were no respecters of Metrecal diets, even now he had his fingers plowing through his golden locks in an effort to restore the carefully disheveled Luddy look: he was *not* at the wrong end of the staring: he *cared* about how he showed up in the eye of the beholder: he was an actor.

"Let's go somewhere and comb our hair!" I said, intending no slight to anybody's bents or dedications.

I pulled at him. We ran.

"You're going places, Baby — my place, the producer's place, the director's place . . . !"

DISNEYLAND FOR ADULTS

(continued from page 166)

The Chicago Club (116 E. Walton St.), opened to members in February 1960, is the prototype of all the Clubs and shares with the New York Club the distinction of having one of the two VIP Rooms. The Miami Club (opened May 1961), located on a palm-studded 40,000-square-foot estate at 7701 Biscayne Blvd., has its own private docking facilities. The New Orleans Club (opened October 1961), set in the heart of the French Quarter at 727 Rue Iberville, just off Bourbon Street, maintains the Crescent City's old-world tradition with its decor of crystal chandeliers, shuttered windows, fountains and slate floors. From one A.M. till the wee hours, a Dixieland band keeps this Club jumping. The elegantly and elaborately appointed New York Club (opened December 1962), set in the heart of Gotham's swank café-society section at 5 East 59th St., is the world's most lavish night club. The Club once again will be the exclusive domain of its members, as a recent court ruling (pending appeal) has established that facilities may be restricted to keyholders only.

So much for the past and present. As for the future, Art Buchwald, commenting on Playboy in his column, wrote: "Today girls, tomorrow the world." He wasn't kidding, although columnist Bert Bacharach, writing in the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, was pulling someone's rabbit-foot when he archly inquired, "Will there be a branch of The Playboy Club in Bunny Falls, Arizona?"

No, Bert. Bunny Falls, despite its charming name, hardly fits our requirements for urbanity, but rest assured that, within the foreseeable future, the Playboy key will open Club doors in virtually every part of this country, as well as major cities around the world.

Our first international Bunny hop will take place late this year, when the Manila Playboy Club will be opened to keyholders. Located in the penthouse of the E. L. Katigbak Building on Mabini St., the Club will provide a magnificent view of Manila Bay. Members from any part of the world will be given the red-carpet treatment by specially trained Bunnies chosen from our domestic warren, and keyholders will enjoy, in addition to the regular Club menu, exquisite selections of exotic local delicacies. Unique to the Manila Club will be a series of four private rooms, available for small banquets and business meetings.

The next international Club will be in Toronto and should be ready by the middle of next year. Sites are currently being surveyed in London, Paris, Rome and other major European cities, and Playboy Clubs are also planned for Mexico City, Honolulu, Tokyo, San Juan and many of the major cities of South America.

The most spectacular of the domestic Clubs, scheduled for early 1965, will be in Los Angeles. The "Disneyland" concept will be carried to its ultimate extreme here for, in addition to the Club facilities, the $10,000,000 Los Angeles complex will include a swank hotel, office suites, swimming pool, shopping arcade, barbershop, health club, cabanas, private banquet and conference rooms. Almost half of the hotel's 200 rooms will be in the luxury class, and many of these will be the last word in lavishness, with bi-level living room–bedroom accommodations, masculine walnut decor, built-in wardrobe facilities, hi-fi and bars. (Keyholder Danny Kaye has already reserved a permanent suite for business guests.) The entertainment section of the Hollywood Club will include a Living Room, Playmate Bar (complete with underwater window for a better view of bikinied Bunnies swimming in the pool), VIP Room, Playroom, Playpen with Piano Bar and, high atop the 10-story hotel tower, a glass-enclosed Penthouse showroom, with the most breath-taking view of the city in all of Los Angeles. The Cartoon Corner will be expanded to include an all-night coffeeshop for stay-up-laters and there will be a heliport on the roof for easy transportation to and from the Los Angeles Airport.

San Francisco will have the first Playboy Club for California members, however; patterned after the swinging Clubs in Chicago and St. Louis, but with an additional elegance all its own, the San Francisco Club facilities will be ready this spring. Other key cities scheduled to receive Playboy Clubs within the next few months: Detroit, Baltimore, Boston, Atlanta and Kansas City; negotiations are presently under way for Clubs in Minneapolis and Washington, D.C., by late in the coming year. Prospects for a Playboy Club Ski Lodge in the East and a year-round Playboy Club Resort in Nevada are being investigated; plans are also being developed for a Playboy Club Barber Shop, Steam Bath and Men's Shop, adjacent to the Chicago Club.

In the not too distant future, members will be able to enjoy the warm welcome of familiar Playboy Club surroundings in almost any major city to which they travel — both here and abroad. But the expanding Club facilities are just a part of the exciting news for Playboy Club members: Starting next month, keyholders will begin receiving an entertaining new magazine, *VIP — The Playboy Club Magazine*, with all manner of features, news and information about the Clubs, new plans and innovations, stories on the Bunnies (including a regular Bunny of the Month pictorial), show business personalities who are playing the Playboy Club Circuit, and the members themselves. The Playboy Club is also introducing a Credit Card for all keyholders (in addition to the official silver membership key) that will not only be more convenient to carry, and facilitate more efficient and accurate taking of orders in the Clubs, but will soon be a valuable source of additional credit for our members — for hotel accommodations in Playboy Club cities, international travel, the purchase of Playboy Products, gifts, etc.

Membership in The Playboy Club is growing increasingly valuable, but Charter Membership in many areas is still only $25 (the Standard Membership is $50 — though present plans call for increasing it to $100 in the Chicago area in the near future and elsewhere later). To help pay for the continuing Playboy Club expansion, an annual Service Charge of $5, comparable to that charged by all of the major credit-card companies, will be introduced after the first of the year.

Because of the special success of the St. Louis Playboy Club, which is a franchise owned by nearly 100 of the St. Louis members, and in order to permit a more rapid expansion of the Playboy Club operation on a world-wide basis, Publisher-President Hugh M. Hefner has announced plans to again make a limited number of Club franchises available to responsible members of the business and professional community in certain cities. (Club franchises were originally granted for a brief period when Playboy Clubs International first commenced operation in 1960, but were discontinued soon after it became apparent how extraordinarily successful the Clubs were becoming.) Hefner indicates that franchises will not be granted to individuals or small groups, except as a nucleus — potentially representing a large number of the professional and business men in any city, dramatically demonstrating the real interest that a particular community has in the early arrival of a Playboy Club there. In this way, the cities whose men of means and influence are most interested in having their own Playboy Club, and most apt to strongly support it once it is there, will be the first to have the Clubs.

For further information on membership, franchises, or any other aspect of The Playboy Club operation, write Playboy Clubs International, Inc., Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Take a peek at HARRIS SLACKS, a cheering sight when your goal is a winning appearance. Slim as a one-point margin, these slacks give you lots to hurrah about. The fabric, for example, by Burlington Men's Wear—a blend of Acrilan* acrylic and rayon that rates the "Wear-Dated" tag...guaranteeing a full year's wear! And you'll flip at the choice of colors and patterns at nearby men's shops—for names, write Harris Slacks, 110 West 11th St., Los Angeles 15, Calif. Remember: keep an eye out for that Bur-Mil label!

BUR-MIL Burlington MEN'S WEAR

*Chemstrand t. m.

BURLINGTON MEN'S WEAR, 1290 AVENUE OF AMERICAS, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. (A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES)

DAVID MERRICK *(continued from page 150)*

director and everyone mad."

Still, Merrick is not just a money raiser who leaves creativity to his hired hands. Once the director has had an opportunity to shape the show, when it is nearly ready for tryout, Merrick will move in and begin making suggestions. In doing this, he reveals a keen knowledge of the details of the theater world. He knows which painter in which design shop is best at painting certain kinds of sets. He knows the physical specifications of dozens of theater buildings in Europe and the United States. He is insistent that his shows *look* attractive, that the stage is, as he puts it, "dressed." Merrick had the back wall of the set for *Oliver!* painted five times until he had exactly the color he thought proper to the mood of the show.

