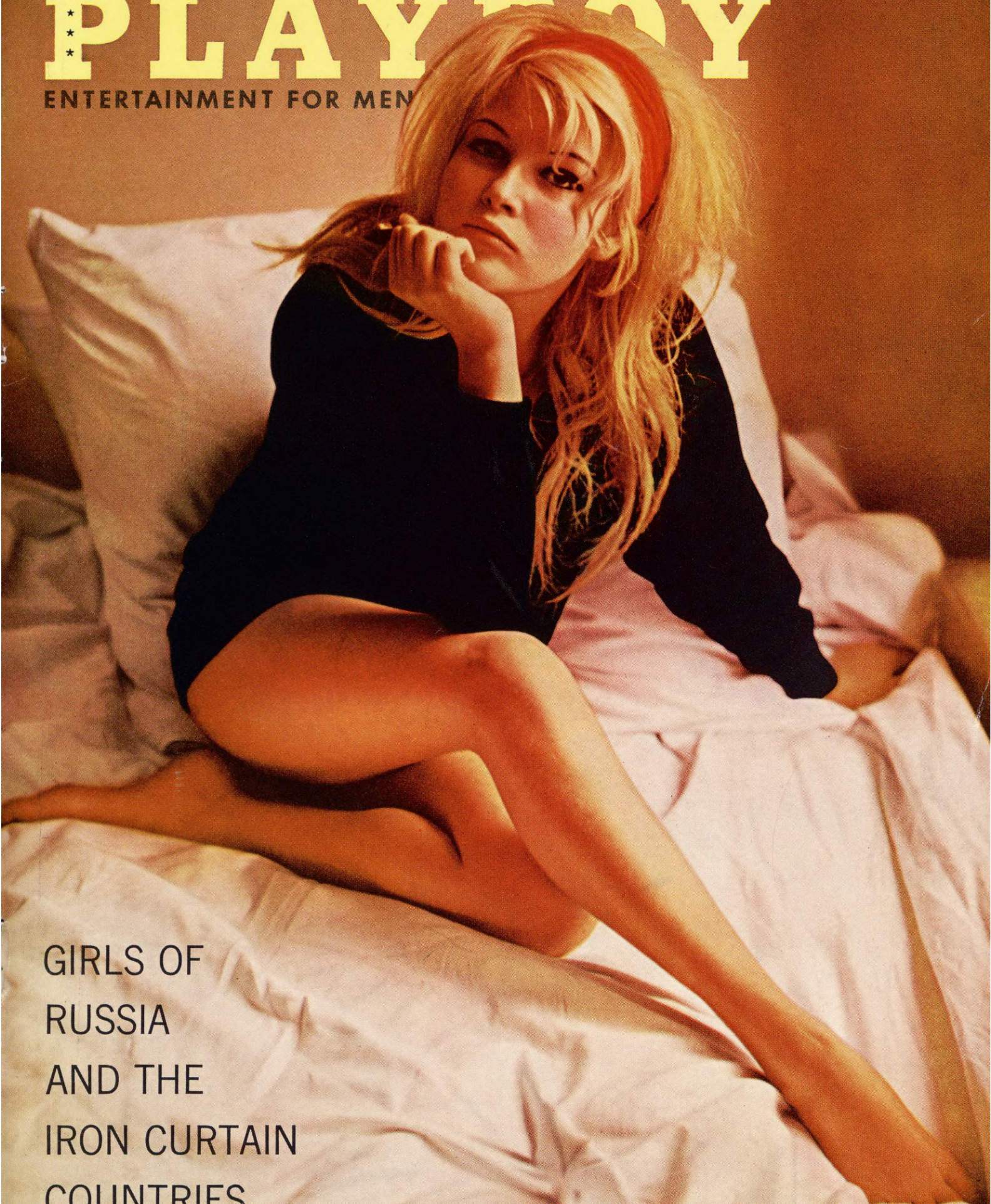


MARCH 1964 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN



GIRLS OF
RUSSIA
AND THE
IRON CURTAIN
COUNTRIES

Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat



INVISIBLE TO THE EYE

The French—invisible in your gin or vodka—but the extra dry flavor of Noilly Prat French Vermouth is there to make your Dry Martinis really civilized.



DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

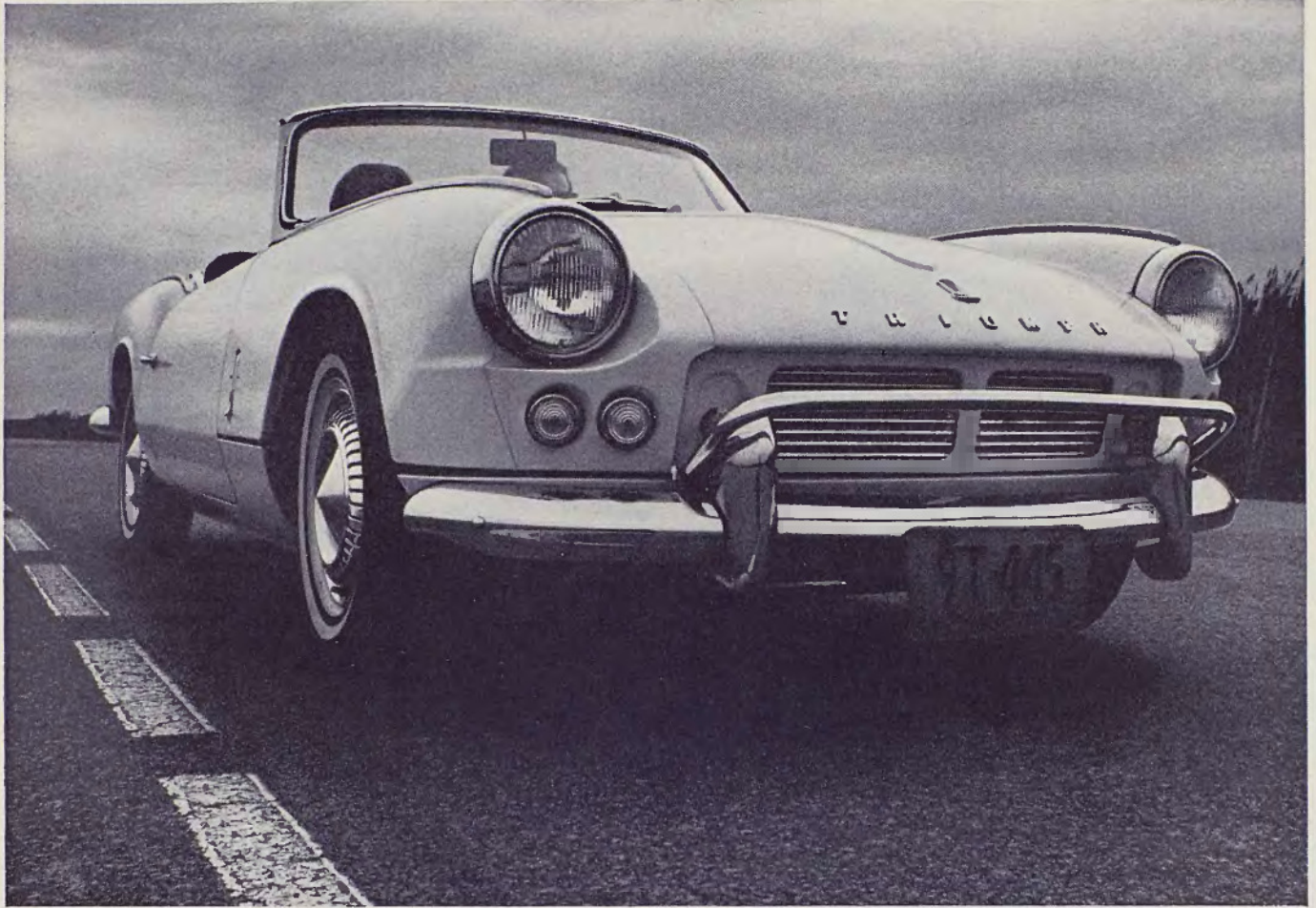
The Italian—somewhat less than sweet, and something more—it's delightfully Bittersweet! The correct Italian Vermouth, for smart Manhattans or on the rocks.



When you ask for Noilly Prat your French is perfect—and so is your Italian!

NOILLY PRAT IMPORTED VERMOUTH

BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.



You'd be proud, too...if your name was Spitfire.

 You can't blame a Spitfire for feeling exuberant. It simply outclasses everything in its price league.

Start one up. You're doing 50 in 12 swift seconds. Top speed is well over 90.

Rack-and-pinion steering and the smallest turning circle (24 ft.) let the Spitfire outmaneuver any other car.

And it's longer, lower, wider...and faster than the competition! More comfortable, too.

You'll pay a lot more than \$2199* before you find another sports car with roll-up windows, disc brakes, and all round independent suspension.

And nothing, but nothing looks like the Spitfire... except maybe that plane.

Triumph Spitfire!

Bumper guard, whitewalls, wheel covers optional.



You lose!



You lose your extravagant ideas about how much a good pair of shoes should cost when you discover Johnsonian. For example, our new dress blucher in black or brown. It has a cushion insole. It has "Living (Formula X-1000)"[®] Leather uppers that stay newer-



looking longer. And it has a price tag dollars less than you'd expect to pay for quality shoes like this. All Johnsonian shoes cost \$8.95 to \$12.95.

Maybe that's why they're fast becoming America's best-selling popular price shoe. See Johnsonians at the stores listed or write Endicott Johnson for name of nearest dealer.

e Johnsonian
a quality product of Endicott Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.
FEATURED AT THE 1964/1965 WORLD'S FAIR

CALIFORNIA

Buena Park, Shoe Circus
Encinitas, Jerry's Shoes
Escondido, Greenlee's Shoes
Hemet, Shoemaker's Shoe Mart
Lodi, Cal-Tone Shoes
Los Angeles, Beverly Bootery
Los Banos, Hergie's Shoes & Clothing
Oakdale, Chicou's Family Shoe Store
Pasadena, Big Ben Shoe Store
Salinas, Stan's Dept. Store
South Gate, Dee's Shoe Box
Watsonville, Van's Shoe Store

COLORADO

Denver, Tober's Shoes
Gunnison, Balkenbush Family Shoes

NEW MEXICO

Roswell, The Shoe Mart

OREGON

Beaverton, The Shoe Horn
Medford, Big Y Shopping Center
Newport, Beck's Shoe Store
Portland, Al's Family Shoe Store

TEXAS

Austin, Austin Army-Navy Store
Beaumont, Shoe Town
Mission, Mission Dry Goods
Orange, Shoe Town
Pharr, Pharr Shoe Center
Port Arthur, Shoe Town
Sherman, Risk Shoe Store
Vidor, Shoe Town

WASHINGTON

Auburn, Shoeland
Puyallup, Shoeland
Tacoma, Shoeland

PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY's March Hare apparent, though not very, on our cover shares Prague digs with luscious Czech chick Olga Schoberova, whose myriad charms are further displayed in *The Girls of Russia and the Iron Curtain Countries*, a pictorial essay that is the living-end result of a special PLAYBOY photographic mission to Moscow and other capitals of commissarland.

Capital entertainment in variegated forms fills this issue. Perhaps no more colorful and controversial figure has appeared in our pages than this month's subject of our *Playboy Interview*, Ayn Rand; in it, the author of *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged* expounds her philosophy — Objectivism. Highly subjective is Arthur C. Clarke's *The Meddlers*, wherein the winner of the prestigious Stuart Ballantine Medal for 1963 (presented by Philadelphia's famed Franklin Institute "for outstanding research in communication and reconnaissance") takes to task those scientists who look too little before they leap into experimentation. Built for good, long looks are the four-wheeled beauties forming a *concours d'élégance* through *The Italian Line*. Eminent auto author Ken W. Purdy (aided no little by photographer Marvin Koner, the lensman responsible for most of the *salon*-quality pictures) comments on the cars and evaluates their creators' contributions to contemporary automotive design.

Admirably crafted for absorbing reading is French diplomat-author Romain Gary's initial PLAYBOY fictive offering, *A Bit of a Dreamer, a Bit of a Fool*. Gary, whose first collection of short stories, *Romain Gary's Hissing Tales*, is scheduled to be debuted by Harper & Row this month, boasts a distinguished career in the service of his country (he won the *Croix de guerre* and Legion of Honor during World War II, was a delegate to the UN), and as a novelist (*Lady L*, *The Company of Men* and *The Roots of Heaven*, for which he won France's top literary accolade, the *Prix Goncourt*). Other fictioneers present and accounted for in March include P. G. Wodehouse, whose madcap novel, *Biffen's Millions*, wends its way to a typical wild-and-woolly Wodehousian conclusion. We will let our readers draw their own conclusions on the current state of TV after digesting Rory Harrity's satiric *How Did It Ever Get on Television?* Harvardman Harrity has himself contributed fodder for the electronic evil eye, has written material for Julius Monk, is now incubating a play. Jon Edward Manson, the 22-year-old author of the sardonic *The Delicate Operation* (his first sale as a writer), holds a member degree from the International Association of Hypnotists, is licensed to practice therapeutic hypnotherapy, has worked as a judo instructor, gem salesman, disc jockey, news photographer, press agent, junior account executive, radio-TV copywriter, and actor, and is currently doing what comes supernaturally, investigating the occult.

Our own J. Paul Getty — who has an almost extrasensory ability to separate fiscal wheat from chaff — offers,



PURDY (right) and KONER



HARRITY



CLARKE



GARY

in *Living with Labor*, a primer for management-worker compatibility. For utmost rapport between chef and gourmet, Thomas Mario describes the diverse guises and international flavor of the sausage in *Global Linkage*. Linking up with PLAYBOY's past in this, our Tenth Anniversary year — a pair of nostalgic nuggets: the conclusion of *Silverstein's History of Playboy*, and *Playmates Revisited — 1955*, a review of the gatefold girls of our second year of publication. Also concluding in this issue is *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, Lenny Bruce's assertive autobiography. Eying the future in *The Mediterranean Way*, PLAYBOY's Fashion Director Robert L. Green ferrets out new and exciting menswear trends from the European styling centers.

Wrapping up matters for March is our M.D. (Most Delightful) Playmate, Nancy Scott, and *Eeny, Meeny, Miny, Mot*, a quiz designed to test the most astute word savant. All this makes our March issue a sprightly springboard into spring.

Dry.

The taste no two people describe alike
and yet everybody agrees is great!

In recent years a simple 3-letter word has invaded the language of convivial company to describe a favorite drink.

It's the word DRY.

To most, "DRY" simply means "GREAT." An almost indefinable combination of desirable qualities. Lightness. Quenchability. Authenticity. Smoothness. Bouquet. And today's taste in Scotch is no exception.

It's away from the heavy and sweet. Toward the crisp and clean. And that's where White Horse comes in.

You get *dryness* in White Horse, not by chance but by design. It's born into the blend from the beginning. In the way it's aged and blended. The way it gets its "finish."

The subtlety of White Horse character can be traced to 200 years of blending skill and experience. For instance:

We always draw on the same select Scotch whiskies from our own stocks. (Hence, you get uniform flavor. Identical quality).

A special selection of as many as 30 different malt whiskies is used to make White Horse DRY (plus half a dozen trade secrets).

Every drop of White Horse is bottled in Scotland. The only water used comes fresh from bubbling Scottish brooks. (Some Scotches are shipped over here for bottling. Never White Horse).

Result? White Horse Scotch tastes delightfully DRY. And delightfully like Scotch.

Next round, try White Horse. On the rocks, with soda or water. You'll taste the DRY in White Horse. And you'll like what you taste!

100% Scotch Whiskies. Bottled in Scotland. Blended 86.8 proof. Sole distributors: Browne-Vintners Company, New York City.



Unique White Horse Glasses. Like to mingle the past with the contemporary? Then you'll want a set of handblown White Horse glasses (shown on facing page). Set of 4 in sparkling crystal. Emblazoned with colorful, old-world tavern signs. Send \$3 to White Horse Cellar, Dept. PL 3, P.O. Box 170, Boston 1, Massachusetts.



White Horse
the dry Scotch



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN



**SCOTCH
WHISKY
DISTILLERS**

WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD. GLASGOW

738983

White Horse Cellar



Estab 1742

WHITE HORSE
Blended
Scotch Whisky



ALL that are desirous to pass from
EDINBURGH to LONDON, or any
other place on their road, let them

PRINTED IN SCOTLAND

PLAYBOY



Mediterranean Fashions P. 81



Bit of a Dreamer P. 66



Soviet Beauties P. 104



A Fine Italian Line P. 71

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	15
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	29
PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel.....	PATRICK CHASE 33
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AYN RAND—candid conversation.....	35
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	45
SILVERSTEIN'S HISTORY OF PLAYBOY—humor.....	SHEL SILVERSTEIN 56
A BIT OF A DREAMER, A BIT OF A FOOL—fiction.....	ROMAIN GARY 66
THE ITALIAN LINE—modern living.....	KEN W. PURDY 71
BIFFEN'S MILLIONS—novel.....	P. G. WODEHOUSE 78
THE MEDITERRANEAN WAY—attire.....	ROBERT L. GREEN 81
LIVING WITH LABOR—article.....	J. PAUL GETTY 85
THE DELICATE OPERATION—fiction.....	JON EDWARD MANSON 87
DIAGNOSIS: DELIGHTFUL—playboy's playmate of the month.....	88
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	94
GLOBAL LINKAGE—food.....	THOMAS MARIO 96
EENY, MEENY, MINY, MOT—quiz.....	RALPH WOODS 100
THE MEDDLERS—opinion.....	ARTHUR C. CLARKE 103
THE GIRLS OF RUSSIA—pictorial essay.....	104
HOW DID IT EVER GET ON TELEVISION?—humor.....	RORY HARRITY 117
THE TALE OF A WELCOMING WIFE—ribald classic.....	APULEIUS 119
HOW TO TALK DIRTY AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE—autobiography.....	LENNY BRUCE 120
ON THE SCENE—personalities.....	122
PLAYMATES REVISITED—1955—pictorial.....	127

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

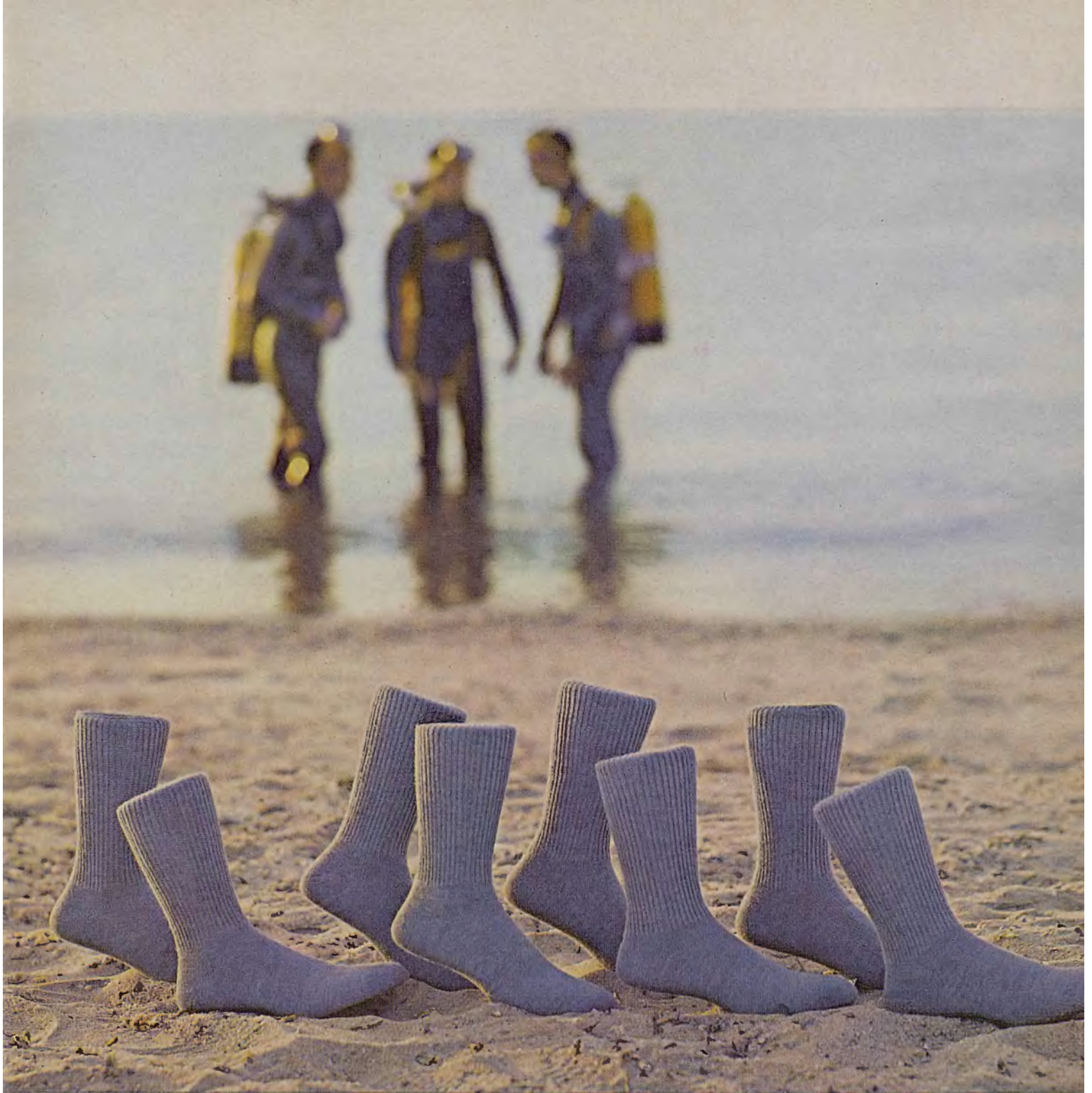
ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT T. TAJIRI *picture editor*

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1964 BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL OLGA SCHOBEROVA. DESIGN BY ARTHUR PAUL. PHOTO BY HERMAN LEONARD; P. 3 PHOTOS BY JERRY YULSMAN, DESMOND RUSSELL; P. 35 PHOTOS BY YULSMAN; P. 71-77 PHOTOS BY MARVIN KONER (27), JESSE ALEXANDER (2); P. 96-97 PHOTO BY DON BRONSTEIN; P. 100 PHOTO BY CULVER PICTURES; P. 103 PHOTO BY POMPEO POSAR; P. 105 LEFT PHOTO BY PHIL STERN, P. 111 PHOTO BY POSAR, P. 113 LOWER LEFT PHOTO BY POSAR, P. 114 UPPER LEFT PHOTO BY LOTHAR WINKLER; P. 127 PHOTOS BY WILLIAM READ WOODFIELD, MIKE SHEA, HAL ADAMS, P. 128 PHOTOS BY ADAMS (2), BUNNY YEAGER, P. 129 PHOTOS BY RUSS MEYER, ADAMS, SHEA.

SHELDON WAX *senior editor*; FRANK DE BLOIS, MURRAY FISHER, NAT LEHRMAN, DAVID SOLOMON *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *associate fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *consulting editor, business & finance*; CHARLES BEAUMONT, RICHARD GEMMAN, PAUL KRASSNER, KEN W. PURDY *contributing editors*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy chief*; STAN AMBER *copy editor*; MICHAEL LAURENCE, JACK SHARKEY, RAY WILLIAMS *assistant editors*; BEV CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor*; BONNIE BOVIV *assistant picture editor*; MARIO CASILLI, BARRY O'ROURKE, POMPEO POSAR, JERRY YULSMAN *staff photographers*; FRANK ECK, STAN MALINOWSKI *contributing photographers*; FRED GLASER *models' stylist*; REID AUSTIN *associate art director*; RON BLUME, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRADENYCH *art assistant*; CYNTHIA MADDOX *assistant cartoon editor*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; FERN HEARTEL *assistant production manager*; HOWARD W. LEDERER *advertising director*; JULES KASE *eastern advertising manager*; JOSEPH FALL *midwestern advertising manager*; JOSEPH GUENTHER *Detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUTCH *promotion director*; DAN CZUBAK *promotion art director*; HELMUT LORSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY DUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *college bureau*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANET PILGRIM *reader service*; WALTER HOWARTH *subscription fulfillment manager*; ELDON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT PREUSS *business manager & circulation director*.



The Crew-sader.

This is the sock that has earned a reputation as the softest and most comfortable casual sock made. The combination of Hi-bulk Orlon® acrylic and stretch nylon is what makes it so.

Interwoven®
THE GREATEST NAME IN SOCKS

Stretch knit in a neat 1 x 1 rib. One size fits almost everybody. King size fits everyone else. It comes in twenty-four colors. Only a dollar fifty a pair.

Get into new super-slim
Looper slacks today



Jet into old-world
Rome this summer



Win a trip to Europe

Pick up your "Destination Europe" contest entry form at any store featuring the h.i.s.[®] label. Nothing to buy! Easy to win! h.i.s. offers you your choice of seven different trips this summer to your favorite European city by luxurious jet.

Meanwhile let h.i.s. guide you down the straight and narrow into Loopers...right up the Via Veneto for the big new look! Unconventionally tight, low-slung and uncuffed, Loopers have conventional belt loops, get-at-able welt pockets, handy change pocket. In Sharkskins, Tropicals, "Dacron" Cotton Poplins, Iridescent. Talon Zipper. Only \$4.98 to \$6.98 depending upon the fabric.

h.i.s.
16 EAST 34 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

DEAR PLAYBOY

✉ ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

SO ORDER À LA CARTE

I really drooled after reading Anatole Broyard's *Conversation Over Moo Goo Gai Pan* [PLAYBOY, December 1963], not for Chinese food but for that dish Sylvie. When my wife goes to bed she wears stockings on her head, not on her legs. My wife begins every sentence with "I want." "So" would be a welcome change. If all Jewish girls were like Sylvie I'd buy them cocktail rings by the dozen. Milton, don't change; you've got it made.

J. Berryhill
Brooklyn, New York

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

I thoroughly enjoyed William Zinsser's *Saltpeter and the Wolf* [PLAYBOY, December 1963]. I have long suspected that the guys coming home from boarding school, the Army, and prison were handing out a line regarding the use of saltpeter in their food. I mean, really, saltpeter in the mashed potatoes and chipped beef! I'm glad Mr. Zinsser's article has exposed them. But, I'll tell you one thing for sure: In the Air Force, we got it in the milk!

Cliff Hoehns
KGGF Radio
Coffeyville, Kansas

PARADISE

A few days ago a good friend of mine and I were talking about obscene literature. During this conversation, he called your magazine obscene. I objected to this, asking him if he had ever read any stories in your magazine. He replied that he hadn't. I then told him that I would, at my own expense, buy him the December issue of PLAYBOY, if he would read Arthur Kopit's *To Paradise, by Ferry*. He agreed. Two days later I received an apology with \$1.25 in cash.

"Craig"
Yakima, Washington

Strongly suggest that the next time you send Arthur Kopit on an errand be sure he carries either his glasses or a measuring rod. If it is five kilometers from the port of Levant to Heliopolis I'll eat every pup tent on the way. Also, if he hadn't been in such a hurry to leave, he would

have found a large sandy beach on the western side of the island. The fellow, nevertheless, has wit.

Eduardo Esteves
Aguadilla, Puerto Rico

SHINNY SHOWDOWN

Re December's *Everybody Shiny on His Own Side*: Of course, anyone can be caught with his editorial pants down in a situation such as most magazines found themselves after the tragedy of November 22. Nevertheless, since Robert Paul Smith's article touched on the arts, I feel I can express an opinion anyway.

Briefly, there has been a great deal of talk about Government control of this and that—much of it justified. But, viewed from the lofty perch of an "artist," the situation in the arts hardly comes close enough to this to warrant concern. I wonder how many realize how long this country has waited for a President with real interest in the arts and the conviction to do something about it.

I'm sure Mr. Smith's heart is in the right place so far as the arts are concerned, but I thought I ought to point out that just having an administration "friendly" toward the arts has been of inestimable value. This is particularly true when the situation is viewed from somewhere other than the large cities. In many smaller cities, comparatively few people are saddled with the perpetuation of the arts, and any national attention drawn to the over-all picture is most helpful.

Speaking as an artist, I hope the impetus the Kennedys have given us will be carried on.

Peter Rickett, Musical Director
Greenville Symphony Association
Greenville, South Carolina

I am a 22-year-old girl and I have bought PLAYBOY for years now. But this time I am a little confused. Perhaps you might help me. I did not expect a "pictorial tribute to John F. Kennedy" in your December issue, but I did not expect the silly, vulgar and idiotic contribution of this Robert Paul Smith of yours!

Let me tell you that this is not a very good way to catch the *estime* of your readers. Or, perhaps, is it a brilliant dem-

MY SIN

...a most
provocative perfume!



LANVIN

the best perfume Paris has to offer

Purse size \$3; Spray Mist \$5;
Toilet Water from \$3; (plus tax)

PLAYBOY, MARCH, 1964, VOL. 11, NO. 3. 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, \$17 FOR THREE YEARS, \$13 FOR TWO YEARS, \$7 FOR ONE YEAR. ELSEWHERE ADD \$3 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, EASTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER, 405 PARK AVE., NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, MU 8-3030; BRANCH OFFICES: CHICAGO, PLAYBOY BUILDING, 232 E. OHIO ST., MI 2-1000, JOE FALL, MIDWESTERN ADVERTISING MANAGER; DETROIT, BOULEVARD WEST BUILDING, 2950 WEST GRAND BOULEVARD, TR 5-7250, JOSEPH GUENTHER, MANAGER; LOS ANGELES, 8721 BEVERLY BLVD., OL 2-8790, STANLEY L. PERKINS, MANAGER; SAN FRANCISCO, 111 SUTTER ST., YU 2-7594, ROBERT E. STEPHENS, MANAGER; SOUTHEASTERN REPRESENTATIVE, PIRNIE & BROWN, 3108 PIEDMONT RD., N. E., ATLANTA, GA. 30305, 233-6729.

onstration of the PLAYBOY philosophy? Please, don't talk to me about deadlines; in a case like this, unfortunately for you, there is only a dead body.

Claude Dalla Torre
Paris, France

Smith expressed a personal opinion in terms that were light but certainly not meant to be disrespectful. Our December issue was already on sale and January off the press when the tragedy of November 22 occurred; we are grateful that neither issue included any word or picture that might have stuck in our editorial throat with the assassination of President Kennedy, but there was little chance of it, for we had the greatest respect for him in life, as well as in death.

DELIGHTFUL DONNA

The last was the best. December's Donna Michelle for Playmate of the Year.

Fred Bowman
Detroit, Michigan

Donna was only the greatest. Bravo.
Edward Clark
Seattle, Washington

Miss Michelle was magnificent. It's no contest for Playmate of the Year.

Harold Cohen
Brooklyn, New York

MORALS-IZING

Praise be to Mr. J. P. Getty for defining the businessman's burden in December's *The Morals of Money*. I was rather surprised to find such a shallow article written by a man of such well-known business acumen. Mr. Getty spoke of his overt support of charities, but I have yet to hear of the "Getty Foundation." Could it be that Mr. Getty is more humble than the Fords, Rockefellers and Kennedys, or is it that I'm uninformed?

Kent Edwards
Belmont, Massachusetts

I'm a real soft touch. I can't refuse a tap, though I burn when the moocher is a stiff. I don't have J. Paul Getty's strength of character to turn down the bite. But I've figured a way out. I'll liquidate all property, securities and bank accounts, and turn the whole business over to the Community Chest.

Ben Grossman
Arlington, Virginia

PLAYMATE IMPASSE

Re December issue's *Editors' Choice*: Granted, there isn't a single one that I would turn my back on, but if I had a choice, I would pick Heidi Becker. They all have so much, but Miss Becker seems to have just that much more.

M. V. Taylor
Discovery, Northwest Territories

I'm outraged by your choice of several of the top ten Playmates from the last ten years. If you had to include three from the year 1963, where are Judi Monterey and Toni Ann Thomas?

Douglas Jay Schryver
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Farms are great. I was born and raised on one. I love animals, especially cows, but Avis Kimble takes the prize. How can you bear to put her in the same magazine as Heidi Becker, Christa Speck, Connie Mason or even Janet Pilgrim?

Clay Henley
University of California
Berkeley, California

Just saw *Editors' Choice* of Playmates of decade. Har de har har. Toni Ann Thomas was the most luscious doll ever in PLAYBOY.

Bart Manning
New York, New York

We invite the readers' own choices for the ten top Playmates of our first ten years and the results will be published as a pictorial feature next December.

CRACKER BITTEN

Re the letter in your December issue from "Graham Cracker" John V. Coffield: That was a put-up job, wasn't it? You must have had one of your writers dream it up.

Seriously, did that idiot really write that miserable piece of garbage? I know that there are people who are that radical regarding religion, but that was too much to take; I laughed all the way through it. Heaven forbid that I ever become that narrow-minded in my outlook on life. Likewise, heaven forbid that I ever convince myself that I have the power to condemn another human being to hell. I think that PLAYBOY is the finest periodical published today; keep up the great work and you'll keep me as a subscriber for a long time to come.

Hardy Hayes
Amarillo, Texas

Mr. Coffield's letter was all too authentic.

Re "Graham Cracker" letter in the December PLAYBOY: Surely the average reader of PLAYBOY has intelligence enough to know that such misguided crackpots exist. Other than pointing out the obvious, I can see no purpose for printing such idiotic bunk. It strikes me rather like poking sticks through the bars at zoo animals to hear them squeal.

Mark J. Bridges, Jr.
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Re letter from John Coffield: Does he think he is God? Does he think Graham

THE SOUND OF ENTERTAINMENT



CL 2154/CS 8954*



CL 2105/CS 8905*



CL 2114/CS 8914*



CL 2138/CS 8938*



CL 2118/CS 8918*



All Stereo albums are also available in Guaranteed High Fidelity (Mono).
*Stereo © COLUMBIA MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

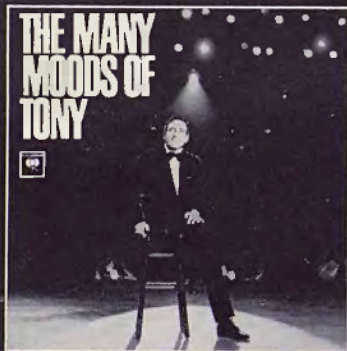
**NO CURE
FOR THIS HAPPY,
HAPPY FEVER**

Tony has a contagious enthusiasm for his songs. It spreads through his listeners like an epidemic of joy. You catch it whether you're addicted to jazz or devoted to ballads. When Tony opened at New York's Copacabana, Sammy Davis was moved to lead the throng in a standing ovation.

Tony doesn't just sing to an audience—he takes it by storm. You can hear it happen in Tony Bennett at Carnegie Hall, the live-performance recording of his sold-out concert. You'll love his style in such best-selling albums as This Is All I Ask, I Left My Heart in San Francisco and I Wanna Be Around... and in his latest hit recording, The Many Moods of Tony. Hear just one and you'll want to hear them all.

Warning: Tony's touch is contagious. But who wants a cure for this happy, happy fever?

**TONY BENNETT
ON COLUMBIA
RECORDS**



CL 2141/CS 8941*



is God? Evidently he does think so, condemning people to hell, and generally giving the impression of divine authority, which cannot be substantiated in the Scriptures.

I speak with some authority in these matters, being a minister myself with a Th. M. degree from South Carolina. I am also an avid reader of PLAYBOY, and an advocate of the open-minded philosophy, as expounded so pointedly by Mr. Hefner in his editorials.

Were Jesus Christ alive today, he would probably concur on this point, as he was in his day an extreme liberal. He was a human being, subject to human frailties the same as we. He had human feelings, as exhibited by his creating wine from water at a wedding feast in Cana of Galilee. He also spoke to the accursed Roman tax collector; he even had one for a disciple. He also befriended prostitutes and "loose women," such as Mary Magdalene, the woman at the well in Sychar of Samaria, and the woman "taken in adultery." (It was here he made his famous "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone . . ." rebuke of the Pharisees.)

If Jesus Christ were such a compassionate person, loving, and giving of himself to people in violation of all established codes of morality and law, then how could he condemn the models in posing for a publication dedicated to the advancement of the arts, both literary and illustrative for the edification and entertainment of the person intelligent enough to assess their intended values and to appreciate their meaning?

The idiots of Christ's day crucified him because he tried to open the eyes of the people to the fact that the priests were exploiting them. It was these priests, not the Romans, who were responsible for his crucifixion. The idiots of our day are taking this same Christ, who lived and died for the principles of truth and individual freedom, and making him a dispassionate, unbending, narrow-minded monster, who will not tolerate the slightest way, other than that which they have twisted from a warped interpretation of his teachings.

Therefore, I say to Mr. Coffield, why don't you scrub the filth from the musty, corroded corners of your own infinitesimal mind, because the "beauty [or the filth] is in the eye of the beholder." If you see filth in art, then the filth is in your own concept, not the intent of the artist. Here's hoping this is published for the edification of the "sophisticated Christian," who would like to say the same, but is afraid to do so.

Bruce B. Jones
Compton, California

In regard to the "Graham Cracker" in your December issue, we feel that he, too, has "advertised his rear end to the

public." What makes John Coffield so holy that he can judge and condemn others? According to the Bible, only God can condemn man. Personally, we find PLAYBOY to be a most interesting and informative magazine.

R. E. Howell, Jr.
C. M. Layman, Jr.
J. E. Gill, Jr.
Wake Forest College
Wake Forest, North Carolina

You have really done it this time. The publishing of Mr. John V. Coffield's letter in the December issue showed an obvious disregard for the physical well-being of your reading public. Since you are directly responsible, I am sending you the medical bill for my own two split sides. The doctor said that these injuries were clearly caused by uncontrollable, spasmodic fits of jocularity sustained while reading Mr. Coffield's letter. Please reassure my wife and friends. They seem to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Coffield's letter, and even question his very existence.

William O. Treanor III
Nashville, Tennessee

LENNY-ITES

Lenny Bruce is a lucid and devastating perceiver of all the nonsense around us that is being pawned off as "progress." Our pursuance of the life of success and achievement for its own sake is making us into beings without feeling and sensitivity, qualities with which Bruce is undeniably blessed. PLAYBOY deserves a plaudit for the presentation of such a necessary and vital documentary.

Walter A. Sevan
Lindenhurst, New York

Why does Lenny Bruce waste his time and talent on the unappreciative dolts who inhabit night clubs? He should be hammering out humorous best sellers by the dozen.

Tony Smith
Toronto, Ontario

MORE VISIONS

Do you expect readers to take the November issue's *Hallucinogens* articles seriously? Reporter Dan Wakefield's "Objective View" boils down to a lament that kicksters are having an awfully tough time of late getting hold of their drug supplies. Novelist Alan Harrington informs us of renowned Harvard's great mistake in employing two wacko-crackos whose "experiments" became mainly concerned with feeding the drugs to themselves. Last, but by no means least, philosopher Aldous Huxley tells us, as he has in everything he ever published, that this mean old world certainly is a rotten place; and that if he could only persuade the entire population to dope itself up, its ability to

invoke further evil would be incapacitated. I repeat: Is this humor or has it something to do with *The Playboy Philosophy*?

C. E. Bart
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

May I congratulate you on your excellent articles on vision-inducing psychochemicals. It is a pleasure to read something that is objective and informed on this subject when so much has been published recently in national magazines that is hysterical and inaccurate.

Stanley R. Robinson
Lee Vining, California

PLAYBOY PRO AND CON

Your magazine disgusts me. Your ravings in the disguise of editorialism disgust me. I am writing every advertiser in your filthy rag to inform them that none of their products will be purchased by my family. I am having many of my friends do the same, and each is going to get other friends to follow suit.

This move of protest will roll over you and put you back in the gutter from whence you no doubt came.

Edward J. Hart
Moorestown, New Jersey

I've never written to a magazine before, but now I must! I'm so sick and tired of hearing people call PLAYBOY trash! I read PLAYBOY before I married and now my husband and I never miss an issue. His clothes are bought with PLAYBOY as his guide, his drinks and food the same. And now, with *The Playboy Philosophy* — why it's great for hours of discussion.

I look forward to your Playmate of the Month. Beauty is a thing to be admired and should be put to the public as artfully as your staff does. If these poor people think it's trash then I really feel sorry for them, for their minds must be full of evil. I say phooey to these people. Continue the great work. As far as I'm concerned 75 cents can't buy a better magazine on what's really going on in life.

Jo Barnes
Tampa, Florida

What makes PLAYBOY so darned popular? Its editors consistently bid high prices for good material and consequently publish some of the best of the best contemporary fiction in America. It strives to perpetuate some measure of truth in its editorials and maintains this empathy throughout the magazine. PLAYBOY is a wonderful, glamorously packaged publication. It staffs one of the best art departments in the country. A creative publication, it reaches the reader like a breath of fresh air.

Richard E. Botke
New York, New York



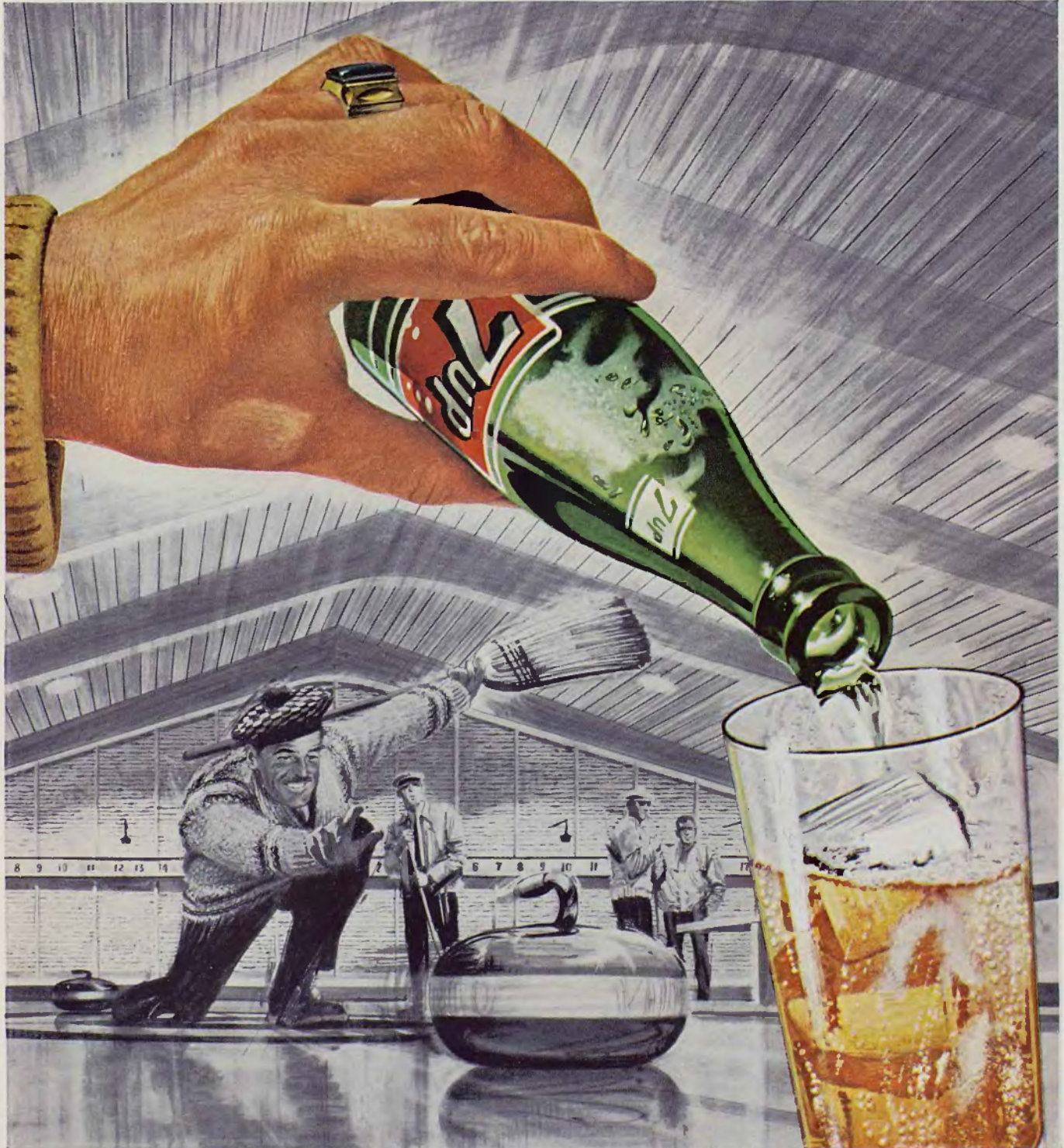


the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY

In a 7-Up highball, whiskey doesn't become a hidden ingredient! You taste it—as you should. Instead of bullying whiskey, 7-Up actually gives it a gentle assist, mellows, rounds out flavor. You get a robust, 100% great drink. And 7-Up sparkle means “don't stir.” Pour gently; 7-Up stirs itself. It's the man's mixer.

Copyright 1964 by The Seven-Up Company






**The barefoot truth:
Esquire Socks® Hi-Butterknit™
does something more for you**



Gives you that feeling of being totally well dressed. Slip into a pair of meticulously tailored Hi-Butterknits, the over-the-calf length sock that stays alert all day. Get used to the affluence of 100% Ban-Lon® nylon, with its unique richness and softness. You'll love it. One size fits all. Truly "the smartest thing on two feet."
\$1.50 per pair.

Another fine product of  Kayser-Roth



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



In our incoming-mail basket the other day we spied a letter bearing a postage stamp that resembled nothing so much as a Norman Rockwell cover for *The Saturday Evening Post*: a heart-warming depiction of a grandfatherly postman, cherry-cheeked and cheerfully burdened with mailbag and umbrella, engaged in the swift completion of his appointed rounds, stayed neither by snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night—nor by the company of a look-mom-no-cavities urchin and his playful pup. Suspecting that the Curtis Publishing Company had gone into collusion with the Post Office Department in an offbeat ad campaign to hypo circulation, we investigated and learned that the stamp had indeed been limned by that illustrious illustrator of Americana, but that any similarity to a *Post* cover was purely coincidental. The painting had been commissioned to commemorate the 100th anniversary of home mail delivery and was, we were informed, the first U.S. stamp with a “humorous theme.” Maybe they should have modified the quoted phrase with the word “intentionally,” for those of us familiar with the celebrated three-cent 1948 “chicken commemorative,” as it was called—celebrating the centenary of the American poultry industry with the full-length portrait of a plump hen—know differently.

This stamp, we recall, was the harbinger of a postal plethora honoring the subsequent anniversaries of such institutions as the Camp Fire Girls, the American Turners Association and that hardy perennial of street-corner flora, the Buddy Poppy. Foreseeing a continuing trend toward philatelic levity, we feel that the Post Office Department may soon find itself in need of suggestions for future commemoratives; and so, never pudibund, we present ours herewith:

The 45th anniversary of the invention of the Coke bottle, coming up this year, might fittingly initiate a stamp series commemorating cultural milestones in American history; followed, perhaps, by a stamp etched with the friendly faces of the panel members on *What's My Line?*, in observance of that program's 15th anniversary; and another betokening the occasion of Mantovani's first concert at the District of Columbia Armory. We suggest also a series honoring the advertising industry with postal portraits of such luminaries as Mr. Clean, Speedy Alka-Seltzer and Johnny, the Philip Morris midget. As an adjunct to the nation's foreign-policy program, we envision the enhancement of good will overseas through the observance of such historic events as the 155th anniversary of the last recorded case of rabies in Norway, and the 1900th anniversary of the marriage of Nero to a 12-year-old boy on the Capitoline Hill. And we look forward, finally, to a stamp which promises to become a cherished collector's item—commemorating the 52nd anniversary of the founding, in Germany, of the world's first nudist camp.

We must admit that the following sign atop a band of digital computers at the Point Arguello (California) naval missile base temporarily shook our confidence in those responsible for our national defense—until we read it more carefully: DAS COMPUTENMACHINE IS NICHT FUR GERFINGERPOKEN UND MITTENGRABEN. IS EASY SCHNAPPEN DER SPRINGEN-WORK, BLOWENFUSEN UND POPPENCORKEN MIT SPITZENSARKEN. IST NICHT FUR GERWERKEN BY DAS DUMMKOPFEN. DAS RUBBERNECKEN SIGHTSEEREN KEEPEN HANDS IN DAS POCKETS. RELAXEN UND WATCH DAS BLINKENLIGHTS.

We applaud the candor—and the curiosity—of the young lady who placed the following ad in the “Personals” column of the *Saturday Review*: “ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 21, college graduate, desires challenging position. Box B-913.”

The Haunted Bookshop, a Greenwich Village mecca for the local literati, displayed the following sign over the works of a recently rediscovered author: BIG SALE: REGULARLY \$5.95. NOW \$6.

We string along with Sigmund in his Freudian formulation that few accidents are purely accidental, that is, with his belief that there is most always some deep-seated and unconscious motivation behind virtually every mistake. But we've given up trying to discern what lay behind the typographical “error” which befell the printers of a recent edition of the Reading, Pennsylvania, *Times*, which—under a three-column banner headline reading “RULE OF AFRO-ASIAN REDS AIM OF MAO'S PUSH AT INDIA”—ran a two-column picture captioned “Chinese troops line up in Tibet mountains.” The picture itself was of a Playboy Club Bunny Mother instructing her latest charge in the art of gracefully serving drinks. Maybe Sissy could dope this one; we can't—except to suggest that printers, like the rest of us, can be captivated to the point of distraction by the picture of a pretty girl.

Belated though it may be, we felt that the following tidbit of yuletide intelligence was just too tempting to keep under the tree until next December. It seems that a New York garage decided to elicit the Christmas spirit of its pa-



Black Devil Green Devil Yellow Devil White Devil

Mix 3 or 4 parts Light Bacardi Rum, 1 part dry vermouth and stir like the devil with ice. Pour, add your favorite garnish* —and toast the rising moon!

*Add a black olive to make a Black Devil. Or add a green olive and ice cubes, and the devilish delight becomes a *Green Devil* on-the-rocks. A lemon twist makes a *Yellow Devil*. A pearl onion, a *White Devil*. And so on. There must be at least 50 ways to make a Bacardi Devil—but one thing never changes. Smooth, dry Bacardi Rum makes smooth, dry drinks. (*Dry* means not sweet.) There is probably enough Bacardi to last until you get to the store. But why chance it? Bacardi Devils are sweeping all before them! It's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost!



BUY DRY **BACARDI** ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS
LEADER FOR 102 YEARS

©Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, Fla., Rum, 80 Proof

trons by means of a meretricious holiday greeting card which suggested, in verse, that all customers of good will should remember their garagemen generously in this season of joyous giving. Apparently at least a few customers failed to respond to this touching plea, for two weeks later they received another card, which began with this greeting: "MERRY CHRISTMAS — SECOND NOTICE."

A prisoner at the Louisiana state penitentiary was overjoyed to learn recently that his appeal for a commutation of sentence had finally been granted — until he was informed that his three-year term had been commuted to fifteen.

Unabashedly billed on the cover of the program notes for a tent-show presentation at the Shady Grove Music Fair in Gaithersburg, Maryland: "THE KING AND I in JANE MORGAN."

Now and then, from the glass-craggy canyons of Park and Madison avenues, there emerges a cheering gleam of irreverent originality to prick the public concept of admen and their clients as humorlessly heavy-handed pushers of products and services. We're not referring to those arch and cute ads that conceal hard sell by employing bizarre pictorial effects; we think we've seen enough of such saber-toothed coyness to last us several lifetimes. What we have in mind are those occasional, usually small, ads that some anonymous copywriter obviously relished composing. Two such came our way recently and it's our pleasure to give free space to each. First one advertises a nightery in New York, and goes like this:

Think Fink!
Jackie Kannon's
Rat Fink Room
Shows Nine to Oblivion
FOR THE
UNINHIBITED
A NEW
EXPERIENCE IN
SOCIAL
DECADENCE . . .

The second is from the pages of *Yachting*, and is a sailmaker's ad. It shows a photo of a smiling yachtsman and the words beneath it read: "JACK LAFOLLETTE, Indianapolis Yacht Club, finished 65th in a 65-boat fleet in the 1963 Thistle National Championships, using Boston-developed sails exclusively."

And then, beneath this, in much smaller type: "Ed Walsh, Delanco, N.J., the National Thistle Champion, also uses Boston sails."

These ads, we submit, are soft sell — so soft that they tickle.

BOOKS

"In 1957 a girl of 15 with long legs and a tendency to pout threw up a job in Slough and decided to move to London." Will this girl from a converted railway carriage in the provincial village of Wraysbury find fame and fortune among the rich, titled and powerful men of mighty London? You bet. Such is the plot of *Anatomy of a Scandal* (Morrow, \$3.95), which a troika of English journalists have hastily patched together from the newspaper clips of last year's Fleet Street circulation booster, the Profumo case. The authors have a colorful cast of characters to work with — leggy Christine, bearlike Captain Ivanov, suave Dr. Stephen Ward, impetuous John Profumo, and all their friends — but we have met them before on the front pages and are shown nothing new in this book-length rehash of their after-hours antics. The attempts at analysis are feeble: "In families with more than one son (Ward had two brothers and a sister), it often happens that one of them rebels." And the sallies into moral significance are simply silly; the fact that on the day Christine moved in with Dr. Ward the two-millionth copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was sold is hardly an explanation of anything. The only interesting contribution is one the authors have cadged from an Austrian sociologist named Heinrich Blezinger. In a poll of British opinion, Dr. Blezinger found that nearly 80 percent of those interviewed thought that Profumo's greatest sin was lying to the House of Commons, while only 8 percent gave most importance to his lying with Christine. To go into Parliamentary life it may no longer be necessary to give up your mistress, only to declare her.

The title of Samuel Beckett's new novel is *How It Is* (Grove, \$3.95); but, after reading, the question is, *How is it?* Here's the first sentence: "how it was I quote before Pim with Pim after Pim how it is three parts I say it as I hear it" He sure does. From there on, the book proceeds, if that's the word, in a series of short unpunctuated paragraphs for 147 pages. There are hints now and then that it's all the interior monolog of a basket case; or sometimes one believes (many mentions of mud, one mention of a chevron) that it may have something to do with war, soldiers, maneuvers. One paragraph includes the names of Haeckel, the 19th Century German naturalist, and Klopstock, the 18th Century German poet, along with Altona, the city where Sartre put his "condemned." A little later there is a

mention of Nova Zembla, the country that Nabokov invented for *Pale Fire*. These clues are passed on for what they're worth. Beckett's previous novels (*Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, et al.), while hardly conventional, were at least comprehensible experiments. His plays are the highlights of the Theater of the Absurd; *Waiting for Godot* may turn out to be a classic. But this new novel is either ahead of its time or on the wrong planet. There's a paragraph near the end that may be the author's real comment: "there was something yes but nothing of all that no all balls from start to finish yes this voice quaqu yes all balls yes only one voice here yes mine yes when the panting stops yes"

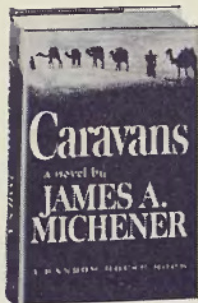
This Man Is Dangerous. His name is Edmund Wilson, his new book is called *The Cold War and the Income Tax* (Farrar, Straus, \$2.95), and for over 40 years he has been pouring out articles and books stubbornly designed to make us take a fresh look at literature, ideas and society. Now 68, he gives us the most Paine-ful pamphlet of his distinguished career. It all started because between 1946 and 1955 he neglected to file income-tax returns. He explains that his income was very low through most of these years, withholding tax was being sliced out of certain magazine income, and he believed he could make up any deficits later. Whatever the reasons that got him into this jam (and one must question his naïveté), his extensive, expensive efforts to clear up the matter over the past few years have had two results: he learned plenty about the Internal Revenue Service (*Service*, yet!); and he looked into what all those tax millions are being used for. Anent the first, he confirms what some of us have suspected: the IRS is, in effect, a despotism operating within a democracy. It has power over our lives that we would never grant to mere policemen or politicians. As for the chief uses of the tax money — space programs, nuclear weapons, chemical-biological-radiological warfare — he vigorously questions not only the humanity but the rationality of each and the way we all supinely shrug that "this is the way things are." He argues that the two programs — oppressive taxing methods and Cold War spending — are two barrels of the same gun, aimed at individual liberty and the future of the race. This man, thank heaven, is dangerous.

In *Three Beds in Manhattan* (Doubleday, \$3.95), Georges Simenon throws the beam of his restless searchlight onto two of Manhattan's millions, *un homme et une femme*. In one bed we have François, French actor, late 40s, alone and lonely, on his way down. In the other we have Catherine, early 30s, also lonely, on the town. These two meet in an all-night

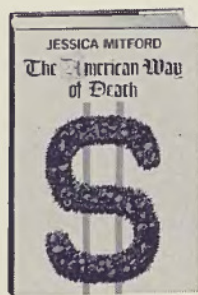
AN EXPERIMENTAL SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB WILL DEMONSTRATE HOW

YOUR CHOICE OF FOR ONLY \$1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL:
SIMPLY BUY 3 ADDITIONAL
BOOKS WITHIN TWELVE



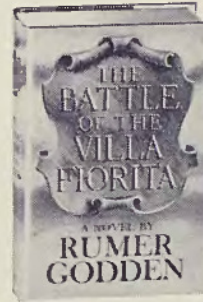
584. **CARAVANS** by JAMES A. MICHENER. (Retail price \$5.95)



607. **THE AMERICAN WAY OF DEATH** by JESSICA MITFORD (Retail price \$4.95)



597. **THE VENETIAN AFFAIR** by HELEN MACINNES. (Retail price \$5.95)



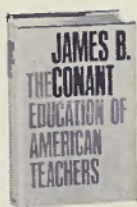
601. **THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA** by RUMER GODDEN. (Retail price \$5)



605. **PT-109: JOHN F. KENNEDY IN WORLD WAR II** by ROBERT DONOVAN. Illustrated. (Retail price \$4.95)



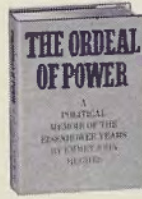
596. **RASCAL** by STERLING NORTH Illustrated. (Retail price \$3.95)



602. **THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS** by JAMES B. CONANT. (Retail price \$5)



575. **THE TIN DRUM** by GUNTER GRASS. (Retail price \$6.95)



582. **THE ORDEAL OF POWER** by EMMET JOHN HUGHES. (Retail price \$5.95)



585. **THE GREAT HUNGER** by CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.95)



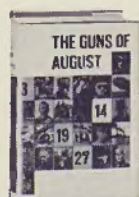
553. **TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY** by JOHN STEINBECK. (Retail price \$4.95)



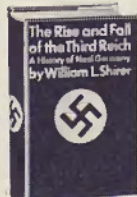
547. **THE REIVERS** by WILLIAM FAULKNER. (Retail price \$4.95)



598. **THE COLLECTOR** by JOHN FOWLES. (Retail price \$4.95)



523. **THE GUNS OF AUGUST** by BARBARA W. TUCHMAN. Illustrated. (Retail price \$6.95)



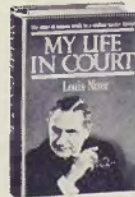
431. **THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH** by WILLIAM L. SHIRER. (Retail price \$10)



572. **THE FALL OF THE DYNASTIES** by EDMOND TAYLOR. (Retail price \$6.50)



571. **THE THIN RED LINE** by JAMES JONES. (Retail price \$5.95)



521. **MY LIFE IN COURT** by LOUIS NIZER. (Retail price \$5.95)



567. **THE SAND PEBBLES** by RICHARD MCKENNA (Retail price \$5.95)



540. **THE ROTH-SCHILDS** by FREDERIC MORTON Illustrated. (Retail price \$5.95)



539. **SHIP OF FOOLS** by KATHERINE ANNE PORTER. (Retail price \$6.50)



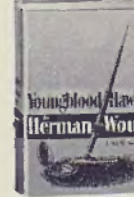
537. **THE LAST PLANTAGENETS** by THOMAS B. COSTAIN. Maps. (Retail price \$5.75)



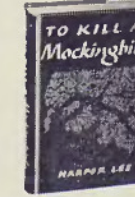
502. **THE COMING FURY** by BRUCE CATTON Maps. (Retail price \$7.50)



443. **THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE**. 1 vol. abridgment by D. M. LOW. (Retail price \$8)



559. **YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE** by HERMAN WOUK (Retail price \$7.95)



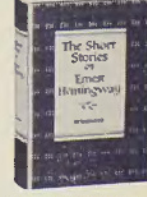
435. **TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD** by HARPER LEE (Retail price \$4.50)



448. **ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The Prairie Years AND The War Years** by CARL SANDBURG Illustrated. (Retail price \$7.50)



581. **THE LIVING SEA** by JACQUES-YVES COUSTEAU with JAMES DUGAN. Illustrated (Retail price \$6.50)



487. **THE SHORT STORIES OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY**. (Retail price \$6)

ANY 3

MONTHS AT THE MEMBERS' PRICES,
WHICH AVERAGE 20% BELOW
RETAIL PRICES

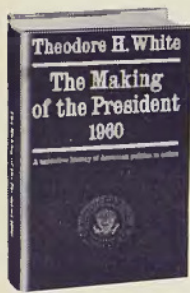
The most economical library-building system ever devised: BOOK-DIVIDENDS

THE PURPOSE of this suggested trial membership is to demonstrate, by your own actual experience, four things highly important for every reading family. First, that membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club is a certain way to keep from missing, through oversight or overbusyness, the new books you fully intend to read; second, that you will pay on the average 20% less for those books you want than you otherwise would; third, that you will have a wide choice—

more than 200 books a year; and fourth, that under the Club's new Book-Dividend system, you will be acquiring useful or beautiful volumes—and fine high-priced sets—for trifling sums.

* **HOW CAN IT BE DONE?** The answer to that natural question is that the Club's Book-Dividend system is comparable to the traditional profit-sharing systems of consumer cooperatives. The Club regularly sets aside from its income what is termed its Book-Dividend Fund. As this total accumulates, it is invested for the benefit of members in large editions of high-priced library volumes—beautiful art books, reference works, practical and useful books, literary classics both old and new, and costly multi-volume sets. These are the Club's Book-Dividends.

* **YOU HAVE A WIDE CHOICE OF BOOK-DIVIDENDS** • The system is simple. With every Club Selection or alternate you buy you receive one Book-Dividend Certificate. This certificate is then exchangeable upon payment of a nominal sum, usually \$1.00 or \$1.50—occasionally more for an unusually expensive volume—for one of the Book-Dividends. You make your choice from a Book-Dividend Catalog (revised several times each year). More than a hundred different volumes are at present available, and others are constantly being added; nearly every month a new one is announced. Members are free to choose among them, getting as many as their purchases permit.



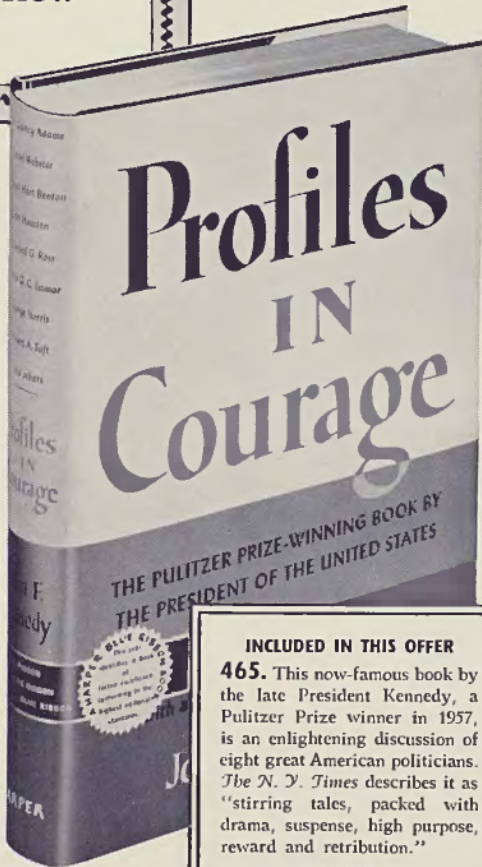
467. THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT—1960 by THEODORE H. WHITE. (Retail price \$6.95)



587. FRANCIS BACON: The Temper of a Man by CATHERINE BOWEN. Illustrated. (Retail price \$6)



563. FAIL-SAFE by EUGENE BURDICK and HARVEY WHEELER. (Retail price \$4.95)



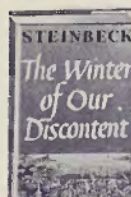
INCLUDED IN THIS OFFER
465. This now-famous book by the late President Kennedy, a Pulitzer Prize winner in 1957, is an enlightening discussion of eight great American politicians. *The N. Y. Times* describes it as "stirring tales, packed with drama, suspense, high purpose, reward and retribution."
Retail Price \$3.95



570. IN THE CLEARING by ROBERT FROST. (Retail price \$4)



552. SILENT SPRING by RACHEL CARSON. Illustrated. (Retail price \$5)



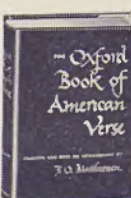
486. THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT by JOHN STEINBECK. (Retail price \$4.50)



595. THE TORAH The Five Books of Moses. (Retail price \$5)



189. THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE. (Retail price \$7.50)



190. THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. (Retail price \$7)

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson St., N. Y. 14, N. Y. A143-3

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the three volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me \$1.00 for all three volumes. I agree to purchase at least three additional monthly Selections—or alternates—during the first year I am a member. Members' prices for these books average 20% less than retail prices. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying these three books. During the trial and thereafter, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend Certificate with every Selection—or alternate—I buy. Each certificate together with a nominal sum—can be redeemed for a Book-Dividend which I may choose from a wide variety always available.

PLEASE NOTE: Occasionally the Club will offer two or more books at a special combined price. (Such purchases are counted as a single book in fulfilling the membership obligation.) A small charge is added to all book shipments to cover postage and mailing expense.

INDICATE BY NUMBER IN BOXES BELOW THE THREE BOOKS YOU WANT

MR. }
MRS. }
MISS } (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State..... **26**

The trademarks BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB and BOOK-DIVIDEND are registered by Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., in the U.S. Patent Office and in Canada.



This man is enjoying a Holiday

Whatever your job, it's a holiday anytime you light up a pipeful of flavorful, aromatic Holiday Mixture. There's relaxation built into its blend of five custom-selected tobaccos, with the aroma men relish and women welcome, too. Get Holiday today!



Larus & Brother Co. Inc., Richmond 8, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877



coffeeshop and quickly find their way into a third bed in a sleazy hotel. In this unlikely setting love blooms. Or is it love? Catherine, born in Vienna, once married to a Hungarian count, has behind her numerous meaningless affairs. François, divorced from an eminent French actress who ran off with a gigolo, has before him a frightening blank. Simenon follows these two in their solitary groping toward each other — François' doubts, spurts of love, jealousies; Catherine's desperation, little lies and quickening feelings. What sort of love can come to two people who meet, not in the morning of life, nor even in the afternoon — rather, say, at the cocktail hour, reeling from harsh experiences, alone in the harshest of towns? If there is a flaw in this novel, it is that the idea, in the end, still looms slightly larger than the characters who have been invoked to serve it. But the tale is told with the economy, penetration and quiet suspense that are Simenon's hallmark. And the ending might be called a surprise.

"Who, these days, has not got a nightmare of his own?" asks Billy Brown, the antihero of Warren Miller's mad novel, *Looking for the General* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95). He is full of such rhythmic queries — but who, these days, has not heard them before? Miller has written a thin novel about some fat problems: man's inhumanity to man, the threat of nuclear destruction, the perfectibility of the human race. Quite early in the game, Billy Brown, a fortyish bachelor who works in a research laboratory, loses his wits (but not, happily, his wit) and becomes convinced that there are people in outer space — angels, really — who disapprove of man's weakness for nuclear roulette. His notion, as it turns out, is not so odd after all (though one would hesitate to call it even). Billy's boss, the retired general, believes in those angels, too, and attempts a rendezvous with them on the Arizona desert. For all Billy knows, the general succeeds; for at the decisive moment, in a thunderous anticlimax, a nearby powerhouse is dynamited and bystander Billy is knocked unconscious. Since Miller can write, one can have a fine time if one ignores the novel's gossamer plot and its waxen characters.

MOVIES

Sunday in New York is nothing but fluff, but when it's as laughable as this, fluff makes the world go round. Norman Krasna has crafted a crafty screenplay from his Broadway hit; Peter Tewksbury, a director new to us, has handled it with kidding gloves; and Jane Fonda, in the lead, reconfirms (as the airlines

Like
using clouds
for stepping
stones!

Connolly
Diplomat
Slip-on

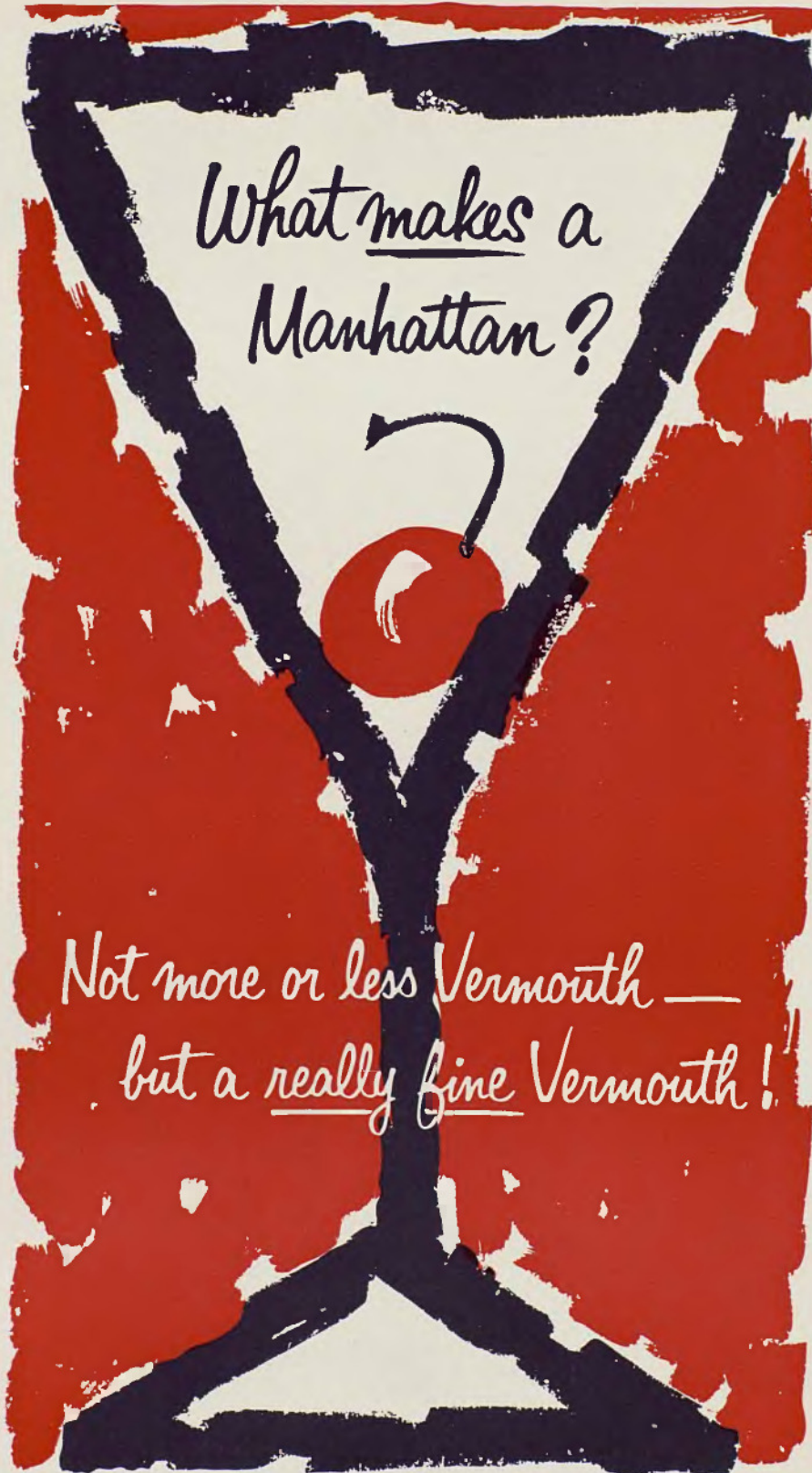


Connolly STILLWATER, MINNESOTA
Diplomat Dealers Listed in
Yellow Pages

say) her place as the best American screen actress of her generation. She plays a 25-year-old virgin whose Albany boyfriend is put out because she won't; so she comes to Manhattan for advice from her brother (Cliff Robertson), a wolf in TWA-pilot's clothing. Her sudden visit upsets brother's Sunday matinee plans with Jo Morrow and leads him to a series of transcontinental contretemps. Jane meanwhile gets pinned, literally, to Rod Taylor on a Fifth Avenue bus. There follows a long day's journey into night at her brother's busy apartment, including the appearance of the Albany athlete, as the comedy whips back and froth. No real substance to it? Who wants a heavy soufflé?

America America, written and directed by Elia Kazan, is a moving movie — the story of a young immigrant in 1896, a Greek from Turkish Anatolia, and his desperate struggle to reach this country. The film has lovely location shots, some wizard Welleslike cutting, and musky Middle East atmosphere. In fact, if one hour had been cut out of this three-hour film, it might have been a small smash. But Kazan overplays his hand, his camera, everything he *can* overplay. If stating a thing once would get it across, Kazan does it three times just to show that he can think of three ways. The youth, whom Kazan based on his own uncle, leaves home with all his family's possessions to set up a place for them in Constantinople. He is swindled en route in an episode that takes too long. He works as a porter to get passage money, and *that* takes too long. He gets engaged to a rich girl, breaks it off, and seduces a rich wife — and all that takes even longer. The sound track, with flat sound and flat accents, keeps tugging us out of Turkey into an Actors Studio studio. The acting exception is Stathis Giallelis, who plays the hero with Greek fire. So much of *America America* is so good that it's too bad so much is so-so.

Got an interesting book that you want turned into a mediocre movie? Call Dore Schary. He has converted Moss Hart's captivating chronicle, *Act One*, into a saccharine soaper about a Brooklyn boy who makes good in Manhattan. With his funeral director-adaptor touch, Schary has managed to do this without altering many facts: Hart *was* a Brooklyn boy who made good in Manhattan. But the doughy dialog, and the character and camera clichés amount to falsification in their own right. Or wrong. He even manages to take a scene from the still-hilarious Kaufman-Hart *Once in a Lifetime* and make it lay an egg (while, of course, we see those stock shots of the audience guffawing). George Hamilton, as Hart, laughs and cries, looks discouraged and determined, and, gee



IMPORTED SWEET VERMOUTH

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U. S. AND CANADA

IT'S **MARTINI** VERMOUTH




The imported one
BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

BEEFEATER GIN • 94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • KOBRAND, N. Y.

New—the all day after shave
CITATION

by MENNEN
 works
 for a man
all day
 long!



Citation's aroma? Masculine to the core. Lasting, yet subtle. The Secret? Rare, imported essences, selected for their discreet long life. Citation's soothing ingredients keep working hour after hour, too. New Citation, by Mennen, truly the all day after shave (also great for those evening assignments). 

whizz, always at the right moment — just like an actor. All the Jewish characters — in the book as tasty as a good dill pickle — are converted into matzo-barrel philosophers. They're just not kosher: Jason Robards, Jr., for instance, does an uncertain impersonation of George S. Kaufman. And there is a "recognition" scene, Hart's first big party with a lot of celebrities, cast with actors who are supposed to look like those celebrities but don't. There was a chance here to capture the fast, hard, tinselly fun of the New York theater in the Thirties, but Schary has used the Hart story to tug heartstrings.

The Victors is an antiwar picture for those who haven't seen too many. Carl Foreman has written, directed and produced (from an Alexander Baron novel) as if, among others, his own *Guns of Navarone* had never been made. He takes a squad of GIs from the Sicilian invasion to the Berlin occupation — three years in three hours — dwelling less on savage combat than on soul-curdling, less on death than on destruction of the living. There's a lot of plot, and even more cast. Vincent (TV) Edwards falls for an Italian girl (Rosanna Schiaffino), who has had a child by a German rapist. A young French waif thinks that in return for food from George Peppard he is expected to be dessert. Romy Schneider, a café violinist, respectable but resigned, is turned into a tart by a GI part-time pimp. Peppard nearly goes permanently A. W. O. L. in Brussels with black-marketeering Melina Mercouri. George Hamilton, on his way home through Russian-held Berlin from his girl who has also been Russian held, has a knife fight over a trifle with a Red soldier (Albert Finney). The standout performance is Jeanne Moreau's as a shell-shocked aesthete who pleads to spend the night with a goodhearted, gruff sergeant (Eli Wallach). The whole spectacle is spliced throughout with ironic shots of home-front newsreels, including Rockettes rollicking at a boot camp and lady wrestlers flopping on each other's fannies; and the ironies are triply underscored by the meat-handed musical score. (While a deserter is being shot, a crooner drools a pop Christmas ballad.) *The Victors* has an obvious point, but one worth driving home: Nobody really wins.

They're gunning for the military mind lately. *The Victors*, *Dr. Strangelove* (PLAYBOY, February 1964), now *Seven Days in May*. The Knebel-Bailey best seller dealt with a take-over try by the chief of staff and some of his top brass who think that the President is soft on Russia. The film, scripted by Rod Serling, spares no ponderousness to make its democratic point, including some dialog that would

sink a late-model aircraft carrier. It does name some nuts who need naming, like the late Joe McCarthy and the unlabeled General Walker, but it's at its best when it's spy-chasing, not speechifying. Kirk Douglas, a Marine colonel adjutant to top general Burt Lancaster, is first to smell the coup that his kookie chief is cooking. He takes it directly to the White House, inhabited by Fredric March, then lifts some love letters that Burt once wrote to ex-mistress Ava Gardner. But in the pinch our Prez can't stoop to blackmail. The plot wings from Washington to Gibraltar, and then to a secret military base in Texas, as director John Frankenheimer tries to hitch his technique to early Hitchcock. But the dizzy drama and documentary style never really marry. The cast is competent, except for Lancaster who, as usual, kills his credible appearance every time he speaks. Miss Gardner never looked lovelier. Martin Balsam, here a White House aide, aids any picture he's in.

