

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN AUGUST 1964 • 75 CENTS

* * PLAYBOY

BUNNIES OF CHICAGO • FORD GOES TO
THE RACES • DICK GREGORY INTERVIEW
PLUS CLARKE, RUSSELL, GOLD, GETTY





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PLAYBILL Our formally gowned cover girl languorously doodling the Playboy Rabbit in the sand promises that the August issue at hand is designed for balmy-weather idling. There are feasts for the eye, palate-piquing goodies, humor droll and satiric, thought-provoking articles, and fiction evocative and gripping.

PLAYBOY's interview with civil rights crusader Dick Gregory is an incendiary revelation of his total involvement in the Negroes' struggle for equality.

A dazzling display—14 pages' worth—of the damsels who make the Windy City's Playboy Club a haven of beauty accompanies the text of *The Bunnies of Chicago*, a Rabbit's-eye report on our premier Club's principal attractions.

Attracting world-wide attention in auto-racing circles is the Ford Motor Company's full-scale entry into track

story, *And I Mean That Sincerely!*, a fun-flecked fable of Hollywood fauna, comes from the prolific pen of PLAYBOY's former executive editor, Ray Russell. Ray has put in three years in Celluloid



RUSSELL



GETTY



WISER

combat. Our own Ken W. Purdy, the most prestigious name in automotive writing, delineates the history, current operations and future plans of Dearborn in *Ford Flat Out*, expertly unveiling the Ford GT, the radical and rapid vehicle that is carrying the banner and hopes of the company over the machine-and-man-killing European racing circuit.

John Clellon Holmes' *Revolution Below the Belt*, a trenchant dissection of the sexual turmoil abroad in the land since World War II, will be part of a book to be published by Viking Press. Author of the new novel (his third) *Get Home Free*, Holmes, who recently finished a stint as visiting lecturer in Paul Engle's Writers' Workshop at the State University of Iowa, is off to Europe for a replenishing of his creative juices.

In *The Homogenized Man*, PLAYBOY Business and Finance Editor J. Paul Getty (shown above at the wheel of a Formula Junior Lotus, carrying the trademark of one of his Tidewater Oil Company's products) examines the current trend toward standardization of Homo sapiens and offers some expert advice on how the individual can preserve his identity even when part of the increasingly depersonalized corporate structuring of our society.

An august company of fictive offerings highlights our August issue. Our lead



HOLMES

City as background for *Sincerely*. In that time he has written seven feature films, one of which (a sci-fi thriller named X) copped last year's Silver Globe at the Festival Internazionale del Film di Fantascienza held in Trieste. He is currently hard at work completing a stage version of his novel, *The Case Against Satan*, for a West End opening in London this fall. (The wild illustration for Russell's screenland saga was executed by Tomi Ungerer, whose unique talents have won him a prominent place in contemporary graphic art. *The Underground Sketchbook of Tomi Ungerer*, just published by Viking Press, is a savage, often shock-

ing series of cartoon statements on sex, the military and society in general.)

Comedy in another key is contained in William Wiser's *The Moor's Tale*, a Rabelaisian romp set in Italy. Wiser drew the inspiration for his tale from a hitchhiking tour of the Boot in 1961, wrote it two years later in Mexico, is busy stockpiling American dollars for a return to Europe this year—itinerary: Brussels, Paris and, when the European chill sets in, Cannes.

PLAYBOY favorite Herbert Gold is richly represented by *The Happy Hipster*, a French-flavored frolic in the beat milieu of San Francisco—an environment reminiscent of the Paris of the Twenties. Herb states, "In Paris recently it seemed to me that San Francisco is more like the old Paris than Paris itself. The famous air of Paris has been replaced by a product imported from under the hoods of automobiles on the

Los Angeles freeway at rush hour. *Vive le Bay Area!*"

Arthur C. Clarke's story, *The Shining Ones*, set in the murky deep off his home grounds of Ceylon, may be yet another example of the author's demonstrably uncanny ability to predict future events. A recent dispatch from Clarke informed us that the U.S. Department of Commerce, Coast and Geodetic Survey, was preparing to survey the depths of Ceylon's Trincomalee canyon and to make exploratory dives in it. After reading Clarke's story, we await the results of the exploration with some trepidation.

Further August bounty: PLAYBOY's LeRoy Neiman casts a sunglasses eye over the bikini'd back-to-nature movement of St.-Tropez in *Man at His Leisure*; Fashion Director Robert L. Green reports on *The Colorful Summer Spectrum* and the wondrous materials that go into it; Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario presents a plenitude of refreshing summer dishes in *Smoking for Pleasure*; another year of gatefold girls passes in review in *Playmates Revisited—1960*; our first Oriental Playmate—China Lee—makes her bow as Miss August; and Don Addis unveils additional signs of our times in *Symbolic Sex*.

In all, an appropriately imperial literary repast for a month named after Rome's first emperor.

PLAYBOY



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Chicago Bunnies P. 86



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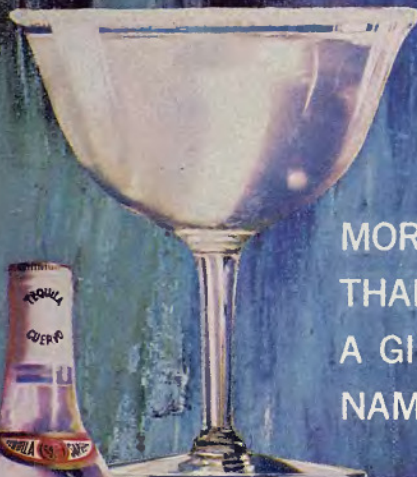
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THAN
A GIRL'S
NAME...



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OR
GOLD
LABEL
86
PROOF

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

I congratulate you on your most appropriate and stimulating selection of Donna Michelle as Playmate of the Year. Her first appearance secured my all-time Playmate vote. As a graduate student in art at the University of Iowa, I feel somewhat qualified as a judge of rare beauty.

James S. Sutter
Iowa City, Iowa

I believe that four lines from Andrew Marvell's poem *To His Coy Mistress* pay ample tribute to your Playmate of the Year, Donna Michelle. They are:

*An hundred years should go to
praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead
gaze:
Two hundred to adore each breast:
But thirty thousand to the rest.*

Thomas M. Lauher
Michigan State University
East Lansing, Michigan

My faith in PLAYBOY remains unshak-
en. Donna Michelle was the only possi-
ble choice for Playmate of the Year. Warm-felt thanks for the 11-page pic-
torial tribute to her physical attributes. Add my vote for Donna Michelle as the
Playmate of the Decade.

Dave Todd
Fairmont, West Virginia

Kudos to the editors for their choice of
Playmate of the Year. We at Duke
concede another well-earned victory to
UCLA.

Steve Selden
Matthew McConeghy
Bill Lanier
Duke University
Durham, North Carolina

Would Donna consider transferring
her higher education to a full-time
course at the University of Western Ont-
ario in Canada?

Burt Dowsett
London, Ontario

I would like to congratulate you on
your Playmate of the Year photo fea-

ture, and especially on the double-page
picture—pages 110-111.

Here surely is the answer to those crit-
ics who claim that PLAYBOY is porno-
graphic, for what could be a more
perfect representation of the *pure* beauty
of the female form than this photo-
graph? What is more, she is typical of
the high standard of photography in
your magazine.

James McLaren
Christ's College
Cambridge, England

We agree with the apparently uni-
versal tenet that Miss Donna Michelle
sans vêtements is unexcelled. We are,
however, equally curious to see if she sus-
tains this image when adorned with the
accouterments of everyday attire.

Barrett L. Giorgis
Ron Pahl
Karl Kirschner
San Jose State College
San Jose, California

*We're not quite sure whether your let-
ter is a put-it-on or a put-on, fellows.*

BACHELOR'S PAD

Having enjoyed many articles in your
magazine, I've finally read one that has
evoked a fan letter from me. The May
A Playboy's Pad: Airy Aerie was a mag-
nificent piece of photography and every
man's dream come true. Congratulations
to your great photographer J. Barry
O'Rourke and the man who made it all
possible, Fred Lyman. Keep up the good
work; I'm looking forward to the next
bachelor pad.

Bill Burke
Chicago, Illinois

Your coverage on *Airy Aerie* is a
masterpiece. Fred Lyman has apparently
done a marvelous job.

L. Scott Barksdale
Charlottesville, Virginia

I have delayed writing to express my
appreciation for your May article on my
pad until I could come up with the per-
fect superlative, which I have not, so
let it suffice to say that PLAYBOY did a
magnificent job. I hope you'll pay me a
return visit sometime and let me mix a
martini for you from that bar, which I

promise her
anything...
but give her

A
R
R
P
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G
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LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

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only wish was always as neat as it looked in the picture.

Fred Lyman
Malibu, California

FLEMING AND BOND

I would like to compliment PLAYBOY and Ian Fleming on the new James Bond mystery, *You Only Live Twice*. This story combines the ingredients of other Bond novels and Mr. Fleming's artistry into another exciting tale of the famous English spy. I hope PLAYBOY will continue to serialize other new Fleming novels in the future.

Greg Farnham
Mount Vernon, Iowa

We plan to, Greg.

I must commend PLAYBOY on the new Ian Fleming novel. I found Part I quite intriguing and most enjoyable.

J. L. Thomas
Itazuke, Japan

Re your Ian Fleming story in the May issue: On page 155, he has the stocky man driving a 500-cc. Honda. The largest Honda made is 305 cc., and a conversion kit to change a 250-cc. scrambler into a 350-cc. engine is available, but there is no 500-cc. Honda.

John Holland
Haverford, Pennsylvania

Fleming's prose may be overpowering, but it is also accurate. Honda does indeed make a 500-cc. motorcycle which is not sold in the United States.

VERSE OF THE PEOPLE

At last somebody has done something about Japanese verse. I have reference to the clever *Hip Haiku* things turned out by Larry Siegel for the May PLAYBOY. Mr. Siegel, in my view, is vastly superior to the general run of Japanese versifiers, including old Hirohito himself. I was never able to dig the Son of Heaven's occasional operations in the field of bass-ackward prosody. Mr. Siegel's work tempts me, makes me want to try my hand at a few *haiku* bits, but I am strong in character, and long ago resolved that I would make it through life without ever befouling paper with a single line of poetry.

H. Allen Smith
Mount Kisco, New York

Haiku very much for Siegel's wordsmanship; humbly ask for more.

Michael Jay Kalter
Brooklyn, New York

I was greatly amused by Larry Siegel's *Hip Haiku* in your May issue. The waggish illustration accompanying the article also proved to be entertaining. The PLAYBOY insignia on the painter's sleeve, his Bunny cap, the "Made in U.S.A." tag on the geisha's gown and the Playboy swizzle sticks in her headdress were effectively done, but why the Mickey

Mouse head peeking out from the rocks in the scroll?

Russell Gamble
San Luis Obispo, California

We tried to find out, but the illustrator was inscrutable.

PETER ON PLAYBOY

I am delighted with the feature (*Sellers Mimes the Movie Lovers*), but even more that you thought enough of it to put one of the pictures on the April cover in place of some more alluring striptych.

I know, having read and admired *The Playboy Philosophy*, that your readers, noting the change, will not ascribe this addition of a masculine note on your magazine's cover to any predilection in me to those esoteric habits said to be prevalent in Arabia.

I am a complete devotee of PLAYBOY; of what you so succinctly say in your philosophy; of the authors that you attract; of what they write; and, above all, of the fact that PLAYBOY constantly persuades me that life is for living.

Playmates of the Month are great fun, but they must have words and males to go with them if they are to mean anything at all. I am, myself, a camera addict and would enjoy the further opportunity of collaboration with your publication, both in front of and behind the camera. I find both aspects of photography equally appealing.

Peter Sellers
London, England

Readers are certain to enjoy Peter's appearance in next month's issue, along with stunning sexpot Elke Sommer, in "The Nudest Peter Sellers and the Nudest Elke Sommer."

TERRI KIMBALL

While I admire and look forward to your monthly offering, I do have one complaint to register. I find May's picture splash of the lovely Playmate's home life in East What-Have-You to be in rather poor taste. How does Granny feel about her granddaughter being seen in all her glory on your pages?

V. E. D. King
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Please see below, Mr. King.

I want to thank PLAYBOY for giving me an opportunity to appear with my nice grandchildren—they mean a lot to me. I have had many calls from local newspapers and others regarding the feature. They all congratulate Terri. The May issue is a sellout in this area.

Mrs. E. N. Grinnell
Dennis Port, Massachusetts

DONNA DESIGN

After searching the cover of the May issue for the Playboy Rabbit, I discovered it was Donna Michelle. Cover designer Arthur Paul is to be congratulated. The Playboy Rabbit never looked so good. If you can put two of these



Please remove your olive.

it's lime time

It's summer and Rose's is here! Don't you know what happens when you add Rose's Lime Juice to gin or vodka? Instead of a martini, you have a gimlet.

The gimlet is for people who hate candied summer cocktails and usually make a mess of them anyway; it is for thirsty people who have outgrown sodo pop and tea with ice in it; it is a tropical drink that gets its curious taste from the bitter-sweet calypso limes Rose's uses. They are grown only in the West Indies.

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*We English.



The Scots distill it—
we jolly well drink it.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller
is Haig.

lovely creatures on your cuff links, may I be first in line to buy them?

Scott B. Dudley
Annapolis, Maryland

Pompeo Posar's masterful arrangement of Donna Michelle's sublime form into *PLAYBOY*'s trademark was very subtle. I wonder how many readers would have noticed, had it not been for the tie-and-collar-shaped Playmate of the Year inscription. Mr. Posar's technique definitely makes his pictures instantly recognizable as his own.

Nick Froro
Harvey, Illinois

JACK TACK

Re May *Playboy Interview* with Jack Lemmon: Sane, man, sane.

Dr. Michael Scriven
Professor of the Logic of Science
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

PERSIAN PLAYBOY

Thought you might be interested in this picture shot in the town of Susa,



Iran, supposedly the burial spot of Daniel of lion fame. The surrounding stone is 2500 years old, and maybe the Iranian is, too. And note the wonderfully appropriate cover.

L/C Bryan Brierly
Fort McPherson
Atlanta, Georgia

BONE SPECIALIST

The distressed trombonist in Mr. Shoemaker's cartoon on page 156 of the April issue of *PLAYBOY* will only succeed in prolonging his suffering should he play the piece before him. The two notes on his score, an E and an A, are both in the same slide position, not an effective suicidal passage. If the second note were changed to a low E—seventh position—the movement would be a devastating success. Perhaps the musician does not really intend to kill himself—only a small percentage of attempted suicides actually succeed. I wish Mr. Shoemaker's sad musician better luck next time.

Douglas O. Maass
Oberlin, Ohio

HEMINGWAY HOOT

Your reviewer offered approbation in May for Ernest Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast*. The other side of the coin should be examined. I protest the picture Hemingway gives of Ford Madox Ford in this book. What is to me an almost altogether disappointing and inconsequential book is made much worse by this gross breach of *noblesse oblige*. Ford helped Hemingway by buying his stories for *The Transatlantic Review* at a time when Hemingway desperately needed money and encouragement. Yet in this book, Hemingway has not a single good thing to say about Ford, but only a great number of disparaging things. When I knew him in France—at much the same time Hemingway did—he was a fine, generous man who went out of his way to help young writers; without knowing me personally and only having read something of mine, he asked me to stay with him for a week during which he gave me many pointers.

And Hemingway does not stop with Ford. Scott Fitzgerald was another who helped him in his beginning days, yet he ridicules him in almost merciless fashion, as he did once before in one of his African stories, only to have Fitzgerald and others protest, at which Hemingway took out the reference in further editions. In *A Moveable Feast*, an intimate sexual confidence of Fitzgerald's, in connection with his mentally ill wife, is mentioned, inexcusably. Hemingway, by repeating an avowed denigration, appeared to have a compulsion to be cruel to Fitzgerald.

He even goes on to his friend Gertrude Stein, another source of encouragement to him. Viciously he quotes something he overheard by accident in Miss Stein's home that should never have been recounted in a book.

Theodore Pratt
Delray Beach, Florida

PLAYBOY contributor Theodore Pratt is the author of over 30 novels. *Lapses or no, however, we still enjoyed the Hemingway book.*

COLOR LINES

Hey great
Forward looking
PLAYBOY magazine;
Hey iconoclastic
Philosopher of
The modern age;
Hey value examiner
For the American
People;
Why does foldout
Beauty come in
But one color?
Eh?

Chance Massaro
San Francisco, California

Not so, Chance. See this month's Playmate.



