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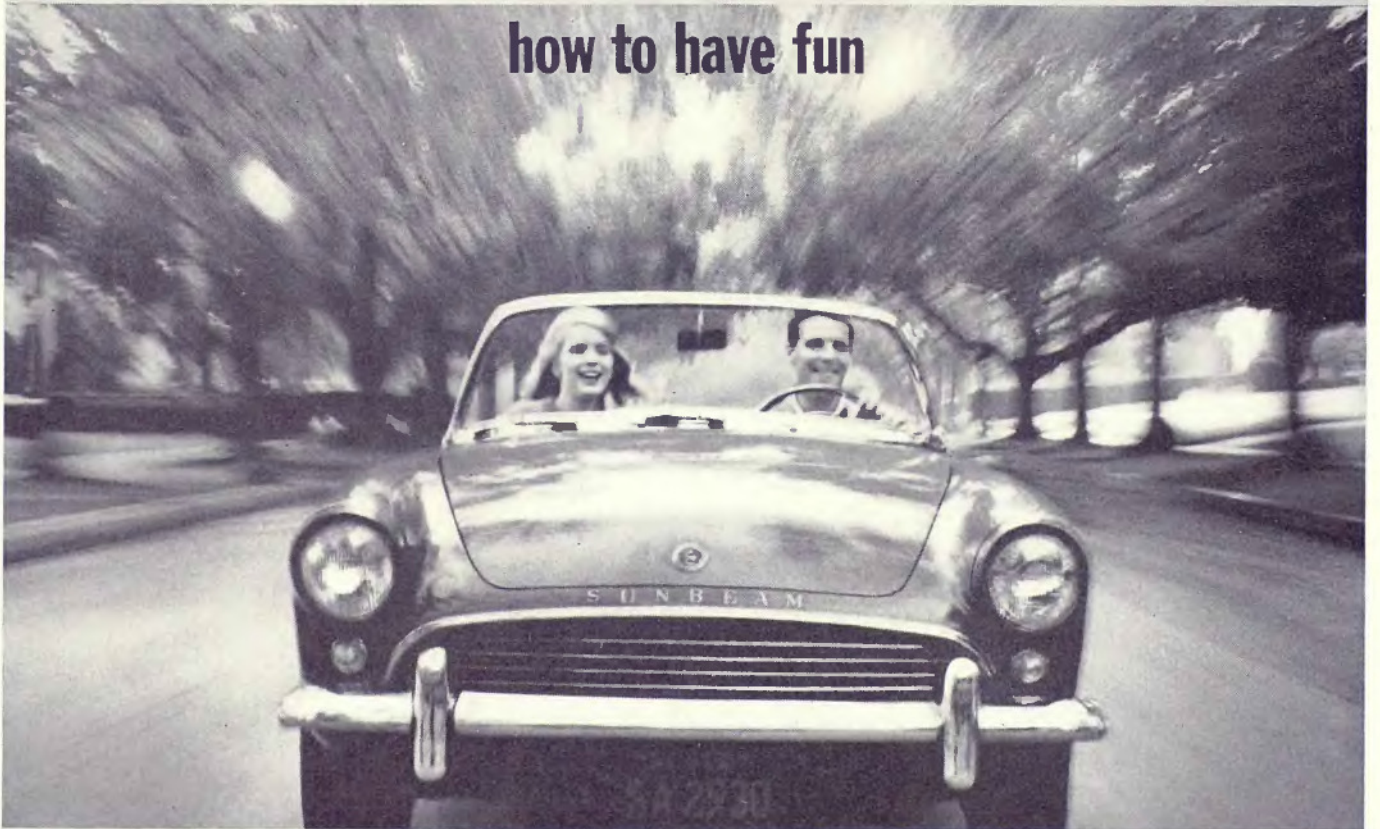
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PLAYBILL According to the Chinese calendar, this is the Year of the Rabbit, a fact which we celebrate with a full report on *The New York Playboy Club* — the sixth and largest link in our ever-lengthening key chain. When we opened our first Club three short years ago, we had only 31 Bunnies (including cover girl Kelly Collins). But Bunnies — like Playboy Clubs — proliferate and we now have 404 of them in our Clubs in Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, St. Louis, Phoenix and New York. Still more Bunnies are in training for our upcoming Clubs in San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Detroit, Baltimore and L.A. All of which keeps Kelly (now our chief Training Bunny) hopping — via jet.

Starting in this issue, we present a three-part serialization of the latest James Bond novel, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, by that master of intrigue, Ian Fleming. The 11th Bond thriller in as many years, this is the first ever to debut in a magazine. President Kennedy and other Fleming fans will find that *Service* serves up all the sophisticated suspense found in other Bond books, being compounded of damsels (both distressing and distressed), chilling chases, ingenious escapes, extravagant gambling scenes, epicurean episodes of wining and dining and, of course, a monstrously diabolical plot that threatens the free world.

To help artist Robert Weaver (who is doing the illustrations for all three installments of *Service*), we asked Fleming to send us a precise physical description of Bond. From his Jamaican hideaway, where he was working on *next year's* novel, Fleming sent us the following, as meticulously detailed as a James Bond dossier: *Height*: 6 ft., 1 in. *Build*: Slim hips, broad shoulders. *Eyes*: Steely blue-gray. *Hair*: Black, with comma over right forehead. *Weight*: 12 stone, 8 lbs. *Age*: Middle 30s. *Features*: Determined chin, rather cruel mouth. Scar down right cheek from cheekbone. Clean shaven. *Apparel*: Wears two-button, single-breasted suit in dark-blue tropical worsted. Black belt. White sea-island cotton shirt, short sleeves. Black casual shoes, square toed. Thin black knitted silk tie, no pin. Dark-blue socks, cotton lisle. No handkerchief in breast pocket. Wears Rolex Oyster Perpetual wrist watch.

Recently, a Los Angeles businessman ran a classified ad for a secretary which read: "Must be attractive, single, intelligent and have read Helen Gurley Brown's book." The required reading was *Sex and the Single Girl*, whose author is the subject of this issue's *Playboy Interview*. Publication of *Sex*, incidentally, nearly snagged on a three-letter word. Mrs. Brown's own choice of title was *Sex for the Single Girl* but her publishers feared that it sounded "too racy." So a good, clean *and* was substituted, thereby making *for* a dirty word. While word watching is only a minor symptom of sexual squeamishness, there are plenty of others. In Part V of *The Playboy Philosophy*, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner examines these influences and their role in shaping the nation's oft-conflicting laws and attitudes.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet's unique position in the mainstream of modern American jazz is examined in *Take Four*, by jazz expert Nat Hentoff. The DBQ, as you may know, is a seventime winner of the Playboy Jazz Poll Instrumental Combo Medal.

Readers who raved about Fredric Brown's triple-twister *Puppet Show* (PLAYBOY, November 1962) will be pleased to see he's back again, this time with *Double Standard*, a cathode-eye view of love in the living room. Brown's latest short-story collection, *Nightmares and Geezenstacks*, includes two tales originally published in PLAYBOY, *Nasty* (April 1959) and *The Hobbyist* (May 1961). Back again, too, is satirist Larry Siegel who, in *Wunderkind Galahad*, takes a poke at Hollywood fight flicks. In *Meanwhile, Back at Teevee Jeebies*, Shel Silverstein has concocted a new batch of boffs. (For far more of the same, we suggest you invest a dollar in *Playboy's Teevee Jeebies*, the first paperback offering from our newly founded Playboy Press.)

Our April shower of information and entertainment also offers a 10-page photo-and-text tribute to *The Girls of Africa: A Real Approach to Real Estate* by J. Paul Getty, our Consulting Editor on Business and Finance; *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* by Fashion Director Robert L. Green; the return of the Demon Tailor of Columbus Avenue in Gerald Kersh's *Ghost Money*; more from Shepherd Mead on *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*; seven superb wheys to *Cheese It* by Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario; another satiric adventure with *Little Annie Fanny*; and a scenic cruise with Playmate Sandra Settani. As the Bunnies at 5 East 59th Street in New York say: "Welcome to the Club."

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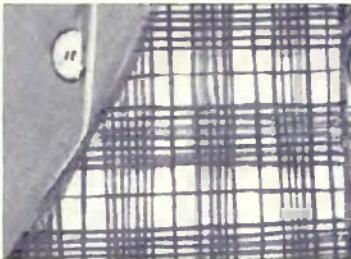
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PLAYBOY, APRIL, 1963, VOL. 10, NO. 4. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILL. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$6 FOR ONE YEAR.

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JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Y ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

CLEOPATRONS

Your photographs of Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra shot by Roddy McDowall were beautiful, but the captions contained an inaccuracy.

Roddy was her friend and co-star before *National Velvet*. He starred, and she supported him in *Lassie Come Home* a year before *National Velvet*. That was 1942. Incidentally — despite the notorious insecurity of the movie game — four veterans of *Lassie* were deep in film making at Cinecittà last fall — Liz, Roddy, Hugo Butler and myself. Hugo had written the screenplay of *Lassie* and I was the producer.

Samuel Marx
Beverly Hills, California

Producer Marx was in Rome's Cinecittà supervising a somewhat less grandiose ancient epic, "Damon and Pythias."

Just saw your layout on Liz. It's breast-taking.

Jerry A. Olshane
Beverly Hills, California

Re *Liz as Cleo* in January's PLAYBOY — what nude scenes?

Blake Illingworth
Montreal, Quebec



Your photographs of *Liz as Cleo* set my heart pitter-patra. There's no denying, it was sheer excitement to peer-amid Miss Taylor's ample charms. For

the first time in my life I would like to have made an asp of myself.

Jack Mertes
Metamora, Illinois

We like a man who Sphinx for himself, Jack.

Let's face it: you goofed in your January issue. How can any of your Playmates look good after enjoying Elizabeth Taylor?

Tony M. Gonzalez
Los Angeles, California

MONTEREY RAVES

You certainly started 1963 off on the right foot by having young, pert, well-formed Judi Monterey grace your pages. If this is any indication of what can be expected in the coming year, PLAYBOY should have one of the most enjoyable and relaxing years ever. Congratulations to you and your little Miss January.

Richard R. Shapiro
Allentown, Pennsylvania

I believe Judi Monterey in your January issue is the most lively, gorgeous, pulchritudinous, ravishing, adorable, ex-

quisite, personable, stunning, delicate, elegant, graceful, charming, beautiful girl I have ever seen in any picture or in person. Judi almost makes me forget

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Kentucky Bourbon



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Shake with ice until chilled. Strain into glass. Garnish with cherry.

that I'm 30 years old and don't want to get married.

Joe Walker
Wichita, Kansas

PLAYBOY's exposure of Judi Monterey as a devotee of the hobby of kings was the most exciting news to hit philately since the invention of the postage stamp.

Wayne T. Jacob
Minneapolis, Minnesota

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

I wish you hadn't billed the debate between William Buckley and myself as a meeting between a conservative and a liberal. I don't care if people call me a radical, a rebel, a red, a revolutionary, an outsider, an outlaw, a Bolshevik, an anarchist, a nihilist or even a left conservative, but please don't ever call me a liberal.

Norman Mailer
Brooklyn, New York

On December 10, William Buckley spoke at the University of North Carolina. There was much negative reaction to his lecture. In the first place, he was scheduled to speak about the “Welfare State,” instead he read his article in the January issue of PLAYBOY. By far, PLAYBOY is more acceptable on the U.N.C. campus than William Buckley.

Christopher B. Fink
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Mr. Buckley evidently was employing some of that good old right-wing Yankee free enterprise in getting additional mileage from his PLAYBOY material.

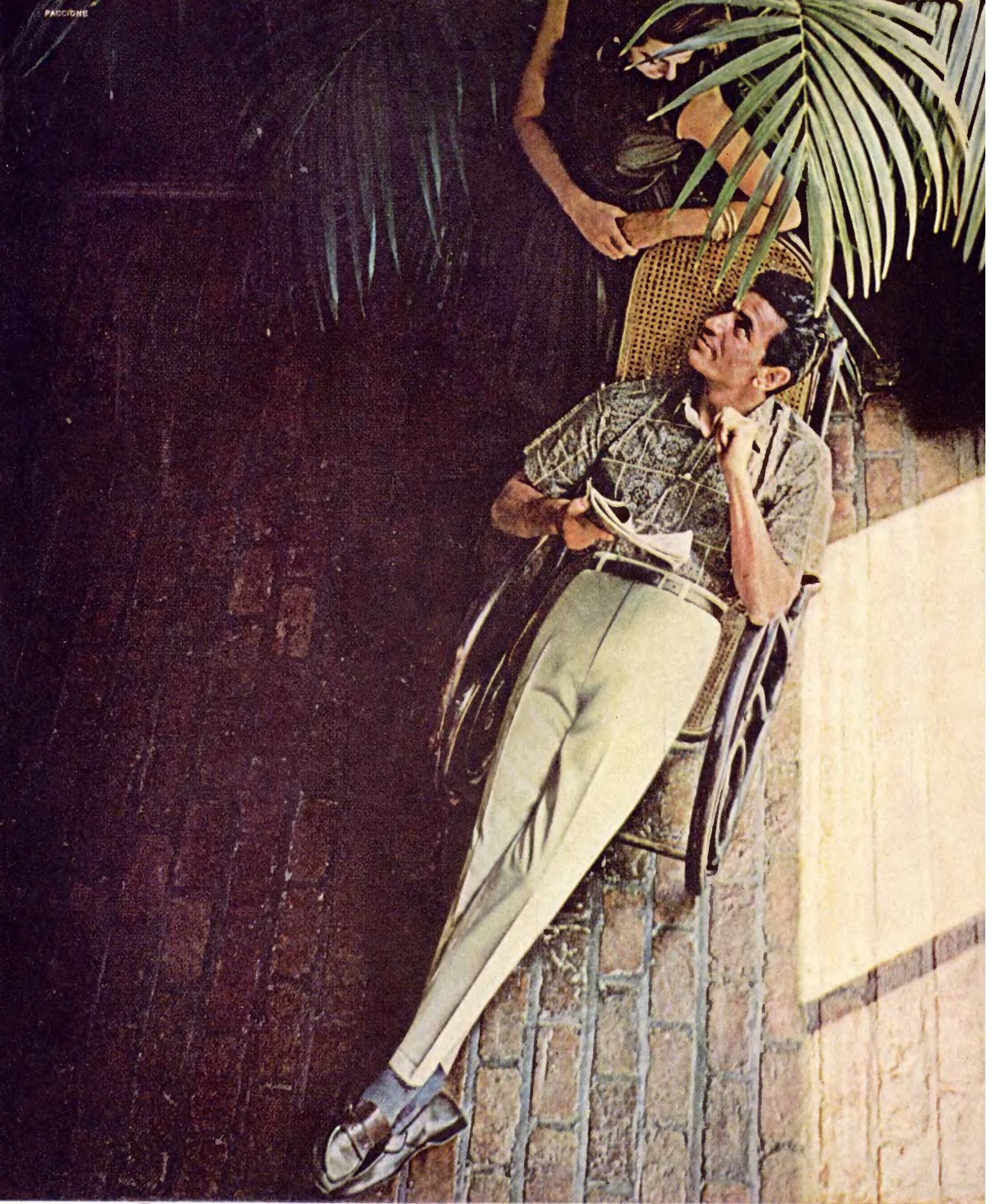
Ralph Waldo Emerson must have had Norman Mailer in mind when, in his *Essay on Social Aims*, he wrote:

“Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary.”

I, for one, cannot abide Mr. Mailer's bipartisan live-and-let-live attitude toward communism. You cannot peacefully co-exist with someone who is out to bury you. I beseech you, Mr. Mailer, wake up!

John Lofton, Jr.
Washington, D. C.

After reading the article by Norman Mailer on the American Right, I feel compelled to write. Why is it that PLAYBOY continues to use Mailer as the liberal in dialogs such as these? Mailer doesn't even begin to qualify as an intellectual liberal. Hubert Humphrey, Gale McGee, Gilbert Harrison or Gerald Johnson could have easily contributed more to the exchange than Mailer could ever hope to. Mailer, unfortunately, is an apolitical idiot with no sense of proportion in relation to the issues as they



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exist today. The point is that you might have pitted Humphrey against Buckley, etc. What you did was pit a Robert Welch against Buckley. In a case like this, there can be no true comparison, and thus the debate's true potential is never achieved.

John Gabusi
Tucson, Arizona

Heartiest congratulations for your publication of Buckley's and Mailer's views on the right wing in America.

Having always considered myself a liberal, I was exceedingly shocked by my inability to argue with Buckley's logic, while, at the same time, unable to see any logic in Mailer's argument. If he really meant his "Let communism come to those countries it will come to . . ." I hope he'll be prepared when it finally comes to us.

W. J. Gyorgy
Millbrae, California

I enjoyed very much reading William Buckley's view on the American Right Wing. I found it logical, intelligent and highly entertaining. As to Norman Mailer's view — it left me with much the same feeling as the Jabberwocky poem in *Through the Looking Glass* — "Twas brillig, and the slithy toves/Did gyre and gimble in the wabe," etc.

What did he say?

Ed Holland
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Illinois

Ed Holland's comments on the political scene most often take shape as editorial cartoons in "The World's Greatest Newspaper."

Shades of the Kiwi! I can hardly wait for the February issue — to see which one flies up his own bung first.

Mailer declares we don't have to hold every piece of real estate on earth to have security. I can imagine Robert Taft's reaction to that sample of "Left Wing" thinking.

Then Right Winger Buckley extends the Monroe Doctrine not only to Cuba but to East Berlin, Poland, Laos and even China. The Senator's ghost probably gave up the ghost with that!

I'd say those fellows are confused about which side they're on. But it really doesn't make any difference, you see, because Hugh M. Hefner tells us that PLAYBOY with its motivation to the better life via hard work is civilization's salvation. Floop! There he went — The Winnah!

P. E. Palmer, M.D.
Defiance, Ohio

I arrogate to myself the title of "constructive conservative" and thus should not be, but am, unhappy at the great disservice you have done "liberals" by



To pin down the fleeting, feathered friend—follow the rules, but cool. Stay in the shade of a suit that feels like buttoning on a breeze. Flash a well-cut profile that starts at neat, natural shoul-

ders and narrows down to lean, lithe Post-Grad slacks. Your debonair air brings the unwary flutter up close. (Resist the salt-on-the-tail bit—that's really for the birds.) Such splendid summer

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matching Mailer against Buckley.

Logic, economics, history and political theory are not, quite obviously, areas with which Mailer has even a nodding acquaintance. Next time, use Rostow or Stevenson. I am one conservative who wants to win, but not by default.

Frederick G. Bahr
Birmingham, Michigan

In a recent issue of *National Review*, William Buckley says, "White South Africa is a free nation."

This ought to tell us about as much as we need to know about Mr. Buckley and the freedom he loves so well.

It ought to give an idea, too, of what kind of a country we will have here if Buckley and his cronies get in.

John Holt
Boston, Massachusetts

Buckley for President and Mailer for Pusillanimity.

Julian B. Grafa
La Jolla, California

Frankly I do not know what either Buckley or Mailpouch is talking about. Is there a key? I kept returning to the picture of Miss January but she aroused impure thoughts with her low neckline.

I am engrossed in a new art called oatmeal writing. I write with my finger in my oatmeal. I swiped this method from Bobby Kennedy.

Westbrook Pegler
Tucson, Arizona

BOOKMARKS

In regard to *The Playboy Coloring Book*, I have only one thing to say: "My crayons kept melting." Aside from this happening, I thought it was very clever.

Marshall Baker
St. Louis, Missouri

Color your *Playboy Coloring Book* superb; color all others dull.

Terry Matter
Phoenix, Arizona

Thanks much for *The Playboy Coloring Book* in the January issue. I could not resist presenting it to my young-executive boss with several personal comments.

Margo Stewart
Indianapolis, Indiana

My husband and I thought your *Playboy Coloring Book* was the best. But may I make a suggestion? We were lying in bed of an afternoon reading it and — well, please next time could you supply the crayons? We didn't have any handy.

Fran Glander
New Suffolk, New York

Who needs crayons?

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it
comes
to
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The pairing of the erudite giants of the pen—Budd Schulberg and Gerald Kersh—dwarfed any activity that occurred at the ball park during the Patterson-Liston encounter (with the possible exception of my cape twirling). It should be the desire of any learned boxer to be written up by these two literary experts. Congratulations to PLAYBOY.

Archie "Mongoose" Moore
San Diego, California

The championship-boxing presentation in the January issue was of particular interest to me since I've dabbled in the pugilistic arts myself in times past.

Especially keen was Gerald Kersh's eclectic analysis of Doc Kearns' keep-'em-hungry theory: when Doc was managing me he employed the theory extensively.

Kersh was superb. Budd Schulberg was good, but would have been better had he not insisted upon punctuating his fight narrative with personal apologia and Hemingway name drops. What Makes Sammy Digress?

One last thought. Though Liston was—and is—a superb fighter, the tendency to explain Patterson's defeat psychologically leaves one cold. Floyd was simply outclassed. Other than Liston and Johansson, I was the only fighter to defeat Patterson.

Joey Maxim
Miami Beach, Florida

I would like to point out that a champion has no responsibility to his public, and frequently no respect for it. This is only as it should be, and largely as it has been ever since the first Greek pugilist downed a cestus. It is only of late that such erroneous prerequisites for the championship as a "clean record," a charming disposition, and a keen sense of responsibility to America's youth have been so highly touted.

A champion must be a successful competitor against all rivals. If he happens to be a sullen, black-mooded individual, that doesn't make him any more or less of a champion. Joe Louis' pleasing personality didn't win a single fight for him in the ring, and his actions outside the squared circle are his business and certainly no criteria of behavior for champions. To quote the late Max Baer: "Nothing can change the fact that I was . . . heavyweight champion of the world."

In short, all that took place in Chicago last September was a matter of record, not personalities.

Richard Herbst
Woodmere, New York

ERNEST APPEAL

Ernest Hemingway's *A Man's Credo* featured in your January 1963 issue was

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N. C. Anderson
Kingston, North Carolina

For what it is worth, I would have liked to have seen something added to *A Man's Credo*, a remark Ernest made at one time telling me of his advice to a young author, that if she wanted her description to really appear authentic, she should have, when writing of a suicide, acted out the entire scene in detail with the sole exception of actually killing herself . . . that if she did not do so, and thus raise within herself all of the emotions likely to occur under such circumstances, her description would be inadequate.

Spruille Braden
New York, New York

I do not see *PLAYBOY* regularly, but I went through the January issue last night, and it is certainly an eye-opener for an old man like me.

Since Ernest Hemingway was a good friend of mine for many years and went to the Spanish Civil War twice for the North American Newspaper Alliance, I am one of his many admirers. Therefore, I read with great interest *A Man's Credo*, which sounds like Ernest and is written with his usual frankness in facing facts. The piece by Evgeny Evtushenko was also interesting.

You are turning out quite a magazine, which should interest men—even old guys like me.

John N. Wheeler, Chairman of Board
North American Newspaper Alliance
New York, New York

ART LOVER

I must tell you how much I enjoy Dedini's paintings—they are a great deal more than cartoons. In my opinion he is a fine artist and his work reflects a cultured—and sophisticated—background. A study of his work reveals many subtleties: for example, the living-room scene on January's pages 102-103; I will be very much surprised if the portrait on the wall does not represent Henry Raeburn's *Mrs. William Urquhart* done by the great Scottish painter about 1815. Dedini must have seen this beautiful work.

Am I right?

W/C L. A. Yellowlees, RCAF
Camp Borden, Ontario

Right, Commander. Dedini says, "She seemed just the girl for the wall and I picked her from the May 1934 issue of *The Connoisseur* magazine (British). On rechecking I see that actually the print I was looking at is 'A Mezzotint in color by Ellen Jowett from the picture by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.' It seems, then, I'm at least third in line to redo his



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work. I've taken great liberties with my version and if someone spotted the likeness he is most alert."

WYLIE'S WOMAN

"Swear not at all; for, for thy curse
Thine enemy is none the worse."

— CLOUGH

So Wylie is the master of name calling. What else does he say? Very little that I can determine. I am basically in sympathy with his theories, but such hysterical verbal screaming can do no more than grate upon the ear of reason.

He voices his opinions as fact and totally ignores any attempt at proof. He blatantly ignores facts and history when they stand in his way. One instance of this irresponsibility is exemplified by this pronouncement: "And all of a sudden, the figures who had always dominated society and received its utmost respect—the men of God, the schoolmasters, the professors and artists—became nobodies, relegated to the bottom of the social heap."

Unfortunately, each of the said groups has been frowned upon at various times by the socially elite; a fact brought out by reading practically any 18th or 19th Century social novel. A sad situation, but not, in this case, brought about by women, or at least not recently.

Such emotionalism as floods the article nearly destroys any acceptance his sensible writings have built up in the past and can only serve to alienate logical, intelligent readers.

I have the greatest respect for Wylie as a novelist, but feel that he should stick to fiction, and not try to dash such scalding cauldrons of contumely upon his readers, expecting them to be accepted as gospel because they bear the aegis of Philip Wylie.

Charles Wood
Hays, Kansas

Since I came to this country a few months ago, I have read a number of brilliant analyses of the ills of American society. But Philip Wylie's *The Career Woman* in the January PLAYBOY has for once raised the right kind of question.

Obi Wali
Evanston, Illinois

In my opinion, and with all due respect, an argument should be presented with its foundations in logic. Blatant assumptions, sweeping generalities, and a nauseating disregard for rational thought have no place in your publication. Psychological interpretations of Mr. Wylie's muddled fixations border on the erotically neurotic.

May I presume to note, Mr. Wylie, that we all belong to the human race and that to typify any group or catalog a gender as a mass of ogres is to invite the disaster of ridicule.

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I and PLAYBOY (by PLAYBOY's own admission) derive an abiding delight from female antics.

Robert K. Allgeier, Jr.
Las Cruces, New Mexico

I don't think Phil Wylie could have thought of a more thorough description of what is indeed the dilemma of mankind. Unfortunately, it is already difficult to distinguish the girls from the career women.

Dwight E. Rexworthy
Seattle, Washington

Career women — yes, we are career women because you men have lost that quality that makes a woman sit back and take notice.

We women want men that are men. Not just a male animal (of course, we want that, too), but an honest-to-gosh man! One who will see beyond the so-called perfect figure and face.

Until all you so-called men give us girls the security of your love and prove to us you need us to stand behind you, there will be more and more career women to boss your working life. (What else can we do?)

Career women are not happy in this role they are forced to play, so it is up to you to get your backbones straightened and prove to us you are men!

(Name withheld)
Rome, Georgia

Mr. Wylie's bile-filled article concerning career women just about fried me. Who the hell does this guy think he is? I mean, really men, the ladies make up over half of the world and if we are ready to give the Negroes, the Japanese, the Jews, the Germans and the rest of the world an equal share of the toil and pleasures of life, position and love, what's so wrong with giving the women their due?

I have been working in big-company business for quite a number of years and have noted a great many more backstabbing, brown-nosing, politicking, gall-filled men than I have ever known women of this nature. I have seen a hell-of-a-lot more walnut-walled, plush-carpeted contemporary-art-filled offices for men than I have for women. And I won't say "Rightfully so" because I believe only the unstable egotists who fear the loss of their position out of a lack of resourcefulness would say "Rightfully so." I dare say, Mr. Wylie is crying wolf at the puppy at his feet.

Then again, maybe I haven't been to the same source that Mr. Wylie has and maybe his research was carried on for the most part in his own home. As for me, I say if they appear more beautiful in plush offices, if they are more efficient in corridors of walnut-topped desks (and this probably is the rock that Mr. Wylie's

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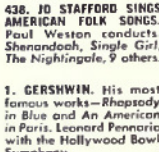
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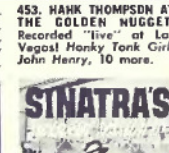
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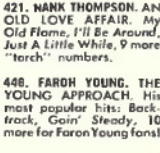
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ego is chewing on), then bless 'em all—more power to their beauty, courage and efficiency.

Let me remind Mr. Wylie that this is a competitive world and to me he sounds scared and unable to maintain his position as a male by normal procedures. My dad used to tell me never to hit a woman. Mr. Wylie, you are not only hitting women, you are hitting way below the hipline.

Donald Van Der Linden
Phoenix, Arizona

COLOR LINE

An item from your January 1963 issue has just reached me, which reads: "The blockbuster news from the women's fashion salons that 'breen' (brown with a greenish cast?) will be the color this season should warm the cockles of every copywriter's heart. This freshly minted color contraction opens up wide new avenues . . ."

It may interest you to know that the word "Breen" was coined by *Mademoiselle*, and is copyrighted, as is, of course, the entire contents of our publication.

Betsy Talbot Blackwell, Editor-in-Chief
Mademoiselle

New York, New York

Tell you what, Betsy: you want to reserve the use of Breen for your magazine, that's OK with us. You want to claim its invention? That's OK with us, too. We hereby send Breen back to its native heath, only slightly Bused. That's a copyrighted combination of used and abused and you're welcome to it.

PLAYBOY FRANÇAIS

This may amuse you; I had to go to France to be properly introduced to PLAYBOY. As you know, it is much admired there. "The most intelligent, best edited, etc., American magazine," my Paris publishing friends said. I said, "Really?" Came back, read a copy, haven't missed a month since.

M. Kendig, Director
Institute of General Semantics
Lakeville, Connecticut

PLAYBOY'S PHILOSOPHY

At the outset, God bless you. I've read many articles that attempted to get at the root of this country's sickness where sex is concerned, but never have I enjoyed any so thoroughly as your coverage in the first part of *The Playboy Philosophy* [December 1962].

You may be interested in a little incident that occurred while I was a clergyman. I had stopped by the drugstore to pick up some medicine for our son who was very ill. As I passed the newsstand, I picked up a copy of PLAYBOY and included it with the medicine when I paid my bill. The clerk attended my church. "Oh, Mr. Campbell," she said, blushing, "don't tell me you read such

trash. Why, that magazine is filled with . . . sex." I told her: "Yes, I know—and a great many other interesting things as well. But I'm glad you reminded me—please give me a pack of contraceptives."

She nearly died—fumbling—turning first red and then white. I felt sorry then that I'd been so abrupt. I remembered something that a professor of mine had once told a young girl in an English class because she refused to read Chaucer aloud in the classroom when her turn came. The passage over which she balked contained some rather choice language concerning sexual intercourse. He told her that if it was because of the references to sex that she was upset, she would do well to remember that God apparently wasn't ashamed or upset over sex, because He created it.

I passed his comment on to the embarrassed clerk with my amen. She looked thoughtful for a moment, finally saying, "You know, I hadn't thought of it that way." Soon after that, she and her husband came to me for counseling on a serious marital problem, which turned out to be a severe case of Puritanism.

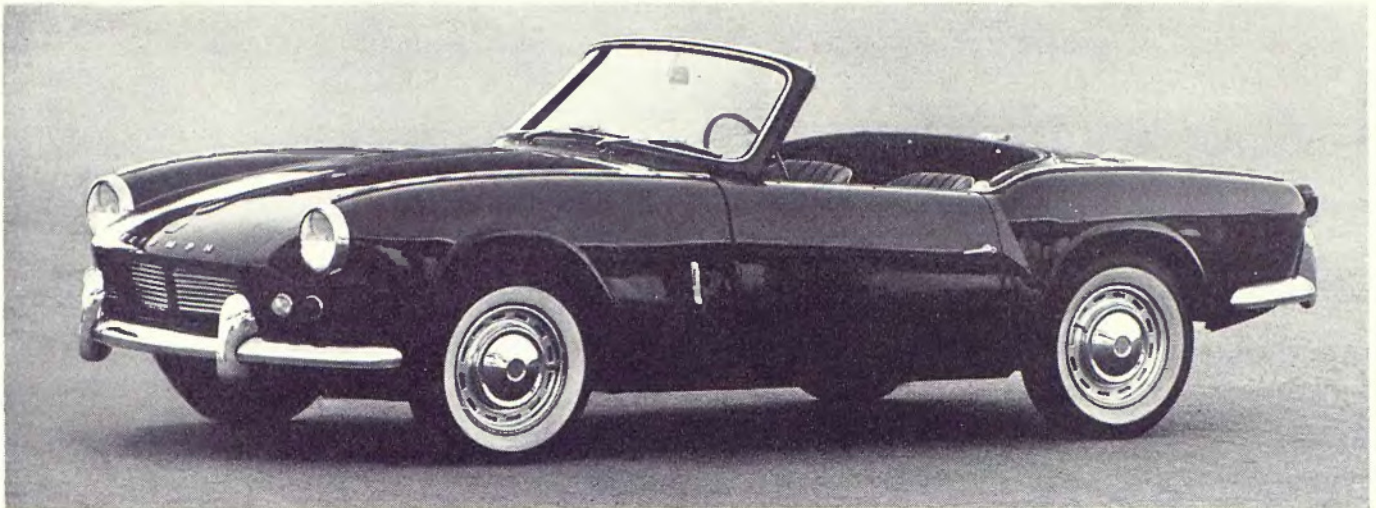
And it was because of such attitudes, in part, that I finally gave up the ministry in defeat. Oh, there were other reasons, but basically it all boiled down to the same old immovable, conservative Puritanism: e.g., some of my parishioners thought I was surely going to hell because I smoked and wore Bermuda shorts in the summertime.

I must agree with those who have written about your magazine being a setter of tastes. PLAYBOY does guide people and I'm glad. Perhaps, if you keep at it long enough, you'll be able to break down the "vote dry, drink wet" approach to life that is so prevalent today. We desperately need to bring everything out into the fresh air and sunshine. You do.

Joe Campbell
Washington, D.C.

Gee whiz! Do we *have* to have a philosophy? Here all the time I'd thought PLAYBOY merely to be one of the shrewdest commercial ventures in history, with good fiction and thoughtful articles for the intellectually inclined: pieces on food, drink, clothing, travel and entertainment for the would-be sophisticated sybarite; articles on jazz for those who feel the need to "appreciate an art form" without the need of study; and pictures of undressed beauties for those who cannot read—all in all, a canny, calculated combination of features aimed at pleasing, in some way, nearly every man—strictly good magazine business.

And *now* look! You wouldn't be kidding, would you? Is there such a desperate need for a philosophy? Or for



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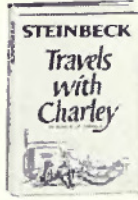
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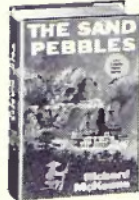
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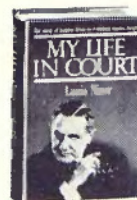
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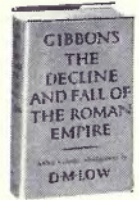
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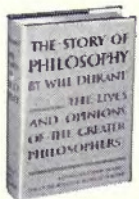
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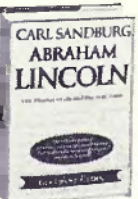
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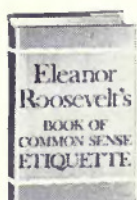
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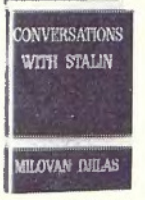
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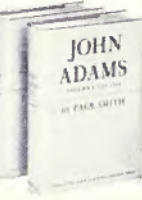
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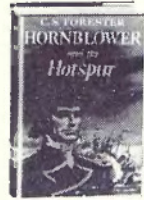
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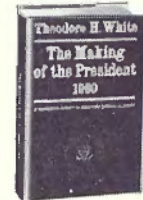
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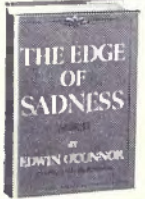
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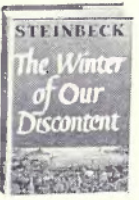
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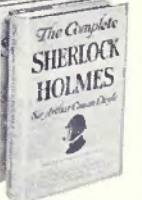
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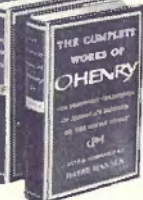
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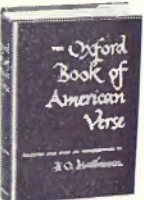
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you to prove you have one? Are you equipped — qualified — to formulate one? Go on — make money! Don't worry about me! I've had a *philophy* — (How do you spell it?) — for quite some time. Seldom use the word though — can't spell it correctly three times in a row.

Fred Scifers
New York, New York

Most regular readers have long been aware that PLAYBOY is something more than just a commercial enterprise for us and we suspect that that is one of the reasons for the magazine's commercial success. We believe in PLAYBOY and get a thorough sense of satisfaction and enjoyment out of editing it. Too many other U.S. publications have suffered in recent years, because the publishing control has passed from the hands of the editors into those of the business and advertising departments. PLAYBOY remains, first and foremost, an editorial product and we hope and expect that that will always be true. An interesting example of that editorial control in action: What other major American magazine would give up so important an advertising position as the inside front cover, in the Christmas Gift Issue, as PLAYBOY did last December to create a special editorial effect?

As for whether or not we are qualified to formulate our own philosophy — every man is and no man should leave the job to anyone else. If "The Playboy Philosophy" offers certain ideas and ideals that others are able to identify with and accept as their own, we'll be pleased, of course. But they will remain our own particular set of principles and convictions in any case. The unexpected size of the response to the first two parts of the editorial has prompted our expanding it into more issues than was originally intended and we also plan to set aside several columns in "Dear Playboy" in the months ahead for readers' reactions, both positive and negative, on the numerous subjects touched upon in "The Playboy Philosophy." Whatever your reactions, we'd like to hear about them, for it is just this kind of free exchange of divergent ideas that makes a democracy work.

How are you using the term *philosophy*?

Donald P. Verene
Dept. of Philosophy
Washington University
St. Louis, Missouri

Pretty much as defined by Webster's: "The body of principles underlying . . . a human activity" — in this case, the editorial ideas, ideals, guiding principles and credo of this publication.

I used to wonder how PLAYBOY's Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner ever became successful so quickly in magazine publishing, when others seem to be hav-



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ing difficulty just keeping their publications alive, and what special sense of showmanship permitted him to then turn around and do exactly the same thing in the night-club business, which has also fallen upon lean years. But after perusing the first part of his editorial, *The Playboy Philosophy*, in the December 1962 issue, I know the answer: He is an extraordinarily gifted and thoroughly talented man.

The case that he presents on behalf of PLAYBOY should have his critics scampering for the bushes, if they've any sense whatever. His points are sound, go right to the heart of the matter and simply defy rebuttal.

John Reppa
East Chicago, Indiana

I greatly enjoyed the first installment of PLAYBOY's philosophy, not only because I now can explain more clearly to my parents and their friends why I read your publication, but also because it expresses so well my own concept of life and represents, in a sense, what I hope to do with my talents when I graduate. The concept of a sophisticated, open-minded, ambitious individual appeals to me greatly—as I believe it does to most college students today. I was especially pleased to see the hypocrisy with which most other publications treat sex finally given attention in print. It is something that many have long recognized: Here on campus, for example, *Life* magazine is referred to by the nickname, "The poor man's PLAYBOY."

Roy C. Nash
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

A more extensive consideration of American magazines and their editorial attitudes on the subject of sex will be included in an upcoming installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

I want you to know how impressed I am with Part I of *The Playboy Philosophy*. It's a neatly written piece—as entertaining as it is thoughtful. And, of course, this properly reflects the magazine. The anecdotes—I liked the one about the visiting editor from New York who commented upon the Playmates after seeing their pictures over Hefner's bar—were just right: they were mighty revealing.

I think I can appreciate some of the problems in presenting such an editorial. While some anger does shine through, it's not vindictive or petty—à la Mr. Nixon's recent bitter press conference. And there's nothing defensive about Hefner's review of comment, positive and negative, about PLAYBOY.

I was not aware of the attention many religious and quasi-religious magazines have been giving to PLAYBOY. And here, when Hefner talks about the publication

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from a religious viewpoint, the writing remains highly readable and direct. If there was one point about the essay that hit me hardest it was Hefner's statement that PLAYBOY understands this generation possibly better than any other magazine. A fair statement, if I'm quoting you correctly, although there are so many parts to this generation — or any generation — that it should excite a lot of discussion.

Burt Zollo
The Public Relations Board
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Hefner, in his editorial *The Playboy Philosophy*, presupposes a totally pagan world and calls ideas different from his own "cockeyed." The greatest story ever told was the life of Christ; it was His ideals and how He fostered them in His every action that made His life story great. Mr. Hefner's philosophy that because nudes are beautiful they should be displayed without argument from "cockeyed" idealists is a poor one, indeed. Even the urban male can't be flattered into believing that the pleasures of the body don't have their time and place.

The Sixth of the Ten Commandments of God commands purity in thought and modesty in all our looks, words and actions; the Ninth Commandment forbids unchaste desires. Christ, in His Sermon on the Mount, told us all "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and Matthew 5:27, "But I tell you that everyone that looketh upon a woman so as to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart."

We all cannot live as Christ did, but we should be conscious of the fact that He did and others should strive to be like Him. We hold His ideals high. Was He "cockeyed," Mr. Hefner, or is your philosophy maybe a little too self-centered and mainly for the Hefner generation?

Ray Phillips
Lynwood, California

You're rather loose in your use and interpretation of quotations, Ray — both from "The Playboy Philosophy" and the Holy Bible. PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hefner neither presupposes nor personally endorses a "pagan world," when he expresses the need for the same separation of church and state that our founding fathers endorsed in the U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights, emphasizes that true religious freedom means freedom from, as well as freedom of, religion and speaks out against the hypocrisy and dehumanizing aspects of Puritanism and antisex in our history and in society today. Hefner called no one "cockeyed" for holding to a particular viewpoint, referred only to the ideas themselves (America's Puritanical view of sex) as cockeyed.

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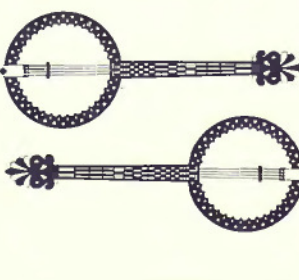
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FOR MEN

And you appear to be even freer in your interpretation of the Scriptures than you have been with our editorial. The numbering of the Ten Commandments differs for Protestants and Roman Catholics, though the total content is the same, and none of them includes your own personal "Sixth Commandment" requiring "purity in thought and modesty in all our looks, words and actions"; the Sixth Commandment for Catholics is "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and for Protestants, "Thou shalt not kill." The Ninth Ray Phillips Commandment "forbids unchaste desires," but the Ninth Christian Commandment is concerned with the coveting of a neighbor's possessions: For Catholics, a neighbor's wife and for Protestants, a neighbor's house, wife, manservant, maidservant, ox, ass or any other thing that belongs to a neighbor. The ass referred to is a donkey, Ray.

As the wife of a recent PLAYBOY subscriber, but a longtime reader of your magazine, I must congratulate Hugh Hefner on his superbly written editorial, *The Playboy Philosophy*, in the January issue. In trying to decide how to describe the all-encompassing material discussed and clarified so perfectly, I can say nothing better than "brilliant."

I am not a gushing, enthusiastic Hugh Hefner fan, though I admit the previous paragraph sounds like it. He simply deserves every word. The editorial helped me to straighten out some of my own muddled thinking regarding religion. I am the wife of a man who fulfills every need of the emotional, intellectual and artistic parts of my nature; last and equally important, he is my lover. For the first three qualities mentioned, I would need a book to describe the extent to which he complements the uneven sides of my own nature; for the fourth, all I need say is that we have shared the greatest physical pleasures, had all the sometimes hilarious fun one can have in bed, and no matter what, he has always shown that great tenderness only a truly strong man can.

What does this rapturous paean of praise for my husband have to do with religion? Lately, I have contrasted my thorough enjoyment of sex-love, my materialism and creature comforts, with the goals and ideals religion preaches. I started to have guilt feelings regarding my whole method of existence. Hugh Hefner's explanation of 16th Century dogma in a 20th Century world made me realize that I was muddling my mind with the ideas of other people instead of trying to think for myself. In fact, your editorial cleared up several areas of fuzzy thinking for me, for which I sincerely thank you.

Ruth Goldman
Holbrook, Massachusetts





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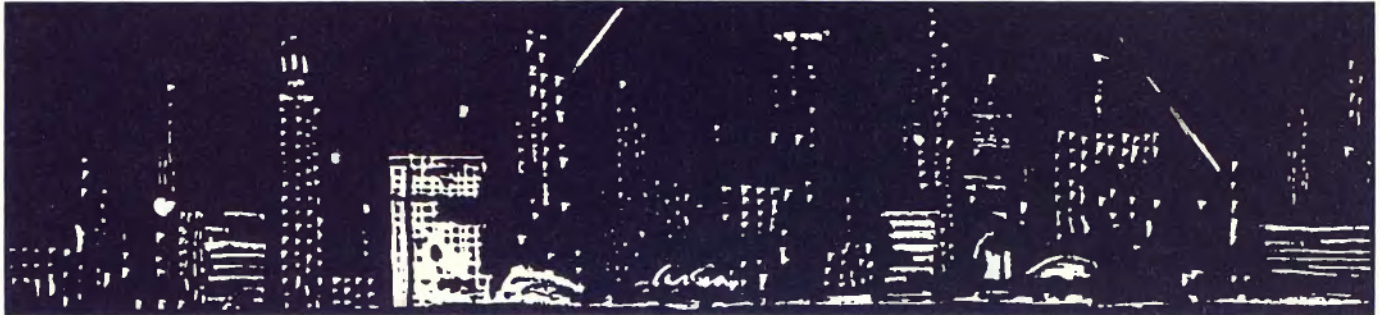
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



If those of you who are planning to visit the New York Metropolitan area are ready for our third annual tourist report, we shall proceed. Now then, the New Jersey Briar Pipe Company is at 18 E. 54th, in New York. The New York Cutting and Gunning Co. is in South Hackensack, N. J. Looking for a town called West New York? That's in New Jersey, too. The Times Square Window & House Cleaning Company is just off Union Square; while the Union Square Painting Company is at 152 W. 42nd, in the heart of Times Square. Be honest now, wouldn't you like to visit the Harlem River Produce Company? Fine. Start at the Harlem River and head south, go about 10 miles, and in a building somewhere near where the Hudson and East Rivers meet, you'll find it—at 59 Pearl Street. The Bronx County Dental Society is at the Hotel Statler, in Manhattan. Manhattan College is at W. 242nd St., in the Bronx. The Brooklyn Foundry Company is in Long Island City, in Queens, while the Queens Machine Corporation is at 280 Starr Street, in Brooklyn. What was that? When you get to New York you'd like to buy a new Rambler? Go see one of the largest Rambler dealers in town—Charles Kreisler, at 241 Park Avenue.

A pet owner advertises thus in the Victoria, British Columbia, *Colonist*: "Pups for sale, \$10. Mother small cocker spaniel, father a dog."

Who remembers: Alison Skipworth? . . . Uncle Don's autogyro? . . . balsawood gliders? . . . Freddie Fischer and his Schnickelfritz Band? . . . stereo reverberation units? . . . Ed Thorgeron and the Movietone sports newsreel? . . . *Der Fuehrer's Face*? . . . Crepe paper singing lariats? . . . Scattergood Baines?

. . . Young Widder Brown? . . . "Nov Shmoz Ka Pop"? . . . Ken Maynard? . . . Lew Lehr and "Monkeys is the Cwaziest People"? . . . Veda Ann Borg? . . . Dave O'Brien in *Pete Smith Specialties*? . . . Raymond Gram Swing? . . . Westbrook van Voorhes? . . . Leon Errol one-reelers? . . . Faith Domergue? . . . Jack Beutel? . . . Claude Jarman, Jr.? . . . Eloise MacElhone? . . . Kenny Delmar? . . . Cass Daly? . . . Kato? . . . the Apperson Jackrabbit Six? . . . Cremo Cigars? . . . Dolly Dawn? . . . Cinecolor? . . . *Mole Mystery Theater*? . . . Nila Mack and *Let's Pretend*? . . . Captain Tootsie? . . . water wings? . . . magnetized Scotty-dog figurines? . . . Toby Wing? . . . cinnamon toothpicks?

FYI to enterprising undergrads: During registration week at UCLA last fall, some 400 coeds dutifully filled out cards requesting their names, addresses and telephone numbers at a table which bore the block-lettered sign, FROSH WOMEN REGISTER HERE. It was later learned that the two unidentified young men manning the table were not associated with the registration program in any way.

To whom it may concern: a want ad in the North Reading, Massachusetts, *Register* for "Additional Female Technicians at the Fast-Expanding Charles River Breeding Laboratory. No previous experience necessary."

Louella Parsons informs us in a recent Dallas *Times Herald* column that Sean Flynn, Errol's man-child, set to star in a trio of cinematic washbucklers, is "even teaching his hore, Trianero, how to perform in action pictures."

The armaments race, it would seem,

casts its ominous shadow everywhere. The defense budget of Andorra, a peanut-sized state nestled in the Pyrenees between France and Spain, has vaulted this year to a peacetime high of \$4.90—which will be allocated for the purchase of blank cartridges to be fired on national holidays.

Disquieting sign seen in a Chicago bookstore: YOU CAN MAKE MONEY IN THE STOCK MARKET—FORMERLY \$5, REDUCED TO \$1.98.

From the Help Wanted page of the Spokane, Washington, *Spokesman-Review*: "11 Clean-Cut, Neat-Appearing Men between 2 and 4 years of age to work in expanding local factory branch. Must be able to get along on \$48 first month." Which is fine for guys who live at home, but how about those who have to pay for their own formula, diaper service, toys, etc.?

Add to our list of Unlikely Couples: Huntz and Carnegie Hall, Pat and D. T. Suzuki, Grant and Natalie Wood, Shirley and Medinah Temple, Gogi and Ulysses Grant, Hayley and General Mills, Hope and East Hampton, Veronica and Great Salt Lake, Polly and Alfred Adler, Barrie and Chevy Chase, Helen and Gabby Hayes, Grace and Machine Gun Kelly, Evelyn and Florida Keys, Princess and Albert Anastasia, Chili and Soapy Williams, Robert E. and Sara Lee, Turhan and Hudson Bay, Vera Hrubá and Instant Ralston, Peter and Salt Sellers, Saul and Large Mouth Bass, Dick and Pope Gregory, Julia and Lake Mead, Eva and Béla Bartok, e.e. and Bob Cummings, Pearl and Old Bailey, Steve and Rosser Reeves, Richard



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The limp-wrist persuasion has found a new champion in a Provincetown, Massachusetts, landlady who rents exclusively to homosexuals and defends her fondness for them touchingly in a story from the *Provincetown Advocate*: "I love my fairies. They pay their rent. They are well-dressed gentlemen. They keep their rooms neat. They even save water because they bathe together."

Appropriate prize in a contest for admen run by Home State Farm Publications: a 70-bushel manure-spreader.

MOVIES

Most of America's low-budget movies have been low in quality, too. But now comes *David and Lisa*, a simple but not simple-minded story about a boarding school for emotionally disturbed adolescents. David is a high-strung teenager of high intelligence who cannot bear to be touched by anyone. Lisa is a shy, affection-hungry schizophrenic with the schizo's oft-observed compulsion to speak in rhyme. These two, mutually attracted, become firm friends; they are able to trust and help each other because they're both afflicted — as if their psychoses were their means of communication. It's their movie, and in the main, Eleanor Perry's script and Frank Perry's direction sympathize, dramatize and realize. Keir Dullea (the young convict in *The Hoodlum Priest*) and Janet Margolin make the distressed duo truthfully touching. The 1962 Venice Film Festival voted *David and Lisa* "the best picture by a new director," and it wasn't talking through its Grand Canal.

Sophia Loren and Anthony Perkins star in a suspense picture called *Five Miles to Midnight*, but the only real suspense lies in whether Perkins is going to fracture an arm trying to hug Loren. In this return bout with Sophia, after intervening matches with Melina Mercouri and Ingrid Bergman, Tony is still junior trying judo on Juno. This time he's a no-good American married to an Italian living in Paris — a heel treading on his wife's toes. A plane on which he is supposedly traveling crashes. Sophia is worried, but we're not; we know that Tony can't be killed off in the second reel — not at the salary he gets. Besides, since we saw him take out flight insurance, the gimmick is glaring. Sure enough, he turns up, cons her into hiding him and collecting the insurance, and then blackmails her into fleeing with him. The fuzzy ending leaves both Sophia and the audience confused.



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Gig Young as a Yank newspaperman tries to brighten the imbroglio, but Peter Viertel's script gags Gig. Director Anatole Litvak, who put the goo in *Goodbye Again* (Perkins vs. Bergman), smothers any possible excitement in schmaltz.

Sophia is further on view (quite a bit further) in a foreign-made French Revolution rouser called *Madame*, whose first scene shows her as a Parisian laundress, in a low-cut blouse, soaked. (That's the way the blouse bounces.) The outgoing laundress falls in love with a soldier of the Revolution and camp-follows his campaigns. He gets promoted and they get married. After Napoleon becomes "Boss of Europe" (so says a subtitle), he makes the husband a duke and wants to make him a king, but with a different wife. The washerwoman-duchess plays her ace to keep her would-be king from taking another queen. In Technicolor and in Empire costumes, Sophia is a dish too fit for her king, as played by Robert Hossein, who's as lumpy as the script is flabby. It's all based on a 19th Century play written, principally, by Victorien Sardou, whose style Bernard Shaw called "Sardoodledom." The screenwriters are true to the original.

Bob Hope springs eternal but sometimes lands on his keister. *Critic's Choice*, Ira Levin's Broadway hit, feebly screenplayed by Jack Sher, has Hope as a New York drama critic whose wife decides to write a play. (With all resemblances to real persons Kerr-fully changed.) In a series of hoo-ha happenings every bit as credible as the fabulous duplex apartment in which this newspaper critic lives, man scoffs at wife's ambition, wife writes play that's a dog, and man bites dog. Aside from Hope, with whom no farce is quite hopeless, the film's zaniest asset is Lucille Ball as the wife. But the script proves that even farce needs dramatic conflict and you don't get it just by cat-and-spouse quarrels. The director was Don Weis, whose sense of pace would please a paid-by-the-hour pallbearer. The editor was William Ziegler, a man with an unerring gift for inserting a reaction shot or an extraneous close-up just in time to kill a laugh. The embalming is in Technicolor.

Rama is a Hindu divinity in Heaven, and *Nine Hours to Rama* is the story of Mahatma Gandhi's last day on earth, seen from the viewpoints of assassin, police and Gandhi himself. With most of its exteriors color-filmed in color-drenched India, the picture zeroes in on Delhi, Jan. 30, 1948: the young fanatic stoking his fury with drink and despair; the police superintendent trying to convince Gandhi to cancel his public prayer meeting that afternoon because watched



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plots are boiling: Gandhi unwilling to disappoint his followers and firmly refusing to be protected by force. All the ingredients are here for taut progress to catastrophe, but the script, by Nelson Gidding out of Stanley Wolpert's book-clubber, fills the assassin's day with flabby flash backs and with playtime in a prosty's pad, and the nine hours soon seem like 90. Handsome Horst Buchholz plays the brown-skinned murderer, and this Horst of a different color rides off in all emotional directions at once. José Ferrer, the head cop, looks bizarrely at home in the bazaars, but as for Diane Baker as a Delhi doll, it's sari—wrong number. Harry Andrews (an Indian general) makes a healthy Sikh, and J. S. Casshyap, in his screen debut at 64, is a dandy Gandhi.

THEATER

Bert Lahr speaking S. J. Perelman's lines, as he does in *The Beauty Part*, provides a gaggle of laughs. Perelman has forcibly sewn the play together from a series of *New Yorker* pieces in which he panned America's cultural "awakening"—the deception that anyone can paint, sculpt, make music or write *New Yorker* articles—and in it he follows the progress, onward and downward in the arts, of a naive young Yale lad named Lance Weatherwax (Larry Hagman). Lance encounters at least five Lahrs; you never know behind which potted palm he may be lurking next. Bert plays: Milo Leonard Allardyce DuPlessis Weatherwax, Lance's father and a notorious Park Avenue lecher; Hyacinth Beddoes Laffoon, the manly lady publisher of a string of horror magazines; Harry Hubris, a big Hollywood movie mangler (and *he* poses—don't ask why—as the father of a Cambodian houseboy); Nelson Smedley, the richest, crankiest, creakiest old gink in the world; and hammy Judge Herman J. Rinderbrust, who has one eye on the TV cameras and the other on a defendant accused of "conspiracy to come out of a pie and dance with a gorilla." Perhaps the nuttiest thing about this nutty show is its title, which is good for one gag and has nothing whatever to do with anything else on stage. But then not much on stage has anything to do with anything else on stage. The beauty part is, who needs sense when you have such funny foolishness? At the Music Box, 239 West 45th Street.

Suddenly, it's the last summer for Flora Goforth, the dying bawdy heroine of Tennessee Williams' *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore*. But before the aging Flora goes forth, she decides to



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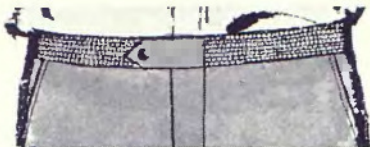
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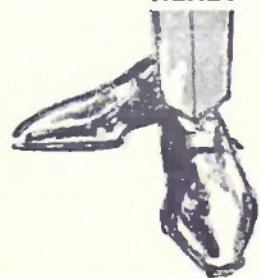
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write her *Little Me-ish* memoirs. She wires every room of her many-roomed villa on the Italian Divina Costiera so that she can dictate whenever she feels a memory coming on. But nostalgia is not enough to liven up her dying: Flora wants some action. When a handsome young poet named Chris Flanders bums by in *Lederhosen* she stashes him in the villa next door and refuses to give him board until he agrees to share her bed. In short, feels Flora, everything is urgentissimo this summer. Unfortunately, compared to Williams' 11 previous full-length plays, this one must be rated a routine-issimo. Flora, as played robustly by Hermione Baddeley, does have a few boisterously clownish scenes, but her death, which is the climax of the play, is pretty baddeley handled. As for the hero, he is not only a bad poet ("Life is something; death is nothing"), he is also a religious nut dedicated to saving old cronies. He has better luck with them than with the play. Little of it is very convincing, and the dialog has none of Williams' poetic, humorous pace. In *Milk Train*, when he gets the word he holds onto it ("You're the heart of a world that has no heart." "She had you; you were had."). Like the lines, *Milk Train* doesn't go anywhere. At the Morosco Theater, 217 West 45th Street.

In *Never Too Late* a meek, mellow matron (Maureen O'Sullivan) finds, to her delight and to the chagrin of her quick-boiling husband (Paul Ford), that she is pregnant—for the first time in several decades. "How could you?" their daughter asks the new father-to-be, and he stares back blankly. After his head clears a bit, the man does some computing: "When he gets out of college, I'll be going on 83—if he's smart." When his spouse starts lousing up his life with baby things, he realizes that soon Ford's fort will fall. He fumes, frets, flusters, blusters, bleats, snorts, shakes his jowly jaw and stomps his feet. To no avail. "Go to hell," his wife tells him. Instead, he goes to the nearest saloon with his hated son-in-law (Orson Bean), a hired bungler in Ford's lumber mill. Ordinarily, he'd like to string Bean, but they find a mutual distaste for bringing up baby. They stagger home, and now mother flies the coop. Foggily, Ford hurries to the police station, only to return bewildered. "I'm looking for a pregnant woman—they give me a vagrant woman." He double-scowls and triple-chins: "How could they think I was married to her?" How, indeed, could anyone think droopy-eyed, pear-shaped Paul Ford, Sergeant Bilko's long-time, long-suffering commanding officer, was married to anything besides another basset hound? As expected, all ends happily for the expectant parents. As unexpected, their one-gag comedy, breezily directed by

George Abbott, pulls in a lot of laughs. At the Playhouse Theater, 137 West 48th Street.

Lionel Bart's *Oliver!*, a "free adaptation" of *Oliver Twist*, and an international musical hit of some proportions, is a kind of *Snow White* for the carriage trade. Jolly, childish, overstated and as doggedly lovable as any good Walt Disney cartoon, it skims the sweet cream off Dickens, following orphan Oliver from the public workhouse, where he wants more food, to apprenticeship with undertaker Sowerberry, where he wants more respect, to enrollment in Fagin's purse-thirsty band of infantile delinquents, where he finds food, respect and a hand-picked occupation. Before Oliver can make his first snatch, he is snatched up by the law, and after assorted plot twists, he finds himself not *Twist* at all, but the long-lost grandson of moneybags Brownlow. Herolet Oliver is the goody-goody we remember from the book, but villain Fagin has been much softened. The simple-mindedness of Bart's book is not reflected in Sean Kenny's sets, which are dazzling in their complexity, shifting miraculously—in full view of the audience—into a market place, a thieves' den, a rich man's town house, and London Bridge standing up. *Oliver!*'s other major merit is its instantly infectious score. Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the house-mother of the thieves' den, is a knockout—physically and vocally. Clive Revill, as Fagin, has hardly enough to do. Bruce Prochnik as Oliver and David Jones as Dodger are appealing, but who wouldn't be in their torn shoes? The other kids, that's who. As hammy a batch of tykes hasn't been in public since the last days of the Horn & Hardart *Children's Hour*. Even Disney's animators would have toned down these mugging mop-pets. At the Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th Street.

BOOKS

The name of the game is blackjack; the object is to draw a higher total than the dealer but not to exceed 21. Simple enough—except that even the most wishful fish knows that the house would not play unless the house expected to win. But that was before *Beat the Dealer* (Blaisdell, \$4.95) by Edward O. Thorp, a remarkable inquiry into the laws of probability as they have never been applied to the game before and will never need to be again. Dr. Thorp, a mathematics professor at New Mexico State University, did his investigating with the aid of an IBM high-speed computer which, in a few brief hours, looked into the possibilities of some 10,000 man-years



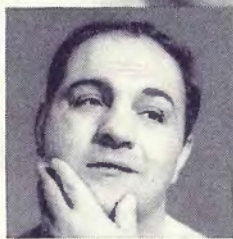
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of hitting, sticking, splitting pairs and doubling down—and showed that the house can be taken. His basic strategies, too complex for casual summary, demand days of study by even the most math-minded gamster. What they boil down to is a rapidly careful card count, by which the player becomes aware of certain decisively favorable situations when he should bet the limit. But they also boil down to several dozen complex charts, graphs and tables, a number of which the would-be expert must memorize cold. (Not by accident is the book issued by a publisher who usually handles texts.) Is it worth all the effort, or are we faced here with some academic hypothesis that will fall apart atop the tables, green baize before the dealer's baleful gaze? It is, and we aren't. Backed by two millionaires, the professor himself went to Nevada and put his calculations to the test. He ran a \$10,000 bank roll up to \$21,000 in 30 hours before the bell rang calling him back to class.

John Updike's latest book, *The Centaur*, (Knopf, \$4), is a presumably autobiographical novel about himself as a high school student in 1947 and his relations with his father, a science teacher in the same small-town Pennsylvania school. Updike symbolizes the beloved father as Chiron, the centaur of Greek mythology who was wounded by an arrow and doomed to eternal suffering; longing for death, he gave up his immortality in atonement for Prometheus' theft of fire. Updike's "centaur" is an eccentric, enthusiastic, irascible, affectionate man (a kind of Last Angry Teacher), who suspects he has a serious illness. That, of course, is the wound. Prometheus is Youth generally and his son specifically. The chapters done from the son's viewpoint, describing the daily drama of living with his nicely nutty father, contain much fine Updike: piercingly perceptive, emotionally evocative, fixing everyday sensory experiences in small enameled images. But most of the other chapters are from the father's viewpoint, in which he fancies himself as the centaur in torment. In addition to making the father self-pitying and self-aggrandizing, they are written in a perfumed, myth-mangling prose that is like Oscar Wilde gone wilder. ("Poor Philyra! His mother. Wise Chiron could almost reconstruct her face, as huge in tears, it begged a heaven whose very patterns had passed away to release her from the decree, antedating even the Hundred-handed and stretching forward to . . ." The sentence goes on for 23 more lines.) These choky chapters seriously wound *The Centaur*. Even in his straight sections Updike overdrives the overheated quill. He can't have a basketball player make a shot without cushioning "the tense seamed

globe against his chest." If there's any unexplored territory left in the Novel of Sensibility, Updike is well upcountry by now—but he risks being stranded in the Infatuation-with-the-Throb-of-His-Own-Emotions Department.