Whatever happened to Laurence Harvey? you ask. Well, he has taken to producing and directing himself. *The Ceremony* takes place during one night, in and around a Tangier prison where Harvey, sentenced to death for a bank robbery that cost a life, is about to be executed. His brother and his girl contrive to rescue him. Much soggy symbolism is poured onto this dreary dish, with a simple-minded priest who talks to animals, a humane warden who talks to thin air, and a sadistic prosecutor who just talks. No picture ever contained more scurrying in the dark—with feet pattering down alleys, over rocks, along corridors; also there's lots of heavy breathing and hiding in corners with eyes strained toward the light. Robert Walker, trying to be grim as the brother, is like a kid playing grownup in the attic. Sarah Miles, the girl, is scrawny unbelievable. Harvey has photographed himself frontward, backward, heroically from below, dramatically from above. But it all proves nothing except that movies have done what the theater could never do—give self-directed hams a mirror in which they can admire themselves.

"I'm going to have a baby," she says to the boy who hardly remembers her, and away we go in *Love with the Proper Stranger*, a better than better-than-average comedy-romance written by Arnold (Hole in the Head) Schulman. Steve McQueen is a New York musician (Italian-American). Natalie Wood is a Macy's salesclerk (Italian-American). They met—just once—at a summer hotel where he was playing as well as playing around. Now she tells him that she is just-so-slightly pregnant, and he is just-so-slightly thunderstruck. She is furious and decides to go it alone; but

tough guy McQueen, at heart a Mc-Prince, helps her set up an operation. The visit to the abortionist is genuinely grim and ends with a moving moment between the pair when he refuses to let it proceed. When he offers to do his duty and marry her, she flames again and cons an older flame into proposing; but all ends as we want it to. The Italian family life, on both sides, is done with a fine Roman hand; Herschel Bernardi dominates as the girl's domineering brother. The final gag is a rerun from three dozen screwball comedies, but most of the script is written with a stenographic ear for English as murdered in N.Y.C. McQueen is right, though by now somewhat routine; Miss Wood is all dark eyes and desirability. Edie Adams, playing a stripper friend of the hero's named Barbara of Seville, is bucking to be the new Joan Blondell. Director Robert Mulligan, who made *To Kill a Mocking Bird*, shows a handy hand with comedy.

Captain Newman, M.D., is one of those pictures for "everybody"—a few tears, a little laughter, a little grimness, a little uplift. Newman is a neuropsychiatrist at an Air Force base during World War II, and if you don't think he's self-sacrificing to the point of exhaustion, doggedly right when his superior is stupidly wrong, humble when he's praised, able to take a joke... well, then maybe this isn't for you. Set in Newman's ward, the film swings in regular rhythm from happy scenes to sad scenes and back again: the ones he cures, the ones he can't cure, the one he cures who returns to combat and gets killed. Wooden Gregory Peck makes Newman a hickory doc. His chief nurse is Angie Dickinson, whose presence on any real funny farm would be most unsettling. Eddie Albert is convincing as a colonel who cracks up under command pressure. Tony Curtis, as a jolly gypper named Corporal Laibowitz, has a lot of sure-fire laughs and sure fires them. And—*mirabile dictu*, if we may say so—there's a hair-raiser of a hysteria scene by Bobby Darin. Under truth serum and on a couch Darin recalls a gruesome plane crash—it's a show-stopper. Leo Rosten's best seller forgot, on the way to the screen, that its hero was Jewish, but director David Miller compensated by baking it all into a fairly tasty, if somewhat soggy, *knish*.

Peter O'Toole, last seen as Lawrence, the kingly Englishman, is now Henry, the English king, in the film version of Jean Anouilh's international success, *Becket*. (An off-camera slice of boudoir horseplay, *In Bed with Becket*, premiered in PLAYBOY last month.) Since the title role is played by Richard Burton, and since the material is rich and the writing literate, the result ought to be fully satisfying.

Instead, it's a near winner. In not too intrusively glorious Technicolor, we follow the two fast 12th Century friends from their wining-wenching days together when Henry makes Becket his chancellor until—to rule the rebellious Church—he makes him the Archbishop of Canterbury. To both their surprises, Becket takes the post seriously and sacerdotally; and Henry is more chafed by the Church than he was before. In the end (and we're not spilling any beans, since history already has given it away) Becket is murdered, then canonized, and Henry does penance at his tomb. Anouilh is not factually impeccable: Becket was a Norman, not a Saxon collaborator, and he was 15 years older than Henry. Also, some of the mots sound more Montparnasse than medieval. But as a drama of a man without honor who finally finds it in "the honor of God," the play—merely condensed by Edward Anhalt for the screen—has many moving moments. Peter Glenville, though no master director, does better with the script on screen than he did on stage, and Sir John Gielgud makes a brilliant brief appearance as the French king. O'Toole here reveals presence and power, particularly vocal, and when Burton isn't sleepwalking, he's an eminently able actor.

RECORDINGS

Jimmy Witherspoon / Baby, Baby, Baby (Prestige) is the blues man. Whether it's tinged with sophistication as in Ellington's *Rocks in My Bed* or just plain gully-low blues shouting as on *Blues and Trouble*, it's still basic indigo, a métier that "Spoon" practically owns. Instrumental accompaniment ranges from Flügelhorn to harmonica to tambourine—all apropos.

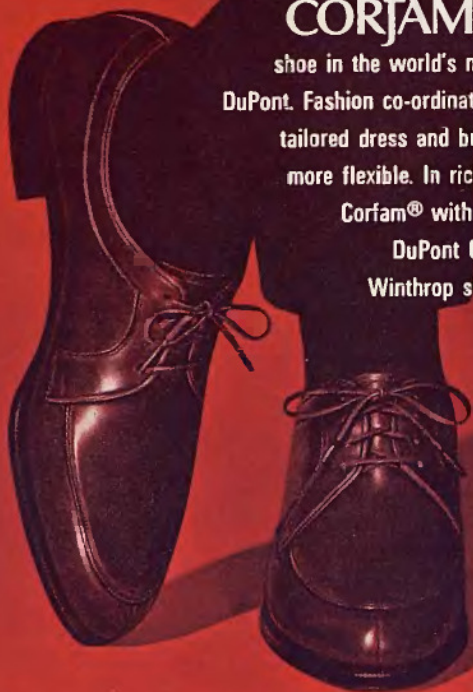
Brandenburg Gate: Revisited / The Dave Brubeck Quartet with Orchestra (Columbia) features Dave's compositions, with the exception of *G Flat Theme* composed by brother Howard who arranged and conducted the music for the entire session. The quartet, cradled in the lush confines of the orchestra, performs in perfect rapport with the larger group. Both Brubeck's and Paul Desmond's improvisations shine limpidly against the show-case-velvet backdrops.

Mose Allison Sings (Prestige) is another splendid example of Allison's nonvocal vocal style. To call his pipes untutored is to employ a euphemism. Nevertheless, Allison reaches you in his own way. Accompanying himself on piano, with bass and drums supplying rhythm, Mose works his way from blues such as *The Seventh Son* on to such nonstandard



WINTHROP

MEN'S SHOES



CORFAM™ A handsome classic dress shoe in the world's newest material: Corfam® by DuPont. Fashion co-ordinated to complement the latest tailored dress and business wear. Softer, lighter, more flexible. In rich new black or cordo-brown Corfam® with leather soles. The Winthrop DuPont Corfam® style \$21.95. Other Winthrop shoes from \$10.95 to \$19.95.



FASHION CO-ORDINATED FOR THE TOTAL LOOK

A PRODUCT OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

86 PROOF - OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

It seems all the nicest people drink Old Hickory

OLD HICKORY



America's Most Magnificent Bourbon

standards as Ellington's *Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me* and *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, to an original prison song, *Parchman Farm*.

Michel Legrand / Big Band Plays Richard Rodgers (Philips) takes us through 11 melodies from the composer's illustrious hit parade. Dressed up in Legrand arrangements — charts which are delightfully free of musical clichés — the likes of *Bali Hai*, *There's a Small Hotel* and *My Funny Valentine* have a fresh appeal. A top-drawer selection of jazz talent makes up the king-sized band and adds considerably to the outing.

A swinging singer for all seasons, *Joe Williams at Newport '63* (Victor) just about broke up that jazzfest. This vinylizing preserves the very "up" Mr. Williams for posterity. With a stellar group behind him — Clark Terry, Howard McGhee, Coleman Hawkins, Zoot Sims — Joe leaps into the fray on *Without a Song* and doesn't let go till the last bars of *Roll 'em Pete* tag off the recording. In between are such delights as *Every Day* and *April in Paris*.

Music from the Court and Chapel of Henry VIII (Vox) is sung by the Société de la Chorale Bach de Montreal, under the direction of George Little, and played by the Consort of Viols, directed by Otto Joachim. The secular and liturgical music of 16th Century England, airy and charming on one hand, stately and somber on the other, is presented with verve and dignity.

Gerry Mulligan / Night Lights (Philips) is Mulligan and five friends — including such luminaries as Art Farmer, Jim Hall and Bob Brookmeyer — being quietly persuasive in a session that's made for late-hour listening. Gerry's baritone sax and piano (on the title tune) lead the way through originals and such musical diversities as *Morning of the Carnival* from *Black Orpheus*, and Chopin's *Prelude in E Minor*. In all, 30 minutes of superb soft sell.

The burgeoning field of commercially oriented Gospel singing has produced some harrowing sounds on vinyl. It's all the more pleasurable, then, to hear the real thing. *Clara Ward and Her Gospel Singers at the Village Gate* (Vanguard) are fervent, exciting and as true as their pitch. We recommend their *Something Got a Hold of Me* as an outstanding example of Gospel according to Clara Ward; it is an aural experience.

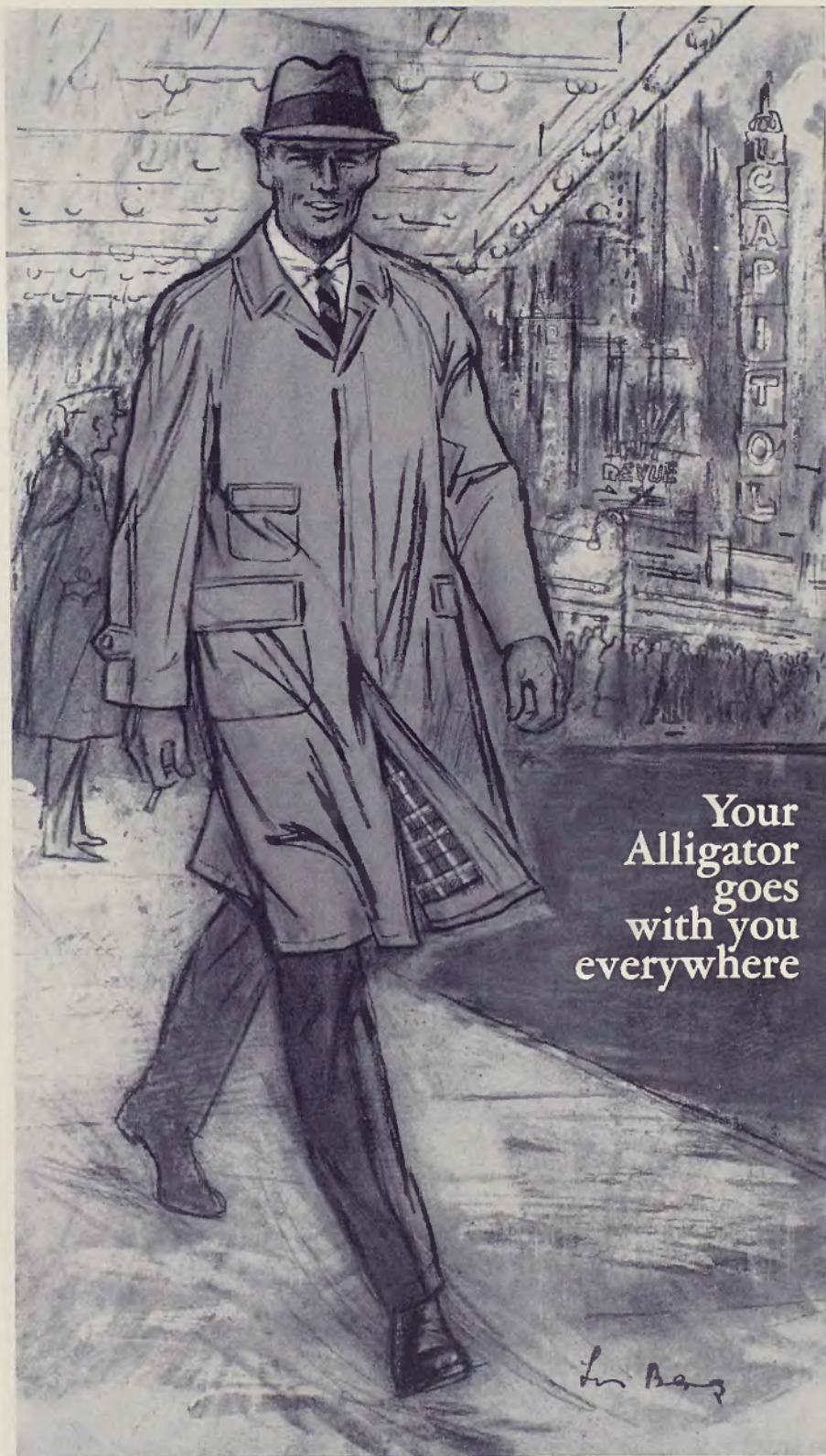
The Great Jazz Piano of Phineas Newborn Jr. (Contemporary) gives further evidence of the dramatic renaissance of the pianist

who, in past years, lacked the spark that separates the first-rate from the also-ran. Aided on one side by bassist Leroy Vinnegar and drummer Milt Turner, and on the other by the Cannonball Adderley team of bassist Sam Jones and drummer Louis Hayes, Phineas glitters through a pair of originals, plus jazz classics such as Ellington's *Prelude to a Kiss*, Monk's *Well, You Needn't* and Bobby Timmons' *This Here*. It looks like the "new" Newborn is here to stay.

THEATER

Courtroom dramas, like *Punch-and-Judy* shows, have their own special conventions. The verdict should always be served up last, and the opposing teams should slap each other around verbally as they lead up to two rousing summations. *A Case of Libel* breaks the rules and forfeits suspense, but still manages to shoot off some legal sparks. This is a paper-thinly disguised re-telling (by Henry Denker) of Quentin Reynolds' libel suit against Westbrook Pegler—most recently celebrated by lawyer Louis Nizer in his best-selling *My Life in Court*. From the start it is obvious that the Reynolds character (a liberal ex-war correspondent called Dennis Corcoran) will sue the Pegler character (right-wing columnist Boyd Bendix) for calling him, among other things, a "drunken, immoral, yellow-bellied degenerate," and that Nizer (called Robert Sloane) will counsel—and win. *A Case of Libel* is a primer case, but it holds attention because it obeys one law of courtship: There are slashing clashes between resolute, upstanding, tricky Sloane (Van Heflin) and calm, cunning, self-defeating Bendix (Larry Gates). When out of court, *Libel* plods instead of plots, but the play, like the case, is settled in court, and there some exciting exhibits are placed in evidence. At the Longacre, 220 West 48th Street.

Macy's department store has furnished Meredith Willson's *Here's Love* with costumes and publicity, and no wonder. This musical, based on the sappy, soapy 1947 movie *Miracle on 34th Street*, is definitely pro-Macy's. It is also pro-Christmas, pro-parades, pro—little children and pro—the U. S. Marines. In the beginning, the hero (Laurence Naismith) is the department-store Santa who thinks he's the real McClaus, and the villain is the mother who has convinced her daughter not to believe in anything, except maybe Macy's where mother hires and fires Santas. In the end everyone is a hero: a bachelor Marine (Craig Stevens), who really likes the little girl next



Your
Alligator
goes
with you
everywhere

Alligator Samthur®—extra fine cotton gabardine—smart new styling, good looking colors—\$20.95. Also models with zip-in luxurious acrylic pile warmers slightly higher.

You always look best in an Alligator coat. Smartest styles and colors in luxury loomed fabrics of the finest all wool worsted gabardines, colorful wools, yarn dyed multicolor cottons in gabardines, poplins, woven patterns—also blends with polyester or acrylic fibers. America's most wanted all-weather coats. Water repellents and waterproofs.

They're the best and cost you less. From \$11.95 to \$71.75 at better stores everywhere.

 **Alligator**
THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR
The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

Helen Liebert, Inc. 37 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y.

Helen Liebert

FOR MEN ONLY
FINE TOILETRIES



*By appointment
to America's most
distinguished
gentlemen...*

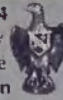
door (Valerie Lee) for herself and not for her sexy, divorced mother (Janis Paige); the mother, who learns to believe in the little old toymaker in the sky; and even the Messrs. Macy and Gimbel, who kiss and tell shoppers to buy at each other's stores. Meredith Willson's score is mainly *Music Man* leftovers. What this goody-good show needs is a Scrooge. Fred Gwynne, Officer Muldoon of television's *Car 54, Where Are You?*, tries to be one as a Macy's underling who doesn't believe the customer is ever right; at the mention of Gimbel's or Santa, he crumples like a burnt moth. But the Christmas cards are stacked against him. At the Sam S. Shubert, 225 West 44th.

Carson McCullers' novelette, *The Ballad of the Sad Café*, is an eerie fable about the distortions of love in a desolate Southern hamlet. A lecherous rogue loves a man mountain of a woman who loves a hunchbacked dwarf who loves the rogue. The woman, Miss Amelia, converts her general store into a café for the sake of the dwarf, who wants to be at the center of things, and he repays her by helping the rogue, Marvin Macy, vanquish her in a brutal wrestling match. In his stage adaptation, Edward Albee has been scrupulous about giving authoress McCullers top billing, and justifiably so. This is not so much a play as a dramatization of a minor classic. It is absolutely faithful to the book, down to the wrestlers greased with hog fat, so faithful that it includes whole swallows of pure McCullers, lovingly recited by a mellifluous narrator. All this is to Albee's credit as a collaborator, but it leaves much of the drama curiously undramatized. As a playwright, Albee is most successful when he holds to McCullers' spirit but uses the Albee letter: Marvin's sheepish proposal of marriage to Amelia, her casual acceptance, her dismissal of him from their marital bed, and, most theatrical of all, Marvin's outrage, a horrible mixture of the deepest love and the blackest hate. Lou Antonio, who plays Marvin, is bloodcurdlingly effective in this scene, as are most of the actors throughout, particularly Colleen Dewhurst, awesome as the awful Miss Amelia, and dwarf Michael Dunn as the malevolent, opportunistic manipulator of this grotesque triangle. For theatergoers, *Ballad* is a seriocurio worth watching. For Albee, it is what might be called a side step in the right direction. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th Street.

After a whirlwind six days at the Plaza, honeymooners Paul and Corie Bratter check into their first apartment, a fifth-floor walk-up (sixth-floor if you count the stoop, which, as Paul pants, "looks like a stoop but it climbs like a flight"). Corie (Elizabeth Ashley) is kookie. She likes to walk *Barefoot in the Park* in the

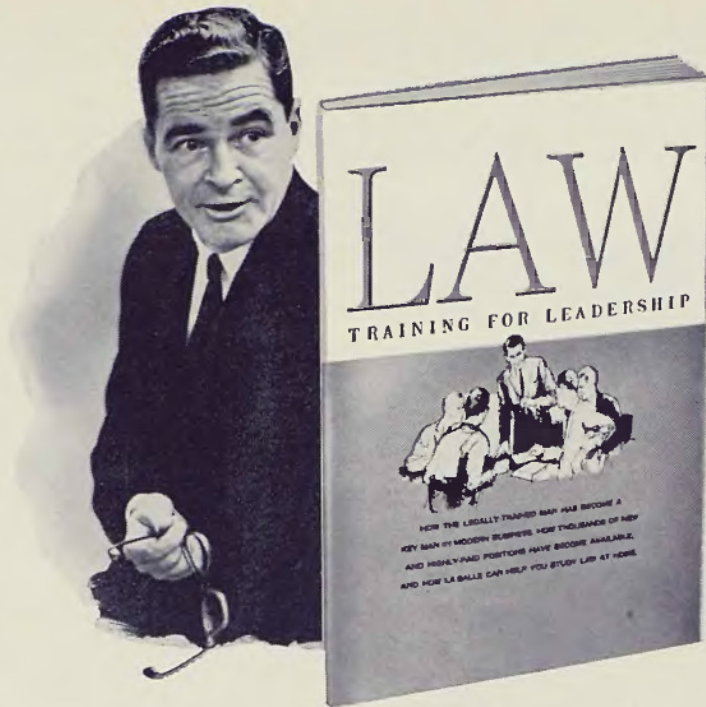
FILIPPO VERDE

Winner of 1964
Caswell-Massey
Award for Excellence
in Shoe Design



Lido—from Italy. Dashing sportster to take all fun in your stride. Distinctively styled with rugged top-stitched sole. Supple glove leather in black, brown or natural. American sizes. From the Filippo Verde collection; most styles \$12.95 to \$19.95. For name of store nearest you and free style booklet, write:

VERDE SHOE CO., Brockton 35, Mass.



IF YOU HAVE EVER CONSIDERED THE ADVANTAGES OF LAW STUDY

15 minutes with this famous booklet can mark a turning point in your business career

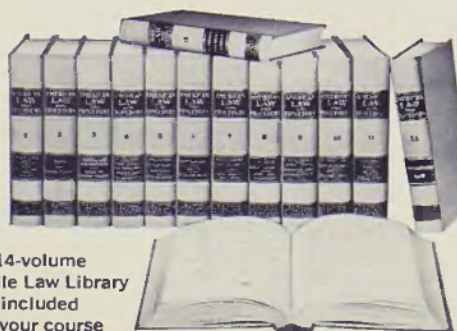
LAW TRAINING FOR LEADERSHIP reveals how easily and enjoyably you can study law at home, in your spare time, regardless of your present position or previous schooling. It also shows you how LaSalle law training is contributing to the growing success of ambitious men everywhere and why a law background is deemed essential for gaining and holding top executive positions.

You will discover how a knowledge of law has become indispensable in every branch of business... why the many new problems of law involving taxes, insurance, contracts, liability, employment, require a law background for the men in decision-making positions today. Corporations seek out such men for rapid advancement and reward them with upper-bracket salaries. That is why so many rising executives with a practical eye to the future are taking up the study of law now—during hours that do not interfere with business.

Thousands of men and women in accounting, banking, sales, credit, real estate, traffic, insurance, government, and the armed services have profited from LaSalle law training. You too can acquire a background in law in your spare time under LaSalle's distinguished faculty—at remarkably low cost. Upon completion of your training, with graduation requirements fulfilled, you will be awarded a Bachelor of Law degree.

The famed LaSalle Law Library of 14 volumes is given to you as part of your course.

For over half a century LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in business training, with more than 1,000,000 students. If you are determined to build on your present success in business—if you want to see how LaSalle's training can be of help to you—then send today for the free booklet "Law Training for Leadership." LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois 60605.



14-volume LaSalle Law Library included in your course

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 So. Dearborn, Dept. 27-093, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please mail me, free of cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership."

Name Age

Address County

City & Zone..... State

Occupation Working Hours A.M. P.M.

237

Canadian residents send coupon to LaSalle, Box 1001, Montreal 3, Quebec

THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN



We, the Daroffs, tailors of Philadelphia, have applied our Personal Touch to these handsome sport coats. Devoid of false padding and fripperies, they are cut from specially loomed cloths, with a rugged look. However, their subtlety of color makes them appropriate for town as well as for country wear. Light in weight and in appearance. Natural Gentleman sport coats \$39.95 to \$65.00. Compatible slacks \$16.95 to \$22.95. (slightly higher in the West.)



'BOTANY' 500®

Tailored by DAROFF
of Philadelphia



(The Cradle of Freedom in Men's Wear)

For the name of a nearby dealer, write: H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut Street, Phila. 3, Pa. (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.) Sanitized® for Hygienic Freshness

middle of winter. Paul (Robert Redford) is proper. He presses his ties in a dictionary and totes the garbage downstairs in a suitcase. The apartment they share is absurd. It overlooks the sky. The plumbing runs backward. The skylight leaks snowdrifts. What happens in this batty flat in the course of three acts is short on plot, high on humor. Corie's widowed mother (Mildred Natwick) visits long enough to be matched with the broke *bon vivant* (Kurt Kaszner) who lives yet one more flight upstairs, and the three innocents are led off by him on an epicurean expedition into the vagaries of Armenian food and drink ("It doesn't give you a headache, but you won't be able to make a fist for three days"). Corie eats up and drinks in every minute of it. Paul just gets sick. They fight, split, and make up ("Even when I didn't like you, I loved you"). Neil Simon, who wrote *Come Blow Your Horn*, dreamed up this very merry go-round of the marriage game, and his lines are consistently unaggy and in character, just as the actors are consistently unhammy and in character. As director in charge of entrances, exits and funny business onstage, Mike Nichols proves himself the resident comic genius in the apartment. At the Biltmore, 261 West 47th Street.

The surest way for a musical to avoid the Broadway bugaboo, book trouble, would seem to be to take a hit comedy like *The Rainmaker* and put music to it, which is what the creators of *110 in the Shade* have done—with the surprising result that the worst thing about this musical is its book. Perhaps N. Richard Nash's libretto of his own story makes *Cinderella* seem like a piece of muck-raking. The setting is a Texas version of *Oklahoma!*, and some of its corn is as high as an elephant's eye. There's a drought. The standard greeting is not "Howdy" but "Any sign of rain?" Into the parched town sweeps Starbuck, the rainmaker (Robert Horton). He bamboozles the rubes into believing that he can supply instant rain, and hornswoogles a plain Jane named Lizzie (Inga Swenson) into thinking she's pretty—no mean trick, considering Miss Swenson is beautiful to begin with. She ties her long golden tresses up in a tight bun and galumphs about like Judy Canova, but anyone with eyes can see through the disguise. In the transformation scene, Starbuck lets down her hair, and she feels pretty all over. The best thing about *110* is its score by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones—likable, lilting and sometimes witty, but nothing really lovely. It finally does rain real rain, but that doesn't wash away the show's troubles. At the Broadhurst, 235 West 44th Street.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My friends and I have had a slight disagreement over the frequency with which a normal male can achieve satisfaction in one night. I've heard cohorts boast of amazing physical powers, and I've often thought that perhaps I fall short. Try as I may, I can only experience seven orgasms, and then must quit because of physical exhaustion, even though my partner is willing and able to continue research. Should I take a body-building course? — L. N., San Francisco, California.

Take one? You should be giving one.

How much income does one need to consider investing in tax-free municipal bonds instead of common stocks or savings bonds? — R. A., Reno, Nevada.

If you pay an income tax, municipal bonds can offer advantages no matter what your bracket; however, they become more and more attractive as income increases. If your taxable income is, say, \$16,000–\$18,000, your tax bracket is 50 percent and you'll need to find a common stock paying a hefty 8 percent to equal the tax-free return you'd receive from a 4-percent municipal bond. When your income reaches, say, \$50,000–\$60,000, you're in the 75-percent bracket, where it would take a common-stock investment returning no less than 16 percent to equal the return on the same 4-percent municipal, which, besides being tax-exempt, is a good bit safer than the majority of stocks.

You may find this a little difficult to believe, but I'm throwing a cocktail party next month to which I plan to invite at least half a dozen young things who I know have rarely, if ever, taken a drink. If it's proper, I'd like to offer wine in addition to cocktails. I'd appreciate your suggestions. — N. L., Wappingers Falls, New York.

Assuming that all the girl scouts in the troop are at least 18, we do find it a little difficult to believe. However, as a substitute for cocktails you can serve chilled dry sherry, dry champagne, or even a dry white wine such as moselle. You might also stock up on milk, or consider finding a new half-dozen party dolls.

A wonderful girl I have been dating has only one serious fault—self-deprecation. Whenever our conversation touches on a desirable quality of human nature, she immediately insists that she lacks that trait. Beauty, intelligence, popularity—she denies she has them. The fact is, she has them in abundance. Why does she do this? Is she a masochist,

or is she downgrading her company through herself? — N. F., Labrador City, Newfoundland.

Your girl is probably just fishing for compliments with a variety of self-effacing hooks, a hobby common among females of all ages. If so, a little sincere flattery will help—the little creatures lap it up.

I've always thought that the entree was the main course of a meal. A friend of mine says no, that it's the course that immediately precedes the main one. Who's right? — T. L., Los Angeles, California.

He is. The entree, usually a fish or fowl dish, is served right before the main course—called the plat de résistance.

If you guys can solve this one you're wizards indeed. I'm a young (32) junior exec in a medium-sized off-Mad Ave advertising agency. I have a fine job, with a good salary and a promising future. My boss has taken a shine to me, and frequently invites me to parties at his place. I enjoy the boss' friendship—and deem my attendance at these affairs vital to my future prospects with the firm. The problem is his wife. She's a little younger than I am, and some 25 years his junior. I noticed her giving me the eye several months ago, but thought nothing of it. Then, on the first evening the boss invited me, unaccompanied, for dinner, she was all over me the minute he left the room. I had to physically disengage her (gently, of course) and barely managed this before the boss returned with the drinks. Since then I've been invited back twice for more of the same. Believe me, it's an ordeal, which her attractiveness only compounds. I'm not down on extracurricular activities, but this one gives me chills. Please tell me how I can turn this woman off (without offending her, of course, since she could kill my chances at work) so that my friendship with my employer, and my prospects for advancement, can continue to flourish. — J. S., New York, New York.

Next time the boss asks you over, tell him you have a date that night, and ask if you can bring her with you. Since a couple and a half is an odd number for dinner, this request is reasonable enough. Then pick your favorite girl—one you know will get along with the boss—and make sure she stays on your arm all evening. Repeat this treatment as many different times as necessary. It shouldn't take too long for the wife to get the message, and it will keep her away from you until she does.



ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN
WHEN YOU WEAR

FAME



PARFUM DE CORDAY
THREE-FIFTY TO THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS

©1982 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

Superb Quality




ABOUT
\$5.00
FIFTH
depending on
state taxes

KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN

Kentucky Straight Bourbon. Distilled & Bottled by Barton Distilling Co., Bardstow, Nelson Co., Ky.—Available at 86•90•100 proof.



The electric pre-shave with "wake-up!" Mennen Prop! Props up your beard for a clean, close shave...and wakes up your face with a clean, refreshing tingle. Get Mennen Prop. 

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

I'll be spending spring and early summer abroad, and though I don't particularly look forward to it, I've been told by many friends that if I don't go to Spain and take in a bullfight my trip will have been wasted. Can you give me some dates and places? — M. O., Denver, Colorado.

The bullfight season in Spain runs from April through October, so you have a wide range of dates from which to pick. Most of the best corridas take place in Madrid, especially during the San Isidro fair in May. You can also see excellent fights during fair week in Seville, beginning April 18th, and in Pamplona you can watch the bulls run through the streets before the fights on July 7th.

Here are two poker terms that aren't in the dictionary; I heard them in a game I got caught in recently: "Blaze" and "Big Dog." Meanings, please? — P. S., Monroe, Louisiana.

They're both straight poker terms, and to avoid getting caught again we suggest you head for Hoyle instead of Webster. A "Blaze" is any hand consisting entirely of face cards; a "Big Dog" is just that — a five-card hand with ace high and nine low, but no pair — a near miss that's as good as a mile.

A British chap I know wears buckskin shoes in the lighter shades with sports clothes. Is this proper? — A. K., Cleveland, Ohio.

The British have always worn suede and buck shoes, even with suits, but the trend in the U.S. has been toward smooth-leather footwear, and we wouldn't advise you to try to buck it. But for informal weekend wear, these shoes are perfectly acceptable.

A friend of mine says that most European wines — even the best — come from transplanted American grapevines. Is this true? If so, where can I go to taste some real nondomestic wine? — G. A., Newark, New Jersey.

Your friend is correct. In the 19th Century, an American vine disease called phylloxera was transplanted to Europe and began devastating Continental vineyards. The only sure preventive has been to graft European grapes onto resistant American stocks, and over the years this treatment has been extended to include almost every vineyard in Europe. There are still isolated pockets of vines untouched by the disease, among the most famous of these vineyards are those in the Rhine region, which produces an earthy wine (Liebfrauenstift) from old, ungrafted Reising vines. However, connoisseurs generally agree that improved growing techniques now mean wines from grafted vines are superior to

those from the pure stock. Wines of Western Australia are all unphylloxerated, but you'll have to go there to taste them, since they're virtually unobtainable in the U.S.

The girl I've been dating for the past year usually keeps me waiting some considerable time while she's getting ready for our date. Over the past weeks her stepmother, who is separated (and just 12 years older than her stepdaughter), has become friendlier and friendlier. Recently she suggested that I visit her one evening when her stepdaughter is out with a girlfriend. I have a good thing going with the girl, and wouldn't like to hurt that relationship; but I find the mother as attractive as the daughter and wonder if you think I can burn my candle at both ends. — J. M., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

If the girl ever learned you were having an affair with her stepmother, it would not only hurt your relationship, but would — in all likelihood — seriously damage theirs as well. Stick with the daughter, and let Mom make her own friends.

In the past, some of the parties I've thrown have been so successful that it has taken Herculean efforts to get all the guests on their way home. For future reference, can you suggest an easy method to speed the guests who linger too long after the stated departure time? — L. K., Mineola, New York.

We don't look favorably on parties with a "stated departure time," and, so it seems, neither do your guests. Most successful parties have a way of resolving themselves naturally, without any prodding by the host. However, one sure way to dry up the hangers-on is to close the bar and suggest that everyone go out for breakfast.

I recently spied a Bugatti bearing the international registration letter "S." Since then my date and I have had a running argument over what country this designates — she says Switzerland and I say Spain. Who's right? — S. L., Fairfield, Connecticut.

Neither of you. "S" on the standard black-and-white international registration plaque stands for Sweden. The initials for Switzerland are "CH," and Spain is designated by "E." As you can see, many international registration letters are not as straightforward as the common "GB" (Great Britain) or "F" (France). A few other stumpers: "SF" — Finland; "FL" — Liechtenstein; and "GBZ" — Gibraltar.

**The Scene is Set.
We Have the Music.
The Rest is Up to You.**



LN 24061/BN 26061*



LN 24079/BN 26079*



LN 24080/BN 26080*

A quick flick of the hi-fi and you have instant coziness. Play Hackett. Bobby's sensational horn sets a sultry scene with such Mancini favorites as "Moon River," "Days of Wine and Roses." Or such Kaempfert swingers as "Danke Schoen," "Afrikaan Beat." Play Maharis. His voice flirts through such mood-makers as "Make Yourself Comfortable," "Make Love to Me," "Try a Little Tenderness."



A FULL CIRCLE OF MUSIC AND SOUND

INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

Aristocrat

by Yello-Bole



Aristocrat, Billiard Shape, \$5.

Imported briar bowl guaranteed against burn-out for life.

Bench made from bit to bowl... Aristocrat is one of the world's great smokes. Pre-caked with a new formula honey lining, that assures mildness and easy "break-in." Only \$5 in a variety of shapes. Other Yello-Boles \$1.95 and up.

Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 22, Dept. 771. By the makers of KAYWOODIE

On a recent ten-day cruise my companion and I were unable to get a table for two and found ourselves placed with four strangers. I enjoy a bottle of wine over dinner, and felt rather antisocial not offering to share same with our tablemates. But I reasoned that offering to share would have placed them under obligation to reciprocate, when they actually might not wish to do so. I'm planning a similar cruise shortly, and I'd like to know if I goofed. —D. Q., Los Angeles, California.

You did. You felt rather antisocial because, after all, refusing to share wine with four tablemates is rather an antisocial act. When the table is small enough to permit easy conversation among all guests, you should offer your wine around. If your hospitality is accepted, your tablemates will reciprocate in kind at a later meal. If rejected, no obligations are incurred, and you and your companion can proceed to imbibe guiltlessly. In either case, the result is good will — rather than unpleasant afterthoughts.

Returning home on the train recently, I met a good-looking young lady and we got into a discussion which led to a few drinks. We parted at the station with the idea of meeting again, but before I had a chance to call her, she called me — that very night. She said she was lonely and wanted to come over. Twenty minutes later she arrived at my pad, toothbrush in hand. This has been going on now and then for six months. In the sack she's without peer, but conversationally she's a real cipher. Now she's beginning to talk marriage, but of course this is out of the question. Is there any way I can preserve the *status quo*? —L. F., Montreal, Quebec.

Assuming you don't wish to keep the affair going indefinitely, you can postpone the inevitable by keeping her mind off the subject of marriage. Most girls like to think of themselves as Canadian Mounties, and the illusion of a chase might keep her on the trail for many more months. Bear in mind, though, that conflicting goals mean the relationship will eventually dissolve. When that happens, take another train trip.

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.

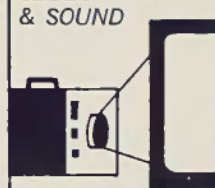
...for

NATURE LOVERS...



Record nature sounds. Set on auto operation. Sound starts and stops it automatically.

SLIDES & SOUND



Built-in automatic synchronizer advances slides; coordinates them with commentary or music.

SECRET RECORDINGS...



For investigations, interrogations, gathering of evidence. Works unattended. Voice starts and stops it.

DICTIONATION...



Use voice operation or remote-control microphone. Dictate anywhere — office, home or on the road.

MUSIC WHEREVER YOU GO...



Enjoy music at the beach, on your boat, anywhere. Play commercial tapes or your own selections from radio or records.



World's First Fully-Automatic Voice-Operated Portable Tape Recorder!

CONCORD 330

You'll find all sorts of "hands-free" uses for Concord's amazing portable 330 — applications not possible with an ordinary recorder. You don't even have to be there. Sound starts it; sound stops it. Just set it and forget it! □ The 330 is packed with features: automatic slide projector advance; automatic Syncrol for home movies; automatic self-threading too! Up to 6 hours playing time on 5" reels; 2 speeds; VU meter/battery life indicator and an optional AC adaptor. □ See your Concord dealer right away for a demonstration. Under \$200.00.* Other Models to \$450.00.

For Connoisseurs Of Sound

CONCORD 330

CONCORD ELECTRONICS CORPORATION

809 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Dept. D, Los Angeles 38, Calif.
*price slightly higher in Canada

PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE


THE MONTH OF MAY affords a splendid chance to shake out those land legs and enjoy an aquatic vacation. The Caribbean — so close to the U. S. and offering economy in both money and time — is invitation to a jet-borne weekend or an unhurried itinerary of island hopping. The little-known British Virgin Islands (notably Virgin Gorda, Virgin Bank and Anegada's Horseshoe Cay), just a few miles northeast of the American Virgins, lure visitors with spectacular deep-sea fishing that includes blue marlin, tuna and sailfish. Other facets of water sporting are found on neighboring Virgin reefs, where the specialties are swimming, sailing and beachcombing. Confirmed scuba and snorkel buffs frolic from dawn to sunset in the cerulean surf surrounding the six-acre Virgin islet, Marina Cay, or they stay completely waterborne aboard the seventy-foot ketch, *Pas de Loup*, which makes a ten-day run from Grenada through a sparsely inhabited chain of diminutive islands. The \$200 rate includes food, rum and unlimited use of skindiving gear off the exotic tropical reefs. Guests really get the feel of the sea, since they're expected to pitch in with the sailing of the vessel (one reason for the inexpensive tab). For those sea lovers who would rather be served than serve, a shorter, more luxurious run from Grenada to Barbados is available aboard the *Carlotta*, a 100-foot luxury schooner. The \$175 tab includes food, liquor, cigarettes and aqualung equipment.

If sportive feats are not your fare, you may make your vacation waterbound without wetting a toe by taking advantage of the short boat trips that add a richly leisured change of pace to a European tour. These are available throughout the year, but they're most rewarding at season's start, in May, when the countryside is greener, the stewards sharper and the passengers posher than at the height of the tourist season. In some cases you can put your car aboard and combine land roving with water winging. This combination makes the trip from Paris to the Riviera, along the scenic Route Bleu, for example, particularly diverting. Or, park your car in Nantes, and take the five-day run down the Loire through the celebrated French chateau country, by way of Chenonceaux, Amboise, Tours, Chambord and Blois. Equally enticing are the scenic tours aboard the *Bateaux-mouches* that ply the Seine through Paris. Other runs out of Paris include round trips along both the Seine and Oise rivers through Van

Gogh country to Auvers-sur-Oise and L'Isle Adam, and to medieval Bougival, Conflans, and other villages of the Camargue. While in Paris, put your feet on the ground long enough to sample some of the opera, ballet, drama, folk singing and dancing at the Eleventh International Theater Festival late in May.

Gastronomic river tours, so called because of the loving care devoted to the ships' oversize cuisines, are conducted from Antwerp to Rotterdam along curving inland waterways. In Italy, you can make an agreeable combination land-water journey — like the elegant river cruise through the network of lagoons and canals between Venice and Padua, the highlight of the trip. England offers, in addition to regular runs on the Thames toward Oxford, the opportunity to blend high-spirited cruising with low flying (in a manner of speaking), aboard novel hovercraft. Riding on a cushion of air, these futuristic craft zip across the estuary of the Dee River from Wallasey (near Liverpool) to Rhyl (in Wales) at 60 knots. Similar to the hovercraft are hydrofoil vessels, whose hulls are lifted above the water on subsurface wings; they make ferry runs at speeds of about 40 knots along the French and Italian Rivièras from Cannes to San Remo, Nice, Menton and Monte Carlo. They also connect Naples with the Isle of Capri, Athens with the island of Hydra, and they whiz through Scandinavia's breathtaking fiords and the great looming North Cape.

Travelers who like their boating with a bit more *Gemütlichkeit* may want to look into the German raft journeys along the Isar and Salzach rivers. Measuring 60 by 23 feet, these giant rafts carry a companionable complement of passengers plus a brass band for dancing. Less commodious and more strenuous are the plethora of canoe excursions for *Wasserwandern* (water hikers), also in Germany. Seven hundred canoe clubs rent equipment and supply information for runs along the Rhine, Main, Moselle and Isar, as well as many smaller rivers and canals. If you're lucky enough to be floating along the Isar during May, be sure to make the side excursion into the Danube to Krems — where a dollar buys you sampling rights to 250 different kinds of wine at the Austrian Spring Wine Fair. There are few better ways to climax a corking spring vacation.

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

Is it
a
beer
or a
liquor
?



Neither.

Not liquor. Who ever saw liquor with a head on it?

Not beer. Who ever drank beer with that much gumption?

Colt 45 Malt Liquor is a special breed of brew.

A completely unique experience.

SPECIAL PRODUCT DIVISION OF
THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE, MD.



A natural shoulder to cry on

If it's the lean strong look of you that attracts the lady, give credit to your Saxon Maincoat—the first natural-shoulder raglan. London Fog designed it for men with natural shoulder suits, natural shoulder haircuts and natural shoulder sympathies (that is, quiet, knowing, unpretentiously male).

Impervious to either emotional outbursts or sudden cloudbursts, the suave Saxon is stancher than most for two reasons.

First, it's made from our exclusive Cloister Cloth, an intimate blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton that uses 2-ply yarns to resist the heaviest downpour.

Second, those unpretentious shoulders are backed up with The Third Barrier®, our own secret of resistance.

So tell the lady to weep no more. Her tears just won't get through to you. Another tactic? That's for the two of you to work out.

THE SAXON®: IN BONE, OLIVE OR BLACK; EXCLUSIVE PLAID LININGS, \$37.50.

London Fog®
BALTIMORE 11, MD.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AYN RAND

a candid conversation with the fountainhead of "objectivism"

Ayn Rand, an intense, angry young woman of 58, is among the most outspoken—and important—intellectual voices in America today. She is the author of what is perhaps the most fiercely damned and admired best seller of the decade: "Atlas Shrugged," which has sold 1,200,000 copies since its publication six years ago, and has become one of the most talked-about novels in the country. Ayn Rand discussion clubs dot college campuses. Professors debate her ideas in their classrooms. More than 2500 people in 30 cities from New York to Los Angeles attend courses given by the Nathaniel Branden Institute, in which they listen to live speakers and taped lectures expounding the principles set forth in the book. Thousands more subscribe to "The Objectivist Newsletter," a monthly publication in which Miss Rand and her associates comment on everything from economics to aesthetics. And sales of her previous best seller, "The Fountainhead," have climbed to almost the 2,000,000 mark.

That any novel should set off such a chain reaction is unusual; that "Atlas Shrugged" has done so is astonishing. For the book, a panoramic novel about what happens when the "men of the mind" go on strike, is 1168 pages long. It is filled with lengthy, sometimes complex philosophical passages; and it is brimming with as many explosively un-

popular ideas as Ayn Rand herself. Despite this success, the literary establishment considers her an outsider. Almost to a man, critics have either ignored or denounced the book. She is an exile among philosophers, too, although "Atlas" is as much a work of philosophy as it is a novel. Liberals glower at the very mention of her name; but conservatives, too, swallow hard when she begins to speak. For Ayn Rand, whether anyone likes it or not, is *sui generis*: indubitably, irrevocably, intransigently individual.

She detests the drift of modern American society: She doesn't like its politics, its economics, its attitudes toward sex, women, business, art or religion. In short, she declares, with unblinking immodesty, "I am challenging the cultural tradition of two-and-a-half-thousand years." She means it.

A dark-haired woman with penetrating brown eyes and a computer-quick mind, Ayn (rhymes with mine) Rand was born to the family of a small businessman in St. Petersburg, Russia, where she lived through the Soviet Revolution. She attended the University of Leningrad, loathing communism and its philosophy. In 1926 she managed to leave the U. S. S. R., stayed for a few months with distant relatives in Chicago, then moved on to Hollywood. She had always wanted to be a writer. Since her command of English was somewhat less than adequate

for writing fiction, she found a job preparing outlines for silent movies, as she went about mastering her new language. Between bouts of unemployment, she worked as a movie extra, waitress, newspaper subscription salesgirl and studio wardrobe-department clerk.

Then, in 1936, she completed her first novel, "We the Living"—an attack on totalitarianism, set in Soviet Russia—which drew little notice. Two years later she finished "Anthem," a short novel about a society in which the word "I" has been extirpated in favor of the collectivist "we." It was not until five years and twelve publishers' rejections later that her first commercially successful book, "The Fountainhead," appeared; the story of an architect's battle for his own individuality, it became a national best seller, and was later made into a movie.

For nearly a decade after that, Miss Rand struggled to write "Atlas Shrugged," which she views not merely as a novel, but as the crystallization of a philosophy aimed at nothing less than reversing the entire direction of change in America—turning society toward a state of pure laissez-faire capitalism, even purer than that which existed during the 19th Century. But her philosophy—which she calls "Objectivism"—encompasses more than economics or politics: Primarily, it sets forth a new kind of



"Objectivist ethics holds that man exists for his own sake, that the pursuit of his own happiness is his highest moral purpose, that he must not sacrifice himself to others, nor others to himself."



"A sexual relationship is proper only on the ground of the highest values in a human being. That is why I consider promiscuity immoral. Not because sex is evil, but because sex is too good."



"Collectivism, as an intellectual power and a moral ideal, is dead. But freedom and individualism, and their political expression, capitalism, have not yet been discovered."

ethics which she defines as a morality of rational self-interest.

Today, Ayn Rand lives in a modest apartment in the East: Thirties of Manhattan with her artist husband, Frank O'Connor. She is planning another novel and working on a long-range nonfiction project—a book on epistemology, the theory of knowledge. Though her progress on both projects is interrupted by a demanding schedule of speaking engagements around the country, most of her working hours, and her considerable energies, are spent in the small blue-green study where she does most of her writing—entirely in longhand.

In a series of intellectually electric conversations with PLAYBOY's interviewer, Alvin Toffler, Miss Rand spoke clearly and urgently about her work and her views. Answering question after question with a clipped, even delivery, her deep voice edged with a Russian accent, she paused only long enough between words to puff on cigarettes held in a blue-and-silver holder (a gift from admirers) engraved with her initials, the names of the three heroes of "Atlas Shrugged," and a number of diminutive dollar signs. The dollar sign, in "Atlas Shrugged," is the symbol of "free trade and, therefore, of a free mind."

PLAYBOY: Miss Rand, your novels and essays, especially your controversial best seller, *Atlas Shrugged*, present a carefully engineered, internally consistent world view. They are, in effect, the expression of an all-encompassing philosophical system. What do you seek to accomplish with this new philosophy?

RAND: I seek to provide men—or those who care to think—with an integrated, consistent and rational view of life.

PLAYBOY: What are the basic premises of Objectivism? Where does it begin?

RAND: It begins with the axiom that existence exists, which means that an objective reality exists independent of any perceiver or of the perceiver's emotions, feelings, wishes, hopes or fears. Objectivism holds that reason is man's only means of perceiving reality and his only guide to action. By reason, I mean the faculty which identifies and integrates the material provided by man's senses.

PLAYBOY: In *Atlas Shrugged* your hero, John Galt, declares, "I swear—by my life and my love of it—that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for mine." How is this related to your basic principles?

RAND: Galt's statement is a dramatized summation of the Objectivist ethics. Any system of ethics is based on and derived, implicitly or explicitly, from a metaphysics. The ethic derived from the metaphysical base of Objectivism holds that, since reason is man's basic

tool of survival, rationality is his highest virtue. To use his mind, to perceive reality and to act accordingly, is man's moral imperative. The standard of value of the Objectivist ethics is: man's life—man's survival qua man—or that which the nature of a rational being requires for his proper survival. The Objectivist ethics, in essence, hold that man exists for his own sake, that the pursuit of his own happiness is his highest moral purpose, that he must not sacrifice himself to others, nor sacrifice others to himself. It is this last that Galt's statement summarizes.

PLAYBOY: What kind of morality derives from this, in terms of the individual's behavior?

RAND: This is presented in detail in *Atlas Shrugged*.

PLAYBOY: The heroine of *Atlas Shrugged* was, in your words, "completely incapable of experiencing a feeling of fundamental guilt." Is any system of morality possible without guilt?

RAND: The important word in the statement you quoted is "fundamental." Fundamental guilt does not mean the ability to judge one's own actions and regret a wrong action, if one commits it. Fundamental guilt means that man is evil and guilty by nature.

PLAYBOY: You mean original sin?

RAND: Exactly. It is the concept of original sin that my heroine, or I, or any Objectivist, is incapable of accepting or of ever experiencing emotionally. It is the concept of original sin that negates morality. If man is guilty by nature, he has no choice about it. If he has no choice, the issue does not belong in the field of morality. Morality pertains only to the sphere of man's free will—only to those actions which are open to his choice. To consider man guilty by nature is a contradiction in terms. My heroine would be capable of experiencing guilt about a specific action. Only, being a woman of high moral stature and self-esteem, she would see to it that she never earned any guilt by her actions. She would act in a totally moral manner and, therefore, would not accept an unearned guilt.

PLAYBOY: In *Atlas Shrugged*, one of your leading characters is asked, "What's the most depraved type of human being?" His reply is surprising: He doesn't say a sadist or a murderer or a sex maniac or a dictator; he says, "The man without a purpose." Yet most people seem to go through their lives without a clearly defined purpose. Do you regard them as depraved?

RAND: Yes, to a certain extent.

PLAYBOY: Why?

RAND: Because that aspect of their character lies at the root of and causes all the evils which you mentioned in your question. Sadism, dictatorship, any form of evil, is the consequence of a man's

evasion of reality. A consequence of his failure to think. The man without a purpose is a man who drifts at the mercy of random feelings or unidentified urges and is capable of any evil, because he is totally out of control of his own life. In order to be in control of your life, you have to have a purpose—a productive purpose.

PLAYBOY: Weren't Hitler and Stalin, to name two tyrants, in control of their own lives, and didn't they have a clear purpose?

RAND: Certainly not. Observe that both of them ended as literal psychotics. They were men who lacked self-esteem and, therefore, hated all of existence. Their psychology, in effect, is summarized in *Atlas Shrugged* by the character of James Taggart. The man who has no purpose, but has to act, acts to destroy others. That is not the same thing as a productive or creative purpose.

PLAYBOY: If a person organizes his life around a single, neatly defined purpose, isn't he in danger of becoming extremely narrow in his horizons?

RAND: Quite the contrary. A central purpose serves to integrate all the other concerns of a man's life. It establishes the hierarchy, the relative importance, of his values, it saves him from pointless inner conflicts, it permits him to enjoy life on a wide scale and to carry that enjoyment into any area open to his mind; whereas a man without a purpose is lost in chaos. He does not know what his values are. He does not know how to judge. He cannot tell what is or is not important to him, and, therefore, he drifts helplessly at the mercy of any chance stimulus or any whim of the moment. He can enjoy nothing. He spends his life searching for some value which he will never find.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't the attempt to rule whim out of life, to act in a totally rational fashion, be viewed as conducive to a juiceless, joyless kind of existence?

RAND: I truly must say that I don't know what you are talking about. Let's define our terms. Reason is man's tool of knowledge, the faculty that enables him to perceive the facts of reality. To act rationally means to act in accordance with the facts of reality. Emotions are not tools of cognition. What you feel tells you nothing about the facts; it merely tells you something about your estimate of the facts. Emotions are the result of your value judgments; they are caused by your basic premises, which you may hold consciously or subconsciously, which may be right or wrong. A whim is an emotion whose cause you neither know nor care to discover. Now what does it mean, to act on whim? It means that a man acts like a zombi, without any knowledge of what he deals with, what he wants to accomplish, or what motivates him. It means that a

man acts in a state of temporary insanity. Is this what you call juicy or colorful? I think the only juice that can come out of such a situation is blood. To act against the facts of reality can result only in destruction.

PLAYBOY: Should one ignore emotions altogether, rule them out of one's life entirely?

RAND: Of course not. One should merely keep them in their place. An emotion is an automatic response, an automatic effect of man's value premises. An effect, not a cause. There is no necessary clash, no dichotomy between man's reason and his emotions—provided he observes their proper relationship. A rational man knows—or makes it a point to discover—the source of his emotions, the basic premises from which they come; if his premises are wrong, he corrects them. He never acts on emotions for which he cannot account, the meaning of which he does not understand. In appraising a situation, he knows why he reacts as he does and whether he is right. He has no inner conflicts, his mind and his emotions are integrated, his consciousness is in perfect harmony. His emotions are not his enemies, they are his means of enjoying life. But they are not his guide; the guide is his mind. This relationship cannot be reversed, however. If a man takes his emotions as the cause and his mind as their passive effect, if he is guided by his emotions and uses his mind only to rationalize or justify them somehow—then he is acting immorally, he is condemning himself to misery, failure, defeat, and he will achieve nothing but destruction—his own and that of others.

PLAYBOY: According to your philosophy, work and achievement are the highest goals of life. Do you regard as immoral those who find greater fulfillment in the warmth of friendship and family ties?

RAND: If they place such things as friendship and family ties above their own productive work, yes, then they are immoral. Friendship, family life and human relationships are not primary in a man's life. A man who places others first, above his own creative work, is an emotional parasite; whereas, if he places his work first, there is no conflict between his work and his enjoyment of human relationships.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that women as well as men should organize their lives around work—and if so, what kind of work?

RAND: Of course. I believe that women are human beings. What is proper for a man is proper for a woman. The basic principles are the same. I would not attempt to prescribe what kind of work a man should do, and I would not attempt it in regard to women.



**Step into a
man's world...**

Step into **CITY CLUB**

This is a man's world. Heady aroma of sizzling steak. An eye for beauties. It's the world in which you belong... in your ruggedly handsome City Club shoes. Here's he-man styling that breeds confidence and wins compliments. It's a *shoe* in which you belong. *\$12.99 to \$20.99*
some styles higher



Important News About Imported Scotch



*How importing in original
casks from our distillery
in Scotland results in
considerable tax savings*

It may seem surprising that the news we have to tell you should come from the quiet hamlet of Bowling-By-Glasgow, Scotland. But then our story is full of surprising twists and turns.

The Art of "Gentle-ing." Centuries ago the wealthy wine merchants of the Old World sent their wines on an ocean voyage in original casks, and then shipped them back again to their point of origin. This process came to be called "gentle-ing" and it was accepted as being the best way there was of blending wine. And now this same method holds true for our Scotch Whiskys.

Like other quality Scotches, House of Stuart and Highland Mist are each blends of more than 30 of the finest Scotch distillations. They each are blended and aged in our own Distillery in Bowling-By-Glasgow, Scotland.



Big Difference! But there is where our Scotches differ from other quality Scotches. For after aging, as the final step in our perfect blending process, we send these two fine Scotches out to sea in their original casks to be "gentled."

Because of this "gentle-ing" process,

*continued right-hand column,
next page*

EXTRA LIGHT

House of Stuart

SCOTCH

About \$5⁰⁰

depending on individual state taxes

86 proof—the traditional proof of fine Scotch Whiskys in the U.S.A. Imported in original casks by Barton Distillers Import Co., New York City Available 8 years old.

There is no particular work which is specifically feminine. Women can choose their work according to their own purpose and premises in the same manner as men do.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, is a woman immoral who chooses to devote herself to home and family instead of a career?

RAND: Not immoral—I would say she is impractical, because a home cannot be a full-time occupation, except when her children are young. However, if she wants a family and wants to make that her career, at least for a while, it would be proper—if she approaches it as a career, that is, if she studies the subject, if she defines the rules and principles by which she wants to bring up her children, if she approaches her task in an intellectual manner. It is a very responsible task and a very important one, but only when treated as a science, not as a mere emotional indulgence.

PLAYBOY: Where, would you say, should romantic love fit into the life of a rational person whose single driving passion is work?

RAND: It is his greatest reward. The only man capable of experiencing a profound romantic love is the man driven by passion for his work—because love is an expression of self-esteem, of the deepest values in a man's or a woman's character. One falls in love with the person who shares these values. If a man has no clearly defined values, and no moral character, he is not able to appreciate another person. In this respect, I would like to quote from *The Fountainhead*, in which the hero utters a line that has often been quoted by readers: "To say 'I love you' one must know first how to say the 'I.'"

PLAYBOY: You hold that one's own happiness is the highest end, and that self-sacrifice is immoral. Does this apply to love as well as work?

RAND: To love more than to anything else. When you are in love, it means that the person you love is of great personal, selfish importance to you and to your life. If you were selfless, it would have to mean that you derive no personal pleasure or happiness from the company and the existence of the person you love, and that you are motivated only by self-sacrificial pity for that person's need of you. I don't have to point out to you that no one would be flattered by, nor would accept, a concept of that kind. Love is not self-sacrifice, but the most profound assertion of your own needs and values. It is for your *own* happiness that you need the person you love, and that is the greatest compliment, the greatest tribute you can pay to that person.

PLAYBOY: You have denounced the puritan notion that physical love is ugly or evil; yet you have written that "Indiscriminate desire and unselective indul-

gence are possible only to those who regard sex and themselves as evil." Would you say that discriminate and selective indulgence in sex is moral?

RAND: I would say that a selective and discriminate sex life is not an indulgence. The term indulgence implies that it is an action taken lightly and casually. I say that sex is one of the most important aspects of man's life and, therefore, must never be approached lightly or casually. A sexual relationship is proper only on the ground of the highest values one can find in a human being. Sex must not be anything other than a response to values. And that is why I consider promiscuity immoral. Not because sex is evil, but because sex is too good and too important.

PLAYBOY: Does this mean, in your view, that sex should involve only married partners?

RAND: Not necessarily. What sex should involve is a very serious relationship. Whether that relationship should or should not become a marriage is a question which depends on the circumstances and the context of the two persons' lives. I consider marriage a very important institution, but it is important *when* and *if* two people have found the person with whom they wish to spend the rest of their lives—a question of which no man or woman can be automatically certain. When one is certain that one's choice is final, then marriage is, of course, a desirable state. But this does *not* mean that any relationship based on less than total certainty is improper. I think the question of an affair or a marriage depends on the knowledge and the position of the two persons involved and should be left up to them. Either is moral, provided only that both parties take the relationship seriously and that it is based on values.

PLAYBOY: As one who champions the cause of enlightened self-interest, how do you feel about dedicating one's life to hedonistic self-gratification?

RAND: I am profoundly opposed to the philosophy of hedonism. Hedonism is the doctrine which holds that the good is whatever gives you pleasure and, therefore, pleasure is the standard of morality. Objectivism holds that the good must be defined by a rational standard of value, that pleasure is not a first cause, but only a consequence, that only the pleasure which proceeds from a rational value judgment can be regarded as moral, that pleasure, as such, is not a guide to action nor a standard of morality. To say that pleasure should be the standard of morality simply means that whichever values you happen to have chosen, consciously or subconsciously, rationally or irrationally, are right and moral. This means that you are to be guided by chance feelings, emotions and whims, not by your mind.

My philosophy is the opposite of hedonism. I hold that one cannot achieve happiness by random, arbitrary or subjective means. One can achieve happiness only on the basis of rational values. By rational values, I do not mean anything that a man may arbitrarily or blindly declare to be rational. It is the province of morality, of the science of ethics, to define for men what is a rational standard and what are the rational values to pursue.

PLAYBOY: You have said that the kind of man who spends his time running after women is a man who "despises himself." Would you elaborate?

RAND: This type of man is reversing cause and effect in regard to sex. Sex is an expression of a man's self-esteem, of his own self-value. But the man who does not value himself tries to reverse this process. He tries to derive his self-esteem from his sexual conquests, which cannot be done. He cannot acquire his own value from the number of women who regard him as valuable. Yet that is the hopeless thing which he attempts.

PLAYBOY: You attack the idea that sex is "impervious to reason." But isn't sex a nonrational biological instinct?

RAND: No. To begin with, man does not possess any instincts. Physically, sex is merely a capacity. But how a man will exercise this capacity and whom he will find attractive depends on his standard of value. It depends on his premises, which he may hold consciously or subconsciously, and which determine his choices. It is in this manner that his philosophy directs his sex life.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the individual equipped with powerful, nonrational biological drives?

RAND: He is not. A man is equipped with a certain kind of physical mechanism and certain needs, but without any knowledge of how to fulfill them. For instance, man needs food. He experiences hunger. But, unless he learns first to identify this hunger, then to know that he needs food and how to obtain it, he will starve. The need, the hunger, will not tell him how to satisfy it. Man is born with certain physical and psychological needs, but he can neither discover them nor satisfy them without the use of his mind. Man has to discover what is right or wrong for him as a rational being. His so-called urges will not tell him what to do.

PLAYBOY: In *Atlas Shrugged* you wrote, "There are two sides to every issue. One side is right and the other is wrong, but the middle is always evil." Isn't this a rather black-and-white set of values?

RAND: It most certainly is. I most emphatically advocate a black-and-white view of the world. Let us define this. What is meant by the expression "black and white"? It means good and evil. Before you can identify anything as gray, as middle of the road, you have to know

what is black and what is white, because gray is merely a mixture of the two. And when you have established that one alternative is good and the other is evil, there is no justification for the choice of a mixture. There is no justification ever for choosing any part of what you know to be evil.

PLAYBOY: Then you believe in absolutes?
RAND: I do.

PLAYBOY: Can't Objectivism, then, be called a dogma?

RAND: No. A dogma is a set of beliefs accepted on faith; that is, without rational justification or against rational evidence. A dogma is a matter of blind faith. Objectivism is the exact opposite. Objectivism tells you that you must not accept any idea or conviction unless you can demonstrate its truth by means of reason.

PLAYBOY: If widely accepted, couldn't Objectivism harden into a dogma?

RAND: No. I have found that Objectivism is its own protection against people who might attempt to use it as a dogma. Since Objectivism requires the use of one's mind, those who attempt to take broad principles and apply them unthinkingly and indiscriminately to the concretes of their own existence find that it cannot be done. They are then compelled either to reject Objectivism or to apply it. When I say apply, I mean that they have to use their own mind, their own thinking, in order to know how to apply Objectivist principles to the specific problems of their own lives.

PLAYBOY: You have said you are opposed to faith. Do you believe in God?

RAND: Certainly not.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying "The cross is the symbol of torture, of the sacrifice of the ideal to the nonideal. I prefer the dollar sign." Do you truly feel that two thousand years of Christianity can be summed up with the word "torture"?

RAND: To begin with, I never said that. It's not my style. Neither literarily nor intellectually. I don't say I prefer the dollar sign — that is cheap nonsense, and please leave this in your copy. I don't know the origin of that particular quote, but the meaning of the dollar sign is made clear in *Atlas Shrugged*. It is the symbol, clearly explained in the story, of free trade and, therefore, of a free mind. A free mind and a free economy are corollaries. One can't exist without the other. The dollar sign, as the symbol of the currency of a free country, is the symbol of the free mind. More than that, as to the historical origin of the dollar sign, although it has never been proved, one very likely hypothesis is that it stands for the initials of the United States. So much for the dollar sign.

Now you want me to speak about the cross. What is correct is that I do regard the cross as the symbol of the sacrifice of

Sea Voyage in Original Casks "Gentles" the Scotch



*Creates perfectly-blended
Scotch Whiskys with the
unique combination of
elegant taste and thrifty price*

continued from left-hand column, preceding page

House of Stuart and Highland Mist are perfectly blended Scotch Whiskys with a perfect taste.

But this is where the surprise comes in. This long ocean voyage in original casks, which so perfects the taste and blending of our Scotches, also considerably reduces their price.

\$2.00 Less Per Fifth. You see, because they are shipped to the United States in original casks, House of Stuart and Highland Mist do not have to pay taxes and duties as high as those paid by other Scotches that are bottled overseas. Also, there is a substantial savings on transportation costs because no money need be spent for the shipment and protection of fragile glass containers and cartons. This all means that we can sell — and you can enjoy — our imported quality Scotches at almost \$2.00 less per fifth than many popular brands.

So, that's our story. All that remains for you to do is ask for House of Stuart or Highland Mist ... depending upon your proof preference. If you do, you'll soon see what we mean when we say, "It's smart to buy right!"



EXTRA MILD

HIGHLAND MIST SCOTCH

About \$4.50

depending on individual state taxes

80 proof—the traditional proof of fine Scotch Whiskys in the United Kingdom. Imported in original casks by Barton Distillers Import Co., New York City

the ideal to the nonideal. Isn't that what it does mean? Christ, in terms of the Christian philosophy, is the human ideal. He personifies that which men should strive to emulate. Yet, according to the Christian mythology, he died on the cross not for his own sins but for the sins of the nonideal people. In other words, a man of perfect virtue was sacrificed for men who are vicious and who are expected or supposed to accept that sacrifice. If I were a Christian, nothing could make me more indignant than that: the notion of sacrificing the ideal to the nonideal, or virtue to vice. And it is in the name of that symbol that men are asked to sacrifice themselves for their inferiors. That is precisely how the symbolism is used. That is torture.

PLAYBOY: Has no religion, in your estimation, ever offered anything of constructive value to human life?

RAND: Qua religion, no—in the sense of blind belief, belief unsupported by, or contrary to, the facts of reality and the conclusions of reason. Faith, as such, is extremely detrimental to human life: it is the negation of reason. But you must remember that religion is an early form of philosophy, that the first attempts to explain the universe, to give a coherent frame of reference to man's life and a code of moral values, were made by religion, before men graduated or developed enough to have philosophy. And, as philosophies, some religions have very valuable moral points. They may have a good influence or proper principles to inculcate, but in a very contradictory context and, on a very—how should I say it?—dangerous or malevolent base: on the ground of faith.

PLAYBOY: Then you would say that if you had to choose between the symbol of the cross and the symbol of the dollar, you would choose the dollar?

RAND: I wouldn't accept such a choice. Put it another way: If I had to choose between faith and reason, I wouldn't consider the choice even conceivable. As a human being, one chooses reason.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider wealthy businessmen like the Fords and the Rockefellers immoral because they use their wealth to support charity?

RAND: No. That is their privilege, if they want to. My views on charity are very simple. I do not consider it a major virtue and, above all, I do not consider it a moral duty. There is nothing wrong in helping other people, if and when they are worthy of the help and you can afford to help them. I regard charity as a marginal issue. What I am fighting is the idea that charity is a moral duty and a primary virtue.

PLAYBOY: What is the place of compassion in your philosophical system?

RAND: I regard compassion as proper *only* toward those who are innocent victims, but not toward those who are

morally guilty. If one feels compassion for the victims of a concentration camp, one cannot feel it for the torturers. If one does feel compassion for the torturers, it is an act of moral treason toward the victims.

PLAYBOY: Would it be against the principles of Objectivism for anyone to sacrifice himself by stepping in front of a bullet to protect another person?

RAND: No. It depends on the circumstances. I would step in the way of a bullet if it were aimed at my husband. It is not self-sacrifice to die protecting that which you value: If the value is great enough, you do not care to exist without it. This applies to any alleged sacrifice for those one loves.

PLAYBOY: Would you be willing to die for your cause, and should your followers be willing to die for it? And for the truly nonsacrificial Objectivist, is *any* cause worth dying for?

RAND: The answer to this is made plain in my book. In *Atlas Shrugged* I explain that a man has to live for, and when necessary, fight for, his values—because the whole process of living consists of the achievement of values. Man does not survive automatically. He must live like a rational being and accept nothing less. He cannot survive as a brute. Even the simplest value, such as food, has to be created by man, has to be planted, has to be produced. The same is true of his more interesting, more important achievements. All values have to be gained and kept by man, and, if they are threatened, he has to be willing to fight and die, if necessary, for his right to live like a rational being. You ask me, would I be willing to die for Objectivism? I would. But what is more important, I am willing to *live* for it—which is much more difficult.

PLAYBOY: In your emphasis on reason, you are in philosophical conflict with contemporary writers, novelists and poets—many of whom are self-admitted mystics, or irrationalists, as they have been called. Why is this so?

RAND: Because art has a philosophical base, and the dominant philosophical trends of today are a form of neomysticism. Art is a projection of the artist's fundamental view of man and of existence. Since most artists do not develop an independent philosophy of their own, they absorb, consciously or subconsciously, the dominant philosophical influences of their time. Most of today's literature is a faithful reflection of today's philosophy—and look at it!

PLAYBOY: But shouldn't a writer reflect his time?

RAND: No. A writer should be an active intellectual leader of his time, not a passive follower riding any current. A writer should shape the values

of his culture, he should project and concretize the value goals of man's life. This is the essence of the Romantic school of literature, which has all but vanished from today's scene.

PLAYBOY: Leaving us where, literarily speaking?

RAND: At the dead end of Naturalism. Naturalism holds that a writer must be a passive photographer or reporter who must transcribe uncritically whatever he happens to observe around him. Romanticism holds that a writer must present things, not as they are at any given moment, but, to quote Aristotle, "as they might be and ought to be."

PLAYBOY: Would you say that you are the last of the Romanticists?

RAND: Or the first of their return—to quote one of my own characters in *Atlas Shrugged*.

PLAYBOY: What is your appraisal of contemporary literature in general?

RAND: Philosophically, immoral. Aesthetically, it bores me to death. It is degenerating into a sewer, devoted exclusively to studies of depravity. And there's nothing as boring as depravity.

PLAYBOY: Are there any novelists whom you admire?

RAND: Yes. Victor Hugo.

PLAYBOY: What about modern novelists?

RAND: No, there is no one that I could say I admire among the so-called serious writers. I prefer the popular literature of today, which is today's remnant of Romanticism. My favorite is Mickey Spillane.

PLAYBOY: Why do you like him?

RAND: Because he is primarily a moralist. In a primitive form, the form of a detective novel, he presents the conflict of good and evil, in terms of black and white. He does not present a nasty gray mixture of indistinguishable scoundrels on both sides. He presents an uncompromising conflict. As a writer, he is brilliantly expert at the aspect of literature which I consider most important: plot structure.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Faulkner?

RAND: Not very much. He is a good stylist, but practically unreadable in content—so I've read very little of him.

PLAYBOY: What about Nabokov?

RAND: I have read only one book of his and a half—the half was *Lolita*, which I couldn't finish. He is a brilliant stylist, he writes beautifully, but his subjects, his sense of life, his view of man, are so evil that no amount of artistic skill can justify them.

PLAYBOY: As a novelist, do you regard philosophy as the primary purpose of your writing?

RAND: No. My primary purpose is the projection of an ideal man, of man "as he might be and ought to be." Philosophy is the necessary means to that end.

PLAYBOY: In your early novel, *Anthem*,



Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 44

©1964, PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

MARCH 1964

THREE NEW PLAYBOY CLUBS TO DEBUT

ATLANTA, CINCINNATI, KANSAS CITY SLATED FOR OPENINGS SOON; APPLY FOR YOUR KEY NOW AND SAVE \$25

CHICAGO (Special)—Officials of Playboy Clubs International have released details on three new Playboy Clubs that will



The Bunnies are on their way to Atlanta, Cincinnati & K. C.

shortly join the rapidly growing key chain: Cincinnati and Kansas City are scheduled for Club premieres this spring; Atlanta opens shortly after summer. (For addresses of all Playboy Clubs, see box.)

The new Clubs will make the pleasures of the internationally acclaimed Playboy Club — the beautiful Bunnies, gourmet foods, choice liquors and exciting entertainment—more accessible to keyholders in the East, South and Midwest than ever.

By ordering your key today, you can take advantage of the \$25 charter rate that applies in new Club areas (the regular Resident Key Fee of \$50 is now

in effect in Chicago and Florida).

The Cincinnati Playboy Club, on the seventh floor of the Executive Building, 35 E. 7th St., will be bustling with 35 Bunnies waiting to serve you. The Club will be a \$500,000 showcase opposite the Shubert Theater.

The Kansas City Playboy Club will become the second Club in Missouri. (St. Louis has had a Club since October 1962.) Thirty-six Bunnies will be on hand to complement the lavish decor of the Club, located atop the Continental Hotel in downtown Kansas City.

The Atlanta Playboy Club will be located in a brand-new addition to the Dinkler Hotel. A unique attraction will be a glass port in the Penthouse area giving keyholders an underwater view of swimmers in the new hotel pool.

All three Clubs will have four Clubrooms: Playmate Bar, Living Room, Banquet Room and Penthouse showroom. Every

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; St. Louis at 3914 Lindell Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; Manila atop the Katigbak Bldg.

Locations Set—Los Angeles at 8580 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Baltimore at 28 Light St.; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental; Atlanta at the Dinkler Hotel; Cincinnati at 35 E. 7th St.

Next in Line—Washington, Boston, Dallas, Camden-Philadelphia.



Keyholders and Playmates enjoy a lively evening at The Playboy Club.

three weeks a new roster of Playboy's bright talent will appear in the Penthouse, where the earliest dinner show in town begins at 7 P.M. (Such stars as Henny Youngman, Jerry Van Dyke, Dick Gregory and The Kirby Stone Four have appeared on Playboy stages.)

From the lively variety shows in the Penthouse to the bounteous Living Room Buffet, to the convivial cheer in the Playmate Bar, keyholders in these three Clubs will move through a world designed with their personal pleasure in mind.

You will be able to choose from the delicious Playboy menu that keyholders know and enjoy: Charcoal broiled *filet mignon* in the Penthouse; the Living Room's Buffet with a luncheon variety of ten different dishes every week and a dinner consisting of steak-kabobs, fried chicken and barbecued back ribs. All food is the same price as a drink.

Your Playboy Club key will admit you not only to the new Clubs in Atlanta, Cincinnati and Kansas City, but to every Playboy Club now open or to be opened. Apply for your key now to save \$25. Mail the coupon today.

PLAYBOY EXTRAS FOR KEYHOLDERS

Your one Playboy Club key not only admits you to every Club in the world, but offers a long list of extras, such as VIP, the colorful Playboy Club magazine mailed monthly to keyholders. Another extra is the Playmate Key-Card for wives of keyholders, entitling them to charge privileges in the Club during luncheon and the cocktail hour. Guest forms are also available, permitting your friends to visit the Club when you personally cannot take them.

PLAYBOY CLUB DAZZLES DETROIT

DETROIT (Special) — The Playboy Club of Detroit, at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave., had its black-tie premiere for the benefit of muscular dystrophy on December 27th. Leading citizens of the Motor City participated in this gala opening of the third Playboy Club in the Midwest.

Enlivening the Bunny haven during the month-long opening festivities were some of the brightest shows from The Playboy Club circuit. In the

Penthouse keyholders and guests applauded America's hottest new comedy talent, Jackie Gayle, and the versatile singing styles of Roy Petty and Pegge Kaye. The Playroom showcased the masterful wit of Ray Hastings and Simmy Bow, and the pleasing melodies of Penny Pryor.

PLAYBOY readers in the Detroit area can still obtain a key at the charter rate of \$25 by filling out the coupon.

JOIN THE PLAYBOY CLUB TODAY/CLIP AND MAIL THIS APPLICATION

TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
c/o PLAYBOY MAGAZINE, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:
Here is my application for Key Privileges to The Playboy Club.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE DEPT. 244

\$25 FEE: ENCLOSED; BILL ME. (Initial Key Fee is \$50 within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in the state of Florida. Keys are \$25 outside these areas.) Initial Key Fee includes one-year subscription to Playboy Club's VIP magazine at \$1. Subscription optional.

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

your protagonist declares, "It is my will which chooses, and the choice of my will is the only edict I respect." Isn't this anarchism? Is one's own desire or will the *only* law one must respect?

RAND: Not one's own will. This is, more or less, a poetic expression made clear by the total context of the story in *Anthem*. One's own rational judgment. You see, I use the term free will in a totally different sense from the one usually attached to it. Free will consists of man's ability to think or not to think. The act of thinking is man's primary act of choice. A rational man will never be guided by desires or whims, only by values based on his rational judgment. That is the only authority he can recognize. This does not mean anarchy, because, if a man wants to live in a free, civilized society, he would, in reason, have to choose to observe the laws, when those laws are objective, rational and valid. I have written an article on this subject for *The Objectivist Newsletter* — on the need and proper function of a government.

PLAYBOY: What, in your view, is the proper function of a government?

RAND: Basically, there is really only one proper function: the protection of individual rights. Since rights can be violated only by physical force, and by certain derivatives of physical force, the proper function of government is to protect men from those who initiate the use of physical force: from those who are criminals. Force, in a free society, may be used only in retaliation and only against those who initiate its use. This is the proper task of government: to serve as a policeman who protects men from the use of force.

PLAYBOY: If force may be used only in retaliation against force, does the government have the right to use force to collect taxes, for example, or to draft soldiers?

RAND: In principle, I believe that taxation should be voluntary, like everything else. But how one would implement this is a very complex question. I can only suggest certain methods, but I would not attempt to insist on them as a definitive answer. A government lottery, for instance, used in many countries in Europe, is one good method of voluntary taxation. There are others. Taxes should be voluntary contributions for the proper governmental services which people do need and therefore would be and should be willing to pay for — as they pay for insurance. But, of course, this is a problem for a distant future, for the time when men will establish a fully free social system. It would be the last, *not* the first, reform to advocate. As to the draft, it is improper and unconstitutional. It is a violation of fundamental rights, of a man's right to his own life. No man has the right to send another

man to fight and die for his, the sender's, cause. A country has no right to force men into involuntary servitude. Armies should be strictly voluntary; and, as military authorities will tell you, volunteer armies are the best armies.