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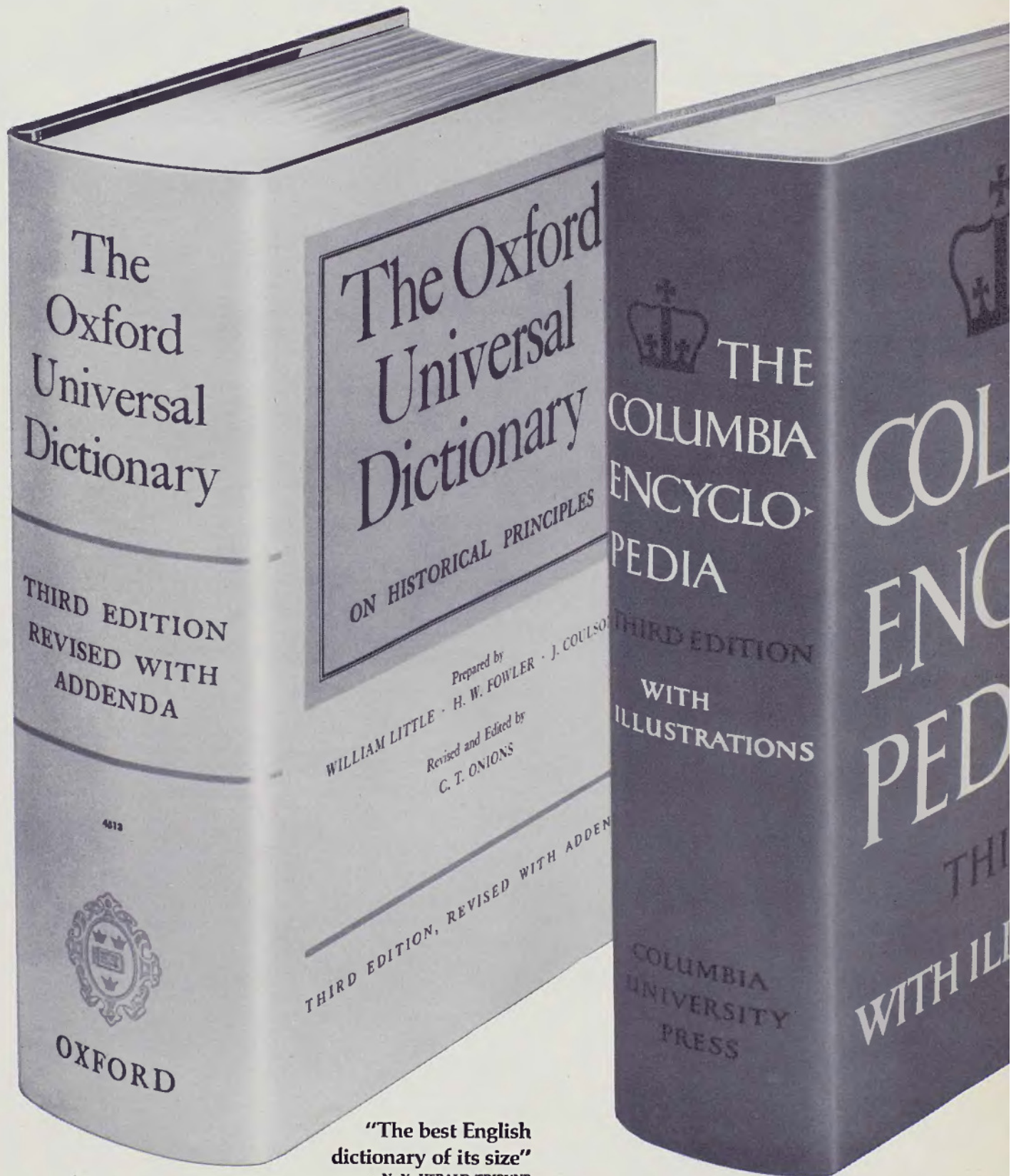


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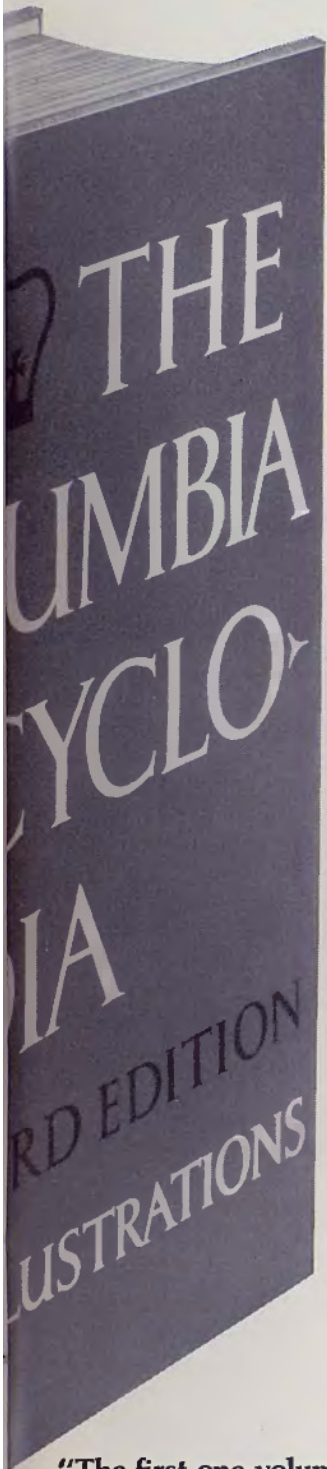
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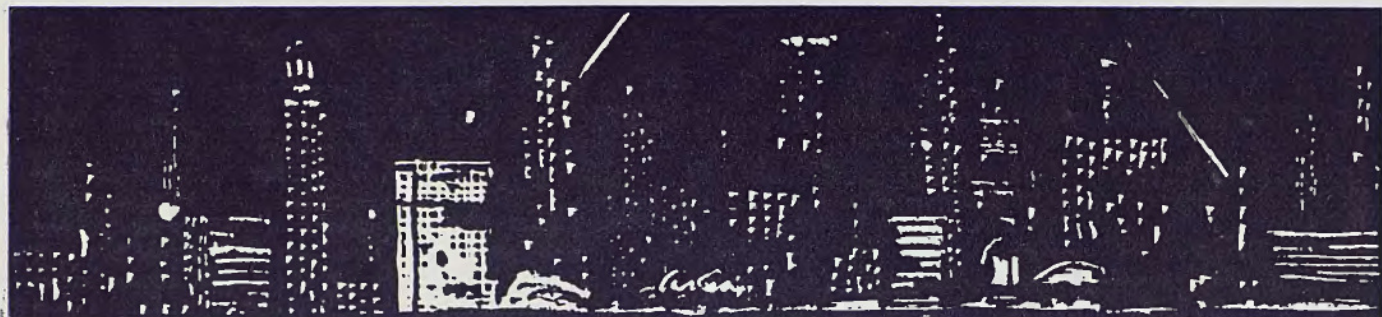
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Our belief that film criticism, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, was recently reaffirmed when we encountered the following tongue-in-cheek review of the Audrey Hepburn/Cary Grant whodunit, *Charade*, which ran in *The Philatelic Investor*, a stamp collectors' monthly:

"All in all, *Charade* is a pleasant enough film, though it taxed the imagination in spots. For instance: Its cinematic simulation of Sweden's unique three-skilling banco color error of 1855, printed in orange (the color of the eight-skilling banco value) instead of the usual blue-green, was for some unknown reason transformed into a four-skilling banco stamp, a denomination which never existed, in a shade demonstrably darker (almost a red-orange) than the actual error.

"As if this were not enough, the two-cent Hawaiian Missionary of 1851, unique unused, the stamp around which evolved the murder of the Parisian Gaston Leroux in 1892, and the same stamp which recently sold at auction to Ray Weill of New Orleans for a record \$41,000, is transmogrified into a three-cent value (of which, of course, none ever existed) and is shown with four large margins, whereas the actual error is cut close (though not touching) at bottom right; moreover, the moviemakers exercised an even greater poetic license in their depiction of the paper of this particular stamp, which is shown as rather thick, granular and porous-looking. In actual fact, of course, the Hawaiian error was printed on gossamer *pelure* paper, which has been known to disintegrate when licked—a fact which, according to some students of the subject, accounts for the great scarcity of these stamps.

"Last, and most unconscionable of all, is the film's portrayal of the unique unused 81-parale blue 1858 of Moldavia, which sold a few years back for a paltry \$2300 (there being less philatelic inter-

est in the adhesives of Moldavia and its sister country Walachia, since both kingdoms folded up in 1859); this stamp is shown as a 65-parale value (another spurious denomination for which there was never any postal justification) and is shown perforated, when in fact no Moldavian stamp was ever perforated, since the poor Moldavians never could afford one of the machines. Moreover, the dialog makes clear that the stamp they're talking about isn't the Moldavian one at all, but the unique one-cent British Guiana magenta of 1856—which is perhaps 20 times more valuable than the Moldavian effort, so rare that its East Coast owner refuses to reveal his identity to the philatelic public.

"Aside from these glaring inaccuracies, one could also have wished for more footage of the *Marché aux Timbres*, Paris' world-famous open-air stamp bourse—which is shown briefly and, unfortunately, so blurred by the activity of the characters in the film as to be of very little value. Also, even though the stamps shown are poor imitations of their real-life counterparts, it's too bad that Gary Cooper and Doris Day (or whoever that girl was) kept obstructing one's view of them."

Anybody who had premonitions of folksy Texas barbecues and knitting bees in the White House should be relieved by an item in the *Mansfield (Ohio) News-Journal*: "The Johnsons, warm and friendly and glad to shake hands, invited all the Senators to informal dinners recently and now are in the midst of a series of sex receptions for Congressmen."

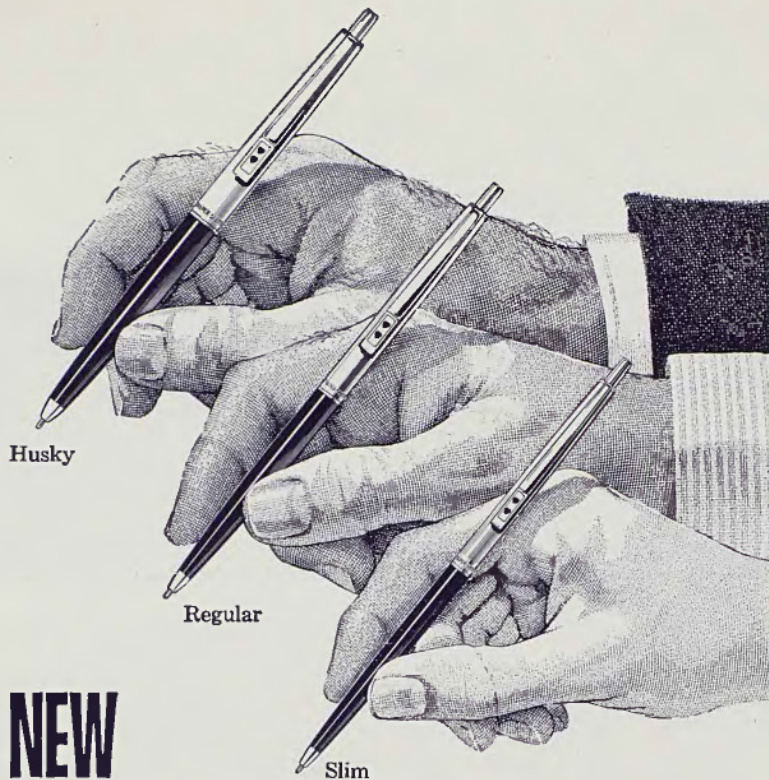
Signs we'd like to see: at a Metrecal sale—PRICES DRASTICALLY REDUCED; on a bank door—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK; on a zipper factory—GRAND OPENING; on an emp-

ty supermarket soup shelf—OUT OF STOCK; in a spice-shop window—SEASON'S GREETINGS; on a closed restaurant's door—OUT TO LUNCH; on a plastic surgeon's shingle—BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS; on a baseball dugout—THIS SIDE UP; in a torture chamber—USE NO HOOKS; on a bare midriff—WATCH THIS SPACE; on a canoe—TIPPING NOT ALLOWED; in a prizefight arena—NO DIVING; outside a revival meeting—NO ONE SEATED DURING THE LAST FIVE MINUTES; on a cemetery gate—NO EXIT; over a collection agency's mailbox—POST NO BILLS; on the wall of a gangland hide-out—DO NOT FEED THE PIGEONS; on a dentist's wall—BRIDGE SLIPPERY WHEN WET; at an over-40 club dance—BEWARE OF THE DOG; at the first tee of a golf course—IF YOU DRINK, DON'T DRIVE; on a deep-sea diver's air hose—DO NOT FOLD OR BEND; on a bordello door—MEN AT WORK; and in a lawyer's office—10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Our admiration for Beethoven's prodigious accomplishments has attained new heights since an academic friend at Pennsylvania State University passed along this tasty tidbit of musical history, gleaned from a term paper written for a freshman English composition course: "Beethoven was a great musician. He had ten children, and practiced on a spinster in the attic."

Gift suggestion for that very special girl: "A new Remington Rand cordless shaver," according to *Marketing News*, "for women with separate heads for various uses."

Our condolences to the bereaved who placed the following In Memoriam notice in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* not long ago: "CAESAR, GAIUS JULIUS, assassinated by political enemies at meeting of Roman Senate, 44 B.C."



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A memorable comment overheard by one of our early-rising friends, as he watched NBC's *Today* show the other dawn, proves once again that the tube still offers an occasional moment of spontaneous and unrehearsed entertainment. During a live remote from Arizona's Tucson State National Park, a perky reporter named Barbara Walters was unexpectedly handed a writhing but harmless black snake by the park's playful director. "Goodness," gurgled Barbara, "I wish I could tell you what this thing feels like!"

THEATER

James Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie* is a staged broadside, like *The Deputy*. The difference is that Baldwin sees things in blacks and whites. The hero, Richard Henry (Al Freeman, Jr.), who is based on Emmett Till, is a renegade Southern Negro, the son of a minister, who has gone North to be seduced by dope, white women and racial hatred. Returning to the South, he vilifies the white world around him. All whites are Mister Charlies, and their day has come. Above all, he hates Lyle Britten (Rip Torn), the trashiest white in town, and tells him so. Lyle returns the favor by killing Richard; the murderer is tried and acquitted. Baldwin juggles time so that Richard doesn't stay dead; he keeps coming back for a little bile longer. Burgess Meredith's staging of this Actors Studio production is free-flowing: The stage is almost bare of scenery, and lights turn empty space into "Blacktown" and "Whitetown," but the novelty is superimposed. *Blues* is more old-fashioned melodrama than modern-day morality play. There is even an Uncle Tom in the cast, and a teary-eyed mammy, and a rumpled-likkerly-Southern-white-editor-with-a-conscience. There are those who may feel that Baldwin has reduced racial conflict to a battle of sex. Superficially, this may be true—but on a deeper level, it can be claimed that his insights into the neurotic-sexual content of white and Negro racism break new ground in polemical theater. Richard's denunciation of Lyle is mainly a denigration of his sexual powers, and Lyle's wrath is mainly a fear that his wife will be raped. Playwright Baldwin, like essayist and novelist Baldwin, writes with passion, as well as purpose, and at times his dialog soars as it sears. The Negro actors, like the Negro characters, are more convincing than their white counterparts. Al Freeman, Jr., makes Richard a surprisingly noble figure, and Diana Sands, as his girlfriend, evokes tears with her cry of anguish at his murder. At the ANTA, 245 West 52nd Street.

Tammy Grimes has always seemed at least half helium, anchored to the



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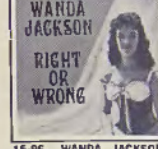
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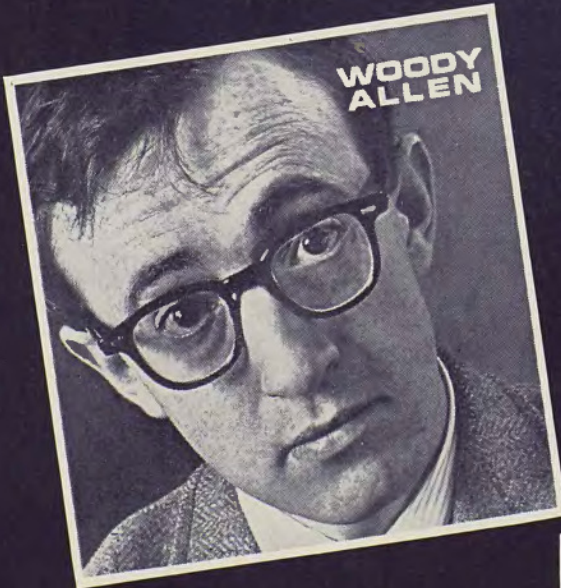


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ground only by her deep voice. In *High Spirits* she actually flies, sometimes 15 feet above the stage. Chairs fly, too, and tables. Bea Lillie has no strings, nor wings, so she flies standing still. If the show was as ethereal as its nutty leading ladies, it would be a spook spoof to contend with. Alas, this musical version of Noel Coward's death farce, *Blithe Spirit*, is earthbound, and the gallows humor is merely funeral. *High* or *Blithe*, the spirit is the same: Elvira, the loony but dead first Mrs. Condomine. Writer Charles Condomine (Edward Woodward) invites a mad medium named Madame Arcati (Bea Lillie) over for an instant séance. The lady arrives riding a bi-psychical and followed by a chorus of peddlers. She succeeds, accidentally, in conjuring up Elvira (Tammie Grimes), to the astonishment of the present Mrs. Condomine (Louise Troy), who can't see her, and of Mr. Condomine, who *can* see her (she looks like a green mushroom). Some of the Coward humor remains ("I didn't die yesterday!" announces Elvira indignantly), but authors Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray have spent most of their time replacing the funny lines with spiritless tunes. Coward, himself, is named as director—and, presumably, accomplice. Happily, while the others are playing it straight, the Misses Lillie and Grimes play themselves, which is out of this world. At the Alvin, 250 West 52nd Street.

