

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1963 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

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A 14-PAGE COLOR PORTFOLIO



AN INTERVIEW WITH RICHARD BURTON BY KENNETH TYNAN • "LOVE, DEATH AND THE HUBBY IMAGE" — WILLIAM IVERSEN DOCUMENTS THE PLIGHT OF THE MARRYING MALE • "THE RELATIONSHIP" BY JULES FEIFFER • "THE BUSINESSMAN AT BAY" BY J. PAUL GETTY • PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW • "THE LIFE WORK OF JUAN DIAZ" BY RAY BRADBURY • "AH, WOMEN, WOMEN" BY ALBERTO MORAVIA



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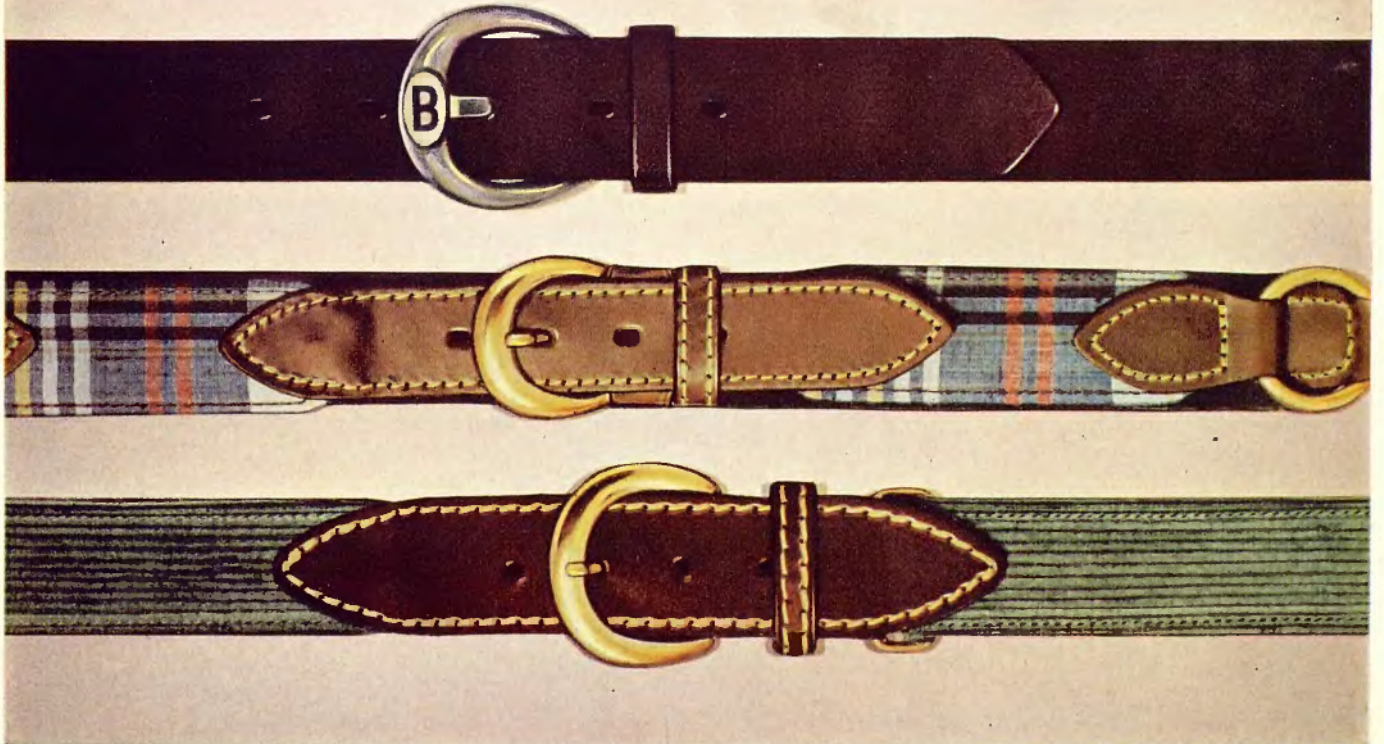
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PLAYBILL



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MORAVIA

STARTING WITH THIS ISSUE, our cover price moves to 75 cents. This will enable us to bring you each month many additional pages of the finest, most colorful entertainment available in any magazine in the world today — more (and still better) fiction, articles, picture stories, cartoons and special features. All these bonuses, we think you'll agree, are handsomely apparent in this hefty, record-breaking 240-page issue at hand.

If the photos directly above seem suspiciously similar, there's good reason. One is of Ivor Williams, who penned our now classic *Pious Pornographers* (PLAYBOY, October 1957), a wonderfully ironic romp through the sex-laced pages of America's women's magazines. The other is of William Iversen, author of this month's lead article, *Love, Death and the Hubby Image*, an equally ironic examination of the avalanche of pressures — cloying and commercial — that make a lethal joke of the marrying male's romantic dreams and reduce him to little more than a breadwinning machine. The photos are similar because both men are, in reality, Bill Iversen, whose use of a nom de plume has, until now, prevented *Pornographers* from becoming the proudest PLAYBOY feather in his literary cap. The pseudonym was necessary at the time because Bill was earning much of his tongue-in-cheek keep by writing short stories for the same ladies' magazines which he so neatly upended. Now, however, he has left the ladies to their own devices (approved, no doubt, by nine out of ten doctors) to become a PLAYBOY regular.

The surrealistic construction which illustrates *Hubby Image* is the creation of Chicago sculptor Dave Packard, who spent a solid month collecting the chill-

ing array of symbolic *objets de mort* which he strung together on a frame as big — significantly — as a marital bed.

One married man who has refused, in quite spectacular terms, to be cast in the hubby image is Richard Burton. Yet, in this month's *Playboy Interview*, Burton comes on as the straight-faced British gentleman defending his inamorata in strict accord with The Code. The *Interview* was conducted for us by England's foremost drama critic, Kenneth Tynan, who accepted the assignment despite the fact that he once had to duck a Burton punch (for panning one of surly Richard's leading ladies).

Our leading ladies in this issue are *Europe's New Sex Sirens* who star in a 14-page exclusive screening herein. (And the lady on our cover is Joey Thorpe, a Bunny from Miami who's now at the Chicago Playboy Club.)

We've a fine lot of fiction this month. Alberto Moravia, Italy's most celebrated novelist, makes his third PLAYBOY appearance with *Ah, Women, Women*. (He'll be making a personal appearance in the U. S. later this year to launch the film versions of two of his novels — *The Empty Canvas*, starring Bette Davis, and *A Ghost at Noon*, with Brigitte Bardot and Jack Palance.) Back, too, is Stephen Barr, with a haunting tale of *The Mirror of Gigantic Shadows*.

The Life Work of Juan Diaz, by Ray Bradbury, provides a poignant portrait of faith and love among Mexican villagers as they struggle to transcend poverty and death. While the life work of Ray Bradbury has many facets, his science-fiction fans should be pleased to learn that he's now writing the screenplay for his s-f classic, *The Martian Chronicles*.

Theodore Sturgeon, another of America's leading science-fiction authors (*More than Human*, *E Pluribus Unicorn*, *The Synthetic Man*, among others) and a member of our recent *1981 and Beyond* panel (July and August 1963), proves, in his PLAYBOY fiction debut this month, that he cannot be typecast. His story, *Noon Gun*, is a down-to-earth tale in which love transforms a youth ridden by a sense of inferiority into a man of courage.

In *The Playboy Philosophy* this month, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner assays the effect of church-fostered sexual guilt upon contemporary society, and, in *The Playboy Forum*, continues our dialog with readers on subjects raised by *Philosophy*.

Satire has long been a specialty with us, and it's served up in five humorous helpings this month. Gerald Gardner, of *Who's in Charge Here?* fame, floats his diabolical dialog balloons over the heads of several heads of state in *News-Reals* (soon to appear in a Pocket Books edition). Jules Feiffer's scalpel-sharp pen vivisects *The Relationship*. Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder introduce *Little Annie Fanny* to modern art. Shepherd Mead offers some sure-cure ideas for handling career girls in the final installment of *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*. And we've come up with a laughingstock of *Limericks*, illustrated by Arnold Roth.

And we'll go out on a limerick now to remind you of other important features in this issue:

In September we have three traditions To honor all academicians:

Our fashion review,

Our Pigskin Preview

And a Playmate without inhibitions.

PLAYBOY.



Pigskin Preview P. 96



Limericks P. 131



Sex Sirens P. 136



Campus P. 154

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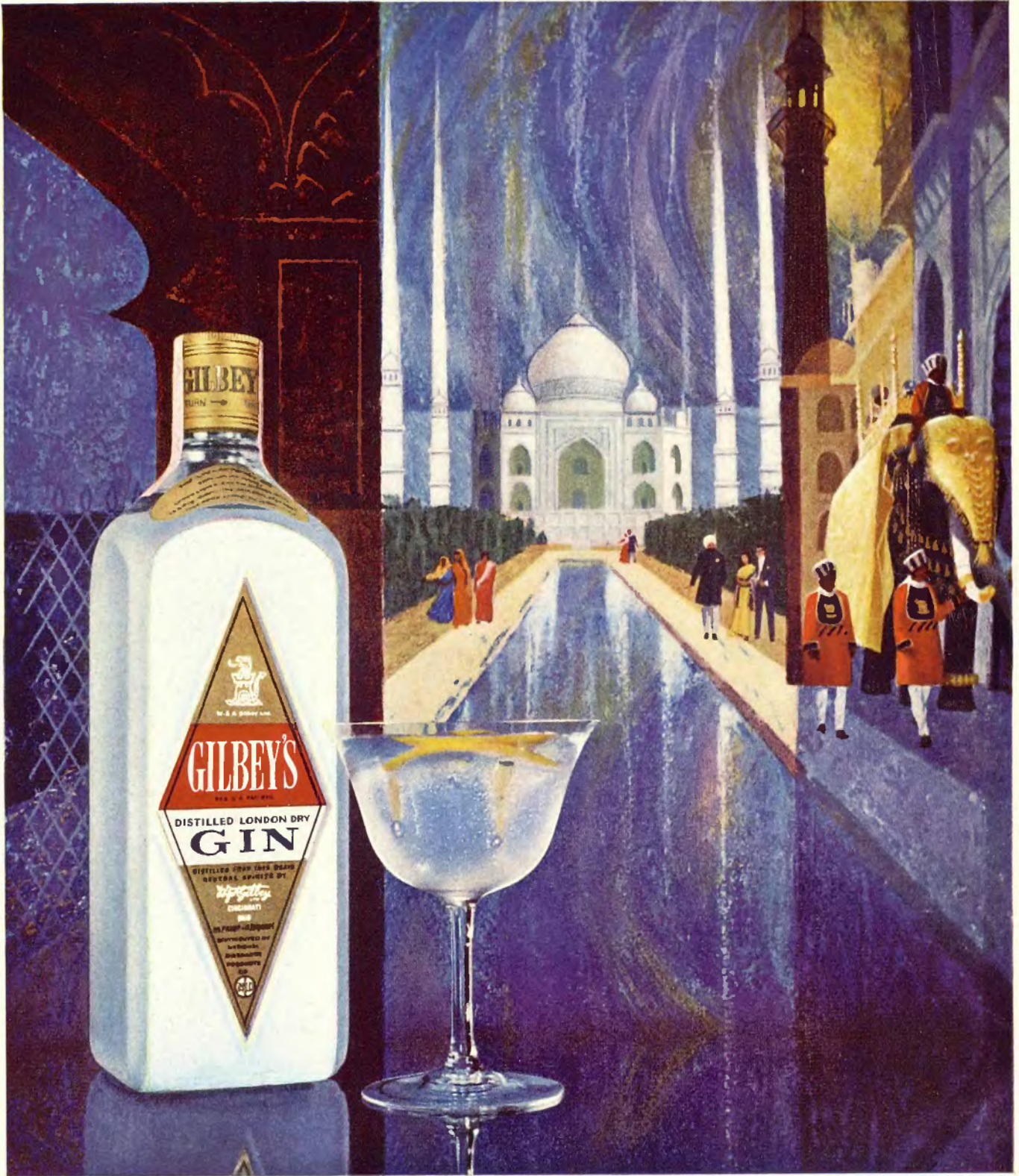
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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HOLIDAYDREAMS

In Charles Beaumont's June article, *Requiem for Holidays*, we see the type of thinking—a wish to return to the old days of vandalism during Halloween—that would keep us in a barbarous culture. The attitude that allows vandalism and the breaking of laws for one day or even tolerates it is what changed the Roman games from sport to slaughter a little bit at a time. Civilization can only come with restraint and intelligent moderation and a rigid refusal to embrace or tolerate any of those atavistic tendencies that would drag us down and back to a savage and barbaric society.

Philip Loring
Rancho Cordova, California

Now, damn it, I don't want to argue, but cherry bombs are cherry bombs and always have been! They had a fuse on them and you lit them—like salutes, only different. The things you threw were torpedoes, round ones and cylindrical ones, and the round ones were better.

And there were china clippers, and zebra crackers and dum-dums and I wish to God I could have the chance to blow a hundred or so bucks to treat my kids to the "heady, dense aroma of burning punk. . ." or any of the sights, smells and excitement of that day!

Don't forget house fires, and whirly-gigs, and breaking duds into a V-shaped "zizzer," with the silver powder spilling out, and the one long last look into the empty boxes. "Only sparklers left? Oh well. . ." Looping sparklers to make designs against the darkening sky, picking up a burned-out fountain with its square base for one last smell of powder. It was over. It is over.

Thank you, Charles Beaumont—it was great.

John Gaboury
KVOY Radio
Yuma, Arizona

BOND STAND

Ian Fleming's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* was one of the most forceful narratives I have read. I was so caught up in it that I was physically upset by the ending. The man is a sadistic genius. This,

the first of Mr. Fleming's works that I have encountered, may be compared to a first taste of narcotics, leaving one craving its pleasures, but dreading the ending which accompanies them.

Jim Miner, Jr.
Columbus, Georgia

I have just finished reading the final installment of Ian Fleming's latest James Bond caper, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, and I am sure that Bond fans everywhere applaud your serialization of it. The only complaint I have is that Mr. Fleming has once again (see *From Russia, with Love*) left us with a cliff-hanger of an ending.

Peter T. Brooks
Louisburg, North Carolina

Re Ian Fleming's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, I have just finished the third and final installment. I must say that I enjoyed this one more than any of Fleming's other stories. But, I have one question: Was La Comtesse Teresa (Tracy) di Vincenzo killed in the wreck in the final chapter of the story, or did she survive?

Stuart W. Ross
Claremont, California

Commander Bond is now a widower.

LANDED GENTRY

I am suggesting to all my clients that they read Mr. Getty's article, *A Real Approach to Real Estate*, in your April issue. If potential investors would follow his 10 pointers for successful real-estate investment, I am sure that a broker's job would be a lot easier. I know mine would.

J. B. Howard
Gilroy, California

As a real-estater, I enjoyed Mr. Getty's article very much, also Mr. Mead's joyful satire on (not) buying a dwelling. The fantastic ignorance of the buying public (despite the spate of sensible articles on the subject) with respect to real estate, whether speculation, investment or home-buying, is both astounding and appalling. Invariably, the sharpies get rich and the buyers, whether "hip" play-

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boys or "squares," get took.

Real estate is, in many ways, similar to the stock market, although I believe (even making allowance for my professional bias) that the real-estate rewards are greater, the risks approximately the same. In both cases, the only way to make profits with a quick turnover is to stay constantly conversant with all factors. This is all very well for the broker, but most people are occupied with some other full-time enterprise; consequently, most fast deals are made by brokers in their own interest. May I say, there is never any adequate substitute for watching over one's own transactions.

Mr. Getty recommends, and I heartily second, the investment approach. I would suggest one basic rule: If you can't afford to hang on for 10 years, don't buy it! (My approach is, of course, conditioned by the situation in New Mexico; there will be variances in other parts of the country.) In any growing area, land *always* goes up, unless you overpay in the first place.

Ralph S. Roller
Albuquerque, New Mexico

ANNIE FANS

Hurray for *Little Annie Fanny*.

Gahan Wilson
Woodstock, New York

Many people have said it before, but I'll say it again—Kurtzman is a genius and *Little Annie Fanny* is typical Kurtzmanian humor. And I haven't seen such amazing color artwork since the last issue of *Trump*.

Jay Lynch
North Miami, Florida

While browsing through the January issue of *PLAYBOY* and ultimately chuckling at the antics of *Little Annie Fanny*, closer inspection of Annie's fanny revealed a startling fact. Intermingled with the apparent patriotic theme of Annie's costume (bless her warm little heart) is what appears to be none other than the Wings of Gold of the United States Naval Aviator. Now I happen to be a Naval Aviator; I also happen to be serving on the Attack Carrier *Forrestal*. Those two matters of circumstance place me in the close proximity of many other Naval Aviators.

For several days a considerable number of our ilk have studied Annie's fanny extensively. We could come to no other agreement than to accept the horrible truth. Those coveted Wings of Gold, worn so proudly by the men who have been victorious in battle for over 50 years; those Wings of Gold worn so proudly by pilots of the United States Navy today; worn proudly because of the heritage bestowed upon us by the skillful and fierce warriors of two World Wars and the Korean conflict; worn

proudly because of the quiet respect paid to him by those in other, more conventional types of aviation because of his choice of doing it the hard way. They land on heaving airports of scant dimension. They insist on navigation without check points, and if they get lost they maintain a fine old tradition by burying themselves at sea. Those Wings of Gold, worn on our chests with deep pride and reverence because of what they stand for—are now on Little Annie's fanny.

Since miniatures of the wings are adorning the sweaters of our own very special playmates, we of Attack Squadron Eighty Five have adopted Little Annie Fanny as our own very lovable playmate, unanimously voted Annie an honorary pilot of our Douglas AD-6 Skyraider, and enjoin you to remove the Wings of Gold from Annie's fanny and cause them to be preserved in the Little Annie Fanny Endowment Fund (our reasoning being that anyone so well endowed must have a fund where it's all coming from).

Lt. jg. Greg Petachenko
Attack Squadron Eighty Five
Fleet Post Office
New York, New York

As I am a great fan of *Little Annie Fanny*, I am writing to you to inquire about the possibility of obtaining an autographed picture of her. If it is possible for you to send me a picture of our Annie, I would appreciate it very much.

Midshipman George A. Eaton
U. S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Maryland



An autographed copy of the above portrait of our ebullient Annie is on its way.

FOLKSY

Nat Hentoff, writing in your June issue, is understandably concerned with



ZIPPER BY TALON

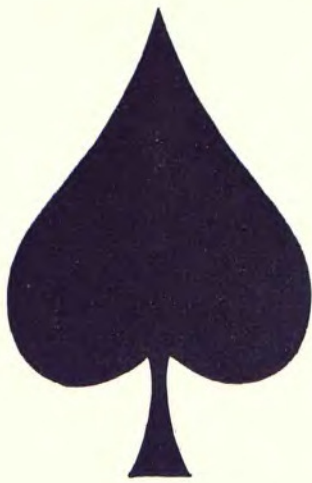
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the amount of "folkum" being passed off on an undiscerning public as folk music. But alas—academician that he is, he consistently rates the folk content of the song over the musical content of the performance: hence the downgrading of Peter, Paul & Mary, Bikel, Belafonte, et al.

This is confused musical criticism. I yield to no one in my admiration for Jean Ritchie's authenticity, but may I rot in front of a TV set if I ever again sit through 36 verses of the *Edward* ballad, sung from beginning to end in a nasal monotone at 850 decibels and taking up one entire side of a 12-inch Folkways album. OK—Joan Baez has a pure, unadulterated soprano, but since when is it good musicianship to eschew not only vocal embellishment but variations in dynamics and tone color?

An educated audience may have a scholarly interest in authenticity, but it has an even stronger musical interest in strong, ear-catching, emotive singing. It is not a surrender to "folkum" and the obscene rantings of a Kingston Trio to demand, as Matthew Arnold demanded of literature, that music first of all be *interesting*. Until the authenticists match Peter, Paul & Mary in evocativeness, sense of drama and musical taste, they will not capture the attention of an otherwise hip audience, nor should they.

Richard E. Rubenstein
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Hentoff didn't "downgrade" Bikel, Belafonte and Peter, Paul & Mary; he merely categorized them as popular purveyors of "glossy folk music."

Congratulations on your Nat Hentoff piece, *Folk, Folkum and the New City-billy* in the June issue. I was especially pleased at the Alan Lomax challenge to turn to the music of the non-English-speaking immigrant. Minneapolis, home of *The Little Sandy Review*, and long the stamping ground of Bob Dylan, could very well become the center of the immigrant-music movement.

Pete Anderson
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Hentoff has done well in his critique on the current folk scene. In regard to the trend toward citybillies and coffeehouse entertainment in general: this is the freshest thing that has happened to show business in years. Musicians like Joan Baez and The New Lost City Ramblers are providing us with something that has always been difficult to find in any stage-type medium—unpretentiousness.

It is also quite a pleasure to be able to spend an occasional evening in a coffeehouse such as Philadelphia's Second Fret, without coat and tie, without hav-

ing to take out a long-term loan to pay for the evening. The recent semipopularity of good folk singers and instrumentalists may not last, but it has made an impression on some of us as deep as the one that jazz has made. The rest of the public can have its Sinatra imitators. We'll stick with Pete Seeger and Joan Baez.

Leonard Joel Gorsky
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Linguiphiles intrigued by your exegesis of the term "folkum" (*PLAYBOY*, June 1963 issue) may wish to know the exact origin and age of the word. "Folkum" was coined by us in 1960, and first appeared in print in our folk-music record-review publication, *The Little Sandy Review*, in April of that year. Thanks to you and Nat Hentoff for a long-overdue report on the folk-music scene.

Jon Pankake, Paul Nelson, Editors
The Little Sandy Review
Minneapolis, Minnesota

SWIFTIES

Who is responsible for those Tom-Swift-type puns? Outrageous! Brilliant!! How I'd love to be able to work just one of those into a conversation.

Don Keeley
Van Nuys, California

Tom Swifties seem to have turned into a national craze since being introduced in these pages in February, said the editors Playbuoyantly.

LETTERATI

In your June issue of *PLAYBOY* you included in your *Dear Playboy* columns a singularly misguided letter from a gentleman obviously suffering from a disease of the mind. He referred to your publication as trash and announced that in his drugstore he removed the covers from the publication and threw the insides in the garbage can. Any of this would be enough to incite us to write a letter informing you just how we felt, but what really moved us to write this letter was the fact that the gentleman who wrote the letter identified himself as the owner of a Rexall drugstore. In order that your readers not get an improper image of Rexall drugstores, I feel that I should inform them that *PLAYBOY* magazine is available and will continue to be available at the Regent Drug Store, 45 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, also affiliated with Rexall. We not only make available *PLAYBOY* magazine but display it prominently as we feel its covers are completely in tune with our modern urban decor and clientele. Being adjacent to the new Marina City and the Executive House we find that many of our new customers completely fit the sophisticated urban and knowledgeable audience to which *PLAYBOY* appeals. This often leads to



ZIPPER BY TALON

Trifle with a change of scene whenever the spirit moves you. Consider these four well-integrated moving parts...a blazer jacket with its own matching Post-Grad slacks, sincerely cuffed and belt-looped. Match-

ing vest with bright reversible side. (Operation Suit.) Then, a spare, contrasting pair of Piper Slacks...no belt, no cuffs, no honorable intentions. The possibilities are most happily endless. Color

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articles and features in the magazine becoming topics of conversation and, indeed, argument around our snack bar.

In short, thank you from one drug-store which appreciates the fine publication that PLAYBOY is.

Mark Stevens, David Markus
Chicago, Illinois

Your *Dear Playboy* column sports more famous names per issue than many of the world's finest publications show on their mastheads in a year—a tribute to the quality of your contents. One jarring note, however, I do not feel that the fact that a reader—famous or otherwise—is interested enough in PLAYBOY to tell you about it automatically places the writer and the magazine on a first-name basis.

There is also a sort of snobbishness involved here. In the June issue you refer to Quentin Lineback, an obvious nobody, as Quentin; would you in the same manner call scientist Harold Urey "Hal"? I doubt it.

John (Call Me Mister) Goldston
St. Louis, Missouri

You're quite right, Mr. Goldston. In the same manner, we'd never call Harold "Hal."

BELL'S BEST SELLER

Your penetrating *After Hours* review of that last mish-mash of A. G. Bell's *Manhattan Telephone Directory* points up the major peril this great land of ours faces today. The publishers of this tome, in order to poison as many minds as possible, have absorbed all costs of publication and actually *deliver* this tripe door-to-door to anyone possessing a telephone, sometimes two or three copies to one address. To make sure that every innocent mind is influenced, the book is prominently displayed on street corners, in subway stations, hotel lobbies, and even circulated in rest-room lounges of the most respectable theaters. Yet so eager is the public to snap up such "literature," if this writing can be so dignified, that long lines of people have been observed waiting in winter snow, summer heat, or autumn rain to pounce on copies. These people even jot down juicier passages on scraps of paper, clutch them to their hearts, and go into private "booths" (supplied by the publishers) to reread them in secret. Eight-million people have actually *committed* to memory bits and pieces of this work. Who knows what thoughts run through their minds as these people lie awake at night rehashing what they've read?

James E. Green
Woodside, New York

Your anti-Manhattanism has gone too far. I could tolerate (barely) your subversive attempt to misrepresent *The Girls of New York* by showing the ugliest young

hags ever to disgrace your pages. I could chuckle at your occasional references to *The Realist* which invariably implied: "Only in New York could such worthless trash be published."

I cannot, however, condone your hostile review of Alexander Graham Bell's *Manhattan Telephone Directory*. Bell is a splendid writer of unquestionable integrity. Unlike so many other propagandists who attempt to pass off their political tracts as art, Bell always sticks objectively to the facts. His work, nonetheless, is far from prosaic: it is sheer poetry. Bell is a master of alliteration. That you find the plot "virtually invisible" indicates that you have not read the book very well at all.

As for the *Classified Directory*, I admit that it is not quite so objective as Bell's more serious work. But it is hardly "yellow journalism." If it is propaganda, it is good propaganda. Bell vigorously supports the American tradition of free enterprise. Other than flags and mothers, I can think of nothing more worthy of defense. If critical standards mean nothing to you, I can only ask you to consider the immense popularity that Bell has enjoyed.

Stephan Davidson
Clinton, New York

MASON-RE

I have never seen, in or outside the pages of your magazine, a girl as lovely as Miss Connie Mason. My God, gentlemen, where did you find her? There is no question, of course, that she will be this year's Playmate of the Year. She has as many votes as I am allowed to cast for Best Playmate Ever.

A. Van C. Lanckton
New York, New York

I am honored indeed to have been chosen as the favorite jazz artist of your particularly sensational Playmate for the month of June. Thank you, Connie Mason, and PLAYBOY. Continued success to your most excellent magazine.

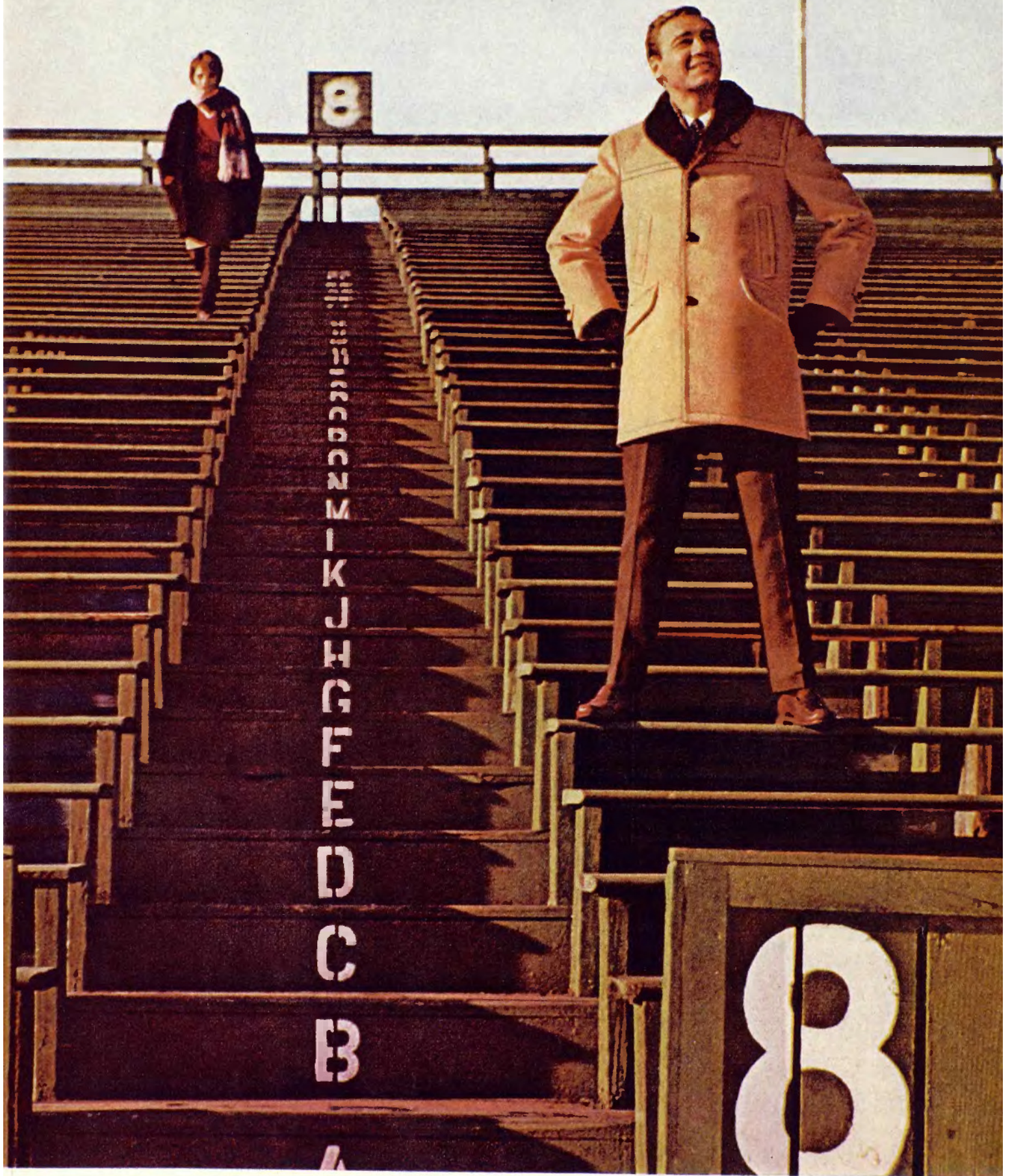
Joe Williams
Hollywood, California

WORDS AND PICTURES

First you serialized Shepherd Mead's *How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying*. Then came the Buckley-Mailer articles. Somewhere along the way you introduced Mr. Hefner's stimulating *Playboy Philosophy*, also on the installment plan. This was followed by Ian Fleming's latest James Bond thriller, similarly divided. Now it's Jules Feiffer's *Harry, the Rat with Women*.

What's next? The logical choice would seem to be a three-issue gatefold mercilessly trisecting the Playmate of the Season.

Michael A. Gibson
Cambridge, Massachusetts



Playing the field is exhilarating exercise in the bracing autumnal air. To scout a prospective line-up for your own season's schedule, get into the h.i.s. Barrier coat. (That rugged, outdoor routine scores even

in the stands.) Our heavy-weight corduroy is made of sterner stuff...and lined with an Acrylic pile that's warmer than a drum majorette's glance. Plenty of pocket-room, too: a pair of hand-heaters play it close to

the vest...and a couple of mail-pouch flap pockets hold everything but a cheer leader's yell. Colors in a sporting vein... antelope, loden, sand or black, \$29.95. At stores that back the h.i.s.* label to win.

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HOW HIGH THE MOONS?

Re your May *After Hours* item on interplanetary and extraterrestrial tunes, may I add: *Slaughter on Tenth Asteroid*; *If It Loved You*; *The Touch of Your Gland*; *That Silver-Tailed Daddy of Mine*; *My Finny Valentine*; *When the Red, Red Robot Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbing Along*; *Love Me Tendril*; *Embraceable Ugh*; *Slimelight*.

James R. Marsheck
Los Angeles, California

And may we add: *The Mutants Go Round and Round*.

FLYING RIGHT

I am very pleased with the treatment you have given me in May's *On the Scene* and am particularly happy because the facts reported were accurate in every detail. This is a rarity nowadays and one that is appreciated by the subject of articles.

Lewis B. Maytag, Jr., President
National Airlines, Inc.
Miami, Florida

BUM CHECK

Mr. Hecht has done it again. A beautiful work of art is *The Bum* in the May issue of *PLAYBOY*. You find just fine writing, and a very potent and truth-seeking story. I say, "Hear! Hear!" for Mr. Hecht and for your publication.

Spencer King
New York, New York

ZOO SUIT

I was delighted with *Silverstein's Zoo* in the May issue. I hope to see more of this sort of thing. Particularly, I commend the ballad of the Murd, Brole and Groot to pseudo folk singers everywhere.

Ron Coffey
Corvallis, Oregon

PLAYBOY PRO AND CON

For the palatable and invaluable stuff you constantly offer me and my fellow readers around the globe, your entire staff merits my congratulatory handshake. *PLAYBOY*, if you should care to know, is becoming more and more popular on this university's campus. A copy of it in an unaffiliated college man's hands has more aphrodisiac power than a fraternity pin on a Greek's shirt.

Franklin Roosevelt Cabaluna
University of the Philippines
Quezon City, Philippines

Your journal is a yokel publication written for yokels and this is the feeling I shamefacedly confess after putting out the 60 cents for its purchase. Like a yokel, I've been had.

Robert Netzer
San Francisco, California

And from now on it will cost you 75 cents, Robert.

After glancing through your magazine I can certainly see why so many Christian-minded mothers I have talked to are unanimous in thinking that your magazine and others like it is the most evil-minded trash. I got seven children and I would like to see them grow up to be upstanding young people like I am trying to raise them, but your magazine doesn't help at all in the job I and thousands of other mothers have to do. But I know what you are up to and I think it is awful sneaky when you use sex to lure innocent youth into buying your magazine so you can then fill their minds with the evil Communist ideas of Bertrand Russell and other such perverts. Well, I am raising my young ones to be decent, patriotic, Christian citizens in spite of the wicked influence you put out. It will prove what I state to all my neighbors when they see you don't dare publish this letter!

Mrs. Mae Bjornsen
Ketchikan, Alaska

Who says *PLAYBOY* is "entertainment for men"? We are students at an all-girl college and every month we look forward to the next issue of *PLAYBOY*. We must admit that at first some of "your girls" were a little shocking, but we have come to realize that the human body is very beautiful and we only wish that certain people didn't have it all! Mainly, we just wanted to say "Hurrah for *PLAYBOY*. Keep up the good work!"

Due to puritanical parents and school, we would like to ask that our names not be published.

(Names withheld)
Longwood College
Farmville, Virginia

I have just read your answers to some of the letters in your May issue of *PLAYBOY*, and frankly, they are putrefying. Why don't you come down off your pillar of flesh and stop these pretensions of having such an intellectual magazine. You know as well as I do that if you turned out an issue without a *Playmate of the Month* or the like, your magazine would fall flat—and you know where.

Nils S. Pearson
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Little comment is necessary on our hypercritical friends who seem to meticulously devour every ounce of *PLAYBOY* in their vindictive search for the world's "evils." Rather, a hearty hip, hip, hurrah for Hefner, or whoever it is that writes such absolutely tremendous replies to so many screwball letters. *PLAYBOY*, at twice the price, would be worth every penny just to read this column.

Ken Shemark
Kansas City, Missouri





The joys of a union compatible await you. Now, famous h.i.s makers launch a shirt worthy of their slacks' finest hour. Torso-tapered like a racing hull. Slick. Slim. Tight. Sticks to your ribs but good.

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PEGGY LEE



10-69. FRANK SINATRA. COME DANCE WITH ME. 1960 winner of 3 awards: Album of Year, Best Male Vocalist Performance, Best Arrangement!



16-28. GEORGE SHEARING. SATIN AFFAIR. The quintet with strings—Star Dust, My Romance, The Party's Over, Early Autumn, 8 other smooth stylings.



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.



16-30. 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.



17-05. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. Now—all their great hits in one album! Tom Dooley, Ti-Juanita Jail, Everglades, 9 other best-sellers.



17-07. VICTOR HERBERT ON STAGE. ROGER WAGNER CHORALE turns back time with Indian Summer, Kiss Me Again, When You're Away, 8 more.



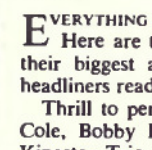
15-38. SINATRA. ALL THE WAY. Frank's greatest hit singles: High Hopes, Witchcraft, Talk to Me, Sleep Warm, Ol' MacDonald, 7 more.



12-76. STAN KENTON. THE FOUR FRESHMEN. Pete Rugolo arranges portraits in strings of Painted Rhythm, Minor Riff, End of the World, others.



16-82. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: STARS IN OUR EYES. Salutes to great vocal groups of the past: Apple Blossom Time, Opus #1, Shanghai, 9 more.



18-06. THE SOUL OF COUNTRY & WESTERN STRINGS. Rich orchestrations of Any Time, Tennessee Waltz, He'll Have to Go, others.



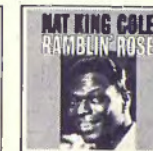
15-20. PEGGY LEE. BASIN STREET EAST. Catch her club performance of Fever, The Second Time Around, Them There Eyes, Yes, Indeed, 11 more.



8-24. NAT KING COLE. LOVE IS THE THING. 12 silk-smooth love songs. It's All in the Game, At Last, Love Letters, more of your favorites.



17-50. GEORGE CHAKIRIS. The singing discovery of West Side Story sings Maria, One Girl, I'll Wait, By Myself, Tonight, I Believe in You, more.



17-93. NAT KING COLE. RAMBLIN' ROSE. Warm and wonderful country music! The Good Times, Skip to My Lou, You're Cheatin' Heart, 9 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.



02-10. PIAF. 12 ballads in the poignant style of France's greatest torch singer, with Robert Chauvigny's orchestra. Manoural only.



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



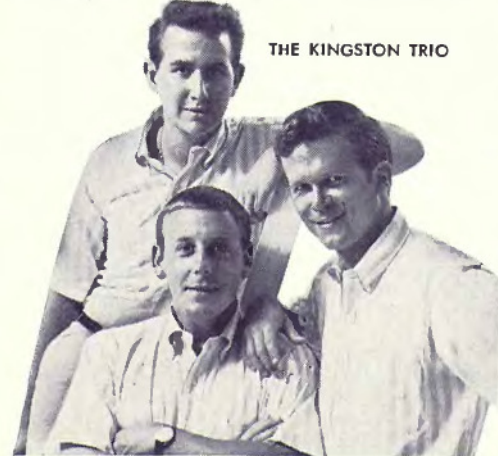
16-49. DAKOTA STATON AT STORYVILLE. Her first "on stage" album! Mean & Evil Blues, Easy to Love, The Show Must Go On, 9 more greats.

EVERYTHING about this offer is big—except the bill! Here are the biggest names in show business... their biggest albums—a million dollars' worth of headliners ready to entertain you!

Thrill to performers like Frank Sinatra, Nat King Cole, Bobby Darin, Dean Martin, Peggy Lee, the Kingston Trio, Judy Garland. Enjoy immortal classics in sparkling recordings by von Karajan, Hollywood Bowl Symphony and a host of Capitol and Angel artists. And if you like jazz, Capitol's repertoire offers you Jonah Jones, Stan Kenton, Duke Ellington, George Shearing, Miles Davis—along with the most danceable, dreamiest popular music by Ray Anthony, Russ Morgan, June Christy, Kay Starr and other favorites.

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THE KINGSTON TRIO



16-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. COLLEGE CONCERT. Live at U.C.L.A. Little Light, Le-rado?, M.F.A., 500 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds, others.



10-51. RED NICHOLS. PARADE OF THE PENNIES. King of Dixie cornetists rhapsodizes 11 foot-stomping: Avalon, Delta Roll, I Want to be Loved, etc.



13-19. NANCY WILSON. LIKE IN LOVE. Happy sounds: Night Mist, Passion Flower, In Other Words, More I See You, I Want to be Loved, etc.



17-06. THE BROTHERS CASTRO. LATIN HIP. Mexico's electrifying songsters! Perdido, Summer-fine, Tenderly, Now High the Moon, 8 others.



16-35. SWINGI STAGED FOR SOUND. Von Alexander's big-band sounds in highest hi-fi: I Won't Dance, In a Mellow Tone, 10 more.



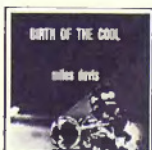
15-64. THE KINGSTON TRIO. GOIN' PLACES. Come along to Pastures of Plenty, Coast of California, Billy Goat Hill, 9 more folk-song favorites.



14-90. DAKOTA STATON. DAKOTA! Poignant ballad stylings of Rock Me to Sleep, If I Love Again, Pick Yourself Up, I'll Close My Eyes, 8 others.



11-07. THE KINGSTON TRIO. FROM THE HUNGRY 1. Recorded live in San Francisco. South Coast, Doris, Winochee, 9 others (Manoural only).



7-62. MILES DAVIS. BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also recorded by J. J. Johnson, Gerry Mulligan and others on 11 "cool" tunes. Manoural only.



12-97. RED NICHOLS. DIXIELAND DINNER DANCE. A la carte specials of Judo, Bolin' the Jack, Johnson Rag, Baby Won't You Please Come Home, etc.

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NAT KING COLE

ROUTE 66 THEME

17-71. **ROUTE 66 THEME:** NELSON RIDDLE. Plus Ben Casey, Unattachables, Naked City, Sing Along, Sam Benedict, other TV shows.

GEORGE SHEARING

18-75. **NAT KING COLE SINGS GEORGE SHEARING PLAYS.** Their first meeting on records is an event! *September Song, Lost April, Serenade*, 9 more.



THE FABULOUS HITS OF DINAH SHORE

17-04. **FABULOUS HITS OF DINAH SHORE.** Especially recorded. *Jim, Blues in the Night, I'll Walk Alone, The Gypsy, Buttons & Bows*, 7 more.

Nat King Cole

the touch of your lips

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



THE CARLAND TOUCH

17-18. **JUDY GARLAND, THE CARLAND TOUCH.** Stunning performance by Miss Showbiz! *I Don't Care, Lucky Day, Sweet Danger*, 10 more.



KARAJAN CONDUCTS OVERTURES

58-50. **KARAJAN CONDUCTS OVERTURES.** WEBER; MENDELSSOHN: *The Hebrides*; WAGNER: *Lohengrin, Flying Dutchman, Berlin Philharmonic*.



JAZZ ULTIMATE

9-33. **BOBBY HACKETT & JACK TEAGARDEN. JAZZ ULTIMATE.** Dixieland reunion on *Indiana, I Found a New Baby, Sunday, 'S Wonderful*, 7 more.



KAY STARR

17-95. **KAY STARR, JUST PLAIN COUNTRY.** *Crazy, 4 Walls, Don't Worry, I Can't Help It, My Last Date, Walk On By*, many others.




BIG BEAT HARMON

18-86. **BIG BEAT HARMON. JACKIE DAVIS!** Jazz rocks the organ with *Honeytuckle Rose, Stampin' in' of the Savoy, The Song Is You*, others.



OTTO KLEMPERER

58-53. **BEETHOVEN, SYMPHONY #3 (EROICA).** Otto Klemperer and the Philharmonia Orchestra. In the greatest concert position of all time.



WANDA JACKSON

15-96. **WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG.** Six songs on the sentimental side, six on the "rakin'" side. 12 sugar 'n' spice performances!



CARMEN DRAGON AMERICANA

85-23. **AMERICANA: CARMEN DRAGON** and the Capitol Symphony Orchestra. "American music emphasized to the full..."—Record Review.



FRANK SINATRA

17-42A, 17-82B, 17-82C. **SINATRA: "THE GREAT YEARS"** Huge, 36-hit collection of "The King's" all-time BIG records—now in one limited-edition, souvenir album. Thrill again to Leon Baby, All of Me, Hey! Jealous Lover, Withcraft, Learnin' the Blues, One for My Baby, many more. (3-record set counts as 3 separate selections.)



NANCY WILSON

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



THE ROMANTIC APPROACH

15-33. **STAN KENTON. THE ROMANTIC APPROACH.** His newest, most exciting dance band! *Imagination, I Understand, Falls Rush In*, 9 more.



DEAN MARTIN

14-42. **DEAN MARTIN. THIS TIME I'M SWINGIN'!** Dino rocks with *Imagination, Mean to Me, Just in Time, True Love, Someday*, and other finger snappers.



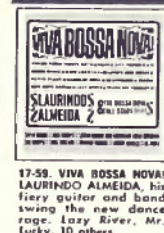
CY COLEMAN

17-40. **CY COLEMAN: BROADWAY PIANO-RAMA.** 8-way show hits: *Old Devil Moon, Lonely Town, Lost in Lavelinas*, 9 more.



BOBBY HACKETT

17-72. **BOBBY HACKETT. BLUES WITH A KICK.** Lyric cornet in a minor key on *Wearly Blues, Sugar Blues, Limhouse Blues, Wang Wang Blues*, more.



VIVA BOSSA NOVA!

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



ROSE MADDOX

15-48. **ROSE MADDOX. A BIG BOUQUET OF ROSES.** A dozen country-western beauties. *Gotta Travel On, Jim Dandy, Lonely Street*, 9 more songs.



THE FOUR PREPS

18-47. **FOUR PREPS. CAMPUS ENCORE.** Songs, spoofs recorded live. *Moan River, Lullaby, Michael, Runaround Sue, Remembering*, others.



WILD! STEREO DRUMS

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



JUDY GARLAND

15-68A & 15-68B. **JUDY AT CARNEGIE 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.)



THE BEST OF DUKE ELLINGTON

16-02. **THE BEST OF DUKE ELLINGTON.** Warm Valley, Rockin' in Rhythm, *Satin Doll, Caravan, Flamingo, Black and Tan Fantasy*, more jazz classics.



DINO

16-59. **DEAN MARTIN. DINO.** Long-awaited album of Italian love songs: *Non Dimenticar, Pardon, Arrivederci Roma, Just Say I Love Her*, 8 more.



JONAH JONES

10-39. **JONAH JONES QUARTET. JUMPIN' WITH JONAH.** *No Moon at All, Just a Gigolo, That's a Plenty, Bill Bailey, It's a Good Day*, 7 more.



SINATRA'S SESSIONS

16-59. **FRANK SINATRA. SINATRA'S SESSIONS!** All time favorites: *If All Depends On You, Always, Blue Heaven, Paper Moon*, 8 more gassers.



THE TWIST

16-68. **RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST.** *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hot Twist, Paper Gums Twist, Night Train Twist*, 5 more.



THE SWINGERS

17-33. **THE FOUR FRESHMEN. THE SWINGERS.** 12 jazz sizzlers: *I'll Darlin', Topi Miller, Satin Doll, Lullaby of Birdland, Lulu's Book in Town*, more.



GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT

85-81. **GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT!** Leonard Pannario, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony. *Cuban Overture, Second Rhapsody*, etc.



BOBBY DARIN

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



THE BEST OF FRANK SINATRA

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



THE SHEARING TOUCH

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



THE KINGSTON TRIO

16-42. **THE KINGSTON TRIO. CLOSE UP.** 12 songs never before recorded: *Sail Away, O Ken Koranga, Jesse James, Weeping Willow*, etc.



FRANK SINATRA'S SESSIONS

14-91. **FRANK SINATRA. SWINGIN' SESSIONS!** All time favorites: *If All Depends On You, Always, Blue Heaven, Paper Moon*, 8 more gassers.



THE TWIST

16-68. **RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST.** *Let's Twist, Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hot Twist, Paper Gums Twist, Night Train Twist*, 5 more.



KENTON'S WEST SIDE STORY

18-08. **STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY.** Jazz version of stage and screen hit. *Maria, I Feel Pretty, Something's Comin' Cool*, 7 more.



OH! LOOK AT ME NOW

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



THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY

16-83. **THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY.** *Misty One's* big hit: *Midnight Sun, Willow Weep for Me, Something Cool, How High the Moon*, 8 more.



MEDLEYS IN THE MORGAN MANNER

17-03. **MEDLEYS IN THE MORGAN MANNER.** RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA. *Baby Face, Liza, Thou Swell, Deep Night*, others.



BLACK SATIN

8-58. **GEORGE SHEARING. BLACK SATIN.** The quintet's lush stylings of *As Long As I Live, Starlight Souvenirs, Moon Song*, 8 more Shearing specials.



BRANNS SYMPHONY NO. 24

58-35. **BRANNS SYMPHONY NO. 24. C. MINOR. GIULINI.** Philharmonia Orchestra. "...deserves tremendous success..."—The Gramophone.



HANK THOMPSON & BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS

17-41. **HANK THOMPSON & BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS: #1 Country & Western Band!** *Cashmere, Flowers, Jersey Bounce, Red Skin Gal*, 9 more.

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'El Camino' intarsia jacquard knit cardigan \$21.95
'La Quinta' links stitch action sweater shirt \$29.50





'Arroyo Seco' bulky, bold stitch cardigan \$19.95
'Alpine' brushed jacquard zip cardigan \$18.95



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



You may recall that last winter a feisty organization called SINA—the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals, led by “President G. Clifford Prout, Jr.”—mesmerized a goodly portion of the nation’s press with its ostensibly sincere crusade to clothe all domestic animals “for the sake of decency.” (“It should be worded the Society Against Indecency to Naked Animals, of course,” Prout explained, “but unfortunately my father was a little—well, not quite of sound mind when he drew up the will financing the movement, and he used the wrong preposition.”) Then, in March, stories appeared in both *Time* and *Newsweek* claiming that SINA was nothing more than the farcical brainchild of a TV gagwriter named Buck Henry—alias Prout. At the time it seemed likely that the society and its crackpot capers (members once picketed the White House with signs demanding that the First Lady clothe her horses for the sake of the nation’s youth) would be heard from no more. Not so—proof that SINA has not repented crossed our desk a while ago in the form of a meticulously edited 40-page magazine entitled *Inside SINA*. Included in this “Official Organ of the Society for Indecency to Naked Animals” are such poker-faced items as two pages of patterns for SINA-approved animal duds, and a do-it-yourself summons, to be cut from the magazine and served as a “citizen’s arrest” to anyone perpetrating a public act of indecency—i.e., appearing in public with a nude dog, cat, horse, cow or “any animal that stands higher than 4 inches or is longer than 6 inches.”

This display of continued creativity piqued our curiosity to such an extent that we contacted Buck Henry at his CBS office in New York and asked him if SINA’s kookie momentum hadn’t been slowed by the spate of exposés. “Not at

all,” said he with dignity. “The stories in *Time* and *Newsweek* had little if any effect on our image. People take us seriously. At the moment, we are six weeks behind in our mail, and the phone in our New York office—MORality 1-1963—is busy nearly 24 hours a day. At least 75 percent of the people who write to us accept the organization at face value. Of course, many are critical—we are accused of being Communists, or fascists, who are attempting to undermine the country. Some attack me personally for undue affection for animals. But the movement is growing. People constantly send in snapshots of their clothed pets. We estimate that in the U.S. and Canada there are from 5000 to 6000 nuts who are actually concerned about clothing animals. The phenomenon is, to say the least, curious.”

A subsequent conversation with Bruce Spencer, SINA’s silver-tongued vice-president, indicated that SINA’s expanding membership is not its only curious facet. Veep Spencer, who plans to quit his post this fall because of excessive harassment by cranks—notably drunks who call at four A.M. to report unclad snakes—joined SINA four years ago when he was unemployed. “I’ll level with you because I’m leaving the outfit,” he told us earnestly. “Both Buck Henry and I are baffled by exactly what or who is behind SINA. It seems most likely that someone is putting on the world, at considerable expense. But it’s also possible that there really was some old guy, as our handouts say, who left a wad to finance a sincerely motivated movement. All I know is that every word we write in our news releases, magazine, and letters is read by the fund’s lawyers—a very tight-lipped crew, incidentally. They let us be funny—but there’s a line beyond which we cannot go.

“SINA’s authentic *raison d’être* has

quite literally stumped the best of reporters. I’ve seen more than one fellow spend weeks on his article, write it, then call back to say, ‘Come on, can’t you tell me what the *real* story is? I’m going out of my mind.’ They all think we must be trying to pitch a product. The *Time* guys got desperate at deadline time and explained us by saying we were trying to peddle a phonograph record. Then after their story was published, they called, like the others, and said, ‘OK, now you can tell us. What’s SINA *really* trying to prove?’

“Buck and I have been offered large sums of money to reveal the truth, the gimmick behind it all—but we have nothing to hide. A fund does exist. There is money, or else there would be no attorneys, or Fifth Avenue office, or office staff, or literature, or salary for me. For some reason—not commercial—a large amount of money is currently supporting SINA.” At this point, Spencer was speaking with the controlled reasonableness of a mountaineer trying to convince someone that the abominable snowman really does exist.

Whatever the solution to this oddball mystery may be—and we don’t pretend to know who is putting on whom—we are glad that the enigmatic voice of SINA continues to be heard in the land. Perhaps our pleasure stems from a certainty that the terrible wrath of Prout & Co. will never fall upon our head: the fact is that not once, in innumerable appearances on our cover, has the PLAYBOY Rabbit ever been presented in other than impeccably decent dress. Our record is spotless, and we intend to keep it that way.

We commend United Press International for the discretion with which it chose to handle what might otherwise have been a luridly explicit account of Britain’s celebrated Profumo sex scandal.



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"John Profumo," said the story, "resigned as Minister of War in the Macmillan Cabinet, his political career ruined by his admission that he lied to the House of Commons when he denied ৼ with callgirl Christine Keeler."

The free world awaits word from Monrovia, California, on the results of a recent city council meeting convened, said the Pasadena *Star-News*, to consider "resolutions opposing communism, nuclear testing and improvements on Olive Avenue."

Our annual nomination for the Unmitigated Gall Award goes to novelist Gregory Wilson for *The Stained Glass Jungle*, advertised as "the fast-moving story of a young minister whose aspirations and integrity are challenged by the tightly knit structure of his church's power politics . . . and by a forbidden love he can never acknowledge." If this is the way the communion wafer's going to crumble in the publishing world, we fully expect to witness a series of uncensored clerical exposés being run up the bell tower to see if anybody genuflects — perhaps with such titillating titles as *The Third Sexton*, *The Asphalt Pew*, *Under Two Cassocks*, *Lapse in the Apse*, *Nave of Hearts*, *Lay Preacher*, *Never on Week-days*, *The Seven Deadly Sinecures*, *Three Cons in the Font*, *A Methodist in My Madness*, *Vestry Rides Again*, *The Sackcloth and the Ashes* and *My Holy, Holy Ways*, the sensational frolics of an unfrocked friar.

Stern notice posted outside a power station near Centralia, Illinois: "TO TOUCH THESE WIRES MEANS INSTANT DEATH. ANYONE DISREGARDING THIS NOTICE WILL BE PLACED UNDER ARREST."

We regret not having been able to catch in time for a review the reportedly showstopping act of a new all-girl vocal group currently on a Japanese concert tour, warbling the poems of Sappho set to music: The Lesbian Four.

A Knoxville, Tennessee, housewife, reports the Detroit *Free Press*, may have a bit of difficulty convincing the court that her estranged husband, who she is suing for divorce, has been "running around with other women" as she claims. Their case on the docket reads, "Ollie May Blue vs. True Blue."

That time-honored ritual heretofore known as Being Outfumbled for the Check has been aptly and topically renamed: Shellout Falter.

A gleaning of oddities for specialized needs: the Delightform Invisinet Bra, advertised in the *San Francisco Exam-*

iner at \$3.95, "Men's or Women's"; and a secluded 10-acre estate offered in the *Seattle Times* to "aggressive incestors."

Our Britain-based correspondent reports that an avant-garde English artist named William Morris seems to have spawned a bold new genre of action painting ideally attuned to the temper of the times. Heeding the call of a muse who prefers to remain nameless, Morris spread a sheet of canvas 40 feet long and 16 feet wide across a private road near his Kensington home, emptied 142 tubes of colored oils and two gallons of house paint more or less spontaneously onto the canvas, donned his smock, climbed into his sports car and — after a long moment of inspirational meditation — began tooling artfully back and forth over the mingling pigments, thus giving birth to what may someday be known as the driving school of abstract impressionism. Caught up in the fever of creation, however, he backed accidentally into an adjoining public street and was summarily summonsed for driving without a license, for which he was fined \$1.40. Back on the right track, he subsequently persuaded a progressive-minded London art dealer to snip off and snap up two square yards of his creation for a tidy \$440, which is pretty fair mileage for a mobile masterpiece — enough, if he succeeds in selling the remainder at the same rate, to buy a Rolls-Royce for his next painting.

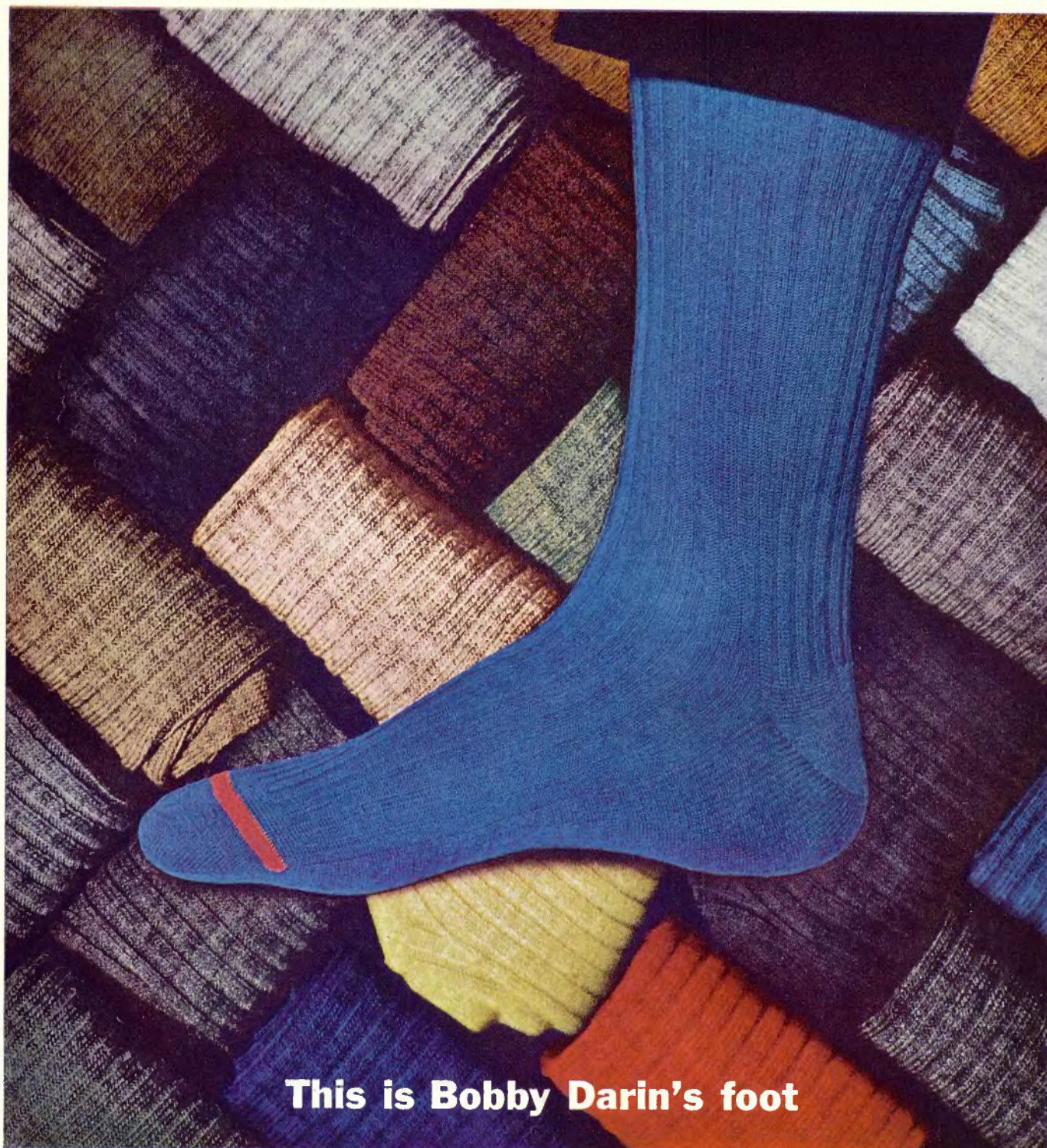
We salute the candor, if not the single-mindedness, of the gentleman who placed the following ad in the Pen-Pals column of Ontario's *Hush Free Press*: "Middle-aged widower, 5'7", 171 lbs. Black hair and brown eyes. Has home and car. Steadily employed. No encumbrances. Wishes to meet lay 40 to 50 years of age."

Evidently an ardent believer in the maxim that clothes make the man, a resident of the Rahway, New Jersey, Prison Farm sent an order to a leading New York clothier requesting a copy of their annual *Back-to-Campus Wardrobe Guide*.

Inflammatory sign scrawled in chalk on the wall of a Chicago crematory: "WE'RE HOT FOR YOUR BODY!"

Untold Story of the Month, from the Lost-and-Found column of the Far Rockaway, New York, *Journal*: "Lost: Black evening bag and bra on Wavecrest Subway. Reward. Great sentiment. FR 7-8693."

We didn't think it was possible, but new horizons for advertising promotion have a-borned in the unlikely quarter of



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Champaign, Illinois, where one Morris Brown, Bail Bond Broker, has taken to singing his praises on matchbook covers, with the following prose: "You don't need the wings of an angel—if you know MORRIS BROWN . . . Ask the Jailer, Your Attorney, Friend or Family to call FLectwood 2-5000."

In the odd moments we've spent scanning newspaper personal columns, we've seen an endless assortment of succinct statements of love, devotion, longing and despair, but we caught our first existential epigram the other day in the *Chicago Sun-Times*. As eye-grabbing as a shark in a swimming pool was the message: "ELISE. Happiness is a crude shower stall. A. Camus."

BOOKS

Ben Hecht's *Gaily, Gaily* (Doubleday, \$3.95) is a string of poignant reminiscences about newspaper days in Chicago during the early 1900s. Most of the pieces appeared in PLAYBOY in the early 1960s. In Hecht's recollection, the young century "was a time devoted equally (by my colleagues) to the promotion of good literature and honest fornication—and to their suppression by illiterates and hypocrites." As an intrepid young reporter for the *Chicago Journal*, Hecht made the acquaintance of a lot of bright apples, among them: Masha, a skid-row gypsy woman who tyrannized three lovers; Clara ("It took me a month to convince Clara that she was too beautiful and too fine a girl to work in Queen Lil's whorehouse"); and Fred Ludwig, a sentimental murderer who primped with rouge before his hanging and inspired Hecht to write in the *Journal*: "Fred Ludwig lived as a cowardly man but he died as a brave woman." Accompanying Hecht through this dim demimonde were such dedicated demimondists as Sherwood Anderson, Theodore Dreiser, Charles MacArthur and the late, benighted Maxwell Bodenheim. Ben and Max were once paid \$100 apiece by the Chicago Book and Play Club to debate a literary topic of their choosing—"Resolved: People Who Attend Literary Debates Are Fools." Ben, taking the affirmative, stood up, made a scornful motion at the audience and said, "I rest my case." Max then rose and surveyed the membership for a full minute. Finally he turned to Ben and announced, "You win." In *Gaily, Gaily*, Ben Hecht wins again.

First Person Singular (Dial Press, \$5) is a well-met collection of essays by 16 of our more thoughtful writers, most of whom have made their reputations as storytellers. In his introduction, editor Herbert

Gold defends the essay, etymologically, as "a try" at the truth, and takes its current revival as a sign that writers have been "bitten by moral and metaphysical yearning" and "have the vocation to pursue reality." Actually, the essays—including Gold's own *Death in Miami Beach*—need no justifying jargon. With one or two exceptions, they are excellent. Among the best: James Baldwin's *Fifth Avenue Uptown*, a vivid description of life in Harlem; Paul Goodman's *The Devolution of Democracy*, in which he argues that the Kennedy administration "has no other economic plan than a war economy, no foreign policy outside the CIA, and no domestic idea at all"; Gore Vidal's perceptive chat with Barry Goldwater; and Seymour Krim's painfully personal exploration into *The Insanity Bit*. Describing his own diagnosis at Bellevue, Krim concludes that "the psychiatrists who impatiently felt for the bumps within my head . . . are not as a group sensitive, informed or sympathetic enough with my purposes in life to be of help." Other contributors include Mary McCarthy, Arthur Miller, Saul Bellow, Nelson Algren, William Styron and Elizabeth Hardwick. A singularly personable company indeed.

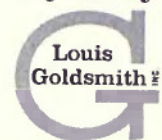
Since its publication around 1749, *Fanny Hill*, John Cleland's masterpiece of erotica, has been dressed up and dressed down, bowdlerized and excerpted, pawed and poured over by countless admirers. It has been paid all the tribute and has suffered all the indignities of the fate-buffed Miss Hill herself. Now, with censorship in retreat, comes *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* (Putnam, \$6), as authentic a version of the original novel, including original title, as the editors could put together. The *Memoirs* provide a voyeur's view of Fanny's downs and ups in 18th Century London and environs. Her tale is the classic one, of an innocent lass initiated into the loose life who finds that vice has its virtues. Owing to Mr. Cleland's elegant style, after three centuries of popularity his heroine remains as appealing as the day she was first seduced. The year 1963 may be remembered in America as little Fanny's *année*.

A New Lease on Life (Doubleday, \$3.50) is one of Georges Simenon's "psychological" novels as distinguished from his Inspector Maigret exercises. Yet there is a guilty party; there is a victim; and a man has, in effect, been killed. The victim, guilty party and dead man are one Maurice Dudon, who we meet at the age of 40 living alone in a bare room, working as a bookkeeper in a restaurant and wrapped in a sodden blanket of guilt—a gift bestowed upon him by a loveless, accusatory mother. M. Dudon has, in fact, nothing

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to his name but his self-loathing, his large stock of small compulsions and two extra-curricular rituals — a weekly stealing of insignificant sums from his employer and a weekly visit to the local brothel — followed quickly by a visit to a local priest. M. Dudon has waited all his life for The Disaster which will cause him to die in a state of sin. It almost arrives in the form of a car that strikes him as he emerges from the brothel one Friday evening — but he does not die. Instead, he awakens in a sunlit room of a luxurious private clinic, recipient of the solicitude of an earthy nurse. He discovers slowly as he lies in bed that his guilt has gone. He is a man reborn! What M. Dudon makes of his new lease on life is M. Simenon's story to tell, and he tells it with all the sentimentality of a neurosurgeon probing under white lights. And with all of the surgeon's utterly controlled, utterly revealing skill.

Lieutenant Colonel Wendel Fertig didn't surrender as ordered when the U. S. forces in the Philippines capitulated to the Japanese during World War II. Instead he hid out in the hills of Mindanao, assumed the rank of general and welded a few scattered Americans and some native factions into a guerrilla unit and eventually a free democratic government. In *They Fought Alone* (Lippincott, \$6.95), John Keats gives a fascinating report in novel form of how Fertig, an American mining engineer, achieved this without the help and often against the orders of off-island "aid." In the past (*The Crack in the Picture Window*, *The Insolent Chariots*), Keats has turned his wit on American bungling and complacency. Here his approach is serious, but his observations remain biting. He uses Fertig's adventure to catalog the errors of Army chiefs, Americans at home and post-war "liberators." On the island all lived in perpetual hope of "aid." But when it finally came, it brought senseless bombing and more destruction than two years of Japanese occupation. Fertig issued orders, printed money, treated the Filipinos with respect and promoted his men without regard to prior rank. When U. S. officialdom arrived, they refused to see the value of upholding the promotions, reinforcing political unity or redeeming the few thousand dollars in currency on which the Filipinos had come to depend. As Keats points out, Fertig's accomplishments had little military significance, but his example to the Filipinos of a Beautiful American was immeasurable.

Three handsome volumes dealing with ancient erotic art are now available in the United States after several legal skirmishes with the U. S. Customs. The first of the books, *Kama Kala* (Lyle Stuart, \$28), provides reproductions of the great Indian temple carvings at Khajuraho and

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Konarak, and has a text by Mulk Raj Anand which explains the inseparability of early Hindu erotica and religion. *Roma Amor* and *Eros Kalos* (both from Lyle Stuart, \$85 each) have short explanatory texts by Jean Marcade, with excellent color plates illustrating the plenitude of the erotic art that gave beauty and immortality to the everyday life of the Romans and Greeks.

City of Night (Grove Press, \$5.95) by John Rechy starts and ends in El Paso, but in-between, 400 pages in-between, it takes us on a guided tour of Queerdom, U.S.A. From Times Square to L.A., to San Francisco, to Chicago, to New Orleans — the narrator introduces us in fervid prose to the world of male hustlers and queens. Youth is all. You are either a youngman or an oldman. When you are a youngman, the scores pay you; when you are an oldman, the Bowery beckons. A sad tale, but love keeps breaking in. The narrator, driven by "anarchic restlessness," wants to be wanted, but will not, cannot, want in return — the frantic "I" of this guided tour will have no part of a score who gets personal, who seeks intimacy as well as orgasm. After all the frantic sex, he ends up in El Paso still an angry, scared little boy, who wails: "It isn't fair! *Why can't dogs go to Heaven?*" Petronius, one of Mr. Rechy's predecessors in this genre, provides the simplest of answers: Dogs don't want to go to Heaven.

DINING-DRINKING

Gotham's surprising shortage of first-rate seafood restaurants has been happily assuaged by the much-fanfares (and deservedly so) debut of the *Méditerranée* at Park Avenue and 63rd Street. In an atmosphere of subdued gentility, brightened in one room by well-executed Mediterranean murals, and warmed in another by sea-cavern architecture and the felicitous piano of Ralph Strain, host Ed Kern presents one of the few exciting nautical menus in town. The bill of fare abounds with fresh approaches to old favorites. The fish mousse of sole and snapper with a green sauce, for instance, is exotic, while Brandade en Bouchées — a culinary amalgam of salted cod in an excellent pastry shell — is outstanding solid fare, whether taken as hot hors d'oeuvres or as a luncheon dish. Among the soups, the ordinary is extraordinary and the rare, such as Waterzoie (of eel, carp and whitefish) and Billi-Bi, a cream-of-mussels delicacy, is delightfully accessible. Each fish in season is offered in several different ways, some of them unique. The Crab Duchesse, for example, is served on artichoke bottom with

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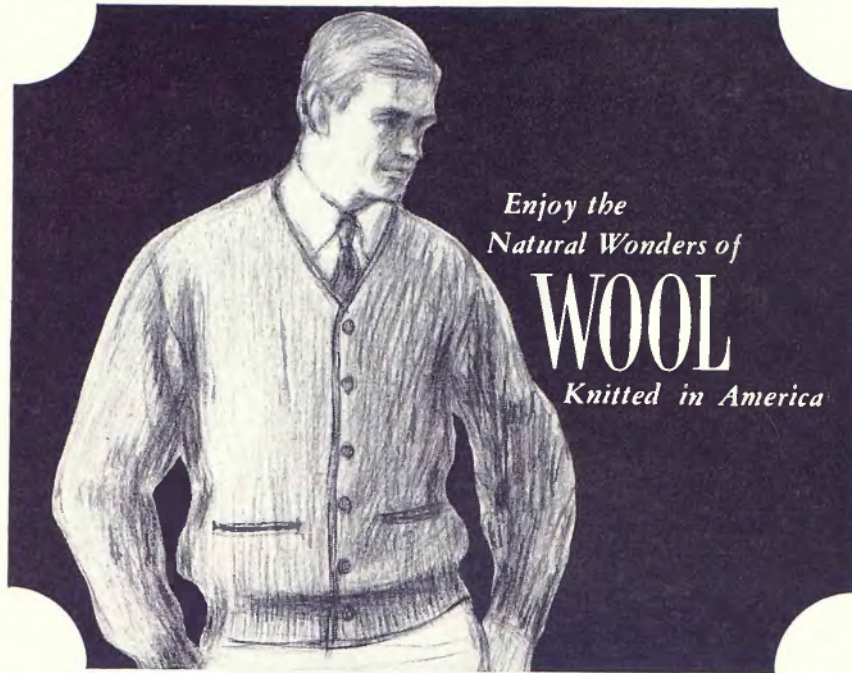
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béarnaise sauce cooked in. The menu includes, of course, the coastal delicacies of many countries and the lover of sea urchins, squid and the like can safely drop anchor here. Mr. Kern brought with him to the former site of Voisin the chef he employed when he owned Copain. Méditerranée is open seven days a week for lunch from 12-3 P.M. and dinner from 6-11 P.M., and for Sunday brunch. The menu is à la carte, and the restaurant, it should be pointed out, is in the city's high-rent district. To the pisciphile, however, a visit is well worth the price.

Restaurant Row in Washington, D.C., is a block-long segment of M Street, off Connecticut. A recent addition to its array of fine eating places is the *Knife & Fork* (1824 M Street, N.W.). The folksy name belies its plush appointments. The fare ranges from hearty prime ribs (a big double-size cut is only \$4.25 on the dinner menu) to delicate Sole Marguery. As befits cosmopolitan D.C., the Knife & Fork's menu is international in scope, with a chauvinistic deference to the incomparable domestic seafood from the Chesapeake and other home waters. There's shish kebab, Wiener Schnitzel à la Holstein, Coq au Vin, duckling Bigarade, gulf shrimp à la Norfolk, Maine lobster Newburg, and stuffed giant Spanish prawns. If you don't see what you want, you are urged to ask for it. The *carte de vins* rates some 60 growths, from the tongue-in-check "Naive and Amusing for its Presumption" to "Rare and Very Great." The grape that isn't represented isn't worth peeling. The setting is a discreetly lit harmony of deep-toned wood paneling, brick, and thick red-and-black carpeting. Red-leather swivel chairs will turn the head of the decor-minded. The open hearth, crackling good like a fireplace should, adds a cheery Dickensian warmth to the *ambiance*. Art patrons may beguile the cocktail hour appraising the dozen old masters dotting the walls. A phone jack at your table facilitates incoming or outgoing calls, compliments of the house. Hours are noon to midnight daily, 4 to 12 Sundays. Parking's free at the garage next door.

RECORDINGS

Teri Thornton Sings "Somewhere in the Night" (Dauntless) shows the young lady to be a singer very much in the fore of today's vocal ranks. Teri is self-assured and syrup-smooth, the arrangements by conductor Larry Wilcox are excellent, and the material is irreproachable. Included is the title tune, *Stormy Weather*, *Mood Indigo* and *I've Got the World on a String*. Miss Thornton has arrived.



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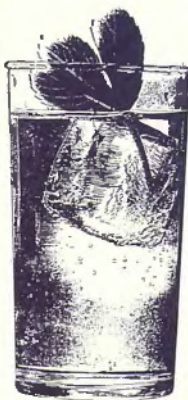
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ROSE'S LIME COLLINS: Tall, cool and classic. 3 parts of gin, rum or vodka, 1 part of Rose's Lime Juice. Pour over ice in a highball glass. Squirt full of soda. Stir clockwise four times, anticlockwise twice. Add a hint of mint. Highly recommended to keep guests happy, circulating and sparkling.



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Age cannot wither some jazzmen's creativity (to paraphrase the Bard) if *Hawkins! Alive! at the Village Gate/Coleman Hawkins* (Verve) is any indication. Hawkins, teamed with estimable pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Major Holley and drummer Ed Locke, is as freshly inventive as any of the current crop of stripling tenor men, pulling all manner of surprises out of his bottomless bag. The stellar attraction, *Mack the Knife*, is bolstered by a trio of only slightly less lustrous items, *All the Things You Are*, *Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho*, and the rejuvenated Hawkins standby, *Talk of the Town*.

Surging Ahead/Claire Fischer (Pacific Jazz) features the rising pianist in the company of three different rhythm sections. No matter who the supporting players are, however, Clare's jazz figures are always crystalline, his taste impeccable, his style nonderivative. The session is made up of standards and jazz classics, with the ancient Vincent Youmans creaker *Without a Song* tossed in as a challenging change of pace.

Solo/Kai Winding (Verve) finds the New York Playboy Club's musical director in what for him is the unfamiliar milieu of a rhythm section with nary another horn in sight. But Kai has no trouble at all adjusting to the *intime* environment as he proffers a lyrical bone through the likes of *Playboy's Theme*, *The Sweetest Sounds*, *Days of Wine and Roses* and the tongue-in-cheeker *I'm Your Bunny Bossa Nova*.

The Concert Sinatra (Reprise) is a mixture of surprising successes and foreseeable failures. Anyone at Frank's stage in his vocal career who tackles the bravura performance required by some of the songs in this session must be adjudged either foolhardy or courageous. But Frank nearly pulls it off. His rendition of the Kurt Weill classic *Lost in the Stars* — a formidable tour de force — is near perfect, showing no apparent sign of strain, and more amazingly, his handling of the epic *Soliloquy* from *Carousel*, which has cut down far stronger vocal equipment than his own, is almost faultless. Unhappily, the vocal peaks of *Ol' Man River* and *You'll Never Walk Alone* prove far too lofty for Sinatra to scale. The other four items, much less demanding, are conquered in typical Sinatra style. A full orchestra conducted by Nelson Riddle supplies the concert-style backing. Whatever the over-all impression, however, you can't fault a guy for trying.

The Count and his crew, wending their way through charts by exemplary arranger Quincy Jones, turn *This Time by Basie!* (Reprise) — a trip down a musical memory lane of the 1950s and 1960s —

into a thing of disciplined beauty. The band, more than ever, conveys the feeling of tightly reined power, with such soloists as flutists Eric Dixon and Frank Wess, and altoist Marshall Royal supplying the proper dressing for an unchallenged ensemble package. The tunes range from *I Can't Stop Loving You* to *Nice 'n' Easy* to *What Kind of Fool Am I?* to *Theme from "The Apartment."* The quality ranges from out of this world to simply great.

Jazz Guitarist: Elek Bacsik (Philips), even though it hardly lives up to its billing as a presentation of the "world's greatest" is nevertheless an interesting showcase for the highly talented Hungarian. By re-recording, Bacsik is able to play rhythm-guitar accompaniment to his own solos. Drums and bass fill out the complement for an outing that encompasses *Angel Eyes*, *Willow Weep for Me*, *My Old Flame*, the Django Reinhardt classic, *Nuages*, plus a half-dozen others. For his first starring stint, Bacsik acquits himself admirably.

Quincy Jones Plays Hip Hits (Mercury) proves at least one thing; the one thing better than Jones' arrangements is Quincy leading his own aggregation through Jones' charts. The session is funk-filled, electric, brilliantly swinging. Among the more soulful sonatas on the agenda — *Cast Your Fate to the Wind* and *A Taste of Honey*. All in all, a bash.

Missa Luba (Philips) is a unique aural experience. Beautifully packaged in an album enhanced by Congolese-styled woodcuts, the LP consists of the *Missa Luba*, a Mass sung, with drum accompaniment, to Congolese rhythms, backed by a group of songs of the Congo. The singers are Les Troubadours du Roi Baudouin and their vibrant love of life imbues the religious service with a contemporary vitality. Diametrically opposed in emotional content but certainly not in its spirituality is *De Profundis* (Vanguard) by the 17th Century French composer Michel de Lalande. The work, based on Psalm 130, "Out of the depths . . ." is performed by five solo voices led by the superb countertenor Alfred Deller, an organ, the Vienna Chamber Choir, and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Mr. Deller. *De Profundis*, for all its soaring aspirations, has the translucent fragility of a Watteau painting.

Art Pepper/Intensity (Contemporary), recorded in 1960 and just now released, shows dramatically just how much jazz has been missing with Art off the scene. Pepper carried no man's ax; his alto sang to the sound of a different drummer. The session, all standards, finds Pepper proving that a musician can be exciting, mel-



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odious, fluent — and progressive. Fronting a rhythm section, Art puts a high gloss on *Come Rain or Come Shine*, *Gone with the Wind* and the relative newcomer, *Too Close for Comfort*, among others.

Once More! Charlie Byrd's *Bossa Nova* (Riverside) has the boss man of the bossa nova experimenting, and quite successfully, with his rhythm group augmented by a cello quartet and a French horn on a half-dozen of the selections, and a trumpet/Flügelhorn and vibraharp on four others, with the remaining number, *Linehouse Blues*, performed by the regular troupe. The sound is almost unflinchingly fascinating, with Byrd's unamplified guitar proving again that he is one of the bossa nova's most eloquent spokesmen.