James Baldwin strikes plangent chords of wrath in *The Fire Next Time* (Dial, \$3.50), most of them directed against American whites. The book consists of two essays—a short one addressed to his teenage nephew, and a long one addressed to white readers. "There is no reason for you to try to become like white people," Baldwin tells the nephew, "and there is no basis whatever for their impertinent assumption that *they* must accept *you*. The really terrible thing, old buddy, is that *you* must accept *them*." In the second essay, which caused much stir when it appeared in *The New Yorker*, Baldwin really gets down to cases: The white American is in a jam. Morally he's a hypocrite; psychologically he's an invalid; sexually he's in a deep freeze. "I cannot accept the proposition," writes Baldwin, "that the 400-year travail of the American Negro should result merely in his attainment of the present level of the American civilization . . . White people cannot be taken as models of how to live . . . Why, for example—especially knowing the family as I do—I should *want* to marry your sister is a great mystery to me." Baldwin sees the liberation of the American Negro as the key to liberation of the American white. "The only way he [the white man] can be released from the Negro's tyrannical power over him is to consent . . . to become black himself, to become a part of that suffering and dancing country which he now watches wistfully from the heights of his lonely power . . ." There is in all this a measure of truth; but it is the truth of the poet, not of the objective reporter. Baldwin speaks of love in the rhythms of hate, and of forgiveness in a tone of anger. He is at his best when he relates his own experiences.

PLAYBOY's graphic-literary satirist, Jules Feiffer, the most collectible as well as the most delectable of cartoonists, once again honors the hard-cover scene. His latest assortment of assaults on our society's ways, byways and mores—a healthy number of which were first launched in these pages—may be found in *Hold Me!* (Random House, \$1.95). It *will* hold you. In this slim volume are gathered incisive insights enough for a company of lesser satirists. Bittersweet on the outside, with tart and chewy centers, Feiffer's creations remain the most stimulating and nutritious cartoons on the market today.

Latest in the apparently endless cavalcade of erstwhile novelists of protest to



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continued right-hand column, next page



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turn public scold is Nelson Algren, whose *Who Lost An American?* (Macmillan, \$4.50) is less climactic than climactic. The man with the still sometimes golden typewriter has recorded here his mental meanderings occasioned by meanderings about the globe viewing "The Seamier Sides of New York City, Inner London, Paris, Dublin, Barcelona, Seville, Almeria, Istanbul, Crete and Chicago, Illinois." The description is apt: the book is more seamy than seemly, a sort of delayed-adolescent *Wanderjahr* that appears to have been undertaken with a built-in sneer, a kind of intellectual, pre-fab mucker pose bent on finding the mote in every neighbor's eye—and replacing it with a ground-in cinder. In this guise, Algren equates luxury with frivolity, taste with the effete, comfort with moral decay. From his self-constructed pedestal of rectitude he sees America as a place where Easy Street is the superhighway to nowhere. It is not a new posture and he brings little freshness to it. Only occasionally does the wonderful wild side of his nature reassert itself; when that happens, the book sings and there are vintage Algren touches of flashing insight and mordant wit. But for the most part the heady wine of his art has gone flat and turned vinegary, to be sweetened with sentimental celebrations of a past that couldn't have been all that rosé. Which is a shame, for Algren must be remembered as a strong and original voice in contemporary American letters. In this book, the voice is too seldom and too faintly heard; it has become part snarl, part whine.

RECORDINGS

Detonations in varying degrees may be found on *Explosion!*/Terry Gibbs and His Exciting Big Band (Mercury) and *Explosion! The Sound of Slide Hampton* (Atlantic). The Gibbs gig is just what the title implies. With Terry's torrid vibes in the van, the troops jump frenetically into the fray. The battleground is almost evenly divided between originals and vintage reprises, with the Gibbs gang stirring nostalgic memories of the great Herman Herds and Kenton contingents. Hampton's horde, amplified from his familiar Octet into 10 (or 11 when Latin percussion is added) men, is still founded on funk. Their unison riffs are very much soul-inspired, whether the base of operations is a Latin lilt, a show ballad such as *Maria* or the country-and-western-ish *Your Cheatin' Heart*.

The ubiquitous Bobby Scott, whose diverse talents have been chronicled in these columns before, has taken "root" in *Bobby Scott/When the Feeling Hits You!*

(Mercury). If Bobby is almost a Ray Charles sound-alike, we're sure it's intentional, and he could do a lot worse for a vocal soul springboard. Bobby's piano is in the same basic vein. On tap are a number of Scott originals and adaptations, but the high point is some great Scott on Bobby Timmons' classic *Moanin'*.

Bassist Chuck Israels threads his way through a pair of trio LPs that are entirely satisfying. *Moon Beams/The Bill Evans Trio* (Riverside), with drummer Paul Motian as the third man, is what has come to be expected from Evans & Co.—introspective, ingenious, cerebral exercises with Evans producing continuously fresh ideas from a seemingly bottomless bag. Evans balances a half-dozen standards with a pair of originals, performing with a technique that is as fragilely solid as a prestressed concrete flying buttress. *Circle Waltz/Don Friedman Trio* (Riverside) has for its number three man, drummer Pete La Roca. With Friedman, Israels is given more of his head, and it proves a rewarding freedom, especially on the title tune. Friedman, who is strikingly similar to Evans in certain areas, is still his own man creatively; he proves it conclusively on a solo track, *So in Love*, Cole Porter's anthem on the eccentricities of amour.

Ella Swings Gently with Nelson (Verve) again joins the Fitzgerald-Riddle forces in felicitous union. The pace is one at which we most enjoy Miss Fitz—slightly up-tempo in most instances—where even the more poignant ballads have a modicum of lilt to them. As usual, Ella makes even the most overdone evergreen a refreshing aural experience. Among the oft-repeated airs to have some of the dust shaken out of them—*Body and Soul*, *I Can't Get Started* and *Imagination*.

Just often enough to sustain our faith in the recording biz, along comes an album which constitutes such a felicitous blending of music, performance and engineering excellence that we find ourselves tempted to use superlatives like "exalting" in describing its aural effect. A case in point is the Budapest String Quartet's recording of Beethoven's crowning chamber-music achievements, Opuses 127, 130, 131, 132, 133 and 135, *The Late Quartets* (Columbia). It is a baseless cliché to describe this music as difficult of access to the untutored ear, a charge whose only foundation may exist in the inadequacies of previous performances and recordings. As played by the Budapest—and as recorded in this set—the vigor and purity of these works should prove rewarding even on first hearing. The exaltation we spoke of

arises as subsequent playings are heard — or, rather, listened to — for this is not simple-minded background music. But neither is it solemn: in fact, we venture to say that one would have to be equipped with the tinniest of tin ears to miss the mounting joy engendered by repeated listening to this unique conjunction of composition, performance, recording.

The booming baritone of Billy Eckstine continues with unabated authority on *Don't Worry 'Bout Me* (Mercury). Mr. B takes the romantic measure of a dozen ditties — most of which are worthy of his attentions. Principal exception is *Exodus*, which comes over as pretentious. The rest are mostly top-rung tunes attractively arranged by Billy Byers and Torrie Zito.

For the serious collector of jazz in all its variegated forms, we heartily recommend *Swing Street* (Epic), a four-LP resurrection of a ghost — the now-faint specter of New York's 52nd Street, once the heart of America's jazz being. The album tunes in on the birth pangs of the Street in 1933 with the groups of guitarist Teddy Bunn and banjo-impresario Eddie Condon, continues on through the Golden Days of the late Thirties and early Forties with Basie, Billie Holiday, Coleman Hawkins and John Kirby, and on through the middle Forties (when the Street's luster was beginning to dim in the neon glare of strip joints), with Dizzy Gillespie and Woody Herman. The voluminous liner notes on the era have the poignant air of a eulogy about them.

Like oysters, the voice of João Gilberto takes a bit of getting used to. For one thing, to alien ears, Portuguese (or its Brazilian equivalent) has a rather odd sound; for another, Gilberto's voice rarely rises much above a whisper. Be that as it may, a few hearings of *The Boss of the Bossa Nova/João Gilberto* (Atlantic) put us firmly in his corner. Gilberto, who is often given credit for getting bossa nova off the ground, makes most of the other bossa novitiates sound like they're doing the twist. The tunes are, of course, all authentically Brazilian, and near-hypnotically fascinating.

We do not recommend *Essence/Don Ellis* (Pacific Jazz) to the faint of heart and blithe of spirit. Trumpeter Ellis is not one to let well enough alone. Aided by Paul Bley on piano, Gary Peacock's wildly inventive bass work, Gene Stone and Nick Martinis on drums, trumpeter Ellis explores atonality, odd tempos and nontempos to the listener's limits. If on occasion his reach exceeds his grasp,

an appreciative audience will chalk it up as an experimental failure that is still absorbing despite its shortcomings. Ellis, a man with a musical mission, is a voice to be listened to.

The sound produced by the Buddy DeFranco-Tommy Gumina Quartet on *Kaleidoscope* (Mercury) is unique. The blend of clarinet and accordion is unlike anything you've ever heard before — a fascinating tonality that adds fresh luster to the familiar strains of *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise*, *Stella by Starlight*, *Summertime* and *Speak Low*. DeFranco and Gumina are exemplary soloists but it is in the ensemble passages that the Quartet sparks something excitingly different. Words, of course, are insufficient; they have to be heard to be truly appreciated.

The basic vocalise of Jimmy Witherspoon is excitingly tapped in *Roots* (Reprise), wherein Spoon's blues shouting finds its instrumental counterpart in the good earthy tenor of Ben Webster. With a rhythm section and an occasional assist from trumpeter Gerald Wilson, Jimmy and Ben share the honors on such low-down lieder as *I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water*, *I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town* and *Cherry Red*.

Desafinado/Pat Thomas (MGM) introduces a refreshingly fine vocal talent. Miss Thomas, with pianist-conductor-arranger Lalo Schifrin at the reins, supplies delicate, unfrilled phrasing to a number of bossa nova stand-bys. The results, in almost all instances, bear up admirably under repeated listenings.

A crisp cookie is *Les Elgart/Best Band on Campus* (Columbia). The well-drilled Elgart troops step smartly out on a dozen dance-directed ditties that have been designated as campus favorites since the Twenties. Among them you'll find such oddments as *Show Me the Way to Go Home*, *Let's Face the Music and Dance* and *Michael Row the Boat Ashore*.

A topflight songbird deserves Grade A material. Such, happily, is the case on *Anita O'Day Sings the Winners* (Verve). Anita performs a dozen dandy opuses that have become associated with a like number of jazzmen. Included are *Early Autumn* (Stan Getz), *Four Brothers* (Woody Herman), *My Funny Valentine* (Gerry Mulligan) and *Body and Soul* (Coleman Hawkins). Sharing the charting chores are Marty Paich and Russ Garcia. The material is splendid, the vocalizing superb.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Every time I get down to basics with my girl she insists that our affection find its deepest expression in pitch darkness. Since I personally would prefer to have at least one light on, these pleas for complete obscurity are beginning to bug me. I mean, is there something basically wrong with having a bit of illumination? Or is there perhaps something wrong with her? — O. T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Your attitude is entirely normal — as is hers. According to Kinsey, "In general, more men prefer to have intercourse in the light and more women prefer it in the dark." Patient persuasion on your part should lead to a brighter tomorrow.

As a guy considered hip by most of my friends, I think I'm generally aware of what's going on. Usually when I go out with some interesting young lady, we stop at a cozy place for a drink or two. I don't drink liquor, so most often I order a Coke or something else non-alcoholic. Up till now, in all the better clubs that I go to this has been acceptable — or at least nothing has been said about it. However, I recently entered a nice-looking bar in New York City with a girl I was dating for the first time, ordered her a drink, and then ordered a Coke for myself. The reply I was given was, and I quote exactly: "This ain't no soda fountain, fella." Could it be I've been wrong in so ordering, or was I just in the wrong place this particular time? — R. H., Trenton, New Jersey.

It's a customer's prerogative to elect a soft drink in lieu of sauce in any bar or club. (In some of the better spots, the charge is the same whether the drink is alcoholic or not, so your teetotaling order represents no financial loss to the management.) You weren't wrong in requesting a Coke — just unlucky in encountering boorish hired help.

In the January *Playboy Advisor* you said that most modern sports cars do not require double-clutching, except occasionally for first gear. I'd like some elucidation on this point, please: if double-clutching is a necessity for the pros in big-time competition, why not for a sports-car jockey like me? — G. W., Columbus, Ohio.

Double-clutching is the only easy way to make a fast, silent gear change in a nonsynchromesh, or straight-tooth, or "crash" transmission. The object of this action is to balance or synchronize the speeds of the two gears being used, the driving and the driven. If this is done

precisely, the gears are — relative to each other — stationary and will mesh without difficulty. The various types of synchromesh devices are designed to accomplish this end automatically, or without effort or attention on the driver's part. Because synchromesh is an additional piece of machinery subject to malfunction, designers of race-car gearboxes have usually preferred to do without it, the skill of the driver making it unnecessary in any case. The race driver tries to keep his car under power as much as he possibly can. He can't afford to take his foot off the throttle and coast up to a corner. He stays on the gas for as long as he dares; then he goes down one gear, eases up on the throttle and allows some of the forward momentum of the car to be dissipated against the compression of the engine. If the upcoming corner is severe enough he may do this twice or even three times, braking heavily at the same time. To make these gear changes surely and swiftly on a nonsynchromesh box, the driver must double-clutch. It follows that double-clutching is pointless in anything but very fast driving in a nonsynchromesh car.

Ten months from now I plan to set off on a once-in-a-lifetime journey: a long, leisurely trip around the world. Prior to booking accommodations, I have been assembling from books and conversations a list of the world's finest hotels. As a check to see if I've forgotten any, I'd appreciate your giving me your own selection of the 10 best — that is, the 10 hotels that offer the most luxurious accommodations in conjunction with excellence of service, excellence of site and high caliber of clientele. I want to arrange my itinerary so that I will hit as many as possible. — J. D., New York, New York.

The word "best" is, to some extent, a matter of personal preference; our choice of 10 would be drawn from this list: *The Copacabana Palace at Rio de Janeiro; Claridge's in London; The Ritz in Lisbon; Estoril Palace Hotel at Estoril; Reids at Madeira; The Palace in Madrid; The Hostal de los Reyes Catolicos at Santiago de Compostela, Spain; The Formentor in Majorca; The Crillon in Paris; The Negresco in Nice; La Verniaz at Evian-les-Bains, France; Baur au Lac in Zurich; The Beau Rivage in Geneva; The Excelsior in Rome; The Ashoka in New Delhi; The Okura in Tokyo; and the Beverly Hills Hotel in Beverly Hills.*

While I suppose that anything is possible where the female mind is concerned, I would like to ask if it seems

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conceivable to you that a female (32 and divorced) would meet and oblige a married male for 13 months, anywhere he designated, without feeling at least some emotional involvement akin to love. In this relationship, no affection has ever been expressed verbally by her; the only reason she gives for the affair is: "You're a fine lover and I need sex." Perhaps I'm begging a particular answer but it seems unbelievable to me that an attractive female would drive for miles to be with one particular male unless she felt something more than sexual attraction. And if she does feel more, then why doesn't she admit it? Female pride? Hell, I have readily admitted my love for her and thereby stand to lose far more than pride. — B. M., Norfolk, Virginia.

Seems unlikely your female friend would commence and continue this obviously inconvenient affair if she didn't feel a strong emotional attachment for you. Her reluctance to concede any non-sexual involvement may be due to a variety of factors. Perhaps she feels a certain empathy with your wife and—despite her own deep feelings—doesn't want to be responsible for your own marital breakup. Perhaps, having been hurt before in a relationship where she more openly displayed her emotions, she feels she would not only make herself more vulnerable by becoming more deeply dependent upon you, but also would run a greater risk of losing your affection, if she allowed her relationship with you to take a more romantic turn. And perhaps she is right. As the married member of this affair, you are in a more advantageous position than you care to recognize, and you actually stand to lose very little by having admitted your love for her. If you were single or separated and in the process of becoming single, her reactions would have to be viewed far differently than in the present case. Let's face it—you have very little to offer this woman in return for the expression of love you desire.

Recently, I received a pearl tie tack as a business gift, and am a bit puzzled as to where on the tie it should correctly be positioned. A friend insists that it should be worn high, between the first and second shirt buttons below the collar. I favor a lower position. What's your view? — P. V., Madison, Wisconsin.

It all depends on the size. If a tie tack is miniature and can double as a stickpin, it may certainly be worn high. However, if it is comparatively large, it should be worn lower on the tie where it can properly fulfill its tacking function, i.e., in the vicinity of your middle jacket button.

As a hunting tyro, I'm a bit confused about the various designations applied to shotgun chokes, such as "skeet" and "modified." Which apply to short-range shooting, and which to long-range? — P. F., Chicago, Illinois.

Shotguns of the shotgun abide by the following list, which designates barrel chokes in terms of wideness of spread of shot, from the widest pattern (for short range) to the tightest (for long range):

*Cylinder
Skeet
Improved cylinder
Modified
Improved modified
Full choke*

I have an invitation to a very formal affair, at which I want to be impeccably turned out. I believe that I have all the necessary gear, save for one item: shoes. A friend tells me that opera pumps are essential when a man wears a tuxedo. Trouble is, I object to the bows that one finds on opera pumps—they strike me as swish rather than swank. Would I be committing a serious *faux pas* if I wore plain black shoes? — L. C., St. Louis, Missouri.

No. While opera pumps are de rigueur with tails, they are optional with a tuxedo. Either a plain formal dress shoe or a plain black shoe is an acceptable compromise.

If you can top this one—or even answer it—I'll buy a lifetime subscription to PLAYBOY at once. The other night I had a date with a real swinging girlfriend with whom I've had a totally satisfying relationship, of its kind. That is, we like each other hugely, get on beautifully, are uninhibited about doing what comes naturally, freely date others (and never discuss it afterward), yet each of us knows and doesn't care that it's not for keeps and no strings will be left dangling.

As I said, the other night I had a date with her and it went like so: I called for her at her apartment, found a note to me hung on her doorbell saying her mother (who lives out of the city and whom I'd never met) was upstairs, that she (the girl) had had a command-performance, last-minute dinner invite from her boss to dine with an important client, and that I should go on up and have a drink with the old lady and wait for my girl to get back if I wished. Up I went and used the bell, not my key, and got the surprise of my life. This mother is like no mother you ever saw: very youthful, full of magnetism, zing and charm, and downright beautiful. She must be in her 30s, but looks like 25. Her 18-year-old

daughter takes after her, but it's Mom who has the looks and the sophistication to a degree that makes her daughter seem a dim carbon copy by comparison.

Mom and I got on great, had some drinks, talked a lot. I swear I could feel the electric tension building between us, and I didn't know what to do, so I asked her to come on out for something to eat. We went to an Italian restaurant (candles and chianti) and I was pretty sure this wonderful hunk of woman was feeling the way I did. I tested it by asking her to the pad I share with my bachelor dad (who wasn't due home that night) for a brandy, she accepted, and—as it turned out pretty quickly—my hunch was right. In fact, we had a torrid session compared to which my previous experience, which I thought was extensive, is kid stuff. Along about three A.M., we sort of came to and I took her back to her daughter's pad. I figured it would be best not to wake the girl—assuming she was asleep—and her mother agreed, so I used my key, the idea being that her mother would tiptoe to bed and tell her in the morning that I'd decided not to wait. Boy, did I get a shock when I opened that front door! There, on the bearskin rug before the dying embers in the fireplace was my girl, in her birthday suit, sound asleep in the arms of my snoring dad, who was similarly dressed. Our entrance woke them, there was a moment of stunned embarrassment, then we all started talking at once, accusing each other of every breach of faith and propriety, raising our voices, threatening, et cetera. I gave up at last and just split and went to a hotel, where I now sit writing this. What to do now? — L. G., New York, New York.

You are too talented a fellow to be wasting such fiction on a magazine column that doesn't pay any money. Of course, your imaginary tale is a bit too cliché-ridden for the slick market—at least without some additional embellishments—but it sounds as though it might be just the thing for one of the sex magazines, and you may be able to earn enough from it to pay that \$150 for the Lifetime Subscription you owe us.

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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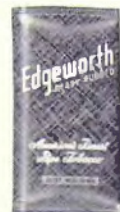


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: HELEN GURLEY BROWN

a candid conversation with the openly outspoken author of "sex and the single girl"

Within the past year, a Los Angeles advertising woman who used to spend most of her time tub-thumping bras and pancake make-up has metamorphosed into a pundit for millions of lonely and bewildered American women. With the publication of "Sex and the Single Girl," Helen Gurley Brown became the first in a new school of lovelorn literati to parlay sexually candid advice into a hefty bank account. Her little Baedeker of bedmanship, 267 pages of beauty hints, recipes and pithy exploration of male-female relationships, has sold 150,000 hard-cover copies. Warner Brothers paid \$200,000 for the right to transform this grab bag into a Technicolor, career-girls-in-New-York film, the second highest price Hollywood has ever delivered for a work of nonfiction. An LP titled "Lessons in Love," with the 40-year-old author reciting breathless homilies on how to love a girl and how to love a man, was one of the Christmas season's heavier sellers. Her new syndicated newspaper column, "Woman Alone," dissects sex for spinsters in the boondocks. Her happy husband quit his film-producer job to counsel and advise her. She, in turn, left the ad agency to write more books. The next in line, "Sex and the Office," appears in the fall. Pocket Books shelled out \$125,000 for its reprint rights after seeing a bare, 20-page outline.

In a series of interviews conducted in her Hollywood-and-Vine office and her expansive Pacific Palisades home, PLAYBOY captured Mrs. Brown's more outspoken personal views on pregnancy, abortion, affairs, fame and matrimony.

PLAYBOY: How did you happen to write *Sex and the Single Girl*?

BROWN: My husband thought up the idea. He used to be editor-in-chief of *Liberty* and *Cosmopolitan*. I was out of town visiting my mother and sister and David found some old letters of mine, letters I wrote to an old boyfriend. I always kept carbon copies of those letters. He sat down and read them from beginning to end. And when I got home he said: "You really have a delightful writing style. I'd like to think of something for you to write." This was the spring of 1960. We were talking again about something I might be able to write a few months later and he said: "I had an idea the other day about how a single girl goes about having an affair, how she clears the decks for action. What does she do with the guy she's already seeing? What's the best place for her to consummate this affair? What's her life like? What kind of person is she?" I said: "My God, that's my book, that's my book!" When I got into writing the book, it became

much more serious and sincere than we ever thought it would be. It got to be not tongue in cheek, but quite sincere — with a little light touch.

PLAYBOY: What was the thinking behind the book's sincere little title?

BROWN: Originally it was called *Sex for the Single Girl*, which I liked better. It was my husband's title. The publishers felt that it was too racy, that it sounded like we were advocating sex for all single girls. So they changed *for* to *and*. I suppose it's faintly misleading; however I think if we said *Sex and the Single Woman*, without justifying it, it might indicate it was a sex tome dealing with sex life of the unmarried female in America. The fact that we called a girl a girl was one justification for the title. Another, every single chapter always refers to sex. In the chapter on money, it says that being solvent is sexy and there's nothing less sexy than a girl who has the shorts. And it's sexy to be able to balance a checkbook and not to spend a boy blind. We made sure that all the chapters did tie back in. I don't think of sex as the act of sex exclusively. I don't think sex appeal exists only between two people who are lovers. Therefore, I would consider part of a single girl's arsenal of sex appeal her apartment and her clothes and the fact that



"I'm always careful to say that I'm not for promiscuity . . . I just know what goes on. And I know it isn't the end of the world when a girl has an affair."



"I don't know of anything more ruthless, more deadly or more dedicated than any normal, healthy American girl in search of a husband."



"When a man is making love to you, the United Nations building could fall down and if he's really a man, he won't stop for a minute . . . it's pretty exhilarating!"

she can give an intimate little dinner.

PLAYBOY: Have you received much mail from readers of the book?

BROWN: Yes, and the preponderance of mail is very happy stuff. The large proportion of it comes from single women who say: "Thank you, Helen Gurley Brown" or "You're what we've needed" or "You've changed my life and now I can hold my head up" or "I've stopped seeing my psychiatrist." I feel very happy about these letters because that's whom the book was for. The negative letters complain that I'm suggesting single girls should be doing something that's immoral. I didn't suggest anybody do anything. I qualify it 92 times in the book. I just said this is how it is. I'm always careful to say that I'm not for promiscuity. What business is it of mine to be for it or against it? I just know what goes on. And I know it isn't the end of the world when a girl has an affair. Other letters say: "Aren't you just trying to justify the kind of life you lead?" Real snotty ones. It hurts me because far from trying to write something not uplifting for single girls, I'm so sincere about them. I suppose critics complain on the grounds that this kind of writing is available to young people, and yet there's all the erotica in the world available to any young person who wants it in the public library. But most of my mail seems to be from people who love me.

PLAYBOY: Has there been any "I want to meet you, baby" mail?

BROWN: Oh, I got a hysterical one from a chap who said he was a homosexual and a very first-rate homosexual but he also adored women. He heard that I was in New York and he wanted very much to meet me. It was quite a sincere little letter. He felt quite seriously that I would be interested in meeting him. I get a lot of mail about how to keep from having a baby. I wrote a whole section on that and felt very strongly that it should be in the book. My publisher felt we were taking a pretty bold stand about all this stuff anyway without going so far as to tell people how not to have babies. So he took it out. And I fought for it, but it came out anyway. This mail I get is from girls who are quite sincerely interested in knowing. For some reason they feel they can't talk it over with their doctor. My inclination is to tell people exactly what I think they should do: They should get fitted for a diaphragm. What else would you do? I was never pregnant. Nobody has to get pregnant, it's so very silly. I was just as silly a little girl as everybody else was. I was no great brain, I'm still not. Except I always did have the good sense to try not to have a baby. It shouldn't be that much of a problem. As married girls who are trying to have babies know, it's quite difficult. You can only conceive 12-18 hours during a month. Therefore it's not all

that simple, although I've had many pregnant girlfriends.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about abortions for these pregnant friends?

BROWN: Having an abortion isn't that difficult either. It's really not that dangerous anymore, since penicillin. Now they shoot you full of 95,000 volts of penicillin and you can go back to work on Monday. It was once a very dangerous thing because of infection, because these operations had to be done in the backs of garages or somebody's office. If a girl were able to go to a hospital now, there would be practically no danger to her. There is some chance of becoming barren, but if the operation isn't performed by an idiot, it's quite simple. The only problem with an abortion is finding someone who can perform it. And also, it's hideously expensive. It's like dope. I understand the going rate now in Los Angeles is \$500, and it has to be cash and right then. Well, kids don't have that kind of money. Career girls don't, either.

PLAYBOY: Did your pregnant friends follow your abortion advice?

BROWN: I had a roommate who was pregnant and who wouldn't admit she was. It was an immaculate conception. It hadn't happened to her, boy. She was throwing up every morning before she went to work. She was getting as fat as Patty's pig. She said she had a virus. My other roommate and I finally said: "Barbara, don't you think you ought to see a doctor, maybe?" Finally she went to a doctor and wouldn't admit to him that she'd had intercourse. After she was getting fatter and fatter and sicker and sicker, he said: "You're pregnant, aren't you?" And she said: "I guess I am." Then she started doing things at home to try to unload this baby. It really was quite touching. Of course, nothing did any good. She was young and healthy. She had an abortion—the rates were \$300 then. The boyfriend got the money and a few months after that they were married. They now have two children.

PLAYBOY: Well, that's a happy ending. What about American abortion laws?

BROWN: The whole thing needs overhauling. It's a shame girls have to go to Mexico or Europe to be operated on. It's outrageous that girls can't be aborted here. I guess the rule as of the moment is that it must endanger the mother's life. But never mind that this little child doesn't have a father. And never mind that its mother is a flibbertigibbet who has no business having a baby. Abortion is just surrounded with all this hush-hush and horror, like insanity used to be. The whole country is going to be overrun by people. Charles Darwin's nephew, who writes on anthropology, says that by the year 2000, we're going to be stacked up on top of each other. So from that anthropological viewpoint alone, it's silly to prevent abortions. One of my

good friends was pregnant a couple of years ago, and her own doctor gave her the usual party line: "Marry the guy." I think that's hysterical. It's wrong for a chap to get married when he's not ready to get married, when it's going to louse up everything. I always felt it was my responsibility as a girl having an affair. And I didn't have a diaphragm until I was 33 years old. If you like someone, and he likes you, he's really not interested in getting you pregnant. My God, it's the last thing in the world he wants to do. The few times when somebody just can't wait, you just put your foot down. I'm as highly sexed as the next girl. But it doesn't matter how much of a hurry you're in. You say: "This isn't going to happen until . . ." No problem. Girls who get pregnant are careless little jerks.

PLAYBOY: Your publisher deleted all this from the book?

BROWN: Yes, he felt it might hurt sales, that I was going pretty far, anyway, in talking about the sexual life of unmarried women. And if I went so far as to tell a girl how not to have a baby, we would be thrown out of the Authors League, or something. It was a commercial consideration. The publisher didn't want to kibosh the whole thing by making people furious.

PLAYBOY: Did you run into any additional censorship problems with your publisher?

BROWN: There was one line that they cut out in the first chapter. It was exhorting the single girl to be proud of herself and I said: "I think you should have a quietly 'F--- You' attitude about the whole thing." In the galleys, my publisher changed it to "Frig You" attitude and I got up as fast as I could and said: "Are you mad? A lady would say 'F--- You' but she would never say that other thing." So he said: "Well, I don't think you ought to say that. It just doesn't sound right." We changed it to "a quietly 'Drop Dead' attitude." We also had a little go-round about the word *pushover*. In the chapter describing why a girl has affairs, I said there are girls who only feel secure when they're in bed with a man. This is the greatest gift that a man can give them. And they feel uneasy unless they're getting this from a man. And then I said this may not be the clinical definition, but this is my definition of a nymphomaniac. My publisher corrected this and said: "Look, you're not a doctor, you don't know what a nymphomaniac is, so why don't we say this girl obviously is a pushover?" I just hit the roof. I hate that word. I don't think a pushover is a pushover. It's as though she was saying: "No, please don't do it to me, please don't, I wish you wouldn't, please don't. Oh well, I'm too weak and I'll just give in." *Au contraire*. She's asking for it. She needs it. She needs the reassurance. When a man

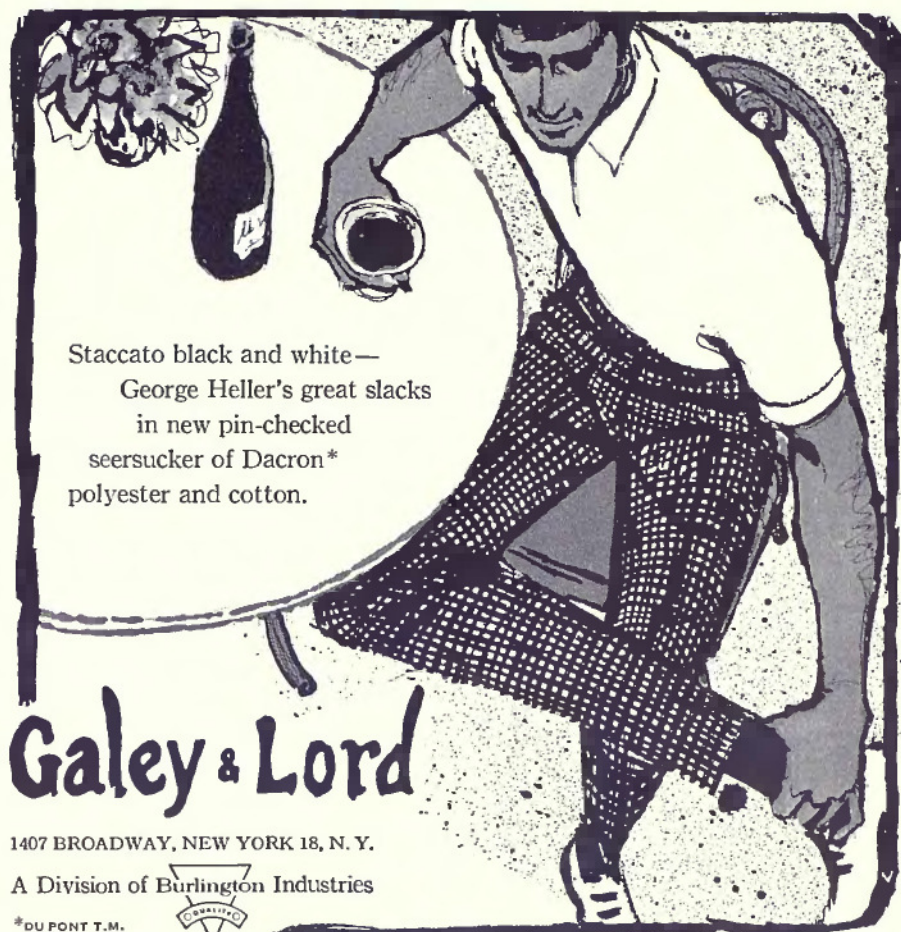
is making love to you, the United Nations building could fall down and if he's really a man, he won't stop for a minute. Therefore it's pretty exhilarating. It does give you a feeling of power. Men, in most cases, would be more like wild, uncaged beasts if they were stopped in the middle of a sex act, more than a woman would. I understand a nymphomaniac in that respect. Any girl who goes to bed with a man has a reason. I don't think one of them is that she just doesn't know how to say no. A few, maybe, are so socially inept that they don't want to hurt anybody's feelings so they go through with it. But very few. I absolutely insisted on getting that word *pushover* out of there.

PLAYBOY: Censorship aside, how can your expositional book be translated into a dramatic film?

BROWN: When Warner Brothers first started working on it, the producer had me meet with the screenwriters. He thought I could be very helpful. It was a very drunken night and they started telling me the story line and I got more and more depressed so I just didn't say anything. The opening of the picture is where this one girl gets out of a taxicab pursued by this burly fellow. She turns around and clobbers him over the head with her handbag. She runs and he chases her up the steps to her apartment and she flings open the door and there is her roommate breaking from a clinch with her boyfriend and the roommate picks up a couple of very heavy books and throws them at the guy. I just threw up my hands. I didn't tell them how upset I was. Nobody hits anybody with a handbag or throws a book. It's like out of the days of tea dancing. But then again, if they left me alone with it, I would probably improve it right into a flop.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting Warner Brothers paid \$200,000 just for a successful title?

BROWN: Not exactly. The book runs all through the screenplay. It's supposed to be the girls' bible. And they use all the terms that are in the book: The Availables, The Impossible, and so on. They're also picking up some of the characters from the book, like the married woman who fixes up the single girl with a date, and then she won't let her get near the guy because she's interested in him herself. You can imagine that would be kind of a cute little sequence in a movie. And there's the chapter that has the mother who is in love with her daughter's date, too. But I don't care what they do. It's a big miracle. And I think I deserve it. Because I worked like a sonofabitch all my life. I had no education and no confidence until a few years ago. I was always afraid that I would go under. The fact that all this is happening now, I don't think anybody



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should mind very much. I can't seem to touch anything now that doesn't pan out for me. Like the movie, and the paperback reprints, and the record and the column. I think it's a gas. An absolute gas. But I'm still a neurotic worrier in that I'm not able to lie down and wallow in it.

PLAYBOY: Does the continuing criticism have anything to do with this feeling?

BROWN: I've had criticism, naturally, and I'm still not enough of a hardened criminal not to have had this affect me. I hate it. Nobody wants to be not loved. We spend all our lives trying to be loved. Mostly people say: "Why did you take this attitude, why didn't you take that attitude?" They criticized my emphasis on the importance of being solvent and they say it's an awfully crass, commercial little picture of things. But this book reflects me. I had a ghastly time, so of course I was influenced by that. I can't write somebody else's book. I keep saying in every third paragraph: "This is how it was for me. This is how I played it. It's just a pippy-poo little book and people come back with this diatribe about its great social significance. Well that's just because nobody ever got off his high horse long enough to write to single women in any form they could associate with. If they had, somebody else would be the arbiter for single women at this point instead of me. I get very annoyed with these people.

PLAYBOY: There are other critics who object to your language as well as the book's content. Norm Porter, a columnist for an Olympia, Washington, newspaper, says: "The book never quite attains the high level of smut by innuendo accomplished in the Springmaid Sheet ads. There's more polish and tone than most of the deodorant or laxative copy." What do you think he means by that?

BROWN: He hates the book. It's not his book. And there probably is some sly reference to the fact that it sounds like advertising copy. If it sounds like ad copy, I'm delighted. That's good writing.

PLAYBOY: Are phrases like little bitty, teeny-weeny and pippy-poo examples of good writing?

BROWN: Those phrases seem to have annoyed some people, especially the word "pippy-poo"—they just climb walls. I can't blame it on my copywriting background. I write letters that way. Let's just say I've made a thing out of writing very girlishly. I just didn't pick out 20 ridiculous, silly, girlish words and say: "OK. I'll drop them in like eggs into an Easter basket and see what comes out." I don't think these words offended anybody but men.

PLAYBOY: A female reviewer, writing for the *Miami News*, said: "The style is over-breezy. If Mrs. Brown never italicizes another word or uses another exclamation point, she'll still have used both

devices more than one woman should in a lifetime."

BROWN: If this woman doesn't like my style, she shouldn't read my book. That's just her interpretation of it, that it's breezy and too girlish and it just babbles on and on. Most people feel it's a very easy book to read.

PLAYBOY: Some readers have accused you of regarding males as little more than setups for exploitation and manipulation. In the book, you speak of us variously as pawns, slaves, toys, pets and seven-year-olds. You use terms like "bagging a man." Your own courtship is described as "a year's battle with trident and net." You say: "Let your friends help you rope him, you tie him." Is this a posture you've adopted to appeal to the popular female conception of men, just to sell books, or do you actually regard men as inferior beings?

BROWN: I've been through analysis and as far as I know, I do like men. And I don't like them as something to exploit. I've never exploited a man. I'm all for equality, a single standard of wages. Women should pull their own weight. In fact, I don't even blame men for not getting married. My gosh, if I were a man, before I married I would have to be so sure, because I know what can happen. I testified for a good friend in a divorce case and I'd always liked his wife, but it grinds me. She got all the community property. It's just as though he hadn't done a thing for the last 13 years, as though he just didn't exist. She gets unbelievable alimony and child support. I go absolutely ape when I think about what happens in these situations. This business of competing with men, also, is so asinine. People should be judged on what they are, what they have to contribute, not on how they're constructed.

PLAYBOY: But you have deprecated men, haven't you?

BROWN: I don't think so. If a man were writing such a book, he would probably pick on the foibles of girls. I think if a girl did all the things that are recommended in this book, a man would be very happy with her.

PLAYBOY: You say in the book that female man-haters may be suffering from what is known as penis envy. Will you elaborate on that?

BROWN: Well, I'm treading in an area that I'm not competent to talk about or probably even to mention in my book. It's quite presumptuous. However, in a study of Lesbianism, among the reasons given for this condition is the fact that a woman wants to be a man. Her father probably hoped that he'd have a son and he had a girl so all her life she has been taught to envy and to wish that she were a man. And I think this penis envy is a very commonplace thing. It comes up in most analyses. It's supposed to exist with all little girls, even if they don't become

Lesbians, because a man is built differently than they and you can see what he has. It's very showy and she doesn't have anything like that.

PLAYBOY: Why did you deal with this subject when you admit you are unqualified to talk about it?

BROWN: Well it's in the chapter called "How to Be Sexy." And I indicate you can't be sexy if you don't like men. You may be jealous of them. You may be jealous of a job they hold or of their so-called superior advantages. In psychiatry they find that little girls like this thing a man has. It's fun. Penis envy usually is eradicated when a girl finds out how wonderful it is to be used in its proper respect to her.

PLAYBOY: Have you found its proper use?

BROWN: Yes, I really like sex. But I feel people who go around yapping about it too much or those who are absolutely preoccupied with sex and talk about nothing else may have a bit of a problem. There are thousands of people who are happily mated who don't talk about it, either to each other or to anyone else.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say that women use sex as a potent instrument in manipulating men?

BROWN: It's a very strong weapon. It's been used since antiquity. If all things were equal, if we really did have a single standard, if men and women held the same jobs and got the same things out of being married, then I think it would be very wrong. As things stand, there aren't enough men. It is desirable to get married in most people's view. A husband is a priceless commodity. Whatever means you use to get a husband, outside of blackmail and things that are illegal, I think are all right. Practically every gal that I know has slept with the man she married before she married him. Most of those people have had to take a stand someplace along the line, like the girl who'll say: "C'mon now, either we're gonna get married or I'm gonna stop coming over here and being your little geisha girl every night." A woman desperately needs to get married more than a man does. She wants and needs the baby. So to get what she wants, she uses every available weapon. Sex is one of them. I talked about this to my favorite psychiatrist who thinks it's just outrageous that I say that women *do* use sex as a means of getting what they want. He says people should never use sex for anything except the sheer enjoyment of it. I agree with him theoretically. It's such a marvelous thing, you shouldn't kick it around. It's terrible when you tamper with it. If you sleep with somebody you don't like you get everything out of kilter. But this is what happens. Some women use sex to get material things. That's a little wrong. It's so much more fun if you get those things other ways, the legitimate ways.

PLAYBOY: Some of your readers have said you encourage the tease, the flirt and the charmer to nail their man with scientific exactitude by staring raptly into his eyes, flirting openly across the room with perfect strangers, flattering him, telling him lies. You advise girls to "belt below the belt." Are these some of the "legitimate" ways you have in mind?

BROWN: Well that's the silliest thing I ever heard. I would defy anybody to say that I'm for the cheat. I'm definitely against cheats. And if I've ever said, "Be a liar," I would argue about that. I said sometimes you have to use a tactful lie to get out of something you absolutely can't do. You have to say: "Look, you're attractive" and you may think he's a toad. I definitely am for the compassionate lie. I defy you to say that mature men are against women who flirt. The kind of person you're talking about is somebody I didn't describe at all. As for looking into a man's eyes, I don't think that's anything to go climb up the ceiling about. Or that if I look at you that way I'm a tease. There is a kind of girl who does that sort of thing. She absolutely drives a man to the jumping-off point by squirming all over him in the front seat of an automobile, and then she says: "Well, so long, Hank." Now, does that have anything whatsoever to do with what I discussed in my book? I don't think so. I adore a woman to be feminine, to be female and to attract a man so that he wants to see her again. That's the sole purpose of my book, not to exploit men, but to be companions to them.

PLAYBOY: Your book has been described as lacking a sense of sensual joy, of romance, in its approach to sex. If this is so, yours would appear to be a cold-blooded, clinical attitude about one of the warmest and most joyful of human experiences. Do you, yourself, view the act of love with this clinical detachment, this coldly predatory attitude?

BROWN: I don't think I ever talked about the act of copulation in my book. I say many times that getting there is half the fun for a female, that she likes the letter writing and the romantic build-up. I say that there's a kind of cliff-hanging romance between people who are having an affair which doesn't exist in marriage. I'm not the great expert on how wonderful it is to go to bed with a man. I'm not selling bedmanship. I'm trying to get men into a girl's life. When she gets the men, she'll fall in love. I never say just go to bed for bed's sake. However, I do think there's too much of this falling hopelessly, hideously, horribly in love because you've been to bed with a man. Because of our mores in this country and our conscience-stricken girls, they feel that any man they sleep with must be the man to end all men and presumably must be the one that they



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PLAYBOY: Have you personally used the various snares and practiced the assorted wiles you've preached in your book?

BROWN: Yes, many of them.

PLAYBOY: Do they work?

BROWN: Of course they work, or I wouldn't be recommending them. The entire book is based upon personal experiences or experiences of close friends.

PLAYBOY: Do some of your ground rules for luring men—"mad" beach towels, "crazy" ski caps, "shocking pink" cars, big-name matchbooks scattered around the apartment—strike you as trivial or superficial?

BROWN: Oh, heavens no. I think anything you can do to attract a man is absolutely OK. If we were talking about a mink-lined bathtub, a zebra-striped, er, I was going to say nightgown, but that sounds very interesting to me—if we were in some area where there was some question about taste—I can't imagine why anybody can find fault with crazy ski caps. Every time I talk to a bunch of girls they say: "How do we meet men? What can we do to meet men?" These are fairly off-beat ways of meeting a man, but there are 4,000,000 too few men around. If a girl just stands there with her mortal soul ready to be probed and sweet and smiling, nothing may happen.

PLAYBOY: Which techniques did you use to bag your own husband?

BROWN: I cooked dinner for him two or three nights a week. However, I don't think you can or should bag a husband that way. All these lures, attractions, baits that I have suggested are perfectly legitimate ways for a girl to have men in her life. Getting married is something else. A marriage should be predicated on other things, of course, than lures or bait. It should be predicated on whether people have a lot in common.

PLAYBOY: In your book you say, "If a man, married for years, wants to take a single girl to dinner, it can hardly break up his marriage. He may even arrive home a happier, more contented man." Also you speak approvingly of "The many husbands and wives who have an understanding that he may frisk about a bit without recriminations." Suppose your husband, David, pulled this frisky bit. Would you handle it with the same lighthearted insouciance?

BROWN: Answering the first part, I was talking about men in other cities on business trips. I would stand by that. It does not break up his marriage and it was not anyplace where it would have humiliated his wife. I can't imagine my husband being in New York City and not being with somebody. I wouldn't want him sitting alone in his hotel room. If it were a girl, it wouldn't be the end of the world. I don't think he would tell me, probably, and I don't think I

would want him to. Civilized people don't go around hurting their partners by going into lascivious detail about their every death wish for the partner and their every love wish for another girl.

Further, I don't think I condoned husbands and wives who have an understanding. I just said that some husbands and wives have an understanding, a tacit understanding that the husband may frisk about a bit. There are such situations, and I did not say it's good, it's bad, it's horrible, it's right or wrong or anything else. Now suppose the same thing happened to my husband. I can't imagine it happening to my husband, frankly, because my husband did most of his frisking during the years that he was married twice, and during the years between marriages. David is now 46. I'm his third wife. I don't think he's feeling a great need to be frisky. He married a sexy, sophisticated, worldly, uninhibited, man's kind of woman. We're not going to have children. We have a grown-up sort of hedonistic life. On the other hand, I did most of my frisking by the time I married him. I had been dating for 23 years, so I had a great deal of the play out of my system. Probably most of it. Now, if my husband were frisking about like a spring lamb, there would be something quite wrong with our particular marriage. How I would handle it I don't know. I'd say we were in trouble. The subject just wouldn't come up unless—I'm blind. Of course I've had much experience observing unhappily married men, so I think I'd be able to spot one. What might happen five or ten years from now, I can't think. Most women who allow their husbands to frisk a bit—I think those girls are the ones who are kind of relieved not to be going to bed with their husbands. The thing is never discussed, but some of the married men that I know have that kind of arrangement. And their wives are really quite pleased to get rid of them. Their wives are fond of them but they've just really had it in the bed department. That's how most frisking arrangements are arrived at. If a woman is really nutty about the guy in bed, I don't think there is too much frisking.

PLAYBOY: You make a statement in the book relating to masculinity. You say: "Don't kid yourself that the man who doesn't kiss you goodnight is restraining himself out of respect. He isn't for girls, that's all. Look south of the border to his maleness." Would you explain?

BROWN: I think there were a couple of sentences before that which said after you've gone out with him for a bit if he doesn't try to kiss you then there's something wrong. And I firmly believe that. You don't have to be kissed on the first date or the second or the third, perhaps,

but after that if a boy doesn't kiss you, I definitely think there's something wrong. I'm a very affectionate creature and I pet and pat everybody like a kitten. I love to be touched. I can hardly talk to anybody without petting them or something. Any kind of contact is a very nice thing. Holding hands is wonderful and all that stuff. I have found that a chap who never kissed me usually had some kind of a homosexual situation. This has just been my experience with guys who haven't made passes after a few dates. I would look to their maleness. As for kissing you and never going any further, after having weeks and weeks and weeks of doing this, I don't think they're necessarily homosexuals, but I do think they have psychosexual problems.

PLAYBOY: Have you always looked for men to go further?

BROWN: It depends on what age you are. When you're in your teens, usually nothing ever goes beyond kissing. No matter how excited you are. Usually if you date someone, and there's quite a lot of kissing, things do progress to the next stage, if you are fairly easily aroused, if you're the kind of person who arouses other people. I'm not saying that somebody who doesn't do that sort of thing is a boob, I'm just saying if there is no attempted progression in a situation where you really are physically attracted to each other and there is much kissing, something's wrong.

PLAYBOY: You keep mentioning kissing. Why do you stress it?

BROWN: Probably because it feels good. There are lots of good feelings. Having your back rubbed is one.

PLAYBOY: You didn't mention back rubs in the book.

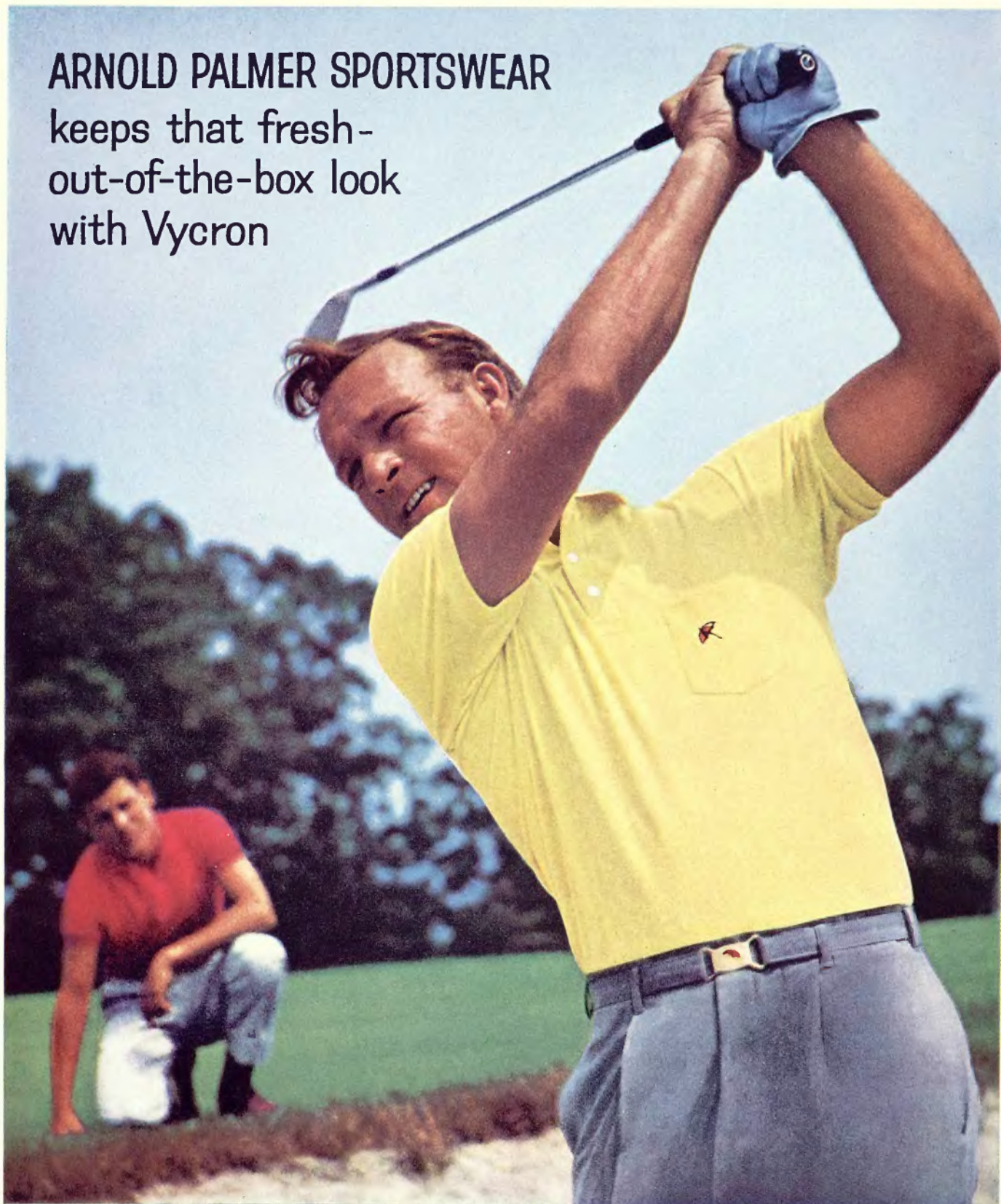
BROWN: Back rubs don't really come into the situation very much. I might have gotten into an area of saying that's rather sexy. When you're sitting at your typewriter and someone comes and massages your neck, it's the next thing to heaven. I don't know any secretary who doesn't feel this. But that's in the area of what feels nice to her. If a girl asks to have her back rubbed, that is very sexy. But that means let's get down to business. It's the first thing toward saying: "Why don't I slip into something more comfortable, darling." And if a girl rubs a man's back, presumably that might be an aphrodisiac, it might be something to get him aroused, but that isn't what I was discussing in that chapter. We weren't talking about how to get a man to bed. I made that very clear. Because I don't think it's much trouble to get a man to bed.

PLAYBOY: Would you amplify that statement?

BROWN: I always found men a complete pushover. It was some big cosmetic company executive who spoke at a luncheon one day and said that when a woman

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was putting on her make-up she did it with exquisite care, she loved it, she did all of the things to her eyes because she was saying to herself: "Boy, tonight I'm going to get L.A.I.D." There's no trick to that. Most attractive girls can pick up the phone and call three or four attractive men who'd like to go to bed with them.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel it's true that most women are less eager to go to bed than men?

BROWN: That may not be true in all cases. I keep hearing about the raging nymphomaniacs that are beating down doors. There are also married girls who need the physical relationship very much and aren't getting it at home and they aren't interested in too much except the act of sex itself. You keep reading about attractive 34-year-old married girls who go after the mail boy or the paper boy. In my own experience, the act of love per se is not something that you go out grabbing for, you don't need to. Maybe it has something to do with the kind of background you come from. If you're taught that going to bed is horrible until you get married, that it will ruin your life, there's this built-in reluctance to go to bed too quickly. I was the kind of girl who always seemed to be reluctant. I've never been involved with a man that I was pursuing actively physically. My experience was always in being the pursued one. Now this doesn't mean that I wasn't pursuing in my own way, the way that I mentioned in the book, such as hanging on every word and wearing low-cut dresses and all the rest of it. I was being aggressive in my way, but as far as actually being taken to bed, I was presumably resisting and someone was trying to talk me into it.

PLAYBOY: Apropos bed, in your book you say: "Not having slept with the man you're going to marry I consider lunacy." Does this advice apply to all women?

BROWN: I'd make one amendment if I were rewriting the book. That would be right there. I might add: "if you're over 20." I don't think teenagers should go around sleeping with each other even if they are going to be married. Maybe I should have said if you're over 25 I consider it complete lunacy. But I stand on the rest. We must always remember that these are my biased, personal, opinionated, unqualified remarks about everything. I am brave and I do take a stand. I don't pussyfoot too much. A marriage should be for life if you can possibly get it to be, and I do not see how you can know someone in every way without participating.

PLAYBOY: What physical types of men have appealed to you most?

BROWN: I think there's kind of a physical thrill of being with someone who's physically stronger than you. And I don't mean that diminutive men can't be ab-

solutely fabulous lovers, and just wonderful and gentle and sensual and sexy as all get out. However, I do think there's a certain amount of pleasure in being with someone who's quite strong. This was something that happened to me several times. I'm small boned. I wasn't overpowered. I don't mean it that way, that if it was a gorilla or a King Kong I'd say: "Hooray." It's just a very nice feeling to be with someone very firmly so you can't get loose.

PLAYBOY: What did you mean in the book when you said: "As for never literally going to bed to preserve your technical purity, that is to say you make love without being together in a cool, comfy bed, let's say you can get just as pregnant and have missed a great deal of fun."

BROWN: This is based on something that happened to my roommate, the one that got pregnant. They never went to bed. She was so determined that she was going to stay virginal, it must have happened in a chair, or something. There are girls who will not lie down in bed with somebody, but they actually do have intercourse. But it's in a car, it's in a chair, or standing up. It's doing something where they can say to themselves: "I was overpowered. I couldn't help myself," where if they really took off their clothes and piled into bed it would mean that they were a willing accomplice.

PLAYBOY: Besides reassuring bachelor girls, you suggest a single girl should get material things from her married lover.

BROWN: No I don't. I've said for the most part I didn't think girls should be kept. It wasn't a tenable relationship. If it worked, if it were happy, that would be one thing. But it doesn't work. I said it's OK if a man is exceedingly wealthy, and she's a starving ballerina: that is quite different from saying I urge a single girl to get all she can out of her married lover. I think some pretty good gifts on his part are in order to make up for certain inequities. Because it's a better relationship for him than for her in almost every case.

PLAYBOY: What are the differences between these barter arrangements and professional prostitution?

BROWN: Many things can be discussed in terms of prostitution. Many a woman who is married is in a sense a prostitute in that she accepts presents, money, automobiles, country-club memberships, trips to Europe and the good life from a man she can barely tolerate in bed. But we're now talking about another kind of so-called prostitution, a girl who accepts things from a man she's not married to. I feel she's less of a prostitute than the married woman who hates the bed relationship. No, I don't consider this single girl a prostitute. Her married lover is just somehow making her life a little better than it is. In a way we're all prostitutes.

PLAYBOY: Is there a dividing line between sleeping around before marriage and out-and-out promiscuity?

BROWN: Sleeping around is a very derogatory term and promiscuity is obviously something bad. If you say where does the demarcation come between a girl being a decently sexed, healthy person and sleeping around—OK. There is no specific demarcation. I can't judge anything quantitatively. I would have to know how old she is, how long she was tied up with one person. For example, I was involved with one particular Don Juan for five years. I was very faithful to him, so nothing went on during that period. Who's to say that's a better relationship than if I'd had an affair with a different man every year? It seems unlikely that you would have as many as two or three or ten bed relationships a year without something being kind of skitterish, because the most delightful thing in the world is to have one real lover. It's more fun to have one man at a time. When there is multiple bedding down, and by that I mean you sleep with more than one man at a time, that's not being true.

PLAYBOY: Your five-year relationship with a Don Juan seems to have left its mark. In the book, in commenting on Don Juans, you criticize their calculating ways, saying their "drive and attention to detail are awe inspiring," that "their ruthlessness is to be pitied." What is the difference between those manipulating men you put down and the manipulating bachelor girls you praise and advise?

BROWN: A Don Juan's sole aim, if I understand the term, is to prove his masculinity, about which there may be a great deal of doubt in his mind. Most literature on the subject indicates that he really doesn't love women at all. He really loves himself. Far from really loving, as we know it, he exploits. He's a sick character. In my book, I never at any time said it wasn't wonderful to have a man to be with, to love, to marry if you want to, or if not, to have at least for a loving friendship. Life without men is a very barren, arid, unhappy situation. However, there are not enough men to go around. The girl is the underdog. The first thing I hoped to do was to convince her she was not the underdog. She mustn't think of herself that way. Inasmuch as society has put her in that position—i. e., if you don't have a husband you're some kind of schmuck—to be able to get out of that position and show society that you really aren't a creep, here are some of the things you can do. I didn't present men as something to be exploited. Her goal is to surround herself with loving friends. At no time does the book ever say love 'em and leave 'em, beat the hell out of 'em, take their money away from them, make them unhappy. Always it suggests

that the relationship be a loving one. However, this girl is the underdog. She *does* have to watch out.

PLAYBOY: Are the two that dissimilar in their methods?

BROWN: The technical method is not that dissimilar. The means have a similarity. However, you could compare the pursuit of a confidence man who is trying to con a millionaire out of his money to the methods of a Washington hostess who's trying to snare the most important ambassador in the city to come to her dinner party. No one has the corner on charm. I don't know of anything more ruthless, more deadly or more dedicated than any normal, healthy American girl in search of a husband.

PLAYBOY: In your book you say: "Crass and callous though it may make her seem, the desirable woman is usually more favorably disposed toward a man who is solvent and successful than someone without status." Do you equate sex appeal with money?

BROWN: I love money. I don't mean it to be a crucial thing, although I've never known a really loaded, wealthy guy who didn't have all the girls he wanted. Maybe it's mean and horrible. But it's definitely a nice accessory. Of course there are more important things than money, but I get bored with people who are constantly deprecating it all the time. They really like it as much as I do. And I don't think it can be denied that a man who has a little money can attract more girls whether it's to take them to bed or whatever he wants to do with them.

PLAYBOY: You now have considerable affluence of your own as a result of one "pippy-poo" book. Can you sum up the reasons for your success?

BROWN: This whole thing that's happened to me is so ridiculous. It's a fluke. It's crazy. But one thing that has become most apparent to me is the ridiculousness of saying that we aren't like we really are. **PLAYBOY** says we're like we really are and it's OK to be like that. My favorite psychologist, Albert Ellis, is always harping on this subject. He decries that nobody ever writes about the fact that sex is fun. Why do we have to pretend that we love people that we hate and that marriage isn't a horrible bore much of the time? The reason my book is successful is that there's none of this crappiness about it. I said as well as I could what it was really like. Any time anyone can say of your book: "Yes, this is how it really is," you're apt to have a hit on your hands, if it isn't too grisly. You can have verisimilitude and be commercially successful if it's a subject about which people don't mind listening or looking. And what could fit the bill better than sex?



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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

WHEN WE FIRST BEGAN WRITING this editorial statement of our beliefs and purposes, we had no intention of still being at it in the early spring, but there are buds pushing up through the sod and we've just seen our first robin redbreast. What better time to be writing about Puritanism, sex suppression, lawlessness, censorship, divorce, birth control and abortion?

We expect to cover all of these subjects—and more—in the next month or two, and it may appear to some readers that we are wandering rather far afield in our delineation of this magazine's editorial credo, but we have been encouraged by the considerable response to the first parts of *The Playboy Philosophy*, to the extent that we have broadened the subject area to include many of the interrelated societal factors we feel have gone into the making of our modern American culture, some personal comment upon them, and an attempt to show how we feel this magazine is involved.

To that end, we have thus far discussed and tried to answer some of the criticism most commonly leveled at PLAYBOY's content and concept. We have traced the lineage of the Uncommon Man through American history—with the country's related accent on individualism and initiative; we have considered the Depression-conceived concern for, and eventual elevation of, the common man—noting how the national emphasis shifted to an overemphasis on conformity and security. We have commented upon the arrival of the post-War Upbeat Generation and the beginning of what we feel may well become an American Renaissance; a comparison of capitalism and communism, with the relative strengths and weaknesses the two systems have displayed in countries throughout the world since the end of the War; the relationship between organized religion and democracy in the U. S.; the sexual revolution taking place in our society today; and last month, American Puritanism and the importance of the separation of church and state.

YET TO COME

If we appear to have left some loose ends dangling along the way, they will

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

be tied together in subsequent issues, wherein we will explain PLAYBOY's sometimes misunderstood attitude toward women; an analysis of the shifting roles of the male and female in our ever-changing, ever more complex civilization; an expression of concern over the resultant drift in the United States toward an Asexual Society; a vivisection of Momism and the Womanization of America, charting the manner in which one of the sexes has successfully wrested control of our culture from the other; a review of the effect Womanization has had on our manners and morals, on business, advertising, books, newspapers, television, movies and magazines; a comparison of the sex contents of this and a number of other specific periodicals, in an attempt to establish who really is confused, who sick and who well on the subject of sex, in our schizophrenic social order; a consideration of the schism that currently exists regarding American beauty and why we believe the *Vogue* Woman is unfeminine, anti-sexual and competitive rather than a complementing counterpart to the American male; and finally, a summary of this publication's views on the ideal inter-relationship between modern Man and Woman, Man and Society, Man and Government, and Man and Religion, in which we challenge the cynics, the hypocrites, the aesthetes, the clowns and the critics with a choice selection of their own words on the subject of PLAYBOY. We thus intend to end this editorial with something of a feast—perhaps more humbly described as a small repast: Calling upon whatever culinary skills we may possess, with thanks to our long association with Thomas Mario, we will serve up a tasty dish—prepared with spice and a dash of vinegar—a fine fowl, well suited to the gourmet appetites of our most deserving detractors: fricassee of crow. And we wish them *bon appétit*.

