

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1965 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

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NUDE URSULA ADDRESS
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THE BIG BUNNY
HOP TO LOS ANGELES
AND JAMAICA • PLUS IAN
FLEMING, MELVIN BELLI,
ROBERT RUARK

PLAYBOY



Hop P. 95



Hops P. 142



Ursula P. 130



Gifts P. 151

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PLAYBOY, JUNE, 1965, VOL. 12, NO. 6, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HWH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 332 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

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

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

THE BIG BUNNY HOP



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

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

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

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



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



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



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



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



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



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



Hef ponders difficult hand while plane-mate Mary Warren lights his pipe for him.



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



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

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



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





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



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

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



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



Above: Acrobatic native fire-eater spellbinds beach-party guests by climbing coconut palm with firebrands, performing intricate, flame-delying maneuvers high among fronds.



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





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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(continued on page 200)



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



“... But it's OK to float!”

BRUSSELS SPRITE

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

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

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



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

Following in her mother's talented footsteps, our artful June miss has had her fair share of initial success as a part-time model and actress since she recently moved into her own Hollywood digs near

Left, below: An early riser, heady Hedy catches up with last night's domestic duties. "I seldom cook at home," she explains. "I much prefer to dress up for a special date and have an elegant late dinner." Right, below: Our trim traveler works out to music, then winds up (bottom) doing the frug.



MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



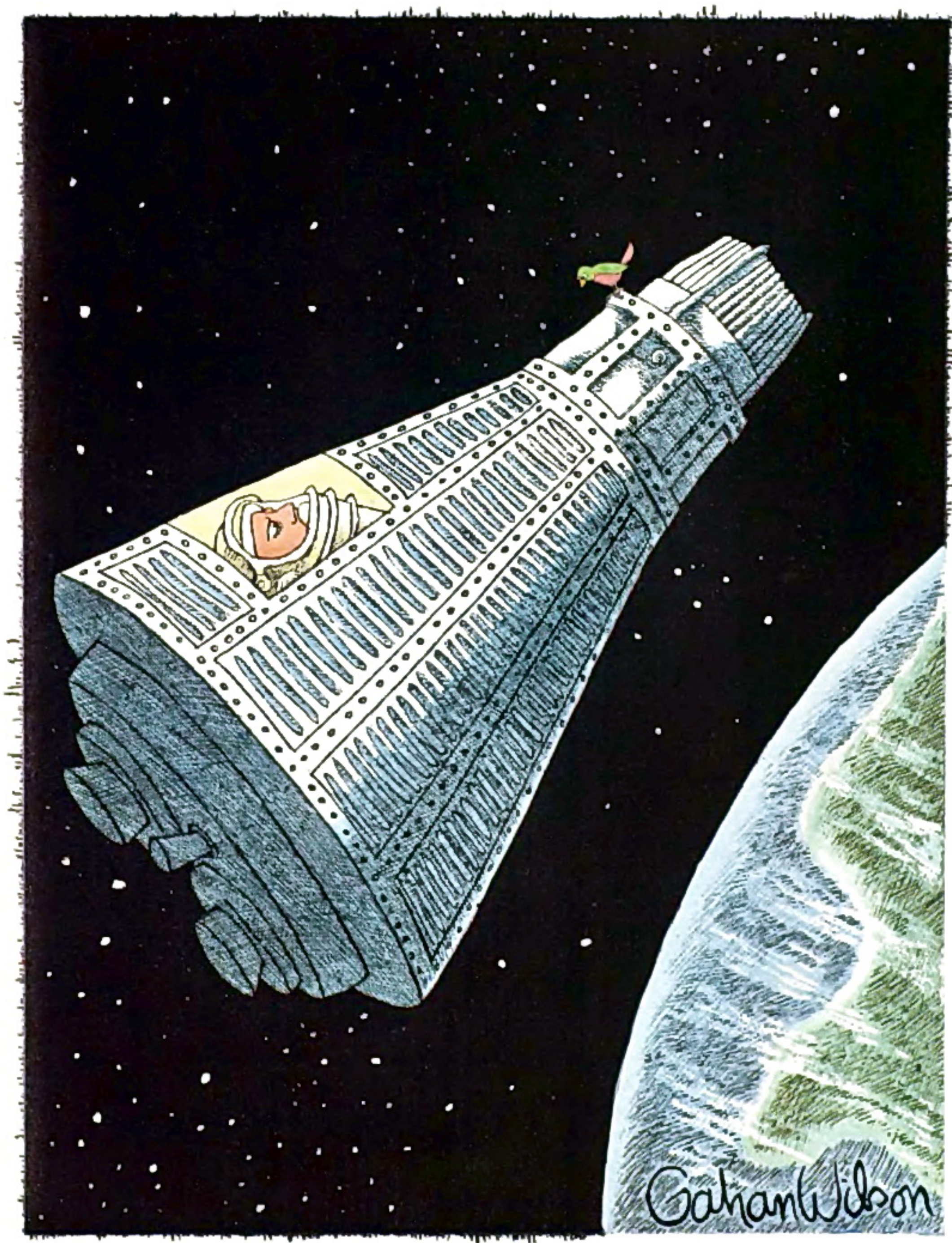
Below: Miss June has the finishing touches applied to a pair of original ensembles by designer Charles Gallet, before heading for modeling stint at nearby Beverly Hills restaurant. "Next to traveling," confesses Hedy, "clothes are my biggest weakness." Hedy's one of ours.

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





JOHN
Dempsey



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



66 S.O.S. '99 ...





...SS...





SHE is a creature of classic grace and sensual allure, the quintessence of all that is female and, with virtually no effort on her part, the acknowledged high priestess of that cinematic clan of heavenly bodies: the Sex Goddesses. Her deification began with her first major filmic role opposite Sean Connery in *Dr. No*, and the critics' praises have ranged from "the most awesome piece of natural Swiss architecture since the Alps" to "the most sensuous and spectacular beauty to grace the screen in years." But despite the fact that such blanket encomiums smack of modern press-agentry, this 12-page photographic premiere of the unadorned Ursula—the most extensive pictorial takeout **PLAYBOY** has ever devoted to any member of the fair gender—clearly proves that all the hyperbole of Hollywood's professional star makers pales in the bright dimensions (37-22-35) of her own natural appeal.

Currently drawing top billing for her portrayal of the title role in *She*, a Seven Arts-Hammer production of Rider Haggard's epic novel, the 26-year-old queen of the celluloid sirens was imported from Switzerland ten years ago under contract to Paramount. After a brief stint as a starlet, however, Ursula traded her role as a Hollywood hopeful for that of a dutiful *Frau* to actor-director John Derek, to whose labor-of-love lensmanship we are indebted for this study of the ultimate in Alpine anatomy. The appearance of the stately Swiss as the bikini-clad companion of Agent 007 marked a happy end to her five long years of cinematic self-exile.

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR **PLAYBOY** BY JOHN DEREK

...URSULA ANDRESS






SHE scoffs at the idea of being dubbed film-
dom's leading sex symbol: "We all have to go through it;
it's the journalists and the studio publicists who build it all
up." She remains aloof to the dazzle of sudden stardom:
"You see, I never wanted to be a film star. In fact, I turned
down dozens of roles so I could stay with my husband and
travel wherever he went. After *She*, I may never make
another picture; and then again, I may. Films aren't my
whole life; it's my marriage that must always come first."





SIOU refused to play the nude scene in the original script of her new film, *She*, on grounds that "it's often sexier to keep your clothes on." Ursula's reaction to this portfolio, taken while on location in the Philippines: "I'm not against nudity when it is used for a purpose and is done with a maximum of taste, style and class."





SHOE was nice enough to cut her price so I could afford her," quips director John Derek, who wrote in a part for Ursula in his upcoming Seven Arts production of *No Toys for Christmas*, a story about the Japanese invasion of the Philippines. "Being a Swiss mercenary, she's a very smart businesswoman," says Derek, who admits that Ursula is the film maker's perfect girl Friday and usually winds up acting as his interpreter ("She speaks German, French, Italian, English and more, for all I know"), secretary, business manager and "you-name-it!" Aware of its star box-office attraction's ambivalence regarding her career, Seven Arts has costarred Ursula in still another of its 1965 releases (*What's New, Pussycat?*) in an obvious attempt to get maximum exposure of what one studio mogul likes to refer to as "one of the great bodies of the Western world." Agreed.