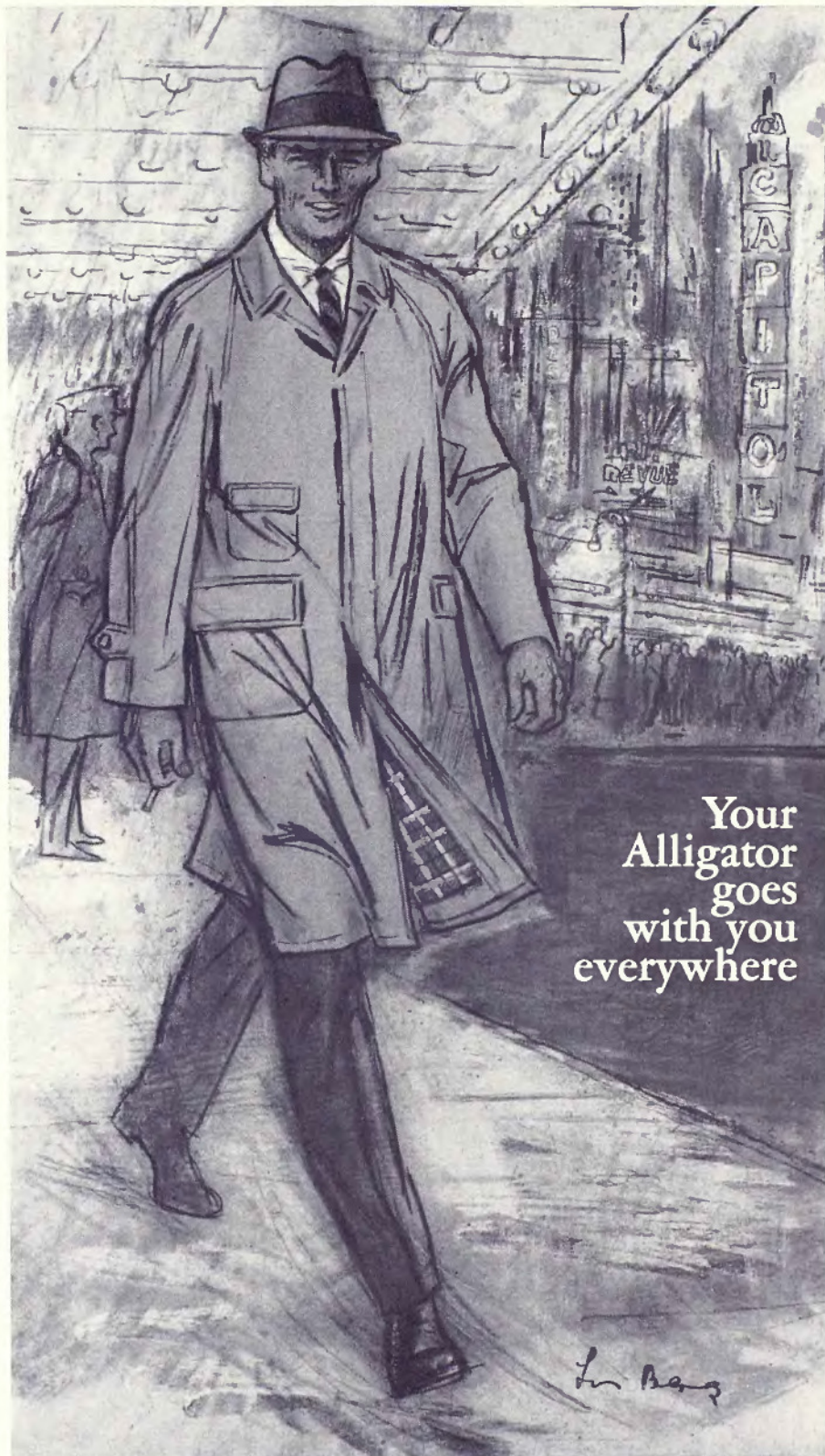
Folk singing — sacred and profane — is very much with us. *The Rooftop Singers/ "Walk Right In!"* (Vanguard) is a fine LP by a new folk trio, although its leader, Erik Darling (ex-Tarrier, ex-Weaver), is no newcomer to the idiom. With Bill Swanoe and Lynne Taylor, he has developed an absorbing vocal and instrumental sound that holds the listener through a program of, for the most part, unhackneyed material. *Leadbelly* (Capitol) is a re-issue of Huddie Ledbetter's 1944 efforts for that label. A monumental folk figure, Leadbelly performs *Goodnight, Irene*; *Take This Hammer*; and lesser lights, with the roughhewn ferocity that made him famous. At the opposite end of the folk ethnos is *Love, Lilt, Laughter/ Jean Redpath* (Elektra), on which the delightfully Scottish Miss Redpath delivers, in beautifully burred accents, a collection of Scottish, Irish and English ballads. On the pop-folk side there is the *Chad Mitchell Trio in Action* (Kapp) and *The Kingston Trio #16* (Capitol). The Mitchell men are much given to tongue-in-cheek original material; the Kingston clan are of a more serious bent, although they are not above ripping loose on occasion with their own lighthearted variations on folkish themes. Last but by no means least, we find *Inside Folk Songs/ Shel Silverstein* (Atlantic) in which PLAYBOY's own Renaissance Man executes (we use the word advisedly) 17 of his own compositions in a voice somewhat akin to the sound of a bull elephant at bay, unveiling notes that would make a Schoenberg blanch. It is a unique instrument (Thank God!) that wends its wildly implausible way from such astutely hip folknik put-downs as *Bury Me in My Shades* and *Folk Singer's Blues* ("What do you do if you're young and white and Jewish?") through an atonal interpretation of a Silverstein's Zoo poem, *The Slitheree-Dee*, culminating in the Elysian W. C. Fields-ish *Never Bite a Married Woman on the Thigh*.

MOVIES

Federico (*Dolce Vita*) Fellini has concocted a psychiatric catharsis in his new film *8½*. (The title is just an opus number; up to now he's made seven long films and three "half" segments.) His hero, a film director, is holed up at a spa: he can't get off the plot with his new film script. The hero's mistress, wife, and producer arrive—not together—and each helps and hinders. Interwoven with his script worries and tangled life are recollections, fantasies and wish fulfillments that would make Napoleon, Harun al-Rashid, and Casanova envious. The way that Fellini blends reality and unreality, his macaber and sexy humor, and his technical razzmadazzle make this film a surrealistic smorgasbord. Maybe you'll be hungry for substance after it's over, but while it's going on, it ranges from diverting to disturbing. The ending—in which the director reconciles himself to his life and decides to make a film of it—is an attenuated excuse for a finale, but any excuse that keeps Fellini film-making is a good one. Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale, Anouk Aimee, and Sandra Milo head the admirable cast, but photographer Gianni di Venanzo and editor Leo Catozzo deserve top billing, too.

Take a Paris *poule* who is serious about her profession and a young ex-gendarme who becomes her *mec*; let him fall in love with her, put on a disguise and occupy all her business hours—well, there you have the makings of a pretty creaky comedy; and all the creaks are ground out very, very slowly in *Irma la Douce*. On Broadway the freewheeling musical-fantasy form gave this tiny tale some lightness and life. Here, as straight farce, it is a colossal collection of clichés about France. Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond get the script credit, if that's the word; and it's hard to believe that these two wits did it; on second thought, it's easy: the police wagon full of girls in *Irma* is like the upper-berth scene from *Some Like It Hot* and the scene where Irma tries to arouse a reluctant customer is like the one where Marilyn Monroe worked on Tony Curtis in *Hot*. The direction is Wilder and woollier than anything he's ever done. Shirley MacLaine is more of a Yankee pullet than a French *poule*. Lou Jacobi makes a devious old son of a *bistro*, but the only one who really comes up strong is Jack Lemmon, the *mec*, whose talent radiates even through the leaden script.

Norman Jewison is beginning to be a directorial name to conjure with—and he conjures pretty niftily in his latest comedy *The Thrill of It All*. Like his last,



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Forty Pounds of Trouble, this one swings along with pace and point, comic inflection and movement, and — well, he makes James Garner seem funny. Garner plays a young physician whose wife (Doris Day) gets an \$80,000-a-year offer to do soap commercials on TV — she's a homespun type who can spin the homemakers. She becomes a TV celebrity, and the marriage is menaced. Carl Reiner's script has some good gags, some gagged ones, and a few really far-out scenes. Topper: The ad agency has inflicted a swimming pool on the pair, installed in one day. Doc comes home, drives around to the garage; wife waves, trying to warn him; he waves back cheerily and drives into the pool. Garner's expression as he sits in the slowly sinking car is worth more than the price of admission. Miss Day, fortunately, is not a vested virgin in this one. Arlene Francis and Edward Andrews are members of the Serutan set who are about to have their first child. All are A-OK, but it's Norman's conquest.

This Sporting Life is a blunt, brutal British version of a timeless theme: sports as the poor boy's road to riches. Here it's not boxing, for a change, but rugby. Richard Harris, a sturdy young miner turned scrum star, lodges in a Midlands city with Rachel Roberts, who is widowed and withdrawn. On the field he's a smasher, but he can't crack her defenses. Hungry for love, Harris keeps trying — too self-centered to see that by succeeding he will sink her. This is the first full-length film by Lindsay Anderson, the pioneer British Free Cinema figure, and much of it — the football fracas, the man-woman scenes — is moving. Harris is charged with energy, emotional and physical. Miss Roberts, the married woman of *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, sears the screen with cold fire. But David Storey's script, from his own novel, has important characters who simply disappear, symbolism as subtle as a crash of cymbals, seeming villains who turn out to be vapid — and Anderson highlights the low lights as well as the high ones. Between virtues and defects, *This Sporting Life* ends in a tie.

The L-Shaped Room is the story of an unmarried pregnant girl who comes to a cheap London lodging house to wait out her term and have her baby. In the original novel by Lynne Reid Banks, she was English; here we're told that she came over from France to have her first affair. In England! At the age of 27! The change is a feeble attempt to justify the use of Leslie Caron. Scared but determined, the girl makes friends with the other lodgers: a Negro jazzman, a struggling young writer, an ex-vaudevillian, a couple of tarts, even the landlady. She falls in love with the writer, but their affair fizzles because he can't

forget that her child is not his. Tom Bell, in his first leading role as the writer, cuts his way up to a place near Albert Finney. Brock Peters, Emlin Williams and Cicely Courtneidge are in their varying fine forms. Bryan Forbes' direction, like his script, alternates between the hollow and the heated. It's in the new English social-realism vein, but watered down and sugared up. Result: a somewhat soapy opera in unsoaped language.

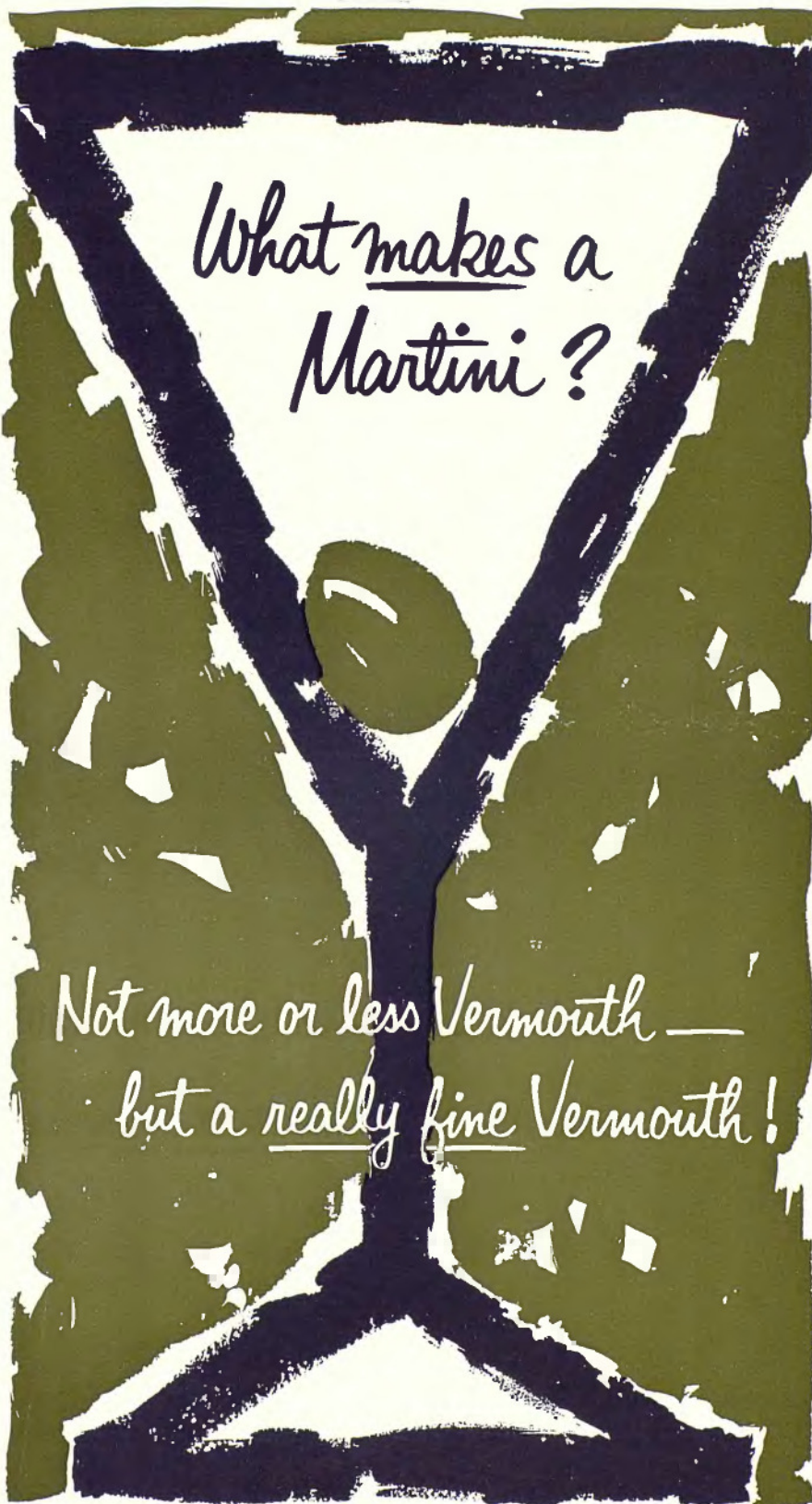
Cleopatra, with her bosom pals, Julius Caesar and Mark Antony, has made it at last—in De Luxe color, Todd-AO, and four hours plus. Is it any good? Well, any four-hour journey is bound to have *something* jolly to see, and if you get tired of looking down Elizabeth Taylor's widely cleft bodice, there's always the Pharsalian battlefield. Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the last of a long line of writers and directors, has stuck close to Plutarch, Suetonius, and home base. His facts are mostly accurate, his use of them in dialog and drama mostly movie-middlebrow. His direction is halfhearted, like that of a civilized chap who is somewhat embarrassed at having to *misch* in this *masch*. Liz, bless her heart, tries; but her manner and walk are less ancient Egypt than Little Egypt. Her performance is implausible from the beginning until, defeated, she falls back on her asp. Richard Burton (who doesn't take charge till the end of part one) has a tigerish talent but it's leashed in—most of the time. The star of the film is regal Rex Harrison, Caesar, who manages to keep things afloat until he is assassinated. Roddy McDowall (*Roddy McDowall!?*) gets second acting honors as Burton-Taylor's toga-clad nemesis. After that, you may ask yourself whether the whole thing is worth Nile.

THEATER

One opening night last spring an actor playing a janitor in an off-Broadway no-play called *The Purple Canary* slogged his mop through the air so enthusiastically that he splashed the entire front row. The play dried up after six performances, but the moment was recorded as the most characteristic of the off-Broadway season. From the 70-odd productions that opened away from Times Square, it was obvious that for the most part the actors were enthusiastic, the playwrights were foolish, and the critics were martyrs (and, occasionally, all wet). Off-Broadway was not, however, a total loss. There were some first-rate revivals and even a few good new plays by good new playwrights.

The year's best production, and winner of several awards is a revival of a revival, William Ball's stunning staging of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*.

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Unlike the play's last New York director, Tyrone Guthrie, Ball tries no monkey business. His version of this play within a play is a straight reproduction of what Pirandello had in mind: the confusion between illusion and reality as demonstrated by a group of actors shaken from their very real rehearsal into a dream world of six lost souls. The new translation by Paul Avila Mayer is contemporary but not colloquial, and the direction (in the round) is as clean as the production's white lighting. On the strength of this accomplishment, Ball was called upon to restage *Six Characters* way off-Broadway—on London's West End, with a cast headed by Sir Ralph Richardson. At the Martinique Theater, 32nd Street and Broadway.

An American classic, Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*, is being resoundingly revived by José Quintero. The stage is elmless—board planks and a few pieces of furniture represent the Cabot farm—but the drama is charged with intensity. To the family farm, the old patriarch, Ephraim Cabot, brings his new bride. Two of his sons flee at the encounter; the third, Eben, stays to snub her, learns to love her. The play soon resolves itself into a bitter conflict of desires—the flinty father for his homestead, the sniveling son for his birthright (and for his father's wife), and the indomitable wife for all that's owed her. Some of the prose is prosaic, but the play is powerful, and the production impressive. At the Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.

Playwright Murray Shisgal is introduced to his native America by a pair of oddball, two-character one-acts, *The Typists* and *The Tiger*, both of which constitute wifful assault on the temple of cliché. The tiger (of the second play, which comes first) is a brainy bum who tries to bounce from his humdrum life by abducting a suburban lady. He drags her to his fleabag pad, where after a hilarious verbal battle (he thinks of himself as an intellectual superman, but she speaks better French), he finds that she is his master. *The Typists* is about a go-getter who goes and gets a job pounding a typewriter and is seated next to a stick-in-the-mud lady clerk. As they type, they meet, make friends, fight, and mellow. In a mastery of maskery, they age right before the audience's eyes. The two plays are wispy, but not frivolous, and Shisgal is definitely a dramatist to watch. At the Orpheum Theater, 126 2nd Avenue.

Britain's Harold Pinter is a master of comedy-menace. His one-acts, *The Dumbwaiter* and *The Collection*, collectively billed as *The Pinter Plays*, are sparsely written but filled with wry dread. In the first, two assassins wait at the bottom of an abandoned dumbwaiter for their orders to kill, and are suddenly shaken from their deathgry by orders to fill—steaks, potatoes, puddings. The last order is their awaited one—but with a shocker of a

twist. *The Collection* takes place above ground, if not aboveboard. Its characters play a round-robin game of coquetry, with everyone wearing blinders. There are two couples — composed of three men and a girl — and some of them are fooling with some of them, but no one seems to know who with whom, or when. As for Pinter, he gives no answers: his plays remain fascinating riddles. At the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougall Street.

Lewis John Carlino's *Cages*, an uneven pair of two-character one-acts about people who lock themselves off from each other, is caged in by its use of theatrical clichés. In *Epiphany*, Jack Warden plays a bird fancier who is worried that his wife doubts his masculinity. In order to rule the roost he turns himself into a rooster. The idea is something out of Joe Miller and Ionesco, but Warden's crows, clucks, and chin twitches on the way to the coop are inventive, and when he finally turns chicken, it is a moment of great poignancy. Through most of the metamorphosis, however, co-star Shelley Winters stands there feeding him cues and playing straight hen. In the curtain raiser, *Snowangel*, an attenuated vignette about a dull man who wants to restage the love of his life and a frowsy prostitute who wants to get down to business, it is Warden's turn to be stooge. Miss Winters has a few funny lines ("Don't be nervous," she tells her client, "I love you"), but basically she is just that old playwright's favorite, the whore with a heart. At the York Playhouse, 64th Street and First Avenue.

Barbed wire separates the audience from the actors — and lucky for that. Otherwise people might maul the nummers for making them sit through a most excruciating experience called *The Brig*. Behind the wire is a Marine prison, accurately duplicated down to the last deprivation. Ten numbered prisoners are locked in the cage and for more than two hours they are beaten and brainwashed — until they are as impersonal as the name the guards have given to them: maggots. "Sir, prisoner number two requests permission to cross the white line, sir," is repeated over and over and over again. Then one man cracks. He screams, "My name is not six!" — a yawp of unbearable humanness. He is taken away in a strait jacket and the prison returns to its monstrous normalcy. Nothing builds in *The Brig*. Nothing moves, except the actors double-timing and doing push-ups. By any conventional measure, *The Brig* is not a play at all, and its author, 27-year-old Kenneth H. Brown, may not even be a playwright. He is a camera, and his picture is painful. At the Living Theater, 530 6th Avenue.

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LASTING WEAR IN EVERY PAIR

The Boys from Syracuse, a pretty jewel-box revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs include *This Can't Be Love* and *Sing for Your Supper* and the jokes, "Don't you miss home cooking?" "Whenever possible." The book was swiped in 1938 by George Abbott from William Shakespeare out of *A Comedy of Errors*, and it shows its age if not its source. It's all about mistaken identity — two boys from Ephesus and they jump in and out of double beds and *-entendres*. In the midst of this humbug, the tunes surprise like sudden bursts of sunshine. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you ruin your make-up," cracks the leading lady lamely, and then she bursts into the lovely *Falling in Love with Love*. At Theatre Four, 424 West 55th Street.

Best Foot Forward is so far out that it's back in. It's hard to believe that anybody — even as long ago as the 1940s when this was first fossilized — would sit down and write a musical about a Hollywood star accepting an invitation to the Winsock high-school prom in order to boost her sagging career, but that is precisely what happened. Today the show is where it belongs, in a minuscule off-Broadway house and in the hands of a gang of youngsters who were born after the first *Fool*, and play this one as if they really believed it. At Stage 73, 321 East 73rd Street.

Riverwind, the only fresh musical to breeze through the off-Broadway season, takes its name from a motel on the banks of the Wabash in which a trio of scrappy romantic alliances (old love, puppy love, free love) are patched up like three worn inner tubes. This folksy show is the one-man handicraft of a young Indian named John Jennings, who wrote the music, lyrics, and some of the book. The music is almost very good (a nice variety of low-down blues and haunting ballads), the lyrics are passable, but the book is as soggy as its setting. *Riverwind* does have a modest, dreamy charm, however, and it introduces a composer of considerable polish and promise. At the Actors Playhouse, 100 7th Avenue South.

Beyond the fringe of off-Broadway in the coffeeshouses and cabarets, satirists are taking pot shots at everything from the crown down. Both *The Second City* and *The Premise* keep giving new names to their shows, but always hold onto a bit of the old. The new this year comes from Britain: five fiendish funsters who call themselves *The Establishment*, and aim higher and wilder than their American rivals, winging such as Kennedy, Kenyatta, and Macmillan. The Establishmentarians don't improvise, except when the customers aren't looking, but their well-warped wit makes them the season's leaders in the Theater of the Acerb. At the Strollers Theatre Club, 154 East 54th Street.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Two years ago when I was 19, I became enamored of a strikingly lithe beauty who was but a junior in high school. As our love flourished, so did our physical intimacies until, inevitably, our desire was consummated. During the next year our relationship withstood separations and the frustrating futility of long-distance phone calls. But the summer was marred by constant bickering and our time together consisted primarily of battles and bedtime. After she went off to college we drifted apart and, after one terrible Thanksgiving vacation together, we broke up. After two years of promises and agreements, I must say I enjoy my new freedom, but I am worried about one thing: the insistent urgency in our sexual relations. Now that she is seriously dating another, will she be predisposed to hop in bed with the next one — and the next? What responsibility do I share if ultimately she becomes a pro? — B. G., New York, New York.

Much as you'll hate to hear this, the answer is: none. The need for physical gratification is rarely the cause of a woman turning professional. What's troubling you is not her future, but your ego. It hurts you to think that you can be replaced. That's understandable, but what she does from now on is none of your business and certainly not your problem.

A friend of mine just returned from abroad where, at one of the many watering holes he patronized on his grand tour, he asked for a mint julep. The proprietor delivered it to him with great pride in his creation, whereupon my friend, happy in the thought of the educational spread of American culture, took one swallow and turned the colors of the Stars and Bars. After choking it down, he demanded to know what had gone into the abomination, and was told straight-facedly by the barkeep that it was made with brandy, of course, the way they'd always made them. Could it be that the South's noblest potation has been the victim of some foreign agent's cunning sabotage through the substitution of brandy for bourbon? — R. L., Savannah, Georgia.

The bartender was neither con man nor quack. Jefferson Davis twirling in his grave to the contrary, there are a number of foreign countries — where bourbon is not readily available — which have replaced it (any potable in a storm) with a much handier native product.

In the fifth installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, the word "Comstockery" was used. I know it refers to censorship, but I was wondering if you could tell me its

derivation. Does it have anything at all to do with the famed Comstock lode of gold-rush days? — T. T., South Bend, Indiana.

Nothing at all. Anthony Comstock spent his time mining the limitless (in his eyes) vein of "obscene" literature, photographs and painting reproductions. Born in 1844, Comstock flourished midst a mass hysteria of Victorian American prudery. As secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, his inquisitorial zeal inspired the founding of that other estimable group, The Watch and Ward Society, in Boston. Comstock flayed out at everything from dime novels — "devil traps of the young" — to paintings (his campaign against "September Morn" brought it a far greater fame than was its artistic due). He reached censorial heights, however, when he led the successful campaign to get Congress to pass what was later called the Comstock Law, controlling the circulation of obscene material through the mails. No let-George-do-it man, Comstock had himself appointed as a special postal agent, attacking his job with such fervor that he was able to claim that he had single-handedly brought about the destruction of 50 tons of indecent books, almost 30,000 pounds of printing plates, almost 4,000,000 obscene pictures, and about 17,000 negatives of the condemned photos. Not the least of his accomplishments, in his own estimation, was the feat of having driven 15 people to suicide.

May I wear a plain white dress shirt with regular pointed collar under a dinner jacket? I don't dig those lacy-ruffled formal shirts at all. — G. P., Washington, D. C.

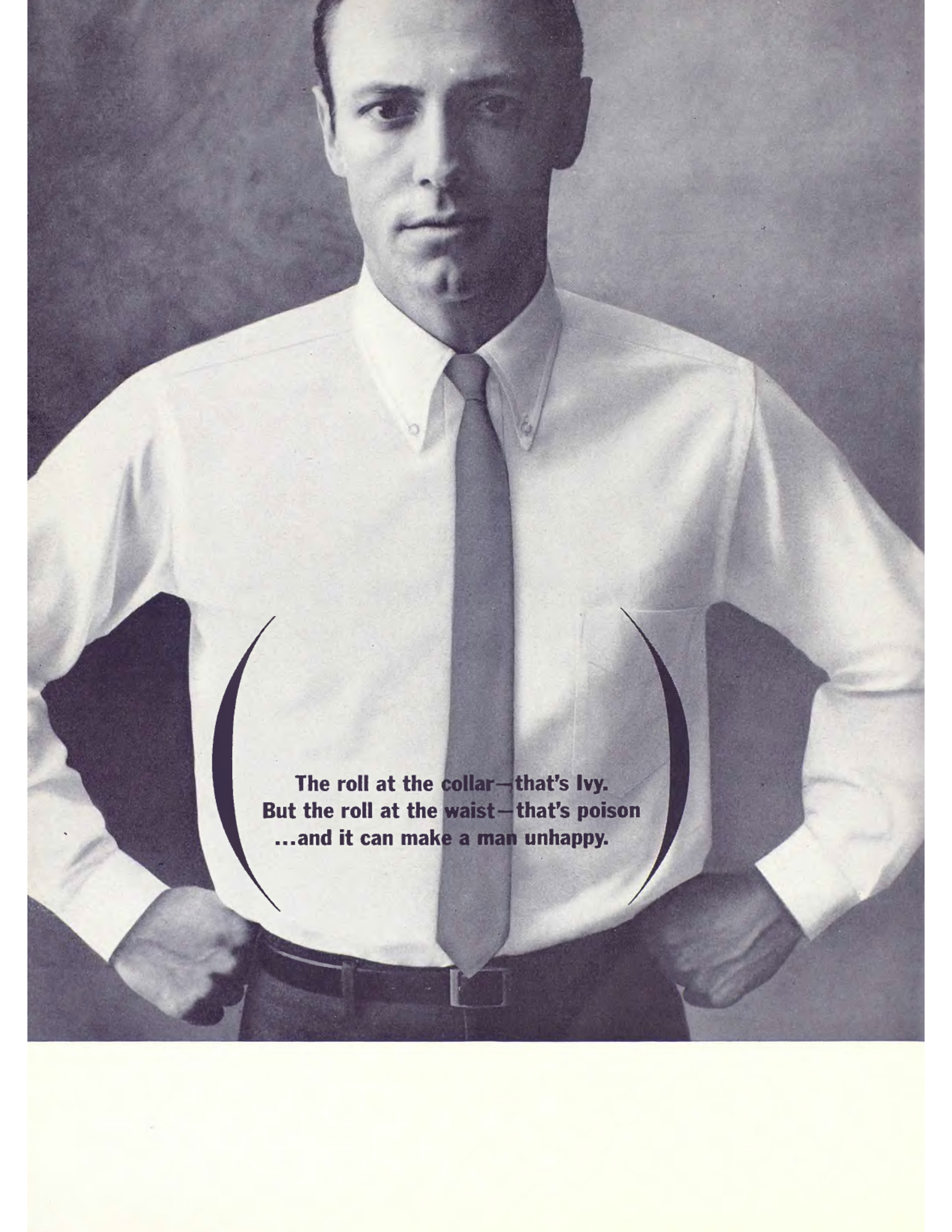
We don't dig lacy-ruffled formal shirts either, but there are any number of simply-pleated formal shirts that are correct under a dinner jacket. A plain dress shirt is never an acceptable substitute for formalwear.

Just what is shotgun poker? I've heard that it's an American form of Russian roulette. — T. L., Chicago, Illinois.

You've heard wrong. It's actually a variety of poker that combines the play of both draw and stud. Each player is dealt three face-down cards. After a round of betting, another face-down card is dealt which is followed by another round of betting. A fifth face-down card is dealt followed by more betting, then by the draw (the number depending upon house rules), as in draw poker. There is a final round of betting after which players still in the game show their hands. You might feel like shooting yourself after losing a big one, but that's the closest it comes to Russian roulette.

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I've heard that the tomato was once known as a love apple. Did people really think it had aphrodisiac powers? — J. T., Los Angeles, California.

They did, indeed. And it was all due to a sad case of garbled translation. Tomatoes, which originated in South America, were shipped back to Spain soon after Columbus' arrival in the New World, whence they were introduced into Morocco, where they recrossed the Mediterranean to Italy. Here they were called "pomo dei Moro" (apple of the Moors). Then a Frenchman brought them back to his homeland, mistranslating the name phonetically to "pomme d'amour" (love apple)—which is how the tasty tomato became an amatory apple.

Having misspent my youth lifting weights at the Y rather than cue sticks in the poolhall, I find myself in a rough sartorial predicament. I have very wide shoulders and a very narrow waist, two attributes which seem to have been entirely overlooked by today's fashion pace-setters. Be it Ivy or Continental, no jacket ever comes close to fitting me properly. If the shoulders are right, it fits like a tent in the waist and is much too long; if the waist size comes close, the shoulder width is impossible and the jacket ends at my beltline. Am I doomed to outrageously high alteration charges or prohibitive custom tailoring? — F. A., New York, New York.

If your measurements approach your description of them, you're going to have trouble finding a ready-to-wear suit that will come close to fitting properly. Of course, alterations can be had in quality stores which will bring you closest to a solution. Rather than going all out with custom tailoring, you might look for a British silhouette which currently features wider shoulders (ask the tailor to remove the shoulder pads) and strong waist suppression.

I've been steadying it with a beautiful chick for nearly two months now. But there's something missing from our relationship and I know exactly what it is. I've tried to get her up to my place but she fears the entrance of my roommates who are very good platonic friends of hers. (My roommates are big on platonic relationships.) Her house is virtually out of the question and I'm not one for car conquests. Also missing are friends with pads. So where do we go? — A. B., Cincinnati, Ohio.

To a pad of your own or to a less inhibited chick, that's where. We prefer the former solution because we feel there is no reason for either you or the girl to share your affair with your pals. If you can't solve the where-to problem, you'll never make it through the how-to stage.

A year ago, a friend and I formed a partnership to manufacture and market a novelty item. Unfortunately, our product was not a huge success and we've been left holding a bagful of inventory. Now, my partner wants us to put up fresh money to test-market an improved version of our original product. I'm not averse to a new test-marketing, but I think it should be financed by the sale of our present inventory. That way we wouldn't run the risk of losing new capital or being stuck with outmoded inventory. Friend partner feels that I'm being too cautious and that my hesitance is unfair to him. He insists that I'm ethically (although not legally) obliged to come up with new cash. Short of dissolving the partnership, what is the ethical thing to do? — R. F., Chicago, Illinois.

As you've discovered, the problem of capital limitation should have been anticipated in your original partnership agreement. But since, apparently, it wasn't, we'll have to side with you. In a 50-50 operation, it isn't ethical for one partner to demand that the other take previously unforeseen risks. Since you are willing to go along with his test-market idea, he should accept your plan for financing it.

I have just about lost my mind thinking about my ex-girlfriend. We dated steadily for over two years and she told me she had no interest in any other men and loved me very much. Then, last month, she shot me down so abruptly that I still don't quite know what happened. Her reasons were that we were becoming too serious (I never proposed marriage) and she didn't want the responsibility of being romantically involved. How do I get her back? — S. B., Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

You have been kissed off — firmly and forever. There can be a million reasons why, but we suspect that what she told you is the truth. It is no reflection on you. By freeing you from an unrequited relationship, the young lady has actually done you a favor.

I have a fine studio apartment — equipped with good stereo, records, paintings, etc. — which I like to show off to an appreciative audience. But how do you go about inviting a girl to your pad on the first or second date (after dinner, a show or the like) without telling her all about it or making her think that your intentions are bed-wise, which may (but not necessarily) be the case? — S. D., Queens Village, New York.

Invite her over for a tête-à-tête dinner before going out. Otherwise, use the record ploy: discuss tastes in music and then invite her up to hear her favorite circular etchings. If your pad is all you say it is and if you don't come on like Mr. Hyde, you should have no trouble getting her back for a second

visit. In fact, you may have trouble keeping her out.

On some brochure material I've received on foreign automobiles, I've seen the words DIN and CUNA after a number of the specifications. What do these mean in English? — J. W., New Haven, Connecticut.

They aren't words, they're initials. DIN stands for Deutsche Industrie Normen and is an abbreviation for the yardstick of German industrial technical standards. CUNA stands for its automotive counterpart in Italy — Commissione Unificazione e Normalizzazione Autoveicoli.

Just how much does the alcoholic content of beer vary from state to state? — J. H., Sunnysvale, California.

A brew Baedeker can get rather involved. American lager beers range from 3.87 to 6.2 percent (a Minnesota brew) in alcohol by volume. National brands vary from 4 to 5 percent but stay under 4 percent where legally restricted. Ales range from 5 to 5.6 percent in the East and Midwest, and on up to 7.5 percent on the Pacific Coast. A special brew called "malt liquor" can reach almost double the strength of the average 4½-percent alcohol content of light beer. Some states prohibit the appearance of the alcoholic content on beer labels; other states require it.

About six months ago I started dating a divorcee quite seriously. But a few weeks ago she became very vague with me and twice canceled plans we had made, saying, "I can't see you tonight because I've got some unexpected company." After the second time, I made a date to talk to her about our problems but she didn't show up. At that point I dropped the whole affair. But a week later I got a letter from her asking why I was being so cruel to her and explaining that she missed our "talk date" because she had been unavoidably detained. Should I take her word for it? — H. P., Tannersville, New York.

Her word for what? "Unexpected company" and "unavoidably detained" aren't explanations, they're excuses. This girl doesn't want a serious relationship, she simply wants to keep you on the string. Cut it.

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

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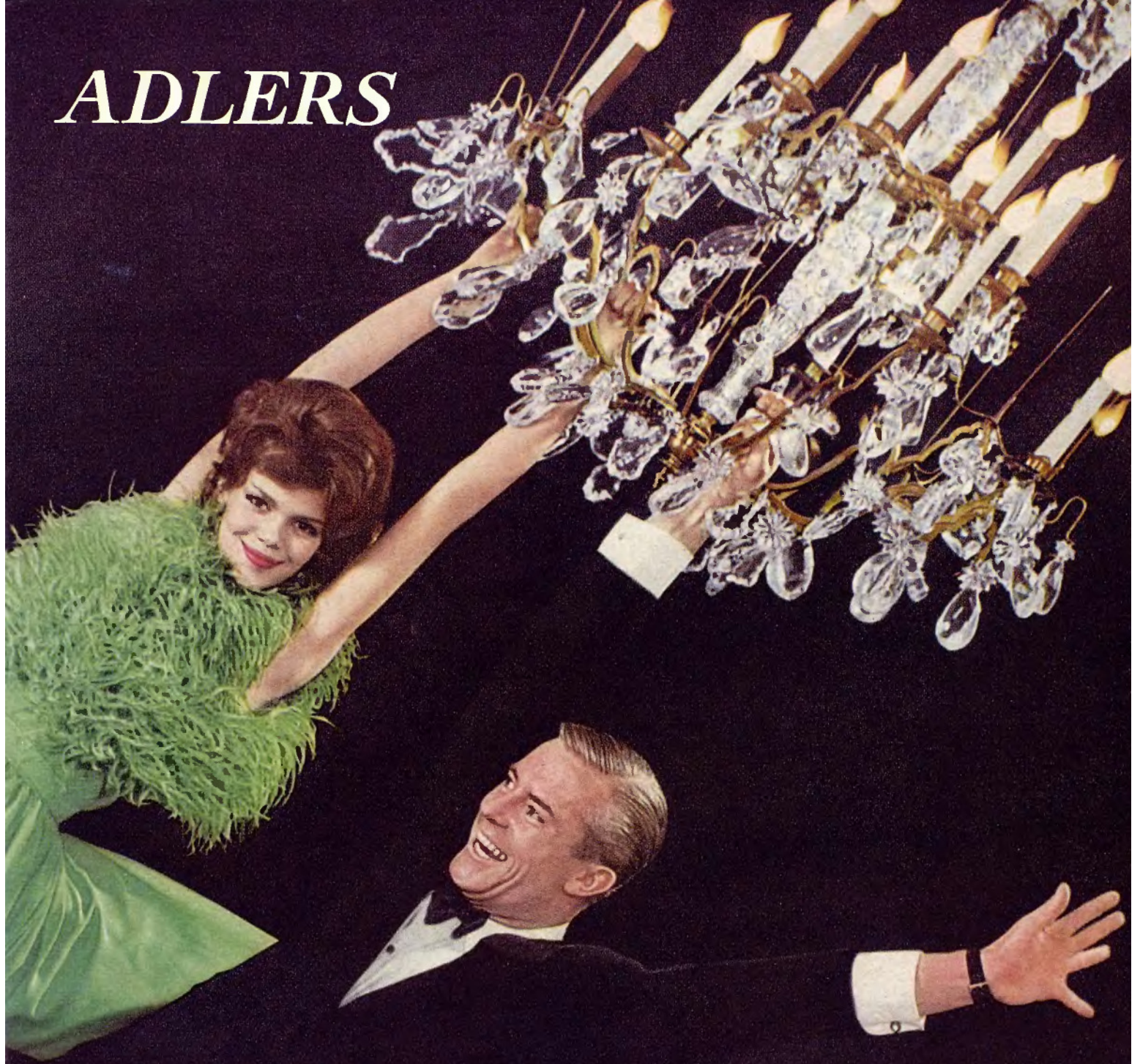
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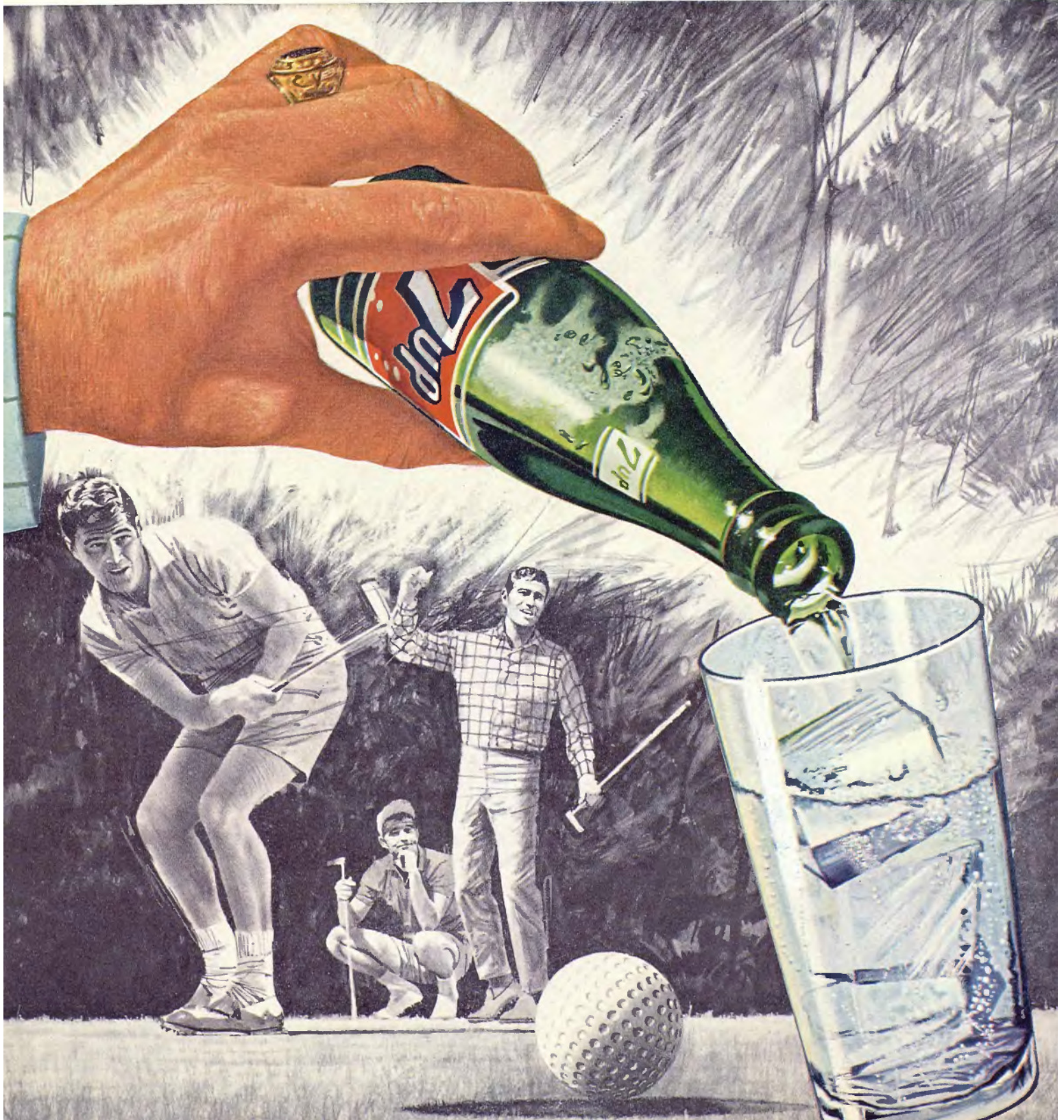


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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RICHARD BURTON

a candid conversation with Cleopatra's controversial co-star

Kenneth Tynan, who conducted this interview for *PLAYBOY*, is widely esteemed as Britain's most articulate and iconoclastic commentator on the theater. Writing with a rare authority gained from his multifarious background as a stage director, movie script editor and television writer-producer, he has become internationally known as a drama critic (for the *London Observer* since 1954, and for *The New Yorker*, succeeding the late Woolcott Gibbs, from 1958 to 1960); trenchant essayist on drama in England, Europe and America; and author of six books (including an illuminating profile of Sir Alec Guinness). Lauded by literary critic Alfred Kazin as a "virtuoso performer in journalism" for his barbed and burnished prose, he has also earned a reputation as an engineer of reportorial coups: He once arranged and presided at the only meeting between Tennessee Williams and Ernest Hemingway; he is reputed to be the only writer who ever interviewed the reclusive Greta Garbo; and he is one of the few journalists in the world to whom the press-beleaguered Richard Burton has consented to speak for publication in the two years since "Cleopatra" began production. Tynan writes of their most recent meeting — occasioned by *PLAYBOY*'s request for an exclusive interview — in the following preamble:

"Richard Burton is a wealthy, seductive and extremely gifted Welshman with a checkered past, a turbulent present and an unpredictable future. At the age of 37, he has behind him a stage career that once led responsible critics — myself among them — to hail him as the natural successor to Sir Laurence Olivier. 'Burton is first and last an animal actor,' I wrote of him, 'with an animal's accidental grace and unsentimental passions; offstage he has the dangerous high spirits of an unbroken colt. What he has done to Shakespeare is to abolish the tradition of vocalized word music, replacing it with something more personal — the sullen poetry of the soil.'

"That was a dozen years ago. Since then the films have increasingly claimed him, and his course in their shadow kingdom has been bumpy, reaching its culmination in the vast untitled portrait — depicting Burton and a recumbent odalisque — which is displayed on Times Square outside the Manhattan residence of Elizabeth Taylor, and Burton is Antony, the Mark of her esteem. Thanks to his connection with the most expensive picture ever made, and his relationship with the most expensive actress ever paid, Burton began to hit the headlines hard, and has often come close to replying in kind to the journalists who wrote them.

Since his career entered its Egyptian phase, we have met only twice — once in Paris last fall, when I waited with an apprehensive Miss Taylor, whom he had never seen on the screen before, to hear his verdict on 'Suddenly Last Summer' (he thought she was splendid); and again this year when I went to London's Dorchester Hotel for *PLAYBOY* to learn the current state of his opinions on life and art.

"As we shook hands in the lobby, his large, watchful face — cratered like the moon — broke into a broad, crafty smile, as if we were schoolboys jointly bent on some act of terrible mischief. We took lunch in the hotel restaurant, discussing the Duke of Argyll's spectacular divorce, then much in the news; Burton scoffed at the judge's splanetic insistence on describing the Duchess as an immoral woman. Across the room I noticed Laurence Olivier, who stopped by to talk on his way out. Burton told him that he hopes before long to make a film of 'Macbeth.' This was for many years a pet project of Olivier's, but lack of funds caused it to be shelved. Betraying no resentment, he suggested that Burton might do worse than to consider Vivien Leigh for the role of Lady Macbeth; but something in the Welshman's reaction conveyed to me that the part was already cast.

"Lunch over, we repaired to Burton's



"As an actor I'm a very burly boy. I have a muscular intelligence, and the idea of Stanislavskian self-indulgence is anathema to me. I hate this public display of a personal rat biting a personal stomach."



"Elizabeth is a pretty girl; but she has a double chin and an overdeveloped chest and she's rather short in the leg. So I can hardly describe her as the most beautiful creature I've ever seen."



"I sometimes wake up in a cold sweat and I say to myself, 'What's going to happen to me?' It's not the fear of death — it's the fear of dying and being forgotten, of being nothing, that keeps me awake."

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suite, pausing at the elevator door to make way for an emerging passenger with drooping eyebrows and a general air of desiccated grandeur; by name, Harold Macmillan. Burton's drawing room commands a wide-screen vista of Hyde Park, and over the fireplace hangs a Van Gogh landscape lately acquired by Miss Taylor, who lives in the suite next door. The lady herself floated silently in and out, wearing pink lounging pajamas and no make-up. I switched on the tape recorder."

PLAYBOY: As the son of a Glamorganshire coal miner in South Wales, what inspired you to scale the social, economic and educational barriers separating you from an acting career in Britain's class-stratified society?

BURTON: The process was quite accidental. I happened to see my first professional stage production in Cardiff when I was about 16. I was appalled by the inefficiency of the company, and being the original man who said, "If he can do that, so can I; it looks terribly easy," I became fascinated by the idea of earning so much money for what I considered to be so little work. Until then, I had thought life would demand of me something far more exacting. The people I came from were poor, and I thought I'd be expected to contribute to their betterment by leaving grammar school and going to work in the mines — youthful idealism, et cetera. I'd no idea then I was going to be an actor and become spuriously, speciously, mercetriciously successful.

PLAYBOY: You sound as if you *dislike* acting.

BURTON: It doesn't especially appeal to me. I hardly ever go to see plays or films, and I've never been much interested in the so-called craft or art of acting.

PLAYBOY: Was the prospect of easy money your only motivation, then?

BURTON: Well, there *was* one thing which excited me about that otherwise lamentable performance in Cardiff: the applause at the end. *That* was thrilling.

PLAYBOY: Was this what decided you to abandon the mines for the stage?

BURTON: It helped. But at first I didn't think there was a career in it for such as me. I thought, as you suggested, that it would be immensely difficult to get one's foot in the door. I imagined that, like most things in Britain, it was a closed shop. It's difficult for somebody who comes from a majority to know quite what it's like to be in a minority, to be a Jew or a Welshman or an Irishman. What it does to a Negro, I shudder to imagine. I remember when I first went up to Oxford I sometimes got belligerent when chaps with posh accents from inferior public schools — yes, *I* became a snob, too — would patronize me and

call me "Taff." I used to get a bit frenetic and break noses and things like that. But even today, in spite of fame — or notoriety in my case — I still meet people who ask me what school I went to. The old school tie and the Establishment are still as powerful as ever. Despite the anti-Establishment movement that's been going on, snobbery is just as great or even greater in England. You get the same thing in America, too, but there it's more concerned with financial status than blood background. Life is always going to be a battle to the death, even in an ideal Aldous Huxley world, where some are delegated to be peasants, and some mechanics, and some philosophers. There will always be competition within each particular field and class. What I didn't suspect, though, when I set out as an actor, is that if you happen to have a lucky combination of phagocytes or something, you could make more than a fair living at it.

PLAYBOY: Was your own combination a lucky one from the start?

BURTON: Not entirely. I spoke with a profound Welsh accent and nobody understood a word I said. So I had to teach myself to speak with a standard accent: you can't call it English, but at the same time it's not American, and I don't think it's Welsh anymore. I still do my vocal exercises rigorously because I believe it's an essential part of an actor's equipment. I spend roughly 20 minutes in the shower every morning, and it kills two birds with one stone. I have become one of the cleanest actors in the world — which may be why I'm losing my hair — and for 20 minutes or so I shout, I scream, I cry, I speak immensely complicated poetry at tremendous speed to increase my ability to speak fast and still be clear. I become basso profundo, I become castrato tenore, I do the lot, so that my voice can hit the back row of the stalls with absolute clarity. I may not have a beautiful voice, or even a good one, but it's certainly penetrating.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that this sort of vocal training is as important for an actor as the more fashionable disciplines of the Stanislavsky Method?

BURTON: I think Stanislavsky is like all the other great leaders of acting, or of anything else. Like Jesus Christ, he tends to help the weak. The weak rely on Christ, the strong do not. It always astounds me when I hear Method actors explaining why they protect themselves under the callus of Stanislavsky's doctrine. They stand for half-an-hour in the wings before they can go on, because they need the sustenance of some mystic communion with Stanislavsky, Jung, Adler and Freud. I will admit that a strange chemistry takes place in me when I'm acting on stage, a total immersion in the role which lends verisimilitude to Stanislav-

sky's idea that you become what you're acting. My wife Sybil, to whom I've been married for something like 14 years, knows exactly how I'll behave while I'm working on a new part. During *Coriolanus* I was arrogant and intolerable, I despised the working class, and I was a fighter in pubs, liable to throw a punch at anyone. When I played Iago, I was devious offstage as well as on. When I played Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night*, I was the jolliest, cuddliest little man you ever met. As an actor, however, I'm a very burly boy. I have a very muscular intelligence and the idea of Stanislavskian self-indulgence is anathema to me. I hate this public display of a personal rat biting a personal stomach.

PLAYBOY: Marlon Brando uses the Method. How do you feel about him?

BURTON: I don't think he needed it, and in fact it may have damaged him. The actor's yen for self-pity is a very dangerous thing, and if you allow yourself to indulge in this tremulous mumbling it can weaken everything you do. It seems to me that the Method, as practiced by Lee Strasberg and taught to people like Brando, has become mutated into an attitude toward films. It has encouraged a sort of quiet, personal withdrawal into the intimacy of the camera, rather than letting the people in the cheap seats hear what you are saying. The vocal blaze that hits the back of the balcony — the scream of Olivier in *Oedipus* — this is something very different. Perhaps Brando should have developed that power, but I hate to be pontifical about it. He's still an instinctively great actor, and there are very few about.

PLAYBOY: In a recent *Look* magazine cover story, you went so far as to say that Brando is the finest actor America has ever produced. Why do you think so?

BURTON: What fascinates me in a great actor is the unexpected. Brando is unexpected. With most actors, I know exactly what they're going to do before they do it. With Brando I'm not sure. He can surprise me — not in an outrageous, vulgar, tasteless way, but in the proper way.

PLAYBOY: Does Laurence Olivier surprise you as an actor?

BURTON: Continually. Not emotionally, though, as Brando can. Olivier surprises me with his fantastic flair for technical virtuosity. He attempts astonishing things and they usually come off with perfect taste. He has an absolute knowledge of his audience and a tremendous assumption of power over them, which is something very rare.

PLAYBOY: You were once regarded as the heir apparent to Olivier as the crowned head of classical drama. Do you feel you have any histrionic qualities in common with him?



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BURTON: Well, I bear a superficial physical resemblance to him, and our voices unfortunately have the same timbre, but as an actor I'm very different. I think he's cerebral, intellectual, a *cunning* actor, a man who approaches each part with enormous forethought. I don't: I go straight at it on instinct. I'm not a clever actor in the ordinary sense. I think I'm a clever man, but I'm not a clever actor.

PLAYBOY: In the 1930s and 1940s Olivier and John Gielgud were the great rivals in the field of British classical acting. Many people hoped that you and Paul Scofield would carry on a similar rivalry in the 1950s; but it didn't happen. Do you have any regrets?

BURTON: It might have made an interesting combination, because in many ways we are perfect foils for each other—Paul being evasive and meandering and me being very straight. He's tall and willowy, I'm short and thick. His voice is delicate where mine is brass. But we never got together because we were mostly operating in different fields. Paul's was mainly commercial—the West End and Shaftesbury Avenue; and mine, oddly enough, was noncommercial—the Old Vic and Stratford-upon-Avon.

PLAYBOY: Your Old Vic triumph as Coriolanus in 1954 was among the first of a succession of luminous Shakespearean portrayals which soon established you as one of the leading classical actors in the English-speaking world. Do you feel, as do some critics, that this was perhaps the finest performance of your career?

BURTON: Well, I enjoyed it enormously, for it demanded of me exactly what I was able to give. I felt quite at home in the role, for basically I'm a peasant actor, a proletarian actor, and Coriolanus, in a sense, is like a miners' leader who's reneged against his class. Though I've played kings and princes almost exclusively, I have an absolute knowledge of how the working class would behave on stage, and someday I'd actually like to play the part of a Welsh miner—if it isn't one of those parts where the boy says things like, "I will take you where the corn is green."

PLAYBOY: In what Shakespearean role have you felt *least* at home?

BURTON: As Ferdinand in *The Tempest*.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BURTON: Because I decided I couldn't play it before I began. I think Ferdinand is utterly unplayable, dead from the word go.

PLAYBOY: Do you often decide ahead of time that you can't play a part?

BURTON: Usually not before rehearsals start. But I've sometimes had terrible doubts once they're under way.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you're also petrified by opening nights and can't

sleep the night before. Is that true?

BURTON: Yes. But it depends on what I'm playing. If it's Hamlet, you have to fiddle about with rapiers or *épées* or whatever they are, and it can be dreadfully important if you make a slip. On the second night or the 99th night it doesn't matter, because you can always cover up, but on the first night it can wreck the production. When you make your first entrance as Henry V, for example, coming down a long flight of stairs with an enormously long train on your back, all you can think of is: Will I get to that throne? Will I be able to swirl the cloak around and sit on it, as I endlessly did at rehearsals? What if I trip? What if I bugger it up? But there are worse things than that. What if you dry up in the middle of "To be or not to be"? The whole audience and the cast and the stagehands know what the next line is, but you go absolutely blank. Everyone jokes about drying up, and one tells stories about it: Olivier dries up, John Gielgud never *stops* drying up. But it can throw an actor for hours, maybe for days, or maybe forever. It's a harrowing business. And it's not much better in modern plays, except that the worry is more private: Only you and the cast and the author, who's pacing up and down at the back of the stalls, know exactly what you ought to say next. But the effect is the same, especially if you're the boss of the play, the dominating force. The slightest mistake, and the actor who speaks next is thrown, then somebody else, and so on: it becomes a chain reaction. When I first began playing enormously famous parts at the Old Vic and Stratford, I was terribly worried that I wouldn't get through the evening. There were times, for example, when *Hamlet* overawed me. But I soon found out that I *could* get through the evening and that hardly anyone else could. I had the stamina—physical, intellectual or what-have-you—and I would always survive.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned feeling occasionally "overawed" by *Hamlet*. Were you, perhaps, daunted by the complexity of the role or the greatness of the play?

BURTON: On the contrary, I regard *Hamlet* as a play of the most primitive and elementary ideas, clothed in the most massive language. It's an elaborate, evocative, fabulous means of dressing up the obvious. It appears to be an obscure play merely because the author happened to be a verbal genius. The fact that the words are so convoluted and curious is what makes *Hamlet* so fascinating to watch—and so boring to perform: for there isn't a line in it that isn't infinitely, effortlessly speakable. It's much more fun to attempt something that *isn't* speakable.

PLAYBOY: For example?

BURTON: Say you're confronted with a

play that is clearly bad: it's like being challenged to solve some fascinating puzzle; you must discover how, by subtlety and skill, by pauses and variations of cadence and inflection, to use your own particular hurl and sweep with the English language to convince the audience that the speech you are making is heart-rending or funny or whatever you want it to be.

PLAYBOY: Despite your boredom with the role, no less a critic than Sir Winston Churchill so admired your portrayal of Hamlet—which he called "as exciting and virile as any I can remember"—that he later selected you to impersonate his voice as the narrator of *Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years*, a widely acclaimed TV documentary series based on his history of World War II. Do you return his high regard?

BURTON: There are other men I admire: Napoleon, Marlborough, the Duke of Wellington, Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar—all of whom actually did the things every one of us would *like* to do. But Churchill is a prize, heart-rending example of the kind of person I would most like to be. He has been called a permanent schoolboy, a kind of petrified adolescent, and it's probably true; but give or take a blow, I'd rather be him than practically anyone. Being a Socialist, of course, I also despise him: yet I only wish we could produce—in *any* party—another man who so dominates the imagination, who is powerful and good and absolute in his judgment of things. But we are all nobodies, like the chap we saw coming out of the lift today. As Hamlet said, "We are arrant knaves all. Believe none of us." Or even better: "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?" As you can see, what interests me about the theater is that you can have extraordinary words to say.

PLAYBOY: Are there any modern playwrights who offer words as extraordinary as those spoken by Hamlet?

BURTON: In *Hamlet*, as I said, the ideas are nil and the language is everything. But with the new playwrights, the ideas are nothing and the language *also* is nothing.

PLAYBOY: You starred in the film version of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger*. Does this apply to his work as well?

BURTON: Not if we're talking about *Look Back in Anger*, which is an elegant, passionate and highly articulate play. One is invited to say incredible things, to speak enormous speeches with tremendous gusto. It might have been written by a



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lesser Shakespeare. But the others are writing for a writers' theater, and I act for an actors' theater. Their performers are reduced to puppets who move about the stage at the will of an offstage voice. They're beyond my scope. *Waiting for Godot* is playable, I suppose; it doesn't make sense, but it's playable. And so is Albee's *Zoo Story*, regardless of what you may think of its content. But I get no intellectual nourishment from Ionesco and the others. What the hell is a rhinoceros doing in a theater? You can't play it, it's boring to watch, it has no ideas, it has no magic, it has no poetry.

PLAYBOY: Do you derive any more nourishment from the works of the longer-established, less experimental modern playwrights?

BURTON: Such as whom?

PLAYBOY: Let's start with Arthur Miller.

BURTON: He's a very able writer—but totally humorless, and therefore out of my ken.

PLAYBOY: How about Tennessee Williams?

BURTON: There is only one line in all of his plays that I consider memorable, and that is a stage direction in *A Streetcar Named Desire*, where he writes about "a tinny piano being played with the infatuated fluency of brown fingers." Otherwise, Williams is simply too colloquial for me. I like extravagant flights of rhetoric, and he simply doesn't provide them.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Eugene O'Neill?

BURTON: Hopeless. No good. The phoniest playwright I've ever read. Verbally he's uninspired, and his situations are bizarre without the saving grace of poetry. In fact, a lot of O'Neill reads like a banal rewrite of *Titus Andronicus*. I can't understand why he's considered to be a major writer. Is it because he has an Irish name or something? I can't recall a single memorable moment in all his plays. As for acting in O'Neill—as I did once or twice when I was younger—it's like walking a tightrope. It defeats me. I think he's unplayable.

PLAYBOY: Do you share the esteem in which many critics and dramaphiles currently hold Bertolt Brecht?

BURTON: I'm aware that he's a tremendous person, but the language escapes me. I've read his *Baal* in English and found it intolerably self-conscious, but I understand that Brecht wrote originally in a rather poetic vein. I've acquired French, and enough Italian to know what Dante is about, and someday I'll have a go at German to find out what his virtues really are, because I don't quite get them in English. But you run into these language problems all the time. I'd read Anouilh's *Becket* in French before taking on the title role in the film version, which I'm now doing with Peter O'Toole; it wasn't

until I read it in English that I realized there's a special kind of French wittiness which is totally untranslatable.

PLAYBOY: Because of your increasing commitment to films, it's been several years since your last performance at Stratford or Old Vic. Though your repertoire of memorized roles is considered exceptionally large even for a classical actor, do you think you may have gotten a bit rusty with some of the standard repertory parts?

BURTON: Well, give or take a misquotation, I still know *Richard II*, *Hamlet*, *Lear* and *Henry V*, among others; and Angelo in *Measure for Measure*, which I've never played. Oddly enough, the parts I haven't played are the ones I remember best, because I work away at them when nobody's looking. I fancy I could have a fair go at *Macbeth*, for example; but I hate the play.

PLAYBOY: Yet you've said you want to make a movie of it.

BURTON: I wouldn't want to do it on the stage, but I have a visual image of it as a film. And I have ideas about casting which some people would think were impossible: Elizabeth Taylor, for instance, as Lady Macbeth.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel she's right for the part?

BURTON: Indeed I do. For one thing, she speaks poetry rather well. And for another, she's very receptive to big, imperious ideas.

PLAYBOY: Apropos your plans to perform Shakespeare on film, many of your critics and admirers—including Paul Scofield—feel that your impact on the screen is far less potent than on the stage. *Time* magazine said recently that your "strongest characteristics—controlled flamboyance and overwhelming physical presence—are stunted and sealed off on film." Do you feel that's true?

BURTON: It may well be. In films your power is strictly limited by the whim of the director and the cameraman. But it all depends on what you stick to as an actor. Most of the great stars of the cinema have spent their lives playing more or less the same part. Because the audience is so enormous, they've had to establish themselves in a certain way, so that the public will feel reassured when it sees them again. But if you're an actor like Olivier—well, look at his first two films. After *Wuthering Heights* and *Rebecca* he was an enormous film star. Then, with *Henry V* and *Hamlet*, he elected to become a Shakespearean film star, and suddenly the audience wasn't sure what he was going to give them. Was he going to be a chap with a long nose and a hunchback, or was he going to be a Daphne du Maurier hero? He deliberately destroyed his public image. In my case, having no

particular image worth preserving, I've played very different parts in every picture I've done, largely out of necessity.

PLAYBOY: However varied your roles, you've been quoted as saying that you have disliked almost all the movies in which you've appeared. To shorten the list, which of them have you found unobjectionable?

BURTON: I haven't seen most of them, so I can't judge. I can only tell you the ones I liked being in and thought *might* be good. I enjoyed working in my first film, *The Last Days of Dolwyn*, and *My Cousin Rachel* and *The Desert Rats*, and *Look Back in Anger*. But I've disenjoyed almost every other film I've made.

PLAYBOY: Including *Cleopatra*?

BURTON: Definitely. My decision to do *Cleopatra* was prompted by laziness and cupidity—I find money very interesting—and by the fact that 20th Century-Fox said they could buy me out of *Camelot*, which I'd been playing for nine months on Broadway and had signed to play for a year. Also, Joe Mankiewicz, who wrote and directed the film, was an old friend, and he promised me it would be all over in 20 weeks. I actually worked in it for 48 weeks. If I'd known I was going to spend nearly a year on it, I would never have signed. Life is very short.

PLAYBOY: Well, the year is over and the reviews are in—many of them panning both the film and your performance in it. Have they offended you?

BURTON: Critical reactions have never meant very much to me. But I'll be fascinated to see whether the *public* reaction justifies all that expenditure and publicity.

PLAYBOY: You received a rave notice from at least one internationally known "critic": Elizabeth Taylor, who called your performance "marvelous." Would you care to modify or amplify that adjective?

BURTON: Let me answer this way. As time went by during the scriptwriting, I could tell that Joe Mankiewicz was getting more and more involved in the character of Antony. In his version, Antony is a man who talks excessively to excuse his own failure. By that I mean his failure to become a great conqueror like Caesar, a great lover like Caesar—in fact, his failure to become a great man. He's extremely eloquent, but at times inarticulately eloquent. The fury is there and the sense of failure is there, but sometimes all that comes out is a series of splendid words without any particular meaning.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the treatment you received at the hands of the Roman press during the filming of *Cleopatra*?

BURTON: The Roman press is vile and vulgar, possibly because the writers are so underpaid. They have to grub and

root about for whatever they can get. What surprised me was that they were also ugly. I'd never lived in Italy before, and I expected to find gorgeous women and aristocratic, triangular-faced men with huge eyes and no chins. Instead I found dwarfs—dim, unintelligent dwarfs, and not just among the press corps. The Neapolitans in the south and the Florentines and Venetians higher up might have approximated the ideas I'd been given in books, but Rome was a fearful disappointment.

PLAYBOY: If you had the last two years to live over again, would you still elect to follow the course you have followed, or would you be content to enjoy the more modest rewards of your former career?

BURTON: That's difficult to say. The recognition of your own immediate society of friends and fellow workers is always gratifying. Wider fame, however, is a curious thing: you're furious if you're recognized—and you're equally furious if you're not. But it's reached the point where some illiterate, unthinkable idiot will come up to me in a bar and say: "Would you care for a drink, Mr. Burton?" Facetiously, I reply that I'd like a martini because you can't get them in Wales. And immediately an entire column is built on the fact that there are no martinis in Wales.

PLAYBOY: You have said that unlike most people, you drink only when you *work*— "to burn up the flatness, the stale, empty dull deadness that one feels when one goes off a stage." Did you mean that?

BURTON: It has a basis of truth. But I only drink when the performance is over. And during an interview like this, which I count as work and which makes me appallingly nervous.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BURTON: I don't know. I was terrified when I knew I had to see you today, although we've known each other for years. I had to brace myself. When I'm faced with the problem of talking to people, I withdraw immediately, I retreat, I want nothing to do with them—because they expect something from you that you're not prepared to give. Actors should keep their mouths shut and hope for the best. Mostly they're afraid to talk, and for very good reasons. How do *you* feel when you go to meet someone who expects you to be famously clever? You can either get drunk or keep quiet—in which case the fellow says to himself, "What a bloody dull man. I thought he'd be perfectly extraordinary." Well, the same sort of thing happens to me all the time. People expect me to be a wild man of some kind. What the hell can you do? My God, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: In what kinds of social atmosphere do you feel comfortable?

BURTON: I suppose I feel most at home semidrunken, in a bar, with friends around me. I never drink at home, and I can't stand the empty, cocktail-hour kind of drinking. But I love drinking in pubs and bars and restaurants with congenial talkers. I really like talking less than listening—preferably to painters. Actors' talk is usually secondhand, and most writers are inarticulate, but painters talk marvelously, and I like them enormously. I think I must belong in an atmosphere of male companionship.

PLAYBOY: Not female?

BURTON: Clever females inhibit me, and anyway they're generally very ugly—not so much bluestockings as thick stockings. The most intelligent and worrying and inhibiting woman I've ever met—though not the ugliest—is Elaine May. She's a devastating woman who frightens and fascinates me and I never want to see her again. She has a genius for saying something gorgeously flattering in such a way that you're not quite sure it isn't another recording with Mike Nichols. She knows exactly what I'm going to say before I say it.

PLAYBOY: Would you call Elizabeth Taylor a clever woman?

BURTON: Yes, and she inhibits me dreadfully.

PLAYBOY: Not noticeably, if we may say so. After almost two years with Miss Taylor, spent uninterruptedly in the glare of worldwide publicity, what are your views on the sanctity of marriage—particularly your own, which you have made no move either to revive or terminate?

BURTON: Monogamy is absolutely imperative. It's the one thing we must always abide by. The minute you start fiddling around outside the idea of monogamy, nothing satisfies anymore. Suppose you make love to an exciting woman other than your wife; make love to her twice, 30 times, 40 times. It can't remain enough just to go to bed with her; there must be something else, something more than the absolute compulsion of the body. But if there is something more, it will eventually destroy either you or your marriage. And if there *isn't* something more than sex, you're equally lost, for sex on its own is utterly meaningless. Then too, if one's involved with someone purely sexually outside marriage—whether it's a man or a woman or a swan—and that makes you deviate from your ideas of absolute right and wrong, then there's something intensely wrong with that involvement. Even if the marital relationship itself ceases sexually for any reason, you must never move outside it sexually. If you have an imaginative spouse, you may find other solutions, but certainly you must never physically violate the idea of

monogamy. The moment you do, regardless of how sophisticated you may be, you must get a feeling of guilt, a feeling that something's not sitting properly on your shoulders. Speaking for myself, I couldn't be unfaithful to my wife without feeling a *profound* sense of guilt.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel any guilt about your relationship with Elizabeth Taylor?

BURTON: No. Absolutely none. One of the things that annoyed me most about that *Time* magazine cover story about me was that the writer said I was unfaithful to my wife. I'm *not* unfaithful to my wife. I never have been, not for a moment.

PLAYBOY: Physically or spiritually?

BURTON: Neither. This man assumes that I've been unfaithful simply because I happen to live in the same hotel as another woman. I'd like to see him prove it, that's all.

PLAYBOY: May we presume to inquire just what *is* the nature of your relationship with Miss Taylor?

BURTON: What I have done is to move outside the accepted idea of monogamy without physically investing the other person with anything that makes me feel guilty. So that I remain inviolate, untouched.

PLAYBOY: And does Miss Taylor?

BURTON: Yes. I'm a terrible puritan, you see, despite my attempts to be anything else.

PLAYBOY: Many of your critics have claimed that an extramarital relationship—even one innocent of sexual infidelity—in which the husband leaves his family to take up residence in a hotel suite adjoining the other woman, could be called something less than considerate of the wife. What is your reaction?

BURTON: The important thing is to look after the original partner, and not to let anyone else make any vital demands on you. All that matters is the person you're *really* involved with—the original person.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile this avowal with recent reports in the London press—unexpectedly confirmed and then denied in a flurry of confusing statements from you and Miss Taylor—that marriage plans are in the offing?

BURTON: What I've been trying to explain doesn't necessarily mean that one shouldn't leave his wife under *any* circumstances. If you have to go, for heaven's sake *go*, and don't keep skipping back and forth. My point is that you mustn't use sex alone as a lever, as a kind of moral, intellectual, psychic crutch to get away from her. You can't say to her, "I'm terribly sorry, but I can't sleep in the same bed with you anymore because I simply *have* to run off with this infinitely more fascinating girl." There is no such thing as a more fascinating girl.

They're all the same, because our appetites are all the same.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you say that Elizabeth Taylor, as one of the world's great beauties, is more fascinating than most?

BURTON: All this stuff about Elizabeth being the most beautiful woman in the world is absolute nonsense. She's a pretty girl, of course, and she has wonderful eyes; but she has a double chin and an overdeveloped chest and she's rather short in the leg. So I can hardly describe her as the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. The other day I saw a foal in Kent that was wet from birth. It's hardly likely that a human being could be as incredibly beautiful as that.

PLAYBOY: What, then, is the source of her enduring attraction for you?

BURTON: It always fascinates me to see what fascinates the public. I think Elizabeth has an extraordinary faculty for being *dangerous*. She gives you a sense of danger. When she's on the screen you're never quite sure that she might not be going to blow her lines at any second. She's one of a selected few who aren't actors by our standards, but if you put them on a screen they emanate something — something I frankly don't understand, although I recognize it when I see it. Brando has it, and of course he's a very considerable actor as well. Monty Clift used to have it; of course Garbo had it.

PLAYBOY: At the time of your separation from Mrs. Burton, columnist Sheila Graham ran an item suggesting that finance rather than fascination was the reason for your relationship with Miss Taylor; she intimated that the liaison had been planned and fanned both as a publicity gimmick to hypo *Cleopatra's* box office and as a device to raise your earning power. What is your reply?

BURTON: I find it totally offensive. When you think of the way Sheila Graham exploited her relationship with that marvelous writer, Scott Fitzgerald — my God, she's hardly the person to talk. But what alarms me about statements like these is the ignorance behind them. As for the personal-profit motive, the fact is that I've always been careful with money, and for many years now I've been a fairly rich man, in the sense that I don't *need* to work again. On the matter of box-office-publicity gimmicks, I read somewhere that Darryl Zanuck had said, "The Taylor-Burton association is quite constructive for our organization," or words to that effect. Far from bringing two people together, as Graham implied, that's the kind of thing that could drive you to *part* from anyone. It's unspeakably cheap and vulgar.

PLAYBOY: In the early years of your career, Laurence Olivier is said to have admonished you to "make up your mind — do you want to be a great actor or a house-



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hold word?" Whatever your motives, you would seem, in the light of the last two years, to have made your choice — the wrong one, in the opinion of many. What's your own opinion?

BURTON: Just for the record, Larry didn't say that to me; it was someone else. At the time, my reply was: "Both." But I've since learned that you can't become a great actor nowadays; it's impossible. You aren't allowed to develop in peace. Public attention is too concentrated, too blazed, too lighted, too limned.

PLAYBOY: Your agent, Harvey Orkin, has publicly proposed a somewhat different theory — which he later denied — to explain what he felt has been your failure to achieve greatness as an actor. He said, "Here is a man who sold out. He's trying to get recognition on a trick." In view of your earlier comment about becoming "spuriously, speciously, meretriciously successful" as an actor, do you feel there may be some truth to his accusation?

BURTON: No. You only say that sort of thing about someone if you've sold out yourself. I'm very fond of Harvey; he's a failed writer who became an agent because there was no other job he could get. He believes that certain people have a kind of holy virtue, and he sentimentally ascribed that kind of virtue to me. So now he takes out on me what he ought to take out on himself. I understand why he said it, so I'm not angry.

PLAYBOY: Are you conscious of any disparity between the goal you set for yourself in 1948 — when you said, "I would like to be recognized as a great actor"— and the global notoriety you have since attained as a great lover, and as co-star of history's most colossal superepic?

BURTON: Your question is curious and unanswerable. "A great lover"— does that mean I'm good in bed? Even if it does, I don't see why the one should cancel out the other.

PLAYBOY: Many of your critics and colleagues disagree. And you yourself have been quoted as saying that you feel your present life — personal and professional — is in a state of "suspended animation," that your name "is writ in water." Do these quotes accurately reflect your current mood?

BURTON: They do not. In the first place, I have not said "My name is writ in water," because that was clearly the most egomaniacal statement that a dying poet ever made, and I wouldn't want to compete with Keats for immodesty. As for suspended animation, I live from day to day as we all do, though for all I know the bomb may drop at midnight. I live a very exciting, perverse and not entirely satisfactory life; but it's certainly not suspended animation.

PLAYBOY: An alternative possibility — that

your life may be exciting, perverse and entirely *unsatisfactory* — was suggested in *Time* magazine's cover story about you, which said: "Two gods within his frame are warring — one that builds with sureness and power, and another that impels him, like his late companion and countryman, Dylan Thomas, recklessly toward self-destruction." Do you feel there may be some element of truth in this analysis?

BURTON: Joe Mankiewicz once said to me, with all the authority of Freud behind him, that if you gave a Welshman a thousand exits and one was marked "self-destruction," that was the one he would choose. Well, I told this to the man from *Time* as a joke; naturally he took it seriously and turned it into a Mankiewicz quote about *me*. It's true, of course, that one of us Celts occasionally bursts out like Dylan Thomas, who seemed to choose self-destruction as his right. But *self-aggrandizement* is more what I'm after.

PLAYBOY: Thomas was one of your closest friends. What was he like?

BURTON: There were two Dylans — Dylan drunk and Dylan sober. I hardly knew the sober one, because I mostly saw him in London when he was living a social life, which meant that he was capable of *anything*. In Wales he was a very different man: gentle, kind and rather timid. But I think most artistic Celts lead this sort of double life: the drunk one dangerous and irresponsible, the sober one too responsible and too retiring.

PLAYBOY: Which Burton — drunk or sober — has experienced those "semicomas of depression about the destruction of the world" into which Elizabeth Taylor has said you periodically plunge?

BURTON: Both have. Before I had children, I was convinced that the whole of our society had a mass death wish which the bomb would inevitably fulfill — and a bloody good thing, too, because we deserved it. But since I've had two baby daughters, my attitude has changed sentimentally. I want them to live, and when someone like Bertrand Russell says that the statistical chances of survival are minute, I desperately hope that my daughters will be in the fraction that survives. I sympathize with Gerard Manley Hopkins when he asks if there is any way "to keep back beauty, keep it from vanishing away." But as for the people among whom I've lived for 37 years — and I include myself, of course — they're pathetic and irredeemably frivolous, and I think they deserve to die — unless they do something active to preserve life. It's absurd that we let four men — Kennedy, Khrushchev, Macmillan and De Gaulle — decide whether my daughters or yours should remain alive. Ban-the-bomb marches are juvenile and ineffective, but

at least they're an attempt. Nobody else does anything at all. Last year, when the Chinese were quarreling with the Indians, an English M.P. said publicly that we ought to drop H-bombs on one Chinese city a day until they withdraw from the Indian border. That's the sort of insanity that makes me sick with rage. The people of the world ought to rebel against any government that sets out to *build* bombs, let alone drop them — rebel and throw them out.

PLAYBOY: Barring pacifist insurrections, do you foresee any realistic hope of averting a nuclear holocaust?

BURTON: World war may possibly be avoided — but perhaps only by the start of the war itself. The first bomb may go off — whether by accident or intent — but if everyone instantly lays down arms, millions of lives could be saved. Even at best, however, it's a terrifying prospect.

PLAYBOY: Though you've said that most of us — including yourself — *deserve* to die in a nuclear war if we don't strive harder to avoid one — don't you fear the prospect of your own death?

BURTON: I don't think so. When I was about 19 in the R.A.F., I suppose I was a little frightened, but it was the pain of being killed that scared me, not the idea of dying. I'm prepared for that every day. But I must admit I sometimes wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat, and I reach out for that cool, round cylinder of the cigarette, and I say to myself: "*Ach y fi!* What's going to happen to me?" It's not the fear of death — it's the fear of dying and being forgotten, the fear of being *nothing*, that keeps me awake.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in life after death?

BURTON: Well, religion is a thing my family didn't terribly approve of. My father was a very dominating man, and he considered that anyone who went to chapel and didn't drink alcohol was somebody not to be tolerated. I grew up in that belief, and I've hardly had to change my opinion. You must understand, of course, that you're talking to a very woolly thinker. But because of this attitude, which is basic in my bones, I don't think I shall survive after death, and I can't hold out too much hope for other people either. I've read extensively, however, and I can find flaws in any kind of argument — including the one for atheism. Bertrand Russell once wrote that you must never believe in anything you can't see, hear, smell or touch. My father agreed with him. But surely there's something in life a little more removed than that. There are too many things you can't logically account for. If you're very family-bound, as I am, very conscious of your brothers and your daughters and

your wife, you get a funny feeling when something is wrong with them, even if you're thousands of miles away. You pick up the phone, and invariably you find that something bad has happened. That sort of thing tends to disturb one's atheistic assurance. So I guess I'd have to call myself an agnostic.

PLAYBOY: Many people dread the prospect of old age almost as much as death itself. How do you feel about it?

BURTON: I'm not afraid of growing old. As a matter of fact, I rather look forward to being patriarchal and balding and boring everyone with my views on life. I think I shall do that very well, if they give me an armchair and a suitable stick. It's a part one plays, and we must all learn to play it.

PLAYBOY: When the end finally comes, what epitaph would you like to have inscribed on your tomb?

BURTON: Off the cuff, just like that? Let me see. I think I'd pick a passage by Ernest Rhys, the man who founded the Everyman Library:

"He had the ploughman's strength in the grasp of his hand. He could see a crow three miles away. He could hear the green oats growing, and the southwest wind making rain. He could make a gate and dig a ditch and plough as straight as a stone can fall. And he is dead."

PLAYBOY: If you had your life to live over again, would you change anything?

BURTON: Yes. I'd like to be born the son of a duke with £90,000 a year, on an enormous estate without having to allow the public in for three-and-sixpence a visit. I'd like to think that my ancestors were robber barons, that they were violent and vulgar and pustular and extraordinary, but that I was protected from violence and vulgarity myself by virtue of privilege and class. And I'd like to have the most enormous library, and I'd like to think that I could read those books forever and forever, and die unlamented, unknown, unsung, unhonored — and packed with information.

PLAYBOY: Finally, we'd like to experiment on you with a sort of party game. You meet a man at the end of the world, and he asks you three questions which you have to answer spontaneously and immediately. The first is: Who are you?

BURTON: Richard, son of Richard — for I am both my father and my son.

PLAYBOY: The second question is: Apart from that, who are you?

BURTON: Devious, difficult and perverse.

PLAYBOY: And the third is: Apart from that, who are you?

BURTON: A mass of contradictions. As Walt Whitman said, "Do I contradict myself? Very well, I contradict myself. I am large, and I contain multitudes."



