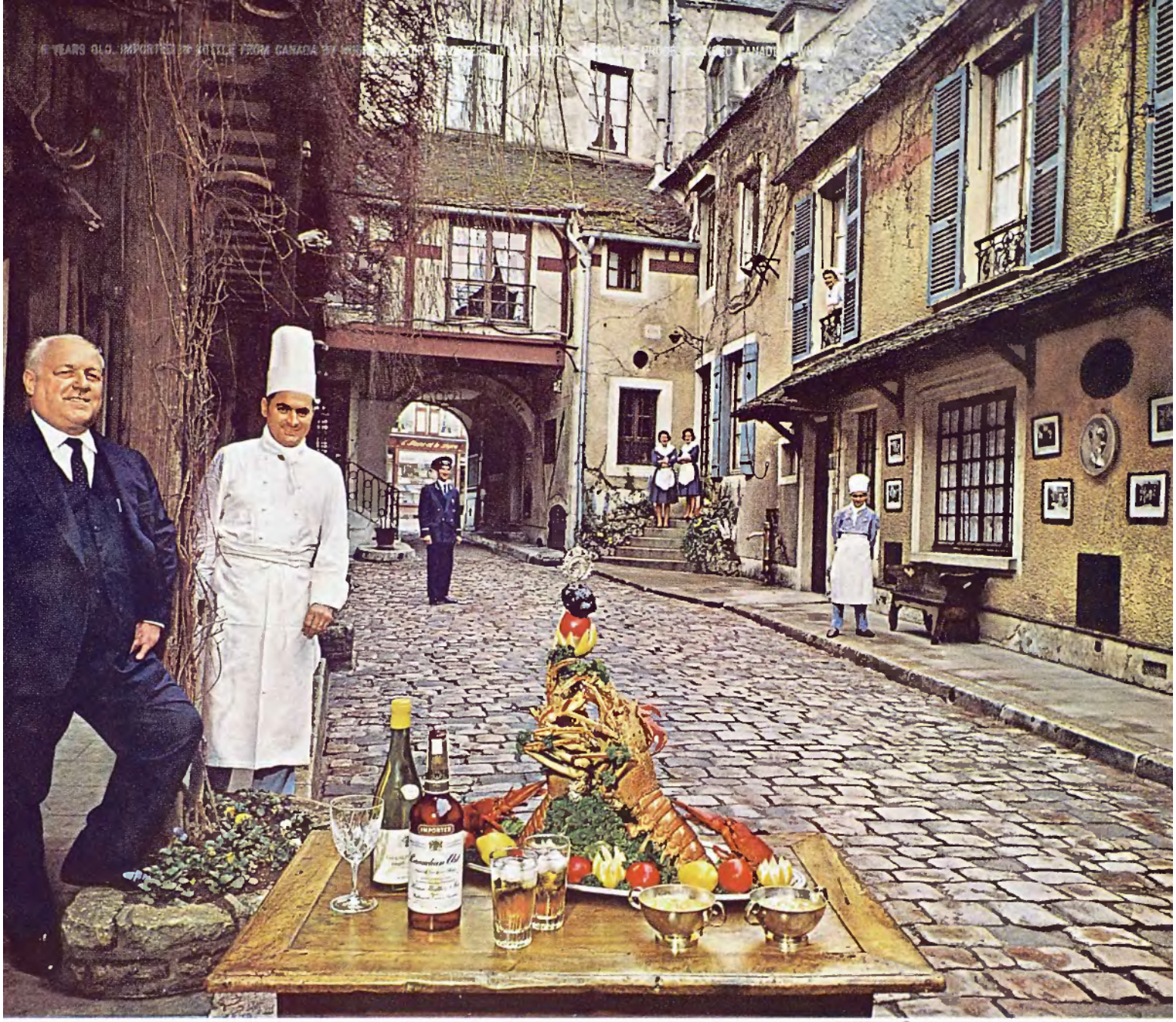
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN NOVEMBER 1964 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



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HOSTELLERIE de la POSTE OF AVALLON, FRANCE, GREETS YOU WITH SPICED RIVER CRAYFISH AND CANADIAN CLUB

This 257-year-old Burgundy country inn has welcomed kings, queens, sultans and presidents. Napoleon, returning from Elba in 1815, was cheered here. And today, there is much to cheer about at la Poste. The goose liver ballotine. Bresse chicken au gratin. Woodcock flambée à la riche. And, of course, Canadian Club, in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after.

HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE CANADA

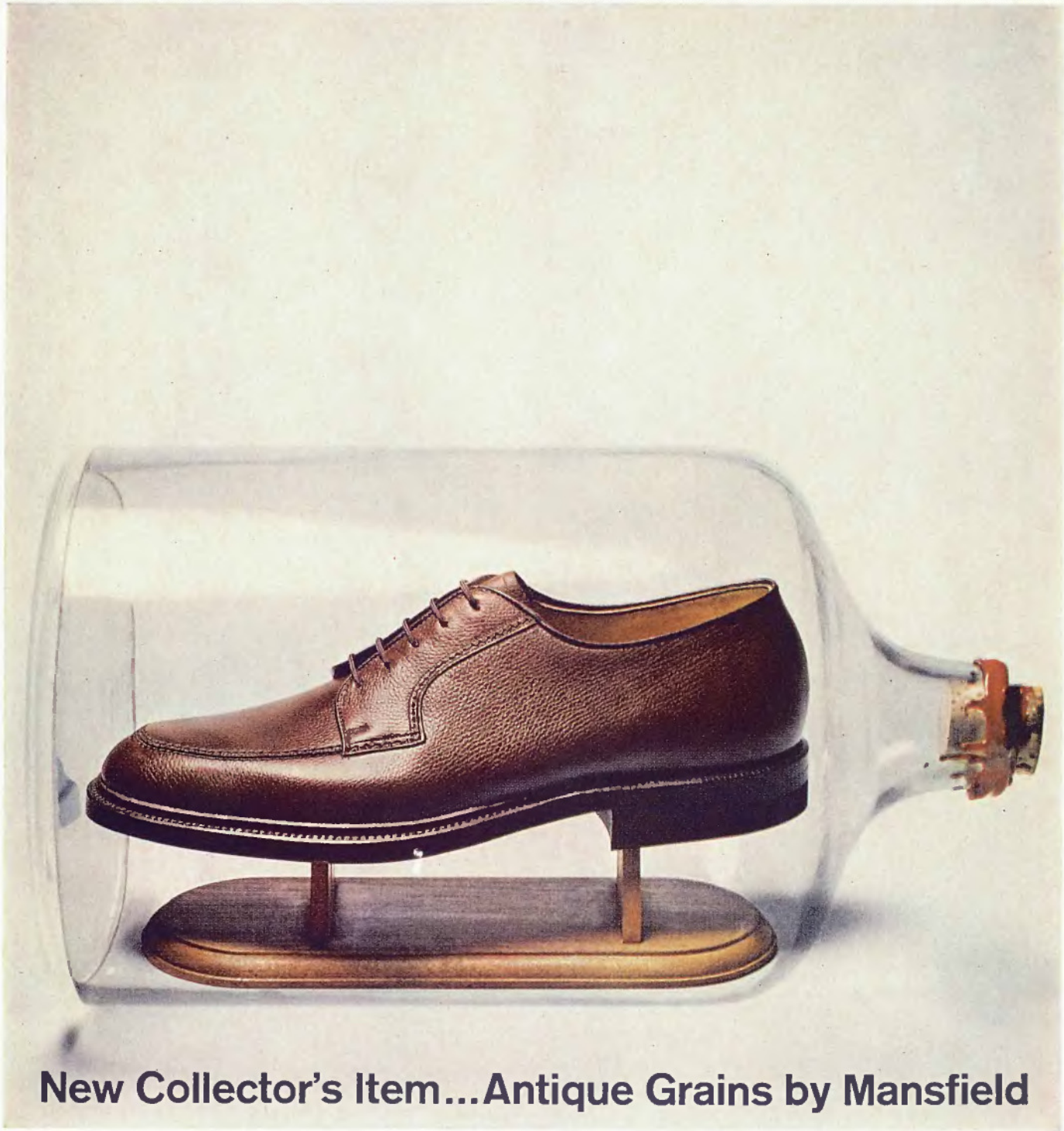
Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

what makes a girl the Tweed type?

When she's a lamb, but not one of the flock.

For Christmas: perfume, cologne, mist, bath powder, from $1.25 to $14.00. Tweed by Lenthéric

(Featured) #1138, moccasin oxford in Brown Antique Grain. Also #1139 in Black. (L) #1140, plain toe oxford in Brown Antique Grain. (R) #1136, long wing oxford in Brown Antique Grain. Also #1137 in Black. Most Mansfield styles from $12.95 (slightly higher in the West). Also makers of Bostonians, Bostonian-Students and Lady Bostonian Genuine Moccasins. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



New Collector's Item...Antique Grains by Mansfield

Here you see a handsome scale model of what collectors will be looking for in brogues this season. It's Antique Grain Townaires. Mansfield antiques the grains of these hefty, textured leathers until they seem to glow from deep down. Their warm luster accents today's he-man tweeds. And these Townaires are built the way brogues should be. Strong and sturdy. Able to stand up to all kinds of weather and wear...while you stand in flexible comfort. Start your Antique Grain collection, now. At your Mansfield dealer's.

MANSFIELD TOWNAIRES

by the makers of Bostonians

PLAYBILL OUR NOVEMBER issue kicks off with a philatelic flourish as München *Mädchen* Maria Hoff, edging out of an envelope Rabbit-earmarked for our offices, presages *The Girls of Germany*, a ten-page verbal and visual paean that is one highlight of this month's PLAYBOY.

Our lead fiction for November, *Naked in Xanadu*, is the third tessera in Ray Russell's bright Hollywood mosaic—the first two were *A Night in the Byzantine Palace* (July 1963) and *And I Mean That Sincerely!* (August 1964). Ray is at work on a novel; has scripted a satire on fright flicks, called *The Horror of It All*, which 20th Century-Fox will soon release; and as we go to press is enmeshed in transatlantic casting negotiations for his London-destined play, *The Devil's Voice*.

The arresting assemblage which illustrates *Naked in Xanadu* was constructed by fast-rising young Chicago artist Thomas Strobel. A graduate of Chicago's Art Institute, Strobel studied painting in Germany under a Fulbright Award, was last honored at the 67th Annual Chicago Artists and Vicinity Show, where his work was among the 74 chosen to be shown out of 1207 submitted.

Our *Playboy Panel* concerns itself with the breadth, the benefits and the bugaboos of America's cultural explosion—an aesthetic detonation discussed in depth by such expert creators and observers as David Brinkley, Aaron Copland, Russell Lynes and Dore Schary.

As readers of this month's *Playboy Interview* with Alabama's combative Governor George Wallace will quickly perceive, the South's White Knight is a highly articulate spokesman for the cause of segregation. Convinced that he is the victim of a plot by "Marxist" newsmen to discredit him, he talked guardedly but at length with the PLAYBOY interviewer while downing a steak-and-potatoes meal (he called the waitress "Honey") and constantly relighting a cigar stump.

A newcomer to PLAYBOY's pages, part-time painter, part-time writer Michael O'Connell, author of the boyhood idyl *The Pirates of Padre Island*, swears all the incidents in his story actually happened, says he hasn't pushed a boat since, even in the bathtub.

Ken W. Purdy has once more teamed up with artist Ben Denison to detail *The Playboy Cars—1965*. Ken reports from Blighty (where he's now in temporary residence) that his book *All but My Life*, written about and with race driver Stirling Moss, has recently been published in France, with a half-dozen other foreign editions in preparation.

Herbert Gold's fictional bell ringer, *Running Man*, is just one of three *Man*-titled works that are figuring prominently in Herb's current affairs. His short story *Jim the Man* is being made into an avant-garde movie by a new and talented group of young San Franciscan film makers, and a new edition of his novel *The Man Who Was Not With It* has just been released.

Veteran of many a nostalgic journey into the past for PLAYBOY on Homo sapiens' artifacts and foibles, William Iversen presents herein a neatly trimmed pogonological and tonsorial treatise, *A Short History of Shaves and Haircuts*. No mere once-over-lightly, Bill's sprightly saga of follicular fads and fancies adds up to nothing less than the original shaggy-man story.

Beyond Centaurus, an exploration of man's future probings of space, by Arthur C. Clarke, has the ringing stamp of authority to it. Clarke has just authored *Man and Space*, a definitive work published by Time-Life, whose mass-printing will make it the world's most widely circulated tome on the topic.

Rounding out our richly laden November issue are such exemplary fact, fiction, photo and cartoon features as J. Paul Getty's *Fine Art, the Finest Investment*; Robert L. Green's *Vacation in Style*, a report on resort clothes spiced with the latest trends in ladies' topless wear; Thomas Mario's delectable delineation of the high order of Spanish cookery, *The Cuisine of Castile*; *Playmates Revisited—1963*; John Dempsey's insightfully uproarious cartoon takeout on *The Marriage Counselor*; three full-color pages of custom-made, imported and travel gifts for the Christmas early bird; Shel Silverstein's outrageously irrepressible *Anatomy of a Teevee Jeebie*; and nifty November gatefold girl Kai Brendlinger. Withal, a cornucopian Thanksgiving feast.

O'CONNELL

PURDY

STROBEL

GOLD

CLARKE

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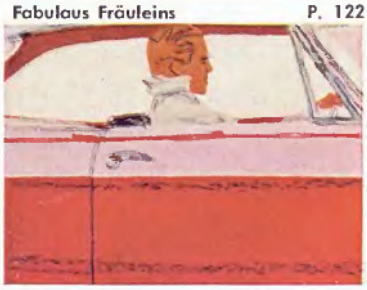

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PLAYBOY, NOVEMBER, 1964, VOL. 11, NO. 11, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., $8 FOR ONE YEAR.

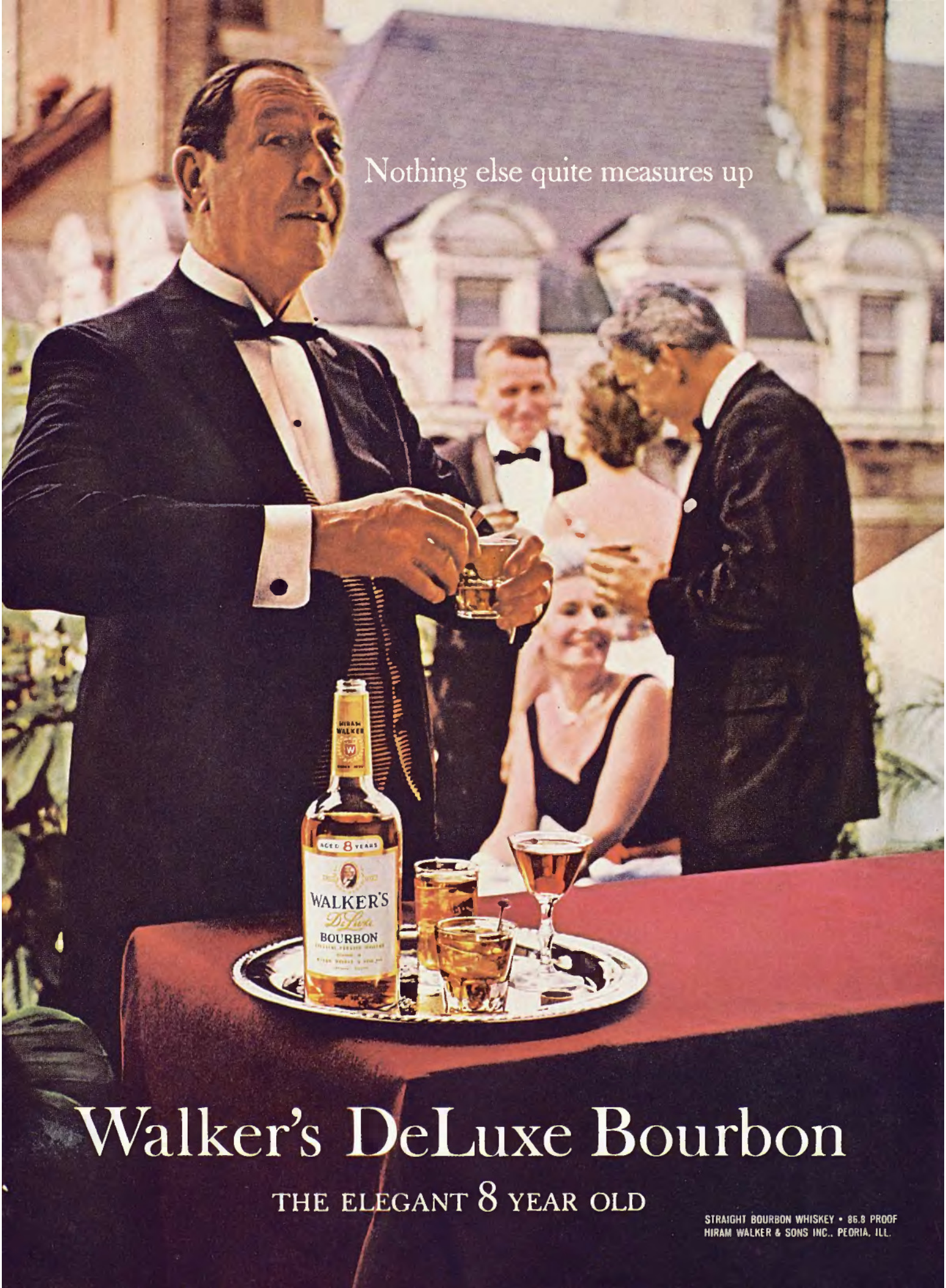
He's right... those are pajamas for a no-pajama man.

Good old Van Heusen. They've captured the enemy. Tom...in pajamas ...and as happy as a clam about the whole thing. Narrow lapels. Stripes that whistle. Tapered fit. All the flap pared away. No wonder he likes those pajamas...they're like a shirt.

You know, it's funny, but most pajamas make a man look like the mayor of Dullsville. Prim. Frumpy. Safe. Like a friendly teddy bear all ready to be tucked into bed. Ick.

What a crazy way to run a marriage.
But, mmmm, *this* is more like it.

VAN HEUSEN®
417 younger by design
Van Heusen and Lady Van Heusen Shirts



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THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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CONTENTIOUS COMIC

Congratulations to PLAYBOY on publishing the interview with Dick Gregory (August 1964). In many respects, Gregory gets at the roots of what's happening now in ghettos throughout the country—and what is likely to happen unless many more of us, including the "well-meaning," stop indulging in pietism and begin working for political and economic programs that will end the ghettos. They cannot be patched up.

Nat Hentoff
New York, New York

Dick Gregory gives me a smattering of hope for mankind. A beautiful human being, Dick not only hates ugliness, he fights it. I know of no other performer, black or white, who is doing as much for any cause. He has not only put his money where his mouth is, he has risked his very life in the battle for civil rights.

Joe Brody
New York, New York

Dick Gregory's answer to a PLAYBOY question, concerning the appearance of more Negroes in television commercials during the past year, left me in the "dark" (Oh dear, I said a nasty!). I now quote Mr. Gregory: "'Notice how the black cars run out of gas and the white cars are still going.' Why not let some of those *white* cars run out of gas? You just don't make them all *black*, not in the middle of this revolution."

Next, I suppose, George Shearing will be "blackballed" (sorry) for not playing enough on the black keys of his instrument. What next? I'm rather curious to discover how Mr. G. stands on white sidewall tires, the use of white paper on cigarettes, and blackstrap molasses. Won't many little kiddies be disappointed when they no longer may ask for chocolate ice-cream cones?

Joanna van der Valk
Orange, California

No one can deny that *all* Americans are entitled to the rights and freedoms granted them by the Constitution. I'm sure that the majority of the American public agrees with this. And Dick Gregory is certainly in order when he says that the American Negro is striving for this.

But for a grown man, who is by his own admission the number-two man in the Negro hierarchy, to make a statement about black and white cars is certainly stooping to a new low. With the multitude of problems facing the Negro, it seems rather trite and childish to think that a certain company is discriminating or trying to show the Negro as inferior by the color of the automobile they use in their advertising.

If Mr. Gregory's skin is as thick as he professes it to be, if he is as concerned with as many social questions as he claims he is, let him deal with the vital questions and not the trivial ones that are no doubt products of his rather vivid imagination.

William Kendrick Rhodes, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

I beg to differ, if only academically, with Dick Gregory. I am convinced that those cars, in *that* commercial, which are caused to run out of gas so soon, are Jewish, not Negro. Undoubtedly, some lousy bigot is slipping chicken soup into the gas tanks. It infuriates me to see those white, blonde, blue-eyed Protestant cars getting more miles to the gallon every time. (In all fairness to the sponsor of the commercial, however, I believe the second white car from the left is Catholic.) All is not lost. With intelligent, responsible men like Dick Gregory to publicly denounce such flagrantly discriminatory practices, there is great hope for the future.

Gerald Marsh
Cleveland, Ohio

It may hurt many of us to hear it, but Dick Gregory spoke the truth about the church when he said that it is the most segregated institution in America today. This is not because the leaders of the vast majority of organized religions in the country have not spoken out loudly and clearly on race; most of them have, and they are a significant factor in the passage of the Civil Rights Bill. But pronouncements from the pulpit are one thing and implementation is another.

PLAYBOY, NOVEMBER, 1964, VOL. 11, NO. 11. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $20 FOR THREE YEARS, $15 FOR TWO YEARS, $8 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD $4.60 PER YEAR FOR FOREIGN POSTAGE. ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS AND RENEWALS. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SEND BOTH OLD AND NEW ADDRESSES TO PLAYBOY, 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611, AND ALLOW 30 DAYS FOR CHANGE. ADVERTISING: HOWARD W. LEDERER, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; JULES KASE, ASSOCIATE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 405 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022, MU 8-3030; JOSEPH FALL, ADVERTISING MANAGER; SHERMAN KEATS, CHICAGO MANAGER, 155 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611, MI 2-1000. DETROIT, JOSEPH GUENTHER, MANAGER, 2990 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250; LOS ANGELES, STANLEY L PERKINS, MANAGER, 8721 BEVERLY BOULEVARD, OL 2-8790; SAN FRANCISCO, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER, 110 SUTTER STREET, YU 2-7994; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, FIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT ROAD, N. E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.

Too many churches are still clinging to the economic facts of life that would have too many clergymen out of jobs if they got serious about interracial justice in affluent suburban congregations and parishes. *The New York Times Magazine* summed it up in an article titled "11 A.M. Sunday Is Our Most Segregated Hour."

Russell W. Gibbons
National Secretary
Catholic Council on Civil Liberties
Hamburg, New York

In your interview with Dick Gregory, the interviewer asks (and I quote): "Isn't this odd, in view of the fact that the Mormon Church, of which [George] Romney is a member, prohibits Negroes from its ranks?" It is not true that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints prohibits Negroes from its ranks. The church's policy stated briefly is this: Negroes and other people with Negroid blood *can* become members of the church, and through righteous works receive patriarchal blessings, enter the temple to perform baptisms for the dead, become heirs to the celestial kingdom and otherwise partake of many blessings afforded worthy members of the church, but they cannot be ordained to the priesthood, nor are they eligible for marriage in an L. D. S. temple; Negroes and non-Negroes should not intermarry.

John R. Miller
Phoenix, Arizona

Dick Gregory has disappointed me once again. A couple of years ago he was one of my favorite people, because he seemed to have discovered that, while racial prejudice could easily survive the judicial majesty and armed might of the Federal Government for the next thousand years, it cannot long endure laughter.

I stopped being entertained by Dick Gregory about the time he started addressing integration meetings in Alabama while wearing a Klansman's sheet. I wasn't angry or upset; just bored. He had thrown down his fine rapier and had taken up a cave man's club. He was dull. His performance at the Republican convention was also out to lunch. It must be awfully hard to scream "police brutality" simply because the fire marshals object to several hundred limp bodies blocking the main entrance (and exit) to a hall holding 16,000 people. His plaint that Mississippi would love to have the laws that permit California police to abuse Negroes is nonsense and he knows it. Since he's not that stupid, he must think we are.

He does still have a sense of humor, though. The thought that every man who uses "that word" is merely advertising his book tears me up. I wish he would relearn what he once knew and fight for his objectives with ridicule.

Robert E. Capron
Nashua, New Hampshire

Mr. Gregory made one major point abundantly clear—a point that I have always harbored in the background of my awareness but have never attempted to bring forth into the light of full revelation and recognition. That point is that *no* white man or woman on the face of this earth, from the most primitively prejudiced and uncompromising to the most "liberal" and sympathetic to the Negro's cause, can offer advice, pass judgments, condemn or assist with absolute awareness, with total cognizance and understanding. Why? Bluntly and simply, because we have never been black.

What the American Negro is today I have helped create. For good or bad, familiar or alien, I have contributed to his formation. Thus, my dilemma and that of every white man. I am labeled an integrationist, a desegregationist, an ultraliberal (or more familiarly a nigger lover and white filth), but I struggle to be a human rightist—a loather of hypocrisy and a seeker of democracy for *all* human beings and Christianity that doesn't obliterate Christ. Thanks to Dick Gregory, I am now closer to knowing how to live with my inadequacies and with my fellow man.

G. Donald Lovett
Alexander City, Alabama

I laughed and I cried; I agreed and disagreed; and I was enlightened. I could have read a novel-sized interview such as the one with Dick Gregory.

Mickie Raskin
Brooklyn, New York

HOMOGENIZED MAIL

I would like to commend very highly J. Paul Getty's August article, *The Homogenized Man*. His plea for the individual in our increasingly structured society is essentially that of the Goldwater philosophy to reject the concept of a society dominated by a paternalistic government that spoon-feeds the people for that of one dedicated to the resourcefulness and creativity of the individual. It is true, as Mr. Getty points out, that the womblike security of a welfare society appeals to some people, and the present administration exploits this. For every individual, the choice is clear: the security of an unchallenging, regimented existence or the freedom to develop one's potentialities toward the goal of maximum self-realization.

D. E. Brown
Kirksville, Missouri

Quite naturally, all human beings at one time or another dream of being wealthy, important, adulated, etc. But

She's loaded

Remember her sister? The Honda Trail 55? This kid's the Trail 90 and she packs 30% more oomph.

Load her with 450 lbs. She'll make out better over rough terrain than anyone in the business.

The big push comes from the OHV single cylinder 4-stroke engine. She'll climb all over a 50% incline — if you feel so inclined. And deliver 160 mpg.

The Trail 90 comes with an automatic clutch, extra hand brake and the only standard-equipment spark arrestor approved by the USDA Forest Service.

If you like the athletic type, try the new Honda Trail 90. Price? $330 plus a modest set-up charge.

For address of your nearest dealer or other information, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. DH, 100 West Alondra, Gardena, California.

HONDA

world's biggest seller!

for most, that's all very far away, and what really counts is the old homestead, making the marriage work, providing for the kids' college education—in other words, preserving and improving upon the security they purchase in today's society at the relatively (to them) cheap price of conforming a little. Sure, life isn't perfect, but then, nothing is. "We've got each other, honey, and we're happy. I'm working steady, and things will turn out OK. Shut off the TV and let's go to bed." Structurization has worked.

Russ Dixon
Laurel, Maryland

The meat of J. Paul Getty's article—that, while most of us prefer a gradual process of homogenization, for a few, the careful preservation of individualism is most desirable—combines neatly with the observations of John Clellon Holmes in the same issue; to wit, that in such a structured society, our anxieties will be resolved only by a complete sexual revolution. We can see here, perhaps, the reason for the success of the Playboy enterprises.

Philip H. McAvoy
Tempe, Arizona

CHICAGO HUTCH

From the first photo of delightful Kai Brendlinger to the last panoramic view of monumental Marika Lukacs, August's *The Bunnies of Chicago* was a visual nirvana. Am looking forward eagerly to your uncoverage of the New York hutch with its even larger supply of Bunnies.

Frank Edwards
Bronx, New York

In your August issue you ran a beautiful, and I mean just that, article on the Bunnies of the Chicago Playboy Club. After finishing the feature, I thought, can the rest of Hefner's Bunnies be as outstanding as this? I'm quite sure that most of your readers would look forward to future issues of PLAYBOY even more than they already do, if you were to include similar features on the rest of the Bunnies you have hidden in other Playboy Clubs throughout the country.

Pfc. John A. Brown, USMC
Camp Pendleton, California

"The Bunnies of Chicago" is the first in a new series of pictorial essays that will include, in future issues, tributes to the cottontailed charmers of all the Playboy Clubs.

Many thanks for your finest pictorial feature ever, namely *The Bunnies of Chicago* in the August issue. Seeing all those beautiful Bunnies in their Chicago hutch makes me wonder if you will ex-

There's nothing in the world like

Dubonnet

Dubonnet Red — a touch of Paris in every drop! So smart to serve so many ways . . .

COCKTAIL — ½ Dubonnet, ½ gin, stir with ice, add lemon twist.

ON-THE-ROCKS — Pour Dubonnet over ice ond add twist of lemon peel.

PARTY PUNCH — 1 bottle Dubonnet mixed with 1 pt. gin, 6 limes and 1 qt. soda. Serve with ice.

Dubonnet Blonde — so smooth . . . so light and extra dry, it makes any drink a new adventure. Try these . . .

BLONDE MARTINI — 4 parts gin with 1 part Dubonnet. Stir with ice.

TALL BLONDE — To ⅔ gloss of Dubonnet Blonde, add crocked ice, dosh of bitters. Fill with soda.

HALF AND HALF — ½ Dubonnet Red, ½ Blonde on the rocks. Add a twist of lemon peel.

perience any difficulties in finding similar furnishings for your much-heralded London Playboy Club.

David Colyer
London, England

If our experience in producing the pictorial "Girls of London" (PLAYBOY, October 1962) was any indication, staffing the London Playboy Club should be a delightfully simple task. In addition, the Bunnies for each new Club are recruited from not just one, but from all the cities in which Playboy Clubs exist.

On page 93 of *The Bunnies of Chicago*, Patti Kolb is called "a member of the Bunnies' polo squad." You must be kidding. Softball, OK; touch football, maybe—but polo! Come off it, PLAYBOY.

George Fitzgerald
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

But the Chicago Bunnies do have their own polo team. They usually practice, and play in their own all-Bunny matches, on the indoor field at the Chicago Armory; they also accept occasional exhibition games against male polo teams for charity.

FORD FARE

As a motor-racing enthusiast, I want to thank you for the August article *Ford Flat Out* by Ken Purdy. In addition to Mr. Purdy's informative reporting, the photographs were of rare caliber.

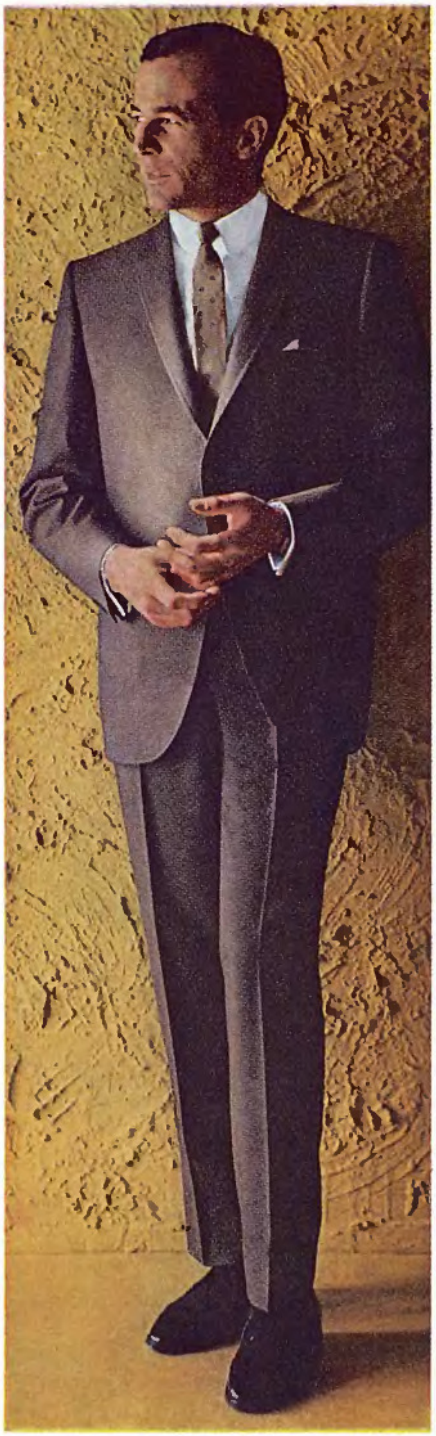
Frank Boles
Uniontown, Pennsylvania

Ken Purdy's *Ford Flat Out* in the August issue of PLAYBOY was excellent. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it. It is good news to me that the Ford Motor Company has cast the die and has gone into racing in a big way. I feel this is going to be a good thing for the American automobile industry, despite all of the wailing of the sob sisters and do-gooders. Having owned several Ferraris, and raced them, I can definitely say that the development of that automobile followed the experience Ferrari gained through racing. The car Ferrari is selling now as a passenger automobile reached this stage of development as a result of the knowledge gained in competitions. I repeat, I think Mr. Purdy's article is excellent and I'm glad to see the trade going the way it is in this country.

James H. Kimberly
Chicago, Illinois

BELT LINES

I wonder how many readers appreciated the candor of John Clellon Holmes' self-revelations in August's *Revolution Below the Belt* and understood how necessary these were to establish the parallels between political and sexual totalitarianism. I would suggest that *Revelation Below the Belt* might have been a better title. The art of the essay has



Gentlemen, be suited in the Forward Fashion Manner

(and outercoated and sport coated and slacked)

If you like beautiful women and fast sports cars (or vice versa) you are probably the Forward Fashion type. You will like the 'Botany' 500 Forward Fashion suit. You can get this same adventurous, dashing look in a 'Botany' 500 Compatible outercoat, cut to fit the suit, and 'Botany' 500 Sport Coats and Slacks. All are glorified by the dedicated Daroff Personal Touch, a passion for perfection in tailoring, fashion and quality. All are terrific value, at a store near you (name on request). Suits from $75.00 to $100.00, Outercoats from $69.95 to $129.50, Sport Coats from $39.95 to $75.00, Slacks from $17.95 to $22.95. Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness.

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THE TOTAL WARDROBE WITH THE PERSONAL TOUCH

found a new exemplar. As Emerson said, "Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist." This is truer of private life than of public behavior. My wish is to see more essays that probe so deeply into the secret recesses of contemporary life, preferably by Mr. Holmes himself. In my recollection he has very few peers.

Hubert Harrison
Easthampton, New York

I hope it is not too late to be counted among those who have written to praise you for your continuing fight against sexual reaction. I have seen you almost stumble into the good fight, with articles on the Mann Act, the Reno divorce mill, the antisexual career woman, and so forth. Then your Editor-Publisher, almost by inadvertence, got started on the subject in his wide-ranging editorials. It is almost as though one could observe your determination and your own understanding coming into focus. The true view of sex in today's mixed-up society has finally been presented in your August issue, under the catchy but deceptive title *Revolution Below the Belt*. I suppose you had to call the essay by an attention-getting name, but it could as easily have been called *Revolution Above the Neck*, because it demonstrated the thinking man's awakening to the facts of our society's sexual frustrations. Your man Holmes is not only a superior thinker, he is also a writer who may well be termed great. The combination was superb.

Conrad Delacourt
New York, New York

For sheer brilliance of polemic and originality of thought, *Revolution Below the Belt* tops everything you have ever printed.

Ted Carruth
Chicago, Illinois

Revolution Below the Belt by John Clellon Holmes in the August issue of PLAYBOY has, in my opinion, delightful insights into many of the sexual problems besetting our country. His comments on sex education, marriage manuals, homosexuality and erotica (to mention only some) are a breath of fresh air. However, I am not nearly as pessimistic as is Mr. Holmes. The pendulum is swinging in the direction of a more relaxed attitude toward sex and sexual behavior and has been moving in that direction in this country for the past 25 to 50 years. I see no reason to believe that its backlash will be any more important than the political backlash in this year's election.

Wardell B. Pomeroy, Ph.D.
New York, New York

Dr. Pomeroy was, until recently, the Director of Field Research at Indiana University's Institute for Sex Research.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

On our recommended reading list for a long winter's night are the following 18th and 19th Century erotic tomes, just a few of the many thousands noted in the recently republished *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, a 1600-page bibliography of what the French fondly call curiosa. (The *Index* was compiled by one Henry Spencer Ashbee, Victorian merchant-bibliophile, who in his lifetime put together the greatest collection of English-language pornography ever assembled, now the property of the British Museum.) The titles, here presented in full:

1. *The Lustful Turk, or, Scenes in the Harem of an Eastern Potentate, Faithfully and Vividly Depicted in a Series of Letters from a Young and Beautiful English Lady to her Cousin in England, Containing the Full Particulars of her Ravishment, of her Complete Abandonment to the salacious Tastes of the Turks, and including an Account of the Horrid Practices then carrying on in several French and Italian Convents by a Society of Monks, Established at Algiers, under Pretense of Redeeming Christian Slaves, but who, in Reality, carried on an Infamous Traffic in Young Girls, As Well As an Account of the Sufferings of Eliza Gibbs, from the Flogging Propensities of the Bey of Tunis, with many other Curious Circumstances.*

2. *The Yokel's Preceptor, or, More Sprees in London, Being a regular and curious Show-Up of all the Rigs and Doings of the Flash-Cribs of this Great Metropolis, Including a Full Descripting of Its Most Famous Stone-Thumpers, particularly Bouncing Bet, Flabby Poll, Finnikin Fan, and The Yarmouth Bloater, the Whole Being a Moving Picture of all the New Moves and Artful Dodges practised at the Present Day, in the Most Notorious Flymy Kens of London, With a Characteristic Engraving.*

3. *Raped on the Elevated Railway, A True Story of a Lady who was first Ravished, then Flagellated, on the Uptown Express, Illustrating the Perils of Travel in the New Machine Age.*

4. *The Blowen's Cabinet of Choice Songs, being a Beautiful, Bothering, Laughter-Provoking Collection of Spiflicating, Flabbergasting Smutty Ditties, among which will be found The Great Plenipotentiary, a most outrageously good amatory stave; The Magical Carrot, a smashing smutty ballad; Katty O'More, a famous flash parody; and The Glass Eye, a right down regular rummy ditty never before printed.*

5. *The Cherub, or, The Guardian of Female Innocence, Exposing the Erotic Arts of Boarding Schools, Hired Fortune Tellers, Corrupt Milliners, and Apparent Ladies of Fashion, Now First Published from a Manuscript found in a Lady's Cabinet.*

6. *The Bar Maid of the Old Point House, Being the Secret History of the Amours and Intrigues of a Bar Maid whose Amorous Disposition and Voluptuous Achievements on the Couch of Cupid Made her the Envy of her own Sex, and the Admiration of the World.*

7. *The Inutility of Virtue, A Tale of Lust and Licentiousness, Exemplified in the History of a Young and Beautiful Lady, Modest and Virtuous, who, by a Series of Unfortunate Circumstances, is first Ravished by a Robber, Then becomes Successively the Victim of Lust and Sensuality, Till, Overpowered by Debauchery, her Passions become Predominant, her Mind remaining Pure while her Body is Contaminated, the Story richly and beautifully narrated, illustrated with Numerous Elegant Steel Engravings and Dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty, The Queen.*

Now that we have exposed a baker's half dozen of these titles to contemporary eyes, we eagerly await their reappearance in the *Reader's Digest*—in condensed form, of course.

•

In this election month, we applaud the unpolitical candor of a Monterey, California, man running for office on a platform of "honest, straightforward corruption" with the following campaign slogan: "EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY, AND A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR ME."

•

Decorator Notes from the Underground: *Casket and Sunnyside*, a leading undertaker's trade journal, offers the following color guide for those who may be thinking of buying a hearse: "Remember these characteristics. A beige hearse is a friendly hearse. A cream hearse is conservative. A gray hearse is neutral. A lavender hearse is sophisticated."

•

There's No Accounting for Taste Department: The following ad appeared in the "Swaps and Specialties" column of *The Indianapolis Star*—"WANTED, 8000-lb. wench. Call WE 5-4139."

•

Sign of the times, seen in the window of a Greenwich Village diner: HELP WANTED—PART-TIME MAN.

•

Lip-smackingly reminiscent of a celebrated scene from the movie version of *Tom Jones* is this purple passage from *The Strategy of Desire*, a book on advertising by Ernest Dichter: "Soup . . . is much more than a food. It is a potent magic that satisfies not only the hunger of the body but the yearnings of the soul. People speak of soup as a product of some mysterious alchemy, a symbol of love which satisfies mysterious gnawings . . . We can almost say soup is orgiastic."

•

Our congratulations to John Lawrence, a 38-year-old male nurse who was recently named chief matron of the Treherbert, Wales, general hospital.

•

Driving through the country the other day, taking deep sniffs of unaccustomed fresh air and admiring the unsullied autumnal beauties around us, we were rudely snapped from our bucolic reverie by the sight of a huge white diesel trailer truck. It was not the truck itself,

Special! The Original Sound Track of a Great Motion Picture

THE BEATLES
Biggest Hit Album!

1553. Here they are! — the world's most popular foursome . . . singing and swinging all the hits from their sensational movie! It's the biggest album of the year . . . and you can begin your membership by purchasing it as your first selection. To receive it, just write the number "1553" in the "First Selection" box on the postage-paid card . . . and write in the numbers of the other six records you want free in the boxes provided.

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB
presents a new selection of

Christmas Albums
and Year-Round Favorites
to give as gifts or to add to your own collection

1484. The First Noel, Away in A Manger, Joy To The World, 10 more

1501. Eight spanking new explosions of laughter and song

1493. The First Noel, March of The Kings, Jingle Bells, etc.

1188. Also: I Wanna Be Loved, You Are The Only One, etc.

1505. Also: O Little Town of Bethlehem, Jingle Bells, etc.

1006. Lemon Tree, If I Had A Hammer, This Train, 12 in all

1061. Also: A Taste of Honey, My Honey's Loving Arms, etc.

1070. "Skillfully, warmly, richly performed."—High Fid.

1164. Also: Just Let Me Cry, I Understand, Misty, Cry, etc.

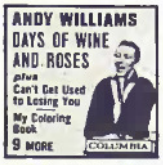
1033. A show that's "perfectly wonderful!"—Ed Sullivan

1304. Sixteen Tons, Oklahoma Bill, Gotta Travel On, 10 in all

1094. "Performances that really sparkle and glow." High Fid.

1257. Also: Return to Paradise, Beyond The Reef, etc.

1009. Also: Party in Laguna, Barefoot Venture, etc.



1002. Also: What Kind of Fool Am I?, May Each Day, etc.

1179. Chances Are, Just Walking in The Rain, 12 in all

1151. Also: Clair de Lune, Adventure in Paradise, Taboo, etc.

 837/F64

As a new member you can have

ANY 6

of these best-sellers — in your choice of

REGULAR or STEREO

FREE

if you begin your membership by purchasing any one of these records, and agree to buy as few as six additional selections in the next 12 months, from the more than 1000 to be offered

ALSO FREE IF YOU JOIN NOW

7" CHRISTMAS RECORD

Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town; The Twelve Days of Christmas; Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer; Jingle Bells.

LIGHT UP YOUR HOLIDAY SEASON WITH THE JOYOUS SOUNDS OF CHRISTMAS . . . and with ever-popular refrains of America's best-selling records. Each one will make an ideal gift . . . or an exciting addition to your own collection. By joining now, you can have ANY SIX of these albums — FREE!

Simply write in the numbers of the SIX records you wish to receive FREE on the attached postage-paid card. Then choose another record as your first selection, for which you will be billed only $3.98 (regular high-fidelity) or $4.98 (stereo). In short, you will actually receive seven records for the price of one!

Be sure to indicate whether you want your seven records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate the type of music in which you are mainly interested: Classical; Listening & Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television & Musical Comedies; Country & Western; Teen Hits; Jazz.

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

You may accept the monthly selection for the field of music in which you are mainly interested, or take any of the wide variety of other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase six additional records from the more than 1000 to be offered in the Club Magazine during the coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

FREE RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY. If you do wish to continue as a member after fulfilling your enrollment agreement, you will receive — FREE — a record of your choice for every two additional selections you buy.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular Club price of $3.98 (Classical $4.98; occasional Original Cast recordings and special albums somewhat higher), plus a small mailing and handling charge. Stereo records are $1.00 more.

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player.
*Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB • Terre Haute, Ind.

1107-1108. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Zestful . . . a powerful, vital statement!" HiFi Stereo/Review

1400. Fools Rush In, Pennies from Heaven, Blue Moon, 9 others

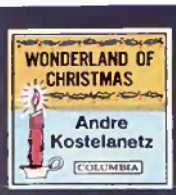
1487. Go Tell It On The Mountain, What Can I Give, 8 more

1031. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

1414. Also: Will You Love Me Tomorrow, Who Am I, etc.

1162. Also: Rovin' Gambler, A Travelin' Man, 12 in all

1405. One of the most dramatic works in all music

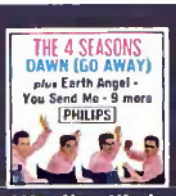


1503. Sleigh Ride, Christmas Chopsticks, 12 in all

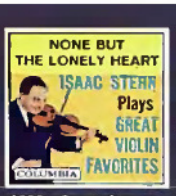
1441. Also: I Saw Her Standing There, Bits And Pieces, etc.

1483. The Christmas Song, Winter Wonderland, 12 in all

1163. Puff, The Magic Dragon; This Land Is Your Land; 10 more



1445. Also: Life Is But A Dream, Only Yesterday, etc.



1300. Greensleeves, Humoresque, Clair de Lune, 12 in all

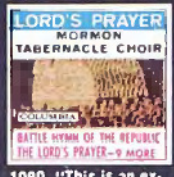
1482. Also: Here Was A Man, The Ballad of Harp Weaver, etc.

1375. Lucky Star, I'll Make Believe, Be True to Me, 9 more

1407. Thrill again to the memorable words of John F. Kennedy

1488. Silver Bells, December Time, The Christmas Song, etc.

1037. "The most adventurous musical ever made."—Life

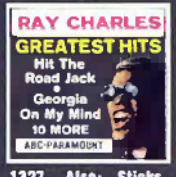


1090. "This is an extraerdinary cherns." —New York Times

1040. Also: Blue Hawaii, Little Miss Blue, Blue Skies, etc.

1492. Hark, The Herald Angels Sing; The Three Kings; 17 more

1098. "Fierce impact and mementum." — N.Y. World-Telegram



1327. Also: Sticks And Stones, One Mint Julep, etc.

1489. THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS —Bernstein, N. Y. Philharmonic

1444. GLAD ALL OVER — The Dave Clark Five

1451. THE ANDY WILLIAMS CHRISTMAS ALBUM

1459. TOM JONES (Original Soundtrack Recording)

1452. MERRY CHRISTMAS — The New Christy Minstrels

1301. THE SECOND BARBRA STREISAND ALBUM

1490. CHRISTMAS WITH THE CHIPMUNKS — Volume I

1035. CAMELOT (Original Cast) —Richard Burton, Julie Andrews

1502. CHRISTMAS WITH CONNIFF — Ray Conniff

1457. WIVES AND LOVERS — Jack Jones

1412. James River, Stranger, What Good Did You Get, etc.

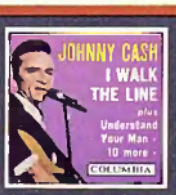
1360. Also: I Gotta Drive, Drag Strip Girl, 12 in all

1302. Also: The High And The Mighty, I Get Rhythm, etc.

1448. Also: Sunshine Special, Goin' Heme, Sinner Man, etc.

1491. The Helly And The Ivy, Goed King Wenceslaus, 12 more

1337. My Reverie, Full Moon And Empty Arms, 12 in all



1450. Also: Folsom Prison Blues, Bad News, etc.

1067. "Perhaps the greatest piano recording." HiFi Rev.

1404. "Sensitive performance." — High Fidelity

1057. Also: Johnny Reb, Comanche, Jim Bridger, etc.

1017. Also: Wheel of Fortune, Blueberry Hill, Cry, etc.

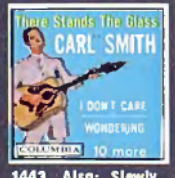
1365. Also: What'll I Do, Always on My Mind, Solitude, etc.

1413. Brag City, The Queen, Little Deuce Coupe, Gene, 8 more

1259. Also: If I Had A Hammer, The John B. Sails, etc.

1449. Also: Tell Old Bill, The Tarriers Song, etc.

1346. Also: Gigi; Hi-Lilli, Hi-Lo; Secret Love; etc.



1443. Also: Slowly, Back Street Affair, More And More, etc.

1258. Also: Midnight in Mescow, If I Had A Hammer, etc.

1325. "Wonderfully convincing." — High Fidelity

1382. Also: Exodus, Irma La Dence, The Apartment, etc.

1023. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, Marry Young, etc.

1326. Humoresque, Hecturne, Remance, Mazurka, 9 others

1115. Ebb Tide, The Breeze and I, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

1383. Twelve of the most hilarious songs you'll ever hear

1406. Also: Daddy, Come On-A My House, Blue Moon, etc.

1409. Until Then, Don't Go, How Tell Me, 12 in all

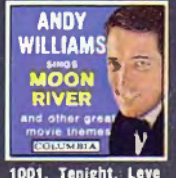
1361. Nerth Conntry Blues, With God on Our Side, 8 more

1321. "Beautifully performed." — Am. Record Guide

1349. Also: Sloop John B., This Train, Darlin' Corey, etc.

1307. A unique jazz treatment of Jehann Sebastian Bach

1359. Standanavian, Rubberneck, Tootsie Roll, 9 in all



1001. Tenight, Leve Is A Many-Splendered Thing, 9 mere

however, that made us switch our thoughts abruptly from joy in nature to the recognition that modern technology takes a lot of the fun out of life. It was the large-lettered sign it bore across its side: FROZEN SEMEN SERVICE. In smaller type was the name Minnesota Breeders Co-op, undoubtedly upright and earnest agrarian technicians who probably gave little thought to the truckload of emotional deprivation their frozen semen was visiting upon the nation's docile bovine population.

•

Further evidence of the American–West German entente: *The Wall Street Journal* reports a new Teutonic trade magazine, *Die Do It Yourself Illustrierte.*

•

Soft-sell advertisement from the real-estate page of London's *Observer*: "FASHIONABLE CHELSEA. This squat, rather repellent early Victorian lower-middle-class residence offers to the dull and comfortably off an interesting background of squalor previously available only to the very poor. The decor, where it is not garish cheap wallpaper, is a fashionable mud-brown—or is it only dirt? The intercommunicating doors of the two rather mean living rms. have been torn away, giving one a 26-ft. rm. for parties with a lavatory basin conveniently placed at one end where one can wash one's hands after greeting the dirtier guests. Six other rms. The kitchen sink, in the corner of most of them, lends a touch of social realism. A particularly foul subterranean bathrm. with antique bath, coal-fired clothes boiler. I could find only one lav., but there is a small foul patch of earth behind house, which only an English Estate Agent would call a garden, wherein, as Swift put it, a woman could 'pluck a rose.' Lse. 51 yrs. Bargain: £7850."

•

We were relieved to note, in a human-interest feature from *The Roanoke Times*, that "Virginia Tech students, mostly men, frequently date Radford College girls."

•

Press Releases We Never Finished Reading Department: "Automobiles with frogs in their throats can breathe easy again . . ."

•

The price of shouting *Nyet* at the inexorable advance of the machine age is illustrated by the following news story which washed up on these shores not long ago (via the pages of *National Review*) from behind the Iron Curtain. It seems that one Comrade Popov was peacefully enjoying the Soviet equivalent of a picnic in Russia's Tambov region when a low-flying YAK-12 crop duster roared overhead, dousing Popov, his girl and his picnic with insecticide. Not con-

Electric Shaver users, rejoice.

Today, stainless steel is here for you

with sharper, faster, kinder shaves.

Only Schick Electric makes it

the first electric shaver with stainless steel.

the mark of quality

tent with inflicting one indignity, the offending airplane turned back for a second pass, whereupon Popov seized an empty vodka bottle, threw, scored a direct hit and brought the plane crashing to earth. For this prodigy of marksmanship, Comrade Popov has been expelled from the Communist Party, and evicted from his apartment to boot.

•

We hail the British Columbia Safety Council for its inspiration (according to the Nanaimo, B. C., *Free Press*) to reward motorists who install seat belts in their cars with "a toll-free day on B. C. brides."

RECORDINGS

Vic Damone / On the Street Where You Live (Capitol) finds the classy baritone weaving his way through fresh arrangements of a near-dozen Broadway show tunes, a number of which—the title ballad, *Tonight* and *Maria*—have long been associated with him. Pete King's charts add appreciably to the session.

•

The Duke's great contingent gives a high gloss to some notably lackluster material in ***Hits of the '60s / This Time by Ellington*** (Reprise). Number among those mediocre melodies *Danke Schoen, More, So Little Time* and *Stranger on the Shore*. Paul Gonsalves' silken tenorwork (*So Little Time*) and Harry Carney's lush baritone on *Stranger* are particularly noteworthy. The better tunes, made even brighter, include *Call Me Irresponsible, I Left My Heart in San Francisco* and *Blowin' in the Wind*.

•

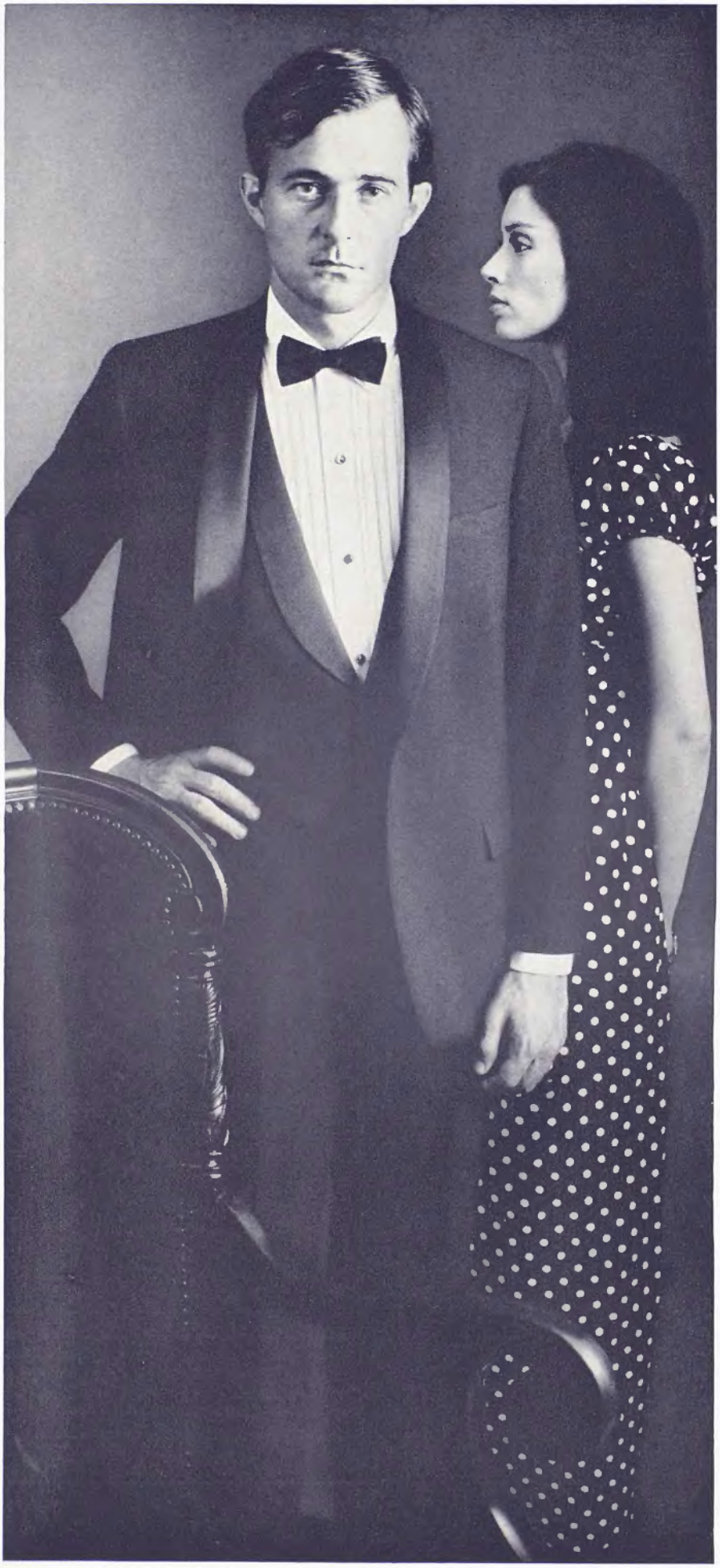
Ray Charles / Have a Smile with Me (ABC-Paramount) produces more groans than grins, we're afraid. The LP abounds with ultrasquare novelty numbers—*Feudin' and Fightin', Two Ton Tessie, I Never See Maggie Alone, Ma (She's Making Eyes at Me)*—well, you get the idea. Even Charles' vocal heroics can't overcome the sophomoric songs.

•

Russia Goes Jazz (United Artists) unveils vibist Teddy Charles leading several platoons of instrumental shock troops in swinging variations on a number of Russky themes. Rimsky-Korsakov, Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Borodin, Khachaturian and Tchaikovsky are the composers whose works are given jazz metamorphoses; Jimmy Giuffre, Jim Hall, Howard McGhee, Hank Jones and Pepper Adams are among those who do the transmuting. And a bowl of caviar (with blini) to Ira Gitler for his very funny liner notes.

•

Another fine LP out of the Art Farmer Flügelhorn bag is ***Perception / The Art Farmer Quartet*** (Argo). Art's handling of the Rodgers and Hart antique *Blue Room* has to rate as one of its most sensitively



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The one for whom survival often depends on the smallest detail.

Fortrel is the fiber in his After Six tuxedo that never betrays his cool, calm, collected exterior.

Checking in with his contact at the casino. Beating his foes at Baccarrat. Eluding them at 120 mph on the Grande Corniche.

Good reasons to look for Fortrel in all your clothing.

After Six Formals by Rudofker.
"The Playboy" tuxedo of
Fortrel polyester and Zantrel 700 rayon
from Burlington Men's Wear.
Traditional style: natural shoulder,
satin shawl collar, flap pockets,
center vent, pleatless trousers—
about $55. Matching vest $14.95.
At fine stores everywhere.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

lyrical interpretations. Impressive, too, is the pianowork of Harold Mabern.

•

Lorez Alexandria the Great (Impulse!) is an excellent cross section of this fine chirper's repertoire. From the Ellington-Mercer *Satin Doll* to the Arlen-Harburg *Over the Rainbow* to the lilting Cy Coleman–Carolyn Leigh standard *The Best Is Yet to Come*, Lorez—in company with such jazz stalwarts as Bud Shank, Paul Horn, Wynton Kelly and Victor Feldman—projects her deep-throated voice with effective ease.

•

Cast one vote for ***I'd Rather Be Far Right than President*** (Divine Right) with funnymen Len Maxwell, Will Jordan and Adam Keefe taking Senator Goldwater through an imaginary Presidential campaign and on into the White House. The humor is of a high order throughout—from the opening track wherein Eisenhower replies to a request for a comment on the Stop Goldwater movement with "Stop who?"; to a Goldwater mystery-guest appearance on *What's My Line?* (he makes sure John Daly flips all the cards so that he can get his 50 bucks); to the swearing in as President, where, instead of repeating the oath, Goldwater says, "Earl, you're under arrest"; to a Goldwater Presidential news conference in which he announces that the U. S. is withdrawing recognition from India, England, Sweden and Switzerland, and informs the press that the war against Canada is going nicely.

•

Columbia Records Presents John Williams (Columbia) will serve as an introduction for many listeners to the young guitarist who may one day inherit the mantle of Andrés Segovia. Side one of the LP contains Bach's *Fourth Lute Suite*; side two is made up of contemporary Spanish guitar works. In both contexts, Williams displays virtuoso technique and obviously deep affection for an instrument that resists mastery by all but the most accomplished.

•

Mr. Casual, Dino Crocetti, has a brace of LPs currently going for him: ***Dream with Dean*** (Reprise) and ***Dean Martin / Everybody Loves Somebody*** (Reprise). The former is perfectly tailored to Mr. Martin's relaxed tonsils. Enhanced by a quartet staffed with such eminent jazz practitioners as Barney Kessel and Red Mitchell, Dean strolls leisurely through *I'm Confessin'*, *I Don't Know Why*, *My Melancholy Baby* and a version of *Everybody Loves Somebody* that is infinitely superior to the title-tune performance on his second LP, a recording loaded with tall corn. The less said about the abominably ricky-tick arrangements the better.

•

Jazz revisited—another batch of reissues brightens the LP scene. The RCA

VOTE FOR

The people's choice, Old Crow. Look at the record: 129 years of outstanding service. Endorsed by Andrew Jackson & Daniel Webster, among others. Elected modern America's favorite bourbon by a landslide. Famous for its fine character & taste—smooth taste. *Slogan:* A vote for Old Crow is a vote for honest pleasure! So vote for...

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Victor Vintage Series includes ***Body and Soul: A Jazz Autobiography—Coleman Hawkins*** and ***The Great Isham Jones and His Orchestra.*** The former is an aural illustration of exactly why the Hawk has remained one of the colossi of the tenor for almost 35 years. From the 1929 recording of *One Hour* with Red McKenzie's Mound City Blue Blowers to *La Vie en Rose*, performed in front of Manny Albam's strings in 1956, Hawkins has been hard to top. Isham Jones' impact on the big-band scene of the early Thirties has fallen into obscurity over the years. This LP should go a long way toward restoring him and his orchestra to their proper perspective. The band was full-blown, wonderfully disciplined, and had almost none of the Mickey Mouse sound that was endemic to the large aggregations of that era. ¶ Columbia has seen fit to reissue—rechanneled for stereo—a series of studio-produced versions of hit musicals. On hand, once more, are Rodgers and Hart's ***The Boys from Syracuse; Babes in Arms; On Your Toes*** and the Gershwins' ***Oh, Kay!;*** Jerome Kern's ***Roberta*** and Lerner and Loewe's ***Brigadoon.*** The Columbia "repertory company" includes Jack Cassidy, who performs on all LPs, and Portia Nelson, who is heard on *On Your Toes, Roberta* and *The Boys from Syracuse.* Mary Martin stars in *Babes in Arms.* Some of the material shows distinct signs of fraying around the edges, but the scores of *Babes in Arms, Roberta, Brigadoon* and *On Your Toes* are brim full of ageless ballads. ¶ ***NBC's Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street*** (Camden) revives the Dixie-oriented radio show of the late Thirties which featured vocals by a couple of neophyte warblers—Dinah Shore and Lena Horne. Paul Laval and Henry Levine led the studio musical contingents. The sound still makes your toes tap. ¶ ***Jazz Odyssey / Volume II / The Sound of Chicago (1923—1940)*** (Columbia) continues that company's re-examination of the antecedents of jazz. Included on the three LPs are such illustrious names as Eddie Condon, King Oliver, Jelly Roll Morton, Chippie Hill, Bud Freeman, Earl Hines, Horace Henderson and Roy Eldridge. All in all, a rich recap of jazz à la Windy City. ¶ A beautiful slice of West Coast jazz circa early Fifties is ***Modern Sounds / Gerry Mulligan / Shorty Rogers*** (Capitol). Trumpet man Rogers' crew included Art Pepper on alto; Jimmy Giuffre, tenor; Hampton Hawes, piano; and the late John Graas on French horn. Graas also played in the Mulligan Tentette along with such stellar wailers as Bud Shank, Chet Baker, Pete Candoli and Chico Hamilton. Both sides are distinguished by the exciting original compositions of Rogers and Mulligan.

•

Mingus Plays Piano / Spontaneous Compositions and Improvisations (Impulse!) presents the raging bull of the bass in an amazingly different context. His unaccompanied piano musings are quietly reflective, unusually gentle sketches which reveal a refreshing facet of the complexity that is Charlie Mingus. Four of the tracks are standards; the rest are pure Mingus from conception to keyboard.

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Billy Taylor—Right Here, Right Now! (Capitol) features the pianist, his trio, and sumptuous big-band backing by Oliver Nelson, who collaborated on the charts with Billy. Taylor, perhaps because he has been pushed by the Nelson band, is a good deal more freewheeling than he has been in the past. *That's Where It Is, Soul Sister* and the title tune are prime examples of unfettered Taylor-made piano.

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I'm Saved and I Know It! (Battle) is the first LP for a fine new gospel group, The Gable-Airs. The male vocal quintet is forthright and fervent; the gospel is happily nonpop; the results are soul-satisfying.

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Little Big Horn! / Nat Adderley (Riverside) finds the soulful cornettist backed by the Junior Mance Trio, with the guitar chores divided between Kenny Burrell and Jim Hall. The eight compositions are all Nat's (he shares authorship of *Half-Time* with brother Cannonball) and they range in mood from contemplative to digging.

•

Nina Simone vocalizes within a rather restricted area on ***Folksy Nina*** (Colpix) and the results are not completely satisfactory. On the bluesy *Silver City Bound* and the ebullient Israeli ditty *Erets Zavat Chalav*, Nina is superb, but on the likes of *Lass of the Low Country* and *Twelfth of Never*, she is in over her head.

MOVIES

Ginger Coffey's luck in ***The Luck of Ginger Coffey*** is mostly bad, but the movie is good. It's a solid, sensitive film, written by Brian Moore from his own novel and directed by Irvin Kershner, a youngish refugee from Hollywood who is obviously to be heard from again. The setting of the film and of his self-exile is Montreal, and Ginger is a transplanted Irishman whose opinion of himself is higher than the facts warrant. Less a braggart than a man unrelated to reality, he has taken his wife and daughter to Canada in search of opportunity, and soon his small family is reduced to near poverty. His wife, fed up with his blather and blarney, leaves him and takes the job he wouldn't let her take

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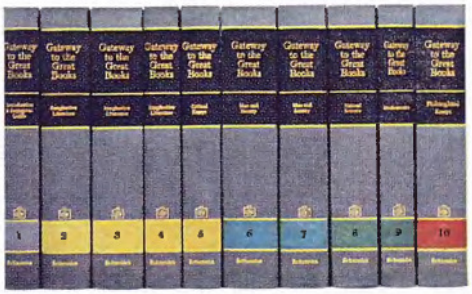

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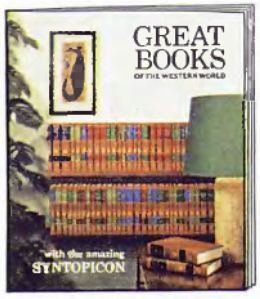

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GREAT BOOKS

while they were together. Things go from bad to bleak for Ginger, who is essentially a good, softhearted guy. He takes a poor-paying job as a newspaper proofreader, in hopes that he will rise to reporter, then editor; and moonlights delivering diapers for a baby-laundry service. When a bit of luck does come his way, he's a bit too fatheaded to recognize it. Eventually he's *really* down on his luck, even to being arrested for relieving himself late at night against the side of a building. It's only when his ego dissolves that he is able to pick up the pieces of his life, face the facts about himself and start afresh. This story, tenuous as it is, becomes uncommonly fascinating as played by Robert Shaw and Mary Ure. Like the writing of Brian Moore, the film is lovingly fashioned and achingly real.

