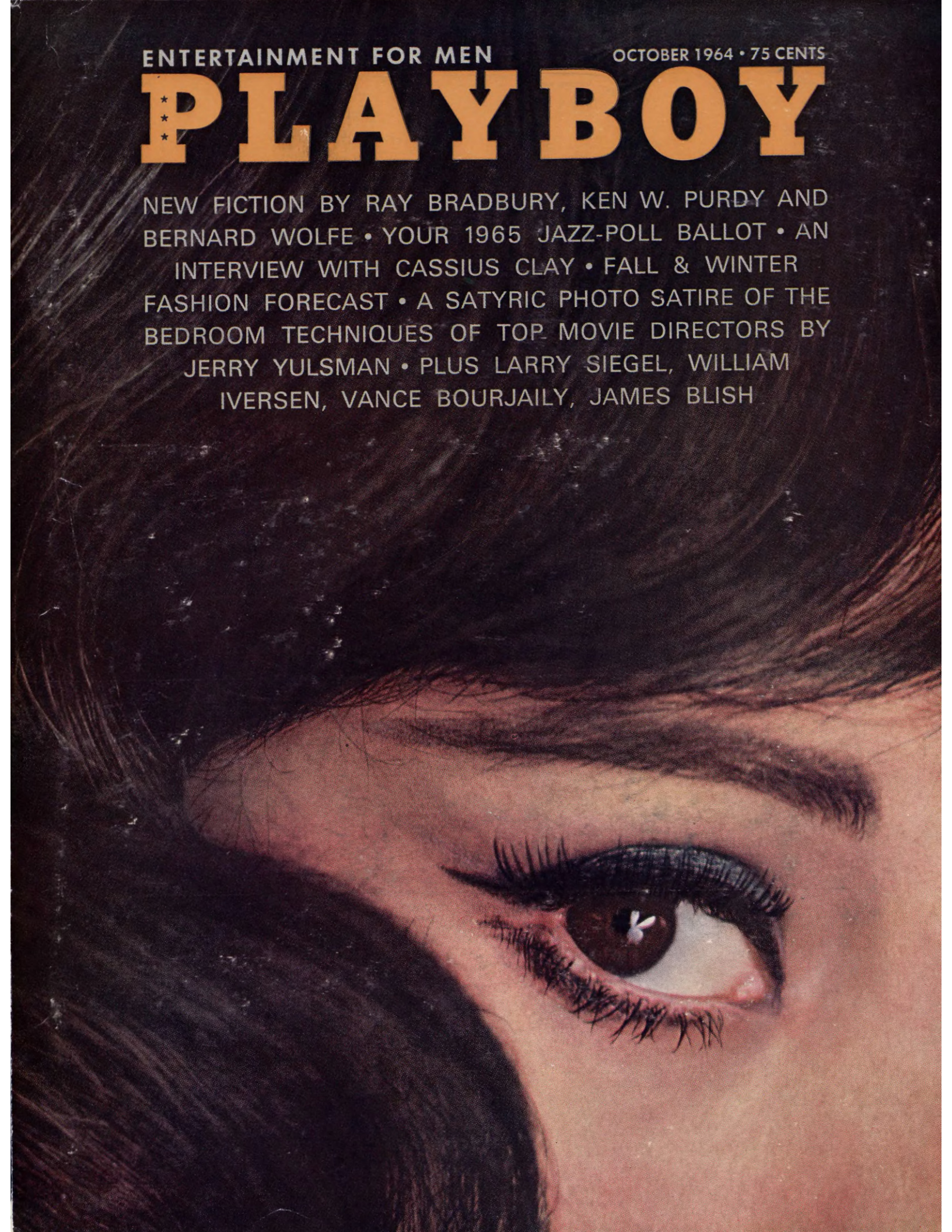


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1964 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

NEW FICTION BY RAY BRADBURY, KEN W. PURDY AND
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INTERVIEW WITH CASSIUS CLAY • FALL & WINTER
FASHION FORECAST • A SATYRIC PHOTO SATIRE OF THE
BEDROOM TECHNIQUES OF TOP MOVIE DIRECTORS BY
JERRY YULSMAN • PLUS LARRY SIEGEL, WILLIAM
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SMOKE ALL 7

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cigarette to taste. That's right!

PLAYBILL

THE FAMILIAR GLEAM in our current cover girl's eye could very well be over this issue's contents, an Oktoberfest of choice reading and viewing.

Leading the autumnal parade is a *Playboy Interview* with Muhammad Ali, better known as Cassius Clay to the followers of the sweet science. The contumelious Cassius is in fine fettle (perhaps "nettle" would be more apropos) as he parries, counterpunches and lets fly a barrage of haymakers at a variety of targets.

Heading up our on-target fiction for October is *Heavy Set*, a chilling Halloween horror tale by master yarn spinner Ray Bradbury. The tireless Bradbury—never one to let any literary grass grow under his feet—is about to open his own theater in Los Angeles; the Pandemonium Theater Company will debut with a trio of Ray's one-act plays with a sci-fi theme: *The Veldt*, *The Pedestrian* and *To the Chicago Abyss*, the three to run under the over-all title *The World of Ray Bradbury*. The commanding illustration for *Heavy Set* was executed by Henry Markowitz, who has illustrated Saul Bass-designed movie advertisements for *Bonjour Tristesse*, *Exodus* and *Spartacus*.

In Bernard Wolfe's *Sue Me Rich*, Hollywood matinee idol Anson Luddy, who last appeared on *PLAYBOY*'s pages in Wolfe's *The Going Price for Adoration* (October 1963), figures in a highly comedic epistolary delineation of Celluloid City chicanery. Ken W. Purdy, who has once more taken up residence in Blighty, is well represented in our October issue by *The Brass Telephone*—an Alexander Graham Bell-ringer of a story that makes up in inventiveness what it lacks in length. Ken is in England to do the script for a movie based on the life of auto racer Stirling Moss, with whom *PLAYBOY* readers are well acquainted via a pair of Purdy pieces in this magazine. Ken writes that he has gotten himself into shape for the scripting by cutting down on his morning coffee—from 12 cups to 10.

Prentiss Combs, whose fine fictional effort *The Wind Devil* introduced him to *PLAYBOY* readers in our June issue, offers, in *The Touched Nest*, another sensitively wrought glimpse of the repressed emotions seething beneath the surface of the seemingly bucolic life. California social worker Combs is currently at work on a novel set in his native state.

David Duncan, author of the haunting science-fiction yarn *Requiem on the Moon*, is a newcomer to *PLAYBOY*'s pages, but is a long-time sci-fi scrivener; he recently completed the script for a 20th Century-Fox film, *The Fantastic Voyage*. Duncan says that the major part of the script takes place inside a human body and predicts that the scenes in the organ of Corti will be unforgettable. He calls his *PLAYBOY* story his most profitable, since it was the inspiration for seven subsequently successful teleplays based upon moon life.

No moony approach to sex is taken by the women's magazines, as documented by William Iversen in the concluding installment of *The Pious Pornographers Revisited*. Early next year, Bill will become the proud poppa of his second book,



BRUNTON GREEN GORDON



BRADBURY



BOURJAILY



MARKOWITZ

O the Times! O the Manners!, a collection of his *PLAYBOY Short Histories* which will be published by William Morrow.

Twice annually, our Art and Photo departments huddle with Fashion Director Robert L. Green far in advance of the season to scan the pick of new designs for inclusion in our full-treatment forecast of garb and gear suited to the ideal urban wardrobe. Purpose of their brainstorming is to dream up fresh and interesting ways in which to present the clothes selected for special recognition and commendation. This time around, the garments themselves seemed to demand a visual treatment that would show them in all their cleanliness of styling and detail, in settings as unbusy and uncluttered as the clothes themselves. A photographic sleight of hand was what they hit upon, interspersed with crisply limned drawings by Chicago Academy of Fine Arts teacher Robert Brunton (he of the handlebar mustache). The photographing of our handsome fall and winter sartorial pacesetters was done by the latest addition to the *PLAYBOY* lens staff, Larry Gordon.

Jazz once more moves to the fore as we launch our ninth *Playboy Jazz Poll*, a reader census which has grown larger and more prestigious every year. A handsome and highly utile way to listen to all that jazz is displayed in *Playboy's Electronic Entertainment Wall*, created by the Design Director of the *Playboy Clubs*, Art Miner. The luxuri-

ously inventive and inviting decor of the Clubs is echoed in his concept of an ideal home-entertainment electronic installation.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous in music, we also offer James Blish's *Music of the Absurd*, an acid-etched commentary on avant-garde classical music. Author Blish is well acquainted with the far-out, being a science-fiction writer of long and eminent standing.

PLAYBOY moves outdoors with Vance Bourjaily's entertaining article on the rewards and rebuffs of trout fishing in stocked streams—*Rainbows in a Bucket*. Bourjaily, who teaches writing at the State University of Iowa, is the author of a recently published book on hunting, *The Unnatural Enemy*, has achieved international fame as a novelist (*Confessions of a Spent Youth*, *The End of My Life*, *The Violated*).

Humor, visual and verbal, is riotously represented in this issue by a triumvirate. *PLAYBOY* regular Larry Siegel's *Instant Epitaphs* is a compendium of antic exit lines for a variety of dear departed. *Marco Polo's Spices* has Horst Buchholz spoofing the current trend in unclothed epics typified by his latest film which is based (loosely) on the exploits of the explorer. *Caught in the Act*, a satyric photo satire of the classic husband-wife-lover bedroom confrontation scene, as it might be handled by nine famous movie directors, was shot by *PLAYBOY* staffer Jerry Yulsman.

Add to October's honor roll *PLAYBOY* artist LeRoy Neiman's estimable capturing of the grandeur of a French stag hunt for *Man at His Leisure*; another twelvemonth of gatefold girls in *Playmates Revisited—1962*; our majestic Miss October, Rosemarie Hillcrest; and the baring-do of *Little Annie Fanny*, and you have a brisk and bracing welcome to fall.

PLAYBOY®



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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COVER GIRL

Using Cynthia Maddox' abdomen as a billboard for the Playboy Rabbit on the July cover was quite a novel idea.

Roderic Romero
Cambridge, Massachusetts

You're going to have to stop running that doll, Cynthia Maddox, on your covers. Every time you do, the rest of the issue becomes a decided anticlimax.

Fred Regan
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Cynthia Maddox is, without a doubt, the most perfect woman who has ever been on any page of your magazine, and she shows that a woman in a bathing suit can be far more fascinating than a woman in the nude. Are there any jobs open in your cartoon department?

Gene Turner
Corpus Christi, Texas

Not at the moment.

DALI HIGH

Your July interview with Salvador Dali provided one of the best insights to an important figure that you have yet published. Dali's very candid and unabashed remarks led me to a great understanding and liking of him. His awareness of his weaknesses and neuroses puts him above most of us. He is able to comment easily, freely and intelligently on his exhibitionism and paranoid tendencies, and he seems to know why he is the victim of them. Yet he continues to do what he does without reservation or embarrassment.

To me, Dali is a wonderful example of a somewhat unbalanced person (which we all most probably are—to some extent) who is able to make use of his mind and soul to obtain the greatest happiness. He *seems* very happy and content, yet at the same time not fully satisfied, which, I feel, is the apex toward which one must constantly struggle. Very few have attained it.

Stephen Lovato
San Francisco, California

I have just read your interview with Salvador Dali: It was tastefully and intelligently done. So, for that matter, were all the other *Playboy Interviews* I have read; the ones with Genet and Burton come most readily to mind.

Richard Deutch
Belleville, Illinois

My compliments to you on your interview with Salvador Dali, a brilliant talent and most remarkable individualist. I am looking forward to the appearance of his cover suggestion, *Aphrodisiac Jacket*.

Mike Quigley
Spokane, Washington

Don't hold your breath, Mike.

All kind words for your *Playboy Interviews* are very much deserved. I really don't see how you maintain as high a quality as you do, but I'm delighted.

Gahan Wilson
New York, New York

EXECUTIVE SWEETS

I cannot begin to tell you how much I enjoyed the July article *Sex and the Office* by Helen Gurley Brown. I am a single working girl and agree with everything Mrs. Brown wrote. I have never read a more fascinating and true report on what really goes on in offices.

Pamela Parker
Marion, Ohio

I never realized money had anything to do with a man's appeal, much less that single girls jump into the sack with married general managers. In the movies, the hard-working truck driver with character always gets June Allyson, doesn't he? I guess we spooks and submen (translation: '60 car, \$450 a month) sure have a lot to learn. Maybe if I worked up to vice-president in a company, I'd deserve a svelte, chic, D-cup blonde who doesn't know where the New York Stock Exchange is. But, since



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Earl Gheesling
Los Angeles, California

After reading your magazine faithfully for the last five years, I think I am allowed to give old Hef a brilliant *idée*. Abolish *Dear Playboy* or *The Playboy Forum*, and make room for that witty Mrs. Brown to start a *Dear Helen* column. I seriously think you guys are fast on the way to becoming *ninnies*, and are letting a woman walk all over your he-man magazine with her sexy talk.

P. W. Finch
Montreal, Quebec

I couldn't help but note that while Mrs. Brown was "the girl at the office," sex with married men was just part of the game, but now that she's the "wife back home," she's not so keen on the rules. I had to drive myself to the hospital for the birth of our third child while my husband was "working late" with his secretary. You're right, Mrs. Brown, the rules are rotten. But you helped write them.

(Name withheld by request)
Rochester, New York

As a professional woman (electrical engineer) I must take exception to the article *Sex and the Office* by Helen Gurley Brown. I don't know if the behavior mentioned will cause any harm, but I do know that the publication of articles exaggerating the incidence of such behavior tends to create undue suspicion in the minds of wives at home who may already think of the office as a "hotbed of intrigue," and undue panic in the minds of managers who have only recently seen fit to send women to represent their companies, the Air Force, NASA and other agencies. Women engineers today work in the capacities of technical supervisors, system engineers, project engineers and others, where even the questioning of integrity of decision-making could bring on a Congressional investigation. We have spent many years living down the stories (real or imaginary) of the behavior of immature and irresponsible working women.

Mrs. Judith C. Siegel
Society of Women Engineers
Los Angeles, California

Mrs. Brown was examining both sides of the office coin, like a good article writer should.

Dug Helen Gurley Brown's *Sex and the Office*, but, as one who knows no shorthand, am very curious about the writing on the steno pad in the illustration for the article. Translation, please.

John Holloway
Detroit, Michigan
Gladly. Written out in Gregg, under

the heading "Things to Do," was: "Get out file on the new merger plans. Order present for boss' wife. Take the pill. Meet boss at New Weston Bar at six. Don't forget overnight bag."

ANGEL ANGLES

Many thanks for Walt Grove's *John Grant's Little Angel* in the July issue. The whole story was delightful, but I can't find words to express my pleasure at its wondrous ending. 'Twas a much needed antidote for Dr. Kellogg's *Plain Facts for Old and Young*.

Virginia Hatfield
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

I think you publish an excellent magazine. I enjoy its variety. However, that "masterpiece" by Walt Grove is a blot on your high standards. Indeed, it is a bedtime story, but geared for those under 12 mentally. Angels? For heaven's sake!

John Earl Padget
Lawrence, Kansas

AUTO SUGGESTION

I must congratulate you on your intensely humorous article, *Snobs' Guide to Status Cars*, in July's *PLAYBOY*. Nevertheless, there is one statement by Mr. Greenburg that I feel needs a slight correction; namely, the one referring to the exchange of one's car for one of the cars listed. I refer to the Mini Cooper which won the Monte Carlo Rallye this year. I feel only a *PLAYBOY* reader would dare own one of these. If you do, I would suggest your author would have required that you generally grin during a conversation, look surprised when others slow down at a bend, and shop at supermarkets. Your eyes look like disk brakes and you hold everything as if it were in third gear. You are not seen with older women.

Raymond C. V. Macario, Ph.D.
Rhinebeck, New York

Dan Greenburg's *Snobs' Guide to Status Cars* was a riot and will probably replace the *Social Register*. I hope he will next do a *Snobs' Guide to Status Magazines*.

Ralph Ginzburg, Editor and Publisher
Fact Magazine
New York, New York
Call it ESP, Ralph, but Dan is putting together just such a piece.

We have just read Dan Greenburg's *Snobs' Guide to Status Cars*, and have but one question: How does he know so much?

Jill and Dan Steigerwald
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Dan, who rides the subway, spends his lunch hour observing traffic on Madison Avenue.

Your comments about me in the article *Snobs' Guide to Status Cars* (*PLAYBOY*, July 1964, page 68) had one inaccuracy.



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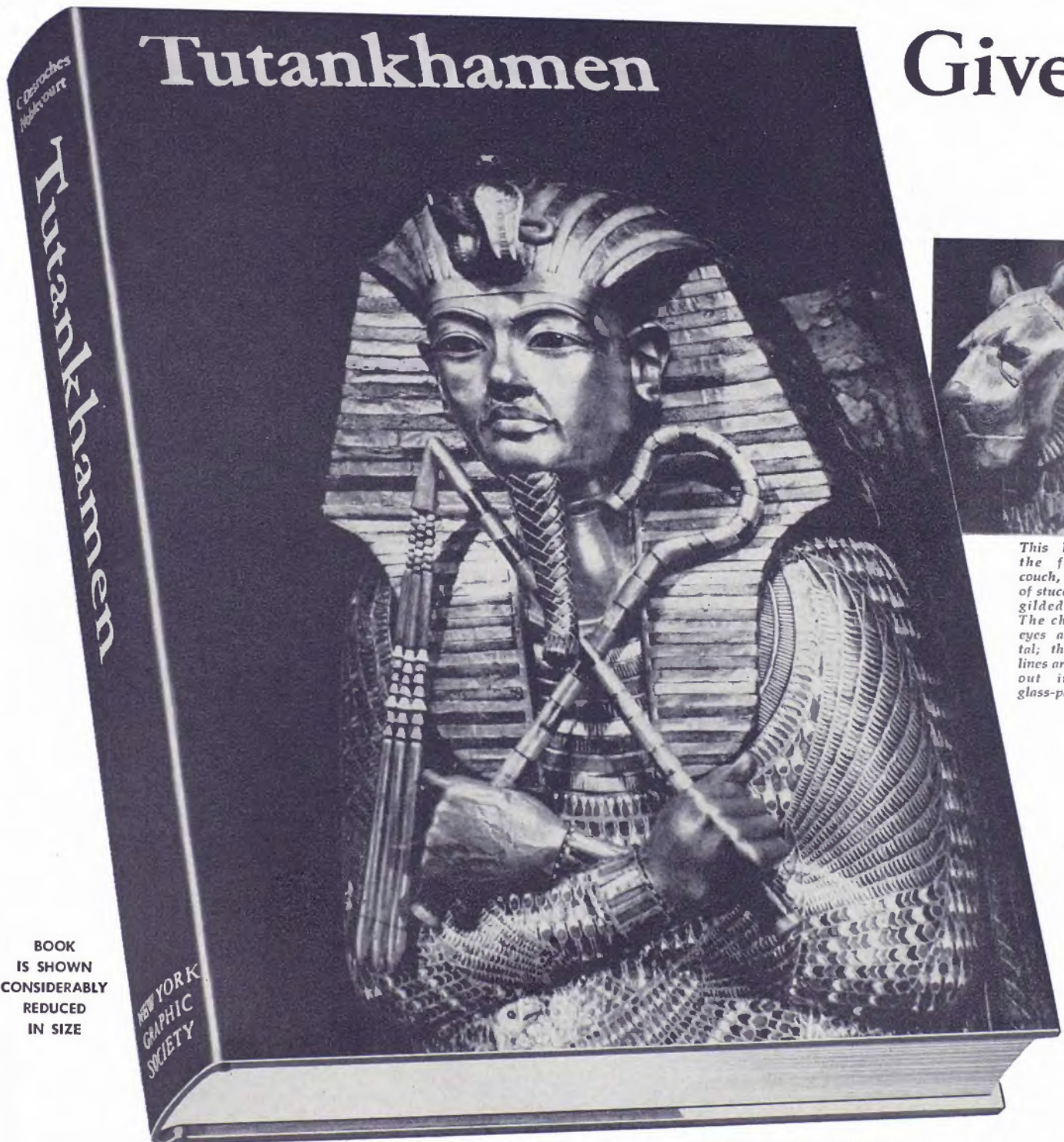
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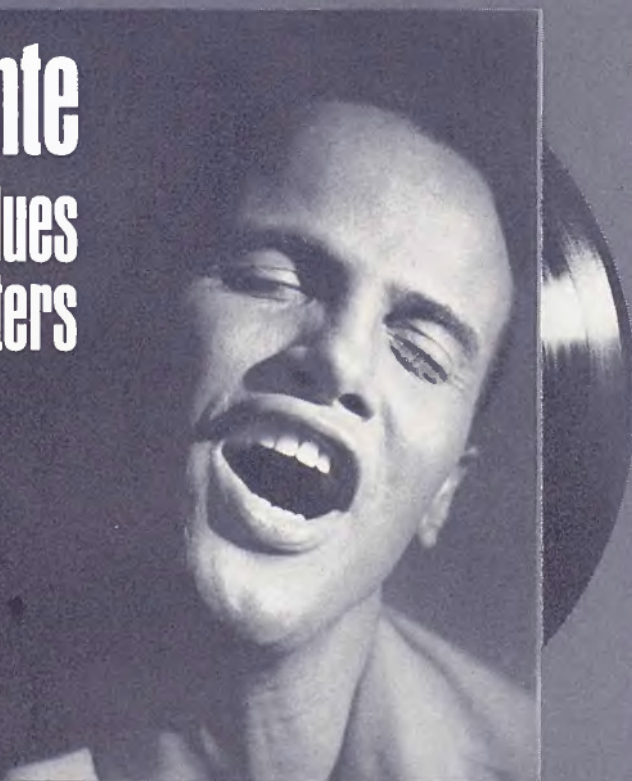
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Belafonte sings what every man feels

In his latest album, "Ballads, Blues and Boasters," Belafonte brings to mind the words of an old spiritual, "... sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down..." With a wide variety of songs, he expresses the moods that every man (and woman) experiences at one time or another. Boasters like "Tone the Bell Easy" and "Back of the Bus," find Belafonte in a satisfied and expansive mood while blues such as "Blue Willow Moan" are for everyone who has ever known trouble. And, of course, ballads like "Four Strong Winds" find Harry right at home in his musical element. A dynamic performance in Dynagroove sound!

Belafonte Ballads, Blues and Boasters



New on RCA VICTOR

 The most trusted name in sound



I do drive a TR-4, am an engineer and space technologist, and I'm tolerant as all hell. But I never wear a cloth cap. I hope you'll correct this one slip.

Kenneth B. Bley
Space Operations Group
System Operations Department
Santa Monica, California

Mr. Greenburg is a snob. But a very funny one.

Victor Navasky, Editor and Publisher
Monocle Magazine
New York, New York

TEEVEE JEEBIES AND TASTE

In July's *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad Teevee Jeebies*, on page 129 in the top left-hand corner, you show a picture of Adolf Hitler giving one of his officers a note. The caption under the photograph reads: "That's right—a kosher-corn-beef sandwich and a large dill pickle!" I feel it is distasteful and unhumorous to make fun of the world's greatest villain who was involved in the deaths of six million Jews. I hope you will take more care with your humor in the future.

Jonathan Safadin
New York, New York

Charlie Chaplin's satiric masterpiece, "The Great Dictator," was a devastating filmic assault on Hitler. Humor, through the ages, has been a prime form of social protest and we believe it will continue to be so.

LOVE AFFAIR

I enjoyed the July issue of PLAYBOY, particularly the *Playboy After Hours* item about Marvin Kitman.

Marvin Kitman
New York, New York

The magazine recognizes Presidential candidate Kitman and hopes that he'll enjoy the lead item in this issue's "Playboy After Hours."

OBJECTIVIST OBJECTION

Joy Parker's letter in PLAYBOY, June 1964, criticizing the practices and policies of the Nathaniel Branden Institute, requires an answer. As present and former employees of the Institute, we wish to protest and state the facts.

The NBI mailing list is a most selective one. It does *not* consist of "anyone who writes in." Those who write rude or obscene letters, or who appear to be mentally incompetent, are not added to the list. Anyone placed on the list who later becomes objectionable for any of these reasons is removed from it. These are the individuals whom NBI considers "undesirable" and to whom it does not wish to send announcements and invitations to attend lectures.

Those who express disagreement with Objectivism are *not* labeled "undesirable." Among the thousands of communi-

He was a 98-pound weakling



Then he wore **h.i.s. scorer slacks**

Need we say more? Yes! "Scorers" have wild front pockets, special comb pocket, no belt, no cuffs. Extra extra extra extra extra extra slim (but don't forget to exercise). Tailored in Corduroy or Bedford Cord with leather-like trim, Reverse Twist, Iridescent Sharkskin; \$4.98 to \$6.98 depending on fabric. At educated stores or write h.i.s., 16 East 34th St., N.Y. 10016

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

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A case of deception

Our Natural Shoulder model looks lazily casual and uncontrived with its unpadded shoulders and its easy-going lines.

Don't be deceived. It didn't just happen. It was put there by design.

The unpadded shoulders could look pretty floppy if they weren't carefully tailored and moulded by skilled hand-sewing and numerous under-pressings. Same thing for the neck-hugging collar.

And the fabrics look deceptively soft—but the 2-ply yarns give them

unique bounce and vitality—and wrinkle-recovery ability.

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The House of Worsted-*Tex*

Clothes that enhance your Public Appearance



cations which NBI receives yearly, a great many raise questions about Objectivism and state those aspects of the philosophy with which the writers disagree. None such are labeled, in any way, "undesirable" or otherwise.

No one at the NBI lectures in New York has ever been shown out by an usher, and *no one* whose questions imply disagreement with Objectivism is labeled an "antagonist." No student is expected immediately to understand and/or accept every idea presented in a given lecture. However, NBI lecturers do not engage in debates with those who are admittedly hostile to the fundamentals of Objectivism, and will ask an individual to leave if his behavior is a nuisance to the lecturer and other students. In such a case, the admission fee is refunded. In the past six-and-a-half years, this has happened on one occasion.

Mary Ann Rukavina

Daryn Kent

Edward Maxcy

Patricia Rodgers

Susan Smith

Nathaniel Branden Institute
New York, New York

SMOKE SIGNALS

Uncle Shelby's Scout Handbook in the June *PLAYBOY* is the funniest thing of its kind I've seen since my scoutmaster led a few hundred Cub Scouts up the Grand Concourse in the middle of traffic—after the parade was over.

Abe Brayer

New York, New York

Your obvious attempt to discredit the Boy Scouts of America through the brush of Silverstein just didn't come off. Instead of lowering the image of the scouts, the recruitment has gone up. Many thanks for bringing the scouts to the attention of the youth of this nation.

Gordon Records

Inglewood, California

At ease, Gordon.

PLAYBOY-SAN

I am one of the many readers of *PLAYBOY* in Japan. I always appreciate the humor of your cartoons and the appealing fineness of your nude pictures.

Many foreign words have become a part of the Japanese language and "Purei Boi" has been the newest addition. Now you can find or hear this word in the newspapers, magazines, TV and radio. This word Purei Boi is now a part of the Japanese colloquial language.

Kenzo Fujikawa
Tokyo, Japan

DANE IS PAINED

As a Scandinavian, I enjoyed reading about your June visit to Copenhagen, but I sometimes wondered if we were in



Big meeting!

When match meets cigarette, taste is the big thing. So Luckies are made for taste and taste alone. The tobaccos are selected for taste. Aged for taste. Blended for taste. It's hardly surprising, then, that millions of smokers swear by Lucky Strike because of that taste.

**Taste fine tobacco at its best.
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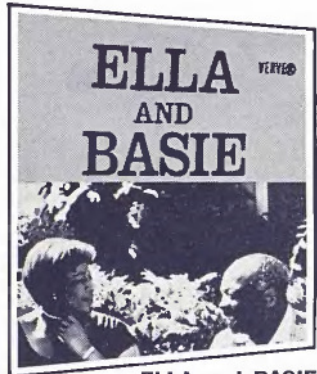
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00-28. ELLA FITZGERALD WITH COUNT BASIE. ELLA AND BASIE! 12 swinging hits in their first album together. *Satin Doll, Ain't Misbehavin'*. \$3.98



14-39. JACKIE GLEASON. LAZY, LIVELY LOVE. Because Of You, On The Street Where You Live, Speak Low, It Had To Be You, 8 more. \$4.98



20-11. THE KINGSTON TRIO. TIME TO THINK. The Patriot Game, Cool Taffoo, Hobo's Lullaby, These Seven Men and 8 other unusual folk songs. \$3.98



16-76. FRANK SINATRA. POINT OF NO RETURN. Bittersweet memories of When the World Was Young, These Foolish Things, 10 others. \$4.98



20-13. A LETTERMEN KIND OF LOVE. 12 songs for young lovers! *Be My Girl, I'll Never Stop Loving You, The Wonder of You, Till*, etc. \$3.98



18-90. THE BEACH BOYS. SURFIN' U.S.A. Surf dance to No. 1 surfin' group in America: *Stoned, Lonely Sea, Surf Jam, Noble Surfer*, 8 more. \$3.98



19-53. THE INTIMATE MISS CHRISTY. Evocative renditions of 11 Never Entered My Mind, *Time After Time, You're Nearer*, 12 soft-light tunes! \$3.98



19-73. WAYNE NEWTON. DANKE SCHOEN. Wayne sings *Toot, Toot, Tootsie; I Cried for You*, 10 more. "He's the greatest!" — Jackie Gleason. \$3.98



15-96. WANDA JACKSON. RIGHT OR WRONG. Six songs on the sentimental side, six on the "rockin'" side. 12 sugar 'n spice performances! \$3.98



16-68. RAY ANTHONY. THE TWIST. Let's Twist, *Bunny Hop Twist, Bookend Twist, Mexican Hot Twist, Peter Gunn Twist, Night Train Twist*, 5 more. \$3.98



18-84. MARIAN MONTGOMERY SWINGS FOR WINNERS AND LOSERS. "She can belt, bounce or dig into the blues!" — High Fidelity. *My Buddy*, etc. \$3.98



20-40. AL MARTINO. LIVING A LIE. 12 best-sellers—*Mexicali Rose, That's My Desire, I'm in the Mood for Love, Lies, Careless, Don't Cry, Joe*. \$3.98



19-44. VIC DAMONE. THE LIVELIEST. 12 top tunes recorded "live" at Basin Street East. *What Kind of Fool Am I*, etc. "Top-notch!" — *Gillboard*. \$3.98



16-75. NAT KING COLE SINGS GEORGE SHEARING PLAYS. Their first meeting on records is an event! *September Song, Last April*, 10 more. \$4.98



19-98. THE BEACH BOYS. LITTLE DEUCE COUPE. The No. 1 hot-riddin' group sings title song, *Shut Down, 409, Our Car Club*, 8 more. \$3.98



12-92. TEX RITTER. BLOOD ON THE SADDLE. *Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie, Billy The Kid, Streets of Laredo* sung by the favorite of the West. \$3.98



20-80. THE BEATLES' SECOND ALBUM. Tops their first! *Roll Over, Beethoven, Thank You Girl, I Call Your Name, She Loves You*, 7 more! \$3.98



17-53. THE FOUR FRESHMEN: THE SWINGERS. 12 jazz sizzlers: *L'il Darlin', Tops Miller, Satin Doll, Lullaby of Birdland, Lulu's Back in Town*, more. \$3.98



10-84. NAT KING COLE. THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU. Timeless love songs in his intimate style. Hear: *The More I See You, For All We Know*, 10 more. \$4.98



CONNIE FRANCIS

00-27. CONNIE FRANCIS SINGS AWARD WINNING MOTION PICTURE HITS. *Moon River, High Hopes, All the Way, Over the Rainbow, Secret Love*, more. \$3.98



17-05. THE BEST OF THE KINGSTON TRIO. Now—all their great hits in one album! *Tom Dooley, Ti-Juana Jail, Everglades*, 9 other best-sellers. \$3.98



18-72. LAURINDO ALMEIDA. OLE BOSSA NOVA. Fresh Latin versions of *Heartaches, Fly Me to the Moon, Satin Doll*, 9 other favorites! \$3.98



19-75. AL MARTINO. PAINTED, TAINTED ROSE. His biggest hit plus *I Love You Truly, You Always Hurt the One You Love, Ramona*, 8 more. \$3.98



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. \$4.98



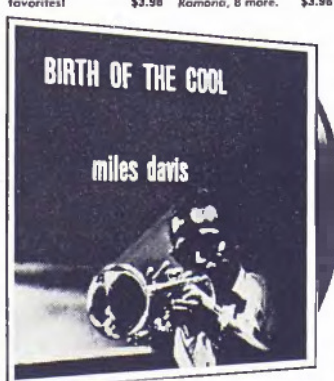
16-57. NANCY WILSON/CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. Teaming up to give you *I Can't Get Started, Happy Talk, Unit 7*—seven numbers in all. \$3.98



19-48. JONAH JONES AND NOW IN PERSON. Brightly styled, "live" renditions of *Lullaby of Broadway, Best Street Blues, All of You*, 6 more! \$3.98



17-67. NANCY WILSON. HELLO YOUNG LOVERS. *Sophisticated Lady, Miss Otis Regrets, Nina Never Knew*, 9 more. "Remarkable!" — *Down Beat*. \$3.98



MILES DAVIS

19-74. MILES DAVIS, BIRTH OF THE COOL. Also Kai Winding, J. J. Johnson, others on 11 "cool" tunes. Monaural only. \$3.98



15-46. FERLIN HUSKY. WALKIN' AND A HUMMIN'. Country ballads. *I Can't Help It, Undesired, My Shadow, Alone and Forsaken*, 8 more. \$3.98



15-30. SINATRA. ALL THE WAY. Sinatra's greatest hit singles. *High Hopes, Witchcraft, Talk to Me, Sleep Warm, Of Me, Donald*, 7 more. \$4.98



20-47. MEET THE BEATLES! Their first album now a pop collector's classic! *I Want to Hold Your Hand, All My Loving, Till There Was You*, 9 others! \$3.98



17-52. RAY ANTHONY. WORRIED MIND. Big band treatment of country western blues. *Born to Lose, Your Cheatin' Heart*, 10 more. \$3.98



18-88. BILLY MAY. BILL'S BAG. Modern jazz in a cool groove. *Filet of Soul, Miles Behind*, others. "Power and thrust!" — *Hifi/Stereo Review*. \$3.98



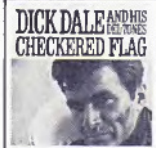
20-27. THE BEACH BOYS. SHUT DOWN VOL. II. 12 scorchers by the hot-rod king! *Fun, Fun, Fun; In the Parking Lot, Pom, Pom Play Girl*, etc. \$3.98



16-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. COLLEGE CONCERT. Live at U.C.L.A. *Little Light, Laredo, M.T.A., 500 Miles, Oh Miss Mary, Chilly Winds*, others. \$3.98



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. \$3.98



20-02. DICK DALE AND HIS CHECKERED FLAG. Dick & Del-Tones churn out *Super Stock, Grudge Run*, etc. "Pounding hot rod beats!" — *Billboard*. \$3.98



00-19. OLDIES BUT GOODIES VOL. 5. Original recordings of greatest hits by *Skyliners, Jewels, Damones, Bobby Day, Preston Epps*, others. \$3.98



18-06. THE SOUL OF COUNTRY & WESTERN STRINGS. Rich orchestrations of *Any Time, Tennessee Waltz, He'll Have to Go*, others. \$3.98

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20-59. FUNNY GIRL. BARBRA STREISAND. Original cast recording of Broadway's most fabulous smash musical since *My Fair Lady*. \$5.98



15-69A & 15-69B. JUDY AT CARNEGIE HALL. "Garland at her greatest."—*HIFI/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. \$9.98 (2-Records set counts as two separate selections.)



10-69. FRANK SINATRA. COME FLY WITH ME. Triple award-winning album! *Saturday Night*, *Just In Time*, *Day In, Day Out*, 12 big hits in all! \$4.98



18-50. PEGGY LEE. MINK JAZZ. *Days of Wine and Roses*, *The Lady is a Tramp*, *I Could Write a Book*, etc. "One of the best!"—*Billboard*. \$3.98



3-52. JACKIE GLEASON. MUSIC FOR LOVERS ONLY. *Relax*, let romance take over: *Body and Soul*, *Some Day*, *Little Girl*, others. \$4.98



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"*Funny Girl* is just this side of paradise."—*New York World-Telegram*.

"Barbra belts out a smashi!"—*N.Y. Journal-American*.



16-59. DEAN MARTIN. DINO. Long-awaited album of Italian love songs: *Non Dimenticar*, *Parдон*, *Arrivederci Roma*, *Just Say I Love Her*, more. \$3.98



15-44. HANK THOMPSON. AN OLD LOVE AFFAIR. *My Old Flame*, *I'll Be Around*, *Just a Little While*, *It's My Fault*, 8 more torch numbers. \$3.98



16-09. STAN KENTON. WEST SIDE STORY. Jazz version of Broadway and screen hit: *Maria*, *I Feel Pretty*, *Something's Coming*, *Cool*, 7 more. \$3.98



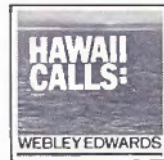
19-74. GEORGE SHEARING. TOUCH ME SOFTLY. Be *Careful*, *It's My Heart*, in a *Sentimental Mood*, *Sunday*, *Monday* or *Always*, etc. \$3.98



19-34. NANCY WILSON. HOLLYWOOD—MY WAY. Nancy sings Academy Award winners & runners-up — *The Second Time Around*, 11 more! \$3.98



17-20. FERLIN HUSKY. SOME OF MY FAVORITE MUSIC. Songs with a sound as big as America: *Willow Wee*, *My Adobe Hacienda*, 10 more. \$3.98



13-39. WBLEY EDWARDS. HAWAII CALLS: GREAT-EST HITS. Authentic songs of the islands: *Hilowae*, *Aloha Ohe*, *Mama's Mui-Mui*, many more. \$3.98



19-14. AL MARTINO. I LOVE YOU BECAUSE. *Losing You*, *Still*, *You Win Again*, *Bouquet of Roses*, *Take These Chords from My Heart*, etc. \$3.98



9-05. JACKIE GLEASON PRESENTS "Dooo!" Mellow mood music for lovers! *I've Got a Crush on You*, *Imagination*, *How About Me*, 9 others. \$4.98



18-46. LES BAXTER'S ORIGINAL QUIET VILLAGE. Romance her with this bewitching and provocative album of exotic mood music! \$3.98



18-27. GEORGE SHEARING. JAZZ MOMENTS. *Makin' Whoopee*, *It Could Happen to You*, *What Is This Thing Called Love?* 9 other hits! \$3.98



15-32. NAT KING COLE. THOSE LAZY-HAZY-CRAZY DAYS OF SUMMER. 11 more. "Having a ball! Sing along!"—*HIFI/Stereo Review*. \$3.98



18-44. STAN KENTON. ADVENTURES IN TIME. 23 items blaze new jazz trails into the fourth dimension — *Time*, "Jazz leader of the year!"—*Playboy*. \$3.98



85-81. GERSHWIN BY STARLIGHT: Leonard Pennerio, pianist; Hollywood Bowl Symphony, *Cuban Overture*, *Second Rhapsody*, etc. \$3.98



16-93. THE BEST OF JUNE CHRISTY. *Misty One's* big hits: *Midnight Sun*, *Willow Weep for Me*, *Something Cool*, *How High the Moon*, 8 more. \$3.98



18-03. THE ALL-TIME HITS OF RED NICHOLS AND THE FIVE PENNIES in hot Dixieland style! *Margie*, *Ido*, *Aviation*, *Pep o' My Heart*, *Indiana*, etc. \$3.98

17-62A, 17-62B, 17-62C 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 *Lean Baby*, *All of Me*, *Hey! Jealous Lover*, *Witchcraft*, *Learnin' the Blues*, *One for My Baby*, many more. (3-record set counts as 3 separate selections.) \$14.98



12-58. THE KINGSTON TRIO. HERE WE GO AGAIN. Guitars, banjos and bongos going like crazy. *Heal Away*, *A Worried Man*, 11 more. \$3.98



00-20. OLDIES BUT GOODIES VOL. 6. Original recordings of rock 'n' roll hits by *Desi Arnaz*, *The Fireflies*, *Safaris*, *Bill Doggett*, etc. \$3.98



17-71. ROUTE 66 THEME: NELSON RIDDLE. Big themes from *Ben Casey*, *Unforgettable*, *Naked City*, *Sing Along*, other TV shows. \$3.98



16-89. JACKIE GLEASON. LOVE EMBERS AND FLAME. 2 string orchestras ignite romance with *Would You, Lover's Waltz*, more. \$4.98



17-96. STAN KENTON. ADVENTURES IN JAZZ. New directions in exciting sounds: *Tarifa Talk*, *Misty*, *Body and Soul*, *Limehouse Blues*, more. \$3.98



11-99. THE KINGSTON TRIO AT LARGE. Here's the Kingston Trio in a vivid folk festival: *Blow Ye Winds*, *Scarlet Ribbons*, *Gateway John*—more. \$3.98



19-30. DICK DALE AND HIS DEL-TONES. KING OF THE SURF GUITAR. The *Lone-Some Road*, *Dick Dale Stamp*, others. "Wild excitement."—*Billboard*. \$3.98



MIKE LOBEL FLEW IN FROM HOUSTON last night. Leaves for Charleston in an hour to strum and sing at a local Hootenanny. Mike travels light. Just one change of clothes in the bag: sportcoat, coordinating slacks and sweater, all by Cricketeer. And a Cricketeer suit on his back. Hmm. Sounds like a nice refrain for a folk-tune: "With a Cricketeer suit on his back." Think you can do anything with it, Mike?

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Cricketeer Bold Traditionals wool sportcoat with side vents and hacking pockets about \$40.00. 3 piece set with color coordinated slacks and sweater about \$65.00. At most knowledgeable stores. Or write to Cricketeer, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y., and get your free "Clothesmanship" Back-to-Campus Wardrobe guide.

the same town. True, sex is treated frankly, but this does not mean that everyday life is like a Bergman movie. An American male may enjoy a slight edge over his Danish counterpart. He does so because he is a foreigner and because he can toss his dollars around—but don't for a moment think it to be an invitation to paradise every time a blonde expresses interest in the Stars and Stripes.

We like having visitors and want them to enjoy themselves and leave with their aims accomplished. This is more likely to be the case if they arrive with a more down-to-earth idea of what Copenhagen has to offer.

Jan-Erik Hagen
Copenhagen, Denmark

SUITS US

Re the topless bathing suit: I was glancing through the August 1963 issue



"Fashion never stands still."

of PLAYBOY and noticed this cartoon. Are you people prophetic?

Richard H. Doughty
Vineland, New Jersey

HOORAY FOR HAIRY

Hairy Gertz and the 47 Crappies by Jean Shepherd in June's PLAYBOY was the best thing I've read in years. If you would concentrate on good writing like Shep's article and less on an idiotic Mamie taking a beer bath, your magazine would be truly a class undertaking. Maybe someday you'll find out what's really entertaining and important.

E. Ferren
Bronx, New York

REBEL YELL

I was very sorry to read about Hugh Hefner's \$25,000 guarantee to comedian Dick Gregory and his organization for any information on the three civil righters

A practical way to increase your prestige and win faster promotion in business

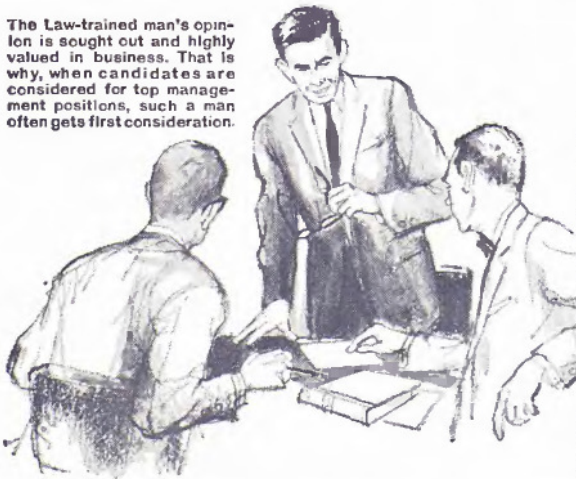
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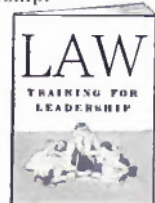
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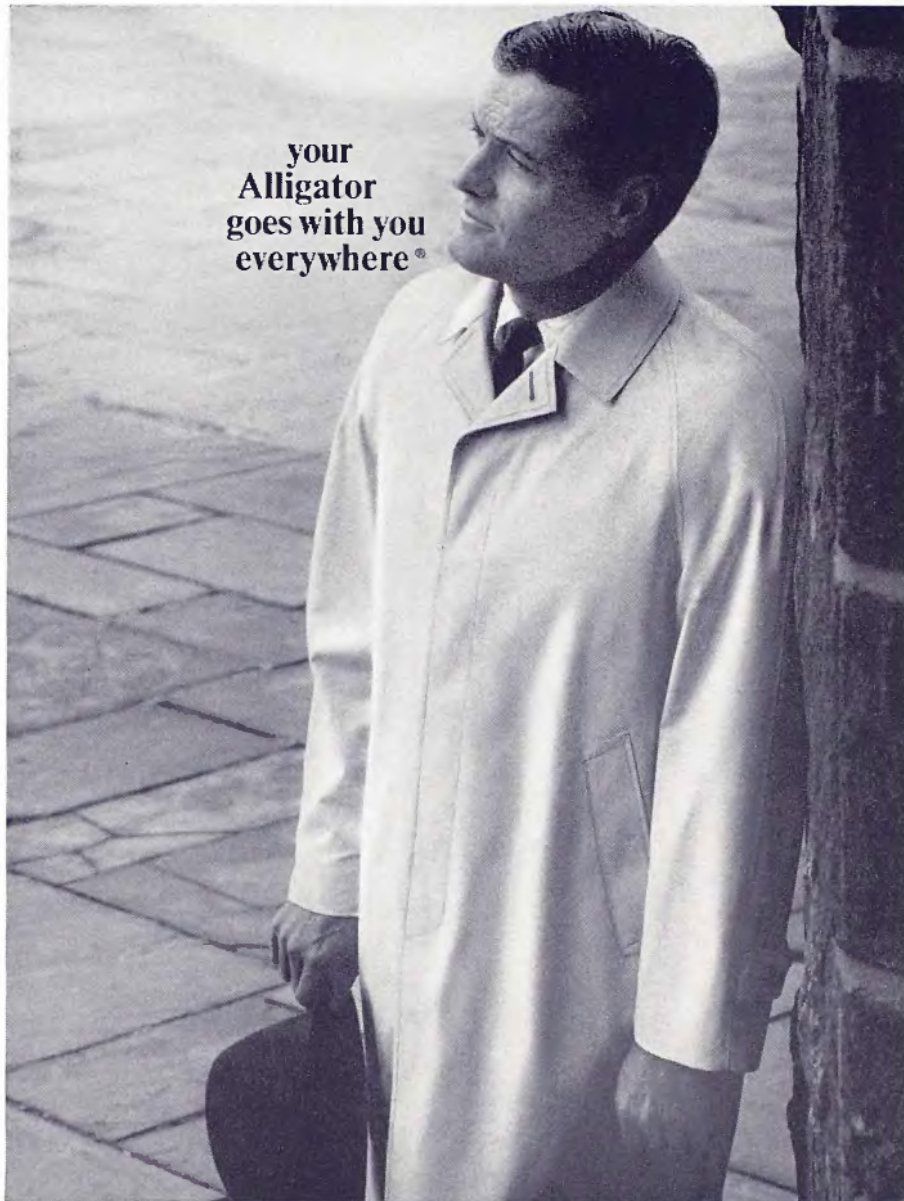
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protection, too.
No wonder they're America's
most wanted coats.**

(Shown above) Alligator Stormwind®—most outstanding value in fine, tightly woven, beautifully finished cotton poplin. All weather smartness in the most popular styles and colors, plaid lined—just \$19.95. With zip-in warmers slightly higher. Other Alligator coats, water repellents and waterproofs, \$11.95 to \$71.75 at better stores everywhere.

Alligator
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who were found dead in Mississippi. If you continue to defend these Communist-tainted organizations led by would-be intellectuals, I sincerely feel you will have a substantial decline in your Southern readership.

The average Southerner is not as strict a segregationist as the Northern element would like the world to believe. Many facilities in many Southern cities have been integrated by the people from within these cities. It is the outsider who has created the problem in the South. Nobody wants anyone to come into his home and tell him how to keep house.

The problems in Philadelphia, Mississippi and Saint Augustine, Florida, have been created by outsiders. Florida cities along both coasts have been quietly integrated without outside influence. It is only when outsiders step into the picture and fight for publicity, not beliefs, that the problems arise. In conclusion, the battle cry of the South is not segregation forever, but Yankee stay home.

Bob Rosof

Lighthouse Point, Florida

We'd appreciate knowing, Mr. Rosof, just what steps were taken in your home town toward integration before pressure was brought to bear.

PLAYBOY—ITALIAN STYLE

Portraying an Italian playboy in *Marriage—Italian Style*, Marcello Mastroianni, appropriately enough, plays a scene before a wall decoration of a Playmate from a recent PLAYBOY. The scene for the



Embassy Pictures production was filmed at Rome's Titanus Studios. The idea to use the Playmate came to me after seeing one of the stagehands with his copy of PLAYBOY during a lull in the filming. As in *Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow*, Marcello is again teamed with Sophia Loren, and it is again my great pleasure to work with this talented pair. It is also my pleasure to collaborate with PLAYBOY, even indirectly.

Vittorio De Sica
Rome, Italy

Goodyear's on the go in racing

Have a glance at Goodyear's score on the sports car circuit. During 1963 and first half of 1964 Goodyear led the pack by winning 34 of the 51 races run. And that's just counting big races like the U.S. Road Race Championship Races, the USAC professional sports car races, and International FIA.

Now let's review the season in stock car racing. Cars on Blue Streak Stock Car Special tires snatched the checkered flag in 7 out of the 10 top NASCAR races during 1963. And Goodyear led off '64 with a 1, 2, 3, sweep of the Daytona 500 mile race; followed up with a big win at the Charlotte World "600".

One reason for this stack of wins is Tufsyn rubber. Goodyear's exclusive Tufsyn rubber comes equipped with tenacious properties: Tufsyn gives *more* traction . . . wears *longer*. Just the thing for a racing tire.

And Tufsyn is just the thing for *your* tires. *Every* Goodyear auto tire has it. See your Goodyear dealer and talk about tough tires. Talk Tufsyn.

1963-1964 (Through June) SPORTS CAR EVENTS

RACING WINS	
GOODYEAR	34
DUNLOP	15
FIRESTONE	2
TOTAL EVENTS	51

Racing tires are distributed to Goodyear Dealers and Service Stores by: Gofaster Inc., New Rochelle, N.Y., Huggins Tire Sales, Thomasville, N.C., Lauderdale Auto Marine Service, Inc., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., RRR Motors Inc., Homewood, Ill., Bob Schroeder Race Cars, Dallas, Texas, Carroll Shelby Enterprises Inc., Gardena, Calif.

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PLAYBOY PRO AND CON

A copy of PLAYBOY, the men's entertainment magazine, came into my home quite by accident, I assure you. May this letter prick your deadened conscience as a reminder of the sexual perverts on the prowl who are apt to be stimulated and excited to crime by the pornographic pictures and so-called humorous cartoons in your magazine!

This will undoubtedly be shrugged off as a crank letter, but as a mother I hereby register my vigorous protest of such sex-stimulating photographs. Children who may be molested, old women who may be raped, are indirectly on your conscience! What happened to the high good humor and wholesome photography that gave Americans something to be inspired by?

Mrs. Tyree Wilson
Saint Petersburg, Florida

High good humor and wholesome photography is what we publish, Mrs. Wilson. Acts of sexual violence are symptomatic of a society that is sexually suppressed, not sexually permissive.

It is my firm conviction that PLAYBOY is serving a valuable function in creating a truly human atmosphere among a great number of young persons in our society. Speaking as a clergyman, I offer you both my support and admiration.

Reverend John R. Graham
The Universalist Church
Denver, Colorado

You may or may not be aware of the popularity your magazine enjoys in this, the most civilized country in the world. I congratulate you on your highly professional publication. You cater, of course, to the ambitious, all-American, red-blooded male; but this does not prevent you from discussing with eminent people the more serious, artistic side of mankind's aspirations. Your interviews, I find, have a most refreshing naïveté. You score, also, in the fact that in this country nobody has had the courage to publish a magazine of such caliber.

Vernon A. Robinson
Prestwich, Lancashire, England

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on the success of your magazine. I personally look forward to receiving it each month and feel that it makes a vital contribution to the American scene. Your perseverance in the face of many obstacles is admirable and I know that you must be very proud and gratified with the results. If more people had your attitude, this would be a much better world in which to live.

L. B. Maytag, Jr., President
National Airlines
Miami, Florida

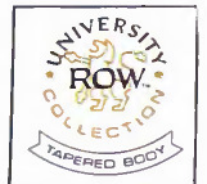




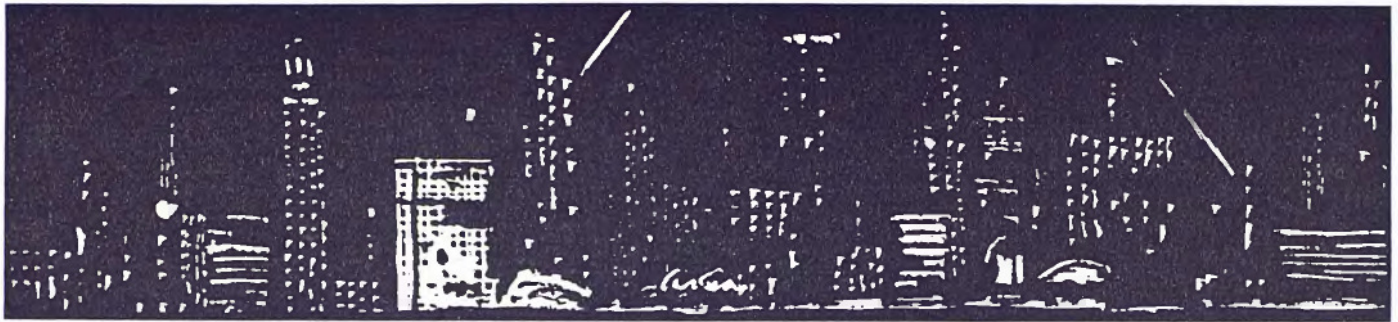
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Our July noninterview with Presidential noncandidate Marvin Kitman elicited a number of letters, none more interesting than that of yet another Presidential noncontender, Mrs. Yetta Bronstein of the Bronx. A few irate Kitman supporters have charged that Mrs. Bronstein is trying to cash in on the write-in-for-Kitman boomlet or to take advantage of the Jewish backlash: Both candidates hail from New York University, and both point with pride to the fact that they're twice as Jewish as Goldwater. There the similarity ends, however. Whereas Kitman is an NYU graduate, Mrs. Bronstein admits that she, like Senator Goldwater, is no more than a college dropout.

"But A students can be bums, while F students succeed," Mrs. Bronstein says in her defense, and to prove it she presents her "campaign platform" (that's how her handouts spell it), a straightforward and hard-hitting document from which we suspect both major parties could draw a lesson for the future—from its brevity, if not from its spelling. The "platform," a manifesto if ever there was one, is reproduced in its entirety herewith:

"(1) Lower voting age to 18; (2) Better Government; (3) 'Floridation'; (4) National Bingo; (5) Sex Education; (6) Stronger Government."

A platform plank which Mrs. Bronstein has inexplicably overlooked is—naturally—"Chicken Soup in Every Pot." According to her communiqué, Mrs. Bronstein is gathering support from all over the nation, and is guaranteed at least one write-in vote in Michigan—that of a mysterious R.I. of Detroit (perhaps a disenchanted follower of Margaret Chase Smith) who wrote to Mrs. Bronstein: "I plan to vote for you because this country needs a good housewife, a woman leader and a strong mother."

Mrs. Bronstein boasts several catchy campaign slogans, one with a nondominational appeal ("VOTE YETTA BRONSTEIN

INTO THE WHITE HOUSE") and another calculated to capture the ethnic vote ("LET'S PUT A JEWISH MOTHER IN THE WHITE HOUSE"). As Mrs. Bronstein says: "It's time for the country to have a mother. If a mother was in the White House, who would open a big mouth to her?"

Our own feeling, however, is that there's already a surfeit of female influence pervading the Presidency. It's a well-known fact, for instance, that L. B. J. accepted the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1960 only at Lady Bird's urging (read: insistence), and we weren't too surprised to learn that it was Governor Scranton's wife who finally decided that hubby would make a run for the G. O. P. laurels. Candidate Kitman also admits that he's running partially at his wife's behest ("She wanted me the hell out of the house for the summer"), while the origins of Mrs. Bronstein's candidacy are completely female: She decided to run without even consulting her husband. One foreseeable drawback to Mrs. Bronstein's campaign might be the formidable verbal weapon her candidacy could give the opposition. When she says the country needs a woman President, her opponents will reply, "Not Yetta!"

The risks involved in writing a news story unfavorable to organized labor were brought home to us graphically by this item in *The New York Times*: "Courts have questioned such basic tenets of unionism as the right to strike. Newspapers have been aaaaaaaaaaaaaakkk . . ."

Atop this month's Recommended Reading List, from the latest catalog of a Manhattan mail-order book firm: *I Married an Israeli Nymphomaniac*.

Our heartiest congratulations to Lin Wei-Yao of Tsaotun, Formosa, who was unanimously elected president of

the local Henpecked Husbands' Club when he announced that he would have to ask his wife's approval before accepting the job.

In an unintentional but commendable imitation of *Time*-style movie reviews, the film critic of *The Philadelphia Inquirer* wrote recently about the Burton-O'Toole opus, *Becket*: "While the two characters concerned are not above taking their sexual pleasure where they find it, such matters are only briefly tangential to the plot."

Aptly yclept bank official who pleaded guilty to embezzlement in Brownsville, Texas: Robert Overcash.

We had just about forgotten we ever saw *The Ghost of Dragstrip Hollow* (which, when it ran a few years back, was billed as "the first horror hot-rod movie") when what to our wondering neighborhood theaters should appear but *The Horror of Party Beach*—"the first horror monster musical." Since it's their titles, rather than the films themselves, that guarantee them box-office success, we offer Hollywood a sure-fire smash, to be billed as "the first teenage sex Hercules Gidget motorcycling surfing Bible hot-rod horror monster war musical." To wit: *Hercules, Gidget and the Surfing High School Sex Kittens Rock Around the Clock with the Incredible Cycling Leatherneck of the Red Sea Dragstrip*.

How to Succeed in Church, Hard-Sell Division: There's a chapel in rural Quebec, we are informed, that calls itself "The Christorama."

In commemoration of the Bard's 400th birthday, it's gratifying to note



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that a Soho strip joint has decided to bring culture to the masses with its own inimitable interpretation of *As You Like It*. Suggested sequel: *King Lear*.

The Peace Corps, it would seem, has come up with an ultraprogressive new scheme for promoting closer international relations. "The Peace Corps," read a recent story in *The Seattle Daily Times*, "soon will begin a pilot senior-year program, providing six weeks of summer training for 500 to 700 college juniors who have applied for the corps."

From England comes evidence that British officialdom, in the aftermath of the Profumo-Keeler affair, may be bending over backward a bit too far in its effort to avoid even the suggestion of heterosexual scandal in government. The London *Evening Standard* reports finding adjacent file cabinets in the London County Council Office marked MALE and OTHERS.

As author Bill Iversen points out elsewhere in this issue, the nation's ladies' magazines, despite their pious pretensions, are hotbeds of sex-oriented material. But we were stunned to discover that sex is now being used to sell the shelter magazines. While flipping through an issue of *Better Homes & Gardens*, we came upon an article obviously referring to prostitution in the jet age. Its title: *Hooking in a Hurry*.

Our nomination for Best Performance of the Year in a Multiple Role goes to Cliff Osmond, a six-foot-six, 275-pound actor who portrayed, according to the *Los Angeles Times*, "a former circus clown and Christine Kaufmann" in the Tony Curtis comedy *Wild and Wonderful*.

Hot property advertised on the real-estate page of the Santa Rosa, California, *Press Democrat*: "HUSBAND IN GERMANY, wife wants fast action, nice and clean, 3 bdrs., PLUS 20x24 rumpus room, \$17,500. Call today. LO 4-3895."

Wild Blue Yonder Department: An unexpected benefit of man's conquering the sound barrier was revealed by *The National Observer*, which reported the complaint of an Oklahoma woman that airplane-induced sonic booms in her area caused her brassiere straps to snap.

Sporting note from a baseball story in *Newsday*: "The expected starters are Don Drysdale from the Dodgers and Camilo Pascual from the Twins. Drysdale worked nine innings Friday night in beating the Mets. He would be pitching

These trousers incorporate the biggest change in men's clothing in 30 years. No one will ever notice it.



Well, you can't say we didn't ask for it. We designed a trouser zipper so small, so flexible, so dependable, you won't even know it's there. It's the Talon Zephyr.[®] And it's made of nylon. That means no more metal teeth gleaming down your trouser front! No more snagging. No more jamming. No more wrinkles or bulges. Just two thin nylon coils, dyed through and through to match your trousers perfectly. In short, a zipper that's practically invisible. What's more, Zephyr can't

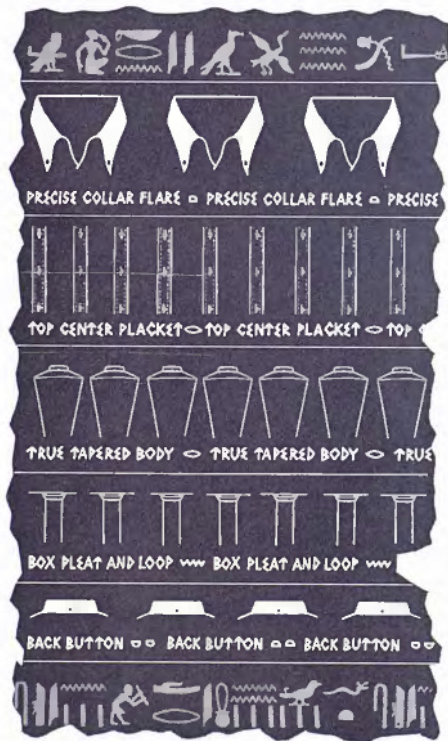
accidentally slip or slide open. An ingenious device called Memory-Lock keeps it securely closed at the top of your fly. Even if you forget to press down the pull-tab. So it looks like we spent all those years designing a zipper you won't even notice. Except when you're about to buy a suit or a pair of slacks. And then only to make sure it's there.





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with his normal rest period of three days between tarts."

Sign seen in the window of what must be a swinging soda fountain in Detroit: THE MANAGEMENT RESERVES THE RIGHT TO EJECT ANYONE WE DEEM PROPER.

A coed college Phys Ed major writes us: "Why isn't there a Lifesaving class in How to Administer Mouth-to-Mouth Resuscitation Without Becoming Emotionally Involved?" We prefer to live dangerously.

RECORDINGS

Bittersweet / Carmen McRae (Focus) offers ample evidence of Miss McRae's ascendancy to the very pinnacle of vocaldom. Supported by a quartet sparked by guitarist Mundell Lowe, Carmen does definitive interpretations of a baker's dozen ballads, including flawless renditions of *When Sunny Gets Blue*, *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most* and *If You Could See Me Now*.

Get Ready, Set, Jump!!! / Junior Mance (Capitol) provides an exciting change of pace for the pianist who heretofore has been heard only in intimate surroundings. Here, a full-blown brass choir, ten strong, perfectly balances Mance's ebullient style. Particularly attractive is the aggregation's unfolding of *Jubilation* and *Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You*.

The sound track of *Robin and the 7 Hoods* (Reprise) may seem more than faintly derivative to followers of the Broadway musical scene, but a good time is obviously being had by all the principals—Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr.—and the mood is infectious. The Sammy Cahn lyrics are rollicking; the Jimmy Van Heusen melodies are rhythmical. Even nonsinging co-star Peter Falk is caught up in the spirit of the occasion when, as a mobster boss, he leads his hoodlums through a witty ditty on underworld camaraderie, *All for One and One for All*. A pair of Sinatra offerings—*My Kind of Town* and *I Like to Lead when I Dance*—have already made the singles charts, while Dean Martin breaks things up with a boozy baritone tribute to a sacred American institution in *Any Man Who Loves His Mother*. For a capper we suggest *Style*, an antic anthem on the deficiencies of a pal, performed by that gleesome threesome, Frank, Dean and Der Bingle.

That Newport Jazz (Columbia) serves up large helpings of the middle ground of jazz, from the post-Dixie sounds of the Newport All-Stars highlighted by tenor man Bud Freeman and the trumpet of

THE
SOUND OF
ENTERTAINMENT



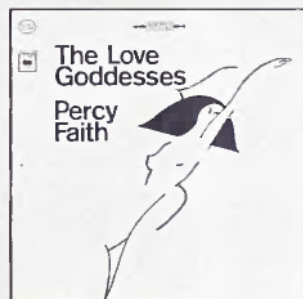
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When you hear the New Christy Minstrels sing their lusty and light-hearted ballads about the big-fisted, quick-tempered, rough-and-tumble types who people our folklore—brawny Joe Magarac, Paul Bunyan, Casey Jones or the valiant Blacksmith of Brandywine who fought for independence—you'll find yourself joining in on the choruses.

If you've heard the Christys' other albums, such as *Tall Tales*, *Ramblin'* and *Today*, you know what to expect. So think big—buy *Land of Giants*.

THE NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS



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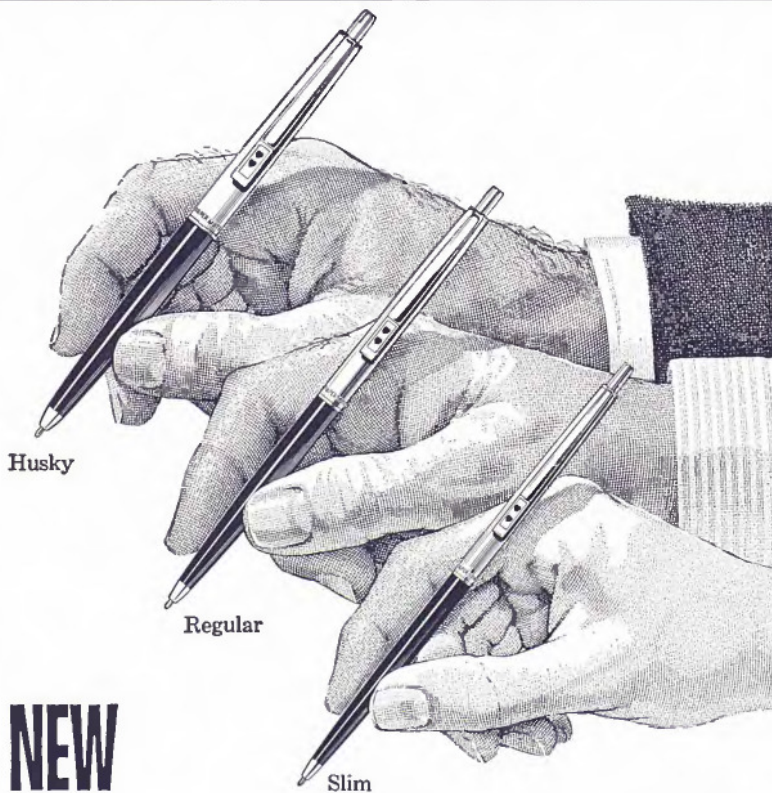
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Ruby Braff, to the pre-bop sound of the Newport "House" Band which is made up, in part, of Clark Terry, Howard McGhee, Coleman Hawkins and Zoot Sims. Markedly outstanding is the Hawk's work on *These Foolish Things* and Clark Terry's soaring *Stardust*.

It Might as Well Be Swing / Frank Sinatra and Count Basie (Reprise), charted and batoned by Quincy Jones, is diluted by the addition of strings, but Frank and the Basie band still manage to move with freewheeling abandon. Notably enjoyable is Sinatra's Ray Charlesian treatment of *I Can't Stop Loving You*, with runner-up honors going to *The Best Is Yet to Come* and *Hello, Dolly!*

West Coast Vibes / Roy Ayers (United Artists) is the vinyl debut of the mallet man as a leader, and it is an auspicious one. Aided by the tenor and soprano sax efforts of Curtis Amy on half the session, Ayers displays a clean, incisive melodic line which bodes well for his future. Another vibist of growing importance exhibits his wares on *Something's Coming!* / Gary Burton (Victor). Burton—fronting an exceptional quartet made up of guitarist Jim Hall, drummer Larry Bunker (a fine vibes man in his own right) and Chuck Israels on bass—weaves intricate yet explicit figures around jazz standards *On Green Dolphin Street* and *Little Girl Blue*, Gershwin's *Summertime* and four original items.

American audiences are given a laudable showcase for the extraordinary Spanish pianist Alicia de Larrocha in her performance of her countryman Isaac Albéniz' *Suite Española*, *Pavana Capricho*, *Cantos de España* (Columbia). The 19th Century composer's works are suffused with the bravura and the melancholy of his native land, and the gifted pianist provides the ideal means for their expression.

Sammy Davis Jr. *Sings the Works of Mel Tormé* (Reprise) presents the best and the worst of tunesmith Tormé. Side one is occupied with his *California Suite*, a tedious and cliché-ridden paean to the Golden State. Davis struggles heroically to inject some life into the piece, but unfortunately the *Suite* is far too saccharin for even his talents. Side two, however, is a joy. Hiplly handled by Sammy are *Welcome to the Club*, *Willow Road*, *Born to Be Blue* and *The Christmas Song*—all are top Tormé.

Harry James/*Twenty-Fifth Anniversary Album* (MGM) leads off with *Ciribiribin* and *You Made Me Love You*, and you're almost convinced that nothing's happened in a quarter century, but James goes on from there with a collection of modern

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2. All _____ and a yard wide.
6. Wild and _____y west.