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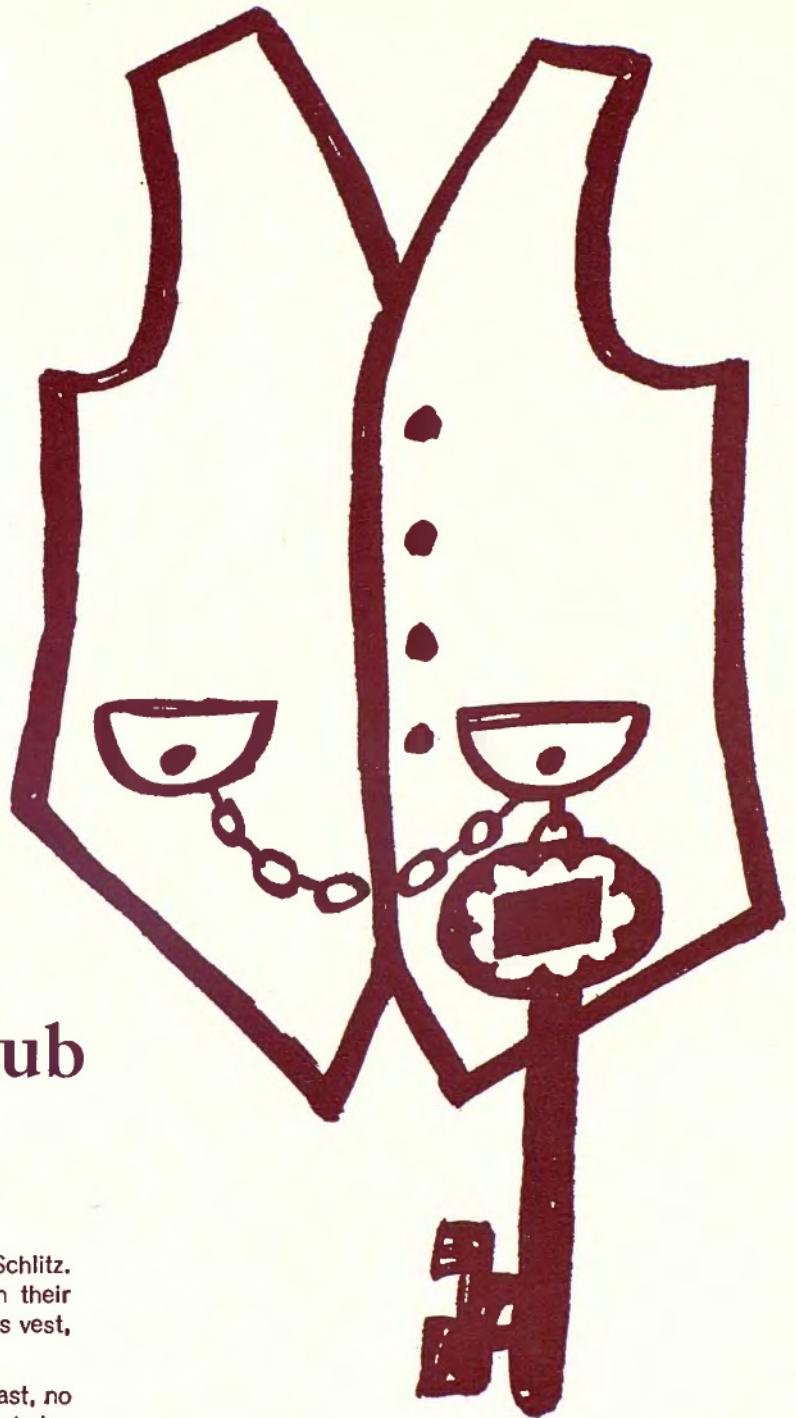
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

A NEW PHILOSOPHY

The tremendous popularity of *The Playboy Philosophy* suggests that the hunger for a new philosophy may be as great as that which is inspiring the Sexual Revolution itself. The latter, representing as it primarily does an emotional break with conventional tenets, is in dire need of a firm foundation of philosophical justification.

I would like to suggest, in the interest of continuing your philosophy department, that you invite the participation of your readers. This might at first consist merely of moving the appropriate letters to the editor from *Dear Playboy* to a separate "philosophy" section. Eventually, however, it is to be hoped that these letters will grow into something more—discussions which might strengthen your own *Philosophy*, either through a direct contribution of ideas or by forcing further thought in your effort to defend the concepts you have already set forth.

H. R. Ahrens

San Diego, California

"The Playboy Forum" has been instituted to do just that.

SEXUAL REVOLUTION

There is no question that Hugh Hefner is doing something brave and admirable—something that needed to be done in a national publication of your influence. This is a time of dynamic change. There is a bursting drive for freedom in all things. The question man is faced with in seeking sexual freedom is identical to that concerning political, racial and economic freedom. The question is: Is 20th Century man responsible enough to handle these freedoms maturely? The answer in 1963 is apparently a qualified "Yes." And even if the answer is "Maybe," we must find out.

Richard Kane

Brookline, Massachusetts

I have just completed reading the eighth installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* by Hugh Hefner. It immediately becomes apparent that Mr. Hefner knows whereof he speaks, through experience, education and research. I have never seen such a carefully composed thesis, nor one so accurate; aside from minor differences of opinion, I find myself in complete agreement with it. As a medical doctor, I am faced with problems pertaining to sex every day—either directly or indirectly

(the neurotic). I would heartily recommend that all of my patients read this article. I would appreciate your sending me one-dozen reprints of the July *Philosophy* so that I may place them in my office waiting room.

Incidentally, I have been a subscriber to your journal for many years, and cherish the very first copy.

Harold D. Damuth, M.D.

Rossmoor, California

I would like to comment on part eight of your *Playboy Philosophy*. It seems to me that to make the statements included therein is to undermine the principal Christian tenets we have based our society upon. Why should we lower our values to meet our actions? It seems to me that it would be much more desirable to attempt to base our actions on an elevated set of values. Premarital sex, as advocated, and extramarital sex, as condoned, cannot fail to do ultimate harm. Besides destroying the moral fiber of an essentially Christian nation and leading to total moral bankruptcy, these expressions of sex would, inevitably, lead to trial marriages, wife-trading and eventually the institution of free love. To allow this to happen merely to satisfy the whims and desires of the incestuous and the bestial would be disastrous.

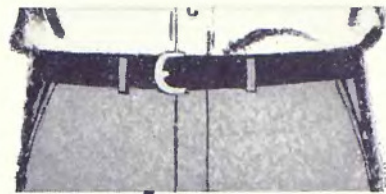
We must realize that the mind can and must triumph over the body. If it does not, man may become an irrational—fulfilling every sensual desire at his pleasure.

John Tumbur

Modesto, California

But it is the triumph of the mind of man that we favor. We do not believe that the establishment of a more optimistic, rational and human morality to replace the negative, superstitious, suppressive and quite hypocritical dogma with which men have suffered through the centuries will destroy the moral fiber of society. It seems certain to have just the opposite effect.

I realize that there are many different opinions regarding sex relations outside of marriage. One of these was presented by Mr. Hefner as a part of your "guiding principles and editorial credo." I enjoyed these views, but don't agree entirely with the conclusions. No one can establish a concrete set of principles based upon Kinsey's statistics, an editorial series in *PLAYBOY*, the advice of Ann Landers, or



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knowledge of the present, more sexually liberal trend in our society. The attitude that "everyone else is doing it" has had a malignant effect on our society; the fact that American society has labeled all extramarital sexual activity taboo has also helped lead us to the confused state in which we find ourselves today.

Each of us must form his own conclusions regarding sex, based on personal morals, standards and the goals one wishes to achieve. The fact that we must form our own principles in life was not emphasized sufficiently in your editorial. Today, more than ever before in our history, individualism needs to be stressed: yet today, more than ever before, people are conforming. I place the blame on the way the public is treated by our various mediums of information. People would be less confused on moral issues if more sides to the problem were presented at one time.

Alan S. Messie
Plattsburgh, New York

We agree. That is why PLAYBOY is presenting the other side — the one that has so seldom found its way into public print in the past.

I only wish I had the delightful gift of expressing myself well, as I would like this letter to hit home. I'm only afraid that, because I am not completely in favor of your magazine, you will file it in the wastebasket.

I am a young wife and mother (which probably turns your stomach). I consider myself broad-minded, but, dear God, after reading your editorial in the December issue, I am sick, sick, sick! I don't shudder at nudity — I, too, think the human body beautiful; I don't express disgust at your harmless "naughty" jokes on sex: but when you encourage and forgive sex outside of marriage and away from marriage, it is completely unforgivable. Just where do you draw the line for this sex bit? And you dare quote men of God!

When I was in high school, 10 members of my class, and of your "New Generation," left school because they were pregnant. The only way sex can be beautiful and can exist in its fullest meaning is when that fine ingredient, love, enters in. Not brief, fleeting, physical love, but warm, true, mature love *in* marriage. And what is this "first wife" bit [*Editor's note: in Shepherd Mead's satirical series, "How to Succeed with Women Without Really Trying"*]? I suppose you don't regard marriage as sacred either!

When I have a daughter, I don't want her quoting from PLAYBOY to defend her sexual activities, nor do I want my husband flitting from flower to flower, because the new world OKs it. Your philosophy and teachings are just plain wrong and, if encouraged, will lead to heart-break and despair; maybe not so much for your playboys, but for the girls

who listen — and you had better start thinking about that!

Cindy Schlegel

Greenbush, New York

With no evidence other than your letter, we would like to suggest that those members of your high-school class who became pregnant were more the victims of ignorance than anything else: most of the misfortunes associated with sex, both physical and psychological, are perpetuated by prudery rather than prurience. It is prudery that prompts the continuing association between sex and sin, and prefers to keep both out of sight; but ignorance is never bliss in matters of sex. In this issue of "The Playboy Philosophy," Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner traces the history of our religiously inspired taboos concerning free sexual expression and reveals just how "sick, sick, sick" our entire sexual tradition really is.

After reading the July *Playboy Philosophy*, I would like to send my thanks and congratulations to you for sounding off to the American public for failing to preach what they practice. I sincerely hope that I can teach my children that sex can be a wonderful experience. As a teen, I was taught to fear sex by a very prudish mother, then by a selfish first husband who thought women were just to be "used." Finally I married a wonderful man who has shown me what sex really is. Through his thoughtfulness and kindness, I feel that I have enough understanding of life to help our children lead happy, normal lives. I am just sorry that there are thousands of children who will have to grow up to the same horrible experiences that I have had, and so many who will never have the second chance for the complete happiness I now have. I just hope and pray that the ones our children choose to marry have the same kind of wonderful daddy that mine do.

A Mother

Beeville, Texas

After reading your philosophy and wanting always to comment, the impetus finally came after reading part eight. It's always nice to know there are others who feel as I do, and knowing this, I feel you can understand some thoughts that I have had, but have been — until now — unable to share.

The first crisp snow that touches my hair and face always makes me tingle. It covers the bare limbs of the trees with white down and the beauty keeps me standing near the window, or on the lawn at night. The first smell of spring makes me limp and a little light-headed; the scorching sun sends me out to brown my body and make me warm all over; the fantastic paintbrush of nature sends me into the country to fill my eyes with magnificent color and design. . . . "Good, good," everyone cries. "Absorb, enjoy, feel!"

A Beethoven symphony has me conducting with soup ladle and spatula; Charles, Fitzgerald, Brubeck make me weak. *Swan Lake* keeps me fixed to my binoculars and my heart beats fast, as my mind does a *sauté* or a *relevé*, with the prima ballerina; the dance corps of an Alwin Nikolais makes my whole being react to this new and exciting innovation. *The Blacks* hit me hard and sent me back for more; *The King and I* sent me away humming pleasantly. . . . "Good, good," cries society. "Absorb, enjoy, feel!"

Camus and Salinger molded some of my thinking. Pasternak and Kerouac keep me thinking. A graduate course on the Educational Systems of the World made me knowledgeable; a course in modern ballet made me muscle-bound. The Museum of Natural History takes me back; the Museum of Modern Art keeps me here. . . . "Fine, great," yells society. "Broaden yourself — absorb, diversify, get all you can out of life!"

The Alps on the road from Austria to Switzerland literally took my breath away and made my head soar; the flat countryside of France made me a little sad; the narrow, curbing mountainous roads of Mexico made me sick. Coq au vin in a cozy Parisian restaurant glamorizes a gastronomic desire; a grilled frank on my outdoor grill contents me nicely. A sweet Passover wine makes me nostalgic; a good brut champagne makes me happy. . . . "Good, good, go . . . see . . . do . . . try . . . reach out and up . . . be touched . . . be reached . . . for then you're whole, you're growing, you're expanding!" cries society.

But . . . to be touched, to be reached, to feel, to sense, to absorb, to grow, to learn by the contact of another human being of the opposite sex, especially for a married person (and a woman) — this is "unthinkable."

That society puts paradoxical, unbearable limitations on us is known, and understood (by some), but live in it we must. So, say I, perhaps you and certainly I were born a little too early. . . .

Thank you for listening and feeling.

Florence A. P. Hoffman

Laurelton, L.I., New York

RELIGION IN AMERICA

I have found most interesting the first chapters of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Permit me to compliment you on the cogency with which you present the guiding principles and editorial credo of PLAYBOY. Before stating my critical observations about your philosophy, I wish to state most emphatically that I am almost wholly in agreement with the aims and principles to which you have given such persuasive expression. The policy you outline is a refreshing breath, not only in America, but in the Western world as a whole, especially after the stifling atmosphere which has so long prevailed in

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our culture.

My criticism is focused on the views expressed on two subjects: free enterprise and sex; but it will be obvious that this criticism presupposes principles which will apply to several of the other topics which you discuss.

What I particularly welcome in relation to these two topics is the emphasis on freedom. (Indeed, this appears to be the keynote of the whole philosophy and, as far as it goes, it is more than welcome.) What I miss is the explicit recognition that freedom necessarily entails responsibility. Freedom to take over and direct the economy by the "Upbeats" automatically involves the responsibility for seeing that what they do works not merely to the securing of their own aims, but also to the securing of the basic rights of those who are not in positions of power and influence, but who may be (and often have been) the helpless victims of those who have persuaded themselves that in satisfying their own self-interests, they also are automatically serving the greatest number.

A glance at social and economic history during the last hundred years or so should convince the most idealistic champion of free enterprise of the truth of Lord Acton's observation to the effect that "power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely." The "encroachment" of government on business, so widely bewailed by economic conservatives, has occurred gradually, and has been imposed reluctantly, as a result of the sad lessons of experience. Those in positions of power (economic and other) have, with rare exceptions, shown that they are not to be trusted. The reason is not (as many left-wingers claim) because capitalists are inherently evil, but rather that individuals and groups in positions of power seem unable to judge or recognize their obligation to provide for the common welfare and to take steps to remedy the evils which unbridled free enterprise tends to produce.

The enactment of child-labor laws seems, now, to be an expression of a humanitarian concern which any right-thinking citizens would support. But why were such laws necessary in the first place? The only plausible answer would seem to be that the operators and owners of industry were blind to the evils of the workings of the system of capitalism, as it was then constituted, in one of its major effects: the exploitation of children. To us this may seem incredible. But to those and their children who were thus exploited in the 19th Century, it was a harsh fact. And the evil was curbed only after legislation was enacted to curb it. It was not remedied voluntarily by the operators and owners of industry themselves.

In our own day, champions of free enterprise seem equally blind to the

exploitation of migrant workers, the gouging of slum tenants, and the collusion of producers and distributors in the pricing of drugs, farm products, and other commodities. Responsibility in these areas has by no means been matched by the amount of freedom demanded and allowed. When those who are weak, aged, or helpless in other ways (and the number of these increases constantly as our society becomes more complex) are unable — as apparently they are — to arouse pity and magnanimity in the hearts of the wielders of power, then only revolution or legislation will serve to achieve a measure of justice. We can thank God that, in our democratic society in America, means are available for the enactment of legislation to ensure a peaceful redress for grievances. The only alternative is revolution — as in Cuba, South America, and various other parts of the world today.

I am appreciatively aware of your pat on the back to Americans for bringing pressure to bear in order to right the wrongs of the TV-quizz scandals, police crime in Chicago, racial discrimination, and similar blots on the record of our social behavior. But let us not forget that the question of freedom is a moral question. And human experience has shown that while we can easily spot the splinter in our brother's eye, we are usually blind to the plank which is in our own.

The other question has to do with sex. You are quite right in condemning the hypocrisy, prudery and downright stupidity which has long surrounded this subject in our society. But if we are going to turn the spotlight on sex, let us turn it on full blast. Sex is, indeed, a God-given pleasure and privilege. But like any other pleasure or privilege, it is good *only in its proper place*. If it is unregulated and unrestrained, it is invariably evil. And because sex is such a powerful drive (second only, perhaps, to hunger), its abuses are usually extreme. We need all the enlightenment we can get about sex. But enlightenment is no guarantee of its disciplined use. No society — including animal societies — has ever existed in which sex has been allowed completely free expression. Again, with freedom in sex (as with all other freedoms) goes responsibility. And when individuals or groups display an inability to regulate their sexual behavior voluntarily, society steps in to enforce various regulations.

I do not wish to imply that you are advocating undisciplined freedom. But, in treating subjects which are as basic to our pattern of living as are these, I think you should be more careful to distinguish freedom from license, to point out the responsibilities which freedom entails, and to avoid the suggestion that anyone who says "No" to certain forms of behavior is merely a hypocritical idiot. After all, if good taste is to prevail in matters of food, drink and clothing, and if good

taste is to be based on both discrimination and self-disciplined behavior, should not "good taste" (or its analogs) be upheld in business and sex?

Paul C. Hayner, Assoc. Professor of
Philosophy and Religion
Washington and Lee University
Lexington, Virginia

We agree that society has grown too big and far too complex to retain its freedom without the aid of government, and freedom, for us, means freedom of opportunity — equally and for all — as well as freedom of speech, press and assembly (and freedom of opportunity requires concern for the health, education and general welfare of the citizenry as well). We are in special agreement with your comments about power and its ability to corrupt — all power in a free society must have its checks and balances — but this applies not only to business, but also to labor; it also applies to religion and to the government itself.

We agree still again with your position that freedom and license are not the same thing, and that freedom requires responsibility, but we would add that what is sometimes termed "license" turns out to be, instead, a freedom to which someone else objects.

As for sex, this most personal freedom certainly requires a related acceptance of responsibility, and requires some regulation by society, as well; but we must make certain that the regulation is limited to those public aspects of sex in which society has a rightful interest: protection of the innocent from acts of coercion or violence, protection of minors, and protection of society at large from public actions to which it has no wish to be subjected. The other, private aspects of sex are not the proper concern of society or its government; and when they make them their business, they are infringing upon our freedom. It sometimes happens that what we wish to term "sex discipline" is, in fact, a projection of our own personal moral or religious code, to which others may, or may not, subscribe.

As I read *The Playboy Philosophy*, part five (April 1963), I was made aware of the enormous task that the Judeo-Christian religions of this country have before them today. You seemed dismayed to report that religion had encroached into almost every aspect of American life today and that many of our rights and privileges have thereby been distorted, or taken away. It seemed as though you were saying that it's fine to worship God in church on Sunday, but don't let the Almighty interfere with living by our secular wits the rest of the week. Well, I have news for you, brother — the Good News of the Gospel. Religion is actually an awareness or conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being; and those of us in this country who believe in God



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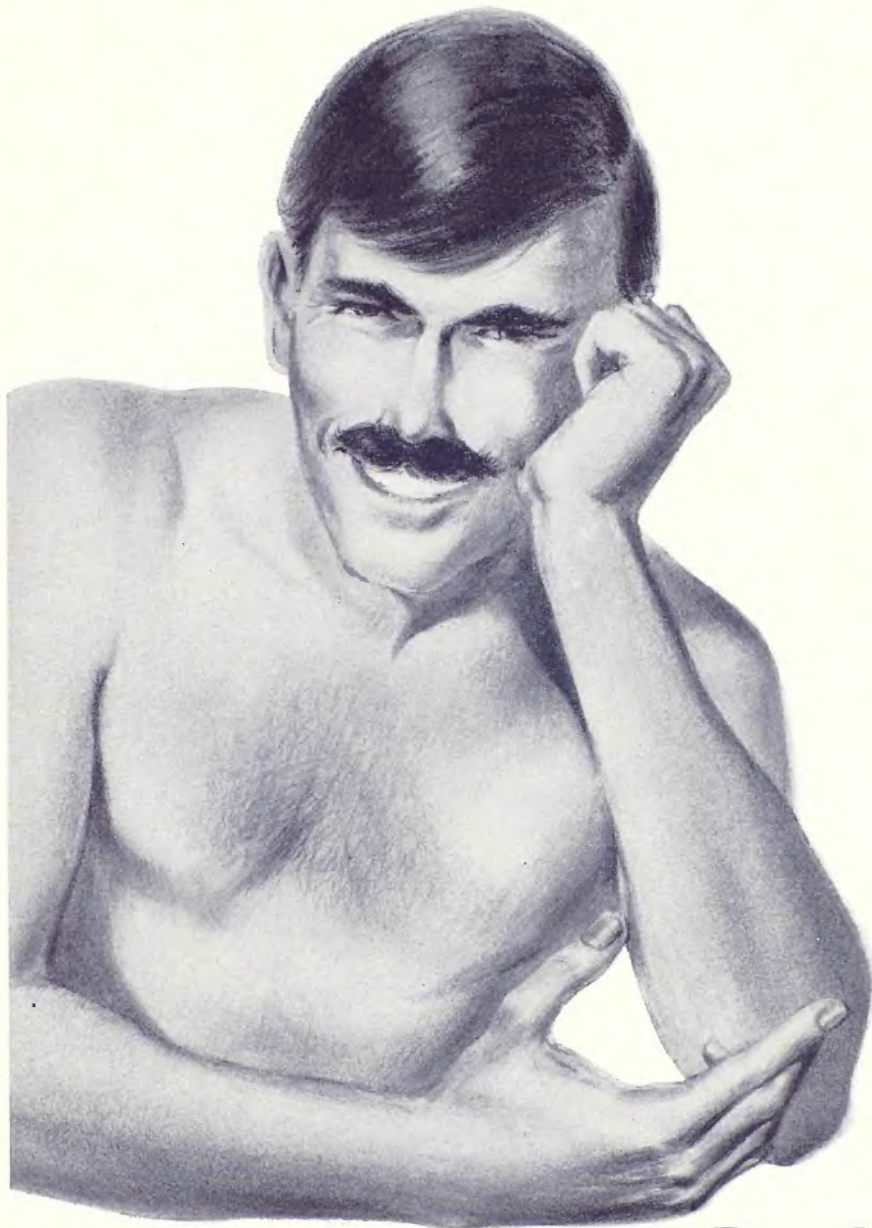
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live, or should live, by a faith which governs our relationships with our families, our neighbors, our business associates, and, yes, even with our political bedfellows.

As you point out, separation of church and state is an essential aspect of our form of government, and no organized church should ever be allowed to dictate to government; it is also true that religious prejudice and bigotry by dogooders and fanatics have caused a great deal of harm down through the ages. But at the same time, how can a religiously oriented individual partake of the daily intercourse of life without letting his faith govern his thoughts and actions? You see, faith and reason cannot be treated as opposites, as you make them out to be—going in their own appointed, but separate, directions. Faith must be built on a foundation of reason.

The influence of religion cannot be so snugly turned off, like a cold-water tap, when we enter a schoolroom or a legislative hall. To keep religion locked within the walls of a church building destroys the meaning and purpose of human life.

William H. Mann
Richmond, Virginia

We favor the totally integrated individual, and have never suggested that a man should limit the practice of his religion to one day of the week. What we oppose is not the man who carries his religion with him into his daily life, but he who would force his religious beliefs, or any practice based upon them, on other men through state or social coercion. It is quite proper for the religious person to take his faith with him into the schoolroom or legislative hall, but he has no right to expect the student next to him to pray to his God in that school, and when he casts his ballot as a legislator, he is obliged to represent the beliefs of all of his constituents—not just those of his own religious persuasion.

The storm of criticism over the Supreme Court prayer decision having evidently laid low the ogreish atheist, we must now stamp out the atheist's fellow traveler, the agnostic—before said menace not only contaminates the free world, but the very heavens as well. The following is quoted from the May 15th *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*: "There is no room for agnostics in America's space and missile program,' members of the Military Chaplains Association were assured today in Pasadena [by] Brig. General Robert Campbell, commander of the 146th Air Transport Wing, California National Guard. . . . A panel consisting of Rear Admiral George A. Russo, Chief of Navy Chaplains; Major General Charles E. Brown, Jr., of the Army; and Colonel Sam Bays, USAF, backed up General Campbell's anti-agnostic declaration. 'If we must make our missiles work

with agnostics, then we should join the other side,' Colonel Bays said, referring to the godless society of Communist Russia. Colonel Bays also pointed out that '100 percent of the Air Force personnel' who did not meet certain military standards in various space and missile programs 'did not practice or profess a definite religious faith.' "

While it is reassuring to know that the commander of an air-transport wing of the National Guard feels qualified to act as a spokesman for national space policy, it is even more heartening to know that the military is now able to establish what constitutes a proper amount of faith: for if we can decide on a proper *amount* of faith, it seems only logical to assume that we may look forward to a day when we can decide on a proper *kind* of faith—thereby eliminating all prejudice (by eliminating all minorities).

One can only hope that the foregoing quotes truly do represent official Government policy. Perhaps PLAYBOY might query the White House, NASA, and the Pentagon on behalf of all anti-agnostics. The answers might have a certain entertainment value.

By the way, I happen to know a government worker—a mailman—who is an agnostic. Do you suppose there is anything we can do about him—before he burns the mail and defects to the godless Communist society (no doubt taking along all those airmen who flunked "certain military standards")?

Bennett Rogers
Los Angeles, California

We can be grateful that these military men weren't around to aid in the selection of our first Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army and of the country, as well: George Washington was an agnostic.

This letter comes to you by way of a note of congratulations on the superb job you did on *The Playboy Philosophy* in the April issue of PLAYBOY. Your reflections on sex (that naughty word) are the most honest and intellectual pursuit of the subject I have read in quite some time.

In your editorial you said: ". . . religion ought rightly to be a personal matter between man and God and should have nothing to do with man's relationship with government." You have forgotten one thing: religion is a personal encounter between man and God *and man*. This is the reason the so-called "religious American man" (hypocrite would be a better term) has corrupted the ideals and realities of our society in many instances. He does not know God as he thinks he does—rather, he tells God what He (God) should be, and not what He (God) is. Furthermore, our whole society will be better off as soon as Christians take the beard, sweet smile, and Loretta Young's

secondhand gowns off this man we call Jesus the Christ. Congratulations again on your splendid job—this issue of PLAYBOY ought to be required reading for all American college students, for truth is beauty, and even this was (is) created by God!

Robert S. Smith
Episcopal Theological Seminary
Lexington, Kentucky

It isn't the Loretta Young gowns that disturb us nearly so much as the Loretta Young philosophy.

I wish to thank you for furnishing the reprints of *The Playboy Philosophy* for our discussion of Contemporary Values at the West Chester Y.W.C.A. They provided material for a most stimulating and provocative period of discussion. It was certainly refreshing to read your views on the "Upbeat Generation," the evils of our Puritan heritage and of censorship, and your quite thoughtful discussion of our unfortunate trend toward conformity. I wish I was as convinced as you seem to be that the "Upbeats" are less conforming; alas, they seem all too-conforming in their race for the materialistic symbols of status—sports cars, hi-fis, wall-to-wall carpets, etc., etc. Nor can I as glibly dismiss religion as you have done in your *Philosophy*. For me, the interpretation of the Christian religion has not been as limited, nor as narrow, as yours seems to have been. I have had the good fortune to know a number of religious people who have made real the teachings of Jesus—of a loving spirit in all one's dealings. Hence, for me the teachings of our Judeo-Christian religion are the basis for the belief in the individual man, which made our democracy develop and grow.

I am not sure how many regular readers of PLAYBOY magazine you will have as a result of our discussion group. I am sure, however, that there are 25 women in the West Chester area who might never have seen a copy of PLAYBOY, or held one in their hands, who will not dismiss it lightly as just one of "those magazines," after having read the views of your editor.

Mrs. James A. McQuail, Jr.
Downingtown, Pennsylvania

In your article, *The Playboy Philosophy*, part eight, there is a phrase I would take exception to—namely, "as much as religion has done for the development and growth of society. . . ." I feel that religion has narrowed and choked both development and growth of society. What deterrent to progress and learning has been greater than religion? It has narrowed man's thinking, made bigots and hypocrites out of intelligent people. It has slowed the growth of science. Religion has completely prevented free thought by presenting dogmas and inhi-

bitions that are self-limiting. There is no scope for investigation or inquiry. The acceptance of unproved facts is true *only* with religion. So, actually, the development and growth of society has been hampered by religion.

I must commend you on the balance of your articles, which have been written with complete honesty and freedom of thought. They certainly are not influenced by religion.

Dr. William D. Howe, M.P.
House of Commons
Ottawa, Ontario

Of course you can write in your fifth part of *The Playboy Philosophy* about the "old bugaboo sin" having "lost much of its original potency." Sin means absolutely nothing to PLAYBOY or Mr. Hefner, as your magazine shows. For us "neurotic, ignorant, misguided and well-intentioned," sin means disobedience to a personal, living God!

Wilfred Merkel
Edmonton, Alberta

Please send me a copy of the booklet that includes the reprints of the first seven installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*, for which I enclose \$1.00. I plan to devote a Sunday-morning address to reviewing the main points of your most significant and challenging concept of a way of life for modern man. Bravo!

Peter H. Samsom, Minister
West Shore Unitarian Church
Cleveland, Ohio

THE POWER OF WORDS

In your June *Philosophy*, under the topical heading, "The Sexual Nature of Man," the following statement is made: "In his book *1984*, George Orwell demonstrated how it is possible to actually control thought through the censorship of words." I cannot agree. Thoughts cannot be controlled through the censorship of words, because words are the products of thought. I grant you that language is a very important instrument in expediting and guiding a society's pursuits, but a society cannot move toward a direction which is incompatible with its thinking. Thus a language—the use of words—is employed to facilitate those ends toward which men strive.

C. Theodore Morrison
Rock Hill, Missouri

Thought-control, through the manipulation of language, is not a conjectural subject—it has been proven in the laboratory and in life. Much of what a man perceives, and even his abstract thinking, is dependent upon word symbols: if you were alone in a jungle and you saw several different antelope one morning, for you they might simply be antelope, but to the zoologist—able to name a dozen or more similar species—each antelope would be different; he would recognize



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the subtle distinctions that set each species apart, because he has an identifying word that permits him to immediately label each one and separate it from the others. This is because there are varying degrees of abstraction in describing anything — objects, actions, emotions, even pure ideas — and this includes describing them to ourselves, as well as to others. And if your vocabulary included the words for no animals whatever, your jungle sojourn would be far more harrowing, for you would have no way of knowing which animals were dangerous man-eaters and which were not. Thus your vocabulary limits your ability to perceive slight differences in very similar things, in the first instance, and limits your ability to know about the things, in the second.

Much of what we call reasoning is actually subvocal speech, in which words are essential for thought itself: in laboratory tests highly sensitive electrodes have been attached to the vocal cords and micromuscular motions detected during the thinking process — which is to say, the thoughts were produced by subliminal speech, using the same word symbols the subject would use to express the thought aloud.

Many languages include words for which there is no exact English translation — and they afford a subtle variation in meaning (and in thought) that is lost to us. Without the symbols we use in mathematics, Albert Einstein would never have been able to develop his theory of relativity or the formula $E=mc^2$ — out of which the Atomic Age was born.

Just as any degree of reasoning is impossible without the use of words, so the censorship or control of words also supplies a control over thought. In Orwell's "1984," the state created its own language, Newspeak, and manipulated the thinking of its citizens by eliminating words that referred to subjects or ideas that were forbidden. A person's sex life, for example, was entirely regulated by two Newspeak words: "goodsex" (moral sex) and "sexcrime" (immoral sex). "Goodsex" was sex between husband and wife, in the approved position, with a minimum of enjoyment, for the purpose of procreation; all else was "sexcrime", which included fornication, adultery, sodomy, fellatio, cunnilingus, etc., etc. There was no need to enumerate the various acts with individual words — they were all equally forbidden; and the elimination of the words helped to eliminate some of the temptation, since the behavior was thus less apt to be contemplated or thought about.

General Semantics has a precise phrase for nonthinking, emotionally charged responses to specific words. The term is "signal reaction," which signifies the kind of automatic response a motorist

experiences when a traffic signal flashes red, or the automatic salivation Pavlov produced as a conditioned reflex in his experimental dogs. In "1984," the brain-washed citizenry had a signal reaction to the two Newspeak words about sex. In Cromwell's England, his followers had signal reactions to the word "monarch"; today, many of us have signal reactions to such words as "Communist." In the case of a traffic light, a signal reaction is useful: it is quick, quite reliable, and it short-circuits unnecessary thinking. But when applied to subjects deserving thought, signal reactions can create a preconditioned, inflexible, adult robot out of a normally endowed child.

In life, the presence or absence of specific words for particular acts, objects, emotions and ideas is just one subtle aspect of a continuing series of thought-controlling, or thought-patterning influences. Just as the IBM computer weighs data on the basis of information that has previously been "fed" into it, so does the human mind form opinions, make judgments, conceive ideas on the basis of its preconditioning. No thought springs full-blown as an immaculate conception into man's mind; it must have environment and education. The state that controls both environment and education controls the thoughts of its citizens.

ORWELL AND LENNY

In the June issue of PLAYBOY, containing part seven of your *Playboy Philosophy*, you make reference to portions of George Orwell's *1984*; when I first began reading the *Philosophy*, I thought of *1984* and the workings of Winston Smith's mind upon obtaining and reading *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism*: "The book fascinated him, or more exactly it reassured him. In a sense it told him nothing that was new, but that was part of the attraction. It said what he would have said, if it had been possible for him to set his scattered thoughts in order. It was the product of a mind similar to his own, but enormously more powerful, more systematic, less fear-ridden. The best books, he perceived, are those that tell you what you know already."

This is not meant to detract from the importance of *The Playboy Philosophy*, but to intensify it and to illustrate what deep insight Orwell possessed.

In your *Philosophy*, parts five and six, you cite Lenny Bruce as a victim of today's creeping censorship. I first heard of Lenny about two years ago when I read an article about him in a back issue of PLAYBOY which I obtained from a friend. I purchased all of his record albums and have nearly worn them out; I've read everything about him — pro and con — that I could lay my hands on (the best was Paul Krassner's interview in *The Realist*). Last November I wrote

to PLAYBOY via Miss Janet Pilgrim to learn if Bruce was going to be appearing anywhere in this area during the holidays and she informed me that he was scheduled to be at The Gate of Horn in Chicago for several weeks. I had read in *Variety* about his "trouble" at The Gate, but I didn't think too much about it until I called them, just before coming in to see him, and learned he had not been there since his arrest. If what Lenny Bruce has to say is obscene, it reflects more upon our society than it does on Bruce. I consider Lenny, Lord Bertrand Russell (thanks for the *Playboy Interview*) and Aldous Huxley the three most profoundly moving and influential men in my life thus far.

Anthony J. Richman
Napoleon, Ohio

Look for an article by Huxley in our upcoming November issue.

Allow me to offer my belated but enthusiastic congratulations on your initiation of *The Playboy Philosophy*. It has been particularly gratifying to see printed in such a prominent magazine an almost exact duplicate of my own philosophy of life. It has raised my spirits enormously during these gray days in a provincial Middle West that is agonizingly slow to change. Although we have broken the bonds of political isolationism, it seems that we yet suffer from an isolationism of the mind. I applaud your attempt to liberate archaic thinking.

May I add that I consider Lenny Bruce a genius. I thoroughly enjoyed his performance at Chicago's Gate of Horn, for which he was arrested. I was appalled and discouraged by the legal consequences. Bruce is one of the few comedians with something significant to say — if only people would understand what he is trying to communicate. But, lamentably, they hear a four-letter word and shut their minds.

Raymond J. Brandell
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

The Playboy Philosophy has been interesting and, at times, downright intelligent. But you really got lost in April when you stepped firmly behind Lenny Bruce. That boy may have something to tell the world, but he's obviously unqualified for the job. Not only are they trying him on obscenity charges, but now drug addiction has been added to the list.

A philosophy of life is supposed to put things in perspective. You only make a mockery of your philosophy when you drag in Bruce. Apparently he hasn't seen anything in perspective in some time.

Gregory Scott
Glendale, California

Editor-Publisher Hefner didn't defend Lenny Bruce's personal life — only his

right in a free society to speak and be heard, by those who want to listen. We would defend that right no matter how much or how little he had to add to the uninterrupted exchange of ideas that is the foundation of our democracy; in Lenny's case, we think he has more to say than most.

In Chicago, Lenny Bruce was arrested for giving an obscene performance at *The Gate of Horn*, the city's top show-place for folk acts; following an administrative hearing, the City revoked *The Gate's* license for two weeks, although the trial to determine Bruce's guilt or innocence had not yet taken place: Bruce was not at the hearing and *Variety* reported that he had, "in effect, been tried in absentia." In the subsequent jury trial, Bruce was found guilty as charged and given the maximum penalty possible: one year in prison and a fine of \$1000. The trial had strong religious overtones (Bruce had made a number of remarks in his act that were taken as uncomplimentary to organized religion) and we cited the case as an example of how charges of "obscenity" can be used to cover other areas besides sex that some members of society may object to — religious, racial, political, etc.

In Los Angeles, Bruce has been arrested six times in the past year on charges of obscenity (he was cleared on a similar charge in San Francisco last year) and drug addiction, to the extent that we felt a serious question of police harassment was involved. Some of those charges have been dropped; some are still pending. On the most recent drug arrest, the judge waived the criminal aspect of the case (which could have brought a maximum sentence of 10 years in prison, for a first offense) and ordered Bruce confined for tests, to determine if he is an addict, and treatment, if he is.

Both the Chicago and Los Angeles decisions are being appealed.

The contemptible fanatics who would suppress the genius of men like Lenny Bruce and Henry Miller could conceivably destroy the freedom of us all if someone doesn't stop them. Thank God for Hugh M. Hefner and his efforts in this direction. His sincere courage and high intelligence are an inspiration to men of good will everywhere who are concerned with America remaining the home of the brave and the land of the free.

Mike Hayward
Hollywood, California

I was especially interested in that part of the May *Playboy Philosophy* that mentioned Lenny Bruce. So far as I recall, I have never read an article on Mr. Bruce; I've never seen or heard him. But every time I have seen his name in print, I have found "obscene" beside it. I really couldn't have cared less, but after reading

all that has been happening to him these past few months, in *Philosophy* and the newspapers, and what you've had to say about him — well, it's a rather disgusting mess. I wish you would run an article on Lenny Bruce in the near future. I am very curious to know more about this rather complex human being. As for my own impression of Mr. Bruce — well, from what I have read, I am inclined to believe that he is a brilliant and perceptive performer. I just wish I knew more.

Miss Jeri Holloway
Shreveport, Louisiana

Beginning next month PLAYBOY will publish Lenny Bruce's autobiography.

This is a personal word of thanks for the substance and content of *The Playboy Philosophy*. I'm going to be very frank and say that along about parts four and five, though I had read it all with interest, I began to feel, "Well and good, but is he going to go on forever?" After reading part six, and your treatment of sex and censorship, I'm inclined after all to wish you would.

I'd like to call your attention to two books which you cannot have read, for if you had, you could not fail to have quoted them. One has been a source of deep delight to me for a long time; the other exploded into my personal philosophy and beliefs like a flash bulb in my face.

The first is, unfortunately, out of print. It was written by Bernard Rudofsky, published in 1947, and was, in book form, the exhibit Rudofsky put on at the Museum of Modern Art called *Are Clothes Modern?* Subtle, humorous, oblique and startling, the exhibit examined clothes and their conventions and symbolism throughout history, in a most unforgettable way. What reminded me of this collection, and the subsequent book that resulted from it, was your quote from Girodias, in the *Playboy Panel*: "Censorship is obviously inspired by individual feelings of modesty, of decency. . . ." Rudofsky had over the entrance to his exhibit, and in the front of his book, this marvelous and most provocative legend: "Modesty is not so simple a virtue as honesty."

The other, quite explosive volume is *Sex in History* by G. Rattray Taylor (Ballantine Books, \$357K)—the only known treatment of Western Civilization as if it were a patient in a psychiatric clinic, written by a clinical psychologist. Do look it over.

Theodore Sturgeon
Woodstock, New York

Our thanks to author Theodore Sturgeon. We have quoted extensively from G. Rattray Taylor's book in the most recent installments of "The Playboy Philosophy," on the history of sex and religion in Western Civilization.

EROS

I want to thank you for mentioning me in the censorship discussion in *The Playboy Philosophy* and congratulate you on the high caliber of the entire series. Considering the gigantic combined circulation of all the issues in the series, you are probably dealing the single most significant blow to the forces of censorship of any publication in the history of the United States of America.

I would take exception to your portrayal of our present Postmaster General, J. Edward Day, as a benign and enlightened censor of the mails, however. Nothing could be further from the truth. Late last year, as a result of his department having suffered defeat after defeat in censorship court cases, Day announced that he would no longer attempt merely to impound books which he felt to be "obscene," but would revive the ancient practice of *imprisoning the publishers of such books*.

I have been selected as the first victim of Day's new policy. He recently secured my indictment for mailing copies of a book entitled *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, a book widely hailed as an exceptionally lucid case history of one woman's sexual and psychological development. (Dr. Albert Ellis, the noted psychotherapist, calls it "one of the most honest, courageous, and valuable books on sex that I have ever read.") If Day should win his case against me, I stand to be fined \$190,000 and to be put behind bars for 95 years — repeat, 95 years.

I think we should all take a better look at our "enlightened" Postmaster General and, at the same time, ask ourselves whether the otherwise liberal "New Frontier" isn't really the "New Inquisition."

Ralph Ginzburg, Editor and Publisher
Eros Magazine
New York, New York

The U. S. Post Office has an infamous history of extralegal, administrative censorship in which it has ignored, as much as it was able, innumerable court decisions curtailing such activities — and suppressed some of the great literature of our time. In recent years, a firmer stand against censorship in our courts has made it increasingly difficult for the would-be censors to operate effectively and with the new administration, it appeared that a more liberal and enlightened point of view would at last prevail within the postal arm of our Government. The hope was short-lived. Immediately after voicing approval of what seemed to be the new policy in "The Playboy Philosophy," we witnessed the latest episode of Post Office book-burning, to which Editor-Publisher Ginzburg refers. (The Realist published this parody of a sign that recently appeared

on the walls of post offices throughout the country: "REPORT OBSCENE MATERIAL TO YOUR POSTMASTER... he thrives on it.")

As the Ginzburg case took shape, not only the "Housewife's Handbook," but Eros itself was included in the indictment. The Justice Department took its case to a U.S. District Court in Philadelphia (although Ginzburg publishes in New York), presumably because the courts have proven more friendly to censorship there in the past, and he was charged with 28 separate counts of mailing obscene material. (Early in the year Eros was taken before a grand jury in New York on charges of obscenity, but after two weeks of listening to writers, artists and photographers who have contributed to the magazine, the jury declared the publication not obscene; the New York Post reported: "One of the magazine's illustrations cited before the grand jury as obscene turned out to be poor evidence for the state's case when its creator was revealed to be Rembrandt.")

Sixty-five psychologists, sexologists, and assorted literary figures appeared in Philadelphia in Ginzburg's defense. Judge Ralph C. Body reached his decision in mid-June — found Editor-Publisher Ginzburg guilty on all 28 counts — making him liable to fines up to \$140,000 and 140 years in prison, when he is sentenced — repeat, 140 years.

Ginzburg will appeal the decision. But even exoneration may bear a grotesquely heavy penalty. Grove Press, generally acknowledged to be the foremost discoverer and publisher of new literary talent here and abroad, had to spend over \$300,000 defending its right to publish D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller — money it might otherwise have used to promulgate literature.

In the third part of your excellent editorial series, *The Playboy Philosophy*, you state, "The U.S. Post Office has built a reputation in times past as a watchdog of public morality." What ever happened to this policy?

Columnist Paul Molloy, of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, has twice written articles denouncing a quarterly magazine entitled *Eros*, which boasts, in promotion letters sent unsolicited through the mails, that it is a magazine of "love and sex" and "the first magazine ever to be devoted to the joy of love." Is it right for such a publication to buy subscribers' names from various top magazines (*High Fidelity* and *Show*) and send *Eros* advertisements to these subscribers? Molloy mentioned a housewife who had written to him complaining about this publication continually sending her advertisements to buy a subscription to *Eros*. Where was the Post Office while all this was going on?

What if a 12- or 13-year-old child



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Short Hills Tepper's

NEW YORK

Buffalo The Sample, Inc.
Garden City, L.I. Streets
Hempstead A. L. Frank's
N.Y.C. & Bergen Mall . Stern's-Student Dept.
Syracuse Fred's (all stores)

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High Point Stutts Men's Store
Mooresville Kelly Clothing Co.
Washington Togo's

PENNSYLVANIA

Altoona Brett's Mens Shop
Erie Trask's (all stores)
Harrisburg Doutrich's Boys
& Students Shop
Pittsburgh King's Clothes, Inc.
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were a subscriber to one of the magazines that *Eros* bought its mailing lists from? Imagine his amazement when he opened his mail and found this promotion letter describing the sexual joys to be found in *Eros*. The publication claims to have sent out over three million such advertisements to various people throughout the U. S. They were all sent by mail. Why didn't the Post Office stop this? I would appreciate hearing your views on this matter.

Donald C. Rieck
Chicago, Illinois

As the previous letter indicates, the U. S. Post Office did "stop this." The question we must now all ask ourselves is—do we want an administrative branch of our Government, whose primary function is supposed to be the prompt, efficient delivery of the mail (a function they seem perpetually incapable of performing), censoring our mail—determining for us what correspondence, addressed to us, we are to receive and what is to be withheld, rather than permitting us to make that decision for ourselves?

If the Post Office is allowed to censor a promotional solicitation from a magazine devoted to "love and sex," what is to stop them from censoring one devoted to "love," and eventually the censorship of letters concerned with any other aspect of life that some member of the administration then in power happens to take exception to?

We've already pointed out how easily the laws against "obscenity" can be used to censor other unpopular ideas (See "Creeping Censorship," "The Playboy Philosophy," Part Six, May 1963); "obscenity" statutes can be twisted, and frequently have been, to include opinions on religion, morality, birth control, divorce, race, and even politics, that a particular Government official or administrator happens to dislike. (We quoted Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black on the matter of obscenity in the seventh installment of the "Philosophy" [June 1963]: "It was the law in Rome that they could arrest people for obscenity after Augustus became Caesar. Tacitus says that then it became obscene to criticize the Emperor.")

We prefer to open our own mail—solicited or otherwise—subscribe to our own magazines, buy our own books, read and write our own letters, without the helping hand of our Government or any of its petty officials. We question their qualifications for the job—and even if they were qualified (and the would-be censor almost never is), as an adult member of a free society, we're unwilling to give up any of these personal rights that our Founding Fathers guaranteed us in the Constitution and a great many Americans have fought and died for

since. As members of the Armed Forces during World War II, we weren't very happy about having the Government censor our personal mail to loved ones back home, but we accepted it as a necessary restriction of our freedom during wartime; we're not willing to grant the Government any similar right now that we're civilians again and the U. S. is not at war. We're not certain how the rest of America feels on the matter, but for us, that's one of the things that the War was all about.

As for that hypothetical minor you mention, if his parents do not consider him old enough to know about "love and sex," then better that they censor his mail than allowing the Government to do it.

We think the Post Office ought to attend to the job of delivering the mail, not censoring it. A like opinion was expressed by Judge Thurman Arnold and the U. S. Court of Appeals, in their famous decision in the *Esquire* case in the mid-Forties, when the Post Office tried unsuccessfully to revoke *Esquire's* Second Class mailing permit (which would have put the magazine out of business); in finding in favor of the magazine, the Court declared: "We intend no criticism of counsel for the Post Office. They were faced with an impossible task. They undertook it with sincerity. But their very sincerity makes the record useful as a memorial to commemorate the utter confusion and lack of intelligible standards which can never be escaped when the task is attempted. We believe that the Post Office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that 'neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.'"

The decision was upheld by the U. S. Supreme Court, but the "memorial" was a little premature. The Post Office continues to play the censor and the current victim is Publisher Ginzburg and *Eros*.

A PHILOSOPHY FOR AMERICANS

In your May *Philosophy* you wrote, "... the Founding Fathers of this great democracy. . ." It has been a long time since I have heard someone refer to this great body of men when discussing any of the problems that exist in American society today. How many times would they have thrashed in their graves, had they been able to observe the actions of their descendants? How many problems would not now exist, had we but referred to their great founding documents. Surely these documents weren't meant only to be displayed at the Library of Congress, for the inspection of the curious sight-seer. They were given to us to live with, and by—each day, every day.

I am a naturalized citizen serving with the USAF in the country of my birth, the Netherlands. Last Thursday saw the celebration throughout Holland in honor of the Queen's birthday. With but few exceptions, one could see a Dutch flag waving proudly from every home. How painfully I recall the last Fourth of July I spent in the United States: an American flag here and maybe another four blocks down the street—maybe. What a profound feeling of disgust I felt after casting my ballot at the last Presidential election, when a man turned to me and said, "Well, that takes care of that for another four years."

Sometimes I wonder. Actually, it scares me to death.

1st/Lt. Fred H. de Jong, USAF
APO, New York, New York

It's easy for us to begin taking for granted the freedom we enjoy in America, and overlook some of the responsibilities that go along with that freedom. Democracy sometimes seems to mean more to those in foreign lands, because they have known what it means to not be free. But freedom is a living, dynamic thing—and unless it is cherished, protected and constantly nourished, it will wither and die. You are quite right in your feeling that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights must be more than aging documents in the Library of Congress—and the responsibilities of citizenship more than pages in a classroom civics book. These ideas and ideals are the foundation upon which our democracy is based. They must be a part of our daily lives or our freedom will disappear.

Just finished reading your *Playboy Philosophy* in my son's March issue. It said all the things I feel, but couldn't express as you have. Instead of simply being *The Playboy Philosophy*, it should be "The American Philosophy." Wouldn't that be great! This editorial series deserves to be read, not just by PLAYBOY readers, but by every student and adult in the country. I never realized I would find an article as profound as this in PLAYBOY. It makes me happy I gifted my son with a key to The Playboy Club. When he finishes college, I hope he gets to a city with one of your Clubs in it. My faith in Americans is restored!

Mrs. Lillie S. Segal
Norfolk, Virginia

If you ever compile all the PLAYBOY editorials between two covers, may I suggest the center fold-out be a handsome reproduction of the Bill of Rights?

Paul Hunter
Near North News
Chicago, Illinois





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THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

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

IN AN ATTEMPT to better explicate the Sexual Revolution currently taking place in society, and PLAYBOY's own part in this search for a "new morality," we offered last issue a brief history of sexual suppression since early Christendom through the Middle Ages, and this month we will complete that historical analysis with a consideration of the Renaissance, the Reformation, Puritanism, Victorianism and their relationship to present-day sex prohibitions and taboos.

We have already noted that earlier pagan religions did not suffer from similar suppression and that pre-Christian Roman and Grecian societies were relatively free of symptoms of sexual guilt and shame. Virginity was prized in the female, but not because of any religious or moral convictions: women were considered property and a virgin female had a greater value, even as a new and unused piece of pottery, furniture or clothing might; similarly, adultery was a crime against property, like stealing another man's ass or plow. These prohibitions applied only to women and it is directly from this concept of the female as being the property of the male that we evolved our own present moral views of virginity as a virtue and adultery as a sin.

The coming of Christianity did not increase the status of women in society—indeed, the opposite proved true and the antisexual nature of the new religion produced a far greater antifemale attitude than had existed previously. Women were considered "vessels of sin," according to one authority of the period, and a source of temptation and lust that could lead men to their downfall. Robert Briffault, the noted English historian and anthropologist, writes that the early Church "pronounced a curse upon sex, stigmatized woman as the instrument of Satan. . . . Woman was regarded not as 'impure' only, but as the obstacle to purity, the temptress, the enemy; she was the 'gate of hell.'"

This Christian view of sex and the female as inherently sinful did not come from Christ. It was derived largely from the teachings of St. Paul, who was influenced by the asceticism of the Asiatic religions then spreading throughout the Roman Empire. Paul had a personal

editorial By Hugh M. Hefner

aversion to sex and he also believed that the Second Coming and the end of the world were imminent, and that man should put away all things material and prepare himself for that moment. Nathaniel S. Lehrman states, in "Some Origins of Contemporary Sexual Standards," in the *Journal of Religion and Health*, "Neither the doctrine of virgin birth nor the as yet unenunciated view of sex as original sin played any part in shaping the thinking of St. Paul, whose exaltation of celibacy was so important in determining Christianity's entire subsequent attitude and history. His eschatology, with its anticipation of the imminent, cataclysmic end of the world, and his personal preference for the unmarried state, probably an overreaction against the sexual promiscuity of his times, were probably the most important factors underlying his viewpoint." John Short writes of Paul, in *The Interpreter's Bible*, "Obviously the marriage relationship did not appeal to him . . . [he] seems to have regarded the more intimate sex relationship with some distaste. He is of the definite opinion that it is better for Christians to follow his personal example, and remain unmarried." St. Paul had an extremely guilt-ridden and pessimistic view of both man and sex: he wrote, "It is well for a man not to touch a woman"; and further, "For I know that in me dwelleth no good thing . . . For the good that I would do, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. . . . Oh wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

But St. Paul's antisexualism was slight compared to the twisted theological thought that followed him. William Graham Cole, while Chairman of the Department of Religion at Williams College, wrote in his book *Sex in Christianity and Psychoanalysis*, "All unwittingly [St. Paul] marked the transition point between the healthy and positive attitude toward the body which characterized the Old Testament and Jesus, and the negative dualism which increasingly colored the thought of the Church. . . . Although in most other respects the Church successfully defended the ramparts of natural-

ism, the citadel of sex fell to the enemy. Increasingly, virginity became a cardinal virtue, marriage a concession to the weak . . . sex had become an evil necessity for the propagation of the race, to be avoided and denied by the spiritually strong. . . . Even those who were 'consumed with passion' were urged not to marry, to discipline themselves, to mortify the flesh, for the flesh was evil. . . ."

Henry C. Lea, author of the classic English studies on the Inquisition, wrote in his *History of Sacerdotal Celibacy*, "[Jesus'] profound wisdom led him to forbear from enjoining even the asceticism of the Essenes. He allowed a moderate enjoyment of the gifts of the Creator; and when he sternly rebuked the Scribes and Pharisees for imposing . . . burdens upon men not easily to be borne by the weakness of human nature, he was far indeed from seeking to render obligatory, or even to recommend, practices which only the fervor of fanaticism could render endurable."

Early Judaism accepted sex as a natural part of human existence. Lehrman states that premarital virginity and extramarital fidelity were "not demanded of Hebrew men. Prostitution, both sacred and profane, existed in Israel and the sexual use of captured women was also specifically permitted, although limited." Morton M. Hunt writes, in *The Natural History of Love*, "Men in the Old Testament were patriarchal and powerful, and often guiltlessly enjoyed the services of several wives and concubines." Lehrman states further, "Because the bearing of children was regarded as such a blessing, dying in the virgin state was considered unfortunate rather than desirable. . . . Sexuality and eating would . . . seem to have been regarded rather similarly by the Old Testament. It permanently forbade certain types of food and of sexuality, and sometimes temporarily prohibited all eating and sexual activity. Permanent and total sexual abstention seems to have been as foreign to its thinking, however, as permanent and total abstention from food.

"Although sexuality was accepted without question throughout early Biblical times, and in the Mosaic code in particular, various aspects of the latter have

given rise to the erroneous belief that the Old Testament is antisexual. Such asceticism appears to be altogether foreign to the traditions of Israel."

David Mace writes, in his *Hebrew Marriage*, "The entire positive attitude toward sex which the Hebrews adopted was to me an unexpected discovery. . . . I had not realized that it had its roots in an essentially 'clean' conception of the essential goodness of the sexual function. This is something very difficult for us to grasp, reared as we have been in a tradition which has produced in many minds the idea that sex is essentially sinful. . . ."

Roman society was sexually liberal and this turned the Christians away from sex toward asceticism; the first Christians were a persecuted people and the religion early developed a masochistic nature which it has never completely shaken. Roman society had also tended to upgrade the status of women, compared to earlier times, and Ira L. Reiss, Professor of Sociology at Bard College, states in his book, *Premarital Sexual Standards in America*, "The Christians opposed from the beginning the new changes in the family and in female status. . . . They fought the emancipation of women and the easier divorce laws. They demanded a return to the older and stricter . . . ideas, and beyond this, they instituted a very low regard for sexual relations and for marriage. . . . Ultimately, these early Christians of the first few centuries accorded marriage, family life, women, and sex the lowest status of any known culture in the world."

Sexual liberalism has often erroneously been cited as the cause of the fall of the Roman Empire. Concerning this, Hunt writes, "By the Fifth Century, Saint Augustine and other Christian writers would state flatly that sexual sin was directly responsible for the crumbling away of the Empire, the afflictions of which were interpreted as the punishment visited upon mankind by a wrathful God. The evidence of comparative anthropology, however, proves that many societies have permitted extramarital sexual activities and love affairs without major damage to themselves. . . . Historians differ with the early Christians in assessing the role of love in the overall decline of Rome."

Hunt then enumerates the reasons most often adduced by historians for Rome's decline: "... the squandering of resources, the indolence of the proletariat, the corruption and greed of the upper classes, the growing political power of the army . . . more generally, these are all related to the parasitism, excessive leisure, and purposelessness of imperial Roman life."

As Christianity spread, so did its antisexuality. Following the Babylonian Exile, Judaism developed related repressions and feelings of sexual guilt and shame previously unknown in Hebrew

history. Hunt states, "A growing current of asceticism and antifeminism" manifested itself. By the Fifth Century, "an increasing cynicism and weariness [had] affected the Western Empire as well as the Eastern, maturing into a widespread soul-sickness. . . . Oriental, Jewish, and barbarian ideas were mingled and fused with the Christian contempt for women; the concept of the wife was that of an inferior and sinful creature. . . . It is true in all monogamous family life that children must repress the sexual impulses they feel toward the parents they love; but it was early Christianity that made a philosophy of the situation and turned it into a lifelong problem, rather than a problem of childhood alone."

William Graham Cole states, "If Christianity had not in some measure spoken in accents to which the ear of the age was attuned, it would have remained an obscure sect. . . . Origen castrated himself in order to escape the temptations of lust; John Chrysostom declared that 'virginity is greatly superior to marriage'; and Tertullian regarded sex even within marriage as sinful."

Hunt comments, "The struggle against lust produced an explosive state of mind; the personality could be held together only by the tenacious cement of irrationality. The desert fathers saw and worked little miracles every day. In themselves, these sound harmless enough, but the same intellectual orientation could lead further, and did; not by mere coincidence, it was a towering figure of asceticism, Tertullian, whose formula for finding the truth of Christianity was *Credo quia absurdum* (I believe because it is absurd), while Pope Gregory — later sainted and called 'the Great' — burned the Palatine library because he considered it a hindrance to Bible study. Asceticism led thus to intolerance, obscurantism, and overt aggressiveness. The ascetic was not content to master himself; inevitably his route led him to try to master other men's flesh, and their minds as well."

In such a time, it was not illogical for the Church to rewrite religious history to suit its antisexual attitude, including the story of Adam and Eve and their Fall in the Garden of Eden. Cole states, "The preponderance of theological opinion, in both Jewish and Christian circles, has interpreted the Original Sin as pride and rebellion against God. The Church's negative attitude toward sex has misled many into belief that the Bible portrays man's Fall as erotic in origin. Neither the Bible itself nor the history of Christian thought substantiates such a belief."

The twisting of the tale of man's Fall from Paradise to suit the Church's obsessive concern over sex helped St. Augustine and others substantiate the ideal of celibacy. Roland H. Bainton comments upon St. Augustine's attitude toward sex

in *What Christianity Says About Sex, Love and Marriage*: "Since procreation is definitely approved, the sexual act cannot be wrong. Nevertheless, it is never without wrongful accompaniments. There is never an exercise of sex without passion, and passion is wrong. If we could have children any other way, we would refrain entirely from sex. Since we cannot, we indulge regretfully. Augustine almost voices the wish that the Creator had contrived some other device." Cole states, "Augustine's prejudices against the passions, particularly the sexual passion, is thoroughly un-Biblical. . . ."

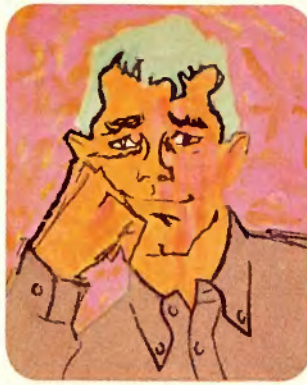
The new Church concept of the Fall also suited its antifemale attitude, since it was Eve who tempted Adam into tasting the "forbidden fruit." Tertullian proclaimed to all of womanhood: "Do you not know that each one of you is an Eve? The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age: the guilt must of necessity live, too. You are the Devil's gateway . . . you are she who persuaded him whom the Devil was not valiant enough to attack. . . ."

Nor were such attitudes held by a few members of the clergy only. Robert Briffault states, "These views were not, as has been sometimes represented, exceptions and the extreme. . . . [The Fathers of the Church] were one and all agreed. . . . The principles of the Fathers were confirmed by decrees of synods, and are embodied in the canon of the Council of Trent."

John Langdon-Davies states, in his *Short History of Women*, "To read the early Church Fathers is to feel sometimes that they had never heard of the Nazarene, except as a peg on which to hang their own tortured diabolism, and as a blank scroll upon which to indite their furious misogyny." Havelock Ellis says, in *Man and Woman*, "The ascetics, those very erratic and abnormal examples of the variational tendency, have hated woman with a hatred so bitter and intense that no language could be found strong enough to express their horror."

Since control over sex constitutes tremendous power, it was perhaps predictable that the Church would eventually modify its position sufficiently to permit a more direct regulation of the sexual behavior of the faithful than was possible when it stood in opposition to sex in any form.

The Church originally refused to perform marriages, since their sexual consummation was considered a sin, but this attitude gave way to one in which the Church eventually included the marriage ceremony as a religious ritual, while continuing to accept civil ceremonies as legitimate also; and not until much later was it decreed that *only* marriages performed in and by the Church would be considered bona fide — a position still held by the Roman Church today. This



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placed the Church in the position of being the sole licenser of sex.

As we described in detail last month, the Medieval Church wielded this power mercilessly. The Church Fathers increasingly codified every aspect of sexual behavior to the point where only coitus between man and wife, for the purpose of procreation, in a single approved position, was considered "right" and "natural." In some of the penitential books, fornication was declared a worse crime than murder. Attempting to fornicate, kissing, even *thinking* about fornication, were all forbidden and called for penalties; 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. Sex was also restricted to certain days of the week and times of the year: G. Rattray Taylor states, in his *Sex in History*, that at one time in the Middle Ages, "the Church forbade sexual relations—even between man and wife—for the equivalent of five months out of every year."

Celibacy remained the ideal, though it did not become universally required of the clergy until the 11th Century; and this, Lehrman indicates, "was more the result of political than psychological or even theological factors." Seward Hiltner, in *Sex and Religion Today*, asserts that this enforcement of sacerdotal celibacy among the secular clergy "was not primarily a sexual matter, but a strategic and political attempt to enhance the power of the Roman Church by relieving the priests of the distractions of family life."

Our modern idealization of asexual romantic love evolved from the concept of "courtly love" developed by a school of poets, called troubadours, during the Middle Ages. In contrast to the Church attitude, which still considered the female the primary source of sin, the troubadours placed woman on a pedestal. This, too, was a primarily antisexual concept, replacing honest sexuality with a complicated ritual in which the emphasis was placed more on the wooing of a woman than on winning her. *L'amour courtois* was, according to Hunt, "... a compelling relationship which could exist only between a man and a 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 secrecy, deception and illicit relationships. . . ." Hunt concludes, "[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."

The Church enjoyed increasing influence over all of society throughout the Middle Ages. Without the protections of a separated church and state, Church law became—in many instances—civil law as well; and any opposition to Church doctrine and authority was vigorously prosecuted as heresy.

Mass sexual repression resulted, predictably, in mass perversion, frigidity, impotence and sexual delusions, which finally produced the hysteria necessary for the almost unbelievable atrocities of the witch trials of the 15th, 16th and 17th Centuries. Pope Innocent VIII declared witchcraft a Christian heresy in 1484 and the *Malleus Malleficarum*, the famous book on witchcraft that was authored by the Pope's two Chief Inquisitors, Sprenger and Kramer, declared: "A belief that there are such things as witches is so essential a part of the Catholic faith that obstinately to maintain the opposite opinion savors of heresy."

Numerous authorities have pointed out the predominately sexual nature of the Inquisitions and G. Rattray Taylor expresses the opinion that the very term "witch trials" is a misnomer, since the papal bull that began the witch persecutions; the *Malleus Malleficarum*; and the trials themselves, were all concerned with impotence, sexual delusions and hallucinations, and depended upon the sado-masochistic nature of the times for their savage success.

It was understood that all "witches" had sexual relations with the Devil or with one of his demons, who were both male (incubus) and female (succubus), and the clergy who sat as judges at the trials indulged in intensive questioning about the sexual habits of the accused. R. H. Robbins includes a typical list of obligatory questions that was "used by the judges at Colmar, in Alsace, year after year, throughout the three centuries of the witch mania. It was headed: 'Questions to be Asked of a Witch.'" Included therein were, "Who was the one you chose to be your incubus? What was his name? Where did you consummate your union with your incubus? What did your incubus give you for your intercourse?"

Getting confessions from those accused was a relatively simple matter, since in addition to the sexual fantasies so prevalent among the people of the period, it was the practice to torture alleged witches until they said precisely, and in detail, whatever it was the Inquisitors wanted them to say. A number of the records of these witch trials are still in existence and Robbins quotes from one of a trial in Rhineland in 1637: "After three flog-

gings, she says that the Devil, dressed in black, came to her prison cell last night and this morning. Last night he . . . had intercourse with her, but he caused her so much pain that she could hardly hold him, and she thinks that her back and thighs are falling apart. Furthermore, she promised to surrender her body and soul to him again . . . and to remain true to him only. . . ."

Hunt states: "... in the opinion of several eminent psychiatrists who have intensively and independently studied the evidence, the descriptions of the witches' Sabbath bear the unmistakable characteristics of abnormal sexual fantasies, which the celibate Inquisitors eagerly, even hungrily, seized upon and accepted as objectively real."

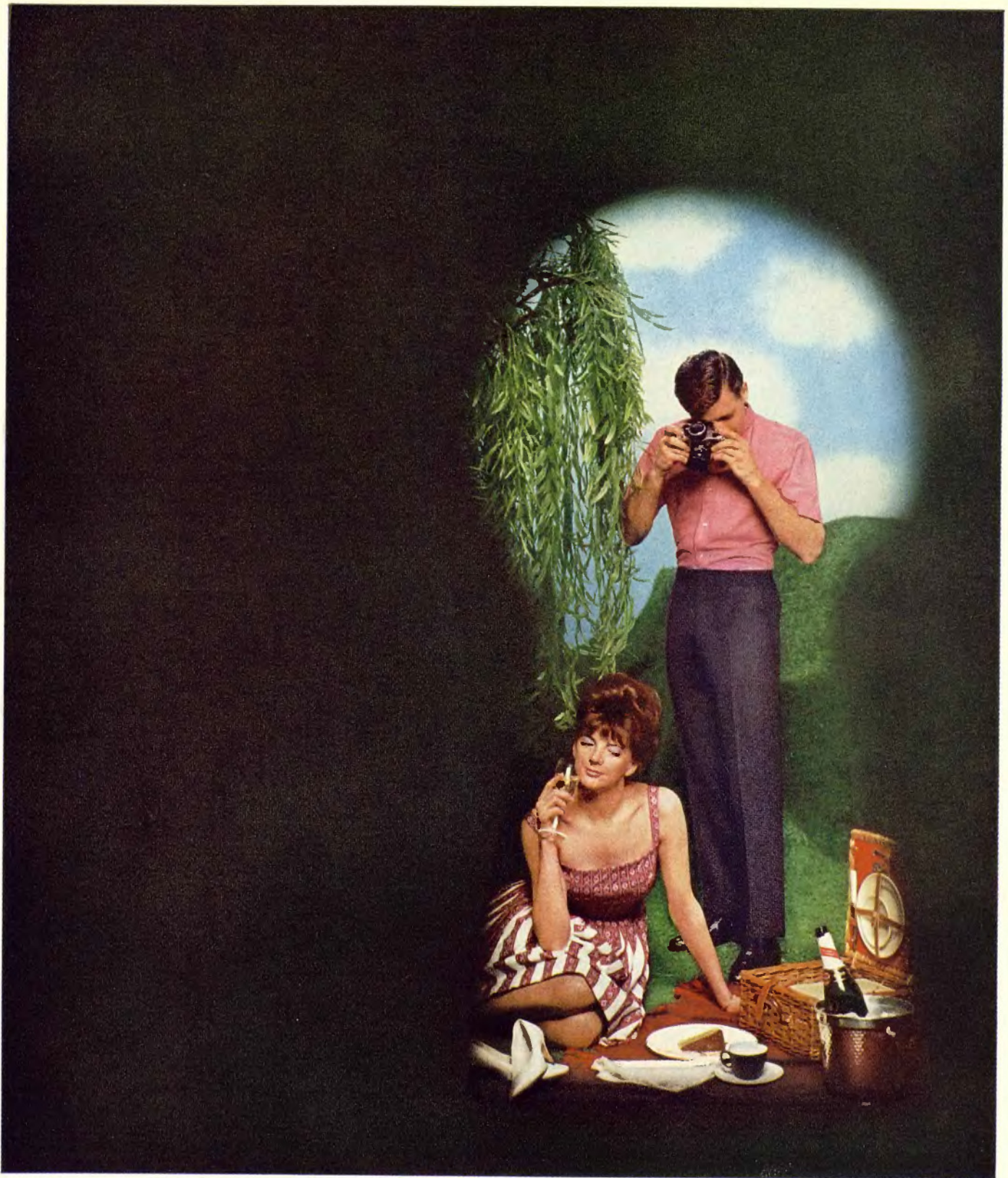
A. Guirdham offers a further psychoanalytic consideration of this phase of Christianity in his book, *Christ and Freud*, in which he states: "Modern psychiatry permits us to see that the Inquisitors were themselves, below the conscious level, afflicted with doubts. Men so doubting, and reacting with guilt toward their uncertainty, could atone and reassure themselves either by the punishment of themselves or others. The flagellants were recruited from the former, and the Inquisitors from the latter class. . . ."


"Why should Christianity be based, to the degree it is, on a sense of guilt? What, if anything, is there in common between a faith which has enriched culture and the crudities of tribal religion? Do we exaggerate the element of guilt in Christianity? I do not think so. Suppose we reject altogether Freud's theories as to the unconscious factors . . . there is still abundant evidence on the conscious level. We have the system of confessions and penances in the Roman [Church]. . . . In the Dissenting Churches, there is less insistence on the verbal ritual of guilt and penitence, but the Nonconformist psychology reveals itself as riddled with guilt [also] which expresses itself in clinical terms. . . ."

"To induce such a sense of guilt was a partly political aim, the maintenance of which became an ecclesiastical tradition. Such a policy . . . ensured that the priests should be the guardians of the public conscience. Coercion in the spiritual sphere has been practiced in different religions. . . . The ecclesiastical preoccupation with a sense of guilt is something which, if not entirely characteristic of the Jewish and Christian religions, is especially developed in them."

RENAISSANCE SEX

Though it was a complex period that defies any simple label, the 14th, 15th and 16th Centuries are generally referred to as the Renaissance. A most significant and far-reaching change began taking place in society during this time: where-



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as previously man had tended to accept a set of strict rules laid down for him by the Church, as the official spokesman for divine authority, freedom of choice now began to be emphasized. In the Middle Ages, not only sexual expression had been suppressed, but all other freedoms as well. Art, literature, science and education had suffered and overwhelming feelings of guilt and despair had gripped all Europe. Now a new enlightenment and emancipation from medieval barbarism was introduced, accompanied by a renewed interest in the humanities. By making a knowledge of literature and the arts the mark of a gentleman, the Renaissance established an international secular culture that was, as *The Columbia Encyclopedia* states, "outside of, independent of, and often hostile to, the Church." An emphasis was placed on the importance of the individual man—autonomous, versatile and creative. Scientific activity centered around philology, ethics, biography, education, psychology, government and history, but the arts, architecture and literature received the major attention. The Renaissance was characterized by a more optimistic view of the world and a belief in the goodness of man; it also evinced a greater interest in societal problems and sympathy for the common man than is generally assumed.

The Church's control was markedly weakened and there was a considerable increase in sexual freedom. As a part of the lessening of the feeling that pleasure was evil, the festivity accompanying marriage became markedly more uninhibited and there was a general heightening of the status of women. Hunt states, ". . . between the early and the later phases of the Renaissance, a notable change had begun to show itself. As the power of medieval repressions abated, men began hesitantly to see women as complex creatures who united within themselves both good and bad attributes. If a real woman was somewhat less divine than the Lady, she was also considerably less vile than the Witch. Men could begin to feel the emotions of affectional love where they also felt animal heat, and to envision in the ideal wife the qualities that produced both."

But for all the rejection of ecclesiastical regulations, Renaissance Man still lived under the shadow of the magical-religious sanction: In Elizabethan dramas, for example, a woman who had earned the title "adulterous" was most often doomed to destruction, regardless of any extenuating circumstances, and there was nothing anyone could do to save her from her fate.

SEX IN THE REFORMATION

These years of comparative grace, freedom and enlightenment came to a rather abrupt end with the arrival of

the Protestant Reformation. Though on the surface, the birth of Protestantism seems a further rejection of the rigid dogma of the Roman Church, the men who sparked this new religious movement proved more fanatical and totalitarian in their thinking than any then alive in Rome. They objected not only to the corruption that had permeated the Roman hierarchy, but to the more liberal sexual morality that had developed, both inside and outside the Church, and they set about doing something about it—with frightening efficiency. Far from reforming their religion, in the positive sense of the word, the leaders of the Reformation re-established many of the pagan ideas, superstitions and regulations of the medieval Church.

The Protestant movement started on the Continent and though it was Martin Luther who first instituted the religious schism, it was John Calvin who best exemplifies the severe authoritarianism of the movement and who had the greatest influence on Britain and the English Puritanism that, in turn, influenced our own puritanical tradition in America.

Calvin believed in the Bible as an absolute statement of the word of God and rejected the divinity of the Pope; he was convinced of the utter depravity of human nature; under Calvinism, the status of women was once more radically reduced; and he was a firm believer in witchcraft. Extreme Protestants persisted in this pagan superstition long after the rest of Europe had abandoned it: Wesley, a Protestant forefather of considerable note, was a firm believer in witchcraft and many of the Puritans carried the belief with them to the New World.

In 1536 Calvin completed and had published his *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, a systematizing of Protestant thought, which most religious historians consider to be one of the most important theological works of all time. *Britannica* states, "From this time forward his influence became supreme, and all who had accepted the reformed doctrines in France turned to him for counsel and instruction. Renan, no prejudiced judge, pronounces him 'the most Christian man of his time,' and attributes to this his success as a reformer." Calvin spent considerable time in Geneva, where he became extremely influential, and in 1541, according to *The Columbia Encyclopedia*, he "set himself to the task of constructing a government based on the subordination of the state to the Church." Once the Bible is accepted as the sole source of God's law, he argued, the duty of man is to adhere to it and preserve the orderly world which God has ordained. He set out to achieve this end through the establishment of ecclesiastical discipline, in which the magistrates had the task of en-

forcing the religious teachings of the Church, as set forth by Calvin.

Calvin's emphasis on authority is quite striking; he not only stressed divine authority, but all paternal authority was sacrosanct. In Geneva a child was beheaded for striking his father; in Scotland, too—a country most strongly affected by Calvin's teachings—severe penalties were prescribed for any child who defied his father. If there was anything worse than defying a father's authority, it was to defy Calvin's. Special penalties were prescribed for addressing Calvin as Calvin, and not as Mr. Calvin. Citizens who commented unfavorably on his sermons were punished by three days on bread and water.

Gruet, who had criticized Calvin's doctrine and who had written "nonsense" in the margin of one of his books, was beheaded for blasphemy and treason. Betteleiu, who challenged the right of the Consistory to excommunicate, was beheaded, along with several of his supporters. Calvin's most formidable opponent within the Protestant movement was the renowned Michael Servetus. Calvin betrayed the more liberal theologian to the Catholic Inquisition in France and then covered his part in the matter by lying about it. Servetus, having escaped the French Inquisitors, went to Geneva hoping to discuss his differences with Calvin, only to be seized, tried without benefit of legal representation, and burned alive—on Calvin's express instructions. (Before the trial began, "the most Christian man of his time" gave orders that Servetus was not to leave Geneva alive.) Calvin's principal differences with Servetus concerned the nature of the Holy Trinity. Of Calvin's action in having Servetus killed, Castellio commented: "If thou, Christ, dost these things or commandest them to be done, what is left for the Devil?"

As with any authoritarian or totalitarian dogma, Calvinism was fanatically opposed to intellectual freedom. Calvin himself stated that he had submitted his mind "bound and fettered" in obedience to God, and he expected a similar subservience from others. Taylor notes, "Not only Servetus and Gruet, but many others who dared to query the official teaching were condemned and imprisoned or killed; and since Church and State were one, to hold the wrong opinion was not only heresy but treason."

One interesting aspect of Calvinism which differentiated it from the doctrines of the Middle Ages was a tendency to generalize feelings of guilt to cover every conceivable form of pleasure. Whereas the medieval authorities tended to dwell on sex in all of its details and deviations, Calvinists devoted their ingenuity to the regulation of all the minutiae of daily life, just as the Puritans in England and America did after them. The guilt-ridden



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character of Calvin's doctrine is evident in his *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, as when he quotes with approval Christ's words, "The world shall rejoice, but ye shall weep and lament," and then asks, "Do not our innumerable and daily transgressions deserve more severe and grievous chastisements than those which His clemency inflicts on us? Is it not highly reasonable that our flesh should be subdued, and as it were accustomed to the yoke, lest it should break out, according to its propensities, into lawless excesses?" And we no longer need a psychiatric footnote to inform us that the forbidden "excesses," from which men had to be protected, concerned "the licentiousness of the flesh, which unless it be rigidly restrained, transgresses every bound."

Taylor states, "So terrible were the forces of guilt and destructiveness animating Calvin, that he not only revived Augustine's doctrine of predestination, but carried it to an even more fearful extreme, and resolutely condemned to eternal torment, not only all babies who died before baptism, but all persons in non-Christian countries — including, of course, all persons living prior to the time of Christ." As E. Troeltsch points out, in *Protestantism and Progress*, the doctrine of predestination effectively precludes the possibility of divine intervention, love or mercy — psychologically, it is the reaction of one who, having been treated with cruelty as a child (which Calvin undoubtedly was), reacts by suppressing his own natural instincts of tenderness.

It is therefore quite understandable that John Calvin constructed at Geneva what Taylor terms "probably the strictest theocratic society ever devised, and treated with savage severity all those who held views opposed to his own." In Calvin's world, not only were fornication and adultery strictly prohibited, but so were even the mildest forms of spontaneity.

Records reveal that bridesmaids were arrested for decorating a bride too gaily. People were punished for dancing, spending time in taverns, eating fish on Good Friday, having their fortunes told, objecting when a priest christened their child by a different name than the one they had chosen, arranging a marriage between persons of disparate ages, singing songs against Calvin, etc. Pierre Ami, one of those responsible for bringing Calvin to Geneva, was imprisoned for dancing with his wife at a wedding; his wife later had to flee the country. Attendance at church on Sundays and Wednesdays was compulsory, and the police went through the streets, shops and homes to make certain no one was evading his duty.

In order to impose such rigid standards, Calvin had to resort to wholesale violence, torture and execution: 150 of those who disagreed with him were put to death in Geneva.

Calvin seems to have had a special preoccupation with the idea of adultery, and introduced references to it in almost every matter he discussed. Since repression usually stimulates what it sets out to repress, it is not too surprising that his sister-in-law gave herself in adultery in 1557 and his daughter did the same five years later.

The influence of Calvinism spread throughout the entire Western world, realizing its purest forms through the influence of John Knox in Scotland, and through the clergymen and laymen of the Puritan Revolution in England and the Puritan settlers in the New England colonies.

Martin Luther's influence on Protestantism was far less profound than Calvin's, but he was only slightly less authoritarian in principle. Luther's dominating characteristic appears to have been an intense subconscious fear of the father figure. He writes about how fearfully, as a boy, he studied a stained-glass window in his church depicting "Jesus the Judge," a figure with a fierce countenance holding a flaming sword. When, following his admission to the Roman priesthood, he first had to officiate at Mass, he was frightened almost to incapability. This becomes easily understood when we learn that his father, a miner, used to beat him so severely that he ran away from home; his schoolmaster was equally harsh and his mother was scarcely less severe: she once beat him until blood flowed for eating a nut he found on the table. Despite his rejection of the Catholic hierarchy, his viewpoint was extremely authoritarian. The *Cambridge Modern History* states that he believed thoroughly in the propriety of using force, placing absolute power in the hands of the church-dominated state, and encouraging its use by saying, "No one need think that the world can be ruled without blood. The civil sword shall and must be bloody."