Baby Want a Kiss is a casual Actors Studio improvisation masquerading as a play, in which Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward pretend they're movie stars. What's more, author James Costigan is right up there onstage with his actors, picking lint off the scenery and pointing out the good jokes. In the cast of three—there is also a walk-on dog, who walks off early—Costigan is playing, of all things, a writer, a former buddy of a famous Hollywood couple. The writer is bearded and befuddled, the actors chichi and self-assured. "Are you really immortal?" Costigan asks the stunning lady half of the team. "I suppose so," she yawns. Both make passes of sorts at Costigan, although Newman is too much a narcissist to put much spirit into it; he gets one of his biggest laughs when he plants a juicy kiss on his own biceps, and his pet project is to sell himself to housewives in a new product called *Celebrity Seed*. "I've done it all with no help from anyone," he says, "and what's more, with no talent whatsoever." The characters are all façade, and the symbol of their sterility is a listen-and-learn parakeet record. While the bird-teacher recites, "Hello, baby want a kiss," over and over, the Newmans perform the latest dance craze, which consists entirely of standing still and staring at each other. Costigan

stares at both of them. He has written himself all the funny looks. For them, he has saved the lines, which up to a point are pointed comments on sex and success. Before long, however, they start playing serious games, like acting out each other's dreams. This Pirandoodling is supposed to make the comedy fraught with meaning. But all it does is spoil the froth. At the Little Theater, 240 West 44th Street.

BOOKS

Robert Gover's *Here Goes Kitten* (Grove, \$3.95) is a sort of sequel to his *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding* (*Playboy After Hours*, December 1962)—about another misunderstanding, also involving a hundred dollars. J. C. Holland, three years after his famous black-and-white weekend, is doing PR for a county government and has dinner with Herman Pennypacker, his fat boss, in a night club. Who is the sexy singer? Kitten, the sex slinger. A postparty party is arranged at a nearby motel, and the porcine Pennypacker dies (or does not die, depending on who's telling the story) in the course of coition with Kitten. As in the earlier book, the tale is told from alternating viewpoints—Holland's and Kitten's; and it's concerned with the chicanery of politics and money, commercial sex and other kinds of pussyfooting. The language is still uninhibited, and there are a lot of laughs; but number two lacks the blast of number one. The original Kitten was most moving as the closest thing to a jungle cat on this continent. Now, although still relatively ignorant, she is knowledgeable about night life and showbiz, a relatively hip hater of the square world. Before, she didn't know hip from square, she just *was*. The story's thin, but the horny puritanism of Holland and the scratching of Kitten's claws keep us reading. What's next—*Son of Kitten*?

Eugene Burdick, whose novels have a habit of collaring skittish government problems and shaking them before the public eye (he co-authored *The Ugly American* and *Fail-Safe*), has struck another timely blow with *The 480* (McGraw-Hill, \$5), a political novel whose setting is the immediate political past—the hectic months leading up to the 1964 Republican convention. (As we go to press, it looks as if the blow might be too timely: By the time the book hits the rental libraries, the Republican convention will be over, and it looks now as if the facts will give the lie to the details of Burdick's fiction—thus undermining the importance of his message.) Though hampered by prose that is sometimes as wooden as a few of its characters, and dialog that occasionally

seems to have been lifted from old *Mr. Wizard* scripts, *The 480* is still a fast-moving study that traces to their logical conclusion the statistical sampling-and-survey methods which the Kennedys first parlayed into votes in 1960. Although some of the characters in the novel are fictional, its concern is with a science that is all too real. In Burdick's 1964, computer technology and statistical science combine to create a new breed of automated politics, wherein the traditional machine is supplanted by the IBM 7094, and social scientists have evolved 480 different categories that describe virtually all Americans. Using the 480 categories, voters' attitudes are examined, issues are tested, a campaign is plotted, a sampling projected and—presto—from the printer of a computer emerges a winning candidate and campaign, as well as an exciting, and disturbing, story.

As every schoolboy doesn't know, Robert Burns was not only a major creator of bawdy ballads, he was also a major collector of them. *The Merry Muses of Caledonia* (Putnam, \$5) is the first complete edition of connoisseur Burns' bawdyana, and a lively, lusty, laughingly lascivious book it is. Bobbie's own contributions to these nigh 100 lyrics include his tribute to the fount of all pleasure, *Nine Inch Will Please a Lady*, and his celebration of an honorable calling, *The Fornicator*. To those who criticized his outspoken pacans to the pleasures of sex, he replied that the wars o' Venus were the only ones he cared to engage in:

*The deities that I adore
Are social peace and plenty.
I'm better pleased to mak' one more
Than be the death o' twenty.*

The forewords by editors James Barke and Sydney Goodsir Smith and the preface by J. DeLancey Ferguson are informative, scholarly and appetizing.

Sometimes a Great Notion (Viking, \$7.50), by Ken Kesey, is a blockbuster of a book, 640 pages of raw American power coming out of the logging land of coastal Oregon. Kesey, author of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, seems to have the barest regard for the reader as he carves out the story of Hank Stamper and his rompin', stompin' kinfolk. "Each camera has its own veracity," one character says, and in a single Kesey paragraph there may be three or four different narrators, each using his own camera on a particular incident, with the time sequences revolving like wild strawberries in an Ingmar Bergman slot machine. But once you're onto his technique, you're ready for anything. And you get it—right from the beginning when Hank Stamper blazes his defiance at his town by hanging his father's arm (severed in a logging accident) on a pole from the top

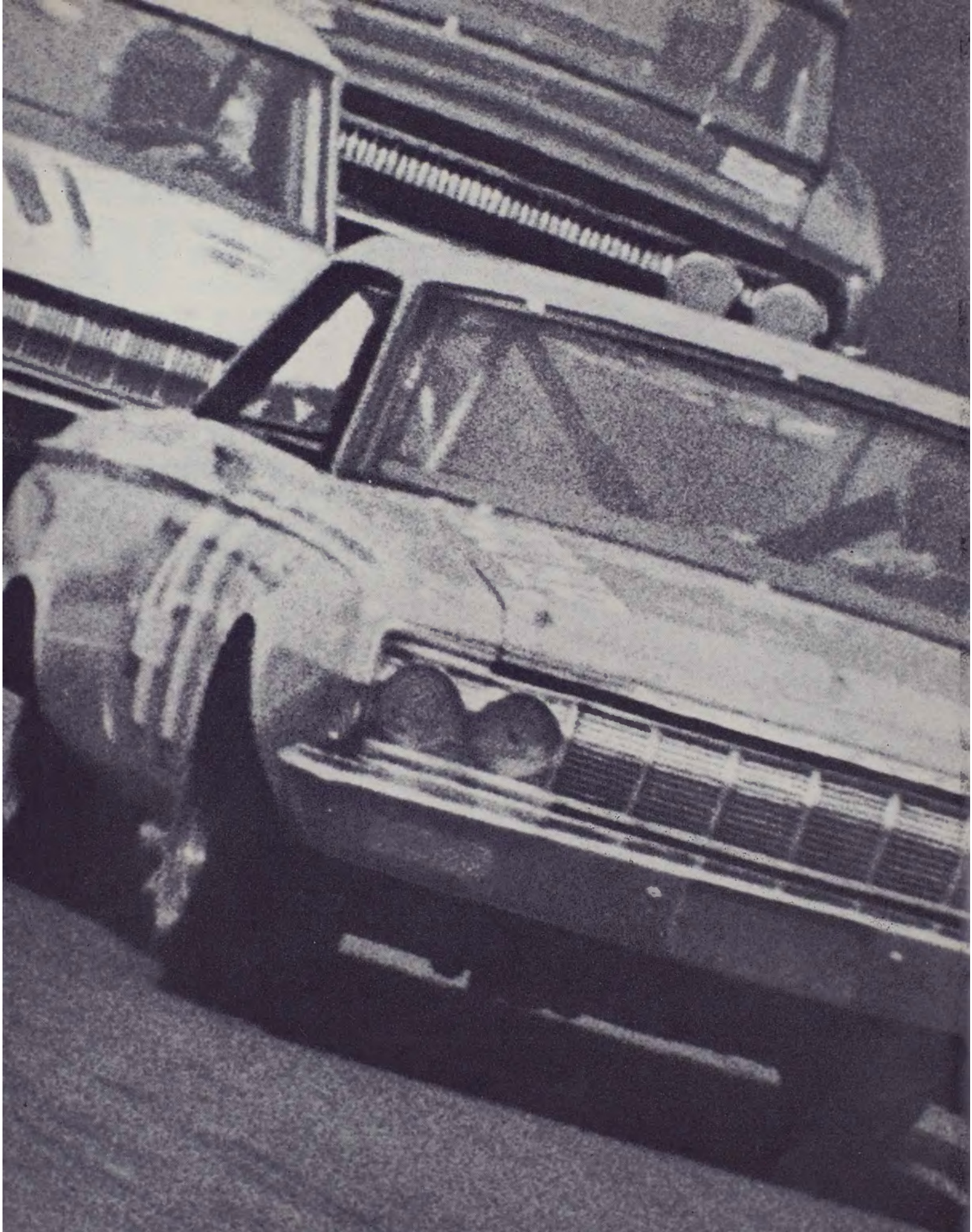
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story of his house with all the fingers tied down but the middle finger, "leaving that rigid and universal sentiment lifted with unmistakable scorn to all that came past." Hank Stamper is a man of immense physical strength, proud, stubborn, scornful, defiant, living up to the words on the plaque that his father nailed over his crib—NEVER GIVE AN INCH. Kesey tells his story through Hank himself; through his stepbrother, who returns hoping to take revenge on Hank for seducing his mother; through Hank's wife, whom the kid brother uses as the instrument of revenge; and through a vivid assortment of townspeople. What is Kesey trying to say? Something about the inviolability of the human spirit. "For there is always a sanctuary more," he writes, "a door that can never be forced, whatever the force, a last invincible stronghold that can never be taken, whatever the attack; your vote can be taken, your name, your innards, even your life, but that last stronghold can only be surrendered. And to surrender it for any reason other than love is to surrender love." A big new book, with some of the old Hemingway spirit.

For 30 years, George F. Kennan, foreign-policy planner, diplomat and scholar, has been injecting cool notes of sanity into the feverish area of U.S.-Soviet relations. His newest book, *On Dealing with the Communist World* (Harper & Row, \$3.50), carries forward his effort to spread light where there has been mainly heat. Mr. Kennan's thesis is that the Communist bloc is not the monolith we've been taking for granted, but quite separate nations with different, sometimes conflicting goals. He warns that unless America recognizes the evolution that is taking place in the East and encourages the emerging individualism and independence of Moscow, we shall find ourselves hamstrung by our own rigid, unrealistic, self-defeating policies. Mr. Kennan's credentials are impeccable; his message is clarity itself. Whether it will penetrate the armored intellects of our more truculent Congressmen is something else again.

MOVIES

Bedtime Story presents Marlon Brando in what the producers call his "first straight comedy role"—which implies that *The Teahouse of the August Moon* and *Guys and Dolls* were crooked. Brando brandishes sex appeal as a GI in Germany who floors the *Fräuleins* so frequently that his colonel has to hurry up his discharge. He thereupon teams with David Niven, a pretended prince who has been making riches on the Riviera by making rich ladies. The two become partners, then rivals—the *piece de résis-*



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tance being Shirley Jones. Brando and Niven agree that whoever gets her is king and the other will clear out. Brando's performance is more mugging than miming, while Niven is, as always, nifty. Miss Jones is gullible and gorgeous, and Dody Goodman puts in a brief appearance as a nutty widow. The script, by Stanley Shapiro and Paul Henning, starts slow, but picks up in pace and invention, and ends strong. Ralph Levy, a new director from TV, is no standout, nor is the Eastman Color. Still, the match between Brando's brute cunning and Niven's finagling should split a side or two.

Robert Rossen, the talented writer-producer-director who made *The Hustler*, which PLAYBOY readers first encountered as a short story in this magazine, has changed pace in *Lilith*, turning from the thumb-in-the-eye jungle of pool sharks to the cloud-in-the-mind limbo of the mentally ill. With his own screenplay derived from J. R. Salamanca's novel, Rossen tells the delicate tale of a young attendant (Warren Beatty) in a luxe lodge for schizophrenics, who falls in love with an exquisite kook (Jean Seberg). He knows she is dangerous, but can't help himself. The result, as he and all of us can predict, is disastrous. Rossen has reached for a kind of love poem in the half-light of the seeming-sane, and with Eugen Shuftan's subtle cinematography, he makes the milieu perfectly; but what comes out are strands of sadness, rather than a well-knit tragedy. Motivations are not clear and occasionally even some facts are obscure. A Lesbian interlude (Miss Seberg and Anne Meacham), meant to show that the girl is drunk with the power of her beauty, is not fully exploited. Peter Fonda, another inmate stricken with love of her, is not Henry Fonda. Miss Seberg is beautiful and affecting. It was right to cast Beatty as a rough Joe who gets a rough jolt, but there just isn't enough internal combustion. Credit Rossen with the nerve to be versatile, with extraordinary skill and many lovely scenes; but the film simply doesn't jell.

Weekend, from Denmark, is about Danes and their dames, smooching up a bit of sexual smorgasbord on a country outing. Three sets of husbands and wives spend a weekend by the seashore which, it turns out, is washed by the French New Wave; the spiritual malaise drifts in like fog. There is an extra man along—bearded, hence a philosopher—who acts as a catalyst for these melancholy cats; also a pretty maid who is pretty nearly made. Wife swapping is very much in the air but never quite gets its feet off the ground. They drink and they twist and they grovel a lot—they talk even more—but it doesn't add

up to the misery that is supposed to be molting their morality. Their motives come, not from life, but from carbon copies of Camus, as if Denmark were determined to show that it can suffer ennui just like the big countries, by gosh. The acting almost makes the soul-wringing ring true; the photography is big-league; and if the direction by Palle Kjaerulff-Schmidt lacks originality, it has finesse. But the picture asks us to assume too much angst as an excuse for sex shenanigans, and the result is a slice not of life in Denmark, but of plain cheese Danish.

The Thin Red Line, in James Jones' novel of the Guadalcanal invasion, first published in PLAYBOY, was between sanity and madness; in the movie the line is between an honest war film and a hokey one, with a perceptible leaning toward hoke. Screenwriter Bernard Gordon and director Andrew Marton are doggedly determined to tell half-truths about combat. So we get some terrible details—a man with his bowels blown open by a grenade, GIs propping dog tags between the jaws of dead pals to help the Graves Registration Squad—mixed in with the standard guts-and-glory goo. There is the trite tough-brave sergeant who rides his men and who—in the latest version of the cliché—does *not* turn out to have a heart of gold; there is the hypersensitive youth who tastes blood and becomes a killer. The one far-out element, which was explicit in the novel, is only hinted at in the film: the recurrent temptation to homosexuality among young men cooped up and, presumably, doomed. Sententious acting of supporting roles does not help the sententious dialog. Jack Warden, as the sarge, gives one of the better performances of this stock role; ditto Keir (*David and Lisa*) Dullea as the sensitive type.

Image of Love is a full-length documentary full of images of love. Louis Clyde Stoumen, who won an Oscar for his *Black Fox* documentary about Hitler, has turned from the chief monster of the 20th Century to the chief preoccupation of all centuries. With still photographs, clips of famous movies, shots of famous works of art, newsreels and nudereels, Stoumen sketches in his subject from the caves of prehistory to *les caves* of Pared; from the earliest-known female figurine in existence to the well-known figure queens of PLAYBOY. The whole film is fast-paced and free-fancing, but it muddies up its montage of *l'amour* with some references to other kinds of love—parental, divine, and so on—and Anthony Newley narrates a commonplace commentary. Still, it makes it cleverly clear why Venus, even without arms, still has us in her grip.

RECORDINGS

I Enjoy Being a Girl / Barbara McNair (Warner Brothers) is a rare delight from beginning to end. Miss McNair is a singer whose talents allow her to effortlessly deliver the likes of *The Best Is Yet to Come*, *If I Had a Hammer*, *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise* and the title tune, an ebullient bell ringer.

A strange amalgam indeed is *A Quartet Is a Quartet Is a Quartet* (Atlantic). Side one features The Modern Jazz Quartet weaving its intricate patterns through a pair of John Lewis originals, Milt Jackson's *Reunion Blues* and the Jerome Kern jazz stand-by, *Yesterdays*. Side two is something else again; it is shared by the Quartetto di Milano, a string quartet, performing an atonal chamber work—modernist Anton Webern's *Fünf Sätze* (*Five Pieces*)—and the Hungarian Gypsy Quartet in a concert medley that is strictly from Hungary. Huzzas for the MJQ, an E for effort to the Quartetto and a broken tambourine to the four Magyars.

Sure and *The First Hurrah!* / *The Clancy Brothers & Tommy Makem* (Columbia) will make every son of Eire (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) raise his glass to these fine lads who sing such grand tunes as *Rocky Road to Dublin* and *Kelly, the Boy from Killann* as though they were marching at the side of Brian Boru.

Desert Winds / *Illinois Jacquet with Kenny Burrell* (Argo) is a firm reminder that Jacquet, once a leading tenor light, is still very much in command of his instrument. In addition, Illinois displays an interesting affinity for the alto on *Blues for the Early Bird*. Burrell's guitar makes a major contribution to the outing which also bears the authoritative stamp of Tommy Flanagan's knowledgeable piano work.

Warming Up! / *Dave Burns* (Vanguard) burns brightly with the trumpet man's as-yet-underrated abilities. Leading an octet highlighted by Al Grey's trombone, Bobby Hutcherson's vibes and Harold Mabern's piano, Burns blows an introspective, unobtrusive horn that is a model of musical economy. On such as *Day by Day* and *My Romance*, Dave speaks softly but carries a big trumpet.

