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PLAYBILL OFFERING PORTENTS of midsummer pleasure, along with a handsome AC Cobra and matching charmer on this issue's cover, is our symbolic Rabbit, firmly in the driver's seat. And so, symbolically, is Stirling Moss, as revealed by Ken W. Purdy in his prescient, probing study of *England's Favorite Son*. It is only now, with his announced retirement from racing, that the entire career of Moss may be measured against those ageless British standards of courage, doggedness and *esprit* that make an Englishman a national hero. It was this assessment for *PLAYBOY*, says Purdy, that gave rise to his forthcoming biography of Moss, *All but My Life*, to be published by E. P. Dutton this fall.

Another racing-car driver, although he's not best-known for that skill, is J. Paul Getty, our Consulting Editor on Business and Finance, who last year roared his Lotus around England's Goodwood course to celebrate his entrance into the British motor-oil market. This month, in *The Imp of the Impossible*, Getty discusses why the ability to discriminate between lofty goals and those that are unattainable is an essential executive attribute.

When an automobile and the impossible collide, the result is *Car on the Mountain*, a short story by *PLAYBOY* regular T. K. Brown III. The car is a 1948 Cadillac which its new owner, a Mexican peasant, can't possibly drive. His solution to the problem, as you'll see, provides a fitting climax — both for the story and its hero.

In *Naked Nude*, this month's lead fiction by Bernard Malamud, an artist imprisoned in a Roman bagnio struggles to resolve the conflict between his love for a masterpiece and his emotional involvement with his own work — a quandary that could cost him his life. An associate professor of English at Bennington, Malamud is the author of four novels, including *The Magic Barrel*, winner of the 1959 National Book Award for fiction. Like the hero of *Nude*, he too spent a year in Rome, but not, he asserts, in the same sort of involuntary lodgings. His latest work, a collection of short stories entitled *Idiots First*, will be published by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy in October.

The mutual psychological captivity of the victims and perpetrators of totalitarianism underlies the satire of Poland's Slawomir Mrozek's *Four Fateful Fables for Today*, whimsically inventive parables to be included in his book, *The Elephant*, coming from Grove Press this fall. Acceptance of Mrozek's wryly grim fairy tales in his native Poland (he has been awarded the *Polish State Cultural Review's* annual literary prize) is heartening proof that art may be created and achieve recognition even in the most restrictive surroundings.

Completing our August harvest of fiction, Herbert Gold is at his ironic best portraying an unhappy housewife who evolves her own devious ways to get letters from the man of her dreams in *The Only Pure Love*. Gold's latest novel, *Salt* (which crystallized from a series of short stories that first appeared in *PLAYBOY*), has gone into a sweet third printing. *First Person Singular*, his collection of essays by leading novelists, will be published by Dial later this summer.

Shel Silverstein, our wandering pen pal, turns up this month with graphic mementos of his sojourn in a nudist camp. Off the drawing board, he recently channeled his offbeat originality into some very *Inside Folk Songs* (sample title: "Never Bite a Married Woman on the Thigh") on a new Atlantic LP. After wailing a few of his creations on Johnny Carson's popular *Tonight* show, the totally-tanned Silverstein suddenly discovered that strangers were beginning to recognize him on the street—even with his clothes on.

While soaking up the summer sun, you'll find much more to absorb in this month's *PLAYBOY*: To add to the warm-weather pleasures of modern urban living, we present *Playboy's Patio-Terrace*, designed by Chicago architectural illustrator Humen Tan, who also did the renderings for *The Playboy Town House* (May 1962). In Part Nine of *The Playboy Philosophy*, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner examines the causal interconnection of religious suppression of sex, the antisexual aspects of medieval "romantic" love, and the wave of witch hunts that swept all Europe. As in July, *Philosophy* is preceded by *The Playboy Forum*, a continuing dialog between *PLAYBOY* and its readers concerning issues raised by our editorial series. The conclusion of *The Playboy Panel: 1984 and Beyond* presents a penetrating exploration of the future by a dozen of the world's leading science-fiction authors, each of whom has already proven his genius for prophecy through past predictions which have since become realities. One of them, Arthur C. Clarke, calculates that he lost a hefty piece of loot by failing to register patents on a communications satellite which he detailed in print 13 years before the launching of Telstar. Stellar in a more terrestrial sense is our *African Queen*, Gillian Tanner, most popular of *The Girls of Africa* (*PLAYBOY*, April 1963), featured in a five-page photographic encore herein in response to reader raves.

TAN



MALAMUD



GOLD



BROWN

PLAYBOY



Moss P. 53



Gillian P. 59



Shel P. 86



Patio P. 96

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PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1963, VOL. 10, NO. 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HNH 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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DEAR PLAYBOY

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THE ROOT OF X

Regarding your feature: *Playboy Interview: Malcolm X*, I certainly agree with you that "knowledge and awareness" are necessary elements of a democratic society. Further, your interview is the first that I have seen with a leading Black Muslim. Since I feel that freedom of expression is basic to understanding the racial problem, I think that every affected and concerned group should be given the opportunity to express its point of view.

James Meredith
University of Mississippi
Oxford, Mississippi

I read your interview of Malcolm X with only the passive interest one tenders a nut. Since reading the article, however, I have had the memorable experience of hearing Malcolm X speak. And speak he does. Fanatic or not, this man is very impressive, and I am afraid that perhaps those who have never seen him cannot fully appreciate his dynamic magnetism.

Many of his claims are exaggerated and even ridiculous, but at the same time, much of what he says is painfully true. The American Negro is dissatisfied, and rightfully so. I fear that he might be an all-too-willing recipient of what the Black Muslims are offering.

Malcolm X is deadly serious, and his plan is not without precedent. Nationalism is a very strong emotion. Coupled with a mystical religion and guided by such a strong personality, it is a movement of staggering potential.

The Muslims are evidence that, in spite of his "concern," the average American is not making noticeable progress toward racial equality. He must shake off his complacency, his condescension. The present generation seems incapable of revising its concepts, but I hope its blundering has struck sense into the younger generation. It is up to us. I hope we won't be too late.

Jon Hammersberg
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

The *Playboy Interview* with Malcolm X (May 1963) reasserts the high quality of your magazine. I am doubly happy that PLAYBOY did not attempt to slug it out

with Malcolm X. The very nature of the Black Muslim's point of view shatters and undermines his position. To relate *café au lait* and white bread to the Caucasian race is actually funny. No offense intended, but how would Mal approach the dark spots on the human tongue caused by the bubonic plague? Enough. In my anger, I find myself sinking to his level.

James C. Levie
Kings Point, New York

Your annual \$1000 award for the best fiction to appear in PLAYBOY can now be presented for 1963. No one could possibly top Malcolm X.

Lanny R. Middings
Beverly Hills, California

After reading the interview with Malcolm X, it is clear to me that he is certainly not a man to be ignored. There is an ever-burgeoning possibility that there may be a full-scale war between the white and black races.

I went to school for three years in the South and have a fairly good idea of how popular Malcolm X' philosophy would be, once publicized down there. There is a large number of rightly discontented colored people in this country who would follow him. To most, the possibility of gaining their freedom would be all the inducement necessary. So watch it — Armageddon is just around the corner.

Jeffrey B. Barr
New York, New York

Malcolm X has eloquently stated the case for the Black Muslims and also for many "sympathetic" Negroes who do not hold formal membership in the movement. As a college student and social type (the New Negro), I think I speak for a large segment of my dark-hued brethren when I state that we are "sympathetic" with many of the basic tenets expounded by Mr. Elijah Muhammad, while avoiding some of the distasteful extremes, i.e., obtaining several states.

Charles N. Storey
Chicago, Illinois

I was among reporters who interviewed Malcolm X in Los Angeles last year just

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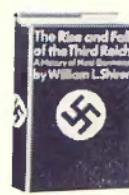
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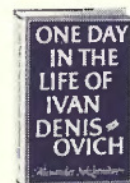
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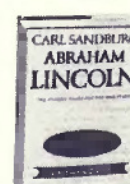
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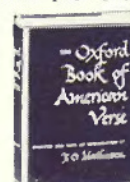
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after the Muslim-police riot here. I consider myself fortunate in meeting Mr. X because I saw first-hand the hysteria and hatred in his eyes and heard the *non sequiturs* and ugliness in his words. For those, both black and white, who have never met Malcolm X, your interview must have been a revelation.

PLAYBOY depicted Malcolm X exactly as he is—a fanatic dressed in black Ku Klux Klan robes. You asked exactly the questions which lay raw Muslim philosophy—a philosophy which contradicts itself at every turn. From your interview, it is abundantly clear that this is a philosophy rabidly anti-everything. It is even anti-Negro because it preaches to the Negro violence and hatred—sins for which gods of almost all faiths condemn men.

Yvonne Patten
Los Angeles, California

As peculiar as the Negro's position is in this country, as frustrating as it has been and continues to be in many respects, as "practical" as seem many of Malcolm X' viewpoints to large numbers of both white and black, let no one be deceived: we accept the challenges of the present and future in spite of and because of the past.

We were not kidnaped from our native land and forced to wear the yoke of slavery and lynched for the amusement of some bored and restless few and humiliated during the time of war to be given now "several states here on American soil."

We want it all—the concrete and steel of the big cities, the warm, fertile lowland of the Mississippi Delta, and the snow-covered ridges of the Rockies. We want no less, deserve no less, and will settle for no less than an equal share of the privileges and responsibilities of all Americans.

Earl B. Robinson
Chicago, Illinois

As a person actively engaged in integrationist activities, I was both deeply moved and distressed by the interview with Malcolm X, published in your May 1963 issue. My distress was not resentment, however, but the painful recognition that Malcolm X is a man of intelligence and conviction, and not merely an opportunist trading in hate.

Malcolm X demands our admiration because he refuses to be accepted as anything but a man; no concessions to necessity, no patience, no waiting for the millennium—he will accept nothing less than his full rights. And for this idea alone, he offers a valuable object lesson, not only for Negroes, but for all men.

Until recently, the Negro has accepted whatever happened, but now the Muslim movement offers an alternative; and this alternative may become the most power-

ful weapon of the integrationist movement. At last integrationists have a tool with which to cope with the inertia of the average white. We shall point out loudly and often that, unless the situation between whites and Negroes improves drastically, there may be all hell to pay later. The Muslim movement has changed integration from a Negro hope to a white necessity. And for this reason alone, may the Muslim movement live a long and useful life.

Don B. Ray, Minister of Music
First Methodist Church
San Fernando, California

FLEMING SWORD

Since I began reading PLAYBOY in March of 1961, I have found much that has been piquant, informative and entertaining. So often has this been the case that it's normally my policy to read PLAYBOY straight through—from *Playbill* to *Next Month*—and I enjoy it all immensely. But this month, well, I confess I sneaked a look at the James Bond installment first—by far your most captivating fiction yet!

W. Lawrence Fellman
Dallas, Texas

I am following James Bond's adventure with Smirnoffian anticipation. Quite. Just one thing, though—would you be good enough to ask Fleming to soft-pedal the action? At times it does intrude upon the list of brand names.

Dick Myers
Stillwater, Oklahoma

EXPATRIATE-ISM

There is no cause for anyone to be perplexed after having read *Americans Go Home*, by Leslie A. Fiedler. An average person, like myself, goes abroad in order to find justification for, or to verify criticism of, the customs of his own country. All other persons, both below and above average, go abroad for obviously trivial reasons—such as intellectual snobbery, escape from failure, and social quanta.

Erskine Caldwell
Rheem, California

I read Fiedler's new novel after I read his redaction of it in PLAYBOY. I was tickled pink at his failure to get mad at me. In fact, it turns out that Fiedler and I are in the same boat, or rather raft. It is true that some Americans panic quicker in Europe than others and that there is hepatitis in all that, but as Fiedler says, it's only the old cultural jaundice that attacks us writers. Right now I am straining at the leash to go to Europe, if only to yell, "Come back to the raft, Leslie, honey!"

Karl Shapiro, Department of English
University of Nebraska
Lincoln, Nebraska



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GROVE-Y

I'd like to comment on the excellent fiction by Walt Grove in your May 1963 issue. I know that writers like to make it on their own names, as I'm sure Mr. Grove will, but do we have in him another contemporary author like J. D. Salinger?

The reason that *The Tie that Binds* impresses me so is that I have a very close friend in a prep school in that general vicinity of New England, and from what he relates to me of his personal experiences and those of his friends, Mr. Grove has hit the nail on its proverbial head. Congratulations are in order.

Jon M. Westberg
Fairleigh Dickinson University
Rutherford, New Jersey

All right. All right. What's with that s.o.b. who wrote *The Tie that Binds*, in your May issue? I took his sound advice and flatly asked five girls in a row — no luck! However, I was promptly thrown out of school. Obviously, something went wrong — any suggestions?

R. B. Cyr
Durham, New Hampshire

Try another school.

LANGUAGE BARRIER

I have delighted myself in looking at the "juicy" cartoons of *Little Annie Fanny*. There is one thing, though, which perplexes me: What does "Moffundzallo" stand for?

Federico Fellini
Rome, Italy

Moffundzallo — my-funds-are-low — it's an old gag, Signore.

MAX VS. MAXIMUM

I enjoy your magazine, but I think in one respect you are at present having a bad effect on the taste of the urban young man. It is good for him to see full-bosomed nudes, but you are running to nudes that are *too* full-bosomed. That charming phrase reflects your own taste, you know, not a universal predilection. A young girl's breasts should be firmly molded, not lush and overripe. I don't mean to lay down any dogmas about this, but I do think you might give a thought to the sculpture of the Greeks — the Venus of Cyrene, for instance, which is just about perfection in the female form. I get a feeling from some of your recent Playmates that I have to cultivate my mother complex rather than my sense of beauty and adventure.

Max Eastman
New York, New York

Author Eastman evidently prefers the belles-lettres A and B to C and D.



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CONTRIBUTING EDITOR,
High Fidelity Magazine

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- THE HANGMAN, OR THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS —JOHN JACOB NILES
- JOHN RILEY —ODETTA
- WE BE SOLDIERS THREE —THE DELLER CONSORT
- JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE —TOM MAKEM
- THE WHISTLING GYPSY —TOM MAKEM
- WHEN COCKLE SHELLS TURN SILVER BELLS —ED MCCURDY
- GREENSLEEVES —THE DELLER CONSORT
- THE BOLD FISHERMAN —ED MCCURDY
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formed. Such an album had, until now, seemed impossible of achievement because of the problems involved in bringing together first-rank singers from all over the country. The result is a "charmer," as music critic John Conly remarks above—and it is available only through The Classics Record Library. Because the album is not sold in record stores, the Book-of-the-Month Club is permitting interested collectors to listen to the records at home and, if not fully satisfied, to return them to the Club within ten days, without charge.

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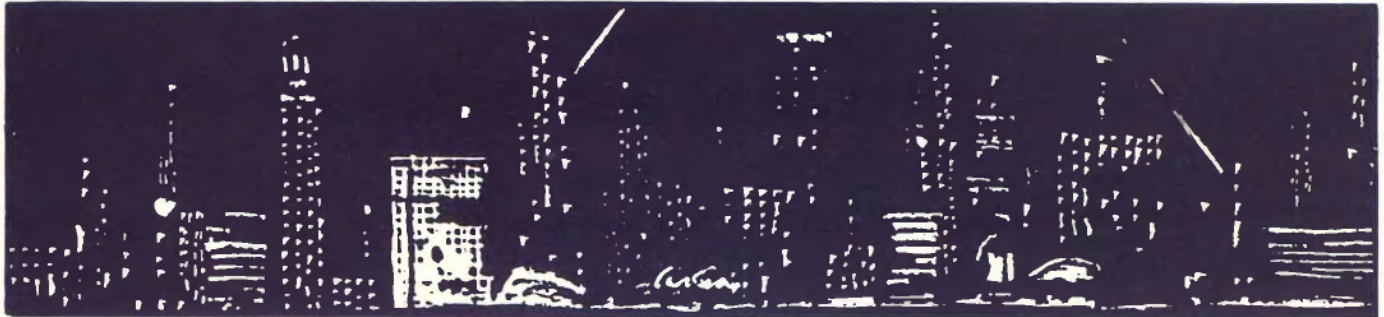
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



When car *cognoscenti* gather for some post-race reminiscing, the conversation often turns to such hallowed names of motordom as the Moon and the Marmon, the Essex and the Auburn, the Thomas Flyer and the Wills Sainte Claire. But what of the almost-3000 makes of American automobiles and trucks which met with resounding public apathy toward their charms? The time has come to salute the losers (and they *did* exist, however briefly, so help us) and to toast some of the benighted knights of the road. We lift our glass, then, to such flyers in the face of euphony as the Bluffelumber, the Schlotterback and the Luedinghaus-Espenschied. And we have a spot reserved in our heart for those misbegotten image evokers, the Anchor, the D'Olt, the Duck, the Havoc, the Mock, the Sphinx and the Static. How could we ever forget those victims of man's verbosity, the Hall Gasoline Trap, the Plass Motor Sleigh, the Rigs-That-Run, and the Seven-Little-Buffaloes? And what about the entomologically inclined Auto Bug and Bugmobile, or the diametrically opposed philosophies of the Average Man's Runabout and the Croesus Jr., or that mechanized monument to a modern-day Damon and Pythias—the Murray-Max Six? For the Cinemascopically attuned we offer the Ben-Hur and the Robe, and for the Mad Ave minions, the hard-sell-titled Fool-Proof and the commuter's very own transport, the Club Car. We'll let others argue over the relative merits of the Fwick and the Wick, but we get openly maudlin and dewy-orbed when we conjure up visions of that splendid example of nominal éclat—the Morris and Salom Electrobat.

“Elizabeth Taylor's advisors,” reports

columnist Earl Wilson with an inadvertently acid Winchellism in the Jamestown, New York, *Sun*, “suspect some very shrew publicity manipulations behind all the stories about her romances.”

We were taken a bit aback both by the implication and the outspokenness of a recent headline in the Anchorage, Alaska, *Daily Times*—“QUEER NAMED LODGE CHIEF”—until we read in the story below that the newly elected president of the local American Federation of Government Employees is a fellow named Al Queer.

The Realist, Gotham's gadfly in the face of journalistic convention, recently offered the following idea “as a public service” to readers interested in making a quick commercial killing: Sell two kinds of lapel buttons reading “JUMP” and “DON'T JUMP” to onlookers convened at the scene of would-be suicides from lofty ledges.

It took them a few years, but Hollywood's hucksters have finally come up with their own outspoken answer to subliminal advertising: lacing movie scenarios with unabashed commercial plugs—in gratitude for which the pluggees extol the films in question with a saturation ad campaign. Among abundant recent examples: James Cagney portraying the hard-sell manager of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in Billy Wilder's *One, Two, Three*; Karl Malden beating the drum for Baby Ruths as a traveling candy salesman in *Gypsy*; and Debbie Reynolds' pampered pooch in *My Six Loves* holding out for Red Heart Dog Food. The release of Danny Kaye's latest flick, *The Man from the Dinners' Club*, por-

tends a blight of brand names not merely studding scripts but emblazoning the marquees themselves. If these fears prove founded, future reissues will undoubtedly include such box-office favorites as *Mogen David and Bathsheba*, *The Chesterfield King and I*, *How Green Was My Valley of the Giant*, *The Maltese Ford Falcon*, *Days of Wine and Four Roses*, *A Man Called Peter Paul Mounds*, *The Longest Day-Glo*, *Love-Pat Is a Many Splendored Thing*, *The Count of Monte Crisco*, and that epic sleeper, *Long Day's Journey into Nylol*.

We were pleasantly reminded of the rewards of coeducational-college life by the final paragraph in an otherwise uninformative account of a local fashion show, in the Columbus, Ohio, *Booster* “Proceeds from the event,” said the paper, “help maintain two scholarship houses at Ohio State University where some 56 women students practice cooperative loving. Tickets are available at the door.”

Seductive offer from the For Sale column of *The Houston Post*: “Revere Portable rape recorder. New cost \$179.50, sacrifice \$140. HO 5-3007 after 5 P.M.”

Sign of the times seen in a Manhattan store window: “GOING OUT OF BUSINESS! LAST DAY! MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!”

We wonder if Floyd Patterson planned to condition himself for his return match with Sonny Liston by resorting to the same novel training exercise he employed in preparation for a 1961 title fight with Tom McNeeley. “Patterson,” reported the *Miami Herald* before that bout, “is using a broad slanted



THE PLAYBOY ASCOT

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Ascot and Bow Tie are available in olive, gray, red and navy. Regular Playboy Tie available in red, gray, olive, brown, navy, wine and black.

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PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

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at a 45-degree angle to strengthen his back and leg muscles."

Our nomination for this year's Meatball-with-Palm-Leaf Prize for promoting international ill will goes to the unidentified U. S. official who, as reported in the *Chicago Sun-Times*, uttered the following unforgettable words of conciliation during an Arab-Israeli border dispute: "The only way we can hope to get anywhere is for the principals in this dispute to get together and talk this thing out in a good Christian spirit."

THEATER

In the high-pressure world of musical comedy, *She Loves Me* comes as a gentle nudge. It has no big production numbers, no razzmatazz, no chorus girls, hardly any dancing at all. There are almost as few changes of scene as there are changes of season. (Even the latter are modestly beguiling. "Look," says one character, as a handful of leaves falls from the eaves. "autumn!") Although the book sounds sugary — it was the creamy center of a Margaret Sullivan movie called *The Shop Around the Corner* — the play is tart enough as here presented. In a pink-satined *parfumerie* in a European city much like Budapest, Barbara Cook and Daniel Massey (a boyish lookalike for father Raymond) sell side by side, but are completely occupied with pen pals whom they have never met and address only as Dear Friend. It doesn't take a James Bond to deduce that Dear Friend is really the clerk at the next counter, but for the lovers the knowledge is two acts in coming. While they dream, a fellow clerk schemes. Jack Cassidy, as a shopworn dandy, cads about with the impressionable Barbara Baxley, and dawdles on the sly with the proprietor's wife. Cassidy will, of course, lose Baxley but win a little shop of his own by use of his rakish resources. Baxley will find happiness with an optometrist (by wearing glasses). And Cook and Massey will finally discover that love by mail leaves too much to the imagination. Whenever things start to get sticky, composers Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock (*Fiorillo!*) whisk in a fresh tune. *Ice Cream* is a double-dip ditty in which the heroine writes of her love to her love, but keeps thinking about the guy at the shop. *Ilona* is an ironic bit of romantic devilry in which Cassidy is more concerned with posing than proposing. *A Romantic Atmosphere* is a gypsy paean to the tryst. The title song, like the show, is a buoyant burst of innocence. At the Eugene O'Neill Theater, 230 West 49th Street.

MOVIES

Marilyn is about Marilyn. 20th Century-Fox, for whom she made most of her films, has assembled clips from 15 of her pictures, beginning with *A Ticket to Tomahawk*, in which she had 22nd billing, to *Something's Got to Give*, her last never-completed starrer. The collection, which runs as long as a feature film, shows how the MM "character" was developed by movie experts through the years; more important, it shows how she herself developed considerable comedic technique and the ability to belt out a musical number. In their routines from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, Jane Russell, something of a looker herself, simply fades when Marilyn takes over. The scenes from *The Seven Year Itch* show a round-eyed rounded Marilyn who manages to give hot-and-dirty sex a good name. The saddest fact is that she looks her best in the make-up tests for her last film. It's a pity that nothing is included from *The Asphalt Jungle*, where her figure first started traffic, or from her finest film, *Some Like It Hot* — but these two came from other studios. Despite Rock Hudson's appearance as narrator, *Marilyn* is well worth seeing — an almost-worthy tribute to a miss who too soon became a myth.

Mondo Cane, an Italian documentary, looks at the world through gross-colored glasses. Gualtiero Jacopetti has searched the globe for the weird and the way-out, and has mayhem-stitched his findings into a film whose title is idiomatic Italian for "lousy world." Despite an introductory blurb that states "All the scenes you will see in this film are true and taken only from life," *Mondo Cane* is not an altogether-honest film. Several of the segments were obviously faked (Rossano Brazzi getting his clothes ripped off by adoring female fans) or tricked up (a burp inserted into the sound track), but no matter. Care to see New Guinea cannibals brain hundreds of pigs with clubs, then tear the animals apart and gobble the slightly singed meat? Care to see Gurkha soldiers decapitate young bulls with one stroke of the sword? Or Calabrian peasants lacerate their legs and run bloodily barefoot through the streets on Good Friday? And all in Technicolor! There's horrific humor, too. A sequence in a Pasadena pet cemetery, complete with caskets and headstones, is followed by a Formosan restaurant scene where the customer selects his live puppy and sees it killed and broiled. Prospective brides for a Polynesian chief, being fattened for him in cages, are followed by hefty ladies exercising at Vic Tanny's. Also on view

is the painter Yves Klein at work in Paris—covering nude models with paint and then, to mood music, directing them as they press their bodies against a huge canvas. *That's* action painting!

Director John Huston isn't flying as high as he was in his days of Maltese falconry, but his latest, *The List of Adrian Messenger*, has speed, and would even be spellbinding if it had a spell to bind. This alleged suspense story, based on a Philip MacDonald novel, is one long investigation by an English investigator; there's not a real scare in a reel. Adrian's list contains the names of 11 men, all of whom have been bumped off. The question is what they had in common that made them bumpworthy, and it leads George C. Scott around London and into the fox-hunting shires (actually photographed in Ireland). Huston himself is a fox-hunt fan (there's one brief shot of him, mounted and stuffy), and the sequences of riding to hounds are what keep this picture from going to the dogs. Scott is respectably restrained in his role—but why cast an American as a retired English general alongside such thoroughbred Britons as Gladys Cooper, Herbert Marshall, Dana Wynter, and even clarety old Clive Brook? Scott simply can't cut the English mustard. Further flapdoodle involves Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Robert Mitchum and Frank Sinatra playing bit parts in rubber masks. They look like five guys in rubber masks.

In *Call Me Bwana*, Bob Hope explores two vast continents—Africa and Anita Ekberg. As in most Hope pictures, the gags are often foreseeable but often funny. Hope is his customary cowardly self in conditions demanding courage: this time a fake adventure writer, who has never left America, is sent by the U. S. to recover a lost moon-probe missile in dangerous territory. Anita is a Russian undercover agent sent to waylay him, which, as far as the Production Code permits, she does. Edie Adams has the third lead as a CIA agent bodyguarding Bob but her comedic talents are herein effectively hidden. As the story keeps striving stoutly to make nonsense, a queer feeling may soon have you queasy. For all its space-probe scenario, the scene is the Africa of Victorian vaudeville: a jungle chief with comical speech and an ugly daughter he wants to marry off: nonsense language spoken to natives as if they were feeble-minded children; and assorted other patronizings. When Bob gets off the plane in Africa, the porters start to carry his bags, and he says, "Not that way! On the head!" There's no malice in his method, but in the context of apartheid, Little Rock and Birmingham, the attitudes underlying this film can make an intelli-



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*(mix Gordon's Gin in a tall,
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The English are not easily fazed, even by summer heat. This national talent was given a cheerful accompaniment in 1769, when Alexander Gordon introduced his remarkable gin. The Gordon's you drink today harks back to his original formula, because one does not tamper with gin of such distinctive dryness and delicate flavour. Try it soon in a tangy Gin & Tonic or Tom Collins. You'll see why Gordon's is the biggest seller in England, America and the world.



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414. Tricky, tuneful trek by composer of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, Peter Gunn.



427. *Fools Rush In, I'll Never Smile Again, How Deep Is the Ocean*, etc.



450. Glowing northern epics in breathtaking new Dynagroove sound!

FOR *Summer Fun,*
FOR YEAR-ROUND LISTENING PLEASURE



456.



392. Modern jazz colossus! *Without A Song, You Do Something To Me*.



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454. Romantic sonatas in the great tradition, played with insight and passion.



453. Oscar winner, plus *Walk On The Wild Side, Mutiny On The Bounty*.

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360. 1946-1950 modern jazz milestones by combo, big band. (Reg. L.P. only)



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409. Melodious ballads, riotous comedy, lively dances from *B'way smash!*



457. New Dynagroove showpiece! *Shangri-La, Harlem Nocturne*, others.



429. Trans-Atlantic record breaker! De luxe presentation package.



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434. Modern jazz greats in *All the Things You Are, Out of Nowhere*, etc.



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373. Hit title tune plus *Let Me Be the One, Happy Birthday To Me*, etc.

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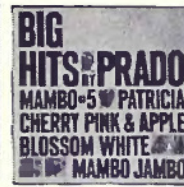
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SUMMARY OF RESULTS: The Club member accepting this offer—only \$1 for any 4 records shown here—would pay \$10.40 (for Popular hi-fi) to \$23.92 (for Classical stereo) for comparable records covered in the survey. And no other source offered a wider choice than the Club, of the RCA Victor Records surveyed.

RCA Victor Record Club

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*A survey, by an independent organization, of prices paid for comparable records will be sent upon request.

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gent white wine — and do worse to an intelligent Negro.

Peter Sellers raises comic hell in *Heavens Above!* As the Reverend John Smallwood, he stirs up tiny Orbiston Parva, his new parish, by taking no vacation from his vocation; he actually lives by his beliefs — which confuses not only his comfy parishioners but also his archdeacon and bishop. When a family of grifters are evicted from their campsite by some greedy land-grabbers, Smallwood invites them into the vicarage — clamorous kids and all. When he converts the laity-de-dah local patroness of the church to active Christianity, she starts giving away the produce from her farms and creates crisis among the shopkeepers. The perils of practicing what you preach have long been a rich mine for irony, and the most is made here of a man of the cloth who will not cut it to fit foibles. Sellers — with glasses, Midlands accent, and weirdo haircut — has a goodly field day doing good, and Cecil Parker, George Woodbridge and Ian Carmichael, as other clergymen, score with their clerical errors. The Boulting brothers, whose *Private's Progress* and *I'm All Right, Jack* shafted the Army and trade unionism, respectively, if not respectfully, are the producer-director team who took religion for this friendly ride.

RECORDINGS

Although the title of Duke Ellington's latest album is *Afro-Bossa* (Reprise), be not misled into thinking that he and his orchestra have been caught up in the bossa-nova milieu. The Duke and his minions follow only their own jazz concepts. With the growler, Cootie Williams, back in the fold, Cat Anderson cloud-busting, Hodges, Nance and Gonsalves in fine musical fettle, and the program built on Strayhorn-Ellington originals, much more meets the ear than Latin offshoots.

Judy Henske (Elektra) is at her best (which is quite good, incidentally) when she is wailing, be it gospel or gully-low blues. Miss Henske's too-frequent attempts at humor, however, are often fey and sometimes ephemeral, wasting LP time which could be put to much better use if Judy — a belting singer — simply sang.

Little Bird/The Pete Jolly Trio and Friends (Ava) kicks off with Jolly's hit single and continues on from there to provide a fine showcase for Pete's crisply inventive piano. Chuck Berghofer's bass and Howard Roberts' guitar help add luster to such varied offerings as *Toot Toot Tootsie* and *Falling in Love with Love*.



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Richter in Italy (Angel), was recorded "live" during a concert tour of the Boot by Sviatoslav Richter, the Russian who many consider the supreme piano artist of this generation. The recording of Schumann pieces, featuring the Sonata No. 2 in G minor, lends credence to his supporters' claims. Richter is an unabashed romantic; his interpretation of an earlier romantic, Schumann, is definitive. It is, *in toto*, moving, tender and impeccable.

Steve & Eydie at the Movies (Columbia) is an audio orchestra ticket to some of our favorite flick themes. Except for the introductory bit of special material, *To the Movies We Go*, husband Lawrence and wife Gormé devote their attention to a full bill of the sound track's nicest sounds. The cast includes *Gigi*, *Days of Wine and Roses*, *Love Is Here to Stay* (from *The Goldwyn Follies*) and *The Second Time Around* (from *High Time*). With Steve and Eydie in charge, movies are better than ever.

Let us thank the permanence of vinyl for having **Gerry Mulligan '63/The Concert Jazz Band** (Verve) on hand. The band, a sometime thing, and a financial *non sequitur* in this day and age, is imbued with a creative fervor and a high polish, two facets which normally preclude each other. Working off charts supplied by Mulligan, Bob Brookmeyer and Gary McFarland, the band has a fluid drive in its ensemble efforts, and sparkling solo stints, highlighted by the *ne plus ultra* trumpet flights of Clark Terry.

The Four Freshmen in Person / Volume 2 (Capitol) is a bit too arch for our taste — what with snappy repartee, tongue-in-cheek vocals and whimsical instrumental stylings peppering both sides of the record, you can't dig the evergreens for the corn.

4 to Go! (Columbia) brings together André Previn, Shelly Manne, Ray Brown and Herb Ellis for a session chock-full of compatibility. The boys break things up performing a quintet of their own compositions along with standard fare. Manne and Previn are, of course, old musical partners, but Ellis and Brown were new-found recording friends. New or old, everyone gets along famously.


Mavis Rivers Meets Shorty Rogers (Reprise), and the pairing proves a salubrious one with Mavis putting forth some of her most unfettered efforts to date, as the Rogers horn ranges behind her. Shorty fronts an aggregation that shifts from a brass tentet through two thirds of the session to a string choir on the remaining numbers. The set is marked by astutely chosen material, including a trio of our favorites, *When Sunny Gets Blue*; a Cy

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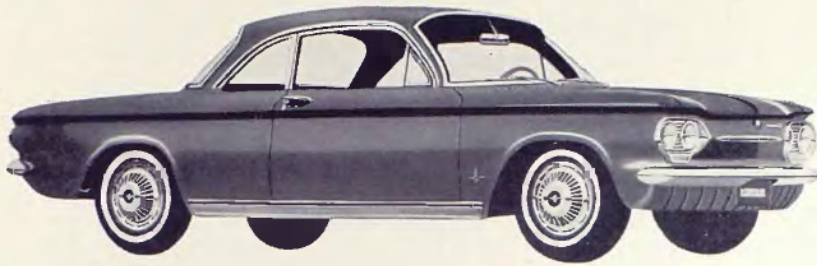
Coleman—Carolyn Leigh standard, *The Best Is Yet to Come*; and *By Myself*.

Shelley Berman's *New Sides* (Verve) contains moments of comedic eloquence that approach anything Shelley has previously recorded. Two routines alone are enough to make the LP worthwhile. The first has Berman phoning a Yellow Page of doctors at 4 A.M. to get some advice on treatment of a cut finger; he elicits no more than aspirins and a hard time from most, winds up recommending that the last doctor he speaks to take care of a bad cough. The second concerns itself with a former patient calling his psychiatrist to tell him his mind goes blank whenever the word porcupine is mentioned. The word *is* mentioned frequently throughout the routine, with conversational complications piling one atop the other. Two other longish monologs—a call to a finance company about an "easy loan" and a call about a lost dog—also contain a clutch of comic gems.

BOOKS

In *The Techniques of Becoming Wealthy* (Prentice-Hall, \$10), Richard H. Rush assures us that "There are no shortages of opportunities for financial success in this country," but adds, "even with the greatest opportunity . . . wealth cannot be created without knowing how." Rush thereupon tries to tell us how, drawing on his own experiences (in real estate, insurance, and the loan business, to name a few) and on the experiences of his friends, the most eminent of whom is our own J. Paul Getty. Rush agrees with Getty's dictum that "the only way to make a good deal of money is in one's own business"—and the launching and nurturing of such is the book's main concern. Among other things, Rush explains when it is wise to borrow money, how to buy a concern with little cash, and how to play the stock market without losing one's shirt. (Daily trading, he warns, is strictly for professionals.) In Rush's ledger, real estate ranks very near the top, and he steers the reader through the intricacies of the field, from depreciation allowances to leaseback. Among the more esoteric money-making means covered are foreign investments, commodity-market speculation and the care and feeding of race horses. For the man in search of millions, the choices seem practically unlimited—and one of his first might be this informative treatise.

Colin Wilson offers up two new books, fiction and nonfiction, but it's really sex of one and half-a-dozen of the other. *The Sex Diary of Gerard Sorme* (Dial, \$4.95) is a sequel to Wilson's previous novel,



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Ritual in the Dark. In that one, Sorme had affairs with an aunt, a niece, and a sadistic homosexual who wanted Sorme for himself, and carved up seven women in a fit of frustration. In *Sex Diary*, Sorme carries on his carry-ons with aunt, niece, and an armful of others. He also gets involved with a bisexual black magician; Sorme believes that the secret of increased human consciousness lies in the sexual climax, and the necromancer claims he knows how to prolong it. Friends, he doesn't. Wilson's other book, *The Origins of the Sexual Impulse* (Putnam, \$4.95) is, like all his nonfiction, an embroidered anthology. It's devoted to his favorite thesis of vision through vengery, and it claims to be a work of existential psychology. It could as reasonably be called a work of anthropological astronomy or *Uncle Colin's Dream Book*. Wilson burrows in bedrooms but doesn't explain the origins of the impulse nor provide any rationale for his thesis. This youthful nongenius seems to have reached the end of his grope. It's hard to choose between the artistic ineptness of *Diary* and the Mayfly intellectualism of *Origins*. For the sake of fairness, skip both.

A Sense of Reality (Viking, \$3.50), Graham Greene's collection of four new stories, one long and three short, finds the old illusionist up to some of his old tricks. His narrators and characters still have the air of voyagers returning from lost worlds where not only illusions and reality, but past and present, childhood and adulthood, flesh and spirit merge. The long story, *Under the Garden*, is a virtuoso piece, an elaborate exploration of the idea that "the Child is father of the Man," an idea to which Greene has held with a tenacity matched only by that of Sigmund Freud. In the last story, *A Discovery in the Woods*, he combines the childhood theme with a device familiar to readers of science fiction—the present of the story turns out to be our future, the past our present. It's all done with mirrors—stories within stories, dreams within dreams. But ultimately, his effect is achieved by such detail as the description, in *Under the Garden*, of a mythical treasure-trove which includes "toothpicks of gold, and swizzle sticks, and little spoons to dig the wax out of your ears, of gold, too, and cigarette holders . . . and a portrait of a dancing girl in gold and enamel, with 'Haidee' inscribed in what I suppose were rubies." When Greene's stories don't work, as sometimes happens, it is because the patter has become so interesting that the trick seems superfluous; the mechanism creaks away and we find ourselves finally confronted with, not the rabbit emerging from the top hat, but, since Greene is a religious magician, the god from the machine.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Most of your comments are understandably directed to the cause of preserving bachelors from gaucherie and cloying alliances, but the question of standards affecting the young married set seems also to need a definitive—or at least an honest—answer. My bride and I, now in our early 30s, have successfully made our way through the threadbare postcollege years, and with the kids in school and a comfortable income assured, are beginning to enjoy some leisure and expand our horizons once again. Herein lies the problem: one of the girls in our crowd is a delightful creature with whom I could enjoy a relationship more personal than that of a bridge partner, and the feeling is clearly reciprocated. Similarly, her husband and my wife are developing an equally sympathetic rapport. Lately the four of us have been talking about a weekend boating trip together, and the tacit understanding seems to be that the port and starboard watches will be subject to an exchange of personnel for the voyage, isolated from the prying eyes of those with a proclivity to gossip. The stumbling block, of course, is the insistence by so-called “experts” on marital relations that this sort of hanky-panky will rot the moral fiber, cause ulcers, falling hair, and presumably, the gout. The illogic of this position is that the alternative can only be secret, hasty extramarital flings, with all the guilt that such dishonesty produces. We are sophisticated, happily married adults seeking an intelligent answer to what must be a widespread problem. Don't you think this is one area where there is room for a fresh reappraisal of standards? Your magazine seems to be the only source of healthy thinking on the development of social and sexual mores under today's conditions. — S. M., Galveston, Texas.

We seriously doubt that the arrangement you suggest will produce a more satisfying, healthy and happy marriage. Wife swapping is not really an “alternative” to the dishonesty of an illicit affair—both are symptomatic of an inadequacy in the marriage or in one of the marriage partners. This sort of mixed doubles may not cause ulcers, falling hair or the gout, but only the most unemotional and sophisticated of couples could sail through such rough, uncharted waters without any effect on their relationship. We suggest that you stow the plans for a switcheroo and concentrate on expanding your horizons—both in and out of bed—together, rather than with some outside party or pair.

Is it ever proper to wear socks that are

lighter in color than one's suit? — L. J., Dallas, Texas.

No.

During the two years that I've been at Harvard I've read PLAYBOY faithfully and have become both a devotee of and an expert on living what may be termed the “playboy life.” Only trouble is, I'm rapidly losing my hair and am likely to continue doing so. The embarrassment attendant to this situation makes me ask for advice—or at least wonder what your advice would be. How about it: Can one live a rewarding college social life while in the process of balding? Can this be accomplished through some conversational gambit, or through some attention-distracting or -manipulating technique? I'll be grateful for whatever light you can shed on this problem. — S. S., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A man's physical appearance—his face and stature, as separated from his grooming and the way he dresses, which help project his personality—is one of the least-important factors in getting on well either personally or professionally. What counts is the inner image that a man has of himself and how he projects that image to those around him. Premature baldness will undoubtedly make you appear older than your years, but this can actually be turned to your advantage: The most desirable females these days seem to strongly favor older, more-mature males, so this gives you an added edge over fellows of your same age, if you develop the maturity to go along with your appearance; similarly, in business, the opinions of the older-looking man are more apt to be listened to and taken seriously. As the years pass, of course, the lack of hair will matter less and less, for a number of your compatriots will join you in the Brynner brigade. We have known many bald, short and physically unattractive men whose manner, style and personality put them head and shoulders above their contemporaries, who had hair, height and good looks, but very little else.

I have two questions: Is there a proper way to open a champagne bottle (I become all thumbs when called upon to separate cork from bottle); and must a towel be wrapped around the bottle in order to serve it correctly? — W. G., White Plains, New York.

Opening a champagne bottle is a fairly simple operation. First, remove the wire and foil; hold the cork with one hand, the bottle with the other. Then (and here's the gimmick) twist the bottle gently until the cork comes out with a discreet but

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discernible pop. The towel around the bottle is partly functional, partly custom. Years ago, when bottling was not nearly the science it is today, there was a chance that the bottle might explode in one's hands as one tried to work the cork out; the towel acted as a shield. Today, the towel's sole function is to absorb the moisture picked up from the ice bucket.

Any opinion on wedding bands for men? I contend they have a henpecked air about them; a friend maintains that I should be proud to wear one — that is, if I'm happily married. I am, but I still think a ring on the finger is analogous to a ring through the nose. — H. K., South Bend, Indiana.

The wearing of a wedding ring is largely a matter of personal taste for the male half of a marriage, but we tend to share your prejudice and feel that a gold band on the third finger, left hand of a man suggests less a happy marriage than a henpecked hubby, who wears it to keep out of trouble at, and away from, home; or else a guy so egocentric that he considers himself irresistible to the opposite sex and thinks he needs the wedding band to fend off other hopeful females.

I have to take exception to your March *Advisor* answer, re the Danish airline stewardess who smoked a cigar. It is a pleasure to behold a woman who is an individual and who doesn't give a damn about silly female convention. She deserves a pat on the back. Her friend may not know it, but he is indeed a fortunate fellow. — M. L., Beverly Hills, California.

We admit we were a mite hasty and all-inclusive in our answer. We don't dig distaff cigar-smoking when it is merely an affectation or attention-getter. But since the female in question smoked cigars as a natural part of her ethnic background and upbringing, and since the cigar's size and shape weren't grotesquely unfeminine, we'll have to amend our previous appraisal and concede that the Danish stewardess was only doing what came naturally.

Is there really any wash-and-wear suit fabric that can be worn after washing without touch-up ironing? The suits I've had have been fairly passable, but certainly not perfect, after drying. — R. L., New Orleans, Louisiana.

All wash-and-wear suits require some touch-up ironing if they are to be wrinkle-free. However, the big plus of a wash-and-wear suit is in the wearing — that is, in its resistance to wrinkling and the ability of trousers to hold a crease in hot, humid weather. But if you want your suit to be as smooth as your approach, you'd better press on regardless.

With speed records in everything from jets to foot-racing falling like matchsticks these days, my curiosity has been piqued as to who and what hold the world's land-speed record? I wouldn't be surprised if racing cars were approaching the speed of sound by now. — S. M., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Actually, the world's land-speed record has remained unbroken for over 15 years. Back in 1947, John Cobb streaked across Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats in the Railton Special streamliner to cover the mile distance at a speed of 393.8 miles per hour (average speed over a two-way run). Mickey Thompson managed to hit 406.6 miles per hour in 1960 at the Flats, but his Challenger I broke down before Mickey could make his return run, so his clocking could not be recognized officially. They've still got a far piece to go, however, before they reach the sound barrier — 741.8 miles per hour at sea level.

Some time ago you helped a reader who asked for a list of recordings that would come in handy on an evening when the lights were low and he and his date were alone. The list was a good one, but largely in the popular vein. I am in that same situation, only this chick digs classical music. Would it be too much trouble for you to make up a list of "sexy classical selections"? Sinatra doesn't move her, but Chopin might. — B. M., Brooklyn, New York.

These masters should help you strike a responsive note with your highbrow belle: Chopin's "Les Sylphides," Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloé" (or his more pat "Boléro"), Respighi's "The Fountains of Rome," Beethoven's "Violin Concerto," and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet."

The girl with whom I am currently engaged (physically, that is) insists on being in complete charge whenever we become intimate. The first time we dated, I was rewarded with an unbuttoned blouse (not of my doing) after only a few kisses. But on the next date, when I went for the buttons, I was set back with a stern: "If you want me undressed, I'll do it myself." Is she suffering from some psychological disorder or is she simply overly helpful? Any suggestions? — B. W., Des Moines, Iowa.

If her dominating attitude makes you uncomfortable it might be well for you to zip out of the relationship. Sex, at its best, should be spontaneous — with no "rules" inhibiting either partner. If your girl's desire to take the lead shows up in other ways as well, chances are her psyche requires her to undo her beaux as well as her buttons.

A friend of mine claims that something called "Napoleon" brandy is the best in the world. I claim there really is no such thing, that the term "Napoleon" brandy was made up by an advertising agency and that it is not generic. Who's right? — R. T., Dallas, Texas.

You're partially right. The phrase "The Brandy of Napoleon" is registered with the United States Patent Office by Courvoisier for its cognac. One of the early Courvoisier clan served in the French Army under Napoleon, and it was through him that Bonaparte became a Courvoisier fancier, thus giving the firm the right to use the phrase. A recurrent myth to the effect that brandy bottled in Napoleon's time is still available is just that. There may be a bottle or two tucked away in some forgotten corner of a wine cellar but you wouldn't want to drink it, because chances are air would have seeped past the age-shriveled cork. And, of course, the amount of time a brandy spends in the bottle will enhance its flavor not one whit; it's the time in the cask that counts.

Past what length does a man's cigarette holder become affected-looking? — M. M., San Francisco, California.

Four inches.

Please forgive what I fear may be a dreadful intrusion into the private masculinity of your magazine. But I have a problem that (alas) no woman's magazine would dare answer. My problem is simply that I was foolish enough never to have been anyone's playmate until my husband and I were married, and now I feel the lack of experience is woefully apparent. Could you please help me? — L. R., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Hell no — your husband might walk in! But he can — and should — help you by (1) being patient, and (2) buying any one of several good books on the subject of sexual technique. (Among them: "The Marriage Art" by Dr. John E. Eichenlaub; "The Art of Love" by Dr. W. F. Robie; "The Art and Science of Love" by Dr. Albert Ellis; "Sex: Methods and Manners" by Louis Berg and Robert Street; and Havelock Ellis' classic, "The Dance of Life.")

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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16-89. JACKIE GLEASON. **LOVE EMBERS AND FLAME.** 7 string orchestras ignite romance with *Would You, Lover's Waltz, How About Me*, more.



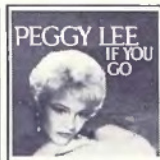
17-91. BOBBY DARIN. **OH! LOOK AT ME NOW.** His smother first Capitol album. *Blue Skies, Always, My Buddy, The Party's Over*, 8 other specials.



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



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



16-30. PEGGY LEE. **IF YOU GO.** Magnificent, misty-eyed performances: *As Time Goes By, Say It Isn't So, Maybe It's Because*, 9 more of her best.



17-83. NAT KING COLE. **RAMBLIN' ROSE.** Warm and wonderful country music! *The Good Times, Skip to My Lou, Your Cheatin' Heart*, 9 more.



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



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



12-50. JACKIE GLEASON. **APPRODISIA.** Originals for lovers. *Seraglio, Rapture, Glamour, Violent Mist, Orange Velvet, Pink Chiffon*, 6 others.



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



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



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



16-57. NANCY WILSON/CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. Teaming up to give you *I Can't Get Started, Happy Talk, Unit 7* — eleven numbers in all.



17-53. THE 4 FRESHMEN. **THE SWINGERS.** 12 jazz sizzlers: *L'il Darlin', Tops Miller, Satin Doll, Lullaby of Birdland, Lulu's Back in Town*, many more.



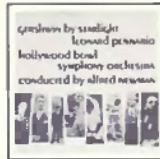
57-16. MOZART ARIAS. ANNA MOFFO. A thrilling new voice sings 11 arias from Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro, Mass in C Minor, others.



59-50. KARAJAN CONDUCTS OVERTURES. WEBER; MENDELSSOHN; The Hebrides; WAGNER: Lohengrin, Flying Dutchman, Berlin Philharmonic.



15-20. PEGGY LEE. **BASIN STREET EAST.** Catch her club performance of *Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed*, 11 more.



85-61. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT. Leonard Pennario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony. *Cuban Overture, Second Rhapsody*, etc.



17-40. CY COLEMAN. **BROADWAY PIANO-RAMA.** Hits from Broadway shows. *Old Devil Moon, Lonely Town, Lost in Loveliness*, 9 more.



16-58. KINGSTON TRIO. **COLLEGE CONCERT.** Live at U.C.L.A. *Little Light, Laredo, M.T.A., 500 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds*, others.



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



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



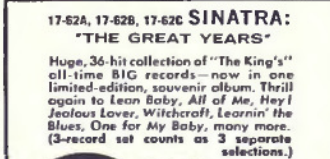
16-00. STAN KENTON. **WEST SIDE STORY.** A thrilling new voice sings 11 arias from Don Giovanni, Le Nozze di Figaro, Mass in C Minor, others.



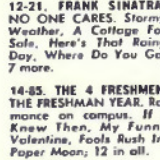
15-74. NAT KING COLE. **THE TOUCH OF YOUR LIPS.** Dreamy musical memories: *Not So Long Ago, Illusion, I Remember You, Funny*, 7 more.



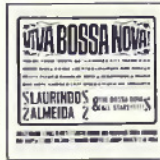
15-69A & 15-69B. JUDY AT GARNETT HALL. "Garland at her greatest." *Hi-Fi Stereo Review*. 28 exciting songs from the greatest evening in show-business history: *Man That Got Away, Trolley Song, Chicago, San Francisco*, 24 more encores, recorded live. (2-Record set counts as two separate selections.)



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



14-85. THE 4 FRESHMEN. **THE FRESHMAN YEAR.** Romance on campus. *If I Knew Then, My Funny Valentine, Fools Rush In, Paper Moon*; 12 in all.



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



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

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conclusion **THE PLAYBOY PANEL:
1984 AND BEYOND**

one of a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene

PANELISTS

Science-fiction-fantasy writers **POUL ANDERSON, ISAAC ASIMOV, JAMES BLISH, RAY BRADBURY, ALGIS BUDRYS, ARTHUR C. CLARKE, ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, FREDERIK POHL, ROD SERLING, THEODORE STURGEON, WILLIAM TENN** and **A. E. VAN VOGT**. (Capsule biographies will be found at the beginning of Part One in last month's issue.)