•

The current fashion in movie thrillers is to spoof them (*From Russia with Love, That Man from Rio,* etc.). With ***Topkapi,*** up-to-date director-producer Jules Dassin combines a tongue-in-cheek cleverness with an intricate Eric Ambler plot and comes up with one of the year's most zestful films. Topkapi is a palace museum in Istanbul; it contains, among other treasures, a sultan's dagger, encrusted with four of the world's largest emeralds; these attract the acquisitive eye of a lady jewel thief who just has to have that dagger. The lady is played by Melina Mercouri; her accomplices, willing and unwilling, are Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley and Peter Ustinov. Miss Mercouri has a passion for men as well as for jewels: "I am a nymphomaniac," she murmurs. Maximilian is at her service, except when he is master-planning the robbery. His scheme includes the use of amateurs who will, he hopes, throw the Turkish police off guard. The police, alerted by bumbling Peter Ustinov, assume that the thieves are a band of political terrorists, and from then on it's all plot, subplot, counterplot and counter-counterplot, much too intricate to describe. What *can* be described are the dazzling performances of the four principals who play together like a virtuoso string quartet, and the eye-filling use of Greek and Turkish backgrounds. Henri Alekan's color photography is extraordinary and, as an additional dollop of whipped cream to this rare sundae there is a catchy musical score by Manos Hadjidakis, who had us all humming a couple of years back with his theme for *Never on Sunday.*

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A Hollywood view of marriage is found in ***Send Me No Flowers,*** another of those domestic comedies stamped out at Universal Studio, with Rock Hudson and Doris Day as the stars, and Tony Randall hanging around in the role of kibitzer. As though to prove that Rock and Doris can get away with anything,

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BARBRA STREISAND ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

this time the joke has to do with death. Rock imagines he's going to keel over from a heart attack at any moment, nobly decides that he must find his wife another husband to take care of her after he's gone. Doris thinks Rock is only trying to cover up an affair with a new divorcee in the neighborhood, and, unconscious of her parody of American womanhood at its vilest, tempts Rock out of his imaginary deathbed with a sexy negligee; then, instead of following through, throws him out of the house. Is any of this *funny?* Surprisingly, at times it is, especially when Paul Lynde, as a cemetery executive, extols the advantages of his burial plots. But mostly it isn't. Rock and Doris are stultifyingly mechanical as America's ideal married pair. The direction of Norman Jewison is worthy of note: He has imitated the style of his predecessors in this kind of comedy so well that you'd swear you've seen the movie before.

•

Woman of Straw, a made-in-England mystery, has a cast that includes Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery and Sir Ralph Richardson, and the real mystery is how come they agreed to appear in it. Gina is hired by Connery as nurse to his Uncle Ralph, an elderly, ailing tycoon with a large country estate, several corporations, three Rolls-Royces and a yacht. He is a thoroughly detestable codger in a wheelchair who sadistically humiliates his servants and relatives, a Lionel Barrymore gone rancid. He gets more innocent kicks from taping and playing Beethoven and Berlioz on the hi-fi. Casting goatish eyes on Gina, he realizes that an old man needs more than Beethoven, tries to insure her loyalty with money and jewels and, when that fails, grudgingly curbs his temper. All this suits Sean fine. After seducing the nurse, he suggests that she marry his uncle and they share the inheritance. During a subsequent yacht trip the plot thickens—and curdles. The old man is found dead, presumably of a heart attack. Or was he murdered? And, if so, who did the job? Will that tape deck provide the answers? You bet it will. As though realizing that this leaden mixture of Hitchcock and Clouzot doesn't rise, Basil Dearden, the director, has leavened it with several fetching shots of Gina, out of uniform.

•

Joseph E. Levine, a producer who knows a good title when he sees one, has had the temerity to make Polly Adler's memoirs, ***A House Is Not a Home,*** into a movie. The title promises more than the show delivers. *House* is, in fact, not much more than a routine Twenties melodrama, complete with bootleggers, racketeers and Lucky Luciano (Cesar Romero). Shelley Winters' Polly is a maudlin madam who would like nothing

so much as a home instead of a house, but, alas, when she does encounter romance with a nice, straight jazz musician, she learns that once a madam never a Mrs. The girls are no Fanny Hills, either (our September Playmate, Astrid Schulz, plays one of them). One takes to the needle, and dies of an overdose. Another, pent up with degradation, leaps from her penthouse terrace. Polly's career is sketched in with lead-pencil strokes. An immigrant Polish girl, living with relatives and working in a Seventh Avenue sweatshop, she is raped by a forthright foreman. The relatives regard rape as inexcusable and throw Polly out, whereupon she is befriended by a bootlegger—Robert Taylor, no less. "You bring some party girls," he suggests, "and I'll bring the party." Soon politicians, racketeers and big-time lawyers are repairing to her body shop. Polly winds up a forlorn woman of considerable wealth and inconsiderable position. Let that be a lesson to us all!

•

Fate Is the Hunter is an aviation melodrama (adapted from the Ernest K. Gann novel) that threatens to crash-land from time to time, but manages to straighten up and fly right. A jet-airliner disaster looks as though it might have been the fault of veteran pilot Rod Taylor, who, as several witnesses attest, did some heavy boozing before the flight. Director of Flight Operations Glenn Ford doubts this, and dedicates himself to solving the mystery of the crash, even though he could easily throw the dead pilot to the CAB. He visits former friends, associates and loves of the pilot —which involves plenty of backflashing —and then decides there is nothing to do but take a similar plane up into the yonder, create a similar set of circumstances, and challenge fate to do it again. Ralph Nelson's direction of these sequences creates enough tension to make you reach for a seat belt. Suzanne Pleshette is good as the stewardess who is the sole survivor of the crash, and luscious Nancy Kwan appears in the role of an ichthyologist—as fishy a piece of casting as we've come across in a clam's age.

BOOKS

During the House of Lords debate on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a few years back, it was reported that a peer, on being asked whether he objected to his daughter reading the book, replied that he had no such objection, but that he had "the strongest objection to the book being read by his gamekeeper." This observation may go down as one of the few rational comments to emerge from the past hundred years of efforts to censor sex in literature and the arts. The legal

and linguistic jungle that has grown up around the subject is impenetrable to the layman and troublesome even to the most astute judges. But now two leading New York lawyers have provided an intelligent guidebook in ***Censorship: The Search for the Obscene*** (Macmillan, $6). Morris L. Ernst, who won safe passage for James Joyce's *Ulysses* through the shoals of U. S. literary censorship, has joined with his law-firm colleague Alan U. Schwartz to write this Baedeker for the land of the banned. The authors trace much of the current tangle of restrictive legislation back to post–Civil War days when a 24-year-old grocery clerk named Anthony Comstock led a crusade against "sex in all its manifestations." One of his self-revealing slogans: "BOOKS ARE FEEDERS FOR BROTHELS." His Committee for the Suppression of Vice, in alliance with the Y.M.C.A., lobbied through Congress in 1873 "the law that —with few and relatively trifling changes —still governs 'obscenity' in the mails." The Comstock laws made censorship a big business (enabling their originator to leave the grocery store) and many antisex crusaders joined in. In the ensuing years a healthy portion of American literature was branded obscene. Perhaps the most pathetic attack came against poor—and surely unsuspecting—Tarzan, who was removed from school libraries in zany Los Angeles, in 1961 yet, on the grounds that he had never married Jane. In most censorship cases, the authors point out, "Judges had fun but little success in trying to define 'obscene,' 'lewd,' 'lascivious,' 'indecent'—a game still seemingly engaged in with pleasure by the courts." Among the extra dividends of this abundantly documented book is an appendix consisting of a do-it-yourself case of censorship, complete with dissenting judges' opinions (the reader is asked to form his own) plus a short set of etymologies of the key words used for branding something "obscene." Sample: "Lustful. Teutonic. Lust originally meant pleasure, delight. To long for. A lust-house was a country villa." While acknowledging many advances in liberalization of the laws—including the freeing of such notables as *Ulysses* and *Fanny Hill*—the authors still feel that in the censorship field "for a century the law of our land has been running very fast but not moving very far." They conclude: "What we, all of us, are just beginning to learn is that democratic society, if it is to survive, cannot afford to rule by taboo and temperament. It must rule by reason."

•

Max Shulman, the grown man with cheek, has rallied round with a new novel, ***Anyone Got a Match?*** (Harper & Row, $4.95). It is an elaborately plotted combination of humor and romance that comes up with, of all things, a happy ending. Cast of characters includes Ira Shapian, who has sold out his talents and soul at $3000 a week to *nice* ("In television, *to nice* is a verb, generally transitive") for the L. A. office of the Star Spangled Broadcasting Network; his wife Polly, who dreams of the days way back when; his sometime mistress Boo Owens, a golden girl of the South; their illegitimate son Gabriel; Virgil Tatum, who has a letch for Boo and heads a small Southern college; and Virgil's father, Jefferson, who runs the Tatum Cigarette Company and is the author of the immortal jingle "Tatums smoke mild like an innocent child" ("'Land sakes!' said the late Mrs. Tatum to Jefferson when he brought the jingle home. 'How ever did you think of it?' 'Love,' he replied simply."). These people all come together during the preparations for a mammoth TV show planned by Jefferson Tatum to prove that additives, etc., make food just as poisonous as cigarettes. *Match* is fast and funny. If it doesn't quite burn with the fires of greatness, it does manage to singe the TV game, the cigarette game, the FDA, the groves of academe, and practically everything else it touches.

•

As J. Edgar Hoover, that most durable sacred cow, approaches grazing time (he will be 70 on New Year's Day), he is undergoing inspection for carving. Abattoir knives are being sharpened and it is predictable that over the next 25 years he will be dissected a dozen times. This process is inevitable for a man described by columnist James Reston as "probably the most powerful figure on Capitol Hill." Hoover has many enemies, and as his departure loosens their inhibitions, strangulated information will flow. Veteran reporter Fred J. Cook has not waited for time's assistance. In ***The FBI Nobody Knows*** (Macmillan, $5.95), he employs the let's-look-at-the-record technique to sustain his thesis: "No policeman, however infallible, should be allowed to become in effect prosecutor, judge and jury." He concludes that Hoover has constructed a personality cult to rival Stalin's, that he is a zealous right-winger obsessed by a Comstockian morality, that the FBI is a thought-policing agency, that it juggles statistics to puff itself, that it focuses on sensational "amateur" crime while avoiding tough, organized interstate racketeering, that its agents in the South play footsie with segregationists, and that, to boot, Hoover has been fallible as hell. Cook's tour of Hooverland would be more impressive if he had restrained himself from hacking away until his subject is covered with gore. He spoils his case by niggling over trivia, nagging at the obvious and nuzzling the redundant adjective. His overeagerness occasionally leads him onto thin ice, too, as when he carps at Hoover for refusing to applaud Bobby Kennedy's televised dumb-show, starring

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Joseph Valachi, the celebrated know-nothing. Despite such lapses, the book reveals much of the puritanical protector who has ruled the FBI for 40 years, all the while frowning on crewcuts, whiskey, the odor of tobacco, moist palms, *The Washington Post*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *New York Post*, PLAYBOY, *The Denver Post*, file clerks with pimples, and criticism of John Edgar Hoover. Moreover, Cook suggests a hilarious possibility—that Hoover's men may have infiltrated the Communist Party so thoroughly that it may yet offer the legal defense that it was not Commie-type Communists but FBI-type Communists who committed illegal acts. As antidote to Don Whitehead's adoring *The FBI Story* (1956), and booster shot to Max Lowenthal's potent but outdated *The Federal Bureau of Investigation* (1950), Cook's concoction has the kick of a mule. Visitors to Washington are advised to leave the book in the hotel room as they set out to tour FBI headquarters.

•

Shadow and Act (Random House, $5.95) is Ralph Ellison's first collection of essays and his first book since his remarkable *The Invisible Man*. These essays have been written, he points out, both to test his ideas before incorporating them into his fiction and also as "a conscious attempt to confront, to peer into, the shadow of my past and to remind myself of the complex resources for imaginative creation which are my heritage." These writings stand as the product of a man of acute sensibility, utter lack of sentimentality and singularly disciplined intellect. Although the subjects are diverse, the recurrent theme is the process of self-discovery of an American Negro who refuses to "regard blackness as an absolute"; and thus "a release from the complications of the real world." At the same time, however, Ellison is proud of the strengths in what he terms the Negro American style and he is committed to exploring those elements of Negro subculture that are worth preserving. The essays include literary criticism—most notably, a brilliant analysis of Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner in the context of American writing as an "ethical instrument." Of the half-dozen pieces on jazz, those on Charlie Christian and Jimmy Rushing set new lofty standards in interpreting the sociological and psychological milieu from which particular kinds of jazzmen and particular styles of the music have emerged. Fortunately, Ellison has also preserved his polemical debate with critic Irving Howe in *The New Leader* in which Ellison devastatingly probes the myths and myopia of many doctrinaire white liberals (and some radicals, too) concerning the complexity of Negro experience in America. Buttressing Ellison's contention that Ne-

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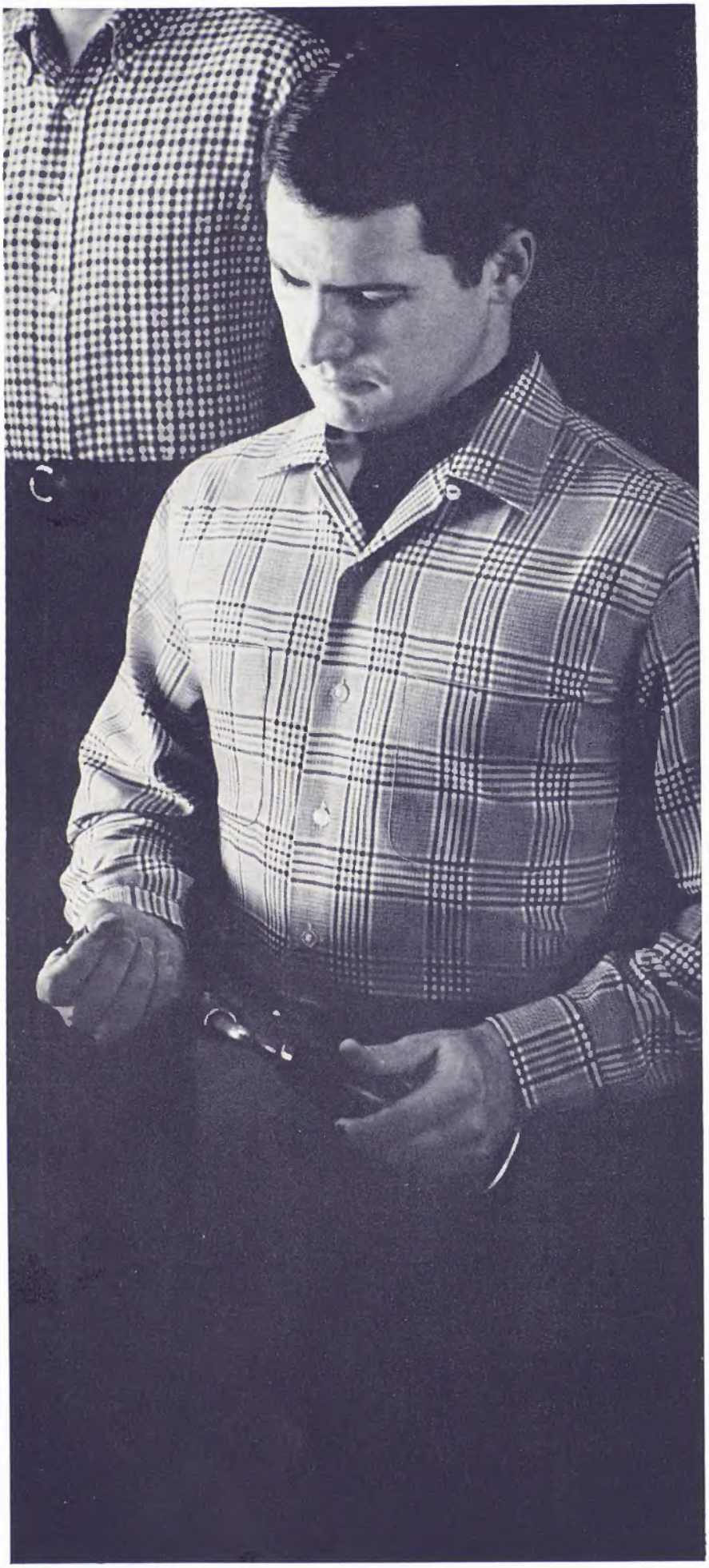
gro life is more diversified and unpredictable than is realized by even "friends" of the Negro are long autobiographical passages. Ellison's passionate descriptions of his own complicated journey into art are remarkably revealing. "Good fiction," he notes, "is made of that which is real, and reality is difficult to come by. So much of it depends upon the individual's willingness to discover his true self, upon his defining himself—for the time being at least—against his background." *Shadow and Act* is essentially a record of Ralph Ellison's acts of self-discovery as he has continued to define himself and his background during the past two decades. In the process, he has honed insights that enable the rest of us to better define ourselves.

•

What James Purdy lacks in grace and wit he more than makes up in a certain phallicity of style. His novel ***Cabot Wright Begins*** (Farrar, Straus, $4.95) is replete with unsheathed swords, daggers, prongs and other instruments of unprovoked aggression. They are all one and the same thing, and they all belong to Cabot Wright, former Wall Street junior executive and rapist *extraordinaire*. When we meet him, he has already finished both careers, has done penance in prison for the second of them and is now trying to "find out who he is," as they say in mediocre novels. He gets a measure of assistance from Bernie Gladhart and Zoe Bickle, who have been commissioned by a book publisher to get Cabot's story and write it up as fiction. Bernie is a used-car salesman from Chicago. His wife, Carrie, has packed him off to New York because she is convinced he has "a book in him." Cabot's sexual shenanigans, then, are presented to us in the form of a book within a book. Zoe attempts to write "the truth as fiction," while Purdy tries to write fiction as truth as fiction. Follow? All this gets to be too cute for words, and too wordy to be really cute. Cabot, a virtuoso in his chosen field, goes from one triumph to the next, but he seems largely indifferent to his success, and so, in the last analysis, are we. There are hints here and there that Purdy wanted this to be a really big book—not just an amusing one but a mordantly penetrating one as well. If we generalize rape to mean the misuse and manipulation of others, then Cabot turns out to be only one of many rapists prowling the land. Carrie "rapes" Bernie by compelling him to leave home in search of the book "in him," Zoe attempts to "rape" Cabot by sapping his memory for the sake of the book; and Keith Princeton, the publisher, quickly establishes his rapist credentials. "We'll use her, Bernie," he says of Zoe. "We'll use you most. And we'll use *him* [Cabot] if necessary." This is promising stuff, but Purdy unfortunately relies on mechanical gags—i.e.,



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Viennese-type psychiatrists mispronouncing their patients' names—and a good deal of crapulous dialog. His book might have been funnier if he had taken it more seriously.

•

The title of this anthology is something of a misnomer: ***LSD, the Consciousness Expanding Drug*** (Putnam's, $5.95), edited by David Solomon with a lengthy introduction by Timothy Leary, ex-Harvard faculty Ph.D., actually encompasses essays not only on the potent, publicity-drenched LSD, but on the other major psychedelic (literally, "mind-manifesting") substances—psilocybin, derived from the famed Mexican "magic mushroom," and mescaline, the active ingredient of the peyote cactus. Despite the misleading title, this provocative collection—which contains hitherto unpublished essays by Alan Watts and William S. Burroughs as well as reprints of PLAYBOY articles (November 1963) by Aldous Huxley, Dan Wakefield and Alan Harrington—presents a spectrum of objective appraisals of the complex problems of application, Government control and therapeutic training which these new drugs pose. With one exception, the contributors have wisely *not* concerned themselves with subjective reactions to these startling chemicals. (All but three of the thirteen essays were written by leading professionals in psychiatric medicine, clinical psychology, philosophy, sociology and theology.) Moreover, reports from investigators who have obtained encouraging results from controlled scientific studies—especially in the treatment of alcoholism, emotional disorders and the pain associated with incurable cancer—have been balanced with statements by authorities who have publicly stressed their reservations. The present volume is likely to generate more light than heat in the spiraling controversy over the consciousness-expanding drugs, not only among scientists and professionals, but also among those who believe that historical perspective and social imagination are required to meet their challenge.

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The topical novel—that sturdy device—rides again in Warren Miller's latest, ***The Siege of Harlem*** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95). The book fairly oozes topicality as a 21st Century Uncle Remus tells his grandchildren—all with such revolutionarily regal names as Sekou, Jomo, Ahmed and Mboya (Where's Patrice? Out playing with Moise?) about that fateful first year when Harlem pulled in its boundaries and "originated itself as one of the great black capitals of this earth." In reviewing the highlights of that first year, the narrator tells how the cold, blind and unfeeling "Majority Party" brought on the revolution; he tells about subterfuges used by the Majority Party to bring Harlem back into the

fold that bear a remarkable resemblance to some recent U. S. sorties vis-à-vis Cuba. The tale ends on Harlem's first anniversary of sovereignty, with the assassination of its leader, Lance Huggins —yet another slice of topicality. In between, to keep the kids' interest, the old man tells about the love triangle among Lance, Lance's wife and Lance's trusted nephew, which is more universal than topical, but you can't have everything. "Mr. Miller," proclaims the dust jacket, "has created a book destined to become a fable of our times." *The Siege of Harlem* has its points, but it's a mighty small assay at a mighty big subject.

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When the Bough Breaks (Doubleday, $4.95), a first novel by Richard Kluger, exposes the not-so-idyllic passions that churn behind the shutters of a pleasant suburban community near New York City. But never fear—Somerset Township is no Peyton Place. What disturbs the gracious living of its residents is a plan by a combination of businessmen and politicians to sell a much-loved wooded tract for commercial development. The battle lines are drawn, and 57 varieties of animosity, greed, chicanery and near madness pop to the surface. Kluger's main accomplishment is his creation of a living community—brick, grass and dollar bills. He details business skulduggery and legal manipulations with a good eye and a sure hand, and his narrative never flags. He is less successful with his characters, few of whom really burst forth as individuals, and the book ends on an unfortunate note of melodrama. Although this is a very contemporary kind of social novel, it is part of a long, important tradition. Kluger's attempt to scrape off some of the veneer of suburban life is honest and revealing—a good antidote to the reams of sociological humbug that keep flooding the land.

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On or off the stage, Dick Gregory tells it like it is; and he has never been more candid or more penetrating than in his extraordinary autobiography, ***nigger!*** (Dutton, $4.95), written with the help of Robert Lipsyte. Not content with an eminently successful career as a comedian, he is totally committed to a massive struggle to so change this society that there will finally be breathing and growing room in it for Negroes—as he so eloquently expounded in his *Playboy Interview* last August. Gregory, like a civil rights Scarlet Pimpernel, seems to be everywhere crises explode—inside a Birmingham jail, with demonstrators in Mississippi, talking to Negro children at a New York Freedom School during a boycott of the city's public school system. For those who have wondered what manner of man Dick Gregory is, the answer is in this book—an unsparing record of one man's self-

education, first into his own potential and then into the collective potential of quickened Negroes everywhere. Born a welfare case, Gregory knew his father only as a brutalizing visitor. His mother was his fortress, but even she couldn't protect him from the mindless cruelty of color-blocked schoolteachers and the anxieties of persistent poverty. Yet self-affirmation began to form, heightened by a discovery when he was a child that he could turn away street wrath by getting a joke in faster than a fist. His ego was spurred by his development as a track star in high school in St. Louis and later at Southern Illinois University. Always, however, there was the consciousness of being black, of being constricted by rules and assumptions that didn't apply to nonblacks. The Gregory odyssey continues through an Army stint; then an exacerbating period of learning to survive while trying to become established as an entertainer; and finally the key break—a date at Chicago's Playboy Club on January 13, 1961. As success accelerated, Gregory never for a moment forgot where he came from and the millions left back there, and he began to play the most self-fulfilling role of his career by plunging into "the movement." His vivid descriptions of heroism from unexpected sources and bestiality from predictable sources in both North and South are fused with harrowing personal experiences. (He was in Mississippi when his two-and-a-half-month-old son died.) A vital subtheme in this autobiography is Gregory's relationship with his wife, Lillian, who has an empathic capacity to share others' frustrations and aspirations. Gregory's autobiography begins with a dedication to his late mother, who died at 48; and it ends with a further dedication: "And now we're ready to change a system where a white man can destroy a black man with a single word. Nigger. When we're through, Momma, there won't be any niggers anymore."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

To those who have dug ***Trini Lopez*** solely on vinyl, and have been wondering what all the shouting is about, we suggest a visit to an in-person performance. We caught Trini at an S. R. O. session at Chicago's Mister Kelly's and were given a highly enlightening lesson in the ephemeral art of communication. Trini—dark, boyish, wearing a perpetual Look-Ma-I'm-Dancing grin—has come up with a well-nigh metaphysical formula: one part folk, one part rock 'n' roll and one part Latin. Some of his big hits—*If I Had a Hammer, La Bamba* and *Kansas City*—offer decisive proof of this all-purpose amalgam. Lopez, with bass guitar and drums for accompaniment, turned

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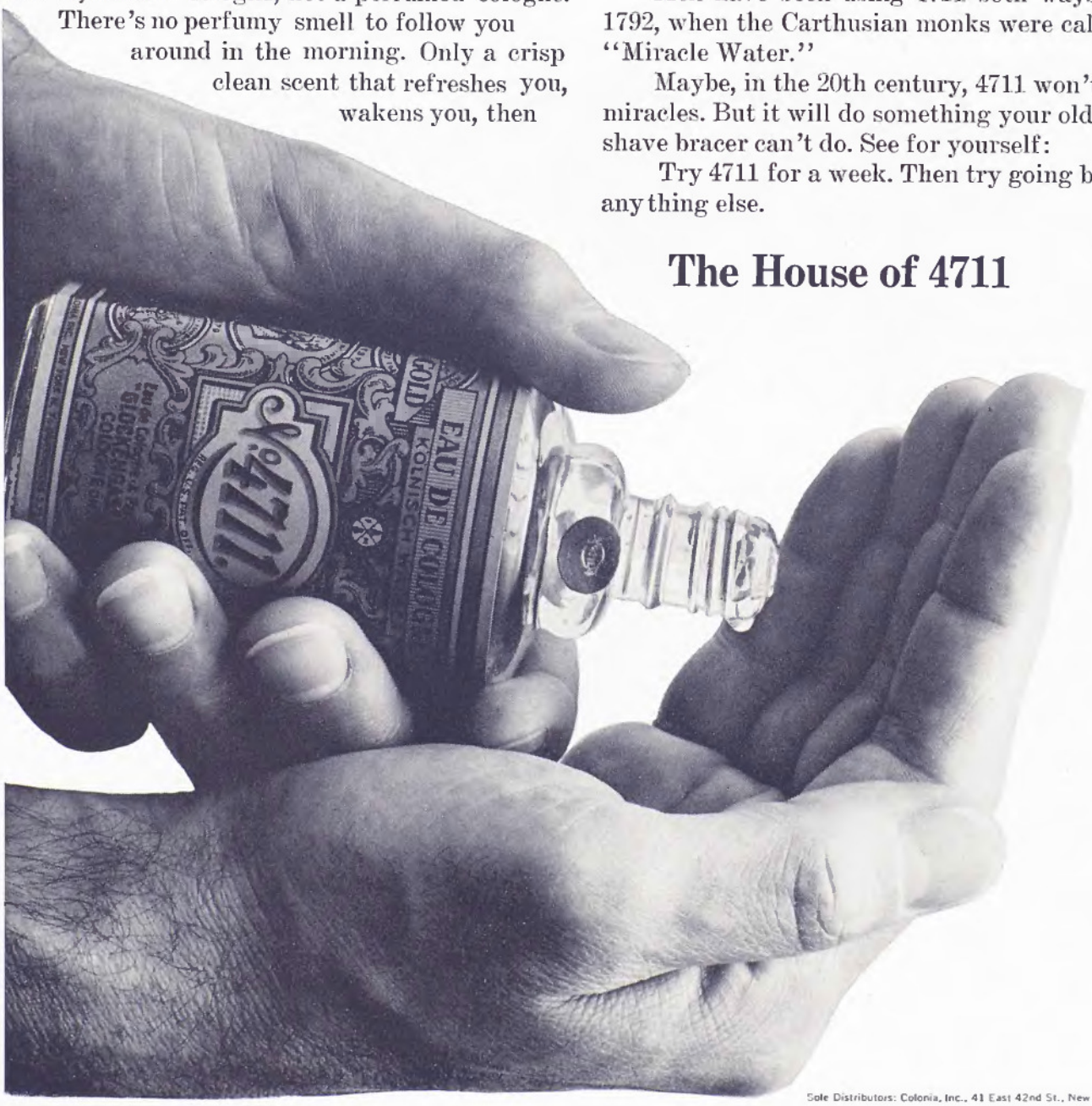

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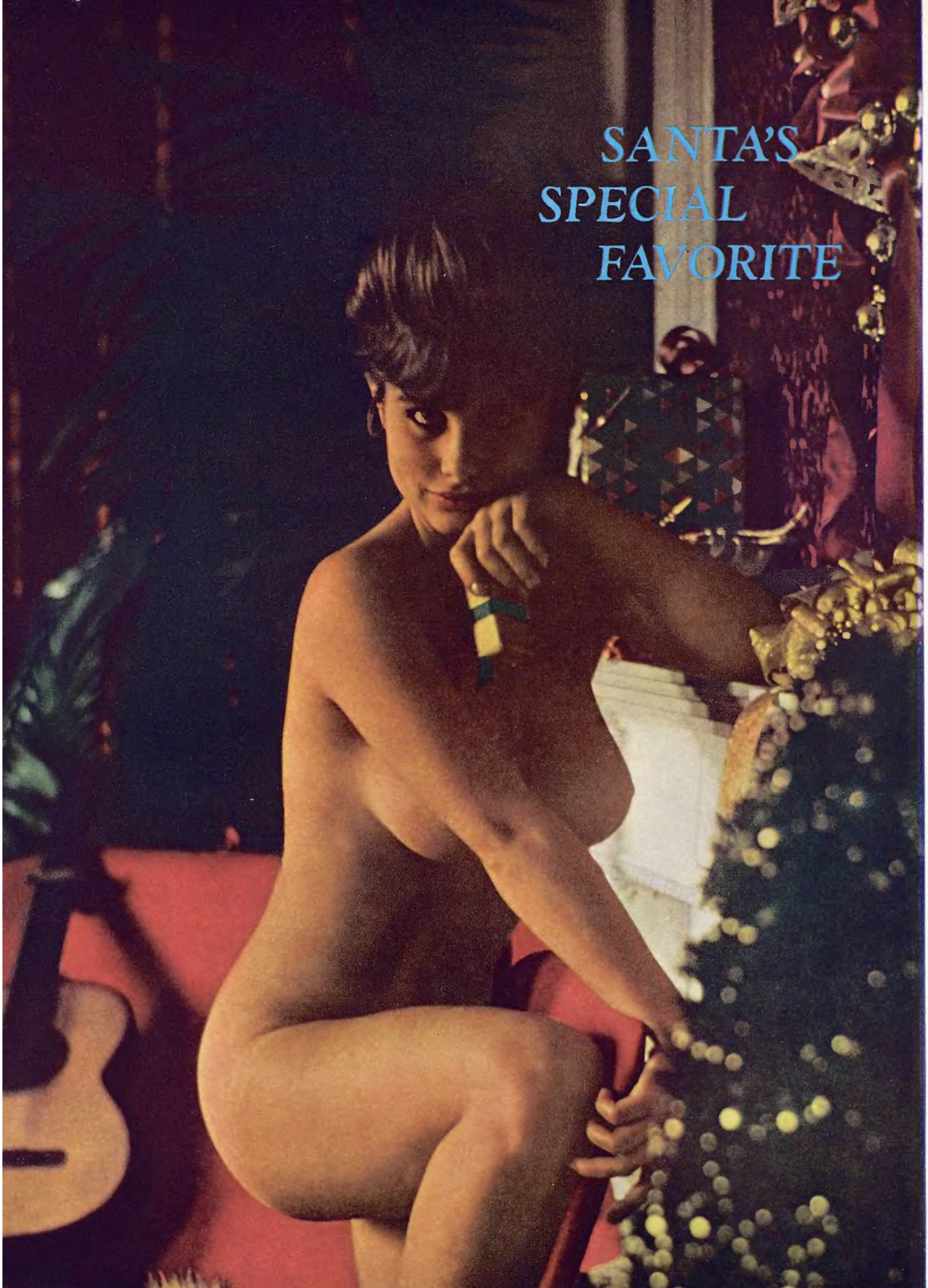
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Mister Kelly's into a rollicking hootenanny with much hand clapping and fervent sing-along (mass mania we can ordinarily do without). The audience seemed on intimate terms with every number in the Lopez book—*¡Hola! Chica*, a Spanish take-off on *Hello, Dolly!*, *America* and *What Have I Got of My Own?* were all group efforts. Lopez' Latin-flavored baritone is neither strong nor distinctive; his guitarwork can be called, at best, adequate, but his personality lights up the room; from the first guitar chord to the last of several encores, his auditors become a rabid Trini Lopez Fan Club, in which we now count ourself a loyal member.

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Disneyland, celebrated playground for tots of all ages, has just concluded a summer season that firmly establishes the Anaheim, California, fun park as a jazz center as well. Unlikely though it may appear, jazz—played by many of its foremost exponents—has proved to be a ringing success as a permanent feature of Disneyland's entertainment. It is evident that the jazzmen—both in special events and as part of the park's regular operation—are there to stay. This year's program of summer jazz was the most ambitious since the park opened its gates. For five consecutive evenings last June, the big-band jazz of Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman officially swung in the season. Basie and Goodman had played separate dates there in 1961 and 1962; for the Duke it was a first and he made the most of it in the Golden Horseshoe Saloon (Pepsi-Cola only) in Frontierland. Goodman, working with a local pickup band from the Los Angeles area, drew heavily on dancers' and listeners' nostalgia for the bygone era of swing. The real jazz excitement, though, was to be found in the Basie and Ellington books. The season wound up in late September as spectacularly as it had been launched in June. A six-night stand by the hard-kicking Harry James band at the beginning of September was followed by the annual two-beat extravaganza, *Dixieland at Disneyland*. Louis Armstrong headed up a veritable regiment of Dixie jazzmen (including several bands from his native New Orleans flown in for the occasion). The jazz was served up in boats, on floats, in barges; one after another, the bands came down Disneyland's "rivers of America." A fireworks display set off as all the bands blasted away together provided the capper. The end result may not have been deathless Dixie, but the awe-struck thousands on the "banks" of the river loved every riff of it. Resident jazz groups are at Disneyland throughout the year; this past summer they included the zany but driving Firehouse Five plus Two playing weekends in Frontierland; the Strawhatters, another Frontierland two-beat combo; and the

Young Men from New Orleans, ranging in age from 54 to 74 years, and led by veteran banjoist Johnny St. Cyr. Tommy Walker, the park's music and talent booker, confesses he "just never got around to" hiring a modern-jazz unit, but admits such a contemporary group would fit in at Tomorrowland.

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A remarkably wide spectrum of nocturnal diversions characterizes New York's ***Café Au Go Go*** (152 Bleecker Street). In the center of Greenwich Village's bumptious entertainment strip, this postgraduate cellar coffeehouse has one of the most heterogeneous booking policies in the East. In recent months, the room has featured jazz (Zoot Sims, Ben Webster, Bill Evans, Stan Getz); folk music (Bob Gibson, Monday-evening hootenannies directed by Ed McCurdy); and comedy (Vaughn Meader, Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce). It is also the policy of co-owners Howard and Ella Solomon to showcase new acts; and accordingly, bright young singers and aspiring satirists as well as exotic music imports from South America and Europe are often in temporary residence. Café Au Go Go was the site of the April arrest of Lenny Bruce on charges of alleged obscenity—an arrest which led to a protracted court case which might set new legal precedence for freeing speech in night clubs. Undaunted by the trial, the Solomons intend to rebook Bruce and are also developing a pointedly topical revue for the winter season which will be performed by a Café Au Go Go company. Also planned for the months ahead are a series of comedy and folk workshops along with a continuation of the room's presently diversified bookings. The room itself is long and rectangular. Once a storage basement, Café Au Go Go has been attractively transmuted into a spare but comfortable refuge. The walls are brick; the chairs and tables are of the genre associated with turn-of-the-century taverns; and the sound and lighting systems are models of accuracy and flexibility. A congenial caravansary—even though the potations are soft and the food is basic—Café Au Go Go has become a regular stopping place for show-business people. The Solomons are justifiably sanguine about the club's future, but meanwhile, Howard also functions during the day as a customer's man for a Wall Street brokerage firm. His basic zeal, however, is for continuing to expand Café Au Go Go; and for the latter purpose, Ella Solomon occasionally visits European clubs to scout new performers so that eventually Café Au Go Go can become the most internationalized coffeehouse in New York. The admission charge varies from $2 Monday through Thursday to $2.50 on Friday and $3 on Saturday.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

This may seem an inconsequential thing to you, but my boyfriend, Dud, whistles when he makes love to me. What's he up to?—K. H., Augusta, Maine.

Assuming he's not just whistling "Dixie," it all depends on the tune. (And with a name like Dud, you're lucky he doesn't just lie there.) If his routine is no more complicated than a few rounds of, say, "Heartaches," then he probably thinks he's being romantic. However, if he gets involved in more complicated works (Bach's "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue" or Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps"), then he might be practicing for a night-club act—and a pretty good one at that. Of course, if he's whistling at other girls, you'd best ask them to leave the room.

At a wedding party I attended recently, we honored the newly marrieds by opening a jeroboam of champagne. A slight disagreement then followed, which you will settle if you can tell me the names of any champagne bottles larger than this, how much they hold and whether they're available in America.—T. S., Wilmington, Delaware.

The double magnum you enjoyed holds 104 ozs. of champagne—almost one full gallon. Its big brothers, in ascending order, are: rehoboam, 156 ozs.; methuselah, 208 ozs.; salmanazar, 312 ozs.; balthazar, 416 ozs.; and nebuchadnezzar, 520 ozs. You can buy them all in France; however, nothing larger than the methuselah is exported, and the largest domestic size is the jeroboam.

I have some money invested in mutual funds, and was surprised when a broker friend of mine told me that mutual funds have been faring worse than the common stock averages. Is this true? Which in your opinion, make the better investment—mutual funds or common stocks?—K. J., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

It's true that the combined growth rate of all mutual funds (mutual funds are investment companies that buy and own stock in many different corporations) has in the past two or three years been outstripped by the pace of most accepted stock averages. What this observation doesn't consider is that no reasonable investor would limit his purchases to an equal sampling of (for instance) the 30 blue-chip stocks that comprise the Dow Jones Industrial Stock Average, any more than he would deploy his money equally among all mutual funds. Most mutual funds invest conservatively (to provide liberal income and security), so their very nature makes rapid price appreciation unlikely. Many funds successfully imitate the characteristics of individual common stocks, offering such diverse investment objectives as rapid growth, high income or blue-chip safety. The rub is that these special-purpose funds will never fare better than the individual stocks that comprise them—stocks which the savvy investor could buy himself without paying mutual fund commissions. When all is said and done, whether you should invest in mutual funds or common stocks depends mainly on your own income and financial habits. If you have neither the time nor the inclination to read the market pages every day, and if your tax bracket is at a level where the prospect of additional taxable income doesn't dismay you (say, under $20,000), then mutual funds are probably your best bet. However, if you enjoy The Wall Street Journal *and have time to follow the market, or if your income is large enough to justify experiments in the 20th Century alchemy of capital gains, then you may be better off investing in common stocks.*

You have on several different occasions stated your objections to men marrying young, but I gather you do not feel the same way about women. I'm 19, in love with a man (divorced, no children) in his 30s. I am confident that our marriage (set for early spring) will be a success, but in the light of your earlier assertions, I'm curious to learn your views toward this impending union.—B. M., Charlottesville, Virginia.

Census Bureau figures show that more than 60 percent of all American girls marry before age 22, which is many more girls than we'd care to argue with. Though your chances of making a lasting marriage might increase if you wait a few years before taking the plunge, it's the age of the male that seems to be the single most important statistical factor in determining whether a marriage will flower or flop. Thus, the marriage of a girl 19 to a man in his 30s probably has a greater chance of success than the marriage of the same girl to a man in his early 20s. And good luck.

The other night I wined and dined a lovely young thing at one of our city's best restaurants. The tab was around $35—money well spent, as it turned out. But, being mathematically inclined, I happened to notice that the bill contained an addition error—amounting to a one-dollar overcharge. Rather than make a scene over such a small amount, I just paid it. In retrospect, however, I feel I should have made a fuss. What's your opinion?—J. W., Baltimore, Maryland.

No reason to make a "fuss," as you

put it. You should have asked that your bill be added up again; a polite request would certainly have done the trick.

One of my girlfriends, currently in Spain, sent me a magnificent wineskin. I must confess I don't know the first thing about breaking it in or keeping it fresh. Can you help?—P.O., Wilmington, Delaware.

Glad to. Fill the wineskin (called a "bota" by the Spaniards) with inexpensive, expendable wine, let it settle for 48 hours, then empty the sack, discarding the wine. This will remove the excess tar with which the inside of the skin is coated to close its pores and make it wineproof. The tar that's left in the skin will keep it from leaking without flavoring the contents. When you fill it with wine again, you're ready for the bullfights. (Two precautions: Don't fill a wineskin with anything but wine or water, and keep wine in it at all times. Soap or detergents will eat through the skin, and allowing it to stay empty may cause it to dry, crack and, consequently, leak.)

A friend of mine owns an automatic-transmission car with power brakes and an oversize brake pedal that seems to invite left-foot use. He's lately fallen into the left-foot habit, much to my horror when I ride with him. However, he claims it's safer. What do you think of left-foot braking?—S. R., Fairfield, Connecticut.

Not much. Conventional, right-foot braking assures that the right foot won't inadvertently remain on the gas pedal during braking, thus eliminating the possibility of a panic situation wherein even the most experienced driver might jam down on both pedals simultaneously. There are some situations—such as parking, tight city traffic, or dirt-track racing—where the ability to brake with the left foot can be extremely helpful, but as a day-to-day driving practice, we're against it. It's also illegal in most states.

I'm a sales engineer for an electronics firm and my job keeps me on the road for at least six months of the year. While I'm here in L. A., I see one girl steadily, but naturally enough, I have casual girlfriends in many of the other cities on my itinerary. Mostly at her instigation, I've been toying with the idea of marrying my Los Angeles girl, who understands that our marriage would necessarily be an on-and-off proposition, with me out of the house at least half the time. She says she'd be content with such an arrangement, and realizes that to ask me to be faithful to her for my six months away from home would be asking too much. She's ready to name the date, but

I still have my reservations. Do you feel I should go ahead with this marriage?—P. T., Los Angeles, California.

No, we don't. We think your reservations are well founded. Until you're interested enough in a relationship to want it on more than a part-time basis, you'll be wise to avoid matrimony altogether. The odds against establishing a successful marriage on such a casual and uncommitted basis are astronomical.

I like to wear a scarf, but I'm afraid it makes me appear senescent. What sort of scarf can a young man best wear with overcoat and business suit?—V. M., Arlington, Virginia.

There's nothing geriatric about a scarf—in fact, it's a smart and sensible piece of winterwear. A wool or cashmere scarf, preferably in some solid neutral tone, best complements the business suit. For an added fashion fillip, try a reversible model: silk on one side, cashmere on the other.

At a large and uproarious party last summer, my wife and I swapped partners for a night with my boss and his wife. This exchange has continued intermittently since then, but my wife and I want out, even though the other two are still eager. How can I sever this arrangement without jeopardizing my job?—P. Y., Seattle, Washington.

If your boss has the authority to fire you, you can't. However, since you weren't hired to play musical beds, chances are he won't dismiss you for refusing to. In any event, the question is not how you break this off, but when. To which the answer is: the next time the boss proposes a switch. And whether he decides to fire you or not, we think you would be better off to look for another job, since it will be difficult for you to resume a normal employer-employee relationship after such sexual shenanigans.

Who are the richest Americans?—U. A., Princeton, New Jersey.

This is a rough one, because as wealth increases, it becomes progressively more difficult to evaluate in dollars and cents. The most thorough study, conducted seven years ago by Fortune *magazine, concluded that oil entrepreneur J. Paul Getty (*PLAYBOY*'s Contributing Editor, Business and Finance) was way out in front as the richest American, with holdings then conservatively valued in excess of one billion dollars. Current estimates make Getty a multibillionaire, and it's likely that the boom years since 1957 have seen other fortunes on the*

richest list grow proportionately. After Getty, with their holdings then valued at between $200,000,000 and $700,000,000, are (in alphabetical order, since it's impossible to arrange them by wealth): Mrs. Mellon Bruce (family banking interests), of New York; Irénée Du Pont (E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Co.), of Wilmington; William du Pont Jr. (also of du Pont), of Wilmington; Mrs. Frederick Guest (inherited wealth), of Palm Beach; Howard Hughes (seldom-seen owner of Hughes Tool Co.), nominally of Los Angeles; H. L. Hunt (independent oilman, right-wing benefactor, and now reputedly a billionaire), of Dallas; Joseph P. Kennedy (real-estate titan and father of the late President), of Boston; Daniel K. Ludwig (National Bulk Carriers), of New York; Paul Mellon (family banking interests), of Upperville, Virginia; Richard King Mellon (Alcoa, Gulf Oil and the Mellon Bank), of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Alan Scaife (nee Mellon), also of Pittsburgh; and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. (General Motors), of New York.

A girl I've been dating steadily is—by all indications—an alcoholic. Though when she's with me I can usually keep her off the bottle, she frankly admits that one or two nights a week she'll drink herself senseless in the privacy of her own apartment. When she's sober, she's as fine a girl as I've ever known; I've even been thinking of asking her to marry me, on the assumption that once I have her under my wing I'll be able to get her to kick her drinking habit. What are your thoughts?—G. K., Waco, Texas.

We think you're mistaken in thinking that marriage can cure alcoholism. Uncontrollable drinking is not only a sickness in itself, it can also be a symptom of a more serious psychological illness which should be treated professionally. You should guide this girl into the hands of Alcoholics Anonymous, or to a psychiatrist, or both, and put off any thoughts of marriage until you're satisfied that she's off the sauce, or that she has her drinking under control.

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

RIGHT NOW is the time to plan a January jaunt to the former Reef Club near Ocho Rios on the stunning island of Jamaica, reopening shortly after New Year's as the Jamaica Playboy Club. Equidistant from Montego Bay and Kingston (both easily reached by daily jet from most major U. S. cities), the 10-acre, palm-studded, breeze-wafted site offers all the amenities of a Playboy Club plus the pleasures of a swinging, deluxe oceanside resort, completely refurbished. Upon arrival, guests are warmly welcomed by a bevy of Bunnies, and the cottontails extend their hospitality to the Playboy Patio overlooking the 50-meter Olympic-sized swimming pool and the cabanas near the 800-foot white-sand beach (where the Bunnies serve exotic drinks and double as bikini-bedecked lifeguards). In the VIP dining room, Continental cuisine and tangy native dishes highlight the gourmet menu. Evening beach parties feature calypso and limbo dancing, and daytime sports include riding, fishing, swimming, water-skiing, sight-seeing, skindiving, tennis, sailing and glass-bottom boating on crystal-clear Bunny Bay. You can pick up some nifty bargains at the free-port shop, where every type of merchandise, including liquor, is available at discounts of up to 80 percent. Rates begin at $20 per day, double occupancy, modified American plan.

Other special spots in the sun include such way-out places as Djerba, the legendary island of the lotus-eaters. Located off the coast of Tunisia, this relatively unknown site is reached by twice-weekly plane from Tunis or Tripoli, or by ferry from the Tunisian port of Sfax. Along Djerba's 15 miles of glistening strand, you'll find plenty of room for water frolicking; the mobs haven't found this place yet. For a long stay, rent a fairly modern beachhouse for under $100 a month; for shorter stays, a luxurious Oriental villa has been converted into a small hotel, set amid lush gardens, with its own swimming pool and tennis courts. The tab here runs amazingly low, from $6 to $10 a day with meals.

Spain's Costa Brava, better known as a summer-resort area, is another winter hideaway just right for the knowledgeable. During the off season there's time to plan memorable meals with the chef at Lloret de Mar's Christina restaurant, famed for crayfish and prawns, and time to visit the Hostal de la Gavina, a fine resort situated on the point of a rocky cape at S'Agaro, the Costa Brava's showplace and yachting center. Within easy access of a beach, the hotel boasts its own night club, as well as rooms impressively decorated with authentic Spanish antiques.

The drive along this coast is incredibly beautiful—especially the stretch from Tossa de Mar to San Feliú de Guixols—winding around the heads of deep-water inlets thrusting into rocky red cliffs. Generally, however, we favor the water bus for eminently scenic transportation along the Costa Brava. It runs twice daily from Blanes—with calls at Lloret de Mar, Playa de Aro and other resort villages—to Tamariu, where the umbrella plants grow right up to the fringe of silvery sands.

Closer to home, the escape route to the sun-drenched and offtrail is by air to La Paz, a sleepy, tropical fishing port toward the south end of Mexico's Baja California peninsula. From here, an air taxi whisks sophisticated travelers to little-known but luxurious hideaway hotels at Las Cruces and Cabo de San Lucas. Largely patronized by the more tony among the Hollywood set, these spots appear deceptively unadorned at first glance. That's a carefully contrived illusion, however. You'll find ultramodern decor and comfort, and service on a par with the poshest of Mexican resorts: You never quite get your languid finger raised before the pink gin is at your elbow. Heady tropical scenery and some of the world's most extraordinary fishing complete the picture. Tabs that would run $200 and up elsewhere start here at a modest $50 a day for two with meals.

You can wing it farther south or take a boat from La Paz across the Gulf of California to the Mexican mainland at Mazatlán, set on a splendid peninsula, with some of the best beaches along the west coast of Mexico. A whole string of low-key but pleasant little resorts stretches up the coast north of here along the highway that leads into the U. S. at Nogales. Topolobampo, Los Mochis, Huatabampo and Navojoa offer days of lazy swimming, beach lolling, savoring fresh-caught seafood, and just plain enjoying each slow and satisfying moment. The hotels at these places are unpretentious, and all of them give onto broad beaches with palm-thatched shelters where you may lie around in the shade testing the relative merits of tequila sours or tequila in coconut milk. Shining exception: One of the best inns in Mexico lies just east of Navojoa, at Álamos. The Casa de los Tesoros here offers facilities that are well worth every centavo of its relatively high tab.

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"

APPLAUSE FROM A "PRUDE"

Because I have a vague idea of just how much effort Editor-Publisher Hefner must put into each new installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I think you will very much appreciate the enclosed newspaper column on the subject, which reflects, incidentally, my own personal feelings about your editorial series—the *Philosophy* being the primary reason why I am now a PLAYBOY subscriber.

The following appeared in the April 17 issue of the *Hiawassee* (Georgia) *Herald*, and its author, Lowell Kirby, also wrote the prize-winning column in the 1962 Better Newspaper Contest, sponsored by the Georgia Press Association. This particular column on PLAYBOY may not win Kirby another award, but there are a great many of us nonurban-type fellows, living in the heart of the supposedly narrow-minded, prejudiced deep South, whose views this piece accurately reflects, and I thought you, and a lot of your readers living in other parts of the country, would especially like to know *that*. Here's the column, "From My Note Book" by Lowell Kirby:

> For several months, a friend of mine has been tearing his shirttail, rushing to the newsstand as soon as the new issue of PLAYBOY goes on sale. His action puzzled me, because he is a married man—with five children—and I began to wonder if there was something he had not outgrown. Somewhere along the line, I had gained the impression that only barracks dwellers and dormitory livers—of the male variety—were PLAYBOY devotees. I thought only youths who drooled over voluptuous nudes bought the magazine. But no more. Now I'll swear by PLAYBOY. I'll tell you it is the greatest thing published in America.
>
> But let's go back to my friend who has been wild about PLAYBOY for these many months. A few nights ago, we were doing some waiting, and he read aloud from PLAYBOY—a Shel Silverstein story about a lion who hunted hunters [*Lafcadio, the Lion Who Shot Back*, November 1963]. It was the funniest story I've heard since *No Time for Sergeants*, and we both laughed till we cried.
>
> My friend said PLAYBOY always had good stories, but he explained that he bought the magazine for *The Playboy Philosophy*, and asked me to read the latest segment of the *Philosophy*.
>
> I did, and I'm here to tell you that it is the best stuff printed in this land of ours. It is Thomas Jefferson, Mark Twain, Tom Paine, Whitman, Dreiser, Vernon Parrington, all rolled into one. It is beautifully written (some of the phrases are like thunderbolts), in true American, democratic tradition, and it explores areas vitally important in our modern society—with an insight and courage not seen in any other major publication in the United States.
>
> What, basically, is *The Playboy Philosophy*? This, I think: Progress requires the exchange of outdated ideas for new and better ones. Even unpopular points of view must be heard, must be considered, challenged and ultimately accepted or rejected.
>
> PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner has been expounding this philosophy—on page after page after page—since December 1962. It is virtually a condensation of the great ideas of Western culture—the best-done thing I've seen anywhere.
>
> Yes sir, I believe everybody ought to read PLAYBOY. If you are a bit of a prude—as I am—you can tear out the girlie pictures and throw them away before you take the magazine home.

Robert A. Duke III
Atlanta, Georgia

Thank you for sending the column, which we hadn't seen; and thanks to Lowell Kirby for writing it. If Kirby is "a bit of a prude," as he claims, we'll have to find a new definition for the word. Whatever he is, may his tribe increase.

WILDERNESS

I will readily agree that Hefner's iconoclasm is perfectly logical, but I believe that he has fallen into a trap by failing to rebuild on the ruins of the morality he has destroyed. Here is a man who says that everything I have been taught concerning morality is wrong; but this same man has left me stranded in a nihilistic

wilderness. It is easy to say that something is no good, but perhaps the task of offering something in return is beyond Hefner's capabilities.

Frank Lagana
Brooklyn, New York

The task of laying bare the hypocrisies of demonstrably unworkable and harmful moralities is a prodigious one, particularly when those moralities have centuries-old roots, when they are reflected in the legal statutes of every state in the land, and when they are ingrained in the minds of a large segment of the population. Hefner has approached this monumental task with a thoroughness rarely, if ever, matched in the American press, but he has not left the reader in a nihilistic wilderness: He has propounded a morality based on individual freedom guided by reason and responsibility. Of those readers who feel he has taken away more than he has offered, Hefner asks only patience: In future "Philosophy" editorials he will discuss at length the foundations on which he believes a new, rational morality should be built. But as has been noted before in these columns, it is up to each of us as individuals to evolve our own morality or philosophy; Hefner can analyze the undesirable aspects of past and present morality, but only the individual can search out the irrationality within himself and begin to build his own morality anew.

HEFNER'S DISCIPLES

The logical coherence of Hefner's *Philosophy* must appeal to many minds searching for a guide to help them lead satisfactory lives in this troubled world. My own initial temptation to adopt Hefner's philosophy has been dulled by the ideas of Everett Kircher [professor of education at Ohio State University]. Addressing philosophers in general and educational and social theorists in particular, Kircher writes:

". . . In any free society, and in the world at large, every man's carefully intellectualized outlook on life is in fact qualified, denied or doubted by men and cultures of equal intellectual equipment and equal intellectual integrity. To believe in one's self and yet to honor the person and the thinking of those who deny one's own beliefs, presents finite and inevitably biased man with a dilemma he does not have the cosmic mind finally to resolve." Any plea for the universal adoption of one's own unique philosophy, says Kircher, "fails to recognize the strategic limits of intellection and robs a diversity of men of the only real freedom in the world, the freedom to engage life with integrity, each on his own terms."

If Hefner is merely expounding his philosophy for his readers' information and critical consideration, then I apologize and hail him. But even so, the great danger remains that many readers will uncritically adopt Hefner's philosophy *in toto*. These readers will be the ones who become Hefner's disciples whether he wants them or not.

W. J. Sheriff
Calgary, Alberta

Since the essence of Hefner's philosophy is precisely "freedom to engage life with integrity, each on his own terms," it follows that Hefner is not guilty of soliciting universal adoption of his ideas. He offers his ideas, as reader Sheriff suggests, for his readers' critical consideration and information, and is confident that most of them will exercise their intellectual equipment in the development of their own individual philosophies.

GUARDING FREEDOM

When a nation allows man's basic human rights to become subject to the whims of a few self-appointed guardians of morality, it is refreshing to discover someone who believes in and is willing to fight for these rights. Reading the *Philosophy* has given me new confidence in the ability of Americans to overcome any suppression of free thought or choice. All of our armed might has little value if we allow *any* of our principles of freedom to be lost from within.

SP/4 Darrell A. Sayers
APO New York, New York

MISCEGENATION

I have been a regular reader of PLAYBOY for over five years, and I find myself in almost complete accord with Hefner's *Philosophy*. In only one area has he let me down: Has Hefner been snow-jobbed by the integrationists? Concerning mixed marriages, the wave of integrationist propaganda has all but buried us. Hefner should double-check his premises: as in other matters, use reason as his guide.

Jack Ronald Miller
Fort Wayne, Indiana

If you seriously believe that miscegenation laws can be justified by reason, you'd better go back to the first installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" and begin again, because you didn't get much out of it the first time around. Racism, in whatever form, is irrational; it is derived from prejudice, the enemy of reason.

NONDISCRIMINATORY DISCRIMINATION

The following is an excerpt from the Civil Rights Bill [still pending when this letter was written], as reprinted in *The Kokomo Tribune*, 11 May 1964:

> Title VII, Sect. 704(f). Notwithstanding any other provision of this title, it shall not be an unlawful employment practice for an employer to refuse to hire and employ any person because of said person's atheistic practices and beliefs.

Now what I would like to know is—are these people serious? If they manage to pass the bill with a provision like that in it, the final irony will have occurred: a nondiscriminatory bill that discriminates.

Bob Croddy
Kokomo, Indiana

We share your incredulity. To have inserted into the major legislation being created by Congress to curb racial discrimination, a paragraph endorsing religious discrimination, borders on the bizarre.

This remarkable reference was not in the original draft of the Civil Rights Bill first considered by the House of Representatives; it was introduced as an amendment by Representative John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) and appeared in the version that was approved and sent to the Senate by the House (although Representative Ashbrook voted against the bill—his own amendment and all).

The antiatheist paragraph was deleted during revision in the Senate, with most of the credit for this, and for the rest of the important final effort expended on the legislation, belonging to Senators Everett Dirksen (R., Ill.) and Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.); it was Humphrey's last important Congressional chore before accepting the Democratic nomination for Vice-President.

While protecting the rights of our Negro citizens was uppermost in many minds during the preparation and passage of the Civil Rights Bill, in its final form this legislation prohibits discrimination against any individual because of race, color, religion, national origin or sex. We're not quite certain how sex got in there, but there it is; forgive us if we venture the hope that, where sex is concerned, some small measure of discrimination will remain.

GOLDWATERISM

The American public is on the verge of taking an altogether new look at the laws and customs that dictate artificial moral standards to the individual. However, there is another influence in the country today that threatens to undo all the good work Hefner and others have done in this area. It can be summed up in one word: Goldwaterism. Once again into the political arena walks a man who claims to know what is right for every individual, and behind his archaic political philosophy lies an equally dangerous moral philosophy. It should be apparent to anyone who listens to the Senator and his supporters that they would have us return to a form of behavior based on the concept of original sin. They claim

that this country has abandoned its moral standards; under the guise of individualism they call for a way of life that would take us back to Puritan New England and the Salem witch trials. They want to "clean up" America; I fear once again they would make us guilt-ridden neurotics. I would like to think that I am free to form my own moral judgments; I am honestly afraid that the Great Rain Maker from Arizona, if he had his way, would seek to form them for me.

Allan B. Stevenson
Berkeley, California

LIBERAL CLAIMS

In the August *Forum* Hefner takes the position that regardless of what modern nomenclature is applied to his economic views, they are liberal rather than conservative, and thereby agree with his sexual and social views. His logic is interesting but inaccurate. Just because a philosophy parades itself under the banner of individual freedom does not mean that its goal is individual freedom. Both the extreme rightist John Birch Society and the extreme leftist Communist Party proclaim systems supposedly leading to individual freedom.

It is also interesting that the groups whose antiquated moral views Hefner so nobly combats are the same groups whose economic views he advocates. There are many rightist groups who hold business philosophies like Hefner's, but who decry as sinful premarital relations, who promulgate acceptance of regulated school prayer, and who would take us back to the 1880s if they could.

Daniel Turov
Oceanside, New York

There's no doubt that many an economic philosophy with other ends in view has disguised itself under the cloak of individual freedom. The cry of freedom is the most fundamental propaganda device of almost any political or economic philosophy; virtually no one would listen to a philosophy that did not offer it. The proof of an economic philosophy lies not in its verbalized intentions, but in its achievements. Extremist systems—right or left—have time and again proven themselves totalitarian in nature: Each extreme denies freedom to its opposite, and only those in power are really free.

Hefner's philosophy stands for, among other things, competitive capitalism under a government that guarantees the rights and privileges of every minority, including that smallest of minorities—the individual. That others may hold similar views of government while also holding outmoded and puritanical views on sex and religion is a reflection of the inconsistencies in their philosophies, not ours. In Hefner's view, individual rights are fundamental in all areas—in government, politics, sex and religion—as 18 installments of the "Philosophy" have consistently demonstrated.

PHILOSOPHER'S PHILOSOPHY

I wish to add my appreciation to that of Hefner's other readers for his very intelligent and informative exposition of *The Playboy Philosophy*. For readers in England, the aspects of the *Philosophy* concerned with American practices and outlooks are not always relevant, but most of what Hefner is concerned with applies at least to all the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Much of it is of universal interest, at least throughout Christendom.

It seems to me that one of our most difficult tasks is to evolve a defensible basis for interpersonal and sexual relationships that is free of the outdated and irrelevant aspects of our Christian heritage. I certainly feel the *Philosophy* is significantly contributing to the formulation of this basis. I had occasion a short while ago to contribute to a debate in the university concerning the relationship of Christianity and sex, part of which is enclosed, in the hope that it may be of interest to Hefner. [For the text, see below.] Some facets of the *Philosophy* appear in my statement, and I hope that in return for using Hefner's ideas I have contributed a few new points to his *Philosophy*.

> Our theme concerns whether or not traditional Christian morality, as it bears on sexual matters, is to be rejected. Several difficulties present themselves, however: The mixture of sex and religion can be explosive, resulting in emotional rhetoric rather than reasoned argument; and it is necessary to clarify *what* is to be rejected by *whom*, and *why*. It is apparent that intelligent man in the modern world must do the rejecting. What views he rejects may appear to be highly selective, for the 2000-year history of Christianity is so rich and multifaceted that support may be culled for almost any view on sexual morals. For instance, are we to accept as the "traditional Christian view," the views of Jesus as reported in the Gospels, the views of St. Paul as expressed in the Epistles, the views of St. Clement or St. Augustine, or the whole of the Old and New Testaments but nothing since?
>
> Whichever view may be selected, there nevertheless has been, and is, a powerful and intrinsic element in the Christian tradition that holds that sexual relations are bad and wrong: "Unworthy, if not shameless and obscene," as Dr. Sherwin Bailey has said. He goes on: "The effect of such teaching must necessarily have been grave; it caused a distortion of principles and values which left an indelible mark upon Christian sexual thought, and we can only guess at the psychological disturbance and conflicts which it has produced in the lives of individuals." A consequence of considering sex a bad thing is the view that continence is a good thing, and thus virginity, chastity and celibacy are essential Christian virtues. This is not just true of ancient times. Until 1928 the official view of the Church of England on marriage was that "it was ordained for a remedy against sin, and to avoid fornication: that such persons as have not the *gift* of *continency* might marry, and keep themselves *undefiled* members of Christ's body."
>
> It is difficult to trace the sources of this view in the Christian tradition, and while it is customary and fashionable today to put the blame on St. Paul, who was unquestionably extremely neurotic and indeed psychopathic, he was only a partial source of the distorted Christianity responsible for some of society's sexual disorders. There is, in addition, the fact that Pauline Christianity inherited the essentially legalistic, rule-based morality of Judaic tradition, including its strictures on sexual activity, and the entire structure of antisexual views, strictures, punishments and penances introduced into Christianity in medieval times.
>
> *Why* this antisex tradition in Christianity should be rejected by intelligent people in the modern world can be answered in three different ways.
>
> First, Christian sexual views go out with the rejection of traditional Christianity as a whole. There is a general feeling among thinking people, including Christian theologians, that Christianity's emphasis on *ethics* involves an indefensible distortion, and that the basic structure of the religion is a metaphysic —an intellectual and belief framework in which moral concepts play a consequential rather than a fundamental part. There is also the feeling, perhaps strongest in Catholics, that the traditional authority accorded to priests is excessive, and that in such matters as giving sexual and marital advice the celibate clergy is hardly the best authority. These two trends in thinking, taken together, constitute one ground for a rejection of Christian morality as a whole.
>
> The second reason for rejecting traditional views on sex is that there

(continued on page 151)

Why we put a head on Schlitz before we put on the cap

A good breath of fresh air works wonders for just about anything. Except beer.

In fact, only a couple of whiffs have been known to ruin the flavor of a whole batch of otherwise splendid brew.

So for the sake of real gusto, Schlitz takes unusual pains to protect the famous Schlitz taste. For example, in the final step an ingenious little machine jiggles the bottle just after it's filled. The beer foams up, the air goes out—and on pops the cap.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GOVERNOR GEORGE WALLACE

a candid conversation with alabama's demagogic segregationist

On June 11, 1963, millions watched on television as George Corley Wallace, the pugnacious governor of Alabama, stationed himself in the doorway of the registrar's office at the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, to block the entrance of Negroes Vivian Malone and James Hood, whom the Federal courts had ordered enrolled at the school. But the gamecock governor, who had vowed to oppose integration by going to jail if need be, obediently stepped aside and allowed the pair to pass when ordered to do so by the commanding general of his own Alabama National Guard, which had been Federalized by President Kennedy to enforce the court order. Surrender or not, with this empty but melodramatic gesture of defiance, George Wallace had replaced Governors Orval Faubus of Arkansas and Ross Barnett of Mississippi as the South's most intransigent elected exponent of racial segregation.

Last spring, the ambitious Alabaman announced his intention to enter the Democratic primaries as a "conservative" candidate for the Presidency—with the purpose of proving his contention that Southern antagonism to the Negro civil rights movement is shared by Northern whites. Hitting the campaign trail in Wisconsin, he was greeted by large and noisy crowds—both pro and con—but with unanimous hostility by party regulars and Wisconsin's press. Milwaukee's Catholic Herald Citizen *declared that "moral evil is invading Wisconsin." Protestant ministers gave him harsh treatment at a question-and-answer session in Oshkosh. College students jeered him during a speech at Wisconsin State University. But on April 7, to everyone's surprise but his own, Wallace walked off with a whopping 34 percent of the Democratic vote.*

Proclaiming a "moral victory," he went on to campaign in Indiana, where he proceeded to rack up an equally unsettling 30 percent of the vote. Supremely self-confident now, he intensified his demagogic appeals to bigotry, and two weeks later alarmed moderates of both parties by polling nearly 43 percent of the vote in Maryland's primary. He would have won, said political analysts, except for heavy voting in Baltimore's predominantly Negro and Jewish districts.

The governor returned to a hero's welcome in Alabama, having demonstrated that the ugly racist attitudes once assumed to be a Southern near-monopoly were actually a nationwide phenomenon. The term "backlash" was coined to describe this unspoken tide of white resentment of Negro gains and aims. Wallace's subsequent decision to run for President in at least 16 states was followed in July by his sudden withdrawal from the race—immediately after the Republican Party, at its virtually lily-white convention in San Francisco, drafted a feeble civil rights plank and nominated Goldwater as its standard-bearer. Amidst indignantly denied rumors of a "deal" with the Goldwater forces—which stood to become the benefactors of his backlash vote—Wallace bolted the Democratic convention and intimated that he might throw his support to the Arizonan, and possibly even organize a "conservative" third party (headed, presumably, by himself) in time for the 1968 election.

In the interest of clarifying his racist convictions—which promise to have a significant bearing on the outcome and aftermath of this month's election— PLAYBOY *sent a correspondent to Montgomery, first capital of the Confederacy and present capital of Alabama, with our request for an 11th-hour interview—just before this issue went to press—with the arch-segregationist governor.*

He consented to talk with us over a late dinner in a small Greek restaurant not far from his Statehouse office. Though the fatigue of long hours had deepened the lines and shadows of his saturnine face, the 45-year-old governor still cut a fastidious figure in his dapper gabardine suit and tie, and he walked with us to the restaurant—hailing cronies and glad-handing passers-by—with the springy stride of a bantamweight boxer (which he was: Gold-

"We Southern governors have pointed out that Communists were involved in every demonstration in our area. Many leading members of civil rights groups have been cited as Communist-fronters."

"The white people of the South raised the Negro to where he is today. The Negro's best friend has been the Southern white man, and the Southern white man has had a good friend in the Negro."

"A man running a private business should be entitled to serve only men with green eyes and red hair if that is his whim. He is the one risking capital and years of his life, not the Government."

en Gloves state champion in 1936 and 1937).