The Swingle Singers / Going Baroque (Philips) encores the Ward Swingle group in their unique approach to Bach and his contemporaries. The mixed choir of eight voices (all French except for Swingle) treats Bach, Handel and Vivaldi with loving care; only the accompanying rhythm section supplies a modern note. Particularly outstanding is *Largo* from Bach's *Harpsichord Concerto in F*



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Minor, beautifully soloed by Michel Legrand's sister, Christiane.

Reflections / Stan Getz (Verve) and Getz / Gilberto (Verve) provide a pair of showcases for the resplendent tenor of Stan Getz. *Reflections* has Getz lushly backgrounded by full orchestra and/or chorus performing Claus Ogerman and Lalo Schifrin arrangements. The program is made up for the most part of standards plus several originals, the seldom-heard *Early Autumn* and the offbeat *Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most*. The merging of Getz with Brazilian guitarist-vocalist João Gilberto was an inspired move. Teamed with pianist-arranger-composer Antonio Jobim (six of the eight melodies are his), Getz and Gilberto are perfectly attuned to each other; João's velvet-toned vocalizing complements Stan's sound beautifully. Gilberto's wife, Astrud, sings, too, in English on several numbers, with one of them, *The Girl from Ipanema*, carrying off top honors in the album. Making a considerable contribution to the proceedings is drummer Milton Banana.

Miss Peggy Lee / In Love Again! (Capitol) offers a colorful coverage of the musical spectrum. From the gospelish *Got That Magic* through the poignant bossa nova *Once*, right up to the country-and-western winner *I Can't Stop Loving You*, the session (charted by Dick Hazard, Bill Holman and Shorty Rogers) is a beautifully paced, constantly diverting paean to Peggy's can-do-no-wrong song stylings.

Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center (Columbia) makes us more certain than ever that man will never be replaced by the machine. The program, comprised of a half-dozen "compositions" by a like number of "constructors," supposedly is exploring new ground. We hate to be a kill-joy, but we've heard much the same thing on Audio-Fidelity's *Sounds of a Nuclear-Powered Aircraft Carrier* and on Riverside's *Racing Cars—Fortissimo*. Out of kindness, we will allow the composers to remain anonymous.

Andy Williams/The Academy Award Winning "Call Me Irresponsible" and Other Hit Songs from the Movies (Columbia) and Frank Sinatra Sings "Days of Wine and Roses," "Moon River" and Other Academy Award Winners (Reprise) are similar in concept and wonderfully adept in performance, but, happily for the listeners, the agendas are completely different. Williams' repertoire provides him with the stronger material—the title tune, *Charade*, *Laura* and *Gigi*. Sinatra's best includes the two in the title, *The Way You Look Tonight*, *Secret Love* and *It Might as Well Be Spring*. All in all, a delightful double bill of flick clicks.



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Not too long ago, through a peculiar turn of events which I won't go into, I came upon my girl's diary, and was astonished to see that she had outlined—and in the minutest detail—our sexual activities. In fact, thumbing through, I saw that the book contained very little else besides such descriptions. I'm at a loss to decide how I should respond to this peculiarity. Should I pretend I never saw the book? Should I tell her to stop making entries? Or to destroy it?—W. T., Newport News, Virginia.

Better just forget you ever saw the book. If you discuss the matter with your girl, you'll have to admit you've been perusing her personal property—and that's far stickier than her clinical recording of your amours. You should find some gratification in the knowledge that she thinks enough of your love-making to want to retain the details—though we generally disapprove of this sort of thing, since the diary could be a problem if it happened to fall into the wrong hands.

The other night my girl and I dated with another couple, dining at one of the best restaurants in town. She and I are both light eaters and ordered accordingly, but the other couple began putting food away like it was going out of style. The bill came to \$40, of which our half was no more than \$12. When this chap slipped me \$20 and said, "Here's my half," I hit the ceiling. I demanded then and there that he cough up enough dough to cover that part of the bill he and his cohort had run up. We parted with no love lost, and my girl subsequently chided me for not having gone along with the 50-50 split. Should I have?—O. B., New Orleans, Louisiana.

The whole idea of haggling over a check at the dinner table is very unappetizing. You could have done one of two things, either of which is infinitely better than ticking off who had what drinks and what desserts: You could have paid the whole tab and told your friend that the next dinner would be on him, or you could have told him you'd settle up later, out of earshot of your dates, and taken whatever he offered as his end of the bill. If you thought he was taking advantage of you, you should have chalked it up to experience.

I've been steadily dating one guy for almost three years. He's a sales engineer for a large data-processing firm, and on the road much of the time. When he's

out of town, I date other guys. When he's here, I don't—and he stays with me at my apartment. We never discussed marriage plans, and that was all right with me, because I enjoyed things just the way they were.

A week ago, however, my card house came tumbling down, when he told me that he was married—with a wife and children in another city. He explained in convincing detail how he and his wife are hopelessly incompatible. Both, he said, would agree to divorce if their religion permitted it. He said that he loves his children, and stays with his wife for their sake only. Do you think I should continue to provide him with a home away from home?—K. H., San Diego, California.

No, we don't. We'd be a lot more sympathetic if he'd revealed his unhappy marital situation to you at the outset of your affair. The fact that he chose to conceal the dismal realities of his home life for almost three years indicates that it might not be as intolerable as he'd have you believe, or that there are other circumstances that he still hasn't brought to light. In any case, tell him to book motel accommodations for his next trip. (And henceforth try to screen prospective roommates more closely.)

Why are wine glasses shaped the way they are?—J. A., Geneva, Illinois.

Because wine is the way it is. A wine glass is relatively large (six to eight ounces) so that it can be filled only half-way, leaving room for the bouquet to be released in the upper portion of the glass. To capture and concentrate this bouquet, the glass is somewhat narrowed at the top. And so that you can enjoy a clear, unobstructed look at the nectar within, the glass is colorless and stemmed.

I'm a medical student doing night hospital duty. Last night I had the opportunity to initiate a promising relationship with a student nurse—in a vacant hospital room. (Many more things go on in a hospital than meet the public eye.) Unhappily, we were caught in a very compromising situation by the night head nurse. After she told my Nightingale to fly off, I was expecting a first-degree dressing down—and instead got a proposition. She told me she'd be willing to forget the whole thing if only I'd come over to her apartment one day soon "to talk things over." She's quite attractive, in her late 20s, and I'd gladly do whatever is necessary to atone for my misdeed. But the situation is clouded by the fact that her husband (they're phys-



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Separates the men from the girls.

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ically but not legally separated) lives in the same neighborhood. If he barged in, I'd be in a bigger mess than I'm in now. What's the solution?—J. K., New York, New York.

The long-range solution is for you to stop improvising bedrooms and get your own. The immediate solution is for you to keep away from Mrs. Head Nurse, and hope that she'll forget both that she surprised you flagrante delicto, and that she attempted to blackmail you into making love to her. Her role in this affair has been as indiscreet as yours—a conclusion that she herself will certainly reach before she ever thinks seriously about reporting you. Count yourself lucky this time, and hereafter save your bedside manner for off-duty bedsides.

When I was last in Europe I made good use of the clothing-size conversion table you ran (*The Playboy Advisor*, December 1961) to help guys like myself who are baffled by the European clothing-measurement system. I'm going across again shortly, and plan to pick out a few gifts for the girls I left behind. Accordingly, I'd like to see conversion figures for the distaff half.—M. W., Arlington, Massachusetts.

When in countries using the metric system, follow this size-conversion table:

Dresses, Coats, Suits and Skirts:

American: 6 8 10 12 14

European: 34 36 38 40 42

Blouses and Sweaters:

American: 30 32 34 36 38

European: 38 40 42 44 46

Stockings:

American: 8 8½ 9 9½ 10 10½

European: 0 1 2 3 4 5

Shoes:

American: 5-5½ 6 6½ 7-7½ 8 8½

British: 3½-4 4½ 5 5½-6 6½ 7

Continental: 35 36 37 38 38½ 39

My mother recently remarried. Her new husband is a man with more than his share of sex appeal. He's made several advances toward my 18-year-old sister, who is attractive and, I believe, immature enough to treat his passes lightly. I want to put a stop to this situation and, short of squaring off with my stepfather (I've been sorely tempted to break his jaw, but have restrained myself for fear of upsetting my mother), I'm at a loss for alternatives. Can you help?—J. W., Florence, Alabama.

Most men don't advance more than once without receiving some encouragement. Your sister may not realize it, but by not turning off stepdad in no uncertain terms, she's giving him the green light; and it would take an unusually naïve 18-year-old not to have some no-

tion of what's going on. It's natural for a young girl to be flattered by the attentions of an older man, and your sister may have no notion of the sort of interfamilial fire she's playing with. We don't ordinarily suggest that a person become involved in someone else's peccadilloes, but this is a family affair in which the closeness of the parties already has you involved. We suggest, therefore, that you take your new stepfather aside for a friendly man-to-man chat. Don't threaten—just explain. Tell him you're aware of his overtures toward your sister (which he will probably deny); that you can understand his being attracted to her, since she's a very attractive girl, but that anything more personal than a father-daughter relationship would hurt your mother terribly and is certainly not worth the harm it would cause the entire family. Implicit in your discussion should be the fact that if the overtures continue, you will be forced to bring the matter into the open, to avoid a more serious mishap. It should not be necessary to make more than passing mention of this alternative, since just voicing your concern to him about the situation should make that possibility clear. If you approach him in a friendly way, he will also have to reckon with losing your respect, which you would be wisest to suggest is still intact. Avoid, if possible, discussing the matter with your sister (because it would probably do no good) or with your mother (who would probably be hurt by it and could not be expected to react to the news in any but an emotional way).

Although I'm no stock-market tyro, having racked up a fairly consistent record of capital gains in the last several years, there's one stock-market transaction I've never been able to understand. I know it involves both buying and selling, but tell me, please: Exactly what is "arbitrage"?—I. J., Camden, New Jersey.

You've almost got it. Arbitrage involves simultaneous purchase and sale of identical or essentially similar securities, in order to profit from price differences. Small discrepancies often occur in the price of a stock that is traded in different markets. For instance, the stock may be available on the New York exchange for \$10 at the same time it's selling on the Pacific Coast exchange for \$10.25. In this situation, simultaneous purchase (in New York) and sale (in San Francisco) will bring a profit of 25 cents a share (less expenses). Similarly profitable—but less apparent—price discrepancies can also occur between the conversion value of a convertible security and the security itself, or (as was the case this spring when A.T. & T. made an additional stock offering) between the rights to subscribe to a security and the security itself.

I like to wear sneakers on informal dates. One of the girls I date says they're in impossibly bad taste. Who's right?—W. A., Brookline, Massachusetts.

You both are. There's nothing wrong with sneakers on an informal date—if you're boyish enough, and if the rest of your outfit is informal. We don't dig sneakers on occasions formal enough to require a tie, however.

The firm I work for is sending me to Salzburg for a year, and though I'm looking forward to the change in scenery, I'm concerned that I might not be able to log many hours of my favorite pastime—sailing—in landlocked Austria. What to do?—T. K., New London, Connecticut.

Though short on salt water, Austria boasts plenty of the fresh variety, with the best open-water sailing in the Carinthia and Salzkammergut regions. There's also the Danube, of course.

Lately I've been seeing a girl whose sexual desires seem almost insatiable. Certainly, sex is a nice way to conclude an evening, but this girl often likes it to begin a date as well as end it—and on a few occasions she's actually requested that we cut short a night on the town and slip back to my pad for a refresher. At first I found her avidity personally flattering; but now I'm wondering if it might be more than just me. Tell me: Just when does a highly sexed girl qualify as a nymphomaniac?—L. S., Washington, D. C.

Nymphomania is less a matter of sexual frequency than an insatiable female craving for coitus for pathological, rather than sexual, reasons; true nymphomania is rare, and we doubt that it's your, or your girl's, problem. Normal sexual desire varies considerably from one person to another, in both men and women; but if your girl requires sexual gratification twice or more an evening as a steady diet, her need may be more emotional than physical. However, unless she seems in other ways unhappy or unstable, you probably don't need to be concerned for her psychological well-being. Your own physical well-being is something else again; perhaps a little more bed rest and some vitamins will put you in tune. And, lest what should be pleasure turn into drudgery, don't hesitate to discuss your concern with her.

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.





CLUBS OPEN IN KANSAS CITY, BALTIMORE; CINCINNATI DEBUT SET FOR THIS MONTH



Private-party atmosphere prevails in Playboy Club's Living Room even on opening night. Keyholders and guests treat themselves to elaborate buffet.

L.A. CLUB PREMIERES THIS FALL

LOS ANGELES (Special)—The Los Angeles Playboy Club, scheduled to open this fall, will occupy the first three floors of the multi-million-dollar Playboy office building now nearing completion at 8560 Sunset Boulevard.



Site of Los Angeles Playboy Club.

Keyholders and playmates will choose from a complete range of Playboy-styled entertainment, making it possible to spend a night on the town without ever leaving the Club. The West Coast Club will feature four distinctive Clubrooms, the earliest dinner show in town, and eight shows nightly in the Playroom and Penthouse. Epicurean delights await the most discriminating gourmets in the luxurious VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys).

There is still time to apply for key privileges at the \$25 Charter Rate before the \$50 Resident Key Fee goes into effect.

LATE FLASHES...

NEW YORK—New York Club saluted Italy during July as first in series of festivities to be held monthly in conjunction with World's Fair. Keyholders treated to native food, drink and souvenirs. Coming: Sweden in Aug.; Mexico in Sept. CHICAGO—Playboy Club Golf Tournaments sellouts in Phoenix and Detroit. Bunnies on fairways added to fun. Outing topped off by awards dinner at Club, with unlimited drinks, steak dinner. (Talk of Phoenix Tourney was \$1000 cash prize for hole-in-one drives.) Other Clubs now setting dates for similar events.

Apply Now to Save \$25

CHICAGO (Special)—The Playboy Club key chain added links eight and nine with the premieres of the Kansas City Playboy Club atop the Hotel Continental on June 13th and the Baltimore Playboy Club at 28 Light Street on July 11th. The tenth Club in the U.S. opens in Cincinnati at 35 East 7th Street this month.

Keyholders in these cities now receive the pampering that playboys enjoy throughout the nation—bountiful Bunnies serving ounce-and-a-half-plus drinks and gourmet food (a meal for the same price as a drink) amid beautiful surroundings and exciting entertainment.

Kansas City keyholders and playmates will find the *only* dinner shows in town at The Playboy Club. The new Party Room in the Kansas City and Cincinnati Clubs features dining to intimate entertainment and is ideal for private social or business gatherings. A dramatic see-through fireplace is among the many surprises awaiting keyholders at the imposing new Cincinnati Club, while the Bal-



First nighters in Kansas City and Baltimore found Bunnies twisting on piano in Playmate Bar as jazz combos kept festivities upbeat.

timore Club is open to playboys every night of the week.

All three of these Clubs offer a completely new show in each room every two weeks. Jazz groups play nightly in the Living Room, famous for its buffet spread. Playboy's 7½-oz. Filet Mignon is served in the Penthouse of each Club.

Take advantage now of the \$25 Charter Rate that applies in new Club areas. Once a Playboy Club opens, it has been the practice to raise the key fee to \$50, as in Chicago and Florida.

For key privileges to these—and all present and future Clubs—mail the coupon today.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—Baltimore at 28 Light St.; Chicago at 116 E. Walton St.; Detroit at 1014 E. Jefferson Ave.; Kansas City atop the Hotel Continental; Miami at 7701 Biscayne Blvd.; New Orleans at 727 Rue Iberville; New York at 5 E. 59th St.; Phoenix at 3033 N. Central; St. Louis at 9914 Lindell Blvd.

Locations Set—Atlanta in the Dinkler Plaza Hotel; Cincinnati at 35 E. 7th St.; Los Angeles at 8560 Sunset Blvd.; San Francisco at 736 Montgomery St.; Washington, D.C., corner of 19th & L Sts.