PLAYBOY: Last month we began our symposium of prognostications about life in 1984 and beyond with the subject of space exploration. Most of you predicted that the Russians will be the first to reach the Moon, but that lunar real estate, as well as that of Mars, Venus and the other planets, will ultimately be explored and colonized under international jurisdiction. With a dissenting view from Dr. Asimov, the rest of you went on to prophesy that we are more than likely to encounter many forms of extraterrestrial life in space—possibly including beings more advanced than man both culturally and technologically, though perhaps totally alien not only in appearance but in psychology, society and intellect. Discussing the one disaster which you felt might prevent these prophecies from coming true, many of you viewed nuclear war, triggered by accident or miscalculation, as a grim probability—while conceding that “civilization as we know it” might possibly survive such a cataclysm. Barring war, you foresaw a continuation of competitive coexistence with Russia on the economic and ideological fronts, but also the possibility of a U.S.-U.S.S.R. alliance catalyzed both by coinciding cultures and by the mutual threat of Red Chinese belligerence. But perhaps even more ominous than China's war potential, you felt, is its proliferating population—and that of the entire planet. You predicted the exhaustion of available living space and existing food supplies, possibly within our lifetimes, if the present annual increase in world population is allowed to continue at its present geometric rate. You foresaw the necessity of plankton farming, whale ranching and extracting food from rock in order to feed the population; and such measures as compulsory chemical contraception, abortion, infanticide, sterilization and genetic control in global practice as methods to stem the human tide. You

anticipated also that genetic selection and manipulation will be used to breed human beings of exceptional intelligence, creative imagination, physical strength and resistance to disease; but you expressed grave doubts about our ability to decide wisely who should be empowered to select which individuals will be allowed to breed—and for what specific traits. In appraising the impact of enforced genetic control on the function and status of the family in 1984, opinion was divided between those who felt that marriage will become obsolescent in an era of test-tube babies bred and raised by the state; and those who were convinced that the institution would continue to flourish because the family-security drive is in the nature of man and not of society. Part One of our discussion ended as we introduced the subject of nonmatrimonial changes in the relationship between the sexes. Algis Budrys responded with the prophecy that “the concept of a social or sexual norm will become nearly meaningless” in an age of unprecedented social freedom and permissiveness. Do you agree, gentlemen?

CLARKE: Today's social and sexual revolution is an earthquake of the first magnitude in terms of its current and future impact both on the foundation and superstructure of human society. The arbitrary barriers between the sexes—along with the arbitrary bonds of marriage—are destined to dissolve.

POHL: I agree. When we're finally able to buy nonprescription oral antibiotics and contraceptives over every drugstore counter—which I would guess will come to pass within the next few years—bingo, there goes the last surviving major threat of venereal disease and pregnancy. Just as the diminishing social and economic need for the family is bound to remove all but the moral and legal pressures toward monogamy in coming years, so will the vanishing fears of illegitimate pregnancy and venereal disease remove all but the moral and legal pressures against pre- and extramarital intercourse. Most of us wouldn't steal a dollar from an unguarded newsstand, even if we knew we could get away with it. But in practice, how long could dealers afford to leave their stands unguarded if it weren't for the general knowledge that there are policemen? In practical effect, then, contraception, penicillin and the emancipa-



ASIMOV: Robots capable of performing manual tasks more efficiently than human laborers will render the lower grades of human being rather obsolete.



BUDRYS: Emancipation from death may not become a reality in our generation, but some of our children will live actively and usefully for perhaps 200 years.



POHL: We will explore the possibilities of sex multiplied by telepathy, so that you experience not only your own sensations but also those of your partner.



SERLING: On TV in 1984, we'll be watching, maybe even smelling, the same old small-screen slop blown up biliously on wall-size screens in 3-D and living color.



VAN VOGT: *A class of chemicals will affect specific areas of the brain, seek out that tiny spot which is charged with rage or fear — and cancel out the charge.*



TENN: *I can think of no potentially great advance in technology or human relations which man won't find a way to subvert into a historic step backward.*



STURGEON: *I can't help getting impatient with this prognostication about how we must continue to remain as stupid as we are. It's just not going to be so.*



ANDERSON: *When brain stimulation becomes possible without putting electrodes through the skull, psychoelectronics will be used not just for therapy but for kicks.*

tion of women have abolished the sexual police force. Hence only the social inhibitions remain.

PLAYBOY: How potent will they remain?

POHL: In my opinion, not very. For I suggest that the pulpits and the schoolbooks and the editorials which preach the virtues of purity and monogamy are voices which no longer speak for society. What speaks for society, first and foremost — thanks to the subliminal excavations of motivational research — is advertising. It is an axiom that sex sells. My corollary to that axiom is that sex also sells sex. When a commercial shows a luscious babe racing out of the surf and flinging herself dripping wet, in an attitude of abandon, onto the sand beside a handsome, virile guy who proceeds to thrust a mentholated filtertip cigarette between her pursed lips, it's saying that smoking a mentholated filtertip cigarette equals sex equals fun. Now please don't anybody say that nobody needs to be told that sex is fun. Sensually speaking, of course, it's a truism; but in terms of social acceptability, it's still a pretty racy notion. Nevertheless, day in and day out, hour after hour on the TV screen, in our newspapers and magazines and on billboards, Madison Avenue is pounding home the message that we should think of sex in terms of fun and games. This sort of evidence indicates to me that the association of sex with sin is on the way out in precept as well as in practice. Hence I foresee extracurricular sex, that is, sex for recreation rather than procreation — continuing to become more acceptable, more prevalent, more lightly, openly and guiltlessly engaged in as a social phenomenon — and without that unpleasant aftertaste of bitter recriminations and/or gravid consequences traditionally attendant upon such *liaisons dangereuses*.

CLARKE: I'll go further than that. In our advertising and in our everyday lives, I predict we shall be facing up — probably within our lifetimes, and without the present hysteria — to the elementary fact of nature that men are not merely polygamous but ambisexual, at least before being brainwashed by society.

TENN: Man's multifarious sexual customs have been described by a British zoologist as characteristic of a primate horde. He studied the mating habits of a group of gibbons and orangutans and concluded that *man* has invented no new perversions. If you put a bunch of primates of the same species into any given enclosed area, sooner or later everybody will do *everything* to everybody.

POHL: True. With unmarried intercourse becoming as casual as hand holding, we can expect that group sex in every conceivable permutation and combination will become as commonplace as bridge parties. I can even imagine a profitable new field for some future Arthur Mur-

ray. Just as you now sign up to learn a new dance step, you might register in 1984 for personal tuition in the technique of sexual intercourse — an area in which I venture to say that 99 out of 100 Americans consider themselves just a bit under par. And I don't think it will be too many years before we begin to explore the possibilities of sexual pleasure multiplied by telepathy, so that you experience not only your own sensations but also those of your partner, because you're able to read his or her mind.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee any new frontiers in the realm of enhancing sexual pleasure chemically — in particular through the development of the effective, nontoxic aphrodisiac man has always dreamed of possessing?

BUDRYS: A technological society which has completely dissociated sexual pleasure from procreation will inevitably devise, mass-manufacture and use with gusto countless drugs and devices of every description for variegating, intensifying and prolonging one's sex life.

ANDERSON: I don't see any reason, for example, why we couldn't develop a safe contraceptive-potency pill for men and women which would absolutely protect us from impregnation while making us all as athletically and inexhaustibly potent as we like to think we are. Paradoxically, this might lead to a de-emphasis of sex — in our thinking, if not in our daily lives; for boasts about virility would become meaningless as our doubts about virility disappeared. Thus — with the maximum of ability combined with the maximum of opportunity in a liberated society — sex might begin to lose both its mystery and its obsessive importance.

PLAYBOY: Experiments with LSD, peyote and the other hallucinatory drugs would seem to have opened the door to many new horizons in the dramatic expansion of man's sensory capacities. Do you foresee the use of these psychochemicals as a means of intensifying the pleasure of sexual experience?

POHL: It's a damned-good guess that if in 1984 you feel depressed it will be because you *want* to feel depressed: if you don't, you'll need only open your medicine cabinet to feel just about any way you want — including erotic to the nth power. I can envision, for example, a slightly denatured variant of LSD which would induce a state resembling paranoia — but without harmful or lasting effects, and without LSD's rather asexual properties — in order to perceive intense sensory phenomena that the normal mind doesn't even notice. Add to this a few extra ingredients to produce just the proper touch of schizophrenia, which will enable you to render yourself oblivious to everything not directly related to sex itself. Compress it all into a single pill — and you'll be able to experience a transcendental orgasm that any Reichian would

sell his orgone box to attain. Of course, we've had a pretty good primitive drug for releasing sexual inhibitions on the market for some time; we call it liquor. But that's kid stuff. Why should we limit our ways of getting bombed to those provided by the happenstance products of fermented plant life? Let the chemists cook up some new alcoholic libations: smoother, more palatable, odor- and hangover-free. Or let's not bother with alcohol at all. Other selective poisons are available, like the toxins elaborated by disease microorganisms. I remember writing a story in which the characters got on a jag by incubating smallpox viruses: nice flush, nice delirium, nice sense of spatial and temporal disorientation; while at the same time they dosed themselves with antibiotics so that they wouldn't get too sick to enjoy themselves.

ANDERSON: I can think of less heady but equally exciting possibilities for psychochemicals in the cure and prevention of mental illness. If schizophrenia, for example, is really a metabolic disease, as many experts believe, then a chemical cure for it will probably be found rather soon. I personally believe that neurosis and psychosis themselves will eventually be matters for physical treatment rather than for psychoanalysis.

VAN VOGT: I look forward to a class of psychochemical pills which will balance off the body upset created by a wide range of emotional disturbances. LSD and the other current drugs of chemotherapy aren't the answer. I'm thinking of chemicals which will affect only specific areas of the brain, seek out that tiny spot which is charged with rage or fear or guilt — and neatly cancel out the charge.

BLISH: This would eventually lead, of course, to the extinction of all the "talk" psychotherapies; and a society devoid of Freudians, Jungians and Adlerians strikes me as Utopian almost by definition.

ANDERSON: Allied with cybernetics-oriented neurology, psychochemistry is on the threshold of giving us a precise physical-science understanding of the human psyche which may someday enable us to explore and exploit the ultimate potentialities of the human organism. At present we just don't know what they are. But we do know that a man can be tuned and trained to a fantastic physical and mental pitch. Can we find chemical ways to endow every normal human being with the physical coordination of a high-wire performer, the intellectual power of an Einstein, the serenity of a Buddhist saint? Once we have a background of exact and comprehensive knowledge, I think we can and will.

STURGEON: I think it would be relevant, at this point, to suggest another line of pioneering research in this uncharted area which seems to presage no less profound discoveries about the human mind. For some years now, using a technique

called stereotaxia, medical scientists have been mapping brains. They clamp the head of a cat, a monkey or a human rigidly in a frame and by manipulating three thumbscrews, one for each dimension, they can position an electrode precisely where they want it deep in the tissues of the brain. This way they can stimulate tiny areas and chart the reactions. Not only have they found out what part of the brain controls the hand; they can discriminate among the individual fingers. Not only have they learned to locate and operate the motor centers, but they can do the same with the sensories, and with such higher functions as speech and memory, and such complex emotions as pleasure and anger and fear. Experiments like these, in the past two years, have explored more deeply into the brain, and through it, the labyrinth of the mind, than humanity has probed in the past two millennia. You just don't make breakthroughs like that and expect life and society to amble on as before.

ANDERSON: You certainly don't. Psychoelectronics has already got a lot of people terribly fearful — and terribly hopeful for the same reason. Rats wired up so that they can turn on the current in their cephalic pleasure centers will forgo everything else day after day — sex, sleep, nourishment — just to keep pushing that peddle, some of them to the point of exhaustion, others to starvation. And it seems to have the same sort of effect on humans. In one case I know of, a terminal cancer patient was given a few minutes of stimulation, and spent many hours afterward happy, energetic and free of pain. When brain stimulation becomes possible without the necessity of putting electrodes through the skull, we can expect to see psychoelectronics in widespread use not just for therapy but also for kicks. There are dangers, of course, but they don't seem any more risky than those of euphoric drugs. Electronics, in fact, may offer us the only euphoric with no undesirable side effects.

BUDRYS: In the kind of moral-philosophical climate we seem to be headed for — predicated on the premise that man is a kind of experimental organism in a laboratory run by man — it seems to me that all the fine pigeonhole distinctions between good and evil, worth and worthlessness, will be simplified down to the twin criteria of pleasure and pain. We can expect to witness and participate in, therefore, a veritable golden age of sensuality spawned and nurtured on ever-new refinements in the chemistry and electronics which induce hallucinatory phenomena — phenomena which in effect will move the theater out of the TV set and into the interior of the skull. This will become particularly true when pleasure technology advances to the point of introducing plot and purpose to these hitherto random hallucinations and raw



CLARKE: *Man will devise an electronic horn of plenty which I call the Replicator; it will be able to manufacture any object from a coded matrix.*



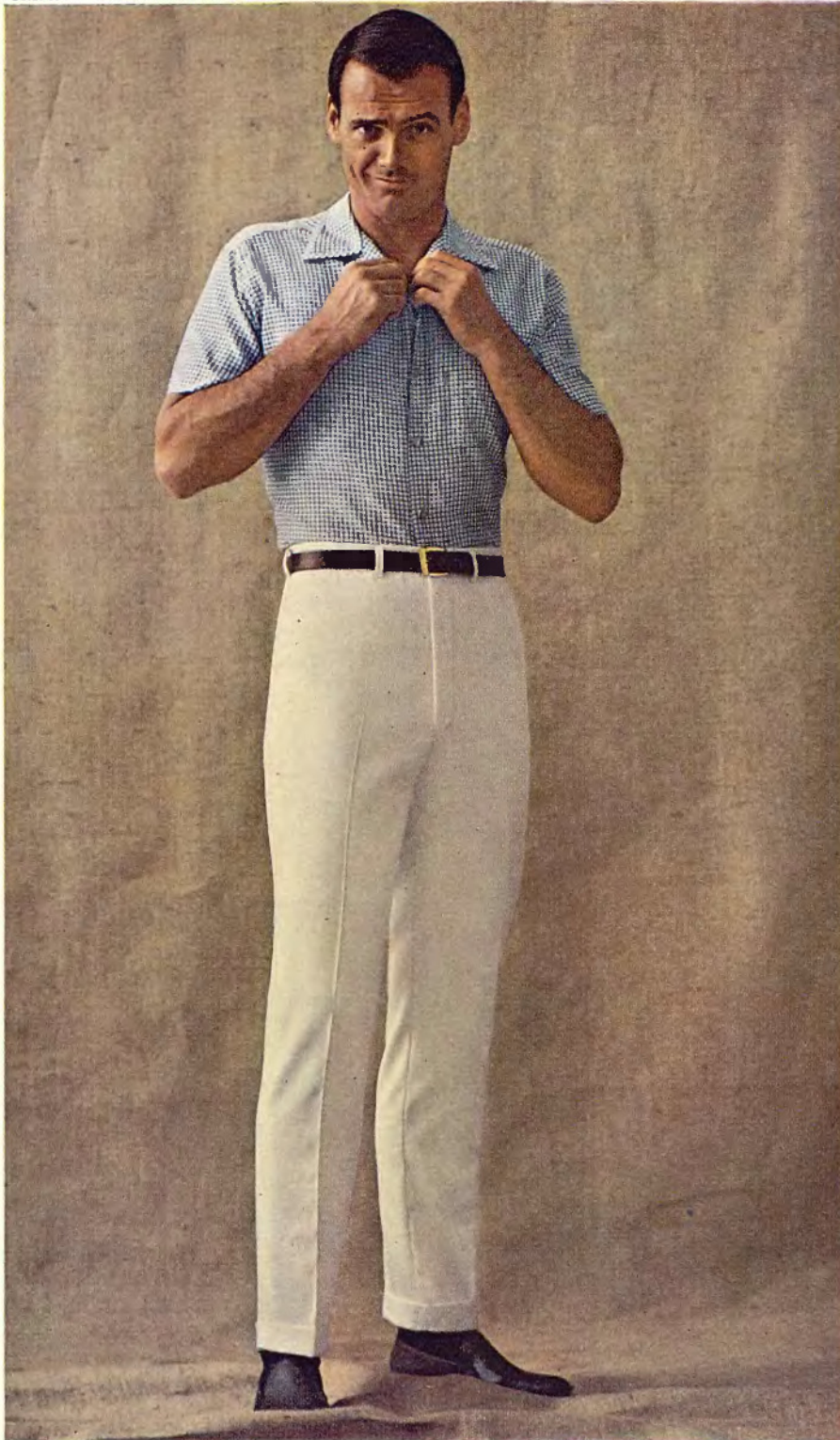
BLISH: *It's possible that some sort of faster-than-light interstellar propulsion will be discovered before we get manned rockets any farther out than Jupiter.*



BRADBURY: *The important thing is that the race is on the move, and that we, as writers, have long dreamt of this movement and cannot help but be exhilarated.*



HEINLEIN: *What will our children accomplish? Take the wildest speculation, square it, cube the result, and the answer still won't be big enough to match the truth.*



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stimulations. We will soon be assaulted by assorted Spansules which actively and explicitly direct the course of dreams or your money back, and by low-voltage stimulæ—safe for children—which weave emotions into soaring sonatas of sensation. I have been drawing a close parallel to show business because I am positive that the next generation will greet these titillations as yet another appendage of the entertainment world. Some nations will establish state pleasure monopolies while others will reaffirm their faith in the free-enterprise system with freelance pleasure technicians, performers, producers, directors, costumers, set designers and scriptwriters under contract to mammoth pleasure-drug manufacturers and Hollywood "Feelie" studios.

PLAYBOY: You foresee, then, an explosion of technological developments and discoveries which promises to enlarge and—hopefully—enrich man's insight, intellect, emotions, sensations and self-knowledge. Do you anticipate similar scientific strides in his search for complete comprehension and mastery of the human body—and of all the ills to which flesh is heir?

SERLING: Well, this may be pretty small potatoes in the technological world of 1984, but I envision a highly sophisticated computing machine programed to analyze medical symptoms, conduct blindingly fast chemical analyses of sample cultures, and then dispense infallible diagnoses for every known disease.

ANDERSON: I think we can expect to see even more spectacular advances in the field of curing illnesses—such as major breakthroughs in the transplantation of whole organs, and less dramatic but more important advances in the development of antivirus drugs, including, at long, long last, a cure for the common cold.

BUDRYS: By the turn of the century, I anticipate that medical research will have progressed at a geometric rate which will have ushered all illnesses, from psychosis to heart disease, as well as all sensory aids such as glasses and hearing aids, into permanent extinction.

PLAYBOY: The elimination of disease would seem to bode well for the prospects of lengthening the human lifespan dramatically in years to come—if not of attaining man's immemorial dream of eternal life. What do you predict will be the longevity of the average American by the year 2000?

BUDRYS: I think that the first man to live forever—or for two centuries, at the very least—may already have been born. But before we can attain true immortality, we'll have to hurdle a few remaining obstacles. Once we eliminate disease as a causative factor in fatality, we'll have to apply ourselves to the task of expunging irrationality from the species. It's not such an impossible dream; conceivably we could instill everyone hypnotically, chemically, or electronically with the

same general view of life, so that people will be deprived of their moral, economic, racial, ideological, psychological and sociological pretexts for destroying each other. There will then remain beyond our control only two principal factors: the inhuman workings of the Universe — which we will be able to harness to our needs, for all practical purposes, with only a slight extension of current technology; and the ability to restore life to those who are temporarily inconvenienced by accidental death; this will be accomplished within a matter of years. Gross mutilative accidents are already being minimized with radical new surgical techniques involving both regeneration and replacement of limbs. Thus we are close to the point where the human body can be treated as a machine with plug-in and screw-on replacement capabilities. That leaves us with the simple deterioration of old age. Some of this will be subsumed by the attack on degenerative diseases, by surgical organ transplants, and by the development of increasingly sophisticated artificial organs. But these stopgaps will do little or nothing to abate the slow decay of the organism as a whole; and this you won't solve by transplanting the brain into a fresh body — because the brain, too, is not immune to aging. But I think the day is not far off when we can decelerate or even suspend the aging of all the individual cells of the body. We are already beginning to learn a great deal about these processes, and their control is the next logical step.

ANDERSON: Well, imagine a synthetic virus, tailored to the individual's genetic pattern, which takes over the job of chemistry control and self-renewal as his own cells become too old to handle the job. A man so inoculated might potentially be immortal, eternally young.

POHL: Recently I bought for *Galaxy* a manuscript by a biologist named R. C. W. Ettinger, called *Prospects of Immortality*, in which he explores the practical possibilities of all-but-eternal life through "frozen sleep" — a process in which a human body is frozen in liquid helium at close to absolute zero so that he or she will not decay or deteriorate in any detectable way for essentially as long as the temperature is maintained — which could be months, years, centuries, millennia, or even cons if you wish. It is already a fact, Ettinger says, that we can freeze a man's body to that temperature without irreparable damage. All it will take is money — about \$8500 per person; we already have the know-how. It's a pretty good gamble, says Ettinger, that no matter what you might die of today — heart attack, stroke, cancer, T.B., a bullet in the belly, or even such tissue wasters as starvation or senility — at some future date this damage will be surgically, medically

or prosthetically reparable, along with any cellular injury that might have been inflicted on your body in the act of being frozen to await resurrection in some later age. Thus immortality of a kind may very well be attainable for you and me right now.

BUDRYS: It seems to me that actual emancipation from death may not become a reality within the next generation or two, but lifetimes greatly extended by biomedical techniques are a strong probability for some of the children in today's maternity wards. And I don't mean that this will be accomplished with such evasions as deep-freezing for decades, metabolic arrest, or any other technique which increases chronological age while doing nothing for the useful lifespan. I mean that some of our children will live actively and usefully for perhaps 200 years. And after that generation, the figure will go up exponentially, so that our grandchildren may live to a ripe old 1000, and our great-grandchildren essentially forever.

ANDERSON: There'd be a price to pay for all this, of course: Very few children could be allowed to be born, or the planet would soon be packed solid with human flesh; and a world with hardly any children would be emotionally barren for a great many people. Then, too, a civilization of polygenarians is inevitably going to become archconservative in thought and action. They would be less likely to question or contradict the comfortable established order; thus the world of the very long-lived would probably be pretty static and stagnant. So we might at last weary of such a life.

POHL: If you think *that's* bad, consider the consequences of achieving immortality through freezing: What will happen, for example, if you poison your rich uncle for an inheritance, live out your life and die in luxury, have yourself frozen — and wake up a century later to find the old bastard standing there with the police and the doctors who found strychnine in his stomach while reviving him?

PLAYBOY: Well, there's another kind of life extension which would seem to be free of such perils: a period up to one-third the length of an ordinary lifespan, which many people wish could be added to their life total of active waking hours by reducing or eliminating the need for sleep. What do you gentlemen feel are the prospects of fulfilling that wish?

BUDRYS: Well, there's a good deal of research being done on the subject, and the data collected so far would seem to indicate that not merely sleeping but dreaming is necessary to the mind, that dreams are not simply the images of an idling brain but an actual function of the self-restoring process which is necessary to rational thought during the

waking hours. I would guess that it will prove possible to take control of the necessary dream process at least to the extent of compressing its duration, and to devise some kind of therapy or equipment which will help the body to recuperate fully from a day of mental and physical exertion in far less time than the natural process now consumes.

POHL: I'm afraid the Russians may have beaten us to it. The other day I heard the first glimmerings of a most unusual technique of sleep abbreviation which they have developed and claim to have perfected. By taping the brain waves of a sleeping subject and playing them back to another man, they are reported to have materially shortened the amount of rest required by the second subject. If my information is accurate, they've come uncannily close to duplicating one of the hoariest and heretofore most improbable gimmicks in science fiction's overflowing bag of tricks: Instant Sleep. You put this shiny helmet on your head, press a button, get up, stretch, yawn and go back to work — completely refreshed.

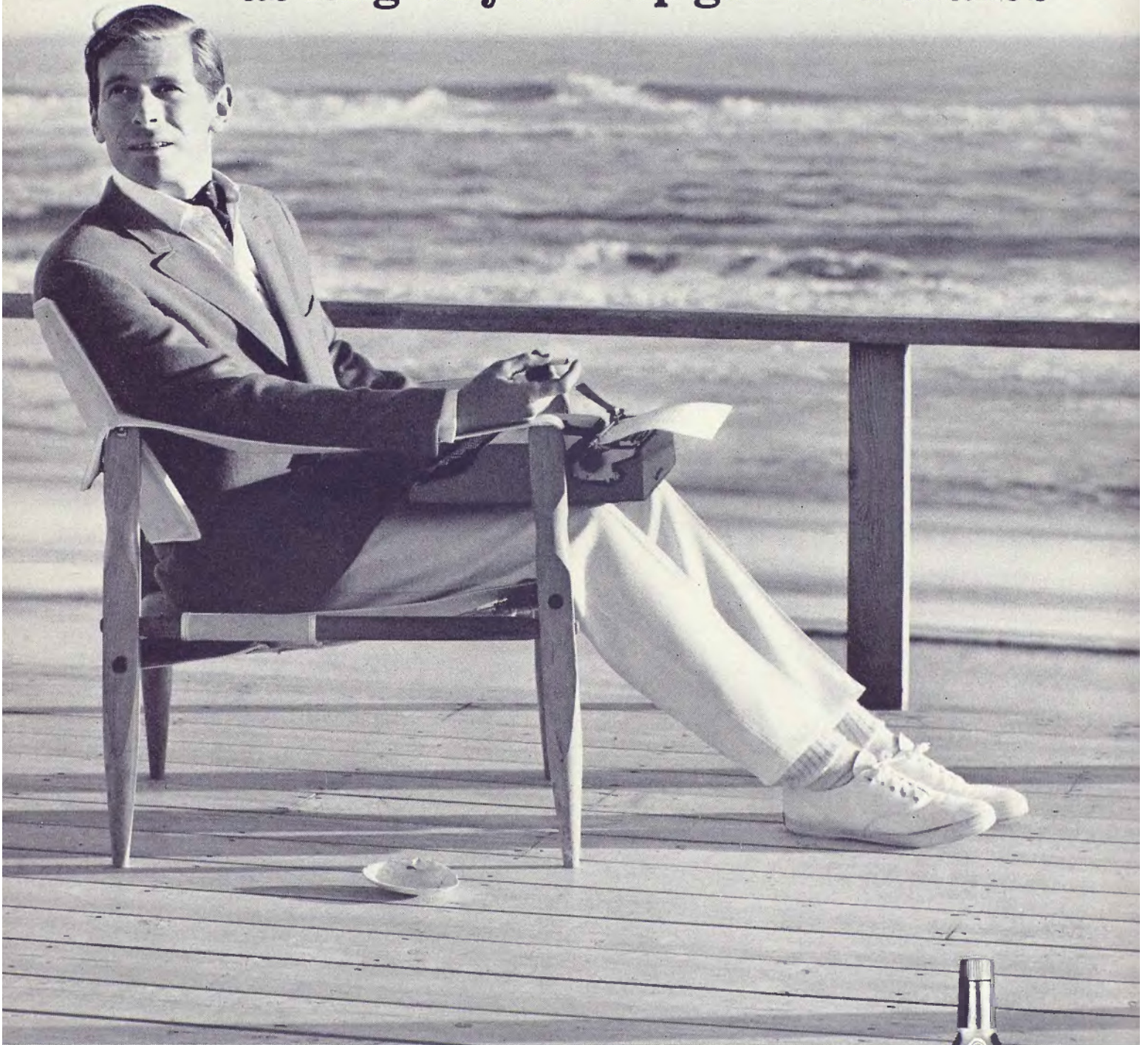
ANDERSON: I have my doubts that either we or the Russians will ever be able to capsulize sleep quite so neatly, but I will venture to predict that it should be possible inside of 20 years, with the help of nontoxic drugs, to work or socialize for several days at a stretch without getting tired.

POHL: A promising line of research, I should think, would be the possible use of appropriate hormone treatments for sleep reduction, since thyroid activity seems to regulate the amount of rest we need. But I don't really see why it couldn't be possible to eliminate the need for sleep entirely and permanently — conceivably by surgical removal of the sleep center from the brain; the dangers of disturbing the body's metabolic balance would seem to be negligible, for people whose sleep centers have been accidentally damaged or destroyed lead what seem to be essentially normal lives in every way — except that they never sleep.

BUDRYS: Still, if we can possibly produce the same results without resorting to such drastic measures, I certainly think we ought to. And I think we probably can and will: by short-circuiting the entire natural process to recuperate mind and body by artificial means involving no loss of consciousness or mobility — using anti-sleep drugs which are not harsh stimulants but specific medications developed from detailed research into the sleeping process. Even with such medicines, however, we may have to pay a price. Any antisleep potion intended to increase alertness and efficiency must inevitably accelerate the total metabolism to the point where it will mean an almost-cer-

(continued on page 108)

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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.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

PRISON PHILOSOPHY

I work as a group counselor in a prison, dealing with both men and women in their respective units. I recently came upon one of your *Philosophy* editorials and decided to use it in a group discussion. It was a very gratifying experience as nearly everyone in the group took part, whereas ordinarily it is just one or two who hold the floor. I was so encouraged by the men's reaction that the next day I used your *Philosophy* as the theme in the women's discussion groups, and the same thing happened. I've now decided to use other installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* in future discussions with all groups. I want to thank you and please keep up the good work. We need someone like you to expound the important ideas so necessary to our new generation.

I see by your letters to the editor that you have upset a lot of so-called "Christians." Very good for you. It is about time someone did. We have been living too long in an era of "Christianity" in which we preach, but do not practice. People are always afraid of new ideas and want to cling to the "old ways," which they find comforting. Your editorials point out a new direction that may help us to bring our thoughts and our actions together, as they should be.

Miss Silvia Burich
Vancouver, British Columbia

THE UNCOMMON MAN

You have broken me down. Your statements concerning "The Uncommon Man" in your second installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* have bolstered my faith in journalism in the United States. For 20 years now I have been sickened to the point of almost hibernation by the American press, radio and television. I have been treated as if I were a sloth with no real ability to do for myself, to think for myself or to prepare for my future. Please continue your policy of assuming that the individual can think. Please continue your policy of presenting beauty, whether it be the female form or the written word.

Joseph W. Baker
Yuma, Arizona

CENSORSHIP

I hope that your discussion of censorship in *The Playboy Philosophy*, Part

Six (May 1963), will lead to increased action against those who force their own arbitrary standards upon others. The censor will have no difficulty tossing your observations aside as the sacrilegious rantings of a sex magazine. And those under the censor's control, who occasionally sneak a peek at *PLAYBOY'S* centerfold, will undoubtedly agree with their master. But unless someone takes you seriously, even greater liberties will be taken with our basic freedoms. The censors have made it clear that Supreme Court rulings will not stop them. *1984* will not be returned to those empty library shelves until censorship has been eliminated. Why? Because the alert reader would notice at once that Big Brother and the censor are one and the same.

S. Richard Arber
Thomas Y. Crowell Company
New York, New York

I would like to congratulate you on your effort to freely explore and discuss intelligently the issues concerning censorship and for your use of objective facts and studies to support your position. As a college teacher I intend to use *The Playboy Philosophy* in my classes as a means of critically analyzing the basic assumptions concerning the various types of censorship.

Edward D'Angelo
Asst. Professor of Philosophy
State University of New York
Buffalo, New York

Your editorial listing some of the absurdities of censorship was a fine and cogent job. From where I sit, as film critic of a London newspaper, there seem to be signs of a slow thaw (the Lady Chatterley case; Miller published in the original, at last), but in other areas, the ice holds fast. The "X" certificate, coined by the British Board of Film Censors, which restricts cinema admission to ticket-buyers of 18 and over, has let through a few adult expressions of sex (watch out for *This Sporting Life*). But the Board's comments on scripts submitted to them by film makers, anxious to avoid censorship problems *before* shooting, still show an odd state of mind. The other day a producer had his script returned with a letter raising an eyebrow at one particular scene, with the observation that "on the whole, the Board is not in favor of

ear nibbling." It makes one wonder what they *do* for kicks.

Philip Oakes
Sunday Telegraph
London, England

Bravo! I cannot restrain my enthusiasm over your *Playboy Philosophy* any longer. You have clearly and brilliantly penetrated the hypocrisies and sacred cows of our society with your analysis and your May editorial alone is worth the price of the May issue. The great philosopher Wittgenstein defined philosophy as an "activity," which consists in raising questions one isn't supposed to raise and generally making oneself obnoxious by asking, "Why?," and not accepting any tired but time-honored dogmas in response — in short, throwing stones through sacred windows. This is precisely what *PLAYBOY* is doing, and very few people outside the academic community have had the courage and intestinal fortitude to do the same.

However, you fail (an oversight, I am sure) to elaborate on several aspects of freedom and individuality that deserve attention. To wit:

(A) It is, of course, commonplace to point to Christ as a radical, but many of our traditionalists forget this. He had the courage (as you do) to challenge the social order and the accepted "truths" of the day. (Incidentally, if more "Christians" practiced what they, as Christians and as citizens in a democratic society, professed, the need for *PLAYBOY* to publish its *Philosophy* would be considerably lessened.)

(B) Concerning censorship, the censors are not, as you claim, "usually [those] least qualified." They are *always* least qualified, because (1) they have no background in literature or appreciation of talent; and (2) they are obsessed and fear-ridden. These True Believers are incapable of asserting themselves democratically and legally for, suffering from a low level of self-esteem, they try to "get back" at society for some imagined slight. To paraphrase: "Morality is the last refuge of the scoundrel."

(C) Concerning actual cases of censorship, several recent instances are worth noting. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* was recently banned by the principal of a midwest school following the request of a patriotic, self-authorized citizens' group; a similar gang of good

citizens in California tried to get Edgar Rice Burroughs' Tarzan books off the children's library shelves on the grounds that "Tarzan and Jane were never legally married": similar cases of recent banning involve Orwell's *1984*, Huxley's *Brave New World*, etc., *ad nauseum*. And you/your readers might be interested in the fact that in several states, religious/political pressure groups have objected to and tried to censor the award-winning television series, *The Defenders*, because of its controversial themes and provocative, thought-compelling points of view.

(D) You introduce the statements of several eminent and highly qualified authorities in making your case against censorship: however, when offered to society as a whole, such intelligence is useless, because by its very nature (i.e., a rational consideration of an irrational situation), it must be considered subversive. It threatens the institutions analyzed by striking at their foundations.

(E) Finally, in your otherwise excellent catalog of evils and abuses in the name of "Christianity" or "morality," you omitted three prominent and significant cases:

(1) As you went to press, a Reverend Conran Schneider successfully (and extralegally) banned Nikos Kazantzakis' excellent novel, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, from a town library in Wisconsin. "Freedom to know," or "freedom to read," anyone?

(2) In 1940, Bertrand Russell was denied a lectureship in philosophy in this country due to some of his views on sex, love and marriage. Again, it was the "patriotic" groups and the True Believers who did not want their children "corrupted by his immoral views."

(3) Some of your readers outside the New York area may not know of the "Playboy scandal" in that city. The New York Playboy Club was first blackmailed and has since been besmirched and slandered, while attempting to obtain the liquor and cabaret licenses to which it had every legal right. It is perhaps significant that those individuals who seem most opposed to the New York Playboy Club belong to a religious denomination that has proven most hostile to PLAYBOY magazine in the past. Rumors from New York suggest that the opposition comes from high up in the church officialdom of that area.

Howard A. Karten
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

We've heard those rumors, too, Howard, but though religiously misdirected pressures have been previously brought to bear on both the Playboy Jazz Festival and our nationally syndicated television show, "Playboy's Penthouse," in other parts of the country, these have always been from individuals or groups without

any official church position or sanction, and we find it difficult to believe that any major religious leader in this free America would attempt to promote or direct a governmental attack upon a Playboy Club, as a means of getting at the less vulnerable magazine, which enjoys the special protection guaranteed the press by the Bill of Rights. Religious history is filled with this sort of church-state coercion, however, and this month's "Playboy Philosophy" considers that subject and also the origins of many of our religious notions about sex, virginity, marriage and romantic love.

We mentioned several of the specific book bannings and the Tarzan incident in our February editorial, but welcome the additions. The attempt to ban the Tarzan books was especially ironic, since the California citizen-censors had clearly never read them: the Edgar Rice Burroughs characters actually were married in the books — only in the movies is the relationship between the Ape Man and his mate open to question.

LIQUOR SCANDAL

What went wrong with *The Playboy Philosophy* in the recent liquor scandals in New York? Your acts seem out of step with your views. But I'm sure the Great White Father Hefner will retort by saying that all should be forgiven, that PLAYBOY is doing penance for its "misjudgment." Could it be a pure act of a bribe or will PLAYBOY say that *mens rea* was lacking?

Many people will be waiting with great anticipation for you to rationalize and justify your acts and then steep them in some more of your profound philosophy. While you're at it, you should give us some axioms to follow, such as: "When in Rome do as the Romans," or "Do as I say, not as I do," or "The end justifies the means."

Now don't think I'm disappointed with PLAYBOY or attempting to take a righteous position in your affairs, I'm not. Your magazine has brought me many hours of relaxation and reading enjoyment, but I have just one suggestion to make. In your next portion of *Philosophy*, where you "spell out — for friends and critics alike — our guiding principles and editorial credo," the byline should read, "*fiction* by Hugh M. Hefner."

John Colistra
Hastings College of Law
University of California
San Francisco, California

Suppose that the owner of an elegant night club is denied permission to sell alcoholic beverages in his night club. Suppose further that in order to remedy this situation the owner of the night club arranges to bribe a member of the state liquor authority and thereby secure his license. Now suppose that this same

night-club owner is also something of a philosopher — that his recent writings have established him as an authority on social ethics. When the night-club owner-philosopher is asked to justify the bribe within his own ethical system, his reply may be structured as:

Bentham: "The bribe resulted in the greatest good for the greatest number."

Dewey: "The goodness of the bribe inheres in its utility."

Nietzsche: "Supermen do as they please."

King: "There is a moral obligation to rectify an immoral situation."

The Playboy Philosophy: _____

Would you please fill in the blank with your usual candor and print at your earliest convenience.

Douglas Shrader
New Haven, Connecticut

Answer if you can — does *The Playboy Philosophy* include payments of bribes to the New York State Liquor Authority?

Raymond Levites
New York University
New York, New York

The facts regarding The Playboy Club and the New York Liquor Scandal are not quite those reported in most of the press, which is, sadly, no new experience for either the Club or the magazine. None of our executives is perfect — they are all fallible men, quite capable of making mistakes; we'll give the details and let our readers decide who was at fault and whether Playboy Club management did the right and proper thing.

When PLAYBOY first contemplated entering the club business, Editor-Publisher Hefner laid down some ground rules: All Playboy Clubs were to be established and operated in accordance with local laws in the various cities and states, and the fact that they were to be private key clubs was never to be used as a means of improperly circumventing local regulations; no profits were to be hidden or siphoned off to avoid the payment of the often prohibitive taxes levied at the night-club and restaurant industry (a not uncommon practice); any attempt of the hoodlum element, prominent in the night-club business since Prohibition, to either buy or coerce its way into the operation was to be firmly rejected. In addition, Hefner emphasized that the Playboy Clubs must be operated so fairly and well — from the customers' point of view (reasonable prices, no "hiked" bar checks, no watered food or drink) — and so cleanly and properly — through overall supervision — that they would always complement PLAYBOY magazine and the good reputation already built through a long, uphill battle against forces in society that oppose much of what PLAYBOY stands for. That PLAYBOY had powerful enemies could not be doubted (as does



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 37

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AUGUST 1963

KEYHOLDERS KEEP COOL AT PLAYBOY CLUB



The perfect summertime refreshment: Playboy's spirited ounce-and-a-half-plus potables of the finest liquors served by a beautiful Bunny.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO THE PLAYBOY CLUB

This summer, keyholders have been taking advantage of the convenient location of The Playboy Clubs, which are situated on the major crossroads of the United States. The Clubs are welcome havens for men on business trips or vacations in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Phoenix, New Orleans and Miami.

Each Club deserves exploration, since each is in some way unique. The New York and Chicago Playboy Clubs feature the fashionable VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys). In the VIP Room, the royal furnishings are supplemented by fine silver, crystal and china to provide a classical setting for the most discretionary tastes.

The lavish St. Louis Playboy Club, on famed Route 66, offers the suspended Playpen, with seating for 12, overlooking the Playmate Bar. The New Orleans Playboy Club, located in the famous French Quarter, maintains the French tradition with its decor of crystal chandeliers, leaded windows, fountains and flagstone floors. Located atop the Mayer-Central Building, the Phoenix Club gives visiting keyholders a panoramic view of the desert, mountains and city. It is Playboy's first of several planned rooftop Clubs. The Miami Playboy Club, on U.S. Route 1 at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.,

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.

Locations Set—Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Baltimore at 28 Light St.

Next in Line—Washington, Dallas, Boston, Pittsburgh.

has its own docking facilities and is located on a palm-studded 40,000 sq. ft. estate just minutes from Miami Beach.

California residents and visitors to the West Coast are anxiously awaiting the opening of the Playboy Club in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The San Francisco Club should be completed by the end of the year. The Los Angeles Club will be a combination hotel and Club—the first of its kind in the growing key Club chain. And world travelers will eventually find Playboy Clubs in most foreign capitals, including Paris, Rome and Tokyo.

One sure way to beat the summer heat is to keep cool at The Playboy Club. And that's just what keyholders do all year 'round at the six Playboy Clubs now in operation—in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Miami and Phoenix. (Three more Clubs are scheduled to open this year in Detroit, Baltimore and San Francisco.) Men-about-town who thirst for fun, glamor and excitement look to the Club as their urban oasis.

One key admits keyholders to all Playboy Clubs. There, in the renowned Playboy atmosphere, the Bunnies are on hand to stimulate tired spirits. The prompt, courteous service of these lovely girls (many of whom have been PLAYBOY Playmates) makes any visit to the Club one that will long be remembered.

Nicely iced drinks served in the generous Playboy manner—a more-than-full ounce and a half of liquor to the glass—feature the best in brand names preferred by discriminating drinkers. For the adventurous, a refreshing excursion in exotic beverages is featured in two new Playboy drink sensations: Rabbit Punch (a potent Rum potable) and the Señor Playboy (a tequila treat).

Every two weeks there is a new talent roster in each Club's showrooms (except in the New York Playboy Club). Cool modern jazz trios play every evening in each room to the delight of keyholders. Both talent and music add up to the perfect formula for a lively way to spend an evening.

It's a pleasure to sample the finest in gourmet dishes served at The Playboy Club, including the charcoal-broiled filet mignon and prime roast beef from the "eye of the rib". The Living Room Buffet presents a man-sized dinner: steak-kabobs, fried chicken, barbecued back ribs, baked beans, petite dinner rolls and relishes.

In June, a taste-tempting luncheon variety of cold platters was introduced at the Living Room Buffet. Included on the menu: cold prime rib of beef with potato salad; beefsteak tomato heaped with chicken salad; and king crab with mustard sauce and matchstick potatoes.

Enjoy all of these delights and many more—for the same price as a drink — at The Playboy Club. Join the coolest men in town—the Playboy keyholders. Apply for your key privileges today by filling out the coupon below.



Jimmy Durante—one of many stars who frequent the Playboy Club.

To: Playboy Clubs International
c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Gentlemen:

Here is my application for Key Privileges to the Playboy Club. Enclosed is my check for \$_____. (Playboy Club keys are \$50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outside these areas.) I understand that if my application is accepted, my key will admit me to Playboy Clubs now in operation and others soon to go into operation in major cities throughout the U.S. and abroad. Minimum age for Key Privileges 21 years.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) AGE

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE COUNTY STATE DEPT. 237

Check here if you wish only information about joining the Playboy Club.

any potent liberal force in our society today); and we were also certain that these enemies would be heard from.

The problems began as soon as the first Playboy Club opened in Chicago in February of 1960. Key clubs had been popular in this city for 25 years, but the week our first Club opened, the Chicago Corporation Counsel announced to the press that they were illegal. No law was cited, because none existed, and no legal action was taken against any key club for the same reason; but this extra-legal intimidation was calculated to seriously reduce interest in The Playboy Club and the sale of membership keys. It had the opposite effect, however, and the Chicago Playboy Club quickly became the most successful club operation in the city. In addition, The Playboy Club brought suit against the Chicago Corporation Counsel to clarify the legality of its method of operation, before proceeding further with other Clubs in other cities. Playboy won the suit; the Corporation Counsel appealed the decision to the Illinois Court of Appeals and Playboy won again; after which, the Corporation Counsel gave up.

By the time we commenced construction of the \$1,000,000 Playboy Club in New York, we had already established Clubs in Miami and New Orleans and had been warmly received in both cities. Shortly after purchasing the site at 5 East 59th Street, in Manhattan, and contracting for the construction, a Playboy Club executive was approached by an unofficial representative of the New York State Liquor Authority, who informed him that there would be no Playboy Club in New York without the purchase of influence at the proper State level. This attempt to solicit money from The Playboy Club was ignored, but it was followed by more of the same, at which point a pair of Club executives went to New York (armed with the recent Illinois court decision) in the naive belief that if they could show that the Playboy Clubs were a legal and properly run operation, that brought glamor and excitement to every city in which they were established, there would be no problem. Although the New York laws governing such matters are substantially the same as Illinois', the Playboy appeal was rejected; word was sent back that the Club executives were "a pair of Boy Scouts," and the head of the SLA wanted nothing more to do with them. It was then decided that The Playboy Club would proceed in New York exactly as it had in Chicago and if it proved necessary, the Club's right to a license would be fought for in the courts as it had been before.

Several months elapsed before The Playboy Club was approached again, and this time the man who indicated there would be no New York Club without in-

fluence in the proper quarter was one of the most powerful political figures in the State; Playboy Club management was further disillusioned by the discovery that no New York night club or bar received, or retained, its license without similar political approval; specific examples were cited of clubs that had been effectively put out of business, or never allowed to open, because the politically powerful had not deigned to grant them the "privilege." It became clear that politically chosen administrators had been vested with the power of life or death over the clubs of that city: as Life later reported one SLA victim saying, "In New York you have to buy your rights."

Playboy Club management decided to pay the tribute demanded and once the Club was in operation, to see what legal remedies, if any, might be available to them. Shortly before The Playboy Club opened in New York last December, a Grand Jury began investigating the State Liquor Authority and Governor Nelson Rockefeller made a public plea for anyone with knowledge of SLA corruption to come forward. The Playboy Club was one of the first — and one of the very few — to do so and our cooperation was instrumental in building the case that eventually resulted in indictments of several of the wrong-doers, including the head of the SLA, and the representative who originally approached the Playboy Club executive, plus the resignation of the powerful political figure who had effectively coerced Playboy into making the payment.

Two days before the New York Playboy Club was scheduled to open, the SLA called in the Club's officers and forced them to sign a specially prepared statement that would make the Club open to the general public instead of just to keyholders, although it was this very point that Playboy had won in its Illinois court case, and a number of other New York clubs had long enjoyed a similar admission policy. Another administrator refused to grant the Club a cabaret license, which would permit Playboy to offer its 60,000 New York members and their guests entertainment in its showrooms. He objected to the general nature of the Club, as an extension of the personality of the magazine, and especially to the Playboy Bunnies. This, in spite of the fact that the Playboy Clubs had already become the most important training ground for new night-club talent in the country and that the high quality of the Playboy Club operation had already been established in four cities across the U. S. (the addition of the St. Louis Club in October, added to Chicago, Miami and New Orleans, brought the total number to four, prior to the New York opening in December); and girls in similarly abbreviated attire have long worked in a number of other clubs in the City of New

York (Bunnies have also appeared, in costume, on a great number of prime-time network television shows that are viewed by family audiences throughout the land, raising additional doubts about the impropriety of the Bunny bunting, or lack of same); nor has it ever been satisfactorily explained just how keeping performers out of work would successfully remove any prurient interest that the Bunnies might arouse in keyholders — to the contrary, the lack of any other entertainment might be expected to produce greater, rather than lesser, interest in Playboy's cottontailed covey, but there is no accounting for the workings of the administrative mind in such matters.

Because The Playboy Club's cooperation with the Grand Jury included a pledge of silence during the investigation, our part in it was not understood, and rumors began circulating that we were the instigators of civic corruption rather than the victims of it. One Brooklyn newspaper — that would have ordinarily received very little attention, but enjoyed undeserved readership at the time, because it was one of the few sources of news available to New Yorkers during the recent, prolonged newspaper strike — continually referred to Playboy as the "Show-All Club" in headlines and editorialized against us in so biased a manner that they were charged with criminal libel by a New York judge who found himself the victim of their vitriol when he reversed the cabaret-license commissioner's decision on Bunny costumes.

The first Grand Jury indictment was publicized as a Playboy Club "bribe" — though bribery was clearly not involved in either the literal or legal sense. A bribe is defined by Webster's as "a price, reward, gift, or favor bestowed or promised with a view to pervert the judgment or corrupt the conduct of a person in a position of trust." (Emphasis added.) Legal decisions confirm this definition of bribery as being a perversion or corruption of official conduct and not a payment demanded for something to which a person is legally entitled. This was a case of criminal extortion, defined as the "act or practice of taking anything from a person by illegal use of fear; technically, Law, the offense committed by an officer who unlawfully, by color of his office, claims and takes money or other thing of value that is not his due," and The Playboy Club was just one of a number of innocent victims of this extensive corruption. It was Playboy alone, however, that received the headline publicity, because we were the most prominent and because we were one of the few who fully cooperated with the Grand Jury in their investigation.

For this we received the praise of the New York District Attorney's office, but the SLA promptly announced that they
(concluded on page 135)



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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

ONE OF THE MAJOR CONTROVERSIES in contemporary society concerns sex. The gap between our supposed sexual morality and our actual behavior is extreme and when an entire nation practices such hypocrisy, the results can be calamitous. Since the behavior is based upon a natural sex drive that, when repressed, results in perversion, impotence, frigidity and unnatural feelings of guilt and shame, society is searching for a new morality more in keeping with the newly recognized "facts of life."

To better understand this Sexual Revolution, it is worthwhile to explore the origins of our present-day traditions and taboos regarding sex. As we have seen, our sexual mores are based primarily on religious teachings. But where did our religions acquire their strong anti-sexual nature? Man hasn't always equated sex with sin and his concepts of sexual morality have varied greatly through the centuries. Where did the ideal of chastity come from? And the notion that virginity is a virtue? Who devised the idea of chaste "romantic love" to replace natural sexuality? Has organized religion always been antisexual in concept?

Historically, religion and sex always have been intimately interwoven. Sex played an important role in early religious beliefs and rites, and vestiges of its celebration are apparent in many of our contemporary religious rituals. The first religions of primitive man deified sex and fertility. In the quite complex, sophisticated and intellectual societies of pre-Christian Rome and Greece, the gods were patterned after men and they were as sexually potent as one might expect a god to be: Roman and Grecian mythology are filled with tales of their sexual prowess. But the Jewish and Christian faiths perceived a less human God, and in this more ethereal state, He had no need of sex. The psychoanalytic might also point out that the Christian God has all the attributes of a father figure, with whom sex would be considered incestuous; and it is certainly true that incest and Oedipal fears played a major role in the early history of Christendom.

Though it is not generally recognized today, the concept of virginity as a virtue

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

in women is actually antifemale in origin, derived from a period when women were thought of as property, owned first by their fathers and later their husbands. And as Dr. Roger W. Wescott wryly observed: "... it is far from flattering to 'the fair sex' to treat its members as salable commodities with only two possible labels—'used' or 'unused.'"

The term "virgin" did not mean to the Classical world what it means to us. The early Romans distinguished between *virgo*—an unmarried woman, and *virgo intacta*—a woman who had never known a man; the same distinction was made by the Greeks. To them a virgin was a woman who had retained her personal autonomy by not submitting herself to the restrictions of marriage. Virginity was more a social and psychological state than a physical one. It was the married woman, who had lost her independence through matrimony, who was no longer considered virgin. Indeed, it was believed that sexual relations with a god magically restored virginity.

In early Rome and Greece, sexual behavior was largely a matter of personal taste, though there were civil laws protecting individuals from abuse, such as rape. R. Rattray Taylor states, in his book *Sex in History*: "Husbands had property rights in their wives; a wife's adultery was severely punished by the husband, partly because it made the paternity of the children doubtful. A husband, on the other hand, could have what sexual experience outside of marriage he liked, subject only to the fact that he would incur the wrath of another husband if he seduced a married woman, and might be killed for so doing. An unmarried man was equally free. . . . There was no admiration of virginity as a good in itself [however] and among the populace an [unmarried] woman was free to sleep with a man at her own discretion."

SEX IN EARLY JUDAISM

The early Jews, according to Taylor, "believed strongly that one should enjoy the pleasures of life, including those of sex (see *Deuteronomy* 21: 10-14) and some teachers held that at the last day

one would have to account to God for every pleasure that one had failed to enjoy." Jewish law was derived from the Babylonian code of Hammurabi and the only sexual injunctions in the Ten Commandments are against adultery and coveting of a neighbor's wife. On this, Taylor states: "It must be understood that in this period, just as in Rome and Greece, adultery was a property offense and meant infringing the rights of another man. It did not mean that a man should restrict his attentions to his wife; indeed, when a wife proved barren, she would often give one of her handmaidens to her husband that she might bear children for him. Moreover, as the Bible often reminds us, men were free to maintain mistresses, in addition to their wives; on the number of wives a man might have there was no restriction.