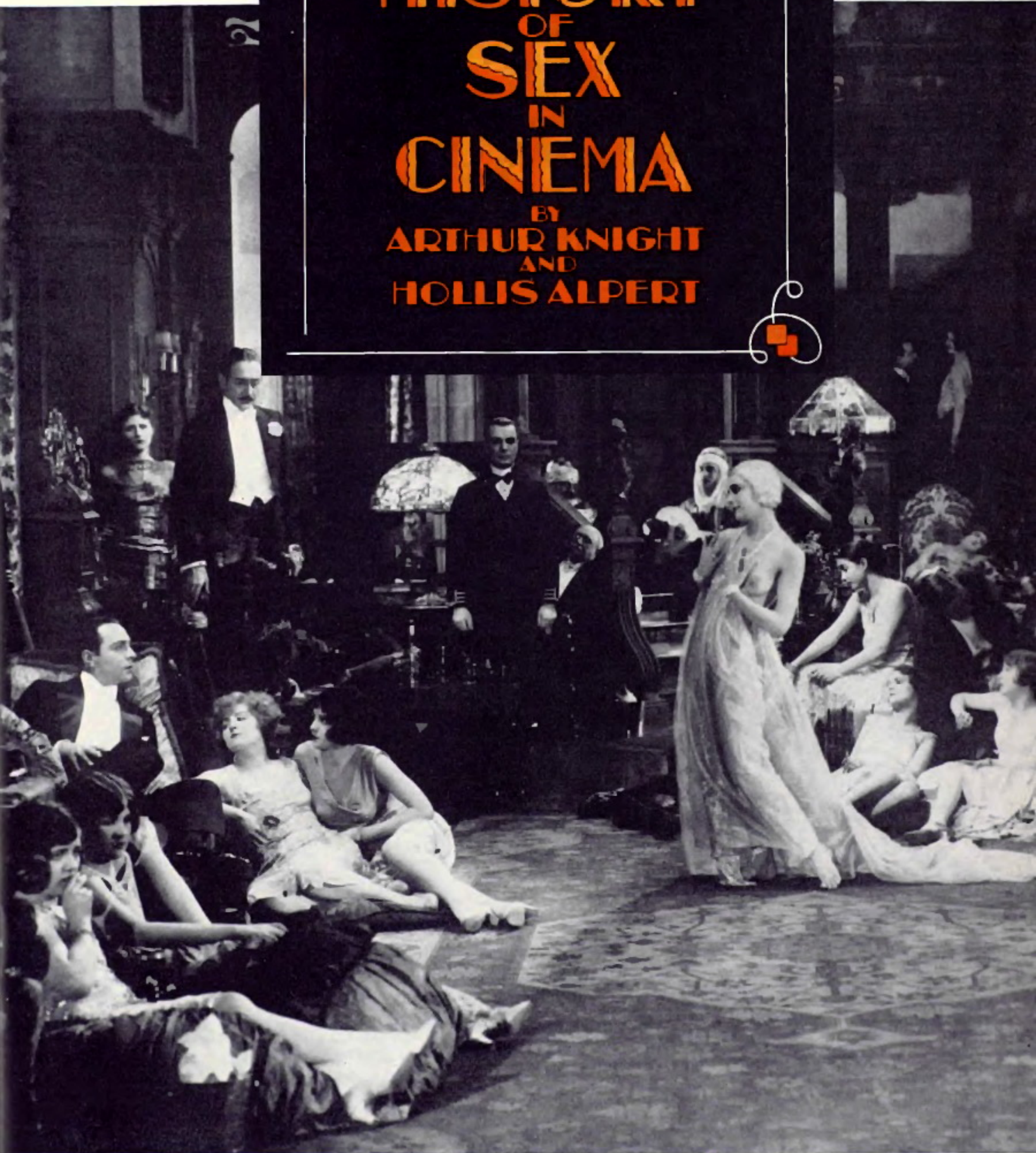
*"I'd love to, Mr. Baker,
but you'll have to
promise not to give
the bride away."*



Vargas

THE
HISTORY
OF
SEX
IN
CINEMA

BY
ARTHUR KNIGHT
AND
HOLLIS ALPERT



PART THREE: *THE TWENTIES—HOLLYWOOD'S FLAMING YOUTH*

LOST SOULS: In D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan" (preceding page), the Devil, played by a sinister, mustachioed Adolphe Menjou, standing, bargains for the soul of artist Ricardo Cortez, seated at left, by tempting him with the pleasures of the flesh: wall-to-wall wantons at an opulent debauch in London's most fashionable fleshpot. At right, one of Satan's oiled minions prepares to inflict the tortures of the damned on an unclad sinner in the 1924 spectacle "Dante's Inferno."

BREAST FIXATION: Explicit scenes of seduction, with special attention lavished upon the heroine's hearing cleavage, were a titillating trademark of the Twenties. In "A Society Scandal" (below left), Gloria Swanson covers as a rapacious Rod La Rocque reaches to lower her already plunging décolletage. Resigned to ravishment, Aileen Pringle (below right) submits to the rending of her bodice by John Gilbert, portraying a lustful nobleman in "His Hour." Flapper queen Billie Dove (bottom left) offers token resistance to the amorous advances of Donald Reed in "The Night Watch." Filmdom's first and foremost male sex symbol, the legendary Valentino (bottom right) set female hearts aflutter—and aroused the wrath of the censors—with his fond fondling of Nita Naldi in "Blood and Sand."

LA DOLCE VITA, RUSSIAN STYLE: A hard-breathing 1928 costume drama, "The Scarlet Dore" (opposite) was highlighted by an uninhibited bottle party at which a cossack is lured atop a table by the mistress of his commanding officer.

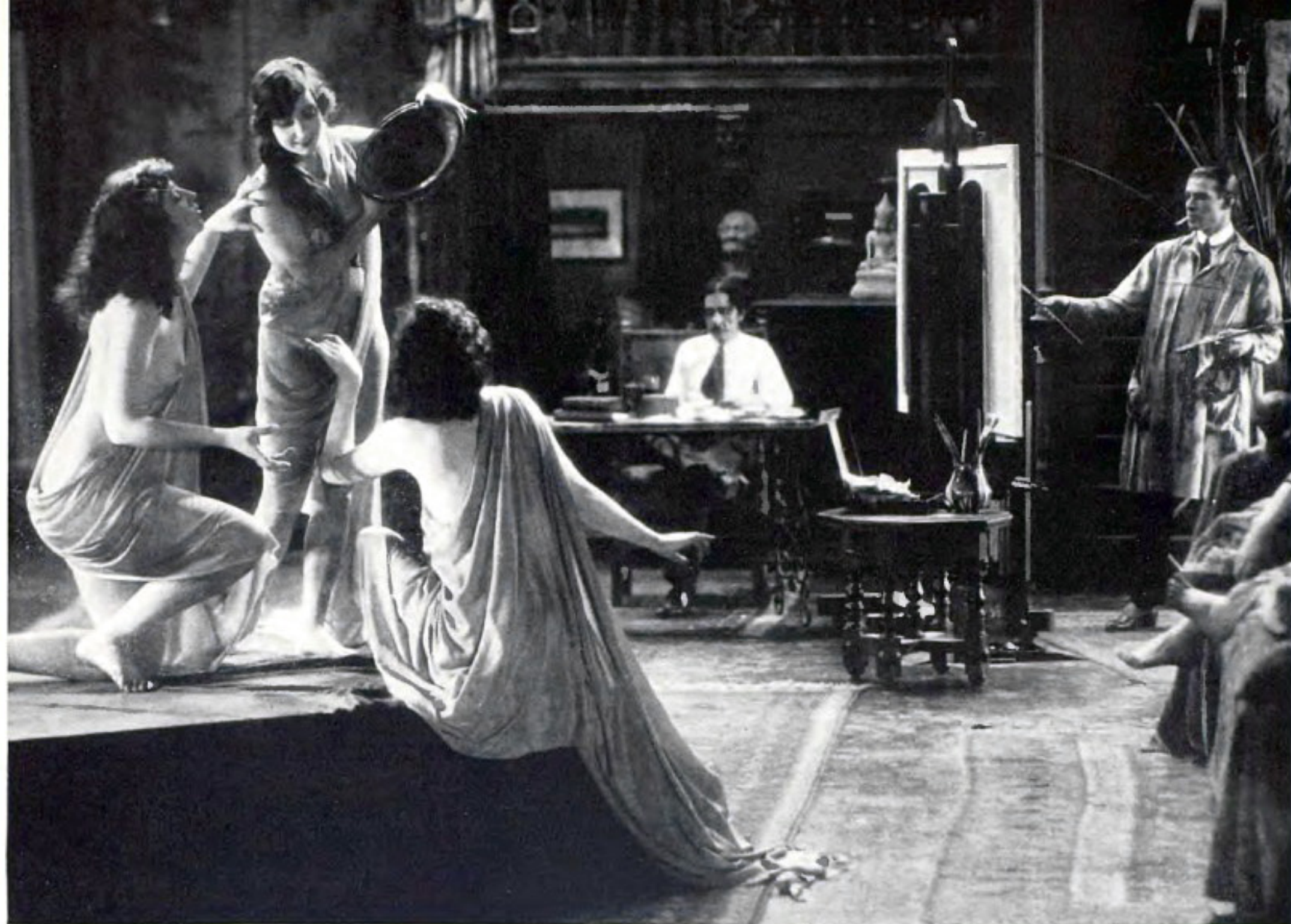


epitomizing the capital sins it depicted and denounced on screen, jazz-age hollywood became a gilded mecca for the star-struck—and a scandal-ridden sodom for the censors

EARLY IN THE TWENTIES, the entire nation was rocked by a series of ugly, well-publicized Hollywood scandals. Sex orgies and suicides, dope addiction and murder—these seemed the very warp and woof of the movie colony's new loom of life. The newspapers, ever mindful of the salubrious effects of scandal on circulation, headlined the lurid details; nor were they averse to promoting extras and bit players to full stardom if it made a better story. The fan magazines, which by the Twenties had become a major link between the studios and their audiences, frequently ran editorials and open letters purporting to warn either the industry at large or certain of its stars against "the evil of their ways." Through innuendo and veiled reference, these pious admonitions helped fan the flames of public indignation to a white heat. By the time the sordid Fatty Arbuckle scandal broke in the fall of 1921, the popular image of Hollywood was a Gomorrah with modern plumbing. All over the country, voices were calling out for the movies to repent and reform.

Actually, the moviemakers had been caught up in a two-way bind not entirely of their own devising. Like Shaw's Alfred P. Doolittle, they were "a victim of middle-class morality," which had shifted with unprecedented swiftness at the close of World War One. On the one hand were the forces of puritanism, strong and well organized enough to bring about Prohibition. On the other was the dawn of the Jazz Age, an era of emancipation symbolized by the flapper and the flask. Once the movies began to reflect—and in some instances anticipate—this new design for living, they immediately ran up against the defenders of the past. It was a curious time—a time in which Cecil B. De Mille's voluptuous *Forbidden Fruit* and D. W. Griffith's





A STAR IS BORN: The artist at the easel (above) is Rudolph Valentino, at the age of 26, in the first major role of his career—as the dashing, dissolute Argentine land baron, Julio Desnoyers, in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” a picture typical of the Twenties in its copious use of the fine arts as a pretext for the display of socially acceptable seminudity. With his next film, “The Sheik,” in 1921, Valentino certified his status as the prototypical Latin lover—the oily, irresistible good-bad guy.

