

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1966 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



BUNNIES OF DIXIE

*"THE DEATH OF GOD" BY
REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON*

INTERVIEW WITH H. L. HUNT

*FURTHER ADVENTURES OF
SECRET AGENT OY OY 7*

JANE FONDA IN THE BUFF

PLAYBOY



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SOKOL



The French Fonda

director roger vadim, creator of cinematic sex kitten brigitte bardot, adds a touch of continental catnip to jane fonda's all-american appeal

Not until she was 20 did the lovely, leggy (5'8") daughter of Henry Fonda finally decide to follow in her talented father's footsteps. Why the delay?

"When people asked me why I wasn't an actress," she recalls, "I would tell them if I couldn't be

the best, I wouldn't be an actress." Following

a brief stint at New York's Actors Studio, she made her debut on the boards in

There Was a Little Girl and walked off with a

Drama Critics Award, even though the play folded in its third week. Today, after

five Broadway bows and several starring film assignments (including the title role

in the award-winning *Cat Ballou*), Jane—already

ranked as one of Hollywood's leading lovelies—is being converted into a Continental

femme fatale by Roger Vadim,

former husband and movie mentor of France's foremost cinematic sex symbol,

Brigitte Bardot. Jane, married to Vadim shortly after their first filmic collaboration, in

Circle of Love, will soon receive maximum exposure in his *La Curée* and make her own

Bardot-like bid for international acclaim.



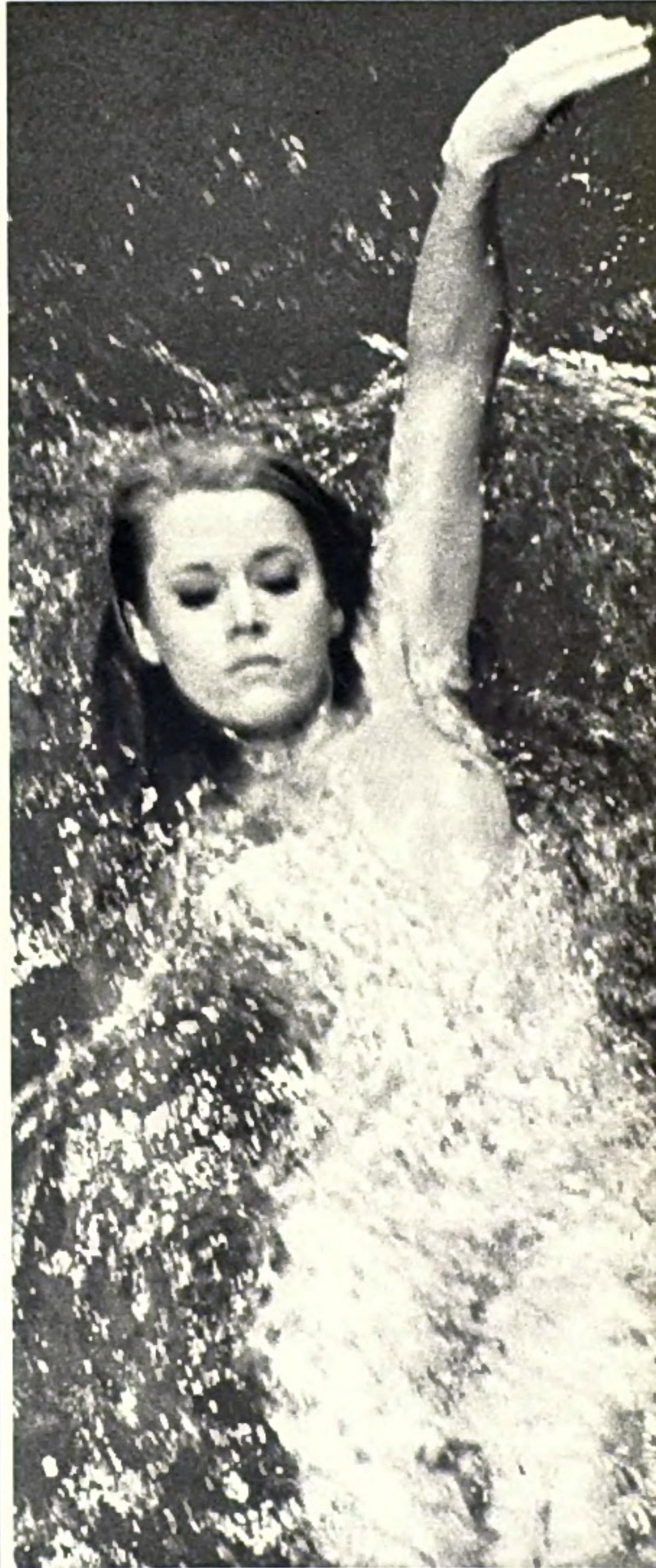
Preparing for a run-through of the poolside seduction scene from his forthcoming film adaptation of Zola's novel "La Curée," bespectacled Roger Vadim offers a few Gallic directorial gems to his pretty protégée-wife, Jane Fonda, and her British co-star, Peter McEnery. A firm fan of the Continental cinematic approach ("They actually pay you for making love"), Jane made her French film debut in Vadim's "Circle of Love," after which she and the creator of screen siren Bardot pooled their talents by adding marriage to movies.



Having doffed her robe for an undress rehearsal of her nudest film scene to date, the monokinied Miss Fonda checks the filmscript for a last-minute look at her lines, then takes a few cues from her leading man prior to plunging ahead for the final take.



Although she once balked at the idea of posing for a series of provocative publicity shots with her first filmic co-star, Tony Perkins, today's Jane shows no signs of getting cold feet as she takes to the water with true topless élan to establish a new cinematic image for herself.



An expert swimmer since childhood, Jane has little difficulty handling her aquatic assignment. "I spent half of my life wanting to be a boy," says Jane, explaining her tomboy flair for athletics, "because I wanted to be like my father." In terms of stardom, she's succeeding.



*Our water nymphette emerges from pool, wrapping herself in warm robe at conclusion of scene.
Right: Pastoral photo of nude Jane Fonda has appearance of fine painting by French master.*







John Dempsey

"Oh, God! You've been arresting couples in parked cars again . . . !"



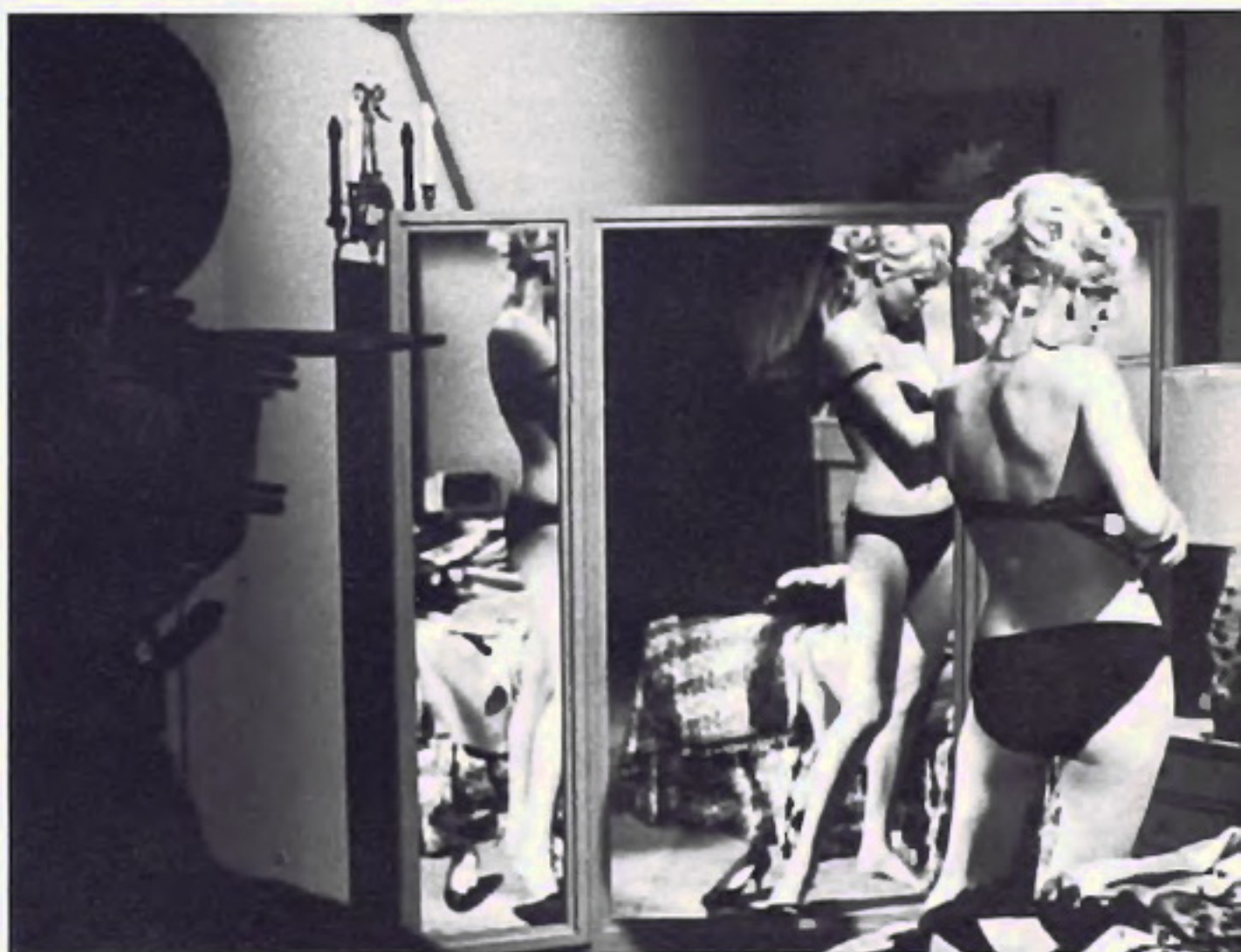
PICTURE PLAYMATE

*hollywood seconds playboy's
premise that miss august
ought to be in pictures*

SUSAN DENBERG, our striking Miss August, joins a long and lovely line of Playmates whose centerfold appearances have preceded their cinematic debuts—a comely clan that includes such gatefold delights as Jayne Mansfield (February 1955), Stella Stevens (January 1960), Donna Michelle (December 1963), Jo Collins (December 1964) and Sue Williams (April 1965). Susan, a honey of a blonde, will make her filmic bow this fall in the celluloid version of Norman Mailer's recent best-selling novel *An American Dream*. Born and bred in Klagenfurt, Austria, where her family still operates a chain of electrical-appliance shops, 22-year-old Susan came to California less than a year ago by way of London and Las Vegas. As she told us, with just the slightest trace of an unlauted vowel or two to give away her native Teutonic tongue: "By the time I was eighteen, I'd had it with the provincial ways of Klagenfurt; so I kissed Momma, Poppa and my two kid brothers—Ulrich and Reinhard—goodbye and headed West like your Horace Greeley advised all young people to do. My first stop was England, where my childhood ballet lessons and the fact that I was a blonde combined to help me land a job in the chorus line of the Bluebells of London. When the group went on tour, I went with them as far as the Las Vegas run at the Stardust, then decided to stay on in the States and have a go at every young girl's dream: a movie career."

Susan's *Dream* role was not long in coming. She landed the part of Ruta—a promiscuous German parlormaid—in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production, which stars Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Eleanor Parker, Barry Sullivan and Lloyd Nolan. "Like me, Ruta is a Teutonic import with a weakness for strong-willed men," our green-eyed belle of the month explains. "Of course, the fact that I speak with a German accent certainly didn't hurt my

Top to bottom: Our wide-eyed August miss receives some last-minute make-up touches from the studio cosmetologist in preparation for a steamy scene from Warner Bros.' forthcoming *An American Dream*; then, as the cameras roll, she discards her duds for an intended dip in the tub and subsequently becomes the more-than-willing object of Stuart Whitman's affections after a surprise hallway encounter that winds up with Susan literally throwing in the towel.





Flanked by director Robert Gist and leading man Stuart Whitman, our *August Dream* girl takes a pre-scene stroll around the Warner Bros. lot. "I couldn't have asked for a better cast or director to work with on my first film," she told us. "They were all screen veterans, but they still found time to take me under their wings." With voice and diction teacher Gertrude Fogler, Susan rehearses the sound of things to come, then stops off at her favorite neighborhood pastry shop for a strudel break. Later, she borrows a friend's wheels and sets out for afternoon disco date.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER GOWLAND

chances of being cast in the part." For a while, however, it appeared as though Susan might not be Susan at all by the time the film's release date rolled around. As part of a nationwide contest to find a *nom de cinéma* for its latest ascending starlet, Warner Bros. offered a \$500 award for the winning entry and received over 5000 name suggestions from cinemaphiles throughout both hemispheres before wisely deciding to leave Susan—name and all—exactly as they'd found her. "Some of the names submitted were pretty far out," recalls Susan. "But the funniest entry of them all was Norma Mailer."

With keen eyes to continue her pursuit of an American acting career now that she's broken the proverbial ice in pictures, Susan spends the bulk of her off-camera hours studying dramatics at Hollywood's Desilu Studio Workshop and taking voice and diction lessons from Madame Gertrude Fogler in Beverly Hills ("If the studio heads think I have an accent now, they should have heard me murder the language when I first hit town"). On weekends, however, her avocational interests attract her to the nearest beach ("All Nordic women are secretly in love with the sun"), *discothèque* ("With all the professional dancing I've done, I still get a kick out of learning all the new steps"), ski slope ("As a child I used to ski to school every day during winter, but now I'm lucky if I can make it out to Mount Baldy twice a month") or sports-car competition ("As soon as a few more films come my way, I've promised myself the best of all possible rewards: a new fuel-injected Corvette"). To inject a happy note of our own on the current shape of Austro-American trade, we recommend an audit of Susan's well balanced figure in this month's centerfold.



PLAYBOY's latest Hollywood hopeful pores over a film script while breakfasting in bed. "I still haven't learned to think in English as much as I should," she says, "so it takes me twice as long to memorize my lines, because I always wind up translating them into German first." At a fashionable Beverly Hills emporium, salesgirl helps Susan try on a smart new summer frock; then shop owner Gene Schacove looks on approvingly as she slips into something a bit more formal ("I'm a typical female as far as clothes are concerned; my eyes are always bigger than my wallet").



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Between Warner Bros. shooting sessions and her dramatics classes, Susan uses the pool adjoining her Beverly Hills apartment to take a sun-and-swim breather.