"Nor was there any ban on premarital sex; it is seldom appreciated that nowhere in the Old Testament is there any prohibition of noncommercial, unpremeditated fornication—apart from rape, and subject to a father's right to claim a cash interest in a virgin. Once a girl had reached the age of 12½ years, she was free to engage in sexual activity, unless her father specifically forbade it. Prostitution, though frowned on, was common, and in Jerusalem the whores were so numerous that they had their own market place. Nor in pre-Exilic days was sodomy a crime, except when committed as part of religious worship of non-Jewish gods."

But in the post-Exilic period there was a remarkable change in the Jewish attitude toward sex. There developed a feeling that all pleasure, but especially sexual pleasure, was wicked. Reubeni speaks of "the power of procreation and sexual intercourse with which, through love of pleasure, sin enters in." In *Ecclesiastes*, we find the blame for sin being laid on women: "Women are overcome with the spirit of fornication more than men and in their heart they plot against men."

As with early Christianity, it is probable that the persecution of the Jews had a great deal to do with this increase in sexual suppression and feelings of guilt. Coupled also with this change in

attitude, as seems always to be the case, went a tightening of restrictions and a loss of personal liberty. Whereas previously the sexes had mingled quite freely, it now became a sin for a man to speak to, or even look at, a woman unless it was unavoidable.

L. M. Epstein states, in *Sex Laws and Customs of Judaism*: "Virginity now began to be praised — 'Happy is the barren that is undefiled . . . and happy is the eunuch' — whereas, previously, rabbinical tradition had regarded celibacy as a crime. Josephus reports of the Essenes: 'They reject pleasure as an evil, but esteem continence and conquest of the passions to be a virtue. They neglect wedlock.' This period was marked with a new concern over afterlife and intensely increased feelings of guilt, shame and suspicion. According to one teacher, boys should not be allowed to play with girls, and a mother-in-law should not live with her married daughter for fear she might seduce the husband. Rabbi Samuel Glasner writes, in his chapter on Judaism and sex, in *The Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior*: ". . . The Talmud prohibits a widow's keeping a pet dog, for fear of the suspicion of sexual abuse (*Abodah Zarah* 22b; *Baba Netziah* 71a), and in later times both Maimonides and Karo advised against unchaperoned association between young males (*Yad I.B.* 22, 2; *Eben Ha-Ezer* 24, 1). Ideas of contamination became widespread — with women considered the source of infection: a man was not permitted to pass within four ells of the house of a prostitute for fear of disease.

The attitude toward homosexuality changed markedly, as the warning against young men being allowed together unchaperoned suggests, and not only was it made a capital crime, punishable by death, but the law was applied to non-Jews as well. The intensity of these new homosexual anxieties is perhaps best illustrated by the special ban placed upon a father appearing naked in front of his sons, although no such specific prohibition was thought necessary in the case of his daughters. Ham, one of Noah's sons, was condemned to slavery, and his children after him, and his children's children — hence the rationalization for the subjugation of the Negro race, for Ham was black. His crime was that he entered the tent of his father and found him lying there dead drunk and naked. In general, Taylor reports, exposure of the sexual parts of the body was regarded as a crime, and within a family, a form of incest. Complete nudity was considered even more obscene and sinful. Homosexual fears seem also to be suggested by the rule that a mother might kiss her sons, but not her daughters, and conversely for a father.

Taboos against masturbation are certain to produce feelings of guilt in any society, since masturbation is a nearly universal sexual activity, especially among young males, and the post-Exilic Jews laid tremendous stress on such prohibitions. The Zohar called it the most reprehensible sin of all and Rabbi Glasner reports that one Talmudic authority declared it to be a crime warranting death. Clerical regulations on the subject display an obsession with detail: for example, a Jew was forbidden to sleep on his back, wear tight trousers, or touch his sexual parts while urinating, for fear of sexual arousal. Even an involuntary seminal emission rendered the individual ritually unclean and required a ritual bath for purification (*Leviticus* 15: 16-17; *Deuteronomy* 23: 10-12).

SEX IN EARLY CHRISTIANITY

In such a time, Christianity had great appeal, as Taylor views it in his authoritative and comprehensive *Sex in History*, for "it affirmed the sense of guilt [so prevalent among the people of that time] and authorized self-punishment to relieve it."

The officially favored religion in Rome at the end of the Second Century A.D. was Mithraism, which came from Asia and spread throughout much of Europe, including portions of England. It was an aggressive, outgoing religion. Taylor writes, "Mithraism specifically preached that good lay in action, in conquest, in grappling with the world. . . ." As such, it had a considerable attraction to the Roman emperors, to soldiers, administrators and extroverts, but offered no place for women. In contrast, Christianity, in its early stages, was primarily a passive religion and it thus appealed to women, introverts, slaves and many of the common people of lesser station. If a psychoanalytic interpretation of Mithraism reveals its sadistic nature, early Christianity may similarly be characterized as primarily masochistic. Taylor notes, "Mithraism adopted as its symbol the life-giving sun, the source of energy. Christianity adopted as its symbol the Cross, an instrument of torture and death. . . . The choice of Christianity in preference to Mithraism therefore not only represents a choice of masochism as against sadism, and a turning in of the death instinct against the self, but also a victory for death instincts as against life instincts."

A flood of Iranian and Semitic concepts was sweeping the Mediterranean world, threatening to submerge the elaborate cultures erected by Greece and Rome, and early Christianity adopted many of these beliefs into its own religion. In *Social Control of Sex Expression*, Geoffrey May states that Christian asceticism comes not so much from the

teachings of Jesus as from the element of Oriental dualism, implying the antithesis of the spiritual and the physical, found in the teachings of St. Paul. Moreover, under the persecutions of the Roman Empire, Christians came to desire suffering and revolted against the sexual excesses of the Romans.

As with the Jews, persecution of the Christians produced a masochism that made deprivation, suffering and pain a virtue. In *Love and the Sex Emotions*, W. J. Fielding notes that adherents of the new religion soon developed an obsessional horror of sex and multiple methods of self-torture quite different from the asceticism of earlier religions. Fanatical monks retired to the burning deserts of North Africa to mortify their flesh: fasting, flagellating themselves, going without sleep and refusing to wash. Ammonius tortured his body with hot irons until he was entirely covered with burns; Macarius went naked in a mosquito-ridden swamp and let himself be stung until nearly unrecognizable; St. Simeon ulcerated his flesh with an iron belt; Evagrius Ponticus spent a winter's night in a fountain so that his flesh froze.

The association between these masochistic practices and sexual desire is indicated by the confessions of the fathers themselves. Thus Jerome says: "How often when I was living in the desert, which affords to hermits a savage dwelling place, parched by a burning sun, did I fancy myself amid the pleasures of Rome. I sought solitude, because I was filled with bitterness. . . . I, who from the fear of hell had consigned myself to that prison where scorpions and wild beasts were my companions, fancied myself among beves of young girls. My face was pale and my frame chilled from fasting, yet my mind was burning with the cravings of desire, and the fires of lust flared up from my flesh that was as a corpse. I do not blush to avow my abject misery."

How closely the whole psychological process depended upon the suppression of sexual desire is further indicated by the preoccupation of these early Christians with the subject of castration. Taylor reports, "The tonsure of the priest is a recognized symbol of castration, and his adoption of a skirted cassock perpetuates the adoption of female clothes, in just the same way as the priests of Astarte, after castration, assumed female attire. The Jews had adopted circumcision — another symbolic castration — as part of a religious convention that made every man a priest, and thus able to read the sacred books. But symbolic castrations were not enough for some early Christians. Thousands hastened to castrate themselves in truth . . . and a sect sprang up so enthusiastically addicted to the practice that its members castrated

not only themselves, but also any guest rash enough to stay under their roofs." Since the continuance of any religion depends upon the fact that children usually follow in the faith of their parents, a sect which fails to reproduce itself is in danger of dying out. The Church recognized this simple truth and soon forbade the practice.

MEDIEVAL SEX

The earliest Christians had sought to transcend sex — to be above temptation; but that didn't prove very successful, so the Church abandoned this technique in favor of repression. The relative merits of the two methods were not entirely resolved, however, and debate over the alternative techniques was to arise numerous times in the centuries that followed.

The medieval Church was obsessed with sex to an extreme degree, according to Taylor. "Sexual issues dominated its thinking in a manner which we should regard as entirely pathological." The Christian code was based, quite simply, "upon the conviction that the sexual act was to be avoided like the plague, except for the bare minimum necessary to keep the race in existence. Even when performed for this purpose, it remained a regrettable necessity. Those who could were exhorted to avoid it entirely, even if married. For those incapable of such heroic self-denial, there was a great spider's web of regulations whose overriding purpose was to make the sexual act as joyless as possible and to restrict it to the minimum." Taylor points out that it was not the sex act itself which was damnable, "but any pleasure derived from it—and this pleasure remained damnable even when the act was performed for the purpose of procreation. . . ." This idea reached its crudest expression with the invention of the *chemise cagoule*, a sort of heavy nightshirt with a suitably placed hole, through which a husband could impregnate his wife while avoiding any other contact with her. The belief that, even within marriage, the sexual act should not be performed for pleasure still persists in some Christian sects to this day.

Not only was the pleasure of the sexual act held to be sinful, but also the mere desire for a person of the opposite sex, even when unconsummated. Since the love of a man for a woman could be conceived of as, at least partially, sexual desire, this led to the concept that a man should not love his wife too much. In fact, Peter Lombard maintained, in his apologetic *De excusatione coitus*, that for a man to love his wife too ardently is a sin worse than adultery.

By the Eighth Century, the Church had begun to develop the strict system of laws which ruled the Middle Ages. A

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series of "penitential books" appeared that explored the subject of sinful sex in minute and intimate detail; every misdeed was described at length and penalties were prescribed for each. Celibacy was the ideal and for those with priestly functions, it became obligatory. Since chastity was a virtue, it was virtuous for wives to deny sex to their husbands, which many apparently did. It is doubtful if this actually increased the sum total of chastity, however, since many husbands were driven to extramarital relations as a consequence, to such a degree that the Church felt obliged to intervene.

Shame of the body and a near-pathological modesty came with this increasing emphasis on chastity and soon extended beyond the areas of sexual activity, as with a virgin named Gorgonia, who "with all her body and members thereof . . . bruised and broken most grievously" refused the attentions of a doctor because her modesty would not permit her to be seen or touched by a man: it was reported that she was rewarded by God with a miraculous cure.

In some penitentials, fornication was declared a worse crime than murder. Attempting to fornicate, kissing, even thinking of fornication, were all forbidden and called for penalties: in the last case, the penance was 40 days. Nor was intention a necessary requisite for sin, for involuntary nocturnal emissions were considered sinful: the offender had to rise at once and sing seven penitential psalms, with an additional 30 in the morning.

The penitentials also devoted a disproportionately large amount of space to penalties for homosexuality and bestiality, but the sin upon which the greatest stress of all was placed was masturbation. In *Social Control of Sex Expression*, Geoffrey May observes that in the five comparatively short medieval penitential codes, there are 22 paragraphs dealing with various degrees of sodomy and bestiality, and no fewer than 25 dealing with masturbation on the part of laymen, plus a number of others dealing separately with masturbation by members of the clergy. According to Aquinas, it was a greater sin than fornication. And as we have previously observed, taboos surrounding masturbation are particularly significant, since this activity is so common, they are certain to produce feelings of guilt. Taylor observes that modern psychiatric insights indicate the belief that sexual pleasure is wicked springs primarily from parental taboos on infantile masturbation. Since the child is punished when he is too young to understand its significance, and when masturbation is his primary means of pleasure without outside assistance, a fear of this specific pleasure becomes imbedded in the unconscious, which later

becomes generalized until it turns into a fear of pleasure in all of its forms. It is easy to understand why the early Church seized upon this willingness of parents to frown on infantile masturbation as a means of maintaining its system of sexual repression and, therefore, concentrated a considerable amount of attention on the matter.

The more general discouragement of pleasure, of even a nonsexual nature, was a part of earliest Christendom. In the Third Century, Porphyry set the tone by condemning pleasure in all its forms. May comments, "Horse racing, the theater, dancing, marriage and mutton chops were equally accursed; those who indulged in them were servants, not of God, but of the Devil." Augustine called Porphyry the most learned of all the philosophers and established this doctrine on a formal basis.

Most of us have at least a vague awareness of the existence of the sexual prohibitions of the medieval Church, since many of them are still maintained, if in diminished strength, today. What is less generally recognized is the extent to which the Church attempted to limit and control not only sex outside of marriage, but within it, too. The sexual act could be performed in only one prescribed position, with the male above, and penalties were prescribed for any variance. This concept was derived from the notion that other positions were more sexually enjoyable, and was consistent with the idea that sex should be kept as pleasureless as possible.

Not content with this, the Church proceeded to reduce the number of days per year during which even man and wife might legitimately perform the sex act. First, sex was made illegal on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays, which effectively removed the equivalent of five months out of every twelve. Then it was made illegal for 40 days before Easter and 40 days before Christmas, and for three days before attending communion (and there were regulations requiring frequent attendance at communion). Marital sex was also forbidden from the time of conception to 40 days after birth. It was, of course, also forbidden during penance.

These are the principles from which our modern Western sexual ideals have been principally derived. Taylor points out that the Christian attitude of anti-sexuality, even within wedlock, was in marked contrast to that of the Mohammedans, who held that there were grounds for divorce if the sexual act was not performed at least once a week.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the early Christian Church prepared these codes of sexual conduct with the brutal single-mindedness of the Nazis preparing to pop another batch of

humans into the ovens. Rather, it was a case of these dicta being promulgated in a passion of despairing guilt by a group of individual men like Augustine, Aquinas, Damiani and Bernard, who knew nothing of the true sexual nature of man, and who were tormented by the virtual certainty of eternal damnation for all who so much as thought about sexual pleasure. All about them, they witnessed sensuality and in a frantic attempt to save the people from themselves, they instituted and perpetuated ever more rigid rules of abstinence. Never mind the cruelty, never mind the injustice, if only this frightful and damning disaster could be somehow prevented.

PIOUS FRAUDULENCE

That these ideas were pathological, there can be no doubt. But the motives were pure, even if the end results were grotesque in the extreme. "Only real desperation is enough to explain the ruthlessness with which the Church repeatedly distorted and even falsified the Biblical record in order to produce justification for its laws," says Taylor. For such extreme antisexual sentiment is not to be found in the Bible and certainly not in the New Testament. As W. H. Lecky states, in *The History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*, "The fathers laid down a distinct proposition that pious frauds were justifiable and even laudable . . . [and] immediately, all ecclesiastical literature became tainted with a spirit of the most unblushing mendacity."

The Church claimed that its stringent taboos on sex had been proclaimed by St. Paul, but in actual fact, although Paul had gone much further than anyone before him in disallowing sexual activity, he had never suggested anything as radical as the sexual code of the medieval Church. Paul also made it clear he was not propounding the official teachings of Christ, but was simply giving his personal opinion in reply to a number of questions put to him by the Church at Corinth.

Attaching, as they did, so much importance to preventing masturbation, the medieval churchmen sought Biblical justification and finding none, evidenced no great reluctance in twisting the Scriptures to suit their purpose. *Genesis* 38 refers to Onan's seed falling upon the ground and his subsequently being put to death. The idea was established—and is still widely believed—that this passage refers to masturbation, from which is derived the word onanism as a synonym for the practice. Actually, the Biblical passage refers to *coitus interruptus* and it had a property interest as its *raison d'être* rather than a sexual one; N. E. Himes, in *A Medical History of Contra-*
(continued on page 138)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man-about-town-and-country who draws freely from the good things in life, the PLAYBOY reader leads the pack when it comes to lighting up—a smoke or a girl's eyes. Facts: Copy for copy, PLAYBOY has more male smokers than *any* other magazine. What's more, their taste for tobacco is as selective in form and shape as their choice of a playful playmate. 64.5% smoke cigarettes...25.8% prefer the satisfaction of a fine cigar...23.4% take pleasure in a pipe. This is the audience with buying power—enough to spark a new trend, or add a new glow to established brands. (Source: 1963 Starch Consumer Magazine Report.)

Advertising Offices: New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta

FIDELMAN LISTLESSLY DOODLED all over a sheet of yellow paper. Odd indecipherable designs, ink-spotted blotched words, esoteric ideographs, tormented figures in a steaming sulphurous lake, including a stylish nude rising newborn from the water. Not bad at all, though more mannequin than Cnidian Aphrodite. Scarpio, sharp-nosed on the former art student's left, looking up from his cards, inspected her with his good eye.

"Not bad, who is she?"

"Nobody I really know."

"You must be hard up."

"It happens in art."

"Quiet," rumbled Angelo, the *padrone*, on Fidelman's right, his two-chinned face molded in lard. He flipped the top card.

Scarpio then turned up a deuce, making eight-and-a-half and out. He cursed his Sainted Mother, Angelo wheezing. Fidelman showed four and his last hundred lire. He picked a cautious ace and sighed. Angelo, with seven showing, chose that passionate moment to get up and relieve himself.

"Wait for me," he ordered. "Watch the money, Scarpio."

"Who's that hanging?" Scarpio pointed to a long-coated figure loosely dangling from a gallows rope amid Fidelman's other drawings.

Who but Susskind, surely, a figure out of the far-off past.

"Just a friend."

"Which one?"

"Nobody you know."

"It better not be."

Scarpio picked up the yellow paper for a closer squint.

"But whose head?" he asked with interest. A long-nosed severed head bounced down the steps of the guillotine platform.

A man's head or his sex? Fidelman wondered. In either case, a terrible wound.

"Looks a little like mine," he confessed. "At least, the long jaw."

Scarpio pointed to a street scene. In front of American Express, here's this starving white Negro pursued by a hooting mob of cowboys on horses. Embarrassed by the recent past, Fidelman blushed.

It was long after midnight. They sat motion-

NAKED NUDE

fiction By BERNARD MALAMUD

alone with the venus he loved, he painted with passion, for he had swallowed lightning and he knew it would strike what he touched

DRAWINGS BY PHILL RENAUD





less in Angelo's stuffy office, a small lit bulb hanging down over a square wooden table on which lay a pack of puffy cards, Fidelman's naked hundred-lire note, and a green bottle of Munich beer that the *padrone* of the Hotel du Ville, Milano, swilled from, between hands or games. Scarpio, his major-domo and secretary-lover, sipped an espresso, and Fidelman only watched, being without privileges. Each night they played *sette e mezzo*, *jeenrummy* or *baccarat* and Fidelman lost the day's earnings, the few meager tips he had garnered from the whores for little services rendered. Angelo said nothing and took all.

Scarpio, snickering, understood the street scene. Fidelman, adrift penniless in the stony gray Milanese streets, had picked his first pocket, of an American tourist staring into a store window. The Texan, feeling the tug, and missing his wallet, had bellowed murder. A *carabiniere* looked wildly at Fidelman, who broke into a run, another well-dressed *carabiniere* on a horse clattering after him down the street, waving his sword. Angelo, cleaning his fingernails with his penknife in front of his hotel, saw Fidelman coming and ducked him around a corner, through a cellar door, into the Hotel du Ville, a joint for prostitutes who split their fees with the *padrone* for the use of a room. Angelo registered the former art student, gave him a tiny dark room and, pointing a gun, relieved him of his passport, recently renewed, and the contents of the Texan's wallet. He warned him that if he so much as peeped to anybody, he would at once report him to the *questura*, where his brother presided, as a dangerous alien thief. The former art student, desperate to escape, needed money to travel, so he sneaked into Angelo's room one morning and from the strapped suitcase under the bed, extracted fistfuls of lire, stuffing all his pockets. Scarpio, happening in, caught him at it and held a pointed dagger to Fidelman's ribs—Fidelman fruitlessly pleaded they could both make a living from the suitcase—until the *padrone* appeared.

"A hunchback is straight only in his grave." Angelo slapped Fidelman's face first with one fat hand, then with the other, till it turned red and the tears freely flowed. He chained him to the bed in his room for a week. When Fidelman promised to behave he was released and appointed *mastro delle latrina*, having to clean 30 toilets every day with a stiff brush, for room and board. He also assisted Teresa, the asthmatic, hairy-legged chambermaid, and ran errands for the whores. The former art student hoped to escape, but the *portiere* or his assistant was at the door 24 hours a day. And thanks to the card games and his impassioned gambling, Fidelman was without sufficient funds to go anywhere, if there

was anywhere to go. And without passport, so he stayed put.

Scarpio secretly felt Fidelman's thigh. "Let go or I'll tell the *padrone*."

Angelo returned and flipped up a card. Queen. Seven-and-a-half on the button. He pocketed Fidelman's last hundred lire.

"Go to bed," Angelo commanded. "It's a long day tomorrow."

Fidelman climbed up to his room on the fifth floor and stared out the window into the dark street to see how far down was death. Too far, so he undressed for bed. He looked every night and sometimes during the day. Teresa, screaming, had once held onto both his legs as Fidelman dangled half out of the window until one of the girls' naked customers, a barrel-chested man, rushed into the room and dragged him back. Sometimes Fidelman wept in his sleep.

He awoke, cringing. Angelo and Scarpio had entered his room but nobody hit him.

"Search anywhere," he offered, "you won't find anything except maybe half a stale pastry."

"Shut up," said Angelo. "We came to make a proposition."

Fidelman slowly sat up. Scarpio produced the yellow sheet he had doodled on. "We notice you draw." He pointed a dirty fingernail at the nude figure.

"After a fashion," Fidelman said modestly. "I doodle and see what happens."

"Could you copy a painting?"

"What sort of painting?"

"A nude. Tiziano's *Venus of Urbino*. The one after Giorgione."

"That one," said Fidelman. "I doubt that I could."

"Any fool can."

"Shut up, Scarpio," Angelo said. He sat his bulk at the foot of Fidelman's narrow bed. Scarpio, with his good eye, moodily inspected the cheerless view from the window.

"On Isola Bella in Lago Maggiore, about an hour from here," said Angelo, "there's a small *castello* full of lousy paintings, except for one which is a genuine Tiziano, authenticated by three art experts, including a brother-in-law of mine. It's worth half-a-million dollars but the owner is richer than Olivetti and won't sell, though an American museum is breaking its head to get it."

"Very interesting," Fidelman said.

"Exactly," said Angelo. "Anyway, it's insured for at least \$400,000. Of course if anyone stole it it would be impossible to sell."

"Then why bother?"

"Bother what?"

"Whatever it is," Fidelman said lamely.

"You'll learn more by listening," Angelo said. "Suppose it was stolen and held for ransom. What do you think of that?"

"Ransom?" said Fidelman.

"Ransom," said Scarpio.

"At least \$300,000," said Angelo. "It would be a bargain for the insurance company. They'd save a hundred thousand on the deal."

He outlined a plan. They had photographed the Titian on both sides, from all angles and several distances and had collected from art books the best color plates. They also had the exact measurements of the canvas and every figure on it. If Fidelman could make a decent copy they would duplicate the frame and on a dark night sneak the reproduction into the *castello* gallery and exit with the original. The guards were stupid, and the advantage of the plan—instead of just slitting the canvas out of its frame—was that nobody would recognize the substitution for days, possibly longer. In the meantime they would row the picture across the lake and truck it out of the country down to the French Riviera. The Italian police had fantastic luck in recovering stolen paintings; one had a better chance in France. Once the picture was securely hidden, Angelo back at the hotel, Scarpio would get in touch with the insurance company. Imagine the sensation! Recognizing the brilliance of the execution, the company would have to kick in with the ransom money.

"If you make a good copy, you'll get yours," said Angelo.

"Mine? What would that be?" Fidelman asked.

"Your passport," Angelo said cagily. "Plus two hundred dollars in cash and a quick goodbye."

"Five hundred dollars," said Fidelman.

"Scarpio," said the *padrone* patiently, "show him what you have in your pants."

Scarpio unbuttoned his jacket and drew a long mean-looking dagger from a sheath under his belt. Fidelman, without trying, could feel the cold blade slowly sinking into his ribs.

"Three-fifty," he said. "I'll need plane fare."

"Three-fifty," said Angelo. "Payable when you deliver the finished reproduction."

"And you pay for all supplies?"

"I pay all expenses within reason. But if you try any monkey tricks—snitch or double cross you'll wake up with your head gone, or something worse."

"Tell me," Fidelman asked after a minute of contemplation, "what if I turn down the proposition? I mean in a friendly way?"

Angelo rose sternly from the creaking bed. "Then you'll stay here for the rest of your life. When you leave you leave in a coffin, very cheap wood."

"I see," said Fidelman.

"What do you say?"

"What more can I say?"

"Then it's settled," said Angelo.

"Take the morning off," said Scarpio.

(continued overleaf)



"Thanks," Fidelman said.
Angelo glared. "First finish the toilet bowls."

Am I worthy? Fidelman thought. Can I do it? Do I dare? He had these and other doubts, felt melancholy, and wasted time.

Angelo one morning called him into his office. "Have a Munich beer."

"No, thanks."

"Cordial?"

"Nothing now."

"What's the matter with you? You look like you have just buried your mother."

Fidelman set down his mop and pail with a sigh and said nothing.

"Why don't you put those things away and get started?" the *padrone* asked. "I've had the *portiere* move six trunks and some broken furniture out of the store-room where you have two big windows. Scarpio wheeled in an easel and he's bought you brushes, colors and whatever else you need."

"It's west light, not very even."

Angelo shrugged. "It's the best I can do. This is our season and I can't spare any rooms. If you'd rather work at night we can set up some lamps. It's a waste of electricity, but I'll make that concession to your temperament if you work fast and produce the goods."

"What's more, I don't know the first thing about forging paintings," Fidelman said. "All I might do is just about copy the picture."

"That's all we ask. Leave the technical business to us. First do a decent drawing. When you're ready to paint I'll get you a piece of 16th Century Belgian linen that's been scraped clean of a former picture. You prime it with white lead and when it's dry you sketch. Once you finish the nude, Scarpio and I will bake it, put in the cracks and age them with soot. We'll even stipple in fly spots before we varnish and glue. We'll do what's necessary. There are books on these subjects and Scarpio reads like a demon. It isn't as complicated as you think."

"What about the truth of the colors?"

"I'll mix them for you. I've made a life study of Tiziano's work."

"Really?"

"Of course."

But Fidelman's eyes still looked unhappy.

"What's eating you now?" the *padrone* asked.

"It's stealing another painter's ideas and work."

The *padrone* wheezed. "Tiziano will forgive you. Didn't he steal the figure of the *Urbino* from Giorgione? Didn't Rubens steal the *Andrian* nude from Tiziano? Art steals and so does everybody. You stole a wallet and tried to steal my lire. It's the way of the world. We're only human."

"Isn't it sort of a desecration?"

"Everybody desecrates. We live off the

dead and they live off us. Take, for instance, religion."

"I don't think I can do it without seeing the original," Fidelman said. "The color plates you gave me aren't true."

"Neither is the original anymore. You don't think Rembrandt painted in those *sfumato* browns, do you? As for painting the *Venus*, you'll have to do the job here. If you copied it in the *castello* gallery, one of those cretin guards might remember your face and the next thing you know you'd have trouble. So would we, probably, and we naturally wouldn't want that."

"I still ought to see it," Fidelman said obstinately.

The *padrone* then, reluctantly, consented to a one-day excursion to Isola Bella, assigning Scarpio to closely accompany the copyist.

On the *vaporetto* to the island, Scarpio, wearing dark glasses and a light straw hat, turned to Fidelman.

"In all confidence, what do you think of Angelo?"

"He's all right, I guess."

"Do you think he's handsome?"

"I haven't given it a thought. Possibly he was, once."

"You have many fine insights," said Scarpio. He pointed in the distance where the long blue lake disappeared amid towering Alps. "Locarno, 60 kilometers." "You don't say." At the thought of Switzerland so close by, freedom swelled in Fidelman's heart but he did nothing about it. Scarpio clung to him like a long-lost brother and 60 kilometers was a long swim with a knife in your back.

"That's the *castello* over there," the major-domo said. "It looks like a joint."

The *castello* was pink on a high terraced hill amid tall trees in formal gardens. It was full of tourists and bad paintings. But in the last gallery, "infinite riches in a little room," hung the *Venus of Urbino* alone.

What a miracle, thought Fidelman.

The golden-brown-haired *Venus*, a woman of the real world, lay on her couch in serene beauty, her hand lightly touching her intimate mystery, the other holding red flowers, her nude body her truest accomplishment.

"I would have painted somebody in bed with her," Scarpio said.

"Shut up," said Fidelman.

Scarpio, hurt, left the gallery.

Fidelman, alone with *Venus*, worshipped the painting. What magnificent flesh tones, what extraordinary flesh that can turn the body into spirit.

While Scarpio was out talking to the guard, the copyist hastily sketched the *Venus*, and with a Leica Angelo had borrowed from a friend for the purpose, took several new color shots.

Afterward he approached the picture and kissed the lady's hands, thighs and

breasts, but as he was murmuring "I love you," a guard struck him hard on the head with both fists.

That night as they returned on the *rapido* to Milano, Scarpio fell asleep, snoring. He awoke in a hurry, tugging at his dagger, but Fidelman hadn't moved.

The copyist threw himself into his work with passion. He had swallowed lightning and hoped it would strike what he touched. Yet he had nagging doubts he could do the job right and feared he would never escape alive from the Hotel du Ville. He tried at once to paint the Titian directly on canvas, but hurriedly scraped it clean when he saw what a garish mess he had made. The *Venus* was insanely disproportionate and the maids in the background foreshortened into dwarfs. He then took Angelo's advice and made several drawings on paper to master the composition before committing it again to canvas.

Angelo and Scarpio came up every night and shook their heads over the drawings.

"Not even close," said the *padrone*.

"Far from it," said Scarpio.

"I'm trying," Fidelman said, anguished.

"Try harder," Angelo said grimly.

Fidelman had a sudden insight. "What happened to the last guy who did?"

"He's still floating," Scarpio said.

"I'll need some practice," the copyist coughed. "My vision seems tight and the arm tires easily. I'd better go back to some exercises to loosen up."

"What kind of exercises?" Scarpio inquired.

"Nothing physical, just some warm-up nudes to get me going."

"Don't overdo it," Angelo said. "You've got about a month, not much more. There's a certain advantage in making the exchange of pictures during the tourist season."

"Only a month?"

The *padrone* nodded.

"Maybe you'd better trace it," Scarpio said.

"No."

"I'll tell you what," said Angelo. "I could get you an old reclining nude you could paint over. You might get the form of this one by altering the form of another."

"No."

"Why not?"

"It's not honest. I mean to myself."

Everyone tittered.

"Well, it's your headache," Angelo said.

Fidelman, unwilling to ask what happened if he failed, feverishly drew faster after they had left.

Things went badly for the copyist. Working all day and often into the very
(continued on page 122)



ENGLAND'S FAVORITE SON

stirling moss epitomizes the very model of a model british hero

article By KEN W. PURDY

THE EXTRAORDINARY CONCERN and affection the British people show for Stirling Moss cannot be explained by his eminence as a sports figure. (My London housekeeper, who had never seen a motor race, and had never seen Moss excepting on television, asked me to tell him to please shave off his beard, she didn't like it. Then she added, "He is very dear to us.") The British people have known many great sportsmen, and they have usually viewed them with comparative calm and equanimity, but during the decade 1952-1963, let us say, Stirling Moss has been one of the most prominent figures in the United Kingdom. Other formidable accomplisners, sportsmen, athletes, film stars, scientists, politicians have stepped upon the stage, stayed a bit, and slipped away. But still today, and this is written nearly a full year after Goodwood, when Stirling Moss comes down a jet ramp at London Airport, it's news. Why?

I thought I knew, but I asked a more knowledgeable man, a Fleet Street editor who has seen page-one celebrities come and go for 20-odd years.

"It's because he was a knight in armor," the editor said, "rushing out of the castle to do battle in foreign lands, and coming back, sometimes with the prize and sometimes without it; sometimes bloody on his shield (*continued on page 78*)



"I can type, take shorthand, file, and I'm a pushover . . ."

THE IMP OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

article BY J. PAUL GETTY

SUCCESS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD OFTEN DEPENDS UPON THE ABILITY TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE DIFFICULT AND THE UNATTAINABLE

NOT LONG AGO, I was forced to demand the resignation of a top-level executive in one of my companies. Although he was intelligent, hard-working and experienced, this man had a signal weakness that proved fatal to his career — and which, in time, might well have proved fatal to the company. He simply could not distinguish between the possible and the impossible — and his myopia extended to matters large and small.

Typical of his costly blunders was his tendency to undertake tasks which he should have realized were patently impossible to fulfill. Also typical were his ebulliently optimistic — and completely unrealistic — estimates of the time it would take to carry out an assignment or to complete a project.

“Yes, we can do it,” he’d promise with bland assurance — even though “it” could not be done. “I’ll have everything finished for you in three days,” he’d say confidently — even though he must have known three *weeks* would be required to perform the work in question.

Perhaps he was driven by some compulsive desire to impress people with promises. Maybe he was afflicted with some rare form of sophomania or counted on fortuitous miracles to achieve the impossibilities he was in the habit of promising so rashly. Whatever the reasons, he gradually dragged himself — and his associates, subordinates and superiors — down into a morass of totally impractical projects, backlogged work, canceled orders and programs that had to be abandoned with consequent financial loss to the company.

This executive’s inability to distinguish between the possible and the impossible created chaos within the company and alienated its customers. Brought to book for his shortcomings, he again demonstrated his fatal myopia by failing to realize that one cannot indefinitely hide one’s mistakes behind glib excuses or displays of histrionics. He indulged freely in both in a futile effort to save the job he had already proved he could not possibly handle.

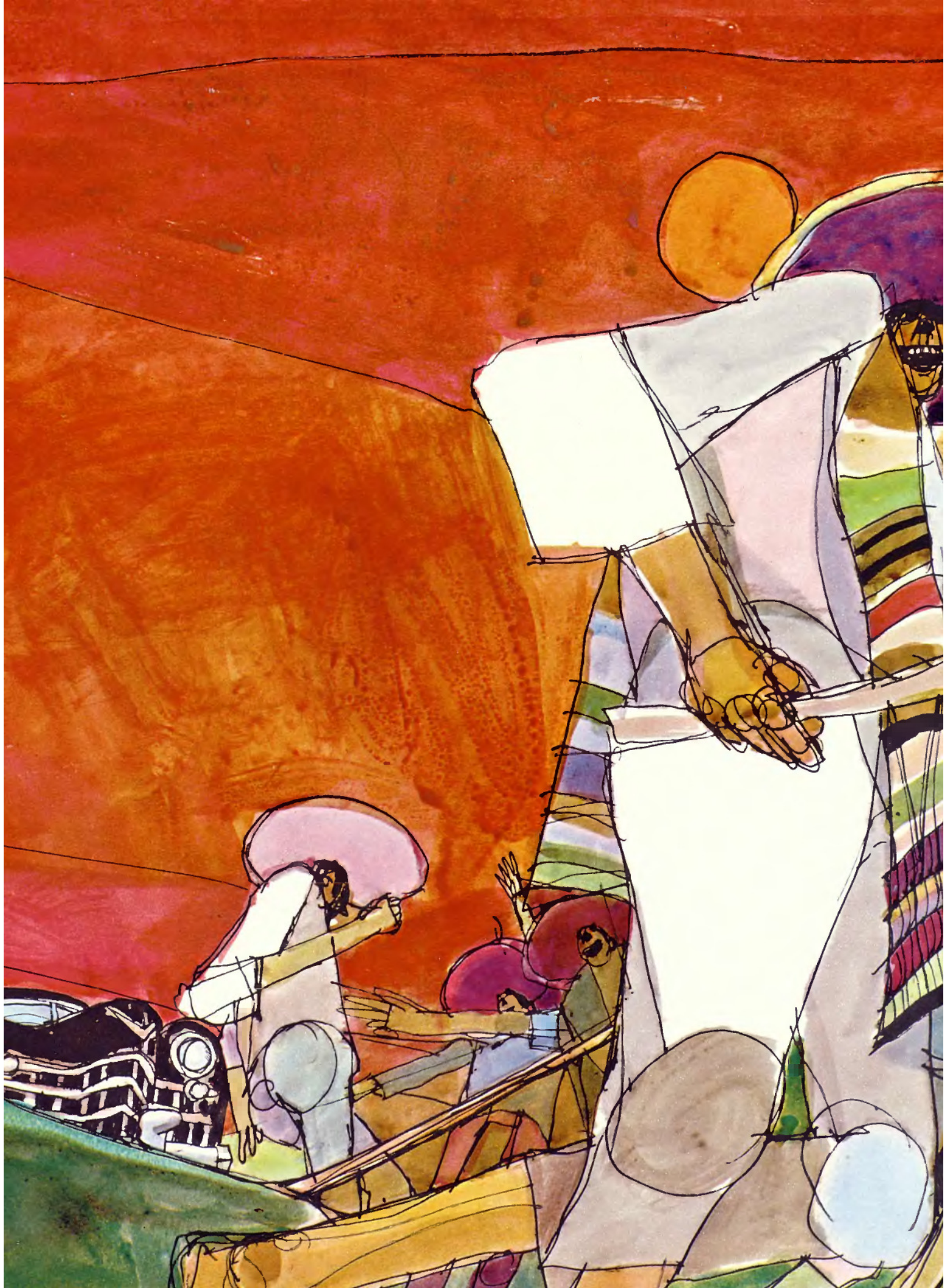
I believe it was La Rochefoucauld who first argued that “nothing is impossible.” In my opinion, this is sheer nonsense, and I flatly reject the theory, noting that even La Rochefoucauld felt it advisable to later amend his adage to read: “Few things are impossible in themselves.”

I’m inclined to cock a skeptical eye at even this revised version. However, rather than further disparage the good Duc de La Rochefoucauld’s philosophies, I’ll assume that our definitions of the word “few” differ greatly and let it go at that. In any event, he was referring to matters on a more esoteric plane — while I am concerned with the hard-fact specifics of everyday living and particularly of business.

It is my opinion — and it has been my experience — that there are vast numbers of things which are impossible, and that one is very likely to encounter them frequently in the business world. I firmly believe that one of the most valuable assets a businessman or executive can possess is the ability to study and weigh all the factors in a given situation and determine what is feasible and what is not — in short, to distinguish between the possible and the impossible.

The ability is seldom innate; rather, it is acquired and developed. With it, an individual’s chances of achieving success are greatly enhanced. Without it, he can go only so far — or fail altogether. Many an otherwise capable — or even great — man has failed because he lacked this capacity.

A comparison between Julius Caesar and Augustus Caesar indicates that Julius was basically the more able and gifted of the two. But *(continued on page 82)*





OF THE INDIANS in the town square, it was Miguel who first became aware of the little drama on the side of the mountain. Faraway, where the road was a rising scar on the barren slope, the bus was to be seen, and close behind it a big American sedan.

"The bus is pulling the automobile," Miguel said.

They all looked. "Indeed, it is so," one said.

"Why would such a car be traveling on our road?" asked another.

Figures were visible on the roof of the bus and sitting on the hood of the automobile. The two vehicles disappeared behind a spur of the mountain; when they reappeared, the road had begun its plunge to the village in the valley, and they had separated. Minutes later the bus arrived, loaded to capacity with Indians — laughing, shouting, waving, twanging on guitars — chickens, vegetables, a pig or two, baskets, God knows what. The Indians all piled out and joined the loafers in the square.

A minute later the American automobile coasted in and came to rest before the one gas station. It was a 1948 Cadillac. From it emerged an unusually fat and smiling American.

"Boy, what a ride," he said. "Who's in charge around here?"

None of the Indians from the bus understood English, but all of them knew what he wanted and all of them pointed at Pepe, who stepped forward and indicated that he was the proprietor of the gas station. The American, whose name was Wilcox, asked hopefully, "*Usted habla inglés?*" Pepe shrugged.

"*El automóvil,*" Mr. Wilcox said, and made a slicing motion across his throat. "*Muerte. Kaputt. No va. Comprende?*"

"*Sí!*" Pepe said. He went around to the front, opened the hood, and looked in. He reached in and tugged on a few wires. This was a rite, and he performed it with suitable solemnity. It was perfectly obvious that he had not the slightest notion what might be wrong or what to do about it. Mr. Wilcox gave out with a hearty laugh. "Well," he

fiction By T. K. BROWN III

CAR ON THE MOUNTAIN

*it was a game in which they all shared—
outwitting the authorities and
stealing the prize from under their noses*

said, "you take your time. When you find out what the trouble is, I'll be over there." He went across the street to the nearest bar and ordered a tequila, though it was only 11 in the morning.

Miguel asked his friend Pepe, "What is wrong with the Cadillac?"

"I do not know," Pepe said, "but it would be wrong to tell the *gringo* this right away, or he would not respect me and would not give me any money."

"That is true," Miguel said.

"You can speak English," Pepe said. "After about half-an-hour, we go over and you tell him how difficult is the problem with the car."

And this they did. Mr. Wilcox had had two tequilas by then.

"*Mi amigo, Miguel,*" Pepe said. "*Habla un poco inglés.*"

"*Sí, un poquito,*" Miguel said; and then, to prove it: "I leesten more good than I speach."

Nevertheless, he was an unusual person. A back-country Indian who can as much as sign his name is a rarity; one who can make himself understood in a foreign tongue is almost unheard of. And Miguel was not even a town Indian: he lived with his wife and young son three miles up the mountain, where he grew maguery and corn.

"What is wrong with the car?" Mr. Wilcox asked.

"*Señor,*" Miguel said simply, "I not know. Pepe not know. Een thees place nobody know. Ees necessary Diosdado?"

"Diosdado?"

"*Mecánico.* Acapulco. Day after tomorrow we tell bus. Day next, Diosdado come from Acapulco. Ees only theeng."

"Day after tomorrow?" Mr. Wilcox cried. "Why not today, or tomorrow?"

"Bus one day to Acapulco," Miguel said. "Day next to Taxco. Today to Acapulco, eet pull you, now gone. Tomorrow, Taxco. Day next, Acapulco."

"Isn't there any telephone?" Mr. Wilcox asked.

"Oh, *sí, señor,*" Miguel said proudly. "Een police." He added: "But eet no work."

"Boys," Mr. Wilcox said, "sit down with me at this table and have a drink while we try to figure this thing out. What'll it be?"

Miguel and Pepe looked at each other, questioning each other with their eyes. One was not asked to sit down and drink with the yanqui; this simply did not happen. Cautiously they took chairs and asked for beers. The owner of the place served them with a face so expressionless that only another Indian could have seen in it his amazement and disapproval.

"Now," Mr. Wilcox said. "Today is Wednesday. *Miércoles,* right? The way I understand it, on Saturday this fellow Diosdado arrives and fixes the car."

Miguel said, "Who know?"

"I see what you mean," Mr. Wilcox said. "Maybe we need parts." He tossed off the rest of his third tequila and waved for another. "OK. Diosdado takes the bus back to Acapulco on Sunday —"

"Pardon, no bus on Sunday," Miguel said.

"On *Monday* he takes the bus back," Mr. Wilcox said. His good nature was being put to a severe test. "Tuesday he comes back with the parts. He fixes the car and I take him back in it to Acapulco."

There was silence at the little table. Mr. Wilcox took a sip of his drink and a suck of lime. "It's an old car. I was an idiot to take it into the mountains, just to see what things are like back here. I could've taken the highway straight from Taxco to Acapulco — no headaches. Oh well. Is there a hotel here? A place to stay?" He looked around at the shabby town square: the cracked pavement, a few dusty trees, a fountain without water, a couple of benches; and around the edge the usual collection of *cantinas*, a grocery, a hardware store, the inevitable beat-up church with the creaky bell in its open *espadaña* that would wake him up at five A.M., and then at six, and at seven, and at eight.

"*Sí, señor,*" Miguel said. "Thees *restaurant* have a room. Een back. Five pesos."

The price seemed to restore Mr. Wilcox' good spirits. "Forty cents — can't go wrong on that. Something tells me I'll be spending a week here, and probably forever. Would one of you fellows get my bag from the back seat?" To their blank stares he said: "Bag — suitcase — *maleta,*" and laughed uproariously. "Boy, have I got this language under control."

While Miguel did so, he made his wishes clear to the proprietor of the establishment and was shown into a tiny, bare room with a cot and a washstand — nothing more — next to the men's (and women's) room, from which a powerful odor emerged.

"Well," he said, "Triple A should certainly be told about this bargain paradise." He waved goodbye to the two Indians, who were hovering in the doorway.

"The dog," Pepe said as they left. "He didn't give me a thing."

"You didn't do a thing for him," Miguel replied.

. . .

Miguel, of course, was busy in his fields all day. In the evening he came to town, because that was what everyone did. On the third evening, Friday evening, he came up to Mr. Wilcox and said courteously, "We send message today with bus. Diosdado here *mañana.*"

Mr. Wilcox was sitting at one of the tables on the sidewalk in front of his "hotel." He had been drinking tequila

with Bohemia-ale chasers since noon, having nothing better to do with his time. As a consequence he was quite drunk. "Sit down, buddy," he said. "Let me buy you a drink. Boy, do I need someone to talk to."

Miguel sat down with reluctance and allowed a shot of tequila and a segment of lime to be set before him, but did not partake of them at once.

"You're a smart Innian," Mr. Wilcox said. "You made an effort to improve yourself. By God, I can tell a smart Innian when I see one. An' I'll tell you another thing," he said. "It's a damn shame the way they keep you Innians from getting a decent break in this god-damn country. I never yet seen a Innian have a chance, nor never heard of one that had a chance."

"*El generalísimo,* Porfirio Díaz?" Miguel inquired.

"That tyrannical old sonofabitch?" Mr. Wilcox cried. "I'm talking about the ordinary guy — like you. You think you got a chance?"

"*Sí, señor,*" Miguel said with dignity.

Mr. Wilcox pounded the table. "No! You got no chance! You work like a dog, you improve yourself, you learn a foreign language. But you come to town barefoot. You think you even got a chance to buy a decent pair of shoes and wear 'em into a decent restaurant and order a ordinary meal like anybody else and pay for it and leave a tip and they don't sneer at you for a goddamn back-country Innian?"

Mr. Wilcox' eye caught the glint of the single streetlight on his car across the square. "You work every day for 20 years," he said. "You think you ever get to own a car like that — even a lousy 1948 Cadillac?"

Miguel too looked across the square and felt a surge of emotion that caused him to drink his tequila in one head-back, larynx-bobbing gulp. "No, *señor,*" he said sadly, "I never own a car like that."

"That's what I mean," Mr. Wilcox said. "You Innians got no chance at all." Suddenly he seemed to lose all interest in Miguel. He craned around toward the interior of the restaurant and banged on the table with the flat of his hand, impatient for a refill. When no service was forthcoming, he walked with great caution into the depths of the building, from which he did not re-emerge. Presumably he found his new tequila within. Miguel left the table and joined friends on the other side of the square.

. . .

The next day, Mr. Wilcox arose late — in the afternoon, to be exact. Unsteady of gait and bleary of eye, he made his way to one of the sidewalk tables and ordered a cup of coffee. Even as he drank it he realized that this was

(continued on page 64)

AFRICAN QUEEN



by popular demand, a return engagement with fetching gillian tanner



PLAYBOY'S READERS responded with predictable enthusiasm when we presented, in text and pictures, the remarkable *Girls of Africa* last April. The lion's share of praise was dedicated to a comely South African miss named Gillian Tanner.

"Bravo for enthroning this African Queen," wrote one admirer. "We have never seen such a beautiful creature," echoed another. The recurring note in all the plaudits was, "More, more, more of Gillian Tanner," and so with bounding step and boundless pleasure, our man in the Dark Continent promptly fetched us a fresh portfolio on this Johannesburg lass.

Gill is currently working at a promising career as a commercial artist for a chain department store, and she regards her modeling activities (like her oil-painting and jewelry-collecting) as strictly a weekend pastime. But since her first appearance in print, there has been such a demand for Gill that her avocation may yet outshine her occupation.

The greater part of her leisure time is spent in the company of one or another of Johannesburg's young scions at an elegant, suburban yacht club, or at home with a Vivaldi concerto on her stereo rig and one of her many pets at her feet. So far, she owns four dogs, three bush babies, two cats and one turtle.

"All my collection lacks right now," says Gill with a twinkle in her eye, "is a partridge in a pear tree."



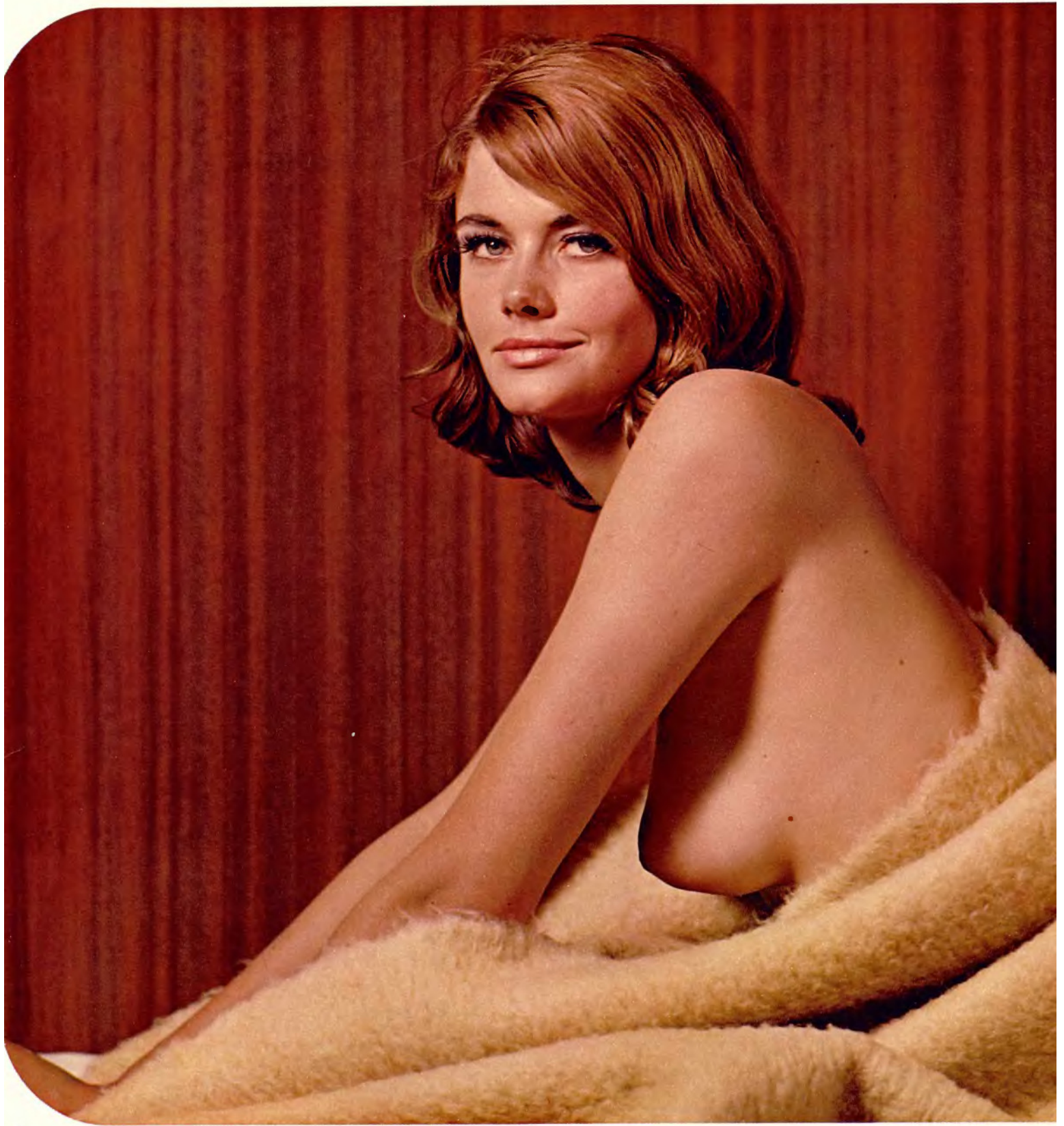
Gillian Tanner is graphic proof that lean, haunting beauty can generate an extraordinary degree of excitement



. . . although not a professional model, Gill works in intimate and instinctive communion with the camera.



Johannesburg-born Gill is unusually tall (5'10"), but carries herself gracefully . . . and knows how to adapt



herself to her surroundings, whether in the bright vivid outdoors or controlled indoor lighting.

CAR ON THE MOUNTAIN (continued from page 58)

not what he needed. Calling on all his resources in the Spanish language, he brought forth the phrase, *un pelo del perro*—a hair of the dog. That was it. He slapped the table until the owner appeared. "*Un tequila*," he said, "*por favor*. God, have I got a bun on."

When it was brought, he said, "Thanks, buddy," and stood up with it. (Tequila hangovers do this to people—make them restless.) With the glass in his hand he strolled along his side of the square and around the first corner; and there, by the purest chance, he encountered Miguel, who was in town so early in the day only by a fluke: it was the due date for a debt of 10 pesos that he could not pay, and he had to mollify his creditor.