No friend of the press—which he has branded "lying," "distorted" and "communistic"—he asked us if his grammatical errors would be printed verbatim in order to embarrass him. He need not have been concerned, for though he lapses into a corn-pone dialect with his "down-home" constituency, his conversation with our reporter was above grammatical reproach and virtually without accent. As will be seen, we refrained from turning an interview into a debate, by allowing certain statements of "fact" to go unchallenged, in the belief that Wallace's own words would be of greater interest to an enlightened readership than would reiterated issue-taking with such debatable statements as his assertion that white Alabamans have always been peace-loving friends of the state's Negroes. (Since the first official keeping of records in 1882, Alabama has been the scene of 299 Negro lynchings.)

We began by asking him to indulge in a bit of election-eve prognostication.

PLAYBOY: As of this moment, would you care to predict who will win the election?

WALLACE: No. Is that a clear enough answer? I honestly cannot give you a firmer one at this point.

PLAYBOY: As we go to press, the latest nationwide Gallup Poll gives President Johnson more than a two-to-one edge over Senator Goldwater. Even if this margin is reduced between now and election day, wouldn't these figures seem to indicate a decisive Democratic victory?

WALLACE: It is in the voter's booth that the election will be decided, not in the polls. Some of these surveys have been accurate, but just as many have proved notoriously unreliable.

PLAYBOY: What do you feel will be the effect of your own withdrawal from the race on the outcome of the election?

WALLACE: Let me put it this way: If I had remained in the race, I would have drawn more votes from Senator Goldwater's supporters than from President Johnson's.

PLAYBOY: Are you among those Southerners who view the President's espousal of the civil rights cause as a "betrayal of his heritage"?

WALLACE: The President has changed his attitude 180 degrees. He was vigorously opposed to the Civil Rights Bill and said about it the identical things that I have said—until he got to be President. Then he had a sudden change of attitude. I don't want to impugn his motives. If he truly had a change of heart and is sincerely convinced of what he now says, I'll have to take his word for it. But my own convictions are the same as they always have been and always will be.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the "backlash" vote is going to have a significant impact on the election?

WALLACE: Certainly. Millions of people hate this Civil Rights Act, and they are angry enough to vote against those who passed it. The primary votes I received in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland startled the leaders of both parties and scared plenty of them, for that tremendous vote which I rolled up was just from Democrats; no Republicans were permitted to express their feelings. Also it was the Democratic regulars who counted the ballots. I do not know how many more votes I would have polled if *I* had helped count them. All the left-wing liberal press told distorted stories of what I stood for, how mean and evil I was. Well, I offered to debate the two governors and the Senator who ran against me. If I were as evil as they say I am in the left-wing press, and if the Civil Rights Act is as good as they say it is, one debate on state-wide television should have convinced the people I did not deserve their support. But my opponents never dared confront me because, frankly, they never read the bill. It was just presented as promoting civil rights and therefore inviolate.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that Goldwater's vote against the bill will be a deciding factor in the Southern vote?

WALLACE: Any vote on so controversial an issue as the Civil Rights Bill is bound to play a profound role in the election. Naturally, since most of us Southerners opposed the bill, his vote against it will cause him to be looked upon with some favor.

PLAYBOY: If Goldwater is elected, do you think he will enforce the Civil Rights Act less energetically than President Johnson?

WALLACE: No, I don't. Any President must and will do his duty to enforce the law. Senator Goldwater would have no more choice than President Johnson.

PLAYBOY: Apart from civil rights, do you think he would make a better President than Johnson?

WALLACE: No comment.

PLAYBOY: Has Johnson, in your estimation, proved to be a better President than John Kennedy?

WALLACE: That is a hard question. But I think I understand the import of it—and your reason for asking. Let me say simply that one of the most tragic days in American history was the day of President Kennedy's assassination.

PLAYBOY: Is that your answer?

WALLACE: All the answer I intend to give.

PLAYBOY: All right. Another Kennedy, the late President's brother Robert, has made himself the enemy of Southern segregationists with his firm enforcement of civil rights legislation. Do you welcome his resignation from his office to run for the Senate?

WALLACE: I have never had anything but the highest regard for the Kennedys.

You will never get me to say anything unkind about any member of the Kennedy family. I don't agree with the Kennedys politically, but there is nothing personal about this.

PLAYBOY: To return to the election: In the South, most observers concede Alabama, Mississippi and probably Arkansas to Goldwater. Would you agree with that prognostication?

WALLACE: What all candidates and all political parties must start to learn is that *no* state can be taken for granted anymore. Too long have our national political figures taken the South for granted. Those days are over, as they will shortly learn.

PLAYBOY: The South has traditionally voted Democratic; are you now predicting a Republican sweep of the Southern states?

WALLACE: I repeat: The South is tired of being taken for granted. Southern voters are going to make up their minds about their votes according to what the candidates and parties offer them.

PLAYBOY: Have you made up your own mind yet?

WALLACE: Not yet. I must wait to see how the campaign develops and how the candidates present themselves.

PLAYBOY: Are you leaning toward either man at this point?

WALLACE: Well, let me say this. Neither party can take us for granted any longer.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

WALLACE: Originally a liberal was a believer in freedom. But the name has been taken over by those who believe in economic and social planning by the Federal Government to interfere in everybody's private business. The liberalism of today shows a loss of faith in the individual. Conservatives still believe in the individual, in private enterprise. Conservatives are not hostile to progress, however. Education, help for the aged and unfortunate, road building, that kind of aid to the people is a legitimate function of government. But just because I believe Alabama should do good things for her people, that the state should protect the people's welfare, does not mean I believe the Government has the right to tell a businessman whom he can hire and whom he cannot hire, a café or restaurant or motel owner whom he can serve and whom he cannot, a homeowner whom he must and must not sell his house to. A conservative tries to preserve freedom for business and labor. If a businessman wants to run a segregated business, that's his affair.

PLAYBOY: Most rationales for segregation are predicated on the belief that Negroes are mentally and morally inferior to whites. Do you take this view?

WALLACE: I am not an anthropologist, or a zoologist, or a biologist, or a psychologist, or any other kind of -ologist, so I am not qualified to decide whether any-

body is inferior. In my whole life I have never made a public utterance that any person was inferior because of his race. We have always had segregation in Alabama, not on the basis of the inferiority of the Negro, but because it has been proved the sane, sensible, common-sense way to maintain peace and tranquillity between the races. The schools of the South have traditionally been the center of social life. That is why they have been segregated. Integration has never worked anywhere in the United States where there have been large numbers of both races. In Philadelphia they couldn't even play football games with spectators last year because of the threat of race violence. They didn't even let the public know where or when the game would be played. You know what happened in Washington, D. C., at the Thanksgiving game two years ago. You know what happens in Indianapolis, in New Jersey. In Washington, D. C., the school system was all white till it was integrated. Now it is virtually all Negro, for the whites have fled to Virginia or Maryland or put their children into private schools. Many of them are Government officials who rant and rave and beat their breasts about the holiness of integration, but, by George, they don't put their own children into integrated schools. That is nothing but rank hypocrisy. We in Alabama, on the other hand, openly acknowledge that we have a separate school system for Negro and white, and it is second to none. I feel that this arrangement is in the best interests of both races, and I feel it deep in my heart.

PLAYBOY: Deep enough for you to have considered membership in the segregationist White Citizens' Council?

WALLACE: I have not joined, but I have been made an honorary member. The council in this state is made up of very fine people, the highest type of citizens. The council meetings I have visited and spoken to were orderly, and the membership has never advocated violence.

PLAYBOY: The Ku Klux Klan has a long and bloody history of racist violence. Are you a supporter or admirer of this organization?

WALLACE: I have never been to a K.K.K. meeting. They are a secret order, so I don't know if there are many Klan members in this state. I am not even familiar with what the Klan is for, other than its announced stand that they are for segregation. So far as that goes, I am for anybody who is for segregation in Alabama. I am against anyone who advocates violence or hatred for people of any religion, race or creed.

PLAYBOY: As a devout churchgoer, how do you reconcile your segregationist views with the Christian precepts of universal brotherhood and equality?

WALLACE: Though there are those who say God is a myth, I believe there is a God Who made all of us and Who loves all of us. Anybody who despises somebody because of his color is despising the handiwork of God, and I feel sorry for him. I did not run for governor on an anti-Negro platform. Anybody who ran for governor in this state on a down-with-the-Negro basis would not get to first base. He would be ostracized. I hope it will always be that way.

PLAYBOY: Yet in your first unsuccessful bid for the governorship, commentators noted that your opponent, John Patterson, was more violently segregationist than you. How do you account for his victory?

WALLACE: You are probably quoting *Time* magazine, which quoted me as saying "They have just out-segged me." I had never heard that expression before in my life. It is not an Alabama expression. It is the figment of the imagination of another of those *Time* writers who lie about everything. Why not check my speeches instead of talking to a lying *Time* writer? After all, *Time* is the magazine that had a Communist for an editor.

PLAYBOY: If you're talking about Whittaker Chambers, the facts are that he quit the party in April 1938—more than a year before joining *Time*'s staff.

WALLACE: *Time* has also said that Mao Tse-tung, Castro and Ben Bella were good men.

PLAYBOY: In what issues?

WALLACE: Look it up. What I am trying to tell you is that *Time* is either stupid or they don't have the truth in them. Get my speeches and you'll see that I was as strong for segregation in 1958 as in 1962. The lying press therefore portrays me anti-Negro, but I have never been anti-Negro. You will never convince the left wing and the liberals of that, but I don't care.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any Negro friends?

WALLACE: I have Negro friends I feel as close to as I do any white people in this state. I'll admit that the people of the South in years past have had a paternalistic attitude toward the Negro, but we have never despised them because of their color. Negro people have been part of our environment. I was raised among Negroes. I have shed tears at their funerals and I have shed tears at their bedsides as they lay dying—Negroes who had helped to raise me and my father and my grandfather. A Negro named Carlton McInis helped raise my father and me. I visit his grave when I go back to my little home town of Clio. Another old friend was Cas Welch, whom I loved. When I was a kid, Cas Welch taught me to play the guitar. He played the violin and he taught me the chords at his house after school. So we started playing together. When I was about 14 or 15, the white folks used to have square dances and Cas and I played the music. Then he moved to Ozark, Alabama. Years later I was elected judge and when I went to court at Ozark, Cas would be sitting on the lawn in front of the courthouse waiting to meet me and grasp my hand. He died about three years ago and I miss him this very moment. Negroes have been part of my life. I would feel strange living where there were no members of the Negro race. The people of the South after the War Between the States had the Reconstruction put upon us, and it was the white people of the *South* who raised the Negroes to where they are today. The Negro's best friend has been the Southern white man, and the Southern white man has had a good friend in the Southern Negro.

PLAYBOY: If you're such good friends, it seems strange that you're not integrated. According to some estimates, about 80 percent of American Negroes have mixed blood. Inasmuch as the majority of Negroes live in the segregated South, or under *de facto* segregation in Northern ghettos, it would appear that segregation hasn't been notably successful in keeping the races apart. How do you account for that?

WALLACE: Obviously there's been mixing. But because it has happened doesn't make it good.

PLAYBOY: Your views on the race question are not shared by the National Council of Churches, which has denounced segregation as "anti-Christian." Any comment?

WALLACE: The National Council of Churches is not going to instruct me in what is Christian and what isn't. They do not know any better than I do what is Christian. Each sin emanates from the heart. If a man believes in segregation because he hates the black man, then he is evil. But if he believes in segregation because it is in the best interests of both races, then he is not irreligious, immoral or sinful.

PLAYBOY: Because of its pro-integration stand, the N. C. C. has been branded "Communist-dominated" by many Southern whites. Do you feel there's any substance to this charge?

WALLACE: Yes, from what I read I believe it is thoroughly infiltrated.

PLAYBOY: Do you have documentary evidence to substantiate this belief?

WALLACE: I have many documents so saying. Those documents have been published the length and breadth of the country. I haven't heard that anybody has dared bring a libel suit, so I believe the documents.

PLAYBOY: Is there any evidence, in your opinion, to support the conviction of many white Southerners that Communists have been playing a leading role in the civil rights movement?

WALLACE: Yes. J. Edgar Hoover has

(continued on page 154)

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THE PLAYBOY PANEL:

AMERICA'S CULTURAL EXPLOSION—ITS SCOPE AND CHALLENGE

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

PANELISTS

DAVID BRINKLEY, a television newsman and commentator of singular intelligence and wit, is seen nightly on NBC's Emmy-winning *Huntley-Brinkley Report*, periodically as writer-narrator of his own wry documentary specials and as co-anchor man (with Chet Huntley) at such top-rated special events as the political conventions. Before joining NBC, he was a reporter for the *Wilmington Star-News* in his native North Carolina, and bureau manager for the United Press in several other Southern cities.

AARON COPLAND, long recognized as one of America's most distinguished composers, has lectured on music at many colleges and universities, and is a frequent visiting conductor with some of the nation's finest symphony orchestras. Winner of a 1944 Pulitzer Prize for music, an Oscar for his 1949 film score for *The Heiress*, and a gold medal for music from the American Academy of Arts and Letters, he is perhaps best known for such works as *Billy the Kid*, *Appalachian Spring*, *Lincoln Portrait* and an opera, *The Tender Land*. His books include *What to Listen for in Music* and *Music and Imagination*.

MURRAY KEMPTON, the recently resigned editor of *The New Republic* and currently a columnist for the *New York World-Telegram*, is a widely respected reporter, liberal spokesman and social critic. As a columnist for the *New York Post* from 1949 to 1962, he earned a nationwide reputation as a provocative commentator on everything from progressive jazz to reactionary politics. A collection of his columns, entitled *America Comes of Middle Age*, has been published by Little, Brown. An earlier Kempton book was *Part of Our Time—Some Ruins and Monuments of the Thirties*.

RUSSELL LYNES, managing editor of and regular contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, is an insightful analyst of contemporary American manners and mores. In such books as *The Tastemakers*, *Snobs*, *Guests*, *A Surfeit of Honey*, *The Domesticated Americans* and a satirical novel, *Cadwallader*, he has popularized the use of those now-familiar status categories: "highbrow," "lowbrow," "middlebrow," and many of their permutations.

DORE SCHARY, no less successful as an author and playwright than as a motion-picture producer-director, has won an Academy Award for producing *Boys Town* and an Antoinette Perry award for writing the hit play *Sunrise at Campobello*. His newest play, *One by One*—which he will also produce and direct—is scheduled to open this season on Broadway. In addition to his work in films and the theater, Mr. Schary is active in Manhattan cultural affairs.

DAVID SUSSKIND, the peripatetic president of Talent Associates-Paramount, Ltd., is a versatile producer of quality drama: for television (*Du Pont Show of the Month*, *East Side, West Side*), theater (*Rashomon*) and films (*All the Way Home*, *A Raisin in the Sun*). Honored for such productions with a mantelpieceful of Peabody, Sylvania and Academy awards, he is better known to the public as an outspoken and often embattled critic of mediocrity in the arts—a reputation which he reaffirms weekly on *Open End*, the widely acclaimed TV discussion series of which he has been the moderator since 1958.

ALVIN TOFFLER is the author of *The Culture Consumers* (just published by St. Martin's Press), the first book-length study of America's "cultural explosion" and its nationwide ramifications. An advisor to the Rockefeller Brothers' Fund Study of the Performing Arts, he has also lectured on the U. S. mass media at the Salzburg Seminar in American studies. Formerly a labor columnist, reporter and Washington news correspondent, he has contributed widely to such magazines as *Fortune*, *Saturday Review*, *Show* and PLAYBOY, for which he wrote *The Little World of David Merrick* (October 1963) and has conducted *Playboy Interviews* with Vladimir Nabokov (January 1964) and Ayn Rand (March 1964).

PLAYBOY: There are pervasive signs that this country is in the midst of an unprecedented cultural explosion. Theater and opera attendance, for example, has increased 115 percent during the lifetime of television. Since 1950, the number of amateur painters has grown from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000. And contrary to popular belief, the national pastime would seem to be music: Twice as many Americans now attend concerts as go to baseball games; some 19,000,000 classical LPs were sold last year; there are more piano players than licensed fishermen; and the number of

BRINKLEY: *Today there is no standard style in art that is universally accepted. If you have some paints and brushes and canvas, you can do just about anything and call it art—and maybe it is.*

LYNES: *I'm against a wash of Federal money to promote culture. I'm not afraid of creeping socialism in the arts—I'm afraid of creeping mediocrity. That's the effect of Government getting into it.*

COPLAND: *It'll be a long time before we get here the feeling one gets in Europe—that though someone never goes to a concert or art gallery, the whole idea of culture has somehow seeped into him.*

KEMPTON: *I can't stand those people in TV who explain away the bad shows by saying they're only giving the public what it wants, then hold conventions to give themselves awards for public service.*

SCHARY: *I'd be more impressed by the cultural explosion if we were less hypocritical about it. I find it hard to believe a man cultured who buys a painting, then uses it to reduce his income tax.*

SUSSKIND: *The theater in New York is pandering to the lowest common denominator of taste. This is a conspiracy of producers out to make a quick buck and of theater-party ladies out to sell benefits.*

TOFFLER: *We are experiencing a cultural building boom of rather phenomenal proportions. This by itself may not be culture, but it certainly provides soil from which culture can spring.*

symphony orchestras throughout the nation has increased from 800 to more than 1250 in the past 15 years, most of the new ones in cities with populations of 50,000 or less. The purchase of hard-cover and paperback books is increasing three times faster than the population; some $1,600,000,000 worth were sold last year alone. The number of nonprofessional theater groups, meanwhile, has proliferated to more than 5000—plus some 20,000 dramatic workshops organized by clubs, churches, high schools and universities. In the late Forties, there were only a dozen or so U.S. art moviehouses, half of them in New York, which regularly screened foreign films, classics and experimental shorts; today there is a nationwide circuit of more than 500 art theaters, from which many foreign films go on to run in 5000 other downtown and neighborhood moviehouses.

Arnold Mitchell, an economist for the Stanford Research Institute, predicts that "the trend toward culture will create a total arts market of about seven billion dollars by 1970." All in all, the Stanford Institute estimates that 120,000,000 Americans a year attend cultural events or otherwise express their growing interest in the graphic and performing arts. Such statistics notwithstanding, some critics have contended that this culture boom is little more than a status-motivated expression of conspicuous consumption on the part of an increasingly affluent middlebrow public. Do you agree, gentlemen?

LYNES: I think that the importance of these statistics has been greatly inflated. Take museum attendance, for example. What difference does it make to the culture of the nation that 100,000 people will come in an afternoon to look at the *Mona Lisa*? This doesn't necessarily mean anything in terms of cultural interest. It's partly "What will we do with the kids on Sunday afternoon?" And it's partly the same kind of impulse that makes people want to be the first across a new bridge. There's a story about a ten-year-old boy who burst into the Metropolitan Museum where a group of people were looking at a Rembrandt worth $300,000. "Where's the hundred-dollar picture?" the boy asked. It's that kind of reaction. There's nothing the matter with it, but it doesn't mean anything statistically.

SUSSKIND: Well, I feel that these statistics *are* important, because they give at least an indication of the tastes of that part of the population that can be measured—the part that is going to concerts, that is attending museums, that is buying paperback books and good records. I doubt that you can accurately measure a society's *qualitative* cultural thirst in quantitative terms, but these statistics give important indications of the appetites abroad in the country. I think it unquestionable that there is an increasing thirst to know more, understand more, appreciate more. We are obviously feeding the mainstream of our society with more educated people every June than ever before. And these people are coming into the society with a higher level of cultural wants than their parents and grandparents did.

SCHARY: But we have seen in other civilizations—the Greek and Roman, for instance—that a burgeoning of the arts isn't enough to assure a truly cultured society. Even Socrates was politically backward, insisting on a caste system and maintaining that some men were born to be slaves. So with regard to all this talk about a current cultural explosion, I would be much more excited and much more impressed if we were less hypocritical in our moral attitude toward it. I find it hard to believe that a man is cultured when he buys a painting and then uses it as a device to reduce his income tax. By my criteria, a lot of nonsense is being written and spoken about this alleged cultural explosion. Culture to me is much more a way of life than it is the ownership of a great collection of stereophonic classical records or some valuable paintings or a bookcase full of first editions—or even a scholarly understanding of James Joyce. To me, a man who owns a great collection of first editions and belongs to a club that discriminates against Jews or Negroes is not a cultured man.

SUSSKIND: I agree. If statistics were the ultimate measure, pre-War Germany would have to be considered the most erudite, the most cultured society in the 20th Century. And it turned out to be a society capable of incredible barbarism.

TOFFLER: Granted, but I don't think it can be denied that there has been a revolutionary turnabout as far as the arts themselves are concerned in the U.S. In a country that traditionally looked with indifference upon the arts, we have suddenly developed a craving for culture. Some people say this craving is chiefly status climbing, but I disagree sharply with that view. Certainly there is some element of chichi and social cachet involved in the culture explosion. But these are really quite minor elements in the over-all motivation.

SCHARY: But what have the qualitative results been? Harold Schonberg, the music critic of *The New York Times*, has pointed out that the cultural boom is not nearly so impressive as it appears to be, that what we call musical centers, for example, are really not musical centers at all. They don't program sufficiently fresh and challenging music. Also I fail to see a burgeoning cultural explosion in the Broadway theater or even in the off-Broadway theater. And I fail to see it, with some notable exceptions, in American films.

TOFFLER: As for Mr. Schonberg, I wouldn't lean too heavily on his pronouncement that the culture explosion is unimpressive. He has also written, and I quote: "Compared with what used to be encountered 25 years ago, the last decade has been virtually a renaissance, and may be recognized as such in history." Actually, I wouldn't go so far as to call this a renaissance. But I'm very optimistic about what's happening. Our musicians and dancers and actors, for example, are as technically expert as any in the world. Older artists are amazed at the technical proficiency of the young people coming out of the conservatories and art schools today. And our programming is far richer and more varied than ever before. Just collect some concert programs and see what's being played. Listen to FM. Go to art galleries and see the fantastic variety of art on display.

Another good index, by the way, is what others think of us. There is ample evidence that Europe and the rest of the world have gained new respect for American culture in the last few years. American painting has stormed the world, American architecture is closely watched abroad. American plays—Miller, Albee, Williams, among others—are being performed all over the world. And European artists are coming to the United States to live and work exactly the way our artists used to go to Paris and Rome 40 years ago. The reason is simple. This is where the action is.

PLAYBOY: Several skeptical critics have said that this "action" consists largely of unprofessional and insignificant work performed by a growing army of amateur artists, musicians, poets, composers and writers. Is this true, in your opinion?

TOFFLER: To begin with, I don't think "amateur" is a dirty word. It's true that the largest part of the cultural explosion does represent amateur activity. But if we look around more closely—at such places as St. Paul or Winston-Salem, for example—we will find that even in amateur organizations, there is a definite movement toward professionalism. Amateur orchestras that can't afford to pay a hundred men professional wages will engage professionals to take on the chief functions in the orchestra. Community theaters will hire a professional director so that even at the lowest levels, there is an upgrading toward professional standards. If you focus too much on the amateur nature of much current activity, you tend to underestimate the many influences in this country that are *raising* tastes rather than lowering them. Look at the ubiquity of really first-rate classical music recordings and the great spread in FM broadcasting in the past ten years. It's simply no longer true that because a town has only an amateur orchestra, the inhabitants have no exposure to really fine professional music. The availability of good recordings and good music on the air makes it inevitable that those who go to a concert by an amateur orchestra probably come to that concert with a higher set of standards than they had ten and fifteen years ago. They know what first-rate performances sound like. The public isn't as stupid and insensitive as a lot of our critics like to think.

SCHARY: I still ask what difference it makes if more Bach is being played or more people are reading Miller or Joyce? This cuts no ice at all. What I want to analyze is the nature of the fabric of our society. What is the temper of our moral steel? How indignant do we get? I think it's wonderful that there are people interested in building museums. And I'm glad more people are going to those museums than ever before. But what relationship has this to what kind of people we are? My God, we're talking about going to the moon. We can orbit a man for 80 days around the earth. We can fly around the earth in 48 minutes. But we still haven't learned to live with one another. Is this culture? Is this progress? We've added 25 years to the life span of man, but we also have a way of knocking us all off in 50 seconds—in a thermonuclear war. Is this progress in terms of real culture? I hardly think so.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with novelist Herbert Kubly, who has claimed that "to really evaluate any aesthetic improvement in our national life, we would have to know how many of the millions who go to concerts can tell Bach from Beethoven, whether the playgoers who mass-purchase tickets to hits have ever been moved in the theater, whether the thousands who shuffle glazed-eyed through the galleries really see a painting and whether the million books sold each year are read with discernment"?

COPLAND: I'm not so concerned with the mass public that doesn't really understand the difference between the various composers—or even the various arts. But I am *very* concerned that some young guy in some little town in Arizona now has a chance to make contact with art in a way that would not have been possible before. If art is very important for him and if he is a real artist and a cultural person by nature, the fact that culture has spread so widely all over the country is an enormous advantage. As for the mass public, I'm afraid that they get from the arts only what they bring to them, either by instinct or background, or through whatever education they've had in the arts. It'll be a long time before we get here the feeling that we get when we're in Europe: that even though someone never goes to a concert or to an art gallery, the whole idea of culture has somehow seeped into him. In France, for example, after a thousand years of cultural life, everybody seems to have some notion of what it's all about—even those who don't have direct contact with it.

SUSSKIND: I think we're beginning to get that sense in this country, too. I don't think paperbacks are being bought for decorative purposes. They don't look particularly handsome in a bookcase. I think they're being read. I think an honest attempt is being made to understand the material, to absorb it and to use it in life. But I don't think people are buying Bach or Beethoven records or going to hear an economist's lecture out of some kind of status seeking. I think they're going out of a need, an appetite, and I think that's healthy. Unfortunately, it's still a minority appetite. But it's a fast-growing minority. I was very impressed a year or so ago on *Open End* when we had six outstanding college graduates who were discussing their various leisure-time activities. I discovered that good foreign movies were very much a part of their cultural diet, whereas the bad Hollywood movie was no part of their diet, that increasingly it was the documentary and the occasional good thing on television that they watched—or they didn't watch at all. This kind of American is swelling the population in such geometrically increasing numbers that the graduation class five or ten years from now may conceivably be double or triple what it is today—in *quality* as well as quantity. To try to find out if they really know the difference between Bach and Beethoven—this is secondary. And I think it's quibbling.

COPLAND: Agreed that it's healthy, but I'm talking about the general atmosphere of a country. When I go to a hall for a performance in America and seek out the superintendent of the building and say "I'm performing here tonight," he gives me a cold stare that doesn't indicate any interest at all. On the other hand, when I check into a hotel in France and they give me an *affiche* to fill out that says OCCUPATION, and I put down COMPOSER, the woman who gets that little piece of paper looks at me in a somewhat different way than if I had put down BUSINESSMAN. That sort of thing takes a long time to develop. You can't hope for it here, where the cultural explosion has been so comparatively recent. It reminds me a little of the situation in Israel when I was there in 1952. Though the country was only a couple of years old, there were already composers who were anxious to sound like Israeli composers. But it takes time for the two things to develop together.

SCHARY: I don't think it's only quibbling. For instance, I thought *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* was a very im-

portant and moving play. It was also a hit, but I wonder how many of those who went to see it truly appreciated it. My saying this may classify me as a kind of snob. I may be assuming that my own appreciation of that play was unique or special, but I'll have to take that risk, I suppose. I just can't help wondering how many of those who went really knew what Albee was saying, and how many because they had heard there were phrases in it like "hump the hostess" and "screw you"—went, in other words, to be titillated rather than moved. It's good to see that Shakespeare still remains the most widely produced playwright in the world. It's good to see Tyrone Guthrie's theater in Minneapolis. But that's not enough. A swallow does not the summer make. I'm still waiting to see an appreciation here of a decent way of life. Then I'll believe in the cultural explosion.

BRINKLEY: To return to the question, it seems to me that Mr. Kubly's question as to whether someone is "cultured" or not is impossible to measure. Even if by some magic you were able to ask all of those people who have bought the tickets and have been to the plays and the concerts, if you were able to ask why they went and what they got out of the experience, I doubt if most of them could tell you. I think that sort of question is pretty vague and meaningless and purposeless. After all, if they want to go to plays—or don't—it's their business. If they're moved by them—or they aren't—that's their business, too. There is a great deal of snobbishness in this discussion about the "true" worth and the "true" value of the so-called cultural explosion. Suppose some of the people who go to concerts *don't* know the difference between Bach and Beethoven; what difference does it make? Is it something for us to worry about? Would it be better if they didn't go at all? I don't know the answer to the question and I wonder if it need ever have been asked.

TOFFLER: I agree. It's a totally subjective issue. We can't enter the skull of an American concertgoer. We can't know what's going on inside his brain or his nervous system. And the same thing goes for Europeans. Mr. Copland suggested that Europeans are more cultured than we are. Maybe so. But with all due respect, that's a galloping generalization. We can't know what, if anything, goes through the mind of the aristocratic noble as he dozes off in the middle of a Haydn symphony. We can't know what's passing through the mind of a European shuffling through the Louvre. It's time we stopped making automatic pejorative comparisons.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, the late A. Whitney Griswold, president of Yale University, said that "We have become too much a nation of lookers and listeners, a nation of spectators . . . our creative powers have atrophied." Do you think he's correct, gentlemen?

KEMPTON: Well, I can't carry a tune. Does this mean that I am debarred? Certainly I shouldn't inflict myself as a performer on the public, but am I therefore forbidden to listen to other people perform? I don't see anything wrong with being a nation of lookers and listeners—though it may be that we are slightly overmanaged. We have a few too many book clubs, a few too many lectures by Leonard Bernstein on why we should appreciate Bach—even if we don't—and a few too many comments on the problems of our culture by people who do not habitually read poems and novels.

BRINKLEY: But to answer the statement directly, if we have become a nation of listeners rather than creators, who's playing in all those 1200 symphony orchestras? Who paints all those pictures, good and bad, that you find on every firehouse lawn across the country on art-exhibit days? Who are all these people I see painting in the parks? Whether they do it well or badly is another question, but they *are* painting. It seems to me that there is more creativeness now, certainly in terms of numbers, than I can remember in the past.

SUSSKIND: I completely agree. Though we probably *are* a spectator country, I think we're coming out of that. We're evolving into a country of doers. We are only now at a point where to be a painter or to be interested in something cultural is no longer to be considered an antisocial kook. We *have* been an anti-intellectual society. The worst political epithet up until perhaps a decade ago was "egghead." But I think we're evolving into a culture where brains do matter, where intellectuals are the object of respect and attention and pride. Along with that goes a respect for people who *do* rather than watch.

SCHARY: But we're battered from morning to night with opportunities to listen, to be spectators. As a result, there has been a diminution of the process of meditation—and meditation is a creative process. There has been a diminution of the ability to just get away and be by yourself and think. When you're in the city, you feel an urgency about all the magazines and the newspapers that keep pouring in. We've *got* to get to that new restaurant and we've *got* to get to see that new show and all the new exhibits. We've *got* to participate in everything. And we participate and participate until we lose the essential power of meditation and thought. This kind of spectator life to me is not culture.

PLAYBOY: The fact remains that public interest and participation in the arts has never been so keen—or so widespread both socially and geographically. And some commentators contend that this new national appetite for culture is most pronounced not in such cosmopolitan centers as New York and San Francisco, but in the hinterlands—in hundreds of smaller cities and communities throughout the country. Do you agree, gentlemen?

LYNES: Yes, and one of the factors that has contributed to this dissemination and leveling out of culture is our communications systems. In the middle of the last century, it used to take a fashion in women's clothes ten years to get from the Eastern seaboard to the Mississippi. Today, if it takes ten seconds, that's a lot. Now these things are immediately everywhere. Therefore, you are inevitably going to level out the cultural valleys, the "square areas." Being a New Yorker, I think New York is still the center of culture, but what happens is that as you get into communities remote from that center, you do find enclaves of people who are determined to have culture—and that's where you have cinema societies and little groups of people who insist on being avant-garde about their painting and their reading. This is the upper-bohemian underground. I think these people, in a sense, work harder for their culture because they feel more embattled about it. We don't have to work for culture in New York. There's so much of it that we can't possibly take advantage of it all. What I mean is that if you have to work for it, you read more penetratingly. You will have heightened sensitivity to visual experience. You'll get more delight from films, and you'll be more critical about them.

SCHARY: I do think, nonetheless, that the most sophisticated audiences are still in the major metropolitan centers. I do a lot of traveling, and I've found that when you get out of the big areas—Boston or Chicago or San Francisco or New York—and you try to get a program of good music on the radio, you can go out of your mind. You get nothing but bad rock 'n' roll, bad folk singing or bad mountain music, depending on what area you're in. I just don't think the whole country has become as sophisticated as Mr. Lynes has implied.

COPLAND: I agree that the big cities are still the cultural centers. The great advantage of the big cities is not so much the size of their populations, but the fact that every big city generally contains a nucleus of perhaps 350 people who are very important in the life of that city; they are the ones who care most passionately about the arts, and on whom you can depend for an audience, especially for far-out art of any kind. Without them, something is seriously

lacking. When you go to some small town in Iowa, for instance, you very much sense the lack of such a nucleus. You find an occasional person—say, a member of a university faculty—but you don't have that essential group of those who are in the know and who set the cultural tone of the community. As far as I can see, you need the great numbers of a big city in order to produce these small groups. And I should add that the nucleus does not seem to me to be *that* much larger these days. When I go to an avant-garde concert now in New York and compare it with an avant-garde concert in the 1920s, I see those same 350 people. The faces have all changed, but the number of those really passionately interested remains about the same. I don't mean to imply that these nuclei are only in New York, of course. All the big cities have them, and all the big university centers—even the University of Texas.

SUSSKIND: I think you're underestimating the degree to which this country has torn down the provincial gates in cultural terms. All over the country the things we've been discussing are doing better proportionately—and in some cases are far outdistancing the big urban centers like New York City. There's that old bromide that there's nothing west of the Hudson river that matters. Well, there's a whole population out there that *does* matter, and it's a population that at the very least is in step with the cultural explosion and at the very best is ahead of it, compared with New York. I can think of two excellent showmen who have frequently found audiences outside New York much more responsive, much more giving, much more totally involved than the New York and Boston audiences. Peter Ustinov made that observation after touring the country with a play. And I think Tyrone Guthrie in Minneapolis is experiencing this same kind of excitement as he discovers that in the hinterlands there is a burgeoning desire for the better things. Actually, I don't think such cities as New York and Chicago are keeping pace with the growth in the hinterlands. Out there with more leisure and with a life more conducive to enjoyment and reflection, they are somewhat in advance of our own frenetic, tired way of life. It's here in New York that you most often hear, "Look, I've had a hard day. When I come home, I want to relax with a good Western or a musical comedy." I think that's far less true of Minneapolis, of Houston. And if you read the reports of Howard Taubman in *The New York Times* as he visits communities all across the country, you'll see that he finds an electricity of response which proves that the "provinces" are very much involved in the cultural explosion.

TOFFLER: I think this is most true of the university towns. From what I can gather from musicians and managers and bookers, the response to music, for one thing, at college campuses all over the country is really remarkable. These young, vivacious, alert audiences take to contemporary music at least as readily as the standard big-city audiences. And not only music. I think the most outdated cliché still infecting the judgment of many critics is the notion that they've cornered the market on sophistication and good taste. I think they're reacting out of a sense of violated exclusivity. What used to be their monopoly is no longer a monopoly at all.

KEMPTON: Well, I'll say one thing about New York. I always love going to other cities and meeting the truly hip and sophisticated people there—because it always makes me feel so much more hip and sophisticated than they are; they suffer from a cultural lag about seven and a half months behind New York.

TOFFLER: As a chauvinistic New Yorker, it pains me deeply to say this, but I don't think that kind of cultural lag is going to remain in effect much longer. Much of the really avant-garde experimentation is to be found on university campuses around the country. It's not concentrated in New York the way it once was. When one can see an Ionesco play—though it may not be well performed—in a Southern city of 50,000, then New York has begun to lose some of its strangle hold. Which is the orchestra that plays the most avant-garde work? It's not the New York Philharmonic. It's the Buffalo Symphony Orchestra under Lukas Foss. It's been called the "principal American orchestral sounding board" for such exploratory young composers as Cage, Feldman, Brown and their European counterparts. We're going to have to adjust ourselves to the notion that cultural primacy will have to be fought for in the future.

LYNES: I'm not that certain that New York will lose its primacy. In every nation and even in every continent, there is always a cultural center to which those interested in the arts will gravitate. There isn't any artist in America, I think, who at some point doesn't want to come to New York and belong to the cultural community here. He may go back to the West Coast or get involved in some other community, but at some point in your career, you have to be directly involved in the life of the cultural center of your time. And in our time, it's New York.

SUSSKIND: Yes, there's truth in that. I say again that other sections of the country are equal to and in some cases beyond New York in their cultural appetite, but this is still the place where the World Series of the arts is played. When

a man has won all the ball games he can win in Sacramento, he'll then want to come to New York and try to win in the biggest park of them all. And I think that in New York, too, he will always be given the deepest encouragement if he's doing something new—for our critics, perhaps because they're the most jaded, are the quickest to welcome the offbeat, the different and the fresh.

PLAYBOY: Yet there are critics who complain that the avant-garde in any field—whether in New York or in a college town—has lost its capacity to arouse or affront the audience. Do you think this is true?

COPLAND: You have to bear in mind that there is a difference between the 1920s—when the avant-garde did sometimes provoke fierce reactions—and the present. Even though avant-garde music then was actually less "shocking" than it is now, the 1920s represented the *first* time that people had heard such things. By now they've gotten used to the fact that there are such things in existence. The mere use of electronic music for film accompaniment, for instance, has accustomed people's ears to unusual sound effects, so that it's difficult even for the boys who are writing advanced electronic music now to create completely unprecedented and hair-raising sounds.

SUSSKIND: Don't forget, too, that our capacity to be shocked, affronted and actively indignant has probably been considerably reduced by three decades of fantastic realities. In other words, perhaps people could once have risen in moral indignation about a book or a play or about a piece of sculpture, but after you've seen whole populations burned in gas ovens, when you've witnessed nuclear horrors, when we have the capacity to end all human life, when all kinds of man-made catastrophes are within the immediate experience of every adult living today, it's difficult to become that indignant about an event in art. Reality has become so shocking, so horrendous and so frightening that response to cultural aggravation is somewhat more *sotto voce* than it used to be. That is not to say that plays don't exist that can agitate and move people to applause or to wrath. It only means that, compared to a march for peace or a march for civil rights, a march for *Lady Chatterley's Lover* seems rather a wasteful exercise.

LYNES: There are other factors involved. One has to realize that part of the decrease in shock value is an increase in boredom, in indifference. When people are shocked all the time, who cares? I remember a few years ago being asked to a press conference being given by a group of abstract painters. They asked the press to come in and they then complained about how the attacks on abstract painting were vicious, and so on. Actually, by that time, there were no longer any attacks on abstract painting. But these boys were brought up to fight and they couldn't find a fight. So they were trying to pick a fight, because they had become accepted.

BRINKLEY: There's yet another reason why people aren't so easily shocked anymore. In the past, there was a nearly universally accepted form or style in art, and the slightest departure from it was noticeable. But today there is no standard style that is universally accepted, so there is no base point from which you can determine the "legitimacy" of any new departure. Now if you have some paints and brushes and a piece of canvas, you can do just about *anything* and call it art—and maybe it is. There is so much freedom, so much experimentation that it's very hard to be shocked. To be shocked, you have to encounter a defiance of some generally accepted standard.

TOFFLER: I think we're misunderstanding the whole business of "shock." When a person is educated and sophisticated, he simply is not shockable in the old way. He sees through the traditional ploys that artists have used to jolt him. So if the artist's purpose is to shock—a perfectly good purpose, but by no means a primary purpose of art—then he is going to have to find new ways of doing it. This isn't bad. It means that the audience is challenging the artist. It means that the culture consumer is *more* sensitive than he used to be, not less—but more sensitive to nuance and subtlety, not to the gross or the obvious.

KEMPTON: I still think the point about the avant-garde no longer shocking people is valid. I don't see how people can get outraged anymore. After all, we're talking about consumers of the arts, and they're rather passive consumers. It's as if no one has told them they're permitted to become outraged. I find, by contrast, Mr. Khrushchev's views on literature and art rather refreshing. I would hate to be the object of any of them, but at least he's reacting emotionally. I would imagine that Mr. Khrushchev's taste in art is fully as cultivated as that of the average woman whose sense of property values tells her to buy abstract expressionism; but at least he does get excited. He's *interested* in what the argument is all about. Our problem in this country is that we're inhibited in our negative reactions; and when we do like something, we have already paid out so damn much of the coinage of compliment to things that aren't worth it, that it's difficult to have—or to convincingly show—any real enthusiasm for something that really is superior.

SCHARY: I certainly don't think people get angry enough about art. I've had discussions with friends of mine who have bought some very avant-garde work which I frankly admit I don't understand. I believe most of it is junk, and I think it will be *proved* to be junk some years from now. I've argued this with friends who own some of this stuff, and they don't get angry. They try to explain to me reasonably that I misunderstand, that this is new and that at one time the works of the great masters were attacked. But they do this explaining without getting mad. I wish they *would* get angry. I wish people had more moral indignation. I think part of this lack of involvement in the arts and this dearth of highly personal opinion is based on this absence of moral indignation. It was considered square, for instance, to have been a little outraged at what happened in England with the Profumo case. Everybody said, "Aw, come on, you know we're all fooling around." I remember, at the time of the TV quiz scandals, the lack of moral indignation and the people who were saying, "Well now, come on, if you'd been in that spot, wouldn't you have done it?" And you found yourself sounding square when you said, "No, I *wouldn't* have done it. And you ought to be ashamed to think I would have done it." The structure of our income tax, moreover, encourages so much chicanery that it breeds a kind of immorality that's very hard to deal with and that further deadens the capacity for moral indignation. All of this is symptomatic of the kind of lack of moral indignation that makes our society placid and flaccid. I find that for myself, as I grow older, I get more radical. I get angrier as I see what's happening all over the country with the race problem and the failure of people to recognize that we've been hypocritical about it. People will not admit they're responsible for what's going on in race relations, to use that one example, but at the same time they pretend they're "cultured" because they're going to museums and buying classical records and the like. Well, this is ridiculous to me. Absolutely ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Critic Dwight Macdonald has written that much of the cultural explosion is actually "midcult," or middlebrow—as opposed to "high culture" on the one hand and to "masscult," as he calls it, on the other. He defines midcult as "a corruption of High Culture . . . which is able to pass itself off as the real thing." The danger of midcult, according to Macdonald, is that it either rejects the truly creative artist, thus starving his talent—or it accepts him, thus cheapening his talent. Macdonald claims further that the prevalence of midcult taste makes it difficult for the untrained observer to distinguish among good, bad and mediocre art. Do you agree with this postulation?

LYNES: I think the fact that an artist

Advt. for Falstaff Brewing Corp. of San Jose, Calif., who believes that everything should be made with loving care—including splendid beer.

has a general kind of support does not necessarily smother him if he's really talented.

KEMPTON: I don't think anything corrupts an artist except the needs of his wife and children, which Yeats pointed out are, after all, the main form of corruption—that, and the artist's own vanity and stupidity.

LYNES: Besides, maybe an artist can't always do what he most ought to do. Take the Renaissance artist who designed chests and painted altarpieces and portraits: He was being half craftsman and half artist, or maybe three quarters of one and a quarter of the other. But this does not demean his work in any sense.

PLAYBOY: But what of Macdonald's charge that ours is an age of midcult which masquerades as high culture?

LYNES: I don't think anybody is really fooled. That danger is greatly exaggerated. Anyway, I did this "highbrow, upper-middlebrow, lower-middlebrow, lowbrow" thing almost 15 years ago. The ways of identifying them have simply changed since then. If I were to rewrite that piece, I'd have to change the specific examples. There has been a great deal of semantic confusion about this. There is a distinction, for instance, between "high culture" or highbrowism and the avant-garde. Highbrowism is a pose, while the avant-garde is not necessarily a pose at all. People forget that there is a distinction here between the consumer and the producer. I don't think about a highbrow painter; I think about a highbrow art lover. I have written a piece on leisure in which I said we ought to revive the word "dilettante." Dilettante means a man who takes delight in what he enjoys. The ideal consumer of art is the dilettante—who works at it, who enjoys it, who is intelligent about it.

KEMPTON: Mr. Macdonald, I think, has a feeling that any magazine in which he writes is thereby elevated from midcult to responsible "upper midcult." I would have liked to have read Mr. Macdonald on that literary issue of *Esquire*—a magazine for which he writes—a couple of years ago. That, in terms of affectation, childishness, heterosexual camp and everything else I can think of, was the most disgusting thing I've ever read in my life. It even included the invasion of Allen Ginsberg's privacy, about which he doesn't care—but *I* care. If that issue wasn't vulgar, I don't know what the hell is. I don't in any sense criticize Macdonald. I have the utmost respect for him as a craftsman, but I think he has a terrible problem—and that is the identification of yourself and your friends as an elite. And from that perspective, he sets up this high-culture, midcult and masscult concept. But all it actually amounts to is people going around and getting medals pinned on themselves for shooting large, fat sitting ducks. Although the result of his kind of preoccupation with "midcult" is often amusing, it's fundamentally a waste of energy to keep on indicting television and to keep pointing out that the Book-of-the-Month Club doesn't have a perfect eye for absolutely immortal literature. Besides, those who are attacked simply produce fatuous and flaccid replies that are a further waste of time. I simply don't want to hear David Sarnoff respond again to an attack from a "high-culture" man by explaining what he has done for culture since he kicked Toscanini's symphony orchestra into the street.

TOFFLER: The thing that concerns me about Macdonald's elitist theory, which is very popular on the literary cocktail circuit nowadays, is that it presupposes the unredeemability of anyone presently among the great unwashed masses. Mr. Macdonald wants, as he has said time and again, to put high art on a pedestal and keep it separated and at a great distance from what he calls midcult and masscult. The fact that there are grades in between trash and exquisitely great art offends him, because it means there is a ladder up which people perhaps less cultivated than himself can climb. Macdonald argues that we have to eliminate that ladder—even at the cost of freezing everyone at his present level, wiping out any possibility of self-improvement, condemning everyone but a narrow circle of connoisseurs to perpetual vulgarity. All this is necessary, he argues, because the presence of midcult cheapens the standards of excellence at the top. This is a classic example of one of his wonderfully unverifiable generalizations. There simply is no evidence that it's true.

SCHARY: Well, I must confess I'm inclined to agree with Mr. Macdonald. I find him a savage critic with whom I often disagree on detail. But I think he's very sharp, and in this instance, I would say that the truly high-minded artist *can* find his work diluted if he allows himself to be drawn into what Macdonald calls midcult.

TOFFLER: But midcult is whatever Macdonald *says* is midcult. Once Macdonald pronounced Maxfield Parrish and Rockwell Kent midcult. Then he concluded that Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* was midcult. Even Picasso either is or comes perilously close to being midcult, according to Macdonald. The fact is that the presence of an infinite number of gradations of quality between the very good and the very bad makes it possible for public taste to rise at all levels. And the proof that the system works can be found in Macdonald's own writing. Dan Bell, the sociologist, took the trouble to analyze the successive versions of Macdonald's essay on midcult and pointed out how between 1944 and 1960 Macdonald had "upgraded" his examples of midcult vulgarity, moving from Rockwell Kent to Picasso as public taste grew more sophisticated and refined. Macdonald says "a tepid ooze of midcult is spreading everywhere." It sounds to me like a case of cultural paranoia.

COPLAND: As for me, I'm a great believer in the naturalness of art attracting its own natural audience—midcult, masscult, high culture or otherwise. What concerns me most is making it available. What people do with art depends on a great many different factors, none of which are really under our control. If I wanted, for instance, to make music both available and also raise the level of music appreciation, I would start by stopping all the advertising of commercial record companies. Why? Because they are so angled in one particular direction. But I am convinced that without this happening, those to whom a love of the arts is a natural instinct will naturally find their own level despite our commercial setup. I only have to go back to my own experience. There was no reason in the world why I should have become a composer, let alone have gotten interested in the arts. But there is a basic instinct in some people that gives them a sense of what art's all about. They are the people on whom the progress of the arts depends. About all we can do right now is try to make sure that everybody who might be sensitive to art is having real contact with it.

BRINKLEY: One thing Macdonald has not considered fully enough is that we have an enormous industry for the distribution and display of whatever creativeness exists. We have Cinemascope with stereophonic sound, mass magazines, television, LP records and hi-fi machines—and a prosperous population. Two thirds of the population, using some of Mr. Macdonald's figures, are able to buy all these things. So we have an enormous machinery for distributing whatever is created, but we find that there aren't enough creators to keep this machine going. By inventing Cinemascope and stereophonic sound you don't automatically invent people able to create things to put on the screen. The invention of television did not necessarily also invent people able to create good things to put on it. Classical LP records are mainly filled with the work of previous generations. I think there is as much high culture now as there ever was—if not more—but still not enough to fill all these machines we have. So the machines have to use whatever is available, and what is available is very often bad.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss a related question, if we may. A great deal of community pride is being taken in the large number of new cultural centers currently being built throughout the country. But

do you think, as Rudolf Bing of the Metropolitan Opera Company has put it, that we may be more concerned with marble halls than with the quality of what is presented in those halls?

SCHARY: I see nothing wrong in this. I'd love to see us build *more* beautiful marble halls where we would stage beautiful plays or have beautiful pictures hung. I deplore what we're doing with some of our old beauty, however. I'm horrified to see some great structures—Pennsylvania Station, for instance—coming down. I joined the committee to preserve Carnegie Hall because I think it's a beautiful hall. This destruction of old beauty is all part of the urgency I was talking about: Rip it down, use the space more economically, more efficiently. Rebuild. Make it more antiseptic, make it better air conditioned. That's what disturbs me. So I'd like to see somebody build a gorgeous hall with marble columns, wide staircases with red velvet and beautiful seats. I'm sure the next thing is to put something good in it, but I see nothing wrong in aiming for architectural beauty while we're at it.

KEMPTON: But *are* these marble halls beautiful? Without having been too observant, I would feel they have gotten to be known as the ugliest collection of cultural warehouses in the world. I think there's a problem with these buildings which Paul Goodman has put very well; buildings, he says, are being commissioned rather than *people*. The quality of the architect has become less important, and that means the buildings have got to lose in creative design. Secondly, it does seem to me *en passant* that if electronic illiterates in the 16th Century were able to build an opera house in Palermo that had decent acoustics, those responsible for Lincoln Center could have done the same. But they didn't.

SUSSKIND: The point being missed is that these halls, whether you consider them beautiful or not, are being attended by increasingly large audiences. Lincoln Center is a gleaming new building. Admittedly, there is a debate about its acoustics, but attendance there is notably successful. Now, are they coming to see the new building or are they coming to hear the music therein? I think the latter, clearly. The Guggenheim Museum is something to see on Fifth Avenue, but once inside, the focus of attention is on the art. That's what counts.

BRINKLEY: I don't think, however, we can evade the question of whether we're emphasizing buildings rather than what's in them. In Washington, they're raising $30,000,000 to build an enormous cultural center, a big marble building. If they had tried to raise $30,000,000 to subsidize musicians, painters, ballet dancers and the like, I doubt they could have got 50 bucks. People are more likely to give money to something they can see, something physical and tangible, so that when Aunt Nellie visits, they can take her by and point out the cultural center. It wouldn't be easy, on the other hand, to point out a composer at work. Also, the tax laws encourage that kind of thing. It does seem to me we'd be better off if we spent more time encouraging people to *create* things than we now spend building halls to put them in after they've been created. There's a chance of winding up with enormous marble temples with nothing in them—because while the bricklayers and steel constructors have made a lot of money, the painters, musicians and dancers have in the meantime starved to death or gone into the insurance business.

COPLAND: Well, I can't give a yes or no answer to the question. I am a believer in cultural centers just because America believes in symbols so strongly. The fact that we have Rockefeller Center in New York gives everybody who goes there a chance to visit a place they think of as a symbol of big business at its best, at its most glamorous. I don't see why we shouldn't take full advantage of that kind of American reaction in relation to the arts. Every city that sets up a cultural center will by that mere fact call the attention of as wide a number of citizens as possible to the fact that such a place exists. That's an advantage. But obviously, if all they do is set up the halls and then don't give a damn what's sung or played or performed or shown there, it's not much of an advantage. But I'm all for getting the buildings up and *then* seeing to it that they're properly filled with good things.

LYNES: It's the *concentration* of buildings for "culture" that bothers me. I think that's much too easy and ostentatious a way of proving that you've got culture. Crowding all sorts of culture in one place seems kind of silly to me. The fascination of New York City's culture is that it's all over the lot.

TOFFLER: Let's not underestimate the necessity of these marble halls—concentrated or not. One of the things that has plagued this country in the past has been a continuing shortage of good theaters, good music auditoriums, good places where the finest in professional ballet and theater could perform. Now we're experiencing a cultural building boom of rather phenomenal proportions. This by itself may not be culture, but it certainly provides better soil from which culture can spring. Furthermore, when we create an art center, we staff it with professionals who are in effect professional bureaucrats in the arts. Bureaucrats have many vices and some virtues, but one of their characteristics is that they have a vested interest in perpetuating their functions. This means they have an investment in maintaining a high degree of activity in these cultural centers and also in maintaining a high level of quality. David Brinkley has suggested that we may not have the talent with which to fill all these centers, but the proof that this isn't true is the fact there are many fine artists who can't make a living. We have the talent; we're getting the audiences for it; and we're getting more stages and other physical facilities. What we have to do now is make the appropriate social arrangements to bring all these elements together. The growth of art centers and the "cultural" construction boom is a step in that direction.

PLAYBOY: So far we've been talking mostly about classical music, painting and the theater. But what of so-called "pop culture"? Is there any evidence of a cultural explosion in pop music and in television?

SUSSKIND: Insofar as pop music is concerned, it's ghastly—and the kids love it. I think they love it partly because of adult hatred of it. It's their form of insurrection. I guess in my day our affection for Sinatra and Russ Columbo and Buddy Clark was viewed dimly by *our* parents. Nor did my parents appreciate my appetite for Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey. But as for the present, I think this terrible rock-'n'-roll stuff is a passing phenomenon. This kind of music is quickly outgrown by even the youngsters. I notice that 75 percent of the total record business consists of long-playing albums, and virtually none of the rotten rock-'n'-roll music is on the charts of the best-selling albums. Now if 75 percent of all record sales are from albums and if most of these albums are relatively good music—from Broadway shows to classical performances—I would suggest that the pop music we're afflicted with is very much a prepuberty interest which will subside as the youngster grows. But it *is* disgraceful that the music publishers and record companies keep pandering to this appetite. It's a case of the criminal calling the fence a crook. Those in the music business who say this is what their audience wants haven't tried to give the audience something different.

LYNES: I don't see any evidence that mass popular culture, including pop music, is any better now than it was, say, a century ago. Or any worse. A little bit of it is almost always something of value. But hasn't this always been true of popular culture? Take the case of the Greek amphorae. They were made as perfume bottles and wine casks, mass-produced by the hundreds of thousands. This was popular culture, but now we think of it as high culture. I think that out of any mass kind of thing you're always going to get a residue of worth of some kind.

SCHARY: I would think that mediocrity

prevails in almost every society. I don't think it's unique to America. My God, you should see some of the junk that we never see in America by Italian, French, Japanese, Indian and Swedish film makers. We see the best of their films. We don't see the flood of mediocrity that hits their home markets. Again, I think we get confused with all this talk about levels of culture. I can conceive of a highly moral and liberal society in which taste in music might not be considered at all cultural in the "high-culture" sense of the term. It might even be a society that loves rock-'n'-roll music, and I say fine. I wouldn't give a damn about it as long as it was a highly moral and liberal society.

PLAYBOY: What of television? Do you agree with those critics who say that television is terrible and getting steadily worse? And if this is true, do you feel that it's due to greedy network-sponsor-agency control, or to the fact that the audience actually likes what it gets, and is thereby being responsibly served?

BRINKLEY: To start with, even if the only consideration in programing television were the utmost quality, there isn't enough good program material, and there aren't enough good program producers or performers to fill up ten percent of the television time. Even if money were no object, if public acceptance were no object, there still wouldn't be enough high-grade program material to fill all those hours seven days a week, day and night. It can't be done.

KEMPTON: The thing I can't stand are those people in television who explain away the bad shows by saying they're running a democratic medium, that they're only giving the public what it wants. Then they hold conventions at which they give themselves awards for public service.

BRINKLEY: Television certainly can do much better than it does, and it may be that we should provide people with more high-quality programs in the hope that if they don't like them at first, they'll *learn* to like them. It's a nice theory, but it's still true that programs like *The Beverly Hillbillies* are the most popular; and to ask any mass medium to ignore the material that most of its audience seems to like is certainly unrealistic.

KEMPTON: The truth of the matter is, I don't give a damn what the ratings show: Television has *no* audience. And I'll tell you why. I never look at it, and I'm not a member of the cultural elite. My objection to television is not one of snobbishness. I just think it's a bore. I defy anyone—anyone—to sit and look at an hour and a half of television without a feeling of emptiness, of disappointment when he gets up. For this reason I say nobody *really* looks at it, except a bunch of kids—and they quit when they're 14 years old.

BRINKLEY: You're omitting the improving standards of the "fact" programs —news, documentaries and the like. I think they alone justify television's existence—live coverage of news events, documentaries in some depth. I would agree that a lot of the rest of it is pretty bad, though it isn't as bad as it used to be. It should be a lot better. I wish I could tell you how to do it by tomorrow night, but I can't.

LYNES: I think that part of the problem is going to be solved by the eventuality of a more and more divided-up audience—with some watching news, some documentaries, a few educational shows, and the mass watching so-called "entertainment" programs. We're getting it in movies, where everyone isn't going to see a *Cleopatra* kind of picture, as some film executives thought for a while they were going to do. But I don't think you necessarily have to divide those audiences only between what's on educational television and what's on the networks. I look at both, including the ball games on commercial television. There are more and more small audiences, moreover, for smaller kinds of things.

TOFFLER: Technological progress is also creating a much greater differentiation of stations and of audiences. As we get more UHF channels going—especially now that the new television sets have to be equipped to play UHF—it will be possible for more and more individual channels to serve very selective audiences and thereby provide a great variety of material at a great variety of levels. You won't have one big split between a tiny audience watching educational television and a large one watching *The Beverly Hillbillies*. You'll have sizable audiences for a variety of different programs and levels.

SCHARY: Speaking about what's happening on television now, I deplore most of it. When they do something of great merit, I applaud—but then I get sick because more programs of superior quality are not done. I would say generally that the American public gets what it asks for—and what it deserves. At the same time, I also believe that advertisers, networks and agencies try to make every program be all things to all men. There is no reason why a national network cannot on occasion program for specialized audiences.

SUSSKIND: Bearing in mind that everything is relative, I think we're going to see better television seasons. By that I mean a better balance of programing. There will not be any excessive focus on the Western or the private eye or the game show; and if you achieve better balance in the program spectrum, you're way ahead. Will there be a revolutionary improvement over the whole dial? No. Is there in newspapers? Is there in magazines? Is there in books? No. But we are going to have a better forward thrust in television, better balance and diversification, better artists performing on a continuing basis, and more meaningful drama.

PLAYBOY: Turning from television to films as an index of changing tastes, what are your reactions to the growing audience for the work of such foreign moviemakers as Bergman, Antonioni, Fellini, Visconti and Truffaut?

TOFFLER: Since I, like a great many other normal American males, like to look at a hip and a calf and a breast on occasion, I'm aware that the motives that bring the audiences into the foreign art movies are not entirely aesthetic. On the other hand, I'm still encouraged, for some of these films are magnificent artistically—complex, beautiful and illuminating.

SUSSKIND: As you say, the motives may not be entirely aesthetic, but there is a strong indication that the motion-picture audience now wants to see films that have something to say. They no longer want to see the glossy, stereotyped, Hollywood-factory run of movies—and here again is an indication that the cultural explosion we've been talking about is real. The better films are doing ten times the business they could have done ten years ago; and ten years from today, they'll enjoy ten times the audience they now attract. That's the important thing.

SCHARY: Yes, I think the greater acceptance of the kinds of films you mentioned is healthy. At the same time, as we welcome pictures from abroad, we forget that American films became the most popular films in the world because they were native films. We've forgotten that this is our own art form. We created it. We started it. We created the mold; but now we've forgotten it.

LYNES: Well, as far as foreign films are concerned, I don't think they're all they're cracked up to be, and I think part of the popularity of the art houses has to do with an audience interested in being chic. But I'm still delighted that the little film theaters have grown up so extensively over the country, because they do represent variety. The more variety and the greater exposure to art there is, the better it will be for magazines like *Harper's*. I mean that quite literally. Our circulation has more than doubled in the 20 years I've been on the magazine, and I think we're a cultural artifact of a kind. So I am encouraged by what's happening—because after all, the population hasn't doubled in the same period.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of publications, how do you account for the fact that a number of the mass mag-

azines are publishing the work of avant-garde writers who, 10 or 15 years ago, were represented almost entirely in magazines such as *Harper's, Atlantic Monthly* and the literary quarterlies?

TOFFLER: This change in mass magazines as I see it is yet another manifestation of the upgrading of the American public with regard to both education and aesthetic judgment. It's a change that's come about because of the publishers' realization that mass magazines can no longer compete with television in the race for ratings—that is, in the attempt to run up the largest possible circulations. They concluded that they had to upgrade editorial quality in order to reach a better educated and therefore more prosperous group of readers. The result of that change has been all to the good, for the mass magazines are measurably better today than they were five or ten years ago when they were caught in the throes of the numbers game.

BRINKLEY: It seems to me that while a few magazines are doing things they would not have done 20 years ago, these *are* the things they would have done *50* years ago when there were magazines that crusaded, stepped on people's toes and raised hell about social injustices. I'm delighted to see it come back. There was a pretty pallid period among magazines beginning perhaps in the 1930s and running into the 1950s. During that time they seemed mainly concerned with how the volunteer fire department operated in some town in Ohio and with harmless medical news. Now I think they're becoming more alive and more relevant.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn, if we may, to a closer consideration of the role of the theater in the current cultural explosion. While the other arts are booming as never before, the Broadway stage is said by many critics to be languishing both artistically and financially. Do you agree? And if so, how do you explain it?

LYNES: I think we expect the arts to produce more good than the arts are capable of producing. Because there are more people involved in the arts today, we think the arts ought to be better, but I don't think this is necessarily so. There is a certain percentage of people who are going to be producers and real consumers of the arts. That percentage does not change greatly. A more serious thing that has happened to the theater is that it now has real competition from the serious film, and even some competition from serious television.

KEMPTON: I think we get bad theater not because of competition from serious films or television, but because the theater is so terribly oriented toward Holly-

wood. And the other serious problem of the theater is that it is criticized less seriously than any other art. The theater is the only medium I know in which the best-known critics—some of them, anyway—set out to write reviews on the basis of what the audience likes. I don't know how you can talk of the theater as culture when you see billboards with testimonials like "Best Damn Musical I Ever Saw" from the former head of the drama department of the Catholic University of America. How can you handle this kind of vulgarity? But on the other hand, you do have off-Broadway, which I know is commercial and has its objectionable elements, but which does provide considerable variety. I don't think *it's* such bad theater.

SCHARY: Still, by and large, the theater is at a low state, and it's at a low state because *we're* at a low state. With the world in a continual state of crisis, people tend to run away to the quickest kind of diversion they can find. They don't want to be bothered with problems, so they tune in television or go to a hot musical or to see a blue comic. Or they read a book that will titillate them, and they pretend it's a work of art. If, God willing, we ever reach a period of some kind of relative peace, it will be very interesting to see if there'll be a *real* burgeoning of the arts.

SUSSKIND: Well, as far as the theater is concerned, I think the reason for the claptrap which many playwrights are turning out is that they're so concerned with finding the formula to make a hit. The audiences on Broadway are responding to junk, but that's because, for another thing, our theater has become the plaything of expense-account people and theater-party ladies who are out for an evening to exhibit their diamonds and fur coats. An evening at the theater has become too expensive for many of the other potential theatergoers. So with this kind of audience, the theater in New York is in the very rear of any kind of cultural explosion. It's pandering to the lowest common denominator of taste. This is a conspiracy of producers out to make a quick buck and of theater-party ladies out to sell benefits to rich charity groups. I think the Broadway theater is in a terrible vise, and I don't see any immediate hope for it.

TOFFLER: In discussing theater, we have to remember that Broadway is far from being the alpha and omega of the theater world; increasingly, in fact, the best theater is *not* on Broadway. So it seems to me that the theater can hardly be said to be declining at a time when fine new theaters are springing up in Minneapolis, Seattle, San Francisco, Dallas and dozens of other cities.

PLAYBOY: The construction of these new cultural facilities has been made possible, to a great extent, by the increasing encouragement and financial support of state and municipal arts councils throughout the country. Do you think there is any substance to the fear that these official councils may prove to be inhibitors rather than patrons of artistic freedom, in that artists and performers not conforming to their personal standards of artistic merit might be barred from aid?

SUSSKIND: I don't think that the local arts councils bespeak any potential censorship. I think they only signify community enthusiasm. By organizing and raising funds and having subscription lists, they give leverage to the cultural possibilities in a particular town. They make lecture and concert series possible. They don't, I think, lay down any hard-and-fast bureaucratic lines of aesthetic "validity." They're invariably seeking the best artists at the booking centers. These are well-meaning people who believe that only by organizing themselves can they achieve some kind of cultural realization in a community that would be barren of such possibilities if they were to act only as individuals.

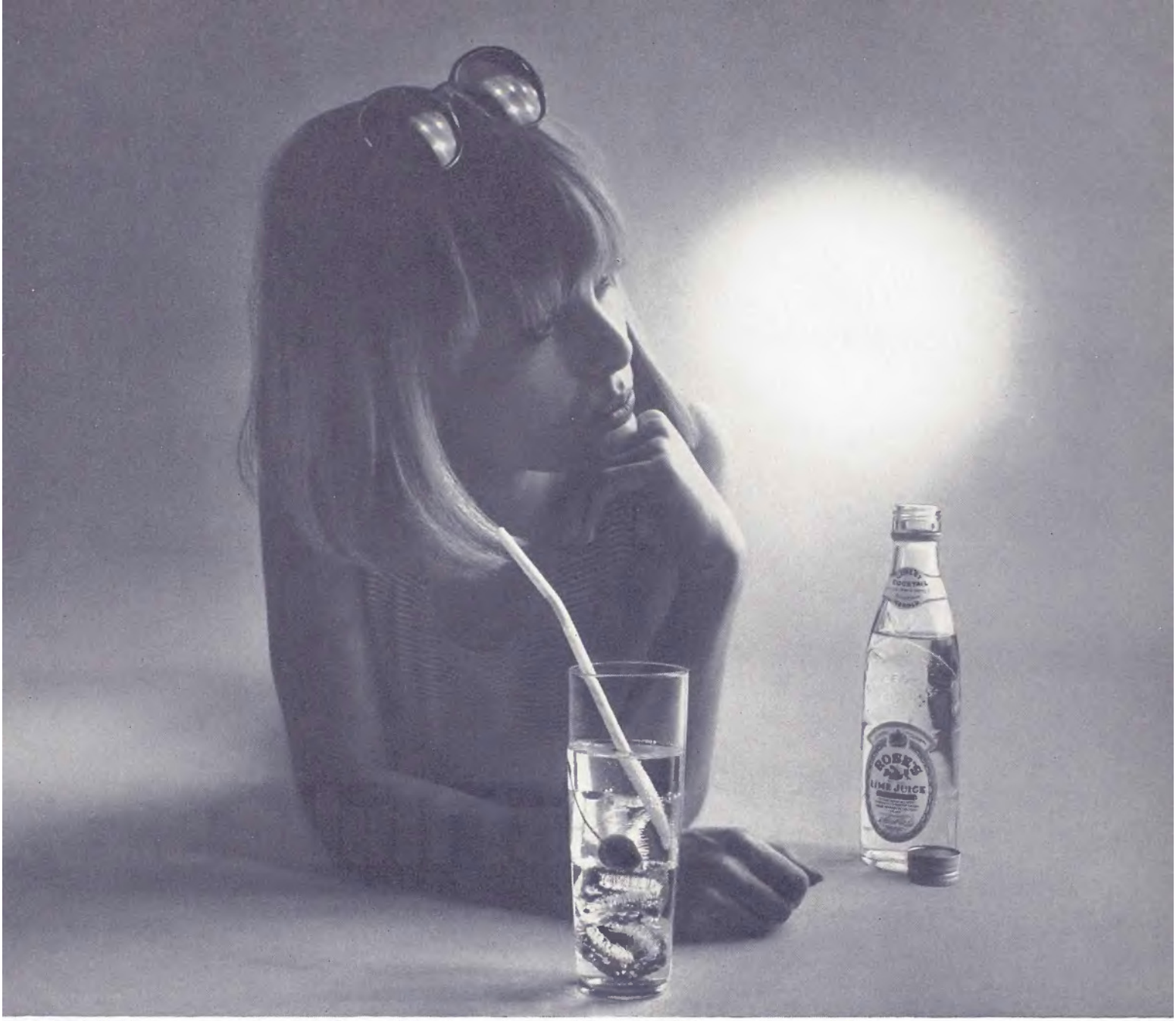
SCHARY: I think it remains to be seen whether there's a danger in all of this. Let's see what these councils support over a period of time. I'm not disturbed yet, but I do get a little scared for the future when I think of what some city councils, to speak in terms of municipalities, could do. I think with horror of what might happen in a city like Los Angeles, with its rattlebrained, highly conservative and mixed-up community life, if some city-sponsored cultural group decided to do something very avant-garde.