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

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Gentlemen:
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NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION

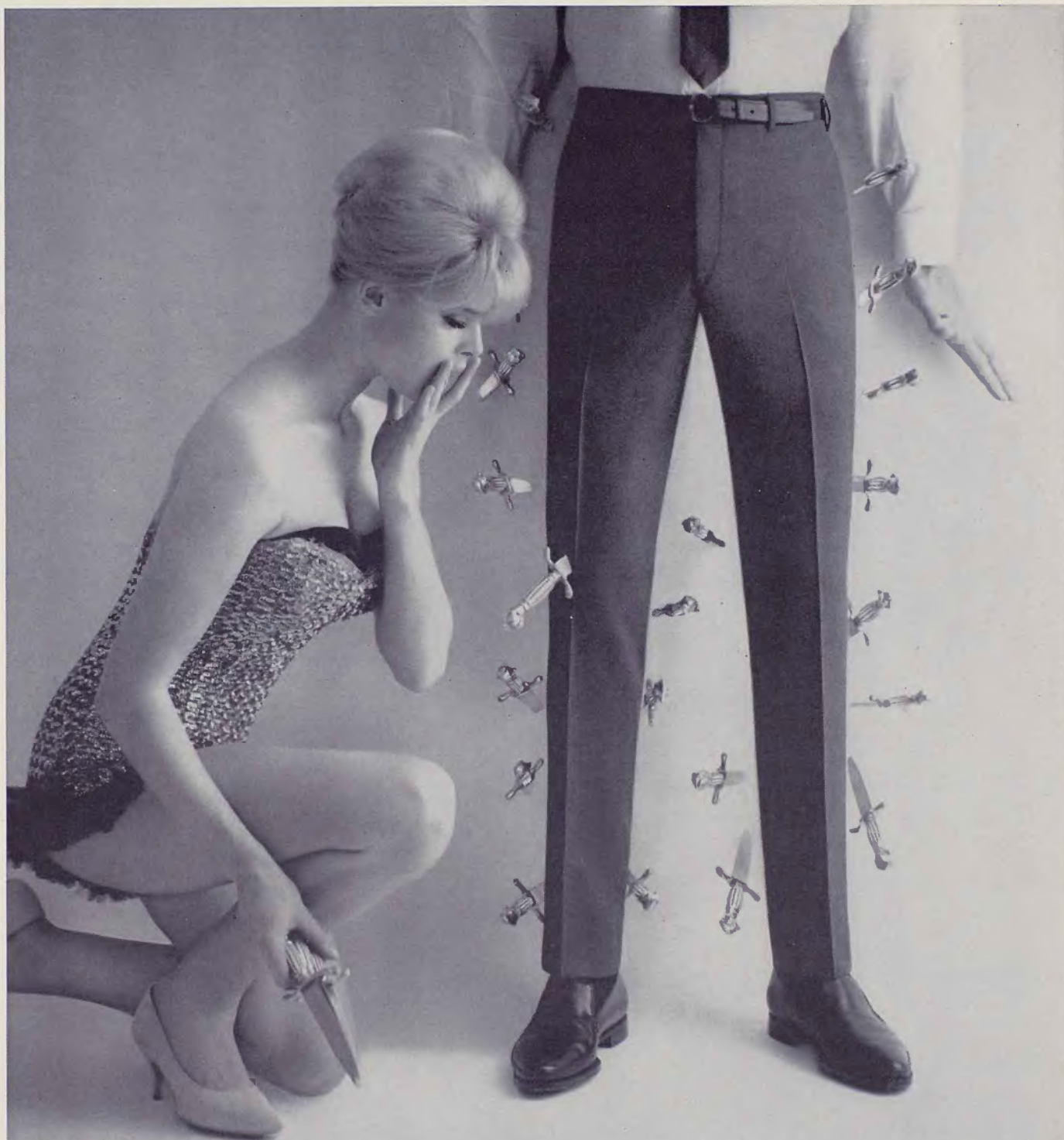
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Key Fee is \$25 except within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and in Florida, where keys are \$50. (Key fee includes \$11 for year's subscription to vip, the Club magazine.)

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IT WASN'T BY CHANCE that the Japanese authorities scheduled this year's Olympiad (the 16th) in October: Early fall, after late-summer typhoons have spent their clout and temperatures become uniformly mild, is unquestionably the best time of year to visit Japan. The games, including track and field, yacht racing, basketball, boxing, cycling, fencing, soccer, hockey, judo and all sorts of aquatic sports, will add something extra this year to a trip that every unattached male should make while he's still able to make it—unattached. Tokyo's new National Gymnasium, complete with sheltering roof, is already constructed and ready for the contests, to be held from October 10th through 24th. Quick, non-stop jet flights—about 14 hours from California or 10 hours from Seattle (\$783 economy class; \$1260 first class, for a round trip)—make a two-week sojourn eminently feasible, but it's sensible to scrape up at least another fortnight in order to see more than Tokyo. (There is space for only a few words about Japan's big apple here; for a more complete picture, see *On the Town in Tokyo*, PLAYBOY, November 1961.)

With the Olympics primarily a daylight operation, you'll have plenty of time to swing with Tokyo's fabled night life. Spend your first free evening just walking around and savoring the sights, sounds and smells of the city. After which, you may want to be escorted by a Japanese hostess from one of Tokyo's many night clubs. Most of these girls speak English, and some are so beautiful and charming that you may forget you're paying (quite steeply) for their company.

Interesting places within a day's commuting of Tokyo are highlighted by Kamakura, with its giant Buddha; Nikko, with its unmatched array of temples, shrines, pagodas and pavilions; and, for natural wonders, famed Mount Fuji and Hakone. Things to do in the Fuji-Hakone area—besides climbing the mountain—include swimming, boating, hiking, riding, hunting, fishing, water-skiing and, not least of all, luxuriating in the hot springs.

Once you've absorbed the atmosphere of Tokyo and environs, the direction to head is south. First place to stop is Gifu, to see the fantastic night spectacle of cormorant fishing on the Nagara river. Dinner is served aboard your sight-seeing launch, from which you'll watch trained birds dive for fish from small boats lighted only by the flaring torches of the fishermen. Nagoya, in the same area, boasts a unique underground city in which long, subterranean pedestrian


streets are lined with hundreds of small shops, theaters and cafés.

Several hours south of Nagoya, by speedy railway, lies the hub of southwestern Japan, a complex of four diverse cities—Kyoto, Osaka, Kobe and Nara—all within an hour of one another. We suggest you register at a hotel or *ryokan* (traditional inn) and commute from Kyoto, the country's art center and one of the few large cities that still preserve the flavor of ancient Japan. Kyoto is the birthplace of the geisha, so this is the place—and the time (before their glorious tradition disappears)—to be entertained at one of their fabulous parties. Ask your travel agent to arrange this—in advance—through his Japanese contacts. Kyoto will host, in October, the *Jidai Matsuri*, a pageant of costumed marchers who re-enact highlights of the city's 10th Century heyday. Also not to be missed in this former capital of Japan (8th to 19th Centuries) are the beautiful gardens at the detached palaces of Shugakuin and Katsura.

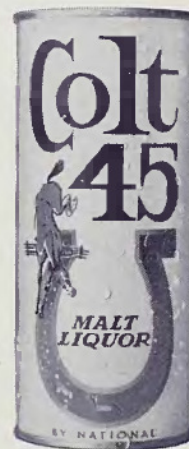
Osaka, a large industrial city 30 minutes by electric railway from Kyoto, is not rich in historical interest, but its many gaudy night spots will provide active evenings on the town. Kobe, farther west, is a flourishing seaport of limited touristic importance, although an offbeat afternoon or evening can be spent wandering through the city's winding streets inspecting the abundant seamen's bars and searching for the notorious "sex shops."

Nearby Nara, Japan's original capital (710 to 794 A.D.), is worth a visit for its famous deer park (in October, a festival resembling a bloodless bullfight is held in which Shinto priests cut the deers' antlers), for the extremely ancient temples of the Kofukuji and Horyuji groups, and for the Todaiji Temple, which houses the world's largest indoor statue of Buddha.

Still farther south lies the Inland Sea, which has been described as the "unexplored edge of beauty." A one-day steamship run is conducted by the Kansai Kisen Company from Osaka to Bepu, and it's a luxurious trip through unending vistas of natural splendor. If you're still in Japan come November, the great *sumo* wrestling championship tournaments at Fukuoka (on the island of Kyushu), in which 400- and 600-pound giants strain to throw each other out of the ring, will make an unforgettable capper for your vacation.

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

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

SOMETHING'S GOT TO GIVE

IN PLAYBOY, Hefner has brought together an astounding wealth of talent, beautiful girls, reverence and irreverence unparalleled in journalistic history. The *Philosophy* is perhaps his most important achievement, because it reaches millions of people who may not have access to the massive sources of philosophical, sociological, psychological and theological information he has utilized. As a television director and a psychologist, respectively, we are familiar with Hefner's sources, and can state without reservation that the *Philosophy* is superbly documented. We wish this were as true of similar contemporary efforts to explain—or obscure—the current moral revolution. We feel strongly that a clear, rational statement of facts is essential to the process whereby any human experience reaches a state of orderly progress.

Semanticists have pointed out that "the verbal concept is seldom an accurate map of the territory." Certainly this applies to the supposed moral code now extant; in fact, the word "moral" was not intended to have the solely sexual connotation now given it. It is an unwritten rule of civilization that when a law becomes unenforceable something has to give: Either the law must be changed or the nature of man, and the latter has proved highly unfeasible.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Robb
Sherman Oaks, California

Human nature not only resists improvement by legislation, but unwise laws can be extremely harmful to society—by inspiring contempt for all laws and law enforcement.

HEFNER'S SEXUAL ETHIC

I think I like Hefner's *Philosophy*, although I cannot commit myself, because he has not done so. The sexual ethic he promised months ago has been long in coming. Enough about censorship, sex laws and past sexual customs for the time being. These subjects are fascinating, but the Hefner sexual ethic would be more so. Granted, it is much easier to talk about what does exist and what has existed than it is to talk about what ought to exist. People get into trouble when they flout conformity, or when they propose a new ethic. But this is what PLAYBOY readers expect Hefner to do.

I began reading *The Playboy Philoso-*

phy with skepticism, most of which has disappeared. Hefner has given us hints of what his sexual ethic will be, and from such hints I am elated to find that his ethic—as explicated in two *Forum* answers—closely parallels mine: "... we believe that sex is most satisfying when accompanied with emotion"—thanks for saying it; this is fundamental to my approach as well. "We consider personal sex preferable to impersonal sex"—you are quite consistent, since it is emotional involvement that accounts for the difference between the two.

But I would go further. I would not use the words "most" or "preferable," which imply that sex without emotion can be good. Sex without emotion might have instrumental value, but I do not agree that emotionless sex can be intrinsically good. Let's have the Hefner sexual ethic, not just hints. I hope it will include something about emotional involvement.

Mike Burrill
Princeton, New Jersey

It is impossible to probe, in any real depth, the social and sexual ills of contemporary society without considerable documentation, some exploration of the pertinent historical factors involved, and an examination of the statements and insights supplied by others. But out of this Hefner definitely plans to spell out, in some detail, what we believe to be a more positive, rational, healthy and humane moral code.

SEX AND RELIGION

In Hefner's extensive and intensive comments on sex and religion in *The Playboy Philosophy*, he gives an unusually scholarly and incisive analysis of the influence of ancient and modern religion on human sexual attitudes and behavior. I cannot recall reading a better and braver piece on this subject in any popular magazine. His well-reasoned views, in virtually all the installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* that I have seen so far, are a real credit to PLAYBOY.

Albert Ellis, Ph.D.
New York, New York

HEALING WORDS

Hefner's *Philosophy* and the responses in the *Forum* give me hope that there is a segment of our society composed of rational and humane persons. I have been a medical doctor only a short time, but already in my career I have seen much

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of man's inhumanity to man, which is founded in irrational thinking, prejudice and ignorance. In view of the fact that so many of a general practitioner's patients owe their physical problems to a basic emotional disturbance rooted in inadequacies in early home environments, our medical schools would do a real service by graduating a far greater percentage of their doctors in psychiatry. Most medical men would agree that doctors today are, as often as not, treating symptoms rather than physical diseases or disabilities in their patients, one of the results of which is that manufacturers of sedatives, antidepressants and tranquilizers are doing a booming business. As a military doctor, I have the opportunity to view one of the healthiest segments of our society, yet on any given day I see neuroses, psychoses, inadequate personalities, sexual deviates, disturbed dependent children and frustrated wives. Because doctors, psychologists, social workers and judges cannot hope to prevent, treat or reverse these problems adequately, there must be a concerted effort by thinking people to eliminate the prejudice, intolerance, censorship and ignorance which ultimately result in mental and physical illness, not infrequently through the suppression of sex—one of man's most powerful motivating forces. Hefner's *Philosophy* is lending important direction to the assault on these barriers to a healthier society, and his words could have a profound effect upon the mental, and thus the physiological, health of our nation.

Dr. Charles R. Graham, Lt. M. C.
Naval Air Station
Miramar, California

POLICE SUPPORT

I am a police officer in one of the two largest police agencies in the world, and therefore have been in contact with many aspects of public morals and the law. I am also familiar with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, having been raised in a Catholic family. Most members of my professional organization have a deep belief in their individual religions, perhaps partially due to their daily contact with the unusual. I should add that I am proud of the United States, and of its Constitution.

With these conditions qualifying my background, I would like to say that I find Hefner's *Philosophy* indisputably factual, accurately reflecting Biblical and legal sources. The *Forum* is particularly thought-provoking because it presents so many varying viewpoints, and because Hefner is willing to print criticism as well as praise.

Although we police officers are obliged simply to enforce the law, most of us, who are aware of the disparity between actual moral practice and what the law prescribes, don't agree with the law. If

anything, we tend to side with Hefner. Police officers realize that laws that attempt to censor or control sexual behavior, gambling or liquor, are not effective, but rather force those Americans who discreetly and intelligently pursue their individual desires to become criminals, perjurers and hypocrites.

Keep up the good work, and let us look forward to the day when I have to enforce only laws necessary to the protection of life and property, rather than laws directed at the suppression of normality.

(Name withheld by request)
Brooklyn, New York

As an employee of a Federal investigative agency, and a former law-enforcement officer, I have followed *The Playboy Philosophy* with avid interest. Although my views correspond closely with Hefner's, they are in contrast to those of some of my professional associates and much of society today. Since I have not read in the *Forum* the views of a law-enforcement officer on the Chicago obscenity charge against PLAYBOY last year, I would like to put mine on record.

First of all, Hefner's arrest itself was scandalous, outrageous, ludicrous, and bordered on the totalitarian. One wonders whether the four of Chicago's finest who made the arrest had not spent the preceding hours devouring the questioned issue with much animated, impassioned lip smacking, before deciding that the reading public should not be subjected to such matter. Were they really instruments of the law merely earning their wages by obeying orders? I think not. Local religious zealots, having unsuccessfully attempted to enforce their prejudicial ideas on the people, apparently put pressure on Chicago Corporation Counsel John Melaniphy to have the Mansfield issue of PLAYBOY called (not judged) obscene, and Melaniphy apparently felt under no obligation to regard previous Supreme Court decisions on obscenity. The attempt of the City of Chicago to halt the sales of PLAYBOY and arrest its publisher, using the Chicago Police Department as its agent, was an action typical of many church-dominated communities, and constituted punishment before conviction of a crime, which is clearly unlawful.

As a former Chicago-area resident, I have witnessed attempts by the church to influence the state. My parents and I, first together and later separately, felt compelled to change memberships in two different churches when they attempted to force outside groups to comply with church rules. Recently, I tried to obtain a copy of the best-selling novel *City of Night* from my local library, only to be told by the head librarian that she had read the book, declared it unfit for public consumption, and banned it from the library. Subsequently I learned of a

number of people who had requested the same book and had met with the same treatment. I am sure that these people are pleased to know that their tax money is being used to purchase books that an elderly lady likes to read.

(Name and address withheld by request)

It is heartening to learn that among the men entrusted to enforce our laws, there are enlightened officers whose firsthand knowledge of how laws work can be valuable in not only the present fight against prejudicial application of unwise laws, but in the struggle to correct them.

CITIZENS' ACTION

If our out-of-date sex-crime laws can stand up under onslaughts such as Hefner's *Philosophy*, I will be one of many surprised citizens.

Now that he has brought these ridiculous laws to light, it remains for us, the citizens of all states, to deluge our state leaders with petitions and letters demanding the repeal of these archaic laws.

Laurence E. Walkup
New York, New York

UPDATING THE LAWS

Here in New York, a Temporary Commission for the Revision of the New York State Penal Code is in the process of revising many outdated statutes of the penal law. It will be a welcome and much-needed change if the commission can eliminate our present obsolete statutes and retain only those that deal with real crimes. The sex statutes defined in criminal law definitely should not apply to the personal life of the individual.

Our present statutes are a direct result of our legislators' interpretation of old English common laws, many of which have no place at all in contemporary American society. In addition, legislative intent has in many cases been grossly misinterpreted by well-meaning but uninformed law-enforcement officials and courts. Change in the written laws is the only real solution to such abuse, and is long overdue.

Vito A. Lorusso
Lindenhurst, New York

INDIANA AGE OF CONSENT

We would like to point out a serious error made by Mr. Hefner and his legal consultants in your April installment of *The Playboy Philosophy*, which may possibly cause undue mental anguish to many a wayward Hoosier youth. In his editorial, Mr. Hefner states that "if the girl were under the age of 18, the act would be considered statutory rape . . ." According to Burns' *Ind. Stat. Ann.*, 10-42-1, the age of consent in Indiana is 16 years. Thus, if the girl involved in the act of sexual intercourse was under 16 (not 18), the act would be considered statutory rape.

Since we are only students at the Indiana University School of Law and are

not licensed to practice law in the State of Indiana, we graciously offer this product of our extensive legal research to PLAYBOY free of charge. We would not reject, however, two one-year subscriptions to your magazine in the form of a gift *inter vivos*.

Maris P. Krumins
Robert F. Welker
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

Our Legal Department goofed in its researching of the Indiana age of consent, which is indeed 16 rather than 18, as stated in the April installment of "Philosophy." The age of consent varies widely from state to state, ranging from 7 in Delaware to 18 in California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, New York, North Dakota, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Wyoming. The penalty for engaging in coitus with anyone under the age of 16 in Indiana is imprisonment for from 2 to 21 years; with anyone under the age of 12, it is life.

Thanks for the correction, gentlemen. We're cutting off our legal staff's subscriptions and will forward their copies to you for a year by way of showing our appreciation.

COUNTERING ILLIBERALISM

Mr. Hefner is to be congratulated for his discussion of adultery in *The Playboy Philosophy* for February. This is a lucid and forthright piece on a subject that has been in need of popular clarification for some years. The illiberalism of doctrinal and customary belief must be countered, since it is at odds, not only with human nature, but with the relative progress of society. History shows that any changes in the laws peculiar to a civilization come about years after the need for change is first pointed out. One can only hope that our society will be more flexible—legally and religiously—in dealing with a world so much more in a state of flux than ever before in history.