NOBLEST ROMANS: If the silent screen’s “Ben-Hur” (1926) failed to compare with its Cinemascope sequel (1959) in eye-filling pageantry, the original easily surpassed the remake in spectacular pulchritude. Prominent among its “cast of thousands” were several sloc-eyed houris (below) in various stages of artful deshabbille—shown thusly, the producers vowed, only for the sake of historical authenticity. Scoffing at these lofty sentiments, American censors snipped them from the film.

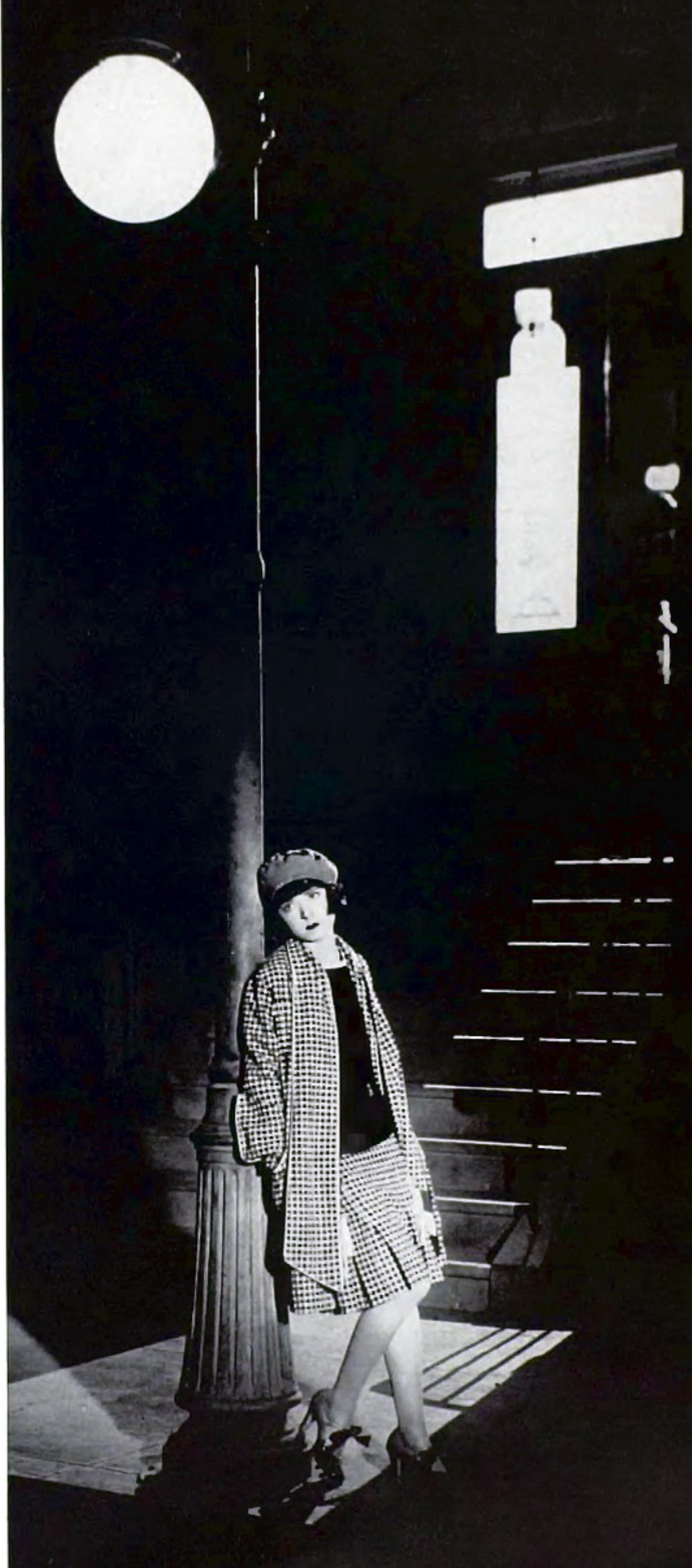


sanctimonious *Way Down East* could both command huge audiences. These audiences, however, refused to remain separate but equal. The conservatives, primarily rural and Midwestern, were genuinely shocked at the changes being wrought in the world about them. *How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm* was more than a popular song; it was an acute problem. And the conservatives were determined to meet its challenge.

Hollywood was a made-to-order whipping boy. Not only did its films illustrate in eye-filling detail the very excesses that the defenders of pre-War ways were railing against, but Hollywood's own way of life, as reported by the press, seemed to epitomize all the capital sins. Nor was Hollywood utterly blameless in this respect. In a mere handful of years, the movie industry had transformed itself from a shabby, side-street operation into a vast complex of studios, exchanges and theaters which, in capital investment alone, ranked it among the largest in the nation. And men who only a few years before had been dealing in nickels and dimes suddenly found that they owned or controlled millions. The sleepy suburb of Los Angeles, to which most film makers had repaired during the War years to escape the coal and power shortages of the East—and to take year-round advantage of the sunny Southern California sun for outdoor filming—had become the new Klondike. And like the original Klondike, it attracted all sorts. The lure of easy money always does.

One sort that arrived in great profusion was the eager young actress. Winner of a local beauty contest, or voted "most likely to succeed" by her classmates, she came by train or bus, resolved to be the next Mary Pickford or Mabel Normand. Many had been lured west by "scouts" for shady talent schools that promised, for a few hundred dollars, not merely to teach them the essentials of acting, but also to secure for them important supporting roles once they had finished their brief "course." Typical of the come-on literature of the period was a brochure that began by listing stars' salaries—Mabel Normand's \$7800 a week, Anita Stewart's \$4500 a week "on a long-term contract," Gloria Swanson's \$2500, Wallace Reid's \$2000—then added coyly, "In no other profession can an inexperienced person so soon reach a position

CALL OF THE MILD: In a tongue-in-cheek 'take-off' on the moralistic "message" movies of the day, "Synthetic Sin" cast Colleen Moore as a flapper who comes to the big city intent on wallowing in wickedness—but fails miserably when she brings out the best, instead of the beast, in the men she meets. In the scene at right, our heroine waits in vain to be picked up by a predatory passer-by.



where he can earn so much money. . . . Salaries of \$300 a week are not at all unusual in the motion-picture world, nor does one have to have had long experience or play big parts to get them . . ."

When casting couches and wild parties "to meet producers" led only to disillusion, some—the sensible ones—packed their bags and went home. But others drifted into prostitution in order to remain on the fringe of an industry they still hoped to conquer. The newspapers were soon filled with such headlines as "BEAUTIFUL FILM STAR ARRESTED IN BAWDY-HOUSE," or "BEAUTIFUL FILM STAR CAUSES SHOOTING AFFAIR AT WILD PARTY." To maintain the flow of this kind of copy, editors dispatched to the Coast their most sensation-minded reporters, and these were joined by a host of hungry freelancers who knew all too well the profits in yellow journalism.

Many invented what they couldn't find, or inflated whatever they managed to uncover. But Hollywood, at the turn of the Twenties, afforded a wealth of solid factual dirt to writers who were eager to relate the seamier, steamier aspects of film making. Never before had so many done so little to earn so much. The young men and women on whom fortune had smiled found themselves rolling in riches far beyond their fondest and greediest dreams, with no hint that the fabulous flow would ever cease. And most of them were utterly unprepared for it. After they had bought their Spanish-type mansions high in the hills of Hollywood or Beverly, after they had installed the swimming pool and acquired their custom-built Isotta-Fraschinis, what else was there to do? The answer was obvious. Bootlegged liquor was available, for a price. Women were available, for a price. Drugs were available, for a price. And they had the price.

The first breath of Hollywood scandal centered upon, of all unlikely people, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The reigning movie stars of the time, their names had been frequently linked despite separate spouses. During their World War One Liberty Bond tours together, Fairbanks sought to quiet malicious tongues by implying that such gossip was inspired by German agents seeking to sabotage their fund-raising drive. The estranged Mrs. Fairbanks did not agree. In a statement to the press she said, "I cannot defend any longer this woman with whom my husband's name has been linked. The gossip has foundation in fact." Whereupon she sued for divorce, naming an "unknown" woman as correspondent. Soon after the Fairbanks divorce, one Gladys Mary Smith Moore took up residence in a ranch house conveniently near the court city of Minden, Nevada. One month later, the Minden court granted a divorce to the same Mrs. Moore, better known to the world as Mary Pickford. Twenty-six days

after that, Mary and Doug were married.

Probably if it had been anyone else—any of the thousands whose cases are processed annually by the Nevada divorce mills—they would have been permitted to live happily ever after. Instead, the ambitious, publicity-seeking attorney general of Nevada attempted to set aside the decree, claiming that Miss Pickford had come to his fair state specifically with the intent of obtaining a divorce, rather than to take up residence there. The Nevada Supreme Court eventually upheld the divorce, but not before the newspapers had had ample opportunity to editorialize about Hollywood's contempt for the institution of marriage and about the promiscuity of its stars. Up to then, the stars who had made headlines were of the manufactured variety; but because Pickford and Fairbanks were the real thing, they lent authenticity to all that had gone before and was to follow.

What followed, as it happened, was another Pickford. Jack Pickford, Mary's younger brother, was also a film star, albeit nowhere near his sister's magnitude. But he had married a great favorite of the day, pert Olive Thomas, who had traveled the route from salesgirl to Ziegfeld Follies beauty to movie star in three short years. Then, with tragic swiftness, her career ended when she swallowed poison in a Paris hotel in September 1920. Every light on Broadway was dimmed for the night at the news. But the Paris police, intent on learning why she had committed suicide, followed up clues that led to an American officer who had stayed on in Paris after the War: She was on the clients' list of a Captain Spalding, a known dealer in narcotics. The French threw Spalding into jail for pushing cocaine; but for the millions of Americans who had idealized Olive Thomas, the revelation that she had been an addict was more than merely shocking. It was another indication that Hollywood was "a sink of corruption and depravity," as one newspaper editorialized.