Such dedicated attention to detail is one of the reasons that Merrick's operation is as cleanly efficient as it is. *Carnival!* once closed in Boston on a Saturday night and opened again in San Francisco on Monday night. Any other producer would have allowed a week or more to be lost in transporting his show across the continent. Merrick shaved days and dollars off the operation. Harold Rome, the composer, sums it up by saying, "He organizes the whole thing. He gets the most out of it. He's got the best backstage men in the business and he keeps them."

To keep the best men in the business, Merrick leans over backward. He shifts his people from one show to another to make sure that they are employed all the time. On opening nights many of his employees receive personal telegrams or notes from him, thanking them for their contributions to the new show. Often there are gifts—silver cigarette cases or radios or gift certificates to some of New York's better stores. Veteran employees are invited to invest in Merrick's shows, an opportunity that few producers extend to their staffs. In Merrick's case, this *is* an opportunity.

But there is another quality about Merrick that keeps his team tied to him. There is charisma. Leo Herbert, Merrick's chief prop man, says, "The schedule he gives us is rough. But you don't feel like you're wasting your life. If I'm going to do this as a job, I'd rather have spent the prime of my life with a man like Merrick who is the prime man in the theater today." This kind of *esprit de corps* explains much about Merrick's success.

Backing up Merrick's indisputably good business sense is his flair for offbeat advertising and publicity. He is the theater's most freewheeling flack, alert to any opportunity for kicking up comment or controversy. Merrick says, "At times my tactics are cheap, even. They lack dignity. But they work." These tactics are best illustrated by what Merrick did to promote *Fanny*.

Merrick began by looking up a burly, bearded ballyhoo artist named James Sterling Moran (profiled in PLAYBOY, September 1961). Moran's oddball specialty was—and still is—the engineering of hoopla. His talent for extravagant nonsense appealed to Merrick's own peculiar taste for theatrical gimmickery, and together the two men mapped out a campaign that has since become legendary. One night after the play had opened, Moran and a motley collection of his friends stole into Central Park lugging a large, heavy object. The next morning someone "discovered" that a larger-than-life nude statue of Nejla Ates, the Turkish belly dancer in *Fanny*, had been placed atop a vacant pedestal in the park. The statue lured droves of newspapermen, photographers, and TV reporters to the park, few of whom failed to mention *Fanny* in their stories.

Stunt followed stunt, and the fanfaronade for *Fanny* helped turn this show into a stunning success, setting a pattern for the future. Now Merrick began mounting one show after another, each one accompanied by the wildest and noisiest ballyhoo campaign Broadway had experienced in a generation. For his next production, *The Matchmaker*, Merrick and Moran imported an English taxicab and rented an orangutan. They put the orangutan in the front seat, inconspicuously chained in place so it appeared to be driving the vehicle. Moran himself clambered behind the real steering wheel in the back seat and proceeded to drive it round Manhattan. Startled New Yorkers did double takes at the sight of the simian chauffeur. As they rubbed their eyes in astonishment, they saw a sign on the cab that proclaimed: "I am taking my master to see *The Matchmaker*."

No stunt was too hackneyed or too kookie for Merrick. For *Romanoff and Juliet* he fell back on a hoary Hollywood standard, a phony talent hunt for an ingénue. For *The World of Suzie Wong* he threw a huge party in Chinatown, distributing stage money with the name of the show printed on it—having previously arranged with local merchants to accept the scrip as legal tender. For *Look Back in Anger* Merrick and Moran arranged for a woman to leap up out of the audience and slap an actor in the face. The woman claimed noisily that she had been infuriated by what the actor was saying. Later she admitted she'd been paid $250 by Merrick to do the job.

When *Destry Rides Again*, a musical Western, opened, Merrick filled the street outside the theater with cowboys, compounding the confusion by dumping sawdust and horse manure in the gutter. For *Irma la Douce*, Merrick attracted attention by having a squad of men appear on the street lugging an *Irma*-postered *pissoir* around with them.

When Major Gordon Cooper, the astronaut, came to New York recently to be honored by a ticker-tape parade, Merrick reasoned that the press would be hungry for something a bit different from the routine photos and speeches that go with a hero's welcome. Picking up a phone, he inveigled Major Cooper to attend a performance of the aptly titled comedy, *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off*. The space hero's attendance was duly noted in *Life* and hundreds of newspapers around the nation.

Space, as a matter of fact, is something Merrick knows all about. "I'm the nation's leading space thief," he proudly claims.

Anyone who has managed to manipulate the press as effectively as Merrick has is bound to develop some scorn for it. Merrick's contempt is boundless. "Ninety-eight percent of what is written about me is crap, lies," he says. "I'm against freedom of the press. It's been mightily abused. I don't give a damn if anyone writes about me. All I care about is a forum to sell my product. Given a choice, I'd repeal that part of the Constitution that deals with freedom of the press. There's invasion of privacy, deletions, misquotes. Don't talk to me about freedom of the press." Merrick's attitude is summed up by a note he once sent to an unfriendly newspaperman: "You haven't slandered me in 10 days. What's happening?"

Merrick sees the press as a gigantic power ranged against him. The press is The Establishment, in his eyes, and at its pinnacle sits the Great Gray Lady, *The New York Times*. "The *Times*," says Merrick, "is always a first-class object for my anti-establishment feelings. It's just 100 yards down the street from my office and just because it's so big and powerful, it brings out all my pyrotechnic instincts. At times I find myself in 8th Avenue hardware stores buying kerosene."

But if Merrick is merely hostile toward the press, he is positively vitriolic about critics. Theater critics, as he sees them, are a cabal of cutthroats whose sole object in life is the dismemberment of David Merrick and all he stands for. Merrick's point is that the power of the critics is overcentralized. He has explained it this way: "The morning criticisms are picked up and broadcast by radio and TV; the morning critics have some national syndication; the news services broadcast the first opinions by the time the afternoon critics are printed, and the show is either accented as a hit or a miss. . . . There are 21 critics in the Drama Critics Circle. I have had shows which 17 of these critics liked, but two of the all-important morning critics didn't. I was dead unless I went to work and fought to beat the handicap. Stop and figure. Two judges out of 21 can destroy you. Why, a murderer gets a better deal than that from a jury of 12."

Not being the kind of fellow to take such odds lying down, Merrick has tried to turn the tables on them by making the critics, against their will, pawns in his own publicity game. The skirmishing began long ago. In Toronto where he went to help launch the tour of his show *Do Re Mi*, Merrick made news by announcing boldly that "Toronto has the three worst critics in North America." In Boston, Merrick tried to ban the *Globe*'s second-string critic, Kevin Kelly, from the opening of *Subways Are for Sleeping*. "I consider Mr. Kelly as incompetent to act as a critic," he announced. In New York, Merrick tangled with Walter Kerr of the *Herald Tribune*, launching a one-man campaign that soon became known as "High Noon at Sardi's."

When *Oliver!* opened, Merrick took to radio to berate Kerr, terming him "horribly dull" and suggesting that listeners read Kerr instead of swallowing sleeping pills. He later sent Kerr a photo showing lines of ticket buyers queued up in front of the *Oliver!* box office. Kerr replied with a telegram that said: "I LOVE THE PICTURE OF YOUR MOTHER."

Another time when Merrick was displeased by Kerr's treatment of one of his plays, he had the full text of a favorable review by the *New York Post*'s critic, Richard Watts, set in the type and format of a *Tribune* review. He then bought space in the *Trib* and watched happily as the paper's ad department, failing to note its significance, ran the ad on the drama page, a direct slap at Kerr. This was merely a windup, however, for a much more widely publicized stunt in which Merrick tackled all the critics at once.

When *Subways Are for Sleeping* opened in December 1961, the seven major New York critics gave it three sharply negative reviews and four ranging from mildly critical to tepidly positive. Howard Taubman of the *Times* said the show "stumbles as if suffering from somnambulism." Kerr said it moved as fitfully as "the holiday traffic." The play, he wrote, was "limp" and lacking in "get-up-and-go." Others called the play "disappointing . . . feeble . . . without distinction," and so forth. But on January 4, 1962, in the first edition of the *Herald Tribune*, a full-page ad appeared entitled "7 out of 7 are ecstatically unanimous." Beneath this breathless headline ran the names of each of the seven critics. Next to Taubman's name were the words: "One of the few great musical comedies of the last 30 years, one of the best of our time." Next to Kerr's name the words, "What a show! What a hit! What a solid hit!" rang out. Other comments ranged from "Best musical of the century . . . fabulous . . . a knockout . . ." to "as fine a piece of work as our stage can be asked to give us."