PLAYBOY: What about other public needs? Do you consider the post office, for example, a legitimate function of government?

RAND: Now let's get this straight. My position is fully consistent. Not only the post office, but streets, roads, and above all, schools, should all be privately owned and privately run. I advocate the separation of state and economics. The government should be concerned only with those issues which involve the use of force. This means: the police, the armed services, and the law courts to settle disputes among men. Nothing else. Everything else should be privately run and would be much better run.

PLAYBOY: Would you create any new government departments or agencies?

RAND: No, and I truly cannot discuss things that way. I am not a government planner nor do I spend my time inventing Utopias. I'm talking about principles whose practical applications are clear. If I have said that I am opposed to the initiation of force, what else has to be discussed?

PLAYBOY: What about force in foreign policy? You have said that any free nation had the right to invade Nazi Germany during World War II . . .

RAND: Certainly.

PLAYBOY: . . . And that any free nation today has the moral right — though not the duty — to invade Soviet Russia, Cuba, or any other "slave pen." Correct?

RAND: Correct. A dictatorship — a country that violates the rights of its own citizens — is an outlaw and can claim no rights.

PLAYBOY: Would you actively advocate that the United States invade Cuba or the Soviet Union?

RAND: Not at present. I don't think it's necessary. I would advocate that which the Soviet Union fears above all else: economic boycott. I would advocate a blockade of Cuba and an economic boycott of Soviet Russia; and you would see both those regimes collapse without the loss of a single American life.

PLAYBOY: Would you favor U. S. withdrawal from the United Nations?

RAND: Yes. I do not sanction the grotesque pretense of an organization allegedly devoted to world peace and human rights, which includes Soviet Russia, the worst aggressor and bloodiest butcher in history, as one of its members. The notion of protecting rights, with Soviet Russia among the protectors, is an insult to the concept of rights and to the intelligence of any man who is asked to endorse or sanction such an organization. I do not believe that an

individual should cooperate with criminals, and, for all the same reasons, I do not believe that free countries should cooperate with dictatorships.

PLAYBOY: Would you advocate severing diplomatic relations with Russia?

RAND: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the test-ban treaty which was recently signed?

RAND: I agree with Barry Goldwater's speech on this subject on the Senate floor. The best military authorities, and above all, the best scientific authority, Dr. Teller, the author of the hydrogen bomb, have stated that this treaty is not merely meaningless but positively dangerous to America's defense.

PLAYBOY: If Senator Goldwater is nominated as the Republican presidential candidate this July, would you vote for him?

RAND: At present, yes. When I say "at present," I mean the date when this interview is being recorded. I disagree with him on a great many things, but I do agree, predominantly, with his foreign policy. Of any candidates available today, I regard Barry Goldwater as the best. I would vote for him, if he offers us a plausible, or at least semiconsistent, platform.

PLAYBOY: How about Richard Nixon?

RAND: I'm opposed to him. I'm opposed to any compromiser or me-tooer, and Mr. Nixon is probably the champion in this regard.

PLAYBOY: What about President Johnson?

RAND: I have no particular opinion about him.

PLAYBOY: You are a declared anticommunist, antisocialist and antiliberal. Yet you reject the notion that you are a conservative. In fact, you have reserved some of your angriest criticism for conservatives. Where *do* you stand politically?

RAND: Correction. I never describe my position in terms of negatives. I am an advocate of *laissez-faire* capitalism, of individual rights — there are no others — of individual freedom. It is on this ground that I oppose any doctrine which proposes the sacrifice of the individual to the collective, such as communism, socialism, the welfare state, fascism, Nazism and modern liberalism. I oppose the conservatives on the same ground. The conservatives are advocates of a mixed economy and of a welfare state. Their difference from the liberals is only one of degree, not of principle.

PLAYBOY: You have charged that America suffers from intellectual bankruptcy. Do you include in this condemnation such right-wing publications as the *National Review*? Isn't that magazine a powerful voice against all the things you regard as "statism"?

RAND: I consider *National Review* the worst and most dangerous magazine in America. The kind of defense that it

offers to capitalism results in nothing except the discrediting and destruction of capitalism. Do you want me to tell you why?

PLAYBOY: Yes, please.

RAND: Because it ties capitalism to religion. The ideological position of *National Review* amounts, in effect, to the following: In order to accept freedom and capitalism, one has to believe in God or in some form of religion, some form of supernatural mysticism. Which means that there are no rational grounds on which one can defend capitalism. Which amounts to an admission that reason is on the side of capitalism's enemies, that a slave society or a dictatorship is a rational system, and that only on the ground of mystic faith can one believe in freedom. Nothing more derogatory to capitalism could ever be alleged, and the exact opposite is true. Capitalism is the only system that can be defended and validated by reason.

PLAYBOY: You have attacked Governor Nelson Rockefeller for "lumping all opponents of the welfare state with actual crackpots." It was clear from his remarks that among others, he was aiming his criticism at the John Birch Society. Do you resent being lumped with the John Birchers? Do you consider them "crackpots" or a force for good?

RAND: I resent being lumped with anyone. I resent the modern method of never defining ideas, and lumping totally different people into a collective by means of smears and derogatory terms. I resent Governor Rockefeller's smear tactics: his refusal to identify specifically whom and what he meant. As far as I'm concerned, I repeat, I don't want to be lumped with anyone, and certainly not with the John Birch Society. Do I consider them crackpots? No, not necessarily. What is wrong with them is that they don't seem to have any specific, clearly defined political philosophy. Therefore, some of them may be crackpots, others may be very well-meaning citizens. I consider the Birch Society futile, because they are not *for* capitalism, but merely *against* communism. I gather they believe that the disastrous state of today's world is caused by a communist conspiracy. This is childish naïve and superficial. No country can be destroyed by a mere conspiracy, it can be destroyed only by *ideas*. The Birchers seem to be either nonintellectual or anti-intellectual. They do not attach importance to ideas. They do not realize that the great battle in the world today is a philosophical, ideological conflict.

PLAYBOY: Are there any political groups in the United States today of which you approve?

RAND: Political groups, as such — no. Is there any political group today which is
(concluded on page 64)



AT THE PULITZER FOUNTAIN, N.Y.C.

In Fine Whiskey...

FLEISCHMANN'S
is the **BIG** buy!

*The First Taste
will tell you why!*

Established
1870



BLENDED WHISKEY • B6 AND 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY



You may serve the Schlitz when ready, Gridley!

[Or, how Admiral Dewey's men "spliced the main brace" at Manila Bay]

Only seven hours after Admiral Dewey said "you may fire when ready, Gridley," the enemy hoisted the white flag of surrender over Manila Bay.

But those seven hours of continuous bombardment—plus a daily diet of salt beef—were enough to raise a mighty thirst in any man's navy.

So when the Jos. Schlitz Brewing

Co. promptly sent a shipload of free beer to the Philippines—two bottles for every man jack in Dewey's command—the Admiral himself wrote a warm letter of thanks to Milwaukee. (The best piece of fan mail we got that year!)

"Splice the main brace," by the way, is a nautical term. Freely translated it means: "Drink up—with gusto." Need we say more?

Schlitz—the Beer that made Milwaukee Famous... simply because it tastes so good.



©1964 Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles and San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

CENSORSHIP IN CHICAGO

The arrest of Mr. Hefner for publishing an allegedly obscene June issue of his excellent magazine makes me want to stand up and shout, "Long Live Soviet America."

As a Negro, perhaps I should be concerning myself more with the passage of the Civil Rights Bill, but as an American I cannot help but concern myself with threats to take away freedoms that I now enjoy.

It is my opinion that any group advocating the suppression of a literary work just because it doesn't conform to its standards should be barred, rather than the literature in question.

Besides being a Negro, I am a member of the Armed Forces. It is the gravest form of injustice to me (and to a few million others in uniform) to be told by the Chicago Corporation Counsel, or any other censor group, what I may or may not read. To have sworn to lay down my life for my country and then to see this life being taken over by a Corporation Counsel lawyer and the Chicago postmaster is more than I can endure. Even to think that in modern America one man could keep a piece of literature from going through the mails, is utterly unbelievable. I have been told that this is the United States of America, but I am not so sure anymore. I have carefully read the explanation of Hefner's arrest which he presented in the October and November installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*. It seems clear that the Chicago censors were motivated more by religious considerations than by a desire to suppress a few photos of Jayne Mansfield.

We Americans have always prided ourselves on the fact that we are able to express our opinion, popular or not, on any subject and will defend the right of every other citizen to do the same, whether we agree with him or not. Seemingly, the National Organization for Decent Literature and the Citizens for Decent Literature want to take this freedom away.

I encourage Mr. Hefner to continue his fight with the knowledge that his does not stand alone. And, small compensation though it might be, I intend

to renew my subscription to his magazine when my present one expires. Enough said!

SP/5 Cleo Lockett
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

I was somewhat disappointed in your October issue. October brings very little change in the weather or landscape to California and therefore the most significant thing on the calendar is Halloween. This macabre celebration is undoubtedly a leftover from the medieval mysticism currently under fire in *The Playboy Philosophy* and I half expected some editorial reference directed toward its declining popularity being interpreted as an indication of the tremendous strides forward in the emancipation of the mind of man. It is perhaps unfortunate that Mr. Hefner's good taste prevented the printing of a large cutout mask of Chicago Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy, whose apparent prurient reaction to Jayne's photos seems to indicate that Chicago might well be subjected to a revival of the Inquisition as a replacement for the less-popular Prohibition.

The *Philosophy* and *Forum* distinguish your publication as one of the more important continuing works of your generation. You are introducing an intellectualism to sex which will replace the mixed shroud of sacredness and evil that have so long distorted and glorified the subject.

Incidentally, my wife and I were called upon to translate a good deal of your *Playboy Philosophy* to some of our neighbors when we lived in France. This is definitely a compliment, as the French mind is more dedicated, on the average, to genuine understanding and intellectual pursuits than any other.

J. Krueger
Los Angeles, California

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Re the Mansfield obscenity farce: If I did not have implicit faith in your integrity, I would suspect the entire affair was a stroke of pure genius created by Playboy Enterprises.

But as you have ably elucidated, the essence of the matter is a "to be, or not to be" question, with overtones encom-

passing our entire free (?) society. You will undoubtedly receive a flood of endorsements from your latest and/or passive supporters, something akin in magnitude to the tide of emigrants out of East Berlin in the weeks before the Wall, since the principles and alternatives involved are similar.

August M. Cook
Bayside, California

UNDESERVING DIGNITY

PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner should not have favored the Chicago authorities with such an extended reply to their recent charges. The best thing Hefner could have done would have been to ignore the whole thing and keep on writing his excellent pieces on the broader issues involved in censorship and moral restriction. To respond specifically (as he has done) to the silly acts of silly men is to honor and dignify them with an importance they do not deserve.

Kent Parker, Jr.
Summit, New Jersey

Hefner agrees that the charge resulted in part from "the silly acts of silly men," but while he might ideally have wished to deny their allegations the dignity of a response, he found this alternative impossible after four of them forced their way into his bedroom and arrested him.

JAYNE'S GYRATIONS

On the first day of a brief stay in the hospital, I was fortunate enough to receive the October issue of PLAYBOY, which I found to be a dapper diversion from textbooks while temporarily confined. After carefully checking out all the enticing entities of femininity, I turned to the *Philosophy* and obtained the first-hand details of Mr. Hefner's recent arrest which, I now recognize, was completely baseless, politically asinine and legally absurd. It must be that the awesome powers that be in the city of Chicago entertain certain fears as to what Editor-Publisher Hefner's philosophic pen can accomplish. (Let's hope, for their sake, that it is *not* Miss Mansfield's "gyrations" of which they are afraid.)

Roger Crumley
Iowa City, Iowa

JAYNE ON JAYNE

I have just finished reading the October installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. I am in complete accord that Jayne Mansfield per se is not the issue. This is a matter of censorship, in that a few are trying to govern the tastes of many. I strongly support you in your efforts to keep the press free, and in your championing each individual's right to make up his own mind.

Jayne Mansfield
Los Angeles, California

We are pleased that such an authoritative source concurs in our belief that Jayne Mansfield is not obscene.

ACTIONS AND REACTIONS

If all you have said is true, and undoubtedly you wouldn't have said it if it wasn't, then the courts have no alternative but to render a decision in your favor, not because of trumped-up charges of "obscenity," a concept which varies in the eye of the definer, but because of the facts behind the charges, facts which you have so articulately brought into view.

Any other decision would strengthen my growing suspicion that pressure groups such as the ones you have described are, unknowingly, forcing this country into socialism. The forces opposing you now are trivial when compared with the results which they might achieve. If they win their case against PLAYBOY they might inspire similar groups, to the point where local vigilantism snowballs into national disaster.

H. E. Craig
Detroit, Michigan

Hugh M. Hefner's discussion of the Nazilike censorship in Chicago is worthy of the highest commendation. Corroborating his theory that censorship is motivated more by political and economic causes than by moral reasons is the fact that Chicago is one of the few cities in the United States prohibiting newsstand sales of *Weekly People*, official newspaper of the Socialist Labor Party. Because of the great expense involved, the Socialist Labor Party has not yet taken this matter to the courts. Should PLAYBOY win its case, it will simplify the problem of achieving constitutional freedom of speech for other groups.

Henry R. Korman
Longview, Washington

The November *Playboy Philosophy* was excellent. It summed up my own feelings on the censorship of books, movies and magazines perfectly. Our so-called obscenity drives are inconsistent and silly.

For instance, there's obscenity in the Bible. In *Genesis 19: 30-38*, Lot's daughters commit incest with their father.

[The film] *Phaedra* was condemned by the National League for Decency because it portrayed incest. It seems odd that in one place it is sanctified and in the other condemned.

Another Biblical example is in *Kings II*, Chapter 11. King David seduces Bethsabee and after she has conceived has her husband, Urias, killed so he may marry her. Would Father Lawler, head of the Chicago Citizens for Decent Literature, censor this passage? Would Chicago Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy, or the Chicago Board of Censors, arrest PLAYBOY if it ran an article incorporating the same theme? Perhaps they would, claiming that children might read it — though they could read it in the Bible as well. I never heard of book-banning the Bible.

Carl Gagliardi
Washington, D. C.

Consistency was never one of the censors' strong points; however, even the Bible, in its various versions, has had its share of bannings and burnings down through history, and for several centuries the Church effectively kept the Bible from all but clerical eyes, on the grounds that it was not fit reading for the laity.

PLAYBOY, already the most expensive magazine of its type, threatens to set new price records in the near future. This phenomenon has long been a source of puzzlement to me, but your November issue has ended the confusion: the excess profit goes, of course, directly into reserve for contingent lawsuits.

As a law student, I strongly feel that government has neither the right nor the ability to legislate or otherwise control sexual mores. If Chicago's Corporation Counsel would be wise enough to remove his Freudian proboscis from the presses of a free society he might find more time for his job.

We Bostonians have long been subjected to the quasi-religious pronouncements of a group which, perched on Beacon Hill during sessions of the legislature, frowns down at us over long blue noses and lobbies for laws of a like color. "Banned in Boston" is an advertising slogan inspired by their efforts, not the least of which was closing the Old Howard and suppressing a state lottery.

Before I end this letter, go down to Boston Common, and mount a podium, PLAYBOY in hand, I must enclose a campaign contribution — please renew my subscription.

Kenneth Brody
Boston, Massachusetts

I am one of the children under 21 who has been reading PLAYBOY since infancy — since I was 17, to be exact.

My morals have definitely been corrupted by Ray Bradbury's obscene short stories, Ben Hecht's lewd journalist's-eye

view of life, the *Playboy Panels*, especially *1984 and Beyond*, and, my God, those two dirty old men, Bertrand Russell and Albert Schweitzer. We all know what class of magazine they usually appear in!

Please, Father Lawler, John Melaniphy, and all of you other enlightened souls, save me from further destructive influences, for I have gone too far to save myself. Mount your white chargers and head PLAYBOY off at the post office!

When this filthy publication is once and for all burned at the stake of NODL indignation, and fanatics like Justice Black and Professor Logan (imagine liking Lenny Bruce!) are taken care of, we can all go back to reading the healthy magazines like *Walt Disney's Comics*. Of course, the relationship between Donald and Daisy Duck will have to be cleared up; but, with you to lead us, I'm sure the world can once again be made a fit place to bring up the kids.

SP/4 Wade B. Sowers
Fort Lewis, Washington

I consider myself an average young man, probably like many of your readers: Having served as a Marine pilot during the Korean conflict, I married a lovely girl, started a family, and have been reasonably successful in business.

Like many other men of my acquaintance, I had grown increasingly disturbed by the hypocritical and conformist views many persons seem to hold on sex, censorship, materialism and even political philosophy. Believing the situation entirely hopeless, my wife and I resigned ourselves to emigrating to another country.

Your contributions through the *Philosophy* have been so powerful — so sweeping — their effect cannot help but be recognized and applauded by all concerned. We've decided if PLAYBOY can take on the Catholic Church and the city government of Chicago, in all their bigoted guises, then maybe our small contribution will make a difference. We're sure going to try. Thank you, PLAYBOY!

John and Meredith Swengel
Arcadia, California

Allow me to congratulate PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hefner on the stand he has taken to protect his rights as a person and as a publisher. I sincerely hope that by his example every editor of every newspaper and magazine, and every radio and television programmer throughout North America will put his hand behind his back and feel where his backbone used to be.

Nelson Thomas
Toronto, Ontario



...and still, today, *"It's the Water"*

Around the turn of the century, as the popularity of Olympia Beer spread out from the little town of Tumwater, customers would ask what gave the beer such distinctive good taste. The answer, of course, was that the rare water from our deep artesian wells enabled us to capture the most elusive and satisfying flavor from choice hops and grains. In 1902, we placed the answer on every

label in this simple form: *"It's the Water."*

Each year many new western friends ask about the secret of Olympia's distinctive quality. The answer never changes. Today, as then, these three words sum up the refreshing story of Olympia's most priceless ingredient—a rare brewing water that flows cold and pure creates the famous good flavor of light Olympia Beer.



Bravo for a man with enough guts to say what he thinks in spite of what will no doubt be a massive retaliatory effort on the part of the Catholic Church. In my estimation, Hefner's actions will earn PLAYBOY the undisputed possession of first place on the banned-books list.

Edward Berkler
Alamogordo, New Mexico

Hats off to a fearless American citizen. Your November *Philosophy* was a masterpiece. I have never read anything like it anywhere in our secular press. Because of my position as a chaplain in the United States Army I can't request Sunday that everyone go out and buy the November PLAYBOY. I would like, however, 100 copies of the article if you are going to have reprints made. I can pass them out to thinking officers and enlisted men without fearing a "witch hunt."

(Chaplain's name withheld on request)
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

Your *Philosophy* for November was truly outstanding. Being a Catholic, I am familiar with this overholy attitude on the part of some of our faith. Frankly, I disagree with an attempt to censor any book, movie, etc. It is not the duty of government to tell us what we are to watch or read. This duty is for our parents or ourselves. I hope that in the future you will devote your *Philosophy* to some of the other attempts that are being made to suppress our individual liberties. Keep up the good work.

Don G. Van Dyke
U.S.S. Lloyd Thomas
New York, New York

SUBVERSIVE TACTICS

In connection with *The Playboy Philosophy*, Part XII, I would like to express the following opinion: By the subversive tactics they employ against PLAYBOY, Father Lawler and his Citizens for Decent Literature (CDL) truly represent a harmful influence not only in Chicago, but in our society as a whole. This Catholic priest should be told by his superiors that his primary duties should be discharged in church, confined to offering what help and services he can to those who seek it. To the citizens in our society who do not seek narrow-minded views or forced opinions from any quarter, Father Lawler should not in any way attempt to dictate what they may or may not read or view. Moreover, when a Catholic priest resorts to local government to assist him in forcing his unwanted views on others (in this case, by being instrumental in the censorship of PLAYBOY and the arrest of its publisher on a charge of obscenity), he is infringing upon the constitutional rights of his fellow citizens, and is guilty of en-

tering a field (law enforcement) where he doesn't legitimately belong. Father Lawler's companions in this attempt to infringe upon our constitutional rights, the Victorian housewives who compose the majority of the CDL, have no right to prevent or affect a proprietor's livelihood in any way. Since a proprietor must bear full liability for the financial status of his bookstore, he should be free to manage his business in the fashion he alone chooses, without outside coercion from any source, least of all from a group of narrow-minded, middle-aged women, who will not beforehand agree to make good any financial loss sustained should an unfortunate proprietor succumb to their unhealthy influence.

Lance E. Ciepiela
Quantico, Virginia

INCREDULOUS

I have just read the November installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, and I am deeply troubled. I find it hard to believe that censorship groups such as the NODL and CDL even exist in this country, let alone achieve the success that they seem to have achieved. I am unable to understand how any sane group can seriously believe that it has the right to decide what others should be permitted to read. This is contrary to the basis of our American way of life as stated in the Bill of Rights. Even the supposed goal of these groups — to keep vulgar material out of the hands of children — is ridiculous. The problem of whether children should be permitted to purchase literature which these groups label "objectionable" is a matter which should be left to individual parents. It is a personal matter in which civic groups have no right to interfere. I sincerely hope that the majority of the American people see this for what it is, an attempt to deny us the rights guaranteed us in the Constitution, and I hope that action is taken to squelch the activities of these Victorian housewives before we find ourselves unable to buy anything but Donald Duck comic books and Bibles.

Robert B. Harris, Jr.
University Park, Pennsylvania

INVESTIGATE THE CENSORS

I had heard of the National Organization for Decent Literature before, but I was unaware that they employed such un-American tactics. They have the right to believe as they please, and to read as they please, but when they try to force their own standards on the rest of us they are no longer acting as Americans. Instead, they are acting as Communists, and their actions are as anti-American as any Communist dogma ever could be.

Has the NODL been investigated by the House Committee on Un-American

Activities? If not, why not? The Constitution guarantees us freedom of the press and separation of church and state, yet these people openly black-list certain literature on religious grounds. Their censorious practices should be stopped, or at least curtailed to the point where they can only publish a recommendation for Catholics.

I hope PLAYBOY follows the lead of its November *Philosophy* by continuing to inform its readers of the activities of such groups as the NODL and the CDL. In order to fight for freedom of the press, the public needs to be informed.

Morris Penrod
Seattle, Washington

We will continue our fight for freedom of inquiry and expression by opposing every form of censorship, and by bringing local instances to the attention of our readers when we feel the circumstances warrant.

CINCINNATI CARBON COPIES

In your November issue of PLAYBOY magazine you devoted 20 pages to tearing down CDL with false accusations. CDL is not affiliated with the Catholic Church, but is an organization started by interested people who care about the corruption that certain magazines contain. I as a member can assure you that no boycotts are used to stop the selling of indecent literature.

As a little piece of advice from me as a member, Mr. Hefner, you better be careful with the articles that you publish in your magazine. It could be that you are not familiar with certain laws today so I would like to inform you that you might just be sued for libel.

M. Dissel
Cincinnati, Ohio

I was outraged to read, in a recent issue of PLAYBOY magazine, a series of false accusations concerning a fine organization — Citizens for Decent Literature. Criticism on the basis of true (if perhaps slanted) facts would have been bad enough, but your complete lack of accuracy in your harangue against CDL was a definite disgrace to you and to your magazine.

The very fact that you were forced to use lies against CDL is a testimonial to your degradation and the efficacy of CDL in its fight against indecent literature.

In answer to one of your accusations, CDL is *not* a church-affiliated organization. Closer investigation on your part would reveal that it has the support of not only Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders, but also of many nondenominational organizations — such as the American Legion, organized labor, and educational, civic and government leaders. Thus it provides a common denominator of agreement, rather than the



PICK FOUR CARDS

WIN \$10,000 FIRST PRIZE

plus a week in Las Vegas for two in the

ANNUAL HOYLE OFFICIAL POKERSTAKES

2nd PRIZE \$3,000 • 3rd PRIZE \$1,500 • 4th PRIZE \$1,000 • 5th PRIZE \$750
all with expense-paid week in Las Vegas for two • 495 other merchandise prizes

HERE'S HOW YOU PLAY THE HOYLE POKERSTAKES: It's just like playing 5 card draw poker. We give you the Ace of Spades. All you do is select 4 other cards from the numbered deck shown above.

Then write the numbers in the space provided on the entry blank. Each number corresponds to a card in a secret Hoyle deck which has been pre-shuffled, numbered and officially sealed by an independent judging organization. No one has seen the face of this deck—and no one will until the contest ends. The five best poker hands win fabulous cash prizes plus expense-paid trips for two to Las Vegas. And there are valuable merchandise prizes for the next 495 best hands.

So deal yourself in. Enter the Hoyle Pokerstakes. And remember, when playing poker, pinochle or bridge at home, use Hoyle Official Playing Cards.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Use only an "Official Entry Blank" obtained from Hoyle retailers or from Hoyle Pokerstakes advertisements; facsimiles will not be accepted. Enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. Include with each entry the flap from a box of Hoyle cards or the words HOYLE OFFICIAL PLAYING CARDS individually hand-printed in block letters on a slip of paper.
2. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight May 31, 1964, and received no later than June 8, 1964.
3. All entries become the property of Stancraft. None will be returned. No responsibility can be taken for entries lost in the mail. Entry in this Pokerstakes constitutes full permission to publish name and address of winners.
4. Winners will be selected by A. C. Nielsen Company, an independent judging organization. Its decision, with respect to all phases of the contest, will be final. Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after the Pokerstakes closes. In case of ties, additional Pokerstakes hands will be played to break each tie. Only one prize will be awarded to a family.
5. Liability for Federal, State or other taxes imposed on a prize winner in this Pokerstakes will be the sole responsibility of the prize winner.
6. This Pokerstakes void in Kansas, Vermont, Wisconsin and in localities where prohibited by law. Pokerstakes open to all other persons in U.S.A. except employees of Stancraft, Standard Packaging Corporation and its subsidiaries, its advertising agency, A. C. Nielsen Co., or their families.



You'll stay at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn



Visit nite-spots, with money to spare

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

MAIL TO: HOYLE POKERSTAKES
P.O. BOX 1695
CLINTON, IOWA

♠

Select any four different numbers from 2 to 52 and write them on these cards. The Ace of Spades is automatically part of your hand.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____ A

HOYLE PLAYING CARDS
by Stancraft, Div. of Standard Packaging Corporation, St. Paul 4, Minn.

INSIDE VIEW OF SANSABELT



**NO BELT,
BUCKLE
OR BULGE!
THAT'S THE
SECRET OF
THE YMM
SANSABELT
SLACKS.
THEY BEND
WITH YOU,
BREATHE
WITH YOU,
GIVE YOU
THE LONG,
LEAN
LOOK
FROM
WAIST
TO CUFF.**



YMM (Young Man's Mood) SANSABELT Slacks, featuring the famous patented inner waistband designed in France. Ask for Sansabelt at your favorite store (to \$25.), or write to YMM Sansabelt Slacks, Michigan City, Indiana.

YMM® SANSABELT®
YOUNG MAN'S MOOD
A JAYMAR SLACK®

A Product of Jaymar-Ruby, Inc.



Patented by Y. LeCottier and A.G. Trentasaux of France under U.S. Patent No. 2,757,381

views of any single group.

You would be wise, Mr. Hefner, to check the accuracy of your information before printing it. You could easily be sued for libel for promulgating such malicious falsehoods. I'm sure you will be more careful in the future.

M. Antonelli
Cincinnati, Ohio

Recently I have heard of your 20-page article condemning Citizens for Decent Literature. Among other things you have stated that CDL is affiliated with the Catholic Church and that it advocates censorship.

CDL could not possibly be a denominational organization because of the mere fact that it has the support and active membership of not only Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders, but also of many nondenominational organizations. Secondly, since CDL is not a law-enforcement agency, and since it has no authority, obviously it cannot be a censor. Therefore, I sincerely recommend that before you should decide to print anymore articles of this type you might take the time to secure the truth, particularly the false statements which you made concerning some of the members of CDL. Such statements as these might very well produce a libel suit against you.

J. Lang
Cincinnati, Ohio

It has come to my attention that you have been publicly criticizing the organization Citizens for Decent Literature, obviously without first thoroughly investigating it. I strongly suggest that you do before you discover a possible libel suit against you.

In America, we, as citizens, all possess the right to think, say and print anything we wish—considering, of course, that it does not hinder the welfare or reputation of others. Please consider these factors the next time you go to press.

R. Andrews
Cincinnati, Ohio

In one of your recent issues of PLAYBOY you devoted 20 pages to tearing down CDL. All of your accusations were false. CDL does not advocate boycotts, nor is it associated or connected with the Catholic Church.

From now on I recommend that you be more careful that what you write is true; or you just might be sued for libel. You are giving the reading public false information, and I advise that you refrain from this in the future.

M. Korbce
Cincinnati, Ohio

There comes a time in everyone's life when he must realize just where he

stands in the world. He must consider what he has done and what he will do to become a better citizen and to advance his country.

Obviously, Mr. Hefner, you haven't reached this point. In other words, it seems as though you haven't reached your age of maturity. For surely, anyone who is connected or associated with this PLAYBOY magazine in any way, can't say that he is trying to help the cause. Now just ask yourself what have you done to help your country? Well, I'll tell you. You have poisoned the minds of the youths, who otherwise, would have been good leaders of tomorrow.

Well, I guess that was only natural for you since you have very low morals yourself. This is evident in the fact that you degraded the CDL—an aid to strengthen the minds of youth—in one of your articles. Also, I would like to point out that you did this by making false accusations. Please, if you don't agree with the CDL, at least give us your honest opinion.

C. McDonald
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am writing in rebuttal of what you said in the most recent issue of PLAYBOY about Citizens for Decent Literature (CDL). I don't know where you got your information but I can assure you that if you are willing to write to the Pope in Rome, or, for that matter, any Church official, he will confirm this, unless, of course, you realize that the CDL is not affiliated with the Church, but that your sales have gone down considerably from the fact that our letters *are* influencing the stores which sell your filthy magazine. Ask yourself this question, "What are you doing to the morals of our country?" that is, if you call the United States your country. You surely aren't raising our moral standards, that's for sure.

In conclusion, I would like to say that your magazine isn't worth the paper it's written on. Also, may I warn you to be careful in the future that what you write is true, or you might just be sued for libel.

M. Prather
Cincinnati, Ohio

I was terribly shocked when I saw you devoted 20 pages to tearing down CDL; all of these were false accusations. CDL is not affiliated with the Catholic Church and does not advocate boycotts to stop the selling of indecent literature. I believe the reason you did this was to defend your indecent magazine.

From now on, Mr. Hefner, you had better be careful that what you write is true, or you just might be sued for libel.

C. Folz
Cincinnati, Ohio

SEE EUROPE THE PLAYBOY WAY

May 5 Leave New York by TWA Star-Stream Jet for Paris.

May 6-8 Arrive Paris. Dance through the "City of Light" by night. Browse. Shop. Gourmet fare fit for a playboy's palate. Champagne dinner at Lido.

May 9-11 Jet to Nice. Famous Hotel Ruhl. Renault Dauphines on Riviera. Up-front seats at Grand Prix. Cannes Film Festival. Gamble or gambol at Monte Carlo, Cannes, St. Tropez.

May 12-14 Jet to Rome. Glamorous Cavalieri Hilton Hotel. Visit imposing wonders of "Eternal City."

May 15-17 Jet to Zurich. Fabulous Bürgenstock Estate. Volkswagens for exploring Swiss countryside.

May 18-20 Jet to London. Stay in towering London Hilton. Reception at estate of Duke of Bedford. Shopping, off-beat sight-seeing. Gala farewell fling.

May 21 Board TWA Jet for New York.

Enjoy the fun-filled itinerary Playboy Tours travel-tested last year, winning praise from playboys and 'mates lucky enough to participate. Leap the Atlantic via nonstop TWA Jet, stay at the finest Continental Hiltons, dine elegantly at palate-provoking world-famous restaurants. In PLAYBOY's fun-loving fashion, you'll explore exotic bistros by night . . . relax at renowned European playgrounds by day.

Seventeen time-stopping days and nights, and you can be assured of spending them with a congenial coterie of fun seekers. Your Playboy Tour host takes care of all arrangements and details. You're fancy-free to follow prepared events (from tea and crumpets with the Duke of Bedford to the breath-taking action of the Monaco Grand Prix) or take off on your own, solo or *à deux*. Here is one European escapade guaranteed to be unforgettable.

BUT HURRY . . . SPACE IS LIMITED and reservations are on a "first-in" basis. **SEND IN THE EUROPEAN COUPON** for a pleasure-filled sojourn that begins when you hear: "Welcome aboard."

ALL-INCLUSIVE PLAYBOY TOUR PRICE

Your price of \$1225 includes Economy Class Jet fare from New York, transfers of luggage (weight limit, 44 pounds), twin-bedded rooms with private baths at the deluxe hotels indicated (single room, \$75 extra), Continental breakfasts in London, Rome and Paris, special dinner parties and two meals daily in Switzerland and on Riviera, normal service charges imposed by hotels and restaurants as indicated in tour package, sight-seeing and entertainment listed in itinerary. Not included are: passport fee, airport taxes, tips for special service or anything not mentioned above. All rates and fares quoted are based on tariffs and prices existing at publication date and are subject to change without notice.

THIS MAY

... SWING ABOARD AS PLAYBOY GOES TO EUROPE!

17 Dazzling Days and Nights \$1225* Departing May 5



PLAYBOY TAKES YOU TO:

- the fever-pitched excitement of the Monaco Grand Prix
- the star-studded festivities of the Cannes Film Festival
- London by day *and* by night
- a romantic sojourn at Switzerland's fabled Bürgenstock Estate
- unforgettable nights in the "City of Light"

AND TAKES THE TROUBLE OUT OF TRAVEL WITH:

- transatlantic flight via luxurious TWA Star-Stream Jet
- accommodations at strictly deluxe hotels, including new Hiltons in London and Rome
- private cars at your disposal on the Riviera and in Switzerland
- a Playboy Tour host to ease you through customs, handle reservations



*Complete price based on air fare of \$645.10. Should this fare be reduced prior to departure date, any saving will be passed on to tour member.

See your travel agent or mail this reservation form now to:

PLAYBOY TOURS, 232 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611



I am enclosing my check for \$122.50 (10% of tour price) to hold my reservation and look forward to receiving all the exciting details. I understand that balance is due 30 days prior to departure. (If reservation is made less than 30 days from departure, full payment must accompany this form.)

I am a Playboy Club keyholder. Charge deposit to my key, number _____.

NOTE: Full refund will be made until 30 days prior to departure. At any time thereafter, a nominal \$25 Late Cancellation Charge will be made.

(mr.) (miss) _____ please print

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip code no. _____

I would like to "play" now and "pay" later — send details.

You must not be aware of the fact that indecent literature is spreading throughout the country and should be discouraged, not encouraged. The 20 pages in the PLAYBOY magazine which you devoted to tearing down the CDL were full of false accusations.

The CDL is supported by Catholics, yes, but also, by Protestant and Jewish leaders and nondenominational organizations. This problem of pornography is growing every year. There has been a 45-percent increase in arrests in Los Angeles. By comparing the Academy Award-winning movies of five years ago to those of today, you can see that their topics, titles and plots are so much different. The crime rate today is too high and must be stopped.

J. Overmeier
Cincinnati, Ohio

After reading the 20-page attack you made on CDL in PLAYBOY magazine I was shocked enough to write this letter to you. Of course the horse is out of the barn—the damage has been done. The public still thinks a writer bases his material on fact. Saying that CDL is affiliated with the Catholic Church is a pure lie—even though the Catholic Church should feel flattered.

Mr. Hefner, some people have been sued for libel for much less than what you have written incorrectly.

After this horrible attack can I hope to think that you would weigh fairly in your mind why we must keep our reading matter clean?

God will judge you on every soul you help lead on the pathway of sin.

Miss J. O'Brien
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am writing this letter in protest to your recent comments on CDL. This organization is *not* affiliated with the Catholic Church.

May I suggest that you watch to see that what you print is true, because you could be sued for libel.

B. Stegemoller
Cincinnati, Ohio

It has come to my attention that you have written a 20-page article condemning CDL in your PLAYBOY. I think you are a disgrace to all mankind for saying the things you did against CDL and Mr. Keating. I'm sure anyone who read that article is also disgusted. You better watch out or you will end up with a libel suit.

S. Russell
Cincinnati, Ohio

I am writing to you in regard to your recent issue of PLAYBOY magazine, in which you devoted 20 pages to the tearing down of the CDL, all by means of false accusations. However, I do not agree with this article against CDL,

for the main reason that the CDL was organized for the purpose of combating the fight against the spread of indecent literature. We are not an organization affiliated with the Catholic Church, but an organization to help the people of today better their lives, without the evils of sex as it is displayed in your magazines. You probably think that it is all right to print such articles, but if I were you, I would be very careful, and watch for what type of things get printed in your magazine, because one of these days you could get into serious trouble, and even sued for libel, for printing such untrue information about CDL, or for that reason any other types of businesses.

So please, for the sake of the people in the world be especially careful of the types of articles that your magazines print, for you will be strengthening yourself, and also the lives of many other people, as well.

J. M. Lamping
Cincinnati, Ohio

Such unanimity of opinions and threats—to say nothing of the similarity of wording, plethora of bad grammar, and identical city of origin—might almost lead a suspicious person to think there was a single inspiration (or instigation) busily at work in Cincinnati, home of the CDL.

To all the Cincinnatians whose emotions were "spontaneously" aroused to the extent that they felt compelled, on the same date, to write us similar letters and mail them in identical envelopes, we observe that in numbers there's not always strength. This CDL tactic—and the similar threatening mail sent in quantity to a number of PLAYBOY's advertisers in recent months—is reminiscent of the incident involving Father Lawler, inspired leader of the Chicago Chapter of CDL, mentioned in the November installment of the "Philosophy," in which Catholic grade-school children were given the task of writing poison-pen letters to a Chicago radio station, as a class assignment, in an unsuccessful attempt to have a popular disc jockey fired for using objectionable material on his show.

To J. Lang's protestations that CDL "obviously . . . cannot be a censor," we offer M. Prather's assertion that "your sales have gone down considerably from the fact that our letters are influencing the stores which sell your filthy magazine." (For an accurate reference on PLAYBOY's sales since beginning the "Philosophy," we quote from the January 1964 issue of "Bestsellers," the trade publication for magazine dealers: "From the number-six position [in profits to retailers, among all U. S. magazines] on the January 1963 Box Score, this famous men's title has jumped to number two [second only to the weekly "TV Guide"]—with a fantastic 36.6 percent gain in re-

tail sales, the highest single gain ever recorded for a title in the top ten on 'Best-sellers' Box Score!')

For the benefit of the good citizens of Cincinnati, we once more acknowledge the right of any church group to advise its members about their reading matter. What we object to is attempts to compel readers—of all faiths or none—to bow to others' dislikes, by denying all readers a free choice at the newsstand.

As for the connection between CDL and the Catholic Church, we quote from an article on West Coast censorship that appeared in "The Californian." "Actually, the CDL is only a front group for a larger organization called the National Organization for Decent Literature. The NODL uses groups like CDL and the Legion for Decency to infiltrate communities under the guise of nonsectarian activity and independence from a list of banned books published by NODL. The reason is that the NODL has been stamped as a Catholic organization that has tried to have books called unfit for Catholics to read banned for persons of all other religious denominations, too. This has resulted in widespread opposition to NODL, which has therefore been forced to use groups in communities that go by different names. These groups will deny they are connected with NODL, but they use NODL's banned-books list and they parrot NODL's philosophy. . . . They are all part of the same organization—the NODL, which was established in 1938 by the Catholic Bishops of the United States as a watchdog committee for the Roman Catholic Church. In some communities, its branches are admittedly Catholic, and in others they operate on an interreligious basis. They all use the banned-books list of the NODL, however—a list which is drawn up . . . in conformance with Catholic religious beliefs and Catholic moral codes."

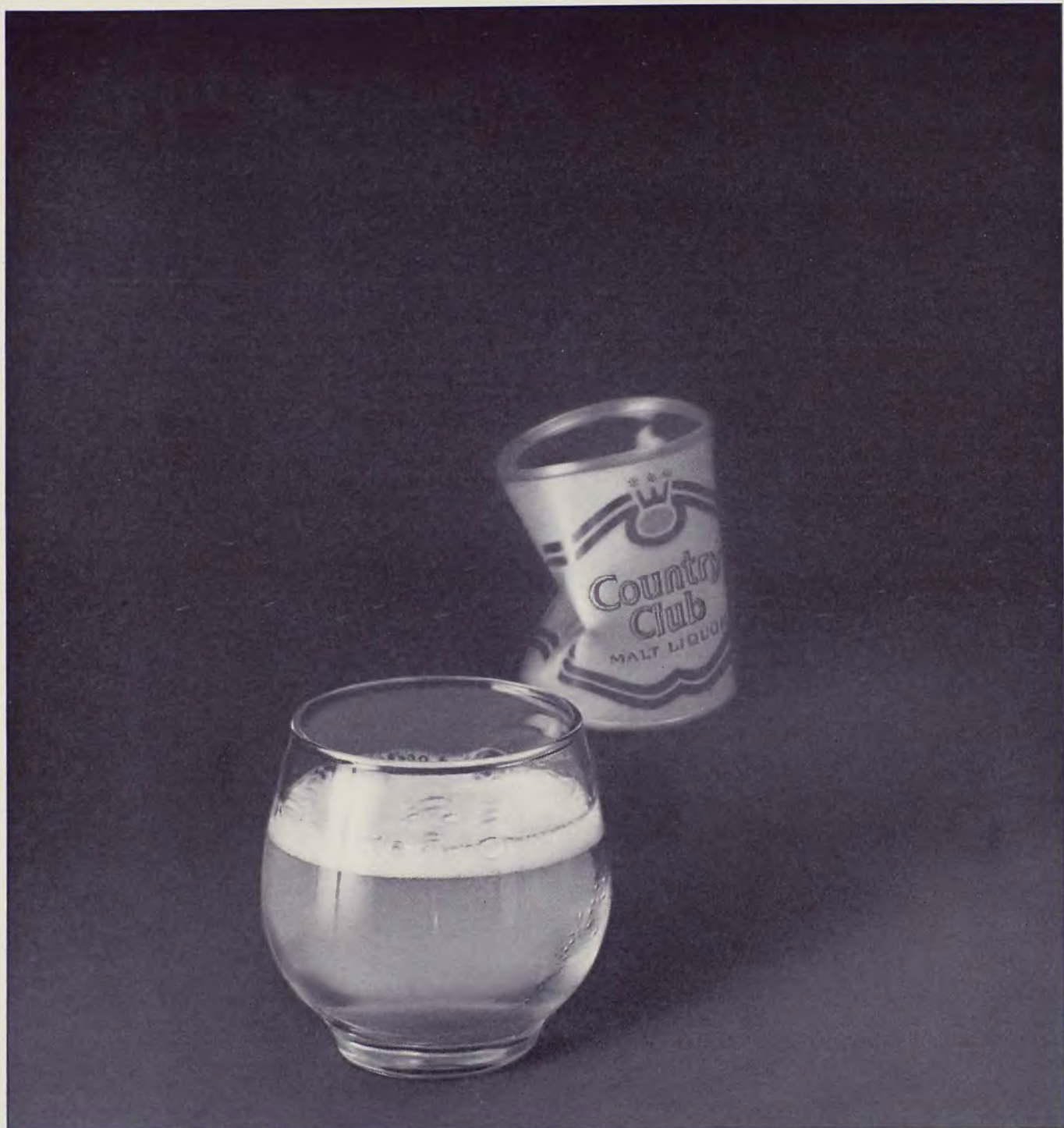
PERVERSION FOR FUN AND PROFIT

In line with Hefner's excellent piece in the November issue, I thought you might get a hollow laugh out of this item from my column:

OPPORTUNITY: *The Advocate*, published by the California Citizens for Decent Literature (you betcha), urges its readers to rent a film called *Perversion for Profit*—"ADULTS ONLY, a real eye opener, depicts various types of obscene material!" I congratulate the California Citizens for Decent Literature on this courageous invitation to stamp out smut by looking at it.

Herb Caen
San Francisco Chronicle
San Francisco, California

Our thanks to columnist Caen. "Hollow laugh" is exactly the phrase.



Funny beer glass? Wrong twice.

'Tain't funny. 'Tain't beer. Not even ale. Country Club is just what it says—malt liquor—a masculine cousin of the other brews. There's nothing bland or blah about it. Country Club is a new kind of brew with a positive character. Its special fermenting agent produces a lively quality that—frankly—appeals mostly to men. No bite to it, though, because it's aged good and long. No big head on it, either. It's light on carbonation, so it'll sit light throughout an evening's

pleasure. Country Club Malt Liquor makes a welcome change of pace from its cousins on the one side and the hard stuff on the other. This little eight ounce can serves up a drink you can enjoy any time the spirit moves you. It's even priced reasonably enough for you to try a six-pack, and decide how well you like it. We think you'll **Country Club** get the message. **MALT LIQUOR**

Thank you for a most forthright and lucid presentation of your position on civil liberties in the November issue of PLAYBOY. You touched on a great many vital issues, and I want you to know that I support your views wholeheartedly. It was also gratifying to learn that many business concerns are able to see the issue clearly, and have spoken out decisively against the would-be censors and bigots who understand neither legal principles nor moral strictures. The letter from the Honda Motor Company to Reverend Drexler is magnificent! The Honda people may be assured that I will consider them if ever I'm in the market for a motorcycle (which is a real possibility). In the meantime, as an expression of my support for your publication, I'm taking out a subscription to PLAYBOY.

Apropos individuals like CDL Chairman Charles H. Keating, Jr., I would strongly second Dr. Karpman's suggestion of a possible displaced sexual obsession, and add that there is also a possibility of the presence of a sadism-masochism syndrome. Extreme sexual repression may be a form of masochistic pleasure, and the extension, or attempted extension of such repression to others is a form of sadistic pleasure. This double tendency is typically present in the same individual. Most sadists are masochists in certain situations, and vice versa. Sexual sadism-masochism is not always expressed with a whip and a punishment bench. It can also be expressed through the imposition of severe sexual restraints on oneself and others. Attitudes which tend to inhibit sexual interest and activity are generally less healthy than those which tend to stimulate such interests and activities.

Edward J. Jay, Ph.D.
Dept. of Anthropology-Sociology
Queens College
New York, New York

Being an ex-Catholic and ex-seminarian, I know the workings of the Church. Following is one frightening example of how twisted and hypocritical some minds can become. I attended a meeting of the Knights of Columbus which involved pornography in today's publications. Over 100 adult (in age) men viewed a grand assortment of slides taken from various magazines — yours among them — showing the beautiful female form. They were nothing more than pin-ups, not a dirty picture in the lot. The narrator read the captions attached to each picture and some paragraphs from the text for emphasis. About halfway through the showing the operator began to speed up the slide projector, and almost at once there were cries of "Slow down!" and "Let's see that one again!" These men all know what pornography is, and

even though they weren't shown any that night the fact that they would be going out to boycott drugstores was frightening. To cap the evening off, the narrator invited me up to his house after the show and tried to make a pass at me. I must say it was a lesson in life.
(Name and address withheld on request)

A PSYCHIATRIC VIEW

I found *The Playboy Philosophy* for November of great interest and I should like, as a practicing psychiatrist, to make a few comments.

It is obvious that a religion which is based on miracle, mystery and authority can take no other stand than to attempt to control sexual behavior in its members. Its more ardent followers understandably may extend their efforts to society at large. This is actually a hostile act disguised as a loving one, as anyone who has read Freud's masterly analysis of the Church in *Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego* will readily agree. When one considers the evolution of Catholic sexual thought, your remarks about "pornophilia" are particularly apt, and have been foreshadowed by such parables as the beam and the mote, casting the first stone, etc.

It has been my impression — no more than that — that Catholic patients often suffer from severe sexual conflict. Masturbation, for instance, is theologically speaking a sin; and in not a few Catholic wives, chronic fear of pregnancy is common.

In their attitudes toward sex, Catholic educators and physicians seem to place more weight on social customs than on factors which operate in early childhood; which, along with constitutional factors, do play an important role in the individual's sexual identity. In this, Catholics disagree with the majority of psychiatric opinion.

Fred B. Charatan, M.D.
Syosset, New York

BLACKLISTS AND BLACKOUTS

On WPIX-TV, New York, on October 20, I saw a program called *Operation Yorkville — a View of Smut in New York City*. The goal and *modus operandi* of the moderator and speakers seemed identical to those described in your November *Philosophy*: to achieve the enforcement of arbitrary censorship, by vigilante methods if necessary. The panelists, mostly Catholic clergymen and laymen, urged formation of a police subdepartment to monitor booksellers, determine if their wares are "objectionable," warn them against future sales of such material, and hand out summonses for violations. Violations of what? Can this nonsense actually be happening in the U.S.?

The thesis of the panel discussion was

this: Regardless of the Supreme Court definition of obscenity, books dealing with extra- or premarital sex, or with a whole host of other subjects offensive to the panelists, should be kept from the bookstores. Naturally, the panelists made it clear that this was being done only to protect minors. But who is to protect the adults from these do-gooders?

Editor-Publisher Hefner has my support in his attempt to delineate his philosophy. If this should incidentally result in increased circulation for PLAYBOY (and I think it has), then more power to both. Most businessmen, myself included, consider it highly appropriate for one to profit from one's own ideas.

B. Stephen-Hansel
New York, New York

PLAYBOY's circulation has indeed increased sharply since December 1962 — the month which marked the first appearance of "The Playboy Philosophy" in our pages — growing from an average sale of approximately 1,350,000 per issue in the last six months of 1962 to over 2,000,000 in the last half of 1963.

Through interest created by your October issue, I attempted a little research of my own, and found some facts that are very disappointing. *The Last Temptation of Christ* is banned from the public library in my home port of Long Beach, California. In San Francisco, I heard *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, by T. E. Lawrence, termed the rantings of a homosexual. I also managed to get hold of a NODL pamphlet, and what I have to tell this group could not be published anywhere. J. D. Salinger obscene? No doubt they consider Santa Claus a nasty old man!

It pains me even more to learn that churches allow their names to be associated with such a thing. To allow the sanctity of God to be dragged through the mire of fanaticism is unfathomably degrading to both.

As Plutarch wrote: "It is a thing of no great difficulty to raise objections against another man's oration — nay, it is a very easy matter; but to produce a better in its place is a work extremely troublesome."

Your editorials are far-reaching and truthful, and I respect you for your honesty in bringing to light something that I am certain this country was not fully aware of. We all wish to protect our children, but we don't want them used to cover a lie. You have opened my eyes, as I am sure you have a great many others.

Richard L. Tevis
San Francisco, California

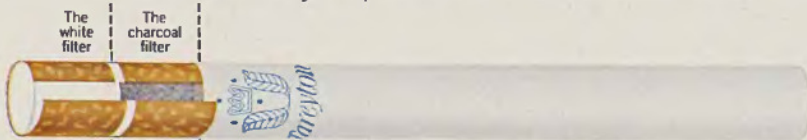
Apropos the November *Philosophy*, I am enclosing a front-page clipping
(continued on page 173)

“Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!”



Join the Unswitchables and enjoy the great taste that inspires their aggressive loyalty.

Tareyton, of course, is famous for fine tobacco. Now see how the Activated Charcoal filter works with the white filter to actually improve the fine tobacco taste:



The white filter

The charcoal filter

gives you the clean taste

gives you the smooth taste

Together they give you the great taste of **DUAL FILTER TAREYTON**

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* — “Tobacco is our middle name” © A. T. Co.



Silverstein's HISTORY OF PLAYBOY

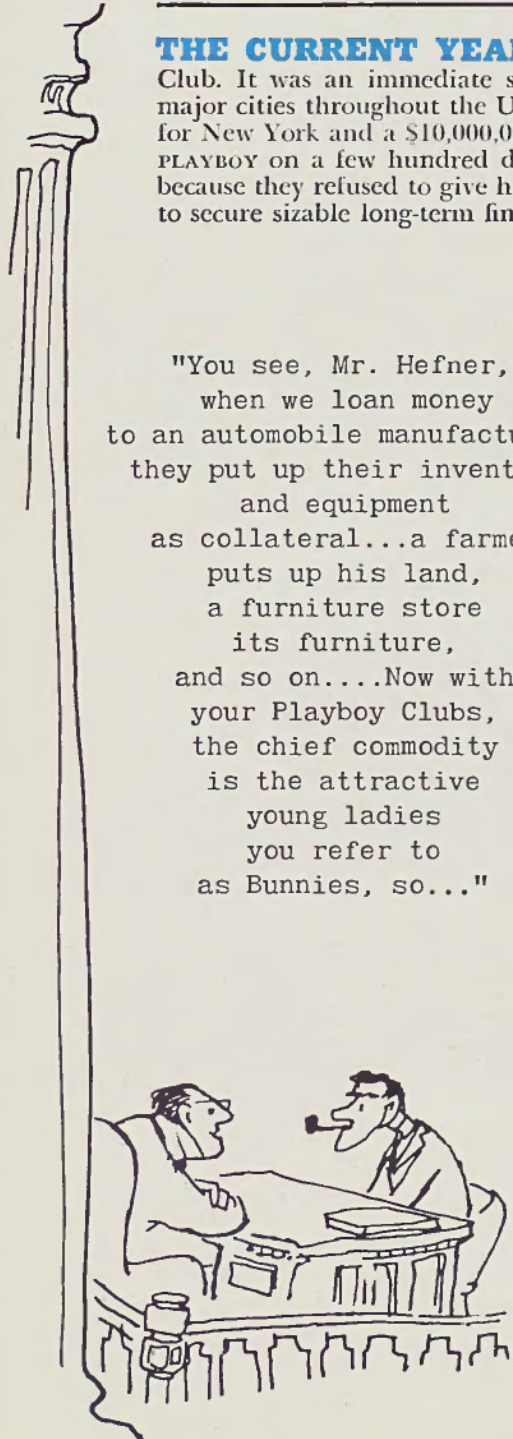
humor By SHEL SILVERSTEIN conclusion of our bearded bard's personal chronicle of the first ten years in the life of this publication

THE CURRENT YEARS Early in 1960 Hugh Hefner opened the first Playboy Club. It was an immediate success and he began making plans for similar key clubs in major cities throughout the United States and abroad, including a \$4,000,000 Playboy Club for New York and a \$10,000,000 Playboy Club-Hotel for Hollywood. Since Hef first started PLAYBOY on a few hundred dollars in 1953 after quitting his \$60-a-week job with *Esquire* because they refused to give him a \$5 raise, these new plans for expansion made it necessary to secure sizable long-term financing.

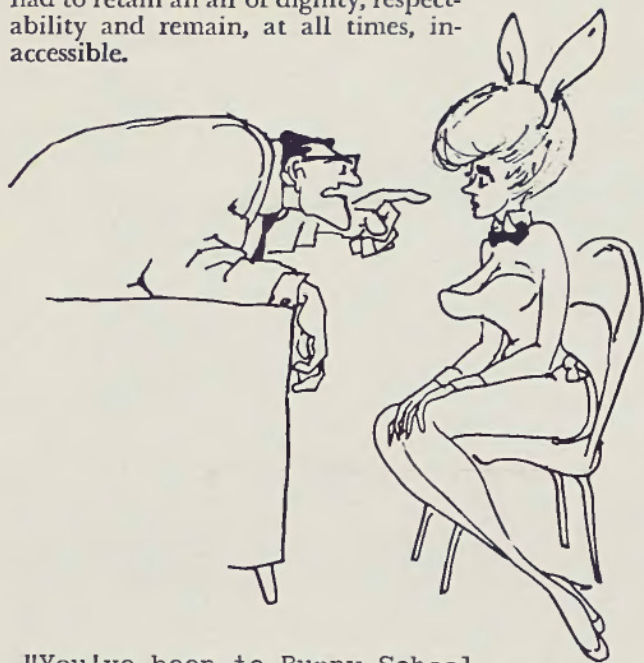
"You see, Mr. Hefner,
when we loan money
to an automobile manufacturer,
they put up their inventory
and equipment
as collateral...a farmer
puts up his land,
a furniture store
its furniture,
and so on....Now with
your Playboy Clubs,
the chief commodity
is the attractive
young ladies
you refer to
as Bunnies, so..."

The Playboy Clubs proved even more successful than the magazine. They drew their decor and concept from the pages of PLAYBOY and offered a place of glamor and entertainment to the sophisticated, urban man about town.

"H'ya, Bunny-honey,
are there any more
in the hutch
like you?!...HA HA...
You're gonna love me, Bunny--
'cause I got lotsa lettuce!...HO HO...
Say, what happens to a Bunny
if she flunks
her rabbit test?!...HEH HEH..."

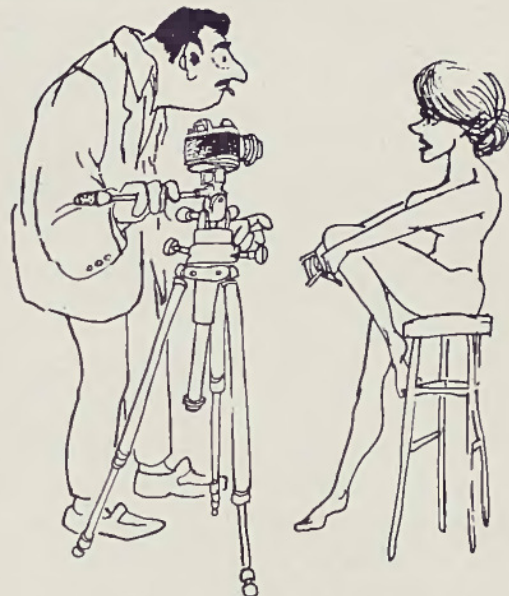


Playboy Bunnies were selected for their beauty, grace and charm. They were delectably desirable, but they also had to retain an air of dignity, respectability and remain, at all times, inaccessible.



"You've been to Bunny School, studied your Bunny Manual and passed your Bunny Exam... tonight you go to work as a full-fledged Playboy Bunny. While you're at The Playboy Club, you're expected to be beautiful, cheerful, charming, courteous and efficient and that's all! After working hours, your time is your own! You don't have to go out with anybody! And that includes the keyholders, VIPs, Playboy Club executives, or anybody! Maybe you'd better meet me for a drink tonight after you get through, so we can discuss this matter further...!"

The Bunnies added to PLAYBOY's reputation for beautiful women, but the magazine's centerfold Playmate of the Month remained the most popular PLAYBOY beauty of all. Some of PLAYBOY's Playmates went to work in the Clubs as Bunnies, and the publication also found some future Playmate material among the hundreds of lovely applicants for Bunnydom. But most of the girls who continue to grace the center of each issue of the magazine come in independently — from the four corners of this great nation — some drawn by the glamor, some by the chance for publicity and fame; while for others, appearing in PLAYBOY represents a form of social protest, a banner to be carried in the never-ending battle against puritanism and prudery.

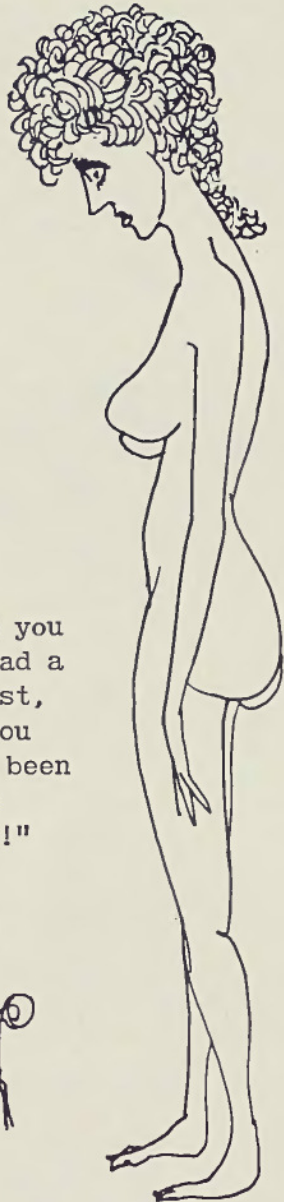


"...The human body isn't something to be ashamed of...this isn't the Middle Ages... nude photography has become an accepted art form. I consider this a challenge... it's a blow for female independence... a voice raised against puritanism, prudishness and censorship... and besides, I can use the three thousand dollars!"



Above left: PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner in Bunny heaven, surrounded by two dozen Bunnies from the Chicago Playboy Club; regular readers will spot Playmates Joni Mattis, Joyce Nizzari and Christa Speck in Bunny garb in this photo. Right: Bunny Mother confers with Playmate-Bunny Ellen Stratton and Bunny Wanda Owens. Before becoming full-fledged Bunnies, new girls must graduate from Bunny School. Bunnies earn from \$200 to \$300 per week, even have their own sorority, Pi Beta Sigma.

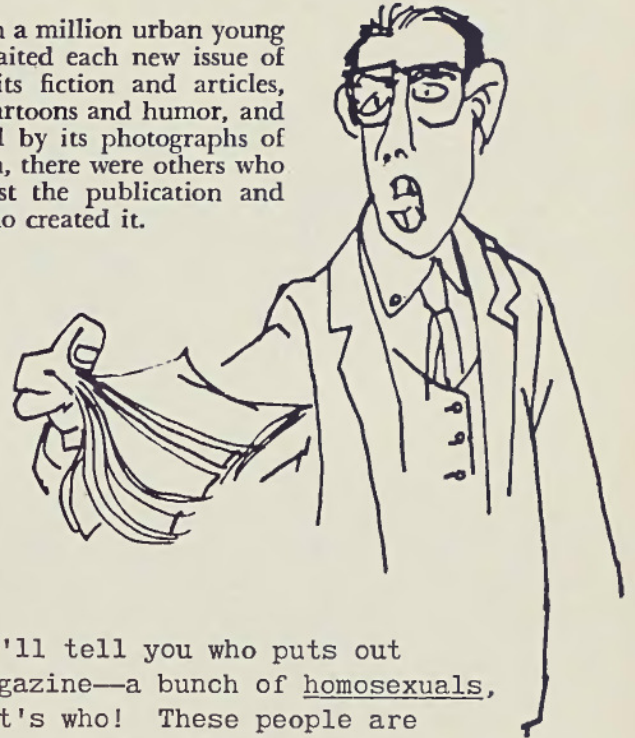
Playmate applicants are requested to submit photographs of themselves and fill out Playmate Data Sheets, but these do not always give a complete picture of a girl's qualifications.



"Well, when you heard she had a 96-inch bust, I think you should have been a little suspicious!"



While more than a million urban young men eagerly awaited each new issue of PLAYBOY, read its fiction and articles, laughed at its cartoons and humor, and were entertained by its photographs of beautiful women, there were others who cried out against the publication and against those who created it.



"I'll tell you who puts out this magazine—a bunch of homosexuals, that's who! These people are preoccupied with naked women! They publish photographs of naked women! They publish cartoons about naked women! Why?!! 'Because they're insecure, that's why! Because they continually have to try and prove their masculinity! A real man doesn't need this sort of thing! A real man is sure of his masculinity! A real man will stay away from magazines featuring naked women!! A real man will stay away from naked women altogether!!!"



Above left: Editor Hefner tries to look professional while ogling color transparencies of Playmate Heidi Becker (June 1961); it certainly beats editing *Spats Illustrated*. No wonder he doesn't mind working late. Right: PLAYBOY editorial staff meeting at the Playboy Mansion; after meeting, editors were treated to an elaborate buffet. What a way to run a business! You'd never catch me pretending to work in such plush surroundings. I'm downstairs in the pool with a half-dozen Bunnies. Staff meetings—foeey!

As a tribute to PLAYBOY's phenomenal success, Columbia Pictures announced plans for the production of a feature-length motion picture to be titled *Playboy*, starring Tony Curtis in the challenging role of PLAYBOY's dynamic young publisher. It was only Hefner's natural modesty and tendency to be overly camera shy that prevented him from accepting the role himself.

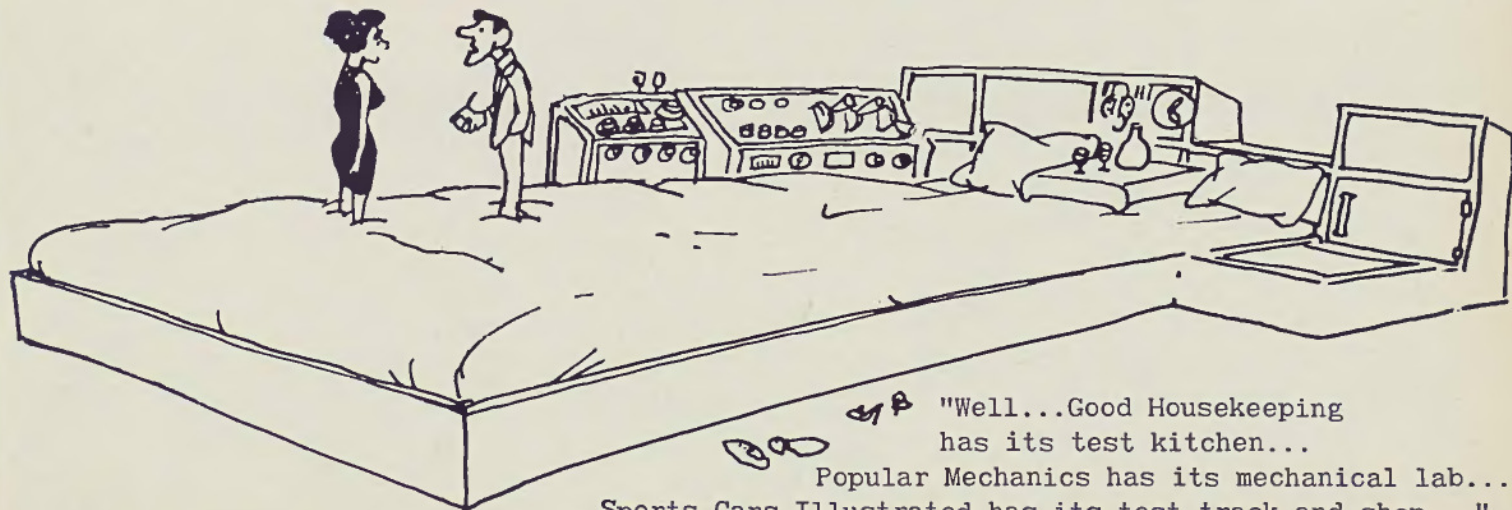
"This motion picture will be more than just entertainment, gentlemen...it will carry a powerful message about contemporary society...it will be as much a part of modern America as Playboy magazine itself...it will be authentic...

realistic...! Now in the first scene, we meet young Hugh Hefner, a disillusioned ex-GI in post-War Paris, selling French post cards to the tourists. He's befriended by a lovable French madam...played by Anita Ekberg, maybe. Hefner is obligated to Ekberg for taking him in off the street, but he realizes, too late, that he is falling in love with one of the madam's



lovely 'ladies of the evening,' a chic French chick...a real Brigitte Bardot type...played by, say, Brigitte Bardot. Brigitte loves animals...especially rabbits...and she keeps a little pen of them on the roof. She's saving her money and hopes someday to have enough to buy a small rabbit farm in the country. We play this great scene between Brigitte and Hefner on the roof with the rabbits...we can lift it right out of Steinbeck's 'Of Mice and Men,' where George tells Big Lenny all about how they're going to have their own rabbit farm someday...only in our picture, it's Hefner telling little Brigitte on the rooftop of a bordello, against the skyline of Paris, see? Sensational! Then Hefner sings, 'You're Getting to be a Rabbit with Me' by Allan Sherman...and the two of them start to dance among the rabbits. That's where we introduce our big dream sequence...where all the rabbits turn into Playboy Bunnies...and then..."

PLAYBOY's service articles on fashion, food and drink, sports cars, music, hi-fi and the other accouterments of the Good Life have always been extremely popular with readers. The features that evoked the greatest reader response were PLAYBOY's own original designs for urban living: The Playboy Penthouse, The Weekend Hideaway, The Playboy Townhouse and The Playboy Bed—an electronic wonder, combining all the best features of bed, bar, hi-fi and library in one glorious installation.



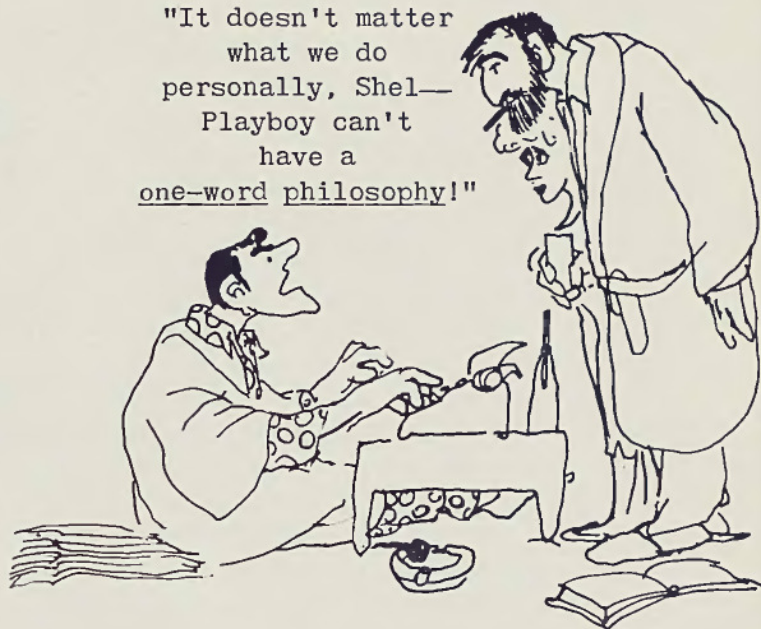
"Well...Good Housekeeping has its test kitchen... Popular Mechanics has its mechanical lab... Sports Cars Illustrated has its test track and shop..."

Like any successful businessman, Hefner has had his share of disappointments, too. In the fall of 1961, Hef launched a new publication, *Show Business Illustrated*. Despite a nice initial response from both readers and advertisers, the magazine cost far more to produce than it brought in, and having built his Playboy Empire on the sound premise that a good business is a profitable business, Hefner folded the new publication in the spring of the following year. *SBI* also confirmed another of Hefner's sound business principles: A magazine without girls will not long endure.



Locking himself away from the world, in the manner of Plato, Aristotle, Kant and Nietzsche, Hefner began to set forth his ideas on society, sex, religion, motherhood, fatherhood, brotherhood, sisterhood, capitalism, communism, censorship, race relations, war and peace, and like that, in his endless editorial series, *The Playboy Philosophy*.

"It doesn't matter what we do personally, Shel—Playboy can't have a one-word philosophy!"



"Well, Hef, *SBI* is finished...!"

"That's OK, Spec—it just means we'll have more time to devote to other Playboy ventures."

"Preuss says that it cost us close to two million dollars."

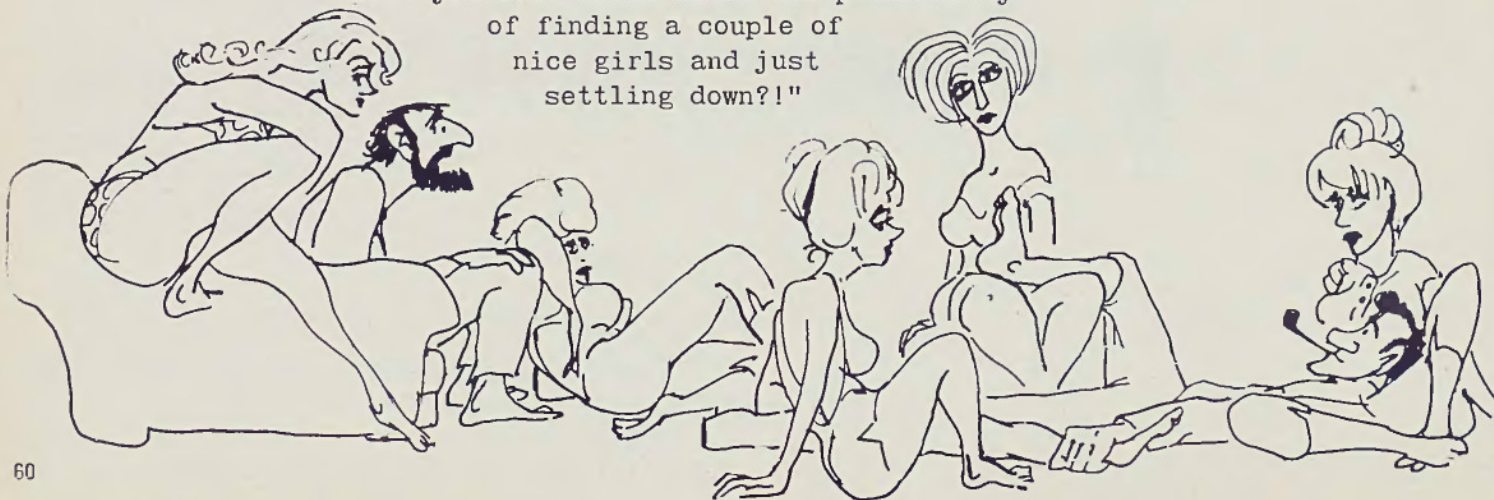
"That's OK—we'll just tighten our corporate belt a couple of notches... Playboy's profits will offset the losses in a few months."

"We'll be able to use most of the *SBI* staff on Playboy, but it means we'll have to fire 37 secretaries and female assistants..."

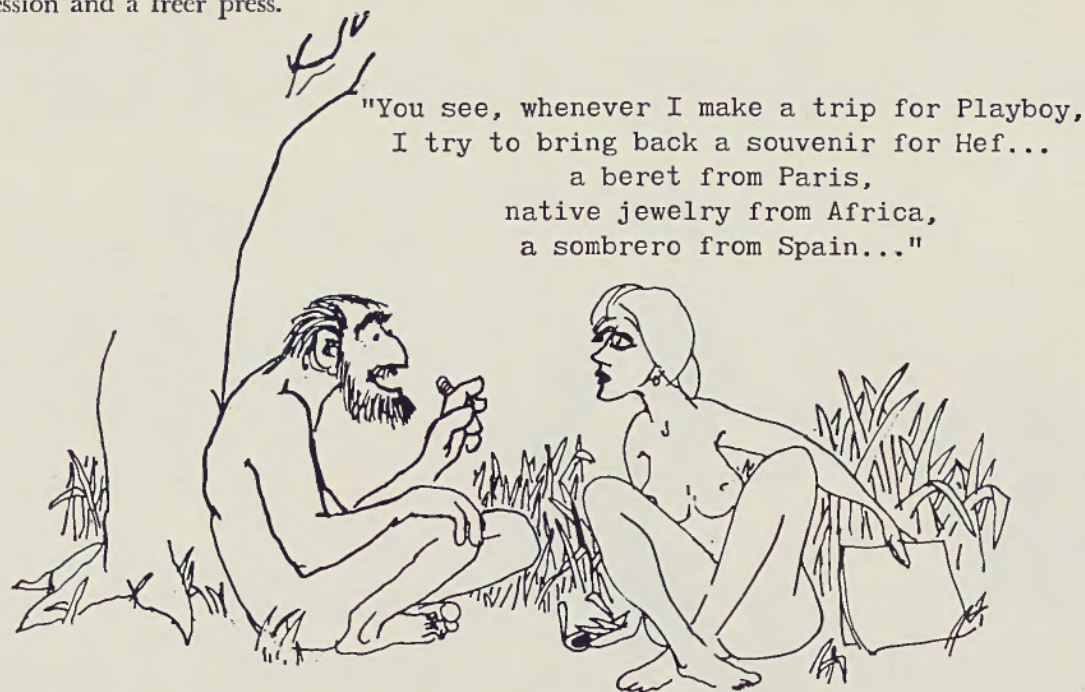
"GOOD GOD!"

Often on cold winter nights, Hef and I would relax with a few intimate friends in front of the giant fireplace in the main room of the Playboy Mansion and converse on life and love and the meaning of it all...

"But don't you ever get tired of this playboy life, Hef... don't you ever think about the possibility of finding a couple of nice girls and just settling down?!"



By the summer of 1963 more than 2000 nude and seminude females had graced the pages of PLAYBOY magazine. In the August issue the publication broke precedent with the appearance of its first nude male, when a handsome, muscular, bearded young cartoonist journeyed forth to report his experiences in a nudist camp in the interest of journalistic expression and a freer press.



It is said that a leader is only as great as his advisors, and Hefner—already working 20 hours a day—leaned heavily on certain experts for information on many important matters outside his immediate PLAYBOY domain.

"...The situation is still the same in Vietnam—looks like trouble brewing... stock market is down 2.74 today—trading heavy, but nothing to be alarmed about...Khrushchev demanding we stop interference in Cuba—State Department feels he's just bluffing... 'Tom Jones' looks like top movie of the year... new Ingmar Bergman film causing a big stir in Sweden... Yankees look like the team to beat again—but Cleveland bears watching... James Baldwin's latest novel brilliant in spots, but disappointing overall... Goldwater front-runner for Republican nomination, but a lot can happen between now and the convention..."



Above left: A parcel of Playmates pap corn before open fire in main room of 40-room Playboy Mansion between scenes for picture story, *Playmate Holiday House Party* (December 1961). Right: Those with sharp eyes will spot lil' ol' Hef swinging his fool head off on Mansion dance floor with Playmate Laura Young (October 1962); writer Nelson Algren, singer Sarah Vaughan, pianist-composer Cy Coleman, Lenny Bruce and jockey Bill Hartack are also there somewhere. Me—I'm still in the pool with the Bunnies!

Friday night is party night at the Playboy Mansion, and after twisting, swimming, feasting and drinking, we often relax in the early-morning hours and reminisce about the early days.