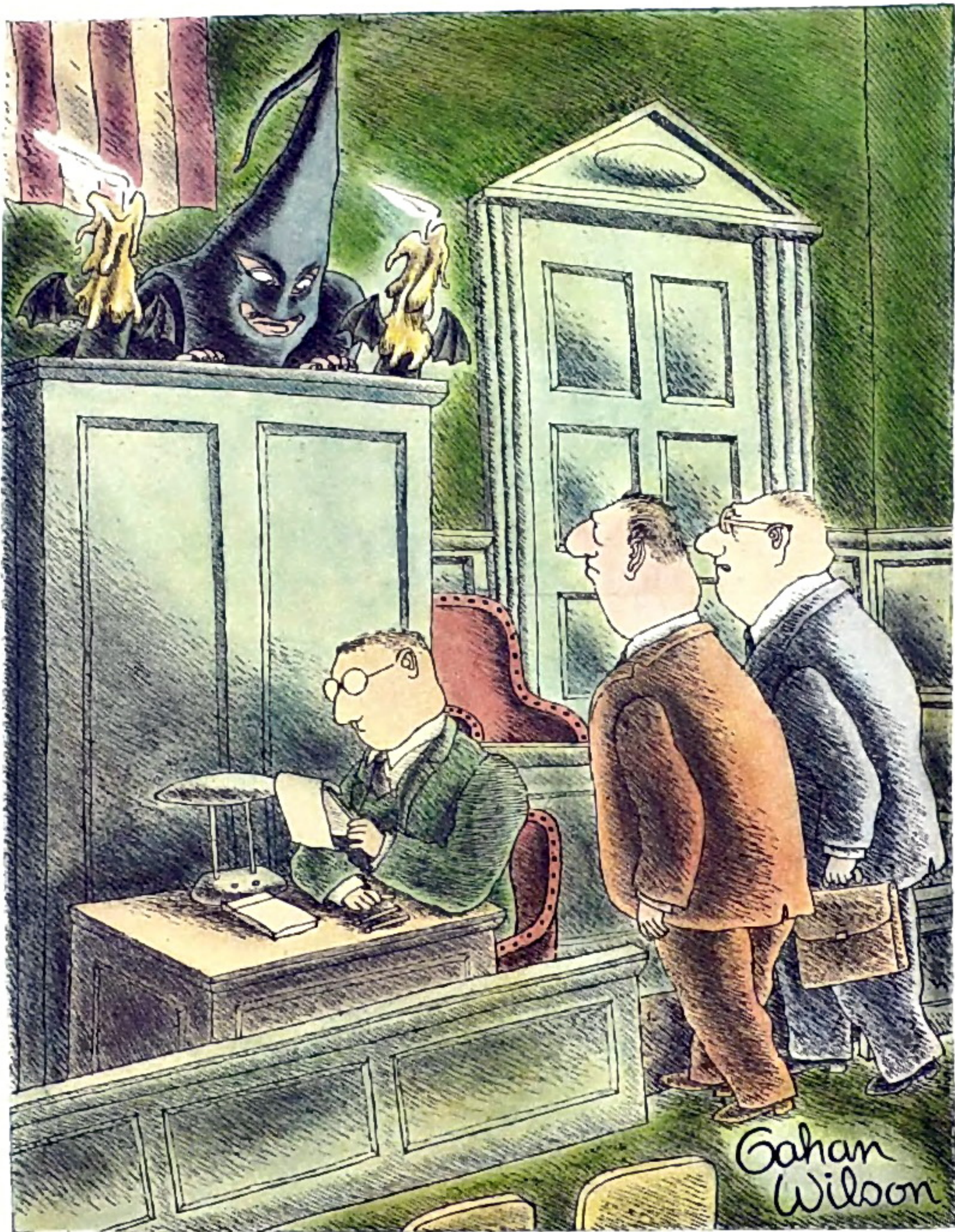




"Shouldn't we be putting nuts away for the winter or something?"



"Sometimes I wish I'd learned to take shorthand, or type, or something . . ."



Gahan
Wilson

"It's really a shame we happened to draw this judge . . ."



Honey-haired Paula Holcomb hopes to Bunny-hop around the Playboy Club circuit after learning the ropes as a rabbitette at her hometown Atlanta hutch. An amateur sculptress, 21-year-old Texan Tonja Mitchell cuts a fine figure while frugging at our New Orleans digs.

The Bunnies Of Dixie

*a pictorial tribute to the
land of cotton's cottontailed belles*



In or out of uniform, farm-bred Georgia filly Sara Atkinson (top and above left) exudes the kind of ante-bellum appeal that Atlanta keyholders cotton to. Bayou Bunny Barbara Grant leans toward the Latin in music—fado to listen to and the bossa nova for dancing.

SARA PATRICIA ATKINSON, who many keyholders think is the best Bunny in the Atlanta Playboy Club, is all the sweetness of the South rolled into one caramel package. She's blonde and blue-eyed, with a gentle voice, a delicate mouth and a smile that could melt Sherman's statue. When you talk to Sara, she speaks shyly of her devotion to her family, her childhood on her father's farm in rural Georgia and her feeling of cozy security at the Atlanta Club.

What does she do in her spare time? The soft gleam in her azure eyes gives way to a hard glitter. "I have a little burgundy Mustang—my prize possession," she says. "A real fast one, with four on the floor. It flies." The words tumble out, and suddenly we're transported out of the old South into the new as we picture this little Southern belle barreling along Atlanta's Northwest expressway, while she unwinds after a night's work at the Atlanta Playboy Club. "I drive thirty, forty-five minutes, just to relax and enjoy the quietness of Atlanta in the early morning. I love the wind and I love speed—planes, cars, anything, just so long as they're fast." (text continued on page 112) 103



Above: Things have been looking up in Atlanta since this rabbit-eared roster first donned Bunny satin early last year. On facing page, from top, l to r: Diminutive (5') Diana Anton lives just a hop away from her New Orleans hutch. Atlanta's Hildy Ballard has her sights set on a future Bunny Mother's berth; whereas her Honda-driving hutchmate, Mary McFarland—one of a growing group of Georgia-based Playboy peaches who prefer two-wheeled transport—is happy being Club's Bumper-Pool Bunny. Hitting a high-see in off-duty mesh or adorning the Club handstand, Marlene Everett adds a bright note to Atlanta's hutch-going scene. Stair climbing has become a favorite sport among Atlanta rabbitues now: that local fashion model Peggy Dorris has decided to double as a Dixie Bunny. Native Angelino Jody Duck is a doorable addition to Creole-style cottontailing.



Alabama belle Janice Bishop strolls through a maze of modern architectural forms that border Atlanta's famed Peachtree Center shopping area on her way home from an afternoon stint at the local hutch. A onetime Hollywood hopeful ("My only part was a walk-on in the world's worst horror flick"), she's found Bunnydom suits her best.



Above: Bunny-Playmate Jan Roberts began her cottontailed career a few years back at the Chicago Club, but has since added impressive new dimensions (39-23-35) to New Orleans' rabbituelle set. Right: An off-hours devotee of yoga and chess, "Peaches" Coombs—who toured the country for two years as the mitiest (5') member of an acrobatic troupe—sizes up the scene along Atlanta's Peachtree Street, just a few blocks from her own warren.



Clockwise from above: Native New Orleanian Delilah Graley takes monokimed morning dip. A happy addition to any hayride, Shari Kelley often belts out ballads in the Atlanta Club's Living Room. Bayou belle Carol Leland exhibits four-poster form. Sunbonneted Shirley Powell spices Georgia setting.





Far left, top to bottom: A German import of recent vintage, carrot-topped Lori Schruenger would like nothing better than to see the U. S. A. the Playboy way ("After Atlanta, I'd love to work at every Club on the circuit"). Atlanta hutch honeys apply the feminine finishing touches in the Club's Bunny Dressing Room, then post their pretty presences behind the Gift Shop counter to await their dinner-hour duties.



Clockwise from top left: Poised on the stairs of New Orleans hutch or on the balcony of her Bourbon Street bachelorette pad, New Yorker Mary Jane McGrath shows no signs of wanting to return to the northland. Colleague Carol Bruno, however, has designs on a Manhattan modeling career. Atlantans all: Judy Pressley pauses beside a Neiman, Lana Brewer tries for all-over tan, Kim Hester poses at Club and corral.





Clockwise from far left: Abby Mulligan is fetchingly framed in New Orleans Club's leaded-glass portal. Door design blends Creole and modern Playboy decor. Also pictured at pianoside, Abby has just made her video debut on a local station. Perched outside Atlanta's Peachtree Center is former rodeo queen and current karate student "Gary" McQuarrie. Whether percaled or cottontailed, Bunny-Playmate Carrie Radison rates as one of Crescent City's comeliest, as does hutchmate Bobbi Stephenson, whose back we gladly pardon.



Sara Atkinson epitomizes a new breed of cottontail—the Bunnies of Dixie, a swinging, staccato but ever-so-sweet blend of venerable traditions and space-age ideas. Though this combination perplexes a few outside observers not caught up in the mystique of the new South, the Dixieland Bunnies themselves remain delightfully unconfused. In the Atlanta Club, for instance, where almost half the girls are from that city and most of the rest from elsewhere below the Mason-Dixon line, the latest fad is Japanese motorcycles. Oil-duty Bunnies in hip-huggers and pastel tops roar along historic Peachtree Street astride Hondas, Suzukis and Yamahas. In New Orleans, where Cajun influence—like the sultry atmosphere itself—suffuses every corner of the French Quarter, olive-skinned Bunnies from the bayous stroll down Bourbon Street in their off-hours, chattering in patois about the latest dance craze. The Playboy spirit matches the ebullience of the South in the Sixties; the Dixie Playboy Clubs—like their cottontailed inhabitants—cannily combine the best of two worlds, in a mixture that has proved both unique and enduring.

In this case, the South surrendered to change without firing a shot. The fine old restaurants and jazzy night spots of Atlanta and New Orleans welcomed the Playboy key chain on the oft-proved theory that competition breeds success. Southern business and professional men, like any others, prefer their drinks strong, their food tasty, their women attractive and efficient, and Playboy meets the test uniquely. Even the red-necked Bible Belt orators, well known for their stands against many aspects of 20th Century life, are strangely silent, perhaps because the Clubs are drawing people from piny woods as well as pine-paneled offices. One Atlanta Bunny even has a rock-ribbed Southern Baptist preacher as a regular customer. "It took some time before he told me who he was," she says. "But he loves the Club, and we get along famously."

Many things besides a golden suntan and a molasses drawl unite the Bunnies of Dixie. They love water and water sports, rate the beaches of Florida and the Gulf as their number-one vacation spots. Almost to a girl, they dig the latest in dances and jump at a chance to perform at wee-hours sessions in the show rooms. Fewer than the national Bunny average of 42 percent have been to college, simply because schooling for the fair sex is often regarded as superfluous in the South. Future Bunnies are usually groomed at home, and the product, as devotees of the Southern Clubs will attest, is a warmth and genuineness that beats book learning all hollow.

Southern Bunnies read voraciously, though, and *Gone with the Wind* is their bible. Two thirds of the Atlanta

Bunnies say it's the best book they've ever read. The reason may be more wish fulfillment than entertainment. As Atlanta Bunny Mother Bev Powell says, "They all think they're Scarlett O'Hara." And they do like that Southern cooking, but with a contemporary twist—fried chicken and Scotch for Atlanta's Ruth Lewis, fried green tomatoes and a tom collins for her hutchmate Arlene Smith.

"The Southern girl is absolutely delightful," says Bunny Mother Bev, a statuesque blonde from Kansas City. "She's softer, more feminine. Does she play dumb? Ooh, yes. She may not always be more sincere, but she always appears to be. She's really just as intelligent as the Northern girl, but she uses what she has—her femininity—to better advantage." Managers of the Atlanta and New Orleans Clubs are deluged with compliments from keyholders on the warmth and quality of their service, and credit goes to the Bunnies. Says Neil Wannan, Atlanta Club manager who was formerly with the Los Angeles Club: "In L. A. a lot of the girls were eager to break into show business. Here they're just all-American girls, not potential starlets but down-to-earth kids looking for a good job. To be a Bunny is something special to them, and they show it."

They certainly do, agrees Bob Tobias, candy-company executive who frequents many of the Playboy Clubs. "The thing I look for is personal rapport, and I find it in the Southern Clubs," Bob said recently. "New Yorkers and Chicagoans are more aloof. Here the girls, and the guys, really know you and talk to you. It's important to me when Camille comes up and says, 'Hi, Candy Man.'" Camille, it turns out, is a striking Bunny from Dublin, Georgia, who dispenses Southern charm with every drink. She tilts the beer bottle, holding the glass straight, in the approved fashion, and says: "Don't worry, I have a very steady hand." She also has a very fine frame, which the keyholder is free to visually enjoy while the beer is slowly, ever so slowly, filling his glass. One of the few pig-tailed Bunnies in captivity, Camille plaited her hair despite protests from the resident hairdresser. "She told me not to tell anybody she was responsible. 'It looks awfully Victorian,' she said." Awfully attractive is more like it.

Before Playboy came to Atlanta, the city boasted little night life and no night spots consistently booking top acts. As a space-age boomtown with new buildings sprouting on every block and an unemployment rate half the national average, Atlanta seemed ripe for the Playboy operation. When the Club opened, on March 6, 1965, it was a rousing and immediate success. After initially drawing Atlanta's burgeoning population of suburbanites, traditionally home-based entertainers, to the Club's plush red-

carpeted rooms, the multifaceted Playboy entertainment fare has kept them coming back for encores.

The Club is located in the Dinkler Motor Hotel, headquarters for a steady stream of conventioners, a block and a half off Peachtree, the famous main drag that divides the city east and west. The Club is laid out in two stories, with the Playmate Bar and Living Room on the first floor, Penthouse and Playroom on the second.

Like Playboy Clubs everywhere, both Southern Clubs bow to local rules and customs. Atlanta, advanced as it is for a Southern city, is not entirely liberated from fundamentalist strictures. The Club must stop serving at 1:30 A.M., and since not even a beer can be sold on Sunday, Playboy, along with most entertainment spots and restaurants in town, shuts down. The New Orleans Club doesn't open on Sunday, either, but only because New Orleanians are seventh-day stay-at-homers. In the unfettered bayou city, you can drink 24 hours a day every day, as long as you're over 17 and sober enough to hold a glass. Obeisance in New Orleans is paid to architecture rather than temperance, and the results of strict aesthetic zoning laws can be pleasing, indeed. The New Orleans Club, in the heart of the French Quarter, is an artful mixture of early Creole and Playboy modern. The building is 185 years old, a respectable age in the Quarter, and used to be La Louisiane restaurant, owned by the legendary Diamond Jim Moran, who wore diamonds on his fingers, in his stickpins, even in his shoestrings. Playboy International's design team, required by law to leave the building's facade intact, decided to leave a good deal of the interior as well, and gatefold transparencies and Neiman paintings now hang in perfect harmony with a glittering crystal chandelier, a hand-lead glass door and a massive mahogany banister. (The banister has proved irresistible to a few acrobatically inclined guests. Trouble is, they sometimes don't see the supporting strut halfway down, which brings them to an abrupt—and unexpected—halt.)

In conservative Atlanta, Playboy's guests come early and leave early; in freewheeling New Orleans, they come late and stay later—till four on weekdays, five on Saturdays. Atlantans, say the Bunnies, are straight 15-percent tippers; New Orleanians are somewhat freer with the gratuities. Bumper pool is highly popular in both Clubs, and some of the Bumper-Pool Bunnies are crackerjacks with a cue stick. New Orleans' best is Bunny June Riviera, who keeps the table busy even on a slow night. How does she do it? "Everybody loves me," says June, batting her brown eyes. June's 36-23-35 frame seems to attract admirers.

(continued on page 116)



"Of course, with that model, you lay all your cards on the table, so to speak . . ."

Bunnies Of Dixie *(continued from page 112)*

and she's unabashedly aware of it. "In bumper pool, it's what's up front that counts," June says, tapping her forehead and wearing a smile.

Bunny June obviously is a straightforward young thing with a weakness for sports. She loves horse racing and has been an *aficionado* since she was 13. A fair handicapper in more ways than one, she's now raising a thoroughbred filly herself and plans to race her at the New Orleans Fair Grounds next January. She's also a fine bowler, rolled an exhibition match against champion Joe Joseph in May and, thanks to a little tinkering with the rules, beat him by a pin. She bowls in a woman's league at nine every Wednesday morning, arriving at the lanes after nine hours of table-hopping and four more of early-morning reading (her favorites: Erskine Caldwell and Civil War literature). June has two Bunny relatives in New Orleans—her sister, Susie Saladino, and cousin Carol Bruno. Susie is a short, athletic brunette and a fine amateur tumbler who now bowls a formidable game of tenpins herself.