LYNES: My feeling is that the further you can keep Government money out of the arts, the better off they are. The more you can get local money involved in the local arts, the better off they are. I think the local cultural center can do quite a lot to serve the arts of a particular community. Of course, the risk increases when you get all the money coming from any one source, particularly when that source is removed from where the arts are performed.

TOFFLER: I don't think we need to fear that municipal or state patronage of the arts will lead to a kind of low-level Government control. Whatever money is being pumped into the arts by cities and states is more than matched by money from thousands, perhaps millions, of individual contributors. There is also growing support from businesses, foundations, even from such organizations as labor unions, junior leagues and churches. The result is that we've developed a system of plural patronage whereby the various pressures that might accompany gifts of money tend to cancel each other out. The astute artistic director of an orchestra or of a theater company knows how to play off the interests of his patrons against one another in order to give his artists and himself the maximum amount of freedom. So long as this balance is preserved, so long as no single source predominates, the artist is in a very enviable position with regard to pressure. The only point at which I would begin to worry would be when and if the Federal Government became paramount. It could swamp the whole system of plural patronage if it chose to, simply because of its size and resources. I think there is a place for Federal participation in the financing of the arts, but I don't think it ought to involve itself in direct financial subsidies for the operation of artistic institutions.

LYNES: I agree. I think it's splendid if the Government wants to send the Modern Jazz Quartet to New Delhi, because they're hiring those guys to go and do a job. I think it's fine if they want to send the New York Philharmonic to Berlin. But I am against a general wash of Federal money to promote culture. Nor am I sanguine about Government arts councils. Setting up an arts council is often like setting up a jury for an exhibition: "You can have this abstraction if you'll let me put this landscape in the show." I think that committee art—and that's what a council is—always tends toward the middle, the safe, secure and mediocre. I'm not afraid of creeping socialism in the arts. I'm afraid of creeping mediocrity. I think that's the effect of the Government getting into it. A friend of mine, an architect, has done a building in Washington. He told me that every decision he made had to be approved by seven committees. So what do you do when you get an arts council? You add one more committee. Maybe it could be useful, but I think that we are all too likely to wind up adding an additional committee to solve problems that haven't been solved by existing committees.

BRINKLEY: In line with that, the only one of the arts that the Government now patronizes *is* architecture, and our experience in that field is roughly this: The Government is able to use the best architecture in foreign countries, in embassies and Government buildings abroad. But it is generally not able to have the best architecture here, because here it's under the immediate scrutiny of Congress. I remember some Government building was being put up a few years ago, and a member of the Senate was furious because he was from Indiana and Indiana limestone wasn't being used in it. With few exceptions, the Government architecture in Washington is certainly not inspiring. Nor is Government architecture around this country. Based, therefore, on the way the Government handles architecture, I suspect that it



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would be a deadening influence if it were to patronize the other arts. You'd have members of Congress who know nothing about music complaining because someone getting a Government subsidy was composing music the Congressmen didn't like.

PLAYBOY: It has been suggested that one way of raising television standards would be the creation of a Federally financed and operated network. Would you be in favor of such a network?

BRINKLEY: Well, if there *were* such a network, I'd certainly hate to work for it. As it is now, we're independent, in a sense, but when, a year or so ago, a number of television stations around the country had the unmitigated temerity to express a few opinions, Congress began to investigate. It makes you wonder what they mean when they talk about freedom of speech. Freedom of speech apparently means you can say anything you like so long as you say nice things about me. I thought that investigation was ludicrous, and if this represents the Federal Government's attitude toward a communications medium run by private enterprise, how would it run one owned by the *Government*? I think it would be worse than anything on the air now.

TOFFLER: Federal grants to our arts institutions might also bring with them an unhealthy curiosity on the part of Congressional investigators as to how the tax dollar is being spent. Can you imagine how much worse things might have been for the arts during the McCarthy period if many of our orchestras or theaters had been receiving Federal aid? There would then have been an excuse for Congress to turn the arts upside down hunting for ex-left-wingers, homosexuals, oddballs and anyone else who happened to be different. The results of the witch hunts and black-listing would have been far worse than they were.

PLAYBOY: Can the Federal Government do anything to aid the arts that would not involve the possibility of intimidation or undue influence?

TOFFLER: Yes. It can provide Federal money for construction of cultural centers. If you talk to Sol Hurok or Columbia Artists and the other bookers, they'll tell you there's a sore need for more new theaters and good concert halls. This is something the Government could easily support by grants—channeled through the states—to institutions. This kind of assistance would not empower the Government to decide what is going to be performed. It would be a way of keeping the Government at bay with one hand and accepting its money with the other. But it should be pointed out that the charge that the United States now does nothing for the arts is not true. It might surprise you to know that if you took all the money contributed by national governments to the famed opera houses and theaters of Italy, Germany and Austria, plus all the money spent by the vaunted British arts council, you'd find that this is less than the United States Government provides by allowing tax deductions for certain forms of arts patronage. But this doesn't mean we have anything to be smug about. The Federal Government could and should do a hell of a lot more.

PLAYBOY: Gentlemen, we asked Arthur Miller his feelings about the cultural explosion, and his answer was: "All I believe—and it is something I couldn't begin to prove—is that a deep yearning exists in a limited but crucial group of people for artworks that confront reality. Speaking personally, the best thing I can do is try to provide them, within my means to do so." Do you agree that no matter how impressive the statistics of the cultural boom, this "deep yearning" exists only among "a limited but crucial group of people"?

COPLAND: Yes, I do. And I think it would be a very noble effort on Arthur's part to confine himself to that audience.

KEMPTON: This may sound very pompous, but anybody who really tries to work in the arts recognizes that he is addressing himself to—if you want to use Dwight Macdonald's terrible word—an "elite" audience. You're not going to have any real cultural explosion unless you cater to the elite—not because the elite is so nice, but simply because these are people who genuinely *need* this sort of thing.

BRINKLEY: I agree with Miller entirely. The audience for high culture is as big as it has ever been—but that's still small. In the Renaissance, paintings were done for private patrons who hung them in their palaces. They weren't done for the public. Mozart and Beethoven composed for private patrons who had the music performed for little parties in their palaces. Their works were not primarily intended for a mass audience. The same thing is true now, but somewhat less so. We do have more people who are educated and who are able to buy and patronize the arts. But we still have a majority of people who aren't interested, can't afford it or aren't educated up to it, and prefer instead a bland diet of popular music and soap-opera entertainment.

SUSSKIND: I cannot agree. We are emerging from the cocoon of an anticultural, anti-intellectual society into a society where to be well read, to be able to think, to be able to paint, to be able to sculpt, to be able to play music is no longer an object of suspicion but rather one of pride. I see no reason to believe that there will always be only a "limited" proportion who care deeply. After all, with each decade there are millions more high school and college graduates, and as I said before, they will propagate. They will have more books in their homes than were in their fathers' homes. They and their children will have higher standards of moviegoing. They'll want better art and better music. All of this will increase geometrically as osmosis has a chance to work. I say it'll be geometric, because our colleges are already bursting at the seams, our educational plants are inadequate to the requirements of the spiraling number of students and faculty members. If we could feed the demand for college facilities and the demand for better faculties, we would make a greater contribution toward the achievement of higher cultural standards than by anything else we might do.

LYNES: I'm not entirely sure that the proportion of the population that is deeply involved with the arts is going to increase, but I don't feel either that this proportion is a small group, as some of you seem to think. It may be small in terms of percentages, but in terms of 180,000,000 people in this country, there are millions who are really concerned about the arts. I think that what *can* happen is that as leisure increases, many people who might never have gotten to the arts at all because they had to give all their time to feeding their faces and families, may discover experiences that would have been closed to them in another kind of society. If that happens, we may indeed have a marked increase in the proportion of those deeply involved in the arts.

PLAYBOY: While the qualitative nature of the cultural explosion remains an open question, you seem to be in agreement that public interest and participation in the arts is both widening and deepening, and that this has catalyzed the creation of greatly improved and increased means and facilities for making them generally available across the nation: the construction of cultural centers, the founding of arts councils, the proliferation of quality paperbacks, classical LPs and similar evidences of conspicuous cultural consumption on a nationwide basis. As several panelists have pointed out, we will not be able to measure the depth and quality of this boom until we've had a little longer to see and hear what is actually produced and performed and displayed in our new marble halls—until we have time to assess the extent to which our society as a whole becomes "cultured" in the best and largest sense. But apparently we all agree—to a degree—that the present is far from being culturally static, and the prognosis for a fundamentally cultivated society is far more sanguine than it was only a decade ago. Thank you, gentlemen.

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fiction By RAY RUSSELL

NAKED IN XANADU

it was his secret, they were his girls, the whole city was his as far as the eye could see

WITH A FLUTTERING whimper that burst into a yell, Sonny Gray battled his way out of sleep, blinking and gasping, greeting the day in the abrupt style that had, of late, become usual with him.

The nightmare, as always, had been distressing, but the act of waking up invariably sponged it from his memory, bringing the customary morning smile to his face.

It was a small smile, but then it was a small face, small and undistinguished and not what you would call attractive. The smile was one of secret knowledge, private joy, the smile of a cat who has swallowed a large number of the fattest, juiciest canaries.

He sat up in bed and, rubbing sleep-clogged eyes, looked out the window. From his quiet home on St. Ives Drive, just above Sunset Strip, he could see a great section of the city, laid out at his feet like an Oriental rug. Here, near, was Hollywood, pungent and vulgar; over there, the beginnings of Beverly Hills, elegant and sedate. The morning was clear; no smog; he could see far. Sonny liked to see far. It made him inordinately happy.

He had not always been happy. As he got out of bed, padded downstairs, and made himself an enormous breakfast, he remembered other, hapless days. Days when time had pressed heavily upon him, crushing him like iron weights; days when boredom and misery had been corrosive acids blackening and diminishing his spirit; days when life had edged him closer and closer to the brink of suicide. Those had been bad days, and worse nights, nights of drinking and desperate tears. Now, after zealously cramming his skinny carcass with scrambled eggs, sausages, buttered toast, jam, milk and coffee (plenty of protein: he had to keep up his strength), he patted his lips with his napkin and sighed contentedly.

In the bathroom, he sang as he showered, hummed as he shaved. By singing and humming, he managed to get through half the bubbly first act of *La Traviata*. He looked at his face in the mirror, and laughed. "You monkey," he said, affectionately, "you ugly little monkey."

Sonny did, in fact, resemble a monkey. For most of his life, that uncomely face and, later, that balding skull had caused him considerable melancholy. Currently, he didn't give a good god damn *what* he looked like. Sonny was 43. He felt like a kid. He stood five-five in elevator shoes. He felt like a giant. Switching from Verdi

to Rodgers, "Oh what a beautiful morning," he sang, "oh what a beautiful day."

He did not dress, exactly, but put on fresh pajamas and a crisp robe. Then he walked downstairs to his study, unlocked a drawer in his desk and flipped the pages of a fat appointment book, bound in Florentine leather of a tan so light it was almost ivory and of a texture as smooth and sleek as a girl's belly. His fingertips lingered on the leather (he had always liked nice things) as he looked down at the open book. Long-time bachelors frequently talk to themselves: "Saturday," Sonny murmured, "a full schedule."

He replaced the appointment book, locked the drawer, and warmly contemplated the word *simplicity*. There were other words that came to mind, like *flawless* and *foolproof*, but he faithfully returned to the thought that pleased him most—that the single most remarkable aspect of his life, these days, was its simplicity. Its sinewy, spare, sublime simplicity.

He sauntered into the living room and sat down, patiently waiting. He looked at the clock on the fireplace; it was almost ten. He heard a car approach and stop; the slam of its door; then a soft discreet knocking on his front door. It was now exactly ten.

Smiling, Sonny rose to answer the knock. "Right on cue," he observed, somewhat smugly.

His day had begun.

Late that afternoon, his phone rang. "Hello?" he said.

He recognized the voice. "This is Millie Van Bustenhalter. I have a friend named Sandra Sharnoe who would like to speak to you."

"All right, put her on."

After a pause, an unfamiliar voice said, "Hello? Mr.—uh——"

"Did I understand Millie to say your name is Sandra Sharnoe? I gather you have some kind of problem and you'd like my help?"

"Well, yes, she said you get *wild* results, and I'm just desperate——"

"I'll tell you what, Miss Sharnoe. There's a delicatessen on the Strip, just west of Doheny. Can you be there in, oh, an hour?"

She was hesitant. "I . . . guess so. Sunset and Doheny?"

"North side of the street. I'll be sitting in there, drinking a glass of buttermilk. I'll be wearing a charcoal suit, with a red necktie, and there will be a white carnation in my buttonhole."

Wavering, Sandra Sharnoe said, "I don't really know . . ."

"It's entirely up to you. I'll be there in any case. If we happen to run into each other, fine. If not, I couldn't care less. Charcoal suit, red tie, white buttonhole."

"All right, Mr.—wait a minute, what's your——"

"See you soon, then."

He hung up and got dressed for the first time that day, putting on his charcoal suit and a tie of scarlet silk, which he skewered with a garnet stickpin. He remembered, then, that the florist had been all out of white carnations and had apologetically sent white roses instead. Snipping

ASSEMBLAGE BY TOM STROBEL

one from the group in the vase on the piano, he inserted it neatly into his lapel. It would serve.

The winding downhill walk to the deli was short and pleasant, taking him past Stravinsky's house, the sight of which always afforded him a glow of moderate wattage, seeming almost to link him, Sonny Gray, with the brilliant distant Paris of Picasso and Nijinsky, of the furor over *Le Sacre*, of the famous promenade through the Place de la Concorde that night when Diaghilev, adjusting his monocle, said to Cocteau: "*Étonne-moi.*" (Ah, *cher* Diaghilev, smiled Sonny as he strolled, how *I* would have astonished you, if I had been there to tell you my secret!)

A long-legged thoroughbred with chocolate eyes and sable hair entered the deli as Sonny was enjoying his buttermilk. She glanced about nervously, took note of his suit, his tie and his boutonniere, and click-clacked over to his table, her lustrous dark coif bouncing. Her face was drawn tight by tension, the brown eyes dulled, probably by pain or lack of sleep or both, and she had not bothered with cosmetics; she was, nonetheless, a knockout.

Before she could open her mouth, Sonny said, "Miss Sharnoe?"

"Yes."

"I'm Halsted Gray. Please sit down. Would you like a cup of coffee? No? Nothing? Well, then. Let's get two things straight right away. First, I am not a doctor nor do I pretend to be one. Second, I do not accept money. What I do, I do only as a favor for my friends, like Millie. Or friends of my friends, like you. Understood?" Sandra Sharnoe nodded. "Fine. Then let's get to it." He drained his glass. "Is your car outside?"

She drove the short trip to Sonny's house, following his directions. To make conversation, she asked, "If you don't take money for this, Mr. Gray, what *do* you do for a living?"

"Nothing at all," he said promptly. "Which does not mean I'm idle, however. I'm kept extremely busy by my avocations. No, my father—Halsted Gray, Senior—was the worker in our family. He was kind enough to set up a small trust for me. It's not an awful lot, as those things go, but it keeps me comfortable and free from financial worry." It was a set piece; he knew it by heart. It had the advantage of being perfectly true.

As they entered his living room, he offered her a comfortable chair and suggested she remove her shoes, which she did. He slipped a Delius recording on the phonograph. "Now," he said, drawing a chair up close to her. "The trouble is?"

She pressed long, lacquer-tipped fingers to her temples. "These headaches," she said. "Like an ax in my skull. And I have an audition tomorrow. I *always* get them before an audition."

"You're an actress, Sandra?"

"A dancer. I have a chance at this *wild* TV spot, and——"

"I see. You've been to doctors, of course."

She sighed. "Of course. They tell me it's nerves, tension. I *know* that! They give me pills. The pills either do me no good or make me woozy."

Sonny nodded. "All right. We'll give it a try. How old are you, by the way?"

"Twenty."

"You don't know my method?"

Sandra shook her head. "No, Millie just said you were great . . ."

"It's hypnosis," he explained. "Nothing more than that. I can take away this headache and you'll feel fine tomorrow, for your audition. I can't—*I won't*—do anything permanent for you, because that can be dangerous. I can only remove the symptom, I can't remove the cause. I'm saying all this because I want to be completely open and aboveboard."

Sandra nodded. Sonny went on: "I need your complete cooperation, that goes without saying. Don't resist. Are you comfortable? Good. Just relax now and listen to the music. I find it very restful music. Very drifting, floating music. Do you see this stickpin I'm wearing in my tie? The stone is a garnet; a beautiful garnet, I think, soothing to look at, limpid, liquid, with depths beyond depths, and beyond those, more depths. Look at it. As you look at the garnet, you are going deep, deep asleep." He paused. "Your body is relaxing, deeply relaxing." He paused. "Your legs are growing heavy, very, very heavy." He paused. "Your arms are growing heavy, very, very heavy . . ." Before long, he was saying, "Your eyes are growing very heavy. Your eyes are growing very tired. Your eyes are beginning to close. Your eyes are closing, closing, closing, closing, closing, closing . . . Close your eyes and sleep."

She did just that, her breathing becoming slow and even.

He induced depth: "With each and every breath you take, your sleep is growing deeper . . . deeper . . . and deeper."

He established control: "Nothing will awaken you, until *I* awaken you. Nothing will disturb you. You will hear no sound except my voice."

He tested: "Your eyes are closed tight, so tight you cannot open them. The harder you try, the tighter they stick. Try to open them." Her eyes remained shut. "Try! But you can't!" Her eyes did not open. "Now stop trying. You can't do it."

He made a few other tests. Her response to them all was satisfactory. With a light step, he trotted into his study, and returned in a moment with the appointment book and a pencil. Flipping its pages, he said, "What is your name?"

Her voice came from a great distance: "Sandra . . . Sartelli . . ."

"And you are how old?"

"Twenty . . . two . . ."

"That's right, Sandra, you must always tell me the truth. Remember that. Always the truth. Are you married?"

"No . . ."

"Do you usually have . . . let me see . . . Thursday afternoons free?"

"No . . ."

"Why not?"

"Dancing class . . ."

"Ah. Then Friday morning between ten and eleven, are you ordinarily free at that time?"

"Yes . . ."

He made a notation in the book. "Listen carefully. Next Friday morning, the tenth of this month, you will make every reasonable effort to be here in this house at ten o'clock. Every reasonable effort. That means you will try to keep Friday morning free—to the best of your ability—of routine commitments. However, if anything urgent stands in the way of your being here, you will not feel compelled to come. Instead, you will simply postpone the visit until the following Friday morning at ten o'clock. Repeat those instructions."

"Next Friday morning, the tenth of this month . . ." As she droned on, Sonny congratulated himself on this particular refinement. Planting a compulsive posthypnotic suggestion could be disastrous. The subject, delayed by snarled traffic, might have a serious accident if under a compulsion to reach the destination by a designated time. Or be on a hospital bed, convalescing from surgery, or in another city, where the impossibility of getting to his house would bring on hysteria. Therefore, he had hit upon the idea of the qualified, conditional suggestion. ". . . simply postpone the visit until the following Friday morning at ten o'clock," Sandra concluded. On Friday morning, Sonny would plant the suggestion for the Friday to come, and so on, each week setting up the following week's visit.

"When you leave here," said Sonny, "you will drive directly home. At the first green traffic light you see, you will forget my address. At the second green traffic light you see, you will forget my telephone number. At the third green traffic light you see, you will forget my name. As you get into your bed tonight, you will forget what I look like, you will forget what this house looks like, and you will forget you were here. *You will completely forget you were ever here.* Repeat those instructions."

She did. If she were to bump into Sonny on the street the next day, she would not recognize him.

"You will suddenly remember the location of this house on Friday morning, the tenth of this month. You will remem-

(continued overleaf)

"It's some new dance craze that's sweeping the nation."

ber the location and you will be able to find it, but you will not remember the actual address, or the phone number, or my name. Repeat those instructions."

She did.

"If anyone wants to know where you're going, you will not tell them. You will not tell them because you will not know. You will, however, make up a story, the most logical, most believable story for the particular person who happens to ask you. Repeat those instructions."

She did. In a couple of months, Sonny would change the day and time of her weekly visits, to avoid their falling into an attention-drawing pattern.

"You will take note of a word. The word is *Xanadu*. It will mean nothing out of the ordinary to you when most people say it, or when you read it in print. But when I say *Xanadu* to you, you will immediately sink into deep trance. Deep, deep trance, of the kind you are in now. When I, and only I, say *Xanadu*. Repeat those instructions."

She did. On Friday morning, when she would return, a long, slow induction would not be necessary. He would open the door for her, and she would enter, with a bemused smile, somewhat apologetic, groping for his forgotten name, not quite knowing why she was here, and he would casually ask her to sit down, and then, just as casually, he would ask her if she happened to know the Coleridge lines that began "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan/A stately pleasure dome decree," and even before "pleasure dome" was out of his mouth, her eyes would be closed and her head fallen forward. "Xanadu," he would repeat, and her mind would slip deeper into the trance; "Xanadu, Xanadu, Xanadu," and each repetition of the signal would push her more profoundly and more surely under his control.

"Stand up, Sandra."

She did, and he took her hand. "Just come with me," he said, and led her upstairs.

They sat side by side on his bed. "Sandra," he said, "you must be very honest and answer my next question truthfully. It is extremely important that you be completely honest with *yourself*, as well as with me . . ." He allowed that directive to sink in, then went on. "I want you to remember. I want you to remember all the men you have ever known in the past, shall we say, six years? All the men, let me add, that you have known with more than a nodding acquaintance, *and* all the men you have thought a great deal about, dreamed about, even if you have not known them personally. Search your memory, Sandra. Let them pass in parade through your mind."

As the parade filed by, Sonny got up and lit a cigarette. It had all been such a stroke of dumb luck, he marveled for by no means the first time; such a beautiful screwy accident. It so easily might never have happened at all, and he felt eternally in debt to Fortune that it had. If he had not been sitting idly at home that evening six months before, watching some awful thing on television, bored to petrifaction; and if that writer fellow, Clayton Horne, had not phoned and invited him to an impromptu party; and if Horne, as the evening wore on, had not allowed himself to be coaxed into demonstrating his rumored powers of hypnotism—but, Sonny smiled into the cigarette smoke, all this *had* happened . . .

"Oh, all right, all right," Horne said, "but no wisecracks or catcalls from the audience. And no promises, either. I make no promises. I'm not a wizard. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. There's no mystery in this—just a simple scientific technique."

"Twenty dollars says you can't do it at all," said Sonny.

"No bet. I only bet on sure things, and, like I said, sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. Who's going to volunteer? You, Sonny?"

"I'd rather watch."

Horne turned to a tall, willowy model. "Mavis, what about you? Girls make good subjects, for some reason."

"Don't do it, dear," Mavis' escort, Rudy, said, only half joking. "Once he gets you under, he'll make you perform all sorts of nastiness."

Mavis laughed and retorted, "That's not true, Rudy. I read someplace that a hypnotist can't force a person to do anything against the person's moral code. Isn't that right, Clay?"

Horne smiled. "Actually, there are ways of getting around that . . ."

"And besides," said Rudy, "I've yet to discover anything that *is* against your moral code, old love."

That got a laugh, perhaps too much of a laugh for Mavis' taste, because she balked. Horne turned to a quiet, rather plain girl who'd said practically nothing the whole evening. "Doris? Come on, be a sport."

She hesitated. "I wouldn't mind, except that I feel awful. I really should be home. I have this damn toothache."

"Perfect. Dr. Horne will charm it away. Sit over here . . ."

Doris moved to an armchair, saying, "You're bluffing."

"Sit down. Take off your shoes. That's it. Comfortable? No, no, don't cross your legs—that interferes with the circulation and might wake you up in the middle of the whole thing. You say I'm bluffing. Not at all. I've done it before, very successfully. I've also failed. When you come right down to it, nobody hypnotizes anybody—people hypnotize themselves. The so-called hypnotist just helps them do it. I can't do it unless you want me to, understand, dear? If you're afraid——"

"I'm not afraid," said Doris, "it just seems a little silly."

"That's perfectly all right. I don't mind your thinking it silly. Natural reaction. Very healthy, as a matter of fact. Helps you relax. Think of it as a game, a silly little game, and you're just playing along, being a good sport, humoring me, all right? Attagirl."

Sonny watched with total fascination, his skepticism peeling away in layers as he saw Doris close her eyes, then go deeper and deeper into trance. Horne trotted out all the tricks: told her she was a cat, and she obediently meowed and licked her paws; told her she was watching the funniest comedy ever filmed, and she laughed uproariously; told her she was watching the saddest play ever penned, and she copiously wept. Then, winking at Doris' escort, a man named Joe, he told her it was getting terribly hot in the room—eighty, ninety, ninety-five degrees—and she was all alone, and her clothes were so oppressively uncomfortable . . . sure enough, she began to unbutton her blouse.

Joe said, "Wait a *min*ute, Clay!"

"The mercury," Horne told Doris, "is going down now. Eighty, seventy, sixty-five . . ." She buttoned up her blouse again. Turning to Mavis, he said, "See what I mean about that moral code stuff? If I hadn't stopped her, she'd have stripped to the buff. And yet if I'd simply ordered her to take her clothes off, she wouldn't have done it."

Addressing Doris again, Horne said, "When you awaken, you will not remember any of this. And your toothache will be completely gone. Sometime after you awaken, Joe will offer you a cigarette. As you take it from the package, you will sing one chorus of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. I am going to count to five. At the count of five, you will open your eyes and be completely awake. One, two, three, four, *five*."

The first thing she noticed was the missing toothache. Horne carefully explained that he had removed the symptom, not the cause, and made her promise to call her dentist first thing in the morning. Half an hour later, behind her back, Horne pantomimed the act of smoking to Joe, and Joe offered Doris a cigarette. She took one, and casually began to sing, in a bland, tuneless voice:

"Oh, say can you see
by the dawn's early light . . ."

Sonny was the last guest to leave. He stayed behind, after all the others had dribbled away, expressing his admiration for Horne's great mesmeric powers. "Powers, schmowers," said Horne, "I wasn't kidding when I said I was no wizard. The amazing thing, the *appalling* thing about hypnotism is that it's so incredibly easy. A few phrases and rituals that are a cinch to learn, a certain

(continued on page 160)

VACATION IN STYLE

the tops in men's resortwear engagingly counterpointed by the topless in women's

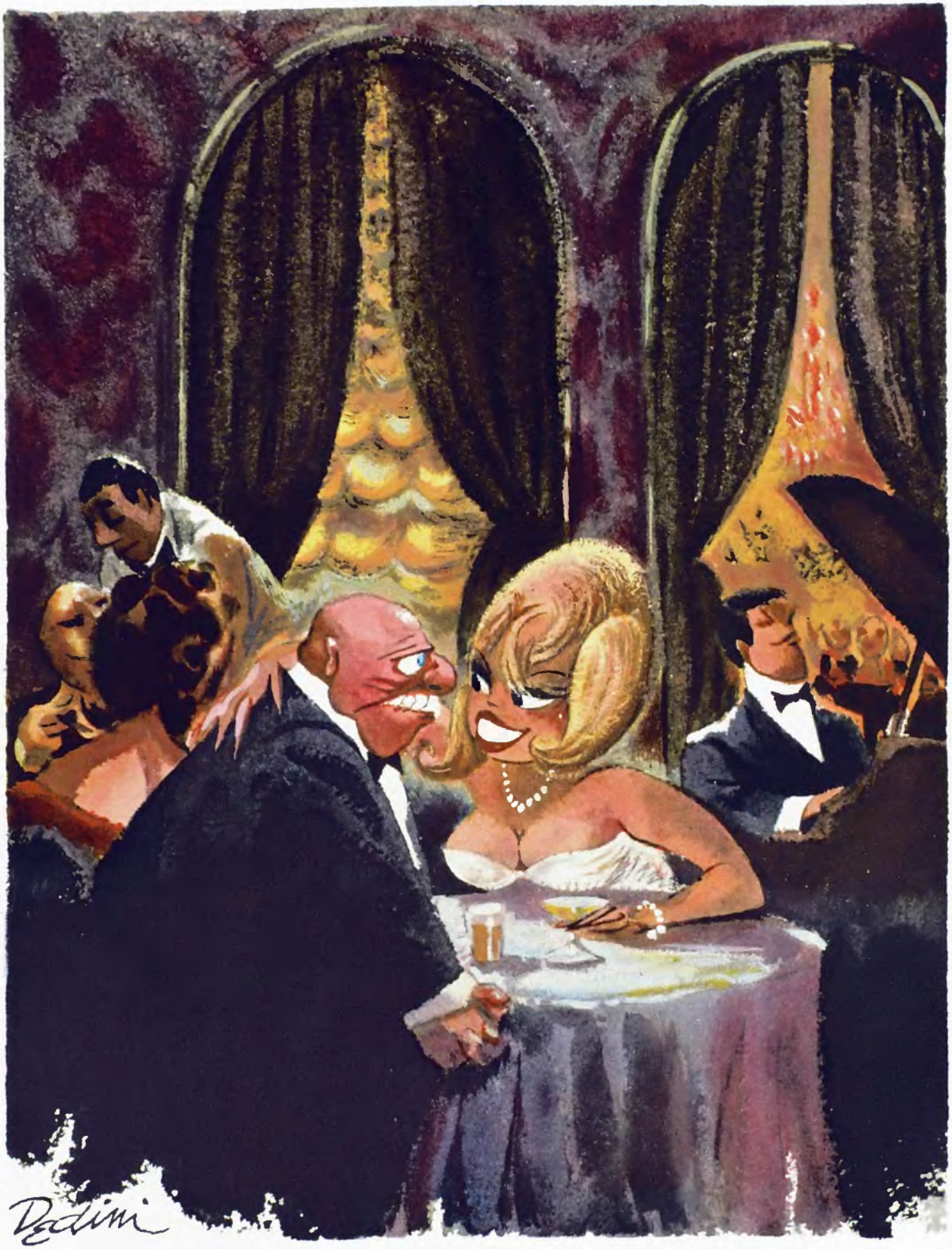
From bottom to topless: Bare-feat girl whose cheeks are banned (at most U.S. beoches) olmost dons nylon suit, by Bill Miller, $20; lucky guy sports hip-rider trunks, by Cotolina, $8; convertible model (featuring button-on bra) is shewn with top down, by Elon of Califernia, $23.

Above: Guy in blue modras-cloth three-button jacket, by Stanley Blacker, $40, modros-cloth buttondown shirt with bock pleat, by Manhattan, $6, white Dacron and cotton duck trousers, by Corbin, $15, and silk ascot, by Handcraft, $6, elicits companion's smile by utilizing pull—on her silk chiffon tie-front top, by Robert Leader, $75. Right: Well-dressed gent in silk formal jacket, $85, with matching cummerbund and tie, $13, all by After Six, discusses what's nude under the sun with pretty friend in breezy crepe topless evening dress, by Robert Leader, $50.

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN THE GENTLEMAN who plans to purchase only masculine duds for this winter's resort season may be in for a nude awakening: rating high on male lists—gift lists, that is—will be swimsuits in monokini and reverse-cleavage styles, as well as frontless blouses and gowns, even if only for private poolside and patio romps with the fair sex. Whether or not the knowledgeable male approves of his playmate's publicly appearing semiattired, he will want to turn his attention to correct attire for himself.

Since the surfing look will be making a big splash in swimwear this season, two pairs of surfing trunks, one with a matching parka and visor-type hood, should be taken. In addition, a pair of *(text concluded on page 173)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



"But sixty-seven isn't old for a roué, Mr. Osborn . . . !"

THE PIRATES OF PADRE ISLAND

fiction By MICHAEL O'CONNELL *everyone knew that laffite and his crew had buried treasure in the dunes—maybe a walking, running-away boat could get there*

DO BOYS STILL RUN AWAY from home? Does the old Huckleberry Finn pull still wind tighter inside them like the rubber band in a model airplane until the prop spins free and they sail out buoyant and bold, veering in the fresh currents, to thump to earth after a brief flight?

About the time when my parents were beginning to seem like the greatest misfortune that fate had ever inflicted on a mature young man, another 12-year-old named Paul and I got a really soaring idea for checking out our wings. We would put a centerboard on El Tigre, the huge, battered, iron-bathtub-heavy old skiff, sunken and abandoned, which we had salvaged and calked with tar from a road builder's pot and painted black. We would buy Augie Commiskie's catboat sail for which he had never had a boat and get provisions and sail across the 20 miles of bay to Padre Island on the Gulf, leaving behind all insistent mothers, growling fathers, bullies named Horse and the looming school year.

We would live free as mountain lions (an image we liked) and spend our time fishing, swimming, sailing, smoking, lying in the sand and, best of all, exploring for (and most likely finding) the treasure which everyone knew Laffite the pirate had buried in the great sand dunes out there.

Out there were two islands. One you could see on hot days hanging above the horizon: This was Mustang which was built up, with beer joints and bait stands, dead tarpon and people. But south, separated only by a little channel, was Padre Island, the big one, where no one went because it was too lonely and where the Gulf, sometimes so blue it looked dyed, was marching in combers big as hills to boom against the marvelous white beaches that stretched along forever. Or to Mexico, anyway.

This was down in Corpus Christi, a sleepy, subtropical town on the Texas coast, and back in the

Thirties, in the days when a ship thumping down the line of stilted buoys from the Gulf might bear, slapping on the flag astern, the rigid pinwheel of a swastika. Then boys might exclaim "Hotcha!" when they thought of the joys of island living, and personalities flourished independent as jumping tarpon.

Consider old man Ben, sole owner (except for a mule-faced wife) of BEN'S BAITS BOATS. This was a shack, a pier, ten rowboats and two bait boxes where shrimp floated in a misty pinkish jumble. Ben promised Paul and me a set of oars for two days' hard work scraping up fish scales and bailing out boats around his pier, then he reneged. He offered us a boat to row around the harbor for a couple of hours, free.

We decided to pay ourselves at his expense, and declined. One afternoon a few days later Ben emerged from his shack, shooed away an old pelican that stood parked like a forgotten satchel on a pier post, put a shotgun and a case of beer into his favorite skiff and rowed out to the rocks of the harbor breakwater. There he went through his routine. After drinking each beer Ben put the can on a rock and blasted it off with the shotgun. He always drank the same brand—Opal Lager Beer. Opal was his wife's name, too. When the sea gulls and pelicans and terns saw him coming they flew to another section of the breakwater. Sometimes they kept going and flew past the drawbridge all the way into the inner harbor where the freighters were tied to the docks and foreign sailors would lean against the railings and wonder about American birds.

That night Paul and I and my little brother Charley (ten years old and sole crew member serving under the two captains) climbed on top of Ben's shack with a claw hammer, listened to the malt snores from below, then nails screeched in the moonlight as we found out how those metal-and-wood soft drink signs were put together.

The next morning we beached El Tigre bottom up and went to work with borrowed tin snips and hammer and tar. Our new centerboard was pretty fancy, though with its curling white-on-red letters, *Coca*, it seemed more like some kind of Arabic flag. The boat was relaunched and rigged and anchored with a 20-pound rock in shallow water. To some people the ungainly old thing with the stubby mast stuck in the bow (which for some reason burrowed low in the water) may have resembled a harpooned whale about to sound. To us it was a rakish, piratical craft.

Night fell. A sinister, scimitar moon was slashing through racing clouds as three bent and burdened figures staggered along the beach and waded out to a dark bulk in the sea. We were victualing ship. Paul carried an imitation Navaho blanket, a fork, a can of coffee, three avocados, a large box of tapioca, a book titled *Stalking the Kodiak Bear*, four bottles of Dr Pepper, four Hershey bars and a calendar. Charley and I were lugging potatoes, a box of kitchen matches, a sack of yellow chicken-feed candy, an avocado, dried beans and a pair of dime-store Genuine Binoculars Guaranteed 2x. Also a canoe paddle and a broomstick. Already in the boat were a bailing can and an eight-foot Coast Guard oar and oarlock, found drifting, and a toy compass whose quivering needle was willing to point wherever you wanted to go.

The big oar was set in the stern for a rudder, the triangular sail was hoisted, flapped wildly and was hauled taut, the rock anchor hauled aboard and, yawing and pitching, the black craft lurched out to sea.

"We did it! We're really going!" Whose exultant voice was that? It didn't matter. Any of us might have yelled it. Back there, yellow wads of light from houses, street lamps and the tower of the Plaza Hotel kept away the night for ordinary people. All that was safe, reassuring and dull. Ahead the black sea chased itself endlessly and there was only the passing green running light on someone's cruiser headed home and the intermittent, official flashes on the buoys.

Paul was at the tiller, I tended sail and crewman Charley hiked out and absorbed the spray. Trouble was, we weren't going anywhere. For 50 minutes we alternated long reaching tacks and still the shore lights and twisted red neon of Boni's Drive-In seemed close enough to touch.

"We got to row." I put all the command which I hoped to assume into my voice. "Maybe outside the breakwater there's more wind."

We unstepped the mast and took new stations. Paul sat on the port side with the oar, Charley and I were poised to starboard with canoe paddle and broomstick.

"OK, now!"

We dug into the waves, Charley and I stabbing frantically as Paul took one long haul on the monster oar and whirled the boat around. We were headed for shore now. Paul made another sweep and the starboard crew went ape with paddling. This time we spun only half around, the waves caught her broadside and the boat began to broach to.

"Row!" yelled Paul. "Stop goofing off!" Desperately Charley and I plunged broomstick and paddle while Paul waited. When we came about and the bow surged up through a ghostly whitecap Paul leaned into another long pull and around we went again.

Paul bounced on the seat in exasperation. "How about you guys doing some of the work?"

No sound from starboard except gasping and wave flailing. For ten minutes more the boat wallowed in circles, a clumsy sea monster chasing its tail, then we stopped and drifted, thinking.

We put the oar in the stern socket and Paul sculled while Charley and I plied paddle and broomstick and gradually we went to sea. But four arms out of six were shrieking fatigue. It was great to find dead ahead the somber jumble of boulders of the harbor breakwater.

We settled there for the night on a sand bar with the sail for a bed, the New Jersey Navaho blanket for cover and sand fleas for company. Spray flared in pale salty fans against the dark boulders behind us, a shooting star ran a long blue chalk mark down the sky, the long ceaseless rushing crash of sea soothed us. Back there on shore the yellow lights were fewer—most that were going out had done so and the others held steady for the long hours ahead.

A brittle crackling awakened Charley and he stared with rounding eyes at a big crab sidling warily (claws lifted like a boxer's gloves) past his nose. "Wow!" Charley was up and so were we.

We ate a breakfast of avocado and Hershey bars and, glowing pleasantly that no one was there to make us brush our teeth, we dumped our rock anchor in the bow and shoved off.

It was a great day for running away. Cotton-candy clouds were bumping across a shining carrousel sky, the sun was white, high and friendly, the salt air was great, two grinning porpoises curved across our bow, an outbound tanker let go a gruff, hello-world blast as it moved through the Jell-o-green sea and even the gulls wheeling over its garbage screeched their own derisive joy. And the boat was sailing!

The wind had veered, there was an offshore morning breeze and we actually were drawing out, lapping through wavelets out the gap in the breakwater, headed toward the Gulf. The rocks got smaller behind us. A skiff with two fishermen and a growling outboard passed, rocking El Tigre. The men grinned and waved, everybody waved, everybody grinned.

An hour later nobody grinned. The wind had died, the boat rocked on hot swells, the sun glared. The sail hung limp and gray as an old dishcloth. A million needlepoints of light pricked our eyes. We drank all the Dr Pepper. We rocked for another hour, sweating, the boat drawing slowly back toward the breakwater, then a thick breeze pushed from dead ahead and the boat heeled and refused any seaward tack. It just wouldn't point.

Paul and I looked at each other and out the bay to invisible Padre Island.

(continued on page 198)

THE POOL

fiction By JACK SHARKEY *deep in the swamp they found the legendary waters, potent and magical enough to craze men with a wild greed to drink—and to kill*

BEHIND THEIR CLUMSY SKIFF in the red torchlight—late afternoon was black and shadowy as deep twilight in the swamp—the sluggish green reeds rose once more above the brackish waters, masking their wake almost before it could form. Francisco found he was not surprised at the unwonted silence of his men, the silence in which the slow gurgling sounds of their passage could be heard in moist distinctness; even the sucking squelch of the long pole by which the bronze-fleshed native propelled their dangerously shallow craft seemed loud as a whiplash. He felt the strange urge to silence, himself. Something about the place enforced tongues—even the necessity for breathing—to scant employment, like a dark-on-darkness edict hanging before their faces in the gloom.

When the prow of the low-slung boat suddenly scraped upon sand, Francisco was incredulous at first; they had not drifted more than two miles from the main camp, he was certain. The trip, which he had assumed would last well into the time of actual nightfall—if indeed one could tell night from anything other than noon in these shadowed regions—was over, now, in less than an hour's journey.

"Wait!" he urged his men, as he sensed the latency of eager motion in their tensed bodies. There was a murmor, but no man moved from his place. There were four men besides Francisco himself: Gonzales, the youngest, and least battle-scarred of the ambition-ridden conquistadors under his command, with Lola—an oyster-eyed, rag-feathered, ancient parrot—digging her claws into the cuff of the youth's heavy leather gauntlet; Rivera, a thin, short man with a small pointed beard jutting out defiantly over the strap of his iron helmet, and eyes like cold rapier blades; Gregorio—"Gollo" to his fellow soldiers—a thickset, amiable clown; and Rafael, tall, broad, garnet-eyed, who swaggered and drank and charmed the women like the French cavalier he so resembled.

Francisco did not deign to count the fifth man. When he had done his job, he would die.

Only on the orders of the expeditionary commander *(continued on page 174)*

THE PLAYBOY CARS—1965

MASERATI BERLINA

modern living **By KEN W. PURDY** *our own selection of those with the style, speed, engineering and distinction to satisfy the urbane owner*

A YEAR OR SO AGO I was in a telephone booth beside a road in Upstate New York, listening to a busy signal, looking into a cold, steady rain. My back was to the door of the thing, and someone pushed it in. I looked around. It was a man I liked a good deal, for knowing him slightly, a Dutchman, a *grand prix* driver, Count Carel de Beaufort.

"We were having lunch down the road; we saw you go by," he said. "Why don't we go the rest of the way together? You know the road better."

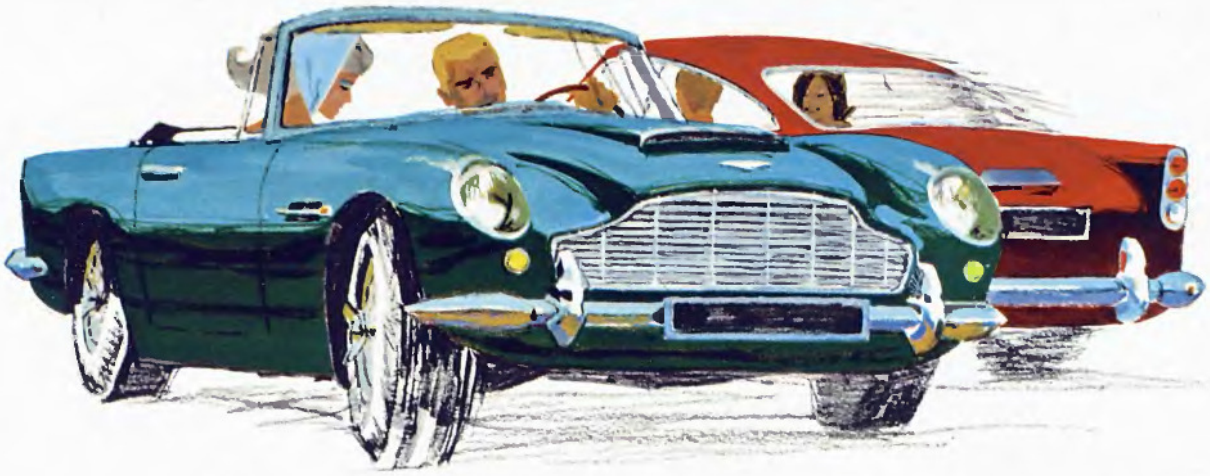
De Beaufort had a 230SL Mercedes-Benz, and someone was with him in a Volvo sedan. I had a Porsche SC. We were all going to Watkins Glen for the Grand Prix of the United States. I finished my call and we went off in the rain. I had been running on the wide, winding, almost empty road at 85 or so, and, as I

RENDERINGS BY BEN DENISON

FORD MUSTANG 2+2 FASTBACK

ALFA ROMEO 2600 SPIDER (CONVERTIBLE) AND SPRINT

CHEVROLET CORVAIR CORSA



ASTON MARTIN DB5 CONVERTIBLE AND GT

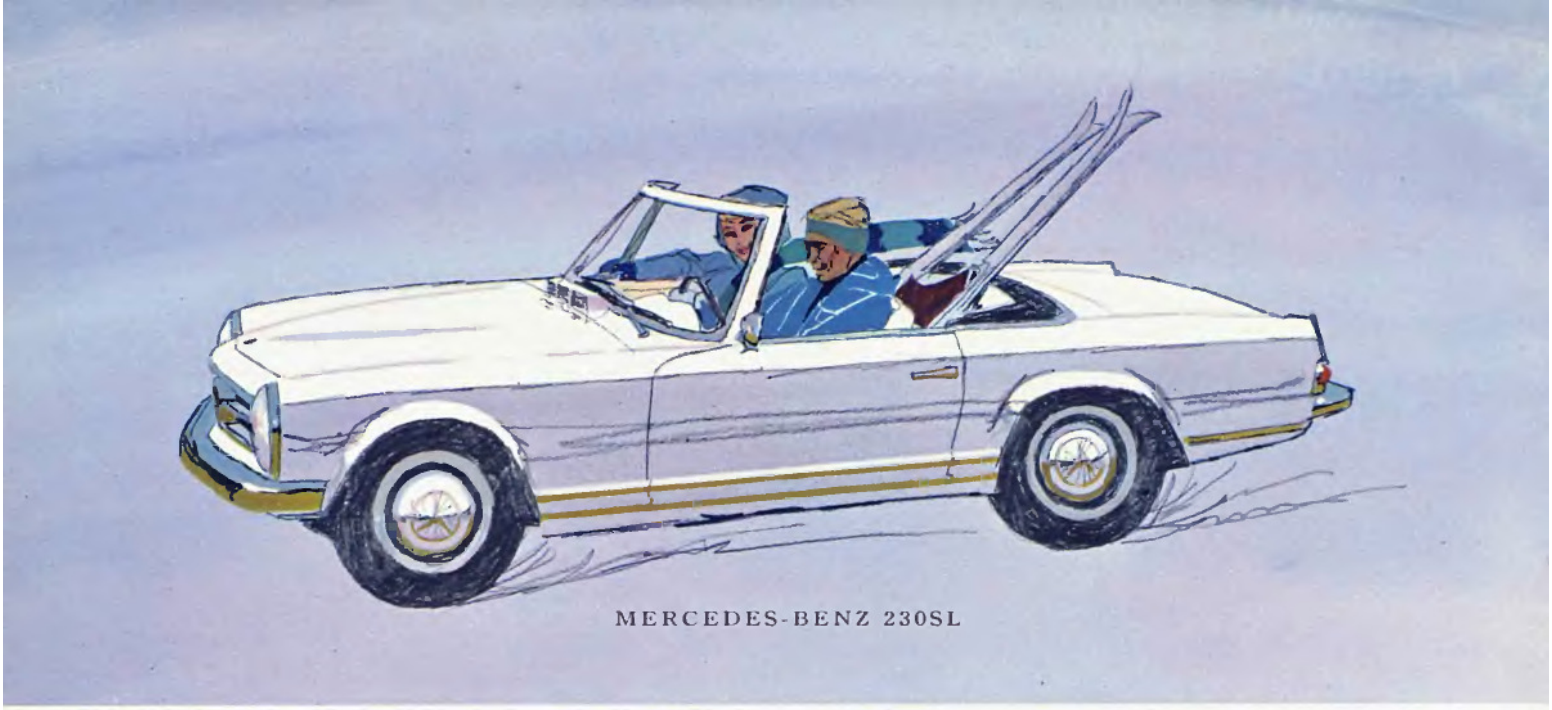
COBRA HARDTOP

PLYMOUTH BARRACUDA

MG MIDGET

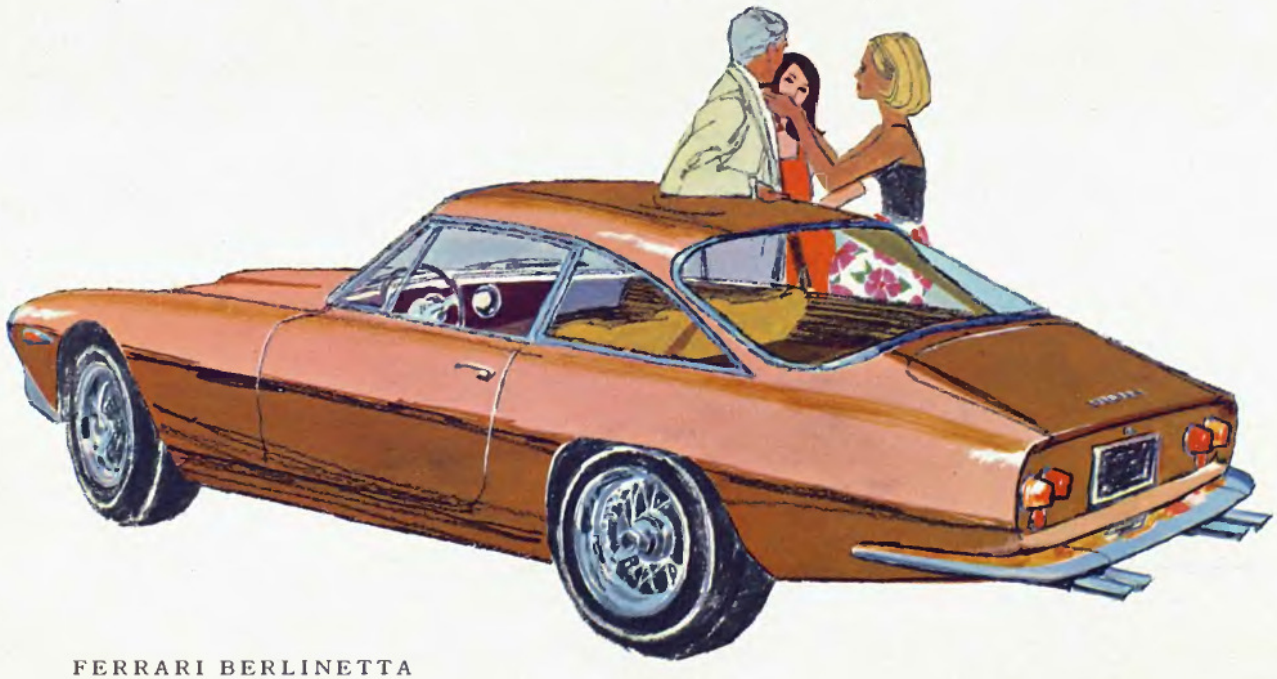
ISO GT

PORSCHE 901

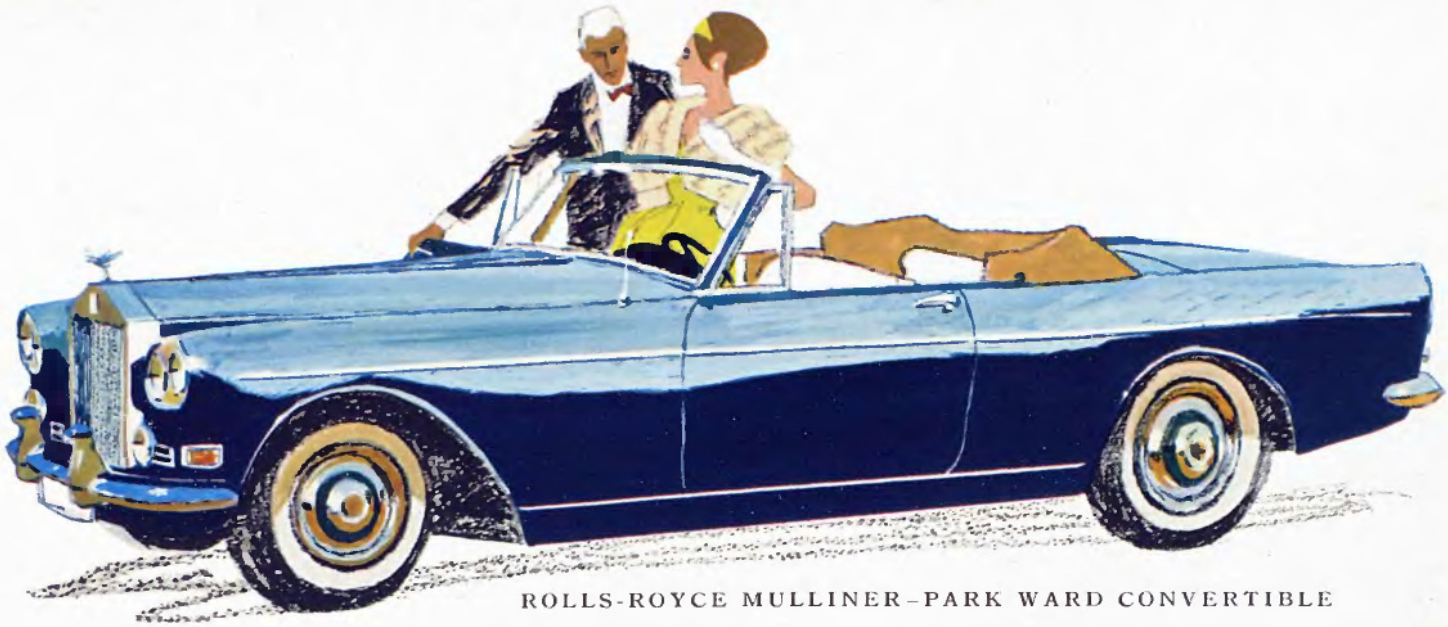


MERCEDES-BENZ 230SL

FIAT 1500 SPIDER



FERRARI BERLINETTA



ROLLS-ROYCE MULLINER–PARK WARD CONVERTIBLE

thought, not to bore De Beaufort, I went up to around 90, as much as I felt I could manage. After 25 miles or so he flashed his lights and we stopped to let the man in the Volvo catch up. We stood under a tree, where we could see the road a long way back, rain running off the leaves. We were in the Finger Lakes country, the hills were bright with autumn under an ash-gray sky. When the Volvo came up De Beaufort said to me, "Would you like to trade cars with me?" The 230SL was new then, I hadn't driven one, and I thought it generous of him, and trusting; after all, the thing is in the $8000 class. And since De Beaufort had been driving competition Porsches for years, there could be no excitement for him in an SC. We went off as before, and after he had given me ten miles or so to get used to the Mercedes, De Beaufort came past and began to run. He began to use the whole road, not just his side of it. The rain

JAGUAR 3.8S

PERTINENT DATA ON PLAYBOY CARS · 1965

SPORTING & LUXURIOUS AUTOMOBILES BOTH FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

MAKE & MODEL	OVER-ALL LENGTH	WHEEL BASE	ENGINE (cu. in.)	MAX. BHP @rpm	MAX. TORQUE lbs.-ft.@rpm	0-60 mph	TOP SPEED	PRICE	FEATURES
UNITED STATES									
Buick Riviera	208 in.	117 in.	425-V8	360@4400	465@2800	7.2 sec	130 mph	$ 4,520	Special high-performance engine; 2 4-bbl. carbs
Buick Wildcat Convertible	219.9	126	401-V8	325@4400	445@2800	9.6	117	3,450	Available as 4-door bucket-seat hardtop
Cadillac Eldorado Convertible	224	129.5	429-V8	340@4600	480@3000	8.5	120	6,630	Tilting, telescoping steering wheel optional
Chevrolet Corvette Sting Ray Convertible	175.3	98	327-V8	375@6200	350@4400	6.5	130	4,580	4-wheel disk brakes; optional fuel injection
Chevrolet Impala SS Convertible	213	119	409-V8	400@5800	425@3600	—	130	3,520	Bucket seats; sports car-type gauges
Chevrolet Chevelle Malibu SS Convertible	196.6	115	327-V8	300@5000	360@3200	—	110	2,850	Bucket seats; 4-speed sync. transmission
Chevrolet Corvair Corsa	183.3	108	164-6	180@4000	265@3200	—	115	2,600	New body; front and rear independent suspension
Chrysler 300L Convertible	218.2	124	413-V8	360@4800	470@3200	—	130	4,530	High-performance engine has special camshaft; dual exhausts
Cobra	151.5	90	289-V8	271@6000	314@3400	5.8	140	5,995	Now available with hard top
Dodge Monaco	212.3	121	426-V8	365@4800	470@3200	8.5	125	—	4 bucket seats; 383 cu. in. V8 standard
Dodge Dart GT Convertible	196.4	111	273-V8	235@5200	280@4000	9	120	—	High-performance engine has 10.5:1 compression ratio
Ford T-Bird Convertible	205.4	113.2	390-V8	300@4610	427@2800	10.9	110	4,950	Has all-glass rear window
Ford Galaxie 500XL Convertible	210	119.9	427-V8	425@6000	480@3700	6.1	150	3,950	Also available as 2-door hardtop
Ford Fairlane 500 Sport Coupe	198.4	116	289-V8	271@6000	312@3400	7.6	125	2,930	Available with 200 cu. in. six
Ford Mustang Convertible	181.6	108	289-V8	271@6000	312@3400	8.3	120	2,950	Now available as 2 + 2 fastback
Ford Falcon Sprint Convertible	181.6	109.5	289-V8	200@4400	282@2400	9.6	110	2,690	Limited slip differential available
Imperial Convertible	227.8	129	413-V8	340@4600	470@2800	10.5	120	6,000	Dash panel interior trim now walnut covered
Lincoln Continental Convertible	216.3	126	430-V8	320@4600	465@2600	11.1	126	6,940	Parking lights now in front fenders; only U.S. 4-door convertible
Mercury Park Lane Convertible	218.4	123	427-V8	425@6000	480@3700	7.3	145	4,150	Breezeway retracting rear window model available
Mercury Comet Cyclone Hardtop	195.3	114	289-V8	271@6000	312@3400	7.6	129	3,170	Has sports car-type instrumentation
Oldsmobile Starfire Convertible	216.9	123	425-V8	370@4800	470@3200	8.4	130	—	Floor-mounted 4-speed transmission available
Oldsmobile Jetstar I	216.9	123	425-V8	370@4800	470@3200	8.2	130	—	New engine is lighter, more powerful than '64
Oldsmobile Cutlass Convertible	204.4	115	330-V8	315@5200	360@3600	9	110	2,720	Has 4-bbl. carburetion
Plymouth Sport Fury Convertible	209.4	119	426-V8	365@4800	470@3200	7	130	3,600	318 cu. in. engine is standard V8
Plymouth Barracuda	188.2	106	273-V8	235@5200	280@4000	7.5	125	2,650	Available with competition striping
Pontiac Grand Prix	214.6	121	421-V8	356@4800	459@3200	8.5	125	3,730	New 4-speed transmission optional
Pontiac Le Mans GTD Convertible	206.1	115	389-V8	335@5000	431@3200	5.9	135	3,200	3 inches longer than in '64
Pontiac 2+2	214.6	121	421-V8	376@5000	461@3600	7.9	132	3,140	3-speed floor shift transmission standard
Rambler American 440 Convertible	177.2	106	232-6	155@4400	222@1600	—	100	2,400	Manually operated top is standard
ENGLAND									
Aston Martin DB5	180	98	244-6	282@5500	288@3850	—	155	12,850	Can go from 0 to 120 to 0 in 23 seconds
Austin-Healey 3000	157.5	92	178-6	150@5250	173@3000	9.1	125	3,635	Servo-assisted front disk brakes
Austin-Healey Sprite	137.5	80	67-4	56@5750	61@2750	18	85	1,925	4-speed transmission; front disk brakes
Austin Cooper S	120.3	80	65-4	75@6300	61@5000	13.5	100	2,181	Has front-wheel drive
Bentley Continental Convertible	211.7	123	380-V8	—	—	12	125	25,690	Custom body by Mulliner
Daimler S.P. 250	160.5	92	156-V8	140@5800	155@3600	9.5	134	3,995	4-wheel disk brakes; fiberglass body

had gone from a drizzle to a shower to a sluicing flood; the Mercedes, a well-sealed car, was taking water in two or three places, and he was running faster than I could go, alone, in comfort. Still, I had been astonished at the way the Mercedes combined a soft ride with tremendous sticking power. I knew how the Porsche handled, and I decided that if I tucked in behind De Beaufort, stayed precisely on his line, exactly at his speed, nothing but amusement was likely to come of it.

We did 25 or 30 miles like that, we went through the outskirts of Watkins Glen in the high 80s, and when we parked at the hotel, De Beaufort unwound himself out of the Porsche—he was a lot taller than six feet—laughing, as it seemed, all over, and said, "Do you know we came down that last hill into town at 120?" I said yes, I knew, and I knew too that for that we would have caught not just a fine, but a jail sentence. He laughed.

Jaguar Mark X	200	120	230-6	265@5500	260@4000	10.1	120	6,990	Leather and walnut throughout interior
Jaguar 3.8S	188	107.4	230-6	223@5500	240@3000	10.2	125	5,750	Front and rear independent suspension
Jaguar XK-E Coupe	175.4	96	230-6	265@5500	260@4000	6.3	150	5,625	Twin overhead cams; triple carbs
Lotus Elan	145	84	95-4	105@5500	108@4000	7.1	112	4,194	Successor to Elite; twin-cam engine
MGB	153.2	91	110-4	94@5500	107@3500	11	105	2,658	Monocoque construction
MG Midget	137.8	80	67-4	56@5750	61@2750	18	85	2,095	Now equipped with roll-up windows
Morgan Plus Four Plus	152	96	131-4	105@4750	148@3350	8.7	110	4,030	First modern-design Morgan
Morgan 4/4	144	96	91-4	78@5200	91@3600	16.5	83	2,688	Lightest of traditional Morgans
Rolls-Royce Mulliner–Park Ward Convertible	211.7	123	380-V8	—	—	12	125	26,100	Same body as Bentley Continental
Rover 2000	178.5	103.4	121-4	90@5000	114@2750	14.5	105	3,885	4-wheel disk brakes
Sunbeam Tiger	155.3	86	260-V8	164@4400	250@2200	8.5	130	3,390	Powered by Ford Fairlane engine
Sunbeam Alpine	155.3	86	97-4	90@5200	54@3400	16.5	95	2,595	Available with automatic transmission
Triumph TR-4	156	88	131-4	105@4750	128@3350	10.9	109	2,849	Now uses Stromberg carbs
Triumph Spitfire	145	83	70-4	63@5750	67@3500	16	95	2,199	Disk brakes; independent suspension
FRANCE									
Citroen DS-19 Convertible	180	123	118-4	83@4500	105@3000	16.8	98	5,660	Pneumatic suspension
Facel II	187	104	383-V8	355@4800	460@2800	8.3	130	15,500	Chrysler Typhoon engine
Renault Caravelle	167.9	89.4	58-4	51@5500	55@3500	19	85	2,295	4-speed sync. transmission
Simca Bertone	154.5	87.5	58-4	52@5400	50@2800	18	90	2,635	Italian body on Mille chassis
GERMANY									
BMW 1800 TI Sport	177.2	100.5	108-4	124@6000	109@4000	11	110	3,530	Uses Porsche 4-speed sync. transmission
Mercedes-Benz 600	218	126	386-V8	300@4100	434@3000	—	128	20,500	7-passenger limousine version available
Mercedes-Benz 300SE Convertible	192	108	183-6	185@5200	205@4000	11.4	109	12,775	4-wheel disk brakes; limited slip differential
Mercedes-Benz 230SL	169	94.5	141-6	170@5600	159@4500	9.9	125	7,907	Has taken place of both 190SL and 300SL
Porsche 901	175	86.8	121-6	150@6200	119@4600	9	130	6,500	First Porsche 6-cylinder engine
Porsche 356C	158	83	97-4	88@5200	90@3600	13.5	100	4,195	4-wheel disk brakes; independent suspension
VW Karmann-Ghia Convertible	163	94.5	73-4	40@3900	64@2500	—	74.5	2,495	Italian design on VW chassis
ITALY									
Alfa Romeo 2600 Spider	172	98	158-6	165@5900	205@4000	7.5	125	4,995	5 forward speeds
Alfa Romeo Giulia Spider	154	88.6	96-4	106@6200	—	11.6	105	3,395	Pininfarina body; 5-speed gearbox
Ferrari 330 GT	188	104.2	244-V12	300@6000	—	7	152	14,200	Pininfarina body; 2 + 2 seating
Ferrari Berlinetta	163.7	94.5	181-V12	240@7000	202@5500	5.5	175	13,300	Tubular frame; Ferrari only V12 in world market
Fiat 1500 Spider	161	92	91-4	80@5200	87@3400	13	105	2,639	Front-wheel disk brakes
ISO GT	187	106	327-V8	300@5000	360@3200	8.2	130	8,595	Corvette engine; Bertone body
Lancia Flaminia Coupe 3B	184	109	150-V6	125@5600	—	14.8	111	7,600	Pininfarina body; triple-carb V6
Lancia Flavia	177	98	91-4	90@5800	86@4500	15.9	106	4,715	4-wheel disk brakes
Maserati 5000GT Coupe	189	102	302-V8	325@5500	327@4000	5.6	168	16,300	4 overhead chain-driven camshafts; fuel injected
Maserati Berlina	173.5	94	213-6	270@5500	—	—	153	12,866	Fuel injected; also available as convertible by Frua
SWEDEN									
Volvo P1800S	173.3	96.5	109-4	108@5800	110@4000	12	105	3,995	Bodies made in England, assembled in Sweden

NOTE: The above chart is a representative sampling of the world's most desirable makes; it does not list all models, nor attempt to be comprehensive. Domestic car prices are estimates of what the 1965 factory suggested retail prices will be, based on 1964 prices for comparable models; they include Federal excise tax and dealer preparation cost, but not transportation costs, state or local taxes. Price is for auto with engine listed. Foreign prices are Port of Entry; they do not include transportation costs within the United States, state or local taxes. (Dashes in place of data indicate information not available at press time.)

"You, perhaps," he said. "As for me, I have diplomatic immunity . . . still, I would have sworn you were my cousin!"

I saw De Beaufort half a dozen times afterward, driving this and that, even a 30-year-old Bugatti, when he came to see me in Connecticut, but the run into Watkins Glen sticks in my mind, not only because I will never see that good, kind, amusing man again—Carel de Beaufort was killed on the Nürburgring last August—not only because it was risky and exciting and very pleasurable, but because we were in two such delightful automobiles.

Words change their meanings as time runs around them. The word "playboy" used to mean wastrel, hedonist, wanton. Ten years ago, the word began to change, not only in meaning but in form, so that today the word stands for an attitude, an outlook, a view, a selective, restrained enjoyment of the best that urban, particularly *(text continued on page 180)*

"I'd like to congratulate you on your contribution to music!"