Luther was even more pessimistic about sex than Calvin. He considered it uncontrollable and, according to Hunt, "sought simply to confine its raging within marriage." For this reason he opposed the Catholic prohibition of sacerdotal marriage and considered it, according to Henry Charles Lea, in *The History of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church*, "the origin and cause of excessive vice and scandal [among the clergy] . . . he stigmatized the rule of celibacy as angelical in appearance but devilish in reality, and invented by Satan as a fertile source of sin and perdition." Cole states, "Luther departed from Aquinas and followed Augustine in his view of the defects [in man] arising from Original Sin. He insisted that man was 'totally depraved,' corrupted in mind, body and will, rather than merely deprived of supernatural gifts. . . . But with regard to

the effects of sin on sex and marriage, Luther had in general very little disagreement with Aquinas. The first penalty of Original Sin was the ravages of lust. Once more, sex is regarded as evil because of the 'brutelike' quality of passion."

SEX IN THE COUNTER REFORMATION

The Reformation prompted the Counter Reformation — the attempt of the Roman Catholic Church to correct the abuses it felt had caused the defection of much of northern Europe to Protestantism. Taylor states, "For the ordinary historian, this is a movement opposed to the Protestant Reformation and contrasted with it. Psychologically, however, it can be regarded as an exactly similar movement. . . . There were certain points of difference, naturally. The Catholic Church made no attempt to substitute the infallibility of the Bible for that of the Pope. . . . While it revived its former attitude of seeing sexual sin as infinitely worse than other sins, it did not make the general attack on lighthearted gaiety which the Calvinists were making. But in broad terms, its reforms were [the same]. In particular, it reverted to sadistic persecution and masochistic self-torture in the medieval manner, and it opposed the growth of research and inquiry even more rigidly than had Calvin. The Council of Trent, summoned by the Pope, reiterated all the medieval regulations and, as Lord Acton, himself a Catholic, has observed, 'impressed on the Church the stamp of an intolerant age and perpetuated by its decrees the spirit of an austere immorality.' The enactments of this ill-attended body remain the Catholic code to this day."

Lehrman states that the reaction of the Roman Church to the Reformation was "an increased strengthening of its suppressive, dictatorial and aggressive internal trends. Two outstanding events in this reaction were the founding of the Jesuits in 1538 [described by Harry Elmer Barnes, in *The History of Western Civilization*, as], 'a belligerent and aggressive order devoted to contraverting Protestantism and preventing its spread,' and the 1871 Declaration of Papal Infallibility. Since the 'faith and morals' with which the latter is concerned seem to include areas ranging from public education to communism to sexual attitudes — among them celibacy itself — this declaration would seem to represent a significant tightening of papal control within the Church as well as an increasingly suppressive attitude toward differences within it."

The principal maxim of the Jesuits was "If the Church preaches that a thing which appears to us as white is black, we must proclaim it black immediately." Taylor says, "Nothing conveys better than this phrase the contemptible acceptance of authoritarianism, the miser-

able abandonment of the faculties of judgment and initiative, the blank lack of interest in truth and learning, which characterized the Counter Reformation. Following in the wake of the conquering Spanish armies, the Jesuits re-established the terror of the Inquisition. Paul IV enlarged its powers and instituted the index of prohibited books. Speculative inquiry became mortally dangerous. In 1600 Giordano Bruno was burnt for holding, what the Greeks, Romans and Chaldeans had realized ages before, that the universe evolved. . . . The already dead body of Archbishop Antonio de Dominis, a Dean of Windsor, was formally burnt, together with his writings on the nature of light. Galileo was tortured and imprisoned by the same man who, as Cardinal, had befriended him. Campanella was tortured seven times for defending Galileo. Descartes, whose *Principia* had narrowly escaped the charge of being heretical, was so discouraged by the fate of Galileo that he abandoned his plan for a magnum opus, the *Treatise of the World*. When G. P. Porta, inventor of the camera obscura, founded a society for experimental research, Pius III banned it — probably because he was the first man to write a treatise on meteorology, whereas the Church held that storms were caused by God or by witches. Once Florence had been the seat of learning and enlightenment; but here too the Church intervened, destroying the Accademia del Cimento, which Borelli had founded 'to investigate nature by the pure light of experiment.'

"Papal infallibility had its setbacks, of course. In 1493, for instance, Alexander VI, on the basis of his belief that the earth was flat, drew a line on the map and ruled that all territory east of it belonged to the Portuguese, all territory west to the Spaniards. The Portuguese promptly confounded his intention by reaching South America by the eastward route and claiming Brazil. Shortly after, Magellan circumnavigated the globe. Yet the flatness of the earth was taught for another two centuries in Catholic territories."

SEX IN ENGLISH PURITANISM

The overblown reaction to the Keeler-Profumo affair notwithstanding, England is presently undergoing a Sexual Revolution that is, if anything, even more pronounced than America's. It is needed, for England has long suffered from the same Puritan sex suppression as the U. S. In a recent page on the subject, *Time* editorialized, "There is a widespread feeling that Britain's moral machinery is not grinding as harshly as it used to. Much in English life today suggests decadence and dissolution. Since the girls were driven off the streets four years ago, they have taken to advertising their services in shop

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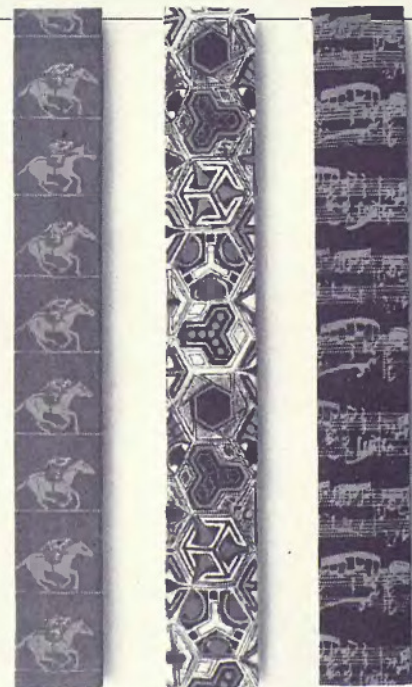
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windows as 'masseuses,' 'models,' or 'French teachers.' London's booming striptease parlors offer some of the crudest live pornography to be seen publicly in Europe. Its parks in summer are pre-empted by couples who aren't just necking. One third of all teenage brides in Britain are already pregnant. Innumerable scandals preceding the Profumo case suggest considerable promiscuity, along with sexual arrangements infinitely more complex than the old-fashioned triangle. And, as everyone knows, homosexuality is 'the English vice.' Dr. George Morrison Carstairs [professor of psychological medicine at Edinburgh University] said recently [in a BBC lecture]: 'Popular morality is now a wasteland, littered with the debris of broken conventions. Concepts such as honor, or even honesty, have an old-fashioned sound, but nothing has taken their place.'

"This harsh judgment may overlook the fact that Britain was never the sort of place Victorian morality pretended it was. If London today resembles Babylon-on-the-Thames, it is little more than a deluxe model of the brutal, carnal 18th Century city whose brothels, boudoirs and gin shops ('Drunk for a Penny. Dead drunk for Tuppence.') were pictured by Hogarth, Richardson and Fielding. Says Malcolm Muggeridge: 'There's always been a lot of high-grade whoring in this country.'" *Time's* conclusion: "There is a lot of past evidence to prove him right. . . ."

"Thus the state of sexual morality in Britain today is probably no worse than it ever was, and there is much evidence that it is better. Britain may not be a moral wasteland but a battleground in which a more realistic, less hypocritical generation is attempting to win legal and social recognition of the facts of everyday life."

Nor was Dr. Carstairs as "harsh" in his judgment as *Time's* editorial may suggest. In an earlier issue, "The Weekly Newsmagazine" reported his BBC lecture more fully: the doctor also said, "A new concept is emerging, of sexual relations as a source of pleasure, but also as a mutual encountering of personalities, in which each explores the other and at the same time discovers new depths in himself or herself."

England has had her sexual ups and downs over the centuries—paying the price of sexual repression and hypocrisy that came with the Puritan Revolution. English Puritanism was derived largely, as we have noted, from the teachings of Calvin and in Scotland, John Knox was quite successful in imposing the Calvinist dogma, with the same suppressive and authoritarian results as Calvin had achieved in Geneva.

The doctrine of Calvin and the Puritans, making work a virtue and emphasizing frugality rather than ostentatious

expenditure, had considerable appeal to the emerging middle class of England. A civil war resulted in the overthrow of the monarchy and the execution of King Charles I in 1649; for more than a decade England was kingless and was under the rule of the Puritan Commonwealth and the Protectorate. Oliver Cromwell was virtual ruler of the country until his death in 1658. Puritan rule proved far more oppressive and restrictive than the people had expected, however, and popular feeling swept it out of power shortly after Cromwell's death and restored the monarchy.

Even before the Puritans gained control of the government, they attempted to regulate behavior in various less obvious ways, as with the establishment of "Puritan Sunday," from which we derive our own Blue Laws. (Puritan Sunday was an especially effective means of controlling activity at that time, since Sunday was the only day the working classes had to themselves.) Jeremy Collier, an English clergyman, wrote, "The Puritans having miscarried in their operations upon the Church, endeavored to carry on their designs more under covert. Their magnifying the Sabbath Day, as they called Sunday, was a serviceable expedient for the purpose."

Henry VIII had been responsible for introducing the Reformation into England, but during his reign Sunday was a day of sports, fairs, drinking, archery and dancing. Frith, a pre-Puritan Reformer, said, "Having been to church, one may return and do one's business as well as any other day."

Elizabeth, who completed the work of the Reformation begun by Henry, regularly transacted State business on Sundays, and so quite naturally refused to pass a Sunday-observance act in 1586; instead, she licensed others to organize Sunday games for her subjects. The Stuarts continued this tradition—Charles reissuing an official *Book of Sports* in 1633 that James I had originally prepared for Sunday pleasure.

But between 1645 and 1650 there were a series of acts, ordinances and proclamations prohibiting Maypoles; abolishing Christmas, Whitsun and Easter as pagan festivals; ordering the *Book of Sports* to be burned; and even banning "idle sitting at doors and walking in churchyards." As one non-Puritan member of the House of Commons observed, "Let a man be in what posture he will, your penalty finds him."

The Puritans opposed dancing, drinking, sports, games, carnivals, masquerades, mumming, and all other pleasurable pursuits and pastimes, as well as idleness, since the wasting of time was as serious as the wasting of money. Theirs was an austere, severe, strict and restrictive theology—and a pattern of prohibitions emerges that Taylor sees as the product

of two subconscious fears: a fear of pleasure and a fear of spontaneity—rooted in the Puritan belief that only through close supervision and control could they hope to keep man's baser nature in check—that if left unchecked and to itself, *anything* might happen. "And it was primarily this fear of spontaneity and feeling," Taylor suggests, "which caused the Puritans to object to color and richness of decoration, and hence to insist on sober clothing and bleak churches. . . ."

All theaters were permanently closed and when a company of actors attempted to ignore this law, they were arrested and the theaters were ordered torn down. In place of festivals, Days of Publique Humiliation were established, on which all shops were shut and all travel—except to church—forbidden, as was "any unnecessary walking in the fields or upon the Exchange or other places."

For some, two sermons on Sunday became "a necessity of salvation." Labor of any kind was prohibited on the Lord's Day and some objected to the preparing of roast meat for Sunday dinner—a lead which kitchen maids quickly followed by declaring that it was sinful to wash the dishes on that day, also.

Cromwell was hostile to art, learning and, most of all, the democratic process. The general disapproval of free inquiry is also illustrated by the Puritan condemnation, a few years later, of the Royal Society for the Advancement of Science as "impious."

In *Mrs. Grundy*, Leo Markun wrote, "The Scottish ministers identified the natural with the sinful. . . . The ministers called on their parishioners to live in such a way as to please a jealous divinity who could not approve of frolicsome conduct, who would surely send a dreadful plague if wedding guests danced and joked and enjoyed themselves in the good old Scottish way. The Reverend Mr. Abernathy said, 'Pleasures are most carefully to be avoided, because they both harm and deceive. . . . Beat down thy body and bring it into subjection by abstaining, not only from unlawful pleasures, but also from lawful pleasures and indifferent delights. . . .'"

When they were in power in England, the Puritans attempted to make "immorality" impossible by imposing the harshest of penalties. For adultery and for incest (the latter being any degree of relatedness in which marriage was prohibited), the death penalty was instituted. In *Puritan, Rake and Squire*, J. Lane reports that a man of 89 was executed for adultery in 1653 (which, age considered, may seem more a compliment than an injustice) and another for incest (with his brother-in-law's daughter) in 1656. But juries generally responded to such trials by refusing to convict. Where-

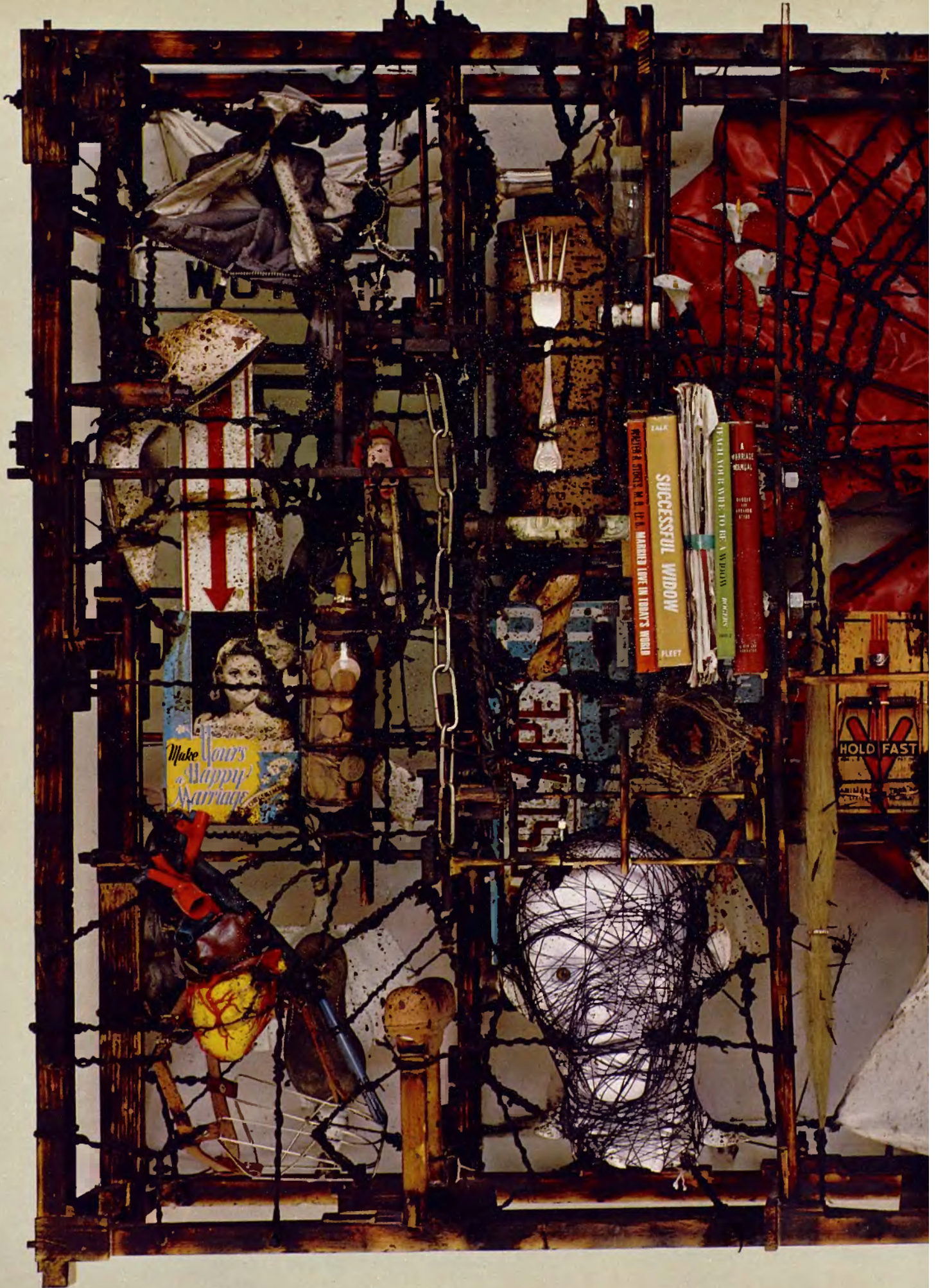
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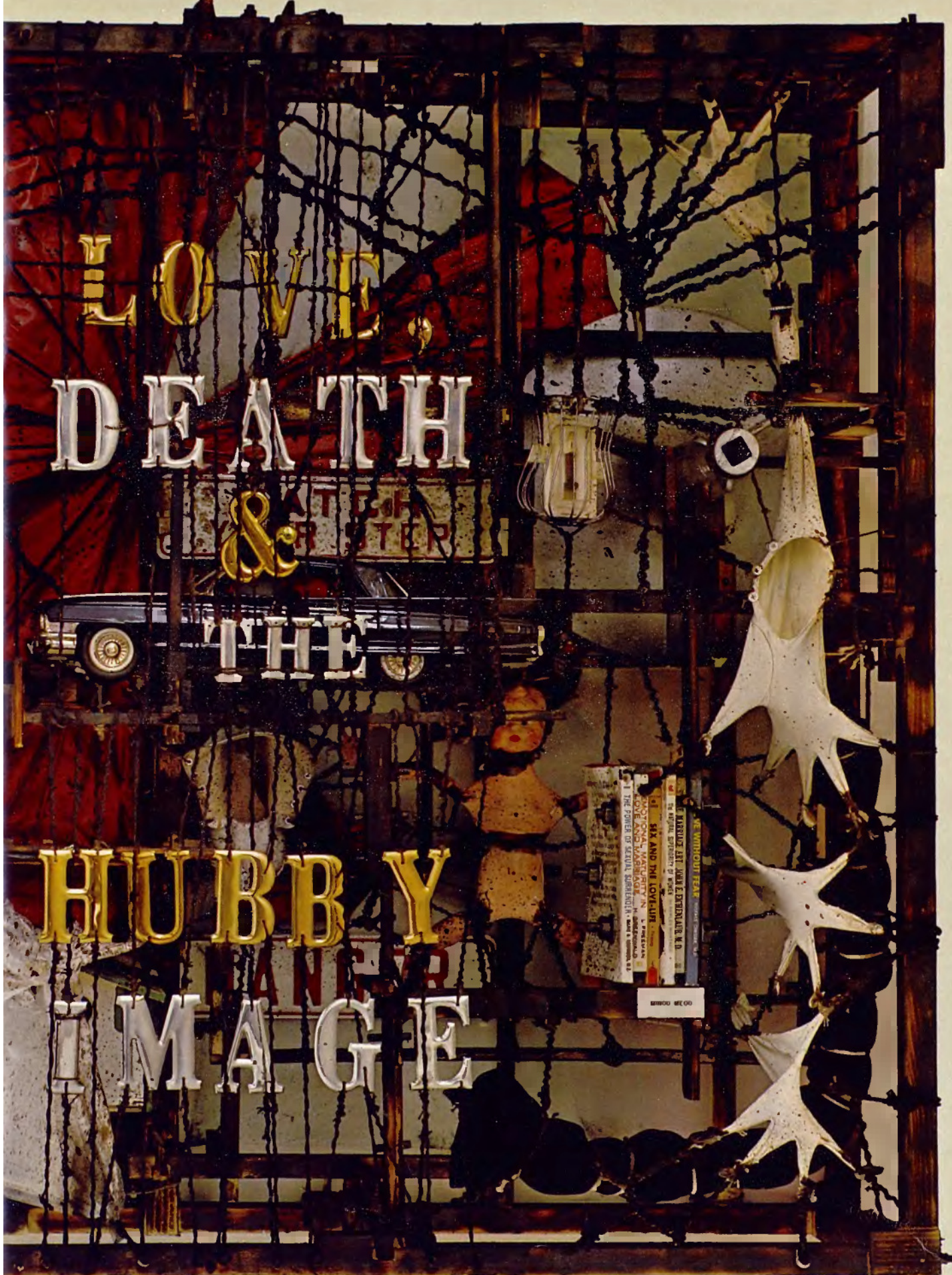


WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man on the way up, and up on what he downs, the PLAYBOY reader is a masterful mixer who prefers being sold on a brand before he stirs. Facts: Whether enjoying a pre-dinner cocktail or capping off an evening with a cordial entente, 88.9% of PLAYBOY readers order drinks in a restaurant or bar at least once weekly. Living life with the "best of spirits," 95.4% of all PLAYBOY households drink or serve alcoholic beverages. And with a high median household income (\$10,574), it's apparent he can afford to pick up the tab. Put your stock in PLAYBOY—it definitely sells the decision makers. (Source: 1962 *Playboy Male Reader Survey* by Benn Management Corp.)

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article **By WILLIAM IVERSEN**

SCULPTURE CREATED FOR PLAYBOY BY DAVE PACKARD

the cloying quicksands of calculated exploitation make a mordant travesty of the marrying male's romantic dreams

TIRED OF THE RAT RACE?
FED UP WITH JOB ROUTINE?

Well, then . . . how would you like a chance to make \$8000, \$20,000 — as much as \$50,000 and More — each year, working at Home in Your Spare Time?

No selling! No commuting! No time clocks to punch!

BE YOUR OWN BOSS!!!

Yes, an Assured Lifetime Income can be Yours now, in an easy, low-pressure part-time job that will permit YOU to spend most of each and every day as you please! —relaxing, reading, watching TV, playing cards, socializing with friends! All this, plus a Lifetime Security Package that includes free Medical Care, Insurance, and All Retirement Benefits! A free Home of Your Own Choice! A free Late-Model Car, with All Expenses Paid! Free Food, Clothing, Telephone and Utilities! Free Vacations, Travel, Entertainment!

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!!!
Act NOW!

This Offer May Never Be Repeated!!!

Incredible though it may seem, the above offer is completely legitimate. More than 40,000,000 Americans are already so employed, and —give or take a few thousand dollars — all are now enjoying most of the promised benefits.

There's only one catch to it: No men need apply.

The offer is addressed solely to single American women, and represents the unspoken, undefined, but strongly subliminal sales appeal presently contained in the age-old male proposal: "Will you marry me?"

Add to the many listed inducements the legal guarantee of exclusive sexual rights, innumerable opportunities for emotional self-expression, and the prospect of achieving psychological dominion over one to a dozen other human beings — and we can begin to understand, perhaps, why more than a million-and-a-half American women annually consent to "give up everything" for the sake of marriage.

More difficult to understand, however, is the boundless altruism of the million-and-a-half American men who annually make such offers, and the strange sense of humility which causes them to feel fortunate and grateful to have such offers accepted.

"But there are such things as Love and Romance," a feminine voice is certain to remind us at this point.

And, indeed, there are. Few American men would deny the power of those soaring emotions, or minimize the mysterious enchantments of soul and psyche that transform their bachelor brethren into husbands at the average rate of something like 30,000 a week. The very concepts of romantic love and devotion are, as we know, masculine creations which have been sung and celebrated by male poets, novelists, composers and play-

wrights for at least 600 years. And in no century or land have these concepts been held in such universal esteem as in 20th Century America.

So sacrosanct is our belief in the idea of "marrying for love," that many Americans are totally unaware that marriage can have any other basis. "It will come as a surprise to many people to learn that this emphasis upon romantic attraction as the basis for marriage has not always existed," Dr. James H. S. Brossard, of the University of Pennsylvania, wrote in a recent sociological study of *Ritual in Family Living*. "Not that romantic love is a new idea, for strong emotional attraction between individuals of opposite sex is obviously as old as the human heartbeat. What is new is the relative place accorded to romance. . . . The romantic complex, as it is often called, came into our Western culture with the French troubadours of the 12th and 13th Centuries, and has reached its most exalted position in recent American literature and practice, until today it emerges as the accepted cornerstone of the marriage relationship. Taking a worldwide view, and considered in the retrospect of time, romance as the basis of marriage is a relatively new social experiment, still confined to a minority of the world's peoples. Like the romantic stories of the 'pulp' magazines, it will be interesting to see 'how it comes out.'"

While awaiting the final payoff to this unique and noble experiment with human lives, an unexpected glimpse into some of the curious consequences that romantic marriage imposes upon the American male was recently forced upon my attention by the sudden loss of a young male cousin to marriage. The cousin, Jim, an outgoing and idealistic young man of high promise in his chosen profession, had, it seems, fallen victim to a deep-seated romantic complex centering about an attractive young schoolteacher in his native Cleveland, and after a brief summer courtship had announced to friends and family that he would have said girl to be his lawful-wedded wife, to love, comfort, honor and keep, in sickness and in health, till death did them part. When the date was set, Jim wrote me a buoyant note in which he expressed the hope that I would be on hand to serve as an usher at the ceremony, and otherwise rally round in support. I gave him my promise, and arrived in Cleveland two days early, prepared to cheer and bolster the prospective groom — a needless task, as it developed, for the poor chap was already in a state of near-maniacal euphoria as he rushed happily about, ticking off the various prenuptial chores outlined in a "groom's check list" contained in the winter issue of a large but lady-like periodical called *Modern Bride*.

"Where the devil did you get that?" I asked, lapsing into strong language at the sight of a formally attired groom nuzzling the brunette bangs of a smiling young bride on the cover.

"Sue gave it to me," he (continued on page 192)



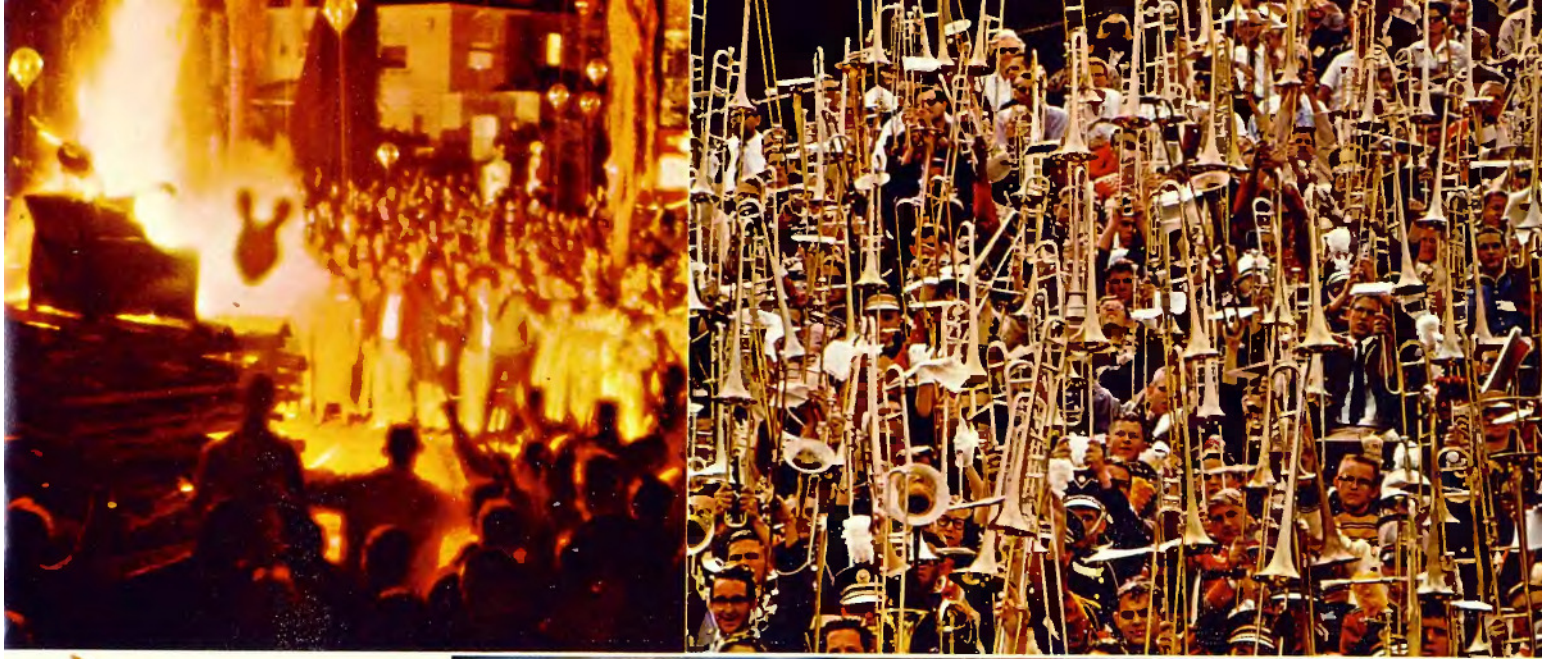
"My country may be small and it may be poor and underdeveloped, but you should see the dames."



PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

pre-season picks
for the top college
teams and players
across the country

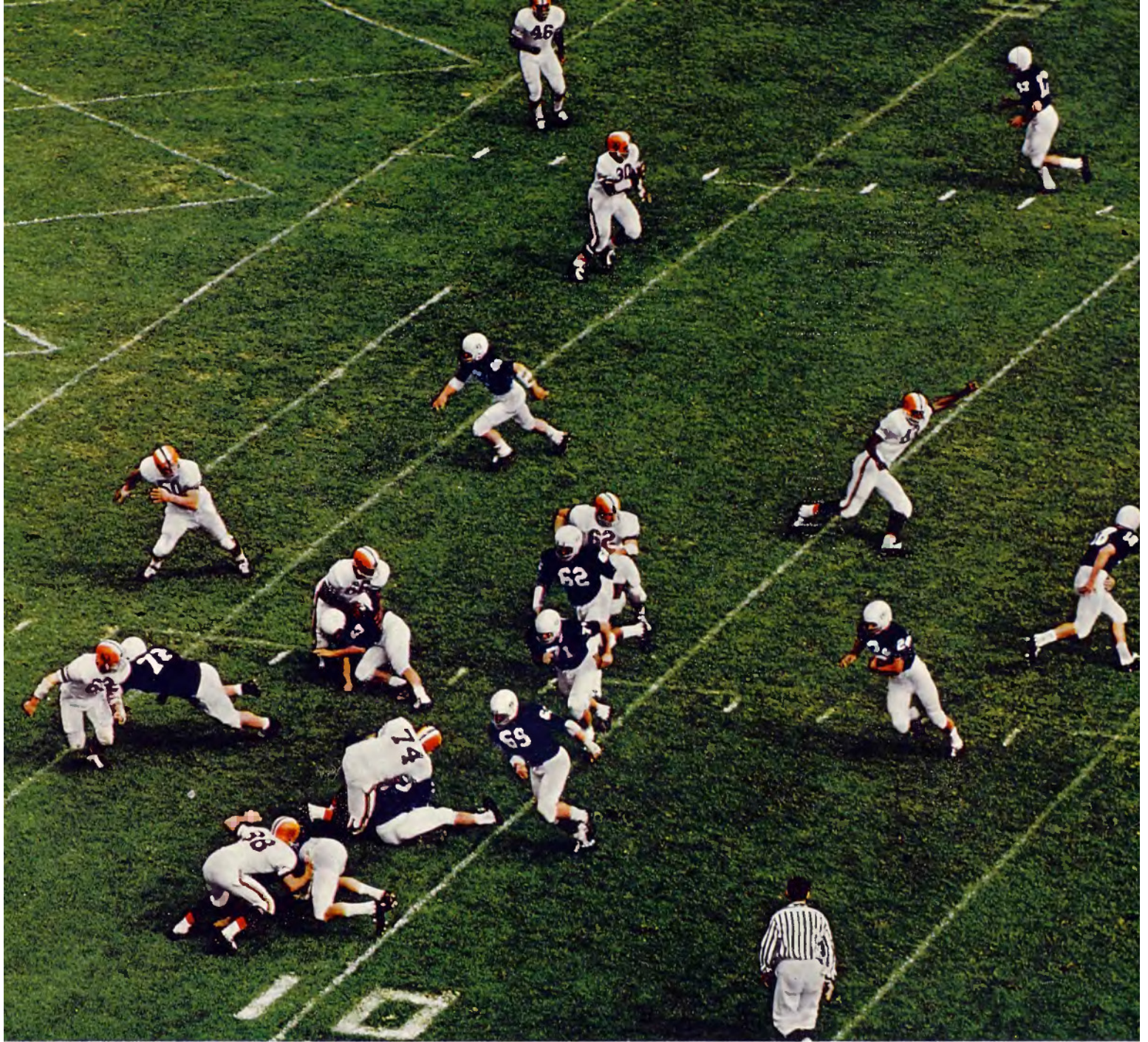
sports **By ANSON MOUNT**



THIS IS BOTH THE YEAR OF THE RABBIT *and* the Year of the Quarterback. Modern football, like modern warfare, is dependent upon an effective air attack. You don't necessarily win with it, but you certainly can't win without it. In recognizing this gridiron fact of strife, college coaches have been combing the back country for sharpshooting passers, and the fruition of their efforts is on display in stadiums everywhere. Never before has there been such an impressive galaxy of superquarterbacks. At least a dozen would have been uncontested All-America selections a few years back, but this season all but one or two will be merely also-rans. Final choices, as in most All-America competitions, will depend largely on the won-lost records of the teams and how well the local drum beaters do their jobs. When once asked what makes an All-American, Grantland Rice answered, "Seven good linemen to do the blocking and a poet in the press box."

The era of the fabulous passer in college football has been brought on by the box-office-and-TV competition of the professional teams. Fans, accustomed to seeing the wide-open thunder-and-lightning style of the pros, have grown bored with the grinding defense-oriented college teams that were so prevalent a few seasons ago.

Even those Southern schools which specialized in ultraconservative, defense-dominated play are being forced to accept evolution, and this fall the bourbon-and-branch-water brigade will be treated to the finest display of



Three PLAYBOY All-Americans in action as Northwestern hangs a 45-0 pasting on Illinois: QB Tom Myers (18) slips the ball to Larry Benz as Guard Jack Cvercko (71) helps clear the way. Linebacker Dick Butkus (50) zeroes in to make the tackle.

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

National Champion: NORTHWESTERN 8-1

2. Arkansas	9-1	10. Syracuse	8-2	18. Rice	7-3
3. Oklahoma	8-2	11. Notre Dame	7-3	19. Auburn	7-3
4. Wisconsin	7-2	12. Alabama	8-2	20. Texas Christian	7-3
5. Southern California	8-2	13. Pittsburgh	7-2	Possible Breakthroughs: Arizona State, South Carolina, LSU, Nebraska, West Virginia, Stanford, Wyoming, Washington, Missouri, Oregon State, Oregon, Baylor, UCLA, Dartmouth, Iowa, Kansas.	
6. Florida	9-1	14. Miami, Fla.	7-3		
7. Texas	8-2	15. Navy	7-3		
8. Illinois	7-2	16. Purdue	7-2		
9. Mississippi	9-0	17. Washington State	7-3		

offensive tactics and aerial fireworks since Chickamauga. This great leap forward has been brought about by the growing concern over that style of play commonly called "organized viciousness," a fundamental ingredient of defense-oriented football in which the basic concept is to defeat the enemy by annihilating him.

The major mentor, prophet and proponent of the jungle-fighter school of football has been coach Bear Bryant of Alabama. Bryant has been damned and assailed from all quarters for single- (continued on page 116)

PLAYBOY'S 1963 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Top row, l. to r.: **Ken Kortas**, Tackle—Louisville; **Jim Kelly**, End—Notre Dame; **Harrison Rosdahl**, Tackle—Penn State; **Hal Bedsole**, End—Southern Cal. Middle row, l. to r.: **Jack Cvercko**, Guard—Northwestern; **Dick Butkus**, Center—Illinois; **Damon Bame**, Guard—Southern Cal; **Ara Parseghian**, Coach of the Year—Northwestern. Bottom row, l. to r.: **Rick Leeson**, Fullback—Pittsburgh; **Marv Woodson**, Halfback—Indiana; **Tom Myers**, Quarterback—Northwestern; **Larry Dupree**, Halfback—Florida.



ALTERNATE ALL-AMERICA TEAM

Ends: Billy Martin (Georgia Tech)
Vern Burke (Oregon State)

Tackles: Scott Appleton (Texas)
Ralph Neely (Oklahoma)

Guards: Bob Brown (Nebraska)
Rick Redman (Washington)

Center: Malcolm Walker (Rice)

Quarterback: George Mira (Miami)

Halfbacks: Mel Renfro (Oregon)
Willie Brown (Southern California)

Fullback: Tom Crutcher (Texas Christian)

Sophomore Back of the Year:
Halfback Gene Walker (Rice)

Sophomore Lineman of the Year:
Tackle Bob Pickens (Wisconsin)

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(All of whom are likely to make someone's All-America eleven.)

Ends: Lacy (North Carolina), Snell (Ohio St.), Webb (Iowa), Parks (Texas Tech), Profit (UCLA), Davis (Ga. Tech).

Tackles: Aaron (Clemson), Eller (Minn.), Lasky (Fla.), Mims (Rice), Szczecko & Schwager (Northwestern), Gill (Missouri), Conners (Miami).

Guards: DeLong (Tenn.), Lehmann (Notre Dame), Brasher (Ark.), Hilgenberg (Iowa), Watson (Miss. St.), Florence (Purdue), O'Donnell (Michigan).

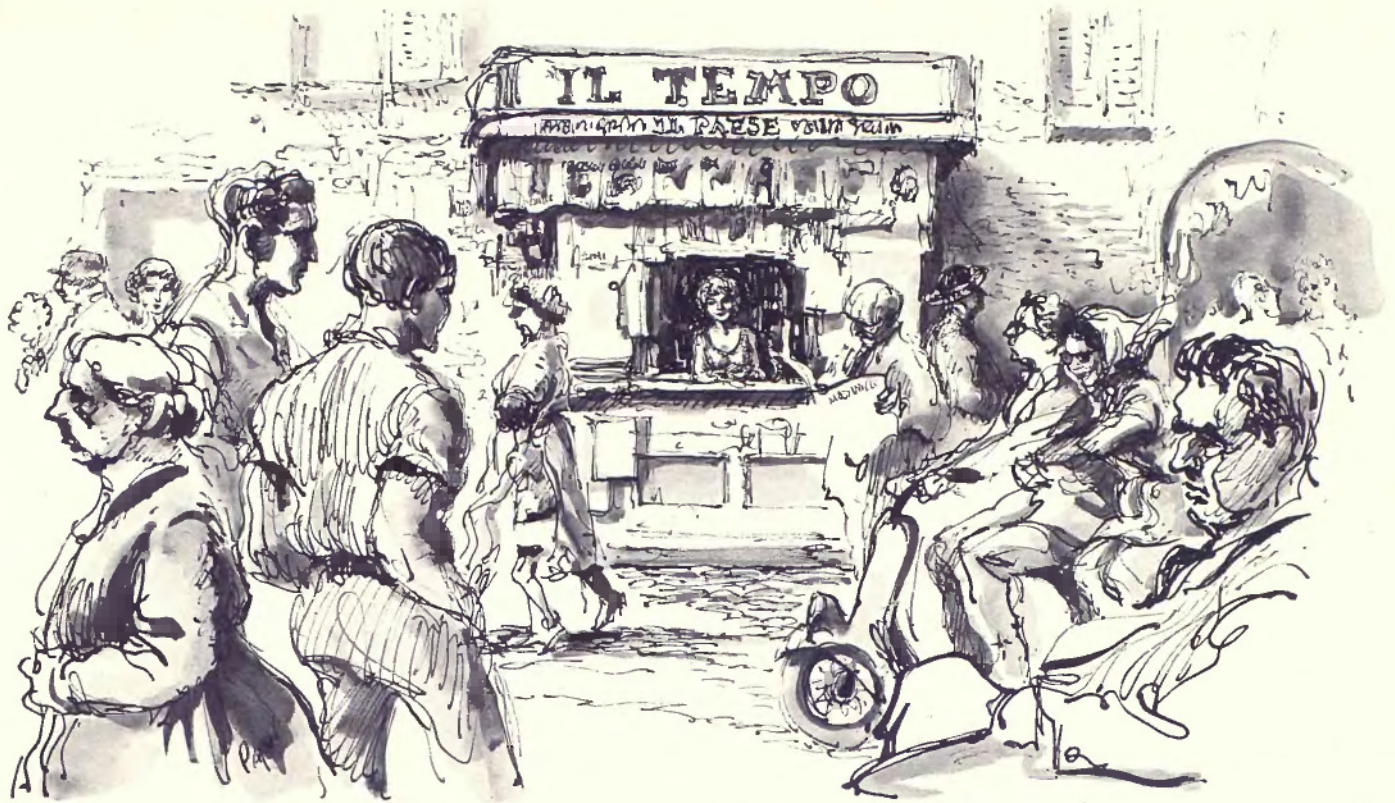
Centers: Caveness (Ark.), Bowman (Wis.), Lehmann (Xavier), Kubala (Texas A&M).

Backs: Roberts (Columbia), Beatherd (Southern Cal.), Trull (Baylor), Staubach (Navy), Lothridge (Ga. Tech), Namath (Ala.), Shiner (Maryland), Rakestraw (Ga.), Yost (W. Va.), Dunn (Miss.), Morton (Cal.), Frederickson (Auburn), Faircloth (Tenn.), Spangenberg (Dartmouth), Pedro (W. Texas), Pilot (N. Mexico St.), Looney & Grisham (Oklahoma), Sayers (Kansas), Holland (Wis.), Lewis & Lincoln (Mich. St.), Price (Illinois), Coffey (Wash.), Nance (Syracuse), Soleau (Wm. & Mary), Donnelly (Navy).



Tom Landi

"I wonder if that fool janitor is ever going to replace this step."



ah, women, women

fiction By ALBERTO MORAVIA

in love, what counts is the feeling, not the appearance, and no one could take that away from him

ERMINIO, A COUSIN OF MINE from Viterbo, had come to Rome for the first time and wanted to see everything and everybody; I had to show him round, and one evening I suggested we should go to the cinema. We were in Piazza Mastai, so I went over to the kiosk with the intention of buying a newspaper to see what was playing. Fiammetta, the newspaper seller, was just shutting up to go home; however, as a favor to me, she slipped a paper out of a bundle and gave it to me, saying: "If you look at it quickly, I'll take it back without making you pay for it." So I opened the paper, saying to Erminio: "It doesn't look to me as if there is anything much"; then all at once I realized that he was paying no attention to me but gazing instead at Fiammetta. Have you ever seen Fiammetta? If you haven't, go to Piazza Mastai and there you'll see a big kiosk all decked out with newspapers and magazines, and amongst all these papers and magazines, a little sort of proscenium formed also of papers and magazines, and inside the proscenium, a woman's face, of a most lovely oval shape, surrounded with big fair curls, with blue eyes, a tiny little nose and charming red lips. It looks like the face of a doll, of the kind that turn up their eyes, show their little teeth and say "Papa" and "Momma." It is Fiammetta's face, and generally it is bent over some illustrated magazine: as she spends her whole day among papers and magazines, she has acquired the habit of reading. But tell her you want such-and-such a magazine that is not within reach but hanging up outside; and then she will come out of the kiosk, rather like a puppet showman out of his box, backward, and you'll be astonished that all this profusion of delights can sit huddled together on the little chair amongst the bundles of printed paper. For Fiammetta has a shapely, rounded figure, just like a beautiful doll with all its parts turned to perfection — arms, shoulders, hips, legs, et cetera. A rare beauty is Fiammetta; who does not know her? And who does not know that she has been betrothed for years to Ettore, the barman at the café in Piazza Mastai, who, from his counter, can keep his eye on her through the window at all hours of the day? Everyone knows it, everyone, that is, except a person like Erminio, who does not belong to the quarter or even to Rome but to Viterbo.

Well then, seeing that he was paying no attention to me but gazing at Fiammetta with desire clearly depicted upon his face, I said, with teeth clenched: "Fiammetta, let me introduce my cousin Erminio." Fiammetta was making a pile of newspapers inside the kiosk; however, she came out and shook Erminio by the hand, turning upon him a dazzling smile and at the same time throwing him a caressing look from her big blue eyes — a piece of feminine coquettishness which Fiammetta lavished on everyone and of which, for some time, nobody had taken particular notice. But Erminio did not know this and was immediately excited by it, as I saw from his troubled expression. Fiammetta now closed the kiosk and was just on the point of picking up from the

(continued on page 184) 101

The Relationship by Jules Feiffer









BEEFING IT UP

for your steering committee—subtle, savory variations on that most masculine of meats

food **BY THOMAS MARIO**

MOST KNOWLEDGEABLE BEEFEATERS tend toward split culinary personalities. In their club dining rooms, they call for planked steaks and sizzling steaks, for Delmonicos and Chateaubriands, for *filets* and *contre-filets*. But when the black ties are tossed aside in favor of chef's caps, carnivorous men more often than not turn to slices of juicy beef brisket astride wedges of new cabbage, to German *Sauerbraten* and beef stew in burgundy, Old World dishes for which devotees always have been willing and able to perform a cook's tour of fireside duty. In France, it's axiomatic that if you scratch an urban gourmet, you'll find a peasant with his *pot-au-feu*. In this country you may not find a peasant, but you'll find a peasant's hearty appetite and, more often than not, his devotion to some traditional rural cuisine.

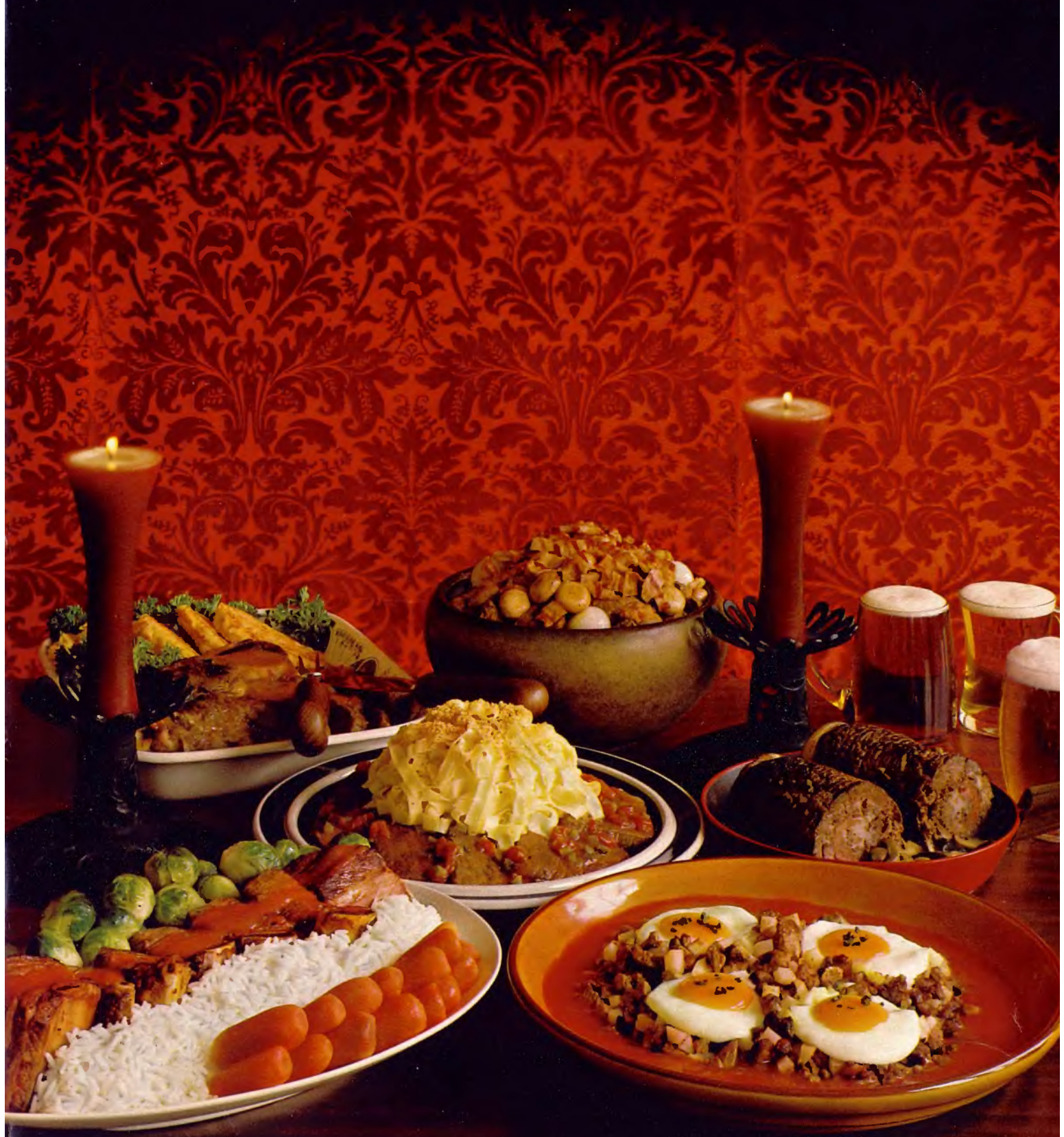
Rustic beef dishes, those that need lazy simmering in Dutch ovens and deep casseroles, naturally appeal to the kind of male chef who doesn't cook by the minute hand of the clock, who knows how to use a meat mallet, who likes to take time out to tinker with exotic herbs, wine sauces and offbeat marinades. He's wise enough in the ways of hosting to know that the time he spends preparing the strapping, slow-cooking cuts will yield leisure dividends during that mellow period between the tinkle of the cocktail shaker and the sound of the dinner gong. Pot roasts and stews are always at their best a day or so after cooking. Time gives them that state of grace which chefs know simply as blending.

True steermen always chart a course away from any beef cut carrying a suspiciously cheap price tag. They keep a weather eye peeled for the U. S. Prime or Choice citations whenever possible. Don't be misled by those who say that in the stewpot all grades or cuts of beef can eventually be tamed. Ungraded beef or extremely tough shin meat may become soft, but its flavor and texture will remain untoward. Canned corned beef, known as bully beef, for instance, is so tender that it collapses rather than forms into slices under the knife. But you wouldn't talk about it in the same breath you'd mention the prime, apple-red slices of corned beef that appear in a New England boiled dinner or find their way to a heavenly berth between slices of sour rye in the best Broadway bistros.

Between the ox' tongue and tail there are dozens of succulent cuts which are destined for the pot rather than the roasting pan. Employment of both these utensils results, of course, in the pot roast. It isn't necessary to imitate Roman chefs who used to present a whole suckling pig, roasted on one side, boiled on the other. They accomplished the feat by covering one side of the animal with a thick, almost impenetrable paste, after which the carcass was roasted. Later, the paste was knocked off and the unroasted side of the animal was steamed tender. The different culinary languages that spell out the varieties of pot roast are almost infinite in number. Another word for the technique is braising. Besides the simple American pot roast, the two best-known versions are the German *Sauerbraten* and the French beef *alamode*. The basic steps are simple. You take a semitender cut of beef. You may or may not marinate it, depending on whether or not you want the meat imbued with the tart flavor of wine or vinegar. You brown the beef in the oven. In this country, too many chefs make the mistake of pan-browning it on top of the stove; this results in weak, washed-out color and flavor. When the browning is finished, the meat is transferred to a pot and liquid added. The liquid may be almost anything potable — consommé, vinegar, water, stock, chicken broth, brandy, beer, red or white wine, champagne, tomato juice, or combinations of these plus added spices and vegetables.

French beef *alamode* has established something of a longevity record for being *in* fashion — it's stayed in style ever since the 1700s. At that time, a Parisian restaurant owner placed a wooden statue of a bull in front of his bistro. To drive home the fact that he was offering what was then fashionable, he dressed his bull with a blue scarf and gay ostrich feathers. He marinated his beef in wine, browned it, and then cooked it in a pot with the marinade. Modern beef *alamode* is made the very same way. *Sauerbraten*, the German version, is marinated somewhat longer in vinegar and water.

An even easier diversion than braising for the amateur chef is boiling. Once the knack is acquired, you can dispense with recipes and hit the bull's-eye with anything from the combination New England platter of boiled fresh beef and corned beef with root vegetables to Henry IV's *pot-au-feu*, boiled beef with chicken. Actually, "boiling" is a notorious misnomer. You don't boil beef; you simmer it about 20 degrees below the boiling point, keeping the fire low (just as you would shun prolonged high temperatures in roasting) so that the meat will be



docile on the carving board and, more important, will retain the liquid essence that makes it truly beef.

Before beef is simmered, there's a small sacrificial step called blanching. You simply place the meat in a pot with cold water, bring it up to the boiling point, and then throw off the water. It's a kind of cleansing operation, before the meat is committed to its final rite in the pot, that purges the meat and its stock of any off-flavors that might have been lurking on the surface. You test boiled beef for tenderness by plunging a two-pronged fork into it in several places. When it's ready, you should be able to withdraw the fork without any undue tug of war.

One more play remains. The instant that beef becomes tender is *not* the propitious time to serve it. During the simmering, beef juices flow into the water. To recapture them, let the meat laze around in its own stock for an hour or so without fire, and it will absorb its goodness.

With boiled beef of any kind — tongue, plate, chuck, brisket, short ribs or what have you — serve horseradish, the kind with a real bite. If it doesn't bring tears to the eyes, it's sham horseradish.

The long, slow simmering session for boiled beef offers a perfect opportunity to chill a half-dozen bottles of beer or ale. When beef comes to the table in a sauce, as in the pot roasts, stews and casseroles, it would be hard to imagine better company for it than a robust California red like cabernet sauvignon or pinot noir.

The following recipes serve four.

BEEF EN DAUBE, DILL SAUCE

- 2½ lbs. bottom round beef, 1-in.-thick slices
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 medium-size Spanish onion, minced fine
- 1 medium-size garlic clove, minced fine
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 3 cups hot stock
- ½ cup dry red wine
- ½ cup canned tomatoes, chopped fine
- 2 tablespoons fresh parsley, minced
- 2 tablespoons fresh dill, minced
- ⅓ cup dill pickles, minced
- Salt, pepper
- 2 tablespoons brandy

Cut meat into 3-in. squares. Trim excess fat. Place beef in shallow roasting pan in oven preheated at 450°. Brown on both sides. In a stewpot melt butter. Add onion and garlic. Sauté until onion is yellow. Slowly stir in flour. Gradually add stock, stirring until smooth. Add wine, tomatoes, parsley, dill, dill pickles and meat. Simmer very slowly, keeping pot covered, until meat is tender, about 2½ hours. Skim fat from gravy. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add brandy.

BEEF STEW BOURGIGNONNE

- 2 lbs. top sirloin of beef
- ¼ lb. bacon, small dice
- 2 tablespoons shallots or scallions, minced
- 1 medium-size clove of garlic, minced fine
- 2 tablespoons fresh parsley, minced
- 1 tablespoon fresh chervil, minced
- ¼ teaspoon prepared bouquet garni
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 cups red burgundy wine
- 2 cups stock
- Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning
- 1 lb. small silver onions
- ½ lb. small fresh mushrooms
- 14-oz. jar tiny whole carrots
- 2 tablespoons butter

Cut beef into strips about 2-in. long, 1-in. wide and ¼-in. thick. Heat bacon in heavy stewpot. Sauté until bacon becomes crisp. Remove bacon from pan. Let fat remain. Add beef. Sauté until beef loses red color. Add shallots, garlic, parsley, chervil and bouquet garni. Sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until shallots are yellow, not brown. Stir in flour, mixing well. Slowly add wine and stock, stirring well. Add 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Simmer slowly until beef is tender, about 2 hours. While beef is cooking, remove skins from onions. Boil onions in salted water until tender. Drain. Wash mushrooms. Sauté in butter until tender. Keep bacon, onions and mushrooms in warm place. Drain carrots when meat is tender, and add to pot. Cook until carrots are heated through. Season stew with salt, pepper and MSG to taste. Pour stew into large serving casserole. Place mushrooms, onions and bacon on top of stew.

POT ROAST WITH CARAWAY

- 3 lbs. beef rump
 - 2 cups cold chicken broth
 - 1 cup dry white wine
 - ¼ cup dry sherry
 - 1 large onion
 - 1 piece celery
 - 1 small bay leaf
 - ½ teaspoon dried tarragon
 - 1 cup canned tomatoes
 - 2 tablespoons caraway seeds
 - 3 tablespoons flour
 - ½ cup sour cream
 - Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning
- Place beef in a bowl with chicken broth, both kinds of wine, onion, celery, bay leaf, tarragon and tomatoes. Let meat marinate in refrigerator overnight. Turn meat once during marinating period. Remove meat from liquid. Save marinade. Place meat in roasting pan in oven preheated at 450°. Brown meat on all sides, about 30 to 40 minutes. Remove meat from pan. Transfer to stewpot. Add marinade. Simmer meat over low flame. Place caraway seeds in well of blender. Blend about 30 seconds or until seeds are chopped fine. Add to stewpot. Put flour

and 1 cup cold water in blender. Blend until smooth. Slowly add to simmer liquid in pot. Skim gravy when necessary. Cook meat until tender, about 2½ hours. Remove onion, celery and bay leaf from pot. When gravy has cooled slightly, slowly stir in sour cream, mixing well with wire whip. If cream does not blend easily with gravy, use an electric blender to make it smooth. Add salt, pepper and MSG to taste. Pour gravy over slices of meat on platter. Pass additional gravy at table.

BEEF HASH BROWNED, POACHED EGG

- 3 cups cooked beef, very small dice
- 1 large onion, minced fine
- 1 medium-size clove of garlic, minced fine
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ¼ cup heavy cream
- 1 cup boiled potatoes, very small dice
- 1 cup mashed potatoes
- 1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning
- Salad oil
- 4 poached eggs
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 tablespoon fresh chives, minced

Beef must be trimmed of all fat, hard ends or gristle. Sauté onion and garlic in 2 tablespoons butter until onion is yellow. Combine beef, diced boiled potatoes, mashed potatoes, onion and garlic, cream, vinegar and Worcestershire sauce. Mix very well, adding salt, pepper and MSG to taste. Brown one portion of hash at a time. For each portion heat 1 tablespoon oil in a heavy, cast-iron skillet. Shape each portion into an oblong, like an omelet. Brown hash well on both sides. When portions are complete, keep in a warm place. Heat tomato sauce with 1 tablespoon butter. (Poached eggs may be prepared beforehand, stored in warm water and then reheated for a moment just before serving.) Place hash on dinner plates. Place a poached egg on top of each portion of hash. Sprinkle with chives. Pour tomato sauce around hash.

SHORT RIBS OF BEEF, PIQUANTE SAUCE

- 3 lbs. short ribs of beef
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- ½ cup onion, minced
- 1 medium-size clove of garlic, minced fine
- ¼ cup celery, minced
- ¼ cup green peppers, minced
- ¼ cup carrots, minced
- 1 small bay leaf
- ¼ teaspoon ground allspice
- ⅓ cup cider vinegar
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- 1 cup canned tomatoes, drained
- 2 cups water
- 1 teaspoon beef extract
- Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning

(concluded on page 235)

The Life Work of Juan Diaz

his silhouette loomed in the white evening sky—he had come home from the earth to fulfill his promise



fiction By RAY BRADBURY

FILOMENA FLUNG THE PLANK DOOR SHUT with such violence the candle blew out; she and her crying children were left in darkness. The only things to be seen were through the window—the adobe houses, the cobbled streets—where now the gravedigger stalked up the hill, his spade on his shoulder, moonlight honing the blue metal as he turned into the high cold graveyard and was gone.

"Mamacita, what's wrong?" Filepe, her oldest son, just nine, pulled at her. For the strange dark man had said nothing, just stood at the door with the spade and nodded his head, and waited until she banged the door in his face. "Mamacita . . . ?"

"That gravedigger." Filomena's hands shook as she relit the candle. "The rent is long overdue on your father's grave. Your father will be dug up and placed down in the catacomb, with a wire to hold him standing against the wall, with the other mummies."

"No, Mamacita!"

"Yes." She caught the children to her. "Unless we find the money. Yes."

"I—I will kill that gravedigger!" cried Filepe.

"It is his job. Another would take his place if he died, and another and another after him."

They thought about the man and the terrible high place where he lived and moved and the catacomb he stood guard over and the strange earth into which people went, to come forth dried like desert flowers and tanned like leather for shoes and hollow as drums which could be tapped and beaten, an earth which made great cigar-brown rustling dry mummies that might languish forever leaning like fence poles along the catacomb halls. And thinking of all this familiar but unfamiliar stuff, Filomena and her children were cold in summer, and silent though their hearts made a vast stir in their bodies. They huddled together for a

moment longer and then:

"Filepe," said the mother. "Come." She opened the door and they stood in the moonlight listening to hear any far sound of a blue-metal spade biting the earth, heaping the sand and old flowers. But there was a silence of stars. "You others," said Filomena, "to bed."

The door shut. The candle flickered.

The cobbles of the town poured in a river of gleaming moon-silver stone down the hills, past green parks and little shops and the place where the coffin maker tapped and made the clock sounds of death-watch beetles all day and all night, forever in the life of these people. Up along the slide and rush of moonlight on the stones, her skirt whispering of her need, Filomena hurried with Filepe breathless at her side. They turned in at the Official Palace.

The man behind the small, littered desk in the dimly lit office glanced up in some surprise. "Filomena, my cousin!"

"Ricardo." She took his hand and dropped it. "You must help me."

"If God does not prevent; but ask."

"They—" The bitter stone lay in her mouth; she tried to get it out. "—Tonight they are taking Juan from the earth."

Ricardo, who had half-risen, now sat back down, his eyes growing wide and full of light, and then narrowing and going dull. "If not God, then God's creatures prevent. Has the year gone so swiftly since Juan's death? Can it truly be the rent has come due?" He opened his empty palms and showed them to the woman. "Ah, Filomena, I have no money."

"But if you spoke to the gravedigger. You are the police."

"Filomena, Filomena, the law stops at the edge of

the grave . . ."

"But if he will give me 10 weeks, only 10, it is almost the end of summer. The Day of the Dead is coming. I will make, I will sell, the candy skulls, and give him the money; oh, please, Ricardo."

And here at last because there was no longer a way to hold the coldness in and she must let it free before it froze her so she could never move again, she put her hands to her face and wept. And Filepe, seeing that it was permitted, wept, too, and said her name over and over.

"So," said Ricardo, rising. "Yes, yes. I will walk to the mouth of the catacomb and spit into it. But, ah, Filomena, expect no answer. Not so much as an echo. Lead the way." And he put his official cap, very old, very greasy, very worn, upon his head.

. . .

The graveyard was higher than the churches, higher than all the buildings, higher than all the hills. It lay on the highest rise of all, overlooking the night valley of the town.

As they entered the vast ironwork gate and advanced among the tombs, the three were confronted by the sight of the gravedigger's back, bent into an ever-increasing hole, lifting out spade after spade of dry dirt onto an ever-increasing mound. The digger did not even look up, but made a quiet guess as they stood at the grave's edge:

"Is that Ricardo Albanez, the chief of police?"

"Stop digging!" said Ricardo.

The spade flashed down, dug, lifted, poured. "There is a funeral tomorrow. This grave must be empty, open and ready."

"No one has died in the town."

"Someone always dies. So I dig. I have already waited two months for Filomena to pay what she owes. I am a patient man."

"Be still more patient." Ricardo touched the moving, hunching shoulder of the bent man.

"Chief of the police." The digger paused to lean, sweating, upon his spade. "This is my country, the country of the dead. These here tell me nothing, nor does any man. I rule this land with a spade, and a steel mind. I do not like the live ones to come talking, to disturb the silence I have so nicely dug and filled. Do I tell you how to conduct your municipal palace? Well, then. Goodnight." He resumed his task.

"In the sight of God," said Ricardo, standing straight and stiff, his fists at his sides, "and this woman and her son, you dare to desecrate the husband-father's final bed?"

"It is not final and not his, I but rented it to him." The spade floated high, flashing moonlight. "I did not ask the mother and son here to watch this sad event. And listen to me, Ricardo, police chief, one day you will die. I will bury you. Remember that: I. You will be in my hands. Then, oh, then."

"Then, what?" shouted Ricardo. "You dog, do you threaten me?"

"I dig." The man was very deep now, vanishing in the shadowed grave, sending only his spade up to speak for him again and again in the cold light. "Goodnight, *Señor, Señora, niño*. Goodnight."

. . .

Outside her adobe hut, Ricardo smoothed his cousin's hair and touched her cheek. "Filomena, ah, God."

"You did what you could."

"That terrible one. When I am dead, what awful indignities might he not work upon my helpless flesh? He would set me upside down in the tomb, hang me by my hair in a far, unseen part of the catacomb. He takes on weight from knowing someday he will have us all. Goodnight, Filomena. No, not even that. For the night is bad."

He went away down the street.

Inside, among her many children, Filomena sat with face buried in her lap.

. . .

Late the next afternoon, in the tilted sunlight, shrieking, the schoolchildren chased Filepe home; he fell, they circled him, laughing.

"Filepe, Filepe, we saw your father today, yes!"

"Where?" they asked themselves, shyly.

"In the catacomb!" they gave answer.

"What a lazy man! He just *stands* there!"

"He never works!"

"He don't speak! Oh, that Juan Diaz!"

Filepe stood violently atremble under the blazing sun, hot tears streaming from his wide and half-blinded eyes.

Within the hut, Filomena heard, and the knife sounds entered her heart. She leaned against the cool wall, wave after dissolving wave of remembrance sweeping her.

In the last month of his life, agonized, coughing, and drenched with midnight perspirations, Juan had stared and whispered only to the raw ceiling above his straw mat.

"What sort of man am I to starve my children and hunger my wife? What sort of death is this, to die in bed?"

"Hush." She placed her cool hand over his hot mouth. But he talked beneath her fingers. "What has our marriage been but hunger and sickness and now nothing. Ah, God, you are a good woman, and now I leave you with no money even for my funeral!"

And then at last, he had clenched his teeth and cried out at the darkness and become very quiet in the warm candlelight and taken her hands into his own and held them and sworn an oath upon them, vowed himself with religious fervor:

"Filomena, listen. I will be with you. Though I have not protected in life, I will protect in death. Though I fed not in life, in death I will bring food. Though I was poor I will not be poor in the grave. This I know. This I cry out. This I assure you. In death I will work and do many things. Do not fear. Kiss the little ones. Filomena. Filomena . . ."

And then he had taken a deep breath, a final thing, like one who settles beneath warm waters. And he had launched himself gently under, still holding his breath, for a testing of endurance through all eternity. They waited a long time for him to exhale. But this he did not do. He did not reappear above the surface of life again. His body lay like a waxen fruit on the mat, a surprise to the touch. Like a wax apple to the teeth, so was Juan Diaz to all their senses.

And they took him away to the dry earth which was like the greatest mouth of all which held him a long



time, draining the bright moistures of his life, drying him like ancient manuscript paper, until he was a mummy as light as chaff, an autumn harvest ready for the wind.

From that time until this, the thought had come and come again to Filomena, how will I feed my lost children: with Juan burning to brown crepe in a silver-tinted box, how lengthen my children's bones and push forth their teeth in smiles and color their cheeks?

The children screamed again, outside, in happy pursuit of Filepe.

Filomena looked to the distant hill, up which bright tourists' cars hummed bearing many people from the United States. Even now they paid a peso each to that dark man with the spade so they might step down through his catacombs among the standing dead, to see what the sun-dry earth and the hot wind did to *all* bodies in this town.

Filomena watched the tourists' cars and Juan's voice whispered, "Filomena." And again, "This I cry out. In death I will work . . . I will not be poor . . . Filomena . . ." His voice ghosted away. And she swayed and was almost ill, for an idea had come into her mind which was new and terrible and made her heart pound. "Filepe!" she cried, suddenly.

And Filepe escaped the jeering children and shut the door on the hot white day and said, "Yes, *Mamacita!*"

"Sit, *niño*, we must talk, in the name of the saints, we must!" She felt her face grow old because the soul grew old behind it, and she said, very slowly, with difficulty:

"Tonight, we must go in secret to the catacomb—"

"Shall we take a knife—" Filepe smiled wildly, "—and kill the dark man?"

"No, no, Filepe, listen—"

And he heard the words that she spoke.

And the hours passed and it was a night of churches. It was a night of bells, and singing. Far off in the air of the valley you could hear voices chanting the evening Mass, you could see children walking with lit candles, in a solemn file, way over there on the side of the dark hill, and the huge bronze bells were tilting up and showering out their thunderous crashes and bangs that made the dogs spin, dance, and bark on the empty roads.

The graveyard lay glistening all whiteness, all marble snow, all sparkle and glitter of harsh gravel like an eternal fall of hail, crunching under their feet as Filomena and Filepe took their shadows with them, ink-black and constant from the unclouded moon. They glanced over their shoulders in apprehension, but no one cried Halt! They had seen the gravedigger drift, made footless by shadow, down the hill, in answer to a night summons. Now: "Quick, Filepe, the lock!" Together they inserted a long metal rod between padlock hasps and wooden doors which lay flat to the dry earth. Together they seized and pulled. The wood split. The padlock hasps sprang loose. Together they raised the huge doors and flung them back, rattling. Together they peered down into the darkest most-silent night of all. Below, the catacomb waited.

Filomena straightened her shoulders and took a breath.

"One."

And put her foot upon the first step.

In the adobe of Filomena Diaz, her children slept, sprawled here or there in the cool night room, comfortingly each other with the sound of their warm breathing. Suddenly their eyes sprang wide.

Footsteps, slow and halting, scraped the cobbles outside. The door shot open. For an instant the silhouettes of three people loomed in the white evening sky beyond the door. One child sat up and struck a match.

"No!" Filomena snatched out with one hand to claw the light. The match fell away. She gasped. The door slammed. The room was solid black. To this blackness Filomena said at last:

"Light no candles. Your father has come home."

The thudding, the insistent knocking and pounding shook the door at midnight.

Filomena opened the door.

The gravedigger almost screamed in her face.

"There you are! Thief! Robber!"

Behind him stood Ricardo, looking very rumped and very tired and very old. "Cousin, permit us, I am sorry. Our friend here—"

"I am the friend of no one," cried the gravedigger. "A lock has been broken and a body stolen. To know the identity of the body is to know the thief. I could only bring you here. Arrest her."

"One small moment, please." Ricardo took the man's hand from his arm and turned, bowing gravely to his cousin. "May we enter?"

"There, there!" The gravedigger leapt in, gazed wildly about, and pointed to a far wall. "You see?"

But Ricardo would look only at this woman. Very gently he asked her: "Filomena?"

Filomena's face was the face of one who has gone through a long tunnel of night and has reached the other end at last, where lives a shadow of coming day. Her eyes were prepared now. Her mouth knew what to do. All the terror was gone now. What remained was as light as the great length of autumn chaff she had carried down the hill with her good son. Nothing more could happen to her ever in her life; this you knew from how she held her body as she said:

"We have no mummy here."

"I believe you, Cousin, but—" Ricardo cleared his throat uneasily and raised his eyes. "—What stands there against the wall?"

"To celebrate the festival of the Day of the Dead Ones," Filomena did not turn to look where he was looking, "I have taken paper and flour and wire and clay and made of it a life-size toy which looks like the mummies."

"Have you indeed done this?" asked Ricardo, impressed.

"No, no!" The gravedigger almost danced in exasperation.

"With your permission." Ricardo advanced to confront the figure which stood against the wall. He raised his flashlight. "So," he said. "And so."

Filomena looked only out the open door into the late moonlight. "The plan I have for this mummy which I have made with my own hands is good—"

"What plan, what?!" the gravedigger demanded, turning.

(continued on page 180)



COATED AND NOTED attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

Zeroing in on a brace of after-dark on-the-towners, we find our city squire's lady-in-waiting beguiled by his manner and mantle. His handsome coat of male is lightweight wool and mohair, with center vent, semipeaked lapels, features hacking pockets and cuffed sleeves, is fully lined. Its double inside pockets are an added attraction, by Barry Walt, \$155. Complementing the coat, the black silk-finish beaver hat has neatly narrow brim, by Stetson, \$16.

*“Well, Mr. Yorkin — that’s the last time I’m going
to ask you to pin on my corsage.”*



Vargas



handedly reducing the game to an animal level. This is nonsense. The Bear simply has done a better job of teaching terror tactics than his competitors. It is ridiculous to place the whole blame for the recent emphasis on brutality on one man. Nearly everyone connected with the game shares some of the blame: the slow-witted politicians in state legislatures and Babbitt-brained alumni who hold the purse strings and who scream for a winning football team; the university administrations who hire a football coach at a salary twice that of an associate professor and tell him to produce a winning football team — or else; the college-admission boards which accept an all-state high-school halfback with flimsy grades in the hope that constant tutoring will help him survive academically; and even the athletic-publicity men and sportswriters who glorify and idolize the havoc-wreaking hard-nosed player. But the greatest guilt belongs to the rules makers, who spend endless hours relocating goal posts and dreaming up newly complex substitution rules, but who, until recently, have failed to enforce and augment unnecessary-roughness penalties. Now, with the unpleasant prospect of more-frequent roughness penalties, it may dawn upon some coaches that defeating the opposition is more readily accomplished by speed, skill and surprise than by reducing it to a bloody pulp.

One positive change the rules makers got around to this year is the outlawing — for all practical purposes — of offensive and defensive platoons. Specifically, the new regulation makes it impossible to substitute more than two players on first and fourth downs. Thus, any platoon of players — minus two — will have to play both offense and defense. The two substitutions allowed on first and fourth downs will, in most cases, be specialists: quarterbacks, centers, linebackers, or safety men. Needless to say, the vast majority of coaches are vociferously unhappy about this, but it should be a break for the spectators. It will among other things give added value to the all-around athlete. The "Chinese Bandits" are dead — like the flying wedge and the drop kick, a sacrifice to a better spectator sport.

But the most sensible and possibly most civilizing change in football in many years was effected this spring by representatives of six major conferences who finally agreed to limit the pirating of each other's recruits. Once a high-school athlete signs an interconference letter of intent to accept a scholarship at any of these schools, he cannot be wooed away by any other school. This reduces considerably the possibility of open-market bidding for an athlete's services. There is

the happy possibility that every major conference and most independent schools will soon join this agreement. On that hopeful note, let's take a prophetic look at this year's teams.

THE EAST			
MAJOR INDEPENDENTS			
Syracuse	8-2	Buffalo	7-2
Pittsburgh	7-3	Colgate	6-3
Penn State	7-3	Rutgers	4-5
Navy	7-3	Villanova	4-5
Boston College	6-4	Holy Cross	3-6
Army	5-5	Boston U	3-6
IVY LEAGUE			
Dartmouth	7-2	Yale	4-5
Harvard	6-3	Brown	4-5
Columbia	6-3	Princeton	3-6
Pennsylvania	5-4	Cornell	3-6
YANKEE CONFERENCE			
Massachusetts	8-1	Connecticut	5-4
Maine	6-2	Rhode Island	3-6
New Hampshire	5-3	Vermont	3-5
MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE			
Delaware	8-1	Lehigh	3-6
Bucknell	6-4	Lafayette	3-6
Temple	6-4	Gettysburg	2-7

It's going to be the same fearsome four in the East this year, with the positions slightly reshuffled due to the normal ebb and flow of available talent. Heaviest attrition, as justice would have it, is suffered by last year's Eastern champion, Penn State. This, together with the improved opposition, will keep the Nittany Lions from taking the Lambert Trophy for the third straight time. The Eastern title should go instead to Syracuse or Pittsburgh, with Navy having an outside chance because of an easier schedule. The Pitt Panthers look particularly ferocious. Bigger and faster than ever, and led by crunching fullback Rick Leeson who should run over an increasing number of solid citizens this year, the Panthers are kept from being the odds-on favorite only by the severity of the opposition. Syracuse would look like the Orangemen of five years ago were it not for the lack of all-important speed. Still, the boys from Syracuse will probably just overpower most of the opposition.

After finishing in a brilliant burst of offensive glory against Army last year, Navy should continue in the same manner behind flashy quarterback Roger Staubach. Army, on the other hand, just can't seem to get off the ground. Coach Paul Dietzel, expected to be Houdini-on-the-Hudson, hasn't as yet worked a miracle, much to the disappointment of the West Point faithful. And no magical changes seem to be imminent. Dietzel, who won his reputation with the three-platoon system of specialists, finds himself in the awkward position of having his brainchild all but outlawed by the rules committee. So now Dietzel and numerous

other coaches in the country are busy teaching offensive and defensive specialists how to play the other half of the game. Army is again faced with a familiar West Point puzzle: Where to find a quarterback? So the Cadets in all probability will lose to Navy this year for — horror of horrors — an unprecedented fifth straight time.

It looks like a good year at Colgate after quite a long drought. Villanova, on the other hand, after rising from oblivion to the heady heights of the Liberty Bowl last year, seems consigned to its accustomed depths again, but it was fun while it lasted. Rutgers also is eager to regain the recently acquired taste of glory, but won't make it this year. Boston University is de-emphasizing — an ivory-tower term for throwing in the towel. This is the last year the Terriers will play the likes of Army, Boston College and West Virginia; thereafter they will pit themselves against middle-class opposition. Boston College, however, is going just the other way, and this year probably will be better than ever with superb quarterbacking by Jack Concannon. Buffalo, recently dignified by elevation to the status of a state university, also has dreams of gridiron grandeur and may soon be one of the major powers in the East. The future aside, the Bisons should be trampling opposition this year.

The Ivy League is just as difficult as ever to predict. In a circuit with fairly balanced enrollments and academic standards, and with no spring practice as a barometer for the future, mass confusion generally reigns until the final games of the season. This year, despite the loss of much of last year's power, Dartmouth again should wind up on top. Tom Spangenberg is the flashiest halfback in the League, and the Indians have the impetus of an 11-game winning streak. Best bets to usurp the title are Harvard and Columbia. The Crimson is blessed with fine sophs and fullback Bill Grana who would be worth watching in any league. Columbia — deeper, bigger, faster, and hungrier than ever — should prove the most exciting team in the East this year with Archie Roberts, who could be the finest quarterback in the country, and may just prove it before his career is finished.

Other comers in the Ivy League are Pennsylvania and Brown, both of which have been industriously stockpiling for several years. Either of them could explode into a winning season with a little luck. Cornell has a quarterback, Gary Wood, who has been just short of miraculous for two years. Now, having discovered what a boon contact lenses can be to a nearsighted passer, he should be greater than ever.

Massachusetts again will be the class of the Yankee Conference, despite being

(continued on page 216)



fiction By THEODORE STURGEON **NOON GUN** *as they walked, he tried to envision the big guy groveling — but all he could see was that kid waiting for the cannon to fire*

JOE LOOKED DOWN at Mousie, walking so sedately beside him, and he thought, you're a second-rater, and so am I. Her name wasn't Mousie, but Sara Nell. He always called her Sara Nell except when he thought about her, and then she was Mousie. It was her hair, maybe, or the nose that was so very well shaped only one-and-a-half sizes too large for her face. She had a little pointed face. Anyway, it was Mousie, and it wasn't affectionate.

"What's the matter, Joe?" Her voice was lovely, though. And her eyes. She always seemed to be interested in what she was saying, and her eyes widened all the time she talked. In between times they never seemed to narrow, but got longer. "Nothin'. Thinking."

Thinking about the kind of girls you saw so often in taxis, so seldom on the bus. So often on TV or in the movies, never in a store or bowling or anyplace around. On TV and the

movies you can watch big good-looking guys soften 'em up, push 'em over. The big good-looking guys talk fast and they always have the right answer, and they just mow them down. You never saw a movie about a guy didn't have enough chin, never had the right words at the right time and had none at all when he was mad, or afraid, or when he really meant what he was saying. What kind of a chick would look the second time at a guy like that? If that's what you are, you wind up walking along the street with Mousie because you can't do better.

She was watching him, not looking where she was going, holding his arm very tight and close the way she always did. He liked that, but he never could figure it with the way she turned away when he tried to kiss her. He said, "I was thinking about the picture we saw, the second one."

"Oh. Didn't you like it?"