New Orleans' rabbit warren boasts three full-blooded Cajuns, all well-built, dusky-skinned beauties who grew up on gumbo and jambalaya. The Cajiest of the group is Robin LeBlanc, from the minuscule metropolis of Cut Off, in Lafourche parish, a shrimp-fishing town where Cajun French is the vernacular. Robin's grandfather speaks only Cajun, and she spoke it even before she learned English. "Parisian" French in school was a terrible chore for her, and in the Club she's constantly mystifying, and being confused by, real-French-speaking guests. The big event of the year around Cut Off is the Tarpon Rodeo, which draws thousands of fishermen to nearby Grand Isle. Robin and her family used to take part each year, but she now sticks to sailing, swimming and sun-bathing, three of the most popular pastimes among Dixieland Bunnies.

The other two Cajuns are Roni Gros and Eve Latiolais. Eve is a quiet girl from Lafayette who, it takes a while to find out, digs drag racing. She has a red '65 Galaxie that she drives in time trials. "I get a lot of challenges," Eve says. "I guess they think a girl driver means an easy victory. But I beat most of them—the car has 390 under the hood, which is pretty hot." Roni, tall and well proportioned, is from Houma, a onetime plantation area now devoted to offshore oil drilling. She drives home nearly every weekend and thus manages to retain a homespun charm not often found in big-city night clubs.

Aside from its Cajuns, New Orleans' chief attraction for rabbitues is a fresh, young breed of Bunny. Unlike Atlanta,

the New Orleans Club can legally employ 18-year-olds; arrestingly different, youthfully effervescent cottontails have been the happy result. Angel Frillot is an ebullient 19-year-old who readily admits most keyholders think she's much younger. She has long light-brown hair and all the allure of a Lolita. Angel came to the Club from a "terribly dull" job at a New Orleans bank. At the Club she quickly established herself as the resident nut, a fliberty Gidget who talks incessantly and owns two dozen pairs of shoes with matching Shirley Temple purses.

Angel, of course, is crazy like a fox, and so is her youthful counterpart, vivacious Sam Glynn. Both Angel and Sam realize, as Sam's Bunny roommate says, that "those little-girl looks are their greatest asset," and off duty they enhance them to the utmost with dresses, bows and what not. Sam is from New Iberia, Louisiana, where Tabasco sauce is made, and was understandably niffed when Playboy's personnel office in Chicago, seeing "New Iberia" on her application, queried the New Orleans Club: "Is this girl an American citizen?" Sam, of course, is not really Sam. She's Linda, but there's another Linda at the Club, so to avoid confusion she changed her name. Bambi, Pete and, yes, even Lolita were rejected first—Lolita, said management, was "too suggestive." (Masculine Bunny names are not unusual nowadays, a trend that may have started at the New York Club, where a Bunny called Irving, so the story goes, became enshrined as "the husband's excuse." "I was out seeing Irving last night," keyholders could tell their wives.) Sam's button-cute charms have won her a big following in the New Orleans Club. "A lot of times keyholders bring their sons in to meet me," says Sam. "Everybody's trying to marry me off."

Overseer of the New Orleans Bunny brigade is Meg Marriott, executive secretary of the Club, who has been doubling as Bunny Mother. Meg is a quick-witted and well-educated young lady from London who has the British gift of directness. "I disliked the South and New Orleans when I first arrived," she says. "People regarded me as I'd regard somebody from Patagonia. I like it now, though, and find the job fascinating."

New Orleans boasts its share of exotic backgrounds in jet brunettes Sandy Ray and Dolores Braquet. Bunny Sandy is half Cherokee and hails from Comanche, Texas. Her father raises whiteface cattle, which Sandy helps round up whenever she's home. New Orleans, she laments, has "very few places to ride," so she spends her free time reading Civil War novels and 14th Century poetry. Bunny Dolores is half Castilian and half Filipino, has lived in the French Quarter

for years. Hired by the Club as a 94-pound weakling, she's now a very pleasing 105.

Two carpetbaggers at the New Orleans Club are Bonnie Leigh, from Pennsylvania, and Luanna Rathman, from Minnesota. Luanna studied sociology for a year at the University of Minnesota, headed South when she found the climate too cold for comfort. She's taking French lessons (no Cajun, thank you), intends to finish college and teach. For relaxation, "aside from dating, I read—mostly Ayn Rand. And I write, mostly unromantic short stories. I love to talk to people—that's what I like most about being a Bunny. Some time back I served a small man who must have been 65, who was just beautiful. He told me he was a sea captain who now lives in Las Vegas and writes adventure stories and Westerns. Sells them, too. He and his wife ride motorcycles all over the country—in black-leather outfits. Can you imagine a cop stopping them and her taking off her helmet and saying, 'Yes, sonny? They're beautiful, just beautiful.'"

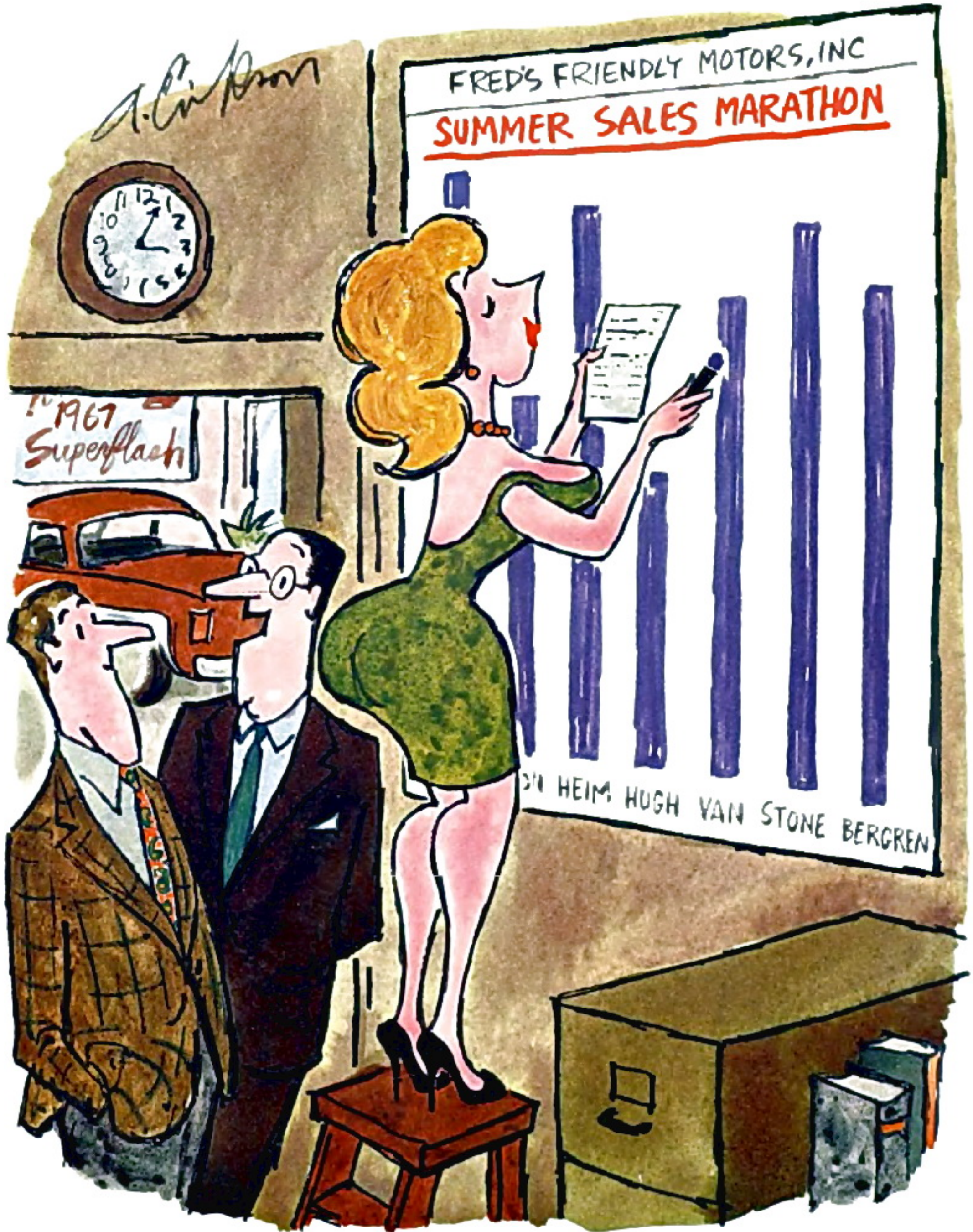
Bonnie was a Bunny at the Jamaica Club before hopping to New Orleans. She misses Jamaica, but is nevertheless pleased with the change. For one thing, tips in New Orleans run considerably higher. For another, small-town community life in Ocho Rios was too demanding. "Sometimes you just didn't want to put on make-up just to go to the post office," says Bonnie, "but you felt you ought to, because the whole town knew you were a Bunny." Platinum-haired Bonnie is transferring to the London Club as one of ten "exchange Bunnies," and she's already anticipating her first weekends in London and Paris.

Everybody has some idiosyncrasy, and Martha Hellwig's is taking bus tours of Louisiana. "I make all the tours with old-maid schoolteachers," she says. "No joke. I visit all these ante-bellum homes and what not, and that makes me a real booster for the state. I tell the keyholders facts and figures and they say, 'You ought to work for the tourist division of the chamber of commerce.'" Like many another girl, Tara Fife submitted her Bunny application on a dare ("If somebody dares me, I can't say no"). She got the name Tara from—you guessed it—*Gone with the Wind*, and she's thankful she wasn't christened Scarlett.

New Orleans Bunnies come pattering into the Club with bare midriffs and sometimes bare feet. They drop in at Felix's Oyster Bar next door for stuffed Gulf lobster or something less caloric, like cottage cheese and lettuce, which locals have dubbed "Rabbit food." After work they may amble down Rue Iberville to the King's Room for a drink. In the small hours of Sunday, with the week's work done, a little group of

(continued on page 155)

A. Cr. Brown

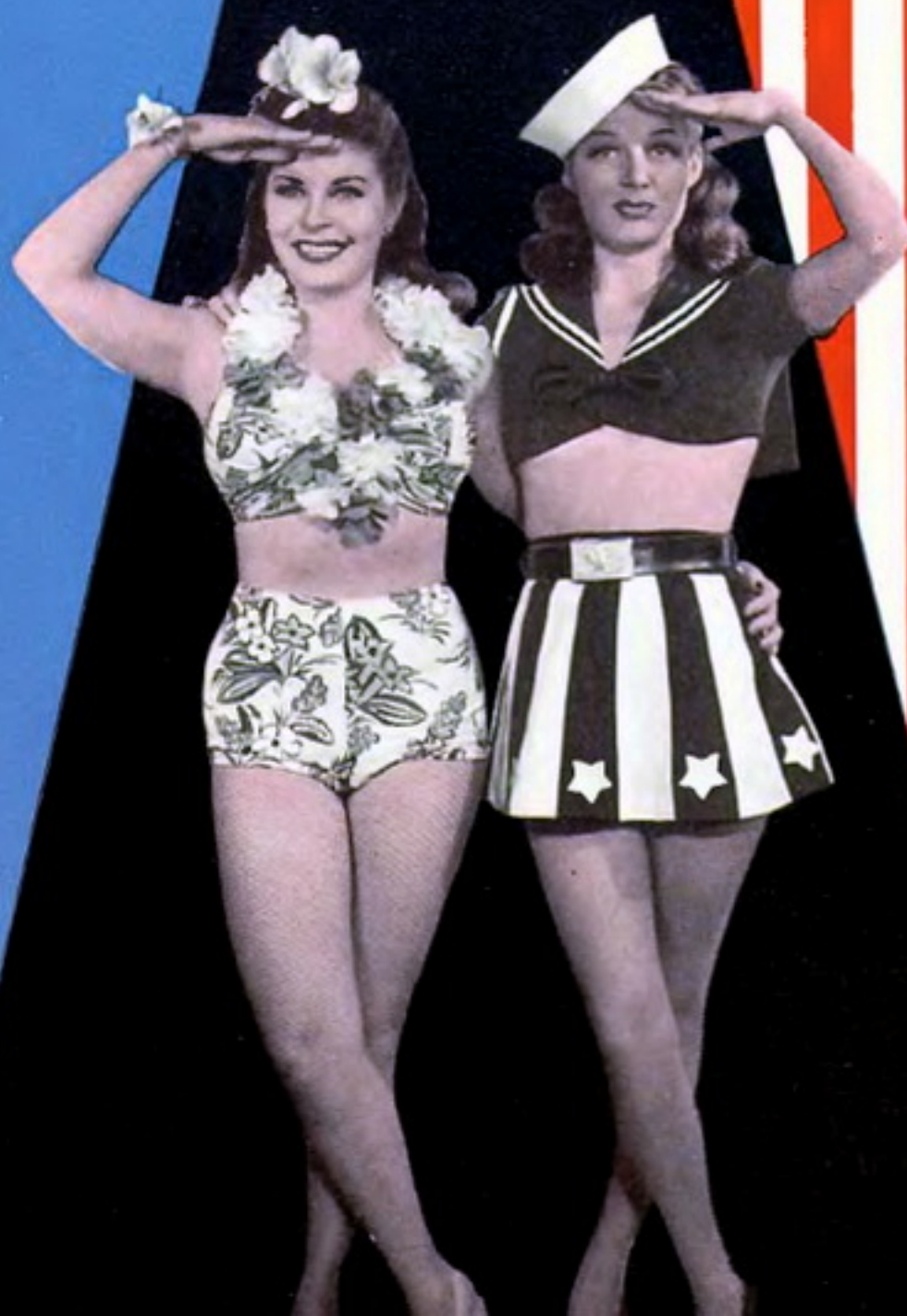


"The winner gets Miss Hornblower for the Labor Day weekend."

THE HISTORY OF SEX CINEMA



By
ARTHUR KNIGHT
and
HOLLIS ALPERT



PART NINE: THE FORTIES War and Peace in Hollywood

patriotic pinups shared the screen with anti-axis sadism, then post-war american movies began defying the code with more explicit sexuality

IF OUR TROOPS overseas during World War Two did much dreaming about the girl back home, it was in spite of, not because of, the movies they saw. Throughout the War years, films dominated their lives. GIs were trained by them, indoctrinated by them and learned from them the dangers of V. D. From Stateside camps right up to the front lines, they had available to them the latest Hollywood releases in vast profusion. Stars and starlets entertained them in U. S. O. shows. They even learned to shoot their M-1s by practicing on mock-up targets bearing the likeness of Betty Grable. The platinumed Miss Grable, the favorite pinup girl of the War years, typified the new style in sex symbols—curvaceous, long-legged and bosomy. Rita Hayworth, Lana Turner, Jane Russell, Carole Landis (dubbed the “ping” girl, for some reason) and, in a vest-pocket edition, Veronica Lake shared both the Grable attributes and the Grable popularity. These were definitely not “girl next door” types; and while some psychologists, such as Martha Wolfenstein and Nathan Leites, have maintained that what the Wartime heroine actually represented was home and mother, most GIs found it far pleasanter to fantasize themselves as Errol Flynns rescuing these gorgeous creatures from their Nazi or Nipponese persecutors in eager anticipation of their grateful reward. If thereupon they had turned out to be mother, or even the girl next door, the disappointment might well have been unbearable.