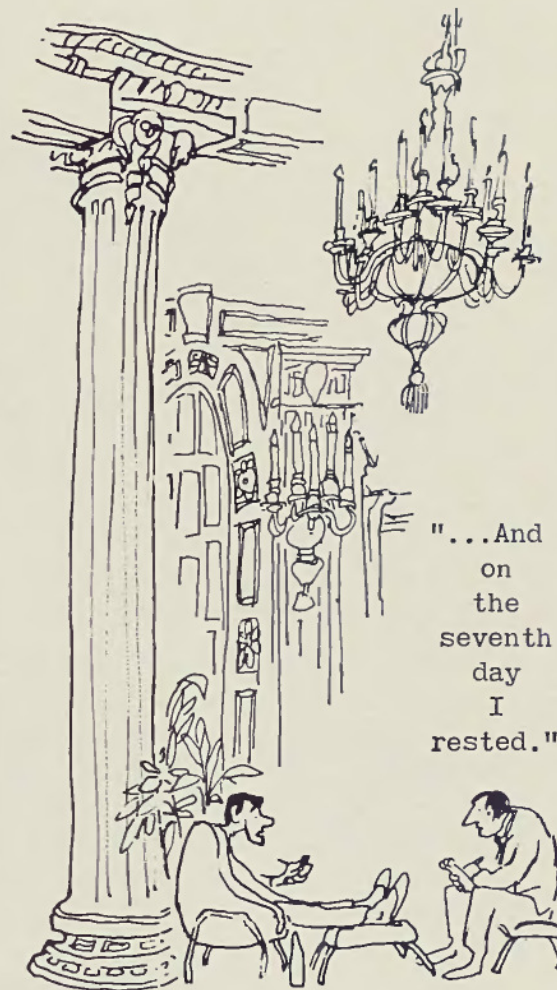
PLAYBOY's fabulous success has had relatively little effect upon Hefner, the man. Though he has become a legend in his own lifetime and is constantly besieged by reporters, interviewers and photo-journalists from every part of the United States and abroad, Hef greets them all with the same simple warmth, sincerity and humility that he possessed when I first met him at PLAYBOY's beginning ten years ago.



"...And remember when Playboy first began... we were just a bunch of good-natured slob!"

Hef is increasingly aware of the importance of PLAYBOY in contemporary society, of the responsibility of his publication — not only to its readers, but to all mankind in the free world and that part of the world that is not yet free. International tensions and crises characterize the times, and Hefner recognizes that every member of the communications industry has a very real social and political responsibility to all of this troubled and turbulent world.

"Now in our 'Girls of Russia' feature, if we run a photo of this girl with the big breasts, it would be a gesture of good will toward the Soviet Union... however, it might also be used as Communist propaganda... whereas, if we run this picture of the girl with the small breasts, Red China might misunderstand our..."



PLAYBOY's circulation is now over two million; there are eight Playboy Clubs in operation and a dozen more planned for the coming year; Playboy Products are available in an infinite variety — from Playboy Tuxedos to Playboy Bunny Chocolate; PLAYBOY has launched a book division called Playboy Press and Playboy Club members now have a magazine of their own titled VIP; Hefner is presently making plans for a national Playboy Modeling Agency and School and investigating the possibilities in a line of men's toiletries named Playboy and a line of women's fashions to be called Playboy's Playmates — which would put him in the business of dressing women as well as undressing them. The Playboy organization, which began in 1953 with half-a-dozen young men working around Hef's kitchen table, now numbers close to 2000 employees. It requires an entire staff of secretaries just to handle the hundreds of letters and telephone calls that come in each week for Hefner alone.

"Yes, Mr. Hefner, a Mr. Johnson from Washington called. I told him you were too busy to see him and asked him to please write us a letter... Miss Rogers called and I told her you'd see her at nine o'clock... You received a memo from Photo Department saying they've found a girl with a 52-inch bust... United Press wants to know if it's true we're planning a Playboy religion... Miss Tucker called and I told her you'd see her at nine-thirty... Spector says we can schedule the new James Bond novel for April and we've a new book by Vladimir Nabokov for late in the year...



Miss Michelle called and I told her you'd see her at ten... J. Paul Getty called from London, collect... Production Department called—they received some copy from you this afternoon, but they don't know if it's 'Playboy Philosophy' or 'Party Jokes'... Arnold Morton wants to know whether to go ahead with the Tibetan Playboy Club... Photo Department called to say they can't photograph that girl because she keeps tipping over... Miss Maddox called and I told her you'd see her at ten-thirty... Lenny Bruce called and said something I can't repeat... Town & Country magazine wants to know if our office polo team would like to play their office polo team... We received a letter from Jayne Mansfield asking if we'd be interested in an exclusive picture story on her completely dressed... Your house manager says that they're out of cream sherry wine and would it be all right if they filled the swimming pool with chianti this time... Esquire magazine called to say they've reconsidered and they're willing to give you that five-dollar raise..."



Above left: Tony Curtis visits PLAYBOY offices; Curtis will portray Hefner in movie, *Playboy*, scheduled to go into production at Columbia Pictures this summer. Center: I bored my soul for my PLAYBOY cartoon feature on a nudist camp (August 1963). Right: Hef working on Chapter 174 of *The Playboy Philosophy*; Hefner doesn't feel he is really a philosopher—says that each of us has a philosophy of life; sure we do—but not in so many installments. Hefner often works in his pajamas—to keep up the image.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 43)

fully consistent? Such groups today are guided by or advocate blatant contradictions.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any personal political aspirations yourself? Have you ever considered running for office?

RAND: Certainly not. And I trust that you don't hate me enough to wish such a thing on me.

PLAYBOY: But you are interested in politics, or at least in political theory, aren't you?

RAND: Let me answer you this way: When I came here from Soviet Russia, I was interested in politics for only one reason — to reach the day when I would not have to be interested in politics. I wanted to secure a society in which I would be free to pursue my own concerns and goals, knowing that the government would not interfere to wreck them, knowing that my life, my work, my future were not at the mercy of the state or of a dictator's whim. This is still my attitude today. Only today I know that such a society is an ideal not yet achieved, that I cannot expect others to achieve it for me, and that I, like every other responsible citizen, must do everything possible to achieve it. In other words, I am interested in politics only in order to secure and protect freedom.

PLAYBOY: Throughout your work you argue that the way in which the contemporary world is organized, even in the capitalist countries, submerges the individual and stifles initiative. In *Atlas Shrugged*, John Galt leads a strike of the men of the mind — which results in the collapse of the collectivist society around them. Do you think the time has come for the artists, intellectuals and creative businessmen of today to withdraw their talents from society in this way?

RAND: No, not yet. But before I explain, I must correct one part of your question. What we have today is not a capitalist society, but a mixed economy — that is, a mixture of freedom and controls, which, by the presently dominant trend, is moving toward dictatorship. The action in *Atlas Shrugged* takes place at a time when society has reached the stage of dictatorship. When and if this happens, that will be the time to go on strike, but not until then.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by dictatorship? How would you define it?

RAND: A dictatorship is a country that does not recognize individual rights, whose government holds total, unlimited power over men.

PLAYBOY: What is the dividing line, by your definition, between a mixed economy and a dictatorship?

RAND: A dictatorship has four characteristics: one-party rule, executions without trial for political offenses, expropriation

of nationalization of private property, and censorship. Above all, this last. So long as men can speak and write freely, so long as there is no censorship, they still have a chance to reform their society or to put it on a better road. When censorship is imposed, *that* is the sign that men should go on strike intellectually, by which I mean, should not cooperate with the social system in any way whatever.

PLAYBOY: Short of such a strike, what do you believe ought to be done to bring about the societal changes you deem desirable?

RAND: It is *ideas* that determine social trends, that create or destroy social systems. Therefore, the right ideas, the right philosophy, should be advocated and spread. The disasters of the modern world, including the destruction of capitalism, were caused by the altruist-collectivist philosophy. It is altruism that men should reject.

PLAYBOY: And how would you define altruism?

RAND: It is a moral system which holds that man has no right to exist for his own sake, that service to others is the sole justification of his existence, and that self-sacrifice is his highest moral duty, value and virtue. This is the moral base of collectivism, of all dictatorships. In order to seek freedom and capitalism, men need a nonmystical, nonaltruistic, *rational* code of ethics — a morality which holds that man is not a sacrificial animal, that he has the right to exist for his own sake, neither sacrificing himself to others, nor others to himself. In other words, what is desperately needed today is the ethics of Objectivism.

PLAYBOY: Then what you are saying is that to achieve these changes one must use essentially educational or propagandistic methods?

RAND: Yes, of course.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of your antagonists' contention that the moral and political principles of Objectivism place you outside the mainstream of American thought?

RAND: I don't acknowledge or recognize such a concept as a "mainstream of thought." That might be appropriate to a dictatorship, to a collectivist society in which thought is controlled and in which there exists a collective mainstream — of slogans, not of thought. There is no such thing in America. There never was. However, I have heard that expression used for the purpose of barring from public communication any innovator, any non-conformist, anyone who has anything original to offer. I am an innovator. This is a term of distinction, a term of honor, rather than something to hide or apologize for. Anyone who has new or valu-

able ideas to offer stands outside the intellectual *status quo*. But the *status quo* is not a stream, let alone a "mainstream." It is a stagnant swamp. It is the innovators who carry mankind forward.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that Objectivism as a philosophy will eventually sweep the world?

RAND: Nobody can answer a question of that kind. Men have free will. There is no guarantee that they will choose to be rational, at any one time or in any one generation. Nor is it necessary for a philosophy to "sweep the world." If you ask the question in a somewhat different form, if you say, do I think that Objectivism will be the philosophy of the future, I would say yes, but with this qualification: If men turn to reason, if they are not destroyed by dictatorship and precipitated into another Dark Ages, if men remain free long enough to have time to think, then Objectivism is the philosophy they will accept.

PLAYBOY: Why?

RAND: In any historical period when men were free, it has always been the most rational philosophy that won. It is from this perspective that I would say, yes, Objectivism will win. But there is no guarantee, no predetermined necessity about it.

PLAYBOY: You are sharply critical of the world as you see it today, and your books offer radical proposals for changing not merely the shape of society, but the very way in which most men work, think and love. Are you optimistic about man's future?

RAND: Yes, I am optimistic. Collectivism, as an intellectual power and a moral ideal, is dead. But freedom and individualism, and their political expression, capitalism, have not yet been discovered. I think men *will* have time to discover them. It is significant that the dying collectivist philosophy of today has produced nothing but a cult of depravity, impotence and despair. Look at modern art and literature with their image of man as a helpless, mindless creature doomed to failure, frustration and destruction. This may be the collectivists' psychological confession, but it is not an image of man. If it were, we would never have risen from the cave. But we did. Look around you and look at history. You will see the achievements of man's mind. You will see man's unlimited potentiality for greatness, and the faculty that makes it possible. You will see that man is not a helpless monster by nature, but he becomes one when he discards that faculty: his mind. And if you ask me, what is greatness? — I will answer, it is the capacity to live by the three fundamental values of John Galt: reason, purpose, self-esteem.



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man for whom faraway fun is *always* fare, the PLAYBOY reader hits the heights when it comes to having *esprit des sports*. As quick to make tracks down a rugged run at Innsbruck as he is to hut-huddle with his favorite summit snow bunny, he's a perfect prospect for everything from sea to ski gear. Facts: 21.2% of PLAYBOY male readers enjoy the flash of flying snow . . . 34.2% take to the wake on water skis . . . 42.4% go for the greens . . . 31.1% like their doubles mixed. PLAYBOY reaches a "live action" audience—more than enough to snowball your product to success. (Source: *Playboy Male Reader Survey*, Benn Management Corp.)

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



Anderson



A BIT OF A DREAMER, A BIT OF A FOOL

there, on that remote beach where he had held her hand, he knew the utter loneliness of a man who tries to break with his past

fiction By **ROMAIN GARY**

HE WALKED OUT onto the terrace and took possession of his solitude again: the dunes, the ocean, the thousands of dead birds on the sand, a dinghy, the rusty shreds of a net, and occasionally a few new signs: the carcass of a stranded whale, footprints, a string of fishing smacks in the distance, out where the guano islands rose like white ghosts above the horizon toward a gray sky. The café stood on wooden stilts among the dunes; the Lima highway passed a few hundred yards away. A plank drawbridge led down to the beach; he pulled it up each night, ever since two convicts who had escaped from the Santa Cruz jail had clubbed him in his sleep: in the morning he had found them dead drunk in the bar. Now he leaned against the railing and smoked his first cigarette, staring at the birds that had fallen on the sand during the night: some were still quivering. No one had ever been able to explain why they left the islands to die here on this beach: they never went farther north, farther south, but right to this narrow strip of sand exactly three kilometers long. Perhaps it was a sacred burial place for them, something like Benares in India, where the faithful come to give up the ghost: the birds left their carcasses here before flying away forever. Or perhaps they simply flew straight from the guano islands, which were cold and barren rocks, whereas the sand was soft and warm when they felt their hour coming and their blood began to chill and they longed for warmth and had just enough strength left to attempt the crossing. There was always a scientific explanation for everything. Of course, a man can always take refuge in poetry, make friends with the ocean, listen to its voice, continue to believe in the mysteries of nature. A bit of a poet, a bit of a dreamer . . . He had come to this beach in Peru, at the foot of the Andes, because it was time to give up: after having fought in Spain, in the French underground, in Cuba, at 47 he had learned his lesson at last and no longer expected anything from noble causes or from women: it was time to settle for a beautiful landscape. Landscapes seldom let you down. A bit of a

poet, a bit of a . . . Poetry, too, will soon be explained scientifically, studied as a simple secretion of the ductless glands. Science advances triumphantly upon humanity from all sides. A man comes here to run a café on the dunes of the Peruvian coast, with only the ocean for company, but there's an explanation for that, too: isn't the ocean the promise of a beyond, of an eternal life, a reassurance of survival, an ultimate consolation? Let's hope the human soul doesn't exist: that will be its only chance of not getting caught. Soon the scientists will be calculating its exact mass, density, its speed of ascent . . . When you think of all the billions of souls that have mounted to heaven since the beginning of time, there's really something to think about: a tremendous source of energy — wasted: by building dams to trap the souls at the moment of their ascent, there would be enough power to light up the whole earth. Man will soon be entirely utilizable. Already his most magnificent dreams have been taken away from him and made into wars and prisons. Down on the sand, some birds were still standing: the newcomers. They faced toward the islands. The islands, out there, were covered with guano: a very profitable industry, and the guano a cormorant produces during its existence can keep a whole family alive over the same period of time. Having thus fulfilled their mission on earth, the birds came here to die. All things considered, he could say that he, too, had fulfilled his mission: the last time, in the Sierra Maestra, with Castro. The idealism a noble soul produces can keep a police state alive over the same period of time. A bit of a poet, a bit of a dreamer. Soon men would be going to the moon, and there would be no moon left. He flicked his cigarette into the sand. A great love can still take care of that, of course, he thought mockingly, with a strong wish to join the dead birds on the beach. Solitude came over him like that each morning, and almost always, the bad solitude: the one that crushes you instead of freeing you from others. He leaned over toward the pulley, lowered the plank and went in to shave, staring with astonishment at his face in the mirror, as he did every morning: "That's not what I wanted!" he wryly assured himself, like Kaiser Wilhelm after the defeat. With all that gray hair, these wrinkles, in a year or two, adolescence will be definitely over. Or will it? With idealists, you can never tell. The face was long, thin, with tired eyes and an ironic smile that did what it could. He no longer wrote to anyone, received no letters, knew no one: he had broken off with others, as a man always does when he vainly tries to break off with himself.

He could hear the cries of the sea birds grow more piercing: a school of fish

must have been passing near the shore. The sky was all white now, the islands, out to sea, were beginning to fade, the green ocean emerged from its sleep, the seals were barking near the old broken-down jetties behind the dunes.

He put the coffee on and went back out onto the terrace. For the first time he noticed at the foot of the dune, to the right, what looked like a human skeleton collapsed face down on the sand with a bottle in one hand: next to the skeleton lay the body of a man wearing nothing but trunks and painted blue, red and yellow from head to foot; the third member of the party was a gigantic Negro asleep on his back. He was dressed in a white Louis XV peruke and blue court coat, with white silk trousers, but barefoot: the last wave of Mardi gras had washed them up on this beach. Extras, he decided: the municipality gave them the costumes and paid them 50 sols a night. He looked to the left, toward the cormorants soaring like a column of gray and white smoke above the school of fish, and saw her. She was wearing an emerald-green gown, holding a green scarf in one hand, and walking toward the breakers, trailing the scarf in the water, head thrown back, her long dark hair hanging loose over her bare shoulders. The water was up to her waist now, and she stumbled occasionally when the ocean came too close: the waves were breaking scarcely 20 yards in front of her, the game was beginning to be a dangerous one. He waited a second longer, but she kept walking farther out, and the ocean was already rising slowly in a feline movement, both heavy and supple: one leap and it would all be over. He dashed down the plank and ran shouting toward her, feeling an occasional bird under his feet, but most of them were already dead, they always died during the night. He thought he would be too late: one wave stronger than the others and his troubles would begin — telephoning the police, answering questions. Finally he reached her, grabbed her arm: she turned her face toward him, and for a moment the water covered them both. He kept her wrist clutched firmly in his hand, and began to draw her toward the beach. She yielded, and he walked up the sand for a moment without turning toward her, then stopped and looked at her for the first time. A delicate, childlike face, very pale, with huge, grave eyes, among the pearls of water that suited them perfectly. She was wearing a diamond necklace, earrings, rings, bracelets, and still holding her green scarf in one hand. He wondered what she was doing here, where she came from, in her evening gown, with her gold and diamonds and emeralds, standing at six in the morning on a forsaken beach among the dead birds.

"You should have left me there," she said in English.

Her throat had a warm glow and a purity of line that made the stones of her necklace look heavy and lusterless. He was still holding her wrist.

"Do you understand me? I don't speak Spanish."

"Another few yards, and the undertow would have carried you out. It's very strong here."

She shrugged her shoulders. She had a child's voice and a pale, pathetic face in which the green eyes took up all the room. An unhappy love affair, he decided. It was always an unhappy love affair.

"Where do all these birds come from?" she asked.

"There are islands out there. Guano islands. They live there and come to die here."

"Why?"

"I don't know. People give all kinds of reasons."

"And you? Why did you come here?"

"I run this café. I live here."

"You should have left me. I wanted to die."

She looked at the dead birds at her feet.

He couldn't tell if she was crying, or if it was only the drops of sea water that were running down her cheeks. She was still staring at the birds on the sand.

"There must be an explanation," she said. "There always is."

She turned her eyes toward the dune where the skeleton, the blue, red and yellow savage and the wiggled, grotesque Negro lay motionless on the sand.

"Mardi gras," he said.

"I know."

"Where did you leave your shoes?"

She looked down.

"I don't remember . . . I don't want to think about it . . . Why did you save me?"

"One is supposed to do this sort of thing, you know. Come on."

He left her alone on the terrace a moment, then returned with a cup of steaming coffee and a bottle of brandy. She sat down at a table opposite him, studying his face with an extreme attention, lingering thoughtfully over each feature, and he smiled at her reassuringly.

"It will be all right, you'll see."

"You should have left me."

She began to cry. He touched her shoulder, more to comfort himself than to help her.

"You'll get over it."

"Sometimes I can't bear it anymore. I can't take it. I can't go on like this . . ."

"Aren't you cold? Don't you want to change?"

"No, thank you."

The ocean was beginning to grow

(continued overleaf)



*"Do you find moviemaking much different
here than in Europe, Miss Lecocq?"*

noisy: there was no surf, but the undertow grew more insistent at this hour. She raised her eyes.

"You live here alone?"

"Alone."

"Could I stay? Only a little while . . ."

"Stay as long as you like."

"I can't stand it anymore. I don't know what to do . . . I hate myself so . . ."

She was sobbing. It was at this moment that what he called his invincible stupidity conquered him again, and although he was quite aware of it, although he was used to seeing everything crumble in his hands, something inside him always refused to give up. The heart: there was nothing you could do about it. The foolish heart, that had never learned its lesson. A kind of sacred, stubborn stupidity, a power of self-delusion and of hope that had taken him from the battlefields of Spain to the maquis of Vercors and the Sierra Maestra of Cuba, and to the two or three women who always turn up to start a man again at the great moments of renunciation, just when everything seems finally lost. And she was so young, so helpless, she looked at him with such trust, and he had seen so many birds come to die on these dunes that the confused hope of saving one of them, the loveliest of all, of protecting it, of keeping it for himself, here, at the end of the world, and of achieving one victory after all, sparked once more all that romantic naïveté his ironic smile still struggled to conceal. A bit of a poet, a bit of a fool. And it had taken so little: she had raised her eyes toward him and said in a child's voice, with an imploring gaze which the last tears made still brighter:

"I'd like to stay here, if you'll let me."

Yet he was used to it: it was only the ninth wave of solitude, the strongest, the one that comes from far out, from the open sea, that throws you back and drags you to the bottom and then suddenly releases you, just in time to let you rise to the surface again, clutching for the first straw of hope you can find. The only temptation no one has ever managed to overcome: the temptation of hope. He nodded, stupefied by this extraordinary persistence of adolescence within him: approaching 50, his case seemed really desperate.

"Stay, by all means."

He was holding her hand. For the first time he noticed that she was naked under her dress. He opened his mouth to ask her where she came from, who she was, what she was doing here, why she had wanted to die, why she was naked under her evening gown with a diamond necklace around her neck, her hands covered with gold and emeralds: this was the only bird that could tell him why it had foundered on these dunes.

There must be a simple, logical explanation, there is always one. But it is always much better not to know. Science explains the universe, psychology explains the mind, but a man has to know how to protect himself, not let his last crumbs of illusion be wrested from him. The beach, the ocean and the sky were rapidly filling with a diffused light, for the only sign of the invisible sun was that incandescent glow of ever-increasing whiteness. Her breasts were completely visible under the wet thin dress, and there was something so lost about her, such a vulnerability, such innocence in her pale, fixed eyes, such a fragility in each movement of her shoulder, that the world around him suddenly seemed lighter, easier to bear, as if it were finally becoming possible to take it in one's arms and carry it to a better shore. You'll never change, Jacques Rainier, he thought mockingly. A bit of a dreamer, a bit of a fool.

"I'm so cold," she said. "I often feel I'm going to freeze to death."

"Come with me."

His room was behind the bar, its windows overlooking the dunes and the ocean. She stopped a moment in front of the bay window, and he saw her glance furtively to the right; he turned his head in the same direction: the skeleton was crouching at the foot of the dune, drinking from the bottle, the Negro in the Louis XV dress was still sleeping under the white peruke that had slipped over his eyes, the man with the painted body was sitting cross-legged, staring fixedly at a pair of high-heeled evening slippers he was holding in one hand. He said something and began to laugh. The skeleton stopped drinking, held out one hand, picked up a black brassiere from the sand, raised it high, then threw it into the ocean.

"You should have let me die," she said. "It's so awful . . ."

She hid her face in her hands.

"I don't know how it happened," she said. "I was in the street, in the Mardi gras crowd, they forced me into the car and brought me here, and then . . . and then . . . all three of them . . ."

So that's it, he thought. There's always an explanation: even the birds don't fall out of the sky for no reason. Right. He went to look for a bathrobe while she undressed. Through the bay window he watched the three men at the foot of the dune. There was a gun in the drawer of his bedside table, but he managed to resist the temptation: sooner or later, they would die all by themselves, and with a little luck it would be much more painful. The painted man was still holding the slippers in one hand: he seemed to be addressing them. The skeleton was laughing. The Negro was still sleeping, his white wig pulled over his eyes. They had brought her here, thrown her at the

foot of the dune, facing the ocean, among the thousands of dead birds. She must have screamed, struggled, pleaded, called for help, and he had heard nothing. Yet he was a light sleeper: the impact of a sea swallow against the roof was enough to waken him. But the sound of the ocean must have drowned out her voice. The cormorants circled over the waves with shrill cries and sometimes fell like stones into the school of fish. The islands out to sea rose straight above the horizon, white as chalk. They had not taken her diamond necklace, nor her rings — that was not what they were after. Perhaps he should kill them anyway, to remind them a little, at least, of what they had taken. How old could she be: 21, 22? She hadn't come to Lima alone: was there a father, a husband? The three men didn't seem in any hurry to leave. Nor did they seem to be afraid of the police — they were simply exchanging impressions at the seaside, the last debris of a Mardi gras that had satisfied them entirely. When he returned, she was standing in the middle of the room, struggling with her sopping dress. He helped her get it off, helped her into the robe, felt her tremble a moment and shudder in his arms. The jewels sparkled on her naked flesh.

"I should never have left the hotel," she said. "I should have locked myself in my room."

"They haven't taken your jewelry," he remarked. He almost said: "You're lucky," but merely asked, "Do you want me to get in touch with anyone?"

She didn't seem to hear. "I don't know what to do," she said. "No, really. I don't know . . . Maybe I better see a doctor first."

"We'll take care of that. Lie down. Get under the blanket. You're shivering."

"I'm not cold. Let me stay here."

She had stretched out on the bed, pulling the blanket up to her chin, shivering, staring at him.

"You're not mad at me, are you?"

He smiled, sat on the bed and caressed her hair.

"Really," he said, "why should I be . . . ?"

She seized his hand and pressed it against her cheek like a child, then against her lips. Her pupils were dilated. Infinite, liquid, strangely fixed eyes, with greenish reflections, like the ocean.

"If you knew . . ."

"Don't think about it anymore."

She closed her eyes, rested her cheek on his hand.

"I wanted to end it, I had to. I can't live like this anymore. I can't stand it. I want to get rid of my body."

Her eyes were still closed. Her lips were trembling a little. He had never seen a face so pure. Then she opened her eyes and looked up at him, as

(continued on page 169)

A photograph showing the front three-quarters view of a silver Maserati sports car, likely a Maserati 3500 GT. The car is parked on a street in an Italian town, with a building featuring a sign that says "E VALLA" and "LIQUO" visible in the background. The car's design is sleek and aerodynamic, with a prominent round headlight and a black grille. The Maserati logo is visible on the front edge of the hood.

THE ITALIAN LINE

modern living
By KEN W. PURDY

*a handful of romans have wrought
a renaissance in tasteful car design*

THE ITALIANS WERE BUILDING fine carriages around 1550, and they still are: Buy a *gran turismo* automobile today, one of the first rank, a 130-mile-an-hour car, a Ferrari, Corvette, Maserati, AC Cobra, Aston Martin, E-Jaguar, and you'll be buying a body either designed and made in Italy or massively influenced by the Italians. Buy a small car, a Japanese-made Datsun, a German BMW 1800, a British Sunbeam, and the story is the same. The much-admired lines of the Buick Riviera are clearly re-



PININFARINA. Battista Pinin Farina — his name now, by grace of the Italian government, Pininfarina — is the doyen of Italian designer-coachbuilders. Ex-racing driver Pininfarina has continually turned out of his Turin workshop such clean-limbed motor-carriages as, top left, his version of the Chevrolet Corvair, showing the wide glassed area and the light roof line which are hallmarks of his work. Top right, the Ferrari Super America, often called the most beautiful expression of the modern automobile. Above left, his Florida coupe on a Lancia chassis; from his earliest days as a car designer, Pininfarina has been intrigued by the Lancia. Above right, a Pininfarina body on a British staple, the Austin-Healey. Below, a Fiat 2300 set up with a removable top, a kind of modern-day coupe de ville.

flective of the best Italian practice. The Italians are few, in proportion to the weight they bring to bear on the automobile industry: a dozen designing companies, twice that many top-line creative men, a few thousand workers to put the drawings into wood and clay and metal, to shape and give being to "the Italian line."

Like all aesthetic concepts, the Italian line, the Italian idea, is hard to lay down in words, but at the root, in its highest form, it means plain metal, unadorned or very nearly unadorned by brightwork; a smooth, flowing, natural line, an





GHIA. Luigi Segre was, until his recent premature death, the primary force behind the house founded in 1931 by Enrico Ghia. A comparatively small shop, it is famous for knowing what non-Italian buyers want in custom coachwork. Collaboration with automobile-producing firms is a specialty of Ghia. The Karmann-Ghia, the deluxe version of the Volkswagen — designed by Ghia, assembled by Karmann — is a case in point. Top left, on a Fiat 2300 chassis, is a wildly imaginative Ghia rendering of the station-wagon idea. The entire rear area lifts. Top right, a cabriolet on the same Fiat 2300 chassis. Above, Ghia's two-seater coupe on the Fiat 1500 *gran turismo* chassis, a typically lithe, lean-figured *macchina*. Below, the Ghia L6.4, an American-Italian composite, coachwork by Ghia, chassis by Chrysler.

intelligent modification of the fish shape that is nature's solution to the problem of high-speed passage. In the interior, evidence that great care has been taken to provide the driver with comfort, stability and convenience: ideally, a bucket seat that holds him firmly — hip and shoulder — gear lever and steering wheel set for the straight-arm style of driving, instrument panel directly in his gaze, individual gauges canted toward him if need be; in fine, everything placed to give him a long, level look at the road, to keep him in full control, to let him know the subdued and





ZAGATO. A no-nonsense linear flow stamps bodies by Zagato, the house headed by Ugo Zagato, and famed for decades as coachmaker to race-car, sports-car and *gran turismo* manufacturers. Top, Zagato's "Spart" on the Lancia Flavia chassis is notable for the uninhibited rear-quarter glass treatment. Above, the Lancia Flaminia "Spart" is conventional by contrast, with a flavor of the early 1940s about it, and a clear suggestion of hand-formed aluminum in its lines. Below, a blood-red Alfa-Romeo Giulia by Zagato, looking precisely what it is: a two-seater made to cruise along the *autostada* at well over 100 miles an hour. Notable are the faired plastic headlight coverings, the slanting-framed rear-quarter glasses. This car has an abruptly cut rear end carrying a slightly raised lip of metal on top.

hedonistic wonders of first-cabin private travel.

Italian domination of automobile body design and fabrication as nearly approaches the absolute as does Paris' domination of the *haute couture*: now and again there is a flurry of activity and a fanfare of trumpet on behalf of a new *couturier* in New York or Dublin or where-not, but in the end it is to Paris that the world turns. Every year or so Detroit or Coventry or Stuttgart will proclaim a revolution, but nearly always it is no revolution, only gimmickery, and the designers and the panel beaters of Milan and Turin press on

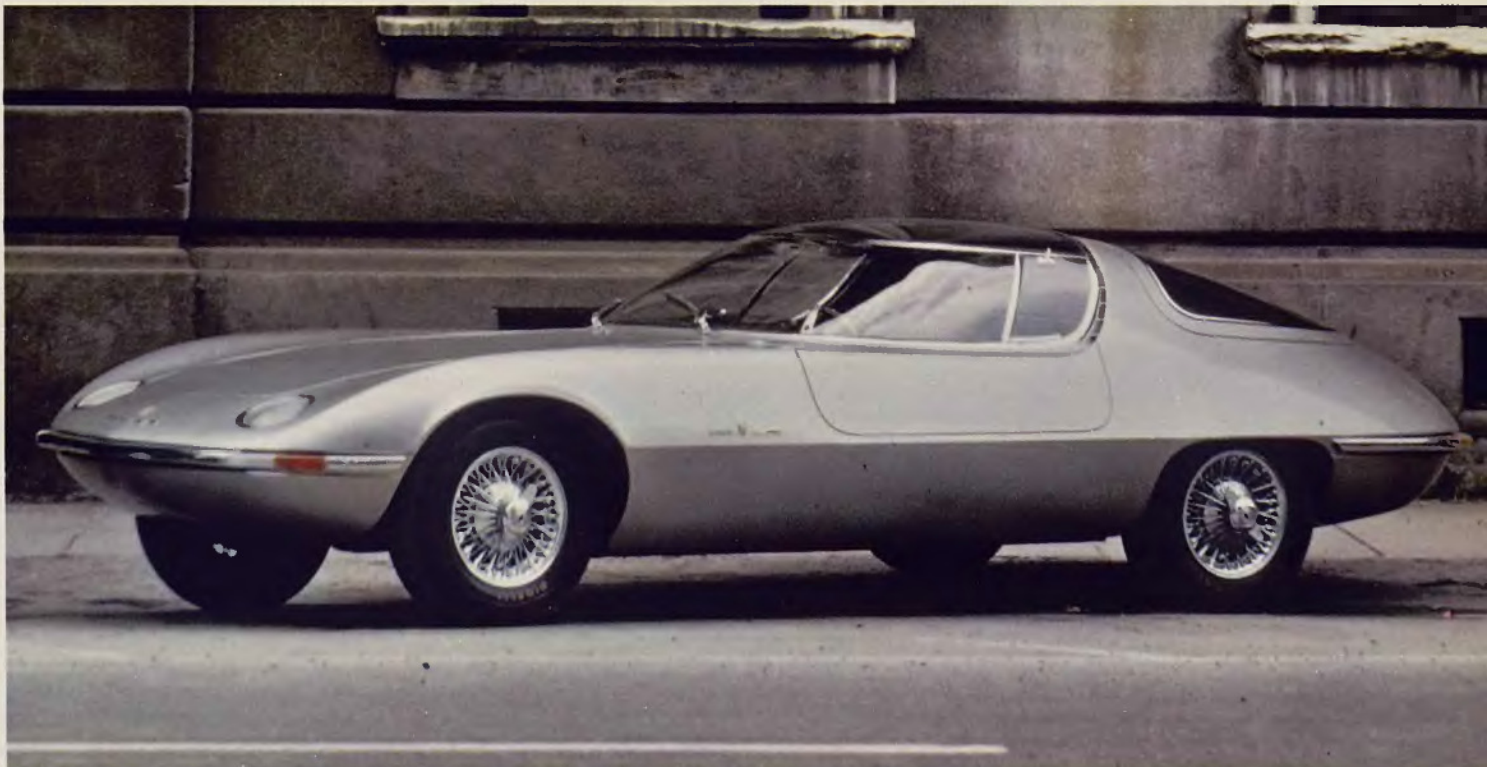




BERTONE. The *Corrozzeria Bertone*, presently headed by Nuccio Bertone, has been designing and building auto bodies for six decades. Top, a Bertone treatment of the Alfa-Romeo 2600, this a one-of-a-kind. Bertone has long had a close relationship with Alfa-Romeo, perhaps the most venerated Italian motorcar manufacturer, turning out such gems as the Alfa 2600 "Sprint," above left, and, above right, a coupe on the A-R Giulia "Sprint Speciale" chassis, showing the sculptured metal and restrained trim characteristic of the house. Below, another one-of-a-kind, Bertone's silver Testudo on the Chevrolet Corvair chassis. The Corvair has attracted several European coachbuilders, but Bertone's is one of the most imaginative treatments the car has ever had. Only cognoscenti would know its engine is in the rear.

with their work, unmoved. They are perfectly secure, and they know it.

If success in automobile bodywork could be found in the first instance, and thenceforth maintained, by the creation of beauty of line alone, it would be hard enough to gain; but the Italians cultivate their exotic art in much greater depth than that. In the 1920s and 1930s, the heyday of true custom, one-at-a-time coachwork, general practice was to take a chassis from the car manufacturer, build on it a strong and rigid framework of ash or hickory or some such timber, and lay





TOURING. Two of its founders, Signori Ponzoni (l) and Bianchi (r), have made famous the designation "Superleggera" – Superlight – the trademark of the house of Touring of Milano: A body by Touring may be 350 pounds lighter than the standard off-the-line body of the car concerned. That much weight is important to a client who wants to go really fast. Top, a rendering of a British chassis, the Sunbeam Rapier. Above, a "Spyder" on the much-used Alfa-Romeo 2600 chassis: elegant, chaste and very fast indeed. Below is a Lancia 2800 wearing Touring's version of the new 2+2 coupe, an ingenious effort to stretch the capacity of the usual *gran turismo* two-seater. The two rear seats are not well-suited to very big passengers; in most 2+2s – the form is an Italian innovation – the space is better used for luggage.

over that the hand-hammered, hand-filed-and-fitted metal. The end product would be good-looking in proportion to the designer's talent, and as nearly unique as one's purse could manage. It would also be very heavy, as a rule. It had to be, to accept the driving stresses that would be put through it. This kind of *carrosserie* was best suited to majestic touring cars and sedate, town-bred limousines. It wouldn't do for race cars, for sports cars, for the *gran turismo* machine intended for a career of mountain storming.

The Italians have (text concluded on page 171)





VIGNALE. Head of the *carrozzeria* bearing his name, Alfredo Vignale is more than a designer: he is a craftsman of the breed that made Italian coachbuilding famous. He can, with a hammer, a scribe and an anvil, make an automobile body out of the bare sheet metal. Much of Vignale's work appears on such high-performance chassis as the Maserati 250, top. This is one of the fastest and rarest touring motorcars on the world market. Vignale touches are the overhanging hood, flared wheel housings. Above, a convertible – "Spyder" – on the Lancia Flavia.

ALLEMANO. Serofino Allemano has specialized in the Fiat, and has done especially graceful tours de force on the 1500 chassis, the platform for the light coupe below. Allemano is devoted to simplicity, and his bodies are deceptively plain. Their utterly natural looks are metallic proof of Allemano's devotion to functional beauty. The forward slope, or flow, of his hood lines are graceful in the extreme, and that line contributes remarkably to the forward-leaning attitude of the vehicle. Perfectly balanced, it has the poised, eager look of a skier just about to push off.





BIFFEN'S MILLIONS conclusion of a new novel By P. G. WODEHOUSE

synopsis: *Irresponsible is the adjective that pops to the lips when discussing Edmund Biffen Christopher, whose habit of looking upon the grape when fermented and then pommeling policemen not only has won him incarceration on many occasions, but now threatens to cost him the fortune bequeathed to him by his godfather, the eccentric American millionaire, Edmund Biffen Pyke, on the provision that young Biff stay out of jail until the age of 30. Self-assigned to protect the errant heir are his sister Kay and his best friend, Jerry Shoemith, who is editor of "Society Spice," a cog in the vast London publishing machinery of Lord Tilbury, irascible brother of the departed Pyke who seeks to acquire the latter's fortune himself. To this end Tilbury has engaged the services of the pimply but persevering Percy Pilbeam, a private eye with few scruples but fast reflexes. Their aim: to get Biff pinched before his birthday, just one week away. Other fauna on the scene: abstemious William Pilbeam, waiter at Barribault's Hotel and father to the reprehensible Percy; his niece Gwendoline Gibbs, secretary to Tilbury; Linda Rome, Tilbury's niece and the well-beloved of Biff; Henry Blake-Somerset, stuffed-shirt fiancé of Kay; and the cop on the corner with the ginger mustache, key man to the entire proceedings.*

As Part I concludes, Tilbury and Percy are plotting to hoodwink Biff into a drinking bout with the redoubtable Murphy, top tippler of Fleet Street. The mind boggles at the thought of what will come next.

THE MORNING FOLLOWING the Tilbury-Pilbeam conference found Biff in tender and sentimental mood. He and Jerry were sitting over the remains of breakfast, and he was telling Jerry, who was trying to read his paper, how deep was his love for Linda Rome. It was a subject on which he had touched a good deal since his decision to lodge with Jerry at Halsey Chambers.

"But it's odd," he said.

"What's odd?"

"The whole setup," said Biff. "Why do I have this extraordinary urge to marry Linda and accept no substitute? The dullest eye can see that it's a thoroughly unsuitable match, and my best friends would try to draw me back from the abyss. 'Don't do it, Biff,' they'd say. 'Be advised while it is not too late. The mate for you is some merry little soul who gets tight and dances on supper tables.' But I don't want any merry little souls, I want Linda and nobody but Linda. How do you account for that?"

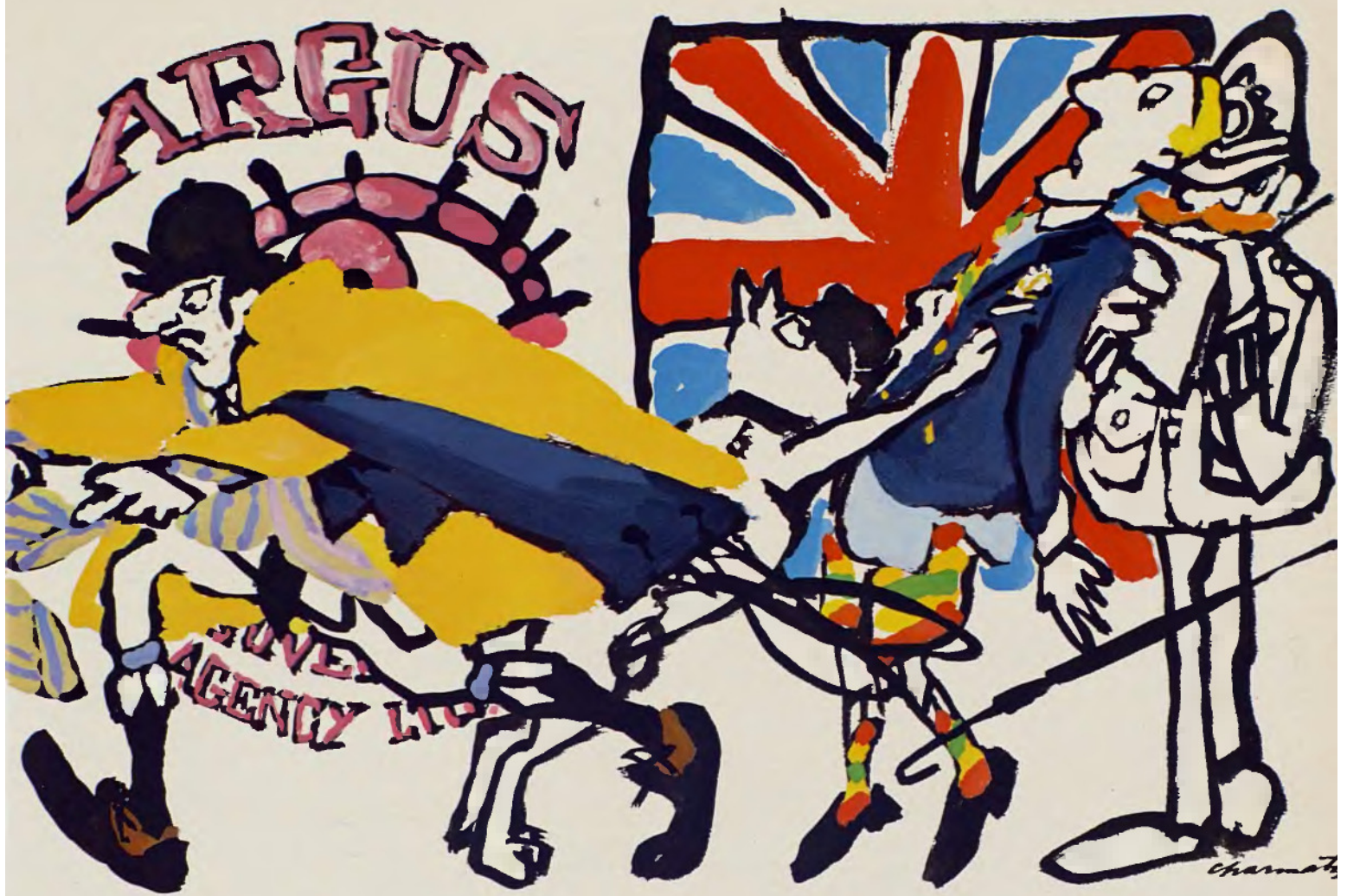
"You're getting some sense at last."

"That may be it. Of course, she's an angel in human form and will bring out the best in me. But I sometimes wish her ideals were not so high."

"You think she'll take some living up to?"

"Quite a bit. Not that I blame her. She has her reasons. Did I ever tell you she'd been married before? Guy called Charlie Rome on the stock exchange. He drank like a fish and was always chasing girls."

Jerry wrinkled his forehead.



only one man now stood between him and his inheritance: the vigilant cop on the corner

"Now who does that remind me of? Someone I've met somewhere. No, it's gone. What did she do? Divorce him?"

"Yes. She stuck it as long as she could, and then called it a day and no doubt felt much easier. But the reason I bring Charlie Rome up is that her experience with him has given her extremely rigid views on the subject of behavior in the male sex. It has led to her stepping up her matrimonial requirements."

"The next in line has got to be someone in or around the Sir Galahad class?"

"Or he hasn't a hope. You see, then, what the future holds for me. I shall have to reform myself from the bottom up, do all the things I don't want to do, be respectable, settle down, limit myself to a single cocktail before dinner and one glass of wine during it. Under her gentle guidance I shall grow a double chin, bulge at the waistline till none of my pants fit me, become a blameless stuffed shirt and probably end up as a Congressman. But do I shudder? Have I qualms? No, I like it. I look forward to it. With Linda at my side, I know it'll be worth the discomfort."

"In fact, you're purified by a good woman's love."

"A very neat way of putting it."

"You want to be worthy of her trust."

"Exactly. That's why it's such agony to think how I have deceived her."

"When did you deceive her?"

"Well, I haven't yet, but I'm going to this morning. I'm giving Gwendoline Gibbs lunch today, and one of Linda's

wishes, as I think I told you, is that I shall steer clear of blondes. She made me promise I'd never speak to a blonde again, and you can't sit there and say that Gwendoline Gibbs doesn't fall into that category."

"What on earth are you giving her lunch for? Why don't you cancel the date?"

"Impossible. You can't just drop a girl like a hot coal. You've got to taper off. This is a farewell lunch, and one of the things causing me concern is that I'm not by any means sure I've enough money to pay for it. I'm running very short. I shall be all right, of course, directly Kay brings that picture. Linda tells me a Boudin's worth all sorts of money. You said she was expecting to be able to get over here yesterday. Well, where is she? I see no signs of her."

"If she came yesterday, it was probably fairly late and she would be busy getting settled in a hotel."

"She could have phoned. She could have relieved my suspense and anxiety by putting in a simple inexpensive telephone call saying that everything was under control. Well, why didn't she?"

"Didn't think of it, I suppose."

"Exactly. Couldn't be bothered. To hell with a brother's nervous system. Let him eat aspirin. I'll tell you something about Kay which may make you think twice before leading her to the altar, Jerry o' man. She's thoughtless. She doesn't put herself in the other fellow's place. She knows I'm in imminent danger of dying of malnutrition unless she takes

the lead out of her pants and gets a move on with that picture; she knows it's my only source of income and without it I shall soon be reduced to stealing the cat's milk and nosing about in ash cans for crusts of bread, but she delays, she dallies, she loiters, she . . . Ha!" said Biff as the telephone rang in the hall. "That may be the wench now. Go and hear what she has to say. And don't waste precious time telling her you love her, get the facts."

Some minutes elapsed before Jerry returned from his mission. Biff eyed him eagerly.

"Was it Kay?"

"Yes, it was Kay all right. She couldn't come yesterday. She's arriving tonight."

Biff heaved a sigh of relief.

"Excellent. The sun breaks through the clouds. That means I shall have that Boudin tomorrow."

"It would," said Jerry, correcting this view, "if she were bringing it. But she isn't."

"What! Not bringing it? Don't I get any service and cooperation? Why isn't she bringing it?"

"She told me to tell you you were better without it. She thinks it would be fatal for you to have a lot of money by selling it."

Biff reeled. His were serviceable ears, ears in which hitherto he had had every confidence, but he was looking now as if he could not believe them.

"She said that?"

"She did."

"My own sister! A girl whom I have watched over for years with a brotherly eye."

"And now she's watching over you with a sisterly eye," said Jerry unsympathetically. "Surely even you can see she's quite right. You know what you're like. You can't afford to get into trouble at this stage of the proceedings, and you'd certainly do it if you had the necessary funds. You ought to be applauding her sturdy common sense."

The telephone rang once more. This time it was Biff who went to the phone.

"I'll get it. If that's Kay again," he said grimly, "I'll tell her what I think of her sturdy common sense. She'll think the receiver in her hand has jumped up and snapped at her."

He strode out, a cold and haughty figure. When he came back, his drawn face had relaxed and was illuminated by a happy smile. He looked like a man whose faith in his guardian angel had been restored.

"It was Pilbeam," he said. "You remember Pilbeam?"

"I do."

"Nice guy, don't you think?"

"I do not. The original human rat."

Biff clicked his tongue disapprovingly, but more in sorrow than in anger.

"Try to correct this jaundiced outlook, Jerry. He's nothing of the sort. He's the

salt of the earth—pimpled, yes, but full to the gills of outstanding merits, and if you want to know how I know, I'll tell you. He's asked me to look in on him this afternoon and says he can put me in the way of making a bit of money. That's the sort of man Percy Pilbeam is."

A chill wave of horror swept over Jerry. His was a vivid imagination, and he could picture what this would mean.

"Don't touch it!" he cried. "Think what you'll be losing."

"I don't follow you."

"You know what'll happen if you get hold of money. You'll go whooping it up and getting pinched."

"Absurd. Don't you think I have any sense?"

"No."

"You're wrong. I'm bursting with it. However, I've no time to go into that now. I'm meeting Gwendoline at the Berkeley at one and I have to make my toilet. I should be glad, by the way, if you would lend me a trifle. In order to finance the farewell lunch I shall need at least three pounds, though if you think five's safer, I shall raise no objections. So let's have them, Jerry o' man, and then Ho for the open road."

. . .

There are few trysts an impecunious young man keeps with more meticulous punctuality than those that hold out the promise of cash changing hands, and Biff was not a moment late for his appointment at the Argus Inquiry Agency. Percy in their telephone conversation had asked him to be there at three, and it lacked but a minute to the hour when he strode blithely into the anteroom and requested the office boy Spenser to inform the big shot that Edmund Biffen Christopher was at his service. Like a flash he found himself in Percy's presence, the honored guest, and Percy was clasping his hand and offering him a cigar and urging him to take a chair and make himself comfortable. He could scarcely have had a more impressive reception if the Argus Inquiry Agency had laid down a red carpet for him and loosed off a 20-gun salute.

"You told me on the telephone this morning," Percy said, "that you would like to make a bit of money," and Biff replied that a bit of money was the very thing he was wholeheartedly in favor of making. As Percy was aware, he went on to add, his prospects could be described as rosy—or glittering, if Percy preferred that word—but he was at the moment sorely in need of ready cash. The smallest contribution, he said, would be gratefully received.

"You suggested on the phone that you had a job for me."

"I have."

"Something in the private-ocular line?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Detective work, is it?"

"You could call it that."

"Oh?" said Biff, and fingered his chin a little dubiously. He was reluctant to cast a damper on this extraordinarily pleasant chat, but he felt it was only fair to issue a warning. "Well, I wouldn't want you to go into this thing with your eyes shut, so I ought to tell you at the outset that I'm not what you'd call versed in the sleuthing art. I don't suppose I'd recognize a clue if you brought it to me on a salver with full explanatory notes attached. So if you're expecting me to measure bloodstains and analyze cigar ash and find out where someone was on the night of June the fifteenth, you're in for a disappointment. Was it something along those lines that you had in mind?"

"No, no, nothing of that sort. The job I'm thinking of doesn't call for technical skill." Percy rose from his chair, tiptoed to the door, flung it open, satisfied himself that Spenser the office boy was not leaning on it with a gentlemanly ear glued to the keyhole and returned to his desk. Biff followed him with an interested eye, feeling that this was the stuff.

"Top secret?" he queried, impressed.

Percy gave a brief nod which, like Lord Burleigh's, spoke volumes.

"Very much so. I assume I can rely on your complete discretion?"

"Oh, sure."

"Because this is strictly between ourselves . . . and, of course, Scotland Yard."

"Scotland Yard, eh?"

"They have called me in. They often do when there is some special work to be done."

"You don't say!"

"The Yard has its limitations. For certain types of crime—murder, arson, burglary, and so forth—their machinery serves them well enough, but when it comes to a delicate matter of this sort, no, I'm sure you agree with me?"

"I probably would if I knew what the hell you were talking about. You haven't told me what the delicate matter is."

"Oh, haven't I? Well, it doesn't need much explanation. I want you to make the acquaintance of a man named Murphy. It's no use Scotland Yard trying to get at him, he would spot a Yard man a mile off. But he would never suspect you. You are so obviously what you make yourself out to be, a young American going about London seeing the sights and having a good time. I'm sure you'll be able to fool him."

"I'll do my best, than which no man can do more. Why do you want me to fool him? Who is this child of unmarried parents?"

Percy put a finger to his lips and sank his voice to a whisper.

(continued on page 144)

attire By Robert L. Green *the sartorial splendor that is rome and madrid*

THE MEDITERRANEAN WAY

Below: At the Café de Paris on the Via Veneto, our young Romeo is fast on his feet in an offbeat brown nailhead sharkskin suit. The jacket boasts slightly raised pockets and deftly suppressed waist which create a sculptured, slimming effect, by Monte Cristo, \$130.





While our sartorial safari through Europe this year offered fresh proof that (as in the days of Caesar's splendidly furnished phalanxes) all fashionable roads lead to the Eternal City, we were impressed by a burgeoning style center in one of ancient Rome's far-flung outposts — Madrid. There we came, saw and were conquered by a vital trend in men's attire: the Spanish counterpart of the Italian influence. From Madrid's proud and stately Calle de Alcalá to the colorful shops along Rome's scintillating Via Veneto, this dual fashion fountainhead pours forth a seemingly endless stream of striking suits, sweaters and car coats — some notable examples of which are shown here — magnificently tailored for wear by the finest Italian hands and their cousins-in-craft from Castile.

Upper left: Being lionized at the Colosseum, our Roman sport sports a casual yet characteristically dramatic blue wool pullover sweater, attractively trimmed in white window-pane stripes. It proves an especially good example of the fresh and farciful Italianate use of classical color contrasts, by Brioni of Rome, \$55. Far left: We see how a brilliant new adaptation of a familiar fabric — in this instance, cotton suede has been imaginatively textured and embossed — can create the basis for a driving new fashion force. Here, being given the inside scoop on an Alfa-Romeo, our auto buff wears a sleek olive car coat with patch pockets and black saddle-stitching trim, by Angelo Litrico of Rome, \$100. Left: Our Latin-lover seems justifiably convinced that he has discovered just the right combination to tempt his seductive *signorina*. To ignite the spark in her appraising eye — striking diamond patterns, subtly contrasted in quiet tones of gray and white in an elegant antelope-suede and wool sweater with knit sleeves and matching collar, by Cortefiel de España, \$60.

Right: Basking in front of the light-and-water-splashed Trevi Fountain, our sun worshiper catches all the lighthearted glitter of Rome's famous coin-filled fount. It's reflected in his rust-wool, Tyrolean-inspired cardigan — a colorful, typically Italian reaction to a traditional Swiss influence. This uninhibited sweater, handsomely trimmed in beige wool and brilliantly highlighted with rich gold buttons, should encounter no difficulty in finding a place in the international sun, by Briani of Rome, \$55.





A. Crutcher

LIVING WITH LABOR

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY AN ENLIGHTENED APPROACH TO WORKING WITH THE WORKER

SOME YEARS AGO, I SAT AT THE BARGAINING TABLE with a group of labor-union representatives who sought to negotiate a new contract with a company I owned. Union demands centered around an hourly wage increase which I knew the company could not afford to grant in full. I did, however, believe we could meet the demands half way, and felt that such an increase was justified.

Before the negotiations began, my labor-relations "experts" urged me to give no hint of this in the early bargaining sessions. "Play it close to the vest," they advised. "Offer nothing at all until the last possible moment, when the talks reach an apparent impasse — as they doubtless will. Then start low and edge the offer up slowly, raising it only as much as is absolutely necessary."

To my way of thinking, this approach smacked strongly of bazaar haggling. It seemed to me that such a strategy was beneath the dignity of the company and an affront to the union representatives' intelligence and could only serve to cause lasting bitterness on both sides. As I owned the company outright and thus would not be taking risks with the interests of other stockholders, I had no compunctions about following my own, and in my opinion wiser, counsel. I decided to try an experiment.

I went to the initial bargaining session armed with a few simple — but accurate, informative — reports. These showed the company's production costs and output, its profit-and-loss statement for the previous year, and reviewed its over-all financial situation and the outlook for the immediate future. I listened patiently while labor stated its position and demands. Then I handed the documents I'd brought with me to the union spokesman and took the floor.

"I suppose we could be here for days, arguing back and forth," I said. "But, as far as I'm concerned, it's more sensible to start off where we'd have to end up in any case. The company is unable to give you all you're asking — the reports I just handed you will prove that. You *can* have half the wage boost — and that's the absolute limit at the present time. If production and profits rise in the next year, I'll be glad to talk seriously with you about the other half."

Having said my piece, I glanced around the table, noting with considerable amusement that my aides looked horrified, and the union representatives appeared astounded. I thereupon suggested a recess — a suggestion the labor side seized upon gratefully. We adjourned the meeting, agreeing to resume it in the late afternoon.

My assistants were glum. They were certain I had taken the first steps toward giving away not only my company, but my shirt and theirs as well. They were convinced I'd handed the union the proverbial inch — and that it would consequently insist on taking its mile. At best, they expected the union to double its demands; at worst, they feared a long, costly strike.

When the meeting resumed, my aides filed into the conference room with the air of men being led to the tumbrels. I said nothing, but grinned inwardly at their discomfiture. I still believed I had assessed the situation correctly and had followed the right course, a belief soon verified by the union spokesman's opening remarks.

"To tell you the truth, we thought we were in for a long, tough fight," he declared. "But you laid everything on the line and gave us all the facts at the beginning — so there's really nothing to argue about." He paused and reached across the table to shake my hand.

"Mr. Getty, you've just gotten yourself a new contract," he announced with a broad smile. The remaining details were quickly agreed upon and the contract duly signed. My "experiment" proved to be a success that had long-lasting and beneficial aftereffects.

Within the next 12 months, production and profits rose sufficiently to justify granting an additional wage increase. A lasting bond of mutual respect was established between management and labor. To this day, any disputes are still discussed and settled in the same sort of atmosphere, and the company has been singularly free of labor strife.

The straightforward approach backed by facts worked — just as it has in most similar situations I've encountered during my years as a businessman and employer.

The incident is illustrative of my over-all experience, in that I've usually found that organized labor is fundamentally fair — but that it wants to know the facts. And, when I say facts, I mean precisely that. I do *not* mean tailored versions, half-truths or vague platitudes.

Workers and union officials are not ignoramuses. They are perfectly capable of recognizing

attempts to mislead or misinform them — and, like anyone else, they are quite likely to resent and rebel against such treatment. On the other hand, once they are given the unvarnished facts, the representatives of honest labor unions are generally cooperative to the maximum extent consistent with their legitimate aims and their responsibilities toward their members.

I have not encountered any very great amount of trouble with labor during my business career. Possibly this is due in some degree to my own attitude toward labor. Unlike some businessmen, I've never objected to the activities of free, honest labor unions. I recognize the right of labor to organize and bargain with management, because I recognize the innate human urge to a better life. Being a realist, I understand that for many — possibly most — people, this urge translates into a desire to have the best possible working conditions and the highest possible living standards, and manifests itself in the traditional demands for shorter hours and more pay.

True, there are limits — set by such factors as production and profits — beyond which it is impossible for management to reduce hours and increase wages. It is management's responsibility to convince labor of this, to define the limits clearly and furnish irrefutable facts to prove its case. I'll agree that in this sense, management does have to engage in give-and-take skirmishing with organized labor — but this is a matter of reasoned argument, not class war.

I certainly have no patience with the all-too-familiar variety of organization man who habitually and indiscriminately denounces organized labor. I've frequently observed that the most vociferous union haters of this type are individuals who demand for themselves identically the same advantages they condemn organized labor for seeking.

For example, interviews conducted recently with young executives and business students show that the majority declares itself to be against unions. At the same time, some 75 percent of them cite security as the principal reason why they work — or want to work — for large corporations:

"There's very little chance of getting fired or laid off . . ."

"Regular salary increases . . ."

"Retirement and pension benefits . . ."

"Hospitalization insurance . . ."

"Yearly vacations with pay . . ."

Now, I would begrudge no executive what so many of them have evidently come to regard as their due — be it job tenure or an annual holiday. But I see no logic or consistency in the admittedly security-seeking organization man's opposition to organized labor's search for a similar degree of security.

Like it or not, labor unions are here

to stay — and so are the benefits they have won for their members. The days when a laborer earned a dollar for 12 hours' work and Henry Ward Beecher could publicly thunder that a worker who was not content to live on bread and water was "not fit to live" are gone.

None but the most antediluvian specimens dwelling in the murky fens of reaction's lunatic fringe would want to turn the clock back to the sweatshop era. Enlightened modern-day business understands and accepts the need for trade unions, which labor historian Frank Tannenbaum has called "visible evidence that man is not a commodity, and that he is not sufficient unto himself."

Calumet & Hecla executive H. Y. Bassett expressed the modern business view in his frequently quoted essay, *What Does Industry Expect of a Community?* "Progressive managements have no quarrel with unions, but on the contrary feel that they have a place in the present-day world of business," Bassett declared.

The late Charles E. ("Engine Charlie") Wilson's comments on annual-improvement and cost-of-living pay increases reflect progressive businessmen's attitudes toward the security benefits gained by labor unions in recent years. "What we are doing is exploiting machines, not men," Wilson said. "It is logical, fair and reasonable to maintain the purchasing power of an hour's work in terms of goods and services the employee must purchase."

Charles E. Wilson was clearly aware of a basic economic truth which lesser businessmen unaccountably often choose to ignore or overlook — namely, that the worker is no longer just a worker. He is also a consumer — a customer.

The entire complex operational framework of modern business rests on the foundations of mass production. And, where there is mass production, there must also be mass consumption — mass markets. Otherwise, there are insufficient outlets for the production, the pace of business slows, and the economy withers.

Today, labor forms a sizable segment of the mass markets which consume and use the goods and services mass-produced by business. Labor's prosperity — its high earnings and consequent high buying power — represents an important factor in the prosperity of the nation as a whole.

Free and honest — and I strongly emphasize the words free and honest — labor unions have helped raise the living standards not only of the American worker, but of every American citizen. The gains organized labor has won at the bargaining table have, by raising the workers' buying power, contributed materially to the country's growth.

The myth that labor is out to wreck the free-enterprise system has been lovingly nurtured in certain quarters. I, for one, could not disagree more. I cannot

see that free, honest American unions pose any threat to American capitalism. If anything, they are among democracy's strongest bulwarks against political or economic totalitarianism.

I've observed that most American workers are well aware that they are enjoying benefits and a living standard they could never find in any other country or under any other political or economic system. The majority of U. S. labor leaders are cognizant of the grim alternatives to the free-enterprise system, and they have no taste for them, be they alternatives offered by the extreme left or the extreme right.

The fact that our economy is thriving — that our gross national product now exceeds *half a trillion dollars annually* — would seem sufficient to refute any charge that labor is wrecking or seeking to wreck that economy. Even more convincing proof is provided by yet another fact often ignored or conveniently forgotten by chronic union haters. It is that our free-enterprise economy has burgeoned during the very period that labor unions gained their greatest strength.

"Our members may clamor for higher wages, shorter hours and fringe benefits," a prominent labor leader told me not long ago. "But neither they nor union officials want to destroy or even change the American free-enterprise system. Labor knows it has a big stake in business — but it wants business to realize that it, in turn, has an equally big stake in labor."

This is reasonable enough — and so are what my experience as a businessman and employer have shown me to be labor's two basic aims.

First of all, labor wants to share in the wealth it helps create. Second, it wants recognition of its importance — not from the standpoint of the trouble it can cause, but rather from the standpoint that it does, after all, do the actual work of producing the goods and providing the services which business sells.

There is nothing unreasonable about the first aim — provided labor understands that wages and other rewards and benefits constituting its share of the wealth *must* be keyed to production and profits. This, unfortunately, is an axiom many workers — and even some labor leaders — sometimes fail to grasp.

Management must explain this axiom and drive home its implications at every opportunity in all its dealings with labor. No effort should be spared to acquaint every employee with the fundamental truth of business arithmetic — that, in order to survive, a company has to earn more money than it spends.

Labor must be made to understand that it is necessary for production rates to be maintained or even increased and

(continued on page 141)



THE DELICATE OPERATION

fiction By Jon Edward Manson

it required a bizarre combination of skill and daring for the doctor to achieve his mordantly dramatic purpose

DOCTOR CLIFTON WEFEL, pillar of his community, bedrock of his church, generous giver to charity, physician and wife hater, jimmied the bedroom window of another pillar of the community, a richer one, Judge Snide, and climbed through.

He closed the window, drew the curtains and, dropping the jimmy into his bag, tiptoed to Snide's night table.

"Soon," Clifton thought, taking his own pulse, "will come the dubious reward of my crime, the throb of my adrenal glands that will allow me to touch my castrating wife."

He laid his bag on the table, selected a vial of chloroform from a tiny compartment, poured a small amount on the sheet and, dexterously lifting Snide's head by the right cheek and the left ear, placed his nose in the middle of the stain.

Clifton switched on the night light and regarded the heaving, gently rolling curve that was Snide.

"A great man," intoned Clifton, in his best consulting Viennese psychiatrist voice, "a great man with virtue, dedication, a face like a pickle, and singleness of purpose. He daydreams in court, dozes in church and snores at home. His Honor, the learned Benjamin Snide."

"No thrill in taking only his money," Clifton thought, thumbing through Snide's billfold. "Perhaps that big diamond ring on his fat finger?"

"No," he decided, "just cash. The safest method to get rid of that woman and to live (continued on page 102)

DIAGNOSIS: DELIGHTFUL

our march medicine girl is a sure cure for what ails you



ACCUSTOMED AS WE ARE to finding doctors' offices adorned with Winslow Homer prints and ancient copies of *National Geographic*, we were pleasantly surprised to discover one graced with the lissome presence of Miss Nancy Scott, whom we subsequently coaxed into gracing this month's gatefold as our March Playmate. This hazel-eyed medical technician was born, bred and now resides in the environs of Hollywood, but eschews starlethood, aspiring instead to a no-less-challenging career of interior decoration. A delightful decoration herself, 22-year-old Nancy is a graduate of Verdugo Hills High in suburban Los Angeles, whence she entered the medical métier via a UCLA training course. "Up to a point," Nancy told us perceptively, "medicine is an interesting field for a girl. I've already worked for several doctors, and plan to keep moving, since working for different men is a continuing education. The one drawback is that there's little opportunity for advancement — since I have no chance of ever being a doctor. That's why I hope to go into interior decorating." Nancy shares an apartment in Inglewood, a decorative flair, and an interest in things medical with her mother, a registered nurse. Both are furniture fanciers; one of Nancy's proudest possessions is an oak coffee table she recently restored and refinished, and which now graces her jade-accented Oriental bedroom. When not decorating, this 5'6" charmer likes to read Faulkner ("I think most of it eludes me") and Steinbeck ("He's easier"). In self-appraisal, Miss Scott says: "Though I'm sometimes busier than I'd like to be, I find time to enjoy paintings, men and Manhattan — Manhattan Beach, California, that is." Though Nancy has no immediate intention of leaving the Golden State, she hopes that someday Mr. Right will whisk her off to a new life far from Hollywood. Until then, Nancy is content with the Pacific Coast scene, and based upon her Playmate appearance, we'd say the Pacific Coast should be equally happy with Nancy.



Above left: Miss Morch arrives for work early to prepare patients' records for the day. Above right: Striking—in or out of uniform—Nancy gives her M.D. boss a patient's case history prior to examination. Below: Our tawny-tressed technician assists the doctor with X-ray machine.



MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





An accomplished freeway negotiator, Volkswagen owner Nancy says: "It's lucky I love driving, since I live thirteen miles from work." Above, our Miss March in an eternal female plight: hunting lost keys. Below, mother and daughter prepare crab imperial for dinner guests.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why won't you buy me a mink coat?" complained the girl. "I'm terribly cold."

"If you know the answer," said her boyfriend, "why'd you ask the question?"



A shapely Hollywood starlet, about to go for an interview with a producer, was warned by her girlfriend, "Listen, honey, I don't want to upset you, but this guy has a bad reputation with women. If he gets you alone in his office, he's liable to rip the dress right off your back!"

"Thanks for the warning," said the starlet. "I'll go change into an old one."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wife* as the woman who stands by her husband through all the trouble he wouldn't have had if he'd stayed single.

What," the girl quizzed her date, "is hot-blooded, passionate and hums?"

The young man thought a bit, then said, "I don't know."

She smiled and replied, "Hmmmmm . . ."

The young executive had taken over \$100,000 from his company's safe and had lost it playing the stock market; he was certain to be discovered. In addition, his beautiful wife had left him. Down to the river he went, and was just clambering over the bridge railing when a gnarled hand fell upon his arm. He turned and saw an ancient crone in a black cloak, with wrinkled face and stringy gray hair. "Don't jump," she rasped. "I'm a witch, and I'll grant you three wishes for a slight consideration."

"I'm beyond help," he replied, and told her his troubles.

"Nothing to it," she said, cackling. "Alakazam! The money is back in the company vault. Alakazam! Your wife is home waiting for you with love in her heart. Alakazam! You now have a personal bank account of two hundred thousand dollars!"

The man, stunned to speechlessness, was finally able to ask, "What—what is the consideration I owe you?"

"You must spend the night making love to me," she smiled toothlessly.

The thought of making love to the old crone repulsed him, but it was certainly worth it, he thought. Together they retired to a nearby motel, and in the morning, the distasteful or-

deal over, he was dressing to go home when the bat in the bed asked, "Say, sonny, how old are you?"

"I'm forty-two years old," he said. "Why?"

"Ain't you a little old to believe in witches?"

Economists are still trying to figure out why the girl with the least principle draws the most interest.



Then there was the girl whose boyfriend didn't smoke, drink or swear, and never, ever made a pass at her. He also made his own dresses.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *irony* as a windy day when, just as a beautiful girl with a short skirt approaches, dust blows in your eyes.



Taking a short cut through a graveyard on their way home, the fellow and the girl began to feel the eerie mood of the place.

"Scary, ain't it!" said the youth, putting his arm protectively around the girl.

"Yes, isn't it!" said the girl.

"Weird, ain't it!" said the fellow, holding her closer.

"Yes, isn't it!"

"Gruesome, ain't it!"

"Yes, hasn't it!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a post card 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.



"Oh, tee-hee, you white gods are all alike!"

GLOBAL LINKAGE

*no matter what its national guise,
the savory sausage is a universal delight*

food By THOMAS MARIO

SAUSAGE is one of the oldest and still one of the best devices for separating the gourmets from the gourmands. Hungry neophytes generally recognize sausage as something you wolf down with your eggs in the morning or nibble from a cocktail spear at night. But across the ages men who've searched the deeper reaches of the sausage cornucopia have come up with some of the world's greatest masterpieces of flavoring. It is a horn of plenty filled with hot Spanish chorizos, mellow Polish kielbasas, French garlic sausages, hard Hungarian salami, fat German Wursts, hot Virginia sausage meat—in fact, any chopped meat nestling inside a casing as well as some chopped meats outside their casings.

Sausage fancying stretches back into antiquity. The ancient Greeks spoke affectionately of their beloved *oryae*, the blood brother of the fresh pork link as it exists today. It has always been traditional among sausage connoisseurs to handle a sausage on the fire as carefully and tenderly as possible. You cook the sausage until it's well done but juicy, and this means intelligent coddling. It was a technique known to Homer, who wrote, "As when a man near a great glowing fire turns to and fro a sausage, full of fat and blood, anxious to have it quickly roast, so to and fro Odysseus tossed . . ."

When Romans sought future benefits from their gods, they didn't offer up mere slabs of meat on the altar, but sausages made from the tenderest young suckling pigs available. Most popular of all ancient Roman sausages was one stuffed with fresh pork, bacon, pine nuts, cuminseed and bay leaves. It was the link that turned the annual Lupercalian and Floralian festivals into sausage orgies. So uninhibited were the debauches, and so identified with sausage, that Constantine the Great issued his famous decree prohibiting sausage eating. Needless to say, a thriving bootlegging industry emerged until, several emperors later, the infamous prohibition was repealed after much popular protest.

The emperor Heliogabalus devoured sausages containing shrimp and crab meat, a combination which wasn't able to hold its own in the





sausage arena for very long. The most happy stuffing always has been pork. There are pure pork sausages, pork and beef, pork and veal, pork with bacon and kirsch, and there are all-beef sausages, those containing chicken and partridge, and even sausages of *foie gras*. There are sausages of fresh meat and smoked meat, canned sausages and air-cured sausages. Some are as hard as the Italian pepperoni (which yields reluctantly to an ax) and others as soft and docile as the German *teawurst* used for spreading on Melba toast. The names of many sausages celebrate the city in which they originated, like the Genoa, the Bologna and the Lyons. Altruistically, the frankfurter is called the *wienerwurst* in Frankfurt, Germany, while in Vienna, the same sausage is sold as the frankfurter. Certain sections of the United States, such as the Smithfield area of Virginia or the Pennsylvania Dutch country, are illustrious cradles of sausage making. But varieties and geography notwithstanding, when one asks, "What's in a name?," in the case of sausage the answer is, "Plenty." Many brand names represent the highest echelon of the sausage aristocracy. Such names as Citterio in Italy, Herz in Hungary, and in the United States, Deerfoot, Jones, and Schaller & Weber, like old proprietary names of distillers, are probably the best, and certainly the safest, possible guides to succulent sausage eating.

Sausage can be worked into many good things—with shirred eggs, with waffles, with mixed grills, in poultry stuffings and pasta sauces, floating on rich soup purées and in all kinds of casseroles. For bachelor chefs, however, one of its greatest utilities is at the cocktail table. At the martini hour, consider Thuringer, *cervelat* and Genoa salami. Thuringer is a mixture of beef and pork; *cervelat* is a bologna, usually without garlic, and with a deep sweet smoky flavor; Genoa salami is the pepper-flecked, air-dried, hard Italian appetizer. In shops, you'll often find all three dangling from rafters, because they not only keep well in a cool, ventilated room, but actually mellow and improve with aging. For cocktails they must be sliced as thin as paper and served biting cold. Arrange them on a chilled platter. (To maintain the proper temperature, let the platter be small, and replenish it from time to time.) They may be picked up and eaten by hand, but are more toothsome placed on rounds of thin Italian fried bread or on Melba toast rounds which are unbuttered and undecorated.

In cooking hot sausages, the golden rule for the chef is very simple: Do unto the sausage as little as possible. Let the sausage link be cooked but remain in its own original profile, sizzling in its own natural flavors and spices. This doesn't mean that your imagination

must stop every time you contemplate cooking sausages. But the main goal of the sausage chef is to provide the right setting, the appreciative garnishes, the sauces that coax rather than bully. Plump hot *wienerwursts* with plain cabbage should remain plump hot *wienerwursts*, even though they're set atop mountains of sauerkraut cooked in Rhine wine and juniper berries. The only notable exception to this rule occurs when you make your own sausage meat; that is, when you buy ground pork—as in the sausage *quenelle* recipe on page 143—and when you are free to regale the meat with herbs, spices or wines to your heart's and your stomach's content.

As salt goes with pepper, sausage goes with beer. The beer should be cold and the sausage should be sizzling hot. Needless to say, the food-and-drink combination of both temperature poles at the same table couldn't possibly be improved upon.

The following recipes serve four.

BRATWURST, SAUERKRAUT IN WHITE WINE

1 lb. bratwurst
27-oz. can sauerkraut, drained, rinsed in cold water
4 slices bacon, minced fine
1 medium-size onion, minced fine
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup dry white wine
12 juniper berries, chopped fine
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chicken broth
2 teaspoons sugar
Salt, pepper
3 egg yolks
Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon
1 tablespoon Düsseldorf or Dijon mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot melted butter
1 tablespoon minced parsley

Preheat oven at 400°. Place bratwurst in shallow pan in oven. Bake uncovered, 30 minutes, turning when necessary to brown evenly. Put sauerkraut, bacon, onion, wine, juniper berries, chicken broth and sugar in a saucepan and mix well. Bring liquid to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer slowly, stirring frequently, until liquid barely covers pan bottom. Avoid scorching. Season with salt and pepper. Put egg yolks, lemon juice and mustard in well of electric blender. Spin blender a few seconds. Slowly, while running blender at high speed, add butter, about a tablespoon at a time, until it is completely absorbed. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add parsley. Arrange bratwurst over sauerkraut on platter or casserole. Pass sauce separately. If sauce is not served at once, keep warm, not hot, until needed.

COUNTRY SAUSAGES PROVENÇALE, RICE PILAF

1 lb. fresh country sausage links
4 tablespoons butter
2 medium-size onions, minced fine

2 medium-size cloves garlic, minced fine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine
19-oz. can tomatoes, drained, coarsely chopped
2 tablespoons parsley, minced fine
Salt, pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mushrooms, small dice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chicken livers, small dice
2 cups chicken broth
1 cup long-grain rice

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add half the onions and all the garlic. Sauté until onions turn yellow. Add wine and simmer until reduced to about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup. Add tomatoes and parsley. Simmer slowly 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Season with salt and pepper. In another saucepan melt remaining 2 tablespoons butter. Add remaining onions, mushrooms and livers. Sauté until livers are light brown. Add chicken broth and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil. Add rice and mix well. Reduce flame as low as possible. Cook, covered, without stirring, until rice is tender—about 20 minutes. Place sausages in a frying pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Cook until water evaporates. Continue cooking over a low flame until sausage is well browned on all sides—about 20 minutes. Place mounds of rice on serving plates. To form mounds, dip coffee cup in hot water, pack firmly with rice, place cup upside down on side of dinner plate. Holding plate and cup together, shake vigorously until rice unmolds. Place sausages alongside rice. Pour sauce on top of sausages.

SMOKED SAUSAGES, MIXED GRILL

1 lb. smoked country sausages, thick links
8 slices bacon
8 large mushrooms
2 large firm ripe tomatoes
Salad oil
Salt, pepper, paprika
4 lamb kidneys
4 slices eggplant, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick
Ground cuminseed
Butter
Juice of 1 lemon

Preheat broiler. Place bacon in cold frying pan and sauté slowly until half done. Remove bacon from pan. Let fat remain. Add mushrooms and sauté until they just begin to soften. Remove from fire. Cut out stem ends of tomatoes and cut each tomato in half crosswise. Brush each half with salad oil and sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika. Remove fat from kidneys. Cut each kidney through center, but do not separate into halves. Fasten a skewer through kidneys to hold firmly open for broiling. Brush eggplant generously with oil. Rub cuminseed on both sides of eggplant. Place sausages in shallow pan in oven section. Bake 25 to 30 minutes, turning when

(concluded on page 143)



"Keep your eye on the ball, dear."

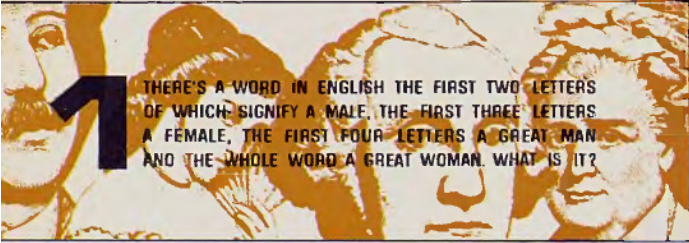
EENY MEENY MINEY MOW

puzzlers

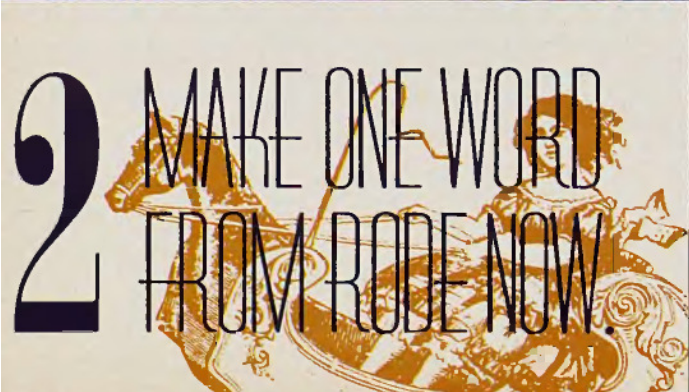
for semantic masochists who almost never get the word

YOU LIKE TO WASTE YOUR BRAINS ON pursuits of no conceivable practical value? You want something useless to think about during conferences and meetings? If so, here is a word quiz that will leave you ill-humored and no wiser than before. The teasers are arranged roughly in order of increasing difficulty. Mixed in are five trick problems, to add annoyance and outrage to your efforts. For those who insist on a scoring system, we offer the following—15 or more right: you're a word wizard, or a cheat. 8-14 right: credit yourself with notable *mot*manship. 7 or less right: don't burn your unabridged before you read them.