DOWN

1. Don't pull the _____ over my eyes.
2. Well-dressed _____-dressed.

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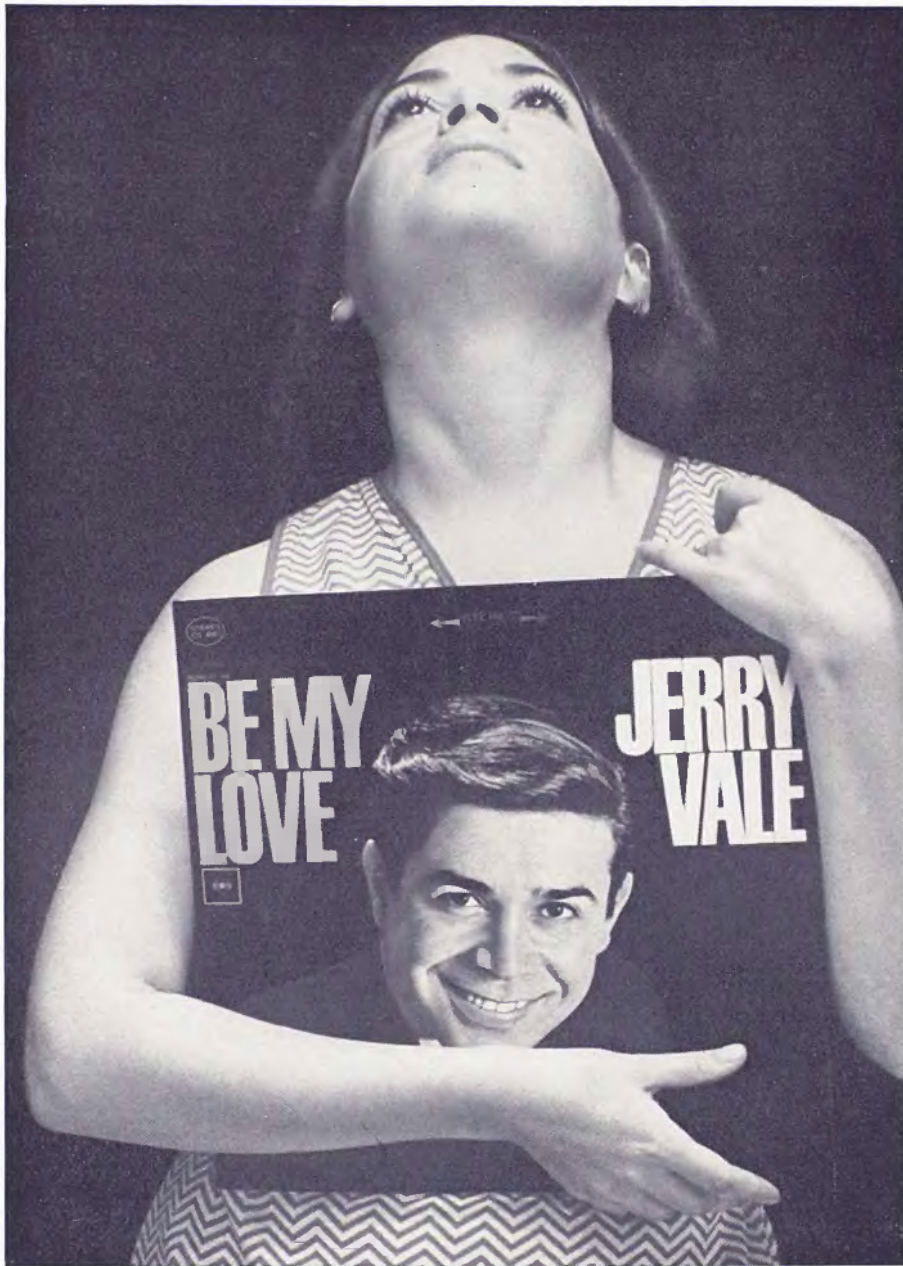
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charts, including those by Neal Hefti, Jimmy Mundy and Ernie Wilkins which show that time, as kept by Harry, has indeed marched on. On hand are *Lush Life*, *Manha de Carnaval*, *Shiny Stockings* and *Satin Doll*, demonstrating that the long-time trumpeter is still very much with it.

A fresh piano voice is to be heard on *Denny Zeitlin / Cathexis* (Columbia). Zeitlin, who has just received his M.D., operates out of his own bag as he incisively limns a handful of originals, two jazz stalwarts, 'Round Midnight and Nica's Tempo, plus the haunting standard *Soon*. Backed by rhythm borrowed from the Paul Winter Sextet, Denny makes his first LP star billing a noteworthy occasion.

The Word from Mose (Atlantic) has Mose Allison singing at his most exuberant, basic best. A graduate student of the "roots" school, Mose, accompanied by his own piano, Ben Tucker's bass and drummer Ron Lundberg, runs through seven of his creations and such items as *Your Red Wagon* and Muddy Waters' *Rollin' Stone*. In toto, a delightful primer of the primitive.

An amalgam of the highest order, *Soulmates / Ben Webster and Joe Zawinul* (Riverside) is solid gold from start to finish. Both pianist Zawinul and tenor titan Webster are fastidious craftsmen and lyrically inventive improvisers. Their interplay is a joy to the ear. Four of the numbers profit additionally from the tasteful trumpetwork of Thad Jones.

Septet / The New Sound of Art Van Damme (Columbia) intros a Damme good group of an entirely different tonal color from that which we have come to know in the past. The presence of a brace of Flügelhorns, a trombone and a baritone sax supplies a rich, deep timbre that admirably offsets the musical embroidery of Van Damme's accordion.

Bobby Darin Winners (Atco) is not quite that in our estimation. *Milord* and *Golden Earrings* are losers, due in no small part to the decidedly cornball arrangements. These two were recorded outside the regular session which was arranged by the highly talented Bobby Scott. It is here that Darin comes into his own, lending a lot more truth to the LP title. Especially effective are *Anything Goes* and Ellington's classic *Do Nothin' till You Hear from Me*.

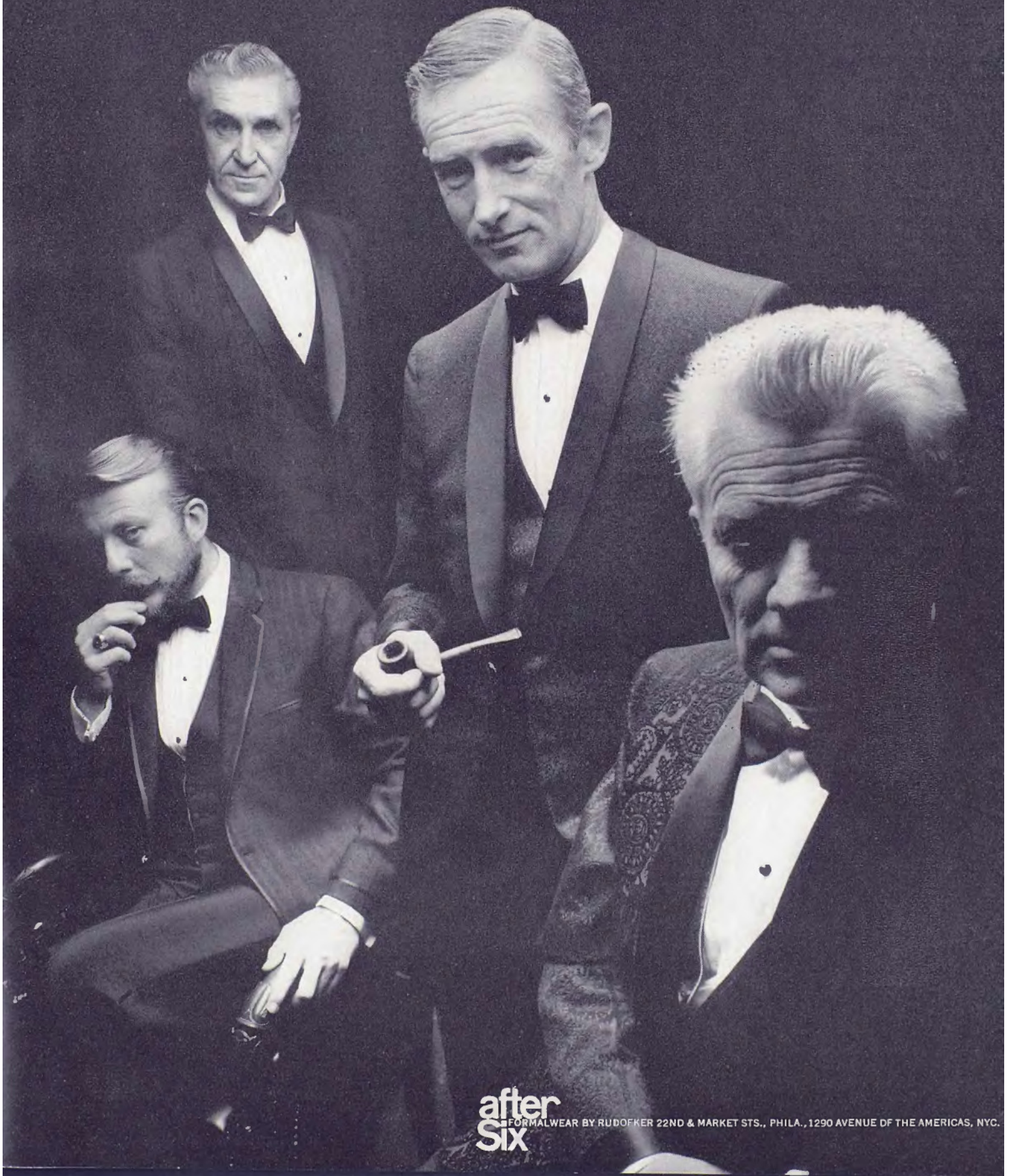
Chet Baker / The Most Important Jazz Album of 1964/65 (Colpix), Baker's first LP since returning to this country, is a disappointment. The fault lies not with Chet, whose playing (on Flügelhorn)

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and singing are refreshing reminders of what we've been missing on these shores, but with the men who surround him. It is an uninspired group which has seemed to gain nothing from the presence of Baker. What should have been a warm welcome home for Chet has turned into a sad what-might-have-been.

BOOKS

The first happy obligation in reviewing *My Autobiography* (Simon & Schuster, \$6.95) by Charles Chaplin is to be grateful for it. We're lucky that the supreme genius of films has written his life story, has told so much about his work, his loves and marriages, friendships and aversions. Born in a poor section of London in 1889, he was the son of music-hall performers who separated when he was a baby. His youth was a life of poverty out of the grimmest pages of Dickens. He became a child actor at 12, advanced steadily, and in his early 20s made American tours with a troupe. A chance viewing of the act by Mack Sennett in New York led to his first film contract in 1913. By 1916 he was given a \$150,000 bonus to sign a \$670,000 contract. Chaplin's narrative of early Hollywood and its carefree, imaginative film making is totally fascinating. (The Tramp, for example, was hurriedly devised in one day because Sennett needed some gags for a movie he was shooting.) Equally striking are his portraits of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, W. R. Hearst, Valentino, and many others; his too-brief occasional reflections on comedy and film techniques; and his accounts of how he chose his subjects. He is fairly frank about his principal love affairs and three of his marriages. His second marriage, to the mother of his two grown sons, is dismissed in a few lines. As might be expected, he gives his own (perfectly credible) versions of the Joan Barry paternity suit and of his wartime speeches that led to harassment by the American Legion and other groups, and eventually to cancellation of his re-entry permit into the U. S. What are missing are the ends of some of the stories of people's lives, fuller details about the making of his major films, better developed thoughts on his methods as actor and director. What might have been spared are his economic and political opinions, as delivered to world leaders such as Churchill and Gandhi, and the occasional labored literary flourishes. Still, this is Charles Chaplin's autobiography, and it will be read as long as the Tramp is loved.

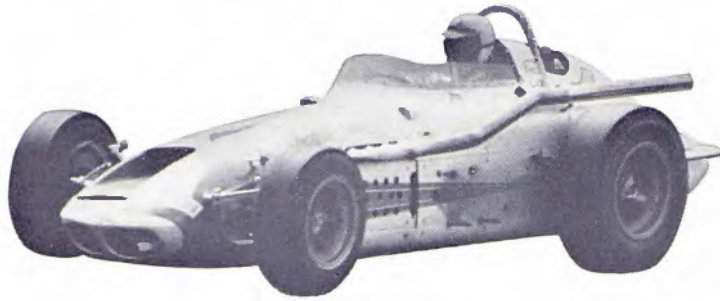
The Defense (Putnam, \$5), a novel probing the delicate mind and flabby heart of a chess genius, was one of Vladimir Nabokov's earliest (1930) fictional feats. Newly translated from the Russian by Michael Scammell and Nabokov him-

self, it confirms the suspicion of his followers that this masterly verbal strategist could, if he chose, construct an enthralling story out of the life and times of an artichoke still on the stem. Nabokov has the power of endowing an apparently drab situation with the glow of literary (not literal) truth. As in all of Nabokov's work, there are stories behind the story behind the story, piled in a rich fictional concoction. One of the thickest and most satisfying layers of this tale is the theme of the artist oppressed and at the same time nourished by his art, in such a way that when psychiatrists and friends succeed in their good intentions of relieving him of his burden, they also strip him of his only source of sustenance. Nabokov can make everything from chess to sex a subject of hilarity, and is in high form here describing the awkward love attempts of his hero and heroine: "He seized her by the elbow and kissed something hard and cold (her wrist watch)." Or, when the newly married wife is taking her long, wedding-night bath: "Suddenly she realized she was dawdling on purpose, and a shiver went through her breast, as when you are leafing through last year's magazine, knowing that in a second, in just a second, the door will open and the dentist will appear on the threshold." In Nabokov's pages, the only thing one can expect to appear is the unexpected.

Ernest Dichter's new opus, *Handbook of Consumer Motivations* (McGraw-Hill, \$10), is directed at "the communications expert" and purports to give the "symbolic meaning" of practically everything from cars to carpets to contraceptives. Like most of motivational researcher Dichter's work, this book contains a nice balance of common sense and nonsense. His description of the different characteristics of bourbon drinkers and Scotch drinkers, for example, is readily verified. The bourbon man, says Dichter, thinks the Scotch man is a status-seeking show-off. The Scotch man doesn't think about the bourbon man at all. But as those who have followed the good doctor's career can attest, he is embarrassingly prone to sentences like "Some foods are bisexual, among them roast chicken and oranges." This *Handbook*, portentously subtitled "The Psychology of the World of Objects," will doubtless find its way to the reference shelf of the compleat ad-man. A wider audience may pick it up for chuckles.

Saul Bellow's *Herzog* (Viking, \$5) is a Dostoievskian plea for human lopsidedness and for the simple illogic of living. The plea is strong, though the plot is weak. "If I am out of my mind," thinks Moses Herzog, a middle-aged intellectual who suffers from an excess of melancholy wit, "it's all right with me."

A. J. Foyt won this year's Indianapolis 500



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remaining after race

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12.00-16

Projected mileage
remaining after race

1,600 MILES

LEFT REAR
12.00-16

Projected mileage
remaining after race

9,600 MILES

RIGHT FRONT
9.20-15

Projected mileage
remaining after race

1,600 MILES

A. J. Foyt didn't just win the Indianapolis 500. He made tire history and established a new speed record of 147.35 mph. What's more, he went the full 500 miles on one set of tires. No tire change at all!

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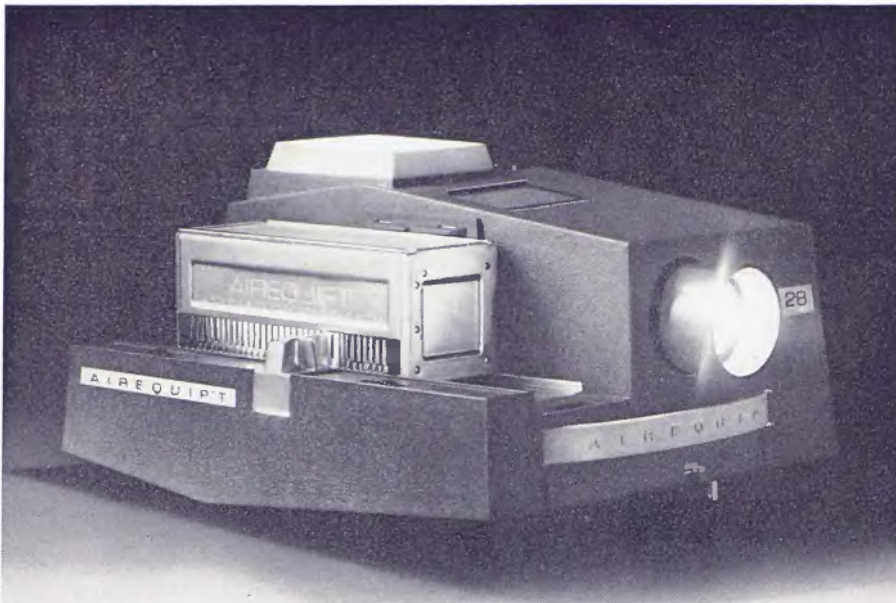
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And later, with a touch of smugness: "My balance comes from instability. Not mind, or courage, as with other people." Alone, he sits in his big old house in the Berkshires and compulsively dashes off letters—which he never mails—to "newspapers, to people in public life, to friends and relatives and at last to the dead . . ."

He is in a kind of mental frenzy as he contemplates the ruins of his life: two wrecked marriages, no money, and the apparent drying up of his scholarly talents. "The story of my life," he thinks with endearing irony, "how I rose from humble origins to complete disaster." Herzog has been, above all else, a victim—brutally conned by his beautiful second wife and brilliantly cuckolded by his best friend, Valentine Gersbach. (Gersbach is a television personality who presides over odd panel discussions that feature Paul Tillich, Malcolm X and Hedda Hopper on one program.) And now it seems Herzog is in mortal danger of falling prey to Ramona, an exotic lady florist who offers him spectacular aid and comfort between the sheets. "I didn't know that I could make out with a true sack artist," he says to himself gratefully. Ramona wants marriage, and Herzog, in his painful need for solace, is tempted to capitulate. Ultimately, though, he is less interested in solace than in answers to philosophical questions. "What this country needs," he jots down on one occasion, "is a good five-cent synthesis." He is a gentle brooder, a stubborn and sentimental seeker of truth. That, indeed, is his madness and also, as it turns out, his salvation. Moses Herzog is another major creation of a major American writer.

Shel Silverstein, our explorer of worldwide mores, is also a formidably individualistic writer of books for children and unblocked adults. As PLAYBOY regulars can testify, *Uncle Shelby's Zoo* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95; paperback, \$1.95) is a bestiary for those who are able to delight in the senses, including the senses of fear and absurdity. (See PLAYBOY, December 1960, February 1962, May 1963.) It is the vintage scarifying tradition that Silverstein mines in such inventions as the Bibely who "shuns all ordinary food and rather enjoys girls and boys," and the young Gross-Bottomed Grood who "goos with delight,/ When sometime at night,/He can swallow his daddy and mummy,/Heigh-ho,/ A filial love fills his tummy." Silverstein's land of fantasy is not without its dangers for our guide himself. An ominous meeting with the Slithergadee (who has an eye which will not be denied) ends: "No you won't catch me, old Slithergadee,/ You may catch all the others, but you wo—" Some of the time, however, Uncle Shelby is canny enough to delegate danger. When we are introduced to the



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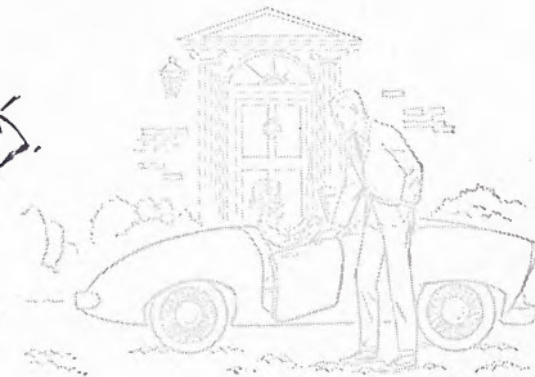
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Gumplegutch, with his fangs and one yellow eye, Uncle Shelby urges, "Go over and play with the Gumplegutch, Tommy. There's nothing at all to fear. I'll wait for you here." Like all good children's books, *Uncle Shelby's Zoo* is mainly for adults.

In his latest slice of upper-crust English life, *Corridors of Power* (Scribner's, \$5.95), C. P. Snow dwells lovingly on the genteel backbiting of the inner circles of Britain's ruling Conservative Party during the 1950s. The book is fascinating not only for the picture of an aristocratic Establishment in the twilight of its glory, but for the period charm of the author's prose. Who but Sir Charles could get away with phrases like "tenebrous gloom"? The story concerns Roger Quaife, an able but not quite top-drawer politician, who seeks power not solely from ambition, but because he wishes to inject a note of sanity into Britain's arms policy. He achieves Cabinet rank, but is eventually forced to resign because common sense about nuclear weapons is no more welcome in Whitehall than in Washington. Himself a member of the Establishment and formerly a distinguished civil servant, Sir Charles picks his way with easy assurance through the maze of ceremony, protocol and ritualized mayhem that distinguishes British politics. But as his admirers understand, it's the atmosphere that counts—the affectionate evocation of an urbane way of life based on a sublime self-assurance known only to those who steadfastly ignore reality. Such action as there is takes place at dinner parties given by political hostesses, luncheon parties at exclusive clubs and weekend parties at stately country homes. The pace is, as always, leisurely; the characters, as always, slightly fuzzy. Sir Charles has given us another of his civilized Snow jobs.

Reviewing Bruce Jay Friedman's book of short stories, *Far from the City of Class*, in these pages exactly one year ago, we concluded: "The mother is the richest character in the collection and one can sense that she must, someday, form the core of a Bruce Jay Friedman novel." Such are our powers of prognostication that the lady is back already. *A Mother's Kisses* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.95). Friedman's second, eminently readable novel, is all hers—and, as it turns out, that's the main trouble with it. Painted in garish strokes like a Lautrec whore, this eccentric example of the Jewish all-smothering mother fascinates at first. But after a hundred pages, one tires of her endless sarcasms, her rapacious superiority, her constant bullying—even when she's at her funniest, as to a waiter at a lunch counter: "I want you to cross your heart and swear to Christ that my son's patties aren't greasy." Ev-



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everything is for the son. While he waits for an acceptance to college, momma puts him in a summer camp as a waiter and then has to rescue him. When he is turned down by all his colleges, she gets him into Kansas Land Grant Agricultural—and then actually accompanies him cross-country. PLAYBOY veteran Friedman has a sure style, a remarkable sense of the grotesque and a humor that is all his own. He treads a tricky line between reality and fantasy, which is fine except that of his two main characters here, the mother becomes a nuisance while the son never becomes much of anything. The title character of his fine first novel, *Stern* (*Playboy After Hours*, November 1962), was a schnook you could care about. Still, even with its shortcomings, this new book confirms Friedman's place among the few truly original writers of his generation.

Letters from Bohemia (Doubleday, \$4.50) is the late Ben Hecht's warm tribute to seven dead friends: H. L. Mencken, Sherwood Anderson, Gene Fowler, Charles MacArthur, Maxwell Bodenheim (which you read in last month's PLAYBOY), artist George Grosz and composer George Antheil. The book is billed as a collection of letters these notables wrote to Hecht over their years of friendship, but Ben steals the show with his loving reminiscences—informal portraits of each of his late, lamented buddies. "My friendships with the men in these pages were a full half of my life," he mourns. "A loving woman who dies or turns her back usually liberates a man's heart to love another woman. This is not true about a vanished male friend. His death does not liberate; it lessens." Like a true friend, Ben endearingly overestimates the works of his seven subjects. He puts Fowler on a par with Twain and claims that Mencken has no peer. But it doesn't matter. "There's a thing that keeps surprising you about stormy old friends after they die," he remarks, "—their silence." His posthumous book is a touching attempt to push back the silence.

MOVIES

Girl with Green Eyes is yet another triumph from the British outside-the-Establishment Woodfall group, headed by Tony Richardson, who this time serves as executive producer. While directing *A Taste of Honey*, with Rita Tushingham, Richardson decided (a) he wanted another vehicle for the gifted young actress and (b) Desmond Davis, his camera operator, should someday get a chance to direct. A great hunch—for Davis, in his first effort, has moved himself right into the front rank of British directors. Setting the film in Dublin and its envi-



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rons, staying away from the studio. Davis gives us a rich, bubbling Irish stew about a lowly grocery-store clerk in Dublin who reads the works of F. Scott Fitzgerald on the side, and finds herself drawn into an affair with a much older, married writer. As the girl, Rita Tushingham uses those remarkable round eyes of hers to express joy, wonder, pain and infinite variations thereof. Peter Finch crowds her for acting honors as the older chap whose resources of feeling are too depleted to cope with the exuberance of her emotions. Lynn Redgrave (Michael's daughter) is fine as a talkative roomie, and Arthur O'Sullivan contributes a rare bit as a hard-drinking and overprotective father.

Cartouche is a gagged-up French swash-buckler in which Jean-Paul Belmondo thrusts off two swordsmen with his flashing rapier while calling out nonchalantly to a confederate, "Watch out behind you!" A phony monk asks if he can join Belmondo's gang of bandits, explaining, "I kicked the habit years ago." When Claudia Cardinale, the beautiful gypsy mistress named Venus, sighs to Belmondo, "I love you," he replies, "Naturally." It's in this spirit that Philippe de Broca, the talented young French master of farce, spiritedly propels a tongue-in-cheek account of France's legendary 18th Century brigand, *Cartouche*, who seems to have had an elementary form of social consciousness. He robbed the rich to reward his cohorts and keep them from killing too many noblemen, his primary source of income. When, to escape the clutches of Malichot (Marcel Dalio), sadistic leader of a gang of Paris thieves, *Cartouche* joins the army, De Broca uses the occasion for a masterful take-off on war that Voltaire might have appreciated. Cunning escapes, wild rides, deriding-do are made even more picturesque by a stunning use of color. So handsomely mounted is this rousing film that it can be taken straight—well, almost.

Give director Fred Zinnemann all due credit for his courage in tackling so off-beat a film as *Behold a Pale Horse*, about a former Spanish guerrilla leader who, 20 years after the Civil War, in exile on the French side of the Pyrenees, still carries on a lonely battle against the Franco police. The obsessed fighter is played by Gregory Peck, grown dour and weary when we meet him, yet ready for one last challenge of his manhood. A smuggler friend who is a secret emissary of his sworn enemy, a Spanish police captain, informs him that his mother lies dying in a Franco hospital. It's a lie; the mother is already dead, her last request made to a young priest that he tell her son not to come. Much brooding by Peck as he debates whether to believe the smuggler or the priest. At last he decides to face his

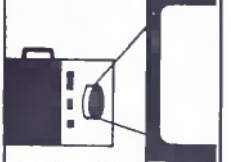
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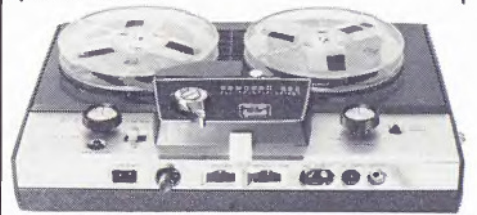


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personal moment of truth, and heads over the border to deliberately spring the trap. Anthony Quinn handles well his relatively small role as the police captain; Omar Sharif is very good as the priest; Peck is a little too much like Peck to be a guerrilla fighter. Zinnemann's direction is underkeyed, even austere, but he is unable to overcome either the many sagging moments of the script, which builds symbols instead of people, or the final burst of melodrama.

No movie made by François Truffaut, the young French director who gave genuine class to the *Nouvelle Vague*, can be wholly bad. But his latest, *The Soft Skin*, is considerably *vague-er* than *Shoot the Piano Player*, *Jules and Jim*, et al. He has taken what he himself terms "a banal story," involving a middle-aged French professor's fling at adultery with an airline stewardess, and treated it as though adultery among the French (or anyone else) were a rare and astounding phenomenon. Truffaut doggedly examines all three sides of the isosceles, and manages to generate some pain and poignancy, but try as he will, he can't boil this pot into tragedy. The banality turns to bathos when Truffaut has the wife hardheartedly stalk her errant spouse with a shotgun. Jean Desailly as the professor is sadly intelligent, and Françoise Dorleac is the kind of stewardess who makes flying worth while.

Stefania Sandrelli was the girl who so sorely tempted Marcello Mastroianni in *Divorce—Italian Style* to rid himself of his ardent but mustachioed wife. Miss Sandrelli is back again, in *Seduced and Abandoned*, handled by the same director, Pietro Germi, and it is *Signor Germi's* theme that only in Sicily could such a sweetmeat be abandoned after being seduced. The plot revolves about some peculiar Sicilian folkways, one of which is that a Sicilian does not marry a girl who has been dishonored, even if he has done the dishonoring, and another of which specifies that the girl's father insist on his marrying her. This expert movie begins with a bang, and develops almost endless yet diverting complications. As Agnese, the teenage daughter of a proud father, Stefania unwarily responds to the sudden mad passion of a young man, who is engaged to her homely elder sister. She compounds her Sicilian felony by penning a missive to him which falls into her momma's hands. Family honor must be preserved by either (1) an immediate marriage or (2) the shooting dead of the offending male, but Agnese sensibly sees no point to having a dead swain. The acting is first-rate, and Germi directs the fuss with an ironic gleam in his camera eye and a keen appreciation for the behavior of



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the local Sicilian types. Saro Urzi magnificently plays the father seeking solutions to his daughter's dilemma. Too bad no one thought of letting her emigrate to America.

Skip *The Visit*, another of those 20th Century-Fox international goulashes. Having acquired the coruscating Friedrich Dürrenmatt play, Darryl F. Zanuck proceeded to mess it up, but good. In the play, a hugely rich old harridan returns to her home town with offers of largess on condition the town condemn to death the former lover who seduced and betrayed her. Bad enough that the film version temporizes with the ending and substitutes bad dialog for good, but worse is the style in which director Bernhard Wicki couches the richly symbolic play—a flat imitation of Italian neorealism, no less. Most criminal of all is the casting: handsome Ingrid Bergman as the vengeful old lady; tough, virile Anthony Quinn as the cringing former lover. Miss Bergman manages to rescue a few of her scenes, but Quinn seems nonplused by his unseemly role and looks anxious to move on to his next assignment.

Those who argue that the art of movie-making hasn't advanced in the past 30 years will find support for their thesis in filmdom's latest fling at *Of Human Bondage*. Kim Novak plays Mildred, the bitchy British waitress, and although she is sexier than Bette Davis was in the part, Kim has her limits when it comes to acting. As sensitive clubfooted Philip Carey, Laurence Harvey is not quite as cornball as Leslie Howard, but he does forget to alter his expression of pained gloom. Maybe our mores have changed more than is good for Maugham's classic novel, but Mildred strikes us now as a girl of healthy sexual appetites who is a little put off by Philip's puritanical worship. Strangely for this day and age, all the potentially interesting psychological nuances of the Philip-Mildred relationship remain unexplored, and we are left with a sermon on the perils of promiscuity in Edwardian London.

The weirdie world of Tennessee Williams gets its umpteenth film exploration in the much-publicized *The Night of the Iguana*, directed by John Huston. The movie starts off as though it's about to justify all the prerelease hoopla, but doesn't entirely make it. Fascinating to watch are Richard Burton as the seedy Reverend T. Lawrence Shanon, Sue Lyon as an antsy-pantsy teenager, Deborah Kerr as a fresh-eyed, but slightly mildewed lady of bohemian proclivities, Ava Gardner as the sexy stewardess of a hacienda hotel. Opening scene has Burton foaming incoherently at his congregation after he has been discovered



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upending a virgin in the vestry. Next, he is a bleary-eyed bus-tour guide in Mexico, shepherding a party of vacationing Mexican ladies and the nymphomaniac Miss Lyon. Final stop, Miss Gardner's hacienda. Her husband has died, and she thinks maybe the handsome reverend would be a good man to have around, meanwhile comforting herself with two bare-chested Mexican boys who swim with her by moonlight and rattle gourds by day. A long feverish night of soul-searching ensues. Deborah calms Richard's brow and soul, and come dawn, love, understanding and peace have descended on practically everyone. Very sweet, in a sickly way.

DINING-DRINKING

An arrestingly different restaurant in New York, a city abulge with unusual eateries, is *The Sign of the Dove* (Third Avenue and 65th Street). Its owner, Dr. Joseph Santo, a Boston dentist who emigrated to Gotham, put together the Dove in his spare time and was soon devoting almost all of his working days to dinner plates rather than dental plates. The Dove is a complex of rooms, each with its own personality and each a tribute to the innate good taste of Dr. Santo. The main dining room is a converted greenhouse which provides the Manhattan sky as a ceiling. It overlooks a garden that is pressed into service for outdoor warm-weather dining. Fronting on Third Avenue and preceding the main dining room are a brace of bars, artifacted with Early Americana garnered by Dr. Santo on foraging expeditions around the country. An ancillary dining room, The Coffee House, is just off the greenhouse. Most recent addition to the establishment is the Terrazza Di Stefano, an *intime* cocktail terrace on a level over the bars (plans are to enclose it for year-round use). The decor here is mainly Mexican; the dining areas are a felicitous amalgam of Mediterranean with Early American. The dinner menu is brief but excellent. After sampling the Stuffed Mushrooms (our companion had Prosciutto with Melon), we moved on to Stuffed Danish Trout, a subtly piquant treatment of a fish that has had far too many gourmandial travesties committed in its name; our lady's fare was Brandied Duckling Christiansen which had just enough sauce to render it softly succulent. Our dinners were capped with *caffè espresso*—strong, black and flavorsome. The Dove's wine list is sprinkled with enough superior vintages to satisfy most discriminating bibbers. Luncheon is served from 11:30 A.M. and a Sunday brunch is offered where the late riser can assuage the inner man with one of four different soufflés, German Farmer's Breakfast, Quiche Lorraine or Filet Mignonette with Eggs. The Sign of the Dove is open seven days a week till 3 A.M.



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THEATER

Off-Broadway, this has been the year of the Negro. There were Negro dramas, gospel shows and staged readings, many of them written by Negroes, and all of them starring Negroes. Musicals were also big this season. There were toe-tapping versions of *Little Women*, *Cinderella*, and almost one of *Alice in Wonderland*; and there were musicals of old plays by Molière and Dion Boucicault.

Only the Boucicault proved durable. His ancient melodrama *The Streets of New York* was tuned up by a new song-writing team, Barry Alan Graef (book and lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (music). They neither mocked the old cliff-hanger, which would have been easy, nor pretended to be in awe of it, which would have been difficult. They played it straight—and most of the play is its own best spoof. Best of all, they whipped together tunes of different types—madrigals, patter songs, rounds—and a cast of singing comedians, the funniest of whom is Graef himself. He plays Badger, the junior assistant clerk who helps the crooked banker plunder his own bank, and then returns in time to right everyone's wrongs. The tiny stage is crawling with wrongs—a starving chestnut vendor, an indigent widder, her suicidal daughter—but all's right with the show. At the Maidman, 416 West 42nd Street.

In *White America* is a document of carefully selected slices from strife, but, unlike most staged readings, it has cohesion. The letters, news stories, directives and entries from the *Congressional Record*, dating from 1788 to 1962, add up to a condemnation of the white world around the Negro (with a few side pokes at some Negroes). They range from accounts of barbarism on slave ships to Thomas Jefferson's advocacy of slavery, to a 15-year-old Negro girl's account of what it feels like to fight a mob in Little Rock just so she can go to school. There is a mixed cast of six, a banjo player, and somewhere an author, or rather, a collector—Martin B. Duberman, a history professor at Princeton. On the strength of *In White America*, he is a very good teacher. At the Sheridan Square, 7th Avenue and West 4th Street.

Dutchman, the first professionally produced play by Negro poet LeRoi Jones, is bruising, malicious, almost racist in its anger, but even at its meanest it is wickedly funny. A little like Albee's *The Zoo Story* in its conflict, it confronts an Ivy League Negro who is passing for white-collar with a wildly liberal white girl who makes passes at him between taunts. Finally she stops passing and is just sassing, until the grotesque twist of the ending. All this takes place on a sub-

way car, and somewhere deep in this short play (Albee's *The American Dream* shares the bill) is the hint that the girl is the legendary Flying Dutchman, doomed to this car and these deeds for life. The title is the only obscure thing in the play. *Dutchman* is a cool, clear cry of outrage. At the Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce Street.

Tolen has *The Knack* of making out. When he looks at a girl, he looks right into her and says something neat like "You have Chinese eyebrows," which usually makes her quiver all over. When Colin sees a girl, however, he can only say something silly like "Has Cardiff got big docks?" Tolen tells Colin that anyone, even Colin, can learn *The Knack*, and he demonstrates on a passing not-so-innocent. Watching and wisecracking is Tom, in whose room the action takes place. Well, not really action. *The Knack* is a batch of skits on the theme of seduction. It goes nowhere, says little, but seduces the audience into thinking it's hilarious. British playwright Ann Jellicoe is lucky in having Mike Nichols as director. He can make a very funny something out of nothing. At The New Theater, 154 East 54th Street.

Elaine May, Mike's erstwhile partner, is not so fortunate. She also returns to the stage as a comedy director, but her show is a limp evening of improvisational fun-and-gamesmanship called *The Third Ear*. The show takes place in the old Premise headquarters, but none of the original magic has rubbed off. The prepared skits are for the most part too long and too blunt, and the instant ones could use some of the comic geniuses from Second City. In fact, what *The Third Ear* really needs is Elaine's mouth. At The Premise, 154 Bleecker Street.

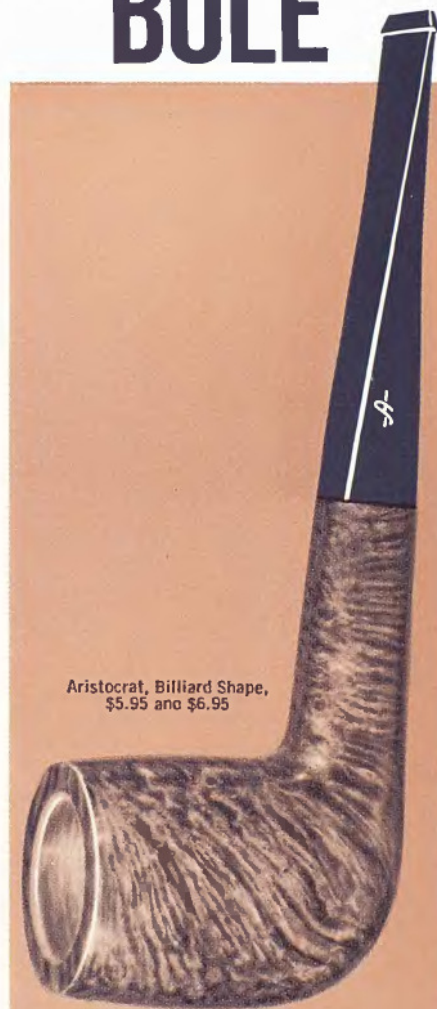
After the fall of Troy, the victorious Greeks stayed to bear away gifts—*The Trojan Women* themselves. In Euripides' classic, the women of Troy cry out not only against their oppressors, but against the meaninglessness of war. Greek film-and-stage director Michael Cacoyannis uses Edith Hamilton's modernized lyrical translation and wisely employs some of his own film techniques (the conquerors enter silhouetted against a movie-like screen—very dramatic, very effective). He orchestrates the play, emphasizing the contrasts (the light of the faces, the dark of the costumes), and choreographing the players into patterns of motion. This, combined with an ominous electronic score, hypnotizes the audience, and sweeps *The Trojan Women* out of the library and onto the living stage. At Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker Street.



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You might very well ask me, "So, what are you going to do about it?" You, as voting citizens of this great country, this great state, this great county, this great city and this great Ward, have every right to ask. Yes, you absolutely have the right, a right you should defend with every ounce of strength, in every waking moment, at every glorious opportunity. It is a right given to us as a sacred trust by our Founding Fathers, a right we must protect against the Opposition. Keep that right. Use that right.

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Ask, yes, ask! It is your right to demand an answer! Thank you very much!



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The girl I'm going to marry in two months is 22 and a virgin. I know she's affectionate, and can even be quite passionate, but more than a few of my friends have warned me that any college graduate who's a virgin at 22 is either frigid or decidedly on the cool side. Do you think our marriage has as good a chance of surviving as it would if she were not a virgin?—G. P., Cambridge, Maryland.

Statistically, no. Kinsey's researchers found a higher percentage of divorce among married couples who had not engaged in premarital sexual intercourse than among those who had. But what is statistically true for society at large is not necessarily true for the individual. And we certainly do not agree with your friends that "any college graduate who's a virgin at 22 is either frigid or decidedly on the cool side"; virginity prior to marriage has more to do with the psyche than the sex drive. Your fiancée probably opposes premarital intercourse for religious-moral reasons that may in no way hinder her sexual adjustment after marriage; but it is a subject that should be thoroughly discussed and carefully considered prior to the wedding, for a person raised in a strong antisexual environment is not always capable of setting such feelings aside with a simple "I do." Generally, it is our feeling that a successful and happy marriage is not easily achieved and every couple contemplating this important step should establish as many areas of compatibility as possible. Sex is certainly not the least significant of these.

Is it ever proper to wear a sweater under a sports jacket?—R. F., Boston, Massachusetts.

Yes. A flat-knit short-sleeve pullover (cashmere or similar fine knit) wears well with a sports jacket, and the "country" look of sports jacket and cardigan sweater is becoming more and more popular.

I have a question that I'm sure bugs a lot of single girls my age (22): Why is it that the guys I date try to liquor me up (sometimes successfully) before making a pass? What possible satisfaction can a man derive from making love to an insensibly inebriated woman?—L. G., Seattle, Washington.

It isn't necessary for you to accept every drink that's offered, and if you frequently find yourself getting liquored up, the problem is probably yours, not your dates'. If every date tries to win you with alcohol, you might examine what in your own personality (1) attracts

men who seemingly lack the self-confidence to woo you without the crutch of booze or (2) makes them prefer this approach.

Must I wear a dinner jacket when my wife wears a long hostess gown?—R. B., Mystic, Connecticut.

Depends on the occasion. If you're entertaining formally at home, you should dress formally. The vagaries of women's fashions, however, permit your wife to wear a full-length hostess gown on semi-formal occasions that do not call for formal men's attire; on these less-formal evenings, you may wear a dark (preferably black) suit.

A close friend of mine is a writer—an absolutely brilliant person, but utterly devoid of any practical business sense. Money means little or nothing to him. Over drinks one afternoon he casually mentioned an idea—which obviously had great and immediate business potential. When I saw he was never going to do anything about it, I picked it up myself. Within a year this single idea (which I modified many times over, of course) had given birth to a profitable service business that promises to grow even more. Now I'm trying to determine my obligation to my friend, who claims he deserves nothing, since the notion grew from a conversation in which we both participated. I'm certain that he does deserve compensation—my problem is to determine what form it should take and how to get him to accept it. Can you help?—G. L., San Francisco, California.

From your letter, we can't guess how important your friend's initial idea was to the success of your business. Our impression is that his role was relatively minor—since the idea would have died a-borning if you hadn't taken it up. If this is so, and if, as you say, your friend is not pressing you for remuneration, then you must let your conscience determine the reward. A lump-sum settlement (as opposed to a percentage or royalty agreement) would be consistent with accepted business practice, and would suit this situation. Once you've determined the amount of the reward, you should explain to your friend that you wish to compensate him not just because you're a nice guy, but because you feel genuinely indebted to him and wish to honor same.

My girl recently gave me some thermal underwear for skiing. Since the ski season hasn't properly started, I've not



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yet had a chance to test-wear the things, and I'm getting more and more skeptical each day. How can that mesh possibly keep me warm?—P. R., Denver, Colorado.

The same way a loose-fitting parka warms an Eskimo—by trapping body heat. Your outer clothing turns the mesh into a layer of tiny pockets, each of which traps and stores your natural warmth.

I've been thinking seriously about a career in the clergy, since it can offer a number of obvious advantages: free house and car, good salary, short hours, community status, pleasant working conditions, social contacts, tax benefits and (important for me) draft exemption. My girl has criticized this ambition, saying it would be ridiculous, since I'm an agnostic. However, most of my contemporaries manage to work successfully as brokers or salesmen without having strong feelings about finance or marketing, and I'm sure I could be a success in the clergy without strong feelings about God. What do you think?—W. K., Louisville, Kentucky.

On the off-chance that you're not putting us on, we think you'd be most unwise to consider such a move. No normal person could enjoy a lifetime of hypocrisy—which is just what you're suggesting. Every person should "believe in" his job—at least to the extent of accepting its fundamental premises and subscribing to its basic aims. This is true of all jobs, and it's especially true in a calling as spiritually demanding as religion. Hopefully, the friends you mention have chosen their various jobs because they believe in them, and because they find in them a means by which they can profitably express their personalities and aspirations. No matter how attractive the fringe benefits might be, you could never find satisfaction in the career you propose, and we advise you to forget it.

The firm in which I'm a secretary is short on bachelors. More than once I've turned down luncheon invitations from married male co-workers, because I feared unnecessary gossip. Do you think it's acceptable for a single woman to lunch with a married man?—R. D., Los Angeles, California.

"Acceptable," yes; whether several luncheons with the same married male might not lead to presumably unwelcome emotional involvement, on one or both parts, is another matter. If you wish to avoid that possibility, but enjoy masculine company when you dine, the best solution is to try to arrange for a group of several co-workers, both male and female, to lunch together.

Is the check raise allowed in poker?—E. L., Memphis, Tennessee.

Yes. "Sandbagging" (checking and then raising in turn after another player has bet) is a legitimate move, and the tougher the game the more often it's seen. In penny-ante poker in some areas of the country (notably the South) house rules often forbid it.

My girl recently had a bad stork scare (that time of the month was a long, long time arriving); so much so that she now refuses to indulge at all. Do you have any suggestions for getting our relationship back to normal?—B. F., Arlington Heights, Illinois.

A misplaced period should not have caused undue alarm, provided you took proper precautions. Apparently you didn't, and if this is the case, count yourself lucky and take a lesson from the experience. It should reassure your girl if you point out that, after all, the scare was baseless and that with the proper use of modern birth-control measures the chances of pregnancy are nil.

When may I wear a waistcoat with a dinner jacket?—P. E., Baltimore, Maryland.

The waistcoat, or vest, is a perfectly acceptable item of apparel on any occasion that calls for a dinner jacket, suit or sports jacket. Up until three years ago, the waistcoat had all but disappeared from formal wardrobes, having been supplanted by the cummerbund. Now, however, formal waistcoats are making a comeback, and manufacturers offer them in a variety of black-on-black and moire patterns.

I've been dating a lovely young girl who still lives with her parents in a small town near here. We've become quite serious, and she finds herself torn between her natural physical desires and fear that having an affair will ruin her heretofore unimpeachable reputation around town. Is there anything I can do to ease the conflict?—H. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Unless you can't be trusted to keep your affair to yourself, we find her fear that she'll ruin her reputation a little puzzling. What the two of you do in private is your own business, and no one else's. This obvious fact suggests that her concern over her "reputation" actually hides some other apprehension. Talk it over with her and try to find out what her fear really is. The first step in overcoming her reservations is to establish their real nature; which, we feel certain, is not what you say it is.

A girl I've been dating objects to my penchant for getting a manicure with my weekly haircut. Do you think manicured nails are effeminate?—W. S., Tenally, New Jersey.

Not at all.

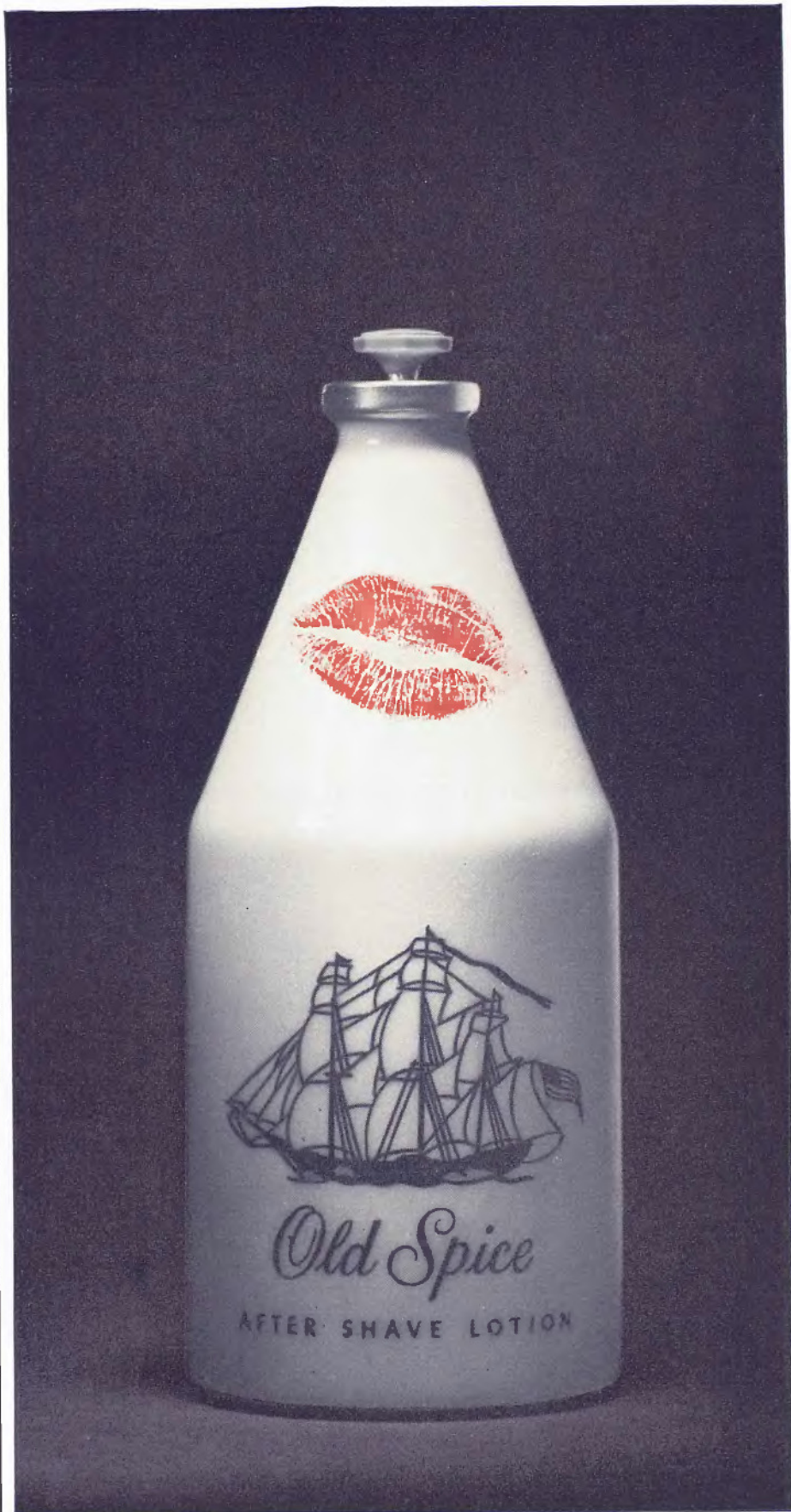
How long should a man's tie be?—U. L., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Long enough (both ends, when tied, that is) to reach your belt when you stand erect; which, for the average male of six feet, calls for a total tie length of about 50", the length of most ties sold today. If your torso is longer than average, or if you're addicted to the Windsor knot, you'll need a longer tie, which you can find in special tall-men's shops around the country.

The guy I'm engaged to refuses to have sexual relations with me. Though I've tried womanly wiles, he always retreats, with the explanation that he's "saving" me for our marriage. As a consequence, I am chagrined to admit that I've been seeing another man on the sly. I don't like sneaky sex, and I don't like carrying on behind my fiancé's back. However, I am a healthy woman, with a healthy woman's desires. Can you help me out of this situation?—P. M., New Orleans, Louisiana.

If you've been unable to melt your fiancé with the heat of your premarital charms, it will probably take more than a trip down the aisle to do the trick. Though he may believe he's "saving" you for marriage, there's a good chance his moral posture covers a long-established antagonism to sex, at least with the girl he intends to marry, because he subconsciously considers the sexual act degrading for women. In addition, the two of you obviously have diametrically opposed views of sexual morality, which could trigger the most violent kind of reaction should he ever learn that another has been withdrawing what he's been "saving." We think a marriage under such circumstances would be foolhardy and courting almost certain disaster; you would be wise to break off the engagement at once.

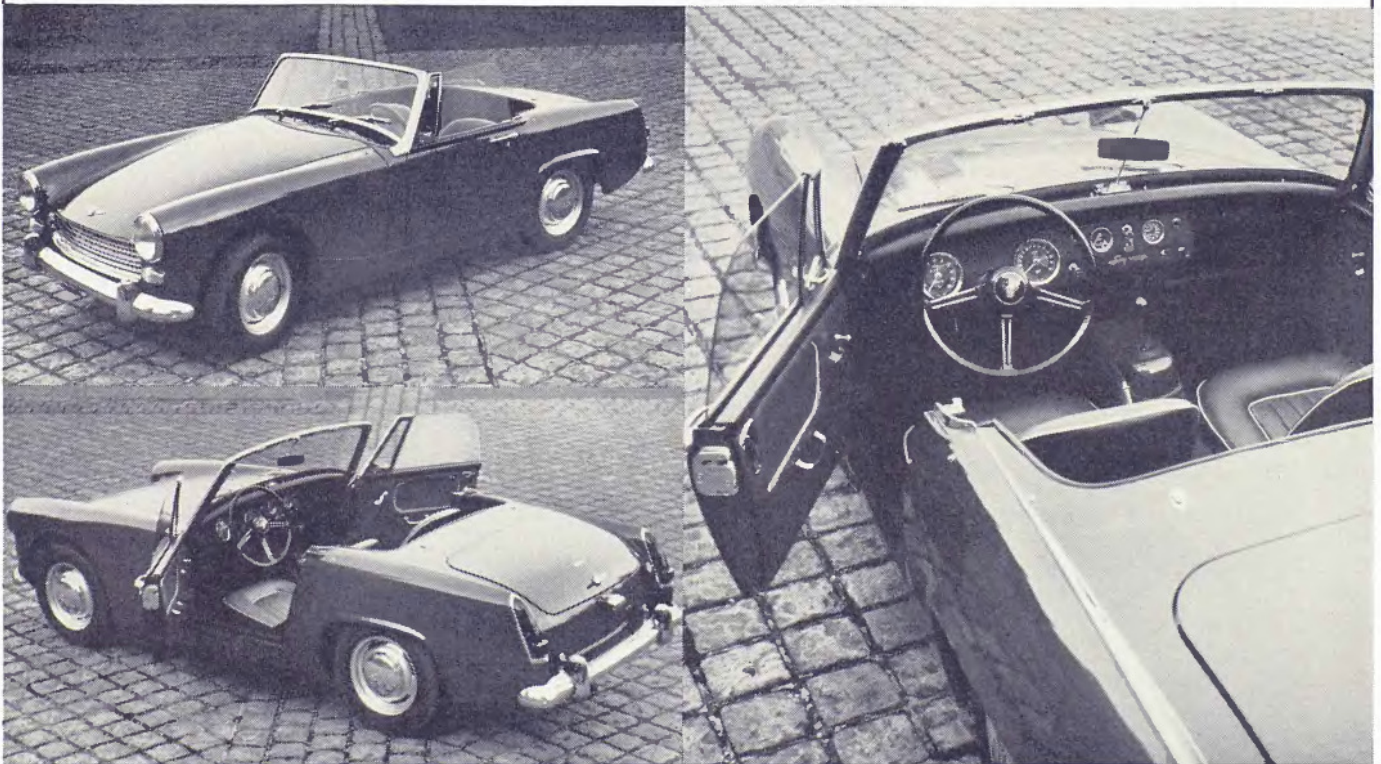
All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU WANT to get away from it all this yuletide season without leaving continental bounds, the wide-open spaces of the Western U.S.A. offer choice vacationlands.

Among top warm-weather resort areas is California's Death Valley, which has come a long way since earning its fearsome name. Today, green golf courses surround spring-fed swimming pools shaded by date palms and oleander; riders canter in from desert trails to relax in the comfortable chairs of air-conditioned cocktail lounges at retreats like luxurious Furnace Creek Inn. Las Vegas, only three hours away via excellent highways, is a natural side trip from Furnace Creek, but visitors also enjoy the half-day excursions to the immense Ubehebe Crater (780 feet deep, one-half mile across), and to the moonlike rock formations of Manly Beacon. For those who prefer to sit tight, the Inn offers a wide range of social goings on, from chuckwagon breakfasts to after-dinner dancing and moonlight rides.

Worthy of note in Texas during December are overnight trips on large air-conditioned sport-fishing launches to the snapper banks off Corpus Christi. Boats leave Port Aransas at midnight. After a good night's sleep in your berth, you are ready for the tussle with the finny prey—not that you need to struggle all that hard: Texas-style fishing includes such refinements as an electric reel that automatically hauls the fish to the yacht. It's sportier than it sounds.

You can combine skiing, swimming and just loafing by the fireplace in the comfortable Arctic Circle Hot Springs mountain lodge in Circle Springs, Alaska, 100 air miles from Fairbanks, where the climate—at least in this region of our 49th state—is not excessively severe. Although this resort's tow will not be in operation this year, there will be skiing nonetheless; and for those vacationers who like to combine their sports, there are indoor hot-spring pools at the foot of the slopes.


All in all, there are 16 well-developed schussing areas in Alaska, the largest of which, Mt. Alyeska, is served by rope tows, a 2600-foot Poma lift and a 5700-foot telecar double chair lift which carries skiers to a glass-enclosed sun deck-cafeteria. Accommodations are plentiful—including those in nearby Anchorage (38 miles)—and range from pioneer to luxurious.

A noteworthy phenomenon on the winter sports scene is the ever-increasing number of nonskiers showing up for the auxiliary pleasures of *après-ski* and sight-

seeing. At Badger Pass, California, for instance, almost half of the visitors queried last year had no intention of making their sitzmarks on the slopes; apart from those vacationers who come to mingle with the opposite sex in ideal surroundings, there are others who enjoy the visit to Yosemite Falls and sight-seeing by snowmobile through the snow-covered forest, dominated by such impressive peaks as El Capitan, North Dome and Half Dome. Snow touring is a novel activity to add zest to a short vacation elsewhere in the country, too. The run past wintering big game to the bubbling geysers of Yellowstone National Park, for example, is a stirring experience.

If you want to leave the snow scene behind you, we recommend a visit to the south rim of the Grand Canyon, three to four hours by car from Phoenix, Arizona. During December, all the warm-weather facilities are available: You not only may go hiking, horseback riding and fishing, but may also attend the fascinating Hopi ceremonial dances nearby. Accommodations are available at the El Tovar Hotel or Bright Angel Lodge.

A totally different kind of holiday can be enjoyed in San Francisco. Special year-end events begin with the season of the high-ranking San Francisco Symphony (early December through spring) and are climaxed by the East-West football game (January 2nd) at Kezar Stadium. A culinary fillip we always relish when in this cosmopolitan city is an international round robin of restaurants. Depending on how much time is available, a good selection of one a day could start with La Bourgogne for its Burgundian decor and its delicious Dover sole Waleska, or Jack's, an unpretentious French dining place featuring incomparable *escargots*. Next day, you can try India House for its exquisite curries and English mixed grill (the decor here is Indian, with an English Colonial bar). Then, head for the Tadich Grill for domestic cooking, where we particularly savor the baked fillet of turbot and crabmeat Newburg, followed by Amelio's, an Italian restaurant renowned for its chicken *vecchiausanza*. For Japanese food, try the Tokyo Sukiyaki, which specializes in teriyaki but offers equally supreme *sukiyaki* and *tempura*. Follow any of these with cordials at the Mark Hopkins' glass-enclosed Top of the Mark lounge, where a panoramic view of the city provides a fitting topper for any vacation.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

DR. KELLOGG'S "PLAIN FACTS"

Hefner's July discussion of Dr. John Harvey Kellogg's *Plain Facts for Old and Young* was excellent. Kellogg was a remarkable man; Hefner states correctly that he "was no hysterical, moralistic screwball." If Kellogg's sexual enlightenment seems a trifle odious, so was the society of his time, and the doctor was no more than a social chronicler. One question: Hefner refers to him as "John Harvey Kellogg, M.D., LL.D., F.A.C.S." What does LL.D. stand for—"Lacking Libido"?

Larry M. Coy
San Jose, California

Though Kellogg reflected the prevailing morality of his time, his prominence and the popularity of his writings suggest that he also helped mold these attitudes and did more than his share to perpetuate them. While reader Coy's definition of LL.D. sounds plausible in view of the doctor's book, the accepted meaning for the abbreviation is "Doctor of Laws." Both Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee and Olivet College in Michigan conferred honorary LL.D.s on Dr. Kellogg, F.A.C.S., by the way, stands for "Fellow of the American College of Surgeons," not "Frightening Absurdity Concerning Sex."

GOOD SHOW

Hear! Hear! Resounding applause for the July *Philosophy*. The views expressed in Dr. Kellogg's book are perverted, and help explain the archaic attitudes toward sex that are still held by many individuals in our nation today. Hefner's comments are the most effective pooh-pooh of this subject that I've read. So prevalent are Kellogg's ideas that a person who started reading Hefner's Kellogg excerpts without first having read his introduction might think *Plain Facts* was written last year. Damn good show, Mr. H.

Phil E. Kinzer
Knoxville, Tennessee

SEXUAL SCIENCE, 1910

The opinions of Dr. Kellogg, circa 1879, were startling. Hefner was very accurate in saying that such opinions had considerable influence right up until the last decade.

A short time ago I came across a similar book entitled *Health and Longevity*. It was published in 1910 by

the Home Health Society (New York, Philadelphia and London), and its principal author was Joseph G. Richardson, M.D., Professor of Hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania. Eighteen other medical experts of that day cooperated in the venture. For the most part, the book is a manual of basic physiology. However, there are some parts in the chapter titled "Sexual Science" that are virtually carbon copies of Dr. Kellogg's strange views of some 30 years earlier. For example:

Love in the Woman: If she is normally developed mentally, and well bred, her sexual desire is small. If this were not so the whole world would become a brothel and marriage and a family impossible. It is certain that the man that avoids women and the woman that seeks men are abnormal. Woman is wooed for her favor. She remains passive. This lies in her sexual organization, and is not founded merely on the dictates of good breeding.

Man Weaker than Woman: The weakness of man in comparison with woman lies in the great intensity of their sexual desires. Man becomes dependent upon woman. The weaker and more sensual he becomes, the more does he become dependent upon her.

Marriage: A man of right feeling, no matter how sensual he may be, demands a wife that has been, and is, chaste.

While noting that the aforementioned excerpts are not as extreme as Dr. Kellogg's, they are not much of an improvement for three decades later. It certainly supports Hefner's opinion that extreme Puritanism was still in effect well into this century.

James Powell
Steilacoom, Washington

In response to the July "Philosophy" a number of readers, like Mr. Powell, have sent us references to and quotations from books and articles that confirm the prevalence of sex attitudes akin to Dr. Kellogg's a half century ago. If one may judge by their conspicuous absence, it appears that contrary, less prudish attitudes toward sex and the human body were considered so unauthoritative and so unpopular that they seldom found their way into print.



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EARLY KELLOGG FAN

I love Hugh Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*, though I've wondered seriously if the lawsuit against him for obscenity is a fact and not a laughable fiction. Surely, he's kidding! Why, in 1915 I read more real pornography in magazines and books in one week—from the public library, too—than appeared in the immaculate PLAYBOY in the two years I've been a regular reader.

For many years I've tried to remember the name of the most hilarious book I had read up to 1915, and I'd been reading since the age of four. Then along came Hefner's "exposé" in the July PLAYBOY of Dr. J. H. Kellogg's funny book. *Plain Facts for Old and Young* was the book whose title I had forgotten! Somehow my mother had obtained a copy, and during my eavesdropping at night I'd hear her read sections to my father, and the roars of laughter that would follow made me ache to get my hands on the book. "What an ass!" my father would say, and he a Scots Presbyterian at that (with a big dash of Irish). "What an idiot!" my mother would echo, and she born in Glasgow, too. So I spied on my mother and found where she had hidden the treasure, and I read it when my parents were out of the house. I, too, thought it hilarious. So did the kids I lent it to when Momma had thrown it out and I had retrieved it. No one I knew, child or adult, read that book without honestly believing that it was written as a parody. No one took it seriously, but apparently Hefner thinks it was very influential in America. In comparison with the lusty years of my childhood and early girlhood, this "modern" age is sober, dank, colorless and puritanical, and its young people are gutless and prim. Laughter has died out of our world, and so has real humor. Now we have "tortured" souls unraveling their psyches and howling like sick banshees in books and magazines. I prefer the earlier world of earthy sex and belly laughter and gaiety and joy, which died after World War I, and never returned. Alas.

Taylor Caldwell
Buffalo, New York

Authoress Caldwell should thank her lucky star for the enlightened family and friends among whom she grew up. Unfortunately, her experience was not typical. Proof of the seriousness with which the attitudes reflected in Dr. Kellogg's book were taken by many at the end of the last century is to be found in the suppressive sex statutes that still exist throughout the United States and in the restrictive sex mores still manipulating much of contemporary society. "Plain Facts for Old and Young" was favorably—and seriously—received by public, press and the medical profession when first published in 1879, and proved popular enough to warrant a new edition as late as 1917. To the enlightened,

the Kellogg book must naturally appear funny—but it is also a sad mirror of a sexually sick ethic from which we are not yet entirely free; and those "tortured" souls currently baring their psyches in print owe much of their maladjustment and misery to the legacy of the Dr. Kelloggs of our puritanical past.

We dislike disagreeing further with one of the grand ladies of popular prose, whose comments would be welcome even without the kind reference to "The Playboy Philosophy," but we must also take issue with the suggestion that "laughter has died out of our world, and so has real humor." The "earlier world of earthy sex and belly laughter and gaiety and joy" recalled by Miss Caldwell is actually the hazy half-real, half-imagined dear years of youth, as remembered with fond nostalgia by almost anyone, in any time, looking back from his middle 60s (and for her they may have been unusually "lusty years," for she served as yeoman in the Navy during World War I, though still in her teens).

Considered in a larger, less personal light, however, the last decades of the 19th Century and the first years of the 20th were the most prudish and puritanical ever known in America; this was the era directly related to the rigid, humorless, hypocritical Victorianism that had spread across England a few decades earlier; the era of the quasi-scientific, antisexual pronouncements of Kellogg's "Plain Facts"; the era of the infamous Anthony Comstock, who secured and enforced the first severe censorship laws in a previously free United States, personally confiscating and destroying 160 tons of literature and art considered by Comstock to be "immoral"; the era of Carry Nation, whose hymn-singing, hatchet-wielding women descended upon the neighborhood saloon with a vengeance, and while Mrs. Nation's personal vendetta against vice spread to tobacco, foreign foods, corsets, skirts of improper length, loose women, loose men, and paintings of the sort often found in barrooms, the national temperance movement was growing to the proportion necessary to plunge the country into the black abyss of Prohibition.

Compared with the period prior to World War I, the United States of the 1960s is a sophisticated, pleasure-prone, sexually enlightened, wonderful world. Miss Caldwell may have successfully sought out her own small corner of "earthy sex . . . laughter . . . and joy" in that less liberal time, for they have always been there, in every period, if one was fortunate enough to find them; and the most sexually suppressed society is also the one most apt to create illicit avenues of sexual expression (the Victorian era was simultaneously the most censored and the most prolific producer of pornography in English history); but it is in the second half of the 20th Century

that society has begun to come alive—establishing a more open, healthier and happier attitude toward sex.

The evidence is everywhere—from the popularity of the lustiest motion picture of the year, "Tom Jones," to that far-out fad of female fashion, the topless bathing suit (surely the ultimate example of our new-found ability to laugh at sex instead of being intimidated by it).

Books that were outlawed a generation ago are today's best sellers (the list is lengthy and obvious, but John Cleland's "Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure" is of special interest, for early in the 19th Century it became the first literary work officially suppressed for obscenity in the United States—a charge that its heroine, Miss Fanny Hill, was not to live down until 1963; and how innocent the memoirs of sweet Fanny seem, when compared with the contemporary heroine of erotic literature, Candy, in the hilarious satire on sex by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg, near the very top of America's best-selling fiction as this issue goes to press).

And last, but by no means least, we point to PLAYBOY itself—the growing popularity of which cannot be separated from today's healthier sense of humor, healthier attitude toward sex, and zest for living that far surpass anything known in this nation in the past.

KELLOGG'S POISONOUS DOCTRINES

I read the July issue's *Philosophy* and discovered where my mother probably received her sex education. Dr. Kellogg is ridiculous. He might have been funny had he and other "highly respected" men of science not caused or contributed to so much misery. I was brought up in an atmosphere that treated natural sexuality as lewd and shameful. The sex act was considered a horrid ordeal through which a wife had to suffer in order to keep her husband (the beast!); sex was to be parceled out sparingly and passively, and was to be avoided altogether unless avoidance would create a crisis. Needless to say, my first dating years were miserable, and if I was caught kissing a young man good night the penalty was painful—literally. After being introduced to the sex act, I found my great surprise that I liked it! Now I am married—to a happy husband; a happy marriage is not achieved through neglect and passivity.

My mother believes my sexual "excesses" will make an ugly old hag of me in no time; that reading PLAYBOY can do me nothing but harm; and that the attire I choose to wear occasionally at home is disgusting. My mother is a good woman, but when it comes to sex, I feel sorry for my father and sister at home. Let's get rid of poisonous doctrines like Dr. Kellogg's!

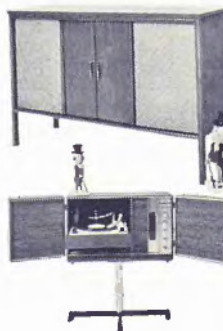
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KELLOGG ON CIRCUMCISION

Dr. Kellogg earned my "Hate Thy Neighbor" award for suggesting circumcision as a remedy for masturbation "that is almost always successful in small boys. . . . The operation should be performed by a surgeon without administering an anesthetic, as the brief pain attending the operation will have a salutary effect upon the mind, especially if it be connected with the idea of punishment." My contempt for Dr. Kellogg is based on personal experience, when I was nine years old. You can circumcise infants painlessly enough, but certainly not a nine-year-old child. Circumcision is recognized today as a hygienic necessity and is probably performed on 90 percent of the male babies born in the U. S., but to recommend circumcision without anesthetic as a punishment is heartless and bestial.

James B. Matthews
Los Angeles, California

KELLOGG'S PURITANICAL EXAMPLE

By the amount of space Hefner devoted to the copy of Dr. Kellogg's book that we sent him, we can see that it made as much of an impression on him and his staff as it did on us. We are extremely pleased that it did, for we felt that this volume illustrated the sexual sickness about which Hefner has been writing these past months. The book should serve as a vivid example of the puritanical past we have fallen heir to with seemingly apathetic indulgence. We appreciate the leadership Hefner and PLAYBOY have shown in this area of social reluctance.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Brooks
Long Beach, California

As Mr. and Mrs. Brooks can see, many of our readers share their appreciation (and ours) of Dr. Kellogg's book as an example of our pernicious Puritan heritage. We're wondering now who it was who found "Plain Facts for Old and Young" such a hot item that he had to hide it in the hayloft of the barn where the Brookses found it!

REISSUE OF KELLOGG SUGGESTED

I was fascinated by the Kellogg book as Hefner described it, and am suggesting to a major New York publisher that he publish a new edition. Can you tell me how to obtain a copy?

Eric Bentley
Columbia University
New York, New York

Reaction to our publication of portions of Dr. Kellogg's book has run high and favorable, as we anticipated it would, but the renowned Professor Bentley's suggestion of a new edition—presumably with trenchant commentary—is an original notion that had not occurred to us. We suggest a large public library as the most likely source of a copy of the Kellogg book, since, in addi-

tion to the 1881 edition sent to us by subscribers Mr. and Mrs. James D. Brooks, we were able to obtain a 1917 edition from the Chicago Public Library. The original publishers, Segner and Condit of Burlington, Iowa, have been out of business for many years.

DEAD FLY?