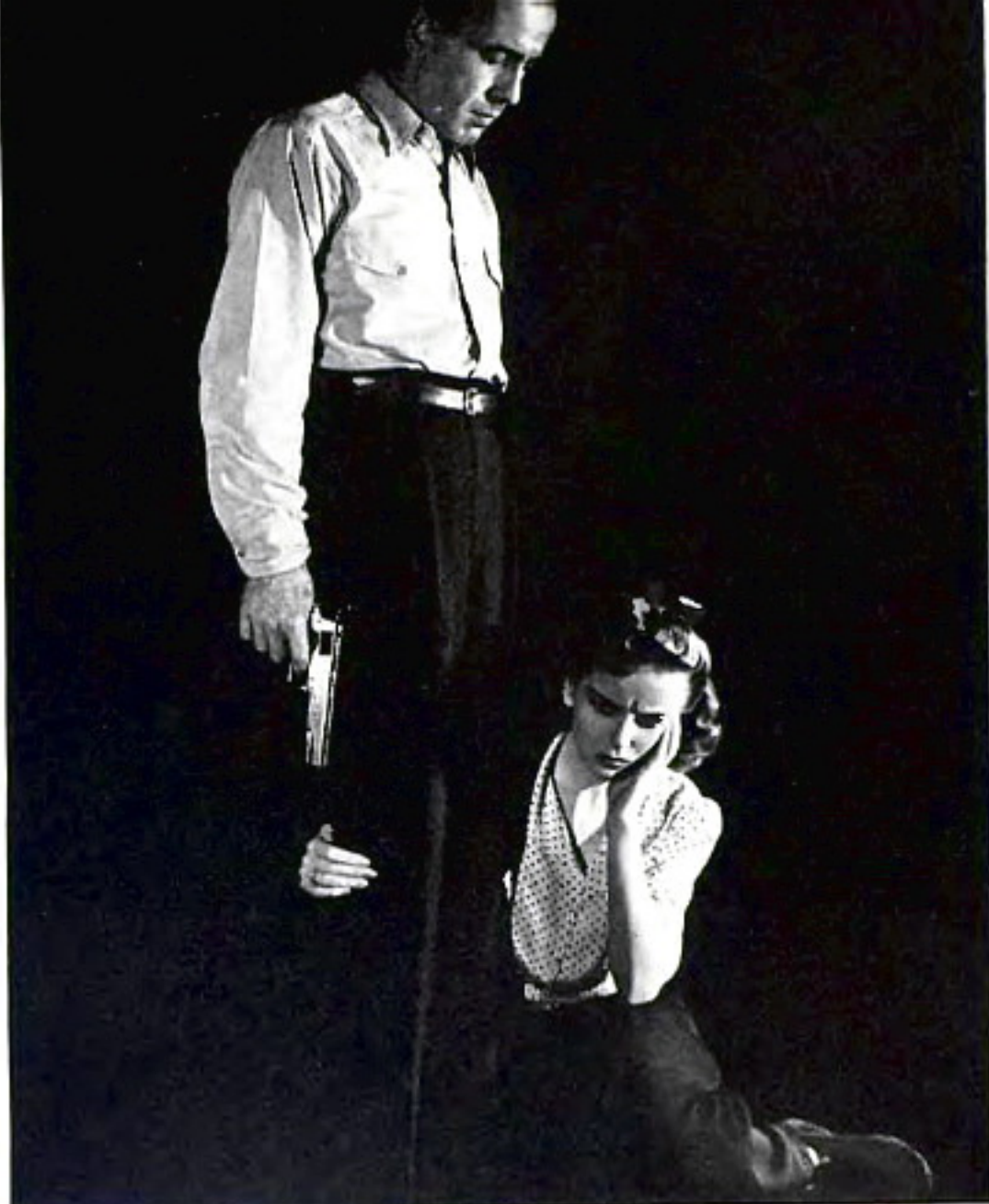
In one way or another, the War profoundly influenced the American films of the Forties, introducing new themes, new types and, above all, new attitudes toward sex. Indeed, well before America’s official participation in it, while the country officially still maintained its traditional isolationist posture, the process was already beginning. The prudish nice-Nellyism of brassieres for the little centaurettes who cavorted to Beethoven’s *Pastoral Symphony* in Walt Disney’s *Fantasia*—a touch that the Hays Office insisted upon—was thoroughly derided when the film appeared late in 1940. Meanwhile, the sweater—an article of feminine apparel popularized by Lana Turner—had become so all-pervasive that in April of 1940 Joseph I. Breen, the administrator of the industry’s Production Code, warned that in the future “any ‘sweater shots’ in which the breasts are clearly outlined will be rejected.” An International Ladies Garment Workers Union knitwear local protested that his ukase “struck at the economic security of 50,000 workers,” but it was soon evident that they had little



HOLLYWOOD GOES TO WAR: In a role reversal epitomizing the Wartime man shortage, three WACs (Lana Turner, Laraine Day and Susan Peters) try out their wolf whistles on a passing serviceman in "Keep Your Powder Dry." The studios also did their bit for morale by producing patriotic pinup pictures such as the bombshell at top right. Meanwhile, back at the front, sex stars like John Wayne and Errol Flynn were busy vanquishing the enemy in such gang-ho epics as "Back to Bataan" and "Objective, Burma!" (center). Victory, however, often came too late to save the leading ladies in distress from an assortment of Axis atrocities in such propaganda films as "Hitler's Children" and "Secret Agent of Japan."



BELOVED AND BEREFT: Sex star Ava Gardner was typecast (opposite Robert Walker, far left) as the goddess of love in "One Touch of Venus" (1948). Paulette Goddard, Dorothy Lamour and Veronica Lake—three of the War years' most popular glamor girls—lament their dateless fate in "Star Spangled Rhythm," a star-spangled flag waver of the period. **BETTY AND HEDY:** Pinup queen Betty Grable concealed her famous legs beneath a two-piece evening gown in "Down Argentine Way," one of the musicals that made her the nation's top female money-maker until 1945. Another escapist Wartime musical, "Ziegfeld Girl" found a florally bedecked Hedy Lamarr with little to do but look beautiful for co-star Tony Martin. **BEAUTY AND BEAST:** Victor Mature and Carole Landis, who owed their screen success mostly to their respective builds, portrayed a monosyllabic cave man and his mate in "One Million B.C." Another prehistoric type, the simian villain of "Nabonga," like King Kong, had a taste for the female of the species—but not his own (in this case, an unknown starlet named Julie London).



to fear. The ruling was honored more in the breach than in the observance.

Dialog, too, had suddenly grown racier. Despite Clark Gable's historic and hotly contested "damn" in his last line from *Gone with the Wind*, the Hays Office stubbornly maintained its long list of forbidden words—augmented in 1941 by such late starters as "alley cat," "broad" and "hot" (applied to a woman), "goose" and "fairy" (in a sexual sense), "tomcat" (applied to a man), "nuts" (except when meaning "crazy") and "buzzard" (too similar in sound to "bastard"). But scriptwriters were getting their points across without breaking the rules—just bending the spirit of the Code. In *They Drive by Night*, for example, truck driver George Raft surveys the "classy chassis" of waitress Ann Sheridan and offers to "finance it." "Who do you think you're kidding?" Miss Sheridan replies. "Why, you couldn't even pay for the headlights." Later, she invites Raft up to her apartment for a cup of coffee. "No, no coffee," Raft says slyly. But he follows her up to her apartment anyway. The Legion of Decency responded by putting the film on its "Morally objectionable in part" list—along with many other "A" productions of the period, including *Gone with the Wind*; but the exhibitors, through their trade publications, were openly asking the producers to "let down the bars" and to "cook up some spicier dishes" to attract a public that had been shrinking steadily throughout the late Thirties.



As war drew nearer, the studios began to discover that they could meet such demands with greater impunity. In a 1940 survey of civil liberties in the United States entitled *In the Shadow of War*, the ever-watchful American Civil Liberties Union reported that censorship of motion pictures, plays, books and radio had declined sharply, and added, "Since most of the censor-

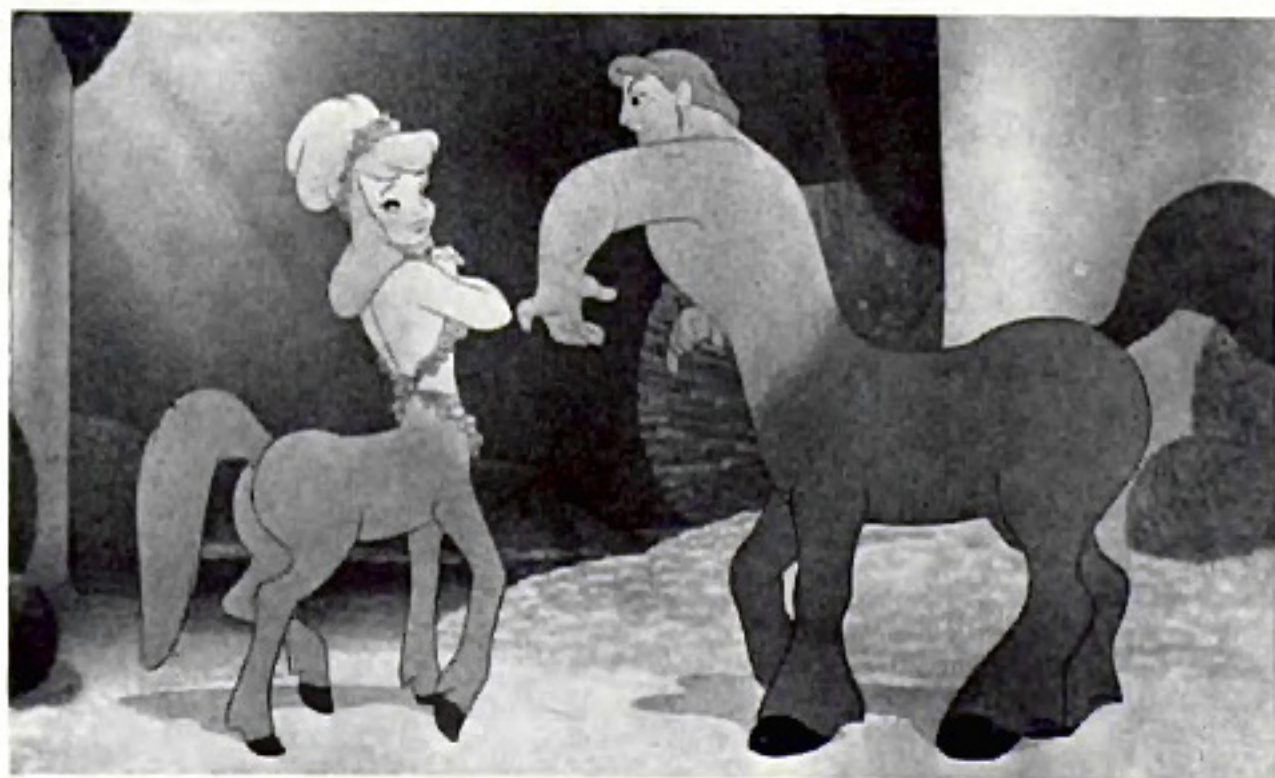


HE-MEN: A tough-guy hoodlum in the pre-War years—he played the gunman "Mad Dog" Earle opposite Ida Lupino in "High Sierra" (top)—Humphrey Bogart had metamorphosed by 1943 into a tough-guy hero, as the grizzled Sergeant Gunn (center) in "Sahara," a hard-bitten action picture about tank warfare in North Africa. Many of his greatest roles—as the worldly, wisecracking loner in such classics as "Key Largo," "To Have and Have Not" and "The Big Sleep"—were yet to come. "This Gun for Hire" made an overnight star of Alan Ladd, a tough-guy type who turned on female fans—and co-star Veronica Lake—with his sexy portrayal of a cold-blooded killer.

ship is based upon so-called moral grounds, it indicates an increasing tolerance of themes which a few years ago aroused hostility and official interference." Clearly, as the Depression rolled away, not just the exhibitors but the public at large was chafing against the artificially maintained moral standards of the Thirties. Significantly, Breen himself, offered the position of production head at RKO studios, in May of 1941 temporarily relinquished the job of trying to police an industry with antiquated and ineffectual ground rules. Actually, many felt that he had been laughed out of office by public reaction to his anti-"sweater girl" manifesto.

Breen's departure did not mean that suddenly, miraculously, the studios were given a green light to ignore their Code's strictures, however. The Code still prevailed; but a few more liberties could now be taken within its framework. Shortly before Breen's resignation, RKO released a version of Sidney Howard's 1925 Pulitzer Prize-winning play, *They Knew What They Wanted*, suitably sanitized to Code specifications. In the stage version, the young wife of an elderly vintner has an affair with a virile field hand; the husband learns the worst, but forgives the girl and takes her back. In the film, however, which co-starred Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard, not only is the couple not married (thus eliminating any Code problems with adultery), but it is made clear that the infidelity was definitely not of the lady's choosing. Even so, the picture has her going off, at the end, hopeful that perhaps sometime in the future the wedding bells will ring out.

Stuck with a strikingly similar situation shortly after Breen's resignation, MGM treated it with considerably more freedom—at least until the Legion of Decency stepped in. *Two-Faced Woman*, Greta Garbo's last picture, was originally to have been the story of an off-again, on-again love affair in which Garbo, playing an unglamorous ski instructress, poses as her sexy, madcap twin sister, presumably the kind of girl that sophisticated Melvyn Douglas really wanted to marry. To avoid Code complications, the film had the skiing Garbo married to Douglas in the first reel. But this still posed something of a problem toward the end of the picture, when Douglas pursues a wispily clad Garbo—the invented twin—from parlor to bedroom with infidelity clearly uppermost in his mind. A Legion condemnation quickly took the film out of circulation until a scene could be inserted in which Douglas—and the audience—is informed via telephone that the supposed twin is really his wife, which made the whole pursuit perfectly



SEX IN DISNEYLAND: Walt Disney's "Fantasia" (1940) was to have included a harmless sequence featuring bare-busted female centaurs, but Production Code censorship forced him to accouter them in modest flowery brassieres before the film was completed.

THOU SHALT NOT
 1 LAW DEFEATED
 2 INSIDE OF THIGH
 3 LACE LINGERIE
 4 DEAD MAN
 5 NARCOTICS
 6 DRINKING
 7 EXPOSED BOSOM
 8 GAMBLING
 9 POINTING GUN
 10 TOMMY GUN



TEN COMMANDMENTS: A staged photograph published in *Life* in 1946 (top left) depicted ten of the Code's many violations, for any one of which an entire scene could be barred from a film. In order to earn a Seal, "*Tobacco Road*" had to omit the explicit sex scenes of the Caldwell novel, but director John Ford managed to retain the erotic wrestling match (top right) between Ellie May (Gene Tierney) and her reluctant boyfriend. **MAKING HAY:** Touted by a torrid ad campaign (featuring the provocative publicity still and theater poster above), an unknown Howard Hughes discovery named Jane Russell became a major sex star long before "*The Outlaw*" was released in 1946. When the Breen Office, outraged by this unbuttoned ballyhoo, took the unprecedented step of revoking the film's Seal, Hughes retaliated by shooting it without one. The picture packed them in.



ILLICIT LOVE: In the changing moral climate of the Forties, Hollywood began to bend the Code—and get away with it. Left, top to bottom: Adultery (between Lana Turner and John Garfield) and murder (of her unsuspecting husband) were the seamy themes of "The Postman Always Rings Twice"; "Scarlet Street" told the pathetic tale of an older man (Edward G. Robinson) abased by his lust for a heartless hustler (Joan Bennett); "For Whom the Bell Tolls" was highlighted by a controversial, though fully clothed, sleeping-bag scene between lovers Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman; and Alfred Hitchcock's 1946 thriller "Notorious" cast Bergman opposite Cary Grant as a sexual paven in an illicit game of international intrigue.

RITA: Of all the pinup queens of the Forties, few exuded sex more abundantly than Rita Hayworth—thanks to scenes such as this one from "Gilda," in which, with a bit of audience participation, she performed a sensuous, if incomplete, striptease while singing "Put the Blame on Mame."



proper, but utterly pointless. Indicative of the widening gap between what could get past the Code and what the Legion might approve was the Legion's rating of *Life Begins for Andy Hardy* as "Morally unobjectionable for adults"—but not for the kiddies. Specifically, what the Legion objected to was a sequence in which our hero Learns About Women from pert, pretty Patricia Dane, a telephone operator who invites young Andy up to her apartment for an evening of unspecified "fun." While the Code's administrators may have relaxed a bit, clearly the Legion of Decency's minions had no such intention.