But if Olive Thomas was the ideal American girl, handsome Wallace Reid was even more the all-American boy. A D. W. Griffith discovery, he had played a sturdy blacksmith in *The Birth of a Nation*, starred opposite Geraldine Farrar in De Mille's 1915 production of *Carmen*, and went on to make over 50 films in the next 6 years, all of them highly successful. Then one day he keeled over on the set. His wife, actress Dorothy Davenport, later charged that, in order to maintain the grueling work pace, his studio gave him drugs. He died in 1923, at the age of 30. By a supreme exercise of the will, he had kicked the habit, but complications set in and his weakened system succumbed. The newspapers, however, were decidedly less than charitable. Even before his death,

the public learned that their clean-cut Wally was on drugs. Shortly thereafter, the California State Board of Pharmacy issued the statement that it had over 500 prominent film personalities down on its rolls as addicts. Undoubtedly among them were lovely Juanita Hansen, mischievous Mabel Normand, and sultry Barbara La Marr, all of whom had their promising careers cut short by the habit.

But the scandal that blew the lid off Hollywood was the notorious Arbuckle case. Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, who began his film career as a three-dollar-a-day Keystone cop for Mack Sennett, by 1921 was heading his own unit for Famous Players-Lasky at \$7000 a week. A grossly fat man weighing well over 300 pounds, Arbuckle was fantastically coordinated and light on his feet, an unlikely combination that served as the basis for much of his comedy. Audiences adored him; he had teamed in shorts with Chaplin, with Mabel Normand and with Buster Keaton to great success, and at Famous Players was beginning to direct and star in feature pictures. Then the storm broke. It began innocently enough with a drive to San Francisco for the long Labor Day weekend. Checking into the St. Francis, he promptly threw a party for some friends—among them a 25-year-old bit player named Virginia Rappe, whom Keaton was later to describe as being "about as virtuous as most of the other untalented young women who had been knocking around Hollywood for years, picking up small parts any way they could."

Details of what followed varied from story to story, according to whether they were told by friend, foe or muck-minded reporter. Certainly everyone at the party had had more than enough to drink; Arbuckle was known to be a generous provider. And there is general agreement that, after a few orange blossoms, Miss Rappe felt ill and began tearing off her clothes—a habit of hers when she had too many cocktails. But from here on, reports began to differ. According to his friends, Arbuckle sent the girl into an adjacent bedroom attended by some of the other women present who completed the undressing. Others say that Arbuckle, clad in pajamas and a robe, accompanied her to the bedroom himself, locking the door. Friendly testimony alleged that Arbuckle, in the presence of the other women, viewed the prostrate Virginia on his bed, tested to see if she was faking by holding a piece of ice against her thigh, then helped carry the nude body to a bathtub to try to revive her and called the house physician. Less friendly testimony tells of screams from behind the locked door, of Fatty emerging, his pajamas dripping under the dry robe, and the girl on the bed moaning, "I'm dying. He broke me inside. I'm dying." Four days later, she was dead.

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SEX IN CINEMA (continued from page 160)

Probably the exact truth will never be known. Zealous friends of both parties did their utmost to conceal the facts. For example, Al Semenacher, Virginia's agent, gathered up her torn and possibly telltale garments before leaving the suite and destroyed them before the trial. Rumors flew that Arbuckle had used the piece of ice to assault the girl sexually, that he had used a Coke bottle, or a wine bottle. Friends asserted that "any such obscene act would have been beyond him." Actually, when the case finally went to court, Arbuckle was tried not for murder but for involuntary manslaughter. And despite an inflamed public opinion, his first two trials ended with hung juries, while the third not only acquitted him but criticized the state for having put him on trial in the first place. But, innocent or guilty, the damage had been done. Arbuckle's pictures were banned from the screen and the man was forced to change his name even to find employment behind the camera. As the distinguished criminal lawyer Earl Rogers prophetically observed in turning down the case, "They'll never convict him. But this will ruin him, and maybe motion pictures also for some time. I cannot take the case, but prepare Hollywood for tornadoes."

Hollywood had already begun to batter down the hatches: Will Hays, Postmaster General of the Harding Administration and a power in both politics and religion, had already been approached by the worried heads of studios; then still another scandal broke. In the midst of the third Arbuckle trial, on the night of February 1, 1922, someone shot and killed the handsome and respected director William Desmond Taylor. Murder is always newsworthy; but what kept this case in the headlines during the ensuing weeks and months was a dramatic personae that included two of the most engaging and popular young stars of the day: Mary Miles Minter and Mabel Normand. No one ever suggested that either might have been the murderer. Indeed, it was established that Mabel was having dinner at home at the time the shooting probably occurred. But subsequent questioning revealed that not only was she the last person, apart from the murderer, known to have seen him alive, but that she was being bled for money by dope peddlers and had turned to Taylor for help. *There* was something the papers could use—and did. Some girlishly passionate love letters from Miss Minter then turned up among Taylor's effects, and again the papers had a field day. As a direct result of the notoriety, Mary Miles Minter, at the time Mary Pickford's only serious rival for little-girl roles, retired permanently from the screen, while Mabel Normand's career

went into swift decline. But the Taylor murder was never solved. As Gloria Swanson observed, the police seemed more concerned with digging into the man's past than with finding his murderer.

The part that the press played in whipping up hysteria against the moviemakers cannot be underestimated. Hearst, Buster Keaton has stated, never really believed that Arbuckle was guilty of the crime for which his own papers had pilloried him; in fact, only a few years later, Arbuckle was hired by Hearst to direct Marion Davies in *The Red Mill* (although he did so using the adopted name of William Goodrich). At the height of the Taylor case, which is reputed to have sold more papers than the outbreak of World War One, two men had a fight on the sidewalk outside of Mary Miles Minter's home. The fight had nothing to do with Miss Minter herself—nevertheless, it made headlines. Charlie Chaplin provided reams of good copy with the sensational charges surrounding his divorce in 1920 from teen-aged Mildred Harris, after two years of marriage. The "secret" marriage of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne became public property when the papers devoted their front pages to her accusations of flagrant and frequent infidelity. There were more headlines when, in 1921, Rudolph Valentino impetuously married actress Natacha Rambova in Mexico without waiting the full year required by California law for his interlocutory divorce from dancer Jean Acker to take effect; he was jailed for bigamy by a politically ambitious district attorney who saw to it that the reporters had the story long before the actor's friends or lawyers could come to his rescue. Movie stars made news, and somehow all the news they made added up to one enormous black eye for Hollywood.

The American public, apprised on the one hand of the incredible salaries paid to movie people, and on the other of their profligate squandering on riotous living, swiftly responded with a resentment that bordered on vindictiveness. Churchmen, clubwomen, schoolteachers, editorial writers all inveighed against the new Gomorrah in their midst; and politicians played upon their reaction to prepare and push through more and stricter censorship legislation. "Sex appeal," a phrase that the producers had only just discovered at the dawn of the Twenties, promptly became a bludgeon that the reformers used to beat them about the ears. They demanded regulations governing the treatment of sex on the screen, the depiction of crime, the use of weapons, drugs, narcotics and liquor. They organized successful boycotts against pictures starring offending players, and threatened reprisals against the

entire industry unless it mended its ways. By early 1922, the reformist elements were aggressively on the offensive, and the producers were reeling against the ropes.

Only in that condition could they possibly have come together to create the formidably titled Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America—better known for three decades as the Hays Office. Thoroughly frightened by the aftermath of the Arbuckle case, industry leaders felt the need for a "czar"—a respected public figure who, by his very presence, could assure outraged civic groups of the studios' high resolve to do the right thing. Their choice settled on Will Hays, a Presbyterian elder and Hoosier politician who had risen high in the ranks of the Republican Party. He accepted the job—at \$100,000 a year.

Hays and his hastily formed organization had two fronts that demanded immediate attention. The producers, in an effort to counter the flood of bad publicity in the press, had actually taken scriptwriters off assignments and set them to grinding out newspaper and magazine testimonials to the lofty moral standards of the movies and their makers. Hays realized the futility of this gambit. Instead, he and his staff sought speaking engagements before powerful civic and religious groups to outline the reforms that the industry had voluntarily authorized him to make. Even more pressing was the need to stem the pro-censorship forces. By the time Hays took office, censorship bills were pending in 32 state legislatures, with Massachusetts the most immediate and threatening. He centered his forces there, rallying citizens' committees in the name of freedom of speech. By September, when Hays himself appeared on the scene, a crusade against political censorship was already well under way. It remained only for him to use his considerable talents as a behind-the-scenes manipulator to persuade politicians of both parties that the move was ill advised. When the bill went to the voters in November, it was defeated by better than two to one. With only two exceptions, Louisiana and Connecticut, the Hays Office was equally successful in blocking state action elsewhere, although scores of communities throughout the country continued—and still continue—to harass the film makers with their own self-appointed censor boards.

But more significant than either of these actions in the long run was the evolution of a code—the Code—that profoundly affected all subsequent film production in America. Originally and essentially, it was just that: a codification of existing state and municipal censorship regulations that was designed to permit the producers to get their films shown anywhere with a minimum of costly cuts and changes. Inevitably, the censor temperament being what it is,

this proved less than useless. It presupposed a consistency of judgment and standards that most censors could not provide. What it did, however, was to instill in the minds of producers the principle of self-censorship of their pictures in order to make them as widely acceptable as possible—always under the benign eye of the Hays Office, of course.