FINE ART, THE FINEST INVESTMENT

COMBINING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE: THE FINANCIAL REWARDS OF CONNOISSEURSHIP

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY

NEWSPAPER EDITORS seldom allot front-page space to art—and more's the pity. But art made headlines throughout the world not long ago, when the great Erickson collection of old masters was sold at auction in New York City. Among the 24 paintings that had been collected by the late advertising magnate Alfred W. Erickson, and that had been ordered sold by the executors of his widow's estate, were: one major and two lesser Rembrandts, a Fragonard, a Crivelli, and works by Holbein the Younger, Vandyke, Cranach the Elder and Terborch.

The major Rembrandt, *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*, and Fragonard's *La Liseuse* were exceptionally choice items over which any collector's or museum curator's mouth would water. It was generally conceded that the paintings would fetch record prices, and for weeks before the sale the entire art world buzzed with speculation about the sums likely to be involved and who the highest bidders would be. Top presale estimates were $1,800,000 for the Rembrandt and $350,000 for the Fragonard.

Actually, the amounts bid and paid at the auction were far greater than those predicted by even the most educated estimators. *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*, the only important Rembrandt not then in a museum, was purchased by New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, which paid a resounding $2,300,000 for it. This price was the highest ever paid for a single painting, twice the previous record $1,166,400 Andrew Mellon paid the Soviet Government in 1931 to get Raphael's *Alba Madonna* out of the U. S. S. R. and into the National Gallery in Washington.

Fragonard's *La Liseuse* brought $875,000 and was purchased for the National Gallery. This represented the second highest price paid for a picture at an art auction since 1959, when Rubens' *Adoration of the Magi* was sold for $770,000. Incidentally, I attended that sale, going to $560,000 before dropping out of the bidding.

The point of all this is simply that the art market is booming, and that fine art is a fine—and possibly the finest—investment in more ways than one. But then, art has long been a fine investment.

Alfred Erickson purchased *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* from Duveen Brothers in 1928, when he paid $750,000 for it. During the depths of the Depression, he sold it back to the Duveens for $500,000 and then, in 1936, bought it again for $590,000. Simple arithmetic shows that he paid a total of $840,000 for the picture—and that the difference between this over-all purchase price and the most recent sale price is $1,460,000.

True, on the face of it, it appears that Erickson took a one-third loss between the time he first bought the painting and sold it back to Duveens'. But this must be viewed in light of the general economic conditions prevailing at the respective times involved. Alfred Erickson first bought in 1928, a peak-prosperity year. He sold when the Depression was approaching its lowest lows.

To obtain a proper perspective, it is necessary to remember what happened to business and all forms of investment during corresponding periods. Stocks plummeted, even such bluest of blue chips as U. S. Steel, which fell from a peak 261¾ to 21¼. In 1932, U. S. industry was operating at well below 50 percent of the maximum levels it had reached before the 1929 crash. Wages paid out in 1932 were 60 percent less than in 1929; dividends paid by companies still able to pay dividends were 57 percent less. Considered against this background, Erickson's temporary 33⅓-percent loss on his painting would seem strong verification, indeed, of my contention that art *is* a fine investment.

Don't misunderstand me. Being a collector myself, I would be the last person in the world to suggest that Alfred W. Erickson bought—or that any serious collector buys—works of art for the purpose of realizing a financial profit on their subsequent sale. I'm only too well aware that art collectors are just that, and not art dealers.

Aline B. Saarinen, analyzing the motives of great American art collectors, writes: "Their overpowering common denominator is this: For each of them, the collecting of art was a primary means of expression."

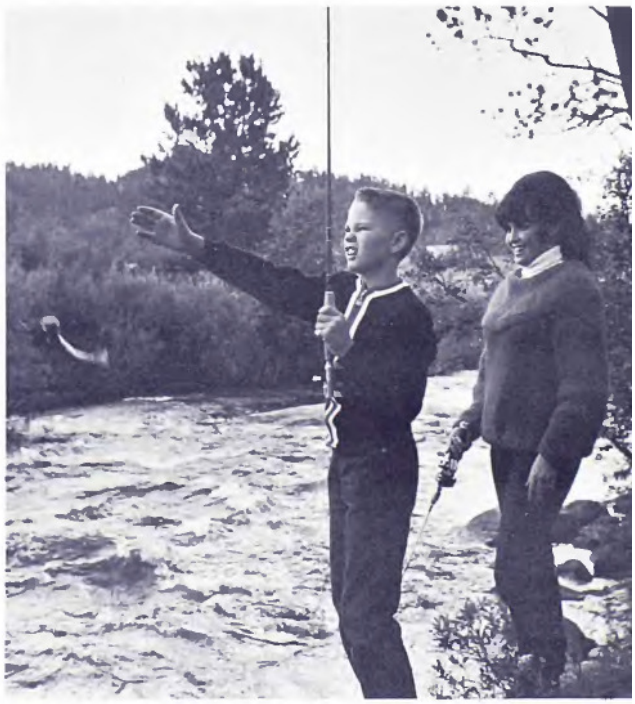
Jacques Lipchitz, the sculptor, who owns one of the world's finest collections of primitive art, says, "Collecting is for learning about the human being and the way he feels and expresses himself, and about the material he uses to express himself and the way he uses the material."

I find nothing exceptionable in these opinions, but my own views go a step or two further. Like most serious collectors, I by no means consider the works of art I own as inanimate ornamental possessions. To me, they are vital embodiments of their creators. They mirror the hopes and frustrations of those who created them—and the times and places in which they were created. *(continued on page 203)*

Hallelujah, the Hills

our november playmate takes off on her annual highland fling

Above: In front of the state capitol, Kai and a faithful Indian companion add some local color to the austere façade.

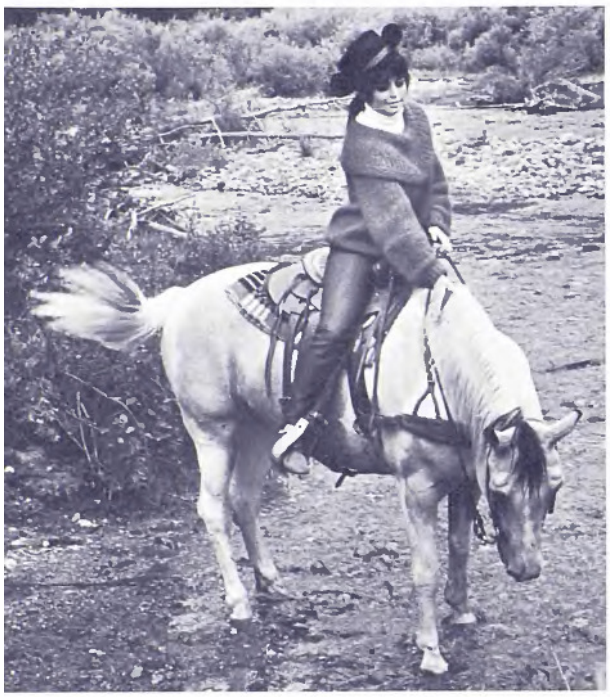


Left: With brother Lee, Kai heads for some serious trout fishing near Estes Park. Right: First catch goes to Lee, along with a look of sibling approval from his fellow angler. "I guess I'm just softhearted," Kai says. "I always throw mine back."

OUR NOVEMBER PLAYMATE, Kai Brendlinger, displays none of the customary feminine indecision when it comes to choosing the proper topographical setting for her annual vacation. An ebullient 21-year-old Coloradan currently hutched at the Chicago Playboy Club, Kai first graced our pages when we billed her as the lead-off lovely in PLAYBOY's August roundup of *The Bunnies of Chicago*, and subsequently invited us to accompany her on her regular sabbatical reunion with her family in Denver. She readily admits to a preference for the quiet and solitude of the Colorado high country: "Before I came to Chicago and entered Bunny School, I was the original shy and retiring type. There are eight kids in our family, and it was tough enough finding a place to hang your toothbrush, much less getting in a full sentence with seven others competing for the floor. I finally gave up trying to communicate verbally and took to the hills. There's a certain peace of mind you find in the mountains, skiing down a fast slope or just taking a long, lazy walk along an old familiar trail. I wouldn't give up my job or my


MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

friends in Chicago for anything, but every once in a while I can't help feeling a little homesick." A few hours after Kai's arrival at the Brendlinger homestead, the winsome Westerner headed for downtown Denver to indulge in that favorite of female pastimes: shopping at the local department stores. Selecting suitable Western garb for her stay, our all-girl mountaineer Playmate purchased Levis, boots and a cowgirl hat, and promptly set out with her younger brother, Lee, for the mountains surrounding Estes Park. "These trails were my favorite retreat all during my teens. You could always find me there weekends, when I wasn't working part time at our neighborhood bakery." Despite the fact that Kai's heart is in the highlands, her goals in life are very much down to earth. She eschews the possibility of ever becoming a career woman and anxiously looks toward the day when she can move to the wide-open spaces with her special brand of male, who will be "tall, fair, and smart enough to know he doesn't have to prove he's brighter than I." One look at the charms of our 5'3" Playmate for November should produce a host of admirers willing to trade their bachelor pads for a home in the hills.



Top: Kai's mount interrupts their afternoon ride for a quick snack, while Kai personally handles the care and feeding of her smaller forest friends. "There's no use denying it," Kai confesses, "I'm just a nature girl at heart." Above: Kai and Lee focus on verdant panorama from an observation platform.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A recent survey shows that the average young bachelor is more interested in high frequency than high fidelity.

We are told that a career girl's mind moves her ahead, while a chorus girl's mind moves her behind.

The large, burly man approached the bartender and said, "I see by the sign in your window that you're looking for a bouncer. Has the job been filled yet?"

"Not yet," said the bartender. "Have you had any experience?"

"No," the man admitted, "but watch this!" He walked over to a loudmouthed drunk at the back of the room, lifted him off his feet, and threw him sprawling out into the street. Then, returning to the bar, he said, "How's that?"

"Great!" admitted the bartender. "But you'll have to ask the boss about the job. I only work here."

"Fine," said the burly man. "Where is he?"

"Just coming back in the front door."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *zebra* as the largest size a woman can buy.

A wild-eyed young man rushed into Tony's crowded one-man barbershop at nine o'clock one morning and asked: "How many ahead of me?" "Three" came the answer, and he ran out the door. At shortly after twelve he returned, asked the same question, the barber replied "Four" and again the young man sped off.

At three P.M. and five P.M. the previous scenes repeated themselves, but with only one difference: There was a noticeable decline in the young man's vigor as the day proceeded, and some of the spring had gone out of his step. The barber, concerned about a good and regular customer, instructed his bootblack to follow the lad and report back on what he was doing that was tiring him so.

Minutes later the bootblack returned and announced: "Better call your home right away, Tony, and tell your wife you're ready for that young man right now!"

The man who likes to lie in bed can usually find a girl willing to listen to him.

The theatrical agent, trying to sell a new strip act to a night-club manager, was raving about the girl's unbelievable 72-26-40 figure. "What kind of a dance does she do?" the manager asked, duly impressed by the description of the girl's dimensions.

"Well, she doesn't actually dance at all," the agent replied. "She just crawls out onto the stage and tries to stand up!"

A sexy blonde with a stunning figure boarded a bus and, finding no vacant seats, asked a gentleman for his, explaining that she was pregnant. The man stood up at once and gave her his seat, but couldn't help commenting that she didn't look pregnant. "Well," she replied with a smile, "it's only been about half an hour."

Two successful big-business executives met at a trade convention.

"Tell me," said one, "how's business?"

"Well, you know how it is," replied the other. "My line is like sex. When it's good, it's wonderful—and when it's bad, it's still pretty good!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bikini* as a bare trap.

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 enjoy working for your husband—it's just that I think he delegates too many of his responsibilities."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LARRY GORDON

WHEN THE UNINITIATED talk about Spanish cooking, the two magic keys are assumed to be olive oil and garlic. Never has a stereotype been more false. In the hands of the Castilian gourmet, the indispensable ingredient isn't oil or garlic—it's imagination. A Spaniard will proudly give you his recipe for *cocido*, a rich stew of meat and *garbanzos* (chick-peas). He'll swear on a stack of windmills that his recipe, like a relic of the true cross, is the only authentic recipe extant. It won't take too many meals to discover not only that a *cocido* in two different places is never the same, but also that two Spaniards using the same recipe, tilting in the same kitchen, can't possibly duplicate each other's *cocido* even if they want to.

A great dish like *arroz con pollo* obviously must include rice and chicken. There the similarity ends. One may be enriched with plump yellow fowl, another with the tenderest of spring chicken. One chicken is slowly simmered, another quickly sautéed. In one casserole the chicken is left on its bones. In another, the chicken meat is boneless. Only the Spanish cook's fancy will dictate whether there shall be onions, scallions, red or green peppers, saffron, nutmeg, chicken livers, bacon, mushrooms, marjoram—with the im-

THE CUISINE OF CASTILE

hot-blooded spaniards demand fare fit for a conquistador

food By THOMAS MARIO

provising continuing right up to the dinner hour which, incidentally, starts in Madrid at the sensible *hora* of ten o'clock and may last until daybreak. At an early age, Spaniards are disciplined in the philosophy that the daytime is primarily for sleeping.

Although Spain is no longer a monarchy, among the hierarchy who rule the Spanish *cocinas*, none has a fiercer pride than the Basque, and the place where he takes the lead in demonstrating his authoritative rule is his own private club kitchen. The Basque eating and drinking clubs are all-male organizations in which members do their own cook-

ing and serving. Unlike the self-conscious gourmet societies in England and America which meet periodically to eat a full-dress and rather overcaloric dinner prepared by a hotel chef, the Basque eats his grilled fresh sardines, his baby lamb and his seafood stew only if they're his own handiwork or that of his fellow club members. If you ask the Basque why women are off limits in his private eating club, he'll quickly come back with an old Spanish proverb: "Love is a furnace, but it will not cook a meal." Basques, like all Spaniards, remember the chivalry of their past, and to bring it up to date, once a year they generously permit distaff visitors to enter the rarefied precincts of their club dining quarters.

Spain has the culinary advantage of having at hand an abundance of ingredients essential to a high order of cookery. Fine Spanish olive oil differs from oils such as corn and cottonseed in the same way that a fine 25-year-old Scotch differs from a bottle of unaged neutral spirits. In America, olive oil is still generally an acquired taste, but one decidedly worth cultivating. When used for immolating steaks or chops or liver before broiling, or added to a casserole of rice or seafood, or when used in salads, it adds an especially limpid, suave tone. Olives for oil are often taken from trees over a century old. The best grade or first pressing of the olives is called virgin, a rather silly designation, considering the mellowness of its flavor. Americans are always pleasantly startled when they taste mayonnaise that is made from olive oil and is garlic scented. In a blender it can be whipped up in a matter of minutes. On the Costa Brava of northeast Spain, one of Europe's finest playgrounds, it's mixed with a salad of lobster, shrimp, clams, oysters and four or five fresh vegetables. No translations could possibly enhance its Spanish name, *ensalada yum yum*.

Along the roadsides of Spain, vendors sell garlic by the yard. Bulbs of garlic are strung together, and careful buyers feel them to make sure they're crisp, hard and heavy. The Spanish call the sections of a garlic bulb *dientes*, or teeth. Invariably, whenever onions appear in a recipe, garlic is added as well for its small but significant bite. The artful Spanish chef uses garlic more generously than an American, not because he's obsessed with it, but because from long practice he knows his way around garlic more confidently than other cooks. In the opinion of many cosmopolitan epicures, the Spanish garlic soup made from chicken broth, bread crumbs sautéed in olive oil and garlic, and thickened with egg yolk is a more delicately flavored broth than any French or Italian onion soup.

There's a simple and valid explanation for the fact that Spanish fish and seafood is unrivaled throughout the world. All fish and seafood in Spain is rushed by a well-organized truck network that brings the fruits of the sea from both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean into the cook's pot one day after they're landed. The average Spaniard will endure revolution and riot, but the one thing he'll absolutely not tolerate is fish more than a day old. Spanish cooks not only look a fish in the eyes to make sure they're bulging and impudent; they feel the fish, thump it, twist it and examine its gills to make sure they're bloody red. If there's the slightest suspicion that the fish is more than 24 hours old, they'll firmly tell the fishmonger where to go. Throughout Spain there's a famous fish stew called *zarzuela*, meaning musical comedy or variety show. And just like a wild comedy, recipes for *zarzuela* call for anything from eel to octopus and mussels to turbot. In this country, unless you happen to live in a seafood town, the light comedy is best presented in a single act; that is, by cashing in on one seafood that is in season and so fresh that the salt water is still clinging to it.

For centuries, sherry, one of the world's great potables, has enjoyed dual parentage. Spain gave birth to it. England adopted it. As early as the 1100s, Englishmen were buying sherry from the Moors in Spain. Today, 90 percent of the wine from Jerez, Spain, goes to England where it's bottled, stored and shipped to the rest of the world. In his *Pardoner's Tale*, Chaucer wrote, "This wyn of Spayne crepeth subtilly." Shakespeare was unrestrained in praising the "good sherris-sack." Travelers touring the great *bodegas* where sherry is stored come to appreciate Falstaff's description of the wine that makes one's mind "quick, forgetive, full of nimble fiery and delectable shapes."

Like champagne, sherry becomes great only by an involved method of blending, known as the *solera* system, in which the old mother wines are gradually replenished from casks containing mature wines and, eventually, wines of the past year's vintage. In Spain, two casks containing wine from grapes of the very same vineyard will often look and taste different. To bring them to the same common but magnificent denominator is the job of the sherry grader, who will sniff—but never taste—as many as 400 different sherries a day.

The driest of all sherries, known as *manzanilla* or *fino*, is used as an aperitif or in cooking. As an aperitif, it should be ice cold. Americans serve it on the rocks, which is fine as long as there aren't too many rocks and too little sherry. Still on the dry side but with a nutty flavor is *amontillado*, perfect in, and with, green turtle soup and in any kind of seafood newburg. The one known as *amoroso* makes a definite bow to the sweet side. Girls with beehive hairdos and long mantillas drink ice-cold screwdrivers made of *amoroso* and freshly squeezed orange juice. The really sweet, dark, stately sherries, labeled *oloroso*, always arrive at the end of the meal with the cheese board and the fruit bowl. Although they're very rich, they never leave the mouth sticky. All sherries are fortified wines; that is, wines to which brandy has been added in small amounts. They may be uncorked and left at room temperature without danger of spoilage, but if left too long on the shelf, the *olorosos* will begin to lose their heavenly *olor*.

Throughout Spain red and white wines flow in such volume that in places like Aranda de Duero, bricklayers have been known to use wine for mixing mortar at times when water has been scarce. Some of the reds have a rowdy, guttural flavor that seems to fit them perfectly for the goatskins in which they're stored and from which they're drunk. A few of the white wines, however, like the well-known Valdepenas and the white Riojas now coming to this country, carry a bright, fruity, and in some bottlings, almost flamboyant aroma. They're perfect table wines for washing down the rollicking Spanish food that follows.

LOBSTER WITH PINE NUTS

(Serves four)

4 live Northern lobsters, 1½ lbs. each
3-oz. pkg. shelled pine nuts
¼ cup olive oil
1 Spanish onion, minced fine
2 large cloves garlic, minced fine
3 tablespoons minced parsley
2 tablespoons fresh marjoram or ½ teaspoon dried marjoram
½ cup very dry sherry
19-oz. can plum tomatoes
Salt, pepper, cayenne

In a very large stew pot or Dutch oven bring 2 cups water to a rapid boil. Put lobsters in pot and steam, covered, 10 minutes. (Or buy lobsters steamed 10 minutes from seafood dealer.) Place pine nuts in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 375°. Add 1 tablespoon oil and stir. Bake pine nuts until light brown, about 10–12 minutes. Avoid scorching. Set aside. Cut lobsters in half. Remove sac in back of head. Cut body meat and claw meat into ½-in.-thick slices. Save tomalley and roe, if any. In another pot or saucepan heat balance of oil. Add onion, garlic, parsley and marjoram. Sauté only until onion turns yellow. Add sherry and simmer 2 minutes longer. Place tomatoes in blender. Blend until smooth. Add tomatoes to pan. Add lobster, pine nuts, tomalley and roe. Bring up to the boiling point. Reduce flame and simmer only until lobster is heated through. Add salt and pepper to taste, and a dash of cayenne.

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beyond centaurus

article **By ARTHUR C. CLARKE** *a deep-space probe into ways of escaping our solar system and the relative effects of intergalactic travel on the human aging process*

AS WE HAVE YET TO REACH the Moon and planets, it may seem slightly premature to worry about flights to the million-times-more-distant stars. The exploration of the Solar System will keep us busy for centuries; why bother about Alpha Centauri and points beyond?

For the best of reasons. Although the discoveries we shall make on our neighboring worlds will revolutionize our knowledge of the Universe, and probably transform human society, it now seems most unlikely that we shall find *intelligent* life on the other planets of this Sun. The odds are fantastically against it, when we consider the immense vistas of geological—and astronomical—time. The Solar System was formed at least five billion years ago; modern man is less than a million years old, and his civilization stretches back for little more than five thousand years. We will not be far out if we say that our Earth is a *million* times older than the culture it now precariously carries. It is, therefore, ridiculous to hope that, only next door, we shall find creatures anywhere

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB AMFT

near our level of development at this fleeting moment of time. The Martians may have been contemporaries of the great reptiles; the Cythereans may lie even further in the future.

We shall know the truth by the end of this century, but today it appears overwhelmingly likely that we are alone in the Solar System. With the exception of the dolphins, who may have better things to do, there is no one to talk to us within light-years of the Sun. And so, inevitably, farsighted scientists are turning their minds toward the stars.

Several recent developments have almost forced astronomers—some with reluctance, some with enthusiasm—to think seriously about communication with the planets of other suns. Only a generation ago, there was grave doubt that such planets existed; the still popular works of such pre-War writers as Jeans and Eddington asserted that the Solar System was probably unique, and that Earth might be the only abode of life in the Universe.

Today, thanks to improved knowledge of astronomy and biology, the position is completely reversed. It is now believed that planetary systems are extremely common, and that life will arise inevitably on any world where it is given half a chance. How often life will evolve toward intelligence, and how often intelligence will take the path that leads to technology and science, there is no way of computing. One can only guess; and since our Galaxy—which is only one of countless galaxies—contains a hundred thousand million stars, it may well hold —at this very moment—millions of societies superior to our own.

Until about 1960, such speculations were only of theoretical interest, since there seemed no way in which they could be either proved or disproved. Then came the invention of the maser, which permitted a degree of noiseless radio amplification never before possible. The communications engineers did a few sums, and arrived at an astonishing result. If anyone put up the money—and if there was someone listening at the other end—it would not be difficult to build a microwave system that could send messages to the nearer stars. And if *we* can do this, less than a century after we have invented the telephone, then interstellar signaling should be a trivial engineering feat for a really advanced culture.

Since it is much easier—and cheaper—to receive radio messages than to transmit them, it will be some time before we attempt to send signals to the stars; but there is no reason why we should not start listening. As is well known, such experiments have already begun; however, even the optimists behind Project Ozma do not expect results for decades, perhaps for centuries. The odds against success are very high, but the prize is so great that the experiment is worth attempting. If we are lucky, we may in our own lifetimes hear the first intelligent signals from outer space. At the same time, we may well be relieved to know that all the radio and TV programs yet launched from Earth sank below the level of cosmic noise before passing beyond the orbit of Pluto . . .

All these speculations, occurring simultaneously with the rising tempo of space research and preparations for manned interplanetary flight, have provided a basis for still more ambitious schemes. To talk to the stars—or even to exchange visual images, which is only slightly more difficult—will certainly be exciting, but it will also be very frustrating. Man, the inveterate explorer, will never be content with secondhand information; he will want to see for himself. In a century or so, he will have visited all the planets of *this* Sun—and, almost certainly, by advanced astronomical techniques, he will have detected planets of other stars. For every world that harbors beings capable of signaling across interstellar space, there must be many that cannot do so, yet would be well worth investigating. The societies that produced Lincoln, Shakespeare and Socrates were scarcely primitive, yet they could not make their presence known even upon the nearby Moon. Space must be full of fascinating cultures and life forms that can be studied only by direct, physical contact.

Today, no competent person doubts that we can reach the planets; but can we reach the stars? There is now a splendid fight shaping up among the space scientists over this very question. Rumors of this battle, which so far has been conducted decorously in the pages of the technical journals, have as yet scarcely reached the public, and whatever its outcome, no one expects that NASA will be providing funds for interstellar flight in the foreseeable future. Yet this is no esoteric controversy among specialists; it affects our entire outlook upon the Universe, upon our place in it—and, conceivably, upon our origin.

For though we may be centuries from achieving interstellar travel, if it *is* possible, someone must have done it already. And not once, but many, many times in the history of our huge and ancient Galaxy. How often have we had visitors in the past? How often may we expect them in the future? These are not frivolous questions; their answers may shake our civilization to its very roots.

Many scientists are so appalled by the sheer size of the Universe that they flatly deny the possibility of flight to the stars. Their attitude has been breezily defined by the Harvard radio astronomer Edward Purcell as follows: "All this stuff about traveling around the Universe in space suits—except for *local* exploration —belongs back where it came from, on the cereal box." Similar views have been expressed by other eminent scientists who have looked into the mathematics of interstellar rocketry. To anyone who —like myself—spent most of the Thirties and all of the Forties trying to convince people that we *could* fly to the Moon, such negative predictions have a depressingly familiar ring. And they are just as ill-founded as the assertions—remember them?—that man would always be confined to the planet of his birth. The remark that "the only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history" is sometimes as true of scientists as of statesmen.

Almost 40 years ago, the British physicist J. D. Bernal pointed out, in a brilliantly imaginative booklet, *The World, the Flesh and the Devil*, that flight to the stars would be possible by the use of self-contained "Space Arks," virtually miniature worlds that could make voyages lasting thousands of years. Generations would live and die aboard them, knowing no other existence until the voyage drew to its end. The building of such vessels would not be an impossible task for an advanced, stable society, and if there is no other way of exploring the Universe, this is how it will be done. A variation on this theme is the shipload of deep-frozen voyagers, Rip van Winkles awakened by robots when their destination is in sight. All such projects would be expensive and time-consuming and, although they may appear very unattractive to us, one can easily imagine cultures that would undertake them.

Travel to the stars *in a reasonable fraction of a human lifetime* is a much more difficult proposition, and it is this that arouses the ire of the physicists. For it necessarily involves speeds approaching that of light, and this appears to be beyond the bounds of engineering possibility. To see why, let us look at a few figures.

The nearest star—Alpha Centauri, a triple-star system probably not suited for life—is about 25,000,000,000,000 miles away. Since such a string of zeroes is meaningless, the astronomers have invented the convenient unit of the light-year, or the distance that light travels in one year. (Let me emphasize that it is a unit of *distance*; many people seem to think it a measure of *time*.) Because light travels at 186,282 miles a second, simple arithmetic shows that a light-year is 5,880,000,000,000 miles—or six trillion, in round figures. So Alpha Centauri is 4.3 light-years away; there are about a dozen stars within 10 light-years of us.

At the speed of light itself, therefore—assuming *no* time at all for starting and stopping, still less for sight-seeing at the other end—the round trip to Alpha Centauri would take nearly nine years. This would not be impossible from the human point of view, though it would raise

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being a hair-raising chronicle of perukes, vandykes, mutton chops, beatle cuts and sundry other hirsute adornments for pate and visage

***article* By WILLIAM IVERSEN**

PEOPLE HAVE BEEN fiddling with their hair ever since the discovery of fingers. At various times and places man's most curious growth has been cut, shaved, plucked, curled, singed, braided, dyed, waxed, waved, greased, powdered, plastered, combed, brushed, fondled, fetished, feared, envied and adored.

According to the bewhiskered psychologist Havelock Ellis, hair is "sexually the most generally noted part of the feminine body after the eyes." Judging from the cartoonists' conception of primitive courting behavior, it was also the most frequently grabbed, and Stone Age cuties were continually being dragged off on dates by shaggy clubmen, who towed them along by the tresses.

Actually, however, most primitive peoples believe that the head and all its hairs are occupied by spirits, and are taboo to the touch. In *The Golden Bough*, Sir James George Frazer's masterwork on myths, folklore and religion, the anthropologist records that if a Maori so much as scratched his head with his fingers, "he was immediately obliged to apply them to his nose, and snuff up the sanctity which they had acquired by the touch," and the son of a Marquesan high priest "has been seen to roll on the ground in an agony of rage and despair, begging for death, because someone had desecrated his head and deprived him of his divinity by sprinkling a few drops of water on his hair."

Among such taboo-ridden types there is no such thing as a once-over-lightly, Frazer notes, and "when it becomes necessary to crop the hair, measures are taken to lessen the dangers which are supposed to attend the operation. The chief of Namoli in Fiji always ate a man by way of precaution when he had his hair cut. . . . Among the Maoris many spells were uttered at haircutting; one, for example, was spoken to consecrate the obsidian knife with which the hair was cut; another was pronounced to avert the thunder and lightning which haircutting was believed to cause."

The notion that hair is a source of supernatural power is common to most ancient religions, and is reflected in the Biblical law of *Leviticus*, which requires that men "shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard." To cut a man's hair or beard against his will was to offer him the greatest indignity, and when the minions of Hanun sent David's good-will ambassadors packing, they first "shaved off the one half of their beards, and cut off their garments in the middle, *even* unto their buttocks." David, it will be recalled, was not half so affronted by their bare backsides as he was by the brevity of their whiskers, and sent messengers to head them off with an order to "tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown."

The most famous haircut of all time, of course, was the Old Testament trimming Delilah gave Samson at the behest of the scheming Philistines. Having wheedled the Scriptural strong man into revealing that the source of all his strength lay in his hair, "she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head . . . and his strength went from him."

Like most ancient peoples, the Hebrews cut their hair and beards only at times of penitence and bereavement. The Egyptians, on the other hand, regularly shaved their heads and faces, and let their hair grow only when in mourning. Egyptian priests, Herodotus tells us, "shaved their whole body every other day," while the rest of the populace had their heads shaved "from early childhood . . . and so by the action of the sun the skull becomes thick and *(continued on page 186)*

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR

BY

John Dempsey

wedlock-on-the-rocks as seen by an analyst-built-for-two

"Well, there's this BIG blonde neighbor of ours . . ."

"Hear what the doctor said, dear? That it's normal for married couples to do it more than once a month . . . !"

"I will say one thing for him—
he's never had any affairs with other women."

"He's just never grown up . . . !"

"Does he satisfactorily fulfill the
aggressor role in our sexual relations?!
Hahahahahahahahahahaha . . . !"

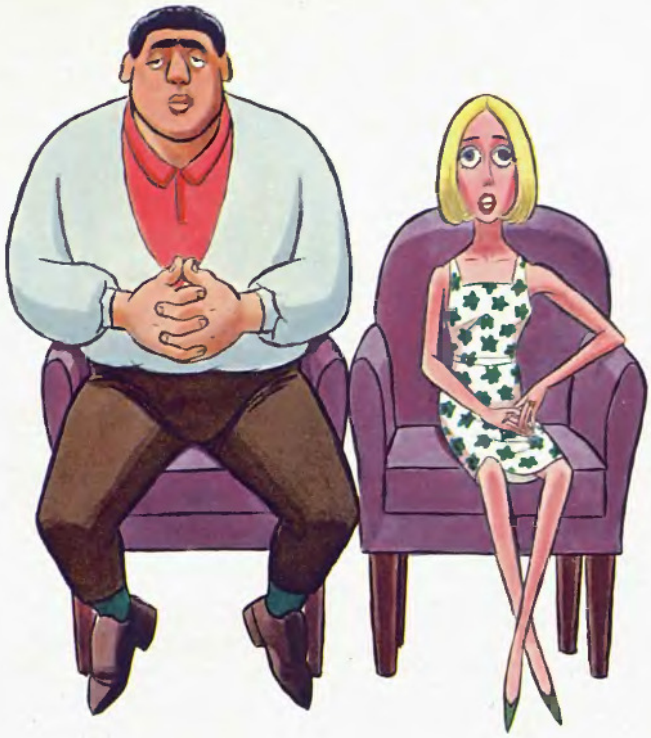
"Shall I start at the very beginning—
when he raped me the first night of our honeymoon . . . ?"

"Say, Doctor, do you mind if my mommy, here, attends our little discussion?"

"I don't want him to have his freedom, Doctor. From me, that is."

"Our problem is simply this— we hate each other."

"The whip bit was the last straw!"



"Oh, no, Doctor,
we have no problems in that area."

"Meet the Don Juan of Senior Citizen City!"

"I'll be the first to admit it, Doc.
I'm a dirty, lousy rat!"

"She's always flirting with other men,
Doctor. Doctor . . . ?"

The Girls of Germany

a salute to an arresting array of the fairest of fräuleins

THE IMAGE OF GERMANY may inspire thoughts of *Sauerbraten* and *Schnitzel* to the gourmet, Nietzsche and Hegel to the scholar, Goethe and Schiller to the poet, Beethoven and Brahms to the music lover, riesling and rhine wine to connoisseurs of the grape, Schwarzkopf and Fischer-Dieskau to the opera buff. To admirers of the female face and form, however, it suggests a fair-skinned, honey-haired, long-limbed, spirited creature with the sultry aloofness of a Marlene Dietrich, the kittenish allure of a Romy Schneider, the ebullient charm of an Elke Sommer. In reality, she is not always as blonde, as pleasure-bent or as accessible as envisioned. But as images go, this one comes provocatively close to the truth. Any sunny afternoon along Berlin's bistro-lined Kurfürstendamm, the visiting American male—caught up in the flow of well-groomed Berlin mannequins who throng this main drag—might be reminded of the better action on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. If he chooses to join the girl watchers who flock to Munich's Leopoldstrasse for a dusk-to-dawn viewing of the film and television stars, fashion designers and café-society darlings who frequent that German cultural capital's street of dreams, our wandering *Amerikaner* could readily mistake his surroundings for those of Rome's Via Veneto or Paris' Champs Élysées at their best. These illusions soon give way, however, as he hears the crisply staccato rhythm of the deep-throated distaff voices, and takes a closer look at the remarkable modern *Fräulein*.

She walks with an effortless grace, erect and poised, with a casual air often lacking in her sometimes self-conscious New York counterpart. Though methodically neat and rarely without the proper make-up, she manages to retain the natural, healthy glow of the outdoor girl. She dresses with impeccable taste, whether it be the latest Dior frock or a simple cashmere twin set, but only with an eye toward the enhancement of her inbred sensuality, and never for the sake of one-upping her equally fashionable competition. She is carefree, she is surprisingly aggressive, she is witty—and she is deliberately enigmatic. But most important, she is eternally feminine, with an abounding

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Left: Debuting as a photo model, camera buff Margitta Scherr attractively upstages Angel of Victory monument, prominent Munich landmark. Below, l to r: Berliner Eva Christian, honor graduate of Bucharest's Institute for Theater and Motion Picture Arts, has gray-green eyes for acting career; Kerstin de Ahna, 23-year-old grandniece of opera-meister Richard Strauss, has studied drama under Lee Strasberg, is star of satiric revue in downtown Munich cabaret. Bottom: Sun-worshiping Hella Wolff basks in sylvan seclusion of meadow near her native Baden-Baden.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BASCH

Below left: Silke Vagts, Wiebke Jacobsen and Heike Lammers, all model mannequins in Hamburg *haute couture*, share a holiday on the strand at Westerland, a popular North Sea resort on the isle of Sylt, just a few miles from the Danish border. Below right: Setting out on her own, Wiebke's winningly bedecked for bon voyage on bayfriend's fishing trawler. Bottom left: Silke sprowls contentedly in grassy wilds of island's windward side. Bottom right: Amidst masts and nets at dockside, Heike's well-rigged lines offer reason enough to go down to the sea in ships.

Below left: Seen in reflective double exposure, artist's model Helgo Schwortz pouses between poses for pointer in Berlin studio. Below right: As prize for winning Munich beauty contest, long-locked cover girl Helgo Lehner wos owarded an ingénue role in *Full Heart and Empty Pockets*, a recent West German film hit; rove notices have roised her hopes of emuloting Romy Schneider's rise to stordom. Bottom: Rising from waves like legendary Rhine maiden, monokinied Renote Kosche, o primo bollerino bock in Berlin, steps seductively oshore along the rocky Boltic coast.

Below, l to r: For from weekday duties as dental assistant, water-spritely Marion Berghal shoves off for short row to mooring of friend's racing yawl in harbor of Kiel on Baltic coast; actress Sabine Sinjen, typecast in little-girl parts since she turned 13, plans to introduce new image in upcoming sexpot role. Bottom, l to r: *Fräulein* Wilhelmina Mayer, a Munich secretary eye-fillingly endowed on grand scale of Wagner heroine, wades in woodland waters west of town; Prussian-born screen star Sabine Bethmann takes five following daily round of gymnastics.

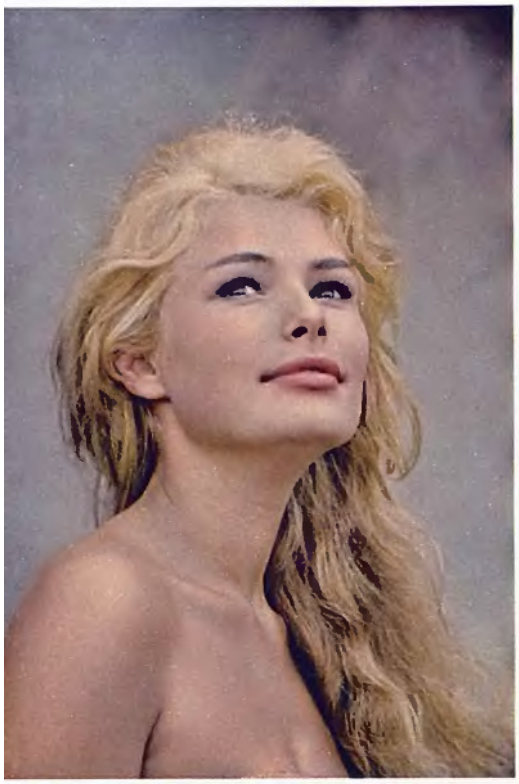
Below left: Vocotioning in Velden, idyllic lakeside resort in southern Austria, high school senior Marlis Kinscher emerges from dressing room admirably suited for daylong sook in sun. Right, top to bottom: Hamburg coed Maria Hoff cheerfully admits to patriotic predilections in art (Dürer), music (Bach), drama (Brecht), philosophy (Goethe), even sports cars (Porsche); sitting pretty on banks of Rhine—and threshold of stordom —Hanoverian Karin Heske was drawn to Berlin by dream of screen career, has earned glowing notices for bit parts in several New Wove pix.

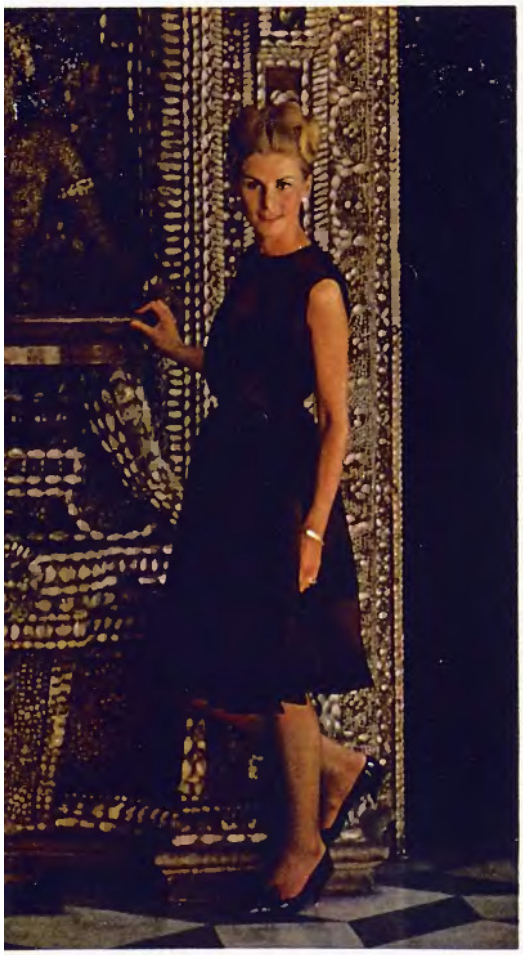
Below: A bronzed embodiment of the "healthy body, healthy mind" philosophy, medical lab technician Korin Wild is Greek and Latin scholar, champion swimmer, part-time dance instructor. Bottom left: On her way up in German filmdom, Berliner Helga Sommerfeld has been acclaimed by some critics as country's most gifted young actress; off screen she's fond of fencing, skeet shooting, antique hunting. Bottom right: Sorbonne-educated Ellen Forner, dedicated drama student and aspiring star on Munich stage, whiles away her infrequent leisure hours at the beach.

Below left: Gisela Krauss, a tharaughbred equestrienne with broading beauty reminiscent af Marlene Dietrich, enjays the bucolic peacefulness of her uncle's farm on outskirts of Salzburg. Right, top to bottom: Multilingual Ingrid Schaeller gave up freewheeling career as European tour guide to became script girl at Munich TV studia; eban-tressed Evi Matrey is cosmetics salesgirl with energetic after-haurs interests: ga-carting, sky-diving, surfing, water-skiing, dancing till dawn in Munich's S.R.O. ga-ga bistras, where she recently wan title as city's champian twister.

Below: A weekly commuter to foshion shows of world-renowned *couturiers* in London, Paris ond New York, monnequin Rito Roehl doydreoms between jets omong wildflowers in the gorden of her Berlin home. Bottom left: A familiar foce to lodies'-mogozine reoders, dork-tressed Susonne Brunckhorst is o Homburg troffic stopper—in this case o promotion bus for *Constanze*, one of the foshion journols for which she models. Bottom right: Uschi Siebert, hostess with mostest on o top-rated video quiz, takes time out from TV to make o splash in Munich's Isar river.

Below left: The feline allure of golden-moned Vivi Bok is a refreshing blend of Danish blood ond Germon breeding; at 19, she's on estoblished stor in Berlin cinemo. Right: Another precocious film find, sex-kittenish Morgoret-Rose Keil has starred in 10 pictures since her photogenic attributes (38-24-38) were spotted by talent scout in beauty-shop cosmeticion's smock just o yeor ogo. Bottom: Romi Kerber, recent refugee from Eost Germony, cherishes freedom of new life in Munich, where she lives with fomily, works as foshion consultant in downtown department store.





appetite for life and an uncanny ability to make each of her suitors feel that she exists for him alone.

Here, then, is the German girl whose outward resemblance to the American dream girl—blonde, blue-eyed or otherwise—is only skin deep. Beneath that quizzical smile and detached façade there lies a passionate and intelligent woman who is serenely confident of—and candid about—her womanhood. Her nonchalant manner and air of accessibility prevail, whether you encounter her sunning on the Hanseatic coasts of the north, skiing the slopes of the Bavarian Alps or strolling through the brooding verdure of the Black Forest. She is not intent on using her voluptuous charms for the purpose of enticing each and every aspiring lover over the nuptial threshold. Unlike her American counterpart, this marvelous *Mädchen* asks surprisingly little in return for her openhearted camaraderie, and is content to receive little more than a gentlemanly kindness, a modicum of masculine attentiveness, a display of good manners and an occasional accommodation to her romantic whims. Sex is merely a preliminary step that the German girl employs in investigating the possibilities of a lasting liaison.

The girls of the revitalized German Republic are the hybrid products of many historical influences and ethnic origins. Their ancestry contains the heritage of pagan eras predating the Roman conquest; the traces of flaxen-haired maidens who epitomized the Teutonic traditions of chastity and modesty; hints of the pre-Renaissance gentlewomen who, according to the ballads of the minnesingers, dispensed their favors liberally to many an errant knight; the moody and introspective side of German femininity portrayed in the portraits of Dürer, Altdorfer and Grünewald; and the 19th Century ideal of *Kinder-Küche-Kirche* (children, kitchen and church) which persisted until the end of World War II. The ultimate defeat of the Nazis rent the German social fabric that had endured for centuries: It completely eliminated immemorial sexual taboos, opened unbridgeable chasms between children and parents, and irrevocably smashed the sacrosanct image of the dominant German male.

The emancipation of the *Fräulein* began in 1945, a year the German people often refer to as *Anno Zero*. Paralleling the swift economic recovery of the war-ravaged German Republic, which established the nation as one of the most productive and prosperous in the Free World, came the sudden appearance of an appealing new look among its feminine citizens. Their pre-War motto, "Our weapon is the cooking spoon," was discarded in favor of a new and not-so-secret feminine weapon: the German Look. Brünnhilde had been completely reshaped, and in place of the pig-tailed, plump-elbowed vision of Teutonic Woman, there emerged a new breed of intelligent, self-reliant sleekly attractive girls who quickly became the delight of males all over Europe. They made their presence felt on every level of the German social and economic scene. Outnumbering the men by some 3,000,000 lovely heads, these modern daughters of the Rhine left their kitchens en masse.

For the first time in history, Germany boasted *couturiers* of international repute, such as Willy Bogner, Bessy Becker and Heinz Queisser; the three annual fashion shows in Berlin, Munich and Düsseldorf employ more than 1000 models each—recruited from offices, colleges and high society. *Time*, covering the 1964 shows, commented that "it is becoming more and more difficult to tell the amateur beauties from the pros." The German Look is a phrase now firmly ensconced in the lexicon of non-German modeling agencies from Paris to New York, and beauties such as Bavaria's Ina Balke and Rhinelander Dagmar Dreger have become Manhattan's top-paid mannequins. Although more than half of *Deutschland*'s delectables sport brown hair, and only 39 percent can claim cerulean-eyed heredity, the German Look is still predominantly blonde and blue-eyed. But as German satirist Kurt Tucholsky so aptly explains, "It's the blondeness underneath that counts." Other noteworthy characteristics of the new look are slanted, catlike eyes, wide cheekbones, long legs, ample breasts, and wider-than-average shoulders. No scrawny, *haute couture* specimens are admissible in this nationwide group of charmers, whose vital statistics average out to 35-24-35, fetchingly assembled on a 5'6" frame.

Averages notwithstanding, no other country in the world currently affords such a wide variety of attractive types, and with a minimal amount of arbitrary stereotyping, the girls of Germany might be classified into six basic groups.

The first includes the majority of modern Germany's young *Fräuleins* who typify middle-class German womanhood: comfortable to be with, charmingly noncommittal but pleasingly accessible. Their prototype is not particularly *Kultur*-prone, though occasionally she'll visit the local museums or attend an evening concert. She's naturally gay and industrious, ostensibly free from anxieties about the future and remarkably unspoiled; she appreciates a fur coat for its warmth and becomingness but would never regard it as a status symbol. She has cut loose from the traditional mooring of her past and lives suspended happily somewhere in the present. She is enthusiastic about soccer, Volkswagen outings, TV variety shows, the Beatles and sunbathing on the Adriatic—with or without the financial backing of her escort.

Members of this first category of fun-loving *Fräuleins* may be found in any hamlet or metropolis in West Germany. You may spy one as you enter the terminal at Frankfurt's Rhein-Main Airport, on the street of some timbered medieval village somewhere in Lower Saxony, sitting next to you in a Hamburg *Konditorei*, or behind a sales counter in one of West Berlin's Kurfürstendamm emporiums. No romantic Baedeker is required for establishing rapport: Just invite her for a dinner of *Sauerbraten* and moselle, followed by a new Antonioni film, and then a nightcap. If you've been an entertaining host, and the necessary chemistry is there, the rest of your evening should follow its prescribed course.

The second group of *Fräuleins* must be sought out in its natural habitat: the tradition-laden university campuses of Erlangen, Heidelberg, Göttingen, Marburg and Tübingen, or near the academic institutions of urban Munich, Cologne, Hamburg and West Berlin. Unlike the American coed, the German college girl is not hell-bent on matrimony before graduation; but she *is* academically curious and apt to continue her education outside the lab and lecture hall with various private studies—particularly in the field of sex research, conducted in the seclusion of her room at one of the large dormitories that have recently been constructed on most German campuses, and which flatly refuse to separate the sexes or place limits on visiting hours.

If you don't make a connection on the campus, you can easily track her to the better art galleries and museums—such as Frankfurt's Städel Art Institute, Cologne's Wallraf-Richartz Museum or Munich's Alte Pinakothek and Bayerisches National museums—or find her at an afternoon Bach chamber recital or Beethoven concert. If these locales fail to produce the desired results, you're sure to find her in attendance at one of the local cellar *discothèques*, having tea at the Amerika Haus or debating Kant and Schopenhauer in the shadows of any neighborhood espresso parlor. But wherever you find her, you won't have to take a refresher course in conversational German, for most of these girls speak fluent English by the time they leave high school.

Our third category of *Fräuleins* includes that thoroughbred group of girls whose family names are often adorned by the impressive prefix *von*: the aristocrats. If one is properly introduced and the amenities are studiously observed, they are as cordial and receptive as any other German girl. No language barrier exists here, either; they are always multilingual. And if you don't mind your women being slightly on the tall side—many of them are six-footers—and

(continued on page 168)

"I wouldn't have you if you were the first man on earth!"

"I'm so sorry you misunderstood me, Mr. Danforth. I said I was inscrutable."

the mark of a master

Ribald Classic

a 17th Century Polish folk tale

A CERTAIN BUTCHER, whose disposition was most amiable, became the confidant of many of the housewives who patronized his shop. As might be expected, some of these women had problems stemming from their husbands' lack of ardor and, since they trusted the butcher implicitly, they discussed these matters with him at great length.

The butcher's interest, it must be noted, was not purely objective; for, although he was married to a most voluptuous woman whose performances in the bedroom left little to be desired, he nonetheless sought to widen the scope of his activities. Hence, to those who complained of their passionless husbands, he volunteered his services as a substitute lover.

His offers, however, were declined by the women, who apparently would rather suffer with an unpleasant situation than take steps to rectify it. Yet they continued to bring him their complaints, much in the manner of the religious speaking with their father-confessor, and the butcher had little choice but to consider himself their fraternal companion, despite his overwhelming desire to enter into a different (and vastly more pleasurable) sort of relationship.

Now, one day, struck by an inspiration, he called several of the women aside and spoke to them thusly:

"I have just discovered a secret by which you might improve your sex lives. However, I will not share it with you unless you agree that—if my proposed remedy works—you will bestow your favors on me as well as your husbands."

And to those who agreed, he said: "I have just learned of an old remedy by which our grandmothers and great-grandmothers used to arouse their husbands. It involves the wife's marking herself on the right buttock with an X, two inches high and two inches wide, drawn in charcoal. The sight of this black mark against the milk-white background of the skin is enough to incite most men to heights of passion they have never even dreamed of. And I know it works, for my wife did it with me."

The women said that they would follow his instructions and reward him appropriately if the instructions worked. "It may take several nights for your husbands to notice," the butcher cautioned as he bid them goodbye. "But be patient and I'm certain you'll soon achieve the desired results."

Now, later that day, he sought out each of their husbands individually, and told them of how he, himself, had been cuckolded by the "phantom from the North Pole," who had seduced his wife and then marked her with his symbol, a charcoal X. The men laughed at him and accused him of having drunk too much, but the butcher argued persistently.

"You'll not laugh when the phantom marks your wife, my friend. And if you don't take his mark as a warning and become more vigorous in your lovemaking, he'll return again and again, and you'll wear many sets of the cuckold's horns as I do."

This speech was greeted with jeering more raucous than the first, but the butcher merely smiled wisely and walked away, telling each husband: "Don't say I didn't warn you."

That night, one of the men climbed into bed with his wife, still laughing to himself about the foolish butcher. But, his curiosity getting the better of him, he knocked her pillow to the floor and, while she stooped to retrieve it, inspected her posterior. There, to his shock, he saw the black letter X.

"How did that mark get there?" he demanded.

"I put it there," his wife replied.

"And why in the name of everything that's good would a woman put a mark on her buttocks?"

"Because I thought it would inspire you, my dear."

When he heard this, the man was convinced that she was practicing deception, and that the phantom—about whose existence he expressed strong disbelief that afternoon—had actually struck. His first impulse was to beat the woman, but then, remembering the words of the butcher, he instead tossed her violently upon the bed and proceeded to let loose his anger through the most vigorous act of lovemaking he had ever performed.

Similar discoveries were made that night by the other husbands, all of whom proceeded to do their best to fight the phantom by the only means prescribed—diligent effort.

Thereafter, the men thanked the butcher for his good counsel, and the women not only thanked him but fulfilled their promises to reward him for the service he had done. The butcher, meanwhile, contented himself in the knowledge that by doing a service to himself, he had also done a service to the community at large.

—Retold by Paul J. Gillette

RUNNING MAN *there was a terrible urgency in his search through nighttown bohemia, a crying need to find and punish the source of his anguish*

fiction **By HERBERT GOLD** THE TELEPHONE brought him out of a distant early sleep. He groaned and reached for it. The girl's voice—it was the voice of Louise—said: "Martin?"

"Yes," he answered thickly, heaving himself out of a dream he would never remember. "What's the matter, Louise?"

"I just want you to know where I am."

"What do you mean?"

"Where I am. *Wake up.*"

He was sitting on the edge of the bed, hunched into the telephone. "OK. What are you trying to say?"

"I'm trying to say where I am. I am not at home. I am in the sack, Martin. I am in the sack elsewhere. I am in the sack with one of the most promising folk singers in the Bay Area. Right now, as I speak to you, at this very moment, he is doing something very interesting to me, elsewhere. I just wanted you to know."

The assault was so sudden and so totally unexpected that Martin Ford felt nothing at all but an icy clarity. It was like an electric needle into the source of feeling. He would not sleep that night, he knew that; but for the rest, all his love for Louise was annihilated in the stab of her words, and the reverse of love, jealous rage, also disappeared in a brief flicker like that of the needle, and there was nothing left at this moment but a chilled and emotionless curiosity. He did not even ask her for a reason. "OK," he said, "are you finished?"

"I think so. Ooah, Fred——" And then suddenly, when she spoke the man's name, Martin heard a scuffling curse:

"*Didn't I tell you not to use my name, you——*"

And then, before the telephone went dead, Martin heard Louise screaming, "Martin! Help! Help!"

There was silence. It was one o'clock on a winter morning in San Francisco, with the fog shrouding even the summit of Telegraph Hill as Martin gazed out, and nothing but silence on the chilled streets outside. He came thoroughly awake as he flung himself into his clothes. What day was it? Tuesday, no Wednesday morning. He and Louise had not spent the evening together because she was tired, he was tired, they decided to have a quiet evening separated from each other. It was so unlike their habit that they referred to it as their "nondate"—they had been inseparable for nearly a year. She was the girl whom, though she did not know it, he had planned to marry until about ten minutes ago. Dark and quiet, she was not like the chicks he had pampered and been pampered by in his wild bachelor days after Stanford; he found that he liked to be sure of a girl and he could be sure of Louise. That she did not surprise him had been a virtue. He wanted to leave courtship and uncertainty for marriage and career—he had planned to tell her soon; he wanted Louise to share these matters with him, and children, and the rest of the ordinary life which had come to be dear to him. A young lawyer could hell around in San Francisco and make out OK, but when he was no longer "young," just "youngish," he had to make some solid choices if he planned to gratify his ambition in a large law firm. He could keep the red MG, he could even display his prowess on the ski slopes, but it was time for reliability in love. Marriage—he had considered Louise and found her good. It was a bonus that she both seemed right for him and—and that other: He loved her. Martin loved Louise.

And now this. There were girls in his past who might have done what Louise just now did to him—crazy chicks, jazzy psychopaths, far-out beat broads doing anything for kicks but calling it Genet or Kenny Burrell or Hart Crane.

Not Louise.

He had believed her words, crazily believed her for an instant, because he too had his corrupted past, but this was not Louise's style. She was being forced. Someone who wanted to destroy her, to destroy him, had put some terrible threat at her throat: enough to hypnotize or terrify her so that she could speak the words she had just spoken.

He knew no Fred. Not a single one.

Did Louise know a Fred? They had agreed about discretion; neither of them had described the past; address books were private matters, and when she had referred to the men before him, she always said, "This person . . . This person used to like the opera, but I hated it . . . This person I knew was a careless driver . . . This person was terribly jealous, impossi-

He leapt at the man on the bed. "What did you do with her?" he shouted.

ble . . ." The name Fred rang no alarm in him. He did not even sound like a "this person."

Martin reached for his telephone directory. He sighed like a man with a painful job to do, a man interrupted in his sleep; he even yawned, and this surprised him. He was in a state of terror. He was in a state of cold grief. And yet the body demanded oxygen and took it with a yawn.

He was telephoning Louise's best friend. She came grumpily out of sleep. "This is Martin," he said, "I can't explain now, but I've got to know something. Does Louise know anyone named Fred?"

"Fred? How are you, Fred? What are you doing calling me so late?"

"Sally, this is Martin! Martin Ford! Do you know anyone—does Louise know anyone named Fred?"

There was a long pause. Then: "You drunk?"

"Tell me which Fred you were referring to! This is urgent!"

Another long pause. "Martin, you can trust Louise. She really cares for you."

Martin was nearly sobbing with fury. "Please, no lectures! I've got to know who Fred is! Tell me!"

Sally's voice, which had gone from sleepy to psychoanalytic, now grew cold and angry. "Get a good night's sleep, Martin, and then ask Louise. Whatever you need to know, I'm sure she can answer."

Click. The telephone went dead. Martin was holding the telephone. Deep within himself Martin's day-to-day intelligence was registering a fact to which he had always been indifferent. For some reason Sally did not like him. It made no difference; he simply registered the fact. But now there were consequences. He should have explained more logically why he was asking that question—"Fred! Who is Fred!"—in the middle of the night. He dialed Sally's number again. The bell rang and rang. She would not answer; she was convinced he was drunkenly jealous; it was no good to try calling her. She lived in Sausalito. By the time he drove out and roused her——

Folk singer! he suddenly thought. Down the hill on Grant Avenue in the beat, bohemian area of San Francisco's North Beach, there was a folk singers' hangout called Trick or Treat. He checked his watch. It would still be open. He finished dressing in a moment and was running down the hill.

Trick or Treat was a place where the singers got paid out of a passed hat. There was a rapid turnover of south of Mission hillbillies, University of California blues shouters, pseudo-Appalachian whisperers from Pacific Heights, immigrants from Washington Square. The place did not serve alcohol; it was a meet for underage kids, student flamenco guitarists, freedom plotters, teenage fighters of the Spanish Civil War. Louise sometimes dropped by for a bit of midnight confusion; it was one of her wistful fancies which made her general reliability so charming. She lived nearby, on Greenwich Street, and she would stroll in for a hot chocolate when she couldn't sleep. Before she came together with Martin, she had sometimes dreamed away long evenings there—a dark, sweet, pouting girl who liked to sit alone, like a gloomy teenager, but was really a pensive 26-year-old librarian. Because the smoke made her hair smell, she washed it twice a week. But the chocolate was good and the whipped cream real, not instant skimmed whipped cream. They would know her; and, more important, they would surely know Fred.

When Martin entered, the place was nearly empty. There were no more than a dozen dreamy folkniks in the room. A Chinese boy was climbing onto a high stool with his guitar. "How-deh!" he said. "Ah'm Swingin' Jimmy Wing, and foh mah fust numbah, Ah'm a-gonna sing to you *On Top of Old Smokey*."

"On top of ole Smo-kee
All kivered with snau"

"You got a folk singer here named Fred something," Martin said to the fat boy at the door. The boy was fumbling a Hershey bar.

"Lemme see now."

"Look at me!"

The boy looked up blandly, with a ring of chocolate about his mouth, and wiped a crumb from his lips. "Fred, Fred," he said. "Oh yes, Fred Nashun, Songs of All Nations. Yep. Know him."

"He in here tonight?"

"I guess he sing here earlier tonight."

"He go out with a girl?"

"I guess maybe he go out with a girl. Yeah, a girl. He don't go out of here much with a girl, so I guess I notice."

"Louise?"

"How do I know, mister?"

"You said he didn't often go out with a girl. You noticed." Martin suddenly remembered an old Indian trick for extracting information from reluctant informants—money. It was quicker than torture with a high school dropout. He put three loose dollars on the table and, first, described the girl: small, dark, long shiny hair, probably no make-up, probably from the neighborhood, probably wearing a skirt and sweater.

"Yep." He put his hands on the money, and Martin put his own hot hand on the plump one and kept it there so that the plump hand couldn't move.

"Yep isn't very much for three fast bucks. Now I want one more answer. Where does Fred live?"

The boy hesitated.

Martin's fingers tightened on the plump wrists. He said, "You want that three bucks?" as if it were a threat.

"Hell, what's three bucks to me? Hell. OK, he lives above the laundromat at the corner." Martin was already on his way out. The fat boy said, "Jeez man, you are in one hurry."

As he went through the door, Martin heard Swinging Jimmy Wing announce his next number. "How-deh. Foh mah nex' numbah, Ah'm swingin' to ya *Black Is the Colah a Mah True Love's Hai-yeh*."

"You're a lucky man!" a witty folk lover screamed in the lonely room.

The street was deserted. It was nearly two o'clock. But up the block the lights of the all-night laundromat wavered their deathly fluorescent clarity out onto the street.

• • •

For just a moment, Martin felt the cool night mists swirling up Telegraph Hill. Foghorns out on the bay, a deep bass like that of mournful dogs, sounded their steady beat. The light atop Alcatraz made a yellowish glow in the low banks of fog, which seemed continuous with earth, which was in turn a thickly indistinct element continuous with sea and heaven. A man stood in the doorway of a shut-down morocco leather-goods shop with what Louise called "The Gallo Gift Wrap"—a paper bag crinkled about a bottle of wine. Martin hurtled past him and into the laundromat. There was the pay telephone with the frayed sign reading OUT OF ORDER, the elephantine row of washers, the dryers (one hanging open), the cardboard carton with stray socks, errant underwear, the gathered debris of a neighborhood's linen, the decimated, steamed magazines in a heap on the window ledge. No one in the store. No echo of the beat housewives, the Italian mothers, the bohemian bachelors who gathered here usually in the evening. A copy of *Theatre Arts* lay open on a bench.

But there was a door. Martin pushed it open. It led up a stairway. At the top, another door and a card tacked to it:

FRED NASHUN
"Songs of All Nations"
Folk singer
Lessons & Recitals
Guitar & Voice
COME IN DON'T WAIT

Martin knocked. No answer. He tried the knob. The door was open. He pushed in and banged his shins on the outsize double bed which nearly filled the room. At first, as his eyes focused in the darkness—the glow of fog through the window gave a dim hold on things—it looked as if there had been a fight. The disorder seemed total, heaps of

(concluded on page 148)

PLAYBOY'S PREVIEW OF PRESENTS PERFECT

a yuletide assemblage of unusual gifts to be ordered in advance—custom-made, imported, or for the well-equipt holiday traveler

TRAVEL Clockwise from three o'clock: Suede case holds two shotguns, from Rigaud, $250. Rechargeable AM-FM portable radio, by Gulton, $79.95. Electric shaver with saddle-stitched case, by Ronson, $28.50. Stereo tape recorder in hand-rubbed teakwood cabinet, with case, by Tandberg, $449.50. Sunglasses, by Renauld, $22.50. Travel alarm with pigskin case, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $50. Presmoked root pipe with cover, by Dunhill, $35. Electric Moviflex Super camera, with f/1.9 variable-focal-length lens, push-button zooming action, carrying case, by Zeiss, $699. Duplex binoculars, convert from 7x35 to 12x60, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $415. World Monitor 17-transistor, 5-band portable radio, by General Electric, $125. Toilet kit, from Mark Cross, $29.50. Carryall bag, by Seeger, $142.50. Italian Lanitrex and wool cloth hat, by Miller, $10. Cartridge-loaded tape recorder with leather case, remote-control mike, by Craig-Panorama, $79.95. Attaché case, from Dunhill, $159.50. Bar case, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $30. Portable 4-inch TV set, by Sony, $199.95. Italian wool-twill 3-button country coat, by Brioni of Rome, $200. Portable drink cooler, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $35. Pentax 35mm camera, shutter speed of 1/1000, $239.50 (camera only); 18mm Takumar lens, $159.50, both by Honeywell. Overnighter, from Mark Cross, $105.

IMPORTS Clockwise from noon: Swiss Speedfit racer ski shoes, by Henke, $89. Japanese epoxy skis, by Yamaha, $159. British Spitfire sports car, features roll-up windows, disk brakes, all-round independent suspension, high-speed acceleration, top speed over 90 mph, rack-and-pinion steering, 24-ft. turning circle, by Triumph, about $2199. Belgian double-barrel field and skeet gun, by Continental Arms, $525. West German flintless desk lighter, by Sunbeam, $32.95. English burled-walnut humidor, by Dunhill, $100. Italian espresso coffee maker, from Bullock & Jones, $39.50. West German chess clock, styled in black-and-wine leather case, by Essway, $37.50. Brazilian buffalo-horn chess set, by Essway, $190. West German Thermolord, keeps liquid hot or cold, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $45. Indian Bengal tiger rug, nine feet, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $900. West German mandolin, by Framus, $95. Siamese teak canister, by Dansk, $15.95. Italian high-intensity table lamp, by Stiffel, $90. Swiss cordless clock radio, by Bulova, $65. English carving set, with 19 pieces, stag handles, walnut case, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $149.50. Danish walnut carving board with stainless-steel knife, from Hammacher Schlemmer, $32.50. French wicker hamper contains Gallic cheeses, *pâté*, truffles, confections, snails, from Stop and Shop, $40. Italian goatskin cabinet bar, by Dunhill, $425. Spanish cotton-suede 3-button coat with contrasting antelope-suede insert collar panel, darts and buttonholes, by Cortefiel, $55. Swiss 8-day, 15-jewel clock, barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, from Mark Cross, $145.

BESPOKE Clockwise from noon: Space clock, invented by Dr. Athelstan Spilhaus, shows solar time, moon phases, by Edmund Scientific Co., $192.50. Stainless-steel sauna heater, by General Electric, $700. Rimfire semiautomatic rifle, .22 caliber, available with various options, by Weatherby, $99.50. Cocktail shaker in heavy silver plate, by Reed & Barton, $39.75. Chronometer mounted in brass case, with mahogany mounting box and name plate, by Hamilton, $235. Red antelope-suede vest with flamenco print lining, flap pockets, wool back, made to order in Spain, by Cortefiel, $30. Push-button bar/buffet cart, cools to 35°, heats to 160°, by Sears, Roebuck, $495. Handmade captain's wheel, by Captain Lindroth, $95. Hand-carved cigarette box, can be ordered in walnut, palisander, wenge, mutenye, coca bola, pao rosa, from American Craft Gallery, $40 (walnut). Fur throw rug, 48″x70″, with all-wool backing, can be made in variety of colors and sizes, by Einiger Mills, $125. Jumping saddle, with foam padding and luxurious fittings, from Miller's, $227.50. Custom pool cue with deluxe, semihard case, by Brunswick, $37.95. Sturdy soft buck-suede chair, with teak and tubular-steel frame, sherpa pillow, by Leathercrafter, $130. Natural wildcat pullover, fully lined, by Walt Stiel, $350. Hand-stitched calf gloves, by Knize, $19.50. Weather station, with fittings for rooftop installation, by Diagnostics, Inc., $174.95. Set of 28 matched-grain pipes in cabinet with humidor, brass name plate, by Kaywoodie, $2500. Set of 8 glass-bottom pewter mugs in presentation case, from Abercrombie & Fitch, $140.

Playmates Revisited · 1963

playboy encores its tenth year's gatefold girls

PLAYBOY's reprise of Playmates past concludes this month with the presentation of 1963's centerfold charmers. Since February of this year, we have revisited one year's selection of Playmates each month, while readers have been sending in votes for their ten all-time favorites. The winners will appear in a gala December pictorial. Among the leading contenders from 1963's bountiful crop of beauties are Toni Ann Thomas (Miss February), whose stint as a health-club instructress helped shape her up as one of our most popular Playmates, Adrienne Moreau (Miss March), whose bilingual talents (she speaks fluent French) helped her land a spot as a New York World's Fair interpreter/guide, and Connie Mason, who, since her June Playmate appearance, has been a Chicago Playboy Club Bunny, the star of two independently produced films, and a highly successful *haute couture* model. Donna Michelle followed up her December Playmate role with parts in three upcoming films —*Mickey One* with Warren Beatty, *Goodbye Charlie!* with Debbie Reynolds and Tony Curtis, and *The Pleasure Seekers* with Tony Franciosa—as well as a guest-star shot in the MGM-TV series *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* Donna was also unanimously chosen Playmate of the Year by PLAYBOY's editors, a distinction that heralded an unprecedented 11-page pictorial tribute—plus a cover-girl assignment —in our May 1964 issue. Any Playmate who has appeared from December 1953 through December 1963 is eligible for December's *Readers' Choice*. If you haven't voted, now's your last chance.

