

A black and white photograph of a woman in profile, facing right, drinking from a martini glass. She has dark, wavy hair and is wearing a dark top. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on her face and the rim of the glass. The background is dark and indistinct.

FEBRUARY 1963 SIXTY CENTS

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SINATRA SPEAKS HIS MIND

THE CHICKS OF CLEOPATRA

1963 PLAYBOY JAZZ STARS

A NEW "JEEVES" NOVELETTE
BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

MAILER AND BUCKLEY DEBATE
THE AMERICAN RIGHT WING

A PLAYMATE PILLOW FIGHT



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Even my heart turned over when I tried upside-down skiing

1. "Even for an expert it doesn't pay to show off on skis," writes Eric Haller, long time friend of Canadian Club, "but when I saw an Austrian ski instructor do a somersault in midair, my pride got the better of my judgment. I insisted on trying the same stunt. Even though my friends chose a 'safe' spot near the Kriegerhorn trail, I would need perfect balance and timing to avoid a bad tumble.



2. "Over the brink of the cliff I flashed. As I cleared the edge, I started to somersault, just as I'd seen the expert do. I thought I'd made a perfect take-off. But as I spun around in mid-air, my heart stood still. My balance was off! I wasn't going to make it.

3. "I tried desperately to regain control. With every muscle straining I attempted to bring my skis back to normal position but I landed badly off balance. Fortunately the snow was soft, so in spite of my awkward spill, nothing was hurt but my ego.

4. "Safely down the slope, I joined my friends at Oberlech for a drink of our mutually favorite whisky, Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. You owe it to yourself to start enjoying Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.



Canadian Club

6 years old. Imported in bottle from Canada

BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.



love that reader



February 1963

You hear a good deal these days about testing advertising effectiveness. And that's good. We're for it.

But what do you hear about testing editorial effectiveness?

Like it says in the song about love and marriage, you can't have one without the other. (A debatable statement about love and marriage, but an incontrovertible FACT about magazines.)

And how do you test editorial effectiveness? Well, for one thing, there are Starch Editorial Readership Studies, showing the percentage of readers for each editorial feature. (Please ask us to show you the eye-opening scores that PLAYBOY racks up on every study.)

But for measuring one magazine's editorial effectiveness against another's, I suggest you ask to see their ABC statements. We'll be happy to send you PLAYBOY's statement for the 6 months ending 6/30/62, and if you'll use it as a yardstick for your comparison, we promise you some fascinating reading.

PREMISE: If it has editorial effectiveness, readers will buy the magazine.
If it lacks editorial effectiveness, the magazine will buy readers.

So, one test of effectiveness is: how many readers are willing to pay the magazine's full cover price at the newsstand? For PLAYBOY, it's an average of 993,793 per issue at 60¢ (\$1 in December and January), or 75.8% of the total circulation. For Friendly Competitor "A" (name on request) it's 139,850 per issue at 60¢, or 16% of the total circulation. For Friendly Competitor "B" (name on request) it's 64,595 per issue at 25¢, or 6.3% of the total circulation.

But that's only one test. A magazine can also have strength in its subscription circulation, of course. So our next question is: how many subscribers are willing to pay the magazine's basic subscription rates? And next, how many have to be bribed or cajoled by premiums, "trial offers," and cut rates?

PLAYBOY has no cut-rate subscription drives. Of the 121,712 subs it sold in the period, 96% were at basic prices (the remainder represent slightly reduced rates on multiple gift subs). Friendly Competitor "A" sold 246,820 subs, only 51.7% at basic prices. Friendly Competitor "B" sold 459,733, but only 16.9% at basic prices.

PLAYBOY has no premiums. Friendly Competitor "A" used premiums on 7% of the subs it sold in the period, while Friendly Competitor "B" used them on 1%.

"Trial offers" are usually less-than-one-year subs sold at reduced prices. PLAYBOY has no trial offers, and sold only 276 less-than-one-year subs (to college students for the school year). Friendly Competitor "A" sold 72,609 less-than-one-

year subs, representing 29.4% of the total number sold. Friendly Competitor "B" sold 236,634 less-than-one-year subs, representing a whopping 51.4% of its total sales.

Interestingly enough, despite the contrast between the intensity and nature of the other magazines' circulation efforts and PLAYBOY's spontaneous sales, Friendly Competitor "A" actually lost 3508 in circulation during the period; "B" gained 42,389; while PLAYBOY gained 74,336. And in total, PLAYBOY's 1,310,000 circulation is now 1 1/2 times the size of "A" and 1 1/3 times the size of "B."

By relying on cut-rate subs for its circulation, a magazine is clearly stating that its editorial content does not have enough appeal to induce readers to pay the established price. And, moneywise, it plays a curious game with the advertiser's dollar. It uses the advertiser's dollar to subsidize large circulation promotion expenditures to earn the privilege of selling copies to the subscriber for less than it costs to produce them. Having gained this less-than-enthusiastic subscriber with the advertiser's money, the magazine then adds him to its rate base and uses him as a statistic to justify charging the advertiser more for his advertising!

And that's not the end of it. Since this less-than-enthusiastic subscriber is still less enthusiastic about renewing at basic rates, the magazine is forced to sell more and more cut-rate subs in every period while it sells less and less basic subs, just to stay even. And the costs go up and up -- to the advertiser.

To reiterate: PLAYBOY IS A MAGAZINE THAT READERS BUY, NOT A MAGAZINE THAT BUYS READERS.

The difference is not accidental. Instead of spending its money to hire an audience for the advertiser, PLAYBOY invests it in putting on a first-rate editorial performance which brings in the customers at the full price of admission.

PLAYBOY's spectacular success simultaneously in both circulation and advertising confirms our basic tenet -- that interested readers make interested customers for the advertiser. The happy cycle benefits the reader, the advertiser, and the magazine, because their interests complement each other.

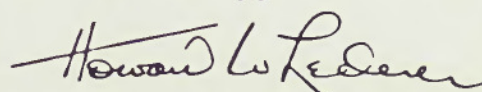
And PLAYBOY consciously adds and retains interested readers by not only enhancing the quality of its editorial content, but by expanding it as advertising lineage expands. We maintain an average of approximately 70% editorial to 30% advertising. For every page of advertising in an issue we add an extra page of editorial content, over and above the basic editorial package offered every month. Thus, the advertiser's money is actually reinvested in creating an even more attractive climate for his advertising.

Underlying all of this, and the fountainhead of all of PLAYBOY's success, is the fact that its editors know precisely the audience the magazine is designed for, and their eyes never wander from the target.

And that is what makes PLAYBOY the most successful men's magazine the country has ever known, and that is what makes it the most effective advertising medium for what Printer's Ink calls the "big, rich, but tough male market."

And that is why you advertise in PLAYBOY. Or should.

Cordially,



Howard W. Lederer
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR



Mahalia Jackson, the greatest gospel singer of them all, glorifies the Word in her powerful and moving new record, 'Make a Joyful Noise Unto the Lord.'



Eileen Farrell and André Previn keep company with America's great songwriters in their new album, 'Together With Love.'



Carl Smith, a country and western connoisseur, sings the songs that made him famous, in a brand new © of 'Carl Smith's Greatest Hits.'



Steve Lawrence picks only lucky numbers for a swinging new record, 'Winners.'



Jerry Vale sings of love, Italian style, in his romantic new collection on ©, 'Arrivederci, Roma.'



Johnny Cash records the folk ballads of a young America—a rugged country built with 'Blood, Sweat and Tears.'



Marty Robbins, in a new album that includes his framed portrait, ranges through richly varied repertoire to create a colorful, musical 'Portrait of Marty.'



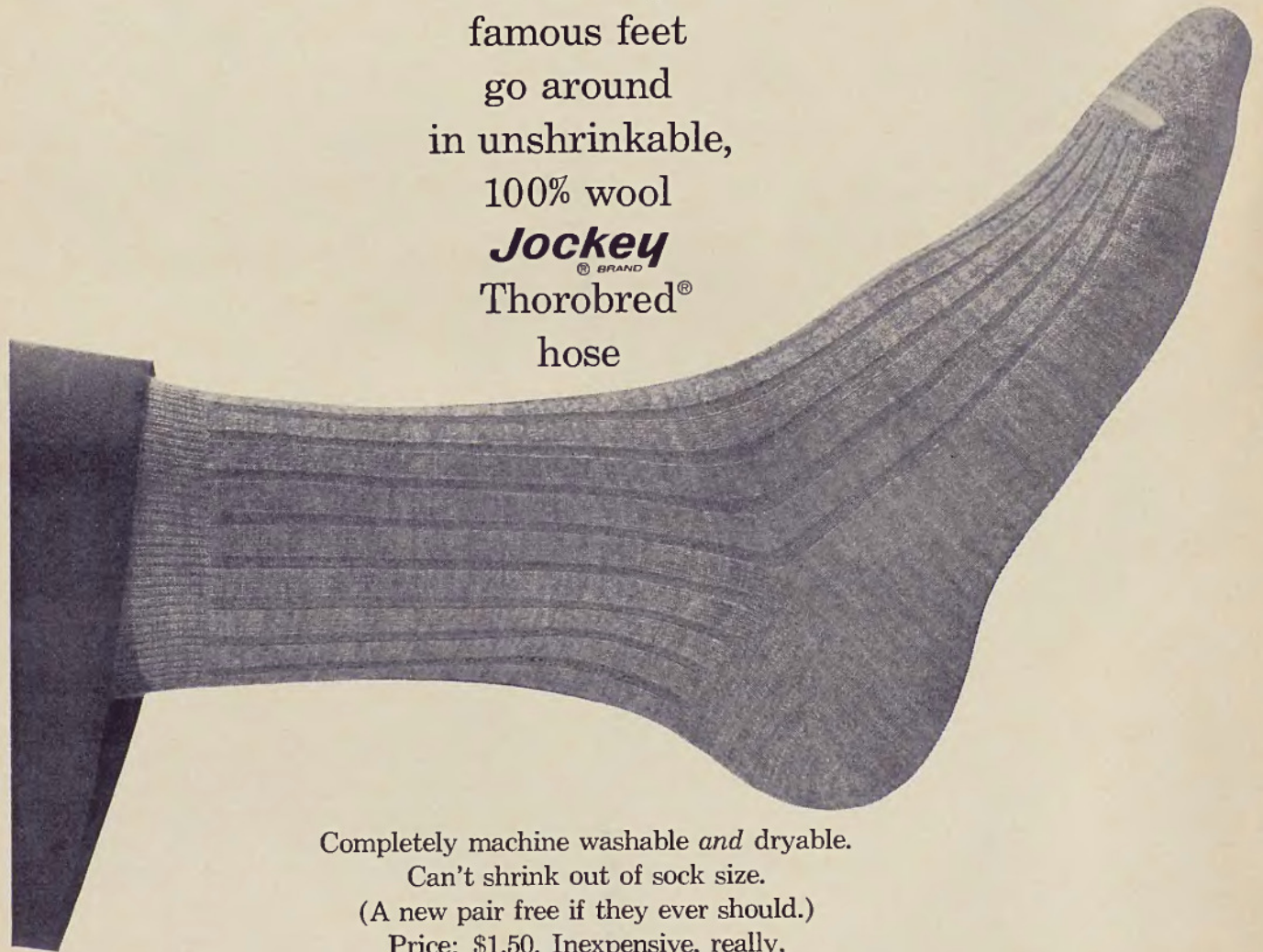
Randy Sparks and his bright young chorus lead an enthusiastic audience through an © of folk music, 'The New Christy Minstrels in Person.'

This is today's world of entertainment. Enter, friend. You'll find it warm, inviting, alive. In wonderful high fidelity or stereo sound, this world sounds wonderful on Columbia Records.

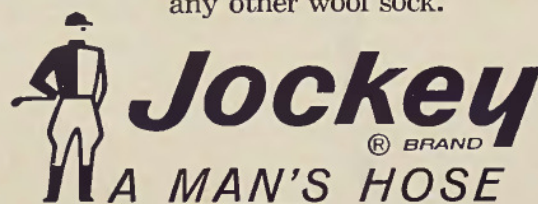


THIS IS ROCK HUDSON'S FOOT

Amazing
how many
famous feet
go around
in unshrinkable,
100% wool
Jockey
® BRAND
Thorobred[®]
hose



Completely machine washable *and* dryable.
Can't shrink out of sock size.
(A new pair free if they ever should.)
Price: \$1.50. Inexpensive, really,
when you consider it'll comfortably outlast
any other wool sock.



THOROBRED DYLANIZE[®] WOOL HOSE... Imported from England

COOPER'S, INCORPORATED, KENOSHA, WIS.

See ROCK HUDSON, starring in "A GATHERING OF EAGLES," in Eastman Color, a Universal picture.



EINSTEIN



WODEHOUSE



BUCKLEY (left) debates MAILER (right)



CHARMATZ



SECTORSKY (right) and friends

PLAYBILL If you catch the glint of *PLAYBOY*'s rabbit on the rim of the lady's glass on this month's cover, you'll see we've turned the world upside down to make this February issue go to your head. Credit for this feat goes to Contributing Photographer Stan Malinowski, who spent hours posing Cheryl Lampley's pretty profile on the edge of that neatly tipped champagne glass to capture Chicago's inverted skyline within it.

Frank is the word for this month's *Playboy Interview* with Frank Sinatra. Our running Sinatra session—and it literally ran from his home to his studio dressing room to his Dual-Ghia, up and down elevators and along corridors of a dozen office buildings—is the result of a joint assignment we gave syndicated Hollywood columnist Joe Hyams and writer-photographer William Read Woodfield, who happened to be shooting the publicity photos for Frank's new film, *Come Blow Your Horn*, at the time. It is, according to Sinatra himself, the most revealing, self-searching, significant interview he has ever given to any publication.

From Frank Sinatra we move to *The Playboy Philosophy*, Part Three of a statement on the magazine's guiding principles and editorial credo, by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. Like the Sinatra interview, *Philosophy* was done on the run—during Hef's jet hops to New York and St. Louis for the openings of new Playboy Clubs and to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, D.C., and Detroit where he held meetings and worked over plans for still more links in our expanding key-club chain.

Another of *PLAYBOY*'s traveling execs, Editorial Director A. C. Sectorsky, offers plentiful proof herein that *Those American Virgins* don't entirely live up to their

name. Author and anthologist of a half-dozen volumes, Sectorsky had only a vacation in mind when he hid himself to the Islands, but the charms of *The Virgins* lured him into what bus drivers might call a "writer's holiday." It wasn't all work, avers Spec, who fondly recalls a ball (which, he says, was really a ball) given by the governor of the Virgin Islands for the president of Africa's Togo Republic—see photo above.

In the 46 years since famed novelist P. (Pelham) G. (Grenville) Wodehouse created that indomitable gentleman's gentleman, Jeeves, his 60-odd Jeeves novels have sold over 50,000,000 copies. One of them, *How Right You Are, Jeeves!*, was first published in *PLAYBOY* (February 1960). Now 82, Wodehouse is still going strong—witness this issue's first installment of a two-part serialization of his latest work, *Stiff Upper Lip, Jeeves!*, to be published in book form by Simon & Schuster this April.

Even more succinct than the venerable Jeeves is artist Bill Charmatz, who did the delightful two-page illustration for *Stiff Upper*. When we asked him for bio info, he sent back the following report: "Born 1925, NYC. One wife, 33 yrs old. One daughter, 2 yrs old. One dog, 9 yrs old. One house, 70 yrs old. Six ft., 1 inch, 200 lbs. Two yrs in U.S.N. Two yrs in France. No art school. Civic minded (plants trees in street). Drinks excessively. Smokes ditto. Eats ditto."

After you've watched cartoonist Claude kick *The Pedestal* out from under the female of the species, you'll find another Claude creation illustrating the latest chapter of Shepherd Mead's *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*. And speaking of Mead, we're pleased to note that his *H.T.S. in Business W.R.T.* (also originally published

in *PLAYBOY*) is continuing its packed-house, long run as a Broadway musical.

Aside from being a fine short-short story with a double-dealing twist, *The New Deal* is also a literary event. It marks the return of Charles Einstein to a genre he helped make famous. Once among the busiest and best short-short writers in America, Einstein tells us that *Deal* is the first he's written in five years.

We're sure you'll dig *The 1963 Playboy All-Stars*, a bandstand presentation of the winners of our seventh annual Jazz Poll, complete with a reprise by Nat Hentoff of significant happenings in jazz in the past 12 months. After gazing at our *Stars*, harken to the *Sounds of '63*, an up-to-date rundown on stereo kits, components and consoles to double your listening pleasure at home.

One look at *The Chicks of Cleopatra*, our eight-page exclusive of the lasses that surround Liz Taylor, should persuade you the film is one of the most sensational supercolossals of all time. You'll also have eyes for *A Playmate Pillow Fight*, which is quite supercolossal in its own way. And the same can be said—and will be—for our February Playmate Toni Ann Thomas.

There's more of note here, including a *PLAYBOY* exclusive: the text of the controversial Norman Mailer-William Buckley packed-house public debate on the role of the right wing (their explosive opening statements, written expressly for *PLAYBOY*, appeared last month); *From Collar to Cuffs*, a buttoned-down report on shirt styles by Fashion Director Robert L. Green; *The Perfect Alibi*, a murderous yarn by Mike McGrady and Joe Hickey; all our regular features, plus our customary laughing-stock of cartoons. Have at it, gentlemen.

Now everyone can join the Columbia Record Club through either of these two exciting offers

If you have a phonograph
you may choose

ANY 6

of the best-selling records shown on
these two pages—in your choice of

REGULAR or STEREO

\$1.99

FOR
ONLY

if you join the Club now and agree to purchase
as few as 6 selections from the more than 400
to be made available in the coming 12 months



FREE IF YOU ACCEPT
THIS OFFER NOW
ADJUSTABLE RECORD RACK

Here's a compact brass-finished rack
whose capacity grows as your collection
grows. It's adjustable — holds
from one to sixty records securely.
Folds flat when not in use.

OR

If you have no phonograph

you can own this fine
modern COLUMBIA COMPACT

STEREO PHONOGRAPH

\$7.95

FOR
ONLY

\$39.95
VALUE

if you begin your membership with any one of the
stereo records shown on these pages — and agree to
buy a record every four weeks during the coming year

YES . . . IF YOU OWN A PHONOGRAPH you are invited
to accept ANY SIX of the outstanding records shown
on these two pages — ALL SIX for only \$1.99. What's
more, when you join the Club through this offer,
you'll also receive a handsome adjustable record
rack — absolutely FREE!

TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS FOR \$1.99 — fill in
and mail the attached postage-paid card. Be sure to
indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all
future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo.
Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical
taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway,
Movie, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's
staff of music experts selects outstanding records
from every field of music. These selections are fully
described in the Club's music Magazine, which you
receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your
Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other
records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions
. . . or take no record in any particular month. Your
only membership obligation is to purchase six records
from the more than 400 to be offered in the
coming 12 months. Thereafter, you have no further
obligation to buy any additional records . . . and
you may discontinue your membership at any time.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you wish to
continue as a member after purchasing six records,
you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice
for every two additional selections you buy — a 50%
dividend!

The records you want are mailed and billed to you
at the list price of \$3.98 (Classical \$4.98; occa-
sional Original Cast recordings somewhat higher),
plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo
records are \$1.00 more.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY to receive your
6 records — plus a free adjustable record rack — for
only \$1.99.

IMPORTANT NOTE

Stereo records must be played only
on a stereo record player.



100 lbs.
of Clay!

Gene
McDaniels

LIBERTY



I Have But One Heart

JERRY
VALE

SINGS
GREAT
ITALIAN
LOVE
SONGS

COLUMBIA

401. It's All In the
Game, Till There Was
You, Cry, 9 more



BOBBY
VEE

TAKE GOOD
CARE OF
MY BABY

plus Run to Him
Walkin' With
My Angel
9 more

LIBERTY



JOHNNY HORTON'S
GREATEST HITS

Battle of
New Orleans
Sink the
Bismarck
North to Alaska
plus 9 more

COLUMBIA

299. Twelve big hits
by one of America's
hottest singers



LORD'S PRAYER

MORMON
TABERNACLE CHOIR

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC
THE LORD'S PRAYER—9 MORE



GREAT MOTION
PICTURE THEMES

EXODUS
NEVER ON SUNDAY
THE APARTMENT

plus 13 more

COLUMBIA

258. This is "an ex-
traordinary chorus."
—New York Times



JULIE ANDREWS
MY FAIR LADY

ORIGINAL
CAST
RECORDING

COLUMBIA

107. Also: Some Like
It Hot, Magnificent
Seven, Smile, etc.



BILLY BUTTERFIELD
THE GOLDEN HORN

You Made Me Love You
Stardust
Oh, Mein Papa
Tenderly
8 more

COLUMBIA

93. The best-selling
Original Cast record-
ing of all time



The New
ANDRE
KOSTELANETZ

"Wonderland
of
Sound"

COLUMBIA

190. Also: Pretend,
And the Angels Sing,
Cherry Pink, etc.

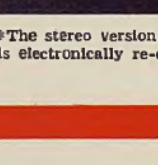


CLAIR de LUNE

A Debussy
Piano Recital by
PHILIPPE ENTREMONT

COLUMBIA

33. Everybody Loves
A Lover, Be My Love,
Volare, 12 in all



The New
ANDRE
KOSTELANETZ

"Wonderland
of
Sound"

COLUMBIA

246. "Bold splashes
of color, tremendous
warmth."—Hi Fi. Rev.

*The stereo version of this record
is electronically re-channeled

IF YOU DO NOT OWN A STEREO PHONOGRAPH, here is a unique opportunity to
enjoy the newest dimension in recorded
music — Stereophonic Sound! If you join
under the terms outlined here, you can
receive the Columbia Compact Stereo
Phonograph shown at right — a \$39.95
value — for only \$7.95 (plus postage).

HOW TO GET YOUR STEREO PHONOGRAPH:
you begin your membership by selecting
any one of the stereo records shown on
these two pages at the list price of \$4.98
(Classical, \$5.98; Original Cast record-
ings, \$5.98 or \$6.98). Indicate your
choice on the attached postage-paid
card . . . and at the same time, be sure
to indicate which Club Division best
suits your musical taste: Classical; Lis-
tening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies,
Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

Then simply return the postage-paid
card — without money — and you will
promptly receive the stereo record you
have selected, together with a bill for
\$12.93 (that's \$4.98 for the record, \$7.95
for the phonograph), plus postage. (If
you select a higher priced record, you
will be billed accordingly.) Upon receipt

of payment, we will immediately ship
your phonograph.

FREE STEREO MUSIC MAGAZINE: every
four weeks you will receive, free, the
Club's music Magazine — which will de-
scribe fifty or more stereo recordings
from every field of music.

You may choose any of the selections
described in the magazine, regardless
of which musical Division you have
joined. Your only membership obligation
is to purchase a record every four weeks
during the forthcoming year, at the list
price (plus a small mailing and handling
charge). You may discontinue mem-
bership any time thereafter. If you decide
to continue as a member after fulfilling
your enrollment agreement, you need
not purchase any specified number of
records — but for every two selections
you do accept, you will receive a stereo
record of your choice free.

MAIL THE POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY!

The number of phonographs that have
been manufactured for this special offer
is limited . . . so if you have no
phonograph, or desire to have a stereo
phonograph, we urge you to act now!

JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS Choices Are Wonderful! Wonderful! plus 10 more JOHNNY MATHEIS COLUMBIA 6. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc. *	TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 7 World Premiere Recording ORMANDY PHILADELPHIA ORCH. COLUMBIA 242. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life	THE SOUND OF JOHNNY CASH COLUMBIA 14. Sing It Pretty, Sue; You Remembered Me; 12 in all	WEST SIDE STORY Original Soundtrack Recording COLUMBIA 90. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life	Ray Conniff Singers SO MUCH IN LOVE COLUMBIA 40. Just Walking In the Rain, Bewitched, Chances Are, 9 more	CHUBBY CHECKER For Teen Twisters Only ADULTS TWIST AT YOUR OWN RISK! PARKWAY 70. The Peppermint Twist, Love Is Like A Twist, 12 in all	THE BLUE DANUBE A Johann Strauss Festival PHILADELPHIA ORCH. - ORMANDY COLUMBIA 252. "Performances that really sparkle and glow."—High Fid.	TONY BENNETT I Left My Heart in San Francisco Tender Is the Night Smile - 9 more COLUMBIA 120. Also: Love For Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.
TIME OUT THE DAVE BRUBECK QUARTET COLUMBIA 50. "It soars and it swings... a breakthrough."—Playboy	THE BROTHERS FOUR GREATEST HITS COLUMBIA 20. Greenfields, My Tani, Green Leaves of Summer, 9 more	STRAVINSKY conducts The "FIREBIRD" COMPLETE BALLET COLUMBIA 254. "Brilliant performance... lush... rich."—Musical Amer.	Bobby Vinton sings ROSES are RED and other songs for the young and sentimental IMPERIAL 173. Crying, I Can't Help It, True Love, Mr. Lonely, 8 more	Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 "EROICA" Philadelphia Orch. ORMANDY COLUMBIA 231. "Relentless motion... excitement."—S.F. Chronicle	Sentimental Serenade JERRY MURAD'S Fabulous HARMONICATS COLUMBIA 23. Ebb Tide, Who's Sorry Now?, September Song, 12 in all	FRANKIE LAIME HELL BENT FOR LEATHER - High Noon Wild Goose Mule Train 9 more COLUMBIA 12. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.	Mr. Piano ROGER WILLIAMS KAPP 17. Themes from Ben Casey, Dr. Kildare, Intermezzo, etc.
CHOPIN: The 14 Waltzes Brailowsky COLUMBIA 284. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N.Y. Times	Always You ROBERT GOULET COLUMBIA 227. It's All In the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more	A DATE WITH THE EVERLY BROTHERS COLUMBIA 296. Catby's Clown, Lucille, A Change of Heart, 12 in all	HEROIC MUSIC for Organ, Brass and Percussion E. POWER BIGGS COLUMBIA 268. Includes catchy trumpet tunes, airs, marches, etc.	ANDY WILLIAMS sings MOON RIVER and other great movie themes COLUMBIA 128. Love Is A Many Splendored Thing, A Summer Place, etc.	FERRANTE & TEICHER TONIGHT MOON RIVER SHALOM 9 More COLUMBIA 44. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, La Strada, etc.	SOUTH PACIFIC MARY MARTIN - PINZA ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST COLUMBIA 95. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *	Rhapsody in Blue An American in Paris Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin COLUMBIA 265. "Fierce impact and momentum"—N.Y. World Telegram
THE CHAD MITCHELL TRIO MIGHTY DAY ON CAMPUS KAPP 402. "A rousing performance... verve and vigor."—Billboard	RACHMANINOFF Piano Concerto No. 2 BERNSTEIN-ENTREMENT N. Y. PHILHARMONIC COLUMBIA 251. "Richness of the harmonies... gorgeous."—Hi Fi Rev.	GRAND CANYON SUITE PHILADELPHIA ORCH. - ORMANDY COLUMBIA 286 "A top-notch performance."—Amer. Record Guide	LEARNER & LOEWE Camelot RICHARD BURTON JULIE ANDREWS and Original Broadway Cast COLUMBIA 91. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen	Gunfighter Ballads MARTY ROBBINS El Paso Big Iron Coal Water COLUMBIA 9 More 151. Also: Billy the Kid, In the Valley, Strawberry Roan, etc.	FINLANDIA PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA - MORROW TAKERNAKLE CHOIR plus Valde Tria - Swedish Rhapsody - Pear Bynt Suite No. 1 COLUMBIA 266. "Electrifying performance... overwhelming"—Hi Fi Rev.	SI ZENTNER and his Orchestra THE STRIPPER and other big band hits LIBERTY 138. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight In Moscow, 12 in all	DOORIS DAY duet ANDRE PREVIN COLUMBIA 53. My One And Only Love, Wait Till You See Him, 12 in all
JIMMY DEAN BIG BAD JOHN and other fabulous songs COLUMBIA 195. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Waterwheel Roll, 10 in all	SHOW BOAT starring JOHN RAITT COLUMBIA 85. Starring William Warfield, Anita Barrian, Barbara Cook	QUIET VILLAGE The Exotic Sounds of MARTIN DENNY LIBERTY 145. Happy Talk, My Little Grass Shack Cha Cha Cha, etc.	AHMAD JAMAL HAPPY MOODS ARGO 223. "Delightful... pliable wit, superb timing."—Esquire	The Ventures WALK - DON'T RUN Raunchy Night Train Caravan 9 MORE DOLTON 129. Also: Home, My Own True Love, Merger, The McCoy, etc.	The Versatile HENRY MANCINI AND HIS ORCH. LIBERTY 199. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all	RAVEL: Bolero - La Valse Rapsodie Espagnole LEONARD BERNSTEIN N. Y. PHILHARMONIC COLUMBIA 294. "Exciting... compelling."—New York Herald Tribune	George Maharis sings! IMPERIAL 180. Moon River, My Kind of Girl, Teach Me Tonight, 9 mere

- 4-speed turret selector which enables you to play all 16, 33, 45 or 78 rpm records
- Two powerful speaker units connected by 8-foot cords for maximum stereo effect
- Plays BOTH stereophonic AND regular high-fidelity records

- Feather-light tone arm with two jeweled styli and sensitive stereo cartridge
- Lock-cornered wood cabinet — covered with washable, pyroxylin-treated fabric
- Two controls — volume and balance
- Portable—removable speaker units
- UL approved — A.C. only

ONE YEAR WARRANTY AGAINST DEFECTS
 Columbia Compact Stereo Phonographs come with one-year guarantee on service and parts.

More than 1,500,000 families now belong to the world's largest record club **COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA**

PLAYBOY®



Cleo's Chicks P. 94



American Virgins P. 55



Jazz Poll P. 81



Pillow Fight P. 66

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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GOLD MINE

Herbert Gold's story, *Barbara Girl*, in the November issue of your magazine is one of the best pieces of short fiction I have read in any periodical in the past year. It is a real pleasure to know that readers can count on PLAYBOY for outstanding work such as this. Congratulations. Let's have more of the same. For my money, Gold is head and shoulders above most of his contemporaries. No wonder PLAYBOY's reputation for publishing first-rate fiction is so high.

John Kerr
Los Angeles, California

Please convey my thanks and appreciation to Herbert Gold for his magnificent *Barbara Girl*. I wish all your contributing authors would read it as a standard for fiction in your future issues.

George A. Anderson
Manchester, Connecticut

SHAKESPEARE MINT

My congratulations on Ray Russell's *Come to Me, My Melancholy Dane* in your November issue. I was particularly amused by the patter song for Claudius, *Bloody Bawdy Villain*, wherein Mr. Russell has so delightfully seized upon the meter of W. S. Gilbert's famous *Modern Major General* song and put it to such good use in his most delightful satire. You may find some of the purists heaping coals of fire upon your head for this, but as far as I am concerned I merely heap bouquets. Let us have some more, say *King Lear* or *Macbeth* with a touch of Gilbert's *Nightmare Song* from his operetta *Iolanthe*?

Martyn Green
New York, New York

Our and the author's thanks to one of the world's leading authorities on, and interpreters of, Gilbert and Sullivan.

BUSINESS ETHICS

In your recent fine panel discussion of *Business Ethics*, the distinguished participants (including Messrs. Javits, Carey, Benton, et al.) overlooked the basic evil of the Stock Option device; namely, the assumption that the market performance of his company's stock constitutes a valid

yardstick of the executive's managerial contribution. Actually, as shown by the record, there is practically no correlation between the market fluctuations of a company's shares with either the earnings or the individual managerial effort. Through the self-serving Option device (including the Reset practice whereby the Option price is reduced if and after there is a market decline) a select management group gets free-of-charge a tax-sheltered stock market ride on a heads-I-win-tails-no-dice guarantee. Substantiating the immorality of the Option practice, apart from its material cost to the shareholders, are its common cynical high-bracket corporate officials to avoid the stiff tax rates imposed on ordinary earned income and the "everybody's doing it" rationalization.

A. Wilfred May
New York, New York

Well, you did it again with your November issue. The *Playboy Panel* is of national importance. It goes deep and uncovers unethical practices as no one has for a long time. It also gives different points of view, so rare today in an era of conformity.

Charles J. Stucky
Hudson, Michigan

CARTOONING IN

As the producer of *Ben Casey* and a personal friend of his, I was delighted with the personal and professional detachment he showed to Little Annie Fanny in your November issue. Any competent resident would have behaved this way.

Matthew Rapf
Bing Crosby Productions
Hollywood, California

PLAYBOY has finally engaged the talents of one of America's greatest satire teams, Kurtzman and Elder. I happen to be one of the generation that was raised on the humor of *Mad* when it was an outstandingly clever and original humor magazine, i.e. the days of Kurtzman. As far as I and a good many of my contemporaries are concerned, Kurtzman

ARPEGE



MY SIN

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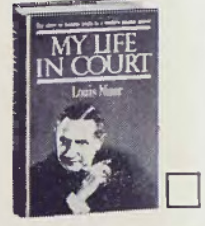
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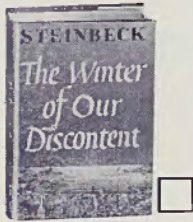
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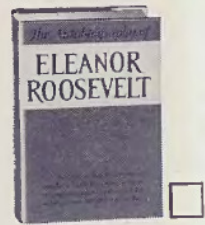
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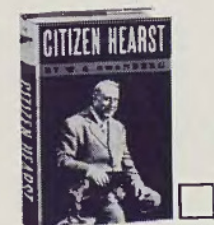
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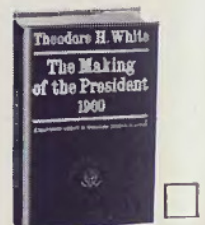
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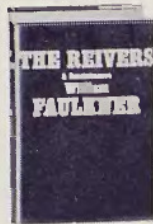
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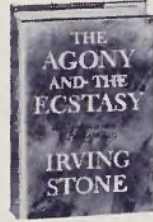
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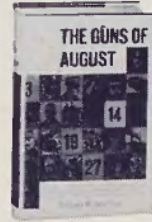
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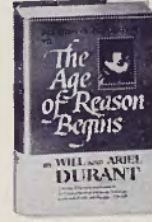
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Vance Gilliam
New York, New York

I never thought the time would come when I would witness the compatible marriage of PLAYBOY and *Mad*. I still haven't.

Bill Carson
San Francisco, California

PLAYMATES OF HISTORY

Re your *Playmates of History*: I was scared to go through those pages on account of the risk of mammary smother. You don't find sane men in booby hatches. The Irish stag died out, I guess you know, because it grew horns so big it couldn't hold its head up. Overadjustment to environment they call it. Can your girls hold their shoulders back? I wouldn't think so, not with their twin obesities. We used to speak of half grapefruits, but progress marches on to basketballs. If it marches much further, your girls will have to crawl. House of Holstein—that's the group name for this udder squad. Any good dairyman would ask for production and butterfat tests. Not that I have anything against manageable bosoms, you understand. Some of my best friends have them.

A. B. Guthrie, Jr.
Great Falls, Montana

On the other hand, A.B., would you have considered tiling your book, "The Big Sky," "The Manageable Sky"?

In addition to being impressed by the charms of Miss December in *Playmates of History* in your November issue, I was also impressed in noting that she is a collector of reptiles, especially venomous snakes.

George J. Watterson, Manager
Reptile Import
Medina, Ohio

Re *Playmates of History* in your November issue: MOOO! Re Abigail of Chesterfield: more like her, please.

William Nakashima
New Orleans, Louisiana

BROWN STUDY

Fredric Brown is the master of the O. Henry ending, but the triple flip at the end of his *Puppet Show* exceeded even his usual high standards.

Robert A. Heinlein
Colorado Springs, Colorado

November's *Puppet Show* was just as well done as one would expect a Fredric Brown story to be (wish I could set a scene and tell a narrative in so few words) and, in addition, had a couple of



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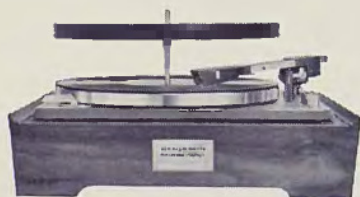
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reminiscent overtones that were bound to delight an old science-fiction buff. Congratulations to all concerned.

Poul Anderson
Orinda, California

Praise from top-rank science-fiction writers Heinlein and Anderson is praise, indeed.

Puppet Show had a delightful twist: I enjoyed it as I do almost all of Fredric Brown's writing. Naturally, I am pleased to see him become a regular contributor to *PLAYBOY*. In recent years I have found a good deal of damned good writing in your magazine — offbeat stuff with guts.

Stuart Palmer
Los Angeles, California

MAGNUM OPUS

Congratulations to *PLAYBOY* and to Robert Ruark on October's *The Gentleman's Hunting Arsenal*. Mr. Ruark modestly refers to himself as being in the semiprofessional class of hunter; personally I think that he ranks as one of the great hunters in Africa today. There is only one point in his article with which I find it difficult to agree and that is when he says that ownership of a .300 Magnum automatically equips a hunter for anything up to buffalo, rhino or elephant. True, in the very next sentence he goes on to say that "you can always rent or borrow the heavier stuff from your safari or shikar firm." But this leaves the impression that the .300 Magnum can and may be used for all of the big game of Asia, including the tiger. I am a professional hunter. My own field is Asia and my licensed area of operations is Nepal. In the Terai jungles of this country there are at least five large, dangerous animals that may not be shot with a .300 Magnum, certainly not if the shooter is a client of mine. The big five are rhino, elephant, buffalo, bison and tiger. For tiger in this country the absolute minimum permissible bore is the .375 Magnum using the 300-grain slug, the heaviest grain weight of bullet that can be fired through this bore. The Nepali tigers are generally much bigger than their southern cousins in India. They range as high as 9000 feet into the Himalayas and are huge, heavy-boned, thick-coated animals that require a massive bullet to knock them down. The .375 Magnum does the job. The .300 Magnum *may* do the job. But when you are on the ground with big, fast-moving game, "may" is not enough. It is a fact, of course, that one can kill a tiger, or any of the bigger, soft-skinned game, with a lighter rifle. A tiger can be killed with a .22 if you can plink him in the exact and vital place. Or even with a bow and arrow or a pistol. But when one is shooting professionally and day after day coming into contact with

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big game, especially the big cats, it is not fair to oneself or to one's clients to use anything but the proper tool for the job. I have a friend in this country who has used a double-barreled .577 and shot in India for 40 years. He calls his old gun a "no argument weapon." He has shot 195 tigers with it, 16 of them man-eaters and the remainder cattle killers. He is 82 years of age and living happily ever afterward. I shall personally be very happy to follow his example, and I am well on the way to it now with an armory that contains an English double-barreled .470, a Remington .458 Magazine, a Holland & Holland .375 Magnum and an assortment of smaller guns for smaller game. The same armory, built on 18 years of big game hunting experience in Asia, does not contain a .300 Magnum nor is there any intention of adding one to the list.

Peter Byrne
Nepal Safaris
San Francisco, California

MARILYN

I have read in a syndicated newspaper column that PLAYBOY is trying to decide whether to publish the nude photographs that it took of the late Marilyn Monroe before her suicide. May I simply say that I am quite sure you would not be guilty of necrophilia or bad taste if you did publish these photographs. Miss Monroe was *sui generis*; in conversations today, her name is not mentioned with the reservations or guiltiness that so often surround mention of the recently dead. Frankly, for some reason I don't pretend to understand, it would appear that she is still alive. Hollywood would probably refer to this as "immortality." This is simply one reader's vote for publication of the photographs.

(Name withheld)

Durham, North Carolina

PLAYBOY does have in its files the full nudes of Marilyn that were censored out of the "Something's Got to Give" swimming scene by the studio, but saved by Monroe herself and released to us a few days before her death. The picture story was scheduled for our December Ninth Anniversary issue and Marilyn had also agreed to pose for PLAYBOY's unique two-sided December cover. Following her suicide, the picture story was canceled, because we felt a serious abridgment of taste would be involved if we ran it so soon after her death; PLAYBOY has never knowingly dealt in anything it considered shoddy or sensational. With the passage of time, however, we feel that the problem eases, and we plan on including these exclusive pictures as part of a special tribute to Marilyn scheduled for later this year.



Important News about Imported Scotch



How a sea voyage in its original casks from our Distillery in Bowling-By-Glasgow, Scotland creates a Scotch Whisky with the unique combination of elegant taste and thrifty price.

It may seem surprising that the news we have to tell you, news of a somewhat revolutionary nature to the Scotch industry, should come from the quiet hamlet of Bowling-By-Glasgow, Scotland. But then our story is full of surprising twists and turns.

The Art of "Gentle-ing." It actually begins centuries ago when the wealthy wine merchants of the Old World used to ship their wines out for an ocean voyage in their original casks, and then ship them back again to their point of origin. This process came to be called "gentle-ing" and it was accepted as being the best way there was of bringing wine to its point of perfection. And now this same method holds true for Scotch Whisky.

Actually, all quality Scotch Whiskies are blended, matured and handled in pretty much the same way, from the same basic Scotch malt and grain whiskies. House of Stuart is no exception. It is a blend of at least 20 of the finest Scotch distillations. And it is distilled, blended, and aged in our Distillery in Bowling-By-Glasgow, Scotland.

The House of Stuart Difference. But here is where House of Stuart departs from other quality Scotches.

For after aging their Scotch, the makers of House of Stuart—like the wine merchants of old—send their fine Scotch out to sea in its original casks to be "gentled." We import House of Stuart to America in its original casks, as the final step in the perfect blending

process. Because of this "gentle-ing" process, House of Stuart is a perfectly blended Scotch Whisky, with a perfect taste.

But this is where the surprise comes in. This long ocean voyage in the original casks, which so perfects the taste and blending of House of Stuart, also considerably reduces the price of this fine Scotch Whisky.

\$2.00 Less Per Fifth. Let us explain. You see, because it is shipped to America in its original casks, House of Stuart does not have to pay taxes and duties as high as those paid by other Scotches that are bottled overseas. Also, there is a substantial savings on transportation costs because no money need be spent for the shipment and protection of fragile glass containers and cartons. This all means that we can sell—and you can enjoy—House of Stuart at almost \$2.00 less per fifth than many popular brands.

So, that's our story. And a pretty surprising one it is, too. We were willing to make this extra effort to get the perfect blend and taste for our House of Stuart Scotch. And we also end up with a Scotch that costs you less. Of course, because of this, the perfect end to our story—for both ourselves and you, too—would be for you to visit your neighborhood liquor mart or store and ask for House of Stuart. If you do, you'll soon see what we mean when we say, "It's smart to buy right!" It's smart to buy imported House of Stuart Scotch.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



If your boyhood commenced sometime after the era of Jules Verne and before the advent of Horatio Alger, chances are that you became addicted to the hairbreadth exploits of that paragon of pluck and moxie; that clean-living champion of God, Home, Flag and Mother; that indomitably optimistic and stick-to-itive spouter of sticky sampler mottos: the immortal Tom Swift, of whom Frank Merriwell, the Rover Boys and even Tom Swift, Jr.—his contemporary namesake—are the palest reflections. Perhaps the most unforgettable of all the memories inspired by this fabled folk hero is the prose of Victor Appieton, Tom's inimitable creator: a mélange of wildly improbable plots larded with impossibly stilted dialog beside which the pomposities of *Bullwinkle's* incorruptible Dudley Doright fairly crackle with wit and verisimilitude. "If you don't unhand that lady," Tom used to say, "I will be forced to resort to fisticuffs." Or, "Scoff if you wish, but my Electric Aeroplane shall fly." And as if this weren't enough, he would always say it "steadfastly," "cheerfully," "jauntily," or even "gaily."

As we slogged "resolutely" through the syntactical swamp of a typically Tom Swiftian tale the other day, we found ourself thrashing about in search of fresh and more fitting dialog for the unlikely adverbs attached like barnacles to nearly every deathless utterance. "How about a roll in the hay?" said Tom loftily," we heard ourself muttering. "I'm afraid you've got the mumps," said Tom infectiously," we offered then, to no one in particular. "Isn't anyone going to bid?" asked Tom passively" was our next gem. Clearly, things were getting out of hand. The dialog began to pour out unbidden: "I'll have a mar-

tini," said Tom dryly." "The results of my electrocardiogram were reassuring," said Tom wholeheartedly." "I'm sure I can dig up a date for you," said Tom gravely." "Jayne Mansfield is a remarkable actress," said Tom figuratively." "I'm afraid prunes don't agree with me," said Tom loosely." "What our ball club needs is a man who can hit 60 homers a season," said Tom ruthlessly." "I detest fairy tales," said Tom grimly, "but I'm quite fond of charades," he added skittishly."

And yet more: "I've bought a negligee for you, my dear," said Tom transparently." "Hemingway is perhaps the finest writer of this half-century," said Tom earnestly." "A justice of the peace performed the service," said Tom unceremoniously." "How about a ride in my new ambulance?" asked Tom hospitably." "Here's some salt for your wound," said Tom smartly." "Did you actually brew six cups of tea with one bag?" asked Tom weakly." "I'd better quit before I'm fired," said Tom resignedly, "or I may have to be carried out on a stretcher," he added literally." "It's time we canned this corn," we told ourself huskily at last. Withal, we found it a toothsome form in which to savor these juvenile classics once again, and we recommend it to unreconstructed aficionados. To those game for the experience, we offer our hero's classic benison: "Good luck and Godspeed," said Tom Swiftly.

With open admiration for the precocity of the writer, we read the following letter to Ann Landers in the *Detroit Free Press*: "I am a widower three years of age, although people tell me I don't look it . . . My first cousin Flossie is two years younger than I am and she

has always been a favorite of mine . . . Do you think it would be proper to invite my cousin to stay with me? (signed) Clyde." One cannot but admire Miss Landers for replying, "It would be perfectly proper . . . I'm assuming, of course, that you can be trusted without a chaperon."

Possibly producers of multimillion-dollar movie epics can't be bothered with trivia, but we feel obliged to recommend a remedial spelling course for Darryl F. Zanuck. His signature on a *New York Times* ad for *The Longest Day* read "Daryl F. Zanuck."

Until we read it in a recent column from the *Daily Pacific Builder*, a San Francisco trade paper, it simply hadn't occurred to us that at least three people might believe that *bidet* is the name of the man who wrote *Carmen*. But this disquieting statistic was only one of many gleaned by columnist Jim Elliott on a man-in-the-street poll which he swears he took around town in researching the vital issue of public acquaintance with that specialized Continental plumbing convenience. An alarming 28 percent of those questioned, he reports, insisted that *bidet* was a French movie actress who keeps taking her clothes off. Another 12 percent were convinced that it refers to the Allied assault on Normandy. "Would you like to have a *bidet* of your very own?" Jim asked next. One man replied shrewdly that if he were going to invest in a piano, he'd get a concert grand. And 18 percent said they already got good pictures with their Brownies. Entranced, Elliott then inquired how people would feel if they found a *bidet* in their bathrooms. Eight percent announced that sports cars be-



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long in the garage, not in the bathroom. Seven percent said that they'd call the city pound or the SPCA, depending on their humanitarian predilections. And a disturbing nine percent confided mysteriously that they'd be delighted, but thought that the steam might make its leaves drop off.

Latest and — we hope — last on our list of aptly yept eclysiasts to swivel-hip into hurly-burleycue: Billie Sol Esther.

THEATER

Little Me, a musical comic strip, kaleidoscopically chronicles the rise to stardom of Belle Poitrine, as did the Patrick Dennis best seller (which originally ran in *Show Business Illustrated*) on which the show is freely based. Sid Caesar plays most of the men in Belle's life and, since Belle's life is mostly men, he has to do a lot of dashing on and off stage, in and out of costumes, characters and accents. Belle begins as a sexy nobody from the wrong side of the tracks, Sid as Noble Eggleston, the biggest somebody on the right side of the tracks. He goes off to Harvard and to Yale to study law and medicine, while she, seeking "wealth, culture and social position," turns, in order of their appearance, to: Banker Pinchley, the meanest miser in the world ("I haven't had a good grovel and beg in weeks"); Val Du Val, an incredibly French entertainer ("Sank you, sank you, sank you, or as zey say in Eeengleesh, thank you"); Fred Poitrine, an incredibly dough-brained doughboy; Otto Schnitzler, a tyrannical director kicked out of Hollywood "because of prejudice and 12 rotten pictures in a row"; and Prince Cherney, the dying monarch of a dying kingdom who dismisses his subjects from his deathbed because "I must get some dying done." All give their Belle a boost, but her heart belongs to Noble, who pops up in the course of the action as a World War I air ace, governor of North and South Dakota, a full-time rummy and the father of Noble Eggleston, Jr. (Junior goes to Georgia Tech and to Juilliard, so that he can both build Lincoln Center and conduct there at night.) The forum is full of Caesars—most of them screwball, all of them hand-tailored by Neil Simon (one of Sid's old TV gag gang). Also on hand and niftily tailored is Virginia Martin, a brassy Belle with a clarion voice. The showstopper, among a first-class batch of songs by Cy Coleman (composer of *Playboy's Penthouse* theme) and Carolyn Leigh, is a male striptease, the low-down *I've Got Your Number*. Best of Bob Fosse's inventive dances is *The Rich Kids' Rag*, a knock-kneed

slow-motion Charleston—the only slow thing in this fast, frenetic, funny show. At the Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 West 46th Street.

The four mad Englishmen who concocted and make up the cast of *Beyond the Fringe* are completely nonpartisan; they are against everything. Their revue is an acidulous assault in skit and song on the Establishment and disestablishmentarians, peacemongers and nuclear warriors, the right and the left (and mostly the center), the U.S. and Russia (and mostly Great Britain), the hip, the square, the snobs and the slobs. Leader of the *Fringe* is Jonathan Miller, offstage a practicing pathologist, whose wit probes the pathologies of our day. It is Miller as a patronizing preacher, who tells his parishioners, "Let's get down to God. God. Who is he, where is he, and above all, why is he—and why is he above all?" Miller's partner in several wheezy, wry, dry duologs is Alan Bennett, an owly academician. He plays a rusty philosopher, a musty preacher and a blustery Minister of Defense ("The hydrogen bomb is just the same as the bow and arrow in principle"). Peter Cook, the only professional of the four—he is a comedy writer and co-founder of London's Establishment cabaret—specializes in vocal disguises. He mimics Macmillan ("We exchanged many frank words in our respective languages"), mocks a hack Beaverbrook journalist (His attitude toward his employer: "Quite openly, behind our hands, we snigger at him") and a snooty miner ("I am not saying you get a load of riffraff down the mine. I am just saying we had a load of riffraff down *my* mine."). Pianist and composer of the *Fringe* is a timid cherub named Dudley Moore. As a Loyal Subject, Moore goes to see the same show 937 times, hoping to glimpse the Royal Family. "No Royal Personage actually gracing the Royal Box," he muses, "unless they're crouching. But that wouldn't be Royalty, would it?" Individually the gents are expert, original comedians. Together they provide an evening full of *Fringe* benefits. At the John Golden Theater, 252 West 45th Street.

MOVIES

"Noted for melodious song," the encyclopedia says about the mockingbird. In like manner, *To Kill a Mockingbird* sings out over the racket of most recent American films. Harper Lee's first-novel phenomenon has been deftly adapted by Horton Foote; lyrically photographed by Russell Harlan; and directed by Robert Mulligan with kid-comedy but no cuteness, tearful touches but no tear jerking. This story of an Alabama town in 1932

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11-13th Day—Jet to NICE. PLAYBOY Renault Dauphines for use while on Riviera. Relax or revel at Monte Carlo, Cannes, Cap d'Antibes and St. Tropez. Join the "whirl" at Monaco Grand Prix by special arrangement; attend fashionable Cannes Film Festival.