Anthony Clarke Meisel
Columbia University
New York, New York

SEX AND MARRIAGE

After reading Hefner's *Philosophy*, I am led to the conclusion that he has an unrealistic and destructive attitude toward sex.

He seems to regard the institution of marriage as a "legal sex license." Marriage is the foundation of all culture. It has a sacred intimacy that is its binding value, and a meaningfulness that should transcend the basic sexual act.

People who harbor the idea that sex is all there is to marriage have missed most of the meaningful experiences of married life. One of the great fruits that marriage bears is the family. It appears

to me that Hefner would rather have free love even outside marriage; that adultery (or anything else) goes so long as it is agreed upon, and that our laws should not interfere with an individual's desires. What he is asking for is anarchy. We have laws not to restrict, but to protect. A stable society is founded on basic moral principles, not on chaos.

Stephen W. Holmes
New Hartford, Connecticut

One of the "basic moral principles" on which our society is founded is respect for each individual member. As you say, laws should not restrict, but simply protect. Hefner believes this protection should extend to the individual, protecting him, if need be, from the negative attitudes of the unenlightened. A government that provides protection for even the smallest component of society—the individual himself—seems a far cry from the disorder of anarchy, where the absence of government offers no protection whatsoever.

Your statement that Hefner regards marriage as a license to practice sex suggests that you aren't a close reader of the work that you're criticizing. Hefner has accused contemporary American society of holding this view; he himself has more than once stated his belief that love, respect and the acceptance of family responsibilities should be the foundations of marriage.

Hefner does not advocate adultery (which he considers more a result of unhappy marriage than a cause), nor does he advocate irresponsible promiscuity. When he speaks of sexual freedom he is not talking about "free love," or sexual behavior freed of its inherent responsibilities. He simply wants to see sex freed from undemocratic legal restrictions and from the fear, guilt and shame that have perverted and repressed it for hundreds of years.

You say that "secular law should be based upon a rational concern for the happiness and well-being of man . . ." and that "it is logical to have special legislation for the protection of minors." Yet you ask, "From whence . . . comes the logic of turning 'Thou shalt not commit adultery' into a criminal offense?"

It's no secret that unabated adultery often leads to divorce. The increase in juvenile delinquency and violent crime is not just coincidental with the rising divorce rate. Many studies have established a definite relationship.

To see the underlying logic in our present-day laws on fornication, one need only view the misery in a home for unwed mothers, or visit an illegitimate child in an orphanage.

The rapid spread of social diseases among the population in general and among teenagers in particular constitutes another rational justification for laws prohibiting fornication and adul-

tery. Of course, law enforcement cannot abolish a medical problem, any more than strict highway regulations can eliminate traffic deaths or a test-ban agreement, defective children. Nevertheless, those supporting such laws believe them moderately effective, when enforced.

In conclusion, I agree that our sex laws need revision; that personal rights need protecting, especially between marriage partners. However, an effective solution is possible via the courts and the legislature. For Hefner to air his views on organized religion is not the best way to enlist religion's support, although Hefner certainly has focused attention on the nature of the problem. Religion must realize it does not have exclusive patents on expressions of love. Love is universal. But problems of social morality are local, and call for local solutions.

L. W. Dudley
San Antonio, Texas

We do not believe that a free society is justified in exercising coercive controls over the personal moral behavior of adults on the rationalization that it is being done for the protection of children. Laws against adultery do not solve the basic, underlying reasons for unhappy and unstable marriages—and it is these same fundamental flaws in the marital relationships themselves that too often lead to juvenile insecurity and delinquency. The state statutes prohibiting fornication and adultery also fail to come to grips with the real causes of illegitimacy and venereal disease, which result more from sexual ignorance than sexual excesses. Less fear and more freedom, fewer laws and more individual responsibility, less condemnation and more education, a rational reappraisal of traditional taboos and prejudices—all of these seem to us more conducive to a good moral climate than punitive legislation, be it local, national or universal.

SEX EDUCATION

The Board of Education in New York City (among others) is having a great deal of trouble with dropouts, some of which are due to pregnancies. While the board is concerned about the problem, it does little to solve it, and in particular takes no advantage of what would seem to be an obvious solution to the problems of sexual ignorance. I refer to sex education in the schools. Courses in which sex should or could be treated, such as personal hygiene or biology, are still under the influence of old taboos. The same attitude is also found in many institutions of higher learning, where students and faculties are supposedly more mature.

The subject of sex is kept in the dark, because it is ostensibly "dirty," and yet our society as a whole is greatly attentive to sex. It is about time that the people of this country became aware of the fact

(continued on page 137) 37

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DICK GREGORY

a candid conversation with the controversial comedian and champion of civil rights

Brought up in the Negro ghetto of St. Louis, Richard Claxton Gregory seemed destined to remain, like so many of his race, the prisoner of a deprived environment. He grew up, however, to become the first Negro comedian to break into the big leagues of show business, and the only entertainer of any color to commit his fame and fortune—even his physical well-being—to the cause of racial equality. Few people would seem less likely to become a leading figure in the civil rights movement—yet, for good or ill, he has assumed just such a role.

This improbable success story began in January 1961, when Gregory's fortunes, as an unknown comic burdened with chronic unemployment as well as the responsibility of a wife and child, were at their lowest ebb. Scheduled to be interviewed for a possible engagement at Chicago's Playboy Club, Gregory was asked, without notice and without audition, to fill in for ailing comic Irwin Corey. He brought down the house—and with it, the tacit prohibition of race relations as a socially acceptable subject for humor in big-time night clubs. Within a year, at \$6500 a week, he was playing to capacity crowds from Basin Street East in Manhattan and Mister Kelly's in Chicago to the hungry i in San Francisco. He had received a \$25,000 advance on

his first best-selling album, "Dick Gregory in Living Black and White," and had written and posed for a satiric photo-and-comment book (part of which first ran in PLAYBOY) called "From the Back of the Bus," with an introduction by PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.

It was then, at the crest of his success, that Gregory began to involve himself in—and dedicate himself to—the civil rights activities which have come to eclipse his career as a comedian. A prominent participant in boycotts, sit-ins, stall-ins, marches and Freedom Rides in Arkansas and Illinois, Massachusetts and Mississippi, he has been arrested eight times, served a total of two months in various jails, and posted \$2000 bonds on at least six occasions. In all, he has spent almost a quarter-million dollars of his own money on the movement, and has lost an estimated \$100,000 in canceled night-club bookings since March of 1963.

Apart from the honorary compensation of an Emmy citation from Los Angeles' station KTLA-TV for his eloquent enunciation of the Negro cause on a local television show, and the Negro Publishers' Russwurm Award for "outstanding achievement" in the field of civil rights, Gregory has been rewarded with mingled approbation and abuse for his

sometimes vociferous militancy. His importance, however, as a pivotal and powerful figure in the nationwide Negro movement is generally conceded.

At this juncture in his stormy public life, we felt that the time was ripe for an outspoken "Playboy Interview" with the 31-year-old funnyman-turned-freedom-fighter. During the late-night tape sessions that followed, Gregory explored for us—with deep gravity and disarming candor, but only occasional dependence on his well-known wit—both his reasons for taking up the Negro cause and his controversial views on what one writer has called "the crisis in black and white." We began our conversation on a negative note, with a question about recent criticism of his total commitment to the cause of racial equality.

PLAYBOY: In the months since you became deeply involved in the civil rights movement, critics have accused you of taking yourself too seriously—to the extent of jeopardizing your career as a comedian. What's your reaction to this charge?

GREGORY: Well, these critics who feel I'm destroying myself as an entertainer, all they know is show business. They're concerned night-club-wise, not news-wise.



"When I see the mother of the Governor of Massachusetts going to jail for me, when I see the white minister lay under a tractor, whatever prejudices I might've had about whites have been aired out."



"They've integrated whorehouses, hotels, pool halls, restaurants, night clubs, swimming pools, golf courses—but if I tried to sit in at certain churches, I'd be arrested before I could open the hymnbook."



"If every Negro said 'I'm nonviolent,' white folks would love it. But if we had to fight Russia and we said we're nonviolent and don't believe in killing nobody, we'd be hauled off to a concentration camp."

A political reporter would never say I'm taking myself too seriously. You see, there comes a time when you got to decide what you are and what you want. Way I see it now, I'm an individual first, an American second and a Negro third. But I'm a Negro *before* I'm an entertainer.

PLAYBOY: Is this realization what made you decide to commit yourself to the Negro cause?

GREGORY: What happened was, I read about how this Negro named Clyde Kennard had been trying to integrate the University of Mississippi three years before James Meredith showed up, and they planted five sacks of stolen chicken feed on his farm, and then came and arrested him, threw him in jail, gave him a quick trial, found him guilty, and sentenced him to seven and a half years' hard labor. While he was in prison, he went to the hospital and they found out he had cancer. When I got through reading about this, I made a vow—it was New Year's Eve, 1962—to get Clyde Kennard out of jail. I figured I'd get the story and release it, and when America find out, America get him out—'cause there are certain things the bigots don't want to see even a nigger go through. I found out he didn't have no visitors, so I paid for his sister to go down there to see him. He had lost so much blood and he was so weak, two men had to dress him and bring him down to the visitors' table and take him back. That next Monday morning I found out they had him back on hard labor. But we put the heat on them, and eventually they let him out. We brought him up to a Chicago hospital. A little later he died—but he died *free*.

PLAYBOY: Won't the passage of the Civil Rights Bill do much to remedy, among other things, the kind of injustice that put Kennard behind bars?

GREGORY: Not a bit. Besides, that isn't the point. The point is that the white man's getting his just due under the Constitution, but they got to give me a Civil Rights Bill to get mine. That's segregation. If the Civil Rights Bill was passed today, it wouldn't stop this great social revolution, because the Negro's going for the Constitution, for all the constitutional rights that are already rightfully his as a citizen—and he ain't going to stop till he gets them. If the bill passed in the morning, I would cheer it right along with the rest of them, because it's a great thing to have happen, but you come right down to it, that bill don't really give us nothing. Promise them everything, but give them nothing. That's what it amounts to.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

GREGORY: Yes, I can. Just to name one thing, it give the Negro in the South the right to vote, but it don't give him the right to register. Until he gets the right to register, baby, he can't vote. But even if it did give us the right to register,

then so what, because the passage of the Civil Rights Bill is the worst thing that could happen to the revolution. That Negro who don't want to come out here and lay in this foxhole with us, he's depending on that bill, and if it don't come through, he's going to get fed up and come on out here and fight with us, and then we'll really get something accomplished. But if the bill does get through, it'll cool off the revolution, and once the revolution gets cooled off, it's going to stretch over another twenty years. The only thing that's going to save the country is this revolution. We may be going to lose a whole lot of friends we've gained, because they don't understand; but the only way we can save America today is this great social revolution.

PLAYBOY: *Time* magazine has intimated that your own militant tactics as a freedom fighter have *already* succeeded in losing friends—even among fellow Negroes. At the time of your participation in a Greenwood, Mississippi, demonstration last spring, *Time* wrote: "His performance in Greenwood was enough to make Negroes there wish he had stayed in Chicago. The uninhibited jeers and gibes he aimed at the cops and other whites were noisily and embarrassingly out of key with the quiet, deliberately passive tone of the student leaders." Any comment?

GREGORY: Well, that's what *Time* said, but did you read *Ebony* or *Jet*? The fact is that a cop down there spread it around that some of my colored friends said they'll be glad when Dick Gregory leaves. Now I know it was a lie, but when the reporters asked me about it, I said some of my white friends in Greenwood were saying the same thing about them. That *Time* story is like, after the march on Washington, a lot of the Northern newspapers ran front-page pictures of the trash laying on the ground. Have you ever seen them run pictures of trash laying on the ground after the Rose Bowl game, or after one of the big parades? That's the kind of open malice many Northern newspapers have in their hearts for Negroes.

PLAYBOY: But were you actually hostile to the police down there?

GREGORY: Look, I was mad then. That cop twisted my arm and shoved me across the street, and other cops were knocking old women down. I've learned more now, but I was mad then, I was aggravated—because I was seeing things for the first time.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, Drew Pearson wrote recently in his syndicated column: "Recommended reading for Dick Gregory: *The South During Reconstruction* by E. M. Coulter. This is the tragic story of how . . . in less than a decade, the highhanded methods of Negro politicians and white carpetbaggers turned sour the deep sympathy felt for the Negro during and immediately after

the Civil War. It killed the spirit of racial cooperation and set back Negro progress by half a century." What's your reaction to this rebuke?

GREGORY: Well, see, what Drew Pearson doesn't realize is that during the Civil War, it was the white folks who won, and after they won, they put Negroes into positions for the *purpose* of misusing Southern white people. It was the whites themselves who went down there and did that. But today, this is *our* revolution, and we're running it. I'm so goddamn sick and tired of the white man telling us, "Wait, take your time." Well, you don't have no right to tell me to wait on racial equality. You not black twenty-four hours a day.

PLAYBOY: In the same column, Pearson alleged that "the chief reason for the huge silent protest vote rolled up for Governor George Wallace of Alabama in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland is not because Marylanders like Wallace, but because of the intensity of their dislike for the Negro." Do you agree?

GREGORY: I cracked up when I read that. I knew that white folks had to blame somebody for Wallace, but I didn't think they'd blame *us*. You know, I'm really beginning to *like* that mother Wallace, because he came up and gave away Whitey's biggest secret up North.

PLAYBOY: Which is?

GREGORY: Did you read where the Ku Kluxers shucked their sheets and now their official costume is a business suit and tie, on account of it's a better image? Well, that's nothing new, 'cause up North the K.K.K. been wearing that outfit for years. If the fate and destiny of the Negro depended on many of the Northern whites to go behind a closed poll and vote, I'd be voted back to slavery before the polls closed.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you exaggerating?

GREGORY: No, I mean it. Up North you like to condemn racial segregation in the South, but when I'm down in Mississippi, I see the big white house where the white folks live, and two hundred yards behind it is the shack where the Negroes live, and I'm thinking how we can't live this close to the white folks up North. Another thing—and this is really amazing—with all the hell we been through with Mississippi cops and Alabama cops, I've never seen them standing by during one of our demonstrations and letting a mob of white people misuse us. This only happens up North. Only the mobs in Cleveland and Chicago can break through the lines. You can get police brutality down South, but not a race riot. As long as the cops keep that mob away, you're not going to get a race riot. Up North, they permit the mob—and that means riots.

PLAYBOY: You've gone on record in the *New York Herald Tribune* as saying that "only two people in this country now could stop a race riot: Malcolm X

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and Dick Gregory." Would you elaborate on that statement?

GREGORY: Well, to begin with, I'd call myself number two and Malcolm number one to stop a race riot. I've been able to help all organizations—the NAACP, CORE, SNCC, the Urban League—because when I come in to help, I don't come in associated with any one group. All they associate me with is Dick Gregory. So if a race riot broke out, I could come in as an outside mediator invited by them to help stop it. Now Malcolm, he wouldn't have to be invited in. If a race riot was going on in Chicago, all Malcolm would have to do is fly in and say "Stop fighting," and the Negroes would stop, whereas there's a strong possibility that if Martin Luther King said "Stop fighting," they'd say "Ah, you nonviolent anyway." Or if the NAACP came in and said "Stop fighting," they might say "Get lost, this is a CORE rally." The only guy that could stop a fight is the guy that could *start* the fight. This is the position that Malcolm is in, and it's a very powerful position. And because of it, we may yet find out that Malcolm is one of the greatest necessary evils this country's ever had. And with Malcolm leaving the Muslims and going over to black nationalism and preaching self-defense—there is no hate in self-defense—I think you'll find, in the next six to eight months, if there's not some quick improvements and honest, sincere efforts on the part of many more white Americans to solve this racial problem, that Malcolm will probably become the number-one strong man in this country.

PLAYBOY: Malcolm is an advocate of Negro violence in self-defense, whereas you've said that you're committed to nonviolence. Yet recently at Carnegie Hall, you were applauded by a biracial audience when you spoke about "the phoniness of nonviolence." How do you reconcile this seeming self-contradiction?

GREGORY: Many clapped because they're *not* committed to nonviolence, and they thought because I was speaking about the phoniness of nonviolence, that I was saying let's fight the white man. But I wasn't saying that. I was saying that anything built on a false premise will not exist very long. The philosophy of nonviolence will not last very long in this country, because all nonviolence means is that the Negro don't hit a *white* man; but if a Negro kill Malcolm X, he'd be cheered by many nonviolence-loving whites. If every Negro in America said "I'm nonviolent," white folks would love it, but if we had to fight Russia in the morning and we said we're nonviolent and we don't believe in killing nobody, we'd be hauled off to a concentration camp and shot.

PLAYBOY: Do you mean that literally?

GREGORY: Literally, literally. If twenty million Negroes said "We're committed to nonviolence," and a war broke out, you got a hell of a problem. With a war going on, what prison can they afford to put twenty million of us in and feed us and clothe us? And if they did put us away, white folks would say, "If *they* can stay off the front lines, so can we." They'd have to shoot us, or pretty soon wouldn't be nobody fighting the war.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you'd be willing to die to defend your convictions in the civil rights struggle. Did you also mean this literally?

GREGORY: Absolutely. You do something wrong to me or my people, man, I'll fight you, and either you'll have to kill me or I'll win, because you're going to have to fight me until you get tired of doing it.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you say that there have been encouraging signs during the past year that the struggle for equal rights can be won *without* bloodshed on either side?

GREGORY: Such as what signs?