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VIVA VICTORIA

a pretty patroness of the arts becomes our september playmate

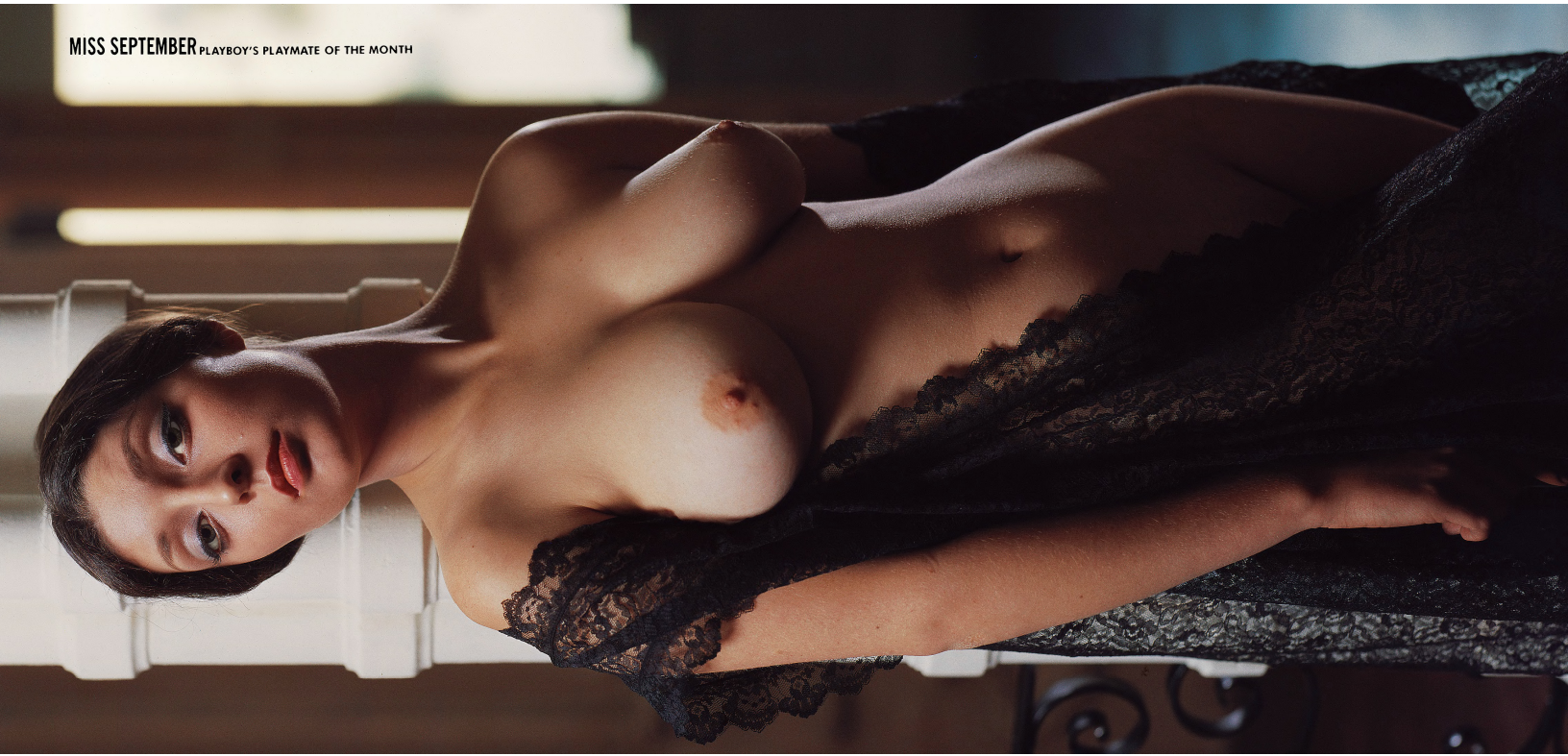
THERE EXISTS IN THIS WORLD a small but notable number of girls to whom artistic endeavors come naturally. Such a gifted one is our September Playmate, a dark-tressed Los Angeleno named Victoria Valentino, whose talents, like her figure, are wondrously well-rounded. Vicky has many irons in the creative fire: she paints ("Mostly still lifes, and pen-and-inks"), she sings ("My voice is technically imperfect, but I like to think it has a bluesy quality that gets a song across"), she dances ("Purely for my own pleasure — though I did work one summer teaching ballet to little girls"), she plays the guitar ("I'm what you would call an experimentalist"). And she acts — wherein lies the pith of her talent and the core of her fondest hopes. "I've always wanted to be an actress," she notes in her quiet, melodic voice.

"This is *not* a pipe dream — I've been prepping for it ever since my father, who is a free-lance commercial artist, and my mother, an ex-singer, put me in the Professional Children's School in New York City. I studied a year at New York's American Theater Wing, where I majored in musical theater, before moving to L.A. I'm taking private acting lessons now and waiting for what people call the 'big break' — no luck so far, outside of hospital shows, some summer stock, and work in little-theater groups. But I keep busy with girl-type activities like sewing, dusting and cooking, and with my painting and other hobbies. And I wait for my chance — I'm still game." Fair game — for Vicky is an artistic achievement in her own right: standing 5'3" in her stockinged feet and weighing in at 110 well-distributed pounds, her fragile beauty suggests a classic Castilian heritage (*vide* the gatefold). But no Spanish blood flows in Vicky's veins — for the most part, her lineage combines Italian fire with English ice. Flashing her Latin spirit, she bristles at any implication that she is a kindred soul of the pseudo-arty, coffeehouse crowd that proliferates like smog in the L.A. environs. "I got out of that bohemian mess a year ago," she states emphatically, "and I haven't gone back. It was a question of mental health and self-preservation."

Herewith a sampler of other distinctively Victorian views — On herself: "I'd describe my personality as sensitive and introspective. My main weakness, besides staying in bed till all hours, is an occasional lapse of self-confidence — I'm very easily hurt if a man I like shows a lack of respect toward me. I should laugh it off, I know, as being the way the world is. But I can't — my hopes are always too high." On personal preferences: "I enjoy reading the novels of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, plays by O'Neill, and poetry by the Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda. In the performing arts, my favorite actress is Anna Magnani — she's a woman in the full sense of the word. When it comes to movies, I guess I'm something of a snob because I definitely prefer foreign films. I also get enthusiastic about Spanish food, Arabic folk dances, and life in Mexico — which is where I'd live if I were rolling in money, which I'm not." On her outdoor life: "I hack away at badminton, and do some swimming, but my big exercise kick is hiking. I head for the country and keep going till I find a remote and peaceful spot — or until I collapse." On what she wants from life: "Love." Vicky, a firm believer in fate, is sure that her life "will follow as it was planned out long before I came into existence." If the fates have indeed selected our September Playmate to mime a predestined part as a lovely, hopefully star-struck young actress, then clearly the role could not have been more winningly cast — by either kismet or MGM.



MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





"Naturally, I'm far from annoyed when men tell me I'm pretty. But looks can be a psychological handicap. On dates, men have a tendency to be distracted by surface allure, and to forget that a girl is also a human being. I have a need to be loved for myself, not for a façade by Max Factor."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"Say when," he said as he poured the drink and snuggled a little bit closer.

"Right after this drink," came the breathless reply.



A glamorous actress, whose best days were behind her, began finding herself without male companionship several evenings a week. To help pass the time — and perhaps catch a live one — she decided to attend one of those Hollywood charity meetings. She dozed quietly throughout the opening address, but awoke suddenly to hear the speaker say: "Now let's get out and work like beavers."

The actress nudged the person sitting next to her and whispered, "How do beavers work?"

The answer from the confused lady on her left was, "I'm not too sure, but I think it's with their tails."

The actress jumped to her feet and shouted as loud as she could, "Put me down for three nights a week!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *brothel* as "Home Is Where the Tart Is."

The new rooster caused a great stir in the barnyard. From resplendent comb to defiant spurs, he was the picture of young bantamhood. Almost immediately upon his arrival, he was greeted by an elderly rooster who took him behind the barn and whispered in his ear: "Young fellow, I'm long past my prime. All I want now is to live out my remaining days in peace and solitude. So you take over right now as ruler of the roost with my blessings."

The newcomer did just that. He went about his squirely duties as only a young rooster could. After several days, however, the elder rooster again took the young champion behind the barn.

"Kid," he whispered, "the hens have been after me for giving up my position so easily. So why don't we have a race — say, 10 laps around the farmhouse? The winner becomes undisputed keeper of the henhouse, and then the hens will stop nagging me."

The young rooster, with only contempt for his elder's athletic ability, quickly agreed. Surprisingly, the older one jumped off to an early lead. His younger counterpart, weakened by the activities of the previous week, was never quite able to overtake him. As they rounded the barn for the fourth time, the elder rooster

still maintained a formidable lead.

Suddenly, a shotgun blast rang out. The young rooster fell in the dust, his plumage riddled with buckshot.

"Damn it, Emmy," said the farmer. "That's the last rooster we buy from Ferguson. Four of 'em this month, and every one's been queer."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *short affair* as leer today, yawn tomorrow.

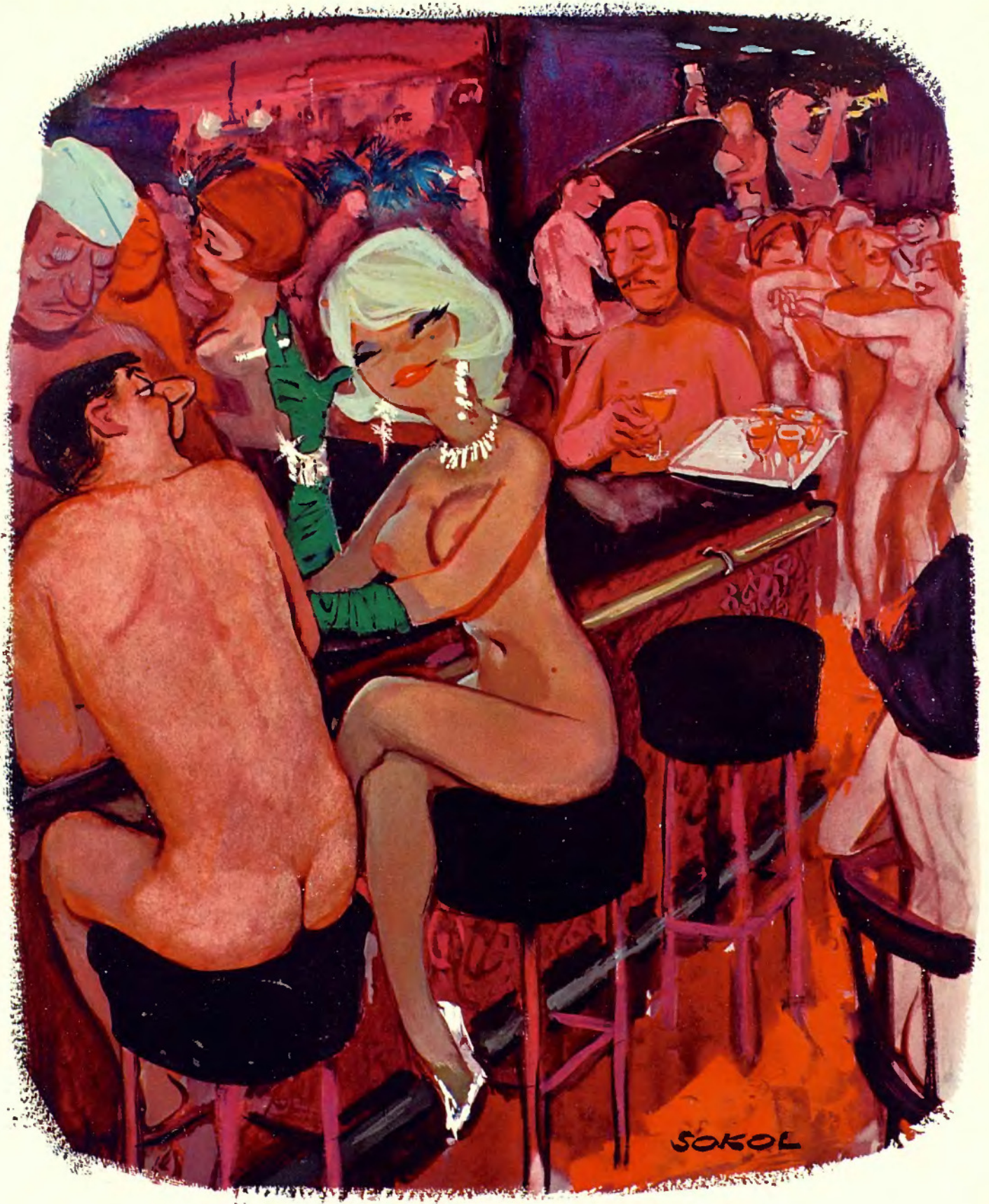
Have you heard about the newlywed who was so lazy that he took his wife to the bridal suite of a San Francisco hotel and waited for an earthquake?



The newly arrived Asian diplomat was being given a thorough tour of Washington night life by his State Department escort. After watching a group of young couples in a twist café, the escort said, "I don't imagine you've ever seen anything quite like this in your country. Do you know what they're doing?"

"Yes," said the diplomat. "But why are they standing up?"

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.



"Wasn't I right? Isn't this the most intimate club you've ever been in?"

NOON GUN *(continued from page 117)*

"Sure I did. Sure. It was swell. It didn't seem too phony either. I mean, the way he wiped out those two machine-gun nests, it could happen that way, I guess. And when he helped move all those wounded, and then dropped, and you realized he had a bullet in him all that time, that really sat me up. Only —"

"Only what, Joe?"

"Oh — nothing. Nothing much, just that I don't see him making all those wisecracks to that Army nurse when he was hurt. Did you ever know anybody like that, Sara Nell? Are there guys like that, that don't ever get scared, and grin when they fight, and like say something funny when they get hurt?"

"I imagine so. I've seen — well, anyway, they wouldn't pay any attention to me."

Oh, Joe thought. But I do. I do, but one of those guys wouldn't. You take the next best thing. He took his arm from her suddenly, so quickly that she opened up her long eyes and stared at him. They walked on, a little apart.

"I'm sorry, Joe."

"For what?"

"I don't know," she said very softly. "I just suddenly felt sorry."

Mousiel he thought furiously. You make me mad. You watch me all the time. You never say what you see. Why did I have to meet up with you? What good are you doing me? You're just as bad as I am. Why don't you tell me to go jump in the drink? . . . But heck, she didn't mean anything. She was just trying to be — "Let's go in here and have a drink before we go home."

She looked up into the neon glare above the entrance. "They ask how old you are."

"Not here they don't."

"All right, Joe." All right, Joe. All the time, all right, Joe.

They went into the place. It split the difference between a twist-'n'-fizz joint and a real bar. It was mobbed. There were tables and booths and imitation morocco and all kinds of noise. "There's some seats," said Sara Nell as Joe hesitated.

"But there's a girl —"

"Nonsense," said Sara Nell. "One girl in a booth that is s'posed to be for four. Come on."

Joe thought he ought to be the one to find the seats, but why make anything of it? They slid side by side into the booth. Joe slung his hat up and out and for once it landed on a hook. Sara Nell laughed and patted his shoulder and the girl opposite smiled.

"Order me what you're having," Sara Nell said. She burrowed into her black handbag and came up with a compact. "I'll be right back."

and the base of his tongue on a Cuba libre and let his eyes wander over the room. The girl opposite was watching him; he sensed it rather than saw it. It made him acutely uncomfortable. He tried hard not to look at her and very nearly succeeded. She was blonde and bigger than Mousie; that he could see out of the corner of his eye . . . But if he was with Mousie he didn't feel that he should — But heck, he could look at her, couldn't he? She wouldn't think he was crawling up her leg if she'd seen him come in with another girl. He obeyed his usual reflex when he felt confused, and took out his cigarettes.

"Please —"

The voice was husky, throaty. He looked across the table, right straight at her.

She was incredible. Her hair was long and thick, golden with firelights. He thought her eyes were green. Her face was round, the skin very white and flawless, and the lobes of her ears were altogether pink. She was dangling an unlit cigarette in her fingers, and was looking at his battered lighter.

"Oh, excuse me," Joe said, and dropped his own lit cigarette into his lap. He flapped and plucked and got it, and corralled it in the ashtray, fumbled up his lighter, and spun the wheel. It caught with its usual bonfire effect.

The girl yelped, recoiled, then laughed and leaned forward. She watched him instead of the flame as she lit up. He saw that her eyes weren't green at all. They were blue, with a little crooked golden ring around each pupil. In the light of the booth's little table lamp, the movement of her mouth on the cigarette showed up a fine line of down on her upper lip. He had an impulse to touch it.

He snapped the lighter shut and displayed it. "Swedish," he announced. "I got it off a guy on a ship. You can't get 'em here. It's sort of beat up now. It dropped out of my pocket one day and I ran a bulldozer over it."

"A bulldozer? You run a bulldozer?"

He nodded eagerly. "You ever watch one work?"

"Oh yes," she said. "I rode on one once, for a couple minutes. They're the biggest, strongest —"

"I know." He nodded. He knew, too. He thought she had run out of words. Couldn't find words for the blating of those mighty engines, the unspeakable power of 21 tons of steel and racket and brute force, the whole thing obedient as cadets on parade. He looked across at her, at the miracle that had happened to her face to make it interested in his work, and in him. In *him* — and she with that calendar face, that TV-Hollywood face.

"My girlfr — The girl I'm with, she never saw a bulldozer," he said.

"Well I have. Is it hard to run one of those things?"

So Joe talked about it. Something inside him filled up and burst warmly, and spilled out in words. He had never been able to talk to a girl like this before. There was a time in high school, a girl called Peggy, and he suddenly found himself talking about her, because this blonde miracle understood about him and the bulldozer.

"You remind me of a girl called Peggy, when I was a kid," he told her. "Once I had a class with her, she sat right next to me; well I never could bring myself to say a word to her. You know how it is with kids. Well she passed and I flunked and after that I never saw her but on Wednesdays. On Wednesdays she would carry the flag in assembly. I used to live from one Wednesday to the next, just waiting for her. Just to watch. I never did speak a word to her. Well that went on for three years until the senior prom and she came with a friend of mine. And me stag. And he came over and said, 'Hi, Joe, you know Peggy.' I just nodded my head yes and she smiled at me. Know what I did? I left the dance," he said in recalled wonderment, "I left and went straight on home." He looked up from his kneading fingers to see the blonde girl's eyes fixed on his face. He blushed. "I guess I was a dope. As a kid."

"I think that was cute," said the blonde warmly. "Did you say your name was Joe? Mine's Bette."

"Oh," said Joe. "Pleased t'meecha. Mine's Joe, all right. Betty."

"Bette, with an e, not with a y. Betty with a y is such a common name, don't you think?"

Joe, by now too faraway from bulldozing and feeling lost, didn't know what he thought, and didn't have to, for he suddenly became conscious of two square hands with stubby fingers and an oversized signet ring on the table beside him. He looked up and saw that they terminated thick arms which in turn supported a pair of wide shoulders wearing an overpadded sports jacket. From a pink-checked baby face, a mean little pair of eyes leered viciously at him. One side of the mouth opened and said harshly, "Hiya, Bette. Who's yer friend?"

"Oh! Gordon. Gordon, meet Joe. Joe's just waiting for his girl. She's powdering her nose." There was an urgency in her deep sweet voice, and, looking up at the man's little eyes, Joe felt a miserable cold lump form in his stomach.

"Yeh?" Gordon slid in next to Bette and said heavily, "Let's jest sit here and help him wait for her."

"He doesn't believe it!" said Bette, and laughed with her mouth. "Gordon,

(continued on page 225)



THE MIRROR OF GIGANTIC SHADOWS

fiction BY **STEPHEN BARR**

he turned and came toward her, his face white, his eyes empty—what horror had he seen?

AFTER THEY PARKED the car, Eric and Carlotta walked across the tilted field in silence. Her heart was beating fast. Why had he hit her just because the bird flew away?

She hadn't seen the bird. Eric had, of course; he always saw them. But he hadn't seen the mountain laurel. Nothing special about it—only beautiful and unexpected—not like the bird, which was something special. Or unusual. Or it had a name. Names made them sacred, at

least to Eric.

"There won't be any view, Carlotta."

She looked at him, with his face turned toward her, with his beautiful and unexpected smile. There was no trace of rage on his face now. He turned away and they went on walking.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm afraid you're going to have a black eye."

"I don't mind. You didn't really mean to hit me." She believed it. "It was a gesture—an involuntary reaction."

"We'll never see the river from the trail," he said. They were among trees—the trail led through them up the mountain. "I wouldn't have minded so much, Carlotta, if the bird hadn't been banded."

"I didn't know," she said. Banded: that was sacred to him. Eric had a Government permit to trap and put the little metal bracelets on wild birds—to find out where they went, or where they came from, or who'd seen them.

The trees *(continued on page 222)* 127



THE BUSINESSMAN AT BAY HOW THE EXECUTIVE'S MANAGERIAL ACUMEN IS SHAPED ON THE FORGE OF CRISIS

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY I remember, when I was still very much of a business tyro, learning an invaluable lesson from a man who even then had extensive business holdings and who later became one of America's wealthiest industrialists. Although I knew him fairly well, I hadn't seen him for several months before bumping into him one day in the lobby of a Chicago hotel.

"How are things going?" I asked him after we'd exchanged the customary greetings.

"Not good — terrible, in fact," he replied with a placid smile. "One of my companies has been shoved into a tight corner by the competition. Another is operating in the red — and a third hasn't the cash to meet its short-term debts that fall due this month."

"You certainly don't act as though any of it worries you very much," I remarked in considerable surprise. I found it hard to believe that any businessman who was in so much apparent trouble could be so casual about his problems.

"Hell, Paul, I'm not in the least bit worried," he answered. "To tell you the truth, I needed something like this to get me up on my toes; everything had been going entirely too smoothly for far too long. An occasional crisis is good for a businessman. There's no better exercise for him than to have a few messes to clean up every now and then."

Later, I learned that it had taken my friend less than six months to clean up all his messes. Despite the fact that he owned or controlled many other business enterprises, he plunged enthusiastically into the task of personally reorganizing and revitalizing the three faltering companies.

He quickly pulled the first one out of the corner into which it had been driven by its competitors. He began improving old products, developing new ones and launching an imaginative, aggressive sales campaign that turned the tables on competing firms.

He then put the second firm back on its feet by initiating new policies and programs, reducing production costs and increasing output. As for the third company, he arranged refinancing of its obligations, made needed changes in management personnel and soon had the firm on a sound financial footing and operating at a comfortable profit.

"I had quite a workout getting things in order," he told me sometime later. "But I sure enjoyed it — it's always more fun to win a hard fight than an easy one."

"Adversity is the first path to truth," Lord Byron said more than a hundred years ago.

"Calamity is man's true touchstone," Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher wrote in the early 17th Century.

Now, Byron and Beaumont and Fletcher were not businessmen, and they did not concern themselves with business in their writings. Yet, the basic truths implicit in their lines are applicable to every present-day businessman and to anyone who hopes to make a success of a business career.

A machine that is functioning perfectly needs only nominal care. By the same token, a highly prosperous business that operates year after year without problems requires little more than caretaker management. No exceptional ability is needed to run such an enterprise.

Unfortunately, the "perfect business" does not exist. Snags, difficulties and crises crop up in every business. For the businessman — as for any individual — the true test of his mettle comes at the time when he is faced with adversity.

How does a particular executive or businessman act and react when he is at bay? The answer to this question separates the men from the boys in the business world.

I have seen many men in many situations in which they were, to all intents and purposes, "at bay," and I've come to the conclusion that most businessmen can be classified as falling into one or another of five broad categories.

First, there are those who sit by helplessly, allowing whatever adversity they face to overwhelm them completely. They are like rabbits which, transfixed by the headlights of an automobile rushing toward them on a highway, make no move to save themselves and are consequently crushed under the vehicle's wheels. Such men take no action to change the course of events and prevent disaster because they are incapable of comprehending what could or might be done. Then, when they have been finally overwhelmed, they are stunned, totally unable to understand what went wrong and why.

Then, there are those who surrender meekly or flee in fear as soon as things start to go wrong. Such men have little or no sense of proportion; they are likely to panic and view even minor slumps and setbacks as unavoidable major catastrophes. While individuals in the first category fail to fight back because they do not know how to fight, businessmen who can be classed in this second group fail to fight back because they are afraid to do so.

Next come those men who react to adversity in an unreasonable, almost hysterical fashion. Terror-stricken, they snarl and snap, striking back blindly and ineffectually, squandering their energies in the wrong directions. These men invariably rail and curse against the "impossible odds" and "rotten breaks" they claim defeated them. Just as invariably, they seek to lay the blame for the predicaments in which they find them-

selves on shoulders other than their own.

In my fourth category are those businessmen who fight good, tenacious—and, very frequently, entirely successful—defensive actions whenever things start to go wrong. They are courageous, reliable individuals who unflinchingly meet threats and solve problems as they arise, acting to the best of their not-inconsiderable abilities. But there they stop. Their minds are geared to thinking solely in terms of plugging the holes in the dike as, if and when they appear. The men in this group do not have the imagination and initiative—or lack the experience—to think and plan in terms of building entirely new and much stronger dikes in which holes will be far less likely to develop.

Finally, in the fifth and last category are those businessmen who are the real leaders. These are the imaginative, aggressive individuals who base their business philosophy on the ancient military axiom that attack—or, at the very least, energetic counterattack—is invariably the best defense. Obviously, they can't—and don't—always win, but then no general in the world's history has ever won *every* battle he fought.

On the other hand—to carry the analogy between business affairs and military campaigns a bit further—the generals who win the wars and have the highest percentage of victories to their credit are those who can mastermind defensive strategy as well as an offense.

The truly great general views reverses calmly and coolly; he is fully aware that they are bound to occur occasionally and refuses to be unnerved by them. When driven back, he prevents retreat from turning into rout and then adroitly transforms the retreat into an orderly retrograde movement.

By so doing, he disengages his forces from those of the enemy with a minimum of additional loss, saving the bulk of his manpower and material resources so that they can be regrouped and made ready for a counterattack. Naturally, he leaves behind rear guards to protect the withdrawal. He accepts the losses these covering forces must inevitably suffer with philosophical stoicism, realizing that it is sometimes necessary to sacrifice a part in order to save the whole.

When his troops have been rested and reinforced and his supplies replenished, the successful general launches his carefully planned counterattack. Having studied the situation with great care and having learned much about the enemy's capabilities and habits from an analysis of what has gone before, he employs a combination of every resource at his command. He makes feinting and diversionary assaults, aims his major blows at the weakest points in the enemy line and holds back his reserves until he can commit them at the right—at the decisive—

times and places.

Like the successful military leader, the successful, veteran businessman understands that he cannot master every business situation, that he cannot emerge victorious from every business "battle." He knows that, sooner or later, he will encounter problems which cannot be solved quickly or easily, that he will find his progress blocked by obstacles which will require much time and effort to overcome or which will even force him to retrace his steps and take a new route. He knows that reverses and losses are sometimes inevitable.

The seasoned business campaigner is well-aware that the line charting the course of any company's history or any businessman's career on a graph would be a jagged one. The graph would reflect a series of alternating peaks and lows. But such ups and downs do not bother the seasoned businessman unduly. He recognizes that the significant and telling proof lies in whether the line at the right edge of the chart terminates at a point that is higher or lower than the point at which it begins on the left.

True business leaders—the men in my fifth category—often give their most impressive demonstrations of leadership and brilliance at the very times when they are temporarily forced to go over to the defensive, at the times when they are at bay. And this is precisely what sets them apart and raises them above the level of other, less-successful businessmen.

Take, for example, the case of my friend who found himself in three serious business predicaments simultaneously. There were several courses of action this businessman might have followed. He could have done nothing, allowing matters to take their own course. He could have closed or sold one or more of the companies, utilizing whatever money he realized from any sale or sales to shore up whatever remained. He might have been content merely to plug the holes.

But he neither surrendered nor panicked. Nor was he satisfied with doing a hasty patch job. A good general, he surveyed the situation thoroughly, reorganized his forces, brought up replacements and reinforcements and made his plans. Then, marshaling all his resources, he launched successful counterattacks on all three fronts.

The history of American business and industry is replete with examples of how the great business leaders of the nation handily turned serious reverses into major triumphs.

It was in 1903 that Henry Ford began manufacturing automobiles of his own. In 1908, he produced the first famous Model T—and soon captured a very large share of the burgeoning U. S. automobile market.

Ford continued to mass-produce the Model T until 1927, making few drastic

changes in the comparatively primitive model during that entire time. But, by 1926, Chevrolet—Ford's biggest and most dangerous competitor in the low-priced field—was turning out more-powerful, comfortable and stylish cars. Ford still used the foot-pedal-controlled, planetary transmission; Chevrolet had a geared transmission. Chevrolet was producing models in attractive colors; the Model T was still available only in black.

The automobile-buying public had grown more sophisticated. It wanted more speed, comfort and style. Ford rapidly began to lose ground to Chevrolet. Ford sales fell off alarmingly, while Chevy sales skyrocketed. The trend was well-defined—and many experts predicted that it was irreversible. They prophesied that Ford would never be able to catch up again; the company was well on the downhill road to becoming just another of the scores of automobile-manufacturing firms that had enjoyed a period of success only to fail subsequently.

These experts failed to estimate the aggressive genius of Henry Ford correctly. He was losing ground to the competition. He was at bay. But he was far from defeated—and even further from admitting defeat.

In the spring of 1927, Henry Ford shut down his Gargantuan factory. Although it had been announced that he would bring out a new model, there were many rumors that the Ford plant would never reopen, or that when it did, the new Ford would be a dud, nothing more than just another obsolescent Model T with a superficial face lifting.

Then, in December 1927, the Ford Motor Company introduced its Model A to the market. Henry Ford marshaled all his forces—engineering, styling, production and sales—and launched a counter-attack that pulverized all competition.

A somewhat similar and more recent example in the automotive industry was provided by American Motors and its energetic head, George Romney. Faced with falling sales and mounting losses, American Motors and Romney staged a spectacular comeback with their Rambler models.

In 1952, the Chicago meat-packing firm of Wilson & Co. lost \$763,000. James D. Cooney became the company's president the following year and, according to some of his associates, "turned the company inside out and around so that it was pointed in the right direction." Wilson & Co.'s 1959 earnings exceeded \$9,500,000.

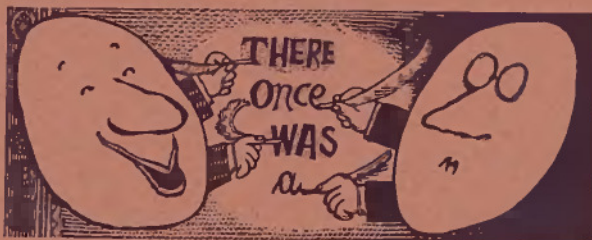
In 1933, the outlook for banks and bankers was bleak, indeed. The Depression had reached its lowest point. The Federal Government had ordered the memorable "Bank Holiday" on March 6th of that year. More than 4000 banks throughout the country failed, suspended

(continued on page 189)

Limericks

THE LIMERICK, insists one scholarly source, was introduced to the English-speaking world during the early 17th Century when a detachment of Irish mercenaries returned to County Limerick after serving in the armies of France, bringing with them doggerel both ribald and ripe. Other literary archaeologists, mining the mother lode of lively lyrics, insist that bawdy balladry resembling in form and in content the contemporary limerick was inscribed upon the walls of the bordellos of Pompeii.

Whatever its origin, the limerick has come down through the years rich in a heritage that is earthily masculine. Among limerick fanciers of the past have been such tavern rogues as William Shakespeare, Geoffrey Chaucer, Miguel de Cervantes, Mark Twain, Norman Douglas and T. S. Eliot. In 1846, poet Edward Lear whitewashed the limerick and introduced it into polite Victorian circles with his somewhat innocuous *Book of Nonsense*, but the best and most stimulating five-liners retain their salty tang, like those we invite you to savor here — a well-spiced potpourri of old and new, borrowed — and somewhat blue.



*A limerick packs laughs anatomical,
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones we've seen,
So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.*

*There was a young lady named Gloria,
Who was had by Sir Gerald du Maurier,
And then by six men,
Sir Gerald again,
And the band at the Waldorf-Astoria.*



*A young lad, with passions quite gingery,
Tore a hole in his sister's best lingerie.
He pinched her behind,
Then made up his mind
To add incest to insult to injury.*

*A broken-down harlot named Tuppis
Was heard to confess in her cups,
"The height of my folly
Was wooing a collie,
But I got a nice price for the pups."*



*There was a young lady of Exeter,
So pretty that men craned their necks at her.
One was even so brave
As to take out and wave
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.*



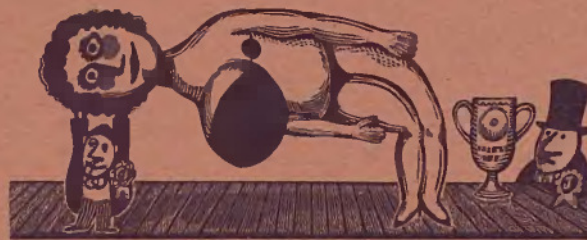
An oversexed lady named White
 Insists on a dozen a night.
 A fellow named Cheddar
 Had the brashness to wed her;
 His chance of survival is slight.

There was a young maid from Madras
 Who had a magnificent ass:
 Not pretty and pink,
 As you probably think—
 It was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.



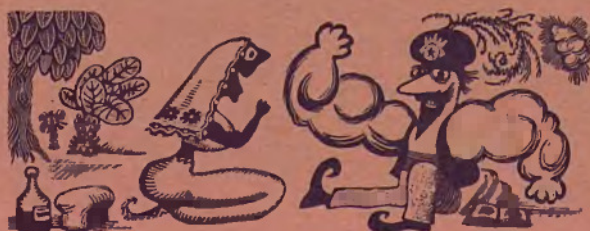
Said a pretty young student from Smith
 Whose virtue was largely a myth,
 "Try hard as I can
 I can't find a man
 Who it's fun to be virtuous with."

There was a young girl from Knizes,
 With breasts of two different sizes.
 One was so small,
 It was nothing at all,
 But the other was large and won prizes.



A young violinist from Rio
 Was seducing a lady named Cleo.
 As she took down her panties
 She said, "No andantes;
 I want this allegro con brio."

One night a girl had an affair
 With a fellow all covered with hair.
 Then she picked up his hat
 And realized that
 She'd been had by Smokey the Bear.



There was a young maiden from Siam,
 Who said to her lover, young Khayyám,
 "To seduce me, of course,
 You will have to use force!
 Thank goodness you're stronger than I am."



*She wasn't what one would call pretty
And other girls offered her pity,
So nobody guessed
That her Wassermann test
Involved half the men of the city.*

*A clever commercial female
Had prices tattooed on her tail;
And below her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
A duplicate version in Braille.*



*When the race for the moon runs its course,
And women are sent there by force,
Will the men they embrace,
In the world's outer space,
Start to call making love "outercourse"?*



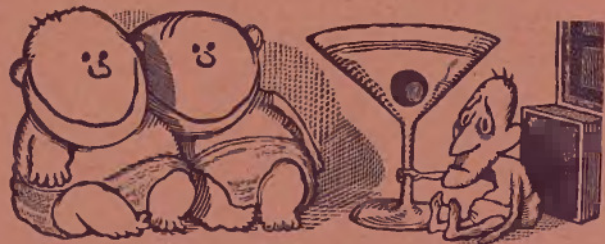
*There was a young lady of Erskine
Who had a remarkable ferskine.
When I said to her, "Mabel,
You look fine in your sable,"
She replied, "I look best in my berskine."*



*There was a young lady of Norway,
Who hung by her heels in a doorway.
She told her young man,
"Get off the divan,
I think I've discovered one more way."*



*There was a young girl who begat
Three babies named Nat, Pat and Tat.
It was fun in the breeding,
But hell in the feeding,
When she found there was no tit for Tat.*



*A big-bosomed Bunny named Gression
Sold cigars as a key-club concession.
When she swiveled about
Even strong men cried out,
For her costume did not keep her flesh in.*





*There was a young lady from Spain,
Who demurely undressed on a train.
Then an eager young porter
Did more than he orter,
And she promptly cried, "Do it again!"*

*There was a young girl from Peru,
Who decided her loves were too few.
So she walked from her door
With a fig leaf, no more,
And now she's in bed—with the flu.*



*A team playing baseball in Dallas
Called the umpire blind out of malice.
While this worthy had fits
The team made eight hits
And a girl in the bleachers named Alice.*

*A pretty young maiden from France
Decided she'd just "take a chance."
She let herself go
For an hour or so.
And now all her sisters are aunts.*



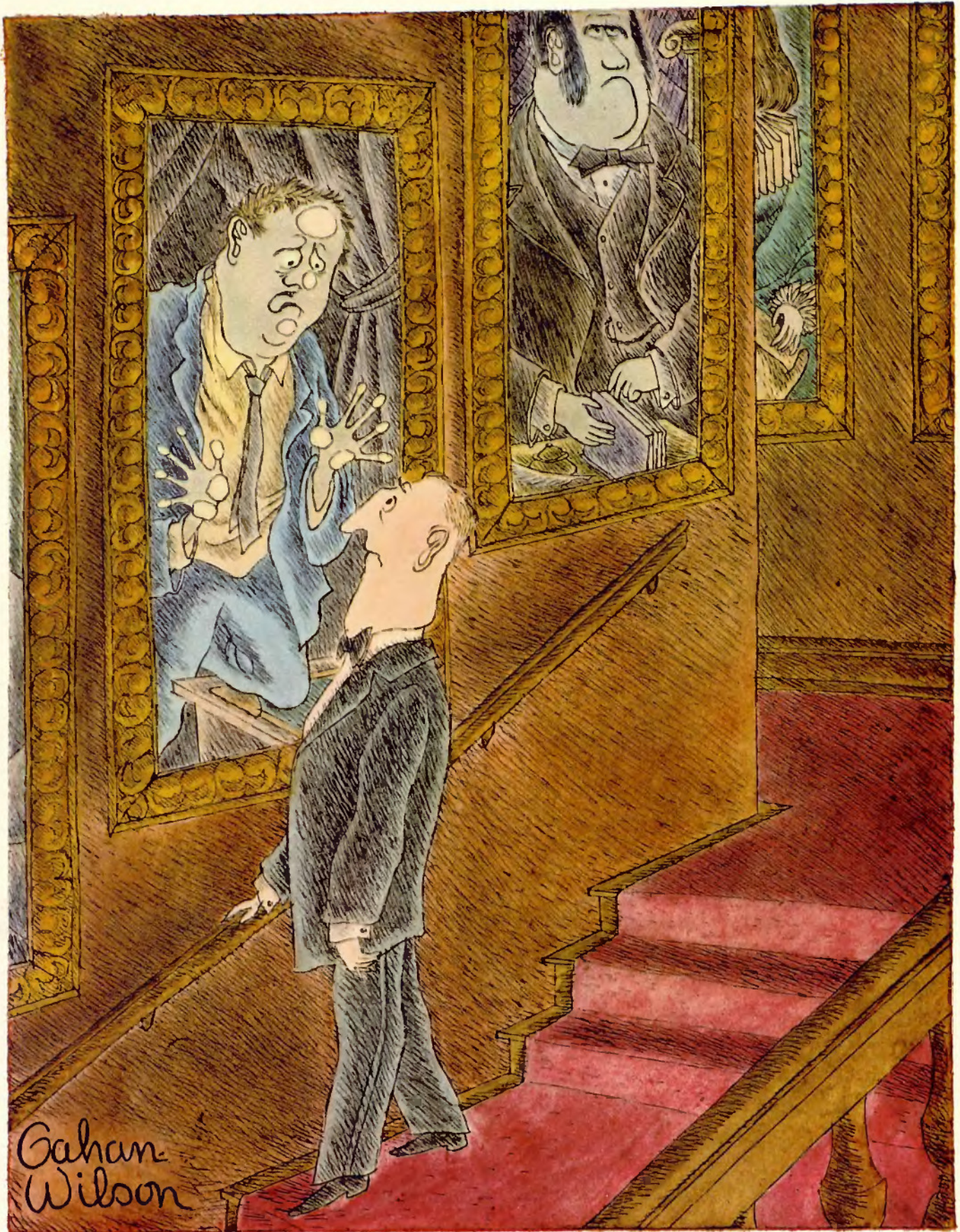
*A pansy who lived in Khartoum
Took a Lesbian up to his room.
And they argued all night
Over who had the right
To do what, and with which, and to whom.*

*God's plan made a hopeful beginning,
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory,
But at present, the other side's winning.*



*A bather whose clothing was strewed
By breezes that left her quite nude,
Saw a man come along
And, unless we are wrong,
You expected this line to be lewd.*

ARNOLD ROTH





SHIRLEY ANNE FIELD was for years exploited as English grist for run-of-the-mill pin-up roles, until her portrayal of Sir Laurence Olivier's mistress in *The Entertainer* proved she could deliver lines as well as show them. She starred as the savory bit of crumpet favored by Albert Finney in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (top).



ELKE SOMMER is a Berlin-born *Fräulein* whose cambustive charms have made her a possible heiress apparent to the throne of Brigitte Bardot as Europe's top cinematic queen. A 22-year-old veteran of over 25 films—and the featured attraction of recent *Life* and *Time* stories—Elke's first U.S. role will be in MGM's *The Prize* with Paul Newman. Above, the blonde Wunderkind lies down on the job in a Sommer-and-smoke scene from *Sweet Ecstasy*.





EUROPE'S NEW SEX SIRENS

ONE YEAR AGO, the late Marilyn Monroe discussed her deification as an acetate love goddess in these forthright words: "I never quite understood it — this sex symbol — I always thought symbols were those things you clash together! . . . But if I'm going to be a symbol of something I'd rather have it sex than some other things they've got symbols off!" Sadly, Marilyn's untimely death brought with it the demise in America of her special brand of symbolism: the voluptuous child-woman who personifies the immemorial romantic dreams of men. No new American actress has swiveled forth to take her place or to claim her title — nor are any apt to do so soon, for the current young U.S. screen stars are, by contrast, a disappointingly pallid and spindly lot. The situation in Europe, however, is dramatically different: over there, an uncommon market in sexy actresses who play sexy parts in sexy films has flourished during the past few years, a pleasant phenomenon which is leading the American male to regard foreign films — and their decorative stars — with steadily increasing enthusiasm. In France, Italy, Germany and England, a full-bodied corps of gifted actresses is gaining fame by speaking a language that has absolutely no need for subtitles. In recognition of these lovely attractions abroad, PLAYBOY herewith presents a 14-page portfolio — consisting in part of reprises from well-worth-remembering movie scenes, in part of portraits from exclusively-for-PLAYBOY shootings — featuring the freshest and most seductive of Europe's current crop of sexpot exports.

*a pictorial salute to
the nude wave's
loveliest continental stars*



SYLVA KOSCINA, an opulent (39-25-37), russet-tressed beauty of Yugoslavian lineage, has lived in Italy since the age of 12. She majored in physics at the University of Naples prior to admirable postgraduate work in over a score of frothy European flicks which have marked her as the succulent successor to Gina and Sophia. At left, center, she hones her fencing form beside José Ferrer as both prep for *Cyrano* and *D'Artagnan*, then (left, bottom) admires his formidable Cyra-nose.

DANY SAVAL is a 21-year-old Parisienne whose film career is currently flourishing on both sides of the Atlantic. Dewy Dany is shown below as a stripteaser flaunting her Gallic charms in *The Devil and the Ten Commandments*, the envious maid in *Seven Capital Sins*, and Tom Tryon's out-of-this-world companion in Walt Disney's fanciful *Moon Pilot*.





STEFANIA SANDRELLI, a ripening 17-year-old product of Italy, has of now only a handful of screen credits—but her skilled on-camera cameos have labeled her a girl to watch in more ways than one. Having made her showbiz debut as a Miss Nymphette beauty-contest winner, the sensually fetching paesana is fast building a high-rising career, is already known to U.S. audiences for her sexy role as Marcello Mastroianni's kissing cousin in *Divorce—Italian Style* (top left).

DANIELLA ROCCA, a warm-as-Mount-Etna Sicilian, first made her name in Italian filmdom as the vamp in a long succession of costume epics—in which Daniella was often more in evidence than the costumes (below, left, she is silhouetted on the set of *Esther and the King*). Then her portrayal of an untamed shrew in *Divorce—Italian Style* (bottom left, with Mastroianni) won her critical acclaim and more prestigious roles. Her latest is *The Mystified* with Claude Dauphin.





SARAH MILES is a 20-year-old bundle from Britain who studied her trade for two years at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts prior to her first film role as co-star with Sir Laurence Olivier in *Term of Trial*. Published pictures of her body English filmed during the bedtime sequence in producer-director Lawrence Harvey's *The Ceremony* (top) hiked eyebrows throughout the Isles; as a result of the ruckus the stills were killed, but the movie sequence remains enticingly intact.





Above, Edmée Fernandez and Anna Lena Wassba, a pair of young sex sirens of the future, have small parts as pleasure maids in *Vice and Virtue*, Vadim's updated version of De Sade.



CATHERINE DENEUVE (left and above), latest leggy protégée of the French film impresario, Roger Vadim (their friendship led to the out-of-wedlock birth of a baby boy last June), is best-known in the U.S. for her role as an amorous adolescent in *Tales of Paris*. The slim 19-year-old charmer has been cast as "Virtue" in Vadim's *Vice and Virtue*, a vexatious part which includes among its numerous tribulations, ravishment by Adolf Hitler's astrologer (above, right).





ALEXANDRA STEWART moved from Montreal to study art in Paris, became a cover girl on magazines, then an uncover girl in a flood of New Wave films. At top, left, director Jacques Doniol-Valcroze carries coals to Newcastle by applying a beauty mark to Alexandra's bare back, before she reveals her true self to the hero in the aptly titled flick, *To Make Your Mouth Water*. Bottom, the willowy Miss Stewart played Paul Newman's sister, Sal Mineo's girlfriend, in *Exodus*.



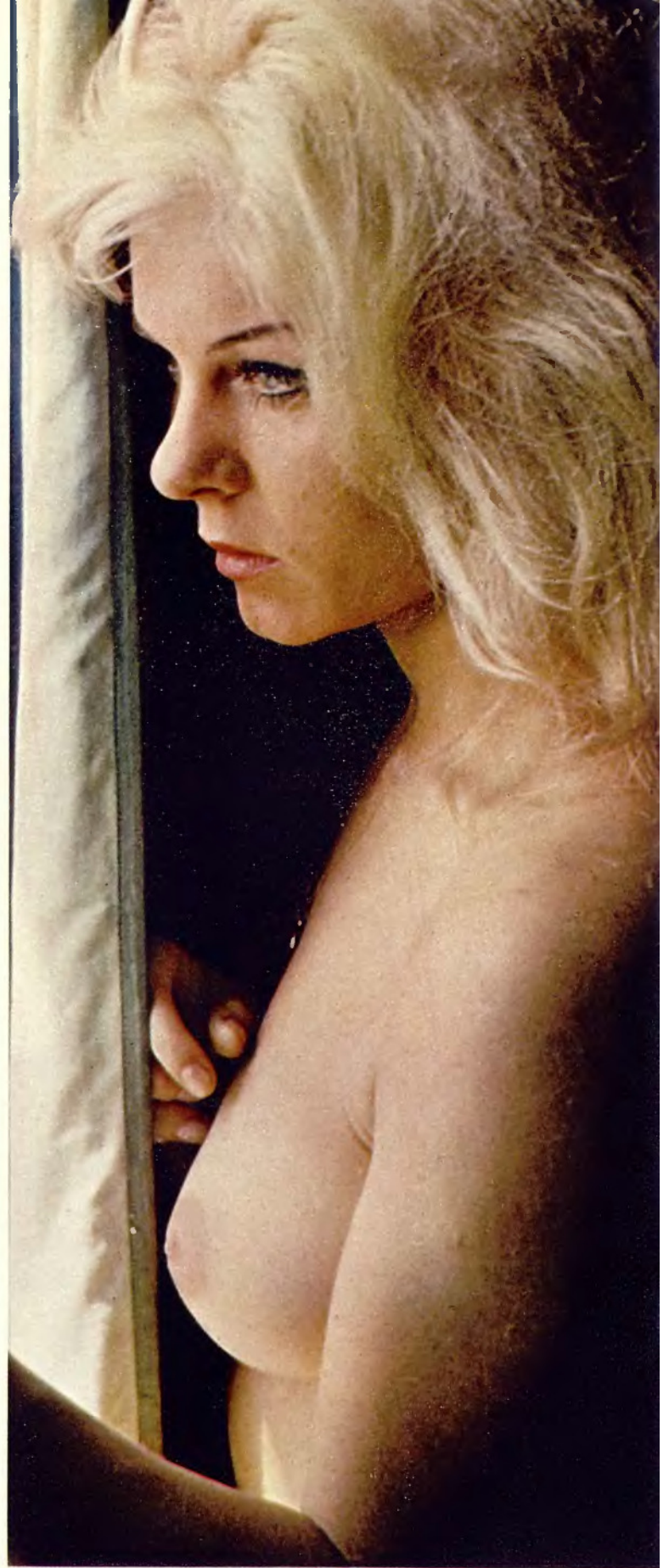
SCILLA GABEL is a buxomly playful signorina whose looks-like-Loren beauty limited her early career to working as Sophia's stand-in. Then arduous plastic surgery revamped her face and her fortunes. She has been seen in the U.S. as the lovely Sodomite slave girl in *Sodom and Gomorrah* (left).



CLAUDIA CARDINALE, the ripest fruit in Italian-film vineyards, has made such a sensual impact in her 19 movie appearances that the alliterative initials CC are now on an international par with those other well-lettered sex symbols, BB and MM. At left, center, chianti-lipped Claudia perches upon the pad of Jean-Paul Belmondo in *La Viaccia*. Currently seen in Fellini's *8 1/2*, the lush 23-year-old's next role will be as the unangelic Angelica in *The Leopard* with Burt Lancaster.

DAHLIA LAVI is a statuesque beauty who left the Israeli Army at 17 to seek stardom in Paris. A better trouper than trooper, she has since appeared in a succession of French, Italian, German and English films. The steamy sequence below, left, is the rape scene in *The Demon*, with Frank Wolff. At bottom right is transparently gifted Dahlia as she appeared at 17 in her first film, *One Night on the Beach*, in the role of a Gallic girl-next-door type, a lovely but sadly sadistic nymphomaniac.





JUNE RITCHIE, one of England's three most enticingly talented young actresses (the others: Shirley Anne Field and Sarah Miles), has a warm, honey-haired appeal which is firing foreign film makers with get-Ritchie-quick schemes. Remembered here for her suasive role in *A Kind of Loving* in which she and Alan Bates do the tryst (upper left), June will next appear as Polly Peachum in Joe Levine's *The Threepenny Opera* with co-stars Sammy Davis Jr., Curt Jurgens and Hildegard Neff.



ROMY SCHNEIDER, a Viennese pastry whose fragile features and shapely torso—abetted by considerable talent—have made her one of the most popular leading ladies on the Continent, is a 25-year-old scion of a famed acting family. Next to be seen in *The Victors* and *The Cardinal*, romantic Romy has already scored in the U.S. in *The Trial* and the Visconti segment of *Boccaccio '70* in which she plays a wife who barbers her body to her jaded mate (above, left and right).



neiman depicts the showbizzy scene at new york's celebrity rendezvous

SARDI'S, the traditional sipping and supping headquarters of New York's theater professionals, is customarily aswarm with celebrities after dark — but never more so than during the frenetic post-show hours of a Broadway opening night. At curtain's fall following the debuting production, the *cognoscenti* — headliners, flacks, agents, angels, starlets, columnists — head like lemmings for the hallowed haunt on 44th St. off Times Square, there to politick for tables, savor cannelloni au gratin and assorted libations, applaud the arrival of the evening's stars, and await with the other insiders the make-or-break verdict of the drama critics. On such an electric evening **PLAYBOY's** wayfaring colorist, LeRoy Neiman, stationed himself in the burgundy purlieus of the venerable restaurant, absorbed the festive excitement — the swirl of elegant latecomers before walls papered with the caricatures of stars, the flash of smiles and diamonds, the tinkle of glasses and expectant laughter — then recorded the sensitive impression to the right. "The atmosphere," observes Neiman, "is convivial, intimate, and hopefully buoyant. Of course, careers and reputations are at stake. Watching, one becomes intensely aware of the exhilaration and the fragility of status in the theater."

our impressionist captures the charged drama of competitive big-league pool

THE WORLD'S POCKET-BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP was held this past April in the chandeliered ballroom of Manhattan's Commodore Hotel. Competing on the brilliant-green felt of two adjacent tables, a dozen crack shots took their cues in a seven-day pursuit of the title (the winner: Luther Lassiter). Watching the dinner-jacketed pool pros at solemn play was a connoisseur audience that included **PLAYBOY's** LeRoy Neiman. Reports Neiman: "I was most impressed by the emotional excitement that charges the smoke-filled air during a match, particularly when a high run starts to develop. Sounds are a dominant part of the drama — the scratchy rub as the cue is chalked; the clean, sharp click of cue on ball as the player strokes; then the sharp crack of cue ball on object ball and the clunking drop into the intended pocket. If the shot is well-executed, spontaneous applause breaks the quiet, just as in tennis. Each formally clad player takes over his table with the direct, accomplished skill of a concert pianist taking over a keyboard. In the ornate setting — a dramatic contrast to the seamy pool-hall milieu of Hollywood's *The Hustler* — the absorption of both players and spectators is complete."

man
at his
leisure





Dink
Siegel

"Mirror, Mirror, on the wall,
Whose are the fairest of them all . . . ?"

BUCKSKIN MAN

from the folklore of the Apaches

BUCKSKIN MAN was an Apache hunter. They called him so because he wore a suit of the finest buckskin with a fringe hanging from it and rattles that jingled when he walked. All the women stopped their work and turned to look when he passed, for they knew his reputation as a great lover. All the braves smiled and spoke to him, for they esteemed him as a great hunter.

But a certain wife whose name was Cactus Thorn, because her tongue was sharp, vowed that the very sight of him made her ill. Whenever she saw him pass her hogan, she would clutch her belly and rush inside to complain to her husband, "Buckskin Man is going by. He has turned my stomach."

Her husband did not really care. In fact, it pleased him, for too many wives yearned after Buckskin Man who had a way with women. But his wife carried the thing so far as to arouse his suspicion.

He determined to test his wife, and if he discovered that she yearned like other wives after the tall hunter, he would put a quick end to such unseemly lust.

"I am going off on a hunting trip and will be gone about four days," he told her one morning. "Feed the children well, and wait until I return. With fortune, I shall perhaps bring you some fresh buffalo liver."

Cactus Thorn was glad to see him go. In her heart she told herself that, with her husband away, almost anything might come about.

He packed his things, took his best bow and many good arrows, sacrificed the sacred pollen to the Immortal Haec-cin, and marched out into the prairie. But as soon as he was out of sight of the people in the village, he turned his steps toward the hogan of Buckskin Man, who lived apart as was the habit of bachelors among the Apaches. After they had greeted each other, they smoked a few pipefuls and talked. Then the husband said:

"My friend, would you let me borrow your fringed suit for a short time this evening?"

"Gladly," answered Buckskin Man with a sly smile. "But after you have persuaded the girl to follow you off into the thickets, what will you do? After all, old fellow, you are not the man I am."

The husband denied that he had any intention of seducing a maiden, but he did not convince the hunter, who smiled knowingly as his friend walked away with the suit over his arm.

Out in the mesquite, he slipped off his shabby suit and put on Buckskin Man's beautiful fringed jacket and trousers. They were a bit large for him, but in the dark he was certain they would serve



Ribald Classic

his purpose.

When deep twilight lay over the land, he started for his hogan. His wife was sitting before a fire that burned at the doorway. The children were playing at her feet.

The husband walked up and stood near the front wall, but he kept to the shadows so that the firelight would not touch his face. The wife heard the jingling of the rattles on his suit. She was certain that the man for whom she had yearned so many moons and whom she said she hated had come at last.

The figure in the shadows motioned with his head toward the willow thickets down by the stream and started in that direction. She arose immediately from the fire, threw what water there was in her water jar to the earth, and ran into the hogan for a blanket.

"Stay by the fire," she told the children, "until I return from the stream with fresh water."

Then, carrying the blanket, she followed the man in fringed buckskin into the night.

He walked on until he reached the edge of the stream. There he stopped and with folded arms looked out over the water. The woman spread the blanket on the soft moss before he could turn around. Then she stretched herself out on the blanket awaiting the longed-for embrace of Buckskin Man, hunter of buffalo and wooer of women.

"I am ready and waiting!" she cried out in anticipation.

She closed her eyes and held out her arms expectantly. In a second she would find herself in his powerful embrace.

At this point, strong arms enfolded her, but not in the way she had hoped.

With the suddenness of an eagle swooping down to seize a prairie dog, her husband picked her up, blanket and all, and tossed her into the icy water.

Still silent, he stalked off into the darkness, leaving Cactus Thorn to thrash her way up the slippery bank and slink home wet, and somewhat chagrined, to her children.

The husband went back to the hogan of the hunter, handed him the suit, and thanked him.

"Any luck?" asked Buckskin Man in friendly banter.

"Quite a bit," replied the husband. "More, I believe, than I had counted upon."

Then, after saying goodbye, he made his way back across the prairie to the village. The fire in front of his hogan blazed high, and he frowned for a moment when he realized how much wood was being wasted. But then he smiled at the sight of his wife.

She stood shivering, the wet blanket spread on the ground where the heat would reach it, her clothing stretched on a bush to dry.

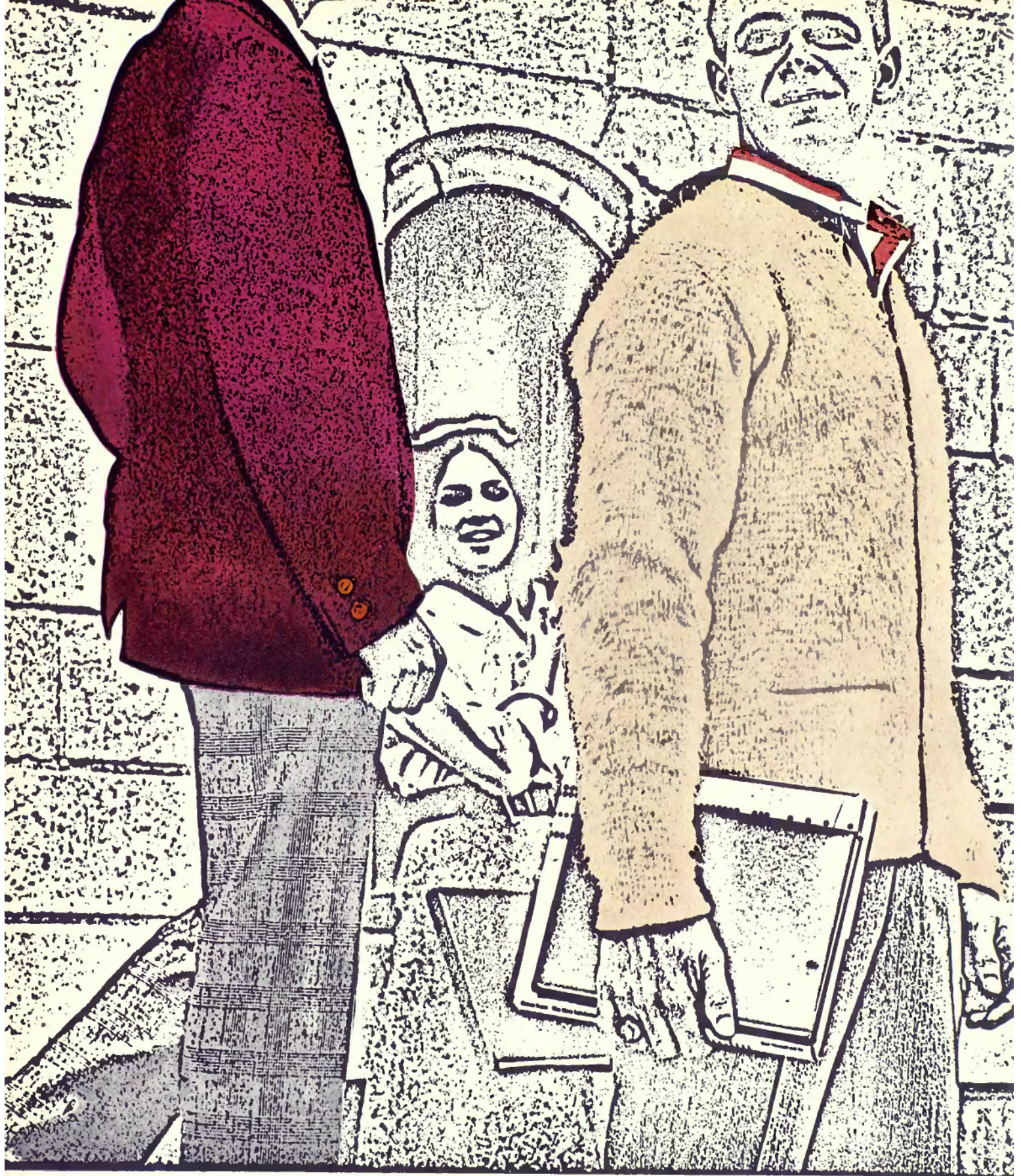
"What has happened?" he asked in mock alarm. "Did you fall into the stream?"

"I did," hissed she through chattering teeth, somewhat surprised at his early return. "I had no business to be going there in the dark, but the children kept deviling me for fresh drinking water, and I had to get some for them."

Her husband clucked in consolation and smiled behind his hand. And that was the last he heard of her unreasonable dislike for Buckskin Man and his fine fringed suit.

—Retold by J. A. Gato





*classic revivals
and new
directions
for the
academic year*

attire/accouterments **By ROBERT L. GREEN** The casual trend in collegiate fashions will accelerate its course this school year and continue on to a high degree of neat, studied informality. The days when the glass of undergraduate fashion reflected a sloppy Joe are gone — forever, we hope — and the line that predominates (notwithstanding individual and regional differences in the nation's six major college sections) is the commendably clear one of demarcation between casualness and carelessness.

In a word, while formal apparel this year remains conserva- (continued on page 162)

BACK TO CAMPUS



Above: Popular V-neck pullover in textured wool, mohair and nylon, by Puritan, \$20; paired with buttondown oxford shirt with tapered body, by Truval, \$4, and Orlon-and-wool reversed-twist trousers by H.I.S., \$11. Book-bound collegian sports Norwegian reversible three-quarter coat with raglan sleeves, shawl collar, by Authentic Imports, \$45; turtleneck pullover, by Damon, \$18; and wool gabardine trousers, by Asher, \$17. Opposite page: This year's casually neat look is highlighted by the trim, natural-shoulder burgundy blozer in flannel, by Brookshire, \$30; contrasting trousers are gray wool glen plaid, by YMM, \$22.50. At right, mohair-and-wool V-neck cardigan in muted ivory shade, by Jantzen, \$20; matched by buttondown shirt in striped cotton with barrel cuffs, by Wren, \$7, and imported gray wool cord slacks with tapered legs and a fine black stripe, by Esquire, \$30.



Accented at left are the informal comfort plus good looks promised by this year's outerwear. Double-breasted British womer in resurging natural-color camel's hair and wool has leather buttons, flap pockets, center vent and full plaid wool worsted lining, by Cricketeer, \$85. Even more cosuol is the camel-color, wide-wale cotton corduroy coot (center) with rope-toggle and zipper front, flap-potch book pockets, detachoble zip hood, shoulder yoke and full wool-and-nylon blanket plaid lining, by McGregor, \$40; suede sports hot, in otter-tan shade, features a stitched narrow brim, pinch front ond narrow woven band, by Knox, \$10. At right, o water-repellent black-and-white, glen-ploid, double-breasted coot provides wormth and good looks for all seasons; made of English wool, it feautres raglan sleeves, flap pockets, side vents and full red-ond-black wool lining, by Aquascutum, \$115.



Clockwise from noon: Carry-all, by MacGregor, \$55. Overnighter, by Samsonite, \$19.95. Suitcase, by Mark Cross, \$92.50. Racing bike, by Schwinn, \$86.95. Golf set: bag, \$66; 4 woods, \$106.80; 9 irons, \$152, by MacGregor. Tape recorder, by Sony, \$250. Book ends, by Duk-It, \$18. *Hold Me*, by Jules Feiffer, \$1.95; *The Gift*, by V. Nabokov, \$5.95; *My Life and Fortunes*, by J. Paul Getty, \$5.95; leather-bound *Webster's Biographical Dictionary* and *Bartlett's Quotations*, each \$33, from Hammacher Schlemmer; *My Life in Jazz*, by Max Kaminsky, \$4.95. AM-FM radio, by Kinematix, \$79.95. French foils, \$16.68, and mask, \$21.20 per pair, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Slippers, by L. B. Evans, \$12.95. Shave coat, by Weldon, \$7. Flannel robe, by State-O-Maine, \$23. Toiletry kit, from Alfred Dunhill, \$100. Duffel bag, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$125. Squash bats, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$16 each.



158 Clockwise from noon: High-intensity lamps, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$59.95. Drafting set, by Dietzgen, \$15.50. Typewriter, by Royal, \$109.95. Shaver, by Norelco, \$30. Webster's *Unabridged*, \$47.50. 3-piece rally timing set, from Abercrombie, \$182. Mug, from Hoffritz, \$17. Camera, by Sekonic, \$60. Robe, from Abercrombie, \$17.50. Shoehorn, by Mark Cross, \$10. Game set, from Abercrombie, \$12.50. Comb, \$4, and brush, \$15, by Caswell-Massey. Writing set, by Sheaffer, \$45. Money clip, by Playboy, \$7.50. Lighter, by Gulton, \$14.95. Cuff links, by Playboy, \$10. Soap, by Dunhill, \$2. Clock, from Abercrombie, \$60. Clock-radio, by Bulova, \$39.95. Cologne, by Shulton, \$4.50. Electric sharpener, \$32.95; ruler-lighter, \$5, both from Hammacher Schlemmer. Utility case, from Hoffritz, \$15.95. 4-pipe case, from Dunhill, \$12.50. Pipes, by Wilke, \$10 each. Traveling bar, by Cross, \$180.



Ubiquitous natural-shoulder outline is seen at left, in Scottish woolen plaid jacket with conventional three-button front, flap pockets, lap seams, center hook vent, by Mavest, \$50; worn over a navy cotton-batiste oxford shirt with button-down collar, barrel cuffs, by Wren, \$7. Rugged outdoor look is exemplified by giant blue-black-and-white wool plaid jacket with black acrylic pile lining, drawstring hood and knit cuffs, by Woolrich, \$25. Smiling style-setter at right wears a yellow-gray mohair-and-wool giant herringbone-tweed natural-shoulder jacket with innovative two-button front, flap pockets and center hook vent, by Timely Clothes, \$50; inner warmth provided by mohair-and-wool "frosted" plaid V-neck cardigan with six ocean-pearl buttons, by Himalaya, \$17.50, covering a yellow cotton oxford shirt, with button-down collar and barrel cuffs, by Gant, \$6.50.

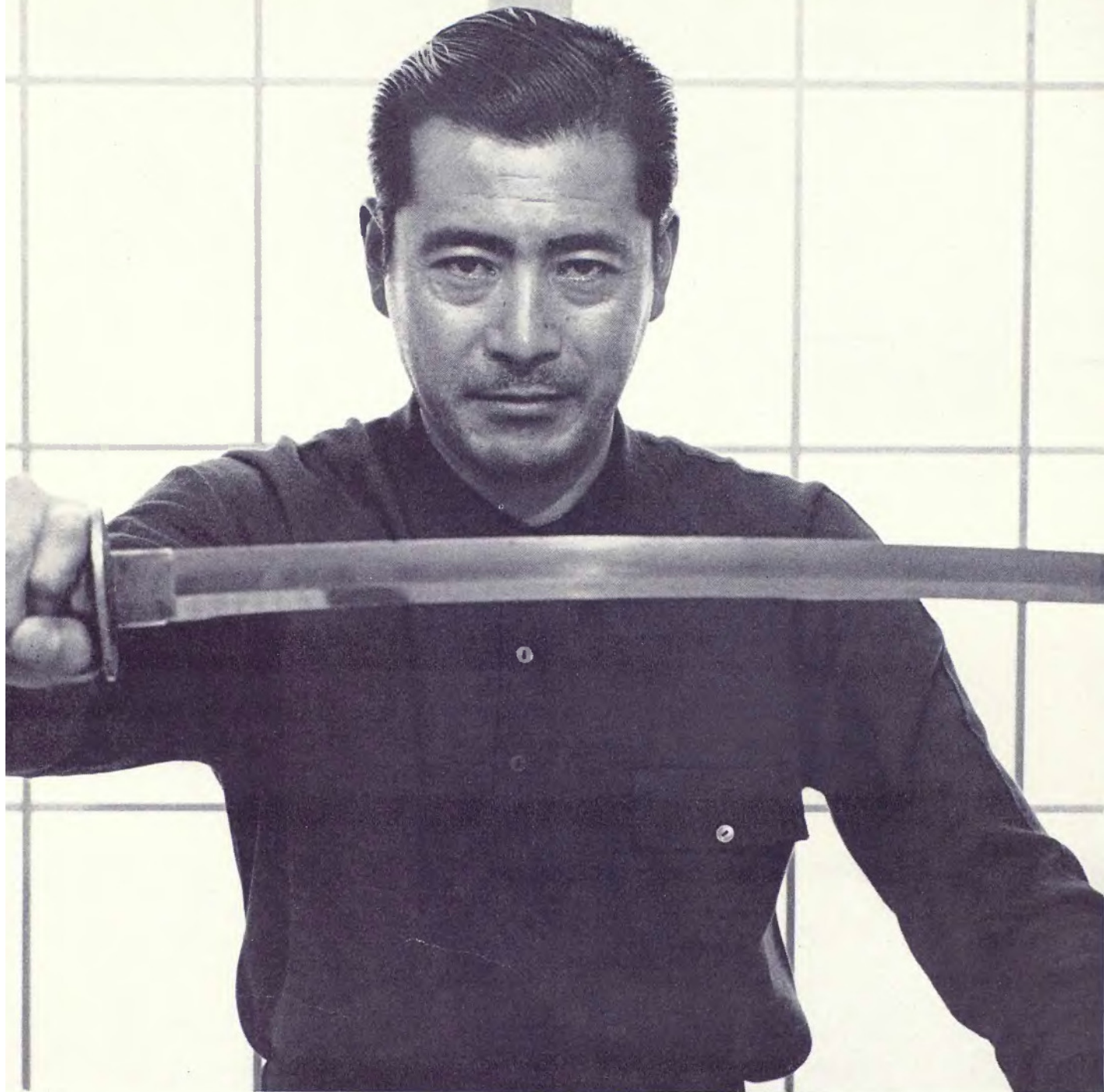
LORIN MAAZEL *life begins at forte*

THE COMBUSTIVE CAREER of expatriate conductor Lorin Maazel furnishes healthy proof that child prodigies don't always fade away into post-teen limbo. Today the second-most-popular maestro in Europe (after Vienna's seasoned Herbert von Karajan) and the first American and youngest conductor ever to appear at the prestigious Bayreuth Festival, Maazel has, at 33, convincingly transcended the trying days when he was known to America as "Little Lorin," a brown-curled, white-suited toy Toscanini blessed with absolute pitch, voracious score-keeping memory, and startling poise on the podium. Following his debut at 9 at the 1939 N.Y. World's Fair, Maazel spent six years guest-conducting major symphony orchestras in the U.S. and Canada, until the downy cheek and fluting voice of pubescence brought his band wagon to a halt — because, as he sardonically notes, he had "ceased to be a monstrosity." Stranded for several years in the musical backwaters of Pittsburgh (he studied violin, became an assistant conductor with the Pittsburgh Symphony), sensing that neither profit nor honor awaited him in his own country, at 22 he set sail for Rome and a fresh start on the Continent. There, freed from the ghosts of his precocious past, he has fashioned a brilliant conducting career, a gratifying prelude to his States tour last winter with France's Orchestre National, wherein he impressed the home-grown critics with the matured command and controlled urgency of his style. Intense, disciplined, austere (at his own request, close acquaintances call him Mr. Maazel rather than Lorin), the prodigy-turned-pro is now embarked on a global tour, driving himself relentlessly toward the day when the *cognoscenti* will affirm his lofty self-appraisal: "I am," he says flatly, "the leading conductor of my generation."

DESMOND RUSSELL

A black and white photograph showing a close-up of a hand holding the hilt of a sword. The hilt is dark with several diamond-shaped cutouts. The hand is positioned against a window pane with a grid pattern. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the hilt and the hand.

ON
THE
SCENE



EIJU MIYAZAWA

TOSHIRO MIFUNE *cowboy of the eastern world*

BECAUSE A STAUNCHLY ROMANTIC hero image is vital to the self-esteem of a demilitarized but historically mighty nation like Japan, it is not surprising that the realistic and fiercely masculine screen portrayals of sword-swinging, swashbuckling feudal samurai by a virile and feral actor named Toshiro Mifune have captured this proud little country's imagination. Under the brilliant direction of Akira Kurosawa (PLAYBOY, March 1962), especially in such critically acclaimed imports as *The Seven Samurai*, *Yojimbo* and *Sanjuro*, Mifune has vigorously updated the national paladin by blending into his roles the heroic lines of American-cowboy cinematizations with deft strokes of broad comedy and mordant satire. The 5' 9", ruggedly handsome Mifune does not descend, as might be expected, from a long line of samurai warriors or kabuki-trained thespians. His father was a Japanese trader in Tsingtao, China, where the actor was born in 1920. He spent the war years as a rear-echelon instructor of aerial photography and did not settle in Japan until 1947 when, after failing to land a camera job with Toho films, he was promptly "discovered" and given bit-acting parts. In 1950, Kurosawa cast Mifune in the starring role of *Rashomon*, which won the 1951 Cannes award and established Japan in the front ranks of international film making. Subsequent kudos for Mifune in Venice, Berlin, San Francisco and Hollywood have made him the first Japanese star of global magnitude since Sessue Hayakawa. An indefatigable worker on the set, he plays just as hard at hunting, boating, flying and sports-car driving off screen. Currently, Mifune is producing, directing and starring in his own film and, before reconsidering the American screen offers he has rejected, Japan's brawny top sword will give his expanded role a thorough trial — and perhaps indulge a yen for a few more Eastern Westerns.

BACK TO CAMPUS (continued from page 154)

tive (the ubiquitous natural-shoulder look, evident at quadrangles across the country, still sounds the sartorial tenor of the Sixties), sportswear is evolving its own traditions and is increasingly asserting itself as a popular choice not only for leisure activities but for semidress occasions as well. Highlighting this year's fashion trend is the renaissance of the camel's-hair look in garments ranging from the topcoat to the sweater.

Our awareness of the growing sports wear trend was reaffirmed by a recent PLAYBOY survey of campus-clothing-and-accessory preferences, which revealed that individual items of casual apparel in collegiate wardrobes now outnumber their formal counterparts by almost two to one. Another confirmation of our past predictions, gleaned from these interviews, is that sweaters continue to weave their wild and woolly way into collegiate favor: most students, according to the survey, now own at least five.

The undergraduate matriculating for high-fashion honors, however, will be mostly concerned with specific regional trends, and while there is a large degree of homogeneity among them, the frequently elusive, but modishly important, subtleties that turn up from north to south and east to west are essential knowledge for the would-be sartorial pace-setter. Here, then, is our geographical six-pack of campus styles for the academic year:

THE NORTHEAST: There are few surprises here in the heart of traditionland. The classically dark, three-piece natural-shoulder suit, which last year firmly established itself as *the* correct apparel for dress, once again predominates, from the cloistered Ivy League universities to the teeming concrete campuses of the big-city schools. Still with three buttons, flap pockets, belt-loop trousers and prominently featured vest, this garment will be seen in navy-blue, dark-gray or olive-green worsted herringbone; brown, olive or gray glen plaid; tweedy cheviot or Shetland in tan; gray clear-finish sharkskin; and natural-tan or olive gabardine. Three or four suits are optimum, but if you're going to make it with fewer, we recommend that you begin with the darks and move on to the lighter garb, in no case leaving yourself without the essential minimum of one dark and one tweed.

In sports jackets, the brass-buttoned navy blazer still reigns supreme, but there is a resurgence both of camel colors and bold, open plaids. According to our survey, most PLAYBOY readers own two or three sports jackets (and seven or eight pairs of slacks), but in this part of the

country, where a regular suit is right dress both for seminars and informal socials, two will be sufficient. The indispensable blazer should be supplemented by a Shetland in moderate to subdued plaids. If you'd like one more jacket for early fall and late spring we'd suggest a striped lightweight in Indian madras, seersucker or cord.

There are some significant innovations on the slacks scene this year. The shorter lengths of bygone seasons are no longer with us and, conforming with the neat look, your casual slacks should hang straight to the shoe tops without a break. You'll still see an occasional pair of too-low-rise trousers, but their life expectancy is short: if you've a weakness for them, indulge yourself with no more than one pair. We're pleased to note a tasteful revival of conventional tailoring in slacks, featuring waists that fit just above the hips, where they belong, and naturally tapered legs — England's Teddy boys have happily (for us) reclaimed the extremely narrow cut. Eight pairs of slacks — a couple of gray or olive-tone worsted flannels, three or four tan chinos or poplins, a pair of corduroys and a pair of twills or whipcords — will carry you nicely through the academic year.

Midwinter-weekend jaunts to Philadelphia, New York or Boston require a warm, comfortable overcoat. The best bet this year is a dark, semi-Chesterfield fly-front herringbone, supplemented by a couple of topcoats (this traditional garment is making a determined renaissance in muted shades), your first choice being a semifitted fly-front Chesterfield in dark-gray herringbone; your alternate selection can be a full-raglan balmacaan in country tweed; a single-breasted box coat in natural-color camel's hair; or a double-breasted polo coat. Your one raincoat, imperative in the intemperate East, can be a tan-poplin, full-raglan balmacaan with zip-in liner; should you like a second, buy black. For unprepossessing occasions, like a windblown trek from dorm to quad or a quiet study of "American Dating Habits During Heavy Snowfall," you'll want to be prepared with plenty of sporty outerwear, and the following should do the trick: a lined waist-length jacket in camel tones (with or without hood — most of them are detachable), a three-quarter-length loden duffel coat, a ski jacket, and a lightweight golf jacket in tan.

The great chink in the conservative armor of seaboard varsities is the sweater, which continues to contrast the muted tones of the Ivy look with wildly individualistic colors, patterns and textures.

Cardigans are still standard, but vivid Tyrolean coat-sweaters run them a close second. Snug-fitting waists are the rule, with a gradual loosening toward the top. The drill in buttons at most colleges is: bottom two open, and colors similar to the garment itself. In pullovers, you'll be in style with the basic Shetland crew necks and lamb's-wool V-necks. Although the collegiate wardrobe will be dominated by brightly hued ski types, Argyles and horizontal stripes, resurging camel shades will provide a subdued change of pace.

Buttardown shirts prevail once again, with snap tabs following closely. As we see it, you ought to provide yourself with a combination of eight, in white or blue oxford, of both styles. The tab will serve you well at formal events, while the regulation buttardown is sufficiently versatile for starchy affairs or impromptu bull sessions — with or without necktie: speaking of which, don't overlook the tie-optional pullover model, a current classroom favorite. Augment these basics with 10 shirts in color; while we lean toward white oxfords with red stripes, several shades — especially yellows and reds — will be popular. The standard tone in sport shirts is dark this year and a number of mellow color combinations are available in broad stripes, checks and plaids, with madras preferred for the warmer months. This year's neat look favors tapered backs.

The wearing of hats on campus, as our student survey tells us, still lies in an uneasy limbo, but the casual cap, for dress and relaxation, is coming on strong this season. Harvard is the hub of this headline activity, and Cambridge eggheads will be donning center-crease felt hats with either raw or welt edges in olive, gray or brown. (Tip: Watch for a revival of khaki tones.) Tan poplin remains the standard for rainwear, while ski caps and knitted toques are snowballing in esteem for deep freezes. As cloth hats are nifty for dressing up a jacket-slacks combination, we recommend that you take along at least two: one in subdued plaid and another in tweed.

For comfortably correct stepping out, bring at least six pairs of shoes. You'll establish a good foothold with plain-toed cordovan bluchers, two pairs of classic loafers (one brown and one black), desert-type boots, a pair of deck or tennis shoes, and black plain-toed calf slip-ons. Add a rubber-soled Tyrol type for snow-bound Dartmouth and other New England strongholds.

The ease with which you can rent a dinner jacket makes it eminently expendable from your wardrobe; still, the man who owns one holds an edge over the man who doesn't. A safely enduring buy,

(continued on page 173)

how to handle women in business

the last word on how to succeed with women without really trying

IS A WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME?

IS IT TRUE, as so many say, that woman's place is in the home? The answer is a clear "No!"

A woman's place is in her place, and this is true both at home (as we have seen) and in the office.

Friction has been caused recently only because women in business have on occasion *stepped out of their places*. This has caused untold confusion and mental anguish.

WORK TOGETHER!

Modern American business is anchored firmly to this principle: *It is the man who does the thinking and the woman who does the work.*

Indeed, from the very day this principle was discovered, from the day man learned that all the heavy work in a business office could be performed by women at a fraction of the cost, American business zoomed upward. Men, with their hands idle, were free to perform their true function, that of planning and making decisions.

From that time onward, the sky has been the limit. The world has marveled to see this man-woman team, striding ahead together, raising American business to unheard-of peaks.

WHAT DO WE HAVE TO FEAR?

Why is it, then, that men in business are troubled, worried, beset by ulcers and countless psychosomatic ills?

Because, basically, *women began to think.*

Once this happened, the whole tenor

of American business changed, and the firm foundation on which it was built began to totter.

The woman executive had arrived.

It is with her that the male in business must learn to cope — or perish.

HOW TO DEAL WITH WOMEN EXECUTIVES

A woman executive is any woman who can wear her hat in the office. She need no longer work with her hands — and no one needs to be told how dangerous a woman is when her hands are not occupied. She gives orders and competes with men on their own ground. In some cases she even gives orders *to men*, something that has to be experienced to be appreciated.

It is your duty while in the office to make life as pleasant and as harmonious as possible for the office force, which is to say the bareheaded or nonexecutive women.

However, when it comes to the woman executive, your mission is just as clear. The woman executive *must not be allowed to spring up* — and, once having sprung up, must be suppressed as quickly as possible.

There are two main types of woman executives, each demanding separate treatment: (1) the siren and (2) the battle-ax.

The Siren. The siren-executive is a woman who combines a certain superficial cleverness with calculated sex. She is not to be confused with the simple, or bareheaded siren, who may be just as appealing, but who uses her appeal in a wholesome way, which is to say only for its own sake.

The siren-executive, or potential siren-executive, uses sex the way you would use a meeting or a memo, purely for self-advancement. The really unscrupulous woman can, in fact, do things with sex that you could *never* do with the very *best* memo. The shrewd girl chooses her victims expertly and can often rise rapidly in an organization.

The countersiren is the best defense against her. Find a good, simple or bareheaded siren and install her close to the office of the siren-executive's intended victim. This is known as fighting fire with fire.