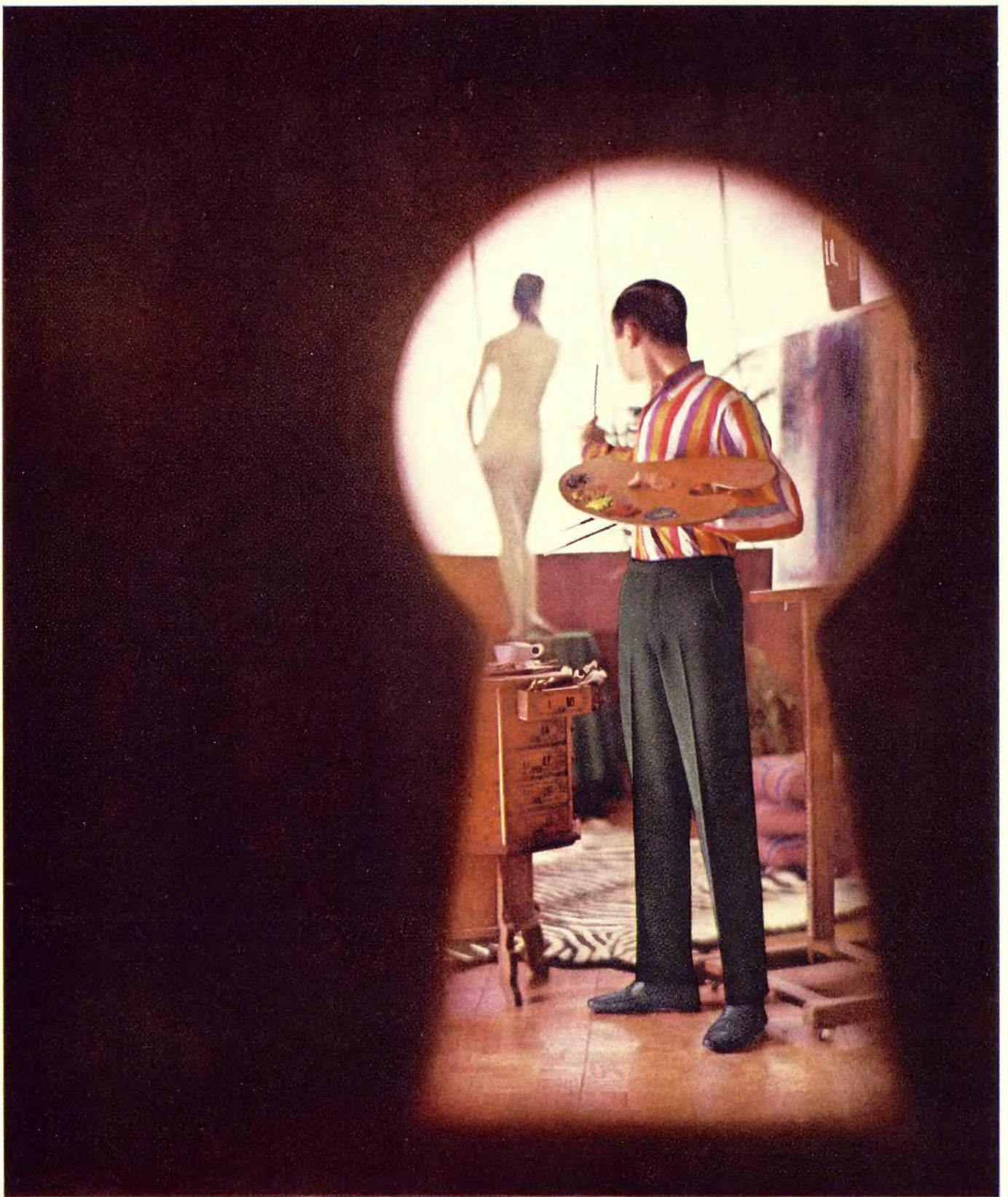
RELIGIOUS FREEDOM RECONSIDERED

In the previous issue, we pointed out that no nation can be said to have true religious freedom unless it possesses not only freedom *of*, but also freedom *from*, religion. There is nothing sacrilegious

in this viewpoint—it is a cardinal concept in our democracy and one that our religious and patriotic founding fathers took great care to spell out in both the U. S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights. They recognized that a complete separation of church and state was the only certain way of assuring that this country's religion and its government would remain free, one from the other. A free democratic society and organized religion need not be in conflict, but neither are they grounded on the same bedrock: religion is founded on faith and a belief in its own absolutes; a democracy requires that men rely upon reason and the relative nature of truth—the acceptance of the notion that ultimate truth is unknown and that what we observe as truth today may give way to a better truth tomorrow. Kept separate and distinct, our own particular religion and our government can function in harmony—we can be both religious and good citizens at the same time; but if either power is allowed to intrude into areas rightfully the domain of the other, an erosion of our most fundamental rights has begun and we will be, to that extent, less free.

Considering the emphasis that our founding fathers placed upon religious freedom when writing the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, and the continuing lip service we give the concept today, there is real irony in the extent to which various religious pressures and prejudices have infiltrated our laws, our court decisions, the running of many of our cities and states, and innumerable secular aspects of our daily lives. This strange state of affairs is only understandable when we remember that most of our deeply rooted traditions come from Europe and that throughout European history, church and state have been intimately interinvolved. It matters not at all that history thus supplies centuries of documentation on the evil abuses that may result when religion and government are not kept separate—cultural traditions exist on a nearly subconscious level in society and they cannot be extirpated by logic alone.

Though many of the first settlers came to America to escape religious persecution, they were soon practicing them-



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selves what they had left Europe to avoid. Early American Puritanism required the observance of a rigid religious dogma that permeated every aspect of life. And the Puritans had little respect or tolerance for any beliefs other than their own: dancing on the Sabbath meant a night in the stocks or a session on the ducking stool; heretics and witches (i.e., those who espoused unpopular beliefs or acted too peculiarly) were hung. Trial by jury was outlawed in Connecticut and several other New England colonies; only church elders could vote or hold office; civil law was drawn directly from the Puritan interpretation of Holy Scriptures.

The prejudice and prudery, bigotry and boobery of Puritanism did have one unintentionally beneficial effect, however: the extreme importance our founding fathers placed upon the separation of church and state. But while most Americans in the time of the Revolution fervently favored this new-found freedom, the roots of religious Puritanism thrived and spread underground. With two strokes—the Bill of Rights and the Constitution—these first American patriots cut down the twisted tree of Puritanism (and all other forms of overpowering religious oppression), but the roots remained alive in our cultural earth.

Thus, in these United States today, we speak of an ideal called religious freedom as though it were a reality, but an uncountable number of the rights and privileges we might reasonably expect in a truly free society have been subverted, distorted or taken away through the encroachment of religion and religious prejudice into almost every aspect of American life.

If you believe that you are relatively free of religiously inspired restraints (restraints established by other people's religions, not simply your own), check your state statutes for the number of Sunday Blue Laws that force certain businesses to close their doors on the Sabbath, while allowing others to remain open; place legal restrictions on what you can and cannot do on Sunday: prohibit the purchase and consumption of alcoholic beverages at certain times and on certain days, and in some communities, at all times and on all days.

At the close of last month's editorial, we expressed the belief that religion ought rightly to be a personal matter between man and God and should have nothing to do with man's relationship with government. For when religion, rather than reason, dictates legislation, we cannot expect logic with our law.

But the so-called Sunday Blue Laws are only a small fraction of religion's continuing infringement upon our most basic freedoms. We would like to explore now a number of other ways in

which religion has become involved in the nonreligious areas of our society and consider some of the consequences.

A LESSON IN LAWLESSNESS

Religious influence in government can produce a breakdown in law and order through the enactment of laws that many of the people do not believe in and will not obey: Puritan-promoted Prohibition turned previously respectable, law-abiding citizens into lawbreakers; a tremendous illicit liquor traffic developed, putting millions of dollars into the hands of well-organized criminal gangs; public officials were corrupted to protect the illegal flow of alcohol and the general administration of justice broke down. National Prohibition, forced upon an unwilling public by do-gooders and religious zealots, is widely recognized as a classic example of the harm that even the most sincerely motivated people can do when they attempt to legislate the private lives and personal morals of their fellow citizens.

More than 30 years after Prohibition's repeal, some scars from the nation's "Noble Experiment" still have not healed: Many Americans retain and unwittingly pass on to their offspring a general disrespect for their laws and contempt for local law-enforcement officers as a direct result of the lawlessness in which the ordinary citizen participated during the Twenties; and the criminal gangs that developed to supply the demand for illegal liquor have utilized the illicit organizations and profits spawned by Prohibition to build giant crime cartels that law-enforcement agencies are largely unable to cope with today. This is the Frankenstein monster that we wrought as a nation when we attempted to play God and create a more perfect man—not through education or moral persuasion, but by legal edict. Today we still suffer the mark of a mistake that lasted for little more than a decade and ended in 1932. And the saddest aspect of the "Noble Experiment" is not that we attempted it, or that it failed, but that many of us learned so little from its failure.

DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE

Marriage is a legal relationship, but the bonds of holy matrimony may also have deep religious significance. The marriage laws of church and state differ for many Americans, of course, but any conflict that may arise between them is a matter of individual concern, which is as it should be. *The same is not true for divorce.*

In all too many states, divorce legislation has been religiously inspired. As a result, there are almost as many laws establishing criteria for the dissolution of marriage as there are states in the Union.

In New York, the only legal ground for divorce is adultery. And since the real reasons for the breakup of most marriages are complex and varied, couples desiring a divorce must be willing to swear under oath to something that is not necessarily true. Or as comedian Dick Gregory has expressed it: "The Bible says, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' But the State of New York says, 'You must!'" And so respect for our laws receives yet another serious setback.

In other countries, where the concept of a separate church and state does not exist, the results can be far more devastating. The Roman Catholic Church does not recognize any justification for divorce, though it may sometimes offer the equivalent through an annulment, under certain rigidly circumscribed circumstances. In the U. S., a Catholic may receive a civil divorce decree, but he is still married in the eyes of the Church and is forbidden to marry anyone else. This places no improper restraint upon an American, because he has accepted the Catholic Church and its doctrines of his own free will and he can reject them any time he chooses.

In Catholic-controlled Italy, however, where religion dictates much of the law, the only way a marriage can be terminated—as broadly spoofed in the film *Divorce—Italian Style*—is through the death of one or both of the marriage partners. It doesn't matter what religion an Italian may or may not want as his own, this religious doctrine is the law of the land. Thus there must be thousands of tragedies involving unknown couples for every well-publicized injustice like the one perpetrated against Carlo Ponti and his voluptuous wife, Italian movie star Sophia Loren. Although they had been married for five years, Ponti had been married before, and his Mexican divorce had no legal standing in Italy. The Italian Government has therefore announced that Carlo and Sophia are living in sin in the eyes of both the Roman Church and State and they were recently threatened with legal prosecution for bigamy. The injustice in all of this is not caused by the Catholic dogma forbidding divorce, but by the fact that religious doctrine is the basis of Italian law, affecting Catholics and non-Catholics equally.

RELIGION AND EDUCATION

Religion can hinder as well as help the educational progress of a society: Organized religion has played a major role in the development of education throughout history and is responsible for the creation of many of our major schools and universities here in America and throughout the world. But when organized religion moves outside its proper spheres of influence, it can have a suppressive effect upon education in

both the classroom and through the control exercised over a society's speech and press. Since most religions are based upon beliefs in certain absolutes, it is easy to understand why the strongly religious person might object to any idea taught in school or expressed in a book, magazine or newspaper that did not coincide with his own particular religious orientation. From his viewpoint, why permit the promulgation of a clearly fraudulent doctrine when the simple truth is so self-evident (to him).

But it is this very logic, built upon personal religious absolutes, that makes the curbing of any church influence upon our public schools, our speech and our press, so essential.

Last month we commented upon the famous "Monkey Trial" of the Twenties, in which a biology teacher named John Thomas Scopes was arrested in Tennessee for teaching Darwin's theory of evolution, in violation of a newly enacted state statute prohibiting anyone from espousing a "theory that denies the story of the divine creation of man as taught in the Bible, and to teach instead that man has descended from a lower order of animals." The prosecution, led by religious fundamentalist William Jennings Bryan, attacked the notion that man was related to the monkey, whereupon famed criminal lawyer Clarence Darrow proceeded to make monkeys out of William Jennings Bryan and the prosecution. But the Tennessee court found the teacher guilty just the same and in the appeal the State Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the law, while finding the teacher not guilty on a technicality.

There may seem to be no such blatant legal restraints upon teaching today, but how many public high schools in America have little or no sex education, because of religious influence expressed through either actual laws or less formal pressures? Protestant Puritanism has made the public discussion of sex taboo in America for generations and all of Christian and Hebrew tradition includes a certain amount of antisexual folklore; in addition, many U. S. Catholics fear that any comprehensive program of sex education in the schools might soon include information on birth control—which it should, of course, and almost never does.

Another popular method of Puritan control over education is through the banning of books in school libraries and on teachers' prescribed reading lists. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, a group of parents demanded that a teacher in Edison High School be fired because she assigned J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* to her 11th-grade English class; in San Jose, California, obeying parental protests, Andrew Hill High School removed five novels from its library and from its

recommended reading lists for seniors—*The Catcher in the Rye*, Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises*, Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel*, William Saroyan's *Human Comedy* and Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, prompting the San Jose *News* to editorialize, "Involved here is culture, genius, literature and American pride that is being snuffed out for no reason at all and by people who apparently have never read a hard-cover book since their adolescent years." In Miami, Florida, the Dade County School Board approved the withdrawal of *Brave New World* and *1984*, George Orwell's frightening contemporary classic about a future society subjected to rigorously enforced thought control.

FREE SPEECH AND FREE LOVE

It is still just as possible for a biology teacher to find himself vilified and ostracized for expressing an unpopular point of view in the Sixties as it was in Tennessee in the Twenties. In 1960, at our own alma mater, the University of Illinois, Biology Professor Leo Koch responded to a student editorial in the *Daily Illini* on ritualized necking and petting on campus with a letter that stated: "With modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available at the nearest drugstore, or at least a family physician, there is no valid reason why sexual intercourse should not be condoned among those sufficiently mature to engage in it without social consequences and without violating their own codes of morality and ethics."

And then the Professor included an all-too-prophetic paragraph that none of the major newspapers or wire services that reported on the incident cared to include in their coverage: "the . . . important hazard is that a public discussion of sex will offend the religious feelings of the leaders of our religious institutions. These people feel that youngsters should remain ignorant of sex for fear that knowledge of it will lead to temptation and sin."

As though to prove the accuracy of that statement, Reverend Ira Latimer, of the Bureau of Public Affairs, Institute of Economic Policy in Chicago and member of the University of Illinois Dad's Association, sat down and wrote a letter to the parents of female students of the University. The letter included:

"Professor Leo F. Koch's exhortation to sexual promiscuity—evidently timed to appear when a large number of high school students were visiting the campus for the annual basketball tournament—is an audacious attempt to subvert the religious and moral foundations of America. It calls for immediate action by the faculty of the University, the board of trustees, the governor, or, if all of these fail in their responsibility, by the people of the state.

"The standard operating procedure of the Communist conspiracy is to demoralize a nation as a necessary preliminary to taking over . . . Professor Koch's letter follows this formula point by point.

". . . he [Koch] concludes [in his letter] that 'the heavy load of blame should fall on the depraved society which reared them.' This is also perfect Communist party-line technique—to call that which is good 'bad' and that which is bad 'good.'

". . . Animal Koch would reduce us to a sub-animal level . . . All this, of course, is a calculated appeal to the appetites of young men who thoughtlessly suppose that a college campus would be a paradise if co-eds were no more 'inhibited' than prostitutes. The bait for women is the suggestion that they are discriminated against by 'a double standard of morality.'

". . . The central target, of course, is Christianity, and Professor Koch openly deplores 'the hypocritical and downright inhumane moral standards engendered by a Christian code of ethics which was already decrepit in the days of Queen Victoria. . . .'

"Professor Koch's . . . letter is proof that something is terribly wrong in the University of Illinois. This is the university whose trustees recently voted that students getting hand-outs from the Federal Treasury should not be asked to sign statements that they are not engaged in conspiracy against the United States. It would seem that a majority of the trustees believe that Communists have a right to be supported by the American taxpayers. . . ."

"I herewith offer to address any student organization or campus church on the subject of 'Koch and Subversion.'"

With Biology Professor Leo Koch clearly established as a part of the Communist conspiracy (the next logical step is to begin labeling sex itself as subversive; with the old bugaboo *sin* having lost much of its original potency, it may not be too farfetched to suspect that sexual intercourse outside of marriage will soon be attacked as a Commie invention—or a sign of liberal, leftist, pinko leanings, at the very least), several hundred distraught Illinois parents demanded his dismissal. David D. Henry, President of the University of Illinois, hesitated hardly a moment: he promptly suspended his biology professor with the statement that Koch's letter was "offensive and repugnant, contrary to accepted standards of morality."

The *Christian Century*, a prominent Protestant magazine, was disappointed in the reason President Henry gave for the suspension, considered it "deficient" in that it was "humanistic" and failed to state that the religious taboos violated by Koch are based on "revelation."

The nation's newspapers had a field

day with distorted headlines like: PROFESSOR TO BE FIRED FOR URGING FREE LOVE. And the Illinois campus witnessed a student demonstration that would have warmed the hearts of those who have criticized American youth for being too passive and unresponsive to public issues: President David D. Henry was hung in effigy—a well-dressed likeness complete with spectacles and mustache—just outside the University YMCA, complete with sign that read, "Hanged for Killing Academic Freedom." (The general secretary of the Y said that the students who had hung the dummy there were "plotting against the YMCA.")

More than 2000 students held a rally to protest the professor's suspension. One poster held aloft by a student during the demonstration expressed the matter nicely: NOT "FREE LOVE" BUT FREE SPEECH. W. Thomas Morgan, former FBI agent, who is now the University's chief security officer, said the demonstrations had been kept under close surveillance: University photographers took a number of pictures of the students closest to the speaker's platform. (Apparently based upon some sort of theory of "guilt by proximity.")

There were other, more literate protests. One student wrote to the *Daily Illini*: "President Henry felt that Dr. Koch's views were a reflection on the University. I feel that the University's action is a reflection on me. The cynicism implied in the act must not be allowed to speak for the students. . . ."

A report to President Henry from the "University Committee on Academic Freedom" stated: "In this University . . . 21.8% [of the students] are already married and the remainder are at a stage of development and maturity at which they can and do weigh and debate advice on relations between the sexes. It is doubtful if the reading of the Koch letter could have had any significant effect on their sexual behavior."

The Illinois Division of the American Civil Liberties Union—a national, nonprofit organization dedicated to preserving the fundamental freedoms guaranteed by the U.S. Constitution and Bill of Rights, made up largely of lawyers who donate their time without charge and that also played a prominent part in the defense of biologist Scopes in the "Monkey Trial" of the Twenties—issued the statement: Koch's dismissal will "leave the young with the impression that conventional morality cannot stand the scrutiny of public discussion."

Dr. Leo Koch himself observed: "The controversy here is over the definition of Academic Freedom. My opponents are working for a definition limited by 'academic responsibility.' In their mind, this means not embarrassing the University administration by expressing views which are so controversial that

outside pressure is exerted on them. In this view a professor has less freedom of speech than a ditchdigger."

A few weeks later Professor Koch's suspension was confirmed by the University Board of Trustees and he was officially fired. Such is sometimes the result when religion becomes too involved in education.

CENSORSHIP FOR ADULTS

American religious beliefs have placed unconstitutional curbs on our freedom of speech, press and other media of communication: Just as organized religion sometimes exerts an undue influence on teaching and the administration of our public schools, so it also affects the free exchange of ideas among the people themselves—whether spoken, printed or projected on a movie or television screen.

In Part Three of *The Playboy Philosophy* (February 1963), we commented on the sexual revolution presently taking place in the U.S. and the effect this is having upon the puritannical censorship that has for so long been a part of our American culture. The sexual naiveté of our nation little more than a generation ago is almost beyond belief: important books were banned (not just in schools, but for the entire adult population), movies were precensored, the U.S. Post Office was the official arbiter of taste in periodicals; a national magazine was outlawed in a number of communities for publishing pictures of the birth of a baby; venereal disease, contraception and abortion were subjects taboo to the public press; a number of words common in our language were never allowed in popular books and magazines.

Times have changed and today America enjoys a freedom of expression unparalleled in its history. But we still have a very long way to go, for beneath the surface of this freedom-loving nation still runs a strain of comstockery waiting to be exploited by the neurotic, the ignorant, the misguided and the well-intentioned.

Congresswoman Kathryn Granahan of Pennsylvania fits at least three of the aforementioned characterizations. As Chairman of the House Subcommittee on Postal Operations, she allows neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night to stay her from her self-appointed task of hunting and exposing "smut and filth." In her Subcommittee hearings she has included, along with other investigatory chores, the exposure of "dirty" foreign movies. She sounded the hunting horn in a speech she gave in Washington, D.C., not long ago. "I am most gravely concerned at the influx of foreign films that evidence a sense of moral values so remote from ours as to be completely repugnant," she said, add-



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ing that the "overemphasis and distortion of sex" in those movies might well be part of the Communist plot to sap U.S. moral strength. (Gosh darn, we were right—Sex is subversive! Now *there's* something Mother never told us.)

A more aware comment about sex in cinema came from producer-director Elia Kazan: "Art should help us digest and understand our own experience," he said. "The issue is not one of making immoral movies. Our problem is to prevent moral values from being oversimplified. People see a film that has a phony happy ending, and they get a distorted view which hurts them later. They expect life to be what it isn't."

Comedian Lenny Bruce, perhaps the most perceptive and certainly the most provocative gentleman working on an American night-club stage today, whom Steve Allen recently called "a true philosopher" on a recent TV panel show, seeks with his wit and verbal shock therapy to provoke people into seeing life very much as it really is. In the past year he has been arrested and jailed three times for his pains—in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Chicago. The charge has always been the same: obscenity; for Lenny's act includes a dissertation on so-called "obscene" words and an analysis of why they are considered obscene.

It didn't matter that a night-club audience is traditionally composed almost exclusively of adults and that these same words appear in considerable abundance in dozens of popular books of fiction, available to anyone in inexpensive paperback editions at the nearest drug-store. Lenny's San Francisco trial has already ended; he was acquitted. The cases in Los Angeles and Chicago are still pending as this issue of PLAYBOY goes to press; in Chicago the liquor license of The Gate of Horn, the club in which Lenny appeared, is presently involved in a revocation proceeding because of the allegedly obscene act (the revocation proceeding is taking place *before* the trial to determine if Bruce's act really was obscene).

The Chicago arrest also had some unfortunate religious overtones. Lenny Bruce explores the entire spectrum of society's foibles and frailties in his act and it is perhaps inevitable that organized religion gets more than its share of abuse in the process. One of his lines, "Let's get out of the churches and back to religion," is typical.

Bruce has been arrested or threatened and driven out of other cities on a number of previous occasions, but this is the first time that the club in which he worked has had revocation proceedings brought against it.

Variety reported, after the first day of hearings on the liquor license revo-

cation: "After nearly a full day of hearing prosecution witnesses, it is evident that, in essence, Bruce is being tried *in absentia*."

"Another impression is that the city is going to a great deal of trouble to prosecute Allan Ribback, the owner of the club, although there have been no previous allegations against the café and the charge involves no violence or drunken behavior. . . . [The Gate of Horn is Chicago's most important café specializing in folk music.]

"Testimony so far indicates that the prosecutor is at least equally as concerned with Bruce's indictment of organized religion as he is with the more obvious sexual content of the comic's act. It's possible that Bruce's comments on the Catholic Church have hit sensitive nerves in Chicago's Catholic oriented administration and police department."

A few days following the arrest, one of the arresting officers cornered club owner Ribback and said, "I want you to know that I'm a Catholic and the things Lenny Bruce said in here are offensive to my religion and to me. And I want you to know he's not going to get away with it and you're not going to get away with it either."

Shortly after the Chicago arrest, Bruce received a letter from the Reverend Sidney Lanier, Vicar of St. Clement's Church in New York, which said: "I came to see you the other night because I had read about you and was curious to see if you were really as penetrating a critic of our common hypocrisies as I had heard. I found that you are an honest man, sometimes a shockingly honest man, and I wrote you a note to say so. It is never popular to be so scathingly honest, whether it is from a night-club stage or from a pulpit, and I was not surprised to hear you were having some 'trouble.' This letter is written to express my personal concern and to say what I saw and heard on Thursday night.

"First, I emphatically do *not* believe your act is obscene in intent. The method you use has a lot in common with most serious critics (the prophet or the artist, not the professional) of society. Pages of Jonathan Swift and Martin Luther are quite unprintable even now because they were forced to shatter the easy, lying language of the day into the basic, earthy, vulgar idiom of ordinary people in order to show up the emptiness and insanity of their times. (It has been said, humorously but with some truth, that a great deal of the Bible is not fit to be read in Church for the same reason.)

"Clearly your intent is not to excite sexual feelings or to demean, but to shock us awake to the realities of racial hatred and invested absurdities about sex and birth and death—to move

toward sanity and compassion. It is clear that you are intensely angry at our hypocrisies (yours as well as mine) and at the highly subsidized mealy-mouthism that passes as wisdom.

"You may show this letter to anyone you wish if it can be of help. Please call me when you come back from Chicago. May God bless you."

Some religious leaders really are leaders, in the best sense.

A ROSE IS A ROSE

Can a single word or phrase—apart from its over-all meaning or intent—be considered obscene? Some people seemingly still think so, despite the Supreme Court ruling that obscenity must be judged within the context of the total work in which it appears.

Just how much our attitude on what's in a name has changed over the past 15 years may be seen by considering the following: *Life*—the same magazine that was outlawed in a number of cities across the U.S. for publishing photographs of a baby's birth in the late Thirties—editorialized against the use of four-letter words in the prize-winning novel *From Here to Eternity*, by James Jones, just 10 years later. *Life's* editorial was entitled "From Here to Obscenity" and the editors objected to the strong language included in the speech and thoughts of the soldiers in the book. They didn't suggest that the language was not authentic—they knew it was—but they expressed the notion that the same words may have a different effect when read in a novel and when spoken by soldiers in barracks and battle. They also pointed to *The Red Badge of Courage*, the powerful novel about men fighting in the Civil War, written by Stephen Crane, who had never been in battle himself, as proof that it was possible to write about war without the use of certain words they found objectionable. And in this, they are undoubtedly right, though it hardly appears to make any point. It might also be possible to write a great book without ever once using the letter "e"—but for what purpose? Their suggestion, if taken seriously, would turn the art of writing into a semantic parlor game. No writing can capture completely the full emotion of experience. But their proposal would defeat one of the major purposes of literature—to make the world a bit more real and comprehensible by exploring subjects and experiences with which the reader may very well not be personally familiar. Or, as distinguished literary critic, lecturer, teacher and author Leslie A. Fiedler expressed it in his PLAYBOY article, *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word* (June 1961): "The unexamined life, Socrates once remarked, is not worth living; he

(concluded on page 130)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

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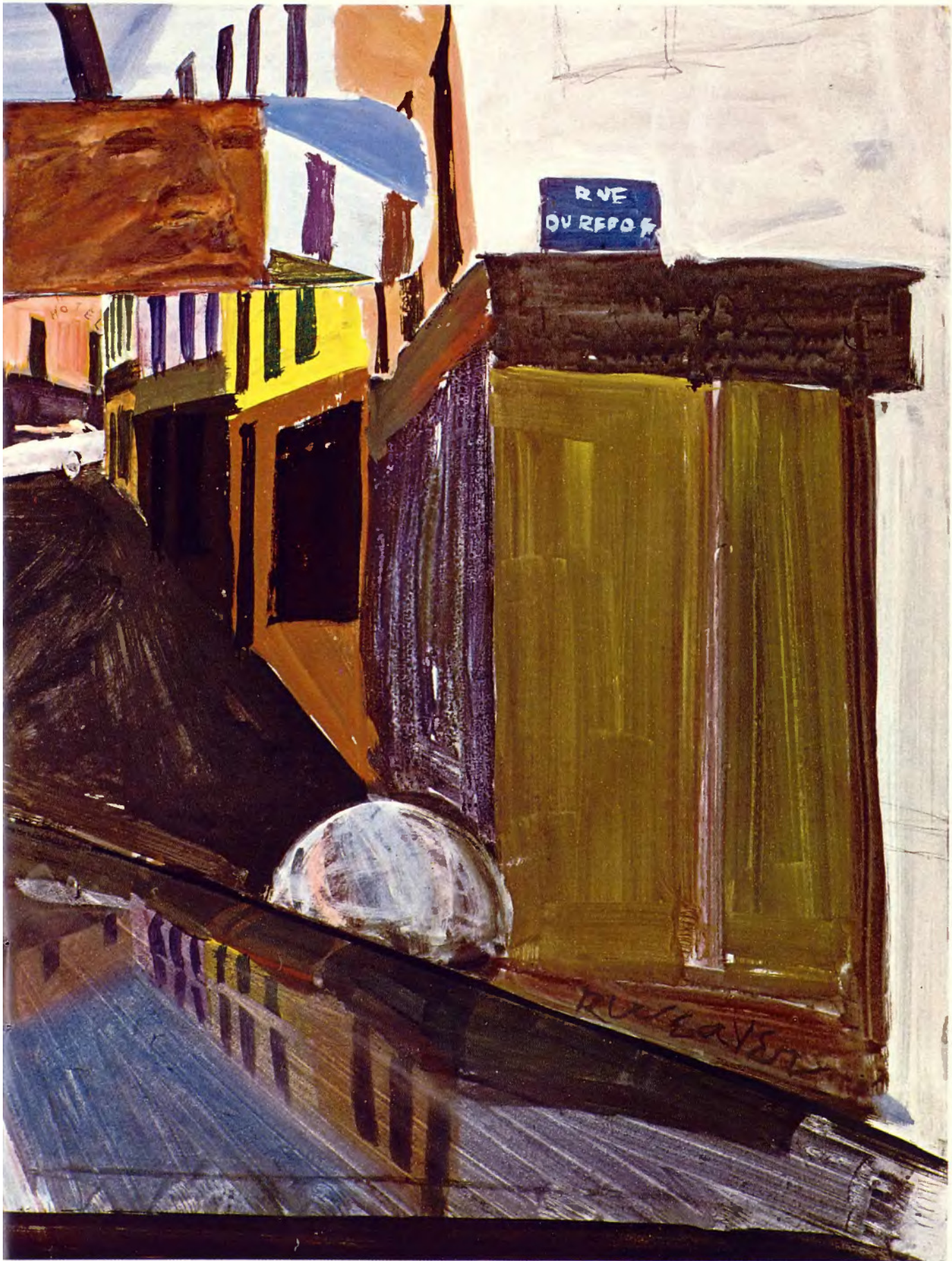
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Bond was only 50 yards behind the girl at the town's outskirts but, with his big Bentley, he couldn't overtake the Lancia on the twisting, cobbled streets.

in perilous quest of spectral prey, james bond finds friends

MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE novel By IAN FLEMING



in a malevolent brotherhood, tenderness in compulsory love

PART I IT WAS ONE OF THOSE SEPTEMBERS when it seemed that the summer would never end. The five-mile promenade of Royale les Eaux, backed by trim lawns emblazoned at intervals with tricolor beds of salvia, alyssum and lobelia, was bright with flags and, on the longest beach in the north of France, the gay bathing tents still marched prettily down to the tideline in big, money-making battalions. Music, one of those lilting accordion waltzes, blared from the loudspeakers around the Olympic-size piscine and, from time to time, echoing above the music, a man's voice announced over the public address system that Philippe Bertrand, aged seven, was looking for his mother, that Yolande Lefèvre was waiting for her friends below the clock at the entrance, or that a Madame Dufours was demanded on the telephone. From the beach, particularly from the neighborhood of the three playground enclosures — "Joie de Vivre," "Hélio" and "Azur" — came a twitter of children's cries that waxed and waned with the thrill of their games and, farther out, on the firm sand left by the now distant sea, the shrill whistle of the physical-fitness instructor marshaled his teenagers through the last course of the day.

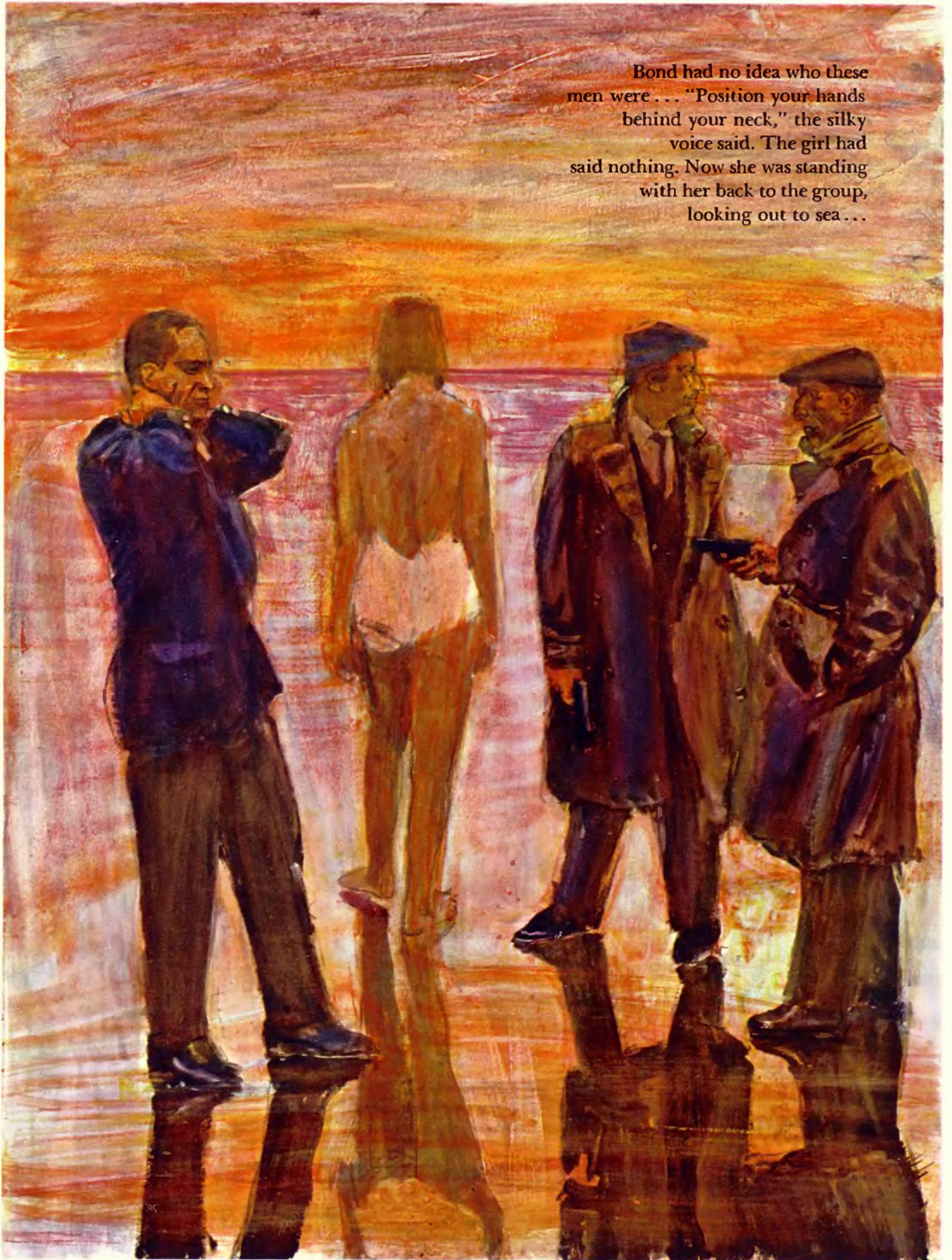
It was one of those beautiful, naive seaside panoramas for which the Brittany and Picardy beaches have provided the setting — and inspired their recorders, Boudin, Tissot, Monet — ever since the birth of *plages* and *bains de mer* more than a hundred years ago.

To James Bond, sitting in one of the concrete shelters with his face to the setting sun, there was something poignant, ephemeral about it all. It reminded him almost too vividly of childhood — of the velvet feel of the hot powder sand, and the painful grit of wet sand between young toes when the time came for him to put his shoes and socks on, of the precious little pile of sea shells and interesting wrack on the sill of his bedroom window ("No, we'll have to leave that behind, darling. It'll dirty up your trunk!"), of the small crabs scuttling away from the nervous fingers groping beneath the seaweed in the rock pools, of the swimming and swimming and swimming through the dancing waves — always in those days, it seemed, lit with sunshine — and then the infuriating, inevitable "time to come out." It was all there, his own childhood, spread out before him to have another look at. What a long time ago they were, those spade-and-bucket days! How far he had come since the freckles and the Cadbury milk-chocolate Flakes and the fizzy lemonade! Impatiently Bond lit a cigarette, pulled his shoulders out of their slouch and slammed the mawkish memories back into their long-closed file. Today he was a grownup, a man with years of dirty, dangerous memories — a spy. He was not sitting in this concrete hide-out to sentimentalize about a pack of scrubby, smelly children on a beach scattered with bottle tops and lolly sticks and fringed by a sea thick with sun oil and putrid with the main drains of Royale. He was here, he had chosen to be here, to spy. To spy on a woman.

The sun was getting lower. Already one could smell the September chill that all day had lain hidden beneath the heat. The cohorts of bathers were in quick retreat, striking their little camps and filtering up the steps and across the promenade into the shelter of the town where the lights were going up in the cafés. The announcer at the swimming pool harried his customers: "*Allo! Allo! Fermeture dans dix minutes! A dix-huit heures, fermeture de la piscine!*" Silhouetted in the path of the setting sun, the two Bombard rescue boats with flags bearing a blue cross on a yellow background were speeding northward for their distant shelter upriver in the Vieux Port. The last of the gay, giraffelike sand yachts fled down the distant waterline toward its corral among the sand dunes, and the three *agents cyclistes* in charge of the car parks pedaled away through the melting ranks of cars toward the police station in the center of the town. In a matter of minutes the vast expanse of sand — the tide, still receding, was already a mile out — would be left to the seagulls that would soon be flocking in their hordes to forage for the scraps of food left by the picnickers. Then the orange ball of the sun would hiss down into the sea and the beach would, for a while, be entirely deserted, until, under cover of darkness, the prowling lovers would come to writhe briefly, grittily in the dark corners between the bathing huts and the sea wall.

On the beaten stretch of sand below where James Bond was sitting, two golden girls in exciting bikinis packed up the game of Jokari which they had been so provocatively playing, and raced each other up the steps toward Bond's shelter. They flaunted their bodies at him, paused and chattered to

Bond had no idea who these men were . . . "Position your hands behind your neck," the silky voice said. The girl had said nothing. Now she was standing with her back to the group, looking out to sea . . .



see if he would respond, and, when he didn't, linked arms and sauntered on toward the town, leaving Bond wondering why it was that French girls had more prominent navels than any others. Was it that French surgeons sought to add, even in this minute respect, to the future sex appeal of girl babies?

And now, up and down the beach, the lifeguards gave a final blast on their horns to announce that they were going off duty, the music from the piscine stopped in mid-tune and the great expanse of sand was suddenly deserted.

But not quite! A hundred yards out, lying face downwards on a black-and-white striped bathing wrap, on the private patch of firm sand where she had installed herself an hour before, the girl was still there, motionless, spread-eagled in direct line between James Bond and the setting sun that was now turning the left-behind pools and shallow rivulets into blood-red, meandering scrawls across the middle distance. Bond went on watching her—now, in the silence and emptiness, with an ounce more tension. He was waiting for her to do something—for something, he didn't know what, to happen. It would be more true to say that he was watching *over* her. He had an instinct that she was in some sort of danger. Or was it just that there was the smell of danger in the air? He didn't know. He only knew that he mustn't leave her alone, particularly now that everyone else had gone.

James Bond was mistaken. Not everyone else had gone. Behind him, at the Café de la Plage on the other side of the promenade, two men in raincoats and dark caps sat at a secluded table bordering the sidewalk. They had half-empty cups of coffee in front of them and they didn't talk. They sat and watched the blur on the frosted-glass partition of the shelter that was James Bond's head and shoulders. They also watched, but less intently, the distant white blur on the sand that was the girl. Their stillness, and their unseasonable clothes, would have made a disquieting impression on anyone who, in his turn, might have been watching them. But there was no such person, except their waiter who had simply put them in the category of "bad news" and hoped they would soon be on their way.

When the lower rim of the orange sun touched the sea, it was almost as if a signal had sounded for the girl. She slowly got to her feet, ran both hands backward through her hair and began to walk evenly, purposefully toward the sun and the faraway froth of the waterline over a mile away. It would be violet dusk by the time she reached the sea and one might have guessed that this was probably the last day of her holiday, her last bathe.

James Bond thought otherwise. He left

his shelter, ran down the steps to the sand and began walking out after her at a fast pace. Behind him, across the promenade, the two men in raincoats also seemed to think otherwise. One of them briskly threw down some coins and they both got up and, walking strictly in step, crossed the promenade to the sand and, with a kind of urgent military precision, marched rapidly side by side in Bond's tracks.

Now the strange pattern of figures on the vast expanse of empty, blood-streaked sand was eerily conspicuous. Yet it was surely not one to be interfered with! The pattern had a nasty, a secret smell. The white girl, the bareheaded young man, the two squat, marching pursuers—it had something of a kind of deadly Grandmothers' Steps about it. In the café, the waiter collected the coins and looked after the distant figures, still outlined by the last quarter of the orange sun. It smelled like police business—or the other thing. He would keep it to himself but remember it. He might get his name in the papers.

James Bond was rapidly catching up with the girl. Now he knew that he would get to her just as she reached the waterline. He began to wonder what he would say to her, how he would put it. He couldn't say, "I had a hunch you were going to commit suicide so I came after you to stop you." "I was going for a walk on the beach and I thought I recognized you. Will you have a drink after your swim?" would be childish. He finally decided to say, "Oh, Tracy!" and then, when she turned round, "I was worried about you." Which would at least be inoffensive and, for the matter of that, true.

The sea was now gunmetal below a primrose horizon. A small, westerly offshore breeze, drawing the hot land air out to sea, had risen and was piling up wavelets that scrolled in whitely as far as the eye could see. Flocks of herring gulls lazily rose and settled again at the girl's approach, and the air was full of their mewling and of the endless lap-lap of the small waves. The soft indigo dusk added a touch of melancholy to the empty solitude of sand and sea, now so far away from the comforting bright lights and holiday bustle of "La Reine de la Côte Opale," as Royale les Eaux had splendidly christened herself. Bond looked forward to getting the girl back to those bright lights. He watched the lithe golden figure in the white one-piece bathing suit and wondered how soon she would be able to hear his voice above the noise of the gulls and the sea. Her pace had slowed a fraction as she approached the waterline and her head, with its bell of heavy fair hair to the shoulders, was slightly bowed, in thought perhaps, or tiredness.

Bond quickened his step until he was only 10 paces behind her. "Hey! Tracy!"

The girl didn't start or turn quickly round. Her steps faltered and stopped, and then, as a small wave creamed in and died at her feet, she turned slowly and stood squarely facing him. Her eyes, puffed and wet with tears, looked past him. Then they met his. She said dully, "What is it? What do you want?"

"I was worried about you. What are you doing out here? What's the matter?"

The girl looked past him again. Her clenched right hand went up to her mouth. She said something, something Bond couldn't understand, from behind it. Then a voice, from very close behind Bond, said softly, silkily, "Don't move or you get it back of the knee."

Bond swirled round into a crouch, his gun hand inside his coat. The steady silver eyes of the two automatics sneered at him.

Bond slowly straightened himself. He dropped his hand to his side and the held breath came out between his teeth in a quiet hiss. The two deadpan, professional faces told him even more than the two silver eyes of the guns. They held no tension, no excitement. The thin half-smiles were relaxed, contented. The eyes were not even wary. They were almost bored. Bond had looked into such faces many times before. This was routine. These men were killers—pro killers.

Bond had no idea who these men were, who they worked for, what this was all about. On the theory that worry is a dividend paid to disaster before it is due, he consciously relaxed his muscles and emptied his mind of questions. He stood and waited.

"Position your hands behind your neck." The silky, patient voice was from the south, from the Mediterranean. It fitted with the men's faces—tough-skinned, widely pored, yellow-brown. Marseillais perhaps, or Italian. The Mafia? The faces belonged to good secret police or tough crooks. Bond's mind ticked and whirred, selecting cards like an IBM machine. What enemies had he got in those areas? Might it be Blofeld? Had the hare turned upon the hound?

When the odds are hopeless, when all seems to be lost, then is the time to be calm, to make a show of authority—at least of indifference. Bond smiled into the eyes of the man who had spoken. "I don't think your mother would like to know what you are doing this evening. You are a Catholic? So I will do as you ask." The man's eyes glittered. *Touche!* Bond clasped his hands behind his head.

The man stood aside so as to have a clear field of fire while his number two removed Bond's Walther PPK from the soft leather holster inside his trouser belt and ran expert hands down his sides,

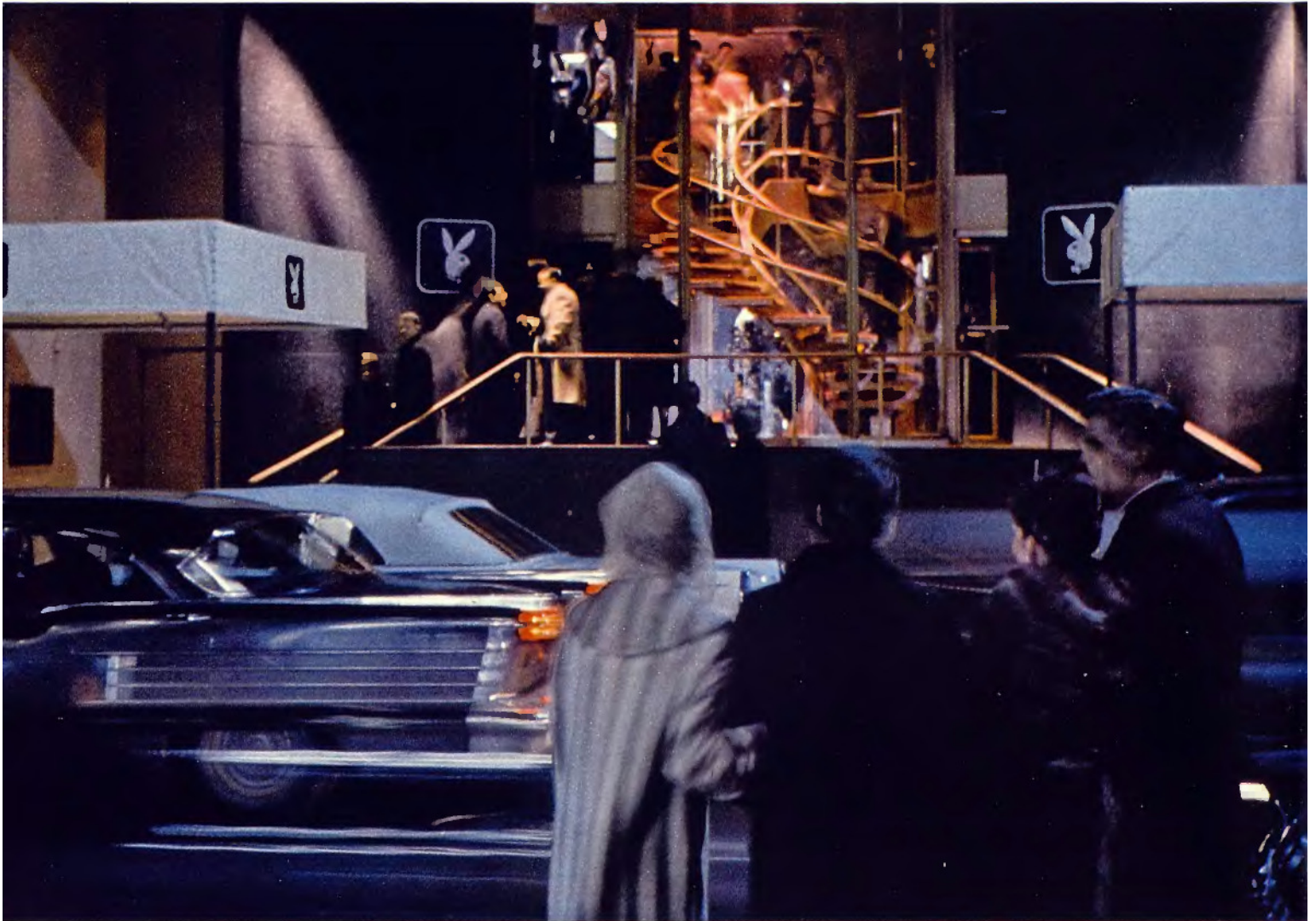
(continued on page 162)



*"Gad, don't touch that one, Miss Finchley — !
It's a goddess of fertility."*

THE NEW YORK PLAYBOY CLUB

the grandest in our growing chain of key clubs opens to a dazzled and dazzling throng



Black-tied keyholders and ermine-wrapped ladies enter a new world of glamor at The Playboy Club in Manhattan.

THE FIRST-NIGHTERS WERE LINED UP four abreast on the twin stairways leading to the imposing main entrance — and halfway up and down the block toward Fifth and Madison Avenues. They had come in limousines and taxis and some even walked, in the blistery 25-degree cold and the swirling winds. They were the biggest names in the performing arts, converging (along with hundreds of only slightly less-illustrious folk) for the preview premiere, on December 8, of the New York Playboy Club at 5 East 59th Street, just a Bunny hop from Central Park and the Plaza.

By the time of the Manhattan opening, The Playboy Club concept was demonstrably the most famous and the most successful in the history of show clubs. That success started in the Windy City (where the first Club was established in February 1960) and had been joyfully echoed in New Orleans, Miami, St. Louis and Phoenix. But — the cynics had asked — would it click in the biggest of the big towns, sophisticated, blasé New York? (One Manhattan columnist patronizingly suggested that everyone “give the boys an A for effort.”) Showbiz prophets freely predicted that The Playboy Club would have more appeal to whoopee conventioners than it would to the cosmopolites of Gotham. Hadn't *Time* magazine titled one of its show business stories on Hugh M. Hefner, “The Boss of Taste City” — with tongue stuck firmly in cheek? The skeptics might have revised
(text continued overleaf)



Hast Hugh Hefner (right) welcomes Shelley Winters at opening-night soiree.



Spectacular spiral stairway dominates glass-fronted entrance. Upper left foreground is Playboy Club's intimate Cartoon Corner.



Above, left to right: Smiling arrivals are Steve Lawrence with wife Eydie Gormé; and Monique Van Vooren, being interviewed as Bunny Virginia looks on; meanwhile, a keyholder ascends stairway to the Living Room and The Playboy Club Gift Shop.



Above: Club's pedestaled Piano Bar, with Living Room behind it and Playmate Bar beneath. Below: Already one of Manhattan's favorite male watering spots, the Playmate Bar features illuminated transparencies of PLAYBOY's Playmates on its walls.



Below, left to right: A chorus on trombone by Club Music Director Kai Winding enlivens an already spirited jam session at Piano Bar, as Bunny-tended couple enjoys a tête-à-tête and another Bunny guides Peter Duchin, Carol Lawrence and Bobby Short to their table. Below right: Red Buttons greets Joan Collins and her date, World-Stopper Anthony Newley. Tony Bennett was also on hand for the Club's launching, while Sammy Davis Jr. took in the scene the following night with Peter Lawford.



Below: Headquarters for both the affluent and influential in Manhattan, the Playmate Bar is eight steps down from the lobby and perhaps the most intimate of the multi-level Club's array of lounges, bars, gift shop, showrooms and dining areas.



their thinking had they known that more than 60,000 New Yorkers throughout the state had bought keys to the Club months before its planned opening. But a series of frustrating delays held up completion of the building for more than a year, and *New York Daily News* columnist Robert Sylvester chided at the height of the Cuban crisis: "They've waited so long to open the new Playboy Club, I hope it isn't opening as the rest of the world is closing." Then, 24 hours before the gala night, printers on four of Manhattan's metropolitan daily newspapers went on strike, and the publishers of the other five promptly closed shop, depriving the Club of its anticipated share of night-life publicity. As if that weren't enough, a howling hailstorm hit the town and temperatures plummeted. Yet, at eight o'clock on the night of December 8, the Club's

(text continued on page 82)



Their plates laden with delicacies, a keyholder and his date wend way to their table in the Living Room. The Playboy Club's famed buffet (fried chicken, shish kebab, broiled ribs, tossed salad) is priced at \$1.50, as are all drinks—from cocktails, liqueurs and cognacs to the finest vintage French champagnes. The Living Room's luxurious informality is cordial, inviting and relaxing.



Above, l to r: A gathering of friends in the Playmate Bar; Ed Sullivan enjoys buffet while cartoonist Shel Silverstein enjoys date. Right: Bunny Elka waits on PLAYBOY's Janet Pilgrim, Publisher Hugh Hefner.



Above: Most exclusive innovation in Manhattan night life is Playboy Club's smart VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys). Here, under flickering candlelight, is served the finest in *haute cuisine* from 6 P.M. till 2:30 A.M. Below: VIP Jackie Cooper and date are amused by cottontail on derriere of VIP Room Bunny Terry, one of 140 Bunnies (from 13 nations) at the New York Club.



doors were opened (at a \$100-per-person black-tie benefit that delivered \$52,000 to the Parkinson's Disease Foundation) to one of the most glittering assemblages of affluence, influence, brains and beauty arrayed in one setting since Kubla Khan held his soirees at Xanadu.

There had been other socko premieres in New York's night life, but not since the International Casino opened on Times Square in 1927 had such a notable coterie of celebrities turned out for the premiere of a new club — the \$4,000,000 New York Playboy Club, the most elegantly and elaborately appointed night spot in the city.

Rudy Vallee, dressed to his middle Cs in an angled shawl-collared dinner jacket, was one of the first to arrive — and the first to dip into the canapé tray. Zsa Zsa Gabor was there, in chinchilla and diamonds, and Denise Darcel in a dress of noteworthy décolletage. Red Buttons came in, and Hermione Gingold and Carol Channing. Tony Perkins was present in a camel's-hair coat thrown casually over his dinner jacket, and Monique Van Vooren sported a diamond brooch the size of a hub cap. Artists Dong Kingman and Russell Patterson, along with composer Gian-Carlo Menotti were there. So were Al Capp, David Susskind, Florence Henderson and Carol Lawrence. Amid clusters of admiring males stood Shelley Winters, Eydie Gormé, Barbara Britton and Betsy von Furstenberg. The comics turned out en masse: Shelley Berman, Dick Gregory, Jack E. Leonard, Jack Carter, Don Adams. Ed Sullivan was one of the last to arrive, followed by Vallee making a return engagement (text concluded overleaf)



Right: Beneath a LeRoy Neiman oil painting of twisting Bunnies, keyholder makes a late-night call. Below, left to right: Hugh M. Hefner, Cover Girl Cynthia Maddox, Comedian Dick Gregory; Carol Channing with husband Charles Lowe; Columnist Maggie Daly and David Susskind greeting Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hefner; and (bottom) Franchot Tone and Betsy von Furstenberg. Bottom right: Keyholders are silhouetted against a mobile mural of the Manhattan skyline that dominates side wall of the Penthouse.



Right, top: A late show, featuring the Kirby Stone Four and Jackie Gayle, packs the Playroom. Right, bottom: Manhattanites enjoying a final drink at The Playboy Club, the end of an unforgettable evening and the start of a new era in New York night life.



after his regular performance in *How to Succeed*. "It's rrrr-ea-lly magnificent," purred Ed. "Any canapés left?" asked Rudy.

Also on tap were the Club's entertainers, the Big Town's most talked-about line-up of talent: The Kirby Stone Four, vocalist Teddi King, the Bobby Doyle Trio, The Three Young Men, comedian Jackie Gayle, songtrush Nichelle Nichols, comic Dick Havilland, the Danny Apolinar Trio and top jazz trombonist Kai Winding, the Club's Music Director and seventime winner in PLAYBOY's annual Jazz Poll.

Once inside, the guests were greeted by host Hugh M. Hefner, PLAYBOY's Editor and Publisher and President of Playboy Clubs International, and a fetching corps of Bunnies. In answer to questions from curious guests, he filled them in on the most glamorous feature of the entire Club domain—the 140 Bunnies making their debuts in New York. International in composition (the New York Bunny warren includes girls from Italy, England, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Japan, France, China, Puerto Rico, Equador and India—and from the Bronx and Staten Island, too), they are also varied in background (32 have attended college, 11 have studied drama, seven were actresses, 25 were models, eight were professional singers or dancers, three were airline stewardesses, 16 speak one or more languages in addition to English). What are the girls like? The *New York Journal American* had said: "They're just plain, ordinary girls . . . except for their curves, beautiful faces and charming manner." ("Everybody should be so plain," observed an admiring quipster.) They had been discovered by Bunny Scouts and hare-raised by Bunny Mothers at Bunny Schools in New York, Chicago and Miami. *New York Mirror* columnist Bill Slocum told what classes are like: "For five hours a day, comely wenches of good family and better *em-bonpoint* are studying such subjects as 'Standing with the hips well forward' and 'How to refuse to tell a guy your last name without sending him off to 21.'" One of the essential, and most talked-about, maneuvers each girl must master is called The Bunny Dip, a graceful knee bend permitting Bunnies to serve drinks without bending over the keyholders' tables too far. Explained the New York Bunny Mother: "In the costumes the girls wear, if they leaned over too far, they'd look awful from the back—and much too good from the front." New York Bunnies, statistics show, are endowed with the most bountiful bosoms in Bunnydom (while Chicago's boast superior derrieres). In New York, as at all other Playboy Clubs, the Bunnies may be admired, but only from afar. As Art Buchwald observed

while eyeing a hutchful, "There's no hanky-panky permitted, alas."

The New York Playboy Club's site is itself possessed of a richly varied and romantic tradition: hansoms, landaus and cabriolets drawn by matched teams of horses once drew up to 5 East 59th Street when it was the uptown manor house of a succession of millionaires. During the Roaring Twenties, gambler Arnold Rothstein lived there with a series of mistresses; still later, it housed the Utrillos, Chagalls and Dufys of the Savoy Art Gallery before it became the sixth and most spectacular in the growing chain of Playboy Clubs.

The decor of the new Club is stunning. Outside, eye-arresting precast black concrete panels frame the front portals and the gleaming glass facade through which may be seen the cantilevered grand staircase—with our identifying black-and-silver Rabbit head on each side of the entrance. (The unique facade has caused a new phenomenon on 59th Street: Bunny Watching. Passers-by congregate on the sidewalk to glom the Bunnies as they walk up and down the spiral staircase.)

Inside, all is sophisticated richness and discreet excitement. President-Publisher Hefner appraised it proudly when he said, "This Club is the culmination of the kind of intimate feeling we have been searching for. I know of nothing that can even approach it."

A few steps down from the lobby is the Playmate Bar, with a circular open hearth at its center and a roast-beef cart—to offer ease and succulent sustenance to as many as 90 guests. Its walls are softly aglow with back-lighted color transparencies of Playmates from the pages of PLAYBOY.

One level up is the Living Room, with its raised Piano Bar sitting atop a champagne-glass-shaped pedestal. Here, too, is the Club's famed buffet and its engaging Cartoon Corner, so named for its hundreds of framed PLAYBOY cartoons lining the walls. To the right of the Cartoon Corner is the Playboy Gift Shop, where a keyholder may purchase for his date everything from an ounce of Playmate Perfume to her own engraved martini mixer and cocktail glasses for two.

On the next level is New York's newest, most exclusive room—the VIP—for Very Important Playboys. Seating only 50, this opulent redoubt, in shades of deep blue accented in silver, serves gastronomic delights in the leisurely Continental manner, and features a *haute cuisine* menu. The only Club room that deviates from the standard \$1.50 price for all food and drink, dinner is priced at \$12.50 and midnight supper at \$7.50. In attendance: a troop of liveried butlers and a special staff of velvet-adorned Bunnies, each of whom speaks at least two languages fluently. Reserva-

tions for the VIP must be made at least two days in advance.

On the fourth and fifth levels are the Playboy Club showrooms—The Playroom and Penthouse, respectively—offering the largest and finest roster of entertainers to be found anywhere in the city. The Playroom is swank and smart, featuring prime roast beef to gratify the hungry gourmet, and full-color reproductions of artist LeRoy Neiman's *Man at His Leisure* illustrations from PLAYBOY to gratify his artistic eye. There are four shows nightly. The Penthouse offers the earliest dinner show in town (7:15) in a lavish setting that includes a wall-sized mobile mural that adds dazzling color and movement to a lifelike facsimile of Manhattan's skyline at night. *Filet mignon* is the specialty.

Statistically, the New York Playboy Club is more than fulfilling its promise of becoming the most successful nightclub operation in the entire world. During its first 100 days, keyholders and their guests have numbered more than 300,000, have downed 900,000 glasses of fine wines and spirits, consumed 75,000 *filet mignons*, 50,000 prime roast-beef platters and 60,000 orders of fried chicken and shish kebab. At year's end, the New York Club is expected to gross in excess of \$6,000,000.

Clues to what lies behind the Club's financial success may be found in accolades from such sagacious observers as *Variety* ("A 20th Century Dreamworld"), *Newsweek* ("A new pleasure dome causing considerable stir"), *Show Business* ("An instant smash . . . the Playboy Club is teaching the New York club owners how it should be done"), syndicated columnist Earl Wilson ("New York's going to have some night life again") and columnist-commentator Barry Gray, who wrote:

"Hefner has brought the slickest of night-club operations to this town of ours. Instead of mob-dominated, sleazy, threadbare clip joints, Hefner has developed a beautiful set of rooms, setting off the attractiveness of his Playmates. For all the expected sexy flamboyance, it has turned out to be a first-class operation."

Today, The Playboy Club ranks first in that minuscule list of New York nighteries which bespeak the good life—the life of glamor, taste, sophistication and "in." Buchwald paid it his own brand of tribute in his syndicated column: "The slogan of the Playboy," wrote Art, "is: Today girls, tomorrow the world."

For information about obtaining key privileges to The Playboy Club, write to Playboy Clubs International, Inc., Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.





PHILL RENAUD

GHOST MONEY

fiction By **GERALD KERSH** in which the demon tailor proves his skill by stitching up the ravages wrought by the two-edged sword of blackmail

SHAKING HIS FEATHERY gray head over my old whipcord trousers, suppressing a sigh in the manner of a family doctor at the deathbed of a difficult but time-honored patient, Mr. Vara, the Demon Tailor of Columbus Avenue, said, "We must face it." He was kind but firm. "I should be the last man in the world to belittle first-rate stuff somewhat the worse for wear—" Here, he pushed up his spectacles and looked at his reflection in the fly-speckled mirror. "But if I draw any more thread out of the waistband to invisibly darn the bottoms, and vice versa, there will be nothing left of this

garment but a G string and a pair of spats. I am sorry." He shrugged.

"I've had those trousers 20 years," I said.

"An old coat is an old friend, as the saying goes; but old pants are mere hangers-on," said Mr. Vara.

"Perhaps you could just *try*?" I begged.

"Well, get into the cubicle and let me press your suit while I think."

"It doesn't need pressing," I said.

Mr. Vara gave me one of his incredulous, pitying looks. "Everything needs pressing, all the time," he said. "Especially trousers. This is the 20th Century.