"Miguel, *amigo!*" Mr. Wilcox exclaimed, and immediately covered his eyes with the crook of his arm. "Oh Christ, never again!" Miguel waited patiently. "Miguel," he said, lowering his arm, "I believe that the circumstances call for us to sit down at a nearby table and resume our conversation of last evening. Will you join me in a small libation?"

Without waiting for a response he led the way to a *cantina* that he saw half-a-block off the main square. Seated with Miguel, he drained his glass and ordered tequilas for both.

"Buddy, I'll give it to you straight," he said. "I am going absolutely stir crazy in this place. I don't see how I can hold out much longer. Come on, drink up. I mean, I feel like this town is dead. *Dead*. Two hundred years ago it was just like it is today—dirty, squalid, full of people who don't give a damn. Because they haven't got a chance anyway—you remember what I was saying yesterday?"

"Yes, I remember," Miguel said, who was sitting politely—not drinking, not enjoying himself, just being a decent fellow.

"You feel it," Mr. Wilcox said. "I'm not usually so serious about things but what I mean is, goddamnit, you feel it. The lack of self-respect, for instance. Come on, son, pour that drink down so we can have another. The women go around town, I saw it myself, they walk around suckling their babies, right out in the open. And every doorway you pass, excuse me for mentioning it, but in every doorway there's the smell of urine."

Most of this was going too fast for Miguel but he nodded and said, "Yes, eet ces true."

"Another thing," Mr. Wilcox said, pointing. "Look down this street. What does it look like in the next block? One block from the center of town and what have you got? Mud houses with one room, no plumbing, naked boys and girls in the yard. I walked down there yesterday and they all crowded around

me. All of them were begging except one, and she was trying to sell me a live iguana. Now, that's no way to bring up children. Why aren't they in school?"

"Yes," said Miguel.

Mr. Wilcox finished his drink and ordered another. "Well," he said with his gusty laugh, "I believe the medicine is taking effect. Come on, boy, drink up." Miguel took a sip and Mr. Wilcox returned to his theme. "Now, you take that 'hotel' of mine—"

And so it went. For 45 minutes Miguel sat and listened civilly to Mr. Wilcox' opinions, which were larded with many invidious comparisons to the United States of America and were lubricated by several additional tequilas. Finally he took occasion to say, "*Señor*, I theenk Diosdado ees here now and we can go see how ees car."

Mr. Wilcox arose at once, knocking over the table. This brought the proprietor, who was paid. Miguel noticed that the American walked with great care as they made their way back to the plaza. His pace quickened when he saw the crowd around the car. Diosdado was waving his arms at Pepe, so that Pepe should have a reason for waving his arms at Diosdado. Mr. Wilcox pushed his way through the group of Indians. He took one look and clapped his hand to his forehead.

"My God!" he cried. "He's demolished the car." He grabbed Miguel by the arm. "Look!"—gesturing. "The carburetor! The coil! The generator! The spark plugs! The fuel pump! All lying in the dirt! This man has no idea what he is doing."

Miguel said nothing.

"Oh my God!" Mr. Wilcox said, pointing. "He's taken off the cylinder head and destroyed the head gasket. I'll never find that gasket this side of Detroit."

Mr. Wilcox fell suddenly silent under the gaze of all the Indians, including Diosdado and Pepe. Miguel saw a deep sadness take possession of him. "Come with me, Miguel," Mr. Wilcox said, and led him to the other side of the square, to his "hotel," where they sat at a table. The owner, who knew what was proper, hastily tied on an apron, dirty beyond belief, and approached. "*Señor quiere?*"

Here, perhaps, Mr. Wilcox made the mistake that locked the door behind him. "Mescal," he said. The owner-waiter turned to go. "*Una botella de mescal.*"

"*Por supuesto*," the man said.

Now, tequila and mescal are both distilled from the maguey, that spiky century plant that Miguel cultivated in the hills, and which also provides pulque, fiber, fodder, and other fundamentals of the Mexican economy. Tequila is

relatively harmless—it just makes you drunk. But mescal, double-distilled in the state of Oaxaca, reaches in deeper and puts the whammy on the soul. It glazes the eye and alters the personality. And this was going to happen to Mr. Wilcox before breakfast, on a stomach full of tequila.

"It doesn't matter what he does from now on," Mr. Wilcox said. "He might just as well tear the whole car to pieces." He sat with his back to the scene and seemed to be more involved with a turmoil within.

"Miguel," he said, with honest emotion, "this is the first time in my eight years in Mexico that this has really got home to me." He made a sweeping gesture that took in the car, the Indians watching, the whole town and the whole country. "This. This. Four hundred years of civilization and you still have this wretched village with its one street-light and its one telephone that won't work, and the sewage running in the gutters, and the mud hovels, and the poverty and the illiteracy and the disease."

He downed his mescal and poured another. "And the worst thing of all is these grown men like Diosdado and Pepe with their wispy mustaches—children, children. Four hundred years after the conquest and still this tragic nation of ignorant, incompetent, destructive children waving their arms at each other over their folly. And nothing anyone can do about it—nothing, nothing, nothing."

At this moment the bus blew its horn to signal its intention to depart. Mr. Wilcox turned in his chair to see what was going on, just in time to watch Diosdado as he succeeded in removing—for no conceivable reason—the pan from the engine, while he was under it. It and six quarts of oil fell on him. To Miguel it seemed, later, that this final senseless act was what pushed the *americano* over the edge.

"Miguel," he said, "stay here."

With trancelike movements he went back to his room and got his suitcase, leaving behind whatever was not in it. Back at the table he laid it on the sidewalk and opened it. From the pocket in the lid he removed the title to the car. He laid it face down on the table, studied the printing on its back, took out his pen, and made some marks on it. They included his signature.

"Miguel," Mr. Wilcox said, "that car was bought in this country, so it is free and clear as to import duty. You just put your name on this line when you have a spare moment. That will make the car yours. You said you would never own such a car—well, by God, I just made a liar of you, you poor help-

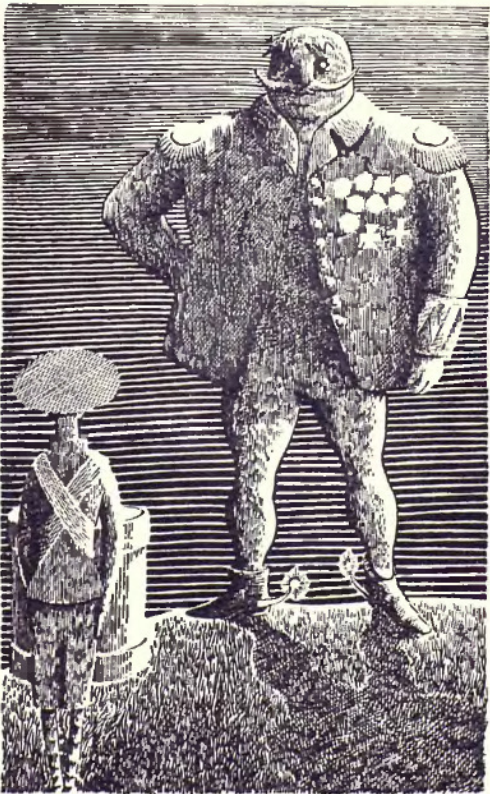
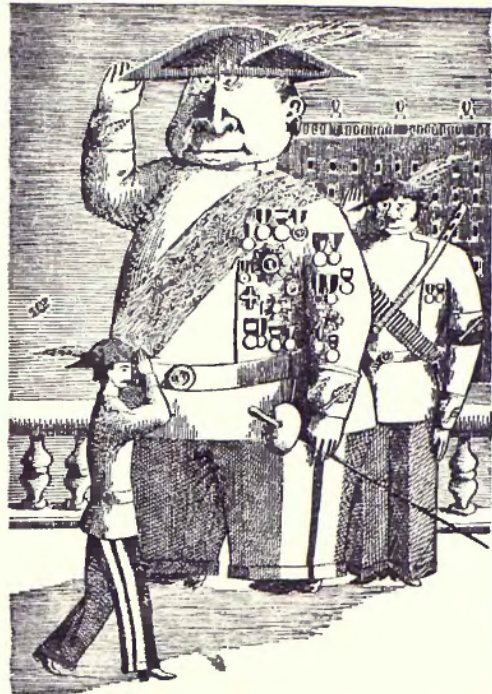
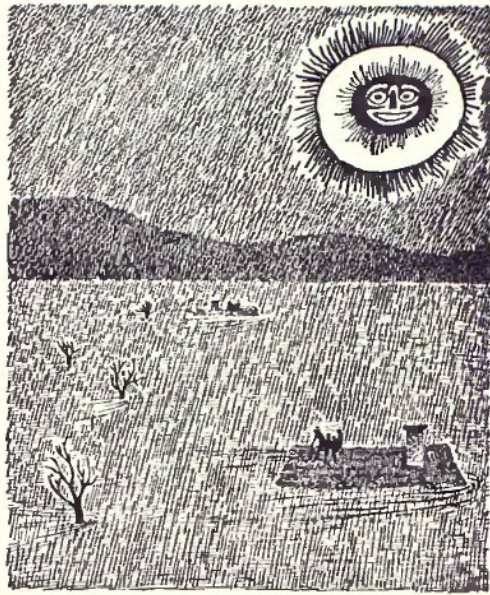
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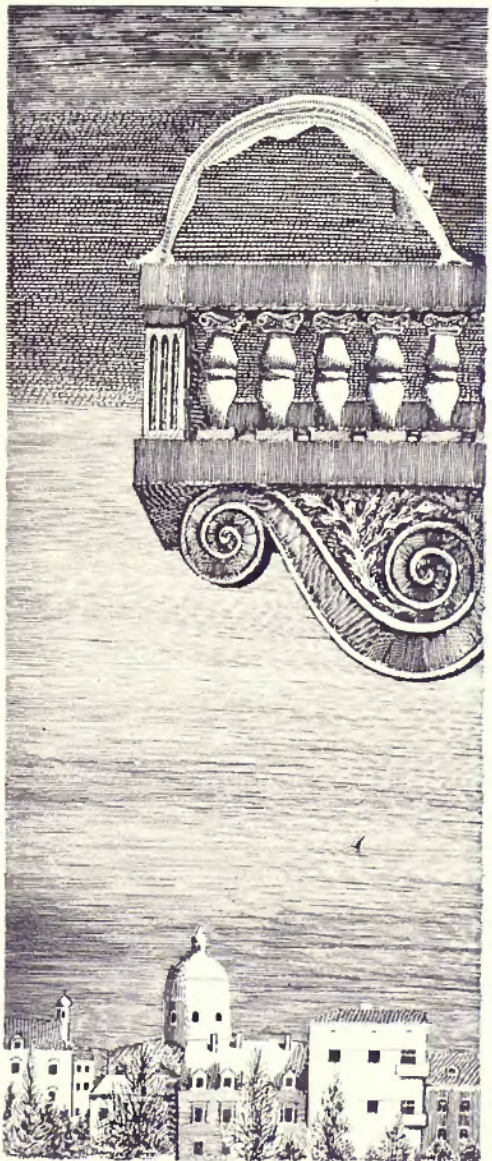
Graham Wilson

"I've told you not to do that!"

A CITIZEN'S FATE



A DRUMMER'S ADVENTURE



A SILENT HERO

Four Fateful Fables For Today

By SLAWOMIR MROZEK

A Silent Hero

ONE AFTERNOON, when I looked out of the window, I saw a funeral moving down the street. A simple coffin on an austere hearse drawn only by one horse. Behind the hearse walked the widow, clad in black, and three other people, probably relatives or friends of the deceased.

The modest cortege would not have attracted my attention were it not for the fact that the coffin was covered with a red banner bearing the inscription **THREE CHEERS**.

Intrigued, I left my flat and joined the procession. Soon we reached the cemetery. The deceased was buried in a far corner among a group of birch trees. I kept myself in the background during the burial rites, but afterward I approached the widow to offer my condolences and to inquire about the identity of the deceased.

I learned that he had been a civil servant. Moved by my interest in her late husband, the widow volunteered some information about his last days. She complained that her husband had exhausted himself by undertaking unusual voluntary work: he spent all his free time writing memoranda and letters describing new methods of propaganda. Just before his death his sole aim seemed to be to translate propaganda slogans into action.

My curiosity was aroused and I asked to be allowed to see some of her husband's writings. She agreed readily and gave me two sheets of yellowing paper, covered with a precise, somewhat old-fashioned handwriting. That is how I came to read his memorandum.

"Let us consider flies, for instance," was the opening sentence. "After dinner I often watch flies circling round the lamp and this stimulates various thoughts in my head. Would it not be wonderful, I think, if flies could share in our social consciousness. Then, if you caught one of them, pulled off its wings, dipped it in ink and let it loose on a clean sheet of paper, it would move about, writing **SUPPORT THE AIR FORCE** or another slogan."

The spiritual profile of the deceased became clearer to me as I read on. He must have been a sincere man, deeply concerned with the idea of placing slogans and banners whenever and wherever possible. Among his most original ideas was the sowing of special clover.

"Through the cooperation of artists and biologists," he wrote, "it should be possible to breed a special kind of clover. At present, this plant has flowers of one color, but if the seed were suitably prepared, the flowers could grow in the likeness of one of the leaders or a hero of labor. Just imagine a whole field of clover at flowering time! Of course, one would have to guard against mistakes. It would be most unfortunate if,

through the mixing up of seeds, a leader's face, which is normally devoid of mustache and spectacles, should appear in flower form with both. The only remedy would be to mow the whole field and sow again."

The ideas of the old man were more and more intriguing. After having read his memorandum I came to the conclusion that the slogan **THREE CHEERS** had been placed on his coffin at his own expressed wish. In this way, even during his last journey, the selfless inventor and fanatical propagandist wished to demonstrate his enthusiasm.

I was curious to discover the exact circumstances of his death and made inquiries. It was no surprise to be told that he had fallen victim of his own eagerness. On the occasion of the National Day he took off all his clothes and painted his body in seven vertical stripes of various colors. Then he went out on his balcony, climbed on the balustrade and tried to do what is known to some physical-exercise enthusiasts as "the crab"—a backbend in which the arched body rests on the subject's hands and feet. In this way he wished to create a living picture of a rainbow—the symbol of hope. Alas, the balcony was 30 feet above ground level.

I went to the cemetery to have another look at his last resting place. Though I searched for a long time, I could not find the group of birches among which he had been buried. In the end, I decided to follow a passing band returning from a tattoo. It was playing a gay march.

A Trial

AT LONG LAST the aim has been achieved and a tremendous amount of work and effort has borne fruit. All the authors have been put into uniform and awarded suitable ranks and distinctions. In this way chaos, lack of criteria, unhealthy artistic tendencies and the obscurity and ambiguity of art have been removed once and for all.

The design of the uniforms had been worked out centrally; the division into districts and formations, as well as the system of ranks to be awarded to individual members, were the result of long preparatory work in the Supreme Council of the Writers' Association. From then on, every member had to wear a uniform consisting of wide mauve trousers with piping of a different color, green jacket, belt and peaked hat. Thus the basic uniform was simple, but it allowed for a great variety of rank. Members of the Supreme Council wore two-peaked hats with gold braid, but members of regional councils were entitled only to silver braid. Chairmen wore swords, vice-chairmen stiletos.

All the writers were assigned to appro-

priate formations according to their genre. Two regiments of poets were set up, three divisions of practitioners in prose and one firing squad composed of various elements. The greatest changes took place among the literary critics; some of them were banished to the salt mines and the remainder incorporated into the gendarmery.

Everybody was given a rank within a scale ranging from private to marshal. The deciding factors were the number of words published by each author during his lifetime, the angle of his ideological spine in relation to the floor, his age and his position in local or national government. Flashes of different colors distinguished the various ranks.

The advantages of this new order were self-evident. First of all, it was clear to everybody what he should think of any author; a writer-general could not possibly write a bad novel and, obviously, the best novels had to come from the pen of a writer-marshal. A writer-colonel might make mistakes but, even so, he must be much more talented than a writer-major.

The work of editorial offices was greatly simplified; it was easy to calculate quickly and accurately how much more suitable for publication was the work of a writer-brigadier than that of a writer-lieutenant. In the same way the question of fees was settled automatically.

It became impossible for a critic-writer-captain to commit to paper any adverse views on the work of anyone holding the rank of writer-major or above and only a critic-writer-general could find fault with something coming from the pen of a writer-colonel.

The advantages of the new order were not confined to the literary profession. Before the reform, processions and public ceremonies were marred by the dreary appearance of the writers who compared unfavorably with the sportsmen. Now the writers' detachment presented a gay and colorful spectacle. The glitter of gold and silver braid, the multicolored flashes and piping, the peaked hats, all this appealed to the crowd and led to a great increase in the popularity of the writers among the people.

It must be admitted that certain difficulties were encountered in connection with the

(continued on page 125)

**from behind the
iron curtain comes
the new voice of a
polish fantasist whose
macabre miniatures
illuminate his world**

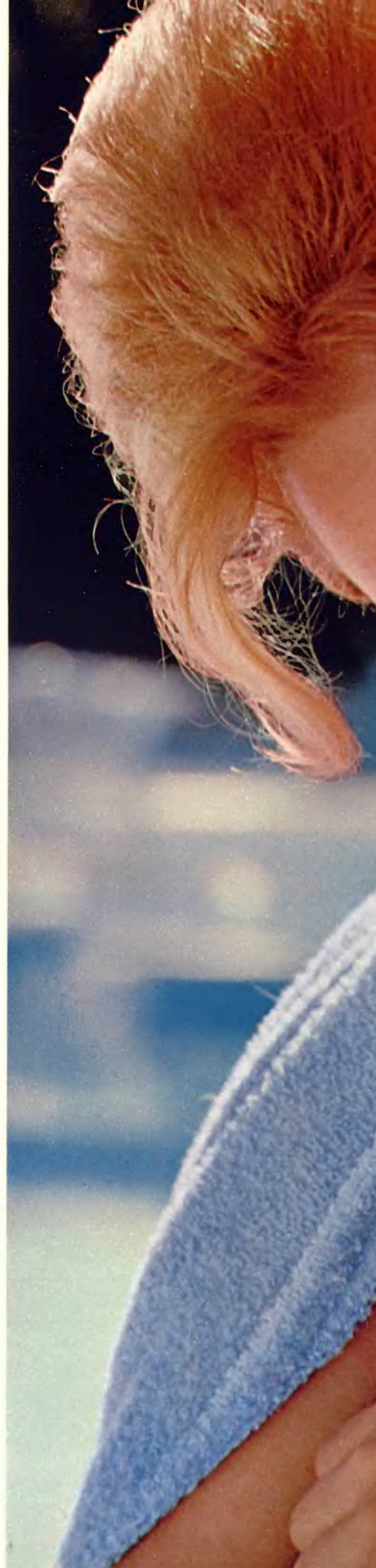
little dipper

phyllis sherwood makes a pretty splash as our august playmate

PETITE PLAYMATE Phyllis Sherwood is an admirably grown-up blend of the ingredients traditional to all little girls — one third sugar, two thirds spice — and no male will deny that in her case the combination has definitely improved with age. Short (5'1") and shapely, with strawberry-blonde hair and big brown eyes, plus a pert face and a glow of health, Phyllis pleases by being her natural, more-than-slightly mischievous self. Not in any manner a mixed-up miss for whom everything's coming up neuroses, she brings to day-by-day living an infectious *esprit*, a quality much in evidence as she talks about her life and the things in it that matter most to her — including men: "Unlike a lot of girls I know, I'm totally unimpressed by bold, brash, dynamic types — my dream man is a quiet, rather shy, attentive guy who would always humor me and my quirks. For example,



"My friends all seem to have enormous appetites. Sometimes I feel as though my apartment is really a one-girl restaurant."







"Every six months or so, my mother and my aunt fly in from Niagara Falls to see how poor Phyllis is getting on. I always try to snow them with my cooking, which really isn't too bad, as long as I stay in the spaghetti-steak-salad league."

I have just about every silly superstition in the book, and I hate to be laughed at when I refuse to walk under a ladder or turn away at the sight of a black cat. Also, I'm sensitive to being kidded about the big unfulfilled ambition of my life, which has always been to become an archaeologist. I first became excited about archaeology while attending Niagara Falls High School—I was wild to travel to Egypt to discover and explore ancient tombs—but my father's death when I was 16 prevented my going on to college to study the subject. I worked for a while in Niagara Falls as a bookkeeper for a photo supplier before heading out on my own to Chicago, where I now live alone—unless you count one Siamese cat and one French poodle. I support the three of us by working as a secretary in a textile showroom. In my spare time, I'm a fierce reader—I average at least two books a week, ranging from H. Allen Smith to Margaret Mead to Frank Yerby. My other passions include charcoal-broiled steaks, Vic Damone, emeralds, and Ingmar Bergman movies, which usually leave me a complete emotional wreck. My big weakness is a quick, flaring temper, especially when I see any type of injustice—which is why my friends have nicknamed me "Tiger." As for the future, my plans include marriage, four children—three boys and one girl, in that order—and a home in suburbia with a huge lawn and a huge swimming pool. But that seems a long time from now." For the present, Phyllis is well-content to remain a foot-loose bachelor girl who, when she slips into someone else's pool in suburbia, is a singular subject for male admiration. For buoyant proof, consider the gatefold.

"A swim in a pool on a very hot summer day does wonders for my morale. I like to stay in until I'm thoroughly waterlogged, then lie in the sun at the edge of the pool and bake myself dry. And then maybe sip a cool daiquiri—for me, this is the way to live."



MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





"My mother likes to help me with fittings. In return, I point out books or stories I think she'd enjoy reading. Almost every night, just before bedtime, Puff and I listen to ballads and do some private dreaming."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Overheard at El Morocco: "She's the kind of girl you could fall madly in bed with."



Friends were surprised, indeed, when Frank and Jennifer broke their engagement, but Frank had a ready explanation:

"Would you marry someone who was habitually unfaithful, who lied at every turn, who was selfish and lazy and sarcastic?"

"Of course not," said a sympathetic friend.

"Well," retorted Frank, "neither would Jennifer."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *beer baron* as a malty millionaire.

Divorce on grounds of incompatibility usually means either that he has lost his income or she her patability.

Conversation at the club had turned to sex and the techniques thereof.

"But should I talk to my wife while making love?" asked newly wed Fred.

"Certainly," counseled an older member, "if you happen to be near a phone."

Discovering too late that a watermelon spiked with vodka had accidentally been served to a luncheon meeting of local ministers, the restaurant's owner waited nervously for the clerics' reaction.

"Quick, man," he whispered to his waiter, "what did they say?"

"Nothing," said the waiter. "They were all too busy slipping the seeds into their pockets."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *strapless evening gown* as a bust truster.

Many a wife thinks her husband is the world's greatest lover. But she can never manage to catch him at it.

All girls are born good. Experience makes them better.

Harry constantly irritated his friends with his eternal optimism. No matter how bad the situation, he would always say, "It could have been worse."

To cure him of this annoying habit, his friends decided to invent a situation so completely black, so dreadful, that even Harry could find no hope in it. Approaching him at the club bar one day, one of them said, "Harry! Did you hear what happened to George? He came home last night, found his wife in bed with another man, shot them

both, then turned the gun on himself!"

"Terrible," said Harry. "But it could have been worse."

"How in hell," asked his dumfounded friend, "could it *possibly* have been worse?"

"Well," said Harry, "if it had happened the night before, I'd be dead now."

"If I refuse to go to bed with you," she whispered, "will you really commit suicide?"

"That," he said grandly, "has been my usual procedure."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lousy bastard* as a fellow who sits in church and scratches while his parents get married.



It was a beautiful reception, but the mother of the bride was worried that the newlyweds wouldn't have time to change and pack their clothes in time to catch their honeymoon flight to Rio. Seeing that the party was nowhere near breaking up, she finally approached the groom and whispered: "Don't you children think it's time to go upstairs and get your things together?"

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



A. Epstein

FAVORITE SON (continued from page 53)

and sometimes not—and always in a hurry to go back and have another bash at the heathen." Exactly.

It is a cliché to say that people, in the mass, sense sincerity, and sense true purpose, but they do. It can be demonstrated under rigid laboratory conditions that mass judgment is more nearly accurate than individual judgment; if people are asked to estimate the weight of an object by sight and touch, the trend toward the correct answer will rise precisely in proportion to the size of the group. The British people in the mass have known that Stirling Moss has driven to make money, and for personal renown, but they have sensed that he drove to show the flag as well. I think that if he had been born very wealthy, indifferent to the necessity of earning a living, and able to build or buy any car, he would have done the same thing with his life that he has done. I think he has wanted above all to show the world a Briton winning. He has been fervently patriotic, in big as well as in little ways: Alf Francis has told, in his book, *Racing Mechanic*, how Moss, when he first drove a Maserati, wouldn't even take the car out on the circuit, in its Italian racing red, until two Union Jack transfers had been put on it.

So have other men in racing done this. Dick Scaman did it in the 1930s. Like Moss, he drove for Mercedes-Benz, and he was the first Englishman ever to win the German Grand Prix (he won it in a good year, too, 1938, and put Hitler into a fury). But Seaman's career, unhappily, was short. What of Raymond Mays and Peter Berthon and the whole B.R.M. staff, stoically soaking up a decade and more of hard work and bitter disappointment? And Graham Hill won the championship of the world, and in a British car, something that Moss never did.

It is in no fashion disparaging of the British drivers now dominating the world's Grand Prix circuits—Graham Hill, Jimmy Clark, John Surtees—to say that any one of them could be champion of the world three years running and not know the determined affection the British people shower on Moss, who was never champion and never will be. An actor who is a devotee of motor racing said to me, "When a man has that weird and elusive star quality, whatever it is, the thing that makes other men want to stand him a drink, and women want to take him in their arms, whether to mother him or make love to him, then his actual success-failure ratio doesn't matter. Did you notice Orson Welles pointing out the other day that Greta Garbo, the greatest film star of all time, never had a film that made much money? What about the way the Amer-

icans have idolized Jack Dempsey for nearly four decades? After all, Gene Tunney beat Dempsey, not once but twice—but Dempsey will still stop traffic in the same street where Tunney will go unnoticed. Moss never *needed* to win the championship of the world, strangely enough."

The Dempsey-Tunney parallel is apt. Tunney, "Gentleman Gene," amateur Shakespearean scholar, friend of George Bernard Shaw, came to the ring with calm and measured tread, in the pink of condition, his battle thought out as much as a battle can be, prepared to extend himself if he had to, but carefully, intelligently. Tunney fought as a sensible thinking man ought to fight, won the heavyweight championship of the world, made millions out of it, retired undefeated to a gracious private life.

Dempsey came into the ring just this side of a dead run, black-jowled, jumpy, scowling. Watching him, one felt that if the referee came over and said, "Jack, the other fellow wants to fight with these double-bitted woodsman's axes instead of gloves," Dempsey would have said, "Right. Give me one of 'em and get the hell out of the way!"

Watching Stirling Moss "rush out of the castle," as the Fleet Street man put it, the people have had the same feeling about him. They thought of him as going alone into France and Sweden and Denmark and Portugal and Spain and Germany, Italy, South Africa, Morocco, Monaco, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Ireland, the Argentine, Cuba, Mexico, Australia, New Zealand, Belgium and wherever not, for one purpose: to fight. They felt that the reputation of Great Britain was safe with him, before the world. They were certain he'd win more times than he'd lose, and that in any case, win or lose, 99 times in 100 he'd finish on his feet. I suspect that Moss' fantastic comeback after the 1960 accident at Spa excited the pride of Britons as not many things had since the war.

Reading over the last few hundred words, a friend said to me, "I think Stirling is more Tunney than Dempsey—thinking, a planner, always in condition, always ready."

I said no. "Dempsey was usually in condition, too. *But even if he wasn't*, he was ready. He'd go, condition or no condition. He kept nothing back, and that's why his name is magic. You could beat Dempsey, but you couldn't make a loser out of him, and you can't make a loser out of Moss. Tunney had Dempsey flat on the deck, but half the people who saw the fight refused to believe it."

Stirling Moss' personality is complicated, and he is competent at guarding it. The man is not simple; the way to

the center of him makes Hampton Court Maze look as open and straight as the Mall. I don't claim to have been there, in the years I've known him, but I do know that under the urbanity, under the good humor and politesse, under the flat, bland, masked face that I have watched as he walked silently away from dry petrol tanks, flat batteries and flawed gearboxes ("Few people can hide their real feelings the way he can," Alf Francis said), he carries the one thing that distinguishes all the great competitors from the also-rans, the spear carriers: the thing the fight people call killer instinct. Moss wouldn't rather be dead than a loser, he doesn't want to die to win—but he'll take the chance. A man who is a spear carrier at heart can be a famous competitor, husbanding himself, watching his chances, thinking of the future, of his career as a rounded whole, and he can go a long, long way. But the real competitor can only try that line, halfheartedly and briefly, before the thing that has made him takes over; before, as drivers say, the power comes in, and his foot goes down. ("One's a race driver, or one's not.") It is not a matter of another few thousand pounds, or another silver cup, the laurel wreath, a kiss from a pretty girl, more starting money next time, a better contract from the tire company next year, none of that nonsense, none of that mere careerist bilge. It is nothing that can be shared with a living soul; indeed many of the bitter-end competitors, the killers, hold it so secret they'll deny they have it. It is a private thing, the dark, driving urge man has known since he came creeping out of the cave, the wish for identity, the grinding need to lift one's face out of the sea of the faces of the mob, to mark oneself and what one stands for, because that is worthwhile, that is immortality, and the price to be paid for it is only a transient thing. Some prime ministers and presidents have known this, but not all. Some stonemasons have known it, but not all, and some race drivers, but not all.

Juan Manuel Fangio had so much power, so much skill, so much intelligence, so much of everything that some people, hearing him speak, in a tired, whispery monotone, watching him drive, smooth as oil on glass, wholly undramatic nearly all of the time, would say, "Old Chueco is so good, he doesn't need to care, he doesn't have to fight," forgetting the years when he drove home-crafted Ford and Chevrolet specials in the ferocious trans-Andean road races of South America, some of them 6000 miles! Then, in 1956 at Monaco, Moss started to run away from him, and Fangio went berserk. Amazed crowds saw the most skillful car conserver since Caracciola spin his Ferrari, knocking

(continued on page 119)



**THE
MEASURE OF FASHION**

HOW TO BUY A SUIT OFF THE PEG AND HAVE IT TAILORED FOR PERFECT FIT

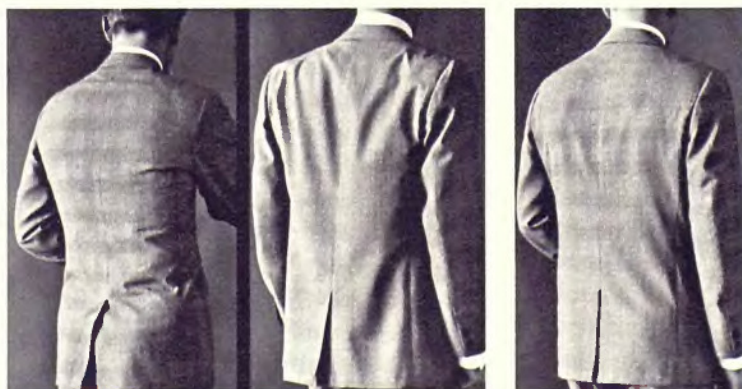


COLLAR: The man with square shoulders or a shorter-than-average neck may find that the unaltered collar is cut too high, as seen at far left; it should be recut and set lower to reveal a band of shirt collar. On the man with a longer, more-slender neck, the collar is often cut too low and too loose, as in center photo; it should be shortened to raise and refit the collar closer to the neck. Adjusted to individual measurements, shown at near left, proper collar height and fit impart custom-tailored look.

SLEEVES: For men with extra-large frames and average-length arms, the sleeves of ready-made jackets may be cut too long, as at far right; they should be shortened to show approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch of shirt cuff. Guys with standard-size torsos and extra-long arms, conversely, may find sleeves cut too short; even in extreme cases (as seen at center), most sleeves can be let out to the proper length. A correctly cut sleeve, shown in adjoining photo, will expose the specified amount of shirt cuff both when arm is bent or is hanging at one's side.

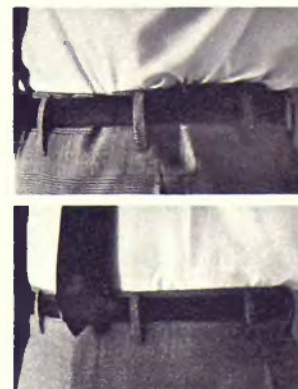


TROUSER LENGTH: Extremes should be eschewed in deciding where to draw the line in trouser length. The ankle-high style at far left awkwardly exaggerates both length of leg and size of foot. The overlong trouser leg seen at center destroys trimly tapered outline with baggy-pants silhouette. Correctly tailored trousers avoid either extreme, sustain the lean lines of the suit by breaking cleanly at the shoe tops, as in nearest photo.



JACKET FIT: At far left, too-tight coat creates overstuffed look, unsightly creases. At center left, oversized jacket forms tentlike folds across back. With suitable adjustment of side and center seams, jacket will drape naturally, as seen at near left.

WAIST: On trousers overlarge in the waist, excess material tends to bunch up under belt, as shown upper right. Taken in along the back seam to fit comfortably both sitting and standing, trousers will be free of waistline folds, as at lower right.





NOT TOO MANY YEARS AGO, after generations of second-class sartorial citizenship, the ready-made suit began to come up in the world of men's wear; at first envying, then emulating the breeding and bearing of its custom-tailored counterpart. Today, mingling at last as social equals, they cannot always be distinguished from each other either in quality or cut — as evidenced by the elegantly attired gentleman in the ready-made suit at left. In short, if he masters a few of the finer points of appraisal and alteration — explicated herein — there's no reason why the fashion-wise male can't wear a suit off the peg with complete satisfaction.

The best men's outfitters stock ready-made suits to cater to the most exacting tastes — and in models and sizes to fit virtually every frame. Since a suit made for one physique cannot be recut satisfactorily to fit another, however, it is essential to resist any hard-sell efforts to persuade you that the tailor can "take in" or "let out" an incorrect size or model to fit you properly. It is wise, therefore, to arrive fore-armed with knowledge of your correct size in the model best suited to your proportions — both to apprise the salesman that you are a man who knows precisely what he wants and will accept nothing less, and to spare yourself the time-consuming rigamarole of being measured and then "trying one on for size." However, a certain degree of fitting is always necessary since some suits (particularly the more expensive ones) are cut more generously than others, and what might be a size 40 in one line will be a size 39 in another.

Subject the suit you select from the rack to close scrutiny for several keys to quality in cloth and tailoring. First, crumple a handful of fabric from the lapel or jacket front; if the material and manufacture are superior, the coat will feel soft yet springy, and will resume its original shape without wrinkling. Naturally, you'll want to bear in mind that certain fabrics (cashmere, for example) look great but wear poorly. If you are buying a suit for special occasions, then by all means consider an elegant but fragile cloth. If, on the other hand, you need a workaday garment, you'll be wise to look for a rugged, hard-finish fabric. Next note whether the suit pattern, if any, is carefully matched along the back seam, coat pockets, collar and jacket front; in the best suits the matching is exact. Then examine the natural hang of the sleeves; they should be carefully shaped and rolled, devoid of pressed-in creases. And finally, inspect the stitching along seams and around the button- (concluded on page 130)

Julius did not have the judgment and sense of proportion to separate the wheat of the possible from the chaff of the impossible — and this is what ultimately led to his downfall and assassination.

Augustus Caesar, on the other hand, recognized what were attainable goals, aimed for them and accomplished them. Consequently, he ruled much longer than Julius, and his over-all accomplishments were much more constructive and lasting.

Napoleon Bonaparte was also an able and gifted individual — but he, too, was eventually destroyed by the malefic imp of the impossible. Napoleon — like Julius Caesar — was devoid of a sense of proportion, as evidenced by his disastrous invasion of Russia. The Compleat Megalomaniac, he blindly ignored the vast distances involved, the Russian climate and his own political weaknesses at home — all fairly obvious factors which doomed his campaign to failure long before his troops began their march to the east.

Now, a businessman who fails because he cannot distinguish between the possible and the impossible will not be stabbed to death in the boardroom by the company's directors — at least, not literally. Nor will he be exiled for the rest of his days to an island in the South Atlantic (unless, perhaps, the company happens to have a subsidiary plant or branch office there). Nonetheless, the practice of biting off more than he can chew properly will certainly prove calamitous to any executive's or businessman's career — and business.

But the converse is equally true, for the imp of the impossible is a perverse demon. The individual who is able to perceive the glint of the possible in a situation which outwardly appears to be fraught with insuperable obstacles is the most likely to reap the richest rewards. One does not have to look very far to find proof of this.

In the 1920s, self-taught engineer Robert G. LeTourneau's ideas for building gargantuan earth-moving machines were widely considered to be impractical pipe dreams. LeTourneau, however, knew that he could actually produce the equipment his detractors predicted would be useless. He went on to build his giant machines and the nation's biggest earth-moving-machinery company — and to revolutionize the entire heavy-construction industry.

Reaching 65 in 1953, LeTourneau sold his business to Westinghouse Air Brake for a reported \$31,000,000. He also agreed not to engage in manufacturing earth-moving machinery for the next five years.

The consensus held that it would not be possible for him to get back into business again — not only because of his age,

but also because he gave most of his money to a charitable foundation.

LeTourneau confounded the consensus, however. By 1959 — at the age of 71 — he was right back in business. He produced a revolutionary electrically powered, mobile offshore oil-drilling platform which, incidentally, the wise-acres had maintained "never could be built and wouldn't work even if it was." At last report, Robert LeTourneau's sales were said to be running in the neighborhood of \$10,000,000 a year.

Few people, indeed, considered the Depression-era year of 1933 an auspicious one in which to start a new business. Among those who thought otherwise was young J. A. Ryder, who turned a deaf ear to the calamity howlers' warnings that any new business was bound to fail.

Using \$125 of his \$155 "capital," Ryder bought a secondhand truck and went into business for himself. With an almost uncanny talent for perceiving the possible in the most unpromising times and situations, he went on to build his business. Within 25 years, he had created a trucking empire with an annual gross revenue that is said to exceed \$85,000,000.

Shortly before V-E Day, First Lieutenant Melvin J. David was given a few days' leave from the front and sent to an Army rest center in Belgium. One afternoon, he noticed several Belgian villagers industriously twisting and welding scraps of heavy wire into various shapes. He saw that they were making lamp bases, stands and other utilitarian and decorative objects out of the wire they'd salvaged from nearby battlefields and the junk heaps of Allied supply dumps and depots.

The Belgians' activity gave David an idea. He saw the possibilities of using wire to mass-produce a wide range of industrial and consumer items. Discharged from the Army a year later, he went to Southern California and sought to translate his idea into commercially practical reality. Told that his ideas were unrealistic and impossible, he used his slender capital — \$1500 — to design and build his first machine and went into business. Today, Mel David's Melco Wire Products Company is a thriving enterprise. The company produces everything from bosom-supporters for women's bathing suits to vital parts for jet aircraft — all made from wire. David's ability to recognize the possible has paid off to the tune of some \$2,000,000 in yearly gross sales.

The annals of American business have always been replete with such examples which prove that businessmen can achieve notable success by discerning the

possibility of things which others consider impossible. The most significant inventions and advancements have been made — and the most successful businesses and largest fortunes have been created — in precisely this way.

Is it possible — or impossible?

I've had to resolve this question very often in my own business career. In so doing, I've frequently allowed seeming opportunities to go by because, on careful examination, I saw that the outward appearances were deceiving and the objectives toward which the "opportunities" pointed were actually unattainable. At the same time, I've achieved some of my most noteworthy successes by recognizing that what seemed to be impossible situations and challenges on the surface were, in fact, entirely within the realm of possibility.

Many years ago, when I was still a tyro in the oil business, everyone considered it impossible to find oil in the "Red Beds" area of Oklahoma. I made a careful study of the region and came to the conclusion that the universally held theory was entirely without basis. It seemed quite possible to me that there was oil in the "Red Beds." I obtained a lease on a property in the area, drilled, struck oil — and opened up a new producing area.

When, in the 1930s, I set out to build an integrated oil business, I knew it would be necessary to gain control of a major oil company — in itself an apparent impossibility. I was a comparatively small independent operator, a wildcatter. For anyone of my relatively puny business stature to tackle a "major" was all but inconceivable. More than a few of my friends ridiculed the idea, freely citing the classic tale of the vain-glorious flea ascending the elephant's haunch.

Nonetheless, I believed in the feasibility of my plans. The next question was: *Which* major oil company? There were several from which to choose. Such giants as Standard or Shell I did not even consider; it was clearly impossible for me to dent them. Others were less invulnerable, but for various reasons did not fit my plans. I finally set my sights on the Tide Water Associated Oil Company, which seemed ideally suited for the program I had in mind.

Once I'd decided on Tide Water Associated, it was necessary to decide yet another question: Would it be possible for me to obtain control of that particular company with the resources at my disposal? Again, on the face of it, the answer was a resounding negative; it was "impossible."

In the first place, I did not have sufficient money to buy a controlling interest outright. I also knew that as

(continued on page 136)



"Well, how do you like married life so far?"





CERTAINLY ONE of the most strategic bases of operations for the would-be chef at this torrid time of the year is the spot directly in front of a delicatessen's cold-food display case piled high with thuringer, Genoa salami, prosciutto, smoked eel, a dozen or so cheeses and a prodigal assortment of salads and seafood. With a little imagination, you can easily convert these plain cold comestibles into cold gourmandise. Cooked shelled shrimps reclining on beds of ice, for instance, are ready not only for bottled cocktail sauce but for subtle marinades and sumptuous offbeat salads. Tissue-thin slices of Westphalian ham can lead a hand-to-mouth existence or be rolled into horns of plenty filled with Dungeness crab meat, Alsatian *foie gras* or smorgasbord salads.

In laying the groundwork for many cold feasts, the first ingredients are oil and vinegar. They're common denominators in French dressing, mayonnaise, vinaigrette dressing, hors d'oeuvres, antipasto and all the substantial and light salads alike. Ever since Noah's dove returned to the ark with an olive leaf, the oil of the olive has been unchallenged for festive cold fare. French olive oil is lighter in body than the Italian or Spanish. All three have positive personalities, in contrast to the relatively tasteless corn and cottonseed oils of this country. If you're not yet an olive-oil addict, buy a bottle of artichoke hearts in oil. Chill them, sample them, and your conversion will be instantaneous. In the vinegar department, red-wine vinegar, white-wine vinegar and cider vinegar are basic. For those who like to mix salads at the table, sampler bottles of herb-flavored vinegar are all useful for the summer-salad man. If you're a graduate of the sour-cream school, this element,

THE COOL APPROACH

refreshing comestibles to take the simmer out of summer hosting

food By THOMAS MARIO

too, is used for converting plain dressings into exhibition pieces. In place of the usual Russian dressing — four parts mayonnaise to one part chili sauce — try four parts sour cream to one part chili sauce; it's especially delectable with all kinds of cold fresh seafood.

Hying to the delicatessen for sliced cooked meats follows a long, spirited
(continued on page 128)

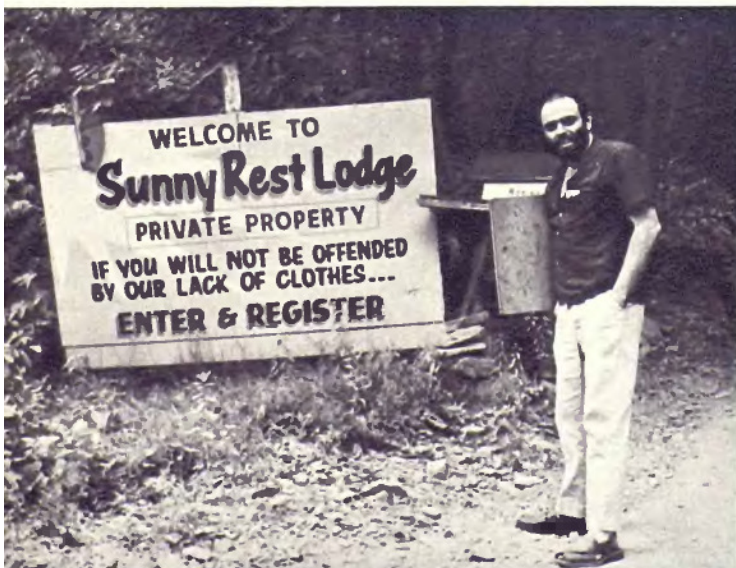
Silverstein IN A NUDIST CAMP

playboy's roving cartoonist doffs his duds and uncovers a new facet of his art



"No...this is Sunny Hill Day Camp. You want the Sunny Rest Nudist Camp. That's about two miles up the road and turn right at the..."

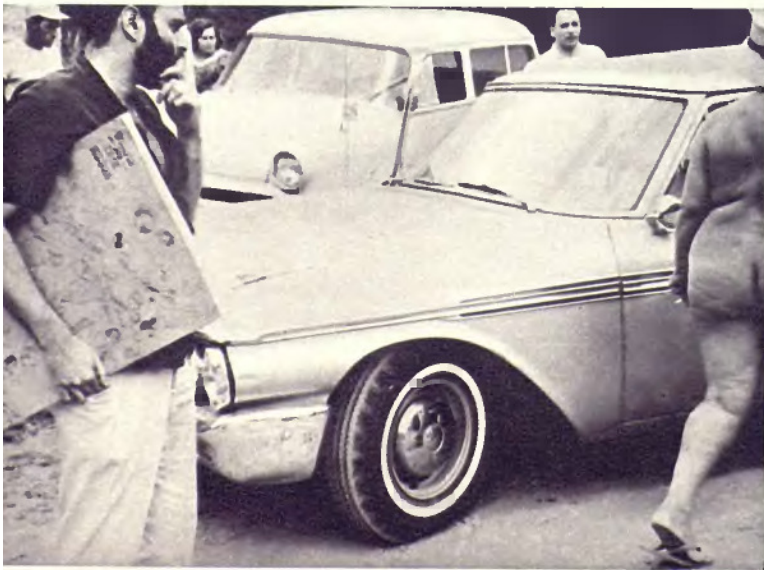
IN THE SIX YEARS that cartoonist Shel Silverstein has been roaming the globe for PLAYBOY, drawing funny conclusions from Madrid to Moscow to Miami Beach, no assignment has proven more challenging — or more off the beaten track — than his most recent: to depict the unabashed life of a typical U. S. nudist camp. The site selected was Sunny Rest Lodge of Palmerton, Pennsylvania, a well-regarded buffer zone which graciously allowed Shel carte blanche for a fortnight's stay. When he arrived, with drawing pen loaded for bare, embarrassment was his first reaction — but inhibitions soon faded as our quick-change artist, now birthday-suited, relaxed in his new environs. "These were the most pleasant, relaxed two weeks of my life," he recalls. "There was a great sense of freedom, of naturalness in the camp. Pretensions just vanished. Nobody, you might say, had anything to hide." His advice to the amateur nudist on getting past the first awkward confrontation scene: "Look straight ahead. Don't look sideways, don't look up and don't look down." Reflecting on what it is like to live amidst a platoon of unclad females, he notes, "They lose their sense of mystery. There's no question about that. On the other hand, relationships between the sexes seem much more honest." Here is the epidermal essence of Shel's excursion into a brave nude world.





"Hi, folks...What's nude?...
 Ha-ha...Here I am, in the flesh!...
 Ha-ha...Barely made it!...
 Ha-ha...Gimme some skin!...
 Ha-ha-ha..."

"I know nobody ever gets one...
 but what do you do
 if you do get one?!!"

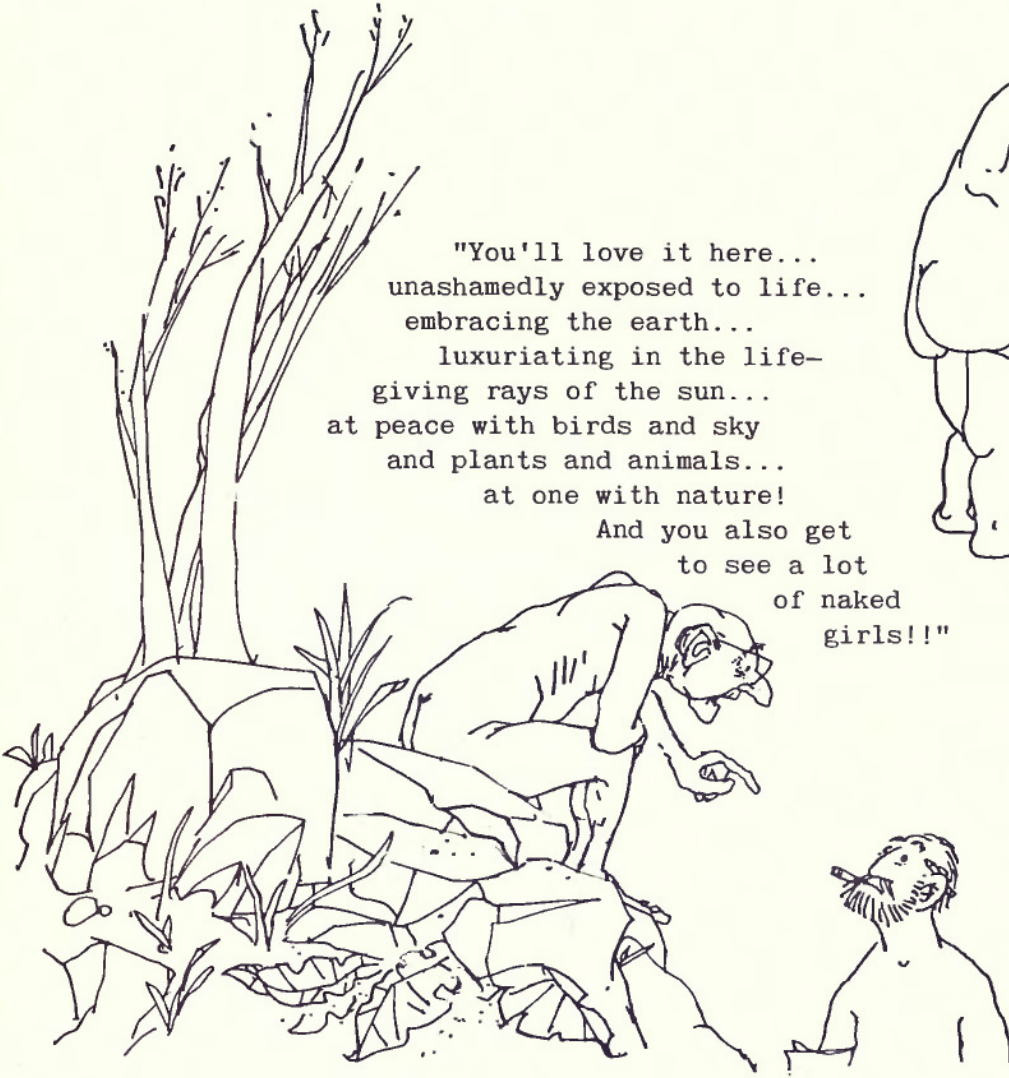


Left: pondering the shape of things to come, Shel has some dire second thoughts about the entire project before (right) resolutely un-girding his loins for the trek down the open road to the Sunny Rest recreation area ond a beckoning world of sunshine and health.

"Why don't be silly...
there's nothing to be ashamed of...
the human body is a
wonderful, natural,
beautiful thing!!"



"You'll love it here...
unashamedly exposed to life...
embracing the earth...
luxuriating in the life-
giving rays of the sun...
at peace with birds and sky
and plants and animals...
at one with nature!
And you also get
to see a lot
of naked
girls!!"



"Sometimes I don't
think this goddamn
account is worth it!"



Getting his bearings in the unfamiliar informality of the Sunny Rest camping grounds, Shel chats with the directress and another companionable buff buff.



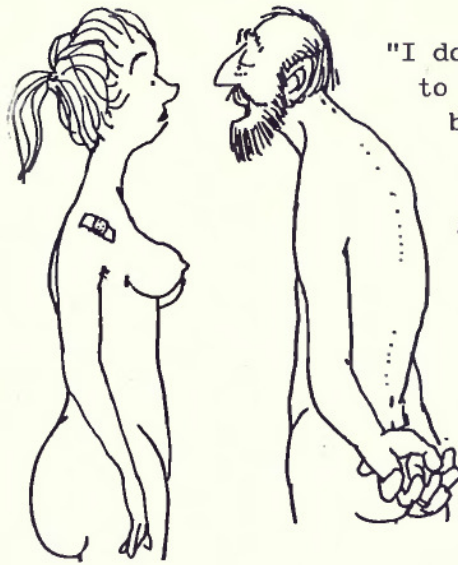
"Why I'd love to go for a walk in the woods! And I have the loveliest blue-denim jumper to wear...with a red polka-dot blouse... and a matching bandanna and..."