14-16th Day—Jet-streak to PARIS. Dance through the "City of Light" by night. Browse to your heart's content. Shop if you like. Taste gourmet fare fit for a Louis or Louise. Frolic at the Folies-Bergère. Farewell fling.

17th Day—Board BOAC Jet for return to NEW YORK.

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



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510. NANCY WILSON/CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. Teeming up to give you J'Can? Get Started, Happy Talk, Unit 7 — eleven numbers in all.



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361. STAN FREBERG PRESENTS THE UNITED STATES. Pilgrim's Progress, Boston Tea Party, 8 other great spoofs. "God-natured satire." N. Y. Times.



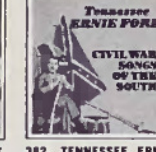
508. SENSATIONAL. Les Baxter's piano, chorus and orchestra in Autumn Leaves, Never on Sunday, Havah Nagilah — 9 more Baxter arrangements.



421. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. My Old Flame, I'll Be Around, Just A Little While, 9 more "torch" numbers.



453. HANK THOMPSON AT THE GOLDEN NUGGET. Recorded "live" at Los Vegas! Honky Tonk Girl, John Henry, 10 more.



382. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD SINGS CIVIL WAR SONGS OF THE SOUTH. Dixie, Goodbye Pecos, The Bonnie Blue Flag, 9 others.



381. TENNESSEE ERNIE FORD SINGS CIVIL WAR SONGS OF THE NORTH. The Faded Coat Of Blues, Just Before The Battle, 10 more.



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158. FROM THE "HUNGRY": THE KINGSTON TRIO. Recorded live in San Francisco! South Coast, Dorie, Wimowah, Cue Cue, 6 others. (Monaural only)



241. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo sung by the favorite of the West.



357. FERLIN HUSKY. WALKIN' AND A HUMMIN'. Alone And Forsaken, There'll Be No Teardrops Tonight, Undecided, 9 other country ballads.



519. TRAVIS! Songs written, sung and played by the great Merle Travis: Cincinnati Lou, Diverce Me, C.O.D., Fat Gal, 9 more of his best



516. THE HITS OF FREDDY MARTIN. A medley of Martin's best, featuring Tonight We Love, Cumano, Blue Champagne, Warsaw Concerto, 8 more favorites.



349. KINGSTON TRIO. GOIN' PLACES. Harmonies in many moods: Pastures of Plenty, Billy Goat Hill, Lemon Tree, 9 more.



352. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Her greatest album yet: If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up, 10 other fabulous song stylings.



481. DINAH SINGS, PREV'N PLAYS — songs in a mid-night mood: If Had To Be You, April In Paris, Man I Love, 8 others.



450. PORGY AND BESS. Hear Summer Time, Bars You Is My Woman, It Ain't Necessarily So, other Gershwin greats.



334. JUNE CHRISTY. BALLADS FOR NIGHT PEOPLE. Bewitched, Kissin' Bug, Make Love To Me, Shadow Woman, 7 other favorites.



354. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed, 11 more.



185. LOVE IS THE THING. Nat King Cole spins 12 love songs smoother than silk. It's All In The Game, At Last, Love Letters, more of your favorites.



102. CAROUSEL. Movie sound track, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. They sing If I Loved You, Mister Snow, You'll Never Walk Alone, others.



9. THE KING AND I. Original movie sound track of Rodgers and Hammerstein's delightful success. Hello Young Lovers, We Kiss in a Shadow, more.



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791. PETER SELLERS & SOPHIA LOREN. Love and wit homogenized by England's dizziest comedian and Italy's loveliest.



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420. KINGSTON TRIO. CLOSE-UP. 12 songs never before recorded: Soft Away, Ken Koranga, Jesse James, Weeping Willow, Glorious Kingdom, etc.



342. JUDY! THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT! Judy Garland sings: If I Love Again, Old Devil Moon, Alone Together, Who Cares?, Yes, 6 more.



486. VIKING! Hollywood Bowl Symphony plays 11 masterworks by 4 Scandinavian composers: Grieg, Holverson, Sinding, Jarnfelt.



425. THE LETTERMEN. A SONG FOR YOUNG LOVE. I'll Be Seeing You, In The Still Of The Night, Dreamer, Valley High, 8 more romantic ballads.



447. JEAN SHEPARD. GET YOU ON MY MIND. 12 country hits—Big Midnight Special, One White Rose, Mackin' Bird Hill, more.



454. HOLLYWOOD BOWL SYMPHONY. STARLIGHT FANTASIE. Miklos Rozsa conducts Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Brahms, Enesco.



373. THE SWINGIN' MUTUAL. George Shearing Quintet plays—Nancy Wilson sings: Blue Lou, Inspiration, 10 more!



790. LALO: SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE. Op. 21. Leonid Kogan, violinist, Kyvil Kondrashin conducts The Philharmonia Orchestra.



VIC DAMONE



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



103. JONAH JONES. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH in a swingin' new set of tunes: Just A Gigolo, A Kiss to Build a Dream On, ten others.



392. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, Gerry Mulligan and others in 11 "cool" tunes. Monoaural only.



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178. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND DINNER DANCE. The Five Pennies swing a la carte: Ja-Da, September Song, Ballin' The Jack, 10 more great hits.



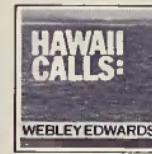
166. FRED WARNE. DO YOU REMEMBER? The Pennsylvanians take you down memory lane with Remember, Stardust, For Me And My Gal, more.



478. DRIFTING AND DREAMING: GUY LOMBARDO. 12 ocean voyages to enchanted places: Harbor Lights, Isle of Capri, others.



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



341. HAWAII CALLS: GREATEST HITS. WEBLEY EDWARDS plays Home's Muu-Muu, Lovely Island Hands, Song Of The Hula, Hilo, 8 more.



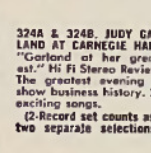
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threads together two themes: children learning about evil and adults learning about good. Atticus Finch, a widowed lawyer with a son of 10 and a daughter of six, is court appointed to defend a Negro accused of rape. The case tangles with the lives of the children, touching their fantasy forays around a "haunted" house on their street. Eventually the house becomes un haunted for them, and they get a glimpse, by the end, of the endless complications of life. As Atticus, Gregory Peck has a part cut skintight to fit his undersized acting, his summation to the jury is his peak performance to date. Phillip Alford, Mary Badham and John Megna are kookie kids whose mischief has the makings of maturity in it. Brock Peters as the accused Negro and James Anderson as his trashy white accuser are too credible for comfort. Maybe the script leans a little heavily on the latent loving liberalism underlying generations of Southern gentry; but *Mockingbird's* song is that there are a few heartening things in man's heinous heart.

"Anthology" films — pictures made up of separate short episodes on related themes — are in season, and the latest is *7 Capital Sins*, which as usual has a few juicy pickings amid a lot of crop. Each of its seven episodes deals with one of the catechistic sins, but it's less catechism than cataclysm for most of the talented people involved. Jean-Luc Godard, the life breath of *Breathless*, puffs to no avail in *Laziness*. *Greed*, by Felicien Marceau and Claude Chabrol, has the gall to use the old Gallic gag about the cadets who sell lottery tickets amongst themselves, the winner to use the money for a night with an expensive *poule*; the *poule* is so pleased that she gives back the price of the ticket. Only two of the episodes are sinfully good. *Pride* (Roger Vadim) tells of a wife, planning to run off with another man, who discovers that her husband has a mistress; she is no sooner piqued than unpacked. The best of the bunch is *Anger*, Eugene Ionesco's first screen script. Satan visits Earth on a Sunday and is unholily horrified by the wholesome harmony. Suddenly a fly appears in every husband's soup at every Sunday dinner table, and in swift Swiftian transition, anger swells from table tantrum to countrywide confusion to international imbroglio and — boom. Perhaps an excess of cynicism in these usually art-oriented precincts has led them into the trap of thinking they're giving the export market what it wants, i.e., a rib-poking, oo-la-la, cliché view of French life. The result is some fun and no little tedium, because each of the segments relies heavily on broad Gallic farce at the expense of Gallic subtlety. *Gluttony* exceeds in this respect. And speaking of gluttony, it takes a glutton indeed to relish the serving of seven such

courses in one sitting. Lumped together as they are, each episode seems less slapstick than slapstuck. The idea that seven good directors can make a picture seven times as good as one of them is about as sensible as having seven fathers to sire one baby. But if this film gets Ionesco started on writing for the screen, all of *Sins'* sins may be forgiven.

Mutiny on the Bounty carries a mixed cargo. Some of it is an eyeful and some of it is awful. The wide-screen Technicolor lets the *Bounty* maneuver magnificently (the ship is 33 feet longer than the original), but much of the script and acting is waterlogged. Marlon Brando makes Fletcher Christian a drawling 18th Century fop. As Captain Bligh, Trevor Howard lacks the rich pomposity of Charles Laughton, but he's a lot more credible. H.M.S. *Bounty* leaves England for Tahiti in 1787 to get specimens of breadfruit. Bligh soon proves a bloody blighter who gives his crew a good crewing. After four months in Tahiti, during which the men get the lay of the land, the *Bounty* sets sail; Bligh reverts to tyrannical type and Christian knocks him flat on his poop deck. The captain and his cronies are set adrift in a small boat while Christian and crew return to Tahiti, pick up their women and find a hide-out on Pitcairn Island. When some of the crew burn the ship to prevent escape, Christian plunges in to save his sextant. Brando is plucked from the burning, but too late. Or, rather, just in time — for a detailed death scene. This voyage out, the *Bounty* needed a firmer hand at the wheel to keep the drama from going all to helm, and Mighty Marlon's performance is wan but not forgotten. Still, scenes like the storm at sea and the Tahitian tidbits singing as they scine keep *Mutiny* from monotony. Perhaps the film's major drawback is that it can't buck the competition of the Laughton-Gable version, black-and-white and small-screen though that classic was.

BOOKS

It will gladden the Salinger cult to see *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: An Introduction* (Little, Brown, \$4) reprinted in book form. Salinger has a fine eye for the nuances of a certain rather narrow mode of experience; he frequently turns shrewd and funny phrases, especially in mild derision; and his greatest gift is the satire so toughly yet subtly used in parts of *Raise High* — Buddy Glass' recollection of his brother Seymour's failure to show up at his own wedding. But when Salinger becomes serious, he can fall into sentimentality,

tedium and a snobbishly disengaged "sensitivity." *Seymour* is almost entirely in this vein, a rambling, flatulent view through brother Glass, of Seymour's life and poetry. It is J. D. at his most jaded, full of conspiratorial asides, false hesitations, italic crutches and often pointless observations of the commonplace. Both stories are written in that mincing, long-winded, coy and sometimes snotty style that has become the mark of much of the fiction in *The New Yorker*, where they first appeared. Salinger remains exasperating because of the very real—even unique—talent he has always exhibited and the promise he has too rarely fulfilled.

Now, for the on-the-go executive whose time is too valuable to be spent making entries in an appointment book: *The Very Important Person Desk Diary* (Price/Stern/Sloan, \$2.98), which has conveniently filled in a number of his more pressing appointments for him. For example: January 7—*Complete medical checkup. Confirm with Dr. Schweitzer.* March 23—*Weekend with JFK—This time at his house.* April 7—*Jr.'s Little League Polo Match.* May 8—*Get unlisted number on 2nd car phone.* June 5—*Get kid for dog to play with.* October 17—*Picasso portrait of Jr. looks fine—order 2 doz.* November 12—*Check Hurok—are we going to ballet tonite, or are they coming to us?* November 20—*Kids want stuffed animals for Xmas. Arrange safari.* December 6—*Begin office party.* January 3, 1964—*Time to break up Xmas office party.* Obviously no time for minor league Mad Ave minions, the diary should prove the perfect gift for those captains of industry who have almost everything.

RECORDINGS

If *The First Family* (Cadence), the definitive take-off on the Clan Kennedy, does nothing else, it will secure for Vaughn Meader a niche in mimicry's hall of fame as the voice of JFK. Meader's carbon copy of the President is devastatingly accurate—allowing, of course, for a satiric broadening of JFK's already broad New England accent. Naomi Brossart as the First Lady is a close second as a copycat. There is also an imitation (by whom we are not certain) of Sen. Ev Dirksen's honeyed tones which rates as a deadly ringer. The routines themselves, while rising on a number of occasions to a high level of humor, generally do not come up to the standards set by the miming. The more antic moments are contained in an after-dinner conversation which finds JFK admonishing: "I want you youngsters to stop fighting among yourselves, Bobby and Caroline";



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there is an announcer intoning: "Vote for the Kennedy of your choice, but vote!"; a summit meeting in which the President in an economy move sends out for lunch and Nikita says, "You don't have to order for me; I'll have a little from everybody else's sandwich." Nkrumah states that he'll have watermelon, to which JFK replies: "Don't put me on"; a press conference has Kennedy, when asked what he has to say about his family being called a dynasty, answering: "I don't believe it; neither does my brother Bobby nor my brother Genghis."

The Fog has rolled in with a pair of nifty LPs. *I Dig the Duke — I Dig the Count/Mel Tormé* (Verve) devotes one side to Ellington, the other to Basie, and plays no favorites: they are both winners with excellent charts conceived and conducted by Johnny Mandel. The Tormé tonsils were never truer, the material never worthier. *Comin' Home Baby!/Mel Tormé* (Atlantic) is a reprise of Mel's singles smash (arranged and conducted by Claus Ogerman, who also wields the baton on Herbie Mann's tune *Right Now*) plus a slew of Shorty Rogers' orchestrations. Tormé is torrid or tender as the situation warrants, be it *Puttin' on the Ritz* or the Golson-Feather balladic collaboration of *Whisper Not*.

Although *Frank Sinatra Sings Rodgers and Hart* (Capitol) is a pickup from Frank's previous efforts for that label, it is still a worthwhile addition to anyone's LP library since it brings into sharp focus some of the best efforts of the *sine qua non* of songwriting teams — to wit: *Little Girl Blue*, *Dancing on the Ceiling*, *My Funny Valentine* and *Glad To Be Unhappy*, a foursome well worth the price of the LP.

It's bossa nova time, again, folks: this month we have *Desafinado — Coleman Hawkins Plays Bossa Nova & Jazz Samba* (Impulse!) and *Bossa Nova/The Ramsey Lewis Trio* (Argo). On the latter, the Lewis Trio is augmented by a pair of Latin percussionists. The Hawk has a six-man rhythm section behind him, including fine guitarist Barry Galbraith. Interestingly enough, Hawkins, one of the most adaptable musicians around, is somewhat at sea in the bossa nova milieu, while Lewis, a soul pianist with a fairly limited scope, strides through the session with a great deal of aplomb. The Lewis session, too, benefits from a program of legitimate bossa nova material while The Bean's LP suffers from several tunes that have to be severely twisted to fit the beat. Score one success for Lewis; one near miss for Hawkins & Co.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

After being involved with a most charming and elegant young lady for three wonderful months, I'm becoming increasingly disturbed by her financial irresponsibility. First she wanted to borrow money to redecorate her apartment, a request that I gladly met. Then she borrowed money to buy two new, strikingly expensive dresses. And two or three times she has asked for a loan of \$50 or so until her "dividend checks come in." As you've undoubtedly guessed, in not one instance have I received my money back. Up till now I have made no mention of the money to her, first because I don't want to give an impression of being petty, and second, I have quite frankly been afraid of disturbing or somehow disrupting the most successful physical relationship I have ever had with a woman. What bothers me most about the whole affair is that she is so obviously a young lady of good breeding and education. I guess I just didn't expect this sort of treatment from someone of her kind. What should I do? Am I — as I suspect — being played for a very large sucker? — T. D., Los Angeles, California.

Not at all — you've simply become a dues-paying member in the world's most venerable club. Whether you have been willing to face the fact previously or not, it is time you recognized that you are not spending your intimate moments with this aristocratic miss for free. So take stock on that more realistic basis, and, if she is worth financing as a part-time mistress, continue the relationship, but don't expect repayment in dollars and cents. If you don't consider her to be worth the price of admission, stop shell-ing out — and be fully prepared for a prompt, if perhaps regretful, alienation of her affections.

Since you guys seem so fond of the adjective "posh," I finally looked it up in my admittedly abridged dictionary — and could find neither hide nor hair of it. I know it means something like "splendid," but whence cometh the word? — C. C., Seattle, Washington.

While the origin of "posh" is obscure, one story — possibly apocryphal — contends that it dates from a century or so ago, when British colonials about to sail to and from India would indicate their stateroom preferences by writing P.O.S.H. — an abbreviation for Port Outbound, Starboard Homebound (the sides of the ship that would not be subject to the Red Sea's searing afternoon sun). The word does, indeed, mean "smart, fine, splendid."

I have several cummerbunds that I wear with my one tuxedo, thus adding variety to my appearance at formal social functions. Would it be equally correct to wear an evening waistcoat? — S. G., Cleveland, Ohio.

It's not only correct to wear an evening weskit, but currently it's preferable to the cummerbund, especially with the Continental tuxedo (dinner jacket). The weskit may match the dinner jacket in material and lapels, or you may wish to branch out a bit with tasteful and subdued brocades. Conservative chaps who don't dig brocaded dinner jackets may thus lend a bit of flair and individuality to their monochromatic evening duds.

During a recent bull session the conversation turned to a discussion of the sexual proclivities of Swedish women, and several of the guys — myself included — advanced the belief that Sweden is fast becoming the happiest hunting ground in Europe for bachelors on the prowl. Others, drawing on their own travel experience, said that just the opposite is the case, and that the popular belief that Swedish girls are friendly pushovers is actually not as true now as it was at the beginning of the century, when their permissive reputation first gained currency. The session ended with a general consensus that this is one of those arguments you just can't prove or disprove. However, I think you can. As an amateur sociologist, it's my theory that the trend of a country's sexual freedom — or lack of same — can accurately be gauged by an analysis of its illegitimate births: i.e., if the rate of illegitimacy can be shown to have increased over an extended period, then clearly the country is becoming less repressed sexually. I have a hunch that an examination of Swedish statistics will reveal just such a long-range illegitimacy rate increase. How about it? — J. P., Westport, Connecticut.

Your hunch is wrong. In 1960, 11 percent of Swedish babies were born out of wedlock. During the mid-Thirties, the rate was 15 percent. And it is estimated that a century ago over 25 percent of babies born in Swedish towns were illegitimate. But the dissemination and acceptance of birth control methods have had a greater effect on the statistics than any change in sexual mores. Lacking more scientific data, it would seem that this is one of those arguments you just can't prove or disprove — but you may have some pleasant moments doing research in the field.



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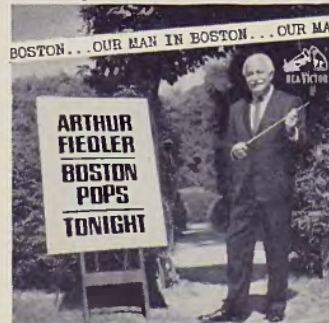
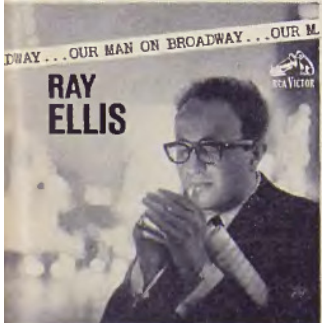
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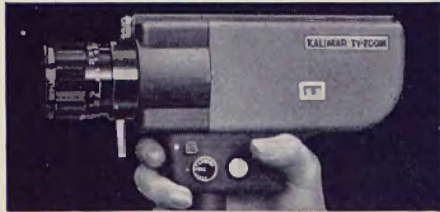
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I've just come to the conclusion that I must do something to deflate my incipient paunch. While dieting, though, I do not want to eliminate totally the pleasure of social drinking. Would you suggest to me two or three drinks that are among the lowest in calorie count, which are nonetheless potent enough to give one a lift? I know I'm going to have to give up martinis—but I don't want to be reduced to a diet cola. — T. C., Madison, Wisconsin.

First, aperitif wines such as vermouth, St. Raphael, Positano, Punt e Mes, etc. Their penetrating, lingering flavors are conducive to slow sipping, and all are low in calories (four ounces of dry vermouth on the rocks contain a mere 120 calories). Second, tall drinks such as rum, bourbon or Scotch and soda or 80-proof vodka and tonic. There's less of a tendency to gulp these in the same quantities as smaller, calorie-packed cocktails or straight liquor taken neat. Finally, a bottle of stout or ale sipped before dining (about 150 calories) not only satisfies the psyche's demands of the cocktail hour but often acts as a restraining influence against later overindulgence at the table.

What can you do about a girl who insists that all her lovemaking be done according to an established routine? The girl I refer to has a warm and winning personality and I am very fond of her. But if I want to express my affection in the most fundamental way, I must first work through a three- or four-hour obstacle course: First she's got to have a leisurely dinner by candlelight. Then a session of cheek-to-cheek dancing in her or my apartment. At which point—if my small talk has been sufficiently romantic—it is finally possible to take her hand and lead her into the next room for the reaping of greater rewards (an activity she undertakes with authentic enthusiasm). Having gone this route several times by now, I find the prefatory performance increasingly ridiculous—and I have told her so. She says that far from being silly these preliminaries are absolutely essential to her—that without the soft lights and music and romantic murmurings she just can't get in the mood. To me, this bit—as a regimented and unvarying routine—loses all meaning. Do you think I'm being selfish in wanting to inject some spontaneity into the picture? — J. W., Washington, D.C.

Not at all. The girl obviously has some psychological roadblocks in her sex drive that should be removed forthwith. This can perhaps best be achieved by demonstrating to her that there is as much, if not more, joy to be had from spontaneous combustion as from an elaborately prepared fire. Choose a moment far re-

moved from your habitual nighttime setting—after Sunday breakfast, say, or during an afternoon drive in the country—and proceed with persuasive ardor to try to bring her to terms. There's a good chance that her defense mechanisms will crumble, and that she'll soon be thanking you for having liberated her libido.

Will you please define the term "house party"? I recently made a fool of myself by accepting an invitation to a house party in a Chicago suburb on a Friday evening and arriving with an overnight bag, on the assumption I and other guests would at least spend the night, if not the entire weekend, at our host's house. Nothing of the sort was intended and there was a bit of embarrassment before the fact became clear to me. Then I said to my host, "You did say 'house party,' didn't you?" He replied in the affirmative and explained that "house party" means a party at someone's house. Being his guest, I didn't argue, but that's not what it means where I come from. — J. F., New Haven, Connecticut.

The last four words are the operative ones in answering your question. In the East, at Ivy institutions, and among U (as opposed to non-U) people, house party usually means at least a one-night stopover at the party giver's house. Throughout the rest of the country, it merely means a party given at someone's home. Although U usage generally follows Eastern patterns, some U types in other regions cleave to the U meaning of house party, but your host's interpretation is, generally, the more common, and these days not necessarily non-U.

I'd like to know if any effort is being made to lure European manufacturers into entering their cars in the Indianapolis "500." This past Memorial Day, if I'm not mistaken, every qualifying car was American-made. — T. S., San Diego, California.

At present, machines entered in the Indianapolis run for the money fall into the category of Formula Libre—that is, they are single-seat cars of non-classified formula. But Indy does have its own engine displacement limitations. And since the race is essentially a one-shot affair, and drivers in it can't win any points toward the world championship, European manufacturers have hitherto been understandably reluctant to enter the "500" field. (The last foreign car to win at Indy was a Maserati piloted to victory by the late great Wilbur Shaw in both 1939 and 1940.) However, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile has recently established two new Formula Intercontinental classifications (both permitting engines derived from touring cars

with engine displacements up to 5000 cc's), with the hope that American manufacturers will modify their Indianapolis machines to meet the new specifications. If they do, an interchange of Formula 1G vehicles should result within the next few years, with European cars entered in the "500," and "500" cars entered on European tracks.

My current girl is a lovely 18-year-old who is the answer to a bachelor's prayer. She cooks, she sews, she chats, she loves — and I keep coming back for more. One problem, though: The girl is somewhat hipped on self-expression and honesty, and has thought nothing of telling all and sundry among our friends and acquaintances that we two have a splendid relationship in the sack. The other night, for example, she chilled the atmosphere at a cocktail party by brightly remarking that one reason I am so wonderful is because I never snore or keep her awake at night with tossing and turning. I like flattery as well as the next guy, but not this kind, delivered in front of six virtual strangers. When I reprimanded her, she sulked and accused me of being ashamed of our relationship. Of course I'm not — but neither do I want it broadcast all over town. Any suggestions on how to gently button her pretty lip? — P. B., New York, New York.

Tell her that with big-girl pleasures go big-girl responsibilities, among which is the use of intelligent discretion. Tell her, too, that a successful relationship is one in which each partner has an honest regard for the honest needs and wants of the other — and that your own wants and needs include keeping private pleasures private. And if she still insists on broadcasting details of your amour, you may find some consolation in the thought that it pays to advertise: another female or two may catch this chatter about your intimacies and become curious. Making that point to your girlfriend might well turn the trick. Remember, when she talks openly about sharing your bed, it isn't because she's "proud" of your relationship — she simply gets an extra kick from this more public flaunting of the sexual taboos that were established for her when she was younger.

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FRANK SINATRA

a candid conversation with the acknowledged king of showbiz

In an age of superstars, Frank Sinatra is generally conceded to be the biggest of them all: one of the box-office giants of the screen, the highest-paid night-club performer in show business, among the all-time top recording artists of popular or classical music, seven-time winner of PLAYBOY's All-Star Jazz Poll — including the 1963 award, announced on page 81 — as the favorite male vocalist of both readers and fellow musicians. He is also one of the biggest of the businessmagnates (with a \$25,000,000 empire girdling the entertainment world from such lucrative concerns as Reprise Records to Lake Tahoe's Cal-Neva Lodge), first-name friend of Presidents, unchallenged titleholder as the most controversial figure in show business and lately — to the surprise of many fans and critics alike — self-effacing philanthropist and goodwill ambassador abroad, giving currency to talk of a "New Sinatra." It was in search of the real Sinatra — new, old or simply mature — that PLAYBOY recently approached the press-shy star with a request for an exclusive interview. Rightly refusing to waste his time with predictable small talk, Sinatra agreed to sit down with us only on the condition that we "talk turkey, not trivia," that we attempt

to reach the man behind the image, to elicit his deepest feelings and reflections on the things which move and motivate him as a human being. Reassuring him that this very aim is the basic premise and prerequisite of the "Playboy Interview," we gladly agreed. We then spent an entire week with Sinatra as he ambled easily through the breakneck business schedule that has become his normal routine — answering our questions between takes on the set of "Come Blow Your Horn," his latest picture for Paramount; in his Dual-Ghia en route home from the studio; during breaks at a Reprise recording session with Count Basie; in corridors heading to and from staff summit meetings on upcoming movie-record-night-club projects; even for an unexpected hour in his Beverly Hills home following the abortive Liston-Patterson fight, which Sinatra had arranged to pipe in on closed-circuit TV for a group of friends (including Dean Martin, Billy Wilder and Los Angeles' Mayor Samuel W. Yorty), invited at \$100 a seat earmarked for SHARE, a favorite Sinatra charity. The conversation that emerged from these catch-as-catch-can taping sessions is a courageous public declaration of private convictions from

a major figure in a business wherein most stars seem concerned less with earning good reviews for their performances than with avoiding offense in their personal lives. Many people will be shocked by what he has to say, but many more, we aver, will feel that the candor of his insights adds a new dimension to their understanding of the complex, articulate and thoughtful man who is the chief executive of his profession.

PLAYBOY: Frank, in the 20 years since you left the Tommy Dorsey band to make your name as a solo singer, you've deepened and diversified your talents with a variety of concurrent careers in related fields. But so far none of these aptitudes and activities has succeeded in eclipsing your gifts as a popular vocalist. So why don't we begin by examining Sinatra, the singer?

SINATRA: OK, deal.

PLAYBOY: Many explanations have been offered for your unique ability — apart from the subtleties of style and vocal equipment — to communicate the mood of a song to an audience. How would you define it?

SINATRA: I think it's because I get an audience involved, personally involved



"Being an 18-karat manic-depressive and having lived a life of violent emotional contradictions, I have perhaps an over-acute capacity for sadness as well as elation."

"Fear is the enemy of logic. There is no more debilitating, crushing, self-defeating, sickening thing in the entire world — either to an individual or to a nation."

"I'm not unmindful of man's seeming need for some kind of faith; basically I'm for anything that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniel's."

in a song — because I'm involved myself. It's not something I do deliberately; I can't help myself. If the song is a lament at the loss of love, I get an ache in my gut, I feel the loss myself and I cry out the loneliness, the hurt and the pain that I feel.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't any good vocalist "feel" a song? Is there such a difference . . .

SINATRA: I don't know what other singers feel when they articulate lyrics, but being an 18-karat manic-depressive and having lived a life of violent emotional contradictions, I have an overacute capacity for sadness as well as elation. I know what the cat who wrote the song is trying to say. I've been there — and back. I guess the audience feels it along with me. They can't help it. Sentimentality, after all, is an emotion common to all humanity.

PLAYBOY: Of the thousands of words which have been written about you on this subject, do you recall any which have accurately described this ability?

SINATRA: Most of what has been written about me is one big blur, but I do remember being described in one simple word that I agree with. It was in a piece that tore me apart for my personal behavior, but the writer said that when the music began and I started to sing, I was "honest." That says it as I feel it. Whatever else has been said about me personally is unimportant. When I sing, I believe. I'm honest. If you want to get an audience with you, there's only one way. You have to reach out to them with total honesty and humility. This isn't a grandstand play on my part; I've discovered — and you can see it in other entertainers — when they don't reach out to the audience, nothing happens. You can be the most artistically perfect performer in the world, but an audience is like a broad — if you're indifferent, endsville. That goes for any kind of human contact: a politician on television, an actor in the movies, or a guy and a gal. That's as true in life as it is in art.

PLAYBOY: From what you've said, it seems that we'll have to learn something of what makes you tick as a man in order to understand what motivates you as an entertainer. Would it be all right with you if we attempt to do just that — by exploring a few of the fundamental beliefs which move and shape your life?

SINATRA: Look, pal, is this going to be an ocean cruise or a quick sail around the harbor? Like you, I think, I feel, I wonder. I know some things, I believe in a thousand things, and I'm curious about a million more. Be more specific.

PLAYBOY: All right, let's start with the most basic question there is: Are you a religious man? Do you believe in God?

SINATRA: Well, that'll do for openers. I think I can sum up my religious feelings in a couple of paragraphs. First: I believe in you and me. I'm like Albert

Schweitzer and Bertrand Russell and Albert Einstein in that I have a respect for life — in any form. I believe in nature, in the birds, the sea, the sky, in everything I can see or that there is *real* evidence for. If these things are what you mean by God, then I believe in God. But I don't believe in a personal God to whom I look for comfort or for a natural on the next roll of the dice. I'm not unmindful of man's seeming need for faith; I'm for *anything* that gets you through the night, be it prayer, tranquilizers or a bottle of Jack Daniel's. But to me religion is a deeply personal thing in which man and God go it alone together, without the witch doctor in the middle. The witch doctor tries to convince us that we have to ask God for help, to spell out to him what we need, even to bribe him with prayer or cash on the line. Well, I believe that God *knows* what each of us wants and needs. It's not necessary for us to make it to church on Sunday to reach Him. You can find Him anyplace. And if that sounds heretical, my source is pretty good: *Matthew*, Five to Seven, *The Sermon on the Mount*.

PLAYBOY: You haven't found any answers for yourself in organized religion?

SINATRA: There are things about organized religion which I resent. Christ is revered as the Prince of Peace, but more blood has been shed in His name than any other figure in history. You show me one step forward in the name of religion and I'll show you a hundred retrogressions. Remember, they were men of God who destroyed the educational treasures at Alexandria, who perpetrated the Inquisition in Spain, who burned the witches at Salem. Over 25,000 organized religions flourish on this planet, but the followers of each think all the others are miserably misguided and probably evil as well. In India they worship white cows, monkeys and a dip in the Ganges. The Moslems accept slavery and prepare for Allah, who promises wine and revirginated women. And witch doctors aren't just in Africa. If you look in the L.A. papers of a Sunday morning, you'll see the local variety advertising their wares like suits with two pairs of pants.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't religious faith just as often served as a civilizing influence?

SINATRA: Remember that leering, cursing lynch mob in Little Rock reviling a meek, innocent little 12-year-old Negro girl as she tried to enroll in public school? Weren't they — or most of them — devout churchgoers? I detest the two-faced who pretend liberality but are practiced bigots in their own mean little spheres. I didn't tell my daughter whom to marry, but I'd have broken her back if she had had big eyes for a bigot. As I see it, man is a product of his conditioning, and the social forces which

mold his morality and conduct — including racial prejudice — are influenced more by material things like food and economic necessities than by the fear and awe and bigotry generated by the high priests of commercialized superstition. Now don't get me wrong, I'm for decency — period. I'm for anything and everything that bodes love and consideration for my fellow man. But when lip service to some mysterious deity permits bestiality on Wednesday and absolution on Sunday — cash me out.

PLAYBOY: But aren't such spiritual hypocrites in a minority? Aren't most Americans fairly consistent in their conduct within the precepts of religious doctrine?

SINATRA: I've got no quarrel with men of decency at any level. But I can't believe that decency stems only from religion. And I can't help wondering how many public figures make avowals of religious faith to maintain an aura of respectability. Our civilization, such as it is, was shaped by religion, and the men who aspire to public office anyplace in the free world must make obeisance to God or risk immediate opprobrium. Our press accurately reflects the religious nature of our society, but you'll notice that it also carries the articles and advertisements of astrology and hokey Elmer Gantry revivalists. We in America pride ourselves on freedom of the press, but every day I see, and so do you, this kind of dishonesty and distortion not only in this area but in reporting — about guys like me, for instance, which is of minor importance except to me; but also in reporting world news. How can a free people make decisions without facts? If the press reports world news as they report about me, we're in trouble.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that . . .

SINATRA: No, wait, let me finish. Have you thought of the chance I'm taking by speaking out this way? Can you imagine the deluge of crank letters, curses, threats and obscenities I'll receive after these remarks gain general circulation? Worse, the boycott of my records, my films, maybe a picket line at my opening at the Sands. Why? Because I've dared to say that love and decency are not necessarily concomitants of religious fervor.

PLAYBOY: If you think you're stepping over the line, offending your public or perhaps risking economic suicide, shall we cut this off now, erase the tape and start over along more antiseptic lines?

SINATRA: No, let's let it run. I've thought this way for years, ached to say these things. Whom have I harmed by what I've said? What moral defection have I suggested? No, I don't want to chicken out now. Come on, pal, the clock's running.

PLAYBOY: All right, then, let's move on to another delicate subject: disarmament. How do you feel about the neces-



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FEBRUARY 1963

N.Y. PLAYBOY CLUB SEVEN-STORY WONDER

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NEW YORK—The New York Playboy Club, located just off Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, opened its doors to members December 9 and has been the talk of the Big Town ever since. Keyholders visiting their Club for the first time agree that first impressions are unforget-



The bouncy Bunnies twist for New York keyholders bent on fun.

table. The seven levels house all the famous Playboy Club features—Penthouse, Playroom, etc.—but also include special touches designed to please Eastern tastes.

The exterior excitingly hints at what lies within. Black stone panels formed in twin curves around the entry are set off by the white marble-chip sidewalk inlaid with brass strips. Two curved and carpeted staircases lead from the street to the glamorous world of the Playboy Club itself.

Inside the lobby, a glittering glass-enclosed spiral stairwell gives access to the Playmate Bar, Piano Bar, Living Room and Cartoon Corner. Down you go—into the stereo-stepped Playmate Bar, where full-color transparencies of Playmates treat the eye. A stunning circular floor-to-ceiling copper and marble fireplace adds to the warmth of this intimate room.

Above the lobby is the Living Room and adjacent Cartoon Corner, both served by the magnificent buffet. Members who seek out the Cartoon Corner will find rollicking displays of wit and whimsy from the pages of PLAYBOY. The Living Room, which has its own hearth, overlooks the sunken Piano Bar. Here, the cool sounds of keyboard artists serve as a soothing background to conversation.

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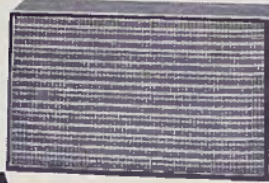
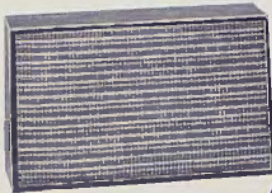
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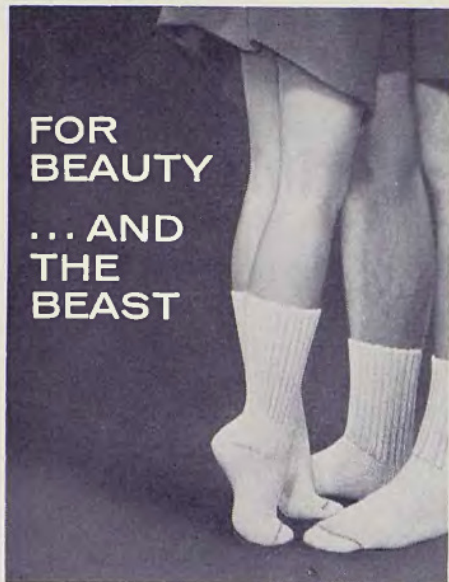
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sity and possibility of achieving it?
SINATRA: Well, that's like apple pie and mother—how can you be against it? After all, despite the universal and unanimous assumption that both powers—Russia and the United States—already have stockpiled more nuclear weaponry than is necessary to vaporize the entire planet, each power continues to build, improve and enlarge its terrifying arsenal. For the first time in history, man has developed the means with which to expunge all life in one shuddering instant. And, brother, no one gets a pass, no one hides from this one. But the question is not so much whether disarmament is desirable or even whether it can be achieved, but whether—if we were able to achieve it—we would be better off, or perhaps infinitely worse off.
PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that disarmament might be detrimental to peace?
SINATRA: Yes, in a certain very delicate sense. Look, I'm a realist, or at least I fancy myself one. Just as I believe that religion doesn't always work, so do I feel that disarmament may be completely beyond man's capacity to live with. Let's forget for a moment the complex problems we might face in converting from a cold war to a peace economy. Let's examine disarmament in terms of man's political, social and philosophical conditioning. Let's say that somehow the UN is able to achieve a disarmament program acceptable to all nations. Let's imagine, a few years from now, total global disarmament. But imagine as well the gnawing doubts, suspicions and nerve-racking tensions which must, inevitably, begin to fill the void: the fear that the other side—or perhaps some third power—is secretly arming or still holding a few bombs with which to surprise and overcome the other. But I firmly believe that nuclear war is absolutely impossible. I don't think anyone in the world wants a nuclear war—not even the Russians. They and we and the nth countries—as nuclear strategists refer to future nuclear powers—face the incontrovertible certainty of lethal retaliation for any nuclear strike. I can't believe for a moment that the idiot exists in any nation that will push the first button—not even accidentally.
PLAYBOY: You foresee no possibility of world war or of effective disarmament?
SINATRA: I'm not an industrialist or an economist; I know I'm way out of my depth when I attempt even to comprehend the complexity of shifting the production of a country from war to peace. But if somehow all those involved in production of implements of destruction were willing to accept reason as well as reasonable profit, I think that a shift in psychology might be possible. And if this were to happen, I believe that the deep-seated terror in the hearts of most people due to the constant threat



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of total destruction would disappear. The result would be a more positive, less greedy, less selfish and more loving approach to survival. I can tell you this much from personal experience and observation: Hate solves no problems. It only creates them. But listen, you've been asking me a lot of questions, so let me ask you a question I posed to Mike Romanoff the other night. You know, Mike is quite a serious thinker; when we spend an evening together, we play an intellectual chess game touching on all topics, including those we are discussing here. Anyway, I asked Mike what would happen if a summit meeting of all the leaders in every country in the world was called, including Red China, at the UN. Further suppose that each leader brings with him his top aides: Kennedy brings Rusk, Khrushchev brings Gromyko, Mao brings Chou. All these cats are together in one room, then — boom! Somebody blows up the mother building. No more leaders. No more deputies. The question I asked Mike, and the one I ask you, is: What would happen to the world?

PLAYBOY: You tell us.

SINATRA: I told Mike I thought it might be the only chance the world has for survival. But Mike just shook his head and said, "Frank, you're very sick." Maybe so. Until someone lights the fuse, however, I think that continuation of cold war preparedness might be more effective to maintain the peace than the dewy-eyed notion of total disarmament. I also wonder if "total" disarmament includes chemical and bacteriological weapons — which, as you know, can be just as lethal as nuclear weapons. Card players have a saying: "It's all right to play if you keep your eyes on the deck" — which is another way of saying, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

PLAYBOY: Do you feel, then, that nuclear testing should be continued?

SINATRA: Absolutely not. I think it's got to stop, and I think it *will* stop — because it has to stop. The name-calling in the UN and the finger-pointing at peace conferences is just a lot of diplomatic bull. Both sides have to live on this planet, and leaders in all countries know that their children and grandchildren have to live here, too. I suspect that when the limits of strontium 90 in the atmosphere get really dangerous, scientists in both camps will persuade the politicians to call a final halt to testing — probably at precisely the same time, with no urging from the other side.

PLAYBOY: You spoke a moment ago of the fear and suspicion that might nullify any plan for lasting and effective disarmament. Isn't continuing nuclear preparedness — with or without further testing — likely to engender these emotions on an even more dangerous scale?

SINATRA: Fear is the enemy of logic. There

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is no more debilitating, crushing, self-defeating, sickening thing in the world — to an individual or to a nation. If we continue to fear the Russians, and if they continue to fear us, then we're both in big trouble. Neither side will be able to make logical, reasoned decisions. I think, however, that their fear and concern over the ideological balance of power in some areas is far from irrational. Our concern over a Sovietized Cuba 90 miles from Key West, for instance, must be equated with Russian concern over our missile bases surrounding them. It is proper that we should be deeply concerned, but we must be able to see their side of the coin — and not let this concern turn into fear on either side.

PLAYBOY: On a practical level, how would you combat Communist expansion into areas such as Cuba, Laos and the emerging African nations?

SINATRA: It strikes me as being so ridiculously simple: Stop worrying about communism; just get rid of the conditions that nurture it. Sidestepping Marxian philosophy and dialectical vagaries, I think that communism can fester only wherever and whenever it is encouraged to breed — not just by the Communists themselves, but by depressed social and economic conditions: and we can always count on the Communists to exploit those conditions. Poverty is probably the greatest asset the Communists have. Wherever it exists, anyplace in the world, you have a potential Communist breeding ground. It figures that if a man is frustrated in a material sense, his family hungry, he suffers, he broods and he becomes susceptible to the blandishments of any ideology that promises to take him off the hook.

PLAYBOY: Do you share with the American Right Wing an equal concern about the susceptibility of our own country to Communist designs?

SINATRA: Well, if you're talking about that poor, beaten, dehumanized, discriminated-against guy in some blighted Tobacco Road down in the South, he's certainly in the market for offers of self-improvement. But you can't make me believe that a machinist in Detroit, ending a 40-hour week, climbing into his '63 Chevy, driving to a steak barbecue behind his \$25,000 home in a tree-lined subdivision, about to begin a weekend with his well-fed, well-clothed family, is going to trade what he's got for a Party card. In America — except for tiny pockets of privation which still persist — Khrushchev has as much chance of succeeding as he has of making 100 straight passes at the crap table.

PLAYBOY: In combating Communist expansion into underdeveloped areas here and abroad, what can we do except to offer massive material aid and guidance

of the kind we've been providing since the end of World War II?

SINATRA: I don't know. I'm no economist. I don't pretend to have much background in political science. But this much I know: Attending rallies sponsored by 110-percent anti-Communist cultists or donning white sheets and riding with the Klan — the one that's spelled with a "K" — isn't the answer. All I know is that a nation with our standard of living, with our Social Security system, TVA, farm parity, health plans and unemployment insurance can afford to address itself to the cancers of starvation, substandard housing, educational voids and second-class citizenship that still exist in many backsliding areas of our own country. When we've cleaned up these blemishes, then we can go out with a clean conscience to see where else in the world we can help. Hunger is inexcusable in a world where grain rots in silos and butter turns rancid while being held for favorable commodity indices.

PLAYBOY: Is American support of the UN one of the ways in which we can uplift global economic conditions?

SINATRA: It seems to me that a lot of us consider the UN a private club — ours, of course — with gentlemen's agreements just like any other exclusive club. Only instead of excluding a person, a race or a religion, the members of the UN have the power to exclude entire nations. I don't happen to think you can kick 800,000,000 Chinese under the rug and simply pretend that they don't exist. Because they do. If the UN is to be truly representative, then it must accept all the nations of the world. If it doesn't represent the *united* nations of the world, then what the hell have you got? Not democracy — and certainly not world government. Everybody seems to have forgotten that President Kennedy, before he became President, in his book, *Strategy of Peace*, plainly advocated recognition of Red China. So I'm not too far out on the limb, am I?

PLAYBOY: With or without mainland China in the UN, what do you feel are the prospects for an eventual American rapprochement with Russia?

SINATRA: I'm a singer, not a prophet or a diplomat. Ask the experts or read the Rockefeller brothers' reports. But speaking just as a layman, an ordinary guy who thinks and worries, I think that if we can stay out of war for the next 10 years, we'll never have another war. From all I've read and seen recently, I'm betting that within the next decade the Russians will be on the credit-card kick just as we are. They're going to want color TV, their wives are going to want electrified kitchens, their kids are going to want hot rods. Even Russian girls are getting hip; I've seen photos of them at Russian beach resorts, and it looks just like the Riviera. They're

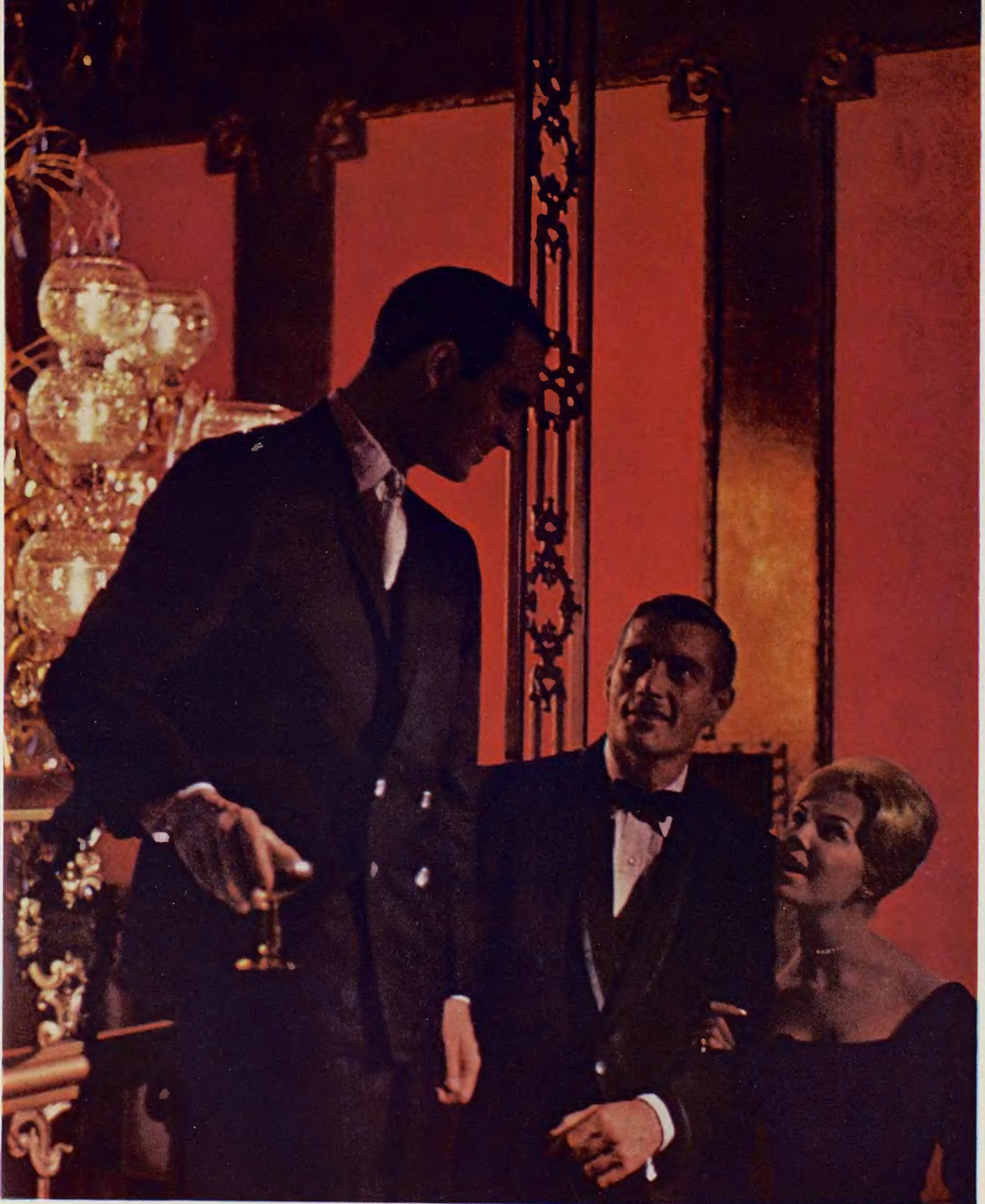
thinning down, and I see they're going the bikini route. When GUM department store in Moscow starts selling bikinis, we've got a fighting chance, because that means the girls are interested in being girls and the boys are going to stop thinking about communes and begin thinking connubially. I've always had a theory that whenever guys and gals start swinging, they begin to lose interest in conquering the world. They just want a comfortable pad and stereo and wheels, and their thoughts turn to the good things of life — not to war. They loosen up, they live and they're more apt to *let* live. Dig?

PLAYBOY: We dig.

SINATRA: You know, I'd love to visit Russia, and sometime later, China, too. I figure the more I know about them and the more they know about me, the better chance we have of living in the same world in peace. I don't intend to go there with a mission, to sell the American way of life; I'm not equipped to get into that kind of discussion about government. But I'd love to go and show them American music. I'd take Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald with me and we'd do what we do best. We'd wail up a storm with real American jazz so that their kids could see what kind of music our kids go for, because I'm sure that kids are the same all over the world. I'm betting that they'd dig us. And that's *got* to create some kind of good will, and man, a little good will is something we could use right now. All it takes is good will and a smile to breach that language barrier. When the Moiseyev Dancers were in Los Angeles, Eddie and Liz Fisher gave a party for them, and although I couldn't speak a word of Russian, I got along fine. I just said, "Hello, baby" to the dancers and they shouted, "Allo, babe" back at me. We had a ball.

PLAYBOY: Frank, you've expressed some negative views on human nature in the course of this conversation. Yet one gets the impression that — despite the bigotry, hypocrisy, stupidity, cruelty and fear you've talked about — you feel there are still some grounds for hope about the destiny of Homo sapiens. Is that right?

SINATRA: Absolutely. I'm never cynical, never without optimism about the future. The history of mankind proves that at some point the people have their innings, and I think we're about to come up to bat now. I think we can make it if we live and let live. And love one another — I mean *really* love. If you don't know the guy on the other side of the world, love him anyway because he's just like you. He has the same dreams, the same hopes and fears. It's one world, pal. We're all neighbors. But didn't somebody once go up onto a mountain long ago and say the same thing to the world?



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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

THE UPBEAT GENERATION has arrived and its conflict with the old ways, the old ideas, the old traditions and taboos is evident all around us. After 20 years of Depression-bred and War-nurtured conformity, and compulsive concern with security and the common man, the Uncommon Man has at last come back into his own, along with a renewed respect for the uncommon mind, the uncommon act and the uncommon accomplishment.