QUIZ BY RALPH WOODS



1 THERE'S A WORD IN ENGLISH THE FIRST TWO LETTERS OF WHICH SIGNIFY A MALE, THE FIRST THREE LETTERS A FEMALE, THE FIRST FOUR LETTERS A GREAT MAN AND THE WHOLE WORD A GREAT WOMAN. WHAT IS IT?



2 MAKE ONE WORD FROM RODE NOW.

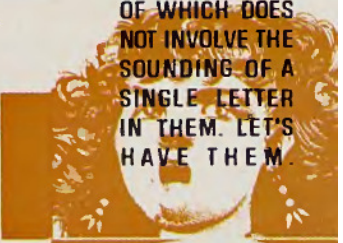
3 **???** **???** **???** **???** **???** **???** **???**

What word, when printed in capitals, reads the same forward, backward and upside down?

??


4 FIND AT LEAST FIVE WORDS WHICH, PRINTED IN CAPITALS, READ THE SAME FORWARD, BACKWARD AND IN THE MIRROR.

5 THERE ARE TWO WORDS, PRONOUNCED IDENTICALLY, THE PRONOUNCING OF WHICH DOES NOT INVOLVE THE SOUNDING OF A SINGLE LETTER IN THEM. LET'S HAVE THEM.



6 THERE ARE SEVERAL FIVE-LETTER WORDS FROM WHICH, IF YOU TAKE TWO LETTERS, ONE REMAINS. NAME AT LEAST THREE.

8 THINK OF A FIVE-SYLLABLE WORD WITH ONLY SEVEN LETTERS IN IT. SINCE YOU WON'T GET THIS, LET'S HAVE A FEW WORDS OF SIX LETTERS AND FOUR SYLLABLES.



7 The two longest monosyllabic words in English have nine letters each. What are they?

9

WHAT WORD IS MADE SHORTER BY ADDING A SYLLABLE TO IT?

●●●●●●+●=—

▲ **OUGH** ▼

HOW MANY PRONUNCIATIONS HAS THE GROUP OF LETTERS OUGH?

11

WE DEFY YOU TO GET THEM ALL WITHOUT RECOURSE TO A REFERENCE BOOK.

12???????

WHAT IS THE FIVE-SYLLABLE WORD OF WHICH, IF YOU TAKE AWAY ONE SYLLABLE, NO SYLLABLE REMAINS?????

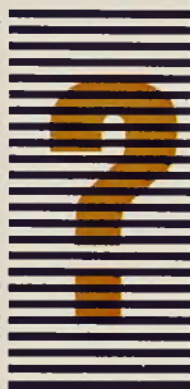
Make a one-word anagram from **THE CLASSROOM** which is closely associated with said room.



13

16

GIVE AN ENGLISH WORD OF 13 LETTERS IN WHICH THE SAME CONSONANT OCCURS SIX TIMES, ANOTHER CONSONANT TWICE, AND THE SAME VOWEL FOUR TIMES.



⚡ + ⚡ + ⚡ + ⚡ + ⚡ + 17 ⚡ + ⚡ + ⚡ + ⚡ + ⚡ +

There is a group of five letters from which it is possible to make no less than nine five-letter English words, plus two common French ones—the last two are good exercise for after your meal (hint).

LET'S HAVE TWO WORDS IN WHICH ALL THE VOWELS, INCLUDING Y, OCCUR IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

A · E · I · O · U · Y

NAME THE ONE WORD IN ENGLISH WITH THE GROUP OF LETTERS GNT IN IT.

GNT

15

Ditto ROOR.

20

AND, IN CONCLUSION, WE GIVE YOU THE NASTY JOB OF UNEARTHING THE SIX-LETTER WORD FROM THE ENDS OF WHICH YOU CAN KNOCK OFF LETTERS ONE AT A TIME, IN EACH CASE LEAVING BEHIND A COMMON ENGLISH WORD: SIX IN ALL.

WHAT SIX-LETTER WORD CONTAINS, WITHOUT TRANSPOSING ANY LETTERS, SIX OTHER WORDS???

19

THERE ARE TWO PHRASES (CALLED PALINDROMES) OF SEVEN WORDS EACH WHICH READ THE SAME FORWARD AND BACKWARD. WHAT ARE THEY???

The answers are on page 168.

DELICATE OPERATION (continued from page 87)

my own life is to keep adding to my bank account."

"But," he thought, peeling off a rubber operating glove, "I should make sure of how I feel." He placed his hand on his heart and measured its beat. On impulse he recited, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, the common law, the Hippocratic oath and the institution of marriage." checked his pulse again, and pulled on the rubber glove, judging that he'd better do the wall safe also.

He withdrew another vial, this one tightly rolled in rubber and packed in dry ice, a syringe, a needle and a small drill, arranged them neatly on the night table and studied Snide's blue-veined nose.

"Nitroglycerin," he speculated, fitting the needle onto the syringe, "one could kill so easily with nitroglycerin. Inject some into a man's vein and listen with a stethoscope as each beat of his heart became a minute explosion, one in a series of deadly shocks to his system. How *very* Alfred Hitchcock!"

Clifton aspirated the colorless liquid from the vial into the syringe, laid the syringe gently on the night table, then removed a painting from the wall and casually deposited it on Snide's stomach.

He widened the hole in the lock of the lock-and-combination safe with the drill, inserted the needle into the hole, depressed the plunger and extracted the empty syringe.

Then, very deliberately, he slid two wires into the lock, moved back several feet, and touched the other ends of the wires to the poles of a tiny radio battery.

The circuit then completed, current streaked through the wire, jumped the gap in the nitro, setting off an explosion.

The safe burst open, as the distended stomach of a dead man pops during cremation, showing its intestines, green and bound in tidy packages.

"That, Doctor Casey," Clifton smirked, "was a successful operation."

He quickly broke down his tools, vials, syringe, needle, battery, wires and drill, and replaced them, each in its compartment. Then he stacked the bundles of bills inside and zipped up the black leather bag.

He climbed through the rear window and, glancing back before he left, surveyed the room: the safe, with its door hanging open foolishly like a moron's lower lip, Snide peacefully snoring, the painting on his stomach rising and falling like the tide; the entire scene lighted delicately, chiaroscuro, by the night light near Snide's bed.

Clifton, poised by the window sill, drank it all in, chuckled to himself and felt his heart pounding with the thrill of the theft.

"At last," Clifton sighed at the famil-

iar ecstasy of his throbbing glands, "now I can face my wife."

Clifton lowered himself down to the street, all three buttons of his dark-blue Ivy League suit buttoned, the handle of the black leather bag looped around his left wrist. He pressed against the wall of Snide's house, stepped out of the shadows, walked the two blocks to his car and drove home.

"Home to my wife, lovely Margaret," Clifton said, "the disturber of my glands, the potion for my Jekyll and Hyde."

He parked the car, walked up the driveway swinging his bag and, putting his house key in the lock, thought, "Behind every great man, they say, there is a woman. Nagging him."

He heard Margaret thrashing in bed.

Margaret also was a doctor, a surgeon, and lately had become a nutritionist. She was a special advisor to actors, putting them on special diets, particularly organic foods, so they'd be healthy and beautiful forever. Margaret had thin, stringy hair, skin like cottage cheese and a large, red, cruel mouth.

"Clifton, is that you?" she called from the bedroom.

"Yes, dear. It is."

"Well come to bed!"

"Yes, dear, right away."

Clifton prowled through the house, washed his hands, brushed his teeth, raided the icebox, eating a pear and a piece of organic carob cake.

"Clifton," Margaret shouted, "what are you doing?"

"I'm in the bathroom, dear," Clifton replied.

He walked to the bathroom, locked the door and, sitting on the edge of the bathtub, read an old issue of *MD*. He hummed a few bars of *Celery Stalks at Midnight* and leafed through an article on the history of aphrodisiacs. He passed one half hour reading the article, scanned the advertisements for surgical instruments and checked obituaries. Then, thinking there was an outside chance that Margaret had fallen asleep, tiptoed upstairs to the bedroom.

Margaret rolled over on her side as he walked through the door.

"Darling," she moaned, "take me."

Clifton sat at the edge of the bed, removed his watch and ring, placed them on the night table and set the clock for seven.

"Clifton," Margaret said insistently, clutching his arm, "I said take me."

Clifton allowed himself to be dragged against Margaret.

He remembered as a child, waiting too long before eating his porridge, and having to push the skin against the side of the bowl, then gagging when his mother said, Clifton, eat that up!

And now onto Margaret with his stomach churning.

Like stock footage from a motion picture, scenes from his life passed through the screen of his mind. Medical school: the first sickening encounter with bottled livers, hearts and embryos, films on venereal diseases, the bloated bellies of frogs, dissected sharks, and sperm on glass specimen slides. His internship: stomach pumps, Negro youths with neat beer-bottle and pool-cue depressions in their heads, auto accidents with brains decorating the streets like some macabre Mardi gras. His practice: pushy wife nagging him into chasing dollars, the basic research that he always had wanted to specialize in, gonads, cushy behinds that complained of pains, apple-hard breasts and minds infirm, congeries of glands, souls, bones, twisted with desire.

Margaret rolled him off, and lay back sighing a monstrosly airy ah, like an 11th Century belch. She turned her back to him, pulled the bedclothes around her and, after a few twitches of her thigh, passed into a mindless, undreaming sleep—a sleep garnished with the most satisfied of snores. Clifton moved away from her and lay on his back, disgusted and slightly nauseous.

"That's all I can take," he said firmly to himself. "Tomorrow I instigate the final phase of the operation."

Doctor Clifton Wefel, general practitioner in Union Square, New Jersey, always dressed and left the house before Margaret, nutritionist and pseudo-psychiatrist, awoke. On mornings following a robbery, he arose especially early to attend to the exigencies of the theft.

At six-thirty he awoke to the sounds of Margaret's labored breathing, dressed quickly and quietly, slipped on his watch and ring, then went out.

He detoured from the usual route to his office, caught the Hudson Tube train to Manhattan, transferred trains and got off in Grand Central Station.

In the huge station toilet, the sanctuary of the city's homeless, the anus of the vast intestine of a subway system, Clifton washed his face carefully, wiped away any possible vestige of grease with a paper towel and took a small vial from his medicine bag.

He unscrewed the top of the vial and daubed some of the faintly yellow liquid on his forefinger, quickly applied it to his upper lip, then took a mustache from his medicine bag and, with a speed born of constant practice, pasted it to his lip.

Clifton studied the face staring back at him from the mirror seriously and appreciatively. A little bit of Hitler smiled back at him. He beetled his brow and curled his lip determinedly. "Today, Brooklyn," he snarled, "tomorrow the world." As he thought of the long day and night ahead of him, his brow fur-

(continued on page 134)

FROM HIS SIMIAN ancestors, man has inherited an insatiable itch to meddle with his surroundings. There is a straight and unbroken line of evolution between a cageful of monkeys in the zoo, and the Atomic Energy Commission in the Pacific.

Now, a certain amount of meddling is an excellent thing; it laid the foundations of experimental science and of modern technology. But the intelligent meddler must abide by a few common-sense rules, of which the most important are:

- (1) Do not attempt the unforeseeable.
- (2) Do not commit the irrevocable.

Though these rules have often been broken, in the past it seldom mattered; for the damage was confined to the meddler and his immediate vicinity. This is no longer the case; the consequences of meddling are now global, and will soon be astronomical.

I have no wish for my typewriter to add to the literary fallout on fallout, but my first example has to be the Bravo explosion of March 1, 1954, which showed radioactive coral upon the trawler Lucky Dragon — miles outside the "safety zone" confidently established by the meteorologists. In many ways, this event set the pattern for the future; those responsible were embarrassed, and hurried to compensate the injured, but showed no particular signs of remorse. Too bad about those fishermen, but little sacrifices like that have to be made for the "safety" of the free world.

Then followed the long dialog of hypocritical self-interest between the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. on the subject of bomb testing, each claiming the right to contaminate the Earth in pursuance of its policy of massive suicide. As a result, every living human being is now appreciably more radioactive than his grandparents — with incalculable effects upon all the generations to come. Contrary to some science-fiction writers, fallout will not produce a crop of monstrous mutants; extreme variations from the norm have little chance of survival, and less of reproduction. But it will produce an endless series of minor defects, illnesses and premature deaths which, all told, will add up to a staggering sum of human misery.

Two centuries ago Nathan Hale might regret that he had but one life to give for his country; today's patriots must ask themselves how many genes (and whose) they are prepared to give for theirs. And although the U. S.-U. S. S. R. pact on bomb testing is a welcome step toward sanity, who can say how much damage has already been done?

Quite apart from fission products, our modern world is drenched with chemicals which did not exist ten or twenty years ago. Almost all of them — DDT and the other insecticides, penicillin and



THE MEDDLERS

a probing into the hazardous and haphazard tampering with nature by some segments of science

opinion By **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

its related "wonder drugs" — involve some degree of risk. In most cases, we accept these risks willingly; penicillin has saved thousands of lives for every one jeopardized by allergic reactions — pets and people may have been poisoned by DDT, but it has eliminated typhus and malaria from whole countries. No one but a madman would deny these benefits, yet we must never become complacent and overconfident. Rachel Carson's strident warning, in *Silent Spring*, was necessary, even if exaggerated — though E. B. White saw the danger years before, in his unforgettable *The Morning of the Day They Did It*. That satirical fantasy, now rapidly coming true, described a world where the chemists had

made agricultural products so plentiful — and so toxic — that everyone had to take regular injections to counteract the lethal effects of food.

The terrible thalidomide disaster has alerted everyone to such dangers — for the moment. It has been pointed out that if thalidomide had been developed in the United States, instead of Europe, "the marketing techniques of the pharmaceutical industry, which can saturate the country with a new drug almost as soon as it leaves the laboratory, would have enabled thalidomide to produce thousands of deformed infants." (Helen B. Taussig, August 1962 *Scientific American*.) The United States escaped this catastrophe by good luck and Dr. Kelsey; next time, it may not be so fortunate.

For there will be a next time — though no one knows where and when. The price of safety, as of liberty, is eternal vigilance. The people to watch are those pharmaceutical firms out for a quick buck, and the defense scientists out for a big bang.

Not that nuclear explosions and chemical and pharmaceutical contamination are the only global nuisances committed, or attempted, in the name of security. Perhaps you never heard about Project West Ford — the bright idea of MIT's Lincoln Laboratories to put a third of a billion tiny radio antennas into orbit. When they learned about it, the world's astronomers reacted with near-unanimous violence, protesting that this cloud of minute satellites would interfere with many types of fundamental research, for an indefinite period to come. Despite an appeal by the International Astronomical Union to the U. S. Government, the experiment went ahead in October 1961. The first attempt failed, but success was achieved in May 1963. There are rumors of other launchings; a recent issue of the authoritative space journal *Astronautics* comments on an unexplained U. S. Air Force satellite with these ominous words: "It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the Air Force is quietly placing additional dipoles in orbit."

The most controversial, and widely criticized, of all space experiments took place in mid-Pacific on July 8, 1963, when — despite a series of launching mishaps that would have discouraged less devoted experimenters, the AEC and the Department of Defense detonated a megaton bomb 200 miles above Johnston Island. (Sociological note: In the press releases, it's always a "nuclear device." I say it's a bomb, and I say the hell with it.) Once again, there had been a chorus of protests from scientists all over the world; once again, the objectors were made to appear alarmists by bland official statements. There was not the slightest risk, everyone was as-

(concluded on page 168)

Below, l to r: Pert Pole Jolanto Koscielska attends typing school in Warsaw, toils part time as chemistry-lab technician. Bright starlets in Prague film industry, Czech mates Karla Chadimova and Dana Smutna were lionized by press at recent Venice Film Festival.



THE GIRLS OF RUSSIA AND THE IRON CURTAIN COUNTRIES

playboy offers pictorial proof that feminine beauty knows no political boundaries



Center: Eva Murniyeze, multilingual Soviet movie actress, stops traffic in Riga, Latvia's capital. Above, l to r: In native ski togs, Elzbieta Stusinska poses picturesquely beside kiosk. Barbara Szczepenska, Polish airline stewardess, is framed in Warsaw window.

Below left: Onetime hostess with mostest on Belgrade TV, 19-year-old Beba Loncar is Yugoslavia's best-known cinemactress. An outstanding Adriatic coastal attraction, she's saan to be launched in the West as Richard Widmark's shipshape co-star in *The Long Ships*, splashy \$6,000,000 Viking epic.



Top right: Muscovite Lucia Nikitina designs her own chic clothes, models manufactured fashions at the city's baroque-balkanied GUM department store. Above right: Offering inspiration for Hungarian rhapsodies, Mari Jeremias outstrips fellow fashion mannequins in sylvan setting near Budapest.

IF YOU ARE AN ENTERPRISING YOUNG MALE, you may discover that the lands lying behind the relatively retractable Iron Curtain boast an uncommonly rich and assorted source of untapped femininity. From the vast Russian steppes to the rocky seacoast of Dalmatia, you will find, if you prove to be a persuasive and discerning voyager, the warmest of welcomes from a seemingly infinite variety of women whose only constants are a passionate fascination with all things American — regardless of East-West relations at the moment — and an admirably uncomplicated sense of their own femininity.

Today, any man who can afford to spend some \$1500 can be his own jet-propelled Marco Polo anywhere this side of the Urals. In planning a tour of East Europe, however, bear in mind that the ease with which you will be able to meet girls is in almost direct relation to the varying degrees of personal freedom which prevail in each of the countries. There are, of course, common political and economic policies binding together the U. S. S. R., Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Romania and Bulgaria. However, you should no more expect to find a kind of supranational homogeneity in these countries than you would in Great Britain, France, Germany and Italy because of their partnership in the Western Alliance. Nevertheless, one rule of thumb *does* hold true for all countries in the Russian orbit: by and large, the girls take a visitor on his own individual merits and not as a representative of his country's foreign policies. There may be an occasional militant miss who wants to argue out affairs of state, but don't try to engage her in a political dialog unless you are sure of all your facts and figures. You can be certain she'll be (text continued on page 116)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERMAN LEONARD AND LEN KOVARS



Top left: Bikini-clad Yvonno Mokynowicz cuts fetching figure at Warsaw poolside. Above left: Poland's Marto Rzybova is classical horpist, ardent exponent of the twist. Center: Seamstress Andreo Atzel sheds threads, idyls olfresco in Hungarian hinterlands. Top right: Galio Mironovo, style counselor at Moscow's GUM department store, is attractive argument for coexistence as mort's frequent foreign emissary. Above right: Daughter of Polish UN delegate, Morgaret Lochs hopes to follow in her mother's footsteps — as winning Warsaw attorney.



Above: Sensuous Jolanta Umecko, hailed by art-film audiences as hot-blooded heroine of Poland's prize-winning *Knife in the Water*, soaks up sun on banks of Vistula. Below: Silken-limbed Lora Obrodovic, gifted Yugoslavian ceramist and jewelry designer, lounges languorously in her Zogreb flat.





Below, l to r: Charming troika convenes for cocktails in Moscow café: Bolshoi première danseuse Elena Rjbinkina, fledgling ballerinas Lena Matveyeva and Elena's younger sister, Krista. Sun-bronzed Manya Gasparovna is jazz-digging dental technician in Leningrad, Russia's second-largest city. Flaxen-tressed Estonian film star Eva Kiwi occupies off-screen hours with offbeat avocation: she's a freewheeling fan of motorcycle racing.



Opposite: In leafy seclusion of woods near Budapest, dancer Angela Hetenyi basks *au naturel* in rays of setting sun. Above left: Luminously lovely Danisha Ilish was finalist in recent Miss Yugoslavia contest. Center right: Thrice-blessed Zofia Slabaszowska is deemed virtuoso pianist, painter, dramatic actress by Warsaw's artistic avant-garde. Above right: Hungary's Mishka Kornsky is admirably equipped aspirant to gymnastics career.

Below left: Wearing big grin and teeny-weeny blue bikini, Malgarzata Brauner, a brainy beauty at a Warsaw high school, is honor student in contemporary literature; her nonpartisan preferences, she diplomatically declares, range from Salinger to Pasternak. Below, center and right: Equally beguiling whether bloused or birthday-suited, Karola Kiss is an aptly surnamed secretary in the administrative office of a Hungarian textile plant. Career girl about town, she's a talkative table-hopper at impromptu coffee klatches in open-air cafés frequented by her friends.



Above, l to r: Bliethe-spirited Iren Barsony bare-hugs tree trunk in forest north of Budapest. Despite elegant outward appearances, Mascaw-bred Macha Popava longs for rugged rural life as pioneer settler on Siberian steppes, where she plans to pursue career in animal husbandry.



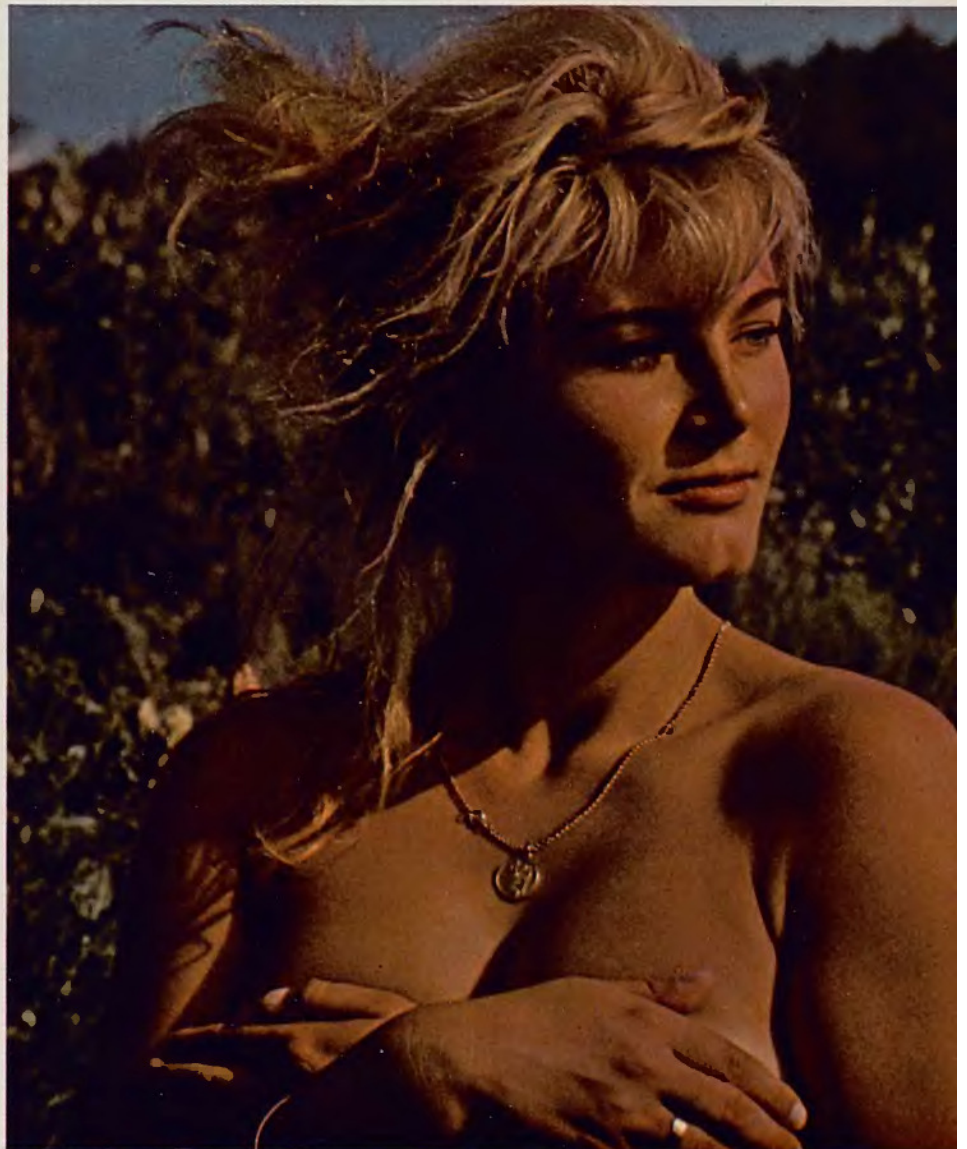
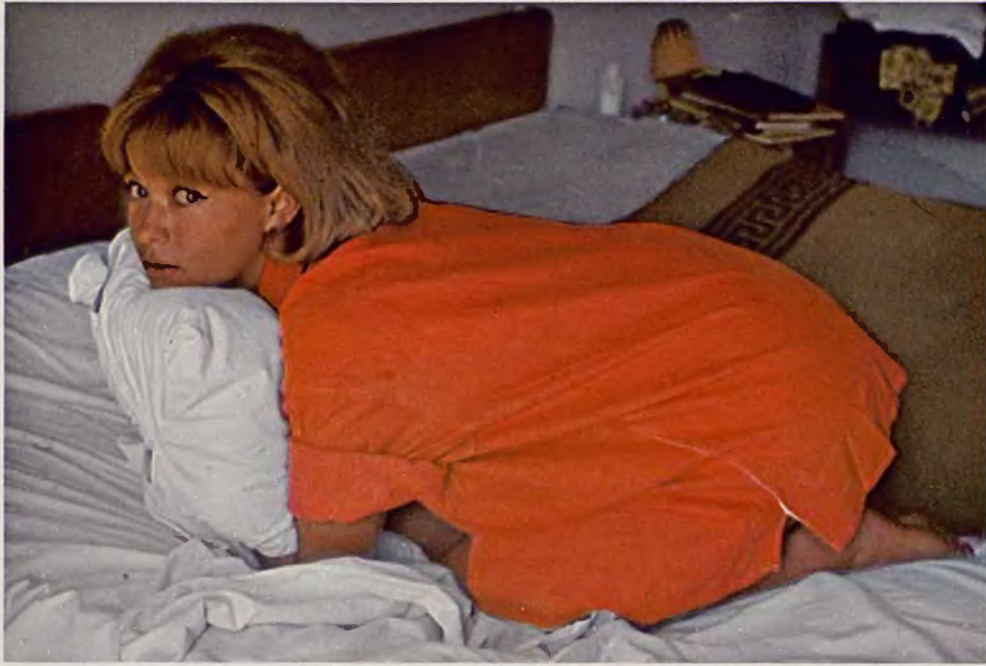
Above: Though the universal message of her sultry Slavic magnetism requires no translation, strap-teaser Dubravka Vugec communicates no less fluently in English, which she intends to teach on graduation from college in Belgrade, where she shows superb athletic form on a coed basketball team.

Below, l to r: As opulently oppurtenanced as her baroque boudoir in Prague, night-blooming Czech novelist Annelie Goldegg rises after dark, writes till midnight, twists till dawn. Warsaw bird watcher Bozena Kedzierska nurtures notion of becoming woman of the soil: she's an aspiring agronomist.



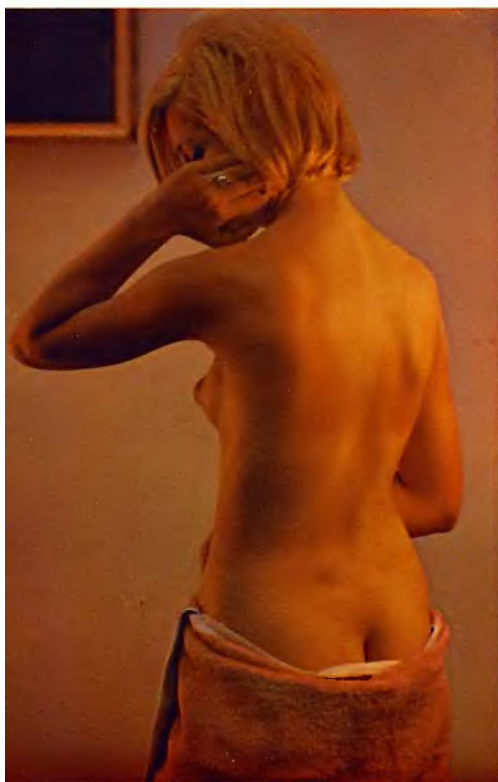
Above, l to r: Bozeno Mysbinsko, clerk in Warsaw Bureau of Statistics, displays skill with figures — in this case, her own — on dance floor of swinging cellar club. Steno in stote welfare office, Dubravka Milishevish promenades prettily through Belgrade park in American-style casual wear.

Below, l to r: Typecast as patriotic heroine in party-line movie potboilers, Yugoslav star Milena Dravic doffs peasant costume to pose provocatively in Belgrade pad. Sunny Saturdays find Larissa Yarominok, soft-sell salesgirl at Moscow's GUM department store, trimly swimsuited at pool.



Left center: Stalina Azamatova is prima ballerina in her native Tadzhikistan. Above left: Milica Stojisiljevic is Belgrade architecture major whose own superstructure merits study. Above right: Fellow Slovene Manja Galec, sloe-eyed premed coed, can look forward to SRO crowds of male patients.

Below, left Eorthy Dunjo Rojter, multifacile actress in Yugoslovion theater ond films, is equolly ot eose in Greek tragedy ond light comedy; stotuesque foshion model Vesno Bekavac recently refused Hollywood picture offer to enroll for language study of the University of Belgrade.



Top right and facing page: When her burgeoning meosurements outgrew tutu, our comely cover girl Olgo Schoberova abandoned ballet, took screen test, became first-magnitude star in Czech cinema. Above, left ond center: 17-year-old Eva Fichtnew is young Polish foshion mannequin, trilingual traveler to European capitols, unpaid Thespion in Worsow's Student Theater productions. Above right: An oristocratic blend of breeding ond beauty, Beoto Tyszkiewicz — o Polish countess — is beside herself in happy reflection of mirror in the drawing room of her Worsow monshion.



GIRLS OF RUSSIA (continued from page 106)

sure of hers. Speaking of facts and figures, it is perhaps fitting to lead off our study of Eastern European girls with some data on the country containing the largest number: the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Covering one sixth of the earth's land surface, with 208,826,000 people (20,000,000 more women than men), and with more than 60 separate nationalities, cultures and languages, there is a positive *embarras du choix* when it comes to girls. Even in the days of the czars, Russia was a singularly insular land—more so, indeed, than it is today—fearful of foreign visitors and loath to allow her subjects to venture abroad. In any case, as an American visitor you will discover, with a sense of pleasant surprise, that your exotic nationality produces prodigious attraction and curiosity on the part of Soviet girls—and conversely, *their* exotic charms will have the same effect upon you.

Moscow, with over 5,000,000 people, is the largest city in the U. S. S. R. Girls from all over the Soviet Union flock there for the same reason that American girls flock to New York: to take advantage of superior educational and professional opportunities; in short, to succeed. And because you may not have the time, money or requisite travel permits to savor the pulchritudinous representatives of the U. S. S. R.'s myriad national groups at first hand, it may be best for you to concentrate your time and energies in Moscow. There you will discover the slim, exquisite Tadjikistan ballet student; the merry-eyed, beautifully proportioned Ukrainian actress; an olive-skinned Georgian high-fashion model; a flaxen-haired electronics engineer from Latvia. The image of the husky Stakhanovite lass who could drive a tractor as well as any man is fading fast in the U. S. S. R. Not because girls don't drive tractors anymore, but because today the inroads of make-up, perfume, beauty parlors, and uplift bras can be seen—and appreciated—everywhere. The blatant Victorianism of official Soviet sexual morality is more apparent than real. The Russian girl who, in public, is so crude as to allow her boyfriend to hold her tightly around the waist may incur hostile glances and even slurring remarks on the part of passers-by. Nevertheless, the basic sexual attitudes of Soviet women—and men, for that matter—are sensible and healthy mainly because sex education is, as in Scandinavian countries, an intrinsic part of the Russian curriculum. Moreover, birth-control information and service are available at free public clinics throughout the Soviet Union. In Russia, abortion is not the shady, dangerous and costly matter it is in the United States. Any woman who finds herself saddled with an

unwanted pregnancy may have a legal abortion performed free and safely at a special clinic at the hands of justly famous Soviet physicians—75 percent of whom are women.

Although you may encounter girls in such—by American standards—unfeminine occupations as ship captain, ditch digger, road builder, construction engineer or cosmonette, you will be agreeably surprised to find they all share a remarkable quality: soft, yielding womanliness. There is none of the edgy competitiveness of their American career-girl sisters. These girls may handle a rivet or a shovel all day, but when they look up meltingly into a man's eyes, there's no doubt as to who they think is the most.

Getting to know Moscow women is an ego-boosting, if somewhat stamina-challenging, experience. Russian girls probably possess the most soulful, expressive eyes of all womankind. They may be speaking to a man about the weather, but their eyes engage in an ancient and infinitely more interesting form of communication. By and large, however, Russian girls on the streets are not prone to give the eye to a stranger even if they find him attractive. As a matter of fact, you may get the uneasy feeling on the first day in Moscow that you're invisible. But your first words of actual conversation with a pretty Russian girl will prove how wrong you are. Although she may come to terms very rapidly with her own—and her new-found friend's—desires, she feels no relationship is complete unless wrapped in great clouds of passionate and romantic declarations, preferably poetic. She demands all the 19th Century trappings of romantic sentimentality. A Muscovite speaking of Russian love observed cynically, "A couple may know, and expect, that their affair isn't going to last more than two or three days, but both will carry on as if it's the passion of their lives. Tears, lengthy protestations of love, tears, lengthy discussions of why it can't last, more tears. When they do break up they promise to meet again to talk it all over—and they usually do, with lots of sobbing."

It is perhaps well for a visitor interested in a romantic checking out of Soviet womanhood to forego the picturesque charm of a subzero, snow-covered Moscow—first snows come in early October—as many a beautiful friendship has gone unconsummated purely on the "where can we be alone" question. Soviet society, despite (by Western standards) remarkably liberal laws on divorce and abortion, frowns on the casual encounter. No overnight visitors are permitted in guests' hotel rooms, and those trying to stay later than ten have often been expelled bodily by an indignant

and husky female hall porter. The apartment situation for Muscovites and practically all other Russians, for that matter, is still extremely tight, and most girls share tiny flats with their large families. There are the big wooded parklands, but vigilant policemen patrol regularly to keep young couples from dalliance.

The one foolproof technique, operative only in the summer months, is the overnight boat trip up the Moscow Canal to the Volga River. Khimki, Moscow's port, links the capital with the White Sea, the Black Sea, the Caspian Sea, the Aral Sea and the Sea of Azov. For five dollars you can buy yourself and your female companion an admirably private, first-class stateroom with all appointments aboard a large, modern river steamer. Discreet, efficient room service brings vodka, caviar, iced borscht or chilled sweet Georgian champagne.

In Russia it is considered perfectly proper for a visitor to ask a woman to dance without an introduction. Remember this, especially, when you pay a visit to the official yet chic and popular Communist Youth Clubs, where, curious as it may seem, some of the best jazz bands and the most attractive girls can be found.

In keeping with the general Y. M. C. A. aura in Russia, all night life tends to come to a halt at the witching hour. Only on special occasions like film festivals or international youth events are all-night clubs opened up—nominally for the distinguished foreign visitors unaccustomed to the early-to-bed way of life.

A fine place to strike up an easy friendship is the huge modern outdoor Moskva swimming pool situated in a large green park with a fine view of the Kremlin's golden onion-topped turrets glinting in the sun. As the mercury often rises close to 100 degrees during the Moscow summer, the pool is an excellent spot to keep cool while deciding who will be your evening's companion.

An agreeable prelude to a late-evening stroll or midnight boat ride may be dinner at the Uzbekistan Restaurant. There, in a dimly lit garden by a softly bubbling fountain, the romantic, wailing strains of a native Uzbek orchestra furnish appropriate mood music. Sure to delight a Moscow girl is an invitation to dinner at the city's best restaurant, the Aragvi, where the cuisine is Georgian.

It is the proud boast of the Soviets that they have done away, once and for all, with that reprehensible concomitant of capitalism, the prostitute. By and large that is true, but the discerning visitor will note a small number of young women who ply their trade in the late evening near some of the large hotels in the vicinity of Red Square.

(continued on page 136)

HOW DID IT EVER GET ON TELEVISION?

humor By RORY HARRITY *being a series of letters between horace whipple, chief television coordinator for sommers & hunge, advertising, and his company's most important client, laurence s. d'arquee, happy d'arquee pancake mixes*

SOMMERS & HUNGE ADVERTISING

600 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022 / TELEPHONE 212 555-2368 / CABLE SOMHUNG

Thursday, May 26

Dear Larry,

First, let me say how much Mrs. Whipple and I enjoyed last Sunday in the country with you and Mrs. D'Arquee. You can't imagine what it means for an advertising man who is pretty much in the thick of it, six or seven days a week, to just kick over the traces and go out to Scarsdale. Of course, it was a pity it rained and you and I missed that little "have at you" on the links we'd been planning, but it certainly made the day for the girls with ll rubbers of what, in my opinion, was really first-class bridge.

And the food. If I hadn't been sold on Happy D'Arquee products before I got there, I certainly would have been by the time I left. Who would have thought that any woman, even Mrs. D'Arquee herself, could serve three entire meals plus one late-evening snack consisting entirely of pancakes!

I was also very glad, Larry, that you and I had a chance to sit down and really talk things out — and I would like to say right here and now that I agreed with you one hundred percent about having a strong, built-in identification — plot and/or characterwise — between Happy D'Arquee Pancake Mixes and any television series you end up sponsoring. It is all too easy, as you have pointed out, to arbitrarily arrive at a situation or a cast of characters who go blithely off in any direction some fanciful writer wishes without any consideration of the sponsor's product, which, after all, is the writer's meal ticket.

Accordingly, as soon as I got to the office on Monday, I called a meeting of the top creative minds here at Sommers & Hunge. The problem — as I interpreted it to them from our meeting — was to come up with an idea for a television series that was inextricably bound up with the product — and was also writerproof. Well, during those next two hours there must have been three or four dozen ideas volleyed across the conference table, but nobody could win match point. If it was about pancakes it wasn't writerproof; if it was writerproof it wasn't about pancakes. We were just about to call it a day when Roscoe D. Hunge (the "Hunge" of Sommers & Hunge) came into the conference room. Now, I don't think I'm exaggerating, Larry, when I say that Mr. Hunge is one of the finest creative minds in the country today.

"What's the score, Whipple?" he asked.

"Love-six, sir," I said. "Theirs."

"Well, drive it over the net, Whipple," he said, "I need the exercise."

I explained the situation and then, almost immediately, without even appearing to think, Mr. Hunge started to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I think we'll all agree that today's television market is bull for the functionary. The maid, the carpenter, the plumber, the policeman — these are the (concluded on page 172)



*"Mr. Farnsworth, you
must have been born in March —
you come in like a
lion and go out like a lamb."*

Vargas

the tale of a welcoming wife



Ribald Classic from *The Golden Ass* by Apuleius

THERE ONCE LIVED in ancient Greece a man of nasty nature who kept his beautiful wife locked up in his house against the risk of anyone's becoming too friendly with her. One day he had to depart on a mission to a far town. Before he left he sent for the eunuch Myrmex and said to him: "Slave! If any man so much as touches my wife with the tips of his fingers as he passes her in the street, I'll chain you up in a dungeon and starve you to death." The husband then set out on his trip with his mind at rest.

Myrmex, who was terribly frightened by his master, kept the wife, Aretë, shut indoors all day spinning wool, and when she had to go out in the evening to the baths he went with her, clinging tightly to a corner of her skirt.

Her beauty had escaped the eyes of no man, however, and one, a handsome young connoisseur of women named Philesietaerus, felt not only challenged by her reputation for impregnable virtue, but also by the extraordinary precautions taken to guard it. To test his own mettle—and hers—he caught Myrmex alone one day, after the eunuch had locked Aretë safely in her house, and told him of his passion, imploring the slave to find some way to ease the torment. "You have nothing to fear," said the lover. "All I have to do is steal into the house by night and come out again almost at once." Then he showed Myrmex a handful of shining gold coins straight from the mint. "These could be yours," he suggested.

The proposal so staggered the slave that he rushed away in terror without listening to another word. That night,

torn between duty and gold, he could not sleep. By morning, however, gold had won, and he ran to his mistress' bedroom and delivered Philesietaerus' message. When she, piqued by her confinement, coyly complied, he was overwhelmed and ran to the lover's house to tell him that Aretë would receive him. Philesietaerus paid the fellow on the spot.

That night Myrmex brought Philesietaerus, muffled and disguised, into Aretë's chamber; but about midnight, while the two lovers were at sport, a loud knock sounded on the front door, for her husband had unexpectedly returned. When no one answered his summons, he began shouting and pounding the door with a stone, threatening to put Myrmex to torture both unique and extreme. The slave, in a state of mortal terror, quavered back that he had hidden the key so carefully that he couldn't find it in the dark. Meanwhile, Philesietaerus, alarmed by the commotion, had hurriedly dressed and run from Aretë's chamber, unfortunately forgetting his shoes. Myrmex then unlocked the front door and admitted the husband, who hurried to his wife's room while the lover slipped out the door unnoticed.

When the husband arose the following morning he found a foreign pair of shoes beneath his bed. At once he assumed the truth and, swearing to trace his wife's lover by means of his boots, he slipped them into his pocket, then ordered Myrmex' hands to be chained behind him. Followed by the weeping and howling slave, he then strode down the street toward the dungeon, his face distorted with fury.

By a stroke of luck Philesietaerus hap-

pened to come along the street at that moment. At the sight of the angry master and the terrified eunuch, he was forcibly reminded of the slip he had made in his hurry to escape from the bedroom. Thinking fast, he rushed at Myrmex, shouting at the top of his voice, "Blackguard! I hope your master will punish you as you deserve!" He began to pommel the bewildered slave, bellowing the while, "I know you all right, you're the thief who stole my shoes at the baths yesterday afternoon!"

Taken in completely by Philesietaerus' words, the husband angrily landed a vigorous kick on Myrmex' hindquarters and roared, "Slave! If you do not want to spend the rest of your days in a dungeon, return the gentleman's slippers to him at once!" And with more threats and oaths, he thrust the shoes at the eunuch, who, asking for forgiveness, lost no time in handing them to Philesietaerus. The lover, with an expression stern and haughty, then let his mistress' husband apologize at great length before he condescended to say, "I understand the matter well, sir. Slaves these days are not to be trusted."

Agreeing wholeheartedly, the husband then took his leave of Philesietaerus, saying, with a lascivious wink, that he must hurry home to enjoy those delights he had recently missed because of his journey but which, succulent and unimpaired, had been preserved for him by his impregnable and virtuous wife. "Then, do make haste," replied the lover, now smiling as he returned the wink, "for a wife left alone becomes a welcoming one indeed."

—Retold by John D. Keefawer



how to talk dirty and influence people



Ever since I started using that greasy kid stuff, my head keeps slipping out of sight.

synopsis: Last month, in Part V of his autobiography, Lenny Bruce described his narcotics arrest in Philadelphia, and the way in which this seemed to initiate a growing pattern of arrests and other harassments. The Philadelphia grand jury ignored his bill, thus refusing to indict him, but from then on Lenny was in trouble everywhere he went. He was arrested for obscenity in San Francisco, and acquitted. He flew to England and, having been refused admission without a hearing, was stripped and searched for narcotics upon his return to New York. He was arrested for obscenity in Chicago, and given his first conviction, in absentia, having been unable to return to Chicago under the terms of his bail on another narcotics charge, this one in Los Angeles. The story of that arrest, and the tribulations that followed, is told in this concluding installment, which portrays a man conscious of the fact that from now on, wherever he goes, whatever he does, he is forever under suspicion.

RECENTLY, I WAS OFFERED a writing gig on a TV series for \$3500 a week. And I really was happy about that. But after two days, negotiations went right into the can. The company's New York legal department had killed it.

Because of the morality clause.

When Rod Amateau had come backstage and offered me the writing assignment, I had just given my last two possessions — my record player and my camera — to a secretary in lieu of payment.

Moral turpitude. They said the decision related to my arrests for obscenity and narcotics, and the sponsor. The thing I really felt bad about was that Rod Amateau had worked so hard to get me the gig, and I'm sure he felt ashamed. He shouldn't have been subjected to that.

I got really busted out as the arrests began to cut off my income. For the first time in my life I had checks bouncing, and I ruined an eight-year credit rating. Right down the drain.

The morality clause. I'd encountered morality before.

When I lost my screenwriting job at 20th Century-Fox, I hadn't thought my financial woes would last, because I'd kept on working at the burlesque clubs.

Also, a producer had introduced me to a big star who became bigger by playing Las Vegas in a peekaboo dress, and asked me to write a piece of special material for her for \$500. I did, and she sent me a wire from her show, thrilled — "THE MATERIAL WAS GREAT." She was never home after that, though, and I wanted to get my money. Her mother gave me the brush: "Look, you — we found out you work in burlesque, and if you bother us once more, we're going to black-list you with the Writers Guild."

When my trial for the alleged possession of heroin came to court in Los Angeles, I wouldn't take the oath. You'd assume that legions of perjurers would say: "Well, how come you swore to God and then you lied?"

(continued on page 124)



My love for California is flagging. Attempting to escape autograph hounds, I employ a standard ruse.



The efficient gas-station attendant, at right, has not only Simonized my car, but cleaned out the back seat as well; I wonder what the service charge will be.



Look, look. See the photographer chase Lenny. See Lenny wave. See the photographer fall down. See Lenny run. Run, Lenny, run. 121

ON THE SCENE

STANLEY KUBRICK *reel art's rectifier*

THE AVERAGE FILMGOER might well hesitate before buying ducats to movies about frustrated love, unsuccessful thievery, public executions, World War III or similar downbeat subjects when seeking diverting entertainment. But hip moviegoers look forward to such morose themes if the director's credit reads: Stanley Kubrick. At 35, he has already injected new life into a sagging U. S. cinema with *Lolita*, *The Killing* and *Spartacus*, while his latest release, *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*, as almost everybody should have heard by now, even finds fun in nuclear attack. Starring ubiquitous Peter Sellers in a triple role as the President of the United States, a German "nuclear wiseman" and an R.A.F. group captain, it handles hilariously the events contingent on an accidentally triggered atomic war by a psychotic Air Force general (Sterling Hayden) who blames the Russians for everything from fallout to fluoridation. Tackling touchy themes fails to faze Kubrick; his handling of the "unfilmable" *Lolita* won for it the approval of both the Production Code Administration and the Legion of Decency, and his *Paths of Glory*, rejected by every major studio and eventually filmed in Germany, copped the *Grand Prix de la Critique* in Brussels. Eschewing the posh home and sycophantic entourage of the stereotype Hollywood director, Kubrick lives simply, hopes to someday do a Civil War film based on Mathew Brady's photos.



DMITRI KASTERINE





WERNER WOLFF

PETE TURNER

JASPER JOHNS *pop art's grandpop*

FIVE YEARS AGO Jasper Johns was inconspicuously painting beer cans, targets, coffee jars and American flags in a lonely loft over a Lower Manhattan sandwich shop, just a grant-in-aid's throw from the pillared minarets of Wall Street. Today his pictures hang in museums and galleries in New York, Stockholm, Rome and Milan, and bring from \$2500 to \$15,000 in assorted currencies everywhere. He has moved uptown to an atelier overlooking the Palisades and has become, at 33, the grand old man of pop art — a semirebellious attempt by a group of young artists to celebrate the commonplace by pots-and-panning in on "the new American landscape." This postgraduate school of the avant-garde has been described by critics in terms ranging from "an art so sophisticated that its appreciation demands a high degree of historical awareness" to "a triumph of the inane"; but, whatever the merits of the movement, it is generally acknowledged that Johns' paintings have legitimate beauty. His flags, limned in various hues including white on white, and his targets, in reds, blues and yellows, have been defined as "singularly banal yet extraordinarily effective," forcing the viewer to focus on the canvas itself "to meet it as an immediate and direct painting experience." Of late, apparently surfeited with the soup-can school and daubed of neo-Dadaism, Johns — a wispy, South Carolina-born bachelor — has begun to deny that he is a pop artist at all. "I stopped painting flags when they changed the number of stars," he protests. And what is he painting right now? — huge road maps of the United States.



BOB DYLAN *folk art's strummingbird*

UNLIKE THE TRADITIONAL DOVE, which coos sweetly for peace, folk singer Bob Dylan employs his highly praised musical talent to right social wrongs lustily and aggressively. The weapons he uses in his struggle for a better world are a firmly strummed guitar, a shrill harmonica, a talent for original composition, and a voice that has been characterized by *HiFi/Stereo Review* as "hoarse, wounded, affectingly ugly." Dylan's wide-eyed militancy and his youthful impatience with an imperfect universe are reflected in his songs, most of them dealing with subjects no less universal than war, peace, integration, life, love, death and the atom bomb. Yet, in spite of his own imperfections, Dylan's naked sincerity has made him the darling not only of the uncritical hootenanny set, but of the hipper admirers of Joan Baez, Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie (Dylan's idol) as well. He has been described by informed critics as "bursting at the seams with talent" and "our finest contemporary folk-song writer." Born in Duluth 22 years ago, Dylan first conceived of himself as a "musical Chaplin tramp" at the age of ten and, after running away from home seven times ("I been caught and brought back all but once"), he settled in Greenwich Village in 1961, where he was acclaimed almost instantly by rabid Dylantantes. As Dylan adds polish to his gem-in-the-rough qualities, there's little doubt that he'll continue the highflying start propelled by his recent hit, *Blowin' in the Wind*.

how to talk dirty *(continued from page 121)*

But you were wondering how I got to trial on this charge. It started like this:

I was stopped on the street one afternoon for no apparent reason by a peace officer whom I considered a friend. He yelled, "Hey, Lenny!" And I recognized him, because he was in the club almost every night. His duties included checking the night clubs along Sunset Strip in Los Angeles that I worked consistently for six years. He had another officer with him.

And very shortly I wound up being booked on a possession charge. How come? Well, there are two versions of what happened.

Their story: These two peace officers were sitting in a car observing the defendant enter a hobby shop the officers had under surveillance. They saw me leave, notice them, make a furtive action, drop a matchbook containing a packet of heroin and run into a bicycle shop. One of them followed me in, frisked me and said that I was under arrest for violation of the State Narcotics Act.

District Attorney Powers questioned the officer who stayed in the car:

Q. At that time, that the package—you saw the package fall—did you notice where your partner was?

A. Yes.

Q. And where was he?

A. He was coming around rapidly in front of the radio car between the MG and the radio car right after the packet hit the ground, he crossed in front of me, picked it up, followed Mr. Bruce inside the bicycle shop.

Later, the partner was cross-examined by my attorney:

Q. . . . Did you see anything in the matchbook cover before you put it in your pocket?

A. I did. There was a folded piece of paper, lined notebook paper, protruding from the matches.

Q. Did you form any opinion as to what that might be?

A. It was in my opinion . . . a packet of heroin.

Q. After Mr. Bruce dropped the packet on the sidewalk, sir, what did you see him do, if anything?

A. He continued east to the doorway of a bicycle shop. He then walked into the bicycle shop.

Q. Did you see Mr. Bruce enter the bicycle shop?

A. I did . . . I was on the sidewalk. . . . I walked over, picked up the matchbook, walked into the bicycle shop, and caught up with the defendant, Mr. Bruce . . .

Q. . . . Did you say, "You're arrested for dropping these?"

A. No, I did not.

Q. Did you say, "You dropped these?"

A. No.

Q. Did you ask if he dropped these?

A. I made no reference to the article.
Q. And it wasn't until ten minutes, to quote you [earlier], ten minutes later that you first made reference to that?

A. That was the first opportunity I felt I had; yes.

Q. The first opportunity—what do you mean? He offered no resistance, he had his hands up in the air. You were alone, weren't you?

A. Momentarily, yes. I walked him out of the bicycle shop immediately.

Q. When you were walking out of the bicycle shop immediately, at that time, didn't you say, "Did you drop something outside here?"

A. No, I did not.

Q. Did you show them to him at that time?

A. I did not.

The District Attorney asked me: "Mr. Bruce, do you think that these officers have to frame people?"

A. No, I didn't say they're framing me.

Q. You can appreciate the manner in which these officers testified. They're completely right or completely wrong. Isn't that a fair statement, sir?

A. Or so concerned with many, many cases—forty or fifty cases—where I am concerned only with one, my own safety, perhaps there is a loss of memory.

Q. In other words, their testimony—and I refer to both of them—and they both saw you drop this packet there by the TV-bicycle store sidewalk area, you think is just because they may have had a lapse of memory?

A. . . . I assume a lapse of eyesight and memory.

Q. Then you were framed?

MR. MARSHALL: We object to the form of the question.

THE COURT: I think instead of "framing," you can say "tell an untruth." I'd like that better. "Take the stand and tell an untruth under oath" rather than the word "frame."

. . . .

I never knew the hobby-shop owner. He ran a well-known hobby shop in the Sherman Oaks section, one of the most unique stores in all of California. They had a \$10,000 remote-control sports-car track. At my stepfather's suggestion—he drove me there—I went, just to look at the sports cars. He went in with me and out with me, went back to his car with me, and went to the station with me, but they booked only me.

He was released.

While officers were in the shop later, a man entered and, upon examining his arm, they found several fresh puncture marks thereon. He was placed under arrest and when taken to his car, the officers found 15 Percodan pills in the glove compartment. He was sentenced to one year in the county jail, suspended, and

given three years' probation.

The shop owner was charged with violation of Number 11500 Health and Safety Code for possession of heroin, pleaded guilty and was committed to the Department of Corrections as an addict.

Harassment is a leprous label that draws bully taunts: "Oh, are they picking on you, little boy? They're always picking on you. It's funny, it doesn't happen to your brother."

Harassment. This is getting to be a chant, and like the Gregorian, understood only by a few.

The news media did me in. Seven-fifteen one evening, a local newscaster with his balding crown resting in shadowed bas-relief Himalayas announced: "Lenny Bruce, the sick comedian, was really sick today. The 37-year-old nightclub comedian, who's had more than his share of brushes with the law, charted a new course with a narcotics arrest. He has admitted he's been using heroin since he was 18 years old. Bruce, shown here with his attorney, stops and mugs for the cameramen and promises to stir a little commotion at tomorrow's hearing. A Reseda housewife . . ."

And newspapers were next. Who gave them the item that was on the street before I was out on bail? Look at the bottom of my arrest report and you'll find "LAPD [Los Angeles Police Department] Press Room was notified and City Newsroom was called."

A press notice on an arrest report. But don't get me wrong, brother, I love Hollywood. I love the way the reporters and photographers maul you so you'll look desperate enough in their pictures.

The newspaper is the most dramatic medium of the written word, whether it's Dr. Alvarez with his arthritic pen pals or Prudence Penny's attractive ways to make leftovers attractive, and it is because of the newspapers—their disregard for the truth when it comes to reporting—that my reputation has been hurt. None of the "facts" they have printed about me concerning addiction are true. And in the interim, bizarre stories in the syndicated columns about me striking a judge; and enough damning hearsay was printed to keep me from replaying England where I was previously accepted with great aplomb.

. . . .

The jury found me guilty of possession of heroin.

Possession of heroin is a felony for which I could be given two years in prison. The Court, however, has adjourned criminal proceedings until my fate is decided by Department 95, pursuant to the terms of Senate Bill 81; the State of California's legislative branch was responsible for this bill, the purpose of which is theoretically to halt the cruel punishment that was being forced upon sick persons, namely narcotics addicts.



It is the function of a Department 95 hearing "to determine whether the defendant is addicted to the use of narcotic drugs or" — now dig this — "by reason of repeated use of narcotics is in imminent danger of becoming so addicted."

Thus the judge is making it possible for me to have, instead of two years of cruel punishment in prison, ten years of rehabilitation behind walls — if I'm eligible — based on the recommendation of two physicians appointed by the court.

Here are excerpts from the transcript of my Department 95 hearing: "The People of the State of California, For the best interest and protection of society and Lenny Bruce, an Alleged Nar-

cotic Drug Addict."

THE COURT: Dr. Tweed, will you give us the results of your examination?

THE WITNESS: When Mr. Bruce was examined on the seventh of June, he denied the use of marijuana. He denied the illegal use of pills. He denied the use of heroin. The probation officer's report was read. He [Bruce] stated: "Very succinctly, I have never used any illegal narcotics." He did admit using Methedrine intravenously [to treat his chronic lethargy]. When asked questions concerning when he first began to use [Methedrine] he stated that he had no total recall. . . . He had been using it by hypo. He states that he is still using

the medication, that he was instructed in its use by a doctor and that his doctor has been prescribing it to him and giving prescriptions to use it as well as the things to use it with.

Examination of both arms showed numerous fresh marks which he stated were from the injection of Methedrine. . . . he did admit that he was, had been convicted on the charge of possessing heroin recently. However, he denies that he had any heroin as was reported or that he was actually honestly convicted on it. He stated, and had a Dr. Niemetz with him at the time, that he had the Nalline test the day before, and the doctor was prepared to testify at

that particular time and did so state that the test was negative. He stated that he and a Dr. Gabagan had given him two cc. of Nalline the day before and the results were entirely negative.

(The Nalline test is the injection of a standard drug to which a narcotics addict reacts quite differently from a non-user. Dr. Peters, who had "examined" me with Dr. Tweed, concurred with his testimony. Then followed cross-examination of Dr. Tweed by my attorney.)

Q. . . . How long was Mr. Bruce in your presence at that time [of the examination], sir?

A. Well, I don't recall, but it was longer than average . . . He was there at least 20, 25 minutes.

Q. Did you conduct any Nalline examination or test of any kind at that time, sir?

A. No.

Q. Subsequent, have you performed any Nalline examination of Mr. Bruce?

A. No.

Q. Did you perform any urinalysis at that time, sir?

A. No.

Q. Did you make any physical examination of any kind whatsoever that indicated the presence of any narcotic in Mr. Bruce's system at the time you examined him?

A. No.

(My attorney's cross-examination of Dr. Tweed went on to establish that it is very difficult, in Dr. Tweed's opinion, to differentiate between the marks caused by the injection of one substance, such as Methedrine, and another such as heroin. Dr. Tweed said he had no axes to grind with anybody; that heroin users tended not to sterilize their equipment properly and as a result might show scars where a man injecting Methedrine with presterilized disposable syringes might not. My attorney pointed out that a man might simply not be a skillful self-injector, and that this might account for my scars. Dr. Tweed said it might. My attorney asked him then whether he had found any evidence of a narcotic in my system, other than the scars.)

A. That is as far as I could go, actually.

Q. Doctor, the Nalline test, the urinalysis examination, those are accepted methods of determining whether or not there is a narcotic in the system at that time and in a short period of time immediately prior, is it not so?

A. Yes.

Q. And there are certain physical attributes of an individual undergoing withdrawal or an individual who is demonstrating his dependency upon a narcotic, is that not true, sir?

A. Yes . . . He didn't have any of those at that time.

Q. . . . Doctor, isn't it a fact that it is impossible for you or for the most qualified doctors in America or any

other country to make a conclusion, a conclusion valid by your own standards in medicine, as to whether or not a person is a narcotic addict unless a person is observed under clinical conditions over a continuous period of time, to observe withdrawal dependence on the narcotic and physical reaction?

A. No, this is not a fact, because medicine is not only a science; it is an art.

Q. As an artist or doctor, did you conclude from your 25-minute examination that Mr. Bruce is a narcotic addict?

A. It was left up in the air, actually, because I want further information.

(Deputy District Attorney Melvin B. Thale then carried on a redirect examination of the witness.)

Q. Suppose you had no further information, you had to make up your mind based on what you observe today.

A. . . . On a basis of—you see, I come to certain conclusions on the basis—I have a history that he is convicted of possession. He is convicted on the basis of having in his possession heroin. The individuals who were arrested at the same time that he was arrested were also convicted of it and have come through here and have admitted their use. This is part of the art.

I find marks on him. However, I am giving him the benefit of the doubt. I cannot say that he has. If he has been taking this thing [Methedrine] legally, I would like to have the doctor here to testify that this is what he is doing or at least have a report from the doctor . . .

Q. Doctor, couldn't you, on the basis of the history that you just gave us plus your examination, form some opinion?

A. Well, the opinion would be that if he isn't, he is in imminent danger of becoming addicted if he has had it in his possession. He was convicted of that, however. I mean, the marks could either be or could not be.

Q. Taking your history that you gave us into consideration, then, wouldn't that help you to form an opinion as to the marks, then?

A. . . . Well, the manner, I will say this, the manner in which Mr. Bruce reacted during the examination was indicative at the time that I examined him that he was under the influence of Methedrine, because he was very talkative. He tended to be very rambling. He was sarcastic. He was hostile.

(There followed recross-examination by my attorney.)

Q. I will ask you one hypothetical question. Doctor, if this man before you was not someone subject to many newspaper columnists, if you didn't know he had been convicted, and the company he was with were some businessmen from downtown and you made that 25-minute examination and you found no physical evidence of narcotics in his system at

that time or any other time and you hadn't seen any reports of any medical examination, would you state an opinion to this court that the man we are talking about is a narcotic addict?

A. If he didn't give me a history that he used Methedrine, I would, yes.

Q. But in this case not only did he give you a history of having used Methedrine, you as a doctor concluded at the time you saw him that he had a non-narcotic, Methedrine, in his system; isn't that correct, Doctor?

A. When I saw him, yes.

(Note: The reactions to having Methedrine in one's system are the exact opposite of the reactions to having heroin in one's system . . . Now came redirect examination of Dr. Peters.)

THE COURT: Dr. Peters, do you concur?

THE WITNESS: Your Honor, I concur in part, but I am of the opinion that he is a narcotic drug addict.

THE COURT: Based upon your examination, you reached the conclusion that the patient is a narcotic drug addict?

THE WITNESS: That is correct, sir.

(Following brief cross-examination, the court appointed two more doctors to examine me, because "There is a split in the medical testimony." The hearing continued the next week. On June 17th I was examined by two doctors in a room one flight up from the courtroom, and on June 18th they testified on their findings. The first one, Doctor Thomas L. Gore, gave it as his opinion that I was an addict. He based this on the condition of the veins in my arms, which he said could not have been caused by injecting Methedrine, an isotonic solution, but were characteristic of the use of heroin in a hypertonic solution. "My opinion is that he has been using a drug of the opium series . . ." He went on to say, in cross-examination, that he had detected nothing indicating that I had withdrawal symptoms at the time of my examination.)

My attorney went on with the cross-examination:

Q. . . . Doctor, is it a correct statement that in order to determine whether or not a person is a narcotic addict he should be placed under clinical conditions for a period of several days and he should be observed as to whether or not there are any withdrawal symptoms; is that a correct statement?

A. The presence of withdrawal symptoms, of course, is conclusive. The condition of the veins of an individual is also conclusive . . .

(Dr. Berliner, who "examined" me with Dr. Gore, took the stand.)

Q. . . . Now, as a result of your examination of the parts of the body and whatever history you did obtain from Mr. Bruce, were you able to form an opinion as to whether or not he is a

(continued on page 130)

Playmates Revisited · 1955



JAYNE MANSFIELD, February 1955



JANET PILGRIM, July & December 1955



PAT LAWLER, August 1955

playboy encores its second year of gatefold girls

HEREWITH, another installment in our Tenth Anniversary Year reprise of Playmates past. Come December, we will publish — in a *Readers' Choice* pictorial — the ten most popular PLAYBOY dolls of the decade based upon reader reaction. Our second year of publication included a pair of important Playmate milestones: February 1955 marked the first PLAYBOY appearance of the then-unknown Texas beauty, Jayne Mansfield; 1955 also witnessed the beginning of the "girl-next-door" concept in pin-up photography with a double helping of PLAYBOY'S circulation-stimulating Subscription Manager, Janet Pilgrim, in July and December. There was, however, no Miss March: in 1955 the fledgling magazine had less than a dozen staffers and when we fell behind schedule, we simply skipped the March issue. Readers are invited to send in their personal preference in hit misses without waiting till the end of this retrospective Playmate parade; any Playmate from the first ten years (December 1953 through December 1963) is eligible. Choose your ten favorites and then compare them with the top ten to be featured in a special ten-page portfolio at the end of the year.

MARILYN WALTZ, *April 1955*



BETTIE PAGE, *January 1955*



ANNE FLEMING, *September 1955*

MARGUERITE EMPEY, *May 1955*



EVE MEYER, *June 1955*



JEAN MOOREHEAD, *October 1955*



BARBARA CAMERON, *November 1955*

how to talk dirty *(continued from page 126)*

narcotic drug addict, or by reason of repeated use of narcotics, in imminent danger of becoming one?

A. I did.

Q. What is your opinion?

A. I believe that Mr. Bruce is a narcotic drug addict.

(Cross-examination followed.)

Q. . . . Could any type of Methedrine administered in any way produce some of the symptoms which you have described you noticed on Mr. Bruce's arms?

A. Certainly.

Q. Doctor, is this a correct statement: You found no physical evidence at the time of your examination that any narcotic was in Mr. Bruce's system?

A. This is a correct statement.

Q. . . . Doctor, is this a correct statement: That some of the marks on Mr. Bruce's arms may have been caused by self-injection of a nonnarcotic?

A. I would say that was very likely.

(My attorney called Dr. Keith Dittman, the first of three witnesses for the defense, to the stand.)

Q. Doctor . . . will you state your occupation [and] where you practice . . . for the Court, please?

A. I am a physician specializing in psychiatry, and I practice at the UCLA Health Center.

Q. How long have you been a physician specializing in psychiatry?

A. Fourteen years.

Q. Doctor, have you in the course of your career had occasion to examine within your people those who have had any narcotic difficulty or possibly had any narcotic difficulty?

A. Yes.

Q. And have you in the course of your career studied the subject with regard to the diagnosis and treatment of narcotic addicts?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you have an opinion, sir, as to how a conclusive determination may be made by a medical doctor as to whether or not a man is a narcotic addict?

A. Well, the best way would be to hospitalize them and see them develop withdrawals and then counteract those symptoms of withdrawal with the drug that you believe they're addicted to.

Q. Over what period of time would this be done?

A. Within a week or possibly two weeks.

Q. . . . Have you in the course of your profession had occasion to interview and examine Mr. Lenny Bruce?

A. Yes.

Q. Approximately when was that examination?

A. About ten days ago.

Q. Where did it take place?

A. At UCLA.

Q. Had you had occasion to examine Lenny Bruce before that?

A. No.

Q. Now, Doctor . . . based on your examination of Mr. Bruce, are you of the opinion . . . that he is a narcotic addict?

A. No, I can't state conclusively that he is.

Q. Can you state, based on your examination, Doctor, that he is in imminent danger, and I use the words "imminent danger" advisedly, of becoming a narcotic addict?

A. No.

Q. Doctor, now can you tell me whether or not you feel any qualified physician could conclusively conclude in the absence of admissions that any person was a narcotic addict after a 15-, 20-, or 30-minute interview and visual examination of the veins . . . ?

A. I don't know of any way that it can be done.

Q. . . . Is it an accepted method to merely visually observe the veins of a person and in the absence of observation under clinical conditions to make a conclusion that that person is a narcotic addict?

A. You mean to only confine it to that? . . . No.

Q. . . . Now, Doctor, could you, if you had examined the arm of someone who had marks on it from the discoloration or the location of the marks on the arm, could you without any other information distinguish between a mark that was occasioned by a nonnarcotic that had been administered in any manner and a narcotic that had been administered in any manner?

A. No.

(Dr. Norman Rotenberg, who had given me the letter I always carry, about my use of Methedrine, was then called to the stand for direct examination by my attorney. He established his credentials to practice in the State of California, and as a Certified Specialist in Orthopedic Surgery. He stated that I had been his patient approximately four years, that he had seen me perhaps a dozen times in his office, that he was aware of my lethargy, and that he knew other doctors had prescribed Methedrine for me at various times in various parts of the country. He testified that Methedrine was not a narcotic; that it could not disguise withdrawal symptoms from narcotics; that he had never observed any withdrawal symptoms in me. In the course of his examination by my attorney and his subsequent cross-examination, Dr. Rotenberg testified that lethargy was one of the symptoms of heroin addiction. The State's attorney then asked him: ". . . Could you say at this time with your experience that he is not an addict?" "I say definitely that Mr. Bruce

is not a narcotic [addict] at this time." In redirect examination, my attorney then asked him again.)

Q. Doctor . . . in your opinion, is Mr. Bruce a narcotic addict?

A. No, my opinion is that Mr. Bruce is not a narcotic addict.

Q. In your opinion, is Mr. Bruce in imminent danger of becoming a narcotic addict?

A. No, my opinion is that this man is not in imminent danger of becoming a narcotic addict.

(The third witness for the defense, David Niemetz, M.D., was called to the stand by my attorney. He established that he was a specialist in gastroenterology, in Beverly Hills, and that on June 6, 1963, he and a neuropsychiatrist in his building, Dr. Gahagan, had administered a Nalline test to me, indicating that there had been no narcotic in my system within the past 24 to 72 hours. In response to my attorney's question, he stated that neither he nor Dr. Gahagan had observed any withdrawal symptoms in me at that time. He further stated that while present at my examination by Drs. Tweed and Peters [for the State], he had observed no withdrawal symptoms in me. Then again, he testified that in connection with another Nalline test, also negative, which he had conducted on me with a Dr. Dean on the 13th of June, he had observed no withdrawal symptoms. He had also observed me in court on three occasions in connection with this case, and observed no withdrawal symptoms. Finally, my attorney asked him to conduct a Nalline test on the spot. The test was given to me during a recess of the court, and the court then reconvened. My attorney resumed questioning Dr. Niemetz.)

Q. Doctor, during the recess of this court, did you administer a Nalline test to the respondent, Lenny Bruce?

A. Yes.

Q. Would you tell the Court the results of that Nalline test?

A. It was a negative Nalline test.

Q. Doctor, in your opinion, is Lenny Bruce a narcotic addict?

A. No.

(Cross-examination by Deputy District Attorney Thale, who was present at the Nalline test.)

Q. . . . Now, Doctor, all your testimony proves is that at the time you gave the Nalline test that there was no narcotic in the system; is that right?

A. Yes.

Q. If he had not taken an injection of narcotics three to four days prior to giving the test, you wouldn't expect to find any symptoms?

A. Except there were other Nalline tests given in intervals that would preclude any narcotic in between, during the period that I have known him.

Q. . . . Doctor, where a person has used, say, narcotics, assume for the question, over, say, a year, two-, three-, four-year period, would you say in a period from June 6th through June 19th, a person could stop taking it and not be addicted? Assume for that question that the person had used for a two-, three-, four-year period.

A. It would be very, very unlikely . . . you would expect an abrupt withdrawal period that would be easily diagnosed . . .

Q. If he had a withdrawal period prior to coming to you, then, Doctor, you wouldn't see any evidence of it, would you?

A. If it had been that far ahead, I would not have any evidence.

Q. Or if a person took some substitute, we will say, that will prevent the person from going through the withdrawal; then, of course, you wouldn't see them either?

A. That is correct.

(Redirect examination.)

Q. Doctor, if a man had been taking narcotics, whatever the degree of addiction, and he went through a withdrawal period, completely withdrew, there was no diagnosis and no indication of any narcotics, there was no narcotics in his system, then over a period of time he was observed, would he then be a narcotic addict?

A. Not at that time.

Q. . . . It is my understanding, Doctor, that your testimony is that Lenny Bruce is not a narcotic addict?

A. That is correct.

(Recross-examination.)

Q. That is from the period from June 6th?

A. Yes.

Q. Since you did not know him previously?

A. That is correct.

(Redirect examination.)

Q. If I asked you, Doctor, if Lenny Bruce was a previous narcotic addict, you wouldn't have any more idea how to answer that question than you would if I asked you whether or not this officer was a previous narcotic addict?

A. That is correct.

THE COURT: . . . In other words, after the physical need for the drug has ceased — say, after three weeks there is no withdrawal evidence — would you consider that individual to be a narcotic addict?

THE WITNESS: Medically, you couldn't consider him to be an addict. You'd have no basis, nothing to base it on.

THE COURT: Supposing the psychological need continued, Doctor, for the drug?

THE WITNESS: Well, this is getting into the realm of what is an addict, the basis and theories.

(Aha, Lenny Bruce is a *psychological* addict!)

There was an additional witness for the defense: Dr. Joel Fort. My attorney

conducted a direct examination of him, beginning by establishing his credentials. Dr. Fort testified that he was a physician licensed to practice in California, specializing primarily in public health and criminology, with special interest in narcotics addiction, dangerous drugs and alcoholism. He stated that he was the Director of the School of Criminology at the University of California in Berkeley, teaching a course on narcotic addiction; that he was a Court Examiner in Alameda County, Chairman of a bicounty Medical Association Committee on Alcoholism and Dangerous Drugs, and formerly a consultant to the Alameda County Probation Department. He had been on the staff of the U. S. narcotics hospital at Lexington, Kentucky; he had been an invited delegate to the White House Conference on Narcotic Drug Use; he had appeared before Congress to speak on drug addiction and been praised in the *Congressional Record*; he was the author of numerous publications on drug addiction, had worked with several thousand addicts over the course of his career, and was serving on the State-wide Advisory Committee to the California Narcotics Rehabilitation Center.

Q. . . . Doctor, let's get down to the meat of it. . . . Are you familiar with clinical treatment of narcotic addicts?

A. Yes, I am.

Q. Have you studied and are you familiar with the diagnosis of narcotic drug addiction?

A. Yes, I am.

Q. . . . Can a person who is a narcotic addict cease being a narcotic addict?

A. They certainly can.

Q. I see. Have you had occasion to examine Mr. Lenny Bruce?

A. Yes, I have.

Q. When and where did that examination take place, sir?

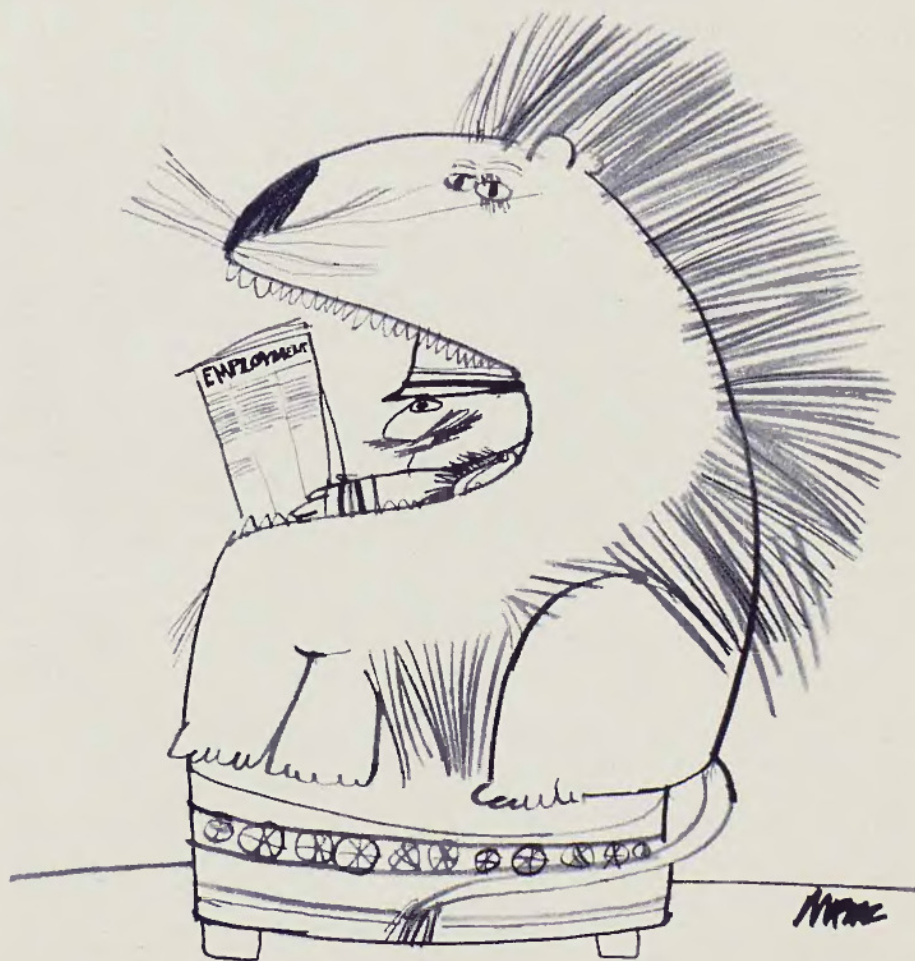
A. It took place this morning on the floor above here in this building.

Q. . . . Now, on the basis of your personal examination of Mr. Bruce this afternoon, or rather, this morning, coupled with the examination of the court file with regard to the Nalline test administered and the fact that these doctors have on no occasion seen [in] him within the small period of time that is covered by their visits any withdrawal symptoms, can you state for me whether or not Mr. Lenny Bruce is a narcotic drug addict?

A. I would say that he is not a narcotic drug addict.

Q. Would you say he is in imminent danger of becoming a narcotic addict?

A. He would not be.



Q. . . . For the purpose of this question, let us assume . . . that at one time Lenny Bruce was a narcotic drug addict. Now, based on your examination of him and the Nalline tests which were given over the past several days, which are in the record, and the observation made by the doctors on the few occasions, which [are] in the record we have reviewed, could he still be a narcotic drug addict?

A. No, he could not.

Q. Is it possible he is a narcotic drug addict?

A. It is absolutely impossible, absolutely impossible.

Q. . . . Is there such a thing as a psychological or psychic drug addict?

A. I have never heard that term used by an experienced person.

Q. . . . Would Lenny Bruce, would this man here who you have examined, benefit by being sent to the State Narcotic Rehabilitation Center if he were sent there today by the Court?