"You see, it's clothing that stimulates the imagination. Now if I were wearing lace panties, you'd probably be all excited, but instead you see me completely natural and that's the reason you're not in the least affected, Mr. Silverstein... Mr. Silverstein..."

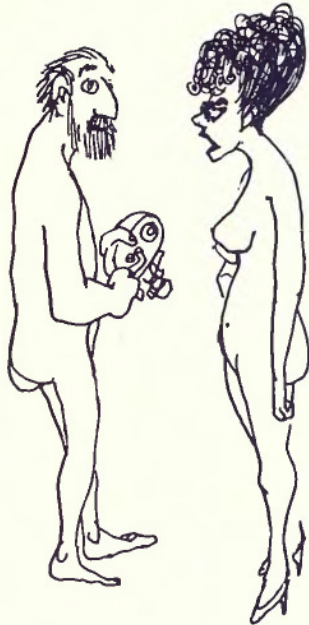


Caught up in the spirit of camp life, our barefoot boy with cheek admires the form of a fellow shuffleboarder.

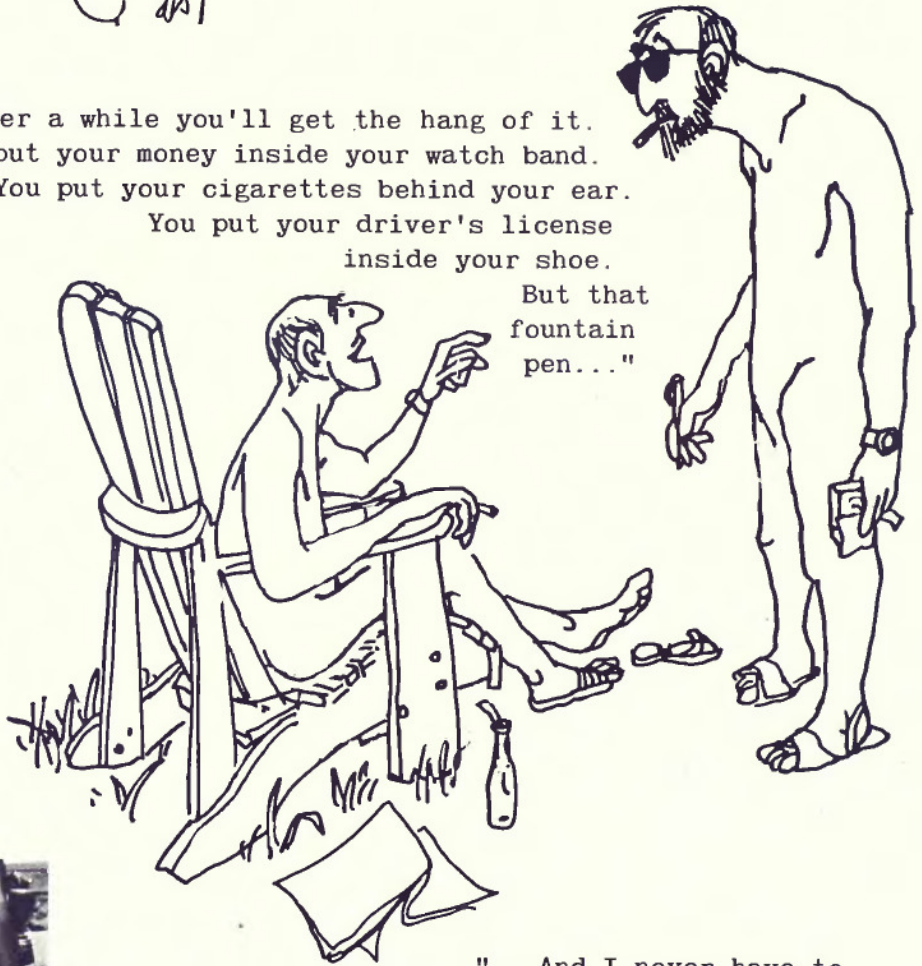
"Well the next time
 anyone calls me up to
 come out for a part
 in the filming
 of a 'Naked City'...!"



"I don't know how
 to ask you this, Laura,
 but could I...er...
 would you let me...
 uh...could I take
 a peek under
 that Band-Aid?"



"After a while you'll get the hang of it.
 You put your money inside your watch band.
 You put your cigarettes behind your ear.
 You put your driver's license
 inside your shoe.



But that
 fountain
 pen..."



"...And I never have to
 worry about my
 shoulder straps falling down..."

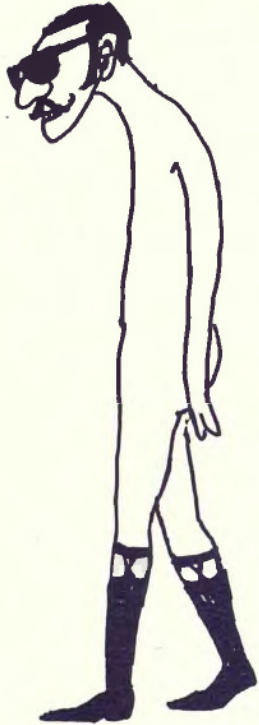
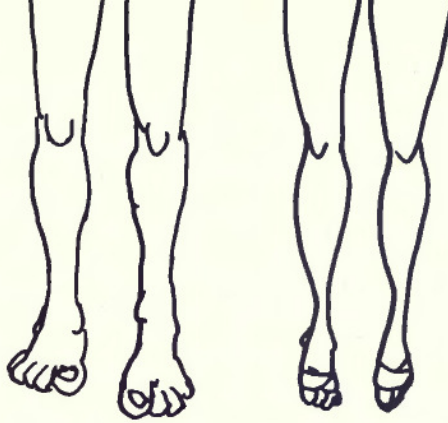


"Well, my goodness...
what's so bad
about a little sunburn...?"



Now an enthusiastic convert to the spirit of altogetherness, Shel goes skinny-dipping in the camp pool with other disciples, all sons suits; then hoppily whiles away the late afternoon by feeding a pretty pair of girl-type nudists an artful line—while admiring theirs.

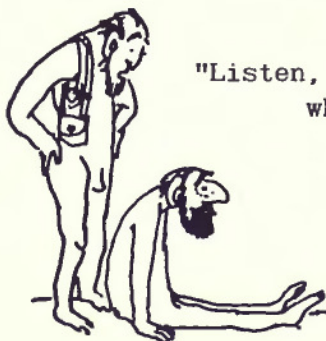
"You see, my dear,
if any other cartoonist
tried to draw a man
and woman completely
nude like this —
front view —
no magazine would
print it.
But I draw it —
and they print it!!"



"I think he
must be
a famous movie star...
I'm sure I've seen
him in films,
but I just
can't remember
his name..."



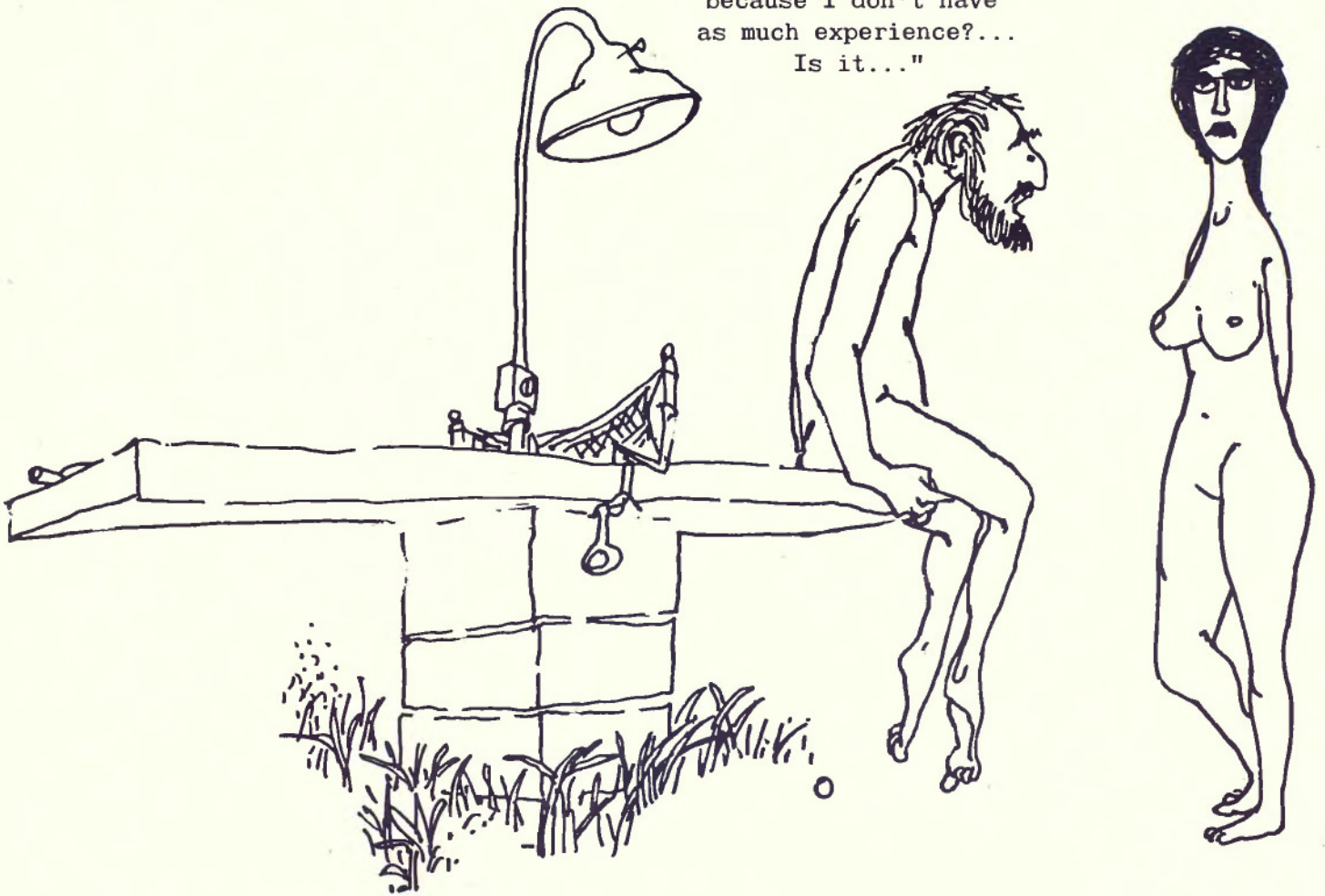
"You know, nudism is such a
wonderful institution, it's a
shame that it has to be confined
to summer camps! Now I have this
big apartment back in the city and..."



"Listen, Shel, we've been out here for two weeks now—
when are you going to start drawing...?"



"Why is it you don't like me, Barbara?...Is it because I don't have as much money as these other guys?...Is it because I don't have as much experience?... Is it..."



Relaxed and really in the swim of things at last, Shel disports himself with cool aplomb, enjoying himself thoroughly as a clutch of girls pool their talents. "Beauty may be only skin deep," he reports thoughtfully, "but there are times when that seems deep enough."



"The great thing about a nudist camp is that here, without your clothes, everyone is equal! For instance, you'd never know that I am the president of a large corporation! You'd never know that I am worth over \$2,000,000!! You'd never know that I own a \$100,000 home in Philadelphia, three cars, and..."

"Please, Shel...
I've already put on my shoes...
and I've put on my bra...!
Don't ask me
to put on any more...!"



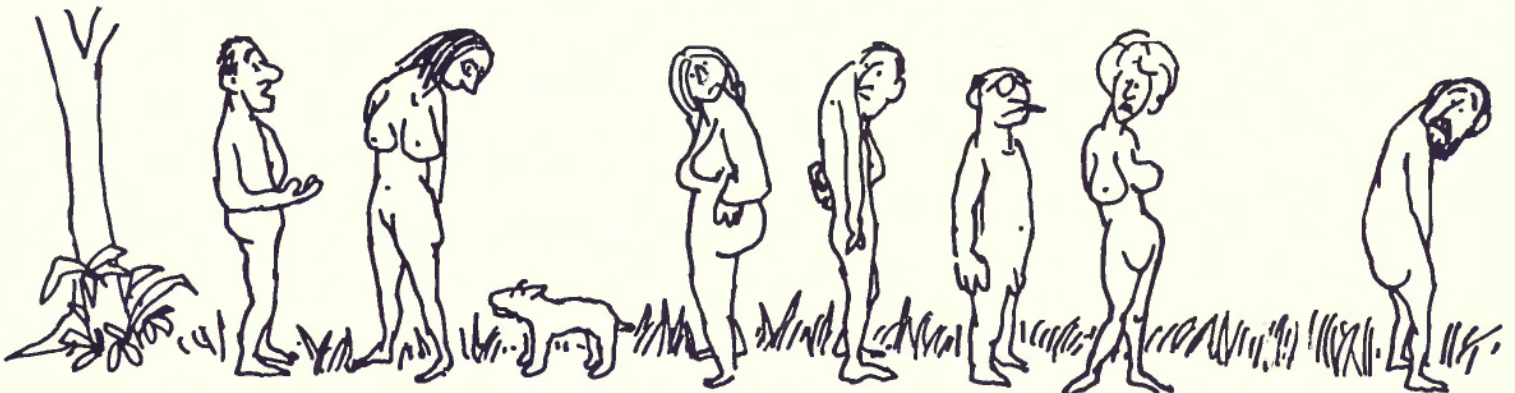
94 Left: sportsman Silverstein plays Ping-Pong, tries manfully to keep his eye on the ball. "Winning," he says, "never seemed less important."
Right: at eventide, PLAYBOY's vagabond cartoonist amuses his new-found Sunny Rest friends with clad tidings from the outside world.

"...And very few men used to ask me out, so I thought it was because I was flat-chested, so I began wearing falsies and a lot of men began asking me out, but I realized they just liked me for my large chest, so I began telling them I was wearing falsies and then not very many of them asked me out, so I came to this nudist camp and lost my self-consciousness about my figure, but not very many of the men here asked me out, so I went back to the city and told everyone where I'd been and a lot of men began asking me out, but I realized it was just because they associated nudism with promiscuity, so I began telling them first that I was definitely not going to sleep with them... and now nobody asks me out...!"



"They ask me to take off my coat, so OK! Then they ask me to take off my shirt and pants, so I go along with them! Then they ask me to take off my shorts and shoes and socks, so all right, I cooperate! So then they tell me to..."

"Now here is the way I figure it...Sally leaned against the poison ivy and got it on her leg...the dog brushed up against her leg and got it on his back...Mrs. Hansen petted the dog and got it on her hand...then she slapped Mr. Heinrich on the back and gave it to him... Mr. Heinrich scratched his back and then shook hands with Bob Coogan... who patted Jeanie on the behind...and then..."





PLAYBOY'S PATIO-TERRACE high above the city or tucked away behind a town house, a private shangri-la adds extra dimensions to your urban scene

NO COSMOPOLITE IS IMMUNE TO AN OCCASIONAL longing for some parcel of sky-domed greensward to offset the concrete, chrome, glass and steel that may make city living elegant and convenient – but decidedly nonpastoral. For the young man on the way up to his penthouse or about to turn into the driveway of his town house, a sky-high terrace or ground-level patio offers the perfect on-the-spot answer for hours in the sun or evenings of unconfined entertainment. An urban oasis which delightfully avoids the crawl through country-bound city traffic, the patio-terrace offers the man-about-town expanded horizons for after-office-hours hosting, and a corner for simply getting away from it all without having to go away from it all.

While PLAYBOY's patio-terrace has been laid out as a luxurious 40' x 34' adjunct to a penthouse apartment, its basic design and principal features can be converted to grace the rear-lawn area of a town house (the main design change would involve treating the penthouse's cantilevered sundeck as a second-story balcony). PLAYBOY herein presents an exemplary island in the metropolitan sun; it is also replete with elements and details that can readily be adapted



Left: An overhead shot of the patio-terrace shows the imaginative use of limited space to serve many purposes, with sundeck, dining-drinking island, tête-à-tête corner, pool and intimate hideaway leading uncrowded lives of their own. Above: The sundeck (with dining area below it, pool and revolving TV in the foreground) provides secluded sunning.



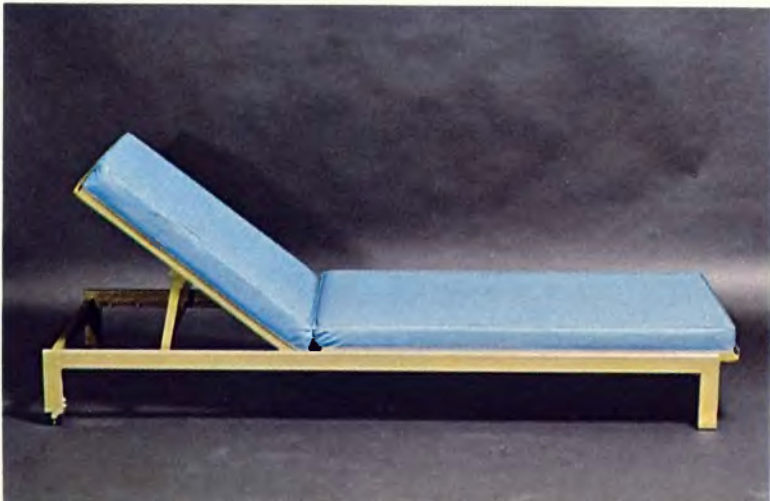
Above: Dining-drinking island, as seen from preparation side of the counter, allows the host conversational contact with his guests. Awning overhead has slats which can be automatically retracted to put the island in the sun. Everything, including grill and sauce table in foreground, is within easy reach of the chef. At his command are infrared warming cabinet, ice maker, two-burner hot plate, master-control panel, stainless-steel sink, chapping board, dish-glassware-and-cutlery storage. Left: Cast-aluminum-and-Naughahyde bar stool, by Kogan-Dreyfuss, \$399. Right: Grill, in stainless or coated steel, rotates to take advantage of breezes, by Eclipse, \$69.95.

design and renderings by **HUMEN TAN**





Above: The romantic advantages of the patio in a nighttime setting are attractively apparent. Looking south, we see the eastern half's richly furnished relaxing area in foreground bathed by a soft light reflecting off the pool's fountain. The plantings beyond the pool provide seclusion and an air of intimacy for the southeast corner, shown below right. Below left: Sundeck's colorful chaise, with adjustable back, by Van Keppel-Green, \$311.





Above: A late-hour barbecue sends wisps of smoke twisting skyward from the grill, while sundeck's telescope stands at the ready for star-scanning. Revolving-retracting TV at poolside can be turned, raised, lowered and tuned by remote control. Below right: Outdoor speakers trimmed in brass and covered in cane are two-feet high, lightweight, provide 360-degree sound, can be plugged into patio's outlets, by Leonhardt, \$85 each.

to individual preferences determined by available space and finances.

In our patio-terrace, we've incorporated the latest designs for leisurely living, using as our yardstick the same desiderata we applied in creating *Playboy's Penthouse Apartment* (September 1956), *Playboy's Weekend Hideaway* (April 1959) and *The Playboy Town House* (May 1962), to wit, a warmly personalized, largely self-sustaining living unit requiring a minimum of the bachelor's much-in-demand attentions, and offering a maximum of contemporary convenience and comfort.

The patio-terrace provides the perfect warm-weather setting for a host of hosting endeavors. It is the *sine qua non* for such sociabilities as an expansive cocktail party, or noc- (concluded on page 102)



*"They told me the ratio of
men to women was nine-to-one
on these cruises—but what
am I supposed to do
the rest of the time?"*



young lancelot and the forester's daughter

Ribald Classic

from the 13th Century chronicles of Ulrich von Zatzikhoven

WHEN LANCELOT was very young, and beardless, he had an adventure that earned him both censure and envy. He went with two knights to the castle of a grim forester named Galagandreiz, who was famed for two things: a beautiful daughter and an evil disposition. It was the custom at the castle that guests always fared badly if they offended against chastity to the slightest degree whatever, and many were the good knights who had been foully murdered for admiring the forester's daughter. She was a virgin, and it was her father's vow — though by no means her own — that she should remain so until his death.

Lancelot and his friends were forewarned, however, and resolved to avoid the old man's wrath at all costs. They got through the meal safely, and were escorted to bed by the old warrior himself, who exhorted them, in a ranting speech, to be demure in all things and to sleep chaste no matter what the provocation. And so they lay down to prepare their bodies for an early arising.

No sooner had they settled comfortably between the sheets, however, than the door opened and the forester's daughter entered, bearing a candle, and approached the bed of Orphilet the Fair, the handsomest of knights in those days.

"I have heard a great deal of love and its sweetness," she said to him in a whisper. "I have heard that these are its weapons: much doing and little sleeping."

"I should be much dishonored — and worse — if your father should find out," said Orphilet with some regret. "I am assured he desires you chaste as well as me." And resolutely he turned away and closed his eyes.

The angry lady stepped away from his bed, and in so doing she stumbled against the couch of Kuraus of the Brave Heart. Since love longing still pained her more than she could bear, she dis-



posed herself to woo him. "I'll tell you, sir," said she to Kuraus, "what it is to be a knight: never fainthearted with a lady, but ever strong and stout in love. I have been well-regaled with tales of your prowess as a lover, and I can make known to you that if you prove your mettle with me you will not be disappointed in my responses."

Kuraus considered the matter, and at length he spoke to the lady at his side. "Your father has charged me to behave demurely in his castle, and I have heard

that he deals harshly with those who disobey him," said he with a sigh. "Go to bed."

At this the lady jumped to her feet with a delicate curse, seized her candle and, squaring her shoulders, marched to the door.

"Lady!" came a soft voice behind her, so that she turned and saw outreached in her direction the arms of young Lancelot.

The fair one spoke haughtily in her pride: "What is it, beardless boy?"

Lancelot came forward. "It is true I am beardless," he said, "but I feel so amorous that I care nothing for your father's rude threats. You are the prettiest thing in that nightdress that I ere did see."

"You have cinnamon lips, and sweet ginger in your tongue," admitted the maiden.

"I have more," he said, and led her joyously to his bed. He lay her down beside him, oblivious to the urgent objections of his companions, who called him a fool, lacking in demureness. With gentle care he touched her and she gave him touch for touch. Bodies did then what bodies know best to do and old poets have no business to describe — except to say that Lancelot and the lady knew that night the best love, perhaps, that ever came to two lovers.

For his indiscretion, he was much censured in the following months by his companions, Orphilet the Fair and Kuraus of the Brave Heart. But it is surely a sad thing when blame falls upon the mere act of loving, or when praise can be purchased at the hard cost of a woman's loneliness.

—Retold by James Ransom



PLAYBOY'S PATIO-TERRACE (continued from page 99)

turnal merrymaking — all made more festive by virtue of being enjoyed alfresco.

It provides a star-ceilinged ballroom for dancing, a pastime you'd normally have to forgo if wall-to-wall carpeting covers your digs' floors. It provides the natural setting for the gourmandial joys of a barbecue.

Its striking cantilevered sundeck may be used for secluded all-over sun worshipping and permits other terrace activities of a less-sedentary nature to go on unimpeded. The deck itself acts as a sunshade for those beneath it who prefer to limit their outdoorsmanship to fresh air. But most importantly, the patio-terrace provides a respite, an escape hatch from the hurly-burly of city living.

Our penthouse terrace occupies the south end of a luxury apartment offering eye-arresting vistas of the city below. It abuts the picture-windowed, glass-doored living room to its north and is serviced through the kitchen facing on its northwest corner. Food preparation for group galas or tête-à-tête dining is handled in the apartment's kitchen, with easy access to the terrace's food-and-drink bar.

A good place to commence our guided tour is the dining-drinking promontory from whence so many good things flow. Its guest counter is standard bar height and made of polished Italian marble, with a footrail gleaming at its base. Around the counter are four sleekly comfortable Kagan-Dreyfuss Unicorn chairs. The bar tending host can here keep in conversational contact with his guests while playing master mixologist or short-order chef. The white-Formica food-and-drink-preparation counter is three-feet high with cabinets at its base faced in Formica. It is equipped with a Trak Gourmet Range electric two-burner hot plate, a stainless-steel sink and a Whirlpool Ice Magic ice maker, which produces ice cubes with a rapidity that will keep up with the thirst-slaking demands of any balmy-weather revel. When not in use, the counter's work area can be completely concealed by a spring-loaded cover. The entire bar is suspended over the floor by a metal post which extends through the counter top to act as a support for the awning framework overhead.

Forming an ell with the bar is a storage counter that extends "through" the picture windows into the kitchen and is topped by a wood chopping board for over half its length; beneath the board is a hopper for liquor and wine bottles stored at room temperatures, and a refrigerated hopper below that for storing chilled potables of all sorts. Next to the hoppers: a rack drawer for dish storage that pulls out into the kitchen for restocking keeps china in steady supply.

An upper cabinet against the kitchen wall boasts a stepsaving master-control panel, from which the host can operate a varied assortment of electronic gear — the TV set at the other end of the cabinet, all of the terrace's lighting, the hi-fi, whose portable cylindrical speakers may be placed in any area of the terrace where stereo is desired, utilizing the concealed outlets. The control panel also regulates the terrace pool's fountain and the varicolored lights which play on it in rainbowlike profusion. It operates the counter's awning, which, covering the entire island, is made up of interlocking porcelain-enameled aluminum slats equipped on each end with steel plates. To extend or withdraw the awning, two magnets, one on each side, travel along the tapering framework, picking up or depositing each slat in the desired place. The framework is of anodized aluminum; its support holds a bar lamp. The panel also holds phone and intercom unit.

Next to the master-control panel is a Rangemaster Hot Serve infrared warming cabinet, which has an upper shelf for keeping hot food piping and a lower shelf for warming. Its glass doors open onto both the terrace and the kitchen. Beneath the warming cabinet is a shelf for stowing additional glassware for festivities of major proportions. Nearby, just a turn-around from the host, is the Eclipse charcoal grill, which swivels 360 degrees to keep the smoke away from the grill tender; equipped with electric rotisserie, it can turn out burgers or a rare roast of beef with ease. Its companion piece is a basting-sauce-and-condiment table; both fit into the terrace's floor sockets and are removable for storage.

The floor around the bar area is of poured concrete. Farther out on the terrace, the flooring is terrazzo ground smooth for dancing. Other areas are surfaced with white cement, or gravel and paving stones with moss and grass growing between. The perimeter of our penthouse terrace has a four-foot-high brick parapet, which provides safety without obscuring the panoramic view.

On the living-room side of the terrace, opposite the food-and-drink bar, is an intimately appointed corner, formed by a pair of chairs and a couch from Van Keppel-Green, a corner table containing another master-control panel, and a round coffee table. South of this, a concrete basin houses a two-foot-deep decorative pool, dramatized by a coolly splashing fountain and varicolored lighting (worked musically through the hi-fi by a Colorsound 3500 Translator) which can be put to evocative use in the evening. The basin is formed by a sloping, eccentrically shaped ring of dark volcanic-rock

segments which have porous surfaces to hold air mattresses and pillows, and to absorb moisture from the feet of wading terrace-ites. At the outer edge of the ring is a recessed lighting strip which illuminates the ground around the perimeter. The ring is broken on one side by a large planting tub, and on the other by a TV well whose metal cylinder contains a color set; when not in use, the TV can be lowered into the well until its metal top (which acts as a sun shield for daytime viewing) forms a weathertight seal with the well's circumference. When raised to viewing height, the screen may be rotated 360 degrees by remote control.

Beyond the pool, in the terrace's southeastern corner, is a romantically sequestered nook, perfect for *à deux* moments. Trees and shrubs form a verdant curtain that screens off the Van Keppel-Green settee; here is another table containing a control panel to suffuse the area with appropriate mood music. Rocks with polished horizontal tops hold drinks, ashtrays, and any third party thoughtless enough to make it a crowd. The parapet in this corner is pierced by vertical slots, through which seated viewers can enjoy the dramatic cityscape.

The southwest corner of the terrace sports the boldly conceived free-form sundeck sheltering a Petal table and a quartet of Bertioia Diamond chairs. The underside of the reinforced-concrete sundeck houses infrared heating tubes to take the chill from the evening air, recessed lights and speaker jacks. The base of the sundeck holds a semicircular upholstered bench in its hollow that's brightened by a hanging shadow lantern. A steel spiral staircase extends eight feet up to the sundeck which is surrounded by a steel guardrail laced with awning-stripped canvas that supplies sun-and-breeze control plus complete privacy for sunning sans suits. The deck, emblazoned with mosaic inlay, holds a pair of Van Keppel-Green reclining chaise longues, speaker jacks and a low table housing another control unit. A telescope is mounted at the narrow end of the sundeck to bring penthouse inhabitants even closer to the stars. A 16-inch-high fieldstone retaining wall, which encompasses the sundeck area and semicircles around to the bar, is wide enough to hold cushions for additional seating. It is backed with plantings which conceal the outer parapet.

No ephemeral phantom of delight, PLAYBOY's patio-terrace is a refreshingly feasible answer to the city squire's quest for a touch of outdoor living. Whole or in part, it points the urban way to the romantic joys of warm-weather welkin ringing.



The Only Pure Love

SALLY DENNIS was a very pretty young matron, with a neat small face and a great luxuriance of hair, sleek, healthy, most remarkable. In corduroy pedal pushers behind the cart in the supermarket at the corner of Columbus and Taylor in San Francisco, she could pass for somebody's teenage daughter. Then, abruptly, after a few minutes before the mirror, her gamine oddity — pale small face framed by that dark hair — might be transformed for the evening into the teasing mystery of the girl in a dream of violation. She had teeth for biting. In pleasure, she sometimes lost consciousness entirely. She would wake in the darkness, smiling with those teeth.

"You bit me," her husband said. "It's going to show again. They tease me about it a lot, but Sally? I like it."

"Where was I? Who are you?" she asked. "Oh, Bill . . ."

"You tease, you're always teasing," he said.

She came awake. "It's Bill, it's just plain Bill. Yes. What did we do tonight? Was it fun? Was it fun for you, just plain Bill?"

"Sally. Sally. Sally honey."

Many thought her beautiful, she even thought herself beautiful, her husband loved her, the days stretched out smooth and easy on a sunny slope of Telegraph Hill, and she was ready to blow her life to splinters. Sick with boredom, sick with spite, she believed that her husband loved her, but did not love her *enough*. It was worse that way. She did not know how to quarrel with him. She had the idea that



fiction By HERBERT GOLD she would receive a letter, a love letter from the man for whom, down the dark corridor within herself, she had always been intended

she could do better than Bill Dennis, big sprawling Bill with his battered Chevy and his lazy ways, his willingness to settle for steaks and laughs and day-to-day ease, his pride in the rending marks of her teeth and nails when she fell protestingly into unconsciousness under his beefy heft. She did not know how to leave him. She did not know how to punish him enough for failing to be the man of her secret intention.

Bill just put her to sleep, it seemed. She lacked terribly the promises which life was supposed to keep. She missed reality. Life had faulted her. She missed strong feeling—suffering, hatred, desire and pleasure. Someone, somehow, must penetrate the dim corridors of feeling and lead her out into the light. Beneath the yellow-gray sky of San Francisco, on the crumpled slope of Telegraph Hill leading down toward North Beach, within a shingled wooden apartment house painted battleship gray, Sally passed her days doing nothing and waiting for pure love to find her. Loved by her husband, Sally crouched within Sally, waiting.

Naturally, for a case like this, tradition has provided many solutions. The lady is ready for the enthusiasm and gratitude of the misunderstood husband down the block, the college sweetheart now living in Sausalito, the visiting entertainer taking his breakfast at two in the afternoon on the terrace at Enrico's (blinking in the sun, smiling at the sulky little lady, explaining that perhaps she had caught his act at the i or seen him on television and *that's* why his face looks familiar); a lady looking for the seam in a seamless, plasticene life might even let herself be tumbled by a repairman or a delivery boy, blessing his luck.

No. Not Sally. She had a horror of dirt, of excess, of the slime of lovemaking, of the violation of her physical perfection. She would not be filthied. She would not be ridiculous. She could not accept the banal relief with which other women made do. Even the idea seemed to dirty her—unclean. Pure love would take her unawares, would surprise her and sweep away the debris of Bill's steak-and-laugh term on earth.

Was there anything she could do meanwhile? She could wait and be perfect. She could make herself ready. She could disappear into unconsciousness when Bill made love on her, in her, through her; she could just hide and wait.

Nevertheless, one day while jittery from too much smoking, too much black coffee—Bill was away on one of his frequent sales trips—she had like a little idea. Like many good ideas, it repre-

sented a compromise. She would receive a letter, a love letter, from the man of whom she dreamed—the brilliant and passionate man for whom the Sally down the long corridor within Sally had always been intended. She knew his habits and his very gestures as well as if he really existed. He was her slave—and she belonged to him utterly. It would be her art to create him. Just as the Sally within Sally was more real than Bill's wife, so her lover was only waiting to be called forth. She would invent him in pure silence and hope. Like her, he would be a solitary dreamer. And like her, he would long for perfection. She even had a sense for the quirks of his literary style. (She blushed for him. He was a bit gauche with words; he was a man of long silences and sudden longing rushes of talk; and there was the delicate touching of a quick and patient desire, very quick and light, patient and searching . . .)

She asked for stationery from the desk at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel. She thanked the clerk, who was impressed by the hectic flush of her cheeks and the dark, brilliant, rigorously brushed hair. He smiled at her, but she did not smile back. He wished he were more of a man. Other men have all the luck.

She used a rented typewriter in the lobby. She made a very pretty picture of pensiveness—a lovely young creature with delicate coloring in her face, thinking hard, with a pencil just tip-touching her lips, writing, then copying with the typewriter. Then she mailed the letter and went home.

The next morning she went for the mail with a quickened heartbeat and a strong flush at her cheeks. She knew there would be something important for her; she had an intuition. Deceived! No letter for her. Even the best of men have a harsh streak of cruelty in them. What was he trying to do to her? What was he trying to prove? She peered through the watery sunlight down the slope of Vallejo at the retreating gray back of the postman. She went back inside, thought of hotting-up the coffee, thought of going out to see an exhibit of old music boxes in a Grant Street gallery. She sat at the mirror and brushed her hair with long, practiced, soothing strokes.

The letter arrived the next day. Men do such things to women—Sally understood the species—they keep a girl waiting, they tempt and tease, they come to her in the dark when she can feel nothing. But this was not a surprise. And this time the waiting was worth it. She smiled at her own trembling as she slit open the envelope.

SHERATON-PALACE HOTEL

Dearest darling Sally,

Meeting you was exactly the good luck of a dream. I never knew such things were possible—a dream, a reality. The first time is always dangerous between man and woman, but perhaps just once in a lifetime we have the right to absolute perfection, like the perfect starry night outside our window and that curtain blowing. You were all for me as I am for you, for you only.

I'll call you as soon as I can get back to town.

Dion

He was a bit too emotional, Sally decided, overcome, sentimental, not quite manly. That cliché about the starry night, for example. But he was awfully, awfully nice. She felt sorry for him and pleased because he wrote with so little thought to effect. He just poured out his full heart. She flushed. *Of course* he thought about his effect on her. Then she stood, hot and delighted, and read the letter again by the light of the day on Telegraph Hill at her window. She had a life downtown. She had a life elsewhere. She was glad he had that name—Dion.

Then she put the letter in the upper drawer of her dresser. Bill sometimes looked into that drawer for a handkerchief.

As luck would have it, Bill came back from his trip with a cold. But either he did not find the letter or, too bewildered to react, unwilling to face the facts of his life, he said nothing.

In a few weeks, when Bill was again called away for a sales meeting, a pretty young woman again appeared at the desk of the Sheraton-Palace, asking for stationery. The desk clerk remembered her; delicate, girlish-looking women made him feel manly; but this time he did not risk a smile. She thanked him coolly for the paper.

This time she worked on the letter like a schoolgirl doing her Friday composition. It was more graceful. She put the endearments in French. She was improving Dion's style—"tu es cette femme dont on rêve toute une vie, tous les nuits"—and it seemed that he had majored in French in college. He had also traveled in Europe. He had seen much, done much, but only in this uniquely European of American cities had he found Sally, that creature, who, cruel, radiant—well, Sally had a taste for the bizarre and knew that this must be put in French. She was beginning to catch glimpses of the darker side of Dion's nature.

When the letter arrived, she read it with a catch of delight in her throat.



"I'm warnin' y'all, neighbor — y'all better quit pesterin' my Ellie May . . ."

She propped it up near her third cup of coffee on the dining-room table and read it again. If only every bored and unawakened young wife could find a man like Dion! Patient, steady, and willing to search out her impulse!

Most women lead lives of still concealment. They block up the passage to reality. All women hope for better. But only Sally had the courage to grasp perfect purity in love when it offered itself. She would not settle for less. There was no reason to settle. She put the letter with some unpaid bills in the drawer of the desk.

That afternoon she again dressed in her best silk frock, her hair brushed tight and rolled in a knot, gleaming with all its health, and returned to the Sheraton-Palace.

There were a few more letters before the matter came up between Sally and Bill. He raged and wept and even slapped her. Brute, jealous brute. She denied everything, of course. Dion was just . . . was just . . . just a friend. But he was lonely, unhappy, burdened by feeling and unable to spend it in casual love affairs. He too sought purity in love. He believed that Sally had been marked out for him from the beginning of time. Bill couldn't understand this kind of beautiful emotion in a man. She hadn't said anything to him about Dion because it would only make him angry, she knew it — just plain Bill would grow just plain suspicious; but there was nothing like *that* between Dion and her. He ought to know his wife better than that. Really, there was another interpretation to everything Dion said. He was lonely was all. He would come through town and they would have a cocktail together was all. Did Bill, just plain dear sweet Bill, expect her to sit home crocheting pillow slips on Telegraph Hill while he went off on expense-account trips to Seattle and Los Angeles?

This was merely a harmless distraction. Girls are like that. They seek a little romance, a little flattery. They are so susceptible in their untouched inner natures.

Bill wanted to believe her. He paused.

She gave a little secret smile, showing the tips of teeth. She shrugged. "What do you want from me?"

"Sally, I love you . . ."

There was a reconciliation, there were promises. Poor Bill, he thought dinner by candlelight in a little Italian restaurant in North Beach would prove that he too was romantic and had an inner nature. Spaghetti, red wine, and an inner nature. And then home to that same old thing, Bill's unquenchable mere health. He plunged at her, and Sally plunged into unconsciousness. It

was as if nothing had happened to her, or rather, as if she were sent back down the corridor to her own dream of love. Afterward, exhausted, shaking with fatigue, quenched despite his crude health, Bill stared at her in the dark and said, "What are you thinking about, Sally? Are you thinking about me?"

"Oh, nothing. I think I was asleep. Go to sleep now, Billy. It's all right."

Bill wanted to find Dion and confront him, but the man traveled constantly, he had no permanent address, it was no use. Best just to forget about it. Bill tried to master his feelings and believe Sally. Just drinks was all. The letters were mere smoke, the vain posturing of a silly spoiled boy. Flushed and calmed with the pleasure of Bill's exacerbated passion for her, Sally stroked him, comforted him. There was a slight gain in feeling. He had learned to fear her.

The next time Bill went on a buying trip, he suggested that Sally come with him. It would be pleasant to drive through the desert, spend a night in Carmel, and have a kind of second honeymoon together. "Let's," he said, "let's." At last there were lines on his face caused by more than good eating and vain smiling.

"Oh I'd really love to, darling," she said, "but we really can't afford it. And my class—" She was studying ceramics.

You should have thought of this two years ago, Sally was thinking. But on the other hand, just plain Bill, it would not have changed things deep and dark within.

When he returned on a Thursday morning, he found another letter in the mailbox. Apparently Sally had slept late and not gotten to the postman in time. It was clear that Dion had come for her at her ceramics class. He had rented a car and put the top down — "*décapotable*," he wrote, as if the word "convertible" wasn't good enough for him — and they had driven across the Golden Gate Bridge to a country inn, the Mountain View Tavern, above the mists over Muir Woods. His references to the end of the evening were fragmentary and unspecific. But they made Bill physically ill, as if he had been kicked in the spleen.

There was no more hope for them now. They agreed about the divorce although Sally went on insisting that it was all Bill's fault, it was all a great mistake, Dion meant nothing to her, they were just friends and he helped amuse her in her lonely moments; it wasn't her fault if he fell in love and wouldn't stop writing those letters. It was just words, words. How silly of just plain Bill to get so complicated about just plain words.

"Then why can't you give him up if he means so little to you? Why do you keep lying? Why won't he ever face me like a man?" Bill demanded in a last furious effort to hold her.

"You have no right to make such demands on me. I don't tell you about him because you are insanely jealous — really, Bill, you should get psychiatric help. I heard of a good man at the Langley-Porter Clinic, a Doctor Berman —" She saw there was no use discussing it with him in his present mood. "Anyway," she said, "I suppose Dion is embarrassed at the idea of meeting you. He's afraid of you. Not *afraid*, Bill, but you know, the unpleasantness. After what you've said you would do to him — naturally I've told him —"

And so they were divorced. They agreed that Bill would be charged with mental cruelty. He balked for a day at this label, but both lawyers explained that a divorce is a legal arrangement in which a series of lies and insults lead to peace and freedom. He agreed to whatever they asked. At the hearing before the judge, Sally's eyes burned, she buried her head in her hands; but suddenly the Sally within began to laugh and the tears which were so close disappeared before her eyes had even begun to glisten. She kept her head in her hands to contain the laughter. A lawyer gently patted her shoulder. She looked up and smiled gratefully and impartially at the lawyer, at the judge, and at Bill Dennis.

A year passed. A delicate little divorcee like Sally is seldom lonely long. She even heard that Bill was still carrying the torch for her. Vulgar phrase, "carrying the torch" — she would never think of using it. It was a friend of Bill's who made this observation. He had met him drinking in a Market Street bar.

Sally, of course, sometimes felt melancholy and blue; that's only human; but plenty of distractions offered themselves by telephone and cocktail party, by friends and friends of friends. Everyone admired how she had ridden proud and sweet through this distressing experience. She took good care of herself. Her posture was good. She still looked like someone's teenage daughter dressed up for a Saturday night at the hungry i or for a Sunday afternoon's sail from the yacht harbor in Sausalito.

She chose wisely the next time. She knew that she needed a man of more exciting and imaginative temperament than stolid, stubborn Bill. Peter Rollins was an artist, perhaps the best young painter in the Bay Area, with a growing national reputation. "*Figurative painter*," he said, "I paint *things*. Anyway, don't call me 'best.' There is no best. There

are approaches to some kind of undefined ideal, but best is only a word, Sally."

"Yes," she said submissively, and folded her hands.

Was she putting him on? He studied her a moment and then gave it up to go growling in her hair. He liked teaching her things, but he liked even more the girlish stubbornness with which she followed her own line. She seemed as fresh as the fields. And yet she did try to listen to him. She stroked his face and stared into his eyes and asked with a desperation that was more than girlish to be penetrated by another soul. She had been alone all her life. She had been mistreated by her husband. She had had to be self-sufficient, self-generating, even selfish, but now she wanted to give it up for him.

When she said Yes to him, she was yearning for him.

No, she was not putting him on.

They were marvelously happy together. Sally blushed when she recalled her girlish foolishness: it seemed as if another creature had done it to her; but she was grateful to that other wicked Sally, anyway. Thanks to her, her life had finally turned bright and for real. Sometimes dreams come true, for dreaming is a way of planning. Peter was

tender, ardent and possessive. He filled out her fantasy; she believed in happiness once more. She cut her thick hair and wore it with a wild, tawny look. More grown-up, animal, pleased. Peter liked to look at her hair, thick and mussed against the sheets, and when he kissed her, he said, "Don't close your eyes. Look at me."

"I'm here, darling."

"Look. I'm with you. See. I'm with you."

That foolishness of hunting an ideal was over. Peter cared for her utterly. After he made love to her, he sat looking at her, and after he looked at her, he painted her, and after he painted her, he made love to her. She was caught in a perfect circle. At last the secret Sally within, down the dark corridor, was appeased.

But then, on the occasion of Peter's trip to UCLA to give a lecture, the first one came, almost lost among the miscellaneous Monday circulars and bills:

My only darling Sally,

Seeing you again after all this time was like a dream come true. And that the fires still burn as high and bright as ever is much more, perhaps, than two such cheaters in life deserve — *tricheurs nés* — but can we

not accept the brand defiantly and make our way according to our own design . . . ?

A chill spot of numbness spread through the hand which held this first new letter. She did not even remember writing it. Could Bill have written it? No. He was not capable of such frightful understanding. Only one person in her life could be so deceitful. She went to the blank white-tile wall of the bathroom and, for a long moment, looked straight into horror. She saw no reflection, only a dull shadow over tile. The mirror was behind her for only a moment.

If she could not remember writing the letter, how then could she stop those which would follow as surely as emptiness follows pleasure, as surely as disappointment follows hope?

Nothing delicate Sally could do.

Now she smiled into the mirror. Her teeth were a good feature. Seeing them helped her think. Mixed with the horror and dread, she felt a subtle lift of pride. Why on earth did Dion always insist on this flowery style in his letters? Why did he follow her so closely, so insistently? Oh, there was but one possible explanation. Dion's little girl knew the answer. He must love her very much.



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SHULTON

PLAYBOY PANEL (continued from page 35)

tain diminution of the user's chronological lifespan in exchange for heightened per-day efficiency. This, in turn, means that the high-metabolism antisleep drugs will have to be taken as part of a therapeutic program which includes life-extension techniques such as those we talked about earlier.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee any other possible fields for prolonging human life?

BUDRYS: I can think of one which will make it possible to achieve near immortality — paradoxically, without increasing the normal lifespan by a single day. Thanks to a corollary of Einstein's relativity theory, we've learned that the passage of time on interstellar rocket flights will slow down appreciably relative to Earth; the astronauts on board will actually age more slowly than they would at home. This deceleration in time rate will become greater and greater as the speed of the spaceship increases, until, at close to the speed of light, both the aging process and the passage of time would grind virtually to a halt — thus extending their lifetimes indefinitely by Earthly time scales, though they would continue to age normally by the spaceship's clock and calendar.

ASIMOV: On returning to Earth from a seven-year voyage to Vega, for example, they would find their wives, families and friends 30 years older than when they parted. If the flight had been a longer one, say to Andromeda, they would return home to find not only their loved ones long since turned to dust, but very probably also civilization as they knew it, and possibly even Homo sapiens himself; for in the quarter-century of their absence, some two-million years will have passed on Earth.

POHL: So apart from the supreme adventure of being an eyewitness to evolution, the price of immortality, in terms of long and lonely isolation from mankind, may be very dear indeed.

ANDERSON: It will be worth it, though, I think; for they will be man's torchbearer to the stars.

PLAYBOY: Will it ever be possible to attain — or perhaps even exceed — the speed of light in bridging the gigantic distances between Earth and even the nearest stars?

ANDERSON: It may very well be possible to travel slower than light and still get to the stars. In case anybody cares, I've looked into the matter mathematically and have reached the conclusion that 75 percent of light speed can be achieved.

That's on the basis of some fairly conservative assumptions; other men have suggested that by using interstellar hydrogen in a sort of ramjet, a spaceship may be able to travel faster yet, maybe up to 99 percent of the speed of light, but it would still take more than four years by the ship's calendar to reach the nearest

star. Obviously this will limit both the rate and the extent of expansion into space. It will also cut down the amount of communication between our explorers and the home world.

BUDRYS: If my own arithmetic is right, we are going to need speeds of one light-year *per day* — roughly 68 million miles per second, or around 360 times the speed of light — before we can make any significant strides in intergalactic travel. There are only a few stars within 30 light-years of Earth, and not a really large number more within 100 light-years, and none of them are known to have planets in the sense that our Sun has planets on which intelligent life can exist. But the problem isn't one of propulsive systems, just as the sound barrier wasn't broken by using essentially more powerful engines; it was a matter of vehicle design. The "light barrier" is a theoretical limit arrived at because Einstein calculated that as the speed of a vehicle approaches the speed of light, the mass of that vehicle approaches infinity — in practical terms, the faster you go, the more you have to push, until finally your most powerful energy source cannot move you any faster. But if we can find some way to *control* mass, we can crack 186,000 mps using pressurized insect bombs, roman candles, or simply by heaving bricks back over our shoulders — provided we bring along enough bricks.

POHL: While writers and any number of physicists speculate if light speed is ever going to be possible, there are other physicists right now measuring speeds *exceeding* light, as in the case of certain radiations produced in linear accelerators.

BUSH: A number of eminent men have already voiced dissatisfaction with the Einstein scholium. I think it's quite possible that some sort of faster-than-light interstellar propulsion will be discovered before we get manned rockets any farther out than Jupiter. Now I don't think this is probable, but I do think it's possible. If it does happen, our range of places to go will be vastly broadened, and the human race will be able to go on in space and in time, essentially, forever.

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, back on Earth, it has been estimated by aeronautics authorities that 2000-mile-an-hour commercial jetliners will be in service within five years. What speeds do you estimate will be possible for Earthbound travel by 1984?

POHL: Except for sightseeing orbital flights by commercial rocketlines which I expect to be in regularly scheduled service by 1984, I think we'll find that travel within the Earth's atmosphere will become impractical at speeds higher than about 3000 miles an hour.

CLARKE: I suspect that's about right, Fred — unless there is a new breakthrough such

as matter transmission, which I wrote about for PLAYBOY last August in *World Without Distance*. By this I mean virtually instantaneous transportation achieved by sending the essential patterns of solid objects, including ourselves, by radio or other telecommunications devices. If this is ever achieved, it will depend on technologies as far beyond radio as radio is beyond smoke signals; but I think that in a few centuries it may actually happen.

PLAYBOY: What new departures do you anticipate in the realm of more-conventional transportation such as the automobile?

CLARKE: By 1984 private cars will in all probability be steered from a central control rather than driven by their owners. It may even become a serious offense for a human being to attempt to drive a car. We can also expect that gasoline vehicles will be replaced by electrically powered autos, not only because the Earth's remaining supply of gas will be virtually exhausted, but because its toxic effects in the atmosphere will be more widely realized.

BUSH: I rather expect that we will eventually see the utter extinction of the private motorcar in *any* form. It's too wasteful of energy, too wasteful of space, both inside and outside. And I think one of the major effects will be to wipe out the highway system. We are going to need that land badly for much more important things. Heavy hauling, much of which is done by trucks now, is going to have to go, too. I think it will go back to the railroad. I think that passenger transportation is going to be entirely communal, via subways and buses — in the same way that air travel became largely communal, since private aircraft never did become the boom envisioned by science fiction.

BUDRYS: Even without cars and highways, I'm afraid that the increasingly congested urban glut of human beings and structures is going to force us to decentralize our culture very soon.

POHL: In the meanwhile, I think we can expect that more and more high-rent residential skyscrapers with smaller and smaller apartments and lower and lower ceilings will continue to be built higher and higher over a larger and larger area of our cities. The millions of lower-income families thus displaced will simply have to dig, die, or get out. A few *will* die, and some will move out of town — along with thousands of better-heeled neighbors — in a heavy and continuing exodus to the hinterlands which will eventually urbanize the suburbs, suburbanize the exurbs, and extend our cities' commuter outposts — via high-speed monorails — as far as 200 and 300 miles from the heart of town. But most of these uprooted throngs, I suspect, will be taking up mole-like residence in windowless multiple-
(continued on page 112)

CONCEIVING CAN BE FUN

satire By SHEPHERD MEAD



The timid father will miss many happy hours.

the straight dope on succeeding with women without really trying

"SHOULD I ADOPT A CHILD?"

SO MANY ASK. "Should I adopt a child?" The answer is clear: no, not if you can have one of your own. By all means try first. Conceiving can be fun, and is undertaken by many for its own sake.

A word of warning, however: Though you will run few risks during conception, you will enter rapidly into the period of pregnancy, which is fraught with danger.

HOW TO GUARD YOUR HEALTH DURING PREGNANCY

Medical science long ago solved the problem of the woman during pregnancy. Put your wife in the hands of a good obstetrician and she will be well cared for.

Pregnancy in the woman is normal and healthy. They often develop, even in their faces, a ruddy, full-blown, vigorous appearance.

Unfortunately, little thought has been given, either by medical science or by society as a whole, to the father during pregnancy.

This is a critical and dangerous period, and during these nine months you can suffer damage, both mental and physical, that may last a lifetime.

Guard Against Colds. The expectant father soon learns that the pregnant woman has an overabundance of natural body heat. If in her normal condition she likes a room temperature of 72°, during

pregnancy (and especially in the later stages) she will be snug and warm at 55°.