A great many Americans now recognize that the de-emphasis of both initiative and education along with our lack of growth in the arts and sciences cost us the position of undisputed world leadership we once took for granted. Another country, hardly as high as our belt buckle three decades ago, is now reaching for the stars ahead of us. We've learned a bitter lesson, but if we've learned it well, it may well have been worth it.

By subverting our faith in ourselves, both as individuals and as a nation, by shaking our faith in the superiority of the free enterprise system, we managed to bring the greatest country in the world to a near standstill. By again stressing many of the basic tenets upon which this nation was founded, we have begun forcefully to move ahead once more.

If any of us were ever in serious doubt about the relative merits of group-oriented, collectivist socialism or communism versus self-oriented, individual initiative, free enterprise capitalism, we've witnessed irrefutable evidence of the strengths and weaknesses of both over the last generation. Setting aside the social significance of a free society for the moment—and the fact that no government that places its emphasis on the importance of group good over individual good can long remain free—capitalism has proven itself the superior economic system in country after country since the War.

It is not because of any inherent flaw in American capitalism that Russia has been able to catch up to us in many areas over the past 20 years—quite the opposite: It is because this country drifted dangerously in the direction of socialism during the Thirties and Forties that we began to falter and fall behind. Several nations in post-War Europe have

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

found a new economic strength through capitalism and much of Western Europe is enjoying an unparalleled prosperity because of having taken the free enterprise system to the international level with the Common Market. America, on the other hand, has stifled her natural growth through initiative-inhibiting taxes and restrictive legislation regarding the roles of labor and management in business. Now there is a promise of change, however, as both political parties apparently recognize that this country's economic health is intimately tied to the profit an individual or a company can hope to turn, *after taxes*, for additional effort or for risk capital invested in a new product, a new idea or a new enterprise. Last fall Congress gave the President sweeping powers over restrictive import and export tariff, so that the U. S. might successfully compete with the Common Market; this year and next, we are promised major tax reforms and reductions aimed at putting more enterprise back in our free enterprise system.

Truly dramatic evidence of the relative strengths in the two economic systems can be seen in East and West Berlin today. The contrast between the two halves of this once whole city—one rebuilding since War's end under a democratic free economy and the other under a totalitarian Communist regime—says more than any economic theorist or political philosopher ever could. And the Wall, with East Berliners risking death to scramble over and under it to West Berlin and freedom, says more about the social worth of the two systems than any words could, too.

Fidel Castro has all but destroyed the Cuban economy with his brand of Communist socialism. And while Red China falters and fails in its attempt to duplicate with communism what America achieved through capitalism, Japan has moved ahead to unprecedented wealth since the end of the Second World War by patterning its economy directly after the United States. As the limitations of communism become clearer, Russia has been subtly changing her own economic system, supplying capitalist incentives as

required. But Russia remains a totalitarian state and suffers the inherent weakness of all dictatorships: no nation can enjoy the full benefits of a free economy and the free enterprise system, if the nation's people are themselves not truly free. Thus freedom itself is the spark that a free competitive society requires to drive it at peak efficiency and that is why America can regain its position of world prominence and leadership if it never again loses sight, as a nation, of the fundamental faith in itself, belief in its uncommon citizens and in freedom and the free enterprise system that made it great in the beginning.

The entire world is presently benefiting from the competition between the U.S. and Russia in our "race for space," each country spurred on by the accomplishments of the other. Without this international competitive enterprise, man might well be waiting another generation or more to reach the moon and begin his exploration of the stars. If the same competitive spirit were brought to the research of the world's half-dozen most deadly diseases, the resultant money and man-hours expended would in all probability produce cures for all of them in our lifetime and the next generation could look forward to a life expectancy of 100 years and more. A properly controlled competitive society works with nations as well as individuals, supplying the maximum motivation and thus benefiting everyone in the society with the resulting maximum accomplishment or progress.

The mood is optimistic. In the Atomic Age, with the continuing threat of world conflict, no tomorrow can ever be a certainty, but certainty is a security the new generation does not require. There is, in its place, a new satisfaction in accomplishment—a new savoring of life and all that it offers. The possibility of imminent extinction has given life a new significance. Too often in the past, man has lived almost entirely for tomorrow—thereby living less, enjoying less and doing less. Many of the new generation are discovering that the ultimate satisfaction comes from living for *both* today and tomorrow.

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Generation (sharing the spirit of rebellion with that sliver of it called *beat*, but differing radically because of the far more positive, upbeat attitude about life and itself) bears little resemblance to the generation that preceded it. Yet some are still unaware of the change that has taken place and many do not realize the size of the gap that exists between two generations that followed one immediately upon the other. The great difference in feeling about PLAYBOY and its editorial point of view is but one example of the gap: PLAYBOY expresses itself in terms a great many members of the new generation understand, but that are incomprehensible to others only a single generation older.

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE

In an introduction to a recent issue devoted to what they termed the "Take-Over Generation," *Life* magazine said: "Coming hard over the horizon, just beginning to make his presence and his power felt, is a new breed of American. He is filled with purpose and he thinks on a scale that often frightens his elders. . . . In the big corporation, where the old desire for job security is giving way to a new insistence on job opportunity, the daring young idea man is finally starting to lay the Organization Man to rest."

Science, both pure and applied, has accomplished more in the last dozen years than in the two dozen that preceded them. The same is true in architecture and design. In fine art, the U. S. had previously done little more than follow European trends, but in the Fifties and Sixties American painters set the pace and have maintained the lead: Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline and their compatriots are the creators of the most important and most influential work of any artists of our time. The description of Pollock by English art critic Bryan Robertson in his introduction to a book of Pollock's paintings published in 1960 associates the artist with the rebel spirit he shared (until his death) with much of the new America: "For an entire generation Pollock has become a symbol of revolt against existing conventions in imagery and a touchstone in a commonly shared search for new methods to contain a new vision in painting. Apart from this, Pollock has emerged as the first American artist in history to influence European art. . . . The present work has as its mainspring the author's conviction that Jackson Pollock [is] second only to Picasso in the hierarchy of 20th Century art."

Rebellion against the tried and not necessarily true has abounded everywhere. In jazz, America's one original art form, traditional sounds have given way to experimentation in a variety of unexplored directions, from bop to third stream. In acting, classic styles have

bowed to a new naturalism with Brando, et al., and something called The Method. In popular music, the moon-and-June syrup of Tin Pan Alley has been replaced by the earthly reality of folk music. The new spirit of rebellion has even shown itself in the growth of a new American humor—Mort Sahl, Mike and Elaine, Lenny Bruce, Dick Gregory and the rest of what *Time* called the New School of comedy have replaced tired jokes with social commentary and have made us laugh at our fancies and foibles: politics, sex, religion, racial prejudice—no cow remained sacred. True satire has returned to the American scene. And it can be argued that a nation's real inner strength is revealed through its ability to laugh at itself.

Serious social change has been taking place also. The inequality of the races has received increasing attention from all Americans concerned with the rights of others as well as themselves. Politics—long an area of interest left almost exclusively to the politicians—is now a matter of continuing discussion, debate and active participation by youthful citizens of both the right and left. Nor are most Americans' interests and concerns any longer limited to the continental boundaries of this country. The knowledge that this is indeed *one world* has never had greater acceptance by the majority of Americans: we now recognize, as never before in peacetime, that what happens in Cuba, India or Berlin is of paramount importance to us all and conversely, what happens in Mississippi is of grave importance in Africa and throughout Asia.

Corruption in high governmental places, the TV quiz scandal, disc jockey payola, police crime in Chicago and other major cities, the indictment of top business executives for price fixing and restraint of trade, the Billie Sol Estes affair are seen by some as evidence of a trend toward decadence in our society, but they represent just the opposite to us. In each case, the significant fact is that the crime or corruption was brought to light—no matter how high up and potentially protected the offenders—and in almost every instance, justified penalties were meted out. Moreover, corrective actions were usually taken to preclude similar lawlessness. In the case of the Chicago police, not only were the men involved prosecuted, but Mayor Daley ordered a sweeping cleanup of the entire force—and he got it. In times past, such a scandal would have been hushed up and things would have continued on as before. There will always be crime and corruption in the world, but recent public exposures suggest a moral rebirth in America rather than the reverse.

The way in which Americans rejected McCarthyism and subversives of the extreme right as well as those of the left

in the early Fifties was a portent of the independent spirit rising up in this country and served notice that most Americans would not long submit to being herded about like so many gray flannel sheep. Hitler used a fear and hatred of the Jews to bind the German people together in a controllable mass. Similar attempts here immediately after the war, using the fear and hatred of American communism, were partially successful for a time (some neighbors actually did spy on neighbors, brothers turn in brothers, students intimidate teachers; there were loyalty oaths to sign, some books literally were burned and industry black lists cost a number of Americans their jobs), but the arrival of the new generation coupled with those free minds of every generation that refuse to be intimidated and herded, cut short the demagogic dreams of power. A few neofascist and hate groups have persisted up to the present, using the fear of the omnipresent Communist menace and/or the hate of Negroes, Jews, Catholics, non-candy eaters (a logical minority for Welch's John Birchers) or some other suitable group as their scapegoats. But the burgeoning independence and rebel individualism of the Upbeat Generation make it increasingly difficult for extremist groups of the right or left to gather any sizable portion of the population to itself. An American of the new generation may hate communism for its tyranny, but he is unwilling to submit to the tyranny of a professional hate cult in order to fight it, being aware that the best way to combat the ideology of totalitarian communism is not through some equally totalitarian concept or group, but through a strengthening of democracy and the free enterprise system.

American education today is receiving a much needed, if still not entirely satisfactory, shot in the arm. During the Depression we tended to de-emphasize education and intellectual pursuits (the uncommon mind was as apt to be derided as an "egghead" as to be admired), because the nation's economic problems made higher education available to so very few. One of the best things to come out of World War II was the G.I. Bill offering, as it did to hundreds of thousands of young American men, the opportunity for a college education or training in a specialized profession or trade.

Erasing the color line in education will, in the future, permit American Negroes to receive a far better and fuller education than they could have hoped for previously. This will benefit both the individual Negroes and the nation, for the total brainpower of any country is one of its most valuable natural resources. Until now, the United States has permitted a sizable percentage of its potential brainpower to go partially undeveloped by not offering full educa-

tional opportunities to its colored citizens. This is rather like leaving a part of a rich mineral deposit in the ground when you know that it's there and that if it was mined and processed it would be extremely valuable to the national economy and to the U.S. defense effort as well. Making sure that all American youth, regardless of race or economic position, receives the best and most complete education for which it is able to qualify makes sound economic sense for the nation and is, we feel, one of the obligations of our Government.

At the grade school level, there has been considerable concern and debate over Johnny's inability to read. *PLAYBOY* shares this concern, for when Johnny becomes old enough to subscribe to our magazine, we would like to think he is enjoying the fine fiction and the thought-provoking articles and not just ogling the current Playmate of the Month. But whether the ability to more fully appreciate *PLAYBOY* figures in the new American concern over schooling or not — and we rather suspect that it does not — there is a greater awareness of the importance of education today than at any previous time in our history.

We appear to be moving into an American renaissance — a period of growth and prosperity unequalled in the past. Art, science, philosophy, politics, education — all are broadening their horizons and man is meeting the challenges and the opportunities of his world with unparalleled determination, delight and derring-do. Nothing seems impossible and man has never been more alive and aware. Life is a bold adventure and the new American Renaissance Man seems destined to make the most of it.

Man's new zest for living can be seen in his interest in a car that has style and speed, in his savoring the pleasures of the senses with good food and drink and stereo sound, in his involvement in the decor of his apartment and the cut of his clothes (the American male is the active participant in a minor fashion revolution that supplies still another example of the changing time: to the universal, gray flannel sameness of Ivy has been added the individual style and flair of Continental, with a new elegance and enough variety in its design to permit a re-emphasis of the individual within the clothes).

No conflict exists between the pleasure a modern American finds in material things and his struggle to discover a new scientific truth, or evolve a new philosophy, or create a work of art. The good life, the full life, encompasses all of these — and all of them satisfy and spur a man on to do more, see more, know more, experience more, accomplish more. This is the real meaning, the purpose, the point of life itself: the contin-

uing, upward striving and searching for the ultimate truth and beauty.

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

America has come alive again. And with the social revolution has come a sexual revolution as well. Gone is much of the puritan prudishness and hypocrisy of the past. But far from being representatives of a moral decline, as some would like us to believe, we are in the process of acquiring a new moral maturity and honesty in which man's body, mind and soul are in harmony rather than in conflict.

This revolution is nowhere more obvious than in the changing public taste in books, magazines, newspapers, movies, television and theater. A society's media of communication offer an especially sensitive gauge to the changing manners and mores of any time and in this regard the contrast between the present generation and the one just past is remarkable.

In the Thirties and Forties Hollywood movies were never allowed to show a man and woman in bed together — not even if they were married in the picture — not even if they were married in real life. If a scene had to be played in a bedroom, the couple appeared in that blight upon marital bliss: twin beds. In the same period, if a woman were to have an illicit affair in a film (which meant any relationship not blessed by matrimony), the audience could be certain that before the final scene she would suffer the severest possible consequences. That some romances outside holy wedlock end happily or do not end at all would appear to be facts of life the movies of 20 and 30 years ago preferred to ignore. And the worst profanity heard in a film during more than a decade of picture making was Clark Gable's parting shot, "Personally, my dear, I don't give a damn!" to Scarlett O'Hara at the end of *Gone with the Wind*. *GWTW* was the only motion picture of the time that was allowed a single *hell* or *damn* (the line never failed to produce a titter from surprised audiences) and we tend to forget for how short a while such common expletives have been permitted in dramatic shows on television.

In 1938 an issue of *Life* magazine was banned in a number of communities across the United States, because it included a picture story depicting the birth of a baby. That was just 25 years ago. And it has been less than 10 since New York City censored the birth of a baby buffalo from one of Walt Disney's award-winning wildlife features. Today Ben Casey delivers a baby on home TV and nobody even blinks.

A few short years ago the number of specific subjects that could not even be mentioned in movies included drug addiction, homosexuality, incest, nym-

phomania, necrophilia, abortion, masturbation and hand holding (we just slipped that last one in to see if you were paying attention). More recently, a number of these subjects (not including hand holding) have been the central themes of motion pictures and most all of them appear in interrelated combinations in films by Tennessee Williams.

If movies are badder than ever, books are even badder than that. Well, bolder, at any rate. The public has displayed a new willingness to accept the previously taboo in colloquial dialog (thus permitting James Jones' soldiers in his best-selling, prize-winning Army novel, *From Here to Eternity*, to use the same locutions real soldiers employ, even though this remarkable innovation prompted *Life* to waggle a warning finger in an editorial titled, "From Here to Obscurity"), in subject matter (Vladimir Nabokov's best-selling, prize-winning tale of the 12-year-old nymphet, *Lolita*) and in the first U. S. printing of long-banned books (James Joyce's *Ulysses*, D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and Henry Miller's two *Tropics*—all outlawed for more than a generation and by now all very nearly modern classics).

One of the first books after the War to become a best seller because of sex was a statistical survey by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates of Indiana University, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, followed by *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, proved that the public earnestly wanted to know more about sex, and the sham and secrecy that had for so long surrounded the subject finally began falling away. "The Kinsey Report" was the first extensive scientific study of sex practices in the U. S. and it unquestionably affected behavior even as it reported it. America's sexual hypocrisy was out in the open—we had been preaching one thing and practicing another. The country's puritannical zealots, who had successfully sustained the image of sex as sin by keeping it in the shadows, suddenly found that someone had let the sunshine in. And in the bright light of day, sex didn't seem so terrible to most of us.

In the mood of conformity that was still with us in the late Forties and early Fifties, various self-appointed civic and religious groups were extremely active in censorship. The very notion that one adult has the right to tell another what book he may or may not read and what movie he may or may not see is repugnant to most Americans, but we had been turned into a nation of sheep and there were few voices raised in protest. With the coming of the new generation, however, individuals began speaking out against such conformity and control over the minds of men.

The NODL (National Office of Decent Literature) prepares a monthly list of

"disapproved" paperback books and magazines that is supposed to be a guide for Catholic youth, but the list was often used as a weapon of censorship instead, until various magazines and newspapers began to cry out against the practice.

In an editorial entitled "The Harm Good People Do," in its October 1956 issue, *Harper's Magazine* stated: "A little band of Catholics is now conducting a shocking attack on the rights of their fellow citizens. They are engaged in an un-American activity which is as flagrant as anything the Communist party ever attempted—and which is, in fact, very similar to Communist tactics. They are harming their country, their Church, and the cause of freedom. . . . This group calls itself the National Office of Decent Literature. . . . Its main purpose is to make it impossible for anybody to buy books and other publications which it does not like. Among them are the works of some of the most distinguished authors now alive—for example, winners of the Nobel Prize, the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award."

Without intending to, a Post of the Catholic War Veterans in Hartford, Connecticut underlined the similarity between their tactics and those of the Communists in a letter to book dealers in their community aiming to suppress, through the threat of boycott, certain publications they considered undesirable. The letter was accompanied by the NODL list of "disapproved" publications and it quoted the Chinese Communists who had been conducting a campaign of their own against "disapproved" literature: "These books and pictures seriously harm those workers who by constantly looking at them can easily become degenerate in their thinking," cautions the *Peking Worker's Daily* as quoted by *Newsweek* magazine, January 23, 1956. We have to hand it to the Communists . . . who have launched a nationwide campaign against pornographic trash. . . . Should not this example provoke a similar literary cleanup in our land where the morality of our actions is gauged by service to God and not to an atheistic state?"

The NODL black list, which has included books by Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, John Dos Passos, George Orwell, John O'Hara, Emile Zola, Arthur Koestler and Joyce Cary, does not represent the attitude of all Catholics, of course, and the list has been used by a number of non-Catholic censorship groups as well.

Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., professor of moral theology at Woodstock College, Maryland, warned against such practices and in an address on "Literature and Censorship" said, in part: "No minority group has the right to impose its own religious or moral views on other groups, through the use

of methods of force, coercion or violence."

Dean Joseph O'Meara of the Notre Dame Law School expressed it like this: "Unfortunately many sincere people do not comprehend the genius of our democracy . . . such people would deny free speech to those with whom they are in fundamental disagreement. . . . They would establish a party line in America—their party line, of course. This is an alien concept, a totalitarian concept; it is not consonant with the American tradition; it is antidemocratic; it is, in short, subversive and it should be recognized for what it is."

And another eminent Catholic, President John F. Kennedy, then a Senator from Massachusetts, summed up the matter in these prophetic words: "The lock on the door of the legislature, the parliament or the assembly hall, by order of the King, the Commissar, or the Führer, has historically been followed or preceded by a lock on the door of the printer's, the publisher's, or the book-seller's."

Censors wither before such criticism and the NODL has since gone back to its intended function: issuing a list by Catholics for their fellow Catholics to consult as a guide to reading—if they wish.

A concern for the country's children has often been used as an excuse for censorship in the past—certain words, ideas, pictures, stories or subjects might have a negative effect upon a young, impressionable mind—might turn our children into a community of juvenile delinquents—or so the thinking went. And there was no less an authority than J. Edgar Hoover supplying suitable statements about the multimillion-dollar pornography business in the U.S. and its effect upon the nation's youth. Unfortunately, J. Edgar has always been something of a nut on the subject of sex and while his words carry the impact of his important position as head of the FBI, he is not an expert on the subject—is not, in fact, even acquainted with some of the most fundamental research in the area. Hoover's statements notwithstanding, there is no multimillion-dollar pornography business in the U.S. Pornography has never become a well organized national or even regional operation simply because, unlike gambling and dope, there simply isn't enough profit in it to make it worth while. Moreover, experts in the field of human behavior have never been able to find any causal relationship between reading habits and delinquency and do not believe that any exists—except that delinquents are apt to read fewer books and magazines of all kinds than their nondelinquent brothers. In the most thorough studies of crime, delinquency and their causes, reading habits have not even been in-

cluded as a possible factor, because of the recognition by experts that no correlation exists. But some citizens like to believe statements like Hoover's, because they take part of the blame off the real, primary culprit—the home environment, for which the citizen himself is responsible. And such statements have a similar effect on the other side, too—taking attention away from the embarrassment of the nation's thriving crime syndicate, that the FBI seems unable to do anything effective about, as it grows bigger and more prosperous year after year.

The implied hurt that a particular movie or article, piece of fiction or photograph might do to children yields a far greater power over the nation's publishers, the film industry, radio and television than one might at first suppose. For long before there is any question of censorship, the publisher or producer must himself determine what goes into his product and the pressure to make it "suitable for children" or "entertainment for the entire family" is a strong one. And the net effect of that, of course, is a society in which much of our popular culture and communication is strained to a thinness (all meat removed and sweetener added) pleasant to the taste and easily digested by children. Just what effect a society geared to the sophistication level of a 10-year-old is apt to have on its adults is another matter entirely. Instead of raising children in an adult world, with adult tastes, interests and opinions prevailing, we prefer to live much of our lives in a make-believe children's world. Without attempting to evaluate the results this is certain to produce in society as a whole over any period of time, it can be reasonably argued that it is also a lousy way to bring up kids and prepare them for taking their place in the world as mature adults.

The U.S. Supreme Court ruled on this question recently, striking down a Michigan statute as unconstitutional, because it used as its rationalization for state censorship the theory that it was thereby protecting its youth. The Supreme Court held that it is impossible to justify censorship in the adult community by referring to what may or may not be suitable for children without soon creating a community suitable for children only. Or, more probably, for no one at all.

The mind of the censor is often magnificent in its machinations and incredible in its incomprehensibility. Some examples of censorship would be amusing in the extreme, if fundamental rights and freedoms were not involved—as when, a short time ago, one U.S. community contemplated banning the books of Tarzan, by Edgar Rice Burroughs, from their children's library, because Tarzan and Jane had never been joined

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in holy wedlock and thus must be living in sin in their jungle home. (We'd always assumed, as a youngster, that they kept things straight by relying upon the honor system. In the movie adventures, starring Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, you may recall that "Boy" came from heaven only in the sense that he was the sole survivor of an airplane crash and was adopted into the Tarzan family. It never occurred to us in our innocent youth that Tarzan and Jane were anything more than good friends. It was Cheeta, the chimp, that we were always a mite suspicious of. He always seemed to be hanging around the tree house, when Tarzan was off on one of his vine-swinging excursions.)

The would-be censor in any community is rarely the best informed and best qualified for such a job and this is probably because real knowledge of a subject and an interest in suppressing it do not often go hand in hand. Even if the censor had the necessary insight, it would not justify the forcing of his own particular tastes and interests onto the rest of society, but most often it is actually a matter of dragging down the tastes and interests of the community to a decidedly lower level. Far more energy is expended for example, in attempts to suppress appeals to the normally heterosexual than to the somewhat more subtle offerings to sadism, masochism, the homosexual and fetishism. Few censors comprehend the labyrinthian twistings and turnings that suppressed or perverted sexuality may take in the human animal.

The censor may be driven by any of several motivations: he may anticipate some personal or political gain for his involvement in censorship; he may enjoy the sense of power achieved through a control over what others can do and say; he may be a quite sincere, if misguided, citizen who believes the world would be a better place if only the rest of his community held the same values and beliefs that he holds; or he may be one of those whose dedication to the suppression of certain aspects of our society is itself a symptom of subconscious sexual needs and guilt feelings.

The U.S. Post Office has built a reputation in times past as a watchdog of public morality. Not because it was qualified for such a task and certainly not because it had any legal right to be involved, but simply because some members of the postal authority wanted to use that authority to control the free communication of ideas. There have always been ample laws for the prosecution of illegal use of the mails, but it is a peculiar fact that censors — whether from government or some civic or religious group — rarely find due process of law satisfactory to their needs. The censor's methods are almost always illegal.

In the most famous case involving censorship and the Post Office, an at-

tempt was made to deny second-class mailing privileges to *Esquire* magazine in the mid-1940s. The publication defended itself, finally winning a unanimous decision in the Supreme Court. In the landmark determination written by Judge Thurman Arnold, of the U.S. Court of Appeals, the postal authorities were told that their job was to deliver the mails, not censor them. Judge Arnold finished his decision as follows: "We intend no criticism of counsel for the Post Office. They were faced with an impossible task. They undertook it with sincerity. But their very sincerity makes the record useful as a memorial to commemorate the utter confusion and lack of intelligible standards which can never be escaped when that task is attempted. We believe that the Post Office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that 'neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.'"

Incredibly, even after that decision, the Post Office continued its quite illegal activities in censorship right up until two years ago, when the new administration brought in a fresh Postmaster General who, unlike his predecessors, apparently feels that delivering the mails inexpensively and well is quite enough of a task for his department. Unfortunately, though they won their case unanimously in the highest court in the land (at a cost of over \$1,000,000), *Esquire* was badly frightened by the experience (if they had lost their second-class mailing privileges, they would have been put out of business) and the robust quality of the magazine's earlier issues was never to be seen again. *PLAYBOY* locked horns with the Post Office twice in its first years of publication and thoroughly trounced them in the courts on both occasions. We've never been bothered since, nor have any threats or attempts at coercion from any quarter ever influenced our own editorial judgment.

Americans were so generally embarrassed by sex in the early part of this century that the sex statutes still standing in some of our states do not even define the behavior or activity they prohibit. The legislators were seemingly able to spell out fornication and/or adultery with only an occasional blush, but when they moved into the slightly more exotic areas of fellatio, cunnilingus and pederasty, it appears that some of them broke into a cold sweat and were just too intimidated by the entire subject to explain what offenses the laws were intended to cover. Thus, in place of the specific, the state statutes prohibit "vile and contemptible crimes against nature."

Every state in the Union has some laws covering the sexual activity of its citizens and it is a further indication of

our changing mores that almost none of them, except those concerned with minors, acts of violence and prostitution, are regularly enforced. Dr. Kinsey and his associates have estimated that if all the sex laws in the United States were fully and successfully enforced, the majority of our adult population — male and female — would be in prison. Since they go unenforced for the most part, it would seem that we are finally reaching that level of maturity where we recognize that a man's morality, like his religion, is a personal affair best left to his own conscience. Some of our state laws are now being rewritten to reflect this enlightened attitude.

Freud and Kinsey must be given a maximum amount of credit for the awakening of the past few years — Freud for setting the stage and Kinsey for trotting out the players. It is surprising that no popular philosopher stepped forward to shape and polish our new understanding of ourselves and form a consistent, cohesive concept for living — even as rugged individualism found its Ayn Rand and Little Orphan Annie — but perhaps that lack partially explains *PLAYBOY*'s phenomenal impact and popularity. By default, as it were, and quite without planning, *PLAYBOY* has become a voice for the new generation, reflecting a new view of contemporary man and the world in which he lives.

This is what the writers and critics, quoted earlier in this editorial statement, mean when they suggest that *PLAYBOY* has become more than simply a magazine — that it is, to use their own terms: "a way of life" . . . "a movement" . . . "more than just a handbook for the young-man-about-town: it's a sort of Bible."

If there is any truth in this, and we don't deny there may be, it has not been as a result of conscious calculation. *PLAYBOY*'s attitude and point of view have always been an editorial expression of the things in which we personally believe. If *PLAYBOY*'s voice is one to which this particular, most remarkable generation responds, it is perhaps because most other publications (along with the other media of communication in America today) are still in the hands of — or at least under the ultimate control of — the older generation, whereas we ourselves are a generation younger and think and feel naturally the same things others of our generation think and feel. The total of these thoughts and feelings is what makes up The Playboy Philosophy.

In the fourth part of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner delves into the diminishing differences in the roles of men and women in our world today and the dangers he foresees in this drift towards an Asexual Society.





VALENTINA 35-21-35

You're probably wondering how we found such a pretty girl with such an appropriate name to photograph for this salute to Valentine's Day. It wasn't easy. Imagine interviewing beautiful women day after day after day! One thing we learned from this grueling research—the prettiest gals go for Chesterfield King. Isn't it time you joined the ladies, gentlemen?



You'll discover the reason for this trend to Chesterfield King with your first puff. Chesterfield King tastes great because the tobaccos are! 21 vintage tobaccos grown, aged and blended mild, then made to taste even milder through the longer length of Chesterfield King. 21 great tobaccos make 20 wonderful smokes!



**TASTES
GREAT**
because
the
tobaccos
are!

CHESTERFIELD KING 21-20



PART I of a new novelette By P.G. WODEHOUSE

IT IS NO SECRET IN THE CIRCLES in which he moves that Bertram Wooster, though as fizzy as one could wish when night has fallen and the revels get under way, is seldom a ball of fire at the breakfast table. Confronted with the kippered herrings or the e. and bacon, he tends to pick cautiously at them, as if afraid they may leap from the plate and snap at him. Listless, about sums it up. Not much bounce to the ounce.

But this morning vastly different conditions had prevailed, and I'll tell you why. Jeeves was back. Her butler having come down with an ailment of some sort, my Aunt Dahlia had borrowed him for a house party she was throwing at Brinkley Court, her Worcestershire residence, and he had been away for more than a week. Jeeves, of course, is a gentleman's gentleman, not a butler, but he can, if the call comes, buttle with the best of them. It's in the blood. His Uncle Charlie is a butler, and no doubt he has picked up many a hint on technique from him.

"How did everything go off at Brinkley, Jeeves?" I asked when he came in to remove the debris. "Joy unconfined, and all that sort of thing?"

"To a certain extent, sir."

"Only to a certain extent?"

"The demeanor of Mr. Travers cast something of a gloom on the proceedings. He was low-spirited. I received the impression that the society of Sir Watkyn Bassett made him despondent."

"Good Lord! Was old Bassett there? He and Uncle Tom hate each other's insides. You astound me, Jeeves."

"I, too, must confess to a certain surprise at seeing the gentleman as Mr. Travers' guest, sir, but no doubt Mrs. Travers felt it incumbent upon her to return his hospitality. You will recollect that it is not long since that Sir Watkyn entertained Mrs. Travers and yourself at Totleigh Towers."

I winced. He had touched an exposed nerve. There was some cold coffee left in the pot, and I took a sip of it to restore my equanimity.

"The word 'entertained' is not well chosen, Jeeves. If locking a fellow in his bedroom, practically with gyves upon his wrists, and stationing the local police

stiff upper lip, JEEVES!

*to bertie wooster and his redoubtable gentleman's
gentleman, the picture was clear:
there was skulduggery afoot at totleigh towers*



force on the lawn below to ensure that he doesn't nip out of the window at the end of a knotted sheet is your idea of entertaining, it isn't mine, not by a jugful."

I don't know how well up you are in the Wooster archives, but if you have delved into them to any extent, you may possibly recall the sinister affair of Sir Watkyn Bassett and my visit to Tottleigh Towers, his rural lair. He and my Uncle Tom are both collectors of what are called *objets d'art*, and on one occasion he pinched a silver cow-creamer from the latter, which led to Aunt Dahlia and self going to Tottleigh to pinch it back, an enterprise which so nearly landed me in the jug that when reminded of that house of horror I never fail to quiver like an aspen, if aspens are the things I'm thinking of.

"Do you ever have nightmares, Jeeves?"
"Not frequently, sir."

"Nor me. But when I do, the setup is always the same. I am back at Tottleigh Towers with Sir Watkyn Bassett, his daughter Madeline, Roderick Spode, Stiffy Byng, Gussie Fink-Nottle and the dog Bartholomew, all doing their stuff, and I wake, if you will pardon the expression, sweating at every pore. Those were the times that . . . what, Jeeves?"

"Tried men's souls, sir."

"They certainly were—in spades. So Pop Bassett was at Brinkley, was he? Who else were among those present?"

"Miss Bassett, sir, Miss Byng, Mr. Fink-Nottle and Miss Byng's little dog."

"Gosh! The whole gang. Not Spode?"

"No, sir. He remained at Tottleigh Towers. Apparently no invitation had been extended to his lordship."

"Whose lordship?"

"Mr. Spode, if you recall, recently succeeded to the title of Baron Sidcup."

"So he did, didn't he? I'd forgotten. But Sidcup or no Sidcup, to me he will always be Spode. There's a bad guy, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

"I wouldn't want him in my orbit again."

"No, sir."

"Nor any of them, except Gussie. I don't mind Gussie. He looks like a fish surprised while bathing and keeps newts, but one condones that sort of thing in an old schoolfellow. How was Gussie? Pretty bobbish?"

"No, sir. Mr. Fink-Nottle, too, struck me as low-spirited."

"Gloomy kind of party it seems to have been. Still, that's what you have to expect if you go inviting Sir Watkyn Bassett and associates."

"Yes, indeed, sir. Will you be lunching in?"

"No, I'm giving Miss Emerald Stoker lunch at the Ritz," I said, and went off to climb into the morning costume of the English gentleman. And somewhat later,

the upholstery donned and the outer crust in order, I was about to leave, when I heard Jeeves give that soft cough of his and, turning, saw in his eye the aunt-like gleam which always means that he disapproved of something. And when he said in a soupy tone of voice, "Pardon me, sir, but are you proposing to enter the Ritz Hotel in that hat?" I knew that a shadow had fallen on what had been a day of joyous reunion and that the time had come to be firm.

It was a blue Alpine hat with a pink feather in it, and I was prepared to concede that it would have been more suitable for rural wear, but against this had to be set the fact that it unquestionably lent a diablerie to my appearance, and mine is an appearance that needs all the diablerie it can get. In my voice, therefore, as I replied, there was a touch of steel.

"Yes, Jeeves, that, in a nutshell, is what I am proposing to do. Don't you like this hat?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I do," I said rather cleverly, and went out with it tilted just that merest shade over the left eye which makes all the difference.

. . .

The Emerald Stoker with whom I was about to put on the nose-bag was the younger sister of an American girl named Pauline Stoker, with whom I have always been on matey terms. Quite natural, therefore, that when Emerald came to London to study painting at the Slade, Pauline S. should have told me to keep an eye on her and see from time to time that she got her calories.

Nor was it any hardship on me to do this, for I liked the popsy. She was one of those nice motherly sympathetic girls you can take your troubles to, confident of having your hand held and your head patted. Not having any troubles at the moment, I merely plied her with food-stuffs and asked if she would care to come to the theater on the following night, I having a couple of tickets for a well-spoken-of musical.

And what do you think she said?

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't. I'm going to the country this afternoon to stay with some people called Bassett—"

I started visibly.

"They live in Gloucestershire at a place called —"

"Tottleigh Towers?"

She started visibly, making two visible starts in all.

"Do you know them? Well, that's fine. You can tell me all about them."

"Why, don't you know them?"

"I've only met the daughter. What are the rest of them like?"

"The personnel of the leper colony under advisement," I said, "consists of Sir Watkyn Bassett, his daughter Made-

line, his niece Stephanie Byng and Stiffy Byng's Aberdeen terrier, Bartholomew, the last of whom you would do well to watch closely if he gets anywhere near your ankles, for he biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. So you've met Madeline Bassett? What did you think of her?"

"Is she a great friend of yours?"

"Far from it."

"Well, I think she's a drip."

"She's engaged to a friend of mine, Gussie Fink-Nottle."

"Mr. Fink-Nottle? Well, I'll be darned. I know him. I met him at a studio party, and we talked for ever so long. I thought he was a lamb."

"You mean a fish."

"I don't mean a fish."

"He looks like a fish."

"He does not."

"Well, have it your own way," I said tolerantly, knowing it was futile to attempt to reason with a girl who had seen Gussie Fink-Nottle and didn't think he looked like a fish.

She gave me the impression, when we parted, of being a bit pensive, and I wasn't feeling too unpensive myself. There's a touch of the superstitious in my makeup, and the way the Bassett ménage seemed to be rearing its ugly head, if you know what I mean, struck me as sinister. I had a . . . what's the word? . . . begins with a p . . . pre-something . . . presentiment, that's the baby . . . I had a presentiment that peril loomed and that I was being warned, possibly by my guardian angel, that Tottleigh Towers was coming back into my life and that I would be well advised to watch my step and keep an eye skinned.

It was consequently a somewhat thoughtful Bertram Wooster who half an hour later sat toying with a stoup of malvoisie in the smoking room of the Drones Club. And about five minutes after I had taken the first sip the smoking room waiter slid to my side and told me a gentleman stood without, asking to have speech with me. A clerical gentleman named Pinker, he said, and I gave another of my visible starts, the presentiment stronger on the wing than ever.

It was not that I didn't love the Rev. H. P. ("Stinker") Pinker like a brother. We were up at Oxford together, and our relations have always been on David and Jonathan lines. But while technically not a resident of Tottleigh Towers, he was near enough to it to make this sudden popping-up of his deepen the feeling of impending doom. He earns his coffee and cakes helping the vicar vet the souls of the local yokels in the neighboring hamlet of Tottleigh-in-the-Wold, and he's engaged to be married to Stiffy Byng. It seemed to me that it

(continued on page 54)



A. Erikson

stiff upper lip, JEEVES! (continued from page 52)

only needed Sir Watkyn Bassett, Madeline Bassett, Roderick Spode, Stiffy and the dog Bartholomew to saunter up arm in arm and I would have a full hand.

"Bung him in," I said, dully, and in due season he lumbered across the threshold and, advancing with outstretched hand, tripped over his feet and upset a small table, his invariable practice when moving from spot to spot in a room where there's furniture.

Which was odd, when you came to think of it, because after representing Oxford for four years and England for six on the football field, he still turns out for the Harlequins when he can get a Saturday off from saving souls, and when footballing is as steady on his pins as a hart or roe or whatever the animals are that don't trip over their feet and upset things. I've seen him a couple of times in the arena, and was greatly impressed by his virtuosity. Like the Canadian Mounted Police, he always got his man, and when he got him the air was vibrant with the voices of morticians in the audience making bids for the body.

His years of Rugby football will no doubt prove an excellent preparation for setting up house with Stiffy. After having had playmates do a *Shuffle Off to Buffalo* on his face with cleated boots Saturday after Saturday since he was so high, I take it that a fellow gets to fear nothing, not even marriage with a girl like S. Byng, who from early childhood has seldom let a day pass without starting some loony enterprise calculated to bleach the hair of one and all.

He took a seat and said he was glad to have caught me.

"I thought I'd find you at the Drones, Bertie. I came to town to attend a Harlequins committee meeting."

"And how were they all?"

"Oh, fine."

"That's good. I've been worrying myself sick about the Harlequins committee. Well, Stinker, what's new? Has old Bassett given you that vicarage yet?"

"No, not yet. He doesn't seem able to make up his mind. One day he says he will, the next day he says he's not sure, he'll have to think it over."

I frowned. I disapproved of this in-and-out running. I could see how it must be throwing a spanner into Stinker's whole foreign policy. He can't marry Stiffy on a curate's stipend, so they've got to wait till Pop Bassett gives him a vicarage which he has in his gift. And while I personally, though fond of the young gunboil, would run a mile in tight shoes to avoid marriage with her, I knew him to be strongly in favor of signing her up.

"Something always happens to put him off. I think he was about ready to

close the deal before he went to stay with your uncle at Brinkley, but most unfortunately I bumped into a valuable vase of his and broke it. It seemed to rankle rather."

I heaved a sigh.

"You move in a mysterious way your wonders to perform, Stinker. I believe you would bump into something if you were crossing the Gobi Desert."

"I've never been in the Gobi Desert."

"Well, don't go. It isn't safe. I suppose Stiffy's sore about this . . . what's the word . . . not Vaseline . . . vacillation, that's it. She chafes at this vacillation on Bassett's part and resents him letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat in the adage. Not my own, that, by the way. Jeeves'. Pretty steamed up, I should imagine, isn't she?"

"She is rather. And, Bertie, talking of Stiffy . . ."

He broke off, and I eyed him narrowly.

"What's the matter, Stinker? Your manner is strange. You remind me of a faithful dog looking up into its proprietor's face as if it were trying to tell him something. Are you trying to tell me something?"

He swallowed once or twice, and his color deepened, which took a bit of doing, for even when not embarrassed he always looks like a clerical beetroot. Then it came out with a rush.

"Bertie, Stiffy wants you to come to Totleigh."

I stared at the man, amazed. I could scarcely b. my e.

"She told me to tell you there was something she particularly wanted you to do for her."

I tried to reason with the man.

"But, my good Stinker, what chance is there of Pop Bassett inviting me to Totleigh?"

"Madeline would invite you, if you sent her a wire."

"And in the second place, I know Stiffy. A charming girl, but one who is a cross between a ticking bomb and a poltergeist. When she gets going on one of those loony schemes of hers, human life is not safe in her vicinity. Did she tell you what it was she wants me to do?"

"No. I asked her, of course, but she said she would rather keep it under her hat till she saw you."

"She won't see me."

"You won't come to Totleigh?"

"Not within 50 miles of it."

"She'll be terribly disappointed."

"You will administer spiritual solace. That's your job. Tell her these things are sent to try us."

"She'll probably cry."

"Nothing better for the nervous system. Ask any well-known Harley Street physician."

I suppose he saw that my iron front was not to be shaken, for he rose, said goodbye, knocked over the glass from which I had been refreshing myself, and withdrew.

Knowing how loath Bertram Wooster always is to let a pal down, you are probably thinking that this painful scene had left me shaken, but as a matter of fact it had bucked me up quite considerably. My guardian angel had been hinting that Totleigh Towers was threatening to re-enter my life, and obviously what the g.a. had had in mind was this summons to go there, he feeling that in a weak moment I might consent. The peril was now past. Totleigh Towers had made its spring and missed by a mile, and I no longer had anything to worry about. It was with a light heart that I joined a group of pleasure-seekers who were playing darts and cleaned them up good and proper. Three o'clock was approaching when I left the club en route for home, and it must have been about 3:20 when I hove to alongside the apartment house where I have my abode.

There was a cab standing outside, laden with luggage. From its window Gussie Fink-Nottle's head was protruding, and I thought how mistaken Emerald Stoker had been about his appearance. I could detect a trace of the lamb, but if he hadn't been wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, I might have supposed myself to be gazing on a halibut AWOL from a fishmonger's slab.

"Oh, hullo, Bertie," he said. "I'm just off to Totleigh. I looked in to tell you your aunt told me to tell you that she may be coming to London next week, and she wants you to give her lunch."

"It shall be attended to. Come in and have a drink."

"I can't. I shall miss my train."

"What train are you catching?"

"The four o'clock at Paddington."

"You'll meet a friend of yours on it. Emerald Stoker."

"Stoker? Stoker? Emerald Stoker?"

"You met her at a cocktail party the other day. Girl with freckles. Looks a little like a Pekingese."

"Of course, yes. Now I've placed her. One never hears names at a cocktail party. A most delightful girl. We had a long talk about newts. She tells me she used to keep them herself when a child in America, only she called them guppies. I don't know when I've met a more attractive girl."

"Except, of course, Madeline."

His face darkened. He looked like a halibut that's taken offense at a passing remark from another halibut.

"Madeline! Don't talk to me about Madeline. Madeline makes me sick!" he hissed. "Paddington," he shouted to the charioteer and was gone with the wind.

(continued on page 134)



THOSE AMERICAN VIRGINS

FOR SUN-FILLED DAYS AND FUN-FILLED NIGHTS
OUR SAINTED ISLES ARE PARADISE ENOW

travel By A. C. SPECTORSKY

THAT LOOSELY USED and overworked word "unique" applies rather precisely to the American Virgin Islands. As you can see from the picture on the preceding page of three uninhibited sun worshipers (the girls sporting tattletale white), the fine sand beaches provide privacy and lucent waters in which to swim and snorkle. Other tropical resorts do, too, but these virtues are more numerous and closer to perfection in the Virgins.



Top: Typical of Cruzan scenery is ruin of a sugar mill, once the pride of a plantation fancifully named Judith's Fancy. Above, left and right: Youth finds a way on the Islands in such unlikely places as the underwater trail off Buck Island and aboard a beached donkey at Magen's Bay. Right: Ideal spot for a pre-lunch potation is the Petite Pump Room's patio in Palm Passage, one of Charlotte Amalie's palm-shaded, sun-dappled alleys, originally used as rollways for rum casks.

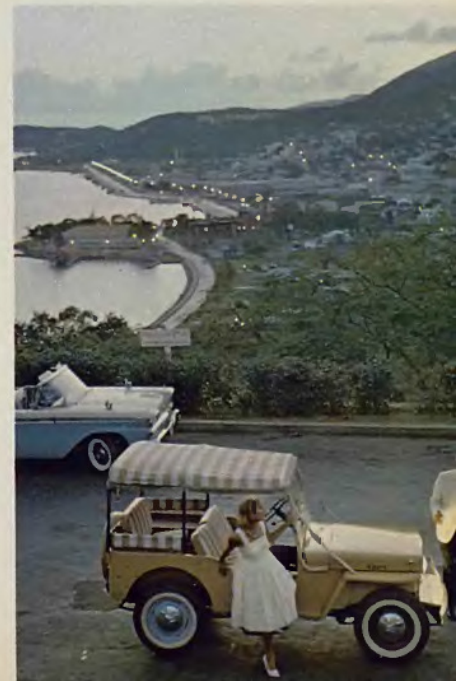
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JERRY YULSMAN



Charlotte Amalie, the capital of St. Thomas, offers a very special blend of cosmopolitan pleasures: an endlessly fascinating waterfront which teems with native vessels, luxury yachts and ocean liners, and a drinking-dining-dancing-romancing night life that does not exist — in kind or quantity — in the run of resort areas that are relatively free from the thundering herd of non-shoe, non-U tourists.

On neighboring St. John,

Top, right: While the cockpit contingent makes merry, charter yacht Victoria makes knots as she sets out on an azure sea from St. Thomas. Victoria is a 60-footer; other craft, smaller and larger, power or sail, are available for day trips, fishing, island-hopping, or anchoring in a secluded harbor for swimming, sunning and snorkeling. Lower right: At the cocktail hour, sundown coolers line terrace rail of the Virgin Isle Hilton, all appropriately made with V. I. rum. In the usual order: Pineapple Sun and Shadow, rum on the rocks and daiquiri (in foreground), Hurricane Buster, Faolish Virgin, rum saur, Old Fashioned Voodoo. While some of the more exotic concoctions may look more decorative than delicious, or more for cruise-ship squares than the hip, give them a try; you're apt to like their refreshing novelty as a change from your Stateside standbys. Don't be deluded by their fruit-drink taste; they're plenty potent. Far right: With the lights of Charlotte Amalie's waterfront esplanade glimmering in the background, a guy in the perennial Carib jeep picks up his date at the parking plaza of Bluebeard's Castle for an evening's frolic on the town. The Virgin Islands' tropic twilights, cooled by flower-scented trade winds, spell the start of night-long pleasure seeking.





nature's bounty and Laurence Rockefeller's money have cooperated with the U.S. Government to create a tropical—and commercially unsullied—national park plus luxurious guest accommodations which are downright paradisiacal.

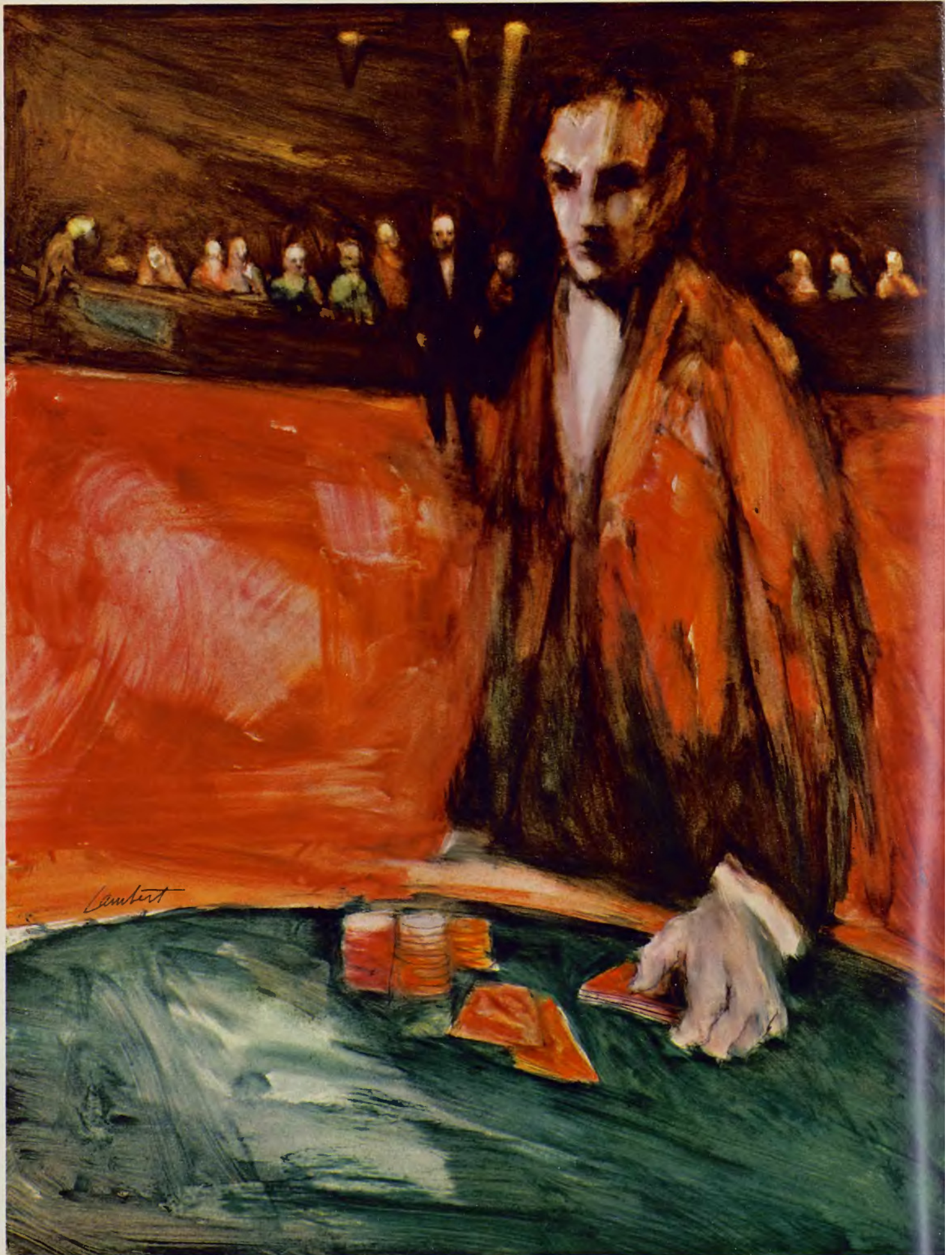
The island of St. Croix combines the *ambiance* of San Francisco's Nob Hill (and a touch of North Beach) with a sophisticatedly underplayed dedication to indolent indulgence—so pervasively as to justify its being termed unequalled. These—and other considerations celebrated below—led us to spend a rather protracted vacation in the American Virgins. When we return, as we surely shall, we'll know better what to do—and when and how—than we did as first-time visitors. So may you, after perusing this diaristic guide to America's own islands in the sun.

Although named by Columbus in 1493 to commemorate St. Ursula's 11,000 virgins—who chose death rather than a fate worse than—the Virgin Islands failed to remain as chaste as their name implies, though one must concede that this was not by choice: they've been had, over the centuries, by Spain, France, England,
(continued on page 62)



Top, left: In polyglot Fredriksted, diners savor Cruzan flavors in the Danish-styled plantation house now christened Versailles and owned by a former chef from Toots Shor's. Far left: One of Charlotte Amalie's late-night spas, Sebastian's is the swinging headquarters for lovers of authentic jazz who gather to dance and to dig the sounds of Marty Clarke's trio. Left: Calypso capers at The Gate, another St. Thomas nightery favored by the younger set. Right: A perfect Virgins way to end the day—by moonlight.





fiction By Charles Einstein **THE
NEW DEAL**

RAFFERTY WAS NOT the only one losing at the blackjack table, but he had been there the longest. He had been sitting there since 10 in the morning; now it was after three, and the waitresses of the Wanderlust, Las Vegas' fanciest and newest hotel, had offered him drinks on the house half-a-dozen times at least. The hotel could well afford buying him a drink to keep him where he was.