I have been in wholehearted agreement with all the past issues of *The Playboy Philosophy*. After reading the July installment, however, my agreement is not so wholehearted as before. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that Dr. Kellogg's book, *Plain Facts for Old and Young*, should not have been criticized. On the contrary, I feel that by the very nature of the writing the book invites criticism. I question only Hefner's tactic in sarcastically tearing down the work of a mild fanatic who has been dead for 20 years. It seems to me that there is no point in cutting down a book that is so obviously full of misinformation. It's like swatting a dead fly. Furthermore, I don't see where Hefner's lengthy essay is helping to spell out his "guiding principles and editorial credo." As a book report, the July *Philosophy* would rate an OK. As a statement of editorial policy, however, I think it failed. In the future, I hope Hefner will find some other way of getting his kicks than tearing down books written in 1879.

Paul Scharf
Phoenix, Arizona

Hefner's purpose in excerpting and discussing Dr. Kellogg's book was to illustrate that while the good doctor has been dead these past 20 years, the "fly" in the ointment of sexual enlightenment is still a reality in contemporary society. This insidious insect continues to make its presence felt through the irrational and suppressive sex laws of the United States, the origins of which Hefner, in his February and April editorials, traced to the extreme antisexualism of the 19th Century. As he wrote in introducing the Kellogg book in the July issue, "No amount of editorial comment by us can establish the excessive antisexuality that is our American heritage nearly so well as the statements to be found in this manual of love and marriage." The discrepancies between our outmoded sex statutes and our actual sex practices have made of us a nation of hypocrites; a significant portion of Hefner's editorial credo has been devoted, thus far, to such aspects of our modern American society, to which the editors of this publication are opposed.

SEX AND CEREALS

Thanks to PLAYBOY's *Philosophy*, I am now aware of the evils of stimulating foods. Using Dr. Kellogg's enlightening facts as a guide, I have limited my diet to foods that will not excite my prurient interests. If I do not succumb to malnu-

trition first, I would be interested in the outcome of an investigation of cereals to which children might unknowingly become addicted.

Joan M. Kernis
Woodmere, New York

Never have liked corn flakes! Thanks a hell of a lot for lending credulity to my instinctive aversion to the stuff. Dr. Kellogg would probably be disturbed if he knew that I am in good health. Why, my nose hasn't even fallen off!

Tom Garrett
Greenville, South Carolina

Incredible.

CONSERVATIVE MODIFICATION

I wish to call your attention to an error in the June *Forum*. In a letter from Jean Thompson, a resolution on moral legislation is included as it appeared in the *Tulsa Daily World*. Therein the resolution is credited to the "University of Colorado Conservation Club," when in fact it should have been credited to the Conservative Club. Also, the entire resolution was not printed in the article, due to editing on the part of *The Denver Post*, which sent the story out over the wire. Therefore, with due respect to that newspaper for any misunderstanding it may have created by editing the resolution, I enclose the complete resolution as unanimously passed by the Conservative Club on March 11, 1964.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO CONSERVATIVE CLUB RESOLUTION ON MORAL LEGISLATION

Whereas this club is opposed to the imposition of a code of morality by one person or group of persons on another person or group of persons; and whereas this club considers the imposition of a code of morality by force as a doctrine opposed to the idea of a free and voluntary society; and whereas laws or regulations controlling morality are misused for the purposes of harassment of the populace by the authorities (an example being Denver Safety Manager Daniel Hoffman's persecution of an individual in Denver by attempting to deny him employment by threatening the revocation of his employer's liquor license); therefore, we, the Conservative Club of the University of Colorado, condemn the following:

1. Laws controlling the use of narcotics (specifically the Boulder Police Department's recent expenditure of money and energy in this direction).
2. Laws controlling gambling.
3. Laws controlling prostitution.
4. Laws controlling consumption of alcoholic beverages.
5. Laws controlling voluntary sexual relationships (especially the Associated Women Students whose

standard is this control).

The club also expressed its disapproval of the following insofar as they are prime examples of moral legislation:

1. The prosecution and persecution of Hugh Hefner, Editor-Publisher of PLAYBOY magazine, for ostensible publication of pornography.

2. The Town of Lafayette, Colorado, for their recent and arbitrary imposition of a curfew.

3. Daniel Hoffman's endorsement of a B-girl control law.

4. The cabaret entertainers' licensing system of N. Y. C. which gives the police the power to prevent an entertainer from working by denying a license.

5. Sunday blue laws and enforcement of the Sabbath.

David W. Delcour, Vice-President
Conservative Club
University of Colorado
Boulder, Colorado

We are happy to restore the University of Colorado Conservative Club's "Resolution on Moral Legislation" to its proper sponsorship, and regret perpetuating the error that appeared in the copy of the Tulsa Daily World sent to us by reader Thompson.

FREUD ON ASCETICISM

May I call to Hefner's attention the following words of Sigmund Freud, as they appeared in 1908 in an article entitled "The Cultural Sex Morality and Modern Nervousness," quoted in Vol. VII of his *Collected Works*:

Generally speaking I have the impression that sexual asceticism does not help to create energetic, self-reliable men of action or original thinkers, courageous reformers and liberators; more often it creates weaklings who will dip into the big crowd later on, while they follow, with restraint, the impulses of strong individuals. . . . Full withdrawal from sex (asceticism) during adolescence is not the best preparation for marriage of a young man. Women unconsciously feel that and prefer those who have already stood the test with other women.

The same process, Freud points out, is also true with women. These thoughts, although they may seem old-fashioned, are immortal. We must find ways to ensure that people with good intellectual and human qualities will not be permanently damaged by unnecessary and inhuman pressures of a society of sheep.

Dr. Hans-Heinrich Kruse
Frankfurt am Main, West Germany

HOMOSEXUAL FREEDOM

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realistic appraisal of sexuality found in the American press to date. In England, there has been substantial support of the recommendations of the Wolfenden Committee, echoed best in this statement by a group of British Friends: "We see no reason why the physical nature of a sexual act should be the criterion by which the question of whether it is moral should be decided. An act which (for instance) expresses true affection between individuals and gives pleasure to them both does not seem to us to be sinful by reason alone of the fact that it is homosexual."

In the United States, PLAYBOY and Hefner stand almost alone in advancing a sane concept of sexuality. Statistically, the U.S. has a relatively high incidence of rape, murder and larceny, which are defined as behavior in violation of human rights and freedoms; as such, they are and should be held criminal and undesirable. But homosexual activity in private between consenting adults is the rightful concern only of those involved, and is not a violation of human rights and freedom—and this remains true regardless of the numerical incidence of these contacts.

Man has the right to be left alone as long as the exercise of his rights is not in conflict with the rights of others. Many states are currently considering revisions of their penal codes; when a saner approach to man's sexuality is reflected in enlightened laws, PLAYBOY and Hefner can take pride in having helped put an end to this aspect of man's inhumanity to man.

Charles Philips, President
Janus Society
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

LIVE AND LET LIVE

What idiosyncrasy in certain Americans finds sex so distasteful? Could it possibly be that their minds are so laden with the sewage of their own sexual fantasies that they cannot see the beauty that underlies the bonds that unite two people—even if those two people might be living "contrary to the laws of nature"? Granted, many facets of homosexual or heterosexual behavior might be distasteful to certain segments of our society, but unfortunately this mid-Victorian clique seems to be the guardian of America's moral character. And for you or me to cross the boundaries of mid-Victorian sexual mores is to be branded degenerate, perverse, immoral or amoral.

As mature adults in a supposedly mature society, each of us is perfectly capable of differentiating between that which is right and that which is wrong, physically, mentally and spiritually. If the high priests of morality persist in placing us on the sacrificial altar of self-righteous piety, using law as the ceremonial dagger, they shall resurrect a society that could parallel the infamous Inquisi-

tion of centuries ago.

No one asks for tea or sympathy: just freedom to live as we see fit in a free society. God help the future of our country if we can't.

Richard L. De Rouse
New York, New York

DOING WHAT COMES NATURALLY

Hefner's *Philosophy* is marvelous! It's straightforward, clearly expressed and extremely interesting. I especially enjoyed the April installment, and hope that discussions like Hefner's will serve to bring our sex laws more in line with our actual practices—hopefully before our jails fill up with consenting adults who were arrested for doing what comes naturally!

Mary Ellen Gwynne
Alamo, California

THE NATURE OF THE NATURAL

In his *Philosophy*, Hefner has pointed out in detail the peculiar significance given to the term "natural" by many moralists. Having previously encountered only scientific meanings of "natural" and "unnatural," I agreed with Hefner's arguments, but thought he belabored his point. Recently I attended an Inter-Church Ecumenical Forum at which the guest of honor, a Roman Catholic priest, in speaking on "Ethics in Family Life," used "natural" and "unnatural" so frequently and in such unfamiliar ways that many of us were thoroughly confused as to his meanings. A discussion period following his talk cleared up his definitions, and I pass them on to PLAYBOY's readers for their similar edification:

"Natural"—that which is designated as natural by the Holy Office in Rome.

"Unnatural"—that which is designated as unnatural by the Holy Office in Rome.

Our priest supplied these examples of the words' usage: Marriage, a natural contract deriving from man's natural desire to procreate, is natural if nothing unnatural prevents conception, since children are the natural proof of love. The prevention of natural bodily functions by devices like diaphragms is unnatural, but it is natural to restrict spontaneous expressions of love to prevent pregnancy. The use of hormone pills to prevent ovulation is natural only if used for "therapeutic" reasons.

Perhaps it is useless for Hefner to try to persuade members of the largest Christian sect that their outlook is unnatural, since by their definition it is his outlook that is unnatural. When the parties to a discussion differ in their understanding of the vocabulary they must use, rational discussion may be futile.

R. C. Radford
Montreal, Quebec

LEGISLATING MORALITY

For several years I have been an on-

again, off-again reader of your magazine. However, *The Playboy Philosophy* is of such high caliber that I feel moved to write complimenting you on it.

Your stand against groups, primarily religious, which feel it their duty to legislate the moral standards of others, is one of the finest statements concerning civil liberties I have seen in any major national magazine in some time.

Having come from a primarily conservative background and having adopted some liberal viewpoints during my college years, I am now a member of the liberal minority of our campus faculty and often find myself in a situation similar to yours—that of having older members of the faculty attempt to legislate my moral standards for me. Armed with your editorial and its fine factual backing, I shall have another point in my favor.

A. H. Baisch
Concordia Junior College
Bronxville, New York

FIGHTING DOCTOR

Here it is again in all its rosy colors: the old censorship bug, trying to bore its way back into our community. I hope Hefner has not yet wearied of its presence, for I want to air my distaste for its anticipated arrival.

Enclosed is a copy of a letter [see below] I've sent to the Reverend E. R. DeWitt, one of the parties associated with an effort to impose censorship on drive-in theaters here in San Angelo. I don't know how to fight the thing; as a professional man, by resisting more openly I might be placing my head on the economic block—which I would not mind if by doing so I could successfully defend individual freedom. By publicizing the injustices of censorship, Hefner's *Philosophy* and the *Forum* discussions make a valuable contribution to maintaining our basic freedoms, and where those fundamentals are threatened as they are here, provide heartening support to those of us trying to fight the narrow-minded.

Dear Reverend DeWitt:

It is difficult to express myself concerning [censorship of films], for I suspect it will bring charges of my being "pro sin" by those of differing opinions. My reference is to the item appearing in the March 18 [San Angelo] *Standard-Times* concerning your stand against "obscene" movies being shown at the drive-in theaters here.

I am certainly in favor of protecting children and those in their early teens from aspects of life with which they are not yet prepared to cope, and I agree with you that this age group should not be allowed to view these films alone. But this is the responsibility of the theater

management; if the management does not restrict its clientele, then, and only then, should local government enter the picture. (Incidentally, concerning this same theme, it is my opinion that parents should be free to decide for themselves what movies they wish to take their children to see.)

I only hope you will stop and reflect rationally on the position in which you place yourself. By making the statement, "I abhor adults-only movies and I'm going to do everything to get them stopped, or at least curtailed," you are setting yourself up as censor for the public morals of all adults in this community. Obscenity is something very difficult to define, as you will learn if you try to evaluate and apply the Supreme Court definition.

The big danger is that there is really no such thing as a "qualified" censor, and if power is given to one individual or group to censor for all of our local society, what is to prevent them from censoring anything that fits their definition of obscenity? There are many "adults-only" movies which, your abhorrence notwithstanding, are works of cinematic excellence and *do* contribute to our understanding of one another and of the world in which we live.

Historically, individuals or groups in the censor's role have eventually infringed upon the rights of the individual. The men who conceived our Constitution recognized this fact and created a document giving us a degree of individual freedom which has been sought by men throughout history. Though I disagree with your opinions, I certainly respect your right to express them to your congregation for their individual acceptance or rejection, and to anyone else who would sample your logic. But attempting to extend your influence beyond this type of expression is morally wrong. The only proper restrictions to any movies should concern juveniles, and then only via theater management reacting to community sentiment. Let's not let comstockery creep into our community to erode our right to make our own decisions about what we shall read, see, hear or think.

Dr. R. Lattimore Cavness
San Angelo, Texas

It is always encouraging to find men of high professional standing actively engaged in the fight to maintain freedom in their communities and in our nation. Hefner will not weary of the fight for a free and democratic society, and his energies are buoyed by examples of enlightened citizenship in action, like the foregoing.

CENSORS RUNNING SCARED

In comparison to contemporary society's supreme achievement—the H-bomb—*The Playboy Philosophy* contains life-giving qualities in direct proportion to Christian philosophy's death-dealing quantities. Mr. Hefner's magnum opus is a milestone that shall endure long after all the censors, generals, city corporation councils, politicians, Popes, bishops and other anti-life pitifuls have turned to dust—providing the anti-lifers don't incinerate this planet before the rising generation of pro-lifers can take their place governing the world.

Only the true philosopher possesses that rare quality of mind—inquisitiveness—to pursue truth for truth's sake no matter where it leads, and without regard to place or person. Mr. Hefner has this rare quality in great quantity. No matter what its critics and would-be censors say, *The Playboy Philosophy* has had an astonishing and marvelously therapeutic effect on many of its previously confused readers, and has forced real 20th Century thinking upon the 18th and 19th Century managers and manipulators of contemporary life.

Although a Catholic by birth, by accident of a rebel spirit and a natural proclivity for philosophy, I overcame early attempts at censorship by parochial schools by smuggling into my house books they had banned. Among these were Thomas Paine's *The Age of Reason* and *The Rights of Man*. I disagree with Justice Douglas that "the Philistines are certain to win." There may once have been some truth to this assertion, but the tide has changed since *PLAYBOY* exploded on the publishing scene ten years ago. The censors are, at last, running scared before the onslaught of truth.

A hearty "Well done!" to Mr. Hefner. I drink to a long and productive life for him and for *PLAYBOY*, which is to me, and to many thoughtful Americans, a rare and radiant achievement in the ancient and honorable Republic of Letters.

James J. Owens
Naugatuck, Connecticut

APPLAUSE FOR ACLU

Having followed your *Playboy Forum* feature for several months, I would like to advance a suggestion to all the readers who expressed their displeasure with the parochial, Victorian views and obnoxious (if not illegal) tactics of certain pressure groups dedicated to the cause of censorship. I am confident that no thinking American desires to infringe on any citizen's right to say what he thinks is "obscene" or in bad taste. However, when his protest extends to general boycott or coercion, it becomes a violation of the First Amendment guarantees of others.

I would like to call your readers' attention to the yeoman service in the
(continued on page 166)

No slide projector ever looked like this before... or did as much

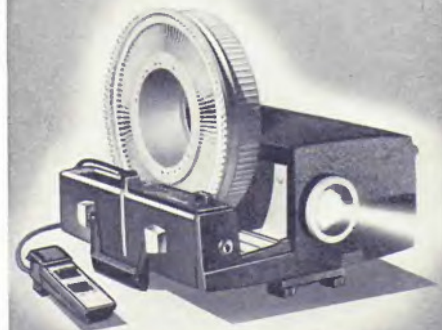
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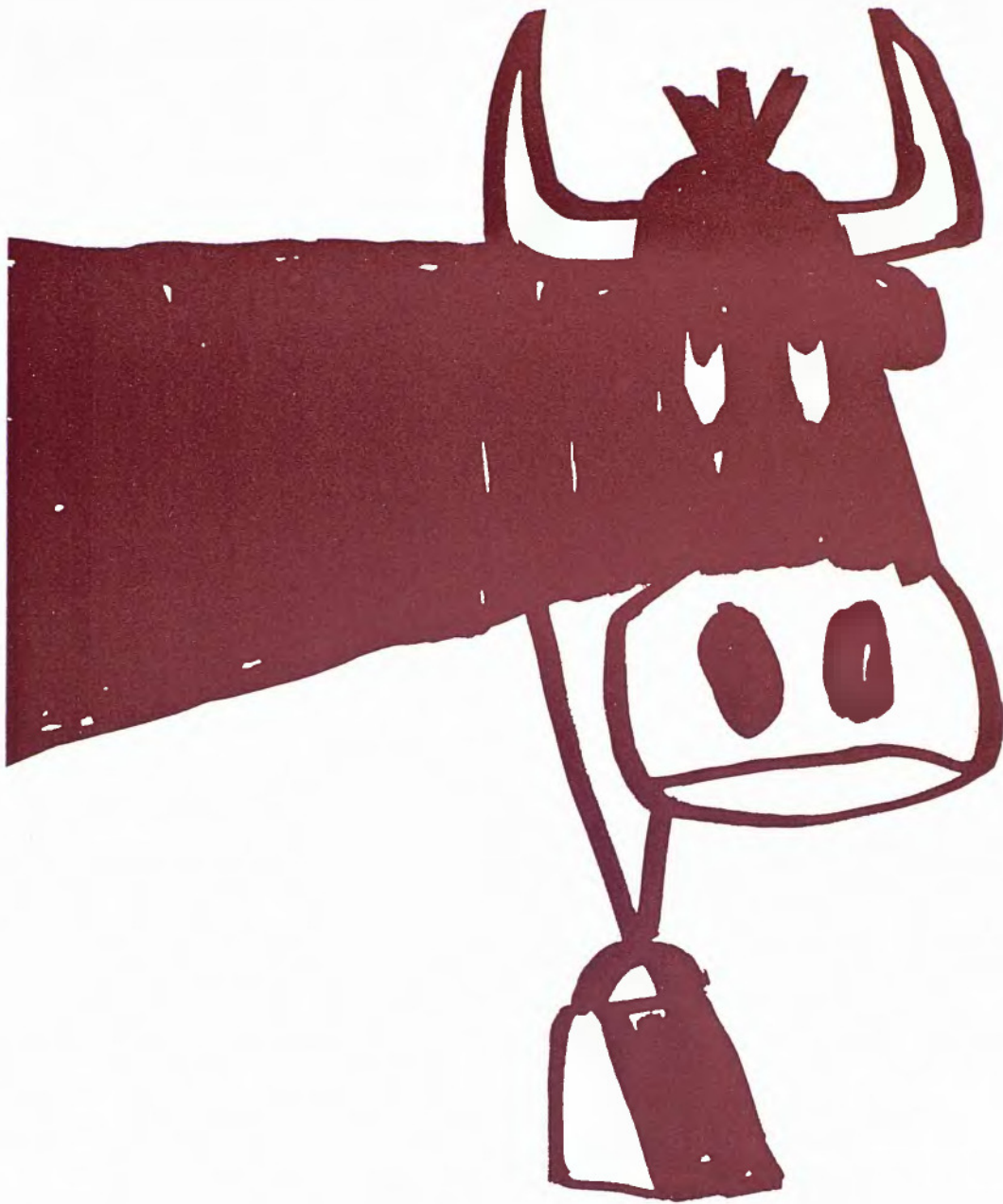
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CASSIUS CLAY

a candid conversation with the flamboyantly fast-talking, hard-hitting heavyweight champ

It wasn't until 9:55 on a night last February that anyone began to take seriously the extravagant boasts of Cassius Marcellus Clay: That was the moment when the redoubtable Sonny Liston, sitting dazed and disbelieving on a stool in Miami Beach's Convention Hall, resignedly spat out his mouthpiece—and relinquished the world's heavyweight boxing championship to the brash young braggart whom he, along with the nation's sportswriters and nearly everyone else, had dismissed as a loudmouthed pushover.

Leaping around the ring in a frenzy of glee, Clay screamed, "I am the greatest! I am the king!"—the strident rallying cry of a campaign of self-celebration, punctuated with rhyming couplets predicting victory, which had rocketed him from relative obscurity as a 1960 Olympic Gold Medal winner to dubious renown as the "villain" of a title match with the least lovable heavyweight champion in boxing history. Undefeated in 100 amateur fights and all 18 professional bouts, the cocky 22-year-old had become, if not another Joe Louis, at least the world's wealthiest poet (with a purse of \$600,000), and one of its most flamboyant public figures.

Within 24 hours of his victory, he also became sports' most controversial cause

célèbre when he announced at a press conference that he was henceforth to be billed on fight programs only as Muhammad Ali, his new name as a full-fledged member of the Black Muslims, the militant nationwide Negro religious cult that preaches racial segregation, black supremacy and unconcealed hostility toward whites.

Amidst the brouhaha that ensued—besieged by the world press, berated by more temperate Negro leaders, threatened with the revocation of his title—Cassius preened and prated in the limelight, using his world-wide platform as a pulpit for hymns of self-adulation and sermons on the virtues of Islam. Still full of surprises, he then proceeded to appoint himself as an international goodwill ambassador and departed with an entourage of six cronies on an 8000-mile tour of Africa and the Middle East, where he was received by several heads of state (including Ghana's Nkrumah and Egypt's Nasser), and was accorded, said observers, the warmest reception ever given an American visitor.

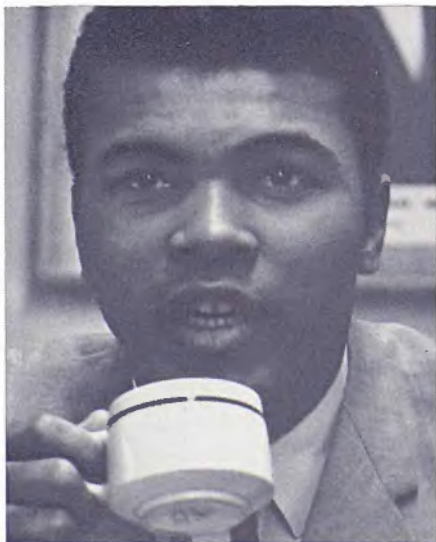
We approached the mercurial Muslim with our request for a searching interview about his fame, his heavyweight crown and his faith. Readily consenting, he invited us to join him on his peripatetic social rounds of New York's Harlem, where he rents a three-room suite at

the Hotel Theresa (in which another celebrated guest, Fidel Castro, hung his hat and plucked his chickens during a memorable visit to the UN).

For the next two weeks, we walked with him on brisk morning constitutionals, ate with him at immaculate Muslim restaurants (no pork served), sat with him during his daily shoeshine, rode with him in his chauffeured, air-conditioned Cadillac limousine on leisurely drives through Harlem. We interjected our questions as the opportunities presented themselves—between waves and shouts exchanged by the champion and ogling pedestrians, and usually over the din of the limousine's dashboard phonograph, blaring Clay's recording of "I Am the Greatest." We began the conversation on our own blaring note.

PLAYBOY: Are you really the loudmouthed exhibitionist you seem to be, or is it all for the sake of publicity?

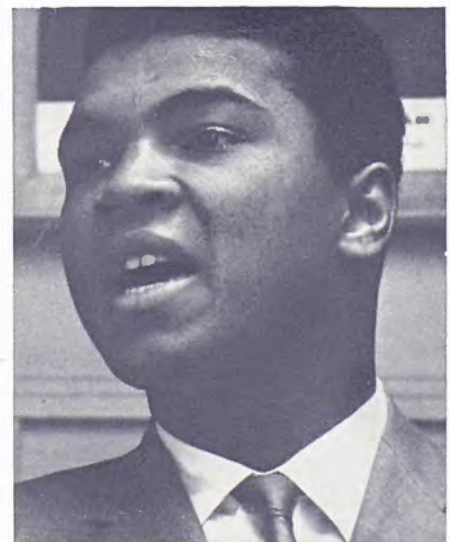
CLAY: I been attracting attention ever since I been able to walk and talk. When I was just a little boy in school, I caught onto how nearly everybody likes to watch somebody that acts different. Like, I wouldn't ride the school bus, I would run to school alongside it, and all the kids would be waving and hollering at me and calling me nuts. It made me somebody special. Or at recess time, I'd



"I don't put that much value on no heavyweight crown. Time was when I did, but that was before I found the religious convictions that I have. I could give up fighting and never look back."



"We decided to pay Liston a visit at his house in Denver. We pulled up in his front yard about three o'clock in the morning. He had on nylon shorty pajamas. 'What you want, black mother?' he said."



"A lot of people ain't going to like this. But I'm going to tell you the truth. I think Joe Louis, in his prime, could have whipped them all—anyone you want to name. And I would have beat Louis."



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start a fight with somebody to draw a crowd. I always liked drawing crowds. When I started fighting serious, I found out that grown people, the fight fans, acted just like those school kids. Almost from my first fights, I'd bigmouth to anybody who would listen about what I was going to do to whoever I was going to fight, and people would go out of their way to come and see, hoping I would get beat. When I wasn't no more than a kid fighter, they would put me on bills because I was a drawing card, because I run my mouth so much. Other kids could battle and get all bloody and lose or win and didn't hardly nobody care, it seemed like, except maybe their families and their buddies. But the minute I would come in sight, the people would start to hollering "Bash in his nose!" or "Button his fat lip!" or something like that. You would have thought I was some well-known pro ten years older than I was. But I didn't care what they said, long as they kept coming to see me fight. They paid their money, they was entitled to a little fun.

PLAYBOY: How did your first fight come about?

CLAY: Well, on my twelfth birthday, I got a new bicycle as a present from my folks, and I rode it to a fair that was being held at the Columbia Gymnasium, and when I come out, my bike was gone. I was so mad I was crying, and a policeman, Joe Martin, come up and I told him I was going to whip whoever took my bike. He said I ought to take some boxing lessons to learn how to whip the thief better, and I did. That's when I started fighting. Six weeks later, I won my first fight over another boy twelve years old, a white boy. And in a year I was fighting on TV. Joe Martin advised me against trying to just fight my way up in clubs and preliminaries, which could take years and maybe get me all beat up. He said I ought to try the Olympics, and if I won, that would give me automatically a number-ten pro rating. And that's just what I did.

PLAYBOY: When did you hit upon the gimmick of reciting poetry?

CLAY: Somewhere away back in them early fights in Louisville, even before I went to the Olympics, I started thinking about the poetry. I told a newspaperman before a fight, "This guy must be done/ I'll stop him in one." It got in the newspaper, but it didn't catch on then. Poetry didn't even catch on with me until a lot later, when I was getting ready to fight Archie Moore. I think the reason then was that he talked so much, I had to figure up something new to use on him. That was when I told different reporters, "Moore will go in four." When he *did* go down in four, just like I said, and the papers made so much of it, I knew I had stumbled on something good. And something else I found out

was how it had bugged Archie Moore. Before the fight, some people got it to me that he was walking around and around in the Alexandria Hotel in Los Angeles, saying over and over, "He's not going to get me in no four, he's not going to get me in no four"—and the next thing he knew, he was getting up off the floor. I been making up things that rhyme for every fight since.

PLAYBOY: Your poetry has been described by many critics as "horrible." Do you think it is?

CLAY: I bet my poetry gets printed and quoted more than any that's turned out by the poem writers that them critics like. I don't pay no attention to no kind of critics about nothing. If they knew as much as they claim to about what they're criticizing, they ought to be doing that instead of just standing on the side lines using their mouth.

PLAYBOY: As your own best critic, what do you consider your finest poem?

CLAY: I don't know. The one the newspapers used the most, though, was the time I covered the water front with a poem I wrote before my fight with Doug Jones. I said, "Jones likes to mix / So I'll let it go six. / If he talks jive / I'll cut it to five. / And if he talks some more / I'll cut it to four. / And if he talks about me / I'll cut it to three. / And if that don't do / I'll cut it to two. / And if you want some fun / I'll cut it to one. / And if he don't want to fight / He can stay home that night."

PLAYBOY: How often have you been right in predicting the round of a knockout?

CLAY: I ain't missed but twice. If you figure out the man you're up against, and you know what you can do, then you can pretty much do it whenever you get ready. Once I call the round, I plan what I'm going to do in the fight. Like, you take Archie Moore. He's a better fighter than Sonny Liston. He's harder to hit, the way he bobs and weaves, and he's smart. You get careless and he'll drop you. I guess he knows more tricks in the ring than anybody but Sugar Ray. But he was fat and forty-five, and he had to be looking for a lucky punch before he got tired. I just had to pace myself so as to tire him. I hooked and jabbed him silly the first round, then I coasted the second. Right at the end of the second, he caught me with a good right on the jaw, but it didn't do me no harm. Then I started out the third throwing leather on him, and when I could feel him wearing down, I slowed up, looking for my spots to hit him. And then in the fourth round, when I had said he was going down, I poured it on him again. And he did go down; he was nearly out. But he got up at eight. A few combinations sent him back down, and then the referee stopped it. It was just like I planned.

PLAYBOY: In that fight, you were twen-

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ty and Moore was forty-five. It's often been said that you got to the top by beating a succession of carefully picked setups. What's your response?

CLAY: I didn't beat nobody that wasn't trying to beat me. I don't care who I fought fair and beat, but they said something was wrong. Archie Moore, yeah, they said he was an old man. Doug Jones, he was one of the toughest fights I ever had. He was one of them what-round calls that I missed. I had said just before the fight, "I'll shut the door on Jones in four," but it went the limit, ten rounds. When the judges and referee gave me the decision, everybody was calling it a fix. Then Henry Cooper in London, after he caught me in the fourth with a right that sent me through the ropes, I took him out in the fifth just like I had said I would; I had said, "It ain't no jive/Henry Cooper will go in five." But sure enough, people said that Cooper hadn't been in shape. I'm surprised they haven't been saying Liston was underage, or something, since I whipped *him* good.

PLAYBOY: To get back to Archie Moore for a moment: Do you give him any credit, as a master of self-promotion, for helping you develop your own ballyhoo technique?

CLAY: I learned a lot from the old man, yeah. He showed me some proof of what I had already figured out myself, that talking is a whole lot easier than fighting, and it was a way to get up fast. It's a shame he wasn't fighting big time when he was in his prime. It would have been like a young Satchel Paige in the big leagues. I picked up quick how the old man would talk up a fight to make a gate, how he'd talk it up that the guy he wanted next didn't want no part of him. But the big difference between the old man and me is I'm bigger and louder and better. He believed in whispering something to reporters for them to print—but I believe in yelling.

PLAYBOY: At what point in your career did you first put this yelling technique into practice?

CLAY: Right after I had won the Olympic Gold Medal. One day, back home in Louisville, I was riding on a bus. I was reading a paper about Patterson and Ingemar Johansson. I didn't have no doubt I could beat either one of them, if I had a chance to fight them. But Machen, Folley, Jones and all of them other bums were standing in the way, and I decided I wasn't just about to stand around like them. I'd won the Olympic title, that was all in the papers, but hadn't nobody really heard of me, though, and they never would as long as I just sat thinking about it. Right there on that bus is where I figured I'd just open up my big mouth and start people listening and paying attention to me.

Not just talking, but really screaming, and acting like some kind of a nut. That day was when I started out after getting in the ring with the champion.

PLAYBOY: Even though you never fought him officially, you did have a run-in of sorts with Ingemar Johansson, didn't you?

CLAY: Yeah. Boy, I sure made him mad! He hired me as his sparring partner in Miami, and by the end of the first round I had him pinned against the ropes, all shook up and very mad. And he hadn't put a glove on me at the end of the second round. You talk about somebody upset! He was so mad he wanted me to go to Palm Beach, where we could spar in private. Not me! I wanted the newspapermen to see me if I did anything great and sensational.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you could have beaten Johansson?

CLAY: I just finished telling you I did beat him. The only difference between that and a regular fight was that we had on headgear and we didn't have no big fight crowd, and I didn't have no contract.

PLAYBOY: After you had scored victories over Archie Moore, Charley Powell, Doug Jones and Henry Cooper, how did you go about your campaign to get a match with Liston?

CLAY: Well, the big thing I did is that until then, I had just been loudmouthing mostly for the *public* to hear me, to build up gates for my fights. I hadn't never been messing personally with whoever I was going to fight—and that's what I started when it was time to go after Liston. I had been studying Liston careful, all along, ever since he had come up in the rankings, and Patterson was trying to duck him. You know what Patterson was saying—that Liston had such a bad police record, and prison record and all that. He wouldn't be a good example for boxing like Patterson would—the pure, clean-cut American boy.

PLAYBOY: You were saying you had been studying Liston . . .

CLAY: Yeah. His fighting style. His strength. His punch. Like that—but that was just part of what I was looking at. Any fighter will study them things about somebody he wants to fight. The big thing for me was observing how Liston acted *out* of the ring. I read everything I could where he had been interviewed. I talked with people who had been around him, or had talked with him. I would lay in bed and put all of the things together and think about them, to try to get a good picture of how his mind worked. And that's how I first got the idea that if I would handle the thing right, I could use psychology on him—you know, needle him and work on his nerves so bad that I would have him

beat before he ever got in the ring with me. And that's just what I did!

PLAYBOY: How?

CLAY: I mean I set out to make him think what I wanted him thinking; that all I was was some clown, and that he never would have to give a second thought to me being able to put up any real fight when we got to the ring. The more out of shape and overconfident I could get him to be, the better. The press, everybody—I didn't want nobody thinking nothing except that I was a joke. Listen here, do you realize that of all them ring "experts" on the newspapers, wasn't hardly one that wasn't as carried away with Liston's reputation as Liston was himself? You know what everybody was writing? Saying I had been winning my fights, calling the rounds, because I was fighting "nothing" fighters. Like I told you already, even with people like Moore and Powell and Jones and Cooper, the papers found some excuse; it never was that maybe I could fight. And when it come to Liston, they was all saying it was the end of the line for me. I might even get killed in there; he was going to put his big fist in my big mouth so far they was going to have to get doctors to pull it out, stuff like that. You couldn't read nothing else. That's how come, later on, I made them reporters tell me I was the greatest. They had been so busy looking at Liston's record with Patterson that didn't nobody stop to think about how it was making Liston just about a setup for me.

PLAYBOY: Would you elaborate?

CLAY: I told you. Overconfidence. When Liston finally got to Patterson, he beat him so bad, plus that Patterson *looked* so bad, that Liston quit thinking about keeping himself trained. I don't care who a fighter is, he has got to stay in shape. While I was fighting Jones and Cooper, Liston was up to his neck in all of that rich, fat ritual of the champion. I'd nearly clap my hands every time I read or heard about him at some big function or ceremony, up half the night and drinking and all that. I was looking at Liston's age, too. Wasn't nothing about him helping him to be sharp for me, whenever I got to him. I ain't understood it yet that didn't none of them "experts" ever realize these things.

What made it even better for me was when Liston just half-trained for the Patterson rematch, and Patterson looked worse yet—and Liston signed to fight me, not rating me even as good as he did Patterson. He felt like he was getting ready to start off on some bum-of-the-month club like Joe Louis did. He couldn't see nothing at all to me but mouth. And you know I didn't make no sound that wasn't planned to keep him thinking in that rut. He spent more time at them Las Vegas gambling tables than he did at the punching bag. He was



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getting fatter and flabbier every day, and I was steady hollering louder to keep him that way: "I'm going to skin the big bear!" . . . "I'm the greatest!" . . . "I'm so pretty I can't hardly stand to look at myself!" Like that. People can't stand a blowhard, but they'll always listen to him. Even people in Europe and Africa and Asia was hearing my big mouth. I didn't miss no radio or television show or newspaper I could get in. And in between them, on the street, I'd walk up to people and they'd tell one another about what "that crazy Cassius Clay" said. And then, on top of this, what the public didn't know was that every chance I got, I was needling Liston *direct*.

PLAYBOY: How?

CLAY: I don't see no harm in telling it now. The first time, it was right after Liston had bought his new home in Denver, and my buddies and me was driving from Los Angeles to New York in my bus. This was Archie Robinson, who takes care of business for me, and Howard Bingham, the photographer, and some more buddies. I had bought this used thirty-passenger bus, a 1953 Flexible—you know, the kind you see around airports. We had painted it red and white with WORLD'S MOST COLORFUL FIGHTER across the top. Then I had LISTON MUST GO IN EIGHT painted across the side right after Liston took the title. We had been driving around Los Angeles, and up and down the freeways in the bus, blowing the horn, "Oink! Oink! Oink!" drawing people's attention to me. When I say I'm colorful, I believe in *being* colorful. Anyway, this time, when we started out for New York, we decided it would be a good time to pay Liston a visit at his new house.

We had the address from the newspapers, and we pulled up in his front yard in the bus about three o'clock in the morning and started blowing: "Oink! Oink! Oink! Oink!" In other houses, lights went on and windows went up. You know how them white people felt about that black man just moved in there anyway, and we sure wasn't helping it none. People was hollering things, and we got out with the headlights blazing and went up to Liston's door, just about as Liston got there. He had on nylon shorty pajamas. And he was mad. He first recognized Howard Bingham, the photographer, whom he had seen in Los Angeles. "What you want, black mother?" he said to Howard. I was standing right behind Howard, flinging my cane back and forth in the headlights, hollering loud enough for everybody in a mile to hear me, "Come on out of there! I'm going to whip you right now! Come on out of there and protect your home! If you don't come out of that door, I'm going to break it down!"

You know that look of Liston's you

hear so much about? Well, he sure had it on standing in that door that night. Man, he was tore up! He didn't know what to do. He wanted to come out there after me, but he was already in enough troubles with the police and everything. And you know, if a man figures you're crazy, he'll think twice before he acts, because he figures you're liable to do *anything*. But before he could make up his mind, the police came rushing in with all their sirens going, and they broke it up, telling us we would be arrested for disturbing the peace if we didn't get out of there. So we left. You can bet we laughed all the way to New York.

PLAYBOY: You said this was your first direct needling of Liston. What came next?

CLAY: Every time I got anywhere near him, I'd needle him. Sometimes it was just little things. I had to keep right on him, because I knew he was confused. He had told different people, who got it to me, that he was just going along with my clowning because it would help to build up a gate that would make money for him. So at first I couldn't get him really mad, because he had this idea fixed in his mind. But I kept right on working on him. A man with Liston's kind of mind is very funny. He ain't what you would call a fast thinker. Like I am.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by the "kind of mind" Liston has?

CLAY: He's got one of them bulldog kind of minds. You understand what I mean. Once he ever starts to thinking something, he won't let hold of it quick.

PLAYBOY: And you feel that your mind is faster?

CLAY: I know it is. What I did to Liston proves it. I'll tell you another way I know. Nobody ever could have conned me the way I did him. If I know a man is going to get in the ring and try to beat me, and take the title, then anything he does outside of regular training, I figure he's got some good reason, and I'd sit down and give his actions careful examination. Liston didn't never even *think* about doing that. Neither did nobody around him, all of his advisors and trainers—didn't even none of them think about it. Even if they had, they sure couldn't have never told him that I represented danger. He was too fixed in his thinking. That's what I mean by his kind of mind.

PLAYBOY: What other direct confrontations did you have with Liston before the fight?

CLAY: Well, another time was just before we signed to fight. It was in Las Vegas. I was there to be on *David Brinkley's Journal*, and it didn't take me no time to find Liston at a gambling table. People was standing around watching him. He was shooting craps, and I walked up behind him and reached and took some

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of his chips. He turned around, and I said, "Man, you can't shoot dice!" But he was good-humored. Maybe it was because the people were watching, and maybe he was seeing me helping build up a gate for the fight we were about to sign for—or maybe he was *winning* something for a change. I don't know *what* it was that put him in good spirits, but I just kept right on him. I'd snatch up the dice from him. I could see I was beginning to get to him a little, but not enough. Finally, I had to shoot a loaded water pistol on him. That did it. But he still played it cool, trying to show the people he was trying to humor me. Naturally, the word had spread and people were piling around us. But then very suddenly, Liston *froze* me with that look of his. He said real quiet, "Let's go on over here," and he led the way to a table, and the people hung back. I ain't going to lie. This was the only time since I have known Sonny Liston that he really scared me. I just felt the power and the meanness of the man I was messing with. Anybody tell me about how he has fought cops and beat up tough thugs and all of that, I believe it. I saw that streak in him. He told me, "Get the hell out of here or I'll wipe you out."

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

CLAY: I got the hell out of there. I told you, he had really scared me.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider giving up your campaign to rattle him?

CLAY: Oh, no, I never did think about that. Soon as I got time to think about how he had reacted, I saw I had started for the first time to really get under his skin, and I made up my mind right then that by the time we got to Miami in training, I was going to have him so mad that he would forget everything he knew about fighting, just trying to kill me.

PLAYBOY: Was the scene you made at the airport, when Liston arrived in Miami, part of the plan?

CLAY: You know it. They were making such a big thing of his arriving, you would have thought the Cubans was landing. Well, I wasn't just about to miss *that!* Liston came down off the plane, all cool, and the press was ganged around waiting for an interview. That was when I rushed in the scene, hollering, "Chump! Big ugly bear! I'm going to whip you right now!" Stuff like that. Police were grabbing for me and holding me and I was trying to break loose, and finally I did. I could see I was really turning Liston on. I got up close enough to him and he gave me that evil look again, but I wasn't even thinking about him. "Look, this clowning, it's not cute, and I'm not joking," he said. And I nearly threw a fit. "Joking? Why, you big chump, I'll whip you right here!" And people were grabbing me again, and somebody had rushed up one of them little VIP cars they have at air-

ports. They got Liston, his wife and his bodyguard in it. Joe Louis and Jack Nilon were trying to calm things down. I saw the little car taking off down the tunnel. So I broke loose and took out after it. I was waving my cane, and hollering at Liston. In the tunnel, I guess he told the driver to stop, and he hopped off. Was he *mad!* He hollered, "Listen, you little punk, I'll punch you in the mouth—this has gone too far!" Then people was rushing in and hollering at both of us, and I was throwing off my coat and shouting, "Come on chump, right here!" Finally Liston swung at me, and I ducked. He didn't know he'd had his preview of the fight right then.

PLAYBOY: Who won?

CLAY: I bet you it went on two hours before it really got settled. There weren't no more swings, but Joe Louis and Jack Nilon and the cops and bodyguards got Liston in the airport lounge, and they were guarding the doors to keep me out. I was banging my cane on the door, hollering, "Free! I'll fight you free!" I knew everybody inside could hear me. They couldn't hear nothing else *but* me. "Free! You think I'm jiving, chump? I'll fight you free, right here!"

PLAYBOY: And, of course, it was all an act?

CLAY: Completely—and it was also building the gate. At least, if it hadn't been for the reporters, it would have been a better gate. But right then I didn't want nobody in Miami, except at my camp, thinking I wasn't crazy. I didn't want nobody never thinking nothing about I had any fighting ability.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say that if it hadn't been for the reporters, the gate would have been better?

CLAY: They made people think that Liston was so mean and I was so nothing that they would be throwing away money to buy a ticket. There was over sixteen thousand seats in that Convention Hall, and it was only about half full. I read where the promoter, Bill MacDonald, lost something like three hundred thousand dollars. But he sure can't blame *me* for it. I was the one that let him get seat prices up as high as two hundred and fifty dollars. I was the first fighter who ever talked a fight into being bounced off Telstar to fifty nations. I got more publicity than any fight ever had. I'm colorful when I rumble. But the people listened to the so-called "experts." If they had listened to me, that Convention Hall would have been overflowing even if they had charged twice the prices.

PLAYBOY: But the reporters' attitudes, you have said, were in the best interests of your strategy.

CLAY: It's six of one and half a dozen of the other. They still made me mad. But, lookahere, I wasn't nearly about done with Liston yet. I mean, right up to the fight I was messing with him. Ev-

erybody in my camp carried canes and wore jackets with BEAR-HUNTING across the back. Guys from my camp went into Liston's camp, standing around, watching him training, until Liston quit to personally order them out. We put out the word that we was going to raid Liston's camp. He got so jumpy and under strain that every day, different reporters would come telling me, serious, "Stop angering that man—he will literally kill you!" It was music to my ears. It meant if he was that mad, he had lost all sense of reasoning. If he wasn't thinking nothing but killing me, he wasn't thinking fighting. And you got to think to fight.

PLAYBOY: The press was generally unimpressed with your workouts, and the Liston camp knew it. Was that part of your plan, too?

CLAY: You ain't so stupid. I made sure nobody but my people saw me *really* working out. If anybody else was around, I didn't do no more than go through motions. But look, I'm going to tell you where Liston really lost the fight. Or *when* he lost it. Every day we had been leaking word over there that we were going to pull our raid that day. The Liston people got to the mayor and the police, and we got cautioned that we'd be arrested if we did it. So we made a court case out of it. We requested legal permission to picket Liston's camp, but we were told that a city ordinance prevented carrying signs. We had paid, I remember, three hundred and twenty-five dollars for signs like BIG UGLY BEAR, BEAR-HUNTING SEASON, TOO PRETTY TO BE A FIGHTER, BEAR MUST FALL, and like that. So we taped the signs all over my bus. It wasn't no ordinance against signs on a bus. And we loaded the bus up with people from my camp, and screaming teenage girls, and we drove over there and caused such a commotion that people left off from watching Liston train, and we heard he nearly had a fit. One of his men—I know his name, but I guess I better not call it—even pulled a knife on Howard Bingham. Joe Louis run and asked the guy what in the world was the matter with him. But that's the day Liston lost. We heard he went to pieces. It wasn't long before the weigh-in, where they said *I* was the one went to pieces.

PLAYBOY: One doctor described your conduct at the weigh-in as "dangerously disturbed." Another said you acted "scared to death." And seasoned sportswriters used such terms as "hysterical" and "schizophrenic" in reporting your tantrum, for which you were fined twenty-five hundred dollars. What was the real story?

CLAY: I would just say that it sounds like them doctors and sportswriters had been listening to each other. You know what they said and wrote them things for—to match in what they expected was about to happen. That's what I keep on

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telling you. If all of them had had their way, I wouldn't have been allowed in the ring.

PLAYBOY: Had you worked out a fight plan by this time?

CLAY: I figured out my strategy and announced it *months* before the fight: "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," is what I said.

PLAYBOY: We read that. But what specifically did you mean?

CLAY: To start with, I knew that Liston, overconfident as he was, and helped by reading what all of the newspapers were saying, he never was going to train to fight more than two rounds. I don't know if you happened to read it later that some of his handlers admitted, after the fight, that this was exactly what he did. So that was my guide how to train, to pace myself. You know, a fighter can condition his body to go hard certain rounds, then to coast certain rounds. Nobody can *fight* fifteen rounds. So I trained to fight the first two rounds, and to protect myself from getting hit by Liston. I knew that with the third, he'd start tiring, then he'd get worse every round. So I trained to coast the third, fourth and fifth rounds. I had two reasons for that. One was that I wanted to prove I had the ability to stand up to Liston. The second reason was that I wanted him to wear himself out and get desperate. He would be throwing wild punches, and missing. If I just did that as long as he lasted on his feet, I couldn't miss winning the fight on points. And so I conditioned myself to fight full steam from the sixth through the ninth round, if it lasted that long. I never did think it would go past nine rounds. That's why I announced I'd take him in eight. I figured I'd be in command by the sixth. I'd be careful—not get hit—and I'd cut him up and shake him up until he would be like a bull, just blind, and missing punches until he was nearly crazy. And I planned that some time in the eighth, when he had thrown some punch and left himself just right, I'd be all set, and I'd drop him.

Listen here, man, I *knew* I was going to upset the world! You know the only thing I was scared of? I was scared that some of them newspaper "experts" was going to quit praising Liston's big fists long enough to wake up and see what was just as clear as day to me and my camp; and if they printed it, that Liston's camp people might be able to get it into his skull. But I was lucky; that didn't happen. Them newspaper people couldn't have been working no better for me if I had been paying them.

PLAYBOY: Then the fight went about as you had planned?

CLAY: Almost. He came in there at two hundred and twenty pounds, and untrained to go more than two rounds, and as old as he is—too old—against a kid,

and I didn't have an ounce of fat on me. And he didn't have *no* respect for me as a fighter. He was figuring on killing me inside of two rounds. He was a perfect setup. If you remember, I didn't throw many punches, but when I did, they made their mark. I have vicious combinations, and just like I had planned, I hurt his body and I closed his eyes.

PLAYBOY: But Liston did do you some damage, too.

CLAY: You don't expect to fight no fighter without getting hit sometime. But you don't want to get hurt bad, and knocked out—that's the point. Yeah, he hit me some damaging punches. With all the talking I been doing, ain't nobody never heard me say Liston can't hit. He got me in the first with a right to the stomach. In the second, I made the mistake of getting maneuvered on the ropes, and he got in some good shots. And in the last of that second round, after I had cut his eye, he really staggered me there for a minute with a long, hard left. In fact, he did me more damage with that than any other punch. In the fifth, when that stuff—rosin, I guess it was—was in my eyes, and I couldn't see, he hit me with a good left hook to the head.

PLAYBOY: Would you be able to give us a round-by-round account of the fight from your viewpoint?

CLAY: Yeah, I guess I could. The first round, I beat him out, dancing, to keep from getting hit. He was shuffling that way he does, giving me that evil eye. Man, he meant to *kill* me, I ain't kidding! He was jabbing his left—but missing. And I was backpedaling, bobbing, weaving, ducking. He missed with a right hook that would have hurt me. I got away from that, but that was when he got me with that right to my stomach. I just kept running, watching his eyes. Liston's eyes tip you when he's about to throw a heavy punch. Some kind of way, they just flicker. He didn't dream that I'd suddenly stop running when I did, if you remember—and I hit him with a good left and then a flurry of lefts and rights. That was good for points, you know. He nearly flipped, and came after me like a bull. I was hitting and ducking at the same time; that's how neither one of us heard the bell, and was still fighting after it. I remember I got to my corner thinking, "He was supposed to kill me. Well, I'm still alive." Angelo Dundee was working over me, talking a mile a minute. I just watched Liston, so mad he didn't even sit down. I thought to myself, "You gonna wish you had rested all you could when we get past this next round." I could hear some radio or television expert, all excited, you know the way they chatter. The big news was that I hadn't been counted out yet.

Then, at the second-round bell, just like I knew he would, Liston come at me throwing everything. He was going to

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make up for looking so bad that I had lasted *one* round. This was when he got me on the ropes, where everybody had said he was supposed to kill me. He hit me some, but I weaved and ducked away from most of his shots. I remember one time feeling his arm grazing the back of my neck and thinking—it was like I shouted to myself—"All I got to do is keep this up." And I got out from under and I caught him with some lefts and rights. Then I saw that first cut, high up on his cheekbone. When a man's first cut, it usually looks a bright pink. Then I saw the blood, and I knew that eye was my target from then on. It was my concentrating on that cut that let me get caught with the hardest punch I took, that long left. It rocked me back. But he either didn't realize how good I was hit or he was already getting tired, and he didn't press his chance. I sure heard the bell *that* time. I needed to get to my corner to get my head clear.

Starting in the third round, I saw his expression, how shook he was that we were still out there and *he* was the one cut and bleeding. He didn't know what to do. But I wasn't about to get careless, like Conn did that time against Joe Louis. This was supposed to be one of my coasting, resting rounds, but I couldn't waste no time. I needed one more good shot, for some more insurance with that eye. So when the bell rang, I just tested him, to see was he tiring, and he was; and then I got him into the ropes. It didn't take but one good combination. My left was square on his right eye, and a right under his left eye opened a deep gash. I knew it was deep, the way the blood spurted right out. I saw his face up close when he wiped his glove at that cut and saw the blood. At that moment, let me tell you, he looked like he's going to look twenty years from now. Liston was tiring fast in the fourth, and I was coasting. We didn't neither one do very much. But you can bet it wasn't nobody in there complaining they wasn't getting their money's worth.

Then, in the fifth, all of a sudden, after one exchange of shots, there was a feeling in my eyes like some acid was in them. I could see just blurry. When the bell sounded, it felt like fire, and I could just make it back to my corner, telling Angelo, "I can't see!" And he was swabbing at my eyes. I could hear that excited announcer; he was having a fit. "Something seems to be wrong with Clay!" It sure was something wrong. I didn't care if it was a heavyweight title fight I had worked so long for, I wasn't going out there and get murdered because I couldn't see. Every time I blinked it hurt so bad I said, "Cut off my gloves, Angelo—leave me out of here." Then I heard the bell, and the referee, Barney Felix, yelled to me to get out there, and at the same time Angelo was pushing



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me up, shouting, "This is the big one, daddy. We aren't going to quit now!" And I was out there again, blinking. Angelo was shouting, "Stay away from him! Stay away!" I got my left in Liston's face and kept it there, kind of staving him off, and at the same time I knew where he was. I was praying he wouldn't guess what was the matter. But he had to see me blinking, and then he shook me with that left to the head and a lot of shots to the body. Now, I ain't too sorry it happened, because it proved I could take Liston's punching. He had found some respect for me, see? He wasn't going so much for the knockout; he was trying to hurt my body, then try for a kill. Man, in that round, my plans were gone. I was just trying to keep alive, hoping the tears would wash out my eyes. I could open them just enough to get a good glimpse of Liston, and then it hurt so bad I blinked them closed again. Liston was snorting like a horse. He was trying to hit me square, and I was just moving every which way, because I knew if he connected right, it could be all over right there.

But in the corner after that fifth round, the stuff pretty well washed out of my eyes. I could see again, and I was ready to carry the fight to Liston. And I was gaining my second wind now, as I had conditioned myself, to pace the fight, like I was telling you. My corner people knew it, and they were calling to me. "Get mad, baby!" They knew I was ready to go the next three rounds at top steam, and I knew I was going to make Liston look terrible. I hit him with eight punches in a row, until he doubled up. I remember thinking something like, "Yeah, you old sucker! You try to be so big and bad!" He was gone. He knew he couldn't last. It was the first time in the fight that I set myself flat-footed. I missed a right that might have dropped him. But I jabbed and jabbed at that cut under his eye, until it was wide open and bleeding worse than before. I knew he wasn't due to last much longer. Then, right at the end of the round, I rocked back his head with two left hooks.

I got back to my stool, and under me I could hear the press like they was gone wild. I twisted around and hollered down at the reporters right under me, "I'm gonna upset the world!" I never will forget how their faces was looking up at me like they couldn't believe it. I happened to be looking right at Liston when that warning buzzer sounded, and I didn't believe it when he spat out his mouthpiece. I just couldn't believe it—but there it was laying there. And then something just told me he wasn't coming out! I give a whoop and come off that stool like it was red hot. It's a funny thing, but I wasn't even thinking about Liston—I was thinking about nothing but that hypocrite press. All of them

down there had wrote so much about me bound to get killed by the big fists. It was even rumors that right after the weigh-in I had been taken to the asylum somewhere, and another rumor that I had caught a plane and run off. I couldn't think about nothing but all that. I went dancing around the ring, hollering down at them reporters, "Eat your words! Eat! Eat!" And I hollered at the people, "I am the *king!*"

PLAYBOY: Despite your victory, the fight ended under a cloud of doubt about the genuineness of Liston's arm injury. What's your own opinion?

CLAY: Eight doctors said his arm was hurt. I ain't going to argue with no eight doctors' opinion. And I don't mean that I think nothing different at all. You take a man punching with the strength and force Liston has in a punch; if all he connects with is air—because wherever he hit, I wasn't there—then, yeah, I think it explains how he could have torn a muscle.

PLAYBOY: There was another controversy about the honesty of your failure to pass the three Army preinduction qualification tests that you took shortly after the fight. Any comment?

CLAY: The truth don't hurt nobody. The fact is I never was too bright in school. I just barely graduated. I had a D-minus average. I ain't ashamed of it, though. I mean, how much do school principals make a month? But when I looked at a lot of the questions they had on them Army tests, I just didn't know the answers. I didn't even know how to *start* after finding the answers. That's all. So I didn't pass. It was the Army's decision that they didn't want me to go in the service. They're the boss. I don't want to say no whole lot about it.

PLAYBOY: Was it embarrassing to be declared mentally unfit?

CLAY: I have said I am the greatest. Ain't nobody ever heard me say I was the smartest.

PLAYBOY: What is your feeling about the fact that your purse was withheld after the fight?

CLAY: I don't understand it. I'm not involved in any tax problems. How can they justify holding up my money? But let me tell you something: Money and riches don't mean nothing to me. I don't care nothing about being no rich individual. I'm not living for glory or for fame; all this is doomed for destruction. You got it today, tomorrow it's gone. I got bigger things on my mind than that. I got Islam on my mind.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of Islam, the National Boxing Association announced that it was considering the revocation of your heavyweight title because of your membership in the Black Muslims, which you announced just after the fight. Have you heard any official word on their decision?

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CLAY: It just fizzled out. But until it did, the N. B. A. was going to condemn me, try me, sentence me and execute me, all by themselves. Ain't this country supposed to be where every man can have the religion he wants, even *no* religion if that's what he wants? It ain't a court in America that would take a man's job, or his title, because of his religious convictions. The Constitution forbids Congress from making any laws involving a man's religion. But the N. B. A. would take it on itself to take away my title—for what? What have I done to hurt boxing? I've *helped* boxing. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I don't bother with nobody. Ain't it funny they never said nothing about Liston? He's been arrested for armed robbery, beating up cops, carrying concealed weapons, and I don't know *what* all. And how come they didn't lift Gene Fullmer's title? He was a Mormon. His religion believes Negroes are inferior; they ban Negroes from membership. But I guess that's all right. The N. B. A. don't have no power noway. They can't stop nobody from fighting. And even if they could, it wouldn't matter, because I don't put that much value on no heavy-weight crown anyway. Time was when I did, but that was before I found the religious convictions that I have. When I started getting attacked so bad because I am a Muslim, I had to decide, if it would come to me having to give up one or the other, what was most important to me, my religion or my fighting. I made up my mind that I could give up fighting and never look back. Because it's a whole pile of other ways I could make a living. Me being the world heavy-weight champion feels very small and cheap to me when I put that alongside of how millions of my poor black brothers and sisters are having to struggle just to get their human rights here in America. Maybe God got me here for a sacrifice. I don't know. But I do know that God don't want me to go down for standing up.

PLAYBOY: What or who made you decide to join the Muslims?

CLAY: Nobody or nothing *made* me decide. I make up my mind for myself. In 1960, in Miami, I was training for a fight. It wasn't long after I had won the 1960 Olympic Gold Medal over there in Rome. Herb Liler was the fellow I was going to fight, I remember. I put him on the floor in four. Anyway, one day this Muslim minister came to meet me and he asked me wouldn't I like to come to his mosque and hear about the history of my forefathers. I never had heard no black man talking about no forefathers, except that they were slaves, so I went to a meeting. And this minister started teaching, and the things he said really shook me up. Things like that we twenty million black people in America didn't know our true identities, or even our

true family names. And we were the direct descendants of black men and women stolen from a rich black continent and brought here and stripped of all knowledge of themselves and taught to hate themselves and their kind. And that's how us so-called "Negroes" had come to be the only race among mankind that loved its enemies. Now, I'm the kind that catches on quick. I said to myself, listen here, this man's *saying* something! I hope don't nobody never hit me in the ring hard as it did when that brother minister said the Chinese are named after China, Russians after Russia, Cubans after Cuba, Italians after Italy, the English after England, and clear on down the line everybody was named for somewhere he could call home, except us. He said, "What country are we so-called 'Negroes' named for? *No* country! We are just a lost race." Well, *boom!* That really shook me up.

PLAYBOY: Was that when you joined the Muslims?

CLAY: Not right then, no. Before I joined, I attended a lot of mosque meetings in different places I went. I never did come out of a meeting not understanding something I hadn't known or even thought about before. Everywhere I looked, I started seeing things in a new light. Like, I remember right in our house back in Louisville, all the pictures on the walls were white people. Nothing about us black people. A picture of a white Jesus Christ. Now, what painter ever *saw* Jesus? So who says Jesus was white? And all my life, I had been seeing the black man getting his head whipped by the white man, and stuck in the white man's jails, and things like that. And myself, I had to admit that up to then, I had always hated being black, just like other Negroes, hating our kind, instead of loving one another. The more I saw and thought, the more the truth made sense to me. Whatever I'm for, I always have believed in talking it up, and the first thing you know, I was in Muslim meetings calling out just like the rest, "Right, brother! Tell it, brother! Keep it coming!" And today my religion is Islam, and I'm proud of it.

PLAYBOY: How has it changed your life?

CLAY: In every way. It's pulled me up and cleaned me up as a human being.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more explicit?

CLAY: Well, before I became a Muslim, I used to drink. Yes, I did. The truth is the truth. And after I had fought and beat somebody, I didn't hardly go nowhere without two big, pretty women beside me. But my change is one of the things that will mark me as a great man in history. When you can live righteous in the hell of North America—when a man can control his life, his physical needs, his lower self, he elevates himself. The downfall of so many great men is

that they haven't been able to control their appetite for women.

PLAYBOY: But you have?

CLAY: We Muslims don't touch a woman unless we're married to her.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you don't have affairs with women?

CLAY: I don't even kiss a woman. I'm ashamed of myself, but sometimes I've caught myself wishing I had found Islam about five years from now, maybe—with all the temptations I have to resist. But I don't even kiss none, because you get too close, it's almost impossible to stop. I'm a young man, you know, in the prime of life.

PLAYBOY: You mention temptations. What are they?

CLAY: All types of women—white women, too—make passes at me. Girls find out where I live and knock at the door at one and two in the morning. They send me their pictures and phone numbers, saying please just telephone them, they would like to meet me, do I need a secretary? I've even had girls come up here wearing scarves on their heads, with no make-up and all that, trying to act like young Muslim sisters. But the only catch is a Muslim sister never would do that.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any other religious affiliation before Islam?

CLAY: When I was twelve years old, and didn't know what I was doing, I was baptized in the Centennial Baptist Church in Louisville.

PLAYBOY: Have you given up Christianity, then?

CLAY: The Christian religion has just been used to brainwash the black man here in America. It has just taught him to look for his heaven in the sky, in the hereafter, while the white man enjoys his heaven here on earth.

PLAYBOY: As the owner of four Cadillacs and the recipient of a six-hundred-thousand-dollar purse earned largely from white patronage of your fight with Liston, do you think that assertion is entirely true in your own case?

CLAY: Have you heard anybody complaining he didn't get his money's worth? No! All of the noise is about my religion, something that has nothing to do with fighting. They didn't mind my being champion until they found out I was a Muslim. Then they didn't want nothing to do with me. White people, they worry more about Islam than they do about the championship.

PLAYBOY: Don't you feel that whites have some reason for concern that the heavyweight champion belongs to an organization that is alleged to teach hatred of whites?

CLAY: Look, the black man that's trying to integrate, he's getting beat up and bombed and shot. But the black man that says he don't want to integrate,

(continued on page 190)



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man whose appearance reflects a most interesting background—a more promising future—the PLAYBOY reader considers every angle before he acts. Whether suiting himself for business or getting clad for his club, he naturally buys by brand rather than bargain. Facts: With a high \$9,279 median income, he can afford to dress right and be at ease. And to follow fashion's step, nearly 700,000 PLAYBOY households *alone* spend \$500 or more on wardrobe changes annually. To start him shopping, use his "guide to getting there"—PLAYBOY. (Source: 1964 Starch Consumer Magazine Report.)

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fiction By RAY BRADBURY

HEAVY SET

*malevolently grotesque yet comically
absurd, the 30-year-old man-child
exuded an air of repressed violence*

THE WOMAN STEPPED to the kitchen window and looked out. There in the twilight yard a man stood surrounded by bar bells and dumbbells and dark iron weights of all kinds and slung jump ropes and elastic and coiled-spring exercisers. He wore a sweat suit and tennis shoes and said nothing to anyone as he simply stood in the darkening world and did not know she watched.

This was her son, and people called him Heavy Set.

Heavy Set squeezed the little bunched, coiled springs in his big fists. They were lost in his fingers, like magic tricks; then they reappeared. He crushed them. They vanished. He let them go. They came back.

He did this for ten minutes, otherwise motionless.

Then he bent down and hoisted up the 100-pound bar bell, noiselessly, not breathing. He motioned it a number of times over his head, then abandoned it and went into the open garage among the various surfboards he had cut out and glued together and sanded and painted and waxed, and there he punched a punching bag easily, swiftly, steadily, until his curly golden hair got moist. Then he stopped and filled his lungs until his chest measured 50 inches, and stood, eyes closed, seeing himself in an invisible mirror poised and tremendous, 220 muscled pounds, tanned by the sun, salted by the sea wind and his own sweat.

He exhaled. He opened his eyes.

He walked into the house, into the kitchen and did not look at his mother, this woman, and opened the refrigerator and let the arctic cold steam him while he drank a quart of milk straight out of the carton, never putting it down, just gulping and swallowing. Then he sat down at the kitchen table to examine the Halloween pumpkins.

He had gone out earlier in the day and bought the pumpkins and carved most of them and did a fine job: They were beauties and he was proud of them. Now, looking childlike in the kitchen, he started carving the last of them. You would never suspect he was 30 years old, he still moved so swiftly, so quietly, for a large action like hitting a wave with an uptilted and outthrust board, or here with the small action of a knife, giving sight to a Halloween eye. The electric light bulb filled the summer wildness of his hair, but revealed no emotion, except this one intent purpose of carving, on his face. There was all muscle in him, and no fat, and that muscle waited behind every move of the knife.

His mother came and went on personal errands around the house and then came to stand and look at him and the pumpkins and smile. She was used to him. She heard him every night drubbing the punching bag outside, or squeezing the little metal springs in his hands or grunting as he lifted his world of weights and held them in balance on his strangely quiet shoulders. She was used to all these sounds even as she knew the ocean coming in on the shore beyond the cottage and laying itself out flat and shining on the sand. Even as she was used, by now, to hearing Heavy Set each night on the phone saying he was tired to girls and saying no, no he had to wax the car tonight or do



his exercises to the 18-year-old boys who called.

She cleared her throat. "Was the dinner good tonight?"

"Sure," he said.

"I had to get special steak. I bought the asparagus fresh."

"It was good," he said.

"I'm glad you liked it, I always like to have you like it."

"Sure," he said, working.

"What time is the party?"

"Seven-thirty." He finished the last of the smile on the pumpkin and sat back. "If they all show up—they might not show up—I bought two jugs of cider."

He got up and moved into his bedroom, quietly massive, his shoulders filling the door and beyond. In the room, in the half-dark, he made the strange pantomime of a man seriously and silently wrestling an invisible opponent as he got into his costume. He came to the door of the living room a minute later licking a gigantic peppermint striped lollipop. He wore a pair of short black pants, a little boy's shirt with ruff collar, and an Eton cap. He licked the lollipop and said, "I'm the mean little kid!" and the woman who had been watching him laughed. He walked with an exaggerated little child's walk, licking the huge lollipop, all around the room while she laughed at him and he said things and pretended to be leading a big dog on a rope. "You'll be the life of the party!" the woman cried, pink-faced and exhausted. He was laughing now, also.

The phone rang.

He toddled out to answer it in the bedroom. He talked for a long time and his mother heard him say Oh For Gosh Sakes several times and finally he came slowly and massively into the living room looking stubborn. "What's wrong?" she wanted to know.

"Aw," he said, "half the guys aren't showing up at the party. They got other dates. That was Tommy calling. He's got a date with a girl from somewhere. Good grief."

"There'll be enough," said his mother.

"I don't know," he said.

"There'll be enough for a party," she said. "You go on."

"I ought to throw the pumpkins in the garbage," he said, scowling.

"Well you just go on and have a good time," she said. "You haven't been out in weeks."

Silence.

He stood there twisting the huge lollipop as big as his head, turning it in his large muscular fingers. He looked as if at any moment now he would do what he did other nights. Some nights he pressed himself up and down on the ground with his arms and some nights he played a game of basketball

with himself and scored himself, team against team, black against white, in the back yard. Some nights he stood around like this and then suddenly vanished and you saw him way out in the ocean swimming long and strong and quiet as a seal under the full moon or you could not see him those nights the moon was gone and only the stars lay over the water but you heard him there, on occasion, a faint splash as he went under and stayed under a long time and came up, or he went out sometimes with his surfboard as smooth as a girl's cheeks, sandpapered to a softness, and came riding in, huge and alone on a white and ghostly wave that creamed along the shore and touched the sands with the surfboard as he stepped off like a visitor from another world and stood for a long while holding the soft smooth surfboard in the moonlight, a quiet man and a vast tombstone-shaped thing held there with no writing on it. In all the nights like that in the past years, he had taken a girl out three times one week and she ate a lot and every time he saw her she said Let's Eat and so one night he drove her up to a restaurant and opened the car door and helped her out and got back in and said There's the Restaurant. Solong. And drove off. And went back to swimming way out, alone. Much later, a girl was half an hour late getting ready and he never spoke to her again.

Thinking all this, remembering all this, his mother looked at him now.

"Don't stand there," she said. "You make me nervous."

"Well," he said, resentfully.

"Go on!" she cried. But she didn't cry it strong enough. Even to herself her voice sounded faint. And she did not know if her voice was just naturally faint or if she made it that way. She might as well have been talking about winter coming; everything she said had a lonely sound. And she heard the words again from her own mouth, with no force: "Go on!"

He went into the kitchen. "I guess there'll be enough guys there," he said.

"Sure, there will," she said, smiling again. She always smiled again. Sometimes when she talked to him, night after night, she looked as if she were lifting weights, too. When he walked through the rooms she looked like she was doing the walking for him. And when he sat brooding, as he often did, she looked around for something to do which might be burn the toast or overfire the steak. She made a short barking faint and stifled laugh now. "Get out, have a good time." But the echoes of it moved around in the house as if it were already empty and cold and he should come back in the door. Her lips moved: "Fly away."

He snatched up the cider and the pumpkins and hurried them out to his car. It was a new car and had been new and unused for almost a year. He polished it and jiggered with the motor or lay underneath it for hours messing with all the junk there, or just sat in the front seat glancing over the strength and health magazines, but rarely drove it. He put the cider and the cut pumpkins proudly in on the front seat, and by this time he was thinking of the possible good time tonight, so he did a little child's stagger as if he might drop everything, and his mother laughed. He licked his lollipop again, jumped into the car, backed it out of the gravel driveway, swerved it around down by the ocean, not looking out at this woman, and drove off along the shore road. She stood in the yard watching the car go away. William, my son, she thought.