The ad did not lie. It did not say that the Howard Taubman, or the Walter Kerr or Richard Watts quoted in it were drama critics. It merely made it appear that the comments came from the gentlemen of the press. Merrick's press agents, on orders from him, had scoured metropolitan-area telephone books for people bearing the same names as the critics. The Walter Kerr quoted in the ad was a man in the housewares business, for example. The Howard Taubman was an audio-equipment salesman. The Richard Watts was a printing supervisor. Merrick had rounded up his squad of pseudo critics, wined them, dined them, and sat them down to watch the show. Later his press agents had "helped them" with their statements.

Merrick had submitted the ad to the five New York newspapers, and had been

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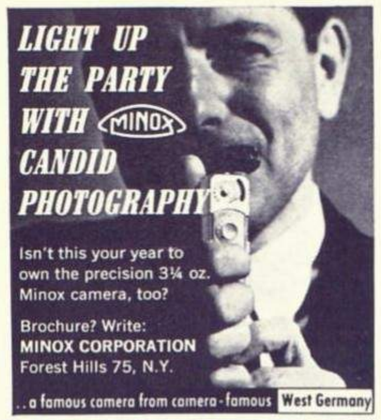

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turned down everywhere but at the *Trib*, where the same sleepy advertising department that had allowed his earlier trick ad to get through now goofed again. When Merrick turned up backstage that night with a copy of the *Tribune*'s first edition, Sydney Chaplin recalls, "His eyes were dancing. He was delighted." The trick drummed up more publicity for the play than almost any other in his career. The *Trib* itself was reduced to running a red-faced story about it. *Time* magazine devoted three quarters of a page to chuckling over it.

"I thought the ad would stir things up," Merrick chortled.

Among the things it stirred up was the ire of the Better Business Bureau which denounced the ad as "deceptive, confusing to the public and blatantly misleading." To which Merrick replied, "I never heard of the Better Business Bureau. Is that anything like the Diners' Club?"

This stunt, however, was merely a comic prelude to a more serious episode in Merrick's conflict with the critics. For a long time his most caustic comments had been reserved for Taubman of the *Times*. He once publicly urged Taubman to get "vocational guidance." Another time he tried to place an ad in the *Times* pleading "Bring Back Brooks Atkinson." When Taubman panned *Subways*, Merrick fired off a telegram to him saying "Congratulations on finally expressing an opinion." Irked by another Taubman review, Merrick had it translated into Greek and published it in his ads.

The humor drained out of this campaign, however, last April, when Merrick turned up on the NBC *Tonight* show. What followed was a tirade during which Merrick mixed hard-sell plugs for his shows with suggestions that Taubman feeds poisoned nuts to squirrels, takes "WET PAINT" signs off park benches, and abandons old ladies in the middle of the street — among other misdemeanors. He read a prayer asking for Taubman's removal, and displayed a photo of a diapered baby with the caption, "Time for a Change." This tasteless performance, delivered deadpan, went on for 30 minutes. At one point Johnny Carson, host of the show, asked Merrick: "Do you and Mr. Taubman ever speak at all?" Merrick replied: "No, I'm afraid not. He was invited to come over here tonight but refused." What made all this even more graceless was the fact that Taubman had, in fact, not been invited to appear.

It was such a poor, unsportsmanlike performance that Merrick himself realized he had let his tongue run wild. In an unusual retreat he wrote a brief apology to

THE PLAYBOY COLLEGE BUREAU's student representatives may not be ready to retire by June, but they will have picked up *some* extra loot by promoting the magazine and gained valuable experience in public relations, merchandising and reporting. Reps do such jobs as contacting local retailers for national advertisers, gaining publicity for PLAYBOY, setting up Playboy Parties—we've a big party kit available to campus groups for such affairs. Alas, some colleges have no rep. In college? Interested? Write for full information: **PLAYBOY COLLEGE BUREAU**
232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611.

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The blasé Playboy Rabbit adds a touch of **joie de vivre** to bookcase, bar or mantel, while keeping your favorite potable contained within. Removable head allows easy access to 4/5 quart size bottle.
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THEY'RE ALL ENJOYING
CHARLEY WEAVER'S NEW COLORING BOOK!

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IT'S HILARIOUS!
It's the newest, funniest coloring book available, written by Cliff Arquette (TV's Charley Weaver) and Hollywood's famous comedy writer, Stan Davis. It's a barrel of laughs and an ideal gift for snorter-friends. A loud guffaw on every page!

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P. O. Box 536 • Tulsa, Okla.
Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Taubman and admitted publicly: "I got carried away. The situation on the *Tonight* show got out of hand and ugly. I subsequently decided it had been undignified and that I'd done Taubman an injustice, so I wrote him an apology." He went on to make a rare and perceptive comment about himself, the kind of statement few public figures would dare to make: "I think perhaps I've become a captive of my own stormy-petrel image," Merrick said, "and that hereafter I should stick to producing shows and let other people do the public performing."

Antics like these suggest that Merrick is a noisy, Barnumesque extrovert. Ironically, nothing could be further from the truth. Says one young actress who dated him briefly, "He's one of the shyest, most repressed and inhibited people I ever met." Says another friend: "In social situations Merrick is often overtly ill at ease. He's grateful when you call someone over to speak to him. Otherwise he stands by himself."

A poignant scene is conjured up by the friend who recalls one particularly wild party attended by Merrick. The affair took place in the baronial apartment maintained by Jim Moran in a big old-fashioned house on New York's West Side. In this 10-room pad, Moran keeps, along with an astonishing collection of other oddments like African drums, ancient zithers and a mantrap, a huge wardrobe of theatrical costumes from Merrick productions. At this party each guest was asked to don the costume of his or her choice. The result might be discreetly described as a general relaxation of restraint. Merrick loosened his enough to don the three-cornered hat and silk britches of an 18th Century outfit. But even in masquerade, even amidst the revelry and racket of a pulsating party, Merrick is remembered as standing, remote and silent, disconnected from the surrounding abandon.

Similarly, until a few years ago Merrick had the habit, when talking, of masking the lower part of his face with his hand, as if hiding. It was called to his attention and he has stopped doing it, but the gesture was symbolic of his shyness. This reserve is still reflected in the long silences with which Merrick interrupts what might be termed his intermittent nonconversation.

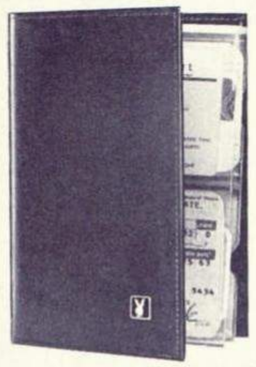
Merrick himself declares: "I'm quiet and reserved. All this flamboyance is a calculated image. It's part of being a producer. Having recognized that there must be showmanship off the stage as well as on it, I work at it. So now I'm colorful," he adds wryly. "It's a role I play. For some people being flamboyant comes naturally. Not for me."

"I call it 'fire!'"

Thus, while Merrick is, with one hand, inviting all the publicity he can get, he is, at the same time, fighting almost obsessively to maintain a wall of secrecy about his private life. Among the dozens of friends, associates, and coworkers with whom I spoke, only one had ever seen the inside of his apartment. Merrick, himself, refuses even to tell anyone where he lives. (It is in a luxury apartment house on West 55th Street in Manhattan.) The only exception to the rule of exclusion is Byron Goldman, a bald, thin-lipped whip of a man, one of Merrick's oldest financial backers, who happens to live in the same building. Merrick refuses to talk to anyone about his early days in St. Louis, about his family, or his marriage. He was furious when *The New York Times* ran an article describing his wrong-side-of-the-tracks boyhood. Recently, when a columnist reported that Merrick had secretly married Jeanne Gilbert, the attractive blonde ex-wife of the New York *Daily Mirror*'s movie critic, Merrick was besieged by reporters asking for confirmation or denial. His cryptic reply: "I couldn't be married. I'm only 10 years old."