A. I do not think that he would. I think that he would be harmed.

Q. Would the community benefit, Doctor, in your opinion?

A. I feel that the community would be harmed also.

After hearing closing arguments by both attorneys, the judge announced:

"Mr. Bruce, the Court will find that you are a narcotic drug addict within the meaning of Section 6451 of the Penal Code. You are committed to the Director of Corrections for placement, as provided for by law, for the period prescribed by law. It is further ordered and directed that the Sheriff of the County deliver you to the Rehabilitation Center for Men at Chino, California. Bail is ordered exonerated and you are remanded to the custody of the Sheriff for transportation to the Center."

My attorney requested "a stay for a period of one week for Mr. Bruce to get his financial and personal affairs in order." The request was granted, and my attorney responded: "By June 28th, your Honor, we shall either present Mr. Bruce to the Court or have an order staying this Court's order."

And the judge reinstated the bail which he had just ordered exonerated.

On June 26, 1963, my attorney moved for a stay of the commitment and of all the proceedings in Department 95, pending a final disposition of the appeal. The notice of the appeal automatically stayed the proceedings.

It is now six months later, the matter is still pending, and my hands tremble as I write this. Soon it will be dark and my veins will start to palpitate and I must have the stuff. Judge Munnell's granting me bail has let a drug addict loose upon the citizenry of Los Angeles. The blood will be on his hands. Seven days of disarrayment, bloodied heads and pleading storekeepers reduced to

their knees — and what prompts me to come back? My personal affairs . . .

I have really become *possessed* with winning — with vindicating myself rather than being vindictive — and my room is cluttered with reels of tape and photostats of transcripts.

Recently, when I pretended to doubt the word of my eight-year-old daughter, Kitty, she said: "Daddy, you'd believe me if it was on *tape*."

. . . .

I'm glad I had a girl. They are really sweet and nice — and they're a possession. People are usually embarrassed when they get complimented, whereas with a daughter you can get compliments that people don't know they're giving.

"You've got a lovely daughter, Mr. Bruce."

Speak the first part — "Well, thank you very much" — and continue silently enjoying the unspoken second half: "Yes, I guess I'm all right, everybody says how pretty she is and how nice she is. If I wasn't nice, she wouldn't be nice, she would be bad. The little bad that she has is from the other kids she plays with."

. . . .

The police coming to see me — twice during one week, and both times there were witnesses, and both times they talked with me in excess of half an hour — has been in effect the greatest balloon test in the world; these were unexpected visits, and certainly they would have been remiss in their duties for not arresting me, had I been under the influence of heroin.

On the night of October 15, 1963, at 11 P.M., four officers showed up on my property. When I challenged them as intruders and asked them to leave if they didn't have a search warrant, one of them simply took out his gun and said, "Here's my search warrant."

People ask, "Why don't they leave you alone?"

"Who is it? It's not *me*," each of them says, just doing his duty.

It's them, it's them, it's them, it's them, it's them.

That's really all there is to say about it. No matter what happens from now on, it'll be "them" who try to do me in. Never you. Them. *Never* you.

. . . .

People wonder what Lenny Bruce is really like. "What're you really like, Lenny Bruce?" they ask. I'm like them. And like this:

I like the capitalistic system because I grew up in it. I dig it because to me free enterprise is this: If I go to Macy's and that chick behind the counter really bugs me and gives me a lot of grief, I can resolve the whole conflict by saying, "You're a tub of crap, Madam, and good-night." And that's it. I walk out. This chick, if she becomes the president of Macy's, all she can do is eject me from

that store. But I can always go to Gimbel's. Communism is one big telephone company, though. I know if I get rank with the phone company, some *schmuck* will take my phone, and I'll end up talking through a Dixie cup.

I don't get involved with politics as much as Mort Sahl does, because I know that to be a correct politician and a successful one, you must be what all politicians have always been: a chameleon.

If the bomb is going to go off, I can't stop it because I'm not in charge yet. I'll probably be working that night, a New Year's Eve show; it'll be around 11:30 and everybody's waiting with their hats and their horns. I've got my scene and they've got theirs. Now it's about three minutes to go, and I'm the only one who knows about the bomb.

"Ha, ha, a lot of you people didn't get noisemakers, but I've got a beaut coming up, and it's really going to gas everybody. The people who haven't had the two-drink minimum, you don't have to have it, all right? And listen, you guys in the band, why don't you go back to the dressing room and lay on the floor for a while? Don't ask questions, just do it. Folks, you know, a lot of you have seen me work before, but I've got a new bit, we're really going to bring in the new year right" — and then, Boooooom!

One guy will probably be heckling me on his way out through the roof. And I can just see the owner — "Look, don't do that bit anymore, we're getting a lot of complaints. Put back Religions, Inc., if you have to, and Christ visiting earth — the whole bit . . ."

If the Messiah were indeed to return and wipe out all diseases, physical and mental, and do away with all man's inhumanity to man, then I, Lenny Bruce — a comedian who thrives both economically and egotistically upon the corruption and cruelty he condemns with humor, who spouted impassioned pleas to spare the life of Caryl Chessman and Adolf Eichmann alike, who professed the desire to propagate assimilation and thereby evolve integration — would in truth know that I had been a parasite whose whole structure of success depended on despair: like J. Edgar Hoover and Jonas Salk; like the trustees, wardens, death-house maintenance men, millions of policemen, uniform makers, court recorders, criminal-court judges, probation officers and district attorneys whose children joyously unwrap Christmas presents under the tree bought with money by keeping me from seeing *my* child's face beam at a cotton angel, who would have been without jobs if no one in the world had ever violated the law; like the Owl-Rexall-Thrifty Drugstores, crutch makers, neurological surgeons and Parke-Lilly employees on the roof of the Squibb pharmaceutical house, ready to jump

because the blind can see, the deaf can hear, the lame can walk; like the Ban-the-bomb people who find out there really is no bomb to ban and don't know what to do with their pamphlets.

The dust would gather on the ambulances, their drivers, and all the people that hold the moral position of serving humanity, who will have become aware that their very existence, creative ability, and symbolic status had depended wholly upon intellectual dishonesty. For there is no anonymous giver, except perhaps the guy who knocks up your daughter.

In the movies, Everett Sloane was always the successful businessman. No, I take that back. Porter Hall was always the successful businessman, along with Gene Lockhart. But Everett Sloane was a tycoon. When they were rich, boy, they were really rich.

Everett Sloane would get his gun off, disillusioning Joel McCrea, who wanted to put out a newspaper that would make a *statement*. And when Sloane would say, "M'boy, you'll see when you get old, that it's all a game," I used to think: "It's not that way, this cynical old bastard is wrong, there are the Good Guys and the Bad Guys, the liars and the truth-tellers." But Everett was right.

There is only what is.

My friend Paul Krassner, editor of *The Realist*, once asked me what I've been influenced by in my work.

It was an absurd question.

I have been influenced by my father telling me that my back would become crooked because of my maniacal desire to masturbate . . . by reading "Gloriosky, Zero!" in *Little Annie Rooney* . . . by listening to Uncle Don and Clifford Brown . . . by smelling the burnt shell powder at Anzio and Salerno . . . torching for my ex-wife . . . giving money to Moondog as he played the upturned pails around the corner from Hanson's at 51st and Broadway . . . getting hot looking at *Popeye* and *Toots and Casper* years ago . . . hearing stories about a pill they can put in the gas tank with water but the big companies won't let it out, the same big companies that have the tire that lasts forever . . . and the viper's favorite fantasy: "Marijuana could be legal, but the big liquor companies won't let it happen!" . . . James Dean is alive in a sanatorium . . . Hitler's waiting to book me for eight weeks in Argentina . . . colored people have a special odor.

I am influenced by every second of my waking hours.

This is the last installment of a six-part serialization of Lenny Bruce's autobiography, "How to Talk Dirty and Influence People," to be published soon in a hardbound edition by Playboy Press.



MEDICO

world's largest selling pipe

2 1/4" filter

gives you pleasure and peace of mind



MEDICO CREST
\$5 TO \$15



10 for 10¢
Also Menthol-Cool
10 for 15¢

Illustrated

GOLD CREST dark claret \$6 (light café finish \$7)

Put relaxation back into your smoking . . . enjoy the protection of a Medico Filter Pipe. Scientific disposable Filter traps tars, nicotine, juices—gives smoke a clean, natural taste. Every Medico is crafted only from selected imported briar. A few are illustrated at the right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, Dept. A6, 18 East 54th St., N.Y. 22. Enclose 10¢ for handling.

MEDICO®

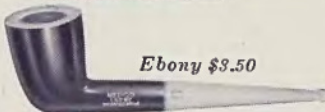
FILTER PIPES



Jet Stream \$3.95



Guardman \$3.95



Ebony \$3.50



Ever-Dri \$4.95

Other Medico Filter Pipes \$1.95 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

stir her to romance

PLAYBOY COCKTAILS FOR TWO SET

Perfect mixer for a perfect evening. Emblazoned in 22k gold. 16-ounce glass mixer, stirrer and two cocktail glasses.

Deluxe set includes walnut snack tray with knife and tile for cheese cutting.

Cocktails for Two Set, \$5

Deluxe Set, \$15

Both prices ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club keyholders may

charge by enclosing

key number with order.



One month and three weeks later, Doctors Margaret and Clifton Wefel attended the benefit. Clifton made sure that they circulated. During the evening a smooth-faced young man whose toes turned out approached Clifton and asked for a light. They chatted, parted friends and Clifton enjoyed the remainder of the ball immensely.

Two months, exactly, from that portentous robbery, on a Saturday morning, Clifton answered a knock on the door.

He smiled a hello to the smooth-faced young man and his burly companion and invited them in. They were detectives and had some questions to ask, if Doctor Wefel would be so kind. They chatted and asked if they might look around the house, if Doctor Wefel had no objections. Clifton had none, but asked that they did not disturb his wife or her room, as she had a notoriously bad temper, if they knew what he meant. The detectives, both being married men, knew what he meant.

The detectives listlessly pulled out drawers, inspected the silver, kicked the rug and searched Clifton's desk. Clifton rushed ahead of them, opening doors and being generally helpful. The detectives searched, but their hearts weren't in it.

They were standing on the first landing, Clifton in front, the younger detective close behind, his companion lagging, ready to inspect the second floor, when Margaret appeared looking her worst.

Her lumpy skin, frumpy dressing gown and stringy hair up in curlers—Clifton secretly called the curlers her FM receiver—had more effect than Clifton could have wished for.

Clifton, his face immobile and expressionless, watched the reaction of the younger detective. The older detective had seen it all, but the younger was newly married and had been on the force four months, which explained his eagerness, his ambition and his response to a wife on an ugly morning. His hand involuntarily went to his gun.

The rest was drill.

The inspecting of Margaret's room, the discovery of the diamonds, the incriminating wigs in her closet stuffed in a hatbox under a pile of old shoes, the hysteria, the accusations, the arrest, the screaming and the threats, proceeded as surely as the denouement of a British comedy.

There would be a trial, of course, and Margaret would be convicted for at least two of Clifton's crimes: the jewel theft and the wig robbery.

Clifton could hardly wait for the trial. After it was over he planned to shut down his practice and to spend some years on a world cruise. And to start cultivating a mustache.



Would you play golf with your boss in \$5.95 slacks?

(With pleasure, when they're Lee Contro IV™ slacks)

Chances are he's sporting a pair, too. You can tell. Look at the fine tailoring...the quality look of sharkskin. No puffed-up price tag necessary. The luxury is in the wearing. Contro IV's also available in Twills, Tropicals and Poplin. In a tournament of colors...Bone, Sand Green, Loden, Blue and Black. Par for the course—Lee Contro IV slacks with a \$15 sport shirt. Other fine Leesures from \$4.95 to \$7.95.

Leesures® by Lee

GIRLS OF RUSSIA (continued from page 116)

If time and pelf permit, take a trip to the lush, mountainous, subtropical vacation spots that dot the Black Sea area deep in the Soviet southland, just a few hours from Moscow by jet.

In the ancient streets of Tbilisi, the inland capital of the Georgian S. S. R., dark-eyed beauties flash their eyes in a far more direct and less sentimental way than their northern sisters. In this 2400-year-old city, you will find the girls heady, impetuous and outgoing. Their famous sense of humor is spontaneous and infectious: a Georgian woman considers it perfectly feminine and natural to communicate her high spirits in public as well as privately. The same outspoken and unashamed individuality is expressed by Georgian peachniks in their clothing, which they manage to tailor and wear so dramatically that the generally uninspired patterns and colors of Soviet mass-produced fabrics are overcome by sheer imagination. In the larger cities of Georgia, it is not at all uncommon to see women casually but chicly gotten up in a manner that is refreshingly reminiscent of Greenwich Village.

In the sun-soaked Black Sea resort of Sochi, just north of the Georgian Republic, the mountains tumble down to the almost tepid sea in one of the world's richest profusions of subtropical and temperate vegetation, making it a nature lovers' paradise. And since the girls of Sochi are ardent nature lovers, it would behoove you to do the natural thing: engage them in bikinied swims along the endless stretches of beach and, as the afternoon wanes, delight them with an invitation to take a romantic coastal romp into the colorful and beckoning mountain greenery; there, in Garden-of-Eden-like surroundings, you can be sure of a perfectly private picnic *à deux*. From that point on, the appropriate singing and swinging in the soft wilderness is up to you.

Farther north, on the Crimean Peninsula, lies the lovely, rather smallish and Mediterraneanlike port of Yalta. Unlike Sochi, which attracts vacationers from all over Russia, Yalta is less crowded and slower paced. Its famed beaches boast as many bikinis as St. Tropez, and the girls are as warm-blooded as their Gallic counterparts. The city and its girls have a distinct Southern European quality, which is a relaxing contrast to the collective grimness and sameness of many of the larger cities in Northern Russia.

Incidentally, for the pleasure-bent tourist, as opposed to the sociologically curious traveler, the capital cities of the Iron Curtain countries and their more cosmopolitan resorts are the places to go, since the hinterlands do not offer the customary amenities and the language barrier may prove nigh insurmountable.

The girls of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania—those pre-World War II nations on the eastern shore of the Baltic Sea that, after the War, were incorporated into the Soviet Union—belong to several distinct ethnic groups. The inherited physical characteristics of their ancient Indo-European ancestors—firm, lithe bodies, brown hair and dark eyes—distinguish them from their more numerous Slavic sisters.

The lasses of pre-Christian Latvia and Lithuania are said to have practiced a rather suggestive variant of Old Norse nature worship. Their special deity was Agle (Aagley), the maiden queen of the garter snakes. Perhaps that explains why, should you visit those lands now, the young womenfolk may seem to possess a delightfully pagan quality, one that—thanks to centuries of myth and mysticism—is imbued with worship of nature and her phallic symbolisms.

Hundreds of years of successive invasions introduced another feminine prototype, however, seen in the Baltic states in large numbers: tall, long-legged, light-haired and azure-eyed girls impressive in their statuesque charm. These are the descendants of swashbuckling marauders from the north, Teutons and Scands of old who came, conquered and settled down.

In the eastern and northern areas of Latvia and Lithuania the girls are cast in a more earthy mold. There, the full-blown proportions of the peasant lass are in evidence. A striking example of those ample proportions may be gleaned from statistics released by the Latvian ladies undergarment industry. The sizes of mass-produced brassieres manufactured for home consumption run up to 58.

As you progress northeast along the Baltic the evidence of Scandinavian and Teutonic heritage diminishes; the girls are darker, not so tall and a bit more plump. By the time you reach Estonia, which lies just south of Finland, you will begin to notice that the women bear the Asiatic stamp of their racial forebears, the Finno-Ugrians.

On your northward journey, you can catch a microcosmic glimpse of the entire Baltic feminine spectrum by swimming or beachcombing anywhere along the ten miles of dappled strand that front the Gulf of Riga below Skulte. There, you will be delighted to find that the belles of the Baltic, whatever their origin, sport and sun on the clean, white stretches of sand with bikinied abandon.

Warsaw is only an hour and a half away from Moscow by jet, but it is much like entering another world. The Polish Communist regime is rather exceptional in that it allows for a considerable degree of intellectual independence. There

are no concentration camps and political prisoners in Poland today, perhaps because the whole population, including the governmental apparatus, had its fill of such horrors, first under the Nazis, and then, after the War, until Stalin died in 1953. The present head of state, Gomulka, was himself a political prisoner during that period because of his relatively liberal, "deviationist" convictions.

The Polish girl, possibly the most vivid and attractive in all Europe, has taken full advantage of the political thaw: no matter from what section of the country she hails, basically she's from Missouri. She doesn't automatically buy the official party line and dogma any more than an American coed swallows the pious moral pronouncements of her dean of women. By temperament she is defiantly individualistic, colorful and explosive, quick to demand and exercise all the rights and privileges of feminine emancipation guaranteed her under the Polish constitution. For example, she may vote and hold political office; she may receive without cost as much of an education, in any professional area, as her intelligence and aptitude qualify her for; she may bear children, or not, as she chooses—birth-control clinics are state operated, as are abortion facilities. If she is pregnant and wants to work as well, she will receive a 12-week confinement vacation with full pay, and when she returns to her job her child will be cared for in a free nursery.

In any Polish city or town you will meet numerous girls whose svelte appearances seem to belie their depth of personality. But should you ask one of them to tell you about herself, she might begin in careful, well-accented English, "We Poles are all quite mad. We say and do what we please, and we even surprise ourselves."

But don't be too titillated by the fervor of her declaration, at least not yet. For if she senses that you detect the irony that underlies her rhetoric, she may continue in tones less extravagant and cocky, but more quiet and assured: "That's our romantic self-image, of course, and in the poetic sense, I suppose it's true. But the War forced us to come to our senses. We saw how much needless death and suffering was caused by indulging in one of our fond but tragically outmoded national delusions: the one that confused individual acts of defiance with real bravery. Too often, during the Resistance, we would throw ourselves blindly at the Nazis. We had to be shown the hard way that to practice such irresponsible heroics was simply self-destructive. Now we're trying to turn the passion behind that rage—our Polish madness, our imagination—to the realistic tasks we all face. We have learned to be more serious about matters of life and death."

The Polish girl you will run into will probably be an *urbnik* rather than a farmer's daughter. She will definitely not consider that *Küche, Kinder und Kirche* are the be-all and end-all of feminine existence. Anyone so Victorian and gauche as to suggest that such conditions of servitude are virtuous and proper, will witness just how quickly a pair of smoldering Polish eyes can explode with indignation. One could propose nothing more indecent to her than the prospect of spending the rest of her days slaving in a kitchen and for a spouse and progeny.

The best thing to do in the unlikely event that she brings up the subject is to gracefully cop out by inviting her to dinner, and later, to a club. In such surroundings, what will impress her the most about you—besides the intrinsically attractive fact that you're an American—is your cultural hipness. You'll certainly advance your cause of what might be termed more intimate cross-cultural interpersonal coexistence if you share her enthusiasm for, among other things, jazz, contemporary painting, literature and ideas. Concerning the latter, you will be delighted to know that her views on sexual freedom are apt to be as advanced as yours. That doesn't mean, however, that she's a pushover. However, if be-

tween drinks and dances you happen to speak to her about the latest riffs of Dizzy Gillespie and Ornette Coleman, the recent canvases of Francis Bacon and Pablo Picasso, and the plays, books and films of Edward Albee, William S. Burroughs, Ingmar Bergman, Jack Gelber and Stanley Kubrick, then your *Drang nach Osten* will be well under way.

The flavor and pacing of the rebuilt Warsaw, a city of a million, are urbane, sophisticated and cool. The latest in American jazz and Paris fashions often hit town faster than they do in any of the big Western European capitals. As a result, Polish girls, with few exceptions, seem chic and hip. The happy visitor standing in the middle of Nowy Swiat—New World Street—is apt to feel almost overcome at the sight of so much slim, spirited beauty moving about him. For the Polish girl makes no bones about it if she finds a stranger in town to her tastes. On the street, in a café or restaurant, her remarkably luminous eyes tell a man just what she is thinking. And most Polish girls can think of nothing finer than getting acquainted with an American. The opportunities for meeting are manifold. The pretty girls have a leisurely sort of program that makes it relatively simple to meet them. Although

the Polish working day is from eight to three, somehow Poles always seem to be found in cafés at all hours holding forth on life and love. From one to three in the afternoon, the Warsaw beauties put in an appearance at PIW (pronounced PIFF) on Foksal Street, just off Nowy Swiat, a small bookshop *cum* espresso bar. A tall, graceful blonde fashion model may let the visitor buy her a small cup of bitter coffee. The tiny red-headed jazz pianist may suggest that you accompany her to the next stopping spot on the afternoon circuit, the café of the Hotel Europejski, the newest Warsaw hostelry.

There, in a tea-for-two atmosphere (complete with a pianist tinkling out *Tea for Two*), you can decide to pursue your acquaintance, or else move across the street to the Bristol Café. After a few drinks—strong, sweet Polish tea—and cheesecake (the likes of which would put Lindy's to shame) or, if you choose, icy Polish vodka in fresh orange juice, you may decide to transfer your activities to one of the many cellar "caves" for dancing. You will find *ambiance* to spare, and a plethora of high Slavic cheekbones, aristocratically boned figures and inviting dark eyes.

For an even wider selection of eligible coeds and young career girls, you might

Next time you get a haircut, ask your barber for a tip.

Ask him how to get rid of dandruff. He'll tip you off to Hask. He knows Hask works. Which is why it's unconditionally guaranteed. No ifs, ands or buts. **Hask Hair and Scalp Conditioner.**





"I wouldn't be too concerned if I were you, Mrs. Hopkins. It may very well prove to be an asset when she grows up."

stroll down from the Stare Miasto to the Studowa, a huge barn, behind the Senate Building, now a dance hall. In the gloaming, some three hundred or so young Poles twist, hully-gully and surf to relays of exuberant teenage bands. Even the Young Communists' Club, the Hybryde on Mokotowska Street, despite the possibly grim overtones of the organizers, is one of the swayingest places in town. The two-story building offers dancing with a jazz band that has toured the United States, a television lounge, a bar, an American jukebox and records, and a billiard room.

Although these three *boites* usually fold up at midnight, you need not fear your night is over, for Warsaw offers a fine selection of other clubs complete with vodka, live music and women. The Kameralya on Foksal is spirited, but here perhaps it is well to arrive with companion in hand. The Grand, Bristol and Europenjski night clubs, on the other hand, give you the opportunity of finding female friendship in the shank end of the night with little effort on your part.

The aristocratic tradition dies hard in Poland. After a few days in the Polish capital you may catch yourself beginning to give polite brief bows to girls you meet, and may even learn how to kiss a lady's hand with style. Even the most emancipated of Polish girls still appreciates the Old World treatment. But apart from this taste for tradition, the Polish miss is resolutely living in her age and has no patience for the sentimental trappings so dear to Russian hearts. There is perhaps but one somewhat theatrical detail you might bear in mind regarding the girls of Warsaw. In general, for an affair of the heart to really count for them, there must be some public furor—preferably a good row in a café in front of all her friends, winding up in her being slapped or slapping, tears, recriminations and storming off, to be followed, of course, by a tender reconciliation. Even the most even-tempered of girls may force themselves to provoke a good scene in public, lest they be considered too bland and uninteresting by their compatriots.

You may get the impression that all Polish girls know English, and you will be constantly reminded by them that the second largest Polish city is Chicago. Many girls have traveled to France, Italy and Great Britain, and speak at least one or more of those tongues reasonably well. The most thoughtful items you can bring along to promote a friendship here are a few copies of a fashion magazine, such as *Mademoiselle* or the Parisian *Elle*. The problem of finding a place to be alone with your companion is no more difficult to solve than it is in any of the Western European capitals. After a number of whirlwind days in Warsaw

you may find yourself at the Orbis State Tourist offices extending your visa so you can continue your researches among Polish girls by going off for a ski week at Zakopane, high in the Tatra Mountains, or for a weekend's sailing on the Mazurian Lakes. Both resorts, in their respective seasons, offer the best possible selection of sportive young creatures.

Perhaps it would be appropriate to conclude our encomium for Polish womanhood with one recently written by Jan Brzechwa, a contemporary Polish writer who chose the women of Warsaw as his prototype:

"I have seen the women of almost all the European capitals: the Roman woman believes in a man's love only if he is ready to commit a crime for her, a Viennese demands madness, a Parisian—foolishness. Warsaw women do not ask me to commit crimes for them, or acts of madness or foolish things. They are satisfied with a bunch of violets and a bit of tenderness.

"I don't maintain that they are more beautiful, wiser or better than the women of other countries and cities. They are simply different. They have a difficult life, they are weighed down by a burden of duties, they have jobs, do their housework, bring up their children; and the men are only too ready to shift to their shoulders all the inconveniences of life. But despite this, nothing can deprive the *Varsoviennne* of her feminine charm, attractiveness and elegance. And all this is achieved unnoticed, by the way, out of nothing. Simply—a bit of sunshine, a thimbleful of the sky, a pinch of sweetness, a few smiles and two lovely legs."

Poland is not the only freewheeling Iron Curtain country. Yugoslavia, land of the Slavs of the south, in many respects barely stays behind the Curtain. With two alphabets, three religions, four languages, five nationalities, six republics and a good ten minority groups, Yugoslavia is easily the most heterogeneous country in Europe. The marks of eight centuries of successive invasions and conquests by the Turks, Austrians, Germans, Hungarians, Bulgarians and Italians can be read in the faces of the people and the architecture of its cities.

Before World War II, it was unthinkable for "nice" Yugoslav girls to work and earn their own livings. Because of their enforced idleness, they were largely family-oriented and subject to severe sexual and social restrictions.

Today, the girls of Yugoslavia are much freer to go and do as they please, since most of them now work and support themselves. They tend to exercise their new-found freedom, with the knowledge that their liberated status is backed up by voting rights, liberal marriage and

divorce laws, state-operated birth-control and abortion clinics, as well as free nurseries for working mothers. The girls indulge their right to travel, as well, either alone or in mixed groups. If you make it to such "in" Adriatic resorts as Opatija, near the Italian border, you will find them indoors in clubs, where striptease and roulette abound, and outdoors on the lovely, quiet, cliff-backed beaches, where *they* abound at their bikini'd best.

For five dollars, you can fly from one end of the country to the other in less than two hours. But don't forget the stops in between: from the snowy St. Julian ski-resort mountains, to the Golden Rocks at Pula on the Istrian Peninsula, to trim, Hapsburgian Zagreb, to the exotic minarets of Montenegrin hamlets by the Albanian border, you will encounter extraordinarily hospitable, easy-to-meet girls. In fact, don't be surprised if a girl insists on paying for not only her own drink or meal but yours as well, at least the first time you go out together. It is not a question of suffragette mentality, but simply an example of the deep sense of hospitality that Yugoslavs traditionally display.

Just about all the girls you are apt to meet in cities like Zagreb or Belgrade will speak fairly fluent English. Zagreb, with its Austrian air, has the distinction of being the only city in the Soviet Bloc to offer strip acts, in the *boite* at the Hotel Esplanade. The girls of Zagreb dress with an elegance quite Italian, which comes from frequent trips across the nearby frontier into Italy. If you take your lunch on the terrace of the café across from the National Theater, you may soon find yourself in conversation with a buxom, sugar-spun blonde student from the nearby dramatic academy. In the evening you can join the student and young professional crowd that gathers atop Zagreb's one skyscraper, at the intersection of Illica and Trg Republike, for a drink, dancing, and a marvelous view of the city. The tail end of the evening can be wound up on the terrace of the Hotel Esplanade. There, you need not tax yourself unduly, for both completely nonprofessional and professional girls, equally lovely, abound. Afterward, if you're still troubled by insomnia, try a slivovitz in the cellar bar for a late-late nightcap.

Belgrade, the country's capital, is much more reminiscent of the days of Turkish hegemony. The girls, accordingly, are rather shy, though not as shy as in Sarajevo, which is still largely Moslem. There, a man's attentive gaze will still cause a woman to draw a scarf about her face. Belgrade's Hotel Metropol, one of the finest inns of the country, offers an excellent opportunity to view, in a leisurely fashion, some of the less shy Balkan beau-

ties on the terrace or in the bar. After an initial drink — the bar offers the best in Scotch, Russian and Polish vodka as well as the native, powerful slivovitz — you can invite the young lady for whom you have bought a drink to dine at the Venecija restaurant on a terrace projecting out over the rushing Sava River. There you will be served marvelously grilled fish marinated in herbs. For the night owl who has not hooked up with anyone earlier, there are always the resources of the Lotus Bar, a colorfully rowdy spot in the center of the city that stays open to dawn.

The beaches, and the film and music festivals that go on all through the summer on the country's coast, bring forth not merely the finest flower of Yugoslav girlhood, but an impressive gathering of the more adventurous girls from Germany, Great Britain, France, and Italy.

An hour by jet from Belgrade, neatly equidistant from London, Paris, Istanbul, Moscow and Stockholm, sits Budapest, dubbed Queen of the Danube. In the last few years, the city has regained much of its pre-War gaiety and flair for high living. If you stop at the elegant Gellért or Duna hotels, situated on opposite banks of the Danube, service will be impressively courtly and expeditious. Every meal — with some of the best cooking outside Paris — is served up to the accompaniment of whirling, passionate Gypsy violinists zooming among the tables. From the moment you land at Ferihegy airport you will make the delightful discovery that Hungarian girls firmly believe that the brassiere is a thoroughly undesirable article of dress — most of them, you will find, scorn it. It is a stimulating experience to sit on the pleasant terrace of Vörösmarty, the smartest pastry shop of Budapest, and watch lovely young women gently joggle past.

Like the Poles to the north, the Magyars produce a svelte and sophisticated breed of girls with, as an over-all generalization, the prettiest legs in Eastern Europe, bar none. Easy encounters are nearly limitless in Budapest, with its long history of the dedicated pursuit of pleasure. The Gellért Hotel offers the joint attractions of a large swimming pool, complete with hot springs and artificial waves, and an ample terrace fronting on the Danube. There, you are more than likely to meet a sprightly fashion model or pert strawberry-blonde dancer or a pale-lipsticked movie actress. The late afternoon holds much promise at two cozy cafés on the fashionable Vaci Utca on the Pest side of the Danube: the Anna and the Kedver boast a host of young ladies of a generally bohemian or beatnik turn who will be more than pleased if you ask them to dance.

As part of getting acquainted, take your date on a drive up to the Vöröscsillag Hotel atop Szabadsaghegy for

dinner and dancing on a terrace overlooking Budapest and most of the adjoining countryside for 50 miles.

For night owls, Budapest has a collection of agreeable, cosily dim spots for a last drink and dance, like Pipács, near the Duna Hotel, or the Club of the Gellért. Most of the hotel bars in the late hours have their share of unattached, eminently available girls.

One of the curiosities of Budapest is the singularity of the Hungarian language, unrelated to any of the Indo-European tongues. One of the effects of the language is the strange sensation of being in one of those make-believe Central European kingdoms dear to the hearts of 19th Century novelists and B-picture producers. Fortunately, since so few visitors can master Hungarian, most Hungarians speak English or French as a matter of course.

One of the more agreeable prospecting areas for the visitor is Margit-Sziget, St. Marguerite's Island, set in the middle of the Danube between Buda and Pest. In the island's big park is an open-air swimming pool which brings forth the trim bikinied figures of the daughters of the rulers of the New Class.

The capital of the ancient kingdom of Bohemia (Czechoslovakia) is Prague, less than a jet hour from Switzerland. It is generally considered a very close rival of Paris for the title of Europe's most beautiful city. Complete with a fairy-tale castle, palaces, gardens, winding cobblestoned streets, low archways, and gaslit bridges, Prague immediately delights the eye and spirit. A strong Germanic flavor permeates life here, with feather beds, whipped cream, and heel-clicking promptitude in service. Until relatively recently, life here was more rigidly controlled than in any of the neighboring Curtain lands and the possibilities for conducting friendships were distinctly limited. Today, although all-night visitors are not permitted in a guest's hotel room, there are no difficulties about afternoon and early-evening visits, and Czechs now have no hesitation about inviting a visitor from abroad into their homes.

The average Czech miss is extremely direct, even frontal, in her approach, and may startle the visitor by taking the initiative all along the line. She feels it almost an obligation to make the most of her prime years — which she considers to be from 15 to 22 — before settling down to house and spouse. And a foreigner, particularly an American, rates very high as a partner for doing so.

If you go for peaches-and-cream looks, you will be in your element. Natural, opulent blondes abound, although there is the occasional exciting contrast of a Slovak lass with dusky locks and coloring. When you take your first promenade down Václavské Náměstí, the Champs Élysées of Prague, you will find yourself

the immediate object of frank, admiring looks. All you need to remember is to return the compliment, often the immediate lead-in to a conversation.

Prague is chock-full of cosy dark corners for pursuing a friendship. Tavern restaurants, dark-wooded, ancient and candlelighted, like the Mecenás or the U Tri Pstroso in the Mala Strana, offer steaming plates of the Czech national specialty: pork chops with sweet and sour cabbage and some of the world's finest Pilsen beer. In summer, a safe bet is to lead your young Czech friend, via cable car, to Petrín Hill, overlooking castles, gardens, palaces and river. There you can wine and woo her in a vast rose garden. In such surroundings, it shouldn't be hard to understand why and how Prague could inspire creative artists as different as Mozart and Franz Kafka to produce some of their finest works.

The tearooms of the Yalta and Alcron hotels in the late afternoon are fine hunting grounds for finding elegant young women about town who have dropped in for tea and a bit of prospecting of their own. The Luxor Café, on the main drag, is where the student and beatnik-fringe crowds hold court from lunchtime until midnight.

One of the most appealing places to wind up an evening — but only if you have found a companion — is the Opera Grill, just off the river. Since it seats only 20, reservations are mandatory. Every evening the Grill's elegant, witty, multilingual maître de greets a collection of fashionably turned out couples, the women mostly blonde beauties, ranging from ambassadors' daughters to leading callgirls.

Night clubs like the Barabara in the Stare Miesto and those of the big hotels include food, drink, floor shows and very decent bands all through the night. (A word of advice: If a Czech girl gently murmurs "Ahno" to a visitor, she is not turning him down politely. In Czech *Ahno* means Yes.)

In addition to the pleasures of making friends with the indigenous chickniks, travelers are reminded of American Embassy girls. They usually speak the language, know the country and have their own apartments. Also bear in mind that on your Eastern European jaunt you're sure to run into touring American girls who nearly always are charmed to find someone from home.

In general, knowledge of the local language, while it may help hasten an acquaintance, is far from necessary. The girls of East Europe, as the accompanying photos so convincingly show, are well worth the small effort it takes today to slip your chains and have a ball behind the Curtain.



LABOR (continued from page 86)

a reasonable profit earned before wage increases can be contemplated. I have found that this can be done successfully in most instances, provided management can substantiate its statements.

There really aren't many legitimate labor leaders who have any desire to wreck a company that has a contract with their union. Most will even cooperate in finding ways to increase production if they are convinced it's necessary to keep the company solvent or if it will mean better pay or greater security for the members of their union. In such cases, it's up to management to do the convincing—with facts. It all adds up to one thing: Working together, instead of fighting each other, both capital and labor can achieve their material aims—each can share in the wealth their combined efforts create.

Helping labor realize its second aim is no less important. To satisfy labor's desire for recognition, management must give it just that. Management must show that it appreciates the importance of the individuals who actually perform the work. The responsibility and capacity for accomplishing this rests, in very large measure, with the individual executive who, to the worker, represents and even personifies management.

I never cease to be amazed by the

numbers of executives who do not realize the value of personal contact with rank-and-file employees. In some companies, the only times a production worker is likely to see a high-level executive are during full-dress Army-style inspection tours or when company "brass" escort VIP visitors through the plant.

Oh, yes. Then there are the executive visits occasionally staged by the company's public-relations department. The scenario for such an expedition usually follows a routine something like this: At a given hour—generally in the late morning or midafternoon—an impeccably dressed vice-president and a covey of bustling retainers descend on the plant. The party hesitantly and cautiously picks its way along the aisles between the rows of unfamiliar, noisy machines and stops, say, in front of a lathe.

The vice-president fidgets, adjusts his necktie, shoots his cuffs and self-consciously edges closer to the lathe. He tries to look interested in the work being done on the machine and pretends to talk to the lathe operator—whose name has just been whispered into his ear, and which he has garbled.

Two or three photographers raise their cameras and focus on the dismal

tableau. Flash bulbs flare, the vice-president mumbles something unintelligible—and he and his retinue beat a hasty retreat, returning to the pine-paneled peace and quiet of the company's downtown administrative offices.

A photograph of the vice-president and the lathe operator appears in the local paper the next day—and in the company's house organ the following week. "Mr. Wilbur Knowall, Bollix and Company's vice-president in charge of personnel, maintains close contact with the firm's employees," the caption under the picture reads. "He is shown conducting one of his frequent on-the-job interviews with Joe Smith, a lathe operator who has been with Bollix and Company for nearly three years."

The comments of Joe Smith and his fellow production workers when they see this are best left to the imagination. The only ones fooled by the transparent stunt are Mr. Wilbur Knowall and the company's so-called public-relations director.

Self-respecting workers resent such stunts which make a mockery of what has been called the dignity of labor—and so would I, if I were an employee of a "Bollix and Company." But then, my attitudes about work and toward labor were formed in the oil fields, where the inflexible governing rule was: The man who works for you is entitled to



HARDWICK BLAZERS

provide uniform distinction for any group!

Whether your group goes for hootenanny or hoedown, long-hair or short, or merely sings in the shower, do it with uniform distinction in Blazers by Hardwick. Authentically tailored blazers really swing for groups of hes and shes in our three-button natural shoulder model with three patch pockets, lap seams, metal buttons. Navy, Burgundy, Black, Red, Olive, Grey, Antique Gold, Camel, Bottle Green. The "Coed" for gals in all these colors plus white. About \$30.00. Your own group crest at small additional charge.

Hardwick CLOTHES
CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE

NAME _____
ORGANIZATION _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

For an autographed print of the Hardwick Blazer Girl (free!) and the name of our store nearest you, send coupon to Hardwick Clothes, Cleveland, Tennessee.

English Leather®



... the AEROSOL DEODORANT,
\$1.50 plus tax
Liquid deodorant for men,
in convenient spray bottle.
Non-irritating, amazingly effective.
Paired with ALL-PURPOSE LOTION.
\$3.50 for the set, plus tax

MEM COMPANY, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York



Hush Puppies.
GO
KING-SIZE!

We Specialize in Sizes 10-16; Widths AAA-EEE.
Hush Puppies, Boots, Sport, Dress, Casuals — Also
Stacks, Sweaters, McGregor Jackets all extra long. Dress,
Sport Shirts with bodies 4" longer. Top quality at
sensible prices. 100% satisfaction guarantee. Send for
FREE FULL COLOR CATALOG of Shoes and Apparel.
King-Size, Inc., 2124 Forest St., Brockton, Mass.

PLAYBOY BINDER



Keep six issues of your favorite magazine, PLAYBOY, neatly protected in our sturdy antique tan leatherette binder. PLAYBOY's name and rabbit emblem stamped in gold leaf. \$3. ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

decent wages, decent working conditions — and your respect.

Although my father was wealthy, I worked in the Oklahoma oil fields as a roustabout and tool-dresser before I began operating on my own as a wildcatter. Even afterward, as was the custom among oilmen, I worked on the drilling rigs alongside the men who formed my crews. At one time or another, I worked as a rigger, driller, explosives man, drilling superintendent — at just about every job to be found on a drilling site.

Many years of such firsthand experience taught me that the men who actually *do* the work are most certainly entitled to decent wages and working conditions and their employers' respect. I also learned that nothing inspires worker loyalty or builds worker morale more swiftly than an employer's recognition of his employees' importance and his sincere interest in their well-being.

"A man likes to feel that what he's doing is important — and that the boss looks at him as a person, not just a number on the payroll," is the way a veteran driller once expressed it to me. "A man always does better if he figures he's actually part of the operation, not just a hired hand working on the job — and it sure makes him feel good if the boss comes around now and then to see how he's making out."

Executives who stay awake nights trying to find better ways to improve employee loyalty, morale and efficiency would do well to paste this old-time driller's words into their Homburgs. They could spend years searching for a better answer or more reliable formula.

Cheap stunts and tinselly morale-building schemes are definitely *not* the answer. The average worker is liberally endowed with common sense and healthy skepticism. He is quick to see through the bogus stratagems inept or inexperienced management personnel are likely to devise in bumbling efforts to get along with labor.

The important thing is to let the worker know that he and his work *are* important to the company — and to believe it and mean it. Any executive who doesn't believe the rank-and-file employees are really important has no right to be an executive, for he obviously doesn't have a sense of proportion or know what makes business tick.

As a matter of fact, it's hardly difficult to imagine situations in which the hourly-wage employee is far more important than the salaried executive. Thomas Jones may have the exalted title of third assistant vice-president, and he may — and probably does — consider himself indispensable. But my guess would be that he's far more expendable than, say, a crack punch-press operator on the assembly line.

Were Jones to vanish suddenly from the scene, his secretary — and he's sure

to have at least one — can probably run things until he returns or until a replacement is found for him. In any event, the company will keep on going without Jones. But the absence of the punch-press operator might well slow or even halt a production line — and, in the last analysis, it's the production line and the products which come off it that count most.

The executive who understands and assumes his responsibilities takes every legitimate opportunity to demonstrate to his subordinates that he considers their work important and valuable — and that he respects them as workers and as individuals. And he takes a sincere interest in their well-being.

He does not flatter, patronize or coddle them. He does, however, always manage to find time to comment on a particular job that has been especially well done or to acknowledge the value of a worker's or an entire department's contribution to the success of a project. In short, he shows by word and action that he and the company are aware of the workers' existence and of the importance of their work. By so doing, he goes a very long way toward raising employee morale — and when morale rises, employee efficiency and production go up while such profit-devouring headaches as absenteeism and labor turnover go down.

The good executive does not disdain checking personally on working conditions and takes prompt remedial action when he finds them below standard. A broken rest-room washbasin may seem a minor thing. But, if the executive — as a representative of management — gets it repaired before the shop steward can bring the matter up before the grievance committee, the executive will be taking a major step toward building good labor-management relations.

Believe me, the remedies for many labor-management problems are just about that simple. When the desires and demands of labor are boiled down to their essentials and viewed objectively, they no longer loom as the deadly business-destroying menaces they are often represented to be. They shrink and become entirely understandable — and there is nothing unnatural, immoral or subversive about them.

Labor's basic desires and demands and an admonition to management for their fulfillment to the fullest reasonable extent are succinctly stated in that oil-fields adage — the right to decent wages, decent working conditions — and respect.

Management executives accepting this tried and proven rule and governing themselves by it are able to live with labor comfortably, successfully — and profitably. As any successful businessman will tell you, learning to live with labor is sound business.



GLOBAL LINKAGE *(continued from page 98)*

necessary to brown evenly. Place tomatoes, kidneys, mushrooms and eggplant in a shallow pan. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and paprika and place under broiler flame. Broil until tender, turning once. Each food should be checked for tenderness from time to time and removed from the fire when necessary. At the last moment finish cooking bacon under broiler flame. Arrange sausage, tomatoes, kidneys, bacon, mushrooms and eggplant on large platter. Brush with butter and sprinkle with lemon juice.

ITALIAN SAUSAGES WITH GNOCCHI

- 1 lb. Italian thick sausage links, hot or sweet or mixed
- ½ cup farina
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons butter
- Grated parmesan cheese
- 15½-oz. can marinara sauce
- Salt, paprika
- Salad oil

Bring 3 cups water in a saucepan to a rapid boil. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Slowly stir in farina, mixing well. Reduce flame as low as possible and cook 5 to 8 minutes, stirring frequently. Separate egg yolks from whites. Beat yolks well. Beat whites until stiff. Remove farina from fire and add butter and 2 tablespoons parmesan cheese, stirring well until butter melts. Add 2 tablespoons water to yolks. Slowly stir yolks into farina. Stir in whites, mixing thoroughly. Pour farina into a greased shallow pan or pie plate. When slightly cooled, cover with wax paper and place in refrigerator to chill overnight or at least 4 hours, until mixture is very firm. When ready to make gnocchi, invert pan onto cutting board, removing farina mixture. Cut into dice about ½ in. thick. Turn gnocchi into shallow baking pan. Pour marinara sauce on top. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Sprinkle lightly with paprika and oil. Bake in oven preheated at 375° for 30 minutes or until top is browned. While gnocchi is baking, place sausage links in shallow pan in oven. Pierce each link with fork to keep it from bursting. Bake 30 minutes, or longer, until sausage is well browned, turning when necessary.

SCRAMBLED EGGS, SAUSAGE QUENELLES

- ¾ lb. ground lean pork
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 small onion, diced
- Salt, pepper
- ¼ teaspoon ground sage
- ⅛ teaspoon ground marjoram
- 2 egg whites
- 7-oz. bottle imported sauce Diable
- Butter
- 8 eggs, well beaten
- 4 slices toast, cut in half diagonally

Put cream, onion, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, sage and marjoram in well of electric blender. Spin about 10 seconds. Add egg whites and ¼ of the meat. Run blender until meat is puréed. Gradually add remainder of meat in small batches until well blended. Use a rubber spatula to force meat toward blender blades if necessary. Using a tablespoon, shape meat into small oval mounds and place in a shallow greased saucepan. (Cook in two batches if necessary. Quenelles should be cooked in a single layer in pan.) Cover quenelles with boiling water. Place over moderate flame. Simmer slowly, with pan covered, 15 minutes. Heat sauce Diable in saucepan, but do not boil. In a large pan for scrambling eggs melt 3 tablespoons butter. Add eggs and season generously with salt and pepper. Stir constantly. As soon as eggs begin to set, add 3 more tablespoons butter. Cook until eggs are soft scrambled. Place a portion of eggs on each serving dish. Alongside eggs place pieces of toast. Place sausage quenelles on top of eggs. Spoon sauce Diable on top of quenelles.

SAUSAGE CAKES, TRUFFLE SAUCE, POTATO BORDURE

- 1 lb. fresh sausage meat
- Butter
- 2 tablespoons minced onions
- 2 tablespoons minced celery
- ¼ teaspoon dried tarragon
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 12-oz. can chicken broth
- ¼ cup tomato juice
- 2 tablespoons madeira wine

- 2 tablespoons brandy
- ⅞-oz. can black truffles, minced
- Brown gravy coloring
- Salt, pepper
- 6 large-size Idaho potatoes
- Light cream
- 1 tablespoon finely minced fresh chives

Cut sausage meat, or shape by hand, into 8 equal flat patties. Sauté onions and celery in 3 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add tarragon. Let onions become golden brown. Stir in flour. Slowly stir in chicken broth and tomato juice. Bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer slowly ½ hour. Strain sauce. Add madeira, brandy and truffles, and enough brown gravy coloring to give sauce a rich brown color. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste. Peel potatoes and boil until very soft. Drain and mash potatoes. Add 2 tablespoons butter and enough light cream to make potatoes of medium-thick consistency. Add chives and salt and pepper to taste. Keep in a double boiler over warm water until needed. Place sausage cakes in a shallow pan or skillet. Sauté without added fat, until well browned on both sides. Place sausage cakes in shirred-egg dishes or individual casseroles. Using a pastry bag and tube, make a border of potatoes around edge of each dish or casserole. Pour hot truffle sauce over sausage cakes.

Endlessly varied in its size and shape, color and consistency, the sausage serves as a delectable link to gourmandise in almost every country of the world. You'll know why when you've sampled these recipes.



"Just think . . . just 12½ hours ago our jet was in New York!"

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS *(continued from page 80)*

"Open that door."

"Which door?"

"That door."

"Oh, that door?"

Biff obligingly opened the door and stood awaiting further instructions, but Percy, apparently satisfied, waved him back to his seat.

"I thought Spenser might be listening," he explained, and once more Biff was impressed by these precautions. He was beginning to feel that he was in the secret service and would shortly have to be prepared to find himself addressed as X-1503. "Who is this man, you were saying, Murphy, as he calls himself, though his real name is probably something ending in -sky or -vitch, poses as a free-lance journalist, one of those fellows who drift about Fleet Street picking up jobs, but we know that he's an agent of a certain unfriendly power—"

"Which shall be nameless?"

"No names, no pack drill."

"I'll bet it's Russia."

"Very smart of you to guess it."

"Your saying his name ended with -sky or -vitch gave me the clue."

"Quite. Well, the Yard wants to find out what he's up to. There's something cooking—they know that—but the question is what, and that's where you come in. He's always at the Rose & Crown in Fleet Street at night. I'll introduce you—I know him fairly well—and then you can sit down with him and become friendly—"

"And find out what he's up to?"

"Exactly."

Biff was silent for a moment.

"May I raise a point?" he said. "One would describe this Murphy roughly as an international spy, I take it?"

"Exactly."

"Well, aren't international spies inclined to be on the cagey side? That's how they always are in the books I've read. Don't think I'm trying to make difficulties, but isn't there just a chance that he'll maintain a cold reserve and refrain from sobbing out his secrets on my shoulder? It's worth considering."

Once more, Percy permitted himself that smile of his which was so like something out of a horror film.

"I was coming to that. You will of course see that he drinks heavily and loses his caution."

"But that means I'll have to drink, too."

"Of course. If you're thinking of the expense, that will be taken care of. Before you leave this office, I will give you ten pounds. Call again tomorrow, and you will find another forty waiting for you, and if you manage to extract anything from this man, anything of value that will give Scotland Yard something to go on, it will be looked on as money well spent."

He paused, and a deep sigh escaped Biff. It sounded like the rustling of bank notes receding into the distance. He was remembering his promise to Linda Rome to confine himself to a single cocktail before dinner and a single glass of wine during the meal and at other times to exercise an austerity as rigid as that of Gwendoline Gibbs' Uncle Willie, the notorious total abstainer. He was at a loss to see how this ascetic regime could be combined with tying on a bundle with international spies in Fleet Street pubs.

And yet . . . 50 quid . . . at a time when he had never needed a financial shot in the arm more . . .

He wavered.

And then Linda's face rose before his eyes, and he was strong again.

"I'm sorry—" he began, and was on the point of making the great renunciation when the telephone rang.

"For you," said Percy Pilbeam, handing him the instrument.

"Biff?" said the telephone.

"Oh, hello, Jerry."

"Listen, Biff," said Jerry, and his voice was urgent. "I've got some disturbing news, I'm afraid. Your Linda Rome rang up a moment ago."

"Ah yes. Wanting to speak to me, of course."

"She thought she *was* speaking to you, for she started right off, not giving me a chance to say who I was, by stating that she had seen you lunching with a blonde—"

"Death and despair!"

"And when there was a lull, which wasn't immediately, and I said I wasn't you, she said Oh, wasn't I, and wanted to know where she could get in touch with you. I told her you'd gone to the Argus Inquiry Agency, and I imagine she'll be giving you a buzz shortly."

"Despair and death!"

"So I thought I'd better give you this word of warning, so that you'd have time to knock together a story of some kind. Think quick, is my advice, for I can assure you that her voice was frosty. She spoke like a girl who wanted an explanation, and a fairly full one. Well, goodbye and best of luck."

"Bad news?" said Percy Pilbeam, as he replaced the receiver. "For you," he added a moment later, as the instrument rang again.

This time, beyond an "Oh, hello, honey" sheepishly spoken by Biff, all the talking was done at the other end of the wire. It was plain to Percy Pilbeam that whoever was doing it was of the female sex, which is celebrated, when on the telephone, for never allowing the party of the second part to get a word in edgeways. He noted the slow drooping of his companion's jaw and the look of dismay that came into his eyes. An

able diagnostician, he had no difficulty in deducing that Biff was being properly told off by some unseen ladyfriend, and if he had had a heart, it would have bled for him. He, too, had been told off by ladyfriends in his time.

But business was business, and he was glad when at last—after shouting "But, listen, Linda! Listen! Listen!"—Biff returned the receiver to its place.

"Well, how about it?" he said. "Will you take the job?"

"Sure," he said, "I'll take it," and he strode from the room, a somber, dignified figure who would have reminded a more widely read man than Percy Pilbeam of Shelley's Alastor, and Percy resumed his work, well content. He was skimming through some photostats of letters which would eventually enable Mrs. F. G. Bostock of Green Street, London W. 1, to sever her matrimonial relations with Mr. Bostock, when a thought struck him. He reached for the telephone and called Tilbury House, asking for the office of its proprietor.

"Gwen?"

"Oh, hullo, Perce."

"Listen, Gwen, are you seeing anything of that fellow Christopher these days?"

"Quite a lot. We've just had lunch together. Why?"

"Well, give him a miss."

"But he's a millionaire."

"He's not a millionaire, and he's never going to be one."

"What do you mean?"

"Listen," said Percy.

It had not been his intention to reveal to any outside party the business arrangement into which he had entered with Lord Tilbury, for he considered that these things are better kept in strict confidence between principal and agent, but it had not taken him long to recognize that here was a special case. In language adapted to the meanest intelligence, and there were few meaner intelligences than that of his cousin Gwendoline, he unfolded every detail of that business arrangement, omitting nothing.

"So don't you have anything more to do with the fellow," he concluded. "You wait for Tilbury."

"Cool!" said Gwendoline. "I'm glad you told me."

. . .

It was with a pensive look on her face that Kay, having established herself overnight at a modest hotel in the Bloomsbury neighborhood, rang the bell of Number Three, Halsey Chambers, on the following morning. She was thinking of Henry Blake-Somerset and more particularly of his mother, relict of the late Sir Hubert Blake-Somerset of Lower Barnatoland and The Cedars, Mafeking Road, Cheltenham.

Her frown vanished as the door opened and she saw Jerry. Once again she had

that sudden lift of the heart at the sight of him. It gave her the feeling of having come home where she would be understood and appreciated.

"Hello there," she said. "Well, here I am. Why the glassy stare? Weren't you expecting me?"

Jerry had been staring glassily because, as always, there was something about her that affected him like a blow on the base of the skull with a blunt instrument. He recovered himself with an effort, but was not immediately capable of speech.

"I'll go away if you like," said Kay.

"For God's sake, don't say things like that," said Jerry with a shudder. "Welcome to Meadowsweet Hall. What do you think of it?"

"Cozy," said Kay, coming in and looking about her. "I'd have thought an establishment run by a couple of bachelors like you and Biff would have been a shambles, but it looks fine. Where is our Biff, by the way?"

"Still asleep, I imagine. His door's shut."

"Lazy young devil."

"And lucky for you he is asleep."

"Why so, professor?"

"Because if he saw you before he's had time to calm down, he would probably put a brother's curse on you, and brothers' curses are not to be sneezed at. He was very emotional when I told him about the picture."

"Don't you think I was right not to bring it?"

"Of course you were. How much was that picture worth?"

"About ten thousand dollars."

"Can you envisage Biff making the rounds with all that in his hip pocket?"

"My flesh creeps."

"So does mine."

"Gosh, I wish it was you and not Biff who had to keep out of trouble. You're the sober, steady type."

"What a revolting thing to say of anyone."

"Meant as a compliment. If you knew the dregs of the underworld Biff has collected around him in Paris, you'd understand. He's so amiable that he can't bring himself to choke off the scrubbiest dead beat who wants to make friends. He comes in and lays them on the mat with a cheery 'Meet old Jules or old Gaston' or whoever it may be, and once they're in the woodwork you can't get them out. Honestly, I don't believe I know a single soul in Paris who isn't a freak of some kind, except my colleagues on the *Herald-Trib*. And Henry, of course." She broke off abruptly, her eyes round and horrified. "Oh, heavens!" she cried. "Oh, my fur and whiskers!"

"What's the matter?"

"I've just remembered I was supposed to be lunching with Henry today."

A chill fell on Jerry's mood of happiness. He had been looking forward to a cozy lunch with her himself, and while

what
looks like champagne,
pours like champagne,
tastes like champagne,
yet costs
just pennies more than beer?



SPARKLING

Champale

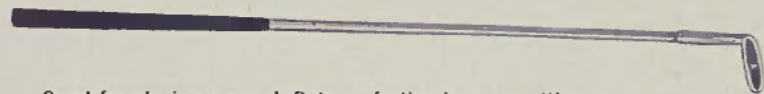
MALT LIQUOR

Champale tastes best in a stemmed glass...get it, in bottle or can, wherever beer is sold. Champale sparkles a meal, a moment, or a midnight snack.

METROPOLIS BREWERY OF N. J., INC., TRENTON

never a slip between cup and grip

THE PLAYBOY PUTTER



Great for playing a round. Puts perfection in your putting. Has the "pro" look that gives you a "pro" performance. Provides the grip that's "right for you." Lines the cup up easily, sits comfortably behind the ball. Solid brass head with Rabbit emblazoned face and gleaming steel shaft. Complete with its own luxurious black leather cover. \$22 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611

Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.





FOR MEN WHO KNOW STYLE

A very soft and handsome bold boot made of mellow glove leather. Wonderfully comfortable. Black, sizes 5-13; Natural tan, 6-13 both medium width. \$13.95 postpaid, or \$2.00 deposit on C.O.D. — you pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed! Other styles imported from Italy and Spain from \$9.95 to \$24.95, A to EEE. MADE ON AMERICAN LASTS

#3097

\$13.95

Write for FREE catalog

Eleganza
IMPORTS

164 Monument St., Brockton, Mass.

Build Authentic Models of H. M. S. Bounty and Launch

A real collectors' piece, 22" long by 17" high — full shaped hull and parts, tapered masts, all fittings, detailed instructions. Build the ship made famous in story and movie. \$35 ppd.



BOUNTY LAUNCH — also detailed. The small boat that crossed 3,600 miles of open sea — made a ship and a man famous. \$13.50 ppd.

NEW, BIG 40 page Catalog — a treasury of ship and gun models. 50¢ brings your copy.

MARINE MODEL CO. INC.
Dept. 410 Halesite, Long Island, N.Y.

entertaining MONTHLY



featuring:

- Latest News on the Playboy Clubs
- Bunny of the Month
- Feature Stories
- Playboy Profiles
- Photo Features on the Playboy Clubs, Keyholders and Bunnies
- Cartoons, Humor

SUBSCRIBE TODAY

1 year—12 exciting issues—\$2

 check enclosed

name _____
(please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip code _____

he knew that these disappointments are good for the character, strengthening it, he was unable to enjoy this one. He spoke a little coldly.

"Well, why the agitation? You've plenty of time. He's in London, then?"

"No, in Paris, where he thinks I am. I didn't tell him I was coming here. I was to have lunched at Prunier's with him and his mother."

"He has a mother, has he?"

"And how!"

"You speak as if you didn't like her much."

"I don't, and she doesn't like me."

"She must be crazy."

"But what am I to do? How shall I explain?"

"Oh, tell him you walked in your sleep or got amnesia or something. Why explain at all?"

"But he'll be furious."

"I doubt it. Coldly annoyed, perhaps, but not furious."

"Well, anyway," said Kay, cheering up in the mercurial way habitual with her, "there's nothing to be done about it now. Let's talk about you. I was surprised to find you at home at this hour of the morning. The sergeant told the *commissaire's* secretary that you described yourself as an editor. Well, why aren't you editing?"

"I've been fired."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"I'm not. It was a loathsome little rag."

"Who fired you?"

"My Lord Tilbury."

"I've heard about him from Biff. He's Linda Rome's uncle."

"He's also the boss of the Mammoth Publishing Company, which owns *Society Spice*, which I edited. He didn't like the way I was doing it, so he dispensed with my services."

"Well, I hope he breaks a leg. Oh!"

"Now what?"

"I've just thought what to tell Henry. I'll say the paper sent me over to London about something without warning, and I hadn't time to let him know."

"It sounds thin to me."

"To me, too, on reflection, and I'm afraid it'll sound thin to Henry. He'll be chilly."

"Isn't he always?"

"I don't believe you're really fond of Henry. Don't forget that he very kindly put you up for the night in his pillbox."

"And I wrote him a bread-and-butter letter, thanking him. A charming letter it was, too, considering that his hospitality nearly gave me pneumonia."

"No hot-water bottle?"

"Hot-water bottles didn't enter into it. It was my host who chilled me to the marrow. The man's as cold a fish as I ever encountered off a fishmonger's slab, and how you can contemplate marrying him is a mystery to me. He'll be one of

those stiff, starchy husbands, breaking your heart with that embassy manner of his. I shudder at the picture of your home life which my imagination is conjuring up. It'll be like living in a refrigerator. Henry Blake-Somerset has all the charm and warmth of a body that has been in the water several days with the thermometer in the low twenties."

"Mr. Zoosmeet, you are speaking of the man I love!"

"Bah."

"What did you say?"

"I said Bah."

"Well, don't say it again."

"I shall say it every time you talk clotted nonsense about loving that stuffy, supercilious, glass-eyed walking corpse."

"That'll make you entertaining company."

"More entertaining than Henry."

"Will you stop picking on Henry?"

"No, I will not. Nothing shall prevent me speaking my mind fearlessly on the subject of that sub-zero drip."

Kay sighed. "Our first quarrel! You're being a bit bossy, aren't you, Zoosmeet? Throwing your weight about somewhat, it seems to me. If I wasn't so refined, I'd toss my curls at you. Not that it isn't very civil of you to be so concerned about me."

"You're the only thing in the world that matters to me, and I simply refuse to accept this delirious stuff about you marrying somebody else. You're going to marry me. Good Lord, can't you see that we were made for each other? You can't have forgotten those days on the boat. We were twin souls. And you babble about marrying Henry Blake-Somerset! One hardly knows whether to laugh or weep. But thank heaven I'm in time to avert the disaster. I have the situation well in hand. Do you know what Biff was saying to me yesterday?"

"Something crazy, I'll bet."

"Not at all. He gave me the soundest advice. There was solid sense in his every word."

"Then it can't have been Biff, it must have been a couple of other fellows."

"He told me the way to cure you of this absurd Henry obsession of yours was to grab you and kiss you and keep on kissing you till you got some sense into your fat little head. And that is precisely what I propose to do here and now, so get set."

"Would you lay your hand upon a woman?"

"You bet I would. Both hands. I'll show you who's a sober, steady type," said Jerry, and as he spoke there came a loud and insistent ringing from the front door.

"Saved by the bell!" said Kay. "I've always heard that Heaven protected the working girl. Who would that be, do you think? Lord Tilbury come to say he's sorry he was cross and you can have your job again?"

It was not Lord Tilbury. It was Biff. He tottered into the room, his aspect so closely resembling that of the water-logged corpse to which Jerry had recently compared Henry Blake-Somerset that simultaneous gasps of horror proceeded from both his sister and his friend. They had no words.

Nor had Biff many.

"Lost my key," he said. "Oh, hello, Kay. Well, goodnight, all," he said and, sinking into a chair, went to sleep.

Kay gazed dumbly at Jerry. Jerry gazed dumbly at Kay. The same thought was in both their minds, that this poor piece of human wreckage, so like a beach-comber in a Somerset Maugham short story or the hero of a modern play, must have been on the bender of a lifetime. Even Jerry, who had known him in his New York days when he was at his sprightliest and most uninhibited, was awed. When he spoke, it was in a hushed whisper.

"Golly!"

"Golly is correct."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Are you seeing what I see?"

"I am."

"We'd better get him to bed."

"And keep him there."

"And while you're tucking him in and telling him his bedtime story, I'll be going out and buying bicarbonate of soda. It'll probably only scratch the surface, but it may help."

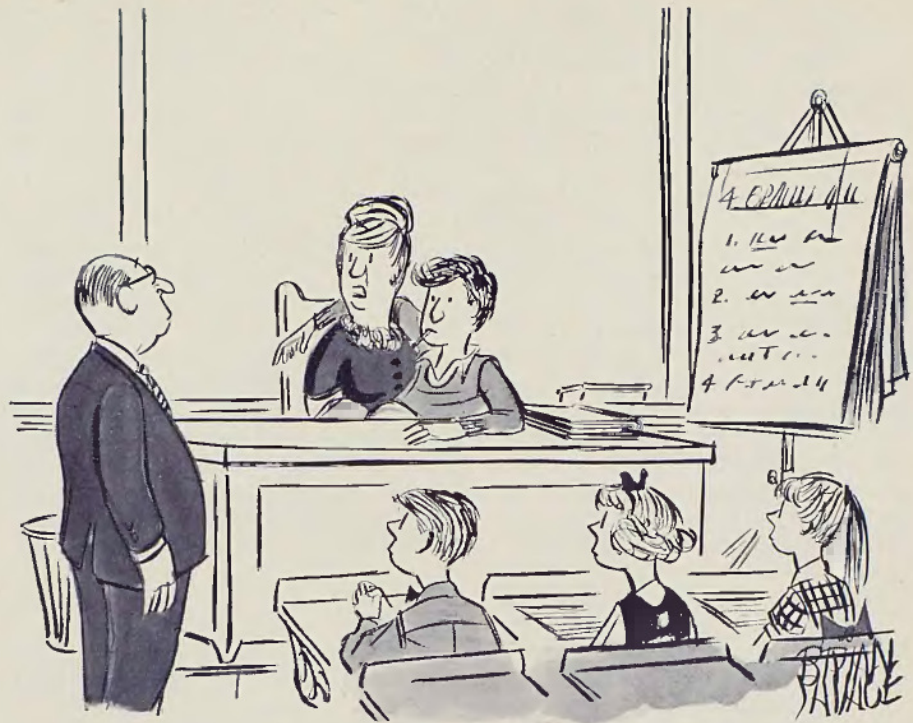
Kay shrugged her shoulders.

"Get it if you like, but he won't need it. That's what's so maddening about Biff, he has these orgies and they don't do a thing to him. He wakes up as fresh as a daisy and starts planning new excesses with a song on his lips. I think it must be something to do with the glands. If only he'd suffer as he deserves to, I'd be able to bear it, but he doesn't. It makes you feel there's no justice in the world. Still, toddle along on your errand of mercy, if you want to."

When Jerry returned, Biff had disappeared, presumably into his bedroom, and Kay was sitting in the chair he had occupied, on her face the look which made Walter Pater say of another of her sex that this was "the head upon which all 'the ends of the world are come.'" It wrung his heart to see her.

"Cheer up," he said, gently consolatory. "I know how you're feeling, but you mustn't let it get you down. Naturally, this has given you a shock. No sister likes to see a loved brother looking as if he had been celebrating hogmanay in Glasgow. I wouldn't myself, if I were a sister. But things aren't as bad as they might have been. After all, he's back in the fold and not in a prison cell. Everything's all right, it seems to me."

"I'm glad you think so," she said. "I wish I could. What happens when he



"Come now, Dr. Hubbell. All teachers, whether they want to admit it or not, have their favorites."

cuts loose again? His luck can't hold forever."

"He mustn't be allowed to cut loose again."

"How are you going to stop him? I wish there was some way of keeping him in the fold, as you put it, and never letting him go out."

"There is. I'll pinch his trousers."

"What!"

"These simple methods are always the best. His pantaloons, I'll abstract them. That'll stabilize him."

Kay was silent for a moment.

"It's a thought," she agreed. "But won't he bide his time and get hold of a pair of yours?"

"I shan't be here. I shall go and plant myself on my Uncle John, who lives at Putney. He won't like it, nor shall I, but that can't be helped. I can stand Uncle John for a day or two, and he'll damned well have to stand me. It only requires resolution. Here's the setup, as I see it. I move out of here, you move in. I take Biff's garments to Putney, you go back to your hotel and pack. I meet you there and escort you to lunch at Previtali's in Oxford Street," said Jerry, naming one of London's smaller and less expensive restaurants. "And over the meal I shall have much to say to you on the subject we were discussing just now. Any questions?"

"None. You seem to have covered everything."

"I think so."

"How is Biff off for trousers?"

"He has only two pairs. No Beau Brummell he. He tells me he had to skip out of Paris in what he stood up in and on arrival in London he purchased a spare at a secondhand-clothing establishment. You'll have no difficulty in gleaning the full harvest. I think you had better be the one to do it. You tread more softly than I do. Can you sneak into his room without waking him?"

"I imagine nothing will wake him for hours."

"Then let's get cracking. Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I was just drinking you in, wondering if you were always as brilliant as this."

"Nearly always."

"I also wondered why you were grinning like a Cheshire cat."

"You noticed the slight smile? I was thinking of Henry and what a jolt he's going to get when he fetches up at Prunier's with his mother and finds you aren't there. I wouldn't be surprised if he raised his eyebrows."

But all Henry Blake-Somerset's eyebrow raising had been done on the previous evening, when, his mother having decided that she preferred Maxim's to Prunier's, he had telephoned Kay at the *Herald-Tribune* office to let her know of the change of venue and had been informed that she had already left for London.

His eyebrows then had certainly shot up, and he had come as near to using

intemperate language as a member of an embassy staff ever does, for the news had confirmed his worst suspicions. He could think of but one reason why Kay should have left for London. She must have made an assignation with the man Shoemsmith. He remembered the night when she had come with Shoemsmith to his apartment, the two of them patently on terms of camaraderie as cordial as those of a couple of sailors on shore leave. He remembered Shoemsmith's thin story of how he and she had met by pure chance that evening at a police station, not having seen each other for two years. He remembered Shoemsmith's furtive telephone call. And he had not forgotten finding Shoemsmith with Kay at her apartment that day when he had come to take her to lunch to meet his mother.

It was, he felt, an intolerable state of affairs and one that called for decisive action on his part. He must confront her, and confront her without an instant's delay. It was his intention, in short, to talk to her like a Dutch uncle.

And so, having notified the embassy authorities that he would be unable to be with them that day owing to a severe attack of neuralgia, he had hastened to Orly after his coffee and marmalade and taken the first plane leaving for England.

Like Othello, Henry Blake-Somerset was perplexed in the extreme.

• • •

Lord Tilbury, as was his habit, had got to his desk shortly before ten that morning, but he did not, as he usually did, proceed to concentrate steadily on the work before him. He found himself unable to keep his mind on it. He dictated one or two letters to Gwendoline Gibbs, then dismissed her to the outer office and sat drumming his fingers on the blotting pad. He was waiting tensely to hear from Percy Pilbeam and learn what had happened to Biff on the previous night.

After what seemed a lifetime the telephone rang.

"Tilbury?"

"Lord Tilbury speaking," said Lord Tilbury shortly and with perhaps undue emphasis on the first word. Much as he admired Percy's brains and lack of scruple, he found the air of chummy equality he assumed these days more than a little trying. He sometimes felt that the time was rapidly approaching when his former employee would call him George. "Yes, Pilbeam, yes? Have you news for me?"

"It was a flop," said Percy. He did not believe in wasting breath by trying to break things gently. "Something must have gone wrong, and I can't understand it. I've got Murphy with me now, and he tells me Christopher was cockeyed when he left him, but I've just rung Halsey Chambers and he answered the phone, so he must have got home all

right. I'd have bet anything he'd have finished up at a police station," said Percy with the somber gloom of a man who has failed to add two thousand pounds to his bank account, than which there is none more somber, except of course that of the man who has failed to add ten millions.

Lord Tilbury, falling as he did into the latter class, was shaken to the core. It was not for some considerable time after Percy, with a moody "Well, there it is," had hung up the receiver that he achieved anything approaching calm, and when he did, his mind could not have been described as tranquil. He felt low and dispirited, in sore need of something to raise him from the depths, and, as men in that condition so often do, he yearned for a woman's soothing companionship. He had not intended to go to the length of asking Gwendoline Gibbs to lunch until his courtship had progressed somewhat further, but he recognized that this was an emergency. He rose from his chair and opened the door of the outer office.

"Oh, Miss Gibbs."

"Yes, Lord Tilbury?"

"I was . . . er . . . it occurred to me . . . I was wondering if you would care to join me at luncheon?"

Gwendoline's beautiful face lit up, encouraging him greatly, but a moment later it fell.

"Oh, Lord Tilbury, I should love to, but have you forgotten that you asked Mr. Llewellyn to lunch today?"

If there had not been ladies present, Lord Tilbury would probably have done what old-fashioned novels used to describe as rapping out an oath. The appointment had passed completely from his mind.

"He said today is the only day he can manage, as he is flying to Rome tomorrow. He is calling for you here at one-thirty."

The day was warm, but Lord Tilbury found himself shivering. The thought of Ivor Llewellyn of the Superba-Llewellyn motion-picture corporation calling at Tilbury House and finding that his host had walked out on him without a word of explanation was a chilling one. No proprietor of a morning paper, an evening paper, a Sunday paper and four film magazines can afford to offend the president of a large Hollywood studio with thousands of pounds of advertising at his disposal. And Ivor Llewellyn, he knew, was a touchy man.

"Thank you, Miss Gibbs," he said gratefully. "Thank you for reminding me. Some other time, then, eh?"

"Oh, yes, Lord Tilbury."

"And how is Champion Silverboon of Burrowsdene?"

"Who?" asked Gwendoline blankly. She searched her mind, such as it was.

"Oh, you mean *Towser*."

"Towser?"

"I call him Towser. The other name was so long."

"Of course. Yes, quite. Very sensible."

Back in his office, Lord Tilbury, though regretting that he would share the midday meal with a motion-picture magnate who always bored him a good deal and not with the goddess of his dreams, was elated rather than depressed. He felt he had made progress with his wooing. He had given this girl flowers, chocolates and a boxer dog which he rather wished she had not decided to call Towser, and now he had invited her to lunch. Short of actually asking her to be his, there was, he considered, nothing much more a man could have done.

He was musing thus and wishing the telephone would ring and that it would be Mr. Llewellyn informing him that having just slipped a disc he regretted, like Miss Otis, that he would be unable to lunch today, when the telephone did ring.

The caller, however, was not Ivor Llewellyn, whose discs were in midseason form and who in his room at the Savoy was at this moment taking a bath in order to be fresh and sweet for the Tilbury luncheon, it was Percy Pilbeam again, and he seemed excited.

"Tilbury?"

"Lord Tilbury speaking."

"I've been talking to Murphy, Tilbury. He's just left me."

Lord Tilbury said "Oh?" and there was a wealth of indifference in the word. The mysterious Murphy had ceased to be of value to him and he could not have cared less about his comings and goings.

"And do you know what he said? He said he had been talking to an American newspaper chap, and this newspaper chap had told him that your brother was as loony as a coot. Did you ever think of contesting the will on the ground that he wasn't competent to make one?"

"It was naturally the first idea that occurred to me. I consulted my solicitor, but he was discouraging. He said I had no evidence."

"Well, you will have when you've heard what Murphy's friend told Murphy—"

"Yes, Pilbeam? Yes? Go on, Pilbeam."

"What did you say, Tilbury? Speak up. Don't mumble."

"What did Murphy's friend tell him?"

"His name's Billingsley."

"Never mind his name."

"And he's on *Time* or *Newsweek* or one of those papers. His editor told him to go and interview your brother, so he wrote asking if he could make an appointment, and your brother wrote back naming a day. His letter was written in red chalk."

"In what?"

"Red chalk. Each word outlined in

blue chalk. Like Hyman Kaplan."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Let it go. He asked Billingsley to lunch, and when he got there he told him they were going to lunch backward."

Once more Lord Tilbury begged his young friend's pardon. The statement had bewildered him.

"He said it was an experiment he had often wanted to try, because he thought so many lunchers get into a rut. They began with coffee and cigars and worked back through a glass of port, chocolate soufflé and breaded veal cutlet with potatoes and asparagus, finishing with aperitifs and martini cocktails. Billingsley said it was quite an experience. And after lunch, when he tried to interview the old bird — sorry, your late brother — all the old loony — your late brother, I mean — would do was play records on the Gramophone and tell Billingsley to shut up when he tried to say anything. He just sat there sipping his third cocktail and tucking into the potted shrimps and playing records. He was particularly fond of Dorothy Shay. He played that *Mountain Girl* song of hers sixteen times and was still playing it when Billingsley left."

The receiver shook in Lord Tilbury's hand. He had been hopeful, but he had never expected anything as promising as this.

"Good gracious, Pilbeam! That story told to a jury —"

"Exactly. That's just what I'm driving at. And there's something else. Over the breaded veal cutlets your brother began talking of Charles Fort and saying he was a disciple of his."

"Who is Charles Fort?"

"Was, you mean. He's dead. I haven't time to tell you about him now, but you have reference books in your office. Look him up. Well, there you are, Tilbury old man. Go and spring your evidence on Christopher and watch him wilt. His address is Three, Halsey Chambers, Halsey Court."

Lord Tilbury drew a deep breath.

"I will go and see him immediately," he said.

. . . .

Returning from Putney after depositing his suitcase with its precious freight and looking in at Halsey Chambers to see how Biff was coming along, Jerry was amazed by the spectacle that met his eyes. Kay's prediction that her brother would emerge from his coma as fresh as a daisy he had been regarding as mere poetic imagery, but a glance was enough to tell him she had in no way exaggerated. Except for a spectacular black eye, there was plainly nothing wrong with their wandering boy. Only a very up-and-coming daisy could have been in better shape. He was wearing pajamas and a dressing gown, and he greeted Jerry with a heartiness which could not have been exceeded by the most con-

firmed teetotaler. He might have been drinking lemonade for a lifetime, like Percy Pilbeam's father.

"Hello, Jerry o' man," he cried buoyantly. "I couldn't think what had become of you. Where you been?"

"I went to Putney."

"The name is new to me. Where's Putney?"

"It's a riverside suburb. My uncle lives there. I'm going to stay with him for a few days. Kay's moving in here. She wants to be on the spot to watch over you. She thinks you need a woman's care."

Biff laughed indulgently.

"These girls! Always fussing."

"Incidentally, how did you come to be in such a state?"

"Couldn't be avoided. I'd been having a night out with an international spy."

"Biff, you're still tight!"

"Not a bit of it. Percy Pilbeam arranged the thing. That was what he called up about. Certain parties not unconnected with Scotland Yard asked him to get hold of someone to go and ply this spy with drink in order to learn his secrets, and Percy wanted me to take on the job. I was about to turn down his offer, because I'd promised Linda to lay off the sauce, but then her call came through and I no longer considered that I was bound by my promise, so I accepted the commission, strongly influenced by the fact that there was a

JOCKEY MENSWEAR, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN • A DIVISION OF COOPER'S, INC.



this is
**Bob Hope's
foot**



in the first wool sock you can machine dry!

Your feet can look as "witty" as Bob's. Just pull on a pair of Jockey Thorobred® wool hose. You'll get the look, the feel that only 100% wool hose can give. What's more, you won't have to baby these babies. They're machine washable and dryable. Can't shrink out of size (a new pair free if they should). Look for the Jockey Red Toe Stripe™ to make sure you're getting the real thing, Jockey Thorobred hose. Imported from England, yet only \$1.50.



See the BOB HOPE CHRYSLER SHOW every Friday night on NBC-TV.



hundred and forty dollars at the current rate of exchange in it for me."

"Did he give you that black eye?"