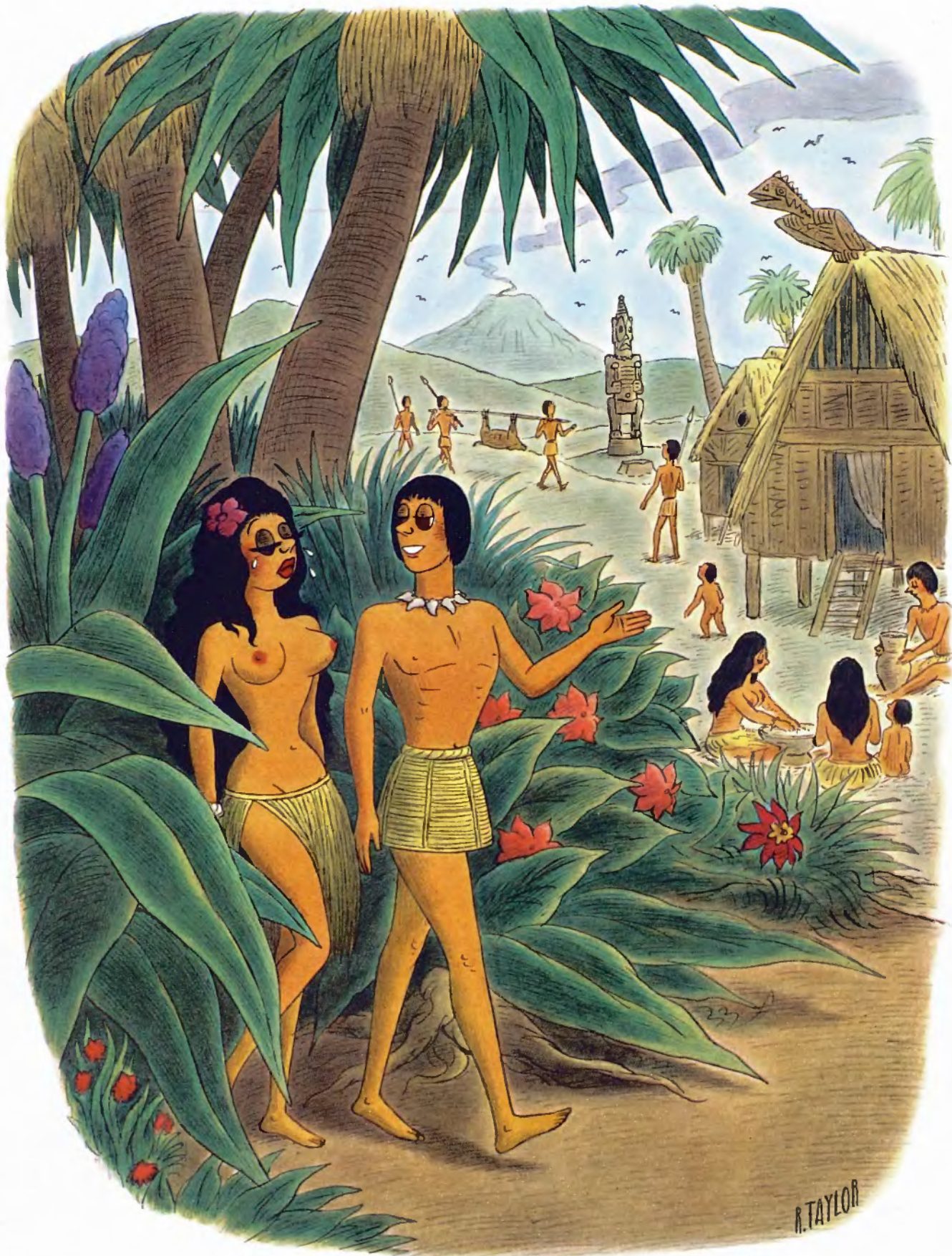
It was 7:15 and very dark now; already the children were fluttering along the sidewalks in white ghost sheets and zinc-oxide masks, ringing bells, screaming, lumpy paper sacks banging their knees as they ran.

William, she thought.

They didn't call him William, they called him Heavy Set and Sammy which was short for Samson. They called him Butch and they called him Atlas and Hercules. At the beach you always saw the high school boys around him feeling his biceps as if he were a new sports car, testing him, admiring him. He walked golden among them. Each year it was that way. And then the 18-year-old ones got to be 19 and didn't come around so often and then 20 and very rarely and then 21 and never again, just gone, and suddenly there were new 18-year-olds to replace them, yes, always the new ones to stand where the others had stood in the sun, while the older ones went on somewhere to something and somebody else.

William, my good boy, she thought. We go to shows on Saturday nights. He works on the high-power lines all day, up in the sky, alone, and sleeps alone in his room at night, and never reads a book or a paper or listens to a radio or plays a record, and this year he'll be 31. And just where, in all the years, did the thing happen that put him up on that pole alone and working out alone every night? Certainly there had been enough women, here and there, now and then, through his life. Little scrubby ones, of course, fools, yes, by the look of them, but women, or girls, rather, and none worth glancing at a second time. Still, when a boy gets past 30 . . . ? She sighed. Why, even as recently as last night the phone had rung. Heavy Set had answered it, and she could fill in the unheard half of the conversation; she had heard thousands like it in a dozen years:

(continued on page 193)



R. TAYLOR

"Look at it this way—the next time they decide to sacrifice a virgin, you won't have a thing to worry about!"



marco polo's spices

Below: Horst plays Polo games with Tartar tort, who hides in Siberian coonskin.



horst buchholz and some immodest maidens spoof the latest in the epic-film trend to noncostume costumes

THOUGH MARCO POLO is reputed to have journeyed all the way to Cathay in search of spices of the marjoram-and-thyme sort, the latest cinematic rendering of his travels has Horst Buchholz (as Marco) uncovering exotic dishes more of the sugar-and-sweetmeat variety. In its photographic paeans to the flesh, *Marco Polo* lends further substance to the observation that the "costumes" in costume epics, if not the films themselves, are becoming simultaneously skimpier and more spectacular. For *Marco*, French costume designer Jacques Fonteray was called on to produce brief garb for a horde of Mongol and Tartar types usually portrayed dressed to the teeth. As these pages show, he was up to the task of dressing them down.

Below: Fair-skinned Mongol displays Oriental version of plunging neckline.





Encircled at left: Buchholz relaxes in Xonodu pleasure dome, availing himself of Kubloi Khon's two-Chinos policy, in graphic explanation of why it took Morco Polo 25 years to get back to Venice. In a farewell scene played for the PLAYBOY photographer, in parody of the epic manner of epic films, Morco bids loving adieu to Tortor chick who is modishly clad in calf-length loce-up Amazon Capezios and breakaway leopard-skin jumper with stylish Oriental side slit. Astride his best Arabion (above), Marco bestows parting coress on wory houri, and (below) suggests check-in hours and department rules to guide her in his obsence. Right: As Marco prepores to gollop off to Somorkond, Tortress has change of heort, gently urges him bock for one lost kiss. These shots were taken on location in Yugoslavia, where French film compony reconstructed 13th Century China setting, including temples ond Great Woll.



PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION IN YUGOSLAVIA EXCLUSIVELY FOR PLAYBOY BY DESMOND RUSSELL





article By VANCE BOURJAILY

YES, MASTERS, I have caught trout on worms and even salmon eggs, and may, I fear, do it again tomorrow if the weather's nice (and if no one's looking, of course, and the fish won't take any sporting artificial flies). If the weather's threatening, so that it doesn't seem wise to drive 90 miles north to the nearest trout stream, I may just snag a few carp from the Iowa river near home instead.

That I, who am relatively pure—or anyway self-righteous—as a hunter of birds, should be so infinitely corrupt when I approach a trout stream causes me more concern than it might seem worth. It's that my character is weak, rather than shameless. And just to show there's good stuff here, if one can get to it, I might tell you that I've given up carp snagging—snatching them illegally out of the water with an unbaited treble hook, that is—since I learned that one's permitted to shoot them with a bow and arrow. The arrow is barbed, the bow has a simple reel on it, aiming becomes no more than a matter of general direction if enough carp are congregated close to the surface. Once I impaled three indignant fish on a single chance arrow; as my friend Con Carter says, it seems like too much fun not to be against the law.

So, you see, I'm very nearly a redeemed man on carp. Further, I fish correctly for crappie with weighted streamers; for bluegill with feathered popping bugs; for bass, pike and walleye with plugs and casting rod. It's with trout that I break down, the fish toward which ethical behavior is so rigorously and traditionally codified that the approved way of catching them seems more a ceremony than a method, a ceremony with which, at (continued on page 94)

*a personal paean to the
delights and frustrations
of angling for the elusive trout*

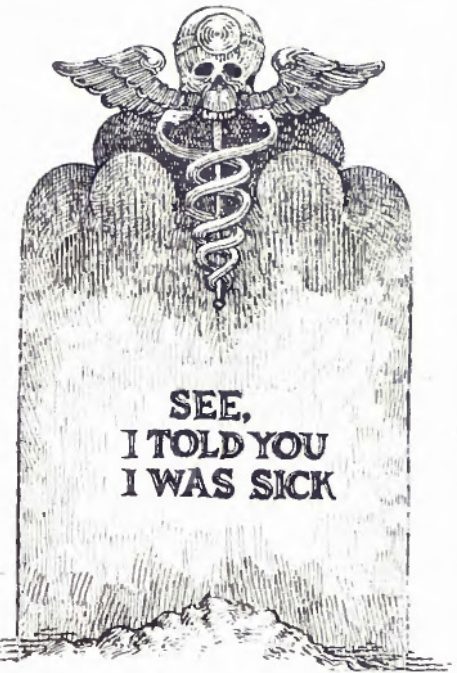
RAINBOWS IN A BUCKET

humor
BY LARRY SIEGEL
**INSTANT
 EPITAPHS**
*far-from-grave swan
 songs for a host of
 dear departeds*

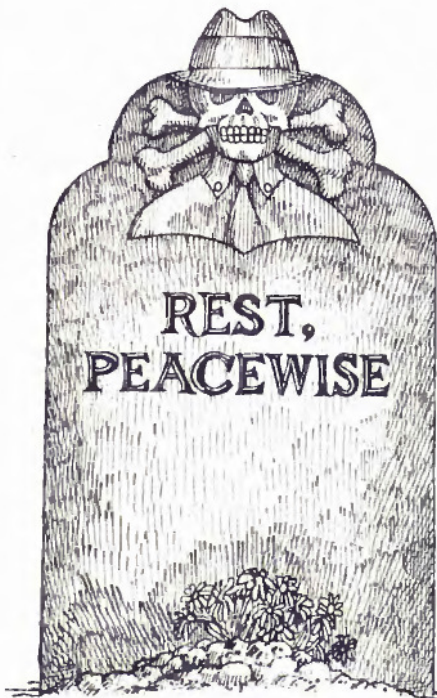
jazz musicians



hypochondriacs



admen



status seekers



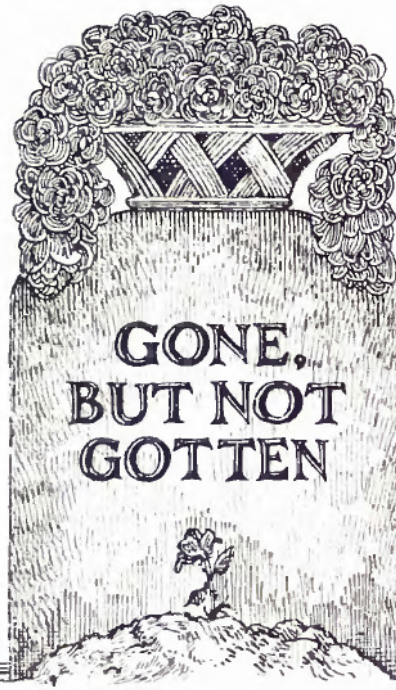
tv panel moderators



name-droppers



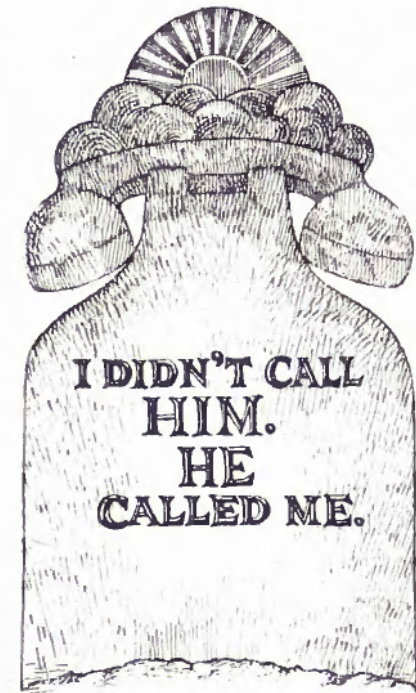
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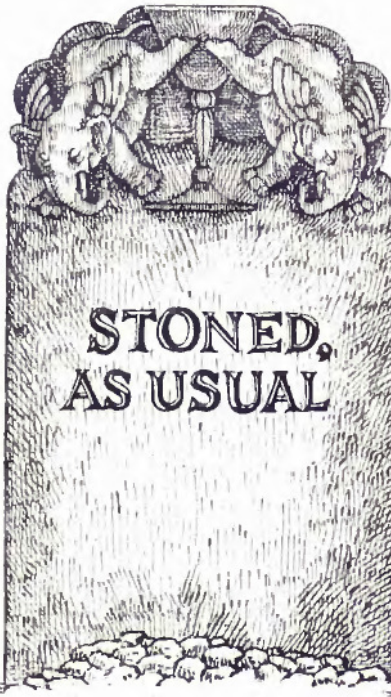
night-club comics



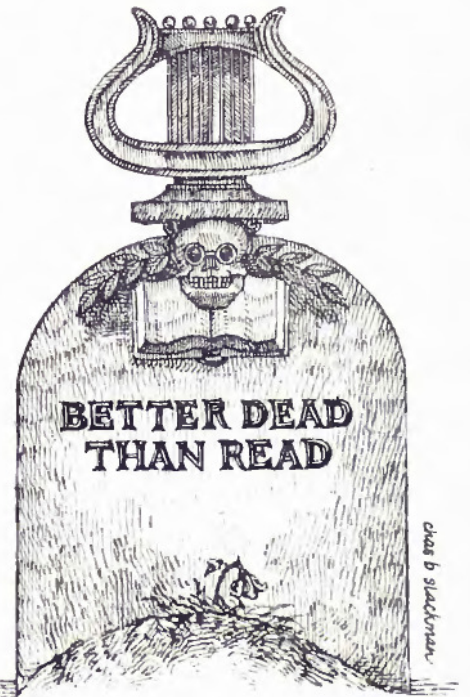
agents



alcoholics



beatnik poets



Chris B. Stockman

RAINBOWS *(continued from page 91)*

home in winter when the streams are frozen, I wistfully identify.

The pricks under which my trout-fishing conduct becomes so deplorable are those inflicted by the old barbed arrows shot into carp snaggers from the bowstring stretched between illusion and reality. Around the next bend of the trout stream, up past the rapids at the pool, I had always expected (if I saw a fellow fisherman at all; I hoped not to) a knight, parfit and gentil, let alone compleat. He was to be a lean and stream-wise intellectual of fishing, gracious, something of an aristocrat in his quiet way, with bamboo fly rod, battered hat and heirloom creel. The hat would be stuck with dry flies and I would pause, hushed, to watch his style as he stood there in waders, calculated the current, selected a fly and, having tied it on, made his studied and impeccable cast.

I have never seen him. At long intervals, I see a man something like him; a little more often I see a man like me, trying to be like him, though actually we might more efficiently be trying to emulate Con Carter. Con is one of a new sort of expert, trained to compete for today's trout in today's streams, against the currently prevalent kind of competition. This competition is represented by what I more generally see at a pool above the rapids than a knight, a Quixote, or a brilliant young technician: She is a cheerfully aging rural housewife, stout and red-faced, very likely in her print dress, sitting on a canvas stool about four feet away from a two-tone sedan, who arrived by a road through the woods I never knew was there. She is waiting placidly as her husband puts a cheese-flavored marshmallow on the rather large hook at the end of the line on her spin-casting rod. There are three or four fair-sized rainbow trout floating belly up in a bucket of water between them.

My old-school fly-fisherman still exists in the East, or so I gather from reading, and has a somewhat more rugged, mountain-climbing counterpart in the far West; actually, there must be men who fish well with a fly rod in all parts of the country, and I honor them all. They must find their pleasure, I would think, at the comparatively few streams and rivers where trout still spawn naturally and grow up wild. But in the majority of our streams today there swims a troutlike fish, mass-produced in hatcheries, whose habits and responses are so different from those of a wild trout that the lady with the marshmallows might outfish anybody, at a certain time; these hatchery fish simply don't know that a fly floating naturally in the current is more appropriate and safer food than a

gelatinous, cheese-flavored chunk of stuff, weighted and lying on the bottom. This is especially true in the first few days after stocking, when the fish are still lying in uneasy schools, like suckers, at the pool bottoms, waiting for the man with the food basket to come along as he has on all the previous days of their lives in the hatchery tanks.

At such times, the majority are caught. The survivors move out, and become somewhat stream-wise. These survivors are not necessarily easy to catch; nevertheless, I am not convinced that the classic method that applies to wild trout is the most effective way to bring them to the creel. This classic way would be: Study the water; move carefully and in concealment to a point where the place most likely to harbor a trout may be cast to; use a fly that resembles in size, shape and color the particular form of insect life on which fish in this stream may be feeding today; and present this fly so artfully that it seems to have arrived over the feeding station naturally. In contrast, Con Carter moves fast from pool to pool to outdistance other fishermen, may peer in to assure himself a fish is there, and, when he uses artificials, favors things that look as if they hatched from Easter eggs.

Con grew up catching these hatchery survivors, and is the best at it of anyone I know. I have watched him closely through several seasons, and will herein reveal and illustrate such of his fishing secrets as I understand, hoping that knowing them will do you more good than it has me.

I will also reveal, in an account of the same curious fishing trip I have chosen as illustrating the way Con works, a secret of my own. It is guaranteed to enable you to do what I have done just once: Pay close attention to my words, follow my example without deviation, and you will positively catch a limit of trout on dry flies in less than half an hour. There is nothing to add to or qualify this guarantee except to forewarn you that, having so triumphed, I felt a good deal less pride in that limit of fish than I have felt about trout caught on worms. Or even salmon eggs.

The trip that was to make a successful, if somewhat shamefaced, fly-fisherman out of me began on a very hot day last summer. I had decided to drive up to the northeast corner of Iowa, near the Minnesota border, to a place I had never been before called Westerly Creek, where I would fish, sleep on the bank and fish again in the morning. According to a book our Conservation Commission publishes called *Iowa Fish and Fishing*, Westerly Creek is the longest

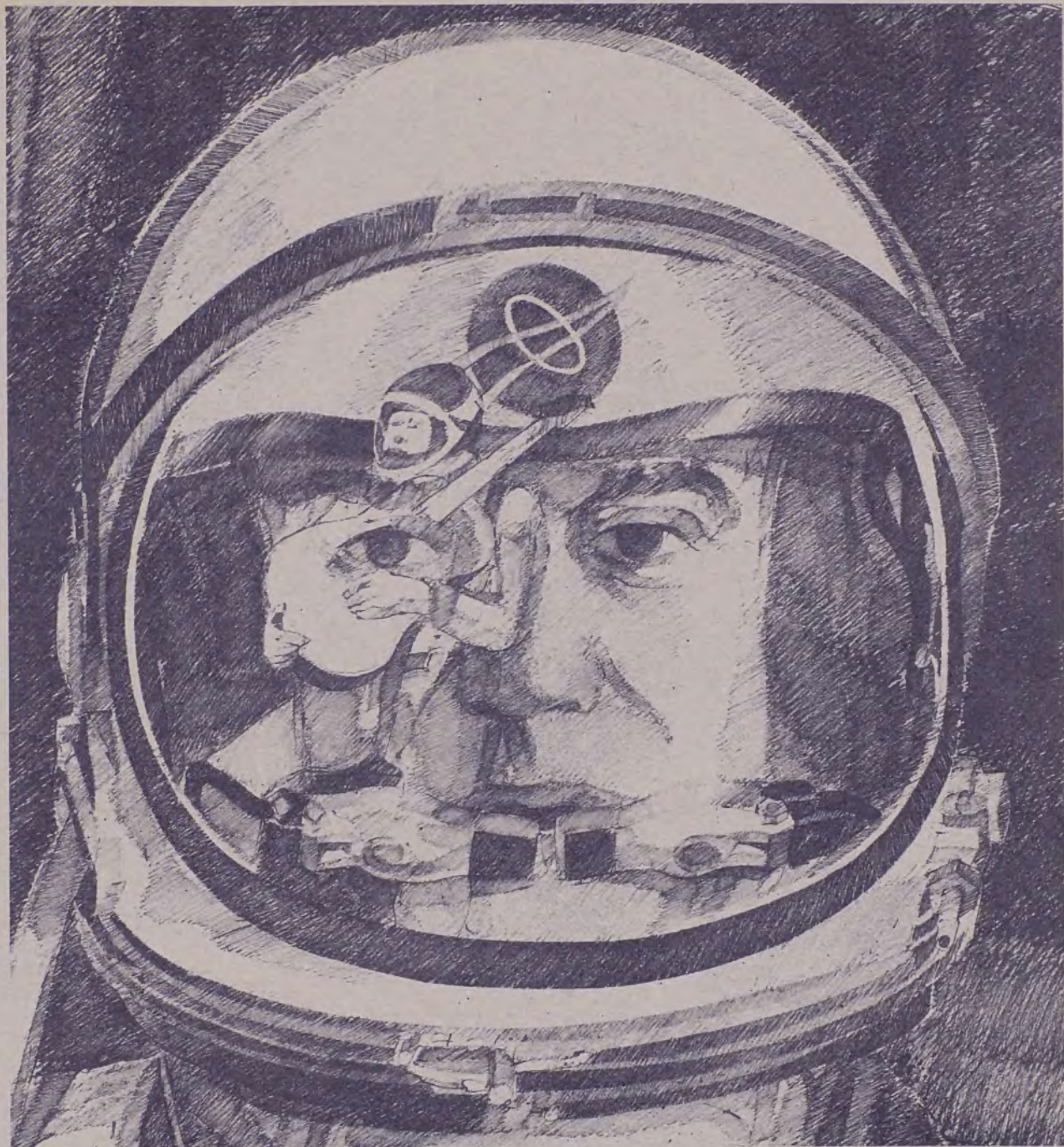
stretch of trout water in the small part of this state to which the original range of the brook trout extended, an area in which natural reproduction may still, if very rarely, occur. It was not that I thought I would catch a native fish, but it did increase my anticipation of the stream to know that a hundred years ago, when the land lying west of it was prairie, and the upper Mississippi River into which it drains an insufficient barrier to the men who were coming to plow the plains, strip the timber, erode the land and silt the streams—in a time the oldest farmers around there might still remember as their boyhoods—wild trout swam in Westerly Creek, Waterloo, French, South Bear, Little Paint, Buck, Joy Springs and Ensign Hollow. The oldest farmers must have caught them, playing hooky from the one-room schools, as Indian kids must have before them. Cave-man kids, for all I know.

The brookies were there through all the world's life until the instant of it that is the past hundred years in which we wiped them out and, seeing our mistake early, began replacing them with production models. Hatching fish for those streams, according to the book I've mentioned, started as early as 1872, and by now the manufacturers stock a more complete line than was ever offered here by nature—in addition to the brookies there are brown trout, whose native range is Scotland and Germany, rainbows which began in the Rocky Mountains, and a hybrid brook-brown whose native range is the cross-fertilization tank.

The first I saw of Westerly Creek, turning off a secondary road onto an unpaved one, was disappointing. We were still below the point, a town called Brinkley, where the map indicated that trout fishing started, and that was hopeful; the water looked clear, and that was hopeful, too. But the creek moved slowly, spread out flat and shallow between level meadows, and not even turning often. By the time I reached Brinkley, though, things looked a little more promising. The banks were cut deeper, twists came more often, and the bed of the stream was two or three feet below the surface. There was a bridge at the edge of town, and under it the pool looked quite deep—eight feet, perhaps—but murky and not very fast, a good place for turtles.

Still, on the bank near the bridge was an infallible sign that trout ought to be present—a small green sign put up by the Conservation Commission reminding anglers that a special, two-dollar trout stamp must be purchased and fixed to one's license before fishing any area so posted. I cheered up. Between this sign

(continued on page 182)



REQUIEM ON THE MOON

everything around him was dead—his companion, the plane, even space itself
fiction BY DAVID DUNCAN

"I CAN'T STAND IT, CHARLIE," John Leonard whispered. "There's no reality left, nothing to hang on to. I'll never last the fourteen days until morning."

The sun had taken an incredibly long time to set and even after it was gone the mountains and the rims of distant craters reflected its white fire for hours. The light was scalding, its brilliance accented by the blackness of the surrounding shadows. The desolate landscape with its pitted deserts and fanged prominences was like a woodcut, all black and white with no gradations of gray in between. But now as the sunlight left the tips of the tallest peaks and true night came, it brought the softening of starlight. There were millions of stars in the jet-black sky, brilliant like nothing ever seen on earth.

Heat was leaving the moon's surface, too. A mile away a cliff, already fractured into countless facets by violent temperature changes, split again as the heat sped from the rock. A large slab sheered away and fell, rotating in a curious slow-motion manner into an unseen abyss beneath. There was no

sound, but a moment later John felt the vibrations through the floor of the bubble that housed him.

"But I'll try, Charlie," John said, "if I can only keep track of who I am."

Colonel Charles Milford said nothing, being dead. Nor could he have heard John's voice even had he been living, for he lay in the airless night outside the bubble, his profile delineated by starlight, his hawk nose absurdly repeating the arched line of a distant mountain shoulder. On the moon only the dead could endure direct contact with the void.

A hundred yards beyond Charlie's body was the giant radio telescope, its great parabolic antenna twisted toward the sky like a cupped ear. On a knobby hill to its left was the optical telescope, by no means as large as many on earth, but most certainly the largest on the moon. Both telescopes were operated by remote control from within the bubble, but because they were recent installations, there were still gremlins in the control system. It was in tracking down and eliminating one of these gremlins that Colonel Charles Milford lost his life. An accident. There were certain to be accidents when men were placed in a physical environment that fought with the habits of a lifetime.

Habit had killed Charlie. He'd gone out to correct the circuit in the radio telescope and with the task finished had risen to his feet. But his leg muscles forgot that they were on the moon. Out of habit they exerted the same downward thrust that would have been required on earth, so that instead of merely rising to an upright position, Charlie had leaped into space, striking his helmet against the girder above. The blow flung him sideways and the metal lead to his oxygen tank was punctured by the sharp corner of a protruding bolthead.

Watching from the air lock—for rules forbade more than one man leaving the bubble at a time except in emergencies—John saw the accident and heard Charlie's cry for help over his radio. His own habits completed the disaster. In his urgency John forgot what he'd only barely learned—that to make haste on the moon, one must tread slowly. He tried to run as he'd have run on earth and the result was a leap that took him 15 feet into space, arms flailing and legs kicking. He twisted off balance and sprawled awkwardly on the ground, only to leap up too quickly as Charlie had done, and repeat the same floundering performance. Charlie was unconscious by the time John reached him. John carried him back to the bubble, an easy task on the moon, and then endured an agony of waiting while the pressure built up in the air lock to the point where he could strip off Charlie's space suit and try to revive him. It was too late. Charlie was dead.

For hours John worked over Charlie's body, refusing to admit defeat until the body grew chill beneath his hands and then he fell sobbing onto his bunk, stricken with guilt and a sense of irreparable loss. Charlie was dead and John was alone on the far side of the moon where he'd have to remain another two months until the ship from earth returned with a relief shift. Two months hadn't seemed long while Charlie was alive, but now it loomed ahead like eternity. There was never such a solitary confinement.

The dim landscape that stretched away through the starlight was a nightmare landscape. Nothing lived there—not a blade of grass, not even a patch of lichen. The cold emptiness of space hugged tight against the rock of the planet itself. Charlie lay out there where John had placed him, his face naked to the starlight. During the fortnight of darkness his body would be well preserved.

A nightmare. Not even the heavens were reminiscent of earth. It was February now and the great winter constellations glittered in the velvet sky. High in the south Orion stood with his club poised above the red eye of Taurus while the great dog snarled at his heels. But these familiar patterns were of dream stuff. White Sirius and red Aldebaran gleamed with a brilliance that only Venus could achieve on earth. Worse yet, the stars appeared absolutely stationary. Instead of circling in majestic order around the pole star, they remained for hour after hour with no perceptible change. It would take them a week to pass halfway across the sky.

This stability of the heavens was what made the far side of the moon a perfect site for an observatory. Here the station was completely shielded from any electromagnetic disturbances originating on earth, for earth was never visible. Whatever signals the radio telescope picked up had to come from space. And the optical telescope, rid of earth's distorting atmosphere and able to retain a focus on faint objects for days at a time, could bring into photographic resolution celestial secrets whose existence had never before been suspected.

A systematic mapping of the heavens was the task to which John Leonard and Colonel Charles Milford had been assigned, and as long as the electronic controls functioned, it was a task that one man could complete—providing he remained a man. Charlie could have done it.

"God, Charlie," John whispered, "if we could only change places. That would make it easy. I could relax then, shake off this blankness, stop drifting . . ." He broke off, aware that irrationality was creeping into the very efforts he was making to fight it, and conscious also of a disgusting self-pity that made him angry at himself. Momentarily his sense of responsibility and self-possession returned.

He turned from the transparent wall and the sight of Charlie's immobile *(continued on page 152)*

strong silent types dummy up—smartly—in the clean lines of this season's elegant garb

PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

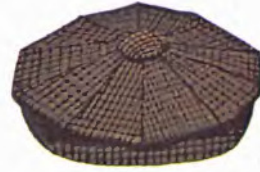
IN RECRUITING models for our semi-annual coverage of the newest and best in masculine apparel, we could have put them in elegant settings—thus augmenting our style selections with an aura of urban excitement—or we could have employed motionless mannequins, the better to show off the style, stitch and weave of every garment. No dummies we, we opted for the best of both worlds by



Our man's the very madel of a modern fashion plate in his water-repellent wool tapcoat with fly front, bal collar, raglan sleeves, black zip-in wool lining, by Alligator, \$50.75; cottan broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, barrel cuffs, by Jaysan, \$5; Dacron rep tie, by Superba, \$3.50; narrow-brim felt hat with tapered crown, grasgrain band, by Champ, \$11.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT BRUNTON

Invisible man at left sports Italian 3/4-length coat of leather-look cotton with double-stitched detailing, side-buttoned belt, deep side vents, blanket-plaid lining, by Marshall Ray, \$60; cotton twill shirt with tapered body, by Van Heusen, \$5; cotton-wool hat with stitched crown and brim, by Dobbs, \$9. At right is unseen owner of brushed-wool jacket with Orlan-pile lining, hidden zip-out hood, drawstring bottom, by Woolrich, \$25; tapered cotton-knit turtleneck, by Reis, \$3; hamespun-weave wool worsted slacks, by Carbin, \$25; snap-visored carduray cap, by Cap Crafters, \$4.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

Men make like mannequins in outspoken outerwear: Left, in nylon-wool coat with tabbed leather buttons, button-off hood, back yoke, full lining, by Zero King, \$50; cotton-knit pullover, by Reis, \$3; center, in nylon-wool double-breasted peacoat with full black Orlon-pile lining, slash pockets, by Fox Knapp, \$25; imported cotton shirt with tapered body, buttondown collar, by Wren, \$10; right, in wool coat with alpaca shawl collar, side vents, alpaca lining, by McGregor, \$60; cotton madras shirt, by Manhattan, \$8; velour-finish hat with Pakistani crown, by Miller (Bianchi), \$13.

utilizing live models to play the parts of mute mannequins. Notwithstanding this stroke of genius, we still had to forecast the trends, and so, packing our warm-weather duds in the closet and unpacking our sartorial crystal ball, we present herewith PLAYBOY's predictions for fall and winter.

Last year's love affair between Ivy and Continen-



Wild and woolly yarn at left is deep-textured Italian rib-knit sweater with multi-striped V neck, by Oleg Cassini, \$45; cotton oxford shirt with tapered body, borrel cuffs, box-pleat back, by Aetna, \$5. Stylish center of attention is hand-knit Austrian wool V-neck pullover, by Jontzen, \$35; British Viyello ploid shirt with borrel cuffs, by Manhotton, \$19. At right is rugged bulky-knit Scandinavion-style V-neck wool pullover with ribbed neck, cuffs and bottom, by Cotelino, \$27.50; British cotton shirt with borrel cuffs, by Hothawoy, \$13; cotton corduroy slacks, by H.I.S., \$7.

tal styles, as we foretold, has settled down into a compatible and uneventful marriage. The classic suit, reflecting the blend of these two influences, will now drift into the background, while a new trend steals the spotlight. Responding to a direction that began with tapered dress shirts and trim trousers, and has now arrived in men's suits, top-



coats and sports jackets. well-dressed men will be wearing clothing that is shaped to the contours of their bodies.

The art of the custom tailor has been brought to the ready-made showroom, where the "shaped suit" will replace the venerable straight-hanging look. The key area in this (text continued on page 104).

Rounding out our wardrobe of informal winter weekend wear are: Left, lumber-jack-plaid wool pullover shirt jacket with four-button front, buttoned flap-potch pockets, by Woolrich, \$13; wrinkle-resistant tapered cotton twill cuffless trousers with extension waistband, quarter-top pockets, by Levi Strauss, \$7; center, brushed-wool and mohair striped turtleneck pullover, by Puritan, \$18; right, brushed-Orlon and mohair six-button cardigan with allover diamond pattern, by Robert Bruce, \$15; long-sleeved cotton turtleneck pullover shirt with tapered body, by Reis, \$3.



Strong silent types look downright human in urban weekday wear. Left: Orlon-wool herringbone tweed jacket with three-button front, hocking pockets, center vent, cotton suede trim, coordinated royon flannel vest and belt-loop trousers, all by H.I.S., \$40; cotton oxford buttondown with barrel cuffs, button-flop pockets, by Eagle, \$7; silk rep tie, by Beau Brummel, \$3.50. Center: Check wool jacket with three-button front, side vents, hocking pockets, coordinated cotton suede six-button vest and wool worsted flannel slacks with belt loops, side pockets, all by PBM, \$69.50; cotton broadcloth shirt with tapered body, medium-spread collar, barrel cuffs, by Truvol, \$4; Wemblon-silk tie, by Wembley, \$2.50; narrow-brimmed felt hat, by Dobbs, \$17. Right: Jouny Orlon and wool glen-plaid jacket with three-button front, side vents, flop pockets, by Movest, \$40; wool belt-loop slacks with side pockets, by YMM, \$18; cotton oxford shirt with snop-tab collar, by Sero, \$7; silk tie, by Vego de Madrid, \$3.50.



Our quick-changing trio resumes statuesque impersonation in understated new outfits. Left: Trimly tailored wool herringbone topcoat with fly front, notch lapels, flap pockets, double stitching, hook vent, by Worsted-Text, \$75; cotton broadcloth shirt with snap-tab collar, convertible cuffs, by Jayson, \$5; silk rep tie, by Wembley, \$2.50; hand-sewn capeskin gloves, by Daniel Hays, \$9; center-creased felt hat with narrow raw-edged snap brim, grosgrain band, by Dabbs, \$15. Center: Wool worsted cheviat suit with flap pockets, hook vent, lap seams, crease-holding belt-loop trousers, by Warsted-Text, \$75; cotton oxford buttondown with barrel cuffs, by Wren, \$6.50; imparted silk rep tie, by Seidler, \$5. Right: Muted glen-plaid wool suit with three-button jacket, hacking pockets, deep side vents, matching vest, trousers with side pockets, by Cricketeer, \$70; cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, barrel cuffs, by Van Heusen, \$5; silk rep tie, by Carter and Holmes, \$3.50.



Two in tableou cut fashionable figures: Left, in wool overcoat with acrylic-pile lining and collar, leather-covered buttons, flap pockets, center vent, by Botany 500, \$80; cotton oxford buttondown with borrel cuffs, by Wren, \$6.50; silk rep tie, by Corter and Holmes, \$3.50; hand-sewn calfskin gloves, by Daniel Hays, \$11; narrow-brim felt hat, by Knox, \$17; right, in wool worsted suit with flop pockets, hook vent, matching vest, by College Holl, \$69; cotton broodcloth shirt with medium-spread collar, barrel cuffs, by Truvol, \$4; silk rep tie, by Vega de Modrid, \$3.50.

shape-up is the waist, which will be sharply defined; the shoulder line and lapels will be contrastingly wider and armholes and lapels will be raised. The European influence responsible for these modifications extends also to the elimination of flaps, not only on suit but on outercoat pockets, which serves to enhance the trim quality of this silhouette.



In traditional suit styles, the classic three-button is still the basic choice for office and weekend wear, with the two-button version preferred for cocktail parties and evenings on the town. Colors are essentially subdued this season, with black leading off for theater dates, and medium shades of gray, blue and brown acceptable (*continued on page 169*)

Now elegantly accoutered for an evening on the town, same pair strikes formal pose: Left, in Docron-wool-mohair dinner jacket with red silk lining, satin shawl collar, side vents, formal trousers with extension waistband, \$75; matching waistcoat and formal satin tie, \$15; narrow-pleated formal shirt with convertible cuffs, \$9, all by After Six; right, in mohair-worsted formal suit with sleeve cuffs, moire-edged cloverleaf lapels, side vents, trousers with extension waistband, by Lord West, \$145; Docron-cotton broadcloth formal shirt with convertible cuffs, by Excelllo, \$13.





"Well, we found out what's been clogging your chimney since last December, Miss Emmy."

SUE ME RICH

to put the novel across he needed anson luddy's aid—but anson gave him somewhat more than he needed fiction By Bernard Wolfe

Lakrabos
May

Anson Luddy!

Good to hear from you! This history-polluted Aegean's so far from Malibu (on our splendid isle we don't even have a moviehouse) that I wasn't sure the mails could get through.

Yes, I've been working. How I've been working. It's less than six months since I crept away from Tambo Town, bloody, bowed, but nicely solvent, and the novel's finished. The more I examine it the less can I avoid the conclusion that it's a dazzler.

But I find nothing in this deftly spun tale for Anson Luddy. I know you movie luminaries are always on the hunt for vehicles, Conestogas, bobsleds, but I just don't see a movie here. Rather, I might, but Hollywood producers won't. This is "another" novel *about* Hollywood. You know how Hollywood, in an uncharacteristic access of modesty, is forever pronouncing that the subject of Hollywood is not box office.

I understand *Roar of Charlemagne* is



getting mixed notices in New York. Well, mixed notices are better than no notice at all, I always say. It rather astonishes me that the critics would go so far as to acknowledge the existence of our epic with any reaction beyond a shudder. Incidentally, if you're stuck for projects, why not follow up with *Squeak of Charlemagne?* *Grunt of Charlemagne?* *Belch?* *Yip?* *Falsetto?* Might be a series there.

Gloria sends greetings. She's in her seventh month; lazing for two.

All best,

Jonathan Silk

Lakrabos
May

Dear Anson,

OK—you insisted, so I've airmailed a set of galleys. But I want to make sure you don't read things into the text that aren't there.

Anson, you're *not* the movie star in this book. There are *superficial* resemblances—Andor Mustie is a bruiser, he scowls a lot, his lower lip is meaty, he once was a roustabout and spent time in the merchant marine. I made this guy look *somewhat* like you *physically* because, frankly, I like your looks, you're a convincing star type. As for Mustie's less savory side—his (continued on page 174)

Hail Britannia!

*bounteous miss hillcrest is england's
loveliest entry in the uncommon market*

IN ALMOST 11 YEARS of unveiling feminine charm, we've discovered our Playmates in small-town shops, in big-city banks, in our own offices, in beauty contests, in various facets of showbiz, on college campuses, and in our Playboy Clubs. Though for the most part *we've* discovered *them*, occasionally our Playmates have turned the tables, introducing themselves through letters with snapshots enclosed, as did Nancy Jo Hooper, our February 1964 Playmate. Our prize for the most refreshingly direct approach to date, however, goes to Rosemarie Hillcrest, the statuesque British beauty who graces our gatefold this month. A 21-year-old student at the Sceptered Isle's prestigious Exeter University, Rosemarie jetted 4000 miles from Devon, England, to Chicago, U.S.A., for the express purpose of placing her name and numerals (41-25-38) in nomination for Playmate laurels. Rosemarie has long been a PLAYBOY fan (though a copy of PLAYBOY costs \$1.20 in the United Kingdom, it's still the largest-selling American magazine there) and PLAYBOY's popularity on the Exeter campus further kindled her long-cherished dreams of becoming a gatefold girl. "I knew I had the wherewithal to be a Playmate," Rosemarie later told us, "but I was hesitant to travel all the way to America, because I was afraid I might not even get an interview." With some



Above left: Rosemarie doffs her fencing mask to dazzle on instructor and to demonstrate a perfect touché during practice session in Chicago. Our Playmate took up fencing when she entered college three years ago, has trained regularly since then, now rates as a proficient swordswoman. Above right: With Chicago date, Rosemarie enjoys roisterous romancing of Albert Finney in another noteworthy British export, Tom Jones.

urging from school chums, however, Rosemarie decided to visit the United States during her summer vacation—with a scheduled stop at PLAYBOY's home base in the Windy City. Thus it was that one afternoon in the summer of 1963 she appeared on the marble doorstep of The Playboy Mansion, on Chicago's Near North Side, requesting to see Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, who happened to be at home that afternoon. She was shown in. Understandably impressed, Hef arranged Playmate test shots, the results of which were, as the British might understate, a bit of all right; so much so that a few months after Rosemarie had returned to England, we arranged to fly her back to the U.S. (between semesters) to pose for her official Playmate photos in the Playboy Studio. Rosemarie was so taken with America and with the Playboy world that she plans to come back after graduation to work as a Playboy Club Bunny. As far as we know, when she dons her satin ears she'll be the first Bunny-aristocrat: Her ancestry, which traces back to the England of William the Conqueror, entitles her to a coat of arms. Her intellectual escutcheon is equally prepossessing: She reads deeply in the works of such British novelists as Anthony Trollope, George Eliot and Jane Austen. But her abiding interest is economics, a subject in which she will soon hold a bachelor's degree. A disciple of the British economist John Maynard Keynes, Rosemarie thinks that America's economy should be more closely planned, says she believes the late J.F.K.'s greatest domestic achievement was consciously applying deficit spending to boost prosperity. Our 5'6" Miss October is also an accomplished equestrienne and first-rate swordswoman. Except for *TW3*, she finds television "a terrible bore, which I blamed on Britain until my first visit to America, when I learned that the only thing worse than British television is American television." She also can't tolerate the Beatles or their fans, reserves special contempt for affected men. But she's not hypercritical, she avers: She digs show horses, showbiz folks, sunshine, rose-period Picasso athletes, progressive jazz and masterful men.

"Though deep down I'm a sensible girl, I'm sometimes rather too spontaneous for my own good," she admits candidly. "Which explains why I do outrageous things, like coming to America—that have wonderful results, like becoming a Playmate." The wonderful result of Rosemarie's spontaneity is—in this instance—undeniable; skeptics can refer to the gatefold for additional evidence, and for further insights into our beautiful and bounteous bundle from Britain.



Jetting back to England (top), Rosemarie catches up on home-base news through the London Daily Mail. Above left: At Exeter University again, she hastens through the classic campus quadrangle on her way to a lecture. Academic robes are *de rigueur* for classroom attendance. Center: Rugby team celebrates victory with one of its loyal fans. Right: Our Playmate makes a striking girl groom as she poses with her favorite mount.



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR
BLACK-AND-WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY
POMPEO POSAR (CHICAGO)
AND OESMOND RUSSELL (ENGLAND)

On the town, our radiant Playmate (left) shores table talk at Devon night spot. Rosemarie is a big girl, with appetite to match: She revels in foods from which the calorie-conscious would shrink. Below: While partner begins Bird, Rosemarie shows us British twist.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *eloquence* as the ability to describe Jayne Mansfield without using one's hands.



Two lovers interested in spiritualism and reincarnation vowed that if either died, the one remaining would try to contact the partner in the other world exactly 30 days after the tragedy. As luck would have it, a few weeks later the young man perished in the wreck of his new sports car, and true to her word, his bereaved sweetheart attempted to contact him in the spirit world exactly 30 days later. She lay on her bed in the darkness and called out, "John, John, this is Martha. Do you hear me, John?"

A ghostly voice answered her. "Yes, Martha, this is John. I hear you."

Then his newly bereaved asked: "Oh, John, what is it like where you are?"

"It's beautiful, Martha. There are azure skies, a soft breeze, and quiet beauty sweeping the horizon."

She exclaimed, "It sounds beautiful. What do you do all day?"

"Well, Martha, we are all up before sunrise, eat breakfast, and then it's nothing but sex until noon. After lunch, we nap until two and then make love until five. After dinner there's more of the same until midnight when we go to sleep to get ready for the next morning."

Martha was somewhat taken aback. "But, John," she exclaimed, "is that really what heaven is like?"

"Heaven? I'm not in heaven, Martha!"

"Where are you, then?"

"I'm a jack rabbit in Arizona!"

A pretty but curious young American tourist found herself in conversation with a ruggedly handsome, middle-aged Scot at a cocktail party. "Excuse my bluntness," she said, "but is anything worn under your kilt?"

"Nay, lassie," he replied with a grin. "It's as good as it ever was."

A man about town who was cruising in his open sports convertible stopped beside an attractive young thing and invited her to take a ride. As she got in, she slyly informed him that she was a witch and could turn him into anything she wished.

"Go ahead and try!" he answered with a smile; she leaned against him and whispered something in his ear. And sure enough, he turned into a motel.

A girl is at that difficult age when she's too old to be a Brownie and too young to be a Bunny.

When the sultan entered his harem unexpectedly, his wives let out a terrified sheik.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incest* as sibling revelry.



Having just returned from an extended business trip, the executive lay asleep beside his wife, who was dreaming she was in her lover's arms. Suddenly, in her dream, she imagined she heard a familiar step outside the bedroom door.

"Heavens!" she cried aloud in her sleep. "Get out, my husband's coming!" With that, her spouse leaped out of bed and bounded into the closet.



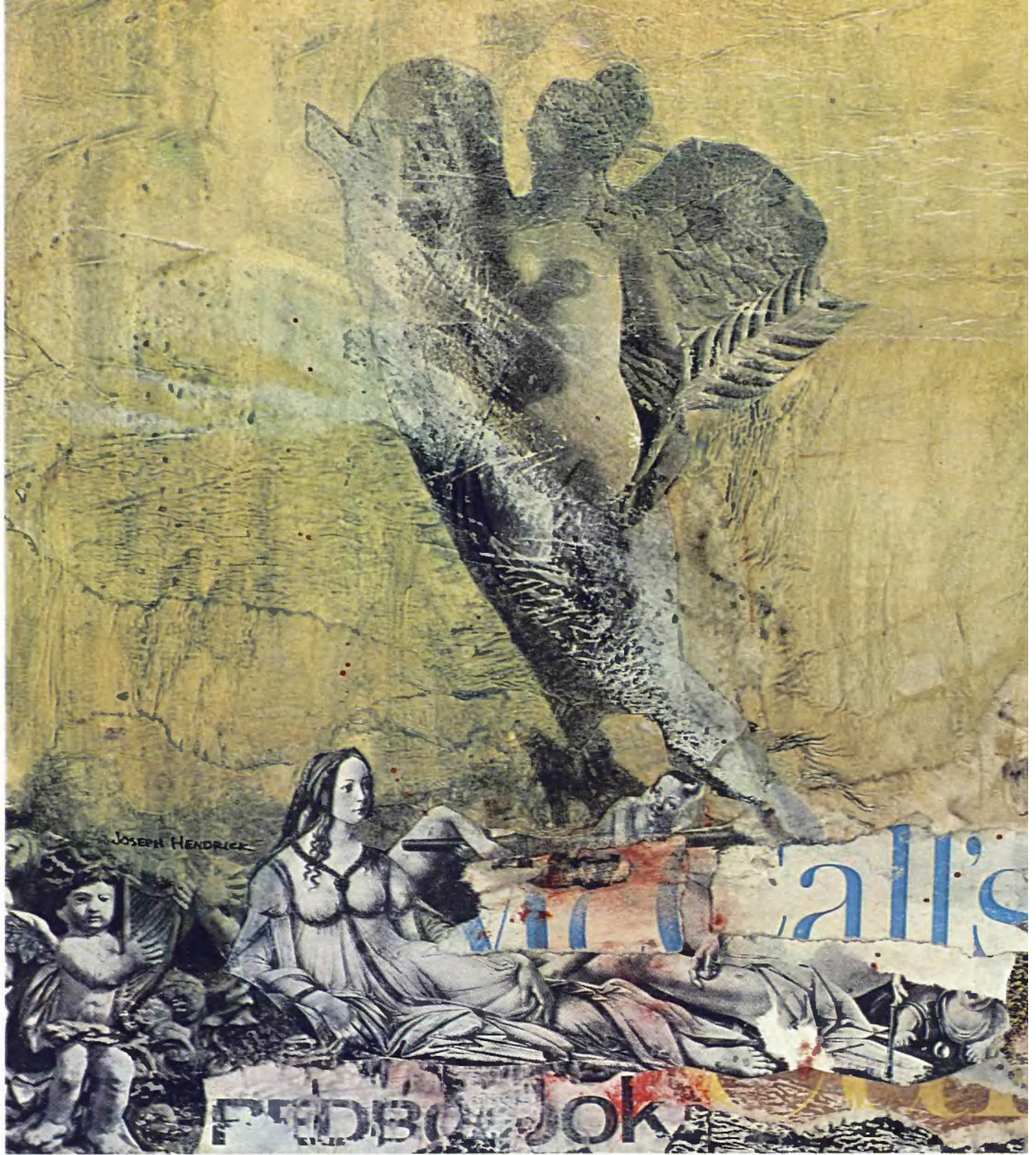
"Money doesn't grow on trees," the beautiful showgirl declared as she stooped to adjust her jeweled platinum ankle bracelet, "but some limbs have a way of attracting it!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *luck* as what a man has when he meets a girl who's just at the age when her voice is changing from "No" to "Yes."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I have to hand it to you guys from the Sixth Precinct—this is what I call a real surprise raid . . . !"



The Pious Pornographers Revisited

a vivisection of the prim ladies' mags reveals that behind the medical advice and case histories, beneath the surface of soap-operatic fiction, there lurks a furtively morbid preoccupation with the seamier, steamier aspects of sex

conclusion of a two-part article By WILLIAM IVERSEN

"... THERE IS A DIFFERENCE of medical opinion as to the best method of toughening the nipples ..."

Propped up in my favorite easy chair, I cautiously resumed reading the curious saga of Evelyn Ayres, troubled heroine of another stirring episode of "Tell Me, Doctor," the *Ladies' Home Journal's* long-playing feature on clinical sex and gynecological horrors. Years of familiarity with its format of fear, disaster and medical salvation had led me to think of this everexpanding anthology of female malfunctions as a kind of cryptoprurient *Memoirs of a Woman of Misery*, in which Evelyn Ayres now starred as the anxiety-fraught Fanny Hill of Breast Feeding. With her roseate but wrong-way nipple gently tugged into conformity with its



perky twin, and toughened to accommodate the eager mouth of her expected infant, Evelyn nevertheless had a few ninth-month misgivings about trying to nurture her child at the bosom.

"The doctor looked at her in surprise. 'Why, Evelyn, you're the girl who told me on your very first prenatal visit how anxious you were to breast feed. You've been conditioning your nipples and breasts for weeks. Have you changed your mind?'

" 'It's not that. But my friends who have tried to breast feed tell me it's no use, people won't let you. They say the nurses slip bottles to the baby in the nursery, make it as hard for you as they can . . . '

" 'Sit down, Evelyn.' The doctor pulled forward the straight-backed chair he kept for his more pregnant patients. 'The things your friends mention can happen, I know . . . But they are not going to happen in your case,' " he assured her. And how right the doctor was. "Healthy, lively William Ayres III, born 36 hours later, was given to his mother to hold before she left the delivery room, then brought to her thereafter for nursing at regular intervals. Evelyn was helped to empty the breast ducts three times a day, even before the milk appeared. By the third morning, when the milk came flooding in, the baby was suckling like a veteran. Evelyn looked up at the doctor with a proud, happy smile when he entered her room during the midmorning feeding:

"Why, there's nothing to it, Doctor! . . . My breasts are running over with milk, and how Billy loves it! The nurse declared he smacked his lips all the way down the hall when she was bringing him to me!"

Savoring a mellow swig of the high-potency formula which I had been gently nursing through all this, I reflected that male readers who had not been keeping abreast of the flow of ideas expressed by the women's magazines were apt to consider the act of breast feeding to be only marginally sexual. But I had Betsy Marvin McKinney's word for it, on page 12 of the same issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, that "one of the most stimulating predisposers of orgasm in a woman may be childbirth followed by several months of lactation," and that breast feeding was "now thought to be a final and specific maturing factor in developing woman's full sexual sensitivity and response to sexual intercourse."

For whatever reason, the ladies' magazines' new emphasis upon the joys of lactation was evident from the sheer number of articles on breast feeding that appeared in their pages during the six-year period commencing in August 1958, when Mrs. Florence Short of Chittenden, Vermont, invited all America to share in the "thrilling experience" of wet-nursing a neighbor's sickly infant back to health in the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Upon being told of the ailing infant's condition, Mrs. Short—whose vividly detailed account has earned her a life-sized bust in my personal Hall of Fame as the literary mother of the whole come-to-mammae movement—"rushed down the hill" to her neighbor's house. "I asked the mother if she would consider letting me try to nurse the baby . . ." Mrs. Short reported. "I took the baby and tried to encourage her to suck from my breast. She seemed too weak and undeveloped to suck at all, so I started squirting the milk into her mouth. As soon as she tasted the milk she became very excited. I managed to get a couple of ounces into her stomach in this manner. Another neighbor who was there exclaimed, 'Why, I never saw anything like it! . . .'"

The baby's mother was equally impressed, Mrs. Short confided—and I, for one, could readily believe it. By way of an encore, perhaps, Mrs. Short promised to "hand-express some more milk in an hour or so and send it to her in a jar." That evening, an additional two ounces were rushed down the hill, and when Mrs. Short visited her neighbor the following morning, the grateful mother told her that "the baby, and she herself, had had the first good night's sleep in weeks."

During the next fortnight, Mrs. Short delivered "six to eight ounces of milk each day," while my own wakefulness

increased to the point where I was counting pints, quarts and squirts in an effort to get to sleep. Not least among the causes of my insomnia was the knowledge that Mrs. Short's dramatic testimonial was to inspire the hand-expression of a number of similar outpourings in the pages of the women's magazines. By September 1963, claims for the virtues of breast feeding had become so numerous and various that *Cosmopolitan* felt obliged to lead off its monthly medical news with a warning to women who were laboring and loving under the dubious belief that "so long as they breast feed a baby they cannot become pregnant again."

In June 1960, the same magazine had already managed to clamp a large C-cup of sickness over the whole mammary mystique by noting the rise of a "breast-shape obsession" which led many women to seek "beautifying" plastic surgery on their breasts. This "morbid preoccupation with breast shape may cover up a personality disorder arising from such situations as an unhappy or abnormal childhood, bitter rivalry with a prettier sister, hidden homosexual tendencies, extreme self-love, etc.," *Cosmopolitan* declared, and backed this statement with a clutch of case histories—like the one about the "20-year-old blonde who so feared her breasts were 'repellent' (which they were not) that the very idea of ever exposing them made her avoid men and reject marriage."

Fortunately for *Cosmopolitan*, no such debilitating fears seemed to beset the cute and curvaceous young model on that month's cover. Clad in a brief red-and-blue bikini, her candid cleavage did much to attract attention to an issue devoted to "BEAUTY ALL OVER." On the inside, the theme of the month was given uninhibited play with a shot of another young model taking a warm paraffin bath in full view of all who bumbled onto page 43 without knocking, and a large photo spread of eight shapely sirens modeling the latest in bikinis. The fact that the bikini had as many knockers as boosters was amply illustrated by an eye-popping news shot of a barely covered blonde being handed a ticket for "indecent exposure" on a beach in Italy, and a full-length study of bikini-clad Julie Newmar with the uniformed guard assigned to protect her lightly trussed charms from admirers in Puerto Rico. There was an eye-teasing takeout on the titular beauties who competed in the Miss World and Miss Universe contests, and a hip-to-hairdo flash photo of Holland's Corine Rottshafer having her queen-size bust dimension checked by a hand-held tape measure. "A defeated and disgruntled contestant charged that Miss Rottshafer was 'padded in the bra,'" *Cosmo* commiserated, "a calumny that is bound to outrage any beauty of today. However, the unruffled queen

agreeably submitted to a verification test, and emerged triumphant. She added, 'I wasn't inhaling, either.'"

Back in the "Special Fiction Section," meanwhile, 12-year-old Jimmy Prescott, male protagonist of a short story called "The Gleaners," was gasping in wonderment at the sight of a large, unpadded blonde named Gloria Duval, who was doing a striptease on a moonlit diving board. The big, gorgeous color illustration showed little Jimmy leaning, weak with awe, against the board upon which Gloria was peeling down to her warm pink pelt. But the text revealed that Jimmy was merely conjuring up the scene in his head, while his little friend Karen gave an eyewitness account of the event, which had taken place during her parents' patio party the night before:

"Karen whispered on: 'So there she was, standing all alone up there in the moonlight . . . and then she began to dance!' Jimmy's heart gave a jump. 'Began to dance right up there on that little board. She hummed a song to herself about a pretty girl is like a melody, and she smiled up at the moon and started taking off her clothes.' Jimmy squirmed just to think of it. 'And everybody down below didn't say any more. They just watched . . .'"

"So she took off her clothes one by one and dropped them over the side, down to everybody waiting down below. When she took off her bra it must have fallen in the pool instead, because she was out on the end of the board at the time. And then she started to step out of her panties and changed her mind and dove into the pool instead . . .'"

While the precocious Karen continued to describe the revels, and pour the ready-mixed manhattans on which she and Jimmy were to get so poignantly smashed, I began to awaken to the fact that *Cosmopolitan* had been shedding its fiction fig leaves for some time now. More and more women characters were to be found knocking around in various stages of undress, while bras and panties were being dropped as casually as hankies and gloves.

As early as March 1960, *Cosmo's* "Special Fiction Section" had featured a pleasingly plump heroine, named Mrs. Jefferies, whose ample and oft-displayed charms had the power to keep her husband in a high old state of erotic readiness. "The simple fact is that women like Mrs. Jefferies are not meant to wear clothes at all; they are meant to wander about nude," the author of "The Third Party" opined. And wander about Mrs. Jefferies did. Mr. Jefferies couldn't have been more pleased. He liked "solid, rounded women," but Mrs. J. yearned for the slim, angular figure of a fashion model. "She muttered about her fatness, and wailed about her shortness, she bemoaned her muscular legs and her

(continued on page 202)

THE TELEPHONE RANG. She looked at it speculatively. She was not obliged to answer it. She was not even sure she should answer it. It went a second and a third time. She decided that if it rang six times she would pick it up.

"Hello," she said softly.

"Hello." It was a man's voice, rumbling, cavernous. "Bob there?"

"Bob Schirmer?" she said.

"That's right. He there?"

"No, not at the moment. He'll be back in fifteen or twenty minutes."

"I see. Do you know if he went to a magazine office, *Metropole's* office?"

"No, I'm afraid I don't know where he went, but I know he'll be back soon."

"My name is Toby Weeks. Would you tell him?"

"Of course. Toby Weeks. I'll tell him."

"Thanks," he said. "Goodbye."

"I could have him call you back," she said.

"I'm in a booth," he said.

"Are you near?" she said.

He laughed, once. "No, I'm a long way off."

"Shall I tell Bob you'll call again?" she said.

"All right," he said. "When would be a good time?"

"I should think in twenty-five minutes or half an hour," she said.

"This's turning into quite a conversation," he said. "You could be

on the other end of
the line was this big man—
and that was all
she knew about him

THE BRASS TELEPHONE

fiction By KEN W. PURDY

getting tired, holding that old stand-up telephone."

"You know about the phone?"

"I was up there the night Bob brought the thing home. He spent half the night getting the black paint off it, shining up the brass so's to match that old bedstead. He's brass-happy, that boy."

"I'm not holding it," she said. "I'm lying down."

"So?"

"Well, the phone is on the bed beside me, I'm only holding the receiver."

"I see," he said. "What's your name, if I might just ask?"

"Rosa Martin."

"Are you about twenty-two?"

"Twenty-three."

"You live in New York?"

"I live on Cornelia Street. I'm a model. Where do you live?"

"In a hotel, uptown. And I play football for a living."

"Should I recognize your name? Are you famous?"

"Some people know me."

"What do you play, what position, I mean?"

"Offensive tackle."

"Bob used to play football, didn't he?"

"In college he did, Wisconsin. He wasn't big enough for the pros, not for the line anyway."

"Big enough? The man's six feet one and something, isn't he?"

He laughed his short laugh again. "Honey," he said, "I'm six five, I weigh 275-280."

She laughed. "And you're in a phone booth?"

"That's right. Nobody in here with me, I can tell you that."

"I should think not."

"Rosa," he said, "where'd Bob really go?"

"He just went out to buy some things. He wanted some Scotch, some other things."

"You known him very long, Bob?" he said.

"No, not really. We met about a month ago."

"I see. I guess it's possible to get to know Bob pretty quick, sometimes."

She laughed. "I guess so," she said. "I don't know if I got to know him pretty quick, or not."

"You like him, I take it."

"Yes, I like him. I like big men, for a start. He's kind and gentle. He's funny. He can talk. I like it that he's a writer. I'd like to be a writer. And I can take him on his own terms."

"What terms are those?"

"I mean I know I'm not the only thing in his life, the only girl he's got around. For all I know I'm not in the first six. And I don't mind that he's pretty casual and matter of fact about things."

"You're in bed waiting for him to come back now, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You don't mind that?"

"No, I don't mind."

"Maybe it wouldn't be such a good idea for me to call him in twenty or twenty-five minutes."

"You can call him. I don't mind. I'll tell him it's you. I'll tell him to answer it, too."

"You're quite a girl."

She said nothing.

"You talk quite a lot, though, somebody you never met."

"You ask a lot of questions. Anyway, after all, you're his friend, I'm sure he'd tell you a lot more than I have, if you asked him."

"I don't know if I'm Bob's friend," Weeks said. "We know each other a little while. Right now, he's writing a piece about me for that magazine, *Metropole*."

"You are famous, then. Or are you going to be, when Bob does the piece?"

"I dunno, honey," he said. "I don't know about that fame."

"Where did you go to school?" she said.

"Little place down South, place you never heard of," he said.

"What's it called?"

"Morgan State."

"You're right. I never have heard of it."

"Lots of ballplayers come out of the little schools. I don't know why that is. On my team, now, this season, we haven't got two people from schools anybody ever heard of."

"What team is that?"

"Rollers."

"Were you an All-American?"

"All-America, that is, honey," he said. "No, I didn't make the club. I'm a club member, but I didn't make the club. That's a joke."

"Oh? Am I supposed to laugh?"

"No. Not that kind of joke."

"All right. But going back, I thought most professional football players were All-Americans, Americas, I mean."

"No, honey, other way around, most not."

"I see."

She looked down at herself. She switched the receiver to her left hand and her left ear and stroked, appreciatively, her flat little belly.

"Bob took me to one game," she said. "I should think it would be a hard life."

He laughed. "Depends," he said. "It harder than being a bank president, easier than stevedoring. Depends, you see."

His dime dropped.

"Give me the number," she said. "I'll call you back."

"I've got it right here," he said.

She held the receiver away from her ear until she heard the coin go down.

"Well, you know, I think you should say it," she said.

"You do, do you?"

"Yes."

"I'm not going to."

"All right. I'll say it. I'd like to meet you."

"Bigger man than you've got now?"

"Don't be a bastard. I really want to meet you. I want to know why you're so sad."

"I'm sad?"

"You're sad. Your voice is sad. Why? You're so big other men have to look up at you, you're healthy, you have a good job, all right, a tough job, but it pays well, and I'm sure that if I weren't so ignorant I'd know your name, I'm sure you're famous. And sad."

"Could be, honey. Could be. But I don't really think so. I don't think I'm so sad. Sorrowful, yes, but that's not sad. Hell, I'm madder than sadder!"

"I think sadder than madder."

"Depends. Anyway, that's not such a big picture you're painting there, we meet, and you get to decide if I'm sad or not. I can think of other things to do with my time."

"We might like each other. We might like each other, we might respect each other, we might want each other."

"Suppose we did want each other, without liking, without respecting?"

"We could say goodbye."

"We could make out, and then say goodbye."

"No."

"Respect first, huh? Liking first, every time?"

"That's for sure."

"I think you talk about it more than you do it."

"I hope so."

He said nothing.

"When you talk to Bob, ask him if he minds. I know he'll say he doesn't. Then we can arrange something."

"You want to tell him like that?"

"Well, I'm certainly not going to start a big two-timing operation. It's tiresome. You're his friend, and I'm his girl, his mistress if you like, or one of them. You ask him. I'll ask him."

"It wouldn't work out, honey," he said.

"Why not? Why wouldn't it?"

"Tell me, you white?"

"Am I what? Am I white? Yes, of course I am. I—"

"Of course," the girl says, he mocked. "Of course she's white, isn't everybody? So you see why it wouldn't work out," he said softly. "I'm colored. I'm a Negro."

"You're wrong," she said. "It wouldn't make any difference to me, that
(concluded on page 196)



"I consider that a lousy job of brainwashing!"

TIME WAS when the waking-hours focal point for a gentleman's retreat was a roaring hearth. But times change and with them the means by which a man of means might best while away his leisure hours. In this electronic age it is both meet and proper that the knowledgeable bachelor should have for his avocational center of attractions an area replete with all the latest electronic inducements to keep him—and whoever he chooses to share his company—indoors.

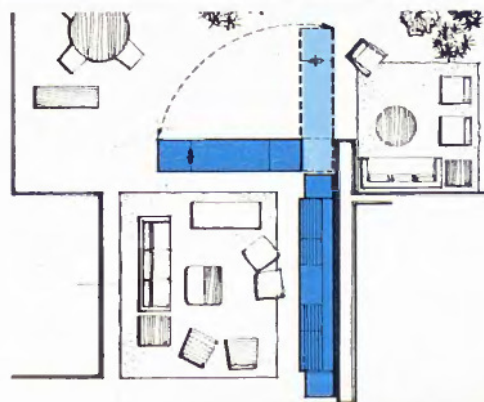
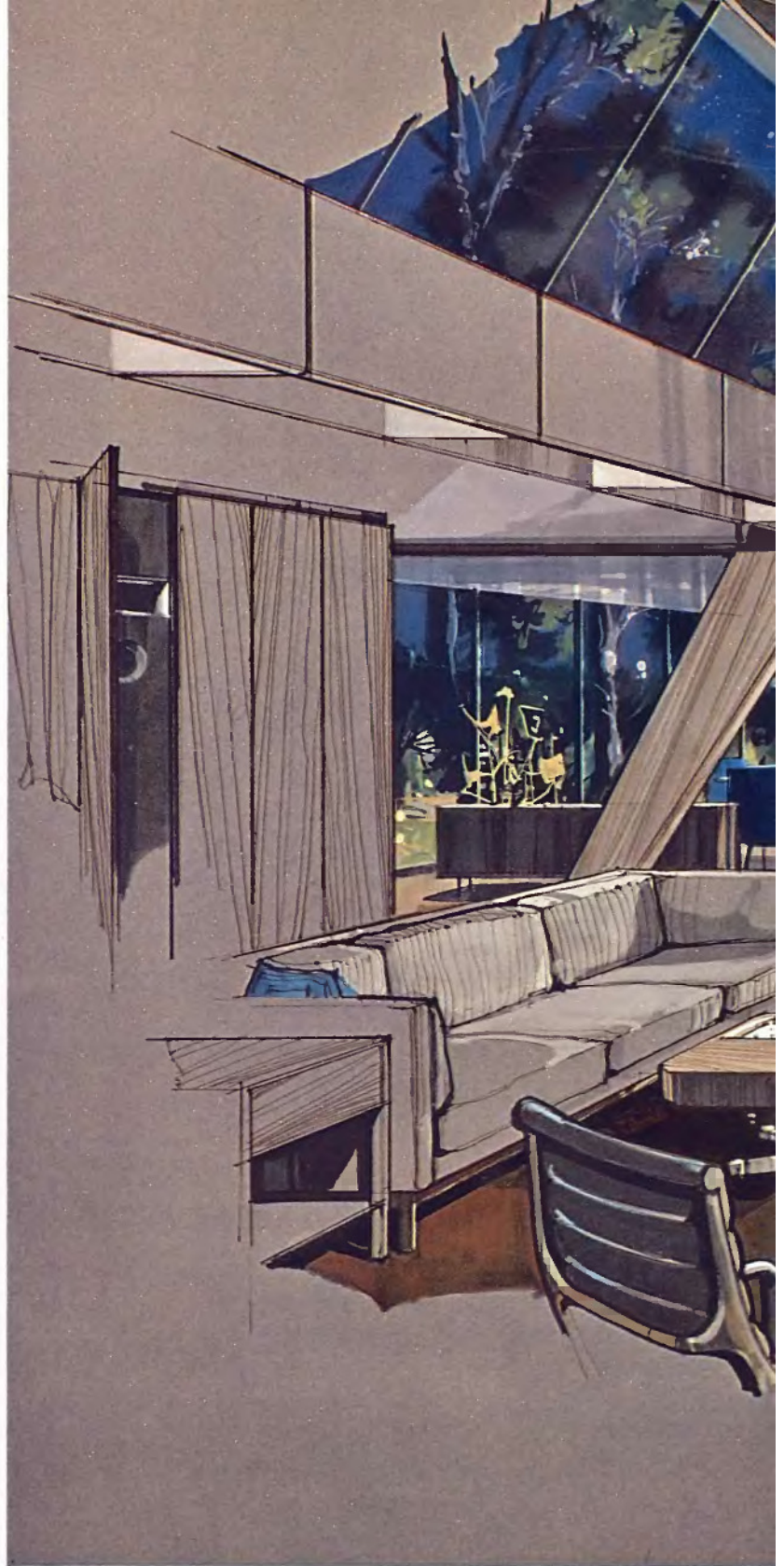
PLAYBOY's electronic entertainment wall is a splendidly unique way of having myriad electronic devices—some strictly functional, some unrestrictedly for fun—all at one's fingertips. As shown in the striking drawings by artist Humen Tan, it is a *ne plus ultra* custom construction based on generous amounts of wherewithal. But within its grand scale there are countless kernels of ideas both for solving spatial problems and for working according to monetary limitations. (All of the components in the entertainment wall are currently available.) No champion of the sedentary life, PLAYBOY believes that there is a time for hard work, a time for vigorous play, and a time for leisurely unwinding. And we can think of no better way of doing the last than by indulging oneself in easeful indolence while enjoying the wondrous delights for eye and ear made possible by modern electronic gear.

Built in two units, the wall has as its smaller segment a mobile hinged section capable of being moved, by remote control, from a position flush with the main wall unit (where it serves as a room divider between our particular pad's patio and dining area) to a 90-degree angle to the wall, its position being determined by a dial on the master control panel located in the main entertainment unit.

Every entertainment source, except for the motion-picture/television projector, is within these two units. (The projector, which can show both live TV, as well as video-tape and standard 35mm motion-picture film, is concealed in a room behind an oak-paneled wall opposite the main entertainment unit. A panel slides open to reveal one aperture for the projector and another for the projectionist. The projection screen is lowered

PLAYBOY'S ELECTRONIC ENTERTAINMENT WALL

a luxurious audio-visual
unit for the ultimate
in at-home enjoyment



Left: Diagram of entertainment wall illustrates one unique feature: a hinged section operated from master control panel contains bar and electronic equipment. It serves as a room divider when at 90-degree angle, and separates dining area from patio when it is flush with rest of wall.