• • •

Surprising though it may be to some people, the fact is that once even David Merrick was 10 years old. Merrick was born in 1911, in St. Louis, the son of Celia and Samuel Margulois, and the youngest of five children. His father was a modest shopkeeper. The home was not a happy one, and when David was still a boy his parents were divorced. He was raised by a sister, attended Central High School and ran for the presidency of his senior class. Already imbued with anti-establishmentarianism, he campaigned on an anti-fraternity program. Later he went to Washington University for a few years where he studied dramatics, wrote a play or two, and worked at odd jobs to help support himself. He transferred to St. Louis University, a Catholic school, in 1935, and, at the urging of his family, studied law, a profession for which he has about as much respect as he has for the press. All this time he floated quietly around the periphery of the little-theater movement of the city, feeling somewhat excluded and self-con-



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scious about being both Jewish and poor.

In 1937, Merrick received his law degree. Soon afterward, he married Lenore Beck, a girl he had met as a student, who shortly thereafter inherited an estate worth about $200,000. The young lawyer practiced more or less lackadaisically — his principal interest continued to be the theater — and he would sally forth to New York at every opportunity to see the shows on Broadway and try to find a stage door in which to insert his foot. The truth is that Merrick hated St. Louis, and still does. In 1940, he made a crucial decision. He changed his name from Margulois to Merrick and migrated to New York.

Merrick and his young wife then settled into a small hotel in midtown Manhattan and for the next decade or more David Merrick, somewhat thinner than now, but already nattily dressed and mustachioed, haunted the fringes of show business, watching, learning, looking for a lever with which to pry open the door to theatrical success. During those years he invested modestly in a few shows, took a job as theater manager at a Maine resort one summer, returned, drifted to Los Angeles to case the little theaters there, and came back to New York. In 1945, Merrick finally landed a job — without pay — as general manager for Herman Shumlin, who already had made a reputation as the producer of *The Male Animal*, *The Corn is Green* and other Broadway hits.

At this time, Merrick was also beginning to make important contacts, among them Max Brown and Byron Goldman, both of them successful Broadway investors. One day Brown and Goldman came to Merrick with a comedy called *Clutterbuck*. Merrick decided now was the time to try his own wings. The property was about ready for tryout in Denver. Merrick flew west to take a look at it, liked what he saw, and came in as co-producer. When they brought it to Broadway, however, it faltered. Merrick, beginning to show some of the publicity sense that would characterize him later on, dug in his heels. He ran a contest for sexy limericks to advertise the play. He had the fictional "Mr. Clutterbuck" paged in Manhattan hotel lobbies. He pumped advertising money into the press. By such measures he managed to keep the play running long enough to recoup most of the investment. His angels didn't forget.

Now Merrick entered a five-year period that was, for him, one of the most important and trying in his life. In 1950, shortly after the demise of *Clutterbuck*, Merrick, Brown, Goldman and a woman named Julia Clayburg formed a syndicate to finance a new show. Merrick had the idea that Marcel Pagnol's famous trilogy, *Marius-Fanny-César*, would make a first-rate musical, so he flew to France to buy the theatrical rights to the property from Pagnol. But Merrick was a nobody then, and Pagnol was rich and famous. Pagnol eluded him. Merrick pursued, nagged, cajoled. For three years, on and off, he kept after Pagnol, until at last the Frenchman relented. During the interim Merrick invested in a few productions himself, waited, schemed and dreamed. Now, at last, with the rights in his pocket, he began to assemble a company. He talked Josh Logan into directing, Harold Rome into writing the score. He got Albert and Frances Hackett, and later S. N. Behrman, to do the book. He snagged Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak to appear in it.

For Merrick, *Fanny* was a desperate make-or-break proposition. If it failed, he was convinced, he would have to return to St. Louis in defeat to practice law. Fortunately, all of Merrick's hard work, his perseverance, and the money he poured into advertising and promotion, paid off. *Fanny* was a smash hit. It ran for two years, and Merrick was on his way. He hasn't stopped since.

There followed *The Matchmaker*, *Look Back in Anger*, *Romanoff and Juliet*, an ill-fated musical named *Jamaica*, an English play, *The Entertainer*, with Laurence Olivier. Then came *The World of Suzie Wong*. He tried doing *Maria Golovin*, a musical by Menotti. Later he did *La Plume de Ma Tante*, *Destry Rides Again*, and *Gypsy*, a big, highly successful musical. Along with the brassy, flossy shows, he imported from England serious dramas like *Epitaph for George Dillon*, *A Taste of Honey* and *Becket*. In all there have been 29 Merrick productions, and, says Merrick, 21 of these have made back their money or piled up profits. This score, by comparison with the records of other producers, is astonishing.

For Merrick the theater became an all-absorbing concern, so absorbing that he has had almost no home life. His marriage seemed to dissolve gradually, and a few years ago he quietly divorced Lenore Beck. Sandwiched in somewhere between his jaunts to London, Paris, Los Angeles or Miami, between his breakfasts at the Plaza, and midnight snacks at the Ritz in Boston, between the transcontinental telephone calls, his arguments with agents, his publicity making and critic baiting, he has found time for only a paper-thin sliver of social life. "If you have too many friends," he says, "it's a commitment to socialize. I don't have time for that. You're lucky if in a lifetime you can find two or three real friends. I confine myself to a very few." One of these, it may be presumed, is Jeanne Gilbert, who goes around telling newspaper people that she is married to Merrick, a status Merrick refuses to either confirm or deny publicly. Merrick says, "Don't get any notion that my life is only theater. There's time for a private life. But nobody sees this other area of my life." Perhaps so. If it exists, he keeps it so well-hidden that not only journalists but even many of his closest working associates and friends — if this term is truly applicable — know nothing of it. A more likely guess is that at the center of all this activity lies a phantom. In the words of one acquaintance: "David never reveals himself. Maybe he's got nothing to reveal."

• • •

It may be precisely this concentration of energy and attention that has made Merrick the influence he has been on the legitimate theater in America. His impact has been profound. He has brought with him innovations and he has reintroduced old but forgotten techniques into the business of the theater. He has, for example, revolutionized advertising. "He started the advertising trend in the theater all over again," says Harold Rome. He has brought back ballyhoo. He has experimented. When *Oliver!* opened, Merrick took it first to Los Angeles, rather than to New Haven or Boston or Philadelphia, the traditional tryout towns. Recently he discussed the possibility of having his shows broadcast coast to coast by television on opening nights. His impact on the business is most evident in the employment that he provides. Jim Moran's comment that "actors should genuflect when he goes by," may be a bit extravagant. But there is no question that Merrick's efforts to make the business more efficient, his development of what is, in effect, "mass production" for the theater, has meant work for hundreds. Broadway without Merrick shows would begin to approximate a ghost town. Moreover, Merrick has not been afraid to open the doors to newcomers. Not only has he used young people in important roles, he has opened another door, too. Merrick fought the stagehands union to break down its anti-Negro barriers. Now the union has Negro members. Merrick is credited with being the first producer to hire a Negro stage manager. He is not a crusader. He merely hires the best people he can find.

Much criticism has been leveled at Merrick for his failure to favor original American plays. He is accused of being a "supermarket" because of his high productivity and a mere "importer" because he has brought over so many shows from England. One young playwright voices the bitterness of many when she says, "The irony is that he could do so much better. This is a fellow who could sell manure with lantern slides if he tried. He could put on quality plays and sell them to the public."

"You realize, of course, that you started out with two strikes against you."

The fact is that Merrick is first of all an entrepreneur. He is not an admirer of off-Broadway or the avant-garde. But within the limits of commercialism he has done well by quality. For every *Suzie Wong*, which one of his staff refers to as "a piece of crap," he has produced a *Becket* or an *Epitaph for George Dillon*. He has, in fact, virtually compelled his investors to pick up the tab for quality productions that seemed likely to lose money, by warning them that if they failed to support these shows he might cut them out of the big moneymakers. This is a brand of guts that is refreshing on Broadway.