But he was not drinking; he was only losing. Losers are, by profession, doubters. This was Las Vegas and the Wanderlust was a brand-new hotel and the dealers' faces were not familiar.

The dealer gave Rafferty two fives. He himself had a six showing. Rafferty had bet \$40. He put eight more five-dollar chips on the line to double his bet and took one card face down. He sneaked a look under the corner: a queen. Rafferty had 20 going for him.

The dealer turned up his down card: a seven. Now he had 13. Then, an ace. Fourteen. He hit himself again: a two. Sixteen. He hit himself for the last time. A five. Twenty-one. His practiced side-hand motion swept away all of Rafferty's chips.

"I want a new deck," Rafferty said.

"What's that?"

"I said I want a new deck."

"We just broke this one 10 minutes ago."

"And it's breaking me. I want a new deck." Rafferty moistened his lips. "And a new dealer."

The two other men who were playing at the table shifted uneasily. They were losing, too, and perhaps secretly they shared Rafferty's spoken sentiments, but they did not want to be drawn in on this.

They were drawn in on it. The dealer drew them in: "Either of you gentlemen want to complain?"

The two men looked down at the green of the table, studying the pattern and the arc inscription: DEALER MUST HIT 16 & STAND ON ALL 17S.

"Don't drag anybody else into it," Rafferty said coldly to the dealer. "It only takes one man to make a complaint. I'm making it."

Out of nowhere, the pit boss appeared. That is not a definitive statement; all pit bosses appear from nowhere. This one was small, cushion-footed, leathery-faced, black-haired. He said to the dealer: "And?"

The dealer nodded toward Rafferty.

"Yes, Mr. Rafferty?" the pit boss said. They knew his name. He had cashed three checks so far today.

"I don't like the cards."

The dealer said, "New deck 10 minutes ago."

"Spread 'em," the pit boss said to him.

The dealer spread the deck face up.

"No," Rafferty said. "You're wasting your time. If I knew what to look for I'd be on your side of the table."

"All right," the pit boss said. "New deck."

"Ah, what for?" Rafferty said. He sighed. "They all come out of the same box, don't they?"

"Well, then," the pit boss said, "what can we do?"

Rafferty sighed again. "You know," he said, "it'd be terrible for a new place like this to get into trouble. Take away your gambling license, you're dead. You know that, don't you?"

"He asked for a new deck," the dealer said defensively to the pit boss. "You offer him one and now he says 'no.' Maybe he's got a little case of loser's fatigue."

"Oh, I want a new deck," Rafferty said. "But not out of the box backstage. Suppose I told you I had a deck upstairs in my room. Would you play with my cards?"

The pit boss laughed. Then he looked at Rafferty's face and stopped laughing. He said, "You know better than that, Mr. Rafferty. The house supplies the cards."

"I bought them at the cigar counter over there," Rafferty said. "They're the same brand the house uses, aren't they?"

"We didn't see you buy them," the dealer said. "We don't know what you did upstairs."

"Shut up," the pit boss said to him.

"And I don't know what you do downstairs," Rafferty said to the dealer. "All I know is, there's a lot of fives in your deck."

"Nobody's making you play," the dealer said to him. "You don't like the game, nobody's making you sit there."

"I told you, shut up," the pit boss said to him. Four or five people had gathered behind Rafferty and the other players to listen. "Mr. Rafferty, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"We can talk here," Rafferty said. But there was something in the way the pit boss looked at him. He shrugged and

stood up. "All right." He moved away from the playing area and the pit boss ducked under the rope and joined him.

"How much are you out?" the pit boss said in a low voice.

"I don't know exactly," Rafferty said. "Couple of thousand, maybe. Does it make any difference?"

"Look," the pit boss said, "on the one hand, we run an honest game. On the other hand, we don't want any trouble. We'll do anything reasonable to prove we're on the level."

"You won't play with my cards, will you?"

"I said anything reasonable," the pit boss said.

"But they're the same cards you use. I bought them right over there."

The pit boss shook his head patiently. "Nobody would call that reasonable, Mr. Rafferty. The dealer had it right. Nobody knows you bought them here. And nobody knows how long ago it was. If you were to buy a deck right now and we played them fresh, that would be another thing."

"All right," Rafferty said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said all right. They're your terms. I accept."

"I don't understand."

"I will walk with you this minute to the cigar counter," Rafferty said, "and I will buy a deck of cards, and then we will walk back to the table and play blackjack with those cards."

"Ah, Mr. Rafferty," the pit boss said. "Don't be ridiculous."

"Ridiculous?" Rafferty's voice went up and the other man looked uncertainly around. "All I've just done is agree to something you yourself proposed."

"But it isn't worked that way," the pit boss said. "Suppose everybody came in wanting to play with his own cards or his own dice. We'd have to make a career out of checking up on people."

"I'm not everybody," Rafferty said. "You proposed something and the minute I agree, you change your mind. You say the cards over here are the same as the cards over there. So I'm not playing with my cards. I'm playing with your cards."

"Then what difference does it make?"

"The difference is that you said they were the same cards; I didn't. I'd like

(concluded on page 134)

all he wanted was a fresh deck—and a change of luck

Holland, the Knights of Malta and — until 1917 — Denmark. It was the Danes who got them their first professional assignment, outright sale to the United States for \$25,000,000, a real estate transaction which paid off a great deal more magnificently than might have been anticipated at the time (the sum being less than the annual take from tourism today).

The American Virgins (St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John — which are about as virginal as their names are feminine) are some 40 miles east of Puerto Rico at the northern end of that chain of islands known as the Lesser Antilles.

(You can sail from any of the American Virgins to some 30-odd other non-American Virgins which make up the group, and which range in size from mere rocks in the sea on up to largish islands like Britain's Tortola, without ever being out of sight of land; except for a couple of slightly longer passages, you can go on down the chain of Leeward and Windward Islands to Port of Spain and the Venezuelan mainland. Most of these islands are uninhabited, those which are inhabited are very sparsely so, and virtually every one of them offers perfect anchorages in lovely, sheltered coves and harbors — complete with sandy beaches and driftwood — on their lee shores. It is not the fastest way to travel, but it's one of the best.)

The islands of St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John have been noted for their contrasts. They have also been called, at one time or another, by travelog commentators and guidebook writers, gems, jewels and pearls — descriptions which are apt though trite. Beautiful though they are, all three suffer from the same problem: a lack of wells and rain and a consequent paucity of fresh water for drinking and bathing. As compensation, they offer superlative aquatic sport in incredibly pellucid water, innumerable beaches of pure white sand almost as fine as talc, and booze at prices calculated to drive the W.C.T.U. to mass suicide: Haig & Haig Pinch, \$4; Teacher's, \$2.50; House of Lords Gin, \$1.50; Gordon's or Gilbey's, \$1.25; Seagram's V.O. and Canadian Club, \$2.25; cognacs ranging from \$2.95 for Hennessy or Courvoisier to Martel Cordon Bleu for \$6.95 — and as for rums, you can have your choice of the fine Virgin Islands' finest for approximately a dollar a bottle.

The Virgin Islands being among the oldest free ports in the hemisphere, watches, perfume, cameras and brand-name silver may be purchased at comparably delectable prices: about half the mainland prices, no tax, no green stamps. On the other hand, a head of lettuce costs almost as much as a bottle of rum — the water shortage again; it takes a lot of water to grow a head of lettuce. How-

ever, the Virgins offer additional compensations: you can knock 10 percent off the price of booze if you buy a case of 12; and — for complicated reasons which suggest Uncle Sam is not as flinty hearted as he may seem at tax time — the world-wide \$100 duty-free import limitation is doubled for the Virgins, and you may mail to the States articles valued under \$10 duty free, as many as you wish. You may also buy most brands of cigarettes at \$1.25 a carton — no duty, no limit on quantity. It has been truly observed that in the Virgin Islands luxuries are cheap and necessities expensive.

Unless you have the time and the temperament to go by boat, you'll prefer to occupy as little of your vacation time as possible en route to the Virgins. It is a remarkably fast plane trip from the eastern half of the United States. From New York, for example, you can take an Eastern flight to Miami in about two and a half hours, and from Chicago, about 15 minutes more. Or, if you're leaving from New York, you can fly Pan American direct to San Juan, Puerto Rico, taking about an hour longer. Delta will get you to San Juan from major airports in the South. Miami to San Juan is two hours plus a handful of minutes — and once you are in San Juan, it's a mere 40-mile shuttle run on Caribair to St. Thomas, probably the best of the Virgins on which to start your vacation. Incidentally, you'll want to pack light so that you won't be worrying about the 60-pound overseas-flight weight limit when you return with your free port booty. Another good reason to keep your gear to a minimum is that part of the tangible benefits of visiting the Virgins are the great tropical wearables you can purchase from all over the world, at tax-free and free port prices, from such estimable haberdasheries as Redfields on Charlotte Amalie's waterfront. Not incidentally, once you get through the usual airport miseries, the first-class flights out of New York and Chicago are the end in sybaritic luxury: you are plied with drinks, canapés and hors d'oeuvres served with cornucopian profusion to make the time — as well as the ground beneath — fly by at jet speed.

The reason for St. Thomas being our own first choice was that we knew from experience the difficulty of making a too rapid transition from the urban hurly-burly to indolent beachcomber. St. Thomas is cosmopolitan and lively enough to make the switch a pleasure from the very beginning.

You can see all of the island from the air as you commence your descent for a landing. St. Thomas is 13 miles long, less than three miles wide — with the Atlantic on the north and the Caribbean on the south — and comprises 32 square

miles of picture-postcard tropical verdure, with steep and rugged hills ringed by dozens of superlative bays and beaches. If it is daylight when you arrive — and it should be, since the view from the air is magnificent — you will notice that, small though the island is, its coasts offer opposite natural attractions: on the north side of the island cliffs and mountains descend precipitously to ocean surf, except for the reef-protected bays which scallop that coast with their tranquil water and pebble-free beaches of pure white sand. The south shore is less rugged, has no surf whatever on its many magnificent beaches, and is far more heavily inhabited. Here is where your plane comes in and where you get your first whiff of the constant wash of flower-scented trade winds which keep you comfortable at average year-round temperatures that range from 77 in the winter to 82 in the summer. (Commissioner Henry L. Kimelman, erstwhile hotelman, now head of the Virgin Islands' Department of Commerce, wrote to us before our departure for the Islands that he had instituted free insurance policies for winter visitors that guarantee no charge for accommodations on any day when the mean temperature drops below 70 degrees. It wasn't until we met him that he revealed the smallness of the risk entailed; it's been 24 years since that happened.) During your stay in the Virgins you will learn to thank the trade winds, too, for the sparkling clarity of the air, their cooling benevolence at the height of midday heat, the fact that you'll want a light blanket to sleep under most nights when you don't stay up reveling, and the wonderful sailing the island waters provide.

It's our firm recommendation that the car you rent at the airport — and you should rent a car, even if you're staying right in the town of Charlotte Amalie (the only community of consequence on the island and capital city of the Virgins) — should be either the candy-striped jeep which is rapidly becoming a Caribbean-resort trademark, or an out-and-out sports car. We've never been anywhere north of the equator in this hemisphere where the hills are steeper, the corners tighter, or the driving as exhilarating; Stirling Moss in a pixie humor and a designer of roller coasters might have laid out the obstacle course which is the island's roads. With all their tortuousness, however, their major hazard may well be the fascination of the fantastic views that unfold around each bend.

It is right at the airport that you'll become aware of one virtue of the Islands' being American possessions. We do not believe it is evidence of insularity or provincialism to relish the easeful pleasures of one's accustomed language,

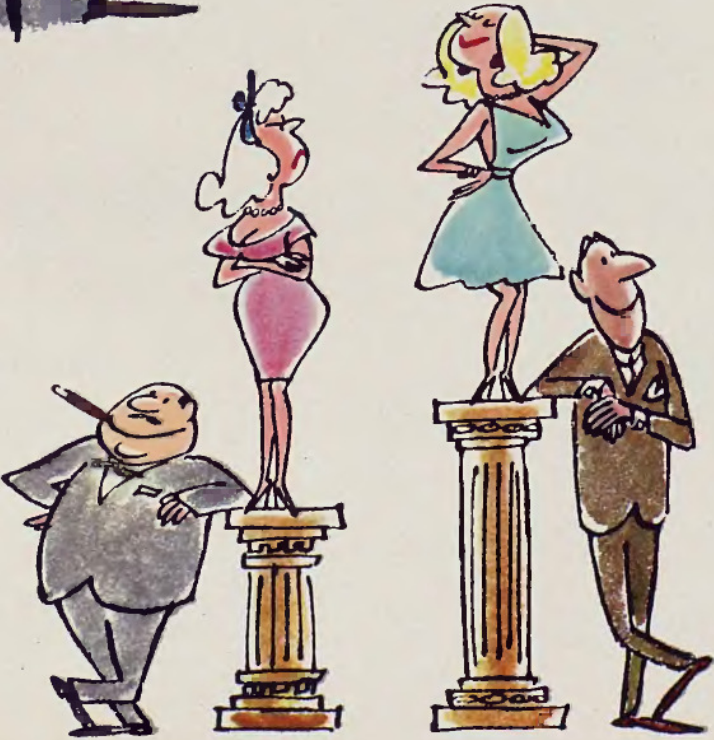
(continued on page 104)

THE PEDESTAL

BY CLAUDE

*according to the ad, "every man
wants his woman on a pedestal," but
there's a lot more to it than that*









All's calm as Teddi (above, right) shares a "Peanuts" panel with Christa; but Carrie (below, center) spies



A PLAYMATE PILLOW FIGHT

playboy's gatefold girls cavort in a fine-feathered free-for-all

WE'VE SAID AN EYEFUL in our photo-uncoverage of the past nine years, but no picture story provided a bigger kick (for our readers and ourself) than the *Playmate Holiday House Party* in our Eighth Anniversary Issue. Following a full dozen of PLAYBOY's prettiest Playmates on a weekend run of the Playboy Mansion was no snap job; the shooting ran through three days and nights during which our photo staff logged more than 2000 color shots. Although many of the scenes were planned in advance, our alert lensmen kept their eyes open (who wouldn't?) while the girls were "resting" between takes. That's how they caught Playmates Teddi Smith (July 1960), Carrie Radison (June 1957), Christa Speck (September 1961) and Delores Wells (June 1960) in the impromptu pillow fight that enlivens these pages. And while not a part of the planned party and not published with the original picture story, we felt that these spontaneous Playmate photos were too delightful not to print for our readers.

deviltry afoot. Her alarm comes too late to stop Delores, who pounces in with pillows — and negligee — flying.





Above: The Battle of the Bed is on as Carrie (left) proves she isn't bashful when it comes to trad-

Below, left: Christa springs to Carrie's aid — and our appreciative attention — as the featherweight fight





ing swats. Carrie calls for a truce while Christa (center) prepares a downy surprise for Delores.

blossoms into a buxom bedlam. Who's the winner? One look at Christa proves that we are, of course.





"Pay attention, damn it, pay attention!"



BEYOND GRAVITY

AN ARRESTING INQUIRY INTO THE LIMITS OF THE POSSIBLE: CHARTING THE DISTANT PATH TO LEVITATION **ARTICLE BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

OF ALL THE NATURAL FORCES, gravity is the most mysterious and the most implacable. It controls our lives from birth to death, killing or maiming us if we make the slightest slip. No wonder that, conscious of their earth-bound slavery, men have always looked wistfully at birds and clouds, and have pictured the sky as the abode of the gods. The very phrase "heavenly being" implies a freedom from gravity which, until the present, we have known only in our dreams.

There have been many explanations of those dreams — some psychologists try to find their origin in our assumed arboreal past — though it is unlikely that many of our direct ancestors ever spent their lives jumping from tree to tree. One could argue just as convincingly that the familiar levitation dream is not a memory from the past, but a premonition of the future. Some day weightlessness or reduced gravity will be a common, and perhaps even a normal, state of mankind. The day may come when there are more people living on space stations and worlds of low gravity than on this planet; indeed, when the ultimate history of the human race is written, the estimated 100 billion men who have already spent laborious lives struggling against gravitation may turn out to be a tiny minority. Perhaps our spacefaring descendants will be as little concerned with gravity as were our remote ancestors who floated effortlessly in the buoyant sea.

Even now, most of the creatures on this planet are hardly aware that gravity exists. Though it dominates the lives of large land animals such as elephants, horses, men and dogs, it is seldom more than a mild inconvenience to anything much smaller than a mouse. To the insects it is not even that; flies and mosquitoes are so light and fragile that the air itself buoys them up, and gravity bothers them no more than it does a fish.

But it bothers us a great deal, especially now that we are making determined efforts to escape from it. Quite apart from our current interest in space flight, the problem of gravitation has always worried physicists. It seems to stand completely apart from all the other forces — light, heat, electricity, magnetism — which can be generated in many different ways and are freely interconvertible. Indeed, most of modern technology is based upon such conversions — of heat into electricity, electricity into light, and so on.

Yet we cannot generate gravity at all, and it appears completely indifferent to all the influences that we may bring to bear on it. As far as we know, the only way a gravitational field can be produced is by the presence of matter. Every particle of matter has an attraction for every other particle of matter in the universe, and the sum total of those attractions, in any one spot, is the local gravity. Naturally, this varies from world to world, since some planets contain large amounts of matter and others very little. In our solar system the four giant planets — Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune — all have surface gravities greater than Earth's, two-and-a-half times greater in the case of Jupiter. At the other extreme, there are moons and asteroids where gravity is so low that one would have to look hard at a falling object for the first few seconds to see that it was moving.

Gravitation is an incredibly, almost unimaginably, *weak* force. This may seem to contradict both common sense and everyday experience, yet when we consider the statement it is obviously true. Really gigantic quantities of matter — the 6000 million million million tons of the (continued on page 80)



A LUSCIOUS CALIFORNIA LASS BECOMES OUR VALENTINE PLAYMATE

THE BEST ANTIDOTE we know for February's wintry blues is a lot of sun shining on a lot of girl — which we herewith offer in the fine form of Toni Ann Thomas, our February Playmate. A tempting 18 years of age, titian-haired Toni Ann is passing through an appealingly unpredictable stage in her young life: at times she is tomboyishly exuberant and given to wild backyard romps with her two kid brothers; at other times she can, through the alchemy of perfume and peignoir, suddenly transform herself into a delicate charmer with womanly poise. Born and bred in California, Toni Ann lives alone in West Covina in a small, neat apartment furnished in Swedish modern. Her bedroom contains one rarely used TV set ("It bores me to tears"), some 20 stuffed animals of uncertain lineage, and three widely scattered alarm clocks, which most of the time succeed in awakening her for her job as a switchboard operator with a local insurance company. (A recent graduate of Los Angeles' Washington

GOLDEN GIRL

High, Miss February first worked as one of Vic Tanny's more spectacular — 38-22-36 — instructresses before switching to the switchboard.) In her spare time, she likes reading short stories with happy endings and being escorted to movie houses featuring light comedies and exciting whodunits. Toni Ann is still girl enough to squeal at football games (she roots passionately for Southern Cal), stuff herself on Mexican and Italian dishes, and leap in the air when she bowls one of her rare strikes. At the same time, she views her life and the men therein with a level-headed maturity: "My favorite kind of guy is one who is unpretentious and who cares as much about what I think as how I look. The fellows I really turn off are the phonies — the ones who are fascinated by themselves and want to take me places only as some kind of ornament for their own egos. Also, I'm not too fond of the sly types that keep saying they can help me get ahead in show business. I don't want to be an actress, and I'm not particularly interested in being a model. I'd much prefer marrying a nice guy and raising a big family." Blessed with sultry features and a lushly proportioned 5'5", 120-pound body, Toni Ann naturally draws masculine double takes wherever she goes. "I guess there's no point in fighting nature," she smiles. "I used to be self-conscious. Now, frankly, I enjoy it. You might say it's part of growing up." As proof that Toni Ann has indeed grown up, we refer you to the accompanying photographs of our fun-loving Miss February, a Playmate of whom it clearly can be said: Thank heaven for not-so-little girls.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



MISS FEBRUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Above: a pretty-as-a-picture shutterbug, Playmate Toni Ann totes her Polaroid to the zoo, makes a snap decision, then anxiously awaits developments. Below: artistically occupied and peignored, Miss February applies mosaic tile to an outside jug with which she hopes one day to decorate her dream house.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

We've just heard about a new club called AAA-AA for people who are being driven to drink.



A chorus cutie who always slept in the buff awoke one morning to find herself completely dressed. "My God," she cried, "I've been draped!"

Then there was the movie actress who climbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong.

After two years in Korea, a Marine was shipped back to the States. Naturally, after a tearful shipside reunion, he and his beautiful wife went immediately to a hotel. Much later that night, a drunk, wandering through the hall, banged on their door, shouting, "Let me in!"

"Good Lord," said the Marine, leaping from the bed only half awake, "I'll bet that's your husband!"

"Don't be silly," his wife sleepily reassured him, "he's in Korea."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *playboy* as a man with an eye for an eye.

Two elderly gentlemen, whose active days were behind them but whose wild-oats memories were not forgotten, were amusing themselves at the bar of a cocktail lounge by watching two young men ply their dates with martinis and lengthy conversation.

"These young bucks today just don't know how it's done," said one. "Why, in our day we would have had those girls in the buggy and out in the moonlight by this time."

"Yes," agreed his companion. "They sure don't make 'em like they used to."

Every man likes to see a girl stick to her knitting—especially when she's in a wet bathing suit.

The king had arranged a regal marriage for his daughter—a bond that would unite two great nations. Yet, because the young couple seemed so terribly formal to each other, the old monarch was worried that the union would not be a success. Posting a spy outside the royal bridal chamber, he demanded a full account of

the wedding night's progress.

"It is hard to tell," said the king's spy the next morning. "When the prince entered the chamber, I heard the princess say, quite formally, 'I offer you my honor.' Then the prince said, with equal courtliness, 'Madame, I honor your offer.' And that is the way it went all night long—honor, offer, honor, offer."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *optimist* as a husband who goes down to the marriage bureau to see if his license has expired.



The shy young man and his shapely date were parked under a romantic moon. Placing his hand on her thigh, he whispered, "I love you." With a deep sigh, the girl replied, "A little higher."

"I love you," came the higher-pitched reply.



An exceedingly well-formed young nurse walked calmly along the hospital corridor with a portion of her bosom exposed. A staff doctor, passing by, noticed the delightful exposure and scolded her for this improper show of her charms. Blushing, the nurse murmured, "I'm sorry, sir, but it's these darn interns—they never put anything back when they're through with it."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



*“Take off your clothes, take off your clothes!” My goodness,
don’t men ever think about anything else?”*

Earth—are required to produce the rather modest gravity field in which we live. We can generate magnetic or electric forces hundreds of times more powerful with a few pounds of iron or copper. When you lift a piece of iron with a simple horseshoe magnet, the amount of metal the magnet contains is outpulling the whole Earth. The extreme weakness of gravitational forces makes our total inability to control or modify them all the more puzzling and exasperating.

From time to time, one hears rumors that research teams are working on the problem of gravity control, or antigravity, but these stories always turn out to be misinterpretations. No competent scientist, at this stage of our ignorance, would deliberately set out to look for a way of overcoming gravity. What a number of physicists and mathematicians are doing, however, is something less ambitious; they are simply trying to uncover basic knowledge about gravity. If this plodding, fundamental work does lead to some form of gravity control, that will be wonderful; but I doubt if many people in the field believe that it will. The opinion of most scientists is probably well summed up by a remark made recently by Dr. John Pierce of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. "Antigravity," he said, "is strictly for the birds." But the birds don't need it, and we do.

We still know so little about gravitation that we are not even sure if it travels through space at a definite speed—like radio or light waves—or whether it is "always there." Until the time of Einstein, scientists thought that the latter was the case, and that gravitation was propagated instantaneously. Today, the general opinion is that it travels at the speed of light and that, also like light, it has some kind of wave structure.

If gravitational waves do exist, they will be fantastically difficult to detect, because they carry very little energy. It has been calculated that the gravity waves radiated by the whole Earth have an energy of about a millionth of a horsepower, and the total emission from the entire solar system—the Sun and all the planets—is only half a horsepower. Any conceivable man-made gravitational-wave generator would be billions of billions of times feeble than this.

Nevertheless, attempts are now being made to produce and detect these waves. In some of these experiments, it is planned to use the whole Earth as an antenna; the waves to be looked for would have a frequency of only about one cycle per hour. (Ordinary TV and radio waves run to tens of millions of cycles per *second*.) Even if these extremely delicate experiments succeed, it will be a long time before we can expect

any practical applications from them. And it may be never.

Yet every few years, some hopeful inventor builds and actually demonstrates, at least to his own satisfaction, an anti-gravity device. These are always laboratory models, producing only a very tiny lift. Some of the machines are electrical, others purely mechanical, based on what might be called the bootstrap principle, and containing unbalanced flywheels, cranks, springs and oscillating weights. The idea behind these is that action and reaction may not always be equal and opposite, and sometimes there may be a little net force left over in one direction. Thus, though everyone agrees that you can't lift yourself by a *steady* pull on your bootstraps, perhaps a series of properly timed jerks might have a different result.

Put this way, the idea seems completely absurd, but it is not easy to refute an intelligent and sincere inventor with a beautifully made machine containing dozens of parts, moving in every possible direction, who maintains that his oscillating contraption produces a net lift of half an ounce and that a bigger model could take you to the Moon. You may be 99.999 percent sure that he is wrong, yet be quite unable to prove it. If gravity control is ever discovered, it will surely depend upon much more sophisticated techniques than mechanical devices—and it will probably be found as a by-product of work in some completely unexpected field of physics.

It is also probable that we will not make much progress in understanding gravity until we are able to isolate ourselves and our instruments from it, by establishing laboratories in space. Attempting to study it on the Earth's surface is rather like testing hi-fi equipment in a boiler factory; the effects we are looking for may be swamped by the background. Only in a satellite laboratory will we be able to investigate the properties of matter under weightless conditions.

The reason why objects are—usually—weightless in space is one of those elusive simplicities that is almost invariably misunderstood. Many people, misled by careless journalists, are still under the impression that an astronaut is weightless because he is beyond the pull of gravity.

This is completely wrong. Nowhere in the universe—not even in the remotest galaxy that appears as a faint smudge on a Palomar photograph—would one be literally beyond the pull of Earth's gravity, though a few million miles away it is almost negligible. It falls off slowly with distance, and at the modest altitudes reached by human travelers so far, it is still almost as powerful as at sea

level. When an astronaut looked down upon the Earth from a height of nearly 200 miles, the gravity field in which he was moving still had 90 percent of its normal value. Yet, despite that, he weighed exactly nothing.

If this seems confusing, it is largely due to poor semantics. The trouble is that we dwellers on the Earth's surface have grown accustomed to using the words gravity and weight almost interchangeably. In ordinary terrestrial situations, this is safe enough; whenever there's weight there's gravity, and vice versa. But they are really quite separate entities, and either can occur independently of the other. In space, they normally do.

On occasion, they can do so on Earth, as the following experiment will prove. I suggest you think about it rather than actually conduct it, but if you are unconvinced by my logic, go right ahead. You will have the tremendous precedent of Galileo, who also refused to accept argument and appealed to experimental proof. However, I disclaim all responsibility for any damage.

You will need a quick-acting trap door (one of those used by hangmen will do admirably) and a bathroom scale. Put the scale on the trap door and stand on it. It will, of course, register your weight.

Now, while your eyes are fixed on the scale, get one of your acquaintances ("That's not an office for a friend, my lord," as Volumnius said to Brutus on a slightly similar occasion) to spring the trap door. At once the needle will drop to zero; you will be weightless. But you will certainly not be beyond the pull of gravity; you will be 100 percent under its influence, as you will discover a fraction of a second later.

Why are you weightless in these circumstances? Well, weight is a *force*, and a force cannot be felt if it has no point of application, if there is nothing for it to push against. You cannot feel any force when you push against a freely swinging door; nor can you feel any weight when you have no support and are falling freely. An astronaut, except when he is firing his rockets, is always falling freely. The "fall" may be downwards or upwards or sideways—as in the case of an orbiting satellite, which is in an eternal fall around the world. The direction does not matter; as long as the fall is free and unrestrained, anyone experiencing it will be weightless.

You can be weightless, therefore, even where there is plenty of gravity. The reverse is also true: you don't need gravity to give you weight. A change of speed—in other words, an acceleration—will do just as well.

To prove this, let us imagine a still more improbable experiment than the one just described. Take your bathroom

(continued on page 112)

THE 1963 PLAYBOY ALLSTARS

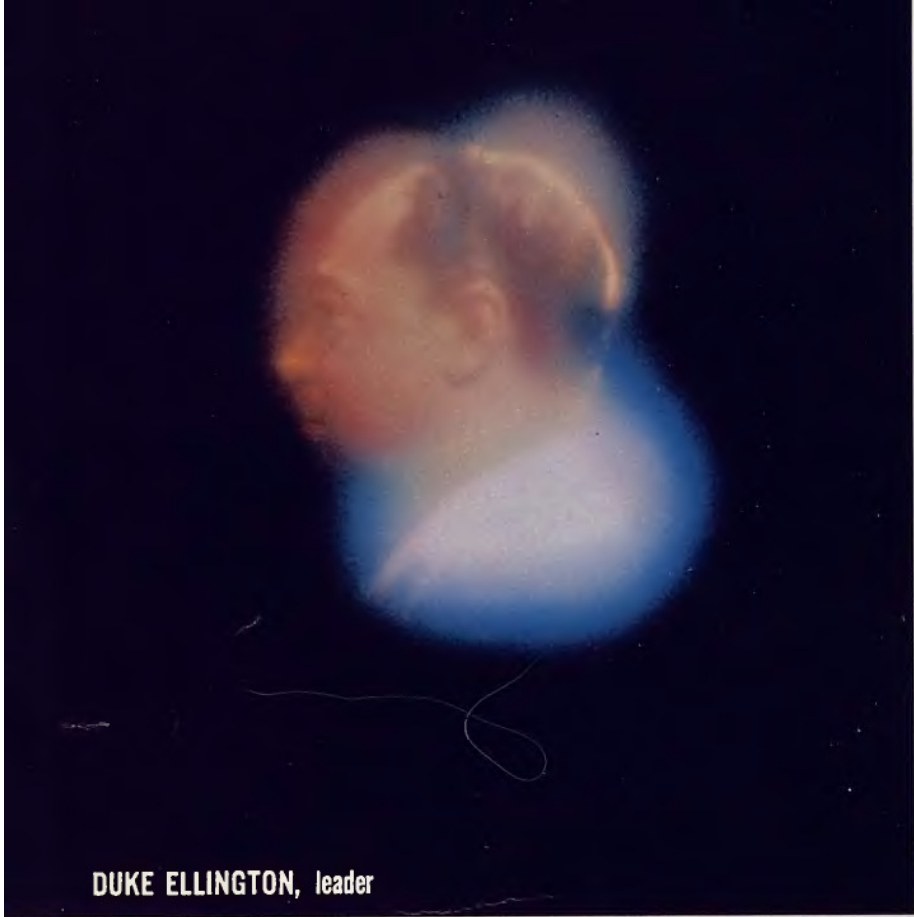
A LOOK AT THE CURRENT JAZZ
SCENE AND THE WINNERS OF THE
SEVENTH ANNUAL PLAYBOY POLL

jazz **By Nat Hentoff**

JAZZ IN 1962 continued to accumulate prestige — especially abroad — but the dues at home became stiffer for many musicians who would have preferred to alchemize plaudits into cash.

Internationally, hip listeners began to appear in unprecedented places. In June, for example, the new Russian ambassador to the United States, Anatoly Dobrynin, expressed reservations about the first official American jazz tour of the Soviet Union, then under way. He didn't object to jazz. He simply thought Benny Goodman somewhat too square.

"I think," said the ambassador, doubling as a jazz critic, "the lack of great enthusiasm among our young people at his concerts is because his style



DUKE ELLINGTON, leader

is, well, let us say, dated. Our jazz has gone onward to what you call the progressive stage. His remains static, and our young people are inclined to be restless with that."

Nonetheless, the six-week Goodman road trip through Russia in June and July was a major jazz event. Despite disension before he left ("It should have been Duke Ellington"), and dissonances within the band on the tour ("Let's play more out of the modern bag"), the facts that Goodman *did* get in and that Premier Khrushchev *did* attend his first concert greatly encouraged Russian jazzmen and their formerly suspect partisans.

Benny himself, the master pragmatist, summarized his Russian adventure: "I think many more bands will be allowed to come here now if for no other reason than the fact that it is good business."

A much less publicized jazz journey than Goodman's was a State Department project involving a six-month tour of Latin America by the Paul Winter Sextet. Nearly unknown in American jazz circles at the time, the 23-year-old Winter is a skillful, articulate reed man who had previously won college jazz competitions with a unit he formed at Northwestern. Making the



OSCAR PETERSON, piano



BUDDY DE FRANCO, clarinet



RAY BROWN, bass

THE 1963 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS



SONNY ROLLINS, tenor sax

Winter trip significant was that, for once, a jazz itinerary through countries ambivalent toward America was specifically scheduled to reach a maximum number of students at realistic prices.

Winter may have changed no political allegiances in his 160 concerts, but his music was received with pervasive enthusiasm and several governments asked him to return. By the end of the year, Mr. Winter had been invited by Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy to give the first authorized jazz concert at the White House (the November 19th "command" performance was well received) and had been signed by Columbia Records.

In the Far East, clarinetist Tony Scott, sometimes self-propelled and sometimes aided by the United States Information Service, continued to



J. J. JOHNSON, trombone



DIZZY GILLESPIE, trumpet



CANNONBALL ADDERLEY, alto sax

proselytize in Japan, Indonesia, Thailand and Singapore. In Bangkok, the king, as is his custom, sat in on clarinet. Jazz even reached an Israeli kibbutz in Galilee where the sabras in high school were exposed to a course in how King Oliver led his yea-sayers up that river.

American jazz critics, meanwhile, may soon discover that they'll have to travel a great deal more to be in on "new stars." Already there are Balkan grapevine reports, now spreading throughout Europe, of a singular gypsy jazz guitarist, Jancsi Korossy, in Romania, as well as other Iron Curtain challengers of Western jazz hegemony.

Elsewhere overseas, jazz received honors not yet familiar to it on native ground. In Poland,



FRANK SINATRA, male vocalist



GERRY MULLIGAN, baritone sax



ELLA FITZGERALD, female vocalist



WES MONTGOMERY, guitar

THE 1963 PLAYBOY ALL-STARS' ALL-STARS

the National Philharmonic and the Polish Jazz Federation planned the creation of a permanent jazz school, while the Ministry of Culture encouraged leading Polish jazzmen to lecture on the music as part of the regular curriculum in a growing number of Polish secondary schools.

The government of Malaya invited Boston jazzman Herb Pomeroy to come there and inculcate jazz into the local young. In Britain, the unprecedentedly ambitious Trades Union Congress plan to bring culture to the rank and file included provisions for *(continued on page 139)*



**LAMBERT, HENDRICKS
& BAVAN, vocal group**



PHILLY JOE JONES, drums



OSCAR PETERSON TRIO, instrumental combo



MILT JACKSON, vibes

MILES DAVIS
first trumpet

DIZZY GILLESPIE
second trumpet

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
third trumpet

AL HIRT
fourth trumpet

J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY
first alto sax

PAUL DESMOND
second alto sax



LAMBERT, HENDRICKS
& BAVAN vocal group

ELLA FITZGERALD
female vocalist

FRANK SINATRA
male vocalist

DAVE BRUBECK
piano, instrumental combo

STAN KENTON
leader

JOE MORELLO
drums

KAI WINDING
second trombone

BOB BROOKMEYER
third trombone

JACK TEAGARDEN
fourth trombone

CHET ATKINS
guitar

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

RAY BROWN
bass



JOHN COLTRANE
second tenor sax

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet

LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

THE 1963 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND



THE NEWEST OF THE NEW IN HI-FI KITS, COMPONENTS AND

OURS IS A SPACESAVING AGE — notwithstanding the sterling exploits of astronauts and cosmonauts — and we are pleased to note that the high fidelity industry has taken cognizance of the fact. The accent this year, more than ever before, is on miniaturization. Right down the line, from turntables to speakers, audio gear is shrinking in size. Fortunately, we have detected no corresponding shrinkage in quality. On the contrary, recent progress in transistor technology has

Background, left to right: Mark VI console has 6 speakers, intermixing changer, AM-FM-Multiplex tuner, in walnut, by RCA Victor, \$550. Multiplex kit, has indicator which lights for multiplex broadcasts, by Knight-Kit, \$29.95 (with metal case). Stereo console, has 4-speed record changer, 60-watts peak power output, 6-speaker system, AM-FM-Multiplex tuner, walnut cabinet, by Sylvania, \$469.95. Remote-control headset, has volume control for each stereo channel, phone jacks for two sets of headphones, \$21.95, headphones, \$43.50, both by Sharpe. All-transistor 50-watt stereo amplifier kit, by Knight-Kit, \$79.95, oiled walnut case, \$9.95. Foreground, left to right: Sony tran-



CONSOLES TO DOUBLE YOUR STEREO LISTENING PLEASURE

statorized tape deck, offers remote control, sound on sound, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$ ips, by Superscope, \$595. Audio Robot remote control system uses 2-conductor cable connecting extension speaker to hi-fi system, will turn system on or off from extension speaker; robot control is in leather-textured case with satin brass panel, sides; remote control is in oiled walnut with satin brass plate, by Royce, \$32.95. Unipoise 6-oz. arm, \$36; turntable has separate board for arm, 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ speed, on oiled walnut base, \$60, both by Stanton. Transistorized, 70-watt amplifier, has hinged lower front hiding pre-set controls, by Heath, \$134.95 (kit), \$219.95 (factory-wired). Truvox, 4-track stereo tape deck has built-in record and playback preamps, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3 $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 $\frac{1}{8}$ ips, by Benjamin, \$375. Speaker, only 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep, in oiled walnut, by Jensen, \$39.95. Hydraulically operated tone arm has wood lining, by Shure, \$99.50. Four-speed turntable, by Thorens, \$110; base, \$10. FM-Multiplex tuner, with enclosure, \$169.95 (factory-wired), extruded aluminum front panel, \$9.95, both by Dynaco. All-transistor, 200-watt stereo amplifier, by Lafayette, \$299.50. FM-Multiplex tuner has oscilloscope tuning indicator, simultaneous visual display of field strength, deviation, walnut enclosure, by Marantz, \$555.



given a new twist to an old cliché: Hi-fi is getting smaller and better all the time.

The transistor, a solid-state semiconductor, performs the same basic job as the vacuum tube, but takes up considerably less space and generates far less heat in the process. Its inherent superiority to the tube is universally recognized. Nonetheless, high fidelity engineers steered clear of it until very recently — chiefly because the transistor's inherent superiority was not always matched by day-to-day reliability. A 12AX7 tube can be depended upon (continued on page 123)

This page, clockwise from eleven: transistorized stereo/mono 4-track tape deck, 7½-3¼ ips, by Eico, \$299.95 (semi-kit), \$399.95 (factory-wired). Stereo amplifier, 80-watt, has built-in D'Arsonval Meter, equalization switch and dual-magnetic inputs, by Fisher, \$169.50. Brookshire console has 4-speed changer, AM-FM-Multiplex tuner, two 12" woofers, two 6" midrange speakers, four 3½" tweeters, in Danish Modern walnut veneer, by Admirol, \$750. Citation A transistorized stereo preamplifier, has front panel stereo headphone receptacle, individual amplifier and system on/off switches allow listener to turn off power amplifier when using headphones, by Horman-Kardon, \$250 (kit), \$350 (factory-wired), walnut enclosure, \$20. FM-Multiplex tuner kit, has wide-band circuitry, by H. H. Scott, \$159.95. JBL Trimline 54



speaker system has brackets for wall hanging, oiled walnut four-sided enclosure permits free standing, has optional brass legs, by Lansing, \$117, brass legs, \$12. This page, clockwise from eleven: all-transistor 100-watt stereo amplifier, has tape monitor switch which permits auditing tapes as they are recorded, has 2 positions, for monitoring stereo and mono tapes, by Knight, \$189.95. Sanorama speaker system, has 6 speakers, is 67"x5"x12", in Danish walnut enclosure, by Rek-O-Kut, \$149.95. Custom Decorator console, has AM-FM-Multiplex tuner, Garrard 4-speed changer, null balancer, space for record storage, six speakers, in hinged doors that may be detached, with wall brackets, space and connection for Home Music Distribution System transmitter; receiver-speaker (on console) plugs into any wall outlet, needs no additional wiring, all by General Electric, \$379.95 (console), Home Music Distribution System receiver-speaker, \$54.95, transmitter, \$44.95. Rondine 2 turntable, has Auto-Poise automatic tone arm powered by its own motors; Auto-Poise lifts arm and places it on record as turntable starts, disengages from tone arm during play, lifts arm and returns it to rest after record is finished, shuts off turntable, by Rek-O-Kut, \$169.95. Stereo tape deck, professional quality, has built-in record/play preamplifiers, digital counter for cueing, editing, selecting, 13"x13"x6 1/4", by Knight, \$179.95. Model Twelve speaker system, features 10 electrostatic tweeters in curved radiator, oiled walnut enclosure, by KLH, \$289.

HOW TO TRAIN YOUR FIRST WIFE

more help on succeeding with women without really trying

LET US ASSUME you have found the ideal girl, or at least one as close to specifications as was available.

You are about to embark on the first happy voyage of your married life. Young, starry-eyed and full of love, you set sail on what must surely be a sea of bliss.

THE GOLDEN TIME

Once married, you begin the careless, rapturous days of Just You Two, before you settle down to the serious business of raising a family. Enjoy these blissful days because they will never return.

But remember, these first months were not intended solely for plucking rosebuds. These are the vital months in which the foundations of a marriage are laid.

These are the critical months in the training of a really serviceable wife. Fritter them away if you will and she will be soft and flabby. Use them wisely to toughen her fibers and you will have a helpmate fit and ready to stand by your side in the more trying days to come.

KEEP HER BUSY

Since you will probably move at first into a small apartment, your wife may think she has little to do. Show her

how mistaken she is.

"Oh, Davie, it's just *too sweet!*"

"Glad you like it, Phoebe."

"I'm sure it will simply take care of itself!"

"Well—"

(Give her a long, slow look, as though you were beginning to question the whole marriage.)

"I suppose you *could* let things slide after a while, Phoebe. Once you get it properly cleaned up, that is. Pretty sorry mess right now, isn't it?"

You will find it is virtually impossible for a man to tell whether or not an apartment has been properly cleaned. It is safe simply to assume that it hasn't been cleaned *well enough*.

The finger method is best for the novice. Wipe one finger on any horizontal surface—table, windowsill, bookshelf, anything, first making sure that your wife is watching you. Look at the finger just a few seconds, almost absent-mindedly. Shake your head slowly and then shrug your shoulders.

"Davie, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, Phoebe, nothing."

(Never complain.)

"But I spent all day cleaning."

"Good, fine, pet."

(Go over and kiss her on the forehead. Tenderness belongs in every marriage.)

"But I *did*, Davie!"

"I know, sweet. Remember, Rome wasn't built in a day."

The sideways look at any polished surface, particularly something like a glass-topped coffee table, is almost as effective and makes a nice variation.

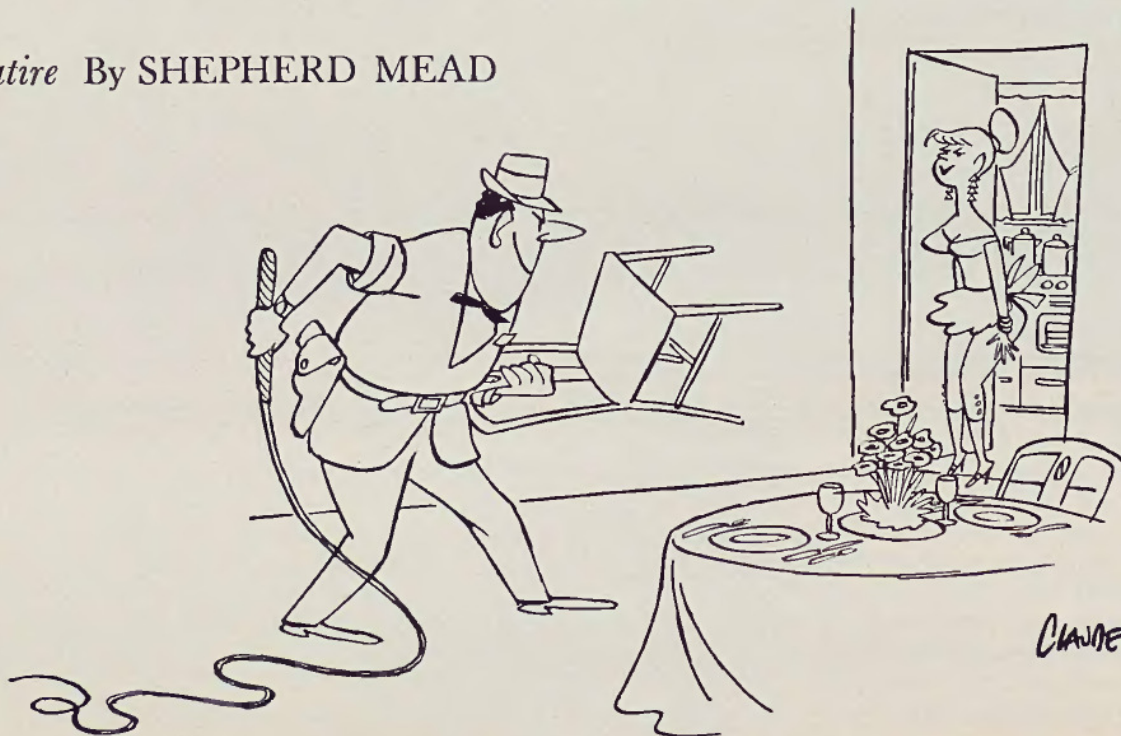
Try these and make up new ones of your own. Set her going at a good clip and keep her out of trouble. She will be building both muscle and character for the years ahead.

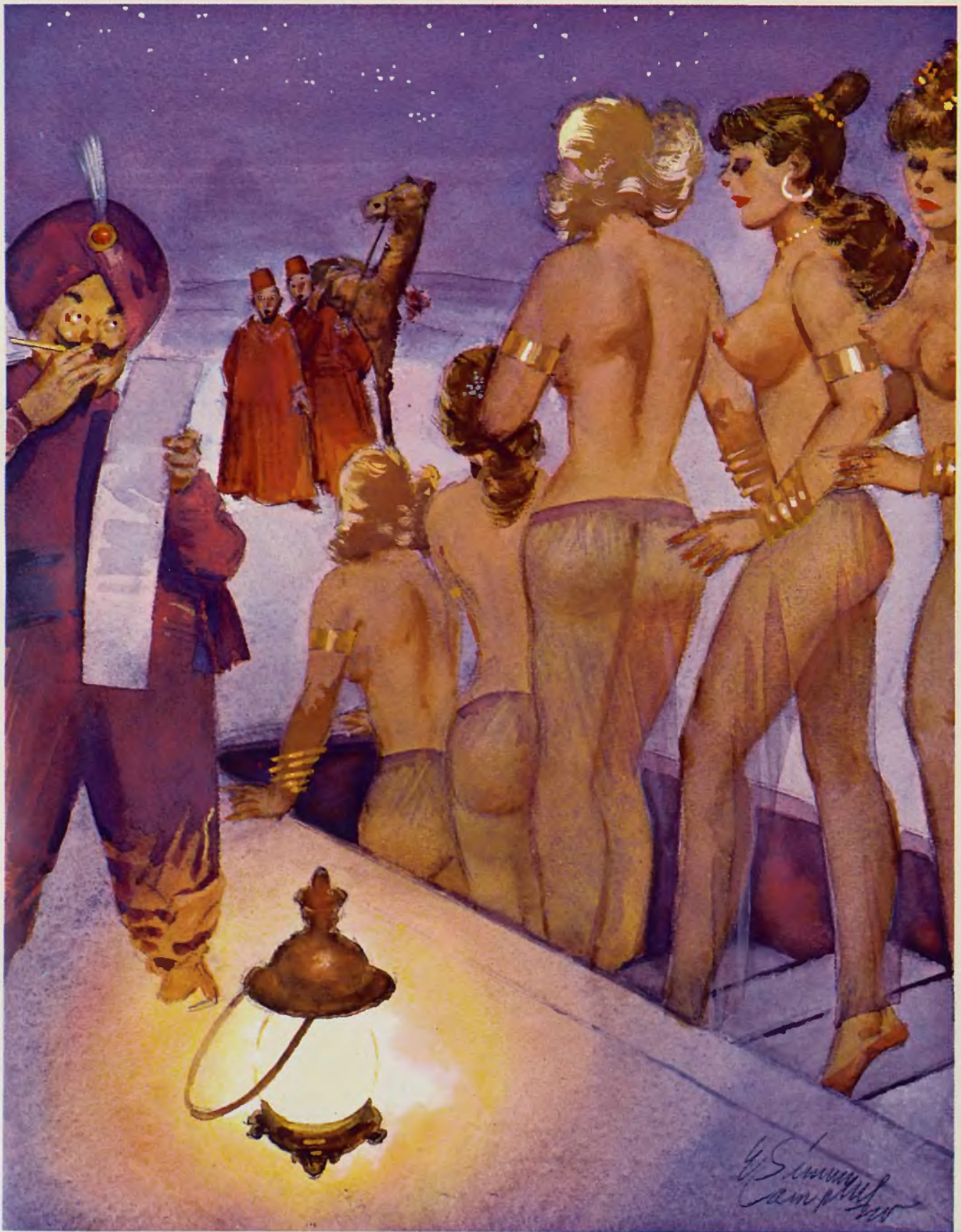
SET HER A GOOD EXAMPLE

By all means encourage and inspire your wife with a good example. If you can, be the good example yourself. But if you are saving yourself, you can accomplish the same result without stirring from your easy chair. (This easy chair will soon become the focal point of your household, the center of interest and the mecca toward which your wife, and later your whole family, will turn for admiration, guidance and encouragement.)

A fine example is *the model wife*. If you know some real woman whose life
(concluded on page 126)

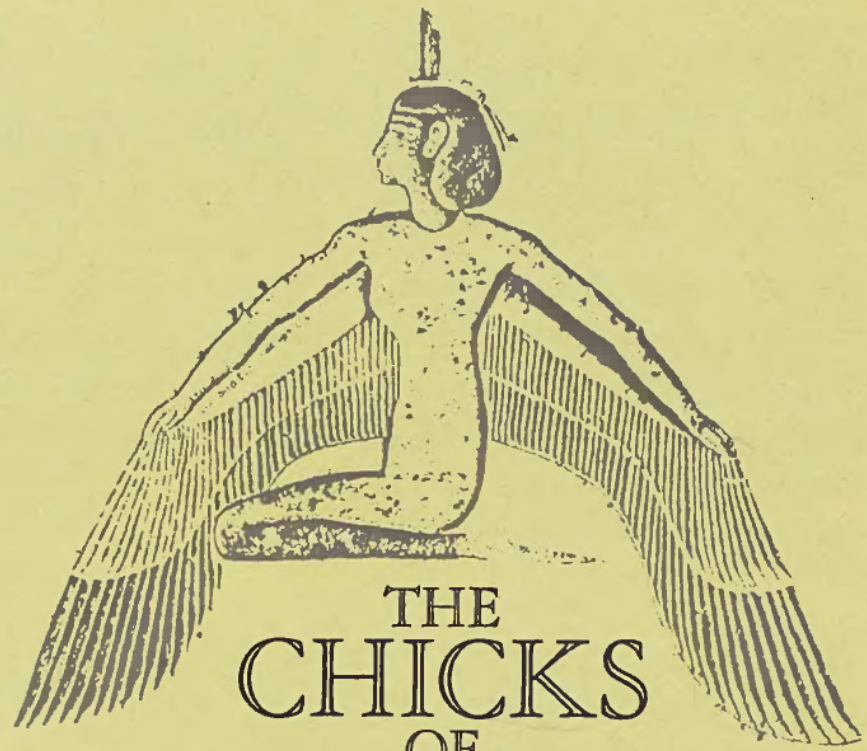
satire By SHEPHERD MEAD





"He's stocking his bomb shelter."