Up to 1900, trousers were round, like sleeves. Then one day my old teacher, Schultz, of Savile Row in London, said to King Edward the Seventh, 'As from now on all trousers are to have a knife-edge crease. Is this clear?' The king said 'Yes, Mr. Schultz'—and so it was, even after Schultz threw the king out of his shop for criticizing the hang of a sleeve. Schultz even insisted that officers of the Brigade of Guards have their bootlaces pressed every morning. And you presume to argue the point?

"That is where I should be today, in Savile Row, (continued on page 132)



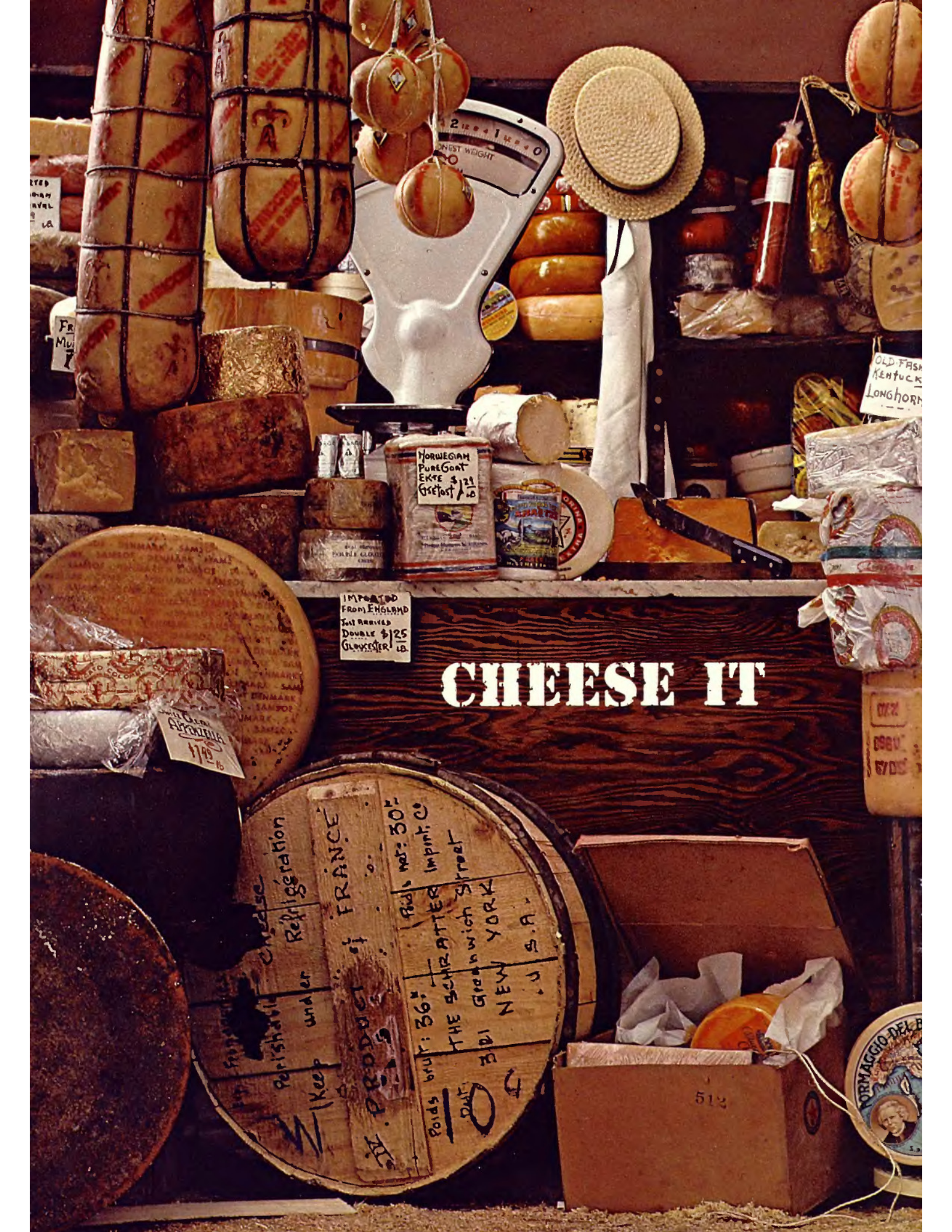
"S-a-a-y, we've got about 20 minutes to kill before the train arrives . . ."

jazz **BY NAT HENTOFF** *the dave brubeck quartet has disproved the musical myth that pioneering and popularity can't make the same gig*

TAKE FOUR

As difficult as jazz popularity is to achieve, it is even harder to sustain over a long period of time. New comets continually invade the firmament; new listeners are added each year and their quick enthusiasms alter the popularity scales. Yet, after 11 years as leader of his own quartet, Dave Brubeck is more firmly entrenched than ever in the often mercurial esteem of the jazz public. ¶ In this year's seventh annual Playboy Jazz Poll, for example, Brubeck's winning margin as both pianist and combo leader was wider than the year before. Of his sidemen, Joe Morello eclipsed all other drummers; Paul Desmond was second again among the altoists; and Gene Wright, almost entirely because of his association with Brubeck, was third in the bass division. ¶ As a harshly dissonant obligato to this steadily climbing renown, there are the insistent dissents of many of the critics. All jazzmen have to cope with some criticism, but Brubeck's career has been unique in the ferocity and obduracy of the attacks on him. This past November, Brubeck toured England with substantial success, but the jazz writers there were largely unconverted. "His keyboard technique remains gauche," Benny Green wrote in *The Observer*, "and his jazz conception misguided, completely lacking in the inventive power and melodic fertility that distinguish the great jazz musician." ¶ The same persistent Green had reacted to a previous Brubeck visit in this wounding manner: "To judge Brubeck's music by the highest jazz standards is to marvel at the comparative neglect of so many more musical groups." ¶ Although he has tried, the prodigiously energetic, drivingly optimistic Brubeck has never been able to develop a dense-enough armor to prevent these onslaughts from exacerbating him. "It gets outrageous," he complains, "in a case like that guy on *The Observer*. The year he first attacked us was also the year he wrote—for pay—an 'appreciation' of us in the program book for our English concerts. The critics keep talking about how jazz musicians should remain pure, but they'll praise a man in any direction on assignment." ¶ At the end of his most recent British tour, Brubeck finally exploded in anguish against all his critics. "The critics," he roared at a reporter from the *Melody Maker*, "are pulling to bits a man who has devoted everything to his music. Jazz is a way of life. People shouldn't tell others how to run their lives." ¶ Jazz has indeed been a thoroughly committed way of life for the tall, rawboned, 42-year-old Californian for more than 20 years, and he has paid more dues on the way up than most critics and even most of his admirers realize. "If I wrote down all the things that happened to me in those waiting years," he told a friend recently, "it would be hard for anyone to understand why I stayed with it. I was 29 before I ever made more than \$2000 a year." One of the methods, in fact, by which Brubeck survived in his 29th year was by selling sandwiches for a time in San Francisco office buildings during the lunch hour. ¶ It wasn't until four years later, moreover, that Brubeck's singular jazz conception took hold after a long stretch of short pay, long road trips broken by cheap hotels, and a great deal of derisory skepticism from club owners, record company executives and, of course, critics. (continued on page 139)





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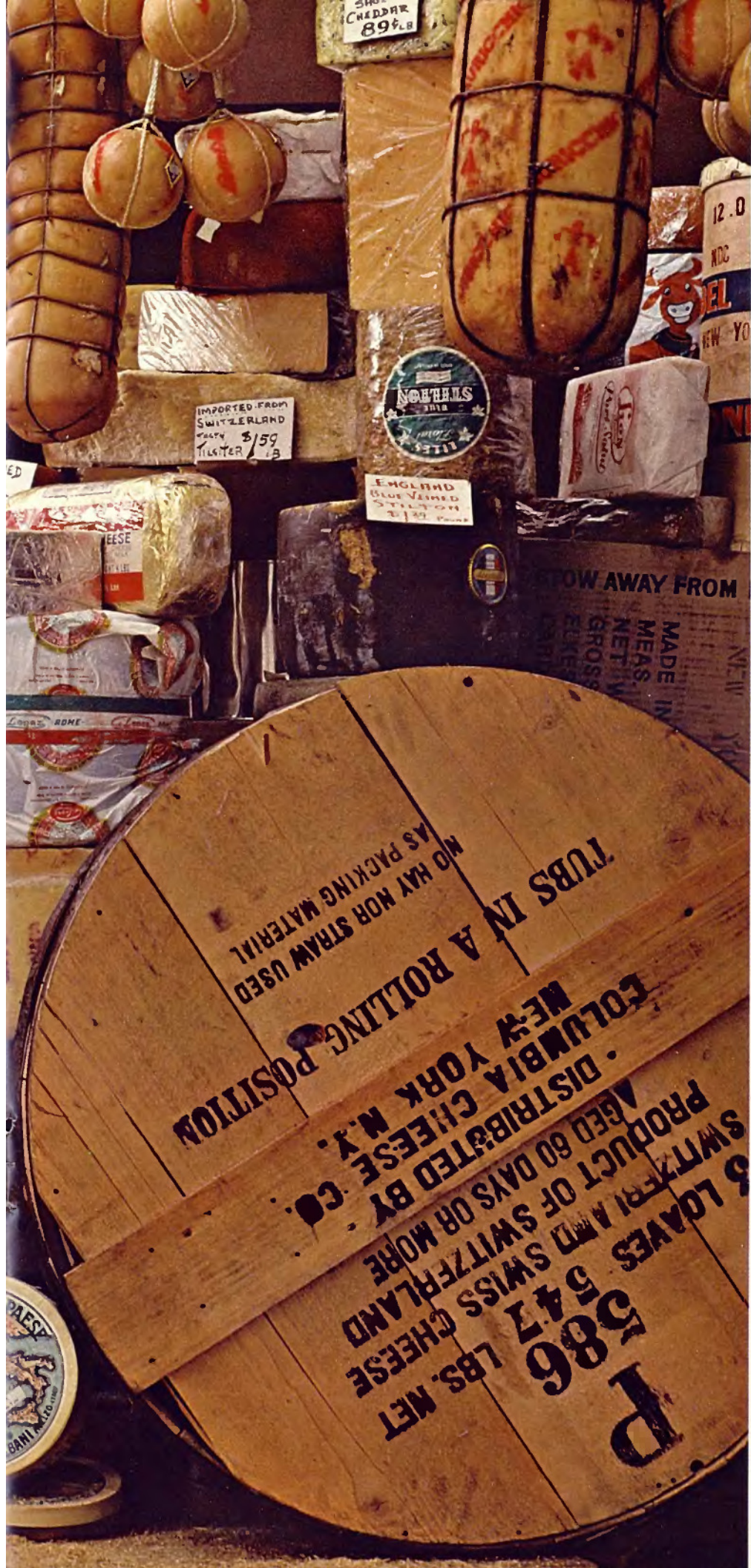
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THE SCHWARTZ
501 Greenwich Street
NEW YORK
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CHEESE IT

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from gruyère to gorgonzola, its savory variety and culinary versatility add zest to a host of hot delights

CHEESE SPEAKS many languages—from the redolent gratings of parmesan floating atop French onion soup to the regal refulgence of a moist and plump cheesecake. Discriminating gourmets, accustomed to their cheese at the end of a meal, hardly need an interpreter to explain that roquefort from France, blue from Denmark, stilton from England and gorgonzola from Italy are all branches of the same aristocratic blue-veined family. Cheese's richest idiom, however, is on the fire—melted down with kirsch, bubbling with ale, fried in crunchy croquettes, tossed into big onion pies. You may take your virginal emmentaler or gruyère for granted, but the first time you dip a heel of French bread into a hot Swiss fondue, your palate is ushered into a vast new velvety field of flavor, an experience possibly the aesthetic equal of seeing an alpenglow for the first time.

Reserves of cheese in the larder have always provided staunch security against unexpected onslaughts of hunger or unplanned roistering. Epicurus put it nicely: "Send me

food BY THOMAS MARIO

some preserved cheese that, when I like, I may have a feast." For a *gemütlich* after-theater gathering, or as a culinary capper to a day in the country, rich cheese melting in the chafing dish offers the warmest welcome to the senses.

For centuries, cheese was mainly eaten just as it came from the cave or cellar, with little or no thought given to its improvement. By the 17th Century, however, Sir Kenelm Digby was describing a "Quick, fat, rich, well tasted cheese" melted upon a piece of toast. It remained for Louis XVI, though, through pure royal gluttony, to confer the special boon of Gallic gourmandise upon cheese. Each night in the dining room of the Grand Trianon, a huge dining table was lowered into the kitchen. There it was loaded to the groaning point with the best of the *haute cuisine*. Although the astronomical number of different dishes didn't in itself provide (continued on page 159)

A REAL APPROACH TO REAL ESTATE ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY THE PROFITS AND PITFALLS OF PROPERTY INVESTMENT

ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN FAMILY has its tales of fabulous real estate opportunities that were missed or ignored by one or another of its members at some time in the past.

"Forty years ago, my grandfather turned down a chance to buy 1000 acres of land at \$10 per acre. Today, that land is worth \$30,000 an acre . . ."

"I could have bought an empty lot at the south end of Main Street for \$750 in 1932. Last week, that same lot sold for \$20,000 . . ."

"We sold our house for \$5000 just before World War II. Now the land on which the house stood is alone worth more than 10 times that amount . . ."

Such stories are to be heard whenever real estate crops up as a subject for discussion. I have more than a few to tell about my own family — and about myself.

In the 1880s, the city of Detroit, Michigan, had a population of about 116,000. My mother's brother-in-law, Travers Leach, owned a 160-acre farm outside what were then Detroit's city limits. Sometime before the turn of the century, Leach sold the farm for a few thousand dollars, making what he considered a fair profit on the sale.

Unfortunately, Travers Leach could not foresee that by 1920 the population of Detroit would soar to nearly one million and that a mushrooming urban area would engulf his farmland. Had he held onto his farm, he and his heirs would have become multimillionaires. By 1920, each of his 160 acres was worth many, many times what the entire property had been worth in the 1890s. Today, of course, a 160-acre tract in what has become virtually the heart of Detroit would fetch an astronomical sum.

In 1906, my father could have purchased all of 70-square-mile Santa Catalina Island off the Southern California coast for only \$250,000. He turned the offer down. Catalina Island was later purchased by the Wrigley interests and transformed into one of the best-known and most profitable resort areas on the West Coast. For years, the value of Santa Catalina Island has been calculated in the tens of millions of dollars.

During the Depression years, I could have picked up huge parcels of undeveloped land in Southern California and elsewhere for only a few dollars per acre. In those days, the tracts were far outside the limits of any incorporated town or city. Since 1945, the towns and cities have grown with lightning speed, spreading out in all directions. The once practically worthless tracts have become thriving residential or industrial areas. Much land that sold for as little as \$500 an acre — and even less — in the Depression days now brings \$50,000 and even more per acre.

But, for every such story of missed opportunity, there is one that tells of opportunities which were recognized and exploited to the full. It is obvious that someone ultimately reaped huge profits from Travers Leach's Detroit farmland. The Wrigley interests recognized the potentials of Catalina Island, bought it and profited accordingly. Other men purchased the tracts I turned down in the 1930s and eventually reaped gigantic profits by subdividing and developing the property.

My father may have bobbed his chance to buy Catalina Island at a bargain price, but he made many other shrewd and profitable real estate investments. In 1907, Father bought some land on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles for about \$10,000 and built our family home on it. The land was then well outside the city's built-up areas — so much so that it was surrounded on all sides by meadowland, and the nearest paved road was more than a mile distant. In the 1920s, he was offered \$300,000 for the property, but he refused to sell. The property, which is still owned by "Getty interests," is now worth somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000.

I, myself, have bought real estate at rock-bottom prices and have seen the *(continued on page 100)*



Smilby

"She got a thorn in her lip."



THOUGH BROWN-TRESSED Sandra Settani doesn't know a ship's Plimsoll mark from a porthole, in the past year she has become one of Miami Beach's most sought-after deck hands — for the same pleasantly see-worthy considerations that have led to her selection as our April Playmate. Born in Wisconsin and raised and schooled in Illinois (she was a psychology major for two years at Southern Illinois University), Sandra first visited Miami Beach on a vacation trip, and liked the local view of the good life so much that she stayed on to work as a secretary in a real estate office; she now shares quarters with another ex-Illinois girl in a pink-and-white apartment “brimming with clothes and mirrors” which overlooks the bay and a panorama of the glittery hotel strip. A refreshingly friendly and happy-go-lucky girl, Sandra thinks the keynote of her character is an insatiable curiosity about “the mechanics of everyone's personality,” and admits that her main shortcoming is a penchant for procrastination (“Just call me the original disorganization girl”). Being a tall (5' 8½”), green-eyed head-swiveler, she naturally receives her share of attention from date-minded local bloods, and has developed a philosophical attitude toward the necessity of keeping the wolves from her door: “I just try to be tactful, and hope that they respect me for being courteous to them. As to men in general, my favorites are all well read, unassuming, self-made types, and — most important — fun to be with.” Sandra is a moderately active outdoor girl, and like most young beachniks

SHIP'S BELLE

on deck for april:
our well-rigged,
shipshape playmate

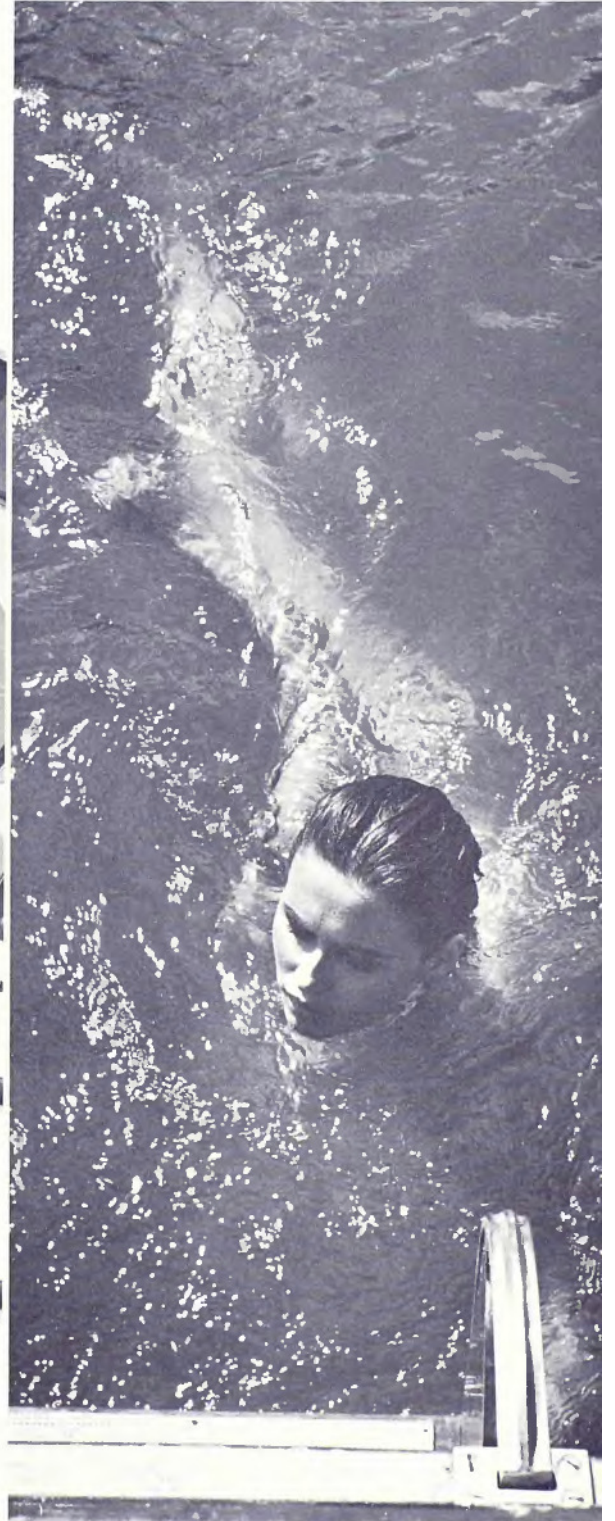


is fond of swimming, sunbathing and riding in power boats with masculine company on balmy weekend afternoons. “Nighttimes,” she confides, “my idea of the ideal date is a long and leisurely dinner in a Polynesian restaurant, followed by a quiet get-together with either his friends or mine, followed by a late visit to a small, romantic night spot where there's good music and dancing and talk.” On dateless evenings Sandra likes to eat out (“Why should I punish myself with my own cooking?”), then retire at 9:30 onto her gigantic bed, there to lazily read herself to sleep (via Ayn Rand, John Steinbeck or Kahlil Gibran). Her daydreams are as unclouded and euphoric as the local weather reports: “Mostly, I just let events come as they may, with the only goal in mind of having a good time. However, someday I'd like to finish college — maybe in Europe — and then travel like those lucky girls in the steamship ads, going to every exotic place there is. After that, I'd like to settle in Hawaii and live in a bikini and muumuu.” For an unclad glimpse of our extraordinary seaman, yachtsmen should turn forthwith to the gatefold, where sleepy Sandra is shown playing it cool, wearing nought but a sultry expression beneath her nautical hat.



MISS APRIL PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BUNNY YEAGER



Playmate Sandra Settani decorates the quarter-deck of a cabin cruiser, later dives in for a dip in the pellucid waters of Miami's Biscayne Bay. Blessed with a notably shipshape shape, she logs in at 37-24-36, reading from stem to stern.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An ingenious artist-friend of ours recently gave us a foolproof method for sculpting an elephant: "First, you get a huge block of granite; then you chip away everything that doesn't look like an elephant."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *belly dancer's agent* as an abdominal showman.

Then there was the band leader who spent all week working on a new arrangement and then discovered that his wife wasn't going out of town after all.

Learning that several of his employees were tanking up on no-trace vodka martinis during lunch hours, a wise company president issued the following memo:

To all employees: If you must drink during lunch, please drink whiskey. It is much better for our customers to know you're drunk than to think you're stupid.

We don't for a minute believe it, but we have a friend who insists that he recently met a girl who is so naive that when he asked her if she knew the difference between a Caesar salad and sexual intercourse she said she had no idea.

"Did you explain it to her?" we asked.

"Hell no," said our friend. "But I have lunch with her every day."

Harry, a golf enthusiast if ever there was, arrived home from the club to an irate, ranting wife.

"I'm leaving you, Harry," his wife announced bitterly. "You promised me faithfully that you'd be back before noon and here it is almost nine P.M. It just can't take that long to play 18 holes of golf."

"Now, wait," said Harry. "Let me explain. I know what I promised you, but I have a very good reason for being late. I got up at the crack of dawn, as you know, and picked up Fred at six A.M. But on the way to the course we had a flat tire and when I changed it I discovered that the spare was flat, too. So I had to walk three miles to a gas station to get the tire fixed and then roll it all the way back and put it on the car. After that, we got back into the car, drove a quarter of a mile and ran out of gas. I had to trudge all the way back to the gas station and back to the

car again. Finally we got to the course and started to play. Everything was fine for the first two holes and then, on the third tee, Fred had a stroke. I ran back to the clubhouse but couldn't find a doctor. And, by the time I got back to Fred, he was dead. So, for the next 16 holes, it was hit the ball and drag Fred, hit the ball and drag Fred . . ."

Then there was the guy who advertised for a wife and got 200 replies, most of them from men, who wrote: "You can have mine."



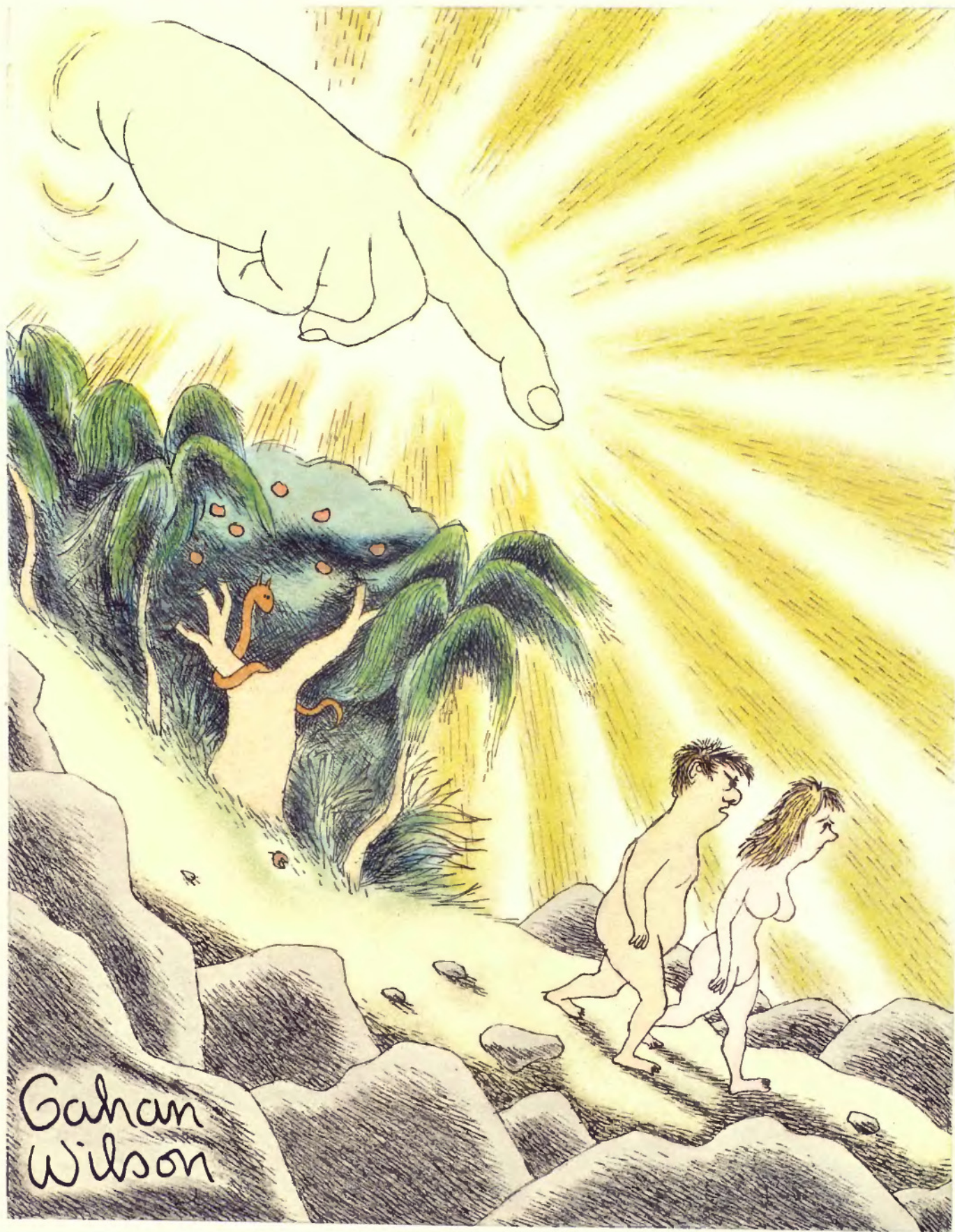
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bedbug* as a nymphomaniac.

We agree that money can't buy love. But it can put you in a very pleasant bargaining position.



The bank robbers arrived just before closing and promptly ordered the few remaining depositors, the tellers, clerks and guards to disrobe and lie, face down, behind the counter. One nervous blonde pulled off her clothes and lay down on the floor facing upwards. "Turn over, Maybelle," whispered the girl lying beside her, "this is a stick-up, not an office party."

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.



Gahan
Wilson

"Just who does He think He is?!"

values of the properties increase in my own lifetime—often even within a few years. I acquired the 42-story Hotel Pierre in New York City in 1938, paying \$2,350,000—less than one fourth its original, 1929–30, cost—for it. Taking into consideration current land values and construction costs, the cost of duplicating the Pierre today would be between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000.

On another occasion some years ago, I purchased several dozen acres of land in Malibu, California, paying about \$150,000 for the property. Today, real estate brokers tell me, I could probably realize \$4,000,000 on my investment if I were to subdivide and sell the land.

I'm seldom eager to sell simply for the sake of making a quick profit. I always remember how, in 1926, a friend of mine bought a piece of land for \$4000 on one day and sold it to me on the following day for \$8000 because he was overjoyed at the thought that he was doubling his money overnight. Some time later, I drilled four oil wells on that property and, in the next 12 years, those four wells showed an excess recovery—a net profit—of \$800,000.

(I hardly expect to find oil under the basement floor of the Hotel Pierre, and I have no intention of drilling oil wells in Malibu Beach. I relate this anecdote only to show that a quick profit is not always the biggest profit.)

I have not cited these examples of my successful real estate dealings in order to boast or gloat. I mentioned them solely to show that real estate *can* be a highly profitable form of investment.

At first glance, it might seem that I consider it easy to make money in real estate. I probably appear to be expounding a theory that one needs only to buy cheap land far outside a city's expanding limits and then wait until the city grows out to meet the property, and that the buyer will make money if he can hold onto his property long enough.

Unfortunately, it's seldom as simple as that. The real estate investor can never be certain that cities will mushroom in any particular direction, nor even that they will grow at all. If he buys property within the city, called income property, he has no assurance that it will increase in value. It may, in fact, lose value if, for example, a neighborhood ceases to be fashionable.

Then, no matter how low the price of an undeveloped property may be, its purchase still entails a capital outlay—and that capital sum may have to be tied up for a very long time without producing any income before property values begin to rise. Also, there are property taxes, assessments and other expenses which must be paid, and these can add up to large sums over the years.

Some time ago, a friend of mine bought 200 undeveloped acres at the northern edge of a Midwestern city, paying \$100,000 for the land. He was quite correct in his basic assumption that the city would expand and grow—but he could not foresee that when it did, public taste and preference would cause the growth to take place in the city's southern and eastern sections.

My friend still owns the property, which is worth no more today than it was when he bought it. His \$100,000 investment has brought him absolutely no income for more than a decade, and it has been necessary for him to pay annual property taxes on the acreage. In addition, he has spent sizable amounts in efforts to attract buyers for the property—all to no avail. He has already suffered considerable financial loss. He will continue to lose money on his investment unless he can sell the land, for there is no indication that the city's northern suburbs will ever find favor with homeowners or industrial firms.

In short, a prospective investor must always bear in mind that while real estate can be a highly profitable form of investment, it can also prove quite risky. Often there are many variable factors which affect the value of a property, and these factors are not always obvious even to experienced eyes. It is sometimes difficult to appraise the value of a given property accurately, and mistakes in appraisal can be costly. Another potential drawback to investing heavily in real estate is that an individual who ties a large amount of his capital up in real property and then has a sudden need for cash may well find it difficult to sell and realize cash quickly without incurring considerable losses.

In real estate, as in the stock market, it is the intelligent, patient investor who is most likely to make money in the long run. The real estate speculator, like his stock market counterpart, may make some short-term profits, but he takes much greater chances, and his profits will never be anywhere near those of the investor.

Generally speaking, real estate investors can be divided into two broad categories. The first includes those who buy at very low prices before an upward trend begins and hold onto their properties for many years, patiently waiting for values to rise to high levels. They may buy undeveloped land with, possibly, a view to subdividing it, or they may purchase income property which they hope will eventually increase in value, even while it produces regular returns on their invested capital.

The second type of real estate investor buys soon after a real estate boom has already begun. He pays more for a

property than investors in the first category because prices are already on the way up when he gets into the market. On the other hand, he immobilizes his capital for much shorter periods.

Naturally, everyone would like to belong to the first category of investor. The trouble is that not too many people have large amounts of capital they can invest and allow to lie more or less fallow for long periods. Also, there aren't many people who can foresee a boom early enough or gauge its duration with sufficient accuracy to take full advantage of it.

One man I know correctly anticipated the postwar housing shortage and bought several large apartment houses at comparatively low prices in 1943. In 1950, he was offered 80 percent more than he had paid for the properties.

"I'm going to sell out," he announced to his real estate broker. "I've made a fairly good income on my investment over the last seven years, but I figure I had best take my profit now. I don't believe that property values can possibly go any higher than they are."


"I think you're making a big mistake," the broker cautioned. "If I were you, I'd hold on. Property values will go considerably higher in the next few years. You're going to miss a wonderful opportunity if you sell."

The man ignored his broker's prophetic advice and sold his apartment houses in 1950. He has been regretting his decision ever since. Today, the properties are worth at least three times what he paid for them in 1943.

Many investors have made the same error during the current real estate boom. They sold out prematurely because they were convinced the peak had been reached or that it would be reached within a very short time. They feared the consequences of the bust they were certain would follow. Their reasoning and their fears were based on past experiences or on recollections of the histories of such ill-starred real estate booms as those which drove real property prices into the stratosphere in Florida, California and elsewhere in the 1920s.

I, personally, do not believe there is any similarity between those booms and the one which began at the end of World War II and is still continuing today. The great real estate balloons which were inflated—and then burst so disastrously—during the Roaring Twenties were almost entirely fueled by purely speculative buying and selling. Despite all the frenzied activity of property trading, there was little genuine desire for ownership on the part of the speculators. In those days, a piece of property could—and often did—change hands dozens of times, but not because anyone anywhere along the line actually

(continued on page 156)



Right: Man taking his ease sits and sips suavely in collarless two-button rayon-cotton jacket with coordinated ascot, by H.I.S., \$17; Dacron-worsted tropical-weight slacks with belt loops, side pockets, by YMM, \$16; airweave cotton shirt with medium-spread collar, convertible cuffs, by Van Heusen, \$5.

Left: Gentleman in attracting attire will be tropic topic: double-breasted linen-Terylene jacket with peak lapels, side vents, striped belt-loop trousers, by Fashion Park, \$95; cotton broadcloth shirt with tapered body, barrel cuffs, by Excella, \$6.

PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

the definitive statement on the coming trends in men's wear and accessories

Above: Guy goes gladly to blazers in jaunty jacket of striped Mexican cotton, with flap pockets, center vent, by Cricketeer, \$35; cotton broadcloth shirt with tapered body, convertible cuffs, by Manhattan, \$5.

EMANCIPATION AND ECLECTICISM are the keynotes of the spring and summer silhouette: emancipation from the conservative tradition of male attire, eclectic in the vast variety of liberated styles that promise to infuse vernal fashions with a mood of upbeat iconoclasm, a look of offbeat innovation. From lids to loafers, sportswear will dominate the sartorial scene with the boldest burst of new departures in a month of sun-days—via styles sparked with uninhibited shades, unorthodox patterns and unconventional fabrics. In the shape of things to come, the tailored lines of Ivy will be trimmed to an ultraslim outline in every realm of casual wear. Only suit styles (text continued on page 107)




Above: Comfortably occoutered for the jet oge, a trio of classic-plone enthusiasts revives the vintage years of flight. Pilot poses in Arnel-cotton tennis jacket with tricolor border, two front pockets, by McGregor, \$14; Docron-wool socks with topped leg, extension waistband, by Cracker Borrel, \$21. Ground crew wings it no less winningly: middle man in cotton shirt-jockey, by Marlboro, \$5; topped Arnel-rayon slacks with zippered pockets, by H.I.S., \$7; man on right in alpaca cordigan with front pockets, ribbed bottom, \$27.50, Australian wool turtleneck bib, \$4, both by Lord Jeff; Arnel-cotton socks with tapered leg, full top pockets, by Cracker Borrel, \$17.



The compatibility of sortorial boldness and restraint is epitomized by a pair of outdoor men about town and country. City dweller at left is impeccably bedecked for urban diversions in lightweight Dacron-cotton twill suit with three-button front, center vent, by Palm Beach, \$40; cotton oxford shirt, by Gont, \$6; felt hat with narrow brim, center crease, by Knox, \$16. And he's well armed against inclemency with knee-length cotton raincoat in bold check-overplaid, with single-breasted fly front, raglan sleeves, slanted flap pockets, full cotton plaid lining, by Alligator, \$30. Exurbanite at right is casually but correctly attired for country squiring in stadium-length cotton poplin raincoat with removable half-belt, by H.I.S., \$18; glen-plaid Dacron-flax jacket with three-button front, flap pockets, center vent, by Gordon-Ford, \$45; tapered rayon-cotton trousers with quarter-top pockets, by H.I.S., \$6; cotton oxford shirt with snap-tab collar, by Creighton, \$6.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARDY KAZARIAN



In shade of thatch-roofed umbrella, nature lover, first right, basks in beauty of local flora and fauna in his cotton parka with wide front pocket, drawstring hood and bottom, zip front, by McGregor, \$10; Hawaiian-length acetate-cotton-rubber trunks with drawcord, elasticized waistband, by Jantzen, \$6.

Sharing shelter, next right: fellow naturalist in plaid cotton seersucker buttondown by Wren, \$7; tapered rayon-cotton shorts with quarter-top pockets, by H.I.S., \$5.

Stranded girl Friday is bracketed by beachcombers in gladdest of rags. First left: madras shirt-jacket with adjustable side tabs, matching swim shorts with side tabs, square-knot buckle front, by McGregor, \$18. Next left: double-breasted cotton terry beach jacket with shawl collar, patch pockets, by Catalina, \$9; square-leg lastex trunks with zipper pocket, by Puritan, \$5.



Winner of sartorial grand prix at right follows race in Antron-nylon pullaver, by Izod, \$12; shepherd-check Dacron-worsted slacks, by YMM, \$18. Shutterbug above snaps action on track in his Orlon link-stitch V-neck cardigan with cable-knit front, by Robert Bruce, \$15; tapered Arnel-rayon trousers, by Cracker Barrel, \$17.

Above: Third man's social grand standing reaches new high in sumptuous alpaca-knit laminate cardigan jacket with buttoned pockets, full rayon lining, by H.I.S., \$18; Dacron-worsted slacks, by Carbin, \$21.



The understatement of classic black is indispensable to occasions which demand a standard of unimpeachable correctness, a look of unobtrusive elegance. Gentleman at left exemplifies both in black wool-mohair suit with subdued chalk stripe, three-button front, cloverleaf lapels, hacking pockets, by Hanover Hall, \$75; broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, convertible cuffs, by Truval, \$4; narrow-brimmed Panama hat, by Dobbs, \$11. In pursuit of more informal pastimes, bloke above steps out no less stylishly in glen-plaid wool worsted jacket with three-button front, flap pockets, side vents, by Botany 500, \$70; felt hat with low crown, narrow brim, by Knox, \$16.50.

will attempt to preserve some semblance of tradition in tone and profile. Retaining the tasteful restraint of natural shoulders, center vent, seat-length jacket, full chest expansion and pleatless belt-loop trousers, three-button models will remain indisputably in charge—some with lapels rolled to the middle button in emulation of the two-button look. With slightly shaped shoulders and gently indented waistline, this Presidentially inspired style will continue to find favor among Jims slim enough to do it justice. Though last year's renaissance in double-breasted suits has since played itself out, the venture-some one-button model will be back in force with conservatively squared shoulders, Continental coat lengths and enough waist indentation to show light between the sleeves and jacket body. In quiet contrast to the unfettered shades and patterns which prevail in both dress and sportswear, suits will be setting a stylishly subdued pace in glen plaids of medium gray, moss green and tan; in nailhead and shepherd checks of putty and black, olive and navy, gray and olive, navy and gray; in hairlines and pin stripes of medium gray on black or blue, and light gray on charcoal; and in classic solids of black and navy. Materially speaking, bantamweight wool tropicals, gabardines, Dacron mixtures and polyester-worsted will predomi-

(text continued on next page)

Breaking tastefully with formalwear tradition, cocktail celebrant at left introduces novel notion with one-button dinner jacket of striped Dacron-cotton seersucker, orthodox otherwise with shawl collar, flap pockets, center vent, \$45, tapered Dacron-worsted formal trousers with satin side seams, \$20, black silk cummerbund and tie, \$12, all by Lord West; Dacron-cotton formal shirt with narrow pleats, by Hathaway, \$12. Fellow in foreground tries opposite approach to equal advantage: in Dacron-rayon dinner jacket of classic white, with one-button front, shawl collar, center vent, \$37.50, offbeat cotton madras vest with matching clip tie, \$11, all by After Six; narrow-pleated cotton broadcloth formal shirt, by Van Heusen, \$6.



nate; but watch for seersuckers to offset the low-key look with pronounced pencil stripes.

Sports jackets will be going like '63 in a vast array of outspoken styles, shades and patterns. Both traditional Ivy models and country-squire cuts will be coming on strong in black-white, brown-white and sand-toned plaids; pin-striped seersuckers, bar-striped ducks and denims; black-and-white hound's-tooths; richly tinted madras and batiks; bold gingham checks in light tones and solid-toned silks and linens. Blazers will be playing their ordinarily blazing role with unaccustomed understatement.

At the other end of the social spectrum—but kindred in sartorial spirit—the classic black dinner jacket will be complemented by a coterie of three colorful departures from tradition. Combining offbeat elegance with featherweight comfort—a white formal coat with contrasting madras vest and tie, a black-and-white striped seersucker jacket with shawl collar, and an Arnel-rayon solid-color model in denim blue and maize will be offering maximum latitude for outspoken individualism.

In chromatic contrast to the muted tone of suits and dress shirts—but in harmony with the liberated look of the new sports coats—business shirts will branch out in a new wave of shades and patterns. The basic outline, however, will remain the same; with bodies tapered two to four inches for a trimmer fit, regulation Ivy buttondown and snap-tab-collared models will be running neck and neck in popular preference. Short-point buttondown, pin and regulation spread collars, meanwhile, will remain the odds-on favorites of those with face and neck dimensions better suited to these second-running styles (see *From Collar to Cuffs*, PLAYBOY, February 1963). Barrel, French and convertible cuffs will be equally acceptable with any collar style—except for buttondown, which requires the barrel cuff. Though white, as always, will be unquestionably correct for any hour or occasion, spirited striped and solid-color shirts will predominate for daytime office wear. Stripings will range through thick and thin from broad British block stripes to hairline and pencil widths in bright shades on white or tinted backgrounds. Monotoned shirts will be trooping the colors in light olives and sepias, medium tones of mustard yellow, and even denim shades of blue and red. From a material point of view, this season's batch of business shirts will be the coolest ever—and the most texturally attractive: they'll be available in sleek broadcloths, loose-weave oxfords, durable Dacron blends, superfine Egyptian and Pima cottons and bantamweight batistes.

An always significant finishing touch for the urban wardrobe, the selection

of a suitable tie can bridge the chasm between mere correctness and sartorial distinction. This season's bountiful harvest of neckwear should enable the discerning male to make this crossing with dash and elegance. As elsewhere on the vernal fashion scene, color will be putting up a bold front with traditional rep and regimental stripes enlivened by brighter pigments, particularly two-tone blends of deep blue and black, green and gold; and with the revival of richly tinted paisleys, challis, ancient madders and foulards.

The silhouette in slackwear will remain trimly tapered, neatly pleatless, Continentally cuffless and—in the case of trousers for tie-and-jacket wear—traditionally tailored with belt loops and vertical side pockets. Casual slacks, meanwhile, will be bidding both for the conservative and liberal votes in standard belt-loop styles and in closely fitted beltless models cut below the waistline—accoutered with unconventional pocket treatments featuring flap- and slit-style openings, side zippers, curved and frontier tops. Maritime-minded men should keep a lookout for a fashionable fleet of slack styles: renascent white ducks, bell-bottomed sea pants and fitted deck pants with slit bottoms. Casual slacks for seafarers and landlubbers alike will be taking bold strides in denims, ducks, chambrays and fine-lined twills; in two-toned Dacron-cotton pinchecks; and in searing seersucker stripes and oxford-weave solids.

On the April-shower front, rainwear will continue to perform the double duty of protection from inclemency and unseasonal winds. Acquiring the lines as well as the functions of the traditional topcoat, raincoats will be adopting a trimmer, more fitted silhouette, and many new models will be assimilating such topcoat detailing as notched lapels, deep V-closures, split shoulders, set-in sleeves, exposed button fronts, and full-patterned linings. Knee lengths will remain standard, but keep a weather eye peeled for a breezy mid-thigh-length model tailor-made for the active outdoor man about town and country. Borrowing inspiration from classic trenchcoat styles, these new raincoats will be designed with such details as full- and half-belts, slightly flaring bottoms, deep center vents and accordion back pleats. Most familiar as a suiting or topcoat material, gabardine will be making its presence felt in springweight versions as a stylish raincoat fabric. So will an assortment of durable Dacron mixtures, silk blends, lightweight canvas and even weatherized denims in characteristically faded blues, grays and black. Though solid black will remain in charge, many of the new raincoats will be braving the elements in black-and-white hound's-tooth checks; in navy, brown and gray glen plaids; and

in solid tones ranging from classic gray to bronze.

In the realm of informal outerwear appropriate for highway, fairway or waterway, the range of styles—each adapting a different silhouette—will be as varied as the pastimes for which they've been designed. In lightweight, heavy-duty ducks, chambrays, laminated terrys and nylon slicker cloths that warm or ventilate as needed, summerized ski parkas—some reversible—will be venturing out with hoods, drawstring necks and waists, snapped and zippered pockets. Borrowing its basic design from a classic sweater style, a cardigan-type summer surcoat with collarless V-neck and six- or seven-button front will be spinning a novel yarn in lightweight, link-stitched alpaca weaves. In both sports-coat fabrics and laminated knits, still another of the new models will be revamping the military-academy coat with crew necks and piped button fronts. Ranging westward for its inspiration, one line of lightweight warmers will rustle fashion ideas from the ranchers' domain: short cowboy jackets in beefy knits, denims and chambrays, appurtenanced with Western workshirt detailing. But the most conspicuous—and strikingly handsome—feature of the entire alfresco wardrobe will be its array of patterns and colors: the predominant solids in moss greens, mustards, rust, cream and powder blue; classic hound's-tooths, exotic batiks, brilliant slicker cloths and kaleidoscopic stripes.

With the proliferation of wool, cotton and synthetic fibers that warm without weighing, sweaterwear has become a year-round sartorial staple of the well-dressed man for all seasons. Eye-catchingly updated in pattern and pigment, the new crop of classic cardigans and V-necks will be outdoors in link- and cable-stitched shirtingweight alpaca, wool and cotton blends—even in semibulky mohair mixtures, headed for a comeback in both loop-stitched and fleecy weaves. Pullover or button front, solid colors will prevail but stripes will be causing the biggest stir with all-over patterns melding as many as four coordinate colors in one-inch stripings; and two or three vivid tints in 2½-inch blazer widths.

The sport-shirt scene will also be splashed with color and innovations in design. Regulation button fronts and pullovers with trimly tapered shapes in tried-and-true tones and patterns will buck a trail-blazing trend toward increasingly bright, unshirtlike styles. Knit shirts, for example, will be heading the spring list with a cardigan model that's virtually indistinguishable from the classic button-front sweater style, which in turn is becoming increasingly more shirtlike in both weight and function. The main distinction: In some models, the

(concluded on page 161)



fiction By FREDRIC BROWN *he'd played many roles with professional aplomb, but when a quirk of vision reversed to viewing, his equanimity was shattered*

APRIL 11 — I'm wondering whether what I'm feeling is shock, fear or wonder that the rules might be different, the other side of the glass. Morality, I'd always thought, was a constant. And it *must* be; two sets of rules wouldn't be fair. Their censor simply slipped up; that's all it could have been.

Not that it matters, but it happened during a Western. I was Whitey Grant, Marshal of West Pecos, a fine rider, a fine fighter, an all-around hero. A gang of badmen came to town looking for me, real gun-slingers, and since everyone else in town was afraid to go up against them, I had to take them on all by myself. Black Burke, the leader of the outlaws, told me afterward (I'd only had to knock him out, not kill him) through the bars of the jail that he thought it was a bit like *High Noon* and maybe it was, but what does that matter? *High Noon* was only a movie and if life happens to imitate fiction, so what?

But it was before that, while we were still "on the air," that I happened to look out through the glass (we sometimes call it "the screen") into the *other* world. One can do this only when one happens to be facing the screen directly. In the relatively rare times when this happens we get glimpses into this other world, a world in which people also exist, people like us, except that instead of doing things or having adventures they are simply sitting and watching *us* through the screen. And for some reason that is a mystery to me (one of many mysteries), never do we on two different evenings happen to see the same person or group of persons watching us from this other world.

That's what I was doing when I looked through last night. In the living room into which I happened to be looking, a young couple sat. They were close together on a sofa, *very* close together, only a dozen feet away from me, and they were kissing. Well, we allow kisses occasionally *here*, but only brief and chaste ones. And this kiss didn't look to be either. They were simply *twined* in each other's arms, lost in and *holding* what looked like a passionate kiss, a kiss with sexual implications. Three times in pacing toward and from the screen I saw them, and they were *still* holding that kiss.

By the time I caught my third glimpse of them they were still holding it and 20 seconds at least must have elapsed. I was forced to avert my eyes; it was simply *too* much. Kissing at least 20 seconds! Probably longer if they started before my first look or continued after my last one. A 20-second kiss! What kind of censors have they got over there, to be so careless?

What kind of *sponsors* to let censors be so careless?

After the Western was over and the glass opaque again, leaving us alone in our own world, I wanted to talk it over with Black Burke and did talk quite a while through the bars, but I decided no, I shouldn't bring up what I had seen. They'll probably hang Burke soon, after his trial tomorrow. He's being brave about it, but why should I put another worry on his mind? Killer or no, he isn't a *really* bad guy, and hanging is enough for him to have to think about! Who knows what his next (concluded on page 148)

helpful hints on succeeding with women without really trying



THE DREAM HOUSE AND HOW TO AVOID IT

satire

By SHEPHERD MEAD

WHAT HOME MEANS TO A MARRIAGE

EVERY MARRIAGE *must* have a home. A marriage without walls around it is a flimsy thing indeed. You will need a cozy nook for just you two. This should include a kitchen, bathroom and at least one room for living and sleeping.

Choose a good, well-kept apartment building and you will find they have all these rooms and as many others as you need or can afford.

It takes a heap of living to make an apartment a home, but it takes a heap less than if you are driven into a freestanding house, surrounded on all sides by constantly growing vegetation, with its own furnace, hot-water heater, plumbing, storm windows, cesspools, roofing, chimney, paint, calking, wiring and snow-covered sidewalks.

You will discover, however, that every woman wants a house of her own. From the very moment you move into your apartment

she will make it clear that she thinks of it only as a temporary expedient—until you find your dream house.

“SHOULD I RESIST OPENLY?”

You must not, however, stand in her way. It is like telling a bird it cannot feather its nest. You are fighting a basic instinct.

Take the opposite approach. Be eager. This creates better feelings around the house, and is far more effective.

Open the Discussion. Make it seem you are taking the initiative. When she begins looking through the real-estate section, prepare yourself. The first time she *clips something out*, but before she actually *says* anything, fire the first shot.

“Oh, I *love* you, Phoebe, but sometimes I wonder if we’re really suited to each other . . .”

“Why, Davie, I —”

“You seem so (continued on page 145)”



a salute to the
multicolored maidens of a
continent of contrasts

THE GIRLS OF AFRICA

FROM THE IMPERIOUS Queen of Sheba to pert Juliet Prowse, the African female has never ceased to arouse wanderlust in even the most worldly outlanders. Julius Caesar, Mark Antony, even wise King Solomon — the number who have fallen victim to the sensuality of African women is legion. (And the legions range from Roman to Foreign.)

Today, a young man's idle dream of an idyl among the girls on the Dark Continent can be jet-propelled into reality in a matter of hours and for as little as \$600. For those who can swing a safari, close examination of the customs and contours of African girls, from Afrikaner to Zulu, should prove most rewarding.

Like the continent itself, the girls of Africa are a study in contrasts. In *(text continued overleaf)*



Above: Modishly Moorish Danah Lyndrih, who teaches French in her exotic home city of Marrakesh, Morocco, has big eyes for traveling (she's been as far south as Johannesburg) and skiing on the perennially snowy slopes of the rugged Atlas Mountains.

Left: Dressed in an African version of the traditional sari, lovely Fatima Hatim peers over the ornate, orchid-trimmed balcony of her family's home in the Arab-Asian sector of Tanganyika's coastal capital, Dar es Salaam (Haven of Peace). A 19-year-old collegian, she considers herself "quite modern."





Above: A hip Egyptian, 20-year-old Nemat Salem is a happy habitu  of the Gezira Sporting Club on the lower Nile, where she whiles the time swimming, dancing and socializing with other Club members. Nemat has but one plan for the future: she hopes to marry a millionaire.

Left: Stacked against a big-game gun rack in Richard van Heerden's Kenya hunting lodge, African-born Linda Moore, 21, is clearly the finest trophy of the lot. A keen hunter herself, Linda has made the Kilimanjaro climb several times, and likes to swap cigarettes and safari stories with visiting game stalkers from America and England.



Above, left: Amelia Cooper, 18, is the daughter of a wealthy Monrovia, Liberia, family. Although active in social circles, she is also a graduate of Liberia's Booker T. Washington Institute and plans to come to the U.S. this year to pursue a career in nursing. Above, center: Nombulelo Ngatshu applies yellow face paint to Nomsa Miya in the cosmetic prelude to a ritual dance in the Pondoland district of South Africa. Blue beads indicate that both girls are virgins and ready for marriage. Above, right: Sultry Didi Daddoo of Mozambique is the Swiss-educated daughter of a wealthy Indian merchant and an Italian mother.



Above: Marina Christellis, a pert Afrikaner, entered South Africa's Hibiscus Queen contest over the objections of her family, in 1961, and won first prize (a trip through Europe). She's now a successful model. Right: Captivating Bes Kivan, 19, peruses some prints on a leopard rug. An Angolan of Franco-Dutch descent, she is coming to the U.S. this year to study design.



Above: Ebony-skinned Jean Walker, 19, and May Britt-ish Jill Chase, 20, both South African born, chat over coffee at a Johannesburg sidewalk café. Both girls are art students at the Witwatersrand Technical College, aiming at careers in commercial illustration. Jill's parents are both English, Jean's are French and South African.

color, they run from pure, rich Jersey cream to café-au-lait; from gold to bittersweet chocolate; from almost brick red to a lovely dark grape. Despite the common term, there are no black women. Even more striking than the contrast in color among African women is the contrast in their cultures. In the hills of South Africa's back country, a gleaming half-naked Herrero girl, her supple body arching to the pulse of a ritual dance, may pause for a moment and tilt her head up to watch a roaring plane streak south toward Johannesburg, where her betrothed has gone to work in the gold mines. At the same time, and only a few miles away at Johannesburg's Jan Smuts Airport, the blonde, well-tanned daughter of a British mining engineer may click off a jangling commercial, then straighten a nylon as she steps from her Aston-Martin to meet an old friend jetting in from America.

Contrasts among Africa's native tribes (as among white settlers) are often equally sharp. A lithe-limbed Watusi maiden differs far more from an Ituri Pygmy than a tall Norwegian does from a petite Parisienne; and a Masai girl is less similar to a Somba than a sensuous Sicilian to a sturdy Lapp. (text continued on page 120)





Above, left: Cute Vivienne Moots, a 20-year-old Rhodesian fashion stylist, peers from under a hand-woven straw hat bought in the native market of her hometown, Salisbury. Above, center: Wearing her hair in the latest French styling, 19-year-old Mona Abdulla, an Egyptian high school girl, enjoys a local brandy aboard the Omar Khayyám, a floating restaurant-night club moored near the Gezira Club. Mona has her heart set on a modeling career and dreams of a penthouse in Paris. Above, right: Coffee-colored Peta de Wildt, a rising young Congolese dancer, is the daughter of a white hunter and an African mother. Several million of the continent's most beautiful girls are half-breeds of various types. Below: This curious camel would obviously walk a mile for an affectionate pat from fine-featured Khadiga Manbarak, a 20-year-old education major at Cairo University. Rising in the background are the Giza pyramids, just a shadow's cast from the Great Sphinx of Khafre.





Above: Luscious Dianah Frost, another of South Africa's scenic wonders, is personal assistant to the director of an import house. Footloose and 22, she spends her weekends boating near Johannesburg. Right: It's Dianah in a diaphanous nightie. Below: In a brilliant golden sari, Janeel Hatim drinks milk from a green coconut on the grounds of the Sultan's palace in Zanzibar.





Above: Tenderly trapped in an African fish trap is 19-year-old Gillian Tanner, an accomplished commercial artist. Like the braided Bes Kivan (page 115), Gill was in the queenly quintet of beauties featured in photographer Sam Haskins' *Five Girls*, an inspired photo study which is banned in South Africa. Right: Emancipated from the Xosa tribal hut in which she was born, South African Thandi Klaasen, 21, now lives in Johannesburg, works as a stenographer from 9 to 5 and as a cabaret singer at night. This photograph of her was taken in a railroad terminal restaurant restricted to Negroes only. Although she speaks English and French as well as her native tongue, apartheid laws wall her away from any social contact with European visitors.



Above: Beaded Momosi Mziza of Transvaal's artistic Ndebele tribe is seen within her vividly painted hut. Below: Jyoti Patel, an 18-year-old Hindu, weaves an intricate sash on a Zanzibar rooftop.



Top, left: Swinging American ballads is a specialty of 21-year-old Pearl Ndlwana, a Rhodesian night-club singer. Top, right: A naturally late riser, buxom Pearl brunches on bonbons while checking a continental fashion magazine for new ideas. Directly above: Wafaa Zaki, a popular Cairo fashion model, reflects the agelessness of Egyptian beauty as she glances up at a mural (reproduced from an ancient temple rendering) in the rooftop night club of the artfully modern Nile Hilton Hotel in Cairo. 119

To widen the contrasts, Africa's 240,000,000 inhabitants share no common tongue, but speak more than 500 dialects. The leading language is imported Arabic, used by most of the Semitic peoples of the north. But the most beautiful is Swahili (a precise yet expressively rhythmic language in which the word for "caress" becomes a caressing *kubembeleza*).

Amid all its disunity, Africa — at least most of it — has been suddenly seized by an overdue urge to assert its native might. New nations emerge almost every month, proud and poor, growing to UN stature almost overnight.

Thrust into this march of progress, many tribal African women seem uncertain of where they want to go. But most are united in a desire to escape the bridal bondage and servitude that has often been their lot. They (*text continued on page 150*)



Above, left: Chocolate-brown Khaidia Nyame, a 21-year-old hair stylist, is typical of the beauties to be found in the Republic of Mali, site of that once-mysterious symbol of distant exotica, Timbuktu. Above, right: Egyptian-barn Fatima Shah enjoys "moon bathing" on the desert sands of Tunisia where she now lives with her six Siamese cats and a colony of terrapins. Below: Getting a kick from a ride in a Zulu rickshaw, bikinied Claudie Samouilhan (left) and Fiona Watherley live in the Indian Ocean-side city of Durban, South Africa. Their chauffeur's fiercely tusked and ornately painted headdress weighs well over 50 pounds.





Above: Danish-born Helmi Jensen come to South Africa at the age of six, is now a Johannesburg bank teller. In her spare time, Helmi is also a headstrong student of advanced Yoga, an avid reader of modern poetry and a promising young actress.

*"Darling, it's
my hat I want
your opinion on."*



Vargas



A SACKFUL OF TRUTHS—AND SURPRISES

THERE ONCE RULED in France a king who had a most unusual daughter. Not only was she exquisitely beautiful, but she had an almost uncanny skill in solving riddles. When she came of age, it was proclaimed throughout the kingdom that the Princess would marry the man who could pose a riddle too difficult for her to unravel; in the event, however, that she discovered the answer, the penalty for the unfortunate suitor would be death.

Despite this unpleasant alternative, young men flocked to the palace from far and near, drawn by the news of the Princess' great beauty; and since no riddle succeeded in baffling her for even a second, the courtyard, which served as the place of execution, soon became a rather unwholesome sight to behold.

Not far from the palace lived the Countess of Kerbrinic with her son. Returning alone one day from the hunt, the handsome young nobleman came upon a stocky little soldier walking along the highway. Attracted by the soldier's jaunty manner, he slowed his horse and the two men struck up a conversation, in the course of which the soldier inquired whether the young lord had ever thought of courting the Princess.

"Of course," Kerbrinic replied, "but my mother forbids me to go."

"What riddles do you know?" asked Petit-Jean, for this was the soldier's name.

Kerbrinic gave several, but each time his comrade guessed them readily.

"Those will get you nowhere," laughed the soldier, "but if you will set out with me for the palace tomorrow, I promise to help you win the Princess."

The young man accepted this offer without delay and together they returned to the manor. The Countess said little when she heard of their plans, for it was evident that her son had made up

his mind. But she was determined to stop them, and so after they had retired for the night, she obtained a violent poison. After the two men had mounted their steeds the next morning, she came out to bid them goodbye, carrying two glasses of wine.

"If you must go," she said, "accept this wine as a parting gift."

She looked down at the ground and there was such a strange mixture of sadness and anger upon her face that Petit-Jean counseled the son in a whisper, "Do not drink the wine. Pour it into the ear of your horse."

Both men did this, took their leave and departed. As they rode off, the mother waved after them, a look of surprise on her face. Toward evening, the horses became sick and died.

"That is the effect of the wine," said Petit-Jean.

They retraced their steps a few miles to the nearest inn and spent the night. Next day as they walked past their horses, they saw four magpies lying dead nearby.

"They were also killed by the poison," the soldier remarked. "Let us each take two of the birds; they may be of use."

Nearing a great forest, they entered a bakery to ask directions. The baker warned them not to enter the forest, as a band of six robbers made it unsafe. But Petit-Jean scoffed at this advice.

"We shall go through the forest," he said, "and if you wish to help my master and me, you will give us some dough so that we may have something to eat, should we not reach an inn before dark."

The baker gave him dough and Petit-Jean made eight cakes, putting half a magpie in each. The travelers entered the wood and, toward nightfall, saw at some distance before them six men sitting around a campfire.

"Those are the robbers," exclaimed Kerbrinic, and wanted to avoid them.

But Petit-Jean went right up to the lounging band and addressed them with these words: "Gentlemen, permit us to join you, as night is approaching and we fear the robbers who roam this forest."

The cutthroats winked and grinned at each other until one, apparently their leader, spoke. "You are welcome," he said with a strange smile.

And he offered the hungry pair some of the great ham roasting over the fire. In return, Petit-Jean gave each of the men one of his cakes. Hardly had the pastry been eaten—the travelers only pretended to eat theirs—when the robbers became violently sick and died. Petit-Jean took their money and the two men continued on their way. Leaving the forest, they purchased new horses and rode toward the palace.

"I have it!" cried Petit-Jean.

"Have what?" asked his puzzled companion.

"The riddle! The riddle for the Princess!" replied the soldier, elated. "You will simply relate our experiences and ask how she accounts for them."

"But that is too easy!" protested the young lord.

"Do you think so? Listen!" The soldier paused for a moment and then, clearing his throat, recited rapidly, "When we left home we were four; of the four two died; of the two four died; of the four we made eight; of the eight six died; and now we are four again. How can this be?"

Kerbrinic was delighted, but it took him some time to learn to say all this correctly. By the time the walls of the palace came into sight, however, he had memorized the riddle perfectly.

The young (concluded on page 126) 123

MEANWHILE, BACK AT TEEVEE JEEBIES

satire By SHEL SILVERSTEIN



"You wanted the white horse, you lead the way!"



"Hello, is this the baby sitter? Well, this is Mr. Johnson and I was wondering . . . hello . . . hello . . .?"



"Well, how the hell was I supposed to know there were two 21 Clubs in New York . . .?!"



"Mr. Baxter . . . Mr. Baxter . . . you better wake up now . . . my daddy's coming up the walk . . .!"



"And if I say, 'No' . . .?"



"Look, mister, there's lots of kids waiting. Another time around is another ten cents."