Many other films in those halcyon, pre-War days either skirted the Code or openly flouted it. Generally, after some cutting and reshooting, they ended up with a Code Seal—but also with a "B" or even a "C" rating from the Legion. Thus, Carole Landis' abbreviated costume as she roamed the forest

primeval in leather bra and loincloth in Hal Roach's *One Million B.C.* encountered much the same opposition that greeted Jane's similarly utilitarian mode of attire in the early *Tarzan* pictures—yet it appeared on the screen. *Strange Cargo*, a steamy Clark Gable-Joan Crawford co-starrer set in a tropical penal colony, was passed by the Code but condemned by the Legion—until Metro eliminated so many of the torrid love scenes that the plot made no sense whatsoever. *The Primrose Path*, in which Ginger Rogers played the daughter of a roistering and unrepentant prostitute, had even rougher sledding. Based on Victoria Lincoln's best-selling novel *February Hill* (albeit considerably toned down in its intimations of the mother's profession), the film won a Code Seal but was barred by local censors in a number of cities as "obscene and indecent." (Ironically, the picture now plays in



those same communities without the slightest protest—via TV.) *Turnabout*, a Thorne Smith comedy in which a married couple switch identities, occupations, voices and attire, was essentially a sleazy exploitation of smoking-car humor, although this rare venture into transvestism was generally regarded as more tasteless than indecent. It drew a "B" from the Legion; as did Universal's film adaptation of the Rodgers and Hart musical *The Boys from Syracuse*, based on Shakespeare's *A Comedy of Errors*, even though Shakespeare's contrived marital mix-ups were barely hinted at.

But the picture that threw the censors into a tizzy all over the country, and for a time threatened the very existence of the industry's Production Code, was Howard Hughes' inept, rambunctious, aggressively sexy Western *The Outlaw*. Not released until 1943, it had been intermittently in production—whenever Hughes could find the time—since early in 1940; the Breen Office received its first inklings of what he was up to in December of that year. Without yet having seen one foot of film, which was based solely on Jules Furthman's script, Breen let loose a barrage of cautionary memos. For one sequence, he advised that the leading lady wear a bathrobe over the nightgown indicated in the text. He questioned whether a rape scene could be handled with "good taste." In another note, he pointed out that "Care will be needed in this scene with Billy pulling Rio down on the bed and kissing her, to avoid sex suggestiveness"—along with some 20 other similar items.

In his book *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor*, author Murray Schumach describes as typical of the skirmishing between Breen and Hughes a contretemps that arose over a single line of dialog. Rio (played by Jane Russell) has been asked by her lover, Doc Holliday (Walter Huston), to look after the wounded Billy the Kid (Jack Buetel)—"and keep him warm." Rio, even though she was raped by Billy earlier in the film, complies by climbing into bed with him after Doc rides off on Billy's horse. When Doc returns and expresses his disapproval of this particular form of physical therapy, Billy points out that Doc has had the use of his horse in the interim, adding, "A fair exchange is no robbery." For this line, Hughes had substituted, "You borrowed from me, I borrow from you"—to which Breen objected. His counterproposal was—unaccountably—"Tit for tat," to which Hughes delightedly acceded. But now Will Hays objected: and the final line to appear in the script was Hughes' "You borrowed from me . . ." For the end of the picture, the Breen Office felt it might be a wholesome touch if Billy and Rio were married before riding off together into the sunset. Again, after a considerable exchange of heated memos, Hughes won

his point—although later, after the film was in release, he threw a sop to the pressure groups by dubbing in a line of dialog suggesting that the two had been married by "that stranger on a white horse." Neither the audience nor anyone in the film had the slightest idea who "that stranger" might be.

Squabbles over the script, however, were insignificant compared with Breen's rage when, in March of 1941, he screened the complete film for the first time. In the more than six years that he had been administering the Production Code, he stated, he had never seen anything like Jane Russell. And there was plenty to see. Although Miss Russell was naturally well endowed, Hughes had contrived to emphasize her charms by himself inventing a cantilevering bra that encircled her more-than-ample breasts, giving them at once contour, prominence and maximum exposure. To capitalize on his invention, he dressed her in revealing blouses that draped low off the shoulders, and in men's shirts that buttoned well below the bosom. Throughout the film, he called for bits of business that required her to bend over—peering into mirrors, stooping to pick things off the floor, kissing the supine Billy; and always the camera was strategically placed for maximum mammary exposure as the blouse or shirt billowed open. In one of the scenes excised by Breen, it was claimed that one could see clear down to her navel. For Breen, who had spent the greater part of the Thirties holding the line against cleavage, such revelations were more than he could countenance. He shot an angry letter off to Will Hays, his superior in the New York office of the Motion Picture Association, that read in part, "I have never seen anything quite so unacceptable as the shots of the breasts of the character of Rio. . . . Throughout almost half the picture, the girl's breasts, which are quite large and prominent, are shockingly uncovered." For weeks he stoutly refused to consider giving *The Outlaw* a Seal of Approval without extensive reshooting. But Breen was even then on his way out; and within a few weeks of his departure, the Seal was granted. In all, only 40 feet of film had been eliminated, and Hughes permitted a few dialog changes.

But Hughes did not immediately capitalize on the notoriety his picture had already achieved; with the outbreak of war a few months later, his tool and aircraft interests monopolized all of his attention. Not until February of 1943 could he spare enough time to debut his film—and even then only long enough to arrange a single booking in a San Francisco theater. Its general release was not to come until three years later, in 1946, when Hughes was finally free to give it what he considered a proper personal send-off. The ensuing ballyhoo campaign (of which more later) was one

of the noisiest in movie history. Although at the outbreak of the War no one had yet seen *The Outlaw*, the fan magazines, the Sunday supplements, the ad campaigns and the publicity had all contrived to create an image of Jane Russell as the ultimate in sexuality. Sight unseen, she became a favorite Wartime pinup.

. . .

Within hours of their induction into the Army, most GIs were treated to a free movie show, the first of many official training and informational film entertainments they were to enjoy under Army auspices. Generally, the first program included a short on military courtesy, one on the Articles of War, and a classic half-hour documentary entitled *Sex Hygiene*. Although directed by the venerable John Ford, *Sex Hygiene* featured none of his strapping cowboys or vengeful Indians. Instead, this sober—and sobering—little film presented in graphically dramatic terms a straightforward preachment against the dangers of venereal disease. In it, an enlisted man on the town for a night gets hooked by a hooker. When the medics discover that he has a "dose," they seize the occasion to inform him—and the rest of the Army—just what he may be in for. Films, photos and slides depict advanced cases of syphilis—the unsightly sores, the physical deformities, the ghastly brain damage. Then, no less graphically, the treatments begin. For many of the inductees, it was clearly a tossup which was worse—the ravages of the disease or the treatment for it. At every showing, scores of prospective warriors fainted dead away as the long needles went to work on screen. Needless to say, the film left a lasting impression. Even today, almost a quarter of a century later, veterans can recall the youthful GI mounting the stairs of a seedy hotel for his moment of joy, pausing at the threshold of the prostitute's room to deposit his burning cigarette on the banister outside, then the quick fade as he enters, hastily unbuttoning his tunic. Some may even remember that when he re-emerged and picked up his cigarette again, it was still burning and scarcely any ash had accumulated. Were these few seconds of pleasure, the film seemed to ask, worth the price of a lifetime of agony? (In case the answer was yes, the Army thoughtfully supplied free condoms with its passes for town.)

The Army's Wartime movies, many of them made under the supervision of Colonel Frank Capra, set new standards for documentary realism. Capra, the director of such happy hits of the Thirties as *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, was one of the many Hollywood film makers to offer their talents to the War Department's several motion-picture services. Charged with preparing a series of "orientation" (read

(continued on page 149)

"propaganda") films on *Why We Fight*, he did not hesitate to show the nature of the enemy—Germany, Japan and Italy—in all its bestiality. Using for the most part captured footage (although occasionally snippets from feature films were slipped in), they graphically showed the Nazis' brutal persecution of the Jews and fascist atrocities in China, Poland and Russia. Perhaps the strongest of the lot was *The Battle of Russia*, directed by Anatole Litvak, which included shots of girls raped and mutilated by the Germans, nude corpses of women and children frozen in the Russian winter, and a behind-the-lines Nazi brothel stocked with captive Russian girls. Symptomatic of the leeway found in these films was a scene from *San Pietro*, John Huston's masterful account of a battle in the Italian campaign. As the peasants return to their shattered village after the fighting is over, he shows a trio of women breast feeding their babies, oblivious to the passing GIs. Such a sequence would have had to be cut from any Hollywood film of the period; under no circumstances would the Code have permitted the exposure of breasts—at least, not the breasts of white women.

On the home front, meanwhile, Hollywood began turning out Service-connected pictures that blended a modicum of hokey patriotism with a maximum of hokey sex: *So Proudly We Hail*, *Four Jills in a Jeep* and *Keep Your Powder Dry* are examples. In all of them, the girls looked as if they had been fitted for their GI uniforms by Adrian, and Max Factor himself had accompanied them right up to the front lines. Unlike Errol Flynn, who went through the War with an artful smudge on his cheek, his female counterparts rarely had so much as a hair out of place. Naturally, they had to look their best for "our boys overseas." This attitude was perhaps best expressed in *Four Jills in a Jeep*, in which Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair celebrated in celluloid their own courage and fortitude in entertaining our troops in Britain and North Africa during the dark days of 1942. To the accompaniment of Jimmy Dorsey's band, and assisted by innumerable guest stars, they managed to imply that if they had not been there doing their bit for the U. S. O.—singing, dancing and, in Miss Landis' case, mainly breathing deeply—we might have lost the entire North African campaign.

Another interesting item, immoderately cheered by critics and public alike at the time of its appearance, was *So Proudly We Hail*, a film made to honor the nurses who served so heroically in Bataan and Corregidor. While there was no doubting its sincerity (it would have been difficult, at that stage of the War, to be

otherwise), the script nevertheless contrived to cook up standard peacetime romances for each of its stars, Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake and Paulette Goddard; then used the Japs, lusting for white women, as the trigger to tragedy. One had the impression that the defense of Bataan was essentially a defense of the girls' honor. At the film's climax, Veronica Lake, a little troublemaker up to that point, learns that the Japanese army is closing in and the situation is hopeless. Tucking a live grenade into her bosom, she walks bravely toward the enemy and blows them—and, of course, herself—to bits. (As they watched this scene, the GIs were less respectful than the home-front audiences. At the moment of Miss Lake's disintegration, someone invariably sang out, "I know the part I want!" or words to that effect.)

During the War years, perhaps the sole Hollywood film maker to treat sex—and patriotism, motherhood and just about every other sacred cow available—with a healthy irreverence and a caustic wit was writer-director Preston Sturges. His 1944 comedy *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* offered a blistering but hilarious commentary on free-and-easy Wartime marriages, and also on the absurd elevation of the male for his role as conceiver. In it, teenaged Trudy Kockenlocker (Betty Hutton) finds herself the morning after a "kiss-the-boys-goodbye" dance dimly remembering that at some point in the proceedings she had gotten married to a tall dark GI with curly hair whose name she recalls even more dimly—"Private Ratziwatski, or was it Zitzikiwitzky?" Whatever his name, the troops have moved out, leaving an impregnated Trudy in urgent need of a husband. Norval Jones (Eddie Bracken), a 4-F, gladly volunteers for the job—and ends up charged with abduction, impersonating a soldier, impairing the morals of a minor, resisting arrest, and numerous other offenses to law, order and decency. All of this gets squared away, however, when Trudy comes through with, instead of just one baby, sextuplets—and all boys. Although the missing Ratziwatski (or was it Zitzikiwitzky?) was responsible, Norval gets the credit, and for his reward is made a colonel in the state militia. As James Agee commented about *Miracle* at the time, "The Hays Office has been either hypnotized into a liberality for which it should be thanked, or has been raped in its sleep."

Chances are it was the latter, for when Warner Bros. was in production on *To Have and Have Not* a few months later, Mr. Hays kept both eyes on the project—as indeed did the Offices of War Information and the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs, although for different reasons. Remotely (perhaps ten percent) based on Hemingway's tale of a hard-

bitten gunrunner plying his trade between Key West and Havana in the early Thirties, the novel's sexiness was watered down (by scriptwriters William Faulkner and Jules Furthman) at the behest of the Production Code, and the locale was changed from Cuba to Vichy-held Martinique at the suggestion of the Inter-American Affairs people. *To Have and Have Not* may have been short on Hemingway but, thanks to newcomer Lauren Bacall, it was long on sex appeal. Tawny, leggy, not to mention (as the Warner publicity department put it) "sizzling, slinky, husky, sultry," the 20-year-old former fashion model and usherette teamed with Humphrey Bogart to project a new image of the femme fatale. Bacall had none of the conventional curves, either fore or aft, but clearly she had "been around." She not only knew all the answers, she knew the questions before they were asked. Not since the palmiest days of Mae West had the screen presented such a forthright and direct approach to sex. "If you want anything, just whistle," she tells Bogey on their first encounter at a bar, in a voice that reminded one critic of "a chorus by Kid Ory." After a somewhat tentative kiss from Bogart, she informs him, "It's even better when you help." Throwing him what came to be known as *The Look*, she says, "I'm hard to get—all you have to do is ask me." There was an appealing toughness about the girl, a mixture of aggression and acquiescence that set males—even so case-hardened a male as Humphrey Bogart—atingle. Inevitably, she found herself compared with half a dozen other actresses, including Dietrich, Bankhead, Harlow, Garbo and Veronica Lake; but her compounding of these disparate personalities produced a unique, feline, intriguingly single-minded screen character. Sensing this, director Howard Hawks wisely gave Bacall her head in her first picture, urging her to handle the scenes as she would in real life. One of the film's best sequences resulted from this—the one in which, after prolonged kisses with Bogart in a cheap hotel bedroom, the girl prepares to retire to her own quarters. As originally written, the sequence was to fade out just after she walks out of his room and closes the door. "At this point in the shooting," according to *Time* magazine, "Miss Bacall complained: 'God, I'm dumb.' 'Why?' asked Hawks. 'Well, if I had any sense, I'd go back in after that guy.'" Hawks agreed, and the scene now fades as she walks back from the door toward him.

For the American motion-picture industry, World War Two produced a bonanza of unprecedented proportions. Both wages and employment shot up as the home front was mobilized for the



I just had
a completely
unique experience
...my first Colt 45
Malt Liquor.



War effort. For the first time since the Twenties, people knew what it felt like to have spending money. People needed relaxation; there was a lot to forget. Hollywood obliged by turning out a bumper crop of star-spangled musicals and escapist comedies. And many wanted some vicarious identification with the War being waged in such hitherto-unheard-of places as Wake Island, Guadalcanal and El Alamein. Hollywood obliged again, with everything from Service-connected comedies to hoked-up melodramas featuring—or, as they used to put it, “dedicated to”—the various Armed Forces fighting around the world. Unfortunately, the Armed Forces were far too busy to fight back.