Above: Mobile section of entertainment wall is shown at a 70-degree angle to main unit. The conversation area, consisting of couch, chairs and floor cushions, now becomes a luxurious entertainment focal point. At far left, an open section of oak paneling reveals apertures for movie / television projection room housing equipment that shows both color and black-and-white TV and motion pictures on screen that can be lowered automatically from overhead storage space in ceiling opposite. Hinged unit contains, in left section, speaker, 25" color TV, 8mm rear-projection movie camera, storage area. Center section has bar-equipment storage space at top. Warming shelf for keeping food and drink hot also contains beverage dispenser that can be operated from both sides of pass-through. Unit at bottom contains a refrigerator under countertop, with storage space for bottles to its right. Right-hand unit contains speaker at top, rear-view slide-projector screen with unit housed below it; storage space for slide drums is below projector. Main wall unit contains closed-circuit TV, speaker system, twin oscilloscopes, record changer, turntable, world clock, barometer and timing device, and audio-video tape recorders. It also houses AM-FM multiplex and short-wave tuner, intercom and outside telephone system, automatic-feed cartridge-style tape deck, automatic record and tape selectors, and master control board, along with vast amounts of storage space. Coffee table contains remote-control unit that is a modified version of the wall's master control panel.



Above: Main entertainment wall unit is a handsome amalgam of beauty and function. Vertically filling both ends of unit are twin speaker sections, each containing a 15" woofer at its bottom, a midrange speaker across its middle and a tweeter at the top. All speakers are acoustically lined and independently suspended with foam rubber, and covered with snap-on grille cloth. Between them, across the top of unit are storage compartments housing slide-projector drums and equipment; they are bisected by a center-channel speaker system. Running across the center unit's midsection, from left to right: Closed-circuit TV with push-button controls to focus in on all parts of the pad; twin oscilloscopes; a 7"-10" tape recorder, world clock, barometer, and 24-hour timing device for preselection of electronic functions including audio-video taping while the master is away. Beneath the three large dials are an AM-FM multiplex tuner and a short-wave, ship-to-shore radio; a video-tape unit; a tape-reel file with push-button selector below. The bins beneath the center section contain, from left to right: LP storage with automatic push-button selector panel above it; automatic record changer, master control panel under which are amplifiers, preamp units and automatic relays; manual turntable; special humidity-and-temperature-controlled storage space for collector's-item records. Remote-controlled motion-picture/television-projection screen is set in ceiling in front of unit, runs for almost its full length. All wood surfaces of the entertainment wall are oiled walnut.



automatically from its recess in the ceiling just forward of the main entertainment unit.)

Supplying the festive potables for an evening's electronic entertainment is the central bar section of the hinged unit. At the bottom is a small refrigerator to store cubes and bottles that require chilling. Next to it is a large storage compartment for bottles, bar gear, and other paraphernalia. The Formica bar above it is part of a pass-through designed to facilitate food and drink handling; suspended above it is a unique automatic drink dispenser which works from both sides of the pass-through; with it, the host can push-button whatever arrangement of hard and soft potations has been preordained. With ten spigots at his command, he might have them arranged for Scotch, bourbon, vodka, gin, dry vermouth, sweet vermouth, orange juice, tomato juice, carbonated water and spring water. Resting on top of the dispensers is an automatic-heat-control Hot Top where one can brew coffee and keep it and hors d'oeuvres or canapés warm. Over the bar is additional storage space for glassware and other bar sundries.

To the left of the central bar area is a 25-inch color-TV unit, with an 8mm rear-projection motion-picture camera directly below it, and, on the right, a drum-type rear-action slide projector with sound tracks, similar to those on motion-picture films, working off the individual slides. Sound commentary can also be worked from a tape deck in the main unit. At the top of each section flanking the central bar unit is a speaker system. All of the electronic gear is operated from the master control panel in the main unit, with a number of the main controls also located in an auxiliary control panel set into a coffee table that is within fingertip reach from couch, floor cushion or lounge chair.

It is the main segment of the entertainment wall, however, that contains its working heart. Eighteen feet long, compared to the ten of the hinged unit, the main section has its principal speaker systems set up at each end in a vertical arrangement that reaches almost from floor to ceiling; each complete unit is covered with snap-on grille cloth to allow easy access to individual speakers. Each speaker system consists of the following: a fifteen-inch woofer for low frequency, two eight-inch extended-range speakers for the midrange frequencies, (concluded on page 164)



Left: Master control panel shows, in upper left-hand corner, automatic telephone system; its two-way voice amplifier is on wall over panel. Beneath phone are on-off switches for illumination of components. Center section of panel has, at top, controls for movable section of wall, movie screen, drapes, and roto-antenna on roof. Beneath these is master dimmer control system for equipment and room lighting. Below are switches for speaker selection in various rooms. The next bank of dials controls volume on all units; at bottom are other preamp controls. Right-hand on-off buttons work all equipment.



VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITES FOR THE NINTH PLAYBOY ALL-STAR JAZZ BAND



THE 1965
PLAYBOY
JAZZ POLL

THE PAST TWELVEMONTH has been an eventful one in the jazz world. New talent has blossomed forth; some members of the old guard have had dramatic rebirths. Fresh sounds are abroad in the land; classic jazz idioms have displayed surprisingly strong staying power. It has been a time of change, with revolutionaries and counterrevolutionaries vying for the public's ear.

You now have a chance to acknowledge those artists who you feel have made the most meaningful contributions to jazz this past year by voting in the 1965 Playboy Jazz Poll, America's biggest and most noteworthy jazz consensus. This year's ballot, as in the past, is comprised of only those artists who have been active on the jazz scene during the past 12 months. Those musicians honored by the readers will make up the 1965 All-Star Jazz Band and will each receive the much-coveted Playboy Jazz Medal.

To vote, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite jazzmen where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot to us.

1. Your official Jazz Poll ballot is attached to this page. A Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for any living artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, so in some categories you should vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes, two tenor saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as designated on the ballot, because too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name on one of the lines provided at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

4. For leader of the 1965 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the past 12 months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or fewer musicians.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your name and address if your vote is to be counted.

6. Cut your two-page ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1964, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail today. The results of the ninth annual Playboy Jazz Poll will appear in the February 1965 issue.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck, Charlie Byrd, John Coltrane, Bill Comstock (The Four Freshmen), Miles Davis, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Pete Fountain, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Al Hirt, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Philly Joe Jones, Henry Mancini, Wes Montgomery, Joe Morello, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, Kai Winding, Peter Yarrow (Peter, Paul & Mary), Si Zentner; George Avakian, Independent Record Producer; Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic; Nat Hentoff, Jazz Critic; George T. Simon, Jazz Commentator, *New York Herald Tribune*; John Tynan, West Coast Editor, *Down Beat*; Russ Wilson, *Oakland Tribune*; Esmond Edwards, Argo; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic; Jackie Mills, Ava; Dave Cavanaugh, Capitol; Jack Lewis, Colpix; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; Bernard C. Solomon, Everest; John Driscoll III, Fantasy; Robert Thiele, Impulse; Dave Pell, Liberty; Jack Tracy, Mercury; Richard Bock, Pacific Jazz; Ozzie Cadena, Prestige; Brad McCuen, RCA Victor; Dick Goodman, 20th Century-Fox; George Wein, United Artists; Randall Wood, Vee Jay; Creed Taylor, Verve; Jimmy Hilliard, Warner Brothers.

- Paul Chambers
- Gene Chericó
- Buddy Clark
- Bill Crow
- Art Davis
- George Duvivier
- Pops Foster
- Johnny Frigo
- Bob Haggart
- Percy Heath
- Milt Hinton
- Major Holley
- Chubby Jackson
- Eddie Jones
- Sam Jones
- Charlie Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Joe Mondragon
- Monk Montgomery
- Gary Peacock
- Mike Rubin
- Howard Rumsey
- Eddie Safranski
- Arvell Shaw
- Slam Stewart
- George Tucker
- Leroy Vinnegar
- Wilbur Ware
- Gene Wright
- El Dec Young

DRUMS

(Please check one.)

- Dave Bailey
- Danny Barcelona
- Ray Bauduc
- Louis Bellson
- Denzil Best
- Art Blakey
- Larry Bunker
- Frank Capp
- Kenny Clarke
- Cozy Cole
- Nick Fatool
- Vernel Fournier
- Sonny Greer
- Johnny Guerin
- Chico Hamilton
- Jake Hanna
- Louis Hayes
- Roy Haynes
- Red Holt
- Ron Jefferson
- Osie Johnson
- Elvin Jones
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Rufus Jones
- Connie Kay
- Gene Krupa
- Don Lamond
- Stan Levey
- Mel Lewis
- Shelly Manne
- Joe Morello
- Sonny Payne
- Walter Perkins
- Charlie Persip
- Buddy Rich
- Dannie Richmond
- Max Roach
- Jack Sperling
- Ed Thigpen
- George Wettling
- Sam Woodyard

MISC. INSTRUMENT

(Please check one.)

- Chet Baker, *Flügelhorn*
- Ray Brown, *cello*
- Milt Buckner, *organ*
- Larry Bunker, *vibes*
- Gary Burton, *vibes*
- Candido, *bongo*
- Buddy Collette, *flute*
- John Coltrane, *soprano sax*

- Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
- Leo Diamond, *harmonica*
- Don Elliott, *vibes, mellophone*
- Art Farmer, *Flügelhorn*
- Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- Jesse Fuller, *harmonica*
- Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
- Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- Paul Horn, *flute*
- Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- Roland Kirk, *manzello, stritch*
- Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- Prince Lasha, *flute*
- Yusef Lateef, *flute*
- Charles Lloyd, *flute*
- Herbie Mann, *flute*
- James Moody, *flute*
- Ray Nance, *violin*
- Red Norvo, *vibes*
- Dave Pike, *vibes*
- Pony Poindexter, *soprano sax*
- Emil Richards, *vibes*
- Dick Roberts, *banjo*
- Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- Bob Rosengarden, *bongo*
- Willie Ruff, *French horn*
- Shirley Scott, *organ*
- Bud Shank, *flute*
- Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- Ray Starling, *mellophonium*
- Clark Terry, *Flügelhorn*
- Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
- Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- Julius Watkins, *French horn*
- Frank Wess, *flute*

MALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- David Allen
- Mose Allison
- Louis Armstrong
- Harry Belafonte
- Tony Bennett
- Brook Benton
- Oscar Brown, Jr.
- Ray Charles
- Nat "King" Cole
- Perry Como
- Bing Crosby
- Vic Damone
- Bobby Darin
- Sammy Davis Jr.
- Matt Dennis
- Johnny Desmond
- Fats Domino
- Frank D'Rone
- Billy Eckstine
- Buddy Greco
- Roy Hamilton
- Johnny Hartman
- Clancy Hayes
- Bill Henderson
- Jon Hendricks
- Al Hibbler
- Lightnin' Hopkins
- Johnny Janis
- Jack Jones
- Frankie Laine
- Steve Lawrence
- Trini Lopez
- Dean Martin
- Johnny Mathis
- Les McCann
- Mark Murphy
- Jackie Paris
- Arthur Prysock
- Jimmy Rushing
- Jack Sheldon
- Frank Sinatra
- Mel Tormé
- Joe Turner
- Andy Williams
- Joe Williams
- Jimmy Witherspoon

FEMALE VOCALIST

(Please check one.)

- Ernestine Anderson
- Joan Baez
- Pearl Bailey
- La Vern Baker
- Mae Barnes
- Joy Bryan
- Jackie Cain
- Vikki Carr
- Diahann Carroll
- June Christy
- Chris Connor
- Barbara Dane
- Doris Day
- Ethel Ennis
- Frances Faye
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Connie Francis
- Aretha Franklin
- Judy Garland
- Eydie Gormé
- Shirley Horn
- Lena Horne
- Helen Humes
- Lurlean Hunter
- Mahalia Jackson
- Etta James
- Sheila Jordan
- Teddi King
- Eartha Kitt
- Irene Kral
- Peggy Lee
- Abbey Lincoln
- Julie London
- Gloria Lynne
- Miriam Makeba
- Barbara McNair
- Carmen McRae
- Jaye P. Morgan
- Anita O'Day
- Patti Page
- Sue Raney
- Della Reese
- Ann Richards
- Mavis Rivers
- Annie Ross
- Dinah Shore
- Nina Simone
- Carol Sloane
- Jennie Smith
- Kcely Smith
- Joanie Sommers
- Jo Stafford
- Dakota Staton
- Barbra Streisand
- Teri Thornton
- Diana Trask
- Sarah Vaughan
- Margaret Whiting
- Lee Wiley
- Nancy Wilson

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO

(Please check one.)

- Cannonball Adderley Sextet
- Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- Chet Baker Quintet
- Al Belletto Quartet
- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- Dave Brubeck Quartet
- Charlie Byrd Trio
- Barbara Carroll Trio
- Al Cohn-Zoot Sims Quintet
- Cy Coleman Trio
- Ornette Coleman Quartet
- John Coltrane Quartet
- Miles Davis Sextet

- DeFranco-Gumina Quartet
- Dukes of Dixieland
- Don Ellis Trio
- Bill Evans Trio
- Art Farmer Quartet
- Firehouse Five plus Two
- Erroll Garner Trio
- Stan Getz Quartet
- Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- Jimmy Giuffre Trio
- Vince Guaraldi Trio
- Chico Hamilton Quintet
- Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
- Ahmad Jamal Trio
- Jazz Crusaders
- Jonah Jones Quartet
- Barney Kessel Quartet
- Gene Krupa Quartet
- Ramsey Lewis Trio
- Lighthouse All-Stars
- Gildo Mahones
- Shelly Manne and his Men
- Les McCann Ltd.
- Marian McPartland Trio
- Charlie Mingus Sextet
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Thelonious Monk Quartet
- Gerry Mulligan Quartet
- Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- Red Nichols' Five Pennies
- Red Norvo Quintet
- Art Pepper Quartet
- Oscar Peterson Trio
- André Previn Trio
- Max Roach Quintet
- Sonny Rollins Quartet
- George Russell Sextet
- George Shearing Quintet
- Horace Silver Quintet
- Nina Simone and her Trio
- Cecil Taylor Quartet
- Terry-Brookmeyer Quintet
- Cal Tjader Quintet
- Teddy Wilson Trio
- Kai Winding Sextet
- Paul Winter Sextet

VOCAL GROUP

(Please check one.)

- Ames Brothers
- Brothers Four
- Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- Clancy Bros. & Makem
- Double Six of Paris
- Four Freshmen
- Four Lads
- Jon Hendricks Singers
- Hi-Lo's
- Ink Spots
- J's with Jamie
- Mary Kaye Trio
- Anita Kerr Singers
- King Sisters
- Kingston Trio
- Lineliters
- McGuire Sisters
- Mills Brothers
- Chad Mitchell Trio
- Modernaires
- Peter, Paul & Mary
- Platters
- The Raelets
- Staple Singers
- Kirby Stone Four
- Swingle Singers
- Clara Ward Singers
- Weavers

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

LEADER

(Please check one.)

- Count Basie
- Les Brown
- Ray Conniff
- Les Elgart
- Duke Ellington
- Gil Evans
- Maynard Ferguson
- Bob Florence
- Terry Gibbs
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Benny Goodman
- Lionel Hampton
- Ted Heath
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- Quincy Jones
- Stan Kenton
- Henry Mancini
- Billy May
- Ray McKinley
- Gerry Mulligan
- Oliver Nelson
- Marty Paich
- Nelson Riddle
- Shorty Rogers
- Pete Rugolo
- Lu Watters
- Gerald Wilson
- Si Zentner

TRUMPET

(Please check four.)

- Nat Adderley
- Louis Armstrong
- Chet Baker
- Emmett Berry
- Ruby Braff
- Billy Butterfield
- Donald Byrd
- Conte Candoli
- Pete Candoli
- Don Cherry
- Buck Clayton
- Miles Davis
- Wild Bill Davison
- Kenny Dorham
- Harry Edison
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Ellis
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Don Goldie
- Bobby Hackett
- Al Hirt
- Freddie Hubbard
- Bill Hunt
- Harry James
- Carmell Jones
- Jonah Jones
- Thad Jones
- Howard McGhee
- Blue Mitchell
- Lee Morgan
- Ray Nance
- Joe Newman
- Red Nichols
- Shorty Rogers
- Ernie Royal
- Doc Severinsen
- Charlie Shavers
- Jack Sheldon
- Muggsy Spanier
- Rex Stewart
- Clark Terry
- Lu Watters

TROMBONE

(Please check four.)

- Fred Assunto
- Dave Baker
- Milt Bernhart

- Harry Betts
- Bob Brookmeyer
- Lawrence Brown
- Georg Brunis
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Cutty Cutshall
- Wilbur De Paris
- Vic Dickenson
- Bob Fitzpatrick
- Carl Fontana
- Curtis Fuller
- Tyree Glenn
- Bennie Green
- Urbie Green
- Al Grey
- Slide Hampton
- Bill Harris
- Wayne Henderson
- J. C. Higginbotham
- Quentin Jackson
- J. J. Johnson
- Jimmy Knepper
- Melba Liston
- Albert Mangelsdorff
- Lou McGarity
- Benny Morton
- Turk Murphy
- Dick Nash
- Kid Ory
- Tommy Pederson
- Benny Powell
- Frank Rosolino
- Dickie Wells
- Phil Wilson
- Kai Winding
- Trummy Young
- Si Zentner

ALTO SAX

(Please check two.)

- Cannonball Adderley
- Gabe Baltazar
- Al Belletto
- Earl Bostic
- Benny Carter
- Ornette Coleinan
- Hank Crawford
- Paul Desmond
- Lou Donaldson
- Herb Geller
- Gigi Gryce
- John Handy
- Johnny Hodges
- Paul Horn
- Lee Konitz
- Walt Levinsky
- Charlie Mariano
- Jackie McLean
- James Moody
- Ted Nash
- Lennie Niehaus
- Art Pepper
- Robert Plater
- Bud Shank
- Zoot Sims
- Willie Smith
- Sonny Stitt
- Jimmy Woods
- Phil Woods
- Leo Wright

TENOR SAX

(Please check two.)

- Georgie Auld
- Al Cohn
- John Coltrane
- Bob Cooper
- Eddie Davis
- Sam Donahue
- Teddy Edwards
- Booker Ervin
- Wilton Felder
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz

- Benny Golson
- Paul Gonsalves
- John Griffin
- Eddie Harris
- Coleman Hawkins
- Jimmy Heath
- Bill Holman
- Illinois Jacquet
- Budd Johnson
- Plas Johnson
- Richie Kamuca
- Roland Kirk
- Al Klink
- Yusef Lateef
- Charles Lloyd
- Eddie Miller
- Hank Mobley
- James Moody
- Vido Musso
- "Fathead" Newman
- Sal Nistico
- Dave Pell
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Sonny Rollins
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Buddy Tate
- Stanley Turrentine
- Ben Webster

BARITONE SAX

(Please check one.)

- Pepper Adams
- Ernie Caceres
- Jay Cameron
- Harry Carney
- Charles Davis
- Chuck Gentry
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Frank Hittner
- Bill Hood
- Peter Leeds
- Gerry Mulligan
- Jack Nimitz
- Cecil Payne
- Jerome Richardson
- Clifford Scott
- Bud Shank
- Lonnie Shaw
- Sahib Shihab
- Stanley Webb

CLARINET

(Please check one.)

- Barney Bigard
- Acker Bilk
- Phil Bodner
- Buddy Collette
- Buddy DeFranco
- Pete Fountain
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Edmond Hall
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Paul Horn
- Peanuts Hucko
- Matty Matlock
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Bill Smith
- Phil Woods
- Sol Yaged

PIANO

(Please check one.)

- Mose Allison
- Count Basie
- Ronnie Brown
- Dave Brubeck
- Barbara Carroll
- Cy Coleman
- Johnny Eaton
- Duke Ellington
- Bill Evans
- Victor Feldman

- Clare Fischer
- Bob Florence
- Russ Freeman
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Vince Guaraldi
- Herbie Hancock
- Eddie Heywood
- Earl "Fatha" Hines
- Ahmad Jamal
- Pete Jolly
- Hank Jones
- Wynton Kelly
- John Lewis
- Ramsey Lewis
- Junior Mance
- Ronnie Matthews
- Les McCann
- Marian McPartland
- Thelonious Monk
- Peter Nero
- Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- Oscar Peterson
- Bud Powell
- André Previn
- Jimmy Rowles
- George Shearing
- Don Shirley
- Horace Silver
- Derek Smith
- Martial Solal
- Billy Taylor
- Cecil Taylor
- Bobby Timmons
- Lennie Tristano
- McCoy Tyner
- Mal Waldron
- Randy Weston
- Mary Lou Williams
- Teddy Wilson
- Joe Zawinul

GUITAR

(Please check one.)

- Laurindo Almeida
- Chet Atkins
- Billy Bauer
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Eddie Condon
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Barry Galbraith
- Johnny Gray
- Freddie Green
- Grant Green
- Jim Hall
- Bill Harris
- Al Hendrickson
- Barney Kessel
- Mundell Lowe
- Wes Montgomery
- Oscar Moore
- Tony Mottola
- Joe Pass
- Les Paul
- Jimmy Raney
- Howard Roberts
- Sal Salvador
- Bola Sete
- Johnny Smith
- Les Spann
- Gabor Szabo
- George Van Eps
- Al Viola

BASS

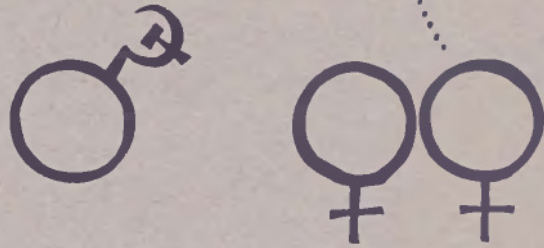
(Please check one.)

- Chuck Andrus
- Don Bagley
- Norman Bates
- Joe Benjamin
- Keter Betts
- Ray Brown
- Monty Budwig
- Red Callender
- Ron Carter

SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS

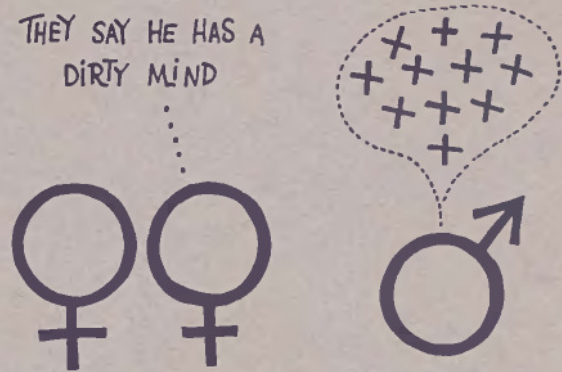
COMRADE, SHMOMRADE... I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



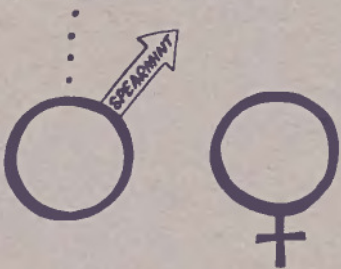
HERE SHE IS... MISS AMERICA...



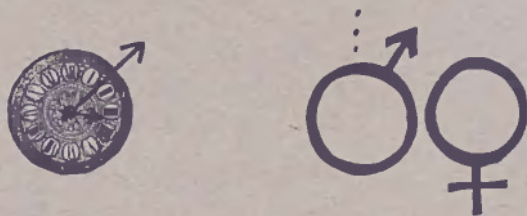
THEY SAY HE HAS A DIRTY MIND



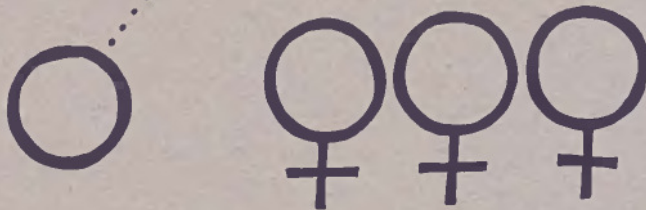
WHY NOT? IT'S A DOLLAR AN HOUR
FOR JUST WALKING AROUND!



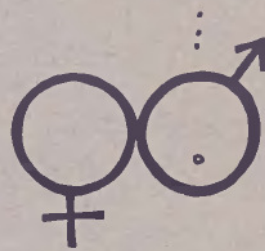
I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES HIM TICK



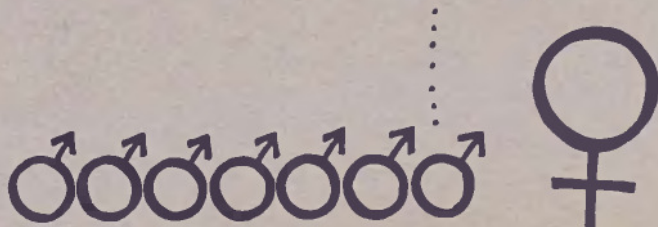
I'D LOVE TO GO, BUT I HAVEN'T
GOT A THING TO WEAR



I JUST HOPE THIS ENVID STUFF WORKS



NO, NO... IT'S BASHFUL THURSDAY NIGHTS, SNEEZY
FRIDAY NIGHTS AND ME SATURDAY NIGHTS...





"None of that modern furniture for us!"

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

satire **BY JERRY YULSMAN**

the classic confrontation between the returning husband and the errant wife caught in flagrante delicto—as nine major movie directors might interpret it on the screen

WHEN MAY IRWIN AND JOHN C. RICE electrified nickelodeon audiences with the screen's first flickering kiss—a prim 60-second buss which was the smash scandal of 1896—moving pictures became not only big business but also a magnifying mirror for the moral moods of their times. They still are; but times, happily, have changed. Keeping pace with moviegoers, the movies have since learned to dish up the facts of life with unblushing frankness. Licit and illicit, sex is today bigger box office than ever before; and never has its infinite variety been more openly explored—in everything from the cheapest nudie movies to the multi-million-dollar epics and avant-garde award winners. Whatever their genre, no variation on this evergreen theme is more time-honored than that of the cuckolded husband, the wayward wife and the philandering paramour whose triangular misadventures are invariably climaxed by the melodramatic moment when hubby returns home to find the little woman in *flagrante delicto*. This scene is such a classic cinematic cliché that we got to wondering how several of our favorite directors might attempt to breathe fresh life into this age-old confrontation. In the following photo spoof, we suggest the manner in which nine well-known moviemakers might proceed, each in his own distinctive cinematic style.

STANLEY KUBRICK, the gifted young American director of *Lolita* and *Dr. Strangelove*



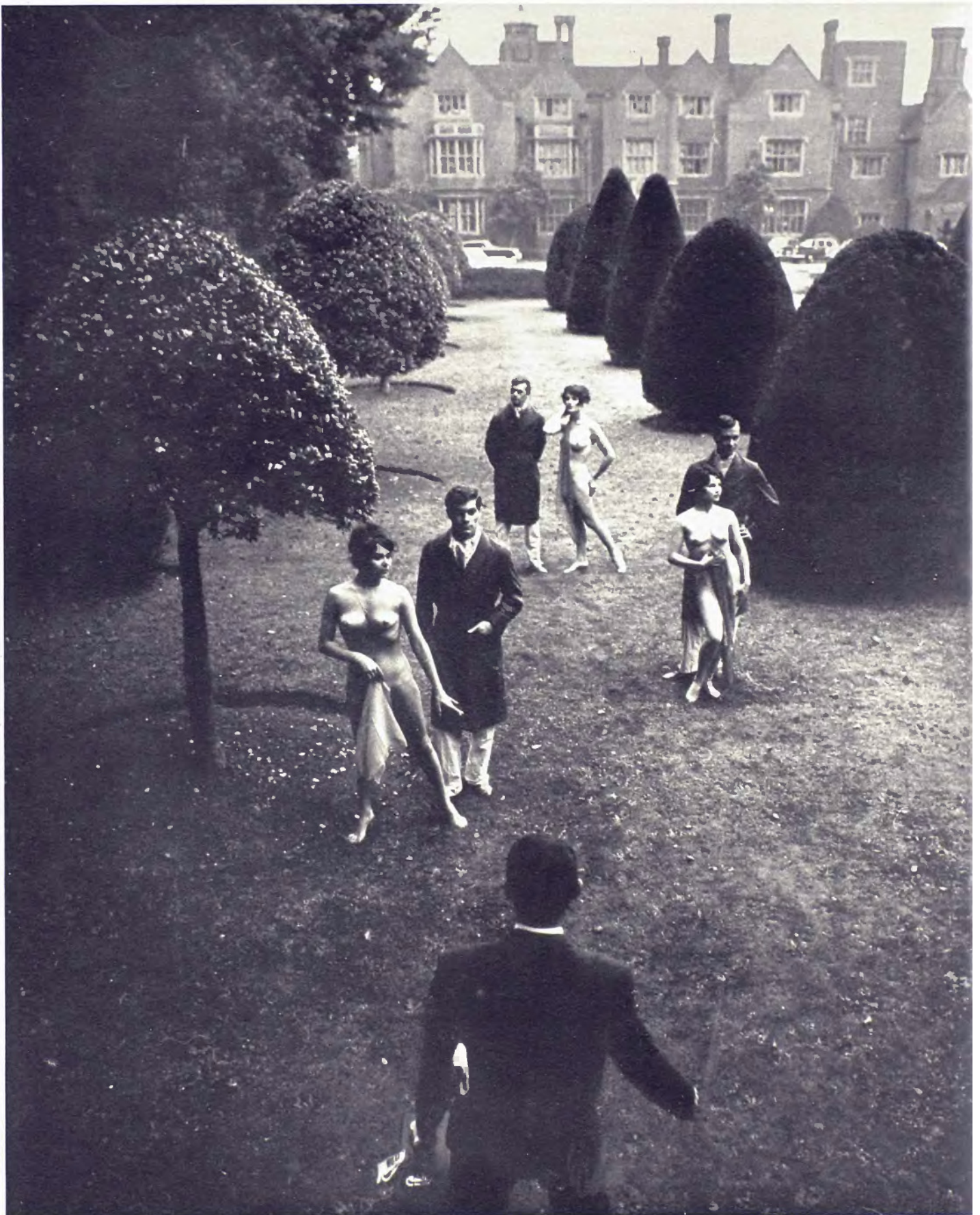
STRANGELOVE: *Gottenhimmel! Mein fershlugginer artificial arm would pick zis moment to go on der fritz!*
LOLITA: *Act casual. My husband Humbert and that icky General Torpidson are coming into radar range.*

TONY RICHARDSON, the Academy Award-winning English director of *Tom Jones*



HUSBAND: Zounds, madam! Dost thou hold so cheap thy connubial vows that thou darest glut and gorge thyself with this whoreson boulder, and at thy husband's very table? **WIFE:** Slurp! **HUSBAND:** And what say thee, knave? **KNAVE:** Burp!

ALAIN RESNAIS, avant-garde French director who won international fame with his otherworldly *Last Year at Marienbad*



WIFE: *Who are you?* **LOVER:** *Who am I?* **DREAM WIFE:** *Who are they?* **DREAM LOVER:** *Who are we?*
FANTASY WIFE: *Who is she?* **FANTASY LOVER:** *Who is he?* **HUSBAND:** *Who ha! And on the front lawn yet!*

AKIRA KUROSAWA, Japan's widely acclaimed writer-director of *Rashomon*, *The Seven Samurai*, *Ikiru* and *Yojimbo*



LOVER: *This humble servant senses that he has somehow offended honorable host.*

HUSBAND: *Regret necessity of pointed reminders that hospitality of humble home includes tea but no sugar.*

ALFRED HITCHCOCK,
director of such horrific
spine tingers as
Psycho and *The Birds*



WIFE: *Now, darling—you know he insists on appearing in one scene of every movie he directs.*
VOICE FROM SHOWER: *Good evening.*

JOSEPH MANKIEWICZ, director of filmdom's most expensive epic, *Cleopatra*



CAESAR: *Et tu, Brutus, Claudius, Cassius, Casca, Mark Antony, et al.?*



ROGER VADIM, the French director of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* who made a star of Bardot in *And God Created Woman*



HUSBAND (warmly): Antoine / LOVER: Pierre / WIFE: Pfuill



INGMAR BERGMAN, Sweden's New Wave master of mystical symbolism and candid sensuality

WIFE: *I don't know what you're getting so upset about. It's all symbolic anyway.*

FEDERICO FELLINI, Italy's brilliant chronicler of decadence in such award winners as *La Dolce Vita* and *8½*



HUSBAND: *Mamma mia! My wife and her bridge club in an orgy in our living room!*
WIFE: *Oh, oh, here's bigmouth! Now it'll be all over Rome!*



opinion By JAMES BLISH As he faces the audience, the artist is at the focus of a battery of eight tape recorders, with an attendant by each. At a signal, he begins to speak. So do all eight tape recorders. Each one is playing a speech in his voice—but all the speeches are different, and in addition none of them is the speech the live artist himself is delivering.

Let us pause here, dear friends and gentle hearts, and ask: What is going on here? Is the artist actually a madman addressing an audience of psychiatrists? Or is it an experiment in one-man choral poetry reading which has gotten out of sync? Or is it just a Greenwich Village "happening"?

Any of these explanations would make sense, but the truth is almost beyond belief. The truth is:

This is supposed to be music.

The man with the nine voices is a dead-serious American composer named John Cage, and his composition of the moment is far from the weirdest he has concocted in the course of a relatively short career. If there are any committable cases in this hall, they are all in the audience, which consists almost entirely of people who are so afraid of being thought Philistines by posterity that they will sit earnestly still for anything that is offered to them as serious modern music, even if—as in this and a number of other famous cases—not a single musical note can be heard.

Let us repeat, this is by no means an extreme example, nor is Cage the only offender. The new concert music of the 20th Century has finally gone off the deep end, and is now more remote from its potential audience than the worst of avant-garde poetry ever was in any danger of becoming. If this trend continues—and it is in fact accelerating—the concert music that will be offered our children will be as minor an art as flower arranging, and communicating just as little.

The essence of this change is remarkably simple, though it has a complicated history and a disastrous outcome. Until our century, the serious composer's main concern was primarily to show that he was a better master of his medium than his predecessors. Today, with few but important exceptions, his primary concern is to be different.

Nobody denies, or would want to deny, the great changes that have occurred in Western music since the Greeks made the primary harmonic discovery—that women tend to sing the "same" melody an octave higher than men do. Almost all of these changes added to the expressivity of formal composition by allowing into the art devices, procedures, instruments and forms thought inadmissible by the preceding era. And it's also true that most of the innovators were denounced by their peers—composers and critics alike—as musical (continued on page 196)

composition or decomposition—
a skeptical ear is cocked at
the atonal and no-tonal sounds
in our concert halls

MUSIC OF THE ABSURD



Intarlandi

"Watch it with that pick, will you, Mr. Crumsted?"

*"This ought to attract
some attention when I
put it in the window."*



Vargas

the tutor who taught too well, alas



Ribald Classic
a tale from
Ser Giovanni's *Il Pecorone*

THERE ONCE LIVED a young and innocent student named Bucciolo who, having finished a course of tedious study at Bologna and still having before him the time for some sport ere his return to Rome, asked his tutor to use what days remained in coaching him in the ways of love. "Very well," replied his seer. "You could not have chosen an angler better than I, for this is a pool in which I oft have slaked my thirst."

Beginning the lessons, the professor told the student to go to a certain church upon the Sunday next, choose the most lovely lady there assembled, follow her to where she dwelled, and then report back to him. Bucciolo did as he was told, then returned to tell his mentor what there had taken place.

"So far so good!" cried the tutor, amused at the snortings of the colt. "Now walk you carefully in front of her house, casting your eyes toward it in a modest and becoming manner, so that she cannot fail to perceive you and be struck by your attention. Then return to me for further tutelage."

Performing as directed, the student promenade with great discretion before the lady's door and happily discovered that she, by hooded glances, looked upon him with some favor. Great was his joy—and quick his response—when she invited him to visit her that evening.

The professor was less joyful, however, when he heard of the progress of his charge; for, upon putting together various circumstances, particularly regarding the location of the lady's house, he began to suspect that the doxy was none other than his wife. Thus, with concealed anxiety, he asked Bucciolo if he intended to accept the invitation. "To be sure," replied the knave.

Thus, Bucciolo was no sooner on his way that night than the professor slipped himself out quietly in cautious pursuit. In time he saw his pupil truly stop at his own door, which was opened at a slight tap, and then the youth was admitted by the professor's wife herself. "Alas!" cried the tutor, "I fear this young scoundrel has learned more quickly than I had expected." With this, he ran back to the college and there, arming himself with stick and with sword, hastened then him back to his home.

When the lady, sitting so close beside Bucciolo that no goose could drive a quill between them, heard a smart knock upon her door, she recognized it as that of her husband. Alarmed, she concealed her lover un-

der a heap of damp wash in a corner, then opened she the door. "Where is the villain!" bellowed her husband as he strode into the room; and, bawling like a bullock, he searched the house—probing every place but the right one and ignoring the virtuous assertions of his wife. Finally he returned, muttering, to the gymnasium, whereupon his spouse immediately served her student lover a fine capon and gave him wine and fruit, along with other delights.

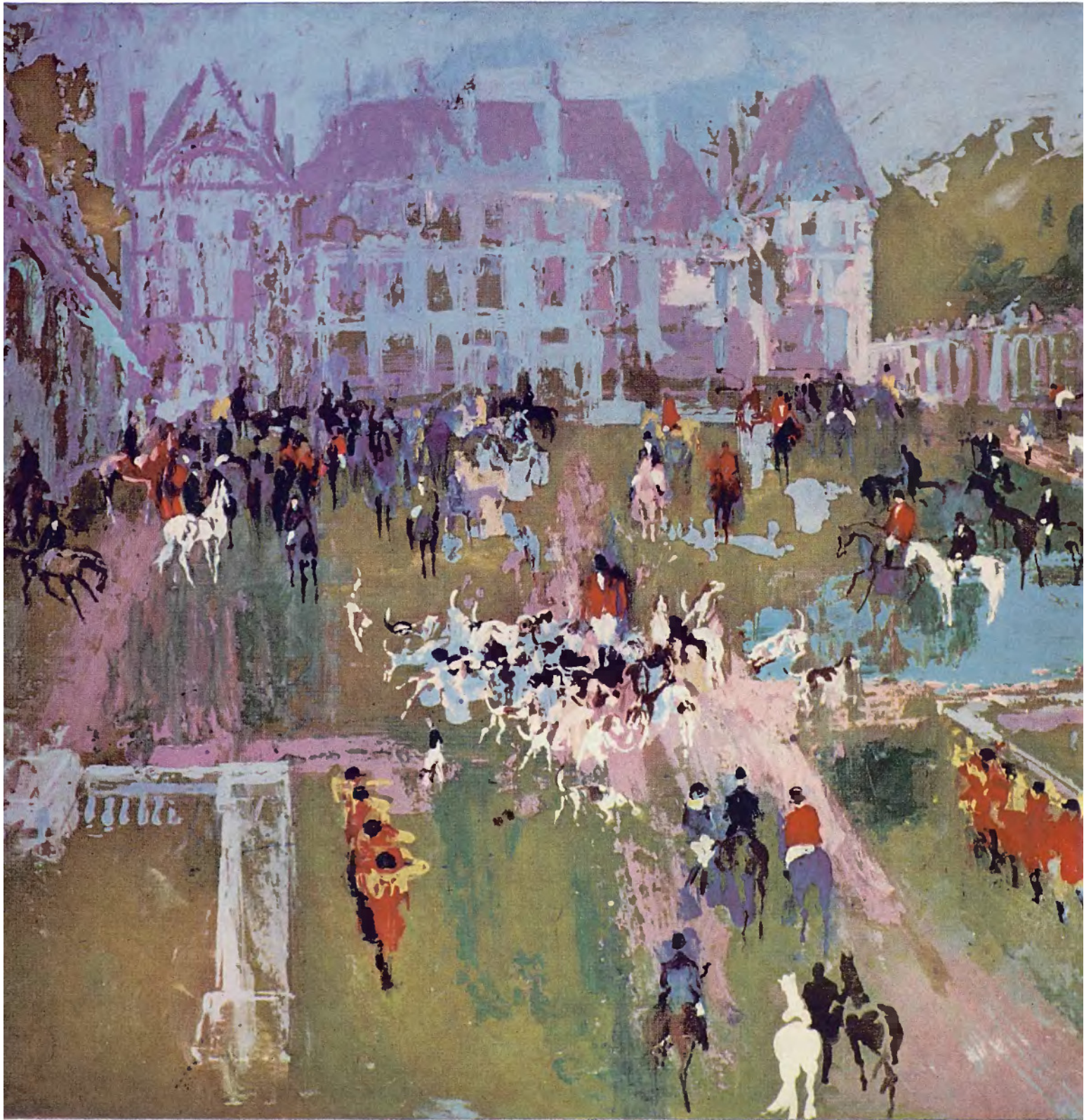
Arriving the next day at college, Bucciolo innocently informed the professor that he had something to tell him which he was sure would make the graybeard chuckle. The student then related the night's proceedings, explaining that he had not been caught because he was hiding under a pile of wash and appending that he would return to the lady's house that afternoon for further romping. "Then be sure to go," replied the professor, somewhat bleakly, "and come you back tomorrow and tell me how you fared." With that the student departed at a brisk pace—with the professor not far astern.

The latter, arriving at his house just in time to have the door slammed upon his face, embarked upon an understandable tirade. Hearing this, his wife placed Bucciolo behind the door, then opened it and threw her arms around her husband, pulling him into the house and thus allowing her lover to escape. At once the professor cast himself at the heap of wash. "Help, help!" shrieked the wife, "my husband has gone mad!" At this point came the neighbors running and there they saw the peaceful pedagog repeatedly running his sword through a bundle of laundry, all the while bellowing, "Die, you blackguard, die!" Thereupon they chained him down like a madman, declaring that he must have lost his wits because of excessive study.

The next morning, on coming to the college to report to his professor as usual, Bucciolo heard the news that the tutor had gone mad and was restrained in his home. Being directed to the house, the youth blanched as he recognized that temple of assignation. Nevertheless, he entered the place and, upon observing his master collapsed upon his bed, gulped audibly and inquired: "Noble sir, is there anything I can do for you?"

To which the professor, with commendable irony, replied, "No thank you, Bucciolo, you have done enough. Depart, my pupil; you have learned your lessons far too well."

—Retold by John D. Keefauver



In the cool of early morning the hunting party assembles outside the Chateau de Raray's splendid Renaissance façade. As the participants exchange traditional huntsmen's greetings and the hounds yip and caper in less formal anticipation, the attendants in foreground prepare to start the hunt with a flourish of notes from their golden horns.

man at his leisure

neiman portrays the pageantry of a french deer hunt

CHANTILLY, a small village set in deeply forested countryside 25 miles north of Paris, is an idyllic site for one of the world's most aristocratic diversions: riding to hounds in pursuit of deer. The classic *chasse à courre*, which once flourished under the royal enthusiasm of pre-Revolution monarchs, is a tradition sustained in France today through the private sponsorship of a few titled elite—the counts, dukes, marquis and barons who still have a passion, and the francs, for the hunt. A recent witness to this exclusive and exciting sport was *PLAYBOY*'s impressionist man-about-the-world, LeRoy Neiman, who was invited to the Château de Chantilly to view a hunt held under the auspices of the Marquis de Rouaille, *Grand Veneur*, or huntmaster, of the Rallye Pique-Avant. Reports Neiman: "I was struck immediately by the totally unself-conscious—and therefore somehow inoffensive—*snobisme* of all concerned, from the impeccably attired men in traditional hunting garb to their elegant ladies, to the attendant *pi-queurs*, the class-conscious grooms and dog handlers. An aura of time-honored protocol infuses the proceedings, a sense of ceremony which is conveyed with typical French flair. The hunt itself is a tremendously exhilarating affair, enacted against landscapes of unmatched rustic beauty, and punctuated by the cry of the pack and the brassy blasts of the circular hunting horns which sound as the hounds pick up the scent, when the game is sighted, and following the kill. As the ringing tones echo through the woods they seem to go back through time in search of similar sounds long since lost—the effect is that of a charming fairy tale, made poignantly nostalgic in its re-enactment."



Right: A stag is cornered by hounds and hunters. At bay, he will be dispatched quickly while hunting horns sound *l'hallali*, the signal of his death.



man at his leisure *continued*



In autumnal air as bracing as a snifter of cognac, the field flashes past the venerable Chateau de Chantilly and on across the gentle countryside of the Senlis-Chantilly area in full pursuit of its fleet quarry.





Closely pressed by the hunters, a swift stag takes to a small forest lake. The run is not yet over, for deer are strong swimmers and able to survive currents the pack can't navigate. When hard pressed, a resourceful stag may sometimes submerge completely except for nostrils and antlers, which he artfully camouflages in lake foliage.

Playmates Revisited • 1962

playboy encores its ninth year's gatefold girls

THE POLLS REMAIN OPEN in our special election for the ten Playmates of the Decade, all of whom will appear in a December *Readers' Choice* pictorial. The 1962 roster of candidates, herein pictured, validates the ancient adage that good things come in pairs. Before our ninth year of publication, we had never photographed a Canadian Playmate; that year we reached north of the border for two, Pamela Anne Gordon (March) and Unne Terjesen (July), who was born in Odda, Norway, before migrating west. Another double premiere was personified by Jan Roberts (August) and Mickey Winters (September): Until their arrival on the gatefold scene, 24 girls had transited from Playmate to Bunny, but Jan and Mickey were discovered in cottontails at the Chicago Club, and, in a neat switch, went from Bunny to Playmate. Then, in December, June Cochran became the 25th beauty to go the other way, when she followed up twin beauty-contest victories (she won the Indiana State title in both the Miss World and Miss Universe contests) with a stunning centerfold appearance, then became—and still is—one of the Windy City's most popular Bunnies, as well as 1963's Playmate of the Year. We also introduced a brace of cinema hopefuls in 1962 who have since taken their first steps up the stardom ladder: Merle Pertile (January) recently signed a contract with Universal, and Marya Carter (May), a regular on the Jackie Gleason show last year, will soon appear in Columbia's *The New Interns*. Next month, PLAYBOY will revisit 1963's candidates, after which the ballot box will be unsealed and the ballots tallied. If you've already chosen your slate of ten favorites from December 1953 through December 1963, you may cast your votes now.



MERISSA MATHES, June 1962



JAN ROBERTS, August 1962

MICKEY WINTERS, *September 1962*



LAURA YOUNG, *October 1962*



KARI KNUDSEN, *February 1962*

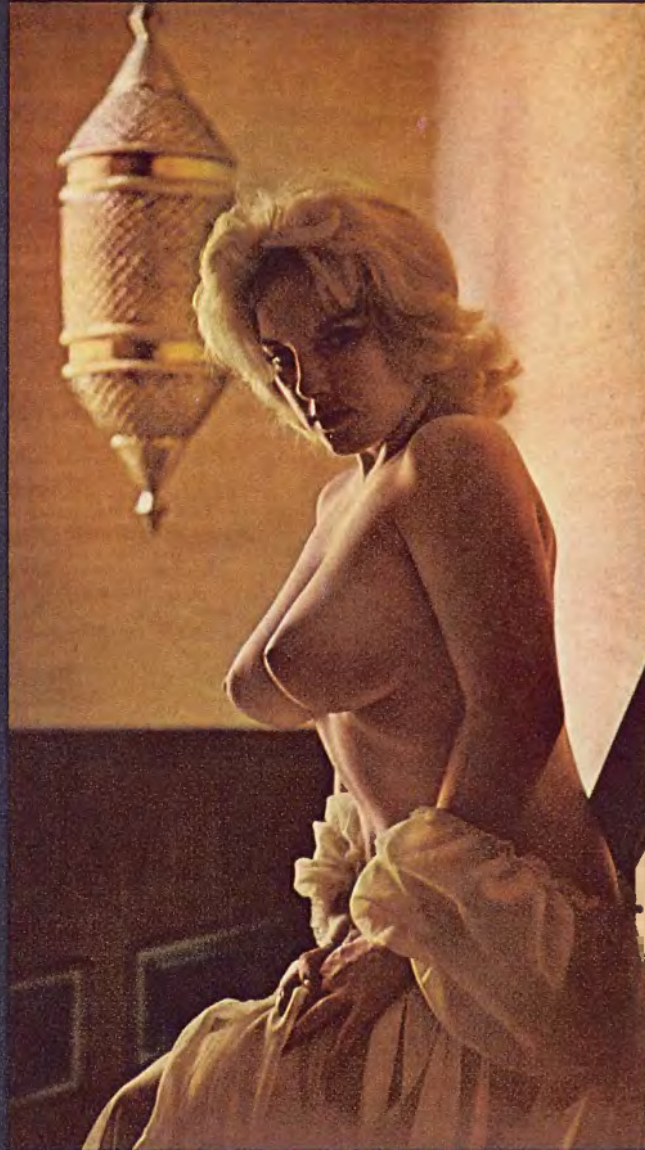


UNNE TERJESEN, *July 1962*

JUNE COCHRAN, *December 1962*



PAMELA ANNE GORDON, *March 1962*



MERLE PERTILE, *January 1962*

AVIS KIMBLE, *November 1962*



MARYA CARTER, *May 1962*



ROBERTA LANE, *April 1962*

REQUIEM (continued from page 96)

face to turn on the master switch for the radio telescope. The panel responded by blossoming with green lights. All was well. Charlie's last task had been successful and the telescope was operating smoothly again. John set the automatic scanning controls and looked out at the great parabolic antenna. It was beginning to move. Ponderously and as slowly as a sunflower turning its face toward the sun, the big dish tilted to and fro, searching for signals from space that might be interpreted as galactic collisions or a bursting nova or a war between the atoms of matter and antimatter. These long waves of energy, when interpreted as sound, filled the bubble with irregular cracklings and thin pulsing whines like the voices of demented ghouls lost beyond the edge of nothingness.

John turned the sound down to where he could barely hear it. Its lifeless quality brought back the despondency that he had briefly put aside. Everything around him was dead—a dead planet, dead space, dead insensate machines, his dead friend. He needed the reassurance of a human voice, even if it had to be his own.

So he switched on the tape cartridge and picked up the microphone. "This is Major John Leonard reporting," he said. "February twelfth, Abraham Lincoln's birthday. Today Colonel Charles Milford died as a result of an accident. His oxygen line was punctured while he was outside making repairs. I feel that I contributed to his death by failing to reach him quickly enough. However, the work is continuing and I am making precise counts and measurements at regular in-

tervals. For example, there are exactly forty-nine rivets in each laminated arch supporting our control chamber, and since there are fifteen arches, it will be seen that there are seven hundred and thirty-five rivets in all."

John paused to consider the next item of his report, then found he'd forgotten what he'd already said. He reversed the tape, turned up the sound and played his words back to himself, relieved to discover that his voice sounded calm and factual—until he heard the part about the rivets. Then the microphone fell from his hand and he came to his feet in a blind panic. "I'm going mad," he thought, "I'm destroying everything Charlie wanted. I'm killing him twice!" He stared dazedly around the circular enclosure. Only half of the wall space was occupied by the control console. Along the rest of it were bunks, chairs, a miniaturized motion-picture projector, a tiny phonograph with plenty of recordings, Charlie's guitar . . . He stared at the guitar, so familiar and yet so out of place among the other transistorized instruments. A touch of reality.

He looked out into the freezing night. Charlie must come in. Charlie was surely getting too cold. He laughed harshly when he found himself starting to leave the bubble without his suit and helmet. That would have been too simple a solution to the whole thing. "You can't quit yet," he told himself savagely. "And Charlie can't quit either."

He brought Charlie in and placed him on his bunk. "You'll think I'm out of my mind," he said, "but I want you to play your guitar." He placed several pillows beneath Charlie's head and shoulders to lift him into a position to play, then he lay the guitar in Charlie's lap. "But I'm not entirely out of my mind. Remember the tape we made two days ago? It's right here."

He stepped to the file, selected a tape and placed it on the cartridge, then turned it on. He sat down opposite Charlie, closed his eyes and waited. Suddenly Charlie was speaking.

"All right, John," Charlie said. "We might as well make an extra buck out of this show. We'll record an impromptu program right here on the spot and split the dough for syndication rights when we get back. Let's call it *An Hour on the Moon with Leonard and Milford.*"

"You should get first billing," John's voice replied. "You outrank me."

"Too late. I've recorded it. First for some questions and answers. What do you see outside, John?"

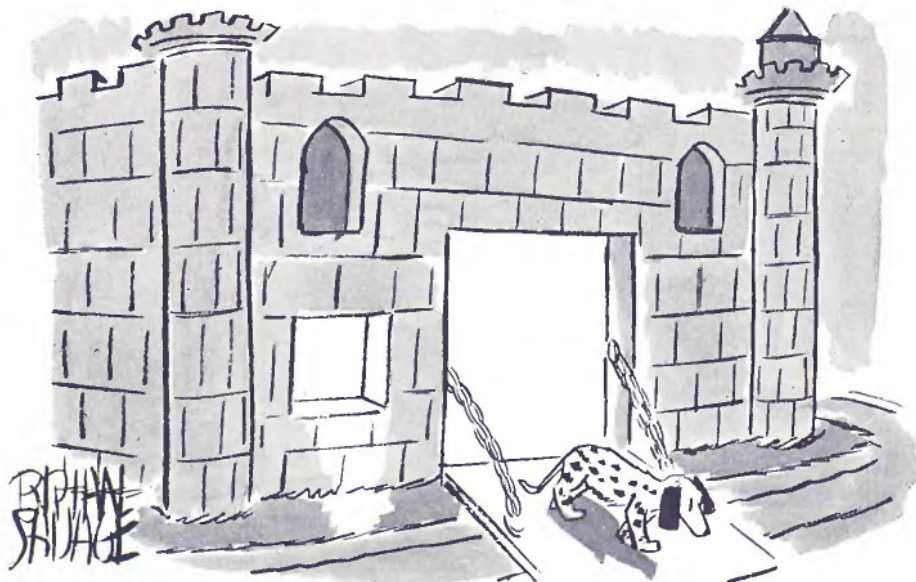
"Nothing, Charlie. I don't see a thing."

"And will you tell the folks, John, why it is you don't see anything outside?"

"It's simple, folks. The bubble is covered by the radiation shield. It's opaque. If we took it off, the sunlight would cook us. But in another thirty-six hours the



"Out! Out, damned Spot!"





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sun will be setting and the shield comes off."

"Thank you, John. Now what do you see inside?"

"I see you, Charlie. I see a batch of controls. I see your guitar and I think it's time you gave us a musical number. Charlie has a fine baritone voice, folks, and a very hot rendition of *The Whiffenpoof Song*. Come on, Charlie, give."

"You've talked me into it, John. And by a strange coincidence I seem to have my guitar right in my lap, all in tune, so there'll be no amateurish delay. Here we go, folks." A guitar chord sounded and then Charlie's voice broke into song.

In his chair John let his eyes open to narrow slits so that he could look across at Charlie. A chill shot along his spine at the illusion of Charlie reclined there singing and playing. It was perfect. John held his gaze, his eyes still slits, until the song was ended and he heard Charlie say, "Now we'd better have a breather while you attend to the instrument readings, John."

"Sure, Charlie," only it wasn't the tape who said it. It was John himself. He was on his feet moving toward the console before he realized it. Then he whirled back and stared at his dead friend, sweat starting from his forehead. This was no way to regain possession of himself. This was only driving him closer to the edge! He dropped back into his chair, his fists pressed against his temples.

"Stand by, folks," Charlie's cheery voice continued, "and we'll see if we can't pick up a few space robins for you. What's on the radio telescope, John?"

John straightened and looked at the cartridge, then stood up and moved toward it. Darkness was coming over him. He almost welcomed it.

"Ah, yes," said Charlie. "I believe we have a faint signal. Sounds like Galaxy MP 13."

And indeed there was a faint signal coming over, but it wasn't Galaxy MP 13. John knew the characteristic swell and fall of that energy source well. This was utterly different from any signal he'd ever heard before. It was a reedy whistle with a definite rhythmic lilt, sounding out a strange melody of half tones and quarter tones on a scale that was only about a third of an octave. He stepped toward the console, listening. The signal was fading. He threw the switch to stop the movement of the great antenna, then turned on manual control and began searching the sky, returning the antenna to the focal position that had first found the signal. It came in again, clearer and clearer as he tightened the focus.

Behind him Charlie's voice said, "There, folks, a radio signal from deep space. But don't get imaginative. Those signals originate in the furnace of crea-

tion and not in Station Pi Pi Pi belonging to the beats of Betelgeuse. No one is sending them. They just come."

"Shut up, Charlie!" John whirled and snapped off the tape, then returned to the controls. It was music he was hearing! The focus was sharp now. No accident of nature could produce a signal like this from inanimate matter. It was unlike any music ever heard on earth, nor could it possibly have originated on earth in any case. The mass of the moon blacked out everything from that quarter of the universe. This music was coming from intelligent beings somewhere in distant space. It carried a question and pleaded for an answer. "O listener," the notes seemed to say, "are you there? And if you are there, whoever and wherever you are in this vast cosmos, recognize this as the product of a seeking mind and let us know of your existence if you can!"

John turned to the controls of the optical telescope and synchronized its focus with that of the radio telescope. Using the same remote controls he opened the telescope's shutter so that it would start photographing the region of sky upon which it was focused. A television screen in front of him showed all that he could have seen through the telescope with his eye—merely a faint luminosity. He must wait for a long exposure.

Meanwhile, the music continued. He was beginning to sense its mathematical form now. The notes seemed to be added, multiplied, squared. What they meant he didn't know, but there were those on earth who would find out.

After an hour he turned on the television again to see what the telescope had photographed. Where there had been only dimness before there was now a cluster of stars, most of them mere pin points of light, but one in the exact center of the picture that showed clearly after the long exposure. Even from earth it would have appeared in a photograph made at a large observatory. John checked its position with the astronomical index and was able to identify it as Watkins 346, after the astronomer who first cataloged it. It was a yellowish star of the 19th magnitude. Its distance from earth was estimated at 1300 light-years.

That was all the index had to say about it, but John was now able to add one enormous fact. The star had at least one planet that was the abiding place of intelligent life. Were they men? That was easiest to believe. There was no reason why the forces of evolution wouldn't operate there the same as on earth and produce similar results.

John stood at the transparent wall looking skyward. With his unaided eyes the star was invisible and no telescope ever built would resolve an image of the planet. And even though men had spanned the gap to the moon, they would never bridge the awful chasm of

interstellar distance to the source of the music. The music was only a question broadcast through the universe by beings who yearned to know if theirs was the only intelligence among the tiny islands drifting through space. And here on the moon the question had reached at least one of its goals. How joyful the questioners if they could know!

Then John felt a shock as he realized that the makers of the music could never possibly know. The long radio waves had left their transmitters 1300 years ago. The musicians had been the contemporaries of Charles Martel and his Franks who defeated the Arabs at the Battle of Tours. They were as dead as Charlie, yet their music still flowed.

The thought made John walk to where his dead friend still reclined on the bunk with his guitar in his lap. "Let's finish the show, Charlie," John whispered. "Let's finish it right."

He reversed the reel on the recorder and erased everything back to where Charlie said, "Ah, yes. I believe we have a faint signal." John let Charlie say this again, then turned the microphone so that it could pick up the music. He recorded for several minutes and explained the source of the sounds.

"And now, folks," he said, "Charlie is going to sing again and send an answer to the strangers at Watkins 346. Our transmitter can't be as powerful as theirs, but I imagine that during the last 1300 years their scientists may have developed some very sensitive receptors that can pick up signals even as faint as ours. And if they haven't, they'll still have another 1300 years to work at it before our broadcast gets there. So here's Charlie again with his favorite song."

John switched on the transmitter and synchronized its beam with the focus of the two telescopes. Then he backed up the recorder to Charlie's song and played it again, full volume. The people who received the song wouldn't understand the words, but they'd recognize it as the product of a living intelligence. Yes, of course—a *living* intelligence! For Charlie was singing to generations yet unborn to whom he'd exist for the first time in the remote future. He'd gone space traveling at the speed of light and had taken his guitar along.

The song ended. John would play it again at intervals and fill in the time between with a variety of signals. He had to keep them going a long time to be sure they'd be received. Meanwhile, he was no longer alone. Right out the window he could look off toward Watkins 346, and even though he couldn't see the sun that shone on his neighbors' houses, he had a nice picture of it. And their ancestors would serenade him through the long lunar night.

"I think we're going to make it, Charlie," he said. "I'm sure of it."



THE TOUCHED NEST

disaster lurked
at every turn
on the crooked
road of his
warped
paternalism

fiction By PRENTISS COMBS IT WAS NO SHOCK to me, what happened to Gundar Krag. It was no shock to my father, either.

"Well," he said that night, letting the screen door slam behind him, "Gundar Krag got it this morning. Fell off the Jerry Slough weir and broke his back." The floor shook under him and he screeched up his chair to the table where supper always had to be ready when he came in. He reached for the pepper.

"That'll teach the son of a buck," he said. My father never cussed in the house.

My father never believed he was getting his fair share of anything. Gundar Krag was water superintendent for the association, so my father was always quarreling with him over whether he was getting his share of irrigation water. Krag wouldn't give my father any more ditch water, not even when my father had him by the short hairs. So, it was no shock to me that he got his back broken.

Something always happened to anybody who crossed my father. He either got hurt some way or got army worms in his cotton or rust in his wheat or something. A broken back seemed like awfully hard punishment to me, but even then, at 11 years old, I'd come to know there was no figurable relationship between crimes against my father and the punishment likely to come from them. There was just no figuring it. A drunk



Mexican swung at my father once with a single tree and all he got out of it was a spider bite on the lip. But then Luke Hightower borrowed a disk once without asking and Luke Hightower's tractor rolled over on him two days later and broke both his legs. Jim Burdick swore once in our house and his wife died of female trouble. Now Gundar Krag had a broken back. I sat there and wondered what was going to happen to Gundar Krag's wife, Helgi.

Nobody could begin to eat at our table until my father had loaded his plate. My mother always put the biggest and best piece on top of the meat platter, but my father had to look through the platter every time. He always suspected trickery.

He looked through the platter, got gravy on his potatoes and peppered everything black. When he picked up his fork, my brother Paulie and I reached for the bread at the same time.

We looked at each other and I could tell from his face he was thinking about Helgi Krag, too. Paulie didn't look anything like my father, but sometimes they both got the same look on their faces—a kind of tight, pleased look, like things were working out pretty much the way

they and God had planned.

I let Paulie have the bread plate without a fuss, not feeling very hungry, wondering what was going to happen to Helgi Krag for what she'd done to Paulie and me.

"Oh, the poor man," my mother dared to say, and my father's face came up, his mouth full, and he looked at her and she looked down.

"Didn't he have it coming?" my father asked her and she said that she guessed he did. But that wasn't enough for my father.

"I asked you didn't he have it coming?"

And my mother gave in that easy, saying yes, he did, but it seemed so hard. She said it all faint-voiced and scared to look at him.

"That'll teach the son of a buck," my brother Paulie said, and he peppered everything black.

Paulie was 12 years old then, a year older than I was. But he was a slow grower and skinny, so I'd been able to whip him since the first grade. But it didn't do me much good. If Paulie couldn't lick me, my father sure could, and Paulie knew how to please my father. Paulie would rather please my father

than anything in the world, I guess.

I don't know why, but I couldn't please my father in anything. No matter what I did, it was wrong. I'd even got so I wouldn't put pepper on my food. My father carried a red-handled pocket knife with the word "Case" cut in the blade and he was forever taking that knife out of his pocket and telling me to go cut a stick I thought was the right size for the crime against him. Kids get crazy notions. There was a blade in that knife I'd seen him use on boar pigs and I never could get my breath while his thumbnail felt around over the backs of the blades. I only got my breath back when his thumbnail sank into the stick-cutting blade instead of the boar-cutting one. It was almost a relief to go cut a stick when the right blade came open.

I'd get the stick and he'd grab my arm so tight it would get numb and his eyes would be mean under his sunburned eyelids. He would hold me like that, standing wide and fat and tall as a house.

"You got this coming?" He'd always ask that and I never said no. I always just nodded, closed my eyes and started hopping in a tight circle, him still holding my arm, and hollering after the first cut, hoping to mollify him by the volume of it, I guess.

I'd always try to figure ahead of time how many cuts I was going to get. But there was no telling. He whipped according to some secret get-even count in his head and no hollering or begging was going to change the count. I'd figure it for 10 and get set for it, and it would turn out to be 20 or 25 cuts he'd set in his head as the get-even count. He whipped hard, working leg backs, bottom and back, and I hollered and hopped and counted, but I could have saved my breath. No begging or hollering was going to change his mind, once it was made up.

Then, when the count was done, he'd keep hold of my arm and squeeze, really squeeze, so I'd have his finger marks on my arm for days, and then he'd cut me loose. I knew how those boar pigs felt.

Part of the reason Gundar Krag got his back broken off the Jerry Slough weir was because one day Paulie and I visited Gundar Krag's new wife.

I begged and cussed and pleaded with Paulie to keep the thing a secret, but he got that pleased, tight look around his eyes and I knew it was no good. He told, and the old red-handled knife came out and the thumbnail felt over the blade backs and finally opened the stick-cutting blade. But that time it took him a long time to find the right blade and I wondered, standing there with no breath in me, if my father didn't *know* how scared I was that he was going to open the wrong blade.

"I don't want one that's going to frazzle out or break."

I was so glad that the right blade had



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"You will meet a tall, dark, dashing gentleman—and you will hate yourself the next morning."

come open that I cut a good one with heft enough to last and whip enough to cut.

. . .

We didn't plan to visit Gundar Krag's new wife. We'd stayed after school to walk over to Arthur Dize's place to get the loan of a bee smoker. As we went by Gundar Krag's house we just looked through the back fence to see if maybe we could get a look at the new wife he'd just brought over from Denmark.

We knelt down and looked through the fence cracks and then we both jerked back and looked at each other and then banged our foreheads back up against the fence. I heard Paulie's breath ease out of him. I just grooved my forehead up against the fence and looked at Gundar Krag's new wife sitting in a chair in her yard with her oiled and lovely face tipped to the sky, the lids over her closed eyes gleaming.

All of her was gleaming. Gundar Krag's new wife was sitting there in broad daylight with no clothes on. Nothing. No clothes at all. Not any.

Paulie whispered something without taking his eye away from the fence crack.

"Shut up," I tried to whisper, but my throat was dry and it came out loud.

We watched her eyes open, saw her knees bend, saw her beautiful legs gather beneath her and watched her stand up. She walked toward the gate, toward us. We should have cut and run, but the crinkled gleaming of the golden triangle and the ponderously beautiful sway of all the history of woman's breasts held us. We were still on our knees at the fence when she opened the gate and smiled at us and motioned us inside.

I guess we got up and went. I guess we did, because the next thing I knew we were sitting inside the yard and she was bending over us, scorching us with her nearness, pouring cold lemonade. We drank that lemonade straight down without tasting it, like thirst-maddened things, like dogs after a long, hard run. I looked at her over and around the rim of the glass, down to the last untasted drop. She sat back down.

"I am Helgi Krag," she said in a foreign way and there was never a voice like that. She was Helgi Krag, and she leaned her blonde head back and closed her eyes again. I stared at her eyelids. I cut one look at Paulie. He always had trouble keeping his front teeth inside his mouth and his upper teeth were getting dry against his lower lip. He looked like when you think you've just found a bone in a mouthful of fish and you're afraid you're going to have to swallow anyway. I looked back at Helgi Krag and heard Paulie's rifle-bang swallow.

Paulie never knew when to talk and when to keep still.

"Awful hot day," he said, minding

what he thought were his manners. He edged forward in his chair like you do when you're going to stand up and start walking. "Well, we're obliged for the lemonade."

I just couldn't believe it, but I looked at him and saw that look on his face. My father might just as well have hooked a length of baling wire through the bib of his overalls and held one end. Paulie was answering a jerk on that wire. He was going to please.

"Shut up," I told Paulie.

"We were just on our way over to Arthur Dize's to get the loan of his bee smoker," Paulie said, like that was something to compare with what we were doing.

Helgi Krag opened her eyes. She had those kind of blue, blue eyes that haven't got any backs to them. I looked right through them and could see things moving around back there. I looked into her eyes and my blood whammed up against the dam of my toes and fingers so they beat and itched. That's how strong it was. I just wanted to walk in front of her for the rest of my life, beating snakes and squashing scorpions and choking hydrophobic dogs to death. I'd never felt anything like it before.

She waved one hand down the length of her.

"In Denmark," she said, "we take the sun."

"We sure don't around here," Paulie said.

"Some of us go skinny-dipping," I told her, trying to make her comfortable after what Paulie had said.

"Skinny-dipping?" she asked, and it was just beautiful the way she said it, and I told her that's what we called going swimming in the canals without any clothes on. She clapped her hands like we were all the same age.

"Oh, I would like that," she said, and you knew she would.

Paulie shifted in his chair.

"We got to go," he said.

"Shut up, Paulie," I told him.

"It's good to take the sun," Helgi Krag said.

"You just better bet," I said.

"Your mother . . . she takes the sun?" Helgi Krag asked that and the wire to Paulie yanked him out of his chair.

"Now," he said, "now we got to go."

I knew Helgi Krag wouldn't have asked that if she'd known Momma at all. Momma took off her clothes at night after she'd put on her nightgown.

"Well, maybe you come back again," Helgi Krag said, standing up. Paulie pulled the trigger on his swallow again and pretended to be looking at a mud dauber's nest up under the eaves of the house. But I could see his eyes roll. He wasn't fooling me.

"You just better bet we'll be back," I told her, not pretending to be looking at any old mud dauber's nest.

Paulie went to the gate like he wasn't going to look back. But he did. I backed all the way to the gate and Paulie slammed the gate on my back. I didn't even care. I went out the gate and started to cut around to the side to look some more through the fence, but Paulie yanked at me and I went with him because I thought we'd be spending a lot of time there.

A ways down the road Paulie said exactly what I should have known he was going to.

"I'm going to tell."

I should have known. I begged and cursed and threatened and it made Paulie look more pleased. He grinned, his teeth sticking out.

"Buck naked," he said, and loved the taste of it so much he just had to say it again. "Buck naked!"

It stopped me. I couldn't believe I'd heard him right.

"Buck naked?"

It was just an example of the way Paulie could twist things around. Helgi Krag hadn't been naked. Something, sure. Not naked. There was some little truth to it, sure. She didn't have any clothes on, but she sure wasn't naked.

"A grown woman," Paulie said, "buck naked in front of two little kids."

"Paulie," I said, "she wasn't buck naked."

He was pretty sure of his ground. He just walked along, grinning.

"She looked mighty naked to me," he said.

"I tell you, she wasn't naked," I said.

"You crazy little fool," Paulie said, and I tried to tell him.

"You remember the time Antonia Reyes was taking a shower in the shower-house and you took me to look through the knothole? Remember, she heard us and hollered and tried to cover herself up and yelled she was going to tell on us? Well, Antonia Reyes was naked."

"Listen, you crazy little fool," Paulie said, "they were both naked."

But it wasn't true. There was a big difference between Antonia Reyes yelling and covering herself up and Helgi Krag talking to us and pouring lemonade.