Even victims of Merrick's formidable temper often admit that he has been, on the whole, a good influence on Broadway. Joshua Logan, the director, had so much trouble with Merrick during the production of *Fanny* that he refused to speak to him. According to a possibly apocryphal story, they were once trapped together in a stalled elevator for a quarter of an hour, but neither spoke a word, not even to yell for help. Yet Logan subsequently worked with Merrick again, and has said that Merrick gave him "a whole new incentive to work in the theater." Herman Shumlin, the producer in whose office Merrick served his apprenticeship, refused to talk to me about Merrick when I called him. "I'm sick of Merrick," he stormed over the phone. When I reminded him that he had helped launch Merrick, he shot back: "We all have our sins!" Yet this same Shumlin has said Merrick is "a milestone in our modern theater . . . I don't know of anybody in my time in the theater who's done a job of producing so well or on such a scale."

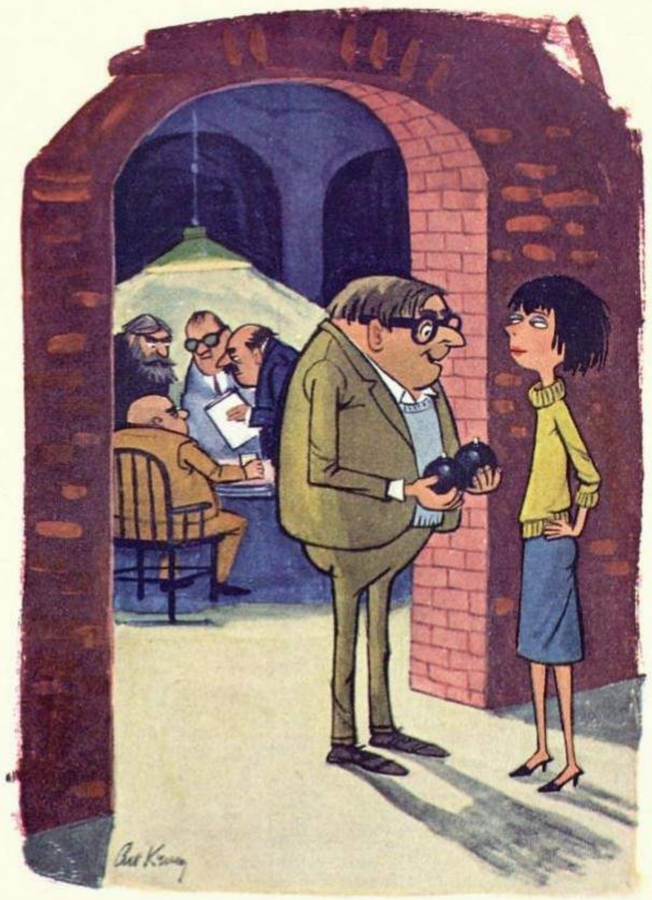
To the charge that he is an "importer" and not a producer of native American works, Merrick replies, "I see no difference if I import a play from Philadelphia, or Bucks County or from Manchester, England, or Oxford or Paris. Forget about me. What has been the record of the other producers? There was only one American play of consequence on Broadway last season — *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* I read it and liked it and tried to get it. I rang Albee's agent but never heard from him. But other than the Albee play, what do we have on Broadway that's worth a damn other than the imports?"

Recently Merrick announced still another Broadway innovation. For years he has supported the David Merrick Foundation. Through it, he has awarded scholarships in the creative arts to Brandeis and Catholic University. Now he has pumped fresh money into the Foundation and announced his intention to produce, under its nonprofit auspices, a series of essentially noncommercial plays. "There is a certain kind of play which is an indulgence," he says. "There is no possibility of its yielding a bonanza. From an investor's point of view, it's risk without any great hope of reward. The Foundation will put on plays like that. I'm the sole contributor to the Foundation. I don't intend to take in other money. I've made a lot of money in the theater and I want to put it back. After a few years, if the Foundation has a good record I might go to the Rockefellers or the Fords for additional help."

Merrick insists that such noncommercial plays should not be brought to the marketplace handicapped by poor lighting equipment, a drafty, badly maintained theater, poor costumes or props and second-rate talent. "I'll produce these plays with Broadway standards and promote them just like any Broadway play."

The first two productions set by the Foundation are *Luther*, a drama by John Osborne, in which Albert Finney will play the lead, and *Arturo Ui*, a play by Bertolt Brecht, adapted by George Tabori and set in Chicago. Says Merrick about his Foundation, "This is a poor man's Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts."

But while Merrick conspires to build his Foundation into something resembling a respectable cultural force, he is busy, too, with plans for additional, more conventional, Broadway shows. He has, in the past year or two, talked of tapering off his high-pressure activity. He has considered, and rejected, the idea of taking a year off for a leisurely tour of the world, returning, perhaps, with a new view of his life and his work. He has also turned down offers to go into movie production, or, for that matter, into publicity. "I'm not disenchanted with the theater now," says Merrick. "But I have a low boring point. If I get bored with it, I'll go on to something else."



"You, Comrade Sonya, have been chosen to smuggle in the bombs."

In the meantime, he continues with a heavy schedule of work in progress. This season, in addition to *Arturo Ui* and *Luther*, he will produce a play called *The Rehearsal*, by Anouilh, *Dolly*, a musical based on *The Matchmaker*, and another based on the play, *The Rainmaker*. He rattles off a list of a dozen other projects for the future — a revue by Stan Freberg; a musical based on *The Pickwick Papers*; *Casablanca*; *Teenager Love*, a Danish musical; *A Candle for St. Jude*, a play about a ballet school.

That Merrick's "stormy petrel" days are over seems unlikely. There are few signs that he is mellowing, or that the chip he has borne on his shoulder since boyhood is about to be retired. But it is clear that he is doing some thinking about his career and his life. The anti-establishment Merrick says, "I find suddenly I'm some kind of tycoon. I call it a toycoon: A poor man's tycoon. By nature, I'm against The Establishment. I attack anything big. I'm like a Yorkshire terrier. Suddenly I find I'm regarded that way myself: I'm The Establishment. I don't like that much."

It will no doubt surprise Merrick, and those who conceive of him as "the biggest bastard on Broadway," that some who know him see him in a totally different light. Says Lehman Engel, "Admiring him as I do, and liking him as I basically do, I also feel for him pity — something I've never heard anyone else express."

Jule Styne says: "David has driven a lot of people away from him. The real David Merrick — if he turned over a new leaf tomorrow — might lose publicity. He might not seem like such an s.o.b. to so many people. But he would grow tremendously. We desperately need David Merricks in the theater, but not the David Merrick in the false picture. We need the untiring David Merrick who has given more of himself for the success of the theater than any man I know. If he did mellow, or turn over a new leaf tomorrow, he'd be home free. He hasn't even scratched the surface of being a producer yet, or doing what he could."

And Merrick, himself? "I have a reputation for being a rough, tough son of a bitch," he says. "Sure I am — part of the time. I have my own ideas. But that's just part of being a producer." His voice is soft and persuasive as he speaks, without defiance, without self-pity, but also without a trace of apology.

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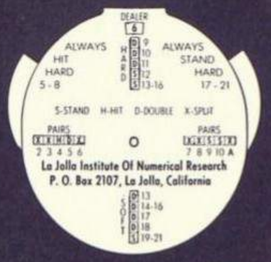

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PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

(continued from page 92)

beat girlfriend for the night, a sensuous brunette.

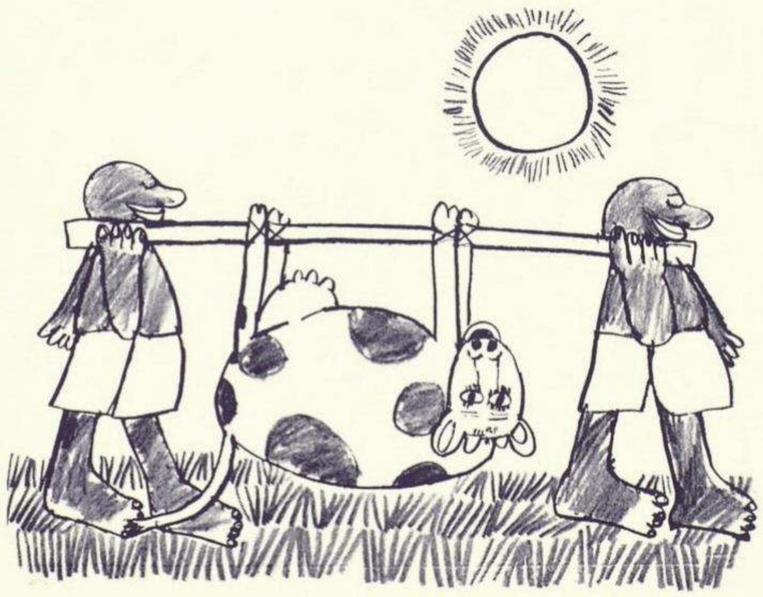
These photographs are different from the bed sequence in the June issue of PLAYBOY in several respects: In the *Post* and *Esquire* photos, *everyone* is nude, though partially hidden by covers; the couples are embracing, or in physical contact with one another; the couples are *not* married.