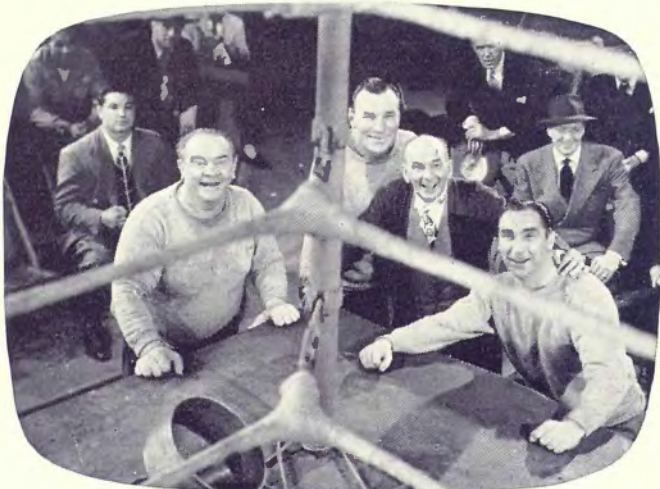
still more outrageously extemporaneous subtitles for the late-night flicks



"Say, I thought there were going to be girls at this party . . ."



"No, no, Al — a good twister's got to get his hips into it, like this . . ."



"Look at that . . . the elastic on his trunks broke again!"



"Frankly, Marsha, you're just too damn tall for me."



"Apparently we should have talked a little about the use of snowshoes before we started out on this expedition . . ."



"That's right, girls . . . Ben Casey came down with it this morning. Now, I'm going to ask each of you a very frank question . . ."

Ribald Classic *(continued from page 123)*

nobleman soon had his audience with the haughty Princess. When he had finished stating the riddle, a puzzled look came over her pretty face.

"Would you mind repeating that?" she murmured.

But after several repetitions she was no better off than before, and so she asked for three days' time in which to find the answer; during this period the guests were to be housed in the palace. That evening, after all her books and all her wit had been of no avail, the Princess sent a comely lady-in-waiting to extract the secret from the lord's servant, Petit-Jean.

The little soldier received the lady with great courtesy.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired solicitously.

"My mistress sends me to ask if you know the answer to the riddle."

"Certainly I know it," answered Petit-Jean, "but I won't tell it to anyone."

"Not for 100 ducats?" The girl waved a heavy bag invitingly.

"Money—" the little man shrugged his shoulders. He picked up a handful of the coins he had taken from the robbers. "I have all that I need."

"What do you want, then?"

Petit-Jean surveyed the dainty face turned questioningly to him. He smiled. "You are so charming that I will help you. Come to my room tonight at 10 and I will not only tell you the secret of the riddle, but I will also let you keep the 100 ducats."

The damsel made a pretense of objecting, but finally consented to ask permission of her mistress. When she had left, the soldier went to Kerbrinic and said, "At 10 o'clock tonight I shall have a visitor. As your room is directly beneath mine, you will hear him enter if you listen carefully. After, let us say, half an hour, I will cough loudly, whereupon you are to cry out that you have been robbed, and are to rage and storm about your room. Then, still pretending that you are furious, noisily ascend the stairs."

The young nobleman was at a loss to understand the purpose of these instructions, but he agreed to do as requested, and Petit-Jean returned to his room whistling a little tune.

At the stroke of 10 there was a knock on his door. When he opened it, the lady-in-waiting slipped in.

"You are very punctual." He looked at her with raised eyebrows.

The damsel blushed. "Now tell me the answer to the riddle."

"In due time. Do you know that you are as alluring as you are demanding?" His arm slipped about her waist.

She drew back hastily. "No! No!"

"All right, but then you won't learn the secret!"

The girl struggled with herself. "If it must be," she said blushing, and allowed him to embrace her.

"Now, what is the secret?"

"Softly, softly, there is no great haste. You can be sure that I will tell you in the morning when you leave."

"In the morning? I am going to leave immediately!"

"As you wish, but that way you will learn nothing."

Again the girl was torn by mixed emotions. Finally, the desire to keep the 100 ducats, still tightly clutched in her hand, combined with the fear of displeasing her mistress, won out.

"I will stay," she said.

Petit-Jean insisted that she remove all her clothes as, he avowed, he had taken an oath never to touch a woman's chemise. When, finally, this garment joined its mates on the floor near the bedside, the soldier extinguished the candles and, making a bundle of the dainty clothes, he threw them under the bed. He did this so quickly and quietly that the girl was unaware of what he had done. Then Petit-Jean climbed into bed.

After a while—it was difficult to keep a strict watch on the time—he coughed loudly. Immediately a loud cursing and cries of "Robber!" were heard below. Then heavy steps began to ascend the stairs.

"What is that?" the girl asked in mortal fear.

"It is my master!" Petit-Jean replied. "He always gets like this when he is drunk. He is coming in here now. Save yourself!"

The girl jumped out of bed. "Where are my clothes?"

"I do not know! But you have no time to dress. Hurry, hurry!"

Terrified, she rushed out the door and down the hall, leaving money and clothes behind. In the darkness she gained her room unseen. Quickly she dressed and went to her mistress.

"The man is a scoundrel," she cried. "He took the money but told me nothing!"

She carefully refrained, however, from telling how she had spent the evening or where she had left her clothes.

The next evening, the Princess decided to send her most charming lady-in-waiting with 150 ducats. Petit-Jean found it prudent to wait a somewhat longer time before coughing, but the outcome was the same. The third night the Princess came herself and spent over an hour with the amorous little soldier before she, too, fled in complete humiliation.

The following morning, Kerbrinic announced that the three days were up, gave the solution to his riddle and claimed his reward. But the Princess had

one more request.

"First fill this sack with truths," she said, extending a buskin bag.

Kerbrinic assented, his eye on Petit-Jean.

The entire court was assembled when, next morning, the two men entered carrying the sack stuffed to the brim. The Princess looked surprised.

"Now, let us see your truths," cried the King.

"Here is the first, Sire." Petit-Jean untied the sack and drew out a woman's dress. "Does anyone know who owns this dress?" he asked innocently.

No one claimed it. After a few minutes Petit-Jean turned with a smile to the lady-in-waiting who had first come to him. "I believe, Mademoiselle, that you wore this dress a few days ago."

The poor girl blushed, lowered her head and said nothing.

Then the little rogue reached again into the sack and drew out in succession several petticoats, a girdle and finally a dainty chemise, each time demanding and then stating who the owner was. Everyone began to laugh and joke and with each successive garment they laughed harder, so that the unfortunate girl almost died of shame and confusion.

"That is the first truth," said the soldier. "Now let us pass on to the second."

He pulled a splendid robe of silk from the sack, at the sight of which the prettiest lady-in-waiting grew very red and rose to leave. But the Monarch stopped her. "No one will leave this chamber until the sack is empty," he thundered.

Petit-Jean asked and then answered his own merciless question, and in due order the lady's other garments, including her chemise, made their appearance.

"And now to the third truth," he remarked.

The Princess stood up. "I command you to stop," she said imperiously.

"But you asked that the sack be filled with truths," he replied solemnly, "and by far the best of these lies at the bottom."

He reached into the sack, but the Princess rushed over and seized his arm.


"No further!" she said firmly. "Close your sack!"

Everyone was greatly astonished at her actions, and the King realized that it would be imprudent to inquire further as to the remaining contents of the sack.

"Obey the Princess!" he ordered the soldier. Then he turned to Kerbrinic.

"Seigneur de Kerbrinic," he said with dignity, "I welcome you as my son-in-law."

A week later the marriage took place, and a month later, after the old sovereign had died from too much celebrating, Kerbrinic was made King; Petit-Jean, of course, became his prime minister.

— Translated by William H. Schad 



WUNDERKIND GALAHAD

humor By **LARRY SIEGEL**

a slightly punchy screenplay—with definite strings attached—in which they thought they had him licked until the final round

THOSE OF US who recall the great old boxing films of the Thirties and Forties and who have been having our memories refreshed by the TV late shows are naturally quite caught up by what could be a current growing trend. As we all know, *Kid Galahad* has been revived on the screen and a new Broadway musical version of *Golden Boy* is on tap. This might very well be the start of a revival cycle which will include *The Champion*, *Body and Soul* and a whole gaggle of other old ring films.

In view of this I too am anxious to jump on the band wagon, but I realize that to reincarnate a boxing classic nowadays one needs a fresh gimmick. Among other things, the producers of the two aforementioned revivals have resorted to updated dialog and the addition of music.

Both of these elements are fine, but I'm going to take off on a different tack for *my* film. Rather than concentrate on any *one* old fight movie, I will cull basic plot ingredients from *all* of them, shake them up well, and then by means of an ingenious twist . . .

FADE IN on a New York concert hall. An orchestra rehearsal is in progress. Slouched in an aisle seat is impresario BORIS MYERS. By his side is CYNTHIA LAVANNE, his beautiful, but hard-bitten companion, confidante and sometime mistress. MYERS is visibly exasperated by the rehearsal.

MYERS: That Siggie Hoffmann calls himself a cellist! I've heard better music from a chorus of cats in my back yard. No passion, no fire, no concert savvy! Cynthia, I'd give *anything* for a cellist with concert savvy.

Suddenly materializing in the aisle from out of nowhere is TOMMY GALAHAD, a dark, broodingly handsome fellow, about 21 years of age, holding a cello case.

TOMMY: Mr. Myers, I'm Tommy Galahad, the greatest young cellist in New York.

MYERS (hardly glancing at him): Beat it, kid, can't you see I've got a rehearsal going here? I'm not running a

kindergarten.

TOMMY: But all I want is a chance to show you what I can do.

CYNTHIA: Look, kid, you heard what Mr. Myers said. Now beat it.

TOMMY *puts down his cello, cockily lifts CYNTHIA out of her seat and kisses her savagely on the mouth. Soft background music up.*

TOMMY (*gazing deeply into her eyes*): Care for me a little bit, funny face?

CYNTHIA (*warmly*): You know it.

MYERS: I've never seen such damn gall in all my life. OK, junior, you think you're pretty handy with that cello of yours? Get up there on the stage and let's see how good you really are.

TOMMY *vaults up on the stage and takes over the chair of a stunned SIGGIE HOFFMANN.*

MYERS (*to the conductor*): Mischa, show this smart kid no mercy.

MISCHA *nods his head, gives the downbeat, and the orchestra breaks into Schumann's "Cello Concerto in A." Although driven furiously by the maestro, TOMMY plays flawlessly. He finishes the movement with a dazzling display of virtuosity and the entire orchestra rises to give him an ovation. TOMMY trots over to MYERS.*

TOMMY: Well, how did I do?

MYERS (*trying to conceal his excitement*): Not bad. But you still need plenty of seasoning.

TOMMY: Seasoning, my foot. I want a shot at Carnegie Hall.

MYERS: Look, kid, you want to sign up with me, you let me handle the bookings. Now I'm going to start you off with a soft touch—the Muncie, Indiana, Philharmonic. After that we'll play it by ear.

Dissolve to restaurant. TOMMY and CYNTHIA are eating lunch.

CYNTHIA: Tommy, you don't know what you're letting yourself in for in this concert racket. Traveling on dirty trains, sleeping in miserable hotel rooms, rehearsing in halls with lousy acoustics, dull cultural exchange trips to Moscow, and then maybe if you're really lucky, a shot on the Sullivan show. Tommy, give it all up. Give me up. Go back to that girl next door.

Just then a ragged, white-haired old man comes up to their table. He has a vacant, faraway look in his watery eyes, and he is carrying an armful of tattered publications.

MAN: Miss Lavanne, would you like to buy a copy of *Musical America*?

Suddenly a waiter drops an empty tray that clatters noisily to the floor. The man drops his publications, raises an imaginary musical instrument to his lips and simulates playing.

CYNTHIA: Poor Felix. He used to be one of the greatest bassoonists in the business. But he sat too close to the percus-

sion section and played one concert too many. Now every time he hears anything that reminds him of crashing cymbals he . . . well, you saw what happened. Tommy, 57th Street is loaded with poor guys like Felix. Get out while you can.

TOMMY: Baby, I'm on a one-way trip to the Big Time and nobody takes away my ticket.

Dissolve to dining room of TOMMY's luxurious Sutton Place apartment. A birthday party is in progress and TOMMY's FATHER is making a speech.

FATHER: Tommy, your 21st birthday is an important milestone for both of us. Ever since your mother died I've tried to be both a father and a mother to you. It hasn't been easy running a steamship company and taking care of a growing child at the same time. Of course the butlers, the maids and the nurses have helped, but it's been no picnic. Still that's the way it is here on the Upper East Side, and we try to make the best of things. Tommy, I've always taught you that the one thing that really counts in this world is money. Well, you have it in you to make a lot of money . . . (*Background music up as he holds up a pair of magnificent boxing gloves. One of the butlers whistles at their splendor.*) . . . Son, I want you to have this as a birthday gift from me.

TOMMY: Why, Dad, they're beautiful. Any kid would give his right arm to own a pair of boxing gloves like this. But you see, I . . . Oh, what's the use in beating around the bush. Dad, I signed a contract with impresario Boris Myers. I'm going to play the cello.

FATHER (*gripping the table tightly*): You're going to what? My son is going to play music. But there's no money in music.

TOMMY: Dad, don't you see, it doesn't matter. Music is my life!

FATHER (*burying his head in his hands*): This is the thanks I get for planning a brilliant ring career for you . . . A . . . A musician! Oh, where have I failed? *Where have I failed?*

TOMMY: I'm sorry, Dad.

FATHER (*through hot, angry tears*): Sorry? You're going out to ruin your boxing hands on a cello and you're sorry. *Get out of my house!*

Fade and cut to kaleidoscopic shots of spinning train wheels, calendar leaves falling, newspaper headlines: WUNDERKIND GALAHAD WOVES THEM AT MUNGIE CONCERT, YOUNG CELLIST A SMASH IN CLEVELAND, GALAHAD GETS STANDING OVATION IN DETROIT, shots of TOMMY playing, more train wheels, more calendar leaves, shots of TOMMY waving his cello and bow high over his head as the crowd applauds, more train wheels, more calendar leaves, shots of concert posters with

TOMMY's name appearing in progressively larger letters and rising closer and closer to top billing.

Dissolve to TOMMY embracing CYNTHIA in MYERS' office.

TOMMY: I've got it, Cynthia baby. The thing I've waited for all my life. A crack at Carnegie Hall.

CYNTHIA: Tommy, look at the price you're paying for all this. You've broken your poor father's heart. He's got hopes for you . . . dreams for you . . . 14 sparring partners . . . Oh, Tommy, stop this madness. Go back to your father . . . and that girl next door.

TOMMY: Sorry, baby, I'm on a skyrocket to the stars and nothing can get me off.

He starts for the door. She clings to him. He coldly drags her along with him. She kisses his shoes, his trouser cuffs, his jacket pockets, the inside lining of his lapels, his shirt buttons, his neck, his ears, his eyes, his mouth. He pushes her aside and walks out the door. Screaming, she hurls herself at an open window. MYERS intercepts her just in time.

MYERS: Cynthia, don't tell me you're in love with that big lug!

Dissolve to Carnegie Hall. Thunderous applause as TOMMY walks out on the stage. Cut to conductor giving the downbeat. Kaleidoscopic shots: TOMMY playing; close-ups of his cello; various orchestra members; CYNTHIA and MYERS in the audience; the numbers 1, 2, 3—signifying various symphonic movements—floating by in the air.

Dissolve to TOMMY, CYNTHIA and MYERS in TOMMY's dressing room. It is intermission time. The door opens and a rough-looking fellow wearing a loud double-breasted suit, and smoking a black cigar, walks in.

MYERS: Bruno Finster! What do you want here?

FINSTER: The orchestra at the Met just walked out. Another salary dispute with management. The orders are that all other union musicians playing in town tonight walk out, too, in sympathy. *Right now.*

TOMMY: Hold on. I'm not walking out on the biggest night of my . . .

FINSTER (*seizing him by the collar*): Look, Buster, when the union says walk out, you walk . . . Understand?

TOMMY *looks pleadingly at MYERS. MYERS shrugs his shoulders sadly.*

TOMMY (*falling into a chair*): I . . . I never threw a concert in my life.

Fade and cut to stage. An OFFICIAL is addressing the audience.

OFFICIAL: Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to inform you that because of a musicians' strike this concert has been . . .

Suddenly TOMMY walks out on the stage, his cello in his hand. Excited buzzing and cheers from the audience.

TOMMY motions the OFFICIAL off the stage. He sits down in his chair, sets his jaw grimly and resumes the recital with no accompaniment.

Cut to MYERS and CYNTHIA.

MYERS: The stubborn fool! I knew he wouldn't throw the concert.

CYNTHIA (frantically): Oh, Boris, what'll they do to him?

Dissolve to kaleidoscopic shots of TOMMY: overhead, looking down; from the floor looking up; from the side; from the back; over his shoulder; under his arms; close-up of perspiration on his forehead. Dissolve to audience standing and giving him a tremendous ovation as he bows and then holds his cello and bow high over his head.

Fade and cut to MYERS' office. TOMMY, his face covered with blood and his clothing torn, is lying on a couch.

CYNTHIA: I warned you, Tommy! But no, you had to play the hero. Finster and his clique make up just a small part of a fine union, but they'll stop at nothing to get what they want.

TOMMY (painfully, through puffed lips): Cynthia, will you marry me?

She makes a motion to embrace him, then checks herself.

CYNTHIA: No, Tommy, it would never work out. I love you too much. (She walks over to the desk and opens a drawer.) Tommy, a little while ago your father dropped in and left these . . . (She holds up the boxing gloves as music swells in background.) . . . He says you can still have them if you want them. He says he forgives you . . . Tommy, if you really love me, will you make me a promise?

TOMMY: Anything you say, baby.

CYNTHIA: Leave this filthy racket. Become a boxer and . . . and . . . go back . . . to that girl next door.

(She sobs convulsively in his arms as he tenderly strokes her head.)

Fade and cut to apartment next door to TOMMY's on Sutton Place. An attractive, but overly made-up GIRL is greeting TOMMY at the door. He is wearing a turtle-neck sweater and is carrying a small gym bag.

GIRL: Well, well, this is a surprise. Tommy Galahad! I've waited a long time for you to show up again.

TOMMY: Hello, Valerie, I was on my way to the gymnasium and I thought I'd drop in and see you first. You see, I . . . I made a promise to someone. It's hard to explain.

GIRL: Sure, honey, sure . . . Now you go into the bedroom and relax. I'll be right with you . . . Oh, that'll be \$100, in advance . . . You know, my regular rate.

FADE AND OUT



DO \$4.95 SLACKS GO WITH \$25 SHOES?

Yes...when they have the authority of Lee combed cotton twills

Nobody sees the price tag on his shoes or his slacks. He looks great. And that's that. He spends \$25 for his shoes because that's how much he has to spend to get the kind of shoes he likes...this look, this fit, this quality.

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might have gone on to note further that the unexpressed act is not fully lived. What we cannot say we cannot examine, and what we cannot examine we do not really experience. These are the simple truths which make clear why literature has meaning in our lives, and our lives total meaning only when they have become *also* literature."

That a rose by any other name may have a decidedly offensive odor was made exceedingly clear in a CBS-TV interview with Mrs. Christine Gilliam, housewife, and head of Atlanta's five-member movie-censorship board, in explaining why she banned *Never on Sunday* in her city: "I might call your attention to the fact that some of the other films that have had a similar theme have not used the word *whore*," she told the interviewer and several million television viewers. "We've called them *tramps*; we've called them *ladies of easy virtue*; we've called them *callgirls*; we've called them . . . *girls of the night*; but that is a word that we have not customarily allowed on our screens in Atlanta, because we consider it just a little bit too rugged for family audiences." (The good lady's concern over what words were to be allowed on the screens of Atlanta apparently did not include TV screens.)

And the head of the Memphis censor board, also a housewife, commented a while back: "I have heard twice in pictures a word I have never heard used before: 's-l-u-t.'"

The Kansas Board of Review is typical of the groups that are appointed watchdogs of public morality in movies and, despite all the unexpurgated films they see, these good citizens never seem to be driven to crime or debauchery: The Chairman of the Board is Mrs. Kitty McMahon, who attended junior college but did not graduate; other members are Mrs. C. E. McBride, Jr., a high school graduate; and Mrs. Cecile Ryan, who attended Central College for Women in Lexington, Missouri. All three were appointed by the Governor.

The following excerpts are quoted verbatim from the Kansas Board's monthly reports: "Eliminate shouting of word 'bitch' (*Tiger Bay*); eliminate where Elizabeth Taylor says to her mother, 'I'm the slut of all times' (*Butterfield 8*); eliminate last part of dance scene of the first queen, showing the pelvic motions (*Esther and the King*); eliminate where Danny shouts to his mother, 'What are you doing shacking up with him?' (*The Young Savages*); eliminate dialog where wife says to husband, Harold, 'Martin did not rape me' (*Last Woman on Earth*); eliminate where pregnant woman says to other woman, 'Bastards have only bastard children' . . .

also eliminate rape scene (*The Virgin Spring*); eliminate where Dominique is in bed and turns over and exposes nude buttocks (*The Truth*); eliminate where guest says to girl 'Hi, bitch,' also where Magdalena says to Marcello, 'I want to amuse myself like a whore,' also where blonde says to man, 'That bitch is in love with you,' also where Emma tells Marcello, 'Go back to your whore,' also where blonde says, 'I've always been a whore all my life and I'm not going to change now' (*La Dolce Vita*)."

None of this concentrated activity on the part of the well-meaning ladies of Kansas is apt to bring movies any closer to what Kazan described as their more serious aim: "to help us digest and understand our own experience."

Is it too much to suggest that no single word or phrase should be so objectionable, so repugnant to the normal adult that it cannot be spoken, printed or projected on a motion picture or television screen? (And good sense dictates, and the Supreme Court has confirmed, a complex contemporary society must be run on terms suited to the normal adult, not some perverted exception and not children, lest the society thus be reduced to the level of the pervert or the child.)

The very notion that a solitary word could be vile and harmful enough to warrant expurgating it from a book, a movie or a play appears preposterous on the face of it. These "filthy" and "obscene" words are produced from the same familiar 26 letters of our alphabet as those suitable for the most proper and polite society. How can inoffensive letters produce an obscene word when put together in a certain way? Even the very same letters are impotent unless arranged in precisely the proper order — clearly demonstrating that the taint is upon the word itself and not upon the component letters. (Reassurance for any of you who may have been inclined to suspect those little letters of any mischief on their own.)

Equally apparent, upon consideration, is the more remarkable fact that it is not the thought, the action or the object described by an obscene word that makes it obscene; for the idea, activity or entity can almost always be described by other "acceptable" words — "clean" words that mean precisely the same thing as the "dirty" ones. It is clear then that it is the *word* — and the word alone — that commits the offense.

An emotionally charged response to a word rather than to its meaning — to the symbol rather than the thing symbolized — is as primitive and illogical as totem worship or other forms of idolatry (which the Ten Commandments specifically forbids). The image of 20th Century Man —

splitter of the atom, conqueror of space, healer of the world's most dread diseases — groveling on his knees before the magic potency of a four-letter word may be just ludicrous enough to sway the least convinced of our readers. It may hopefully raise doubts about the logic underlying society's commonly accepted attitude toward not only obscene words, but *all* so-called obscenity.

Mortimer J. Adler, Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research, recently wrote, in response to a query on the pro and con of censorship in a democratic society: "Censors today object to certain words as well as to certain subject matters. They wish to ban the public use of common terms for sexual and excretory functions and organs. This leads to a certain difficulty, since many of the greatest writers in our tradition — including Aristophanes, Rabelais, Chaucer, Shakespeare and the translators of the King James version of the Bible — use some or all of the earthy terms. If we are to follow the verbal criterion of obscenity, then we must ban some of the greatest works in our tradition, or we must inconsistently permit in the classics of the past what we will not permit in contemporary works.

"Again, it is hard to determine the exact moral effect of ordinary terms, which, as Judge Woolsey remarked in his [favorable] decision on James Joyce's *Ulysses*, are in fairly common usage. For one thing, their directness and simplicity may be more wholesome than the sniggering indirectness of artful erotica."

Judge Thurman Arnold, past Assistant Attorney General of the U. S. and celebrated Associate Justice of the U. S. Court of Appeals, offered an observation on the extent to which a symbol can itself become obscene, as a participant in the *Playboy Panel* on "Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts" (PLAYBOY, July 1961): "In 1911 a book was widely sold named *Three Weeks*," said the judge, "in which the obscene passages consisted only of pages of asterisks at appropriate places. The book was passed from hand to hand in every college. Certainly it is unhealthy to be stimulated by asterisks. . . . A strict standard of obscenity contributes to such unhealthy [possibilities]." Judge Arnold stated that when strong sexual connotations are given to symbols (such as words) it tends "to create attitudes toward sex which are akin to fetishism."

In the sixth part of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner explores the legal and psychological aspects of obscenity, the problems of censorship in a democracy and whether so-called hard-core pornography actually harms a society.



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GHOST MONEY (continued from page 85)

laying down the law to heads of state. But Fate, or Mrs. Vara—same thing—decrees that I waste myself in this rat hole of a shop. Rat hole? Not even that. Rats desert a sinking ship. I joke so as not to weep. And you imply by your attitude that I solicit your business!"

I said, "I didn't mean to imply anything, Mr. Vara."

He went right on, "I could be a rich man if I were a chaser of customers. But I have always given a little more than I have got—and proud of it! My temperament has driven me from pillar to post. It is my nature to do things for nothing, to advise, assist. That is why children like me—they can recognize a sucker on sight. So I cannot help being poor."

"And yet, if it were not for my peculiar character, I should go hungry. This is not a paradox—I mean to say that a lot of people who have come to Vara when they were in trouble remember him, you'd be surprised how many years later. Actually, I don't believe anybody forgets you, ever—I am talking about people who enjoy remembering me, who would cross a busy street to shake hands with me. Others don't count. To this very day I have as customers people who used to call me Papa Vara 25 years ago, when they were children, and I had a shop like this on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx. They were always coming to me to mend their torn clothes free of charge—many is the beating I saved some of them by means of a few well-placed stitches. I was also a surgeon for ruptured golliwoggs, ripped Teddy bears and mutilated rag dolls."

"There must have been three or four hundred children, all calling me Papa—you should have heard Mrs. Vara on this subject! . . . Did you ever hear of Gerda Grünh, the actress?"

Mr. Vara paused. I nodded. Who had not heard of Gerda Grünh? She played Bibi in Claude Willy's *Mad Apples of Sodom*, and swept the world; failed in motion pictures, but came away from Hollywood several million dollars richer—or so the Sunday supplements said—and even scored a *succès d'estime* with a volume of poetry entitled *Insights*. "Don't tell me you mended her rag doll," I said, laughing.

Mr. Vara said, "No. I made her one, with a fur hat. She still keeps it as a mascot. But her name was Gertie Green then, and she was the poorest of the poor. Also, she was the ugliest of the ugly and the awkward of the awkward. Her complexion was mud, her hair was string, and she was so shy as to seem almost an idiot. Her father had run away. Her mother worked sometimes late in the evening, running a sewing machine in a Seventh Avenue dressmaker's

loft, so the poor child was lonely—so pitiful, with her latchkey tied on a string around her scraggy little neck! I made her welcome in my warm shop—a dump, but cozy to her—and told her stories, and gave her things to eat; and I showed her how to hold her head so that people could see her eyes, which were amber flecked with gold like Danziger liqueur. I told her how beauty is something better than peach Melba—that it is of nerve and spirit and intelligence, not stacked sugar and whipped cream—and I made her read to me, to bring out her voice, which was soft but powerful.

"So, with what was born in her, she became the great actress you know; Gerda Grünh. And she is still like a daughter to me. And there are still times—"

Perversely, Mr. Vara stopped. One deals diplomatically with the Demon Tailor. If I had said "Well, go on," or something of that sort, he would have finished pressing my suit and dismissed me unceremoniously. So I said, "I hate to interrupt, Mr. Vara, but I have an appointment with my publisher." That did it.

"Let him wait!" said Mr. Vara. He continued . . .

. . . There are still times when my urchins of Tremont Avenue come to their Papa Vara to be spared a spanking. Now some of them wear \$300 suits and \$1000 watches; only the zippers of discretion get jammed, and the seams of pride come undone. I am not being poetical—your everyday self is a kind of suit of clothes you have stitched yourself into. So you speak of catching somebody with his pants down, etcetera. The fact is, I am also handy at invisibly darning affairs as well as garments; anybody's but my own—tailors always go shabby.

Now my little Gertie Green, as I was saying, always remembered me with affection, and for this I have always been grateful. That she came to me in the days of her glory was good; but I liked her best for coming to me when she was in trouble—that was a proof of love. I was happy for her sake when she came singing into this shop and wanted to set me up on Fifth Avenue; but I was happy for both our sakes when she crept in, struck with that dark night of the soul which sometimes comes down over artists, and cried for comfort, and I could give it to her. She was happy when she fell in love with a nice young man named Cheyney Wood, but miserable when she thought that although he loved her too, his love was a kind of unearthly adoration inspired by his reading a little poetry book she had published. I don't know if you ever read it. She wouldn't give me a copy—she said she was ashamed of that

book—so I bought one for \$1.85. A nickel a poem, and not worth it. I mean to say—

*In ecstasy of osmosis bite, bite,
through twilight membranes of
Being,
each into each—*

—how come? I remember these lines because I forgetfully took the book home, and Mrs. Vara got hold of it. "What sort of talk is osmosis?" she wanted to know. She thought it was a bone disease. Talked herself into it and went for a week to an osteopath.

I said to Gertie, "I dare say when you read it, this stuff sounds good—you could make an audience encore an income-tax demand. I don't understand it myself. But if your young man likes it, good luck to him!"

She said, "Papa Vara, I don't ever want to talk about those awful poems again."

"We'll forget them, the same as everybody else will," I said. "If this Mr. Cheyney Wood loves you for this alone—"

"—No, no, he loves me for myself. I've told him all about you. He wants to meet you."

"Any time, sweetheart," I said. And so I met him. Gertie must have spoken well of me—he seemed surprised that it was only a hand I offered him, and not a wing. A well-bred young fellow, Cheyney Wood, very fair and delicate, high-strung, sensitive. It was easy to see that this pair were in love. Well, if it was my blessing they wanted, they had it. They were nicely suited. Not only did he worship the ground Gertie walked on; he, also, lived for Art, and owned one of these galleries on East 57th Street where they have in the window sculpture made of iron wire and pictures of triangles. Luckily, he had plenty of money of his own. Gertie told me; he was not a businessman, she said. They were going to live in that fine apartment house that Stanford White built near the park in the West 70s. . . . and please, wasn't there anything they could do for me?

"Since we are practically neighbors, you could give me your pressing," I said.

So, as you may have read in the newspapers, Gerda Grünh and Cheyney Wood were married, and there seemed no reason why they should not live happily ever afterward—give a little, take a little—as a surprising number of couples often manage to do. I saw one or the other of them every week or so. There is a distinct limit to the number of ways you can say, in everyday speech, that you are steeped in marital bliss. I was beginning to find Gertie's and Cheyney's happiness just a little bit repetitive. Then one afternoon, when Gertie came to pay a trifling bill—she always liked to keep such matters on an intimate footing, and bringing into little social occasions, and bringing a sweet cake—it suddenly occurred to

anatomy OF A SPORT SHIRT

A SHORT COURSE ON TAPER TAILORING, ILLUSTRATED BY TRUVAL CAREER CLUB SHIRTS



The revolutionary idea that led to the rise of the contour-tapered shirt is that shirts are for people, mainly men. Before taper tailoring, men's sport shirts were built along the lines of a flour sack. As a result, they generally ballooned at the waist, making for a blousy effect singularly lacking in charm. In the early 1960's it was discovered that men had shoulders that were wide, and chests that were chesty—narrowing down, often enough, to a nicely trim waist. By respecting these proportions, the tapered shirt restored the American male to his heroic V-shape. In the forefront of the tapered trend today are Truval's Career Club sports shirts. Study the illustrations below for some worthy examples of the colors and fabrics in which Career Club shirts appear. Footnote to history: Truval also upset another widely held theory, namely, that authentic Ivy styling must be costly. No wonder men who give some thought to their appearance follow the path to Truval dealers, where fashion and value meet.



\$3.00



\$4.00



\$3.00

Career Club



350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1
Truval
shirts



"How would you like to spend three glorious, fun-filled weeks in gay, sunny Acapulco?"

me that she was looking strained and nervous.

One feels a delicacy in mentioning such things — you know? So I said nothing. I tried to make light conversation, but she didn't want to stay and chat. She kept looking at her watch. *So — we all have our off days*, I thought to myself, and tried to put her at her ease by pretending to be busy. It was her custom to enclose whatever she happened to owe me in an envelope with a comic greeting card. Opening her purse, now, to take it out, she fumbled so badly that the purse slipped and emptied itself onto the counter. There was a shower of compacts, lipstick, keys and so forth — and a fat manila envelope which, being unsealed, spilled out in its turn a mass of money, neat packets of five- and ten-dollar bills, all wrinkled and used.

I picked up one packet of fives which had fallen to the floor. You know how one notices trivial things in a moment of surprise? I saw that some joker had penciled a mustache on the face of Abraham Lincoln, on the topmost bill. "Here's a lot of money to be carrying loose in this neighborhood," I said. "What are you paying ransom money to a kidnaper?"

She laughed, and said, "You always think the best of me, Papa Vara. How do you know I haven't kidnaped somebody, and this is ransom money I've just collected?" And then she was her confident, vital self again; and if I had been sitting in an auditorium instead of standing face to face with her, even I should never have guessed what hard work went into her assumption of that attitude.

So I was worried. It showed in my face. I told Mrs. Vara that I was working out a problem, and not to bother me. She called me everything she could think of — Charlie Chan, Perry Mason, Sherlock Holmes, Einstein, The Thin Man, Nero Wolf — but I kept wondering about Gerda Grün, my little Gertie. She was a goodhearted girl; perhaps that bundle of money was to help a friend? Then why not a check, or a draft? Was she playing the horses? Again, why pay a bookie in old bills of small denomination, which are harder to get than new money — if you can afford either? Was it possible that she was enslaved by a drug habit? I tried everything, but nothing fitted. "Eat!" Mrs. Vara told me, "eat!" I said, "This is the nicest meat loaf you've ever made, but I've got no appetite." She said, "It happens to be codfish patties," and left the table in high dudgeon.

I went to the shop early next morning, not having been able to sleep. My first customer was a young-old man who looked as if he, too, had not passed a quiet night; only his had been a voluntary insomnia. He must have been a good-looking fellow in a shoddy way, be-

fore he contracted a dry-martini eye and a bloody-mary complexion. He had a smile like opening a piano and sharp-cut clothes — good fabric that had been in bad company — Italian shoes, French tie, and on his curly great head one of those stingy-brim hats. He put down a dinner suit, limp but still warm, and said, "I ripped it a bit under the arm, and somebody upset some champagne in my lap. Could you fix it for this evening?"

"It will be \$4.75," I tell him.

"I'd better pay you now," says he, and pulls out some loose money. You know how, if you have several bills in your hand, the first you will break will be the oldest and dirtiest? Well, he drops a very crumpled fiver on the counter. I smooth it out. And what do I see? The head of Abraham Lincoln with a mustache penciled in!

I thought fast, "I may have to leave the shop early," I said, "and I do not employ a messenger. Better let me deliver this suit to your house a little later, eh?"

"Sure," said this type, "the name is Hamish Lafferty, and the address is 15-A Aldgate Arms, West 74th. Right?"

"Right."

When he was gone I examined the five-dollar bill very carefully. No doubt about it — it was the same one I had noticed the day before. My blood ran faster. The mystery, such as it was, had got darker and the plot was thickening. This Hamish Lafferty, evidently, must be somehow dangerous, in that he was not in the least reluctant to tell his name and address. Everything about him indicated a low Broadway type sitting pretty on safe ground: somebody with an ace in the hole or a writ of habeas corpus up his sleeve, playing "heads I win, tails you lose."

I repaired his repulsive suit. It was a degenerate kind of garment, too snug at the waist, too narrow in the sleeves, and just a shade too blue; the button-hole in the lapel was flabby and dead from too many carnations; and over it all hung a vague smell of somebody else's wife and somebody else's wine. So I steamed some of the hangover out of it, and hung up the RETURN IMMEDIATELY sign, and walked over to Aldgate Arms, West 74th Street.

This was a good house before it went to the dogs. Such buildings pass from hand to hand, and each successive proprietor abuses them a little more and a little more to squeeze the last penny of revenue from them, giving them no rest, painting and patching them to the last. There was no porter. A melancholy janitor was spraying the building's throat with perfumed disinfectant — I mean, cleaning the lobby. I said to him, "Party of the name of Hamish Lafferty?"

"15-A."

"Isn't he Lafferty the bookie?" I asked.

"He ain't Lafferty the nobody, far as I know," the man said. He was one of those shrugging, loose-mouthed, world-weary, underprivileged creatures that are paid to haunt the cellars of old houses in Manhattan.

"What does he do for a living?" I asked.

"He don't do nothing for a living, far as I know."

"Married?"

"Not far as I know. He's smart. Why buy milk if you're friendly with the cow?" He winked. "You be surprised what a nice class of dames goes for fellas like —" He stopped, and stared at me suspiciously.

I gave him some of my cards, and a dollar, and said, "Any business you send my way, there's a little commission for you. OK?"

"OK."

I said, "I dare say you've seen one or two of my customers here . . ." At this, I gave him a horrid wink. "There's a big redhead comes to see Lafferty, I know for a fact — she was here yesterday."

He said, "Nah, not far as I know. You mean a brunette."

"No, she was a redhead."

"A brunette, in a veil. She had *class*! I like a dame to wear a veil," said he.

My heart sank, but I said, "I would have bet she was a big redhead in a green suit."

"You'd lose. Far as I know, she was a slim brunette in a black coat."

"No skin off my nose," I said, getting into the elevator. Lafferty answered the door in a brocade robe. I caught a glimpse of a dim room at the end of a tiny passage — half a dozen slices of moldy sunlight slipping through the slats of Venetian blinds and lying half in and half out of an overflowing ashtray on the arm of an overstuffed chair — and a whiff of gin mixed with shaving lotion and stale cigarette smoke. "*Gertie, Gertie — how could you so betray yourself and me?*" I cried, in my heart. Then Lafferty took his suit and shut me out in the peeling corridor.

Sick and bewildered, I went back to the shop. I tried to reason with myself: *Gertie Green, the last of the least of the urchins of Tremont Avenue, is dead and buried; here is Gerda Grün, a grown woman who has made good the hard way. She is 34 years old. Somewhere in her past there was this person Lafferty — personable, possibly charming once upon a time. And so now, out of kindness and for old times' sake, she gives him some money.*

To which, a nasty, knowing little voice at the back of my head said, *That's right — in small used bills!* Meanwhile, Common sense told me to mind my own business; and I answered Common sense

right back, *No sir! When my mind sees for a fact something my instinct says is false, one or the other wants examining!*

So I made a parcel of some pressing that was to be delivered to the Woods', and carried it over to their place. I said to Gertie, "My child, you know that in me you see somebody who, if he is a friend, is a friend to the bitter end?"

"Why, yes. What's the matter, Papa Vara?"

"This is the matter. I am sick to the heart. You have the right not to answer me, but I have no right not to ask you — *Why are you giving money to Hamish Lafferty?*"

Her self-control was something magnificent. She said, "Because he is blackmailing me. It is not any ordinary matter, Papa Vara. It's almost impossible to explain —"

"— You insult my understanding, child. I was not an impossible man to explain to 20-odd years ago when you were all in pieces like a broken puzzle, and alone in the dark," I said.

That got to her. She said, "You will laugh at me. You would be right to laugh at me — it seems so absurd."

I said, "Very likely it is absurd. But children are never to be laughed at. Come . . ."

She went off at a tangent. "I love Cheyney, and Cheyney loves me. I think I told you once before, I'm almost afraid of the way he worships me, as a kind of embodiment of artistic integrity. He has created a goddess-image of me."

"So what then? Mrs. Vara has created a shrimp-image of me. Image! . . . What have you done wrong, or indiscreet, to pay blackmail to that souse in the stingy-brim hat?"

"If it were the usual kind of foolishness," she said, "I could tell Cheyney all about it. But it's nothing like that at all. Do you remember my book of poems. *Insights*? You remember that I wouldn't give you a copy?"

"You said you were ashamed of it. It was bad, but not all that bad," I said.

"I was ashamed to give you a copy, Papa Vara, because I didn't write those poems," said Gertie.

"Personally, I should be proud not to have written all that business about osmosis," I said.

"Yes, yes. But Cheyney thinks I did write *Insights*. We first met on account of that wretched book. And I've autographed hundreds of copies, and accepted congratulations from all over the world — all under false pretenses — and some of the poems are in an anthology, *The Living End*. A publicity man wrote them for me, for a stunt; and I allowed it, like a fool."

"This man Lafferty has evidence of this?" I asked.

"Lafferty wrote them," she said. "Unless I pay him, he'll expose me."

"Let him," I said. "A nine-day wonder. In a fortnight, the world has forgotten."

"Yes, but Cheyney would never see me in the same light again."

Extraordinary, you may think? Far-fetched? Not so. A financial genius like Kreuger, like Insull, will go on digging one hole to fill another, knowing that he must collapse in the end — yet refusing to know. A crooked actuary will try to outwit his own arithmetic. And an actress will make a romance out of selling her self-esteem to keep hopped up on unearned praise. "Be ashamed, Gertie Green, be ashamed!" I said.

She replied, quietly, "I am ashamed. And desperate."

"How much are you paying this Lafferty?"

"He asked for \$5000 the first time. I gave it to him. Now he wants \$1000 a month," she said.

I said, "Tax-free, of course. Do you realize how much you must earn, to pay somebody \$12,000 a year?"

"I know what taxation is, Papa Vara. I'm not a 20th part as rich as I'm supposed to be."

"But Cheyney Wood has money?"

"Yes, but our incomes are kept separate. We don't mix our financial affairs. Our relationship —"

"— All right, all right, enough of your relationship."

"He won't even take commission for the sale of a picture," said she, tenderly.

"Well," I said, sighing — with relief, I think, because I didn't want Gertie to be messed up in a sordid romance; although this was far more complicated — and patting her on the head, "well, let Papa Vara think a day or two. Who knows? I am only a little man, but a mouse can stop a power station. Wait."

"My heart is a lot lighter now," she said, "just for having talked to you, Papa Vara. There's a sort of magic about you. How could you possibly have found out about all this?"

This was all very fine; but what was I going to do about it all? In a story-book I would no doubt lure Lafferty into the shop, offer to press his suit free of charge, get him undressed in a cubicle, and then threaten to brand him with a hot pressing iron unless, etcetera, etcetera. But I am not Hopalong Cassidy. I was thinking fruitlessly late that afternoon when Cheyney Wood came in.

"You look a little tired," I said.

"Art is a hard mistress," said he. "I wonder if you'd do me a favor, Papa Vara? I've got to get home and dress, and take Gerda to a party, and I'm late. I was supposed to leave this with a man just around the corner —" He held up one of those attaché cases with a combination lock, like executives carry. "Do you mind if I leave it with you and have the man call for it?"

"So long as it isn't full of cocaine," I said.

He laughed, and said, "Only some papers and stuff. May I use your phone?" I told him to go ahead, and he quickly dialed a number and said, "Oh hello, Cheyney Wood here. Yes, I know I'm a little overdue, but I have it here. You know Vara's tailor shop on Columbus? I'm leaving it with Mr. Vara. No, I must run now. Yes, yes, it'll be right here I tell you! No. Yes. Goodbye."

He was sweating when he hung up. He said, "Somebody'll come and get my case, Papa Vara. It's . . . rather important, so you will be here, won't you? He'll be here within the hour."

I asked, "Do I give it to just anybody who comes in and asks for it?"

Gertie's husband said, "Well, no. It will be a person of the name of Lafferty." I could only nod. He shook my hand. "Bless you, Papa Vara!" he cried, and was gone.

I looked at the attaché case. It was a costly thing, of fine pigskin. The combination lock had three numbers. Now you know, I suppose, that a man never buys a pigskin attaché case for himself — a thing of such limited usefulness always comes to him as a gift. And the person who buys it, when the shopman asks what number she wants for the combination — I say "she" because most attaché cases are bought by women — almost invariably gives the birthday of the man she intends to give the case to. Cheyney Wood's birthday, I happened to know, was the same as George Washington's, February 22nd. I turned the little wheels to 2-2-2. It worked. The case opened. *Just one little peep*, I thought.

Not such a little peep — a shriek! There lay the head of a kind of gorilla, a diseased gorilla, with bloodshot eyes; and also a pair of scaly hands with curved claws, horribly realistic. I had to look twice before I realized that these objects were made of some kind of soft rubber. Then I noticed that they bore a stamp, *Lottalaffs. Sole Dist. Lullyfun Inc.* And there was an envelope, fastened with those little metal tags that bend. I opened it. It was crammed with money — used bills of small denomination!

I closed the case and scrambled the combination. It is a natural law that, when things become just a little too queer your imagination switches itself off. You banish conjecture and start counting on your fingers. Or beads. You crave something familiar, something simple.

Now, to begin with I had the fact that Lafferty was a blackmailer. Poor Gertie was paying him \$1000 a month not to tell the world that she didn't write *Insights*. But Cheyney, also, was paying money to Lafferty. What for? And where was



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 33

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
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APRIL 1963

TEN CLUBS SCHEDULED BY END OF YEAR

National Chain Grows By Bunny Hops and Bounds

CHICAGO — April generally finds rabbits in profusion around the country, but this year they're not just limited to the Easter variety. With six Playboy Clubs in operation, from New York to Phoenix, our Bunnies are bounding about as much as the hopping hares heralding the spring. And more of the luscious

Playboy Club type are scheduled to be seen as the year goes on.

Playboy Club expansion is going full steam ahead and by the end of the year it's hoped a total of 10 Clubs will be in operation. Planned for completion by January 1, 1964 are Clubs in San Francisco, Baltimore, Boston and a city to be chosen from the following list: Atlanta, Cincinnati, Denver, Houston, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Minneapolis-St. Paul, Portland (Ore.), Sacramento and San Diego.

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Bunny Life Packed with Glamor

Bunnies Judy Lewis and Nancy Dusina will soon be seen in *Operation Bikini*, an American International film starring Tab Hunter, Frankie Avalon and Gary Crosby. This is just one of the many exciting opportunities available to Playboy Club Bunnies. Bunny life opens doors in television, theater, high-fashion modeling, etc. Bunny

Kelly Collins, on the cover of the issue you are holding, was discovered at the Chicago Playboy Club.

Attractive girls between the ages of 18 and 25 can get a free copy of our brochure, *Be a Playboy Club Bunny*, by writing: Playboy Clubs International, Dept. 462A, 232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.



Backstage Bunnies Nancy Dusina (l) and Judy Lewis on the set of *Operation Bikini* with director Tony Carras and star Frankie Avalon (r).



No joke to his fistic opponents, heavyweight king Sonny Liston shows no alarm in the St. Louis Cartoon Corner with disarming Mound City Bunnies.

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Larry Storch mimes his own funny business on the Club circuit.

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Variety, in its review of the New York Club, summed it up when it called the Club a "super-market of entertainment."

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the significance of the rubber gorilla face and the claws?

William of Occam says (more or less) that when two guesses lead to the same conclusion, the simpler of the two is the true one.

So. *First guess:* Cheyney Wood lived a double life. His amiable, artistic, sensitive exterior masked a monster: a creature of the shadowy bushes, who crept out into Central Park in the evening and frightened women and children. Hamish Lafferty had discovered his secret, and was extorting money from him by threat of exposure.

Second guess: Cheyney Wood lived a double life. He —

— I snatched up the telephone directory, looked up Lullyfun Inc., and dialed their number. A girl answered. I said, "Please put me through to Mr. Cheyney Wood."

She replied, "I'm sorry, Mr. Wood has gone for the day. Will you leave a message?"

A sigh of pure relief almost lifted me from the floor. That was it — Gertie's Cheyney got his living selling Halloween masks, Itchy-Koo Powders, cushions that gave out disgusting noises when sat on, explosive cigars, stench bombs, nude figurines that lit up, and apparatus for squirting water in your eyes and puffing pepper into your nostrils. Worshiping Gerda Grünh as "an embodiment of pure Art" — or whatever it was — how could he admit to such a trade? So he had an art gallery. And Hamish Lafferty

had discovered his secret and was extorting money from him by threat of exposure.

I had not quite planned my line of procedure when Lafferty came in, sloppy in flannels, and said, "Hi there! Mr. Wood left something to be picked up, I think. The name you know — Hamish Lafferty."

"Written any good poems lately?" I asked.

"Eh?" he said. Then, "Oh!"

I said, "Enough is enough, Lafferty. It's all up."

To my surprise he merely shrugged, and said, "Damn silly game. Couldn't last, of course."

"I suppose you know what I'm talking about," I said. "You have been taking money, with menaces, from both Mr. and Mrs. Wood. Do you deny this?"

"It's a hell of a good story, if I had the wit to write it," he said, and began to laugh. "But obvious. One or the other was bound to get wise, and then — *Boing!* Likewise, *Pow!*" He sat on the edge of the counter. "Here's your situation: Beautiful actress, talented performer but not very literate, signs her name to a book of verse by a publicity man literate but not very talented. Get it? Now, stink-bomb and sneeze-powder jockey, in love with actress, shyly approaches her through her poetry. And cut off my ear and call me Van Gogh, he opens an art gallery to win her respect! See? Publicity man knows 'em both, slightly. Both boy and girl have

got to keep up appearances, but neither is anything like as well to do as the other thinks he is. Got me? Now all the time *he* knows that she never wrote that poetry, and she knows the real nature of *his* extremely vulgar business — but neither thinks the other knows.

"It's not as complicated as it sounds, really. One day, things getting a bit tight, one of them blackmails the other for five thousand down and a thousand a month, as a price for keeping up the illusion. To get this money, the blackmailed party has to blackmail the blackmailer. And as it happens, they both use the same go-between — myself — paying a small monthly commission for his services. A curious state of affairs, eh?"

I heard myself asking, "How much did they pay you?"

"Gerda paid me a hundred, and Cheyney the same."

I opened the case again, took \$200 out of the envelope and gave this sum to Lafferty. "This is the last you get," I said. "The game is over. You must never speak to either Mr. or Mrs. Wood again."

"Thanks," said he, sticking the bills in a side pocket. "I haven't any desire to. I'm not really cut out for talking tough."

I said, "You are sure that both Gerda and Cheyney came to you each of his own free will?"

"Quite certain. They both got the same idea, one after the other."

"Which of them started it?" I asked.

He looked at me closely — shrewdly, but not with ill nature — and then said, smiling, "Give me another hundred and I promise *not* to tell you!"

I blinked at him. For the moment I was too astonished to move. Then — the way you do in a dream — I opened the envelope in slow motion, and gave him another hundred dollars.

I said, "Oddly enough I rather like your company, so I am sorry to say 'Go away and stay away.'"

And so he did, and that was all . . .

. . . Mr. Vara handed me my suit. "After all," he said, angrily, "who hasn't a little something to conceal? And sometimes, between high-strung people, a little bit of guilt can bring out a whole lot of tender feeling, can't it? They're in Rome now, they have two children, they're happy, aren't they? What I don't know I can't talk about, can I?"

"All right," I said. "I didn't say anything. What did you do with the other \$700, or however much it was?"

"I thought about it for weeks. I couldn't give it to one or the other without upsetting a very fine balance of things. So I decided to abolish it. I gave it to Mrs. Vara."

So saying, he waved me out of the shop.



"Do you shell them first?"

TAKE FOUR (continued from page 87)

What has been most remarkable about Brubeck personally — then as now — has been the inability of this thorny apprenticeship and the bastinadoes of the present to change his temperament. Most jazzmen are defensively opaque, even those with swift smiles for the squares and the writers. They tend to be suspicious of day people, and gain most of their emotional nutrition from the narrow jazz world of their peers. Brubeck, on the other hand, is astonishingly open.

It is even difficult for Brubeck to nurse a rage against specific critics. One man had written a denunciation of Brubeck that equaled in splenetic thrust and adjectival mayhem the worst polemics of Chinese Communists against revisionists within their ranks. "If that guy was here now," Brubeck stiffened as he read the piece, "I'd kill him. I'd really kill him." A few nights later, the critic, drunk, sat through a Brubeck set at Basin Street East in New York. Brubeck ignored him. The critic, half querulously and half tearfully, asked Brubeck's sidemen to bring their leader to his table. "I wanna tell him," he urged, "what I really meant."

Brubeck finally came, and reacting sympathetically to the disorganized state of the critic, he talked patiently with

him for a long time. "Can you imagine that?" Brubeck shook his head hard when the night was over. "The guy writes something I'll be fighting all my life, and I wind up humoring him!"

Brubeck also differs from many jazzmen in his passion for family life away from the diversified lures and comfortable anonymity of the big cities where nearly all jazz musicians base themselves. Currently, Brubeck, his wife Lola, and their six children live in a large, white frame house in Wilton, Connecticut. Behind the building are a wide field, a soothing stream and a grove of trees. The house is rented, but Brubeck is about to build his own home in the same peaceful neighborhood.

Although Brubeck could work every night in the year, he purposely limits his concerts so that he can spend more time with his family and in composing at home. Last year, he averaged 150 concerts. In 1963, he hopes to keep the number down to 100.

To achieve the kind of life he wants, Brubeck has now eliminated night clubs entirely from his itinerary. His is the first jazz group to make a complete break with the clubs, although the Modern Jazz Quartet is moving more and more in that direction. Although he still has

to travel a lot—a concomitant of the jazz life which he increasingly dislikes—he can get enough one-nighters in the Northeastern states to be home more often than ever before. Nor does Brubeck agree with Miles Davis and many other jazzmen that concerts are constricting, that night clubs allow an improviser to stretch out more. "When you get used to concerts," Brubeck is convinced, "you can be much more at ease than in almost any club. By now everyone in my group plays better in concerts than he usually did in clubs."

Paul Desmond, who has been with Brubeck since the formation of the quartet in 1951, agrees: "By now I can get so relaxed at concerts that I can lean against the piano and fall asleep—something I'm sure Cannonball Adderley would be the first to believe. After all, it's dark out there. There's nothing to distract you. No cash registers out of tempo." Desmond then reflected ruefully, "And no fine, lovely chicks."

Desmond and Brubeck could hardly be more dissimilar. A wry intellectual—with other less cerebral interests as well—Desmond has a mordant sense of humor and is considerably more sophisticated than Brubeck, whose tastes remain essentially simple and rather bucolic. "Every five years or so," Desmond once told a *New Yorker* writer, "Dave

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makes a major breakthrough, like discovering room service."

Adding to the Quartet's diversity of temperaments is Joe Morello, who has been a member since 1956. A soft-spoken but stubbornly prideful virtuoso, Morello's strength of musical purpose has made him a third pocket of power in a group in which primary audience attention used to be focused only on Brubeck and Desmond. Occasionally, Morello's crackling assertiveness drives Desmond far into himself. At such times, Desmond stands, hands folded, looking like a penitent for whom no absolution is possible and apparently listening to the exceedingly soft sound of distant, inaccessible drums while trying to shut out those drums that are all too near at hand.

Bassist Gene Wright, who joined this heterogeneous crew in 1958, has a background almost entirely different from those of his colleagues. Wright is a Chicagoan with unalloyed affection for such hard-swinging, blues-rooted jazzmen as Gene Ammons, Sonny Stitt and Art Blakey. He has worked with all three, as well as with Count Basie. But Wright maintains that he's become entirely at home amid the polyrhythms and polytonalities of the Brubeck quartet where the blues are often present but hardly in as full-strength proportion as in the combos with which Wright acquired his jazz training. "The reason I enjoy being with Dave," Wright has said, "is that he likes to play in every direction. You can't get stuck in any one groove while you're with him."

Desmond also remains because of his respect for Brubeck and his constant expectation of unpredictable challenges. "We've had a lot of differences musically," says Desmond, "but there are nights which make it to a degree I'd hardly have thought possible. And aside from the way he keeps on making you surprise yourself, Dave is amazing harmonically. You can play the wrongest note possible in any chord, and he can make it sound like the only right one."

"I admit," Brubeck observes, "that you could hardly find four more different guys than us. About the only times we agree — when we do — is on stand. But that's when we're supposed to. My job is to prevent these guys from getting bored and also to make them *want* to challenge themselves and one another. There are nights when we've come to a concert after 50 one-nighters. On the way, we'd be grumbling to ourselves and not talking to one another. At those times, I'd rather be whipped than have to go out and play."

"But," Brubeck begins to grin, "all of a sudden — sometimes — the guys come to life on stage. And I have to keep them alive even if I have to sacrifice something I want to do. Somewhere in a set, for instance, Paul may drop to a

low level because the music has gone too far in a direction he doesn't like. I'll try to bring it back to where he wants it. Or the drummer doesn't realize he's too loud and is bugging everybody else. Rather than say anything, I'll call a tune in which loud drums would be ridiculous. He gets the point and he hasn't been censured in public."

Brubeck is similarly concerned with his associates' feelings during recording sessions. He will not dictate. He listens and often accepts ideas from his sidemen; and in deciding on final takes, he trades. If Desmond or Morello has sounded particularly good on a take and a splice isn't possible, that performance is chosen even if Brubeck's solo could have been better. Conversely, the other men will yield if Brubeck is incandescent on a take in which the others are less than luminous. As an index of Paul Desmond's freedom to dissent, there is the fact that he appears on only one of the five numbers on the second side of Brubeck's *Time Further Out* album. "Paul didn't like four of the tunes," Brubeck explains. "There wasn't any point in forcing him to play them."

Insuring the unpredictability of any Brubeck performance — in a studio or at a concert — is his insistence on almost total improvisation. Brubeck estimates that some 90 percent of any given night's work is improvised. By contrast, there are many jazzmen who juggle favorite licks and otherwise preset a sizable percentage of their solos. "That would be a valuable job for a critic," Brubeck says pointedly. "Find out who's really improvising. Some of the most admired guys in the business play as if they were putting their hands in a bag and pulling out things they know damn well are in there."

"But," Brubeck goes on, "if you're playing jazz and you're not improvising, what's the point? Some of the very best things we've recorded were done entirely on the spot." He cites *Stompin' for Mili* and *Audrey* in the Brubeck *Time* album; *Calcutta Blues* in the *Jazz Impressions of Eurasia* album; and *Maori Blues* in the *Time Further Out* album.

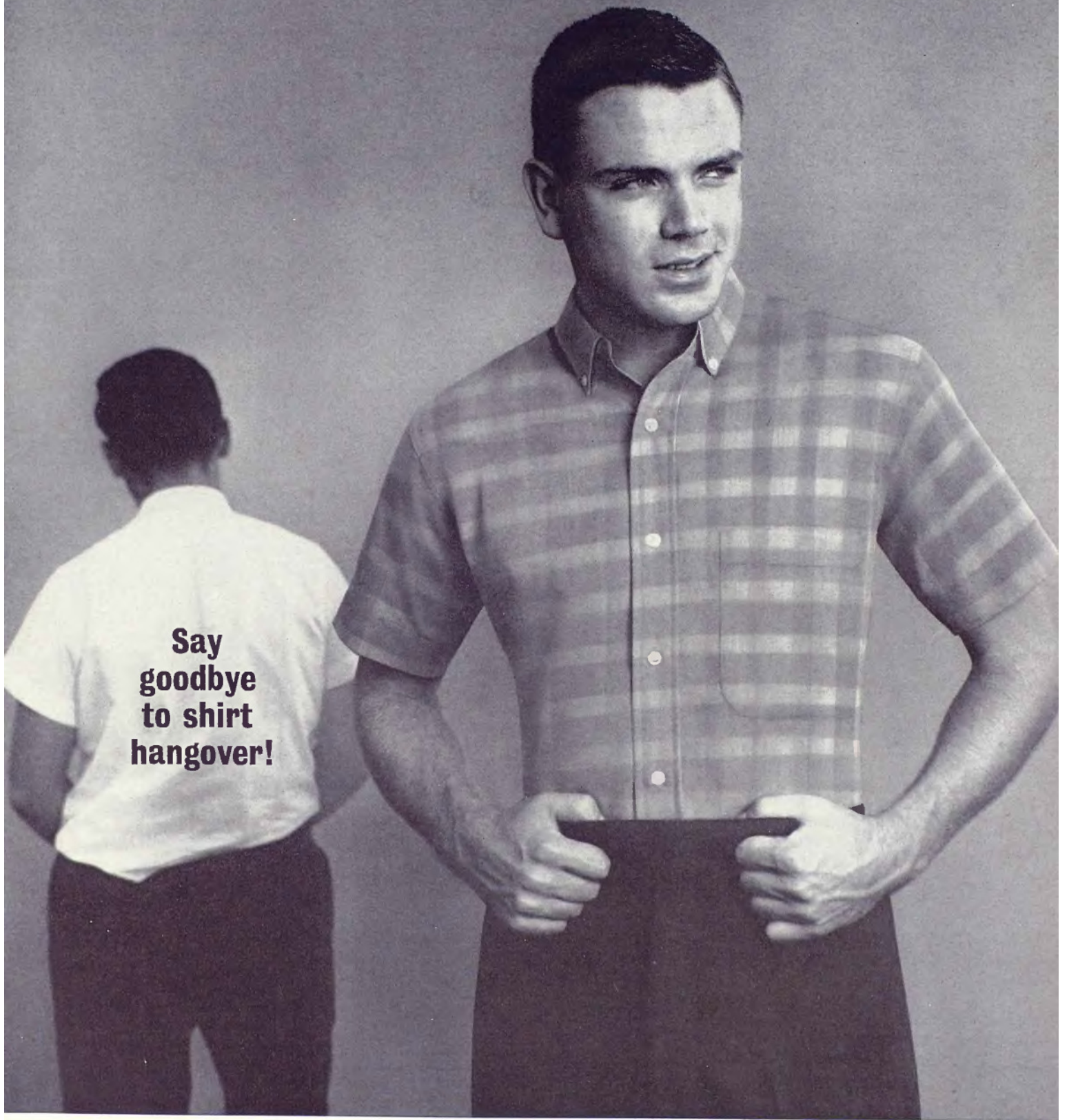
"Toward the end of *Maori Blues*," Brubeck points out, "the rhythms became so complex that even Joe can't figure out exactly what we were doing. But we were *together*. When that sort of thing happens, it proves my strongest belief — if you really go all out for improvisation, you won't let yourself down. My experience with the Quartet has been that the more chances we take, the better we play. And an audience's reaction is always the most intense when we're in that role. I'm not saying you can't fool an audience at times. They can be hoodwinked into easy applause with certain clichés; and once in a while, when the

ideas just aren't coming, you can't help doing that. But we try very hard not to work on that level, and I'm embarrassed whenever one of us does descend to it. My point, however, is that the applause we get by sure-fire devices is *never* equal to the audience excitement when we ourselves don't know what's coming next."

Brubeck's urge to improvise has been irrepressibly evident from the time he was first drawn to music. He was born on December 6, 1920, in the town of Concord at the foot of Mount Diablo, 20 miles from San Francisco. His father was a cattleman and his mother, a piano teacher, had studied with Dame Myra Hess and Tobias Matthay. (The latter was one of the most influential theorists in the history of piano pedagogy.) By the time Brubeck could reach the piano, two older brothers were well along in conventional courses in piano and theory. Henry, 53, is now a high school teacher of music in Santa Barbara; and Howard, 46, is chairman of the Music Department at Palomar Junior College in California as well as a classical composer.

The third son thought he was going to become a rancher. His eighth year had been marked by his father's presentation to him of four cows. Nonetheless, music fascinated the boy. He was playing the piano by the time he was four, and a year later had started picking out tunes of his own invention. Although his mother tried to drill basics into this most individualistic of all her sons, he continued to follow his own direction. Brubeck did not, for example, learn to read music fluently until some years later. At home he was too absorbed in improvising bold variations on the traditional children's pieces assigned young learners. He also did not become — despite the presence of a resident piano teacher — a virtuoso on the instrument. Technique for its own polished sake has never interested him. "Dave," as Paul Desmond notes, "has a real aversion to working things out. His tendency is to take for granted the things he can do, while spending most of his time trying to do new things."