As box-office attendance surged to new heights (estimated at over 90,000,000 per week), the studios stepped up their production programs accordingly. The accent fell on quantity, not on quality, and on action rather than subtlety. As a bonus, the War also afforded producers readily identifiable new villains ripe for exploitations. Lustful Japs and sadistic Nazis inspired an unbridled violence unprecedented on the American screen, even in the gangster pictures of the Thirties. Sanctified by the War and proffered in the name of patriotism, film after film delineated the agonies of concentration- and prison-camp life, the flagellations and mutilations visited upon Allied airmen, survivors of Corregidor or members of the underground during the Occupation who were seized by the Nazis. Young girls were flogged in *Hitler's Children*; American airmen who had fallen into Japanese hands were tortured, then decapitated (off screen) in *The Purple Heart*; French Resistance workers were beaten, burned and mutilated horribly by their German captors in *The Cross of Lorraine*. Significantly, in November 1941, the Hays Office had launched a campaign to reduce the amount of violence on the screen, particularly in Westerns. “Even in Westerns,” Hays ordered, “killings must be reduced to a necessary minimum.” After December 7 of that year, however, such admonitions lost their validity. War granted the studios an open license to kill, and they used it with enthusiasm. Innumerable War films had as their climax the American hero—usually Errol Flynn, John Wayne, Robert Taylor or Humphrey Bogart—mowing down entire battalions of advancing Germans or Japs, spraying them with lead from machine guns fired from the hip. There was a positive exhilaration in these mass murders—and not merely because the killers were on our side.

But the movies had declared war on Germany and Japan long before Pearl Harbor. Edward G. Robinson abandoned his gangland activities and joined the FBI to track down German agents in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (1939). Chap-

lin's *The Great Dictator* (1940) was a forthright attack on both Hitler and fascism, while Hitchcock's *Foreign Correspondent* (1940) ended with a stern warning from bomb-torn London that America should “ring itself with steel.” Nazi planes attacked defenseless John Wayne in *The Long Voyage Home* (1940), and shortly thereafter, in *A Yank in the RAF* (1941), Tyrone Power was flying for the British. War in the East was noted in films such as *They Met in Bombay* and *Burma Convoy* (both 1941). In all of them, the enemy was the same—lustful Japs and sadistic Nazis.

As Gershon Legman has pointed out in his singularly well-documented study *Love and Death*, there is a strong inverse relationship between sex and violence. Where sex is repressed, be it physically or on the artistic level, he points out, it quickly reasserts itself in other forms—perversion, homosexuality, sadism or savagery. In time of war, despite such Hemingwayesque romances as those featuring a clean-cut officer and a love-hungry nurse, or those more ribald Captain Flagg-Sergeant Quirt affairs with rollicking French farm girls, most soldiers (and their Stateside girlfriends as well) led lives of quiet deprivation. *No Love, No Nothin'*, that popular ballad of World War Two, may have been a slight exaggeration of the case; but most psychologists are quick to draw the distinction between a roll in the hay and a slow, maturing relationship between a man and a woman. It was of the leavening influence of the latter that war deprived the soldier.

Meanwhile, however, the movies continued to tickle his libido with Esther Williams' aqueous charms, Rita Hayworth's copious curves and Betty Grable's well-publicized legs. The movies themselves were, for the most part, 99 and 44/100 percent purer than Ivory soap: the earlier liberalizing trend had been promptly reversed when Joseph Breen, after a frustrating year as production manager of RKO, returned to his Production Code command post late in 1942. When Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* was filmed in 1943, for example, the famous sleeping bag that Gary Cooper shared with Ingrid Bergman might as well have been a laundry bag for all its erotic implications. So cautiously photographed was their lovemaking under the stars that one could never tell from moment to moment whether Cooper or Bergman—or both, or neither—was inside it. Nor had the Legion of Decency altered its position. *Lady of Burlesque*, based on Gypsy Rose Lee's best-selling *G-String Murders*, was charged with offering “double-meaning lines, salacious dances and situations, and indecent costumes presented against the background of a sensuous form of

entertainment." At the Legion's insistence, the film was hauled back for extensive trimming and the dubbing in of new dialog for some of the more offensive lines. But even so, much of the appeal of such films was still their eroticism, however veiled or mutilated; and the fantasies they invited, deprived of natural outlets, sought gratification in sights of violence—or in deeds of violence.

Inevitably, however, as the War dragged on, the public grew increasingly apathetic toward war pictures. Hollywood, in its first hot flush of patriotism, had literally flooded the screens with them. In a *Film Daily* poll taken as early as September 1943, when theater owners were queried, "Do you believe that too many war stories are reaching the screen?" 56 percent answered in the affirmative—and added that they had the waning box-office records on such pictures to prove it. By the spring of 1944, war stories had all but disappeared from the sound stages. "Possibly as a breathing spell from war," *The New York Times* reported, "Hollywood, temporarily at least, has all but shelved martial projects in favor of screams in the night.

. . . Every studio has at least one such picture in production, and others coming to a witching boil." At first, these tended to be psychological horror stories—*Gaslight*, *Phantom Lady*, *Hangover Square*, *The Uninvited*—in which the normal-seeming but thoroughly psychopathic hero visits a series of cruel and unusual punishments upon his unsuspecting ladylove. It was as if the Gestapo had begun to insinuate itself into our domestic life. In *Tomorrow the World*, this implication is made specific: Fredric March, playing a liberal professor, takes in an orphaned German boy and soon discovers that he has nursed a Nazi viper to his breast: Thanks to his earlier Nazi indoctrination, the boy is able to alienate March from his Jewish fiancée and all but ruin not only their impending marriage but their lives.

Very quickly, however, psychological horror was being blended with physical violence as Gestapo-like terrors were visited upon private citizens, and particularly upon private eyes. Marking the transition was a film called *Cornered*, starring Dick Powell, that appeared late in 1945. In it, the quondam crooner—"rouger, tougher and more terrific," as the ads put it—played an ex-R.C.A.F. pilot who swears to track down the Nazis who murdered his wife. A loner, like all private eyes, he falls into enemy hands and is subjected to all the beatings and brutalities popularized by the Wartime melodramas. In this new cycle, the studios had found a way to project the violence and sadism of their anti-Nazi films onto the peacetime scene. Very quickly the Nazis of *Cornered* gave way to crooks, gangsters, rich perverts or criminal masterminds whose devious manipu-



"Hi—we're from Sioux Falls, South Dakota—when does the wise swapping begin?"

lations cast deep shadows of suspicion over the innocent until the private-eye hero, invariably bloodied but never bowed, could batter his way through the maze.

Cornered, of course, was not without precedent. Humphrey Bogart had made one of the most memorable of all private-eye films, *The Maltese Falcon*, as early as 1941; and two years after that, tight-lipped Alan Ladd got a toe hold on his career as the trench-coated professional killer in *This Gun for Hire*. Powell himself had already turned from duets with Ruby Keeler to Raymond Chandler gun duels in *Murder, My Sweet* (1944); but the screen did not begin to throng with detectives, and their shadowy adversaries, until the War was almost over, mainly because the nefarious Nipponese and sadistic SS men were available in such abundant supply.

Typical of the new, post-War cycle of detective pictures was Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep*, which starred Bogart (opposite Bacall) in one of his most effective roles, as Raymond Chandler's tough-talking shamus, Philip Marlowe. The plot almost defies description; certainly it defies rational analysis. Occasionally, one can discern who did what to whom, but rarely why. Actually, there was one death that not even the people who made the film were ever quite sure whether to treat as a murder or a suicide. What is clear is that one of millionaire General Sternwood's daughters had posed for pornographic pictures while under the influence of narcotics, and that the other, played by Miss Bacall, had nymphomaniacal tendencies and a shady alliance with a big-time gambler.

After that, it was just a matter of keeping up with the falling bodies. A curious sidelight to the film—and, indeed, to most of the pictures in the private-eye genre during the Forties—is that the hero himself shows little interest in sex. No matter how many delectable creatures force themselves upon him, he remains grimly intent on earning his "\$25 a day plus expenses." The kiss at the final fade-out, if there was a kiss at all, was as perfunctory and ritualistic as that bestowed upon the heroines of the old Western movies. Nevertheless, in *The Big Sleep*, as one critic accurately observed, "a sullen atmosphere of sex saturates the film"—and no small part of it was due to the voltage generated by Bogey and his sultry "Baby" in their many scenes together.

In this respect, *The Big Sleep* proved an exception. True to the Legman formula, the more violence these films featured, the less attention they gave to sex. In *Laura*, one of the best of the genre, Dana Andrews believes for more than half the picture that he has fallen in love with a corpse. Even when Laura finally does materialize, the ensuing action is dominated by the fop-pish, epicene gossip writer played by Clifton Webb. *Lady in the Lake*, with Robert Montgomery this time as Chandler's Marlowe, goes a step further. It has no love interest whatsoever; and by using a subjective camera technique, in which the camera actually becomes Marlowe, it extends to the audience the vicarious pleasures of being shot at, socked on the jaw and beaten unconscious.

Alfred Hitchcock, with characteristic ingenuity, was one of the few to find a

way to inject sex into the private-eye-counterspy genre. In *Notorious*, he substituted for outright brutality an aura of dread menace as Ingrid Bergman insinuated herself into the Rio hide-out of Nazi agent Claude Rains at the behest of American agent Cary Grant. While the early footage understandably faltered in establishing the fresh-faced Miss Bergman as a Washington callgirl, Hitchcock's triumph was the creation of the longest nonstop kissing sequence ever committed to film. Thumbing his nose at the Production Code, which had arbitrarily established 30 seconds of osculation as a maximum, he had Bergman nibbling away at Grant during an urgent telephone call with his boss. The scene played almost three minutes.

Hitchcock (with a notable assist from screenwriter Ben Hecht) actually went a great deal further. Although the Code specifically stated that "impure love must not be presented as attractive and beautiful," no one for a moment was led to imagine that Cary Grant and Miss Bergman simply held hands after he answered that telephone. Audiences were growing up, and so were the film makers. Where, in the past, any hint of promiscuity was immediately followed by remorse and, preferably, the untimely death of one or both of the parties involved, in *Notorious*, Bergman ended up with Grant—a late considerably better than death, any way you look at it. The very fact that the film went on to make a great deal of money was a sign that the times were changing, that the public was not shocked, outraged or visibly distressed that two very attractive people enjoyed (in a physical sense) each other's company.

Actually, as the War drew to a close, thumbing one's nose at the Production Code became an increasingly popular pastime at the studios. Terror sold tickets, true; and this potentiality was exploited not only in the private-eye films but in such grisly thrillers as *Brute Force* and *The Killers*, in which the mayhem included cold-blooded shootings and a particularly spectacular murder as a gang of convicts in *Brute Force* went after a stool pigeon with a blowtorch. But sex, too—especially the showgirl displays featured in star-spangled Wartime musicals—was clamoring for attention. Even before the War had ended, the writer-director team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder had begun working on an adaptation of James M. Cain's *Double Indemnity*, a steamy novel in which an insurance salesman has an adulterous affair with a woman who uses him to murder her husband so that they can live on the insurance money. Joseph Breen had rejected the story out of hand when it first appeared. "The story is in violation of provisions of the Production Code," he wrote at the time to Louis B. Mayer, "and, as such, is almost certain to

result in a picture which we would be compelled to reject if, and when, such a picture is presented for approval." But when Brackett and Wilder finally submitted their script, it passed with only minor alterations. What they had done was to have the insurance man, conscience-stricken, kill his ladyfriend and then, having been shot by her, record his full confession into a dictaphone. The adultery remained, however; and seldom has a temptress been made more lasciviously seductive than Barbara Stanwyck in the film. She used her sex knowingly, as a means to a selfish end. A bed or a sofa was to her what the desk is to a businessman—a place where deals are made. And even though both paid dearly for their crime, in keeping with the Hays Office tenets, audiences saw an adulterous relationship in progress, not merely as something to be atoned for.

Double Indemnity was both a critical and a box-office success; and as the Hays Office feared, it emboldened other producers to move into previously forbidden areas. Early in 1946, Universal released *Scarlet Street*, a remake of Jean Renoir's *La Chienne*, a film that had not even been permitted entry into this country a dozen years earlier. In the new version, Edward G. Robinson plays a bank cashier who is also a Sunday painter, married to a dour woman who "doesn't understand him." Falling in love with a pretty hustler, Joan Bennett, he sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment and stores his paintings on the premises, stealing money from both his wife and his bank to do so. Her boyfriend (or pimp), Dan Duryea, arranges for the paintings to be sold in a 57th Street gallery—in her name. Because he loves her, Robinson is willing to go along with the caper. But when, unexpectedly freed of his wife, he proposes to the girl and she laughs him off, he stabs her to death with an ice pick. Duryea is executed for the killing, and Robinson is fired from his bank for embezzlement; and for the remainder of the picture he tries in vain to confess his crimes to the police, who insist on regarding him as some kind of crank. "Indecent and immoral," cried the New York censor, rejecting the film *in toto*. Ultimately, it was released after the ice-pick stabs had been reduced from seven to one and a line of Duryea's altered. But the adultery remained: Sex was beginning to break free of the censors.

It broke even freer when, a few months later, *Gilda* went into release. To most Americans, it seemed an oddly plotted but effective starring vehicle for Rita Hayworth, the thinking man's Betty Grable, in which Glenn Ford, impervious to her unabashed advances, appoints himself guardian of her virtue for his employer and her "benefactor," George Macready. Although there was every indication that she had been a prostitute (or nearly one) when Ford first met her, when

she sang *Put the Blame on Mame, Boys* as accompaniment to a travesty of a striptease in furs, a clinging black-satin dress and long black gloves, all traces of the murky plot went out the window. *La Hayworth* was never more sensual, never more appealing. But in Paris *Gilda* was, incredibly, hailed as "the best film, by far, on homosexuality"—many of the French critics insisted on interpreting the story as a battle between Hayworth and Macready for the affections of Glenn Ford! Whichever way the film was read, however, it was a clear triumph for Hayworth—frankly erotic.

Just about the same time that *Gilda* appeared, Howard Hughes brought back his still-controversial *The Outlaw*, this time for national distribution. Although originally passed by the Production Code, the film was reintroduced with such a lurid ad campaign that Breen took the unprecedented action of withdrawing the Code's Seal of Approval, charging that Hughes had not "submitted for approval to the [Motion Picture] Association all advertising and publicity matter used in connection with the advertisement and exploitation of *The Outlaw*." Which was perfectly true. Hughes realized it would be a complete waste of time to seek approval for catch phrases such as "How Would You Like to Tussle with Russell?" or "What Are the Two Great Reasons for Jane Russell's Rise to Stardom?"—not to mention his omnipresent lithos of his bosomy star sprawled across a haystack, nibbling provocatively on a bit of straw. Nevertheless, he sued the Motion Picture Association (headed by Eric Johnston since Hays' retirement in 1945), charging conspiracy in restraint of trade. Losing the suit, he arranged to open his film around the country in theaters that did not require a Seal, often renting them outright for the purpose. Despite a Legion condemnation, despite Catholic boycotts and Protestant protests, the picture packed them in. If nothing else, *The Outlaw* furnished vivid proof that millions of post-War moviegoers were no longer willing to live by the Code.

Actually, within the industry itself, many producers were growing restive over Code restrictions. Early in 1947, for example, 20th Century-Fox announced its intention of filming Kathleen Winsor's runaway best seller, *Forever Amber*. Breen protested, but in vain, then stipulated that Fox could make the picture but would have to change the title. Fox went ahead with the production to the tune of over \$5,000,000—obviously with no intention of changing the title. Even so, with a wary eye on the Code Administration, the script restricted Miss Winsor's 17th Century hussy to only four lovers (compared with twelve in the book), and added a spoken prolog to explain that Amber was a thoroughly reprehensible woman and suitably pun-

ished for her sinful ways. Even though, as critic James Agee noted, Linda Darnell, as Amber, "is never kissed hard enough to jar an eyelash loose, and it comes as a mild shock when she suddenly announces her pregnancy"; nevertheless, the film immediately roused the ire of the Legion of Decency. "A glorification of immorality and licentiousness," the Legion stormed in giving it a "C" classification. And Cardinal Spellman, in New York, warned his parishioners to stay away. In Philadelphia, Catholics were urged to boycott for a year any theater that might play it. Despite its Code Seal, when similar objections were raised around the country, Fox withdrew its prints, made cuts and added moralizing dialog in a successful effort to persuade the Legion to change its classification from "C" to "B."