"Davie, doesn't it feel stuffy in here?"

"Hadn't noticed it, pet."

(The inside thermometer reads 57°, and a 12-knot gale is blowing in through three open windows. But never complain.)

"Maybe you could open one more window."

"They're all open, pet, but I could knock out a wall."

Humor her, but preserve your own delicate system. Take these steps: (1) dress warmly, (2) keep your wife out-of-doors as much as possible, and (3) plan your periods of pregnancy. This last is best. Having babies in the fall can add years to the father's life expectancy, and will improve his disposition. This may be done either by the accidental, or "Oops—sorry!" type of conception so common to us all, or by deliberate planning.

Keep Up Your Strength. Keep yourself in trim physically, hard-muscled and well-nourished. This is not as easy as it sounds. During pregnancy your wife will be on a rigorous weight-reducing diet, combined with peculiar and unreasoning desires for food.

Few men can do a hard day's work on a

diet of cottage cheese, pickles and grapefruit.

Eat well, have plenty of rest, fresh air and light exercise. You will be ready for the little one when he arrives.

GUARD YOUR MENTAL HEALTH

Pregnancy, especially the first pregnancy, is a time of adjustment. Once you realize that by the simple act of conception you have committed yourself irrevocably to a series of events over which you will have virtually no control for the next 30 years, you become mentally a mass of quivering jelly.

If you are the schizophrenic type you may be found alone in dimly lit rooms biting your fingernails. If you veer toward the manic-depressive you may alternate between orgies of buying cribs and playpens—and periods of muttering brokenly over old check stubs.

Too often weaklings turn to alcohol for relief. Avoid this pitfall if you can.

The solution—if there is one—must come from our women. The keynote will be patience and understanding. The cheerful smile and the gentle phrase can make the difference between a sick mind and a well one.

Avoid Superstition. There is no truth whatever to the old wives' tale that strong mental impressions on the father during

At this stage it is best to use a different approach:

"David, what are you *doing* in there?"

"Just putting diapers on the baby. Did have to rummage through the closet a bit."

(The entire contents of the closet will be on the floor.)

"Oh, my!"

"Couldn't find the talcum."

"It was right there!"

"Oh, stupid of me. Was messy, wasn't I?"

(Give her a lovable lopsided smile.)

"Really, David, it's easier for me to do it myself!"

Soon she will see the wisdom of this last remark. But your attitude must still be one of cheerful cooperation.

DON'T PUSH YOUR CHILD

Time and again we find parents who attempt to push their children ahead, to make them walk, talk or perform other feats beyond their years. This is a serious mistake. It can cause physical and psychological damage not only to the child, but to the father as well.

No sooner will your child begin to walk than you will look back to the quiet peaceful days when he sat in a happy

little lump, cooing and gurgling.

The child who learns to walk before reaching the age of reason is like an avenging army, bringing chaos and destruction wherever it moves. Everything that can be torn, broken or chewed must be moved to a high level. Soon the child will learn to climb and all will be lost.

The Case for the Backward Child. If your baby shows any sign of being backward, encourage him. The backward child is quiet, easily managed and far less destructive. He will be a real joy to you, and there is no reason to worry that this will harm him in later life. Thousands of our nation's leaders in business and government were backward children, many of them a source of needless worry to their parents.

FEEDING THE BABY

Try to lighten your wife's load whenever possible. One fine way is to help her feed the baby, as long as he is in the bottle stage.

Bottle feeding can be performed by the father without any risk of physical strain, can usually be done in a feet-up position, say in front of the television set. The baby should be burped about once every commercial.

Other feeding, such as giving Pablum, had best be done by more skillful hands.

Your first attempt at this will be enough to convince your wife.

"Isn't it cute, dear, how he goes for it!"

"What did you do, pour it into the electric fan?"

(This can be done, of course, but is seldom necessary if you have a healthy, vigorous child.)

"No, he did it all by himself! Show Mommy how we eat it all by ourselves!"

It is best to wear a plastic raincoat or other impervious garment for this demonstration.

ENJOY YOUR BABY

Once the dreary, time-consuming and unsanitary duties are handled, babies can be a real pleasure. To see their merry little smiles, to hear their bubbling baby laughter and to feel them put their little arms around Daddy's neck — these alone will make all your sacrifices worthwhile.

Let the children think of you as the gay, fun-loving member of the family, always ready for a laugh, a romp or a game. You will have many happy hours together.

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PLAYBOY PANEL (continued from page 108)

family warrens which will almost certainly be built beneath the subways and water mains when every inch of land and air above ground is finally occupied to overflowing.

BUDRYS: Another way to alleviate the congestion of our densest population nuclei would be to reduce the heavy flow of traffic to, from, between and within our overcrowded cities — by developing and marketing highly sophisticated person-to-person communication devices which, if universally used, could eliminate the need for most urban travel.

PLAYBOY: What other advances do you foresee in the field of communications?

HEINLEIN: Well, it's interesting to note that the futuristic communication devices which Algis Budrys just predicted have already been invented: things like a portable telephone small enough for a man's coat pocket or a lady's purse; and a home telephone that records messages, has two-way vision, and can be set for automatic relay to any other number. Either of these gadgets will be commercially available anytime Western Electric sees a market for it.

SERLING: The dreary record of commercial television as an entertainment medium might lead one to wish that this particular communication device had *never* been invented. But I think there may be some reason to hope that its effectiveness as an informational and reportorial medium will improve manyfold in the next 20 years. Thanks to a skyful of Telstars, live telecasts from everywhere in the world — as well as from the Moon and Mars — will have an impact and immediacy which promises to make news programing the most compelling and informative on television. Surprisingly, we may also find that the quality of the so-called "entertainment" shows will actually improve to some degree, not through any awakening sense of public responsibility on the part of its entrepreneurs, certainly, but simply because of the voracious nature of the medium — which will long since have reached the saturation point in camouflaging and retreading all the standard plot clichés. So there is some hope that producers and scriptwriters will finally be forced to look elsewhere — perhaps even in the musty attic of their imaginations — for new kinds of entertainment and fresh ideas for story lines. It's entirely possible, even probable, however, that these yet unexplored veins of entertainment ore will themselves be mined out and burned up by 1984, thus leaving us slightly worse off even than we are today — since we'll be watching, and maybe even smelling, the same old small-screen slop blown up biliously on wall-size screens in 3-D and living color.

BUDRYS: I think we can expect no less

dramatic advancements in the technology of publishing — happily, in a social climate of unprecedented freedom of expression on the printed page. Would-be censors will find it physically impossible to bottleneck the pipeline from publisher to reader by seizing shipments and boycotting newsstands — thanks to an invention which promises to eliminate the *need* either for newsstands or distribution: the home facsimile receiver, a kind of combination duplicating machine and parlor newsstand which will print and deliver newspapers and magazines right in your living room. We've been writing about this sort of thing for years in science fiction, but just lately I read an item in *The Gallagher Report* — a highly respected communications-media newsletter — which officially predicts the same thing.

PLAYBOY: How far and in what areas of future life, beyond publishing, do you expect such revolutionary automation to progress, and with what consequences?

POHL: We have seen the automation of so many industries that human workers are already almost a luxury in the manufacturing part of our economy, and they may soon be a luxury in white-collar work. By 1984 wage-earning itself may no longer be important. It may not be important even to have a job; it may be possible for a person to do his chosen work as he sees fit at a time he likes. I'm not sure if it would be a Utopia, but it's quite easy to imagine a world in which all of these immemorial pressures on humanity are no longer there.

ANDERSON: But even the prospect of liberation from labor has ominous potentialities: the probability that it will create a new pressure of its own — the fear of boredom. We already have more leisure here in America than we know what to do with. Too many people lack the inner resources to get very much out of their free time. Look how miserable most men become after they retire. If we are to avoid ending up supporting most of the population in a meaningless idleness which will breed misery, crime and possibly revolution, we will simply have to find some genuine contribution for them to make. Even the geniuses will suffer from a sense of ennui and purposelessness — unless a tremendous development in human personality takes place. And such a development won't happen of its own accord: it will require something unprecedented in the way of both universal education and pervasive cultural influences.

BUDRYS: If we have a world in which nobody needs to work, I agree with everything you've said. But I think we may find that one of the more paradoxical effects of automation will be to *increase*

rather than decrease work, in a sense, for large numbers of people, as the distinction between working and nonworking hours — which are already blurring — all but disappears in a mingling of the two. Much "leisure" time is already spent in conducting informal business or thinking about it; and many purported recreational pursuits are in reality status hobbies useful in business. By 1984, a New York shop foreman may be running his automated production facilities via a shirt-pocket control instrument on a Bahama beach.

PLAYBOY: What other such labor-saving devices do you envision?

CLARKE: Well, within the next century or so, man will devise an electronic horn of plenty which I call the Replicator; it will be able to manufacture *any* object from a coded matrix, just as a hi-fi set reproduces a symphony from a record. When this time comes, it will be just as easy to dial for a thumbtack as for a necklace of walnut-size diamonds. It will mean, of course, the end of all present production techniques and may make every individual household almost entirely self-sufficient.

TENN: The only trouble with your Replicator, Arthur, is that it undoubtedly won't be available like an ordinary appliance to every household that wants and can afford one. It will probably be a piece of rented equipment like a telephone, supplied for a monthly fee by a big utility outfit which will call itself something like General Everything, Inc. You ask what kind of payment can they levy when everything usable — including, presumably, money — can be made by the Replicator? Well, where there's a will, avarice will find a way: possibly so many hours of manual labor in return for each use of the instrument. For in our automated future, objects made by human hands — even an orange-crate scooter — will have enormous prestige value and will probably be accompanied by written pedigrees. If we're living in a socialist society at the time, of course, there will be none of these sordid financial problems. All we'll have to do is sign up our children for a Replicator on the day they're born — and the machine will be delivered promptly on their 65th birthday. The model they finally get may have one or two bugs in it, of course: perhaps metal Christmas trees and plastic display fruit will come out *real*; but these imperfections will eventually be ironed out.

HEINLEIN: Even without Replicators, the field of household appliances and labor-saving devices is destined to be an era of tremendous breakthrough in the near future, simply because it is so retarded, so woefully underdeveloped today. Contemporary domestic living — particularly the continuing burden of cooking and cleaning duties — lingers lamentably behind

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the times. There's just no valid technological reason why anyone today should be squandering his precious time and energy on these age-old chores — unless he happens to enjoy them. We will need a home food-processing machine which will prepare meals by following a coded tape and thereby reproduce exactly all the best recipes of the greatest chefs. And we'll need a housecleaning robot which will perform swiftly and efficiently all the tedious dirtywork we now inflict on wives and cleaning women. Both of these gadgets are completely feasible, and there's no doubt that someday we will have them.

PLAYBOY: Will these various electronic master chefs, dietitians and family retainers be made — in man's image — to resemble the gleaming robots traditionally depicted in horror movies and on pulp-magazine covers, or will they be designed along the lines of such conventional appliances as vacuum cleaners and electric ranges?

ASIMOV: I think we will want them in humanoid form, despite the fact that they would perform many jobs far more efficiently in various nonanthropomorphic forms better fitted functionally to each specialized task. There will be a certain comfort, I think, in having robots look vaguely human, so that we can deal with them as we would human beings. And this, I think, will climax itself at the point where a machine becomes so human that it can be treated, for all practical purposes, like a faithful family retainer of flesh and blood. While no one would confuse them with human beings, there would still be strong feelings of affection for them — and vice versa. I would like to see them become intelligent enough, in fact, to become our *friends*, for it seems to me that a fairly intelligent robot which has been divested of such human traits as selfishness, connivance, fibbery and onepmanship would make a friend indeed. I wouldn't want to make them completely human, of course, even if we could. It would be a kindness to keep them on an intellectual level that would make them content with dull work.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it seem unlikely that the working masses of mankind will unprotestingly accept the possible prospect of replacement by a race of robots?

ASIMOV: It seems to me that robots capable of performing most manual tasks more speedily and efficiently than human laborers will quickly render the lowest grades of human being rather obsolete. So I sincerely hope that robot development will be accompanied by advancements in genetic knowledge which will eventually breed the inferior grade of people out of humanity — though not, of course, through any Hitlerian policies. As to when we can expect to share our homes and our lives with humanoids: the

miniaturization and sophistication of computers is moving ahead so rapidly that I don't think it will take more than a century to pack the circuitry essential to a fairly complex computer into the space of the human skull.

PLAYBOY: Turning from subhuman to superhuman robots, what would you say are the prospects of creating a race of superintelligent metal men and women like those envisioned by Karel Capek in *R.U.R.*: beings so perfect in design and manufacture that they eventually make the human race obsolete?

BUDRYS: The notion that so-called "thinking machines" may someday surpass and subdue man is based on the fallacy that computers represent a form of intelligence independent of man. Though they combine facts much more rapidly than a man could, and will reach conclusions that could not be reached by every man unaided, they will always know only what man tells them. And unlike man, no machine will ever be able to genuinely create anything — simply because machines don't *care*. I don't doubt that man and machine together will be able to take giant creative strides that neither could take alone; but only man will be able to recognize the *significance* of those strides, to act on them, and to enlarge upon them, and above all, to be exalted and inspired by them.

ANDERSON: I think man and machine may eventually merge in a rather profound and startling way. I envision direct electronic hookups between human and computer brains. This is no Kafkaesque nightmare, but an entirely practical and exciting possibility. The linkage could be temporary and might not even require wires or any other material contacts at all; electromagnetic induction might do the job. A union like this would, in effect, multiply by many times the number of brain cells available to you, and these extra cells would enable you to conduct every mental process, particularly those involving logic, reasoning and memory, with a speed, certainty and brilliance of which gray matter alone — anyone's gray matter — would otherwise be totally incapable.

PLAYBOY: So far we've been discussing future life rather generally and impersonally. Can we attempt now to bring this era to life in a more personal way for the reader by asking you to draw together and elaborate these varied visions with your conception of an average day in the life of an affluent city-dwelling bachelor at the turn of the coming century?

ANDERSON: Well, assuming that he bothers to sleep at all, our bachelor will be awakened more gently than by a yammering alarm clock. He'll get soft music off a tape piped into his pillow. His bed, which rocked him to sleep and fell quiet when his regular breathing told it he'd dropped

off, now gives him a mild shaking till he orders it to stop, and then rises at the head to become a *chaise longue*.

POHL: Then a timed mechanical servitor offers him freshly brewed coffee, maybe with a touch of amphetamine.

ANDERSON: And while he sips it, he dials for his breakfast, choosing from a menu that flashes onto a panel.

POHL: Next a recorded voice reminds him: "Today is August 4th. You have an appointment with Esterhazy at 11 A.M., a dinner date with Rosemary at 7, and your vacation begins the day after tomorrow." When he steps out of bed the floor is warmed with radiant heat. His shower cubicle is preset to sluice him with gentle floods of water just warm enough to be relaxing, followed by a wash of nonirritating detergent shampoo, then a bracing head-to-toe needle spray of cold water, a spritz of skin bracer and a final dusting from a pleasantly scented, deodorant aerosol.

ANDERSON: He uses an electric massager on his gums, not a toothbrush; cavities are a thing of the past. And he won't have to shave this morning, because his last depilation, which included a beard-inhibiting hormone, is good for another week.

POHL: Or if even that's too much trouble, a facial electrolysis at the barber shop can free him permanently from the surgery of scraping the beard off his chin. He will dress in clothes which have been cleaned and pressed overnight by a robot valet.

ANDERSON: All of his suits, incidentally, will be entirely synthetic, designed more sensibly and comfortably than the contemporary business suit, and tailored by an automaton which takes his measurements and follows his specifications about cut, color, pattern and material, all at very little cost.

POHL: So little cost, in fact, that they will be as disposable as Kleenex.

BUDRYS: Or he may decide to slip into something even more comfortable: a dirtproof, stainproof, rainproof, shrinkproof, tearproof, wrinkleproof suit in a synthetic fiber which never requires cleaning, pressing or repair. It's also wired for sight and sound with such optional accessories as a self-contained heating and cooling system for comfortable all-weather wear; a matchbook-size FM-AM receiver with cordless stereo earplug speakers; a dictaphone machine no larger than a cigarette case; and a transistorized two-way audio-visual pocket communicator with direct-dial to any place in the world.

ANDERSON: At any rate, when he finishes dressing, our man presses a button to inform the robot chef that he's ready for breakfast. In the minute or two he has to wait, he checks his television phone to see if it visitaped any messages for him during the night, then punches up the



"I was just talking about you, Darling! To myself, of course."

morning news on the wall screen in three-dimensional color. The machine-made meal that comes up the delivery shaft and rolls on its tray to his table is typically delicious. Afterward he smokes his first cigarette of the day: the tobacco contains a mild euphoric to put him in a cheerful mood. As he leaves, the front door slides automatically open before him and locks itself behind him; the apartment, detecting his departure, activates the house-keeping robots. He lives in a gigantic urban complex of interwoven buildings that forms a city within the city. Almost all of his material needs can be fulfilled without leaving the premises, and from his wall-windows — when they aren't opaqued for privacy or sleeping — he commands a spectacular view of the city: a forest of glass-sheathed skyscrapers extending in all directions as far as the eye can see. But his job is elsewhere, so he catches the high-speed elevator down from the 100th floor to street level.

POHL: On his way down he orders transportation over his wrist communicator, and by the time he is at the curb the robot doorman has electronically flagged a robot cab, the door is open and the destination already set. He gets in and goes — his route preset and his progress guided by an electronic highway-control system which — like an automatic pilot — takes over the job of starting, steering and braking for all vehicular traffic — thus eliminating the possibility of collisions and rush-hour jams. The only thing missing en route is the hackie's conversation — though Cyril Kornbluth and I once wrote a story in which auto-cabs were programed to discuss baseball, politics, weather and women by means of a library of selected tapes.

BUDRYS: Or our man might spend the time in transit getting a start on the day's work, dictating memoranda into his pocket recorder, and phoning ahead to his office on his wrist communicator to get the day's mail and messages.

POHL: Meanwhile, of course, he is being continuously reminded by his communicator playback of any errands he needs to run, any office problems he needs to be ready for, etc. Carrying this a little further, he might even have a reminding machine like the one Fritz Leiber once wrote a story about: in addition to routine reminders, it dispensed advice, reassurance and morale-building suggestions.

PLAYBOY: He's on his way to work, but you haven't told us yet what kind of job he has.

POHL: Let's say he's a young white-collar executive; whatever his field, he'll have to possess a commodity in great demand on the labor market of the 21st Century: originality and freshness of thought. There won't be many dull, routine jobs available anymore; machines will be doing most of them. There will really be

only three major fields open to a young man just out of college: He can become a cyberneticist — a sort of glorified repair man and machine tender; he can go into technical research; or he can try his hand at "communications," that immense and still-growing field which embraces everything from personnel management and sales to covering football games and writing sonnets. Let's say our man has elected communications. It pays handsomely — perhaps \$50,000 a year to start, partly because of inflation, partly because real income keeps going up every year as the increasing rate of production creates more and more riches for everyone. In any event, our man needn't worry whether he can afford a sportscopter or a Black Sea cruise. He can afford anything — a 90-foot yacht, a 12-room penthouse, a castle in Spain — if not to buy them, then surely to lease them or rent them on his all-purpose credit card whenever he likes and for as long as he likes.

ANDERSON: But today is a work day, so on to the office for five or six hours. He works four days a week, and has three months' paid vacation; unlimited paid sick leave, too — of which he uses very little, thanks to modern medicine.

POHL: He's greeted at his desk by a mound of messages and mail, which he deals with by means of an automatic stenographer. He'll still have a live secretary, of course, but he won't waste her on mechanical chores like typing or running out for coffee. He'll dictate his letters to the machine, which will type them out in any number of copies indicated, using magnetic ribbon inks like those now used on check forms, so that other machines — as well as the human recipient — can scan and read them for automatic classification and filing.

ANDERSON: If one of his letters is going to a foreign country, it's automatically translated, then dispatched immediately by wire or radio directly to the address given. He'll also have face-to-face communication via visual telephone with associates around the world. Of course with correspondence so easy, there'll be an unholy lot of unnecessary calls and memos, but at least people will finally have acquired enough regard for health and sanity to take an hour off at lunch and not spend it talking business. He dines in an excellent restaurant near his office.

POHL: Big Brother picks up the check, because such things are still on the almighty expense account. So is the men's club he repairs to afterward for a dip in the pool, a supine session under the electronically stimulated muscle exercisers, then the ultraviolet lamp, a mechanical massage and back to the office at 3 or 3:30 for another hour or two of work.

ANDERSON: At the end of the workday, our man hops a robot cab and relaxes

with a drink while it threads him through traffic to the apartment of the young lady with whom he's planning to spend the evening. Of course she isn't ready yet: some things will *never* change. Her door scans him as he approaches it, transmits his picture to her in the dressing room, and lets him in when she says OK. Over the intercom she invites him to pour himself a drink while he's waiting. He presses the autobar button for a vodka martini, very dry, with a twist of lemon. While he sips it he lights up another euphoric cigarette and watches the three-dimensional scenic color projection which covers one wall of the living room — a live television view of the Swiss Alps: it's a bit overcast tonight. He dials for a view of Maui, where they've made reservations for dinner, to check on the weather and the surf: the Moon is full, the water calm.

The other walls and the ceiling are luminous; no more lamps. This girl is quite a reader, but like most people, owns only a few books, special editions. When she wants to read something apart from these, she calls the central library, which has everything in print filed on micro-tapes, ready to screen directly for her on a portable home monitor equipped with a button she presses to have the pages turned. There's a small charge for this, out of which the author gets a cut. Like most other charges, it's sent directly to her automatic bank, which pays the bill and sends her a monthly accounting.

When she's finally ready, they take the elevator up to the roof heliport and shuttle out to the city's vast aerospace port. They board the rocket and take their seats with the 200 other passengers. The liftoff is a bit violent, but the cushioned contour seats and anti-acceleration pills make it rather fun. Once up in the stratosphere at 5000 miles an hour, the ship goes into an enormous glide. The passengers gather at the bar and look out the huge picture ports at a sky turned dark and starry, and at the planet rolling green and blue and brown below them.

In an hour or so they're in Hawaii. Of course they've gained hours of daylight, but a fatigue-chasing drug with no harmful aftereffects makes it unnecessary to sleep. They have a swim in the surf, lounge around on the beach awhile, and finally enter a communal refresher house, where they share a shower and then slip into more-formal clothes.

Then they catch a submarine to a seafood restaurant famous for its spectacular view of coral reefs and flitting fish from within the giant plastic hemisphere which encloses it on the ocean floor. Afterward they go back topside for an evening of island hopping. First stop is a new club which has been built cantilevered directly over Mauna Loa crater, where they can watch the lava bubble beneath the trans-

parent dance floor and the smoke fume up past the sealed windows.

POHL: The robot waiters will be programmed for super efficiency and against rudeness, and to know after being told once exactly how many drops of angostura and what sort of pickled artichoke you like in your drink, though I seriously doubt that human technology will ever be able to improve on the functional and decorative design of today's Playboy Club Bunnies. Anyway, before the evening is over, our man will suggest that they get together again the following weekend — perhaps for a champagne-service rocket flight to Pago Pago, or a hydroplane-liner cruise to Cap d'Antibes.

ANDERSON: Or if things are really going well, he may even invite her to join him on a summer vacation in space. It's as expensive as hell, but well worth the cost — offering such amusements as swimming in and out of a floating globe of water in a zero-gravity orbital station, and riding a 500-mile-an-hour monorail across the mountains of the Moon. Let's hope she's duly impressed, and that he doesn't have to return to his apartment alone.

POHL: He can always invite her up to see his etchings — in this case, perhaps, a collection of rare trading stamps from the 1960s. His door key turning in the lock, of course, dims the lights inside and flips on a continuous tape of the latest electronic mood music. The *divertissements* which ensue, unfortunately, can't be programed so predictably; nor are they likely to be conducted any differently than they are today. There are *some* things, after all, that simply can't be improved by automation.

TENN: That was a virtuoso vision of things to come — complete with happy ending and fadeout clinch. I must congratulate you on your originality and aptness of thought as tellers of fairy tales, and for your apparently unshakable faith in the possibility of human advancement. Despite your persuasiveness, however, I can't seem to rid myself of the nagging suspicion that there is no potentially great advance in technology or human relations which man, in all his ingenuity, won't find a way to pervert and subvert into a historic step backward. I agree that we're coming to an age of unexampled social emancipation and scientific revolution — an age abristle with all the blandishments you've described — but I believe that it's going to be repetitious in many ways both of our present and our past — though in exactly what ways we can't yet imagine. Possibly it's just as well for our egos that we *can't*. Thoreau wrote over a hundred years ago that "the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." Well, the world has changed fantastically since then, but the mass of men still *do*. History always repeats itself,



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but on another step of the spiral. We are a wildly imaginative, inordinately idealistic, incredibly persistent, hopelessly naive, incurably corrupt species, and no matter what we do we always seem to wind up somehow or other in the same position on the tree, except that occasionally it's a different tree. Tomorrow we'll be looking for the mechanical bananas in a nickel-plated jungle.

STURGEON: When we talk about humanity's far future through the skies, I couldn't agree more. But I can't help getting a bit impatient with all this prognostication about how we must continue to be as stupid as we are. Bill Tenn insists that we are going to continue to behave the way we do and remain what we are in the midst of an immense push-button society, but it's just not going to be so because we're not going to be the same kind of people after it happens.

TENN: Ted, you have faith, and it's something I respect. But when it comes to the human race, I firmly believe that faith is what keeps mountains firmly in place. With all my pessimism about our species, I *do* believe we're going places — but we're going places in a small way,

a few fumbling steps at a time. If we're going to progress either on Earth or in space, we will have to understand one basic fact about progress: that every advance that we might make is an advance that can be prostituted to vicious and vulgar ends, exactly as other advances — technological and societal — have been prostituted in the past. This will continue to be true as long as man remains what he is. And I don't see man changing. I see him slowly evolving, getting hurt, burning himself again and again and again, and then one day in the far future, learning to dread the fire — nothing more.

HEINLEIN: I agree that mankind is still barbarous and ignorant. But I disagree with you, Bill, that we're destined to remain this ignorant. I expect our descendants to exceed our grandest achievements at least as much as we exceed the cavemen. We have been "civilized" for only an instant in our long history, it's true; but what will our children accomplish? Take the wildest speculation you can imagine, then square it and cube the result, and the answer still won't be big enough to match the truth. They will go out to the stars and beyond, to the other island

Galaxies. And they will flourish by the billions, by the trillions, by numbers too high to guess. They will meet many other intelligent species, make friends with some, fight with others, be enriched by both. They will gain knowledge and power beyond our antediluvian ability to imagine. And in time, of which there will be plenty, they will unravel *all* that is mysterious to us. They will number the billion names of God.

BUDRYS: You make our destiny sound almost too golden to be true, Bob — but I don't doubt for a minute that it will all come to pass more or less as you predict. This age, in which 60 years have carried us from Kitty Hawk to Venus, will someday seem a stagnant time to most men of the future age — though there's no need expatiating on the fact that we are going to have what appear to be tragic setbacks, that men and causes which have been entrusted with the popular vision of the future will prove false. But the future — not just a fresh page in the calendar, but a time when things are basically different, and basically *better* — is constantly arriving, at voracious speed, whether we like it or not, whether we wish we hadn't wished for it or not. We will *never* be ready for it — but it will most certainly come.

BRADBURY: I think that what we have been leading up to is the fact that we are part of a miraculous explosion of the senses. The Universe has come alive, through us, and we go in search of ourselves. We go to put together yet more pieces of a puzzle we will be jiggering with for the next 10 billion billion years. Any tool that comes to hand we will use. We will construct technologies and rend them asunder, we will build philosophies and wreck them by the wayside, we will use and discard, try and fail, try and *succeed* — but always remain in constant motion outward from this explosion point. It will be a terrifying struggle; the human agony that must go into it is immeasurable at this time. But how can we expect less agony from our future than we have known in our past? The important thing is that the race is on the move, and that we, selfishly, as writers, have long dreamt of this movement and cannot help but be exhilarated at our own involvement in this voyage of self-discovery. We know so very little. But this we know irrevocably: We love life and living, we hate death and darkness. Creatures of the Sun, we will take the Sun with us, in our blood, to warm the great night, to light our way in the darkness beyond our system. Love of day and motion, fear of dark and immotion is all we need know now. The rest will come. We will find it along the way.

PLAYBOY: Thank you, gentlemen.



MARTY MURPHY

"Beddie-bye time, sweetheart."



FAVORITE SON (continued from page 78)

two other cars out of the race, and then bounce it off a curb, buckling a wheel. He left that one and took Peter Collins' car, but still couldn't catch Moss, though he broke the course record trying. At the Nürburgring in 1957, challenged by Mike Hawthorn and Peter Collins, he rounded on them like a baited bear, and in the process of giving both of them a thorough beating, broke the lap record 10 times.

Fangio was Moss' model, his teacher in the more esoteric, advanced techniques of driving, but he had nothing to teach him in *sang-froid*, in covering over, with civility and urbanity, the bone-deep will to win. ("We are all friends," Moss said one day, speaking of the other drivers, "but once the race starts, no one expects to hear anyone say, After you, m'lord." I was reminded of Wilbur Shaw, a charming gentleman, who might give another driver the shirt off his back before a race and buy him a drink afterward, but during it would run the man into a concrete wall at 140 mph, if he wouldn't move over.)

"At Bari, in 1950," Stirling told me, "soon after I'd joined H.W.M., I managed to lead from Fangio for a bit, and Farina. They were both in Alfas, I had a Formula II H.W.M. Fangio was third, Farina was just behind me, and I think he was annoyed; after all I was a new boy and he was a very important figure. In any case, he came alongside me going into a corner and just stayed there; he shut the gate on me, as the Americans say. He gave me the alternative of slowing down or going into a wall. But I slowed right down, I got round his tail, and then, because what he'd done had put him on the wrong line, I went through just ahead of him. I looked back and Fangio, just behind us, was laughing his head off."

The roughest thing Moss remembers doing on a circuit? "At Roskilde one time there was a chap in a Ferrari, a Swede, who would *not* let me past. I took it for two or three laps, even people in the crowd were shaking their fists at him. Finally, just before a slow corner, I laid the front of my car into his tail and spun him off the road into the bushes. He wasn't hurt."

Stirling once told me that when he had lost a race, he could put it out of his mind and sleep like a baby, but that the night after he'd won was likely to be sleepless. This is the competitor's typical reaction. For the ordinary man, the situation would be exactly reversed. Losing, he would be full of fury and frustration, no more able to sleep than to fly by flapping his arms. I have seen men in this case stay wide awake under a dose of Seconal that would stun a Shetland pony. But, winning, they feel fulfilled,

content and they sleep in peace. The real competitor looks at losing, loathing it, shoves it savagely out of his mind and goes to sleep. He must, or he'll unhinge himself. It is winning that keeps *him* awake, because it means so much to him; it is fulfillment, and *raison d'être*, and though he conceals it under however much urbanity and ritual sportsmanship, it shakes him through and through; it stirs him to his soul.

Someone said recently, with an air of discovery, that the British people are at their best in war, and have always been, that they *like* fighting, that they like bucking the odds, and that however savagely and bitterly they fight, they are sustained by observance of the proprieties, by maintenance at all cost of an air of calm, civilized good temper.

The two things do not always go together. I think the people quietly admire the hard fighter, and they admire the man who shows grace under pressure, even if it is only mild pressure. But they reserve their hearts for the man who their instincts tell them is a killer, a bitter-ender, and a man capable of winning all he wants in the world, or losing everything he owns, in such fashion that one can't tell, watching him, which has happened. This, they feel, is British behavior.

Stirling Moss is British.

One did not watch Stirling Moss drive for long without noticing that he almost invariably waved as he passed another car. This wave was pleasant to see, a kind of salute, given with the hand held vertically, graceful without excessive movement, imperious as well as polite.

I was standing at the bottom of the pit straight at Sebring one hot morning, a place where one can almost look into the cars. A photographer was with me. Stirling, coming out of the U-turn faster than most, as was his wont, ate up a Porsche as he went by us, giving the man his patented wave.

"Have you ever noticed," the photographer said, "that Moss always thanks another driver for letting him pass?"

I laughed. "Yes," I said, "I've noticed that. Of course in this case he was thanking the man for nothing, wasn't he, because the only way C---- could have prevented Mossie's passing would have been to shoot him."

"Oh, I don't know," the photographer said. "He didn't have to move over."

"The rules say he did," I said. "They'd have hit him with a blue flag halfway down the straight, if he hadn't. Anyway, it's wide here, Moss would have run around him."

"I still think it's a pleasant gesture," my friend said. "It shows the camaraderie that exists among really big-league

drivers, and I like to see him do it."

"Camaraderie, my foot," I said. "If that pig he's driving holds together all day, you'll get to see him wave to everybody out there, and I daresay you'll like it better than they will, too."

"Why?"

"Because he's mostly thanking them for nothing, and that's not all he's doing."

"You fascinate me," my friend said. "Tell me, what else is he doing?"

"He's waving goodbye to them," I said.

No stronger competitive instinct than Moss' has ever appeared in sports, I am convinced, and I have outraged a lot of people by saying so. That motoring enthusiasts can be annoyed by the picture of Stirling Moss as a brutal competitor is illustrative of the fantastic discipline the man has imposed on himself, and of the skill with which he has originated and erected his public character.

"Watching Stirling Moss before a race, the absolute picture of calm," a man said to me about five years ago, "is to understand real sportsmanship. For him, the game is everything, *form* is everything, and winning or losing is of not the slightest importance."

I won't quote my reply. It was both rude and profane.

That Stirling Moss was usually calm before a race is true. This is rare. Juan Belmonte used to say, "If we had to sign the contracts an hour before the *corrida* there would be no one in the ring when the bulls came out." I had a conversation with a well-known driver just before a race, and when I took it up again that night I discovered that he not only didn't recall what we'd talked about, he couldn't remember our speaking at all! Nothing of that sort ever happened to Moss. I remember almost bumping into him just off a starting grid one day, before I knew him well, and I smiled and kept on, having learned from the experience I mentioned above that it was best not to talk to drivers just before the off. But Moss had something he wanted to tell me, he took my arm and walked along with me for three or four minutes. Then he said, "Excuse me, Ken. I must find m'hat," and went off for his helmet. Five minutes later, he was motoring.

"I don't mind anyone's talking to me before a start," he has said to me. "I don't care in the least. If I'm sitting in the car, a boy can ask me for an autograph. I'm happy to talk about anything, a play I saw the night before, a girl; up to the moment I start the engine, I couldn't care less. I've done my practice, I reckon to know the course, I reckon the car to be ready, I can't make a plan, I can't foresee what's to happen when 15 of us pile into the first corner, so why should I bother thinking about it? Time enough for that when we get there. I was giving a chap a radio interview one day, in the States, sitting on the starting grid; we

were chatting away, and suddenly I realized the race was going to start in 60 seconds. I had almost forgot about it!"

It would be interesting to be able to look into Moss' head as he switches off his urbane, gay, smiling self, to switch on Moss the competitor and the engine at the same time. (I know a veteran airline captain who does the same thing, in a slightly different fashion. Sitting in the front end of a transatlantic jet, waiting, perhaps, for a delayed load of passengers, he's amusing, witty, relaxed; he and his crew are just old friends killing time together. With him the change-over comes when he draws on a pair of pigskin gloves, without which, I think, he couldn't fly. When the gloves go on, the temperature in the cockpit drops about 10 degrees, and thereafter anyone who speaks to him had best have a "captain" or a "sir" on the end of the sentence, as well as a good reason for speaking at all.)

The reason the competitive attitude so intrigues us is that it's a distillate of life. And the occasional appearance of a really strong competitive instinct in one of the four elementary games — fighting, mountain climbing, the *corrida* and motor racing — is more compelling, naturally, than its appearance in, say, swimming or pole vaulting or one of the stick-and-ball games. Knowing how the great mountaineer Albert Frederick Mummery of Dover went up the Chamonix Aiguilles or how Edward Whymper did the Matterhorn or how Stirling Moss ran the Mille Miglia, we know something of how life may be lived, and perhaps should be lived, and we have seen this thing in minutes instead of years.

This is not to denigrate the great spirits who appear in the lesser games. The American baseball player Harold "Pete" Reiser, held by many to have been the most competitive player of modern times, was carried off the field incapacitated or unconscious 11 times in 14 years of play, five times because, running to get under a high ball, he had refused to take his eyes off it, lest he lose it in the sun or the field lights, and went full tilt into the concrete wall that borders the perimeters of most major-league baseball parks.

It is a peculiarity of the real competitor that he is indifferent to being hurt. The intellectual, the spiritual aspect of elemental competition against other men has become so weighty that it transcends consideration of the corporeal; he no longer cares about being hurt except that injury keeps him out of the game. (Left to himself, he will invariably go back before he's fit.) A peculiarity of the real competitor who has a major talent — the two things do not necessarily go together — is that he likes to handicap himself, to make the game harder. Thus Mummery would not use *pitons*; he thought them base, a thing for cheaters,

although many mountaineers will hardly go up a flight of stairs without a sackful of *pitons* and a hammer to drive them. Moss' addiction to nonfactory cars is illustrative.

The real competitor, if he lives long enough, comes inevitably to the realization that the ultimate victory is the victory over self: when the years of self-discipline and self-denial are past, the years of study and training and practice to exhaustion are over, the man understands, suddenly or slowly as the case may be, that the being *able* to win is what matters; that the formal victory itself, the laurel wreath, is then only a statistic, a thing of no consequence, and he no longer even wants it.

The real competitor sees no limitations. He wants to beat the whole world. If he's a simple man, like John L. Sullivan, the legendary heavyweight fighter, he'll say so. Sullivan used to announce from the ring, "In a fair fight, I will whip any man born of woman. Yours truly, John L. Sullivan." He handicapped himself with brandy. In the course of a long fight, Sullivan would empty a bottle of cognac. He was much admired. In 1887 a crowd, trying to get near him, broke up the carriage in which he was riding down the Haymarket.

A complex personality behaves with more civility, although he may wish to beat every other man in the world, and at everything. (Wilbur Shaw was so bothered by the fact that other men could drive railway engines, whilst he could not, that he badgered a railroad into teaching him.)

Dominating one of the most competitive endeavors man knows, for more than a decade, entering more races than anyone else had ever done, and winning more of them, was not enough for Stirling Moss. He started so many ancillary activities that they would occupy most people through an eight-hour day. He is no threat to J. Paul Getty as a businessman, but if one enterprise fails he is always ready to start another. He has the obsessive concern with details that so often marks the man who can't find *enough* to do. I am almost surprised that Stirling doesn't type his own letters. (Come to think of it, I have a number of letters from him that he *did* type — at least some amateur did them!)

The real competitor is not easy to live with, when he is on the way up, and when he is at the top, because he is driven to compete with everybody; he wants to do everything better; he wants to dominate everyone around him, his friends, his associates, his employees, his wife. This is the deepest need in his nature, and allowance must be made for it. It has made him what he is; without it we would never have heard of him.

• • •

When he knew how badly he had been

hurt at Goodwood, how severely his brain had been damaged, when he found that he couldn't even open a door without giving himself step-by-step instructions — "I shall take the knob in my right hand, now I shall turn it sharply to the right, now I'll pull it" — Stirling Moss knew that he simply could not wait until the broken bones had mended and then go back to racing, as he had after the Spa accident in 1960. He knew that if his reaction time and his vision did not return at least to normal, he could not drive a racing car again. Further, he knew that if the doctors were correct in saying that whilst his reaction time might improve rapidly, his vision would probably not be normal for two years or more, then there would be no point in it. He would be terribly out of practice and he would come wholly unprepared to the 1965 cars, having missed the 1962, 1963 and 1964 models. He decided that he must give himself a practical test, that as soon as he felt reasonably well, reasonably strong, he would take a race car to an isolated, completely closed circuit, and there, in privacy, try himself, and, on the basis of what he observed, make the decision, to go on or not, yes or no, then and there. As soon as he had settled on this plan, he announced it. He could set no date.

When he went to Nassau, immediately after being discharged from Atkinson Morley's Hospital, he drove a Mini-Minor, and he found that the island speed limit of 30 miles an hour suited him very well. When he returned to England he drove other cars, more quickly, but his retraining program was interrupted by two long stays in St. Thomas' for surgery. By January 1963, his left eye now offering him correct focus as long as he looked straight ahead, he felt secure at 90–100 miles an hour on the road in his Lotus Elite, and it was impossible, riding with him, to detect slowness or lack of acuity. Everything seemed to be as before. He had the car completely in hand; he could drift it at will, he could do anything he pleased with it. But Moss allowed himself no enthusiasm, repeating what he had often said, that 100 on the road in a Lotus Elite has nothing whatever to do with 160 on a Grand Prix circuit in a Lotus 25.

He flew around the world. He had business commitments in South Africa, New Zealand and Australia and Hong Kong; he wanted to visit Tokyo; he had obligations in Daytona and Nassau. Whilst he was away, he had asked Valerie Pirie to see to renewing his competition license. He was back in England on February 26th, for 10 days before going to the United States to fulfill a contract at Sebring. There was not enough time to engage a circuit and set up a car.

At noon on the First of May, Moss left London for Goodwood, where Ken Gregory and Tony Robinson were waiting for him with a Lotus 27. He drove the 50-odd miles in a Mini-Cooper, two friends with him, and he went flat-out the whole way, constantly remarking the behavior of the car under the various stresses he put on it, obviously seeing the trip as a mild warm-up for what lay ahead of him. It had rained all morning, but the circuit was drying when Moss came to it, drying in some places, deeply puddled in others. The loudspeakers were silent, but there must have been armies there for him: the mild May air must have rung with their shouts and with the howl of engines ripping across the flat land under the pale lemon-colored sun. The first significant British race meeting after the war had been at Goodwood, in 1948, and Moss had won the 500-cc event, in his first Cooper. He was 19 then. How many times he'd run at Goodwood since, how many nights at the Fleece Inn, he couldn't begin to remember.

He dropped himself into the car. It had occurred to him that, coming out of Fordwater into St. Mary's for the first time, running fast, some vagrant memory, the thin wedge of a clue might come to him, something that would explain the accident. No. It was just a bit of wet road. He felt nothing.

He was alone on the course. The little knot of people who had known of his plan — Gregory, the mechanics, a private photographer, three friends — could hear the engine scream across the circuit; they could follow the car by noting the shift points. Back in sight, he hit a pool of water, lost the car, recovered it quickly — but not as quickly as he once would have done.

He lapped the circuit for half-an-hour and more, running fast but, at his own rating, at only around eight tenths. At the quickest, he said afterward, he was three seconds over what he would consider competitive time.

He had suspected what he would find, and he found it: "I had to think," he said. "I had to give orders to myself: here I'll brake, here I must change down, and so on . . . and the other thing, I used to look at the rev counter without taking my eyes off the road; not only that, I could see the rev counter *and* the road and a friend waving to me, all at the same time . . . I've lost that, that's gone."

He drove back to London. Ken Gregory called the press, the bulletin went on the wires: "I've decided to retire. I will not drive again." It was 15 years, almost to the day, from the date on which Stirling Moss had run his Cooper up Prescott, in the Bugatti Owners Club event which had been his first official competition.



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NAKED NUDE (continued from page 52)

early morning hours, he tried everything he could think of. Since he always distorted the figure of Venus, though he carried it perfectly in his mind, he went back to a study of Greek statuary with ruler and compasses to compute the mathematical proportions of the ideal nude. Scarpio accompanied him to one or two museums. Fidelman also worked with the Vitruvian square in the circle, experimented with Dürer's intersecting circles and triangles and studied Leonardo's schematic heads and bodies. Nothing doing. He drew paper dolls, not women, certainly not Venus. He drew girls who would not grow up. He then tried sketching every Venus he could lay eyes on in the art books Scarpio brought him from the library, from the Esquiline goddess to *Les Demoiselles d'Avignon*. Fidelman copied, not badly, many figures from classical statuary and modern painting, but when he returned to his Venus, with something of a laugh she eluded him. What am I, bewitched, the copyist asked himself, and if so by what? It's only a copy job, so what's taking so long? He couldn't even guess until he happened to see a naked whore cross the hall and enter a friend's room. Maybe the ideal is cold and I like it hot? Nature over art? Inspiration—the live model? Fidelman knocked on the door and tried to persuade the girl to pose for him, but she wouldn't for economic reasons. Neither would any of the others—there were four girls in the room.

A redhead among them called out to Fidelman, "Shame on you, Arturo, are you too good to bring up pizzas and coffee anymore?"

"I'm busy on a job for Angelo."

The girls laughed.

"Painting a picture, that is. A business proposition."

Their laughter louder.

Their laughter further depressed his spirits. No inspiration from whores. Maybe too many naked women around made it impossible to draw a nude. Still he'd better try a live model, having tried everything else and failed.

In desperation, practically on the verge of panic because time was going so fast, he thought of Teresa, the chambermaid. She was a poor specimen of feminine beauty, but the imagination could enhance anything. Fidelman asked her to pose for him, and Teresa, after a shy laugh, consented.

"I will if you promise not to tell anybody."

Fidelman promised.

She got undressed, a meager, bony girl, breathing heavily, and he drew her with flat chest, distended belly, thin hips and hairy legs, unable to alter a single detail. Van Eyck would have loved her. When Teresa saw the drawing she wept profusely.

"I thought you would make me beautiful."

"I had that in mind."

"Then why didn't you?"

"It's hard to say," said Fidelman.

"I'm not in the least bit sexy," she wept.

Considering her body with half-open eyes, Fidelman told her to go borrow a long slip.

"Get one from one of the girls and I'll make you sexy."

She returned in a frilly white slip and looked so attractive that instead of painting her, Fidelman, with a lump in his

throat, got her to lie down with him on a dusty mattress in the room. Clasp her slip-encased form, the copyist shut both eyes and concentrated on his elusive Venus. He felt about to recapture a rapturous experience and was looking forward to it with pleasure, but at the last minute it turned into a Limerick he didn't know he knew:

*Whilst Titian was mixing rose madder,
His model was crouched on a ladder;
Her position to Titian
Suggested coition,
So he stopped mixing madder and had 'er.*

Angelo, entering the storeroom just then, let out a furious bellow. He fired Teresa, on her naked knees pleading with him not to, and Fidelman had to go back to latrine duty the rest of the day.

"You might just as well keep me doing this permanently," Fidelman, disheartened, told the *padrone* in his office afterward. "I'll never finish that cursed picture."

"Why not? What's eating you? I've treated you like a son."

"I'm blocked, that's what."

"Get to work, you'll feel better."

"I just can't paint."

"For what reason?"

"I don't know."

"Because you've had it too good here." Angelo angrily struck Fidelman across the face. When the copyist turned and wept, he booted him hard in the rear.

That night Fidelman went on a hunger strike but the *padrone*, hearing of it, threatened force-feeding.

After midnight Fidelman stole some clothes from a sleeping whore, dressed quickly, tied on a kerchief, made up his eyes and lips, and walked out through the door past Scarpio sitting on a bar stool, enjoying the night breeze. Having gone a block, fearing he would be chased, Fidelman broke into a high-heeled run, but it was too late. Scarpio had recognized him in aftermath and called the *portiere*. Fidelman kicked off his slippers and ran furiously, but the skirt impeded him. The major-domo and the *portiere* caught up with him and dragged him, kicking and struggling, back to the hotel. A *carabiniere*, hearing the commotion, appeared on the scene, but seeing how Fidelman was dressed, would do nothing for him. In the cellar, Angelo hit him with a short rubber hose until he collapsed.

Fidelman lay in bed three days, refusing to eat or get up.

"What'll we do now?" Angelo, worried, whispered. "What about a fortune-teller? Either that or let's bury him."

"Astrology is better," Scarpio advised.



"Oh, no!"

"I'll check his planets. If that doesn't work, we'll try psychology.

"Well, make it fast," said Angelo.

The next morning Scarpio entered Fidelman's room with an American breakfast on a tray and two thick books under his arm. Fidelman was still in bed, smoking a butt. He wouldn't eat.

Scarpio set down his books and took a chair close to the bed.

"What's your birthday, Arturo?" he asked gently, feeling Fidelman's pulse.

Fidelman told him, also the hour of birth and the place: Newark, New Jersey.

Scarpio, consulting the zodiacal tables, drew up Fidelman's horoscope on a sheet of paper and studied it thoroughly with his good eye. After a few minutes he shook his head. "It's no wonder."

"What's wrong?" Fidelman sat up weakly.

"You're a Gemini and your Uranus and Venus are both in bad shape."

"My Venus?"

"She rules your fate." He studied the chart. "Taurus ascending, Venus afflicted. That's why you're blocked."

"Afflicted by what?"

"Uranus, in the 12th house."

"What's she doing there?"

"Shh," said Scarpio. "I'm checking your Mercury."

"Concentrate on Venus, when will she be better?"

Scarpio consulted the tables, jotted down some numbers and signs and slowly turned pale. He searched through a few more pages of tables, then got up and stared out the dirty window.

"It's hard to tell. Do you believe in psychoanalysis?"

"Sort of."

"Maybe we'd better try that. Don't get up."

Fidelman's head fell back on the pillow.

Scarpio opened a thick book to its first chapter. "The thing to do is associate freely."

"If I don't get out of this whorehouse soon I'll surely die," said Fidelman.

"Do you have any memories of your mother?" Scarpio asked. "For instance, did you ever see her naked?"

"She died at my birth," Fidelman answered, on the verge of tears. "I was raised by my sister Bessie."

"Go on, I'm listening," said Scarpio.

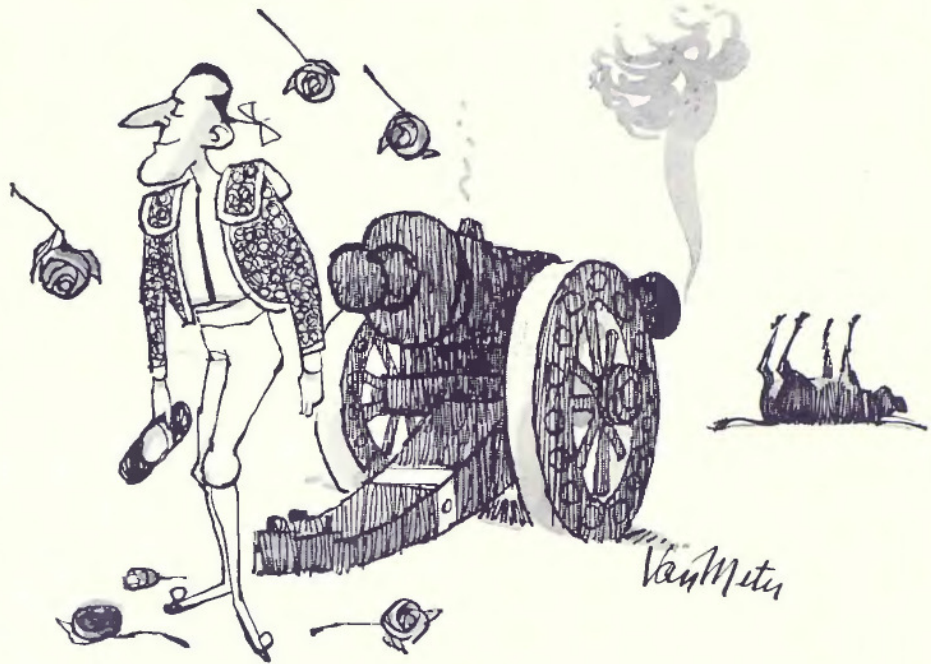
"I can't. My mind goes blank."

Scarpio turned to the next chapter, flipped through several pages, then rose with a sigh.

"It might be a medical matter. Take a physic tonight."

"I already have."

The major-domo shrugged. "Life is complicated. Anyway, keep track of your dreams. Write them down as soon as you have them."



Fidelman puffed his butt.

That night he dreamed of Bessie about to bathe. He was peeking at her through the bathroom keyhole as she was preparing her bath. Openmouthed, he watched her remove her robe and step into the tub. Her hefty well-proportioned body then was young and full in the right places; and in the dream Fidelman, then 14, looked at her with longing that amounted to anguish. The older Fidelman, the dreamer, considered doing a *La Baigneuse* right then and there, but when Bessie began to soap herself with Ivory soap, the boy slipped away into her room, opened her poor purse, filched 50 cents for the movies, and went on tiptoe down the stairs.

He was shutting the vestibule door with great relief when Arthur Fidelman awoke with a headache. As he was scribbling down this dream he suddenly remembered what Angelo had said: "Everybody steals. We're all human."

A stupendous thought occurred to him: Suppose he personally were to steal the picture?

A marvelous idea all around. Fidelman heartily ate that morning's breakfast.