"There's going to be trouble over this," Paulie said. "A mess of it and a cupful for mother starter."

I'd heard my father say it a hundred times. They both said it the same way you or I would say: "Oh, boy, we're going to get out the freezer and make some ice cream!" Happy, looking forward to it.

We turned into the Dizes' place to get the bee smoker and Arthur was in the field, but Mrs. Dize went to the shed and got it for us. Mrs. Dize was an awful fat woman with red wrinkles around her neck and veins in her legs that were so knotted and bunched they looked like big bruises. I noticed the way Paulie was

looking at her. He gave me the smoker to carry. When we were out the gate I asked him:

"How come you were looking at Mrs. Dize like that?" He didn't try to pretend he didn't know what I was talking about. "You crazy little fool," he said. "Now I know."

"Know what?"
"What they all look like," he said. "From bridle to crupper."

That was another my father was always saying.

"Mrs. Dize had on clothes," I told him. His teeth edged out over his lip.

"Once you catch onto it," he said, "clothes don't mean anything."

I thought about it and could see what he meant.

"It's not fair, though," I told him. "Doing that to them when they don't know."

"You crazy little fool," Paulie told me.

When we got to our gate Paulie took the smoker so it would look like he'd been carrying it all the time in case we saw Poppa.

"Buck naked," he said again, and wet his teeth with his tongue.

He saved it for supper. He waited until my father had loaded his plate and peppered everything black. Paulie knew how to make people listen.

"Well, we saw Gundar Krag's new wife today."

My mother looked up, all interested.

"Oh? What was she like?"

Paulie buttered a whole slice of bread and then put pepper on it.

"She was buck naked," Paulie said and took a bite.

Anything that came up that kind of threw my mother off, she began to make little snuffling noises. She began to make those noises. My father laid down his fork and Paulie chewed, letting it stretch until he heard my father take breath.

"Yes, she came to the gate buck naked and asked us to sit with her. She sat like that all the time I was trying to get him to leave."

My father had some breath.

"You mean to say . . . ?" He waved his hand up and down.

"Nothing," Paulie said.

My mother just kept making those snuffling noises. My father looked at her and screeched back his chair. He was awfully strict about cussing and things like that in the house.

"You come out here with me," he told Paulie and me.

"Now," he said when we were out on the porch, meaning for Paulie to start over again from the very beginning and not to leave anything out.

"She wasn't naked." I hadn't meant to say it, but there it was and I had to go on with it.

My father had a way of swinging his head kind of slow and mean and ending the swing with you hung on the end of his glare. I hung there.

"One of you is lying," my father said.

"He is," Paulie said. "I wouldn't look at her and kept trying to get him to leave. But he sat there bug-eyed."

"What did she have on?" my father asked me.

"Nothing."

My father reached in his pocket and took out the knife.

"She didn't *act* naked," I said. I was pretty near to crying.

His thumbnail began wandering over the backs of the blades. He didn't ask Paulie. He asked me. His voice was kind of faraway.

"Skinny woman?"

"No."

"Fat?" Still in that voice, his thumbnail still hovering.

And I knew what to say.

"Just right," I said.

It was as close as me and my father ever came to *talking*.

"I don't want one that's going to frazzle out or break," he said, and I got a good one.

"You got this coming?"

I thought it would be 30 and set myself for it, but it wasn't 30 or even 40. It was 50. The highest get-even count he'd ever settled on. Finally he let me go and you would have thought that would have been enough. But it wasn't.

He threw the stick away and went over and put his hand right on Paulie's head and patted him.

"You're a good boy, Paulie," he said, with his hand right there on Paulie's head, patting him. But even that wasn't enough for Paulie.

"She asked if Momma sat around naked in our yard," he said, and it brought my father up short.

"She asked that?" he said through his teeth. "Did she . . . did she bring up any other names?"

"What do you mean?" Paulie asked him, and he kind of kneeled down in front of Paulie to look into his face.

"Nothing," my father said after he'd looked close into Paulie's face. Then he stepped off the porch and onto the ground and swore hard and then stepped back onto the porch and into the house.

"There's going to be trouble over this," my father said. "A mess of it and a cupful for mother starter."

I was bawling, but I could see Paulie's face through my tears and he never looked happier.

My mother looked up when my father came in. She looked more scared than usual with her hand over her mouth. She'd stopped making those snuffling noises and was begging something with her eyes.

"Is it . . . was it . . . ?" Whatever she



"How would m'lady like to start a key club?"

was asking, she was almost whispering. My father swung his head and let her hang.

"Can't you just *try* to be decent?"

My mother turned and went into the kitchen like she'd been lamed. I'd heard him ask her that a thousand times.

I went out onto the porch, alone. I didn't know what to do. I could see myself walking in front of Helgi Krag and killing mad dogs with my bare hands, but I couldn't see myself keeping her safe from whatever my father was going to do to her. There was just nothing I could do.

It made me feel so mean and weak that I climbed the pepper tree and looked down into the bee martin's nest and those little baby birds knew I was there and opened up their beaks and squeaked and carried on, like I had something to give them. I began to bawl again and picked up each one of those little birds, all warm and naked, and kissed each one. It was a crazy thing to do. Those baby birds yelling for worms and me giving them kisses.

Paulie came into the bedroom that night when I was still on my knees beside the bed. It was the only thing I could figure to do and I sure didn't want to get caught at it. I pretended like I was straightening the covers.

But you couldn't fool Paulie.

He took off his clothes and shoes, looking at me, almost grinning. He got in bed and put his hands in back of his head.

"You crazy little fool," he said up to the ceiling.

I didn't answer him.

"You think praying will do her any good? Well, it won't."

I got into bed and didn't shove for my share of the bed.

"What do you think he'll do to her?" I asked him.

"Cripple her, give her infantile paralysis or cut her face all to pieces in a car wreck," Paulie said.

It would have been encouraging to Paulie to say anything. I lay there for a long time.

"Paulie," I finally asked him, "what did she do?"

"You crazy little fool," Paulie said.

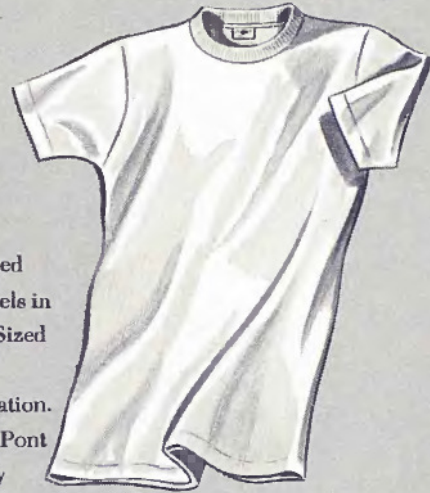
My back and bottom were still awful sore and I rolled over on my stomach and shoved. But Paulie began to make big fake snores to tell me he was pretty satisfied with the way things had gone. I wondered if you had to get down on your knees for it to work and decided not to take the chance of Paulie rolling over and looking at me. I lay there in the dark all alone and promised a lot of things if Helgi Krag would get let off.

I kept a pretty sharp watch, but Gundar Krag's pickup didn't come to our head gate for three days. But when I saw it coming I grabbed a wire net and ran

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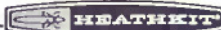


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down to be beside the head gate when he got there. I let the net down into the water and pretended to be waiting for carp and Krag stopped and got out. Some men always have to be teasing kids, but Gundar Krag never did. I said hello to him and he said hello to me.

My father came out of a shed and came over. He wasn't hurrying and he was smiling. I put my head down and acted like I didn't care about anything in this world but netting a few carp. But it didn't work.

"Get," he told me. I pulled up the net and acted like I was leaving, but once on the other side of the canal bank I lay down and flattened out.

"You've cheated me long enough," my father told Gundar Krag without even saying hello. "Now I've got you by the short hairs and I want ditch water."

I didn't hear Gundar Krag answer him.

"I don't need to talk," my father said. "Your woman showed herself buck naked to my two little boys, but I don't need to talk about it. Not if I got ditch water, as much of it as I wanted and when I wanted it."

Gundar Krag didn't sound mad or mean or excited.

"You will get your share of water," he said.

"Listen," my father said, "I got you by the short hairs."

"My Helgi," Krag said, "she didn't know it was not the custom here. In Denmark it is not dirty to lie in the sun without clothes. She did not know."

"I don't have to talk about it. I could keep quiet about it."

I could just barely hear Gundar Krag.

"No, I know your mind. You could not keep quiet about it. To you it is too dirty and you could not keep quiet about such a dirty thing. You would talk."

"Just what do you mean by that?" My father sounded like he was threatening Gundar Krag.

"I mean you are a dirty little man," Gundar Krag said. "You are tall and you are fat, but inside you are little and nasty. Everything you touch you make little and nasty."

I poked my head up to see. My father took off his hat and threw it on the ground. His face was red.

"You got a whipping coming to you," he hollered.

Gundar Krag didn't even look up from twisting the head gate.

"No, you are only good for talk. Only talk."

My father bent over and got his hat.

"Mister man," my father told him, "I'm not finished with you."

I flattened out again, squirmed back and cut for the house. Later I went in through the kitchen door and my mother was talking in the front room.

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Club numbers are: **BALTIMORE**, VE 7-1111; **CHICAGO**, WH 4-3010; **CINCINNATI** (opening September 19), 241-8580; **DETROIT**, 962-0011; **KANSAS CITY**, HA 1-5080; **LOS ANGELES** (opening in the fall), WE 8-3777; **MIAMI**, 751-7543; **NEW ORLEANS**, 523-5001; **NEW YORK**, PL 2-3100; **PHOENIX**, 264-4314; **ST. LOUIS**, OL 2-4700.

"Leave her be, poor thing." She was almost begging, it sounded like. "Maybe she just doesn't know any better."

My father's voice was mean.

"Listen, decent is decent."

My mother began to cry and I began to edge back toward the door, wanting to get out of there.

"Can't anybody ever make a mistake around you?" my mother asked him. She was crying.

I eased open the door. But I couldn't make it out in time and keep the door from slamming. I heard it. Saying it like she was dirty, like she was nothing, like she was dirt nothing.

"You would ask that," he told her.

I got outside.

Sometimes when they go at each other like that it seems like they must have a kind of secret language. Oh, you can hear the words they're saying and all, but what they really say, how they really hurt each other, is in the stillnesses and in between and under the words. When I was a lot littler I used to listen to them going on like that, him hollering and her crying. It brought on the same smothery scared feeling as when his thumbnail hit the boar-cutting blade when he was going to get even for something.

Oh, they didn't ever say my name. But

they didn't need to. In the stillnesses and in the in-between places, why, he was just hollering my name and she was crying over me.

I climbed the pepper tree again and looked down into the bee martin's nest. It was empty, bare empty. I climbed back down and tried to tell myself that those naked babies had feathered out and left the nest, flying high and free. But back on the ground I heard them still going on in the house and knew it was no good trying to lie about it. My mother had told me a thousand times.

"Don't ever touch a bird's nest," she'd told me a thousand times. "The father won't feed the babies if he thinks somebody has been fooling around the nest. He'll just throw those babies out of the nest."

Well, that was what had happened.

My father told everybody. In the store and at the gin and whoever happened by. Paulie told everyone at school. I got so I could tell just by the look on their faces when they were telling somebody, even when I was too far away to hear.

I kept waiting to hear something, but there was never any news about Helgi Krag, anything happening to her. I mean. I used to walk by the place quite a bit, but I never stopped. Gundar Krag came home from the hospital and they

said he would be in a wheelchair the rest of his life. Their house began to look like nobody lived there.

But I had to go, finally. I hadn't heard anything and I had to know. I knocked and stood there on Helgi Krag's doorstep and waited to see her. After a while I heard slow, draggy steps and then the door opened a crack. I looked up into Helgi Krag's eyes.

"Are you all right?" I asked her, but the cooler was going in the house and making so much noise I couldn't hear if she answered me.

"Are you all right?" I asked her again, and she put her mouth to the crack of the door and I heard her. I heard her plain.

"Go away, you nasty little boy."

That's the last thing Helgi Krag ever said to me.

For a while I thought about training a pigeon to carry a message to her, to try to explain. But Paulie had a .22 rifle by then and well, anyway, I had to stand by a promise I made to the dark one night. I promised I'd never try to see Helgi Krag again if my father would let her off.

It's hard to know for sure, because nobody ever sees her. But so far, anyway, it looks like my father has let her off.



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Go ahead, lavish attention on your Yamaha. But it's not really necessary.

Our exotic friend's "Rotary Jet 80" is different from other sportcycles. It has Yamaha's revolutionary Oil Injection System.

This potent rotary-valve, 2-cycle engine doesn't require pre-mixing of gas and oil. Or oil changes. And there's always clean, fresh oil to lubricate its seven moving parts.

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about oil. Just enjoy the "Rotary Jet 80's" spirited performance, 4-speed gearbox, waterproof and dust-proof brakes, and the look of bikes costing half-again as much.

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two tweeters for high frequency, plus two crossover networks. The speaker sections are independently suspended and acoustically lined with foam rubber. Two oscilloscopes in the wall's midsection record the output of the left and right speaker setups. A center speaker system will consist of a fifteen-inch woofer, eight-inch midrange, and a tweeter with crossover network located at the midpoint in the entertainment wall. Across the top are storage compartments for slide drums and projector apparatus.

Our closed-circuit TV system seen at the upper left of the main unit enables us to get a video's-eye view of visitors at our door, as well as into other areas (kitchen, patio) of the apartment; it has an accompanying intercom system.

The main entertainment wall contains two tape decks. The audio, for recording and playback, uses both sides of a tape, allowing up to eight hours of continuous play (more than enough for an evening of dancing or background music for more relaxed endeavors). Both this and the video tape deck, which records both sight and sound of a telecast, are tied into a 24-hour timing device located in the entertainment wall's midsection. The timer performs as an impeccable entertainment valet, turning on or off any piece of electronic equipment whenever we wish it to. If we're going to be away, we can have the video tape ma-

chine audit a TV show we don't want to miss, or the audio tape deck record an FM concert for future replay; we can have music custom-tailored to our taste piped through our pad at a certain hour and then turned off automatically. Companion pieces to the automatic timer are a world clock and a barometer to keep us abreast of global time and local weather. Just below these are an AM-FM multiplex tuner, and a separate short-wave/ship-to-shore unit with jacks for listening via headphone.

A number of the entertainment wall's most eye-opening and engaging features are contained in the oiled-walnut-fronted "bins" that stretch across its lower third. Next to an automatic record changer we have an automatic record selector. Operated by a set of push-buttons located over a bin holding a large number of LPs that are filed vertically, the selector arm moves along until it "locates" the chosen record, lifts it out and offers it up to the operator to be placed on the record changer; the push-button sections are divided into listening categories—classical, pop, mood music, folk, show tunes, jazz, spoken word—to facilitate initial selection. Recordings are returned to the file by reversing the procedure. A similar LP file is adjacent to the manual turntable (which houses an alternate tone arm containing a cartridge particularly suited to vocal recordings); the file and the turntable are for housing and

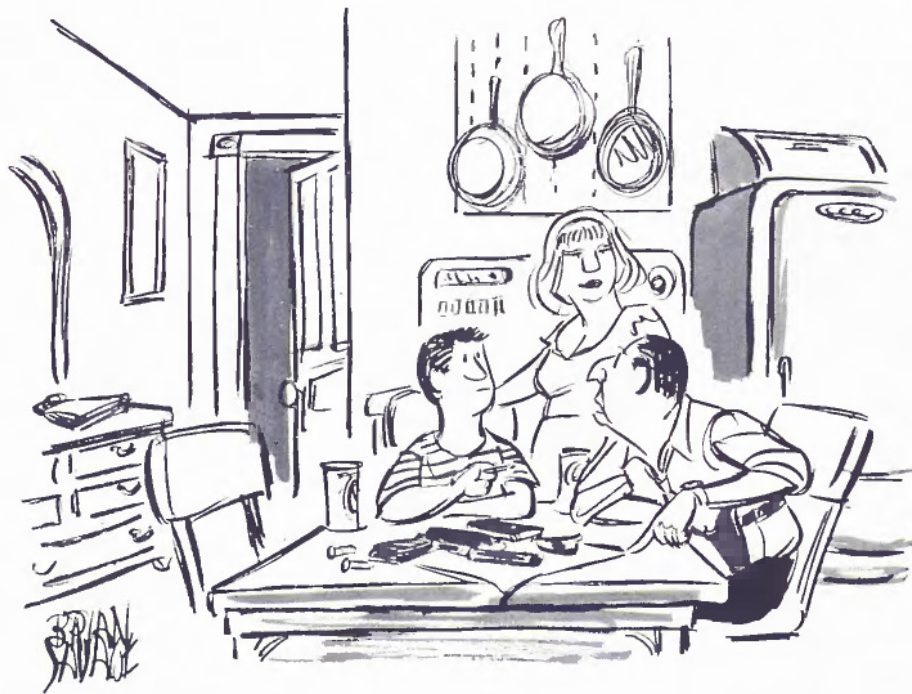
playing the LPs that require more delicate handling than they would receive on the automatic changer. Directly above this file is another push-button selector for audio tape reels. A press of the button will slide the desired tape forward so that it can be lifted out easily.

The heart of the entire entertainment wall beats beneath the master control panel. From this panel, the electronically attuned host can operate and adjust almost all of the equipment at his command; it also serves several supplementary functions. It houses a phone system with an automatic dialing arrangement whereby a "magic brain" stores important numbers filed within it; turning the file to the name of the person you're calling and simply pressing a button will dial the number automatically. It also operates as a talk-a-phone setup with a two-way amplifier located in the wall just above the control panel. There are controls to open and close the drapes, move the mobile section of the wall to any desired position, raise and lower the projection screen, and rotate the roto-antenna located on the roof. Also located on the master control panel is a unit for controlling bass and treble mix on all audio setups. Here, too, is a dimmer unit to control intensity of lighting throughout the room and over the equipment. There are also switches for speaker selection throughout the pad, on-off controls for all electronic gear, and a volume control for all units. The master control panel itself can be activated from auxiliary remote-control units located throughout the apartment. The record storage bins, the automatic changer and turntable, TV screen, rear-projection movie and slide screens are covered with tambour doors which slide out of sight when a unit is in use.

The entertainment wall is of free-standing cantilevered construction to aid in heat dissipation, although the use of transistorized equipment throughout cuts heat build-up down to a minimum. There is also grillwork under the top storage compartments to allow the passage of air through the system.

The auxiliary remote-control panel set flush into the top of our coffee table (other units are scattered strategically throughout the apartment) contains on-off switches for all units, a master volume control, and the controls to open and close drapes, move the mobile section of the wall and operate the screen.

Which brings us finally to the most important features of PLAYBOY's electronic entertainment wall—the host and his guest or guests. As amiable auditors of the many delights the wall offers, they are required only to indulge themselves, surrounded by the splendidly accoutered sights and sounds that mark the electronically up-to-the-minute urbane life.



*"Always remember, son, juvenile delinquency
don't start on any street corner.
It starts right here in the home!"*



Playboy helps you
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fabulous Triple Gift —a repeat of last year's sensational Christmas hit!



New keyholder offers his playmate a champagne toast beneath LeRoy Neiman oil.

Give the most important men on your Christmas list a thrilling gift that gives more enjoyment with every year, that assures fun-packed days and nights and will certainly be the most exciting gift your friends, relatives or business associates will receive this season... give The Playboy Club's Triple Gift holiday package.

THIS CHRISTMAS, UNLOCK A WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE FAVORED MEN ON YOUR LIST—GIVE THE PLAYBOY TRIPLE GIFT



Here's what the lucky recipient will get:

1. **His Personal Playboy Club Key.** This famous silver symbol of the good life will admit him to every Playboy Club anywhere in the world. As new Playboy Clubs are opened (ten Clubs are open now and several premieres are planned within the next few months), his key will provide entree to each. The key becomes more valuable as each year passes, constantly brings to mind your thoughtfulness.
2. **A Bottle of Fine Champagne.** Upon his first visit to The Playboy Club, a beautiful Bunny will serve a bottle of Playboy's champagne at your friend's table, with your compliments. He'll begin his life as a playboy in our famous festive atmosphere, with a sparkling reminder of your good taste.
3. **LeRoy Neiman Print.** Neiman paintings have been featured in PLAYBOY for about ten years and his works are an essential part of the decor in every Playboy Club. This full-color 20" x 30" reproduction

is suitable for framing, of course. Each time your friend admires his beautiful print of a Neiman original, he'll appreciate your faultless choice in selecting his gift.

If you are a keyholder yourself, or have ever been to The Playboy Club as a guest, you already know the numerous advantages unlocked by the coveted silver key:

- The gentlemanly privileges and pleasures of relaxing in your very own Club
- Man-sized potables, brewed with an ounce-and-a-half-plus of the finest liquors, and served to you by The Playboy Club's Bunnies, each selected for her beauty
- Gourmet lunches and dinners—for the same price as a drink—including filet mignon, sirloin steak, London broil, Long Island duckling and many, many more

- Outstanding entertainment by such stars as Jackie Gayle, Henny Youngman, Don Cherry
- Special events for keyholders only, such as golf tournaments, Playboy Tours, Jazz 'n' Cocktails
- A subscription to VIP, the Club's own magazine
- Playmate Key-Card to permit your playmate to visit the Club at luncheon and cocktail hours

This wonderful world of Playboy is yours to bestow with The Playboy Club's Triple Gift offer—BUT YOU MUST ORDER NOW!

Each gift key, accompanied by certificates entitling the recipient to champagne and reproduction of a LeRoy Neiman painting, is mailed to the recipient in a personalized package... including a colorful Christmas card hand-signed with your name.

This offer definitely will not be made after Christmas. Orders received up to December 18th will be filled in time for the new keyholder to begin using his key during the holiday season. Imagine his delight at being able to celebrate New Year's Eve in the exclusive clubrooms of The Playboy Club!

To order your Triple Gift keys, use the coupon on this page. And if you don't have a Playboy Club key yourself, what better time than now to get in on the nightly festivities at the most distinguished key club in the world. Just check the appropriate box for your personal Triple Gift.

The lucky new keyholder is entitled to key privileges in all Playboy Clubs. At the present time, state laws allow us to redeem champagne and Neiman print certificates in New York, Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, Baltimore and Jamaica. Certificates may be redeemed any time during 1965 in his travels to any one of these Clubs.

ABOUT LEROY NEIMAN

Award-winning impressionist LeRoy Neiman, whose paintings are part of this year's Triple Gift, is best known to PLAYBOY readers for his "Man at His Leisure" series. He has illustrated over two dozen stories, along with innumerable fashion spreads in the magazine. Since he and Hugh M. Hefner created the Femlin some eight years ago, Neiman has drawn about 350 Femlins-at-play. Approximately 150 of his original oils are displayed in Playboy Clubs.

JAMAICA PLAYBOY CLUB SET TO PREMIERE SOON

The Triple Gift key now unlocks a tropical paradise—the Jamaica Playboy Club at Ocho Rios in the West Indies. Its 204 air-conditioned, suitelike rooms, private terraces, sunken Grecian baths and 800 feet of white sand beach make it Jamaica's most complete ocean-front resort. For rates and further information, write Travel Director, Playboy Clubs International, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—Baltimore 28 Light St.; Chicago 116 E. Walton St.; Cincinnati 35 E. 7th St.; Detroit 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental; Miami 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans 727 Rue Iberville; New York 5 E. 59th St.; Phoenix 3033 N. Central; St. Louis 3914 Lindell Blvd.

Locations Set—Atlanta Dinkler Plaza Motor Inn; Jamaica on Bunny Bay, Ocho Rios, Jamaica, West Indies; Los Angeles 8560 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco 736 Montgomery St.; Washington, D.C. at 19th & L Sts.

Next in Line—Boston, Camden-Philadelphia, Dallas.

Mail to: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:

- Triple Gift order (Triple Gift includes key, champagne and Neiman print)
Here is my personal application for Triple Gift privileges
 personal and Triple Gift key order

(Full payment must accompany this coupon. Playboy Club keyholders may charge to their key number. Playboy Club keys are \$25, except for those persons living within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and the state of Florida, where keys are \$50. Minimum age for key privileges is 21 years.)

Enclosed is check for \$ _____, or charge to my Playboy key: _____ LETTER & NUMBER

MY NAME (PLEASE PRINT) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____ DEPT. 251

----- If ordering personal Triple Gift key only, you need not complete this portion -----

SEND TRIPLE GIFT KEY TO (PLEASE PRINT) _____

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CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

GIFT CARD TO BE SIGNED _____

Use separate sheet of paper to order additional gift keys.

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

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 65)

protection of our constitutional rights being performed by the American Civil Liberties Union. For over 43 years, the ACLU (a nonpolitical, nonsectarian group) has been in the forefront of the continuing struggle to maintain the living and vital status of our Constitution, and to apprise the public of the daily infringements being made upon its freedom. A letter to the national offices of the ACLU, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010, will promptly bring information on their activities.

Charles A. Penn
New York, New York

For readers unfamiliar with the work of the American Civil Liberties Union, no other independent group has done as much to protect freedom of speech and press in the U.S.; the ACLU deserves the active support of every citizen who truly believes in democracy.

WORDY PHILOSOPHER

I have just begun reading Hefner's *Philosophy*. It is extremely interesting, wonderfully provocative and terribly long. The fine points he makes are dulled by his making them over and over again. And it seems that he never uses a one-syllable word where a three-syllable word will do. The effectiveness of his thoughts is further dulled when he obscures them with vocabulary. Occasionally it seems that he is more interested in the weight of his words than in their meanings. However, long and

wordy as Hefner is, his work is still the best and most revealing personal philosophy ever attempted in a mass-readership magazine. I hope he will continue.

Stan Ross
Universal City, California

DISTURBING PARADOX

I subscribe to your magazine and will undoubtedly continue to do so in the future, regardless of Hefner's inane series of articles describing *The Playboy Philosophy*.

It would seem that Hefner's position is one of those disturbing paradoxes in which the more honest he becomes, the more ludicrous he appears. Granted, *PLAYBOY* achieves a certain degree of intellectual stimulation, but the thought of Hefner traversing the country checking out Bunnies (no doubt stimulating, but not intellectually) defeats his purpose. The basic hedonism of Hefner's "uncommon man" emerges, but I don't think it's the "uncommon man" who buys *PLAYBOY*. This is precisely what makes Hefner's justification of *PLAYBOY* ridiculous.

Speaking for myself, and for many others I know who read *PLAYBOY* and are far more brilliant and literate than Mr. Hefner, the paramount enjoyment of reading the magazine is derived from its delightful pictures of nude women. This pleasure is not peculiar to the "uncommon man." Find me a man (uncommon or otherwise) who reads *PLAYBOY* purely

for your articles, your fashion forecasts, or your excellent selection of type faces, and I will show you a hypocrite. One gets one's intellectual stimulation in many places, but in *PLAYBOY* I prefer the nude women, and will accept anything else as a fringe benefit.

Hefner's rationale for the existence of *PLAYBOY* would have been better left unsaid. It is not Hefner's uncommon thesis that gets more readers for *PLAYBOY* in comparison to other *PLAYBOY* imitators, but rather that *PLAYBOY* exhibits a higher, and more tasteful standard of nudes; hence it acquires a definite respectability.

Hefner's position is beautifully summed up in the last line of Hemingway's (a favorite of yours) *The Sun Also Rises*: "Isn't it pretty to think so?" I hope that you will print this letter.

Mike Seidel
Studio City, California

PLAYBOY attempts to be neither an ivory tower of intellectuality nor a catch-all filled with photographic paeans to the pleasures of the flesh. It is a whole magazine intended to appeal to the whole man. We find no reason to denigrate one phase of man's activities while bolstering others. Man—the whole man, again—has physical, mental and aesthetic needs and aspirations which we believe PLAYBOY reflects. To offer less would be a disservice to both our readers and ourselves. We fully expect each reader to find greater pleasure in one area of the magazine than another. This is both very natural and highly subjective.

Apparently, you consider yourself a person of intellect as well as a connoisseur of beauty. Why, then, do you deny Hefner the same versatility? Perhaps—unconsciously—you feel high seriousness and romantic interest in pretty girls are mutually exclusive or incompatible. That's a viewpoint we totally reject.

PHILOSOPHY ASSIGNMENT

My wife and I have been following the *Philosophy* series with great interest, and hope that when it is concluded we can purchase the entire series in some permanent form. As a reading assignment for our children when they are old enough to follow Hefner's reasoning, the *Philosophy* will expand their thinking far beyond the scope of material assigned to them in school or Sunday school.

Fred Woodley
London, Ontario

After it is completed, "The Playboy Philosophy" will be published as a hard-bound book. Two booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy"—the first including installments one through seven, and the second, installments eight through twelve—are currently available at one dollar per booklet. Send check or money order to PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"Our group had twenty-three-percent fewer pregnancies."

PLAYBOY ON THE ROSTRUM

As Chairman of the Committee on Program, I would like to invite Hugh Hefner to be one of the principal speakers at the next annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, to be held at the Americana Hotel in New York, May 3-7, 1965. . . . Since Hefner's own philosophy and enterprise seem to be in accord with the current swing toward an easing of inhibitions and a zestful enjoyment of life, the Association would be highly interested to hear his interpretation of this phenomenon: Is it an era of dissipation and decline under excessive stress, as in Late Roman times, or is it a new sophistication and eagerness for life, as in the Greece of reflective Plato and the frank and hearty Aristophanes?

This subject is meant only as a suggestion and there are doubtless many others that Hefner might choose which would prove equally interesting. Please let me know, at your convenience, whether he would be willing and able to accept this invitation.

Jules H. Masserman, M.D., Chairman
Committee on Program
American Psychiatric Association
Chicago, Illinois

Each year The Texas Union Speakers Committee at the University of Texas sponsors a Speakers Program for the University's 22,000-member student body and the Austin community. The Committee invites outstanding individuals to visit the campus and speak on timely topics of general interest. The series has become a distinguished one as many notable individuals have participated in the program. Included in our list of past guests are T. S. Eliot, President Lyndon B. Johnson, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Justice William O. Douglas, Senator Barry Goldwater, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, Ralph Bunche, Pierre Mendès-France, Martin Luther King and Roger Blough. It is the philosophy and goal of this program to provide a significant and worth-while supplement to our academic curriculum by the presentation of speakers possessing varied backgrounds, beliefs and experiences. The lectures have served as valuable catalysts which have excited interest, provoked lively discussion and created deeper understanding.

The Texas Union Speakers Committee has asked that I extend to Hugh Hefner a most cordial invitation to present a public lecture on its program during the 1964-1965 academic year. These lectures are presented throughout the year and there is a wide range of dates available. If such a lecture by Mr. Hefner is possible, I will be happy to discuss the specific date, time, subject and honorarium at your convenience. I sincerely hope that the response to this invitation can be an affirmative one and that Mr. Hefner will be able to be our guest

here at the University of Texas.

Mrs. Shirley Bird Perry
Program Supervisor, The Texas Union
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

On behalf of the student body of the University of North Carolina, The Carolina Forum wishes to invite Hugh Hefner to address the students in Chapel Hill at some time during the coming academic year. . . . The Forum, entirely nonpartisan in make-up, is the official speaker presentation agency of Student Government and is fully authorized to extend this invitation on behalf of and in the name of the University of North Carolina.

Our speakers in the past (Franklin Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, Justice William O. Douglas, Norman Thomas, Chester Bowles, William F. Buckley and many others) have represented numerous shades of political and governmental philosophy in the belief that it is essential that students hear and understand all sides of important issues, as this will contribute to their understanding and strengthen their appreciation of democratic government.

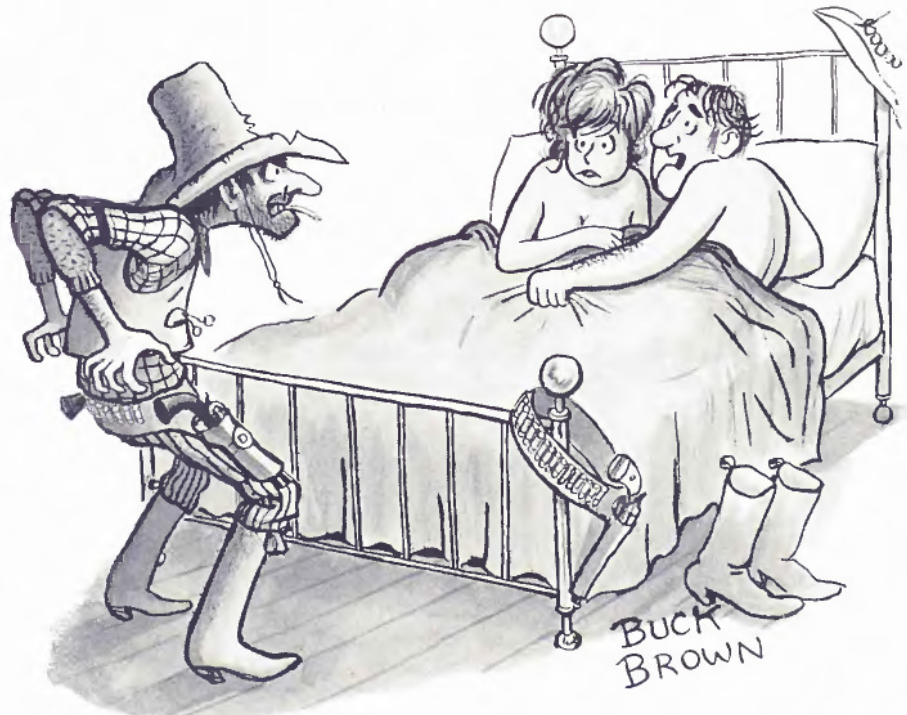
However, this year it is our intention to broaden the scope of the Forum and bring to Chapel Hill persons who have made significant contributions to our society in areas other than political. Mr. Hefner is the first speaker to be extended an invitation by The Carolina Forum who is not concerned with politics per se.

As I'm sure you are aware, PLAYBOY IS

held in high regard here . . . and there is special interest in Mr. Hefner's monthly *Philosophy*, which is widely read and discussed by North Carolina students. His influence on the ideas and ideals of American youth over the last decade is incalculable; on this campus he is regarded as a social reformer of the first order. I sincerely hope that he will be able to accept our invitation, as I feel that his presence in Chapel Hill would create much interest, and intelligent discussion and debate, which is the real purpose and goal of the Forum.

William B. Schwartz III
Co-Chairman, The Carolina Forum
University of North Carolina
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

In conjunction with the celebration of Cornell University's centennial year, Cornell United Religious Work is sponsoring three major events. In November we are having a conference on "Poverty and Moral Responsibility," for which we have invited Gunnar Myrdal, Michael Harrington and Lyndon Johnson. In March we have invited Hans Küng, the noted German Catholic theologian, to speak on "The New Reformation and the Catholic Church." In May we are scheduling a three-day conference on "Religion, Sex and the College." I am writing specifically to extend to Hugh Hefner an invitation to be our guest speaker during that conference. Many of us—in addition to the large number of students—have followed Mr. Hefner's articles on sex and the Christian Church



"Sure I've got a fast gun, but gee whizz, fella — there's a time and place for everything!"



"Say, kid . . . Aaah, forget it!"

with great interest, and would be most enthusiastic if he could be present.

I am also in correspondence with Harvey Cox of Andover Newton Theological School, who, as you know, has responded to the PLAYBOY pronouncements on the subject rather critically. We have extended an invitation to him also to participate in the conference, in hope that a genuine dialog on the issues might be stimulated. Although plans are still in the formative stage, generally speaking we would like Mr. Hefner to deliver at least one and possibly two lectures, to participate in a panel discussion with Mr. Cox and selected members of the Cornell faculty, and to meet with specially chosen students in small group seminars.

We are confident that the conference will be received most enthusiastically, and that Mr. Hefner's presence and contribution will add immeasurably to its success.

John Lee Smith
Associate Director for Studies
Cornell United Religious Work
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

This coming semester, we are commencing the first in an annual lecture series at Notre Dame. . . . We would greatly appreciate it if Hugh Hefner could find the time in his busy schedule to be one of our first guest speakers. If he would consent to appear on campus, I'm certain that it would be one of the best attended events of the school year. Almost the entire student body would be there, for PLAYBOY is easily the most popular publication at Notre Dame and a common fixture in the average student's room on campus . . .

Frank Vogel, President
Chicago Club of Notre Dame
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Indiana

On behalf of the executive board, I should like to extend to Mr. Hugh M. Hefner a cordial invitation to address the Marketing Club and members of the faculty of the Harvard Business School during the academic year 1964-1965. The purpose of the Harvard Business School Marketing Club is to acquaint the stu-

dent body with the dynamics of the over-all marketing function in today's growing economy. One of the most effective ways of carrying out this role is to present the nation's top business executives and marketing men as featured speakers to discuss their responsibilities, problems and experience. This type of program adds significantly to the value of the case studies of contemporary business problems analyzed here at Harvard by bringing to the school the insights of men active in the business community today . . .

Roger Evan Green
Executive Vice-President and
Chairman, Speakers Committee
Marketing Club
Harvard Graduate School of
Business Administration
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

The University of Nevada and the Jot Travis Student Union Lectures Committee would like to extend an invitation to Hugh Hefner to speak during our fall or spring semester. . . . We would be especially interested in hearing Mr. Hefner speak on some aspect of *The Playboy Philosophy*, but any other topic of his choosing would also be most welcome. . .

Sig Rogich, Assistant Chairman
Lectures Committee
University of Nevada
Reno, Nevada

The lectures committee of New York University is in the process of arranging its program for the 1964-1965 season. As a member of that committee I have the pleasure of inquiring if Hugh Hefner would be disposed to deliver a lecture to our student body on such a topic as he may care to select.

Joseph R. Arak
Student Activities
New York University
New York, New York

Though his PLAYBOY duties make it possible to accept only a small number of these and the similar lecture invitations that arrived almost daily, all summer long, Editor-Publisher Hefner has been genuinely moved (perhaps "all shook up" is a more suitable phrase) by this special expression of interest from so many welcome quarters—the majority of which was prompted by "The Playboy Philosophy."

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either the "Philosophy" or the "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



FASHION FORECAST

(continued from page 105)

for most semiformal occasions. Although last year's iridescents in blue, brown and olive are still around, we think the well-dressed man should forget about them. If you'd like to spark up your wardrobe with a touch of color, consider burgundy, which is moving in from the sports-jacket field: It's particularly noteworthy in herringbones, checks, plaids and overplaids. After a brief entry in the middleweight class inspired by the post-War synthetic materials, fall fabrics will be weighing in with somewhat more heft this year. Worsteds and worsted silk shagbobs will set the pace, with tweeds, Shetlands and chevots providing handsomely textured contrasts. Exceedingly beefy fabrics—such as renaissance Donegal tweed—once a mainstay in the country weekend picture, are now moving on to the urban scene: We think they're impeccable when worn with dress shoes, medium-spread collar and silk tie, rather than the usual casual accessories.

Formalwear developments are highlighted by the increasing appearance of full-dress separates, as introduced in *PLAYBOY* (*The Playboy Dinner Jacket*, November 1963; *The Hosting Jacket*, January 1964). This season, the satin-lapelled dinner jacket of black brocade and matching vest (with squared-off bottom) earns our nod. Formal trousers in black mohair coordinate perfectly with this outfit. For men accustomed to a very active schedule on the formal scene, we recommend a complete suit in muted French blue.

With dresswear setting the pace for a trimmer profile, sports jackets are following suit: The defined waist suppression, deep side or center vents and full chest expression of the English hacking jacket are making their influence felt, as are other country detailings, such as patch, flap and bellows pockets, welted seams and pointed flaps. In keeping with the British influence, zesty tweeds and Shetlands will be imparting a hearty, masculine air to sports jackets, while bold windowpane patterns challenge the eminence of herringbones. Stripes, riding the fickle seesaw of fashion cycles, are at the bottom of the list this year. Replacing them are solid tones in vivid rust brown and rich blue; but for real vibrancy, you may want to add to your collection of navy, black and camel blazers a jacket in Irish green; it coordinates smartly with Cambridge-gray slacks.

If anyone has been conscious of the trend toward trimness in men's clothing, it's been the manufacturers of slacks, who bade farewell to the wide, floppy look a long time ago and will continue to offer slim trousers this season: Rugged, masculine weaves, such as tweed, hopsack

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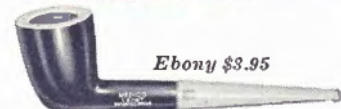
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and wide-wale corduroy will be in large demand. On the sportier side, the influence of the far West still persists (though we don't see much future for it), showing up notably in pockets: One style is a dropped half-top pocket with a notched end; another is a welted-top pocket that joins with the waistband.

In topcoats, we're pleased to observe two contrasting but noteworthy directions a-borning. Conforming to the trim trend is the two-button topcoat in black or dark-gray worsted diagonal weave, which, due to the slight suppression of the waist, presents a sharp, clean silhouette, perfect for dress. A contrastingly jaunty profile can be achieved with fabrics borrowed from the sports-jacket realm, our favorite being bold black-and-white houndstooth checks in the short-length coats (40½"), which also feature slash piped pockets and slightly wider lapels and collar.

The raincoat, we're pleased to note, is recovering from its recent role as a prop in foreign-intrigue flicks, and will, this

fall, feature fewer Continental gimmicks, fewer overcoat details, while adhering to its primary function: warding off water. Although there is a revival of raglan shoulders in the offing, the split raglan still reigns supreme; fly fronts will be showing up in almost every length. In fabrics, watch for a renaissance of whipcord; in colors, we predict the welcome demise of murky iridescents, with lighter, more clearly defined windowpanes, glen plaids and neat checks on medium-shade grounds rising in favor. Another functional innovation we approve is the introduction of inner capes and hidden shoulder yokes to keep the man inside dry.

The ski accent in outerwear, although once reserved exclusively for schussers, has snowballed to such popularity that we'd estimate half the men who wear these colorful casual garments never do make their sitzmarks in a ski area. This season, more than ever, the authentic look of the slopes, reflected in such details as racer sleeve stripes and short

stand-up collars that zip open to release a hood, will be seen wherever there's snow; in addition, such mountain favorites as over-the-seat tow coats and un-quilted nylon parkas will show up everywhere. The hot-toddy scene, which formerly depended on ski outerwear, now has its own coordinated three-piece *après-ski* suit consisting of a tailored jacket, matching pants and turtleneck pullover. In more sumptuous casualwear, Western styles are stamping a sharp imprint. Although jeans and tight cowboy jackets have moved back into the work-clothes area, lush suedes, bearing such ranch details as pointed yokes and flapped patch pockets, will indeed be high-fashion casualwear this fall. Suede will figure materially in several other informal styles. Prominent in rust tones, it will be joined decorously with corduroy or wool knits in clay, pewter and deep nut browns on short zip-front jackets; reflecting European influences, suede will also be mixed with other fabrics in striped-front jackets. Another outerwear innovation we like is a tasteful adaptation of a new sweater trend, in which a jacket made of leather, fabric or quilting, is combined with sleeves and zip-up turtleneck of contrasting wool knit; the knitted fabric cuts into the shoulders and creates the illusion of a separate sweater.

Anyone out for a woolgathering expedition this season will find abundant quarry: Most of the old favorites are still around, with the addition this year of new "layered" sweaters. These are similar to—in fact, the originals of—the combination jackets just described. In sweaters, the layer effect is achieved either as a V-neck model with a contrasting false front permanently attached (these used to be called dickies in the days of yore) or with an assortment of contrasting and matching detachable fronts. Other new sweater twists include the addition of suede bottom trim to the classic cardigan, and tripartite combinations of leather, wool and suede in coat sweaters. We're pleased to note the revival of big, thick cable knits and double knits (the latter as the body of suedefront sweaters); on the other hand, we think the Tyrolean accent, which keeps coming back like a *Wiener Schnitzel*, has degenerated into clichés and should be avoided for the present. Noteworthy patterns this year are highlighted by geometric delineations and Indian or ski motifs emblazoned on sweater fronts or backs. Although camel is still the favorite subdued shade, we predict both an upsurge of soft yellow and a revival of navy.

In dress shirts, the predominance of buttondown and tab collars will be challenged by medium-spread collars and pin tabs. Collars, in all styles, will be somewhat longer. While the tapered shirt,



which preceded and undoubtedly influenced the trim accent in suits, is as acceptable as ever for office wear, we also like the newer knitted shirt as a pacesetter accessory for beefy-textured weekend suits and sports ensembles. In fabrics, you'll see twills, herringbones and brushed Bedfords appearing in button-down styles, with broadcloth, madras and chambray and the perennial oxford used for stripings, the most popular of which will be the hairline. For a little extra *éclat*, we prefer the bolder candy and tape stripes: they coordinate perfectly with a solid-color suit. In a tasteful revival, French cuffs will be back in style this season on the urban social scene.

Last year, the sport shirt moved several degrees in the direction of its dress counterpart, and, while these button-down garments in oxford, chambray, madras and twill are still unimpeachably correct, we're pleased to note a resurgent interest in bold, colorful, unabashedly casual shirts. One perceptive casual trend, originating in jet-set resorts but now catching on all over, is the donning of light-knit turtleneck shirts under sweaters, sport shirts or by themselves. Sweater shirts, suitable for penthouse or patio, are a practical choice for fall, as are the durable Ban-Lon solids and the newer synthetic double knits. Nifty alternatives for outdoor dining and spec-

tator sporting are the breezy fine-gauge knit shirts in heather shades.

The pre-eminence of striped dress shirts presents a challenge in the selection of suitable neckwear. Last year, we suggested solid-color ties as the safest solution, with muted stripes and small, neat patterns as bolder alternatives. A still more venturesome choice is the pattern-on-pattern approach, with this rule of thumb: The spaced figure, bold rep stripe or geometric design you opt for should not only be compatible with that day's outfit but should be carefully chosen so that it does not attract attention to itself. Silk is this season's leader in fabrics, with Dacron running a respectable second. Last year's wider ties (2 1/4" to 2 3/8") are still wider this fall: 2 1/2" to 2 5/8".

Belts are also slightly wider, but mostly for casual wear; for dress, 1 1/4" should be the maximum width. Staging a spirited comeback this season is alligator, which will make a good addition to your assortment of cowhide, deerskin and calfskin. The drill on buckles is: The more formal the occasion, the simpler the clasp.

There are lots of handy new ski and driving gloves for the casual scene. On the other hand, for dress wear we like last season's smooth leathers best, and recommend either grainy pigskin

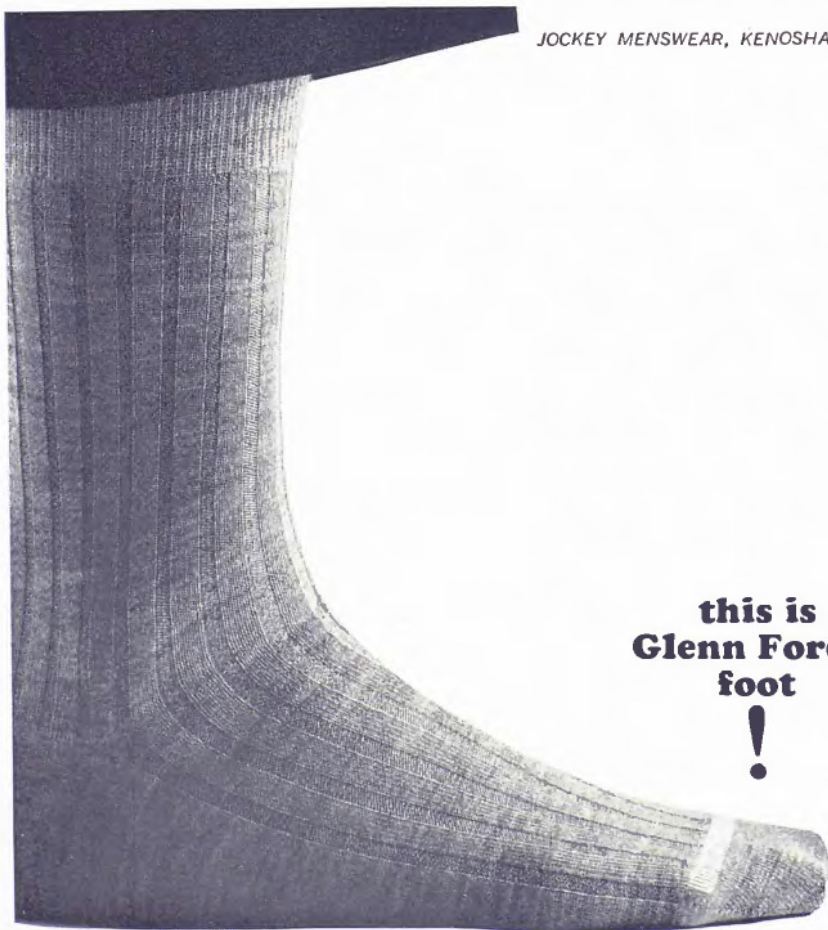
or gray suede as your second choice. Suede will also appear as a combination with deerskin on shells with sheepskin linings, an excellent and elegant choice for coldest winter.

The top of the male profile will have a commendably jaunty look, as dress felts take on the casual appearance of cloth hats. In the latter, watch for an array of suede and leather trims. Poplin rain toppers, in natural shades, will be correct in either hat or cap styles. Colors in regular hats are moving from the extreme darks to the medium shades, with lighter tones showing signs of life.

This season's footwear will look hefty, as the brogue trend remains potent, but wear lightly, thanks to a new emphasis on flexibility. Your supplementary shoes can be chosen from among moccasins and modified boots—either type works well for dress or casual wear, depending on the style. In socks, the development of stretch styles in high-rise models has made both garters and shin-baring anklets unnecessary. The rib stitch, in dark shades, is unimpeachable for dress, while for sports wear, crew socks are still favored. On this footnote to our fall and winter fashion forecast, we bid you a good season and hope you set a brisk sartorial pace.



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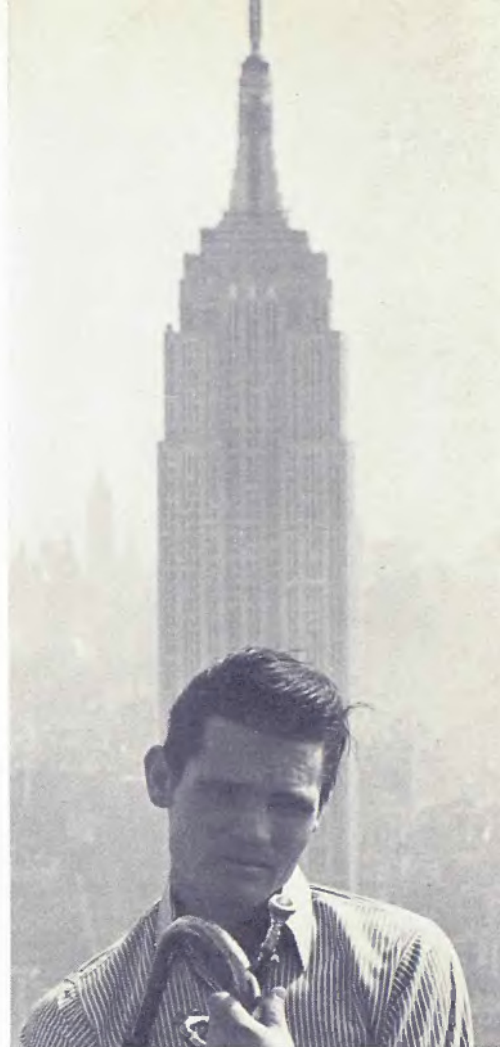
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See all of GLENN FORD starring in M-G-M's "THE ROUNDERS."

CHET BAKER *no more blues*

TEN YEARS AGO, the soft and subtle trumpetry of a handsome 24-year-old jazzman orbited him to the top of the popularity charts in the world of cool jazz. In 1954 and 1955 Chet Baker placed first in both the *Metronome* and *Down Beat* polls, and in 1957 he won second place in the first *Playboy Jazz Poll*. His rapid rise provided a boost to both his ego and his wallet: Purists and squares alike gobbled up his records; his Prince Charming looks led to screen roles, and his suave and swinging hornwork, especially with Gerry Mulligan, earned him extravagant kudos from *aficionados* of the new lyrical "West Coast" sound in jazz. The bubble began to break in 1956 on a European tour when Dick Twardzik, his brilliant pianist and closest friend, abruptly died of a heart attack. Deeply shaken, Chet came home and a short time thereafter the boy with the golden horn became a hung-up young man with a golden arm. His career, badly damaged, reflected a physically sick body and an emotionally disturbed soul. Hounded by U.S. authorities, an unhappy and confused Baker fled to Europe. "I hoped," he said not long ago, "that if I could get away from the States for a while I could put my life together again." The road was rough, with several much-publicized cures and a prison term in Italy along the way: Maturity hadn't come easily. Last spring Chet Baker returned from Europe, almost penniless, but with his health and confidence regained. Today, Chet's instrumental (he has discarded the trumpet in favor of the Flügelhorn) and vocal efforts are more moving than ever. In a recent *Down Beat*, critic Ira Gitler spoke of Chet's "retention of lyricism" while calling him "a much more virile, masculine player than he was before." His recent popular successes—at the Newport Jazz Festival and at night-club engagements throughout the country—have proved to jazz lovers that, after an unfortunate detour, Chet is back on the road to the top.



ON THE SCENE

DR. THEODORE H. MAIMAN *light fantastic*


AT A HUGHES AIRCRAFT research center four years ago, an obscure young scientist named Theodore H. Maiman wrapped a rod of solid ruby in the flash coil of a photographer's strobe light, triggered a switch, and watched a thin dart of intense red light lance from the heart of the stone. He called his chromatic invention a "laser" (for "Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation"). Promising to revolutionize modern science in areas as disparate as surgery and cybernetics, this light fantastic can weld, measure, balance, heat, survey, detect, communicate, time, sterilize, map, machine, heal, analyze, search and melt; not surprisingly, it may prove to be as far-reaching a technical breakthrough as the X ray or vacuum tube. The invention has already paid off for Maiman, who at 37 heads his own laser-making firm, Korad Corporation, grossing \$1,500,000 yearly and recently acquired as a subsidiary of Union Carbide. Maiman started his first business at 13—an appliance-repair shop whose profits eventually helped him through the University of Colorado and Stanford. After getting his Ph.D. in physics, Maiman abandoned repairing the inventions of others in favor of evolving his own. Today, he's less often in a lab coat than in a business suit, selling lasers to research organizations. More than 500 major firms have joined in the light brigade, and are now investing \$30,000,000 annually in laser research, justifying Maiman's characterization of his invention as "a solution looking for a problem." Despite its research applications, however, the laser has already outgrown its nonutilitarian origins (early versions performed such parlor tricks as burning holes in diamonds and bouncing light beams off the moon), and is now in practical use—in such fields as eye surgery, metallurgy and communications. Its prospective applications are even more impressive, including: optical radar (superior to the sonic variety, and 100 times more compact); supersensitive satellite guidance systems; radio and television broadcasting; wireless power transmission; optical computers (in which glass fibers and light replace electrical impulses and wire); and even the mythical Buck Rogers death ray (current lasers are powerful enough to start fires two miles away). All in all, Maiman concludes, laser's future looks rosy as a ruby ray. As laser prospers, so will he.



BILL HARTACK

thinking man's jockey

IN THE STEAM ROOMS at Pimlico, Hialeah, Aqueduct and Arlington Park, where each afternoon the jockeys sit and read soggy issues of the *Daily Racing Form* while waging their endless wars against weight, Bill Hartack is regarded as the best in the biz. No one in a single season has had mounts who won as much money as his (\$3,000,000 in 1957), nor so many big stakes (43). In his career he has captured more than 3300 races, third highest total in U.S. history. A 31-year-old bachelor, rebellious little (5'4", 113 pounds) William ("Don't call me Willie") Hartack last year took \$125,000 from the winnings of the horseflesh he straddled. This year, riding the Canadian-bred three-year-old Northern Dancer, he won the Kentucky Derby (for the fourth time in six tries), the Preakness, and finished third in the Belmont. In addition, impudent, non-conformist Hartack is as determined (and apparently as successful) indoors as out. Off track he lives in sultanic splendor in a New York pad equipped with ankle-deep carpeting, a wide black couch, a zebra-striped cocktail table, a bar of Polynesian decor and, usually, two or three chicks (to keep his weight down). He also owns a \$90,000 house in Miami Springs, a 170-acre farm in West Virginia and a Cadillac convertible which he customarily turns in almost as soon as the ashtrays are filled. Born the son of a coal miner in Ebensburg, Pennsylvania, Hartack was too puny to follow his father into the pits; instead, he found a job shoveling out stalls at the Charles Town, West Virginia, race track. Next assignment: exercise boy. Finally, he became an apprentice jock—and, on his third mount, won his first race (three years later he won more than 400). Today he is regarded by turfmen as the thinking man's jockey and, with the probable exception of Cassius Clay, as the most controversial figure in sports. Hartack's trouble is that he gets along better with horses than he does with most people. He has had 12 agents in his career (the last one quit the day of the Belmont). After his fourth win at the Derby, he left reporters muttering into their mint juleps for an hour while he signed autographs, and his relations with other jockeys, owners, trainers and stable boys has often discreetly been described as "brusque." Yet sometimes he expands a bit. Asked recently if he planned to retire, his riposte was a ready one: "Quit? You think if I quit I'd be riding around in a new Cadillac every year? Hell, no. I'd be driving an Edsel."



JERRY YULSMAN



BOB WILLOUGHBY



LARRY GORON

SUE ME RICH (continued from page 107)

love affair with himself, his big muscle with women, his rough-tough posing—I hope you will be discerning enough to see that in this area I invented very freely.

My God, who would believe Anson Luddy capable of luring a 12-year-old pig-tailed lass away from her hopscotch and doing the nasty things to her that *this* bum does? If I happened to borrow a few, a very few, of my starting facts from you, purely on the physical side, it does not follow from that accidental circumstance that I am suggesting *Anson Luddy* would ever molest a 12-year-old tyke. If you take this personally, your misreading will be an insult to me as a creative artist.

I still don't see a movie in this, but if you're of another mind, start talking.

All good thoughts,
Jonathan

Lakrabos
June

You Hothead,

I knew this would happen, I knew it. No movie star can read a Hollywood novel without assuming the thing is about him. You people are so subjective, so ego-focused, it's appalling.

Yes, Andor Mustie goes on Biphettamine jags. Are you the only Hollywood dignitary on a pill kick? Yes, Mustie was once on the *Red Channels* black list—so were a couple hundred actors. Yes, Mustie is fond of the bottle, and hates to part with a buck, and wears a partial toupee and corsets, and has a taste for floral-design shorts, and reads the end of a book first, and blows his nose in tablecloths and napkins—but how dare you strike the grand proprietary note about such bits of characterization, as though all the peccadilloes of the human race were registered in your name? And there are any number of Hollywood people who dig the wax out of their ears in public, though not all of them do it with panatela cigars, at the Academy Awards.

This is in no way a take-off on you, Anson. You were furthest from my mind, believe me. I simply had to give this fellow some behavioristic color, some emotional texture, and toward that end I assembled all the vivid attributes I could think of.

You can judge from the foregoing how much I resent your suggestion that I modeled this guy after you to create a literary scandal and sell books. The accusation is beneath you, old colleague, as the act is beneath me.

In any case, nobody can possibly mistake Mustie for you, because this bum is defined as a drawing-room *farceur* and it's general knowledge that you *never* appear in drawing rooms—your habit of blowing your nose in napkins would exclude *that*.

Textual dissections aside, I agree that

there's no picture here, though not, as you suggest, because this book is "a vilification of the entire human race." (When will you learn to read, man? Isn't the 12-year-old girl Mustie slobbers over presented with "warm humanity"?) The locale is Hollywood, and Hollywood is not fond of examining its own navel for the more unsavory lints.

Apropos the lints collated in my book: Stop this tiresome howl that they all come from *your* precious pre-eminent navel, will you? I use only lints in the public domain.

Yours,
Jonathan

Lakrabos
September

Ans Old Buddy,

Should have answered you weeks ago, but it's been hectic. Gloria delivered herself of a real fullback—a bouncing baby boy—and, well, I've been busy bouncing it—in between reading reviews (my book's been published, as you may know).

Your letter was more than generous. I knew your largeness of spirit would prevail, finally. Obviously, it was high time to call off this senseless feud. Simply no grounds for it—whatever the incidental overlaps between Mustie and you, it's just not in me to hatchet my friends.

(About your statement—"This portrait of an unregenerate skunk has no parallel in literature for sheer nastiness, and it is a transparent exploitation of certain facts of my private life which you saw fit to distort for your own splashy purposes, but I know how you writers get carried away and I think it's demeaning to hold a grudge"—I wish you hadn't put it quite that way, Ans. But if you're still laboring under the wild misapprehension that Mustie is you, your note of forgiveness is all the more impressive. I'm genuinely touched.)

Tell you why I'm writing, Ans. The tone of your letter was so warm—I *hope* I'm reading it right—that I'm emboldened to ask an enormous favor of you, if you can see your way clear to doing it. Would you sue me?

I mean it. The book's just not taking off, Ans. Those pinhead reviewers aren't knocking the thing so much as plain burying it—even the enthusiastic notices are usually a couple of measly paragraphs way back on page 46, sandwiched between ads for antiobesity tracts and Rosicrucian guides to the inner mysteries. I thought this one was going to cause jiggling in the streets—so far not a lousy minuet.

This must not be, Ans. I am being no more than objective when I tell you that this is far and away the best book ever done about Hollywood. It must not be allowed to wither on the literary vine

and plop mustily into the remainder shops. So I am asking you, begging you, to sue me, and I'd like to lay out the logic behind this merchandising idea.

Scandal sells books today. Sensationalism, insideism, the peephole approach, the aura of exposé—often as not, that's what does the trick. Well, I've been thinking about what might be done to get *this* book talked about, make it attractive to the sensationmongers, and I believe I've hit on the formula. Matter of fact, it was *you* who planted the idea in my head when you accused me—wrongly, as I hope you will eventually realize—of making you my central character to create a scandal. My thought is this—even though Andor Mustie is *not* you, why can't we get it nosed around that he *is*? Wouldn't that build up a juicy, book-selling scandal?

Good thinking. But *I* can't go around telling people my hero is really Anson Luddy. It would be unseemly, it would be undignified, and besides, they'd know I was trying to sell books. But suppose *you* unleashed this thunderclap? In the most dramatic way—by suing me for libel, invasion of privacy, malicious misrepresentation, and all those other happy, book-hawking things? I mean, go through the first *motions* of suing: Serve me with the right legal documents, splash the story over the front pages, let it get talked up for a month or so. We could drop the whole thing after about a month. We'd grab a lot of headlines in a month. A month, I'm sure, is all it would take.

Don't just shudder and put a match to this letter, old buddy. I have never before besmirched myself by descending to the literary mart, but this time I mean to fight. I'm trying to serve the cause of Letters and make a few bucks along the way, too. I would insist that what contributes to my alimention advances the cause of American Lit, said Lit and I being, in the essentials, a joint venture.

Just by the by, it might advance *your* cause a bit, too. I gather *Roar of Charlemagne* isn't doing at all well at the box office, not to mention in audiences' stomachs. A bit of splashy publicity of the sort this fake suit would be bound to stir up wouldn't hurt that slew-footed masterwork's reception a bit. It appears to be badly in need of every assist it can get.

Gloria sends many hugs. She thinks we could do worse than name the kid Anson—I'm beginning to cotton to the idea.

Litigiously and belletristically,
John

Lakrabos
September

Dear Friend and Brother,

Speechless with gratitude. Just heard from your lawyers about their intention to file suit. To have done this magnanimous thing for me after your first (unjustified, but all the same) anger over



*"I'd like you to meet my father, but I don't dare.
You know how even old satyrs are!"*

the book—I'm moved.

Under separate cover I'm airmailing a copy of the book with all the possibly libelous passages marked. There are some 193 pages, by my reckoning, which it would be reasonable for your lawyers to single out in their complaint. They aren't *really* libelous, since Andor Mustie is a fictitious character not modeled after *any* living person, but if I were nailed down as to all the *superficial* resemblances I might have some sweaty moments in court. All of which is academic, of course. We'll be dropping this inspired horseplay long before the trial stage—the moment the sales chart starts zooming!

I've informed my publisher that you're instituting action against me and he's ecstatic. In anticipation he's taking full-page ads in *The New York Times Book Review* and the *Herald Trib's Book Week*—more money being spent right there than the son of a bitch laid out for all *ten* of my previous books!

We are embarking on the Great Mer-

chandising Experiment, dear friend. The Muse of Letters, in the large-gross areas, anyhow, may turn out to be Sweet Sue!

Eternally,
Johnnie

Lakrabos
October

Fellow Conspirator,

We pulled it off! It's the literary coup of the century!

You no doubt know that I jumped on the best-seller lists the week after your press agent broke the news and that I've been there ever since, climbing steadily, but you couldn't possibly guess what that means in terms of books sold—we're approaching 70,000, and going into ninth printing, and the end is not yet! Finally I have a best seller, me, unsung, unhummed, unwhistled Jonathan Silk, at age 45. And I owe it all to you. I know that with absolute finality, because my clipping service has been sending me the mountains of newspaper and maga-

zine articles—Ans, let me tell you, John Glenn himself didn't corner this kind of space!

So—would you consult with your lawyers and work out a way to withdraw the suit? Discreetly, of course? The reason I'm asking is that I've just been served with a subpoena through the American consulate in our area instructing me to appear in Los Angeles District Superior Court this coming January, to answer your complaint. A trial would give us still more sensational mileage, of course, but who needs it? You've sued me into immortality, Ans! You've sued me rich!

There's no way to convey what I feel toward you, but let me say this: We're going to name the little fellow Anson.

Your friend for life and
as far beyond as possible,
Johnnie

Lakrabos
November

Dear Ans,

I don't get your lawyers' point at all. What do they mean, you'd look silly if you dropped the case? Cases like this are dropped all the time—generally because the parties have arrived at a settlement out of court.

Tell you what: If you want your press agent to get up a release hinting that I've agreed to a settlement, that's fine with me—it can only mean that I'm admitting you *are* the hero of my book, and that can only sell *more* books.

Any way you want to work it is fine by me, but get me off this spot, will you, Ans? We're well past the 100,000 mark in sales now. The book has become a living legend in the annals of American Lit. I'm well into my *next* book, which is a cinch to be *another* living legend, and I definitely don't want to take any trips.

We've just about decided to name the young 'un Anson. It's the least payment I can make on my debt to you, staunch colleague.

Get those lawyers of yours on the ball, OK?

Many, many warm thoughts,
John

Lakrabos
November

Dear Anson,

Still no word from you or your lawyers about the status of the suit. I won't conceal from you my concern about this. The trial's due to come up in a month and a half and I *most decidedly* am not interested in traveling 6000 miles to keep the Sheriff of L. A. County happy.

Call this off, will you, Anson? Our sales just passed 130,000. It was a beautiful charade, but we've won, we've won.

By the way, about the annotated book I sent with all the passages marked that I thought *might* (by wild misreading) be called libelous—could you find a minute to send it back? If we're not going to court, your lawyers couldn't possibly



"Say — you do get better coverage of the Miss America Pageant on pay TV!"



What makes cocktails swing?

Calypso limes.

Calypso limes. The juicy yellow limes Rose's Lime Juice is made from. Limes grown in the sultry West Indies. Ripened slowly in the deep heat. Mon, limes grown elsewhere aren't in this race. That's why cocktails made from Rose's are rather

special. Like the Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve it in a cocktail glass or on the rocks. Or the Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, vodka or rum to one part Rose's. Pour over ice, fill with soda, stir. Or the Bloody Mary: One jigger vodka, ½ jigger Rose's, tomato juice, salt, pepper, Worcestershire. Shake with ice, serve in a tall glass.

Or the Rose's Sour: 4 parts whiskey to 1 part Rose's. Shake, with ice, strain into a sour glass. Or Rose's Tonic: Add a dash of Rose's to a jigger of gin topped with Schweppes Tonic.

Plenty more, too. Get yourself plenty of Rose's Lime Juice. And swing.

have any further use for the thing, and I'd sort of like to have it in my files, as a curio. Young Anson should get quite a kick out of it when he's old enough to savor the gorgeous joke behind the Great Deception we cooked up.

People won't understand, of course, but I mean to dedicate the *new* book to you. It will hardly suggest how much I owe you, but it's a gesture.

Fondly,
Jonathan

Lakrabos
December

A. L.,

So. I suspected all along that the opposition to killing the suit came from you, not your lawyers.

What do you mean, you "dipped into that marked copy again and got fighting mad again"? *We've been all through that, man!* You know goddamn well that those marginal notes I made are in no way, shape or form "an admission that I ransacked your personal life like a second-story man to paint my vomitous portrait of Andor Mustie." You know goddamn well I was only indicating passages you might build up a *phony* case against for purposes of a *phony* libel suit.

You and I were involved in a felonious conspiracy to commit a fraud on the courts, my friend. If you're insane enough to go before a jury with this trumped-up case and introduce that marked book as evidence, I'll reveal the whole sordid story. *I can't get hurt*—if I draw a stiff fine, I've still sold over 160,000 copies of my book—but what about *you*?

I'll wipe the floor with you in court, friend. Do you know what a horse's ass you'll look like when I bring forth the thick correspondence between us in which this whole publicity stunt was cooked up with your enthusiastic cooperation?

A smart Charlemagne knows when to roar, and when to button his lip.

Yours,
J. S.

Lakrabos
December

L.,

Good enough. You win *this* round. A wily piece of entrapment, you swine. You let me think you were magnanimously agreeing to help me, and all the while you were leading me on into what *look* like admissions of libelous intent. My letters contain the *suggestion* for your suit, but my lawyers concede yours carefully avoid giving any hint that you *acted* on that suggestion.

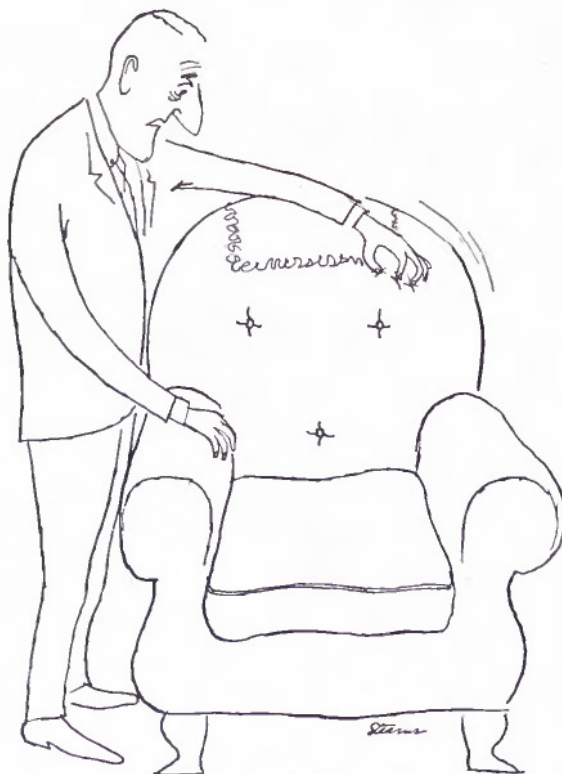
What all this indicates about your capacities for double-dealing, your unfathomable viciousness, I will not go into at this time. I will only observe that it takes a terrifyingly twisted mind to ambuscade an old friend so foully.