Like Thelonious Monk, Brubeck through the years has developed a totally pragmatic piano style. While eccentric in the "legitimate" classical and jazz senses, it exactly fits the craggy polyrhythms, churning harmonies and expansively romantic ballads he prefers. "Essentially," Brubeck explains, "I'm a composer who plays the piano. I'm not a pianist first. Therefore, my style of piano is shaped by the material, the ideas, I'm attempting to express, not by a system or a search for an identifiable 'sound.' Inevitably, because of my own approaches to harmony and rhythm, a Brubeckian sound has come into being, but I never went looking for one. I've



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always tried to stay free of musical strait jackets. I try to retain freedom of choice within the idiom of jazz so that, primarily, my style is a summation of all musical experience to which I've been exposed."

In his formative years, that experience included an unusually broad spectrum of music. There were the classical compositions he heard his mother and brothers play, the cowboy songs of his father and his father's friends, all manner of pop music, and whatever jazz he could find—from boogie-woogie and Dixieland to swing-era styles.

When Brubeck was 11, the family moved to Ione, a small town in the foothills of the Sierras. His father had become manager of a 45,000-acre cattle ranch. At 15, Brubeck began to play for dances in Ione and neighboring towns. His ambition, however, was to remain on the ranch. With the idea of becoming a veterinarian, he enrolled in a premedical course at the College of the Pacific in Stockton. After a year, however, he had switched to a music major and was playing in local night clubs where he set up his own seminars in improvisation.

Working in Stockton at the time was Cleo Brown, a vintage boogie-woogie pianist. She encouraged the gawky young man, but, like some critics since, she frowned at the thumping ferocity with which he accompanied himself with his sizable feet. "Dave," she said,

leaning over one evening as they were rolling through a duet, "why don't you let more of that music come out through your hands instead of your feet?" In any case, there were more musical drives—and questions—in Brubeck than could be handled at the conservatory.

Brubeck almost didn't graduate. The dean, perplexed and annoyed by Brubeck's singularly nonacademic temperament, threatened to flunk him unless he returned to the path of musical righteousness. Brubeck, unintimidated, replied that if that was the way the dean felt, he should follow his conscience, a route Brubeck himself felt compelled to take. With reluctance, the dean relented, and Brubeck got his degree.

One faculty member, J. Russell Bodley (now head of the music department at the College of the Pacific), did become intrigued by the refractory young man's uncategorizable music. In Brubeck's senior year, Bodley firmly encouraged him to continue in music, and Brubeck finally abandoned the idea of spending his life ministering to cattle. Another vital source of strength was a sophomore at the college, Iola Marie Whitlock, an aspiring actress and writer. Brubeck married her in 1942, shortly after he had entered the Army.

When Brubeck later went into jazz full time as a leader, Iola functioned for many years as combination bookkeeper, paymaster, publicist and answerer of fan

mail—as well as cook, wife and rearer of children. "She was indispensable," Brubeck says in recurring tribute to Iola. "If I'd had the money and could have hired seven people to do everything she did, they collectively wouldn't have done nearly so good a job." More recently, Iola has increasingly worked as a lyricist for Brubeck's ballads and such ambitious works as *The Real Ambassadors*.

While in the Army and stationed outside Barstow in Southern California, Brubeck tried to continue his musical training. He decided to find out what he could learn from Arnold Schoenberg, the composer who had been most responsible for introducing the 12-tone row (and the consequent attack on tonality) into classical music. A lesson with Schoenberg cost \$20, and Brubeck was making \$21 a month. Nevertheless, he hitchhiked to Los Angeles, was interviewed by the contentious composer and, soon after, hitchhiked back for his first and last lesson with Schoenberg.

That lesson was short and stormy. Brubeck had brought along one of his compositions. Schoenberg asked him to explain the reason for every note. "They're there," Brubeck explained, "because they sound good."

"That's not enough," Schoenberg insisted. "There has to be a *musical* reason, backed by logical theory, for every note you write."

Never one to be politic, Brubeck asked Schoenberg what right *he* had to set up the rules for all music composition. In a rage, Schoenberg answered that he had the right because he knew more than anyone else about music. Brubeck left, but in retrospect, he regards the \$20 as having been well spent. "Years later," he says, "I realized Schoenberg hadn't been entirely wrong. He probably did know more about music than anyone else, and the experience did instill in me the realization that I still had an enormous amount to learn."

In the Army, Dave was able to continue playing, first in California for nearly two years, and then in Europe. He had been sent overseas as an infantryman, but his superiors considered him more valuable as a leader of bands which played in combat areas for front-line troops. Discharged in 1946, Brubeck returned to California and studied for three years under the GI Bill with Darius Milhaud at Mills College in Oakland.

The French composer was much more suited temperamentally to Brubeck than Schoenberg had been. "Milhaud," Brubeck recalls, "was very strict when teaching counterpoint and other elements of theory; but once a pupil had absorbed correct procedures, Milhaud expected him to compose with as much individuality as he could muster. Milhaud abhorred anyone who used a mathematical



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See the fabulous New York Club story on page 76 and the Playboy Club News on page 137.

formula or any other kind of rigid system." It was Milhaud, moreover, who reinforced Brubeck's basic preference for a jazz career. At one point, discouraged because no one would play his venturesome jazz pieces, Brubeck considered concentrating on classical composition. "Do not give up jazz," Milhaud advised him. "If you're going to say anything, it will be through the music that is part of your roots. You're an American, and jazz is the most important product of American musical culture."

Outside the classroom, Brubeck found acceptance on his own terms exceedingly difficult to attain. Most jazzmen in the San Francisco Bay area couldn't fit him into any familiar stylistic category and consequently refused to take him seriously. Gradually, however, Dave did begin to experiment with musicians who were as empirical and insatiably curious as he. One of them in 1947 was Paul Desmond, whom Brubeck had first met three years before when both were in the Army.

Desmond has described that initial meeting in a dialog which has gained wide currency in the international jazz press. He claims to have been so stunned by Brubeck's eldritch harmonies that he approached the pianist and proclaimed: "Man, like wigsville! You really grooved me with those nutty changes." In this fanciful recollection, Brubeck, who, Desmond feels, has an Indian cast of face, replied: "White man speak with forked tongue."

It is indicative of the remorseless diligence of Brubeck's critics that even that apocryphal quote has been turned into a tomahawk. It was quoted in a 1961 record review in the prestigious British journal *The Gramophone*. The critic continued: "The truth is that Brubeck does not play often enough with a forked tongue. He lacketh, you might say, the subtlety of the serpent. By contrast, his playing is unflinchingly explicit, hammered home with eight fingers and two thumbs, and it makes, I think, for monotony."

Whatever reservations one might have about Brubeck's music, the charge of monotony is strange in view of the wide range of textures and ideas with which Brubeck has experimented throughout his career. There was, for example, the Octet he formed in 1946. Composed in part of fellow students at Mills College, the unit explored the use in jazz of extended counterpoint, polytonality, polyrhythms and several other devices before such fusions were being attempted almost anywhere else among jazzmen. Those original 1946 recordings, incidentally, are still available as part of *The Dave Brubeck Octet* album.

Three years later, Brubeck organized a trio, and in 1951, Paul Desmond made it a quartet. There was some local en-



New York Yankee Star,

TOM TRESH
takes his
Barber's advice...

*"Use STEPHAN'S
and you'll never have
Flaky Dandruff!"*

Since Tom Tresh was a boy, he has visited Fred Zuppa's Barber Shop in Allen Park, Mich. regularly . . . and heeds his professional advice on how to care for his hair. Whenever he has dandruff he uses Stephan's Dandruff Remover Hair Lotion.

Ask your Barber to show you how to "rub Stephan's in, rub dandruff out." Buy a bottle from him. We guarantee you'll banish loose dandruff — or your money back. Costs only \$1 — with or without oil.

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DANDRUFF REMOVER**

RECOMMENDED BY BARBERS



Tom Tresh

Voted *Rookie of the Year* by The Baseball Writers. A switch-hitter, Tresh hit 20 homers and 93 RBI.

In World Series his 3-run homer won the 5th game and his spectacular catch saved the 7th.

couragement, notably in San Francisco from KNBC disc jockey Jimmy Lyons (now in charge of the Monterey Jazz Festival, PLAYBOY, October 1962). The road East, however, where jazz reputations are made, was long and rough. But gradually, the Quartet's early releases on Fantasy, a label Brubeck had helped form, attracted attention, particularly in the colleges. By 1953, Brubeck had almost by himself opened the college circuit which is now an important source of work to a growing number of jazz combos.

After a couple of trips through the East and Midwest, Brubeck began to acquire a volubly enthusiastic following among noncollegians as well. It is a source of pride to him that many of those first partisans were Negro. "We played a lot of Negro rooms," he remembers, "and the customers somehow seemed to expect — and get — more from our group than they did from many of the others. These days, although we supposedly no longer appeal to hard-core jazz listeners, I bet we could play the Apollo any time."

By 1954, Brubeck was recording for Columbia, had appeared on the cover of *Time*, and was clearly in the ascendant. Now his annual income averages more than \$200,000; he has also had a hit single (*Take Five*) in this country and in England; and his public continues to increase. Musically, however, the pyramiding of fame and fortune in the past nine years has not in the least diminished Brubeck's restless preoccupation with finding new ways to express himself. In the early and middle 1950s, he and his sidemen emphasized improvised counterpoint with Desmond and dense, bristling harmonies. During the past couple of years, he has been focusing on formidably difficult rhythms seldom utilized by other jazzmen. In *Time Out*, *Time Further Out* and *Countdown: Time in Outer Space*, Brubeck and his colleagues have been improvising in 9/8, 5/4, 6/4, 7/4, 11/4 and various combinations of these and other meters.

There have been accusations that Brubeck's absorption in odd meters, like his foraging in polytonality, represents little more than problem-solving in public. Brubeck cannot understand the charge. "Look," he says with characteristic intensity, "jazz has been stuck in 4/4 much too long. If it's ever going to reflect its Afro-American origins again, it can't stay in so limiting a meter. Jazz has to be freed from all unnecessary restrictions if it's to continue to develop as the expression of a free individual."

Because he is convinced he has done so much to "free" jazz, Brubeck is puzzled that he and his Quartet have received so little credit for his direction-setting. "The use of so many different forms by the Octet in 1946," he says

rather aggrievedly, "was somewhat ahead of everybody else in jazz and was way ahead of the 'third stream' approach. I don't say we were always the very first, but we certainly were working in jazz adaptations of counterpoint before the Modern Jazz Quartet. When I started, my goal was to introduce polyrhythms and polytonality into jazz. At that time, most jazz musicians I talked to didn't even know what the terms meant.

"For another example," Brubeck continues, "we were playing 3/4 and 4/4 together years ago. Now nearly every group in the world is doing it, and they probably ascribe its origin to Miles Davis or Bill Evans. Then there's Paul. He kept lyrical playing alive in jazz for several years when everybody else was honking and screaming and going to nutsville. I suppose it's hard for musicians to think of the most publicly recognized group as also being the one that introduced the most innovations."

There have been, of course, prominent jazzmen who have resisted the consensus of their colleagues and have lauded Brubeck. Duke Ellington was an early enthusiast, and was telling friends in the East about the pianist before the Quartet made its first cross-country trip. Charlie Parker expressed admiration of Brubeck as "a perfectionist — he knows what he wants to do, which is more than a lot of the other guys, the followers, do." Similarly, the embattled Charles Mingus, who is quite chary with praise, affirms that he likes Brubeck "because he has the only white group that isn't copying. He has a sound of his own."

Miles Davis, also disinclined to be liberal with his endorsement, has praised Brubeck's way of playing ballads. Davis, moreover, has recorded Brubeck's *In Your Own Sweet Way* as well as his affectionate tribute to Ellington, *The Duke*, and is about to include Brubeck's *Strange Meadowlark* in a forthcoming album. "Miles has done the most to introduce my tunes into other groups' libraries," says Brubeck. "Once he gives his seal, they follow."

Brubeck remembers with particular gratitude the encouragement he received from the usually laconic Coleman Hawkins during one of Dave's first appearances in New York. The critical fusillades were already heavy when Hawkins walked over one night, nodded magisterially, and said: "I dig what you're doing very much. No matter what *anyone* says, you keep on doing it."

As a matter of fact, throughout his career, the more Brubeck has been criticized, the more daring he has become musically. A proud as well as a vulnerable man, he is constantly proving himself; and it may be that the critics have unwittingly done him a service by intensifying his determination to follow his fierce muse — wherever it leads him.

Brubeck's level of consistency might even be raised if the critics who irritate him most were to show up more often at his concerts. Once, after reading an especially stinging review, Brubeck plunged into a scarily creative set. Afterward, still steaming, he wrote a poem to extirpate the residual rage. "I still don't like the bastard," he says, referring to the critic in question, "but I suppose I should have thanked him for having caused me to write that poem. It was a pretty good one."

Brubeck has lost the poem, but he remembers that it compared the work of a dredger to that of a wholly improvising jazz musician. "We dredge," he explained the symbolism, "as far down inside ourselves as we can go. And then we bring it all up so that the whole world can see it — without stopping to polish what we find or to throw out the inferior material. That takes guts."

Another time, the photographer Gjon Mili was thinking of making a film of Brubeck in action. He attended a recording session and was unmoved by what he first heard. "My first impression was right," Mili volunteered. "You're no good." Brubeck's reaction can be heard in *Stompin' for Mili* in the *Brubeck Time* album. It is one of his most turbulently stimulating performances.

"It came out well," Brubeck says, "because I got all my anger and frustration out in it."

When he is in a calmer state and not reacting to critics, Brubeck looks forward to the years ahead when he will have more time to write and will, therefore, see less of the critics. He currently has five offers to do film scores, including one for *The Summer Music*, a screenplay by Richard Condon. There is also a jazz opera in progress — a transmutation of Gertrude Stein's *Melanctha*, on which Brubeck is working with his wife and Liz Blake, another writer.

Brubeck also wants to move his Quartet into what he terms "a balanced summation and extension of all we've done so far — the improvised counterpoint, the polytonality and the work with rhythms. I think we can now fuse those directions and do more in all those areas simultaneously than we have ever done in any one of them before."

As for the direction of jazz as a whole, Brubeck is thoroughly sanguine about the decades to come. "More and more different cultures are coming into jazz," he says happily, "and each one brings in its own native devices and forms on which we can all draw. Jazz, I'm convinced, is entering its most creative period. There is going to be an extraordinary synthesis of the world's music, and jazz is bound to play a vital part because it is so free and so open to all kinds of influences."



DREAM HOUSE (continued from page 110)

well adjusted to this easy apartment living, but I — well, I feel *fenced in*. I want to get out — *way out!*”

Daring as this may sound, it will put you in a good tactical position for the difficult maneuvering that will follow.

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING PHASE

Your wife will now begin to read the real-estate advertisements more openly — and soon will even begin to read them aloud.

At first you will have little difficulty in simply countering the advertisement itself.

“Listen to this one, David. ‘Artist’s dream house —’”

(All houses in the classified section were built for artists, though you will never actually catch an artist living in one.)

“Oh?”

“Hand-hewn timbers, paneled living room, mansard roof.”

“Hmmm. Pity.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Nothing. For a minute I thought you said ‘mansard roof.’”

“I did.”

“Oh, well, then.”

“What’s *wrong* with a mansard roof?”

“Phoeb, do you know what a mansard roof is?”

“Well, no, not exactly.”

(If she does, you will have to play the ball into some other court.)

“Just as I thought. Well, you know what a *thatched* roof is, don’t you?”

“Oh, David, not a *thatched* roof!”

“Almost as bad. Imagine *living* under a mansard roof!”

Easiest of all is to *attack the location*.

“And it’s only \$19,000, David!”

“Where is it again?”

“Frampton.”

“East Frampton or West Frampton?”

“It doesn’t say.”

“Well, then! If it’s *West* Frampton they always say so. *Nobody* lives in *East* Frampton. Blighted. Has been for years.”

THE TELEPHONING PHASE

Eventually your wife will embark on the next, or telephoning, phase. She will begin to call up the numbers in the ads — unless you act quickly.

“Let *me* call, Phoeb. I want to check on the tax and mortgage situation.”

“Oh, all right, David.”

While talking to the party throw in an occasional “Oh, that’s too bad!” or “I suppose you *do* get used to it, don’t you?”

“Well, what did he say, David?”

“Sounds pretty good, pet.”

“What did you mean, ‘You get used to it?’”

“Oh, nothing, really. He was just telling me about the kitchen. Tricky arrangement — in the basement, kind of. Dry basement, though, he says, water only comes through in the rainy season. Beautiful apple trees. Sounds fine!”

This technique may stave off the actual expedition for many months.

THE EXPEDITIONARY PHASE

Eventually you will be forced into the field accompanied by a real-estate dealer.

You will be in grave danger. Keep your mind alert and remember these simple rules.

1. *Be Enthusiastic*. Praise everything extravagantly, but find some simple fault.

“Say, I *do* like this! Seems to have everything, doesn’t it, Phoeb?”

“It is nice!”

(The real-estate man will begin to take on a greedy expression.)

So comfortable you don't take 'em off to relax!

THE VIKING BOOT: Two feet closer to comfort in glove soft calf with Marajo Grain top as shown; or all-smooth calf. Daring touch—the red kid quarter lining! Original styling for day or evening wear.

From the Craftsmen  of the St. Croix.

STILLWATER 19, MINNESOTA



English Leather®



after shave...
after shower...
after hours... the ALL-PURPOSE
MEN'S LOTION

\$2.00 \$3.50 \$6.50 plus tax

MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York



Whatever your game, the prize sportswear to wear is Sedgefield. Shirt about \$4. Walkers about \$5. Sedgefield, a division of Blue Bell Inc., Empire State Building, New York, N.Y.

"Pity we can't just turn it around, isn't it?"

"Turn it around, Davie?"

"We certainly wouldn't want a house facing north, would we, Phoebe? Spoils everything. Someday we'll spot it, though!"

2. *Set Up a Yardstick.* It is always good to have a standard for comparison. If it is a real one, so much the better.

"It is grand, isn't it! You know, Phoebe, it's almost as nice as Joe's place.

(NOTE: "place," never "house.")

"You must take me there, Davie."

"This stonework isn't quite up to Joe's, but—how much is this one, Mr. Frammis?"

"They're asking 52, but I think they may take 49."

"Honestly? Phoebe, you know what Joe paid? 22, with the pool."

3. *Have a Vague Yearning.* Any real-estate man is at your mercy if you have a vague, nameless yearning.

"Yes, it does have everything."

"Everything you asked for, Mr. Strong."

"It's all there—and yet—I can't explain it. It just doesn't seem to call out to me. Do you know what I mean, Phoebe?"

"Well, Davie, I—"

"Somehow I just don't feel at home here."

As long as you don't pin it down, he is helpless and he knows it.

4. *Specify Modern.* All modern houses were designed for the original owners. Looking at used ones is exciting and is always perfectly safe.

"It is unusual, Davie!"

"Very ingenious on the inside, too, Phoebe. All built around a photographic darkroom. You can make the whole house pitch dark!"

Or, perhaps:

"Damn'd tricky, Phoebe. Only one bathroom, but hot and cold running water in the window boxes. You can grow orchids in every room!"

5. *Be a Financial Expert.* There will come a time when, in spite of all you can do, you will feel trapped.

"Have to admit it, Phoebe, it has everything we've been looking for, all these years. If only it faced south!"

"But it *does* face south, Mr. Strong!"

Only the mortgage can save you now. It will always be your ace in the hole. Pretend elation, but keep your head cool, your nerves steady.

"Well, at last! Never thought we'd find it! Why don't the two of us go back into your office, Mr. Frammis, and talk over the financial end of it?"

(Note especially "the two of us." Women cannot be expected to understand this sort of thing.)

"What a damned shame, Phoebe! You might know it has a second mortgage!"

"Is that bad, Davie?"

"And that's not all! It's in escrow—and there's a strong possibility of eminent domain. The legal battle alone could run for years!"

What a joy this expeditionary phase can be! Weekend after weekend you will spend out in the open air, whisked about the countryside for nothing in the comfortable cars of real-estate dealers.

One day, however, it will have to come to an end.

THE BUILDING PHASE

If your wife is driven far enough, she may suggest, "Why don't we just build one ourselves?"

Do not be frightened. In this direction lie your best opportunities. It is true, of course, that sheer disaster faces anyone who actually *builds*, and the fate of those who *rebuild* will not even be discussed here.

However, the man who plans his building program carefully can enjoy years of happy, carefree apartment living.

Plan Carefully. During the long, long planning stage your manner must continue to be one of cheerful cooperation. Do your best to help. Planning the new house can be pleasant and exciting, it costs nothing, and is ideal for whiling away long winter evenings.

In the process you both will be learning. The early, rudimentary plans will be torn up countless times as you discover all the daring possibilities.

"I think we've got it now, Phoebe! Just look at this latest *House Beautiful!*"

(Keep bringing home these magazines. They are chock full of ideas.)

"I thought the plan was nearly all set, Davie."

"So did I—but wait'll you see this sketch! Makes our plan look old hat! Gives us a whole new approach."

Be open to *all ideas*, no matter how advanced.

"Close your eyes and picture this one, Phoebe. A solid glass wall, and right outside a reflecting pool that—"

"That would change everything, David."

"Don't change it yet. Just picture it."

A note of caution: Do not, at this stage, consult an architect or builder. They will try to rush you into hasty action.

Join a Co-op. Once you have reached the stage at which you can postpone action no longer, join a building cooperative, some closely knit group that plans to build many homes together.

Your first talks with members of any building co-op will make it clear how much money you can save, how mass buying of land and materials, and centralized group planning, can cut your costs almost in half.

This will not be quite true, as you will discover later, but remember your purpose is not pinchpenny economy. You are buying time, you are buying long, lazy years.

Join a young group, one whose ideas are bright, but whose plans are nebulous. Together you will spend stimulating years in eager, animated discussion. After a while, if you tire of the meetings, send your wife. She will be fired with enthusiasm.

"What was the meeting about to-night, Phoeb?"

"We found the most wonderful place to buy nails! Saves two dollars a barrel. Of course there was one faction that opposed it, but we blocked them in a sort of parliamentary double play. Technically I had the floor on a point of information, and I talked for 45 minutes!"

"I'd have been proud of you, Phoeb! Did you buy the nails?"

"No, but we appointed a committee, and our faction outnumbers theirs three to two on it."

"Gosh, we'll have that house any day now!"

You will be learning, and you will be making friends, too.

If plans become too far advanced, join one of the indignant factions, of which there will be several. They will soon split off and take you with them.

THE TEMPORARY RENTAL

Sometime during this process the generous husband gives his wife a chance to enjoy a house temporarily. Try to find a place that will give you—in a few short months—a cross section of the many interesting problems of home owning.

One way is to rent a place for the summer months. Choose this spot carefully. Some of the little telltale signs to look for are: iron pipes, rust stains, a high water mark in the basement, evidences of new concrete strips in the basement floor, screwdriver marks on electrical outlets, bits of friction tape lying about and ceilings blistered or moist. No house will have *all* of these, but find as many as you can. Each little telltale sign will be a promise of interesting adventures to come.

Make the entire summer a time of discovery and joyful experimentation. Let your wife know how eager *you* are, too. If, for example, you notice scum on her ankles:

"Golly, Phoeb, isn't it great having our own little place?"

"David, I want you to have a look at the cellar."

"I love every nook and cranny."

"Davie, this nook and cranny is two feet deep."

"Oh, well, that's a house for you! Take the bitter with the sweet!"

When she complains, as she may, always defend the house.

"But I *like* a little rust in the water, don't you, Phoeb? Puts iron in you."

"It's *cold*, though, Davie!"

"We'll bathe in the Sound! Makes you feel like a million!"

Choose a spot that is on an interesting commuting line, one that will be a challenge to you. In the New York area try the Long Island Rail Road.

"Davie, you have to get home, the roof is leaking!"

"Get hold of a good bucket,

Phoeb. May not see you for a day or so. Third rail's out altogether."

And make sure the house is out in fine, open country.

"Gotta use the car today, Phoeb."

"You *can't*, Davie! How will I go shopping?"

"Pick up one of those baskets with the little wheels. Mighty handy gadgets. You'll need one."

"But it's almost two miles!"

"Do you a world of good!"

Every day will have its own little problem and every day you and your wife will find new ways of meeting them. After three or four months both of you will look upon houses with a new and more mature point of view.

One day, of course, after many little ones have arrived, a house may be a real advantage. When this time comes you should have the training and experience to act quickly and decisively.

Once you really want a house, the whole process can easily be accomplished in a single afternoon.

NEXT MONTH: "HOW TO HANDLE MONEY IN MARRIAGE"



"What's taking so long with the oysters, Pierre?"

incarnation will be — if any?

April 15 — I am deeply disturbed now. It happened again last night. And it was worse! This time most definitely a shock. The few nights between that first time and this even worse one, I'd been afraid, almost, to look out. I'd turned toward the glass as seldom and as briefly as possible. But when I had seen through it there'd been nothing amiss. A different living room each time, but never one with a young couple alone together in it, violating the Code. People sitting around behaving themselves, watching us. Kids, sometimes. The usual.

But last night!

Really shocking. A young couple alone again — not, of course, the same couple or the same living room. There wasn't any sofa in this one, just two big overstuffed chairs — and they were both sitting in the same chair; she was on his lap.

That was all I saw my first glimpse. I was a doctor and conditions at the hospital were pretty hectic and kept me rushing from emergency to emergency, saving lives. But near THE END (that's what we call it when the final commercial comes on and we can no longer see out nor can those in the outside world any longer see us) I was delivering some good advice to a younger doctor and faced away from him to do it, which put me looking into the screen, or through the glass, and I saw them again.

And either they had moved or else I saw something I had not noticed in my first glimpse. Oh, they were watching the screen all right and not kissing. But!

The girl was wearing shorts, very short shorts, and *his hand was on her thigh* — and not even just resting there, but moving slightly, caressing! What sort of a den of iniquity is it out there that such a thing would be permitted? A man caressing a woman's bare thigh! Anyone in *our* world would shiver at the very thought of it.

I am shivering now, just thinking about it.

What's wrong with their censors anyway?

Is there some difference between worlds that I do not understand? The unknown is always frightening. I am frightened. And shocked.

April 22 — A full week has passed since the second of the two disturbing episodes and until last night I had begun to feel reassured. I had begun to think that the two Code violations I had observed were isolated instances of indecency, things that had slipped through by mistake.

But last night I saw — or rather heard,

in this case — something that was a most flagrant violation of a completely different section of the Code.

Perhaps before describing it I should explain the phenomenon of "hearing." Very seldom do we hear sounds from the other side of the screen. They are too faint to penetrate the glass, or they are drowned out by our own conversations or the sounds we make, or by the music that plays during otherwise silent sequences. (I used to wonder about the source of that music since, except in sequences that take place in night clubs, dance halls or the like, there are never any musicians around to produce it, but finally I decided that it is simply a mystery that we are not supposed to understand.) For one of us actually to hear identifiable sounds from the other world requires a combination of circumstances. It can happen only during a sequence in which there is absolute silence, sans even music, in our own world. And even then it can be heard by only one of us at a time, since one of us must be very, very near the glass. (We call this a "tight close-up.") Occasionally, under these ideal circumstances, one of us can hear, clearly enough to understand, a phrase or even an entire sentence spoken in the world outside.

For a moment last night these ideal circumstances prevailed for me and I heard a complete sentence spoken, as well as being able to see the speaker and the spoken-to. They were an ordinary looking middle-aged couple sitting (but decorously apart) on a sofa facing me. The man said — and I am sure I heard him correctly, for he spoke quite loudly, as though the woman was a bit hard of hearing: "G —, honey, that's awful. Let's shut the d — — thing off and go down to the corner for a beer, huh?"

The first of the two words for which I use dashes was the name of the Deity and is a perfectly proper word when used reverently and in context. But it certainly didn't *sound* as though he was using it reverently, and the second word was very definitely profanity.

I am deeply disturbed.

April 30 — There is no real reason for me to make an entry tonight to add to the other notes I have made recently. I am more or less doodling and will no doubt throw this page away when I have finished with it. I am writing it simply because I have to be writing something and might as well do this as something even more meaningless.

You see, I am writing this "on screen," as we call it. Tonight I am a newspaper reporter sitting in front of my typewriter in the city room of a newspaper.

I have, however, already played my

active part in this adventure, and am now in the background, required only to look busy and keep typing. Since I am a touch typist and do not need to watch the keys, tonight I have ample opportunity to take occasional glances through the glass into the other world. I find myself again seeing a young couple alone together. Their "set" is in their bedroom and obviously they are married, since they are watching from their beds. Beds, plural, of course. I am pleased to see that they are following the Code, which permits married couples to be shown talking to each other from twin beds a reasonable distance apart, but more than understandably forbids their being shown together in a double bed; no matter how far apart they lie, this is definitely suggestive.

Just took another glance. Apparently they aren't much interested in watching the screen from their side. Instead, they are talking. Of course, I cannot hear what they are saying to each other; even if there were absolute silence on our side, I am too far back from the glass. But he is asking her a question and she is nodding, smilingly.

Suddenly she sweeps back the covers and swings her feet out of bed, sits up on her side of it.

She is naked.

Dear God, how can you *permit* this? It is *impossible*. In our world there is no such thing as a naked woman. It just cannot be.

She stands up and I cannot tear my eyes away from the impossibly beautiful, beautifully impossible, sight of her. Out of the corner of one eye I can see that he has thrown back the covers on his bed and he, too, is naked. He is beckoning to her and, for a brief moment, she stands there laughing, looking at him and letting him look at her.

Something strange, something I have never felt before, something I did not know was possible is happening in my loins. I try to tear my eyes away, but I cannot.

She crosses the two steps between the beds and lies down beside him. Suddenly he is kissing and caressing her. And now —

Can such things be?

It is true, then! There is no censorship for them; they *can and do* do the things that in our world may be only vaguely suggested as off-stage happenings. How can they be free when we are not? It is *cruel*. We are being denied equality and our birthright.

Let me out of here! LET ME OUT!

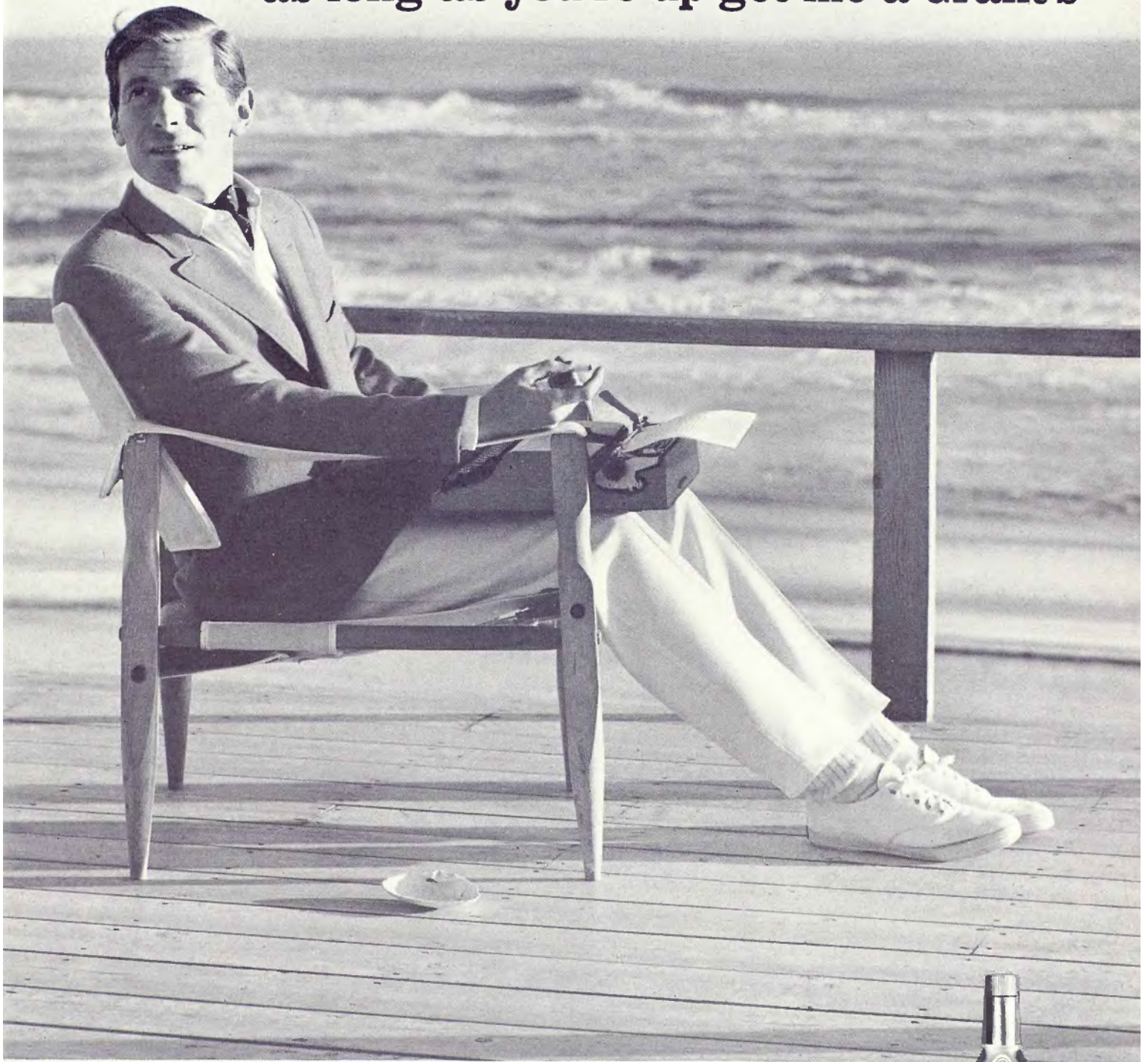
Help, anyone, HELP!

LET ME OUT!

LET ME OUT OF THIS BOX!



as long as you're up get me a Grant's[®]



Would you, darling? Say, did you know Grant's 8 is still made by the original Grant family and they still age it at the original Glenfiddich distillery in Scotland for 8 years and I still think it takes that long to smooth out a Scotch. What? You haven't heard a word I said? Forget it, but don't forget my Grant's.

The choice and cherished 8-year-old blended Scotch Whisky in the triangular bottle. Eighty-six proof. Imported to the United States from Scotland by Austin, Nichols & Co., New York

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GIRLS OF AFRICA (continued from page 120)

want to be able to travel where they please, work as they please and marry whom they please.

Like Gaul, all Africa is divided into three parts. In each, the girls are startlingly and pleasantly different.

The southern third of Africa — the diamond and gold third — is the home of the once-proud nation of the Hottentots, of the copper-skinned, slant-eyed Bushmen, of the dark-brown, Bantu-speaking Southern Negroes, and most significantly, of well over half of Africa's 6,000,000 white settlers.

Some of the most beautiful women in the world are found here — white Afrikaners, dark-eyed Indians, alluring Cape Colored mulattoes and the part-Polynesians of Malagasy. But the racial policies that dominate most of southern Africa prevent the visitor from mingling with any but those within the confines of his own color-determined class. Only in the impoverished Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique is mixing fully acceptable — a concession instituted to forestall revolution.

Color bars notwithstanding, the white man's curiosity about the ways of Africa's native girls goes back to the earliest explorations. (In 1704, an intrepid traveler named Peter Kolben greatly added to this interest by noting in his *Present State of the Cape of Good Hope*: "I have often been affured by both Sexes of the Hottentots that they differ in their Veneral Embraces from Europeans." As to what this difference was, Kolben remained discreetly silent.)

Although South Africa's early Dutch settlers piously claimed no sexual interest in the local ladies, more than a half-million mulatto "Cape Coloreds" are descended from them.

For bachelor settlers who were willing to hold out for the girls back home, directors of the India Company got permission from the Dutch Government "to transport to the Cape such young Women from the Charitable Foundations and Orphans Houses as were willing to go thither. Accordingly, a fine Troup of young Females were quickly levied for the Voyage; who, arriving safely at the Cape, were by the Governour . . . bestowed upon such as wanted Wives, with all the Indulgence and Regard that could be shewn to their several Fancies and Inclinations on such an Occasion."

Today the white girls of South Africa are a far cry from those ragged workhouse waifs bound into wivery nearly 300 years ago. Grown opulent with the golden wealth of South African earth, the ruling whites live lives of power and comfort that rival the Pharaohs'.

Among the parochial Dutch Afrikaners, society is insufferably stuffy and

inbred. The visiting male, despite impeccable background, will find that he needs the equivalent of an engraved introduction to break into the icy isolation that surrounds the fine-featured Dutch girls.

The gay, high-spirited daughters of South Africa's English gentry are quite another matter. Struggling to break out of their all-dressed-up-and-no-place-to-go provinciality, they are only too happy to treat the wayfarer to an exhausting display of pent-up wealth. This may include a formal riding to hounds, a champagne brunch under a spreading pepper tree, or an all-night cocktail party around a free-form pool. In the Rhodesias, the partying is endless — beginning with "gin and it" (dry gin and Italian vermouth, served unchilled) at 10 A.M. on Sunday.

In the evening, after a dinner or dance at a fashionable South African country club, the landed English lass will want to take you for a stroll around the family estate to search the sky for the Southern Cross, that relatively obscure constellation which "blazes" in so many African novels. This star-crossed stroll will quickly prove that there is more to these comely colonists than mere money.

But no matter how modern the daughters of Britannia may seem, the potential visitor is well advised to avoid testing them on racial issues. Not one white girl in a thousand has a liberal attitude toward native Africans. Like their families, they still believe that *bwana* means "master" rather than "man."

Very few of South Africa's wellborn white girls work, but they *all* shop and can be found in profusion along the skyscraper canyon of Johannesburg's impressive Commission Street, darting in and out of fashionable salons and showrooms in colorful high-hemmed, low-backed sun dresses, or poised over cocktails at the Colony, Chez Sabaud or Three Vikings restaurants. (In South Africa, women may not enter bars.)

Among the girls who do work, secretarial jobs in mining and export firms provide fair pay and air conditioning; modeling provides better pay and a bad reputation. Cabaret singing and dancing are left to freewheeling bachelor girls from other countries. (Juliet Prowse got her start with Johannesburg's socially acceptable Festival Ballet Company.)

Reflecting the city's wealth, Johannesburg has a burgeoning entertainment industry. Road-show productions from London's West End play to packed houses and top American and English acts — those not boycotting the country because of apartheid — draw high salaries at the elegant and expensive Giro's. But, as in Australia, most of the imported acts playing South Africa are either over the hill at home or still struggling to

reach recognition. (Some show girls have remained in Johannesburg, Cape Town and Durban as callgirls, but they'll all tell you they're going back into showbiz — as soon as they work up a new routine.)

Predictably, South Africa's blue laws are as stern as their Afrikaner enforcers. No Brigitte Bardot film has ever flickered there. *Five Girls*, an artfully sensitive nude photo study of five local beauties, by South African Sam Haskins cannot be sold in his own country. Even a book called *Rape of the Earth* was banned before the government found that it dealt with soil erosion.

With this atmosphere prevailing, the visiting male with more than an academic interest in the girls of South Africa will do well to consider — as South Africans do themselves — trekking to any one of several modern seaside resorts. In the summer, you can cool it in Cape Town, South Africa's most cosmopolitan and least restrained city; or in Durban ("the English city") where delicate Indian girls grace the streets; or in tiny, tidy Sea Point. In the winter (May to September) you and an inamorata can really get away from it all at the luxurious cliff-set Polana Hotel on the warm Indian Ocean in Lourenço Marques, Mozambique. It's an easy drive from Johannesburg.

Also included in the general sphere of southern Africa is the giant island of Madagascar or, as it is now known, the Malagasy Republic. Its women, exotic hybrids of Malayan, Polynesian, European and Negro stock, run the full spectrum of coloring and are among the most beautiful in all Africa. In the bazaar-lined street of Tananarive, the island's capital, they glide from stall to stall wearing delicate lambas, or shawls, of silk. The girls speak French in a dreamy singsong and those that will join you for a Pernod at a Paris-type sidewalk café will usually respond with enthusiasm to an invitation for a day at the city's fashionable race track or, if you're lucky, a weekend at Antsirabe, the local resort version of Vichy.

Back on the mainland, north across the rolling veld to the lush green jungles of Central Africa, slashed by the Equator, is the land of the Forest Negroes, dark-brown, broad-nosed people of medium height. The language is Bantu, Hausa or Swahili. Here, also, are the Caucasoid Negroes of Ethiopia and the Somali Republic; tall, dark Nilotes of Uganda; gold-skinned Fulanis of the Republics of Mali and Chad who are a mixture of Caucasoid and Negroid stock; tiny Pygmies of the Congo's Ituri Forest; and the white and mulatto daughters of English planters, clerks and other settlers of Kenya and Tanganyika.

Skin color and physical size, however, are only the visible distinctions among the many contrasting women of Central



"That will be all for today, Miss Bascomb. I'm out of pink."

Africa. The principal differences are tribal customs, until recently kept distinct by the barriers of mountains, rivers and tribal wars.

Polygamy is still widely practiced among the jungle tribes, as it is in North Africa. (Bope Mabinshc, octogenarian king of the Congo's huge Bakuba tribe, had, at his prime, a harem of 850 wives; by 1960 it had dwindled to a mere 200.) Unlike the women of the north, many Central African women encourage their husbands to take extra wives because the newcomers must act as the older wives' servants until they bear children of their own.

Polyandry—the marriage of one woman to several men—also exists in Central Africa, but only among the Nilotic Bahimas of Uganda's back country. A tall, handsome people with European eyes and probably one-fourth Caucasian blood, the Bahima women cover themselves from head to foot, while their men go naked. Outsiders know little about the Bahima girls' legendary talents as lovers because they traditionally remain faithful to their multiple husbands.

Although there is no official color bar in Central Africa (except in Kenya), most of the region's self-governing natives sternly object to fraternization between their girls and white men. Because of this tacit apartheid-in-reverse, the only native girls who will socialize with visiting males are apt to be prostitutes or university students—and sometimes both.

Central Africa's pros are a lively, independent lot, not at all like their pathetic sisters in India and China. These brown-skinned beauties abound in the markets of Kano, Ibadan and Enugu in Nigeria, Accra in Ghana, and Léopoldville in the Congo. Here, too, are the bungalow girls—educated, sophisticated young Africans dressed in Western fashion, talking English, smok-

ing an endless succession of cigarettes. They specialize in adventures with foreigners and often serve as companion-housekeepers for lonely bachelors.

In this capacity, the fine-looking, coffee-brown Haya girls of Tanganyika have earned an unusual reputation as excellent mistresses in every European capital. Unlike most African girls (who seldom stray far from home), the Hayas are quite willing to travel overseas to work as indentured *ayas* (servants) or nannies. If they lose their first jobs, they have no trouble finding employment as live-in housekeepers for young bachelors.

Despite the angry efforts of their men to keep them at home, restless back-country girls still flock to the easy freedom of the big coastal cities. But they often need considerable ingenuity to get there. Such was the case, not long ago, for a group of lusty young ladies from Bukoba, in the northwest corner of Tanganyika. More than 20 of them, deciding that hooking was easier than hoeing, determined to take off for the coastal capital, Dar es Salaam. But the young men of their district were equally determined to keep them at home. When the girls arrived at Bukoba's docks to catch the ferry boat across Lake Victoria, a picket line barred their way. Undaunted, the girls secretly chartered a plane, flew to the capital and set up their own bawdyhouse, complete with medical staff. In less than two years they had earned enough money to return to their tribe as comparatively wealthy, independent women. They used their earnings to buy their own plantations on the outskirts of Bukoba and now employ a number of the hotheads who picketed their ferry.

The girls of Central Africa are at their best when unencumbered by clothes, but only a few have remained untouched by the missionary's zeal to hide all that is natural. Still, on the high plateau of Jos

in Nigeria, one can see high-breasted "naked pagans," as they are called, wandering through the markets dressed in nothing but two little bunches of fresh green leaves suspended from a thong. Although not generally beautiful, they are compelling in the milling crowd.

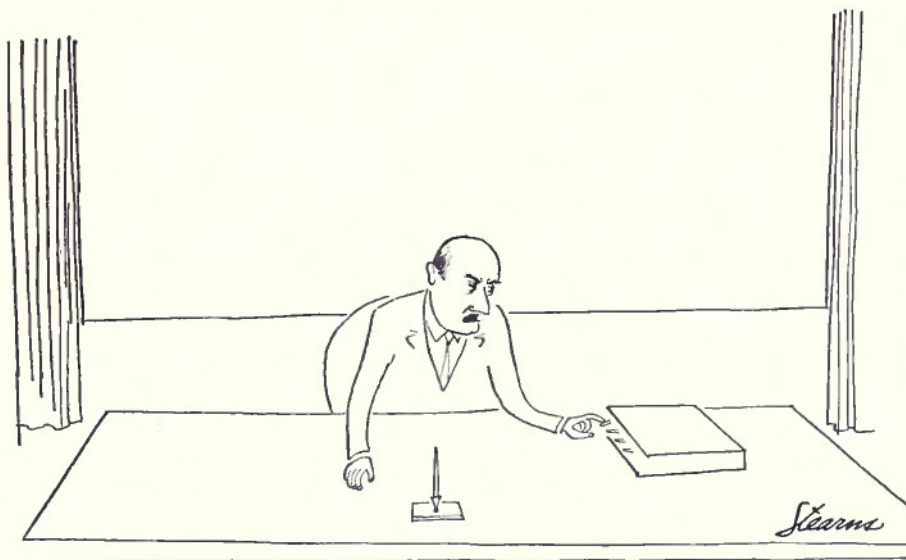
The Yorubas, a large Nigerian tribe, are particularly handsome and remarkable in that they wear clothes in various shades of blue only, with large blue headdresses. To the visitor, a Yoruba market becomes a blue lake rippling with movement. To enter it is to drown in a mass of femininity in which teenage girls carrying three cigarettes and a few lumps of sugar on head-borne tin plates stare up bold-eyed and demand a "dash"—a tip—as if they had given their bodies with one sultry look.

A great many Central African women do not wear clothes as we know them; rather, they wear cloths—wrap-around sarongs printed in vivid colors and designs. The cloths are made in England, Belgium, Holland, Japan and India and their patterns follow no particular custom except that in ex-British territories, portraits of the Queen are popular and the cloth is worn so that Her Majesty stares out over the wearer's breasts and is duplicated on her seat. In Ghana, sarong patterns feature the smiling visage of Kwame Nkrumah.

Perhaps the most apparent affront to good taste and sense to be foisted upon Africans by overzealous missionaries is the "Mother Hubbard"—that ugly neutralizer that also infests the South Pacific. The African version, called *gomazi* or "boarding" (after a boarding school for girls in Tanganyika), consists of at least six yards of cloth and is designed to obliterate all evidence of the female anatomy. In the words of anthropologist U. R. Ehrenfels, it makes even the prettiest African girl look "like a single, shapeless, waddling giant pear."

But men of the cloth cannot be blamed for all the sartorial sins of Central Africa. "Enlightened" natives who have come to think of their old tribal ways as *chenzi* (an outward sign of savagery), must also share the white man's burden. And they do—by wearing layer after layer of totally unsuitable Western clothing. At Makerere College in Kampala, Uganda, for example, only the European professors and their wives sport the short-sleeved cotton shirts and walking shorts clearly dictated by the country's hot climate. Their students, in a stoical display of Victorian modesty, swelter under heavy wool clothes.

As with their clothing, Makerere's students have also—for the most part—adopted a super-Victorian morality. Only among the school's few Indian girls, liberated from strict parental control, can one find those who appreciate the American idiomatic verb "to swing."



"Miss Preston, bring me something to sign."

Happily, the daughters of British ranchers and plantation owners in Kenya and Tanganyika are, like their counterparts in South Africa, likely to be hospitable to visiting males. Their version of hospitality, however, is apt to be as athletic as it is romantic. Most of these girls are crack shots, excellent equestriennes and mountain climbers, and may require you to test your mettle against towering Mt. Kenya or Kilimanjaro—or big game—before testing it themselves in other ways.

A relatively more sophisticated approach may be taken with city girls of Nairobi, where the wild animal bit can be limited to a visit to the local game reserve. A date in Nairobi should definitely start with tall, cool drinks at the New Stanley Hotel bar—the most famous watering place in eastern Africa—followed by a leisurely dinner at the Equator Inn, just outside the city. From there she may suggest a visit to the Equator Club, an African-style night club where the native entertainment is excellent, the imported acts only fair. Later, there is always the Southern Cross gambit.

The traveler who finds himself smitten with a Kenya colonial will find the many small but splendid hotels and lodges in Mombasa, Malindi and Nakuru to be perfect weekend hideaways. Drinking is a prime activity at these spots and the vigorous girls of Kenya are astonishingly good at it.

Moving out of Central Africa through the broad savannas of the southern Sudan, one reaches the final third of Africa—the vast and trackless desert. Here live the dark Caucasoids, the long-haired Caucasized Negroes and the fair-skinned Tuaregs. These people, nomads and city dwellers alike, are mostly Moslems and their language is Arabic.

Northern Africa is the land of the veil—that wispy symbol of hidden beauty and hidden fear. The beauty is that of the women, their soft, olive skin and sensuous curves hidden beneath long flowing djellabas which reveal only their delicate hands and great, gazelle-soft eyes, darkened with kohl. The fear is that of their Moslem men, who go home at midday for an hour or two of pleasure behind the ornate Moorish sun screens that hide the bedrooms of their whitewashed homes. With or without reason, they fear to expose the bodies and faces of their restive women to the view of strangers—a view that can still earn an outsider a sudden scimitar slash.

But the winds of change are rending the veils of North Africa, even in the ageless monarchy of Morocco, where the feminist movement is led by Princess Lalla Aisha, daughter of the late King Mohammed V and sister of King Hassan II. The efforts of Aisha and her followers have resulted in a civil law which makes Morocco's former four-wife polyg-



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any all but impossible except for the very rich. (While her father's wife—or wives, no one knew for sure which was the case—remained veiled and hidden from public life, Aisha often appeared in a bikini on Rabat's pleasant beaches, much to the joy of the King's enemies who flashed beachside photos of her as if they were dirty postcards.)

Today, among Morocco's comely commoners, there is far more fraternization with foreigners than even Aisha dreamed possible. Some Moroccan coeds, quick to adopt beatnik ways, have smoked their way into the hashish and kif parties of foot-loose American and European literati living in Safi, Port Lyautey, Fez and other exotic Moroccan cities. And Morocco, like Tunisia and Algeria, now sends stunning candidates to both the Miss World and Miss Universe contests. These liberated lasses are constantly on the lookout for good job (and marriage) offers overseas, because they know they have booted their chances with Morocco's male traditionalists who still may be heard to say, "Yes, but would you marry a girl who has gone to a movie with another man?"

In Algeria, both veil and veil-thinking were ripped to shreds by the grim necessities of the country's recently won revolution—a war in which countless Algerian girls fought in the underground. At the same time, another kind of revolution has taken its toll of what was once Algeria's greatest desert attraction—the sultry dancing girls of the Ouled Naïl. These dark-skinned, nomadic beauties were the originators of the serpentine belly dance that left countless visitors to the oasis towns of Biskra and Bou-Saada forever dissatisfied with the girls back home. The Ouled Naïl girls doubled in brass—or rather in gold (in the form of coins that adorned their jingling headdresses and necklaces)—as bed partners for veil-weary businessmen and tourists. They were in no way considered social outcasts since they were "marabout"—descended from Moslem holy men, and for the purely pragmatic reason that men far outnumber women in Africa's desert lands. Today the belly dancers of the Ouled Naïl have pretty much gone to pot and their dancing is not much better than what can be seen at most American navel-waving parlors. But some of them are still quite proficient at their alternate art and can be found in the pseudo seragli along the back streets of Algerian cities. Taxi drivers and street peddlers generally know their whereabouts.

In neighboring Tunisia, the contrast between old and new is best witnessed in an office building at the end of the day. Here, the secretaries, many with bleached-blond coiffures, all in low-cut blouses and high heels, will prepare to leave for the evening in two quite different ways.

Some, who live alone or with roommates, will freshen their make-up and hurry to meet a gentleman friend at a sidewalk café in Tunis' European sector; they will have cocktails or Khalifa wine before dining on skewered *mechoui* of lamb at the Kortoba or Brasserie de la Paix restaurant, as a prelude to a serious evening of gambling amid the magnificent Moorish decor of the Casino du Belvedere. At the same office, other girls who live at home will remove their make-up, dutifully don veils and djellabas and return to their families, who still demand respect for the old ways. "Our young girls," a Tunisian said recently, "are fully in the Modern Age, while their mothers are still in the Veil Age and their grandmothers remain in the Stone Age."

Egypt, from whence the most exotic tales of African women—and the *Alexandria Quartet*—have sprung, is no longer the sexiest country on the continent. In his zeal to rid the nation of the excesses engendered by free-loving King Farouk, Gamal Abdel Nasser has swung the pendulum far to the other side—toward a kind of Moslem puritanism. Cairo has been scrubbed creosote clean of the vice that reigned along with Farouk. His international congress of consorts—and there were hundreds of them—have fled their plush apartments for new arrangements on the Riviera, in South America and even in the harems of oil-rich Arabia. So stringent are Egypt's new blue laws that belly dancers, while still allowed to churn, are not permitted to expose their navels. The oldest profession is strictly forbidden and those who still ply it are apt to be, literally, the oldest professionals.

But rules cannot kill romance and a visitor to Egypt may still strike up a pleasant liaison with an emancipated working girl. At Cairo's towering Nile Hilton hotel, for instance, many a wellborn Egyptian girl can be found working as a waitress. Egyptian girls prefer this kind of work because it pays more than three times as much as a government job and because it offers an excellent chance to snag a wealth-heeled visitor.

Despite Nasser's regime, Egyptian girls still have a taste for luxury and will usually welcome all that the itinerant male can bestow. The sidewalk cafés of both Cairo and fashionable Alexandria are ideal places for striking up acquaintances over aperitifs, and an invitation to dinner at any of several elegant restaurants will likely be met with immediate acceptance. In Cairo, take her to the Kursaal, Ermitage, Regent, Groppi's, Le Grillion or Saint James for excellent European cuisine or to the Khumais for Egyptian specialties lavishly served on huge brass trays. Night life in Cairo, while no longer in its former Faroukian glory, is still lively. The Mokkaam

Casino, Sahara City, Fontana, Abdine Palace and Auberge des Pyramides all feature dancing girls. But if you are more interested in dancing with your own date, the posh Belvedere Room atop the Nile Hilton is recommended, as is the Semiramis, the Meno House near the Pyramids and — ironically — the Khassed Kheir, Farouk's former yacht.

When it comes to being entertained by Egyptian girls and their families, you'll find that members of the military class are far more expensive than wealthier civilians. Fantastically high luxury taxes plus a fear of revealing private resources are responsible for this.

Venturing southwest from Egypt into the central Sahara, one finds the fair-skinned Hamitic Tuaregs, a unique nomadic tribe. The Tuaregs are the exception that proves the rule of the veil in North Africa: The women, who are tall, beautiful and often fair haired, go barefaced while the men are masked behind blue veils.

Tuaregs also provide another strange exception by being the last people in Africa to continue breeding their own slaves, a Negroid group called the Bellah. The Bellah girls are initiated sexually before they are 10 and serve as concubines only until they are old enough to conceive. Afterward they are bred with members of their own race. While this practice is officially condemned, it has never been stopped because the Bellah docilely follow their masters across the desert.

Less organized forms of slavery also continue in North Africa, kept alive by the demand for odalisques (harem girls) among wealthy Arabians. The going price for a white girl, often lured into slavery through a phony promise of a theatrical or cabaret engagement, is enormous. Fair-skinned Egyptians, Tunisians, Lebanese and Syrians are also in great demand.

With the tightening of international control, the price of slaves has skyrocketed. In 1947 the rate ranged from \$390 to \$630 for a fair-looking female, but by 1953 a girl of 15 was fetching more than \$2000. Today the price for any attractive fair-skinned woman is a minimum of \$7000.

Only three years ago, according to the Anti-Slavery Report of June 1960, an Egyptian girl who looked like ex-Queen Soraya of Iran accused her husband-of-a-week of trying to sell her for \$10,000. The man confessed to peddling his 65 former wives to agents of various Persian Gulf princes but insisted that none of them had complained. (If it seems strange that he was able to wed 65 women, it must be remembered that while Moslem law permits a man only four wives at a time, it also permits him to shed them by simply saying, "I divorce you," three times.)

While light-colored slave girls rank with Cadillacs as status symbols, Negro girls are also in demand as bedroom *kijakazis* (Swahili for slave girls) because of a belief that their skin remains cool in hot weather.

There remains in our survey of the girls of Africa one elusive type not confined to any single part of the continent. This is the genus *Peregrina Americana* — the traveling American. She will be found in good measurement on tour or safari, in Peace Corps units and American embassies, and at nearly all African universities. While it may seem like carrying coals to Newcastle, the Made-in-U.S.A. miss can be a fine traveling companion.

Contrary to what you may have heard, there *are* attractive girls in the Peace Corps, but you may find among them a kind of reverse snobbery. Postcard writers notwithstanding, these dedicated good-will girls are apt to have little interest in you unless you are either a Corpsman or a native African.

Friendly, free and highly recommended are the embassy girls. They

know the land around them, often speak the language, and most possess a keen taste for adventure. Also, they generally have their own apartments.

If you are now ready to pack up and take off for Africa, one or two additional bits of information may be helpful.

First, never refer to any African girl as a "native." Although the term seems harmless and is, by dictionary definition, correct, Africans misinterpret it (just as white settlers misinterpret *bwana*) and consider it a slur.

Secondly, a knowledge of the local language may speed rapport but it is far from essential. Africa's girls, you'll find, speak as much with their eyes as with their tongues. They'll enjoy helping you to be understood and you will enjoy their help.

Finally, remember they are not simple. They possess a proud awareness of their desirability and — like desirable girls the world over — must be tracked and lured like the flighty gazelle. But, as our accompanying photos indicate, the girls of Africa are well worth that effort.



REAL ESTATE *(continued from page 100)*

wanted to own land, build a home or operate income property. Each momentary "owner" of a piece of property had but a single thought in his mind — to sell as soon as he could and to make as large a profit as possible.

For example, there were an estimated 2000 real estate offices and 25,000 real estate salesmen in Miami, Florida, alone in 1925. Theoretically, they sold property — ranging from single lots to huge tracts of land. In actual practice, all that most of them sold were "binders." The buyer paid a small percentage of the agreed sales price of a property and received a receipt which constituted a binder; the property was then his until the next payment fell due 30 or 60 days later. The overwhelming majority of buyers sold their binders just as soon as they could realize a profit on them. With prices spiraling wildly, they seldom had to wait more than a few days — or at most, a few weeks — before finding another feverish speculator who would give them more money than they'd paid.

There was more truth than humor in the following tale that made the rounds at the height of the 1920s' Florida land boom. According to the story, a Miami realtor had taken a prospective buyer out to look at a dismal and utterly useless swamp tract. The client stared at the forbidding landscape in dismay.

"No one could ever build anything on this land!" he said. "It's worthless!"

"So what?" the realtor shrugged. "Land down here ain't for ownin'; it's for tradin' . . . !"

The post-World War II real estate boom is entirely different from those which took place during the Twenties. There is a solid demand for building sites, for homes, commercial and industrial sites and buildings and income properties. The people and the firms who are in the market for such properties are serious buyers. They want to buy or build houses, stores, factories — or whatever — for their own use or for the purpose of leasing or renting them to others in order to earn income for themselves. In short, they really want to *own* the properties they buy. The number of out-and-out speculators today is, as far as I can see, negligible.

Current real estate prices aren't high because they have been driven up by irresponsible speculation, as was so often the case in the past. Prices have risen because a constantly increasing population with money to invest has created — and continues to create — a great demand for real property of all kinds in almost every part of the country.

I, for one, do not anticipate any major break in real estate values in the foreseeable future. Some soft spots may

develop here and there, and there may be tendencies to oversell or overbuild in some areas, but I believe the overall trend in real estate will continue to be up for a considerable time to come.

Of late, the companies I control and I have made sizable investments in real estate. The Tidewater Oil Company Building on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles was completed not long ago at a cost of nearly \$10,000,000. This building is designed for expansion after restrictive zoning regulations now in force have expired. Plans call for the addition of seven floors to the present six-story structure in the near future. The new 15-story Skelly Oil Company Building in Tulsa, Oklahoma, also represents a \$10,000,000 investment. The even newer 22-story Getty Oil Company Building in New York City involved an investment of some \$14,000,000.

I would imagine that these and the other real estate investments my companies and I have undertaken in recent years provide convincing demonstrations of the confidence my associates and I have in the reality of real estate values.

Investors can find many potentially profitable opportunities in real estate today. They must, however, know what they are doing before and after they invest their money if they hope to reap profits. I think that I've already indicated that real estate is not always the safest form of investment for the inexperienced. This applies even to the simplest, most common type of real estate investment — home buying or building.

The home builder or buyer should take great care in selecting the site or house he buys. He should, for example, acquaint himself thoroughly with the zoning regulations which govern building and the use of property in the neighborhood or section in which the property he wishes to buy is located. It's not enough merely to ask the real estate salesman or the neighbors. Many a happy family has moved into its vine-covered dream cottage only to wake up one fine morning and discover that a glue factory or sewage-disposal plant was being built next door.

The home builder or buyer should also know something — and the more the better — about building. He should be able to judge — at least within reasonable limits — whether or not a house is built well. If he doesn't know about such things himself, he should most certainly have someone who *does* know make an inspection of the house for him before he buys, or keep an eye on the progress of construction if he builds.

As for the professional or semiprofessional real estate investor, in order to have any hope of success, he must

have knowledge of a vast range of subjects running the alphabetical gamut from architecture to zoning laws. He should also retain a much-better-than-average lawyer. If it's true that possession is nine points of the law, it's equally true that nine tenths of the problems involved in the possession of real property are legal ones.

It's not possible to list any specific, universally applicable rules to guide the real estate investor. There are far too many different types of real property — ranging from single lots in uninhabited areas to entire complexes of residential, industrial or commercial buildings. The rules investors follow — or should follow — vary widely according to the type of property involved, the use which is to be made of it and local and even individual considerations. To illustrate what I mean, I'll pose four hypothetical — but valid — real estate situations:

1. A Cleveland, Ohio, salesman wants to buy a home in the \$15,000 price bracket for himself and his family.

2. A South Carolina executive wants to purchase a 24-unit apartment house as an income-producing investment.

3. An Oregon lumberman is considering the purchase of 1000 acres of virgin timberland.

4. A New York financier is planning to buy an entire block of brownstone houses, demolish them and build a skyscraping office building on the site.

Save for the fact that all four of these individuals want to invest their money in real estate, there is very little that they have in common. Their intents and purposes vary widely. They could not use precisely the same business yardsticks to measure the properties they contemplate buying. This is true of almost all real estate deals. Each one has its own set of variable factors and differs from the next. Nonetheless, there *are* some general rules and pointers which provide a valuable checklist of things to do — and not to do — for anyone who is thinking of making an investment in any kind of real estate.

1. Make a thorough study of the real estate market and its prospects in your area before you buy. Naturally, you should seek to buy when prices are low and the indications are that values will rise. Always take into consideration such factors as the rate of population increase and the general prospects of business in the area. There is no quicker way to lose money in real estate than by investing it in property located in declining areas.

2. Know or learn as much as possible about every aspect of the particular use to which you intend putting the property you wish to buy. In other words, don't buy a house unless you're certain that it's suited to the requirements of your family and that it's well built. Don't plan on having a house built unless you

know something about building — or at the very least until you've found an architect and a building contractor in whom you have complete confidence.

Don't consider buying, say, a motel unless you know enough about motel management to have a fair chance of operating it profitably — or again at the very least, until you know enough to efficiently supervise anyone you hire to run the motel for you.