To steal the picture he had to paint one. Within another day the copyist successfully sketched Titian's painting and then began to work in oils on an old piece of Flemish linen that Angelo had hastily supplied him with after seeing the successful sketch. Fidelman under-painted the canvas and after it was dry began the figure of Venus as the conspirators looked on, sucking their breaths.

"Stay relaxed," begged Angelo, sweating. "Don't spoil it now. Remember you're painting the appearance of a picture. The original has already been

painted. Give us a decent copy and we'll do the rest with chemistry."

"I'm worried about the brush strokes."

"Nobody will notice them. Just keep in your mind that Tiziano painted resolutely with few strokes, his brush loaded with color. In the end he would paint with his fingers. Don't worry about that. We don't ask for perfection, just a good copy."

He rubbed his fat hands nervously.

But Fidelman painted as though he were painting the original. He worked alone late at night, when the conspirators were snoring, and he painted with what was left of his heart. He had caught the figure of the *Venus*, but when it came to her flesh, her thighs and breasts, he never thought he would make it. As he painted, he seemed to remember every nude that ever had been done, Fidelman satyr, with Silenus beard and goat legs dancing among them, piping and peeking at backside, frontside, or both, at the *Rokeby Venus*, *Bathsheba*, *Suzanna*, *Venus Anadyomene*, *Olympia*, at picnickers in dress or undress, bathers ditto, *Vanitas* or *Truth*, *Niobe* or *Leda*, in chase or embrace, *Hausfrau* or whore, amorous ladies modest or brazen, single or in crowds at the Turkish bath, in every conceivable shape or position, while he sported or disported until a trio of maenads pulled his curly beard and he galloped after them through the dusky woods. He was, at the same time, choked by remembered lust for all the women he had ever desired, from Bessie to Annamaria Oliovino, and for their garters, underpants, slips or half-slips, brassieres and stockings. Although thus tormented, Fidelman felt himself falling in love with the one he painted, every inch of her, including the ring on her

pinky, bracelet on arm, the flowers she touched with her fingers, and the bright green earring that dangled from her eatable ear. He would have prayed her alive if he weren't certain she would fall in love, not with her famished creator, but surely with the first *Apollo Belvedere* she laid eyes on. Is there, Fidelman asked himself, a world where love endures and is always satisfying? He answered in the negative. Still, she was his as he painted, so he went on painting, planning never to finish, to be happy as he was in loving her, thus forever happy.

But he finished the picture on Saturday night, Angelo's gun pressed to his head. Then the *Venus* was taken from him and Scarpio and Angelo baked, smoked, stippled, varnished and framed Fidelman's masterwork as the artist lay on his bed in his room in a state of collapse.

"The *Venus of Urbino, c'est à moi.*"

• • •

"What about my three hundred and fifty?" Fidelman asked Angelo during a card game in the *padrone's* stuffy office several days later. After completing the painting the copyist was again back on janitorial duty.

"You'll collect when we've got the Tiziano."

"I did my part."

"Don't question decisions."

"What about my passport?"

"Give it to him, Scarpio."

Scarpio handed him the passport. Fidelman flipped through the booklet and saw the pages were intact.

"If you skiddoo now," Angelo warned him, "you'll get spit."

"Who's skiddooing?"

"So the plan is this: You and Scarpio will row out to the *castello* after midnight. The caretaker is an old man and half-deaf. You hang our picture and breeze off with the other."

"If you wish," Fidelman suggested, "I'll gladly do the job myself. Alone, that is."

"Why alone?" said Scarpio suspiciously.

"Don't be foolish," Angelo said. "With the frame it weighs half-a-ton. Now listen to directions and don't try to give any. One reason I detest Americans is that they never know their place."

Fidelman apologized.

"I'll follow in the putt-putt and wait for you halfway between Isola Bella and Stresa in case it should happen we need a little extra speed at the last minute."

"Do you expect trouble?"

"Not a bit. If there's any trouble it'll be your fault. In that case, watch out."

"Off with his head," said Scarpio. He played a deuce and took the pot.

Fidelman laughed politely.

• • •

weather-beaten rowboat, both oars muffled. It was a moonless night with touches of Alpine lightning in the distant sky. Fidelman sat in the stern, holding with both hands and balancing against his knees the large framed painting, heavily wrapped in monk's cloth and cellophane, and tied around with rope.

At the island, the major-domo docked the boat and securely tied it. Fidelman, peering around in the dark, tried to memorize where they were. They carried the picture up 200 steps, both puffing when they got to the formal gardens on top.

The *castello* was black except for a square of yellow light from the caretaker's turret window high above. As Scarpio snapped the lock of an embossed heavy wooden door with a strip of Celluloid, the yellow window slowly opened and an old man peered down. They froze against the wall until the window was drawn shut.

"Fast," Scarpio hissed. "If anyone sees us they'll wake the whole island."

Pushing open the creaking door, they quickly carried the painting, growing heavier as they hurried, through an enormous room cluttered with cheap statuary, and by the light of the major-domo's flashlight, ascended a narrow flight of spiral stairs. They hastened in sneakers down a deep-shadowed, tapestried hall into the picture gallery, Fidelman stopping in his tracks when he beheld the *Venus*, the true and magnificent image of his counterfeit creation.

"Let's get to work." Scarpio quickly unknotted the rope and they unwrapped Fidelman's painting and leaned it against the wall. They were taking down the Titian when footsteps sounded unmistakably in the hall. Scarpio's flashlight went out.

"Shh, it's the caretaker. If he comes in, I'll have to conk him."

"That'll destroy Angelo's plan — deceit, not force."

"I'll think of that when we're out of here."

They pressed their backs to the wall, Fidelman's clammy, as the old man's steps drew nearer. The copyist had anguishing visions of losing the picture and made helter-skelter plans somehow to reclaim it. Then the footsteps faltered, came to a stop, and after a moment of intense hesitation, moved in another direction. A door slammed and the sound was gone.

It took Fidelman several seconds to breathe. They waited in the dark without moving until Scarpio shone his light. Both *Venuses* were resting against the same wall. The major-domo closely inspected each canvas with one eye shut, then signaled the painting on the left. "That's the one, let's wrap it up."

Fidelman broke into a profuse sweat. "Are you crazy? That's mine. Don't you know a work of art when you see it?" He pointed to the other picture.

"Art?" said Scarpio, removing his hat and turning pale. "Are you sure?" He peered at the painting.

"Without a doubt."

"Don't try to confuse me." He tapped the dagger under his coat.

"The lighter one is the Titian," Fidelman said through a dry throat. "You smoked mine a shade darker."

"I could have sworn yours was the lighter."

"No. Titian's. He used light varnishes. It's a historical fact."

"Of course." Scarpio mopped his brow with a soiled handkerchief. "The trouble is with my eyes. One is in bad shape and I overuse the other."

"Tsk-tsk," said Fidelman.

"Anyway, hurry up. Angelo's waiting on the lake. Remember, if there's any mistake he'll cut your throat first."

They hung the darker painting on the wall, quickly wrapped the lighter and hastily carried it through the long hall and down the stairs, Fidelman leading the way with Scarpio's light.

At the dock the major-domo nervously turned to Fidelman. "Are you absolutely sure we have the right one?"

"I give you my word."

"I accept it, but under the circumstances I'd better have another look. Shine the flashlight through your fingers."

Scarpio knelt to undo the wrapping once more, and Fidelman, trembling, brought the flashlight down hard on Scarpio's straw hat, the light shattering in his hand. The major-domo, pulling at his dagger, collapsed.

Fidelman had trouble loading the painting into the rowboat but finally got it in and settled, and quickly took off. In 10 minutes he had rowed out of sight of the dark, castled island. Not long afterward he thought he heard Angelo's putt-putt behind him, and his heart beat erratically, but the *padrone* did not appear. He rowed as the waves deepened.

Locarno, 60 kilometers.

A wavering flash of lightning pierced the broken sky, lighting the agitated lake all the way to the Alps, as a dreadful thought assailed Fidelman: Had he the right painting, after all? After a minute he pulled in his oars, listened once more for Angelo, and hearing nothing, stepped to the stern of the rowboat, letting it drift as he frantically unwrapped the *Venus*.

In the pitch black, on the lake's choppy waters, he saw she was indeed his, and by the light of numerous matches adored his handiwork.



Four Fateful Fables

classification of one eccentric writer. Though he wrote prose, his works were too short to be described as novels and too long for short stories. Moreover, rumor had it that his prose had a poetic quality and a satirical bent, and that he wrote articles which were indistinguishable from stories and also bore the characteristics of critical essays. It was thought improper to assign this writer either to a prose or to a poetry detachment and it was clearly impracticable to create a special formation for one man only. There were suggestions that he would be expelled, but in the end a compromise was reached; he was given orange-colored trousers, the rank of a private and was left to his own devices. The whole country could thus see that he was really a blot on the profession. Had he been expelled, this would not have been without precedent. At an earlier stage several writers who, because of their build, did not look well in uniform had been removed from the association.

Within a short time the country discovered that leaving the eccentric in the ranks of writers had been a serious mistake. It was he who was the cause of a scandalous affair which undermined the beautifully simple principles of authority.

One day, a well-known and respected writer-general was taking a walk along a boulevard in the capital city. Approaching him from the opposite direction was the eccentric writer-private in orange trousers. The writer-general threw him a contemptuous glance and waited for the private's salute. Suddenly he noticed on the private's hat the insignia of the highest rank, a small red beetle, which only writer-marshals were entitled to wear. Respect for authority was so deeply embedded in the writer-general that, without pausing to consider the unusual nature of his discovery, he immediately adopted a most respectful attitude and saluted first. The astonished writer-private returned the salute, and as his hand went up to his hat, the large ladybird that had been sitting there opened its wings and flew away. Gripped by anger because of this humiliation, the writer-general immediately summoned a patrolling critic who took away the private's fountain pen and escorted him to the guardroom in the House of Literature.

The trial took place in the marble hall of the Palace of the Arts. Judges and other dignitaries sat behind a large mahogany table, their glistening epaulets and golden insignia reflected in the dark, mirror-like surface.

The eccentric writer-private was accused of illegally wearing insignia to which he was not entitled by his rank. However, luck was on his side. On the

(continued from page 67)

eve of the trial, during a meeting of the Council for Culture, strong criticism had been voiced of the soulless attitude to the artist and of the way art was being administered. Echoes of this debate could be heard the following day when the critic-writer-marshal himself rose to speak during the trial.

"We must on no account," he proclaimed, "adopt a bureaucratic attitude to this case. Our task is to get to the very bottom of this affair. Without doubt the case we are trying here today concerns the violation of those rules which, in spite of some mistakes, have led to an unprecedented flowering of our literature. The question we must ask, however, is this: 'Is the accused a conscious and active criminal?' We must probe deeply in search of the answer, we must expose not only the effects of this act but also its causes. Let's consider first of all who brought the accused to his present sorry condition. Who has depraved him, who has exploited his initial lack of social consciousness? What sort of creative atmosphere could have led to this crisis? To whom must we mete out punishment so as to prevent similar trials in the future?"

"No, comrades. It's not the accused who is mainly responsible. He was only a tool in the hands of the ladybird. There can be no doubt whatsoever that the ladybird, motivated by hatred of our new hierarchy, incensed by the achievement of our system of absolutely precise

criteria and by the perfect organization of our association . . . the ladybird with treacherous deliberation alighted on the hat of the accused and imitated a marshal's insignia. It's the ladybird who has tried to undermine our hierarchy. Let's punish the hand and not the blind tool."

The speech was greeted as a profound exploration of the very roots of evil. The writer-private was rehabilitated and a proper indictment was prepared against the ladybird.

A platoon of critics found the ladybird in a garden, sitting on a lilac leaf and plotting. When the ladybird realized that it had been unmasked, it offered no resistance.

The new trial took place in the same marble hall. All those present were straining their eyes to see the little red spot on the shiny table. Under a glass saucer, which prevented its escape, the ladybird sat still and unrepentant in its crime, preserving a disdainful silence to the very end.

The execution took place at dawn the following morning. Four thick and well-bound volumes of the latest novel by the writer-marshal of literature were the chosen instrument. They were dropped one by one from the height of four feet. It is reported that the condemned did not suffer long.

When the writer-private in orange trousers heard about the verdict, he cried and asked that the ladybird be set free in a garden. This brought him under suspicion once more of having been at least an accomplice in this crime; his attach-



"Get lost? I am lost!"

ment to the ladybird was thought to be highly suggestive.

A Drummer's Adventure

I LOVED MY DRUM. I carried it suspended from a wide strap across my shoulders. It was a big drum. I used oak sticks to strike its matte, yellow membrane. With time the drumsticks had acquired a polish from my fingers, testifying to my zeal and diligence. I carried the drum along white with dust or black with mud; the world on either side was green, golden, brown or white according to the season. Wherever I went the landscape reverberated with a rat-a-tat-tat, for my hands did not belong to me but to the drum and when the drum was silent I felt ill. Thus one night I was drumming gaily when the General came up to me. He was incompletely dressed in his uniform jacket, which was unbuttoned, and his long underpants. He greeted me, hemmed and hawed a little, praised the Government and the State, and at last said casually: "And you just go on drumming, do you?"

"Yes, sir," I shouted, striking the drum with redoubled force. "To the glory of our country."

"Quite right," he agreed, but somehow his voice sounded a little sad. "And how long will you go on?"

"As long as my strength lasts, sir," I shouted back gaily.

"Good boy," he said. "And will your strength last much longer?"

"To the very end, sir," I said proudly.

"Well, well . . ." The General sounded surprised. For a while he seemed to be deep in thought and then he went off on a tangent.

"It's late," he said.

"It's late for the enemy, never for us," I shouted back. "The future belongs to us!"

"Very good, very good . . ." said the General, but he sounded cross. "But I meant that the hour was late."

"The hour of battle has struck! Fire the guns, ring the bells!" I shouted with the enthusiasm becoming a true drummer.

"Oh, no, not the bells," he said quickly. "I mean, let the bells ring, but only from time to time."

"Quite right, comrade General," I agreed with passion. "We don't need bells if we have our drums. Let the roll of my drum silence the bells!" To underline my point I struck a loud roll.

"Never the other way round? What?" asked the General. He sounded uncertain of himself and he was covering his mouth with his hand.

"Never, sir," I shouted back. "You can rely on your drummer, sir. He'll never allow his drum to go silent." I was carried away by a burning wave of zeal.

"Our army can be proud of you," the General said without enthusiasm. A cold fog had come down on our camp and he was shivering. All I could see in the gray mist was the top of the General's tent. "Yes, proud," he went on. "We shall never stop, even if we have to march day and night, even if . . . Yes, each step . . ."

"Each step will be an endless victory roll," I interjected, drumming for all I was worth.

"Well, well," murmured the General. "Yes, just that . . ." and he went toward his tent. I was left alone. Solitude stimulated my desire for self-sacrifice and my sense of responsibility as a drummer. You've gone, General, I thought, but your faithful drummer is alert. With your brow furrowed you're working on your strategic plans, placing little flags on the map to mark the road to our joint victory. Together, you and I shall conquer the future and I shall announce the victory with a roll of drums.

I was overcome with tenderness toward the General, and with such a will to give myself to the cause that, if it were possible, I would have drummed even louder. In the depth of the night, fired by my youthful enthusiasm, animated by

our great ideal, I devoted myself to my honorable task. From time to time, in between drumbeats, I could hear from the direction of the General's tent the creaking of mattress springs as if somebody, unable to sleep, were tossing in bed. At last, about midnight, a white figure loomed in the mist by the tent. It was the General in his nightshirt. His voice was hoarse.

"I say, so you're going to continue drumming, are you?" he asked. I was really moved that he should have come to me in the middle of the night. A true father to his soldiers!

"Yes, sir. Neither cold nor sleep will defeat me. I'm ready to go on as long as my strength lasts, obedient to the call of my duty and the cause we're fighting for. My honor dictates it. So help me God!"

In saying these words I was not motivated by a desire to appear as a stickler for my duty or by a wish to suck up to the General. This was no empty boast on my part, calculated to bring promotion or any other reward. It never even crossed my mind that such an interpretation could have been put upon my attitude. I have always been a sincere, straightforward and, damnit, let me say it, a good drummer.

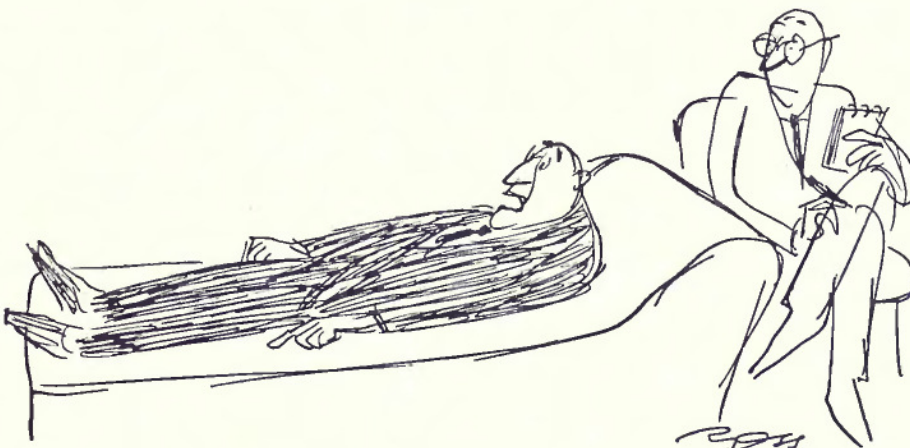
The General gnashed his teeth. I thought he was cold. Then he said: "Good, very good," and went away.

A few minutes later I was arrested. The patrol assigned to this task surrounded me silently. They took my drum away, they removed the drumsticks from my cold and tired fingers. Silence filled the valley. I could not talk to my comrades who surrounded me with their rifles pointing at me, that was not allowed by regulations. They led me out of the camp. On the way one of them whispered that I had been arrested on the General's orders. The charge was treason. Treason!

Dawn was breaking. A few pink clouds floated in the sky. They were greeted by healthy snoring which I heard as we passed the General's tent.

A Citizen's Fate

LET US BE FRANK. In the remote corner of the country with which this story is concerned, they have the same weather as in the capital. Seasons follow one another, rain falls, winds blow, the sun shines exactly as in the big city. From the point of view of the climate you could not tell the one from the other. All the more surprising, even frightening, was the initiative of the authorities. In the full knowledge of the circumstances, they decided to set up a meteorological station in this remote corner. It was not a big affair, just a small rectangle of ground surrounded by a white fence, with a box of instruments in the middle, standing on thin long legs.



"I'm a TV producer. My dreams are having summer repeats."

Next to the station was the manager's house. Apart from looking after the instruments, his job consisted of writing accurate reports on the state of the weather so that, should questions be asked, the authorities would have the necessary information at hand.

The manager was a most conscientious young man. He wrote his reports in a neat, legible hand and always truthfully. If it rained he would not rest until he had described the rain from every possible angle: when, how much, for how long . . . If the sun was shining he would also spare no effort to describe it accurately. He was quite impartial. He knew that the State was working hard to get the money for his salary and he felt that he had to apply himself to his job. There was never any shortage of work because in his district there was always weather of one kind or another.

Toward the end of the summer, storms became frequent and they brought rain with them. Truthfully he described them in detail and sent his reports to the head office. The storms continued.

One day he had a visit from an old and experienced colleague who, having watched him at work, remarked casually: "I wonder, my friend, if your reports aren't a bit on the depressing side."

"What do you mean?" The manager was surprised. "You can see with your own eyes that it's pouring with rain."

"Yes, yes. Of course, everybody can see that. But you do understand, don't you, that we must approach the problem consciously. Scientifically. Mind you, it's none of my business. I just mentioned it out of friendship."

The old meteorologist put on his galoshes and went away, still shaking his head. The young manager was left alone and continued compiling his reports. He gazed at the sky with some anxiety, but he went on writing.

About that time he received an unexpected summons from his higher authority. Not the highest one, but still an authority. He took his umbrella and went to the town. The authority received him in a lovely house. Rain was drumming on the roof.

"We have summoned you," announced the authority, "because we are surprised by the one-sided nature of your reports. For some time now they've been dominated by a pessimistic note. The harvest is on the way and you keep on talking about rain. Don't you understand the responsible nature of your work?"

"But it keeps on raining . . ." said the manager.

"Don't prevaricate." The authority looked angry and his fist landed with a bang on a pile of papers on his desk. "We have here all your recent reports. You can't deny them. You are a good worker but you are spineless. I want you to understand that we shan't tolerate

any defeatism!"

After the interview, the meteorologist returned to his station with the folded umbrella under his arm. In spite of this show of good will he was soaked to the skin, caught a cold and had to stay in bed. However, he would not admit that this was because of the rain.

The following day the weather improved. He was delighted and immediately wrote his report:

"The rain has stopped completely and it has to be admitted that it has never rained very much. Just a few drops now and again. But now, what sunshine!"

Indeed, the sun had broken through the clouds, it became warm and the earth was steaming. Humming gaily, the manager went about his duties. In the afternoon, clouds began to gather once more, driven by a cold wind. He went inside, afraid of catching flu. The time for his next report came and he wrote: "The sun behaves as usual. Already Copernicus has demonstrated that the setting of the sun is only apparent. In reality it always shines, only . . ."

At this point he broke off, feeling very unhappy. When the first lightning struck, he shook off his opportunism and wrote simply: "17.00 hours. Thunderstorms."

Next day brought another storm. He reported it. The day after, no storm, but hail. He reported it. A strange calm, even a feeling of satisfaction, came over him. It lasted until the postman brought him another summons. This time it was from the Central Authority.

When he returned from the capital there were no doubts in his mind. For several days running he reported bright, sunny weather. Occasionally his reports struck a dialectical tone. For instance: "Occasional showers of short duration have caused certain flooding, but nothing can break the fighting spirit of the sappers and rescue detachments."

More reports followed with descriptions of fine weather. Some of them were even written in verse. However, some two months later he wrote a report which must have puzzled the authority. It said: "Blasted cloudburst." Underneath, hastily written in pencil, was the following sentence: "But the baby boy who was born to the widow in the village is doing well, though nobody thought he would last long."

An investigation disclosed that he had written the report while under the influence of alcohol purchased with money obtained from the sale of his meteorological instruments.

Thereafter nothing disturbed the sunny weather in his district. He was killed by lightning while walking round the fields, with a miraculous bell from Lourdes in his hand, trying to dispel the clouds. Basically he was an honest man.



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COOL APPROACH

(continued from page 85)

tradition. Cold pressed boar's loaf served with a honey-flavored mustard was the pride of ancient Roman gastronomy. In the Middle Ages, the French *charcutiers*, specialists in pork, as well as the *rôtisseurs* or roast-meat specialists, were offering ready-to-eat meats in public cook houses. To this day the French and French-American shops, featuring *charcuterie*, display not only elaborate cold pork products but the whole confraternity of galantine, game pies and *pâtés* of the finest meats and poultry extant.

When you're deploying cold cuts on a platter, the cold meat's obviously the thing that counts, but take your lead from the Gallic cold-food specialist who knows that the main theme becomes the center of attraction only with the help of an accent or a garnish. If, as a complement to the meat, you place a mound of cold asparagus vinaigrette on the platter, a simple-enough task, you are moving in the right direction toward cold cuisine in the grand manner. Put your cold glazed ham on a prechilled silver platter, carve a dozen or so slices as a frame for the ham, garnish it with lettuce cups filled with chowchow, deviled eggs or quail eggs, watercress or tiny two-inch ears of corn in tarragon vinegar — all, of themselves, minor gestures — and your cold ham becomes a fine frigid fancy.

All wines compatible with hot foods are equally pleasant with their cold versions. For informal summertime eating, it would be hard to find better all-purpose wines than the Alsatian. The best of them on the shelves now is the 1959 Gewuerz-Traminer, a distinctive white wine with a pleasant, cool bouquet.

A platter of cheese is always a rich epilog for a cold dinner or supper followed with a dark roast coffee. In summer, a special word must be put in for the delicate cheeses of the camembert and brie types with their thin yellowish-orange crust. In their ideal state they're soft but not flowing. Although they're always stored in the refrigerator, they should be removed about an hour before serving to let their bouquet ripen at room temperature. Triple creme parfait, the richest and finest of all, is excellent with a dark mellow port or iced kirsch. Here again, cheese is typical of the foods which, with little effort, can easily be transformed into rich classical desserts, as in Italian ricotta-filled liqueur-soaked cakes.

In the gastronomic pecking order, many foods enjoy favor because they're fresh from field, river or sea. Cold beef-steak tomatoes, cold Kennebec salmon and cold northern lobsters must always be models of perfect freshness. Don't assume, however, that the whole art of cold cookery depends upon freshness per se. Smoked boneless pork loin, in its canned version, is often superior to the

run-of-the-mill fresh offering. A really fine canned *pâté* of liver often outranks a *pâté maison* that's been sojourning on the refrigerator shelves for a week or so. Air-cured hams like prosciutto or Smithfield are usually a year or two old before they've reached their prime. But once the slicing starts, they should be eaten within a week. Cooked seafoods like shrimp or lobster should be eaten the same day they're boiled, although an additional day in their own stock in a very cold refrigerator will not harm them. Even with all the summer fruits now in their full tide, it's doubtful if a peach melba made from fresh peaches and fresh raspberries equals the bliss of ice cream resting on big canned elberta peaches topped with imported melba sauce.

Last-minute dishes are often notorious for stretching those last minutes into hours. In the fare which follows there are sometimes several steps, separated by long intervals, for marinating or ripening flavors. But the total effort in each case is designed for the freewheeling host who wants enough time to eat, drink and be merry along with his guests.

CLAM JUICE COCKTAIL
(Serves four)

2 8-oz. bottles clam juice
 ¼ cup catchup
 ¼ cup heavy cream
 1 cup cracked ice
 Salt, celery salt, pepper
 2 teaspoons horseradish
 Juice of 1 lemon
 4 dashes Tabasco sauce
 ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 Pour clam juice, catchup and cream into blender. Add ice and several dashes each of salt, celery salt and pepper. Add horseradish, lemon juice, Tabasco and Worcestershire. Run blender at high speed for 10 seconds. Pour into prechilled old-fashioned glasses, each with a large ice cube.

BAGNA CAUDA
(Serves six to eight)

1 medium-size bunch celery
 1 large cucumber
 2 green peppers
 2 sweet red peppers
 ¼ lb. Belgian endive
 1 bunch thin scallions
 1 pkg. small bread sticks
 ¼ lb. sweet butter
 4 large garlic cloves, crushed
 2 tablespoons anchovy paste
 ½ pint heavy cream
 1-oz. can whole white truffles, finely minced
 Pepper
 Trim leaves from celery. Cut off root end and separate bunch into pieces. Run a vegetable peeler along outside of celery pieces to remove tough strings. Cut

celery into pieces approximately 4-in. long and ½-in. wide. Peel and cut cucumber into pieces the same size as celery. Cut peppers in half through stem ends. Discard seeds and stem ends of peppers. Cut peppers lengthwise into ½-in. pieces. Separate endive into pieces for dipping. Cut root end off scallions, allowing about 1 in. of green part to remain. Place vegetables on top of ice in a large salad bowl. Place bread sticks near chafing dish. In the chafing dish, over a low flame, melt butter. Add garlic. Sauté until garlic turns brown. Remove garlic and discard. Add anchovy paste. Mix well. Add cream and truffles. Add a generous dash of freshly ground pepper. Let liquid simmer about 5 minutes before guests dip vegetables and bread sticks into the *bagna cauda* (hot dip).

COLD CREME VICHYSOISE
(Serves six)

3½-oz. pkg. instant potato flakes
 1 quart milk
 2 cups ice, finely cracked
 1 cup light cream
 4 packets instant light broth
 1 teaspoon salt
 ¼ teaspoon white pepper
 ⅛ teaspoon MSG seasoning
 ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
 Chopped chives

In a large saucepan heat 1½ cups milk only until bubbles appear around edge of pan. Add potatoes. Remove at once from flame. Stir until well-blended. Add balance of milk slowly, cracked ice, cream, instant broth, salt, pepper, MSG and garlic powder. Pour half of ingredients into well of blender. Blending must usually be done in two steps since most blenders will not hold all of liquid. Blend for 20 seconds, or until ice dissolves. Add more milk or cream if lighter soup is desired. Pour in chilled cups. Sprinkle with chives.

CRAB MEAT AND AVOCADO COQUILLE
(Serves four)

1 lb. fresh or canned crab meat
 1 medium-size ripe avocado
 ½ cup mayonnaise
 ½ cup celery, finely minced
 2 tablespoons green pepper, finely minced
 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
 1 hard-boiled egg, minced
 2 teaspoons chives, finely minced
 2 tablespoons lime juice or lemon juice
 Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning
 2 large canned pimientos
 8 large ripe olives

Carefully remove any pieces of tendon or shell from crab meat. In a mixing bowl combine crab meat, mayonnaise, celery, green pepper, mustard, egg, chives and lime juice. Remove avocado from shell. Cut into large dice. Place a large fine-wire strainer over bowl. Force avocado through strainer into bowl. Mix with other ingredients in bowl. Season to taste

with salt, pepper and MSG. Pile crab meat into 4 coquille shells, smoothing mounds with a table knife. Cut pimientos crosswise into 1/4-in. rings. Place overlapping rings on top of crab meat. Garnish with ripe olives.

MARINATED SHRIMP, SOUR
CREAM DRESSING
(Serves four)

- 1 1/2 lbs. cooked shelled shrimps
- 1/4 cup olive oil
- 1/4 cup cider vinegar
- 1 medium-size onion, diced
- 1/2 cup celery, diced
- 2 tablespoons fresh thyme, minced,
or 1/2 teaspoon dried thyme
- 2 tablespoons fresh parsley, minced
- Salt, pepper
- 1 pint sour cream
- 1/2 cup chili sauce
- Dash Tabasco sauce
- 1 head Boston lettuce

In a deep bowl place shrimps, oil, vinegar, onion, celery, thyme and parsley. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Mix well. Cover bowl, and let mixture marinate at least 4 hours in refrigerator. In a separate bowl combine sour cream, chili sauce and Tabasco sauce. Spoon sour-cream mixture into glass dessert dish or large old-fashioned glass. Place in center of round or oval platter. Place lettuce leaves around platter. Remove shrimp from marinade and arrange on lettuce leaves. (If raw shrimps in shells are used, buy 3 lbs.)

SWEDISH POTATO AND KRAUT SALAD
(Serves four)

- 6 medium-size potatoes
 - 1 cup sauerkraut, well-drained
 - 3 tablespoons scallions, finely sliced
 - 1/3 cup salad oil
 - 3 tablespoons white-wine vinegar
 - 1 teaspoon sugar
 - 2 tablespoons aquavit
 - 1 tablespoon parsley, minced
 - Salt, pepper
- Boil potatoes in jackets until tender, about 1/2 hour. Drain. When cool enough

to handle, peel potatoes. Cut into dice about 1/2-in. thick. In a mixing bowl combine scallions, oil, vinegar, sugar, aquavit and parsley. Add potatoes and sauerkraut. Toss thoroughly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill thoroughly.

CURRIED MUSHROOM AND
ASPARAGUS SALAD
(Serves four)

- 2 6-oz. cans whole mushrooms, drained
- 10-oz. pkg. frozen asparagus cuts
- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons sour cream
- 1 teaspoon curry powder
- 1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon onion, grated
- Salt, pepper

Cook asparagus until tender. Drain. Chill well. In a mixing bowl combine mayonnaise, sour cream, curry, lemon juice, sugar and onion. Add mushrooms and asparagus, and salt and pepper to taste. Toss carefully until blended. Serve well-chilled.

FRESH ASPARAGUS VINAIGRETTE
(Serves six)

- 2 lbs. fresh asparagus, jumbo-size stalks
- 6 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
- 1 hard-boiled egg yolk
- 2 teaspoons parsley, minced
- 2 teaspoons chives, minced
- 1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
- 2 tablespoons roquefort cheese
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper

Wash asparagus well, holding tips under cold running water to remove any sand. Run a vegetable peeler over asparagus, starting about 1 in. from tip, to remove scales and stringy outer portion. Cut about 1 1/2 in. from ends of asparagus, removing tough woody parts. Tie asparagus into a bunch with butcher cord. Lower asparagus into boiling salted water and cook until just tender. Don't overcook. Remove from water and chill thoroughly. Combine all other ingredients in blender. Blend 15 seconds. Add

salt if desired; cheese is usually salty enough to season dressing. Pour dressing over chilled asparagus on platter or pass dressing in sauceboat.

NESSELRODE CHEST
(Serves six)

- 3/4 cup bottled Nesselrode sauce
- 8-oz. sponge loaf cake
- 6 oz. ricotta cheese
- 4 oz. triple sec
- 2 oz. light rum
- Confectioners' sugar

Drain Nesselrode sauce, reserving juice. Combine juice with triple sec and rum, mixing well. Cut off top layer of cake about 1/2-in. thick. Set aside. Hollow out center of cake, leaving chest with 1/2-in.-thick wall all around. Sprinkle half of juice on bottom of cake. Sprinkle balance of juice on inside of top slice. Mix ricotta with Nesselrode fruit. Pile into cake. Place top layer on cake, dry side up. Sprinkle generously with confectioners' sugar, using a flour sifter.

STRAWBERRIES IN LIQUEUR
(Serves four)

- 1 quart strawberries, hulled
- 1/3 cup strawberry jelly
- 1/2 cup heavy sweet cream
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 3 oz. strawberry liqueur

If clear strawberry jelly isn't obtainable, strawberry-and-apple jelly or red-currant jelly may be substituted. Beat jelly in bowl until soft. Mix strawberries with jelly, coating thoroughly. In a chilled bowl, beat cream until thick. Fold in sugar and vanilla extract. Spoon strawberries into prechilled glass dessert dishes. Spoon whipped cream on strawberries. Pour strawberry liqueur on top.

Summer, it need not be pointed out, is the season for self-indulgent indolence. The above recipes will give one a fare start toward idyllic warm-weather hosting. All right, everybody into the pool.



"Stereo."

holes; it should be firm, closely spaced and inconspicuous — an unmistakable sign of excellence in a ready-made suit.

Only if it passes muster with top grades should you allow yourself to be coaxed into a try-on. Once inside the dressing room, it should be a matter of habit to transfer to the new suit your belt and all articles normally carried in your pockets. If you don't, the altered coat and trouser measurements will be too small, resulting in unsightly bulges. With billfold, handkerchief, comb, keys and pocket change in place, you may find that the suit feels a bit too snug or too roomy, especially in the shoulders, chest, waist or seat. If so, it's possible that the particular label or model you've chosen is cut to somewhat different proportions for your size than that to which you're accustomed. Or it may be simply that you've gained or lost a few pounds since your last suit purchase. In either event, it would be advisable to try the next size larger or smaller rather than attempt to alter an ill-fitting suit.

These preliminaries past, the time has come for a few moments of reflection in the three-way mirror. It is a sad fact that many men, otherwise quite knowledgeable, become putty in the hands of the fitter. Without points of reference, the gentleman is lost as to what he should look for, be critical of, or be firm about. The illustrations accompanying this article will act as your guideposts.

Your stance during the fitting should be completely natural: forget about that rigid posture instinctively adopted by so many men, or the result will be a suit which looks well only when you're standing stiffly at attention (and how often is that?). Unless you resist also the self-conscious urge to pull in your stomach, the trousers will be uncomfortably and unattractively tight after alteration. Though the tailor might prefer you to remain conveniently stationary throughout the fitting, it is important to make sure the suit hangs smoothly and fits comfortably in all the positions of nor-

mal activity you would expect to assume while wearing it. Reassure yourself, therefore, that it will look and feel equally well while walking, bending and sitting with your legs crossed. Lift your arms: If excessive folds appear at the shoulder and along the sleeves, as well as the expected creases at the elbow, the arm holes are cut too low and must be raised. Observe also whether the sleeves remain at the proper length, with arms both bent and extended, to display the requisite one-half inch of shirt cuff, as shown on page 80. Allowing for variable shirt dimensions, you can replace the rule of shirt-sleeve length with the more accurate "rule of thumb": When standing with your hands held naturally at your sides, the jacket cuff should be precisely $4\frac{1}{2}$ " from your thumb.

In addition to the other illustrated check points, appraise such details as the hang of the jacket. If it appears to drape unevenly, with one side slightly lower than the other and possibly a bulging lapel when buttoned, it may be that one shoulder is slightly lower than the other. This can be remedied by padding the lower shoulder back into balance; the resultant wrinkling of the material over the pad should then be corrected by taking in the shoulder seam. For those with broad shoulders and small waists, it's strictly S.O.P. to find that most ready-made jackets large enough to accommodate their shoulders will be overfull in the body; the fitter should be advised to take in the back and/or side seams as much as necessary to create a more fitted outline showing a sliver of light between the sleeves and coat body. If you spot a taut horizontal crease on the back of the jacket just below the collar, it can mean that the collar or shoulder points stand too high (which the fitter can easily correct by taking in the appropriate seams), or simply that the jacket is cut too narrow across the shoulders (in which case the next larger size is recommended). Once again it should be pointed out that the tailor is merely a craftsman, not an al-

chemist, and there is a limit to the changes he can make. Most suit sizes are designated, in addition to their shoulder measurement, as short, regular or long, and in spite of the salesman's blandishments about alterations, a long-waisted jacket cannot be made to fit a short-waisted man without something being distorted elsewhere in the garment. Similarly, if you allow the tailor to adjust a gapping collar, you may find the skirt of the jacket shortened, and it will hang lower in front than in back. Where there is a vest, it should be cut — taking in or letting out the shoulder seams as required — just to cover the trouser top, covering the belt as well as the shirt in front.

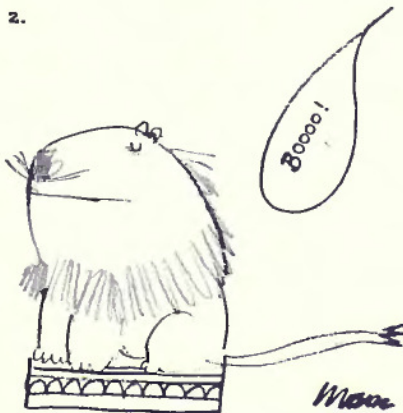
In fitting trousers, many men ensure a bad fit at the outset by unwittingly hiking their pants higher than they normally wear them in overcompensation for the trousers' often-overlarge waistline before alteration. This common error, which will disrupt all the measurements from waist to cuff, can be avoided by the simple expedient of wearing your belt and cinching it to the accustomed notch. The hips should be cut full enough to allow for easy access to and normal use of pockets without breaking the clean vertical trouser line with unsightly bulges or partially exposed pocket linings, but they shouldn't be so full that the pants hang loose and baggy. Suitable adjustment of the side seams is the answer. The simpler single operation of only taking in the back seam should not be permitted, as the side pockets may be pulled out of position, giving the hips a deceptively wide appearance. If the seat either sags or hugs, it should be altered accordingly along the back seam — with all your usual pocket articles in place — to produce a snug (but not tight) fit. As you walk before the mirror, note whether the trouser legs appear to move with you or around you; if surplus folds of fabric flap against your calf, the legs are cut too full for your proportions — particularly if your feet are small — and should be taken in along the side seams to create a tapered line from knee to cuff. If they're too snug, on the other hand, the seams should be let out enough to accommodate unusually muscular calves or thighs without outlining their contours.

As you stand, finally, with your weight on both feet, make sure that the trim tailoring of the trousers makes a clean break at the shoe tops. When you return to pick up your purchase, you'll be ready, after a final try-on to verify that every alteration has been made as specified, to step out in high sartorial style.

1.



2.



CAR ON THE MOUNTAIN

(continued from page 64)

less miserable admirable Indian sonofabitch. That car is yours!"

(Let it be noted that the person who has drunk mescal suffers no thickening of his speech. His head aches before he is even drunk, and he does not stop drinking the stuff until it is too late, but his speech remains lucid till the end.)

"That car is yours!" Mr. Wilcox repeated. "What there is left of it." He burst into tears. Sobbing, he folded his bag together and started across the square toward the bus. Three steps later, he fell over the curb on his face. Though the muscles of speech enjoy an immunity from the effects of mescal, those of locomotion do not. Mr. Wilcox needed help; Miguel provided it: he got him onto the bus. The proprietor of the Alvarez rushed out waving the *cuanta*; Mr. Wilcox threw some bills out the window, and the bus took off.

The Indians in the square and around the car watched his departure with astonishment; and well they might, since it was the last any of them ever saw of him.

Miguel felt as if he had been having hallucinations—as if he, and not Mr. Wilcox, was the one who was drunk. Yet there was the paper in his hand. He took it over to the Cadillac and laid it on the fender, the better to study it. Diosdado was around back, taking off his clothes, but all the loafers were still asking each other what had happened to the *gringo*. Miguel said in a loud voice: "This is my automobile."

They did not have to look at him closely to ascertain that he was drunk—it was self-evident. They continued their speculations about Mr. Wilcox. Miguel did not press the matter: he knew what an impossible thing he was saying. He left the square and the town, and an hour later he was among his rows of maguey and could see his son running about in the dirt yard of his hut.

His wife met him at the doorway, his Estrella: tall, skinny, fiercely proud of her man who could read and write and speak the foreign language. He took out the paper and sat down on the stone bench and told her everything.

"So we own the automobile," he said. "It is worth more than you can imagine. We could work all our lives and never have the wealth of that automobile."

"Why did he give it to you?" his wife asked. She did not believe for one moment that he really owned it.

"Because he was drunk and discouraged," Miguel said. "And because I was able to talk to him."

"What will we do with this treasure?"

Estrella asked, and Miguel's eyes lighted up.

"We will use it to lift ourselves to better things. After we get it to run again and I have learned how to drive it, I will earn much money with it and then in time I will sell it and with this money I will go to school and become an educated person. In this way we will break away from this life."

Estrella let her eyes move over the parched red earth with its harsh crop; over the barren yard with its fence of cactus and its few mangy chickens; and then back to her husband's face.

"Ah, Miguel," she said, "you know we will never leave this place."

The next morning Miguel went down the mountain to lay claim to his automobile. Diosdado had gone back to Acapulco when it became clear that the *gringo* had left for an unknown period of time. Pepe of the filling station was sitting on the ground, leaning against the pump. The car was where it had always been, with many parts scattered about. Miguel sat down beside him.

"Tell me, Pepe," he said. "If you owned that car, if the rich American gave it to you—what would you have to do to be able to use it?"

"Are you crazy?" Pepe asked.

"No, I mean just suppose—if he gave it to you."

Pepe turned and spat. "That Diosdado—he is not a mechanic, he is a butcher. It will take six months to put the engine back together."

"But the papers, the documents."

"Well, I do not have a license to drive, so I would go to Taxco, to the *oficina de tránsito*, to get the license and also the paper that says I own the car."

"What does that cost?" Miguel asked.

Pepe shrugged. Miguel took the title from inside his shirt. "He gave me the car. Here is the paper."

Pepe took the paper and pretended he could read it. As he did so, his expression changed from apathy to anger. "If this is the truth," he said, "then I tell you to get your accursed automobile out of my place of business." He got to his feet and began to make gestures; he spoke through clenched teeth. "You damned maguey farmer—you and your patch of rocks! What right have you to get this automobile? I was the one who helped him. I took all the trouble to get the mechanic. I gave him the use of my yard." He spat again, turned, and went into his filling station.

Miguel took the next bus to Taxco. Though the fare was only six pesos, it was an expense to reckon with. In Taxco he sat down on a bench in the square and put on his shoes. Then he inquired as to the location of the *oficina de tránsito*. It was an imposing building near the

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cathedral. Miguel took off his hat as he entered.

He was directed to a waiting room. In the immemorial way of persons in authority, and because he was a nothing, they let him wait for an hour, hat in hand. Eventually he was shown into a room with a fat man behind a desk, who asked him his business. Miguel produced his assignment of title and asked to have the necessary papers issued in his name. The fat man looked at the document, and then at him, with amazement.

"Absolutely impossible," he said.

"But no, *señor*, it is true."

"A forgery. Clearly a forgery."

Miguel said no, it was true and authentic. There was more argument back and forth. Obviously the official could not believe it possible for such a miserable peasant to own so fabulous a possession; there was no place for such a thing in his reality. At last, nonetheless, he gave Miguel some forms to fill out in triplicate.

It was late in the afternoon before the task was done. Just before closing time he took them to the official. The official made some notations, asked some further questions. He was still angry about the whole thing. "Forty pesos," he said.

Miguel faltered. "*Señor*," he said, "I do not have 40 pesos."

"Aha!" the fat man cried, slamming the flat of his hand down on the forms. "I said it was impossible and now we see. It is impossible." He sat back in his chair, bracing himself with both pudgy hands against the edge of the desk, and swept the room with a gaze of triumph, though, as it happened, the room was otherwise empty. "This rich man, this fellow who owns an automobile worth 10,000 pesos—this big man without even 40 pesos in his pocket." Contemptuously he dropped the papers into the wastebasket.

Miguel left the building and spent the night on a bench in the square. In the morning he took the bus back to his village. They had thrown the parts of the motor into the back seat and had pushed the Cadillac out of the filling station and into the street. Miguel climbed into the front seat and sat behind the wheel, placing his hands on it and staring through the windshield. The dials, handles, pedals and buttons were all a mystery to him; yet he saw himself as the master of this vehicle, driving it skillfully over the mountains and through the steep streets of Taxco and Acapulco and—who could tell?—Mexico, D.F., itself. Full of hope and strong resolve he set off up the mountain to his home, and on the way he made up his mind to sell the burro for the funds he would need.

He explained this to Estrella that eve-

ning while she was grinding the corn for the *tortillas*. She kneeled at the stone *metate* and as he spoke she said from time to time, "Yes," or, "Ah, the burro," or, "I see." Once, when he paused, she asked, "What do you think we can get for the burro?"

"Oh," he said, "200 pesos at least." Pause. "Well, maybe only 150. Anyway, plenty."

"Surely," she said. "And we can carry the maguery down to the mill on our backs—it will not be difficult." Pause. "There is also the license to operate the automobile, no? But that is probably free."

"Well, no, but it is not expensive, I think."

"That is good," she said. "And your friend Pepe will not ask any pay for teaching you how to drive."

Miguel thought of Pepe's animosity and of the fact that he did not know how to drive anyway, and said nothing. She worked a few moments in silence. "One good thing," she said. "The damage to the motor—Diosdado did that, so he will have to put it back together. At least that will not cost anything."

"Ha!" said Miguel. He got up and walked to the cactus fence and stared out a long while across the hills. After a while he came back and stood by the door. "I think it is not so important to sell the burro right away," he said indifferently. "That can wait until we get a few things straightened out."

"If you think it is wise," she said.

. . .

The next day, in the village, he discovered that his automobile had made enemies of his friends. Not only Pepe but all the Indians in the square looked at him with silent hostility as he made his way to the car. He had come down the mountain in the hope of borrowing the 40 pesos, a peso here and a peso there; now he realized there was no point even in trying.

He discovered something else: César asleep in the front seat. César was the brother-in-law of the mayor and therefore the local *policia*. He was greedy, powerful, and a bully—nobody to fool with. His presence in the car meant that trouble lay ahead. Miguel found out what it was when César, with much heaving and belching, awoke.

"Aha!" he said. "You. You keep me waiting all morning." He got heavily and ominously out of the car. "You even keep me up all night."

"How is that so?" said Miguel.

César kicked the front wheel. "How long you think that tire stay on the car when you leave it here in the public street all night?"

"But I cannot move it," Miguel said.

"There is something wrong with the engine."

"Yes," César said. "But I have the responsibility to prevent crime. *All night* I spent in this car, to keep the tires from being stolen."

Miguel knew that this was a lie. If César had spent any time near the car at all, it was in the hope that he might steal the tires undetected. However, one does not express such a thought to the policeman whose sister is married to the mayor. Miguel said nothing.

"And also the responsibility," César said portentously, "to *punish* crime. I therefore place you under arrest."

"Me?" Miguel said. "What have I done?"

"Illegal parking and obstructing traffic in the town square."

"But there is no regulation here about parking," Miguel said, "and there is no obstruction. See?"

For the bus had just arrived from Acapulco and had driven easily past the Cadillac. Both men watched Diosdado, in the company of a city-dressed Mexican with a brief case, get out of the bus and enter Pepe's gas station.

"Why is he here with that city pig?" César asked.

"I will soon find out," Miguel answered.

César's tone changed, became more conciliatory and at the same time more urgent. "Well, we do not like to be too severe. No. You have broken the law and you should go to jail, but that would be foolish. After all, who would gain if you were put in jail?"—and here his voice took on rich organ tones—"However, a penalty of some sort must be paid."

"There is no jail in this town," Miguel said. He was frightened, but he had the sort of mind that made him say that sort of thing.

César stepped closer. "Fool!" he hissed. "Get smart! We could make things very tough for you. Do you want me to confiscate the car, or do you want to listen to a sensible proposition?"

Miguel said nothing.

"The mayor and I have talked this over. We agreed that it would be generous not to put you in jail or levy a large fine that you could not pay and we would have to take the car. Instead, when you get the car to run and are using it to make money, you will pay us 20 pesos a week for all our trouble with you."

"That is indeed generous," Miguel said. "That is 1000 pesos a year that you want from me."

"Better than losing the car," César said harshly. "Think it over. Think it over very carefully, my friend." And he slouched off across the square to spend the rest of the day playing cards with his brother-in-law.

Diosdado and the city Mexican must have been watching from the gas station, for now they came out to where he was standing, and Diosdado said without preamble, "This is *Señor* Lopez from Acapulco. He is a lawyer. We wish to speak with you about the automobile."

"Yes," said Miguel. "Everyone is now speaking to me about my automobile."

"It concerns the bill for my work on the vehicle," Diosdado said. He handed over a paper, which Miguel looked at.

"Three hundred pesos. This is a bill you might give to a rich American who does not know what things are worth. Not to a Mexican workingman."

"The long trip from Acapulco," Diosdado said, his voice rising. "One whole day of work, and my clothes ruined from the oil."

"You are ridiculous," Miguel said. "You did not fix the car, you tore it to pieces. Moreover, the car was not mine when you did the damage: it belonged to *Señor* Wilcox. Send your bill to him. And I will give you my bill for 300 pesos' damage to my car."

Now the lawyer spoke. "Let me explain to you a point of law. When a mechanic does work on a car, the owner must pay. If it is a new owner, nevertheless he must pay."

"I assure you, *señor*," Miguel said, "that I will not pay."

"If the owner does not pay," the lawyer went on, "he can be prevented from using the car until the bill is settled. This is done with a mechanic's lien." He opened his brief case and took from it a document and a tube of glue. "The law allows me to attach this lien to your vehicle. If you remove the paper, or make any use of the vehicle, you will most assuredly go to jail."

"I have heard a lot about jail this morning," Miguel said.

With a few swift motions the lawyer glued the paper to the windshield. "Now I am sure you will wish to settle this claim," he said.

The whole affair had taken on a fantastic and nightmarish quality; there was nothing real about it anymore. Miguel laughed. "And I am sure, *señor*," he said, "that I do not have this money and that you have a sensible and generous proposition to make."

"As a matter of fact, yes," the lawyer said. "*Señor* Diosdado is willing, if you are not able to pay, to cancel the debt and give you in addition the large sum of 1000 pesos for this automobile, which you already have said is in a damaged condition." So saying, he took a sheaf of bills from the brief case and displayed them.

Miguel laughed harder. "For a moment I thought I was in trouble, but now I see that it will all work out for

the best." He stopped laughing abruptly. "All I have to do is sell you my car for a tiny fraction of what it is worth and all will be well." He spat in the dust. "That is in the milk of your mother," he said.

The lawyer flushed. "I was told you were an intelligent man," he said, "but I find that you are the worst sort of fool."

"All those who are trying to cheat me say I am a fool," Miguel said, "and perhaps I am. But I am not such a fool as to let you do me out of my car."

The insult was almost more than they could bear; but the two city men, after assessing Miguel's powerful body, bore it.

"Let's go," the lawyer said. "We will get nowhere with this idiot."

"You mean we can't make him sell us the car?" Diosdado cried in anguish.

"Come on, let's go," the lawyer said, and went back into the gas station.

Miguel made a second trip to Taxco, where there was a dealer in automobiles. This time he did not bring along his shoes, and therefore was told to leave when he entered the showroom. At last, however, he succeeded in getting the

attention of the manager.

"I know it is difficult to believe, *señor*," he said, "but I am the owner of a Cadillac of 1948, and I wish to sell it."

The manager looked at him with the same amazement as the fat man in the *oficina de tránsito*. "How did you get this car?" he asked.

Miguel said, "This is even more difficult to believe, but an American gave it to me." He took out the certificate of title and showed it. As the manager read it, Miguel saw the cupidity spread over his face.