PLAYBOY: Well, such as the transporting of Negro children by bus from segregated neighborhoods to schools in other neighborhoods for the purpose of integration.

GREGORY: I think it's great; a step in the right direction, anyway. But it's white folks who don't like the idea of busing, not Negroes. That's what really tickles the hell out of me, because it was your idea, not ours. We told you to integrate the schools; you give us a bus instead; now many whites are complaining about the bus. White folks all of a sudden talking about busing like we *invented* it. But white folks been busing their own kids to school for decades—to Harvard, to Yale, to the University of Mexico. If the good schools don't go to white folks, they go to them. All we're doing is the same thing white folks do: The good schools don't come to us, so we're going to the good schools.

PLAYBOY: To name another recent civil rights milestone, the city school board of Pittsburgh has adopted a new teacher-hiring policy of "conscious preferment" whereby, if a Negro and a white with equal qualifications apply for the same position, the Negro will get the job. Despite the fact that it's been denounced in some quarters as bias in reverse, wouldn't you call this a significant victory for the Negro cause?

GREGORY: I'd say it's about time Negroes got the jump on everybody—instead of the other way around. This country has always been known as a

champion of the underdog—but only as long as the underdog ain't black.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't you concede that there is no longer any color bar in such fields as major-league baseball?

GREGORY: I wouldn't concede nothing of the kind. Do you know of a Negro umpire in major-league baseball? But I do like baseball, because it's the first time a Negro can shake a stick at a white man without starting a riot.

PLAYBOY: You've probably noticed that an increasing number of Negroes—including sports figures—have been appearing in television commercials during the past year or so. Don't you think this is a step forward?

GREGORY: Yes, I do—but you still got commercials like that one for high-test gas with the white cars and the black cars, where the guy say, "Notice how the black cars run out of gas and the white cars are still going." Well, that gassed me, if you'll excuse the expression. Why not let some of those *white* cars run out of gas? You just don't make them all *black*, not in the middle of this revolution. You know, that's where we got the idea for the World's Fair stall-in, watching them black cars run out of gas.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of the stall-in, what was your own involvement in it?

GREGORY: I was out there on the highway, but there was nothing to stall—seventy-five percent of all the traffic in New York didn't show up. You figure it out. The attendance was so low at the fair—and they're still running behind—pretty soon they're going to start putting up signs saying WELCOME PICKETERS. But you want to know something? Every Negro was behind that stall-in, whether they knew it or not.

PLAYBOY: But not the NAACP, SNCC and the Urban League, which publicly deplored the stall-in, and even CORE itself, which suspended Isiah Brunson for refusing to abandon the plan.

GREGORY: Emotionally, every Negro was behind that thing one hundred percent.

PLAYBOY: Apart from whether the plan was practicable, do you feel that such extreme tactics are either wise or justified?

GREGORY: Yes. If the duly elected senior citizens of this country, the United States Senators, can hold a stall-in in the sacred halls of the Congress, a second-class citizen ought to be able to hold one on a bloody American highway.

PLAYBOY: Senator Goldwater was among the leaders of both parties who condemned the stall-in. On other occasions, despite the fact that he has been less outspoken in championing the cause of civil rights than of states' rights, he has declared himself sympathetic with the plight of the Negro. Where do you feel he really stands on the race problem?



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GREGORY: I read where Goldwater said if he were a Negro, he didn't think he could be patient either. I feel if he was a Negro, wouldn't nobody give a damn what he thought anyway.

PLAYBOY: A few months ago, on David Susskind's *Open End* television program, a group of Negroes said they favored another Presidential hopeful, Governor George Romney of Michigan, as the Republican candidate for President in 1964. Isn't this odd, in view of the fact that the Mormon Church, of which Romney is a member, prohibits Negroes from its ranks?

GREGORY: Well, you have a large percentage of Negroes that don't know what a Mormon is; and you have another percentage of Negroes that don't condemn a man because of his religion. That makes no difference to us. Many Negroes were horrified during the Kennedy election at the amount of hatred toward Catholics—because to us, this was an American we were voting for, not a Catholic.

PLAYBOY: Several Negro spokesmen have said that the role of religion, Mormon and otherwise, in the civil rights movement has been less constructive than obstructive. Do you agree?

GREGORY: Well, in some ways it's been a help, because the Negro, the only thing he's ever had to hold onto was religion. I mean, when there was no hope, he grabbed religion, and by hanging onto that, he became somebody. In a Negro church, he didn't have to worry about where he was going to sit. He didn't have to worry about somebody telling him "Do this" or "Do that." He didn't have to worry about saying "Yes, sir" and "No, sir." And in church, nobody called him "boy." So religion has played a very, very important role in the life of the Negro.

PLAYBOY: We were referring to the current involvement of the church in the civil rights cause.

GREGORY: Well, as an active force for leadership in the cause, it's failed in many ways. Had religion upheld its end of the struggle for human dignity and freedom and justice during the last hundred years, today we would be thanking God instead of the United States Supreme Court. When you think that 99.9 percent of white America that goes to church Sunday will not see a black face, and 99.9 percent of black America that goes to church Sunday will not see a white face, you realize that religion is the most segregated form of American life today. They've integrated whorehouses, they've integrated hotels, pool halls, restaurants, night clubs, swimming pools, golf courses—but if I tried to sit in at certain churches this coming Sunday, I'd be arrested and a twenty-thousand-dollar bond held over my head

before I could open the hymnbook. This is not just a reflection on some churches; it's a reflection on all churches. And I say this knowing that there would be a lot of white priests and ministers who would die for us and with us. But that doesn't change the over-all picture.

PLAYBOY: Last November, before the circumstances of his death had been made public, several Negro publications alleged that President Kennedy had "died for the Negro," that is, had been killed because of his stand against racial prejudice and injustice. Did you share this view at the time?

GREGORY: What a lot of white people don't know is there's twenty million Negroes who *still* feels President Kennedy was assassinated because of his stand against racial prejudice.

PLAYBOY: But there's no evidence to indicate that the President's death had anything to do with the race problem.

GREGORY: Don't need no evidence. When twenty million people say two and two is five, baby, two and two is five; you can say two and two is four till you blue in the face, it won't make no difference. If the biggest hoodlum in the syndicate went on a TV show and said, "I think the way the Negro gets treated in America is just awful," and he walked out and got killed by another gangster, you could never tell us that he was killed because he was the number-one dope seller in America. We'd have to feel he was killed because of the statement he made.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you being presumptuous to generalize about the opinion of twenty million Negroes?

GREGORY: No, because I go from one end of this country to the other and back sometimes in a matter of three days: I'm in the Negro neighborhoods, I talk to the people there, I listen to them, and I hear the tempo, I feel the pulse. I know what he's saying, I know how he feels.

PLAYBOY: Well, tell us how *you* feel. Do you personally believe that President Kennedy was assassinated because of his sympathy and support for the Negro?

GREGORY: No, I'm saying that because so many white folks have died for my cause, it's easy for me to think that the same thing happened to him, because of these others, because the minute a white guy do something for us, they burn a cross in front of his house. We seen too many white people lay down for our cause and get crushed with tractors, the postman who got shot through the head. I'm not saying that I personally believe this is the reason Kennedy was killed, but that *we*, as a group, feel this way, because other white people have tried to help us and have been hurt.

PLAYBOY: You said you've seen "too many white people lay down for our cause." Aren't you heartened by the fact that so many whites are willing to make this kind of sacrifice?

GREGORY: Of course, but that's just it: There's going to come a day when many Negroes will get tired of seeing white people get killed for us. Because this is a very, very dangerous thing. I don't know what the boiling point is going to be, but there will come a time when the Negro's not going to sit by and let it happen no more. And when that day comes, there's going to be big trouble.

PLAYBOY: With whom?

GREGORY: With the rest of the whites, the ones who wouldn't lift a finger to help the Negro. I don't mean only the bigots, but the phony liberals—the ones who got the best of intentions, who say they're one hundred percent for integration and equal rights—as long as it don't put them out any, and it ain't next door, and it don't involve their daughter. Like this cat at Yale who raised his hand during the question-and-answer session after my act, and said: "Mr. Gregory, is there anything a sophisticated, high-echelon white man can do in the movement on the top level?" I said, "Yeah—put burnt cork on your face and follow me down to Mississippi in the morning." And he says, "I mean can we help *run* the revolution, not just join?" I said, "Well, look, we put Japanese in the Army during World War II, but we didn't send none to the Pentagon. You want to join *my* army, baby, you start as a private. If you good as you think you are, we'll push you up to general in no time."

PLAYBOY: Do you run across many like him?

GREGORY: Too many. That's not to say there aren't a few asking questions who sincerely want to help. But a lot of them are like this white kid in Cleveland, at Case Institute, that stood up and said, "Mr. Gregory, I had a friend of mine, a roommate who went down South with the first Freedom Riders and he came back bitter and hating people and very prejudiced, after that. What do you have to say about that?" I saw he was trying to trap me, trying to lead me to believe it was a white boy; then, after I put down his roommate for being prejudiced and bitter, he was going to lay it on me that he was a Negro. I could tell by his attitude and the little smirky-ass grin he had on his face. I swung on in and said, "Was he white or colored?" He said colored. I said, "Did it ever dawn on you that the reason he went on the Freedom Ride was because he didn't like white folks in the first place?"

PLAYBOY: Heckling seems to be one of the occupational hazards of night-club



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performers. Have you been subjected to much of it?

GREGORY: I had it when I started off in the type of night club I was working, but so would anybody—black, white, pink or purple. When you're working to a crowd that can get in for thirty-five cents and a bottle of beer, let's face it, they'll heckle *God*.

PLAYBOY: Has a member of the audience ever called you "nigger" during a performance?

GREGORY: They used to, back in 1960, when I was working for \$10 a night, but they always shut up when I told them, "According to my contract, the management pays me fifty dollars every time someone calls me that, so will you all do me a favor and stand up and say it again in unison?"

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about a Negro comic, such as Bill Cosby, who deliberately avoids humor concerning race relations?

GREGORY: I think he has a right, as a matter of freedom. I could do that, too, but I think anyone who looks at a Negro comedian like Cosby—who certainly is brilliant and has a sharp mind, but doesn't mention anything about the racial situation—would have to feel he was ducking it.

PLAYBOY: Bob Rolontz, a reviewer for *Billboard*, has written that you occasionally resort to "a semidialect that is not necessary" in your own comedy routines. Do you disagree?

GREGORY: Critics have the right to analyze me, but they can't tell me what I don't need. This is the way I talk, man. It's just me, period. I'm not trying to prove nothing to no one.

PLAYBOY: Another characteristic of your performances onstage in the past has been your chain-smoking. To depart from the race issue for a moment: Were your smoking habits affected by the Surgeon General's report on cigarettes and lung cancer?

GREGORY: I quit the day that report came out. Maybe I'll get cancer anyway, but I be goddamn if I'm going to pay state and Federal taxes for the privilege of catching it. I didn't only quit, I refuse to go on any TV shows that sponsor cigarettes. And I've lost some money because of it. But I wish the cigarette report on cancer would have come out six months earlier when I went to buy my mother-in-law a birthday present. I would have bought her a carton of cigarettes instead of that case of tuna. I have a mother-in-law that hates me with a passion. She's deeply religious, see, and most religious folks, when they hate you, they always threaten you with *God*—He gonna git you. On Good Friday, when

they had the earthquake, I called my mother-in-law up and said, "Hey, baby, He missed me again!" But, you see, I have a mother-in-law that's unique, because she started out hating me two months before the wedding. One night she knocked on my door and she said, "My daughter's pregnant. What are you going to do about it?" I told her to find a bright star and follow it; it's worked once, you know. But I guess it was the wrong thing to tell her, because she followed that bright star and it led right back to my house, with the sheriff and the judge.

PLAYBOY: Obviously that bit about your wife and mother-in-law is from one of your routines. But is it, like much of your humor, also based on truth?

GREGORY: It is a routine, but it's also true that my wife was pregnant before we were married. So I use the pregnant routine as a joke, but I use it because it actually happened.

PLAYBOY: And you don't mind that being part of this interview?

GREGORY: No.

PLAYBOY: And your wife wouldn't be embarrassed by it?

GREGORY: No.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

GREGORY: Because she is a remarkable woman. My wife Lil is the reason I'm what I am and where I am, because she *trusts* me. If I called her right now and said, "Honey, get a baby sitter, we going to walk to New York," she'd say, "OK, Greg." But you know, if I were to put white people down, she wouldn't go along with it. She'll never participate in evil with me at all. Man, the cats that made your biggest heroes have been the cats that had a good woman behind him. I have a woman that I can go out and jump in the foxhole and be the soldier in this revolution. And when I come back it's like coming into a king's palace.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned putting down whites. Have your experiences in sit-ins and demonstrations made you feel bitter or prejudiced toward white people?

GREGORY: Am I prejudiced against white people? No. But before I got involved on the front line of this revolution, there could have been room for prejudice. If a guy told me then, "There's two airplanes fixing to leave—one is full of white folks and one is full of colored folks, and you don't know anybody on either one of them, but one of those planes has to crash and you have to decide which one"—I would have chosen the white plane, maybe just because the Negro's the underdog; give him the benefit of the doubt. But now, since I've been on the front line, I know what good white folks look like. I *been* with good white folks. But if I can't see both planes, and I still got to make the de-

cision, then I'd have to choose both of them. I'm not going to say one or the other, because I've seen too many white people on the front line with me to balance out whatever bitterness I might have felt once. When I see the mother of the Governor of Massachusetts going to jail for me, when I see the white minister lay down under a tractor that he could have been driving—whatever prejudices I might have had about whites have been aired out. The only reason the prejudices against whites might have been there in the beginning was because I didn't know them. It used to be I would go into a night club in Chicago, and the minute the white headwaiter said, "Do you have a reservation?" I would jump to conclusions, maybe, because so many other whites have asked me that question to keep me out. Or when a white guy and myself went into a bar, and white folks would turn and look at us, I used to assume they're looking because we're black and white together. If I was by myself, I'd assume they're looking at me because I'm black, because I don't believe they'd look at just anybody that walks through the door. These were the prejudices that I had; I was prejudging people—this is all prejudice is. Now, when I go on the front line, and I see a white cat getting his head cracked for me, this lets me know that the revolution is not black against white, it's right against wrong. It's like the only people that hate the Germans and the Japanese now are the guys that didn't go on the front line, because after the War was over, the GIs was marrying them—remember?

PLAYBOY: Would you marry a white woman?

GREGORY: No, I wouldn't, because I'm not about to go through the humiliation that I would have to go through with a white woman; if I walk down the street with a woman and everybody's looking at her, I want them to be looking at her because she is a gorgeous Miss America, not because she's white. And I'm not about to go through the route where she's got to be insulted when she's not with me and nobody knows she's the one that's married to me, and hear some cat say nigger-this and nigger-that; and where I got to be insulted by some cat who don't know I'm married to a white woman and he's sitting there talking about, "I don't go along with these integrated marriages." I just don't think it's worth it—not for me. But I'm bringing up my kids to say that whoever they want to marry, they *can* marry. If you feel that strongly about love, then you go ahead. My daughters can marry Smokey the Bear, as long as they don't bring the son of a bitch home to live with *me*, and



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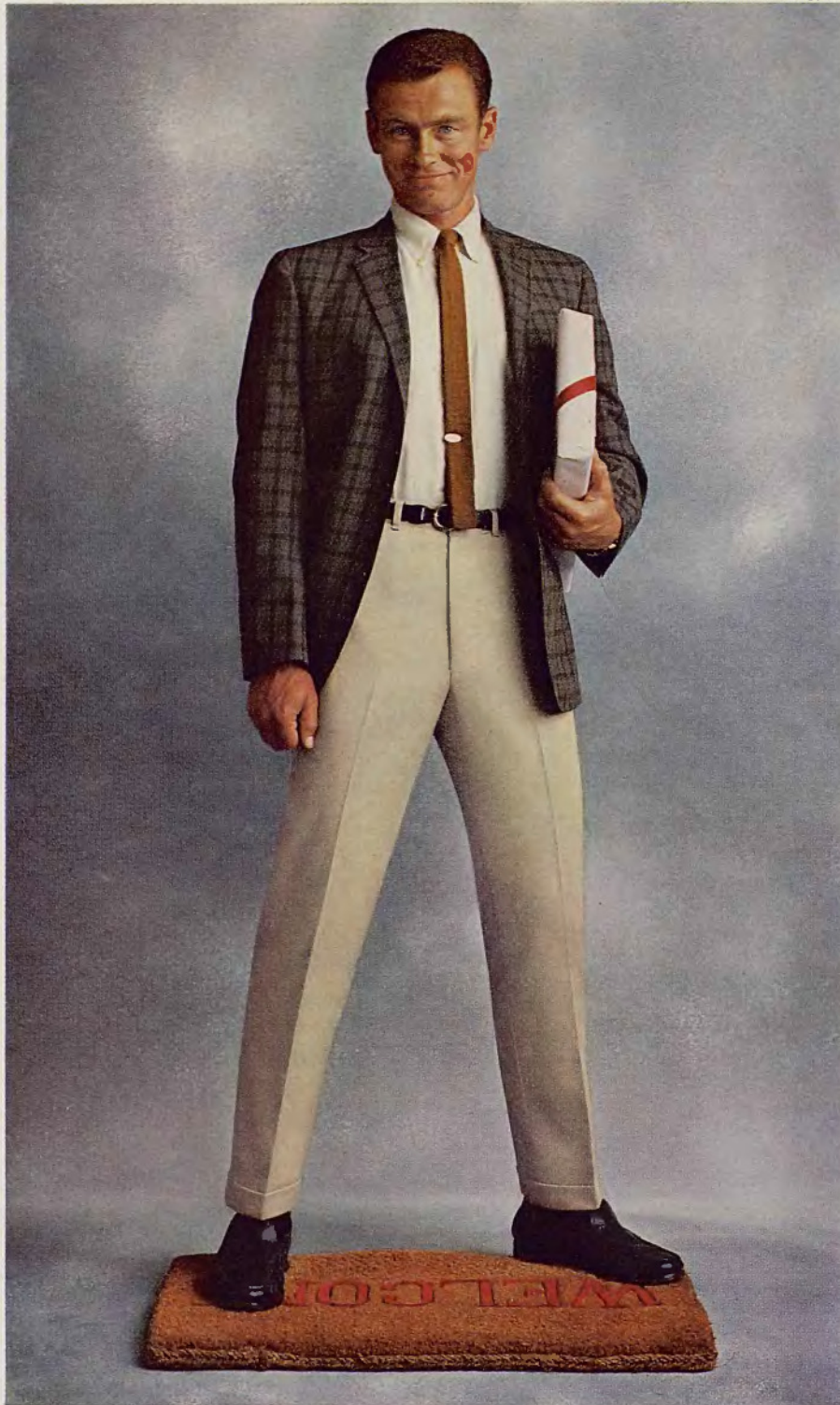


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they don't ask me to buy no bear food. Like I am just not willing to join the Airborne, and jump out of no god-damn plane, man; but that don't mean I'm against the Airborne. I can't swim a lick, but my kids are welcome to learn how—and I'd much rather they did—but ain't nobody going to teach *me* how to swim, this is just one thing I'm not willing to pay the price for. I can go lay my body down in Mississippi for the cause, but not for love, not for love of a woman. Maybe *you* can do this for love, but I'm not strong enough.