"Good Lord no, ours was a beautiful friendship throughout. I told him all about Linda's extraordinary behavior, and he told me all about his stamp collection. The black eye came much later, when I was on my way home and entering Halsey Court. I can't tell you exactly what happened, but I do remember having a hell of a fight with someone, or a group of citizens it may have been. It's all a bit vague. You know how it is when you've been hobnobbing with international spies, your memory gets blurred."

At the thought of what could so easily have happened, Jerry's heart congealed.

"You might have been arrested!"

"The same thought occurred to me later. Very fortunate that I wasn't. One feels that there is a Providence that watches over the good man. But we were talking of how I proposed to effect a reconciliation between Linda and self. I shall now go out and contact Linda," said Biff, making for his bedroom.

It was perhaps three minutes later that he appeared again. When he did, his face wore a puzzled expression. He looked like a dachshund trying to remember where it has buried its bone.

"Most extraordinary thing, Jerry o' man. I can't find my pants."

"Your pants. Oh yes, your pants. I forgot to tell you. I took them to Putney."

"You . . . what?"

"Kay was a little worried as to what you might get up to if you had them, so I suggested removing them and she thought it an admirable idea. We agreed that we would both be much easier in our minds if we knew you were safe and

snug at Halsey Chambers and not running loose about London. You'll get them back on your birthday. Nice birthday present."

"But I've got to go and see Linda!"

"She'll still be there when you rejoin the human herd."

It was plain from Biff's face that he was running what is called the gamut of the emotions. A stunned disbelief seemed for a while to predominate, but it soon yielded to righteous indignation. Owing to his overnight misadventures he had only one eye to glare with, but he made it do the work of two.

"And you call yourself a pal!" he said bitterly.

"The best you ever had, my lad, as you'll realize when you think it over in a calm, reasonable spirit. I'm saving you from yourself, and if you care to look on me as your guardian angel, go right ahead. Not that I want any thanks."

"You damned well won't get them."

"I thought I mightn't. Well, I must be off. I'm picking Kay up and taking her to lunch. Any message I can give her?"

For some moments Biff spoke forcefully. In spite of Jerry's assertion that the initiative in his foul conspiracy had been his, he was convinced that the brains behind it had been Kay's and that Jerry had been a mere instrument or tool. He expressed himself on the subject of Kay as no brother should have expressed himself about a sister.

The door closed behind Jerry, and Biff stood for some moments as motionless as if he had been posing for an artist anxious to transfer to canvas a portrait of a young man of dachshund aspect clad in a dressing gown and disfigured by a black eye. A wave of self-pity poured

over him, and it would not have taken much to make him break down and sob. It was so vital that he seek Linda out and talk her into a more amenable frame of mind before her present animosity solidified beyond repair.

And then there floated into his mind the thought of the brothers Cohen, and out of the night that covered him, black as the pit from pole to pole, there shone a ray of hope, like the lights of a village are seen after long wandering by a way-worn hiker.

The brothers Cohen, as everybody knows, conduct their secondhand-clothing emporium in the neighborhood of Covent Garden, and it is their boast that they can at a moment's notice supply anyone with any type of garment his fancy may dictate. Their establishment is a mecca for all who unexpectedly find themselves caught short sartorially, whether they be African explorers down to their last sola topee, government officials in the Far East in need of new cummerbunds or merely diners-out requiring instant dinner jackets. Biff's first act on reaching London after leaving Paris without stopping to pack had been to go to them and make a few additions to his wardrobe, and now the memory of that visit came back to him and with it the complacent feeling that those who had plotted against his person were going to be made to look pretty silly. His thoughts, as he went to the telephone and dialed the Cohen number, might have been condensed into the familiar phrase "You can't keep a good man down."

The Cohen brothers were charming. They booked his order with as much enthusiasm as if it had been the first they had had for months. If pants were what he required and if he would supply them with his waist measurement, they said, pants should be at his address just as soon as their Mr. Scarborough could get there in a taxicab. And it was in an incredibly short time that he heard the bell ring and, leaping to the front door, found a beautifully dressed young man with a large parcel standing on the mat.

"Mr. Christopher?"

"That's right."

"My name is Scarborough."

"I was expecting you," said Biff.

"Come right in, Scarborough o' man, and if you'd care for a quick one, you'll find the makings in the closet over there."

"Nothing to drink for me, thank you very much," he said in a voice of which even a B.B.C. announcer of the fat stock prices would not have been ashamed. "We at headquarters feel ourselves bound by the same restrictions as policemen when on duty. Nothing in the nature of definite orders, of course, simply an unwritten rule which we all

obey. Sort of tradition, you know. You are the gentleman requiring pants?"

Biff said he was, and might have added that the desire for pants of all other gentlemen desiring pants was tepid compared with his.

"I have them here. Your order gave rise to a little indecision at headquarters, for you did not specify the type of pants you required. We have the long in flannel, the short in flannel, the long in linen, the short in linen and also summer zephyrs in mesh knit. As the weather is so warm, it was assumed that you would prefer the knee-length mesh knit."

Biff's one eye was riveted on the contents of the parcel, and an observer would have noted in it bewilderment, frustration and chagrin. It is disconcerting to ask for bread and be given a stone, and it is equally disconcerting to find that your plea for trousers has been answered with knee-length mesh-knit underlinen.

"What on earth are those things?" he demanded.

Mr. Scarborough said they were pants, and Biff uttered a snort of a caliber which put him in the Tilbury class.

"My God, I wish they talked English in England," he moaned. "When I said pants, I meant what you aborigines call trousers."

Mr. Scarborough was openly amused. The misunderstanding brought a smile to his lips, quickly followed by apologies.

"I will return to G.H.Q. immediately and the error shall be rectified."

"Would it be too much to ask you to fly like a bat out of hell? I've a date."

Mr. Scarborough assured him that he would be back in 20 minutes, if not sooner, and his promise was fulfilled. This time there was no frustration or chagrin on Biff's part. He expressed his gratification wholeheartedly.

"Now you're talking," he said. "Now you've got the right idea. I'll take those and those. Oh, by the way, I shall have to ask you to chalk them up on the slate for the time being. I'm a little short of ready cash."

Mr. Scarborough took the blow very well. He showed nothing but gentle sympathy as he unwrapped his parcel. He gave Biff to understand that he mourned for him in spirit, but he was quite definite in his statement that headquarters did not extend credit. Charm of manner, he made it clear, could never be accepted as a substitute for coin of the realm. Presently he was gone, taking his parcel with him, and the slough of despond closed over Biff once more. He sank into a chair and was still sitting there looking and feeling as if he had been sandbagged, when the telephone rang.

"Hello?" he said. "Yes, speaking . . . Lord Tilbury? . . . Why, sure, if you want to . . . Where are you? Barribault's?"

Then you'll be able to get here quick, which is very desirable, because I shall have to be going out soon. All right, then, I'll be expecting you."

A few minutes later Biff was scrutinizing his visitor, estimating his girth and length of limb. The latter was satisfactory, the former, he felt, did not matter, for one can always take in a reef if necessary.

"Tilbury," he said, "I am a desperate man. Give me those pants of yours."

. . .

The discovery that Biff was safely back in Halsey Chambers and not in the custody of the police, indicating that all his subtle schemes had gone for nothing, had come as a shattering blow to Percy Pilbeam. It had caused the word to go around the Argus Agency that the boss was in ugly mood. The stenographer Lana had warned the stenographer Marlene to expect black looks and harsh words if summoned to the inner office to take dictation, and one of the firm's staff of skilled investigators, a Mr. Jellaby, who had ventured into Percy's presence to make a report, had slunk out complaining of having had his head bitten off. It was what Spenser the office boy, a facile phrasemaker, described as a regular reign of terror.

And then Murphy had spoken of his friend Billingsley and his relations with the late Mr. Pyke, and Percy had realized that all was not lost. It was with his equanimity completely restored that he had put in that second telephone call to Tilbury House. Recalling his own awe of Lord Tilbury in the old days, he was convinced that Biff would never be able to stand up against him if subjected to the full force of his dominant personality. All was well, he felt, and when Spenser the office boy entered to inform him that a gentleman was in the anteroom asking to see him, he greeted him cordially, much to the latter's relief, for he had been anticipating a fate similar to that of the recent Mr. Jellaby.

"Gentleman named Christopher," said Spenser, and Percy twirled his mustache in surprise. He could imagine no reason for this call. That Biff might have come to collect the 40 pounds due him for services rendered did not present itself as a possibility, for the promise to pay this sum had faded completely from Percy's mind. His money was always inclined to be uncertain with regard to agreements not written, signed, witnessed and stamped at Somerset House.

When Biff was ushered in, he was amazed, as Jerry had been, by his air of well-being. Except for the somber puffiness of his right eye and the fact that he was wearing trousers which did not begin to fit him, his visitor's aspect, considering that he had so recently been in session with Murphy, the human suction pump, was positively spruce. Nor

was his voice the voice of one who has been wandering over the hot sands.

"Hi, Pilbeam o' man," he said in a clear bell-like tone without a trace of rousiness in it. "How's tricks?"

Percy replied that tricks were more or less as was to be desired, and said he noticed that Biff had sustained an injury to his eye.

"How did that happen?"

"Oh, just one of those things. Unavoidable on a night out."

"I see. By the way, Lord Tilbury was asking for your phone number this morning. Did he ring you up?"

"He not only rang me up, he paid me a personal visit. He wanted to discuss the will of the late Edmund Biffen Pyke. And while on the subject of money, Pilbeam o' man, I've come for mine."

Percy winced. He remembered now that there had been some talk of money, and he braced himself to be strong.

"You said if I plied that international spy with drink, there would be forty pounds waiting for me at your office today. Well, today's today and here I am at your office. Out with the old check-book, Pilbeam."

Percy winced again, as he generally did when called upon to produce his check-book.

"There was an agreement, I remember, yes. Did you manage to find out anything from that man?"

Biff was frank and manly about it. He descended to no subterfuges and evasions.

"Not a thing. I warned you I mightn't be able to. I did my best to draw him out. I worked the conversation around to Russia and said it must be most unpleasant there in the winter months when your nose turns blue and comes apart in your hands. He said Yes, he supposed it must be very disagreeable. I then asked him what Khrushchev was really like, and he said he had not met him. He said he never had been in Russia, the only time he had ever left England having been once on a day trip to Boulogne. These international spies are cagey. They play it close to their chests. He wasn't giving anything away. He talked about stamps most of the time."

"Stamps?"

"He collects them. Just a front, of course."

"How a front?"

"Use the loaf, Pilbeam. Naturally, if a guy gives it out that he collects stamps, he lulls suspicion. You write him off as a harmless loony and don't bother any more about him. And all the time he's planning his plans and plotting his plots. Damn clever, these international spies."

"Then what it amounts to is that you accomplished nothing."

"Not my fault."

"I dare say. But in the circumstances, 151

you can hardly expect me to pay you forty pounds."

"You were thinking of making it fifty?"

"I'm not going to pay you a penny."

"You aren't?"

"No."

"But I need it!"

"I can't help that."

"So Jerry was right," said Biff, shocked. "He said you were a human rat and, considering everything, I call that flattering."

"Spenser," said Percy, who had pressed a bell, "show this gentleman out."

Biff did not pursue the argument. All his better feelings urged him to give Percy Pilbeam the shellacking his every action called for, but he realized that this must inevitably result in arrest for assault and battery. The bell, he knew, would scarcely have rung for the conclusion of the final round of the Christopher-Pilbeam bout before Percy would be sending out hurry calls for the police, and much as he now disliked Percy and would have enjoyed exterminating him, it was not a pleasure for which he was prepared to sacrifice several million dollars. Hotly as his sister Kay would have contested the statement, there were times when he could behave with prudence, and this was one of them. Seeming to shrink within himself, which was not a safe thing to do while wearing trousers as roomy as those of Lord Tilbury, he gave Percy a cold look and followed Spenser from the room, and Percy had started to give his attention once more to the matrimonial difficulties of Mrs. F. G. Bostock, when the telephone rang. "Pilbeam?"

"Tilbury?"

"Lord Tilbury speaking. I am at Number Three, Halsey Chambers."

Odd, felt Percy. He would have expected him to have left there long ago.

"Bring me trousers, Pilbeam."

"What?"

"Trousers, and be quick about it."

"Why?"

"Never mind why," said Lord Tilbury, his voice choking a little. "Don't sit there asking questions. Bring me trousers."

. . .

The idea of appealing to Percy for help in the delicate situation in which he found himself had not been the first of those that had occurred to Lord Tilbury after Biff had left him. His initial impulse had been to telephone Gwendoline Gibbs at Tilbury House and request her to go to Barribault's Hotel and, having made a selection from the truserings in his room on the third floor, to bring her choice to Halsey Chambers. What had caused him to reject this plan had been the thought of how the commission would diminish his stature in her eyes.

He thought next of telephoning to his butler at Wimbledon, and was about to do so when he remembered that he had no butler at Wimbledon. That unfortunate outburst of peevishness which had caused his staff to turn in their portfolios had made a clean sweep of the domestic help. Like Mrs. Bingley the cook, Clara the parlormaid, Jane the housemaid and Erb the boy who cleaned the knives and boots and did odd jobs around the house, Willoughby the butler had left to seek employment elsewhere. He had vanished like the snows of yesteryear.

He was indeed on the point of abandoning hope, when there caught his eye the bright cover of a recent issue of *Society Spice* which its late editor had chanced one day to bring home with him, and he uttered a sound midway between a gurgle and a snort, a bronchial rendering of Archimedes' "Eureka!" He had been reminded of Percy Pilbeam.

His blood pressure, which had risen dangerously, fell. His mind, which had been a mere maelstrom of mixed emotions, ceased to gyrate. It amazed him that he had not thought of this solution of his difficulties earlier. He could not reveal his predicament to Gwendoline Gibbs, because he valued her opinion of him. He could not send out distress signals to Willoughby the butler, because for all practical purposes he had ceased to exist. But Pilbeam was still available, and for what Pilbeam might think on learning the facts he cared little. Possibly his former underling would be amused. If so, let him be amused. Lord Tilbury could imagine nothing of less consequence.

Thirty seconds later he was at the telephone and had begun the conversation which has just been recorded.

At long last the bell rang and he sprang to the door. It was Percy Pilbeam who stood without, and he was accompanied by a fine dog of the boxer breed which endeavored as far as its leash would allow to leap at him and cover his face with burning kisses, as is the habit of boxers. Eluding its caresses, he spoke with stern approach. He was annoyed, and he did not care if this underling of his knew it.

"What a time you have been, Pilbeam!" he said fretfully.

Percy seemed surprised and pained.

"I got here as soon as I could. I had to go all the way to Valley Fields to get Towser."

"Towser?"

"You said you wanted him. The dog you gave Gwen."

Lord Tilbury started violently.

"Are you by any chance alluding to Miss Gibbs?"

"Of course. Oh, I see what you mean. You're surprised that I call her Gwen. She's my cousin."

It would be idle to pretend that this did not come as a shock to Lord Tilbury. It came as a substantial shock, all the more so because that very morning the waiter who had brought him his breakfast at Barribault's had confided in him how happy his niece Gwendoline was in her position as his, Lord Tilbury's secretary. And it is proof of the depth of the latter's passion that these discoveries, though each had caused him to behave for an instant like a barefoot dancer who has inadvertently stepped on a tin tack, did not weaken it to any noticeable extent. He would have been the first to admit that he would vastly have preferred not to become a cousin by marriage to Percy Pilbeam and not to have to go through life calling Mr. Pilbeam senior Uncle Willie, but if those unpleasantnesses were involved in the package deal, he was prepared to put up with them. He merely registered a resolve that when he and Gwendoline were in their little nest, if you would call The Oaks, Wimbledon Common, that, both this private investigator and this third-floor waiter should be rigorously excluded from it. No open house for the Pilbeams, father and son, was the policy to which he proposed to cling.

"Oh?" he said, stepping back to foil another affectionate leap on the part of Towser, né Champion Silverboon of Burrowsdene. "Is that so?" and added something about it being a small world. "Pilbeam," he said, returning to the main point from what was, after all, a side issue, "you have made an idiotic blunder."

"Oh?" said Percy, not without stiffness. He disliked being called idiotic.

"I want trousers — trousers!"

"I see you do," said Percy. "I noticed directly I came in that you hadn't any on, and I was wondering why."

Lord Tilbury turned purple, his habit in moments of emotion.

"I will tell you why. That young scoundrel Christopher took mine from me. He threatened to assault me unless I gave them to him."

"Why did he want them? Was he collecting trousers?"

"He had been deprived of his own. He explained that to me before he left. In order to prevent him going out and getting into trouble and forfeiting my brother's money, his sister took them away."

"Ingenious," said Percy Pilbeam, who was a man to give credit where credit was due. The thought crossed his mind that the Christophers were a family to be reckoned with. "And what do you want me to do?"

Lord Tilbury clicked his tongue impatiently. He would have thought it was obvious what he wanted Percy to do.

"I want you to go to my house on Wimbledon Common and bring me an-

other pair. You know my house on Wimbledon Common?"

"I can find it."

"The trousers are in the wardrobe of my bedroom on the first floor," said Lord Tilbury. He went to the table on which Biff had been considerate enough to empty the pockets of the purloined garment. "Here is the front-door key."

Percy took the key and slipped it absently into his vest pocket. His agile brain was busy with schemes for turning this situation to his financial benefit.

"I thought you had moved to Barribault's."

"I have," said Lord Tilbury, shuddering for a moment as he recalled that conversation on the hotel's third floor with the waiter who might ere long be his uncle by marriage. "But most of my things are at Wimbledon. And if you think I am going to send you to Barribault's Hotel to ask at the desk if you may go up to my suite and get me a pair of trousers because I have been forcibly deprived of the ones I was wearing, you are very much mistaken. The story would be all over London in half an hour. So kindly stop talking like a fool, Pilbeam, and go to Wimbledon immediately."

"I haven't time to go to Wimbledon. I've a business to attend to."

"Pilbeam!" said Lord Tilbury awfully. But Percy had thought of a way by which he could reap financial profit from the current situation. He had never to think for long when there was money in the offing.

"Oh, come off it, Tilbury," he said. "The trouble with you is that you've got so used to pushing people around that you think you can do it to everyone you meet, and then you run up against someone like me who doesn't give a tinker's course for what you say or what you don't say and you get what's coming to you. I'll be belowed if I go slogging off to Wimbledon. I'll tell you what I will do, though; as you're an old friend, I'll sell you these trousers of mine. They'll be a tight fit, because you're what I'd call a stylish stout, but you'll be able to navigate in them as far as Barribault's. What do you say to that?"

"How much?" he said.

"A hundred and ten pounds," said Percy.

The shock was severe, and Lord Tilbury had every excuse for tottering. He seemed to see his former underling indistinctly through a heavy mist, which of course was the best way of seeing him. He reeled and might have fallen, had he not clutched at the boxer Towser.

"You're insane!" he gasped.

"Not a bit of it," said Percy equably. "I'm doing you the trousers for ten quid and adding on the hundred I had to pay Christopher for going and drinking with Murphy."

MAN SIZE!



One wide, dry stroke
**STOPS PERSPIRATION
ODOR ALL DAY!**

All it takes is one clean stroke daily!

Speed Stick is so effective because it works directly on the odor-causing bacteria. *Really* helps give you the protection you want. Just one stroke protects almost 3 times the area of a narrow roll-on track. Speed Stick won't miss like aerosols or mess like roll-ons and creams. It goes on neat. Clean. Smooth. *Dry!* And Speed Stick won't stain. Won't irritate normal skin, either. Get MAN-SIZED convenience, MAN-SIZED protection.

MENNEN SPEED STICK®



Also available in Canada

"I'm not going to pay that!"

"You certainly are."

"A hundred pounds!"

"Necessary expense. It's a long story, but I had to make him think he was working for Scotland Yard and that was what they were giving him."

"I won't pay it!"

"Just as you say. Come on, Towser."

In the brief moment before he spoke again, six alternative schemes for resolving this business disagreement darted through Lord Tilbury's mind. Each of them resembled the others in that they all had to do with somehow overpowering this mutinous ex-employee, stripping him of his trousers and going on his way triumphant. He was compelled to reject them all. Percy was no colossus, but then, no more was he. The outcome of a physical struggle would be dubious. If he had had a stout club or a hatchet, something constructive might have been accomplished, but he had no club, no hatchet. As the editorial writers on his morning paper were always saying, it was necessary in these circumstances to bow with as good a grace as possible to the inevitable.

"Make it fifty, Pilbeam."

"I'd be out of pocket."

"Seventy-five."

"No, but seeing you're an old friend, I'll come down to the level hundred."

Lord Tilbury argued no further. The healing thought had come to him that if he left Percy marooned in here, he could call at his bank and stop whatever check he might write. It was like a breath of cool air on his fevered brow.

"Very well," he said, producing check-book and fountain pen, and Percy was astounded by the cheerfulness of his tone. "There you are," he said, and a minute later, a ghastly sight from the waist downward, he was on his way to the door, to the regret of Champion Silverboon of Burrowsdene, who liked his looks and had hoped for a better acquaintance.

• • •

Lord Tilbury, like other men of substance, employed the services of several banks, dotted here and there about the metropolis. The one on which he had written the check he had given Percy was the Mayfair branch of the National Provincial only a short distance from Halsey Court, and it was thither that he now directed his steps — difficult steps, for the Pilbeam trousers were an unpleasantly snug fit, sticking closer than a brother. There had, indeed, been a moment when, lacking a shoehorn, he had almost despaired of getting into them.

From the bank, the check well and truly stopped, he proceeded to Barribault's Hotel, where he changed his clothes, and from Barribault's Hotel he telephoned his solicitor, commanding

him to come immediately and lunch with him in the grillroom. And in a few minutes, for his offices were in the next street, the solicitor presented himself.

London solicitors come in every size and shape, but they have this in common, that with a few negligible exceptions they all look like some species of bird. Jerry Shoemsmith's Uncle John, for instance, the guiding spirit of Shoemsmith, Shoemsmith and Shoemsmith of Lincoln's Inn Fields, resembled a cassowary, while elsewhere you would find owls, ducks, sparrows, parrots and an occasional ptarmigan. Lord Tilbury's legal advisor, a Mr. Bunting of Bunting, Satterthwaite and Miles, could have mixed without exciting comment in any gathering of vultures in the Gobi Desert, though his associates would have been able to expose him as an impostor when mealtime came, for, unlike the generality of vultures, he had a weak digestion and had to be careful what he ate. Lord Tilbury, himself a hearty trencherman, never enjoyed breaking bread with him, owing to his habit of bringing medicine bottles to the table and giving a vivid description of what the dish he, Lord Tilbury, was consuming would do to his, Mr. Bunting's, interior organs if he, Mr. Bunting, were ever foolish enough to partake of it.

However, you cannot pick and choose when you are in need of a solicitor, you have to go to the man who knows his law, and Lord Tilbury had implicit faith in Mr. Bunting's legal acumen. He would have preferred not to ask him to lunch, but time pressed, so he issued the invitation, and in due course Mr. Bunting appeared.

"Very fortunate you caught me in time, my dear Tilbury," he said. "I was just going out for my glass of milk when you telephoned. I always take a glass of milk at this hour, sipping it slowly. Am I right in supposing that there is some quillet of the law on which you wish to consult me?"

Lord Tilbury said there was, and led the way to their table. There, declining an offer to sniff at the contents of Mr. Bunting's medicine bottle, the mere smell of which, Mr. Bunting said, would give him some idea of what he had to put up with, he ordered a steak and fried potatoes, tut-tutted sympathetically when Mr. Bunting told him what would happen if he himself ate a fried potato, and got down to what his guest would have called the *res*.

"An amusing point came up at Tilbury House this morning, Bunting. A short story was submitted to one of my editors in which a character, for reasons into which I need not go, was compelled by another character to give him his trousers."

Mr. Bunting sipped his milk slowly,

and put a point.

"You use the word 'compelled.' Am I to understand that force was employed?"

"There were threats of force."

"These trousers, then, were parted with under duress?"

"Exactly."

"I see. Are you really going to drink beer with that steak, Tilbury?"

"Never mind my beer. Please listen."

"Quite, quite. I was only thinking what beer would do to me."

"We like to get these things right in our magazines," said Lord Tilbury, interrupting his guest as he spoke of acid ferment. "Could he—the first man—have the other man arrested?"

"Summarily arrested?"

"Precisely. Go to a policeman and give him in charge."

"The spinach here," said Mr. Bunting, who after finishing his milk and quaffing deeply from his medicine bottle had begun to pick at the vegetable, mentioned, "is exceptionally good. It is one of the few things I know I can digest. Asparagus, on the other hand, I regret to say, is sheer poison to me, while as for peas—"

Lord Tilbury shot him a look which, if it had been directed at some erring minor editor of Tilbury House, would have reduced that unfortunate to a spot of grease.

"I should be obliged if you would listen to me, Bunting."

"I beg your pardon. Certainly, certainly. You were saying?"

"I was asking you if depriving a man of his trousers is a felony for which an arrest can be made."

Mr. Bunting shook his head.

"It would be a matter for a civil action."

"You're sure of that?"

"Quite sure. The case would be on all fours with that of Schwed versus Meredith, L.R. 3 H.L. 330, though there the *casus belli* was an overcoat. Schwed sued before the magistrate of South Hammersmith sitting in petty court and was awarded damages."

Lord Tilbury choked on his steak. The disappointment had been severe. He had been so confident that his worries were over, his problems solved. He fell into a gloomy silence, from which he was jerked a moment later by a sudden ejaculation from his guest.

"See that fellow over there? See what he's eating? Hungarian goulash. Do you know what would be the effect on my bile ducts if I ate Hungarian goulash?"

For quite a while Mr. Bunting spoke clearly and well on the subject of his bile ducts, but Lord Tilbury was not listening. His interest in his companion's interior was tepid, and in fairness to him it must be said that the revelations the solicitor was making were not of a kind to rivet the attention of any but

a medical man. But he would in any case have been distraught, for a sudden idea had sprung into his mind and he was occupied in turning it over and examining it.

"Bunting," he said.

"Eh?" said Mr. Bunting, breaking off in the middle of a description of what he had once suffered in his hot youth when he, too, had eaten Hungarian goulash.

"You remember I consulted you in the matter of contesting my late brother's will."

"Quite. I was of opinion that you had no evidence."

"I think I have some now. If I invited you to lunch and insisted on our lunching backward, what would you say?"

"Lunching backward?"

"Exactly."

"I don't understand you."

"It's very simple. We would begin with coffee and cigars—"

"I never smoke cigars, only a type of health cigarette from which the nicotine has been extracted. They come, I believe, from Bulgaria and are aromatic and not only harmless but actively helpful in curing bronchial asthmas, duodenal ulcer, high blood pressure and—"

"Will you kindly *listen!*" boomed Lord Tilbury. "I am speaking of this practice of my brother of lunching backward. I consider it strong proof of mental instability."

"Your brother used to do that?"

"I can bring witnesses to testify to it," said Lord Tilbury.

Speaking in measured tones, he told the story of Billingsley of *Time* or possibly *Newsweek* and his midday meal at the house of the late Edmund Biffen Pyke. It took some time, for at the mention of almost every item on the menu Mr. Bunting interrupted to give a word picture of what would occur inside him if he ate or drank *that*. But in due course the recital came to an end, and he put the vital question.

"What would you think if I suggested a lunch like that to you?"

"I should be extremely surprised."

"Would you accept it as proof of insanity? If I died, would you, taking that lunch into consideration, feel that there were grounds for contesting my will?"

Mr. Bunting, who had finished his spinach and was now drinking hot water, demurred.

"My dear Tilbury, I hardly think I would be prepared to go as far as that. I doubt if such an action would stand up in court. A good counsel would argue—and I think successfully—that these were merely a whimsical man's amiable eccentricities. Lunching backward he would dismiss as an amusing pleasantry, and I think he would have the jury with him."

"I'm sure there must have been cases

where wills were contested on less evidence and won by the plaintiff."

"On the motion-picture screen, perhaps. Seldom, I imagine, in real life. What's the matter, Tilbury?"

He might well ask. There had proceeded from Lord Tilbury's lips a sort of gasping cry. It had been caused by those words "motion-picture screen." They had acted on him like the stick of dynamite his employees had so often wished they could touch off under him. He had remembered Mr. Llewellyn. So much had been happening to him of late that all thoughts of that sensitive Hollywood magnate had passed from his mind.

He sat for an instant congealed, then rose from his chair like a rocketing pheasant. Although he was a man built for endurance rather than speed, few athletes specializing in the shorter distances could have been out of the grill-room and at the telephone more quickly. Mr. Bunting, gazing after him and remembering the dangerously unwholesome lunch he had made, supposed him to be in quest of a doctor and hoped he would not be too late.

It was with trembling fingers that

Lord Tilbury dialed the number of Tilbury House.

"Miss Gibbs!"

"Yes, Lord Tilbury?"

"Did Mr. Llewellyn call for me?"

"Oh yes, Lord Tilbury," said Gwendoline brightly. "He was very punctual."

A sound like the bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony escaped Lord Tilbury. He was picturing a deeply offended Llewellyn haughtily withdrawing pounds and pounds and pounds worth of advertising from the Tilbury papers.

"You did not think of . . . think up . . . happen to hit on an explanation of my absence?"

"Oh yes, Lord Tilbury. I told Mr. Llewellyn you had suddenly been taken ill and were in bed at your house at Wimbledon."

Relief did not make Lord Tilbury faint, but it came very near to doing so. He was conscious of a tidal wave of love and admiration for this pearl among girls, whose blonde beauty was equaled only by her ready resource. In every office at Tilbury House he had caused to be hung on the wall the legend **THINK ON YOUR FEET**, and it looked to



"Please, Mr. Moore! Let your fingers do their walking someplace else!"

him as if Gwendoline Gibbs must have been studying them for months.

"Thank you, Miss Gibbs, thank you."

"Not at all, Lord Tilbury."

"So he went away quite happy?"

"Oh yes, Lord Tilbury. He was very sorry to hear you weren't well. He said he would be coming to Wimbledon as soon as he had had lunch to see how you were."

"What!"

"That's what he said."

"Oh, my God!"

"So, don't you think you had better go there and be in bed when he arrives?"

Once more that tidal wave of love and admiration poured over Lord Tilbury. This girl, even though she might have an uncle who was a waiter and a cousin who shook one's belief in the theory that man was nature's last word, was fit to be the mate of the highest in the land, which he considered a reasonably good description of himself.

"Of course, of course. The only thing to do. Order the car and tell Watson to bring it to Barribault's without an instant's delay."

"Very good, Lord Tilbury. Have you your key?"

"What key? Oh, the front-door key? Yes, yes, of course I have it. No, by Jove, I haven't," said Lord Tilbury, remembering the moment—how long ago it seemed—when he had given it to Percy Pilbeam. "But there should be a spare one in the drawer of my desk. Would you go and look?"

"Certainly, Lord Tilbury. Yes," said Gwendoline, returning, "it was in the drawer. Shall I give it to Watson?"

"Do, Miss Gibbs, do. And thank you for being such a help."

Lord Tilbury left the telephone booth thinking loving thoughts of Gwendoline Gibbs and hard ones of Ivor Llewellyn, whose persistence in seeking him out he considered tactless and officious. It was only as he was returning to his table in the grillroom that a shattering thought occurred to him. Who was going to admit Mr. Llewellyn to his sickbed when the motion-picture magnate arrived at the front door of The Oaks, Wimbledon Common?

For a moment the problem baffled him. He could not entrust this important assignment to Watson the chauffeur. Watson, like so many chauffeurs, suffered from slow mental processes and would be sure, when asked how his employer was, to reply that he had never been more solidly in the pink.

And then his eye fell on his legal advisor, who was still sipping the glass of hot water, so excellent for the digestive system, with which he always concluded a meal. An aromatic cigarette between his lips showed that he had armed himself well against bronchial asthmas, duodenal ulcers and high blood

pressure.

"Bunting!" he cried, inspired.

"Ah, Tilbury. What did the doctor say?" asked Mr. Bunting, all sympathy.

"I've got to go to bed."

"I thought as much. That steak. That beer. Those fried potatoes. Give me your arm, and I'll help you to your room."

"Not here. At my house at Wimbledon. I'll explain on the way there."

"You want me to come with you?"

"Your presence is vital. I am supposed to be sick in bed there and I am expecting a very important advertiser to call in the course of the afternoon. I had a luncheon appointment with him today, and I forgot all about it. When he arrived at Tilbury House, my secretary with great presence of mind told him I had been suddenly taken ill and had had to be removed to Wimbledon, and he said he would be looking in there to see how I was. You understand my predicament?"

"Perfectly, my dear Tilbury. Are you sure this man will be calling at your house?"

"He told my secretary he would. He must find me in bed."

"Quite. But why is my presence vital?"

"Somebody has to let him in. You must pose as the butler."

Mr. Bunting uttered a senile chuckle.

"I see what you mean. Of course I'll do it. You quite restore my youth, my dear Tilbury. As a young man I frequently appeared in amateur theatricals and, oddly enough, nearly always as a butler. Got some good notices, too. 'As Jorkins the butler, Cyril Bunting was adequate,' I remember the *Petersfield Sentinel* said on one occasion. Yes, you get to bed, Tilbury, and leave everything to me, confident that your affairs are in good hands."

• • •

A private investigator who takes his work with a proper seriousness, as Percy Pilbeam had always done, learns to accustom himself to long periods of waiting and inaction. In the early days of the Argus Agency, before a growing prosperity had enabled him to employ skilled assistants like Mr. Jellaby and others, Percy had often stood for hours outside restaurants in the rain, waiting for some guilty couple to emerge and be followed to the love nest. The experience had given him several nasty colds in the head, but it had taught him patience, and it was in a composed frame of mind that he settled down to his vigil after Lord Tilbury had left him. Sooner or later, he presumed, somebody would be coming along to ease the strain of the situation, and until that happened there was nothing to be done but sit and relax. He took a chair and picked up the copy of *Society Spice* that had attracted Lord Tilbury's notice,

shaking his head over the way the dear old paper had deteriorated since he had resigned the editorship. Dull, he felt. No zip, no ginger. In his time the word *spice* had meant something. Now it was a misnomer. If pieces like the one on page four about London's private gambling clubs were what modern readers considered spicy, he was sorry for them. The boxer had fallen asleep, and the contents of *Society Spice* nearly made Percy follow his example.

What kept him from doing so was the uncomfortable feeling that there was a thought fluttering about the outskirts of his mind like a dove seeking entry into a dovecot, and he could not pin it down.

It made him vaguely uneasy. He had the feeling that if this thought took shape and form, he would learn of something to his disadvantage. And then quite suddenly he got it. It was the recollection that in the way his former employer had perked up as he started to write that check there had been a suggestion of the sinister and disturbing. His manner had not been in character. Percy knew his Tilbury. However much the first baron enjoyed writing the name that reminded him that he had acquired a title, he never enjoyed writing it at the bottom of a check for a hundred pounds. Yet on this occasion he had been cheerful, even chirpy. Instead of lingering over the task as if his every move distressed him, he had fairly dashed the thing off. His nib had flown over the paper.

There was, Percy was convinced, something fishy afoot, and abruptly he realized what it was. He had never made a study of extrasensory perception, but he could tell what had been passing in Lord Tilbury's mind as clearly as if the latter had drawn a diagram for him. The old bouncer was planning to stop that check, and here he, Percy, was, stuck in this flat and powerless to prevent him. His only hope was that the double-crossing crook would have lunch before he went to the bank, feeling that with his payee confined to the premises of Number Three, Halsey Chambers, there was no need to hurry. That would give him time to reach the bank in advance of Tilbury, always assuming that he could secure trousers in which to make the journey.

But it was, he felt, a frail, sickly hope, and he uttered an expletive which disturbed the boxer's slumber and caused him to raise an inquiring head. Obviously, in order to prevent Biff from leaving the flat, the female Christopher and her associate must have removed everything in the shape of trousers or their scheme would have been null and void. And it was not likely that either of them would return to the flat before they had had lunch. Percy slumped back in his chair, a broken man, and he was

trying once more to interest himself in *Society Spice*, when an imperious hand pressed the front doorbell. He caught up the boxer's lead and went to the door. A slim, elegant young man was standing on the threshold.

"Good morning," said this slim, elegant young man, speaking in a clipped, chilly voice which would have told Percy, if he had been better acquainted with the personnel of embassies, that he was in the presence of a rising young diplomat with a future ahead of him in the diplomatic world. The thing about him that attracted Percy's attention was that he was wearing trousers, and his eyes gleamed covetously. He stared at these trousers. Travelers in India had gazed at the Taj Mahal with a less fascinated intensity.

There was nothing in Henry Blake-Somerset's manner, as he stood in the doorway, to indicate that he was seething with righteous indignation and resentment, for the first thing the authorities teach young diplomats is to look like stuffed frogs on all occasions in order to deceive foreigners. But he was so seething. He burned with a smoldering fury.

His mother, when he had told her of Kay's sudden departure for London, had been insistent that he take a firm line and have nothing more to do with a girl of whom she had disapproved at first sight and who could only be a hindrance to his career, but he was not at the moment prepared to go to quite this length. Love, or rather the tepid preference he felt for Kay, still animated the bosom beneath his well-cut waistcoat, and he proposed merely to give her a good talking-to, showing her the error of her ways and strongly advising her to mend them. The scene he had in mind was to have been along the general lines of the interview between King Arthur and Guinevere at the monastery.

It was for the snake Shoemsmith, the serpent who came breaking up homes before they even existed, that the lightning of his wrath was reserved. He intended to speak plainly to the man Shoemsmith the moment the door opened. The spectacle, accordingly, of Percy Pilbeam, richly pimpled and wearing no trousers, had a disconcerting effect. His training would not allow him to gape, but he raised an eyebrow.

He was, however, soon himself again. You can startle a diplomat, but you cannot put him out of action.

"Is Mr. Shoemsmith in?" he asked, and his voice remained as controlled as ever. Nobody could have guessed how soiled it made him feel to be compelled to utter the name.

Percy Pilbeam did not reply. His gaze was still riveted on the trousers. He seemed to be in a sort of trance.

"This is the address from which he wrote to me," said Henry, his voice be-

coming bleaker. He was feeling that Percy was just the sort of friend he would have expected Shoemsmith to have, but that did not mean that he had to put up with the impersonation he was giving of a deaf-mute. "He lives here, does he not?"

Percy came to himself with a start.

"Eh? Oh yes, he lives here, but he's out at the moment. Won't you come in? He ought to be back soon."

Henry came in, eying Towser nervously as he did so. "Does he bite?" he asked apprehensively.

Percy seized on the question like an actor taking a cue. His agile mind had seen the way.

"Like a serpent," he said. "Always savage in captivity, these boxers."

"I hope you have a tight hold on him."

"For the moment, yes," said Percy. "And it's just possible that I may be able to control him. It all depends on whether you give me your trousers."

At this, Henry raised both eyebrows. It was a thing he did not often do, one generally being enough, but these words had struck him as so bizarre that he felt justified in giving the speaker the full treatment.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I want those trousers. I've got to get out of here and get out quick. There's a man on his way to the bank to stop a check he's given me, and if I don't get there ahead of him, I'll lose a hundred pounds. Put it this way. I need trousers and you don't, at least for the moment. You came here to see Shoemsmith, and you can see him just as well without your trousers on. I'll stop in at a shop after I've been to the bank and buy you another pair and send them round. Think on your feet," said Percy, remembering the slogan which had hung on his office wall in the days when he had been the editor of *Society Spice*.

Henry thought on his feet. He had seldom thought more rapidly. But though he accepted the situation, he made no pretense of liking it.

"I will give you these trousers —"

"That's the way to talk."

"— But under protest."

"That's all right. Give me them under anything you like," said Percy Pilbeam spaciouly, and a few minutes later was gone on winged feet, the dog Towser gamboling beside him. They made a cheery pair.

But though the dumb chum's cheeriness continued undiminished, that of Percy expired with a gurgle shortly after he had entered the premises of the Mayfair branch of the National Provincial Bank. His jaw and spirits sank simultaneously when the official behind the counter informed him that the check which he was presenting had been stopped on instructions from drawer. He also requested him politely but

Traditional Neckwear...

Custom-made with classic authority and youthful flair for devotees of the Natural Shoulder Look



Resilio
TRADITIONAL NECKWEAR

Empire State Bldg., New York

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE CARDS

with

THE PLAYBOY CARD CASE



Of rich, mellow-touch black leather, lined in luxurious moire satin, this accessible accessory places all your important cards in proper order. Neatly fits any breast pocket. Handsomely gift boxed.

\$6 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:
PLAYBOY PRODUCTS
232 E. Ohio St. Chicago 11, Ill.

SHIPMATES WANTED

To join beautiful sailing yacht for 10 days of barefoot beachcombing thru remote tropic islands. Your share about \$185.00.

WRITE: CAP'N MIKE
P.O. BOX 1041-P, MIAMI BEACH, FLA., 33139

TRY NEW

KAYWOODIE

PIPE TOBACCO

YOU'LL LIKE IT

Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N. Y. 22

firmly to remove that dog.

Percy removed the dog. He took Towser to the office of the Argus Agency, deposited him there in the care of Lana and Marlene, the stenographers, curtly ordered Spenser the office boy to go out and buy a pair of trousers and take them to the gentleman at Three, Halsey Chambers, and then, seating himself at his desk, dialed the number of Tilbury House.

His cousin Gwendoline answered the telephone.

"Gwen? Percy."

"Oh, hullo, Perce."

"Put me through to Tilbury."

"He isn't here."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone to Wimbledon. Shall I tell him you were asking for him?"

"No," said Percy, and his voice was full of menace, the voice of a man who intends to have a showdown and stand no nonsense. "I'll see him at Wimbledon."

. . .

It was in black mood that Henry Blake-Somerset now began to pace the floor, what there was of it, walking with a fevered restlessness. Except that such an animal would not have been wearing what to Mr. Scarborough of Cohen Brothers—though not to Biff—were pants, there was a distinct resemblance between him and a caged tiger.

He had been moving to and fro for some time, still in a frame of mind of which a philosopher would have disapproved, when he chanced to look out of the window, and what he saw made him catch his breath in sharply. A taxicab had drawn up at the entrance to Halsey Chambers and from it were alighting the man Shoemith and Kay.

The sight appalled him. It was only too plain that in another minute or so he would have them with him, and though he had come to London with the express purpose of speaking his mind to both of them, he shrank from doing it in knee-length underlinen. The one thing the mind speaker needs, if he hopes to impress himself on his audience, is to be decently clad from the waist downward. One or two of the old Greek and Roman orators may have got by in tunics, but it cannot have been easy.

The British diplomatic service trains its personnel well. It teaches them to think quickly in an emergency. Where another man in his place would have stood baffled, Henry acted. There was a door to his right, presumably that of a bedroom, and he was through it before one could have said "Agonizing reappraisal." It swung open an inch or two, but he did not risk closing it, for already key had sounded in lock and there were footsteps in the room he had left.

There was also silence, and this surprised him somewhat, for his experience

with these two had been that when they got together they were always full of conversation—in his opinion, far too full. He had no means of knowing that all through lunch at Previtali's, Oxford Street, the home wrecker Shoemith had been pleading with Kay to marry him and that she had told him she was giving the matter thought. A girl who is thinking does not prattle.

It was the home wrecker who was the first to speak.

"Biff seems to be in his room."

"The best place for him."

"Getting a little sleep."

"He's certainly earned it."

"Shall I have a look?"

"No, you might wake him."

Silence again, broken at length by the wrecker of homes.

"Well?"

"Yes?"

"Have you made up your mind?"

"I'm still thinking. Let's hear from you again."

"Very well. I love you, damn it."

"Satisfactory so far. Carry on from there."

It is always unpleasant for a man to have to listen to a comparative stranger proposing marriage to his fiancée, and even aesthetically Henry did not enjoy the performance. When he had proposed to Kay, it had been in a restrained, dignified manner in keeping with the traditions of the British Foreign Office, and this Shoemith was being loud and incoherent and raucous. A torrent of words proceeded from him, and worse was to follow, for suddenly he ceased to speak and there came to Henry's ears a curious shuffling sound as if a wrestling bout were in progress, causing him first to start, then to quiver in every limb. He tried not to believe his ears, but unsuccessfully. If this man Shoemith was not embracing Kay, kissing Kay, behaving to Kay in a quite unsuitable manner, he told himself, he, Henry, would be very much surprised.

His diagnosis was correct. When Kay spoke again, it was with the breathlessness of a girl who has been subjected to the type of wooing recommended by that recognized expert, her brother Edmund Biffen.

"Wow!" she said.

It was, in Henry's opinion, the wrong thing to say, and he did not like the tone in which she said it. There was, to his mind, a most uncalled-for suggestion of happiness in the exclamation. It was the "Wow!" of a girl whose dreams have come true and who has found the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Incredible though it might seem, it was plain to him that Kay, far from being shocked, horrified and outraged, had been a willing participant in what, from where he stood, had sounded like a Babylonian orgy of the worst type, the

sort of thing that got King Belshazzar talked about.

"You can let me go now," she said. "You've made your point."

The conversational exchanges that followed would undoubtedly have nauseated Henry, had he been following them. But he was not giving them his attention. His thoughts were elsewhere. He was remembering what his mother had said. She had warned him against this girl, telling him that it was not too late to extricate himself from a most undesirable entanglement. And though he had protested that she was quite mistaken in her estimate and that a natural nervousness had prevented her from seeing Kay at her best, she had left him half persuaded. He saw now how right her woman's intuition had been, and he was conscious of a sensation not far from relief. He felt he had had an escape. He was a man who liked an orderly existence, and Kay, whatever her superficial charms, was manifestly a girl who preferred her existences disorderly. He may also have had the thought that now he would not have to have Edmund Biffen Christopher as a brother-in-law.

In the other room conversation was still proceeding. The man Shoemith, after a series of incoherent observations, had become momentarily silent, as if exhausted by his emotions, and it was Kay who spoke.

"I suppose you know we're both crazy."

"I don't follow you."

"Rushing into it like this. You don't know a thing about me, and I don't know a thing about you."

"My life's an open book. Left an orphan at an early age. Sent by my Uncle John in his capacity of guardian to Marlborough and Cambridge. Came down from Cambridge and messed about in Fleet Street for a while. Got that New York correspondent job. Was fired. Became a Tilbury House wage slave and was fired again. Of course, I know what's in your mind. It will have struck you that every time we meet I've just lost my job, and this will have led you to feel that I'm a dubious proposition breadwinnerwise. But conditions will be very different from now on. Biff's going to buy the *Thursday Review* and put me in as editor, and that's a job I can hardly fail to hold down. I'm not likely to fire myself. If at first I make a mistake or two, I shall be very lenient and understanding."

Kay was looking thoughtful.

"I wish our future didn't depend so on Biff. It makes me uneasy."

Jerry begged her to correct this pessimistic streak of hers. The future, in his opinion, was rosy.

"Biff can't get into trouble now. There are only a few more days to go."

"He can do a lot in a few days."

"Not if he doesn't stir from the flat,

and he can't stir from the flat."

"Yes, that's true."

"Don't have a moment's concern about Biff. And talking of Biff, I think we ought to let him know about us."

"But he's asleep."

"He won't be for long."

It had been Jerry's intention, when he flung open the door of his future relative's bedroom, to rouse him from his slumbers with a cheery shout, but this shout was never uttered. What actually emerged from his lips was a gurgling sound like that made by bath water going down a waste pipe.

"He's gone!"

"He can't have gone!"

"Well, look for yourself."

"But how can he have gone?"

It was a question Jerry found himself unable to answer. He had read of Indian fakirs who had acquired the knack of disembodiment and reassembling the parts at some distant spot, but he could not bring himself to credit Biff with this very specialized ability. The only solution seemed to be that he had gone out in the demitoyilet in which Jerry had left him, and the thought froze the latter's blood. It was, consequently, a relief when Kay put forward another theory.

"You must have overlooked a spare pair he'd hidden somewhere."

"Of course. You're perfectly right. I thought I saw a crafty look in his eye as I went out, as if he had an ace up his sleeve."

"But where can he have gone?"

Illumination came to Jerry.

"I know! He was telling me that he had to get out of here so that he could go and see Linda Rome and heal what he called the breach."

"Had he quarreled with Linda?"

"She had quarreled with him. Apparently she saw him having a tête-à-tête lunch with Tilbury's secretary."

"A blonde?"

"Very much so."

Kay sighed.

"He's suffered from blonditis all his life. But I did hope he was cured."

"He is. This was just a farewell meeting, designed not to hurt the girl's feelings. He was anxious to go and explain that to Linda Rome."

"I wish you had let him. He couldn't get into any trouble if he was with Linda. She's a sobering influence. I've known Biff to become only half crazy when under her spell."

"She sounds like a nice girl."

"She's very nice, and she's got Biff hypnotized. If she tells him not to make a chump of himself, he doesn't make a chump of himself, though you'd hardly believe such a thing possible. I'll go and ask her if she's seen him. The place where she works is only a block or two away."



"Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, meet Mr. and Mrs. Stark. Now, since the only grounds for divorce in this state is adultery . . ."

"Be careful crossing the street."

"I will."

"Don't get talking to strange men or letting strange women give you candy."

"I won't."

"Watch out for simooms, earthquakes and other acts of God, and hurry back as quick as you can, because every second you're not with me is like an hour. I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you," said Jerry, putting it in a nutshell. "Have you ever been struck by a thunderbolt?"

"Not that I remember. Have you?"

"Oddly enough, no. But every time you look at me with those eyes of yours, I feel as if I'd caught one squarely in the solar plexus. They're like twin stars."

"Well, that's fine."

"I like it," said Jerry.

Nauseating, felt Henry Blake-Somerset, nauseating. He stared bleakly at the wallpaper and began to rub his legs. His wrath remained hot, but his legs were cool and beginning to get chilly.

It seemed to Jerry, as he sat awaiting Kay's return, that a most unusual number of violets and daffodils were sprouting through the carpet and that the air had become unexpectedly full of soft music, played, if his ears did not deceive him, by those harps and sackbuts of which Biff had spoken in his conversation with the elder Pilbeam. He had been happy before in his life, but he had never touched such heights of ecstasy as now. This, he supposed, was

more or less what heaven would be like, though even heaven would have to extend itself in order to compete.

The only thing that marred his feeling of well-being was Kay's absence. She had been gone now, he estimated, about six hours and he yearned to see her again. When the bell rang, he leaped to the front door with a lissome bound, only to have the words of joyous welcome wiped from his lips by the sight of a small boy in a bowler hat, and not a particularly attractive small boy, at that. Spenser of the Argus Inquiry Agency, though of polished manners, was no oil painting. He had a snub nose, and he was heavily spectacled. Jerry, encountering his goggle-eyed gaze, had the illusion that he was being inspected through the glass of an aquarium by some rare fish.

"Good afternoon," said Spenser. "Are you the gentleman?"

This perplexed Jerry.

"Eh?" he said. "What gentleman?"

"The gentleman I've brought the trousers for." Blushing a little at having ended a sentence with a preposition, Spenser corrected himself. "The gentleman for whom I have brought the trousers."

"My name's Shoesmith."

"Mine is Spenser. Lionel Spenser. Pleased to meet you, Mr. Shoesmith."

"I mean, are they for me?"

"That I could not say, sir. I was merely instructed by Mr. Pilbeam to buy trousers and bring them to this address."

"Mr. Pilbeam?"

"Yes, sir. I am in his employment."

"And he told you to bring me trousers?"

"He did not specify the recipient. 'Buy trousers and take them to Three, Halsey Chambers,' were his exact words."

Jerry clutched his forehead. If asked, he would have admitted frankly that the intellectual pressure of the conversation had become too much for him.

"You're sure there's no mistake?"

"Quite sure, sir. Mr. Pilbeam's instructions were most explicit."

"All right. Put them on the table."

"Very good, sir."

"And here," said Jerry, producing a half crown.

"Coo!" said Lionel Spenser, suddenly becoming human. "Thanks a million."

"No, on second thoughts," said Jerry, "better take them back to the shop and get your money refunded."

Nestling in his bedroom retreat, Henry Blake-Somerset had listened to these exchanges with a growing impatience, eager to lay his hands on the manna in the wilderness which had descended so unexpectedly from the skies and resentful of all this chitchat in the doorway which was postponing his hour of release. He had not intended to make his presence known until Lionel Spenser had gone on his way, for he knew that small boys, seeing a man in knee-length mesh-knit underwear, were apt to mock and scoff, but when he heard Jerry make this appalling suggestion, he realized that there was no time for delay. Even at the expense of amusing Lionel, he must issue a statement.

"Those trousers are for me," he said.

There are few things that offer a greater test to the nervous system than a disembodied voice speaking in one's immediate vicinity, and both Jerry and Lionel Spenser leaped several inches from the ground, each suffering a passing illusion that the top of his head had broken loose from its moorings. There was bewilderment in Jerry's eyes as they met Lionel's and an equal bewilderment in Lionel's as they met Jerry's.

"Did you hear something?" said Jerry in a whisper.

"Somebody spoke," said Lionel, his voice hushed.

"I spoke," said Henry Blake-Somerset, emerging from the bedroom with a cold dignity which almost compensated for the peculiarity of his appearance. He took up the parcel, gave Jerry a long, lingering look, and withdrew.

"Crumbs!" said Lionel Spenser, and Jerry agreed that "Crumbs!" was the *mot juste*.

By the time Henry returned, fully clad and looking, as the song has it, like a specimen of the dressy men you meet up west, Jerry had managed to rid himself of his initial impression that what he had seen had been the Blake-

Somerset astral body, but this had not brought ease of mind. What was exercising him now was the problem of finding the right thing to say. It is always difficult to strike just the correct conversational note when meeting a man to whose fiancée you have recently become betrothed. A certain *gêne* is inevitable.

Fortunately, Henry appeared not to be in the vein for small talk. In silence he passed through the room, in silence he opened the front door. There, turning, he gave Jerry another look which would have lowered the temperature even on the Yukon, and was gone.

It was perhaps five minutes later that the front doorbell rang again.

The visitor this time was a pleasant-faced, capable-looking girl in her late 20s. Jerry liked her at sight.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Are you Mr. Shoemsmith?"

After the emotional upheaval caused by his dealings with Lionel Spenser and Henry Blake-Somerset, Jerry might have been excused for not feeling quite sure, but after a moment's thought he was able to reply that he was.

"I hope I'm not interrupting you when you're busy, but I wanted to see you about Biff."

Enlightenment came to Jerry.

"Are you Mrs. Rome?"

"Not at the moment. I used to be, but the name now is Mrs. Christopher."

"What!"

"Biff and I were married this morning at the registrar's. I hope a marriage is legal when the bridegroom has a black eye. The registrar apparently thought it was all right, though from the way he kept looking at Biff and then shooting a glance at me I could see he was feeling we were beginning our married life in the wrong spirit." She regarded Jerry with gentle concern. "You seem stunned."

Jerry admitted that she had surprised him a little.

"I was only thinking it was a bit sudden."

"Why sudden? Biff and I have been engaged for a long time — on and off."

"Of course, yes. But when you were speaking to me on the phone yesterday I should have said off was the operative word."

She laughed. A pleasant laugh, Jerry considered. Not in Kay's class, of course, but, as Mr. Bunting would have said, adequate.

"Oh, was it you I talked to? Yes, I can understand you jumping to conclusions. But . . . how long have you known Biff?"

"For years. He's about my best friend."

"Then you must know he's the sort of cheerful idiot child nobody could be furious with for long. He came round to the place where I work this morning,

and of course in a couple of minutes I'd forgiven him everything, and when he said 'Let's get married right away,' I said 'Terrific,' so off we went to the registrar's. Biff has a way with him."

"He certainly has. Well, I'm delighted."

"So am I, though I shall be happier when we're safe aboard that boat. We're off to America tomorrow."

"You are?"

"Yes, I thought it was the prudent move."

"I see what you mean. Even Biff can't get himself arrested in mid-ocean. Unless, of course, he goes in for barratry or mutiny on the high seas."

"I'll be very careful to see that he doesn't."

"I'm sure you will. Kay was saying only just now what a good influence you were on him."

"Oh, is Kay in London?"

"She arrived last night to help me keep an eye on Biff. She went to see you. Didn't she find you?"

"No, I was at Wimbledon. I took Biff to my uncle's house. He was rather nervous because he thought the police might be after him and he wanted a hideaway. I thought The Oaks would be as good as any. There's nobody there. I was planning to join him tonight, and tomorrow morning we would have driven to Southampton. But a difficulty has arisen."

"What's that?"

"I happened to want to ask my uncle something just now, and I rang up Tilbury House, and his secretary told me he was on the point of leaving for Wimbledon."

"Oh, my gosh!"

"Yes, it would be an awkward meeting, wouldn't it? So will you take my car and drive down there and bring him back here. I've got the car outside. I can't go myself, because I shall be busy all the afternoon shopping. Biff needs a complete trousseau. He's very short of clothes."

"I have some trousers of his at my uncle's place at Putney. You see, Kay and I thought he would be better without them."

"You have nudist views?"

"We wanted to keep him tied to the flat so that he couldn't go out and get into trouble."

"I see. Well, I don't think we need bother about those. I'll get him everything he needs."

"And you're really sailing tomorrow?"

"We are, if the hand of the law doesn't fall on Biff before then. I've got the tickets, and fortunately I have my visa. Mr. Gish was thinking of sending me to New York, so I got it and everything's fine. By the way, did Biff tell you what it was he did last night?"

"Not a word, except that he got into a fight."

"I gathered that the moment I saw him. Well, I must rush," said Linda, and was gone, leaving Jerry profoundly relieved. Mrs. Edmund Biffen Christopher had made a deep impression on him. She was a girl who inspired confidence.

He was about to go out to the car, when the bell rang.

"Good afternoon, sir," said the policeman who stood on the mat. "Sorry to trouble you, but could you tell me if a gentleman who looks like a dachshund lives here?"

• • •

Standing in the hall of The Oaks, Wimbledon Common, and taking in his surroundings with an appraising eye, Biff had become conscious of a cloud darkening his normally cheerful outlook on life. Alone in this vast, echoing mansion, he had begun to feel like Robinson Crusoe on his island. He had, as he had told Jerry, dined here once or twice, but on those occasions there had been, in addition to other guests, butlers and maids and similar fauna bobbing about. It was the solitude that weighed on his nervous system. He felt apprehensive and in the grip of a despondency of the kind that can be corrected only with the help of a couple of quick ones, and it was not long before the thought floated into his mind that Lord Tilbury, his unconscious host, possessed a cellar and that the key to that cellar would presumably be hanging on its hook in the butler's pantry.

He found the key. He opened the cellar door. And there before him were bottles and bottles nestling in their bins, each one more than capable of restoring his mental outlook to its customary form. And he was in the very act of reaching out for the one nearest to hand, when Linda's face seemed to rise before his eyes and he remembered his promise to her. "Lay off the lotion," she had said to him, or words of that general import, and he had replied that he would. Even if the Archbishop of Canterbury were to come and beg him to join him in a few for the tonsils, he had said, no business would result.

He could not betray her trust. He had pledged his word. Furthermore, it was only too probable that when she joined him that night she would sniff at his breath. With a sigh he turned away and to divert his mind started to explore the house. He found himself in what he remembered to be the drawing room, but greatly changed since his last visit, for its chairs and sofas were now swathed in dust sheets. The spectacle it presented was not exhilarating, and he did not spend much time looking at it. Scarcely had he passed through the door when the fatigue due to insufficient sleep on the previous night swept over him.

He was just able to reach the nearest sofa before his eyes closed, and after that a salvo of artillery would probably not have waked him.

The arrival of Percy Pilbeam in a taxicab did not even cause him to stir. Though this was perhaps not remarkable, for Percy, letting himself in with the key Lord Tilbury had given him, made very little noise. From long habit private investigators learn to be quiet in their movements, for when you are shadowing erring husbands to love nests, the less you advertise your presence, the better. Cats prowling at dusk could always have learned much from Percy, and family specters would have benefited by taking his correspondence course. He closed the front door without a sound and, as Biff had done, stood looking about him. As he looked, the militant spirit in which he had embarked on this expedition began to ebb.

Percy, unlike Biff, had never been inside The Oaks, Wimbledon Common, and its gloomy magnificence had an even more lowering effect on him than it had had on his fellow visitor. He had come here full of fire and fury, grimly resolved to extract another check from Lord Tilbury if he had to choke it out of him with his bare hands, but now he was beginning to wonder if he were equal to the task. In his office at the Argus Agency and in the homely surroundings of Number Three, Halsey Chambers, he had had no difficulty in being airy with Lord Tilbury, in defying Lord Tilbury and making it clear to him that a Pilbeam was a man to be reckoned with and not to be put upon, but the conviction was stealing over him that on the other's home grounds such an attitude would be harder to take. To use an expression which Lionel Spenser would never have permitted himself, Percy was beginning to get cold feet.

In these circumstances it was perhaps only natural that his thoughts should have taken the same direction as those of Biff. A voice had whispered to Biff that aid and comfort lay behind that cellar door, and the same voice, or one very like it, whispered the same thing to Percy Pilbeam.

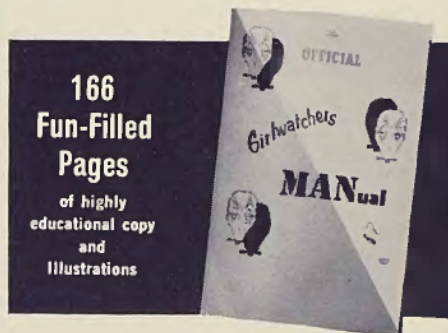
The suggestion was well received. Pausing merely to give his mustache a twirl, he hastened cellarward and rejoiced to find that some careless hand had left the key in the lock. It was as he went in and stood gazing on the bottles that confronted him, trying to decide which one should have his patronage, that Lord Tilbury's Rolls-Royce chauffeur Watson at the wheel, purred in at the drive gates.

• • •

Mr. Bunting was the first to alight and, having done so, he winced as if he had seen some dreadful sight, as indeed he had.

The Greatest "Do-it-Yourself" book ever written!

Here it is- THE OFFICIAL GIRL WATCHERS MANUAL



The original Fun-Filled controversial Instruction Manual that stirred the country from College to Congress. \$2.00 PPD

OFFICIAL GIRL WATCHER SWEATSHIRT

Ideal fun gift for any man. Double fleeced, finest quality, American made sweatshirt. Flocked design guaranteed not to crack or peel with stretching. Raglan only. Specify size, color and quantity with order. Sizes: S-M-L-XL. Shirt colors: Red, Black, Green, Malt (White letters) Oyster, White (Black letters) \$4.95 PPD

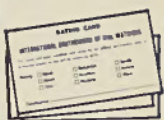


OFFICIAL GIRL WATCHER GLASSES

Smart, wrap-around styling makes side watching easy. Complete with fitted, non-breakable plastic case. \$2.00 PPD

GIRL WATCHER RATING CARDS

Terrific ice breaker with the girl you are watching. Simply check off correct classification and hand it to her with your most winning smile. 50 cards to package \$2.00 PPD



Send check or money order to

ACADEMY SPORTSWEAR
2745 Ludelle, Fort Worth, Texas

Enclosed is \$_____ for _____ Manuals
_____ Sweatshirts _____ Glasses _____ Cards

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Shirt Size _____ Shirt Color _____

"Good gracious," he said. "What a perfectly ghastly house. It looks like a municipal swimming bath."

"Well, I didn't build it," said Lord Tilbury shortly. He resented criticism of his belongings. "Take the car back, Watson."

"Isn't the chauffeur going to wait?"
 "Of course he isn't going to wait. I'm supposed to be sick in bed, not gallivanting about in cars. I'll go to bed at once. There's no knowing when that damned Llewellyn will get here. Can I rely on you to play your part, Bunting?"

His mood, as he undressed and put on a suit of yellow pajamas with purple stripes, was ruffled and rebellious. A proud man, he resented having to behave like a hunted stag in order to keep on good terms with a mere Hollywood magnate, and the slow passing of time after he was between the sheets did nothing to improve his outlook. Impossible, he felt, even to smoke, and it was with a sigh of relief that after an eternity he heard footsteps approaching. The door opened, and he closed his eyes.

"Ah, Llewellyn," he said in a weak voice. "How good of you to come and see me."

"Wrong number," said Mr. Bunting. "This is Jorkins, the butler."

The tedium of waiting had made Lord Tilbury petulant.

"What did you disturb me for? I was trying to get to sleep."

"After that heavy lunch? Very injudicious. That's how you get liver trouble. It leads to splenic anemia, where the spleen is enlarged and later the liver, from cirrhotic changes. An accumulation

of fluid in the abdominal cavity —"

"Go away," said Lord Tilbury.

"You don't want to hear about splenic anemia?"

"No."

"Just as you please. It's an absorbing subject, but if you would prefer not to be informed on it, that is entirely your affair. What I do think will interest you is the discovery I have made that the house is congested with burglars."

He was right. It interested Lord Tilbury extremely. He sat up like a jack-in-the-box.

"What!"

"I am sorry," said Mr. Bunting. "I was guilty of an inexactitude. 'Congested' was perhaps too strong a word, suggesting as it does serried ranks of burglars. I've only found a couple so far. No doubt there are others in every nook and cranny, but the only ones I've managed to locate at present are the fellow in the cellar —"

Lord Tilbury uttered a strangled cry. His cellar was very dear to him and he resented intruders on those sacred precincts.

"There is a burglar in the cellar?"

"He was in the cellar. I locked him in."

"Telephone for the police!"

"I did. They came and took him away just before I looked in on you."

"Excellent, Bunting. Well done."

"I think I was adequate," said Mr. Bunting modestly. "It would have been neater and more dramatically right to have had the police take both men away, but I did not find the other one till I was having a ramble through the house after they had left. He was asleep in

the drawing room!"

"Of all the impudence! Did you overpower him?"

"My dear Tilbury, when you get to my age, you don't overpower burglars. I let him sleep on. I hadn't the heart to disturb him."

"I'll disturb him," said Lord Tilbury, leaping from his bed in a flash of yellow and purple, and Mr. Bunting agreed that it was perhaps time that the reveille was sounded. He suggested that Lord Tilbury should arm himself with something solid from the bag of golf clubs which was standing in a corner of the room. He recommended the niblick, and Lord Tilbury felt that it was a wise choice. He had had no previous experience of intimidating a burglar, but instinct told him that it was a niblick shot.

And so it came about that Biff, roused from slumber by a hand that gripped his arm and shook it, opened his eyes drowsily. Seeing a stout man in yellow and purple pajamas, accompanied by a dim something that looked like a vulture, and naturally supposing that this was merely a continuation of the nightmare he had been having, he closed them again and turned over on his side. It was only when his host's niblick descended smartly on an exposed portion of his person that the mists of sleep shredded away and he sat up, blinking.

"Oh, hello," he said, "so there you are."

Lord Tilbury was too overcome to speak. What held him for the moment dumb was not righteous indignation at the discovery that a young man whom he particularly disliked had invaded his home and gone to sleep in his drawing room without so much as by-your-leave or with-your-leave. What was interfering with his vocal cords was the surge of emotion that comes to punters on race-courses who see the long shot on which they have invested their shirts roll in lengths ahead of the field. His enemy had been delivered into his hands. No question of civil actions here. If ever there was a case for summary arrest, this case was that case.

Speech returned to him. He wheeled around on Mr. Bunting.

"Bunting, can I have this man arrested for breaking and entering?"

"Unquestionably, if he did break and enter."

"Well, I didn't," said Biff. "My wife let me in with her key."

"You are a married man?" said Mr. Bunting, interested.

"I was married this morning."

"And may I ask how your wife came to be in possession of a key to my house?" inquired Lord Tilbury.

"She lives here. She's your niece, Linda."

"What!" cried Lord Tilbury, reeling.

"Hell's bells," said Biff, "if a wife



"Isn't he the one who did such a terrific imitation of you at the Christmas office party?"

can't offer her husband the hospitality of the house where she lives, things have come to a pretty pass. And what the devil are you doing in pajamas at this time of day?"

Lord Tilbury did not reply. The sunshine had been blotted from his life. It was not only the thought of his niece's disastrous marriage that held him silent. He was musing bitterly on Providence. A moment before, he had been telling himself that Providence, always on the side of the good man, had gone out of its way to ensure that he should prosper as he deserved, and Providence, he now saw, was not the Santa Claus he had supposed, but a heartless practical joker who raised the good man's hopes only to dash them to the ground. A moment before, it had seemed that a mere telephone call to the local police station was all that was needed to rule Edmund Biffen Christopher out of the race for the Pyke millions and life had been roses, roses all the way. Now it was dust and ashes. Not for an instant was he able to doubt the truth of Biff's story. What had induced Linda to marry him remained a mystery, and why she should have brought him here he could not say, but she had unquestionably done both of these things, and he shook with baffled fury like the villain in an old-time melodrama.

"Get out!" he shouted.

Biff raised his eyebrows.

"Did I hear you say get out?"

"You did. This house is mine, not Linda's, and I don't want you in it."

"OK, if that's the way you feel. We Christophers never outstay our welcome. But I still fail to understand those pajamas."

"Where did you get that black eye?" asked Mr. Bunting, ever anxious for information.

"Never you mind about my black eye. Who are you?"

"I am Lord Tilbury's solicitor."

"Bunting," thundered Lord Tilbury, "show this young blot out. I'm going back to bed," he said, and without more words hurried up the stairs at speed quite creditable in a man of his build.

Biff followed him with a perplexed eye.

"What's he going to bed for?"

"I would be at as much a loss as yourself," said Mr. Bunting, "had he not explained the situation to me. It appears that he invited an important business associate to lunch today and completely forgot the appointment. A Mr. Llewellyn, a prominent Hollywood magnate, who is a touchy man and takes offense easily. Mr. Llewellyn, I gather, spends a great many thousands of pounds a year advertising in Tilbury's papers, and Tilbury was afraid that if he found out the truth, he would withdraw his advertising. Fortunately, Tilbury's sec-

retary, with great presence of mind, told Mr. Llewellyn that Tilbury had been taken ill and was in bed at his Wimbledon residence, and Mr. Llewellyn said he would make a point of looking in the course of the afternoon to see how he was. So Tilbury had no option but to go to bed. I think this clears up the mystery of the pajamas satisfactorily. If there are any points you wish touched upon, I shall be delighted to clarify them for you."

It was not easy for Biff to stare with only one eye, but he managed to do so.

"You mean if this Llewellyn guy finds out that Tilbury stood him up, Tilbury'll lose a packet?"

"That is substantially the case."

"Gosh!" said Biff, and he, too, headed for the stairs, followed at a slower and more senile pace by Mr. Bunting, who was finding all this quite absorbing.

"Ah, Llewellyn," said Lord Tilbury as the door opened, speaking in the same weak tone he had used before. Then, as he beheld Biff, his voice strengthened. "I told you to get out!"

"And in due season," said Biff, "I will. But first there is a little business matter to be taken up. I think we can do a deal. I have here an agreement drawn up by my solicitor, whereby... Is it whereby, Bunting?"

"Quite correct."

"Whereby you consent to waive all claim to the Pyke millions in return for a cut of five percent of the gross."

"You're insane!"

"I'm not so sure, Tilbury," said Mr. Bunting. "It seems a generous enough settlement, and I would advocate its acceptance."

"Sign here," said Biff, "on the dotted line."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"You will, if you don't want me to spill the facts to this Llewellyn guy when he arrives."

Lord Tilbury gasped.

"This is blackmail! Can I have him arrested?"

"I never saw a chap with such a passion for arresting people," said Mr. Bunting, amusedly. "Such an action would certainly not lie. Blackmail involves the extortion of money, and far from trying to extort money from you, this gentleman is offering to give you some."

"Well spoken, Bunting."

It was Biff who said this, not Lord Tilbury. The latter's comment, if he had made one, would have been radically different.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, my dear Tilbury," said Mr. Bunting with the air of a man who has invented a happy phrase. "These actions for setting wills aside are always chancy affairs, and from what you have told me, your brother's fortune was quite large enough to make five percent

ORDER BY MAIL

Style Leaders Choose

FAMOUS FLAGG SHOES



"LUCKY SEVEN"

Seven-eyelet tie, genuine hand-sewn moccasin with scalloped top, horseshoe heel, 3-D sole. Black Cashmere Grain Leather.

\$999

Style 6024

FLAGG BROS. SHOES-Dept. PL
Box 1090, Nashville 3, Tenn.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG



KENNEDY STAMP FREE!

U. S. Dollar Stamps, Columbus Issue,
Pony Express, All Genuine and FREE!

Send 10c for mailing.

EMPIRE STAMP CORP., Dept. PB, Toronto, Canada.

FLORIDA

CAMPsites—deep in the heart of the great (440,000 acre) Ocala National Forest. Isolated, yet accessible. Electricity. Best fishing, hunting. Warranty deed. FREE maps and photos.

HERMIT VERNOR, DeLand, Florida



AD60022

THE PLAYBOY SKI SWEATER



Made of 100% virgin worsted wool, the Playboy Ski Sweater features the fashionable crew neck and raglan sleeves, with the renowned Playboy rabbit putting in an interwoven appearance. For both playboys and playmates, in white on cardinal, white on black, and black on white. Please indicate size with order.

Playboy Ski Sweater, \$20 ppd.

Sizes: S, M, L, ExL.

Playmate Ski Sweater, \$18 ppd.

Sizes: S, M, L.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name? Send check or money order to: PLAYBOY PRODUCTS 232 East Ohio Street • Chicago, Illinois 60611 Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing keyno.

of it well worth having. I recommend the settlement."

"Bunting, you are on the beam. A Daniel come to judgment."

Again it was Biff who spoke, and again Lord Tilbury preserved a gloomy silence. His solicitor's words, so obviously spoken by a man who knew, had crushed the last remains of his spirit. He reached out a hand for the document, and Mr. Bunting obligingly supplied the fountain pen without which he never stirred abroad.

There was something in the slow and painful way in which the head of the Mammoth Publishing Company signed his name that would have reminded Jerry Shoemith, had he been present, of the sergeant at the Paris police station. But eventually the sad task was completed. Mr. Bunting added his signature as witness, and Biff with a cheery word of farewell withdrew.

• • •

"Nice young fellow," said Mr. Bunting, who had taken quite a fancy to him. "I wonder how he got that black eye."

"I wish I'd given it to him," said Lord Tilbury morosely.

"He seems to have got married to your niece very suddenly. Had she said anything to you of her matrimonial plans?"

"No."

"The thing came on you as a surprise?"

"Yes."

"Ah well, in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, and this is no doubt true of young women also. Ah, the telephone," said Mr. Bunting. "Excuse me."

He was absent some minutes. When he returned, he had news.

"That was your friend Llewellyn. He says he is extremely sorry, but he will be unable to be with you this afternoon. Something—he did not tell me what—has, as he expressed it, come up. He sends his kindest regards and hopes you will soon be in your usual robust health once more."

Lord Tilbury quivered inside his yellow and purple pajamas. The words had been a dagger in his heart. As he reflected that if only this fool of a motion-picture magnate had had the sense to call up five minutes sooner, he would not have been compelled to sign that agreement, the iron entered into his soul.

"Must be a nice fellow," said Mr. Bunting, who was liking everyone this afternoon. "Thoughtful. Considerate. Are you getting up?"

"Of course I'm getting up. No sense in lying in bed now."

"True. Very true."

Lord Tilbury climbed out of bed and put on his clothes. He was feeling low and depressed, and precisely as had been the case with Biff and Percy Pilbeam,

his thoughts had turned to that well-stocked cellar of his.

"I don't know what you're going to do, Bunting," he said, "but after I've telephoned my secretary to send the car I am going to have a drink."

"I will join you if you have any non-alcoholic elderberry wine."

"I haven't."

Mr. Bunting sighed.

"It's a curious thing that very few people have," he said. "I have often remarked it."

With a cobweb-covered bottle and a glass in the drawing room, Lord Tilbury began to feel a little better, but the restoration of his tissues was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Mr. Bunting, ever courteous, went out into the hall to answer it. When he came back, his air was grave. He looked like a vulture whose mind is not at ease.

"Do you know who that was, Tilbury? That was the police."

"The police?"

"Speaking from the local station. Do you by any chance know a man named Pilbeam? You do? Well, a rather unfortunate thing has happened. You recall the burglar I locked in the cellar?"

"Well?"

"It appears that that was Pilbeam, whoever Pilbeam may be. You apparently gave him your key, and he entered through the front door. I imagine he had come to see you about something, possibly some business matter, and nobody was more surprised than he when he found himself arrested and taken off to the police station."

"Served him right."

"Quite. But have you envisaged what will be the outcome?"

"I don't understand you."

"Obviously he has grounds for an action for false arrest and imprisonment, and I cannot see how he can fail to mulct you in very substantial damages. I shall be much surprised if he is not on his way here now."

• • •

Mr. Bunting was perfectly correct. Percy Pilbeam was at that moment approaching The Oaks at the rate of knots, his soul, such as it was, seething like a cistern struck by a thunderbolt. On his previous visit he had not been in any too sunny a frame of mind, but his feelings then were merely tepid compared with his feelings now. He had had a testing time at the local police station, the tendency on the part of the force having been to be skeptical as to his motives for being on what they called enclosed premises. The general disposition had been to classify him as a dangerous member of the underworld caught with the goods.

It was only when he had exhibited the front-door key of The Oaks and the check signed by Tilbury that his story of

being a respectable friend of the family paying a social call had begun to receive credence. In the end he had been allowed to depart and had even been offered apologies, but this had done nothing to diminish his animosity and his resolve, as Mr. Bunting had put it, to mulct Lord Tilbury in very substantial damages. Mentally phrasing it in a way which would never have met with the approval of Lionel Spenser, he proposed to soak Lord Tilbury good.

He was passing through the main gate with this purpose in mind when he heard his name called and, turning, perceived an ornate car with an ornate chauffeur at the wheel and was aware of his cousin Gwendoline's lovely head protruding from a side window.

"Percy," said Gwendoline, "what on earth are you doing here?"

"Gwen," said Percy, making the thing a duet, "what on earth are you doing here?"

"Lord Tilbury rang for the car, and I thought I'd come along. He seemed all upset about something. His voice sounded so sad."

"It'll sound sadder when I get hold of him," said Percy grimly. "He'll be lucky if he gets out of this for ten thousand pounds."

"Why, whatever do you mean?"

In burning words Percy related the tale of the wrongs that had been done him, and Gwendoline's beautiful eyes widened as she listened.

"You mean you're going to sue him?"

"Am I going to sue him! You bet I'm going to sue him."

"No, you aren't," said Gwendoline, and there was a steely note in her voice. Her azure eyes, so soft when meeting those of her employer, were hard. "You certainly aren't, and I'll tell you why. You start anything, young Perce, and I'll tell Biff what you told me about plotting his ruin with that Murphy friend of yours. And do you know what Biff'll do? He'll butter you over the pavement. You wouldn't want your block knocked off, would you, Perce? You wouldn't want to wake up in a hospital with nurses smoothing your pillow and doctors asking you where you want the body sent?"