Similar outcries attended the release of David O. Selznick's sex-charged, blood-saturated potboiler *Duel in the Sun*. Clearly influenced by the box-office response to *The Outlaw*, Selznick assembled a top-flight cast and crew to inflate what had first been envisioned as an ordinary Western into a \$6,000,000 super-spectacular or, as Selznick preferred to misname it, "the picture of a thousand memorable moments." The precise nature of those "moments" is perhaps best suggested by the film industry's descriptive, though unofficial title for it—*Lust in the Dust*. Jennifer Jones, lushly beautiful as the adopted half-caste daughter of a cattle baron with a ranch only slightly smaller than Texas, has caught the eye of both his sons, Joseph Cotten and Gregory Peck—a task simplified by her addiction to nude bathing in a nearby pond and to wearing Jane Russell-type shirts and blouses. Her protracted love-hate relationship with Peck involves attempted fratricide, rape, suicide and a grand finale in which the two of them ultimately kill each other in a gun duel fought beneath a blood-red Technicolor sun. Mortally wounded herself, the girl crawls over rock and sand to plant a final kiss upon her dead lover's lips. This bit of necrophilia produced almost as much shock among professional defenders of the public's morals as Miss Jones' revealing costumes, the bathing sequence and the rape. The Legion awarded an excised version of the film a "B" rating, despite their objections to its "immodestly suggestive sequences" and its "glorification of illicit love." *Duel in the Sun* became one of the industry's all-time top-grossing films.

The point is that all of these films, even including *The Outlaw*, went into distribution with the Code's blessing. The industry's own self-censorship machinery, drastic as it once was, had begun to relax, unlike the Legion and other national pressure groups. Undoubtedly, much of this was due to the War. As film makers flocked back to the



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studios after their exposure to combat, suffering and death, after many of them had become involved in the problems of capturing the look of the real world for their Wartime documentaries, the sugar-coated fables and Production Code formulae no longer made sense. They found Breen not only silly and old-fashioned but prurient, looking for dirt in every scene and situation put on film. Many of Hollywood's most responsible producers were beginning to wonder if the Production Code game was worth the candle. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the industry's staunchest advocates of "decency" on the screen, summed up the situation in his characteristic malapropos fashion when, speaking of the Code, he told a group of theater men, "I think it is about time we all joined to do something about this awful milestone around the neck of the motion-picture industry."

Not only had the film makers been to war; so had their audiences. And now they were clamoring for something a bit more substantial than the bittersweet romances and hyped-up heroics that had glutted the screen for almost four long years. Small wonder that the public responded with enthusiasm to such realistically drawn melodramas as the private-eye films, such semidocumentaries as *Boomerang* and *Naked City*, or to the frank sexuality of Jane Russell, Rita Hayworth and Jennifer Jones. The wraps were coming off, and neither the condemnation of the Legion nor the pressure of the pressure groups could wholly prevent it. As for the Production Code, at best it was fighting a delaying action, with breakthroughs whenever a producer was bold enough, or ingenious enough, to try one.

Symptomatic of this new era was the re-emergence, shortly after World War Two, of the bitch heroine. In a sense, the success of *Double Indemnity* made this predictable. But also, in a sense, the Production Code made her inevitable. If audiences were eager for greater realism on the screen, and if the Code saw to it that no nice girl swore, wore revealing costumes or enjoyed pre- or extramarital relations, then clearly this left quite a large area open for the *bad* girl to maneuver in. Suddenly, in films such as *Leave Her to Heaven*, *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Dead Reckoning* and *Mildred Pierce*, the bad girl advanced from a secondary character to screen center. She dominated not only the story but the men in the story, generally using her sex as the whip that brought them to heel. And not coincidentally, the actresses who played her included some of the biggest then in the business—Barbara Stanwyck, Lana Turner, Gene Tierney, Elizabeth Scott, Joan Crawford and the perdurable Bette Davis. One can never forget Davis, as the cheating wife in *Beyond the Forest*, slashing lipstick

over her ravaged face at the climax of that film, preparing once more to barter her sex for one last fling in the big city 50 miles away; or Ava Gardner, as the slinky demimondaine who euhres Burt Lancaster into a life of crime in *The Killers*.

How did these sexy witches slip past the Johnston Office? Gershon Legman, writing of their literary counterparts, suggests a partial explanation. In his essay on "The Bitch Heroine," he observes: "Understand that the bitch heroine has no sex. She *thinks* she has a great deal of sex, in which error her creators and consumers foolishly accompany her. . . . Inevitably she is described as ravishing and beautiful. Her breasts and genitals are commented upon in highly calorific terms. But in actual fact she is dead from the neck down." If in the literary world the bitch heroine could rise triumphant over the bodies of broken men, however, the moviemakers saw to it that she invariably paid a full and bitter price for her willful behavior. In keeping with the Code's "law of compensating values"—a law that since it was postulated has ingeniously permitted producers to have their cake and eat it, too—she generally ended up not merely dead from the neck down, but dead all over. While she lived, though, she flaunted a semblance of sex that no Code-abiding heroine could rival, much less surpass; and her mounting popularity posed a threat to the Code itself.

What further undermined the supremacy of the Code was the wholesale importation of foreign films in the years after World War Two. Released by distributors who were independent of the Motion Picture Association, they went into a growing chain of art houses across the country that operated free of any pledge to show only Code-approved pictures. (When the chips were down, early in the Fifties, an extraordinary number of pledged theater owners blithely ignored their Code commitment in order to get their hands on profitable product, both domestic and foreign.) Although the full story of the impact of the foreign films on the American market is the subject of our next installment, one aspect of it remains for this. As the Code was weakened or ignored, the Legion of Decency, the American Legion and similar pressure groups, as well as local censor bodies, became correspondingly more active in attacking those new concepts of morality that were beginning to make their way into the movie houses, but which remained anathema to them. In 1947 the American Legion waged a vigorous and altogether successful campaign to drive Charlie Chaplin's mordant and bitterly antimilitarist *Monsieur Verdoux* from the screen. The Legion professed to be shocked by its "immoral" treatment of the Bluebeard theme; but its leaflets and placards left no doubt that, through his film, the Le-

gion was striking at the "un-American" Chaplin himself. Having tasted first blood, the American Legion remained eagerly on the alert for more. The Legion of Decency also redoubled its efforts at this time. Father Patrick J. Masterson, executive secretary of the Legion of Decency, reported in August 1949 that "the percentage of films containing objectionable materials has increased from more than 15 percent in 1945-1946 to better than 25 percent today." Partly, he admitted, this was due to the influx of foreign films, of which his organization had found 52 percent objectionable since the previous November. "But," he went on, "domestic production is also deteriorating, with almost 20 percent of today's domestic films considered to contain substantially morally objectionable elements. This is the highest figure in the history of the Legion." Local censorship had reached the point where, as Betty Davis put it, "Anyone who attempts to do something that hasn't been previously tested and approved soon finds out that you can't do this, because Mr. Binford [the notorious chief of censorship in Memphis, Tennessee] or somebody else won't approve."

Although the American film industry had always been strangely reticent about standing up for its rights in the courts, studio backs began to stiffen when Southern censors sought to bar such films as *Pinky*, *Lost Boundaries* and a Hal Roach *Our Gang* comedy—all antisegregationist, at least by implication—from local screens. Industry lawyers appealed and won, establishing a precedent that was to be pursued far more vigorously by the distributors of foreign films in the Fifties. But the final blow to the Code itself came from the most unexpected of sources—television. A dark cloud on the movie horizon at the end of the War, by the end of the decade TV had swallowed up better than half of Hollywood's weekly customers. As the moviemakers turned to the Fifties, they realized that as a matter of sheer survival, they would have to create new kinds of entertainment for the big screens that people could not possibly find on their small screens in the living room. For most producers, this meant but one thing—a greater emphasis on sex than television would tolerate. And if they had to defy their own Production Code to do it, many film makers were prepared—even eager—to face that contingency.

In their next installment of "The History of Sex in Cinema," authors Knight and Alpert turn their attention to the films of the Forties in Europe, where Wartime Nazi censorship suppressed sex in cinema—except for anti-Semitic propaganda purposes—until the Liberation, which emboldened Europe's film makers to erotic realism.

Bunnies Of Dixie (continued from page 116)

regulars drops in at the Sho-Bar, a Bourbon Street bistro featuring all the new dances. "Everybody knows we're Bunnies," says Mickie Picone, a Colombian native who's a leader of the Sho-Bar group, "so they almost never get fresh. In case they do, the manager keeps an eye out for us. You wouldn't believe how everybody looks after us in the Quarter."

The New Orleans Club is a mecca for naval officers as well as for entertainers playing French Quarter night spots. "The guys working Al Hirt's, Pete Fountain's, the Blue Room at the Roosevelt drop by," says Bob Patterson, Club manager. "We've had Frankie Laine, Johnny Desmond, Jerry Colonna, Fats Domino, and most of the movie stars who've been on location in the city. On any given night we're likely to have at least one name entertainer or actor as a guest." Tall, colorful district attorney Jim Garrison is a regular; he celebrated both his election and his re-election at the Club.

"This Club is different from other New Orleans night spots," says Patterson. "It's relaxed and sophisticated. It's also on the level. Our keyholders know they'll be treated fairly and honestly here, not like at some of the places on Bourbon Street." In both New Orleans and Atlanta, the Playboy Club's success has sparked the highest form of flattery, in the guise of a sackful of copycats. At one place in New Orleans the girls wear shorty togas, and an Atlanta "club" features fake hares called Kittens. Needless to say, the imitators haven't had much impact.

Playboy's Atlanta business is very good, indeed, and with the Braves in town and the N. F. L. Falcons soon to follow, it promises to be even better. Atlanta, long the business and cultural center of the Southeast, will soon be its sports center as well, which will mean even more action at the Club. Bunnies and bartenders alike have become Braves fans overnight. A Bunny color guard rode in the Braves' opening-day parade, and Bunnies working in the Club try to catch a play or two from the radio broadcasts of the games while waiting for the bartenders to fill their orders. N. F. L. stars are already beginning to slip into the Club—to sip coffee or tomato juice.

Atlanta has a notably lively and active bunch of Bunnies. Take, for instance, Jackie Hendrickson, a Dallas brunette who drives in sports-car rallies and lives in a trailer mounted on blocks beside an Atlanta lake. Jackie, valedictorian of her high school class, spent two years at a college in Leeds, England, then picked potatoes in Limestone, Maine ("hardest doggone work I've ever done"). She came to Atlanta to teach school, but when she found out the pay was only

\$4200 a year, she traded classroom for Playroom. "I practically had my hair back in a bun and quill pen in hand," she recalls with a chuckle, "but somehow I got the job."

Jackie's car mania dates back to high school, when she became the first girl ever admitted to a Dallas hot-rod group called the Asphalt Angels. "I've got a little TR in mind," she says. "I've been economical for a year, and now I want something to have fun with again." Jackie has traveled to Europe twice. On the first trip she took a bike and a bedroll from hostel to hostel, amused herself by "posing as a French girl and eavesdropping on unsuspecting American tourists."

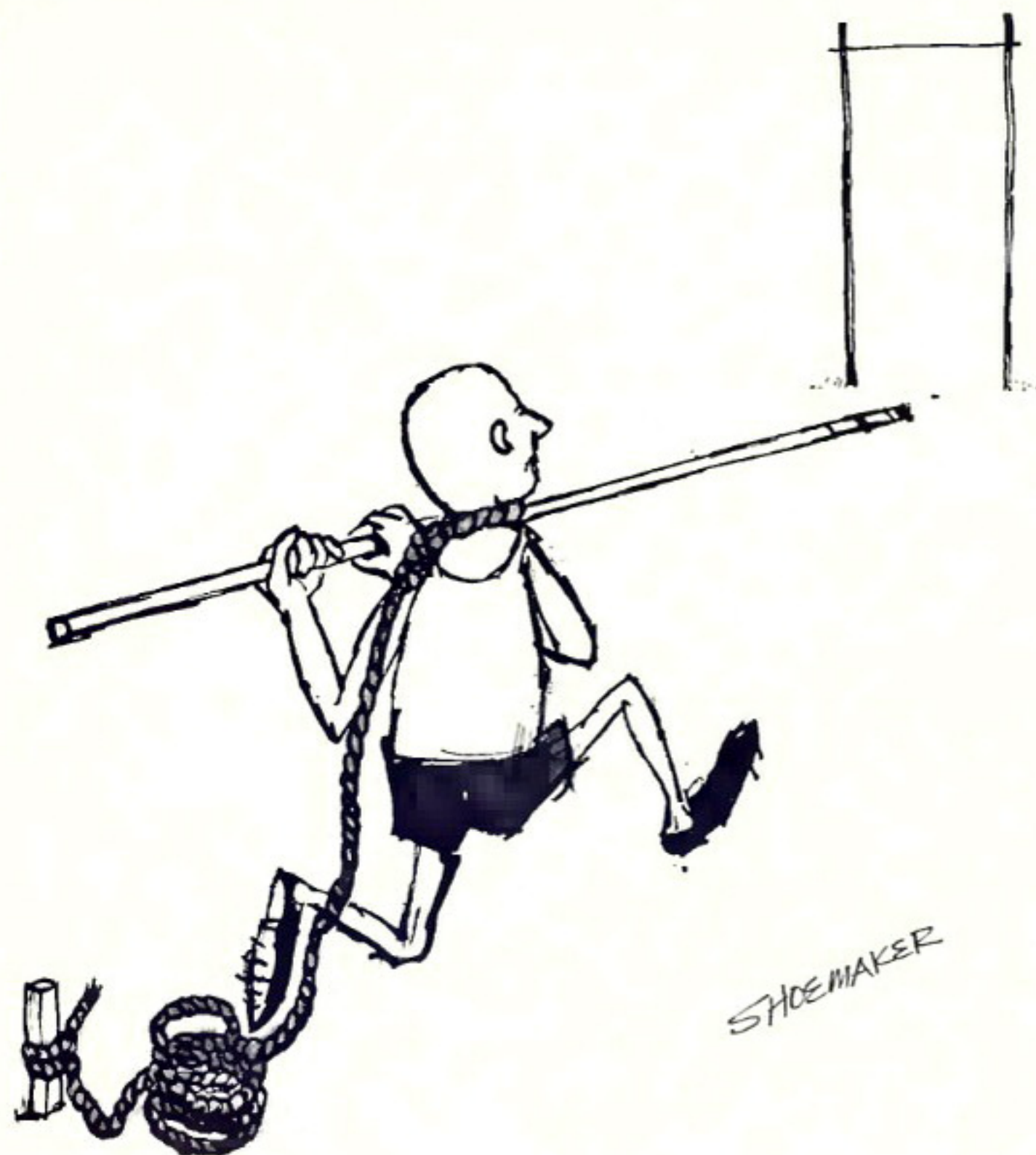
One of Atlanta's most beguiling and self-sufficient Bunnies is Gary McQuarrie, a tall blonde with a sweet smile and a purple belt in karate. Gary, who was queen of a Northridge, California, rodeo at age 13 (she says she sold the most tick-

ets), took up karate with a girlfriend "just for kicks." She had to break a board with her hand to win the purple belt, but says wistfully that she's out of practice now; there's only soft, gentle flesh where there should be calluses.