THE
CHICKS
OF
CLEOPATRA



LIZ' EXTRA-SPECIAL EXTRAS



When the costliest film of the ages, 20th Century-Fox's "Cleopatra," appears on the nation's movie screens this spring, most male orbs in the audience will be locked firmly upon star Elizabeth Taylor, the flawless *raison d'être* of our "Liz as Cleo" pictorial last month. Those of discerning eye, however, may find their attention diverted by a comely collection of scene-stealers: the handmaidens, slave girls and native dancers who serve and amuse the Nile sorceress and her Roman conquerors. In an admiring preview of coming attractions, we here present a candid portfolio of these all-but-anonymous, nonetheless lovely players. On opposite page, dancers try out pipes which will welcome Liz to Rome; English actress Francesca Annis (one of Cleo's two principal attendants) touches up her lipstick; headdressed chorine is pretty for the pictures; and lightly leafed dancers prepare to perform for Liz and Richard Burton. The half-bikini'd maid modestly covering herself is French filly Michele Bally, who has a small featured part; below, a dancer with affixed pinions rehearses for Cleo's procession scene in the brief garb favored by the girls in the hot Roman sun, while at right a feathered friend is accoutered for the camera. The smiling young lady at left is imported U.S. dancer Kathy Martin.





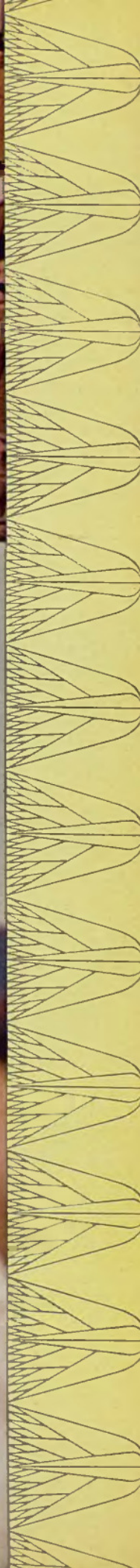
The bouncing chicks here having a costume ball are a select international lot assembled from all over the globe: for example, Cleopatra's 18 handmaidens (chosen from a shapely shape-up of 350 candidates) include five Italians, four Americans, two French and two Swedish girls, and one winner each from Indonesia, Greece, Holland, China and England. The dark beauty in the black lace lingerie at left, top, is Marie Devereaux, an English actress whose remarkable looks-like-Liz face and figure caused her to be picked as Miss Taylor's stand-in for long and over-the-shoulder shots. Marie, who has one on-camera clinch with Richard Burton, is now in Hollywood hoping for a break in American productions. To her right, chatting handmaidens mill in Cleo's wig room, part of the lavish set modeled upon the royal apartments once occupied by the Queen and her attractive retinue of pyramid climbers. Below, everything's coming up poses as the handmaidens of the bath mug prettily just before Elizabeth Taylor's big tub scene, the film's most publicized episode. At right, top, lithe dancers draw scant attention during rehearsal breaks and, below, form an attractive navel blockade prior to the lensing of Cleopatra's triumphant entry into Rome and its attendant sensuous celebration by the Egyptian dancing girls.





At left, top to bottom: winged girls form a live monument, Little Egypt's practice, then execute snake dance in barely sufficient costuming, all in honor of Cleo's entry into Rome. At right, as part of same celebration, a petal-pitching miss decorates the procession. The gown Liz is almost wearing on this and the opening page was designed for the film, then later rejected as drawing too much divided attention. Each of "Cleopatra's" chicks imbues the film with her own youthful vitality, a fresh effervescence emanating in part, perhaps, from each girl's secret dream that she may be the chosen heiress to the throne now occupied by the most famous beauty of our time.







✓ Vargas

*“Well, I guess
we’ve disproved that
silly saying, Doctor.”*

THE WILY WAYS OF A DILIGENT SALESMAN

THERE WAS A CERTAIN SALESMAN who stood daily at the palace of King Francis, selling objects of interest to visitors.

Although he was only 19 years of age, he was more successful than many salesmen of twice his years, for he followed diligently the advice of an elderly associate who had been in trading all his life.

"Due to the strength and number of the competition," the elder man had told him, "it is essential to have an excellent product, for the discriminating purchaser will not be satisfied by inferior merchandise. However, it is inadequate to have an excellent product and nothing more, for the streets abound with salesmen who have excellent products. One must also know how to present this product with efficacious techniques."

When the young man had asked his senior to describe these techniques, he thereupon received this reply:

"First announce that you have a product that will satisfy the purchaser's desires and afford him pleasure. Secondly, allow him to sample your merchandise so that he will be aware of its worth. But you will find that there are individuals who refuse to accept your sample. These are people who have heard the arguments of many salesmen before and now fear your ability to convince them to buy. When this happens, go to any length to force them to accept the sample—use guile, deceit and trickery if need be—for this is the part of the sales process that separates the master from the apprentice."

The young man, as we have said, followed this advice closely. In fact, his adherence to it was such that he was so busy selling his wares that he did not have time to indulge in the social pleasures available to most men of 19 years.

But while wandering about the palace grounds one day, he noticed the young niece of the king's brother, a girl of his own age whose very being exuded the



spirit of life and beauty. Immediately he fell in love with her.

The young man was not at all timid in approaching her because his experiences in confronting strangers to whom he wished to sell merchandise had conditioned him to such activity. Accordingly, he immediately made it known that he was eager to share her company. She, however, more accustomed to conventional means of urging one's suit, was taken by surprise at his forward approach. She became indignant and called him a disrespectful boor.

The salesman, however, was undaunted. "If I am a boor, milady," he replied, "what would you call a woman who will not even allow an admirer to express his admiration?"

Thus rebuked, she was obliged to listen to him, and he, keeping in mind his mentor's advice, spoke quite clearly.

"I am able to make you very happy,"

he said. "For I possess in my youth and exuberance a spirit that your more mature suitors do not have. However, I do not ask that you take my word for this. Instead I invite you to sample my wares. Until you have sampled them, it is your right to be skeptical. Therefore, if you will accompany me to my bedroom I shall produce the sample accordingly."

On hearing this, the lady paled and then turned crimson. In her embarrassment she ran off to join some friends. But the young salesman proceeded to the interior of the palace, where he studied the organization of rooms and hallways until he was certain he could diagram them from memory. Then, on an evening when a good many of the inhabitants of the palace were visiting elsewhere, he went to the lady's chamber. Outside the chamber he waited until three o'clock in the morning, at which time he crept silently inside. Upon finding her asleep, as he had hoped he would, he crawled into the bed beside her. There he lay in utter stillness until the morning, when she awoke.

"Do not scream," he said to her softly when she looked at him in surprise. "If anyone were to find me here with you, he would assume that you had invited me. Then, despite your protestations, you would be shamed in court. It would be better for you now to take the sample I so willingly offer. Then, if you find it unsatisfactory, I shall leave as quietly as I arrived and not trouble you again."

Thus confronted, she surrendered voluntarily and enjoyed the sample. As it happened, the salesman's confidence was quite justified and she acclaimed the excellence of the product in tones of admiration. In fact, from that point on, she was a steady customer—and so justified the youth's belief in his mentor's advice, as well as providing him with much pleasure to boot.

—Retold by Paul J. Gillette



Ribald Classic

from the *Heptaméron* of Marguerite of Navarre

currency—and plumbing—in an environment which is otherwise delightfully foreign. Another nice thing you'll notice is the almost total absence of that greedy, screw-the-American-tourist atmosphere characteristic of many foreign resort areas.

You don't have to pick up your car at the airport; you can cab it to your hotel or arrange for the hotel to pick up you and your gear. As soon as you've got wheels of your own, however, repeat to yourself, over and over until you've got the hang of it "keep to the left, keep to the left, keep to the left." Driving on the left is one of the historic legacies of British dominion, and its retention in American territory is variously explained as being due to the inability of draft animals to learn which side of the road to keep to while their drivers dozed, and to the inability or unwillingness of West Indian drivers to learn to keep to the right. Whatever the reason, a mercifully short and marvelously bloody attempt was made to switch traffic to keeping right—and then was abandoned.

We had the foresight to make our reservations well in advance. (Right now is not too soon to make reservations for a year from now at the more popular hostelrys; it's also a good time to make reservations for the coming, summer off-season—though the pleasures of the Islands really know no season, thanks to those already mentioned trade winds.) We chose Bluebeard's Castle, a not-fancifully named hotel, since its tower was built by the pirate as a private stronghold 300 years ago, and tooled thither—keeping to the left—along Charlotte Amalie's waterfront and then, shifting down to first, up a hill which looked like a vertical wall to our Stateside eyes. Bluebeard's, like other commendable St. Thomas hotels, has advantages we found important and that seem worth mentioning for other urban-oriented vacationers. These include proximity to the town of Charlotte Amalie, a hilltop location with a view in all directions, detached and semi-detached cottages, each with its own private porch-patio, as well as accommodations in a main building, air conditioning, a pool, a respectable cuisine (offering the customary Caribbean buffet lunch which shares the virtues of smorgasbord and *hors d'oeuvres variés*—with French, Danish, African, Caribbean, Dutch and New England trimmings, not to mention delectable rum-soaked deserts), a good bar, terraces with views and bar service, and an outdoor dancing pavilion with candlelit cocktail tables and that ubiquitous Virgin Isles' standby, a steel band.

One thing Bluebeard's doesn't have, right on the premises, is a beach. Like

most of the more desirable hostelrys—where one finds action and social activity, as well as luxurious ease—the choice of site is on the precipitous slopes about the town of Charlotte Amalie, with their magnificent views and cooling breeze, rather than down on the beach. To compensate, most hotels provide bus service to a large number of beaches, each with its own charms, and all equipped with bathhouses and pavilions. Bluebeard's has its own private beach, and also beach bungalows to be rented by those who want seclusion, the sound of the surf and, perhaps, bathing in the buff by moonlight. There is also a luncheon pavilion with bar. Towels, showers and dressing rooms make it a cinch to switch from street clothes to swimwear and back again. Two other beach clubs, with a small admission charge, bar, restaurant, dressing rooms and all beach sports, are Morningstar Beach and Sapphire Bay Beach. Both feature moonlight parties.

Of the island's many hotels, one may indulge best in the ultimate of modern luxury at the vast, flashy Virgin Isle Hilton. Whether you stay there or not, be sure to catch the Thursday night barbeque and the turtle races in the pool (a big betting event) plus native and Stateside music for dancing. Other hotel scenes you will want to make, either for food, entertainment, dancing, drinking, their particular view or as vacation headquarters—all of them worth at least one visit during your island sojourn—include Morningstar Beach Club and Cabanas, and the Mountaintop Hotel, which offers excellent food, glass-enclosed bar-restaurant surrounded by tropical gardens, and free transportation to its own private island, reserved for its guests to picnic, fish, swim, snorkel, skindive and enjoy night-long beach parties. Among the swingingest hotels is one appropriately named The New Flamboyant (it is both). The Water Isle Hotel and Beach Club has its own magnificent beach, has the good, European sense to provide double beds, and is a dandy place to go if you don't mind the occasional need to hack a path through honeymooners. Two other hostelrys deserve special mention: the Caribbean Beach Hotel for its alfresco dining and tropical gardens at water's edge and its steel band, limbo dancers, calypso singers, and the most oversized charcoal pit in the Virgin Islands. The other is Yacht Haven, a rather special place because it includes a huge marina, where one may walk the gangways between boats ranging from outboard runabouts to magnificent, world-girdling yachts. Yacht Haven goes in for suites, has a palm-ringed pool and excellent Continental cuisine.

Once you have established yourself in your vacation digs, you'll want to go out and see the town. (Whether or not you've rented a car, you'll probably make frequent use of the island's taxis for shopping, visiting, and even an occasional evening out, since they are for the most part elegantly dilapidated and large American cars, driven by extraordinarily courteous and informative natives, and are gratifyingly inexpensive even for an entire evening.) By day, a major attraction is the waterfront, where ancient native sailing craft contribute their bit to the Caribbean confusion of impromptu sidewalk markets, and rub mooring lines with sailing yachts that accommodate intimate groups (the individuals may not even know each other when they get aboard but intimacy is inevitable) which cruise among the Islands. On the landward side of the wide waterfront boulevard-esplanade are shops, restaurants and alleys. These last are rather unique to the Virgin Islands: before they became resorts and while they were major coaling and shipping ports, huge, long, low masonry warehouses were built from the European handmade brick which was commonly used as ballast for ships coming to the Virgins to load up on rum and other tropical delectables. The alleys between were made to slope gently toward the waterfront, the angle being just right to keep a cask of rum rolling at a comfortably controllable speed. The warehouses are built of rows of perfect arches, with no keystones. Most are warehouses no longer, having been converted to stores and restaurants, night clubs and bistros, bars and booze bargain-counters, and some of the alleys between are utilized as outdoor patios for cocktails and luncheon.

Social life starts early in St. Thomas, usually a bit before noon. This is also when the sport of hotel-hopping commences, since virtually all the island's hotels have cocktail lounges, patios, buffet lunches, and often a cocktail-hour atmosphere before lunch. Two places we found ourselves visiting more than others at the luncheon hour are the Petite Pump Room and Hagan's House. Camille Dupleix is the man to see at the Petite Pump Room, named after Chicago's Pump Room, which he helped launch. He will recommend native or French dishes, being master of both, and—if you tell him you read about his place in PLAYBOY—may be prevailed upon to tell you his version of the invention of the bloody mary, to whose claim by George Jessel he takes strong exception. You can eat at the Petite Pump Room in the cool, dark, arched interior of the place, or at tables in the sun-dappled alley named Palm Passage. Hagan's is an outdoor, sidewalk café.

(continued on page 126)

fiction By MIKE McGRADY and JOE HICKEY

THE PERFECT ALIBI

he'd learned the hard way that hate is not the opposite of love; disinterest is

TO BE OPENED ONLY AFTER MY DEATH —
I'm now dead.

Last night — between the hours of 10 and midnight — your hired executioners shaved my head and strapped me into the electric chair. Man-made lightning boiled my blood and scorched my flesh.

This morning, spreading marmalade on your toast, you read all about it. The newspapers undoubtedly referred to me as "the mistress murderer." Headline writers, well known for their propensity toward alliteration, quite possibly led off with "SEX SLAYER SIZZLES."

Poetic perhaps. But by no means accurate. True, my corporal liquids may have sizzled somewhat. I take issue only with the preliminary terminology. I am not a mistress murderer. Nor am I a sex slayer.

It is not my intention to bore you with further protestations of innocence. My sole concern is for your safety. Arlene's murderer walks freely among you at this very moment. This I shall prove — how does it go again? — beyond all reasonable doubt.

I have an alibi. It is airtight, fool-proof. Literally, a perfect alibi.

I could not, for reasons soon to be disclosed, introduce this evidence during the trial. At that time I simply stated I was with my wife the night of the murder. My wife — as you remember — disappeared, which was, rather obviously, interpreted as evidence of her reluctance to testify on my behalf. My very able defense attorneys pleaded with her through full-page newspaper advertisements, to no avail, and no sob-sister — or hardened court reporter — could blame the wronged woman for failing to come forward.

The prosecution established passion as the motive for murder. My middle-aged passions — as transitory and ineffectual as summer lightning — were never aimed at destroying Arlene. At times, as Arlene's neighbors testified, I may have raised my voice to her. But a temporary hate will never overrule love. Disinterest, not hate, is the opposite of love.

All such passions had long since disappeared from my legal marriage. I had watched my wife pluck whiskers from her chin with absolute disinterest. Her ever-sturdier undergarments — etching deeper and deeper into that abundance of flesh — left me totally unmoved.

It no longer matters how she learned of Arlene's existence. The fact remains, she *did* learn. I almost welcomed her initial reactions — explosive threats of lawsuits, the ultimate ultimatums of a Wronged Woman. In truth, it was no more than a momentary diversion in the endless boredom of our uneasy co-existence. A match flaring up in a darkened room, a gunshot ringing out during the third act of a tedious play.

The prosecution inevitably referred to Arlene as my "mistress." This word I would quarrel with. True, I did upon occasion bring her small offerings — a vial of inexpensive perfume, a movie magazine, a bouquet of zinnias from my wife's garden. But "mistress" — that's a businessman's term. It implies goods sold and purchased. When a young man receives the first favors of his beloved, who among you would be callous enough to label her "whore"?

Perhaps you still doubt the validity of our love. Arlene, as the newspapers

pointed out on a daily basis, was young enough to be my daughter. But love recognizes no disparity in ages. It considers neither past nor future. Our love required no diamond rings, no patterned silverware, no 30-year mortgages.

We paid the rent when it fell due. We sat on uncarpeted flooring and fed each other with our fingers. Arlene's only jewelry was a thin turquoise ribbon knotted at her throat.

Consider, if you will, what this meant to me. I, like you, had counted off my days and years on punched-out commutation tickets. One-putting the 18th at Piping Rock, completing the Sunday *Times* crossword puzzle — these were the only mountains I dared ascend.

No, I am not Casanova. But neither am I a sex slayer. My unmuscled stomach sags over my belt. My gray hair parts to make way for baldness. In the very act of love I picture myself as breathing a trifle too obviously, coated with unseemly perspiration, awkward, even ludicrous. A comic figure, an old man jousting with youthful windmills. Heroic in the eyes of only one. Romeo to a Dresden doll who stood brave — but naked — before my wife's sinister threats. To Arlene's everlasting credit let it be recorded that the end of her life came before the end of her love.

But I digress. Lack of motivation does not enter into my perfect alibi. The night of the murder I was with my wife at our summer cottage. You will find her there, buried several feet to the left of the azalea bushes. At the time of Arlene's slaying, I was somewhat similarly occupied — with my wife.



FROM COLLAR TO CUFFS

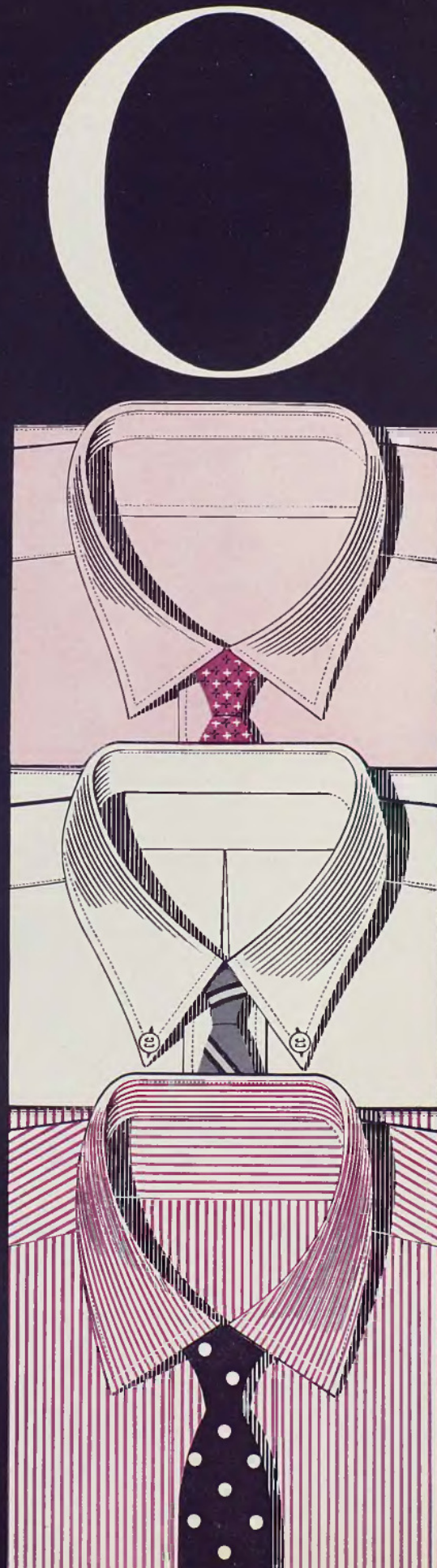
a gentleman's guide
to shirts and shirtings,
styles and colors,
and how to select those
suitable to you and
proper to the occasion

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

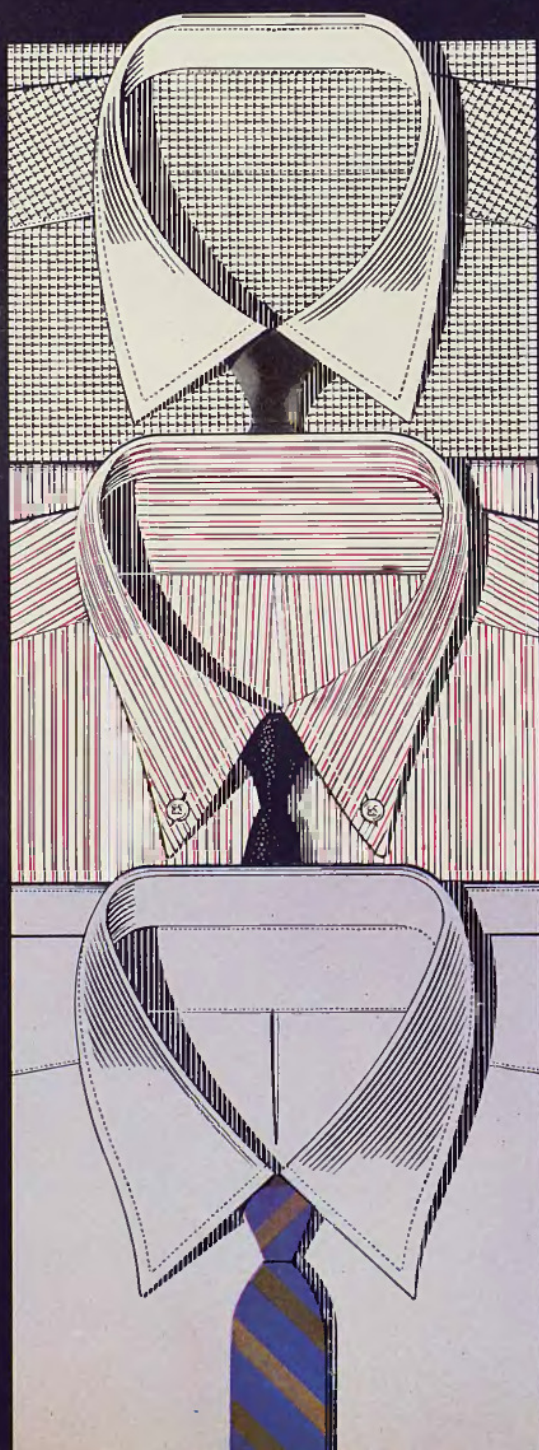
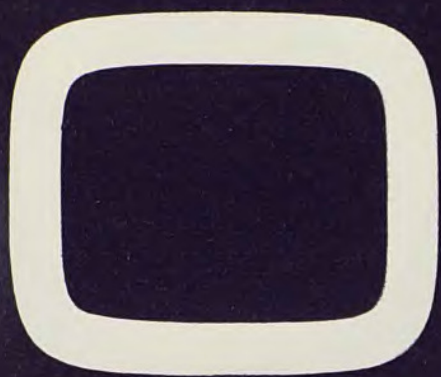
DRAWINGS BY BILL CARR

Oval, the shape of most masculine faces, is compatible with almost any collar style, as shown at right, top to bottom: business shirt with medium-spread snap-tab collar, appropriate in coordination with four-in-hand necktie knot, Continental or British-influenced jacket; classic long-pointed buttondown, best with British or Ivy suit; bold-stripe shirt with pointed widespread collar, worn with Windsor or four-in-hand tie knot, Continental or English suit.

AVERAGE OVAL FACE



RECTANGULAR FACE



FROM THE ABUNDANCE of shirt styles available on the haberdasherial market — tailored variously with long-point, short-point, round-point, widespread, medium-spread, buttdown, tab and pin collars — it behooves the fashion-wise male to select those styles which best befit not only his mode of attire (Ivy, Continental, British) but his shape of face. A collar style unsuited to his facial outlines can mar the effect of the most tasteful tie and suit ensemble; while the correct collar style for the contours of his face — and for the proportions of his neck — will handsomely enhance his appearance with a custom-tailored look.

Those men with oval faces — the majority — can wear almost any collar style to advantage, but those with rectangular, round or long faces would be well advised to stick with styles specifically designed to complement their facial features. As a rule — though most rules of aesthetics are proven by their exceptions — spread, buttdown and long-pointed collar styles are those best suited for rectangular- and round-faced fellows; the long lines of the collar points help to create the impression of a leaner, longer face. (On men of such proportions — often endowed also with short or broad necks — the trim lines of pin, tab and short-point styles would look incongruous and pinched.) Those with long necks and slim faces, on the other hand, acquire the appearance of a fuller, less angular profile with these same styles — and with the emergent high-roll collar with a neckband height of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches which effectively de-emphasizes the length of the neck by covering part of it.

But collar styles can't be judged by face value alone. The cut of the coordinate suit must share equal weight in the final selection of an appropriate style. The traditional buttdown, pin and snap-tab collars, for example, blend most naturally with the Ivy League silhouette, while Continental and British-influenced suits look best with round and spread-style collars of medium to regulation length.

The choice of necktie knot is a matter of individual preference, but we

Of the several collar styles fitted for faces of rectangular shape, those illustrated at left most effectively create the illusion of a leaner, less square profile. Top to bottom: checked shirt with widespread white collar, Windsor-knotted tie, suitable in counterpoint with solid-color jacket; pin-striped Ivy buttdown complemented by black tie with four-in-hand knot; business shirt with long-pointed, medium-spread collar, correct with Continental or British-inspired suit.

give the nod to the four-in-hand for all collar styles except the widespread, which requires the more triangular Windsor knot to fill the collar opening. (The step-by-step procedure for tying both of these knots is diagramed on page 111.)

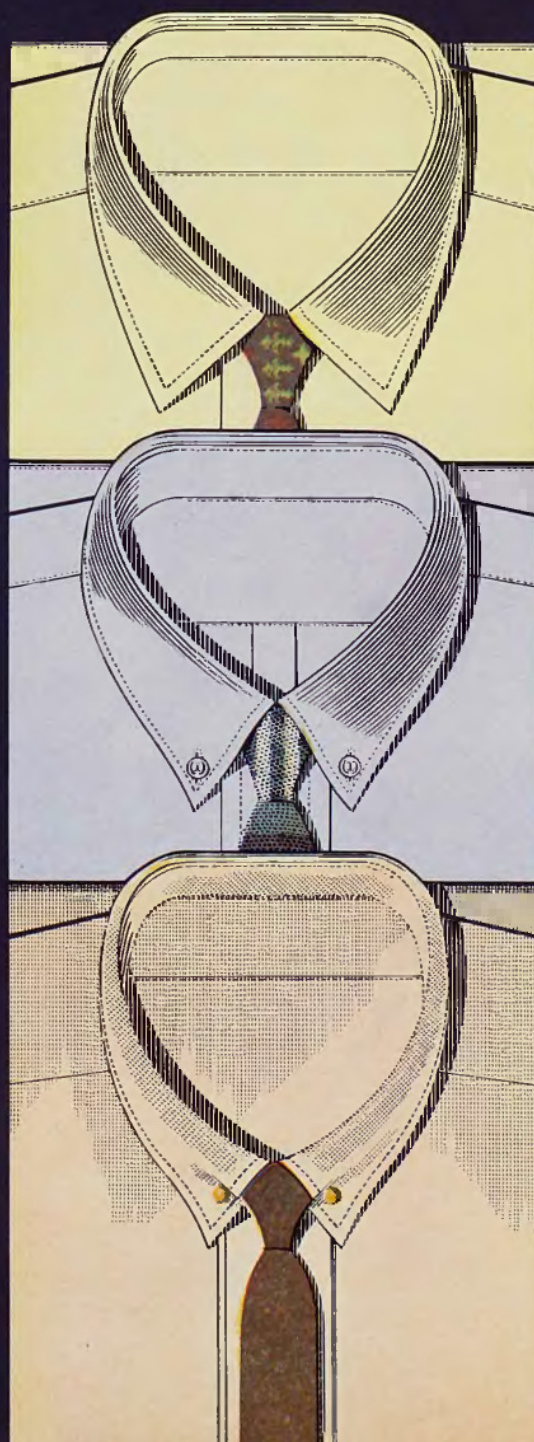
Moving south from the collar to indulge in a few choice cuff words: barrel and French cuffs are equally acceptable — according to taste, mood and social occasion — with every collar style except buttondown, for which the informality of the barrel cuff is considered *de rigueur*. The convertible cuff — a barrel style with a second buttonhole beside the button for conversion to link wear — is a dual-purpose convenience best suited for the wardrobe limitations of jet travel. Only the French cuff is properly worn starched, though we prefer a soft cuff even in a dress shirt both for comfort and longer-lasting freshness. Sleeve length — determined by measuring from the nape of the neck across the shoulders and down to the wrist with the arm held naturally at one's side — is entirely optional; the amount of shirt cuff showing below the jacket sleeve may vary tastefully from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.

Before purchasing a shirt for its cuff or collar style, however, it's wise to appraise its true quality by scrutinizing the tailoring with an educated eye. First, the shirt should be cut full enough to allow adequate room for movement, but not so full that it blouses out. Many of the new Ivy League styles are tailored with tapered bodies for a trimmer, slimmer fit that doesn't ride up over the belt. You should also check the stitching along the collar, cuffs, front panels, pockets and shoulders; it should be smooth and flat, threaded in single rows, never chain stitched. Assure yourself as well that the stitching around buttonholes is adequately backstitched to minimize fraying.

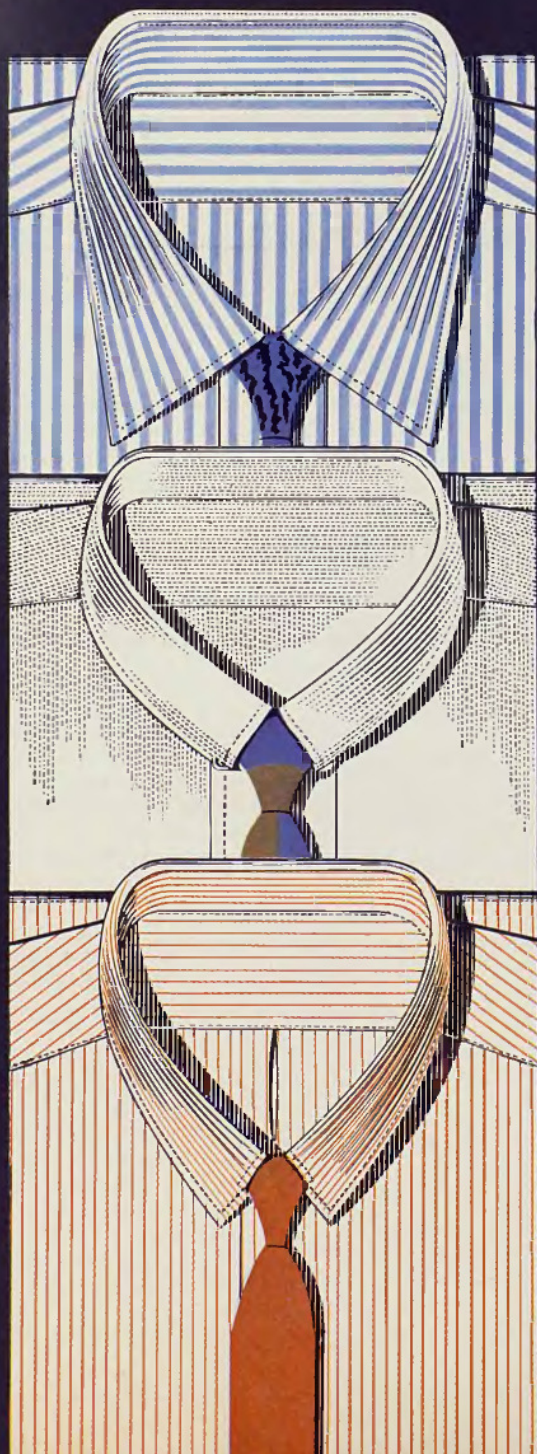
From a material point of view, the hardy perennials in shirting for business wear are those two classic cottons: broadcloth, the popular favorite — a lustrous, closely woven fabric; and Oxford cloth, the Ivy League pace-setter — a soft-textured, wide-weave fabric.

On the man with a rounded face, the collar that imparts the look of a longer, leaner visage is the one to wear. At right are three such styles, top to bottom: business shirt with modified-spread collar, correct in combination with olive- or brown-tinted Continental and British-inspired jackets; trim, short-point buttondown, worn with four-in-hand necktie knot; wide-weave shirt with pin collar, impeccably appropriate with four-in-hand necktie knot, any suit style.

ROUNDED FACE



LONG LEAN FACE



Though both are comfortably correct for winter or summer wear, increasing numbers of warm-weather shirts are appearing in the office and on the town in breezy, featherweight batistes, voiles, piqués, Pima cottons and Dacron mixtures.

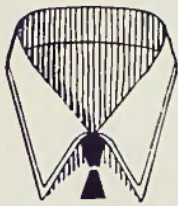
While white remains the indisputable standard in urban shirtwear, muted shades and patterns both enlarge and enliven the workday wardrobe in terms of contrast and co-ordination with the tones and patterns of suits and ties. The selection of suitable shirt shades should be determined by hair color as well as personal taste: brown-haired men look best in pale blues, light browns, grays, greens, yellows and black pinstripes; brunets in sand tones, azure, olive, charcoal and pencil-striped reds; blonds in earth and sky tones lighter than the suit color; redheads in any hue of blue or green; and gray-haired men in muted shades of every tint but tan.

To co-ordinate shirt color tastefully with tie and suit, simply match tie and shirt with contrasting suit, shirt and suit with contrasting tie, or tie and suit with contrasting shirt. At its subtlest, the art of blending patterned shirts and patterned ties with imagination as well as propriety is largely a matter of personal flair. Quiet contrast is the basic premise: small-patterned shirt with large-patterned tie, wide-striped shirt with narrow-striped suit or tie, figured tie with subdued striped shirt or solid-color suit, bright-figured shirt or tie with muted-tone plain suit, etc. As a harmonizing and unifying counterpoint for any such combinations, at least one of the three wardrobe elements—tie, shirt or suit—should be an understated solid color.

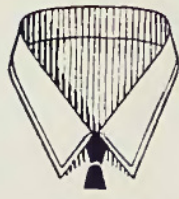
On page 110 you'll find the other end of our shirt tale: a compendium of tables, diagrams, fundamental facts and practical pointers about shirts, shirtwear and ties for your further guidance. In your final selection of styles, fabrics, colors and patterns, of course—for shirtwear, as for *any* wear—our sartorial suggestions can serve only as advisor, not as arbiter. They must ultimately acquiesce to the dictates of your own personal taste.

Out of the myriad collar styles available in shirts for business and social wear, slim Jims should select those designed to offset their lean lines with the impression of a fuller face and neck, as shown at left, top to bottom: bold-striped shirt with widespread, high-roll collar, worn only with Windsor knot; clean-lined English pin-collar shirt with short rounded points; business shirt with snap-tab collar, trimly tailored for wear with Ivy, Continental or British-cut suitings.

THE 12 BASIC



LONG POINT



REGULAR POINT



SHORT POINT



WIDESPREAD







MEDIUM SPREAD



IVY BUTTOWNDOWN

CO-ORDINATING COLLAR, SUIT & NECKTIE STYLES

FACE SHAPE	COLLAR STYLE	NECKTIE KNOT	SUIT STYLE
 OVAL	Widespread	Windsor or Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional
	Medium-Spread	Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional
	Buttdown	Four-in-hand	Ivy or British Traditional
	Long, Short or Regular Point	Four-in-hand	Ivy or British Traditional
	Tab	Four-in-hand	Ivy, Continental or British Traditional
	Pin	Four-in-hand	Ivy, Continental or British Traditional
 RECTANGULAR	Widespread	Windsor or Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional
	Medium-Spread	Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional
	Buttdown	Four-in-hand	Ivy or British Traditional
	Long or Regular Point	Four-in-hand or Bow	Ivy or British Traditional
 ROUNDED	Widespread	Windsor or Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional
	Medium-Spread	Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional
	Long or Regular Point	Four-in-hand	Ivy, Continental or British Traditional
	Buttdown	Four-in-hand	Ivy or British Traditional
 LONG LEAN	Widespread	Windsor or Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional
	English or Round-Point Pin	Four-in-hand	Ivy, Continental or British Traditional
	Short-Point	Four-in-hand or Bow	Ivy, Continental or British Traditional
	Tab	Four-in-hand	Ivy, Continental or British Traditional
	Short-Point Buttdown	Four-in-hand	Ivy or British Traditional
	High-Roll	Four-in-hand	Continental or British Traditional

GLOSSARY

OF BASIC SHIRT-STYLES, SHIRTING AND NECKWEAR

BARREL CUFF: Single attached cuff style worn unstarched with buttonhole closure on dress or sport shirts.

BATISTE: Fine-weave, cotton shirting named after Jean Baptiste, the linen weaver who introduced it to Renaissance France.

BEDFORD CORD: Finely corded shirting fabric with the same crisp look as piqué.

BROADCLOTH: Closely woven, lustrous cotton shirting cloth invented in Britain in the 1920s; originally made on a loom wider than the customary 20 inches, hence the name "broadcloth."

CHALLIS: Pronounced "shalley," a lightweight, soft-textured wool or cotton fabric of East Indian origin; characterized by small floral or geometric patterns; also designates the patterns themselves.

COLLAR RISE: Height of neckband at the back of a shirt with the collar attached.

COLLAR STAND: Height of neckband at the front of a shirt with the collar attached.

CONVERTIBLE CUFF: Barrel cuff with second

buttonhole beside button for conversion to cuff-link wear; worn unstarched.

DACRON: DuPont's trademark for its washable, quick-drying, wrinkle-resistant polyester fiber; widely used in shirting.

DEMIFRONT: Short shirt front, stiff or pleated, for formal wear.

DRESS SHIRT: Properly, a shirt for formal wear with plain or pleated front (starched or soft), medium-spread collar, French cuffs, buttonhole front closures, worn with studs, black bow tie; term also loosely applied to entire category of nonsport shirts.

FOULARD: Sleek lightweight fabric printed with small design on plain ground, used in fine cravats and English ascots; also designates the design itself.

FRENCH CUFF: Turned-back double cuff attached to shirt, worn soft or starched, with cuff links.

FORMAL SHIRT: See **DRESS SHIRT**.

FUSED COLLAR: Processed collar with interlining laminated to outer layer of shirting to minimize wilting and wrinkling.

GINGHAM: Yarn-dyed, plain-weave, long-wearing cotton shirting fabric, usually

woven in plaids and checks, sometimes in solids and stripes.

GRENADINE: Open-weave tie fabric, usually silk, available in a variety of intricate textural self-patterns.

HANDKERCHIEF LINEN: Sheer, plain-weave shirting cloth.

HIGH-ROLL COLLAR: Collar with neckband rise 1½ to 2 inches in height.

HOPSACKING: Rugged, loosely woven sport-shirt fabric in basket weave.

JACQUARD: Weave named for the jacquard loom, which creates a raised figure on the fabric; popular in tie patterns and white-on-white shirtings.

LAWN: Light cotton shirt fabric which derives its name from Laon, France, where it was first made.

LONG-STAPLE COTTON: Any of several superior breeds of shirting cotton characterized by unusually long fibers; extremely fine, lustrous and durable.

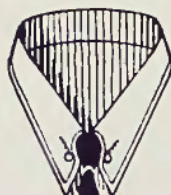
LONG-ROLL COLLAR: Low-front collar with points 3¾ inches to 4 inches in length.

LOW-SLOPE COLLAR: Attached collar on which upper line has forward slope and neckband is set low.

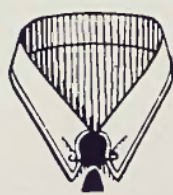
COLLAR STYLES



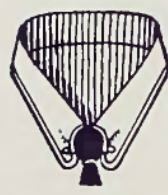
**SHORT-POINT
BUTTONDOWN**



**LONG-POINT
PIN**



**STANDARD
PIN**



**ROUND-POINT
PIN**



**ENGLISH
PIN**

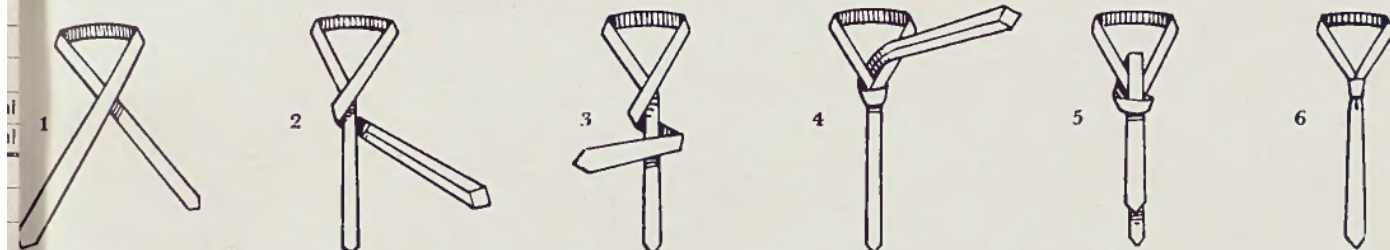


TAB

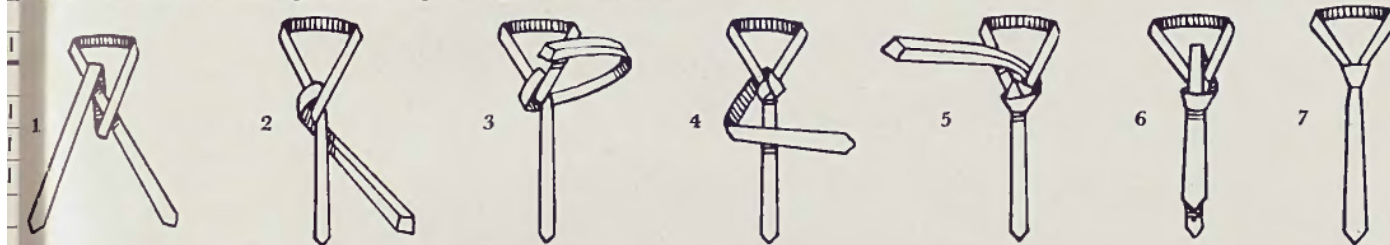
KNOTTING THE NECKTIE

NOTE: Match the tie as shown with your mirror image. If you're left-handed, simply reverse the procedure.

FOUR-IN-HAND 1. Start with narrow end of tie on your left, approximately two thirds as long as wide end; cross wide end over narrow end to your left. 2. Bring wide end around behind narrow end. 3. Pull wide end completely around to your left. 4. Continue back and up through center. 5. Pull wide end down through center loop, forming a dimple under the knot with index finger. 6. Tighten and center.



WINDSOR 1. Start with narrow end of tie on your left side, approximately one half as long as wide end; cross wide end over narrow end to your left, continue back, up through center and over. 2. Tighten and bring wide end behind narrow end as shown. 3. Pull wide end up and pass inward through loop. 4. Pull tight and pass wide end all the way around front of knot. 5. Continue back and up through center. 6. Pull wide end down through center loop. 7. Tighten and center.



MADDER: Any of several deep, rich colors derived from old Eurasian dyeing herbs which give tie and sport-shirt cloth a dusky cast and suedelike feel.

MADRAS: Fine cotton necktie and shirting cloth woven in countless plaid, striped, print and solid-color patterns on East Indian handlooms; fades slightly in sunshine, colors tend to run or "bleed" somewhat in water.

NECKBAND SHIRT: Collarless British shirt style with buttonholes in front and back of neckband, worn with separate collar.

OXFORD CLOTH: Loose-weave, long-wearing, soft-textured cotton shirting.

PAISLEY: Candle-flame tie and sport-shirt design in vibrant colors; an Oriental pattern copied by the shawl makers of Paisley, Scotland.

PIMA COTTON: Fine-fibered crossbreed of cottons from Egypt and Arizona's Pima County; used for cool, airy shirting.

PIN COLLAR: Style in which rounded collar points of short to standard length are joined by pin hooked under tie, usually through stitched eyelets.

PIQUÉ: Crisp cotton shirting fabric produced

by weaving two layers of cloth together on the same loom; comes in variety of patterns, including spirals, pigskins, ribs and waffles.

PLACKET: The neck opening at the front of a pullover shirt.

PLEATED FRONT: Dress-shirt front made with pleats of identical or varying widths, worn starched or soft.

PULLOVER: Shirt with partial front opening, closed with buttons, toggles or zipper, which must be pulled over head.

REP: Lustrous, durable, diagonally ribbed necktie fabric, usually silk; the classic Ivy tiecloth. (See also **STRIPES: Rep.**)

ROUND-POINT COLLAR: Style in which traditional triangular collar points are replaced by short or standard-length rounded points.

SEA ISLAND COTTON: Strong, lustrous shirting fabric, silklike in texture.

SHORT ROUNDED COLLAR: Shirt collar with rounded points 1 to 1½ inches in length.

SINGLE CUFF: Starched shirt cuff of single thickness worn with cuff links.

STARCHED FRONT: Shirt style for white-tie formal wear with two or three thicknesses of fabric—usually piqué—on set-in front; tailored with one, two or three stud closures.

STRIPES:

Club: Any three-color tie stripe pattern of equal width.

Regimental: Diagonal tie stripe pattern, ranging usually from ⅓ inch to ½ inch, designating the classic colors of well-known British army regiments.

Rep: American version of the regimental stripe; diagonal, but nonregimental in widths and colors.

Pin: Pencil-thin vertical shirt striping.

STUDS: Shirt fastenings—usually set with mother-of-pearl or semiprecious stones—worn with formal wear.

TAB COLLAR: Collar with points fastened to neckband by attached tabs held in place with snaps or collar button.

TARTAN: Plaid tie and sport-shirt patterns inspired by kilts worn in the Scottish Highlands circa 1600.

VIVELLA: A pedigreed lamb's-wool and cotton mixture used in certain British-loomed knits and flannels; warm but lightweight, it won't shrink, rumple, mat or fade.

VOILE: Costly lightweight fiber of cotton, silk or wool with a crisp texture.

WIDESPREAD COLLAR: Collar style with wide spread between points.

scale to a remote spot between the stars, where gravity, for all practical purposes, is zero. Floating there in space, you will again be weightless; as you stand on the scale, it will read zero.

Now attach a rocket motor to the underside of the scale, and start it firing. As the scale presses against your feet, you will feel a perfectly convincing sensation of weight. If the thrust of the rocket motor is correctly adjusted, it can give you, by virtue of your acceleration, exactly the same weight that you have on Earth. For all that you could tell, unless your other senses revealed the truth, you might be standing still on the surface of the Earth, feeling its gravity, instead of speeding between the stars.

This sensation of weight produced by acceleration is quite familiar; we notice it in an elevator starting to move upwards, and—in the horizontal, not the vertical direction—in a car making a fast getaway or suddenly braking. It is possible to produce artificial weight to an almost unlimited extent by the simple means of acceleration, and quite surprising amounts of it are encountered in everyday life.

We measure such forces in terms of so many gravities or g's, meaning that a person experiencing, say, 10 g's would feel 10 times his ordinary weight. But the actual gravity of the Earth is not involved when the weight force is produced wholly by acceleration, and it is unfortunate that the same word is used to describe an effect which may have two completely different causes.

The most convenient way of producing artificial weight is not acceleration in a straight line—which would quickly take one over the horizon—but motion in a circle. As anybody who has ridden a carrousel knows, swift circular movement can generate substantial forces; this was the principle of the cream separators that some of us country boys can still remember from our days on the farm. The modern versions of these machines are the giant centrifuges now used in space-medicine research, that can increase a man's weight 10 or 20 times.

Small laboratory models can do far better than this. The Beams Ultracentrifuge, spinning at the unbelievable rate of 1,500,000 revolutions a second (not a minute!), produces forces of more than a billion gravities. Here, at any rate, we have far outdone Nature: it seems most unlikely that there exist gravitational fields anywhere in the universe more than a few hundred thousand times more powerful than Earth's.

It is easy enough, therefore, to produce artificial weight, and we may do just this in our spaceships and space stations when we get tired of floating around inside them. A gentle spin will give a

sensation that is indistinguishable from gravity—except for the minor point that "up" is toward the center of the vehicle, not away from it as in the case of the Earth.

We can imitate gravity, then, but we cannot control it. Above all, we cannot cancel or neutralize it. True levitation is still a dream. The only ways in which we can hover in mid-air are by floating, with the aid of balloons, or by reaction, as with airplanes, helicopters, rockets and jet-lift devices. The first method is limited in scope and demands very large volumes of expensive or inflammable gases; the second is not only expensive but exceedingly noisy, and liable to let one down with a bump. What we would like is some nice, clean way, probably electrical or atomic, of abolishing gravity at the throw of a switch.

Despite the skepticism of the physicists, there seems no fundamental impossibility about such a device—as long as it obeys certain well-established natural laws. The most important of these is the principle of the conservation of energy, which may be paraphrased as: "You can't get something for nothing."

The conservation of energy at once rules out the delightfully simple gravity screen used by H. G. Wells in *The First Men in the Moon*. In this greatest of all space fantasies, the scientist Cavor manufactured a material that was opaque to gravity, just as a sheet of metal is to light or an insulator to electricity. A sphere coated with "Cavorite" was able, according to Wells, to float away from the Earth with all its contents. By opening and closing the shutters, the space travelers could move in any desired direction.

The idea sounded plausible—especially when Wells had finished with it—but unfortunately it just won't work. Cavorite involves a physical contradiction, like the phrases "an irresistible force" and "an immovable object." If Cavorite *did* exist, it could be used as a limitless source of energy. You could employ it to lift a heavy weight—then let the weight fall again under gravity to do work. The cycle could be repeated endlessly, producing that dream of all motorists—a fuelless engine. This, to everyone except inventors of perpetual-motion machines, is an obvious impossibility.

Though gravity screens of this simple type can be dismissed, there is nothing inherently absurd in the idea that there may be substances that possess *negative* gravity, so that they fall upward instead of downward. From the nature of things, we would hardly expect to find such materials on Earth; they would float around out in space, avoiding the planets like the plague.

Negative gravity matter should not be

confused with the equally hypothetical antimatter, whose existence is postulated by some physicists. This is matter made up of fundamental particles with electric charges opposed to those in normal matter; thus electrons are replaced by positrons, and so on. Such a substance would still fall downward, not upward, in an ordinary gravitational field; but as soon as it came into contact with normal matter, the two masses would annihilate each other in a burst of energy far fiercer than that from an atomic bomb.

Antigravity matter would not be quite so tricky as this to handle, but it would certainly pose problems. To bring it down to Earth would require just as much energy as lifting the same amount of normal matter from Earth out into space. Thus an asteroid miner who filled the hold of his space jeep with negative-gravity matter would have a terrible time getting home. Earth would repel him with all its force, and he would have to fight every foot of the way downward.

Thus negative-gravity substances, even if they exist, would have rather a restricted use. They might be employed as structural materials: buildings containing equal amounts of normal and negative-gravity matter would weigh exactly nothing, so could be of unlimited height. The architect's main problem would be anchoring them against high winds.