Despite a basic understanding reached shortly after the formation of the M. P. P. D. A. that the producers would voluntarily proceed to clean up their own pictures, Hays was shrewd enough to perceive that, left to their own devices, they could be expected to return to the primrose path the moment popular indignation had subsided. In fact, it had begun to subside by the end of 1922, and already the righteous sponsors of Mr. Hays were straining at the leash. Lacking enforcement machinery, Hays hit upon a singular method of insinuating his views. Early in 1923, Paramount was considering the acquisition of Homer Croy's *West of the Water Tower*, a popular novel that owed much of its success to such story ingredients as illegitimacy, a dissolute clergyman, and a wide assortment of exceedingly unpleasant small-town types. Because of its sensational nature, the studio asked Hays to sound out some of the groups with which he was working. Although the reaction was uniformly negative, Paramount made the film anyway. But the experience gave Hays the handle he needed. Member companies were forthwith instructed to submit to his office their synopsis of any play, book or story considered for purchase, along with their proposed handling of any questionable or objectionable material it might contain. By resolution, the producers were enjoined "to prevent the prevalent type of book and play from becoming the prevalent type of picture; to exercise every possible care that only books or plays which are of the right type are used for screen presentation; to avoid the picturization of books or plays which can be produced after such changes as to leave the producer subject to a charge of deception; to avoid using titles which are indicative of a kind of picture which should not be produced, or by their suggestiveness seek to obtain attendance by deception, a thing equally reprehensible . . ."

Subsequently, wielding the power to review completed films, Hays was able to extend his control over material that came from other literary sources as well; while in 1927 appeared the first formulation of what was to become the industry's Production Code, a detailed listing of "Don'ts" and "Be Carefuls." Among the 11 "Don'ts" that member companies pledged themselves never to show on the screen were: "any licentious or suggestive nudity—in fact or in silhouette; any lecherous or licentious notice thereof by

other characters in the picture; any inference of sex perversion; white slavery; sex hygiene and venereal diseases; and children's sex organs." Among the 26 carefully spelled out "Be Carefuls"—"to the end that vulgarity and suggestiveness may be eliminated and that good taste may be emphasized"—the studios were advised to be particularly wary in depicting: "the sale of women, or of a woman selling her virtue; rape or attempted rape; first-night scenes; man and woman in bed together; deliberate seduction of girls; and excessive or lustful kissing, particularly when one character or the other is a 'heavy.'" Needless to say, this primitive code was more often honored in the breach than in the observance. Revised and extended in 1930, it did not exert the restraining influence that Hays had wished for until 1934, when the newly organized Legion of Decency provided the teeth for enforcement.

On the other hand, what the Hays Office "formula" (as Hays liked to call it) did do was to provide the moviemakers with a simple rule of thumb that would permit them to incorporate a maximum of "sex appeal" into their films and at the same time relieve them of the onus of immorality. Termed the "law of compensating values," it stipulated that sin could be shown, but never condoned. Conventions could be flouted, but only if the flouter ultimately paid the full price for his wayward ways—preferably with interest. Evil must be punished, virtue rewarded. Once the producers had grasped the basic principle, they found the formula worked like a charm. For the first six reels, their pictures could be filled with all sorts of delightful, forbidden sin, just as long as they made it clear that they were against it in the seventh. It was a form of hypocrisy admirably suited to the multileveled morality of the Twenties.

Quite apart from his effect upon production, Hays also played a formidable role in scrubbing up Hollywood's besmirched face. Through his insistence, morality clauses were written into the contracts for all studio talent. The language left no doubt that anyone involved in a scandal—particularly if it reached the attention of the press—would find his or her lucrative career abruptly halted. In addition, those whose predilections toward wild parties, perversion or drugs were too notorious for camouflage or concealment were quietly eased out of the industry. To stem the influx of eager youngsters who arrived daily in Hollywood—their cardboard suitcases filled with dreams of glory—Hays undertook a vigorous propaganda campaign to scotch the notion that this was the new El Dorado. Articles underlined the difficulties of finding employment and the odds against attaining stardom—or even an adequate living wage. He even encouraged the production of a

movie, *Hollywood*, to dramatize the indisputable fact that the film capital was no open-sesame to fame, wealth or happiness. Unlike the more famous Merton in *Merton of the Movies*, the heroine of *Hollywood* learned by the end of the film that none of the studio doors would ever swing open for her. To further insure the virtue of the movie colony, the Hays Office created and helped staff Central Casting, a clearinghouse for extra and bit players. The studios agreed to cast such roles only through Central Casting, while the organization itself enrolled new applicants only after a careful scrutiny of their moral probity and psychological make-up. Literally thousands were turned away.

Perhaps the one film that best illustrates the efficacy of the "law of compensating values" came, appropriately enough, from the one director most responsible for bringing it about in the first place. As early as 1919, Cecil B. De Mille had introduced into movies the concept of fashionable sinning; in 1923, while still regaling his audiences with such highly colored accounts of the peccadilloes of the flapper set as *Adam's Rib* and *Manslaughter*, he launched into the production of *The Ten Commandments*, which demonstrated for all time how to make sinning not only fashionable but moral as well. Actually, the original *Ten Commandments* was in two parts—a long Biblical prolog that followed Moses and the Israelites in their flight from Egypt to the moment the Commandments were given to Moses on Mount Sinai; then a modern story starring Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque and Nita Naldi, in which the consequences of breaking the Commandments were graphically explored. In it, La Rocque, a building contractor, deserts his wife for the voluptuous charms of Miss Naldi, skimping on the quality of his concrete in order to keep his new mistress in jewels and revealing negligees. But soon the cathedral he built collapses, killing his mother. Then he learns that he has contracted leprosy from Miss Naldi, and kills her—and is himself killed while making a mad dash for the Mexican border. As Will Rogers said at the time, "It's easy to see where God left off and Cecil De Mille began."

If any single scene could epitomize both the Hays and the De Mille approach to morality, it would be the climactic sequence in the movie's prolog. While Moses is up on the mountain awaiting the Word of God, down below Estelle Taylor exhorts his followers to worship the golden calf. To get the crowd into the mood, she drapes most of her outer garments about the idol, then leads them in one of the most elaborate and explicit mass orgies ever put on film. Within moments, everyone is gloriously drunk, tearing at one another's clothing, kissing everyone—and everything—in sight. There was a good deal of multiple



"You're all the sunshine I need, Miss Hobbs."

kissing, too, with one character embracing a girl's face and bosom while another tends to her feet and legs. The scene grows wilder and wilder as the golden calf is laden with more and more jewels and castoff clothing. Then, just at the height of the debauch, Moses returns with the Commandments to tell them how wicked they've been, and dashes the tablets to earth in his fury. The errant Israelites were rewarded with 40 years of penance in the wilderness: the law of compensating values *in excelsis*—you sin; you pay the price. But in the meantime, as wily De Mille knew, the public would have a grand time vicariously (but virtuously) participating in the goings on. Whenever anyone protested about the inordinate amount of sin that invariably turned up in De Mille's early pictures, he had a pious answer ready. "How can you show the defeat of evil if you do not show evil itself?" he would ask sententiously.

Other producers promptly got the message. The following year, for example, Fox released an elaborate version of *Dante's Inferno* complete with sets based on the illustrations of Gustave Doré. In it, a millionaire who has amassed his fortune by breaking every rule in the book drops off to sleep over a copy of Dante. As he dreams, he visualizes all the gaudier aspects of hell—naked sinners, male and female (the men wearing flesh-colored fig leaves, the women clad, if at all, in their own flowing locks), being tormented by the brawny, oiled minions of Satan. Although the cameras lingered on ladies being shoved into bubbling caldrons or writhing on flaming stakes, the millionaire, when he wakes up, immediately reforms, and spends the rest of the picture undoing his many injustices.

In some instances, the moralizing was even less subtle. Dorothy Davenport, the widow of Wallace Reid, launched a film, *Human Wreckage*, soon after his death,

in which, as the wife of an addict, she pretends to succumb to the habit in an effort to inspire her husband to struggle against it. Reputedly, the film had more than tacit support from the Hays Office, even though it showed quite graphically not only the effects of drugs, but techniques with the needle. However, Miss Davenport made it abundantly clear that she was opposed to the traffic in drugs, and apparently in those halcyon days Hays demanded nothing more. (Later, of course, as the Code was solidified, any suggestion of the use of drugs whatsoever became completely taboo—a stricture that remained in force until the Code was revised in 1956.) As for Miss Davenport, she continued her personal crusade against vice in *Broken Laws*, condemning the excesses of modern youth, and in *The Red Kimono*, a lurid exposé of the evils of prostitution.

Understandably, Mrs. Reid's pictures were devoted to the dim view. Most pro-

ducers, however, looked upon the social scene with considerably more *élan*. The flapper had come into her own; the public knew all about petting parties, bathtub gin and cars that stalled conveniently on old dark roads. There were dancing mothers and emancipated fathers who stepped out with their secretaries. There were girls who rolled their silk stockings, and boys who carried hip flasks under their raccoon coats. Despite the increasing strictness of the Hays Office and state censor boards, the film makers could not afford to ignore this sure-fire material. Particularly since the "formula" provided them with a socially acceptable method of exploiting it. They showed it, then deplored it.

In the years that followed, Clara Bow led a whole contingent of dark-haired, vivacious, devil-may-care cuties in a seemingly endless series of flapper pictures; they dominated the American screen throughout the mid-Twenties. Suddenly, the sultry vamp, with her lacquered nails and footlong cigarette holder, was passé. The girl next door was no less sexy, no less eager for a good time, and was a lot more fun. Her eagerness might lead her to consort with some questionable characters—roadhouse operators or well-heeled older men whose mustaches immediately identified them as far too worldly to be trusted; but the likes of these could readily be dispatched by the clean-cut youth with the Stacombed hair who really loved the girl. Actually, the flapper films never failed to underline the fact that their heroine, although wild in her ways—she smoked, drank, danced the Charleston, and was the life of the petting party—was fundamentally a nice girl and altogether worthy of the hero's love. The parental admonition that generally preceded the happy fade-out was more for the benefit of the audience than for the girl herself.