3. Deal only through licensed and reputable real estate brokers. Beware the fast-talking, high-pressure real estate salesman who promises everything — verbally. He is probably a fly-by-night who doesn't much care what he sells you or anyone else.

4. If you buy a property with a view to improving it or building on it, be certain that you have adequate capital or are able to obtain adequate financing to complete the project.

5. If at all possible, always obtain at least one impartial, third-party appraisal of any property before you buy it.

6. If buying a building of any kind — be it Cape Cod cottage, 1000-room hotel or Willow Run-size factory — have it inspected carefully by qualified and disinterested architects or builders before entering into any binding commitments. If buying an existing income property such as an apartment house, have the owner's books checked by a disinterested

accountant. If the owner of the building or the income property balks at such inspections, look out.

7. Whether you're in the market for a cabin site or a skyscraper, shop around widely and cautiously. Unless you happen to run across an irresistible bargain you must snap up immediately, take your time about making up your mind. Don't allow yourself to be stampeded into paying any deposits or binders until you're absolutely certain you've found the property you want. Remember that the purchase of real property usually involves heavy capital investment; don't take unnecessary chances with your money.

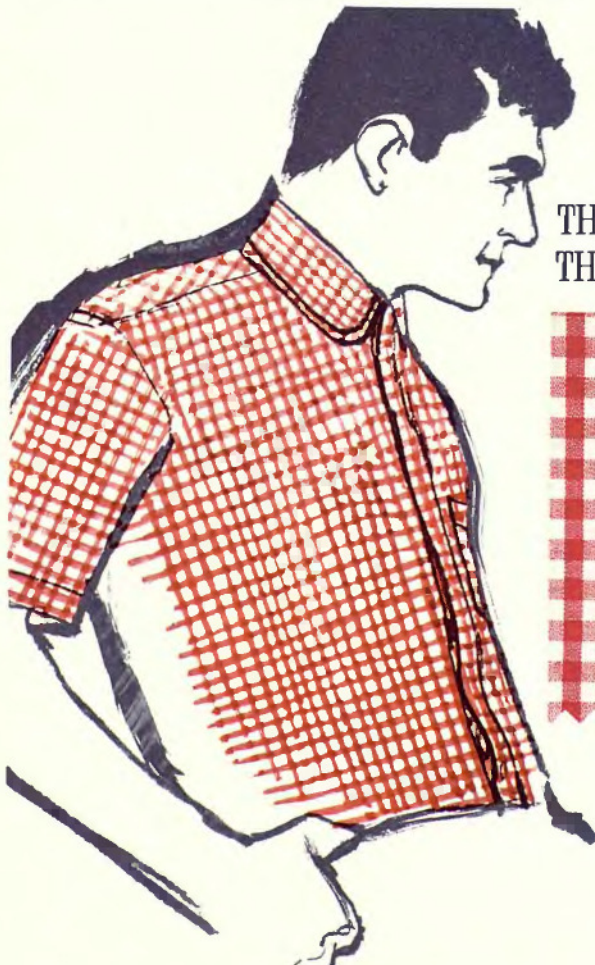
8. Make certain you have the best available legal advice before signing any agreements, contracts or other documents. I do not mean to suggest that there is anything dishonest or misleading in the majority of such documents. On the other hand, few laymen are able to follow the labyrinthine mazes of legal terminology which are used in them. To avoid misunderstandings, it is always best to have an attorney translate the "whereas"-studded fine-print clauses into coherent everyday English. Even seasoned real estate investors sometimes fail to have this done — and the ensuing squabbles between buyers and sellers usually wind up in courtrooms.

9. Always insure the title to any property you buy. Even the most meticulous title search may fail to turn up all the pertinent facts about the history of a property. The cost of title insurance is negligible. The expense of fighting a lawsuit over a clouded title can be staggering — as many real estate investors, I among them, have discovered to their regret.

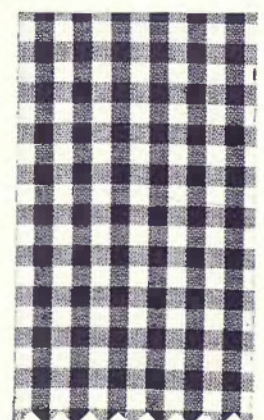
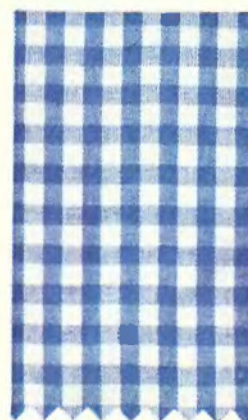
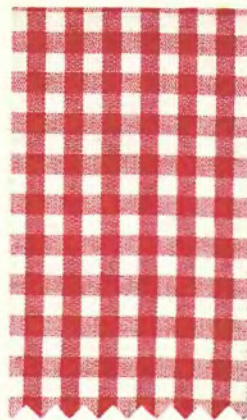
10. Once you've bought your property, treat it as a long-term investment, not as a short-term speculation. You'll find that — 99 times out of a hundred — you'll make much greater profits that way. In fact, if you wish to make money in real estate, always think in terms of investing and never in terms of speculating.

These 10 pointers do not, by any means, comprise an all-inclusive guide to successful real estate investment. Nor does the individual who follows them — however faithfully — have any guarantee that he will make a profit when he invests his money in real property.

But, I believe that the person who observes these rules goes a long way toward eliminating a significant portion of the most common dangers inherent in any transaction involving real property. And that, in itself, is sufficient to give him a healthy head start on the road to successful real estate investment.



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*W. S. ...
Campbell*

"Help!"

CHEESE IT *(continued from page 89)*

assurance that the royal taste buds would escape ennui each night, one appetite bait was always guaranteed to work. Louis' cooks, who valued their necks, invariably served spiced melted cheese on toast. In the 19th Century, Robert Louis Stevenson recalled, "Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese— toasted mainly." But what was dubbed toasted cheese in an age of redoubtable trenchermen bore little relationship to the anemic toasted cheese sandwich run up on a lunchtime grill. Digby's recipe for toasted cheese included, in artistically freewheeling fashion, cheese, butter, asparagus, bacon, onion, anchovies and spices, cooked down and poured over hot toast.

Some cheese "purists" claim that only certain hard cheeses such as cheddar, Swiss and parmesan are suitable for cooking. To submit others to heat, they aver, is criminal. Like all dogmatists they mistake their lack of imagination for insight. Any fair amount of gastronomic meandering through a European country— Italy, for instance— soon demonstrates that you can successfully cook cheese from the softest ricotta, through any of the semisoft clan, such as *bel paese*, right up to the hardest romano that you chop with an ax. Many of the so-called pasta dishes might just as well be called cheese dishes when you consider the cheeses that go into them.

Compared to the job of cooking meat, game and seafood entrees, conjuring up a cheese dish is a comparative pushover. No blanching, boning, braising, carving or other stunts are here to bedevil you. One notorious cheese trap, however, must always be avoided. All natural cheeses, that is, all those except process cheese, must never be subjected to high temperatures. Woo them gently over the most caressing of fires or they turn into rebellious tough strands. When cheese croquettes, for instance, are fried in deep fat, the bread-crumbs coating must provide protection for the fragile cheese within. When you place cheese in a chafing dish, you lower it into a sauce, wine or other protective medium rather than toss it directly into the hot pan. The flame underneath the chafing dish should be the kind that can readily be reduced.

In the world of fine food, no eating custom breaks the ice as fast as a happy herd sitting down at a fondue party. The etiquette, from Switzerland, is extremely civilized. Everybody eats out of the same dish. Cheese melted down with white wine and kirsch is prepared in the kitchen and brought to the table in a sturdy earthenware casserole, the *caquelon*. It's heated on a trivet over a spirit lamp. Actually, a metal chafing dish with water in the bottom pan is just as

good as, if not better than, the *caquelon*, since the chafing dish prevents the last pool of fondue from drying and hardening over the heat. Each fondue fancier is provided with a long, insulated fork. He spears a piece of French bread with it, dips it into the bubbling cheese, twirls it around, and then carries it from the fondue pan to his mouth. The man who drops a piece of bread in the fondue buys the wine if the party happens to be in a tavern. The smart money keeps the bread intact by spearing it through the soft part into the crust.

For chefs whose specialty is no cooking whatever, there are two succulent ready-made stand-bys— welsh rabbit in jars (which profits from the addition of several drops of Tabasco) and Swiss fondue in refrigerated packages (which usually benefits from an extra lacing of kirsch).

Cheese and wine have always been close kinsmen. Both are judged by mellowness, fragrance, body and breed, and both are tests of a man's connoisseurship. At wine-tasting sessions, cheese is the customary equipment for clearing the taste buds between sippings. Hot cheese dishes, unless they're overpoweringly spiced, perform the same job. When you pop a piece of bread covered with hot cheese into your mouth, a glass of wine cools things pleasantly. Ale and beer are inevitable with dishes of cheddar or cheshire cheese. With any of the informal dishes that follow, Swiss neuchatel, Rhine wine, *asti spumante* or California chardonnay are great tablemates.

FONDUE WITH PROSCIUTTO *(Serves four)*

1/2 lb. Swiss emmentaler cheese
1/2 lb. natural gruyère cheese
French bread
1/2 lb. prosciutto ham, sliced paper thin
4 tablespoons flour
1 1/2 cups dry white wine
2 cloves garlic
Whole nutmeg
4 tablespoons kirsch
Salt, pepper

Cut bread into chunks about 1 in. thick, taking care that each chunk of bread includes crust. Cut ham slices in half. Roll up each half cornucopia fashion. Pile bread in bread basket. Arrange ham slices on platter. Shred cheese by forcing it through large holes of square metal grater. Put cheese and flour in mixing bowl, tossing until cheese is coated with flour. Heat wine in top part of double boiler over direct flame until bubbles appear around edge of pan. Do not boil. Place over simmering water in bottom section of double boiler. Add cheese by handfuls to wine, stirring well. When the cheese is dissolved, add another handful, stirring well until all cheese is used. Squeeze garlic through

garlic press over fondue. Grate about 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg over fondue. Stir in kirsch. Add salt and pepper to taste. Pour fondue into chafing dish or *caquelon* before bringing it to dining room. Guests spear bread or ham and dip.

WELSH RABBIT WITH FRIED APPLE *(Serves four)*

1 lb. very sharp cheddar cheese
3 large Delicious apples
Flour
Salad oil
1 cup ale
1 teaspoon grated onion
1 teaspoon cider vinegar
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 teaspoon paprika
Salt, pepper, cayenne pepper
Peel and core apples and cut each one crosswise into four slices. Dip in flour. Heat oil to a depth of 1/4 in. in a large skillet until first wisp of smoke appears. Sauté apples until tender. Remove from pan and keep in warm place. Shred cheese by forcing it through large holes of square metal grater. In the top part of a double boiler, over direct flame, heat ale until bubbles appear around edge of pan. Do not boil. Place ale over simmering water in bottom section of double boiler. Combine cheese and 2 tablespoons flour in bowl, tossing until cheese is coated with flour. Add cheese by handfuls to hot ale, stirring well. As soon as one handful is melted, add another. Stir frequently until all cheese is used. Add onion, vinegar, mustard, Worcestershire sauce, paprika and salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Place apples in individual shallow heated casseroles. Pour welsh rabbit over apples.

ROQUEFORT AND CHEDDAR TOAST *(Serves four)*

1/2 lb. roquefort cheese
1/2 lb. cheddar cheese
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
1/8 teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup hot milk
4 pieces French bread, each about 4 in. long
Paprika

Put both kinds of cheese through a meat grinder, using fine blade. In a mixing bowl combine cheese, Worcestershire sauce, mustard and cayenne pepper. Stir until thoroughly blended. In a small saucepan melt butter. Remove pan from flame and add flour, stirring until no lumps remain. Slowly add hot milk, stirring constantly. Return pan to a low flame, and simmer 3 minutes. Avoid scorching sauce. Chill sauce in refrigerator. Add sauce to cheese mixture, blending well. Cut each piece of French bread in half lengthwise. Spread cheese

mixture on bread. Place pieces of bread in a shallow baking pan or baking sheet. Sprinkle generously with paprika. Bake in preheated oven at 370°, 10 minutes. Serve very hot. (The cheese mixture, chilled, without the bread, may be used as a cold cheese canapé spread.)

CAMEMBERT CROQUETTES
(Serves four in appetizer portions)

- 8 ozs. camembert cheese
- 2 egg yolks, beaten
- ¼ cup light cream
- Bread crumbs
- Salt, pepper
- Flour
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- Deep fat for frying

Trim rind from camembert. Put cheese in mixing bowl, and stir until cheese is puréed. Add egg yolks, cream, ½ cup bread crumbs and salt and pepper to taste. Blend well. If mixture is too stiff to handle, add a little more cream. If mixture is too thin, add more bread crumbs. Shape into narrow cylinder-shaped croquettes about 2 in. long and ¾ in. thick. Dip in flour, coating thoroughly. Beat whole egg and salad oil together. Dip croquettes in egg mixture, coating thoroughly. Dip in bread crumbs, patting ends of croquettes flat. Heat deep fat to 370°. Fry until light brown. Turn croquettes while frying to prevent filling from breaking outer shell.

RICOTTA WITH CRAB MEAT
(Serves four)

- 1 lb. ricotta
- 6 ozs. bel paese cheese
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- ½ lb. crab meat
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 3 tablespoons minced green pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ¾ cup hot milk
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 2 tablespoons dry white wine

Salt, pepper
¼ cup prepared tomato sauce
Parmesan cheese
Cut bel paese cheese into small dice about ¼ in. thick. Combine ricotta, bel paese, whole egg and egg yolk, mixing well. Remove any pieces of shell or cartilage from crab meat. Sauté onion and pepper in butter until onion is yellow. Remove from flame and stir in flour. Slowly add hot milk. Return to low flame and simmer 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Combine crab meat and sauce. Add parsley, wine and salt and pepper to taste. Chill crab-meat mixture in refrigerator. Spread half ricotta mixture over a shallow 7-in. casserole. Spread crab meat over ricotta. Spread balance of ricotta over crab meat. Pour tomato sauce on top. Sprinkle generously with parmesan cheese. Bake in preheated oven, 370°, until cheese browns, about 20 to 25 minutes.

CHEESE AND ONION PIE
(Serves four)

- 9-in. unbaked pie shell
- ½ lb. wensleydale or cheshire cheese
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 large Spanish onion
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1 egg yolk
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- Paprika

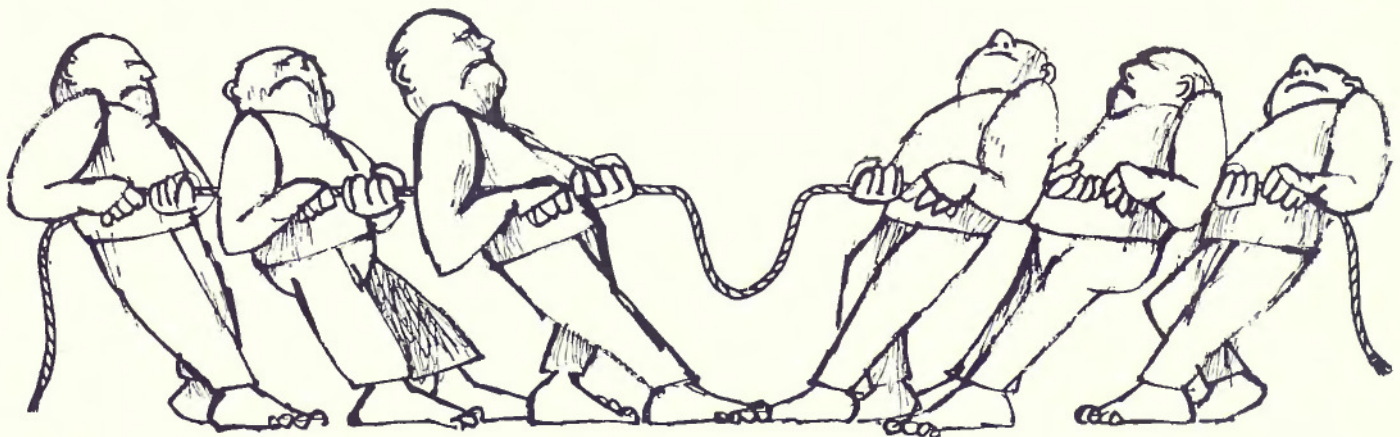
If above cheeses aren't obtainable, sharp moist American cheddar cheese may be used instead. Force cheese through large holes of square metal grater. In a mixing bowl toss the cheese and flour together. Cut onion in half through stem end, then cut into thinnest possible slivers. Sauté onion in butter over low flame until limp but not browned. Mix together the milk, egg, egg yolk, salt and pepper. Place cheese and sautéed onion in pie shell. Strain milk mixture into shell, and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in preheated oven at 400°, 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325°. Bake additional 25 to 30 minutes or until knife inserted in pie comes out clean.

CHESHIRE PUDDING
(Serves four)

- ¾ lb. cheshire cheese
- 2 cups milk
- 2 eggs, beaten
- Salt, pepper, paprika
- 1½ cups stale bread cubes, ½ in. thick
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ cup ale
- 1 teaspoon sharp prepared mustard
- ½ teaspoon dry English mustard

Heat milk until bubbles appear around edge of saucepan. Combine beaten eggs and milk in large mixing bowl. Add ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add bread cubes. Shred cheese by forcing it through large holes of square metal grater. Add one third of the cheese to bowl, mixing well. Divide the mixture among flour-greased custard cups. Place cups in a shallow baking pan with hot water. Bake in preheated oven at 370° about 30 minutes, or until top of pudding is firm when touched with spoon. While pudding is baking, combine remaining two thirds of cheese with flour in mixing bowl. Toss until thoroughly blended. Heat ale in top part of double boiler over direct flame, until bubbles appear around edge of pan. Place ale over simmering water in bottom section of double boiler. Add cheese in small batches to ale, stirring well, until cheese is dissolved. Add prepared mustard, dry mustard, 1 teaspoon paprika and salt and pepper to taste. Keep warm until serving time. Unmold pudding onto serving dishes. Pour hot cheese sauce over pudding. Sprinkle with paprika.

The variety of hot cheese dishes is limited only by the adventuresome scope of your imagination. In terms of its adaptability and ease of preparation, the cheese, truly, stands alone.



SHOEMAKER

FASHION FORECAST

(continued from page 108)

traditional six-button cardigan front will be supplanted by jacket-style three-button fronts or by clean-lined zipper fronts. So close, however, is the sartorial rapport between these two types of topwear that they're going to be turning up in matched sets of harmonizing stripes and solids for spring and summer wear: crew-neck pullover knits worn under coordinated cardigans, and collarless button-front knits worn over crew-neck pullovers. For more active leisurewear, the new knits will be showing up also in collarless cardigans, hooded parkas, sea- and ski-styled sweatshirt warmers, and zip-front models in crew- and boat-neck styles. Whatever the model, knitwear will be stepping out in emphatically outspoken solid shades and stripes. In another liaison of hitherto separate clothing categories, sport shirts will be indulging the urge to merge with jacket styles this spring. Result: unabashed sports-coat designs in many of the new sport shirts, giving birth to a brand-new article of informal attire—a versatile shirt-jacket like the one we featured last month.

Running a decided second but still in the fashion race, pullover sport shirts will be racking up stylish mileage with buttondown or Continental collar, and either zipper-front or slit-style neckline with matching snap-in bib, in effortless emulation of an ascot.

An indispensable coordinate for the entire leisure wardrobe, the new walk shorts will be seen in styles tailor-made for the slim physique and active pastimes of the man who plays as hard as he works. Emulating the lean lines and lively tones of casual slackwear, many of the new models will be cut below the waistline with form-fitting trimness in beltless styles accoutered with extension waistbands, adjustable side tabs and an assortment of unorthodox pocket treatments. With low-slung and standard waistbands, the new shorts will be running the gamut from classic boxers to mid-thigh Jamaicans, knee-topping Bermudas and even traditional golfing models with towel loops and commodious bellows pockets. And they'll be strutting their stuff in a choice multiple choice of ducks, denims, chambrays, oxfords, linen weaves, Dacron blends, and seersuckers. Solid tones will predominate in shades both subdued and supercharged. But multifarious stripes, checks and plaids will be no less conspicuous by their presence.

Swimwear will be taking the plunge with its perennial complement of trim knit cotton briefs and boxer trunks, which will be free-styling cleanly this season in tailored models of denim, madras and seersucker. But the biggest

fashion splash will be made by a neat new model that mirrors the low-slung look in slacks and walk shorts: a form-fitting trunk style cut below the waistline with extra-short squared legs. Available in both knit and woven fabrics, it will join the standard swimwear styles in brightening the briny—and attracting distaff admiration—with such undiluted shades as cardinal red, chrome yellow, electric blue and Kelly green in an assortment of solids, stripes, checks, glens and madras plaids. In another new wave of wetwear, Western styles will be getting into the swim with a blue-jean look in boxer trunks: denim and chambray converted to lastex and stretch-knit versions and detailed with rope belts and rugged contrast stitching. Cabana sets will be cresting in popularity with dozens of new coordinated swim-suit-topwear combinations.

For a preview of pace-setting fashions in footwear, backtrack briefly to last month's rundown on upcoming shoe-in favorites (*Feet First*). Then read on as we round out our profile of the warm-weather wardrobe with a few last words on the latest word in headgear, tailored to the lean lines of the seasonal silhouette in trim shapes with ultranarrow brims and low, tapered crowns with neat center creases. In dress models for the workaday world and evenings on the town they'll be a bit lighter than last year—both in shade and weight. Featherweight felts will be the order of the day and night in archconservative tones of beige, gray and blue with slightly darker bands in one-inch ribbon widths. There's also a suitable straw in the city wind: the immaculate Milan hat, a streamlined version of the classic Panama in ivory white banded with black. Topping the list of lids for leisurewear, cotton poplin hats in dress-felt shapes—some weatherized for rainwear—will be disporting themselves in rich glen plaids, Indian madras, hound's-tooths and bright district checks. Headlining the straw-hat circuit on beach and boardwalk: an S.R.O. cast of trim-brimmed, low-crowned lids in soft woven coconut fibers, braided palm leaves and hemp cloths encircled by rep-stripped bands in muted shades to match the mellow natural hat tones. Our nomination for the most improbable hat style of the year—and the most likely to succeed without really trying—is the "hobo" hat: a bandless, brimless, one-size cone of felt so flexible that it can be shaped effortlessly into almost any known or unknown hat style; it's do-it-yourself haberdashery for those who'd like to flip their lids to suit their whims and whereabouts—and a fitting capper for our forecast of the freewheeling fashions in store for the balmy months ahead.



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down his arms to the wrists and down the inside of his thighs. Then number two stood back, pocketed the Walther and again took out his own gun.

Bond glanced over his shoulder. The girl had said nothing, expressed neither surprise nor alarm. Now she was standing with her back to the group, looking out to sea, apparently relaxed, unconcerned. What in God's name was it all about? Had she been used as a bait? But for whom? And now what? Was he to be executed, his body left lying to be rolled back inshore by the tide? It seemed the only solution. If it was a question of some kind of a deal, the four of them could not just walk back across the mile of sand to the town and say polite goodbyes on the promenade steps. No. This was the terminal point. Or was it? From the north, through the deep indigo dusk, came the fast, rattling hum of an outboard and, as Bond watched, the cream of a thick bow wave showed and then the blunt outline of one of the Bombard rescue craft, the flat-bottomed inflatable rubber boats with a single Thompson engine in the flattened stern. So they had been spotted! By the coastguards perhaps? And here was rescue! By God, he'd roast these two thugs when they got to the harbor police at the Vieux Port! But what story would he tell about the girl?

Bond turned back to face the men. At once he knew the worst. They had rolled their trousers up to the knees and were waiting, composedly, their shoes in one hand and their guns in the other. This was no rescue. It was just part of the ride. Oh well! Paying no attention to the men, Bond bent down, rolled up his trousers as they had done and, in the process of fumbling with his socks and shoes, palmed one of his heel knives and, half turning toward the boat that had now grounded in the shallows, transferred it to his right-hand trouser pocket.

No words were exchanged. The girl climbed aboard first, then Bond, and lastly the two men who helped the reversing engine with a final shove on the stern. The boatman, who looked like any other French deep-sea fisherman, whirled the blunt nose of the Bombard round, changed gears to forward, and they were off northward through the buffeting waves while the golden hair of the girl streamed back and softly whipped James Bond's cheek.

"Tracy. You're going to catch cold. Here. Take my coat." Bond slipped his coat off. She held out a hand to help him put it on her. In the process her hand found his and pressed it. Now what the hell? Bond edged closer to her. He felt her body respond. Bond glanced at the two men. They sat hunched against the wind, their hands in their

pockets, watchful, but somehow uninterested. Behind them the necklace of lights that was Royale receded swiftly until it was only a golden glow on the horizon. James Bond's right hand felt for the comforting knife in his pocket and ran his thumb across the razor-sharp blade.

While he wondered how and when he might have a chance to use it, the rest of his mind ran back over the previous 24 hours and panned them for the gold-dust of truth.

• • •

Almost exactly 24 hours before, James Bond had been nursing his car, the old Continental Bentley—the "R" type chassis with the big 6 engine and a 13:40 back-axle ratio—that he had now been driving for three years, along that fast but dull stretch of N.1 between Abbeville and Montreuil that takes the English tourist back to his country via Silver City Airways from Le Touquet or by ferry from Boulogne or Calais. He was hurrying safely, at between 80 and 90, driving by the automatic pilot that is built into all rally-class drivers, and his mind was totally occupied with drafting his letter of resignation from the Secret Service.

The letter, addressed "Personal for M," had got to the following stage:

Sir,

I have the honor to request that you will accept my resignation from the Service, effective forthwith.

My reasons for this submission, which I put forward with much regret, are the following:

(1) My duties in the Service, until some 12 months ago, have been connected with the Double-O Section and you, Sir, have been kind enough, from time to time, to express your satisfaction with my performance of those duties, which I, for my part, have enjoyed. To my chagrin [Bond had been pleased with this fine word], however, on the successful completion of Operation "Thunderball," I received personal instructions from you to concentrate all my efforts, without a terminal date [another felicitous phrase!], on the pursuit of Ernst Stavro Blofeld and on his apprehension, together with any members of SPECTRE—otherwise "The Special Executive for Counter-Intelligence, Revenge and Extortion"—if that organization had been recreated since its destruction at the climax of Operation "Thunderball."

(2) I accepted the assignment with, if you will recall, reluctance. It seemed to me, and I so expressed

myself at the time, that this was purely an investigatory matter which could well have been handled, using straightforward police methods, by other sections of the Service—local Stations, allied foreign secret services and Interpol. My objections were overruled, and for close on 12 months I have been engaged all over the world in routine detective work which, in the case of every scrap of rumor, every lead, has proved abortive. I have found no trace of this man nor of a revived SPECTRE, if such exists.

(3) My many appeals to be relieved of this wearisome and fruitless assignment, even when addressed to you personally, Sir, have been ignored or, on occasion, curtly dismissed, and my frequent animadversions [another good one!] to the effect that Blofeld is dead have been treated with a courtesy that I can only describe as scant. [Neat, that! Perhaps a bit too neat!]

(4) The above unhappy circumstances have recently achieved their climax in my undercover mission (Ref. Station R'S PX 437/007) to Palermo, in pursuit of a hare of quite outrageous falsity. This animal took the shape of one "Blauenfelder," a perfectly respectable German citizen engaged in viticulture—specifically the grafting of Moselle grapes onto the Sicilian strains to enhance the sugar content of the latter which, for your passing information [Steady on, old chap! Better redraft all this!], are inclined to sourness. My investigations into this individual brought me to the attention of the Mafia and my departure from Sicily was, to say the least, ignominious.

(5) Having regard, Sir, to the above and, specifically, to the continued misuse of the qualities, modest though they may be, that have previously fitted me for the more arduous, and, to me, more rewarding, duties associated with the work of the Double-O Section, I beg leave to submit my resignation from the Service.

I am, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant

007

Of course, reflected Bond, as he nursed the long bonnet of his car through a built-up S-bend, he would have to rewrite a lot of it. Some of it was a bit pompous and there were one or two cracks that would have to be ironed out or toned down. But that was the gist of what he would dictate to his secretary when he got back to the office the day after tomorrow. And if she burst into tears, to hell with her!



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He meant it. By God he did. He was fed to the teeth with chasing the ghost of Blofeld. And the same went for SPECTRE. The thing had been smashed. Even a man of Blofeld's genius, in the impossible event that he still existed, could never get a machine of that caliber running again.

It was then, on a 10-mile straight cut through a forest, that it happened. Triple wind horns screamed their banshee discord in his ear, and a low, white two-seater, a Lancia Flaminia Zagato Spyder with its hood down, tore past him, cut in cheekily across his bonnet and pulled away, the sexy boom of its twin exhausts echoing back from the border of trees. And it was a girl driving, a girl with a shocking-pink scarf tied around her hair, leaving a brief pink tail that the wind blew horizontally behind her.

If there was one thing that set James Bond really moving in life, with the exception of gunplay, it was being passed at high speed by a pretty girl; and it was his experience that girls who drove competitively like that were always pretty—and exciting. The shock of the wind horn's scream had automatically cut out "George," emptied Bond's head of all other thought, and brought his car back under manual control. Now, with a tight-lipped smile, he stamped his foot to the floorboard, held the wheel firmly at a quarter to three, and went after her.

One-hundred, 110, 115, and he still wasn't gaining. Bond reached forward to the dashboard and flicked up a red switch. The thin high whine of machinery on the brink of torment tore at his eardrums and the Bentley gave an almost perceptible kick forward: 120, 125. He was definitely gaining: 50 yards, 40, 30!

Now he could just see her eyes in her rearview mirror. But the good road was running out. One of those exclamation marks that the French use to denote danger flashed by on his right. And now, over a rise, there was a church spire, the clustered houses of a small village at the bottom of a steepish hill, the snake sign of another S-bend. Both cars slowed down—90, 80, 70. Bond watched her taillights briefly blaze, saw her right hand reach down to the floor stick, almost simultaneously with his own, and change down. Then they were in the S-bend, on *pavé*, and he had to brake as he enviously watched the way her de Dion axle married her rear wheels to the rough going, while his own live axle wrenched at his arms. And then it was the end of the village, and, with a brief wag of her tail as she came out of the S, she was off like a bat out of hell up the long straight rise and he had lost 50 yards.

And so the race went on, Bond gaining a little on the straights but losing it all to the famous Lancia road-holding through the villages—and, he had to admit, to her wonderful, nerveless driving. And now a big Michelin sign said MONTREUIL 5, ROYALE LES EAUX 10, LE TOUQUET PARIS PLAGE 15, and he wondered about her destination and debated with himself whether he shouldn't forget about Royale and the night he had promised himself at its famous casino and just follow where she went, wherever it was, and find out who this devil of a girl was.

The decision was taken out of his hands. Montreuil is a dangerous town with cobbled, twisting streets and much farm traffic. Bond was 50 yards behind her at the outskirts, but, with his big car, he couldn't follow her fast slalom

through the hazards and, by the time he was out of the town and over the Étaples-Paris level crossing, she had vanished. The left-hand turn for Royale came up. Was there a little dust hanging in the bend? Bond took the turn, somehow knowing that he was going to see her again.

He leaned forward and flicked down the red switch. The moan of the blower died away and there was silence in the car as he motored along, easing his tense muscles. He wondered if the supercharger had damaged the engine. Against the solemn warnings of Rolls-Royce, he had had fitted, by his pet expert at the Headquarters' motor pool, an Arnott supercharger controlled by a magnetic clutch. Rolls-Royce had said the crankshaft bearings wouldn't take the extra load and, when he confessed to them what he had done, they regretfully but firmly withdrew their guarantees and washed their hands of their bastardized child. This was the first time he had notched 125 and the rev. counter had hovered dangerously over the red line at 4500. But the temperature and oil were OK and there were no expensive noises. And, by God, it had been fun!

James Bond idled through the pretty approaches to Royale, through the young beeches and the heavy-scented pines, looking forward to the evening and remembering his other annual pilgrimages to this place and, particularly, the great battle across the baize he had had with Le Chiffre so many years ago. He had come a long way since then, dodged many bullets and much death and loved many girls, but there had been a drama and a poignancy about that particular adventure that every year drew him back to Royale and its casino and to the small granite cross in the little churchyard that simply said "VESPER LYND. R.I.P."

And now what was the place holding for him on this beautiful September evening? A big win? A painful loss? A beautiful girl—that beautiful girl?

To think first of the game. This was the weekend of the "*clôture annuelle*." Tonight, this very Saturday night, the Casino Royale was holding its last night of the season. It was always a big event and there would be pilgrims even from Belgium and Holland, as well as the rich regulars from Paris and Lille. In addition, the "*Syndicat d'Initiative et des Bains de Mer de Royale*" traditionally threw open its doors to all its local contractors and suppliers, and there was free champagne and a great groaning buffet to reward the town people for their work during the season. It was a tremendous carouse that rarely finished before breakfast time. The tables would be packed and there would be a very high game indeed.



Bond had one million francs of private capital — Old Francs, of course — about 800 pounds' worth. He always reckoned his private funds in Old Francs. It made him feel so rich. On the other hand, he made out his official expenses in New Francs because that made them look smaller — but probably not to the Chief Accountant at Headquarters! One million francs! For that evening he was a millionaire! Might he so remain by tomorrow morning!

And now he was coming into the Promenade des Anglais and there was the bastard Empire frontage of the Hotel Splendide. And there, by God, on the gravel sweep alongside its steps, stood the little white Lancia and, at this moment, a *bagagiste*, in a striped waistcoat and green apron, was carrying two Vuitton suitcases up the steps to the entrance! So!

James Bond slid his car into the million-pound line of cars in the car park, told the same *bagagiste*, who was now taking rich, small stuff out of the Lancia, to bring up his bags, and went in to the reception desk. The manager impressively took over from the clerk and greeted Bond with golden-toothed effusion, while making a mental note to earn a good mark with the Chef de Police by reporting Bond's arrival, so that the Chef could, in his turn, make a good mark with the Deuxième and the SDT by putting the news on the teleprinter to Paris.

Bond said, "By the way, Monsieur Maurice. Who is the lady who has just driven up in the white Lancia? She is staying here?"

"Yes, indeed, Mon Commandant." Bond received an extra two teeth in the enthusiastic smile. "The lady is a good friend of the house. The father is a very big industrial tycoon from the south. She is La Comtesse Teresa di Vicenzo. Monsieur must surely have read of her in the papers. Madame la Comtesse is a lady — how shall I put it? — the smile became secret, between men — "a lady, shall we say, who lives life to the full."

"Ah, yes. Thank you. And how has the season been?"

The small talk continued as the manager personally took Bond up in the lift and showed him into one of the handsome gray and white Directoire rooms with the deep rose coverlet on the bed that Bond remembered so well. Then, with a final exchange of courtesies, James Bond was alone.

Bond was faintly disappointed. She sounded a bit grand for him, and he didn't happen to like girls, film stars for instance, who were in any way public property. He liked private girls, girls he could discover himself and make his own. Perhaps, he admitted, there was inverted snobbery in this. Perhaps, even less worthily, it was that the famous ones



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were less easy to get.

His two battered suitcases came and he unpacked leisurely and then ordered from Room Service a bottle of the Taittinger Blanc de Blanc that he had made his traditional drink at Royale. When the bottle, in its frosted silver bucket, came, he drank a quarter of it rather fast and then went into the bathroom and had an ice-cold shower and washed his hair with Pinaud Elixir, that prince among shampoos, to get the dust of the roads out of it. Then he slipped on his dark-blue tropical worsted trousers, white sea-island cotton shirt, socks and black casual shoes (he abhorred shoelaces), and went and sat by the window and looked out across the promenade to the sea and wondered where he would have dinner and what he would choose to eat.

James Bond was not a gourmet. In England he lived on grilled soles, *œufs cocotte* and cold roast beef with potato salad. But when traveling abroad, generally by himself, meals were a welcome break in the day, something to look forward to, something to break the tension of fast driving, with its risks taken or avoided, the narrow squeaks, the permanent background of concern for the fitness of his machine. In fact, at this moment, after covering the long stretch from the Italian frontier at Ventimiglia in a comfortable three days (God knew there was no reason to hurry back to Headquarters!), he was fed to the teeth with the sucker traps for gourmandising tourists. The "Hostelleries," the "Vicilles Auberges," the "Relais Fleuris" — he had had the lot. He had had their "Bonnes Tables" and their "Fines Bouteilles." He had had their "Spécialités du Chef" — generally a rich sauce of cream and wine and a few button mushrooms concealing poor quality meat or fish. He had had the whole lip-smacking ritual of winemanship and foodmanship and, incidentally, he had had quite enough of the Bisodol that went with it!

It was to efface all these dyspeptic memories that Bond now sat at his window, sipped his Taittinger and weighed up the pros and cons of the local eating places and wondered what dishes it would be best to gamble on. He finally chose one of his favorite restaurants in France, a modest establishment, unpromisingly placed exactly opposite the railway station of Étaples, rang up his old friend Monsieur Bécaud for a table and, two hours later, was motoring back to the Casino with Turbot poché, sauce mousseline, and the best half roast partridge he had eaten in his life, under his belt.

Greatly encouraged, and further stimulated by half a bottle of Mouton Rothschild '53 and a glass of 10-year-old calvados with his three cups of coffee, he went cheerfully up the thronged steps

of the Casino with the absolute certitude that this was going to be a night to remember.

(The Bombard had now beaten round the dolefully clanging bell buoy and was hammering slowly up the River Royale against the current. The gay lights of the little marina, haven of cross-channel yachtsmen, showed way up on the right bank, and it crossed Bond's mind to wait until they were slightly above it and then plunge his knife into the side and bottom of the rubber Bombard and swim for it. But he already heard in his mind the boom of the guns and heard the zwip and splash of the bullets round his head until, probably, there came the bright burst of light and the final flash of knowledge that he had at last had it. And anyway, how well could the girl swim, and in this current? Bond was now very cold. He leaned closer against her and went back to remembering the night before and combing his memories for clues.)

He paused for a moment by the *caisse*, his nostrils flaring at the smell of the crowded, electric, elegant scene, then he walked slowly across to the top *chemin de fer* table beside the entrance to the luxuriously appointed bar, and caught the eye of Monsieur Pol, the Chef de Jeu of the high game. Monsieur Pol spoke to a *huissier* and Bond was shown to number seven, reserved by a counter from the *huissier's* pocket. The *huissier* gave a quick brush to the baize inside the line — that famous line that had been the bone of contention in the Tranby Croft case involving King Edward VII — polished an ashtray and pulled out the chair for Bond. Bond sat down. The shoe was at the other end of the table, at number three. Cheerful and relaxed, Bond examined the faces of the other players while the *Changeur* changed his notes for a hundred thousand into 10 blood-red counters of ten thousand each. Bond stacked them in a neat pile in front of him and watched the play which, he saw from the notice hanging between the green-shaded lights over the table, was for a minimum of one hundred New Francs, or ten thousand of the old. But he noted that the game was being opened by each banker for up to five hundred New Francs — serious money — say forty pounds as a starter.

The players were the usual international mixture — three Lille textile tycoons in overpadded dinner jackets, a couple of heavy women in diamonds who might be Belgian, a rather Agatha Christie-style little Englishwoman who played quietly and successfully and might be a villa owner, two middle-aged Americans in dark suits who appeared cheerful and slightly drunk, probably down from Paris, and Bond. Watchers and casual punters were two deep round the table. No girl!

The game was cold. The shoe went slowly round the table, each banker in turn going down on that dread third coup which, for some reason, is the sound barrier at *chemin de fer* which must be broken if you are to have a run. Each time, when it came to Bond's turn, he debated whether to bow to the pattern and pass his bank after the second coup. Each time, for nearly an hour of play, he obstinately told himself that the pattern would break, and why not with him? That the cards have no memory and that it was time for them to run. And each time, as did the other players, he went down on the third coup. The shoe came to an end. Bond left his money on the table and wandered off among the other tables, visiting the roulette, the *trente et quarante* and the baccarat table, to see if he could find the girl. When she had passed him that evening in the Lancia, he had only caught a glimpse of fair hair and of a pure, rather authoritative profile. But he knew that he would recognize her at once, if only by the cord of animal magnetism that had bound them together during the race. But there was no sign of her.

Bond went back to the table. The croupier was marshaling the eight packs into the oblong block that would soon be slipped into the waiting shoe. Since Bond was beside him, the croupier offered him the neutral, plain red card to cut the pack with. Bond rubbed the card between his fingers and, with amused deliberation, slipped it as nearly halfway down the block of cards as he could estimate. The croupier smiled at him and at his deliberation, went through the legerdemain that would in due course bring the red stop card into the tongue of the shoe and stop the game just six cards before the end of the shoe, packed the long block of cards into the shoe, slid in the metal tongue that held them prisoner and announced, loud and clear: "*Messieurs* [the "*mesdames*" are traditionally not mentioned; since Victorian days it has been assumed that ladies do not gamble], *les jeux sont faits. Numéro six à la main.*" The Chef de Jeu, on his throne behind the croupier, took up the cry, the *huissiers* shepherded distant stragglers back to their places, and the game began again.

James Bond confidently bancoed the Lille tycoon on his left, won, made up the *cagnotte* with a few small counters, and doubled the stake to two thousand New Francs — two hundred thousand of the old.

He won that, and the next. Now for the hurdle of the third coup and he was off to the races! He won it with a natural nine! Eight hundred thousand in the bank (as Bond reckoned it)! Again he won, with difficulty this time — his six against a five. Then he decided to play

it safe and pile up some capital. Of the one million, six, he asked for the six hundred to be put "*en garage*," removed from the stake, leaving a bank of one million. Again he won. Now he put a million "*en garage*." Once more a bank of a million, and now he would have a fat cushion of one million, six coming to him anyway! But it was getting difficult to make up his stake. The table was becoming wary of this dark Englishman who played so quietly, wary of the half-smile of certitude on his rather cruel mouth. Who was he? Where did he come from? What did he do? There was a murmur of excited speculation round the table. So far a run of six. Would the Englishman pocket his small fortune and pass the bank? Or would he continue to run it? Surely the cards must change! But James Bond's mind was made up. The cards have no memory in defeat. They also have no memory in victory. He ran the bank three more times, adding each time a million to his "*garage*," and then the little old English lady, who had so far left the running to the others, stepped in and bancoed him at the tenth turn, and Bond smiled across at her, knowing that she was going to win. And she did, ignominiously, with a one against Bond's "*bûche*" — two kings, making zero.

There was a sigh of relief round the table. The spell had been broken! And a whisper of envy as the heavy, mother-

of-pearl plaques piled nearly a foot high, four million, six hundred thousand francs' worth, well over three thousand pounds, were shunted across to Bond with the flat of the croupier's spatula. Bond tossed a plaque for a thousand New Francs to the croupier, received the traditional "*Merçi, monsieur! Pour le personnel!*" and the game went on.

James Bond lit a cigarette and paid little attention as the shoe went shunting round the table away from him. He had made a packet, dammit! A bloody packet! Now he must be careful. Sit on it. But not too careful, not sit on all of it! This was a glorious evening. It was barely past midnight. He didn't want to go home yet. So be it! He would run his bank when it came to him, but do no bancoing of the others — absolutely none. The cards had got hot. His run had shown that. There would be other runs now, and he could easily burn his fingers chasing them.

Bond was right. When the shoe got to number five, to one of the Lille tycoons two places to the left of Bond, an ill-mannered, loud-mouthed player who smoked a cigar out of an amber-and-gold holder and who tore at the cards with heavily manicured, spatulate fingers and slapped them down like a German tarot player, he quickly got through the third coup and was off. Bond, in accordance with his plan, left him severely alone and now, at the sixth coup, the bank



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stood at twenty thousand New Francs—two million of the old, and the table had got wary again. Everyone was sitting on his money.

The croupier and the Chef de Jeu made their loud calls, "*Un banco de deux cent mille! Faites vos jeux, messieurs. Il reste à compléter! Un banco de deux cent mille!*"

And then there she was! She had come from nowhere and was standing beside the croupier, and Bond had no time to take in more than golden arms, a beautiful golden face with brilliant blue eyes and shocking-pink lips, some kind of a plain white dress, a bell of golden hair down to her shoulders, and then it came. "Banco!"

Everyone looked at her and there was a moment's silence. And then "*Le banco est fait*" from the croupier, and the monster from Lille (as Bond now saw him) was tearing the cards out of the shoe, and hers were on their way over to her on the croupier's spatula.

She bent down and there was a moment of discreet cleavage in the white V of her neckline.

"*Une carte.*"

Bond's heart sank. She certainly hadn't anything better than a five. The monster turned his up. Seven. And now he scrambled out a card for her and flicked it contemptuously across. A simpering queen!

The croupier delicately faced her other two cards with the tip of his spatula. A four! She had lost!

Bond groaned inwardly and looked across to see how she had taken it.

What he saw was not reassuring. The girl was whispering urgently to the Chef de Jeu. He was shaking his head, sweat was beading on his cheeks. In the silence that had fallen round the table, the silence that licks its lips at the strong smell of scandal now electric in the air, Bond heard the Chef de Jeu say firmly, "*Mais c'est impossible. Je regrette, madame. Il faut vous arranger à la caisse.*"

And now that most awful of all whispers in a casino was running among the watchers and the players like a slithering reptile: "*Le coup du déshonneur! C'est le coup du déshonneur! Quelle honte! Quelle honte!*"

Oh, my God! thought Bond. She's done it! She hasn't got the money! And for some reason she can't get any credit at the *caisse!*

The monster from Lille was making the most of the situation. He knew that the casino would pay in the case of a default. He sat back with lowered eyes, puffing at his cigar, the injured party.

But Bond knew of the stigma the girl would carry for the rest of her life. The casinos of France are a strong trade union. They have to be. Tomorrow the telegrams would go out: "*Madame la Comtesse Teresa di Vincenzo, passport*

number X, is to be put on the black list." That would be the end of her casino life in France, in Italy, probably also in Germany, Egypt and, today, England. It was like being declared a bad risk at Lloyds' or with the City security firm of Dun and Bradstreet. In American gambling circles, she might even have been liquidated. In Europe, for her, the fate would be almost as severe. In the circles in which, presumably, she moved, she would be bad news, unclean. The "*coup du déshonneur*" simply wasn't done. It was social ostracism.

Not caring about the social ostracism, thinking only about the wonderful girl who had outdriven him, shown him her tail, between Abbeville and Montreuil, James Bond leaned slightly forward. He tossed two of the precious pearly plaques into the center of the table. He said, with a slightly bored, slightly puzzled intonation, "Forgive me. Madame has forgotten that we agreed to play in partnership this evening." And, not looking at the girl, but speaking with authority to the Chef de Jeu, "I beg your pardon. My mind was elsewhere. Let the game continue."

The tension round the table relaxed. Or rather it changed to another target, away from the girl. Was it true what this Englishman had said? But it must be! One does not pay two million francs for a girl. But previously there had been no relationship between them—so far as one could see. They had been at opposite sides of the table. No signs of complicity had been exchanged. And the girl? She had shown no emotion. She had looked at the man, once, with directness. Then she had quietly moved away from the table, toward the bar. There was certainly something odd here—something one did not understand. But the game was proceeding. The Chef de Jeu had surreptitiously wiped a handkerchief across his face. The croupier had raised his head, which, previously, had seemed to be bowed under some kind of emotional guillotine. And now the old pattern had re-established itself. "*La partie continue. Un banco de quatre cent mille!*"

James Bond glanced down at the still formidable pile of counters between his curved, relaxed arms. It would be nice to get that two million francs back. It might be hours before a banco of equal size offered the chance. After all, he was playing with the casino's money! His profits represented "found" money and, if he lost, he could still go away with a small profit—enough and to spare to pay for his night at Royale. And he had taken a dislike to the monster from Lille. It would be amusing to reverse the old fable—first to rescue the girl, then to slay the monster. And it was time for the man's run of luck to end. After all, the cards have no memory!

James Bond had not enough funds to take the whole banco, only half of it, what is known as "*avec la table*," meaning that the other players could make up the remaining half if they wanted to. Bond, forgetting the conservation strategy he had sworn himself to only half an hour before, leaned slightly forward and said, "*Avec la table*," and pushed twenty thousand New Francs over the line.

Money followed his onto the table. Was this not the Englishman with the green fingers? And Bond was pleased to note that the little old Agatha Christie Englishwoman supported him with ten thousand. That was a good omen! He looked at the banker, the man from Lille. His cigar had gone out in its holder and his lips, where they gripped the holder, were white. He was sweating profusely. He was debating whether to pass the hand and take his fat profits or have one more go. The sharp, piglike eyes darted round the table, estimating if his four million was covered.

The croupier wanted to hurry the play. He said firmly, "*C'est plus que fait, monsieur.*"

The man from Lille made up his mind. He gave the shoe a fat slap, wiped his hand on the baize and forced out a card. Then one for himself, another for Bond, the fourth for him. Bond did not reach across number six for the cards. He waited for them to be nudged toward him by the croupier. He raised them just off the table, slid them far enough apart between his hands to see the count, edged them together again and laid them softly face down again on the table. He had a five! That dubious jade on which one can either draw or not! The chances of improving your hand toward

or away from a nine are equal. He said "*Non*," quietly, and looked across at the two anonymous pink backs of the cards in front of the banker. The man tore them up, disgustedly tossed them out onto the table. Two knaves. A "*bûche*"! Zero!

Now there were only four cards that could beat Bond and only one, the five, that could equal him. Bond's heart thumped. The man scabbled at the shoe, snatched out the card, faced it. A nine, the nine of diamonds! The curse of Scotland! The best!

It was a mere formality to turn over and reveal Bond's miserable five. But there was a groan round the table. "*Il fallait tirer*," said someone. But if he had, Bond would have drawn the nine and disimproved down to a four. It all depended on what the next card, its pink tongue now hiding its secret in the mouth of the shoe, might have been. Bond didn't wait to see. He smiled a thin, rueful smile round the table to apologize to his fellow losers, shoveled the rest of his chips into his coat pocket, tipped the *huissier* who had been so busy emptying his ashtray over the hours of play, and slipped away from the table toward the bar, while the croupier triumphantly announced, "*Un banco de huit cent mille francs! Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Un banco de huit cent mille Nouveaux Francs.*" To hell with it! thought Bond. Half an hour before he had had a small fortune in his pocket. Now, through a mixture of romantic quixotry and sheer folly he had lost it all. Well, he shrugged, he had asked for a night to remember. That was the first half of it. What would be the second?

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her, staring moodily at nothing. She barely looked up when Bond slipped onto the chair next to hers and said, "Well, I'm afraid our syndicate lost again. I tried to get it back. I went 'avec'. I should have left that brute alone. I stood on a five and he had a 'bûche' and then drew a nine."

She said dully, "You should have drawn on the five. I always do." She reflected, "But then you would have had a four. What was the next card?"

"I didn't wait to see. I came to look for you."

She gave him a sideways, appraising glance. "Why did you rescue me when I made the 'coup du déshonneur'?"

Bond shrugged. "Beautiful girl in distress. Besides, we made friends between Abbeville and Montreuil this evening. You drive like an angel." He smiled. "But I don't think you'd have passed me if I'd been paying attention. I was doing about 90 and not bothering to keep an eye on the mirror. And I was thinking of other things."

The gambit succeeded. Vivacity came into her face and voice. "Oh, yes. I'd have beaten you anyway. I'd have passed you in the villages. Besides" — there was an edge of bitterness in her voice — "I would always be able to beat you. You want to stay alive."

Oh, Lord! thought Bond. One of those! A girl with a wing, perhaps two wings, down. He chose to let the remark lie. The half-bottle of Krug he had ordered came. After the *huissier* had half filled the glass, Bond topped it to the brim. He held it toward her without exaggeration. "My name is Bond, James Bond. Please stay alive, at any rate for tonight." He drank the glass down at one long gulp and filled it again.

She looked at him gravely, considering him. Then she also drank. She said, "My name is Tracy. That is short for all the names you were told at the reception in the hotel. Teresa was a saint. I am not a saint. The manager is perhaps a romantic. He told me of your inquiries. So shall we go now? I am not interested in conversation. And you have earned your reward."

She rose abruptly. So did Bond, confused. "No. I will go alone. You can come later. The number is 45. There, if you wish, you can make the most expensive piece of love of your life. It will have cost you four million francs. I hope it will be worth it."

She was waiting in the big double bed, a single sheet pulled up to her chin. The fair hair was spread out like golden wings under the single reading light that was the only light in the room, and the blue eyes blazed with a fervor that, in other girls, in other beds, James Bond would have interpreted. But this one was in the grip of stresses he could not even guess at. He locked the door be-

hind him and came over and sat on the edge of her bed and put one hand firmly on the little hill that was her left breast. "Now listen, Tracy," he began, meaning to ask at least one or two questions, find out something about this wonderful girl who did hysterical things like gambling without the money to meet her debts, driving like a potential suicide, hinting that she had had enough of life.

But the girl reached up a swift hand that smelled of Guerlain's "Ode" and put it across his lips. "I said 'no conversation.' Take off those clothes. Make love to me. You are handsome and strong. I want to remember what it can be like. Do anything you like. And tell me what you like and what you would like from me. Be rough with me. Treat me like the lowest whore in creation. Forget everything else. No questions. Take me."

An hour later, James Bond slipped out of bed without waking her, dressed by the light of the promenade lights filtering between the curtains, and went back to his room.

He showered and got in between the cool, rough French sheets of his own bed and switched off his thinking about her. All he remembered, before sleep took him, was that she had said when it was all over, "That was heaven, James. Will you please come back when you wake up? I must have it once more." Then she had turned over on her side away from him and, without answering his last endearments, had gone to sleep — but not before he had heard that she was crying.

At eight o'clock he woke her and it was the same glorious thing again. But this time he thought that she held him to her more tenderly, kissed him not only with passion but with affection. But, after, when they should have been making plans about the day, about where to have lunch, when to bathe, she was at first evasive and then, when he pressed her, childishly abusive.

"Get to hell away from me! Do you hear? You've had what you wanted. Now get out!"

"Wasn't it what you wanted too?"

"No. You're a lousy goddamn lover. Get out!"

Bond recognized the edge of hysteria, at least of desperation. He dressed slowly, waiting for the tears to come, for the sheet that now covered her totally to shake with sobs. But the tears didn't come. That was bad! In some way this girl had come to the end of her tether, of too many tethers. Bond felt a wave of affection for her, a sweeping urge to protect her, to solve her problems, make her happy. With his hand on the door-knob he said softly, "Tracy. Let me help you. You've got some troubles. That's not the end of the world. So have I. So has everyone else."

The dull clichés fell into the silent, sun-barréd room, like clinkers in a grate. "Go to hell!"

In the instant of opening and closing the door, Bond debated whether to bang it shut, to shake her out of her mood, or to close it softly. He closed it softly. Harshness would do no good with this girl. She had had it, somehow, somewhere—too much of it. He went off down the corridor, feeling, for the first time in his life, totally inadequate.

(The Bombard thrashed on upriver. It had passed the marina and, with the narrowing banks, the current was stronger. The two thugs in the stern still kept their quiet eyes on Bond. In the bow, the girl still held her proud profile into the wind like the figurehead on a sailing ship. In Bond, the only warmth was in his contact with her back and his hand on the haft of his knife. Yet, in a curious way, he felt closer to her, far closer, than in the transports of the night before. Somehow he felt that she was as much a prisoner as he was. How? Why? Way ahead the lights of the Vieux Port, once close to the sea, but now left behind by some quirk of the Channel currents that had built up the approaches to the river, shone sparsely. Before many years they would go out and a new harbor, nearer the mouth of the river, would

be built for the deep-sea trawlers that served Royale with their soles and lobsters and crabs and prawns. On this side of the lights were occasional gaunt jetties built out into the river by private yacht owners. Behind them were villas that would have names like "Rosalie," "Toi et Moi," "Nid Azur" and "Nouvelle Vague." James Bond nursed the knife and smelled the "Ode" that came to him above the stink of mud and seaweed from the river banks. His teeth had never chattered before. Now they chattered. He stopped them and went back to his memories.)

Normally, breakfast was an important part of Bond's day, but today he had barely noticed what he was eating, hurried through the meal and sat gazing out of his window and across the promenade, chain-smoking and wondering about the girl. He knew nothing positive about her, not even her nationality. The Mediterranean was in her name, yet she was surely neither Italian nor Spanish. Her English was faultless and her clothes and the way she wore them were the products of expensive surroundings—perhaps a Swiss finishing school. She didn't smoke, seemed to drink only sparingly, and there was no sign of drug taking. There had not even been sleeping pills beside the bed or in her bathroom. She could only be about

25, yet she made love with the fervor and expertness of a girl who, in the American phrase, had "gone the route." She hadn't laughed once, had hardly smiled. She seemed in the grip of some deep melancholy, some form of spiritual *accidie* that made life, on her own admission, no longer worth living. And yet there were none of those signs that one associates with the hysteria of female neurotics—the unkempt hair and sloppy make-up, the atmosphere of disarray and chaos they create around them. On the contrary, she seemed to possess an ice-cold will, authority over herself and an exact idea of what she wanted and where she was going. And where was that? In Bond's book she had desperate intentions, most likely suicide, and last night had been the last fling.

He looked down at the little white car that was now not far from his in the parking lot. Somehow he must stick close to her, watch over her, at least until he was satisfied that his deadly conclusions were wrong. As a first step, he rang down to the concierge and ordered a drive-yourself Simca Aronde. Yes, it should be delivered at once and left in the parking lot. He would bring his international driving license and green insurance card down to the concierge who would kindly complete the formalities.

Bond shaved and dressed and took

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the papers down and returned to his room. He stayed there, watching the entrance and the little white car until 4:30 in the afternoon. Then, at last, she appeared, in the black-and-white striped bathing wrap, and Bond ran down the corridor to the lift. It was not difficult to follow her as she drove along the promenade and left her car in one of the parking lots, and it was also no problem for the little anonymous 2CV Citroën that followed Bond.

And then had been set up the train of the watchers and the watched which was now drawing to its mysterious climax as the little Bombard thrashed its way up the River Royale under the stars.

What to make of it all? Had she been a witting or unwitting bait? Was this a kidnaping? If so, of one or of both? Was it blackmail? The revenge of a husband or another lover? Or was it to be murder?

Bond was still raking his mind for clues when the helmsman turned the Bombard in a wide curve across the current toward a battered, skeletal jetty that projected from the muddy bank into the stream. He pulled up under its lee, a powerful flashlight shone down on them out of the darkness, a rope clattered down and the boat was hauled to the foot of muddy wooden steps. One of the thugs climbed out first, followed by the girl, the white bottom of her bathing dress lascivious below Bond's coat, then Bond, then the second thug. Then the Bombard backed quickly away and continued upriver, presumably, thought Bond, to its legitimate mooring in the Vieux Port.

There were two more men, of much the same build as the others, on the jetty.

No words were spoken as, surrounded, the girl and Bond were escorted up the small dust road that led away from the jetty through the sand dunes. A hundred yards from the river, tucked away in a gully between tall dunes, there was a glimmer of light. When Bond got nearer he saw that it came from one of those giant corrugated aluminum transport trucks that, behind an articulated driver's cabin, roar down the arterial routes of France belching diesel smoke and hissing angrily with their hydraulic brakes as they snake through the towns and villages. This one was a glinting, polished affair. It looked new, but might be just well cared for. As they approached, the man with the flashlight gave some signal, and an oblong of yellow light promptly blazed as the caravan-like door in the rear was thrown open. Bond fingered his knife. Were the odds in any way within reason? They were not. Before he climbed up the steps into the interior, he glanced down at the number plate. The commercial license said, "Marseille-Rhône. M. Draco. Appareils Électriques. 397694." So! One more riddle!

Inside it was, thank God, warm. A passageway led between stacked rows of cartons marked with the famous names of television manufacturers. Dummies? There were also folded chairs and the signs of a disturbed game of cards. This was presumably used as the guard room. Then, on both sides, the doors of cabins. Tracy was waiting at one of the doors. She held out his coat to him, said an expressionless "Thank you" and closed the door after Bond had caught a brief glimpse of a luxurious interior. Bond took his time putting on his coat. The

single man with the gun who was following him said impatiently, "Allez!" Bond wondered whether to jump him. But, behind, the other three men stood watching. Bond contented himself with a mild "Merde à vous!" and went ahead to the aluminum door that presumably sealed off the third and forward compartment in this strange vehicle. Behind this door lay the answer. It was probably one man—the leader. This might be the only chance. Bond's right hand was already grasping the hilt of his knife in his trouser pocket. Now he put out his left hand and, in one swirl of motion, leaped through, kicked the door shut behind him and crouched, the knife held for throwing.

Behind him he felt the guard throw himself at the door, but Bond had his back to it and it held. The man, 10 feet away behind the desk, within easy range for the knife, called out something, an order, a cheerful, gay order in some language Bond had never heard. The pressure on the door ceased. The man smiled a wide, a charming smile that cracked his creased walnut of a face in two. He got to his feet and slowly raised his hands. "I surrender. And I am now a much bigger target. But do not kill me, I beg of you. At least not until we have had a stiff whiskey and soda and a talk. Then I will give you the choice again. OK?"

Bond rose to his full height. He smiled back. He couldn't help it. The man had such a delightful face, so lit with humor and mischief and magnetism that, at least in the man's present role, Bond could no more have killed him than he could have killed, well, Tracy.

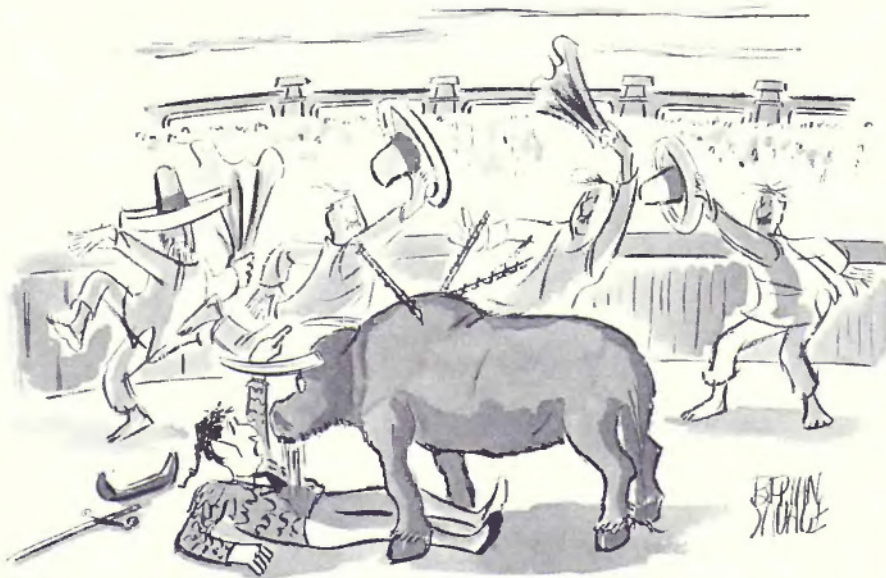
There was a calendar hanging on the wall beside the man. Bond wanted to let off steam against something, anything. He said, "September the 16th," and jerked his right hand forward in the underhand throw. The knife flashed across the room, missed the man by about a yard, and stuck, quivering, halfway down the page of the calendar.

The man turned and looked inquisitively at the calendar. He laughed out loud. "Actually the 15th. But quite respectable. I must set you against my men one of these days. And I might even bet on you. It would teach them a lesson."

He came out from behind his desk, a smallish, middle-aged man with a brown, crinkled face. He was dressed in the sort of comfortable dark-blue suit Bond himself wore. The chest and arms bulged with muscle. Bond noticed the fullness of the cut of the coat under the armpits. Built for guns? The man held out a hand. It was warm and firm and dry. "Marc-Ange Draco is my name. You have heard of it?"

"No."

"Aha! But I have heard of yours. It is Commander James Bond. You have



"Oh look, look at the funny dancing men."

a decoration called the C.M.G. You are a member, an important member, of Her Majesty's Secret Service. You have been taken off your usual duties and you are on temporary assignment abroad." The impish face creased with delight. "Yes?"