CHRISTINE WILLIAMS, *October 1963*

SANDRA SETTANI, *April 1963*

VICTORIA VALENTINO, *September 1963*

DONNA MICHELLE, *December 1963*

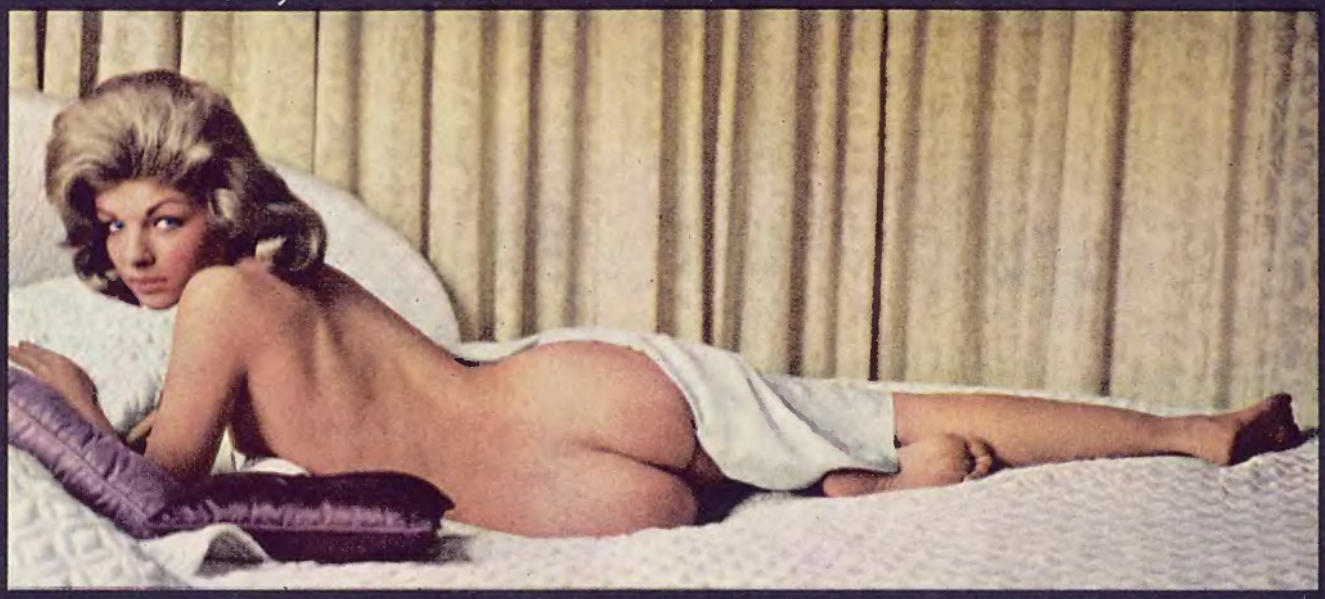
CARRIE ENWRIGHT, *July 1963*

CONNIE MASON, *June 1963*

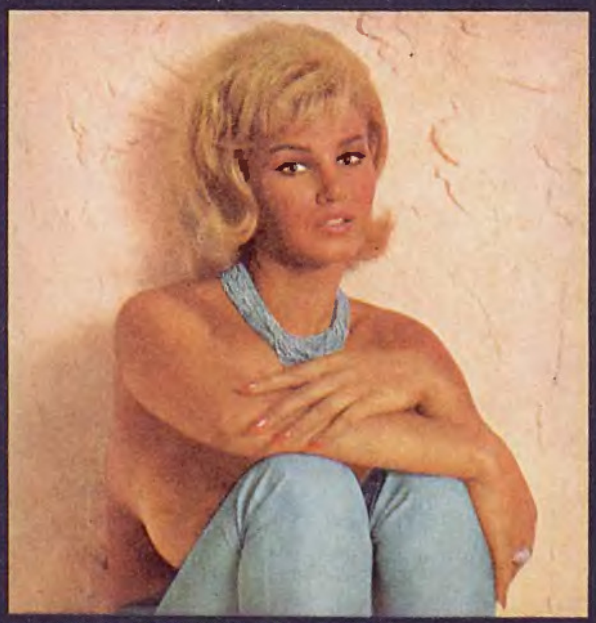
PHYLLIS SHERWOOD, *August 1963*

TONI ANN THOMAS, *February 1963*

SHARON CINTRON, *May 1963*



JUDI MONTEREY, *January 1963*



ADRIENNE MOREAU, *March 1963*

TERRE TUCKER, *November 1963*

ANATOMY OF A TEEVEE JEEBIE

satire **By SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

"Well no wonder they never promoted you— you can't read!"

"OK, what the hell! Put their names on, too . . . !"

"Say, Susie, how come you prefer that Western saddle to the fancy English sidesaddle you used to use?"

"At the end of the third stanza, we make a rush for the collection plate. . . . Pass it on."

"Now, this isn't your toothbrush . . . and it isn't my toothbrush . . ."

". . . And I'll fry the eggs just the way you like them . . .and I'll be more careful ironing your shirts . . . and I'll keep the house cleaner . . . and I'll . . ."

tongue-in-cheek dialog for television's late-night movies

"You and your goddamn lifetime, leakproof fountain pen!"

"You mean you've got a couple of these here pomegranates stuck up in there . . . ?"

"Now, now, Mr. Bigelow—don't knock it if you haven't tried it . . . !"

"Excuse me, but may I speak to you for a minute, Mr. Frobisher—concerning the ship's course?"

"You can come in if you'll stop picking your nose..."

"Three hundred dollars for a lousy appendectomy!"

RUNNING MAN *(continued from page 138)*

papers, books, clothes, an overturned chair. But then, as he glanced again, he realized that this was an organic chaos: The books had been piled like that, the records were in little stacks on the floor, the clothes were scattered as if by appointment. And in the middle of the bed lay Fred Nashun, undisturbed by the eruption of a stranger into his room.

His eyes were open, but he barely moved. He reached up, pulled a cord, and a bed lamp went on. He waited for an instant and then said thickly, "Hi, Marty."

"That answers my question!" Martin shouted, and leapt at the man on the bed. "What did you do with her?"

Fred Nashun shook his head and pointed to the hands at his throat. He couldn't reply while being choked. Martin took his hands away.

"Very sleepy," Nashun said. "'Chout for my guitar."

And then, to Martin's astonishment, he simply shut his eyes and fell asleep. Martin shook him and the eyes came dimly open. They were unfocused and ill. He was receding down a long corridor.

"Where is she?"

"Who?"

"Louise!"

"Oh. You must be Martin . . . Lemme go to sleep."

"*Where is she!*"

"Home. The chick went home. Go get her, boy." And his eyelids fluttered shut again.

The Woolworth alarm clock loudly ticking at the bedside said after two o'clock. Time was passing more quickly than Martin realized. Everything took time; everything took more time than one suspected. Fred Nashun was sound asleep. There was an empty pill bottle by his bed. He could still shake him awake and get something from him; he could call the police and have his stomach pumped; he could save his life. But that would also be to waste time. And in a moment, without thinking, Martin made a wartime decision, one of those decisions made without pain that risks haunting a man for the rest of his time on earth. He made it in an instant, in the turning of his body, the first of several absolutely mortal decisions which he had to make that night: Let him live his own way. Let him sleep. Let him die.

Would anyone question him?

What about fingerprints?

Hell, it was obviously suicide. No one would think of why. No one would worry about visitors. Martin stood up, gazed a moment at the gently breathing man on the bed—it was the body of a very long and thin man, a gangling and an ill man—and saw the neck of the guitar sticking out from beneath the bed. Then he went down the stairs, through the all-night laundromat, and out. Afterward he remembered thinking about Nashun's room: probably illegal for occupancy. Illegal for living. Probably the landlord will get in trouble after the coroner's report.

He was running up Greenwich toward the apartment house where Louise lived. He rang and rang at the front bell. No answer. He was worrying about what to say to the custodian if he had to get him to open at this hour, but then he remembered that the back door, through the garage, was usually left unlocked. He ran up the back stairway to Louise's door.

Now he was learning to be careful. It was a new building and sounds carried. This was something which Louise and he had giggled over. They had tried to be stealthy after their dinners on the long easy evenings. They piled pillows upon pillows and wrestled joyfully, laughing and tricking until the time for laughter and tricking came to an end. He put his ear to the thin door as if he could hear them inside. (Who? Himself and Louise? Fred and Louise?) No sound. He listened for her breathing or moving. Nothing. He knocked on the door. No answer. Then he remembered that he had her key. When he reached in his pocket, it turned out that he did not have the key. It was at home, in another pair of pants. He could break down the door, but then what if . . . ? Better if he just got the key. Whatever had happened, Fred Nashun was home dying in his own bed, Louise was elsewhere. The best thing he could do was to work quietly, to plan quietly, and to run quietly.

Martin lived only a block away, but the swift climb up Telegraph Hill made him puff. It was only a block, but it was uphill. There was an automatic elevator in his building. He would be able to get his breath a little in the elevator, and then he would find Louise's key, and then he would go back and hope she was there. And what could she say to him now?

At this time of the year, the dawn was still several hours away. But the glow of the city off the dense droplets of fog in the air made a steady false dawn which grew no brighter, but damply rubbed off everything—light and moisture bathed him. Into the elevator and up.

His door was open. Louise was sitting there in the dark, with her cloth coat on over the slacks she wore for her solitary strolls in North Beach to the City Lights Bookshop, to the Trick or Treat, to the laundromat. She suffered a little from insomnia. It came with being 26 and unmarried and a girl who had been around. She walked in the city because she did not take pills, and now she had just walked into his apartment and sat composed, her hands in her lap, waiting for him.

"Louise! What happened?"

She flung herself into his arms and clung like a desperate child.

"Don't ask me. That's the one thing you must never do. Never ask me."

"What happened tonight?"

"Martin, will you marry me?"

"I found that Fred Nashun——"

But she had stuffed her hand against his mouth, and then, weeping bitterly, stuffed her mouth against his, kissing and kissing him. "I wanted to marry you, I did ever since I met you," he said. She was sobbing against his chest. "I still do."

"Oh, Martin, why didn't you ever tell me?"

"I thought you knew. I've been a bachelor a long time. But I was going to ask if you would——"

She let him go. She was looking at him as if she had not known him before. Her eyes were smudged with fatigue; her hair was damp and disordered; she had never looked so beautiful to him.

"Will you?" he asked.

"I would," she said.

"But just tell me what happened tonight."

She made him let her go. "Then I won't," she said.

"What happened?"

She answered with great calm thought. "You'll have to trust me. If you don't, that's the end. If you don't trust me, I'll never tell you what happened, I'll never refer to it, it will be finished. If you do trust me, the same."

She spoke these words with great finality.

Martin knew now that he would marry this girl, but that he would never reach the perfect understanding that he had dreamed of with her. And that perhaps this was really why he would marry her. He would be fed and nourished through the long years to come by what had happened this night—her disaster, his running. Something had been proved about both of them. What had been proved was that things can be what they seem and yet not, that answers do not satisfy the major questions between two human beings.

"Put it out of your mind," she said. "That will be best."

"We never will."

"But we have to put it out of our minds, because that is best."

As they embraced, the folk singer was sinking irreversibly into his final sleep in the room above the laundromat. As they embraced, Martin's unanswered questions formed the dense element which shored up their once unmoored, henceforward joined lives.

Here's where a cigarette wins friends...or loses them.
It all comes down to taste.
The tobaccos in Lucky Strike are selected for taste.
Aged for taste. Blended for taste. And taste alone.
Is that the way to make a cigarette?
Millions of Lucky smokers seem to think so.
See if you don't agree.

Taste fine tobacco at its best.
Smoke a Lucky Strike.

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"Remember now, no looking at your feet . . ."

is little reason to suppose that the antisexual virtues—virginity, chastity, celibacy and continence—are in fact *virtues* at all. The ancient Judaic rules for sexual behavior, eating, and a great many other aspects of daily life were eminently sensible in the society for which they were devised, but they are irrelevant now, since conditions have changed altogether. Hume referred to celibacy, fasting, penance, mortification, self-denial, humility, silence and solitude as the "whole train of monkish virtues" which are "really vices." He added: "For what reason are they everywhere rejected by men of sense, but because they serve no manner of purpose, neither advance a man's fortune in the world, nor render him a more valuable member of society; neither qualify him for the entertainment of company, nor increase his power of self-enjoyment. We observe, on the contrary, that they . . . stupefy the understanding and harden the heart, obscure the fancy and sour the temper. We justly, therefore, transfer them to . . . the catalog of vices. . . . A gloomy, harebrained enthusiast, after his death, may have a place in the calendar; but will scarcely ever be admitted, when alive, into intimacy and society, except by those who are delirious and dismal as himself." Nonsex is a *deprivation*, the opposite of a merit or asset, and chastity, per se, is "no more a *virtue* than malnutrition."

The third reason for rejecting Christian antisexuality is the most important of the three. Quite simply, sex is a tremendous activity; going to bed with someone with whom one has a powerful emotional relationship is the quintessence of human experience, and the one basic, positive force for constructive interpersonal relationships in this life. Far from being bad, wrong, unworthy or shameful, as the negative Christian tradition has it, sex is none of these things at all, and all talk about psychological difficulties and burdens of conscience has the facts twisted. As Freud said, if one's attitude toward sex is based on "loathing, guilt, shame and fear," one will be made miserable by sexual activity. The ultimate refutation of antisexual traditional Christianity is to go to bed with someone one is really enthusiastic about, under circumstances in which everything is psychologically, emotionally and physically right—and the whole distorted, masochistic, negative attitude just evaporates in the sheer joy of the thing. Then one knows, and can say of traditional Christians, as Galileo said of his contemporaries who refused to look through his telescope at the moons of Jupiter, "These people believe there is no truth to seek in nature, but only in the comparison of texts."

Edward E. Dawson
Lecturer in Philosophy
University of Manchester
Manchester, England

MORES RE-EVALUATED

Amidst the ever-present tide of cynicism that seeks to nullify all provocative or unorthodox literature—and in doing so denies thought itself—Hefner's criticisms, opinions and insights are of great value to those of us who feel the need to re-evaluate ourselves and the society in which we live. In this respect, PLAYBOY is a rarity on the contemporary scene. I have particularly enjoyed Hefner's discussions of our nation's morality and sex laws. In spite of the primping and pruning to which sex is constantly being subjected in our puritanical society, sex is neither moral nor immoral in itself. A sculptor can take a piece of raw marble and sculpt it to the form he desires, but beneath the beautiful form he has created, it remains marble, the natural material he began with. So it is with the human sexual nature: Society may mold an individual's thoughts and attitudes in order to make of him another one of the crowd in its cultural museum, but it can never change the sexual instinct which is part of the raw material of which humans are made.

The human being is endowed with social characteristics, and therefore is subject to laws and values of his own making. We must seek, therefore, a social morality which safeguards society as a whole, and yet which does not deprive the individual citizen of his uniqueness in thought and action. In the face of formidable opposition to a sexual revolution and changes in morals statutes, it is consoling to find Hefner's stalwart publication readily available on newsstands across the nation. PLAYBOY's ever-increasing popularity must surely indicate a trend of rising awareness in the American people.

MM/3C Robert S. Henderson
U. S. S. Delta
San Francisco, California

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION

In the July *Philosophy* I was particularly amused to see that such an educated man as Dr. Kellogg would write that syphilis and gonorrhea originated spontaneously. What made it so amusing is the fact that Louis Pasteur conducted an experiment in 1864 which conclusively proved that spontaneous generation was impossible. I am also surprised that such a mistake would be allowed to stay in later publications.

Harvey Billings
Syracuse, New York

Dr. Kellogg's "Plain Facts" was, of course, a veritable omnibus of sexual misinformation. Some of it was honest error, written in a time (1879) in which the true sexual nature of man was only dimly understood (Freud's revelations regarding infant sexuality and the all-important psychoanalytical aspects of sex were to come in the years immediately thereafter); but most of the misstatements and misassumptions are an example of the extent to which an otherwise responsible man of science may reflect our society's suppressive morality, rather than scientific objectivity, when expressing himself on the subject of sex. In this, unfortunately, Dr. Kellogg is not unique; such lapses in scientific detachment were commonplace in that period of Puritanism at the end of the 19th Century, and they have persisted to a distressing degree right up to the present.

FEMALE SEXUAL PROWESS

I will allow that women are on occasion incredibly capable and proficient creatures, and that those of Hefner's acquaintance may be more so; but to make a hospital case of a man by the sheer force of their sexual prowess! Premises of this stature put Hefner's logic and analysis on a par with Dr. Kellogg's absurdities.

Richard J. Venne
Austin, Texas

Hefner consciously exaggerated—with humorous intent. The same idea was used as the plot of a recent Italian film comedy, "The Conjugal Bed"; in the movie, the demands of the demure young wife eventually put hubby in his grave.

GRANDMA'S FACTS

Part XVII of *The Playboy Philosophy* stirred up some strange memories and made me realize why I think so erratically about sexual matters. In Dr. Kellogg's words I recognized the source of the "facts" ladled into my head by my "good, Christian" grandmother, in whose charge I was left when my mother worked. All my childhood was full of dos and don'ts (mostly the latter), and while most taboos were absolute mysteries to me, if I *had* broken them I would never have known that my behavior was "evil" and that I was subjecting myself to eternal damnation—had it not been for Grandmother's righteous teachings. Anything that was against what Grandma said was *also* against God, and soon my image of God was very much like Grandma.

I had never known where Grandma

got the "facts" she so generously crammed into my brain before I had the knowledge to fight back: now I know, and I know what I'm fighting in myself. It seems strange that I, a recently married woman, could find no answers to the doubts that nibbled at my self-confidence in any of the *Hausfrau* magazines that clutter up the newsstands. And even stranger that I should find them instead in a magazine clearly labeled "Entertainment for Men." I've always had strong suspicions that I have a right to be myself, to have pride in my intellect *and* my body, and to have pride in the fact that I am a warm-blooded human being, even though Grandma tried to convince me that being so was sinful.

Luise Brannan
Los Angeles, California

EXHIBITIONISM

After reading Hefner's editorial about Dr. Kellogg, I felt I had to write. Hefner is doing an immense amount of good in presenting to the American public ideas that can contribute to a wholesome and happy sex life by helping to weed out the illnesses, prejudices, misconceptions, superstitions and outmoded laws that plague our society today.

For the last 748 days I have been locked up in a mental institution, and before that was confined to jail for 49 days—because two years ago I was foolish enough, and fed up, sick and inebriated enough to climb stark naked into the front window of a Y.W.C.A. in the very wee hours of the morning, enter a girl's room and press my penis against her arm in a desperate attempt to have sexual release in contact with a woman. (All I wanted was to come and go.) She awoke and screamed when she saw me, and I took off like a jet plane on two legs. The incident, of course, made a splash in the local newspaper, and, obtaining her name from the article, I called her up to apologize. In the course of the conversation which followed, I told her that I felt I needed some kind of help, and we agreed to meet to discuss the matter. We met, all right, but half the town's police force managed to be there, too. I knew there was danger of being apprehended, but I was so desperate for help that the fear of apprehension seemed of secondary importance.

This happened when I was 24; I am almost 27 now. When I was 23, there was a large amount of ritualistic, compulsive sexual exhibitionism in public which I was clever enough to get away with; the only thing I couldn't seem to escape were the profound and devastating psychological effects. Sometimes, when I think about the Y.W.C.A., it strikes me as being a bit humorous because of the absurdity and incongruity of the whole thing, but most of the time when I think of the incident it strikes me as pathetic. I have seen for myself, through my own experience, the devastating effects of chronic sexual suppression. Here I am, 26 years old, and I've never slept with a woman (by which I do not mean to imply that I'm homosexual, because I'm not), though through most of my waking hours desire is seeping out of my ears. Every day in this Godforsaken bird cage is an absolute frustration in every way, and every night there's nothing to look forward to but a mighty lonely bed.

You see, I came up through the years with my mind impregnated with a Dr. Kellogg–type philosophy. For more than ten years anything that had to do with sex had me torn apart inside. Masturbation, necking and what I erroneously believed to be immodest or impure thoughts had me torn apart with anxiety and profound feelings of shame and guilt. Night after night I'd toss and turn for hours, or take long walks at three and four in the morning, or beat myself with a belt, or drink and smoke and down saltpeter like it was sugar, in a desperate attempt to quiet sexual desires and keep my hands from bringing the release I wanted so badly. I was so desperate for marriage that I was willing to marry just about anybody just so I could have sex in a sanctioned manner. Thank God I never did get married with an attitude like that.

I believe in God as deeply as anyone, because my reason tells me that there must be a First Cause of the universe, and that some being must have always been in existence, but I just can't any longer hold the ideas about sexual suppression that the Church crams down the throats of its members under the guise of infallibility. I want to get married someday, but when I do I want it to be because I love somebody, and not because it's a sanctioned outlet for sex. And I don't want anybody telling me what time of the month I may or may not make love to my wife.

I guess in more ways than one my eyes have been opened since I've been in this bird cage. Before I came here, I wasn't aware that America still has on the

"You want to talk with my son, the doctor?"

books such stupid sex laws. Some of the injustices that you see and feel for yourself and hear about in a place like this, because of the stupid puritanical sex laws are a crying shame. And the really sad part is that most people are unaware of them until they themselves are ensnared. I wish Hefner all the help he can get from the people of this country in getting these laws off the books and supplanted by laws that have a basis in reason and understanding of human nature and human need. As for America's mental health program, if what I have seen thus far is any indication of what is going on in the rest of the country, I think the situation is critical.

I have a college education—a major in biology, four years of chemistry, a year of calculus—and an intense interest in (though comparatively little knowledge of) the nuclear realm. I love to teach, and desire to do so someday. I love music, and have played the alto sax in the dance band here for over a year; now, damned if I'm going to play while everyone else is out there dancing, because ten minutes at intermission just isn't long enough to suit me.

Hefner has probably written about exhibitionism in one of the editorials I missed; if not, I would ask that he do so. Up until the time of my confinement, I honestly didn't realize that the problem of compulsive exposure in public was so prevalent. It's all right with me if he prints this letter; once I wanted to keep all this hidden because of shame, but now I feel that I would rather use the knowledge that I have attained through these experiences in a way that will be of benefit to others who have been similarly afflicted by the puritanical attitudes that are still prevalent in today's society. I wish I had started reading PLAYBOY sooner in my life; instead, I was raised on a philosophy of shame and frustration like Kellogg's and now I'm paying the price for it.

John J. Lukits
Beatty Memorial Hospital
Westville, Indiana

P.S. This letter will reach you in a rather roundabout way; freedom of speech isn't all that it could be for someone in a situation such as mine.

No amount of editorial comment can bring the pathetic product of sexual suppression into perspective as dramatically as this sort of painfully personal testimony. For a very different story of sex at the Y, read the next letter.

"Search me, Bernie—maybe we can just chalk it up to the fact that I'm a sucker for a good campaign . . ."

SEX EDUCATION

It might be worth while for PLAYBOY readers to know what's being done in at least one community with sex education, as well as what is *not* being done, as was most recently brought up by Michael Levine in the August *Forum*. Here in Peoria, in 1958, a series of four lectures on sex and related topics was begun for 11- through 14-year-old boys, accompanied by their fathers, at the Peoria Y. M. C. A. The first two lectures of each series which, as a physician, I have been privileged to give, concern the structure and function of reproductive organs of both sexes; the second lecture presents the entire scope of practical matters of sex, including masturbation, wet dreams, homosexuality, intercourse, venereal disease, petting and teenage sex; the third lecture, given by clergymen of all denominations, is on the social aspects of sex behavior as it relates to present-day mores; and the fourth, given by a Y. M. C. A. counselor, pertains to problems of character development and socially acceptable behavior.

The series began slowly, at first attended by 30 fathers and sons. Within three years we had a waiting list, and attendance had to be limited to 100 per class; the series is now given three times a year, and a similar one has been initiated for girls at our Y. W. C. A. The intense interest in these lectures is manifest not only by attendance but also by the question-and-answer period at the end of each presentation, which usually lasts longer than the lecture per se. (We have no sex education in our public schools.)

Since both my lecturing on sex and my PLAYBOY subscription predate the *Philosophy* series, I have followed with interest and fascination the unfolding of Hefner's ideas, many of which parallel my own and some of which have been incorporated in my lectures.

My sincere congratulations to Hefner for having the courage to express and publish the very essence and core of thought around which the present sexual revolution revolves.

David Copeland, M. D.
Peoria, Illinois

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 64)*

said so. We Southern governors have pointed out that Communists were involved in every demonstration held in our area. Sixteen members of the Communist Party or Communist front organizations were involved in the demonstrations in Birmingham. These people are not interested in the welfare of the Negro. They are interested in creating trouble, chaos, ill feeling between the races. Many leading members of civil rights organizations have been cited as Communist-fronters—people like Bayard Rustin, who was a member of the Young Communist League.

PLAYBOY: Rustin resigned from the League in 1941 and is today considered one of the most moderate and responsible Negro leaders in the country.

WALLACE: I don't know what he is calling himself these days. But this moderate and responsible Negro leader, who led the march on Washington, has also served 27 months in prison as a draft dodger.

PLAYBOY: He was a conscientious objector during World War II.

WALLACE: If he had been, he would not have been convicted as a draft dodger. Whatever he was or is, the mass of Negroes is not involved in the Communist movement and should be commended.

PLAYBOY: Communism aside, would you concede that sit-ins and Freedom Rides are winning for Negroes many rightful freedoms and opportunities heretofore denied them in the South?

WALLACE: Any action that disturbs the peace is calculated by those who cause it to worsen race relations. Violence helps nobody.

PLAYBOY: But most of these demonstrations have been nonviolent.

WALLACE: Nonviolent or not, we have *had* violence during these demonstrations, and so I deplore them.

PLAYBOY: The violence has been directed *at* the demonstrators rather than initiated by them.

WALLACE: It was the disturbance of the peace that provoked the violence in the first place. I do not condone violence, but there would have been no violence without the demonstrations.

PLAYBOY: Malcolm X has advocated the formation of Negro rifle clubs for self-defense from white violence, and is recommending that Negroes take training in guerrilla warfare. How do you feel about that?

WALLACE: If he is doing that, then this is not good. Thank goodness we have had only a little violence here. Of course, it has been magnified in the leftist press in order to minimize what happens in the big cities of the North.

PLAYBOY: How would you have coped with the Harlem and Rochester riots if they had occurred in Alabama?

WALLACE: We have never had such an outbreak in Alabama, and we never will, so I shall not be called upon to solve that problem.

PLAYBOY: How can you be so sure?

WALLACE: There has always been a continuous good feeling between white and black here, which I hope will continue.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard last year's Birmingham riots as manifestations of good feeling?

WALLACE: Magnified enormously by the leftist press. You are sitting right now almost on the spot where the Freedom Riders had their little trouble. It was such a little bit of trouble that the people of this city were not aware it had happened till they read the screaming headlines in other parts of the country. As for the Birmingham riots, they were not riots at all.

PLAYBOY: What would you call them?

WALLACE: Compared with what has been happening in other parts of the country, the Birmingham business was a Sunday-school picnic; they were just having a little fun. In 45 days of Birmingham riots, or whatever you want to call them, 69 people were injured—22 Negroes and 47 policemen and other folks. Not a single one of the Negroes was hurt badly enough to go to a hospital. I don't call that much violence.

PLAYBOY: Most people would disagree.

WALLACE: Less than one half of one percent of the Negro citizens of Birmingham were involved, and most of them were school children. The majority of the Negro citizens of Alabama are to be commended. There is not as much racial violence here in a year as in the twinkling of an eye in Philadelphia, Rochester or Harlem. Take housing, for example. We do not have so-called block-buster riots such as they have in the North. This is because mingling of the races in Alabama's residential districts has been going on for a long time. We take it for granted. There are five Negro houses on the same block as the governor's mansion right here in Montgomery. I don't throw rocks at my Negro neighbors and they don't throw rocks at me. We live on the same block in peace and mutual toleration. What little violence does happen in the South is overplayed by the left-wing liberal press.

PLAYBOY: Exactly what—and whom—do you mean by "left-wing liberal press"?

WALLACE: I am not alone in my idea that the press is dominated by left-wing liberals. I was speaking to 2300 people in Cleveland, I believe it was, when I said that the national news media were lying, distorted, left-dominated, communistic-minded, and I sort of waved my hand over toward where the news reporters were sitting, and those 2300 people came to their feet cheering because somebody had finally had the nerve to say what they had all been thinking.

PLAYBOY: What evidence can you offer to support this accusation?

WALLACE: I'll give you some examples of the treachery and the corruption of the press. When I was campaigning in Maryland, I took along with me a young newsman from one of the weekly news magazines, treated him like a friend, wined him, dined him, took him into my deepest confidence. When he wrote his story about me, it was all about what a slob I was, sucking my teeth and making coarse noises while I eat. *Time* did the same thing to Governor Faubus, wrote all about how he would eat with milk dribbling down his chin. You know that

"The compact car has the added advantage in that he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

is a lie. If anything, he is a most fastidious man.

PLAYBOY: What's all this got to do with leftist bias?

WALLACE: I am in the midst of explaining. Take another case. I can count on this treatment every time. A reporter quotes me usually as speaking some kind of hayseed dialect hardly understandable by an educated man, but in the same story, if he quotes a field hand right out of the cotton patch, he makes that fellow speak English an Oxford scholar would be proud of. That's what I mean about the lying, distorting press. Let's deal with the issues and never mind the personal insults.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible that your resentment of the press is motivated partly by the national publicity given to recent racial disturbances in the South, and its effects on your campaign to attract outside industry to Alabama?

WALLACE: It may interest you to know that last year, when we made the most screaming headlines, we had the largest amount of new industry in Alabama's history. Industrialists are intelligent people. They do not believe the headlines written by some left-wing editor. They check for themselves. They know that Alabama's reputation is an invention of the left-wing liberal press. If the Negro leaders spent as much time persuading industrialists to build plants in Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama as they do leading Negroes in the streets, they would do the Negro more real good. While they lead demonstrations and foment trouble, Southern governors like myself are on an industry hunt to provide jobs for Negroes.

PLAYBOY: With what success?

WALLACE: Last year we brought $344,000,000 of new and expanded industry to Alabama. And we are going to have more this year than last. Every industry brings jobs for Negroes and whites. Last year we created 20,000 new industrial jobs, 7000 among Negroes. Those who advance the Negro are those who advance the economy, those who advance the Negro's education, because no Negro who has finished high school and college has any trouble getting a job.

PLAYBOY: But what kind of job? Many Negroes say they cannot get a good job no matter how extensive their education.

WALLACE: In Alabama you will see at every construction site more skilled Negro workmen than whites—carpenters, plumbers, brick masons, electricians. There is little unemployment here. Negroes have always worked beside whites in the South, so they are not new to us. They are new in large numbers in the North and Midwest, and so they have a hard time getting jobs because there is no tradition of working beside them.

PLAYBOY: Do any Negroes in Alabama hold supervisory jobs over whites?

WALLACE: Well, let me say this. Negroes in Alabama hold many responsible positions.

"Betsy! Say it isn't so!"

PLAYBOY: Do you have any objection to Negroes supervising whites?

WALLACE: I do not object to a businessman running his shop any way he likes. But I object to the Government telling him who must supervise and who must *be* supervised.

PLAYBOY: The jobs you've mentioned are entirely on the workmen's and laborers' levels. What opportunities are available in the professions for Negroes in Alabama?

WALLACE: A Negro professional man has a wonderful opportunity in Alabama. We have 10,000 Negro schoolteachers. In other places the chance of a Negro getting a teaching job is ten or twelve times less than it is here. And the Negro teacher here is paid $69 per year more on the average than the white.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WALLACE: We pay teachers according to their education. Teaching is a sure job for the educated Negro, so he tends to stick with it and get more degrees in it. Whites have many other opportunities and drift off to other professions.

PLAYBOY: Then you admit that job opportunities—other than teaching—are not equally available to Negroes and whites in Alabama?

WALLACE: Negroes have perhaps a little harder time than whites in getting certain jobs, it's true. But the reason so many Negroes experience this difficulty is that they drop out of school. They drop out by the hundreds of thousands in the third and fourth grades. We are trying to stop dropouts among both races, but the Negro rate is terrific.

PLAYBOY: Are you doing anything else to improve Negro educational standards in your state?

WALLACE: Certainly. I was author of a bill in 1947 to build the largest Negro school in the South. I served two years on the board of trustees of the most renowned Negro school in the world at Tuskegee. My administration gives that school—a private institution—nearly $700,000 a year. And I am building Negro junior colleges and trade schools on a scale unparalleled in my state's history. Within the next year, every youth in Alabama regardless of color will be within bus distance of a trade school or junior college.

PLAYBOY: Will these be integrated schools?

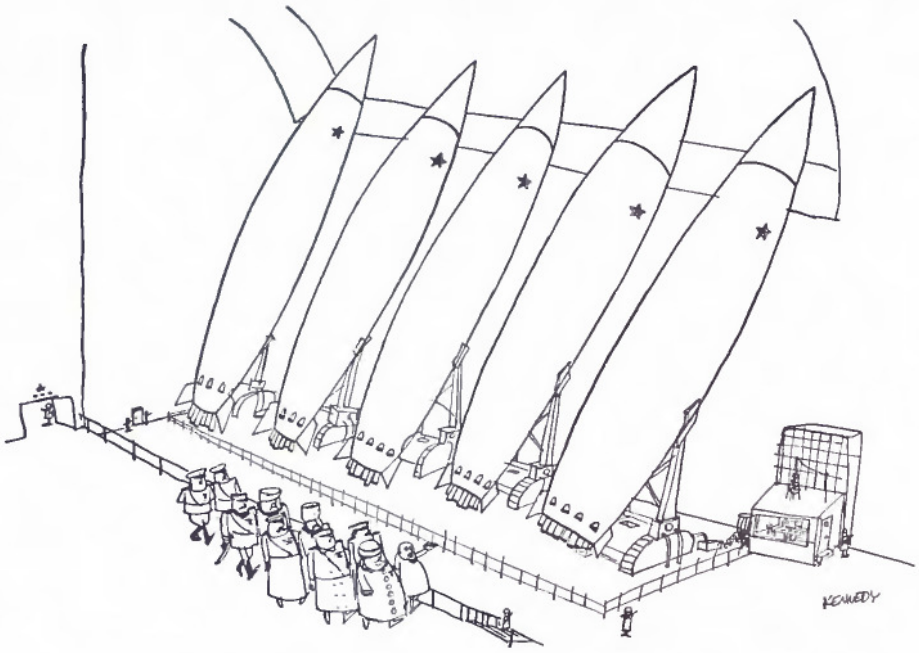
WALLACE: Certainly not. But most middle-income and lower-income families, white or Negro, will be able to send their children to advanced schools. In the past that was often impossible because of the high cost of keeping a student away from home on a college campus. Now the students will commute to school daily.

PLAYBOY: Will the facilities for Negro and white students be equal as well as separate?

WALLACE: In every way.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific? How much, for example, does Alabama spend per year to educate each white child?

WALLACE: Alabama, at the state level, spends the same amount of money, based on average daily attendance, for all of its school children. Each white child and each Negro child receives the same amount of money based on their



"With the push of a button we can instantly destroy Washington, New York, Chicago, Detroit and Disneyland!"

daily attendance. Sometimes misleading figures are given to indicate that white children receive more than Negro children. This is incorrect. This is arrived at occasionally because statisticians take the total enrollment and divide it into the amount of money received by the school from the state. This is not the proper way, because Alabama law specifies that the money shall be given to the school systems based on the average daily attendance. Thus, schools with a high rate of absenteeism are penalized to a certain degree, although, once again, the amounts received are exactly the same based on the number of students attending daily.

PLAYBOY: Were you appearing in your role as champion of Negro education when you attempted last year to prevent two Negroes from obtaining an education at the University of Alabama by blocking the doorway to the registrar's office?

WALLACE: When I stood in the doorway, it was *not* to prevent Negro citizens from getting an education. It was to determine if Alabama should be free to run its school system or if our schools would be taken over by the Federal Government.

PLAYBOY: It seems that they were legally entitled to an education there. In any case, they were admitted, so what do you think you accomplished?

WALLACE: I deliberately tested a principle. I was testing whether the governor of a state and the legislature of a state can run the schools of that state, or whether the Federal courts and the Federal Government can run them. If I had violated a *valid* court order, I should have been cited and tried for contempt of Federal court, convicted and fined a million dollars or whatever, or sent to jail. But they did not want to face the question in court, so they pushed me aside with 18,000 troops. I also wanted to dramatize that we are in danger of having military rule in this country. We have had military rule in Arkansas and Mississippi. In those two states, the pretext was that there was uncontrolled violence. But the Constitution says it is unlawful to send troops to a state, even to quell domestic violence, unless the troops are requested by the legislature or the governor. Neither in Arkansas nor Mississippi were Federal troops called for by the legal authority. That violated Article Four, Section Four of the Constitution. Also, the statutes of this nation say that it is unlawful to use Federal troops to enforce the execution of Federal court orders; that is a matter for Federal marshals. Though the Government could use the pretext that there was violence in Arkansas and Mississippi, in Tuscaloosa on the day the troops arrived, it was the safest place in the United States—a lot safer than walking in the shadow of the White House. There wasn't a catcall. There wasn't a rock thrown. Perfect peace. And yet they brought in 18,000 troops with bayonets.

PLAYBOY: According to published reports, only 100 troops were actually on the scene—in addition to 500 fully armed members of the Alabama National Guard whom you'd mobilized yourself.

WALLACE: Inasmuch as the President saw fit to Federalize these men, they certainly were not there on *my* behalf. My point is that they did not need all that muscle. Nobody was going to fight anybody. Nobody wanted violence. And there *was* no violence. Thank goodness we are not a violent people here in Alabama.

PLAYBOY: Then how do you account for last year's Birmingham church bombing, in which four Negro girls were killed?

WALLACE: This was a tragic but isolated incident. It was the act of a demented fool or fools and I hope that some day this crime will be solved. There is still less violence here in a year than on one subway ride in New York.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee the possibility of increased racial violence in Alabama as Negro and white rights workers move into the state for the purpose of putting the various provisions of the Civil Rights Act to the test?

WALLACE: I hope not. I believe and pray that we can work out our problems without violence. But you must realize that outside pressure to force the mixing of the races—in schools, restaurants, hotels, theaters, swimming pools—is going to be resented, and resented deeply.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that the 1954 Supreme Court decision desegregating schools represented "a gross usurpation of legislative power by the judiciary." Did you say that?

WALLACE: I did, for I feel that school policy is rightly not the concern of the Federal Government, but of the states. Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, New Jersey, Minnesota—many Northern states—once had separate schools, and their courts held that the system was lawful. They later repealed those laws—which action I do not oppose, because each state has a right to its own school policy without interference from Montgomery, Alabama, or from Washington, D. C. But for a hundred years the Supreme Court said that my state and the other states—I believe there were 16 or 18—that wanted separate schools could have separate but equal facilities. We spent millions of dollars on the separate school system. And then after we had spent millions and into the billions on separate schools, they jerked the rug out from under the people of the country who acted in good faith in conforming to the law and the Court's earlier decisions. We resent this act, and we reject it, for it was a decision made for political purposes only. It will be forever resented. Mind you, I do not recommend segregation for any state but my own. If any state wants integrated schools, that should be their right. But if they want segregated schools, that should be their right also.

PLAYBOY: On the outskirts of Montgomery and throughout Alabama are

huge billboards, posted by the John Birch Society, urging the impeachment of Chief Justice Earl Warren of the Supreme Court. Do you approve of these signs?

WALLACE: Chief Justice Warren was not qualified to serve on the Supreme Court when he was appointed and he still is not. He was a political appointment, and he is still a political appointment.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he should be impeached?

WALLACE: When I see one of those signs, it makes me smile. I would rather return to the subject of the 1954 decision, if I may. Not only was it a gross usurpation of authority by the Supreme Court, but there was a misleading of the Court by those who testified. That decision was based not on law but on the sociological writings of Gunnar Myrdal, and the testimony of K. B. Clark and Dr. Alfred Kelly of Wayne University. Dr. Kelly has since admitted he misled the Court.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

WALLACE: He said, more or less, "We slid off facts, we ignored facts, we emphasized certain facts. We were told by Thurgood Marshall and others in the NAACP to work up a historical background that would get by the Supreme Court."

PLAYBOY: When and where did he make this statement?

WALLACE: He made this disclosure publicly in a speech. I have the date and place in my office. I'll let you know. But there's more. K. B. Clark later refuted his own testimony with later studies in which he found there was more damage to the personality of children in schools that had been integrated than in those still segregated.

PLAYBOY: When and where were these studies conducted?

WALLACE: I wish I had the documents with me. They're in my office, too.

PLAYBOY: We'd like to see them.

WALLACE: I'll have the information sent to you.

[The governor's allegations have been denied by Doctors Clark and Kelly, and rejected by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.]

PLAYBOY: Now that the Civil Rights Bill has been passed, are you ready to concede that segregation is illegal?

WALLACE: No, I am not. It is not a constitutionally valid law, for the public-accommodations section of a bill similar to this was held unconstitutional many years ago. However, the Supreme Court we have now will probably hold *anything* to be constitutional so long as it is brought to them in the name of so-called civil rights. Even the Supreme Court, however, will have to lean over backward to find *this* act constitutional. There is some small chance that this one time they will decide the question on the basis of what the Constitution *is* and not what they would like it to be.

PLAYBOY: If they do find it constitutional, do you plan to observe the law?

WALLACE: I have never advocated disobedience of any law. We will have to obey it. If we don't, they'll throw us in jail, put a bayonet in our back. The people who oppose this law are not the kind of people who advocate disobedience of any law. It is the leaders of the radical left-wing civil rights movement who say you can and must disobey any law you feel is unjust. Martin Luther King says you have a *duty* to disobey an unjust law. To the liberals and the Communist-fronters, Martin Luther King is a man who cannot speak anything but inspired truth. That is a dangerous theory. If we go by what Martin Luther King advocates, we will have chaos. If this act is held constitutional, the people will have to endure it.

PLAYBOY: You don't plan to disobey it?

WALLACE: I do not like the law. I detest the law. But I will not disobey the law. Neither, however, will I enforce the law, for it is not my responsibility. It is the responsibility of the Federal Government and the Justice Department and the Federal courts to do so. But they will not succeed, for we plan to destroy this legislation.

PLAYBOY: How?

WALLACE: Many Congressmen who voted for this bill are going to bite the dust. Already one Congressman from Utah said that he was defeated in his primary because he had voted for the Civil Rights Bill. People all over the country are going to check how their Congressmen voted; and they will defeat at the polls those who supported the bill. The vote for me in the three primaries proved that. Inevitably, this law is going to have a fate similar to the 18th Amendment. The regulation of so-called civil rights, like the control of alcohol, is going to be turned back to the states, for the act is going to be hard to enforce. There are going to be all sorts of dodges to evade it, to circumvent it, to thwart it, to get around it.

PLAYBOY: For example?

WALLACE: We will take lessons from our Northern brethren. They have long circumvented integration of schools by gerrymandering school districts according to residential patterns. We in the South have always said openly that we wanted separation of the races in schools, while up North they preach one system and practice another. We preach and practice the same system.

PLAYBOY: How do you plan to thwart the public-accommodations section of the act? Gerrymandering won't help.

WALLACE: You've noticed, I suppose, that every table and booth in this restaurant has a RESERVED sign on it? That is just one of a thousand dodges the people will invent to thwart this law.

PLAYBOY: If you owned a restaurant or motel yourself, would you refuse Negro patronage?

WALLACE: If I lived in an area where integration was accepted, I might not. Since I live in Alabama, however, I would refuse them. It depends on what section of the country you are talking about. But this is an academic question now. The Federal Government has taken away my freedom of choice. Understand that I do not object to the Federal

"I asked him what he learned in school today and he said he learned that I was a bigot!"

Government being a partner in certain fine projects. But just because the Federal Government levies a four-cent gasoline tax and helps build an interstate highway does not give it the right to take over the restaurants along that highway, and to tell the owner whom he must serve. A man running a private business should be entitled to serve only men with green eyes and red hair if that is his whim. He is the one risking capital and hope and years of his life, not the Federal Government; so he should have the privilege of risking them his own way. There are millions who feel as I do. The people resent this law, and eventually they will kill it.

PLAYBOY: When you speak of "the people," do you mean white Southerners?

WALLACE: I mean the entire nation. If the Civil Rights Bill had been put to a popular vote, the American people would have defeated it in almost every state.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of voting, what would you do if Alabama were chosen for a state-wide Negro voter registration drive such as the one staged this year in Mississippi by COFO [Council of Federated Organizations]?

WALLACE: They would not choose Alabama, because they would be wasting their time. Negroes register to vote freely all the time in our state. There are more than 100,000 registered Negroes. There is no reason for COFO to single out Alabama. There is nothing for them to do here.

PLAYBOY: Their spokesmen disagree. In view of the heavy Negro voter registration around Tuskegee, however, do you think that Alabama may soon elect its first Negro Congressman?

WALLACE: Naturally, the more Negroes register to vote the more likely that is to happen. But I don't think anybody should be elected on the basis of color.

PLAYBOY: Or barred from public office for the same reason?

WALLACE: Qualified voters can elect anybody they want to. I am opposed, however, to the Federal Government taking over the registration process in Alabama and registering Negroes who are clearly not qualified to vote under the laws of this state. That is another flagrant example of Federal take-over.

PLAYBOY: You seem to share Senator Goldwater's distrust of "big government" in any and all forms.

WALLACE: I do. The encroaching specter of big government is the gravest threat to liberty that we face today.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WALLACE: Some say the Constitution was written many years ago under different conditions and has become obsolete. I do not agree. There is more need for local government today than ever before. If we are going to change, to centralize, it should be done by constitutional amendment and not by brutal usurpation of power by the Federal Government. The people of Alabama, of Wisconsin, of Maryland, are better qualified to determine what is best for themselves and their children than are social engineers a thousand miles away.

PLAYBOY: Do you also share Goldwater's opposition to the extension of such Federal welfare programs as Social Security?

WALLACE: I am for the Social Security program. In 1951 I sponsored legislation to bring Alabama state, county and municipal employees under the bill. The Social Security program is a fact of life in America and I support it.

PLAYBOY: Though he's since modified his position, Senator Goldwater was at one time in favor of abolishing the graduated income tax. Do you think that's a sound idea?

WALLACE: No, but unquestionably the graduated income tax is too high. It is especially burdensome on the small wage earner. We must have taxes, of course, but I object to the waste of much of our tax money—in the foreign aid program, especially—which has been cataloged in the millions and billions of dollars.

PLAYBOY: You have often declared yourself foursquare for a strong national defense. If Russia were threatening to overtake us in the nuclear arms race, would you advocate raising the income tax in order to maintain our military superiority?

WALLACE: If you increase the income tax further, you'll have to put everybody on relief. Then you'd have a *weaker* national defense. Of course we have to keep a strong defense force, but it is not a question of whether I would advocate raising the income tax. It is at the absolute limit now.

PLAYBOY: Senator Goldwater once said he favored selling the TVA system, which serves the northern part of Alabama, among many other areas in the South. Are you for or against such Federally administered utilities?

WALLACE: Where private utilities can handle flood control or a power project, the Government should not do it. The need for TVA came about when private industry could not or would not handle it during World War I, and the Federal Government built Wilson Dam, some fertilizer plants and other structures which eventually became TVA. It was necessary at that time for national defense. But I am against the Government, in peacetime, trying to make a TVA out of every brook and stream in the United States. If the need ever arises again and private enterprise cannot or will not handle it, however, that is another matter. I am not against the TVA system; it's here to stay. Nobody can do away with it. You have to be realistic.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that the UN is here to stay—or, again, do you agree with Goldwater that its effectiveness is limited, and its days numbered?

WALLACE: The basic principle of sitting around a conference table to iron out differences instead of resorting to war is good. The present setup, however, is faulty. Russia is not paying its fair share; we are bearing an undue share of the costs. And nations you never heard of before have an equal vote with the United States in the General Assembly. We should have a system of weighting votes according to a formula based on power and wealth, not on population. Also, the UN charter relegates property rights to second rank behind human rights. As I see it, in those countries where there are no property rights, there are no human rights. The only nations that grant human rights are those that guarantee property rights—such as the United States. Finally, I would never yield one iota of United States' sovereignty to a world organization.

PLAYBOY: Why do you believe we will be called upon to do so?

WALLACE: There is a trend for many people to want to surrender our Government to One Worldism—to international courts, for instance, and the international peace force. I would not be for giving up control of our own soldiers to any organization or group of nations.

PLAYBOY: Considering the divergence between your views and those of the Administration, have you considered the possibility of switching parties, or, as some have speculated, of forming a third party with yourself as its leader?

WALLACE: I have never said anything about switching parties. Neither have I ever said anything about a third party. That speculation arose from a willful misinterpretation of what I said to the Democratic convention platform committee. I said that a *movement* would be started to correct certain tendencies which many consider inimical to American life. Now a movement can take place within either or both parties without the necessity of forming a third party.

PLAYBOY: What, then, are your political ambitions? We understand that the Alabama state legislature is considering a bill to make it possible for you to succeed yourself as governor.

WALLACE: I am not pushing that bill. I have urged consideration of many other bills first. As for the future, that will take care of itself. My prayer is that God will bless all the people of this state, white and black. I shall continue to work against a take-over by big government. I shall try to prevent the destruction of the private-ownership system, of free enterprise, and of the rights of local governments. In what capacity I shall carry on that fight, only time will tell.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NAKED IN XANADU

(continued from page 86)

amount of confidence, a certain amount of susceptibility on the part of the subject, and wham, you're a hypnotist. Remember when you were a kid, those ten-cent books on *How to Hypnotize*? We always figured they were fakes? The fantastic thing is that they're *not*. You actually *can* learn to hypnotize from a ten-cent book. Anyone can. You can."

You can. With those two words, Horne had, unknowingly, changed the whole direction and color of Sonny's life. He'd thoroughly grasped the fundamentals in a few days, had his first small mesmeric success a week later at another party of Horne's, then gone on to a few failures from which he learned much, discovered how to pretest a subject for susceptibility, and then, one day, saw and grabbed a quite unpremeditated opportunity to use his new talent to his own distinct advantage.

Crushing out his cigarette in an ashtray, Sonny returned to Sandra Sharnoe and sat next to her again on the bed. "Those men, Sandra," he said, "which one, among all of them, would you want most to make love to you?"

After a moment, she said, "Bob . . ."

"Who is Bob?"

"Bob . . . Ritchie . . ."

"And who is Bob Ritchie?"

"High school . . . basketball . . . champion . . ."

Sonny smiled. A nobody. How remarkably often it was a nobody. How surprisingly seldom it was a fantasy object like Rock Hudson, John Glenn, Robert Kennedy. So be it: Bob Ritchie.

"How long has it been," he asked, "since you've seen him?"

"Not since . . . high school . . ."

A long, slow-burning torch. "Bob was —Bob *is* a very handsome boy, very popular?"

"Yes . . ."

"You've dated him?"

"A . . . few times . . ."

"Has he ever made love to you?"

"Not . . . really . . ."

"But you want him to?"

"Yes . . ."

"Very much?"

"Yes . . ."

"Then you love Bob with all your heart?"

"Yes . . ."

"And you will do anything at all for him, anything he wishes, because you love him so much and want to make him happy?"

"Yes . . ."

"Does Bob have a little nickname for you, a pet name?"

"Brownie . . ."

"Because of your eyes?"

"Yes . . ."

Sonny released a long breath and stood up. Without hurrying, he made himself comfortable by removing his tie, coat and shoes. He sat next to Sandra again, and this time put his arm around her waist, saying, "Hi, Brownie. It's me. Bob."

• • •

Sonny lay in the dark, next to Sandra, thinking.

Many, he realized, would call him an evil man, luring unsuspecting damsels to his lair, tricking them into helplessness by black arts, to ruthlessly cleave them on the sacrificial *fascinum* of his lust.

If it were evil to magically change himself from a wretched, lonely, unfulfilled creature to a man who awoke eagerly to each new day and sang *La Traviata* in the shower, then, Sonny reasoned, he was evil.

He turned to Sandra. Even in the dark, he could see the serenity and contentment on her face. If it were evil to make a woman's deepest wish come true, then he was evil. For years, Sandra had harbored a buried, nagging, unrequited love for Bob Ritchie, and today that love had been, in a manner of speaking, returned.

Nothing degenerate had taken place, no vile depravities, no abominations, no foul De Sadean horrors. Where, then, was the evil? Who had been hurt? Sandra? Sonny? Ritchie? None of them had been hurt, and two had brightly benefited.

(Is this what they call rationalization? he wondered. Under all the "logic," mightn't there lurk something infinitely corrupt, something perverted, unnatural, inhuman, something stinking with decay, in the transformation of a girl—even temporarily—into a windup toy, a zombie without will or choice, a corpse in which the blood still flowed? No: sentimentality, puritan cant, romantic rubbish!)

Perhaps, Sonny mused, if he had more pride, if he had not lived so many desperate years of longing and shyness, he would feel shame about being loved not "for himself" but only for the masks of the Bob Ritchies. Sonny was too content to be bothered by such fastidious distinctions. Beggars can't be choosers. Besides, he asked, what man is loved for himself? What does that mean, "himself"? A man is loved for many things: for his good looks, or his charm, or his noble character, or his money, or his power. Sonny felt he had been shortchanged by Fate, since he possessed none of these. So he was loved for being Bob Ritchie, and he didn't see much of anything wrong in that.

He reached out and turned on a lamp. It cast a soft, low light over the bed. Tenderly, he pulled away the bedclothes from the girl, pulled them all the way down to her lacquered toetips, uncovering her completely. For several moments he admired her beauty, the art of every swelling hill and shadowed dale, the placid rhythm of her breathing, the buttery smoothness of her skin, the almost unendurable piercing sweetness of the great and gleaming masterpiece she was. He felt grateful, awed, appreciative and good, as he always did at such times.

Then he got up and dressed. Still in the persona of Bob, he gently advised her to put on her clothes. He watched her fondly as she did so, then said, "Brownie, I'll see you again real soon, but right now I'm going to turn you over to Mr. Gray." He took her hand and led her downstairs to the living room.

Her shoes still stood in front of the armchair, her purse was still on the coffee table where she'd left it. "Take your comb from your purse," he said, "and comb your hair." She did. "Sit down." She sat down. "Do you remember my instructions about my address and telephone number? Repeat them."

"When I leave here . . . I will drive directly home. At the first green traffic light I see . . . I will forget your address. At the second green traffic light I see . . . I will forget your telephone number . . ."

"Very good. Now, listen carefully. Under certain conditions, you will remember my telephone number, which is CR 2-3041. Repeat it."

"C . . . R . . . two . . . three oh four one . . ."

"You will remember that number only under the following circumstances. From time to time, friends of yours may need my help. They will be troubled by headaches, or insomnia, or fits of depression, or anxiety, or they may just want to give up smoking. At such a time, you will tell your friend about a wonderful man you happen to know about. You will not mention his name—because you will not remember it—and for the same reason you will not mention his phone number or his address. You will go to the nearest telephone. By the act of picking it up, you will remember my number. You will dial it. If you hear a busy signal, you will hang up and try again exactly five minutes later. If there is no answer, you will hang up and take care of it some other time. If I answer, you will say: 'This is Sandra Sharnoe. I have a friend named (and you will tell me your friend's name) who would like to speak

to you.' Then you will call your friend to the phone. As you hand the phone to your friend, you will forget my number again. Repeat those instructions."

She did. "Pay close attention now, Sandra," said Sonny, coming to the crucial part of the command. "These friends of yours, the ones who will need my help, they must not ever be men. They must be unmarried ladies." The unmarried requirement was another refinement of which Sonny felt proud. It was not motivated by morality. Married women had less freedom of movement, as well as husbands who could make life hideous for Sonny. "Unmarried ladies," he repeated. "*young* unmarried ladies, young and pretty, with pretty young faces and pretty young bodies, as pretty and as young as yours. No others. No others at all. Repeat those instructions."

She did. Sonny checked Sandra's clothes, and his own, made sure her purse was in precisely the same place it had been when she went into the trance, and said. "I am going to count to five. At the count of five, you will awaken. You will remember nothing that happened during your trance. Your headache will be gone and will remain gone all day tomorrow. At your audition, you will feel alert and refreshed. One, two, three, four, *five*."

"Oh!" Sandra said. "It's gone. I feel marvelous!"

Sonny modestly smiled. "I'm glad I was able to help."

"It's just *wild*, Mr. Gray." She put on her shoes. "I don't know how to thank you."

"There's no need," he assured her. Then, rising, he said, "And now, I'm afraid I must rush you off, because I have a great deal to do." He gallantly ushered her toward the door.

As they passed the telephone, she said, "Do you mind if I write down your number?" and began to reach into her purse for pencil and paper.

"I'll do it," said Sonny, swiftly picking up a note pad and ballpoint pen. He made a quick scribbling motion, tore off the sheet, folded it, and then, with a playful elfin gesture, shoved the piece of paper into her purse, deep among the feminine paraphernalia, and snapped the purse shut again. "There you are," he said. The piece of paper was, of course, blank.

At the door, just before she left, Sandra said, "Thank you again, Mr. Gray."

With a straight face, he replied, "The pleasure was mine."

"There she goes," thought Sonny, as the door closed, "another little talent scout, geared to carefully select only the choicest morsels for my private stock." Each morsel, in turn, would be geared to select other morsels, and every morsel would return once a week at her allotted time. After a while, if it should threaten to become too much of a good thing (his appointment book was rapidly becoming jammed), he could easily weed out the morsels of lesser magnitude, eliminating from their minds the command to return the following week. It was an autoerotic fantasy come true: the morsels came to *him*, on a platter, obedient to his will, requiring no effort or courtship on his part. Yes, Sonny thought with a sigh as he went upstairs and gazed luxuriously out his picture window, the most remarkable part of it all was, indeed, the simplicity.

Night had fallen. The city was a tangle of luminous necklaces on black velvet. The invigorative sting of power buzzed through him, along his veins, quickening his blood. They were all out there, somewhere among those lights, his little puppets, attached to his whims by long, invisible strings. Steadily, their numbers grew with awesome and easy momentum, burgeoning by inexorable mathematic laws. Sonny laughed, softly. It was killingly funny. They were his, ugly little Sonny Gray's. They were all his, the whole city was his, as far as the eye could see it ranged: his select and secret harem; his corps of dancers to a private piping; his limitless warm acres of lushness; his lovely legions; his empire; his Xanadu.

And nobody had a clue. Not even the puppets themselves suspected. There wasn't a soul in all the world who knew.

He was quite tired. Tomorrow was another big day. He yawned, undressed again, fell into bed and was soon asleep. As he began to spiral down toward the waiting shock of the dream, however, he was spared by the faraway buzz of his doorbell. He groaned into wakefulness, got slowly up, and shuffled downstairs, pulling on his robe. The doorbell continued buzzing, with patient, insistent regularity. The living-room clock said 12:40.

"Who is it?" Sonny asked through the door.

"Los Angeles Police, Mr. Gray."

Sonny's heart jumped, jabbed by fear's calloused finger. Then, collecting himself, he opened the door a crack.

"You're not the police," he said when he saw who stood there: a pock-marked vulgarian wearing bad-taste mufti and an indifferently trimmed mustache.

"No," said the night visitor, "but I think we better have a talk, Mr. Gray."

"Go away or I'll call the police."

"No you won't."

"Who the devil do you think you are?"

"Let's say my name is," and he smiled, showing odious olive-drab teeth, "Mr. Xanadu. How'll that do for openers?"

The earth slid away under Sonny's slippered feet, but only for a moment. "What do you want?"

"Like I said, a talk. Come on, let me in, I won't bite." The o.d. smile again.

Apprehensively, Sonny let him in. Was he a husband, boyfriend, father? He was a big man and beefy: would he beat him up? How had he found out? Sonny breathed deeply and took himself in hand. Perhaps it had nothing to do with the girls. But if not, then . . . ?

The visitor looked about the living room. "Nice," he said, "nice." He sat down, and pulled from a pocket a package of Black Jack chewing gum, which he offered to Sonny, who declined with a shake of his head. The visitor unwrapped two sticks and inserted them in his mouth like letters into a mail slot. Methodically chewing, he said, "I give up cigarettes."

After several dismal moments, Sonny said, "What do you want to talk about, Mr.——"

"Mr. X will do. I'll come right to the point. I'm a private investigator, specializing in divorce work—don't get panicky, nobody's naming you as a corespondent—but a couple of weeks ago, I got a slightly different kind of assignment. From an *ex*-husband, very jealous, a bit of a nut, who's still hooked on his blonde ex-wife and wants to know where she goes every Tuesday afternoon at three-thirty and who she sees and what she does. Chick's name is Betty Sanderson: ring a bell? I thought it would. Well, it was no sweat to slip a bug into her purse one Tuesday and tail her. She came here, to your place. I parked on the road outside, a few houses down, and listened in (it's a fifty-to-hundred-megacycle bug, a beaut, can send a signal damn near half a mile). I'm sitting there, parked, and as I tune in my receiver I hear a man's voice. Figures. But what doesn't figure is what he's saying. Not the usual stuff—Baby, Sugar, How About A Little Drink—no. Xanadu, Xanadu, Xanadu. What the hell is *this*, I say to myself. I keep listening. Pretty soon, of course, I'm hip. Well, my client, I told him she went to a headshrinker every Tuesday: what he don't know won't hurt him. But me, I had a hunch about you, so I came back that night while you were out and pounded a spike mike into your front door. I don't like spike mikes, they pull in a lot of garbage, but once in a while you gotta settle for 'em. And, brother, did I pick up a tapeful of stuff from that spike the next day! And the day after that, and the day after *that*."

The visitor paused for a breath, while the sickening feeling of *this can't be happening but it is* crawled over Sonny.

"Yeah, I heard plenty," Mr. X went on. "Enough to be absolutely certain. Before I make a deal, I like to be certain."

"A deal," said Sonny.

"That's right, Mr. Gray. A little deal."

Sonny said, "I see." Then he said, "Look here. Somehow, you seem to have the impression that I'm a rich man. You're wrong. I live a quiet life, I'm

(continued on page 166)


SMITH
Gahan
Wilson

ON THE SCENE

LES CRANE *tv in the round*

MANY MILLIONS of videophiles will be getting their first glimpse of television's latest prime spokesman for the insomniac set when *The Les Crane Show* makes its ABC network debut this month. Crane, a 29-year-old, Peck's-Bad-Boyish former emcee of a local New York TV talkathon featuring telephonic tiffs with Gotham night owls, earned critics' praise and outrated the competition when his new 90-minute conversation show was televised over five ABC-owned stations for a one-week tryout last August. Using a theater-in-the-round approach, with himself atop a swivel stool at stage center, Crane is flanked by a nightly entourage of guests and surrounded by bleachers of partisan studio viewers. From this ringmaster's perch, he directs the traffic onstage, trades acerbic repartee with members of the audience by strafing the gallery with his "shotgun" microphone, in action below, and switches to video-taped remotes such as the first televised modeling of topless bathing suits at a Manhattan supper club. Crane projects a glibness unmatched by such redoubtable TV interrogators as Jack Paar and Mike Wallace as he touches all the controversial bases —from civil rights to the sexual revolution—with apparent unconcern for the omnipresent specter of network censorship. Those who would prefer to see less of Les and more of his visiting notables (his August guest list included attorney Melvin Belli, actor Richard Burton, humorist Mort Sahl, the mother of Lee Oswald, and PLAYBOY's Hugh Hefner) accuse him of cutting off interviewees in midsentence. "I want to cover things in depth, sure," Crane parries, "but I have to be the judge of when to turn people off." After working as a New Orleans deejay and serving in the Air Force, Crane emigrated to San Francisco, where he introduced his telephone-talk show on local ABC radio and so impressed network moguls that they brought him to New York to televise his diatribe-for-dialers over WABC-TV. On November 9, Crane blasts off for a permanent TV orbit.

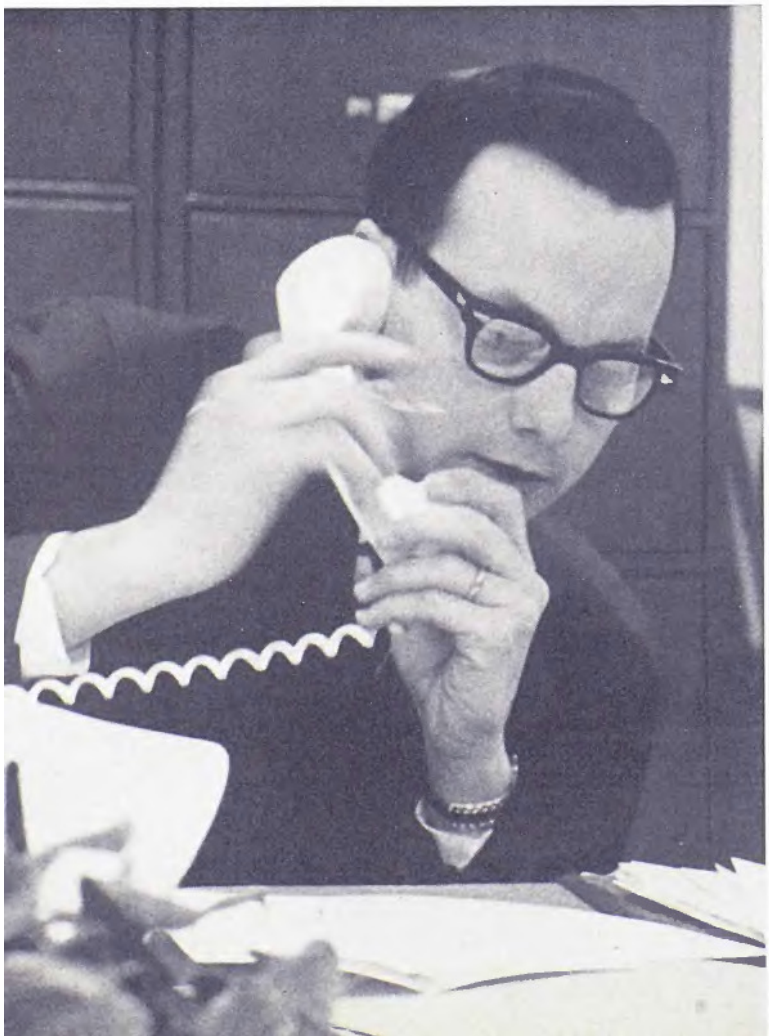
BILL MOYERS *first aide*

BRILLIANT AND ENIGMATIC Bill Don Moyers, youngest and most influential of the "Texas Mafia" (the handful of friends and advisors who have the ear of President Lyndon Johnson), is one of the few persons who can keep the fabled Johnson temper in check, and one of the still fewer whose judgment the Chief Executive respects. At 30, Moyers occupies a position of privilege and responsibility—as trouble shooter, campaign strategist and Presidential advisor—which would honor a man twice his age. Son of an unskilled worker, the modest and likable Moyers first encountered L. B. J. in the summer of 1954, when he went to Washington as a 20-year-old intern on the then-Senator's staff. At summer's end, Moyers accepted an $8000 job on the staff of the Johnson TV station in Austin, worked 48 hours a week while still a full-time student at the University of Texas. When he graduated, L. B. J. asked him to return to Washington—but the unpredictable Moyers departed for the University of Edinburgh to study church history, and then, returning to the U. S., rebuffed further Johnson entreaties and enrolled in a Baptist seminary. He was ordained a minister just in time to be named executive assistant for L. B. J.'s 1960 campaign—a post he accepted. However, when Johnson was sworn in as Vice-President, Moyers turned down the top staff post, and over the protests of Johnson and J. F. K., joined the Peace Corps. His ascent there was the fastest in the agency, ending only when the Senate confirmed him as deputy to Sargent Shriver. On that fateful day a year ago, Moyers was in Dallas on Peace Corps business, and was once again drawn to Johnson's side, where he's been ever since, lending his ample store of patience, talent and brains. As he said recently: "I never knew how much advice Presidents get, and I suppose one strength of our system is that we elect men who learn very soon not to take it." His own advice—on which President Johnson relies heavily and often—is obviously an exception.