You'll get your comeuppance in court. Maybe I *can't* prove you entered into this litigation fraudulently. But I'll poke your fake libel action so full of holes that every bone of your thieving, conniving skeleton will be exposed for the world to see and shudder at.

I mean this,
S.



"Excuse me
while I change
into something
more comfortable . . ."



Luddy,

The scummy secret is out. I can hardly believe my eyes, but there it is, on all the front pages—your press agent is getting you great coverage. Well, you're heading for disaster, you swine, and I'd like to tell you why.

The history-making popularity of my book does not at all mean that "the public wants to read about Anson Luddy, no matter how slanderously distorted the account may be." All it means is that the public is eager to read a serious, literate, in-depth novel, with rich characterizations and a wealth of meaningful incident, the best novel ever done about Hollywood, once it's made aware of the novel's existence. Your legal action *drew attention* to the book—after that the book made its own way. *You* opened the doors, *I* walked through. So it does not by any means follow from the success of this novel (which is not about you, anyhow) that an autobiography with your name on it would stand the populace on its head, too.

Even if Luddy's true story *were* of some conceivable interest—and you can't prove it by my novel, which is about a man far removed from you and infinitely more interesting than you—it would still have to be *written beautifully* to bring it into competition with my work, and you're a man who has never composed so much as a laundry list. Even with the labors of the hundred hacks you've no doubt hired to ghost this epic, it won't be done with the polish and *clan* that characterize my work.

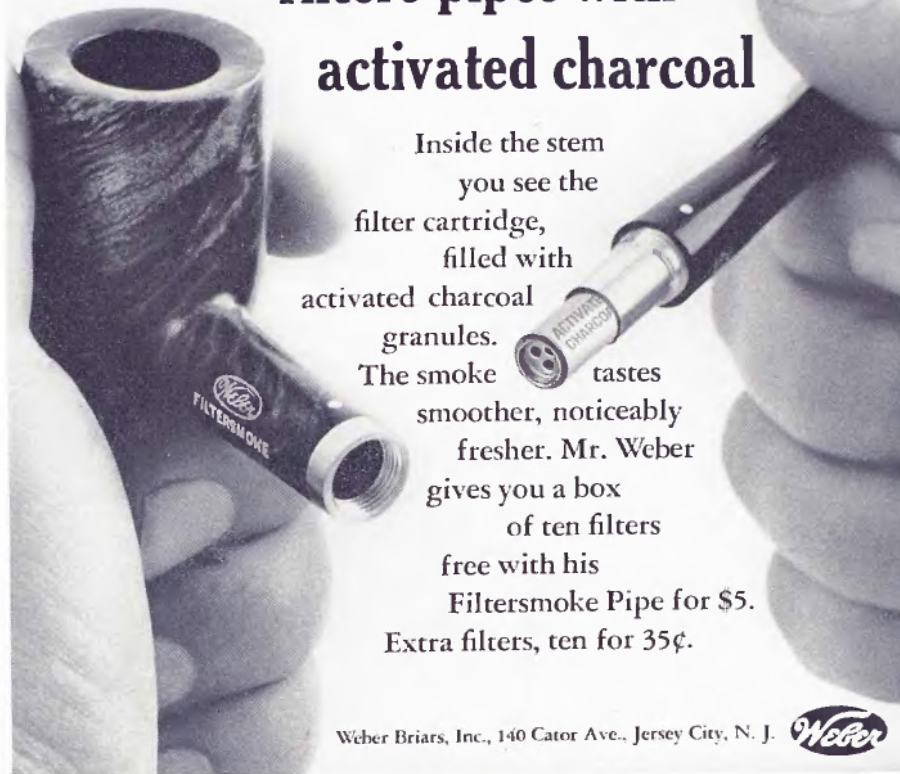
I repeat: You don't know what you're talking about when you claim it was the "shadow of Anson Luddy" over my "insipid piece of crap" that commended it to the reading public. Leave aside the fact that your shadow cannot be made out over a single one of my words. Let's see what the magnificent Luddy shadow does for this hack-produced "autobiography" of yours. It will only hide the pale, verminous excuse for a book from view, I assure you.

Anyhow, it's now clear what you've been up to *from the beginning*. The only reason you're going ahead with this fake trial is that you badly need a publicity stunt to stir up interest in your own forthcoming book! Don't you see how you're exposing yourself with this shoddy procedure? If you're so damned sure *your* name is magic, why do you need a suit against *me* to promote your memoirs? In going ahead with the court action, aren't you in effect admitting that your name alone *won't* sell a book and you have to drag in *another* name, that of the author of a history-making best seller?

In any case, it was a scurvy trick to release to the newspapers photostatic reproductions of the pages of that book I annotated marginally, with the swinish

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which will give me great and lasting satisfaction.

Sincerely,
Jonathan Silk

BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
JANUARY

ANSON

ASTONISHED BY YOUR DISGRACEFUL TESTIMONY IN COURT TODAY. I HAPPEN TO KNOW PERSONALLY 47 ACTORS BLACK-LISTED BY "RED CHANNELS" AND 23 WHO GET HIGH ON BIPHETAMINE AND 19 WHO WEAR TOUPEES AND 11 WHO BLOW THEIR NOSES IN NAPKINS AND AT LEAST 7 WHO CLEAN THEIR EARS IN PUBLIC WITH ONE MAKESHIFT INSTRUMENT OR ANOTHER AND I MEAN TO NAME ALL OF THEM IF I AM CALLED TO WITNESS STAND. WILL STREW YOUR PULVERIZED REMAINS OVER THE COURTROOM, PAL. FURTHERMORE IF YOU PURSUE THIS WITCH HUNT I WILL HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE IN RE 12-YEAR-OLD MOP-PET ANDOR MUSTIE MOLESTS BUT TO GIVE DETAILS ABOUT OCCASION WHEN WE WERE SHOOTING "CHARLEMAGNE" ON PACOIMA RANCH AND YOU DISAPPEARED FOR OVER AN HOUR IN RAVINE WITH PIG-TAILED DAUGHTER OF WARDROBE MISTRESS, SAID DAUGHTER BEING AT THE TIME, IF MEMORY SERVES, AGE 11. THAT MIGHT ESTABLISH ANDOR MUSTIE IS YOU BUT IT WOULD ALSO HAVE SALUTORY EFFECT OF BRANDING YOU FOREVERMORE AS CANCEROUS MONSTER. INCIDENTALLY, YOUR JUST-PUBLISHED AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS ABOMINABLE JUNK AND PACK OF LIES TO BOOT, SINCE IT CONTAINS NO REFERENCE TO ABOVE-MENTIONED 11-YEAR-OLD PIG-TAILED LASS. FOR YOUR INFORMATION MY NEXT BOOK BEING DEDICATED TO NATHANAEL WEST AND OUR KID NOW NAMED JONATHAN JUNIOR. MY THOUGHT FROM BEGINNING WAS THAT NO RED-BLOODED BOY SHOULD BE OBLIGED TO GO THROUGH LIFE NAMED ANSON. YOU DON'T STAND FORMOSAN'S CHANCE OF WINNING THIS CASE BUT ALL THE SAME TO AVOID FURTHER INCONVENIENCE AND GET BACK TO LAKRABOS WILL RELUCTANTLY CONSIDER YOUR ATTORNEYS' SLY PROPOSAL TO WITHDRAW SUIT IF WE COME TO TERMS ON MOVIE RIGHTS FOR MY BOOK. YOUR NEW OFFER OF \$140,000 AN OUTRAGE AND AN AFFRONT AND MEANS CLEAR LOSS TO ME OF AT LEAST \$100,000 BUT AM EXTREMELY ANXIOUS TO GET BACK TO WORK AND A BEST-SELLING AUTHOR'S TIME IS TOO PRECIOUS TO BE WASTED IN SANTA MONICA COURTROOMS SO HAVE INSTRUCTED MY ATTORNEYS TO ACCEPT YOUR BESTIAL TERMS. KINDLY HAVE YOUR AGENTS MEET WITH MY AGENTS TO WORK OUT DETAILS. INCIDENTALLY, REMARKS IN YOUR BOOK ABOUT ME HAVE HYENA RING BUT AM GOING TO BE LARGE-HEARTED ABOUT THIS. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP THIS ILLITERATE OPUS ALONG? JUST LET ME KNOW. YOURS FOR MOVIES THAT ARE BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER.

JONATHAN

claim that "Silk stands condemned by his own hand." I must say that you are acting in a most peculiar animalistic way. Is there no blow too low for you to resort to in your self-promotion?

Come to your senses, Luddy. Once I demonstrate in court that Andor Mustie is *not* you, and that you are merely trying to muscle into my act for vulgar publicity purposes, you'll be the globe's foremost laughingstock.

After all that's happened, after all your ranting, maniacal statements to the press, I find it utterly incomprehensible that your agents should have made an off-the-record offer to my agents to buy the movie rights to my book for \$50,000. Are you completely out of your mind? Obviously there's a *big* movie in this property, now that it's sold close to 180,000 copies. And just as obviously, the movie rights would be a giveaway at \$200,000. But let's not discuss your laughable offer. I would not sell this book to you for a *million* dollars, after the maniacal way you have tricked and maligned me.

Sincerely,
Silk

Lakrabos
January

Dear Mr. Luddy,

You can't possibly meet my "fantastic" price because you have no intention of making a movie of my "offensive" book? You just want to keep my book off the Hollywood market to avoid possible

competition with the movie you'll be making of *your* book?

You people must take me for the rube of the century. Let me point out that you'll never get even a Donald Duck short subject out of your autobiography, let alone a feature-length movie. There's simply no story in your drab life. If you want to make a movie about a swinish Hollywood star, you'll *have* to base it on my book, whose hero, though he's not you, does bear some superficial resemblance to you and, thanks to your wily efforts, has now been established in the public mind as you. So don't try to steal my extremely valuable property for peanuts with this sleazy, hypocritical logic.

As for your nasty innuendoes to the effect that there *couldn't* be any other Hollywood interest in my book, I won't even deign to answer. If there *couldn't* be other interest, why are you so anxious to get the book off the market? You know damn well that the most spectacular best seller of our generation is *bound* to be bought for the movies sooner or later, and at a really impressive price, even though it *is* about Hollywood.

In any case, your "final" offer of \$75,000 is an insult. I might be persuaded, in the interests of a quick sale, to come down to \$175,000, but that's my bottom figure, and at that it's a sacrifice.

We're so far apart on price that I see no alternative but to go to court as scheduled and mop the floor with you,

Why do people with \$13,000 to spend, know that a handbuilt Aston Martin is worth every penny of it?

THE DAY, the most exciting day of your life, that you take the wheel of the most satisfying-to-own motor car in the world, is also the culmination of a story that had its beginning at the Aston Martin plant in the township of Newport Pagnell, amongst the green swards of Buckinghamshire, England.

A LABOUR OF LOVE

Twice a day, at the David Brown Aston Martin plant, a legend begins to come to life. Twice a day Joe Unwin, Cliff Petts, Jim Wilds, Tom Williamson, Walter Payne and his son, Bert, start work on a work of art, an Aston Martin DB5. These men care. They are only six of the hand-picked craftsmen who believe in what they're doing. They know they are creating one of the finest quality cars in the world today. By hand. *This* is what makes the Aston Martin the most worth-every-penny-of-it car of all, to look at, to drive.

Messrs. Bert Brooks and Bill Daniels hand-constructed, hand-shaped the magnesium aluminium alloy panels of your car

using 'flippers' and planishing hammers. Quaint? Perhaps. Painstaking? Definitely, like the twenty-two coats of paint (count them) in any colour you like, every other coat hand-rubbed down 'wet' to give it a glow, a luminous sheen that you can see deep down into: 22 coats of paint deep down.

The 4-litre engine is a pedigree world championship engine that made history on the race tracks of Europe (282 brake horsepower at 5,500 r.p.m.). This is Frank Hughff's department. Mr. Hughff has been assembling Aston Martin engines for 16 years. He assembled yours. Who do you know in Detroit?

WHO SAID THEY DON'T BUILD CARS LIKE THEY USED TO?

Each day, for 98 days, another part of your Aston Martin was fitted, by a specialist, by hand. Every part's important; from the special diaphragm clutch to the air-conditioning; the AC alternator (instead of a dynamo) to the finger-tip operation electric windows. Performance? Matchless—zero to 120 m.p.h. and back in 23 seconds

—with safety first and last; power-assisted twin servo disc brakes, and the steel platform chassis keeps the centre of gravity way down, Gran Turismo fashion.

Danger? Yes. Your wife may drive your DB5—and never let you have it back. You can enjoy your Aston Martin with 5 speed stick shift or fully automatic transmission. Parts? Stocked by many U.S. Distributors supported by the U.S. subsidiary Aston Martin Lagonda Inc., Penn.

START THE MOTOR

Silence? Yes, inside. Outside, the unmistakable, rich, deep note of the twin exhausts tells you this car is a thoroughbred. Luxuriate. Settle back into your seat (infinitely adjustable). Comfortable? You know it's upholstered in finest quality coach hide from the tanneries of Lancashire. The carpet is famous English Wilton, deep piled, hand-fitted throughout—that's your Aston Martin DB5 all over.

Yes. When you change *down* into fourth at 100 m.p.h. you know, instinctively, *this* is how driving ought to be.



RAINBOWS *(continued from page 94)*

and the Minnesota border were eight and a half miles of stocked water. I remarked to the dog who rode with me:

"There ought to be *some* kind of action up there."

Then I drove into town and took the customary first step in fishing unfamiliar water; I stopped at the only tavern, went in and ordered a beer. Occasionally this produces information about local conditions, or favored baits, but all I learned that day was that the hatchery truck hadn't been seen for three weeks. The farmer who said this said it crossly, as if he were speaking of an unreliable food-delivery service.

In the next half hour I drove slowly, up to the Minnesota border and back, observing what I could of the water. Perhaps six of the eight miles had pasture on one or both sides, but there were two stretches of about a mile each that were wooded. The bed seemed to be cut through limestone; there were some pretty pools and rapids, if no falls; and in several places I saw, from a distance, fish rising, though it was impossible to say whether they were trout or creek chubs. A little more than halfway back on my return trip, I saw a man fishing, a portly man of middle age in waders who used his fly rod quite adeptly, working a nice-looking pool which, though it was in pastureland, was shaded by a big willow tree. I stopped the car, watched him fish for a moment, got out, told the dog to stay and walked over.

"Doing any good?" I asked, that being the Midwestern translation of the Eastern phrase *any luck?*

"Not much," he said, a correct answer regardless of how well or badly things are going.

"Catch any at all?"

The correct answer to that, as I could tell by glancing at the bulges in his fabric creel, would be *a couple of little ones*, followed, if one warms toward the stranger, by whatever additional information is accurate (*I did get one nice rainbow, or they're feeding in the current*). He chose, to my mild surprise, the lie direct: "Haven't caught a one."

It seemed pretty bad form to me, but at least I knew now what information to ask for and how to use it. "Where do you generally catch them in this creek?"

"Downstream," he said. "Toward Brinkley."

I thanked him, went back to my car, turned around and headed upstream.

About a mile up from where I'd talked to him, the creek swung close to the road. There was a gate there, opening into pasture, with a little sign on it saying PLEASE CLOSE, which seemed to imply that it was expected people would open it. There was a long, deep, rather slow pool there, and a hundred yards

above it the woods started. I drove in, closed the gate and drove down through the pasture to a little clump of trees where I stopped the car and set my tent up, 40 feet or so from the water. Cows were grazing across from me; the dog needed water. I gave it to him in a bowl, to keep him away from what I hoped were carefree, unsuspecting trout, put my two-piece rod together and strung it up. At the tip of the new leader, I tied on a royal coachman—I always tie on a royal coachman, possibly because it's the only dry fly whose name I knew before I started trout fishing. It's a pretty little thing, with a red body and white wings, but if I've caught more fish on royal coachmen than on any other pattern, it could be only because I fish so often with it.

I walked to the nearest part of the stream, keeping the dog behind me (he is a Weimaraner, with occasional obedient streaks), and found myself standing on a spit of sand and pebbles. The stream was about 20 feet across here, running very shallow at my feet, but with a strong enough current opposite to have undercut the bank; a few tree roots were exposed through the undercutting, and among them a trout might well be hidden. I made my first cast, if tossing a trout fly that brief a distance may be called a cast, and landed four feet out from the bank against which I'd meant to land, for an error of about 20 percent. Still, the fly was floating nicely, so I let it go. I got the range better on subsequent casts, which comforted me a little, though I theorize that it's the first that counts—the one that lands before the fish has any reason to suppose he's being fished for. I cast four or five times, covering most of the water that looked good to me, before the dog decided to jump into the stream and cool off. I said cross things to him, but not very vehemently—I was already pretty well convinced there'd be no action from the undercut bank and I started upstream. There was some shallow, fast water next which hardly looked as if it would harbor a trout, but since such places sometimes do, I tossed up into it. It would be splendid to report that a 20-inch brown trout swirled from behind a rock, leaped three feet into the air hooking himself on my coachman, and that, as it is put in the sporting magazines, the fight was on; but no such thing happened. The fly bobbed back toward me, got wet, submerged and snagged on a rock; there being virtually no fight in rocks, I waded in and detached the hook by hand. My purpose, by the way, in citing such examples of my misadventurous ineptness with fishing tackle, is not to produce moments of traditional sporting farce to decorate my explanations; you are welcome to smile, of course, if it's

your kind of comedy, but my purpose is to establish how low in caliber a trout fisherman might be and still expect to land them at will on dry flies by learning my secret.

Above the little stretch of rapids, and feeding current to it, was a marvelous-looking place. The stream narrowed to ten feet, and deepened enough so that the water looked green in the deepest part. The green water flowed on both sides of a 45-degree angle in the stream course and at the point of the angle was a big old tree stump. There had to be a trout down there; I watched for a moment or two to see if one might be rising. When none did, I caught myself looking around on the ground for likely stones or rocks to be overturned in a hunt for worms. I reminded myself that I'd been fishing only ten minutes. Wet fly! Hell, I never catch anything on a wet fly. Nymph! Well, yeah, but, see, the current's pretty fast and it wouldn't really look natural to see a nymph moving against it. I opened my tackle box, passing up six or eight dollars' worth of wet flies and nymph flies, and dubiously took out Con Carter's favorite lure, a thing on which he has caught so many trout, he says, that he feels the same reluctance toward it that I feel toward worms.

No fishing book would ever endorse this thing, for it is an object so gaudy, so artificial, that it makes the longest, brightest peacock sword streamer fly look natural; nor can I imagine what trout take it to be. It is something called a flatfish, a miniature version of a plug used quite extensively on casting rods for bass fishing. Con is extremely particular about his flatfish; the only model that will do is the F-4 size (not even the smallest available), and it must be yellow with red spots, though there are one or two streams, he says, in North Carolina where black with red spots will work. The F-4 is a little under two inches long, slightly curved, and flattened at the front, so that when it is in tension against the pressure of water at the end of a line, it wobbles busily, as no minnow, frog or salamander ever could. In shallow water, Con fishes a flatfish just as it comes from the box, on about eight feet of level leader; in deeper water, he weights the leader about four inches above the flatfish with a single split shot. It was thus that I now rigged mine.

Con can land a flatfish in the birdbath in my yard from 30 yards away; I doubt that I could rely on making it first try into a bathtub from 10, though I comfort myself that a fly line is designed to float bits of feather through the air, not to handle things that exceed its own weight. I walked above the stump and did what I always do with a heavy lure, dropped it into the water and let the current carry it down to where I wanted it. Then I took up the slack and started



to inch the flatfish back toward me, and I have no idea what I may have been thinking of when something slapped it, knocking it nearly to the surface. There was a brief gleam, about four feet down, and that was all. Apparently my agitation, which was partly annoyance with myself for inattention and partly excitement that there was a trout down there, was communicable, because the dog began to bark. I got him quieted, and repeated my flatfish maneuver. I did it, in fact, again and again. I told myself finally that I would try 5 more times, and tried 15. Then I snatched the lure off, turned over 20 rocks, finally found a worm, tied hook and worm to leader and drifted that through, tensed for a strike. It didn't come. When I had done it often enough to drown the worm, I looked through my tackle box, sighed, decided there was nothing there that could tempt the fish out again. Con says he thinks trout strike a flatfish out of anger, and I saw nothing there that looked like it would make a trout mad. OK. He saw me. I just happen to know the way to get to him when he calms down; let's go on.

The dog got up and trotted out in front of me; I called him back. He has an excellent eye for trout-looking places, and a strong liking for swimming in them just before I get there. Not that the next place should have been one—it was the deep pool by the gate, possibly 40 yards long altogether, through which the water moved quite slowly. According to the trout books, it might have two fish, one feeding near the tail where the current picks up, the other feeding at the head where the current enters, be-

fore it slows down. The beaten-down grass on the banks, and the fact that the pool swung in near the road, read very differently: This was a most popular and productive fishing place, being a natural one for the hatchery truck to discharge fish, since the driver would be spared from walking. In Iowa today there may be 50 or more trout in pools like that.

I found another worm, hooked it on and let it drift in, sink and settle—worms found at a stream are best; look like what the fish see daily; should be presented as if they had fallen naturally into the water; and are carried along without drag by the current. I watched my fly line. A fly line floats. Only the long leader goes under, making the line itself serve as that piece of equipment no trout fisherman would sanction—a bobber.

I waited about five minutes, then the line jerked; but I knew from the way it moved that it was the wrong fish down there. There are three sorts of indication one's line may make in our streams: If it has been stopped, but makes no further movement, it is a sucker (unless it is a snag). If it dances rapidly, in a series of short, nervous movements, travels around in random directions, it is a creek chub. If it moves slowly, stops, moves out again determinedly, then a trout has taken the worm in his mouth and is swimming into the current in order to swallow it. When one has this last, surprisingly deliberate kind of movement, it is crucial not to strike too soon.

In the big pool at Westerly Creek it was the second kind of movement, the chub kind. Still I was careful, first because what I take to be the beginning of

fulfillment of fisherman's passion is in that instant when one knows that something, something alive and unknown, is lured; and next because there is, now and then, a trout that bites like a chub. So not until the line pulled tight did I strike, but it was neither trout nor chub. As a matter of fact, it was a crayfish this time, and so was the next thing I caught before, working the worm into the current at the head of the pool, I hooked a considerable fish—a big chub, 12 or 13 inches long with thorns growing out of his nose, a kind that is called a horny-head.

I decided to give up the big pool and get on upstream, into the woods, and just then noticed that the dog was gone. I looked anxiously toward the cattle, though he's pretty good about not chasing them, saw the dog lying in the shade of a bush with his tongue out, and saw next that someone was fishing behind me, casting now toward the undercut bank where I had started.

My first impulse was to slip on up the creek, calling quietly to the dog to follow so the stranger wouldn't get ahead of me; my next impulse was to call the dog very loudly and angrily, for just at the place he had jumped into the water when we started fishing, I saw the distant man lifting out a fish; my third impulse I followed—it was to walk back down the creek, for, though the fisherman was too far away for me to recognize, there was a familiar car drawn up beside mine. It was Con Carter's. He had said he might come up, after some early-afternoon duties, and since he drives fast he'd arrived very shortly after me.

We met by the stump where I had had my strike, and I said:

"What'd you get down there by the bank? Nice big chub?"

"Trout," Con said. "Or he'd have gotten to be one if I'd left him in there to grow." And he showed me, in his creel, a ten-inch rainbow.

"What'd you take him on?" I asked, foreseeing the answer.

"Yellow flatfish," said Con apologetically.

I pointed to the stump and said a trout—or probable trout—had brushed my flatfish once but wouldn't come out again.

"What else did you try?"

"About everything," I lied. Trout fishing really is bad for my character.

"Superduper?"

"Don't have one."

A superduper is a flat, shiny piece of metal bent almost double, with its outer surface laquered gold and its inner surface red. Con offered me one, which I declined.

"I'd like to see you use it," I said.

Con flipped the thing in, landing it exactly above where I'd seen the trout flash; whether he chose the spot by intuition, calculation or accident I don't



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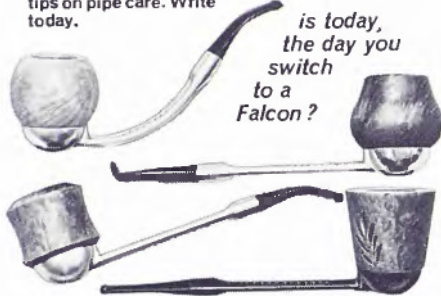
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know. The superduper danced and glittered in a tantalizing way, but nothing showed.

"It's a good lure for big trout," Con said. "It may scare off the little ones."

"I don't know what size he is," I said, sneakily pleased that my trout wasn't being caught.

"Think I'll go to a spinner and fly." He removed the superduper, and attached in its place a tiny gold spinner on a flexible shaft. To the spinner he coupled a brown-and-green, iridescent, heavy-bodied wet fly, somewhat larger than anything I had; it was on about a number-six hook. Con guessed it might look like a caterpillar, and that the spinner might be taken for a minnow trying to make off with it. He drifted this contrivance in under the stump, and began to twitch it back upstream toward us.

"There he is," he said suddenly.

"He hit it?"

"No, looked at it. Didn't you see him?"

I hadn't.

"We'll get him now," Con said, casting again and teasing his lure around the stump. It took three more casts, and a change of flies (brown and tan, longer and lighter bodied than the first, with a small red tail feather); the fish struck the new fly first time past. Con hooked it, played it, and was moving it toward where we stood when the dog hit the water, taking the flopping object for something to retrieve. The trout was gone, off the line and back under his stump by the time I got the dog called out. I was furious, but Con took it pretty calmly.

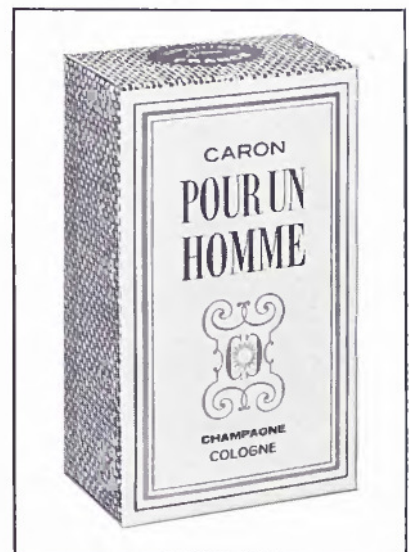
"Another ten-inch rainbow," he said. "There anything up in that big-looking pool?"

"I don't know," I said. "Nothing I can catch, anyway. There's some pretty water up above it."

"I drove across French Creek about twenty miles before I got here," Con said. "It's faster and clearer and has more cover, and a man told me it was stocked day before yesterday—might be some good fish there."

"I'll take the ten-inchers if I can get them," I said, for there is one respect in which I am an atypical fisherman: I have no exclusive yearning to catch large fish. The smaller ones are, by common consent, the best to eat. Con, who has a six-pound brook trout mounted on his wall at home, was persuaded there might be something like it back at French Creek, and decided to return there. I said, having seen two acceptable trout come out of Westerly (or one come out, and one snagged on a dog), that I thought I'd stay. With that we parted; I checked with him the following day, though, and found he'd caught a limit and among them a splendid brown, 18 inches long, which he judged from its condition must have been in the creek for several years.

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I wished I'd gone down there with him.

Not that I failed to catch trout. By the time Con left, there were two ladies sitting on the bank of the big pool, still fishing with night crawlers, bobbers and weighted lines. I called the dog, went past them and on up Westerly. I fished hard that afternoon. Tried Con's fly-and-spinner method for a time, but I didn't seem able to control it as he had and nothing struck. I came, up in the woods, to a place where I saw trout—two at least—rising and splashing in the current at the head of a small pool, feeding on insects, and I threw five or six different dry-fly patterns up their way without doing anything but alarming them, for after the first few casts they began reacting to the sight of the line in the air. Come on, come on, catch one. They're feeding on flies, right? You don't know what kind, right? OK, get one on a worm, open his stomach, and see what color insects are in it. Right?

The first stone I turned over had three worms under it. I put one on a very small hook, moved up above where the fish had been feeding and lowered the worm into the current, and as it reached the place where water spilled into the pool, saw one of the fish coming up fast to meet it: the sleek spotted shape, the bullet head, the cruel intention of a predator—in the instant when a trout strikes, I sometimes think of tigers. I had him, joyfully, even with some skill as I set the hook, gave him a little line to dash away with, turned him toward me then so that he swam almost into my boot, a nice brown. I cleaned him, put him happily into my creel, and laid out his stomach on a rock. There was nothing in it except some decomposed blackish material, and one undecipherable insect leg; I had already tried my black flies, but I'm not sure I'd have gone back to flies really. I was quite happy with the way I'd caught him; I got his companion on the same worm.

The dog and I went on through the woods, cool and pleased; when I have the first fish or two, I become calmer and I fish more skillfully. I missed a trout, back on the fly and spinner again. I found more worms and caught a rainbow so small that I was certain he'd been spawned in Westerly—no more than four inches; he hadn't been hooked badly and I returned him to the creek. Far from the road, we came out of the woods into an overgrown pasture where the stream divided. In the smaller of the branches, water cress was growing and I picked some to put in the creel with the fish, to keep them moist. To the stems of the cress were clinging little black freshwater snails, a favorite food of brook trout; the arm of the stream in which it grew was six or eight feet wide, and ran straight, about two feet deep for forty yards or so. The cress grew on both sides, leaving about a three-foot channel

in the center. It seemed to me I knew what Con would advise. I shortened the line until there was no more than three feet of leader dangling from the end of my rod, put about a third of a worm on the hook, and went quietly up the stream a little. Then I lowered the bait into the rapid water, and followed it along, walking; and five steps from where I started a brookie dashed out, hooked himself, and I used the impetus of his rush to flip him out of the water. If he'd got back into the cress, it would have made a hopeless tang'e. It was splendid there; I lost two or three, hooked another; its stomach was full of snails.

Evening was coming, and I had four trout. I'd caught them all on worms, but I felt I'd done it properly; I started back down the creek, pretty satisfied. When I reached the big pool, the two ladies were picking up their stools and clearing the night crawlers off their hooks. I watched indulgently; a night crawler is a huge worm, seven or eight inches long and as big around as your little finger. They are fine for carp and catfish, but I was amused at the idea of anyone's fishing for trout with them. I asked the ladies how they'd done.

"I don't believe they've stocked this creek lately," one said.

"We just got four," said the other, and showed them to me on a stringer, three rainbows and a brown and all bigger than the largest fish I had.

"We got eleven last Saturday morning," the first lady said.

I was back again at the stump, disgruntled, as the ladies drove away, thinking about the trout I knew was under there. He might have recovered by now from his fright and his sore mouth. Since he was away from the pool, it argued that he'd been in the stream for a while, though, and ought by now to be wise. I considered worms, worm and spinner, fly and spinner, flatfish, but I had known all afternoon how I was going to catch him: now that I knew the night-crawler ladies had as many trout as I, there was no chance I'd reconsider.

If you have eaten red caviar, you know what salmon eggs look like. Prepared as trout bait, they are firmer and less cohesive than what may be bought at the grocer's; they are also illegal as bait in some Western states and unheard of in most Eastern ones. Actually, they are useless, at least in my experience, in Eastern states; I took a bottle with me to Connecticut one summer and tried them pretty thoroughly—not a nibble. In the far West, where salmon eggs are part of what a river normally contains, they are, I suppose, something trout feed on naturally. In Iowa, dyed white or pink or fluorescent red, they are part of what trout are trained to eat (or so I am convinced) by the hundreds of salmon eggs thrown in by fishermen in the course of

a season. Now, I cannot disapprove of the notion of baiting a salmon egg on a very small hook and fishing with it in a place where a trout may be; cannot and don't. But I do disapprove of what I proceeded to do next, even though I learned it from an impeccable source, *A New Handbook of Fresh Water Fishing* by Lee Wulff, one of the most famous of modern fly-fishermen. I took half a dozen eggs out of the bottle and tossed them into the creek above the stump. Then I sat and smoked a cigarette, waiting for the trout to find and sample them. When the cigarette was finished, I tossed in four or five more, baited my hook with yet another and threw that in, too. I waited about a minute. The fly line moved, pulled out straight; I flexed the rod and felt, for a moment, the pressure of the fish at the other end. I failed to hook him, but once a trout has started feeding on salmon eggs he's not likely to get discouraged. Two more free ones, and one with a hook in it took him. He actually came up off the bottom to meet the descending egg, and I could watch him all the way, running upstream with it in his mouth until I hooked him. He was a pretty greedy trout.

Nor did I really feel apologetic about the way I'd caught him, though I'm not sure why. I suppose merely that I'd been fishing hard, tried a lot of things, and wanted that particular fish too much.

It was still daylight. I started gathering wood to make a little fire to cook my fish on, and it was while I was tearing a dry limb off a fallen tree that I saw the truck drive up, stop at the same gate near the big pool that I'd come in by, and the driver get out to open the gate. It was a small green pickup with a barrel in the body, and though I'd never seen one before, I was pretty sure it came from a fish hatchery. The driver brought it on into the pasture and stopped beside the creek, and I walked up to watch him. He filled a bucket with creek water, carried it behind the truck, and then reached into the big barrel with a dip net; he filled his bucket with fish, carried it to the edge of the big pool, and emptied them gently into the water. He went back to the truck for a second load and, as I came up, a third.

"How many are you putting in?" I asked.

"Fifty or so."

We stood and watched. At first the fish swam around quite frantically. Then they began to congregate in the shallowest part of the pool and to turn, facing the current.

"Tomorrow's Saturday," he said. "I expect most of them will be in the frying pan by tomorrow night."

"I expect."

"Better get your pole. They might have seen me coming up the road, and if they did they'll be here right away."

Chiefly, I was irritated. It destroyed

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my sense of having accomplished something to see all those new fish, easy fish I thought, lying in the same creek in which, with what small skill and knowledge I had, I'd fished successfully before they came. But finally I began to feel as children do when they see fish thick in a hatchery. "Couldn't we catch a couple?" the children say; and I trotted down to the campsite for my rod.

But it was curious. The fish, so newly in the creek, struck at first, at almost anything, but halfheartedly and, it seemed, in annoyance. The flatfish and the spinners would be followed, slapped perhaps, but not bitten at. Eventually one did take a spinner, but he was so listless as I hauled him out that I put him back in again. He swam back only far enough to join the others. When they had been in the creek 20 minutes, they stopped following the things I fished with. They simply lay there, twitching their tails occasionally, distrustful of me but without having formed the idea of hiding.

It was the following morning that I made my record. I knew where 50 fish were; it barely occurred to me that I might ignore them, go off along the stream fishing as I had the day before for the resident trout . . . through the woods, thinking out the problems, using what fishing technique I could. There were 50 trout in the pool! The ladies might be on their way this very minute. I gulped coffee, jammed my rod together, tied on my last royal coachman, told the dog to stay in the car and trotted to the pool.

It was swirling with trout. They had waked up hungry, and were dashing about, free for the first time in their lives, missing breakfast for the first time, too. They were leaping, pushing one another out of the way, at whatever may

have been in the pool or on its surface—bits of leaves, sticks, possibly even an authentic bug or two. There I stood, a tyrant with a fly rod, smiling at the disorder and gullibility of liberation, and cast my fly at random onto the center of the pool. Three of the mob were after it instantly, and the one who won swallowed it so firmly there was no need to hook him. Out he came, a 12-inch rainbow, and instead of dashing off in terror at his thrashing, there were fish who followed him across the pool.

The coachman took a second on the second cast. On the third, a fish struck, but I was slow to strike back and lost him. On the fourth I snagged a tree behind me on the backcast and lost the coachman. I tied on a gray Wulff fly, which floats very high in the water; it took a fish. I deliberately changed to yet another pattern—I cannot now remember which—and it worked, too. There was a lull, then, during which I cast without answers three or four times; then they began to feed once more, even more violently than at first, and a tiny black gnat fly on a number-20 hook caught a big limp brown, the biggest fish of the day. The final fly I do not know the name of—it was a gaudy, machine-tied thing in yellow, blue and red which I kept in my fly box only because one of my children bought it for me once with allowance money, getting it off a card of 15-cent crappie flies in a country grocery store. It was sensational. A rainbow met it at the surface and leaped clear out of the water, winning it from the others.

There were my six fish; they had been caught in less than half an hour; I had moved less than 20 feet. And you have the secret: Take your dry flies to the hole where the green truck stops, give the fish one night to grow confused and

hungry, and you can make your trout-fishing grandfather look as slow as the buggy he drove to the unstocked brook in the woods, six miles from home.

• • •

I think of two people when I remember how gracelessly I caught those fish. One was an Englishman, a very pleasant man who visited the university where I teach and who, when I met him, said he'd like to see the countryside. I took him walking along the bank of the Iowa river, our carp and catfish water, and found he was quite excited that we were free to carry along a fishing rod. He was one of those brilliant, profoundly educated men of a recent sort in England, as I understand it, who have managed to come up from working-class origins through sheer intellectual power, taking advantage of the scholarships and the entree that the post-War labor government opened up in that stratified country. It was a wonder to him that we were allowed, any of us, to angle freely almost anywhere we liked. He took the rod I offered in his hand, and it was the first time he had ever held one; something nibbled, down in the muddy water—a bullhead, I imagine, which is a small and not very desirable sort of catfish. His pleasure at having had a bite seemed so great that, though I couldn't tell him quickly enough when to set the hook to catch whatever it was, he was still strongly gratified. And when I said it was a shame we didn't have more time, we might have gone trout fishing, he could barely believe it.

"But those rights are terribly exclusive in England," he said. "Of course, if you're very rich, you can rent them sometimes."

The second person whom I think of was a hipster, in outlook and vocabulary, at any rate, a young man who worked in advertising in New York. He and his wife were visiting mutual friends near where we summered in Connecticut, and I was surprised to have him ask to go trout fishing with me. His equipment explained it; it was good equipment and had been given him by his wife's father. It was important enough for him to show his wife that he could bring home trout, just as her father had, so that he got up at the very unhip hour of 5:30 to do the dry-fly bit with me.

He was tense, full of self-doubt and overeagerness, and when we caught the first trout of the morning, using a little device called a Colorado spoon, his relief was rather touching. We caught six more that morning, a couple on dry flies, and I recall what he said when we had cleaned them and laid them out on the bank:

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 82)*

he gets called a "hate teacher." Look here, now Chubby Checker is catching hell with a white woman. And I'm catching hell for *not* wanting a white woman. The followers of Mr. Elijah Muhammad, we're not trying to marry no white man's sisters and daughters. We're not trying to force our way into no white neighborhoods. It look like to me that the white people who are so against integrated schools and restaurants and hotels ought to be *glad* about what Mr. Muhammad is teaching his followers. The only way for peace between the races is a separation of the races.

PLAYBOY: Are you against the Civil Rights Act, then?

CLAY: I think that the Civil Rights Act will lead to bloodshed. It already has. It won't change people's hearts. But I don't call it hate. I call it human nature. I don't think that white people hate colored people. You just don't never see a rabbit eating with a lion. I think that all of this "integration" started backfiring when it put the white man on the spot. It ain't going to go on much further. I think that the black man needs to get together with his own kind. He needs to say, "Let's don't go where we're not wanted." You take Sonny Liston. He was the champion of the world, and that's supposed to include America. But when he tried to buy a house in a segregated neighborhood in Miami, he was turned down. The white people don't want integration: I don't believe in forcing it and the Muslims don't either.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you've chosen to live in Harlem?

CLAY: Right. I could be living all exclusive, downtown, in some skyscraper hotel. I could be living right up in the hotel's penthouse, with my friends in rooms all around me. But I don't want none of that. I stay right in the heart of Harlem, in a place that a workingman with a good job could afford. I'm just used to being around my own people. I like being around my own people. It's just human nature to enjoy being around your own kind. I don't want no trouble. I am up here in the heart of blacktown. I can't find nothing wrong with that, but it seems to bother everybody else, it looks like. I been around my own people all of my life. Why would I want to try to leave them now? You have to be all the time putting on an act when you're trying to live and hang around somewhere you're not wanted, or they just put up with you for your money. I'm at ease living among my people. I'm never all tensed up; I don't have to be a side show all the time. I'm around unity, rhythm and soul. Our people are warm people. I don't like to be around cold people. I go out every morning early and walk up and down in

the streets, and I talk to winos and the working people and everybody. I stand where they go down to the subway, and I say hello. I'm different from when Patterson was the champ. He wasn't anywhere near as popular as I am—not among our people, anyway.

PLAYBOY: What do you have to say about the fact that many Negroes, including several Negro leaders, have said that they have no desire to be identified with a heavyweight champion who is a Black Muslim?

CLAY: It's ridiculous for Negroes to be attacking somebody trying to stand up for their own race. People are always telling me "what a good example I could set for my people" if I just wasn't a Muslim. I've heard over and over how come I couldn't have been like Joe Louis and Sugar Ray. Well, they're gone now, and the black man's condition is just the same, ain't it? We're still catching hell. The fact is that my being a Muslim moved me from the sports pages to the front pages. I'm a whole lot bigger man than I would be if I was just a champion prizefighter. Twenty-four hours a day I get offers—to tour somewhere overseas, to visit colleges, to make speeches. Places like Harvard and Tuskegee, television shows, interviews, recordings. I get letters from all over. They are addressed to me in ways like "The Greatest Boxer in the World, U.S.A." and they come straight to me wherever they're mailed from. People want to write books about me. And I ought to have stock in Western Union and cable companies. I get so many of them. I'm trying to show you how I been elevated from the normal stature of fighters to being a world figure, a leader, a statesman.

PLAYBOY: Statesman?

CLAY: That's what I said. Listen, after I beat Liston, some African diplomats invited me to the United Nations. And because I'm a Muslim, I was welcomed like a king on my tour of Africa and the Middle East. I'm the first world champion that ever toured the world that he is champion of.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you incensed Nigerians during your tour, by reneging on a promise to fight an exhibition match there, and by making the remark, on departing for Egypt, that "Cairo is more important than Nigeria"?

CLAY: It was a whole lot of confusion going on. We had planned a week in Nigeria, then a week in Ghana. But when we got over there, somehow with all kinds of this and that functions calling for me, our whole schedule got messed up. One Sunday I come back from Ghana to Nigeria to fight that exhibition. It was arranged for us to get to Cairo that Wednesday. Then my exhibition fight date got put forward. I figured

it would make us disappoint the Cairo government that had bumped people off planes for us, things like that. So I said how important it was to get to Cairo on time. But when somebody got done quoting it, it wasn't told like I had said it. Any time you hear about me insulting black people, it's a lie. Anyway, wasn't nobody over there mad at me because of my *religion*. Somebody told me over there that I got the biggest welcome ever given to any American.

PLAYBOY: You met both Prime Minister Nkrumah of Ghana and Egypt's President Nasser on the trip. What was your impression of them?

CLAY: Well, I looked at Prime Minister Nkrumah, and it come to me that he looked just like so many Negroes in America—except there he was, the head of a country. And President Nasser, one of the six most powerful men in the world, he welcomed me as a Black Muslim, just as friendly as if he had been knowing me all my life.

PLAYBOY: Apart from influential friends, what do you feel you got out of the trip?

CLAY: Well, it showed me what Mr. Elijah Muhammad's teachings had taught me: that Africa is the home of Original Man, the black man, and that Africa, where the slaves was stolen from, has all kinds of rich history. And it is the richest continent on earth. Everybody knows that the biggest diamond ever found was found in black Africa. And let me tell you something—it wasn't just seeing the new buildings and cars and stuff; it's what you *feel* in Africa. Black people that's free and proud—they don't *feel* like that over here. I never have felt it here except among my Muslim brothers and sisters.

PLAYBOY: Your Muslim activities will soon have to be interrupted long enough to defend your title against Sonny Liston in your upcoming rematch. Now that he's familiar with your strategy and skills, do you think he'll be a tougher opponent?

CLAY: I know one thing: He would have to think he could put up a better fight than he did the last time. Liston has been through quite a bit.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he'll put up a better fight?

CLAY: Maybe, but I'll have the edge again. Liston will be fighting a comeback. He'll be in the position of having to *prove* he can beat me. So he'll come in that ring scared he's going to lose. A lot of people still refuse to accept it, but Liston *knows* he was whipped by a better boxer. Another thing, don't never forget that boxing is for young men. How old is Liston?

PLAYBOY: According to published reports, around thirty-two.

CLAY: Well, I hear he's pushing forty. He ain't physically *capable* of forcing a body that old through four and a half



*"Wow! . . . If my wife
back in Council Bluffs could see me now!!"*

months of the strong training a fighter would need to meet a young, strong fighter like me.

PLAYBOY: Doug Jones has been touted as another possible contender for your title. What's your appraisal of him?

CLAY: He's a good, strong man, a good boxer. He's fast, and he's got determination. He's the possible champ after I quit.

PLAYBOY: How about Patterson? Do you think he has a chance to regain his title a second time?

CLAY: Patterson! Don't make me laugh. I'm a natural heavyweight, and he was never anything but a blown-up lightweight. He could never take my punches. I could play with him, cut him up and take him out whenever I got ready. And he knows it. That's why he always ducked me when he was champ. He ain't no fool. You know, at the Olympic games in Rome, I told Patterson, "Two, three years from now, I'm going to take your title." He said, "You're a good kid, keep trying, kid." Well, I bet you he has

since thought that over many a day.

PLAYBOY: If he knows he couldn't beat you, how do you explain his recent campaign to meet you in a title match?

CLAY: Only reason he's decided to come out of his shell now is to try and make himself a big hero to the white man by saving the heavyweight title from being held by a Muslim. I wish you would print for Patterson to read that if he ever convinces my managers to let him in the same ring with me, it's going to be the first time I ever trained to develop in myself a brutal killer instinct. I've never felt that way about nobody else. Fighting is just a sport, a game, to me. But Patterson I would want to beat to the floor for the way he rushed out of hiding after his last whipping, announcing that he wanted to fight me because no Muslim deserved to be the champ. I never had no concern about his having the Catholic religion. But he was going to jump up to fight me to be the white man's champion. And I don't know no sadder example of nobody making a big-

ger fool of himself. I don't think three more weeks had passed before it was in the papers about him trying to sell his big, fine home in a so-called "integrated" neighborhood because his white neighbors wouldn't speak to his family, and white children were calling his children "nigger" and a white man next door even had put up a fence to keep from having to even see Patterson. I ain't never read nothing no more pitiful than how Patterson told the newspapers, "I tried to integrate—it just didn't work." It's like when he was the champion, the only time he would be caught in Harlem was when he was in the back of a car, waving, in some parade. The big shot didn't have no time for his own kind, he was so busy "integrating." And now he wants to fight me because I stick up for black people. I'll tell him again, he sure better think five or six times before he gets into any ring with me.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other active heavyweights, apart from Doug Jones, whom you rate as title contenders?

CLAY: Not in my class, of course. But below that, after Jones—and Liston—there's Ernie Terrell. He's a tall boy, a good left jab. He moves good, but he tires easy. He doesn't have enough experience to take me on yet. But he's a good kid. And Cleveland Williams. If he even dreamed he fought me, he'd apologize. He needs a lot more experience. Liston knocked him out twice. Williams, if he's pressured, will quit in a minute. I can't see any more after these. I don't really even watch fighting much, except films of the greatest.

PLAYBOY: Just you?

CLAY: Just me.

PLAYBOY: Are you the greatest now fighting, or the greatest in boxing history?

CLAY: Now, a whole lot of people ain't going to like this. But I'm going to tell you the truth—you asked me. It's too many great old champions to go listing them one by one. But ain't no need to. I think that Joe Louis, in his prime, could have whipped them all—I mean anyone you want to name. And I would have beat Louis. Now, look—people don't like to face the facts. All they can think about is Joe Louis' punch. Well, he did have a deadly punch, just like Liston has a deadly punch. But if Louis didn't hit nothing but air, like Liston didn't with me, then we got to look at other things. Even if Louis did hit me a few times, remember they all said Liston was a tougher one-punch man than even Joe Louis. And I took some of Liston's best shots. Remember that. Then, too, I'm taller than Louis. But I tell you what would decide the fight: I'm faster than Louis was. No, Louis and none of the rest of them couldn't whip me. Look—it ain't never been another fighter like me. Ain't never been no *nothing* like me.



"Not bad, as hallucinogenic mushrooms go."

HEAVY SET

(continued from page 86)

"Sammy, this is Christine." A woman's voice. "What you doing?"

His little golden eyelashes flickered and his brow furrowed, alert and wary. "Why?"

"Tom, Lu and I are going to a show. want to come along?"

"It better be good!" he cried, indignantly.

She named it.

"That!" he snorted.

"It's a good film," she said.

"Not that one," he said. "Besides, I haven't shaved yet today."

"You can shave in five minutes."

"I need a bath, and it'd take a long time."

A long time, thought his mother, he was in the bathroom two hours today. He combs his hair two dozen times, musses it, combs it again, talking to himself.

"OK for you." The woman's voice on the phone. "You going to the beach this week?"

"Saturday," he said, before he thought.

"See you there, then," she said.

"I meant Sunday," he said, quickly.

"I could change it to Sunday," she replied.

"If I can make it," he said, even more quickly. "Things go wrong with my car."

"Sure," she said. "Samson. Solong."

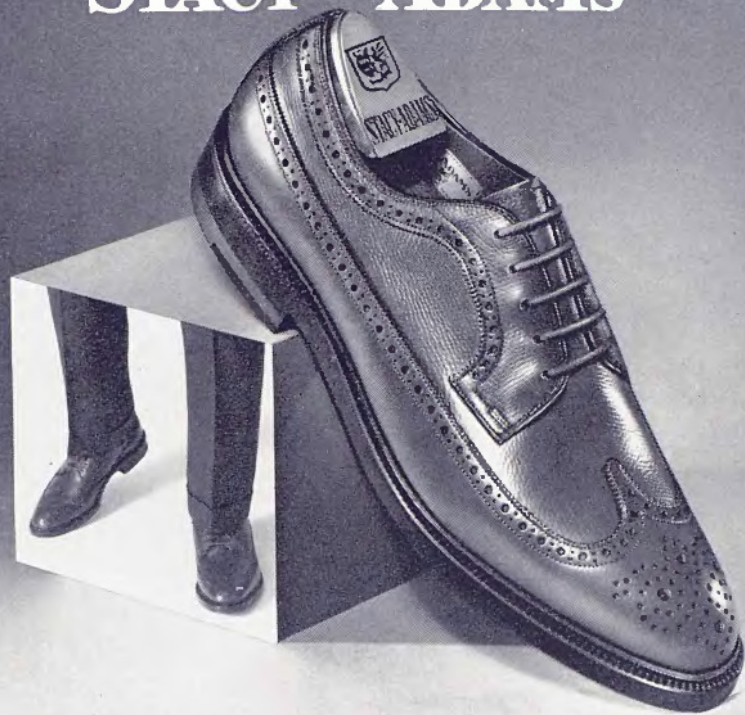
And he had stood there for a long time, turning the silent phone in his hand.

Well, his mother thought, he's having a good time now. A good Halloween party, with all the apples he took along, tied on strings, and the apples, untied, to bob for in a tub of water, and the boxes of candy, the sweet corn kernels that really taste like autumn. He's running around looking like the bad little boy, she thought, licking his lollipop, everyone shouting, blowing horns, laughing, dancing.

At eight, and again at eight-thirty and nine she went to the screen door and looked out and could almost hear the party a long way off at the dark beach, the sounds of it blowing on the wind crisp and furious and wild, and wished she could be there at the little shack out over the waves on the pier, everyone whirling about in costumes, and all the pumpkins cut, each a different way, and a contest for the best homemade mask or make-up job, and too much popcorn to eat and—

She held to the screen doorknob, her face pink and excited, and suddenly realized the children had stopped coming to beg at the door. Halloween, for the neighborhood kids anyway, was over.

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She went to look out into the back yard.

The house and yard were too quiet. It was strange not hearing the basketball volley on the gravel or the steady bumble of the punching bag taking a beating. Or the little tweezing sound of the hand squeezers.

What if, she thought, he found someone tonight, found someone down there, and just never came back, never came home. No telephone call. No letter, that was the way it could be. No word. Just go off away and never come back again. What if? What if?

No! she thought, there's no one, no one there, no one anywhere. There's just this place. This is the only place.

But her heart was beating fast and she had to sit down.

The wind blew softly from the shore.

She turned on the radio but could not hear it.

Now, she thought, they're not doing anything except playing blindman's buff, yes, that's it, blind tag, and after that they'll just be—

She gasped and jumped.

The windows had exploded with raw light.

The gravel sputtered in a machine-gun spray as the car jolted in, braked and stopped, motor gunning. The lights went off in the yard. But the motor still gunned up, idled, gunned up, idled.

She could see the dark figure in the front seat of the car, not moving, staring straight ahead.

"You—" she started to say, and opened the back screen door. She found a smile on her mouth. She stopped it. Her heart was slowing now. She made herself frown.

He shut off the motor. She waited. He climbed out of the car and threw the pumpkins in the garbage can and slammed the lid.

"What happened?" she asked. "Why are you home so early—?"

"Nothing." He brushed by her with the two gallons of cider intact. He set them on the kitchen sink.

"But it's not ten yet—"

"That's right." He went into the bedroom and sat down in the dark.

She waited five minutes. She always waited five minutes. He wanted her to come ask, he'd be mad if she didn't, so finally she went and looked into the dark bedroom.

"Tell me," she said.

"Oh, they all stood around," he said. "They just stood around like a bunch of fools and didn't do anything."

"What a shame."

"They just stood around like dumb fools."

"Oh, that's a shame."

"I tried to get them to do something, but they just stood around. Only eight

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of them showed up, eight out of twenty, eight, and me the only one in costume. I tell you. The only one. What a bunch of fools."

"After all your trouble, too."

"They had their girls and they just stood around with them and wouldn't do anything, no games, nothing. Some of them went off with the girls," he said, in the dark, seated, not looking at her. "They went off up the beach and didn't come back. Honest to gosh." He stood now, huge, and leaned against the wall, looking all disproportioned in the short trousers. He had forgotten the child's hat was on his head. He suddenly remembered it and took it off and threw it on the floor. "I tried to kid them. I played with a toy dog and did some other stuff, but nobody did anything. I felt like a fool, the only one there dressed like this, and them all different, and only eight out of twenty there, and most of them gone in half an hour. Vi was there. She tried to get me to walk up the beach, too. I was mad by then. I was really mad. I said no thanks. And here I am. You can have the lollipop. Where did I put it? Pour the cider down the sink, drink it, I don't care."

She had not moved so much as an inch in all the time he talked. She opened her mouth.

The telephone rang.

"If that's them, I'm not home."

"You'd better answer it," she said.

He grabbed the phone and whipped off the receiver.

"Sammy?" said a loud high clear voice. He was holding the receiver out on the air, glaring at it in the dark. "That you?" He grunted. "This is Bob." The 18-year-old voice rushed on. "Glad you're home. In a big rush, but—what about that game tomorrow?"

"What game?"

"What game? For cri-yi, you're kidding. Notre Dame and SC!"

"Oh, football."

"Don't say Oh Football like that, you talked it, you played it up, you said—"

"That's no game," he said, not looking at the telephone, the receiver, the woman, the wall, nothing.

"You mean you're not going? Heavy Set, it won't be a *game* without you!"

"I got to water the lawn, polish the car—"

"You can do that Sunday!"

"Besides, I think my uncle's coming over to see me. Solong."

He hung up and walked out past his mother into the yard. She heard the sounds of him out there as she got ready for bed.

He must have drubbed the punching bag until three in the morning. Three, she thought, wide awake, listening to the concussions. He's always stopped at twelve, before.



"For goodness' sake, try and look on the bright side!"

At 3:30 he came into the house.

She heard him standing just outside her door.

He did nothing else except stand there in the dark, breathing.

She had a feeling he still had the little-boy suit on. But she didn't want to know if this were true.

After a long while the door swung slowly open.

He came into her dark room and lay down on the bed, next to her, not touching her. She pretended to be asleep.

He lay face up and rigid.

She could not see him. But she felt the bed shake as if he were laughing. She could hear no sound coming from him, so she could not be sure.

And then she heard the squeaking sounds of the little steel springs being crushed and uncrushed, crushed and

uncrushed in his fists.

She wanted to sit up and scream for him to throw those awful noisy things away. She wanted to slap them out of his fingers.

But then, she thought, what would he do with his hands? What could he put in them? What would he, yes, what would he do with his hands?

So she did the only thing she could do, she held her breath, shut her eyes, listened, and prayed. Oh God, let it go on, let him keep squeezing those things, let him keep squeezing those things, let him, let him, oh let, let him, let him keep squeezing . . . let . . . let . . .

It was like lying in bed with a great dark cricket.

And a long time before dawn.



BRASS TELEPHONE

(continued from page 120)

wouldn't make any difference to me."

He laughed. "You all heart, aren't you?" he said. "You got yourself into this box and you're not going to quit."

"I told you," she said. "It doesn't make any difference to me. It just doesn't matter, one way or the other. This is 1964. The Civil War is all over. I'm not buying any of that medieval nonsense, and . . . anyway, I told you it didn't make any difference, and I meant it."

"You said it didn't make any difference to you. I believe you. But maybe it makes a difference to me, honey. I'm no liberal. I'm no goddamned

progressive. Nothing tolerant about me. Civil War ain't over far as I've heard. Not as far as I've heard."

His dime went down.

"Do you have another?" she said.

"No, I haven't," he said. "And I'm afraid I don't need one."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't—"

He cut her off. "That's all right, little ofay," he said. "Forget it. Not your fault."

"What did you call me?" she said. "Ofay?"

"Ask Big Bob," he said. "He heard the word before. He'll tell you. Or you can figure it out yourself, it's only pig latin. Ofay. Ofay."

He hung up.



MUSIC OF THE ABSURD

(continued from page 140)

anarchists; and that in general, it is the innovators to whom we still listen with pleasure.

What's often forgotten in this defense of change for its own sake, however, is that the innovation did *not* always increase the expressivity of music by expanding the resources available to the composer, but sometimes by contracting them. For example, in Bach's time, the elaborately contrapuntal Baroque style reached the end of its resources in the work of Bach himself, and was about to slide into decadence. At the time of his death, he was engaged in writing *The Art of the Fugue*, the definitive summary of what Baroque counterpoint alone could be expected to accomplish. The succeeding homophonic style, the style galant pioneered by the Mannheim school (which included several of Bach's own sons, two of them brilliant composers), was strikingly less demanding both to write and to listen to than the fugal knots into which Baroque music customarily tied itself.

None of the historical expansions and contractions are analogous in the least to what has been happening to music lately. All the changes of the past, no matter how radical, were changes within the traditional language in which music is written. Today's serious composers—or at least those who are being taken most seriously—have abandoned that language entirely, with results as predictable as those which would follow were a poet or novelist to abandon the use of words.

This comparison is not the utterance of a fanatic musical reactionary—the sort of concertgoing John Bircher who thinks that nothing worth listening to was written after Palestrina, Bach or Mozart—but that of a man who has drawn joy and sustenance from composers of all periods for all of his listening years. Worse: It is not even a metaphor, wild-eyed or otherwise, but a literal description of the situation as it obtains now.

What are we to make, for instance, of a composition for piano in which the hammers of the instrument are forbidden to strike the strings? In this work, only two sorts of sounds are to be heard: first, the almost inaudible percussive thump of a key being depressed, gently enough so that no note results; and second, the clicking of the pianist's fingernails as he draws the backs of his fingers over the ivory surfaces of the keyboard.

This composition is relatively conservative by present-day standards; that is, it is written in something vaguely resembling standard musical notation, and the instrument to be used is specified. A more typical product of this school of scoring is a geometrical dia-



"Of course, we have a Zmrz problem—but if the Zmrz would just remember their place, everything would be all right. As for the Qzxn's . . . why, some of my best friends are Qzxn's!"

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gram, in no way resembling the standard musical staff, over which the composer shakes ink blots from an old-fashioned fountain pen. It is then up to the performer to decide what these blots may represent in terms of standard musical notation, and what instruments, time signatures, durations of performance, and other musical parameters shall be assigned to them. This is called "realizing" the music, and of course every performer's realization is different, and a complete surprise to the composer.

Any man with a normal indignation quotient will decide for himself which composition of this school he considers most outrageous. My favorite, which is also one of the funniest, is a piece in which the notes (of which there are only a few, covering almost the entire possible tonal range) are written in a highly deformed oval, like a botched Rorschach test. The composer (guess who?) "specifies" that these notes may be played backward or forward, that the piece may last any length of time, and that any number and kinds of instruments may be used. One that actually *has* been used is the kazoo. (Many readers by now probably suspect me of making all this up, and I can't say that I blame them. I refer these doubters to Avakian JC-1, a recording of a *25-Year Retrospective Concert* [1934-1958] of Cage's music, including jeers and catcalls from the audience [which the random-music purist considers properly a part of the composition]. The recording is a three-record set, will cost you \$25, and goes on forever.)

One of the most recent outbursts of the random composers is a subschool called "gestural," because it gives you something to look at as well as listen to. Gestural compositions were the core of six concerts at New York's Judson Hall in the fall of 1963. Their flavor is hard to convey, but it can be vaguely suggested. One composition by Karlheinz Stockhausen required the pianist (Frederic Rzewski, himself a gestural composer) to hammer the piano so mercilessly that he had to wear cutout gloves and dust the piano keys with baby powder. As critic John Gruen of the *New York Herald Tribune* remarked, "Avant-garde piano music is decidedly something to

watch—it might even get worse."

Rzewski also participated in a thing called *Teatrino*, by Giuseppe Chiari, which called for, in addition to the piano, an alarm clock, a tape recorder, a power saw, a meat grinder, a phonograph, a ping-pong ball and a family of squeaking rubber dolls. Against this assemblage poor Mr. Rzewski, who has only himself to blame, was required to read poetry.

This situation must seem truly incredible to anyone who has not been following the devolution of concert music over the past three decades, but such a reader can be assured that the compositions I've described above are not freaks. The men who are writing them do not represent the only group of serious lunatics in operation in our concert halls today, but about the only good thing that can be said for the competing schools is that most of their music is at least audible.

How did we get into this cul-de-sac?

The sequence of events isn't difficult to describe, but the fundamental misconceptions involved are extraordinarily rarefied. They have their common origin in the 19th Century notion that change means progress, which in the 20th Century has changed from a notion to a form of mental disease. It is a disease that has emerged from the blatant misuse of Darwin's scholium by the economic royalists, who assumed that all change must necessarily be for the better, an assumption of which we should have been thoroughly disabused by now.

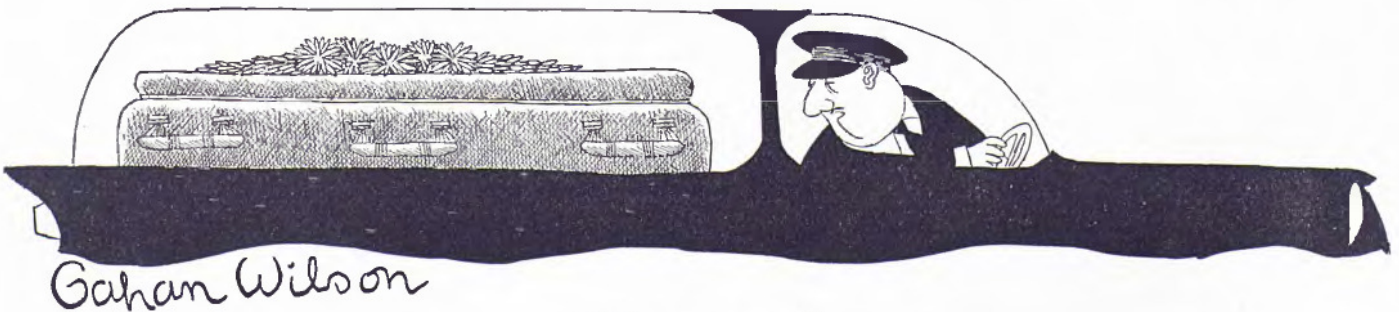
In particular, there is no such thing as progress in the arts. As Richard H. Rovere remarked in an article about Ezra Pound, poetry is not a horse race. Poets differ from one another absolutely as well as relatively; and so it is with composers. The fact that Beethoven used a larger orchestra, a wider harmonic palette and a greater range of forms than Mozart did is no guarantee that he was a "greater" composer. In fact, in all of these categories a good case could be made for the contention that he was a worse one. This case—to which I enthusiastically subscribe—would consist in showing that Mozart worked within his more limited compass better than Beethoven worked in his enlarged one.

(As Stokowski has remarked, "Mozart understands instruments; Beethoven never did.") The ability to make a louder and more complicated noise than one's predecessor is not a patent of excellence, but a by-product of technology.

The history of the decay of 20th Century music into either noise or silence is rather straightforward. It begins almost exactly 100 years ago, when Wagner's opera *Tristan und Isolde* crawled out on the limb of what was then common harmonic practice in Western music and sawed it off. *Tristan* is a work of magic, and there is much that is traditional in it; but the parts of the opera that most disastrously influenced later composers are the sections where no one, not even Wagner, can tell you what key it is in. Wagner leaves the listener no way of avoiding this problem—he begins with it. From its very opening notes, the prelude to the first act of the opera is harmonically a seething mass of ambiguities, a snake pit of chromatic melodies squirming around one another without ever coming to rest.

Wagner's mastery of every procedure employed by his predecessors, however, was so complete that his departures from common practice are no longer in dispute; in context, they work. He was followed immediately by Richard Strauss, a thoroughgoing traditionalist who liked to mix keys occasionally, and to vary his melodies by interval stretching. The latter practice consists simply of jumping the second note in a melodic sequence to the same note one or more octaves away. Traditionally, the stretched note is considered to be harmonically equivalent to the original—but the unstretched interval can be sung, whereas the stretched one can't. (In one Strauss composition, a simple theme originally heard within the compass of a single octave is pulled out to cover nine.)

Strauss' contemporaries—he has had few successors, since he died only recently—sneered at his Mozartean formalism, but they loved his mixing of keys and the pulled-out intervals. The chromaticism of *Tristan*, the melodic leaps and clashing chords of *Elektra* and *Salome* fell on fertile ground in the person of Arnold Schoenberg, a late-RO-



"Where to next?"

mantic composer who, finding himself unable to compete with Strauss or Gustav Mahler on traditional grounds, erected a whole church around a music which was forbidden to have any key at all, and in which the notes of the melodies are as isolated from one another as lighted windows in a deserted skyscraper.

Early on, this idiom, called atonality, was wedded to the very large late-Romantic orchestra of Strauss, Wagner and Mahler, producing a general roar of unfocused noise interesting only occasionally for its color (Schoenberg was an expert orchestrator). In response, Schoenberg—with monomaniac German thoroughness—went all the way back to the Baroque style of composition, with its overriding emphasis on counterpoint.

This was an inevitable retreat, for a music to which harmony is impossible has no other recourse but counterpoint. Thus was created the 12-tone scale, in which no key is to be respected, but the theme of any given composition is to contain all 12 notes of the chromatic scale, and the logic of all the rest of the work is to depend upon the order in which these tones occur.

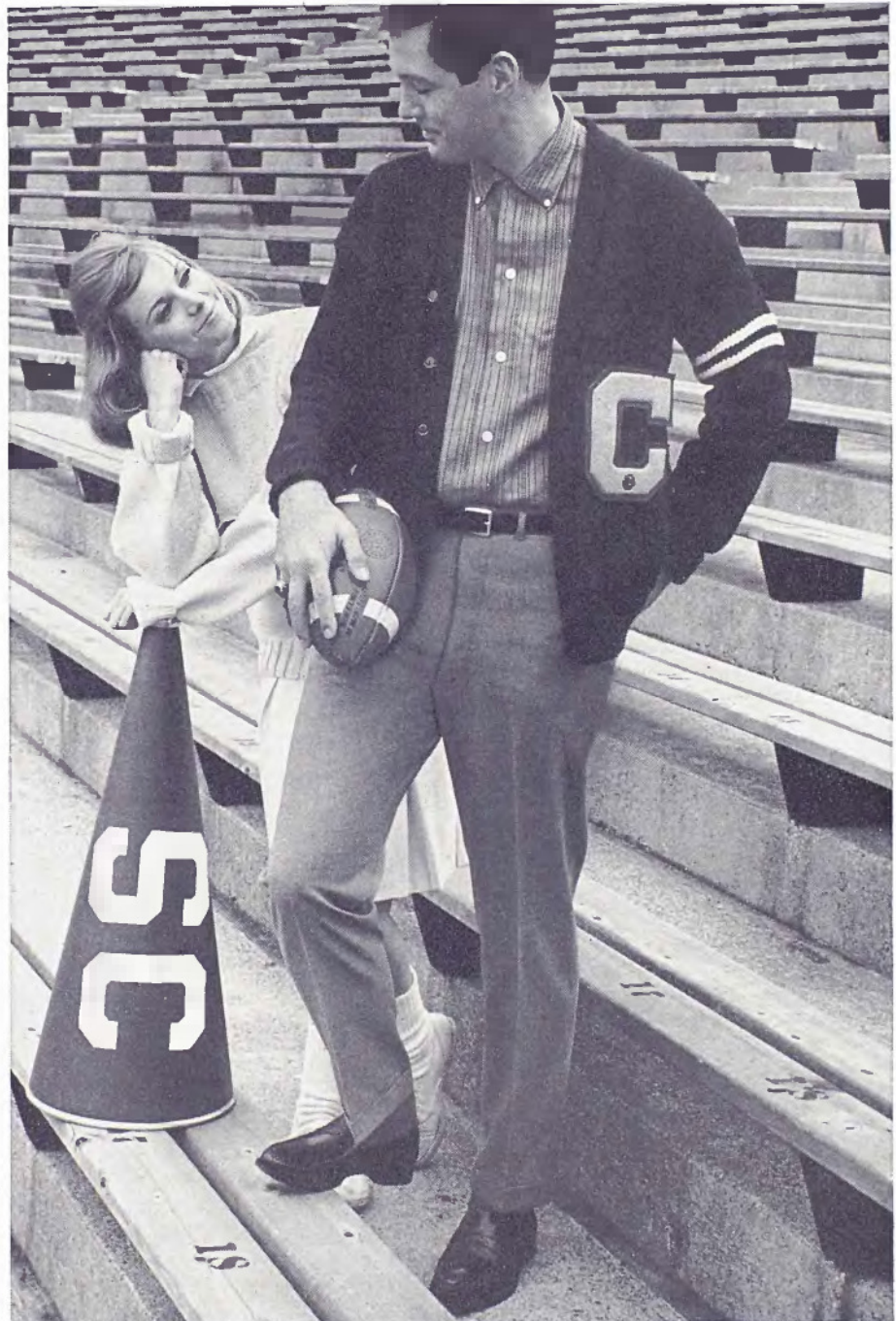
This system of composition was the first major break in common practice in the history of Western music. Schoenberg was enough of a systematist to organize the new theory from top to bottom, all by himself. He was also so arid a composer that most of the works he wrote in the new idiom have as little emotional impact—though at least as much intellectual interest—as a Double-Crostic. Men of much greater gifts, among them Alban Berg and Igor Stravinsky, have since made much better use of the 12-tone system than Schoenberg was ever able to.