"You couldn't prove I told you that," he said weakly.

"Oh, couldn't I? How could I have heard anything about it, if you hadn't told me? Biff'll believe it, anyway, which is all that matters. Did you know he was what they call an intercollegiate boxing champion when he was at college over in America?"

A coldness came over Percy, starting at the feet.

"Oh, all right," he said bitterly. "Have it your own way."

"Well, don't you forget," said Gwen-

doline. "OK, Watson, drive on. Home, James, and don't spare the horses."

The sight of Gwendoline Gibbs always had much the same effect on Lord Tilbury as did that of a rainbow in the sky on the poet Wordsworth, but he had never been gladder to see her than he was now, for seldom had he felt a greater need of being cheered up. No newspaper proprietor likes to be in the toils of a private investigator, and Mr. Bunting had made it distressingly clear that Lord Tilbury was in those of Percy. Percy had a cast-iron case and there was practically no limit, said Mr. Bunting with a sort of horrible relish, to the damages juries dealt out for wrongful arrest and imprisonment.

When, therefore, Gwendoline revealed that she had met Percy and reasoned with him and persuaded him to drop the suit, such a surge of love and gratitude filled the proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company that only the thought of Mr. Pilbeam senior kept him from proposing on the spot.

"You are invaluable, Miss Gibbs," he cried. "I don't know what I would do without you."

"I'm afraid you're going to have to do without me, Lord Tilbury. Mr. Llewellyn wants to take me back to Hollywood with him. He said he had never seen anyone so photogenic."

Lord Tilbury's heart stood still. It then throbbed like a dynamo, and a moment later he was laying it at her feet. The thought that if he did not speak now, this girl would be lost to him forever overcame his misgivings about Mr. Pilbeam senior. To win her he was prepared to call Mr. Pilbeam Uncle Willie with every sentence he uttered.

"Don't do it!" he cried. "Don't dream of going to Hollywood!"

"But I'm photogenic. Mr. Llewellyn says so. He says I have a great future in pix."

"Damn Mr. Llewellyn and damn pix! Stay here and be my wife!"

"Oh, Lord Tilbury!"

"Don't call me Lord Tilbury. Call me George."

Gwendoline giggled.

"It sounds so funny."

"What sounds so funny?"

"Calling you George."

"I see nothing funny in it at all."

"Nothing funny in what?" asked Mr. Bunting, appearing from nowhere.

Lord Tilbury regarded him sourly.

"Bunting!"

"Yes, Tilbury?"

"Go for a walk!"

"But I've just been for a walk."

"Go for another."

"Why?"

"Can't you see I want to kiss her?"

Mr. Bunting looked doubtful.

Tanqueray (TANKER-RAY) is the Gin



in the Antique Green Bottle.
English of course.
Uncompromisingly dry.
Engagingly smooth.
Enticingly superior in Martinis.
Distilled English Gin,
Strength: 94.6 proof.

DISTILLED, BOTTLED AND SHIPPED FROM LONDON FOR
J. M. McCUNN., INC., N.Y.C. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



THE PLAYBOY TOUCH IN JEWELRY

Offhand sophistication in cuff links and smart, new tie bar. Emblazoned with the debonair Playboy Rabbit. Lustrous black enamel on rhodium.

Playboy Cuff Links \$5

Playboy Tie Bar \$3.50

The Set \$8 All prices ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Who says you can't afford COLOR TV?

Well you can!... with Heathkit's new 21" High Fidelity Color TV that provides the sharpest, clearest picture and sound possible in the industry today! And you save 50% or more over comparable units! How come? Because you build it yourself quickly, easily... goes from parts to picture in just 25 hours! No special skills required! And it can be custom-mounted or cabinet-installed. See how easy and economical it is to enjoy the beauty of color TV by mailing the coupon below, now!

Kit GR-53, chassis and tubes, 118 lbs., no money dn., \$23 mo. \$349.00
GRA-53-1, handsome walnut cabinet, 70 lbs., \$5 mo. \$49.00



Heath Company, Benton Harbor 38, Mich. 49023

Please send more info on the Heathkit Color TV, plus my FREE copy of the 1964 Heathkit Catalog.



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

38-3-1

"It is not a thing I should advise on a full stomach."

"Bunting!"

"It has been known to lead to apoplexy. There is a danger of embolism, brought about by a clot or other foreign body which is carried to the brain by the blood stream. I can assure you —"

"Bunting!"

"Yes, my dear fellow?"

"Do you want to be torn limb from limb?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Bunting, who could imagine nothing less hygienic.

"Then go into the garden and stay in the garden and don't come out of the garden till you're told to."

"Certainly, certainly, certainly."

"Oh, Georgie," said the future Lady Tilbury lovingly, "you're so masterful."

The uplifted feeling induced by the bulge in his pocket, where the signed agreement lay, had begun to ebb in Biff as he made his way through the grounds of The Oaks, Wimbledon Common. Recollection of last night's happenings was returning to him, and he could not rid himself of the conviction that among those happenings had been a fight, a brawl, a physical encounter between himself and a member of London's police force. It was all still very hazy, but definite enough to cast a shadow on what should have been a moment for joy and self-congratulation.

He had certainly become embroiled with someone last night—his injured eye testified to that—and more and more the impression began to solidify that this someone had worn a helmet, a uniform and a ginger mustache. The afternoon was warm, but as he walked with bowed head, probing into the past, a chill began to pervade his system.

His meditations were interrupted by the tooting of a horn, and looking up he saw Jerry at the wheel of a natty sports-model car whose appearance was vaguely familiar. He stared at him haughtily. After what had occurred he was not at all sure he was on speaking terms with Jerry. But he had now recognized the car as Linda's, and his curiosity as to what Jerry was doing in a car belonging to a girl he had never met was so great that he was compelled to utter. His opening words, oddly enough, were the same as those addressed by Percy Pilbeam to Gwendoline Gibbs and by Gwendoline Gibbs to Percy Pilbeam.

"What on earth are you doing here?" he cried.

"Your wife asked me to look you up," said Jerry. "Congratulations on that, by the way."

"Thanks."

"How does it feel being married?"

"Jerry o' man," said Biff, unbending completely and letting bygones be by-

gones, "it's the most extraordinary thing. You remember what I told you about how I should become a different man after I'd married Linda. Well, I'd looked on the reforming process as a gradual affair, if you know what I mean. I thought it would set in imperceptibly over the years and that the alterations would take place little by little as time went by, if you're still following me. But the change has been instantaneous, o' man, absolutely instantaneous. Do you know what happened just now?"

"I'm sorry, no. I'm a stranger in these parts."

"I wanted a drink. I found the key of old Tilbury's cellar. I hovered on the threshold and there before me were bottles and bottles, each charged to the brim with the right stuff. But I remembered I'd promised Linda I'd swear off, and I turned on my heel and walked away, leaving them unopened. That's what marriage does to you. And the amazing thing is that instead of kicking myself for passing up the opportunity of a lifetime I'm pleased, happy, delighted. But how did you come to meet Linda? That's what's puzzling me."

"Oh, that happened quite simply. I was at the flat, thinking of this and that, when she blew in and asked me to come and remove you, because she had heard that Tilbury was on his way here. Did he show up?"

"Oh yes, he arrived."

"And kicked you out?"

"He hinted that I would be better elsewhere. I suppose you've come to take me back to Halsey Chambers?"

"That was the idea. Oh, by the way, talking of Halsey Chambers, a policeman called there just as I was leaving. He wanted to know if a gentleman who looked like a dachshund lived there."

"Holy smoke!"

"Yes, it startled me, I must admit."

"You said, of course, that he didn't?"

"Why, no. I couldn't lie to the police."

Biff clutched his forehead.

"This wants thinking out, Jerry o' man. I can't stay here, because old Tilbury's given me the bum's rush. I can't go back to the flat, because the cops'll be watching it. And if I stay in the open, I'll get pinched for vagrancy. So what's the answer?"

Jerry laughed and, when Biff told him with some asperity that there was nothing to laugh at, assured him that he was mistaken.

"Listen, Biff," he said, "I'm getting a lot of fun out of this and, speaking for myself, I could go on forever, but I suppose the humane thing is to tell you what the cop went on to say. I think you'll be interested. He asked me if I could get hold of you and bring you to the sickbed of the ginger-mustached officer who used to be on duty outside

Halsey Court. He wants to thank his brave preserver."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's a stirring story. The ginger-mustached one was on his beat last night when what they call a gang of youths closed in on him, and he was being roughly handled, as the expression is, when suddenly a splendid young fellow who looked like a dachshund came bounding into the fray and saved him."

Biff stared.

"You're kidding."

"No, that's what happened, and I think I can see how it came about. You saw the cop getting massacred by the gang of youths and it infuriated you so to think it wasn't you who was doing the massacring that you sailed in and laid them out."

Biff's one unwounded eye roamed over the grounds of The Oaks, Wimbledon Common, and never to any visitor had their suburban charms seemed so pronounced. Even the house itself looked good to him.

"You mean the cops aren't after me?"

"Only to shake you by the hand."

"They aren't going to pinch me?"

"They'll probably give you a medal. And do you know another thing that'll make your day? You're going to have me as a brother-in-law."

"What!"

"Ask Kay if you're not."

"Ah, well," said Biff, having considered this, "one can't expect life to be all jam. We all have our cross to bear."

"Aren't you rejoicing at the thought of having me for a brother-in-law?"

"Did you say brother-in-law?" asked Mr. Bunting, manifesting himself apparently from thin air in that peculiar way of his. "Are you, too, going to be married?"

"I am."

"So, it appears, is everybody. It's a most extraordinary thing. I have just left Tilbury. He's getting married. Mr. Christopher was married this morning. And now you say you . . . I didn't catch the name?"

"My name is Shoemsmith."

"And now you, Mr. Shoemsmith, are about to be married. It's like some sort of epidemic. Are you gentlemen returning to town?"

"That's right."

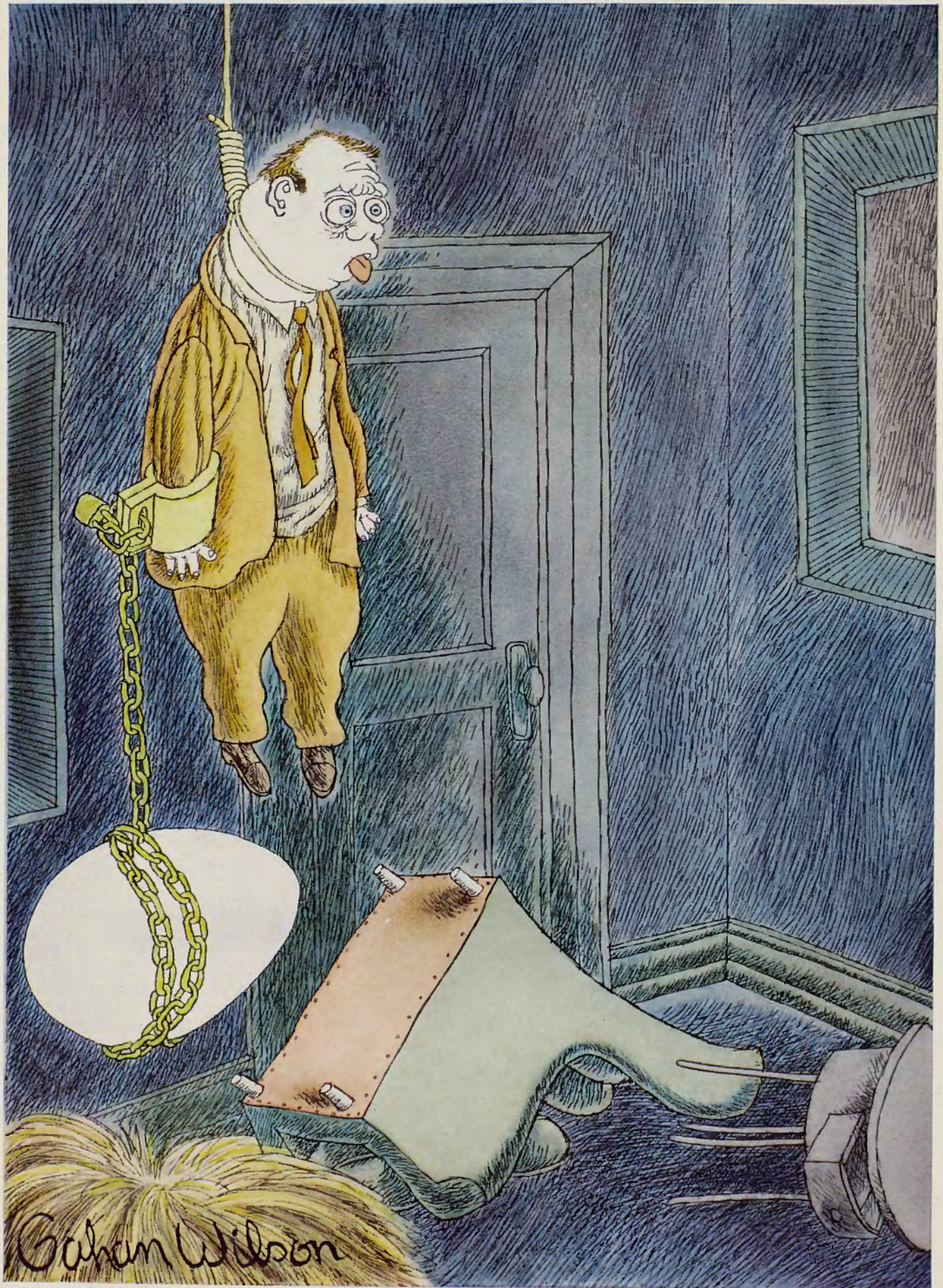
"Perhaps you will give me a lift?"

"Delighted."

"And then, if you will allow me," said Mr. Bunting, "I will take you to my club and you shall join me in a cup of cocoa. I do not often drink cocoa, as I find it hard to digest, but this is an occasion."

This is the final installment of a two-part serialization of P. G. Wodehouse's new novel, "Biffen's Millions."





MEDDLERS (continued from page 103)

sured, that the Van Allen belts, which had been around for several billion years, would be blown up within five years of their discovery.

Well, the belts are still there, though somewhat groggy. The confident calculations were out by a factor of ten, possibly a hundred. (The argument is still in progress.) Three artificial satellites, placed in orbit at enormous expense, were promptly silenced by the unexpectedly powerful blast of radiation. One of them happened to be the very first British-built satellite, kindly launched only a few weeks earlier by the U. S. Space Administration as part of its well-intended program of international cooperation.

I can only mention in passing (and passing is what we may well be) such coming attractions as the neutron bomb, Laser Heat Rays, and the *really* virulent diseases that the biological warriors will be able to design, when the genetic code has been cracked and we can create organisms that nature never imagined. One would expect such activities to cause trouble; but unfortunately, even "harmless" experiments, on the scale at which we are now operating, may lead to most peculiar and obscure disasters. For example:

The only thing that protects you from a painful death by acute sunburn is a thin layer of ozone, 20 miles above your head. The amount involved is very small, but it almost completely absorbs the Sun's lethal ultraviolet rays. Now, in the course of our space experiments, we are dumping enormous quantities of exotic chemicals into the upper atmosphere — quantities which, in some cases, will exceed the amounts of gas already there. This is contamination with a vengeance and no one knows what its results will be. A generation from now, that ultraviolet may start leaking through the ozone layer, and we'll have to move underground . . .

Where is this going to lead, as our powers over nature — but not over ourselves — continue to increase? If we extrapolate the present trends in technological megalomania, arrogant ignorance and national selfishness, this is the type of press release we may expect from the Pentagon, round about the year 1990:

As there has been much ill-informed criticism of the U. S. Space Force's proposed attempt to extinguish the Sun by means of the so-called Blackout Bomb (Operation Pluto), the following statement is being issued to reassure the public.

The experiment is based on the discovery by Spitzer, Richardson, Chandrasekhar and others that the injection of polarized neutrinos into a certain class of sunspot can start

a chain reaction, which will cause a temporary quenching or damping of the solar thermonuclear process. As a result, the Sun's brilliance will rapidly decrease to about a millionth of its normal value, then recover in a period of approximately 30 minutes.

This important discovery has grave defense implications, for a potential enemy could utilize it to make a surprise attack on the United States under cover of artificially induced darkness. It is obvious, therefore, that for its own security the U. S. must investigate this phenomenon first, and this can be done only by a full-scale experiment.

Though it is appreciated that Operation Pluto will cause temporary inconvenience to large numbers of people — a fact deeply regretted by the U. S. Government — the defense of the Free Solar System permits of no alternative. Moreover, the benefits to science will be enormous, and will far outweigh any slight risks involved.

The numerous protests raised against the operation by foreign scientists are ill-founded, being largely based upon inadequate information. In particular, the attacks launched by Lord Bernard of Jodrell and Sir Frederick Hoyle appear to be inspired by political rather than scientific motivations. It is felt that their views would be altogether

different if the United Kingdom possessed vehicles capable of carrying suitable pay loads to the Sun.

As these critics have suggested that the Sun's recovery time may be of the order of years rather than minutes, a full study of the blackout process has been carried out by the Los Alamos PHOBIAC computer. This has shown that the risk of the Sun remaining extinguished is negligibly small, though the actual figure must remain classified.

Nevertheless, to explore all possibilities, the U. S. Government has commissioned the well-known firm of independent consultants, Kahn, Teller and Strauss, to make a study of the situation should the Sun fail to return to normal. Their report — to be released shortly under the title *Economic and Other Effects of a 24-Hour Night* — indicates that, though there may be a difficult transition period, the community will soon adapt itself to the new conditions. These may, in fact, be advantageous in many respects; for example, the enormous stimulus to the electrical supply and illumination industry would remove any danger of a recession for years to come.

The protracted absence of the Sun would also render useless the Soviet Union's announced intention of increasing agricultural production by tilting the Earth's axis so as to move Siberia into the tropics — a proposal which has rightly aroused the disapproval of the civilized world. Should Operation Pluto have unexpected aftereffects, there will, of course, be no tropics at all.

The United States Government, however, is confident that no such mishaps will occur, and is proceeding with the operation in full consciousness of its global responsibilities. It will not be deflected from its plain duty either by uninformed criticism, or such temporary setbacks as the recent destruction of the planet Mercury by the premature detonation of the first blackout device. This accident has been traced to a piece of chewing gum in the inertial guidance system, and all necessary steps have been taken to prevent its recurrence.

Farfetched? I'm not so sure. For a long time, many of us have been wondering why certain types of stars occasionally blow up; and just recently, astronomers discovered an exploding *galaxy*. By the standards of the Universe, our meddling may turn out to be pretty small-scale stuff.

But we're certainly working hard at it; and the best, I'm afraid, is yet to be.

EENY, MEENY, MINY, MOT

(answers)

1. Heroine.
2. One word.
3. NOON.
4. TOOT, WOW, MOM, TOT, OTTO, etc.
5. Aye, eye.
6. Stone, bones, money, etc.
7. Straights, strengths.
8. Oxyopia, but don't feel badly unless you're an ophthalmologist: if so, feel terrible. For the alternates: azalea, myopia, utopia, aviary, adagio, acuity, etc.
9. Short.
10. Abstemiously, facetiously.
11. Nine: ò (though), òò (through), ùf (tough), aw (ought), awf (cough), ow (bough), ùp (hiccough), òk (hough—look it up), och (lough, variant of loch, as in Ness Monster). If you got as many as seven, give yourself par for the course.
12. Monosyllable.
13. Schoolmaster.
14. Sovereignty.
15. Microorganism.
16. Senselessness.
17. *Après the repas*. The English ones: spear, reaps, rapes, pears, pares, spare, parse, apers, asper. Don't blame us if those last two aren't in the dictionary.
18. Herein has in it: he-her-here-ere-rein-in.
19. Able was I ere I saw Elba; A man, a plan, a canal: Panama.
20. Brandy-brand-bran-ran-an-a.



BIT OF A DREAMER

(continued from page 70)

though begging for charity.

"I don't disgust you? Please tell me the truth."

He leaned down and kissed her lips.

He had seen children walking along the beach looking for birds that were still palpitating, and then finishing them off with a stamp of a heel. He had beaten such boys when he could catch them, but now he himself was yielding to the appeal of this wounded fragility, now he was finishing her off, now he was bending over her breasts, pressing his lips against hers. He felt her arms around his shoulders.

"I don't disgust you," she said solemnly.

He tried to get hold of himself. It was merely the ninth wave of solitude that had just broken over him, and it was carrying him away. All he wanted was to stay like this forever, his face pressed against her neck, his eyes closed.

"Yes, please," she murmured. "Help me forget. Help me."

She wanted to stay with him. She wanted to stay with him forever in this empty café at the end of the world. Her voice was so convincing, there was such longing in her eyes, such promise in her delicate arms that clutched his shoulders that he suddenly felt as if he had achieved his goal in life after all, at the last moment. He held her close, sometimes gently raising her head in his hands, while the decades of solitude were falling with crushing weight upon his shoulders and the ninth wave knocked him down and swept him out to sea.

"Yes," she murmured. "Yes, do it . . . I want you to."

When the wave withdrew and he found himself on the shore again, he saw that she was crying. He let her sob without opening his eyes and without raising his forehead, which he kept pressed against her cheek, and he felt both her tears flowing and her heart beating violently against his chest. Then he heard voices and a noise on the terrace. He thought of the three men on the dune, and leaped up to get his gun. Someone was walking on the terrace, the seals were barking in the distance, the sea birds shrieked between sky and water, a breaker crashed on the beach, drowned out all these voices, then withdrew, leaving behind it only a short, sad laugh and a voice that said in English:

"Hell and damnation, old boy, hell and damnation, that's what it is. I've had it. This is the last time I travel around the world with her. The world is definitely overpopulated."

He opened the door. A man dressed in a tuxedo, about 50, was standing beside the table, leaning on a cane. He

was playing with the green scarf she had left beside her cup. He had a little gray mustache, confetti on his shoulders, trembling hands, watery blue eyes, a drunkard's complexion, tiny, vague features which fatigue blurred still more in an expression that was either distinguished or corrupt, dyed hair that looked like a wig; he caught sight of Rainier in the half-open door and smiled ironically, glanced at the scarf, then looked up at him again and his smirk broadened, mocking, sad and bitter. Beside him, a handsome young man in a matador costume, his hair black and smooth, looked down with a sullen expression, leaning against the pulley, a cigarette in one hand. A little farther off, on the steps, one hand on the rail, stood a chauffeur in a gray uniform and cap, a woman's coat over his arm. Rainier put the gun down on a chair and went out onto the terrace.

"A bottle of Scotch, please," said the man in the tuxedo, laying the scarf on the table, "*por favor* . . ."

"The bar isn't open yet," Rainier said in English.

"Well, some coffee, then. Some coffee, while we wait for Madame to finish dressing."

He shot Rainier a resentful glance, straightened a little, leaning on his cane, his face livid in the pale light, the features frozen in a sullen expression of meanness and rancor, while a new breaker made the café shudder on its stilts.

"The breakers, the ocean, the forces of nature . . . You're French, aren't you? She's retracing her steps, then. Yet we lived in France almost two years, they didn't help a bit—another undeserved reputation. As for Italy . . . My secretary, whom you see here, is an Italian . . . He didn't help a bit, either. Latin lovers are definitely overrated."

The matador stared glumly at his feet. The Englishman turned toward the dune: the skeleton was lying, arms outstretched, face up, on the sand; the blue, red and yellow man was sitting on the sand with his head back, the neck of the bottle raised to his lips; the Negro in the white wig and court dress, standing with his feet in the water, had unbuttoned his white silk pants and was urinating into the ocean.

"I'm sure they didn't help a bit, either," the Englishman said, gesturing with his cane toward the dune. "On this earth there are certain feats that exceed the powers of a man. Of three men, I should say . . . I hope they didn't steal her jewelry. A fortune, and the insurance people won't pay. They'd accuse her of carelessness. Someday one of them will wring her neck. By the way, can you tell me where all these dead birds come from? There must be thousands of them. I've heard of the elephants' graveyard, but not the birds' . . . Could

wrist worthy

THE PLAYMATE BRACELET

A handsome, strikingly beautiful link bracelet in gold Florentine finish, complete with jeweled Playboy Rabbit in bas relief against a sunburst disc. \$12.50 ppd., F.E.T. included.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street • Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.

Worthiest successor to "the old school tie" . . .

THE PLAYBOY TIE

And, for the latest in PLAYBOY neckwear, try the Playboy Ascot or the Playboy Bow Tie.

All are of the finest silk, featuring the same eye-catching Rabbit design. Playboy Tie available in red, gray, olive, brown, navy, wine and black. Ascot and Bow Tie available in olive, gray, red and navy.

Playboy Tie, \$5 ppd.
Playboy Ascot, \$10 ppd.
Playboy Bow Tie, \$3.50 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street • Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.

it be an epidemic? There must be some explanation, after all."

He heard the door open behind him, but didn't stir.

"Ah, there you are!" the Englishman said, bowing slightly. "I was beginning to worry, my dear. We've been cooling our heels over four hours in the car, waiting until it was over, and we're really out in the middle of nowhere here . . . An accident happens so quickly."

"Let me alone. Go away. Shut up. Please, let me alone. Why did you come?"

"My dear, a quite natural apprehension . . ."

"I hate you. You disgust me. Why are you following me? You promised . . ."

"The next time, my dear, please leave the jewels at the hotel. It's safer."

"Why are you always trying to humiliate me?"

"I'm the humiliated one, my dear. At least, according to the usual conventions. We're quite above that, of course: we happy few . . . But this time you've really gone a bit too far. I'm not speaking of myself. I'm ready to accept anything, as you know. I love you. I've proved that sufficiently often. But after all, something might have happened to you . . . They could've killed you . . . in an excess of zeal. We don't want to lose you, do we, Mario? All I ask is a little more prudence. And a little more . . . discrimination."

"And you're drunk. You're still drunk."

"Merely out of sheer despair, my darling . . . nymph. Four hours in the car, all kinds of thoughts . . . You'll admit that I'm not the happiest husband on earth."

"Shut up. Oh, my God, shut up!"

She was sobbing. Rainier wasn't looking at her, but he was sure she was rubbing her eyes with her fists: they were a child's sobs. He tried not to think, not to understand. All he wanted to hear

was the barking of the seals, the cries of the sea birds, the murmur of the ocean. He stood motionless among them, looking down, and felt frozen. An icy, merciless cold. Or perhaps he merely had goose flesh.

"Why did you save me?" she screamed. "You should have left me there. One wave and it would all have been over. I wanted to put an end to it. I can't stand it. I can't go on like this. You should have left me."

"Monsieur," the Englishman said deliberately, "how can I express my gratitude to you? Our gratitude, I should say. Permit me, in behalf of all of us . . . We shall all be eternally grateful to you . . . Come, my dear, it's high time . . . I assure you, I'm not suffering anymore . . . As for the rest . . . We'll consult Professor Guzman, in Montevideo. It appears he's obtained almost miraculous cures. Isn't that so, Mario?"

The matador shrugged.

"Professor Guzman is a very great man. A disciple of Freud, a true healer . . . Science has not yet spoken its last word. It's all in his book, isn't it, my little . . . nymph?"

"Oh, shut up," the matador said.

"Remember the society woman who could only make it with jockeys weighing exactly one hundred pounds? No more, no less . . . And the charming lady who had to have someone knock on the door, at the right moment? Three short knocks, and one long. The human soul is unfathomable. And the banker's wife who needed to hear the burglar alarm of the safe go off before she could go off herself, which put her in an impossible situation, since that always woke up the husband?"

"That's enough, Roger," the matador said. "It's not funny. You're drunk."

"And the case of the blasé lady who obtained interesting results only when

her partner pressed a revolver to her temple at the right time? Professor Guzman has cured them all. He tells all about it in his book. They've all made it in the end, my dear. All of them. There's no reason to feel discouraged."

She walked past him without a glance. The chauffeur respectfully draped the coat over her shoulders.

"And besides, you know, Messalina was like that, too. She never stopped searching and trying. And she was an empress."

"Roger, that's enough," the toreador said.

"It's true that psychoanalysis didn't exist at the time. Professor Guzman would certainly have helped her. There, there, my little queen, don't look at me like that. Mario, remember the rather sulky young woman who couldn't get anywhere until she heard a lion's roar? And the one whose husband had to keep playing *The Afternoon of a Faun* with one hand? I'm prepared for anything, my dear. My love and understanding have no limits. And the gracious lady who always stayed at the Ritz so she could look at the Vendôme Column at the crucial moment? Unfathomable are the mysteries of the human soul. And the very young woman who had spent her childhood at Marrakech and couldn't do, couldn't do at all without the muezzin's chant? Very poetic. And that bride in London during the blitz, who afterward always asked her husband to imitate the whistling of a bomb? They've all become excellent wives and mothers, my dear."

The young man in the matador costume went over to the Englishman and slapped him. The Englishman was crying.

"I can't take it anymore," he said. "I can't."

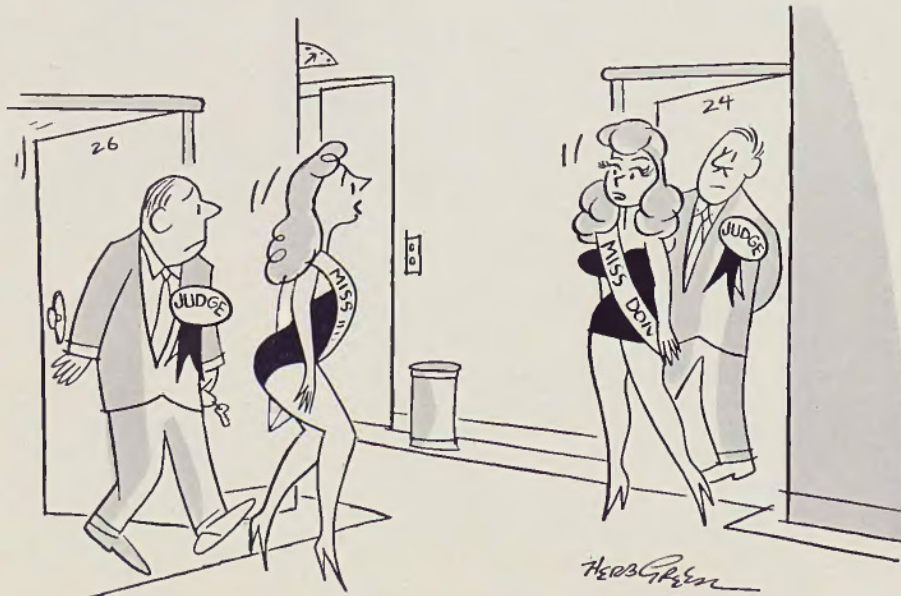
She walked down the drawbridge. He saw her walking barefoot on the beach, among the dead birds. The green scarf was trailing behind her in her hand. She held her head very high and her profile had a purity to which neither man's hand nor God's could have added anything.

"All right, Roger, calm down," the secretary said.

The Englishman took the glass of brandy she had left on the table and drank it off in one swallow. He put down the glass. He took a bill from his wallet and laid it in the saucer. Then he stared moodily at the dunes and sighed.

"All these dead birds," he said. "There must be an explanation."

They went away. At the top of the dune, before disappearing, she stopped, hesitated, then turned around suddenly. But he was no longer there. No one was there. The café was empty.



ITALIAN LINE

(continued from page 76)

designed and fabricated, to button over race-car chassis, whole bodies that weighed less than 65 pounds, complete with seats, windshields, rearview mirrors and St. Christopher medals. Long ago, houses like Touring were hammering out coupe and short-sedan bodies that a strong teenager could lift over his head—bodies, what's more, that would stay squeak-and rattle-free indefinitely, because they were designed to do nothing but give the passengers a place to sit out of the wind and the rain: the cars were completely protected from any trace of driving stress. A structure of pencil-thin tubing had been built up on the chassis, and the body panels hand-fitted over this, and at the same time insulated from it. The car might go into and out of foot-deep holes in the road all day, but this adventure could not affect the fit of the doors. Some builders refuse to weld or drill panels to fit them together, contending that both systems are weakening. They *fold* the ends together and hammer them flat!

The history of Italian coachwork is full of such innovation. Pininfarina was making quad headlights 15 years ago. It is difficult to think of a useful device applicable to bodywork still unexploited by the Italians. Hooded dashboard instruments, red warning lights that go on when the doors are open, rear-window wipers are all ancient notions. The door extending into the roof of a very low car, the pillarless sedan, the pillarless windshield, the faired-over headlights—all are old, well-used Italianate ideas.

Individual custom creation is a rarity today. Even Pininfarina does not care to do more than half a dozen of these a year, and the clients thus favored will be selected with great care. Merely to have the money isn't enough; they must be persons of distinction whose possession of the car will be noted. Heads of state are favored—but not just any states. Most coachbuilders say that it's impossible to charge an individual client more than 25 percent of the real cost of the car; thus each unit represents a 75-percent loss. Custom cars today are made for corporations, used in ways that allow the tremendous costs involved to be written off: as exhibit cars, as design inspirations, and so on. Some idea of the cost of these items can be formed from the 18 months of work that Ghia put into the Chrysler Norseman, the car that went down with the Andrea Doria.

The category called *elaborazione*—"elaborations"—occupies much time in the smaller houses, adept at giving a standard car a new look at prices the owners can face without shuddering; but

it is the creation of designs for the big manufacturers that returns reputation and profit. The national origin of an automobile gives no real indication of the origin of its body design: German, French, British, Swedish, Japanese cars by the dozen wear Italian. Of cars designed and built by individual *carrozzerie*, a production of 30 to 50 a day is thought to be a good many—the biggest, Pininfarina, turned out 14,132 last year—but the total of cars built around the world to Italian design would run into the millions. They may range in price from under \$2500 for a VW Karmann-Ghia to over \$20,000 for a Ferrari Super America.

There are a dozen Italian designers and coachbuilders famed around the world—Michelotti, Viotti, Scioneri, Savio, Boneschi, Moretti, besides Ghia, Vignale, Touring and the rest—but it is Battista Pininfarina who means the most. His name was changed in 1961 with the warm and paternal consent of the Italian government: "The President of the Republic... in consideration of the high social and industrial merits of Battista (Pinin) Farina, has entitled him to take the surname 'Pininfarina,' this being the prestigious name of the industry created by him, well known and appreciated in Italy and throughout the rest of the world." Battista Pininfarina is today laden with honors, friend of presidents and kings, member of the Royal Academy of Arts. He has retired from the active direction of his firm—his son, Sergio, and his son-in-law, Renzo Carli, are in charge, but his stamp is large in the history of the automobile. Among a score of his works which may be cited, there is his 1951 Cisitalia, chosen to represent the best of all post-War designs in the now-legendary Museum of Modern Art show.

It was Pininfarina who formulated the law that a motorcar body should have, first, elegance of line, second, comfort, and third, good penetration—an efficient aerodynamic shape. Almost anyone can create a car body (and before and just after the last war, almost anyone did) that will be striking-looking at first glance (but not five years afterward), and perfectly comfortable for a bald man five feet tall. To evolve a body that is permanently beautiful, comfortable, and that will of itself add ten miles an hour to the speed of the chassis it is given—this is something else again.

Pininfarina has stated the matter succinctly: "The interrelation between the body of a beautiful woman and that of a Farina-designed car is that both have simplicity and harmony of line, so that when they are old one can still see how beautiful they were when they were young."



the timeless sounds of jazz...

THE PLAYBOY JAZZ ALL-STARS ALBUM, VOLUME 2



Available again, brought back by popular demand, two 12" LPs featuring winners of the 1958 Playboy Jazz Poll. Ten pages of notes, biographies, discographies. Over an hour and a half of the finest jazz by the world's greatest artists. Includes: Sinatra, Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, J.J. and Kai, Brubeck, Garner, Gillespie, Shelley Manne, Shorty Rogers and many more. A definite collector's item for every record library. Available in monaural only. (2LPs) \$9 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY JAZZ

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.



for the continental touch...

THE PLAYBOY ASCOT

And, for other distinctive Playboy neckwear, try the Playboy Neck Tie or the Playboy Bow Tie. All are of the finest silk featuring the same eye-catching Rabbit design.

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

Playboy Ascot, \$10

Playboy Tie, \$5

Playboy Bow Tie, \$3.50

All prices postpaid.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street - Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club keyholders may charge by enclosing key number with order.

kinds of people the public wants to see. Gentlemen, we've got to think *menial*."

Well, Larry, it was the first time that day that the sun broke through the clouds. Mr. Hunge crossed to the conference table and sat down.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I see a milkman . . . I see a milkman with a couple of fine-looking Protestant children and a fine-looking Protestant wife. I see this milkman as being just an ordinary average-looking guy with something about him that's unforgettable. I see him working, having fun, going to church — I see him laughing and I see him crying. But most important, gentlemen, I see him delivering the milk." Mr. Hunge smiled. "Is anybody with me yet?" he asked.

I had to confess that, although I thought it was a great idea so far, I didn't catch the over-all drift.

"When do milkmen deliver the milk?" Mr. Hunge asked.

"In the early morning," I said.

"Exactly," Mr. Hunge pinpointed. "And that's what *our* milkman does. He goes from house to house, into home after home, every single morning. And what are the people doing in their homes in the early morning? They're eating breakfast — and *what* will they be eating for breakfast, every single show, week after week, month after month, before the eyes of millions of people?"

"Pancakes!" I exclaimed.

"Game, set, match," said Mr. Hunge.

Now, Larry, I know that "genius" is a word that's bandied about all too often. But in my opinion, Mr. Hunge's idea comes very close to being just that.

Naturally, the final decision is up to you, and all of us down here at Sommers & Hunge are most anxious to get your reaction.

Sincerely,

Horace

Monday, May 30

Dear Horace,

I have always said you could tell everything you need to know about a man by playing bridge with him — consequently, your inspired and inspiring letter came as no surprise. In these days of creeping socialism and increased regimentation and mechanization, it is gratifying to know that man may still harvest his living in the high, Parnassian reaches of pure creative thought.

In my opinion, the milkman notion is absolutely brilliant, and any product that sponsors it should sell like hotcakes. Any product, that is, *except* hotcakes, or at least Happy D'Arquee hotcakes. You see, Horace, a primary selling point of all Happy D'Arquee mixes is that they are made with water. *Never* milk. In fact, just between us chickens, if the housewife slips and *does* use milk — it is,

frankly, disaster. The lactic acid in milk sets up a chain reaction with our patented rising agent, FRB-9, and the resulting batter will rapidly swell to unwieldy proportions and disintegrate, in what amounts to a small explosion, right there in the kitchen. So you can understand why the milkman is no friend to Happy D'Arquee and why he is the last functionary on the American scene with whom we should involve ourselves!

With this in mind, Horace, I know you won't think me arbitrary when I ask you and your team to reset the traps, so to speak, and catch me a different breed of cat.

Yours sincerely,

Larry

Thursday, June 2

Dear Larry,

We have a motto down here at Sommers & Hunge — "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Well, Larry, that's just exactly what we've done. As soon as your letter came, I called a meeting of all the people who had been in on the first conference, including Mr. Hunge himself. I can't remember just who it was who got the ball rolling, but in half an hour or less that conference room was a tinderbox of original thought. There is nothing more exciting to watch, Larry, than the group creative process in action. We didn't call it a day until seven that night, and then next morning, bright and early, we were back at it. At about four that afternoon, it came to us in a flash. For the rest of the day we pruned, polished and improved, and by nine o'clock that night we had it in shape to submit to you. And so with a grateful tip of the thinking cap to my colleagues, here is a résumé:

Imagine, if you will, a tough, hard-bitten private detective along the lines of Humphrey Bogart — namewise, suppose we try on something like Jim Change. For years Jim has been the most sought-after private detective in the business. Now, however, as the series opens, Jim has decided to call it quits. He's going to give up the old life and devote himself full time to his real love — you'll never guess it, Larry — cooking. He buys a diner with the money he's saved and becomes a short-order cook.

For a while, everything goes along all right. Jim cooks, the riffraff eat, and everyone is happy. One day, however, an FBI man comes to see Jim behind the counter. "The Fucello gang are back in town," the FBI man says.

"How does that affect me?" Jim asks.

"We need your help," the FBI man says, "you're the only man who can put them behind bars."

"I'm a short-order cook these days," Jim says. "And that's all."

Well, they argue back and forth for a few minutes, the FBI man saying how much they need him and Jim stacking pancakes and saying he's an ordinary short-order cook and he wants to keep it that way. But finally Jim agrees, and there you've got the cornerstone of your format, Larry — short-order cook by day, hard-hitting detective by night.

The very next evening, right after he has cleared the griddle, Jim straps on his .45 and goes out looking for the Fucello gang. It doesn't take long for him to find them, or rather, for them to find him. In fact, he is taken prisoner and carried off to an abandoned warehouse near the railroad tracks which is the gang's headquarters. They tie him to the tracks and leave. We fade out on Jim struggling with his ropes as the wail of a train is heard in the distance.

The next scene takes place in the hospital. Jim is in bed, unconscious. Standing anxiously by are a doctor and the FBI man. Slowly, Jim comes to.

"Where am I?" he asks.

"In the hospital," says the FBI man.

"What's the damage?" Jim asks.

"You're going to be all right," the doctor says. "There's just one thing — you didn't quite get out of the way in time — you've lost both hands."

"That makes two things," Jim says.

"We're going to give you the shiniest new pair of hands you ever saw," the doctor says affably.

The FBI man says, "We're all sorry you won't be continuing on the case."

Jim Change smiles a wry, hard smile. "I'll be continuing on the case, all right," he says. "Forget the artificial hands, doc — just fit me out with a pair of spatulas."

In ten days' time Jim is back on the job — *both* jobs — with a glistening spatula at the end of each arm. During the day he employs them in the endless scrape and turn of short-order cooking, but at night — at *night*, Larry — they become dreaded, razor-edged instruments of the law.

In my humble opinion, Larry, you couldn't ask for a fresher, more original format for a detective-adventure series — and I *know* you couldn't ask for a more direct, more literal tie-in between product and hero.

But again, the final decision is yours, and again, all of us down here at Sommers & Hunge are waiting for your reaction.

Sincerely,

Horace

4 JUNE SATURDAY

JIM CHANGE IS JIM DANDY STOP AUTHORIZE YOU TO NEGOTIATE PRIME EVENING TIME UPCOMING SEASON STOP HEARTIEST CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU AND REST OF CREATORS = LARRY



from *The Ottawa Citizen* of October 22, 1963 [reprinted below] quoting a Knights of Columbus official who boasts of having succeeded in getting a noted author fired from his magazine job because he happened to write a story with which the K. C. disagreed.

To me, and many others, this is sickening; it is one sure way to turn non-Catholics against the Church.

KNIGHTS USED INFLUENCE TO GET BERTON DISMISSED
Oshawa (CP) — Writer Pierre Berton was dismissed from his \$26,000-a-year job with *Maclean's Magazine* because of influence of the Knights of Columbus and other organizations, claims Vincent Kelly, provincial state deputy for the Roman Catholic group.

Speaking at a Columbus Day dinner, Mr. Kelly, an Ottawa high-school teacher, said: "This is one example of where we have power."

He said the Knights of Columbus took action against Mr. Berton after he wrote a column "trying to promote premarital sex relations."

Mr. Berton's column in the May 18 edition of *Maclean's* declared:

"We had better make the best of the fact that teenaged sex is here to stay and that we adults have been helping to build the kind of society in which it flourishes. We have fashioned a world in which 'popularity' is the pinnacle to which every youth aspires and then we have managed to equate sexiness with popularity. And we have sold this package to the kids for straight commercial gain."

Mr. Kelly told fellow Knights:

"The press is the greatest instrument for the distribution of filth in the world today. Salacious literature available today is 100-percent worse than we had to deal with 10 years ago.

"Little men with dirty minds are trying to foist dirty literature on young minds. The Knights must be ready to fight these evils."

From his home in Kleinberg, Ont., Mr. Berton said the Knights won't achieve their aim against salacious literature by stifling discussion of the subject. They must attack the roots of the problem, which he had tried to raise.

Ross Heidman
Ottawa, Ontario

Enclosed is a clipping from the *Goshen (Indiana) News* of Thursday, October 3, 1963, which brings to light a

editorial on the censorship problem in our area. [For the clipping, see below.]

I was so incensed at the audacity of their move that I became one of the hundreds who called Wednesday night. I demanded to know who had given WNDU the right to cancel a show deemed suitable by the National Broadcasting Company. I was informed that the station manager had called the studio and instructed the engineers to discontinue the broadcast. This one man decided at 10:30 in the evening that the viewers in his area were not mature enough to select their televised entertainment.

Is this another step toward total censorship in our society?

WNDU CUTS OFF NBC'S SHOWING OF "11TH HOUR"

South Bend, Ind. (AP) — The University of Notre Dame's television station . . . cut off NBC's hour-long drama, *The Eleventh Hour*, half-way through the program Wednesday night, deciding that it was in poor taste.

The drama . . . dealt with a housewife's problems with sexual frigidity.

The Roman Catholic school's television-station staff said the switchboard was besieged with telephone calls today, most of them from viewers disagreeing with the decision.

WNDU-TV operations manager . . . said the station manager . . . decided to stop the showing of the program immediately after the housewife told of a fictional premarital affair.

Stuart A. Gruber
Elkhart, Indiana

You are to be congratulated on your recent editorial exposing the true nature of the "decent literature" organizations. In Connecticut, this association for intellectual strangulation poses as a non-sectarian group of private citizens striving to cleanse the drugstores of pornography. To realize this is an extension of Roman Catholic opinion came as a surprise to me; but this subterfuge is not unusual, particularly here in the East.



"It happens every time I reach for my shoulder holster."



Heraldry for the Home

Wall Plaques made to
any design for
Colleges, Clubs,
Associations
etc. etc.

Records of over 100,000
Family Arms held.
Any design copied.
Blazer Badges. Auto
Badges.
Crested Ties.

Plaque in Light or
Dark Oak
Popular size 6" x 7"
\$6.50 f.o.b. England
Any size made
Descriptive Brochure
sent free.

CASTELL & SON

33 Imperial Square, Cheltenham, England



Fit to be tied . . .

THE PLAYBOY BOW TIE

And, for other distinctive neckwear, try the
Playboy Ascot or the regular Playboy
Tie. All are of the finest silk,
featuring the same eye-catching Rabbit design.

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

Playboy Bow Tie, \$3.50, ppd.

Playboy Tie, \$5, ppd.

Playboy Ascot, \$10, ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street • Chicago 11, Illinois

Playboy Club keyholders may charge
by enclosing key number with order.

THE PLAYBOY MONEY FOLD

Of soft, top grade cowhide. Fully lined. Two
inside, flat pockets for credit and business
cards. Available in black and brown.
The judicious PLAYBOY rabbit standing
guard is of black enamel on rhodium.
\$5 ppd.

Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?

Send check or money order to:

PLAYBOY PRODUCTS

232 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois



No doubt your office will be subject
to increased harassment and pressure
from the Catholic clergy because of your
enlightenment. Rest assured there are
hordes of readers who support your
views, and who owe you a debt of grate-
tude for your recent editorials.

Kenneth C. Zaramba
Tolland, Connecticut

RESISTANCE IN NEW YORK

Until recently, I was the proprietor of
a newsstand in a small town in Upstate
New York. Having just read *The Playboy
Philosophy* (November), I want to con-
gratulate you for a courageous and well-
written article.

When I was in the business, an NODL
list fell into my hands. I was shocked
to find that two thirds of my magazine
and paperback stock would have been
eliminated had I complied with the
NODL demands.

I was called upon several times by
local NODL intimidators to eliminate
several books and magazines (*PLAYBOY*
included) from my racks. They use in-
teresting tactics. I had a partner who
was a Catholic with several children in
the local Catholic school. He was under
constant pressure to remove certain
books. As a former Catholic, I had noth-
ing to lose religiously by telling those
phonies to get lost. Which I did. Which
they did. I was not bothered thereafter.
By taking a firm stand and not having
any religious liabilities, they could not
force me to knuckle under. The group
I knocked heads with was supposedly
nondenominational, but I only encoun-
tered Catholic members.

Give the Church its own way and we
would be back in the Tenth Century.

Richard Celso
Newark, New York

THE ROLE OF THE CHURCH

Hooray for *PLAYBOY*! I'm a practicing
Roman Catholic with an uncle who is
a Catholic priest, an aunt who is a Bene-
dictine nun, and a cousin who is a
religious brother. Even with this back-
ground, I thoroughly agree with Editor-
Publisher Hefner's views, as outlined in
Part XII of *The Playboy Philosophy*.

Greg J. Hayden
Duluth, Minnesota

Thanks for *The Playboy Philosophy*
in your November issue: at last a de-
tailed and factual account of Catholic
tactics has been presented in a national
publication.

Roman Catholic censorship appears to
aim for decency, but what it is really
concerned about is whether a thing plugs
or downgrades Catholicism. If it puts
Catholicism in a good light it is moral,
but if it tells the truth about it, then it
is obscene. Paul Blanshard (who wrote

the superb *American Freedom and Cath-
olic Power*) has written: "Our first task
is to break the current taboo against any
frank discussion of the 'Catholic ques-
tion' and establish a free flow of ideas."
The Playboy Philosophy is doing just
this.

(Name withheld on request)
Richmond, Virginia

I have just finished reading your No-
vember *Playboy Philosophy* and as a
Catholic I agree heartily with your views.
Everyone is capable of judging for him-
self what in his opinion is right or
wrong. I am now serving my country,
and it distresses me to learn that certain
groups and individuals are trying to take
away our rights to free speech and to a
free press. These rights have been fought
for and won for us by many brave men.
No person or group should try to de-
prive us of this right solely for his own
self-satisfaction. Just as they are entitled
to the freedom to read and say what they
choose, so they should not try to interfere
with this freedom in others.

Anthony G. Gruerio
U.S.S. Stickell
New York, New York

In reference to the 12th installment
of your *Philosophy*: All hail the new
undercover inquisition! The saintly friars
have put away their burning faggots
and torture implements and have gone
underground. Since they can no longer
imprison our bodies, they seek to de-
prive us and our children of any dis-
senting ideas. This is the same type of
depraved thinking that leads to a world
as pictured by Orwell in 1984.

While these groups may not be at-
tempting to take control of the American
people, they are certainly paving the way
for an autocratic government. Censorship
is like a weed, it either must grow or
die. The group of bigots hiding behind
motherhood, children and the flag, are
trying to destroy what they are sup-
posedly protecting.

We feel, as parents and as Americans,
that groups such as these must be stopped
from destroying that which so many have
died for. We congratulate you, on be-
half of all thinking Americans.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Heyen
New York, New York

A LUTHERAN SPEAKS

Congratulations on your courageous
stand against censorship. You've asked
for a great deal of trouble, and you will
surely get it; strength to you in fighting
and winning.

Naturally, I do not share *PLAYBOY*'s
views of sex and marriage, though not
for the reasons you might assume. Mo-
rality in and of itself is neither here nor
there; only when morality at a high

level is born of an understanding of sex and marriage as a purposeful divine institution has it any meaning, and such an understanding comes not by the application of scissors to film and paper, but by the encounter of the *free* spirit with the spirit of Christ.

Whether or not I agree with your views, you have the right to express and defend them, and in defending them to speak for freedom at a time in our nation's history when freedom is becoming extinct. Only if the dissenting view in any case is permitted free expression under law can any view have significance.

I oppose your philosophy. But I hope that you will win your case, and that your freedom to express your philosophy will thereafter never be seriously questioned. Otherwise, "freedom" will become a hollow word in America.

Reverend Arthur M. Hale, Pastor
Resurrection Lutheran Church
Avon Park, Florida

Reverend Hale's is the sort of enlightened opposition we will always welcome. Our fight will be won when all our opponents share his dissenting dignity, and his point of view on freedom.

BOOTLEG AND BOYCOTT

I looked for your November issue on the magazine rack at the Food Giant grocery store in Hawthorne, California, but couldn't find it. While purchasing beer and cigarettes at the liquor counter, I asked the clerk about it, and was told that "the P.T.A. and the churches have got *PLAYBOY* banned from public sight." However, he had copies under the counter, and sold me one. It seems a little strange that booze and cigarettes are legally displayed, but that *PLAYBOY* is bootlegged.

Louis H. Valentine
Hawthorne, California

I have just finished reading *The Playboy Philosophy* for November 1963, and am now involved in a situation which may be of interest to you.

In late September I visited a local stationery store and picked up James Baldwin's *Another Country*. The proprietor told me: "If you want that book, it's a good thing you picked it up today, because it goes off the stands tomorrow." I questioned him and discovered that a local Decent Literature Committee had black-listed the book. Thinking the man had been misinformed, I went home and called the committee, and was even more shocked at some of their answers. When I asked when the committee meetings had been held, I was informed that the meetings were closed to the public. When I called the priest in charge of this campaign I was told that: "Non-Catholics have no rights except to obey the Ten Commandments," and "What we say is poisonous is poisonous to all

human beings, not just to Catholics."

That afternoon I put my two young sons to nap and, armed with the American Civil Liberties Union annual report, wrote a letter to the local paper, which was printed on October 17, causing a furor in town. A committee has been formed, which will meet with the Human Relations Council of West Essex in an attempt to enlist their support. I have appealed to the ACLU of New Jersey, and our group is preparing an appeal to the Ministerial Association of West Essex.

While this was going on, the merchants of our town received yet another directive from the Decent Literature Committee: "Although the enclosed NODL list states, as usual, publications disapproved *for youth*, we do not stop there. Our policy is that you do not sell objectionable publications to *anyone*, child or adult." (Italics theirs.)

Mrs. Rita D'Joseph
Caldwell, New Jersey

We have commented earlier on the censors' pet ploy of branding books unfit "for youth" and then using this interdiction to keep them from the hands of adults as well—a technique which, if extended to its illogical extreme, would reduce all literature to the level of Mother Goose.

CENSORSHIP IN THE THIRD REICH

I have just finished your November installment of *The Playboy Philosophy* and found it most thought-provoking, as were the others.

Thirty years ago, on October 4, 1933, the Reich Press Law was instituted in the Third Reich. History has recorded the effects of the introduction and execution of this legislation; now the Third Reich has come and gone, but the ideas and world view which permitted its birth still survive.

For those naïve individuals who think a similar situation could not occur in



"It's not entirely worthless, miss, but I suggest you keep things quite platonic."

the ground of safety to the public! In other words, if the story were left in the play, the theater would become an unsafe place for the public to congregate, whereas if it were removed the theater would magically become safe again.

It was a crystal-clear case. The city could be sued and Mr. O'Connell could be sued personally, too. Most of us who knew the situation, relished the thought that at last this fearful misuse of power would be done away with in the courts and obliterated in a healthy blast of publicity.

Alas, such was the turn of mind of the theater owners and the producers that they pressured Mr. Williams and they all knuckled under to Mr. O'Connell's neuroses—the offending story was removed from the play.

The importance of your fight against this man is a very meaningful one and has implications far beyond your own brief. If you hit him hard enough perhaps the license commissioner of New York City (and I mean any future ones, too) will no longer seek to censor illegally the Broadway stage.

Please continue to fight the good fight.

Theodore J. Ritter
New York, New York

CENSORSHIP IN INDIA

I have been reading with interest *The Playboy Philosophy*, most particularly those portions referring to censorship in the United States. Being an attorney, aware of the rather liberal guidelines which have been set down by our Supreme Court, I am disturbed when I read of individuals being arrested or prosecuted for alleged violations of the law which would not begin to approach a breach of the mandate set down by the highest court of our land.

For those who would have our reading matter reduced to that suitable for the average 12-year-old and who justify censorship in that manner, I enclose a clipping [below] taken from last week's *New York Times*. If we permit censorship in any form, we leave the door open to, among other things, political censorship as shown in this news item.

INDIAN EDITORS ARRESTED UNDER DEFENSE CENSORSHIP

Two editors of a newspaper in Nagpur in central India were arrested Thursday for publishing a report "prejudicial under the defense of India rules" according to a report reaching here today.

The proprietor of the paper, who is away from the city, will be arrested on his return, the report added.

The defense of India rules were invoked in the emergency following

for men...
exhilarating elegance...

JADE EAST

COLOGNE AND AFTER SHAVE
COLOGNE \$4.50 AFTER SHAVE \$3.50 PRICES PLUS TAX SWANK, NEW YORK - SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

Available for the first time... **PLAYBOY PORTFOLIOS**

For collectors, connoisseurs or anyone interested in adding a unique touch to home or office decor. Featuring...

... **THE LEROY NEIMAN PORTFOLIO.**
Six of Neiman's most representative works including the famous "Matador" and "Chantille," brilliantly reproduced in handsome 6-color, 20 x 30 in. chromo-lithographs. Plus biography of the artist and insightful descriptions of the paintings. \$25.

... **THE VARGAS PORTFOLIO.**
Six of this most popular illustrator's lighthearted, classic creations in delightful full-color, 20 x 30 in. reproductions. Plus a biography of the artist. \$25.

Specify portfolio by name.
Shall we enclose a gift card in your name?
Send check or money order to: **PLAYBOY PRODUCTS**
232 East Ohio Street • Chicago, Illinois 60611
Playboy Club Keyholders may charge by enclosing key no.



Interlandi

"By the time we get everything off we'll be old enough . . ."

the Chinese Communist attack last fall. The "prejudicial" news was said to be a report concerning the death of a policeman.

Thomas K. J. Tuso
Vineland, New Jersey

THEOLOGICAL DEBATE

In probing the roots of our archaic attitudes toward censorship, sex and morality, PLAYBOY has often pointed an accusing finger at religion. I resent the way Hefner lumps all churches and sects together under the heading of "religion" and then casts religion in a villain's role. Not all churches agree with each other on these issues; some are as liberal as Hefner, doing all they can to protect individual rights. Hundreds of clergymen are searching for new answers to old problems as our society changes. Does Hefner think he is alone in his search? He should sit in on a seminary discussion of the Church's position on sex and morality. Such a discussion, I'd suspect, would open his eyes. If Hefner is going to accuse a religion, then let him accuse one by name. Perhaps I've missed something he's written, but I can't remember having seen a particular church or a particular church leader accused by name. And let us not accuse religion of censorship. It is the various government agencies, not religion, which enforce the laws. It is men who are representatives of the people, not the Church, who pass the laws. If they say they're churchmen, that's their business. Just because a man goes to a church, that doesn't mean he speaks for the Church.

If Hefner is for the liberalization of sex mores (Is it true that he has his own personal harem?), or for liberalized censorship laws, or for no religious influence on government, then who is to guard children against the real pornography that is circulated, or who is to care for the illegitimate children and the broken families, or who is to speak out against the graft, corruption, and self-seeking in government that such a policy may bring? The Church cannot separate itself from these issues any more than men can separate themselves from the truth of God.

The Church through the centuries has often been the sole champion of the people in the fight for personal rights and high moral standards. It has tried to see beyond present expediency to the truths of the ages. The Church searches for eternal answers while PLAYBOY seeks the answers for the present. It is natural that these two quests will often conflict.

I suspect that the reason the religions of the world have lasted so long is that they have answered man's problems bet-

ter than anyone else — because they have grappled with eternity. Perhaps Mr. Hefner will understand this when he too has been around for a few centuries.

Jonathan G. Law
Wesley Theological Seminary
Westminster, Maryland

Your observation, "Perhaps I've missed something he's written," would appear to be something of an understatement. Far from lumping all churches and sects together and casting them in a villain's role, Hefner has discussed the specific sex standards of each of the three major U.S. religions—Protestant, Catholic and Jewish ("The Playboy Philosophy," January 1964), and traced the historical origins of religious antisexualism in both Christianity and Judaism from early Rome to the present day (August and September, 1963); Hefner contrasted the antisexualism of St. Paul with the essentially naturalistic teachings of Christ, dealt in detail with the manner in which St. Paul's views were extended and reinforced beyond all belief by the medieval Church, and then grew into an antagonism toward all pleasure with John Calvin's Puritanism after the Reformation. The "Philosophy" has also called attention to the more liberal views on sexual morality being expressed by a number of contemporary religious leaders (July 1963 and January 1964) and stated that these dedicated men of God are among the most outspoken opponents of American Puritanism and our antisexual heritage derived from the Middle Ages.

We do not believe that religion should be wholly separated from secular life, or cease its criticism of those aspects of society of which it disapproves; organized religion should have as free a voice as every other individual or group in our democracy. But the government should reflect and protect the views of all of its citizens and should be free, as guaranteed by our Constitution, of any church-state alliance.

History does not support your contention that "the Church through the centuries has often been the sole champion of the people in the fight for personal rights"; individual rights have been won by the people themselves, not infrequently over the opposition of established religion and government. And what you refer to as the "high moral standards" historically supported by the Church have too often been simply a perpetuation of the religious dogma of a particular sect.

Our own philosophy is not based upon any "present expediency," but upon a firm belief in the underlying principles of our democracy and the conviction that a more enlightened, rational approach to contemporary problems will produce

more effective solutions in the future than we have managed to find in the past and will give us a healthier, happier society.

The October issue of PLAYBOY was the first I have ever read; it will not be the last. I believe that *The Playboy Philosophy* could ultimately destroy our culture because it does not develop virtue, which I define as the essence of man — that which is to be desired in all men, is morally good, and is necessary in the preservation of culture. Self-respect, justice, and consideration are a few qualities of virtue.

Man first exists on this earth and utilizes only his instincts. Through his experiences, he then acquires knowledge which aids him in developing his personality, controlling his instincts, defining himself, and thereby gaining his essence.

The Playboy Philosophy causes man to exist only, because it does not encourage control of his sexual instincts. By adhering to its principles, man is uninhibited. He is allowed to appease his sexual desires without regard to what Freud calls the "instinctual renunciations" imposed by culture. Each individual is free to do what he wants without respecting or considering his fellow men. Man lives an animal-like life.

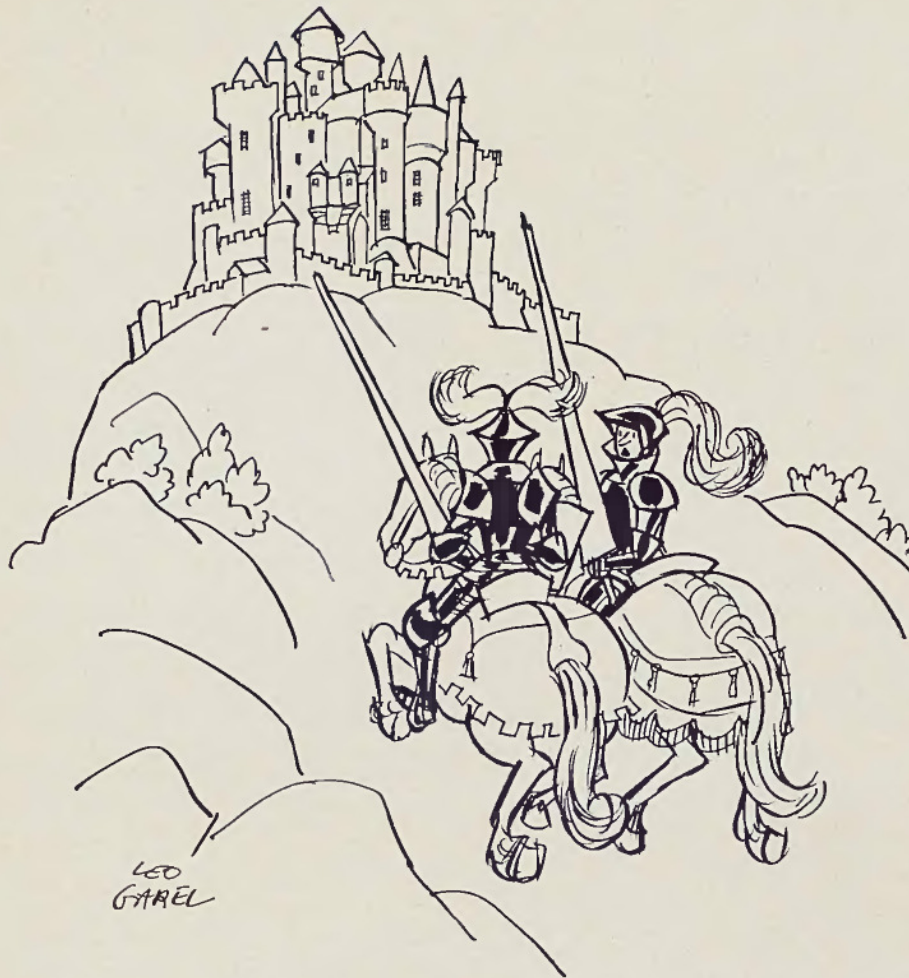
It is clear that culture cannot exist without moral standards. Since it eliminates the need for morals, *The Playboy Philosophy* threatens to destroy our culture.

Although I disagree with your philosophy, I feel that everyone should have the opportunity to read your magazine. Your editorials and stories give the reader an occasion to strengthen his own philosophy, or develop one if he has none. I have enjoyed reading PLAYBOY because it filled a definite purpose: it made me think.

Charles John Amsterdam, Priest
Latter-day Saints
Beverly Hills, California

Nothing in the October issue warrants your assertion that PLAYBOY favors an amoral or totally uninhibited society; a more extensive reading of "The Playboy Philosophy" should convince you that what we do favor is a morality based upon reason rather than superstition, with the welfare of the individual as its primary goal. By your own definition, PLAYBOY is on the side of "virtue," since self-respect, justice and consideration of the individual are the very essence of our concept of a rational morality.

Far from being destructive, a free and continuing criticism of contemporary standards is the best guarantee of progress and the great advantage that a free society has over a controlled one.



"But isn't this the castle that has the mean dog?"

JOY OF LIFE

To those who write in to tell you what a filthy, rotten, national disaster your magazine is: If they don't like it, why do they read it? This magazine was not meant for the readers of *Ladies' Home Journal*! I'm sick and tired of self-appointed guardians of public morals and other people's tastes.

And I'm impatient and irritated by people who think that love is something so limited, so puny, so quantitative, that it has to be carefully hoarded for just a chosen little group. None of them realize that it is something so illimitable and infinite that there is room, in each one of us, for innumerable kinds of it for innumerable people. And I don't mean love in the abstract—the kind that certain Christians feel when they send missionaries overseas to "help" people with whom they would not dream of associating if such people were their neighbors.

What is the matter with us that we have spurned the sheer, exalted, fervent joy of life? When we see a person going down the street singing, we feel embar-

rassed, and think he must either be drunk or an imbecile! We have become so blasphemously inhibited and scared of nature and reality that we don't even dare to let those few who still live (instead of merely existing) enjoy the world that *they* live in.

The people who condemn you are those who are afraid that somehow, some way, you will be able to drag some more of the walking dead into life. They resent it because they themselves long ago lost the capacity to enter that world. Because they are unable to enter it, they deny its validity—just like the fox in Aesop's *Fables* who told himself that the grapes he couldn't reach were sour.

I hate the human race for what it insists on doing to itself. I love it for all that it *can* be. And every time I meet someone, I hope that he or she already is at least on his/her way to becoming what he/she *can* be—for those people I greet with joy. I trust that qualifies me to be one of your fans.

Arda K. Romain
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Indeed it does! Welcome, Mrs. Romain.

WORTHY CAUSE

Editor-Publisher Hefner is to be lauded for the November installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*. It requires not only courage, but also true concern for the rights of others to speak out against bigotry and injustice perpetrated in the name of goodness. Our self-appointed censors are actively working toward the enslavement of men's minds; the nobility of their intentions, if it exists at all, is not at issue.

There are far too few media with the guts to speak out against these abridgements of our freedom, fearing reprisals from the censors and the organizations they represent. In speaking the truth about these organized guardians of our souls, it is certain that you will alienate these people, for while they preach love, they will not tolerate any viewpoint other than their own. Truth is the supreme good, and all the lies, intolerance, and ritualistic dogma that man can conjure up will never change this. Only through truth can man be truly free.

Gene L. Gauch
Cincinnati, Ohio

The Playboy Philosophy for October and November is a job well done. Congratulations! As of now, I have become a regular, rather than an occasional, PLAYBOY reader. Even if I did not find many hours of enjoyable reading in your magazine, I feel the money would be well spent. For, as I see it, by contributing to the support of PLAYBOY I am, in a small way, contributing to the support of freedom. Keep up the good work.

C. D. Tiegs
Huntington Beach, California

I have just completed the 12th part of *The Playboy Philosophy* (on Sunday, in the middle of the Bible Belt, yet). I have read PLAYBOY for many years, but have never felt the need to write you until now.

I only wish to say that Mr. Hefner is to be congratulated for his stand in opposing the people who wish to rob us of our liberties. I respect him very much for continuing the *Philosophy* at a time, as he says, when it would be much easier, and less costly, for him simply to quit fighting. I am afraid that too many people would look to the dollar, and compromise the things they believe in.

It matters not that I agree or disagree with Mr. Hefner, but I must respect his right to his opinion. If all of us, or a majority of us, cease to respect the rights and opinions of others, we may as well cease to oppose communism, and let the Russians have this country by default. For, after all, if the right to free thought and expression does not separate

us from Nazi Germany, Communist Russia, and other forms of tyranny, what then does?

I have always enjoyed PLAYBOY, but hereafter, I will feel *compelled* to buy it each month, if for no other reason than to aid Mr. Hefner's efforts in behalf of freedom and liberty.

Norman E. Adams
Pataskala, Ohio

LIBERAL CATHOLICISM

Thanks for your bravery in writing openly and truthfully about the blatant, undemocratic, totalitarian, bigoted, insidious and illegal actions of CDL and NODL. The newspapers didn't print your side of the Jayne Mansfield story and I, for one, was glad to read it. I hope you will continue to report to your readers subsequent developments in Publisher Hefner's trial.

I disagree with you over only one point—I think that there may not be any liberal Catholics of any consequence in power in the Church.

Mrs. G. L. James
St. Louis, Missouri

We appreciate your thanks, but disagree with your bleak appraisal of the future of liberal Catholicism. The positive (if long overdue) reforms which have resulted from Pope Paul's continuation of the Ecumenical Councils, as well as his recent trip outside the Vatican, both attest to the continuing liberalization of Church tenets—a trend which, if slow, would have been unheard of a generation ago. Many Catholic leaders are concerned lest the Church itself develop a reputation for intolerance and dictatorism in non-Catholic quarters, because of the misguided actions of an overzealous few.

The purpose of this letter is to let you and your readers know that all of the students at Notre Dame University do not share the views of Messrs. Kaman, Melka, Maas and Roberto [as expressed in a critical commentary in *The Playboy Forum* of January 1964]. The consensus of the people who have read your *Philosophy* is one of respect for your forthrightness. We do not always agree with what you say, but like Voltaire, we will defend to the death your right to say it. You have been an island of clear thinking in a sea of confusion through censorship. We wish for the continued success of your magazine. We would also like to add our best wishes for the contemporary Aphrodite, Miss Terre Tucker.

Mike McGuire, Chuck Sizer,
Dick Kernan, Russ Storms,
Larry Constantine
Notre Dame University
South Bend, Indiana

I have read all of the installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* and agree with you in 99 percent of what you say.

As one born and raised a Catholic, I agree with your concern over the unwarranted actions taken against you by the official bigots of Chicago and New York. I was in Rome only last week, and entered St. Peter's shortly after the many cardinals and bishops departed from one of the Ecumenical meetings. In St. Peter's I said a prayer that the Ecumenical Council might liberalize Catholicism to the point where bigotry will be banished. PLAYBOY has made significant contributions in the battle for truth, and I trust it will continue to do so. It is most regrettable that you cannot take civil action against those who arrested and harassed you so unjustifiably, and caused you so much trouble, wasted time, and expense. I await with great interest your report on the outcome of your trial.

T. H. Riley
Lynn, Massachusetts

Our sincere thanks for the enlightened Catholic voices raised in our behalf.

Hugh M. Hefner's trial commenced on the 19th of last November. If he had been found guilty, the maximum penalty would have been a \$400 fine. Fighting the case probably cost 100 times that, but Hefner felt the principle of freedom of the press involved was more important than the money, and so he fought and won. A predominantly female jury—which prompted Hefner to comment,

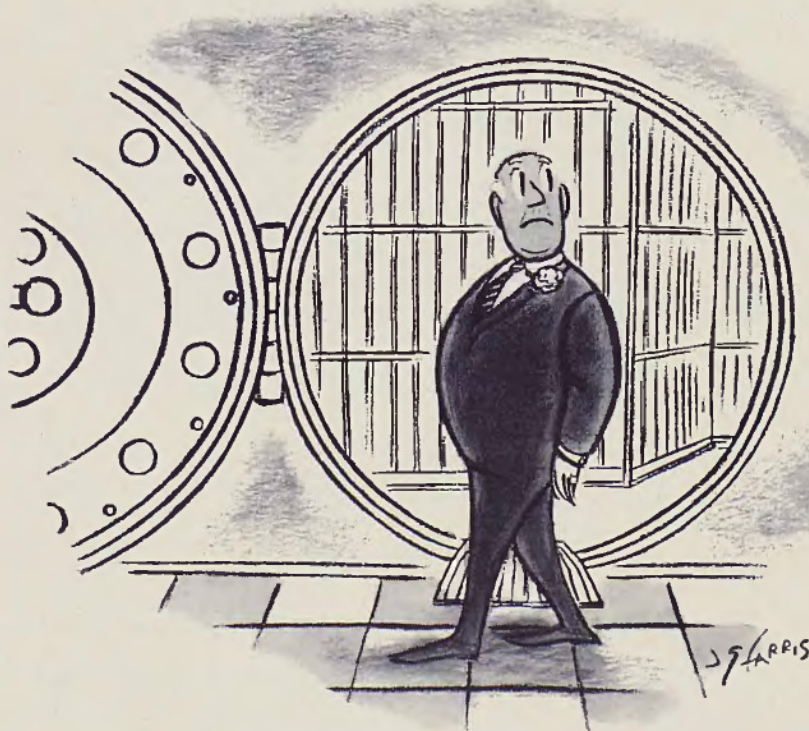
"I wonder if a jury of eleven women and one lone urban male is really a jury of my peers"—split seven to five in favor of acquittal and ended as a "hung" jury. It is technically possible for the Chicago Corporation Counsel to retry the case, but it seems unlikely that they will, for they must have known from the outset that the magazine was not obscene and that they had no real chance of winning.

The amount of time and effort consumed by pretrial preparation and by the trial itself made it impossible for Hefner to write an installment of "The Playboy Philosophy" for this issue.

Therefore, we devoted the space normally allotted to "Philosophy" and "Forum," to this expanded "Forum," presenting a representative cross section of the unprecedented flood of mail resulting from Hefner's description of his arrest and the shadowy forces behind it.

"The Playboy Philosophy" will be resumed in the next issue; Hefner will discuss the trial in detail in a future installment.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on "Philosophy" or "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"I'll see your five hundred and raise you a thousand."

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Alligator Rainwear	25
"Botany" 500 Daroff Suits	28
Concord 330	32
Connolly Shoes	20
Esquire Socks	14
Hardwick Blazers	141
H.I.S. Looper Slacks	8
International Shoes	37
Interwoven Socks	7
Jockey Hose	149
Johnsonian Shoes	2
Kaywoodie Pipes	32
Leesures by Lee Slacks	135
London Fog Raincoats	34
Medico Pipes	133
Triumph Spitfire	1
Verde Shoes	26
Winthrop Shoes	24
YMM Slacks	50

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on *The Playboy Advisor*, fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

**SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH**



- 3 yrs. for \$17 (Save \$13.00)
- 1 yr. for \$7 (Save \$3.00)
- payment enclosed bill later

TO:

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip code no. _____

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

036

NEXT MONTH:



SELLERS' LDVERS



FLEMING'S BOND



SUMMER'S FASHIONS

"YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE"—BEGINNING A NEW JAMES BOND NOVEL WHEREIN BRITISH AGENT 007 IS ALMOST FIRED FROM HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE AND RECEIVES A DESPERATE LAST-CHANCE MISSION TO THE ORIENT—BY **IAN FLEMING**

"SELLERS MIMES THE MOVIE LOVERS"—A WILD PHOTO PARODY OF SOME OF THE SILVER SCREEN'S MOST CELEBRATED AMORISTS BY COMIC GENIUS **PETER SELLERS**

"A SHORT HISTORY OF SHAVES AND HAIRCUTS"—CHRONICLING MUTTON CHOPS, TONSURES, VANDYKES, GOATEES, PERUKES, BEATLE CUTS AND SUNDRY OTHER HIRSUITE ADORNMENTS FOR VISAGE AND PATE—BY **WILLIAM IVERSEN**

"SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—PLAYBOY'S SEMI-ANNUAL PREVIEW OF WHAT'S AHEAD FOR THE SEASON IN MENSWEAR—BY FASHION DIRECTOR **ROBERT L. GREEN**

A CONVERSATION WITH INGMAR BERGMAN—SWEDEN'S ENIGMATIC MASTER OF CINEMA EXPLICATES HIS FILMIC PHILOSOPHY, THE FORERUNNER AND FRONTRUNNER OF THE NEW WAVE, IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PLAYMATES REVISITED—1956"—A PICTORIAL REVIEW OF ALL THE PLAYMATES FROM OUR THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

"YOU COULD ALWAYS HOPE"—A GRAVELY WOUNDED GI PATIENT OBSERVES THE EBB AND FLOW OF LIFE, LOVE AND HATE IN A SEARCHING SHORT STORY—BY **JOHN KEATS**

"THE FIEND"—A SCIENCE-FICTION FLIGHT CONCERNING AN INTERPLANETARY COLONIZING EXPEDITION, ITS TROUBLED PILOT AND ITS UNUSUAL CARGO—BY **FREDERIK POHL**

"SUCKER BETS"—HOW TO SUCCEED IN WAGERING WITHOUT REALLY TRYING—BY **HOWARD MARGOLIS**

"Highbrow Authors and Middlebrow Books"—A COGENT COMMENTARY ON THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF THE CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN NOVEL—BY **JOHN W. ALDRIDGE**



“If they’re out of imported O.F.C., I’m going on the wagon.”

People with pull just won't touch anything but Imported O. F. C. It's the Oldest, Finest Canadian—a lighter, more with-it whisky. 12 year old O.F.C. costs little more than Canadians half its age. And O.F.C. 8 year old is priced with Canadians years younger. When you're out, ask for Imported O. F. C.—it's the only Canadian with three initials.



Viceroy's got
the taste that's right!



not too strong...not too light...
Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all 7 filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . others taste too light. But Viceroy — with the Deep-Weave Filter — tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

Deep
weave
Filter



© 1964