We are left with the feeling that two separate standards are being applied here: one for PLAYBOY; the other for everybody else. If that is true, it is certainly not the first time. It happened before in Chicago, when we opened the first Playboy Club, and the same Corporation Counsel decided that key clubs were illegal in Illinois. Chicago had had key clubs for 25 years, but during The Playboy Club's first week of operation, Corporation Counsel Melaniphy decided that key clubs were illegal.

We took the key club question to court – and we won it. We will do the same with the obscenity charge. The small fine is meaningless, but there are issues involved here that are all-important to anyone who believes in democracy. Because of the issues, we will fight this extralegal administrative action with every resource at our command – for ourselves, and for those others, less able to defend themselves, who also suffer intimidation and coercion at the hands of the bigots, the censors, the enemies of freedom, who are forever attempting to reshape society – by fair means or foul – into their own twisted image of what it should be.

In the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner completes his response to the June-issue obscenity charge, offering additional evidence that it was less the Jayne Mansfield pictorial than this outspoken editorial series that initiated the action, and revealing for the first time the forces in Chicago, and throughout the country, that are most actively working against PLAYBOY *and against the interests of all men who wish to live free and unobstructed lives, thinking their own thoughts, and able to express those thoughts without interference or penalty. In the personal exploration of this single incident, and related incidents involving* PLAYBOY *in the past, Hefner makes his strongest case yet for the separation of church and state in maintaining a truly free society. The details described involve* PLAYBOY, *but the implications involve all of us. This is an installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" that no reader of this publication will want to miss.*

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments – pro and con – on subjects raised in previous installments of the "Philosophy." A limited number of the first seven parts have been reprinted in booklet form and may be had by sending a check or money order for $1 to PLAYBOY, *232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.*



"Mooo!"

PLAYBOY FORUM

(continued from page 78)

tion with religious taboo," that those "who wish to impose censorship not only do not succeed in maintaining morals as defined by a ruling class, but also do succeed in creating the source of rebellion and immorality. They create both a consumer demand and the middleman. . . . The forbidden begets demand and demand will find a way."

CANCER IN CALIFORNIA

I think you will find of interest the opinion of the California State Supreme Court in the case of *Zeitlin vs. Arnebergh*. The opinion, written for a *unanimous* Court, is by Associate Justice Mathew O. Tobriner, and it represents a significant and far-reaching decision in this area of literary censorship.

I was one of the attorneys of record (in association with A. L. Wirin and Fred Okrand) representing Jacob Zeitlin, a Los Angeles bookseller, in connection with a *Tropic of Cancer* case. This was a civil action on behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union seeking a declaratory judgment to the effect that *Tropic of Cancer* was not *obscene* within the meaning and scope of the California Obscenity Law.

At the time that this case was argued before the State Supreme Court, and prior to that when the case was argued before the District Court of Appeals, the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts had ruled that the book was constitutionally protected. The District Court of Appeals, in an incredibly bad opinion by Justice Mildred Lillie, rejected the Massachusetts ruling, upon which we had, understandably, relied. At one point in her opinion, Justice Lillie referred to a statement by the Massachusetts Court to the effect that although the content of the book was in many respects shocking and offensive, competent critics have asserted and the Court agreed "that *Tropic* has serious purpose"; and is, therefore, entitled to constitutional protection. To which Justice Lillie commented: "These critics, listed in a footnote, are all college professors." Obviously, in her view, being a college professor constitutes a fatal disability in this area.

Mr. Justice Tobriner and the other Justices on the State Supreme Court, however, gave the Massachusetts opinion a wholly different and more respectful reception. Actually, the Tobriner opinion is magnificent on several counts. It represents a ruling by the Supreme Court of the State of California and the only clear ruling on this in the country, so far as I can ascertain, that "literary value" is the equivalent of "redeeming social importance"; and gives the writing *constitutional protection*. This represented a major objective in our presentation of the case from its inception and on appeal.

In addition, the opinion holds that the question presented is one of law for the Court rather than a question of fact for the jury; that an action for declaratory judgment is an appropriate form in this field; that the book is not pornographic and cannot be banned, thereby sustaining in full each of our contentions on appeal.

We proceeded in this case by way of an action for declaratory judgment in order to undercut the mushrooming individual criminal prosecutions in the state. The Supreme Court recognized the validity and essential wisdom of this approach.

This decision does not directly dispose of the Bradley Smith conviction which the City Attorney obtained recently in Los Angeles. Smith was the Hollywood bookseller who was convicted by a jury in a Municipal Court on a misdemeanor charge. This conviction was affirmed by a lower appellate court, from which, under our law, the appeal went, not to the State Supreme Court, but directly to the United States Supreme Court. For all practical purposes, however, the *Zeitlin* decision assures a reversal of the Bradley Smith conviction by the United States Supreme Court when that case comes up for hearing in Washington in October. My hope is that the United States Supreme Court will use the *Zeitlin* decision as a springboard and write a decision of similar effect and scope on a national basis.

For these reasons, this decision by the State Supreme Court has been particularly gratifying to me as it is to Mr. Wirin and Mr. Okrand and others in the ACLU who supported this suit from its inception and through a long and trying appellate procedure.

I have written at this great length because I know of Mr. Hefner's special interest in the *Tropic of Cancer* prosecution on a national level and in the general field of censorship on the ground of alleged obscenity.

Nathan L. Schoichet
Beverly Hills, California

BOOO!

I am dismayed to see that Publisher Hefner's *Philosophy* – at least the first 20,000 or so words of it – is being criticized, and applauded, for the wrong reasons. Its detractors surely ought to point out that it is overblown and adolescent in conception; vulgar, pretentious, and extraordinarily tedious in execution. I really can't think why it *should* be praised.

Stephen F. Hoffman
King's College
Cambridge, England

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," as a thinly disguised nihilist once said. Does Mr. Hefner sincerely offer his shallow, facile and innuendic criticism as philosophy? Commercial PLAYBOY is understandable; but philosophic PLAYBOY – 'tis sad, 'tis sad!

Charles H. Fetzer
Lenoir Rhyne College
Hickory, North Carolina

Mr. Hefner's series presenting *The Playboy Philosophy* will most surely establish him as one of America's foremost writers of humus.

H. A. Hedlund, President
The Montezuma State Bank
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AUTHOR, AUTHOR?!

Did this fellow Hugh M. Hefner really write the sixth installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*? It is a masterpiece. I thought all that fellow did was examine the Bunnies.

Harry Golden
The Carolina Israelite
Charlotte, North Carolina

I am quite curious as to how much of *The Playboy Philosophy* is Mr. Hefner's own philosophy – not the ethics of his staff or ghost writers. The series should be read by people everywhere with a clear, open mind.

Ralph W. Jones
Lexington, North Carolina

From the beginning of Mr. Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy* it has completely overwhelmed me. It is perhaps the most brilliant and all-consuming reading that I have encountered to date. It seems, however, a trifle mature for a man not yet 40 years of age and strongly suggests the collaboration of an older genius of the pen. Also, I find it difficult to conceive of a man as busy and determined as Mr. Hefner finding the time to so completely and thoroughly document the printed editorials every 30 days. May we have comment on this?

David Johnson
Trenton, New Jersey

Editor-Publisher Hefner uses staff assistance in tracking down specific research material needed for "The Playboy Philosophy," but all of the thoughts are his, and all of the writing is, also. The editorial series represents his own, personal philosophy of life.