ALLAN SHERMAN *my son, the gold mine*

RECENTLY PLAYING BACK a home recording he'd made three years ago—a time when no one but his mother considered him a balladeer—Allan Sherman heard not only several of his Yiddish-flavored folk-song parodies ("Gimme Jack Cohen and I Don't Care," "Sarah Jackman," et al.), but this remark as well: "There's no way in this life I can ever earn a nickel out of these songs." Fortunately for himself and an adulating public, Allan Sherman, nee Copelon (in Chicago, 1924), also known as *My Son, the Folk Singer, My Son, the Celebrity, My Son, the Nut* and *Allan in Wonderland*, is a better satirist than prophet. Since October 1962, when his record-breaking first recording was released (over a million sales to date), he has earned many millions of nickels, and accumulated a substantial portfolio of gelt-edged securities. He was originally a nonperforming writer and producer of TV shows (he helped create *I've Got a Secret*), and his instant success has brought out the ham (he insists it's corned beef) in his 5'6", 225-pound frame. He now performs regularly on TV, in college auditoriums and at concert halls. Recently, at Tanglewood Music Festival, he tread where only Arthur Fiedler had tread before—to the podium of the Boston Pops Orchestra, leading it in Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake Blues*, Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony Cha Cha Cha* and other pungent travesties for a forthcoming platter. Sherman's excursion into the classics is the latest step in a progression from broad ethnic humor to trenchant satire, from simple folk ditties to complex arrangements of classics and Broadway show tunes. Currently working on an autobiography to be titled *The Gift of Laughter*, Sherman says, "This will be a serious book—although not a dull one, I hope. When I'm asked why I don't clown it up in print, my answer is, now that I've got people listening to me, I can say what I want." That Sherman's tongue (pickled, with mustard) may be at least partly in his cheek is indicated by the book's original title: *How I Became an Overnight Success in Only 18 Years.*

FRANK BEZ



NAKED IN XANADU

(continued from page 162)

comfortably situated, but I don't have a lot of money."

"Did I ask you for money?"

Sonny said, "Let us not be coy, Mr. X. Do you deny that you are here in my house for purposes of blackmail? And please," he added quickly, "don't use that hackneyed old line about blackmail being an ugly word. You're a little too much like something out of the late late show as it is."

Mr. X laughed. "Sure, I'm blackmailing you," he said. "But there's blackmail and blackmail."

Sonny sighed. "At least twenty minutes ago you said you were coming right to the point. I still don't see . . ."

"Keep your money," said Mr. X. "I want *in*."

"You want what?"

"I want a slice of the cake. All them lovely cakes. Betty Sanderson, Sandra Sharnoe, Millie Van Bustenhalter. All the others. I just want you to share the wealth a little, that's all. With me."

"Are you suggesting . . ." Sonny's voice trailed off.

"You know what I'm suggesting, Mr. Gray." The visitor stood up. "Sorry to get you out of bed. I'll go now, it's late. But I'll give you a buzz tomorrow and we'll set up the first cake-slicing."

Mr. X moved out of the living room, toward the door. A blemishing leer twisted his face. "You know that Monday-night one of yours, that redhead, Carolyn?"

Sonny said nothing.

"I got a particular yen for that one, Mr. Gray. We'll start with her. Know what I'd like to do with her? First . . ." The gloating wealth of pathological detail, the Hieronymus Bosch landscape he painted with a few lurid strokes, caused Sonny's stomach to tighten into a knot and his face to be bleached by disgust and fear.

Sonny's voice shook with anger. "You filth. You rotten ugly swine. *Get out of here!* If you seriously think I'm going to be a party to——"

"Oh, you'll be a party, all right," Mr. X assured him. "You'll be a party or else there won't *be* any more parties, for anyone. You don't want your sweet little set-up knocked over. You don't want the wrong people to know what's going on here. You don't want me to pull the plug on you and watch you go down the drain, glug-glug-glug. Not you, Mr. Gray. You'll play ball. You won't like it, but you'll play ball."

Yes I will, thought Sonny, after the visitor left and he walked heavily upstairs again, the spring gone from his step, a decade of age suddenly added to him: *I'll play ball, in his ball park, according to his rules.*

Right there, on the stairs, he remembered the dream. He had never recalled it when awake, but now it flooded over him in a rush. He was stripped, he was standing stark naked in his pleasure palace and it was made of glass, all glass, and there was a crowd of people outside, looking in and pointing and smirking at his nakedness. All the people he knew were out there, grinning cruelly at his humiliation; all the world seemed to know his secrets; there was nothing they didn't know about him. And then the glass cracked and splintered into bright cold cutting shards, and Xanadu crashed loudly in a million shining pieces to the ground.

Just as it was crashing now.

But no, no, Sonny groaned piteously. He deserved his little private pleasures. He had paid dearly for them, with 43 years of loneliness. He couldn't let this happen to Xanadu, and to himself, and especially he couldn't let it happen to all those lovely, helpless darlings. Could he?

• • •

"Where's the broad?" asked Mr. X, lighting a cigarette.

"Carolyn? She'll be here," said Sonny.

"She better be. Y'know, I've been thinking. Sometime, maybe later this week, you oughta arrange for two or three of them to be here all at the same time. Know what I mean? Could get real interesting."

Sonny smiled. "Would you believe it—I never thought of that?"

"I got a lot more ideas."

"I'll have to be candid with you," Sonny said. "At first, I didn't look forward to this at *all*. But now I must admit I'm rather, I don't know, stimulated." Sonny leaned toward his guest, his monkey eyes bright. "You see, there's always been something missing. And do you know what that something was? Sharing the experience. Telling somebody. I've al-

"You guys call this an art film?! . . . Where's the good-natured prostitute?!!"

ways had to keep it a secret, and that secret kept building up inside me like steam until I sometimes felt I had to tell someone or burst. It even gave me nightmares! But now all that's changed, you see. The two of us are . . . partners, so to speak."

"Right. Partners."

"We can talk about it, laugh about it, plan things together. Yes, that's something else—I tend to be a fairly conservative person; I *never* would have thought to bring several of the girls together all at once, for instance; while you, on the other hand, have a very lively imagination . . ."

"You know it."

"So, in a sense, I feel you are opening new doors for me, just as I'm doing for you. We each have something to contribute. It's a reciprocal arrangement."

"Reciprocal, yeah."

"Incidentally, I thought you said you'd given up smoking."

"What?" Mr. X looked at his cigarette. "Oh. Damn it." He crushed it out. "Habit. Didn't even know I lit up. Can't seem to kick the damn things."

"I know," Sonny said sympathetically. "I had the same problem at one time. Smoked two packs a day."

"And you just quit? Like that?"

"Oh yes. No trouble. Self-hypnosis. The same way I remove the girls' headaches and so on. Speaking of the girls, there *is* a little thing I've been longing to try with one of them, but I guess I just haven't been adventurous enough. It's——"

"Wait a minute," Mr. X interrupted, "tell me about the smoking. You mean you can just . . . hypnotize it away?"

Sonny shrugged modestly. "You might say that. It's ridiculously simple. The hypnotist simply plants the suggestion that cigarettes will have a decidedly unpleasant, even nauseating, flavor to the subject. That's all there is to it, really. You have no idea what can be done. For example, the very act of love can be made immeasurably better by self-hypnosis. The right kind of suggestion can actually—how can I say it without sounding gross?—improve a man's prowess, prolong certain things, do you understand?"

Mr. X understood very well. "Listen, Sonny," he said. "It's all right I call you Sonny, isn't it? This with the smoking, and this other what you call prowess . . . could you do the same thing, like, for me?"

"It all depends," said Sonny. "If you're a receptive subject, I think I could. Of course, if you resisted me, even a little, if you weren't completely willing, I couldn't do a thing . . ."

"Sure, sure . . ."

"But if you helped me . . . cooperated . . . it wouldn't be difficult at all."

"How would you do it?"

"*We*. We would do it. Together, cooperating, partners. First, I might just ask you to look at this stickpin I'm wearing in my tie. The stone is a garnet; a beautiful garnet, I think, soothing to look at, limpid, liquid, with depths beyond depths, and beyond those, more depths . . ."

Not much later, and bare moments before redheaded Carolyn arrived, Sonny cordially escorted Mr. X to the door, waved goodbye, and watched him drive away.

Mr. X drove directly home. At the first green traffic light he saw, he forgot Sonny's address. At the second green traffic light, he forgot Sonny's telephone number. At the third green traffic light, he forgot Sonny's name. At the first red light, while he sat in the idling car, a girl crossed the street, walking directly in front of him. She was no older than 20, honey-haired, pert-nosed, high-breasted, round-butted, and as she walked quickly on her long, tapering legs, all of her flowed and rippled like the skin of a fine lithe leopard.

The sight of her almost turned his stomach.

Girls of Germany

(continued from page 132)

terribly refined-looking (their uniform usually includes the cashmere jacket emblazoned with a coat of arms), you may be the lucky beneficiary of an invitation to spend the weekend at a landed relative's country manor. As a rule, the baroness or countess of your affections is steeped in centuries of aristocratic tradition, but when she returns to the city and her newly added weekday role as a career woman, you'll discover that she delights in defying the customs and mores of the entrenched gentry.

Her airy unconcern for the heritage of nobility is evidenced by her frequent membership in our fourth classification of *Fräuleins*: the bohemian. She is the Germanic counterpart of the American beat chick, with the difference of being better acquainted with the arts. She may appear as the black-sweatered, leather-sandaled, straight-haired blonde painter or poet who generally frequents Schwabing, Munich's bohemian quarter; or she may materialize in the form of a slender-limbed and dedicated musician occupying a gallery seat for the symphony programs at West Berlin's newly constructed Philharmonic Concert Hall. If serious music is not your bent, however, you'll find these often artsy-craftsy creatures congregating in large numbers to hear the latest in avant-garde jazz compositions presented at the annual Darmstadt Festival or in a cellar bistro.

Not all of these lovely Nordic disciples of the Beat must be lured from the crowded recesses of an urban coffeehouse or concert hall. A brisk ride to any outlying small town for an evening's performance at the local *Stadttheater*—a year-round repertory company that no German village would be without—will unearth a wealth of budding young actresses who belong to this energetic breed of *Fräuleins* who pursue *la vie bohème*. Her repertoire will include Sophocles, Shakespeare and Brecht, and she will invariably be volubly critical of what she considers Germany's lingering *kleinbürgerlich*—middle-class—mentality.

The fifth and most charming circle of German womanhood includes the elite corps of beauties whose recent hold on the international spotlight is an undeniable source of envy among femmes fatales of both hemispheres. She is the essence of chic, the queen of the jet set, and perhaps the only addition to German *Kultur* that might be said to match her country's miraculous economic comeback. Her official title, coined by *Time*, is *Fräuleinwunder*, or "miracle girl."

This exclusive group includes the most sought-after exponents of the new German Look: such film stars as Romy Schneider, Elke Sommer, Nadja Tiller and Senta Berger; such Olympic champions as figure skater Marika Kilius and sprinter Jutta Heine; such politicians as Bundestag Deputies Hedda Heuser and Annemarie Renger; and the globe-hopping fashion models who currently dominate the American and European capitals of *haute couture*. Some of the *Fräuleinwunders* choose to exploit their abundant natural resources on the stages of Europe's leading theaters and night clubs; over 20 percent of the famed Bluebell Girls at the Lido in Paris, for example, currently boast German birthrights. Pan-American Airways, whose stewardesses are reputed to be the prettiest of the pillow-propping set, now does a sizable portion of its recruiting in West Germany.

Since the entire female population of modern Germany seems determined to please the visiting stranger, there's no reason to hold back when it comes to approaching the *Fräuleinwunder*. You'll find her in abundant supply all over the German landscape: stepping out of her Alfa Romeo or Porsche Carrera at the exclusive Red-White-Red Tennis Club in Berlin-Dahlem; sunning beside the glass-enclosed rooftop pool at Munich's Bayerischer Hof in her briefest bikini; romping *au naturel* along the sandy coastline at Kampen, a quaint fishing village on the North Sea; schussing down the steepest Alpine runs at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in skin-tight stretch pants; gyrating through the latest terpsichorean imports from St.-Tropez at Alceo's, a steamy boite in Munich's Schwabing district; go-carting at Garchen; glider flying on the Rohn; playing the wheel at the casinos in Bad Homburg and Wiesbaden; sitting in the owners' boxes at Baden-Baden's Iffezheim Race Course; and reigning as the undisputed queen of *Fasching*, the nationally celebrated pre-Lenten festival which marks the high point of revelry on the German calendar. (Some of these celebrations have been so notorious for their high jinks and mass merrymaking that a Munich judge recently declared adultery during *Fasching* to be "insufficient grounds for divorce.")

You may want to cruise the night-life districts of such metropolises as Hamburg, Bremen, Düsseldorf, Cologne and Frankfurt, looking over the promising provincial beauties who are on the verge of making their bids for stardom. But your best bet is to head for their common stamping grounds: Munich and West Berlin. The latter attracts the aspiring *Fräuleinwunder* via its vast fashion, movie and television industries. In addition, her ranks are embellished by fashion designers, interior decorators,

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY

WHISTLER'S MOTHER *By Jim Beaman*

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society columnists, former East European aristocrats and beauty queens who escaped from behind the Iron Curtain during the mass migrations that preceded the erection of the Berlin Wall. But Munich is the choice of as many or more of these dazzling girls of fortune, since it rules as the nation's leading cultural center, famous for its *Gemütlichkeit* and for its perennial flow of European movie moguls, Las Vegas booking agents and Paris salon owners, all scouting for untapped talent and fresh new faces that exude a marketable appeal.

Although the *Fräuleinwunder* represents the *crème de la crème* among German girls, you'll find her type en masse at Munich's Opern Espresso, located beneath the arcades of an ancient edifice on Schwabing's Maximilianstrasse, where scores of young starlets congregate daily to be discovered by some enterprising impresario. The action at the Opern Espresso reaches its peak around five P.M., when scores of young hopefuls assemble for the benefit of the starmakers who have spent the early afternoon vying for the mirrored booths which afford the best vantage point for this predinner spectacle. Your optimum opportunity for approaching one of these elusive creatures for the purpose of proposing a cultural exchange between allies will present itself after the rush-hour traffic subsides.

But if you prefer a more *intime* situation in which to try your luck, you can always hope for a chance meeting with one of those *Fräuleinwunders* who prefers to spend her free time far from the glitter of the Leopoldstrasse and the Kurfürstendamm. You may find her amidst the quiet cluster of nature lovers who ride on the upper deck of weekend excursion steamers up and down the Rhine; or you may find your prize bargaining for a piece of antique jewelry at Düsseldorf's fashionable Königsallee. Perhaps she will be going it alone at a performance of Wagner's *Ring* cycle; she won't be difficult to spot, no matter how large or colorful the crowd. The tendency of Germany's eligible bachelors to regard the *Fräuleinwunder* as hardly more than a passing fad, as a sort of pleasant by-product of the post-War boom, will make it surprisingly easy for any American traveler with a modicum of good manners and folding currency to strike up an acquaintance in any of the aforementioned settings.

The sixth variety of German female will not enjoy the romantic attentions of most visitors to West Germany, since she comprises the diminishing tribe of professional lovemakers who still flourish in this land of female plenty. Some, like the famous "window girls" of Hamburg's Herbertstrasse, may succeed in attracting the curious, but for the most part, the German pro—or *Leichte Mädchen*—finds it extremely difficult to outshine the charms of the country's well-stocked reserves of amateur beauty.

The same basic cultural classification of German femininity exists from the northernmost reaches of its craggy Baltic seacoasts to the Bavarian highlands of its southern borders. Between these boundaries, the wayfarer will want to take time out to investigate the romantic possibilities available in the thriving new metropolitan centers of the prosperous Ruhr Valley—including West Germany's bustling new capital of Bonn; or to pursue his explorations in the legendary Black Forest or the castled Rhineland. The more than 500-mile length of German countryside will be at his disposal, thanks to the network of high-speed *Autobahns* which allow the motorist to travel from the Danish border to the Austrian Alps in approximately eight hours and make the remotest points—and *Mädchen*—of interest on his itinerary easily accessible.

In the long run, it doesn't really matter whether you discover the *Fräulein* of your choice sipping *Steinhager* in a Berlin bistro or baking strudel in some quaint medieval village; for finding her is half the fun. When the time comes for *auf Wiedersehens*, you'll take home *gemütlich* memories of your brief encounter. And you'll understand why *Prosit!* may well be the most popular toast among beauty lovers everywhere.

"Where did we go wrong?"

VACATION IN STYLE

(continued from page 88)

low-rise nylon-tricot briefs and an assortment of terry-lined or slicker-fabric parkas, sweat shirts and jerseys will serve to cover the water front.

If you're going to take tee and sea—i.e., play golf and swim—on your holiday, you'll want, in addition to beachwear, conventional golf slacks and several pairs of walk shorts as well; these coordinate well with textured nylon-knit golf shirts or short-sleeve cardigan sweaters. The tennis set will be swinging back to ice-cream flannel–type trousers, now being made of easily-cared-for synthetic fabrics, supplemented by conventional shorts matched with polyester-cotton-blend knit shirts. So much for the active sportsman; the armchair genus will be wearing tennis sweaters in all colors and combinations. Bulky knits will also be in evidence for predictably nippy mornings and evenings.

In sports jackets, almost anything goes. You can choose your fundamental two or three from any number of small and large patterns. Add to these a colorful seersucker, a madras or a solid-color blazer. If you're going to be away for more than a fortnight, augment your collection with a linen-type sports coat and a hopsack or featherweight cotton. The most popular slacks will be in solid shades, to contrast the widely patterned look of jackets. Be sure to include in your assortment a couple of pairs in light colors and at least one in black and another in white.

Perfect for any type of vacationland is the cool, crisp and comfortable "shirt-jac" which looks like a shirt, but is worn outside the trousers. These are made in various collar styles, from buttondown to Continental spread. Ascots are *de rigueur*. Since the jet set has made this colorful accessory, worn under an open shirt, unimpeachably correct, you'd do well to take along at least a half dozen: several vivid solids to match your slacks, and a few patterns to be worn with jackets.

In formalwear, the standard black or white worn in the tropics and in the North (during warm weather) have been joined by richly colored silks, soft pastels, madras and paisley prints. The newest additions to the formal class are seersucker and denim, the former in burgundy, yellow and blue alternating with white stripes, the latter in soft blues and maize. In addition to your black lightweight dinner jacket, we suggest you take along at least one of the newer, unabashed hues, thus assuring yourself, in both leisure- and formalwear, a colorful season in the sun.

THE POOL

(continued from page 93)

himself had Francisco stayed his hand this long. Their guide, discovered musing among the charred ruins of a native village long after the last of its inhabitants had been driven into the swamps before the flashing swords of the armored soldiers, had been perilously near death and despoilment of his negotiable finery, and then ——

The native interpreter had whispered urgently into the ear of the commander, a harsh order was shouted in time, and the soldiers had reluctantly drawn back, leaving their proud-visaged victim unharmed. Then there had been much palavering, via the interpreter, and Francisco had been issued his strict orders. The native was not to be molested, not to be robbed. Not yet. Not until he had served his purpose.

Igniting the pitch-tipped knob of his own torch from the one borne by Rafael, Francisco was careful to bear it aloft in his left hand as they debarked, his right always ready to draw his sword in the event that their native guide was in the practice of one of the subtle treacheries common to his breed. Treacheries that had lately betrayed many an expedition before this one, until the Spanish soldiers razed a village or so with steel, gunpowder and fire in terrible reprisal.

The land upon which they finally inched forward, uncomfortably warm in their metal breastplates and tight leggings, was a long island, a surprisingly high mass of land in the swamp that otherwise could boast but a hump of dry earth to the square mile.

Francisco was moving almost at a trot when they came to the summit of the slope and saw before them a legend realized. For one insane moment, Francisco's hand moved toward the strap of his helmet, to remove it, as he would have in a cathedral, or a hallowed wayside shrine. One inch the fingers moved, then not a fraction farther. With himself, Francisco could be even more harsh than with his men. Self-control, mastery of one's own instincts, was imperative in a leader of men.

The native had stepped to one side, his lined face impassive, his arms folded across his naked chest. He did not look toward the armored soldiers who had dogged his pace up the slope. Beside the rippling pool he stood in the dancing torchlight, saying nothing, even his breathing imperceptible, as though he were as much solid stone as the natural basin at his feet, at whose spray-flecked rim the five men hovered, in slack-jawed, lip-working silence, none of them for a moment capable of coherent speech.

Beyond the small, natural-rock basin in which the clear waters plashed and rang, with a sound like small silver chimes, a wall of flat-faced rock arose, taller than a man, black as the night itself. It was from a fissure halfway up this bare wall that the fountain originated, gushing forth in a frothing white arc, cold and clean and beautiful, and dashing eternally into the basin carved there before it, ages long gone, by the brunt of its own relentless effluence. Around the fissure, etched by the crude instruments of skilled men—perhaps the ancestors of their guide; even his lineal forebears—was the likeness of a face . . . It was a discomfiting face, not quite human, not quite demon. And these ancient artisans had arranged their sculpture so that the fissure was drawn into their work, its V-shaped gaping orifice having been polished and trimmed and blended within the face so that the hurtling waters seemed to burst like crystalline largess from its smiling lips.

"It is almost," Francisco said, not realizing he spoke his thought aloud, "as though the face had been carved *first*—and then by some evil miracle began to speak its message of life, its words of water, its magical mercy . . ."

"Dare we drink, my captain?" said a voice beside him.

Francisco, pulling his mind from its own uneasy introspections, turned to see the face of Gollo beside him, the clownish face abruptly amusing in the midst of the sudden shock at so easily reaching what had seemed a virtually unattainable goal. Francisco found he could still chuckle. "Not yet, my eager friend," he said.

"We will make certain there is no danger, first. Our guide's shall be the first libation." He turned toward the stolid form of the native guide—and found bare rock, silent shadows and the undisturbed foliage. With a cry of cheated rage, Francisco whipped his sword from its sheath so that the blade whistled through the air, and led his men forward into the tangled thicket in search of the runaway.

They sought for an hour. The native was not to be found. Yet the skiff awaited their use where it had been abandoned.

"He must have waded off into the swamp," Francisco had to admit, when he and his men gathered once more at the stone basin. "He's been pulled down by quicksand, or is in the stomach of some wild beast by now. Never mind him. Our task is yet before us." He looked to his youthful lieutenant. "Gonzales—where is Lola?"

The young man had forgotten the old parrot in the haste and excitement of the chase. Now, searching with great care, he found the sluggish bird in the shadow of a bush, too lazy to fly away, so long had it been in the company of men, its needs taken care of, its appetites calcified by age. It hopped obediently back upon the youth's gauntlet when he pushed his wrist hard enough against its wrinkled-looking green-feathered belly, and he brought it back to Francisco.

"How many years would you say this bird has lived?" said the captain.

"Twice the number of an old man's," replied Gonzales promptly. "It is even said Lola was one of the animals taken by Noah upon the ark. I know no way to disprove the tale."

Francisco smiled. "Then before we fill our flasks, or try the waters ourselves, we shall have Lola drink. If she survives it, and if she should become what she must —if the legend be true—then, and then only, shall we drink."

Gonzales hurried to obey. Lola, reluctant as always, finally clacked her tattered beak in weak protest at being held so stiffly about the neck, and began to lap with her ugly gray tongue at the water of the pool. Croaking vile phrases in her brainless avian rasp, she hopped from the cuff of the gauntlet to the branch of a nearby low-limbed tree, and began—rather irritably—to preen herself.

"Well?" said Gonzales, turning to his superior.

"We will wait awhile more,' said Francisco, part of his mind on his present task of observation, but most of it dwelling angrily upon the escape of the native, who should have died slowly, with many an artistic touch of torture, at his hands. Time seemed to slow its pace, to scuff its toes in unhurried, laggard passage. On the branch, Lola preened with abruptly increased vigor. Then, "Look!" said Francisco, overcome with joy.

The oyster-dull eyes were now sharp beads of jet in the parrot's face; its beak was ragged no longer; its gold-and-green feathers had a new firmness, neatness, luster. "Lola——" said Gonzales, stepping toward the bird and extending his gauntleted wrist. The parrot gave a cry, the proud cry of an untamed animal, and, flapping suddenly strong pinions, soared to a higher branch, provocatively just beyond reach.

"The ancients be praised!" said Francisco. "The legend spoke true! This is indeed the fabulous Fountain of Youth!" His mind glittered with the gold he would receive from a profoundly grateful Ponce de León when he and his men—flasks brim full of the magical waters—returned in triumph to the main camp, hardly an hour's journey away through the swamp.

Gonzales, with an incoherent cry of elation, threw himself prone upon the earth, and whipped off his helmet before bending his face to the surface of the pool, his lips sucking hungrily at the chill draughts of clear, clean liquid. "Have you not youth enough already!?" mocked his captain, but then he and the others were dropping almost prayerfully to the ground and following Gonzales' example.

When the orgy of sucking and choking and swallowing was over, Francisco lay on his back in the dimness—the torches guttered noisily, lying lengthwise upon the rock where they had been carelessly dropped and forgotten—and gave the belated order that the flasks be filled, then belched up the bubbles of air he had swallowed with the cooling drink, and sighed in contentment. Lazily, he looked once again for Lola, but she was not to be seen. "Probably," he told himself with anticipatory relish, "she has found some of the old desires along with her reborn youth! A pity," he chuckled, "if there are no birds of her own species in this accursed swamp . . ." He found the notion amusing enough to pass on to his men. He turned his head —and they were not to be seen.

Francisco rose to his feet, a nagging fear lying like ice inside his belly. And then he saw the armor, and the empty leggings, and the fallen gauntlets, and stepped back in dismay. The heel of his boot, where it should have met barren rock, stepped into something soft, slimy and sickeningly viscous. He yanked his foot away, automatically, and turned to see what lay there upon the ground. Spreading a thick, opaque liquid from the torn yolk, the shell-less egg lay there before him, half its gluey volume still clinging, quivering, to his boot. He looked upward to the branch upon which Lola had been perched, and knew the ghastly truth at last.

Then, like a madman he ran down the slope, until the armor became too brutal a burden for his shrinking, boyish shoulders. Mere moments later, he was reduced enough in size to crawl on soft pink hands and uncalloused knees out of the neck-hole of the breastplate itself, screaming through his toothless gums as his body continued to pass through gestation in swift reverse.

And then a shadow fell across his path, a shadow which swam into solidity before his uncontrolled infant eyes, and the last sight that met his blurring gaze was the face of the squatting native guide, no longer stoic and inscrutable. The lips grinned like those on the face of the stone demon he so closely resembled.

beyond centaurus (continued from page 116)

some pretty psychological problems. But it is, by many orders of magnitude, out of the question in terms of known engineering and known energy sources.

The best that our present rockets can do, and that with the greatest difficulty, is about nine miles a second. This is only one *twenty-thousandth* of the velocity of light—but there is worse to come, for energy increases with the *square* of velocity. To move a rocket twenty thousand times faster than the present limit we would need *four hundred million* times more energy. Even nuclear power comes nowhere near to providing this. After some centuries of technical development, perhaps the most that we can hope for from hydrogen fusion is a tenth of the speed of light (say 60,000,000 miles an hour!). This performance, which most physicists would consider highly optimistic, would just allow us to reach Alpha Centauri in a lifetime, for the one-way voyage would last some 50 years.

Note that these calculations have nothing to do with any speed limit set by the theory of relativity; they are based purely on energy considerations. We simply do not know a source of energy sufficiently concentrated to drive a rocket anywhere near the speed of light.

However, it is always very dangerous to argue, on the basis of existing or even conceivable technology, that something can *never* be done, as I pointed out in *The Hazards of Prophecy* in this journal a few years back. In the past, those who have done so have almost invariably been proved wrong. What seemed to be insuperable obstacles have either been overcome, or simply bypassed by the development of new techniques. You cannot bridge the Golden Gate with wood—you have to wait until the steel age arrives; you cannot operate a TV system with ropes and pulleys—you have to wait until electronics comes along. If the rocket is inadequate for flight to the stars, which certainly appears to be the case, then we shall have to think of something better.

That there are several directions in which we may look is encouraging, but perhaps misleading; major breakthroughs are almost always quite unpredictable and occur in areas where no one would dream of finding them. (My favorite example: One of the greatest advances ever made in medicine resulted from a physicist's attempts to pass electricity through a vacuum. What had *that* to do with medicine? X rays.) In the case of interstellar flight, what we obviously need is a propulsion system that does *not* have to carry its source of energy with it, but can tap external supplies. The rocket is like a diesel or steam locomotive, limited in performance by the fuel it can carry. We require the equivalent of the electric locomotive—or, perhaps, the fuelless sailing ship.

Although electric fields, and swift but infinitely tenuous "winds," do exist in space, they are too feeble to be of any practical use. However, there are other cosmic forces and properties that we may someday utilize, as long ago we learned to use the moving airs and waters of this world for transportation. One of these forces, as was pointed out recently by Dr. Freeman J. Dyson, a highly imaginative mathematician at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study, is gravity.

Dr. Dyson's conclusions are stimulating—and tantalizing. He suggests that the gravitational fields of certain double stars might be used, by sufficiently ingenious astronauts, to launch themselves out across interstellar space. Two stars, spinning rapidly round each other, could be used as a kind of cosmic slingshot, and during the period of acceleration the travelers would feel no force whatsoever. For a gravitational field acting upon a *freely* falling body produces no sense of weight: Even if the astronauts were experiencing 10,000 g, and were thus increasing their speed at the enormous rate of 200,000 miles per hour *every second*, they would feel nothing at all as the stellar twins shot them off into space.

Unfortunately, we don't happen to have this particular type of double star (a white dwarf binary) in our immediate neighborhood. It is not even certain if such systems exist anywhere, but Dr. Dyson has an answer to this. To quote his words: "There may come a time in the remote future when engineering on *an astronomical scale* [my italics] will be both feasible and necessary." In other words—if these "gravitational machines" do not exist in nature—they can be made.

Let us pause to give three hearty cheers to Dr. Dyson. His ideas may seem so farfetched that most people will regard them as extravagant fantasies, but when seen against the background of our incredible Universe, they are entirely realistic. If we do not perform such feats in the millions of years that lie ahead, others will.

Another scheme for very-high-speed cosmic flight depends on the fact that space is not entirely empty, but contains about ten atoms of hydrogen per cubic inch. For all ordinary purposes this is a perfect vacuum; however, a spaceship cruising at hundreds or thousands of miles a second would sweep up appreciable quantities of hydrogen. This leads to the daring concept of the "interstellar ram jet"—a device which would scoop up the hydrogen scattered between the stars, feed it into a fusion reactor, and spew out the resulting heated gases in a propulsive jet. It would, therefore, derive both its fuel and its working fluid from the space around it, and would thus have unlimited range.

Though the interstellar ram jet involves such fearsome technical problems that the first scientists to investigate the scheme rejected it out of hand, more recent studies have brought it back into favor. It is certainly centuries in the future, but it violates no fundamental principles. Even if it is never more than a theoretical concept, it is of great interest; for if *we* can think of slightly plausible ways of tapping the energies of space, we can be sure that our descendants will find much more practical ones.

And someday—perhaps by the use of beamed-energy systems already glimpsed in the blinding light of the laser—we may learn to power our spacecraft from fixed ground stations. The analogy with the electric railroad would then be complete; spaceships need carry no fuel, as all their energy would be provided by planet-based installations which could be of unlimited size. This would again involve technologies far beyond our present horizon, but violating no basic laws. We need something like this to make space flight commercially practical even in the Solar System; and what commerce needs, it eventually gets. If the rocket lasts as long as the steam engine, I shall be most surprised.

To sum up, then: Interstellar flight at speeds approaching that of light is *not* necessarily impossible, and those who have claimed that it is are being prematurely pessimistic. They may be right, but we shall not know for some centuries. Meanwhile, we will assume that they are wrong—and see just where this conclusion leads us.

In the old-fashioned Newtonian Universe, which all scientists took for granted until the advent of Einstein, the situation was very straightforward. At the speed of light it would take you 10 years to reach a star 10 light-years away, and 10 years to come home again. Total voyage time—20 years. So if you were prepared to spend most of your life spacefaring, you might roam 30 or 40 light-years from Earth, and still return to your birthplace. If you wanted to do better than that, you had to travel faster than light. This would certainly be very difficult; but no one dreamed that it might be *impossible* for fundamental reasons concerned with the nature of the Universe.

The special theory of relativity, published by Einstein in 1905, established a speed limit in space. There is nothing very mysterious about this, once it is understood that mass and energy are two sides of the same coin. If we accelerate an object, it gains energy by virtue of its speed. Therefore, it also gains mass—and the next time we try to increase its speed, we will find it correspondingly harder to accelerate. The effect is negli-

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gible at low velocities—that is, up to a few scores of millions of miles an hour! —which is why it was never detected in the past. For all ordinary purposes, the laws of motion laid down by Galileo and Newton still apply, as they always will.

But near the speed of light, the mass increase rises steeply. A law of diminishing returns sets in; though you may keep on pushing an object, its gain in speed is infinitesimal—all the additional energy goes into increasing its *mass*. There is nothing theoretical about this; few laws have been more thoroughly tested in practice, for billions of dollars' worth of engineering are now designed around it. The giant atom smashers—the bevatrons, cosmotrons and so forth —are machines for accelerating nuclear particles to almost the speed of light. It requires thousands of tons of magnets and vacuum tubes to push the infinitely tiny electrons and protons up to these speeds, at which they may be hundreds of times heavier than when at rest. For this reason it has been suggested that nuclear accelerators should really be called "ponderators"; the increase in speed that they can produce at the end of their operating range is trivial, but the increase in mass is enormous.

At Berkeley and Brookhaven, and in myriads of high-energy electronic devices (including the picture tube of your TV set), the Einstein equation is obeyed exactly. It predicts that even if we burned up the whole Cosmos to accelerate a single electron, our infinitesimal "pay load" would still fail to reach the speed of light. The solitary electron would have the mass of all the suns and galaxies that had been destroyed to propel it; but its speed would be only 99.99999999999999 . . . , and not 100, percent of that unattainable 186,282 miles per second. And what applies to one electron is true, a fortiori, to large-scale objects such as men and spaceships.

A sufficiently advanced civilization, by a prodigal expenditure of energy, might be able to drive its ships at 99 percent of the speed of light. And since the remaining one-percent increase could never be attained anyway, there would seem to be no point in striving after it, merely to cut three days off every year of travel time.

However, matters are not as simple as this, if you will pardon the expression. The same equations that appear to limit us to journeys of a few dozen light-years in a single human lifetime also provide a loophole. Einstein once condemned a theory of which he did not approve with the words: "The good Lord is subtle, but He is never malicious." Nowhere is that subtlety more evident than in the laws that Einstein himself discovered.

Granted that we can never exceed the speed of light, it follows that a round trip from Earth to a star fifty light-years away can never take less than a hundred years. However—and this is something that no one had suspected before 1905—there is a profound ambiguity in our definition of time. Do we mean one hundred years to the crew of the spaceship, or to their friends waiting back on Earth?

For there *is* a distinction, and it took Einstein's genius to perceive it. The same equations that predict an increase of mass with velocity, also predict a stretching or dilatation of time, and according to precisely the same mathematical law. The discrepancy is negligible at low speeds, but becomes infinite at the speed of light. To a beam of light, time stands still; it can travel round the Cosmos in one eternal instant.

The consequences of this are now well known; everyone has heard of the astronaut who sets out for the stars at almost the speed of light—and is still a young man when he returns to meet his aged twin brother, 40 or 50 years later. Fantastic though this seems, it would actually occur if we could reach 99 percent of the velocity of light, and within the narrow span of that last one percent even more astonishing paradoxes would arise.

Here are some examples, given by the Harvard biophysicist Carl Sagan in a paper with the splendid title "Direct Contact Among Galactic Civilizations by Relativistic Interstellar Space Flight." If a spaceship took off from Earth at a steady acceleration of one gravity (so that its occupants would feel their normal weight for the duration of the voyage), in five years *by ship time* it could reach a star ten light-years away. Yet it would not have exceeded the speed of light; to observers back on Earth, it would appear that the voyage had really lasted the full ten years. In effect, the clocks (and the people) in the spaceship would have run at half the speed of their counterparts on Earth—though they themselves would have noticed no change at all.

Ten years of *ship time* at one g acceleration would take the voyagers more than a hundred light-years, and thereafter the range goes up very steeply with time. Twenty years of cruising would bring them to the star clouds at the center of the Galaxy, some thirty thousand light-years from Earth. And in less than thirty years they would reach the Andromeda Nebula, more than a million light-years away! Of course, when the travelers returned home sixty years older, two million Earth years would have passed . . .

There is now no serious dispute about these conclusions; like the mass-increase laws, the time-dilatation effect has been demonstrated experimentally. But perhaps I had better take a few minutes (Earth time) to dispose of an objection that is often raised to the so-called "Clock Paradox" by those who have a nodding acquaintance with relativity.

Because, they argue, Einstein stated that "all velocity is relative," it is just as legitimate to say that the spaceship is standing still and the Earth is moving. So the people on Earth should stay young, while the travelers age at the normal rate—which is obviously absurd.

Of course it is; but Einstein never said that all velocity is relative. That statement is true only of *uniform* velocities, and we are not dealing with these. The Earth is moving at a uniform speed—but the spaceship is steadily accelerating. So the two systems are not equivalent, and the paradox does not arise.

The theory of relativity, therefore, allows us to explore the Universe without limit, by trading energy for time. Once again, it must be emphasized that the amounts of energy needed for such projects are gigantic, even by the standards of thermonuclear explosions. But they are not, in principle, beyond attainment or control; as Dr. Sagan concludes in his stimulating essay, "Allowing for a modicum of scientific and technological progress within the next few centuries, I believe that interstellar space flight at relativistic velocities to the farthest reaches of our Galaxy is a feasible objective for humanity."

There will, of course, be a price to pay, and it is not one that many of us would be prepared to face. Time would flow sluggishly in the speeding spaceship but on Earth its progress would be inexorable. The voyagers would have cut themselves off forever from their friends and families, perhaps even from the culture that had launched them into space, if they returned hundreds or thousands of years in its future. For relativistic space flight is a kind of one-way time travel; though you can vary the rate at which the clock moves forward, you can never turn it back.

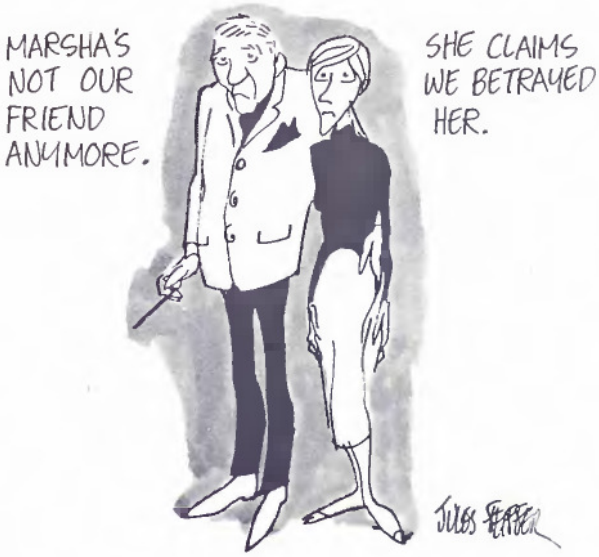
If Odysseus had sailed for Deneb, and not for Troy, we might expect him back at any moment, less grizzled than from his wanderings over the wine-dark sea. And how strange to think that, if ships from the galactic center visited our world in the remote past, there may *at this very moment* be a family of our Cro-Magnon ancestors on display in some celestial zoo . . .

Most scientists who have convinced themselves that interstellar flight is possible believe that such visits must have occurred—perhaps many times in the long history of Earth. The astronomer Thomas Gold has even suggested that terrestrial life arose from garbage dumped by one of these early expeditions. I should love to see somebody found a religion on this inspiring belief; but odder faiths have flourished in the past.

• • •

There are many who will be pro-

Our Friend Marsha



foundly dissatisfied with these conclusions, and will feel aggrieved because we can never race back and forth across the Universe as we now do over the face of this Earth. They may even doubt the eternal validity of the Einstein equations, though these have stood unchallenged for half a century, and are now backed by the awesome authority of the mushroom cloud.

After all, many other apparent limits have proved to be no more than temporary roadblocks. Less than 20 years ago, we were worrying about the sound barrier; tomorrow, grandmothers will be cruising at Mach 3. Will the "light barrier" go the same way?

I am afraid I cannot offer much hope. If you have followed me so far, you will have realized the utterly fundamental nature of this barrier. And it is no good asking *why* we cannot travel faster than light, and *why* time dilatation occurs; our Universe is simply built that way. Anyone who doesn't like it can go somewhere else.

Perhaps that last sentence offers the one faint chance of beating Einstein. If other universes—other space-time continua—do exist, light may propagate in them at higher speeds than our familiar 186,282 miles a second. We may be able to get to the Andromeda Nebula *and back again* in a few years of Earth time, by taking a spatial detour through another dimension. But this is pure fantasy, with no scientific basis; so is the suggestion that we might be able to tap the so-called psi or paranormal forces which some students claim to have detected. If cosmic teleportation is practical, the current paucity of visitors becomes even more difficult to explain. Unless we are under quarantine (a highly plausible assumption), it really looks as if interstellar travel is expensive, time-consuming and, therefore, infrequent.

We had better cooperate with the inevitable—and, after all, we have no great reason to complain. This planetary system will keep us busy for quite a while, and beyond that, there are some four hundred stars of roughly solar type within a hundred light-years.

So even if we cannot exorcise the ghost of Einstein (and what *were* those dying words of his, lost forever because his nurse understood no German?), we have a prospect before us that will daunt whole armies of biologists and historians. Columbus is not yet five hundred years in the past; yet before another five centuries have gone, we may have complete records of a hundred civilizations, most of them far older than our own.

We may well be grateful, then, that our sphere of knowledge cannot expand more swiftly than light. That speed limit may be the only thing that can save us, when the *real* Space Age dawns, from being utterly overwhelmed by the richness and complexity of our many-splendored Universe.

PLAYBOY CARS

(continued from page 101)

metropolitan living can provide for knowledgeable men of good taste and reasonable means. It wouldn't have been possible, ten years ago, to say that something had a playboy air, or look about it. It's perfectly possible, and in order, today, and so we can say that one motorcar is a playboy kind of car, and another is not. Those that are not are easily set apart: They're clumsy, or ugly, or merely utilitarian. As for the rest . . . to begin with, there's the 230SL Mercedes-Benz.

Mercedes-Benz has always cataloged a gentleman's carriage: a comfortable, luxurious, basically two-seater car of enterprising performance. For a time in recent memory there were two grades of such: the 190SL and the 300SL. The trouble with the 190 was that it wasn't as fast as it looked; the trouble with the 300 was that it was a lot faster than it looked. People in very ordinary vehicles successfully picked on 190SLs, and while only Ferraris or Aston Martins or Maseratis could challenge a 300, there were two inhibiting factors in ownership: The thing cost around $12,000 and it could be made to do 160 miles an hour. More money was involved than most people care to spend for a car, and more speed than most can handle. The 230SL replaced both the 190 and the 300 and it is a remarkably successful compromise.

With the 230SL the medieval notion that a fast car that handles well must necessarily deliver a hard ride, banging the spinal disks together like so many castanets, has perhaps finally been laid to rest. The vehicle's comfort is nearly absolute, it will whisper along Park Avenue light-footed as you please, or storm the winding road from Reno to Lake Tahoe at 120. It is one of the few automobiles designed for the specific kind of tires it wears—belted, like the Michelin X or Pirelli Cinturato—and the resulting sense of security is a rare thing.

Absolutes are deceptive, but if the Mercedes-Benz 600 is not the most luxurious automobile in production today, it's a strong contender. The 600 comes in two models, and we may as well consider the larger, the Pullman. This is the biggest motorcar available today, at 20 feet, 7 inches. It weighs two and a half tons and will, believe it or not, transport eight people at 125 miles an hour. And not merely in a straight line. European drivers of respectable sports cars have been driven to the nether edge of despair by the discovery that they couldn't keep up with this thing, black, and looking big as a boxcar, on a winding road.

In the 600 Pullman, automatic and remote control has been taken the whole way: power steering, brakes and windows, of course—also the sun roof and the trunk lid. *Every* seat, not just the

driver's, is power-adjustable in three planes of movement, and even the door latches are automatic: a finger's pressure to start the door on its way is all that's needed. After that, the latch reaches out, in effect, and pulls the door shut in absolute silence. Come to think of it, the idea of slamming a car door shut is a vulgarity we should have been able to abandon years ago. Multispeaker radios, air conditioning, ashtrays and lighters all over the place, 13 interior lights in the passenger compartment . . . all this for around $27,000, if you don't mind coping with a long waiting list.

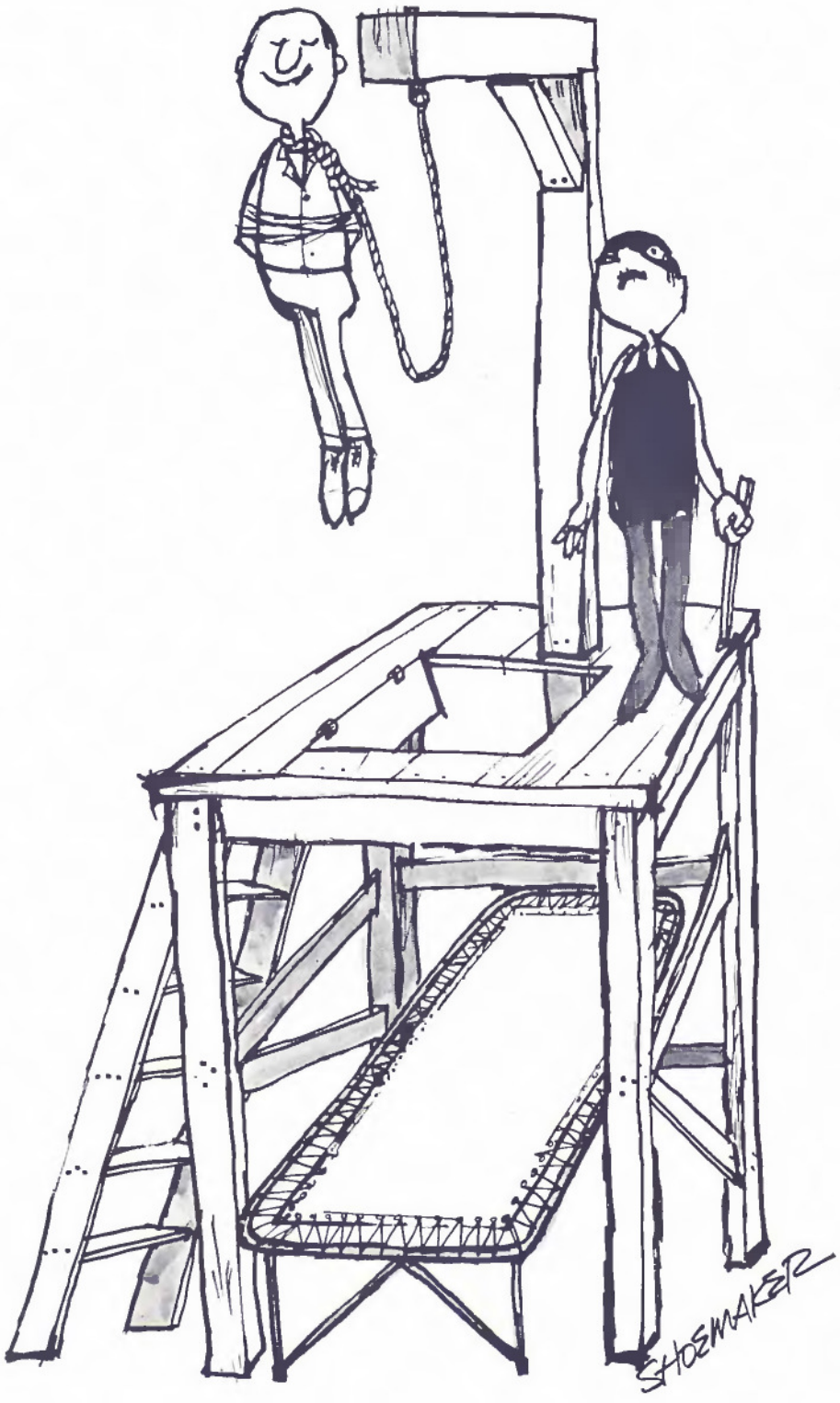
If one does not often need to offer the ultimate in mobile luxury to as many as eight people; if, say, capacity for three and the driver will do, motoring *de grand luxe* is available for much less money in Cadillac or Continental stores. The new Calais hardtop would be a suitable choice among the Cadillacs, and there are many little niceties available in it. One of them seems to me as humane a device as is worn by any motorcar: a permanent temperature control. One sets it for, say, 70 degrees, and the interior temperature of the car will stay at 70 degrees from then on, whether it's in Maine or the Mojave Desert. Automatic speed control for parkway cruising is standard, the steering wheel adjusts through six angles of tilt and in and out, the trunk locks from the driver's seat and so do all the doors, the head lamps are automatically dimmed, naturally, and so on and on. The Continental, inheritor of the legendary Lincoln honor, is altogether competitive, and the determination of the Ford people to maintain this carriage's unchanging elegance of line is most commendable.

The Porsche I drove into Watkins Glen will not be in 1965, as it was then, the top of the line, but it remains one of the delights of the road. The Porsche SC is big enough to be perfectly comfortable for two people, small enough to be no embarrassment in any traffic, on any mountain road, in any no-parking-here urban environment. The primary virtue of the Porsche is obvious; the company has been building the same model for more than a decade, and the bugs are long out of it. Compared with the encyclopedic list of options most Detroit firms offer, Porsche has few, but they are all worth having: the best wood-rimmed steering wheel on the market, fine leather upholstery, an electric sun roof, automatic AM-FM radio, an indoor-outdoor thermometer, and four pieces of fitted luggage, three leather, one canvas, that two people would be hard-pressed to fill for a month's gala. Coming is the Porsche 901, six cylinders instead of four, faster (130 instead of 115), a bit longer, a bit roomier (four instead of

two) and quite a bit more expensive.

Closest to the 901 in domestic machinery is the Chevrolet Corvair Corsa, leader of that line of aluminum air-cooled rear-mounted-engine cars. This, for four passengers, has 3-speed or 4-speed stick shift or automatic transmission on a 140-horsepower engine, with 180 horsepower optionally on call, more than 70 hp over the SC Porsche. If that's not enough, you can have 400 in the Impala. This season these cars are wearing two of the most beautiful bodies that have ever come out of Detroit—clean, smooth, unadorned, balanced, really having to ask nothing of the best Italian custom coachwork, and at one fifth the price and one hundred times the availability.

The superfluous body decoration that spoiled the Corvette Sting Ray for some of us when it first appeared has been erased, and this authentic high-performance motorcar is now certainly one of the most desirable fast two-seater carriages on the world market. Indeed, it can be argued that it is the most desirable, for it will do almost everything that its European competitors will do, offers everything they offer save, perhaps, final elegance and exclusivity. And it offers, of course, something they eminently do not: cheap maintenance.



The first three of these European jobs one thinks of are Ferrari, Maserati and Aston Martin. There is not much left to say about the Ferrari, a legend in its own time. The day Enzo Ferrari dies, or makes good on one of his recurring threats to retire, will be a day on which a chorus of the saddest sighs will go up all over the world, mutterings of despair from the thousands, from Bangkok to Buffalo via Berlin, who have hoped with all their hearts, and half believed, they'd one day be able to buy a Ferrari. My advice has always been, if you can't buy one, don't drive one, because you'll never get over it. It's the old story: When a car is designed and built by an obsessed near genius, an implacable perfectionist who cannot be satisfied or made happy, who is responsible to absolutely no one but himself, who continues the same basic model in manufacture for more than ten years—then you have a vehicle that is, like the Rolls-Royce, unique. Even the unspeakably rich who have owned a dozen Ferraris admit enchantment with the four-passenger 330GT—smoother, softer, easier than the famed 250GT, but just as fast, as roadable, as nearly indestructible. This is a kind of touring Ferrari. If you require performance of a higher order, there are the models 400 Superamerica and the 500 Superfast, this last a bolide offering 175 miles an hour not after it has been expensively worked up by specialists, but just as it comes off the boat. There are fewer Maseratis than Ferraris on the world's roads, and some connoisseurs, for example, Prince Karim Aga Khan, prefer them, perhaps for that reason, since their performance, while intriguing in the extreme, is of a lower order. There is, for instance, the Quatro Porte, the first four-door automobile of this type, running a 260-horsepower V8 engine with, if you please, an optional automatic transmission, in my view an absolutely splendid idea for a Continental high-performance carriage. The stick shift must go; to preserve it for any but race or rallye cars is as silly as to insist on lighting one's cigarettes with flint and steel instead of butane.

Last to let it go, I suspect, will be Aston Martin of England, built for a clientele attaching great importance to the nuances of driving skill. (England is the only country I know where the automobilists cheerfully and seriously maintain an Institute of Advanced Motorists, an august body offering a super license test for expertise on the road, successful candidates to be awarded a car badge attesting their superiority—and a leather

cover to mask it when someone else, say one's wife, is driving.)

There is not, and probably never has been, a series production handmade motorcar, but the Aston Martin comes close. It is a superb motorcar, very fast, beautiful—the body is by Touring of Milan—and built with an extraordinary concern for safety. I have been accused, and perhaps justly, of failure in the past to properly evaluate the Aston Martin. I once told David Brown, the head of the company, and a major figure in British heavy industry—production of the Aston Martin is a minor part of his interests, and almost a hobby, but still probably closer to him than anything else he does —that I had found his car heavy in the controls. Two days later, a factory driver brought an Aston Martin to my door, saying, "Mr. Brown would like you to drive this car, and when you are through with it, if you will be good enough to call us, we will come and pick it up." A *beau geste*, indeed.

I drove the car in London and in the country on as many different kinds of going as I could find, and there was nothing heavy about it, though I must maintain that one I'd had before, privately owned and used, was trucky. It was delightful, and certainly on one level, braking power, it went a long way beyond my previous experience. An Aston Martin DB5 can be stopped from 100 miles an hour in 3.5 seconds. Indeed, it can be brought to a dead stop from *150 miles an hour* in 10 seconds! It will go from 0 to 100 to 0 in under 20 seconds. Certainly it is one of the great high-performance motorcars, and to fault it one is driven to such extremes as to suggest that in a 5000-mile flat-out go against a Ferrari, the Italian would probably have fewer minor breakages, and this is perhaps hardly fair, since the Ferrari's reliability under stress is legendary.

In the same high-level category with the Aston Martin one might place the Anglo-American Cobra, now newly to be had in a hardtop, and the Italo-American ISO-Rivolta, both offering performance to be used to the limit only by experts or madmen. Carroll Shelby's Cobra is almost too much for the street or the road, and obviously too much, even on the race circuit, for a good many thoroughbred sports cars. It's a Texas-type motorcar, as Mr. Shelby is a Texas-type *pilote*. The ISO is a Bertone-bodied device running a Chevrolet engine, beautiful and expensive. The street version is mean enough, but there are competition types, the Grifo A3I and A3C, the C being cited by the factory as worth 190 miles an hour. (A somewhat more docile hybrid is the Sunbeam Tiger, a shoehorn amalgam of the Alpine with Ford's 260-cubic-inch engine.) Whither, pray, are we going?

The center value of a very fast automobile is like the ability of a karate master: Virtue lies in the possession of power unused. When a hero-driver rips 90 days' life off the engine of his MGB to run from a stop light ahead of a Maserati, who wins? The fellow in the Maser, of course, serene in the knowledge that if he would, he could blow the MG off the road.

The MGB will indeed go—0 to 60 in 11 seconds—but it is not, compared with the rest of the stuff on the road, what it once was, a lightweight king of the highway. Now it has windup windows instead of the curious plexiglass sheets, and a radio is optional. For most of us ancients, there was only one MG—the high-wheeled, lithe, virile-looking TC, 84 miles an hour flat out downhill, underbraked, bone-shaking but somehow known to greatness. If you go back to the Middle Ages, and remember Watkins Glen 1948, and Ken Miles and Sam Collier running radiator to gas tank in TCs . . . in those gone days, the TC could be made to run and hide from most of the big Detroiters, a folly if an MGB were to attempt it now. Sometimes it is hard to convince Europeans that regular go-to-the-supermarket American sedans today run beside each other at

Daytona at 180 miles an hour, speeds that are denied to some $30,000 *grand prix* single-seaters. And these really are stock cars, nothing done to them but blueprinting; that's to say, they've been made to fit together, to a hair, brought to match their makers' specifications. The performance is in them, waiting, as they clank off the production line second by second; it needs only to be brought out.

For comfort and longevity and luxury at a price, the big American V8-engined cars are supreme in the world market, and the choice is almost too wide to contemplate. This year's Fords, under the push of the policy change that has produced the racing GT cars, are full of technical innovation, new chassis, new body-mounting system, the disk brakes that have been used for some years now in Europe and will in 1965 become the world standard, and bigger engines. The delightful Ford Mustang, one of the biggest initial-sales successes since the appearance of the original two-seater Thunderbird, is on the scene in fastback form, an extraordinary value for the money. Buick's Riviera, which can now display a 425-cubic-inch engine under its hood (Oldsmobile has a similar-size monster at its disposal) has been discreetly and tastefully face-lifted; its head lamps have been moved out into the front fenders where they belonged in the first place. The Plymouth Barracuda is another aesthetically pleasing new approach to the problem of the medium-cost gentleman's transport. The Plymouth Satellite and the Dodge Monaco run the 426-cubic-inch engine turning out around 400 horsepower, and the Chrysler 300L, one of the most successful of the world's fast big or big fast cars, has 413 cubic inches. The 300L's comfort level is to the highest Detroit standards, but the success of the vehicle as a competition car has surprised many who couldn't imagine that it would handle on upcountry rallye routes.

The Pontiac Grand Prix Sports Coupe, one of the most muscular of Americans, comes with 333 horsepower as standard and 356 on call in the 421 engine. Modern as tomorrow though it is, the GP amusingly harks back to the "classic" period, when quality cars were rich with wood, showing vestigial walnut in the form of inserts in the dashboard and the steering-wheel spokes. Next, brass head lamps?

Elegance on a smaller scale lives in the Rover 2000, the first new model of that make for some time. This is a compact-size sedan full of remarkable technical innovation clothed in a flowing, clean-lined body. Rover still uses wood lavishly—not walnut, but African cherry. So does Rolls-Royce, of course, and the nearly identical Bentley, with an extra refinement: spare cuttings of the figured walnut that goes into the cocktail cab-

inet, for example, are kept at the factory, keyed by number, so that if replacement is ever necessary, a hairline match is assured: *Your* walnut veneer will not go into someone else's car.

Spirited renderings of *Rule Britannia* accompanied the very recent news that the medium-size Van Den Plas Princess sedan, formerly the Austin Princess, would henceforth be available with a genuine Rolls-Royce engine. The engine *is* made by R-R, but it is emphatically not the one powering present Royces—it's a modification of a line of truck and heavy-duty engines Rolls-Royce builds for military service. The vehicle will sell for around $5600 in London, and British status seekers are trampling one another cruelly on the way to the showrooms.

A fast medium-size sedan is the Jaguar 3.8S, the top of that series, with the well-known E type and the Mark X rounding out the line. The 3.8S is a bit longer than the regular 3.8 and carries four-wheel independent suspension. Time was when a vehicle like the 3.8 could be sure of pretty well dominating the highway among four-passenger cars, but that was before the Mini-Minors revolutionized everything. These square little-wheeled boxes, front-engined, front-wheel-driven, handle so well and are capable of transmitting so much power to the road that they have destroyed very nearly the class structure of British motoring. A bit more than a couple of thousand dollars will buy a Mini that will do 100 miles an hour. (Some of these go-cart-size sedans have been clocked at 128 miles an hour.) The shocking accelerative power of the thing, combined with its very small size, makes it a giant killer in heavy traffic. It is *the* answer to city congestion. (But British insurance companies charge a premium to cover a hot Mini, because they know it will be driven hard and probably rashly.) I know a *boulevardier* wealthy enough to buy what he pleases, who travels for choice in a black Mini-Cooper with canework body, tiny square cut-glass side carriage lamps, chauffeur-driven. This miniature carriage is perfectly elegant, and he's halfway home before his friends in bigger limousines are well into the traffic stream.

If you value exclusivity, there are three small-production British makes well worth pondering—Alvis, Jensen and Bristol. The Alvis runs rather old-fashioned engineering under a beautiful Swiss-inspired body. The Duke of Edinburgh's personal car is an Alvis. The Jensen and the Bristol have exotic-looking bodywork over big American V8 engines for plenty of go—a sound combination.

The Italians *do* make cars other than the Ferrari and the Maserati: Fiat is one of the world's major industrial complexes. The Fiat 1500 is pleasant, if not madly exciting. The great and long-lived Alfa Romeo is still rushing along, and of the Alfa line, the six-cylinder 2600 is probably best made to U. S. tastes and requirements. The stick-shift devotees love it: *five* speeds forward. The Lancia Flaminia, not new but still showing lots of advanced engineering, is a connoisseur's item, will never be common in this country or anywhere else. The Lancia Flavia is smaller, and famous for its engineering refinement, comfort and quiet. A new Italian make is the Lamborghini, very much a high-performance car, 12 cylinders, 4 camshafts, 6 of the brutally expensive Weber racing carburetors sitting on top of it all. Not new in name is the 1800 BMW—BMW is an old-line German firm—but this smallish sedan is new in design and one eminent authority of my acquaintance swears it's the best motorcar of its capacity in the world. I have never driven one, so my opinion would be weightless. There is a new 1500-cc. front-wheel Renault on the way of which much is expected, and there is now a Facel Vega running the Austin-Healey six-cylinder engine—the Facel 6, it's called—as well as the Facel III powered by Volvo. Elegant and, in this country, rare, both of them. Elegant, not so rare as to be troublesome in maintenance, and eminently desirable is the 1800S Volvo itself—tough, fast, a car that has since it appeared been on my list of the six best two-seater coupes. It has many unique virtues. Among them: the thing looks at least twice its price.

Just in sight over the brow of the hill: the Honda. The first Japanese *grand prix* car went into competition last August, and sports and *gran turismo* types are on the way. They are certain to be very good.

Japanese, German, Italian or American, the distinctive ties that bind all of these makes together as playboy transport are style, spirit, elegance and a purpose attuned to the needs and proclivities of the urbane male.

"We're unionized now, Mr. Harris. That means I pour your drinks, Maria lights your cigarettes, Sylvia undresses you, Rhonda goes to bed with you and Myrna and Gloria just stand around and watch."

SHAVES AND HAIRCUTS

(continued from page 117)

hard." For all their hardheadedness, the Egyptians were never so thickskulled as to maintain that baldness was beautiful, however, and wigs were worn by men and women alike.

On ceremonial occasions the clean-shaven Pharaohs wore false beards, which eventually took the form of a golden triangle. Whether of gold or hair, the beard was traditionally a symbol of virility, maturity, wisdom and authority. As such, the ample beards of the Assyrians were proudly arranged in rows of curls, stiffened with perfumed gum. Curly, too, were the beards of the early Greeks, though young men usually shaved, and whiskers went out of fashion with Alexander the Great, who ordered his troops to shave their faces clean on the grounds that a soldier's beard offered too convenient a handle for the enemy to grab at close quarters.

The cropped hair and beardless chins of ancient Greek GIs set the style for Romans of all ranks, whose every day began with a slow, soapless shave at the barber's. At a time when razors were roughhewn, and dull iron scissors resembled small hedge clippers, even the best barbers were none too adept, while the majority were murderously crude. "He who desires not yet to go down to Stygian shades, let him, if he be wise, avoid barber Antiochus," Martial cautioned out of painful experience. "With gentler touch the surgeon Alcon cuts the knotted hernia and lops away broken bones with workman's hand."

Understandably, a young Roman's first shave was celebrated with a ceremony which marked his emergence into manhood. On this occasion, the hairs of the beard were offered to the gods in a religious rite which was eagerly anticipated by all members of the family. When, as Suetonius tells us, young Nero visited his aunt Domitia Lapida, who was "confined to bed with severe constipation," the old lady fondled the budding monster's downy beard, and wistfully murmured, "Whenever you celebrate your coming-of-age ceremony and present me with this, I shall die happy." Whereupon, the roguish teen-ogre "turned to his courtiers and said laughingly: 'In that case I must shave at once'—which he did. Then he ordered the doctors to give her a laxative of fatal strength, seized her property before she was quite dead," and tore up her will.

By way of late, late gossip, Suetonius also reports in his Roman scandal column that Nero's illustrious predecessor, Julius Caesar, always kept carefully trimmed and shaved, and was "accused of having certain other hairy parts of his body depilated with tweezers." More sensitive concerning his baldness than of having his short hairs yanked out by the roots, Julius "used to comb the thin strands forward from his poll," and made chintzy use of a laurel wreath to hide the bare spots.

Early Britons, according to Julius' first-hand account, had "long flowing hair," and shaved "every part of their bodies except the head and upper lip," from which dangled long, drooping mustaches that were often dyed blue, green or orange. Danish warriors, bulky and bold, were as hair-happy as the silky young chicks in a modern shampoo commercial, and groomed their shoulder-length tresses as carefully as if they were going to a prom. Short hair styles for Frankish royalty came in with Charlemagne, and reached a dazzling extreme in the well-polished pate of Charles the Bald, who could take Christian comfort in St. Paul's widely preached opinion that "if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him."

As a result of Paul's aversion to long hair, the clergy of the Roman Church have been tonsured since the Seventh Century. The shaven heads of monk and priest were so familiar a sight at the time of the Norman invasion of England that one of King Harold's spies, assigned to make a count of William's troops, mistook the close-cropped Normans for an army of priests sent to "chant Masses." This erroneous intelligence led to such a fatal misjudgment of Norman strength that William became the Conqueror.

It wasn't long, however, before the lengthy beards and draped finery of the English captured the fancy of the victorious Normans, and during the ensuing Crusades the home-grown Gothic whiskers of both were overshadowed by the fierce Moslem-type beards and mustachios of knights returning from the East. Unsightly in the eyes of the Church, the exotic imports were denounced by Bishop Serle, who described the hirsute Henry I and his hairy henchmen as "filthy goats and bristly Saracens," and made so passionate a plea for Christian haircuts, both king and courtiers weepingly consented to let the pontiff scissor off their offensive fleece during Mass in the parish church.

No less offensive to the pious was the erotic appeal of women's hair, the mere sight of which supposedly had the power to drive men into frenzies of lust. For this reason, head coverings and caps were worn indoors and out by women of all ages, and prostitutes were sentenced to have their tresses sheared off in public. When a London hustler was caught soliciting off limits, she was taken to the pillory "with minstrelsye," and had her hair cut "round about her head." To the merry music of flutes and trumpets, male procurers and keepers of "leaping houses" were given the same distinctive

"Gee, Broadway!"

trims, and lost their beards in the bargain. To avoid such conspicuous consequences, pimps and harlots often set up sexual speak-easies in barbershops and bathhouses, which became medieval versions of modern "massage" salons.

With an eye to eliminating the erotic "extras" which took the place of hot towels and spicy tonics in 14th Century barbershops, London authorities chose one Richard Le Barber to make a monthly "scrutiny throughout the whole of his trade," to discover "any among them keeping brothels." Since barbers also ran the notorious public baths, where a plenitude of hot water and the recent advent of English soap made a tubside shave the ultimate in medieval luxury, it can be assumed that Richard's monthly tour was one long walk on the wild side. As the first Master of the Barber's Company, he not only had to keep on the lookout for bawds behind every bush, but was required to supervise the surgical side of barbery, which included bloodletting, cupping, and the pulling of teeth.