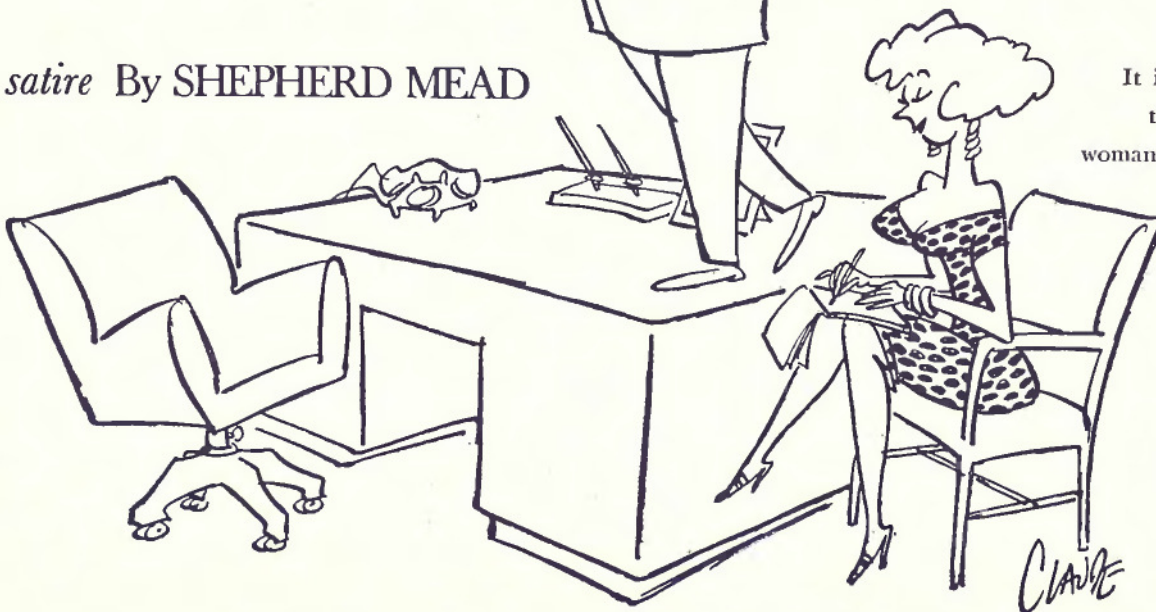
It is good to have a girl of your own handy for such purposes.

"Say, J. B., while Miss La Tour is out of the office for a day or two, you can have my secretary—"

"Well, ah, Strong—"

"She's the (concluded on page 182)"

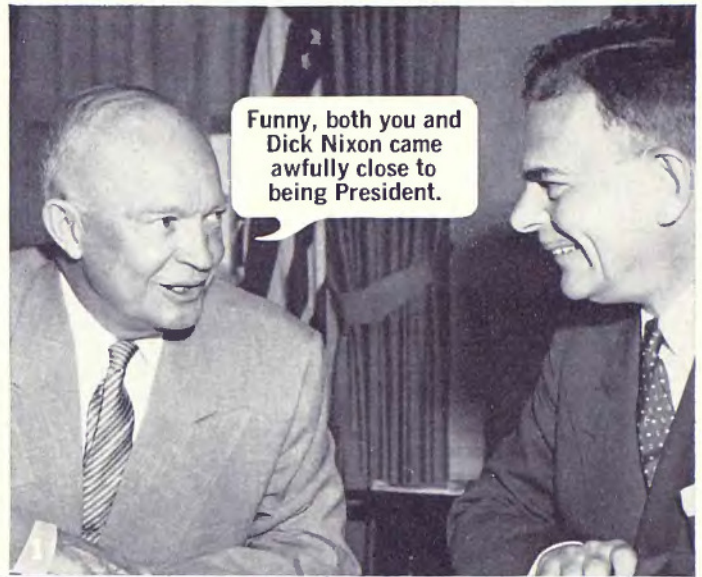
satire By SHEPHERD MEAD

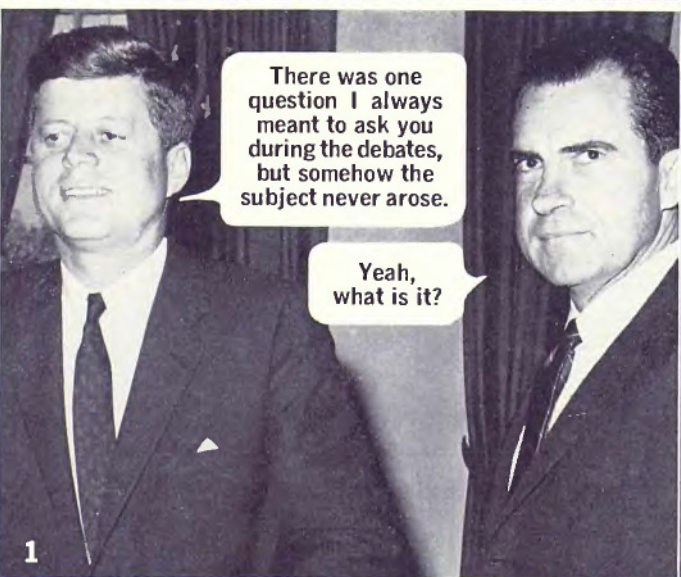
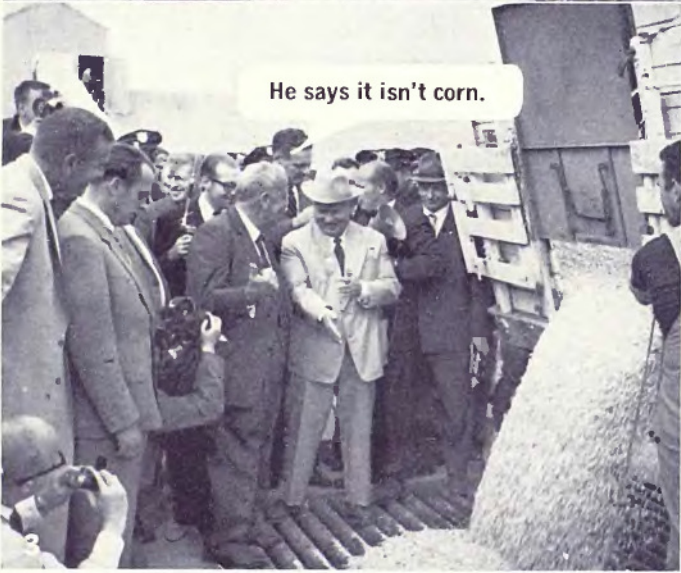
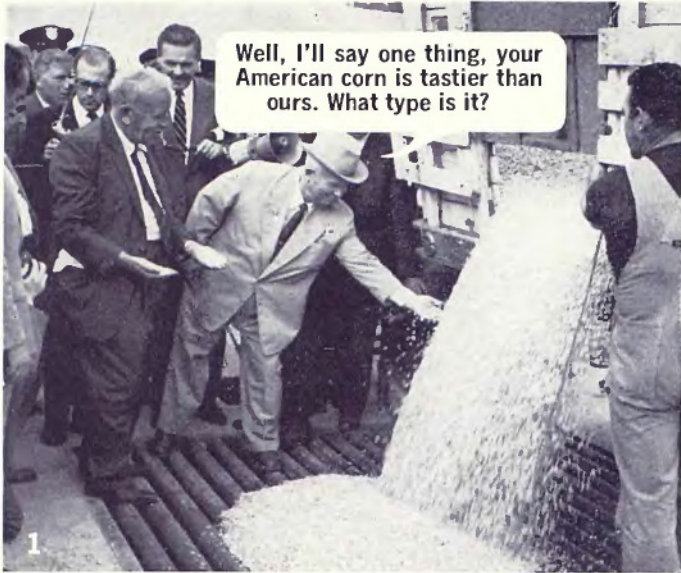


It is the man who does the thinking and the woman who does the work.

NEWS-REALS

the author of "who's in charge here?" parodies the public and private utterances of international political personages
humor **By GERALD GARDNER**





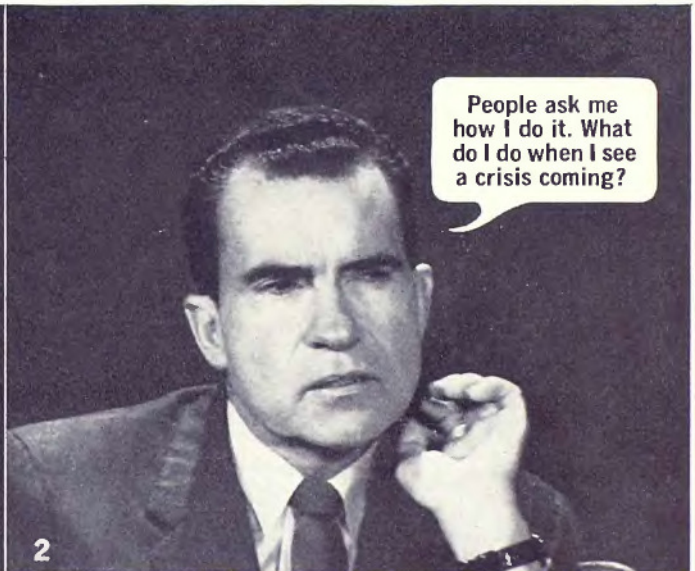
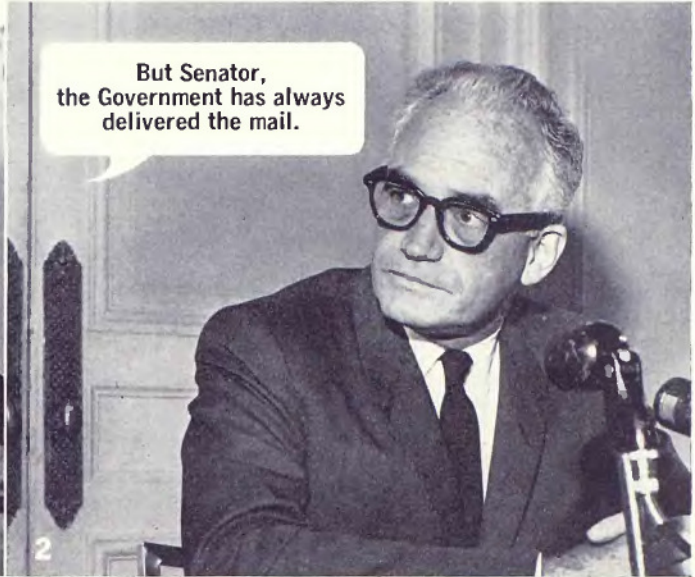
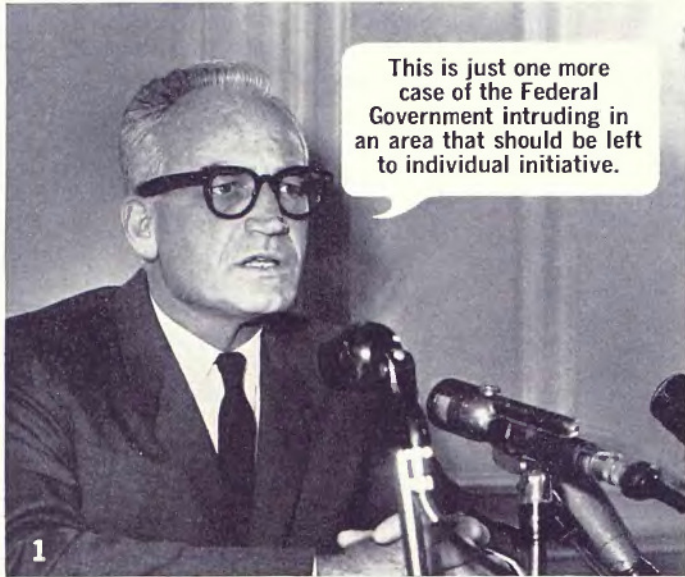
Yeah, what is it?













Left.
The McGregor
Brogue Country Coat
Right.
The McGregor
Camelot Cru Elbow Bender

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Interlandi

"Why don't you drop another ball? I think you've looked everywhere!"

BACK TO CAMPUS (continued from page 162)

to carry you through your entire tenure in the academic groves, is the black, natural-shoulder jacket with either classic shawl or semipeak lapel. The dinner jacket of black hopsacking cloth, meanwhile, is a current fad on the Ivy League banquet circuit.

Since the predominant fact of sartorial life this year is shaded, subtle and subdued, your accessories, which come after the fact, should be contrastingly bright and lively. *Ties:* We recommend about a dozen-and-a-half, including: madder foulards, wool challis, a black knit and several vivid rep stripes (club to regimental). *Belts:* Six, in the narrow widths with buckles. Stretch-type and fabric belts are fine, but be sure to include a couple of bright ones for leisure wear. *Socks:* Eighteen pairs, including full-length dark tweed wools, crew socks and several sets of dark stretch nylons for evenings out. *Mufflers:* Two are optimum — one solid color to co-ordinate with your outer clothing, and the other a prismatic wool plaid. Long mufflers, showing beneath the bottom of the jacket, are the latest Ivy fad. *Gloves:* One leather pair to match your outerwear, another warm wool and a third pair in lined leather. *Vests:* Include a couple of ascots and odd vests to brighten up your jacket-slacks combinations.

You may want to bring along a few pairs of solid-color walk shorts for early fall and late spring. They aren't worn, however, at many Northeastern schools and we suggest you check before stocking up. Your first-choice robe should be of wash-and-wear cotton; the second can be light wool.

THE SOUTHEAST: From Baltimore to Chapel Hill and Bowling Green to Williamsburg, impeccably attired Southeasterners have established this campus region as a stronghold of sartorial independence and high-fashion awareness. The short but sometimes severe winters, sandwiched by long temperate (and occasionally tropical) seasons, require a suitably varied array of apparel and, to begin with, you'll want a full complement of four natural-shoulder suits. While navy blue and dark gray are the indispensables, the others can be chosen from among muted shades in herringbone, sharkskin and finished worsted, with glen plaids, tweeds and corduroys in brown coming on strong this year. Round out your formal wardrobe with a shawl or semipeak collar dinner jacket in black, and an Indian madras or white jacket with madras accessories for the warmer months. We'd also suggest a minimum of four sports jackets, starting with the essential blazer and including a

camel's-hair jacket, an open plaid or wide herringbone and a Shetland or tweed. Ten pairs of slacks are advisable, with the Southeast's more-formal outlook influencing you in the direction of dark worsted flannels and worsted whipcords. Your knockabouts can be selected from among chinos, Dacrons and cotton poplins.

The judicious Southeasterner knows where the warm bodies are buried during the few frigid days of winter, and so he can do without an overcoat. He should, however, have an adequate supply of casual outerwear; the most popular choices this year will include fleece- and wool-lined waist-length jackets, lined suede and corduroy three-quarter-length coats and duffel-type garments. One topcoat will be sufficient; while we favor the single-breasted camel's-hair model for Southeastern wear, you'll also be in style with a somber-toned semi-Chesterfield or cool tweed full raglan. For rainwear, the sensible choice is a classic raglan balmacaan tarp in wash-and-wear natural-tan poplin, with zip-in liner. Since hats are optional in this part of the country, you'll get by with a classic felt hat and a Tyrolean or poplin rain hat.

While sweaters are the most prismatic item in the Northeastern collegiate wardrobe, Southern tastes tend toward more-harmonious patterns. Play it safe with a half-dozen of the classic styles: crew- and V-neck pullovers in Shetland and lamb's wool, and cardigans in alpaca. In shirts, the buttondown collar is primary in formal styles (with the tab collar running a close second) and absolutely requisite in sportswear. Red stripings on white oxford are coming on strong (as up North), and yellow and putty shades (in linen) will be showing up increasingly this year. In casual wear, the closest thing to a uniform look will be the navy-blue buttondown sport shirt, but fill out your collection with a couple of short-sleeve garments in checks and Indian madras.

Ties: Two dozen, in striped and club reps, foulards and classic print challis, will prepare you for anything, from fraternity parties to private conferences with the dean of men. *Shoes:* Eight pairs will keep your footwear tasteful as well as functional. Choose from among brown cordovans, classic-brown loafers, black plain-toed bluchers, black or brown grain wingtips, deck and tennis shoes. *Socks:* A dozen-and-a-half — primarily garter-length ribbed wools in dark shades; then bulky Orlons, crew socks and full-dress stretch nylons. *Belts:* First choice is harness-buckle leather; add a touch of

color with audaciously tinted fabrics. *Gloves:* Two pairs will do — one leather and one functional pair of lined leather or wool. *Vests:* Odd vests are becoming uncommonly common in the Southeast. Have a ball with vivid tattersall checks or outspokenly bright solid colors.

Walk shorts are worn in all schools below the Mason-Dixon Line, and you'll be adequately prepared with four pairs. Divide them among natural wash-and-wear poplins (two), Indian madras and white linen.

THE DEEP SOUTH: A high degree of year-round sunshine and an equally high degree of quality consciousness form the basis of Deep South wardrobes. Formal outerwear is practically nil down here (overcoats never; topcoats hardly ever) and sweaters are just about the warmest staple to be seen. There are, of course, chilly exceptions to the tropical rule up "north" in Alabama, Arkansas and Georgia.

The classic natural-shoulder suit (with vest, in spite of the weather) is worn practically by decree here. Be prepared with six suits: a navy blue, a dark-gray herringbone and a lovat-mix tweed for the cooler months and, for the warmer ones, a few garments in seersucker, cord, tan poplin or dark-tropical worsted. Dinner jackets are usually rented here. The most-popular style is the black natural-shoulder model, but you'll want a white or madras jacket for warmer weather. You ought to have four sports jackets, including a soft Indian madras, two blazers (one navy and one black), and a Shetland or tweed, as well as nine pairs of slacks — flannels in olive are most popular, followed by medium to light grays, corduroys, chinos and wash-and-wear poplins.

If a topcoat is necessary in your area, a natural-tan gabardine, a semi-Chesterfield in tweed, or a trailblazing camel's-hair box coat will do nicely. A natural-color poplin bal raglan raincoat, with zip-in lining will serve both for inclement outbursts and as a wraparound for occasionally cool days. Just to be on the safe side, take along a golf jacket, a car coat and a colorful three-quarter-length jacket.

The drill on dress shirts in the Deep South, as elsewhere, is buttondown and tab. A combination of 18 in both styles will be more than adequate and, while most of them can be chosen from among the basic colors — white, blue and yellow — campus fashion leaders predict that red-stripes-on-white and solid-pink oxfords will be showing up at Southern schools this year. A dozen sport shirts should take care of all the beer-hall elbow bending and other casual activities you can handle; here, once again, the buttondown collar reigns supreme, 173

with the most-popular patterns being Indian madras, plaids, checks, stripes and solids.

Both the top and bottom of the male silhouette depart from national fashion trends in this part of the country. As hats are regularly worn, we'd suggest, in order that you not get caught with your top down, a total of four: a classic crease center-vent felt in a medium shade, a cloth hat, a rain hat and a coconut for formal spring doings. Footwear is the most expensive item in the Southern collegian's wardrobe; most students take great pride both in the quality of their shoes and the brilliance of their shins. Eight pairs will keep you fashionable, and the best choices are classic hand-sewn loafers (black and brown), plain-toed cordovan bluchers, wingtip cordovans and grains, deck or tennis shoes and black tassel loafers, which are making a spirited comeback in this part of the country.

Ties: Fifteen, in rep stripes, challis and foulards, plus some madras and batiks for hot-weather wear. *Socks:* Twenty pairs, in ribbed wools, white wools and crews. *Belts:* Contrast the coolness of your suits with brightly hued fabrics like madras. Harness buckles for leather belts will be popular. *Muffler:* We don't think you'll need one, but if you insist, make it silk. *Gloves:* Another unnecessary accessory, but take along a pair of leather gloves just for elegance. *Odds and Ends:*

Include a couple of odd vests just for color. Don't forget a good supply of swim trunks and silk pocket squares in classic foulard prints.

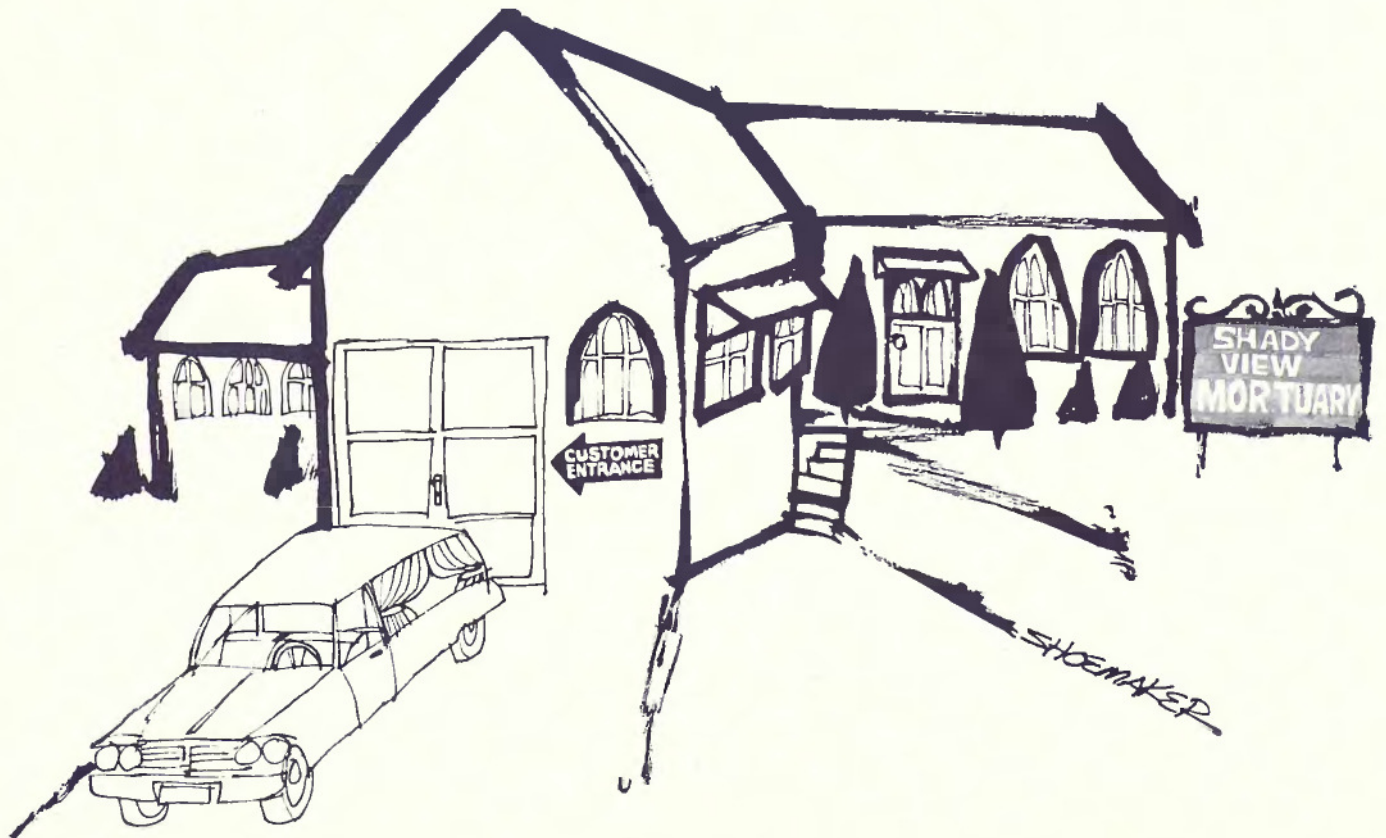
Walk shorts are virtually a necessity in the South, so prepare yourself with eight pairs in madras, poplins, chinos and whites.

THE MIDWEST: The only thing predictable about Midwestern weather is that, whatever the season, it will probably be extreme. Collegians in this area, if they're going to be functionally as well as fashionably attired, need a full complement of chill-repellent outerwear for protection during the severe winters, as well as plenty of warm-weather wear for normally tepid, but occasionally torrid, days in fall and spring.

As far as suits are concerned at Midwestern campuses this year, experimentation is for the chemistry labs: the *sine qua non* is the natural-shoulder look in as classical an outline as a Latin text. While Caesar may have divided Gaul into three, your collection should number five: first, a low-key worsted or worsted flannel in navy, gray or olive, and then choose from among herringbone chevviots, a blue-gray glen plaid and a charcoal-brown sharkskin. The most popular dinner-jacket style will be black natural-shoulder in shawl or semipeak lapel, with the white formal jacket holding sway during spring. Dinner jackets are normally rented in the Midwest.

The blazer, here as elsewhere, is *de rigueur*, but colors vary. In order of popularity, you'll need navy, black, olive and camel. Three more sports jackets will fill out your wardrobe: we'd suggest a medium to heavyweight Shetland, a tweed in bold herringbones or muted plaids and a tropicweight or seersucker for the warm months. Match these with about a dozen pairs of softly shaded slacks, including three or four worsted flannels in medium or charcoal gray, a pair of olive flannels, two dark-worsted whipcords, and a couple of corduroys and chinos. A trend toward white wash-and-wear slacks seems to be a-borning in the Midwest and, if you want to be a pace-setter on your campus, you'll add a pair of these.

The overcoat is hardly optional in middle America's frozen plains and windy cities. A wool coat with full, warm lining, either in regular or three-quarter length, will do the job, and we also think you'll find a topcoat useful. A safe choice would be the natural-shoulder gray herringbone, but subdued tweed raglans will be seen at many schools, and so will the revived camel's-hair polo coat. A good supply of casual winter outerwear is essential. Do as your North-eastern fraternity brother does, by taking along a warm waist-length jacket, a duffel coat, and ski and golf jackets. As there are no definitive sweater trends in the Midwest, everything from plain and



on campus

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"Well, there goes the Middle East."

bulky wool cardigans to prominent-design ski types, classic Shetlands and lamb's wools, and cashmeres in both crew- and V-neck pullovers is perfectly acceptable. A total of six will do fine. (Tip: Watch for a resurgence of subdued camel colors.)

Butt-down and tab-collar shirts, in that order, predominate in the Midwest as elsewhere. White, blue and colored stripes on oxford cloth are basic, but fill out your complement of 14 with a couple in restrained olive and vivid sun colors. In sport shirts, the pullover with butt-down collar is pre-eminent, but conventional coat types also will be seen. Plaids, subdued prints and solid colors—both bright and mellow—are the fundamental patterns.

Hats are worn as much for protection as style in this stronghold of strong winters. A dark felt with narrow brim in either center-crease or front-pinch models will serve for those events when a lid is required. Add a poplin topper for seasonal skeins of rain and, if you want to tower sartorially above your peers, take along a fashionable green-velour Tyrolean. Midwestern footwear shows a marked tendency toward functionalism, so be sure your six pairs of shoes are strong, sturdy and serviceable. Black or brown classic loafers, plain-toed cordovans and desert-type boots are excellent for stepping out, but add a pair of ski boots, and some deck or tennis

shoes for casual wear.

Ties: A couple of dozen of all kinds will do fine, but be sure your reps are spirited to contrast the discreet tone of your basic apparel. **Socks:** Your 20 pairs should include a predominance of dark wools and crew socks, as well as several pairs of boldly tinted Argyles. **Belts:** Heavy leathers, webbing and colorful fabrics, all with broad harness buckles, will be seen on Midwestern campuses. **Mufflers:** One classic challis and one wool plaid will serve you well. **Gloves:** At least three pairs: one leather, one wool knit and a pair of ski mittens.

Take along a couple of flannel, ski-type pajamas for predictably frigid nights. Ditto for a warm wool robe, and perhaps one in light wash-and-wear cotton for fall and spring. As walk shorts are worn at the beginning and end of the Midwestern academic year, you'll be both comfortable and in style with a collection of chinos, madras, batiks and white ducks.

THE SOUTHWEST: From Baylor to Rice and Houston to Brigham Young, Southwestern sartorial preferences are a potpourri of Eastern and Western influences, sharply flavored by this section's own undaunted stamp of individuality. The same B.M.O.C. may be seen in a 10-gallon topper one day and a velour Tyrolean the next—or a pair of Western wheat jeans interchanged casually with black poplins.

Regional singularity, however, does not buck the national natural-shoulder trend even slightly; indeed, this style's unquestioned prevalence signals a more sophisticated outline for Southwestern student bodies than ever. Although generally subtle and subdued, the choice of colors here is wider than elsewhere in the U. S. A. Navy blue, dark gray, brown or black in light- or midweight worsteds are all acceptable for dress, as are gray and brown herringbones. You can fill out a neatly rounded complement of four suits by adding one or two hopsacks, sharkskins or flannels.

Like every other campus area, the Southwest is going to blazers, with navy, black and olive the established colors, and camel's hair promising to be a favored innovation. We think your sports-jacket collection will be well-balanced if you add a muted plaid or Shetland, a bold plaid, and a wide-wale herringbone in gray, tan or olive. Coordinate these with a dozen pairs of slacks, assuring yourself of at least four lightweight worsted flannels, as well as three in charcoal, one in olive, and the rest in chino, wash-and-wear poplin and wheat jeans. For parties and banquets, it is not improper to rent a dinner jacket in this area—a black shawl-collar lightweight natural-shoulder model for the mild winters and a white jacket for the milder springs.

The only overcoats seen in this temperate region are mothballed in the closets of transplanted Easterners. You'll be warm enough with a topcoat—either a dark-gray natural-shoulder herringbone or a dark-hued, fly-front split raglan. (Velvet trims and extremely snug tailoring are considered affected in the rugged Southwest.) For your casual needs, be sure to have a natural-color golf jacket, as well as a hooded duffel-type loden or a warmly lined three-quarter-length coat. If weekend mountain jaunts are in your curriculum, add an unlined ski jacket, and take along a three-quarter-length raglan natural raincoat or a black wash-and-wear poplin with zip-in wool or pile liner for occasional rainy days.

Southwestern individuality really runs rampant on the vividly hued sweater scene. Wide, colorfully contrasting stripes, brilliant solid tones and vibrant ski types will be seen throughout the area. We don't think you'll make the casual classroom, *Hofbrau* and spectator-sport circuits comfortably with fewer than eight. Include a couple of three-button cardigans, several pullovers and a supply of classics in lamb's wool and Shetland. Shirts, on the other hand, will generally be seen and not heard: loud stripe and

color patterns in the Southwest are reserved for the fashion iconoclast. As buttondown oxfords predominate, we believe you'll be well-prepared with 20 in the basic colors: white, blue and olive. Include some fine, medium or broad stripes according to your own taste. Vary your collection of a dozen sport shirts from the deep madras, hopsacks and other cottons to the lighter gingham checks and muted stripes.

Bare heads are fashionable in this section, but you may want a poplin rain hat for those rare cloudbursts and perhaps a 10-gallon topper for laughs. As for shoes, you should have a half-dozen pairs on your rack. From the formal to the casual, try to include cordovans, saddles, and plain-toed bluchers in brown or black; hand-stitched loafers; wingtip cordovans and a couple of pairs of tennis or deck shoes.

Ties: Since broader ties are cutting a wide swath in the Southwest, we'd suggest you leave home any cravats narrower than $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches. Take along a couple of dozen of the expanded widths in regimental and broad-striped reps, at least one black knit, and small-patterned challis and foulards. *Socks:* Dark tones dominate, except for the white socks worn with wheat jeans or walk shorts; your collection of 18 should include several somber-shaded ribs, stretch socks and crews. *Belts:* You'll need five, in leather, webbing or fabric, all with heavy buckles. *Gloves:* One leather pair to match your topcoat and a warmly lined pair for weekend mountaineering. *Vests:* The odder the better. Three bright ones (a solid color, a tattersall check and a plaid) will liven up your sport combinations. *Robes:* Patterns — plaids and deep-tone paisleys, preferably — are favored over solids in the Southwest. One robe will be sufficient.

Sun-tanned legs are a common and accepted sight on Southwestern quadrangles, so be sure to tote along about eight pairs of walk shorts. Bermudas — in solids, madras and white duck — are the most popular.

THE WEST COAST: From Puget Sound to the Mexican border, Western colleges and universities, true to the spirit of old frontiersmanship, are indomitable outposts of individuality, and they share little in common besides the Rocky Mountains and Pacific Ocean (and, of course, the inexorable natural-shoulder accent). Because the proximity of beach and mountains all along the coast allows the Western collegian an endless variety of outdoor diversions (particularly in California) — from water skiing one weekend to snow skiing the next — his sports wardrobe should be suitably arrayed.

Our rugged all worsted cheviot suit is natural shouldered and cut to the dictates of tradition. In classic colorings and contemporary heather shadings, about \$70 with vest at Hamburger's, Baltimore; Boyd's, Philadelphia; National Clothing Co., Rochester, N.Y.; Bruce Hunt, Washington, D.C.; Lorrays, New York & branches; Lytton's, Chicago; University Shops, Columbus, Athens, Oxford, Bowling Green, Ohio, and other fine stores.



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Basic suit colors, from Seattle to Los Angeles, are navy and charcoal gray in worsteds and flannels, with gabardines and coverts making determined inroads and glen plaids showing pacemaking possibilities. If your campus is located north of San Francisco, we recommend that you include in your complement of five suits a lightweight brown tweed and a poplin or cord; for Southern California, substitute some Dacron worsteds and other light- and midweights for the heavies. Dinner jackets are rentable, but if you'd like to have your own, take along a black natural-shoulder model and a white one as well.

In blazers, although navy is still the favorite shade all along the Coast (with camel's hair coming on strong), bright red will also be seen on southern campuses and deep burgundy farther north. You'll want, in addition to your blazer, a diagonal tweed, a modestly patterned Shetland, a muted plaid and a madras-cotton jacket. Match these with

worsted-flannel slacks in gray and olive, tan and olive chinos, wash-and-wear poplins in grays, browns and natural colors. Tan cavalry twills will be worn all along the Coast, and watch for fields of wheat jeans in California.

Overcoats are optional along the southern coastline, but Northwesterners will want a full-length herringbone wrap-around, while students all along the Pacific will find a natural-shoulder herringbone topcoat useful for formal wear. Tan, oyster or black three-quarter-length raincoats, with zip-in liners, are recommended to ward off regional smog, fog and precipitation. Since casual outerwear is worn for almost any occasion here, you'll be well-prepared with a collection chosen from: light-blue or oyster golf jackets; unlined nylon ski parkas; wide-wale corduroy jackets in natural and olive; laminated knits; and fleece-lined jackets. The farther your alma mater is from California's celebrated sunshine, the more duffel and loden coats, hooded fleece-

lined parkas and wool plaid lumberjackets you should include. Because there are no definitive sweater trends on the West Coast this year, you'll be safe with half-a-dozen chosen at random from the styles prevalent in the other five campus regions.

California casualness has influenced the entire West Coast as far as dress shirts are concerned and, since they're worn only for the most formal events, we don't think you'll need more than a dozen. Among them you can include, in the warmer climes, both long and short sleeves in buttondown and tab-collar oxfords; as you move north, you should lean toward stripes and checks. The common denominator in sport shirts is buttondown, tapered madras, solids, and checks, but California also favors high-style sweatshirts in rainbow colors while Oregonians and Washingtonians go for wool flannels and Pendleton forestry-type apparel.

Off the top of the head (and in storage) is where West Coast hats generally are, so you'll need only a couple. A center-crease clay or dark-brown felt (in the narrower brim—1½ inches) will do for most occasions, although you might want to add a knockabout poplin rain hat and a cap. Seven pairs of shoes, on the other hand, would be a proper footnote to your basic fashion text. We suggest as first choice a couple of pairs of wingtips in black or brown, followed by brown cordovans and black saddles, black plain-toed bluchers, brown cordovan bluchers, and black or brown classic loafers. You'll probably want a pair of desert boots, too, and you may find that white bucks are showing up on your campus—but it's wise to check before you buy.

Ties: The strong casual accent on the West Coast means fewer ties; for most men, a dozen will do. Take along the usual reps, challis, foulards and black knits; add a couple of square-end cottons and silks for California. **Socks:** Eighteen pairs, mostly crews, but also several dark hose and a couple of subdued Argyles. **Belts:** Four or five in leather, webbing or fabric. All should have harness buckles.

Take along a washable cotton robe, and four or five pairs of walk shorts in poplin, cord and madras.

There it is. Although the general fashion outlook for 1963/1964 is subdued and conservative, your wardrobe can be as smart and jaunty as your imagination allows; and if fashion is any criterion, you're going to spend a relaxed academic year—for right dress has never been more at ease.



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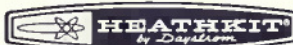
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Life Work of Juan Diaz

(continued from page 112)

"We will have money to eat with. Would you deny my children this?"

But Ricardo was not listening. Near the far wall he tilted his head this way and that and rubbed his chin, squinting at the tall shape which enwrapped its own shadow, which kept its own silence, leaning against the adobe.

"A toy," mused Ricardo. "The largest Death Toy I have ever seen. I have seen man-sized skeletons in windows, and man-sized coffins made of cardboard and filled with candy skulls, yes. But *this!* I stand in awe, Filomena."

"Awe?" said the gravedigger, his voice rising to a shriek. "This is no toy, this is—"

"Do you swear, Filomena," said Ricardo, not looking at him. He reached out and tapped a few times on the rust-colored chest of the figure. It made the sound of a lonely drum. "Do you swear that this is papier-mâché?"

"By the Virgin, I swear."

"Well, then." Ricardo shrugged, snorted, laughed. "It is simple. If you swear by the Virgin, what more need be said. No court action is necessary. Besides, it might take weeks or months to prove or disprove this, or is not, a thing of flour paste and old newspapers colored with brown earth."

"Weeks, months, prove, disprove!" The gravedigger turned in a circle as if to challenge the sanity of the universe, held tight and impossible in these four walls.

"This 'toy' is mine, my property, mine!"

"The 'toy,'" said Filomena, serenely, gazing out at the hills, "if it is a toy, and made by me, must surely belong to me. And even —" she went on, quietly, communing with the new reserve of peace in her body, "even if it is *not* a toy, and it is indeed Juan Diaz come home, why then does not Juan Diaz belong first to God?"

"How can one argue that?" wondered Ricardo.

The gravedigger was willing to try. But before he had stuttered forth a half-dozen words, Filomena said:

"And after God, in God's eyes, and at God's altar and in God's church, on one of God's holiest afternoons, did not Juan Diaz say that he would be mine throughout his days?"

"Throughout his days, ah, ha, there you are!" said the gravedigger. "But his days are over, and now he is mine!"

"So," said Filomena, "God's property first, and then Filomena Diaz' property, that is if this toy is not a toy and is Juan Diaz, and anyway, landlord of the dead, you evicted your tenant, you so much as said you did not want him. If you love him so dearly and wish his return, will you pay the *new* rent and tenant him again?"

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But so smothered by rage was the landlord of silence that it gave Ricardo time to step in:

"Gravekeeper, I see many months and many lawyers, and many points, fine points, to argue this way and that, which include real estate, toy manufacturers, God, Filomena, one Juan Diaz wherever he is, hungry children, the conscience of a digger of graves, and so much complication that death's business will suffer. Under the circumstances are you prepared for these long years in and out of court?"

"I am prepared—" said the gravedigger, and paused.

"My good man," said Ricardo, "the other night you gave me some small bit of advice which I now return to you. I do not tell you how to control your dead. You now, do not say how I control the living. Your jurisdiction ends at the tombyard gate. Beyond stand my citizens, silent or otherwise. So—"

Ricardo thumped the upright figure a last time on its hollow chest. It gave forth the sound of a beating heart, a single strong and vibrant thump which made the gravedigger jerk. Ricardo finished:

"I pronounce this officially fake, a toy, no mummy at all. We waste time here. Come along, citizen gravedigger. Back to your proper land! Goodnight, Filomena's children, Filomena, good cousin."

"What about *it*, what about *him*?" said the gravedigger, motionless, pointing.

"Why do you worry?" asked Ricardo. "It goes nowhere. It stays if you should wish to pursue the law. Do you see it running? You do not. Goodnight. Goodnight."

The door slammed. They were gone before Filomena could put out her hand to thank anyone.

She moved in the dark to place a candle at the foot of the tall cornhusk-dry silence. This is a shrine now, she thought, yes. She lit the candle.

"Do not fear, children," she murmured. "To sleep now. To sleep." And Filepe lay down and the others lay back, and at last Filomena herself lay with a single thin blanket over her on the woven mat by the light of the single candle and her thoughts before she moved into sleep were long thoughts of the many days that made up tomorrow. In the morning, she thought, the tourist cars will sound on the road, and Filepe will move among them, telling them of this place. And there will be a painted sign outside this door: MUSEUM — 30 centavos. And the tourists will come in because the graveyard is on the hill, but we are first, we are here in the valley, and close at hand and easy to find. And one day soon with these tourists' money we shall mend the roof, and buy great sacks of fresh corn

flour, and some tangerines, yes, for the children. And perhaps one day we will all travel to Mexico City, to the very big schools because of what has happened on this night.

For Juan Diaz is truly home, she thought. He is here, he waits for those who would come to see him. And at his feet I will place a bowl into which the tourists will put more money than Juan Diaz himself tried so hard to earn in all his life.

Juan. She raised her eyes. The breathing of the children was hearth-warm about her. Juan, do you see? Do you know? Do you truly understand? Do you forgive, Juan, do you forgive?

The candle flame flickered.

She closed her eyes. Behind her lids she saw the smile of Juan Diaz, and whether it was the smile that death had carved upon his lips, or whether it was a new smile she had given him or imagined for him, she could not say. Enough that she felt him standing tall and alone and on guard watching over them and proud through the rest of the night.

A dog barked faraway in a nameless town.

Only the gravedigger, wide awake in his tombyard, heard.



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women in business (continued from page 163)

reddish-haired girl in the sweater."

(Be quick to establish identity.)

"Oh, that one. Well, I do need some help. Strong—"

"Don't say I told you, J. B., but she's been admiring you for months."

If your girl is handy to throw into the breach, you can deal with emergencies quickly. Between emergencies it will be up to you to keep her occupied.

The Battle-Ax. This ruthless and power-hungry type depends not upon charm or appeal but upon feline scheming. It will sometimes be said of her that "she thinks like a man." This will not be the case. No one but a man *thinks* like a man.

The battle-ax is not only dangerous. She can, if given the power to hire and fire, change the entire complexion of an office group. Suspicious of sex, she may bring in a different type of woman — and not the kind you would select yourself! Before you know it, the office may become a drab and unfriendly place, one where you will find no solace or comfort.

Once again, you must fight fire with fire, but remember that her fire is of a different type.

"Oh, Miss Axel, I understand I don't need to bother you with the legal reports anymore."

"Bother me, Mr. Strong? Why, I've been handling them for years!"

(Be sure you choose a sphere of influence that she has been trying to absorb for most of her business life.)

"Oh, then it isn't true! Thought I heard little Miss Breasted speaking to Mr. Biggley about that. Could have been mistaken."

(Miss Axel will deal swiftly with little Miss Breasted. However, if you

have selected a protégée of top management, one of the two may have to leave, and it may not be Miss Breasted.)

BASIC WEAKNESSES OF THE WOMAN EXECUTIVE

There are several weaknesses common to all women executives. They should be thoroughly exploited.

Mutual Suspicion. All women executives are suspicious of all other women executives, because only a woman knows how dangerous another woman can be.

They will never stick together for mutual protection. Instead, they will attack each other viciously if properly encouraged. Encourage them. For example, find a simple overlapping of responsibility.

"Uh, J. B., I've decided where we can put the Invoices Returnable."

"Where, Strong?"

"Too much for either Miss La Tour or Miss Axel separately. Thought we'd just let them work together on it."

"Aren't you afraid that—"

"No problem! Regular team, those girls!"

Give them six or eight weeks and you will soon find which one is the stronger.

Lack of Maleness. Women executives — in fact, all women — lack the fine *manly* qualities of men. Use this against them. No matter what you are talking about with other males, try to create the impression that the woman executive is always breaking into the middle of a dirty story.

For example, if you see her approaching your group:

"Reminds me of that terrific story

of yours, J. B. — the salesman, the monkey and the window shade!"

(Laugh wildly. As she comes into earshot, pull your face suddenly into a mask, nudge everyone elaborately and say:)

"Now about that financial statement, uh—"

After a while, if she doesn't start to crack up, you can give her the *coup de grâce*:

"Now the client wouldn't want me to repeat this, J. B., but he's a man's man, and—"

"What did he say, Strong?"

"Well, fact is he can't speak his *mind* with women around."

Keep this up and soon the office will be a nicer place in which to work.

BE CONSIDERATE

Once you have taken care of the women executives, you will be left comfortably with the bareheaded women of the office force, women trained to be the handmaidens of the modern businessman.

Select them carefully and treat them well and your business life will be both rich and happy.

Always be considerate. Never demand too much.

"My, five o'clock already! Well, no need to type all those memos tonight, Miss Breasted."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Strong."

"Any time at all, at your convenience. Just be sure they're on my desk at 8:30 tomorrow morning."

She will appreciate your thinking of her.

Keep up morale at all times. Remember, a happy office is an efficient office!

CHIN UP!

And now, as we leave the library and turn once more to living and to life, let us hope that our moments together have made us wiser, broader and deeper.

Those of you who have read these words are now enlisted in our small but growing band of Enlightened Males, spreading our message of hope throughout the world.

If there is one word you can carry with you it is *Love* and if there is one phrase it is *Think of Others* — and especially, *Think of Women*.

Some men think of women from morning to night — and they are happy men, indeed.

Our debt to womankind is greater than we will ever know — and if we can but repay one small fraction of it we shall not have lived in vain.





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ah, women, women (continued from page 101)

ground a large bundle of magazines tied together with string. Erminio said promptly: "If you like, I'll carry it for you." Another smile from Fiammetta and another glance. "Thank you, but I live a long way off." "Never mind," he said, "it's a pleasure." Fiammetta cast a hesitant look toward the bar on the other side of the piazza, where, through the window, could be seen the sprightly figure of Ettore standing behind the counter; then she accepted: "All right, then, thank you." At this point I intervened: "What about the cinema?" But Erminio said hurriedly: "We'll see each other tomorrow, Alessandro; we can go to the cinema another day." So off they went, she tall and he short, she upright and a little stiff, just like a doll, he with his whole body turned toward her, looking as though he were dancing the tarantella. I wanted to shout after him: "Go slow, don't get so excited, Fiammetta is engaged and will soon be married"; but then I reflected that it was their affair, so I shrugged my shoulders, crossed the piazza and went into the bar.

Ettore, as he worked the levers of the machine, asked me, with a gloomy expression on his heavily mustached face (he has a harelip and this always gives him a menacing look): "Who's that little tyke who was with Fiammetta?" "Oh, it's nothing, nothing," I replied hastily; "a cousin of mine from Viterbo, who leaves

tomorrow morning." He pulled down the levers with his muscular arms, and then said: "Fiammetta's always far too familiar with every Tom, Dick and Harry—I don't mean your cousin, of course. Anyhow, it's high time she stopped it."

• • •

I live with my mother, alone, in Via della Lungarina; and we have two rooms and a kitchen. For Erminio we had put up a camp bed in the kitchen; and to get to it he had to pass through my room. That night I waited quite a long time for him to come in; finally, privately cursing all cousins from Viterbo, I tried to go to sleep. I was awakened suddenly by someone shaking my arm; automatically I looked at the alarm clock on the bed table and saw that it was five o'clock. Quickly I sat up in bed, saying: "What is it?" Sitting on the end of the bed, Erminio was smiling at me in a way that seemed to me positively painful. "Goodness me," I said, "are you mad, waking me up at this hour?" "I woke you up to tell you something very important," he replied. "And what is this thing that's so important?" "It really is important: I'm going to marry Fiammetta." I leaped up in bed and said: "Hey, you've been drinking, have you?" "No, I haven't been drinking," he said. "Fiammetta and I spent some hours together yesterday evening and at the end I realized that she's

exactly the right woman for me, so I asked her to be my wife and she accepted." "She accepted?" "Yes—well, it's exactly as if she'd accepted." "But she's engaged to Ettore, the barman; didn't she tell you that?" "Yes, she told me, and I pointed out to her that he's not at all the right type for her, so she asked me for a little time to make up her mind and to break with him." I looked at him in astonishment and thought I must still be asleep and dreaming; he went on talking quietly, saying that it had been like a bolt from the blue, as they say; that he and Fiammetta were made for each other; that they had the same tastes, even for the country, which she loved and where he would take her to live as soon as they were married. At last he said: "Well, I'll leave you now. I've been wandering round all night; I was so happy I didn't want to sleep, but now I feel tired"; and off he went, leaving me sitting there, still unable to determine whether I was really awake.

Later that morning I went straight to Piazza Mastai. From a long way off I could catch a glimpse, inside the kiosk, of Fiammetta's big blonde head, bending forward: as usual, she was reading. I went over and, as I put down the money for a newspaper, I said to her: "Well, so we shall be eating this wedding cake quite soon."

She lifted her head and smiled at me: "Not so very soon; in four months' time."

"Oh, well, that's nothing. I'm very pleased, really very pleased. Only I'm sorry you're leaving Rome and that you'll forget us poor people in Trastevere."

She opened her eyes wide. "Leaving Rome? But why?"

"Well, he lives at Viterbo."

"He? Who?"

"My cousin Erminio."

"But how does Erminio come into it?"

Suddenly I saw that there was a confusion, and I explained myself. She listened to me and then said: "Your cousin's crazy. It's true that we spent yesterday evening together, and it's true that, at the end, crazy as he is, he asked me to marry him. But I told him that I was engaged and that he mustn't even think of it. Even apart from that, having to live in the country—"

"Why, he told me you had a passion for the country."

"Don't you believe it."

So none of it was true. Finally, however, Fiammetta remarked: "Now that I come to think of it, when we parted he said to me: 'I count on it, then; you'll choose between Ettore and myself'; and I, having done all I could to persuade him that such a choice did not exist, shrugged my shoulders and didn't bother to answer him. He must have taken my silence for consent."

"I daresay," I said, "you gave your consent not only by your silence, but



"Money's my god."



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with your mouth and your eyes too, by smiling and looking at him. Why do you have to be so flirtatious?"

"I'm not flirtatious, I'm just good-natured."

After that morning, things still went on in the same way. Erminio saw Fiammetta and then told me that it was now an accomplished fact and that she was merely hesitating as to the best way to get rid of Ettore; Fiammetta, on the other hand, told me that there was no truth in it and that Erminio was putting things into her mouth that she would never have dreamed of saying, and was mistaking politeness for love; Ettore, on his side, was losing patience and, by what he said, threatening bloodshed. The time came for me to leave for Terni, with my uncle's brick lorry. So I said to Erminio one morning: "The sooner this is settled, the better; besides, I've got to go away. Come along now to Piazza Mastai, to the bar, and get things straightened out with Ettore and Fiammetta." "I ask nothing better," he replied.

We went to Piazza Mastai and I called Fiammetta out of the kiosk and took her by the arm; I took Erminio by the arm too, and thus made my entrance into the bar, announcing: "Ettore, here's the engaged couple."

It was early and there was no one in the bar. Ettore immediately rushed out from behind the counter, exclaiming: "Look here, is this a joke? What do you

mean, engaged couple?"

"Let's sit down," I said calmly. "And now let's do a little cross-questioning. You, Erminio, just repeat what Fiammetta said to you yesterday evening."

"She said," he replied impudently, "that she had to choose between me and Ettore, that she knew it and only wanted a little time."

"And you, Fiammetta, what have you to say?"

"That I said exactly the opposite; that he had no reason to hope."

"Yes, but you said it in a certain sort of way, as if you wanted to make me understand that I *could* have some hope, after all."

"Don't you believe it."

Ettore, who had remained standing, hands on hips, intervened threateningly at this juncture, looking like a wild boar, his harelip raised above his white teeth. He went up to Erminio and, putting his closed fist, big as a child's head, under his nose, he turned it round and round as though he wanted to make him smell it thoroughly, and then said: "Here's your choice: this fist or the journey back to Viterbo. And now, get out—"

"But I—"

"Get out, you miserable wretch; otherwise, even if you are a cousin of Alessandro, who's a friend of mine—"

When we were outside the bar, Erminio rubbed his hands together. "I'm staying where I am," he said. "Did you see how

she looked at me? And how she smiled at me? I feel it, I feel it, all I need is to persevere and I'll bring it off. Ah, women, women; you don't know them as I do."

"Now listen," I said, "why don't you come with me to Terni? It'll be a nice trip and we'll enjoy ourselves."

"For goodness' sake, not now when she's on the point of deciding. I must stay here. I must strike while the iron is hot."

So I went off alone, that same afternoon. I was away for three days and came back on the evening of the fourth. I happened by chance to go to Piazza Mastai and saw that Fiammetta was dismantling the kiosk before shutting it up, as she was accustomed to do every day at that time. I went across to her, and she said at once: "I was sorry about Erminio. But really he asked for it."

"What happened?"

"Why, don't you know? Ettore and he came to blows yesterday morning. Luckily some of the boys from the garage next door were there to separate them. But, all the same, he punched him in the face and afterward Erminio's eye was closed up and black all round."

"Your fault, for being so flirtatious."

"His fault, for being so obstinate. But do you know what he said to me? 'You've got my address at Viterbo. As soon as you make up your mind, let me know; you might even send me a telegram.'"

"Ah, well, love prevents people from seeing straight."

"Perfectly true."

A few months later the wedding took place, at last, at the Church of San Pasquale Bailonne. After the ceremony, the wedding breakfast was to be held at a restaurant close by, in Via della Lungarina. Outside the church I slipped away, together with some other guests; it was raining and we were hurrying along, when suddenly I heard my name called: "Alessandro!"

I turned and saw Erminio beckoning to me from a narrow lane. "I was in the church and followed the whole ceremony; I was near the altar," he said.

"A nice service, wasn't it?"

"And do you know? She saw me, although I was hiding behind a pillar. And, just a moment before saying 'Yes' to the priest, she turned and smiled at me. Ah, women, women! Do you know what I say? That she's marrying against her will and that, after some time, if I want to, I might even—"

"In love," I said to him, "what counts is the feeling. Let things be. Her feeling is yours. What's left to Ettore? Only the appearance."

He seemed convinced. "That's true," he said. "But it comes to the same thing, when you're speaking of women."

"Ah, indeed, women, women . . ."



"I've told you a dozen times, Walsh, we can't use dames in this campaign . . ."



30 colorful ways to put your foot in it

Wild colors. Quiet colors. Ivy colors. Heather colors. Just about any colors. Take your choice. Match them with your sweaters. Coordinate them with your sportswear. Or buy white. If their richness looks and feels like cashmere, don't be deceived. Gold Cup socks are really a very practical

blend of 75% Orlon® and 25% nylon, with an extra measure of nylon to reinforce the heel. Very rugged. Very comfortable. If you haven't tried a pair, treat yourself. \$1.50 will buy you the pleasure.

BURLINGTON GOLD CUP



BURLINGTON-BALFOUR MILLS, A DIVISION OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES, 1900 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK 10



"Pardon me, but would you be interested in a side-show career on another planet?"

BUSINESSMAN AT BAY (continued from page 130)

operations or were placed in receivership during 1933.

One banker who ignored the widespread cries of impending calamity and went ahead to build his banking business was Carl A. Bimson of the Arizona Valley National Bank. Instead of running for cover and tightening up on loan policy, Bimson went out to "sell" loans to Arizonans in need of money. That his imagination and aggressive, courageous policies paid off is proven by the fact that though, in 1933, Valley National had deposits of less than \$8,000,000, today, the Arizona bank and its president, Carl Bimson — who most certainly belongs in my fifth category — can boast that deposits have swollen phenomenally to nearly \$600,000,000.

In 1959, Thomas E. Sunderland moved out of the oil business — and into the fruit business. He took over the presidency of the giant United Fruit Company, accepting a job that many lesser men would have feared — or even refused to touch. The outlook for the future at United Fruit was hardly a glowing one when he stepped into the top executive position. Eight years earlier, in 1951, the company had made a profit of more than \$50,000,000. In the years that followed, profits skidded — dropping to \$12,000,000 in 1959 and dipping even lower to less than \$3,000,000 in 1960.

Thomas Sunderland soon proved that he deserves to be ranked high among the elite of the business world. Sunderland gave the huge company a thorough, top-to-bottom overhaul. Confident and enthusiastic, he launched a massive counterattack against all the factors which were causing United Fruit's profits to fade. He shifted personnel, revised policy, modernized methods, reduced costs and increased efficiency. He achieved remarkable results in record time.

In 1961, United Fruit reported that second-quarter profits alone exceeded \$6,500,000. The company's stock, which had slumped as low as 17¼, had risen to 27¾ by January 1962.

Anyone having knowledge of the American business scene could cite countless other examples paralleling these random few that I have mentioned. All would further help to prove that when the really topflight businessman is at bay, he very often turns adversity and even impending calamity into victory.

I've encountered my share of adversity and reverses. As a wildcatter, I've spent fortunes drilling many thousands of feet into the ground at one time or another — to strike nothing but sand. I've had other wells that cost other fortunes run dry or blow up and burn.

I soon learned to accept such misfortunes philosophically and to take them in my stride, for I realized that I would

not be able to stay in business very long if I permitted them to discourage me. In fact, each setback seemed to serve as a special incentive and stimulus to try again — but even harder the next time.

There were many other, more-complex trials and blows, too. I recall, for example, the sharp break in crude-oil prices that occurred in 1921, when oil, which had been selling at \$3.50 per barrel, dropped to \$1.75 per barrel in less than 10 days — and the price continued to spiral down in the days that followed. At least one of the companies in which I held a substantial interest became hard-pressed for cash as a result of the price crisis.

When I met with other directors of the company, there were those among them who verged on panic. Fortunately, the majority remained calm and objective. Any suggestions that the company close its doors were immediately voted down. Instead, it was agreed to retrench, and the directors agreed to obtain the money needed to keep the company going. They also agreed to slash their compensation to the bone and reduce management salaries until the crisis was past. In time, the petroleum market became stabilized once more — and as soon as conditions returned to normal, the directors and management implemented an ambitious program which greatly increased the company's sales and profits within a very short period.

I also have vivid recollections of a memorable campaign my associates and I conducted to obtain control of a large company. The incumbent — and well-entrenched — directors of the company fought us fiercely at every step. However, although the financial resources at our disposal were far less than those of the opposition, we managed to do a bit more than merely hold our own, and the battle seesawed for a considerable time.

Then, at one point, the opposition sensed that I had almost exhausted my financial resources by buying the company's stock — and that for a time I would be unable to purchase any more. As I was still far short of having a controlling interest in the company, the incumbent directors believed that they now had the upper hand. Swiftly changing their tactics, they decided to allow the issue to be decided by all the stockholders.

This, of course, meant a proxy contest. In a burst of chivalrous magnanimity, the opposition entered into a sort of "gentleman's agreement" with our side. To prevent the proxy contest from degenerating into a rough-and-tumble fight that could injure the company's reputation, solicitation of proxies would be limited to one reasonably worded letter from each side. The two letters — one urging the stockholders to give their proxies to our side, the other asking them

to give their proxies to the incumbent board — would be mailed in the same envelope to each stockholder. Thus, the individual stockholder would have both sides of the story before him — and he could make his own decision as to which of the two groups best deserved to control the company.

My associates and I unhesitatingly accepted what we considered to be a gentlemanly agreement. Our letter was duly composed, reproduced and sent off together with the one prepared by the opposition. When that had been done, I assumed that the die was cast and that nothing further would be — or could be — done to influence the outcome of the contest.

Then, only a few days before the scheduled stockholders meeting, one of my aides burst into my office. His face was livid with anger, and he clutched a piece of paper in his hand.

"Read this!" he exclaimed, thrusting the paper at me. I took it and found that it was a letter — a *second* letter — which the opposition had sent out to the stockholders only a day or two earlier. And what a letter it was!

The gist of the no-holds-barred missive was a virulent personal attack on me and a highly objectionable — and entirely baseless — implication that my motives for seeking control of the company were, at best, dubious. I called my associates and held a hasty council of war. What could be done at that late stage of the game? Not much, some of my associates declared dispiritedly. There wasn't enough time.

"I'm afraid this licks us, Paul," one man said, shaking his head in resignation. "Nothing in this letter is true — but it's going to have a tremendous impact on the stockholders. Not having any way of checking up on the charges that have been made, they'll play it safe and give their proxies to the other side."

"You really think we're licked?" I asked, glancing around at the men in the room with me. Some heads nodded assent. The faces of some other men showed that they weren't entirely convinced that all was lost. A few of my associates indicated that they refused to accept defeat that easily.

"Nuts!" one of them snorted. "We still have a chance!"

"I think so, too," I announced. "Now, let's get to work and do something."

Working feverishly against a deadline that was far too close for comfort, we composed our own second letter. Instead of calumny, we stated facts and figures that completely demolished every argument and charge advanced by the opposition.

Then, working straight through the day and night and the day that followed, we — secretaries, clerks, typists, executives, my associates and I — reproduced the

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Science now rearranges wool molecules to create **permanently creased pure wool trousers.**

A crease that will last for the life of the trousers.

Pure wool fits, hangs, tailors and wears like no other fabric ever invented.

M'sieur Slacks proves wool's superiority. Here in jet black, M'sieur Slacks offers a complete range of colors and styles all perfectly tailored by Eagle.

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... personalized PLAYBOY matches, imprinted with your name or initials (limit: 22 spaces) and the distinctive PLAYBOY rabbit. 25 match books, in white on black, smartly boxed. Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

\$3 ppd.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
232 East Ohio St. • Chicago 11, Illinois



ORDER OF THE PLAYMATE GARTER

... a lighthearted honor your playmate will treasure for years. Sleek black satin and misty imported French lace, embroidered with the PLAYBOY bunny. Choose black or white lace. \$2 ppd.

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
232 East Ohio St. • Chicago 11, Illinois

letters, addressed envelopes to thousands of stockholders, folded and inserted the letters, and sealed and stamped the envelopes. At last, we finished the staggering job — and exhausted men and women carried bundles of the letters to the nearest post office for mailing.

Would the letters reach the stockholders in time? We could only hope, and wait to see what happened at the stockholders meeting a few days later. But we didn't have to wait that long. The response to our second letter was astounding. Replies began to pour in from stockholders two days before the meeting.

"We might make it yet," one of my aides remarked. And we did make it.

Cold facts, stated clearly and plainly, proved to be more convincing to the stockholders than were the heated, personal attacks and irresponsible charges that had been made by the opposition. To the shocked amazement of the incumbent directors — and the delight of my associates and myself — the voting at the stockholders meeting resulted in a clear-cut victory for our side!

Just a few years ago, it appeared that I was facing another serious — and potentially catastrophic — impasse. Exploration and drilling operations conducted by one of my companies in the Middle East indicated that areas in which we held the drilling concession would soon be producing crude oil in fantastic quantities. Unfortunately, various factors and restrictions would prevent us from importing more than a fraction of our production into the United States.

On the face of things, the outlook was anything but bright. Before long, immense quantities of crude oil would be pouring up out of the ground — but unless something was done, and quickly, most of it would be virtually worthless. Crude oil is, after all, only a raw material. It must be refined into other products which must then be distributed and marketed.

As time went on and we brought in more and more wells, there were those who openly predicted that I would soon find myself in a position from which I could not extricate myself. After spending staggering sums on obtaining the concession and on exploration and drilling, I would be left with oceans of crude oil which I could not market. There were even those who gleefully rumored that it wouldn't be long before Paul Getty would be in serious financial trouble.

I'll admit the corner was getting a bit uncomfortable — but it was far from being so tight that I couldn't make my way out of it. To the chagrin of those who were predicting that the Getty interests would soon drown in their oceans of excess crude oil, we found — in fact, we virtually created — new outlets for our production.

If we couldn't ship all our crude to the

United States for refining and sale, we would ship it elsewhere, even if we had to buy or build our own refineries in other countries. And that is precisely what we did, buying one almost-brand-new refinery in Italy, building another one in Denmark and finding other refinery capacity elsewhere. Now, of course, we are avidly searching for *more* crude oil in the Middle East and other areas around the globe.

Experiences such as these — and there have been many of them — have taught me that the time for the businessman to think and fight hardest is when the tide seems to be running against him and his prospects appear bleak. He can frequently turn even the worst of bad business situations to the advantage of his company, his stockholders and himself.

The successful businessman — the true business leader — is the individual who develops the ability to retain his composure in times of stress and in the face of setbacks.

The young businessman should strive to acquire and develop this and the related traits I have previously mentioned — and he should try very early in his career, for it will not be long before he encounters his first reverses and adversities. The manner in which he meets the first few tight situations in which he finds himself will often set the pattern for the

rest of his career.

Plainly, it is not possible for anyone to give a businessman specific, step-by-step advice on what he should — or should not — do when he suffers business reverses. There are far too many variables; each situation differs greatly from the next. On the other hand, there are certain fundamental principles which, if followed, will greatly aid any businessman in meeting adverse situations and transforming setbacks into successes:

1. No matter what happens, do not panic. The panic-stricken individual cannot think or act effectively. A certain amount of trouble is inevitable in any business career — when it comes, it should be met with calm determination.

2. When things go wrong, it is always a wise idea to pull back temporarily — to withdraw just long enough and far enough to view and evaluate the situation objectively.

3. In the opening stages of any developing adverse situation, it may be necessary and advisable to give some ground, to sacrifice those things which are least important and most expendable. But it should be a fighting withdrawal, a retrograde action that goes back only so far and no further. It must never be a disorderly retreat.

4. Next, all factors in the situation must be examined with meticulous care.

Every possible course of action must be weighed. All available resources — cerebral as well as financial, creative as well as practical — must be marshaled.

5. Countermoves must be planned with the greatest care and in the greatest of detail — yet with allowances for alternative courses in the event unforeseen obstacles are encountered. Counteraction must be planned on a scale consistent with the resources available — and the goals set must be conceivably attainable. It is well to bear in mind, however, that the impetus of a properly executed counterattack very often carries the counterattacking force far beyond the point from which it was driven in the first place.

6. Once everything is ready, action should be taken confidently, purposefully, aggressively — and above all, enthusiastically. There can be no hesitation — and it is here that the determination, personality and energy of the leader count the most.

The businessman — young or old — who guides himself according to these principles when he has suffered reverses will not remain at bay very long.

He will attain higher goals and achieve greater successes. He will demonstrate that he is not just another businessman — but that he qualifies fully as a business leader.



Men! It's
Old Spice
roll-on deodorant

new wide-stroke roller...

exclusive
new formula!

protects
more than
twice as long!

Old Spice
ROLL-ON DEODORANT

Old Spice
ROLL-ON DEODORANT

Old Spice
ROLL-ON DEODORANT

Old Spice
ROLL-ON DEODORANT

Wider coverage! ... up to 44% more per stroke. Unique new protection, with Allodrin[®], won't wash away. Protects more than twice as long as ordinary deodorants! 1.00 plus tax.

Extra Bonus — the clean, crisp, masculine aroma of Old Spice!

Also available in Canada.

SHULTON

LOVE, DEATH (continued from page 94)

explained, with a kind of reverential emphasis upon the name of his beloved — and off he dashed to the florist's for a preview of her going-away corsage, which he had dutifully ordered the week before.

Alone with my thoughts and a four-ounce blast of an unfamiliar gin *de jour*, I hefted the well-thumbed magazine and read over the article titles listed on its cover — a trio of modern-bridesy think pieces on such vital subjects as "Choosing Your Wedding Music," "Diamonds to Dream On" and "Honeymoon Ideas."

Curious as to what new and lively honeymoon notions the editors might have worked out for today's adventurous young newlyweds, I flipped through the book and found that *Modern Bride's* interest in nuptial nights and conjugal journeys was largely touristic. The best they had to offer was an illustrated travel guide to places like San Juan, Puerto Rico ("You'll pass the Callejon de las Monjas — the Lane of the Nuns . . . and

the Rare Book Museum whose collection includes books carried by Christopher Columbus on his voyages to America. You'll also pass stores like Dolphin Court and Martha Sleeper's and Casa Cavanaugh . . ."), Quebec ("Some of the dream quality lasts on into your first shopping trip here as well, for you'll find your dream china at prices well below those at home. Silver, sweaters, seal slippers, Lalique glass, English and Scottish woollens, linens — you'll find them hard to resist."), and Cartagena, Colombia, where there didn't seem to be a hell of a lot to buy except some local seafood and fruit drinks.

For newlyweds who might be hesitant to venture south of the border or north of Schroon Lake, there were advertisements for domestic honeymoon hostels on the order of Mount Airy Lodge ("You'll be part of a gay, fun-loving group of Honeymooners, whose days and nights are filled with a 'whirl' of activi-

ties"), and the "fabulous 'new Mr. & Mrs.' cottages at Merry Hill in the picturesque Pocono Mountains," which boasted such alluring extras as hayrides, hula classes, wienie roasts, sleepyhead breakfasts and a pizza pantry. Though all but the most oblique references to marital intimacy were discreetly avoided, the possibility that some couples might want to sneak away from the gang long enough to try their skill at sleepyhead lovemaking was anticipated by at least two advertisers who had a couple of rare old books to sell: *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex*, and the new 44th edition of *A Marriage Manual* — thoughtful, authoritative tomes that purported to answer such age-old connubial conundrums as, "What causes climax in women?" "Is a human egg like a bird's?" and "Who is fit for marriage?"

Skipping the egg question, which could be of interest only to inquisitive Brownies, a quick scanning of the other ads left the impression that the modern bride might be moved to experience a rather profound orgasm upon receiving a gift of name-brand bath towels, and that fitness for marriage depended less upon her ability to win the love of the right man than upon her ability to promote the right wedding gifts. "Assert yourself. But be sweet about it," a slender bride in a white gossamer veil advised the reader in a typically romantic pitch. "Right now everything's going your way — you've got *him*. And, of course, everybody loves a bride. So isn't this a pretty good time to be specific? You'll get off to a flying start in your first kitchen by mentioning HAMILTON BEACH. . . ."

Hamilton Beach, it should be explained, was neither a seaside honeymoon resort nor the groom's name, but the trade handle for a line of kitchen appliances. Since none of the advertisers was in the business of selling pop-up husbands or fully automatic fiancés, the groom seldom entered the picture. When he did, it was only as a kind of well-heeled walk-on — a mute and adoring minor figure who would bring home the status and serve to legalize the girl's big love affair with a set of silverware. On one page, an array of seven erect teaspoons was offered as suitors for milady's affection: "Penrose, and 6 other Wallace favorites . . . which one will you marry?" In another full-page wedding spread, the ardent silversmiths made bold to counsel the marriage-minded miss on "How to marry the right sterling and live happily ever after!"

But these are just advertisements, I reminded myself. If the Romantic Ideal comes in for a royal roughing up, and the American girl seems to view marriage purely in terms of acquiring stuff and glomming on to a male provider — what else can you expect? — that's what



"To me she will always be the little girl in 'National Velvet.'"

moves merchandise. Shaking off the disturbing realization that such grossly materialistic appeals could not possibly succeed in motivating the modern bride to patronize an advertiser if his picture of marriage were truly at variance with her own, I turned hopefully to the magazine's text, expecting to find that the editors had made an effort to bring the advertisers' acquisitive, thing-oriented view of holy matrimony into a richer and more meaningful perspective.

But not so. In addition to offering a display of "Diamonds to Dream On" at insomnia-provoking prices of up to \$12,860, the editorial content provided little more than a shop-at-home showcase for the wedding gowns, furniture, silverware and other household impedimenta featured in the ads. The bride's dream china was pictorially mated with her spoon-grooms in "18 Ways to Set a Pretty Table," while the romantic setting of the wedding night was but sketchily suggested in four pink fashion plates of sleepwear whimsies comprising "A Bride's-Eye View for You Know Who." If anything, the groom appeared to be even more subsidiary to the purpose of marriage than the ads had led one to believe. A brief black-and-blue view of the male wedding wardrobe was presented on the ground that "the well-groomed groom makes a bride look twice as beautiful," while the only other textual treatment of the male lesser half was in a prenuptial agony feature, called "The Wall of Moodiness," by Eleanor Hamilton, Ph.D., Marriage Counselor. "Dear Dr. Hamilton," a distressed young lady named Anne wrote in the classical letter form favored by most female complaint departments. "My fiancé has moody spells, when a silence like a curtain draws down around him, shutting me out. It isn't the quiet companionship of warm, unspoken thoughts but more like a wall that I can't penetrate. Occasionally it feels like anger, though I hardly dare admit this even to myself. It leaves me helpless and cold and I don't know how to reach him . . ."

With considerable compassion and insight, Dr. Hamilton explained that "Moodiness is frozen feeling," and communication a two-way street. "Perhaps he tries to tell you something and you don't hear it," she suggested. "Or if you hear, you don't appear to pay attention or you brush it off as silly, unimportant or insignificant." Considering the short shrift the groom got in all other departments of *Modern Bride*, such offhand behavior on the part of its gentle readers was no more than to be expected. By implication, Anne's fiancé had been a normally communicative type when she "got him," but now, suddenly, the cat had his tongue. Why? I wondered. Was it just a spell of teaspoon envy brought



DO \$4.95 SLACKS GO WITH A \$75. STADIUM COAT?

Yes . . . when they're campus-classic Lee Gab-Sheen Twills

You don't pack price tags in your suitcase when you go back to school. You pack Public Relations. A Look. And that includes Leesures, the great \$4.95 slacks that are absolutely The Look on nearly every college campus in the country.

Sure, Leesures go with a \$75. stadium coat...S.O.P. Here, Lee Trims, with classic ivy tailoring (cuffs, belt loops) in Lee's Gab-Sheen, a super-polished cotton fine-line twill. Also in continental style. Sand, Green Briar, Black Olive and Black, \$4.95.

Leesures® by Lee



on by Anne's echoing the "I Love My Silver" theme? Or was it a deeper case of fiancé funk resulting from the discovery that Anne's "Love of the Season" bridal gown, pictured on page 77, had been made by a manufacturer named Fink?

In all likelihood, however, Anne's man was as oblivious to the get-him-give-me marriage concept presented by *Modern Bride* as was my cousin Jim, who dipped into his presentation copy only in order to keep abreast of the groom duties contained in a stitched-in booklet with the lower-case title, "modern bride plans a perfect wedding." Of course, someone has to plan these things, I reflected, especially since there is no comparable men's magazine called *Modern Groom*.

The mere idea of a consumer magazine for young grooms was an absurdity, I realized. Conditioned, as the American male is, to think of love in terms of giving, and marriage as a romantic liaison between himself and the greatest girl in the world, material aggrandizement and the hardware of homemaking play little part in his prenuptial thoughts, and any suggestion that he might be capable of an amorous attachment to a teaspoon would most likely be rewarded with an indignant belt in the jaw. Unlike women, who quite often make "sensible" marriages in which romance is presumed to go hand in hand with economic and social advancement, the overwhelming majority of American men marry purely and simply for love. Since female dowries have been romantically

and democratically dispensed with, a man must marry a girl for herself alone — there isn't anything else.

As I sat in my light-brown study, sipping offbeat gin, it struck me as all-the-more remarkable, therefore, that so many Americans should continue to labor under the centuries-old delusion that men are, by nature, hard-headed realists, and women romantic, otherworldly creatures who will sacrifice all for love. Representing, as it does, nothing less than a complete switch of temperaments and types, this time-honored confusion is, of course, quite acceptable to women, who find it flattering to both their subconscious and avowed purposes. Because the young bride's romanticism is taken for granted, her preoccupation with gifts and gear — during what is surely the supremely romantic period of her life — can be interpreted as feminine nest-building, stemming from a womanly desire to create a cozy mating bower and a secure home for her future offspring. That the bride herself is the first and foremost to enjoy the coziness and security, most men would readily admit. But, as practicing romantics, they are quick to accept the chivalrous view that by feathering her nest, a woman is but acting in obedience to the same mysterious instincts that govern the behavior of mating doves, momma bears and lovelorn lady kangaroos.

For obvious feminine reasons, the animal-instinct theory is seldom considered a valid excuse for the human male to obey his equally natural inclination

toward polygamous sexual activity, and no mention is made of the fact that the household arrangements of most birds and beasts are extremely casual and temporary. The mating cycle of our furred and feathered friends is so brief, and the self-sufficiency of the female and her young so complete, that no sire of the forest, sky or ocean deep is ever required to spend the remainder of his life working to support the female and her progeny. And nowhere does the male animal, bird, bug or tribal savage experience such an incredible loss of prestige by reason of mating and parenthood as among present-day Americans.

While the single man still remains the fictional hero of popular romance, and is granted the courage, intelligence, wit, charm and resourcefulness to win the love of a fair young lady, the mass-media portrait of the married male is predominantly that of a faint-hearted, bumbling idiot — a commuting clown who falls off ladders, trips over the kids' toys, and is snatched from the brink of physical, social and economic disaster only by the superior intelligence of his wife, children and dog. Regardless of age or former accomplishments, the American man is automatically demoted to the rank of an incompetent dimwit the moment he surrenders the wedding ring. Simply by saying "I do," he is transformed from a handsome, gray-eyed world beater into a goggle-eyed jerk in a Genius-at-Work apron, who burns the steak, paints himself into corners, and causes geyserlike leaks to spring from the plumbing. In April, he's a mathematical moron who pulls his hair at the sight of an income-tax form, and for the rest of the year he's a four-star slob who snores on the sofa, drops ashes on the rug, raids the refrigerator, lets dishes pile up in the sink, and refuses to get out of bed at three A.M. to investigate strange noises.

Discouraging as it may be to the young male romantic with honorable intentions, this is the portrait of all the lawfully wedded males whose lame-brained antics provide the cues for canned laughter on our weekly, daily and hourly "situation comedies" — the classic mass-communications tintype of the American husband that has been handed down to us through Jiggs, Andy Gump and Dagwood Bumstead. But the caricature is by no means confined to the vulgar vacuum of commercial TV. With varying degrees of sophisticated shading, it is also the likeness of the married man most often presented by Hollywood and Broadway. We find it not only in the funny papers, but on the editorial page, where it is used to symbolize John Q. Taxpayer — and each week it is redrawn and retyped to reappear in the cartoons and light fiction of our leading magazines.

In a typical October week, *The New*

Yorker (hardly a lowbrow, low-income comic book) lightly lampooned the workaday inadequacy of the American male in no less than six cartoons. A random sampling of two handy issues of *Look* from the same month turned up more than a dozen humorous put-downs of the hapless, helpless male, including a switch on the flooded-bathroom bit in which the obtuse, apelike husband stood scrubbing his back, waist deep in water, and a kitchen scene in which Junior asked Mom, "Should I take Dad some coffee? He's trying to change the bathroom mirror to another channel." For a wife's-eye view of You Know Who, my Cleveland Aunt Ida's *Good Housekeeping* went cliché all the way with "A Guide to Daddy-Bird Watching," a laugh-packed feature composed of funny drawings of Father as a "Big-billed desk thumper," a "Rosy late-for-bus road runner," and a "Black-whiskered red-eyed Sunday snoozer."

Since the phenomenon is neither new nor rare, examples of such down-with-Daddy husband razzing are so numerous that it would take no more than a few minutes to fully document a charge of pictorial sadism, verbal castration or symbolic patricide. Literally any old pile of newspapers or popular magazines would serve, for this composite caricature of the moldy breadwinner and ex-

ecutive basket case is all that remains of the once-dominant Father Image. In all its asinine, accident-prone ineffectuality, it is the great American Hubby Image — the official portrait of the married male with which our society laughingly trumps the wedding photos of all the "Rosy eager-for-romance road racers" and "Well-heeled clear-eyed Saturday swingers" who make the apparently stupid blunder of marrying for love.

While communicators, psychologists, and the public at large continue to speak of the Father Image as a cultural and political reality, it will be noticed that the concept is seldom defined and rarely exemplified in the person of any living American. When last heard from, the Father Image was being tentatively invoked to explain the election of Dwight D. Eisenhower to a second term as President, in 1956, but the phrase fitted the man no better than it fitted Harry S. Truman, or even Franklin D. Roosevelt, on whom it was so often laid. Only by the severest stretch of semantics could national fatherhood be attributed to men who were so obviously and publicly Bess' Harry, Eleanor's Franklin, and Mamie's Ike. George Washington was a Father Image, perhaps, and possibly Mary Todd Lincoln's husband Abraham. But for more than 30 years at least, the office of President has been occupied by

mature family men whose personal lives and official conduct require that we think of them in terms of a fully spelled-out Husband Image, with muted overtones of Dad.

Since the election of a younger family man in the person of John F. Kennedy, however, the Presidential image has at times come quite close to the national average of Hubby and Daddy. If the President has not yet been depicted on television in the act of tripping over Caroline's skates, he has been the good-natured butt of an unprecedented number of cartoons, coloring books and domestic-comedy routines. Nor can it be said that such First Family funnies are totally without foundation. As an example of life copying art, television fans could hardly miss the "I Love Jackie" TV potential in news shots of Mrs. Kennedy and Baby John peering around a hedge at Daddy's official lawn reception for a visiting dignitary, while the thunder of a 21-gun salute was punctuated by treble shouts of "Bang, bang!" from Caroline and her little friends.

Granted the youthfulness and charm of the eminently photogenic First Lady, and the inability of news photographers to control their 35-mm reflexes in the presence of cute little girls and infants, it was inevitable that much White House



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"Hi, there — is your husband home?"

reportage should be scaled down to the ranch-house level of birthday parties, pony rides, shopping trips and interior decoration. Regardless of politics, such reports on the domestic lives of famous American husbands are avidly consumed by the nation's vast audience of wives, who are religious in their belief that behind every successful man there lurks a good woman, without whose wifely aid and inspiration Mr. Big would probably be sorting nuts and bolts at 63 cents an hour. This comforting female conviction applies to all fields of masculine endeavor. If the struggling novelist's wife hadn't sat around in hair curlers saying, "You can do it, George," the sensational best seller might never have been written. If the world-famous scientist had gone to work that rainy morning without having a wife to remind him to take along an umbrella, Project Mankind might have had to be canceled because of the sniffles, and she never would have known the quiet joy of being Mother of the X-Bomb.