Throughout the Twenties, the characteristics of flapperdom varied somewhat, depending in part on the story, and in part on who was playing the lead. Sometimes she was a spoiled darling, or a girl who could distinguish right from wrong better than her frivolous parents. But there was an elusive quality that made them all sisters under their boyish bobs—a quality that was eternally, triumphantly and pithily identified in 1926 by Elinor Glyn as "It." Mme. Glyn had been brought to Hollywood early in the Twenties to supervise the adaptation of her best-selling novel, *Three Weeks*, in which the queen of a Ruritanian kingdom takes a holiday from her regal duties to loll on beds of rose petals and tiger-skins with a British aristocrat before resuming the burdens of state, considerably refreshed. There was little more to it than that, but Mme. Glyn's professed knowledge of high life in high places quickly made her, in addition to a wealthy novelist and scriptwriter, Holly-

wood's social arbiter supreme, and its unofficial advisor on the more rarefied aspects of sexual behavior. Her position was solidified with the publication of *It*, which contained her classic definition of what had been called, more crudely up until that time, "sex appeal."

"To have 'It,'" she wrote, "the fortunate possessor must have that strange magnetism which attracts both sexes. He or she must be entirely unself-conscious and full of self-confidence, indifferent to the effect he or she is producing, and uninfluenced by others. There must be physical attraction, but beauty is unnecessary. Conceit or self-consciousness destroys 'It' immediately. In the animal world 'It' is embodied by tigers and cats—both animals being fascinating and mysterious, and quite unbidable." Among her contemporaries possessed of "It" she listed the Prince of Wales, Gary Cooper and Lord Beaverbrook. Subsequently, when Paramount bought the title and set her to work concocting a new story around "It," she added the name of her picture's star, Clara Bow, who promptly became the "It" Girl.

In the movie, which, despite the contributions of the prestigious Mme. Glyn, was quite typical of dozens that Clara Bow appeared in between 1924 and 1931, she plays a pert salesgirl in a department store who has caught the eye of her boss, wealthy Antonio Moreno. Moreno calls on her one night, discovers her minding a friend's baby, promptly decides that she is an unwed mother—and therefore available. This misunderstanding reaches a happy conclusion, however, aboard Moreno's yacht. Edward Wagenknecht, author of *The Movies in the Age of Innocence*, recalls the final scene when, after successfully preserving her virtue, she is thrown into the water; she emerges "with her wet skirts clinging high about her naked thighs, she carefully pulls them down just far enough to make a modest gesture but not far enough to cover up anything that the audience might wish to see!" Such delicate concern for the proprieties won her a vast and loyal audience—an audience as avid and enthusiastic over each new appearance as was Brigitte Bardot's in the Fifties.

If, on the distaff side, favor had switched from exotic vamps to home-grown flappers, the most popular male lead during the Twenties was, by all odds, the Latin lover. Introduced to the screen early in 1921 by Rudolph Valentino in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, the type was given definitive shape—and a name—in his very next picture, *The Sheik*. Here was a man who both used women and abused them, danced with them and flung them aside, loved them and laughed in their faces. Oddly enough, the women adored it; flappers from 16 to 60 flocked to his movies. (Some psychiatrists hold that all women

secretly want to be raped.) Even odder, while men tended to deprecate Valentino—calling him, in the language of the day, a "jelly bean" or "pink powder puff"—they went to his pictures, too. As the late Robert E. Sherwood noted in 1923, "Ninety percent of the young men who have been most withering in their denunciation of the suave *signor* have also made sheepish attempts to imitate him in every possible way: Witness the number of sideburns that have been cultivated in the past two years." Even more than Clara Bow, the Italian-born Valentino inspired a host of imitators: Spanish-born Antonio Moreno, Austrian-born Ricardo Cortez, Hungarian-born Rod La Rocque, Mexican-born Ramon Novarro, not to mention the impeccable British-born Ronald Colman. After Valentino's untimely death in 1926, every studio brought forth candidates, faces bronzed and hair slicked back, to fill the idol's boots. None ever quite succeeded.

Valentino's hold on his audience was something quite extraordinary, as evidenced by the enormous success of a series of revivals of his pictures during the late Thirties and early Forties. In New York during the Thirties, a Helen Hokinson-type matron in search of her youth attended such a revival and became intensely absorbed in a sequence from *Son of the Sheik*, Valentino's last film. Bent on vengeance, Valentino carries a struggling Vilma Banky into his luxurious tent. At the entry, he kisses her fiercely, then laughs and tosses her on a pile of silken cushions. As he advances upon her, the camera begins to follow, but the folds of the tent fall together and the scene blacks out. "My God," gasped the matron in an agony of anticipation, "don't stop now!" After a screening of *The Four Horsemen* at the Museum of Modern Art, another well-dressed middle-aged woman confided to her companion, "I came to this expecting to laugh. But you know, that boy really had something!" Whatever it was that he had had altered the style of hair, dress and lovemaking of an entire generation.

As the Twenties rolled on, competition for Hollywood's increasingly provocative output began to arrive from overseas. In 1925, a German film, *Variety*, was so successful in the American market that it ushered in a whole new cinematic era. During the final years of the silents, American film makers tried desperately to make their pictures look as German as possible. To help them, German stars and technicians were imported by the boatload. Raven-locked Pola Negri had already arrived, rivaling Gloria Swanson in impersonating somewhat cynical ladies who had been around. So had director Ernst Lubitsch, who introduced to the American screen a light and flavorsome touch of Continental sophistication. Moonfaced Emil Jannings, the star of *Variety*, was no



"Mr. Jacoby, I want you to know I consider it a great honor to be the one chosen to recharge your batteries."

one's idea of a sexpot; but in a series of lugubrious films for Paramount—*The Way of All Flesh* and *The Last Command* (which won for him the first Academy Award to an actor) and *The Sins of the Fathers*—Jannings delineated a character irresistibly drawn from the paths of rectitude by the desires of the flesh. This frank acknowledgment of sex as a motivating factor in men's lives, even though somewhat diluted from the European handling of the same subject, nevertheless kindled a spark of recognition in the breast of many a moviegoer. Besides, Jannings was a European; therefore his films had to be Art.

But it was never a question of Art, art or pure sex appeal with Greta Garbo. Deposited on MGM's doorstep as part of a package deal with the eminent Swedish director Mauritz Stiller, Garbo panned out as pure gold in her very first American picture, *The Torrent* (1926). Wrote *Variety*, "Greta Garbo, making her American debut as a screen star, might just as well be hailed right here as the find of the year . . . She makes *Torrent* worth while . . ." In it, she played a Spanish prima donna in love with Ricardo Cortez—another of his essays at being the Latin lover. Although the film had little else to commend it, one still recalls the finale, the "torrent" of the title, in which Garbo sits frozen-faced in a small boat while the aristocratic Cortez pleads vainly with her to come away with him, promising to abandon wife and family in return.

What Garbo brought to the screen, unlike the foreign-born vamps and seductresses who preceded her, was a hint of sexual mystery, the suggestion of a depth of sexuality to which she alone held the key. Alistair Cooke once aptly described her as "every man's fantasy mistress." Her somber, brooding eyes were inscrutable pools of love; her slim, languid body drooped under the burden of her knowledge of the world. Because nothing was ever obvious about Garbo, she could play courtesans, mistresses, Other Women, even common prostitutes and, wrapped in her own private mystery, still appear pure, untrammelled and desirable, ever awaiting the embrace of one true love to stir the fires that burned within her. Often as not, those fires consumed both her and her lover—but what man would not gladly pay such a price to plumb the depths of ecstasy that she alone seemed to offer? Her special awareness of the pleasures and vices of love were hinted in hundreds of ways in every film she made, although perhaps never quite so boldly as in the church sequence from *Flesh and the Devil*. Kneeling for the Mass beside John Gilbert, she accepts the chalice from which he has drunk the sacred wine. Gilbert carefully turns the cup as he passes it to her. Garbo, her eyes on Gilbert, just as carefully turns it back and drinks from

where his lips have sipped.

Sophistication of this kind one might expect to find in the films of Erich von Stroheim, that master of sensuality, but hardly in the work of home-grown Clarence Brown. Nevertheless, it was symptomatic of what was happening to American pictures as the silent era drew to a close. The Continental influence affected all Hollywood films—with the possible exception of the Westerns. Continental themes, Continental manners and—to the extent that the censors would allow—the implied wickedness of Continental morality pervaded the American screen. Ernst Lubitsch did it by sly suggestion: The droop of a fan, the straightening of a tie, an insinuating glance conveyed hints of all sorts of delicious transgression. As a result, his films got past the censors without much difficulty. On the other hand, Von Stroheim never hinted. The old millionaire in *The Merry Widow* was a foot fetishist; Von Stroheim not only showed a closet filled with the shoes of his former conquests, but included a shot of the man slobbering over Mae Murray's dainty toes. Miss Murray recounts in her autobiography that Von Stroheim kept on shooting the scene until she ran screaming from the set. For the same film, he shot an orgy so lewd—complete with voyeurs, Nubian servants wearing padlocked chastity belts and a female orchestra wearing nothing but masks—that the entire sequence was excised from the picture. What remained, however, was enough to make it his greatest commercial success.

Riding the crest of this popularity, Von Stroheim next launched into another protracted study of the Vienna he both loved and hated: *The Wedding March*. In it, he not only wrote, directed and designed the sets, but also portrayed Prince Nikki, an impoverished aristocrat who, after an affair with a commoner (Fay Wray), is forced by his father to marry the deformed daughter (Zasu Pitts) of a corn-plaster manufacturer in order to recoup the family fortune. Again, Von Stroheim's passion for a bizarre realism led to scenes without precedence on the screen—a brothel, with more padlocked Nubians, in which Nikki's marriage is arranged by his drunken father and the groveling magnate, who sit swigging and haggling while Nikki makes love to Miss Wray (off screen) in a nearby garden. There was also a rape staged in a slaughterhouse, the blood dripping from a carcass of beef upon the figures squirming in the sawdust on the floor. The picture was designed to demonstrate the degeneracy of Austria on the brink of World War One, and there is no question that it succeeded; but by the time the film was completed to Von Stroheim's satisfaction, there was enough footage for two movies. Paramount forthwith took the film away from him and eventually cut it into two pictures, only one of which was ever re-

leased in the United States.