To advertise these sanguinary sidelines, the barber-surgeon hung a brass bleeding basin on a blood-red pole wrapped with white bandage, and set it in front of his shop—thus planting the prototype of the present-day barber's pole. Attempts at a harder sell were discouraged by an ordinance which stated that "no barbers shall be so bold or so hardy as to put blood on their windows, openly or in view of folk, but let them have it privily carried unto the Thames." That the blood was often carried away by the bucketful, we cannot doubt, since complaints were continually being made against barbers who left their patrons "worse off at their departure than they were at their coming; and that, by reason of the inexperience of the same barbers, such persons are oftentimes maimed." Though the hazards of getting a haircut were considerably less lethal, Edward III prudently preserved his long hair and forked beard, while other hair hobbyists cultivated beavers in the shapes of spades, stilettos, corkscrews and spreading fantails—the latter beauties being stiffened with wax or gum and protected by special nightcaps during sleep.

In the first half of the 15th Century hair was frequently cropped above the ears, in the curious soup-bowl style worn by Sir Laurence Olivier in the movie version of Shakespeare's *Henry V*. Shaving became more popular, and Edward IV's household "barbour" was instructed to appear "every satterday night if it please the Kinge to cleanse his head, leggs or feete, and for his shaveing." As Saturday nights continued to roll around, the throne passed from Richard Crouchback to Henry VII, and shoulder-length curls were sported by "ye prowd galantts," who—in the words of the eternal critic Anonymous—went strutting about with "long here" in their eyes bringing England "to gret payne."

England didn't begin to know what "payne" was until the 16th Century, however, when hair went wild in a bizarre assortment of mustachios and beards. The age began mildly enough, when clean-shaven Henry VIII sealed an agreement with Francis I of France by vowing to let his beard grow as long as the pact was in effect. When it became expedient to scuttle the agreement, Henry followed Nero's lead, and had his beard shaved on the spot. To explain the breach of faith, Sir Thomas Boleyn was sent to tell the king of France that Henry's Queen Catherine objected to a "bushy chin." Oddly enough, it was Francis who was responsible for the later vogue of close-cropped hair, worn with pancake hats. By way of a little winter sport, the French monarch let his hair down to indulge in a snowball fight, when somebody tossed a firebrand at his head, "which grievously wounded him, and obliged the hair to be cut off." To help the clobbered king forget his smoldering loss, courtiers adopted the same clip with a verve that made it smart to be shorn, and the mode became universal.

In keeping with the French fashion, Henry VIII had his hair trimmed short in 1535, and balanced the loss on top by growing his famous Tudor beard. Courtiers complimented the rotund ruler by wearing similar adornments, and Englishmen's faces began to bristle with whiskers so long and extravagant that the city fathers of London passed "An Acute Agaynst Bearded Men." Despite all legal restrictions, beards flourished and long hair came in again —possibly as the result of a new rash of complaints that barbers were employing diseased persons in their shops, where they "doo use and exercise barbery." More alarming was the charge that such "common artificers as Smythes, wevers, and women" were undertaking to perform "grete cures and thyngys of grete difficultie" under the sign of the barber's basin, and Henry issued a ruling that no barber henceforth be allowed to practice "letting of bludde, or any other thing belonging to surgery," except "drawing of teth."

With nothing to lose but a few molars, Elizabethan rakes and dandies repaired to the barbershops to smoke, sing and scribble sonnets. Lutes, viols and quill

"Whoops . . . !"

pens served to while away the long wait, as the barber and his assistants painstakingly styled and stiffened beards in a variety of wondrous shapes. As the disapproving Puritan, Philip Stubbes, described it: "When you come to be trimmed, they will aske you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enimie, or amiable to your freend, grim and sterne in countenance, or pleasant and demure"—the customers giving exact orders as to "how their mowchatowes must be preserved and laid out from one cheek to another, yea, almost from one eare to another, and turned up like two hornes toward the forehead."

Besides being curled, stiffened and clamped in a protective box at night, beards were often dyed. If an Elizabethan belle were moved to wonder "Doth he or doth he not tint his mowchatowes?" the chances were that he did —choosing the desired color from a spectrum so diverse that Shakespeare's Bottom names but a few in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* mention of "your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow." Of all possible hues, young bloods favored yellow and orange. Beards of these colors were worn as a tribute to the queen, whose own natural hair was reputed to be reddish-blonde—though few could say they had ever seen it, since Elizabeth always wore a wig.

During the reign of the first James, the mentionable hair of both sexes remained in the care of barbers and hairdressers, though more and more men ventured to shave their own necks and cheeks with straight "cutthroat" razors. Mustaches and beards were gradually tapered into points, as though in preparation for dapper Charles I, who had his portrait painted wearing a trim triangular beard, to which posterity gave the name of the artist—Vandyke. The hair of Charles' courtly Cavaliers was long and sleek, and "spruse coxcombes" wore bow-tied "love-locks" and "heart-breakers" of hair that grew down to their chests. Against such unholy hairiness the Puritans aimed a barrage of testy treatises on the *Unloveliness of Love-locks* and *The Loathsomeness of Long Hair*. To which the Cavaliers replied by dubbing their clipped critics "Roundheads."

Actually, however, Puritans had to struggle with their conscience every time they visited a barber. Too great a growth on head or chin marked a man as ungodly, but shaving clean and clipping too close gave the pious Protestants the appearance of Catholic priests. To solve this hairsplitting dilemma, some settled for the merest dab of beard beneath the lower lip, while others shaved clean and wore their locks fairly long. The latter dodge was chosen by Cromwell, who made his first appearance in Parliament

with long hair, smooth chin, and two specks of blood on his white collar from having nicked his neck while shaving.

With the restoration of the Stuarts, all beards disappeared, mustaches faded from sight, and Wigsville became the fashion capital of Western Europe. While many English-speaking scholars credit Charles II as the bigwig most responsible for the triumph of the *outré* toupee, the merry monarch's fondness for fancy funny tops was something he picked up in France, during exile at the court of Louis XIV. Louis, it seems, had such beautiful golden curls as a boy, that courtiers took to wearing blond wigs in flattering imitation of the princely hairs and graces. Faced with baldness in his old age, Louis himself then wore enormous wigs, which were powdered white in keeping with his advanced years.

When Charles II and his elegant retinue arrived from France wearing similar way-out wigs, the English were only too eager to indulge their pent-up passion for anti-Puritan fun and fads, and immediately set about to adopt the French *perruque*—roughly rendering the word as "peruke," "perwyke" and "periwig." Regardless of name, the prestige power of the powdered wig was soon recognized by English judges and lawyers, who still cling to the custom of wearing white wigs in court, and status-conscious Samuel Pepys scrupulously recorded the emotions and expense involved in maintaining a well-dressed head. "Comes Chapman the Perriwig maker," he wrote, in 1663, "and he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart to part with it; but it being over and my perriwig on I paid him £3 for it and awaye went he with my owne hair to make another of."

At one point, Pepys predicted an early break in the wig market following the plague: "for nobody will dare to buy hair for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague." The English were more courageous than Pepys supposed, however, and wigs continued to grow in size until, at the beginning of the 18th Century, they covered the shoulders like a shawl, and hung below the waist in back.

It was in this hair-hipped era that Alexander Pope penned his "heroi-comical" poem, *The Rape of the Lock*—a social satire which became a schoolroom classic, despite the fact that it quite accurately details the psychosexual compulsions of the pre-Freudian hair fetishist. In synopsis, the object of the offbeat lust is the hair apparent of the beautiful young Belinda, who, "to the destruction of mankind":

Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls .

So bewitching are these ringlets that they stimulate strange stirrings in the lopsided libido of an "advent'rous Baron," who finally achieves his erotic aim by snipping the girl's two curls with a scissors. Shorn of the hair she prizes most, the outraged Belinda upbraids the baron, and implies that he might have found her a willing-enough victim to his odd amours, if he had "been content to seize"

"Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

By such tearful words of reproach, the half-tressed maiden betrays a fetching innocence of the hair fetishist's quirks. In all likelihood the adventurous baron would not have been the least bit interested in seizing Belinda's hidden hairs. As the English sex encyclopedist, Dr. Norman Haire, has pointed out, "In most cases these hair-cutters are not capable of normal sexual intercourse, and their passion for hair [of the head] is so exclusive that it leaves little place for any other sexual activity."

"The fetish may be either flowing hair or braided hair, but is usually one or the other, and not both," Havelock Ellis explains. "Sexual excitement and ejaculation may be produced in the act of touching or cutting off the hair, which is subsequently used for masturbation." If clinical records of the 18th Century are notably silent on the practice, it is largely because it was considered a rather harmless hobby in comparison to the period's other sexual eccentricities. The great age of fetishism was the 19th Century, when sexual repression and an abundance of long hair led to a wide-scale wave of tress lifting in Europe.

As might be expected, the female of our species is more interested in her own hair than she is in that of the men around her. "Women, though not indifferent to fine hair, have not supplied the medical annals with typical hair fetishism," Dr. Haire writes. "On the contrary, sexologists have noted in the female sex a tendency to make a fetish of bald heads."

Cheering as the thought may be to gents with thinning hair, the doctor makes no attempt to explain why the lady skin specialists find nude noggins so appealing. While the theory has been advanced that bald-headed men are apt to be sexually more vigorous by virtue of possessing an abundance of male hormones, the degeneration of hair follicles preceding baldness has long been established as hereditary—the result of one's inherited genes, having no relation to one's amatory prowess.

Intriguing in its own quaint way is the 18th Century theory of baldness which the bewigged Dr. Samuel Johnson quotes in his famous dictionary, "that the cause of baldness in men is dryness of the brain, and its shrinking from the skull." Harebrained as the idea may sound, it must be acknowledged that if anything could have caused the cerebrum to dry up and

shrink, it was the heat generated by period wigs. Even in winter an undercap was necessary to absorb the perspiration of the head, while the removal of the wig in a cold, damp room would often cause visible steam to rise from the scalp.

What with the heat and humidity, male wigs began to diminish in size during the first half of the 18th Century, but the number of styles increased. Basically it was the same pig-tailed peruke worn by Colonial Americans, with various arrangements of bows and curls. To the modern eye, the differences are sometimes difficult to detect, but the sedan-chair-and-snuffbox set found it as easy to distinguish one from another as we do foreign cars. To name but a few popular models, there were the Pigeon's Wing, the She-Dragon, the Cauliflower, the Rhinoceros, the Rose, the Ramillie, the Negligent, the Bag, the Wild Boar's Back and the Natty Scratch—any and all of which required a couple of pounds of flour a week to keep properly powdered.

Well-appointed town houses and bachelor digs usually included a special closet where wigs were powdered—the original of today's "powder room." The functions presently associated with such quarters were commonly performed in the bedroom, where gentlemen shaved over the basin of a mirrored washstand or shaving table. The long-legged "shaving stand," dear to the hearts of antique collectors, is actually a zograscope, and had nothing to do with shaving in any period. Though it has a magnifying mirror, it lacks a basin, and was used to examine prints and engravings.

Throughout Europe, the clean-shaven face had become a symbol of civilization and progress. Intent upon modernizing Russia, Peter the Great imposed a stiff tax on Slavic beards, and roamed the palace, scissors in hand, clipping noblemen's whiskers in a one-man effort to overtake the West in the face race. In England, daily "shaving of Face and Head" was recommended, and by 1759 the exaggerated claims of soap advertisers competing for the shaver's shillings were drawing critical fire from Dr. Johnson, who particularly objected to the copy used to promote "The True Royal Chymical Washball"—an all-purpose soap guaranteed to "give an exquisite edge to the razor, and so comfort the brain and nerves as to prevent catching cold."

Prior to the Revolutionary War, the clean-shaven American gentry wore wigs made to order in London, though natural hair was favored by farmers, artisans, merchants and sailors, and Harvard College anticipated the Ivy League cut with an early ruling against "long haire, locks, foretops, curlings,

crispings, partings or powdering of ye haire." American patriots were not inclined to make a political issue of the English powdered peruke, however, since many American Royalists wore natural hair, and many rebellious Whigs wore gentlemanly wigs—the name "Whig" having no hairy connotations at all, being derived from "Whiggamores," a Scotch word for wagon drivers, who once "marched on Edinburgh to oppose the king."

It was Rousseau, and the class-conscious French Revolutionists, who first flipped the wigs of the aristocrats. "The poor must go without bread because we must have powder for our hair," the philosopher wrote in protest against the loss of tons of flour used in whitening French perukes—and with the outbreak of mob violence, both wigs and heads were lopped off by the guillotine. Tyranny was fought with tousled hair, and bravos of the barricades had their heads roughly cropped in the rebellious "Brutus" style. Liberal sympathizers in Europe and America discarded wigs and wore their hair clipped and mussed as a matter of democratic principle. As an aftermath of crop failures and bread riots, Prime Minister William Pitt then delivered the *coup de grâce* to the English periwig by instituting a guinea tax on hair powder, which earned conspicuous consumers the scornful name of "guinea pigs."

With the passing of the wig, grease spots began to appear on the upholstered backs of English chairs—spots resulting from the lavish use of hair lotions, such as Rowland's Macassar Oil. To combat the greasy menace, upholstery was pinned with protective lace doilies, which came to be known as "antimacassars." No mere doily, however, could withstand the deeply penetrating power of Rowland's biggest competitor —bear grease—the commercial handling of which is tellingly revealed in a period advertisement:

> H. LITTLE, Perfumer, No. 1 Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, acquaints the Public that he has killed a remarkable fine RUSSIAN BEAR, the fat of which is matured by time to a proper state. He begs leave to solicit their attention to this Animal, which, for its fatness and size, is a real curiosity. He is now selling the fat, cut from the Animal, in boxes at 2s. 6d. and 5s. each, or rendered down into pots, from One Shilling . . .

In the as-yet-untamed United States, dead bears were less of a novelty, and young Yankees used the grizzly grease to dress their hair in the free-flowing style made popular by the dashing Lord Byron. Long sideburns began to develop into "mutton chop" cheek whiskers that gradually crept down under the chin to form a fringe beard, and young bucks on both sides of the Atlantic cultivated the long-lost mustache with the enthusiasm of rare-orchid fanciers. "The mustaches are glorious, glorious," young Charles Dickens wrote to a fellow devotee in 1844. "I have cut them shorter and trimmed them a little at the ends to improve their shape. They are charming, charming. Without them life would be a blank."

Happily for the creator of Fezziwig and Chuzzlewit, life during the reign of the bunned and braided Victoria was one merry round of mustaches and beards. All the square-cut, round-cut, pointed, forked and fantailed prodigies of the past were revived, and long, drooping "Dundrearies" and "Piccadilly Weepers" swept the starched shirt fronts and obscured the somber cravats. By 1860, the appeal of the beard was such that a committee of New York Republicans urged their clean-shaven Presidential candidate, A. Lincoln, to "cultivate whiskers and wear standing collars" as a sure-fire means of capturing the popular vote. Lincoln wisely accepted the advice, and a bearded "Father Abraham" became the central figure in the War Between the States.

Granted the number of beardless youths who fought in blue and gray, the Civil War must go on record as the hairiest in American history, the combined foliage of any ten generals being sufficient to stuff a horsehair sofa. In the post-War years, veterans wearing tumbleweed whiskers and tobacco-stained mustaches continued to settle the wild and woolly West, where Indian scalpers had their own notions of how a white man should be trimmed.

Meanwhile, back at the barbershop, city slickers and Main Street dudes were abandoning "old fogy" beards for heavy waxed mustaches that curled up at the ends, like the steering gear on one of the newfangled bicycles. "That mustache looks like a handle bar," some wisecracker exclaimed, and the joke was carried to barbershops all over the country by back-slapping traveling men, who parted their hair in the middle, and brushed both sides at once with a pair of military brushes. Often the only roots a traveling salesman had was a shaving mug with his name on it, standing in the mug rack of some barbershop. The local customer kept his mug there, too —its presence in a niche entitling him to all the social privileges of the place, like singing tenor in an impromptu quartet, ogling the big-hipped beauties in *The Police Gazette*, or gazing out the window in the hopes of catching a glimpse of ankle at the corner horsecar stop.

In the Eighties and Nineties, the clublike atmosphere was elevated to gaslit splendor in the big-city "tonsorial parlor," a luxurious masculine refuge replete with white marble, black-leather upholstery, mahogany cabinetwork and mirrored walls. In the sparkle of its brass spittoons, cut-glass decanters and tall bottles of red, green and yellow tonic, the large metropolitan barbershop rivaled the glittering decor of a plush saloon or carriage-trade sporting house. If in a social mood, a man was assured of conversation that ranged from politics, stocks and bonds to prize fights, race horses and women. To the soothing slipslap rhythm of the leather razor-strop, the thoughtful could retreat behind a newspaper selected from a convenient rack where each daily was hung in a split-bamboo clip. Amidst a comforting medley of floral scents, the gleaming hot-towel machine puffed steamy promises of relaxation to the weary, who found in the barber's reclining chair all the restful benefits of modern "heart-saver" seating. Here was no quick clip-and-tip. The leisurely therapy of shampoo, shave, hot towel and scalp massage sent a man forth into the world with his psyche refreshed and his face aglow with the tingle of bay rum.

As America twenty-three-skiddooed into the 20th Century, grandpa was still combing his whiskers, and father was still drinking his morning coffee from a mustache cup—a convenient piece of china with a built-in shield across the top to keep his handle bars out of the hot Java. His up-to-the-minute collegiate son laughingly called the "old man's" mustache a "soup strainer" or "cookie duster," while father scowled at the thin line of growth on the young whippersnapper's lip and muttered something about a "misplaced eyebrow."

The outbreak of the War in Europe, in 1914, found a bearded King in England, a mustached Premier in France, a clean-shaven Chief Executive in the White House, and a German Kaiser with—as the Elizabethan Puritan Stubbs once put it—mustaches "turned up like two hornes toward the forehead" to make himself "look terrible" to his enemies. When American forces entered the conflict under mustached General Pershing, Army barbers worked overtime mass-producing close-cropped "cootie haircuts" with mechanical hand clippers, and King C. Gillette's ingenious safety razors were issued to recruits. Originally marketed in 1903 at five dollars, the handy little shavers were now priced at a dime—though country boys using the gadget for the first time declared it couldn't shave worth a cent. Hundreds were thrown away before it was discovered that the strawfeet were putting the blades in their razors without removing the wax-paper wrapping.

In the peace that followed, barbers

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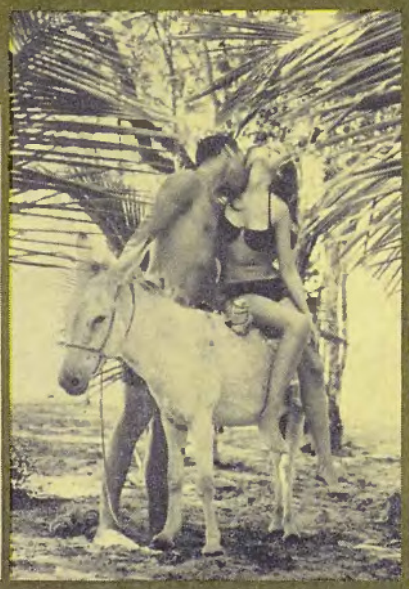

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began to rely heavily on electric clippers. With the aid of these buzzing marvels, neck hair was trimmed so high and close, customers felt cheated unless the rearview mirror reflected a clean display of talcumed skull bone behind each ear. "See you got a haircut," one sport would remark to another. "No, I didn't," the post-War wag would reply. "Had my ears lowered, instead!" Even more uproarious was the laughter which greeted the suggestion that a man in need of a haircut should "buy a violin." Long hair was strictly for artists and musicians, while beards were for Bolsheviks, bohemians and bums.

Allowing for variations in tonsorial artistry, haircuts of the Twenties were remarkably standardized. Sheiks and sugar daddies were clipped and trimmed in pretty much the same "regular" style as bookkeepers and bootleggers, and the vast majority of American males shaved at home. Balancing the barbers' loss was the fact that more and more women were visiting their shops to have their hair shingled and bobbed. Once considered the hallmark of a mannish radical, the short shingle was now being worn by daring young flappers and gin-slinging jazz babies, who flattened their bosoms and donned straight-cut sacks in the mistaken belief that sexual emancipation demanded they look and act like young boys.

During the Depression-ridden Thirties, most men got a haircut only when they needed it, and shook their heads firmly to the barber's hopeful litany of extras: "Shave? Shampoo? A little tonic?" In 1932, the price of a haircut was seldom more than 35 cents and a nickel tip was considered sufficient. If a customer didn't mind killing an hour reading back issues of *Ballyhoo*, he could "wait for the boss," and eliminate the need for a tip. The boss was presumed to be so rich he didn't need the nickel.

Determined to keep up a presentable appearance, the more heroic among the unemployed subjected themselves to the uncertain skills of barber-college students, who charged a dime for a haircut and five cents for a shaky shave. At home, penny-wise shavers whisked away the bristles with single- and double-edged safety razors, and experimented with patented blade sharpeners whose thrifty appeal paralleled that of the roll-your-own cigarette machine. While professional barbers continued to suffer from the slump, the market for home-shaving products boomed, and advertisers poured millions into the promotion of brushless shaving creams. On radio Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, crooned the new no-brush theme in a lusty baritone. On the highways motorists developed a quoting acquaintance with groups of signboards strung along the side of the road, each displaying one line of a brushless-cream jingle: TO GET AWAY . . . FROM HAIRY APES . . . LADIES JUMP . . . FROM FIRE ESCAPES . . . BURMA-SHAVE.

Pulling uphill into the Forties, the American economy recovered to the point where merchandisers began to find a market for prestige-type razors, such as a premium-priced English job with a permanent sword-steel blade, and a lifetime honing strop built into the case. (In 1941, the first Schick Injector razor made a bid for attention with the "push-pull-click-click" of its automatic blade changer.) By 1942, the price of a haircut had climbed to 50 cents, and tips were up to a dime, but millions of able-bodied Americans were getting GI haircuts at Government expense. Whether given in a barber's chair at a Stateside base, or while seated on an oilcan on Okinawa, the standard service clip was short and speedy. But despite the jokes and griping about the GI cut, many discharged veterans continued to wear it in the post-War years, when it became known as the Crewcut—a cognomen that suggested college athletics under the GI Bill of Rights. In its original form, the Crewcut featured closely clipped sides and an inch of hair on top. If the hair were longer, it was a Feather Crew. Cut straight across the head in a short, stiff brush, it was a Flattop. Rounded to the shape of the skull, it was a Butch. At the opposite extreme were the long hair styles of some younger-generation males, whose carefully combed locks swirled to a crest in back, like a duck's tail feathers—hence, the D.A., or Duck's Ass.

With industry retooling for peacetime production, the Army's aerosol bug bomb was adapted to civilian use, and brushless creams were canned under pressure to eject a spurt of aerated foam at the touch of a finger. But in the late Forties and Fifties many men were switching from safety razors to electric shavers amidst a crossfire of advertising claims. One shaver boasted "the largest shaving head of all," designed to get at the "hidden beard"! Another prided itself on the thinness and flexibility of its shaving surface, and rather churlishly retorted, "Other shavers have thick rigid heads!" Alert to his consumer responsibilities, the average American male compared the differences among each year's improved models, trading in the old and trial-testing the new with the same kind of tire-kicking concentration he brought to the purchase of a new car. This affinity between electric shavers and sedans was finally made manifest by the appearance of a shaver that plugged into a car's cigarette lighter for the convenience of travelers, salesmen and commuters. With the 1959 debut of another shaver that operated on three forward speeds, like a car's automatic gearshift, it seemed that the roadside mating of razor plug and dashboard socket had resulted in the birth of progeny with two efficient little heads.

Sensing an undertone of status yearning in the electric-shaver phenomenon, one safety-razor firm successfully launched a gold-plated model in 1953, but the safety razor's strongest appeal was, and is, its low cost and upkeep—a factor not overlooked in the 1963 promotion of the new and highly successful 20-shave stainless-steel blades. In preparation for the continued coexistence of two shaving methods, purveyors of lotions and talcs shrewdly angle their lines to lure both the electric- and safety-razor customer, and, since 1961, have been recommending "preshave" lotions to "prop up" the beard for a wet electric shave.

During the battle of blades and beard mowers, the Crewcut evolved into the conservative Ivy League, and was perfectly in keeping with the trend to natural shoulders and narrow lapels. Introduced into the image-conscious precincts of advertising and television, the unassuming tonsure was modestly parted and brushed flat to give even the gray-haired an appearance of boyish sincerity. Now called the Madison Avenue, it can be seen bobbing affably in the charcoal-gray crowd, as the curates of communications and the high priests of persuasion hasten to their noonday devotions. Mingled in the midtown throng, one also sees, of late, the Caesar—a modified Madison Avenue brushed forward to conceal a bald spot in the manner of the Roman Julius.

For some years now, it has seemed that the younger man's preference was for a short haircut, while many mature types were going halfway with a semi-Crew, known as the Dutch, Detroit or California. Recently, however, the nation's better barbershops report a return to longer hair in the Continental or British style, typified by Rex Harrison and Sir Harold Macmillan: there was, until his death, an increasing number of requests for haircuts "like President Kennedy's."

Since no one had ever been known to ask for a trim like Dwight D. Eisenhower's or Harry S. Truman's, interest in the Kennedy cut could hardly be attributed to politics. It was, in fact, a result of President Kennedy's personal sense of style—a quality highly respected by his New York barber, Mr. Louis Bocchetto, who made news headlines by being invited to the President's Inaugural Ball. Besieged by customers' requests to duplicate the Kennedy haircut, Mr. Bocchetto loyally refused. "Not all men look like Mr. Kennedy, or have hair like Mr. Kennedy's," he was quoted as saying, "and on the majority of men it would look foolish."

"Let's face it, Ethelrode—we're just not crusaders!"

"Say—Little Orphan Annie must be even older than I thought!"

In so commenting, Mr. Bocchetto revealed himself as a true "hair stylist," dedicated to creating custom haircuts that suit the individual. Though his rates are moderate by Manhattan standards, this sort of personalized service is beginning to command prices that promise to rival fees charged for a psychoanalytic hour. At present, customers at one hoity-toity tonsorial parlor are being clipped four bucks for a styling and two-fifty for a cut. The basic "works," which includes a shampoo, shave, manicure and brief bask under the sun lamp, totals $12, sans tip—a price which gives new significance to the traditional bleeding basin atop the blood-red pole.

The mere ability to pay does not make one eligible for a haircut at one of New York's top-status shops, however. Here, service is available only to a select group of privileged regulars. The presence of one's name in the appointment book is considered tantamount to membership in the French Academy of Immortals, and the well-heeled pledgee is required to take his place on a waiting list pending the eventual death of ten elder clients. To survive the long wait with a modicum of prestige, applicants often resort to the office haircut, given at one's desk—a tycoon-type ritual initiated by the emperor Augustus, who would call in two or three barbers to give him a shave and trim while he dictated memoranda in Latin.

To justify higher prices, barbers attending the 1960 National Barber Show were told the haircut "must be perfect. . . . We don't want to have to look down when we tell the customer four-fifty." In order to maintain a cool, steady gaze at the moment of truth, some barbers have been reducing their patrons to a state of humble reverence by giving haircuts with a straight-edge razor—a technique more ancient than Rome, with a primitive kinship to Maori obsidian-knife ceremonies. While the customer need not eat a sacrificial victim, or perform incantations against thunder and lightning, he must yet be on his guard against the modern barber's mumbo jumbo of bewitching extras. "Don't forget eyebrow coloring," one razor-wielding stylist told his fellow clip artists at the show. "That's the fastest buck you ever made. A man's eyebrows get bleached by the sun; it makes his face look weak. I get one-fifty for that, two-fifty for a mustache job."

At the moment, there seems to be no immediate danger of a return to "orange-tawny" mowchatowes or "purple-in-grain" beards, but the recent resurgence of the beard has caused many urban barbers to brush up on the Elizabethan art of pogonotomy, or beard trimming. In the London of the present-day Elizabeth, one posh practitioner is specializing in a Byronesque male permanent called the Tiara-Boom D.A., while another emulates the Egyptians with custom-designed false beards for evening wear. Add to this the Caesar, the Augustan office haircut, and the increasing demand for toupees, and it would appear that the future of shaves and haircuts is rooted firmly in the past.

As this brief history is being trimmed and manicured for the press, American teen types mimic the mop-top mode of the Beatles with overgrown soup-bowl styles that are the kookie counterparts of those worn by Henrys I through IV. As a harbinger of cutless cuts to come, *The New York Times* appears with a neatly clipped headline: "BRITISH 'HIS AND HER' HAIRDOS BLUR 'HIM-HER' LINE." "Teenage couples in London have a new way of pledging their affections—by wearing their hair alike," Gloria Emerson cables in a special *Times* report. "The most commonly seen hairdo, acidly described as 'British togetherness,' is marked by a thick Beatle fringe over the forehead, long sideburns that could be spit curls, and a shaggy shingle effect in the back. More startling are the shoulder-length lionlike hairdos worn by other young men and their girlfriends . . ." With both Mods and Rockers affecting he-lion-she-lion manes, sexual confusion is such that young men are frequently mistaken for girls, Miss Emerson reports, while older Britons "smile wanly and blame the influence of popular singers, such as the Beatles (the best groomed), the Rolling Stones, the Pretty Things, the Animals, the Kinks, the Dave Clark Five and the Daisies." Of all such nonbarbershop singers, the Pretty Things have elicited the most hostility among parents and teachers. Male Pretty Things fans who show up for class "wearing long hair in the quasi-Stuart fashion," are often threatened with suspension and "forced to tie their hair back with ribbons"—a practice which has led some observers to predict a return of 17th Century "love locks" and/or the beribboned 18th Century male pigtail.

With wigs in big for the fair sex, the possibility of a 20th Century revival of a powdered Natty Scratch for American men may not be as remote as we would like to believe, and the alert citizen can hardly be blamed for looking up with a nervous start when the smiling gent in the starched white coat calls out a cheery ". . . Next?"

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PIRATES OF PADRE ISLAND

(continued from page 92)

"What do you think, Mike?" he asked. I could think of nothing to think.

"So what? Who cares?" Charley was standing, holding onto the mast with one hand and waving off to port with the other. "Let's go over there! That looks wild."

Over there was Nueces (Spanish for nuts) Bay, a shallow, brackish stretch of muddy water, some 10 by 20 miles of tide and river where no one would go unless he was forced to sail before the wind.

Great causes have bent before lesser necessities. By noon we were approaching the causeway that separated Nueces and Corpus Christi bays. Ahead was the single gap of a small, Van Gogh–style drawbridge. Braying our best imitation of a liner's hoarse whistle we indicated to the gatekeeper that a seagoing vessel was approaching. A saturnine old wreck of a beer-bottle-faced lounger grunted and suggested a thing or two we could do with the mast, if we really wanted to get under the bridge.

We replied with a certain lack of respect and were unstepping the mast when a gust of wind caught the sail and knocked me and mast into the water. I came up sputtering, swimming easily, but Paul jumped in, too, to lend a hand and because the water looked cool.

We were porpoising back to the boat when a touristy-looking man in a red and white shirt leaned over the railing and yelled, "Hey, let's see you dive for this!" He tossed a quarter.

An odd thing happened. The coin plipped into the water a couple of inches from Paul's nose. He dove under. He was down so long that I began to get panicky and was about to dive for him when he shot straight out of the water with his right fist clenched above his head. The arm was cocked. He threw and the coin went shining past the gaping man.

"*You* dive for it!" shouted Paul. He swam to the boat, clambered in and gave me a hand and soon we were scudding away from the bridge. I looked back at the little figures along the railing and asked, "Why did you do that? He didn't mean any harm."

Paul's face, dark and shining as an eggplant, had a curious expression. (Did I mention that he was Negro and could speak a rapid, Haitian French which fascinated Charley and me?) When he spoke his voice was slow and very clear: "I don't want *anything* that gets thrown at me."

Charley—he was sprawled across the forward thwart—called back, "Don't look so mean at Mike. He's not going to throw you any money!"

It broke us up, we yapped like coyotes and were left feeling jubilant about everything. Now we were sailing smooth and easy before the wind. It was chocolate-batter water and the boat cleaved it with the creamy elegance of a mixing spoon through all the long descending afternoon. The shadow of the sail led flapping over the waves dark as a manta ray while we lolled and ate a lunch of chicken-feed candy and avocado and considered the possibilities of life on the mainland. We figured it would be like Padre Island only with trees and wild animals, and maybe the Indians had buried some treasure, too.

A point of land had for hours been growing ahead, stretching a long cupping forearm to catch the boat, and by dusk it was clear that we had a choice of landfall there or of continuing on to explore the headwaters of the Nueces River which emptied into the bay. Rivers without crocodiles seemed dull, so we headed in for a soggy landing among marsh weeds on the point.

In the last light we explored and found dusty cornstalks growing in raggedy patches over the hill, but the farm had been long abandoned. Out of its wrecked barn an owl came flapping like an emptying wastepaper basket. But there was a rusty iron pump in the weedy yard which gave us rusty water for cooking dinner, a mixture of tapioca and potatoes boiled together in our only pan.

Afterward we rolled Bull Durham cigarettes and leaned back against a mesquite tree and smoked awhile. It was our last moment of ease. The night was an impossible jumble of turnings and groans, of sticks poking ribs, of alarms over imaginary things (Gila monsters, tarantulas?) creeping over us and of a hot, wet wind that brought us up at dawn coughing, nervous and hollow-eyed.

At the campfire site we put coffee into the pan (first wiping out potato and tapioca scum with a finger), poured in rusty water and struggled to light a fire under it. No go. The mesquite wood wouldn't burn and the weeds for kindling were too damp. Finally, after an hour, a wicked flickering untrustworthy little rat of a fire began to lick and retreat around the bottom of the pan and the water started to steam a little. We piled on sticks and hunkered around it, a brown foam began to buzz furiously in the pan, boiled over, Paul yelled and grabbed the side of the pan, shrieked, the whole thing spilled and the fire was out.

Glumly we settled for raw potato and the last of the chicken-feed candy. The whole day went like breakfast. As the sun warmed extravagantly, billions of mosquitoes zizzed from nowhere and bit us half crazy. In midmorning they were driven away by a short, vicious rainstorm which left us drenched, our matches soaked and coffee ruined. The storm went rattling off, leaving the air with a hot and puffy feeling. It was like breathing marshmallow. The sun burned down big and brassy and mean. By noon we were ravenous.

I spotted a wild dove and went howl-

"Gee!"

ing after it, throwing rocks, tripped and sprained my ankle. Paul had been beating the bushes over the hill seeking wild berries and managed to find a patch of poison oak, though he didn't know this till later. But Charley did best. Intent on a mission he never revealed, he managed to wedge himself between the twin trunks of a scrub oak tree. Paul and I, busy with our own problems, didn't notice the tree with waggling arms and legs until it began to howl, "Get me out!"

That took some abrasive doing. A leaky orange balloon of a sun was skidding down the sky before we fell on our backs in the dusty weeds and wondered if any of us would ever get out. Bruised and hungry (starving!), reduced to tapioca—our beans had mysteriously disappeared, the last potatoes had been hurled at an astonished mallard paddling in the bay—we rolled over and stared down at the nasty, hard, white little pellets in the pan. *They* would never power us for the long trek back to the causeway.

We looked down the slope to the boat, locked in the muddy water as though cased in concrete. *That* would never sail us back down the bay against the wind or even across it. Over there the last long poles of light were poking into trees which from here seemed tiny dark green bolls of cotton. Behind those trees were railroad tracks, a highway, houses, people and hot dog stands.

We thought about walking across and then thought about getting pooped in the middle in all that mud and standing out there, stuck like storks, until we fell over and drowned.

"Doomed." The word popped into my mind and popped out. It hung there a long time, right above our heads.

That night Paul found a dry match and managed to start a little fire to boil the last of the tapioca and drive most of the worms out of the stunted, rock-kerneled corn we found up at the abandoned farm. We munched carefully around the more obvious holes, smoked some of the Bull Durham for dessert and fell asleep to dream of being home in bed dreaming of running away.

A copper pot was fitted to our heads and a blowtorch roared against the top. The pot grew hot, began to glow, to melt, and drops of copper ran down our faces. We awoke sweating to a real hot-pot day—and the answer to getting out of there.

Down at the boat we rigged the sail for shade, untied the line from the rock anchor (an anchor being the last thing we were going to need), splashed to our stations port, starboard and aft, yelled "Heave ho!" while getting the bow turned and started pushing El Tigre out into this pool of hot chocolate stretching across Texas.

Within five minutes everybody knew we had made a horrible mistake, but

when each looked to see what the others were thinking he figured the others were checking him for signs of chickening out, so no one said anything. The bottom was like warm mush and at each step we sank to our knees in goo. At least Paul and I did. Charley was only a row of fingers along the stern.

Grunting, splashing, slipping and groaning, we pushed. After what seemed hours we stopped to rest. We looked back. We could see plainly the campfire ashes with the empty coffee can gleaming in the sun and what looked like a tarantula crawling around the rim. We howled. We turned around and began pushing.

We wondered if it could possibly be as hot as it felt. The sun seemed to have gone crazy. At any moment we expected the water to start boiling.

We pushed.

After years the shadow of the mast grew short and we stopped for lunch. This time we flopped into the boat and didn't bother to look back. For a long time we lay there wheezing, each wondering what he was doing among such morons.

"Hey!" Charley called, peering back to shore. "We're really a long way out now."

It was true. The point of land had receded into the general shore line, the smudge of our campfire site was lost in the greenish brown of the hillside. We settled back for lunch. All we had was tapioca paste which we smeared over the last ear of roasted corn and passed around. It was like eating teeth with toothpaste. Afterward we lay in the shade of the sail dreading the moment when some jerk would say, "Guess we better start pushing." We were so busy keeping our mouths shut that we could hardly stand it. Finally, with a spontaneous shriek, we sprang up and jumped into the water, locked our hands on the gunnels, leaned our heads on our arms and *pushed*.

That afternoon stretched on like the rest of our lives. We leaned against that hull of wood heavy as iron and splashed and floundered and heaved without thought or hope. Everything blurred. It began to seem that we were not moving at all, that the boat's keel ran down to the core of the earth, that we were only slogging like squirrels on a muddy treadmill and if we ever made the boat move, it would split the world. But we pushed on.

The bay lay around us flat, heavy and glaring as a mirror floating on oil and we were three bugs crawling across its surface, except that the bugs weren't going anywhere.

Paul discovered this. The potholes he kept slipping into began to seem awfully familiar, so he waded off to one side and watched critically while Charley and I slogged onward.

"Hold it!" he cried. "This old whore is stuck."

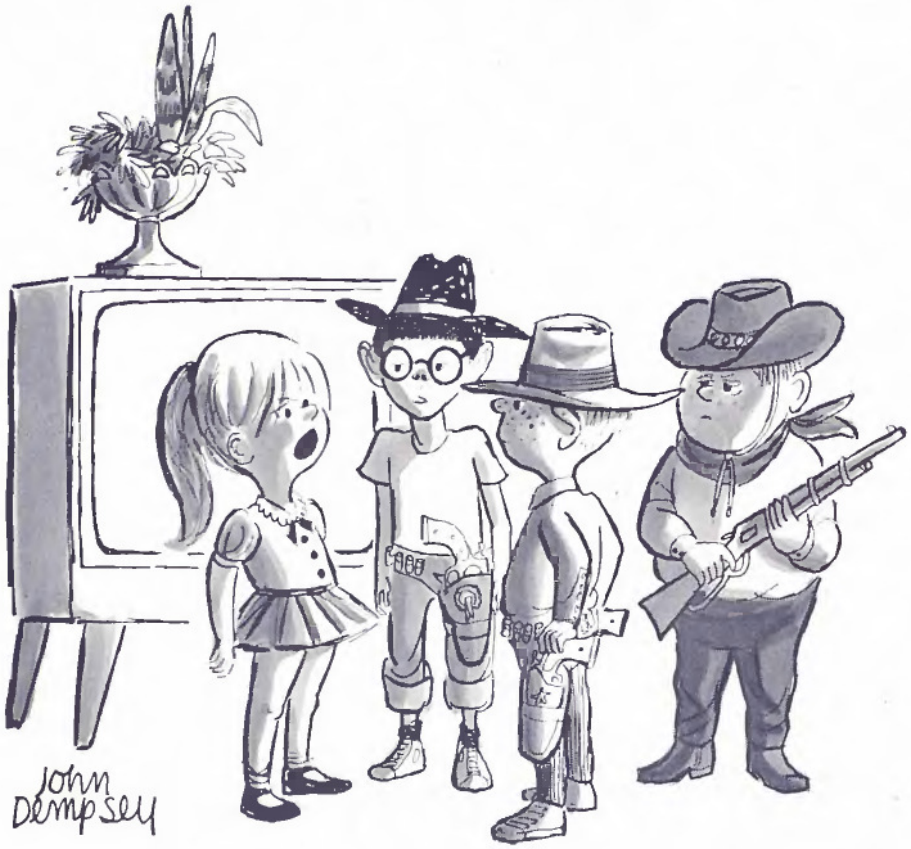
Numbly we looked around and released our grips. To prove what he said Paul plunged the broomstick into the water even with the bow, then we all pushed as hard as we could. The boat didn't move an inch past the stick. If anything, the broomstick drew ahead. We tried rocking El Tigre. Nothing happened. We banged it with water-swollen fists, even tried kicking it (very difficult under water), but no go. The boat was really, completely and, as far as we could tell, permanently stuck.

As the idea sank in, a kind of frenzy swept us and we jumped around the thing hooting and screeching like Indians around a mired buffalo. Charley, still howling, hopped up and flung one leg over the side to scramble into the boat. A wad of mud from his foot smacked Paul in the face. Paul grabbed his leg, turned him around and landed a slap on the side of his head, hard. Charley cried out. Paul flipped into the boat, why I didn't know, but I scrambled in and grabbed his arm from behind in a hammer lock. Paul kicked me. Charley let fly the pan of tapioca. It caught me on the nose. I screamed and tapioca sprayed them both. Charley slugged me, Paul slugged me. I slugged them. Everybody slugged everybody. Mud slimy, tapioca smeared, bodies purple and wrinkled from immersion, we raged and fought like demented trolls.

Fatigue got the better of madness and we collapsed and lay in the bottom of the boat like gaffed sea bass, mouths gaping.

We knew it was the end. We would never leave this boat. For years it would remain stuck in the middle of this dirty bay while our bodies (wasn't the stiffness we felt just the beginning of *rigor mortis*?) turned into skeletons. The people back home would wonder whatever happened to those boys, at school they would have to take our names off the roll, the Frenchman Paul's father paid to tutor Paul would have to go back to France, and that bully Horse would be sorry he chased us through Artesian Park and caused me to drop my orange, and ate it. Three fine boys (we could almost hear them saying it now: "Those sure were three *fine boys*") were about to leave this world.

Lying there listening to the few, muted sounds of our last resting place—dry fluff of rope against canvas, purl and mutter of water around the keel, a gull's lost cry, an occasional sniffle, the far-off homing drone of an airplane—we felt



"I don't want to be a rancher's daughter. I want to be a dance-hall madam!"

a molasses-sweet, melancholy sympathy for ourselves and one another. Good old Paul. Good old Charley. Good old Mike. We dozed a little, comforted. But something was nibbling at the edges of our minds.

"Listen." Paul was up, kneeling, looking into the sky. "That airplane is coming closer. We can wave!"

Still dazed, Charley and I jumped up craning to see it, wagging our arms and yelling, "Over here! Over here!"

The noisy, constant shattering of the air of an airplane motor was getting louder, its vibrations began rattling the tapioca pan against a cleat, the uproar set sky and water shuddering and suddenly right across our bow skimmed a spraddle-legged contraption on pontoons with a strutted platform where two men sat waving and a pusher airplane motor mounted behind, its propeller whirling like a furious white wheel. Black letters along the side said: Superior No. 3.

The racket lessened, the propeller slowed to swinging silver knives (tantalizing the eye trying, and always failing, to follow) and the swamp buggy settled, skidding, in its own wake. One of the men stood up, stretched an arm toward us and pointed his index finger questioningly toward the bottom of the bay. We scrambled over one another to get into the act, nodding and jabbing downward like maniac two-finger typists. He nodded, pointed to us, to himself and held up a coil of Manila line. Securing the line on his end, he heaved the coil which came uncurling like the world's longest and laziest cobra.

Paul caught it, Charley fell into the bay, so I insisted on the right to tie the knot. We finally settled for a three-boy bowline around the forward thwart and braced ourselves amidships and astern, as the man indicated.

The other man, looking over his shoulder, maneuvered the contraption deftly until the glistening line just parted water in the long slow curve of a suspension bridge—hundreds of droplets falling to make the verticals. Then the deep throat of that machine power opened, the ticking propeller vanished in a flashing blur, the line tightened straight as a steel rod and the boat shuddered, something went *schlook* and we were free, slipping through the water.

The first man seemed to wave a query. We waved back exultantly "OK!" and the detonating uproar expanded, became incredible, our boat shot ahead with the bow cocked up like a speedboat's, a hurricane wind flattened the flesh on our cheekbones, filled our mouths, squeezed our eyes into slits and stitched us relentlessly with needles of spray. The sail was flung back like a running dog's ear, little fountains of water spurted up from the floor boards and we screamed a glee we could never have imagined. This was *Superior Number One*!

El Tigre slammed across Nueces Bay at speeds no sailboat had achieved since man first learned the wind could move things. Before we knew it we were headed straight for a grove of royal palms, veered and roared on down the bay past jumping fish, past flurries of cynical gulls, past fishermen dropping their poles, past people pointing from shore, past buoys, past boats, past markers and floats. We were really going somewhere!

Then a thought cold as a frozen Popsicle dropped inside our shirts and hit us in the stomachs. It was no accident those men up ahead had found us. Our folks must have gone to the police and they sent out an alarm. We saw a vision of ourselves on a chain gang, dressed in zebra suits, crushing rocks with those heavy sledge hammers while everybody we knew sat in a drugstore drinking Cokes and pointing.

We squinted out and saw a dock and of the too-many cars parked on it one looked horribly like my father's green Plymouth and on a black sedan was the star of the Texas Rangers.

Superior No. 3 began curving in, slowing, its din diminishing, the propeller became a pinwheel of four visible blades, the motor gave a last expiring bang and the swamp buggy fetched up nicely against the side of the dock.

But when our speed slowed, the little fountains in the bottom of El Tigre turned to gushing springs, became a rising pond filling the inside, the boat stopped and descended with ponderous dignity to the bottom of the bay with the three of us still sitting erect, rigid with fear of prison, deaf in the ringing silence.

The brown water swirled no higher than the gunnels, so we just sat and thought, like judges in a bathtub, watching all the people running around on the dock waving and moving their jaws. Two big Rangers were leaning against their patrol car and laughing like fools (at least, their mouths were open that way) while a newsreel camera tilted and peered amid an erratic sparkle of photographic flashbulbs. Then we saw Paul's father and our father and sat tighter than ever, even though we saw our mothers, too, looking at us so glad we could hardly stand it.

Then we saw our fathers taking off their shoes and socks and rolling up their pants legs and we climbed out and started wading ashore, towing the mast with its scrap of sail. For, after all, when things quieted down again, if they ever did, we just might have use for it.

FINE ART

(continued from page 103)

Although the artists may be long dead, and even the civilizations in which they worked long since disintegrated, their art lives on.

The interest and pleasure an individual takes in his collection does not stem from the monetary value of the works of art he owns. They derive from the enduring beauty of the art and from a realization of the validity and permanence of the fundamental values that art represents. The collector takes pleasure in the beauty of art, and he never really ceases to be stimulated by it.

The 16th Century Italian poet Federico da Porto admitted he was "stupefied and overwhelmed" by what he saw when he visited the magnificent collection of the Venetian statesman-historian Marino Sanudo. Da Porto's poem marking the visit indicates that collectors of the 1500s were no different from those of today—and that he, himself, was infected by the sense of exhilaration and gratification that Sanudo obviously possessed in no less measure than do his modern-day collector counterparts. Wrote Da Porto:

Then up the stairs you lead us, and we find
A spacious corridor before us spread,
As if it were another ocean full
Of rarest things; the wall invisible
With glorious pictures hid—no blank appears,
But various figures, men of every guise;
A thousand unaccustomed scenes we see.
Here Spain, there Greece, and here the apparel fair
Of France.

It is of such stuff that collections—and collectors—are made. The collector marvels at the wonders of the art he owns—and he displays his possessions proudly, sharing their beauty with others. Certainly, his principal concern is not with the pecuniary value of his works of art—although collectors will often stretch and even wreck their budgets to obtain an object they desire.

Nonetheless, it remains an undeniable fact that fine art is a fine investment. The dollars-and-cents values of paintings, sculptures, tapestries, fine antique furniture and virtually all forms of art have shown a marked tendency to rise—and even soar—over the years. Much of this, of course, is due to the increased—and still increasing—awareness that art represents basic values that are not only lasting, but that become more valid as time goes on. Thus, there is competition to secure works of art—and thus their monetary value, the price people are willing to pay for them, rises.

The trend has not been limited to art

of any particular school, style, period or medium. A few examples taken at random should suffice to illustrate the manner in which the money values of art have spiraled.

In 1885, the Victoria and Albert Museum of London bought more than 1000 drawings by the 18th Century Italian master Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. Although Tiepolo's breath-taking frescoes adorned the Labia Palace in Venice, the Kaiseraal of the Prince-Bishop's House in Würzburg, Germany, the throne room of Spain's King Charles III and dozens of other great homes, churches and public buildings, his drawings were not then in vogue. The Victoria and Albert Museum paid about ten cents apiece for them. Today, *each* drawing would bring at least $1500—if the museum wanted to sell them, which, of course, it has no intention of doing.

The 19th Century English master Joseph M. W. Turner produced many fine water-color paintings during his long and successful career. In the 1940s, these sold for between $500 and $1000 apiece. At the present time, a large Turner water color will fetch anywhere up to $25,000.

Paul Gauguin's *Te Tiai Nei Au I Te Rata*—"I Await the Letter"—is said to have once sold for less than $50. At an auction in 1959, the painting realized more than $300,000. In that same year, one of Braque's early works—which had once been sold at auction for $15—was eagerly snapped up by the Queensland Art Gallery at a price of $155,000. Also in 1959, an illuminated manuscript prepared under the direction of Matthew Paris at St. Albans Abbey about 1250 A.D. sold for $190,000—as against the $115,000 paid for a comparable manuscript not very long before.

Such a list could be extended almost indefinitely and expanded to include practically every medium, period and school of art, from prehistoric figurines to contemporary works by abstract expressionists, action painters and representatives of the welding-torch school of sculpture—and most certainly such things as tapestries, carpets and fine antique furniture.

I have seen the money value of the works of art I've purchased increase and even multiply several times during the years since I acquired them.

In 1938, I purchased the historic and almost legendary Ardebil Persian carpet, which had been made on the royal looms of Tabriz in 1535. Moslem Persians had considered this fabulous, 11-by-24-foot carpet so beautiful that they had said it was "too good for Christian eyes to gaze upon." But "Christian eyes" had often "gazed upon" the Ardebil carpet and had marveled at what they saw.

"It is worth all the pictures ever painted," the American artist James Whistler declared after seeing the Ardebil. The carpet, a symphony of glowing colors executed with unsurpassed artistry and fantastic in its detail, is generally acknowledged to be one of the two finest carpets in the Western world.

The Ardebil sold for $27,000 in 1910. Nine years later, it was purchased by the famous art expert–dealer Lord Duveen, who paid $57,000 for it. I bought the carpet from Lord Duveen in 1938, paying him $68,000. I subsequently received many offers for the Ardebil, including one of $250,000 from Egypt's then-King Farouk. I declined his offer along with all the others. In 1958, the Los Angeles County Museum—to which I had donated the carpet—placed its value at $1,000,000, almost 40 times the price for which it had been sold in 1910 and nearly 15 times what I had paid for it.

In the same year that I bought the Ardebil carpet, I also acquired the fine Rembrandt portrait of Marten Looten, which the great Dutch master had painted in 1632. I paid $65,000 for the picture and considered it a bargain, for I had been quite prepared to go as high as $100,000 to obtain it.

The market value of the painting increased fantastically through the years. How much it would fetch at a sale today is a purely academic question, for the portrait was also donated to the Los Angeles County Museum. However, the record $2,300,000 paid for Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* would seem to indicate that *Marten Looten* would bring a price many times greater than what I paid for it.

(*Editor's Note:* In addition to the million-dollar Ardebil carpet and Rembrandt's *Marten Looten*, J. Paul Getty has donated other extremely valuable pieces of fine art to the Los Angeles County Museum. Incidentally, he derived no tax benefits for himself by making the gifts to the institution.

(He still has a multimillion-dollar collection, but even a large part of this has gone into the J. Paul Getty Foundation. The collection includes Boucher tapestries, rare carpets and a collection of French 18th Century furniture which Sir James Mann, director of the Wallace Collection and an outstanding authority on the subject, has judged to be finer than the one owned by the Louvre. There are also Fourth and Fifth Century, B.C., Greek marbles—including some of the famed Elgin marbles—terra cottas, bronzes, Roman portraits and sculptures and the renowned Lansdowne *Hercules*. Among the paintings are works by Titian, Lotto, Tintoretto, Rubens, Gainsborough and other masters.

(All the items are sumptuously housed and displayed in Getty's own magnificent Ranch-Museum on the Pacific Coast Highway in Malibu, California. The museum is open to the public without charge.)

But one does not have to buy the works of acknowledged old masters to obtain fine works of art—or, for that matter, to make excellent investments.

"When you say you write for the little magazines, do you mean those little dirty ones?"

For example, the Spanish artist Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida lived from 1863 to 1923. In 1933, I attended an art sale in New York City, saw some of his work and thought it excellent. I bought ten of Sorolla y Bastida's paintings for a total of well under $10,000. By 1938, the world had begun to really appreciate the artist's talent, and the ten paintings had risen in value to a total of $40,000. Today, Joaquin Sorolla y Bastida is ranked among the top 20 Spanish painters of all time—and I hesitate to guess what the ten paintings I bought in 1933 would bring if placed on sale.

Nor is it even necessary to spend thousands—or even many hundreds—of dollars to start and build an art collection that will almost certainly increase in value in years to come. There are—and always have been—many opportunities to obtain real bargains in art.

I might add that, in some remote corner of every art collector's heart, there always lurks a secret hope of making a discovery, of picking up a painting at a bargain price and then learning it is really the long-lost work of some great master. This does happen on occasion. I know, for it happened to me.

About 25 years ago, I attended an art sale at Sotheby's in London. Among the objects on sale was a rather battered Italian painting of a madonna—a work, the Sotheby experts declared, produced by some unknown artist. Although the madonna was badly begrimed and in a poor state of preservation, I liked the picture; it was, I thought, reminiscent of Raphael. I bought it—for $112.

Only last year, I decided to have the painting cleaned. The job was entrusted to the famous firm of restorers, Thomas Agnew & Sons. Representatives of the firm soon called me excitedly. The painting was, indeed, the work of Raphael, they said—and this was quickly authenticated by such leading art experts as Alfred Scharf. The painting I purchased for $112 has proved to be Raphael's *Madonna di Loreto*, painted in 1510. Its real value: upwards of a million dollars!

I'll grant there isn't much likelihood that the average art buyer will pick up a $300,000 Gauguin, a $155,000 Braque or even a $1500 Tiepolo for pennies in a corner junk shop. On the other hand, such remarkable finds as a London art critic's recent discovery in a Dublin shed of five soot-blackened canvases which proved to be important Guardi figure compositions serve to keep all art buyers' hopes high.

Certainly, it is often possible to buy good, reasonably priced works by lesser artists, particularly in out-of-the-way art stores, antique shops, and even second-hand bookstores, which are frequently excellent places to pick up prints and etchings. Then, of course, one can shop very advantageously for the works of tal-

ented young artists who have not yet arrived, but who show promise. It should hardly be necessary to point out that an artist does not yet have to be established for his work to be good and have lasting value.

Even people with very slender budgets can acquire works of art that will prove excellent investments in beauty, pleasure—and also in the financial sense. I know many individuals who have paid modest prices for works of art and have then seen the market value of their purchases spiral upward.

The experiences of a journalist friend of mine provide a trenchant four-in-one example of what an individual with a little common sense and taste can do. This journalist travels extensively to New York, London, Paris and Venice. By no means an art expert and far from rich, he likes to browse—and occasionally buy—in art, antique and secondhand bookstores. His tastes run quite a gamut; he buys things that please him and satisfy him aesthetically, regardless of whether they are ancient or ultramodern. But he shops carefully—and the collection for which he paid about $2000 over the last six years already has a market value of at least $8000.

Typical of his successful investments are these four purchases, each made in a different one of the four cities he visits regularly: Six years ago, he bought three water colors by a young Greenwich Village artist, paying a total of $140 for all three. They now have a sale value of $125 apiece. During 1957, my friend was in London, where he found a set of six small, neatly framed 19th Century *gouaches* which he bought for 17 guineas—$51—and for which he was recently offered $250. In 1958, while visiting Paris, he purchased eight early 19th Century prints for the equivalent of $24; two years later, an American dealer offered $150 for the set. Only last year in Venice, my journalist friend saw—and liked—two paintings by the young Italian artist Fioravante Seibezzi and bought them for 30,000 lire—about $50—apiece. Shortly thereafter, Seibezzi had a one-man show that drew critical raves, and the market value of the paintings jumped 300 percent—and is still going up.

My friend has rejected all offers for his acquisitions. Although he is convinced their market values will continue to rise, this is not his reason for refusing to sell. He has the instincts of the true art-loving collector.

"I bought them because I wanted to own them," he explains. "I like them all far too much to sell them for any price anyone is likely to offer."

This astute art investor's experiences serve to underscore the fact that many tourists and people who travel on business often overlook chances to invest wisely in fine art during their travels. They have a habit of shopping for gaudy and frequently costly souvenirs that have little or no value. They fail to realize they could acquire objects of considerable beauty—and of considerable and permanent value—without expending any more effort or money than they spend in buying the trivial.

One man I know served in Japan and Korea with the United States Army. Mildly interested in Oriental art, he used some of his off-duty time looking for a few good pieces to take home. Shunning the main-street stores and tourist-trap bazaars, he poked about in out-of-the-way shops and market places. Spending a total of less than $300, he acquired several pieces for which a San Francisco dealer later offered him $1500.

Another man I know took his wife to Turkey on a holiday in 1956. Instead of buying the tawdry wares traditionally hawked to tourists in many Mediterranean countries, they did their shopping carefully and off the beaten track. They bought some ancient metal castings, figurines and carvings, paying about $650 in all for them. Experts who appraised the items when the couple returned to the United States that same year fixed their immediate sale value at $1400. In the ensuing five years, various factors served to increase this value. By 1961, the art objects for which the couple had paid $650 were worth $2000.

Now, none of these people are art experts. Their knowledge of art is limited to what they have picked up on their own by reading, visiting galleries and exhibitions and browsing in art and antique shops. To them, art collecting is simply a very pleasant extracurricular interest, a hobby if you prefer. They enjoy having objects around them that they consider aesthetically satisfying. They find it makes their lives more pleasurable.

The fundamentals of art collecting are not difficult to master. Obviously, the average person is not financially able to go on a shopping spree for Rembrandts, Fragonards, Gauguins or other paintings that—when and if available—run into the hundreds of thousands or even millions of dollars.

But even the individual who has only a very few hundred dollars to spend can buy good works of art—objects that are of high quality and that will retain or increase their value.

It stands to reason that the safest way to buy art is to employ an expert to do the buying—or to buy only in the most reputable galleries. But, by so doing, one will be paying the peak current market prices. Also, most people do not have the budgets to buy on the scale such purchasing implies—and many people would rather savor the adventure of shopping for works of art on their own.

However he does it, to buy art wisely, an individual must first make up his mind about what mediums and periods please him the most. He should then learn something—the more the better—about them. There are copies and counterfeits galore on the market—and the only way to distinguish between them and the genuine is by knowing which is which. (Reputable dealers will, of course, almost always permit the prospective buyer the right to have a piece authenticated, or will provide authoritative authentication themselves.)

What to buy? This depends on two factors. The first is the individual's taste—and, if he is to buy wisely, it must be assumed that he has fairly good taste. The second factor is the individual's wallet. Whatever the price range he can afford, the art collector must always strive to buy the best he can within that range. One good item is worth a dozen—or even a hundred—bad ones.

On the one hand, the collector must always remember that artistic value does not necessarily follow the value set by the market place, or vice versa. On the other hand, a collector can appreciate art and revel in its beauty, yet he is entirely justified in wanting to invest his money wisely. It is just as foolish to throw good money away on bad art as it is to throw good money away on anything bad—and only a fool would knowingly overpay for whatever he buys.

Then, to determine whether one really likes a work of art enough to buy it, there is no better rule-of-thumb test than that provided by the classic question he should ask himself: "Can I live with it?" The individual who owns a piece—be it a painting, marble bust, French Renaissance escritoire or whatever—will have to look at it often and long. If he believes an object he contemplates buying will continue to please him over a period of time, then—all other things being equal—he should buy it. If not, he should look for something else. "I buy the things I like—and like the things I buy," is the true collector's guiding philosophy.

Once he has made his purchase, it is up to the individual to decide what he wants to do with it. He has two choices: He can hold it until there is a rise in its market value, sell it and pocket his profit. Or he can keep what he has bought and enjoy it, holding onto it no matter how high the market value goes. If he does this, he can be satisfied that he has invested wisely, for he owns something that has lasting *artistic* value and pays him regular dividends in pleasure even while it unobtrusively continues to increase in monetary value.

Either way, buying fine art can be the finest and most satisfying of all investments. And the sooner one starts investing in art, the sooner he will start to reap all its manifold rewards.

"Do me one big favor, will ya? Cut out having them flashbacks!"

CUISINE OF CASTILE *(continued from page 114)*

CLAMS BILBAINAS
(Serves two)

2 doz. littleneck clams
12 ½-in.-thick slices French bread
1 medium-size onion, minced fine
2 medium-size cloves garlic, minced fine
2 tablespoons minced parsley
1 teaspoon minced fresh dill
⅛ teaspoon thyme
¼ cup olive oil
½ cup dry white wine
8-oz. can tomatoes, coarsely chopped
Juice of ¼ lemon
Salt, pepper, cayenne

Place bread slices in a shallow pan in oven preheated at 450° and bake until slices are medium brown. Remove from oven and set aside. Wash clams very well under cold running water, using a vegetable brush to remove all traces of sand. In a Dutch oven or large stew pot sauté onion, garlic, parsley, dill and thyme in oil until onion just turns yellow. Add wine and tomatoes. Simmer 3 minutes longer. Add clams. Cover pot and cook only until clam shells open. Remove clams and place in a large shallow casserole. Add lemon juice to sauce. Season to taste with salt and pepper. (Clam juice in pot may not require added salt.) Add a dash of cayenne. Bring sauce again to a boil, and pour over clams in casserole.

COCIDO
(Serves four)

2 lbs. top sirloin of beef
½ lb. chorizo (hot Spanish sausage)
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 medium-size onion, minced fine
2 large cloves garlic, minced fine
1 small bay leaf
¼ teaspoon marjoram
⅛ teaspoon thyme
2 cups stock or chicken broth
8-oz. can tomatoes, coarsely chopped
2 1-lb. cans *garbanzos*
Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
¼ cup very dry sherry

Cut beef into 1-in. squares, ¼ in. thick. Place beef in a Dutch oven or stew pot with oil and sauté until beef turns light brown. Cut chorizo into ¼-in.-thick slices and add to pot. Add onion, garlic, bay leaf, marjoram and thyme. Sauté until onion just turns yellow. Add stock and tomatoes. Put one can *garbanzos*, together with their juice, into a blender and blend until smooth. Add to stew pot. Add 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Simmer slowly until beef is tender, about 1½ to 2 hours. Drain second can *garbanzos*, discarding liquid. Add whole *garbanzos* to pot and bring to boil. Add sherry. Season to taste.

EGGS FLAMENCO
(Serves four)

8 eggs
10-oz. pkg. frozen peas
Olive oil
1 medium-size onion, minced fine
1 large clove garlic, minced fine
4 ozs. sliced boiled ham, minced fine
1 small sweet red or green pepper, minced fine
8-oz. can plum tomatoes, coarsely chopped
2 tablespoons tomato paste
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2½-oz. jar sliced mushrooms, drained
Salt, pepper, cayenne

Cook peas in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and set aside. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in saucepan. Add onion, garlic, ham and sweet pepper. Sauté until onion turns yellow. Add tomatoes, tomato paste, parsley, mushrooms and peas. Simmer 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste, and a dash of cayenne. Brush 4 shirred-egg dishes with oil. Divide the tomato mixture among the four dishes. Open two eggs into the center of each dish. Bake in oven preheated at 375° 15 to 20 minutes or until eggs are just set. Serve at once.

ARROZ CON POLLO
(Serves six)

3 whole breasts of chicken
⅓ cup flour
1 teaspoon paprika
Salt, pepper
Olive oil
4-oz. can pimientos
1½ cups converted rice
1 medium-size onion, minced fine
1 medium-size clove garlic, minced fine
1 medium-size piece celery, minced fine
2 12-oz. cans chicken broth
¼ teaspoon saffron
Juice of ½ lime
10-oz. pkg. frozen peas

Have chicken breasts boned by butcher or remove skin and bone from breasts. Cut each breast in half lengthwise. Cut crosswise into ¾-in.-thick slices. Place chicken in paper bag with flour, paprika, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Shake well to coat chicken thoroughly. Remove chicken from bag and shake off excess flour. Heat 3 tablespoons oil in a saucepan. Sauté chicken pieces until light brown, turning frequently. Remove chicken from pan. Cut pimientos in half lengthwise, and then cut into ¼-in. strips. Set chicken and pimientos aside. In a deep pot heat 2 tablespoons oil. Add rice and cook over a medium flame, stirring constantly, until rice turns deep yellow. Add onion, garlic and celery and sauté 1 minute longer. Add chicken broth, saffron and lime juice. Bring to a boil. Add chicken and pimientos and stir well. Reduce flame as low as possible and cook covered, without stirring, until rice is tender—about 20 minutes. In a separate saucepan cook peas, following directions on package. Drain. Add peas to cooked rice mixture, tossing lightly. Serve in covered casserole.

Paella. Follow preceding recipe. Add to pot 6 well-scrubbed littleneck clams, 6 well-scrubbed mussels, ½ lb. shelled and deveined shrimps and ½ lb. filet of flounder, cut into ¾-in. squares, when chicken is added.

DUCKLING VALENCIANA
(Serves four)

5-lb. duckling
2 medium-size onions
2 medium-size pieces celery
1 medium-size clove garlic
4-oz. can pimientos
6 center-cut loin pork chops, ½ in. thick
⅓ cup flour
1 teaspoon paprika
Salt, pepper
Olive oil
1½ cups converted rice
¼ teaspoon saffron
5-oz. jar olives stuffed with almonds, drained

Thaw duckling. Cut off wings together with wing tips. Place neck, wings, wing tips and gizzard in a pot with 1 quart water. Add 1 whole onion, 1 piece celery and ¼ teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil and simmer very slowly, skimming when necessary, for 1 hour. Strain broth. If flavor seems weak, add 1 or 2 packets bouillon powder. Season to taste. Roast duckling in a slow oven, 325°, until tender—about 2 hours. Mince very fine the remaining onion, celery and garlic. Cut pimientos in half lengthwise, then cut into ¼-in. strips. Remove pork meat from bones and cut into ¼-in. cubes. Cut duckling livers into ¼-in. cubes. Place pork and duckling livers in a paper bag with the flour, paprika, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Shake well to coat meat thoroughly. Shake off excess flour. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in a saucepan. Sauté pork and liver until meat is medium brown. Set aside. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in a large Dutch oven or stew pot. Add rice and sauté, stirring constantly, until rice is yellow. Add minced onion, celery and garlic and sauté 1 minute longer. Add pork and liver, saffron, pimientos, olives and 3 cups duckling broth. If there is insufficient broth, add stock to make 3 cups liquid. Bring liquid to a boil, stir well and cover with tight lid. Simmer over lowest possible flame, without stirring, until rice is tender—about 20 minutes. Cut duckling carcass in half. Separate thighs from second joints and second joints from carcass. Cut breast sections into 1-in. strips. Place rice in a shallow casserole. Place duckling pieces on top and reheat for 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate (375°) oven.

These dishes will garner a chorus of *"Olés"* from your guests, who will learn firsthand that Castilian cuisine combines the fiery passion of a flamenco dancer, the exciting artistry of a matador's veronica and the subtle charm of a Spanish guitar.

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