"There is something very much wrong with that car," the manager said, "if the *gringo* gave it to you."

"It had a little engine trouble, and the mechanic in our village could not fix it." "And where is that?"

Miguel told him.

"*Nombre de Dios*, it would take all day to get there and back. A little trouble, you say? What trouble? Burned-out bearings, perhaps, or a thrown rod?"

"I do not know, *señor*," Miguel replied. "I do not know very much about motors."

"It is surely something very serious.



"I've been trying to tell you all week—I'm not Anthony, I'm his messenger . . . !"

What else is wrong about the vehicle?"

"Well," Miguel said, "there is only the matter of a small mechanic's lien — 300 pesos."

The manager threw his hands in the air and his voice was laden with scorn. "Tell me — what do you think this splendid car is worth?"

"In the newspaper I saw an advertisement for a Cadillac of 1948," Miguel said. "The price was 10,000 pesos."

The manager's voice began to harden for the kill. "That, my friend, was for a car in Mexico City, in excellent condition, newly polished and ready to drive away. I asked what you thought *your* car was worth."

Miguel said, "I know that my car is not the equal of the car in the advertisement. I would make great allowances. Still, I would like to get perhaps 5000 pesos for my car."

The pity in the manager's expression was eloquent, but his voice was pitiless. "My friend, do you realize what you are asking me to do? You are asking me to spend all day going to look at a car that is probably worthless. If it should prove to have some value, I must come back with a truck and tow this car over the mountains — two more days."

"Excuse me," Miguel said, "but you could go out in the truck on the first trip."

"It costs more to take the truck," the manager said crossly. "In any event, I must then repair the car, and believe me, this will cost thousands — *thousands*. In conclusion I must pay the lien on the car, with all the expense of a lawyer. And still I must sell the car before I see a centavo of my money. Why, this deal could ruin me completely. And for this you want me to pay you 5000 pesos?"

"I am deeply moved, *señor*," Miguel said coldly. "Perhaps you will tell me how much you might be prepared to pay."

The manager shrugged and seemed entirely indifferent. He turned to his desk and began searching through some papers. "It really is not of much interest. If the car is no worse than I think it is, 1000 pesos would be the very most I could consider."

Miguel turned without a word and went out. Surprisingly, the manager hurried after him. "Of course," he said, "it is possible that the damage is not so severe. In that case the value might be as much as 1500."

Miguel faced him. "*Señor*," he said, with dignity and hatred, "I will not deny that 1000 pesos is a lot of money to me. It is more money than I have ever owned at one time in my life. Nevertheless, I will burn up the car before I sell it to you."

Again he spent the night in the

square. During the many hours of that night he tried to imagine what other attempts he might make to sell the car fairly, at something like its true value, in its damaged condition, so far out in the country, and with the lien on it; and he realized that anyone he approached — *anyone* — even if he went all the way to Mexico, D.F., would insist on cheating him.

When he got back to his town the next afternoon, he went one by one to the men, still lying about in indolent postures, who had looked at him with such hostility two days before. He wanted to explain something to them, and to enlist their assistance.

That night, around 11, while the town slept, a dozen of them gathered quietly around the car. Each had his burro with him, and a length of rope. Miguel was there too, with six bottles of tequila. Quietly they made the ropes fast to the front bumper and to the animals; quietly they urged the burros into motion, and with them the car. It was not until they were out of town and well along the road up the mountain that anyone spoke.

"César," one of them said. "He is staying up all night in the automobile, so that no one should steal the tires."

And at last, with howls of glee, they could give vent to their joy at the deed they were doing. It was a game now in which they all shared: outwitting the corrupt Authority and the City Thief; stealing the prize from under their noses, nullifying it, turning it into a taunt, with a superb disregard of the cost. The first bottles of tequila began to make the rounds.

"The thing is," another said, "Miguel is not allowed to use this automobile until he pays the 300 pesos. Therefore, he is placing it in safekeeping, to protect Diosdado."

More laughter. Pushing, jostling, shouting encouragement to the animals, and resorting frequently to the bottles, they made their happy way up the mountain. The first part of the trip, along the main dirt road, was easy. Later they turned off it to the left and took the narrow cart tracks that led more steeply up the side of the hill toward Miguel's distant home. It was the first time a motor vehicle had ever traveled here, and the men were obliged to help the burros by pushing it over the larger boulders and lifting it out of the pot-holes. After about half-a-mile of this, one of the men, looking down the hillside, which was almost too steep for a toboggan run, said:

"If Miguel does not pay the 300 pesos, the lawyer is at liberty to come and take the car away."

This called for another round of tequila, amid renewed shouts of laughter and a showering of epithets on all who had power, and on all who wore city clothes, and on the steepness of all mountains, particularly this one. They thereupon set themselves to defeat it, and the car lurched upward toward the most difficult part of the task, where the cart tracks went off in the wrong direction and only a donkey trail marked the last few hundred yards. Here it was necessary actually to carry the machine most of the way. Finally it stood before its destination.

"On the rise behind the house," Miguel commanded. "Facing the sunset."

They tore a hole in the cactus fence, and the car was hauled through. Estrella and the little boy came out to watch. The men, all magnificently drunk by now, heaved, shouted, sang and grunted. The eastern sky had begun to light up before they were done, pleased with their work and very tired from it. They unhitched their animals and stood in a circle around the car, stroking it with affection, still delighted with the fabulous and improbable feat they had pulled off.

"Miguel, *hombre*," one of them said, "I never thought I would know a man who, with a treasure of 10,000 pesos, would drag it up to the top of his mountain."

"Where no one will take it from me," Miguel said.

"You might use it as a henhouse," another said, "but then you would have to pay César 20 pesos a week."

"And Diosdado would put you in jail."

There was a last round of laughter. Each of the men, passing before Miguel, reached out and shook his hand; he was, and would remain, a giant in their eyes. Then they faded into the dusk of the hillside.

• • •

Miguel did not use it as a henhouse. He did not use it at all, in the practical sense of the word. He admired the way it dominated the landscape, facing silent and useless the huge valley below. Sometimes Indians from faraway would climb the hill to see the marvelous car on the mountain; often, when they did so, they would find Miguel sitting in the front seat with his hands on the wheel, enjoying a moment of calm as the sun went down after his day's work. At times, Estrella would join him there, and on these occasions they sometimes occupied the back seat. His next two children, Maruja and Francisquito, were begotten, with joy and pride, in the back seat of the Cadillac of 1948 of *Señor* Wilcox, in the glory of the setting sun.



intended to review *The Playboy Club's* license status, with a view to revoking it. Hefner got off an immediate letter of protest to Governor Rockefeller concerning this seeming attempt at reprisal by the SLA and he made his first public statement to the press on the matter, after the long months of silence necessary during the investigation.

Under a headline, "ROCKEFELLER BACKS PLAYBOY CLUB," the *New York Times* stated that the Governor had announced he would not permit any attempt to revoke *The Playboy Club's* liquor license. *Variety* stated, at week's end, "Playboy (mag and clubs) entrepreneur Hugh M. Hefner may yet emerge a hero as result of the spotlight on corruption within New York's State Liquor Authority. He said it well that, what should have been the legal right of any applicant for a SLA license, became an intrigue because of the chicanery within the agency.

"Those in the know in metropolitan New York circles, and presumably the evil extended throughout the state, had complete awareness of the absolute life-and-death powers of this agency over anything and anybody having to do with liquor licensing."

During all these New York high jinks, the Mayor of St. Louis gave the Playboy Club prexy a key to the city (in exchange for a Playboy Club key, just as the Mayor of New Orleans had done before him) and the St. Louis *Variety Club* voted Hefner "Showman of the Year." Playboy prepared to open Club number six in Phoenix and the Arizona State Liquor Commission voted approval of a license. Then the head of the commission, invested with the power to make the final decision in such matters, unexpectedly and unexplainably rejected the license request. Playboy went to court the very next day, and the judge found that the Club would be "in the public interest" and granted the license.

Back in New York, Playboy filed two separate suits to require the SLA to withdraw its objection to the Manhattan Playboy Club operating as a private key club, and to require the cabaret commissioner to grant the Club a cabaret license. New York justice moves more slowly than Arizona's, and these cases are still pending; in the meantime, the lack of a cabaret license has deprived New Yorkers of live entertainment in their Playboy Club for more than half a year, deprived several dozen performers of the opportunity to work in the Club's magnificent showrooms, and cost Playboy more than \$800,000 in additional revenue. Despite these problems, and the obvious expectation of the cabaret commission that the lack of an entertainment license would mean certain disaster for the enterprise and the loss of Playboy's

\$4,000,000 investment (a nice little penalty for a difference of opinion over the Club's concept and the Bunny's costuming), New Yorkers have made the Manhattan Playboy Club the most successful night spot in America.

The real culprit in all of this is the political system that puts such staggering power into the hands of a single city or state official; at its best, such power is too often administered capriciously; at its worst, it leads to the kind of corruption that has plagued the New York SLA.

Did Playboy Club executives do the right and proper thing in each of these situations? Considering the alternatives that presented themselves at the time, and the final outcome of each situation, we think so. And of this much we are certain: no member of *The Playboy Club* executive staff has violated either the letter or the spirit of the code Hefner established for the Club operation when it began. Mistakes have undoubtedly been made in both the establishment and operation of the six present Playboy Clubs, and because our executives are

human, there will undoubtedly be mistakes made in the future; but every attempt is made to correct them as they occur and to learn from them, too. Taken as a whole, the Playboy Clubs are as remarkable a success in the night-club field as the magazine is in publishing, and we're equally proud of each of them. Each has established a record of honesty and integrity that any big business would have every reason to be pleased with.

As for "The Playboy Philosophy," it is quite obviously a highly subjective view of the society in which we live, and of PLAYBOY's part in it, but it honestly represents Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's own attitudes, ideas and ideals, which have affected every aspect of the PLAYBOY operation.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either the "Philosophy" or the "Forum" to: *The Playboy Forum*, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.



"Fashion never stands still."

soon as the incumbent directors learned what I was trying to do, they would spare little effort to stop me.

Impossible? Yes—at first glance. On the other hand, I felt my program for building an integrated, self-contained network of companies would benefit all concerned—stockholders, employees and the general public. I believed I could prove this to other stockholders, gain their confidence and thus their voting proxies.

My campaign to obtain control of the Tide Water Associated—now Tidewater—Oil Company lasted nearly 20 years. In the end, I had accomplished what I'd set out to do—and owned enough shares to hold numerical control of the company. Obviously, my original plan *was* possible, despite all surface indications to the contrary. I might add that the company—and its thousands of stockholders—have benefited from Tidewater's inclusion in an integrated operation. The company's assets have increased some seven times—to more than \$890,000,000 in value.

I encountered—or perhaps I should say I stumbled into—another potentially possible “impossible” situation in 1940. My cousin, the late Hal Seymour, and I were vacationing in Mexico and stopped off in Acapulco. The climate, surroundings and sea being fine—and swimming being one of my favorite sports—we decided to stay awhile.

One day—and purely by accident—I met another tourist who exuberantly declared he'd discovered “the world's most beautiful beach” and asked me if I'd care to see it. I agreed that I would, almost backing out at the last minute when I learned we'd have to take a truck through some 15 miles of tropical forest to reach the spot. But I went anyway, clinging grimly to the side of an ancient truck that jounced and bumped along a crude dirt trail which looked as though it had been unused since the day it had been blazed by some wandering brontosaurus.

My first glimpse of Revolcadero Beach was ample compensation for the discomfort of the journey and balm for my bruises. My tourist friend hadn't exaggerated. It *was* the world's most beautiful beach. After a few more visits, I made up my mind to buy several hundred acres of the property and build a luxury resort hotel on the site.

Now, most people I know generally disagree about most things, but when I announced my intentions to buy and build at Revolcadero Beach, their reactions were uniquely unanimous.

“Impossible!”

The reasons they gave for considering my proposal impossible were legion—

and, I must admit, ostensibly reasonable. The land I wanted to buy was completely undeveloped: it would cost a fortune merely to clear it. There were no roads and no utilities; these would have to be built and provided at staggering cost. Revolcadero Beach was unknown and off the beaten path; people would not pay luxury-hotel rates in a resort that wasn't situated in a “fashionable” location. The type of resort I envisioned would need boat landings and a yacht basin; another fortune would be needed to build and dredge them. Europe was already at war—it was foolhardy to invest large sums in any foreign country . . .

So the objections ran—on and on. They varied in nature, but they all added up to a one-word total: “Impossible!”

I thought—I *knew*—the project was entirely possible. Development of the land alone would increase its value. The natural beauty of Revolcadero Beach and the construction of the type of hotel I envisioned there would be enough to make the resort “fashionable.” Lower labor and material costs in Mexico would at least partially offset the added expense of building from scratch on virgin land.

These and other considerations convinced me—and I bought the land. Pearl Harbor was attacked shortly afterward, and the United States entered World War II. My plans for Revolcadero Beach were shelved for the duration.

It wasn't until 1956 that the Hotel Pierre Marques finally opened at Revolcadero Beach. When it did, the luxurious resort hotel proved to be all I'd anticipated, and its instant success exceeded all hopes—another “impossible” project that was 100-percent possible from the beginning. There have been many others—large and small—before and after.

Back in the 1920s, a drilling bit that twisted off in a hole generally was a serious, expensive headache. Days, even weeks, were spent fruitlessly “fishing” for the bit. Meanwhile, the hole could not be drilled deeper, costs continued to mount up and frequently the oil for which one was drilling would be drained off by nearby wells.

“Fishing” was accepted as the only possible remedy for a twist-off; there seemed to be no feasible alternative. Then, in 1927, a company in which I held an interest had a twist-off on a Santa Fe Springs, California, drilling site. Several weeks were wasted while the crew “fished” for the bit. Thinking any possible new approach better than none, I went to a stoneyard hard by the near-

est cemetery, where I bought a six-foot-long marble shaft and had one end cut to taper. Returning with it to the drilling site, I told the drillers to throw it down the hole—which they did.

The simple expedient worked. The heavy granite shaft slammed the bit out of the way. Granite whipstocks have been used successfully in similar situations on innumerable occasions since then. In the oil industry, they're called “Paul Getty Specials.”

In the 1940s, it was considered impossible to drill horizontally in the oil fields. I was far from convinced that it couldn't be done by a newly developed technique utilizing flexible curved tubing and a mud pump. Shortly after World War II ended, I had experiments carried out on one of my properties.

The technique was improved and refined in the course of these experiments and soon proved entirely practical and efficient. As a result, horizontal drilling is now fairly commonplace. Many once-difficult and costly drilling problems now can be solved quickly and economically.

Even six years ago, many experts and observers in the oil industry maintained it was impossible to build an automated oil refinery. The one Tidewater built in Delaware has astounded even its designers by its trouble-free efficiency ever since it went into operation in 1957.

In very recent years, various “authorities” have held that the oil-tanker market is glutted, making it impossible to operate a tanker fleet profitably. Getty interests maintain a large tanker fleet, find it quite possible to operate it at a tidy profit—and have more super-tankers on order and a-building.

Not long ago . . . but there is hardly any need to continue. My experiences along these lines are hardly unique. Every successful businessman has had many similar ones.

All top businessmen I know have made their biggest strides up the success ladder because they were able to see the possible in what others rejected or ignored as the impossible. And, I add hastily and emphatically, they managed to avoid taking large steps backward because they *generally* were able to recognize the impossible and give it a wide berth.

I emphasize the word “generally” because everyone makes some mistakes. No one's record is perfect.

I've spent more than one large sum drilling thousands of feet into the ground in the belief it was possible I would strike oil—only to bring in a bone-dry hole.

I've sold more than one lease because I thought it *impossible* to find oil on the property—and then learned to my sorrow that the next leaseholder thought otherwise, drilled a well and brought in

a producer.

I've made many other mistakes and miscalculations — more of them than I'd care to remember on days when I'm wearing a tight collar. There aren't any 1,000 batters. If there were, baseball wouldn't be much of a game — and if businessmen always made the right decisions, business wouldn't be business.

The point I'm driving at is that the successful businessman is the one who makes the right choice between the possible and the impossible more often than not. The seasoned businessman does not arrive at such decisions by haphazard guesswork. Nor does he decide one way or another because he has a hunch or a clairvoyant premonition. A great deal of careful thought and consideration goes into resolving the problem of the possible versus the impossible whenever it arises.

No, there aren't any inflexible rules or money-back-guaranteed formulae for determining whether something is feasible or not. If there were, the question would never come up. However, there is an ordered, logical method by which any given business situation can be studied and weighed — and by the use of which the risk of error is greatly reduced.

Confronted by the perverse imp of the impossible, the veteran businessman organizes his thinking and examines all aspects of the situation with meticulous objectivity. He does this by asking himself a series of questions, the most important of which follow:

1. What — precisely and in detail — is the situation, proposition or issue under consideration?
2. What is at stake — what are the costs, what are the minimum and maximum the company stands to gain and lose?
3. Are there any precedents, and if so, can they be considered valid and applicable in this instance?
4. What do other parties — buyers or sellers, brokers, competitors, customers, etc. — stand to gain or lose either way?
5. What are the *known* obstacles and difficulties the company faces if it goes ahead — and precisely how can they be overcome?
6. What other difficulties are likely to arise — and if they do, what resources are available and what steps may be taken to cope with them?
7. Are *all* the facts known — could there be any additional, hidden pitfalls?
8. How long will it take to accomplish the objectives or goals in question if it is decided to proceed?
9. Would the company stand to gain more by devoting equal time and effort to something else?
10. Are the personnel who would be

responsible for handling the matter fully qualified and dependable?

Once he has the answers to these questions, the businessman weighs them in the balance to determine whether the undertaking is possible or impossible. If the scales tip heavily in one direction or another, his choice is not hard to make. If, on the other hand, the plus and minus factors tend to balance, then he must use his judgment, sense of proportion — and even his business intuition — to arrive at a decision.

The veteran businessman mentally goes through this check list of questions automatically whenever there are any doubts about the practicality of a business situation.

The young executive or beginner in business would do well under such circumstances to sit down with pencil and paper and actually list the questions and his debit-and-credit answers to them. The tyro is likely to obtain a clear — and sometimes entirely new and different — view of the problem confronting him if he sees the pro-and-con arguments and the various pertinent factors spelled out in black and white. He'll thus have before him a detailed inventory of the advantages and disadvantages, the potential rewards and potential dangers of all the elements forming the complete design.

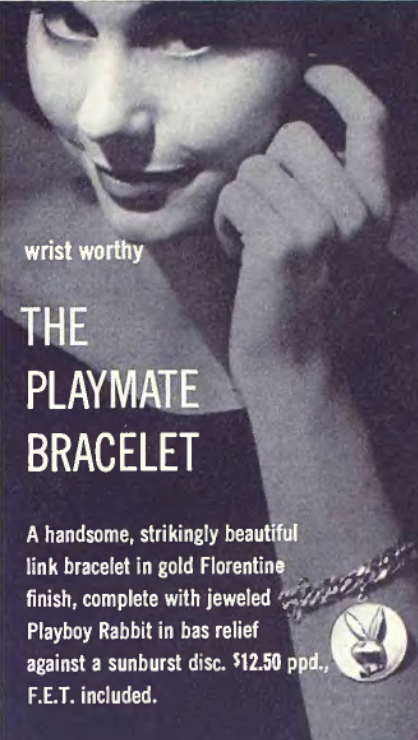
Examining the over-all picture, the novice is very liable to see angles and aspects, flaws and strengths, expedients and alternatives, and potentials and pitfalls, which had previously eluded him or which he hadn't given much thought to before.

Once it's all in front of him, he is like a chess player who studies his own pieces and those of his opponent on the board, then goes on to plan his tactics and strategy and anticipates the opponent's countermoves.

The chess analogy may well be carried further. Like the chess player, the executive or businessman can foresee which moves will "take pieces" from his opponent and which will cause him to "lose pieces" of his own. He'll be able to make a reasonable guess as to whether a certain gambit or attack will confer an advantage on him or his opponent. But, be this as it may, eventually he must make his decision. Is the situation possible — or impossible? Should he play, forfeit, or resign the game?

In business, as in chess, the final choice always and inevitably depends on the most important of all factors in any situation — the judgment of the individual concerned.

Possible — or impossible? When you are in business, it's up to *you* to decide.



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ception, confirms that the reason Onan was put to death was that he had violated the law of the levirate, by which a man must provide his deceased brother's wife with offspring, so that the family's possessions could be handed down to direct descendants. The Catholic writer Canon E. de Smet, in his book *Betrothment and Marriage*, also comments upon this: "From the text and context, however, it would seem that the blame of the sacred writer applies directly to the wrongful frustration of the law of the levirate, intended by Onan, rather than the spilling of the seed."

"It was as part of its comprehensive attempt to make the sexual act as difficult as possible," observes Taylor, "that the Church devised laws against the practice of abortion." The Romans, Jews and Greeks had not opposed abortion, but Tertullian, following an inaccurate translation of *Exodus* 21: 22, which refers to punishing a man who injures a pregnant woman, popularized the notion that the Bible held abortion to be a crime. Rabbi Glasner states, "The Bible itself does not mention it at all. . . . One might argue that therapeutic abortion, at least, would not be considered objectionable, since the embryo was considered a part of the mother (like a limb), and not a separate entity." Taylor states that though the error in translation has long since been recognized, the Church still maintains its position opposing all abortion, and this opposition has become incorporated into secular law. Which nicely demonstrates that moral laws may not as often be derived from Biblical authority, as Biblical authority is sought to justify the particular prejudices and predilections of the time.

The Church's interpretation of the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden provides an even more striking example of construing Scripture in ways not inherent in the text. To support its general position on sex, the story was changed to suggest that the "forbidden fruit" Adam tasted in the Garden was sex, with Eve cast in the role of the temptress. Thus the Original Sin that Adam handed down to all of us was sexual in nature. But the Bible makes no such statement; the *Book of Genesis* indicates that Adam ate from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and it is for acquiring this knowledge, which made him godlike, that he was expelled from Eden. No reference is made to sex in connection with Adam's fall from Divine favor. (It should be noted that in the story of the Garden of Eden, the female is once again viewed in an unfavorable light—not only is she created from one of Adam's ribs, placing her in a position of being his possession,

but Eve is also the one who tempts Adam into breaking God's commandment, thus causing his downfall. In a variation of the story, menstruation was explained as a "curse" imposed upon women for Eve's treachery in seducing Adam.)

SEXUAL CONTAMINATION IN WOMEN

The sexual obsessions of the Church were especially hard on women. Pre-Christian societies had treated women as property; the medieval Church perpetuated this belief and considered them the source of all sexual evil as well. One philosopher of the period stated, "A Good Woman is but like one Ele put in a bagge amongst 500 Snakes, and if a man should have the luck to grope out that one Ele from all the Snakes, yet he hath at best but a wet Ele by the Taile."

Taylor points out that the Church's concern over sex was derived from earlier pagan superstitions. It preserved the primitive belief in the power of sex to contaminate. It was for this reason that married couples were required to abstain from intercourse for three nights after marriage—the so-called Tobias nights—and once having performed the sexual act, they were not allowed to enter a church for 30 days, and then only on condition of doing 40 days of penance and bringing an offering. Theodore further extended the belief in sexual contamination when he ruled that it was a sin for a menstruating woman to enter a church and imposed a penance for any infraction of this dictum.

We remarked earlier on the incest fears that pervaded early Christianity and these further emphasize the superstitious nature of the Church's attitude toward sex. Many cultures, though by no means all, have regarded it as incestuous to marry a parent or sibling. But in the 11th Century, the Church became increasingly obsessed with incest fears and extended the ban to first, then to second, and finally to third cousins. But this was not all. So strongly was the notion of sympathetic contagion embedded in the collective psyche, so intense were the anxieties concerning incest, that godfathers and godmothers were included in the ban; next, even the relatives of the priests who had baptized or confirmed an individual were included; finally, even the two adults who had been sponsors to the same child in baptism or confirmation were restrained from ever marrying one another. In some small villages, it is not too far-fetched to imagine that these regulations sometimes eliminated every available candidate and condemned individuals to

a lifetime of celibacy in the same way, as Taylor points out, as the complicated exogamic regulations of the Australian blackfellow.

As a further restriction on marriage, Christians were forbidden to marry Jews, or the followers of any other religion. In fact, copulation with a Jew was regarded as a form of bestiality and carried the same penalties. And in this there is a certain irony, since it was from the Jews that the Christians derived their laws against bestiality.

It might be assumed that such a lengthy list of prohibitions would have exhausted the ways which zealots found to complicate and hinder the performance of the sexual act, but there is yet one more: the Church proclaimed that no one could marry for a second time, even if the first partner had died—a doctrine which was allegedly supported by the Pauline text stating that a man who puts away his wife and marries another commits adultery; even though St. Paul had made it clear that in this he referred to putting away a living wife. It was as a part of this same program that the medieval Church opposed polygamy, though the Jews had been polygamous, and the early Christian fathers did not object to multiple marriage either. Even the strict St. Augustine considered it permissible to take a second wife if the first was barren.

Because it considered marriage a contaminating process, the Church at first refused to perform the marriage ceremony, but later—as a part of its comprehensive attempt to control all sexual matters—it urged couples to take their marriage vows in the church; because of its negative position regarding the married state, however, it did not assert that a civil marriage was invalid, for to do so might have indirectly implied a greater approval of the marital state than they were then willing to accord. It was the Tudor monarchs, untroubled by such questions of theology, who first proclaimed church marriage compulsory. The Church then refused to perform marriage ceremonies at certain times of the year; Taylor reports that at one point "there were only 25 weeks in the year when marriages were legal. . . ." The Church also restricted the hours during which the marriage vows could be taken; first declaring that such an occurrence should be done openly, "it established that marriages must take place in daylight, but later defined daylight as eight A.M. to noon."

Since it was the intent of the Church to reduce sexual opportunity to the minimum, it recognized no justification for divorce. The early Church had recognized divorce for a limited number of reasons, including barrenness and religious incompatibility, and the peniten-

tial books allowed divorce in cases of prolonged absence, or capture by the enemy in wartime, but the fully developed medieval code conceded only especially granted Church annulments and separations (the latter allowing for no possibility of marriage to another).

It is from the Church's superstitious or near-magical view of the sex act that we get our idea that a marriage has not been truly consummated until coitus has been performed. By "logical" extension of this premise, it was considered bigamous for a woman to marry if she had previously committed fornication with someone else; it was also considered bigamous for a husband to continue to sleep with his wife after she had slept with another. The performance of the sex act was thus believed capable of creating some new relationship between individuals and could even retroactively destroy a previously licit relationship.

It was felt that sexual evil really dwelt within woman, since she tempted man, who would otherwise remain pure. Thus, not only sexual intercourse, but the very presence of a woman was thought to attract evil and contamination. During the plague it was considered inadvisable to sleep with women or even go near their beds, as this increased the risk of infection implying that the spread of disease is a uniquely heterosexual phenomenon.

This degradation of the female and the lowering of her status was very different from the position she held in earliest Christian times. In Christian Rome, women had enjoyed a status nearly equal to that of men; they had been allowed to preach, to cure, to exorcise, and even to baptize. All these rights had been gradually taken away, and by the Middle Ages married women ceased even to have legal existence. Blackstone commented: "The very being or legal existence of the woman is suspended during the marriage . . . for this reason a man cannot grant anything to his wife or enter into any covenant with her: for the grant would be to presuppose her separate existence, and to covenant with her would be only to covenant with himself."

Because a wife was her husband's property, to seduce her remained an offense against property (even as in early pagan times), and as late as the Victorian era, the husband's first recourse was to bring civil action for damages against a wife's lover. A husband had the right to inflict "moderate chastisement" upon a wife who did not obey him and civil law allowed him to "beat her violently with whips and sticks." J. C. Jeafferson, in *Brides and Bridals*, notes that it was permissible to thrash a woman with a cudgel, but not to knock her down with an iron bar.

ROMANTIC LOVE

A quite different attitude toward women also began to develop during the Middle Ages, and from it we derive many of our own traditions regarding romantic love. A school of poets sprang up, who called themselves troubadours, and who extolled the virtues of a relationship between a man and woman, in which the woman was placed upon a pedestal and the man sought to win her favor. The rules governing "courtly love," as it was called, were elaborately worked out and were written down about 1186 by Andrew the Chaplain, of the Court of Queen Alienor; this *Treatise of Love* was soon translated into the principal foreign languages and became a standard work throughout Europe.

The Church opposed the troubadours because they elevated the position of women, but the concept of courtly love was not a sexual one; it was the preliminary wooing that was the important thing, and the underlying antisexual nature of these romantic relationships (which is responsible for some of today's most persistent notions about chaste romance) indicates that this was simply one more attempt to sublimate the tremendous feelings of guilt, about any male-female association, that Church-perpetuated repressions had produced. Andrew's *Treatise* listed a number of reasons for not bringing a romantic affair to any physical conclusion and listed as the "worst" of crimes, "engaging in the work of Venus." A majority of the troubadours' poems were actually rife with religious references and they did much to glorify the Virgin Mary.

Each troubadour extolled the virtues

of a particular woman who he both loved and obeyed — who he wooed, but hoped never to win, who he considered superior to himself in every way. Taylor comments that it would probably be a good psychiatric guess that the troubadours were, or would have been, troubled with impotence if finally faced with their mistresses; this is consistent with the observation of Rilke to the effect that the troubadours feared nothing so much as the success of their wooing. Many were probably passive homosexuals. Thus the troubadour Rambout of Orange says that if you wish to win women, you should "punch them in the nose" and force them, as this is what they like. "I behave differently," he adds, "because I do not care about loving. I do not want to be put to trouble for the sake of women, any more than if they were my sisters; and so with a woman I am humble, obliging, frank and gentle, fond, respectful and faithful. . . ." In Dante's *Purgatorio*, two troubadours are found in the sodomites' circle of Hell.

L'amour courtois of the Middle Ages was, according to Morton H. Hunt, author of *The Natural History of Love*, in his chapter in Julian Huxley's *The Humanist Frame*, ". . . a compelling relationship which could exist only between a man and woman not married to each other, and in which the man was the pleading, humble servitor and the woman the disdainful, cruel tyrant. It was compounded of quasi-religious exaltation, much public discussion of aesthetic matters and of etiquette, 'purified' and often unconsummated sex play, and the queer fusion of chivalric ideals and concepts of good character with the practice of



"They made their getaway in a '56, '57, '58, '59, '60, '61, '62 or '63 Volkswagen!"

secrecy, deception and illicit relationships. . . ." Hunt says in addition: "[Courtly love's] proto-romantic qualities of sadness, suffering, distance from the beloved, difficulty of attainment of desire, secrecy, and the like can all be explained in psychological terms, but they would never have been admired and idealized had love not been forced by . . . religious asceticism, and the subservient status of the wife, to remain outside and alongside marriage.

" . . . Courtly love, during its early centuries, was ideally functional for both the individual courtier and the courtly class. But for the bourgeois of the Reformation, it was dysfunctional in that, among other things, it required more time, money, and cultivation of taste than the middle class possessed; moreover, it was in conflict with their general sense of morality. When, however, it was modified enough to be amalgamated with marriage, these disfunctions disappeared. Thereafter, romantic love leading to romantic marriage ideally suited the commercial and business classes. . . ." It is in this modified form that romantic love found its way down to the present time, reaching its apex in the 19th Century. Of this period, Hunt says: ". . . The 19th Century — that high-water mark of romantic and sentimental feeling — was a time when many men were made impotent or masochistic by the prevailing love mores and many women were warped by frigidity and frustration."

In *The Medieval Manichee*, S. Runciman reports that the very same area which gave birth to Courtly Love (Provence and the Languedoc) developed a related religious movement known as Catharism. Though soon declared by the Church to be heresy, it became so popular that it was openly preached, was supported by many nobles, and seems to have replaced, to a large extent, the orthodox Church until the savage persecutions of Simon de Montfort wiped it out, and wiped out most of the troubadours, too. Catharism stressed sexual abstinence: fully initiated members were required not to sleep with their wives. They felt it was desirable to forgo all fleshly pleasure, not because it was "wicked," but because

they believed it slowed up the attainment of enlightenment. A number of similar sects sprang up, which were related to the chaste romanticism of the period. In these, women were accorded a higher status than they enjoyed within the orthodox Church, but chastity was stressed, even between man and wife.

The notion that man should, and could, rise above sexual temptation was not a new one, by any means, and we have mentioned that the earliest Christians first sought to transcend sex and, failing in that, turned to repression, which the Church found worked far better. The orthodox Church vigorously attacked all of these sects as heresy, but it was, in time, itself affected by the ideals of this romanticism.

Taylor observes that in the hands of the saints, the notion of transcending sex "was twisted into a more athletic and masochistic form, becoming the famous 'trial by chastity,' in which one sought to demonstrate one's self-control by finding the greatest extremes of temptation. . . ." It is said that St. Swithin constantly slept in one bed with two beautiful virgins, which led fellow clergymen to rebuke him for the risk he was incurring. St. Brendan attempted a similar feat, but found that, though he could resist the temptation, he was unable to get off to sleep, and returned to his monastery discomfited.

SEX AND THE CHURCH COURTS

The ecclesiastical courts had the exclusive right to try all offenses against the Church, which included not only matters of religion, but questions of morality and sex, as well. The system and content of canon law which gradually developed was completely different from the common law, which was used by the civil courts. Whereas the common law was primarily concerned with the protection of the rights, person and property of the individual, canon law frequently regarded as offenses actions which harmed no one. Thus they proceeded against individuals for "impure thoughts," in exactly the same manner as modern dictatorships practice "thought control." The Church at-

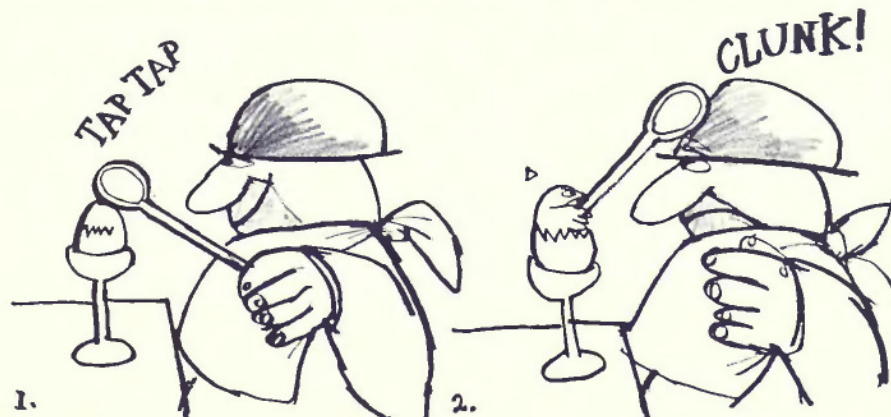
tempted to prescribe behavior in not only the major matters of life, but in many minor matters also, such as enjoying the sight of a priest in trouble, refusing to sing in church, sitting in the wrong pew, and even for passively encouraging or favoring such "crimes."

One of the most remarkable laws evolved by the Church court used marriage as a punishment for fornication. In 1308 the Archbishop Winchelsey developed a procedure whereby a contract was drawn up at the time of the first offense stating that, in the event of a third offense, the parties were to be considered as having been man and wife from the time of the first offense.

Nor can it be argued that such laws were established for any logical or ethical reason, or to foster lasting personal relationships, for the Church also held that it was a worse crime for a priest to marry than to keep a mistress, and to keep a mistress was worse than to engage in random fornication. In *A History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church*, H. C. Lea writes that when a priest was accused of being married, it was a good defense to reply that he was simply engaged in indiscriminate seduction, since this carried only a light penalty, whereas the former might involve total suspension.

The Church courts had at their disposal the ultimate penalty of excommunication which, in more serious cases, could include the loss of civil rights, and imprisonment, if the offender persisted in his sin. In time the Church so influenced public opinion that the secular courts began to support and reinforce the ecclesiastical courts and, without the protections of a separate church and state, many of the Church's extraordinary prohibitions eventually became embodied in the civil law (where some of them still persist today).

Nonetheless, it was apparent that no mere physical system of supervision could hope to regulate the most private behavior of men and even their very thoughts — only a more subtle psychological control, based upon terror, could do that. The Church had continually emphasized afterlife — the advantages of heaven and the disadvantages of hell. But now an additional emphasis was placed upon the horrors of eternal damnation and what it would mean to spend an eternity roasting in hellfire. It must be recognized also that the continually increasing repression of sex by the Church might be expected to have produced a greater interest in fantasies of sadistic horror in both the clergy and the general public, since modern psychiatric preception has revealed the intimate link that exists between sex and pain and how a repression of the sex urge tends to produce sado-masochistic and other abnormal inclinations.



It is not surprising, therefore, that Taylor reports: "By the beginning of the 12th Century, some of the predictable results of sexual repression had begun to appear: references to perversion, flagellation, sexual fantasies and heresy abounded. . . ."

A great number of Christian ascetics have described how they were unable to escape all feeling of sexual desire, and how they tormented themselves and subjected their bodies to excruciating tortures in the vain attempt. Taylor writes, "In this unenviable state, men are quick to find sexual overtones in every object, every action of others. And it was just these men—restless, unhappy, obsessed, driven by the energies of their bottled-up libidos—who were apt to attain positions of power in the Church and stamp it with their character."

The more these men of God attempted to deny their inborn sexual nature, the more perverse they became; the more perverse, the more concerned they were with sexual sin; greater concern led to greater repression; perversity became perversion and still more repression was thought necessary. The Church's obsession with sex created a self-perpetuating chain reaction that continued to increase through the centuries until it finally burst in the holocaust of the inquisitions, leaving mangled, bloody corpses spread all across the face of Europe.

SEX AND WITCHCRAFT

Near the end of the Middle Ages, Pope Innocent VIII issued the Bull *Summa desiderantes*, most often referred to as a bull against witchcraft, but the sexual nature of its content indicates that it was something more than that. Innocent was actually prodded into issuing the declaration by two of his subordinates, Sprenger and Kramer, who returned from Germany with wild tales of sexual excesses and witchery; the churchmen and people of the community violently denied the charges, but the declaration was issued just the same, and Sprenger and Kramer were appointed Chief Inquisitors. Soon after, they prepared and had published a famous handbook on the subject, *Malleus Maleficarum*, which stated: "All witchcraft comes from carnal lust, which in women is insatiable." With perfect logic, it then adds that the primary source of witchcraft is the quarreling of young women and their lovers. This small volume might be considered today a near-classic casebook of sexual psychopathy. The popularity of the *Malleus*, which rapidly went through 10 editions, gives some indication of the perverted preoccupation the general public had in such matters at the time. The three main subjects of the book

were impotence, conversion hysterias and sexual fantasies: all of these were said to be caused by witchcraft. And since the incidence of impotence, hysteria and sexual fantasy in such a sexually repressed society must have been staggering, it is not surprising that the witch hunters had no difficulty in finding an ample number of "victims" as evidence of witch magic.

Once they had found a "victim," finding the witch was a relatively simple matter. The techniques used by the Inquisitors guaranteed results: The victim was first asked to name whomever he thought might have cast the spell upon him; failing in this, neighbors were interrogated and asked to name the witch; the Interrogators might select a likely prospect themselves; or the general public was sometimes asked to pick a candidate. The suspect was then arrested; tortured until he "confessed," and then burned at the stake, or otherwise disposed of.

Persons of both sexes and all ages—from small children to the most elderly—were accused, though the biggest group consisted of young girls in their teens. Both the accused and the accusers came from every stratum of society and many prominent persons were involved. To cite a single example from C. Williams' book, *Witchcraft*: In the mass persecutions in Bamberg between 1609 and 1633, when 900 persons were burned to death, one of those executed was Johannes Junius, a burgomaster of the city. Under torture, he confessed to witchcraft; asked to name his accomplices, he denied having any, but, tortured again, named some. Shortly before his execution, he was permitted to write to his daughter. He told her not to believe what he had confessed—"It is all falsehood and invention. . . . They never cease the torture until one says something."

In his article, *The Sabbats of Satan*, in last month's PLAYBOY, E. V. Griffith described some of the rituals purportedly practiced by witches of the time and it is undoubtedly true that in a period of such extreme sexual repression some Devil worship really did exist. It was during the 14th Century that the Black Mass was born, in which the holy sacrament of the Church was turned into a ritual honoring Lucifer, and the nude body of a young woman was used as an altar, from which were read the Devil's Commandments, with the "Thou shalt nots" of the Ten Commandments changed to "Thou shalt." But it is doubtful that these practices were as common as is generally assumed. The actual number of Devil worshipers will never be known, but it is certain that only a small percentage of those executed for witchcraft were actually guilty of any crime whatever.



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Torture was not always required to elicit confessions, however. Many came forward of their own free will and admitted such sins, even though they knew that such admissions virtually assured their deaths. If this seems strange, one need only be reminded that even today any major murder brings forth a number of "false confessors," who admit to having perpetrated the crime (see *The False Confessors*, PLAYBOY, January 1958). Psychiatry would explain this as an overwhelming need for punishment that some deranged individuals experience because of an inner feeling of guilt that is completely unrelated to the act that they confess. In a time when an entire society was so thoroughly guilt-ridden, it is easy to understand why so many willingly came forward with confessions that were pure fantasy.

Though the inquisitions spread to include other forms of heresy, the predominantly sexual nature of the trials continued to the end. In fact, the very term "witchcraft trials" is a misleading misnomer, since it was sex that the Church wished to suppress and the inquisitions were a means of suppressing it.

It was a basic assumption, during the trials, that all witches (of both sexes) had had sexual relations with the Devil. All inquisitors worked with an established manual of questions, and since these were almost wholly sexual, they were usually successful (with the help of a little torture) in producing sexual guilt.

In early Christianity, the Devil had played a relatively minor role. But early in the 14th Century, Satan became a very definite and prominent figure in religious dogma, with detailed appearance, habits and intentions. He was viewed as the immortal enemy of God, exclusively occupied in trying to mislead men into denying or perverting Christian morals and practices. Various lesser demons were described as the members of the Devil's staff of subordinates, all organized in a hierarchy very similar to that of the Church. Not only were Satan's chief lieutenants given names, the exact number of his army of demons was calculated: 7,405,926. The Devil frequently engaged in those forbidden sexual acts that were prohibited to man and in some accounts he is described as having a forked penis, so that he could commit fornication and sodomy at the same time. The Devil was both insatiable and sadistic, sometimes demanding intercourse 50 and 60 times a night. Though he lives in the bowels of the earth, mid fire and brimstone, he was often described as icy cold to the touch—especially his sexual parts. The clergy had an explanation for this iciness that was, if nothing else, ingenious: "Having no

semen of his own, he gathers up that of mortal men wasted in their night dreams or masturbations, storing it up in his own abhorred body for later usage." The Devil's demons were either male (incubus) or female (succubus), and could change from one to the other at will. Griffith writes, "Practicing this quick-change artistry was, in fact, a favorite trick of the hellish visitors: often a man would be locked in amorous embrace with a succubus . . . when the devil would transform [herself] to a male incubus, with attendant complications which the demon found hilarious. The reverse also took place, when the female witch, at the height of her abominable ravishment, found her hellish gallant had gone aglimmering, leaving her in the arms of a succubus." The subconscious fears of homosexuality in such imaginings is obvious. The Devil, who was "Prince of the Air" as well as of the Darkness, could also make himself invisible and thus have intercourse with his converts in the very presence of the godly.

In order for the Church to undertake these "witch hunts," it was necessary to reverse a position held for several centuries: the Church had previously declared that witchcraft was a baseless superstition. In 785 the Synod of Paderborn had ordered death to anyone who killed another for being a witch; Charlemagne confirmed this ruling and the Canon of Episcopi ordered bishops to combat the belief in witchcraft and to excommunicate anyone who persisted in such beliefs. An Irish Council had ruled, "Whoever, deceived by the Devil, believes in the fashion of the heathen that anyone can be a witch and burns her on this account is to undergo punishment of death." John of Salisbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, displayed remarkable psychiatric perception for his time when, in the 12th Century, he stated that "some falsely believed that what they suffered in imagination . . . was real and eternal. We must not forget that those to whom this happens are poor women or simple and credulous people."

The change from this enlightened view started with John XXII, who—gathering together all the wildest fragments of superstition—issued the Bull *Super illius specula*, which formulated the new attitude. His quite maniacal campaigns against the new sin helped to develop in the people a paralyzing sense of dread and danger. A papal bull issued by Pope Lucius III instructed the bishops to investigate heretics, forcing persons "found marked by suspicion alone" to prove their innocence or be punished. Officers of the law who did not cooperate were excommunicated. Further enactments followed in 1374, 1409, 1418, 1437, 1445 and 1451, and the witch-hunting

craze became a dominant reality throughout Europe.

Prominent theologians wrote fervent appeals to the public (Sprenger and Kramer actually coerced the Senate of the University of Cologne into endorsing their *Malleus Malleficarum*).

It was finally asserted that to deny the reality of witchcraft was heresy. The ecclesiastical courts elicited the cooperation of the civil courts, for the Church did not wish the responsibility of shedding blood itself; the religious court turned the hapless persons accused over to the civil authorities with the sanctimonious recommendation to avoid the shedding of blood, and the state then usually hanged or burned the victims, since this did not involve bloodletting, in the strictly literal sense.

It was during this period that the civil courts consented to recognize copulation with the Devil as a capital crime. The proposition that witches engaged in night flights became dogma in 1450: this made it possible to argue that accused persons committed sinful witchcraft many miles away without being seen en route or having to rely on more customary means of transportation.

The frenzied state into which many of those who made the accusations and attacks managed to work themselves can only be understood by recognizing the subconscious sexual pleasure that was undoubtedly linked to much of the sadism of the inquisitions. Only a society as sexually repressed, and consequently perverted, as the one we have described could have produced such an appalling spectacle. The accused of both sexes and all ages, from 5 to 75, were often stripped naked during the questioning. Their bodies were poked and prodded, especially the genitals, for it was believed that witches could be identified by the existence of insensitive spots on their anatomy. A long needle was sometimes used for this purpose—the inquisitors pricking every inch of skin to the bone; this was considered a form of examination, incidentally, and not torture. If a spider, louse or fly was found in the victim's cell, while he was being held prisoner before or during the trial, this was recognized to be a demon in disguise, come to visit the accused, and provided additional evidence of guilt.

"Trial by Water" was another technique for determining guilt. The accused was trussed and tossed into a river. If he floated, he was believed to be a witch and was put to death; if he sank and drowned, his innocence was established.

In *The Sabbats of Satan*, E. V. Griffith describes the trial and execution of a comely young woman of 24, a Hildur Loher of Würzburg, who was typical of the many who were put to death in that period. She was a bride of a few months; her husband had been the chief witness

against her and the court record is still intact; her crime was having had sexual relations with the Devil.

The owner of a brothel in Bologna was condemned in 1468 for keeping a house staffed exclusively with succubi. He was sentenced to have his flesh "torn from his bones by red-hot pincers," after which he was burned and his ashes "spat upon."

In the German community of Lindheim, which in 1664 had a population of 600, 30 persons were executed. In 1589 at Quedlinburg in Saxony, a town of some 12,000 inhabitants, 133 were burned in a single day. In Toulouse the number burned in one day was 400. It was claimed that in some towns there were more witches than houses. According to H. C. Lea, "a Bishop of Geneva is said to have burned 500 persons within three months, a Bishop of Bamberg 600, a Bishop of Würzburg 900." Eight hundred were condemned, apparently in one body, by the Senate of Savoy. Paramo, in his *History of the Inquisition*, boasts that in a century-and-a-half, from 1404, the Holy Office had burned at least 30,000 witches.

Nicholas Remy (1530-1612), an inquisitor from Lorraine with 800 executions to his "credit," stated, "So good is my justice that last year there were no less than 16 killed themselves rather than pass through my hands." H. Williams, in *The Superstitions of Witchcraft*, writes that in Spain, Torquemada personally sent 10,220 persons to the stake and 97,371 to prison.

No one knows the total number of human beings exterminated in this manner and estimates range from a conservative few hundred thousand to several million. It may be safely assumed, however, that more persons were put to death for religious reasons by our Christian ancestors than were killed in all of the European wars fought up to 1914.

The blame, of course, does not attach itself only to the Catholic Church. The Protestant reformers were, if anything, even more fanatical and they persecuted "witches" with even greater ferocity. In Scotland, the church porches were equipped with a box built there especially to receive anonymous denunciations. Taylor reports that "Calvin, in Geneva, with crocodile tears of compunction, burned heretics of all kinds. Luther attributed all insanity to the Devil."

The records include numerous confessions that were denied after the torture ceased, but this did not save the accused from death. In Spain and England, investigations into some of the trials were instituted and some real attempts were made to arrive at the truth. James I was so distressed by much of the typical "evidence" that he completely altered his previous attitude in favor of witch hunting, insisted on fair trials for the accused, exposed false confessions and accusa-

tions, and saved the lives of five women charged by a hysterical boy. In Spain, when Salazar was sent to investigate a wave of accusations in 1611, he reported that among 1300 persons accused, there was not a single genuine case. After he made his report, the preaching of sermons on witchcraft was prohibited and from that time forward, little more was heard of the subject in Spain.

But the overall impression one is left with is not that of a gradual emergence from honest error to enlightenment, so much as a sudden awareness of the mass madness that had dominated European life for so long and that stands as a horrifying monument to the effect extreme sexual repression can have upon a society and the form that it can take when church and state are one.

Because of the considerable response to this editorial series, PLAYBOY has introduced a new feature, "The Playboy Forum," in which readers can offer their comments — pro and con — on subjects

and issues raised here. No previous feature published by this magazine has prompted so much reaction and debate — both in and outside the pages of PLAYBOY — and since many of the subjects discussed are, we feel, among the most important facing our free society today, we will continue the "Forum" just as long as the letters from readers warrant.

A limited number of the first seven installments of "The Playboy Philosophy" have been reprinted and all seven may be had by sending a check or money order for \$1 to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

In the 10th installment of "The Playboy Philosophy," which appears next month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner completes his analysis of the history of religious sexual suppression and begins a consideration of the effect this tradition of guilt and shame has had upon contemporary society.



"All I can say is, you sure must like ice cream a hell of a lot!"

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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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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

SEASONED TRAVELERS tend to agree that the best time to embark on the ultimate vacation trip — a jaunt around the world — is during the fall. If such ambitious circumnavigating be your aim this October, you'd do well to avoid the perennial bane of globe-hopping: getting caught up in an unrelenting succession of tourist-trapping ports of call. Veteran wanderlusters generally are knowledgeable enough to try offbeat stops and side trips while doing Europe — but lose their yen for experimentation when in less-familiar Asian and Pacific climes. Here, then, are a few tips for nonconformist comfort on the far side of the world.


When you put into Singapore, avoid the rush to the storied but stodgy Raffles Hotel and try the Seaview instead — it's out on the bay and has palm-framed beaches for secluded sunning on mornings after. Or else travel north up the coast to Penang, a little-publicized tropical seaport which is one of the loveliest in the world. The real pleasure here is to be found in living the good local life: browsing through the small shops for striking free-port bargains, enjoying the uncrowded atmosphere of the Penang Swimming Club (guests only) and headquartering in the best hotel, the Eastern and Oriental, a planter's palace of rambling rooms and gracious service.

You can add rewarding variety to a round-the-world whirl by traveling some of the legs overland in lieu of flying or sailing. A fine case in point is the 1200-mile run by rail between Bangkok and Singapore, a stretch liberally sprinkled with fascinating stops and excellent

Malayan and Chinese food in the diner. This route is especially worth considering if you will be tarrying in Thailand long enough for the spectacular November elephant roundup in the jungle village of Tatoon.

While in India, an excellent resort to add to your trip is Gopalpur-on-Sea, an overnight train ride from Calcutta on the Madras Mail. The Grand Hotel in Calcutta will supply a superbly stocked picnic hamper for the trip, and your bearer will appear at each of the train's stops with hot tea. You'll be met at the terminal by a station wagon from the Oberoi Palm Beach Hotel and thence conducted to a room overlooking the remarkably wild waves of Gopalpur. The surf is so spectacular, in fact, that if you wish to challenge it with a swim, two beach guards will be assigned to ensure your safety. As a less-rigorous aftermath, you may stretch out on the white sand in the shade of a palm *basha* hut to sip a tall, cool pink gin.

When stopping off in our westernmost state, a place to remember is one of Hawaii's most imaginative dining rooms: a tree-slung, thatched hut high in a giant banyan tree above Waikiki's International Market Place. In an area just big enough for you and your lady, you'll be served delicacies like baby squab stuffed with curried quail eggs, accompanied by French champagne and Hawaiian background music on the hut's hi-fi.

For further information on any of the above, write to *Playboy Reader Service*, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. 

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