Von Stroheim's final directorial effort, begun just as sound pictures were coming in, was *Queen Kelly*, starring and produced by Gloria Swanson. It was a fantastic affair in which Miss Swanson, playing a convent girl, is coveted by a lecherous prince who burns down the convent in order to carry her off to his palace. But the prince is engaged to the perverted queen of the realm, who roams the palace clad only in an angora cat (live). When she discovers the liaison, she literally froths at the mouth and bullwhips Gloria out into the night. The story was to continue with the girl inheriting a chain of brothels in German East Africa and ending up as their madam; but Von Stroheim, who was writing the script as he shot, revealed this to Miss Swanson only gradually. When she realized that after almost six months of shooting only about a third of the picture had been made, and that the arrival of sound would soon make it obsolete, and that the story Von Stroheim proposed to tell could never be shown on any screen in the first place, she called a halt. "A madman is in charge," she cried—and thriftily took over the directorial reins to tie off the footage that existed. But by that time, it was already too late; the public was clamoring for talkies. The Swanson version of *Queen Kelly* was seen commercially only abroad.

The coming of sound changed everything. Just as the public had once responded wholeheartedly to the novelty of seeing shadows move, now it responded just as heartily to the novelty of hearing shadows speak. At first, it mattered little what they said. Consequently, the first talkies were often naïve in the extreme. But because the Broadway stage was being combed for filmable properties, the talk was often more sophisticated than anything the screen had known up to that time. Groucho Marx, for example, eying worldly Margaret Dumont, could say, "I've come here to defend this woman's honor; I'll bet that's more than she'd do for herself!" As the Twenties drew to a close, however, the Depression was just in the offing—and with it, panic time for the motion-picture industry. For most producers, there was only one panic button to push. And it was marked SEX.

This is the third in a series of articles on "The History of Sex in Cinema." In the next installment, authors Knight and Alpert explore the sinful Twenties, European style—from the blatant eroticism of the burgeoning German cinema to the far-out, phantasmagorical creations of those experimental film makers from the Continent who clasped Freud to their artistic bosoms.

BIG BUNNY HOP (continued from page 104)

Arnold Morton for a press conference. "Yes, Playboy plunked down two and three-quarter million dollars to purchase the resort and spent upwards of a million more on improvements . . . That's right, many of the non-Jamaican Bunnies were imported especially to train local prospects and as soon as the home-grown girls win their silk ears the Bunny staff will consist mostly of islanders. . . . Well, sure, the success of this Club-resort could lead to other Playboy Club-Hotels elsewhere around the world . . . Gentlemen, it's time for dinner."

Dinner in the Nordic-blue VIP Room rotunda was (and always is) strictly Continental except for some interesting island appetizers such as pearls of paw-paw, tamarind juice and Caribbean spiced herring—and Jamaica's own marvelous Blue Mountain coffee. Adding *savoir* to the fare on opening night, Club Manager Gordon McKay introduced the home-grown and far-flung dig-

nitaries—among the latter, a 28-year-old multimillionaire keyholding sheik from Kuwait named Bader Almulla. Hugh Hefner then thanked John Pringle, Jamaica's Director of Tourism, for his gracious assistance and presented him with a solid-gold Playboy key, number J-1. The occasion was celebrated with an astonishing concoction called a Herbie Special—a citrus-and-papaya libation atop an immiscible foundation of equal parts dark rum, light rum, gin and vodka. A few others ordered Herbie Specials, too, and all lived to tell the tale and enjoy the facilities and felicities of Mr. Playboy's new Playground of the Western World.

The Club-Hotel, on the north coast about ten miles from the town of Ocho Rios, is a majestic structure in brilliant shades of lemon and vanilla, set on ten blue-green acres that slope gently down to a sculptured, reef-enclosed cove rimmed by 800 feet of bone-white sand

and recently christened Bunny Bay. The Hotel boasts 160 spacious rooms in the main building, whose two large wings flank contoured formal gardens and the spectacular circular VIP Room. Many of the rooms feature step-down living-room areas, private patios and nine-foot sunken Grecian tile baths. Add to this 44 *lanai* rooms by the sea, where occupants are lulled to sleep by the rhythmic lapping of the waves. For those accustomed to the best of the best, an opulently appointed beach cottage is available and—high above the main lobby—a deluxe penthouse apartment. The arcade adjoining the main building houses barbershop, beauty salon, and several meeting rooms. The Jamaica Club is a perfect place for top-level business conventions, as, for examples, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing, Sealy Mattress and General Electric have recently discovered. One 3M executive wrote, "Our final selection was Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel in Ocho Rios, chosen because of its ability to handle a group of our size, the excellent accommodations and, most importantly, its flexibility in meeting our varying needs."

The Club's international cuisine is offered on a modified American plan—breakfast and dinner included in the room rate. Early-rising guests can dig into a hearty American ham-and-eggs-type breakfast or kick off the day in British Isle style with eggs and kippers. You can lunch in the Playmate Bar, on the Playmate Patio, at the Bunny Hutch buffet (adjoining the pool) or—for sun worshipers who can't bear to leave the strand—at the Beachcombers' Grill, where you may charcoal your own franks and burgers or leave the cooking to us. Befitting the casual resort atmosphere of the Club, coat and tie are required only for dinner in the VIP Room, where liveried butlers and Bunnies in black tie and white tails bring you a dinner which, from *pâté* to *flambé*, is truly *haute, mon!*

Entertainment in the Club is as lavish and tasty as the cuisine. Featured in the Playroom—largest night spot in the West Indies—during opening festivities was the clown prince of mimicry, George Kirby, backed for kicks by a cottontail chorus line—plus songstress Susan Smith, backed by the Gene Esposito Trio. In the Penthouse, pianist-singer Jo Henderson kept things swinging.

On Monday nights the entertainment goes native with George Curry's fire-eating and dancing-in-the-sparks feats, Chinapoo, and the mad aquabats. Tuesday nights the stage is set for top acts from the U.S. Playboy circuit. On Wednesdays, it's a floodlit water show at the pool with a fireworks finale. Every Thursday night everybody gets together on Bunny Bay for a beach ball, and Fridays it's more top talent from the U.S. Saturday nights, Stateside and island performers team up for the greatest show



"I think my mother is getting suspicious of these afternoon naps, Eddie . . ."

on this part of earth, and Sunday night's a fine time to take in one of the first-run British or American films (which are shown every night at the Club's outdoor theater), then win a bundle at the pari-mutuel crab racing.

Every day, there's dancing at the beach or poolside to the Club's own Shipwreckers, a straw-hat troupe of calypsonian wandering minstrels, and to the jazz combo on the Patio from cocktail hour on. The Shipwreckers are music makers for daily ska and limbo lessons at the beach or on the Patio.

If you'd rather dive than dance, the Club-Hotel boasts the largest fresh-water swimming pool in the Indies—attended by bikini'd Bunny lifeguards—and instructors in scuba diving will start you out with free lessons in the pool. There's tennis day and night (the courts are illuminated for p.m. play), and pro Cecil Heron will be glad to help you brush up on your backhand. For shuttlecockers, a good game of badminton is not hard to find, and shuffleboarders who learned at sea will find that the Club's courts never tilt.

Nominal fees are charged for golfing at nearby courses, flying (there's an airstrip a Bunny hop from the Club), water-skiing, sailing, speedboating, deep-sea fishing and escorted undersea explorations of the sunken wreck on the coral reef. For those who prefer to sight down barrel rather than gaze at coral, there are trap and skeet shooting and dove hunting, to say nothing of crocodile hunting. Or you can raft down the Rio Grande. If you'd rather go after cards than crocs, sail into the Living Room any time and you'll find a game going—maybe even a tournament. The Playmate Bar has dart boards, TV and the greenery of the billiard tables.