It is conceivable that by some treatment we might permanently degravitize ordinary substances, in much the same way that we can turn a piece of iron into a permanent magnet. (Less well known is the fact that continuously charged bodies—permanent electrets—can also be made.) To do so would require a great expenditure of energy, for to degravitize one ton of matter is equivalent to lifting it completely away from the Earth. As any rocket engineer will tell you, this requires as much energy as raising 4000 tons to a height of one mile. That 4000 mile-tons of energy is the price of weightlessness, the entrance fee to the universe. There are no concessions and no cheap rates. You may have to pay more, but you can never pay less.

On the whole, a permanently degravitized or weightless substance seems less plausible than the gravity neutralizer or gravitator. This would be a device, supplied with energy from some external power source, that would cancel gravity as long as it was switched on. It is important to realize that such a machine would give not only weightlessness, but something even more valuable—propulsion.

For if we neutralized weight exactly, we would float motionless in mid-air; but if we *overneutralized* it, we would shoot upward with steadily increasing speed. Thus, any form of gravity control would also be a propulsion system; we should expect this, as gravity and accel-

The Bunch

FOR A LONG WHILE IT WAS ALWAYS EDDIE, MILTON AND ME MAKING THE ROUNDS. AT PARTIES IT WAS ALWAYS EDDIE, MILTON AND ME.



AND AS OUR OTHER FRIENDS - LENNIE, JERRY AND CHARLIE ALL GOT MARRIED AND HAD KIDS IT WAS STILL EDDIE, MILTON AND ME.



LENNIE, JERRY AND CHARLIE HAD US OVER TO DINNER. THEY FIXED US UP WITH GIRLS. THEY KEPT TELLING US WHAT WE WERE MISSING - BUT SOMEHOW WE STAYED SINGLE - EDDIE, MILTON AND ME.



AND WE SAID WE'D ALWAYS STAY SINGLE. BUT PRIVATELY EACH ONE OF US WAS THINKING - "I DON'T WANT TO BE THE LAST TO GO!"



EDDIE WAS THE FIRST TO GO. MILTON AND I WOULD HAVE DINNER AT HIS NEW HOUSE AND LISTEN TO HIM TELL US WHAT WE WERE MISSING.



MILTON WAS THE NEXT TO GO. I'D GO HAVE DINNER AT HIS NEW HOUSE AND LISTEN TO HIM TELL ME WHAT I WAS MISSING.



I THOUGHT THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT BUT FOR ME TO GET MARRIED. BUT THEN LENNIE GOT DIVORCED. AND THEN JERRY GOT DIVORCED. AND THEN CHARLIE -



SO NOW IT'S ALWAYS THE FOUR OF US MAKING THE ROUNDS AT PARTIES - LENNIE, JERRY, CHARLIE AND ME. BUT IT'S JUST TEMPORARY.



I'M WAITING FOR EDDIE AND MILTON TO COME BACK.



eration are so intimately linked. It would be a wholly novel form of propulsion, and it is difficult to see what it would push against. Every prime mover must have some point of reaction; even the rocket, the only known device that can give us a thrust in a vacuum, pushes on its own burnt exhaust gases.

The term Space Drive, or just plain Drive, has been coined for such non-existent but highly desirable propulsion systems, not to be confused with the Overdrives and Underdrives peddled by Detroit. It is an act of faith among science-fiction writers, and an increasing number of people in the astronautics business, that there must be some safer, quieter, cheaper and generally less messy way of getting to the planets than the rocket. Within a few years, the monsters standing at Cape Canaveral will contain as much energy as the first atomic bomb in their fuel tanks — and it will be much less reliably controlled. Sooner or later there is going to be a really nasty accident; we need a space drive urgently, not only to explore the solar system, but to protect the state of Florida.

It may seem a little premature to speculate about the uses of a device which may not even be possible, and is certainly beyond the present horizon of science. But it is a general rule that, whenever there is a technical need, something always comes along to satisfy it — or to bypass it. For this reason, I feel sure that eventually we will have some means of either neutralizing gravity or overpowering it by brute force. In any event, it will give us both levitation and propulsion in amounts determined only by the available power.

If antigravity devices turn out to be bulky and expensive, their use will be limited to fixed installations and to large vehicles — perhaps of a size that we have not yet seen on this planet. Much of the energy of mankind is expended in moving vast quantities of oil, coal, ores and other raw materials from point to point — quantities measured in hundreds of millions of tons per year. Many of the world's mineral deposits are useless, because they are inaccessible; perhaps we may be able to open them up through the air, by the use of relatively slow-moving antigravity freighters hauling a few hundred thousand tons at a time across the sky.

One can even imagine the bulk movement of freight or raw materials along gravity pipelines — directed and focused fields in which objects would be supported and would move like iron toward a magnet. Our descendants may be quite accustomed to seeing their goods and chattels sailing from place to place without visible means of support. On an even larger scale, gravity and propulsion fields might be used to control and redirect the winds and the

ocean currents; if weather modification is ever to be practical, something of this sort is certainly necessary.

The value of gravity control for space vehicles, both for propulsion and the comfort of their occupants, needs no further discussion, but there are other astronomical uses that are not so obvious. Jupiter, the largest of the planets, is barred from direct human exploration by its high gravity, two-and-a-half times that of Earth. This giant world has so many other unpleasant characteristics (an enormously dense, turbulent and poisonous atmosphere, for example) that few people take very seriously the idea that we will ever attempt its manned exploration; the assumption is that we will always rely on robots.

I doubt this. In any event, there are always going to be cases when robots will run into trouble and men will have to get them out of it. Sooner or later there will be scientific and operational requirements for the human exploration of Jupiter; one day we may even wish to establish a permanent base there. This will demand some kind of gravity control — unless we breed a special class of colonists with the physiques of gorillas.

If this seems a little remote and fantastic, let me remind you that much closer to home there is an even more important example of a high-gravity planet which, perhaps less than 50 years from now, men may not be able to visit. That planet is our own Earth.

Without gravity control, we may be condemning the space travelers and settlers of the future to perpetual exile. A man who has lived for a few years on the Moon, where he has known only a sixth of his terrestrial weight, would be a helpless cripple back on Earth. It might take him months of painful practice before he could walk again, and children born on the Moon (as they will be within another generation) might never be able to make the adjustment. One can think of few things more likely to breed interplanetary discord than such gravitational expatriation.

To avoid this we need a really portable gravity-control unit, so compact that a man could strap it on his shoulders or around his waist. Indeed, it might even be a permanent part of his clothing, taken as much for granted as his wrist watch. He could use it to reduce his apparent weight down to zero, or to provide propulsion.

Anyone who is prepared to admit that gravity control is possible at all should not boggle at this further development. Miniaturization is one of the everyday miracles of our age, for better or for worse. The first thermonuclear bomb was almost as big as a house; today's economy-sized war heads are the size of wastepaper baskets — and from one of those baskets comes enough energy to

carry the liner Queen Elizabeth to Mars. This everyday fact of modern missileery is, I submit, far more fantastic than the possibility of personal gravity control.

The one-man gravitator, if it could be made cheaply enough, would be among the most revolutionary inventions of all time. Like birds and fish, we would have escaped from the tyranny of the vertical — we would have gained the freedom of the third dimension. In the city, no one would use the elevator if there were a convenient window. The degree of effortless mobility that would be attained would demand re-education to an entirely new way of life, an almost avian order of existence.

Even if the extreme of personal, one-man levitation turns out to be impossible, we may still be able to build small vehicles in which we can drift slowly and silently (both are important) through the sky. The very idea of hovering in space was a fantasy a generation ago, until the helicopter opened our eyes. Now that experimental ground-effect machines are floating off in every direction on cushions of air, we will not be satisfied until we can roam at will over the face of the Earth, with a freedom that neither the automobile nor the airplane can ever give.

What the ultimate outcome of that freedom may be, no one can guess, but I have one final suggestion. When gravity can be controlled, our very homes may take to the air. Houses would no longer be rooted in a single spot; they would be far more mobile than today's trailers, free to move across land and sea, from continent to continent. And from climate to climate, for they would follow the sun with the changing seasons or head into the mountains for the winter sports.

The first men were nomads; so may be the last, on an infinitely more advanced technical level. The completely mobile home would require — quite apart from its presently unattainable propulsion system — power, communication and other services equally beyond today's technology. But not, I think, beyond tomorrow's.

This would mean the end of cities, which may well be doomed for other reasons. And it would mean the end of all geographical and regional loyalties, at least in the intense form that we know today. Man might become a wanderer over the face of the Earth, a gypsy driving a nuclear-powered caravan from oasis to oasis, across the deserts of the sky.

Yet when that day comes, he will not feel like a rootless exile with no place to call his own. A globe that can be circumnavigated in 90 minutes can never again mean what it did to our ancestors. For those who come after us, the only true loneliness will lie between the stars. Wherever they may fly or float on this little Earth, they will always be at home.



THE ROLE OF THE RIGHT WING



A DEBATE

A HEAD-ON CLASH OVER AMERICAN POLITICS AND POLICIES TODAY

By **NORMAN MAILER** and **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**

Last month we published two opposing essays written especially for PLAYBOY on the role of the American Right Wing, by two of America's angriest young men, novelist Norman Mailer and author-editor William F. Buckley, Jr. By agreement, each combatant read his essay as his opening statement to a showdown debate, staged by John Golden Productions, before a tense Chicago audience. The rapid-fire cross-interrogation that ensued, a bitter ideological duel, appears here.

MODERATOR: All right, gentlemen. Our watches are synchronized. The fuse is lit. Let us proceed. Mr. Buckley, you may ask Mr. Mailer questions for the next 20 minutes.

BUCKLEY: Mr. Mailer, do you want to win the cold war? Do you care whether you win it or lose it?

MAILER: No, I don't give a damn whether we win or lose the cold war.

BUCKLEY: That's what I wanted to know. Now, do you identify your position of not caring whether you win or lose the cold war as fairly representative of the opinion of Left America, or is this just one of your eccentricities?

MAILER: Listen, we can play gangbusters, but I'd like to answer you with two or three sentences instead of one. I don't care whether or not we win the cold war because the nation that wins the cold war may end up being that nation which is most totalitarian. But I'm interested in protecting and defending and saving the best things in Western civilization, which is quite another matter than the cold war. The two are not at all synonymous.

BUCKLEY: Would you say that the members of the Left Wing in Cuba would care or not care whether we win the cold war?

MAILER: Mr. Buckley, I'm perfectly willing to try to answer your questions in two or three sentences, but you have to give me some chance to turn your questions around. I mean, in answer to your question, it isn't that I beat my wife twice a day, it's just that I beat her twice on Sunday.

BUCKLEY: Let's stay off that.

MAILER: By the way, Bill, I'm not the least bit mad. The answer to the question is simply this—I think any Communist in Cuba naturally wants to win the cold war and that's exactly what's wrong with the cold war.

BUCKLEY: How about an anti-Communist in Cuba?

MAILER: I think that all they want to do is to get the power back from Castro.

BUCKLEY: You say you were against totalitarianism, and I'm quite prepared to agree that you are. I don't understand you when you proceed to say that you don't care who wins the cold war, when it is clear that the totalitarian forces are primarily identified with those of the Communists. Were you for or against the Freedom Fighters in Budapest, or didn't you care who won the cold war there?

MAILER: I'm going to give you a formal answer to that question. I'm an editor of a magazine called *Dissent*. We put out a special issue about the tragedy of that Hungarian Revolution.

BUCKLEY: Then you *did* care in Hungary. When *don't* you care?

MAILER: Now look, I want to tell you something, Bill Buckley. It isn't a matter of where I care or who I care; let's talk like reasonable, sensible politicians. I care about everybody alive on the

face of the earth, and so do you. God bless us both.

BUCKLEY: Mr. Mailer, I understand that my challenge is to try to make you intelligible, and you've got to cooperate.

MAILER: I knew if I kept up these Right Wing tactics long enough you'd have to give me a two- or three-minute speech.

BUCKLEY: I'm questioning. I'm pursuing the format that *you* suggested, not that *I* suggested. And the rules you suggested were that I ask questions and you answer them and then we switch roles.

MAILER: Well, the format has been agreed to. Now, Bill, let me just say one thing before we go any further. I'm perfectly willing to answer any of your questions but I would like to point out to you and to the audience that the questions you address are put on rails, like this! Now you get your little logical train running down these rails and then you ask me to stand at the end of that track and get hit by your questions. I'm trying to talk about the nature of man . . .

BUCKLEY: I'm willing to say that you're rendered impotent by a logical question. But I don't know how to ask unlogical questions, and I simply ask you this . . .

MAILER: The man calls me impotent and then complains because I want to answer.

MODERATOR: All right, let's start again. Mr. Buckley is asking the questions at this moment, and in the appropriate length of time, Mr. Mailer, *you* will ask the questions.

BUCKLEY: We are here, as I understand it, to talk about the real meaning of the Right Wing. Are you prepared to say that it is distinctively the Right Wing that intends and desires to win the cold war?

MAILER: No, it is not the Right Wing that wishes to win the cold war. It is the Right Wing which wishes to blow up the earth.

BUCKLEY: Will you reconcile that position about the Right Wing with the position that you argued at such extravagant length a few moments ago about the extent to which we are all materialists and live for all of these vulgar pleasures of this time. Why do we want to blow up our vulgar pleasures?

MAILER: Well, one notion that does occur to me might be that you work for the Devil and the Devil wants to destroy the earth. But if you'll ask a serious question, I'll give you a serious answer. You ask me a logical question, I'll try to give a logical answer.

BUCKLEY: Well, I will proceed on the premise that the Right Wing desires to win the cold war because we desire to blow ourselves up. This, I take it, is a fair representation of your position. I would then ask you the next question. Why is it that we all desire on the Right Wing to blow ourselves up? Explain this death wish that we have.

MAILER: Well, you think it is better to be dead than Red.

BUCKLEY: Oh, but are those exclusive alternatives? Is it not possible to be alive and free?

MAILER: Yes, it's possible to be alive and free, and the way to be alive and free is to end the cold war.

BUCKLEY: Very well. It seems to me clear that—considering your very accurate statement that the Right Wing in America does indeed resent the growth of the Federal Government and that that which is making the Federal Government grow most is the entire military establishment—why isn't it, therefore, more the Right Wing than anyone else that desires to consummate the cold war, to *win* it? In order to be able to dismantle the military establishment?

MAILER: All right, now that's a fair question. That's the first fair question you've asked and I've got to have three or four sentences in which to answer it. Do I have them, Bill?

BUCKLEY: Yes.

MAILER: I think that there may be some people on the Right Wing who have thought it through this far and are sincere in believing that they can win such a war and then come all the way back from the totalitarian garrison state which would be necessary to fight an all-out nuclear war against the Russians and then come all the way back from that destruction and that totalitarian condition to a free, enlightened conservatism. But my God, if they can do that, then *anything* can happen. I mean, the Communists can all become angels if we can come back from being a totalitarian, war-wrecked nation to being a free conservative nation.

BUCKLEY: Very well, then, the true meaning of the Right Wing—and let's see if I can paraphrase you correctly—is that it is our design to win the cold war, but in winning it we desire to destroy ourselves because we do not understand the metaphysical problem of this establishment of an overwhelming military unit. This is typical, if I may say so, typical analysis of your kind and one of the things in front of which the Right Wing capitulates. That is to say, I surrender, and will not pursue this line of questioning any further. But let me ask you question number two: Why do you suppose that the Right Wing is not concerned with "God's displeasure," as you put it?

MAILER: Well, I don't think the Right Wing is at bottom very religious, you see. I think they pretend to be religious, but I think it is a fraudulent religiosity.

BUCKLEY: Give me an example of somebody you think *is* religious—other than Nehru, preferably.

MAILER: Well, I can only speak very modestly. I think *I'm* religious.

BUCKLEY: Now at a certain point, the Right Wing presumably asks the question whether or not there is a common vocabulary on the basis of which people can speak to each other purposefully.

Now, you may be religious, and I certainly honor any statement that you make about your own faith. I question whether or not it is wise for you—if you would deny others of us the presumption to challenge your faith—in turn to challenge the faith of American conservatives.

MAILER: You're perfectly free to challenge my faith every way you can. As a matter of fact, I wish you would test it, since it is a very private and personal faith. I welcome attacks upon it, because I don't want it to be a fraudulent faith. I don't want it to become a system.

BUCKLEY: May I ask you this, Mr. Mailer? Your impressions of the Right Wing are obviously engrossing, mostly because nobody has ever heard such impressions before. Everybody, including your enemies, has credited you with a very fertile imagination. But you will understand, won't you, if those of us who are Right Wingers have difficulty in squaring off to your inventionistic approach to the problem. We simply say, we don't know what you're talking about.

MAILER: Well, as they used to say back in London, "You won't find out here, Ducks." Look, I think you're using your time very poorly. I suggest you attack me on Cuba. You devoted your entire speech to attacking me about supporting Castro and I thought you might be able to make me squirm a little bit, but perhaps you think it's not altogether possible. I don't know. It's your question.

MODERATOR: Mr. Buckley has decided to end his question period. Fifteen minutes have gone by.

MAILER: You mean he doesn't want the other five minutes?

MODERATOR: Mr. Buckley has decided that 15 minutes of question time is all that he desires at this moment. The same amount of time will now be allotted to Mr. Mailer.

MAILER: No, I want 20 minutes. Mr. Buckley is at liberty to give up five minutes of his 20 minutes but that does not mean that I'm obliged to give up five minutes of my time. I have questions prepared. I wish Mr. Buckley would take his five minutes. I'd be much happier if he did.

BUCKLEY: I waive them. This is one of the freedoms the Right Wing is left with . . .

MODERATOR: All right, proceed . . .

MAILER: Now, Mr. Buckley, I happen to be one of the few people on the Left Wing in this room who happen to admire your literary style. I think you write very well, and I'm not being facetious. I think that you have a lovely and logical and lucid style, and I've studied it very closely. And I found to my distress that while it was a lovely style, it was not a pure style, it was impure, it was tainted with error and inaccuracy. It was tendentious . . . Now, on page nine of your book, *McCarthy and His Enemies*—and the nine is in



Viceroy's
got

the taste
that's right!

Smoke all 7 filter brands



you'll agree:

some taste too strong...
some taste too light...

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Viceroy's got—the taste that's right!



"... And this little piggy went out on the town with a swinging shoe salesman."

Roman numerals, small Roman numerals — it's a book by Buckley and Bozell — there's a sentence: "Senator McCarthy, according to [Richard] Rovere, was a 'cheap politician,' a 'guttersnipe,' a 'seditionist,' a 'crook,' a 'foul-mouthed bum,' a 'mucker,' a 'liar,' a 'ranter,' a 'screamer,' a 'faker,' an 'ogre,' and a 'rattlesnake.'" Now, since I'm also a student of Mr. Richard Rovere's literary style — which I also happen to admire — I said to myself that it's impossible that Dick Rovere could have written in these terms about McCarthy — particularly since I'd read Rovere's book, which struck me, because while it was very critical of McCarthy, it was the first book I'd ever read by anyone which made McCarthy come alive to me, so that I didn't feel that he was a monster but perhaps even a tragic man. So I looked up the originals in Mr. Rovere's book. Now which would you like for your choice, Mr. Buckley: "cheap politician," "guttersnipe," "seditionist," "crook," which of them? Should I choose them? The question is this: I'm going to ask you if you think this is a fair quotation in each case. "Eisenhower had from the start looked upon McCarthy as a cad, a guttersnipe, and he had planned a small gesture of defiance and disassociation." Now, that's not quite the same as Rovere calling McCarthy a guttersnipe. Then Rovere calls McCarthy a "seditionist," according to you. So on page three of Rovere's book, *Senator Joe McCarthy*, we find the sentence is: "No bolder seditionist ever moved among us, nor any politician with a surer, swifter access to the dark places of the American mind." Would you like "crook," "foul-mouthed bum," "mucker," "liar"? I assure you that they're all equally badly quoted. You did an injustice in almost every single case to Mr. Rovere. In almost every case, Mr. Rovere had a complex sentence and you reduced it to a simple sentence. Now I'm willing to go on with this. If you want to hear some more of them I'll ask you, but I thought you told me once that "overkill" is very bad, so I'm willing to let this go if you are not willing to defend your sentence. **BUCKLEY:** "Underkill" is very bad, too, Mr. Mailer. The particular series of pejorative adjectives that were used by Richard Rovere against Senator McCarthy were used in the true sense, were repeated by me in the presence of Richard Rovere and however many million people were watching David Garroway's program. He did not object to a mischaracterization; on the contrary, I think he would be highly offended at any suggestion that he did not think McCarthy was that kind of man.

MAILER: All right. Now, Mr. Buckley, I have a very rudimentary sense of logic, but I'd like to try to display it now. What we have on evidence, and you've not been able to disprove it, is that you have taken vast liberties with quotation.

So it is reasonable for me to assume that you have taken vast liberties with Mr. Rovere's remarks to you on this television program, which I never saw.

BUCKLEY: You realize I feel free to do so, you having established that I am not a religious man.

MAILER: Oh, religious men can be liars, too, after all. Now I want to end with just one, and ask if this is fair: You say Mr. Rovere called McCarthy a "mucker." Now listen to this sentence . . . I mean, you are taking your people in the Right Wing, they follow you, you're their leader, you're the best intellectual the Right Wing has got, in the sense that you're the only one that can stand on a platform and talk at all . . .

BUCKLEY: With you.

MAILER: Now you go and tell these kids, I mean these kids read your book, you know, *McCarthy and His Enemies*, is that the title? Yes. These kids go and they read your book, and they think that Rovere said this about McCarthy, when in fact Rovere said things that were much more complex about McCarthy. And it is desperately unfair to give these kids the idea that Rovere is a totalitarian type of writer, when in fact he is directly the opposite of that. He's a complex writer who tries by his lights to be fair. Now you quote him as calling McCarthy a mucker. Listen to this, page 48: "He (McCarthy) seemed to understand, as no other politician of his stature ever has, the perverse appeal of the bum, the mucker, the dead-end kid, the James Jones-Nelson Algren-Jack Kerouac hero, to a nation uneasy in its growing order and stability and not altogether happy about the vast leveling process in which everyone appeared to be sliding, from one direction or another, into middle-class commonplaceness and respectability."

BUCKLEY: And the balance of the book was to show that Mr. McCarthy emulated precisely the mucker's approach. If you will, in your capacity as guardian of distinctions, explain to me the difference between *emulating* a mucker and *being* a mucker, I will honor that distinction.

MAILER: Oh, it's a fine distinction. If you are being a mucker, you are in the essence of a mucker. If you're emulating a mucker, it just means that your existential state at that moment is mucker.

BUCKLEY: I see. As I understand it, then, we should leave it this way: Senator McCarthy tried as hard as he could to be a mucker, but he didn't quite succeed.

MAILER: If that's the best you can do to defend your sentence, I'll end right there content — content, I think, with a small profit. Now I want to go into some remarks you made in your speech about me. I'm quibbling about these points because you have attacked the liberals on their inaccuracies and their evasions

and their hypocrisies, and I've admired the way you do it. I think it's marvelous the way you show up everything about them that's full of lard. But I think it's unforgivable when *you* become sloppy. For example, you said that I was in the class of 1947 at Harvard. Well, I wasn't — I was in the class of 1943. A small error, but it is a considerable one.

BUCKLEY: I mistook you for your son.

MAILER: Then you say, you quote a sentence I wrote about the condition of man rising perhaps from farce and melodrama to tragedy itself, and then you say in your speech, "Not long after he came out and defended Cuba in a paper written by the so-forth and so-forth Fair Play for Cuba Committee." Now in fact, it wasn't "not long after," it was six years after I wrote that.

BUCKLEY: I don't think that's very long. Do you think that's very long?

MAILER: To those of your people, to those of your followers, to those of your young ladies and gentlemen who are 18 or 19, I think six years is a *very* long time, yes. I think it's like a quarter of their life.

BUCKLEY: In an attempt to understand the nature of this, may I ask you this: Are you implying that in those six years you reformed; that is to say, you went from the stage where you were worse to the stage where you were signing advertisements for Castro?

MAILER: I'm asking the questions now, Mr. Buckley. Now I'm going to ask you a simple question first, a short one, just a yes-or-no answer. If you answer yes, I'll ask another question. Mr. Buckley, have you ever heard of a liberal in the FBI?

BUCKLEY: If I answered the question, I would break security regulations.

MAILER: I think you broke security regulations by admitting that you knew the answer.

BUCKLEY: It may be that the FBI only wants people who want to *win* the cold war.

MAILER: How are they able to tell the difference between people who say they want to win the cold war and people who mean it? Between people who just say they want to win the cold war because they want to get a little power, and the people who say they want to win the cold war because they believe that Christianity is doomed if they don't win the cold war?

BUCKLEY: Well, I assume, that you are correct that our society, like all others, is plagued with profiteers of distress; I think I despise such people as much as you, but I don't see that they figure in the constituency of the Right Wing. I don't think it is the supreme ambition of the Right to continue to pull in dollars as a result of making ammunition. I think it much more likely that the members of the Right Wing — since any financial sacrifice of the kind that you have described means precisely a continual

alienation of power off to a remote center in Washington—that their concern is more immediate than that of many liberals for ending the cold war.

MAILER: I didn't quite follow you, but that's all right.

BUCKLEY: I've noted the difficulty you have.

MAILER: Now listen, in a very good interview you gave to the magazine, *Mademoiselle*, you stated at one point (laughter by audience) . . . No, I gave an interview to *Mademoiselle*, too. I'm not making any aspersions upon Mr. Buckley's capacities. It's a perfectly good magazine to give an interview to. In *Mademoiselle* you said that universal suffrage is a mockery of true democracy. And then, after various rather well-drawn qualifications of that remark, you went on to say that: "An objective test should be promoted in those parts of the South where this situation exists, which would, irrespective of race, color or creed, disqualify from the political process people who fail to pass the test," that precisely the same test that is applied to the Negro ought to be applied to the white man. I take by that you mean the literacy test for voting.

BUCKLEY: Yes.

MAILER: Now that question is this: Do you still say that?

BUCKLEY: Yes. That was less than six years ago.

MAILER: That was about two years ago. The states would, of course, administer such a program. That is, Mississippi would administer the literacy test which both illiterate white Southerners and illiterate black Southerners in Mississippi would take. Is that correct?

BUCKLEY: That is correct. I don't want to change the Constitution, unlike you people, all the time.

MAILER: All right, I'm not saying you do. I'm just saying it's very fine, maybe you are protecting the Constitution, but you will agree that . . . I'm not trying to enter into the merits of the Constitution; maybe it is impregnable in every last single one of its points and maybe it's not—I wouldn't pretend to know. I'm not a lawyer and I haven't studied the Constitution. You may make much capital of that later. But what I do say is that you will admit that when you say this, you are saying in effect: "Keep the black man from having a vote," because no Negro is going to get a vote in Mississippi if whites, Mississippi whites, are administering a literacy test. Or one Negro will get it for every 10 white men. Is that correct?

BUCKLEY: That is obviously incorrect. I was talking there about what I consider to be the desirable system. If you now ask me the question *in fact*: In fact will the state of Mississippi, left to its own devices, discriminate against the Negro? I say yes, most obviously it will,

and I deplore it and presumably you deplore it, and I don't see how you can make any Right Wing capital out of it except, perhaps, I am less reluctant than you to send bayoneted troopers down there to enforce the will of the Administration and the Constitution. The Right Wing is wedded to the proposition that rights ought to be equally shared. And to the extent that they are not equally shared, it is as a result of the abuse of the responsibility of people who are in charge of that process. It is a completely different question, a *shall we*—because we know that rights have been abused; I assume rights have also been abused in Illinois by its governors from time to time—shall we, under the circumstances, abrogate states' rights? No, I'm against it.

MAILER: Bill, I think I gave you fair time on that. Now, I'd like to continue this, I'd like to point out something which is what . . . not the liberal, because I'm not terribly impressed with the liberal point of view, as you may know. I mean, I don't appear here as a liberal at all, I mean I don't care what you call it: a radical, a rebel, a revolutionary, I don't care what. What I *do* know is that I'm not a liberal. I may even be some kind of conservative—an existential conservative, God knows what. At any rate, there are many things in conservatism that I find quite interesting and even beautiful upon occasion, but I don't find this at all beautiful. I think this is ugly and awful, and I think even a good conservative cannot take any pleasure in the notion that many, many, many Negroes would be kept from getting an education by this. Because this can only breed the most cancerous sort of hatred through the country as a whole. It's not good for the nation. And generally, conservatism is always built upon the idea that organic life is the essence of that which protects a nation. The question I ask you is this: Can't you see the radical alternative, which is this: That if, instead of slowing down the rate at which the Negro gets his rights in the South, suppose one speeds it up? Consider this: This might be the greatest boon you could give the white man in the South. Because he might discover that he's not quite so inferior to the Negro as he now seems to believe he is. It would relieve his guilt. Do you think that's a fair approach to the question? I'm interested in your reaction to it. It's not a formal question, it's a query.

BUCKLEY: No, I think it is an unwise approach, and I remember vividly in that connection a statement made by a prominent New York Negro, Mr. Louis Lomax on David Susskind's television show, in which he said, "I grew up in New York, in integrated New York, and I do not know two white people with whom I think I can spend the evening

on equal terms." I don't think that the New Yorkers have come up with a solution which is so blessed by its cogency that it justifies convulsing the constitutional liberties as they are understood by both Negroes and whites in the South.

MAILER: You must realize that one terrible difficulty that even white . . . I hate to use phrases like "men of good will" because it presumes that one is better than one's opponent . . . so let's put it in quotes: Men who believe they are "men of good will," liberals who believe they are "men of good will," that one of the difficulties they have when they sincerely want to make friends with Northern Negroes is that—in a funny way, it's just like the cold war—every time something really bad happens down South, it poisons the relations up North. You know, the sad state of affairs in the South hurts the North far more than it hurts the South, because the North, by being slightly more free and open than the South toward the Negro, is also much more free and open to all the waves of tension, which tend to be buried more in large parts of the South, I think, at the moment. These are my considered ideas; I don't have any definite notions on it. But I do think, I think the Right Wing is not really coming to grips with anything when they keep saying civil rights, states' rights, states' rights, states' rights. States' rights in the name of what?

BUCKLEY: In the name of states' rights. In the name of the idea that the Federal distribution of power is not by any means a guaranteed solvent for human liberty. I don't know of any warrant in the Constitution that says that we will govern ourselves generously, or that we will encourage man's humanity to man. There is a science of politics and the Constitution is a part of that science. And what it simply says is that precisely because man's capacity for abuse is so considerable, one must not lump powers together in such fashion as to make totalitarianism possible. That is why I say that however one might despise government in Mississippi, there is no more excuse for abolishing the states' rights than there is for abolishing free speech because we despise what Gerald L. K. Smith has to say.

MAILER: Now, I'm going to present this notion to you, again in the form of a query rather than a question.

MODERATOR: Excuse me, you have two minutes.

MAILER: All right, I'll try to talk for a minute-and-a-half, and if you'll answer in a minute-and-a-half, it'll be fine.

BUCKLEY: That's what they call distributive justice.

MAILER: Bookkeeping, at any rate. I wonder . . . you see, the great difficulty I have in believing that you guys are the least bit sincere is this: I think that if

you had power in this country, you would take away states' rights as quickly as anyone else would. You might even have to take it away *more* quickly because there would be much more agitation against you if you ever had power. I mean, the one thing about the liberals is that they do quiet agitation all over the place. But you guys would arouse all sorts of agitation, and if you were trying to end the cold war and prosecute a valiant fight, what would you do? You would have to give your Negro soldiers a great deal, and one of the things you would have to give the Negro people here and all over the world is many more freedoms. And so you would contradict, I think, your own policies. As I tried to point out in my speech, I think that if you people came to power, you'd contradict every last single thing you believe in except having atomic superiority over the Russians and going to war.

BUCKLEY: To which my answer is that your vision is defective and that your attempt simply to anthropomorphize in the Right Wing all of the evils that you see in your society is an arbitrary game about which nothing very much can be done. If I were to say, for instance: Every single evil that I can recognize throughout the entire spectrum resides in the bosom of the Left Wing, then it is very simple for us to argue, but on a wholly unrealistic basis. Actually, the liberal has

very distinctive virtues the conservative does not have. I hope I will not be called upon to enumerate them. But it seems to me futile for me to attempt to answer arguments against us which are not generally made, which are not taken seriously, and which simply are the gravamina of your own eccentrically conjoined hates. All I can say is: Not guilty.

MODERATOR: Each gentleman will now be given five minutes to sum up his position, to review the points he has made tonight. Because Mr. Buckley spoke first at the opening of the program, he will have the privilege of speaking last. We call, therefore, upon Mr. Mailer for five minutes only, sir. Go ahead.

MAILER: It was my hope that Mr. Buckley would attack me during the question period on Cuba. He chose not to. For often in a debate like this, one makes certain tactical estimates, and his tactical estimate may have been that it would be best to save Cuba for his rebuttal which, by the perfectly fair laws of the debate, comes after mine since I spoke after him at the beginning of the evening. Therefore, I'm going to presume that he's going to talk about Cuba, and I want to say a few things about Cuba. I don't have any definite clear-cut answers about Cuba; I think that what is going on there now may well be a tragedy. But I do want you to ask yourselves this: Where is this vast and great

threat in Cuba? What is the terrible, frightening thing that's going on? You've got this nation, which is not a very large nation after all, it's got something like 6,000,000 people in it, you've got at the moment 10,000 Russian soldiers there. Now what are they going to do? Are they going to build up to the point where they attack us? Of course not. They're not going to do that at all. As a matter of fact, if we were cool-headed about it, we'd recognize that the Russians may be as embarrassed as we are in many fashions over this. Because they are engaged in an economically expensive undertaking. The same sort of undertaking that we were engaged in in Korea, when we had to supply troops and arms across a vast, vast distance—across half the world, while the North Koreans and the Chinese Communists had a much shorter route of communication. Now, they're getting into the same thing. They can't hope, really, to get into a serious, involved, complicated buildup there. I think the reason we're screaming about Cuba is because, if you just ask yourselves this, the Right Wingers have several names that always fire up their blood system, and one of them is the name of Lenin. Well, let me tell you that Lenin was a very bright man, and you'd do well to study him once in a while and read him because you could learn something from him, just as

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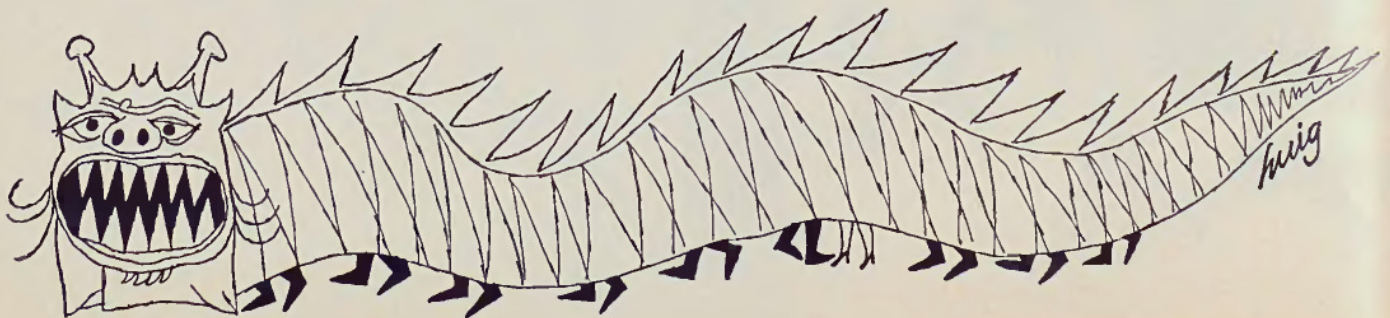
I, in my modest way, have learned something from various writers like Oswald Spengler. At any rate, Lenin once said: "Whom?"—and then he proceeded to apply this for me—he always said, "Whom? Whom does this benefit?" Well, let me ask you this: Does Cuba going Communist benefit me? Does it benefit anybody on the Left Wing in America? Of course not. It just destroys the Left Wing in America. You know who it benefits? It benefits the FBI. And the reason it benefits the FBI is—what were they going to do? They've reduced the Communists in America from 80,000 people to 10,000 people. What were they going to do if the Communists disappeared altogether? [Laughter] No, really, what were they going to do? Were they going to take off after the Mafia? Were they going to break the syndicates? Were they going to mop up crime? I mean, what would happen to the Republican and Democratic parties if they ever destroyed the Mafia? There'd be nothing left. You know, nothing but the corporations, and the corporations can't even run themselves without some smart Italians to figure out how to oil the joints. No, I'll tell you this. The thing about Cuba that is most distressing is I believe they were *pushed* into communism every step of the way. Because there were many too many powerful people in America who take a great delight—they know there's no danger in Communist Cuba. I think the bravest thing that President Kennedy has done since he's come to office is to refuse to get the least bit hysterical about this. It's the first sign he's given of being a really great and interesting President since he's been in, for my money. Because a man who has the courage to make a terrible mistake . . . I think that the invasion of Cuba was criminal, I think it was the worst mistake any president's made in God knows how many years. I wrote at the time it was equivalent to giving South America over to the Communists. And it may be true, yet, that that was the act that did it. Just ask yourselves this: If we'd gone in with a large force and tried to destroy Cuba, we'd have been worse off. If we were holding Cuba now there'd be an underground war going on there, Americans would be killed every day,

there'd be all sorts of race riots here against Puerto Ricans and Cubans all through America because Cubans were killing us. I'm telling you that the luckiest thing that ever happened to us is that we got defeated in the Bay of Pigs. We never should have gone in there at all. I'm going to take my last minute-and-a-half and finish by reading one quote: "Our Government has kept us in a perpetual state of fear, kept us in a continual stampede of patriotic fervor with the cry of the grave national emergency. Always there has been some terrible evil at home or some monstrous foreign power that was going to gobble us up if we did not blindly rally behind it by furnishing the exorbitant funds demanded. Yet, in retrospect, these disasters seem never to have happened, seem never to have been quite real." Now, do you know who said that? I didn't say that. Herbert Matthews didn't say that. Kenneth Tynan didn't say that. General Douglas MacArthur said that—about a year ago.

MODERATOR: Mr. Buckley?

BUCKLEY: I am glad that if this evening has accomplished nothing more, it has caused Mr. Mailer to treat the pronouncements of General MacArthur with solemnity. Mr. Mailer, as you have seen tonight, is what he is. He is a great artist—and I say that sincerely—and I think that his genius will, one day, be recognized. As a political analyst, he comes close to being the most ignorant man I have ever met. He told me over the telephone that he has difficulty because he speaks with mashed potatoes in his mouth—I don't mind the mashed potatoes in his mouth, but they're very much in his mind as far as any attempt has been made to explore systematically the true meaning of the Right Wing—which is why we were summoned here to Chicago. That, plus the hospitality which you've been so kind as to show me. The fact of the matter is that the Right Wing is committed to a series of propositions which are not so complicated. They are not propositions based on the fact that God has nothing to be displeased with us about. They are, rather, propositions that are this simple, and if they are simple, make the most of it, namely: that this is a war worth winning. It is a war worth winning precisely because it ought to be the con-

suming ambition of all free men to keep from happening to countries what has happened to Fidel Castro, what has been imposed by Fidel Castro on Cuba—imposed, moreover, as a result of a series of strategic blunders of such moral magnitude as to cause *even* Mr. Mailer occasionally to show some quiver of apprehension. But instead of turning back, as a manly observer ought to do, instead of examining his conscience—which he is so prepared to do under the least provocation about this particular incident—he simply subsumes it under some general inarticulated desire to end the cold war. Obviously we've got to end the cold war, but it's not that simple. He would tell the Russians why it is that they ought to end the cold war, and presumably his endearing rhetoric would melt the heart of Mr. Khrushchev. Or he might even show him the documentation of Fred Cook, on the basis of which Mr. Cook has also announced to the world that Alger Hiss is really innocent. No, ladies and gentlemen, one of the reasons why the Right Wing may, from time to time, strike you as frenetic in its rhetoric and anxious in its entire posture is because there are men like Norman Mailer who—six years ago or after—who can continue with these gross overarching unintelligibilities. What kind of catastrophe, what kind of a tragedy where in the world will cause him to understand what it is that we are here engaged in trying to stop? How many more nations must be communized before Mr. Mailer starts to worry about them, rather than to worry about the nuances of the conservative policy of Senator Goldwater. Tonight, a spokesman of the Left has failed to come up with a charge against the Right Wing which is relevant; he has no program whatsoever on the basis of which we can turn the hordes of communism, and he does not show the kind of felt compassion for the terrible crucible in which the people of Cuba are being sacrificed as a result of defective statesmanship. If you don't know why a Right Wing should exist, I ask you only to examine the case made by Mr. Mailer tonight, and ask whether or not a response to it isn't a moral imperative in America.



SOUNDS OF '63 *(continued from page 90)*

to act like a 12AX7 under almost any circumstances, but its transistor counterpart was apt to be rather more wayward. Moreover, transistors specifically designed to cope with the wide frequency spectrum and hefty power requirements of high fidelity equipment have been in exceedingly short supply. (It is one thing to produce dependable transistors for shirt-pocket radios and another thing entirely to produce them for 60-watt amplifiers.) After balancing off the credits and debits of transistors, most manufacturers of good sonic gear were inclined to sit on the sidelines and await further developments.

This period of watchful waiting is now at an end. Transistors tailored to high fidelity standards are being turned out in abundance; stringent quality-control techniques have licked the problem of flighty performance; the "further developments" have become tangible reality and transistorized high fidelity is suddenly very much with us. Such prudent houses as Altec Lansing, Allied Radio, Harman-Kardon, Heath and H. H. Scott have already cast a demonstrable vote of confidence in transistors, and many others are sure to follow.

After several enchanted evenings with Harman-Kardon's Citation A Solid State Stereo Control Center (used with Citation amps), we can cast a decided vote of confidence ourselves. This is a 33-transistor preamp of gracefully compact dimensions and remarkably transparent sound. We sampled its sonic blandishments recently via a pair of Koss headphones plugged directly into the front-panel jack provided for the purpose and were struck immediately by the superb clarity and openness with which this equipment reproduced some of our favorite records. Since transistors do not labor under the vacuum tube's built-in limitations of frequency response, the sky is now the limit (Harman-Kardon claims an almost flat response from 1 to 1,000,000 cps for the Citation A).

The transistor band wagon is gaining such rapid momentum just now that it's all but impossible to keep pace with all current developments. Nevertheless, we commend to your attention such equipment as was available for testing when we went to press. Those who favor an all-in-one stereo control-amplifier should look into the Heathkit AAW-21, factory-wired (\$219.95), kit AA21 (\$134.95), the Knight KN 450A (\$189.95), the Harman-Kardon A-1000T (\$280), the Omega 1600 (\$249), and the H. H. Scott 4000 (\$350) — all of them fully transistorized models in the 60- to 100-watt category. For the buff who prefers to work with separate control and amplification units, there are transistorized power amplifiers from Acoustic Technology Laboratories — the Acoustech I (\$395), Altec Lansing — the

315A (\$234) and Lafayette — the LA-280 (\$299.50), as well as the aforementioned Citation A preamp, factory-wired (\$350), kit form (\$250). All-transistor stereo FM tuners are offered by Allied Radio — the Knight KN-160 (\$189.95), Harman-Kardon — the F-1000T (\$250), and Omega — the 1650 (\$249). And there's even a transistorized stereo pickup, the Fairchild F-7 (\$75), which embodies a pre-preamp to boost the minute output voltages generated by this cartridge's low-mass tracing device.

We hasten to add that the vacuum tube is still a highly regarded mechanism. Any talk of its obsolescence would be foolishly premature. A good many engineers continue to prefer the rock-solid characteristics of proven tubes, and there is a firm conviction in some quarters that imaginatively conceived tube circuitry remains unsurpassable in high fidelity applications. Altec Lansing has managed to sit on either side of the fence by utilizing both tubes and transistors in its latest FM-AM stereo receiver, the Astro 708A (\$597), on the theory that tubes are ideal for some functions and transistors ideal for others. On the other hand, Marantz and McIntosh — two firms of Rolls-Royce stature in the audio field — remain, unreservedly committed to tubes. Despite the fact that it disdains transistors, the new Marantz Model 10 FM Monitor Tuner (\$555) — with its unique oscilloscope tuning indicator — is very probably more advanced in concept and versatile in performance than any other tuner presently in production. It is worth noting, too, that Fisher's most recent power amplifier, the SA-1000 (\$299.50), relies on a pair of mammoth KT-88s for its 150 watts of stereo output. And the hi-fi staples put out by the Messrs. Bogen, Sherwood, Grommes, Scott, Bell, and Fisher continue to rely on vacuum tube circuitry.

Either way, whether tubes or transistors, you can more or less make it on your own. An apparently insatiable army of enthusiasts has sent sales of high fidelity kits rocketing in recent years. This kit kick is undoubtedly motivated in large part by the lure of cash savings. Kits are a lot cheaper than their factory-assembled equivalents. You can knock \$100 off the Citation A price by buying it in kit form and Heath's 70-watt transistor control amplifier will cost you a mere \$134.95, ready-to-assemble, as against \$219.95, factory-built. However, if you assign a dollars-and-cents value to your time, the savings may seem somewhat less enticing. You can figure on spending a total of 15 to 25 working hours from the time your kit is first unpacked until the last knob is secured, assuming a fairly complex piece of equipment and a fairly inexperienced builder. If it's going to seem like work, our advice is forget it.

The extra money in the bank won't be worth the trouble. But if it's going to seem like fun, if the idea of watching your equipment take form piece by piece makes you feel a more personal involvement in the ensuing sounds, then don't hesitate to have a go at it.

The hobby aspect of kit building has been helped along tremendously in recent years by some drastic reforms in the method of packaging parts and in the preparation of instruction manuals.

There seems to be unanimous agreement that the least thorny piece of electronic equipment for a novice kit builder is the power amplifier. If you've decided to go for a kit-built rig with separate control and amplification units, then by all means start off with the basic amplifier. Dynaco has two well-designed kits that are temptingly priced — the Stereo 70 (\$99.95), which delivers 35 watts per channel and the new Stereo 35 (\$59.95), rated at 17.5 watts per channel. Harman-Kardon's Citation V (\$119.95), at 40 watts per channel, Eico's HF-89K (\$99.50), at 50 watts per channel and H. H. Scott's LK-150 (\$169.95), at 65 watts per channel, are equally worthy of consideration. Once the power amplifier is completed, you'll want to begin on the control preamp without delay. For the adventurous type, the all-transistor Citation A (\$250) is the obvious choice. (We've been assured by Harman-Kardon, incidentally, that it's a good deal easier to put together than any of the tube models in the Citation line.) If you're trying to keep within a smallish budget, our vote goes to the flexible and easy-to-assemble Dynakit PAS-2 (\$59.95, plus another \$13.95 for the optional satin-tone extruded panel and die-cast knobs). Stereo control amplifiers, combining pre-amp and power amplifier on the same chassis, can also be had in a wide range of kits. Fisher's Stratakit KX-200 (\$169.50), rated at 40 watts per channel, comes equipped with a built-in D'Arsonval meter for adjusting bias on the output tubes. Harman-Kardon's A50K (\$119.50) is a 25-watt-per-channel job that features a handy front-panel headphone jack. Allied's KG-60 Knight-Kit (\$79.95) is an all-transistor unit that measures less than three inches in height and delivers 25 watts directly to each stereo speaker without the need for coupling transformers. You can't go wrong with any of these — nor with similar models put out by H. H. Scott, Eico and Dynaco.

Probably the most popular of all kits these days are those for FM stereo tuners — testimony to the rapid spread of multiplex stereo broadcasts over the last few months. Until a few years ago, only the most savvy kit-builders were advised to attempt FM tuners. Intricacies of wiring and difficulties of alignment were held to be beyond the competence of most nonpros. The H. H. Scott people



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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

changed all that with the introduction of their LT-10 kit, a wide-band FM tuner which has been successfully assembled by thousands of diligent but inexperienced yeomen. Since then, Scott has brought out a stereo version of this tuner, the LT-110 (\$159.95), incorporating the same built-in safeguards against error and misinterpretation. Similarly foolproof FM stereo tuner kits form part of the Fisher Stratakit series—the KM-60 (\$169.95), and the Harman-Kardon Award series—the F-50XK (\$129.95). Allied Radio offers an all-transistor AM-FM tuner kit—the KG-70 (\$99.95), to go with its matching transistorized stereo control-amplifier.

The trend to miniaturization which we mentioned earlier is by no means restricted to transistorized gear. Turntables and speakers are slimming down, too. To be sure, there's no way of reducing that *sine qua non* of all good turntables, the 12-inch platter, but within that limitation a good deal has been accomplished. A turntable-arm assemblage recently introduced by Weathers—the Synchronomatic 66 (\$99.50)—measures a mere two inches in height and tips the scales at an incredible 96 ounces. Instead of relying on the usual single heavy-duty motor, Weathers uses two small hysteresis synchronous motors on opposite sides of the deck—a substitution that results not only in trim dimensions but also in minimal rumble, wow and flutter. AR's new turntable (announced a year ago but just now reaching the market) is somewhat larger and heavier, but still remarkably compact in comparison with some of the massive types that have set the pace up to now. Like the Weathers Synchronomatic, the AR Turntable (\$58) comes equipped with integrated base and viscous-damped arm. Record changers, too, are a bit less bulky than of yore. We remain partial to the so-called automatic-turntable variety, such as the Garrard AT-6 (\$54.50) and the Miracord Studio (\$89.50).

A fascinating exception to the trend toward miniaturization can be found in Shure's new SME Series 2 arm (\$89.50), a British import neither small in size nor simple in construction which can be adjusted for both longitudinal and lateral balance, anti-skating force, arm height and, of course, stylus pressure. This precision-made, quality-performance arm deserves a cartridge of similar attributes, such as the well-known and well-regarded ADC-1, Ortofon, SPU/T, and Shure M33-5, or the more recent Grado Experimental Series MK-1 (\$75), a hand-crafted job using the moving coil principle (1200 turns of gossamer wire on an armature the size of a pinhead); the Empire 880-P (\$47.50), with its ultra-light .6 mil stylus; and the Stanton 481AA (\$49.50), latest and most sensitive in Pickering's line of hermetically sealed Fluxvalve cartridges. All three are designed to track at stylus

pressures down to one-quarter gram. Those who favor the integrated arm-cartridge approach will want to consider the updated model of Shure's Studio Stereo Dynetic (\$89.50 including the new, more highly compliant N22D stylus) and a recent arrival from England, the EMI Model EPU-100 (\$99.75), which has a handy viscous-damped system for raising and lowering the arm.

Shrinkage in speakers has been proceeding apace for some time—ever since the onset of stereo cast most monster enclosures into limbo. Not that there was anything wrong with them. No one in his right mind would minimize the solidly satisfying bass that emerges from a 15-inch woofer in a huge horn. But two of them are often *de trop* for average-size listening rooms; the problem posed by stereo was that of squeezing comparable bass out of much smaller boxes. Edgar Villchur's bookshelf enclosure of the acoustic-suspension type provided an early—and still highly satisfactory—answer. Since its introduction there have been many variations on the bookshelf theme—together with several attempts to reduce speaker dimensions even further.

Most of the trimming has been effected in depth. The budget-priced Jensen X-20 system (\$39.95) has been sliced down to a depth of only 2¾ inches and the more ambitious Jensen 3-P/2 (\$139.50), housing five speakers, adds only one more inch. The JBL people, who continue to produce such mammoth and magnificent speaker systems as their Ranger Paragon, have also been bitten by the miniaturization bug—as witness the JBL Trimline 54 (\$117), measuring a fraction over five inches front to back—and other speaker systems in the under-six-inch category are available from Electro-Voice, University, Goodmans and Fisher. Rek-O-Kut has introduced this year a particularly appealing unitized stereo speaker system, integrating both channels within the same slender piece of furniture. It's called the Sonorama (\$149.95 to \$179.95, according to furniture style), and its long, low dimensions (67" wide, 12" deep, 5" high) allow it to double nicely as a shelf.