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

ELLA & BASIE!

When Ella Fitzgerald or Count Basie step into a recording studio, it's news. When Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie record together, it's an event! Just such an event occurred late in July when The First Lady of Song and Count Basie and his orchestra met in New York for three fabulous sessions. The album could only be called, ELLA AND BASIE! The exclamation mark is definitely part of the title. Quincy Jones did the arranging in his own Basie groove. Ella was relaxing between personal engagements, and having a ball scatting through the charts as the band warmed up. Basie and his band were in rare form, and up for this summit meeting. The tape fairly sizzled as Ella swung and the Basie band cooked. It was a happy, driving kind of recording experience for all.

At one point Ella got so caught up in the spirit of things, she took a five-minute break and penned a set of lyrics to Frank Foster's tune, Shiny Stockings. The take was so fine it was picked to open the album. You'll be hearing it as a single record, too. Other good old good ones explored by Ella and Basie include 'Deed I Do, Ain't Misbehavin', On The Sunny Side Of The Street, Satin Doll, Honeysuckle Rose, Dream A Little Dream Of Me, and Them There Eyes, among others. All that's missing are Ella's delighted chuckles, Basie's big laugh, and the cheers from the control room. But pick up on Verve V/V6-4061, ELLA AND BASIE!, and supply your own applause. It's that kind of album.

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GODDESS OF FERTILITY

"She who is smiled upon by Zulububu will soon be blessed with many, many, many children." So goes the bit of tongue-in-cheek primitive folklore printed in its entirety on a tag around her neck. This charming primitive sculpture, reproduced in a style unspoiled by civilization, stands 8½ inches tall, is made of composition and finished in ebony black. A devilishly clever gift for newlyweds . . . they'll never forgive you for it. $2 postpaid for U.S. and Canada. $2.50 for other countries. No C.O.D.'s.

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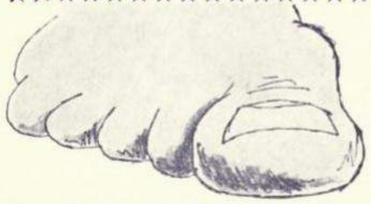

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FAIRY TALES

(continued from page 107)

with the Duke. And if you've ever tried dancing on sand you know that that's no mean feat.

At any rate, they did other things besides dance, and as the clock in a nearby tower struck 12, Citronella leaped up from her spot on the blanket next to the Duke.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"The clock has just struck 12," she said.

"So?" he said.

"I don't know," she replied. "It's just a good dramatic time to leave, that's all. But I'll stay a week if you like."

And she did. Then one night while the Duke was dozing on the blanket, she got up and ran off for home. But unknowingly she had left her bikini behind.

When the Duke awoke he picked up the bikini and said, "Starting tomorrow morning I will visit every home for miles around, if necessary. I must find the girl who fits into this bikini and make her my bride."

Well, the next morning the Duke began his search, but it took a lot longer than he had expected. Because every time a girl removed her clothes to try on the bikini, the Duke paused to spend some time with her.

A famous French surveyor has estimated that considering the pace he's moving at and the direction he's going in, the Duke should reach Citronella's house sometime in the spring of 1991.

BENNY-PENNY

THERE WAS ONCE a nice advertising agency on Park Avenue in New York. All the people who worked there had real names, just as you and I. But as is the custom in many such agencies, they called each other by cute nicknames.

One day an account executive named Benny-penny was taking a coffee break, when the advertising director of Blast Beer, the agency's biggest account, walked unexpectedly into his office. Benny-penny was so nervous at the sight of his client that he spilled his coffee all over the latter's new Italian suit. Whereupon in a fit of pique, the advertising director, a very fastidious man, told Benny-penny that he was switching the account to another agency.

"Dear me," said Benny-penny rushing out of his office, "the Blast Beer account is falling. I must tell the president."

On his way to the president's office, Benny-penny met the account supervisor, Douggie-wouggie. "Where are you going, Benny-penny?" asked Douggie-wouggie.

"I am going to tell the president that the Blast Beer account is falling," said Benny-penny.

"May I come with you?" asked Douggie-wouggie, not a little bit disturbed.

"Certainly," said Benny-penny.

So Benny-penny and Douggie-wouggie went to tell the president that the Blast Beer account was falling.

On their way they met the vice-president, Bobby-wobby. "Where are you going, Benny-penny and Douggie-wouggie?" asked Bobby-wobby.

"We are going to tell the president that the Blast Beer account is falling," said Benny-penny and Douggie-wouggie.

"May I come with you?" asked Bobby-wobby, quite concerned.

"Certainly," said Benny-penny and Douggie-wouggie.

So Benny-penny, Douggie-wouggie and Bobby-wobby went to tell the president that the Blast Beer account was falling.

At last they reached the president's office and burst in. "The Blast Beer account is falling," said Benny-penny, Douggie-wouggie and Bobby-wobby to the president.

Benny-penny then recounted the incident in his office with the advertising director. The president immediately fired Douggie-wouggie and Bobby-wobby for calling on him without making an appointment first. But he promoted Benny-penny to vice-president.

"Be careful how you handle your coffee from now on, Benny-penny," said the president.

"I will, Daddy-waddy," said Benny-penny.

THE ENCHANTED BULLFROG

IN A KINGDOM across the sea there lived a very beautiful princess. One day while she and her younger sister were walking near a swamp, they were attacked by an angry hornet. The princess was very frightened of hornets and threw her arms around her younger sister and began to cry. Suddenly a fat, ugly bullfrog appeared, and with one flick of his tongue he captured the hornet and devoured it.

"Since I saved you from the hornet, will you grant me a wish?" asked the bullfrog.

"Anything, anything," said the grateful princess.

"I would like to go home with you and live in your castle for three months," said the bullfrog.

The princess was a bit upset by the frog's unusual wish, but she agreed. And although the sight and feel of him repelled her, she picked him up and brought him home.

For the next few months, against the wishes of the king, who was puzzled by his eldest daughter's attachment to the frog, the ugly creature lived in the castle.

One day while the princess and her younger sister were strolling on the castle lawn, the bullfrog, who was hopping along beside them, said to the princess, "Today my three months in the castle are up. I am everlastingly grateful to you for your kindness. You may now kiss me, whereupon I will turn into a tall, handsome prince, and we shall be married."

As the princess breathlessly lifted the bullfrog to kiss him, the king appeared and said to her, "What the hell are you doing, Daughter?"

"Father, Father," said the excited princess, "this is an enchanted bullfrog. As soon as I kiss him he will turn into a tall, handsome prince and we shall be married."

"Are you out of your ever-loving mind?" said the king. "This is the 20th Century, girl! We don't believe in fairy tales nowadays!"

But disregarding her father's comments, the princess planted a kiss on the ugly face of the bullfrog, and lo and behold—*nothing happened*!

"I can't understand it, Father," said the princess, on the verge of tears. "He *told* me he was really a prince."

"Oh so now he talks!" said the king.

"Talk to my father," said the princess to the frog. "Please, please talk to him."

"Glump," said the bullfrog.

The king, a severely impartial ruler, had the princess confined to a psycho ward on sodomy charges. She is there to this day.

Meanwhile, the princess' younger sister has taken over as next in line to the throne. She travels with the royal jet set, has a ball with young noblemen, and absolutely panics her friends at parties with her remarkable feats of ventriloquism.

"I'm tired of being the lesser of two evils!"

Tailored with clean, slim lines—in a luxurious worsted. Specially woven by Raeford, one of America's most famous mills. Keeps press naturally. From $18.95. Write for name of nearest store. SILVER MFG. CO., INC., 330 S. Franklin St., Chicago.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in PLAYBOY. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Use this line for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in PLAYBOY, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

WE WARMLY ENDORSE a trek south of the border this yuletide season into Mexico, Central or South America. In Mexico City, Xmas marks the spot with decorative pageantry and a hyperactive night life that runs the gamut from black-tie affairs to traditionally informal cantina hopping. Many of the top night-club acts here are freshly arrived from the international film festival at Acapulco, a gaudy beach ball well worth a look before its early-December closing. Among the less touristed Mexican locales that assume a special seasonal glow with candlelit *posada* processions are cobbled Guanajuato and San Miguel de Allende, both of which memorably fuse the feel of colonial Spain with ageless Indian beauty. If you're motoring through Mexico, you'll find excellent accommodations ranging from small country inns like the Hacienda Chorillo at Taxco and the Villa Montaña at Santa María near Morelia to the big country resorts like Ixtapan de la Sal and San José Purua; the latter boasts sparkling mineral-water baths in private pools just big enough for two.