At 4'9", Neenah McDonald figures she's the shortest Bunny in the business. But her height doesn't stop this fiery redhead from pursuing her major interest, athletics. She's captain of the Bunny softball team and a top scorer on the Bunny basketball team—thanks in part to a convenient rule that Bunnies under five feet may use a stepladder. Peaches Coombs is also on the short side, and like Susie Saladino in New Orleans, has an acrobatic past. Peaches traveled with a professional group called The Flying Nesbitts for two years, specializing in tumbling, foot juggling and other anti-gravity feats. She still thrives on exercise and practices yoga—an antidote, she says, to that occupational disease of all diligent Bunnies, tired feet. Peaches was the first Negro girl hired for the Atlanta



"I never heard of such a thing!—Music lessons charged to your Playboy Club Key!"



own country," she says. "They accept what's presented in the papers and on TV as gospel." She leans toward limited government and views life with amused detachment, finds that "the world is full of put-ons—everybody's pretending. Many times if a guy wants to talk with you it takes him twenty minutes just to become himself." Counterpointing Judy's outward cynicism is a tender affection for the simple things in life. Her happiest experience, she blushingly admits, was a wonderful, warm, old-fashioned Christmas with relatives in rural Georgia.

Playboy's commitment to international flavoring has sprinkled foreign-bred Bunnies through all the Clubs. It would be difficult, indeed, to pick a Miss Overseas Bunny from this general assembly, but Atlanta's Grete Christensen would rank near the top of any list. Grete (pronounced Gray-tah) grew up on Denmark's rainy Jutland Peninsula—which gained historical fame during World War One—and has lived in Berlin and London. When Grete was still in her early teens, way-out stories of Playboy and its Clubs filtered into Denmark: "We thought they were naughty places for men only, where the Bunnies were some kind of odd creatures." No odd creature herself, Grete is a sun-bronzed, green-eyed beauty with classical Scandinavian features and long, lustrous brown hair. She drives an Alfa-Romeo sedan, which is like being square and swinging at the same time, and finds Americans more polite than her countrymen. She thinks a Bunny's best assets are good legs and a smooth complexion, and insists that it's best to be a tiny bit overweight. "Men," she explains, "want to look at a healthy girl."

The Atlanta Club has not yet produced a Bunny-Playmate, but hopes are high for Bunny Lana Brewer, a 36-23-35 lifelong resident of Charleston. She speaks Greek and once served as secretary to South Carolina's late Senator Olin Johnston. In the manner of the Bunnies of Dixie, she reveres *Gone with the Wind* and digs modern dances like the Boston monkey and the duck. And in that same manner, she sees nothing inconsistent in cultivating such disparate tastes.

Like most of her satin-cared Southland sisters, Lana is eager to abandon traditions—such as reaction and paternalism—that are no longer meaningful in today's world. But she's just as anxious to preserve those vestiges of the Southern heritage—such as cordiality, chivalry and femininity—that she still finds worthwhile. As the best of the old and the best of the new, she nicely epitomizes the cotton-tails of the land of cotton.

Bunny applications may be obtained by writing Playboy Clubs International, Bunny Department, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

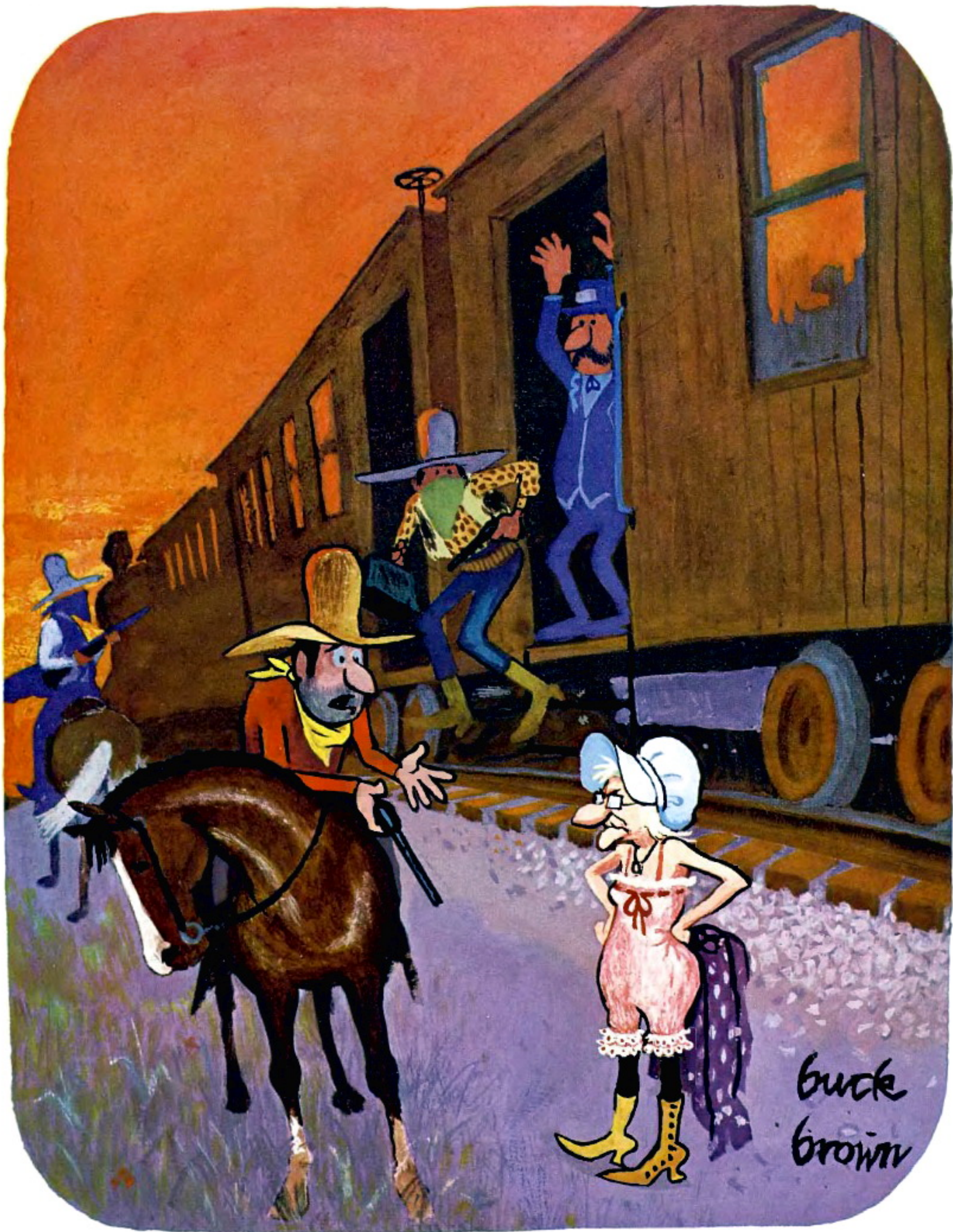
Club, and she admits she had a few apprehensions about going South. "You don't want any part of that place," everyone told me. But I tell you, I thrive on new experiences, and life at the Club has been wonderful." How does she get along with the other girls? "I love everybody here, and I think they feel the same about me."

Another Northerner come South is Bobbie Goodley, a Brooklyn-bred girl who has taken Dixie to heart. "I adore Atlanta," says Bobbie. "New York is too fast for me now. Everything here is only five or ten minutes away, and there's green grass, trees and parks." Bobbie, who once studied drama, worked for two and a half years in the New York Club, but prefers the Atlanta atmosphere. "It's a little more personal, more intimate," she says. Bobbie likes to introduce keyholders to her favorite drink, the pink squirrel, which she says "tastes like a cherry malted—a nondrinker's drink." Bobbie's Atlanta apartment houses a pair of poodles and two German shepherds. She recently traded in the Atlanta Bunny's companion, a Japanese motorcycle, for an MG. With her alabaster skin, black hair and large dark eyes, Bobbie in a black Bunny costume looks like one of

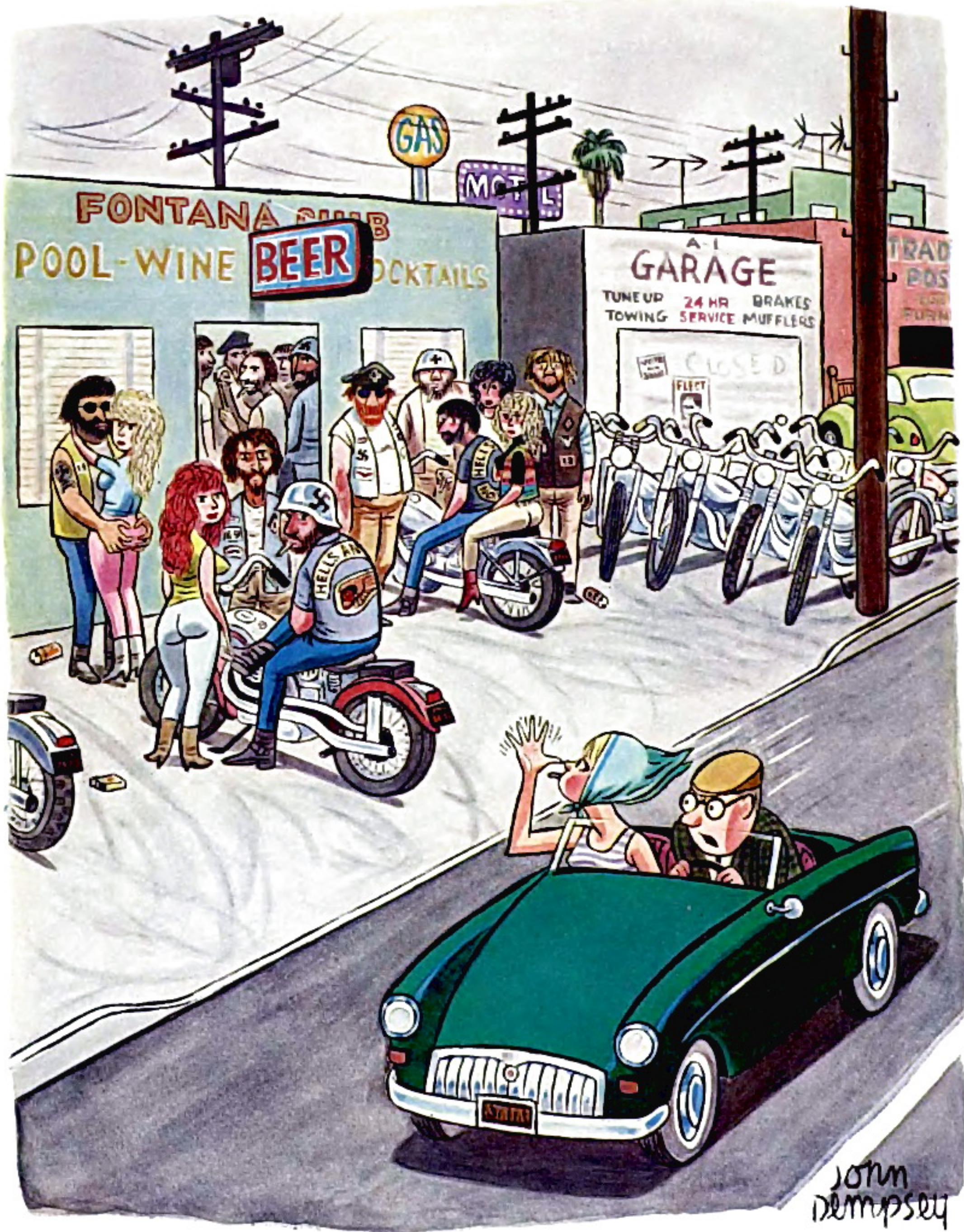
those fetching old photographs of Clara Bow.

Kim Hester is as fair and Southern as Bobbie is dark and Northern. Kim has delicate features and blonde hair, and likes to wear tiny pearl earrings. She went to the University of Georgia on a music scholarship, studying flute and piccolo. She's hoping to join the newly vitalized Atlanta Symphony, which will have Robert Shaw as its permanent conductor next year. "I didn't think I had what it takes to be a Bunny," says Kim. "I thought you had to be really stacked. And even though boyfriends told me I was pretty, I thought they were just prejudiced." Kim's rabbit-eared regalia proves how wrong she was.

Perhaps the most outspoken of the Dixie Bunnies is Atlanta's Judy Rose Pressley, who hails from oil-rich Midland, Texas ("I'm not a millionaire's daughter," she notes dryly), and was glad to get away from the place. "Everybody was working for the dollar there. Here in Atlanta people have time to slow down and be decent," Judy says. Her favorite book is *A Nation of Sheep*, an indictment of American thought, foreign policy and culture. "Americans just don't know enough about what's going on in their



"Honest, lady, we didn't come to rape or molest nobody—just to rob the damn train . . . !!"



"Really, Mary, I wish you wouldn't do that . . . !"

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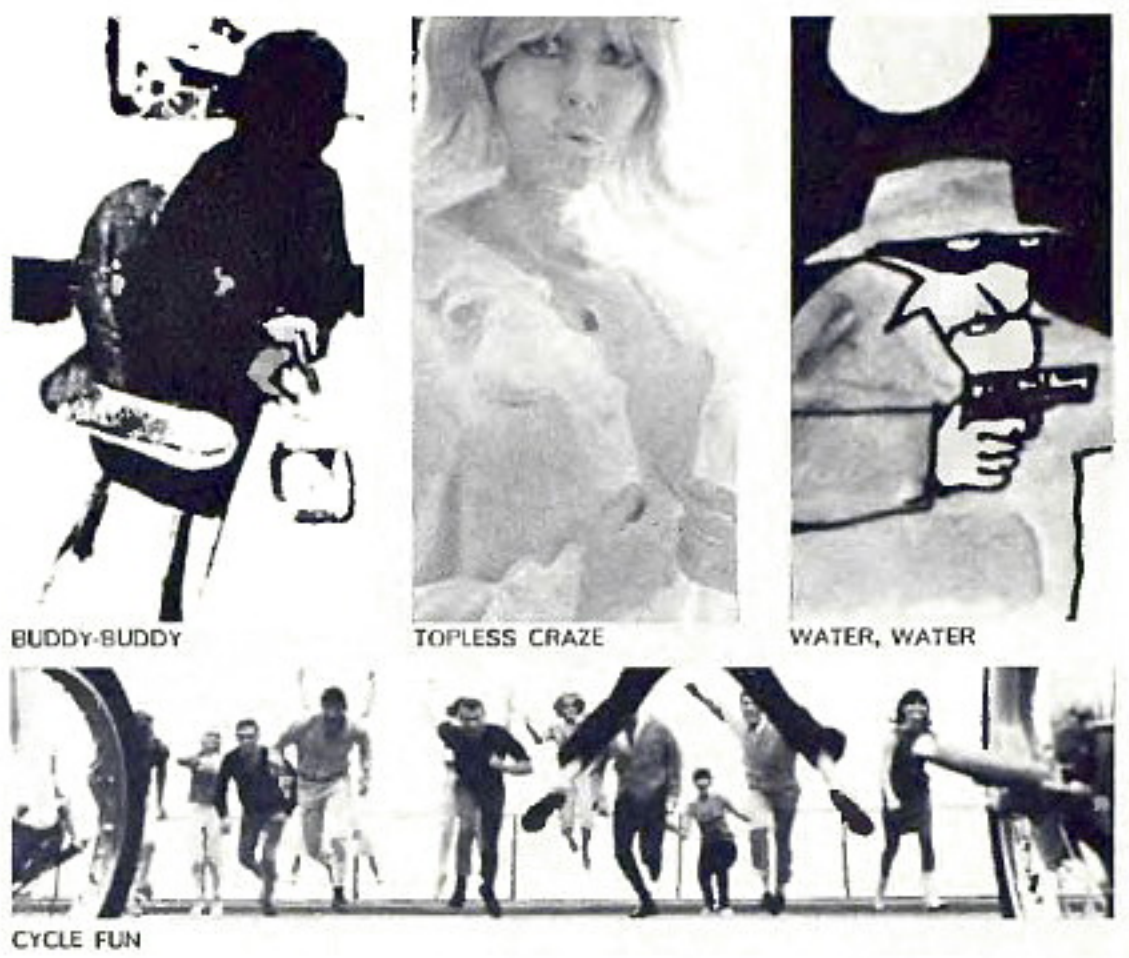
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