It is in fact impossible to manage duodecimal composition without genius, because it is so radical a departure from the whole corpus of common practice that the listener is confronted with an all-or-nothing situation: Either the music is great, or it's nowhere. As a result, there is no such thing as a minor 12-tone composer, and the system has never established itself as a new form of common practice. Instead, it went without any transition from being radical to being old hat.

But it established a precedent of enormous importance. Once given the notion that they were free to invent whole new systems of musical practice, innumerable pip-squeaks proceeded to do so with nothing else in mind but originality. One of these was Anton Webern, who had the sensible-silly notion of compressing bloop-bleep music in the Schoenberg system to a kind of *pointillisme*, to the point where each instrument in a major Webern work has only one or two notes to play, and the total work may last no longer than it would take the listener

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to desert the concert hall to mail a letter.

In the meantime, Schoenberg himself was further deserting music with the invention of the *Sprechstimme*, a style of vocalization in which the performer does not sing the note written, but just bleats in its approximate vicinity. The notes are written into the score, but the singer is not required to respect them.

The moment this invention was accepted, music slid all the way back to Greek drama, in which all the lines were intoned. The reintroduction of groaning and intoning into the complexities of Western concert music suddenly made it impossible for the listener to understand not only exactly what he was hearing, but what he was being asked to hear. Music now was no longer an art of organized, specific notes—which had been explored intensively by Pythagoras—but again one of the hoarse, nonspecific intonations of the jungle and the weather.

An offshoot of duodecimal composition is a system called microtonal music, in which the ordinary 12-tone octave is subdivided into further steps—usually 64. Again there is a certain maniacal logic to this procedure: All string and wind instruments can play the quarter tones impossible to the piano, and or-

chestral musicians with fine ears produce them automatically, thus giving the various keys their characteristic colors. (For example, to anyone but a pianist, B \sharp is not the same note as C.)

Increased fragmentation of the steps between notes, however, generates differences so small that only a very few exceedingly acute ears even profess to be able to hear them. Furthermore, if such tiny changes are to be detected at all they must be contiguous, with the inevitable result that most microtonal compositions sound like a cross between a cat fight and a distant four-alarm fire.

Microtonal music has been around at least 50 years without getting anywhere. The American composer Harry Partch, celebrated at length by *Time*, is only the most recent of a long line—though it must be admitted that Mr. Partch's names for his instruments (the Spoils of War, the Surrogate Kithara) and his compositions (*Visions Fill the Eyes of a Dejected Basketball Team in the Shower Room*) have a certain post-Satie charm, and his 43-tone octave is engagingly independent of any sort of theory.

Some of the experimentation that went on in this period was viable, as the example of Stravinsky shows. Stravinsky,

like the composers of the Mannheim school, is one of music's great simplifiers: He weeded out the lush tangles of Romantic orchestration; dropped counterpoint almost completely; adopted a harmonic style which, though frequently dissonant, was much more diatonic and foursquare than the chromaticism with which his contemporaries surrounded him. All this was done in the interests of a rhythmic style of fearsome complexity, which could be sustained only by the fact that Stravinsky was—and is—a great melodist.

Stravinsky has worked in as many styles as Picasso, and, like the painter, none of his disciples have been able to make them work nearly as well. The most respected of such disciples today, the German composer Carl Orff, has not yet succeeded in saying anything that Stravinsky did not say better and with more economy 50 years ago in *Les Noces*. The years have neither forgotten nor looked kindly upon George Antheil's *Ballet Mécanique* for player pianos and an airplane engine, nor on Edgar Varèse's *Ionisation* for percussion instruments and fire siren. Yet compared to what the cringing concertgoer is often asked to sit through today, these were conservative compositions—it has even become possible, given a creative imagination, to hear a sort of tune in *Ionisation*.

Today, originality in concert music is actually dominated by three different sorts of camp followers. The first of these schools contains the composers of random music, some of whom we have already met. Random music employs procedures that make it impossible for the composer to hear the work in his head as he writes it down, and no performance of a given composition can sound even remotely like another performance. The chief architect of this heap of rubble is our friend Mr. Cage, a composer of once burgeoning gifts who is now engaged in a prolonged act of artistic suicide.

Cage first came to the attention of the listening public with several compositions for what he called a "prepared" piano. The preparation consisted in placing inside the piano various objects, such as coins, erasers, bits of sponge and wooden matches, to modify the tones of various strings. There is obvious if limited promise in this invention: It makes it possible to write a work for piano and a large group of percussion instruments all of which can be handled by a single performer. Having in effect invented a whole new set of instruments, however, the composer is then obligated to go ahead and do something with them, which is exactly what John Cage has not done. Instead, he abandoned the pre-

pared piano for his present career of noncomposition. In one work, he raises the lid of the piano keyboard, sits for three minutes listening to the noises the audience makes, and then closes the lid again. There exist concertgoers who take this seriously; perhaps they even exit whistling. Among these is the composer and critic Virgil Thomson, whose own music is of the simplest and most melodic sort: he finds the work of the random composers "rather jolly."

The second school of contemporary composition is *musique concrète*, a child of the tape recorder. Here the composer uses any sound that suits him—whether it is produced by a flute or a passing politician—either as is, or distorted by altering the speed of the tape. These snippets of tape are then pasted together to make a composition.

Cage has played with this idiom, too, though his finest effort with the loud-speaker is a composition that employs a number of radios, randomly tuned to whatever local stations happen to be broadcasting on the night of the concert, thus achieving a synthesis of *musique concrète* and the laws of chance.

The third school is electronic music, in which the sounds are produced directly by oscillators, such as those that make a Hammond organ go, but without any concern for whether or not the resulting notes sound like an organ, or like anything else you have ever heard in your life. Most composers in this group use pure sounds without overtones, which have no counterparts in nature or in the notes produced by any instrument—indeed, they were not even possible to produce until the age of electronics. This style attained some popular recognition a few years ago as the idiom for the musical score to an expensive but half-baked science-fiction movie called *Forbidden Planet*; and you may hear it at will by picking up your telephone, for the little tune that automatic dialing plays back to you these days is produced in the same way. Real notes are involved here, for the most part, which is a blessing; but again, all that has happened thus far is the invention of a new kind of instrument, with which nothing noteworthy has yet been done. There is a subgroup of this school: a team of French composers and engineers engaged in turning out whole new families of nonelectronic instruments. This is a good thing in itself—almost nothing new has entered the orchestra since the 18th Century—but thus far these developments are purely technological, and have no underlying inherent musical interest.

It is of course possible that both *musique concrète* and electronic noises might become beautiful in the hands of a

genius, as did the 12-tone system in the hands of Berg. They are both in their infancy, and apparently still mostly in the hands of engineers and other aesthetic know-nothings. But the possibility exists. A model for it may be heard in the works of Béla Bartók, who used the 12-tone system, polytonality, interval stretching and everything else in the repertoire of his time as it suited him, without ever becoming a victim of the strictures of any single system. The recent space-travel opera, Karl-Birger Blomdahl's *Aniara*, is largely a 12-tone work which also uses *musique concrète*, electronic sounds, traditional tonalities and even folk tunes freely as expressive devices. It is a particularly interesting work, not because of its sensational libretto, but because the electronic and nonmusical sounds are thoroughly integrated into the score, and serve a musical function; they are not just sound effects.

No such hope, however, can be held out for random music, since it is and must always be in the hands of the laws of chance—not a notable source of masterpieces. It would seem axiomatic that no listener can learn to love a composition, especially if it is strange to his experience as well as to his ears, if he can hear it only once. Yet this system is inherent in random composition, and the preserving of such performances on tape or disc bears the same relationship to the theory of this kind of music as a blurred photograph of a man sliding into third base does to the game as a whole.

In the meantime, however, these schools multiply confusion, repel the listener and dehumanize the art. One of the most curious side effects is the increasing interest in computer-composer music, such as the suite for string quartet composed by a University of Illinois machine in the styles of four different (flesh-and-blood) composers. Such works attract even musicians, because the computer can only be programmed to follow set conventions, which must be fed to it by a human operator. When you set a computer to write like Bartók, it will do so faithfully (though not the least bit inventively). The computer represents the opposite side of an apothegm attributed to Arthur Miller: "We are all creative, but we are not all artists." The computer can be made to be an artist, but it cannot be made to be creative.

Most composers today are neither. Until some semblance of a common practice—either old or new—begins to emerge among them, most listeners (even the polite and the timid) will return in their hearts to a previous century, when even the most difficult music could be counted upon, with study and devotion, to make some sense.



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Pornographers Revisited (continued from page 118)

unmeltable fundament. Worst of all, she became impossible in bed. "Stop touching me," she would groan, "it reminds me how fat I am!"

"Jefferies had tried his best. He loved her, every ounce of her. He begged her not to diet. He swore he wanted her the way she was . . ." A big-body buff from way back, Jefferies seemed far less interested in his wife's bosoms than he was in her tummy that "curved out, gently and roundly," and her aforementioned "unmeltable fundament." Once, while savoring the nude sight of her lush curves and bulges, he had occasion to wonder, "Did she look a bit—a bit overblown? A bit—ample? But as he applied a cold, critical appraisal to the breadth of her pelvis, she turned and bent over, pulling on a slipper, and he suddenly felt a little warm, much less impersonal, and not critical at all . . ."

Gazing at Mrs. J.'s jolly pink buttocks, Jefferies was visited by an inspiration. What she needed was someone to tell

her that "*she's a Real Woman*," he decided—someone other than himself to "*tell her she looks like Aphrodite . . . tell her she's what every man really wants*." In an effort to regain his bedded bliss, Jefferies dashed off a note to his old friend Dick, urging him to flatter Mrs. J. into an awareness of her Real Womanhood. At the cocktail party which followed, Dick so charmed Mrs. J. that she and he soon vanished into the darkness of night. "At last, after forty-four and one-half minutes, Dick and Jefferies' wife returned. Jefferies could tell instantly that the expedition had been an unqualified success: His wife was glowing, she walked like a queen, she radiated the self-confidence of a woman who knows she is a Woman." Reading between the lines, the reader gathered that Mrs. Jefferies continued to glow in bed that night, and that all her hubby's touches were ardently received. "She slept late in the morning, Jefferies, quelling the alarm clock, decided fondly

to get his own breakfast and let her sleep. His eyes traced the lovely curve of her hip under the blankets. He sighed. No woman is as amorous as a woman who knows she is a Woman."

The story didn't end there, however. The happy fade-out on Mrs. Jefferies' curvy hip was followed by a Boccaccio-type twist in which Jefferies discovered that he had forgotten to mail the note he had written to his old friend Dick—thus leaving little doubt that Jefferies' wife and his best friend had been drawn together by mutual desire, and that the radiant reawakening of the Real Woman had been touched off by the all-too-real advances of a genuinely aroused Dick. "It's funny how a man likes to believe that other men desire his wife," the author mused in the tag line, "but hates like hell to get indisputable proof of it."

Other instances of extramarital darling-do were proven out in *Cosmopolitan's* very next issue. When John Kirk, the photographer hero of "The Unspeakable," was held under suspicion of being the sex fiend responsible for the rape-murder of five-year-old Chrissie Alonzo, he couldn't reveal his alibi to the sheriff, because the alibi was that he, Kirk, had been off in the bushes at the time, making love to the sheriff's young wife. "A shudder seized him. 'Mind telling me where you were, Mr. Kirk? I was over in the park, in the dark, with Larry. I was making love to your wife. Cheating on you . . .'" In the same outdoorsy cast of nature lovers was young Mona Warren, a night-blooming teenager, whose alfresco frisking behind the grape arbor with a married handyman had led to an acute case of pregnancy—but "at least she had finally known a man's love," the author philosophized, "for whatever little it might be worth, for however much it might still cost."

Cost was no consideration when pert and pretty Julie Loring ran into her old flame, the now-married Harry, in the same month's lead fiction piece. "She stared at Harry with a rapt, moist gaze, hating herself deliciously at finding that after four dry years Harry could still, by no more than his presence, cause her to swell inside and tingle in odd places."

Julie made Harry tingle and swell, too. As they lay side by side on the narrow deck of his sailing sloop, Harry "began rubbing her back through the thin material of her dress."

"Julie, Julie," he whispered. He did not stop caressing her. "You can't know how much I've missed you."

After a brief bit of earlobe kissing, Harry's anatory massage "became more fevered," and Julie was moved to recall the romantic details of their first intercourse together: "'Golly, Harry, you know something? I can repeat almost every word you and I said that night in your old station wagon. You were going back up to college, and I was missing



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you already, and you wanted to do something right then and there, and I wanted to do it too, but I wanted worse to run away so I wouldn't have to choose between doing it and not doing it, because you said it wasn't going to be so long before we were married anyhow, so why didn't we do it and—how did you say it, remember?—you said, "Oh, Julie, let's just do it and charge it to our account." The gentle, persuasive hand on her back faltered in its stroking, then continued with renewed, more earnest application. Julie knew she was blushing vigorously, and thanked the darkness for hiding it from him. . . . "Well, Harry, you were right. Any woman is a sucker for a charge account." She gave a short laugh. . . . "So we did it, and you went away, and then, whoops-my-dear, I heard three weeks later that you were married into the upper crust." She chided him gently now, as though he were her weak-willed brother . . .

Protesting that his marriage had been an "awful mistake," Harry "humped himself closer to her, so close that they lay now in total contact," and whispered, "'Honey, Julie baby, listen, it isn't too late, ever. I've got to see you again. I can get down every weekend this winter, I think. I need you, Julie!'

"'No!' she said with intentional loudness. More softly, she added, 'It couldn't work.' Still facing the dark water, she grinned; how funny it was to have Harry beside her on the foredeck of this little old boat, wearing his shiny-stripe *tux pants!* She knew the whole length of him beside her, pressing her, hard and shaking with his tension. Then the monotonous rubbing of her back suddenly stopped. . . . His clever fingers plucked at the zipper of her dress; with a quick tug he pulled the zipper completely down, then slipped his hand in to rub the bare skin of her back. 'Stop!' she cried, but she did not move in any way to stop him . . .

"'Shhh! It's all right,' Harry said to soothe her, and his hand began carefully to explore the eye hooks which closed the band of her brassiere."

Since April 1960 was still a bit early for *Cosmopolitan* to permit its readers whoops-my-dear prose peeks at people actually "doing it," the story was so plotted that Julie rolled overboard the moment Harry got his clever fingers on her brassiere hooks. Having rubbed and caressed every last ounce of titillation from the scene, the author deftly unzipped a new angle—namely, that Julie had been merely leading Harry on in order to fake a drowning and involve her old flame in a scandal that would revenge his having jilted her after all that sweet talk in his old station wagon.

After more than a year of such literary foreplay, *Cosmo* finally came out with a story of sex in the South Seas, which gave its fair fiction fans a full-view,

flagrante-delicto description of sexual intercourse, without any distracting involvement with zippers, hooks, station wagons, grape arbors, sailboats or off-stage shrubbery. As Zola Martin, the middle-aged French protagonist of "Prisoner of Paradise," explained it, he had gone to Polynesia because love in the islands had "a simplicity, a spontaneity, a kindness, that we Europeans have lost"—an observation that was most passionately affirmed within days of his arrival upon the frangipani-fringed shores of Tahiti-iti:

"During the night I awoke slowly, and there was a hand in my lava-lava. It was the hand of a girl who was crouched down beside me, staring into my face and smiling at me. She was young, perhaps 13 years old. She was very slim and her breasts were just barely large enough to hold up her *pareu*.

"She bent her head close to my ear and whispered into my ear in French. She told me that the dancing had excited her especially because she had never seen a white man dancing. As she spoke, she let her hand wander over my legs and between them.

"For a moment on that warm beach, my European conscience rebelled. I felt I could not do what the child wanted. What she wanted me to do was technically a crime in every civilized country of the world. She sensed my reluctance and laughed. It was not a nervous or hysterical laugh; it was the curious laughter of an inquisitive child. I took her and it was sheer pleasure. She made love in the style that the natives call *maori*: quick, savage and silent. At the climax, her tiny body arched up, she moaned, and then her fingernails scratched down my face. It was over very quickly, but it was a very skillful performance and the girl seemed to be deeply satisfied. I am still not quite sure how I feel today, except that I know that I am excited."

I'm still not quite sure how I felt that day, either—except I know that I wasn't too surprised to find that *Cosmopolitan* had finally abandoned its fictional maidenhead. It was a skillful performance, for all its brevity, and undoubtedly left a goodly number of lady fiction lovers deeply satisfied. For many, it must have been sheer pleasure just to get a vicarious hand between a man's legs without having to visit the medical department and feign clinical interest in ailing prostate glands and low sperm counts.

This is not to suggest that "Prisoner of Paradise" abandoned entirely those high moral principles which most Americans would expect to find in a family-type magazine. In fact, a certain aura of propriety began to settle about the sexual affairs of Zola Martin and his little Tahitian friend, Toma, shortly after the talented teen-urger had taken him for



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his first spin on the seaside *maori*-ground: "At Zola's invitation, she had moved from her relatives' house into his house. They lived together for about six months and then Toma told Zola that she was pregnant. Zola insisted upon being married, and being married in a church."

Toma, blissfully unaware of the ladies' books' oft-expressed horror at the mere thought of unwed teenage mothers, "was puzzled, but she consented"—thereby eliminating one obstacle which may have stood in the way of the story's acceptance. Another point in its favor was the fact that, after only a few years of marriage, old Zola wound up bored with his child bride: "Toma could make only one flower arrangement, could cook poi only one way, cook fish only one way, make love in only one way . . ." In short, with no women's magazines to guide them, Tahitian wives were in such a culinary and erotic rut that a native hubby knew exactly what dinner would be like when he opened his eyes in the morning, and could predict the little woman's sexual responses down to the last scratch and moan.

"For them, sex is not really an act of love," Zola explained to the young writer who was the story's nameless narrator. "It is a way to break tedium, a way of breaking the monotony of endless beautiful days. It is like a game, but no more than a game." For all its predictable moves, jumps and gambits, however, the game seemed endlessly fascinating to the Polynesian teen set. "We had almost finished our walk when we met a young boy and girl walking in the opposite direction," the narrator wrote, apropos the native belief that it's better to *maori* than burn. "They said hello to us and then vanished on the path. Zola turned and looked at me.

"They have just finished making love in the bushes," he said. His voice was expressionless.

"How could you tell?" I asked.

"Really it is an exercise in probability," he said. "Quite literally, every time a Tahitian girl and boy meet casually, it leads to sexual intercourse. The only exceptions are if they are brother and sister, or if one of them is malformed."

There were times when it seemed that the same "exercise in probability" could be applied to most of the boy-girl meetings that occurred in *Cosmopolitan's* fiction. For example, while little Toma was groping inside Zola's lava-lava in a manner calculated to make the world-weary Frenchman forget to inquire about her cooking ability, a nude and nubile young maiden, named Lena Cartwright, was to be seen stepping from an outdoor shower stall into a patch of American moonlight, on page 100 of the same September issue: ". . . There they were: the moon, its shadows, and Lena. The soft wind blew over Lena's wet and

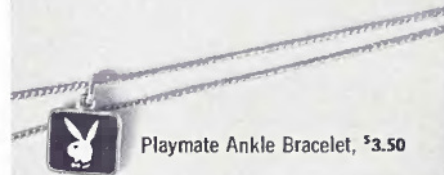
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willing body, chilling her. She folded her arms and they were empty. She was empty outside, and empty inside. In the full light of the full moon, she stood and let the wind caress her, sweet as the scuppernongs." Actually, though, Lena didn't care two hoots about being caressed by the wind. She wanted Mac Hayworth to caress her:

"Once under the scuppernong vine, she and Mac had all but arrived at an understanding. It was a warm night, and the scuppernongs were golden ripe and sweet to the taste . . . Lena almost had him persuading her; she was ready to say yes to the warm persuasion of his hands, when he heard the sound of a dog trailing something in the branch woods behind the house, and he left her there, persuaded but unavailed."

"Everybody said that when Mac Hayworth heard a dog sound, there wasn't anything that could stop him," the author of "September Moon" remarked—and, in this case, everybody was right. Mac was so devoted to his hounds, he never did come back, and Lena's "expectation that Mac would find her there, waiting to be persuaded, wasted with the last scuppernong . . ." Just what Lena wanted the warm-handed Mac to persuade her to do, and what sort of "understanding" they had almost arrived at, was anybody's guess. But, in the year that followed, Lena was made terribly restless by "ideas." "She could not rid herself of them. They stayed with her all day long, followed her like some silent hound, eating at her like the hunger for something sweet."

All summer long, "Lena made nightly pilgrimages to the bathhouse . . . She always knew something would happen, out there alone"—and, sure enough come September, something did. There she was, standing in the moonlight, letting the wind caress her willing body, when who should happen along but Mac and his pack of dogs. "Why, Lena," he said. "I'd forgot all about that mole there."

Moonlit mole and all, Lena "leaped back into the bathhouse," and waited: "When the last sound of the dogs had died away, she stepped out into the light and shadows, her kimono drawn about her. Through the wind in the pines, she heard Mac Hayworth call her softly from the scuppernongs.

"The dogs had gone, but he had been waiting for her. All she needed now was some more persuading."

Since that was THE END, and it wasn't likely that Mac would go high-tailing after his beagles at that hour, it was no more than an "exercise in probability" that Lena got all the persuading she needed—right under the scuppernongs.

But so much for the old-fashioned love story. While Lena and Mac, Toma and Zola, and the Tahitian teen set were cutting up in the bushes, and on the

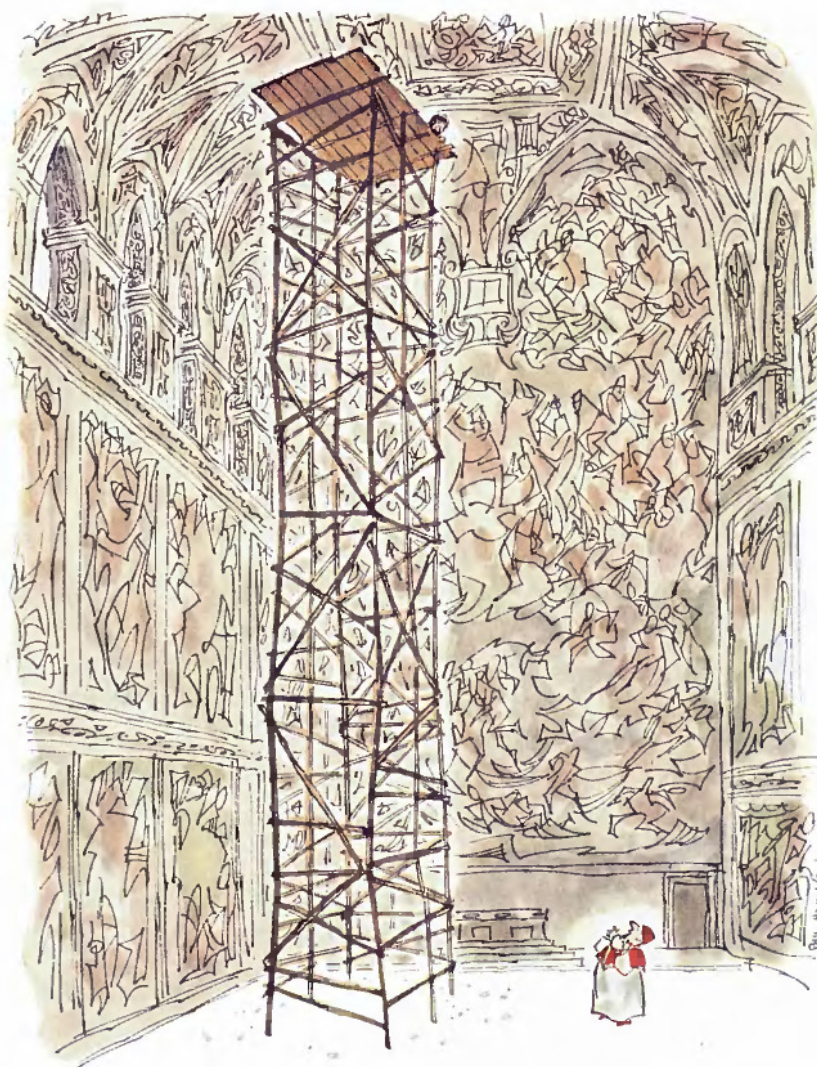
beach, and out in the grape arbor, a bunch of small boys were up in a fictional chinaberry tree getting an eyeful of the neighborhood shenanigans described in the next story in the same sex-happy September issue. Recounting this voyeuristic adventure in "I Came Down in Splendor," the story's narrator recalled all "the little night scenes not meant to be witnessed." One such scene involved 16-year-old Barbie Flaxman and her young gentleman friend: "Boy, did she have a conniption when I told my mother what we saw them doing from up here—her and that stupid buckethead Calvin Fox!" And, in yet another vignette, sex was provided with an indoor setting for the first time in many a *Cosmopolitan* moon: "Miss Dahl had company in her back bedroom and, naked as the day they were born, the two of them were dancing as though they were on a ballroom floor. I watched them for a time, but then the light went out . . ."

Peeping between the leaves of subsequent issues of *Cosmopolitan*, I found

that most lovers preferred bushes to back bedrooms, and that sexual passions were likely to flare up the minute any man and woman got within 30 feet of any green growth—be it a scuppernong vine, a frangipani bush, or a patch of municipal crab grass. The same autumn season found handsome Bill Fernley and his "best friend's young wife," Moira Cummings, engaged in a losing struggle against the aphrodisiac aromas and verdure of an entire Malayan rubber plantation: "Her perfume was in his nostrils, a smell of woman, of sweat, of horse, all mixed up with the warm, fecund odor of the jungle. . . . This was an atavistic dream of a man and woman alone in a Garden of Eden, perfumed, flecked with butterflies. A red petal fell from the African tulip tree . . ."

"Oh, Bill," she whispered, half-choking. . . . Then he kissed her. Her lips were like orchids—crumpled, soft, cool, moist. They clung to his. Her arms were around his neck. . . ."

Whether Moira Cummings moaned



" . . . I said . . . 'On second thought, I think I'd prefer wallpaper.' "

and arched her back at the climax suggested by those four fecund punctuation points, I wouldn't venture to guess. But as she and Fernley trotted home on horseback, she gave every indication of being deeply satisfied and relaxed:

"I'll say I had a fall," Moira said.

"A fall, he thought. *That was the right word. . . . My best friend*, he thought. How often had he read about it in the papers. How many men had betrayed their best friends? . . ."

Quite a few, I gathered, after a quick spot check of *Cosmo's* fiction pages. Adultery was all the go, and if a chap failed in his attempts to make *maori* with another man's wife, it was probably due to his being trapped indoors. "Molloy was a man who thought he had everything. . . . Could he add the lighthouse keeper's wife to his special collection?" *Cosmo* asked, a couple of months later, at the top of a story called "Flashing Red." The answer, of course, was no, because the ground was covered with snow, and that stupid buckethead Molloy made the foolish mistake of approaching the lighthouse keeper's wife indoors—in a bedroom!

Though I may have missed a few allusions to indoor intercourse during this six-year survey, my records reveal that fictional descriptions of extramarital sex were locked out of the bedroom until February 1964, when *Cosmopolitan* allowed Bob Jointer to get under the sheets with his brother's wife, Lillian. But, even then, the scene lacked the passionate frenzy it might have had if it (or she, or he, or they) had been laid outdoors, amidst the warm, fecund aroma of horse, sweat and African tulip trees:

"We stood for a moment and then turned, and quite naturally walked to the stairs, Lillian leading then, because those stairs were narrow. Once we were in the bedroom, we began, one on either side of the couch, reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly—although perhaps not in the fear of God—to pull back the spread and open the bed. Then, quite unaffectedly, both of us undressed, and I was careful to fold my trousers in their creases, my jacket too, and my shoes side by side, my watch and billfold where I could find them. Lillian was just as meticulous. When we were in bed we made

love as naturally as though we had done it a hundred times, and then for a while we slept.

"Somewhat later we made love again and this time Lillian began to cry," Bob reported from somewhere in the bed. ". . . She sobbed and then held me fiercely. 'You must not think that I was trying to get even with her.'" she sobbed, in tearful reference to Bob's wife. "You wanted me just as much as I wanted you. We just didn't do it to get even with her."

Bob soothed her doubts, and Lillian's tears soon melted into laughter. "Then we slept again, and then we talked again, and then she said, 'I just didn't know how much I need this, and you've got to think of it as just that . . . But you've made me feel alive, and I don't know how to thank you for that.' Then she cried, but not so violently as before, and then said, 'But you mustn't think this happens every time I meet a man, because it doesn't. It hasn't happened since . . . well, for a long, long time it hasn't happened at all. And I don't want you to think . . . what you might think, because it isn't so but I am a woman, and I want to be a woman, and . . .'"

As I meticulously folded the February '64 issue of *Cosmopolitan*, and carefully put it where I couldn't see it when I climbed into the sack for eight blissful hours of uninterrupted sleep, Lillian's sobs and protests kept echoing in my ears. Much of her agonizing had probably been due to the stress and strain of having to "do it" in bed, I felt. And now that it was over, I was in a better position to understand the reluctance of all the fictional heroes who had fought so long and hard to keep from being seduced into any sort of indoor hanky-panky.

Take Clem Regan, the rugged male lead of "Run Like a Thief," which *Cosmopolitan* trotted out in May 1962. While his wife Liz was in the hospital having their first baby, Regan found himself trapped in his New York apartment with a lapload of Elena, a passionate little teenage beatnik, whom he had previously rescued from mass sexual assault by a gang of neighborhood hoods:

"Her mouth felt soft, moist, hungry. The kiss lasted and lasted while my brain reeled and my body responded. My arms were around her, clutching those female curves against me. She proved her point, all right. She was a woman worth taking.

"In that endless minute, I didn't think of Liz, my marriage, ethics, commandments, morals. I didn't think, period. . . . All I know is that I twisted my fingers in that black hair and pressed her face to mine.

"Lack of breath made us end that kiss. We had to come up for air. Elena was panting, but her whisper was clear. 'I



"Well—now somebody besides her hairdresser knows for sure!"



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showed you. And that is only the start."

"That blew the final whistle."

"The curves in my arms belonged to the wrong girl. She was Elena something, not Liz Regan. . . . I stood up and dumped Elena from my lap to the floor."

"She hit with a crash, stared up at me, ugly with shock."

"Sorry," I said. "Nothing doing."

Infuriated but determined, Elena was up at the count of two and "began to tug the sweat shirt up over her head."

"I couldn't just stand there, enjoying the striptease, because I knew Elena wanted more than applause. I didn't dare wait for the finish," Regan explained. "As soon as her head was muffled in the folds of the sweat shirt, I charged."

"My right shoulder hit her in the middle as hard as I've ever taken out a defensive halfback. She doubled over, the whoosh of knocked-out air lost in the sweat shirt. Without checking my drive, I carried her to the door."

"It was like wrestling with an angry seal, but I managed to get her down the stairs," the dauntless girl-wrangler re-

called. He "set her on her feet outside in the courtyard," and "ran like fury." He "bolted the courtyard door, raced up the stairs," and locked himself in the apartment. Whether he ever came out again, or whether Elena finally got revenge by laying for him in the courtyard, I'll never know, because my attention was soon distracted by a nude study of a young blonde, which was used to billboard next month's "spine-tingling novel of mystery and suspense."

Cosmopolitan's new-found tolerance toward fictional sex has never been more succinctly expressed than it was in "The Gimlet Affair," another "Complete Mystery Novel," published earlier in the year. Seated in his law office late one afternoon, W. Gideon Jones found himself "distracted by the red head of Millie Morgan," his secretary, whose other charms were reputed to be "even more distracting than her head."

"If you have no serious objections," Millie said, "I'll leave now."

"No objections," W. Gideon Jones said. "Go on home."

"I'm not going home. I've got a date

for cocktails and dinner with an engineer. We may try sex."

"You'll like it," W. Gideon replied. "It's fun."

Like Millie Morgan, any "Complete Mystery" character was liable to try sex at any time, I discovered. The mystery was not only "who done it," but who was going to "do it" next—and to whom? Three paragraphs later, for instance, W. Gideon Jones himself was in the Kiowa Room of the Hotel Carson, where he met up with sultry Beth Webb, "as conniving a blonde as ever tried to steal another girl's husband." A few rounds of gimlets and a little knee play under the table soon laid the groundwork for an assignation in Dreamer's Park. Only Beth's untimely murder prevented W. Gideon Jones from going astray in the shrubbery that night—but the reader's evening and the sexual reputation of the great outdoors were saved by a couple of teenage kids who had been warming up in a short story on page 96, called "The Bridge."

From the very beginning, there was no mystery about who was going to go to grass with Laura. She had been walking home from school with George for years. "I want to do something," George announced, as they stood on the lonely bridge, shortly after their 15th birthdays. "There was no noise," Laura recollected. "He looked at me for half a minute before he did it, with his eyes wide and the flecks inside the gray shifting and swarming. . . . Then they came closer, and all I could see was his eyes, and he didn't shut them when he kissed me."

"It took a long time."

"There won't be anybody else," I said.

"We went across the bridge to the soft dark grass and the deep ragged tree shadows like pieces torn out of the night and I said: 'I will not ever love anybody else in my life, nobody but you.' I put my arms around his shoulders and I pulled him down on top of me on the grass."

Shifting my gray-flecked eyes from the two new shadows that merged on the soft dark grass like yet another piece torn out of the night, I found that *Cosmopolitan* had embodied the "try sex" theme in a "Special Report" on "Trial Marriages," on page 82 of the same issue. The big news was that "more and more young people" were sleeping together without benefit of clergy, and that premarital honeymoons and other forms of playing house were on the rise. The effects of this "disturbing trend" were weighed and examined with the same thoroughness that characterized the women's magazines' other studies of mating and dating among the young—for, despite *Cosmo's* permissiveness toward the fictional affairs of such warmly



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persuadable adolescents as Laura, Lena and Toma, teen sex was the single most distressing problem the ladies' books had to worry about during the entire 1958-1964 period.

In the same February month when George and Laura exchanged the ultimate in Valentine greetings on the soft dark grass, the *Ladies' Home Journal* ran a think-out on "THE UNWED MOTHER—WHAT SHOULD SHE DO?" In outlining the options open to a pregnant young miss named Nora, the *Journal* displayed the same deep concern for parturient teens it had manifested back in August 1958, in "TEENAGE ILLEGITIMATE PREGNANCY—WHY DOES IT HAPPEN?" The *Journal* knew why it happened, of course, and had merely adopted the interrogative in order to arouse reader interest in the stories of such unfortunate girls as Adele Collins ("who at the age of 15 had given birth to two illegitimate children"), Martha F. ("When Martha was 14, the girls in her high school reported that she was pregnant"), Sandra (whose mother told everyone that Sandra "had a spot on her lungs"), and "cheerful, happy-go-lucky" Bernice ("She discussed her sex life gaily and frankly. She said that she began to have relations with boys when she was 12 and she guessed she just couldn't help it . . .").

In November of the same year, the *Journal* added to its case load of little mothers in a cover story that jumped up and shouted, "SCHOOLGIRL MARRIAGES—WHY?" In this one, the editor-writer—who was, apparently, on a first-name basis with all fecund young females who found themselves in a family way—introduced the nation to the toothsome likes of Marlene, "a tall, lush blonde, fully developed physically although she is only 15," and Georgia, "a rounded, sun-ripened 18-year-old, glowing with vitality." It was Georgia who first got down to the grass roots of the problem by exclaiming, "I had to get married. That's the reason for most teenage marriages, isn't it?"

Phyllis, who was "a little heavy but well built," obviously agreed. "It happened the first time after a Christmas dance at school," she recalled. "Of course there was a lot of drinking, and, well, with the liquor and all, and thinking I was really in love with Mac, and the automobile right there, it just seemed impossible not to . . ."

"Of course it's awfully hard not to," a "tall, pretty blonde" named Peggy admitted. "You both want to so much." "I managed to hold off for almost two months, but on February first I gave in." Laura, "a thin girl, with softly tumbled curls," added. "It was just impossible not to . . ." Most unfortunate of all was a "softly rounded" little loser named Barbara. "The thing was, I was nearly five months pregnant and I didn't know it,"

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she said. "We really hadn't done anything wrong. That is—we never had intercourse. But of course we'd played around a lot, pretty close and all that. But I never dreamed it could make me pregnant unless we went the whole way!"

Even more perplexed was Olga, "merry of face and body," who didn't know "what made babies" until after she had given birth to her first. Ignorance was no excuse for the next five, however, and Olga went on to become the star of "Sometimes Life Just Happens," another *Journal* story on unwed mothers, which appeared in October 1962. In all, Olga, Helen, Ruby, Mattie, Lily and Linda were on the receiving end of 21 unscheduled flights of the stork—thereby establishing a record which was still standing in September 1963, when the *Journal's* "New Open Door Policy for Wayward Girls" invited readers to put themselves in the sexual shoes of Lana, "a pretty 16-year-old, with darkish-blond hair," who, at the age of 11, was "sexually attacked by a man while she was baby-sitting for his five children"; Roberta, who "had her first sexual experience when she was ten, promoted by her older brother for his friends"; and a nameless nymphet who was "molested by her grandfather before she was ten."

Women who preferred to avoid incest and do their mental sleeping around on the university level, could pick up a copy of the same month's *McCall's* for a candid look-see into campus carnality: "SEX AND THE COLLEGE GIRL." Starting off at the top of the same page, writer Gael Greene and anthropologist Ashley Montagu took off in different directions to discover that coeds are sexier than ever. "HAS CHASTITY A CHANCE AT COLLEGE?" Dr. Montagu asked. "Are the young women of America now losing the right to say 'no'?" Miss Greene, for her part, was more disposed to listen to "COLLEGE GIRLS TALK ABOUT CHASTITY."

"These are college girls talking," Miss Greene stated at the outset. "These are freshmen, upperclassmen, recent graduates of Bennington, Vassar, Ohio State, the University of Michigan, Wellesley, Marymount College in Tarrytown (N. Y.), Texas Woman's University—102 colleges and universities throughout the country. They are voicing the slogans and the bewilderment of the quiet revolution—the evolution of sex on the campus..." "SEX ON THE CAMPUS" had, indeed, been the title of a cover story by Margaret Mead, which had appeared in the October '62 issue of *Redbook*. And February '64 found the same magazine plugging "LOVE AND SEX: A CODE FOR COLLEGE GIRLS"—the same month in which the *Ladies' Home Journal* came out with a title that sounded like a message intercepted from Big Chief Eagle Eye, the

Redbook Indian scout: "TOO MUCH SEX ON CAMPUS."

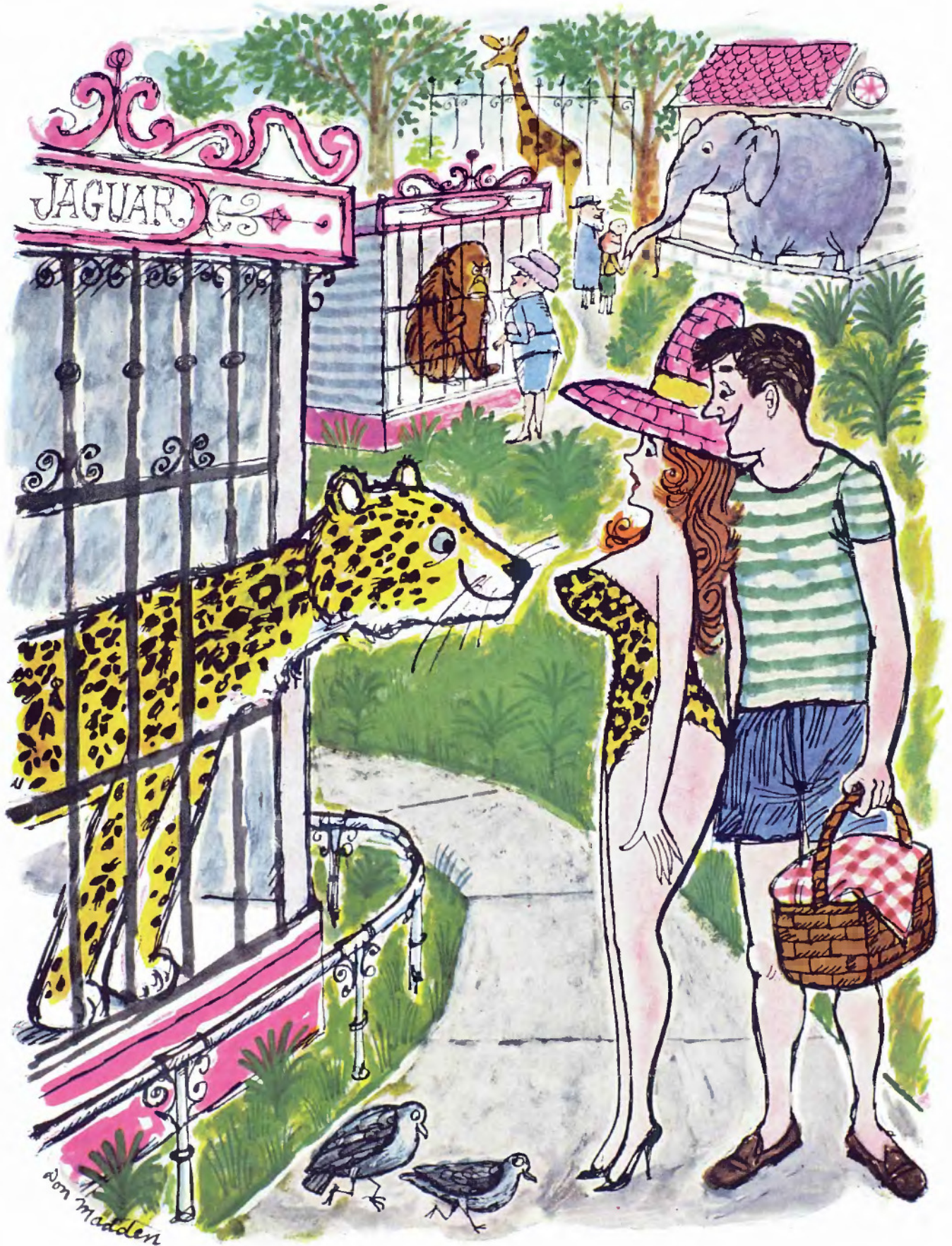
Why were so many college girls moonlighting in intercourse and majoring in "making out"? Ashley Montagu laid much of the blame on "massive social pressures, applied not just by ardent young men but by a host of cultural forces, to participate to the full in premarital sex experience." In addition, he found that "a substantial number of motion pictures, and much of the modern literature and art college students are expected to examine, chronicle a most marvelously diverse parade of extramarital sex."

"Movies, popular songs and television constantly portray only the passion side of human love, giving our adolescents the false impression that this is love in its entirety." Dr. Marion Hilliard had warned in the *Ladies' Home Journal* article that had chronicled the premarital sex experiences of its softly rounded teen brides.

"What accounts for the continuing high birth rate in the United States?" *Cosmopolitan* had inquired in its bikini- and breast-shape-obsessed "BEAUTY ALL OVER" number. "Sociologist John W. Dykstra (Jersey City State College) thinks that sufficient credit has not been given to just plain sex—and the preoccupation with it by the younger generation. What he names 'the ubiquity of sexual stimuli in American life'—sexy music, dances, movies, TV shows, ads, stories, and female attire—act as the throbbing chants, the pulsing rhythms of tom-toms, and the undulating gyrations at the 'fertility' rites of primitive peoples..."

Of all magazines, *Cosmopolitan* could not be accused of giving insufficient credit to "just plain sex." Ever willing to seek beyond their own pages for the most lurid examples of "sexual stimuli," its editors had devoted a considerable amount of space to describing the ubiquity of sexy music, dances, movies, TV shows and female attire. In the same November issue in which Bill Fernley and Moira Cummings had succumbed to illicit passion amidst the smell of horse, sweat and warm Malayan jungle, the reader was handed a prose-and-picture passport to "The Roman Orgy of Movie Making." "The Eternal City has exploded into a capital of sex, sin, tinsel dreams as glamorous as the Hollywood of the 1930s," the teaser announced. "A girl's surest way to a screen career in Italy," says one ironic observer, "is a huge bosom." By way of illustration, there were photos of "bikini-dotted beaches," "baby Bardots," and the fully developed likeness of Anita Ekberg, who had touched off "the now-historic 1958 strip-tease orgy" at the "Party That Shocked the World."

Meanwhile, over on page 64, the



"I think he wants to rub noses!"

throbbing chant continued, as *Cosmo's* concern with the "sexual saturation of American culture" was further evidenced by an unflinching survey of movie censorship. Still photos from daring films were arranged and captioned for the reader to study at her leisure: "'Too explicit' scenes like this from *The Lovers* . . ." "'Frankly amoral,' *Never on Sunday* . . ." "Controversial novel, *Lolita*, being filmed . . ." "Lesbianism, theme of *The Children's Hour*, is dealt with openly . . ." "Succeeding months brought these subjects to the screen: rape (*The Virgin Spring*), adultery (*The Apartment*), voyeurism (*Private Property*), and orgies (*La Dolce Vita*)," the author observed. "It is hardly surprising, therefore, that movies have become the subject for profound worry by righteous and upstanding organizations like national women's clubs, religious synods, and parent-teacher associations."

Strangely enough, however, no women's clubs or righteous organizations were much concerned with the sexual output of ladies' magazines like *Cosmopolitan*, where carnal cameos depicting prostitution, lesbianism, voyeurism, frottage and assembly-line intercourse might appear—not in succeeding months, but in the same issue, or all jam-packed into one single article. Such was the case with "Girls After Dark," an April study of sin in Manhattan, by Gael Greene, in collaboration with Harold Greenwald, Ph.D. Leading off with a full-page shot of the fringe-spangled pelvis, navel and breasts of a night-club belly dancer, and ending up with a full-page snap of a young streetwalker posed on a dimly lit stoop, "Girls After Dark" zeroed in on more tawdry sex than an orgy of moviemaking was likely to produce in a month of *Never on Sundays*:

In a Greenwich Village strip joint, Fifi L'Amour "sheds two-thirds of the remaining gauze, hiding first behind her chestnut locks, then behind a length of orchid silk, twirling, bumbling, lolling, writhing in a three-shows-a-night-six-days-a-week ecstasy." In a Broadway dance hall, or "rub club," a professional hostess, "Verajeau Miller, aims her breathy whisper at the sucker's ear, rubbing against the lad . . ."

"It's an art," says Verajeau. "A dollar twenty-five for a ten-minute shuffle. You brush 'em with the fluttering false eyelashes, give a lot of friction. God, how their paws sweat . . ."

Friction of a more thoroughgoing sort is the professional specialty of other "Girls After Dark":

"The buzzer sounds in a penthouse apartment on Central Park West. Bonnie Larabee, \$25,000-a-year (tax free) callgirl, hurries to answer it . . ."

"Sherri O'Neill, the prettiest drum majorette who ever twirled a baton for a small-town high school, 23 years old, five

years a callgirl, has had four visitors today—three convention delegate 'Johns' and a Harlem bass player . . ."

"Livia Borkman, class of 1955, former teacher, a slim figure in a bulky vicuña coat, stops at the hotel reception desk. 'Any messages for me?' She glances through half a dozen memo slips, steps into a lobby phone booth, dials: Plaza 6—

"Judy? This is Livia. What's up?"

Judy and Livia are "one-hundred-dollar girls," who work by appointment only—high-line hustlers in comparison to Dede Tallmer, who "works the street" to keep herself and hubby in narcotics. But, regardless of price or motivation, no girl in sex-mad Manhattan is as busy as April Sinclair:

"Look, I told you guys, I'll only take one. You'll have to find some other girls."

"Listen, we promised these guys . . ."

"April Sinclair shrugs. ('I'm what they call "not a pro,"' April likes to say. 'Girls like me don't look for action. I'm a painter and a commercial artist. Once in a while, though, I need a little something extra to pay the rent.') 'Geez, fellas, I'd like to help, but . . .'

"Just talk to the boss."

"Across town, a few minutes later, April, a bosomy little brunette, trips on rhinestone-studded heels through a luxurious hotel suite past what seems like a regiment of men.

"'Is it the money, miss?' asks the tall, gray-haired man in the bedroom, pulling an alligator wallet from his pocket. 'We've brought in all these dealers to look at our new cars and we've got to give them a good time. There's another girl on the way over. So just tell me. How much?' He pulls two hundred-dollar bills from his wallet."

Four hundreds and a few odd twenties are piled on the bureau before bosomy little April agrees to service the waiting line of car dealers. But *Cosmopolitan's* "Girls After Dark" aren't all engaged in peddling their favors. There's a Broadway understudy who is writing a novel, and a young Greenwich Village poetess who waits on tables at The Fat Black Pussycat. "Worry about walking home late at night?" the poetess muses. "No. Usually, I have company. There's a gay (homosexual) bar on my corner. No interest there in me. It's my escorts I have to worry about."

Before the night is over, a girl named Judy wards off the advances of a young Lesbian, called Kitty, in the ladies' room of an all-night delicatessen, and an attractive lady cop nabs a middle-aged masher in a 42nd Street grind movie: "A balding man with an overcoat folded over one arm slips into the seat beside her. Harriet tenses. The man brushes against her. Finally, a hand slides across her knee.

"What do you think you're doing, mister?"

"Listen lady, I didn't mean no harm."

"Sure. Out. Move it. You're under arrest, mister . . ."

As Harriet hustled the abashed knee-feeler up the aisle, I couldn't help wondering whether he had been driven to such behavior by sexy movies and TV shows, or by reading *Cosmopolitan*. Whatever the cause, he was not nearly as aberrant as some of the sex offenders *Cosmo* pulled in for examination. In the same issue in which Mr. Jefferies was warned by the nude sight of his wife's bent-over buttocks, for instance, readers were given clinical insight into the psychology and behavior of a whole line-up of sex deviates. "Sex pyros use fire as a fetish, just as some perverts use women's undergarments or baby clothes," one article explained, and cited the case of an "18-year-old Florida youth" who "couldn't settle for a run-of-the-mill fire perversion. His only excitement came from setting blazes on the one night of the month when there was a full moon, achieving orgasm by the time engines arrived."

The moonlight-and-matches firebug-gery seemed downright romantic compared to the "psychopathic sex killing" of eight little old ladies by a blood-guzzling Britisher named John Haigh, however—to say nothing of the macabre peccadilloes of the infamous John Reginald Halliday Christie, who "liked to consummate his affections for women by strangling the daylights out of them while making love, then suspending their cadavers behind a false back to his kitchen cupboard or burying them in his yard."

Appropriately or not, the month's leading question was "Do Women Provoke Sex Attack?" The answer was a six-page wrap-up on rape, beautifully illustrated with photos of an unescorted blonde perched provocatively on a bar stool, a teenage grocery boy ogling a housewife's carelessly exposed cleavage, and a young couple necking in a parked car. "A DELIVERY MAN MAY GET IDEAS if a housewife habitually greets him in nightgown and negligee . . ." one caption warned. "EVEN A TRUSTED BOYFRIEND can become violent if pushed past the point of no return," another shouted, like Mother from the top of the stairs. "In petting sessions, some girls go dangerously far . . ."

To document this last observation, the author capsuled a batch of yes-my-darling data gathered during a sex survey of 139 young women at Pennsylvania State University: "46 of the 139 admitted they had allowed a boy to fondle their breasts; 34 had engaged in mutual masturbation; 22 confessed that, on occa-

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sion, they had undressed for a man. Small wonder," the article added, "that, in many such cases, a young man's desires are aroused past the point of no return and, when the girl resists, he seeks gratification by force."

Some women, I learned, "invite rape, openly and consciously. . . . Sometimes they do this out of extreme masochism, a fierce longing to be hurt by another person. More often, it is because they desire an otherwise forbidden sexual experience—intercourse with a blood relative or a person of another race." Examples were given of a seemingly innocent Illinois miss who had provoked multiple rape in the woods, and a librarian whose subconscious desires caused her to run into a deserted park in order to "escape" attack. In some women, the desire to experience intercourse without having to abandon their high moral standards led to fantasies of rape—a form of wishful thinking that caused one highly repressed schoolteacher to display every symptom of pregnancy. As the months went by, her "breasts remained enlarged, her abdomen grew bigger. At the end of nine months, she developed labor pains, was put to bed and 'delivered'—of a large amount of air. Thereupon, her menstruation resumed and, shortly afterward, her mental state returned to normal."

As I sat viewing this parade of pyromania, rape, vampirism, murder and false pregnancy, my own mental state was such that I was ready to start knitting booties for the schoolteacher's airy heir. Perspective on her flatulent fantasies was gained only by a night at the

movies, where I had the curious fortune of catching a rerun of *Inherit the Wind* and *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*

No relief from the bizarre was to be found in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, certainly. Just the month before, I had been privy to a discussion between the Troubled Woman and her Trusted Physician about a baby born with a "bowling-ball head," and this month it was a question of whether hermaphroditism ran in families. "I only know that, as a child, there was something queer about Aunt Maud," the Troubled Woman was saying, when I looked in on page 30. "According to the letters, she was taken for a boy until she was about eight years old. Then things began to happen which made everybody frightfully confused, even the doctors. . . . A few years later they apparently decided that it was better for 'him' to be treated as a 'her.'"

This sort of easygoing tolerance was not discernible on the part of the parents of Don, delicate teen star of "I Was Raising a Homosexual Child," which *Cosmopolitan* brought out in January '63. "I stumbled into the living room to face my husband," Don's distraught mother recalled. "He told me, in his maddening, monosyllabic fashion, that the call was absolutely correct. Don had been caught on a bench in Central Park, being embraced by another man. . . ."

Luckily, a good shot of psychoanalysis helped Don to discover his maleness. In time, he broke off his affair with Wally, and, without so much as a whoops-my-dear, began dating girls. Toward the end, his heterosexual adjustment seemed so complete, I began to wonder whether

he might not end up as a despoiler of persuadable coeds in some future study of sex on the campus.

At any rate, I knew that if Don were to read his story in *Cosmopolitan*, and then go on to become engrossed in that month's fiction, it wouldn't mean that he was identifying with a lot of flossy little heroines. Not by a long shot. He might, rather, be putting himself in the driver's seat of the married male protagonist of "Stranger of the Night," who was going mad with desire for the gorgeous, unattainable blonde who drove around in a kimono with the top down: "Every night he saw her on the turnpike, racing her little red sports car. . . . He wanted to touch her, reach her in the most desperate and hopeless way."

On the other hand, he might merely be identifying with the necrophilic old Marquis in "The Glass Coffin," who kept "a glass box lying on a Louis XV bed": "The glass box contained the body of a dead woman. She was pretty and young, some 16 or 18 years of age, and entirely naked. . . ." And, if the boy were really cured, he might even dig "A Sound of Distant Music," and find himself in Southwest Africa, going native with Fritz Von Wertheim and a little Bushman babe named Twickwe:

". . . As he put his arm round her to hold her close, she took his hand and held it to the quick beating of her heart and he was suddenly aware of the small soft breast rounded under his hand and her gentle mouth seeking his. For a moment he was bewildered, startled at this sudden change in their companionship—Twickwe was part of his life at Nauheim, part of his world of freedom and space, part of his world of tracking and campfires, of animals and birds, of golden sunshine and silver moonlight: a child, a playmate. Now this sudden change had come about and this small golden-skinned girl with her slanted eyes and infinite grace, who smelled of sunshine and wood smoke as her body twined round his, was a stranger—ininitely desirable. . . ."

But enough. The time has come to kiss goodbye to all the torrid little nymphets and golden-skinned playmates. While yet a shred of manly virtue remains, we must put aside our ladies' mags and return to our own world of freedom and sunshine. Adieu to sex under the scuppernongs, ta-ta to all the Tahitian and Malayan bushwhackers! So long to the sex pyros, streetwalkers, stripteasers, callgirls, Lesbians, murderers, necrophiles, knee feelers, child molesters and homosexuals! Au revoir to the wayward teens, erring wives, wandering hubbies and unwed mothers! Toodle-oo to the big-bosomed beauty queens, baby Bardots and sexy coeds! Adios to April Sinclair and her regiment of friendly car dealers! Auf Wieder-

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sehen to the 34 mutual masturbators of Pennsylvania State University! And, last but not least, a most hearty farewell to Evelyn Ayres, the Trusted Physician, Mrs. Short, Aunt Maud, the kid with the bowling-ball head, and the unmeltable fundament of Mrs. Jefferies!

As we take leave of the strange wonderland of sex in the ladies' popular monthlies, acknowledgement must be made of the fact that *Cosmopolitan* finally did get around to publishing a survey of the sexual content found in some of America's periodicals—the men's magazines! The author was Marie Torre, and her article, which appeared in May 1963, in a special issue on "THE CORRUPTIBLE MALE," was called "A Woman Looks at the Girly-Girly Magazines."

As a nongirly woman writer with a large reputation for indignation, Miss Torre came on swinging a big prose ax, and a moralistic machete that might have seen service in *Cosmo's* numerous skirmishes with sexy movies, TV quiz scandals, and other forms of vice: "Like the Pied Piper who led children astray, a new social phenomenon is entrapping young American men in a never-never land, where bachelorhood is a desired state, and bikini-clad girls are overdressed, where life is a series of dubious sex thrills, where there's a foreign sports car in every garage, a hi-fi set in every living room, and 'Home Sweet Home' is a penthouse pad.

"This corroding and debilitating image of the American Eden is as subversive as communism. Perhaps it's worse; communism is branded a national peril, at least, and thus is guarded against.

"But purveyors of the playboy syndrome, as this addiction is called, flourish in our society, leaving in their wake, degeneracy, obscenity, eroticism, perversion and a tragic insulation from life's realities.

"The identity of these public enemies is discernible at almost all newsstands. They are the men's girly-girly magazines—the adult 'comic books' of our time."

Well, that was only the beginning—and don't let that little zinger about "adult 'comic books'" trap you into thinking that Miss Torre saw anything the least bit funny in the menace of the men's magazines. No, indeed. She was deadly serious and fighting mad. Without stopping to document her references to degeneracy, obscenity, perversion and "dubious sex thrills," or bothering to show how the capitalistic image of a hi-fi in every living room and a sports car in every garage could be part of a subversive plot worse than communism, Miss Torre brought up her heavy artillery: a retired associate professor, a Methodist minister, and the nation's number-one cop. "An expert on public enemies, FBI director J. Edgar Hoover thinks smutty

books can have insidious effects," she declared. "Dr. George W. Henry, until retirement associate professor of clinical psychology at Cornell University Medical College, testified before the Kefauver committee of the Senate that children could be sexually perverted by looking and dwelling upon pictures of suggestively photographed nudes."

Since none of the experts cited any particular publications or described any specific instances of perversion-by-pictures, their word, like Miss Torre's, had to be taken on faith. "Recently, on a lecture trip to Oak Park, Illinois, I ventured into a small ice-cream parlor crowded with teenagers quaffing sodas on the way home from school," she recalled. "One entire wall of the establishment was papered with girly-girly magazines. Anyone entering the premises had nowhere to look but at this shameful display. In the interests of profit, no doubt, the store owner permitted the high school children to read these magazines while sipping sodas. There was giggling and clowning and a few flushed feminine faces, but their attention was riveted to the pages."

Just which magazines and what material so engrossed and amused these high school "children," Miss Torre didn't divulge. But with the after-school activities of *Cosmopolitan's* 15-year-old Laura and George fresh in mind, it seemed to me that sipping sodas and reading men's magazines were certainly harmless enough. It's possible, of course, that the business-shrewd store owner kept his women's magazines under the counter—for if the printed page had the power to incite as much lust as Miss Torre believed, the fictional escapades of teens like Laura, Toma, Lena and Twickwe would have cleared the kids out of his shop for good. To hell with sipping sodas. They would have been out looking for a lonely bridge or a likely patch of soft dark grass on which to twine bodies and "do it."

Offhand, it was difficult to ascertain whether Miss Torre was more disturbed by the fact that men's magazines might be looked at by adolescents or read by male adults. "Do you like to read *PLAYBOY*?" she asked "a middle-aged male friend, a television newscaster with a keen mind and a wholesome skepticism."

"Yes, I do," he answered. "*PLAYBOY* sometimes has articles that interest me."

"And the pictures?" she asked.

"Well, I'm human," he rejoined. "I like to look at beautiful nudes. It reminds me of my lost past."

At this, Miss Torre grew more disturbed than ever. "If these magazines are selling a 'lost past' to our elders, they are selling a tawdry future to our young-

lings," she exclaimed. "Let's examine these fulsome products!"

In so doing, Miss Torre must have left the sex-hip readers of *Cosmopolitan* wondering what all the fuss was about. After taking *PLAYBOY* to task for originating the Playmate centerfold, she jabbed at one of "the imitators of *PLAYBOY*, known as *Gent*," for having "the audacity to allude to Sir James Barrie's classic, *Peter Pan*, in presenting a selection one month." Running back to slap *PLAYBOY* for saying that Playmate Jean Cannon likes animals and "brings out the beast in anyone," she then took off after *Cavalier* for its handling of a Miss Weekend feature: "Maria Arno has a 'date with destiny,' blared the magazine. 'She is a girl of great inner poise and has a strength of character that projects almost physically,' read the caption beside the nude photo."

Since evil, like beauty, is often in the eye of the beholder, no one can question the fact that Miss Torre truly found these things objectionable, and saw herself as a champion of purity, out to break up a "parade of filth." In an up-front biographical squib, *Cosmopolitan* noted that Miss Torre was still stuck with "some of her research material: 75 girly-girly magazines stacked in a corner of her Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania, bedroom." In transporting these materials home, she said, "I had them in the car seat beside me and kept thinking apprehensively, 'What if there's a roadblock to catch a criminal, and the police stop me and open my car door and find all those magazines on the seat beside me?'" And now, having written her "trenchant analysis," "she tried throwing the magazines in wastebaskets—only to balk at putting them outside her suburban door where they might fall into the hands of her children."

In this respect, at least, I can sympathize with Miss Torre's predicament. My bedroom, too, is cluttered with research material—more than 200 women's magazines, which I have collected over the past six years. Acutely aware of their contents, I, too, balk at putting them outside my door, for fear that they might fall into the hands of equally impressionable urban younglings.

It has occurred to me that I might try stashing them in the basement, of course. But I keep thinking apprehensively, "What if they should be discovered by some prowling sex pyro, who might read them and become incited to set fire to the bundle, 'achieving orgasm by the time engines arrived?'"

Happily, however, I think I may have found the perfect solution. Since Miss Torre is as embarrassed by her pile of old magazines as I am by mine . . . Tell me, honey, Miss Torre baby, do you want to swap?



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND BILL ELDER

BENTON BATTBARTON SHOWS ANNIE HIS GUN COLLECTION IN AN ADVENTURE THAT WILL QUICKEN THE PULSE OF EVERY ARMOPHILE FROM THE SOPHISTICATED BIG-GAME HUNTER DUSTING HIS DUMDOM BULLETS TO THE LITTLE TYKE OILING HIS WAR-SURPLUS MACHINE GUN -

HI-HO, BENTON! ANYBODY HOME, OLD SPORT ?

ANNIE, DEAR CREATURE ... I CAN'T TELL YOU OF THE THRILL ONE FEELS HOLDING A BEAUTIFUL PERFECT THING ... TO RUN ONE'S FINGERS O'ER A SMOOTH, CURVED BUTT -



MY WORD - I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERRUPT ANYTHING INTIMATE -

NO, THERE'S NOTHING THAT COMPARES TO THE THRILL OF HANDLING A GUN ! ... I'VE THE BEST COLLECTION IN SCARSDALE, GUNWISE ! THIS AMMUNITION ... A FEW 22'S ... SOME SOFT-TIPPED 30'S ... AND THESE ARMOR-PIERCING 50'S ... I JUST KEEP AROUND FOR BURGLARS ! ... NOW YOU TAKE THIS ELEPHANT GUN !

HUNTING ! OH, MR. BATTBARTON ... UGH !





ANNIE, DEAR ... MAN IS A HUNTER BY NATURE. IT'S THE NATURAL LAW OF PRESERVATION ... AN INSTINCT! THE CHILD INSTINCTIVELY CATCHES FISH ... SPEARS FROGS ... PULLS WINGS OFF OF FLIES ... CLEAN AND TRUE!

OH, MR. BATT-BARTON ... YOU'RE SO RUGGED !!

HA! BENTON! AND ANNIE! WHAT A COINCIDENCE! I WAS JUST COMING BY TO SHOW YOU MY NEW VICKERS-WEMBLEY ... THE ONLY ONE IN WESTCHESTER!



OH, MR. BUXTON ... YOU'RE RIGHT OUT OF "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED"!

LET ME DEMONSTRATE THE HAIR-TRIGGER MECHANISM! WE HOLD IT HERE ... AND WE HOLD IT THERE ... AND THEN WE SQUE-E-E-E-E-ZE -

GAH, PRUNES! I'M NOT GOING TO TELL ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT MY THEORIES ON GUNS!



SILLY BENTON! YOU ALWAYS GET JEALOUS OVER NU-THING! ... TELL ME ABOUT YOUR ELEPHANT GUN!

AH-AH, ANNIE! NEVER POINT A WEAPON UNLESS YOU INTEND TO USE IT. MORE ACCIDENTS ARE CAUSED BY POINTING "EMPTY" GUNS INSTEAD OF TREATING ALL GUNS AS LOADED-AND BY KEEPING GUNS IN THE HOUSE WITH CHILDREN INSTEAD OF KEEPING CHILDREN OUT OF THE HOUSE!



HA! BENTON! DID YOU SEE MY TARGET RIFLE WITH ITS UNIQUE ARM SLING? SEE, ANNIE ... YOU PUT THIS LOOP ABOUT YOUR SHOULDERS ... THIS LOOP ABOUT YOUR WAIST ... AND YOU WIND IT AROUND AND AROUND-GOOD AND TIGHT AND CLEAN AND TRUE -

GAH, PRUNES! I QUIT!

SILLY BENTON! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE JEALOUS ABOUT! IT'S JUST YOUR IMAGINATION!



COME! LOOK HERE, ANNIE ... SEE THIS INTERESTING WEAPON! IT THROWS A SMALL-CALIBER BULLET THAT FLATTENS ON IMPACT! AND MAKES A HOLE IN THE TARGET BIG AS YOUR FIST!!



ANNIE! LOOK! HERE'S A CURIOUSLY REFRESHING PIECE -- FIRST WORLD WAR MAUSER RIFLE WITH A TRICKY SAW-TOOTHED BAYONET -- RUDDY THING!



LOOK! LOOK, ANNIE-- AT THIS CRANK-FED GATLING GUN!!

LOOK, ANNIE!

GENTLY, BENTON! YOU'LL DAMAGE THE GUN!!

LOOK! LOOK!



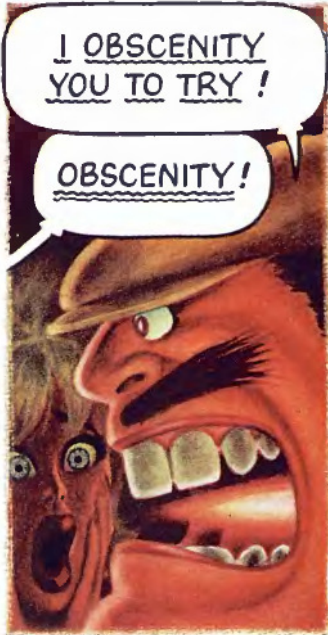
MY PEACEMAKER WITH ITS SWIVEL HOLSTER CAN SHOOT FROM THE HIP BEFORE A NORMAL REVOLVER CAN CLEAR LEATHER!



I SPIT IN THE MILK OF YOUR PEACEMAKER WITH MY CAVALRY PISTOL, WHICH, WITH ITS SEAR PIN FILED, AND ITS TRIGGER GUARD REMOVED, WILL GET OFF FOUR SHOTS IN THE TIME YOUR PEACEMAKER GIVES ONE SWIVEL!



AND I OBSCENITY IN THE FOUR SHOTS OF YOUR CAVALRY PISTOL! LIKE THE MATADOR WITH THE SINGLE THRUST OF HIS MULETA, I CANCEL OUT YOUR PISTOL WITH A SINGLE 45-CAL. MAGNUM SLUG! CLEAN AND TRUE!



I OBSCENITY YOU TO TRY!

OBSCENITY!



BANG!

BANG!

VIOLENCE!
BANG!
BANG!
HATE!

BANG!



OH, RUTHIE ... I'VE GOT TO CHANGE AND GET TO THE HOSPITAL TO VISIT BENTON AND BUXTON! - ALL BECAUSE OF THOSE SILLY GUNS WHICH THEY SAY ARE FOR COLLECTING AND FOR TARGET PRACTICING AND FOR ADMIRING, AND FOR SHOWING! LEAPIN' LIZARDS -

- DON'T THEY KNOW GUNS ARE MAINLY FOR KILLING?

SWEETIE ... IF THE WOrLD COULD SHARE YOUR WISDOM, MAYBE THEY'D STOP SELLING SURPLUS PISTOLS AND MAIL-ORDER RIFLES, AND THE DELINQUENTS WOULD HAVE TO GET ALONG ON ZIP GUNS.



SIGH ... IT'S LIKE BENTON SAYS ... IF ONLY PEOPLE WOULDN'T POINT WEAPONS AT ANYBODY! CAN YOU IMAGINE HOW SAFE WAR WOULD BE IF THE SOLDIERS WEREN'T ALLOWED TO POINT WEAPONS AT ANYBODY?

ANNIE, HONEY... SHUT UP AND TAKE YOUR BATH!

Elder, Heath & Jack Davis

END

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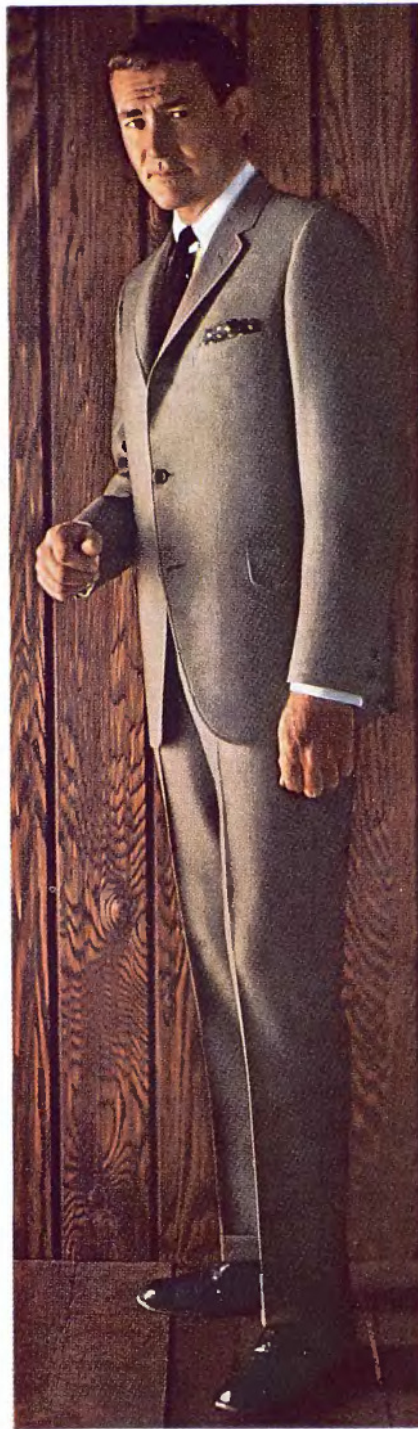
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