This drastic slimming in speaker systems has been made possible by some remarkable engineering advances. By greatly augmenting the excursion of the cone—that is, its ability to move back and forth—without concomitant buckling, a marked increase in bass response and overall crispness can be achieved with speakers of relatively small dimensions. The fruit of these fresh departures in speaker design can be heard not only in the various slimline systems, but even more persuasively in several somewhat larger units of bookshelf size—for example, in Fisher's XP4-A (\$199.95) and Sherwood's Ravinia (\$139.50). Audio Dynamics, already noted for its fine series of ADC cartridges, has recently in-

roduced a line of ADC speaker systems (\$175 to \$250, according to size) which employ a new kind of rectangular polystyrene woofer manufactured in England. The British, indeed, seem to be in the vanguard of speaker development once again, and you can sample their latest wares in the Leak Sandwich Speaker (\$199), the EMI DLS-529 (\$159), the IMF Styrene Pressure Speaker (\$200) and the Wharfedale W90 (\$259.50).

The upgrading of small speaker performance is nowhere more apparent than in the latest hi-fi consoles. If you still think of console sound in terms of boomy bass, peaky midrange and strident highs, listen anew. We won't pretend that a \$500 console can equal a cost-no-object component rig, but we're nevertheless much impressed with the startling improvements to be found in today's ready-made sets. Zenith this year is incorporating a new Stereo Professional changer in its higher-priced consoles, a truly component-quality mechanism with a tone arm that tracks at two grams and a ceramic cartridge of smooth response and high compliance. You'll find it in the sleek Danube model (\$750), whose specifications include a pair of 12-inch woofers and stereo FM radio. General Electric's better consoles also use a pair of 12-inch woofers, plus eight other midrange and tweeter units, to handle the amplifier's 100-watt stereo output. In addition, GE has introduced an accessory feature known as the Home Music Distribution System — by means of which the main console can pipe music, via plugging in to the regular house wiring, to portable speakers in other rooms. Ravenswood, an ex-component house now concentrating on console gear, has brought out an ingeniously conceived line that combines console integration with component flexibility. Modular construction of the Ravenswood innards allows a demanding buyer considerable freedom of choice. The Contempo III set (\$599.95), for example, comes equipped in its basic form with the Garrard Autoslim changer, an FM-only stereo tuner, a 40-watt amplifier and a speaker system employing four 8-inch woofers, but any or all of these units can be upgraded at some additional expenditure. Webcor and Magnavox are right up there, too, with consoles providing more than decent fidelity from all sound sources.

Which brings us to the dazzlingly plentiful supply of new tape equipment on view this year. The latest and by all odds most attention-getting item on the 1963 agenda is Revere's Stereo Tape Cartridge System (\$450), just now reaching the market after years of speculation in the press and of development in the laboratory. The Revere cartridge player resembles nothing else in the field — and provides yet another example of the current trend to miniaturization. Instead of

the usual pair of 7-inch reels, it employs a single wafer-thin cartridge $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches square; and instead of the standard $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips tape speed, it operates at a poky $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches per second. At this slow speed, the 450 feet of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch tape in each cartridge play for 48 minutes. And since up to 20 cartridges can be stacked in the Revere's automatic changer mechanism, the listener can enjoy (if that's the word) some 15 hours of continuous music untouched by human hand. (The music will come either from prerecorded cartridges, courtesy Columbia Records, or from your own off-the-air recordings on 3M's blank tape cartridges.)

In the reel-to-reel category, the accent is more on performance than on dimensions. Crown International's 300 series of four-track recorders may not win any awards for compact styling, but its rugged construction is clearly meant to withstand a lot of use. In many respects, the Crown A 324 (\$520, with built-in preamp) merits professional status. The equipment accommodates $10\frac{1}{2}$ -inch reels, operates in a vertical rack-mounted position and features automatic self-reversal at both $3\frac{3}{4}$ and $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips speeds. The Concertone 605 has what they call Reverse-O-Matic, which enables you to play four-track stereo tapes back and forth without flopping and exchanging reels. Ampex, too, has some new gear — the Fine Line 1200 series — that deserves careful investigation. The Model 1260 (\$545), with facilities for recording and playback of four-track stereo tapes at either $3\frac{3}{4}$ or $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips, embodies the familiar Ampex virtues of smooth handling, constant speed and minimal wow and flutter. Three tape heads allow for simultaneous recording and playback, sound-on-sound recordings and special echo

effects. For those who favor transistorized electronics, Eico puts out the RP-100 tape deck (\$299.95 in semi-kit form, \$399.95 assembled) and Sony its posh Model 777 (\$595) — the latter a magnificently crafted instrument that features push-button solenoid controls, modular plug-in circuitry and a bevy of other desirable specifications. Three other newly styled and versatile tape recorders worthy of your scrutiny and auditioning are the Concord 880, the Roberts 1057 and the Norelco Continental 401.

That about takes care of everything except the neighbors, who can very possibly be a source of annoying rumble, high-level background noise and other varieties of unpleasant distortion. Should the lady next door take a jaundiced view of *Also sprach Zarathustra* at midnight, you can put her out of misery and still do full justice to Richard Strauss by donning a pair of stereo headphones. Both the Sharpe Live Tone (\$43.50) and Koss Pro-4 (\$44.10) headsets use liquid-filled ear cushions for complete isolation from external noise — thus making the world of private listening that much more private. In headphone stereo, of course, the sense of separation between left and right channels is experienced to excitingly heightened effect. If the separation strikes you as excessive, however, Jensen provides an antidote with its new CC-1 Headphone Control Center (\$39.95), which simulates the more diffused effect of loudspeaker stereo by cross-feeding signals from one channel to the other. The CC-1 will even give you mono sound from a stereo source. Pull down the highs, cut off the low end, and you can make believe you're pulling in KDKA on a cat's-whisker crystal set.



"There's someone here who says he was in the war with you . . ."

TRAIN YOUR FIRST WIFE

(continued from page 92)

can be an inspiration, so much the better. If not, use your imagination.

"Just talking to Joe at the office, Phoebe."

"Oh?"

"Always bragging about his wife. 'Listen,' I said, 'I'll stack my little woman up against yours any day!'"

(Always be loyal. Defend your wife hotly at all times.)

"Good for you, Davie."

"'Absolute genius,' Joe says. 'Ran up a meal for six people last night for \$1.37 — and delicious!'"

"Oh?"

"Just work, he says, matter of kneading and pounding — and clear thinking. *We'll show him, eh, pet?*"

A healthy sense of competition will do wonders for a spirited girl.

BUY COOKBOOKS

Another way to keep her alert and busy is to bring home cookbooks. Dozens of fine ones are available. Before bringing home each book, it is best to set the stage.

For a week or so, eat three or four hamburgers before coming home to dinner. Avoid onions, which may betray you. Sit down hungrily at the table.

"Say, looks good, dear!"

"I hope it will *taste* good, Davie."

Toy with the food, engage in bright conversation and smile frequently. However, don't actually *eat* anything.

After about a week of this, bring her a present.

"Oh, Davie, another cookbook! Just what I wanted!"

"Looks like a dandy. I checked a few good entries. See what you think, eh?"

AVOID TIME KILLERS

Light, amusing occupations such as knitting, darning socks, sewing on buttons and so on may seem harmless to you, but they can develop into bad habits.

The woman who lolls about today in a semi-reclining position patching your pants, say, may very well fritter away two hours tomorrow crocheting a doily or buffing her nails.

Make it clear to her that the efficient woman performs these restful little chores *while she is doing something else*, such as sitting in the laundromat or waiting for you at the station.

As for daytime television, you have only to glance at homes where it is permitted to see ruined families, cold suppers, men neglected and undernourished,

and women who are listless, red-eyed, flabby and mentally decayed.

However, *do not lock the television set*. Rely either upon the honor system or, if your wife is lacking in character, quietly remove a tube before leaving in the morning.

Allow all the radio listening she wants, but suggest peppy and stirring music. Studies in some of our large industrial plants show that music increases efficiency, stimulates morale and raises production.

SHOPPING CAN BE DANGEROUS

Every man's fine sensitivity, acute ear and volatile nature are crushed by a supermarket. Science estimates that one hour in a large metropolitan food store can take a week to 10 days off a man's life.

Your wife may not realize this at first, and it is your duty to her to make this point clear.

The sullen, uncooperative attitude will get you nowhere. It is far better to use one of our Power Plays often referred to as *The Orgy*.

The very first time your wife asks you to accompany her to the supermarket, accept easily and almost ecstatically.

"Will I? You bet I will, Phoebe! Love to!"

(Be eager, bright of eye, brisk and keen. Once inside the market, breathe deeply and swoop from item to item.)

"Davie, you're knocking over the carts!"

"Gosh, Phoebe, something *happens* to me every time I get into one of these places!"

"Put down those jars of pigs' feet!"

"I tell you, I'm going mad! Where's the herring salad?"

"Davie, we don't *need* herring salad."

"Never can tell who's going to drop in. Say, what's this? Liederkrantz! Need five, six of these, huh? Haven't had so much fun in years!"

You may be sure your wife won't ask you to the supermarket again soon. The few dollars you have spent will return to you manyfold in future happiness and in longer life.

DON'T GIVE UP

Time after time you will be discouraged, again and again you will wonder if your wife *can* be trained. But if you keep at it you will find your efforts have not been in vain.

NEXT MONTH: "HOW TO KEEP YOUR WIFE IN LOVE WITH YOU"



THOSE AMERICAN VIRGINS

(continued from page 104)

right on the waterfront, and a favorite meeting place and daylight hangout for the unattached and adventurous. Its bartenders are adept at making a Virgin Islands' rum collins, on the top of which they lay a bountiful dollop of that smooth, flavorful, liquid dynamite called Demerara rum (151 proof).

You'll find that luncheon on the Islands tends to be moist and to last rather late. Chances are you'll have been to the beach for a swim or a snorkle before then, and you may or may not wish to return. Most people who aren't breaking their tails to achieve a fast tan to impress the folks back home, either avoid the beaches in the early afternoon or nap on a beachside chaise in the shade of palm trees. What with most fun seekers staying up till dawn, a lot of indolent napping goes on in the hours between dawn and dark. If you are the kinetic type, you may want to while away the afternoon shopping, sightseeing, proving your driving skill on the island's roller coaster roads, or — with choice companionship — exploring miles of deserted beach and rocky coastline. For the compulsively active, there are golf, tennis, horseback riding and other active daytime sports, as well as all water sports.

However you spend your afternoon, the likelihood is you'll want a nap and shower before dressing for evening. A word here about clothing: the Virgin Islands are a bit more formal than Acapulco, and considerably less so than, say, Jamaica. Our guess is you'll feel most comfortable (and have no restriction on your nighttime peregrinations) if you don lightweight loafers or sports shoes instead of sandals or sneakers, lightweight slacks, lightweight jacket, and either shirt and tie or shirt and ascot. Although many places don't require jacket and tie, many do.

St. Thomas offers a magnum-sized gamut of drinking, dining and entertainment. We found our own preferences for the cocktail hour most frequently proved to be the patios of the hillside and mountainside hotels, with their splendiferous views, and either the inevitable steel band or (which we preferred) a Stateside-type cocktail-lounge piano or combo. Alternatively — especially when we had a big evening ahead — we ordered the first round from our hotel's room service, either to be sipped while dressing or savored with a few friends on our cottage's private patio-veranda. The Islands' long, cooling rum drinks — not incidentally — give you a gentler start than the customary jolt of a Stateside cocktail.

It is during these first drinks, at your hotel or cottage, or at a cocktail lounge, that you and your companions may in-

dulge in the typically St. Thomian conversation concerning where to eat. It is a pleasant pursuit, because the choice is not only large, but the varieties of cuisine from which to choose are more various than in any but the largest Stateside metropolises. In fact, dining in St. Thomas is a gustatory reflection of the Islands' polyglot population and the worldwide origins of the natives. (Although there is a quite discernible class differentiation, largely economic in its basis, the color line is virtually nonexistent on all the Islands: a native is a native, regardless of his color; visitors—also regardless of color—are referred to as continentals. Eighty percent of the natives are colored—ranging from blue-black to light tan. The rest are Caucasoids, whose physiques, facial lineaments, complexions and hair color reveal the variety of national strains which have found the Islands so prepossessing as to settle there.)

For dining pure but unsimple, one of your first stops should be Lord Rumbottom's. The word "pure" signifies absence of entertainment—if one excepts the fact that owner and opera buff Bill Bligh will accord you an aria at the drop of a lamb chop. The word also applies to the food, which is purely delicious and is very closely supervised by owner Bligh himself. The reason we suggest making this an early stop-off for a leisurely meal is that the food warrants return trips, as you'll discover when you succumb to huge and succulent slices of rare roast beef, garnished with plentiful helpings of Bligh's own speciality, a kind of semican-died sliced carrot prepared with brown island sugar and rum, among other ingredients. Lord Rumbottom's is a bit out-of-town (nothing on the island is very far from town) but very well worth the trip, not only for the food but for the uncluttered charm of the interconnecting dining areas, the splendid bar, the feeling that one is in his host's house rather than a building designed as a restaurant.

A pair of young Oxonian sophisticates named Ben Johnson and Tim Mosley have created a quite different sort of eatery, called The Left Bank. It's right in the heart of the older part of Charlotte Amalie, its decor is elegantly ornate—setting off a permanent exhibition of Haitian primitive paintings—and the menu (at lunch and dinner) offers a choice of French or Caribbean cuisine, both worthy of your gustatorial attention. If you are brave and adventurous, you might ask either host for a post-prandial potation they've invented, of which a major ingredient is Pernod. People have been known to feel completely sober after drinking three and have then left the premises convinced that they are in full possession of their faculties—on their knees.

If you prefer entertainment with your dining, try Sebastian's, right on the waterfront. Our advice: the later the better, since Sebastian's really gets swinging as the night wears on and is probably *the* spot for the younger, more relaxed set that digs the music of Marty Clarke's trio, which plays genuine jazz, rather than the more synthetic Caribbeanized music one is apt to encounter. During the almost continuous dancing, the merengue, pachanga, jitterbugging and twisting are performed with tropic abandon on a second-floor terrace—with harbor view—which constitutes the dance floor. Sebastian's is another spot which the squarer types are not apt to hear about, much less visit, and would not dig if they did. As for the food, charcoal broiling is a specialty; a snack bar stays open until the whole joint closes down around dawn. If dancing to steel band music is on your agenda (you should give it a try) The Gate is the place. Luc Poret, in charge, will feed you well and will conduct you, if you wish, to calypso sessions on an upper terrace; he will also lend you bongos or a conga drum so you may join in, if that's your kick for the evening. It's only fair to warn you that it may not be yours the night you go there, but it's bound to be someone's. Thankfully, most of the guests who do join in the

jollification are handy with the drums.

The Black Witch is something else; ensconced in the staunch hull of an antique 12-gun square-rigger, it is anchored right off shore and launches take you thither in a matter of minutes. Although it's obviously a tourist attraction (in our negative sense) the drinks, the chop-house food and the calypso entertainment are worth the boat ride. Proprietress Mae O'Donnell will do her best to segregate you from the squares.

If—after cocktails, dinner with or without entertainment, a brandy or cordial, and the delicious relaxation which ensues on a day in the sun and an evening of pleasuring your appetites—you still want to get out on the town for more fun, there are several commendable places which are more "in" than touristy. To start with the most "in" and least touristy, try Katie's, just behind the old slave market, an after-midnight boite for snacks but mostly drinks. Katie herself is on hand to supervise the festivities; a heroically proportioned woman, she plays the zither and is completely uninhibited in her joviality. We can't give you the closing hour because at some time after four A.M. she yells, "Get the hell out of here!" thus signifying that the faithful must depart.

The Fallen Angel is one of the few



"Fourteen cheese-and-sausage — five anchovy . . ."

nightspots that feature Stateside talent. The decor is bohemian-Victorian (including an eight-foot Venus de Milo in the center of the room). A good indication of the quality of drinks and entertainment here is that hip natives frequent it regularly.

Pilgrim's Terrace is a world of its own. A late-night hangout, duked up in what is possibly a unique blending of Islamic and Harlem decor, the entertainment ranges from cool jazz to the calypso-limbo music of the southern Caribbean abetted by wild Latin rhythms. One's mother might not find it engaging; on the other hand, youth of all sexes respond with pleasure amounting to gleeful abandon.

The St. Thomas Club, housed in a former mansion on a high hill with a fabulous view, provides three rooms (with four pianos) in which to take your ease. Bob Ellis and Dilson Petrie are a two-piano team with a penchant for singing and playing Cole Porter and an impressive repertoire with which to respond to requests for show tunes, ballads and folk songs. They even did a fairly creditable job of playing by ear Cy Coleman's theme song for *Playboy's Penthouse* TV show.

Charlotte Amalie also boasts what is—at this writing—the only genuine delicatessen in all the Virgin Islands. It's called Andy's, and it has everything Statesiders have come to expect from such snackeries, including take-out picnic food and free delivery.

In addition to sports and paid enter-

tainment, St. Thomas offers a variety of special events, ranging from such unpredictable as a Governor's Ball, about which more in a moment, to "Slingarin'," which started as an annual spring rite of the island and has now become a somewhat hoked-up tourist attraction staged at April's end. (The term "Slingarin'" these days is applied to any sort of planned jollification, from carnival time in general to a day and night of water sporting, picnicking and partying on boats and beaches.) The origins of Slingarin' are variously given; one version has it that this is the Virgin Islands' version of the vernal festival which most cultures celebrate in some manner or other; historians of the Islands tend to attribute the festival to a celebration of the end of the sugar cane harvest; cynics who have been around a long time may confide that the original festival celebrated the departure of the tourist throngs, at a time when no one had yet discovered the year-round delights of the island and the social season ended as the weather warmed in the States. For all its phony trappings, however, the Charlotte Amalie carnival—which lasts a week—can be fun to visit. A sort of carnival village is set up with flags of the various nations which have owned the Virgins at different times, with decorated booths selling native handicrafts and foods, and with "traumps," a word which not only means parade, but also figures in the names of numbers played by competing steel bands.

There are, for example, traditional compositions with names such as *After-the-Races Traump*, *Roas'-a-Time Traump*, *Jump-Up Traump*, *Bamboushay Traump*. Dancing on stilts is Mocko Jumbi—the carnival spirit—accompanied by "scratchi" bands of homemade instruments.

As to the Governor's Ball, that was a unique occasion we were invited to attend. Ralph M. Paiewonsky, governor of the Islands, was hosting a gala in honor of the president of the Republic of Togo. The scene was the Governor's Mansion, an elegant Danish-style palace, and society and celebrities from all the Islands attended, with everyone clad in his finest finery (see *Playbill*). It was a splendid occasion to observe the absence of color line. The governor, a St. Thomian by birth, told us what he had said in a speech a few months before: that he wants to make himself obsolete, by which he means that he hopes he will be the last Presidentially appointed governor and that the next one will be elected.

• • •

Unless you are very much the nature boy, St. John (3½ miles from St. Thomas) probably won't merit more than a one-day visit, beautiful as it is. You get there by "ferry." The word is put in quotes because there are two so-called ferries which are, in fact, palatial Fairform Flyers (built by Huckins, the Rolls-Royce of the powerboat biz).

The best way to arrange for your day on St. John is to enlist the help of Stanley H. Freihofer, a genial and knowledgeable erstwhile Statesider who—with his charming wife—operates two services called Explorer's Coastline Cruises and Safari Land Tours. Freihofer will not only arrange the coastline cruises by boat that the name of his first-named outfit suggests, but he'll supervise your trip to St. John, from taking you to the ferry landing in a jeep-styled bus with a fringe on the top, to making your day on St. John a pleasure, even if you are not a sufficiently impassioned nature lover to take one of his safari tours around the island's 21 square miles and through its bay-tree forest (whence St. Thomas gets a major raw material for the making of bay rum).

Most of the island is now The Virgin Islands National Park; a bit of the rest is given over to the retirement homes of a handful of lucky millionaires, one guest house and—more importantly—Caneel Bay Plantation, Laurence Rockefeller's notion of what a luxury tropical hostelry should be, and who can quarrel with that? Caneel Bay's unofficial boast is that there is one acre of land and one servant per paying guest. There are a couple of main buildings housing a pavilion-restaurant and other public rooms.



"You become easily attached to people
... yes, yes, go on ...!"

but most all the accommodations are in what are called cottages, that compare with the average vacation cottage the way the Palace of Versailles compares with a county courthouse. As a one-day visitor, you'll walk from the ferry dock to a dining pavilion, enjoy your choice of cocktails or rum drinks, then a munificent buffet lunch on an open dining pavilion, after which you may avail yourself of the magnificent beach (and all water sports equipment), or explore antiquities and natural wonders on foot, by donkey, by jeep, or in one of Mr. Freihofer's open-air buses. You can be back on St. Thomas in plenty of time for the cocktail hour and we recommend it: St. John goes to sleep with the birds. As a young lady we met on the ferry put it, "For a vacation, who needs it?"

After you've unaxed from Stateside tensions on St. Thomas for a few days — or a few weeks — and paid your respects to St. John, you'll want to take the 20-minute shuttle plane to St. Croix, a very different island, indeed.

St. Croix (rhymes with joy; the adjectival form is Cruzan, rhymes with Susan) is the largest of the American Virgins, being 28 miles long from east to west, and — at its widest — 10 miles from north to south. Except for a mountainous ridge running pretty much the length of its north shore, it is gently rolling sugar cane country and among its man-made landmarks are the relics of ancient stone sugar mills and the stately mansions, many of them now turned into guest houses, of their long-departed plantation owners. Although St. Croix has thriven under seven flags since Columbus was first accorded a warm reception from the working ends of Carib Indian arrows when he landed there in 1493, it has not distinguished itself for any other kind of liveliness until comparatively recently. In fact, someone once suggested that St. Croix is the place where old folks from St. Petersburg go to visit their parents. This reputation does not bring joy to the hearts of commercially minded Cruzans; on the other hand, it is discreetly kept alive by younger expatriates from the States — and an enclave of dashing young members of the international jet set — who would just as soon see the island retain its languid charm, rather than becoming one more outpost for the mink-stole-and-neon, quick-trip tourist brigade. (This dream of unspoiled semi-isolation may be fractured soon: new deep-water dockage for cruise ships and a new jet-size air strip were completed as these words were written. The strip puts St. Croix just three and a half jet hours from New York, on direct flights.)

While it is true that St. Croix has

more than its fair share of retirement homes and of hotels catering to older (and richer) continentals than does St. Thomas, it is very far from lacking in appeal for the romantically and adventurously inclined visitor. Off season, the rates for visitors — and their ages — tend to be lower. In season there is action, too, however — just less of it — and, perhaps, less easily found. There is no doubt that St. Croix is quiet; that's why we suggested a preliminary unwinding on St. Thomas. But beneath the quiet, and despite the well-bred older gentry's ubiquitous presence, there is a kind of unashamed dedication to luxurious beachcombing and guiltless self-indulgence which grows on one in direct proportion to one's sophistication concerning the gaudier and more populous pleasures.

We touched down at the St. Croix airport, which is near the hamlet of Frederiksted, at about four in the afternoon, and cabled to Estate Good Hope, a hostelry which had been touted as providing luxury, privacy, elegance, exceptional service, and what we used to think of as Old World charm, but now think of as Cruzan charm. We were not disappointed. Our suite — consisting of Danish-styled living room (equipped with a drink-and-ice-stocked fridge behind sliding, louvered doors), large bedroom (double bed), luxurious bath and separate lavatory, and two terraces — one facing the sea, the other gardens and swimming pool — made us feel at once as though we'd want to stay a long time. The desire was reinforced when we shucked traveling clothes for swimwear, had a dunk in the pool, then sat on our seaside private patio and watched the sun set while we relished a tall rum cooler. Later, having left the colonnaded upper floor for the main level, we discovered — and partook of the bounty of each — an intimate little bar, a larger cocktail lounge, a seaside dining terrace.

The next morning, after our flower-decked breakfast tray was served on our private patio, we availed ourselves of the two beaches that flank the hotel: one for swimming, with deep, rock-free water, the other wide and flat, for sunbathing. Our rented sports car had been delivered while we slept, and we took off — with Baxter Webb, Good Hope's genial host, as guide — to look at Sandy Point, two miles toward the Frederiksted end of the island, one of the broadest, whitest, most unpopulated beaches we've ever seen. We promised ourselves a return visit, hopped in the car, returned our host to his duties, and high-tailed it for lunch in Christiansted, the larger of the island's two towns.

Simply stated, Christiansted struck us as one of the loveliest and most unique small towns we'd seen in all the world.

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The minuscule island capital is almost pure 18th Century Danish, with pastel-hued houses and buildings, much old wrought iron, beguiling alleys, patios and gardens, an endlessly fascinating waterfront with commercial- and pleasure-boat activity gunwale to gunwale, and a business-and-shopping section whose buildings are colonnaded over the sidewalks so that one may always walk in the shade.

Easy as it is to be captivated by Christiansted's appearance, it's a bit hard to pinpoint its very special atmosphere, which is compounded of languor, sophisticated excitement (which seldom shows on the surface), and a tendency on the part of those in the know to converge on their favorite cocktail terraces and patio restaurants a long, good hour before the noon gun.

A very nice way to verify the foregoing is to drive to Christiansted (unless you're staying there) early enough in the morning to get in some strolling along King's Alley, King Street, Avocado Alley, Company Street and the few additional little streets and alleys that make up the shopping section, and then find your way, as time for "elevenses" approaches, to the Café de Paris. You may be sure you will not be the first at the bar, nor at the palm-shaded cocktail tables that surround the Café's open dining pavilion. Despite its French name, the specialties of this meritorious establishment are superb blinis, filled with seafood or with caviar, in the latter case, topped with sour cream.

It is a pleasure to be able to report that the Cruzan cocktail hour gets underway fairly early, too. Again, you have a wide range of pleasant places to seek out, but we'll mention two that struck us as especially desirable. First is the King Christian Restaurant. The thing to do is to walk right through the restaurant and on out to its waterfront terrace, where you may not only enjoy a leisurely cocktail hour but also dine on really superb French cuisine — with a few Cruzan touches tossed in. For drinking only, we found a nonstridently lively group of friendly regulars at a charming baretable bistro called The Stone Balloon. You should not miss at least one dinner at the Hotel-on-the-Cay, reached via man-powered launch only, since it's on its own tiny island, right near shore, in Christiansted Harbor.

The Buccaneer (which goes in for steel bands and beach barbecues), the already mentioned Hotel-on-the-Cay (which blends Cruzan food with calypso sounds) and the Mahogany Inn (which is right in Christiansted, and occupies an 18th Century building with walled garden for alfresco dining) are recommended. Out of the village, but still at the Chris-

tiansted end of the island, you won't want to miss a visit to Grapetree Bay, a hotel-residential-cottage complex in a superb setting, with dancing to steel and Stateside bands, limbo contests and exhibitions, and other Cruzan pleasures.

Another delightful scene with majestic view is St. Croix by the Sea — a fine place for dancing, and — once a week — informal fun at a poolside barbeque. At this writing, the island's only out-and-out night club is called Morningstar; if you get there before 10 P.M., you may find things a bit quiet, this all-night nightery being appropriately named.

St. Croix waters are pellucidly ideal for boating and provide excellent fishing, too. Christiansted is the place to take off for either. Sport fishing isn't as prevalent as in other Caribbean areas, but you may charter vessels such as Asta, a 42-foot Chris-Craft twin diesel gold plater on which we spent a wonderful day deep-sea fishing. As for sailing, the man to look up is Richard C. Newick. You can reach him by phone or meet him, usually during the cocktail hour, at King Christian. Newick is the designer and builder of the only trimaran we've ever been on, and it's an experience not to miss if you care for sailing at all. The boat has a narrow center planing hull and two even narrower outrigger hulls which barely touch the water. Laced canvas hammocks are slung from the center hull to the outriggers, and make marvelous places to sit or sprawl while the vessel skims the water at an incredible 20 knots. A very good notion indeed is to book the trimaran (with friends) for a day at Buck Island, some 12 miles off shore from Christiansted.

It would be hard to overstate the beauty of Buck Island's beaches and surrounding waters. This uninhabited little isle, off which one anchors and then swims ashore, sports a just-off-the-beach underwater trail for snorklers or scuba-divers, which provides some of the most spectacular underwater scenery, marine foliage, and coral and rock formations in the world. When we were there, we were invited to join Secretary of the Interior Udall, Governor Paiwonsky, Commissioner Kimelman, Herman Wouk (the Virgins' writer-in-residence) and other island notables in the dedication of this trail and its placing under national protection from dredging and despoiling. Some notion of the quality of Buck Island's strand, sea and privacy may be gleaned from the picture of a happy trio on page 55, snapped walking away, by PLAYBOY staffer Jerry Yulsman.

Frederiksted — about 15 miles from Christiansted by scenic-shoreline or tortuous-hillside road — is even smaller than Christiansted and quite different in architecture, having been virtually leveled

by fire toward the end of the 19th Century and rebuilt during the flowering of Victorian gingerbread, cupolas and other ornamentation. Some of the old Danish houses still stand, however (one of them occupied by youthful secessionists from such erstwhile sanctuaries from the budget-tourist scene as Majorca, La Costa del Sol, North Africa, Greece and Estoril). There isn't much to do in Frederiksted, but it does feature three places not to miss. Do yourself the favor of eating at Versailles, owned and operated by Big Daddy, formerly chef at Toots Shor's in New York. By all means, dine on the finest of chophouse food (done more in the French manner than the British) at Crown House, an early-18th Century French mansion turned restaurant, with a wonderful walled garden where one dines alfresco by candlelight. Then drop in late at a place called The Seven Flags. At last report, Donald Van Wart was still holding forth at this drinkery, singing and playing the piano in a loose-limbed, loose-jawed way satirically reminiscent of Dwight Fisk. Apropos The Seven Flags, local wags say that a brief history of it (and of St. Croix) may be discerned from the fact that it was named because the building existed under seven different flags, was subsequently nicknamed The Seven Hags, is now indelicately referred to by some as The Seven Fags. In Frederiksted, too, is Barbara McConnell's restaurant. Barbara, daughter of Rea Irwin, who created the *New Yorker's* Eustace Tilley, turns out some fancy productions and is as pleasant company as she is a good cook. At the Frederiksted end of the island you'll also want to be sure to visit Estate Carlton, even if you don't put up there. Cocktails, dinner, entertainment, dancing, and a romantically, lushly labyrinthine tropic garden are among the attractions that bring here — of an evening — a more swinging crowd than is apt to be able to afford residence. Estate Carlton has its own nine-hole golf course as well as two V. I. luxury standards: a fresh-water swimming pool and a private sandy beach.

It was on the day of our reluctant departure from the Islands that Jerome Dreyer — Department of Commerce official — came out to the airport to see us off. As we were saying goodbye, Jerry (an ex-New Yorker) looked up at the cloudless sky and said, "Damn it, can't it ever rain?" We thought this might be the sentiment of a water-shortage-conscious St. Thomian, but the grin of delight and amusement which suffused his face made it clear that he wished nothing of the kind, but was applying a gentle needle to northbound travelers. After years among those American Virgins, he still can't get over their climate and their natural beauty. We couldn't blame him; neither can we.





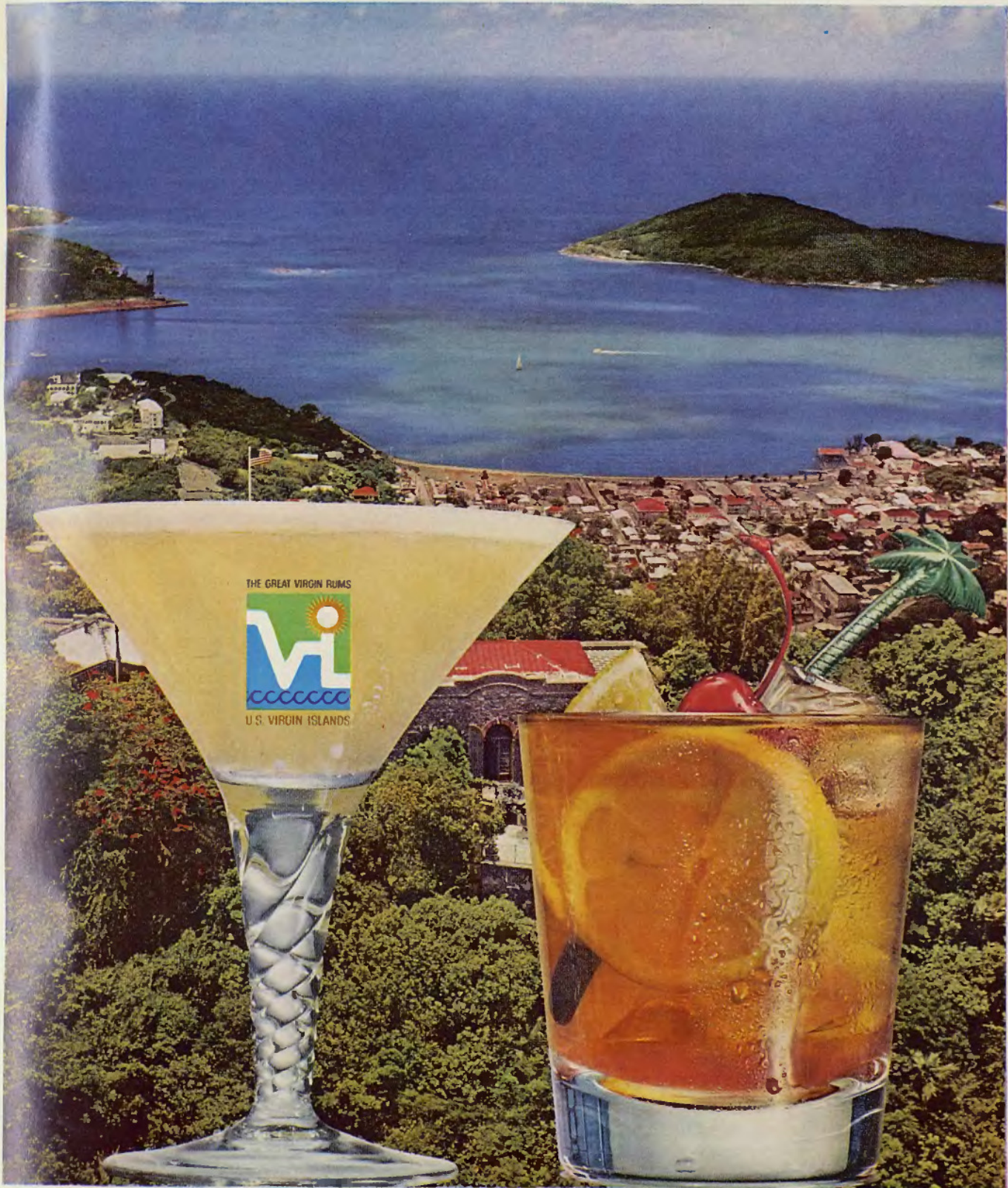
"Damn it — I told them I was too well known for undercover work!"

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NEW DEAL

(continued from page 61)

to see if the cards you sell over the counter to the public are the same as the ones you play with. Call it an experiment."

Rafferty grinned coldly, then suddenly turned and walked the few steps to the cigar counter. The pit boss followed him. He said, "What are you going to do?"

"Just buy a deck of cards," Rafferty said. He nodded at the girl behind the counter. "Cards?"

"A dollar, sir," the girl said and slid a deck across the glass top of the counter.

Rafferty set a silver dollar on the counter. He turned and held out the deck to the pit boss. "Here," he said. "You hold them. Just to make sure I'm not cheating."

The pit boss took the deck and stared at him. "You figure we're sensitive, so you're trying to make trouble, aren't you?"

"No," Rafferty said. "You're the one who's looking for trouble. All I'm looking for is an even shake. To repeat, all I'm doing is taking up your offer."

The pit boss swallowed. "Suppose you have a run of luck."

"Then I have a run of luck."

"Then you can go around saying this proves we're crooked."

"If you're not, you don't have anything to worry about."

"And if you keep on losing? What then? Do you hang it on the dealer?"

"There'll be people watching," Rafferty said. "I'm not worried about card tricks. Not this time around."

"You could still sit there and complain and cause trouble."

"Not really," Rafferty said. "A deck lasts about an hour in play, doesn't it? And if I went back to the counter for another deck, that *would* be unreasonable, wouldn't it? No, I've made my play. I'm truly interested in whether you think it's asking too much."

The pit boss looked down at his shoes. "This doesn't prove a thing, you know. If we were dishonest, the easiest thing in the world now would be to rig it so you win."

"I'd be delighted," Rafferty said. "Except that doing that would make you look really bad."

"Then what do you want?"

"A fresh start with a new deck of cards."

"Mr. Rafferty," the pit boss said, "I . . ." He paused. "All right. You've got an hour."

"Thank you," Rafferty said, and they went back to the table. A new dealer was called over. The pit boss himself broke the seal and spread the cards.

Rafferty played for an hour, while the pit boss and an ever-growing crowd of onlookers watched.

At the end of the hour, Rafferty stood up. He had won \$18,000.

"Are you satisfied?" the pit boss said to him.

"Not quite," Rafferty said smoothly. "I'm out a dollar."

"You're out a . . . ?"

"For the cards."

"I see," the pit boss said. His voice struggled for control. "But that's not a dollar, Mr. Rafferty, because the cards at this point aren't worth a dollar anymore. They're used. So here are the cards, Mr. Rafferty, and you sell them for what you can get for them. And I'm not supposed to say this, but I'm going to say it anyway — don't come back here, Mr. Rafferty. It costs us too much to prove to you we're honest, and I'm not talking just about money. We like people who take our word for it, because we *are* honest, and we have their good will and the only way we can stay in business is to stay honest and settle for the house edge. You understand, Mr. Rafferty?"

"Perfectly," Rafferty said. "You don't have to worry about me coming back. It's unlikely I'd ever have another run like this one."

He nodded, fended his way through the group of onlookers and went to the elevators and up to his room. When he got there, he found there was a young woman seated at the writing table. She had an extremely thin artist's pen in her hand and she was marking the backs of a new deck of cards. The package the cards came in had been opened so that the seal was left unbroken.

"Hi," she said to Rafferty. "How'd you do?" She was the girl who had been behind the cigar counter downstairs.

"Fifteen net," Rafferty said, "and I told you not to be seen up here. And lay off the cards for now. Wait till we get to Reno."

Y



stiff upper lip, JEEVES!

(continued from page 54)

leaving me gaping after him, all of a twitter.

And I'll tell you why I was all of a t. At Brinkley in the previous summer a rather unfortunate mix-up had occurred, and, as Jeeves would say, it had precipitated a sharp crisis in my affairs. The facts may be readily stated. Gussie, enamored of Madeline Bassett, would have liked to let her in on the way he felt but couldn't seem to make the grade. He asked me to plead his cause, and when I did so, of course the Bassett, as pronounced a fathead as ever broke biscuit, thought I was pleading mine. She said she was so sorry to cause me pain, but Gussie was the one she loved. Which was fine, except that she added that if anything should happen to correct her view that he was what the doctor ordered, or words to that effect, I was the next in line, and while she could never feel for me the same flaming fervor or whatever it was, she would do her best to make me happy. I was, in a word, in the position of a Vice-President of the United States of America who, while feeling that he is all right so far, knows that he will be in for it if anything goes wrong with the man up top. Because — let's face it — if a girl has got it into her nut that a fellow loves her, and comes and tells him that she is returning her betrothed to storage and is now prepared to sign up with him, what can a chap do?

It will occasion you, therefore, little surprise to learn that scarcely a couple of ticks after these words had escaped Gussie's lips I was through the Wooster door and shouting for Jeeves.

"Sir?" he said, manifesting himself.

"A frightful thing has happened, Jeeves."

"Indeed, sir? I am sorry to hear that."

There's one thing you have to give Jeeves credit for. He lets the dead past bury its d. He and the young master may have had differences about Alpine hats with pink feathers in them, but when he sees the y. m. on the receiving end of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he sinks his dudgeon and comes through with the feudal spirit at its best. So now, instead of being cold and distant and haughty, as a lesser man would have been, he showed the utmost agitation and concern. That is to say, he allowed one eyebrow to rise perhaps an eighth of an inch, which is as far as he ever goes in the way of expressing emotion.

"What would appear to be the trouble, sir?"

I sank into a chair, and mopped the frontal bone.

"I've just seen Gussie Fink-Nottle. And do you know what? I happened to mention Miss Bassett's name, and he

said—follow this closely, Jeeves—he said—I quote—‘Don’t talk to me about Madeline. Madeline makes me sick.’ Close quotes. Those are not the words of love.”

“No, sir.”

“There must have been a rift in the what-d’-you-call-it.”

“Lute, sir.”

“Thank you, Jeeves. Lute is the word I was groping for. And we know what’s going to happen if that lute takes the knock. What ought I to do, Jeeves?”

“Sir?”

“Don’t stand there saying ‘Sir?’ You know as well as I do that a situation has arisen which calls for the immediate coming of all good men to the aid of the party. I ought to hasten to Tottleigh Towers and try to start the dove of peace going into its act, but I was talking to Stinker Pinker just now and he says Stiffy Byng has something she wants me to do for her. Well, you know the sort of thing young Stiffy generally wants people to do. The mind boggles at the thought of what she may be cooking up. So there you are. I’m on the horns of a . . . what are those things you get on the horns of?”

“Dilemmas, sir.”

“That’s right. I’m on the horns of a dilemma. Shall I, I ask myself, go and see what I can do in the way of pouring oil on the troubled w’s, or would it be more prudent to stay put and let nature take its course?”

“If I might make a suggestion, sir?”

“Say on, Jeeves.”

“Is it not possible for you to go to Tottleigh Towers but to decline to carry out Miss Byng’s wishes?”

I weighed this. It was, I could see, a thought.

“Issue a nolle prosequi, you mean? Tell her to go and boil her head?”

“Precisely, sir.”

“Jeeves,” I said, “as always you have found the way. The die is cast. I go to Tottleigh, though the flesh creeps freely at the prospect. Stiff upper lip, Jeeves!”

With Jeeves, I set out for Tottleigh Towers. I had timed myself to arrive not too long in advance of the evening meal, when bracers might be expected to be circulating, for there was no sense in getting there in the middle of the afternoon and having to mix with the gang for several hours without refreshment. It was nearing seven when I fetched up at the front door and was shown into the drawing room, where Madeline Bassett was at the piano singing old folk songs, at least that was what they had sounded like as I approached. A good deal of that hey-nonny-nonny stuff.

She rose to greet me, a slender figure drooping slightly at the hinges.

“Bertie!” she cried, and gazed at me with a tender goggle which sent a thrill of dread creeping down the Wooster

spine. The thought that there stood a popsy who might at any moment hand Gussie his hat and call on me to fill the vacant spot was not an agreeable one. “Oh, Bertie, was it wise of you to come? Will it not be merely causing you needless pain to see me, to be near me, knowing that we can never be more than just good friends? I hate to hurt you, Bertie. It makes me sad to think of your hopeless love.”

That word “hopeless” was music to my e. It made a new man of me. What is it that flowers do when the sun shines on them? Burgeon, isn’t it? I burgeoned, as I have so often seen Catsmeat Potter-Pirbright at the Drones burgeon after a couple of quick ones.

“Is it hopeless?”

“I fear so.”

“You still love Gussie?”

“Still?”

“Well, you know what I mean. I thought perhaps you might have gone off the boil.”

“No, Bertie, it is useless. You must not hope.”

“Right ho.”

“I can never . . . Oh, Daddy, here is Bertie Wooster.”

Pop Bassett had entered, humming a light air. It died on his lips as he saw me, and he stood staring aghast.

“I forgot to tell you. I asked Bertie to come here for a few days.”

“Good God!” said Pop Bassett, and he tottered out again, no doubt to go and get a restorative.

“Dinner will be in half an hour, Bertie,” said Madeline. “I will show you your room.”

The painful encounter with the old Bassett disease might have been expected to depress me, but it didn’t. I was so braced by Madeline’s assurance that all was well between her and Gussie that I gave it little thought. It was in excellent fettle that I started to dress for dinner, and when Jeeves came in I greeted him with a gay hello.

“It’s all right about that lute, Jeeves. No rift. I have this straight from the horse’s mouth. Miss Bassett and Gussie are sweethearts still. Great relief.”

He did not string along with my merry mood.

“I fear, sir, that you are too sanguine. On Mr. Fink-Nottle’s side there exists considerable dissatisfaction and resentment.”

This wiped the smile off my face. It’s never easy to translate what Jeeves says into basic English, but I had been able to grab the above statement off the bat.

“You mean she’s a sweetheart still, but he isn’t?”

“Precisely, sir.”

“But what’s happened?”

“Some little time ago Miss Bassett insisted on Mr. Fink-Nottle becoming a vegetarian, sir.”

“A what? A vegetarian?”



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"Yes, sir. It has caused a marked change in Mr. Fink-Nottle's feelings."

"But why on earth?"

"Sir?"

"Why did she want him to be a vegetarian?"

"I understand that the lady has recently been reading books of Buddhist philosophy and has gleaned from them the conviction that the consumption of flesh foods is unspiritual."

"This is grave news, Jeeves."

"Yes, sir."

"Gussie is seething with revolt?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then anything may happen."

"Yes, sir."

"What do we do for the best?"

"It might be possible to reason with Miss Bassett, sir."

"I doubt it," I said, putting on a despondent shoe. "By the way," I went on, for while I knew that Jeeves always knows everything, it puzzled me how he had come to be so well informed on the matter under discussion. "Who told you all this?"

"Miss Stoker, sir. She and Mr. Fink-Nottle met on the train coming from London, and he confided his troubles to her. Miss Stoker was much moved, and immediately offered to alleviate Mr. Fink-Nottle's distress."

"How did she propose to do that? I should have thought he'd have been beyond human aid."

"She undertook to supply him late at night with the protein viands of which Miss Bassett so strongly disapproves. I should have mentioned that Miss Stoker has taken the post of cook at Totleigh Towers."

"The post of *cook*?"

"Yes, sir. The matter is susceptible of a ready explanation. Miss Stoker is dependent on a monthly allowance from her father in New York, and normally she finds this adequate. Early this month, however, misled by her advisers, she was unfortunate in her investments on the turf. Sunny Jim in the two o'clock race at Kempton Park, sir."

I recalled the horse to which he referred. Only prudent second thoughts had kept me from having a tenner on it myself.

"The animal ran sixth in a field of seven."

"And she lost her chemise?"

"Yes, sir, and was faced with the alternative of applying to Mr. Stoker for funds, which would have necessitated full confession of her rashness and would, in her own phrase, have made him madder than a wet hen, or of seeking some gainful occupation which would—I quote her again—tide her over until the United States Marines arrived. Seeing Sir Watkyn's advertisement in the paper and knowing herself to possess considerable culinary skill, she applied for and obtained the position. The young lady

entered upon her duties on the day when you entertained her to lunch at the Ritz Hotel. To refresh your memory, sir, you were wearing an Alpine hat with a pink feather in it."

"There is no need to rub in the Alpine hat, Jeeves."

"No, sir."

"If you really want to know, several fellows at the Drones asked me where I had got it."

"No doubt in order to avoid your hatter, sir."

I saw that nothing was to be gained by bandying words; I turned to a less controversial aspect of the situation.

"So she lushes him up at night, does she?"

"Yes, sir. Cold steak and kidney pie, principally."

"Well, this is fine, Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"Don't you see?" I said, not sorry to display my superior intelligence. "What was souring Gussie's nature and threatening to split the Fink-Nottle-Bassett axis was his having to confine himself to a vegetarian diet. He chafed, and I don't blame him for chafing. But now that he has found this steak-and-kidney-pie outlet, the sun will break through the clouds and he will be his old lovable self once more. Or don't you agree with me?"

"It is possible, sir."

. . . .

Dinner is usually the meal at which you catch me at my best. "Wooster," those close to me have said, "may be a pretty total loss by daylight, but switch on the soft lights, uncork the champagne, and shove a dinner into him, and you'd be surprised."

If, however, I am to sparkle and charm all and sundry, I make one proviso—that the company be right. And anything less right than the co. on this occasion I have seldom encountered. Old Bassett, still plainly much shaken at finding me on the premises, was very far from being the jolly old squire who makes the party go from the start. Spode was strong and silent. Madeline was silent, too. So was Gussie as he picked moodily at what looked like spinach. Add Stiffy, who seemed in a kind of day-dream, and you had something that might have been guest night at a Trappist monastery.

It was toward the middle of the meal that, feeling that if I didn't utter, no one would, I drew Pop Bassett's attention to the table's centerpiece. In any normal house it would have been a bowl of flowers or something on that order, but, this being Totleigh Towers, it was a small black figure carved of some material I couldn't put a name to. It was so gosh-awful in every respect that I assumed it must be something Pop Bassett had collected recently. My Uncle Tom is always coming back from auctions with similar eyesores.

"That's new, isn't it?" I said, addressing my host, if you could call him that, and he started, as if he'd just persuaded himself that I was merely a mirage, and was brought up with a round turn by discovering that I was there in the flesh."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wooster?"

"That statuette thing in the middle of the table that looks like the end man in a minstrel show. It's something you got since . . . er . . . since I was last here, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is the latest addition to my collection."

"Daddy bought it from a man named Plank who lives not far from here at Hockley-cum-Meston," said Madeline.

"Attractive little bijou," I said, though it hurt me to look at it. "Just the sort of thing Uncle Tom would like to have. Looks valuable," I added, feeling that there was nothing to be lost by giving him the old oil.

"It's worth £1000," said Stiffy, coming out of her coma and speaking for the first time.

"Really? As much as that? Well, well, well," I said.

I had been hoping that this splash of dialog would have broken the ice, so to speak, and started us off kidding back and forth like the guys and dolls in one of those old-world salons you read about, but no. Silence fell again, broken only by the sound of Gussie eating spinach, and eventually, at long last, the meal came to an end and I was in a position to contact young Stiffy.

She had gone out into the garden at the close of the proceedings. I followed her there and found her sitting on a rustic seat. She showed no surprise at finding me at her side.

"I was just thinking you might be dropping by, Bertie. You want a conference?"

I corrected this. Information, I said, not a conference.

"What's this job Stinker Pinker tells me you want me to do for you?"

"Oh, that? It's something quite simple. You remember that little black statuette thing on the table at dinner?"

"Ah yes, the eyesore. What about it?"

"Do you know how much Uncle Watkyn paid for it?"

"You said it was worth 1000 quid."

"So it is. It's black amber. But he got it out of Plank for a fiver."

"You're kidding."

"No, I'm not. He paid him five pounds. I heard him say so."

"Plank must be an ass. Who is he?"

"I don't know, except that he lives in Hockley-cum-Meston and is very poor. When we were at Brinkley, Uncle Watkyn was telling Mr. Travers about this thing . . . how he happened to see it on Plank's mantelpiece and spotted how valuable it was and kidded him it was worth practically nothing, but he would give him five pounds for it because he

knew how hard up he was. He gloated over how clever he'd been, and Mr. Travers writhed like an egg whisk."

I could well believe it. If there's one thing that makes a collector sore, it's another collector getting a bargain.

"We've got to do something about it," said Stiffy, and I smiled tolerantly.

"I want you to pinch the thing and take it back to Plank," she said. "We can't let Uncle Watkyn get away with highway robbery like that."

I smiled another tolerant smile. The young boll weevil amused me.

"Well, really, Stiffy!"

"I don't know what you're well-really-ing about. You're always pinching things, aren't you? Policemen's helmets, and so on. This'll be right up your street."