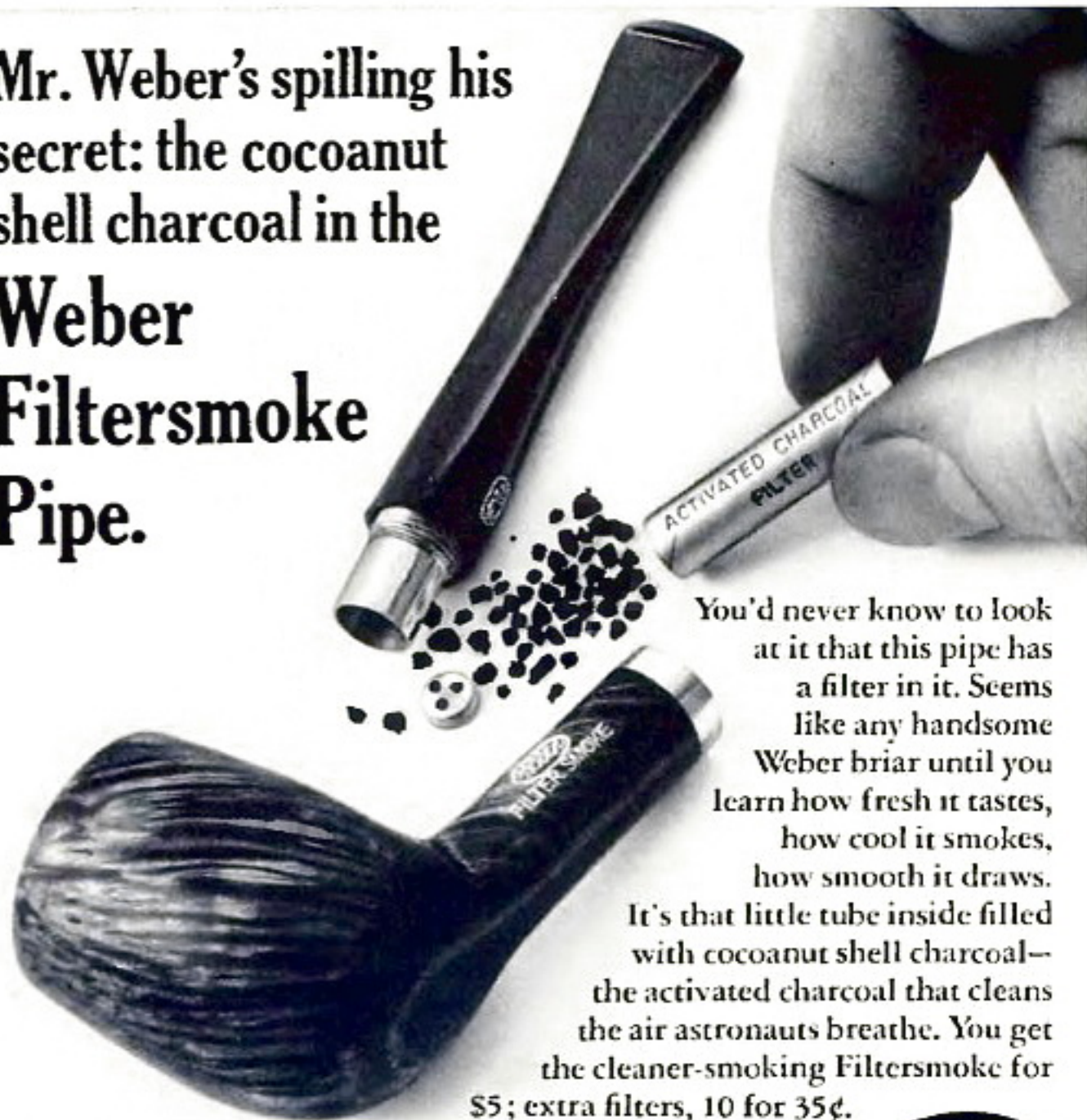
Though the Club is a world in itself, it is also a world within a world of historic landmarks and scenic spectacles. The most must-see spot is Dunn's River Falls, a roaring 600-foot cataract where the trick is to climb to the top, boulder by slippery boulder, and back again.

Wherever you stay or go in Jamaica, the main attraction is an unlocatable, ineffable something called atmosphere. It's made up of three parts pellucid aquamarine waters, two parts dulcet tropic air ever so slightly scented with the musky fragrance of ripening akee and the sudden emerald flash of a doctorbird in the bougainvillea. Christopher Columbus dug the scene in 1494, and 471 years later it's better than ever.

For further information on the Los Angeles Playboy Club and the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, write to Travel Director, Playboy Clubs International, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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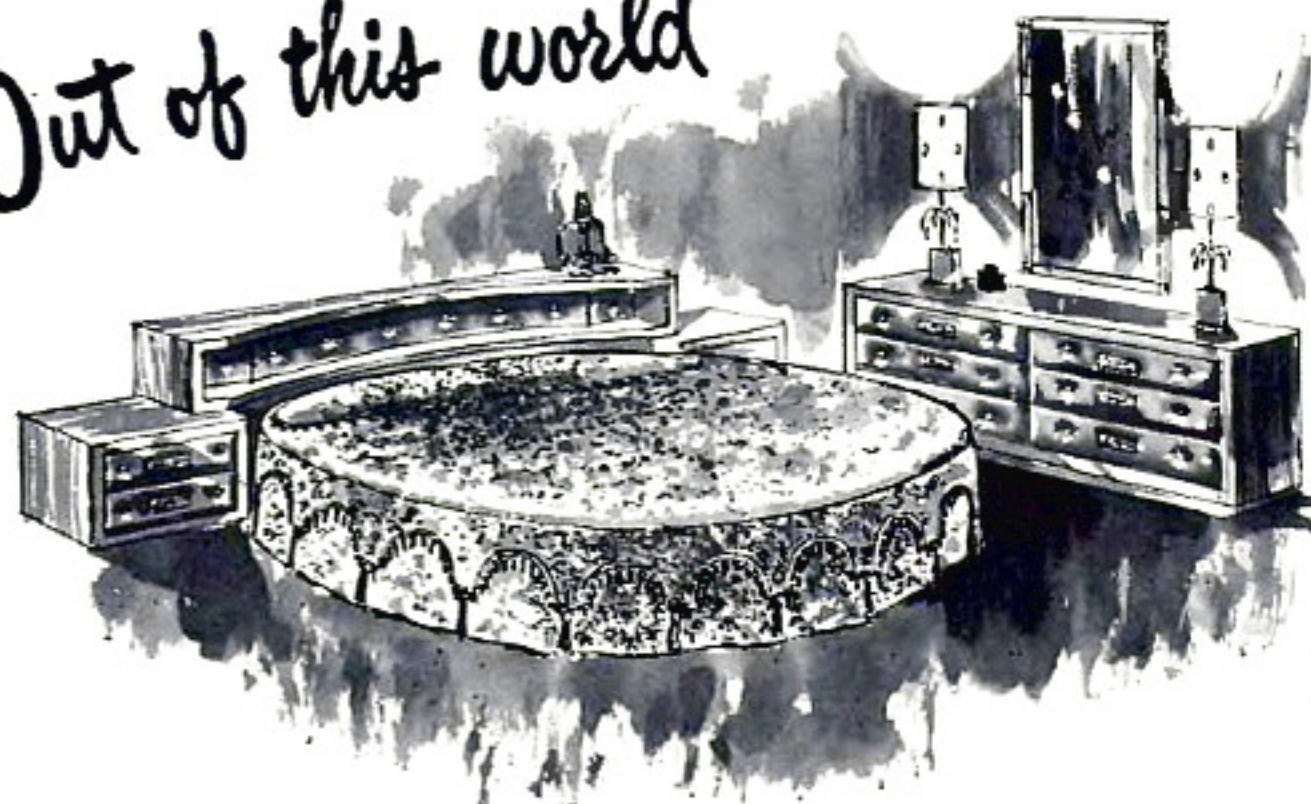
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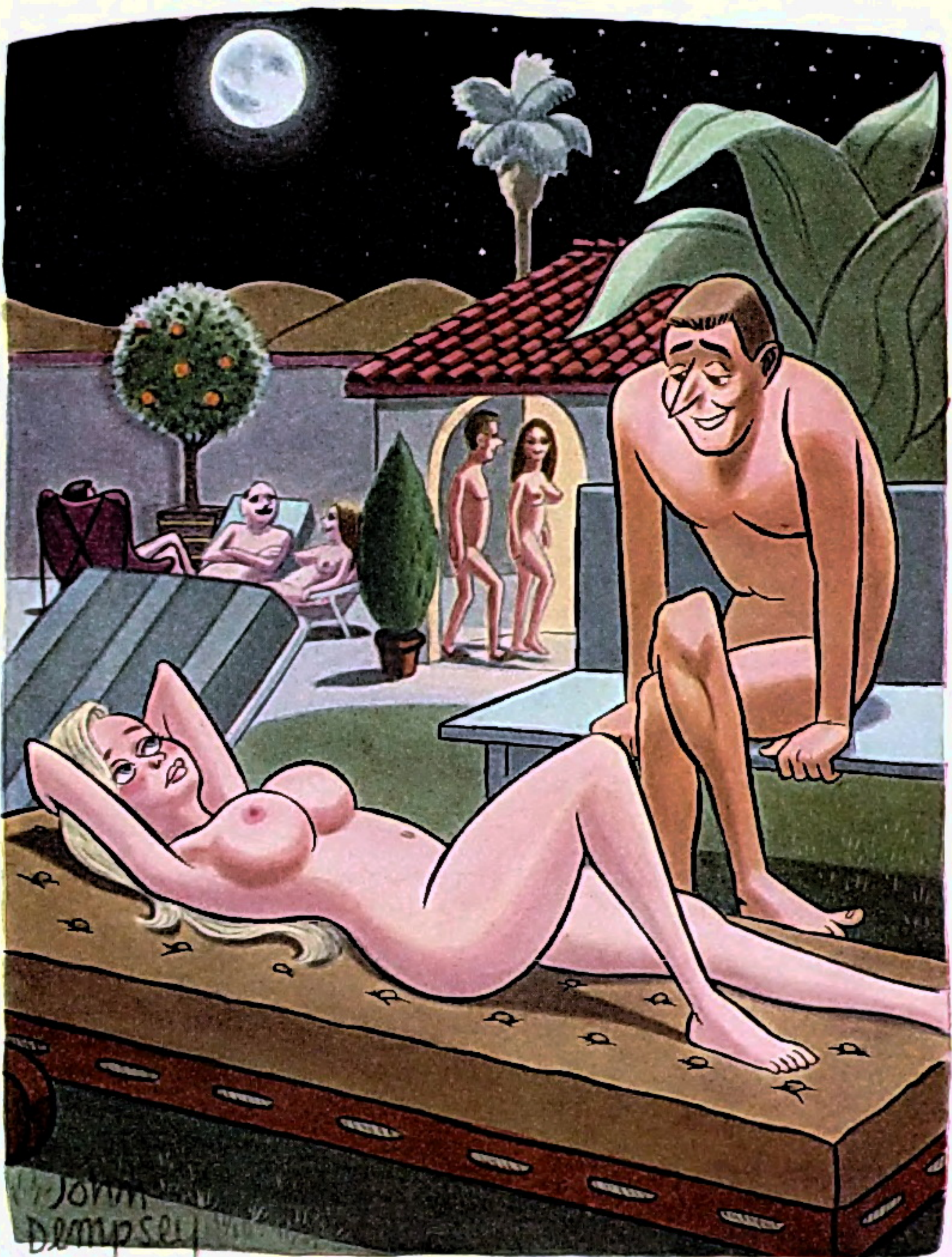


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