In a Hubby-Imaged culture, it may be taken as axiomatic that the higher a married man goes, the greater the connubial coverage on television and in the press. When, after years of intensive personal preparation, the lonely astronaut is blasted into space in the nose of a man-made rocket, it is an unwritten law of the mass media that his marital ties increase in direct proportion to his distance from the earth. As he hurtles through the ionosphere in his tiny capsule, he may experience the giddy sensation of weightlessness, but he will never be allowed a moment's illusion of wifelessness as long as the cameras are on hand to document his little woman's reactions as she bravely waits out the agonizing hours in an earthbound armchair. Her every sigh, gasp and furtive tear is put into the public domain for the leisurely consumption of other chairborne wives — good women all — whose own rosy late-for-bus breadwinners have been safely launched for an all-day orbit at the office.

It is also part of fate's format that during the long hours of the lonely birdman's postflight debriefing, his mother-in-law, parents and kids are rocketed to national prominence. In support of his wife — who has by this time cried and laughed her way to stardom — they smile and wave, and exuberantly tattle all the homey, heart-warming little anecdotes and confidences that will bring the hero's image back down to earth for good. By the time the hubbernaut himself turns up in a business suit to give an account of his flight at the big televised press conference, the personal and technical details have been so thoroughly chewed over that his story sounds like a third rehash of one man's experiences with a new power mower. Since the audience

knows as much about the old retro-rocket bit as he does, the cameras are free to focus on the warmth of his wife's expression, and wander over the clean facial pores of her two courageous kids who have bravely sacrificed a whole week of school in order to stand by their dad in his moment of personal triumph.

Before switching channels for another hilarious episode of *Make Room for Daddy*, the male bachelor of science and history-minded husband may be moved to reflect that this merchandising of Space-Age heroes as Hubbies wrapped up in a large, family-size package, is a rather unique development in the saga of exploration. Was there a Mrs. Christopher Columbus? One wonders. Did Ponce de León and Amerigo Vespucci owe it all to the wife and kids? What of Lewis and Clark? Amundsen and Scott? Were they married? Was the dramatic race to reach the South Pole by sled presented to the world from the point of view of two worried wives whose Hubbies had gone out in the snow one night to exercise the dogs?

Since it is possible for a man to become a father without being any woman's husband, it is fairly safe to predict that the Father Image will never again serve as an honorable symbol in our two-party, Mr. & Mrs. democracy. The Hubby Image is in, and marriage is a primary prerequisite for male advancement, both in outer space and within the inner circles of the American corporation. In virtually every field of employment the independence of the single man is equated with latent irresponsibility, and his personal motives and behavior are socially and sexually suspect. So strong and deep is this prejudice against the unwed career man, that a modern American Columbus without connubial ties would find that a large segment of society would be inclined to attribute only the basest motives to his efforts to discover a new passage to India and prove that the world was round. By setting sail in the Niña, Pinta and Santa María, he would automatically lay himself open to several whispered allegations: (1) That he really wanted to prove that Indian women were round; (2) That he was a homosexual in high spiked heels who had a passion for Italian sailors; and (3) That he was trafficking in books so dirty that they would have to be kept behind glass in the Rare Book Museum in Puerto Rico.

By the same token, a modern American Columbus would almost have to be single in order to consider embarking on such a lengthy and hazardous voyage. Regardless of any selfish scientific desire he might have to prove that the world was, say, square (as it most often seems to be), it is the American Hubby's oft-cited Duty to Remember that his First Consideration should be for his Wife

and Family. Before setting out to conquer new worlds, he Owes It to Himself, as a Husband and Father, to Seriously Consider, "How will this proposed venture of mine affect The Marriage? Am I being fair to Helen? Certainly, she didn't bargain for anything like this when she gave up everything to marry me. How will she ever manage while I'm away? Is it right to expect a woman to put out the milk bottles all by herself for two whole months? To wash *and* dry?"

One of the most attractive features of our Mr. & Mrs. space program is that — despite all hazards — the hubby's career need not too seriously disrupt the orderly pattern of married life. Schedules are so arranged that a wife can plan ahead, so it's never a case of keeping dinner waiting, or being caught in an old flannel bathrobe when George goes up at 11 A.M. on a given Tuesday. Though his salary is not astronomical, the mortality rate for American astronauts is happily lower than it is for young business executives, and the husband's position confers a generous amount of unearned prestige upon his wife. As the years go by, however, and space travel becomes more commonplace, it is to be expected that the astronaut's prestige will decline, and his image will become that of a cosmic bus driver whose Honey-I'm-home hubbyhood will be caricatured by some future Jackie Gleason on TV. Lamentable as this downgrading will be, the astronaut has at least been given his moment of family-packaged glory, and his job has been accorded a degree of dignity unknown to the majority of American men who must make their marks in such mundane fields as advertising, accounting and engineering — for it is one of the great curiosities of our time that a man's work is generally considered to be the most ignoble thing about him.

While former generations have sung the praises of blacksmiths, lumberjacks, miners and railroad men, ours is the first in which the popular arts are committed to the wholesale spoofing of all masculine occupations. Witty though the assault often is, it is relentless in its insistence upon the absurdity, futility and infantilism of the means by which the American male is forced to earn a living. The hour does not go by when our merry mass media do not issue illustrated memos attesting to the occupational idiocy of businessmen, psychiatrists, clergymen, artists, inventors, chefs, surgeons, paper hangers, professors, plumbers, government officials, scientists, generals, taxi drivers, policemen, firemen, salesmen and safe-crackers. Commerce is for cretins, science is in the hands of squirrely saps, the arts are practiced by bearded asses, and the American business scene is presented in a series of blackout skits in

which every man is a bottom banana. The joke, it would seem, is on all American males who are so foolish as to adopt any form of employment.

Since civilized humor has always played upon Man's awareness of his own inadequacies, it can be argued that this spoofing of the American male is far from new or peculiar to our time. What is new and unparalleled, however, is the fact that the image of the American man as a jerk at work and an imbecile at home has become the predominant—almost exclusive—image of more than 40,000,000 intelligent and productive human beings who have romantically mortgaged their youthful hopes, dreams and individual freedom in order to enter into a kind of marriage relationship which social scientists and historians have classified as a relatively new and minor experiment. The effect, moreover, has been to diminish the image of all American males, regardless of marital status. If a few bachelor gunslingers and unmarried medics are permitted to swashbuckle a bit within the narrow limits of Vista-Vision and the 21-inch tube, the legendary giants among men no longer roam the imagination. When the modern Casey Jones mounts to the cabin of his cartoon jetliner, the control panel is rigged with sight-gag gadgets, labeled "COFFEE," "TEA" and "MILK." When John Henry Hubby swings dat TV hammer to hang a picture for his wife, he invariably hitta his thumb. The only old folk song that still applies to the American male is *Hallelujah, I'm a Bum*, and the message that most fre-

quently meets the eye is: A man is three-foot tall.

In broadest terms, perhaps, this use of all the powerful magic of our black-and-white arts to shrink American men down to handy purse size, may be attributed to the rising influence of feminism, in which Philip Wylie has foreseen the eventual and total "womanization" of America. Unquestionably, a society of sane men can no longer blink at the fact that almost all of our magazines, motion pictures, television, theater, books and newspapers are increasingly geared to meet the "needs" (i.e., "demands," "pleasures" and "whims") of American women, whose control of the consumer dollar has been estimated to be as high as 85 percent. To a great extent, certainly, the rise of hubby-dribbling and the increasing miniaturization of the American male will be found to coincide with the growth of commercial television, whose funny-sheet formats and predictable pulp plots are contrived to appeal mainly to the women and children who comprise our leading leisure and consumer groups. But if American women take pleasure in seeing the Hubby-Daddy-Bird portrayed as an occupational cuckoo and housebroken loon, it would be erroneous to suggest that women have been responsible for the creation of such caricatures, or that they seriously believe them. Realistic and literal-minded as most women are, they enjoy the joke only insofar as it succeeds in magnifying the wife's role without dwarfing the husband's ability to go out and win the bread, bacon,

clothes, furniture, cars, appliances, entertainment, vacations, educations and country-club memberships which it has become every self-respecting American husband's duty to provide.

It is in the light of these duties and responsibilities, I think, that the Hubby Image is best understood, for the caricature of the hapless half-pint speaks less of the American male's dwindling competence and stature than it does of the growing enormity of his burdens. Like the Romantic Ideal, the Hubby Image is a masculine creation, and like the Romantic Ideal it has achieved universal acceptance only in 20th Century America, where men gallantly marry for love, and the female notion of connubial bliss is largely one of expanding consumer satisfactions, whether of goods, services, style, status, sentiment or sex. In essence, the Hubby Image is the portrait of a run-down romantic who heroically struggles to provide such necessities and niceties in ever-increasing abundance. It is the portrait, not of a gooney bird on the loose, but of a skylark in shackles—a lawfully wedded dreamer who has painted himself into a corner of conjugal commitments, a vagabond lover whom the demands of modern marriage have transformed into a comically prudent prince.

In a sense, the American male's ability to view his predicament as an absurdity rather than a tragedy bespeaks an enormous strength and confidence. But the habit of humorous self-disparagement begins to give way to masochism when rosy early-for-class social critics and academic desk thumpers add to the overkill of male belittlement by castigating their fellow commuters with charges of gutless conformity. Surely, these gloomier-than-thou pundits, who are themselves employed to think and teach on schedule in our institutions of higher information, should realize that our much-reviled conformity is simply the product of the American male's romantically high sense of responsibility multiplied by the sum total of his obligations, debts and dependents. Considered in terms of the most rudimentary arithmetic and common sense, it should be obvious to everyone in long pants that American men are not to be condemned for want of masculine moxie, but hailed as a race of true heroes whose valor remains unsung.

At a period when the public ear is so sensitively tuned to the wave lengths of feminine complaint, it has become virtually impossible to speak so much as a word in favor of the American man in our mass media, without appearing hopelessly old-fashioned and unenlightened. After more than 70 years of feminist propagandizing for the American woman's God-given rights to liberty,



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equality, security and luxury, it is somehow "inconsiderate" to even discuss the wedded male as a human entity, or to factually describe the increasing erosion of rights and the growing magnitude of the sacrifice which American marriage imposes upon the male provider. Rare, indeed, is the honey-surfeited Russell Lynes who will risk the charge of literary wife beating to state that our romantic marriage views have deteriorated to the point where a girl now "takes it for granted that, when she marries, she is bound to get, almost as though it were a package deal, a husband who is also a part-time wife."

"To call him a wife is, perhaps, to put it too bluntly," Lynes adds. "He is rather more servant than wife . . . Man, once known as 'the head of the family,' is now partner in the family firm, part-time man, part-time mother and part-time maid. He is the chief cook and bottle washer; the chauffeur, the gardener, and the houseboy; the maid, the laundress and the charwoman." For the few visiting Martians who may be so unfamiliar with our mores as to believe that he exaggerates, Lynes offers a clutch of inconsiderate statistics: "Crosley says that more than a third of the husbands in several of our northeastern states do the dishes, clean house and look after the children . . . The Gallup Poll insists that 62 percent of American husbands are intimate with dishwasher and about 40 percent help with the cooking. Kenneth Fink, director of the Princeton Research Service, has discovered that, in New York, 87 percent of the young men from 21 to 29 help with the housework . . ."

To the young American male, the figure contained in the report of Fink the researcher can never be as meaningful and compelling as the figure contained in a "Love of the Season" bridal gown by Fink the manufacturer. Whether in New York, Natchez or Nome, each valiant young groom enters the bonds of matrimony in the romantic belief that he will be among the lucky 13 percent who somehow escape being drafted into the new Hubby-Daddy servant class. But no matter what his expectations, the statistics are against him, and the combined burden of job and housework falls heaviest upon the younger man. According to Lynes' findings, "there seems to be some slight advantage in growing older," since only 70 percent of men over 45 are required to serve as part-time flunkies for the wife and kids. This suggests "that patience and geriatrics may ultimately lick the husband's domestic problem." But it also suggests that men who manage to survive age 45 are more likely to be able to afford paid domestic help, or have accumulated enough laborsaving appliances to give

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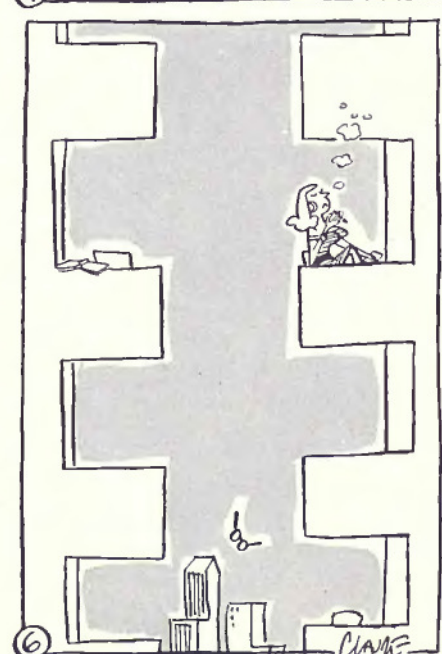
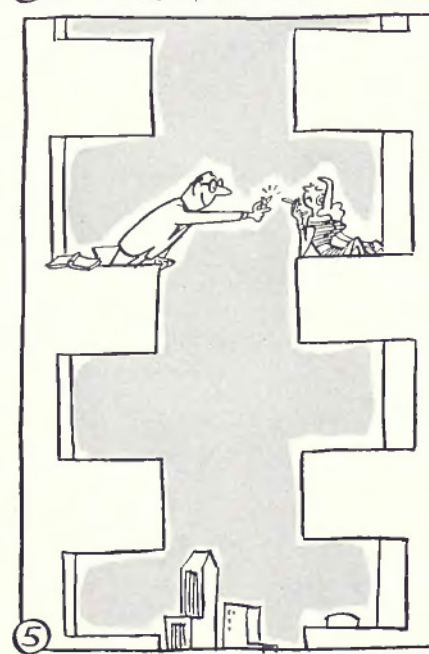
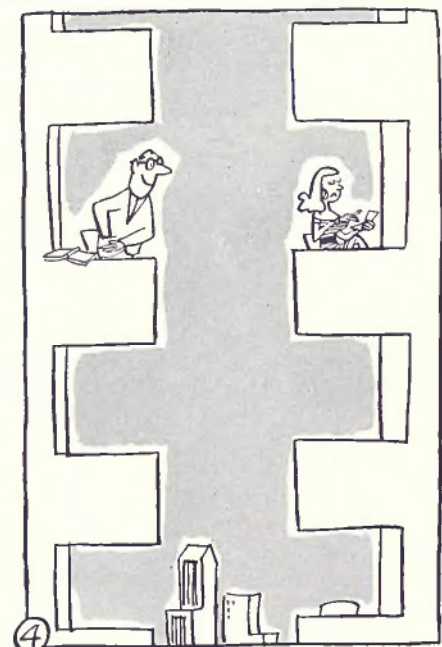
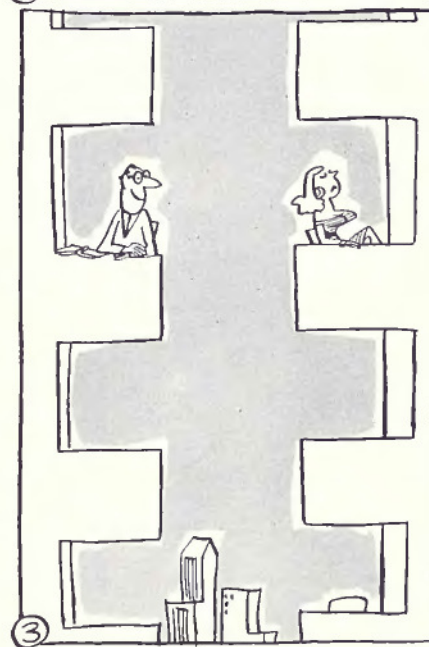
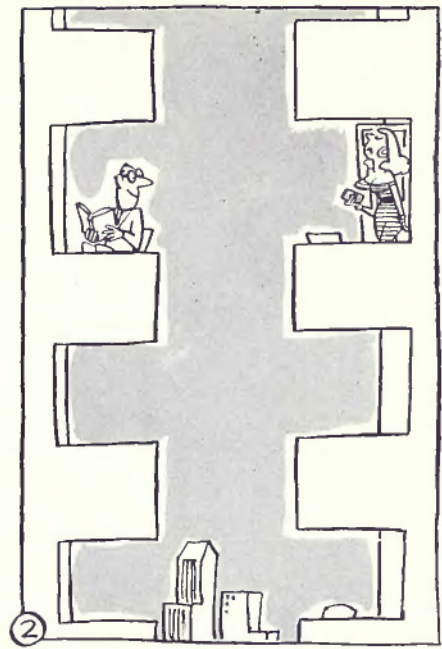
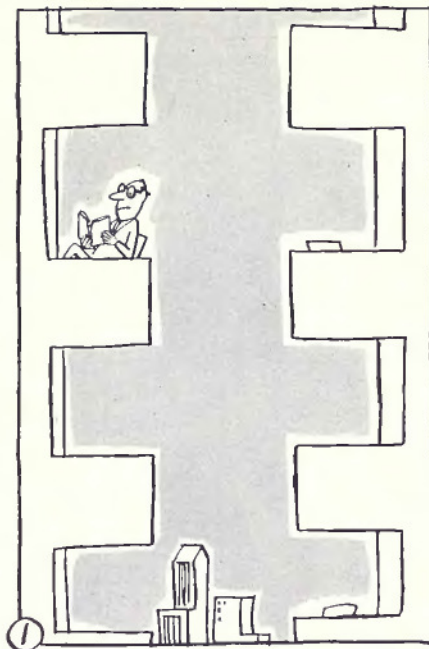
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them a few hours off each week. The trick, of course, is to be able to endure the daily crunch for a sufficient number of years to acquire the income needed to buy back a small fragment of the freedom a man so gallantly casts away in that moment of romantic enchantment when he asks some sweet and servantless young lady to become his wife.

Since, historically, men have had to create the romance which women, for the most part, can only consume, the romance of marriage fades in proportion to the amount of time and energy the young husband must devote to supporting his wife and family—and the amount usually proves greater than he has ever been led to expect. Though he soon begins to buckle under the daily strain, he consoles himself with the belief that he is only doing what men have always done—working to supply food and shelter for his near and dear ones. If anything, he imagines himself to be considerably better off than his grandfather, who had to put in much longer hours for a lot less pay. That the difference between the eight- and ten-hour day has been rendered meaningless in most cases by longer commutes and mounting household chores, is something he'd prefer not to think about—just as he would rather not dwell on the fact that the salary differential between himself and Gramps has been dissipated by rising prices, taxes and the purchase of all the new and wonderful necessities Grandma didn't know were needed: two cars, three bathrooms, two television sets, a fully automatic clothes washer-dryer combination, a fully automatic dishwasher, a Deepfreeze, a wall oven, air conditioning, electric blankets, electric toothbrushes, three radios, two record players, a four-slice toaster, a two-car garage, a rotisserie, an electric can opener, a telephone with two extensions, and a multiplicity of other push-button genies and appointments.

Clearly, no prince, pasha or robber baron of the past was ever obliged to supply—singlehandedly—so much in the way of convenience and comfort, and the ancient feat of acquiring such wealth through acts of pillage or swindle cannot approach the difficulty of having to wrest it from the economy by means of honest effort. It was all the more inevitable, therefore, that man, the part-time servant and full-time provider of appliances, should himself become identified in women's minds with the labor-saving machinery upon which the American household has come to depend. Marketing researchers, for example, have long been aware of the American woman's tendency to respond to the washing machine as a subconscious symbol of the hubby as a wonder-working household slave, with erotic overtones





of a masculine potency which never fails to cleanse the lady of the house of all "dirty" thoughts and desires, and leave her sexually spun dry. It was not until fairly recently, however, that my blessed Aunt Ida's *Reader's Digest* ran an ad in which a short, squat, square-as-all-Cleveland suds machine was actually depicted wearing a hubby's gray felt hat, while wifey leaned on him—or it—with two carefree elbows and a smile suggestive of complete coital release. "A good washer is like a good man," the copy purred, leveling its message right at the little woman's sleepyhead libido, "—dependable, powerful, but with a touch as tender as love. *Dependable?* This sturdy Frigidaire Washer is designed to be the most service-free . . . *Powerful?* The 3-Ring Agitator squishes detergents through clothes 330 times a minute! . . . *Tender?* Pump-action, powerful as it is, is truly gentle with clothes. Creates very little lint. . . ." In the same issue, the Westinghouse Laundromat, which claimed to be "a step ahead," was flash-photoed in the act of ejaculating a steady stream of money out of its port-

hole at an ecstatic young wife who spread her little white apron wide to catch every last dribble of change. "And it pays off every washday," the heading chortled, like a professor of applied sexonomics. ". . . Its revolving tub lifts clothes up through the wash water, then gravity plunges them down for another dousing . . . 57 times a minute . . ."

To the male reader, the mental picture of a lint-free lover who operates at such speeds—with his hat on—smacks faintly of the sexual slapstick seen in some long-forgotten stag movie. But, actually, this plunging, clothes-lifting, pump-action prose is designed to squish through the female subconscious and arouse the psycho-erotic consumer passions of the housewife to the point where she will cross her legs and hope to buy. And it apparently works—playing, as it does, upon the American woman's ideal hubby image of a maintenance-free man-machine that needs only to be plugged in once in order to go on working for a lifetime.

It is doubtful, of course, whether any woman in her right mind consciously

believes her man to be a machine, but there is no gainsaying the fact that he is generally expected to perform like one. Unlike a machine, however, the human male cannot be redesigned each year to accommodate an added load of duties, anxieties and responsibilities. If a fourth dependent is born at a time when his career is in crisis, and the stock market is in a decline, and the world is suddenly threatened with an immediate outbreak of thermonuclear war, a man cannot be rewired or souped up to absorb the increased load. Unnatural and excessive though his burdens may become, he must carry them squarely on his natural shoulders, and manfully resolve to keep his wits firmly in place beneath his narrow-brim hat. Though his problems may dwarf him, he must somehow manage to stand up tall and continue to function from a mature height of approximately five feet, ten inches above the hard, cold ground.

While it's no secret that this heroic stance has become increasingly difficult for the average man to maintain, and the death rate for husbands continues to rise alarmingly in relation to that for wives, the American hubby has become so accustomed to meeting his responsibilities with machinelike dependability that he has mechanically accepted the unprecedented burden of having to exceed his own lifetime guarantee. Through neither the insistence of any religious doctrine nor the enactment of civil law, the American marriage contract has, during recent decades, been quietly and gradually extended to the point where death no longer releases a man from the obligation to keep and comfort his wife and family. He must not only deliver the highest standard of living on earth, but must work to achieve a standard of dying which will insure that his journey into the hereafter will have no more practical consequence for his survivors than a longish business trip to Hartford. By means of insurance and other accumulated assets, he must, in short, continue to provide meat, drink, bubble baths and Band-Aids for his dear and near ones, even from beyond the grave.

The novelty of this widely accepted obligation becomes apparent, I think, when one stops to recall that as recently as 60 years ago, most Americans considered life insurance an economic nicety—a tidy little burial fund of about \$500, which would cover Pop's funeral expenses and give Mom a few weeks to decide whether to keep or sell the family business. Since modern retailing and agricultural methods had yet to kill off the small shop and farm, many men had little need for such insurance, and could depart this life in the confidence that their wives or sons were almost as well-equipped as themselves to carry on the family business. As in past centuries,

many husbands, wives and children still worked side by side, and few could even imagine a situation in which the husband alone would be required to produce all the family goods and services — from machine-baked bread and lint-free laundry to custom-made drapes and continuous entertainment — while his wife and children were enshrined as semi-sacred consumers.

Totally dependent upon the male provider's ability to pay off every payday, the modern family would obviously be reduced to utter helplessness by any sudden curtailment of income, and to this dangerously one-sided situation the American male has made a typically heroic and romantic response. Without even stopping to consider such practical (albeit benighted) solutions as a return to child labor, or the highly ingenious Hindu practice of burning widows on the funeral pyres of their deceased husbands, the American man has gallantly undertaken to set himself up as a kind of free-lance Pharaoh and one-man slave corps, who nobly labors to build an enormous pyramid of economic assets — not for his own immortal glory, but for the easy-come, easy-go temporal use of his widow and offspring.

Admittedly, the American man has not assumed this task without some rather artfully applied pressure. There are times, in fact, when the growing number of commuting Cheopses and part-time Tutankhamens seems to be as much the result of indoctrination as it is of spontaneous choice — a possibility that was thrust upon my attention by the one-and-only personal wedding present my affianced cousin Jim received before marching off down the aisle to a romantic old tune by Felix Mendelssohn. Gift-wrapped, and mailed with the business card of an insurance-agent friend, the present turned out to be a slim volume of . . . sonnets, perhaps? Love songs? Honey-moon jokes? No sirree *bob!* Good, solid, down-to-earth advice on how to *Teach Your Wife to Be a Widow*, by Donald I. Rogers, financial editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Lest anyone suspect that the book was intended as a macaber jest, or doubt its appropriateness as a gift for the young groom, let me say immediately that Mr. Rogers had several pertinent comments to make about the importance of the marriage ceremony, and started right off with the slam-bang statement that "There's a great deal of misunderstanding about the language of the marriage vow." Indeed, the "majority of husbands take too literally that phrase 'until death do us part,' and fail to comprehend the meaning of an equally significant and binding pledge: 'With all my worldly goods, I thee endow.'

"That's the backbone of the contract," he warned, "and this 'until death do us

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part' business is no escape clause. Even after death, you're morally and legally committed to guard the welfare of the girl who signed the marriage license with you."

Disregarding an impulse to quibble with the notion that a deceased Daddy-Bird could be legally compelled to don his old one-button body and return in corpus to guard the girl he had so inconsiderately left behind, I at first took Mr. Rogers' opening paragraphs to be in the nature of a courageous and long-overdue plea to altar-bound males to reconsider the ominous overload of implications that the nuptial vow presently carries for the male pledgee. But such was not the case. As a hard-headed, dollars-and-cents realist, whose book was dedicated to his wife Marjorie, Mr. Rogers was not about to protest any inequities in the contract. Quite the opposite: he was merely lining out a new pitch for a little more consideration on the part of hubbies of all ages. "To most young and middle-aged Americans, death does not seem inevitable," he lamented. "This attitude prevails even though more young people are killed by highway accidents and more middle-aged men are felled by heart attacks in the United States than in any other country. 'It can't happen to me' is the amazing outlook of the majority, and it results in only the most casual consideration of what will happen to the precious wife and kids once the family magnate has killed himself in the race against taxes and living costs."

In Mr. Rogers' book, there was nothing particularly tragic or unusual about the family magnate's having to kill himself in this manner. But it annoyed him terribly to think that a man could be such a "plain fool" as to "work himself to an untimely death for the sake of acquiring a little wealth," and meanwhile neglect "to instruct his wife and other survivors what to do with it." Because if "it is to be dumped unceremoniously into the hands of a naive and inexperienced wife, he has wasted his life and thrown away the basic motivation for his existence." In order that the dumping be properly ceremonious, and the missus prepared to wheel and deal on her own, Mr. Rogers believed it only "sensible and kind for a husband to spend years teaching his wife to be a widow." And, since even a young husband was liable to be called upstairs by the Big Boss in the Sky at any moment, it was "never too early to begin." In fact, the "ideal time to undertake the business education of a wife is the day a bridegroom returns to work following the honeymoon."

Whether my newly wed cousin had a chance to bone up on Mr. Rogers' book in time to terminate his honeymoon with a tender heart-to-heart chat on household accounts and the sophisticated subtleties

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Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 38

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

SEPTEMBER 1963

YOUR KEY TO PLAYBOY'S LIVELY LIVING

CHICAGO — From beautiful Bunnies to sizzling steaks to jumbo drinks to swinging entertainment, the Playboy Club keyholder enjoys the pleasures of his own club and an atmosphere unmatched anywhere.

A spot inventory of the fun to be found behind the doors of



Keyholders savor sizzling steaks, long drinks and cool songs by The Kirby Stone Four in St. Louis Club.

The Playboy Club reveals an abundance of:

● **Fabulous food:** If you fancy the finest cuts of beef, your Bunny will set before you a sizzling custom-broiled *filet mignon* dinner. (There are many other dishes, of course.) The price? The same as a drink!

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citing show, paced for variety and your maximum enjoyment—top club comics, vocalists, jazz combos, folk groups—the stars of the moment, and of tomorrow, too. Like Dick Gregory, Barbra Streisand, Jerry Van Dyke, The Kirby Stone Four, Ray Kirby and Johnny Janis.

● **Bountiful Bunnies:** Words can't describe them—the most beautiful club girls in America. Each is Playboy-picked. Many are Playmates who first charmed you in these pages (such as Playmate of the Year June Cochran, now bewitching keyholders and guests in the Chicago Playboy Club). Each Bunny has been carefully trained to pamper members.

● **Playboy Extras:** Enter any Playboy Club and you "step into the spotlight" as closed-circuit TV flashes your arrival throughout the many clubrooms. As you leave, note your personal nameplate posted on the lobby board. Whether you're entertaining a dinner date or an important client, every facet of this Club makes you *feel* like a member, lets you *impress*.

One key, your personal Club key, puts this world of PLAYBOY at your fingertips—at the six Clubs now open (see box below) and the more than 60 to be established. In most areas you can still obtain your key at the special \$25 Charter Rate. In most, this rate will soon be withdrawn, to be replaced with the \$50 Regular Key Fee. The Board of Directors urges you to act *now*—mail the coupon today.



The one o'clock jump at the Chicago Playboy Club: Keyholders and Bunnies twist until the wee hours of the morning to uptempo jazz rhythms.

• BULLETIN •

NEW YORK COURT OK'S KEY FEE

NEW YORK—(Special) A decision by the New York Supreme Court has upheld the right of The Playboy Club to limit patronage to keyholders only (present Charter Member key fee in New York is still \$25—soon to be raised to the regular \$50). In reaching its decision, the Court cited with approval a prior Illinois decision holding: "... this key fee, *paid only once*, amounted to far less eventually than ... cumulative cover charges exacted by many other restaurants ..."



A score of buxom Bunny-Playmates, such as Playmate of the Year June Cochran, greet Playboy keyholders.

DETROIT OPENS JAN. 15, ACT NOW AND SAVE \$25

DETROIT—Playboy comes to Detroit on or about January 15th with a deluxe new key Club.

With the Michigan Liquor Commission having approved every detail of the Club's successful method of operation, work is already under way to transmute the structure at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave. into a gleaming new Playboy Club.

As the keyholder approaches the Club's black-marble facade (marked only by PLAYBOY's rakish Rabbit) and crosses the threshold, he will literally enter a one-stop pleasure palace. A lavish 160-seat Penthouse, plus standard Playboy revel-

rooms like the Living Room and the Playmate Bar, insures that Detroit's Playboy Club will be *the* exciting spot in town.

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.

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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.

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of Odd-Lot Trading, I thankfully do not know. As he drove away with his bride at his side, he was still mercifully under the romantic illusion that death was not inevitable, and that he and his new little wife would live and feast on love forever. But if he had been reading, as I had, some of the few mass-media advertising appeals which are aimed specifically at the American hubby, he could not have made the first turn in the road without breaking out in a cold sweat of anxiety. The advertisements to which I refer are not the wholesome, optimistic ones for men's clothing, booze and snow tires, which carry the implication that the American male might stand a Chinaman's chance of living long enough to enjoy the use of the product — but the growing number of creepy, crepe-hanging commercial pitches that prey upon the American husband's extreme vulnerability to accident and death, in order to sell him the "protection" he needs to build his pyramid of "family security."

Under the ghostly photo negative of a hospitalized hubby clutching his brow in despair, the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States sings its full-page song of sickness and death in *Life*: "Do you have any idea what it costs to have a bad accident or to be sick for a long time? Don't forget that your normal expenses, your living expenses, keep right on going. You still have to meet the rent or the mortgage. You still have to buy food for your family. You still have to pay all those other bills that keep coming in month after month in addition to hospital bills . . . doctor bills . . . medicine . . . nurses.

"If you're laid up, unable to work for months, or perhaps years, where would the money come from to pay all those bills? How long would your company keep you on the payroll? One month? Three months? Six months?"

"How far would your hospitalization and medical insurance go?"

"When your pay check has stopped and you've used up your hospitalization and medical insurance, how would you pay your bills? How long would your savings last? How long could you hold onto your home? *After that, what would you do?*"

Under a bright-red airborne umbrella, a young matron sits in the prow of a drifting dinghy, while her subteen son tries to manipulate the oars, and a younger child fumbles with the tiller: "How long could your family drift without you at the helm? To get a rough idea, take the total amount of life insurance you now carry, then divide it by what you consider to be an adequate annual income. Surprised? Then get under the Travelers umbrella of insurance protection . . ."

Like a kindly old nursemaid, the New York Life Insurance Company puts a

small blond boy to bed, and photographs his wonder as he asks, "Gee Dad, if everything costs money, what would we do without you?" The equally benevolent Nationwide Mutual gives the same appealing son image a space helmet, and plasters his picture all over a page of *The Saturday Evening Post* in order to speak a few friendly words "about your astronaut and Securance. Still some time 'til he's launched on his own . . . Meantime, you and he both can count on Securance — to guarantee his education, a home and mother's care if you're not there. Securance? It's down-to-earth insurance for everyone and just about everything. . . . For A-OK protection call your man from Nationwide. Only he offers you Securance. You'll find him listed in your Yellow Pages."

Day after day, and week after week, the American hubby is thus invited to attend his own funeral. This is the modern Daddy's Inferno: a highly commercialized hell of carefully calculated disaster, in which all pages turn Yellow, and icy fingers do the walking to find the name and telephone number of the nearest national, prudential guardian agent: "THIS IS THE MAN your family may have to turn to some day . . . choose him carefully. It's hard to imagine. And not a pleasant thought. But some day . . ."

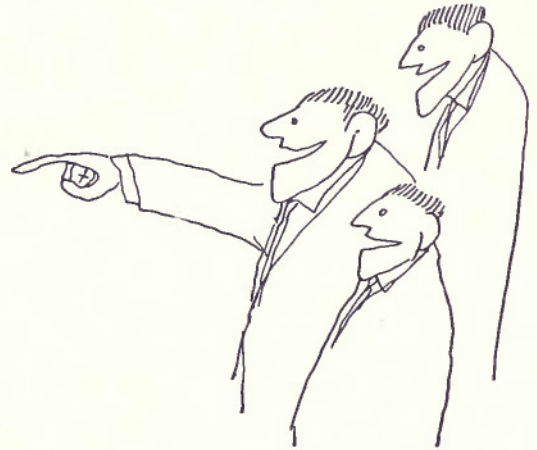
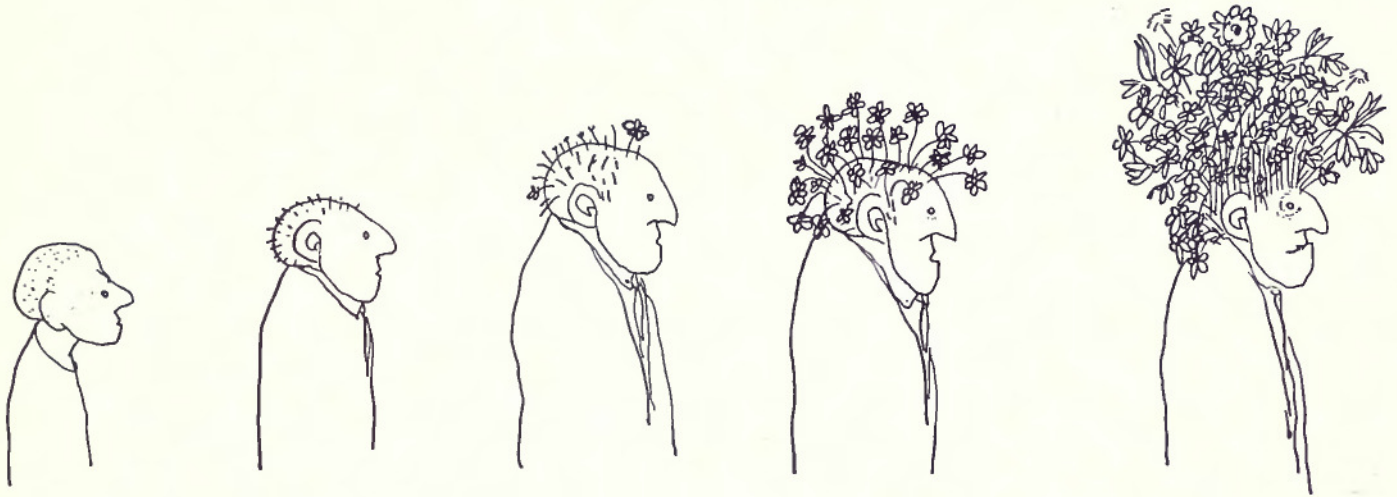
And just to make sure that it's not too hard to imagine, there's the Man's picture up above, as he gently places a consoling hand upon the shoulder of an attractive young widow. Like most modern wives, she has been fairly well-educated to accept the actuarial fact that hubbies must die, sooner or sooner. In her deepest grief she will, perhaps, recall a sensitive two-page "vignette" from the Travelers Insurance Companies of Hartford, which appeared in her very own *Ladies' Home Journal*. Presented in fiction form, and accompanied by an illustration in which a lonesome young wife in basic black leaned tenderly against her handsome hubby beneath a huge red umbrella, the piece served to dramatize one woman's realization of the meaning of insurance, and paved the way for future acceptance of the policy peddler as the widow's best friend.

"Laura couldn't stand the thought of anything happening to Frank . . . ever." But tonight the insurance man was coming to help Frank plan the protection they needed for the future, and Laura was feeling a little upset. "Her mind raced back to the first time Frank had mentioned the words life insurance. Perhaps she was being foolish, even superstitious, but they sounded so ominous to her. And so cruel. As though she were putting a price tag on Frank. Then, Laura spoke aloud to the darkness. 'I don't want that kind of money . . . ever!'"

"Laura?"

THE THINKER OF TENDER THOUGHTS

By Silverstein



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"Frank was calling her. Dear Frank. He was doing it for her . . . and for the children, too. She felt the blanket move beneath her fingertips. Joey tossed, then turned to her, sleep still in his eyes, as he said: 'Mom . . .'"

"'Shhh! Back to sleep now.'"

"The man with the red umbrella, she thought. That's what Frank had called the Travelers man who was coming to see them that evening. The man with the red umbrella . . ."

"'Mom . . . who's that red umbrella man?'"

"Had Joey overheard them talking? Had he read her thoughts?"

"'Well . . .'" she began slowly, having difficulty talking about it, even to a six-year-old who wouldn't understand, 'Well, the umbrella he carries isn't like other umbrellas. What it really stands for is insurance. Now you don't know what insurance is, and . . . well, sometimes Mommy doesn't think she knows, either, but I do know this much: insurance is something that covers our house, and everything that's in it . . . including you . . . just like an umbrella. It *protects* us all, like an umbrella would on . . . a rainy day.'"

This moving little fiction has as its sole purpose the arousal of a woman's security drives, and seeks to excite anxiety in a manner that borders on commercial obscenity. Dedicated to the stimulation of morbid imaginings, and the exacerbation of an insatiable lust for safety and comfort, it may be characterized, quite properly, I think, as the new Pornography of Prudence. Necrophilic in the extreme, this peculiar and degrading security smut comes not in a plain brown wrapper, but in the gay bindings of our leading publications, and has so succeeded in establishing the hubby's death as the most logical consequence of marriage that in our sample month the reader of the *Ladies' Home Journal* was prepared to welcome a feature on "Family Money Management" which was devoted entirely to answering letters from anxious wives who wanted to know the best way to increase their hubbies' life insurance and pay the annual premium. By means of a full-page, full-color cemetery scene, she was further invited to inspect the latest-model gray-granite tombstones offered by Rock of Ages, of Barre, Vermont. And, a few pages further on, she was given the opportunity to stop and shop for a burial vault for you know who. "Will you know what to do when you're called on?" the manufacturer inquired. "Your funeral director can explain how Wilbert Burial Vaults afford the best 'peace-of-mind' protection. . . . Wilbert Burial Vaults are made from heavy, reinforced concrete, fused to a thick, precast water-repellent asphalt liner, sealed by a special sealant." And,

as if that weren't enough to hold even the most restless hubby for at least a hundred years, damned if Wilbert Burial Vaults weren't guaranteed against defects of workmanship by the *Good Housekeeping* Seal of Approval!

From the editorial sepulchers of the vault-vouching, tomb-testing *Good Housekeeping* itself came our hubby-sniping "Guide to Daddy-Bird Watching," and a wife-angled tip sheet on "Major Medical Insurance," which was illustrated by a whimsical sketch of Mrs. Consumer and her kids visiting the bedside of their hospitalized family magnate with gifts of cookies and flowers. By way of "cheers, chores and chuckles from hearth and home," Marjorie Brophy, author of *Every Day Is Mother's Day*, told a funny one about a mortuary-minded moppet named Stephi, who "had the following conversation with her father:

"Stephi: Are you going to die and go to heaven next year when you get old?"

"Daddy: When I get old, yes, but that won't be next year.

"Stephi: When will it be?"

"Daddy: Not for a long time, Stephi. Don't worry about it.

"Stephi: Well, except if you're in heaven, who's going to blow up my swimming tube?"

In the cartoon that capped this rib tickler, the Jolly Reaper had already come and taken little Stephi's daddy away, and little Stephi was standing on the beach in her little swimsuit looking up at the big sky where her funny old Daddy-Bird was flying around with angel's wings and a halo, blowing up little Stephi's swimming tube — in heaven! And if the good housekeepers thought that was humorous, they had another corset-busting tee-hee coming. Right after the little-Stephi story, Miss Brophy offered more cheers and chuckles in the form of an italicized report on a recent survey of American men, which revealed that "66 percent of them wash the windows in their homes, 46 percent clean the drains, 27 percent wax the floors. The survey's final disclosure is a puzzler," Miss Brophy chirruped in bent letters. "Unmarried men are more likely to send anniversary greeting cards than married men. I wonder to whom?"

If she had taken time to ponder the question, Miss Brophy might have realized that unmarried men send anniversary cards to their married friends, while hubbies are required to commemorate the occasion with more substantial keepsakes. Only after a hubby has killed himself in the race against taxes, prices and grimy windows is a bachelor friend obliged to supply The Marriage with anything more than occasional felicitations. Then, and only then, does it become the single man's duty to step in

and bolster his best friend's widow — as did Calvin Burch, the craggy and competent hero of the "Great New Novel" with which *Good Housekeeping* led off its fiction parade.

This complete-in-one-issue saga, which bore the free-and-clear title of *The Widow's Estate*, was the story of a beautiful 32-year-old beneficiary named Laura Barnes, and explored "the world of a wife suddenly facing the future alone — the decisions that must be made when she is highly vulnerable, the attempt to be both mother and father, the frightening gamble of opening a business, and finally the healing hope of finding love again . . ." Since the eligible Calvin was on hand from the very first paragraph, however, the reader just knew that somehow everything was going to come up roses for the pretty little widow, and that Calvin Burch would soon be providing her with the same dependable lint-free service as her late husband, Mitch. Meanwhile, good housekeepers everywhere were able to while away an afternoon by putting themselves in

Laura's smooth-fitting girdle for a vicarious bout with bereavement and small-business management, climaxed by a second fling at romantic marriage.

In the same issue of *Look* in which the bumbling Hubby Image was presented in the flooded-bathroom bit, and Your Independent Insurance Agent celebrated "Protection Week" with a two-page cry of doom, the Clark Grave Vault Company offered a wife's-eye view of another waterproof hubby holder that also bore the *Good Housekeeping* guarantee — thus raising the interesting possibility that the chunky little monthly might go completely ghoulish at any moment, and change its name to *Good Gravekeeping*. Even more provocative, perhaps, was the thought that some smart publisher might steal a death march on his competitors by bringing out a new periodical, called *Modern Widow* — a big, slick consumer mag like *Modern Bride*, that would cop the whole hubby-planting market.

Almost prophetically, the Clark Grave Vault people were already offering a booklet, called *My Duty*, which could



"I think the new gal Friday I've got down at the office is going to work out just fine, dear."



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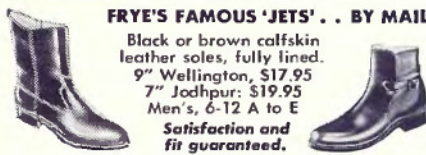
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Sportsmen, active and passive, will quickly adopt this authentic English Rugby shirt, of cotton knit with a white cotton twill collar. Three-quarter sleeve. Better give the girls theirs in size small before they steal yours! S.M.L. Maroon/White, Navy/White, Navy/Red, Black/Gold.

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easily be retitled "modern widow plans a perfect funeral" — loaded as it is with advice on "How to select pallbearers" and "What to look for in selecting a casket." Building on this fresh-sod base, *Modern Widow* might add a few black-and-white spreads on the latest funeral fashions, and wend its way into a few million homes with helpfully hintful articles emphasizing the fun side of widowhood: "Choosing Your Hubby's Funeral Music," "18 Ways to Decorate a Pretty Grave," and "Headstones to Dream On." Since a well-groomed hubby-body can presumably make a widow look twice as beautiful, space might also be found for a horizontal layout on the new "Dear Departed" shrouds, designed especially for *him* by Fink the undertaker.

Though a new magazine devoted to the arts of living might have trouble getting started, it would seem fairly certain that *Modern Widow* could count upon enough death-oriented advertising to send it zooming into the mainstream of American culture like a hopped-up hearse. And if a little initial capital were needed, no group on earth is in a better position to help out than the numerous self-professed friends the American widow has in our national insurance industry, whose investment funds stand at a staggering all-time high of \$160,000,000,000. In a sense, the Travelers Insurance Companies may be credited with having anticipated *Modern Widow's* fiction needs with its vignette concerning Laura and the red-umbrella man — just as *Good Housekeeping* may be said to deserve a tall white lily for breaking ground on the financial side of widowhood with its great novel about Laura Barnes. But the big floral wreath for literary spadework must go to *True Story* for having made the season memorable with a widowed heroine whose name was Laurie instead of Laura, and for being so alert to the American woman's growing acceptance of the insurance man as an idealized Hubby-Daddy Image, that the male love interest was entrusted to the handsome young insurance agent who turned up one rainy day with the widow's claim check:

"I took off my hat and came inside. 'I'm Stan Graham from Acme Mutual. I have a check for you, Mrs. Mize.'

"Her smile faded and I saw the dark smudges beneath her eyes then. 'Oh, Con's insurance.' She held out her hand to take my raincoat and hang it up.

"I'm sorry about your loss, Mrs. Mize.' Even then I thought, I could go for this girl in a big way:

"It was an awful shock. Con had never been sick a day in his life and then in less than a week he was gone, a rare kind of virus. None of the new drugs helped.' She looked grave, but not heartbroken. I wondered.

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President Kennedy awarding Young American Medal for Service to Miss Mary Ann Kingry, 18, who was nominated for the award by the United Fund of Saginaw County, Mich.

If this nation is to advance in wisdom and strength and character, then every young person growing up today must have the opportunity to develop his talents, to acquire and display leadership abilities, and to gain a realization of future responsibilities. This is not the business of parents alone; it concerns all of us. I ask you, therefore, to think seriously about making a United Way contribution. Your gift will give many an unfortunate child and many a puzzled teen-ager a much better start in life. Your one gift will also provide a wide range of services for families, the aged, the lonely and the handicapped. In short, the one gift that you make will work many wonders. This is of value to every one of us. **One gift works many wonders/GIVE THE UNITED WAY** 211

"She led the way into the living room. I was relieved not to have a weeping widow on my hands. You'd better sit there by the fire and dry out. I'll make some coffee. No need to leave until this downpour lets up."

"Suddenly, I wasn't in as much of a hurry to get back to Eureka, where I lived, as I had been," Stan-the-Policy-Man confesses. At midnight it is still raining. "You will have to stay all night," Laurie tells him. "There will be rock slides and washouts . . ." Caught in a sudden deluge of mutual and providential emotion, Stan Graham and the deceased client's widow turn from the fireside, and, "as natural as breathing," she is in his arms, their "lips clinging." But then comes the promised washout as Laurie prudentially pulls away, "looking terribly upset," and hurries off to her chaste widow's bed, shutting the door behind her.

The next morning, Laurie apologizes for her brazen behavior, and Stan heads back to Eureka. "I really thought I could forget about Laurie in time," he recalls. "I sent her five pounds of chocolates and thought, Now forget all about it, Graham." But Graham couldn't forget. He was already the victim of a fatal romantic complex, and none of the old drugs helped: "I dated redheads, blondes and brunettes and it didn't help a bit. I thought of Laurie constantly." It was an awful shock. Stan had never been love-sick a day in his life, and now in less than a few pages, he's gone. The problems involved in marrying a widow with a ready-made family are manfully resolved, and the ending is a widow's dream: "Our honeymoon was one weekend at Monterey," Stan muses. "We didn't want to leave the kids long when things were going so well with me and the boys. . . . The kids had become

important to me as individuals, not just because they belonged to Laurie.

"My bachelor days were over, and I wouldn't go back to them for anything in the world. Now I have a future, a goal to work for, an old age that will be full of family and rich memories. I'm a lucky man. I'm back working for Acme Insurance. We live in Eureka and we're saving to buy a home. I'm selling more than ever before. I want the best for my family because I love them. And that's the honest truth."

And there it was—all worked out in a pulp magazine, in a way that the sociologist had only half-hinted. The romantic salesman had himself been sold, and the Insurance Man and Hubby were one. The widow's mite had been transformed into the widow's might, and Acme Insurance would continue to serve her in every way until death did Stan Graham take. Beyond Graham's death, even, for the hubby-daddy-policy-appliance would continue to function, and another Acme Mutual man (middle-aged, and handsomely gray) would appear at the door one rainy day to announce, "I have a check for you, Mrs. Graham." And Mrs. Graham—a bit older, perhaps, but still very much alive—would take the man's raincoat and murmur, "Oh, Stan's insurance."

While I trust that I shall never forcibly be made privy to the romantic truths contained in previous and future issues of *True Story*, that single copy was enough to summarize all that anyone might say on the present state of romantic marriage, and the size and shape of the Hubby Image. Here, presented in no-nonsense blue-collar-class terms, was a world where the cartoon hubby was chased to the top of the oil burner by an angry turkey, and the sight-

gag groom had to be dragged bodily to the altar. Here was a world where "The dandiest dads make Aunt Jemimas!" for the family's breakfast, and hard-hat hubbies considerably "save 75 percent" by buying secondhand work pants at 99 cents a pair—a world where mail-order gravestones were available on "Easy Terms, as Low as \$4.52 Down," and the smiling wife no longer merely leaned on the hubby-hatted Frigidaire washer, but sat square with two comfy buttocks on its sturdy lid. Appropriately, the month's "Best-Selling Book Bonus" was *Sex and the Single Girl*, Helen Gurley Brown's handbook on the *karate* of modern courtship, in which sex was viewed as "a powerful weapon for a single woman in getting what she wants from life," marriage defined as "insurance" for a girl's "worst years," and the American man accepted as woman's "potential slave."

To the numerous unfettered male spirits for whom sex is not a weapon but a wonderfully beneficent by-product of the peaceful uses of romantic energy, it cannot fail to appear somewhat ironical that Mrs. Brown considered single women to be "the least understood and most criticized minority group of all time." Reaching a couple of notches higher on the same newsstand, it was doubly ironical to discover, furthermore, that *Harper's* felt the need to run a special 63-page supplement on the "emotions, work, marriages, divorces, education, politics, and other dilemmas" of "The American Female"—cheek by haggard jowl with a life-insurance pitch in which the upper-management male provider was once again invited to read how "cash-value insurance works for both you and your family."

In the foreword to *Harper's* supplement, which began on the opposite page, the reader soon gathered that there were forms of domestic disaster and human poverty from which no policy could insure protection. Despite all the advances women had made in recent decades, an extraordinary number of American females were still troubled and dissatisfied, and "the mechanized home has brought millions of women the gift (or the burden) of uncommitted hours," *Harper's* noted. Citing the "annual flood of female volunteers" into political, cultural and philanthropic activities as "a measure of the time American women have on their hands," the editors asked: "Since copious leisure did not arrive yesterday, why, one wonders, did American women wait so long to figure out what they should do with their lives?"

One answer—too unflattering to the romantic image of American women to be acceptable to most modern wife watchers—would seem to lie in the obvious fact that the job of the American wife has become much too cushy to be easily abandoned, even in the teeth of



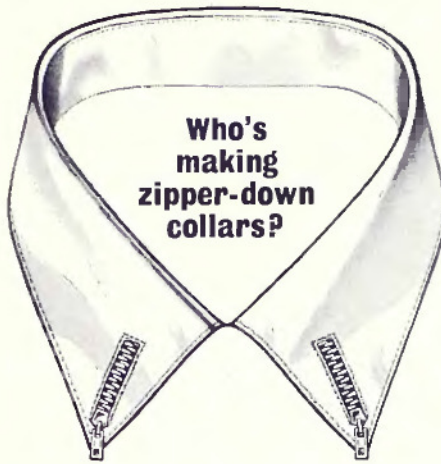
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Men's Town & Country
Selected Apparel for Gentlemen
575 Lexington Ave., New York 22

the most crushing boredom. "Whether one finds it richly rewarding or frustrating, there is one trouble with motherhood as a way of life," the hubby-scribes of *Harper's* sympathetically observed. "It does not last very long. Indeed the average American couple today is still in its 20s when it is through with childbearing. The wife, at this stage, has probably 40 additional years to fill up."

The correlative and considerably more appalling thought that the burdens of hubbyhood follow a man into his grave, and permit him less than 40 months of vacation during his entire lifetime, apparently occurred to no one. As in most other studies, the miseries arising from modern marriage were considered solely in terms of the American female's megrims and malaise, and were presumed to rest fully upon the shoulders of marriage's freest and most privileged victims. In an effort to solve their problem of nothing-to-do, "a mounting number of women are trying to pick up the pieces of an interrupted education," *Harper's* went on to say. "Others are taking jobs in offices and factories. Some are casting about for new functions within their own homes and communities. And there are those who can find no better answer than drinking too much, buying things they don't need, or moving unhappily from one bed to another.

"Whatever their solution, many are finding that the institutions that are supposed to serve women are not very helpful, and neither are many of our deeply rooted attitudes and customs."

A more flagrant and lethal lack of helpfulness must be charged against most of the institutions that are supposed to serve the American male—and they are few indeed. As American men heroically struggle to create higher standards of living and build stronger bulwarks of security, the wailing of wives continues to demand full national attention, and all channels of communication are jammed with their strident SOSes—"Save our Sex!" "Save our Security!" "Save our Status! . . . our Self-esteem! . . . our Souls! . . . our Slender figures! . . . our Something and Everything!"—but seldom "our Self-sacrificing Slaves . . . our Spouses!"

Obviously, the problems and pressures which marriage imposes upon the great mass of American men demand far more illumination and discussion than this one-man minority report can provide. But it would be unreasonable to suppose that even the most tolerant of men will long continue to support so fretful and suicidal a relationship. At a time when the whole institution of marriage has been brought into question by the ill-natured and excessive demands placed upon it by American women, it is only logical to expect that our younger male



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Playboy Tie, \$5

Playboy Bow Tie, \$3.50

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romantics will find bachelorhood all the more appealing, and that the American man will seek some form of male-female entente that will liberate him from the thankless and oppressive onus of having to spend the better part of his life in preparation for his own death.

Though religion and romanticism require that the solution to our conjugal inequities and discontents be found within the context of marriage as we have known it, it would be folly to assume that American men will persist in seeking answers purely in terms of greater happiness and contentment for the American female. Since masculine thoughtfulness, consideration and sacrifice have failed so notably to please her in the past, it is possible, perhaps, that a more satisfactory and humane solution might be had by approaching the problem from the standpoint of masculine self-interest. With women outnumbering men by more than two-and-a-half million, there is certainly no rational necessity for the American male to bargain from a defensive position, or to go about on bended knee in search of someone to love, honor and support. Indeed, in the final analysis, it is entirely possible that romantic marriage might be made to pay off in greater happiness for both parties if the modern bride were required to love, honor and support *him*.

As the sun slowly sets over my inkwell, and *Harper's* decries a trend toward working wives, I seem to recall a somewhat similar suggestion, made a few years back by the anthropologist-writer, Ashley Montagu, whose eloquent advocacy of greater male consideration toward American women ranks him as milady's leading male lobbyist in the world of contemporary letters. In *The Natural Superiority of Women*, a book dedicated to Marjorie with all his love, Mr. Montagu pointed out that, while women "have demonstrated that they can work as hard as men at almost all occupations, and that they do a great deal better at some than men ever did." American men "have resisted the 'intrusion' of women into their workaday world to the last ditch, and many are still doing it. Why? . . ."

Why, indeed, gentlemen? In physiological make-up and psychological temperament the human male has long been known to be unsuited for grinding effort of any sort. For sporadic feats of strength and skill, yes. For slaying a saber-toothed tiger or writing a symphony, yes—but not for devoting years to the manufacture of fur ear muffs or running a retail music business. Men have nothing like the endurance that women have, Mr. Montagu argues, and proves his point by inviting the reader to examine the shabby male Y chromosome through the



magic microscope of prose: "It may have the shape of a comma, the merest remnant, a sad-looking affair compared to the well-upholstered other chromosomes!"

As a cheerful clincher to this triumphant observation, Mr. Montagu lists 27 maladies, "largely due to sex-linked genes," found mostly in males, including: hemophilia, day blindness, night blindness, maldevelopment of the sweat glands, double eyelashes, congenital baldness, defective tooth enamel, and nystagmus (rhythmical oscillation of the eyeballs). As might be expected, however, none of this adds up to a case for greater consideration toward the male in Mr. Montagu's book, but may be construed as a kind of pretty compliment to the ladies, whose well-upholstered chromosomes entitle them to a more active participation in all fields of endeavor.

"The work of the world has for too long been the exclusive preserve of the male," he maintains, and I, for one, must confess that I'm rather inclined to agree. Certainly, no human being who is prone to maldeveloped sweat glands and oscillating eyeballs should be forced to continue in the arduous role of a rosy late-for-bus road runner any longer than he himself wishes to do so. By virtue of having served his sentence and faithfully punctuated it with every comma-shaped chromosome in his weary body, the American hubby is clearly entitled to enjoy some of the copious leisure that burdens the American wife.

In pitching for the right of women to pursue careers after marriage, Mr. Montagu has considerably proposed a "Four-Hour Working Day for the Married," with wife and hubby each devoting half the day to his chosen occupation, and half to taking care of the home. But, in addition to requiring a radical revision of business and industrial schedules, such a plan would only half-satisfy the American woman's urge toward usefulness, and would succeed only in further stunting male growth by adding to the hubby's check list of daily household chores. Like all such proposals emanating from the ladies' side of the aisle, Mr. Montagu's suggestion must be weighed with as much caution as that of any hubby-driving Laura Legree or fawning Fink the feminist. As history will attest, the sex with the Y chromosomes is admirably capable of deciding its own destiny and formulating its own blueprints for tomorrow. The present bristles with portents of change. The last straw has already been served, and a mere tendency to hemophilia cannot be counted upon to ensure that men will continue to bleed for the plight of the American woman. Neither double eyelashes nor the blindness of night or day can obscure the glaring fact that American marriage can no longer be accepted as an estate in which the sexes shall live half-slave and half-free.

PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 116)*

nosed out of the title by New Hampshire last year, unless Connecticut, a stumbling giant the last two seasons, stops stumbling. Maine is also on the way back.

There is a growing cult of football writers and coaches which insists that coach David Nelson of Delaware is the greatest football mind in the country today. Too often the most successful coach is the best recruiter with the most money to spend and the lowest academic requirements with which to contend, but Nelson trades on sheer tactical brilliance, and this year his Blue Hens will again dominate the Middle Atlantic Conference.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN		
Northwestern	8-1	Iowa 4-5
Wisconsin	7-2	Ohio State 3-6
Illinois	7-2	Michigan State 3-6
Purdue	7-2	Minnesota 3-6
Michigan	4-5	Indiana 3-6

MID-AMERICAN		
Miami, Ohio	8-2	Western Mich. 5-4
Ohio U	7-3	Toledo 4-6
Bowling Green	6-4	Kent State 3-6

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS		
Notre Dame	7-3	Detroit 5-5
Xavier	7-3	Dayton 3-7

This is going to be a lean year for football in Columbus, Ohio. In a city where 81,000 yelping partisans would turn out to see Ohio State play Panhandle A&M,

this is equivalent to predicting a bad year for beer in Milwaukee. The Buckeyes have the thinnest squad in years, and this campaign will be the greatest test of Woody Hayes' coaching skill since he came to Columbus. Still, Woody is like a pit bull dog: he fights best when he's cornered. He also relishes the unaccustomed role of underdog, so look for the Buckeyes to pull a few upsets before the season ends.

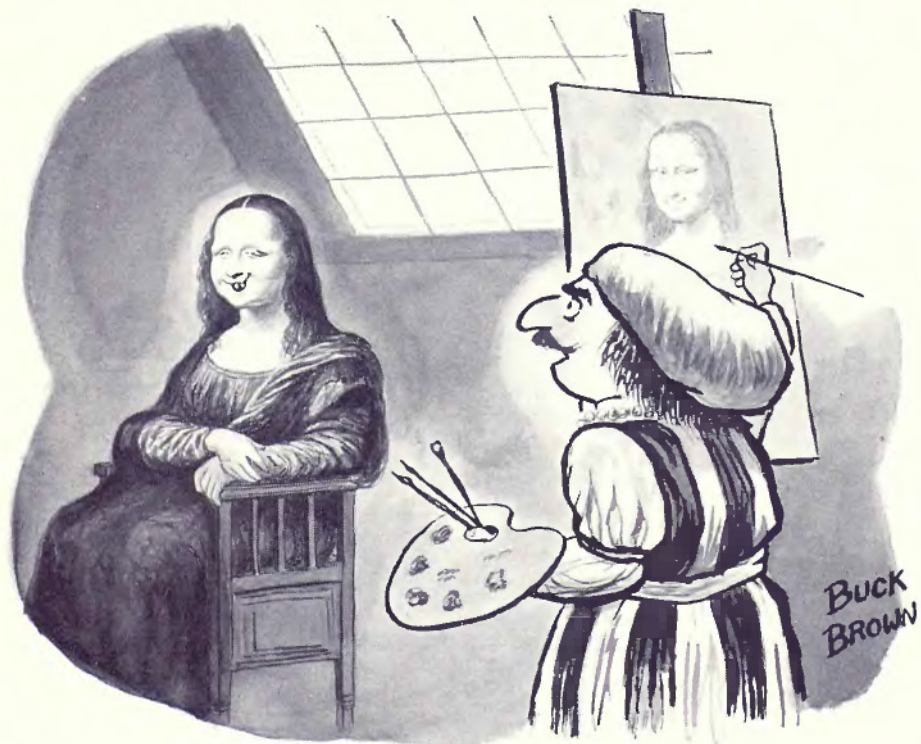
Football power seems to run in cycles everywhere, but nowhere so noticeably as in the Big Ten. The patsies of the past are this year's powerhouses. While Ohio State and Minnesota are busy piecing together the remnants of past glory, the boys at Illinois, who have won only two games in two years, are bursting at the seams with everything it takes to make a great team. Every year we make an out-on-the-limb prediction of greatness for some relatively unheralded team and, in all immodesty, we are more often right than wrong. Last year we picked Florida and they wound up in the Gator Bowl. This year, our big surprise is Illinois. The 1962 Illini had perhaps the best freshman team ever assembled, and these new horses join a squad that finished last season nail-hard and lost very little from graduation. PLAYBOY All-America center Dick Butkus anchors the defense, but the offense will be dominated by sophomores

whose names you will be hearing often this fall: Custardo, Acks, Price, Kee, Grabowski, Hanson, Parola.

However, the jump from the bottom to the top of the Big Ten in one year is a little too much to ask, even of Illinois. Best bet to take the championship is Northwestern. Coach Ara Parseghian — whom we hereby nominate as Coach of the Year for his fabulous rebuilding job in Evanston — is tired of running out of the money. In three recent seasons, the Wildcats seemed headed for the championship, only to fold in the stretch from injuries and lack of depth. This time, Northwestern has absolutely everything, including brilliant and inventive coaching, and plenty of horses in the stable. The line is led by PLAYBOY All-America guard Jack Cvercko and the offense is directed by PLAYBOY All-America quarterback Tom Myers. The Wildcats are blessed with a field full of good running backs and a superb crop of sophs. A coach gets a quarterback like Tom Myers once in a lifetime; the odds against his getting *two* such operatives on the same squad are astronomical. But that may be exactly the position Parseghian is in this year with new quarterback Dave Milam to push Myers for honors. So, Northwestern gets the nod for both Big Ten and national honors.

Conversely, quarterbacking — the lack of it — is the only reason Northwestern noses out Wisconsin in our line-up. Twice in a row now, the Wisconsin coaches have run down the Badger roster and come up with an unknown but unbeatable quarterback. They are again in the same spot — no proven passer — and the law of averages is working against them. Nevertheless, the Badgers are as big and hostile as ever, and Holland, Smith and Nettles give the backfield the superlative speed to run past most of the opposition this year. Purdue, on the other hand, may turn out to be the most underrated team in the circuit. The Boilermakers didn't live up to expectations last year, but they still possess a traditionally fearsome line, and with bitter memories of 1962, they will ambush a few overconfident teams.

Indiana continues its rebuilding program with a bumper crop of new men who give the Hoosiers great promise for the future. Fledgling quarterback Frank Stavroff is marked for greatness, and PLAYBOY All-America halfback Marv Woodson is the slickest runner the Big Ten has seen since Bobby Mitchell. Both Michigan State and Minnesota are suffering the serious inroads of graduation. These two teams had the best manpower in the country in 1962, and the readjustments will be difficult, especially in Minneapolis where the sportswriters can't seem to comprehend that even coach



"OK, Snaggletooth — just a plain old everyday smile will do . . . !"

Murray Warmath, one of the finest mentors in the country, is unable to build a championship team out of green reserves. Michigan State will go from the heaviest to the lightest team in the Big Ten in just one year. Coach Duffy Daugherty will still have brilliant runners Sherman Lewis and Dewey Lincoln, but little else to make up for the several tons of graduated beef. Both Michigan and Iowa, still suspended in that limbo of not-quite-greatness, will be in perfect positions to surprise the big boys, and should be very strong by the end of the season. Iowa will be searching desperately for a good quarterback to make the team go, while Michigan has more good quarterbacks than they know what to do with, including Frosty Evashevski, son of the Iowa athletic director.

Notre Dame looks to be greatly improved. Much depends, however, on the return of three consummate runners, Paul Costa, Jim Snowden, and Don Hogan. The first two were out last season boning up on their bookwork, and Hogan should get a trophy for sheer courage for his determination to recover from last winter's crippling automobile accident. A host of good players, including PLAYBOY All-America end Jim Kelly, returns from last year, and the added impetus of playing for new head coach Hugh Devore should be just enough to make the Irish a great team this year. Frankly, we're surprised the Notre Dame administration took 20 years to recognize the logic of putting Devore in the top job. He was the logical man for the job in 1915 and he still is today.

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Florida	9-1	LSU	5-5
Mississippi	9-0	Tennessee	4-6
Alabama	8-2	Kentucky	4-6
Auburn	7-3	Miss. State	3-7
Georgia Tech	5-5	Georgia	3-7
Vanderbilt	5-5	Tulane	1-9

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	8-2	Maryland	5-5
South Carolina	7-3	Duke	4-6
North Carolina	6-4	Virginia	3-7
N.C. State	6-4	Wake Forest	1-9

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

West Virginia	6-4	The Citadel	4-6
Virginia Tech	6-4	Richmond	4-6
Virginia Military	6-5	Furman	3-7
William & Mary	5-5	G. Washington	3-7
Davidson	5-4		

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Miami	7-3	Southern Miss.	5-4
Memphis State	8-2	Florida State	4-6

It is usually a simple matter to predict which teams in the Southeastern Conference will have the best won-lost records. Determining which teams are the strongest is quite another matter. Not only do several of the stronger teams studiously avoid scheduling each other,



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but the league is unwieldy in size, and suffers from widely disparate academic and athletic standards. Ole Miss will quite likely go undefeated this season against an even limper schedule than usual, and will probably prove once again in the Sugar Bowl that they really are a top team. This unhappy situation is actually no fault of the Rebs. Many of the top teams in the Conference simply refuse to add Mississippi to their schedule. Also, the Ole Miss athletic department is under the thumbs of red-neck state politicians who refuse to let it schedule any teams that possibly might use Negro athletes. The die-hard athletic segregationists are soon to be faced with a nice dilemma, however. Very shortly a sizable group of Southern schools will begin actively recruiting Negro athletes, and the pure whites are going to run out of "acceptable" opposition. Kentucky already has cast the die. In a statement distributed early this year, the Kentucky athletic department announced it was seriously considering the integration of athletics, and asked if other SEC schools would continue to schedule them. To the despair of Alabama and Mississippi politicians, the Tennessee, Georgia and Florida schools replied affirmatively. The whole Conference may soon be split; a good idea though for the wrong reason.

Along with Ole Miss, Alabama and Florida again look like the class of the league. Alabama may pull a switch this year and field a better offensive than defensive aggregation. Coach Bryant lost practically all his staunch defenders, but the replacements are good and the offensive talent, led by quarterback Joe Namath, is abundant. Florida looks like the strongest team in the SEC. If the Gators can adjust to the new substitution restrictions and learn to play both ways, they should be the favorite in every game. PLAYBOY All-America halfback Larry Dupree is a weapon the Gators' opponents won't be able to contain, and to further complicate matters, Dupree will be running at fullback as well.

The finest collection of running backs on any one team in the country belongs to Auburn, and if it wasn't for an inadequate line the Plainsmen would once again dominate the South. If coach Jordan can discover a few behemoths of the variety that once populated the Auburn forward wall, his backfield will simply run over and around the enemy.

LSU suffered such severe losses it will be difficult for the Bengals to avoid a losing season. Georgia Tech will also be off last year's form, but they still retain crafty quarterback Billy Lothridge and the finest pair of ends in the South in Ted Davis and Billy Martin. The aerial bombardment in Atlanta should be breath-taking. This will be the first time in 30 years that Tennessee will not make

exclusive use of the original Pleistocene version of the single-wing offense. New coach Jim McDonald began updating the Vols after taking over the duties of the hastily departed Bowden Wyatt this summer. If he can get good performances from Mallon Faircloth and soph Hal Wantland, McDonald may be the harbinger of a new era at Tennessee.

Georgia could have the finest quarterback in the SEC in Larry Rakestraw, and Mississippi State debuts a terror-inspiring fullback from the Cajun country, Hoyle Granger, who opposing coaches have already fearfully named "The Swamp Beast."

Clemson stacks up as the cream of the Atlantic Coast, with South Carolina a close second. Clemson has been building toward this season, and if coach Frank Howard can get his charges past those first two games with Oklahoma and Georgia Tech, the Tigers will be almost unstoppable. South Carolina is set to ripen in 1964, but the Gamecocks could foul things up by arriving a year early. Twin dark horses are North Carolina and North Carolina State, which look as alike as their names. Both have nearly everybody back from squads that compiled equally dismal records last year, but the added experience and new blood should produce winning seasons for both teams. Duke will sport some fancy ball carriers, but the manpower depletion has been so severe that the Blue Devils can't hope to stay on top.

West Virginia will again be tops in the Southern Conference, but strong outside opposition may deny it the best record. The Mountaineers have really come roaring back from the lower depths of a few seasons ago, and this year the addition of the first two Negro football players in West Virginia history will help the Mountaineers to stay in the winning column. Both Dick Leftridge and Roger Alford are future stars and will make the first team as sophs.

William and Mary will continue its rise under the leadership of fullback Bob Soleau, the nearest thing to a one-man gang in football. A Jack Armstrong type who has become legendary in his own time, Soleau will lead a talented squad that may be the surprise of the Southern Conference.

Nothing, not even a masochistic schedule, should keep Miami from being one of the top teams in the country. The Hurricanes' optimism is based not only on quarterback George Mira, but on the return of most of last year's other big guns. Mira is almost impossible to defend against, and should lead his team through a season of defeat-defying aerial acrobatics. Memphis State will again be one of the strongest but least-known teams in the South; it has a chance to upset mighty

Ole Miss in the first game of the year.

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT			
Oklahoma	8-2	Iowa State	5-5
Nebraska	7-3	Oklahoma State	3-7
Missouri	6-4	Colorado	2-8
Kansas	6-4	Kansas State	2-8

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE			
Arkansas	9-1	Baylor	4-6
Texas	8-2	Texas A&M	3-7
TCU	7-3	SMU	3-7
Rice	7-3	Texas Tech	3-7

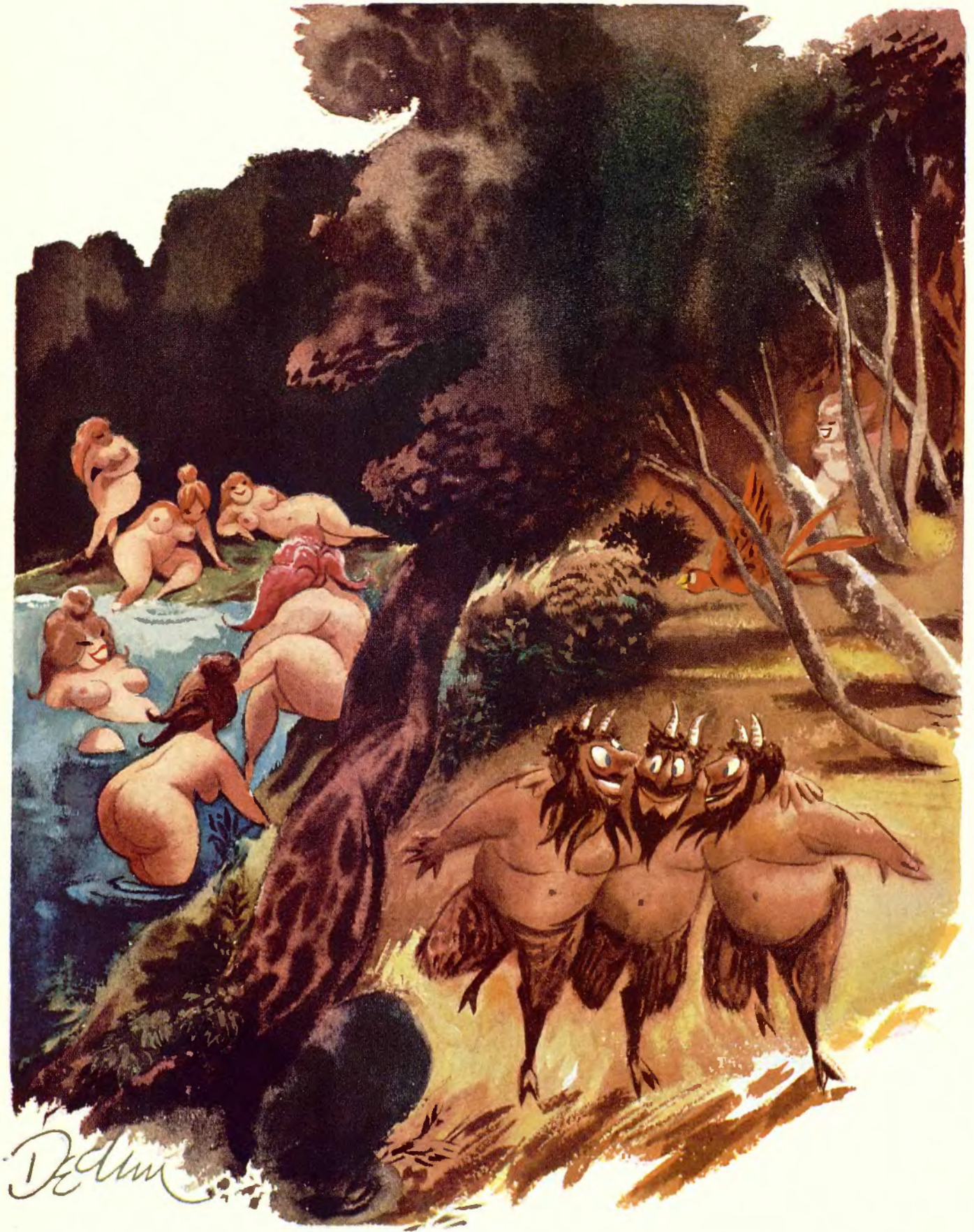
MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE			
Louisville	8-2	Wichita	4-6
Tulsa	5-5	Cincinnati	4-6
N. Texas St.	5-5		

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS			
West Texas St.	8-2	Texas Western	4-5
Houston	5-5		

It's almost — but not quite — like old times in the Big Eight. Oklahoma is the solid favorite once more, but this league can no longer be called Snow White (Oklahoma) and the Seven Dwarfs (everyone else). The lean and wiry teams that were once typical of the plains country are out of vogue, and the Big Eight schools are turning out Big Ten-styled squads. Oklahoma's green young team last fall suddenly jelled after the third game, and the Sooners simply overwhelmed the rest of the league. Nearly all of last year's team is back, and those untried sophs are now hardened juniors, so there is every reason to believe the Sooners will keep going full throttle. The first three games are against a trio of the better teams in the country — Clemson, Southern Cal and Texas — and if the Sooners survive that ordeal, they should be unstoppable.

Best bet to knock off Oklahoma in the Big Eight race is Nebraska, which has most of its Gotham Bowl winners back. The Cornhuskers have the meatiest line in the league, led by Herculean guard Bob Brown. Missouri should also continue its winning ways, but the Tigers lost too many good backs from the Bluebonnet Bowl roster to match last year's performance. The only other team which seems to have a shot at the Big Eight title is Kansas, with its arsenal of great runners; the Jayhawkers are handicapped, however, by a leaky defense and a weak interior line.

Almost all the pre-season pundits are going to tell you that the Southwest Conference race is a tossup between Arkansas and Texas, but Arkansas looks like the top team to us. True, the Texans are as agile, mobile and hostile as ever, but they appear to be fat with success. The Longhorns are loaded again, but complacency is a hard thing to battle, even for a coach like Darrell Royal. Also, the competition is tougher; every other team



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in the SWC is improved, and the likelihood of going through unscathed is small indeed. Both Texas Christian and Rice should be vastly improved. TCU will be a meat-and-potatoes team with a rugged defense and power offense built around thunderous fullback Tommy Crutcher. Rice, on the other hand, will field a razzle-dazzle offense built around quarterback Walter McReynolds and tailback Gene Walker; the latter is the most talked-about sophomore in the SWC since another Walker, Doak, debuted at SMU in 1946. Walker will have a tough time living up to his advance billing, but if he does, and if the rest of the team jells around him, Rice will have a great year. Rice and coach Jess Neely, who is beginning his 24th year as mentor of the Owls, never cease to amaze us. With an enrollment of only 1600 undergrads, including coeds, Rice consistently has been a major national power. After two major-bowl years, the Owls had a rare off year in 1962, but still tied mighty Texas and LSU. Besides having all those backfield guns, Rice is strong down the middle this year and should be back among the leaders again.

Despite all this good competition, Arkansas is still our odds-on favorite in the Southwest. To say the Razorbacks are loaded is a gross understatement. The few losses from last year have been replaced by even better-looking new men. Quarterback Bill Gray, who takes over for Billy More, has shown flashes of real brilliance, and the Porker line is almost impregnable. In the big game of the season, look for Arkansas to beat Texas.

Let us note here that although SMU will again have a rough time of it this year, the Colts are destined for greatness. Coach Hayden Fry is building another football dynasty in Dallas, and by 1965 SMU should be on top. Fry's chargers will be green but aggressive this year, but they are loaded with talent and could be full-grown Mustangs by the end of the season. Baylor should be one of the finest passing teams in the country this year with quarterback Don Trull pitching to halfback Lawrence Elkins. If the running game improves, the Bears could explode. West Texas State is determined to be a national football power, and it looks as though it is well on its way. The Buffaloes boast one of the most colorful and unstoppable halfbacks in the country in Pistol Pete Pedro, who may be the most exciting runner in the country. Another great back from the cactus country, Preacher Pilot of New Mexico State, this year may become the first three-time winner of the NCAA rushing crown.

The Missouri Valley Conference adds Louisville to its ranks this year, and the

Cardinals are coming in fully equipped. They should dominate Conference play under the leadership of captain Ken Kortas, PLAYBOY All-America tackle. Kortas tips the scales at a bit over 300 lbs., moves around like a hungry panther and runs faster than some halfbacks. The Cards also have quarterback Tom LaFramboise who is Louisville's best passer since Johnny Unitas.