James Bond, to cover his confusion, walked across to the calendar, verified that he had in fact pierced the 15th, pulled out the knife and slipped it back in his trouser pocket. He turned and said, "What makes you think so?"

The man didn't answer. He said, "Come. Come and sit down. I have much to talk to you about. But first the whiskey and soda. Yes?" He indicated a comfortable armchair across the desk from his own, put in front of it a large silver box containing various kinds of cigarettes, and went to a metal filing cabinet against the wall and opened it. It contained no files. It was a complete and compact bar. With efficient, house-keeperly movements he took out a bottle of Pinchbottle Haig, another of I. W. Harper's bourbon, two pint glasses that looked like Waterford, a bucket of ice cubes, a siphon of soda and a flagon of iced water. One by one he placed these on the desk between his chair and Bond's. Then, while Bond poured himself a stiff bourbon and water with plenty of ice, he went and sat down across the desk from Bond, reached for the Haig and said, looking Bond very directly in the eye, "I learned who you are from a good friend in the Deuxième in Paris. He is paid to give me such information when I want it. I learned it very early this morning. I am in the opposite camp to yourself — not directly opposite. Let us say at a tangent on the field." He paused. He lifted his glass. He said with much seriousness, "I am now going to establish confidence with you. By the only means. I am going once again to place my life in your hands."

He drank. So did Bond. In the filing cabinet, in its icebox, the hum of the generator broke in on what Bond suddenly knew was going to be an important moment of truth. He didn't know what the truth was going to be. He didn't think it was going to be bad. But he had an instinct that, somehow, perhaps because he had conceived respect and affection for this man, it was going to mean deep involvement for himself.

The generator stopped.

The eyes in the walnut face held his. "I am the head of the Union Corse."

The Union Corse! Now at least some of the mystery was explained. Bond looked across the desk into the brown eyes that were now shrewdly watching his reactions while his mind flicked through the file that bore the innocent title, "The Union Corse," more deadly

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and perhaps even older than the *Unione Siciliano*, the Mafia. He knew that it controlled most organized crime throughout metropolitan France and her colonies — protection rackets, smuggling, prostitution and the suppression of rival gangs. Only a few months ago a certain Rossi had been shot dead in a bar in Nice. A year before that, a Jean Giudicelli had been liquidated after several previous attempts had failed. Both these men had been known pretenders to the throne of Capu — the ebullient, cheerful man who now sat so peacefully across the table from Bond. Then there was this mysterious business of Rommel's treasure, supposed to be hidden beneath the sea somewhere off Bastia. In 1948 a Czech diver called Fleigh, who had been in the *Abwehr*, and had got on the track of it, was warned off by the Union and then vanished off the face of the earth. Quite recently the body of a young French diver, André Mattei, was found riddled with bullets by the roadside near Bastia. He had foolishly boasted in the local bars that he knew the whereabouts of the treasure and had come to dive for it. Did Marc-Ange know the secret of this treasure? Had he been responsible for the killing of these two divers? The little village of Calenzana in the Balagne boasted of having produced more gangsters than any other village in Corsica and of being in consequence one of the most prosperous. The local mayor had held office for 56 years — the longest reigning mayor in France. Marc-Ange would surely be a son of that little community, know the secrets of that famous mayor, know, for instance, of that big American gangster who had just returned to discreet retirement in the village after a highly profitable career in the States.

It would be fun to drop some of these names casually in this quiet little room — fun to tell Marc-Ange that Bond knew of the old abandoned jetty called the Port of Crovani near the village of Galeria, and of the ancient silver mine called Argentella in the hills behind, whose maze of underground tunnels accommodates one of the great world junctions in the heroin traffic. Yes, it would be fun to frighten his captor in exchange for the fright he had given Bond. But better keep this ammunition in reserve until more had been revealed. For the time being it was interesting to note that this was Marc-Ange Draco's traveling headquarters. His contact in the *Deuxième Bureau* would be an essential tip-off man. Bond and the girl had been "sent for" for some purpose that was still to be announced. The "borrowing" of the *Bombard* rescue boat would have been a simple matter of finance in the right quarter, perhaps accompanied by a "*pot de vin*" for the coastguards to look the other way. The guards were

Corsicans. On reflection, that was anyway what they looked like. The whole operation was simple for an organization as powerful as the Union — as simple in France as it would have been for the Mafia in most of Italy. And now for more veils to be lifted! James Bond sipped his drink and watched the other man's face with respect. This was one of the great professionals of the world!

(How typical of Corsica, Bond thought, that their top bandit should bear the name of an angel! He remembered that two other famous Corsican gangsters had been called "Gracieux" and "Foussaint" — "All-Saints.") Marc-Ange spoke. He spoke excellent but occasionally rather clumsy English, as if he had been well taught but had little occasion to use the language. He said, "My dear Commander, everything I am going to discuss with you will please remain behind your *Herkos Odonton*. You know the expression? No?" The wide smile lit up his face. "Then, if I may say so, your education was incomplete. It is from the classical Greek. It means literally 'the hedge of the teeth.' It was the Greek equivalent of your 'top secret.' Is that agreed?"

Bond shrugged. "If you tell me secrets that affect my profession, I'm afraid I shall have to pass them on."

"That I fully comprehend. What I wish to discuss is a personal matter. It concerns my daughter, Teresa."

Good God! The plot was indeed thickening! Bond concealed his surprise. He said, "Then I agree." He smiled. "'*Herkos Odonton*' it is."

"Thank you. You are a man to trust. You would have to be, in your profession, but I see it also in your face. Now then." He lit a Caporal and sat back in his chair. He gazed at a point on the aluminum wall above Bond's head, only occasionally looking into Bond's eyes when he wished to emphasize a point. "I was married once only, to an English girl, an English governess. She was a romantic. She had come to Corsica to look for bandits—" he smiled — "rather like some English women adventure into the desert to look for sheiks. She explained to me later that she must have been possessed by a subconscious desire to be raped. Well—" this time he didn't smile — "she found me in the mountains and she was raped — by me. The police were after me at the time, they have been for most of my life, and the girl was a grave encumbrance. But for some reason she refused to leave me. There was a wildness in her, a love of the unconventional, and, for God knows what reason, she liked the months of being chased from cave to cave, of getting food by robbery at night. She even learned to skin and cook a mouflon, those are our mountain sheep, and even eat the animal, which is tough as shoe leather and

about as palatable. And in those crazy months, I came to love this girl and I smuggled her away from the island to Marseilles and married her." He paused and looked at Bond. "The result, my dear Commander, was Teresa, my only child."

So, thought Bond. That explained the curious mixture the girl was — the kind of wild "lady" that was so puzzling in her. What a complex of bloods and temperaments! Corsican English. No wonder he hadn't been able to define her nationality.

"My wife died 10 years ago —" Marc-Ange held up his hand, not wanting sympathy — "and I had the girl's education finished in Switzerland. I was already rich and at that time I was elected Capu, that is chief, of the Union, and became infinitely richer — by means, my dear Commander, which you can guess but need not inquire into. The girl was — how do you say? — that charming expression, 'the apple of my eye,' and I gave her all she wanted. But she was a wild one, a wild bird, without a proper home, or, since I was always on the move, without proper supervision. Through her school in Switzerland, she entered the fast international set that one reads of in the newspapers — the South American millionaires, the Indian princelings, the Paris English and Americans, the playboys of Cannes and Gstaad. She was always getting in and out of scrapes and scandals, and when I remonstrated with her, cut off her allowance, she would commit some even grosser folly — to spite me, I suppose." He paused and looked at Bond and now there was a terrible misery in the happy face. "And yet all the while, behind her bravado, the mother's side of her blood was making her hate herself, despise herself more and more, and as I now see it, the worm of self-destruction had somehow got a hold inside her and, behind the wild, playgirl façade, was eating away what I can only describe as her soul." He looked at Bond. "You know that this can happen, my friend — to men and to women. They burn the heart out of themselves by living too greedily, and suddenly they examine their lives and see that they are worthless. They have had everything, eaten all the sweets of life at one great banquet, and there is nothing left. She made what I now see was a desperate attempt to get back on the rails, so to speak. She went off, without telling me, and married, perhaps with the idea of settling down. But the man, a worthless Italian called Vincenzo, Count Julio Vincenzo, took as much of her money as he could lay his hands on and deserted her, leaving her with a girl child. I purchased a divorce and bought a small château for my daughter in the Dordogne and installed her there, and for once, with the baby and a pretty



"Now there's a well-diversified portfolio of investments!"

garden to look after, she seemed almost at peace. And then, my friend, six months ago, the baby died — died of that most terrible of all children's ailments, spinal meningitis."

There was silence in the little metal room. Bond thought of the girl a few yards away down the corridor. Yes. He had been near the truth. He had seen some of this tragic story in the calm desperation of the girl. She had indeed come to the end of the road.

Marc-Ange got slowly up from his chair and came round and poured out more whiskey for himself and for Bond. He said, "Forgive me. I am a poor host. But the telling of this story, which I have always kept locked up inside me, to another man, has been a great relief." He put a hand on Bond's shoulder. "You understand that?"

"Yes. I understand that. But she is a fine girl. She still has nearly all her life to live. Have you thought of psycho-analysis? Of her church? Is she a Catholic?"

"No. Her mother would not have it. She is Presbyterian. But wait while I finish the story." He went back to his chair and sat down heavily. "After the tragedy, she disappeared. She took her jewels and went off in that little car of hers, and I heard occasional news of her, selling the jewels and living furiously all over Europe, with her old set. Naturally I followed her, had her watched when I could, but she avoided all my attempts to meet her and talk to her. Then I heard from one of my agents that she had reserved a room here, at the Splendide, for last night, and I hurried down from Paris—" he waved a hand—"in this, because I had a presentiment of tragedy. You see, this was where we had spent the summers in her childhood and she had always loved it. She is a wonderful swimmer and she was almost literally in love with the sea. And, when I got the news, I suddenly had a dreadful memory, the memory of a day when she had been naughty and had been locked in her room all afternoon instead of going bathing. That night she had said to her mother, quite calmly, 'You made me very unhappy keeping me away from the sea. One day, if I get really unhappy, I shall swim out into the sea, down the path of the moon or the sun, and go on swimming until I sink. So there!' Her mother told me the story and we laughed over it together, at the childish tantrum. But now I suddenly remembered again the occasion and it seemed to me that the childish fantasy might well have stayed with her, locked away deep down, and that now, wanting to put an end to herself, she had resurrected it and was going to act on it. And so, my dear friend, I had her closely watched from the moment she arrived. Your gentlemanly conduct in the casino,

for which—" he looked across at Bond—"I now deeply thank you, was reported to me, as of course were your later movements together." He held up his hand as Bond shifted with embarrassment. "There is nothing to be ashamed of, to apologize for, in what you did last night. A man is a man and, who knows—but I shall come to that later. What you did, the way you behaved in general, may have been the beginning of some kind of therapy."

Bond remembered how, in the Bombard, she had yielded when he leaned against her. It had been a tiny reaction, but it had held more affection, more warmth, than all the physical ecstasies of the night. Now, suddenly he had an inkling of why he might be here, where the root of the mystery lay, and he gave an involuntary shudder, as if someone had walked over his grave.

Marc-Ange continued, "So I put in my inquiry to my friend from the Deuxième, at six o'clock this morning. At eight o'clock he went to his office and to the central files and by nine o'clock he had reported to me fully about you—by radio. I have a high-powered station in this vehicle." He smiled. "And that is another of my secrets that I deliver into your hands. The report, if I may say so, was entirely to your credit, both as an officer in your Service, and, more important, as a man—a man, that is, in the terms that I understand the word. So I reflected. I reflected all through this morning. And, in the end, I gave orders that you were both to be brought to me here." He made a throwaway gesture with his right hand. "I need not tell you the details of my instructions. You yourself saw them in operation. You have been inconvenienced. I apologize. You have perhaps thought yourself in danger. Forgive me. I only trust that my men behaved with correctness, with finesse."

Bond smiled. "I am very glad to have met you. If the introduction had to be effected at the point of two automatics, that will only make it all the more memorable. The whole affair was certainly executed with neatness and expedition."

Marc-Ange's expression was rueful. "Now you are being sarcastic. But believe me, my friend, drastic measures were necessary. I knew they were." He reached to the top drawer of his desk, took out a sheet of writing paper and passed it over to Bond. "And now, if you read that, you will agree with me. That letter was handed in to the concierge of the Splendide at 4:30 this afternoon for posting to me in Marseilles, when Teresa went out and you followed her. You suspected something? You also feared for her? Read it, please."

Bond took the letter. He said, "Yes. I was worried about her. She is a girl worth worrying about." He held up the letter. It contained only a few words,

written clearly, with decision.

Dear Papa,

I am sorry, but I have had enough. It is only sad because tonight I met a man who might have changed my mind. He is an Englishman called James Bond. Please find him and pay him 20,000 New Francs which I owe him. And thank him from me.

This is nobody's fault but my own.

Goodbye and forgive me.

Tracy

Bond didn't look at the man who had received this letter. He slid it back to him across the desk. He took a deep drink of the whiskey and reached for the bottle. He said, "Yes. I see."

"She likes to call herself Tracy. She thinks Teresa sounds too grand."

"Yes."

"Commander Bond." There was now a terrible urgency in the man's voice—urgency, authority and appeal. "My friend, you have heard the whole story and now you have seen the evidence. Will you help me? Will you help me save this girl? It is my only chance, that you will give her hope. That you will give her a reason to live. Will you?"

Bond kept his eyes on the desk in front of him. He dared not look up and see the expression on this man's face. So he had been right, right to fear that he was going to become involved in all this private trouble! He cursed under his breath. The idea appalled him. He was no Good Samaritan. He was no doctor for wounded birds. What she needed, he said fiercely to himself, was the psychiatrist's couch. All right, so she had taken a passing fancy to him and he to her. Now he was going to be asked, he knew it, to pick her up and carry her perhaps for the rest of his life, haunted by the knowledge, the unspoken blackmail, that, if he dropped her, it would almost certainly be to kill her. He said glumly, "I do not see that I can help. What is it you have in mind?" He picked up his glass and looked into it. He drank, to give him courage to look across the desk into Marc-Ange's face.

The man's soft brown eyes glittered with tension. The creased dark skin round the mouth had sunk into deeper folds. He said, holding Bond's eyes, "I wish you to pay court to my daughter and marry her. On the day of the marriage, I will give you a personal dowry of one million pounds in gold."

James Bond exploded angrily. "What you ask is utterly impossible. The girl is sick. What she needs is a psychiatrist. Not me. And I do not want to marry, not anyone. Nor do I want a million pounds. I have enough money for my needs. I have my profession." (Is that true? What about that letter of resignation? Bond ignored the private voice.)

"You must understand all this." Suddenly he could not bear the hurt in the man's face. He said, softly, "She is a wonderful girl. I will do all I can for her. But only when she is well again. Then I would certainly like to see her again—very much. But, if she thinks so well of me, if you do, then she must first get well of her own accord. That is the only way. Any doctor would tell you so. She must go to some clinic, the best there is, in Switzerland probably, and come to terms with her past. She must want to live again. Then, only then, would there be any point in our meeting again." He pleaded with Marc-Ange. "You do understand, don't you, Marc-Ange? I am a ruthless man. I admit it. And I have not got the patience to act as anyone's nurse, man or woman. Your idea of a cure might only drive her into deeper despair. You must see that I cannot take the responsibility, however much I am attracted by your daughter." Bond ended lamely, "Which I am."

The man said resignedly, "I understand you, my friend. And I will not importune you with further arguments. I will try and act in the way you suggest. But will you please do one further favor for me? It is now nine o'clock. Will you please take her out to dinner tonight?

Talk to her as you please, but show her that she is wanted, that you have affection for her. Her car is here and her clothes. I have had them brought. If only you can persuade her that you would like to see her again, I think I may be able to do the rest. Will you do this for me?"

Bond thought, God, what an evening! But he smiled with all the warmth he could summon. "But of course. I would love to do that. But I am booked on the first morning flight from Le Touquet tomorrow morning. Will you be responsible for her from then?"

"Certainly, my friend. Of course I will do that." Marc-Ange brusquely wiped a hand across his eyes. "Forgive me. But you have given me hope at the end of a long night." He straightened his shoulders and suddenly leaned across the desk and put his hands decisively down. "I will not thank you. I cannot, but tell me, my dear friend, is there anything in this world that I can do for you, now at this moment? I have great resources, great knowledge, great power. They are all yours. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

Bond had a flash of inspiration. He smiled broadly. "There is a piece of information I want. There is a man called Blofeld, Ernst Stavro Blofeld. You will

have heard of him. I wish to know if he is alive and where he is to be found."

Marc-Ange's face underwent a remarkable change. Now the bandit, cold, cruel, avenging, looked out through the eyes that had suddenly gone as hard as brown opals. "Aha!" he said thoughtfully. "The Blofeld. Yes, he is certainly alive. Only recently he suborned three of my men, bribed them away from the Union. He has done this to me before. Three of the members of the old SPECTRE were taken from the Union. Come, let us find out what we can."

There was a single black telephone on the desk. He picked up the receiver and at once Bond heard the soft crackle of the operator responding. "Dammi u commandu." Marc-Ange put the receiver back. "I have asked for my local headquarters in Ajaccio. We will have them in five minutes. But I must speak fast. The police may know my frequency, though I change it every week. But the Corsican dialect helps." The telephone burred. When Marc-Ange picked up the receiver, Bond could hear the zing and crackle he knew so well. Marc-Ange spoke, in a voice of rasping authority. "Ecco u Capu. Avette nultizie di Blofeld, Ernst Stavro? Duve sta?" A voice crackled thinly. "Site sigura? Ma no



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ezzatu indivizzu?" More crackle. "*Buon. Sara tutto.*"

Marc-Ange put back the receiver. He spread his hands apologetically. "All we know is that he is in Switzerland. We have no exact address for him. Will that help? Surely your men there can find him—if the Swiss Sécurité will help. But they are difficult brutes when it comes to the privacy of a resident, particularly if he is rich."

Bond's pulse had quickened with triumph. Got you, you bastard! He said enthusiastically, "That's wonderful, Marc-Ange. The rest shouldn't be difficult. We have good friends in Switzerland."

Marc-Ange smiled happily at Bond's reaction. He said seriously, "But if things go wrong for you, on this case or in any other way, you will come at once to me. Yes?" He pulled open a drawer and handed a sheet of notepaper over to Bond. "This is my open address. Telephone or cable to me, but put your request or your news in terms that would be used in connection with electrical appliances. A consignment of radios is faulty. You will meet my representative at such and such a place, on such and such a date. Yes? You understand these tricks, and anyway—" he smiled slyly—"I believe you are connected with an international export firm. 'Universal Export,' isn't it?"

Bond smiled. How did the old devil know these things? Should he warn Security? No. This man had become a friend. And anyway, all this was Herkos

Odonton!

Marc-Ange said diffidently, "And now may I bring in Teresa? She does not know what we have been discussing. Let us say it is about one of the South of France jewel robberies. You represent the insurance company. I have been making a private deal with you. You can manage that? Good." He got up and came over to Bond and put his hand on Bond's shoulder. "And thank you. Thank you for everything." Then he went out of the door.

Oh my God! thought Bond. Now for my side of the bargain.

• • •

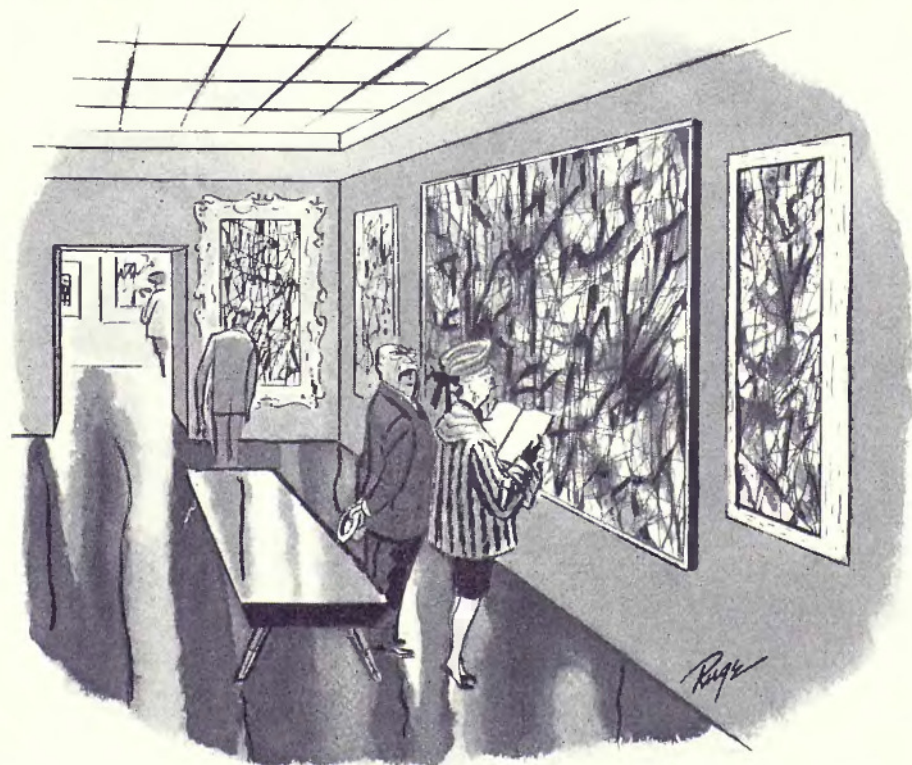
It was two months later, in London, and James Bond was driving lazily up from his Chelsea flat to his headquarters.

It was 9:30 in the morning of yet another beautiful day of this beautiful year, but, in Hyde Park, the fragrance of burning leaves meant that winter was only just round the corner. Bond had nothing on his mind except the frustration of waiting for Station Z somehow to penetrate the reserves of the Swiss Sécurité and come up with the exact address of Blofeld. But their "friends" in Zürich were continuing to prove obtuse, or, more probably, obstinate. There was no trace of any man, either tourist or resident, called Blofeld in the whole of Switzerland. Nor was there any evidence of the existence of a reborn SPECTRE on Swiss soil. Yes, they fully realized that Blofeld was still urgently "wanted" by the governments of the NATO alliance.

They had carefully filed all the circulars devoted to the apprehension of this man, and for the past year he had been constantly reconfirmed on their "watch" lists at all frontier posts. They were very sorry, but unless the SIS could come up with further information or evidence about this man, they must assume that the SIS was acting on mistaken evidence. Station Z had asked for an examination of the secret lists at the banks, a search through those anonymous "numbered" accounts which conceal the owners of most of the fugitive money in the world. This request had been peremptorily refused. Blofeld was certainly a very great criminal, but the Sécurité must point out that such information could only be legally obtained if the criminal in question was guilty of some crime committed on Federal soil and indictable under the Federal Code. It was true that this Blofeld had held up Britain and America to ransom by his illegal possession of atomic weapons. But this could not be considered a crime under the laws of Switzerland, and particularly not having regard to Article 47b of the banking laws. So that was that! The Holy Franc, and the funds which backed it, wherever they came from, must remain untouched. *Wir bitten höflichst um Entschuldigung!*

Bond wondered if he should get in touch with Marc-Ange. So far, in his report, he had revealed only a lead into the Union Corse, which he gave, corporately, as the source of his information. But he shied away from this course of action, which would surely have, as one consequence, the reopening with Marc-Ange of the case of Tracy. And that corner of his life, of his heart, he wanted to leave undisturbed for the time being. Their last evening together had passed quietly, almost as if they had been old friends, old lovers. Bond had said that Universal Export was sending him abroad for some time. They would certainly meet when he returned to Europe. The girl had accepted this arrangement. She herself had decided to go away for a rest. She had been doing too much. She had been on the verge of a nervous breakdown. She would wait for him. Perhaps they could go skiing together around Christmastime? Bond had been enthusiastic. That night, after a wonderful dinner at Bond's little restaurant, they had made love, happily, and this time without desperation, without tears. Bond was satisfied that the cure had really begun. He felt deeply protective toward her. But he knew that their relationship, and her equanimity, rested on a knife-edge which must not be disturbed.

It was at this moment in his reflections that the Syngraphone in his trouser pocket began to bleep. Bond accelerated out of the park and drew up



"I know what he's trying to say—he's trying to say that he can't paint worth a damn!"



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beside the public telephone booth at Marble Arch. The Synchronophone had recently been introduced and was carried by all officers attached to Headquarters. It was a light plastic radio receiver about the size of a pocket watch. When an officer was somewhere in London, within a range of 10 miles of Headquarters, he could be bleeped on the receiver. When this happened, it was his duty to go at once to the nearest telephone and contact his office. He was urgently needed.

Bond rang his exchange on the only outside number he was allowed to use, said "007 reporting," and was at once put through to his secretary. She was a new one. Loelia Ponsbury had at last left to marry a dull, but worthy and rich member of the Baltic Exchange, and confined her contacts with her old job to rather yearning Christmas and birthday cards to the members of the Double-O Section. But the new one, Mary Goodnight, an ex-Wren with blue-black hair, blue eyes and 37-22-35, was a honey and there was a private five-pound sweep in the Section as to who would get her first. Bond had been lying equal favorite with the ex-Royal Marine Commando who was 006 but, since Tracy, had dropped out of the field and now regarded himself as a rank outsider, though he still flirted with her. Now he said to her, "Good morning, Goodnight. What can I do for you? Is it war or peace?"

She giggled unprofessionally. "It sounds fairly peaceful, as peaceful as a hurry message from upstairs can be. You're to go at once to the College of Arms and ask for Sable Basilisk. He's one of the Heralds. Apparently they've got some kind of a line on 'Bedlam.'"

"Bedlam" was the code name for the pursuit of Blofeld. Bond said respectfully, "Have they indeed? Then I'd better get cracking. Goodbye, Goodnight." He heard her giggle before he put the receiver down.

Now what the hell? Bond got back into his car, that had mercifully not yet attracted the police or the traffic wardens, and motored fast across London. This was a queer one. How the hell did the College of Arms, of which he knew very little except that they hunted up people's family trees, allotted coats of arms, and organized various royal ceremonies, get into the act?

The College of Arms is in Queen Victoria Street on the fringe of the City. It is a pleasant little Queen Anne backwater in ancient red brick with white sashed windows and a convenient cobbled courtyard, where Bond parked his car. There are horseshoe-shaped stone stairs leading up to an impressive entrance. He went through the door into a large gloomy hall whose dark paneling was lined with the musty portraits of

proud-looking gentlemen in ruffs and lace, and from whose cornice hung the banners of the Commonwealth. The porter, a kindly, soft-spoken man in a cherry-colored uniform with brass buttons, asked Bond what he could do for him. Bond asked for Sable Basilisk and confirmed that he had an appointment.

Bond followed the porter along a passage hung with gleaming coats of arms in carved wood, up a dank, cobwebby staircase and round a corner to a heavy door with a nightmare black monster, with a vicious beak, above it. He was shown into a light, clean, pleasantly furnished room with attractive prints on the walls and meticulous order among its books. There was a faint smell of Turkish tobacco. A young man, a few years younger than Bond, got up and came across the room to meet him. He was rapier slim, with a fine, thin, studious face that was saved from seriousness by wry lines at the edges of the mouth and an ironical glint in the level eyes.

"Commander Bond?" The handshake was brief and firm. "I'd been expecting you."

He sat down behind his desk, pulled a file toward him, and gestured Bond to a chair beside him. "Well, then. Let's get down to business. First of all—" he looked Bond very straight in the eye—"I gather, I guess that is, that this is an Intelligence matter of some kind. I did my national service with Intelligence in the Army of the Rhine, so please don't worry about security. Secondly, we have in this building probably as many secrets as a government department—and nastier ones at that. One of our jobs is to suggest titles to people who've been ennobled in the Honors Lists. Sometimes we're asked to establish ownership to a title that has become lost or defunct. Snobbery and vanity positively sprawl through our files. Before my time, a certain gentleman who had come up from nowhere, made millions in some light industry or another, and had been given a peerage 'for political and public services'—i.e., charities and the party funds—suggested that he should take the title of Lord Bentley Royal, after the village in Essex. We explained that the word Royal could not be used except by the reigning family, but, rather naughtily I fear, we said that 'Lord Bentley Common' was vacant." He smiled. "See what I mean? If that got about, this man would become the laughingstock of the country. Then sometimes we have to chase up lost fortunes. So-and-so thinks he's the rightful Duke of Blank and ought to have his money. His name happens to be Blank and his ancestors migrated to America or Australia or somewhere. So avarice and greed come to join snobbery and vanity in these rooms. Of course," he added, putting the record straight, "that's only the submerged

tenth of our job. The rest is mostly official stuff for governments and embassies—problems of precedence and protocol, the Garter ceremonies and others. We've been doing it for around 500 years so I suppose it's got its place in the scheme of things."

"Of course it has," said Bond staunchly. "And certainly, so far as security is concerned, I'm sure we can be open with each other. Now this man Blofeld. Truth of the matter is he's probably the biggest crook in the world. Remember that Thunderball affair about a year ago? Only some of it leaked into the papers, but I can tell you that this Blofeld was at the bottom of it all. Now, how did you come to hear of him? Every detail, please. Everything about him is important."

Sable Basilisk turned back to the first letter on the file. "Yes," he said thoughtfully. "I thought this might be the same chap when I got a lot of urgent calls from the Foreign Office and the Ministry of Defense yesterday. Hadn't occurred to me before, I'm afraid, that this is a case where our secrets have to come second or I'd have done something about it earlier. Now then, in June last, the 10th, we got this confidential letter from a firm of respectable Zürich solicitors, dated the day before. I'll read it out:

"Honored Sirs,

"We have a valued client by the name of Ernst Stavro Blofeld. This gentleman styles himself Monsieur le Comte Balthazar de Bleuville in the belief that he is the rightful heir to this title which we understand to be extinct. His belief is based on stories he heard from his parents in childhood to the effect that his family fled France at the time of the Revolution, settled in Germany under the adopted name of Blofeld, assumed in order to evade the Revolutionary authorities and safeguard their fortune which they had sequestered in Augsburg, and subsequently, in the 1850s, migrated to Poland.

"Our client is now anxious to have these facts established in order legally to obtain right to the de Bleuville title supported by an *Acte de Notoriété* which would in due course receive the stamp of approval of the *Ministère de la Justice* in Paris.

"In the meantime, our client proposes to continue to adopt, albeit provisionally, the title of Comte de Bleuville together with the family arms which he informs us are 'Argent four fusils in fesse gules' and the de Bleuville motto which, in English, is 'For Hearth and Home.'"

"That's a good one!" interjected Bond. Sable Basilisk smiled and continued:

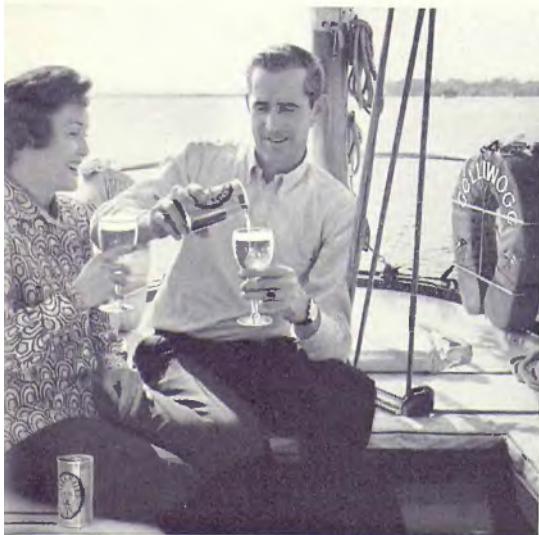
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"The financial standing of our client is impeccable and expense is no object in this matter. As a preliminary honorarium and upon acceptance of this commission, we propose a payment of one thousand pounds sterling to your account in such bank as you may designate.

"Awaiting the favor of an early reply, we remain, honored Sirs, etc., etc.,

Gebrüder Gumpold-Moosbrugger,
Advokaten,
16 bis, Bahnhofstrasse, Zürich."

Sable Basilisk looked up. James Bond's eyes were glittering with excitement. Sable Basilisk smiled. "We were even more interested than you seem to be. You see, to let you in on a secret, our salaries are extremely modest. So we all have private means which we supplement from fees received for special work like this. These fees rarely go above 50 guineas for a piece of pretty tough research and all the legwork at Somerset House and in parish records and graveyards that is usually involved in tracking a man's ancestry. So this looked like a real challenge for the College, and as I was 'in waiting' the day the letter came in, sort of 'officer of the watch,' the job fell into my lap."

Bond said urgently, "So what happened? Have you kept the contact?"

"Oh yes, but rather tenuously. I'm afraid. Of course I wrote at once accepting the commission and agreeing to the vow of secrecy which—" he smiled—"you now force me to break presumably by invoking the Official Secrets Act.

That is so, isn't it? I am acting under *force majeure*?"

"You are indeed," said Bond emphatically.

Sable Basilisk made a careful note on the top paper in the file and continued. "Of course the first thing I had to ask for was the man's birth certificate and, after a delay, I was told that it had been lost and that I was on no account to worry about it. The Count had in fact been born in Gdynia of a Polish father and a Greek mother—I have the names here—on May 28th, 1908. Could I not pursue my researches backward from the de Bleuville end? I replied temporizing, but by this time I had indeed established from our library that there had been a family of de Bleuilles, at least as lately as the 17th Century, at a place called Blonville-sur-Mer, Calvados, and that their arms and motto were as claimed by Blofeld." Sable Basilisk paused. "This of course he must have known for himself. There would have been no purpose in inventing a family of de Bleuilles and trying to stuff them down our throats. I told the lawyers of my discovery and, in my summer holidays—the North of France is more or less my private heraldic beat, so to speak, and very rich it is too in connections with England—I motored down there and sniffed around. But meanwhile I had, as a matter of routine, written to our Ambassador in Warsaw and asked him to contact our Consul in Gdynia and request him to employ a lawyer to make the simple researches with the Registrar and the various churches where Blofeld might have been baptized. The reply, early in September, was, but is no longer, surprising. The pages containing the record of Blofeld's birth had been neatly cut out. I kept this information to myself, that is to say I did not pass it on to the Swiss lawyers because I had been ex-

pressly instructed to make no inquiries in Poland. Meanwhile I had carried out similar inquiries through a lawyer in Augsburg. There, there was indeed a record of Blofelds, but of a profusion of them, for it is a fairly common German name, and in any case nothing to link any of them with the de Bleuilles from Calvados. So I was stumped, but no more than I have been before, and I wrote a neutral report to the Swiss lawyers and said that I was continuing my researches. And there—" Sable Basilisk slapped the file shut—"until my telephone began ringing yesterday, presumably because someone in the Northern Department of the Foreign Office was checking the file copies from Warsaw and the name Blofeld rang a bell, the case rests."

Bond scratched his head thoughtfully. "But the ball's still in play?"

"Oh yes, definitely."

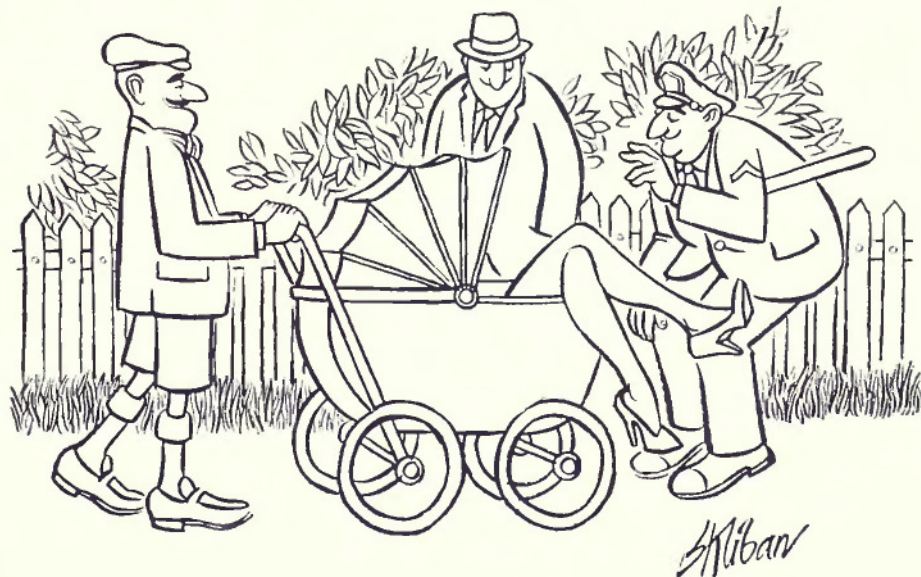
"Can you keep it in play? I take it you haven't got Blofeld's present address?" Sable Basilisk shook his head. "Then would there be any conceivable excuse for an envoy from you?" Bond smiled. "Me, for example, to be sent out from the College to have an interview with Blofeld—some tricky point that cannot be cleared up by correspondence, something that needs a personal inquiry from Blofeld?"

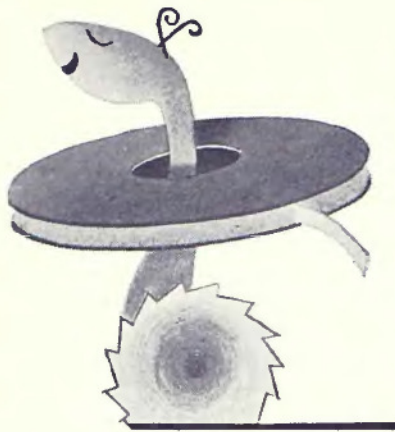
"Well, yes, there is in a way." Sable Basilisk looked rather dubious. "You see, in some families there is a strong physical characteristic that goes on inevitably from generation to generation. The Hapsburg lip is a case in point. So is the tendency to hemophilia amongst descendants of the Bourbons. The hawk nose of the Medici is another. A certain royal family have minute, vestigial tails. The original maharajahs of Mysore were born with six fingers on each hand. I could go on indefinitely, but those are the most famous cases. Now, when I was scratching around in the crypt of the chapel at Blonville, having a look at the old Bleuville tombs, my flashlight, moving over the stone faces, picked out a curious fact that I tucked away in my mind but that your question has brought to the surface. None of the de Bleuilles, as far as I could tell, and certainly not through 150 years, had lobes to their ears."

"Ah," said Bond, running over in his mind the Identicast picture of Blofeld and the complete, printed physiognomy of the man in Records. "So he shouldn't by rights have lobes to his ears. Or at any rate it would be a strong piece of evidence for his case if he hadn't?"

"That's right."

"Well, he *has* got lobes," said Bond, annoyed. "Rather pronounced lobes as a matter of fact. Where does that get us?"





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"To begin with, added to what I know anyway, that makes him probably not a de Bleuville. But after all—" Sable Basilisk looked sly—"there's no reason why he should know what physical characteristic we're looking for in this interview."

"You think we could set one up?"

"Don't see why not. But—" Sable Basilisk was apologetic—"would you mind if I got clearance from Garter King of Arms? He's my boss, so to speak, under the Duke of Norfolk that is, the Earl Marshal, and I can't remember that we've ever been mixed up in this sort of cloak-and-dagger stuff before. Actually—" Sable Basilisk waved a deprecating hand—"we are, we have to be, damned meticulous. You do see that, don't you?"

"Naturally. And I'm sure there'd be no objection. But, even if Blofeld agreed to see me, how in hell could I play the part? This stuff is all double Dutch to me." He smiled. "I don't know the difference between a gule and a bezant and I've never been able to make out what a baronet is. What's my story to Blofeld? Who am I exactly?"

Sable Basilisk was getting enthusiastic. He said cheerfully, "Oh that'll be all right. I'll coach you in all the dope about the de Bleuilles. You can easily mug up a few popular books on heraldry. It's not difficult to be impressive on the subject. Very few people know anything about it."

"Maybe. But this Blofeld is a pretty smart animal. He'll want the hell of a lot of credentials before he sees anyone but his lawyer and his banker. Who exactly am I?"

"You think Blofeld's smart because you've seen the smart side of him," said Sable Basilisk slyly. "I've seen hundreds of smart people from the City, industry, politics—famous people I've been quite frightened to meet when they walked into this room. But when it comes to snobbery, to buying respectability so to speak, whether it's the title they're going to choose or just a coat of arms to hang over their fireplaces in Surbiton, they dwindle and dwindle in front of you—" he made a downward motion over his desk with his hand—"until they're no bigger than homunculi. And the women are even worse. The idea of suddenly becoming a 'lady' in their small community is so intoxicating that the way they bare their souls is positively obscene. It's as if—" Sable Basilisk furrowed his high, pale brow, seeking for a simile—"these fundamentally good citizens, these Smiths and Browns and Joneses and—" he smiled across the desk—"Bonds, regarded the process of emblement as a sort of laying on of hands, a way of ridding themselves of all the drabness of their lives, of all their, so to speak, essential mea-

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gerness, their basic inferiority. Don't worry about Blofeld. He has already swallowed the bait. He may be a tremendous gangster, and he must be from what I remember of the case. He may be tough and ruthless in his corner of human behavior. But if he is trying to prove that he is the Comte de Bleuville, you can be sure of various things. He wants to change his name. That is obvious. He wants to become a new, a respectable personality. That is obvious too. But above all he wants to become a Count." Sable Basilisk brought his hand flat down on his desk for emphasis. "That, Mr. Bond, is tremendously significant. He is a rich and successful man in his line of business — no matter what it is. He no longer admires the material things, riches and power. He is now 54, as I reckon it. He wants a new skin. I can assure you, Mr. Bond, that he will receive you, if we play our cards right that is, as if he were consulting his doctor about —" Sable Basilisk's aristocratic face took on an expression of distaste — "as if he were consulting his doctor after contracting V.D." Sable Basilisk's eyes were now compelling. He sat back in his chair and lit his first cigarette. The smell of Turkish tobacco drifted across to Bond. "That's it," he said with certitude. "This man knows he is unclean, a social pariah. Which of course he is. Now he has thought up this way of buying himself a new identity. If you ask me, we must help the hair to grow and flourish on his heel of Achilles until it is so luxuriant that he trips on it."

"And who the hell are you supposed to be?"

M more or less repeated Bond's question when, that evening, he looked up from the last page of the report that Bond had spent the afternoon dictating to Mary Goodnight. M's face was just outside the pool of yellow light cast by the green-shaded reading lamp on his desk, but Bond knew that the lined, sailor's face was reflecting, in varying degrees, skepticism, irritation and impatience. The "hell" told him so. M rarely swore and when he did it was nearly always at stupidity. M obviously regarded Bond's plan as stupid, and now, away from the dedicated, minutely focused world of the *Heralds*, Bond wasn't sure that M wasn't right.

"I'm to be an emissary from the College of Arms, sir. This Basilisk chap recommended that I should have some kind of a title, the sort of rather highfalutin' one that would impress a man with this kind of bee in his bonnet. And Blofeld's obviously got this bee or he wouldn't have revealed his existence, even to such a presumably secure and — er — sort of remote corner of the world as the College of Arms. I've put down there the arguments of this chap and

they make a lot of sense to me. Snobbery's a real Achilles heel with people. Blofeld's obviously got the bug badly. I think we can get to him through it."

"Well, I think it's all a pack of nonsense," said M testily. (Not many years before, M had been awarded the K.C.M.G. for his services, and Miss Moneypenny, his desirable secretary, had revealed in a moment of candor to Bond that M had not replied to a single one of the notes and letters of congratulation. After a while he had refused even to read them and had told Miss Moneypenny not to show him any more but to throw them in the wastepaper basket.) "All right then, what's this ridiculous title to be? And what happens next?"

If Bond had been able to blush, he would have blushed. He said, "Er — well, sir, it seems there's a chap called Sir Hilary Bray. Friend of Sable Basilisk's. About my age and not unlike me to look at. His family came from some place in Normandy. Family tree as long as your arm. William the Conqueror and all that. And a coat of arms that looks like a mixture between a jigsaw puzzle and Piccadilly Circus at night. Well, Sable Basilisk says he can fix it with him. This man's got a good war record and sounds a reliable sort of chap. He lives in some remote glen in the Highlands, watching birds and climbing the hills with bare feet. Never sees a soul. No reason why anyone in Switzerland should have heard of him." Bond's voice became defensive, stubborn. "Well, sir, the idea is that I should be him. Rather fancy cover, but I think it makes sense."

"Sir Hilary Bray, eh?" M tried to conceal his scorn. "And then what do you do? Run around the Alps waving this famous banner of his?"

Bond said patiently, obstinately, refusing to be browbeaten. "First I'll get Passport Control to fix up a good passport. Then I mug up Bray's family tree until I'm word perfect on the thing. Then I swot away at the rudiments of this heraldry business. Then, if Blofeld takes the bait, I go out to Switzerland with all the right books and suggest that I work out his de Bleuville pedigree with him."

"Then what?"

"Then I try and winkle him out of Switzerland, get him over the frontier to somewhere where we can do a kidnap job on him, rather like the Israelis did with Eichmann. But I haven't worked out all the details yet, sir. Had to get your approval and then Sable Basilisk has got to make up a damned attractive fly and throw it over these Zürich solicitors."

"Why not try putting pressure on the Zürich solicitors and winkle Blofeld's address out of them? Then we might think of doing some kind of a commando job."

"You know the Swiss, sir. God knows what kind of a retainer these lawyers have from Blofeld. But it's bound to be millionaire size. We might eventually get the address, but they'd be bound to tip off Blofeld if only to lay their hands on their fees before he vamoosed. Money's the religion of Switzerland."

"I don't need a lecture on the qualities of the Swiss, thank you, 007. At least they keep their trains clean and cope with the beatnik problem [two very rampant bees in M's bonnet!], but I dare say there's some truth in what you say. Oh, well." M wearily pushed the file over to Bond. "Take it away. It's a messy-looking bird's-nest of a plan. But I suppose it had better go ahead." M shook his head skeptically. "Sir Hilary Bray! Oh, well, tell the Chief of Staff I approve. But reluctantly. Tell him you can have the facilities. Keep me informed." M reached for the Cabinet telephone. His voice was deeply disgruntled. "Suppose I'll have to tell the P.M. we've got a line on the chap. The kind of tangle it is, I'll keep to myself. That's all, 007."

"Thank you, sir. Goodnight." As Bond went across to the door he heard M say into the green receiver, "M speaking. I want the Prime Minister personally, please." He might have been asking for the mortuary. Bond went out and softly closed the door behind him.

So, as November blustered its way into December, James Bond went unwillingly back to school, swotting up heraldry at his desk instead of top-secret reports, picking up scraps of medieval French and English, steeping himself in fusty lore and myth, picking the brains of Sable Basilisk and occasionally learning interesting facts, such as that the founders of Gamages came from the de Gamaches in Normandy and that Walt Disney was remotely descended from the D'Isignys of the same part of France. But these were nuggets in a wasteland of archaisms, and when, one day, Mary Goodnight, in reply to some sally of his, addressed him as "Sir Hilary" he nearly bit her head off.

Meanwhile the highly delicate correspondence between Sable Basilisk and the Gebrüder Moosbrugger proceeded haltingly and at a snail's pace. They, or rather Blofeld behind them, asked countless irritating but, Sable Basilisk admitted, erudite queries, each one of which had to be countered with this or that degree of heraldic obfuscation. Then there were minute questions about this emissary, Sir Hilary Bray. Photographs were asked for, and, suitably doctored, were provided. His whole career since his school days had to be detailed and was sent down from Scotland with a highly amused covering note from the real man. To test the

market, more funds were asked for by Sable Basilisk and, with encouraging promptitude, were forthcoming in the shape of a further thousand pounds. When the check arrived on December 15th Sable Basilisk telephoned Bond delightedly. "We've got him," he said. "He's hooked!" And, sure enough, the next day came a letter from Zürich to say that their client agreed to a meeting with Sir Hilary. Would Sir Hilary please arrive at Zürich Central Airport by Swiss-air flight Number 105, due at Zürich at 1300 hours on December 21st? On Bond's prompting, Sable Basilisk wrote back that the date was not convenient to Sir Hilary owing to a prior engagement with the Canadian High Commissioner regarding a detail in the Arms of the Hudson's Bay Company. Sir Hilary could, however, manage the 22nd. By return came a cable agreeing and, to Bond, confirming that the fish had not only swallowed the hook but the line and sinker as well.

The last few days were spent in a flurry of meetings, with the Chief of Staff presiding, at Headquarters. The main decisions were that Bond should go to the meeting with Blofeld absolutely "clean." He would carry no weapons, no secret gear of any kind, and he would not be watched or followed by the Service in any way. He would communicate only with Sable Basilisk, getting across such information as he could by using heraldic double talk (Sable Basilisk had been cleared by M.I.5 immediately after Bond's first meeting with him), and Sable Basilisk, who vaguely thought that Bond was employed by the Ministry of Defense, would be given a cut-out at the Ministry who would be his go-between with the Service. This was all assuming that Bond managed to stay close to Blofeld for at least a matter of days. And that was to be his basic stratagem. It was essential to find out as much as possible about Blofeld, his activities and his associates, in order to proceed with planning the next step, his abduction from Switzerland. Physical action might not be necessary. Bond might be able to trick the man into a visit to Germany, as a result of a report which Sable Basilisk had prepared of certain Blofeld family documents at the Augsburg Zentral Archiv, which would need Blofeld's personal identification. Security precautions would include keeping Station Z completely in the dark about Bond's mission to Switzerland and a closure of the "Bedlam" file at Headquarters which would be announced in the routine "Orders of the Day." Instead, a new code word for the operation, known only to an essential handful of senior officers, would be issued. It would be "CORONA."

Finally, the personal dangers to Bond himself were discussed. There was total

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respect for Blofeld at Headquarters. Nobody questioned his abilities or his ruthlessness. If Bond's true identity somehow became known to Blofeld, Bond would of course instantly be liquidated. A more dangerous and likely event would be that, once Blofeld had probed Bond's heraldic gen to its rather shallow bottom and it had been proved that he was or was not the Comte de Bleuville, Sir Hilary Bray, his usefulness expended, might "meet with an accident." Bond would just have to face up to these hazards and watch out particularly for the latter. He, and Sable Basilisk behind him, would have to keep some tricks up their sleeves, tricks that would somehow make Sir Hilary Bray's continued existence important to Blofeld. In conclusion, the Chief of Staff said he considered the whole operation "a lot of bezants" and that "Bezants" would have been a better code word than "Corona." However, he wished Bond the best of luck and said, coldheartedly, that he would instruct the Technical Section to proceed forthwith with the devising of a consignment of explosive snowballs for Bond's protection.

It was on this cheery note that Bond, on the evening of December 21st, returned to his office for a last run-through of his documentation with Mary Goodnight.

He sat sideways to his desk, looking out over the triste winter twilight of Regent's Park under snow, while she sat opposite him and ran through the items: "*Burke's Extinct Baronetage*, property of the College of Heralds. Stamped 'Not to be removed from the Library.' The printed *Visitations in the College of Arms*, stamped ditto. *Genealogist's Guide*, by G. W. Marshall, with Hatchard's receipted bill to Sable Basilisk inserted. *Burke's General Armory*, stamped 'Property of the London Library,' wrapped and franked December 10th. Passport in the name of Sir Hilary Bray, containing various recently dated frontier stamps in and out of France, Germany and the Low Countries, fairly well used and dog-eared. One large file of correspondence with Augsburg and Zürich on College of Arms writing paper and the writing paper of the addressees. And that's the lot. You've fixed your laundry tags and so on?"

"Yes," said Bond dully. "I've fixed all that. And I've got two new suits with cuffs and double vents at the back and four buttons down the front. Also a gold watch and chain with the Bray seal. Quite the little baronet." Bond turned and looked across the desk at Mary Goodnight. "What do you think of this caper, Mary? Think it'll come off?"

"Well, it should do," she said staunchly. "With all the trouble that's been taken.

But—" she hesitated — "I don't like you taking this man on without a gun." She waved a hand at the pile on the floor. "And all these stupid books about heraldry! It's just not *you*. You will take care, won't you?"

"Oh, I'll do that all right," said Bond reassuringly. "Now, be a good girl and get a radio taxi to the Universal Export entrance. And put all that junk inside it, would you? I'll be down in a minute. I'll be at the flat all this evening—" he smiled sourly — "packing my silk shirts with the crests on them." He got up. "So long, Mary. Or rather goodnight, Goodnight. And keep out of trouble till I get back."

She said, "You do that yourself." She bent and picked up the books and papers from the floor and, keeping her face hidden from Bond, went to the door and kicked it shut behind her with her heel. A moment or two later she opened the door again. Her eyes were bright. "I'm sorry, James. Good luck! And Happy Christmas!" She closed the door softly behind her.

Bond looked at the blank face of the Office of Works cream door. What a dear girl Mary was! But now there was Tracy. He would be near her in Switzerland. It was time to make contact again. He had been missing her, wondering about her. There had been three noncommittal but cheerful postcards from the Clinique de l'Aube at Davos. Bond had made inquiries and had ascertained that this was run by a Professor Auguste Kommer, President of the Société Psychiatrique et Psychologique Suisse. Over the telephone, Sir James Molony, the nerve specialist by appointment to the Service, had told Bond that Kommer was one of the top men in the world at his job. Bond had written affectionately and encouragingly to Tracy and had had the letters posted from America. He had said he would be home soon and would be in touch with her. Would he? And what would he do then? Bond had a luxurious moment feeling sorry for himself, for the miscellaneous burdens he was carrying alone. He then crushed out his cigarette and, banging doors behind him, got the hell out of his office and down in the lift to the discreet side entrance that said "Universal Export."

The taxi was waiting. It was seven o'clock. As the taxi got under way, Bond made his plan for the evening. He would first do an extremely careful packing job of his single suitcase, the one that had no tricks to it, have two double vodkas and tonics with a dash of Angostura, eat a large dish of May's speciality — scrambled eggs *fines herbes* — have two more vodkas and tonics, and then, slightly drunk, go to bed with half a grain of seconal.

Encouraged by the prospect of this cozy self-anesthesia, Bond brusquely kicked his problems under the carpet of his consciousness.

• • •

The next day, at London Airport, James Bond, bowler hat, rolled umbrella, neatly folded *Times* and all, felt faintly ridiculous. He felt totally so when he was treated with the deference due to his title and shown into the V.I.P. lounge before take-off. At the ticket desk, when he had been addressed as Sir Hilary, he had looked behind him to see who the girl was talking to. He really must pull himself together and damn well *be* Sir Hilary Bray!

Bond had a double brandy and ginger ale and stood aloof from the handful of other privileged passengers in the gracious lounge, trying to *feel* like a baronet. Then he remembered the real Sir Hilary Bray, perhaps now gralloching a stag with his bare hands somewhere up in the Glens. There was nothing of the baronet about him! He really must get rid of the inverted snobbery that, with its opposite, is ingrained in so many of the English! He must stop acting a part, being a stage nobleman! He would just be himself and, if he gave the appearance of being rather a rough-hewn baronet, the easy-going kind, well, that at least was like the real one up in Scotland. Bond threw down the *Times* that he had been carrying as an extra badge of Top Peopleship, picked up the *Daily Express*, and asked for another brandy and ginger ale.

Then, with its twin jets whispering far back of the first-class cabin, the Swissair Caravelle was airborne and Bond's mind was reaching forward to the rendezvous that had been so briefly detailed by the Zürich solicitors. Sir Hilary would be met at the airport by one of the Comte de Bleuville's secretaries. He would be seeing the Count that day or the next. Bond had a moment of panic. How should he address the man when he met him? Count? Monsieur le Comte? No, he would call him nothing — perhaps an occasional patronizing "my dear sir" in context. What would Blofeld look like? Would he have changed his appearance much? Probably, or the fox wouldn't have kept ahead of the hounds so efficiently. Bond's excitement mounted as he consumed a delicious lunch served by a delicious stewardess, and the winter-brown check-board of France fled backward distantly below.

This is the first of three installments of "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," a new novel by Ian Fleming. Part II will appear next month.



Little Annie Fanny

BY H. KURTZMAN AND W. ELDER

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, STENDHAL SAID: "GAIETY IS THE SIGN OF THE INTELLIGENT MAN"... OR WAS IT STEVE ALLEN?... ANYHOW, TO PROVE THE POINT, SOLLY THE AGENT HAS OUR LITTLE ANNIE WORKING AS A COMEDIAN'S "STRAIGHT MAN," AND NOT WITHOUT HER USUAL CURVES—

DON'T LET THIS ANNIE'S LOOKS FOOL YOU, FOLKS. TAKE AWAY HER BLONDE HAIR AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT LEFT?

THE SEXIEST BALD-HEADED GIRL IN THE WORLD!

I TELL YOU THIS KID'S GREAT!... A CLEAN, HEALTHY, SIMPLE TYPE OF COMIC THE PUBLIC WANTS TODAY.

I LIKE THE KID'S SHAPE TOO, SOLLY.

NOT HER! HIM!



I DON'T KNOW, SOLLY... THE MATERIAL LACKS SOMETHING.

COME ON! COME ON, ANNIE, FREDDY-BABY! A LOT OF COMICS: LENNY, SHELLEY, MORTY, DICKY, MIKEY AND ELAINEY ARE HERE TO SEE THE SHOWEY—

COFFEE, TEA, OR MILK??

I WENT WITH A GIRL WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AN INTELLECTUAL. SHE LICKED STAMPS FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

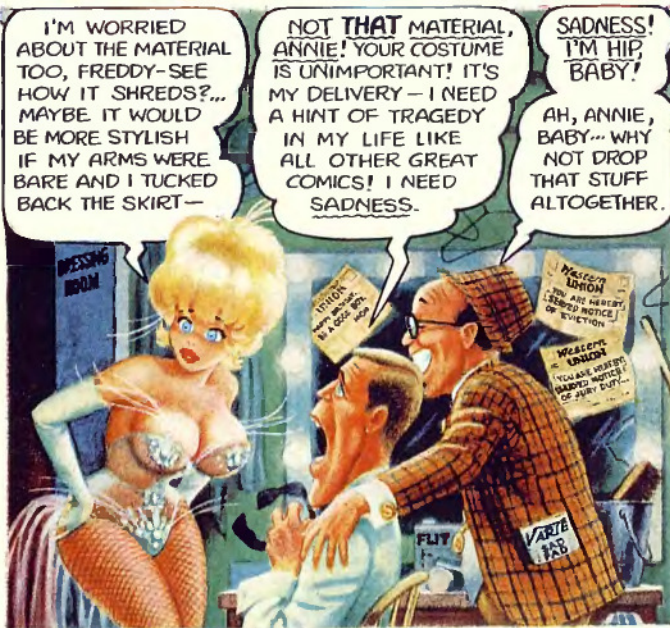
SO I SAT AT THIS LUNCH COUNTER FOR NINE MONTHS, AND WHEN THEY FINALLY INTEGRATED THEY DIDN'T HAVE WHAT I WANTED.

ZZT! CLK! CLK! POW!

SAME TO YOU, FELLA!

MAKE YOU A MALTED? YOU'RE A MALTED!

I NEVER ACTUALLY DATED ALBERT SCHWEITZER—





IT'S GOT TO HAVE A SAD SICKNESS.

KIDS! MEET THE GREAT MORT BAHL!

OH, MR. BAHL, I THINK YOUR JOKES ABOUT WORLD TENSION AND ATOM BOMBS ARE SO CUTE!

I TRY TO KEEP A PHILOSOPHICAL PERSPECTIVE IN MY HUMOR, HONEY, HOW ELSE DO YOU KEEP FROM BEING DEPRESSED AND FROM LOSING YOUR SANITY?



SO I DISCUSS THESE THINGS SATIRICALLY... FOREIGN AFFAIRS... THE ADMINISTRATION... OTHERWISE THEY ARE VERY DEPRESSING... THE SPREAD OF DIALECTIC MATERIALISM... CHINA'S UNILATERAL AGGRESSION (ULP) BARRY GOLDWATER... THE (ULP) 100 MEGATON BOMB (CHOKE) I TREAT IT ALL (SOB) HUMOROUSLY (SOB, CHOKE).

CEREBRALNESS... THAT'S WHAT MY HUMOR LACKS!



THIS COSTUME, SOLLY... THE RHINESTONES ARE FALLING OFF AND THE MATERIAL IS TORN...

FOR PETE'S SAKE, ANNIE! THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT! THE ACT HAS GOT TO HAVE A SAD, SICK, CEREBRALNESS!

I SEE IT, FREDDY, SWEET! WITH YOUR DELIVERY, WE CAN'T MISS!

UH... ANNIE—LET'S DROP THOSE RHINESTONES.



THE 3RD SHOW.

THE KID'S PACKING THEM IN! IT ALL PROVES... TODAY, YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE THEM HIP HUMOR! YOU CAN'T PLAY DOWN TO YOUR PUBLIC.

IN THESE TENSE AND TROUBLED TIMES, WE FELLOW AMERICANS HAVE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER LIKE BROTHERS... SO WE CAN BEAT UP THE MINORITIES!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE SAD AND SICK AND ABOVE ALL—



—YOU'VE GOT TO BE VERY CEREBRAL!

AND DID YOU HEAR HOW CUBA HAS GIVEN UP BASEBALL SINCE THE RUSSIANS TOOK BACK THE BASES?

I WONDER IF ANNIE NEEDS ALL THEM FEATHERS?

END

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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on *The Playboy Advisor*, fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE


IN JUNE, the South American ski season will be heading toward its peak — and you'd do well to follow suit: head for the peaks that thrust upward in the snow-girded uplands of Bolivia and Chile. An overnight jet ride will waft you within range of such diverse accommodations as the Bolivian resort of Chacaltaya, 18,400 feet above sea level (where a remarkable 30¢ a day will purchase a room, three square meals and tow rides) to the \$15-per-diem refinements of Chile's plush Hotel Portillo, where the business is going downhill in high style.

At Portillo, and on the nearby Andean slopes of La Parva, a good 18-inch frosting of powder snow customarily covers 100 inches or so of base from mid-June through August. A brief hour and a half by car out of Santiago, La Parva in particular is a worthy place to make tracks: skiers may escalate on a variety of newly installed lifts which swing upward to the top of some of the most spectacular trails on the continent, one an exhilarating 3-mile run. Equally accessible from Santiago are other fine Chilean slopes at Farellones and La Palma.

If you can manage to slip it into your itinerary, stop off on the way home to peruse Peru, where old market towns like Huancayo are memorably festive on the late-June "Day of the Indian," as 500-year-old Inca rituals are re-enacted by costumed natives from the high Andes. Two other Peruvian affairs worth roaming for the glomming are Inti Raymi, the haunting, otherworldly Inca ritual of sun worship staged at the mountain fortress of Sacsahuaman near Cuzco, and the Fiesta de Amancaes

which takes place on the outskirts of Lima and devotes a full week at the end of June to prime food, drink and care-free celebration. An extraordinary side trip may also be made from Lima on board a chartered helicopter over the little-known area threaded by the Alto Madre de Dios and its adjacent rivers, a region of cathedrallike spires and formidable abysses which together form a canyon vaster than the Grand Canyon.

Further change-of-pace locales await you in the States' northernmost extremity, expansive and variegated Alaska. Those for whom roughing it goes against the grain will find superlatively comfortable resorts in wilderness settings at Taku Glacier Lodge, Thayer Lake Lodge on Admiralty Island (famed for its pugnacious trout), Tongass Lodge on Excursion Inlet and the McKinley Park Hotel. If you choose to headquarter at Anchorage, you can take in the June festival of music, then go airborne on one of Northern Consolidated Airlines' special "round the mountain flights" for spectacular sight-seeing. Hardier souls may wish to journey above the Arctic Circle to Kotzebue (and the Wien Arctic Hotel), there to catch the 1-day bush-pilot special which airlifts you to fishing areas rife with Arctic grayling, Dolly Varden trout, and Arctic char. Another one-and-a-half-day special touches down for an overnight stay at Fort Yukon Lodge, where native guide and riverboat are placed at your disposal for the proper pursuit of the great northern pike.

For further information on any of the above, write to *Playboy Reader Service*, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. 

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