I saw that this was where Bertram did a bit of prompt in-the-bud nipping.

"N-ruddy-o," I said, making it clear to the meanest intelligence.

She was silent for a moment. Then she gave a little sigh.

"Oh dear! And I did hope I wouldn't have to tell Madeline about Gussie."

My heart skipped a beat. I've seldom heard words I liked the sound of less.

"Let me tell you a little story, Bertie.

Last night I was roused from sleep by stealthy footsteps. I crept out of my room, and saw Gussie sneaking down the stairs. I followed him. He went to the kitchen. I peered in, and there was the cook shoveling cold steak and kidney pie into him like a stevedore loading a grain ship. And the thought crossed my mind - What would Madeline have to say about this, if somebody happened to drop an incautious word? I really think you'll have to do this one more bit of pinching, Bertie. You don't want Madeline breaking her engagement, do you?"

"Oh, my sainted aunt!"

I walked back to the house. Jeeves was messing about in my room when I got there, and I lost no time in placing the facts before him. To my surprise, instead of raising an eyebrow the customary eighth of an inch, he came within an ace of smiling. That is to say, the left corner of his mouth quivered almost imperceptibly before returning to position one.

"I am happy to be able to relieve your apprehension, sir. It will be impossible for you to oblige Miss Byng in this matter."

"But if I don't, the worst will happen. You know as well as I do that Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

"No, sir, for the lady will be forced to admit that you are not in a position to carry out her wishes. The statuette is no longer on the dining-room table. It has been placed in Sir Watkyn's collection room behind a stout steel door."

"Good Lord! How do you know that?"

"I chanced to pass the dining room while you were in the garden, sir, and I overheard a conversation between Sir Watkyn and his lordship."

"Call him Spode."

"Very good, sir. Mr. Spode was observing to Sir Watkyn that he had not at all liked the interest you displayed in the object during dinner. Did you utter the words 'Just the sort of thing Uncle Tom would like to have,' sir?"

"I did, yes. It was just the old salve."

"The remark made a deep impression upon Mr. Spode. Remembering the unfortunate matter of the cow-creamer, which did so much to mar the pleasantness of your former visit to Tottleigh Towers, he assured Sir Watkyn that it was obvious that you had come here to purloin the statuette on Mr. Travers' behalf. Sir Watkyn, who appeared much moved, accepted the theory *in toto* and readily fell in with Mr. Spode's suggestion that the object be removed and placed behind lock and key in the collection room. Where, I presume, it now is. When it is explained to Miss Byng that only by means of burglar's tools or a flask of trinitrotoluol could you obtain access to it, I am sure the lady will see reason and recede from her position."

I danced a few carefree steps. The dark shadow had passed from my life.

"You speak sooth, Jeeves. Perhaps you wouldn't mind going and explaining it to her now. You'll tell the story so much better than I could. You'll find her on the second rustic bench as you enter the lawn."

He was absent quite a time. When he returned, he was looking grave. Well, he always does, of course, but I mean even graver than usual.

"I saw Miss Byng, sir."

"Did she recede from her position?"

"No, sir. She is still insistent that you restore the statuette to Mr. Plank."

"She's cuckoo. I can't get into the collection room."

"No, sir, but Miss Byng can. She informs me that not long ago Sir Watkyn chanced to drop his key, and she picked it up and omitted to apprise him. Sir Watkyn had another key made, but the original remains in Miss Byng's possession."

I clutched the brow a bit.

"You mean to say that Stiffy can get into the room any time she feels like it?"

"Precisely, sir. Indeed, she has just done so."

And so saying he fished the eyesore from an inner pocket and handed it to me.

"Miss Byng suggests that you take the statuette to Mr. Plank tomorrow after luncheon. In her droll way she said the meal would put a bit of stuffing in you and nerve you for the . . . Shall I get you a little brandy, sir?"

"Not a little, Jeeves," I said. "Fetch the cask."

. . .

I don't know how Emerald Stoker was with brush and palette, but she unquestionably served a good lunch, and in taking up the post of cook it seemed to me that she had found her *métier*.



"Ah! . . . the Playmate of the Month."

Everything most toothsome. But I had little appetite for the meal. Too much on my mind.

"Jeeves," I said as he accompanied me to my car, speaking rather peevishly, perhaps, for I was not my usual sunny self, "it's all very well for Stiffy to say . . . glibly?"

"Or airily, sir."

"It's all very well for Stiffy to say glibly or airily 'Take this blasted statuette back to Plank,' but how do I find him? I can't go rapping at every door in Hockley-cum-Meston, saying 'Excuse me, are you Plank?' It'd be like looking for a needle in a haystack."

"A colorful image, sir. I appreciate your difficulty. I would suggest that you proceed to the local post office and institute inquiries there. Post-office officials invariably have information on these matters at their disposal."

He had not erred. The Hockley-cum-Meston post office was one of those shops you get in villages, where in addition to enjoying the postal facilities you can also buy cigarettes, wool, lollipops, string, socks, boots, picture postcards and bottles containing yellow nonalcoholic drinks, probably fizzy. In answer to my query, the old lady behind the counter told me I would find Plank up at the big house with the red shutters.

I remembered the house. I had passed it about half a mile down the road. Imposing mansion with a lot of land. This Plank, I took it, was a laborer on the estate. I pictured him as a sturdy, gnarled old fellow whose sailor son had brought home the eyesore from one of his voyages, and neither of them had an idea of its value. "I'll put it on the mantelpiece, Dad," no doubt the son had said, to which the old gaffer had replied, "Aye, lad, gormed if 'twon't look gradely on the mantelpiece" or words to that effect. I can't do the dialect, of course. And then along had come Sir Watkyn Bassett with his smooth city ways and made suckers out of parent and offspring. Happening all the time, that sort of thing.

I reached the house and was about to knock on the door, when there came bustling up an elderly gentleman with a square face, much tanned as if he had been sitting out in the sun quite a lot without his parasol.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "Come in, come in," and he led me through a hall liberally besprinkled with the heads of lions, leopards, gnus and other fauna into a room with French windows opening on the front garden. Here he left me while he went off to fetch drinks, his first question having been Would I care for one for the tonsils, to which I had replied with considerable enthusiasm, for the day was warm, that I would. When he returned, he found me examining the photographs on the wall. The one on which my eye was

resting at the moment was a school football group, and it was not difficult to spot the identity of the juvenile delinquent holding the ball and sitting in the middle.

"You?" I said, pointing.

"Yes," he replied. "My last year at school. That's old Scrubby Banks sitting next to me. Fast wing three-quarter, but never could learn to give the reverse pass."

"No?" I said, rather shocked. I hadn't the remotest what he was talking about, but he had said enough to show me that this Banks must have been a pretty dubious character.

"Next to him Boko Beamish, our number eight. Died of cirrhosis of the liver in the Federated Malay States, poor fellow. Chap on his left is Smiler Todd, prop forward. You fond of Rugger?"

"I don't think I know him."

"Rugby football."

"Oh, ah. No, I've never gone in for it."

"You haven't?"

"No."

"Good God! I've always been mad keen on it. Didn't get much of it after leaving school, as I went into the Army and was stationed in West Africa. Tried to teach the natives out there the game, but had to give it up. Too many deaths, with the inevitable subsequent blood feuds. Do you read the *Times*? I had a letter in it the other day, advocating some changes in the rules of Rugger. Abolish the line-out, I said. Keep both sides behind a line drawn out on the field from where the ball goes into touch."

Again his meaning escaped me. My head was swimming a good bit.

"It would avoid rucking, pushing and holding."

"Just what one wants to steer clear of, what?"

"I also suggested an alteration in the scrumage laws, nobody to move his foot except the hooker and then only the foot farthest from the scrum, and every forward to remain in the scrum till the ball is out."

"Sounds reasonable," I said, and he went on to speak of outside breaks and corner-flagging, of farther left foot and either fourth foot, and of number eight in the 3-5-1 formation, self saying "Oh, yes?" and "I see what you mean," which I didn't.

"I want to make this village the best football village in the west of England."

"Oh, yes?"

"What we need is a good prop forward."

"I see what you mean."

"And good prop forwards don't grow on every bush. But you don't want to hear all this. You want to know about my Brazil expedition."

"Oh, have you been in Brazil?"

I seemed to have said the wrong thing. He stared unpleasantly.

"Didn't you know I'd been in Brazil?"

"Hahn't the foggiest."

"You're a funny sort of reporter."

"I'm not a reporter."

"Then who the hell *are* you?"

I'm pretty astute, and I saw there had been a mix-up somewhere.

"Were you expecting a reporter?"

"I was expecting a man from *Flood and Field*, to interview me about my Brazilian explorations."

"Oh, are you an explorer?"

Again I had said the wrong thing. He bridled, if that's the word I want.

"What did you think I was? Does the name Plank mean nothing to you?"

"Is your name Plank? Well, what a very odd coincidence. I'm looking for a chap called Plank. Not you, somebody else. The fellow I want is a sturdy gnarled tiller of the soil with a sailor son. I can place the facts before you in a few simple words. I have here," I said, producing the black amber thing, "a whamot."

He gaped at it.

"Where did you get that? That's the bit of native sculpture I picked up on the Congo and sold to Sir Watkyn Bassett."

"You sold it to him?"

"Certainly."

"Well, he did you down. But the matter can be readily adjusted. If you will slip me a fiver—"

"Oh, so that's it!" he said, and I saw that he was looking at me with a cold, glassy stare, as no doubt he had looked at the late lions, leopards and gnus whose remains were to be viewed on the walls of the outer hall. "I've got your number now," he said. "I've met your sort in Brazil. Fellow out there once stole my false teeth and had the nerve to try to sell them back to me next day. Scum of the earth, you sneak thieves. Some chaps I know shoot them like dogs, but I don't suppose that sort of thing would do in Hockley-cum-Meston, so you sit where you are, and don't move, while I call the police."

"It will not be necessary, sir," said a respectful voice, and Jeeves entered through the French window. Last man I'd expected to see, and how he had got there defeated me. I've sometimes felt that he must dematerialize himself, if that's the word, like those fellows in India—fakirs, don't you call them?—who fade into thin air in Bombay and turn up five minutes later in Calcutta or points west with all the parts reassembled. "Major Plank?" he said.

"Who on earth are you?"

"Chief Inspector Witherspoon, sir."

This is the first of two installments of "Stiff Upper Lip, Jeeves!," a novelette by P. G. Wodehouse. The conclusion will appear next month.



jazz. The Danish National Museum, directed by the state, financed the acquisition of a comprehensive jazz-record-and-book library. The Canada Council, which subsidizes all forms of classical music, this past year awarded its first jazz art scholarship to Ron Collier to study composition in New York.

In America, by contrast, the Ford Foundation and other leading dispensers of largess to the arts ignored jazz.

A particularly ironic development in the rise of jazz as an American export was the decision by the Goodyear International Corporation to produce jazz records and films — but for overseas promotion and distribution only.

In this country, however, jazz continued to be an exceedingly rare phenomenon on commercial television. One encouraging development was the creation by Steve Allen of *Jazz Scene U.S.A.* — an initial 26 half hours of undiluted jazz — to be syndicated to television stations in the United States and abroad.

Jazz supporters in communities with educational television outlets were heartened to learn that some 60 non-commercial stations were scheduling an eight-part *Jazz Casual* series that Ralph Gleason made in cooperation with the National Educational Television Network. Among Gleason's recruits for these seminars in improvisation were Sonny Rollins, Dave Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet.

In radio, most jazz activity continued to be concentrated on FM. Although WJZZ, an all-jazz Connecticut FM station with which Dave Brubeck was affiliated, folded for lack of advertiser support, KNOB-FM in Hollywood, the country's first full-scale jazz FM station, celebrated its fifth anniversary.

In what could be a happy augury for the future of jazz on at least a segment of commercial radio, one of New York's most influential independents, WNEW, hired its first all-jazz disc jockey. The admirable choice was pianist Billy Taylor, who had already demonstrated the pulling power of a judiciously directed jazz program on WWRL in New York. Succeeding Taylor on the latter station was Mercer Ellington, Duke's son, with Duke in the new role of reporter-at-large.

While jazz was increasingly available on FM, and more and more magazines theorized about the music, the jazz musician himself continued to wonder when the jazz "paper boom" would be translated into more actual work.

The jazz elders (Coleman Hawkins and the members of the Basie and Ellington bands were among the few exceptions) still suffered the most. Avant-gardists also had many bleak weeks. Although John Coltrane had steady bookings, such widely publicized innovators as Ornette

Coleman, Cecil Taylor, Eric Dolphy and George Russell were more often outside the clubs than in.

Except for the expanding opportunities made available by the Playboy Clubs, the general picture for rooms hospitable to jazz was gray last year. A few flourished, but more clubs closed than opened. Even sidemen with groups that worked fairly regularly had their problems. Traveling expenses were higher, traveling income was only moderate and most of the recording work was being assigned to the comparatively small number of musicians who had based themselves in New York and Los Angeles.

Jazzmen with ascending — but not yet established — reputations also continued to find out that a series of albums as a leader was no guarantee of even short-term financial security. The average jazz LP still sold under 5000 copies.

The economic blight did not, however, extend to such entrenched personages

as Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, Erroll Garner, Cannonball Adderley, George Shearing and the members of the Modern Jazz Quartet. The MJQ, incidentally, announced that from now on it will work as a unit for only six months of the year, and nearly exclusively in concerts.

Concerts, which have already proved increasingly profitable for renowned jazz groups, may also provide a partial solution for some of the lesser luminaries. The college circuit continues to broaden; attempts are being made to start subscription series in a few cities and lecture agencies are beginning to supplement the more conventional booking offices in trying to place middle-echelon combos in suitable contexts.

In one area central to most jazzmen, progress was made last year. At the instigation of Norman Granz, nearly all the major booking offices agreed to include a standard antisegregation clause in their contracts concerned with jazz performers.

Another heartening aspect of the past



"I can just make out the red canals on Mars, now . . . wait a minute . . . they're not canals!"

year in jazz was the strengthening in quality of at least part of the summer festival carrousel. After a year's absence to recover from the scars of the 1960 riots, George Wein returned to produce the Newport Festival. By cutting down the number of performers and by relatively imaginative programming, Wein restored a sizable amount of prestige to the oldest continuing American jazz festival. In August, Wein went on to Cincinnati and successfully inaugurated the first Ohio Valley Jazz Festival.

The fifth annual Monterey Festival in late September (PLAYBOY, October 1962) was again stimulatingly conceived. Among the new festivals of 1962, in addition to the Ohio Valley event, was the first International Jazz Festival in Washington, D.C. The four-day series of concerts in June, had hoped for White House endorsement but the President and Mrs. Kennedy ignored the occasion.

The Washington programs were unusually diversified, ranging from the ragged but exultant Eureka Brass Band of New Orleans to complex third-stream mutations. Much of the criticism of the otherwise venturesome festival focused on the weird acoustics of the Coliseum in which several evening concerts were held.

One significant festival in 1962 featured no incandescent names, but did re-emphasize the growing jazz ferment on campus. Ten big bands and 12 combos jostled at the fourth annual Collegiate Festival at Notre Dame in April and the general level of performance was impressively proficient.

To a large extent, the accelerating intensity of college jazz activity continues to be due to the greater importance placed on jazz in musical education programs. There are now Stage Band departments at, among other groves, Indiana U., Texas State U. and Olympia College in the state of Washington.

A major peripatetic force in the seeding of the campuses is the jazz Johnny Appleseed, Stan Kenton, whose Kenton Clinics (National Stage Band Camps) were operating last summer at Michigan State, the University of Nevada and Indiana University. George Shearing, meanwhile, headed the faculty at the University of Utah Jazz Workshop in July. Three months before, college bands from all over the country had converged on the University of Oklahoma for a week of jazz clinics.

Jazz also continued its nascent relationship with the Church. In February, a jazz quintet organized by an Episcopal priest performed in St. Louis at a session of the National Council of Churches conference on religious education.

The International Jazz Festival closed with Ed Summerlin's jazz liturgical service at the Church of the Epiphany in Washington; and in July, Don Ellis' *Frontiers in Worship: Experiment in*

Jazz was premiered at the Church of Religious Science in Los Angeles. In February, the United Lutheran Church in America sponsored a three-day workshop on contemporary jazz in the secular cavern of the Village Gate in New York.

On the nontheological scene, the biggest surprise of the year was the sudden popularity of the bossa nova. The insinuating, infectiously relaxed rhythms of the new wrinkle (as it's translated by its Brazilian originators) combine an elasticized samba with jazz ingredients.

By fall, practically every record label involved in jazz had released or was hastily recording bossa nova albums. The leader in sales was decidedly the Stan Getz-Charlie Byrd *Jazz Samba*, and a track from that set, *Desafinado*, had become a hit single.

Dave Brubeck, without any Brazilian aid, continued to sell a remarkable quantity of albums, particularly *Time Out*, which had been on the *Billboard* charts for over 100 weeks by December.

Ray Charles — in singles and albums — continued to be the most consistent chart-maker of all popular recording artists during the past year.

Organist Jimmy Smith broke through hugely with his *Bashin'* album on Verve. Other briskly selling jazz LPs were *Herbie Mann at the Village Gate* (Atlantic) and *Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall* (Columbia).

Columbia tried to maintain its position as the pace-setter in jazz among the major labels by adding Thelonious Monk. The same company also contributed valuably toward increasing the basic jazz catalog by reissuing superbly prepared, multivolume packages of Billie Holiday and Mildred Bailey.

RCA Victor showed a forceful resurgence of jazz interest by signing Sonny Rollins, Paul Desmond and Joe Morello late in 1961, recruiting Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan and recording Benny Goodman's Russian campaign.

The 1962 jazz obituary columns included two tragic accidents — the deaths in car crashes of 27-year-old bassist Doug Watkins and 32-year-old vibist-pianist Eddie Costa. Also gone were Leo Parker, Eddie South, John Graas, Israel Crosby and June Richmond.

The year's most bracing news for the hopeful big-band buffs was yet another renaissance of Woody Herman with Nat Pierce as chief arranger and pianist. Gerry Mulligan, finding it impossible to sustain a big band regularly, worked more often with his quartet while also writing a Broadway show. Ellington, Basie and Kenton endured. Duke, too, had a Broadway musical in preparation, and the most nostalgic news from within his band was the return of trumpeter Cootie Williams after a 22-year absence.

On the way up was trumpeter-leader-composer Don Ellis, a musician of stun-

ning technique, arresting imagination and the all-encompassing credo that "there is nothing in the universe which is not the rightful working material of the artist."

Also establishing themselves in the jazz major leagues were trumpeters Freddie Hubbard and Ted Curson. The one reed man who evoked the most discussion was the explosive one-man band, Roland Kirk, who proved conclusively that he was much more than an antic vaudevillian as he played — sometimes two or three at a time — the tenor, flute, mandolin, strich and other instruments.

On the West Coast, meanwhile, alto saxophonist Jimmy Woods began to emerge as a singularly searing experimenter with both deep-blues roots and unbridled imagination.

There was unusually absorbing activity on the jazz bass as Art Davis, Ron Carter, Gary Peacock, Steve Swallow, Chuck Israels, George Tucker and Charlie Haden challenged Ray Brown, Charlie Mingus, Paul Chambers and other long-reigning monarchs. Among musicians throughout the country, the West Coast's Mr. Peacock in particular began to be referred to in terms which heralded a new star of unusual dimensions.

Among rising pianists of unmistakable merit were Cecil Taylor, Paul Bley, Don Friedman and Jaki Byard. Walt Dickerson appeared as the first vibist to shape a distinctively original conception on an instrument that Milt Jackson had thoroughly dominated for a decade.

Drummers worth watching included Billy Higgins, Frank Butler and Eddie Blackwell. In the percussion division, a long-delayed act of justice occurred as Roy Haynes, taken for granted for many years as Sarah Vaughan's drummer and then as a protean free-lancer in New York, began to achieve wider recognition.

Among the vocalists, Carmen McRae continued to mature and at her best, she came closer to the pungent, self-revealing core of jazz singing than any of her female contemporaries. A striking improvement occurred in Abbey Lincoln, who also became Mrs. Max Roach during the year. Having removed all traces of her supper-club past, Miss Lincoln began to forge a stingingly original style and was also learning to turn her race-conscious militancy into meaningful music. Except for the continuing resurrection of old blues singers, there was little of fresh interest among male jazz vocalists. Ray Charles was still tops.

Although there were no startling additions to the company of significant jazz composer-arrangers, Carla Bley did reveal a uniquely supple lyricism as a melodist, while Gary McFarland became a justifiably respected and busy arranger-composer in the New York recording studios. Also indicating unusually resourceful writing capacity was Lalo

Schifrin, Dizzy Gillespie's Argentine-born pianist and arranger.

The diverse and controversial manifestations of the third stream in jazz composing were somewhat less active in the past year; but as more and more young jazzmen acquired thorough training in classical music theory, it became evident that jazz writing would inevitably include a much wider and deeper reservoir of devices in the decade ahead. John Coltrane, for one, began to study Hindu ragas and there were already small enclaves of intrepid musicians working on advanced electronic jazz in explorations paralleling such classical composers as Varèse and Stockhausen.

In playing as well as composing, it was unmistakably clear as 1962 ended that modern jazz was close to the end of a long period of consolidating the changes in the language begun by Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell in the 1940s.

The younger players were restless and insatiably curious about the improvisatory possibilities in atonality, bitorality and more complex meters (including jazz with no steadily implied beat at all). Although this emphasis on expanding the language of jazz greatly intensified in the search for the "new thing," the most provocative of the explorers made it clear that they were not interested in academicizing the music.

Inevitably, much pomposity and mere problem-solving will be masquerading as the "new thing" in the year ahead, but it is also quite likely that this decade will be the most unpredictable in jazz history. Fortunately, there are still enough older swingers around to remind the spacemen from whence they sprang.

In sum, the continually surprising spectrum of jazz in 1962 ranged from an amateur Russian jazz band playing *When the Saints Come Marching In* on May Day in Red Square to Cecil Taylor finally getting regular work as a pianist after spending part of the year as a dishwasher in Greenwich Village.

As 1962 segued into its final bars, jazz artists and jazz lovers were once more asked by PLAYBOY to name those musicians who had contributed most to the jazz scene during the previous twelve-month. As in prior polls, the winners in this seventh annual PLAYBOY jazz plebiscite of readers take their much esteemed musical chairs on the 1963 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band stand. The 1962 award winners were asked to name their own top men in each of the categories, thus supplying us with a stellar selection of All-Stars' All-Stars. While there were a number of identical choices by both readers and jazzmen, there was enough disagreement to produce some interesting points of comparison. Those artists who won the coveted Playboy Jazz Medals in the 1962 balloting and were

therefore able to vote in their own poll were: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Maynard Ferguson, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Philly Joe Jones, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Dave Lambert, Shelly Manne, Wes Montgomery, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, Jack Teagarden and Kai Winding.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR LEADER: Making it four in a row, the Duke of Ellington again edged out the Count of Basie. Maynard Ferguson inched up from last year's fourth place finish to third, but was still a country mile behind the leaders. Also moving up a notch to the fourth slot was Stan Kenton. New on the scene in fifth was big-band avant-gardist Gil Evans. **1. Duke Ellington; 2. Count Basie; 3. Maynard Ferguson; 4. Stan Kenton; 5. Gil Evans.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TRUMPET: The battle of the trumpets continued unabated as, for the fourth consecutive year, Diz and Miles fought it out for top spot, and once more, Gillespie prevailed. Again, as last year, Clark Terry garnered third place, with Maynard Ferguson and veteran Bobby Hackett finishing a distant fourth and fifth, respectively. **1. Dizzy Gillespie; 2. Miles Davis; 3. Clark Terry; 4. Maynard Ferguson; 5. Bobby Hackett.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TROMBONE: As in every other Playboy Jazz Poll, J. J. Johnson's name led all the rest, but in a surprisingly strong showing, Bill Harris of early Herd fame leapfrogged from fifth to second this year, displacing Bob Brookmeyer, who dropped to third. Kai Winding, unplaced in 1962, wound up in fourth while the full-blown bone of Curtis Fuller repeated in fifth. **1. J. J. Johnson; 2. Bill Harris; 3. Bob Brookmeyer; 4. Kai Winding; 5. Curtis Fuller.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR ALTO SAX: The Adderley cannonball kept right on rolling this year with a strong first-place finish, but last year's number two man, Johnny Hodges, dropped to fifth, with the three alto men who tied for third in 1962 — Sonny Stitt, Paul Desmond and Lee Konitz — winding up two, three and four in that order. **1. Cannonball Adderley; 2. Sonny Stitt; 3. Paul Desmond; 4. Lee Konitz; 5. Johnny Hodges.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR TENOR SAX: His fellow musicians heralded Sonny Rollins' return with a first place vote of confidence, demoting last year's winner John Coltrane to fourth position. Zoot Sims and Stan Getz, who finished two, three in 1962 changed places, while hardy perennial Ben Webster remained in fifth. **1. Sonny Rollins; 2. Stan Getz; 3. Zoot Sims; 4. John Coltrane; 5. Ben Webster.**

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BARITONE SAX: There was only one change among bari-

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tone virtuosos with on-again Mulligan making it no contest and Harry Carney, Pepper Adams and Cecil Payne carrying off second, third and fourth place laurels as they did in 1962. Newcomer to the favored five, Pat Patrick, however, dislodged Bill Hood. 1. **Gerry Mulligan**; 2. Harry Carney; 3. Pepper Adams; 4. Cecil Payne; 5. Pat Patrick.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR CLARINET: Buddy DeFranco again made a shambles of the clarinet balloting with missionary-to-Moscow Benny Goodman comfortably ensconced in second position. Third spot went to Ellington stalwart Jimmy Hamilton while the cerebral Bill Smith nailed down fourth, with American ambassador-without-portfolio Tony Scott finishing fifth. 1. **Buddy DeFranco**; 2. Benny Goodman; 3. Jimmy Hamilton; 4. Bill Smith; 5. Tony Scott.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR PIANO: Once more Oscar Peterson's only competition for the piano crown came from fast-rising Bill Evans who still had to be content with second place. Bop pioneer Thelonious Monk hiked from fourth to third, while Dave Brubeck also moved up a notch to fourth. Fifth position went to long underrated Hank Jones. 1. **Oscar Peterson**;

2. Bill Evans; 3. Thelonious Monk; 4. Dave Brubeck; 5. Hank Jones.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR GUITAR: Wes Montgomery, who dethroned Barney Kessel in last year's All-Star polling, proved his mettle with an even stronger finish this year. Chief contender Kessel plummeted out of sight. Taking up the slack were Jim Hall who moved up a notch to second, Herb Ellis who jumped from fifth to third, Kenny Burrell who held on to fourth and Grant Green, a newcomer, in fifth. 1. **Wes Montgomery**; 2. Jim Hall; 3. Herb Ellis; 4. Kenny Burrell; 5. Grant Green.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR BASS: The first bass spot has been done up Brown for the seventh consecutive year with the redoubtable Ray cornering the musicians' and popular voting. Adderley aide-de-camp Sam Jones jumped from last year's fourth slot into runner-up position, dropping Miles Davis' man Paul Chambers into a tie for third with George Duvi-er. Fifth place went to a newcomer to the standings, Wilbur Ware. 1. **Ray Brown**; 2. Sam Jones; 3. Paul Chambers, George Duvi-er; 5. Wilbur Ware.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR DRUMS: Last year's king, Philly Joe Jones, had this year's

crown contested right down to the final vote by hard-driving Art Blakey before pulling ahead. Third position went to Coltrane skin man Elvin Jones, while fourth place was nailed down by Peterson percussionist Ed Thigpen. All that one-time winner Shelly Manne could manage this year was a three-way tie for fifth with Osie Johnson and the MJQ's Connie Kay. 1. **Philly Joe Jones**; 2. Art Blakey; 3. Elvin Jones; 4. Ed Thigpen; 5. Osie Johnson, Connie Kay, Shelly Manne.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT: MJQ's master mallet man Milt Jackson again reigned supreme with his fellow musicians. Second place was captured by all-stops-out organist Jimmy Smith, while the soprano sax work of John Coltrane and the booting fluting of James Moody split third-place honors. Fifth slot went to another reed man, flutist Yusef Lateef. 1. **Milt Jackson, vibes**; 2. Jimmy Smith, organ; 3. John Coltrane, soprano sax, James Moody, flute; 5. Yusef Lateef, flute.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR MALE VOCALIST: Again the only singer to give The Thin One something of a run for the roses was the highly charged Ray Charles. In the end, Sinatra was still The King. The tertiary rung was jointly shared by belter Joe Williams who moved up from fourth and Mel Tormé who was unplaced in 1962. The final slot went to the big-baritoned Billy Eckstine, with Tormé and Mr. B. knocking the likes of Nat Cole, David Allen and Jimmy Rushing from the top ranks. 1. **Frank Sinatra**; 2. Ray Charles; 3. Mel Tormé, Joe Williams; 5. Billy Eckstine.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR FEMALE VOCALIST: *La bella* Ella was again the big apple of readers' and musicians' eyes and, as before, the Divine Sarah had to settle for number two encomiums. Carmen McRae dittoed her 1962 third-place finish, but last year's fourth-place finisher Peggy Lee and number five *jemme* Dinah Washington exchanged slots this go-round. 1. **Ella Fitzgerald**; 2. Sarah Vaughan; 3. Carmen McRae; 4. Dinah Washington; 5. Peggy Lee.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR INSTRUMENTAL COMBO: The new combo kings, the Oscar Peterson Trio, moved up from third, displacing the Miles Davis group. The Dave Brubeck Quartet *status quoed* in third, while the Cannonball crew dropped from second to fifth, with the MJQ upped from fifth to fourth. 1. **Oscar Peterson Trio**; 2. Miles Davis Sextet; 3. Dave Brubeck Quartet; 4. Modern Jazz Quartet; 5. Cannonball Adderley Sextet.

ALL-STARS' ALL-STAR VOCAL GROUP: A change in personnel dimmed the popularity of what is now Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan not one whit. The Hi-Lo's, who split last year's second place with the Four Freshmen, stayed in that position; the latter group dropped to third. Fourth position again went to those Gallic non-



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pareils, the Double Six of Paris, while number five spot was divided among the King Sisters (a surprise placing), Jackie Cain & Roy Kral, and a brand-new foursome, the Metronomes. 1. Lambert, Hendricks & Bovon; 2. Hi-Lo's; 3. Four Freshmen; 4. Double Six of Paris; 5. Jackie Cain & Roy Kral, King Sisters, Metronomes.

Our seventh annual Playboy Jazz Poll recording readers' choices for music men-of-the-year reaped a resounding harvest of ballots. The current consensus emphasizes our readers' loyalty to past favorites; it does contain, however, several major surprises.

For the seventh year in a row, Stan Kenton was crowned big man among the baton wielders to reign over the 1963 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band. But Stan didn't win this year as easily as he had done in the past. Henry Mancini, aided by twin Academy Awards for both the tune *Moon River* and the score for its source, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, and such best-selling LPs as *B.A.T.*, *Hatari* and *Experiment in Terror*, jumped from a fourth-place finish in 1962 into the second slot just a few hundred votes from the top. This dropped Duke Ellington and Count Basie each down a notch to third and fourth in the leader category, although Mancini and others managed to gobble up enough of last year's Kenton votes to put Ellington actually closer to the number one spot than he was in 1962's second-place finish. The same was not true for the Count, however; Basie was far off the leader's pace.

At first glance, the trumpet section of the 1963 Playboy All-Stars seemed the same as last year, but a closer look revealed barrel-shaped, bearded Al Hirt occupying Maynard Ferguson's 1962 fourth trumpet chair. Miles Davis had no trouble taking first position in the trumpet section, while Dizzy Gillespie again claimed seat number two. This year, the traditionalists split the honors down the middle with the cool school as Louis Armstrong kept his third position and first-timer New Orleans Dixielander Hirt moved up from sixth to oust Ferguson by a few hundred votes. Jonah Jones, fifth last year, dropped to sixth.

In the trombone section, there were no surprises. In a straight repeat of last year's winners, J. J. Johnson made it seven stints as lead trombone; Kai Winding echoed his second-place finish, while Bob Brookmeyer and Jack Teagarden dittoed in third and fourth positions. Worth noting is the fact that Si Zentner leaped from last year's eighth place into fifth spot this year.

Cannonball Adderley repeated as head man of the alto sax section but finished not too far ahead of Paul Desmond, who again came in second. The rest of the principal contenders were strung out in much the same order as last year.

The tenor sax section also maintained the *status quo* with Stan Getz again taking over the first chair and John Coltrane repeating in the second slot. Close to the chairs of honor were Sonny Rollins, moving up from last year's fourth-place finish to third, and Coleman Hawkins who dropped from third to fourth. Jimmy Giuffre slipped from fifth to seventh, while Zoot Sims and "Fathead" Newman moved up to fifth and sixth, respectively.

The baritone sax race was strictly no contest as Gerry Mulligan, as in every past PLAYBOY reader balloting, won by a landslide. The distant also-rans were Al Cohn, Jimmy Giuffre and Pepper Adams.

Pete Fountain, who finally deposed Benny Goodman as clarinet king last year, repeated with ease this year, widening his 1962 margin. Benny remained in the runner-up spot, with Jimmy Giuffre third and Buddy DeFranco fourth. Acker Bilk, who didn't even place among the top 16 finishers last year, skyrocketed to a fifth-place finish for 1963.

This proved a big year for Dave Brubeck and his group, with several hands garnering individual honors. Dave won the piano laurels for another year and did it with even greater ease than last go-round. André Previn continued in second position, but Oscar Peterson zoomed up from sixth to third, displacing Erroll Garner who was moved back to fourth. He in turn pushed Ahmad Jamal back a notch to fifth. Newcomer Peter Nero made a fine first showing to come in sixth by a handful of ballots.

Proving that his close second finish to Barney Kessel last year was not just a freak, guitarist Chet Atkins strummed his way past Barney (winner of all of PLAYBOY's previous jazz polls) to become the 1963 Playboy Jazz All-Stars' second new man. Charlie Byrd, he of the un-amplified guitar, moved from fifth place up to third, dropping Wes Montgomery into fourth position, who in turn displaced Eddie Condon.

Bass colossus Ray Brown has turned the awarding of that instrument's first-place honors into a happily repetitive ritual, walking away with the poll for the seventh year in a row. Charlie Mingus, whose showing on the poll was as strong as his views on jazz, nailed down second position handily, while Gene Wright, unplaced in previous polls, wound up third.

The drums provided the third fresh face as Dave Brubeck's Joe Morello moved up from third to outdistance Shelly Manne, who had taken first-place honors in the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band for the six previous years, proving again that no chair is completely secure.

Vibesmith Lionel Hampton still held sway over the miscellaneous instrument category as another pair of vibes men, Milt Jackson and Cal Tjader, finished second and third in that order.

There's no doubt who the top male vocalist is in the country — Frank Sinatra continues to win each readers' and musicians' poll. Ray Charles maintained last year's strong second-place finish and Johnny Mathis again hung on to third. Also unmoved was Harry Belafonte in fourth, but Oscar Brown, Jr., made the big jump from 10th to fifth with Joe Williams in sixth, edging out Nat Cole.

The first lady of song is still just that — Ella Fitzgerald warbled her way to another Silver Medal with no effort at all. Peggy Lee, far behind, retained second place for another year. Third place was a surprise, however, with the wonderful Nancy Wilson leaping there from last year's 16th place. This dropped Julie London down to fourth. Fifth place held another surprise as Joan Baez, a girl who wasn't even among the 36 female vocalists to garner more than 100 votes last year, exploded on the scene. Judy Garland continued her resurgence, moving up from 12th last year to sixth place.

It was indeed a year for Brubeck & Co., as the Dave Brubeck Quartet wound up with a bigger edge this year than last over the Modern Jazz Quartet, adding another Silver Medal to those already harvested by pianist Brubeck, altoist Desmond and drummer Joe Morello. The Miles Davis Sextet edged ahead of the George Shearing group, dropping them from third to fourth place, with Cannonball Adderley's sextet moving up from sixth to fifth, just shading Al Hirt's New Orleans Six. Hirt's combination moved up a notch from last year.

The replacement of distaff member Annie Ross by Yolande Bavan in the Lambert, Hendricks billing did them no harm as they again took top honors in the readers' poll to take their place on the bandstand with the 1963 Playboy Jazz All-Stars. No balloting was more closely contested than in the vocal-group category, however, as folk-singing newcomers, Peter, Paul & Mary, unlisted a year ago, finished only a handful of votes out of the number one spot, with the Four Freshmen a hair's breadth behind. The Limelites repeated their fourth-place finish, while the Kingston Trio dropped from third place to fifth, uprooting the Hi-Lo's who slipped to sixth.

The following is a tabulation of the many thousands of votes cast in this biggest of all jazz polls. The names of the jazzmen who won places on the 1963 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band are in bold-face type. In some categories, there are two or more winners in order to make up a full-scale jazz orchestra. Artists polling less than 100 votes are not listed; in categories where two choices were allowed, those receiving less than 200 votes are not listed; in categories where four votes were allowed, no one with under 400 votes is listed.

(continued on next page) 143

LEADER

1. Stan Kenton	4,650
2. Henry Mancini	3,990
3. Duke Ellington	3,373
4. Count Basie	1,908
5. Gil Evans	1,116
6. Maynard Ferguson	1,009
7. Ray Conniff	963
8. Quincy Jones	924
9. Gerry Mulligan	871
10. Dizzy Gillespie	692
11. Benny Goodman	631
12. Si Zentner	591
13. Nelson Riddle	472
14. Lionel Hampton	379
15. Woody Herman	266
16. Pete Rugolo	233
17. Les Elgart	225
18. Ted Heath	205
19. Les Brown	204
20. Billy May	197
21. Harry James	166
22. Shorty Rogers	138
23. Ray McKinley	132

TRUMPET

1. Miles Davis	15,095
2. Dizzy Gillespie	9,757
3. Louis Armstrong	8,377
4. Al Hirt	7,197
5. Maynard Ferguson	6,816
6. Jonah Jones	4,771
7. Art Farmer	3,994
8. Nat Adderley	3,659
9. Bobby Hackett	3,071
10. Shorty Rogers	2,290
11. Billy Butterfield	2,138
12. Harry James	1,913
13. Clark Terry	1,569
14. Pete Candoli	1,200
15. Conte Candoli	1,173
16. Donald Byrd	909
17. Lee Morgan	816
18. Blue Mitchell	635
19. Buck Clayton	605
20. Doc Severinsen	595
21. Roy Eldridge	579
22. Joe Newman	540
23. Kenny Dorham	532
24. Freddie Hubbard	514
25. Bob Scobey	504
26. Wild Bill Davison	502
27. Don Cherry	454
28. Charlie Shavers	452
29. Red Nichols	443
30. Jack Sheldon	419
31. Carmell Jones	418

TROMBONE

1. J. J. Johnson	15,777
2. Kai Winding	9,399
3. Bob Brookmeyer	7,945
4. Jack Teagarden	6,788
5. Si Zentner	6,177
6. Slide Hampton	3,456
7. Frank Rosolino	2,793
8. Curtis Fuller	2,428
9. Urbie Green	2,404
10. Turk Murphy	1,939
11. Kid Ory	1,649
12. Jimmy Cleveland	1,614
13. J. C. Higginbotham	1,443
14. Trummy Young	1,393
15. Dave Baker	1,385
16. Bennie Green	1,373
17. Al Gray	1,156
18. Bill Harris	1,067
19. Bob Fitzpatrick	1,061
20. Carl Fontana	1,060
21. Tyree Glenn	1,023
22. Wilbur De Paris	830
23. Dick Nash	830

24. Fred Assunto	822
25. Quentin Jackson	821
26. Jimmy Knepper	665
27. Milt Bernhart	602
28. Lawrence Brown	588
29. Vic Dickenson	526
30. Tommy Pederson	517
31. Benny Powell	482
32. Lou McGarity	445
33. Dickie Wells	410

ALTO SAX

1. Cannonball Adderley	11,962
2. Paul Desmond	11,486
3. Earl Bostic	3,354
4. Johnny Hodges	2,276
5. Bud Shank	1,383
6. Ornette Coleman	1,349
7. Zoot Sims	1,288
8. Sonny Stitt	1,182
9. Lee Konitz	971
10. Benny Carter	740
11. Phil Woods	695
12. Ted Nash	649
13. Pete Brown	632
14. Paul Horn	508
15. Charlie Mariano	497
16. Lennie Niehaus	457
17. Hank Crawford	437
18. Jackie McLean	424
19. Eric Dolphy	420
20. Gabe Baltazar	385
21. Lou Donaldson	383
22. James Moody	378
23. Willie Smith	267
24. Al Belletto	260
25. Herb Geller	241
26. John Handy	232
27. Bob Donovan	221
28. Gigi Gryce	215

TENOR SAX

1. Stan Getz	10,567
2. John Coltrane	6,422
3. Sonny Rollins	4,163
4. Coleman Hawkins	3,464
5. Zoot Sims	1,510
6. "Fathead" Newman	1,349
7. Jimmy Giuffre	1,119
8. Bud Freeman	1,006
9. Eddie Harris	958
10. Al Cohn	781
11. Paul Gonsalves	752
12. Gene Ammons	677
13. Dave Pell	662
14. Ben Webster	654
15. Yusef Lateef	650
16. Georgie Auld	635
17. Eddie Davis	621
17. Illinois Jacquet	621
19. Hank Mobley	530
20. Vido Musso	526
21. Dave Young	504
22. Sonny Stitt	472
23. Buddy Tate	468
24. Bob Cooper	458
25. Sam Donahue	433
26. Flip Phillips	396
27. Jimmy Heath	390
28. Benny Golson	379
29. Richie Kamuca	370
30. Bill Perkins	331
31. Eddie Miller	328
32. Plas Johnson	291
33. Bill Holman	257
34. James Moody	255
35. John Griffin	224
36. Don Menza	204
37. Teddy Edwards	203

BARITONE SAX

1. Gerry Mulligan	16,133
2. Al Cohn	1,018

3. Pepper Adams	792
4. Bud Shank	763
5. Harry Carney	643
6. Jimmy Giuffre	386
7. Chuck Gentry	337
8. Frank Hintner	328
9. Sahib Shihab	319
10. Lonnie Shaw	288
11. Cecil Payne	273
12. Jerome Richardson	256
13. Jack Nimitz	233
14. Ernie Caceres	230
15. Bill Hood	214
16. Jay Cameron	175
17. Ronnie Ross	171

CLARINET

1. Pete Fountain	6,734
2. Benny Goodman	4,500
3. Jimmy Giuffre	2,294
4. Buddy DeFranco	2,162
5. Acker Bilk	1,668
6. Woody Herman	1,618
7. Buddy Collette	796
8. Pee Wee Russell	561
9. Tony Scott	531
10. Paul Horn	491
11. Jimmy Hamilton	453
12. Edmond Hall	258
13. Bill Smith	237
14. Sol Yaged	232
15. Matty Matlock	231
16. Barney Bigard	198

PIANO

1. Dave Brubeck	5,301
2. André Previn	2,577
3. Oscar Peterson	2,455
4. Erroll Garner	1,669
5. Ahmad Jamal	1,529
6. George Shearing	1,349
7. Peter Nero	1,313
8. Thelonious Monk	886
9. Duke Ellington	666
10. Bill Evans	534
11. Ramsey Lewis	498
12. Count Basie	440
13. John Lewis	421
14. Horace Silver	342
15. Don Shirley	326
16. Wynton Kelly	285
17. Bobby Timmons	221
18. Bob Darch	211
19. Eddie Heywood	184
20. Les McCann	180
21. Mose Allison	173
22. Teddy Wilson	148
23. Marty Napoleon	111
24. Earl "Fatha" Hines	101

GUITAR

1. Chet Atkins	5,177
2. Barney Kessel	3,566
3. Charlie Byrd	2,922
4. Wes Montgomery	2,064
5. Eddie Condon	1,164
6. Laurindo Almeida	888
7. Jim Hall	831
8. Johnny Smith	821
9. Les Paul	678
10. Kenny Burrell	635
11. Herb Ellis	620
12. Al Viola	450
13. Sal Salvador	443
14. Mundell Lowe	438
15. Freddie Green	349
16. George Van Eps	251
17. Al Hendrickson	250
18. Tal Farlow	213
19. Oscar Moore	194
20. Bill Harris	141
21. Barry Galbraith	130
22. Les Spann	129

23. Jean Thielemans	120
24. Joc Puma	104

BASS

1. Ray Brown	4,790
2. Charlie Mingus	3,336
3. Gene Wright	1,935
4. Paul Chambers	1,456
5. Red Mitchell	768
6. Art Davis	694
7. Chubby Jackson	691
8. Leroy Vinnegar	672
9. Percy Heath	637
10. Buddy Clark	629
11. Norman Bates	562
12. Sam Jones	490
13. Monk Montgomery	484
14. Eddie Safranski	458
15. Arvell Shaw	408
16. Bob Haggart	406
17. Milt Hinton	399
18. Don Bagley	386
19. El Dee Young	351
20. Slam Stewart	314
21. Keter Betts	253
22. Howard Rumsey	226
23. Pops Foster	214
24. Joe Benjamin	205
25. George Duvivier	194
26. Red Callender	188
27. Eddie Jones	175
28. Bill Crow	151
29. Mike Rubin	136
30. Gary Peacock	133
31. Johnny Frigo	111
32. Joe Mondragon	109
33. Curtis Counce	102
33. George Tucker	102

DRUMS

1. Joe Morello	5,353
2. Shelly Manne	3,855
3. Gene Krupa	3,127
4. Art Blakey	1,556
5. Philly Joe Jones	1,173
6. Cozy Cole	1,162
7. Buddy Rich	1,073
8. Max Roach	825
9. Chico Hamilton	704
10. Jo Jones	429
11. Louis Bellson	425
12. Rufus Jones	338
13. Ed Thigpen	271
14. Mel Lewis	249
15. Sonny Payne	248
16. Connie Kay	225
17. Elvin Jones	222
18. Red Holt	171
19. Sam Woodyard	166
20. Jack Sperling	164
21. Stan Levey	141
22. Louis Hayes	133
23. Roy Haynes	128
24. Osie Johnson	119
25. Ron Jefferson	116
26. Danny Barcelona	108
27. Mickey Sheen	106
28. Vernel Fournier	100

MISCELLANEOUS INSTRUMENT

1. Lionel Hampton, <i>vibes</i>	5,166
2. Milt Jackson, <i>vibes</i>	2,430
3. Cal Tjader, <i>vibes</i>	1,755
4. Miles Davis, <i>Flügelhorn</i>	1,356
5. Jimmy Smith, <i>organ</i>	1,354
6. Terry Gibbs, <i>vibes</i>	1,044
7. John Coltrane, <i>soprano sax</i>	984
8. Red Norvo, <i>vibes</i>	653
9. Art Van Damme, <i>accordion</i>	648
10. Candido, <i>bongo</i>	502

11. Roland Kirk, <i>manzello & strich</i> ... 463	13. Mose Allison 448	22. Mahalia Jackson 235	24. Thelonious Monk Quartet 185
12. Shorty Rogers, <i>Flügelhorn</i> 427	14. Bobby Darin 433	23. Annie Ross 234	25. Red Nichols' Five Pennies 183
13. Yusef Lateef, <i>flute</i> 412	15. Vic Damone 426	24. Diahann Carroll 206	26. Gene Krupa Quartet... 162
14. Don Elliott, <i>vibes & mellophone</i> 336	16. Jon Hendricks 272	25. Lena Horne 194	27. Sonny Rollins Quartet 160
15. Bud Shank, <i>flute</i> 333	17. Steve Lawrence 271	26. Pearl Bailey 158	28. Chico Hamilton Quintet 155
16. Paul Horn, <i>flute</i> 231	18. Mark Murphy 252	27. Diana Trask 138	29. Les McCann Ltd. 153
17. Buddy Collette, <i>flute</i> ... 224	19. Billy Eckstine 244	28. Jaye P. Morgan 133	30. Nina Simone and Trio 140
18. Gary Burton, <i>vibes</i> ... 195	20. Louis Armstrong 236	29. Eartha Kitt 129	31. Firehouse Five plus Two 127
19. Clark Terry, <i>Flügelhorn</i> 181	21. Jimmy Rushing 200	30. Etta James 123	32. Turk Murphy's Jazz Band 123
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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

MORE THAN ANY OTHER time of year, the spring-in-the-air buoyancy of April evokes wanderlust in the guy who likes to go. Fortunately, the choice of near-and-far-sited vacation locales during this burgeoning month is a notably extensive one.


If you're planning on the grand tour through Europe, you might consider the following itinerary: Start off with April in Paris, then head southward on hired wheels, stopping to savor the fairest of the fare at the prestigious restaurants of Lyon (Mère Brazier, Léon de Lyon, Nandron) and Avignon (don't miss the Chateaufort-du-Pape at Hiély), over-nighting at the latter city in a tapestry-hung room within the sumptuous Hotel de l'Europe. Then drive on to the beflowered festivals at Cap d'Antibes, Cannes and Nice, pausing en route to gnom French-style bullfighting in the Roman arenas of Arles, Béziers and Nîmes. Having roistered on the Riviera, roll on into Italy, and take the flight south from Rome to Sicily and Taormina, a town ablaze with tropical flowers set on a cliff high above the Mediterranean with still-active Mount Etna providing a looming backdrop. Best hotel in town is the former monastery of San Domenico, with its paneled public rooms and delicately green courtyards. But our favorite is a small, thoroughly exclusive place called the Villa Sant' Andrea, which lies five minutes away at Mazzarò Beach; run like an English country manor, with highly personalized service, it's mainly patronized by Britishers.

The ski inclined should take note that in April there's still snow aplenty on the Alpine slopes at St. Moritz, Davos, Zer-

mat and Pontresina, where one encounters a faster surface on less crowded slopes. For a scenic shot in the arm, head into the Bernese Oberland for a ride up the mountain railway from Interlaken to the top of Jungfrauoch far above the ice sea of the Aletsch glacier. The peak boasts the highest hotel in Europe, hewn into the rock 65 feet above an underground ice palace that serves as a year-round skating rink.

After playing it cool in the tall country, you might allow yourself a few days of sunny relaxation in the stunning setting of the Italian Lakes, less than a day's run across the Simplon from Zermatt on the far side of the Matterhorn. The place to stay here is in Stresa at the Grand Hotel et des Iles Borromees, a choice hostelry for the man who enjoys feeling royally flush.

New and old Japan hands will find cherry blossoms softening Oriental landscapes during April at such memorable spots as the Outer Gardens of the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo, the mountain glens above Nikko (where Japanese trout give a rousing run for one's money) and the deer park at the Eighth Century capital of Nara. You can see these and other Nippon showplaces in high style through a Japanese tour firm which has been organized to match trips to the personal interests of its clients. These luxurious custom-tailored excursions include your own guide, a private car and princely accommodations at de luxe inns.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. 

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PLAYBOY'S TOP EDITORIAL PERFORMANCE GUARANTEES A PACKED HOUSE

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4-Color—Closes February 15
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Put spring in your sales in May! Millions of young men with eager appetites and disposable dollars will be reaching for this big issue. Certain to be noticed: PLAYBOY's special feature, *The Evolution of the Sports Car* by the eminent authority Charles Beaumont and *Dressing Up and Dressing Down* by PLAYBOY's noted Fashion Director Robert L. Green.

JUNE

4-Color—Closes March 15
B&W/2-Color—Closes March 25

June is the gifting month for bright grads and venerable dads. And readers will be shopping the pages of PLAYBOY's full-color gift-idea section. If men use it, your product belongs in this issue. Bound to be read: *A Short History of Beer* by Will Iversen and *All Electric Cuisine* by PLAYBOY Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario. Robert L. Green returns with fashion tips for *Weddings*.

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