THE FAR WEST**BIG SIX**

Southern Cal	8-2	Washington	5-5
Washington St.	7-3	UCLA	5-5
Stanford	6-4	California	3-7

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Arizona St.	9-1	Brigham Young	6-4
Wyoming	7-3	New Mexico	5-5
Arizona	6-4	Utah	3-7

MAJOR INDEPENDENTS

Oregon State	5-5	San Jose St.	4-6
Oregon	5-5	Montana	3-7
Air Force	5-5	Idaho	4-6
Utah State	6-4	Pacific	2-8
New Mexico St.	5-5	Colorado St.	2-8

Southern Cal will be everyone's favorite on the West Coast this year. Most of the stars from last year's aggregation, that came from nowhere to win the national championship, will be back. Included in this impressive array of talent are PLAYBOY All-Americans Hal Bedsole and Damon Bame, as well as quarterback Pete Beathard and fleet-footed Willie Brown. However, let us note the fact that Southern Cal is, like Texas, in a most vulnerable psychological situation. The Trojans will have top priority on all their opponents' upset lists; the schedule is a meaty one, and it may be difficult for the coaches to keep the boys from believing their press notices. Still, on sheer material considerations, the Trojans rate the top slot, and if the drive and dedication of last year can be carried over, Southern Cal should take it all.

Most of the sports press will tell you that Washington is next in line of succession to the Conference crown if Southern Cal falters. We seriously doubt it. The Huskies are as deep in good material as ever, but they will be hurting for speed and experience. With no proven halfbacks, the Huskies will rely heavily on Junior League Coffey, a strictly major-league fullback who runs like a charging rhino. Best bet to usurp the West Coast laurels is Washington State, which strikes us as the sleeper team of the West this year. The Cougars were a much better team last year than their record showed; their personnel losses were light and the new men are very promising. The Cougars will be lean, mean and hard this season and if the squad clicks early enough, it will win a fat percentage of its games.

Another team likely to explode this year is Stanford. Perhaps no new coach ever walked into such an ideal situation as did John Ralston, who takes over a squad that is so deep in everything that it must take most of his time just directing traffic. Ralston's big problem is completely reorganizing a talent-laden squad that fell short of expectations last year after getting off to a spectacular start. If he can succeed in reteaching his hoard of Indians the fundamentals of football before October, they just possibly could cause their opponents much chagrin.

UCLA will be greatly improved, but the Bruins will have difficulty carving a winning season from a murderous schedule. Brilliant runner Mike Hallner is back to take up where he left off in 1961, and new quarterback Steve Sindell may turn out to be the best on the Coast.

Both Oregon teams will be as strong as ever, and despite the loss of Terry Baker, Oregon State will still have a fabulous passing attack with Gordon Queen throwing to Vern Burke. Fullback Booker M. Washington may be the big surprise. Oregon, with All-American Mel Renfro carrying the ball much of the time, will field a blazing offense, but the Ducks suffered severe line losses and the defense will be leaky.

California has revitalized its coaching staff and will build its team around flashy quarterback Craig Morton, but the Bears' rebuilding project is probably still a year short of spectacular results.

Football power is growing apace down in the cactus country, and the new Western Athletic Conference threatens to become one of the toughest leagues in the land. The race this year will be an evenly matched scramble among all the teams except Utah — which doesn't seem to have the manpower — and Arizona State which will clobber nearly everyone but isn't eligible for the title because of a too-light Conference schedule. Arizona State, which led the nation in scoring last year, should be even stronger this time around, and could go all the way. Most improved teams in the Big Country should be Brigham Young and Wyoming, both of which are deeper in experience and material than they've been in years. Arizona, after flopping last year as we had predicted, is back on the road again in its drive for national prominence, and may pull a few surprises.

Surprises, which pile up as the autumnal madness runs its course, are what make the game so predictably unpredictable. We'll therefore continue to pick them as scientifically as possible — while we keep our fingers crossed.



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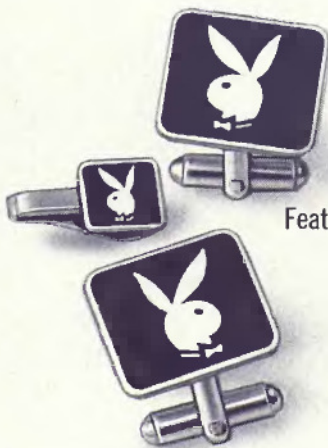
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GIGANTIC SHADOWS

(continued from page 127)

were getting thicker, and there was no view of the Hudson Valley because of them. Every now and then there was a level place and Eric and Carlotta would stop, but they could see only glimpses and patches of light in the distance. Finally Eric said, "Let's go back — this isn't any good."

"Come on, Eric. Just one more try. Maybe the trees will thin out beyond the next rise. I want to see what's over the next rise." She pointed up where the trail went, steep and overgrown with tall grass and midsummer daisies. "I'm sure there's a clearing!" Eric looked, and it did seem as if there was more light, and where the trail turned out of sight the trees were thinner. They could hear a waterfall.

"All right."

Halfway up, the girl stopped to look at a bush with flowers on it, and he walked ahead. "Wait for me!" she called, and picked one of the flowers. She put it in her hair and started after him. He glanced back and smiled, seeing the red flower in her dark hair. Then he turned and in a moment he was nearly at the place where it was lighter. She hurried to catch up, and saw that he was standing very still — looking toward the light place.

"Can you see any view?" she called, but he did not answer.

"What *is* it, Eric?" she called out, in her clear young voice.

He turned and came down toward her, and as he got closer she saw his face. It was white and his eyes were empty. For a moment she was afraid her shouting had scared away a bird — but he didn't look angry. "What's the matter?" she asked, and put her hand on his arm. "What's up there, Eric? What did you see?"

"Nothing," he said. "Nothing." He took her arm and started down the path, but she pulled free and turned toward the mountain.

"But I want to see what it was!" she said, but he caught her arm.

"You can't. You mustn't." He was shaking.

"But, Eric, *why*?" She tried to pull away. "You're hurting me!"

"I'm sorry. You mustn't go."

He was too strong for her and they went downhill. When they got to the car she was furious, and stamped and the red flower fell out of her hair. "Why, Eric? Why? What was it?" But he wouldn't answer, and they drove off in silence. When they got to their cottage she wouldn't get out of the car. "I'm not coming in unless you tell me what you saw, Eric." It was too much — she hadn't done anything wrong. Anyway, *he* wasn't angry.

"There's nothing to tell. I just wanted to go home."

"That's utter nonsense! You saw something — what was it? You looked — fright-

ened, Eric. You never look frightened."

He shuddered and turned his face away. "Don't say that."

"Then tell me what it was. Was it something dead? Or hurt? You've got to tell me — you've no reason not to tell me."

He shook his head. "Nothing. Just some mental aberration."

They went into the cottage and she tried again, but he would say nothing more. After dinner he sat drinking whiskey, and when she questioned him again he just shook his head. They spent a silent evening for the first time in their short marriage. She lay sleepless for a long time that night. She had never seen him afraid.

She awoke very early — before he did — and dressed, and drove the car to the lane where they had left it the day before, but she could not find the beginning of the trail. When she got back, Eric was downstairs drinking coffee.

"Where have you been?" he asked her. She told him — a little defiantly. "For heaven's sake, Carlotta! There's nothing up there, I tell you! I just had a spell — a bilious attack."

"It wasn't a bilious attack — you pulled me away! And you won't tell me what it was you saw. Or thought you saw."

"I saw nothing."

"Well, was it a bird?"

"No, goddamnit! Shut up!" He went out and slammed the door, and she stood there with her heart beating fast. She went to the kitchen and saw he had fried some bacon, but he hadn't eaten any. Later he came in and said he was sorry. "This is the first holiday I've taken in years — I guess I'm overtired."

She decided to drop the subject, and kissed him, but it was like kissing a stranger. During the day he watched birds through his binoculars in the garden, and after dinner he went to bed without having spoken more than a few sentences, and again she lay awake — wondering what he had seen and wouldn't tell her.

The next morning he said without looking at her, "I have to go into town — to see Stuart. I've just remembered something."

Stuart was his partner.

"But, Eric, couldn't you call him long-distance?"

"No, I'm sorry, but I must go. I'll be back tomorrow."

She drove him to the station and then returned, sick at heart. He had not even said what train he'd come back on, and the next day she called him at the office. Stuart answered, and said that Eric had come in and gone out again. "Why don't you try your apartment?" he said. His tone was odd and reserved.

When she called their number, Eric was there. "Look, darling," he said. "I was going to call you. I'll have to stay over for a day or two — I'm awfully sorry, but you'll be OK, won't you?"

"But Eric, this was to be our honey-

moon. We couldn't take one — go away for one — last year!"

"I know, but something's come up." He was no longer distant and resentful, but as though he loved her and was anxious on her account. "I'll . . . I miss you, Carlotta."

After they hung up she wrote him a letter. Perhaps, if he read it alone, he would see the justice of what she asked. "Eric, I am your wife and I love you — I am terribly worried. You know there is no reason for you to conceal anything from me — it makes no difference how unspeakable it was — you can tell me. It is far, far worse like this. Oh, darling — you must tell me!" And so on.

She waited for three days without hearing from him, and called the office again, and again Stuart answered. "He's hardly spoken to me," Stuart said. "He just stands there looking out of the window. You two haven't had —"

"No, it's nothing like that. But he told me he had to go to town to see you." Then she told him the whole story in detail. "You're his best friend, Stuart — can't you find out what it's all about? Or

what he saw?"

"I'll try," Stuart said. "I'll call you."

His call came that evening as she ate a lonely dinner. "I think you ought to come down here, Carlotta. I know about his temper, but I always thought I could discuss things with him. I didn't get anywhere — he told me to go to hell. He won't tell me what he saw, either. It doesn't make sense."

She drove the hundred miles to New York and went straight to the apartment, but it was dark, and when she looked in the closet she saw that some of Eric's clothes were gone, and one of the suitcases. Stuart arrived, and neither of them knew what to do or say.

The next day Stuart heard from their lawyers — Eric had arranged to convey his interest in the firm to Carlotta, who could, if she chose, sell to Stuart. Eric had then left, but told no one where he was going. She closed the cottage upstate, and waited in New York. No word came. How was he living, she wondered; he must have a job somewhere, but where? She asked all their friends, and finally she went to the police, but Missing Persons was unable to find



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"But, Doctor, I just can't understand it — my husband's been taking the Pill regularly for months . . .!"

Eric Thorpe. She grew numb to her feeling of loss and abandonment, and then she had no feeling. She thought it was because of what he had done to her — to them both. What in all the universe had he seen to make him do this? And that he couldn't tell her?

The Second World War came and went, and she tried to find out through the Armed Forces, but without success, and then, 10 years after the War was over, she met a man at a cocktail party who said something about a man he knew that awakened her interest again.

He said he had a friend who lived alone up the Hudson Valley — a man called Eric Carver. Carver — she remembered — was her husband's mother's maiden name. "What does he look like?" she said. (What indeed? How do *I* look — at 46? He must be 50 . . .)

"Well, he's a big man. Never says much — never sees people, either. We get along all right, we're both bird watchers, but you have to watch your step with him — he's rather unpredictable."

"Has he got very heavy black eyebrows?"

"White. Very bushy. Why? Do you think you know him?"

"I think I did, once. What does he do? How does he live?"

"He got into the Regular Army back in the Thirties — some years before the War, and I guess he lives on his pension. He was shaken up pretty badly during the North African campaign, I understand. Battle fatigue, you know. I'm afraid you'll find him changed."

She got Eric's address, and the next morning drove upstate. The village was a few miles north of where their summer

cottage had been. She asked at the general store how to get to his place.

"Mr. Carver?" the clerk said, and exchanged a look with the cashier. "You know him, lady?" Carlotta said that she thought so. "Well, then I guess you know what to expect."

"What do you mean?"

"He's a queer one, lady. Don't go and argue with him. He don't like people to argue with him."

He was working in the garden when she got there, and it was cool for midsummer. All he said was, "Good heavens!" and smiled and looked exactly the same as he had 20 years before, except that his hair was white and his face very brown. He took her inside. They didn't kiss or even shake hands. She couldn't tell what he felt, and she could think of nothing to say but, "How are you?"

He was all right: he liked living in the country. He did a little writing — nature stuff, mostly. He still liked watching birds — here was his camera, and he took pictures of them. How was she? Remarried, I suppose. Oh, no — nothing like that. Then she suddenly started to cry. "Why? Why did it happen, Eric?"

He took her in his arms and petted her — but it was not like the embrace of a lover — of her husband. And he seemed a little puzzled — but he did not ask how she had found him. It was more as if he were not quite sure who she was. "Come," he said after a while. "Let's go for a walk — I want to show you some birds."

They went out, and he led her through the woods and across an old field covered now with young trees, and up the side of the mountain by a trail thick with tall

grasses and midsummer daisies. After a while there was the sound of a waterfall.

"Why . . . this is the trail we took. Eric! It's the same, isn't it?"

"Same? Same as what?"

"It's the same one we walked up — the . . . the last time."

He frowned and looked around. "I haven't any idea what you're talking about. You and I have never been here — I only found it last fall. Come along, I want to show you the view. And there's a nest — and a pair of pileated woodpeckers, if we're lucky."

She was taken aback — how could he have possibly forgotten? He seemed changed, now, and curiously abrupt — but 20 years is a long time. He started up the steep slope again and she plodded after him — 46 is not as good at hills as 26. After a moment she called to him to wait for her. He turned sharply and waited, glowering with annoyance.

"You'll frighten them! Their nest is up at the next clearing, and if you make sudden noises you'll frighten them!"

"But birds don't nest at this time of the year, do they?"

He did not answer her, but turned and she followed him up the trail to where it went around a corner and the trees seemed to thin out. "There's a good view of the whole valley from up here," he said, and smiled at her. How oddly his mood changed from minute to minute. How had he been 20 years ago? She couldn't remember. They came to the rise where the trail turned, and to their right, just out of sight from the path below, was a level place and a sweeping view of the Hudson Valley.

A large black-and-white bird with a red crest settled on a tree below them. Eric touched her hand, and nodded toward it, and she clapped her hands and exclaimed with pleasure and surprise. But the bird saw and heard her, and with another one just like it flew away, with a grating cry.

"Goddamn you! Look what you've done!"

She looked at Eric — his face was dark with fury. "But . . . but I didn't really frighten them, Eric. And what does it matter — you can see them again —"

She stopped in horror. Eric's face had turned white. He made a meaningless sound, and before she could move he took her by the throat, and squeezed with his enormous hands. In barely an instant she felt herself becoming unconscious, and the sunlight darkened. She tried to struggle but she was numb, and then she no longer cared. They staggered and swung around, and beyond Eric, at the head of the trail, a young man appeared and stood staring. He had thick black eyebrows.

Below him, out of sight, she heard her own clear young voice, calling, "What is it, Eric?"

NOON GUN (continued from page 126)

where you been? I been waiting for you 30 minutes."

"Hadda stop an' paste a guy said he was going to make time with you, hon," said Gordon, winking at Joe. Joe smiled weakly. There was something wrong about all this, and he wished suddenly that Sara Nell would hurry up.

"He's a bulldozer operator," said Bette, nodding at Joe, who nodded back like a marionette. And for just a fraction of a second the arrogance slipped off Gordon's face, leaving it bland, years younger. Then he caught it again: "He is? Well—long as he din't bring his bulldozer."

Joe said "Ha-ha," and was appalled at how hollow it sounded.

Sara Nell had slid in beside him before he fully realized she was back. She was saying something about she hoped she hadn't been too long.

You have been, Joe thought. He said, "Sara Nell, this's, uh, Bette and Gordon." Sara Nell bobbed her head as each name was mentioned. Bette said "Hello!" and smiled.

Gordon glanced briefly at Sara Nell's face, intently at the front of her dress, shrugged his shoulders and turned in his seat to face Bette more directly. He said not a word.

Joe sat silent and miserable. A waitress scuffed up. "Cuba libre," Joe said. Sara Nell shook her head. "I don't want anything now."

"Coke," said Bette. Surprise slanted into Joe's mind. She should have said "Champagne cocktail," or something. Didn't they always?

"I'll have a drink with you," Gordon said pointedly to Bette, "when you and him are finished." The waitress shuffled off again.

"Aw, Gordon, don't be like that. Joe didn't mean anything, did you, Joe? Does he look like a wolf or something?"

Gordon flicked a glance, not at Joe, but at Sara Nell. He said, "Hell no."

"Well, he isn't," said Bette complacently. "I know. He was telling me just before you came —"

Oh no, Joe thought, holy smoke, don't tell him *that!* I didn't tell you that about Peggy so you would —

But she was. In her own way, which wasn't like what he had told her. She made it different. She made it as if he was still the same kind of a cube he was when he was a kid. She made it sound as if it had happened just yesterday, instead of three whole years ago, nearly four. He opened his mouth to say something, and nothing would come. He

felt Sara Nell's hand on his arm and realized he was half out of his seat, hanging there clumsily. He dropped back and closed his eyes and let the silly little anecdote come pouring over him like hot oil from a busted hydraulic line.

When Bette was quite finished, finished also with an expansion of how *very* cute she thought it all was, Gordon said, "Shee — *yit.*"

It made Joe jump. Bette apparently noticed nothing. Joe didn't have to look at Sara Nell.

Joe said, "Aw, Bette, you shouldn't've told about that."

"Why not?" Gordon grated. "She can say what she wants. It's a free country, ain't it?"

"Sure, but —"

"But nothin', who do you think you are, Nicky Khrushchev or something?"

"Gordon," said Bette, "will you leave the kid alone?"

"Aw, it's all right," said Joe.

Sara Nell said suddenly, "Joe, will you take me home? I have an awful headache."

Joe looked at her in amazement. He had never heard her voice become shrill before. "You got a headache?"

"Sure she has," said Gordon. "Name's Joe." He brought his thick hand down on the table and guffawed.

"Very f —" Joe began, but something

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choked him. He had to swallow before he could say, "Very funny." To Sara Nell he said desperately, "I ordered a drink."

"Please Joe . . ." she said. The face she had now, this was new to him, too. "Please. Now. I feel sick."

Joe opened his mouth, but before he could say anything Sara Nell was up and walking away. He rose, tried a smile and a shrug that somehow didn't quite come off, reached for his hat and started off after her.

"Hey. You!"

He stopped. Gordon said, "Who's supposed to pay for the drinks, deadbeat? Me?"

Infuriatingly, Sara Nell came back to him, accompanied him to the table. He said to her, "If it wasn't for you —" He got his wallet out. Gordon was sitting back making his little eyes even smaller. Joe took out a bill and tossed it to him. "Here. When she comes. With the drinks. We got to go."

Bette said goodbye but Joe couldn't answer. He took Sara Nell's arm and hurried her out.

"Joe! Your change!"

"Skip it. I got plenty of money."

Outside it was red and dark, red and dark with the neon, and the cool air took the hot fuzziness that filled him and compressed it into a fiery ball. "You!" he gritted. "What'd you want to rush me out like that for? You want that guy to think I was afraid of him?"

Sara Nell made a strange little sound and snatched her arm away from him.

They stopped walking. Joe said, "One more crack outa him and I'd'a had to paste him one."

"Joe!" she cried as if she had been stabbed, "don't talk out of the side of your mouth!"

"What's the matter with you?"

She placed her hands carefully together and looked down at them. Her bag swung from her left wrist, and from its wide gilded clasp, the neon letter B, reversed, appeared and disappeared. B for Bar. B for Backwards. B for Bette. She spoke to him carefully, and at last in her own full voice again. "Joe . . . I don't want you to be mad at me. I have no claim on you, and you can do what you want. But —"

"What are you talking about?"

"Please don't throw your money away. You work too hard for it."

"For God's sake, I told you. I got plenty."

"All right, Joe. But . . . \$10 is a lot for a drink you didn't even have."

"Ten — did I put \$10 on that table?"

"That's what you took out of your wallet."

Joe whipped out his wallet and fanned through it. "Holy smoke." He looked up at the pulsing glare, and back at his wallet.

Sara Nell said, probably to herself, "Those awful people . . ."

"Aw, they're OK," Joe said. He put away his wallet. "He just talks too much for his own good, that's all . . . Well," he demanded suddenly, "we just going to stand here?"

She just stood there.

"Come on," he growled.

"All right, Joe," she said. They walked away from the bar. After a while she said, "Let's walk all the way."

"I got enough mon —"

"I want to," she said.

They walked in too much silence after it had been normally dark for a time, and he lashed out, "All right, so you didn't like them! So they're not your type, that's all. So forget them!"

"All right, Joe."

All the time, all right, Joe. And watching him. She had always been watching him, ever since he met her. She watched him eat. She watched him walk. Did she . . . did she *think* while she watched? She never said. He had such an abrupt vision of the crooked golden ring on blue pupils that he blinked; the vision jogged along with him, fading no faster than the afterimage of a flash bulb. Oh God, no matter what, this Mousie would never do that to him, or anything like it.

He found, after a while, that she had his arm again. He had not been aware of her taking it. She said, "Joe. Did I ever tell you about my brother Jackie and the noon gun?"

"What about it?"

"We used to live near the fort. Every time they shot that cannon at noon Jackie would start to cry, even when he was a baby. Everybody knew about it. Everybody used to laugh at him, to kid him out of it. They used to look at their watches and hang around him waiting. And sure enough when the gun went off he'd jump and start to cry.

"Well, one summer when he was about 13, my Uncle John and Aunt Helen were visiting, and Jackie cried like that, and Uncle John gave me two dollars but he said to Jackie he was ashamed they had the same name. I — I guess he was only trying to help. But anyway, at night Jackie told me he would never cry at the noon gun again. The way he said it, Joe, he scared me. I was so worried, the way he acted, I kept my eye on him all the next morning.

"Well, about 11:30 he sort of slid out of the yard without saying anything and I waited a second and went after him. He took the hill road and went right up to the fort, and jumped over the road wall at the top and went on around the side of the building and sat down on the grass with his back to the wall. And there right over his head was that cannon." She was quiet for so long that he nudged her.

"What'd he do?"

"Nothing. He just sat there looking out at the sea. At five minutes to 12 he could hear the voices of the gun crew. I could, too, where I was hiding. Then he sort of squinched up his face and



"I'm afraid that 'Dick and Jane Kick the Habit' is not quite our cup of tea!"

dug his fingers into the dirt. And he started to cry. He didn't try to wipe his face. He kept his hands in the dirt. It must have been to keep him from putting his fingers in his ears. Finally the gun went off — *blam!* — and he jumped like a jack-in-the-box. Afterward, he sat there for a minute until he stopped crying, and he wiped off his face with his handkerchief and wiped his hands on his pants."

"What'd you say to him?"

"Oh — nothing. I ran home. He never did know I saw him."

"Now why did he want to do a thing like that?"

Sara Nell looked up at him. "He was a funny kid. You know, he never did cry at that noon gun anymore. For a couple of weeks he'd sort of tighten up when it went off, but after a while he stopped doing that even. And then he'd just grin."

They reached her gate. Joe said, "That's the craziest story I ever heard."

She reached behind her, opened the gate, slid through and closed it between them. "Well . . . goodnight, Joe. Thanks for the show and all." She turned and went up the steps. At the top she looked back and saw him still standing there. She said goodnight again and when he didn't answer she went into the house.

At the click of the door Joe started, took a step toward the gate. There was something so very final about the click; it left him alone, and it told him what he hadn't known until then — that he didn't want to be alone. He stared at the lighted windows for a moment, and finally shrugged. "That dame," he said out of the corner of his mouth. He turned and started downtown.

"I guess I shoulda pasted that guy one," he muttered. He put his hands in his pockets and hunched his shoulders. In the back of his mind, a most intimate possession of his, a sort of private movie projector, began reeling off a new feature, in Technicolor. He saw himself in the bar, striding up to the table, a thin smile on his merciless lips. Gordon looked up and turned pale. "Well, wise guy?" said Joe out of the corner of his mouth. Gordon said, "Now, looka, a joke's a joke, huh?" Joe slowly extended his hand. Gordon said, "OK, OK," and put the change from Joe's \$10 into it. Joe put the money in his pocket and stood there rocking on the balls of his feet, staring Gordon down. "Punk!" he spat. Bette rose and ran to him and threw her arms around him. "Don't hit him, Joe!" Joe gently disengaged her and shoved her carelessly aside.

Fade-out.

Joe took his hands out of his pockets and walked a little faster.

Another reel. Joe and Gordon standing toe to toe, slugging it out. Bette



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"Leda, dear, what has Mummy said to you about going too close to the water?"

shouting, "Come on, Joey!" A right, a left, another right, and Gordon was down, blood streaming from his nose and mouth. "Oh, Joe, my Joe . . ." and as he turned to face her and the hot promise of her parted lips, he saw too late that the coward on the floor had a gun. *Blam!* But with the explosion, Bette's tear-filled face was blanked out by the superimposed picture of a kid sitting in a swirl of smoke under the muzzle of a cannon, digging his hands into the dirt and crying.

Joe shook his head in annoyance. He tried to get a close-up of Bette, whose dress was torn somehow, saying, "You've killed him, you rat! You've killed my Joe!" — flinging herself down beside him as he gasped his life out; but it couldn't jell.

Gordon, he thought bitterly. Gordon is the guy who grins when he fights. A tough guy. Smack him one in the nose. He grins. When the noon gun goes off, he grins. Pump him full of lead, and he cracks wise with the Army nurse. The blonde Army nurse.

I'll get him out on the fill where I'm working, Joe thought. I'll be up on my dozer, and I'll run him down. I'll slap her in sixth gear. Just a touch on the steering clutches. He can't dodge *me*. I got 21 tons at my fingertips. Blade him under. Lock a track and spin him into the dirt and spread him out and back-

blade him into nothing but a stain in the mud. In Technicolor again, he pictured himself up on the machine, approaching the bar. He dropped his blade and swung into the front of the building. *Blam!* But instead of people running and screaming, instead of chrome-pipe chairs bouncing and scattering off the blade, instead of a sweaty Gordon crying, "He brought his bulldozer!" there was just the kid under the gun again, crying without trying to wipe his face.

"I got to do it," Joe said suddenly in a strained voice. He thought, what right have I to horn in on them? and replied instantly, I can just ask for my change.

Ahead of him the lurid neon over the bar made the street and house fronts alternately blood and black, blood and black. He crossed over toward it and stumbled on the curbstone. His heart was pounding so hard that he had to catch his breath in between beats. He went in.

There were not many people left. He thought suddenly, maybe they've gone. He craned his neck toward the booths and instantly saw Bette's beacon of hair.

He wiped his palms on the sides of his trousers. The waitress was behind the bar. Maybe she'd have the change. Maybe he wouldn't have to ask Gordon at all. He went over to her. She looked tireder than she had before.

"I gave you \$10 for a Cuba libre and a Coke a while back," he said. "I was sitting over there. Have you got the change?"

"Oh—you're the feller ordered and then went out. Was that your \$10? I give the change to your friend there. Ask him about it."

"Thanks." Joe swallowed. "I—I guess I will." He looked at the waitress. She was numbly mopping the bar with a gray towel. "I'll go ask him about it right now." It didn't seem to make any difference to her; she just went on mopping. "Yes," said Joe. "Well, thanks."

He walked away from the bar. Maybe he ought to have a little drink first. As the thought occurred to him it was canceled by a reaction against any more stalling that jolted him to his ankles. He was trembling ever so slightly, all over, when he walked back to the booths.

I'll just say "Hi," easylike, he told himself. But when he got there he couldn't say anything at all. He put his hands down on the table and leaned on them. He looked at Gordon and wished that little muscle in his cheek would stop twitching.

"Well, will you look what crept in!" said Gordon. "What do *you* want?"

"My money," whispered Joe. He cleared his throat. "My money," he said.

"You lose some money?" Gordon nudged Bette. "He lost his money."

"Better forget it, kid," said Bette.

Joe said, "I left \$10 here to pay for drinks."

"That's your hard luck," said Gordon. "I don't know nothing about it. Why'n't you save yourself some bad trouble and beat it?"

"Give it to me."

"Look, son—ain't it worth 10 bucks to you to keep me from feeding you your teeth? How're you gonna prove anything?"

Joe was suddenly certain that his mouth would form just one more statement before it dried up altogether. He said the only thing that would come into his mind. "Give it to me."

Gordon carefully and ostentatiously adjusted his heavy signet ring. Joe became fearfully aware of what that big ring could do. "I guess I gotta give it to him," said Gordon. He got up and stepped so close to Joe that Joe could smell the liquor on his breath. "Now get outa here," rasped Gordon. He put his open palm against Joe's face and shoved.

Joe stepped backward, his arms flailing for balance, until the backs of his knees brought up against a chair, and he fell over it backward and crashed to the floor on his head and shoulders. He rolled over and tried to get up. Gordon stepped over and kicked him in the

stomach, and when he put his hands down, kicked him in the head.

It made a noise inside his head like nothing he had ever heard. Just *blam!* and then the whole world was full of roiling smoke. It began to clear, and he became conscious of a bleating noise—the waitress. He raised his head and looked past the thick columns of Gordon's legs, and saw Bette's face. She was not saying, "Oh, Joe, my Joe . . ." She was smiling, with her mouth half-open. He could see almost all her upper teeth. She was smiling at Gordon.

Gordon stepped back as Joe got to his knees and then to his feet. "You kicked me," he said inanely, and then rushed.

He felt his hands close around Gordon's forearms. They felt almost squashy in his grip. He forgot all about dream fights, movie and TV fights, the one-two, the feint and duck and right cross. He bent Gordon's arms until the square hands were fluttering under the baby chin, and he bore down with all the power that 10 hours a day pulling steering clutches can give. Gordon went to his knees. "Money," said Joe. He pulled Gordon back on his feet, released his arms, grabbed a handful of hair and

hauled Gordon's head back until he could see the skin on the pink throat stretching. Holding him like that, he swung at Gordon's jaw, cheek, nose, eye, mouth, jaw. He kept swinging until Bette screamed. Then he let go, and Gordon came down and over and around his feet like something dumped out of a truck.

The waitress was saying, "Stop it! Stop it!" Joe said, to his own astonishment, "You stop it. You're making all the racket," and went over to Bette. "I want my money," he said.

"I got it," she said. "Gosh, Joe, we were only having fun with you." She opened her pocketbook and took out a \$10 bill, the whole \$10, and put it on the table. Joe picked it up and slid it into his wallet, and took out a dollar and gave it to the waitress. "Throw some water on him," he said.

Bette looked at the feebly stirring figure on the floor. "You didn't need to get mad like that," she said. "Now when he comes to he's going to take it out on me. I'm gettin' out of here." She walked off.

Joe found his hat, picked it up, dusted it off, put it on. Bette was waiting for him outside on the sidewalk. The blink-

ing neon did strange things to the color of her hair.

"Are you going my way?" she asked him, holding his arm.

"What's your way?"

She pointed. He shook his head. She said, "I could go the other way."

He took her hand off his arm. "I got a date," he said.

His head hurt.

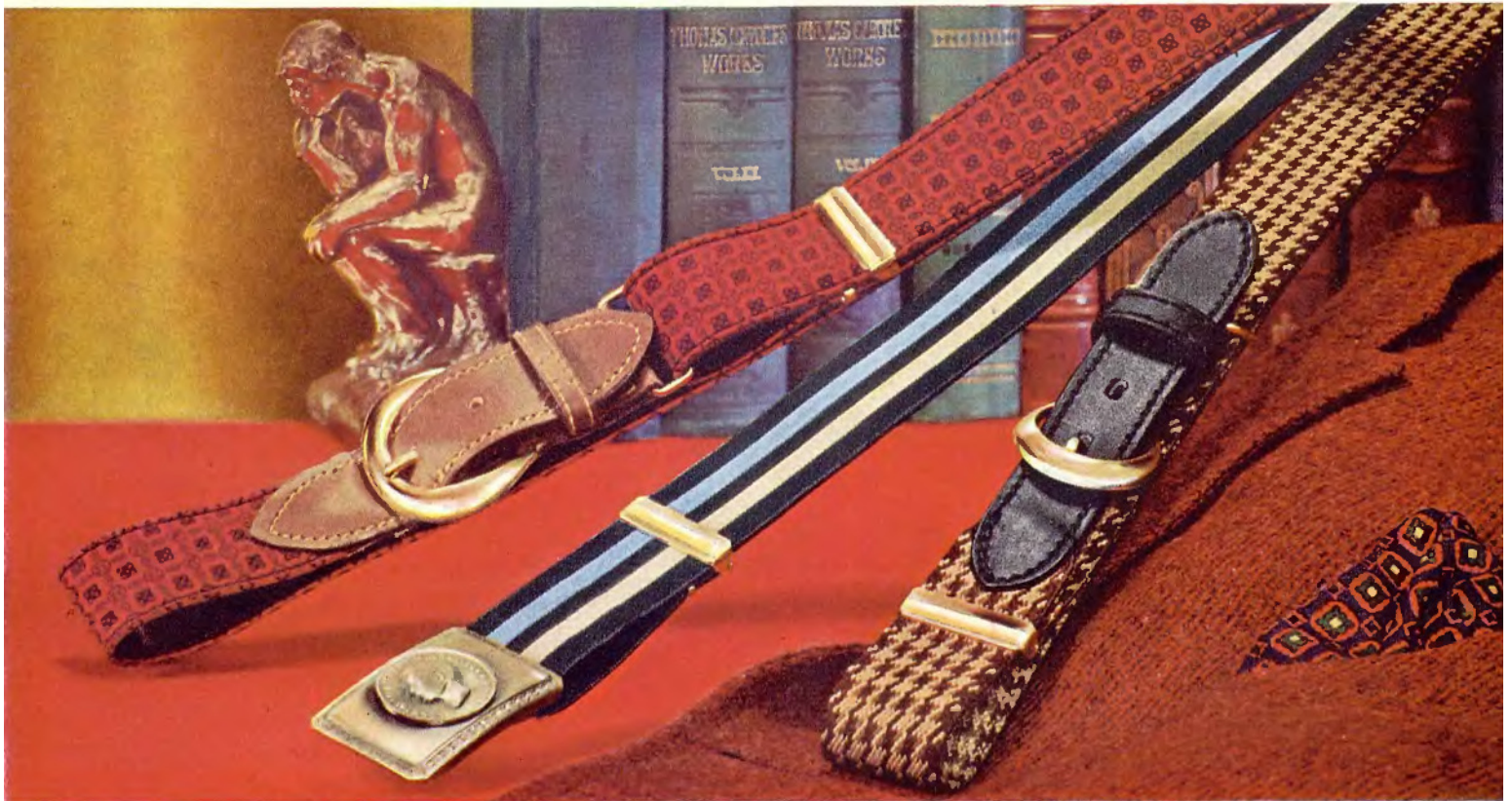
He went straight to Sara Nell's house, thinking about what he should say when he saw her. He thought up plenty, but when he stood in the light of her opened door, he forgot it all and said only, "I got the money. They had it, all right."

"Joe! You're hurt!"

"I feel fine." How she got into his arms he couldn't imagine. He held her close and stroked her hair. She didn't turn her face away. His eyes were hot. He said, "You're so *little!* You're no bigger'n a little old mouse. I oughta call you Mousie."

She said, "All right, Joe."

He held her close, but he was careful, because his arms were so strong he didn't want to hurt her.



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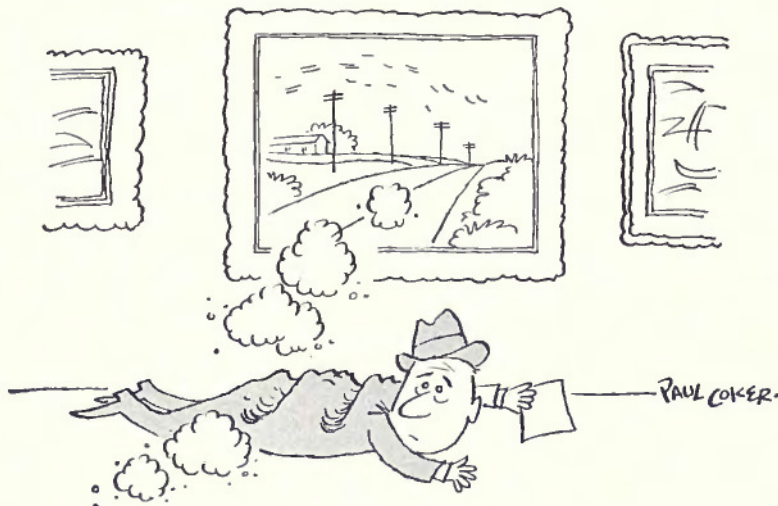
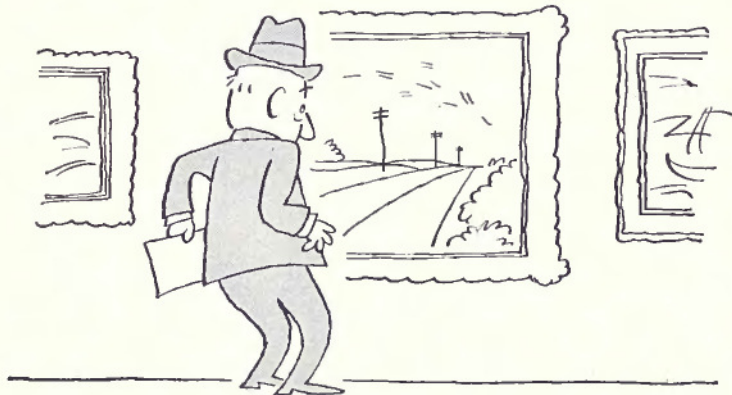
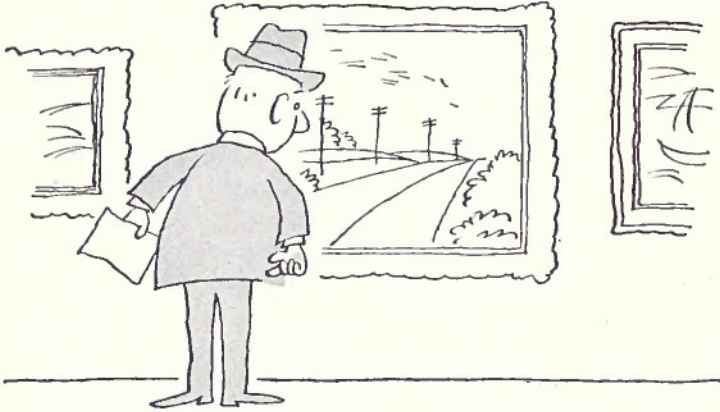
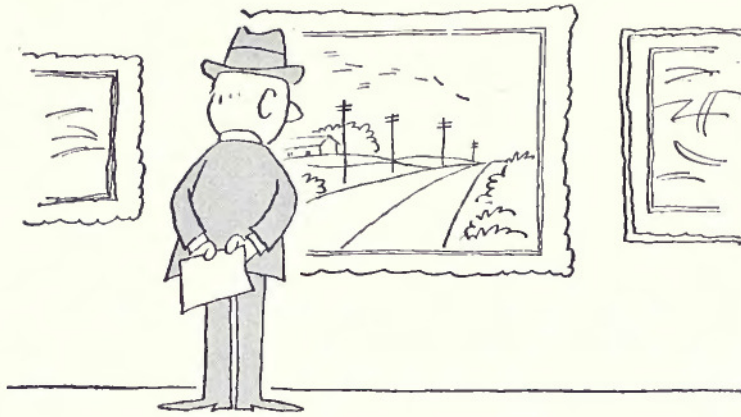
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PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY

(continued from page 90)

upon the Puritans introduced special officials to control the court and enforce the law — and when a jury failed to bring in a verdict to their liking, it was dismissed.

The Puritans made great and extensive use of public humiliation as a means of chastisement and control, with the pillory, the stocks and the scarlet letter — techniques they carried with them to the colonies in the New World. In Scotland, even more feared than the pillory was the punishment of having to appear in church every Sunday for a given number of weeks (the number varied, but not infrequently it was 26 or 52) to be harangued for half-an-hour in front of the congregation by the minister; in some churches, when the sin committed was considered serious enough, the offenders (both men and women) were fastened to the wall of the church by an iron collar, or joug.

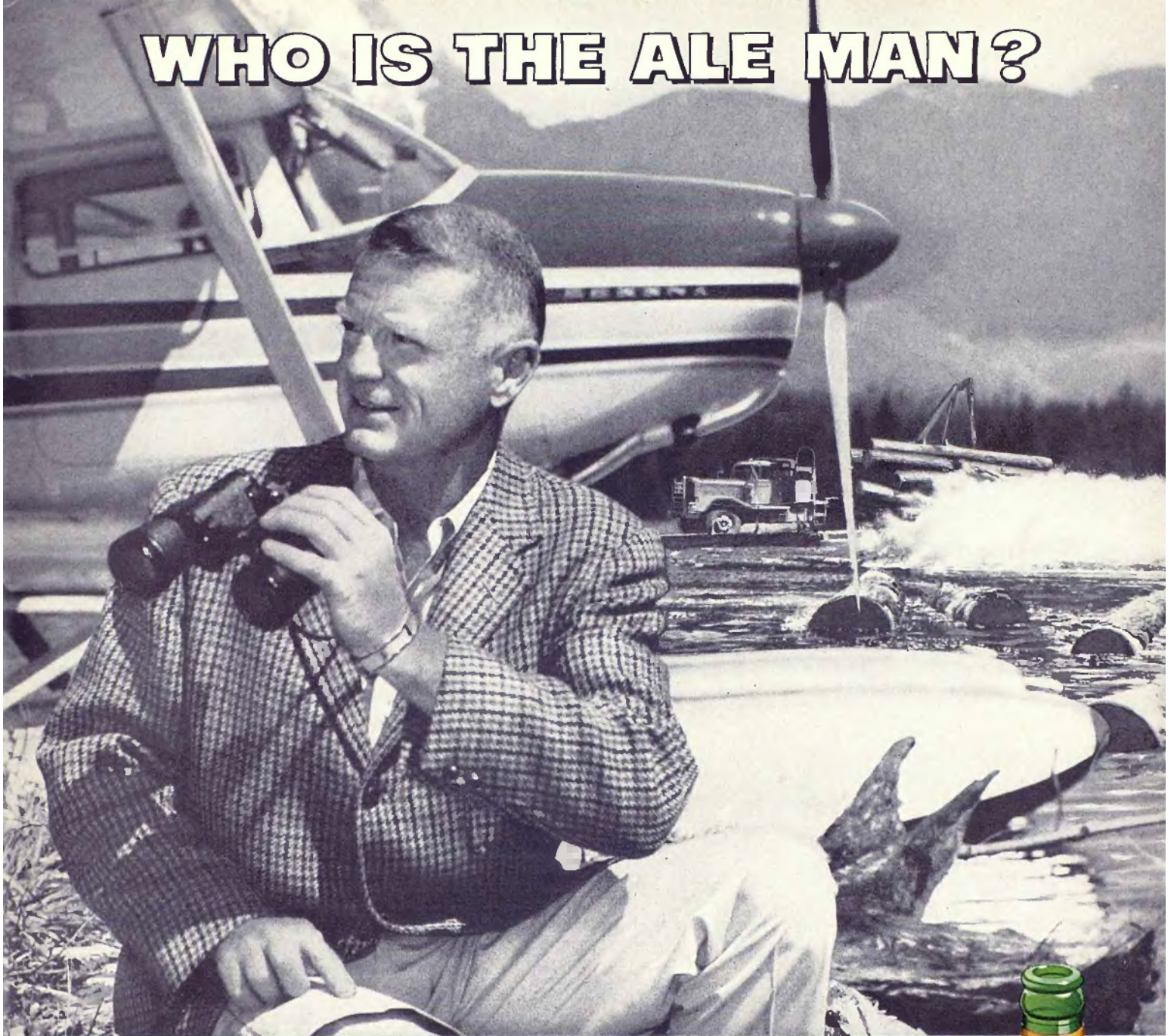
The main body of public opinion was opposed to the extremes of Puritanism and was especially against the Puritan control over Parliament. The members of Parliament discovered to their dismay that they had allied themselves with authoritarians far more ruthless than the Stuart kings. Rebellious crowds filled the streets, crying, "Give us a free Parliament," and the sarcastic dismissal of the crowd by General George Monk, head of Cromwell's armed forces: "You shall have a free Parliament," was taken as a promise, causing a chain of beacons to be lighted which carried the supposed good news throughout England, and prompting such a widespread reaction that the Puritan fathers were forced to accede to the demand. In 1660 the monarchy was restored and Charles II returned from exile to accept the throne.

Some indication of the sadistic cruelty that was still natural to an age that had tortured and burned so many witches, and produced the severe authoritarianism of the Reformation and Puritanism, can be perceived from a reading of the sentence of the court, pronounced on the five judges who had condemned Charles I to death: "You shall go from hence to the place from whence you came, and from that place shall be drawn upon a hurdle to the place of execution, and there shall hang by the neck till you are half dead, and shall be cut down alive, and your privy members cut off before your face and thrown into the fire, your belly ripped up and your bowels burnt, your head to be severed from your body, your body shall be divided into four quarters, and disposed as His Majesty shall think fit."

THE RESTORATION AND ROMANTIC LOVE

England was freed for a time from the yoke of Puritanism and the Restoration

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that followed the return of the monarchy was primarily a reaction against the Puritan influence and an era of re-awakening prosperity and vigorous political activity. The arts and trades of an increasingly complex civilization led to new triumphs of creative endeavor; the people rejoiced over the curtailment of Puritan power, strong opposition developed to undue authoritarianism of any kind and the new freedom produced a considerable relaxing of sexual morality and a greater status for women in society. The theaters were re-opened and, *The Columbia Encyclopedia* says, "The drama of the period was marked by brilliance and wit, and by a moral laxity which reflected the looseness of court manners."

A new romanticism emerged, partly as a reaction against the dehumanizing materialism of a growing industrialization, and sought to establish aesthetic values in place of utilitarian ones. The Romantic Movement in England was more sexual than the earlier conception of "courtly love" held by the troubadours and the Romantics introduced a new concept of marriage, based upon mutual love and respect on the part of both man and wife. Taylor states, "Not only did the Romantics reject the Christian assumption of feminine inferiority which had ruled for more than a millennium, but they went further and put forward the claim that romantic love should be the *raison d'être* of the marriage relationship. . . . [They held] that the lover should enjoy with his beloved both sensual passion and platonic companionship. . . . Furthermore, they held that sexual experiment was necessary if one was to find the ideal mate — which is to say that they abandoned the Christian doctrine of strict pre-nuptial chastity. Moreover, they revived Plato's theory that every individual is but one half of a complete entity, so that somewhere there is to be found the twin-soul, the missing half, the only person in the world who provides the full complement for one's own personality. . . . Here was born the sentimental notion, to be enshrined in popular song when [these] ideas finally triumphed in the 20th Century, of 'the only girl in the world' — an idea in complete contrast with the view previously [held] that any two people, not previously antipathetic, could probably make an effective marriage."

When the ideal partner has been found, in keeping with this new Romantic view, "no mere mundane obstacle — such as one of the parties being married already — must be allowed to stand in the way of fulfillment."

Such an extreme conception of romantic love, while not without considerable

virtue — when contrasted with the strict, antifeminine, antisexual views of medieval Christianity and Puritanism — obviously has its impractical, naive and inhuman side. Yet it is upon just such a doctrine — interlaced with even more impractical, naive and inhuman Puritanism — that our own present-day conception of romantic love and of marriage are based.

VICTORIAN SEX

At about the same time as this Romantic quest, England began to swing back in the direction of puritanism. The new trend was officially endorsed by George III, who issued a Proclamation Against Vice, and this led to the restrictive period we refer to as the Victorian Era — though it actually reached its peak before Victoria's reign and began to decline during her rule.

The prudery and puritanism of the 17th Century were less drastic than that which flourished from the middle of the 18th and well into the 19th Centuries. A new Evangelical campaign, undoubtedly based upon sexual anxieties, inveighed not only against sexual indulgence and all forms of pleasure, but also all spontaneity in emotion and behavior. And to a marked extent, people accepted these stricter values. Woman's status was again reduced to the medieval level of submission, modesty and hard work, but whereas medieval man had regarded woman as a source of sin, the Victorians considered her pure and sexless.

The publication of "Mary Wollstonecraft's *Right of Women*, at the height of this trend created a scandal. Even the worldly Horace Walpole referred to her as a 'hyena in skirts.' *The Ladies Magazine* published a case history of four girls who had, it asserted, been perverted by reading this work: one of them not only rode to hounds, but even groomed her own horse, while another committed the unpardonable sin of quoting from the classics in social conversation."

Hunt asserts, "In the Victorian scheme, woman was denied every form of status and achievement except one, but in an industrial urban world that one was no longer as meaningful as it once had been. She yearned, instead, for the achievements reserved for men, and her feminist spokeswomen argued that she was the natural equal of man and deserved the same opportunities as he. But the very nature of the argument created in her mind a confusion as to what part she could, or should, play in life; the choice seemed to be between that of the unwed, childless, career woman, and the subjugated, dependent, housewife-mother. If there were some other answer, some

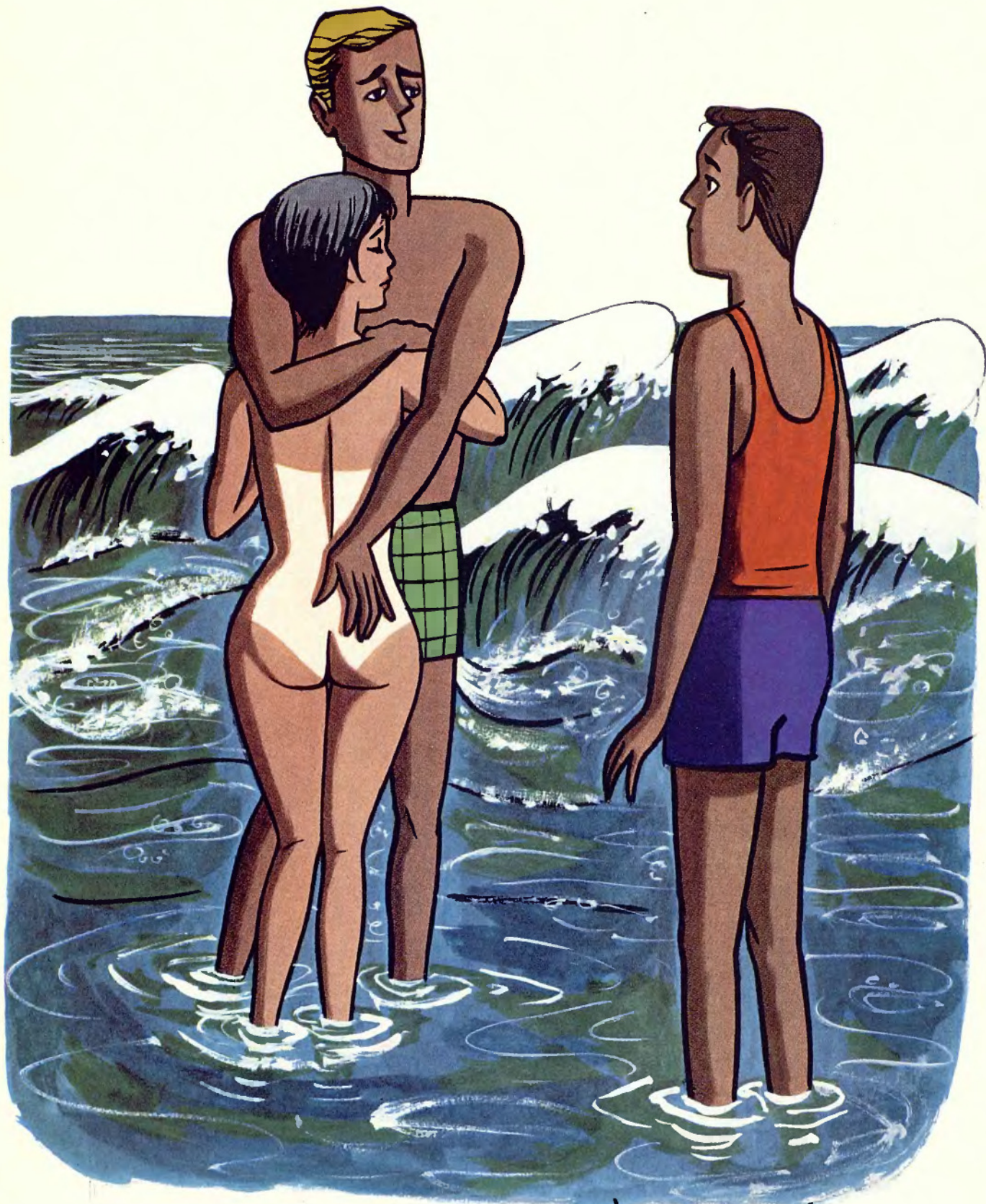
other personality she could assume, Victorian women had no idea what it might be. . . .

"The role in which Victorian man had cast woman had its inevitable effect on man himself. Patriarchal he might be, stern to his children, frock-coated, mightily bewhiskered, and not to be trifled with, but he played this part at the expense of his own sexual expressiveness and his own peace of mind. If he were a libidinous man, he was driven to resort secretly to brothels. If he were weakly sexed, the emphasis on the purity of woman might actually unman him. If he were an average man with an average drive, he might live his entire life galled by the need for self-denial and self-restraint."

Victorian man, if without much foundation in fact, considered himself far more civilized than the men of the preceding century — more rational, refined and virtuous. The Puritans considered sex a sin; the Victorians regarded it as undignified, irrational, bestial and disgusting.

While Victorian man urged women to purity, he distrusted them also. He wanted them to be virgins, but suspected secretly that they were whores. He was therefore compelled to divide the female sex into two categories: "good" women, who had no taste for sex; and "bad" women, who had. It is tellingly symptomatic of the times that W. Acton asserted, as a supposed statement of fact in a scientific work, *The Functions and Disorders of the Re-productive Organs*, that it was a "vile aspersion" to say that women were capable of sexual feeling. In *A History of Courting*, E. S. Turner states, "Sexual instincts became something no nice girl would admit to possessing; her job was to make man ashamed of his."

In *To Deprave and Corrupt*, published by Association Press, an affiliate of the Young Men's Christian Association, John Chandos writes, ". . . the industrial revolution and the expansion of opportunities which it created brought into existence a new and growing commercial middle class. The members of this class were very naturally insecure, ambitious and snobbish. . . . In their anxiety to be respectable, to be 'ladies and gentlemen,' they struck exaggerated postures of propriety, flattered their superiors, bullied their inferiors and set great store on following a strict code of conduct. In the course of their advancement they brought with them, usually from humbler origins, an assertive prudishness — part of the paraphernalia of respectability — a worship of industry for its own sake, a suspicion of pleasure as being a trap of the Devil and a complete lack of aesthetic taste or tradition. . . . The spontaneity



Bill Murphy

*"This poor girl lost her bathing suit in the breakers, Melvin.
You go get a robe or something, while I shield her . . ."*

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of the English personality was attacked by a paralyzing disease from which it has never since fully recovered. Standards no longer evolved from or through the aristocracy. . . . They developed a veritable obsession with sin, especially sexual sin, and since the only way they could with propriety maintain constant contact with the forbidden pleasure was by censoring its presence in others, they nosed out sex with an industry as indefatigable as it was ingenious. . . ."

The reformers did not, as a rule, succeed in getting Parliament to provide legal sanctions against the activities they criticized, frequently because their requests were so extreme. Thus in 1800 and again in 1856 and 1857, attempts were made to have Parliament impose the death penalty for adultery, but the motions were defeated. On the other hand, private societies for the suppression of vice multiplied and were responsible for a great number of prosecutions. As early as 1757, a Society for the Reformation of Manners was founded, but five years later it was disbanded, after being convicted of employing false testimony (in that five-year period it had instituted more than 10,000 prosecutions).

In 1789 the Proclamation Society Against Vice was formed to implement the royal Proclamation Against Vice; the announced purpose of the Proclamation Society was to suppress "licentious publications," but as usual, the attempt was made to suppress all free speech on matters which the Puritans found objectionable. Its offspring, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, was used to prosecute *The Republican*, a paper defending free speech and a free press. Tom Paine was forced to flee the country following the publication of his *Rights of Man*, and subsequently had to flee from France to America, where his *Age of Reason* was no better received. In 1820 a so-called Constitutional Association was formed to prosecute "seditious works." Among the works it thought seditious, and against which it successfully brought prosecutions, were Palmer's *Principles of Nature* and Shelley's *Oedipus Tyrannus* and *Queen Mab*. Byron's publisher was so fearful of the Association's activities that he hesitated to print the first two cantos of *Don Juan*.

In 1793 the *Evangelical Magazine* declared that "All novels, generally speaking, are instruments of abomination and ruin." Joshua Collins said that parents would be wise to establish "an immutable law" forbidding their offspring from reading novels. "It is much to be questioned," he said, "whether any sort of fictional representation ought to be put into the hands of youth." In any case, it was pointed out, to compose fiction was

to assert what was not true and was, therefore, a form of lying.

The theater had long been a target of Puritan hatred and the attacks upon it were, of course, resumed in the Victorian Era: it was declared that to visit a theater was not merely unsuitable, but absolutely unlawful for a Christian. John Styles, a Methodist minister, earned himself a certain kind of fame by declaring that it was "a luckless hour" when Shakespeare became a writer for the stage.

The Victorian period was marked by a quite incredible preoccupation with symbolic representations of sex, especially verbal ones. In the Middle Ages, the Church had preached against sex in the strongest terms, but it had never hesitated to use sexual words and phrases in referring to it; nor had it objected to representations in art of the sex organs and of the sexual act in all its variations. No such sexual frankness was permitted in Victorian times, however. Thus not only words used repeatedly in the Bible, such as "whore" and "fornication," became taboo, but the prohibitions were increasingly extended until words and objects only remotely connected with sex could not be named, but had to be referred to euphemistically. In time even the euphemisms became objectionable and had to be replaced by expressions even more indirect: the more colloquial "with child" was replaced by "pregnant"—which in those days had a half-metaphorical connotation which is almost entirely lost today; but then "pregnant" also became offensive and was replaced by the more ambiguous phrase, "in an interesting condition." Undergarments, and eventually even men's trousers, became "unmentionables"; it became indelicate to offer a lady the *leg* of a chicken—hence the still existent custom that it is more proper to offer her the breast, though this was properly referred to as the "bosom" in the 19th Century. Such taboos led to the desire to ignore all animallike aspects of existence, so that the lower creatures might "sweat," but proper men and ladies would "perspire"—and this was finally refined to "glow." References to the lower extremities were generally avoided and a "leg" was called a "limb"—*even on a chair or table*. Proper women also took to covering the legs of furniture with crinoline skirts and Captain Marryat tells of visiting a ladies' seminary where the piano had each of its legs clothed in "modest little trousers, with frills at the bottom of them."

Any physical complaint between the neck and the knees were referred to as "liver," and when it was necessary for a doctor to treat a female patient, he was sometimes handed a doll upon which

the location of the affected part might be pointed out.

This extreme in Victorianism was carried over to America and it is recorded that a preacher in Athens, Georgia, bowdlerized the Bible, reading "stomach" for "belly" and "a certain fowl" for "cock." The improper parts of nude paintings and statues were covered over; old maids became reluctant to go to bed in rooms containing men's portraits; and some private libraries violated alphabetical order, separating books by sex, to prevent volumes by men and women from resting against one another on the shelves.

Far from de-emphasizing sex, such actions had the opposite effect, and so instead of remaining aloof from it, the Victorian Era must be seen as sexually obsessed — as all such periods of repression must be.

MODERN AMERICAN MORALITY

We have already commented, in earlier issues, upon the similarly suppressive sexual traditions that were carried over to Puritan America and that form a part of our own history and heritage. Modern American morality is an amalgamation of the superstitious paganism and masochistic asceticism of early Christianity; the sexual anxieties, feelings of guilt and shame, witch-hunting sadism and sex repression of the medieval Church; the desexualized courtly love of the troubadours; England's Romantic Age, wherein love was presumed to conquer all; and the prohibitively strict, severe, joyless, authoritarian, unresponsive, book-banning, pleasure-baiting dogma of Calvinist Protestantism, Puritanism and Victorianism.

This is a morality that virtually assures us our high incidence of unhappy marriages, frequent divorces, impotence, masochism, frigidity, frustration and perversion. Perhaps this review of the origins of many of the unreasoned and unreasonable traditions and prohibitions of our present society may afford some additional insights as we next consider contemporary religions' changing views on sex, the unchanging U.S. sex laws, and modern man's need for a new, more realistic, rational, human and humane sexual morality.

See "The Playboy Forum" in this issue for readers' comments—pro and con—on subjects raised in previous installments of the "Philosophy." A limited number of the first seven installments of "The Playboy Philosophy" have been reprinted in booklet form and may be had by sending a check or money order for \$1 to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois, 60611.



BEEFING IT UP

(continued from page 108)

Place short ribs in a shallow roasting pan in oven preheated at 450°. Brown meat, turning once, for about 30 minutes. In a stewpot or Dutch oven, heat salad oil. Add onion, garlic, celery, green peppers, carrots, bay leaf and allspice. Sauté, stirring frequently, about 5 minutes. Remove meat from roasting pan, and transfer to stewpot. Add vinegar, sugar, tomatoes, water and beef extract. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper. Simmer slowly, covered, until meat is tender, about 2 hours. Skim fat carefully from gravy. If liquid evaporates too much, replace with water or stock. Remove bay leaf. Remove meat and place on large platter. Keep in warm place. Let gravy cool slightly. Pour gravy with all vegetables into blender. Blend 30 seconds or until smooth. Add salt, pepper and MSG to taste. Heat gravy and pour over meat on platter.

PAUPIETTE OF BEEF

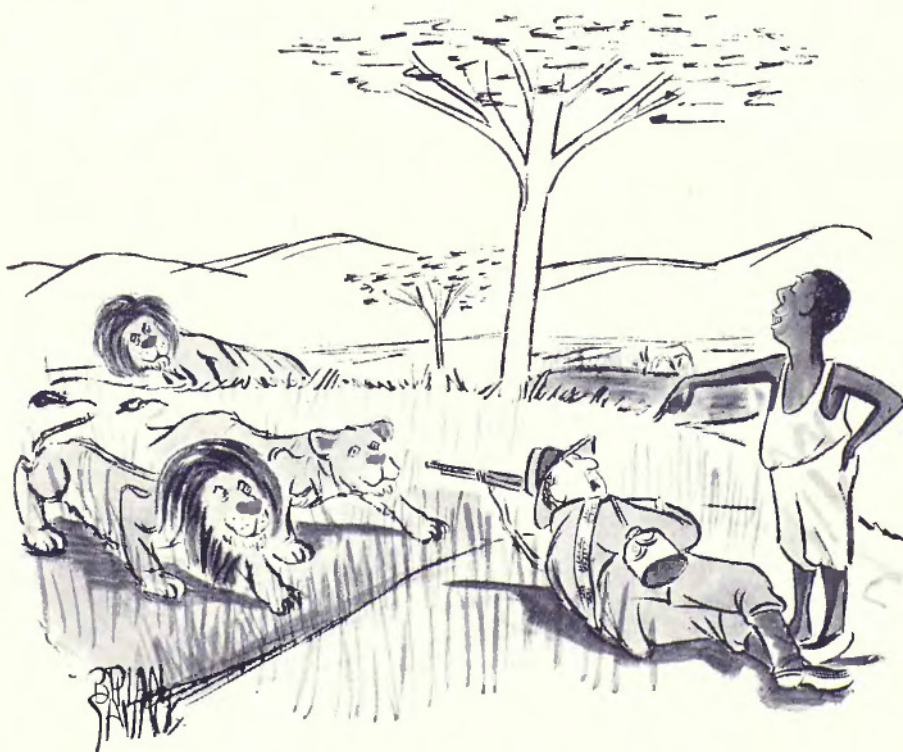
- 2 1/2 lbs. top sirloin of beef sliced 1/4-in. thick
- 1 small onion, minced fine
- 1 small clove of garlic, minced fine
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1/4 lb. "hot" sausage meat
- 2/3 cup canned chestnuts (packed in water)
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
- 12-oz. can chicken broth
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon beef extract
- 1/4 cup white wine

- 1/4 cup tomato juice
- 10 1/2-oz. can mushroom gravy
- 7/8-oz. can truffles, drained, chopped fine

Salt, pepper, MSG seasoning

Have butcher cut meat into 12 slices, about 3 by 5 in. Have him tenderize it with a meat mallet, or do the job yourself, flattening each piece as you would for veal scallopini. Sauté onion and garlic in oil until onion is yellow. Add sausage meat to pan and continue to sauté until meat is light brown. Break meat up as much as possible with fork as you would for meat sauce. Break chestnuts into small pieces or cut them into small dice with a knife. In a mixing bowl combine sausage meat, chestnuts, bread crumbs and 2 tablespoons juice from can of chestnuts. Mix well. Add salt to taste. Divide chestnut mixture into 12 parts and place on beef slices. Roll up meat from long end. Fasten each roll with two toothpicks. Place rolls in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 450°. Bake, turning once, until beef rolls are browned. Transfer rolls to a large stewpot or Dutch oven. In a blender pour chicken broth, flour, beef extract, wine and tomato juice. Blend 30 seconds. Pour over meat. Add mushroom gravy and truffles. Simmer, covered, over very low flame, until meat is tender, about 2 hours. Season gravy with salt, pepper and MSG to taste.

These recipes, only a lip-smacking smattering of the bountifully endless varieties of steer-starring fare, should leave your guests with no beef coming.



"Watumba! My faithful gunbearer!"

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

WITH THE ACCENT ON CULTURE, THESE DAYS --- IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT WE SHOULD FIND ANNIE AU NATUREL IN THE GREENWICH VILLAGE GARRET OF DUNCAN FYFE HEPPLEWHITE--- WHERE SHE DISCOVERS WHAT PHILOSOPHERS HAVE LONG KNOWN: THAT LIFE IS FLEETING, BUT ART LIVES FOREVER---EXCEPT WHEN IT DOESN'T SELL, IN WHICH CASE FORGET IT!



CONFOUND IT, ANNIE--- WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN IT MAKE TO YOU! I'M ONLY PAINTING FROM THE TERRACE BECAUSE I NEED THE DISTANCE ---

BUT, MR. HEPPLEWHITE--- YOU KNOW HOW IT'S WITH MODELS--- WE DON'T MIND POSING UNDRAPED, BUT IT'S EMBARRASSING WHEN SOMEONE SEES US THROUGH THE WINDOW.



WELL, NO MATTER, MY DEAR--- IT'S FINISHED. YOU ARE NOW PERMANENTLY INCORPORATED INTO A PRECIOUS WORK OF ART. YOU ARE PART OF A MASTERPIECE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!

GLORYOSKY, MR. HEPPLEWHITE, YOU'RE SO FABULOUS! ---UH--- COULD I GET PAID BEFORE I LEAVE?



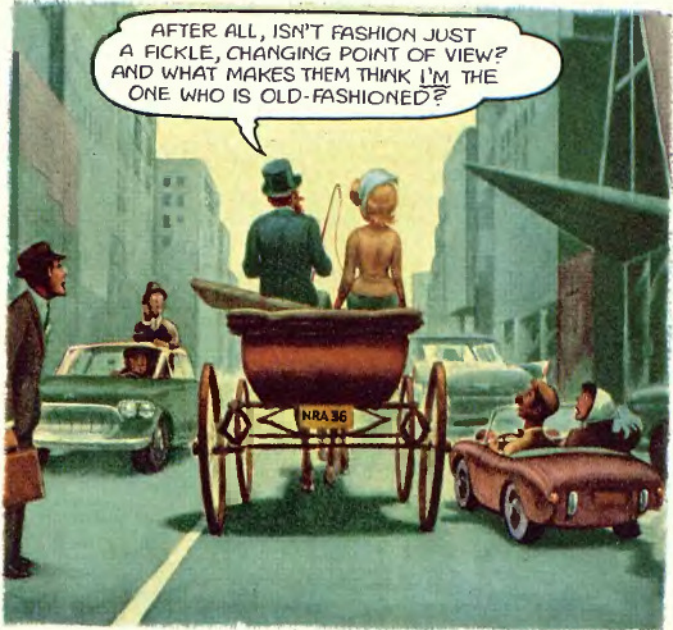
PAID? PAID?! DRAT IT! I FORGOT TO DRAW ANY CASH FROM THE BANK! BUT COME--- DRIVE WITH ME TO THE GALLERY. I'M OPENING MY ONE-MAN SHOW TODAY AT WHICH I'LL BE INUNDATED WITH MONEY, THE GENIUS IN MY PRICELESS CANVASES IS GOOD AS GOLD.

---UH--- I'LL TAKE A CHECK.

ALAS, ANNIE, IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I'VE SOLD A PAINTING. THE FOOLS DON'T APPRECIATE ME. BUT AFTER MY ONE-MAN SHOW TODAY, PERHAPS THEY'LL KNOW BETTER!... YOU SEE, IT DOESN'T MATTER THAT I'M ONE OF THE FINEST TALENTS... IF YOUR PAINTINGS AREN'T FASHIONABLE, NOBODY WANTS YOU! JUST BECAUSE I FOLLOW IN THE TRADITION OF SARGENT... WHISTLER... THE GREAT MAXFIELD PARRISH, THE FOOLS REGARD MY PAINTINGS AS OLD-FASHIONED!



AFTER ALL, ISN'T FASHION JUST A FICKLE, CHANGING POINT OF VIEW? AND WHAT MAKES THEM THINK I'M THE ONE WHO IS OLD-FASHIONED?



AH, THERE YOU ARE, HEPPLEWHITE! PEOPLE HAVE BEEN HERE FOR HOURS... AND APPARENTLY THE LARGE CANVAS IN THE GILT FRAME IS PROVOKING THE MOST INTEREST.

YOU MEAN THE FRAME RESERVED FOR THIS PAINTING, HERE...?!! THERE IS NO LARGE CANVAS IN THE GILT FRAME!



OH, MR. HEPPLEWHITE... I'M REALLY NOT DRESSED FOR AN EXHIBIT OPENING. WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK?
TUT-TUT, MY DEAR, HOWEVER YOU DRESS, YOU ARE STILL YOU UNDERNEATH, AND THEY ARE A PACK OF FOOLS WHO JUDGE THE BOOK BY THE DUST JACKET... JUST AS THEY DO MY PAINTINGS!... OBSERVE —



NOW YOU ARE ONLY AN ANONYMOUS GIRL NAMED ANNIE! WHO KNOWS OR CARES ABOUT THE REAL YOU UNDERNEATH? YOU REPRESENT NOTHING THEY WANT. THEREFORE, YOU DON'T STAND OUT! YOU ARE NOT IN DEMAND! YOU ARE NOT IN FASHION!



BUT NOW I TAKE THE SAME GIRL AND I PRESENT A MORE ACCEPTABLE VERSION OF HER TO THESE FOOLS! ...I PRESENT HER AS AN IMAGE THAT COMMUNICATES IN THE POPULAR GENRE—



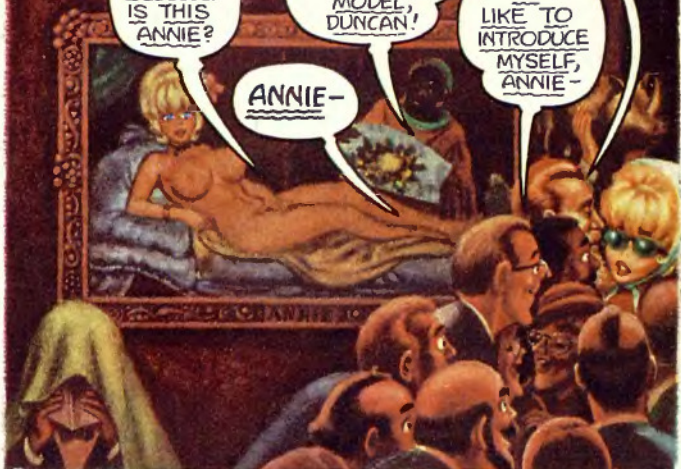
PRESTO! - YOU ARE IN DEMAND!

I SAY, DUNCAN... IS THIS ANNIE?

INTRODUCE ME TO YOUR MODEL, DUNCAN!

I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, ANNIE—

ANNIE—



WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO HELP SERVE THE DRINKS, MR. HEPPLEWHITE?

THANK YOU, MY DEAR. THIS IS MY SUREFIRE SYSTEM FOR SELLING CANVASES— A GALLERY FULL OF CHAMPAGNE, AND PRESTO! - NO MORE PICTURES!



WELL...THEY'RE ALL GONE, MR. HEPPLEWHITE. HOW DO YOU THINK THE EXHIBIT WORKED OUT?

-A GALLERY FULL OF PICTURES...AND PRESTO! -NO MORE CHAMPAGNE!



SOME MONTHS LATER—

MR. HEPPLEWHITE...HI! I WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND SAY HELLO... AND MAINLY SEE IF YOU COULD PAY ME YET— OH, EXCUSE ME! YOU'RE BUSY!

ANNIE! WELCOME TO THE PAD! - BE WITH YOU IN A LICKEE, CHICKEE! MEANWHILE, COOL IT!



I SEE YOU STILL HAVE THIS EMPTY FRAME THAT THEY THOUGHT HELD A MODERN PAINTING, BUT WAS ACTUALLY THE WALL BEHIND.

OH NEGATIVE, BABE! THIS TIME WHAT YOU THINK IS THE WALL BEHIND AN EMPTY FRAME IS ACTUALLY A PAINTING! I'VE GONE MODERN, CHICKEE!





WHY, MR. HEPPLEWHITE, SO YOU HAVE! - YOUR WORK! - YOUR CLOTHES! YOU DON'T DRESS LIKE A FANCY GENTLEMAN ANYMORE! YOU'VE GONE **BEATNIK!**

CALL ME JUST PLAIN HEP, CHICKEE! ... DIG THE CASUAL SLIM-JIM SLACKS FROM BROOKS ... FEEL THE CASHMERE FROM ABERCROMBIE'S! ... IT TAKES MORE BREAD TO DRESS LIKE A BEATNIK!



- BUT I'VE GOT MUCHO BREAD NOW, CHICKEE! I'M LOADED! I'M IN STYLE: MY PAINTINGS ARE FASHIONABLE! I SWING WITH KLINE! - DE KOONING! - LICHTENSTEIN! AND ALL THEM CATS!

OH, YES! I RECOGNIZE THE STYLE! JUST LIKE PICASSO AND LIKE THAT!



IN FACT, I ONCE SAW A PICASSO PAINTING LIKE THIS ONE, RIGHT DOWN TO THE SIGNATURE! ... YES ... P-I-C-A-S-S-O-

SHAZAM!
CHECK! - ALL EXACTLY! EXACTLY THE SAME! I PAINT ORIGINAL PICASSO! UTRILLO! - POLLACK! - EVERYBODY! AND NOW I'M EVEN WORKING ON MY GREATEST MASTERPIECE ... MY **MONA LISA!** ... HOWEVER LET US COOL THE FLAP TILL I RETURN FROM DOWNTOWN WHERE I MUST NOW JOURNEY WITH THE FUZZ -

YEAH ... HE'LL RETURN ... IN ABOUT TEN YEARS. LET'S GO, HEPPLEWHITE!

Will Elder: Russ Heath

END

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

COME NOVEMBER, skiers will again be waxing enthusiastic about the joys of the open trail — and accordingly plotting vacation holidays to the more-renowned slopes. If you number yourself among the slalom-minded set, and would prefer to enjoy your sport in an off-the-packed-track setting, you might take note of the following relatively unpublicized skiing sites.

An opportunity for the ski buff to go Asiatic may be found in India, on the broad slopes of 9000-foot Mt. Kufri, just outside Simla on the Tibetan border. Better known as a summer resort, Simla boasts several fine year-round hostleries, and provides access to virginal, crystal-clear runs. Better-than-average skiers who wish to combine snow with sun might head for the rugged upper environs of Hilo in Hawaii to sample the trails on the north side of Mauna Kea.

If you prefer to do your offbeat skiing closer to Europe, try making your sitzmark on Morocco's Oukim-Eden, 8700-foot up in the High Atlas Mountains near Marrakech. Rising incongruously from exotic Berber surroundings, a ski lift climbs 1200 feet from a base near the semiprivate Le Chouca Club up the slopes of Mt. Angour. Or have a snow ball in Lebanon: some 80 miles north of Beirut — where there's Mediterranean swimming year round — you can ski among the Biblical "Cedars of the Lord," nearly 10,000 feet up. A 2200-foot chair lift rises to the occasion over superb slopes from a station

near the Grand Hotel des Cedres and the Mon Repos. In Greece, Spartan types can make the three-day, sensationally scenic climb to the village of Litochoron on the slopes of Mt. Olympus, where basic accommodations are maintained by the Hellenic Alpine Club.

A fresh skiing frontier may now be enjoyed in the wild mountains of Scotland, where changeable weather produces hard "plywood" snow which freezes in thin layers and forms what is perhaps the fastest snow surface in the world. From the lifts at Glencoe and at Strathspey in the Cairngorm Mountains you can often hear the skirl of bagpipes, since a number of Scottish ski clubs pay their pipers to accompany them, both on the slopes and in the local hotel bars during *après-ski* imbibing of the local Scotch whisky.

Journeymen who can't abide the thought of ice outside of on-the-rocks glasses might consider a cruise to Miami via Nassau. Regularly scheduled sailings depart N.Y.C. weekly for Nassau, offering the traditional diet of blue skies, balmy breezes and starched shipboard service, plus a pleasant routine of sunlit swimming and starlit dancing. You may tarry in Nassau for a spell — perhaps to catch the international auto competition during race week — before boarding another cruise ship joining Nassau with Miami.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

NEXT MONTH:

NEHRU OF INDIA SPEAKS HIS MIND—THE LEADING VOICE OF NEUTRALITY DEFENDS HIS COUNTRY'S POSITION AND AMPLIFIES HIS PERSONAL BELIEFS IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

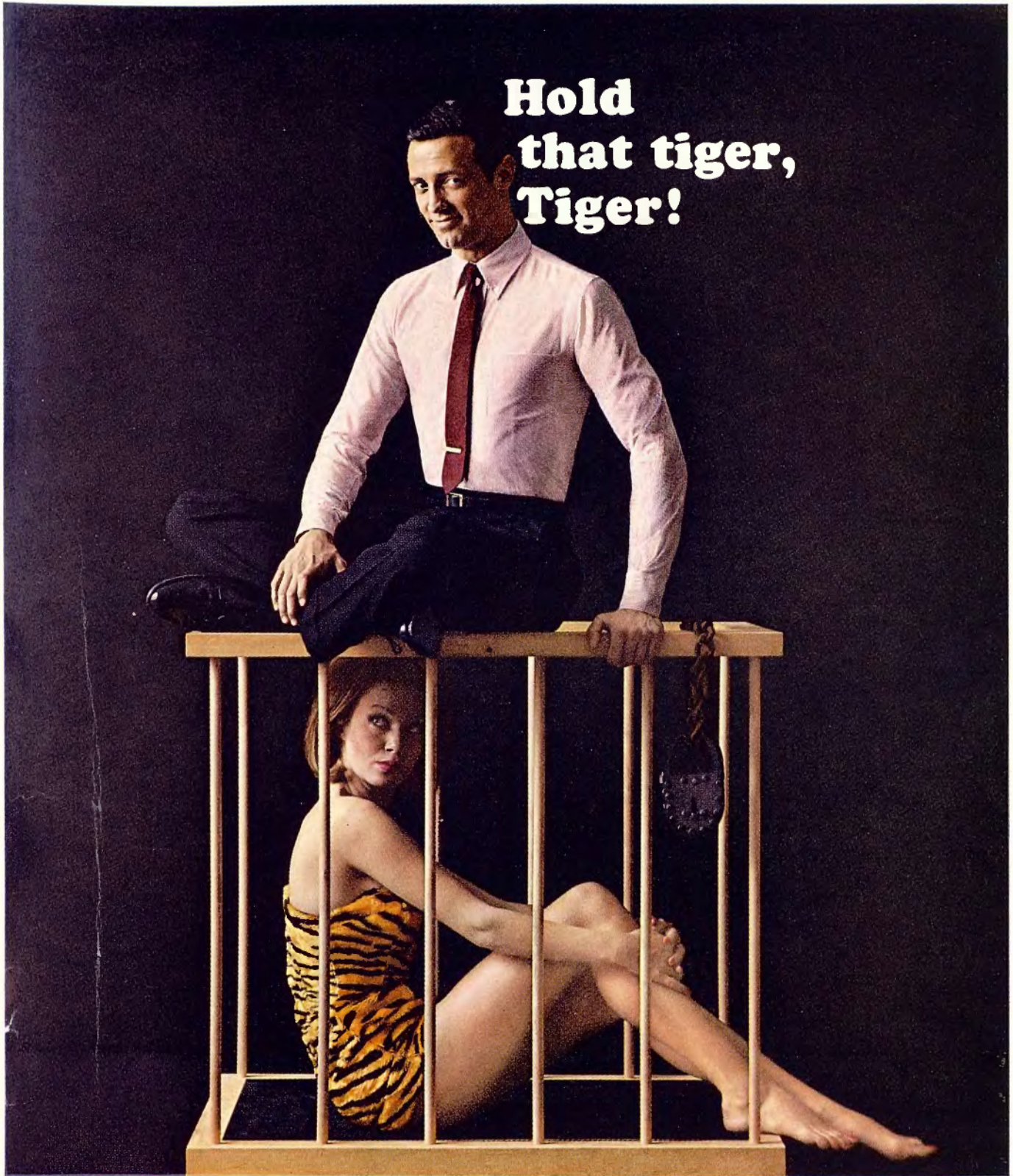
ELSA MARTINELLI—ONE OF EUROPE'S LOVELIEST AND LEAST INHIBITED EXPORTS IS NUDELY INTERRUPTED IN AN EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL SHOWING HER AT WORK AND AT AQUATIC PLAY

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LENNY BRUCE—BEGINNING AN EXPLOSIVE, PSYCHE-PROBING SELF-ANALYSIS OF THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL COMIC IN THE WORLD OF SHOWBIZ

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