Central America is an area too much neglected by Americans, considering its proximity, color and comforts. In Panama, for example, you may spend an exhilarating weekend in Panama City, a festive all-night town with government-regulated gambling at the main hotels and several of the better night clubs, then fly off to recuperate at the new Panamanian fishing resort, Club de Pesca. Offering cosmopolitan accommodations in a jungle setting on the remote, mountain-backed shore of Piñas Bay, the club is accessible, via its own amphibious flying boat, from Panama. Though 130 miles from civilization, this superlative Shangri-La pampers its guests with air-conditioned chalets built around a plush bayshore clubhouse, and also has excellent cuisine to complement its basic *raison d'être*: the unparalleled fishing in the bay for black marlin, sailfish, roosterfish and amberjack which has resulted in 10 international game-fish records. The tariff is $40 a day for two, plus a boat for your own use at about $100 per day.

Another offbeat but bright Christmas may be enjoyed farther to the south in the high heart of the Chilean Andes, an area perfectly suited for trout fishing and leisurely lakeside resorting. A rewarding itinerary for this little-known region might run thusly: from Santiago make the morning's drive to the Antumalan Lodge in Pucón on the shores of Lake Villarrica, where the Liucura and Trancura Rivers are alive with what some consider the world's scrappiest rainbow and brown trout; press on through the colonial town of Osorno for a stay at the superb resort hotel of Puyehue, a lakeside, mountain-set spa; head on into the Chilean lake country to Puerto Montt for a local clambake called a *curanto*; and then journey by road and lake steamer across the border into Argentina. In all this area, our favorite stop-off is the Swiss-styled town of San Carlos de Bariloche in Argentina, which offers a surfeit of scenery and the fine Llao Llao Hotel (with casino).

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

NEXT MONTH:

"THE GIRLS OF CANADA"—A 12-PAGE PICTORIAL PORTFOLIO SALUTING OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR'S COMELIEST CHICKS

"LAFCADIO"—AN ILLUSTRATED UNCLE SHELBY FABLE FOR ADULTS BY PLAYBOY'S UNABASHED AESOP—**SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

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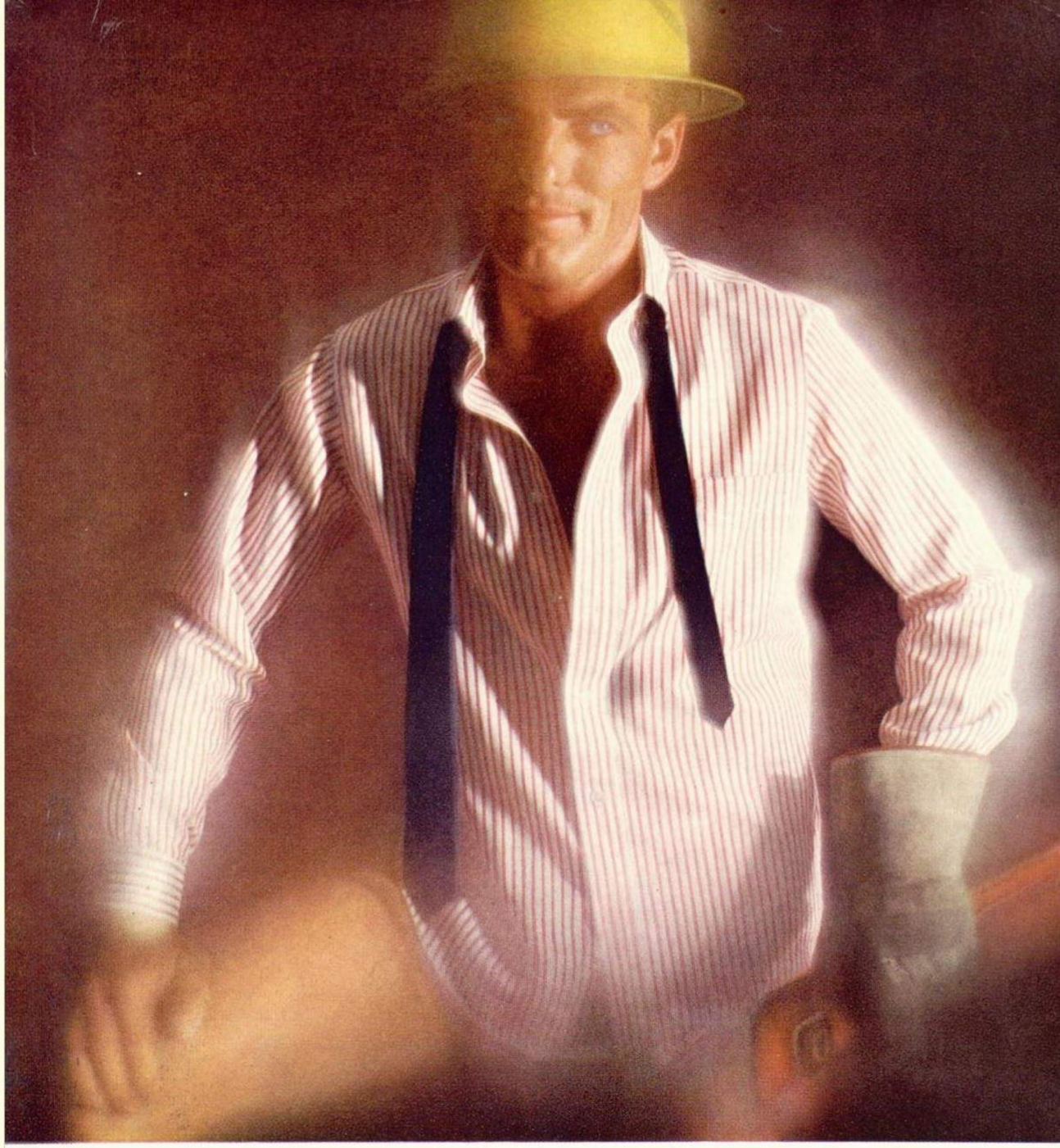
"HALLUCINOGENS"—THE PROS AND CONS, HISTORY AND FUTURE POSSIBILITIES OF VISION-INDUCING PSYCHOCHEMICALS—BY **ALDOUS HUXLEY, DAN WAKEFIELD, ALAN HARRINGTON**

U.S. SKIING—WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE SWIFTEST RUNS, HANDSOMEST HOSTELRIES AND MOST BEGUILING SNOW BUNNIES



"You were born for a bulldozer, not an attache case, dear..."

In fact, your mother would faint dead away if she knew what I see in her precious spic-and-span son. I can look right through all those ivy-covered degrees of yours and see you moving mountains. It's your vitality. Your crackle. Your spirit. Ever wonder why I buy you Van Heusen 417 shirts? Spirit. That's why. There's a special kind of power in those stripes. An insolent nonchalance in the authentic roll of that button-down collar. And that tapered fit . . . mmmmm . . . no bunchy middle-aged look for you! Van Heusen 417 is not tailored for your mother's musty mahogany-paneled son. They're made for my husband. A powerhouse.

VAN HEUSEN/417
younger by design

Van Heusen and Lady Van Heusen shirts—Made by Phillips-Van Heusen Corp.

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Kent with the MICRONITE Filter offers smokers the best balance of filtration and mild, satisfying taste

"Balance" is the key word. Because you can go too far in either direction.

Lorillard Research developed the "Micronite" filter to do a good job in filtration. That stands to reason. But they never forgot the fact that real smoking pleasure calls for satisfying taste as well.

So, if you smoke a filter cigarette (or even if you don't), don't you think you should smoke Kent?

FOR BOTH MILDNESS AND SATISFYING TASTE SMOKE KENT

KENT

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE MILDER THE TASTE