PLAYBOY: While we're on the subject of paying the price for a cause, isn't it true that you've had to forgo many night-club appearances—and hence many thousands of dollars in income—as a result of your commitment to the civil rights movement?

GREGORY: Sure, but any night-club engagement I've missed, I've always made it up to them. No night-club owner has ever lost on me. Because either I'll go free for him, or I'll give him a price he never could have gotten otherwise. My managers know, though, that if a demonstration comes up, I'm gone. If I had thirty or forty night clubs bidding for me—which I ain't—I could just work one a week anyway; so if it was down now to two or three—which it ain't—I still could just work one at a time.

PLAYBOY: How long do you plan to continue dividing your time between your career and the cause?

GREGORY: As long as I have to, to get what we got coming to us.

PLAYBOY: You're reported to have spent almost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of your own money on the Negro cause. Can you afford to keep up this kind of outlay on the income from your irregular night-club appearances?

GREGORY: Can't afford not to. If I'm willing to pay the price of dying for the cause, what I care about a few bucks more or less? But if you worried how I'm going to make out, I just pressed a new comedy record, and I got another book coming out next month, so I'll get by.

PLAYBOY: What are the titles?

GREGORY: The LP called *Dick Gregory Says*; the book called *nigger!*

PLAYBOY: Just *nigger*?

GREGORY: With a little "n" and an exclamation point.

PLAYBOY: Why did you call it that?

GREGORY: I explain in the dedication, where I say, "To Momma, wherever you are—if ever you hear the word nigger again, remember, they're advertising my book."





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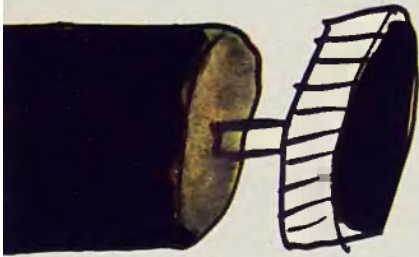
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fiction **By RAY RUSSELL** "GRUMMIT!" The sound, unlovely at best, gained no beauty by being spat out with surprise and glee into a glass of iced coffee. The spitter, Clayton Horne, wiped his chin and gazed with glittering eyes across the studio commissary table. "Sure I know Grummit. Why do you ask?"

Horne's lunch companion, a slightly younger man, new to Hollywood, replied, "Well, I have a chance of a job with him, and I don't know if I should take it or——"

"Take it, take it," insisted Horne.

"Then he's good to work for? He's a sensitive chap, a cut above the average producer?"

"Take the job."

"But tell me about him. You did a picture for him, didn't you?"

Horne signaled the waitress and pantomimed a request for more iced coffee. "Do you have a little time?" he asked his companion.

"Nothing but," was the reply, so Horne cleared his throat and leaped full-blown into his best elocutionary style.

You've heard this sort of statistic, I'm sure (said Horne). *Ninety-two percent of all actors in New York are unemployed. Or, only three-and-a-quarter percent of American writers know where their next meal is coming from.* Well, to such pronouncements, I—being a writer myself—customarily respond that statistics are like bikinis: What they reveal may be enticing, but what they conceal is vital. I then ask how many of the "actors" in that unemployed percentage are

capable of stepping onto a stage without falling flat on their faces, and how many of those meekless "writers" could construct a simple declarative sentence if their lives depended on it. Usually, I don't get any answers, so I offer a statistic of my own. Remember Jimmy Durante's catch phrase, "Everybody wansa get inna the act"? How true that is, and it's my contention (I reply to these armchair statisticians) that ninety-nine percent of that Everybody is possessed of the talent, energy and zeal of a sea cucumber. The remaining one percent get all the work, they get all the work because they can *deliver*, and they eat very high on the hog indeed.

But the gods take unkindly to such blatant expressions of self-confidence, and so, a couple of years ago, I found myself eating very low on the hog. My most recent screenplay had netted me an enormous wad of pelf, most of which had gone into the down payment on a big new house, and the rest of which had been steadily and insidiously drained by the daily expenses of living. One morning, when my bank balance was somewhat less than \$500, I received two telephone calls. The first was from the attorney who stood between me and the vulpine monsters of the Internal Revenue Service. "Mr. Horne," said this attorney, "I've done all I can. You've had your last extension. They'll give you one month to produce the \$10,000." (He didn't say \$10,000, he said \$9666 and some odd cents or something like that, but I'm giving you the round number.) I thanked him hoarsely, hung up, and sat heavily beside the phone, staring at the carpet, while visions of bankruptcy danced in my head. The phone rang again, and when I answered it my voice was a pallid parody of itself, faded and colorless like a bright book jacket left too long in the sun. Don't steal that simile, by the way, I'm using it in my next novel. "Hello," I said.

"Hello, is Clay Horne there?"

"Speaking. Hello, Marv."

Marvin Brod, writers' agent with offices on Wilshire Boulevard, expressed astonishment. "Kid? That you?"

"A piece of me," I said, numbly misquoting Horatio.

"You sound funny. Never mind. Now listen. You listening?"

"Yes."

"Listen. I got you an appointment, three-thirty this afternoon, with Ken Grummit. I don't have to tell you who he is. He's right up there with Kramer, Schary, Susskind, and all those culture-hound types. He's got something very big brewing. I don't know what it is, but when I was in his office yesterday, he said he was looking for a very good writer, not just a writer, an *author*, a literary man, someone out of the ordinary. I dropped your name. He picked it up. He's read your books, he likes your

work, he is *very interested*. So listen. You listening?"

"Yes, yes."

"All right, listen. Go see the man. Play it cool. Find out what he's got on his mind. Roll with the punches. And, kid? *Don't blow it*. It's up to you now, understand? I've set it up, now you carry the ball. And listen—"

"I'm listening."

"Listen—if we work this right, I think I can stick him for two thou per week. And, kid? If we get the job, *make it last*. Know what I mean?"

"Yes, Marv, I know." I knew that, whatever the job, no matter how dreary the task or how loathsome the subject matter, I would have to make it last at least five weeks, for in front of my eyes swam a ghostly arithmetical equation: $\$2000 \times 5 = \$10,000$.

"Good," said Marvin Brod. "Three-thirty. Play it cool, don't blow it, and kid? Phone me the minute you leave his office."

"I will."

I made a point of climbing into the same suit and necktie I'd worn on my latest jacket photo (impress Grummit subliminally with my literary prestige, I figured) and went to see him. He was, and is, a chap in early middle age, slender, Easternly dressed, with close-cropped graying hair and what we novelists sometimes call an ineffable air of angst. His office was lined with books, and the few photographs on his walls were not of movie stars but of writers, and they were personally inscribed to him. Bertrand Russell, Hemingway, Maugham, Steinbeck, Cocteau, Abby Mann, all the greats. And Grummit himself, even in the privacy of his office, acted and talked as if he were conducting a TV panel discussion on the pros and cons of nonrepresentational art. We spoke in generalities for a while—Whither *The American Novel*? and like that—and he said some nice things about my own books. Then the conversation began to lumber leadenly in the direction of the movies, and I asked him what his next project was going to be.

He smiled. "Something unprecedented. Something wondrous. Something an artist like you can appreciate, Mr. Horne. Something men of our caliber can work on without feeling stained, degraded, prostituted. Something fine."

I wanted to say WHAT, WHAT? but I merely narrowed my eyes and thinned my lips and tried to look as much like the jacket photo as possible. Grummit went on talking:

"There's a fresh breeze blowing through the industry, Mr. Horne. A new freedom, a new awareness. The old taboos are being knocked over, one by one. Icons are being smashed by the dozen. The public isn't satisfied with pap anymore. They want to see *life* on the screen, life as it is *lived*, life as it has

been painted with bold strokes by our greatest contemporary writers."

Flattered. I began to say, "Well, that's very nice of you—"

"Just think a minute, Mr. Horne," Grummit went on. "Think of some of the properties we're making films of these days. Stuff that ten years ago no one would *dream* of filming. *Lolita*. That French play, *The Balcony*. Even *Tropic of Cancer*. Do you read me, Mr. Horne? Do you know what manner of book I have reference to?"

"Uh, stylistically experimental ground-breakers which—"

"*Dirty books!*" roared Grummit. "That's what films are being made of these days!" He leaned back, triumphantly. "And you tell me, Mr. Horne. You tell me. What are the two most notorious dirty books of our time?"

"Not . . ." I ventured, hesitantly. "Not the Mullen?"

Grummit slapped the desk. "Exactly! That pair of banned, condemned, controversial masterpieces by Blaise Mullen! And do you know who owns the motion picture rights to them, Mr. Horne?" He jabbed his own chest with an erect thumb. "Me. Kenneth K. Grummit."

"That's . . . quite a coup, Mr. Grummit."

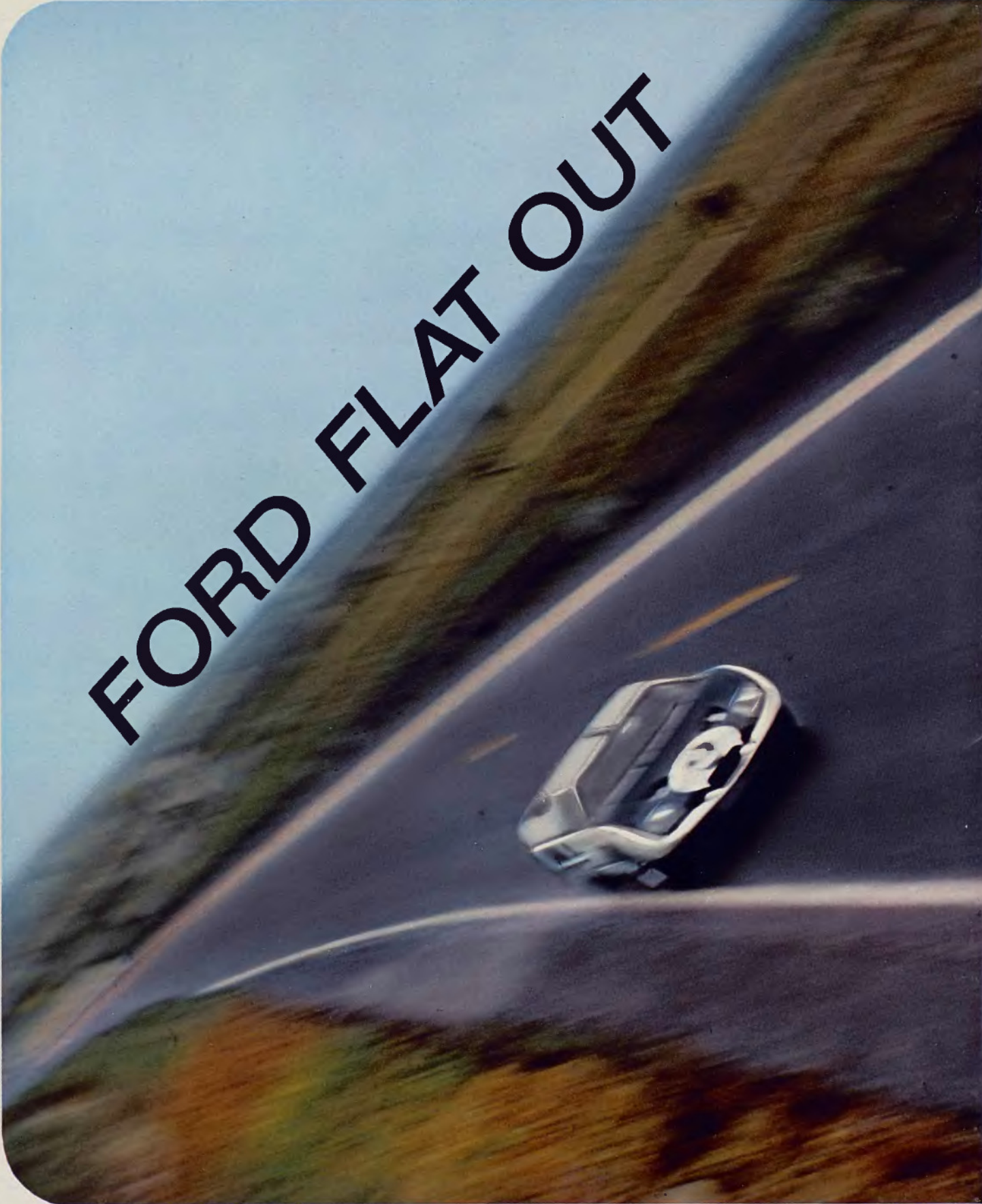
"It certainly is, Mr.—what do your friends call you? Clay? Do you mind if I call you that? And I want you to call me Ken. After all, we're both working for the same stern taskmaster: Literature. Now then. I don't have to tell you that these books constitute the hottest film property since, well, damnit, there just is no comparison! When I announce my acquisition of them, every producer in town—in the world!—will be green with envy. And it was all so easy. A few weeks ago, I happened to be reading a magazine article on filth in literature, William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* and all that, and there was a passing mention of the Mullens, they just called them Mullen One and Mullen Two, which I understand is the way they're referred to in hip circles. Well, it wasn't the first time I'd heard of them, of course, but this was the first time something clicked in my head. Because the article just happened to mention that Mullen lived in Los Angeles. I picked up the phone book. Sure enough, there he was, Blaise Mullen. Lives in a ramshackle section of downtown L. A. Now, do you think I picked up the phone and called him? Not on your life. Why give him time to think about it, or shop around other producers, maybe get himself an agent or a lawyer? No. I had a contract prepared, a very legal, very short, very tight contract. I had a check made out, payable to Blaise Mullen. A check for five thousand dollars. Then I drove into L. A. and knocked on his door. He's a slight little

(continued on page 122)



"What the hell kind of a pacifist are you?!"

FORD FLAT OUT

A high-angle, dynamic photograph of a silver Ford GT sports car drifting on a wet racetrack. The car is tilted, with its rear wheel losing traction, creating a spray of water. The track is dark and reflective, with white and yellow lane markings. The background shows a blurred landscape of green hills and a clear blue sky, suggesting a high-speed environment. The overall composition is tilted, emphasizing the car's motion.

One of Ford's spanking new GTs roars out of corner during practice run over famed Le Mans course made slick and dangerous by rain that fell through two days of trial runs. Both cars 9 (above) and 10 (right) suffered mishaps due to aerodynamic problems. As a result, a stabilizing shelflike extension of rear deck, called a "spoiler," was incorporated.

dearborn sets its sights on '65 as it enters the intercontinental race for the checkered flag

sports By KEN W. PURDY RACING was one of the big foundation stones under the Ford Motor Company: The publicity that sprang from Barney Oldfield's campaigning in Henry Ford's "999," a rough but fast dirt-track car, was the prime mover that sent the company rocketing off on the way to being the colossus it is today. Ford had tried twice: Two companies had been shot from under him: in 1902, he began to put together the third and last one.

Ford was above everything a mechanic, but he was a driver, too, and in 1900 he ran a car of his own building on a track in Detroit, and beat the great Alexander Winton with it. Barney Oldfield, then a bicycle and motorcycle racer, saw him do it but wasn't much impressed. Two years later Oldfield's motorcycle racing partner, Tom Cooper, made a deal to help Ford build a pair of race cars, and brought Oldfield in as a mechanic. When they let Oldfield take one of the cars around a track, mostly to keep him quiet, he gave it the fastest ride it had had. He was quicker than either of the car's two assigned chauffeurs, and there was general agreement that when he'd learned to drive an auto-



Beaded by Le Mans downpour, Ford GT rests in pits before taking to the track. Powered by 350-hp version of the Ford Fairlane engine, it is similar to Lola GT, designed and built by Britisher Eric Broadley, who served as Ford consultant.



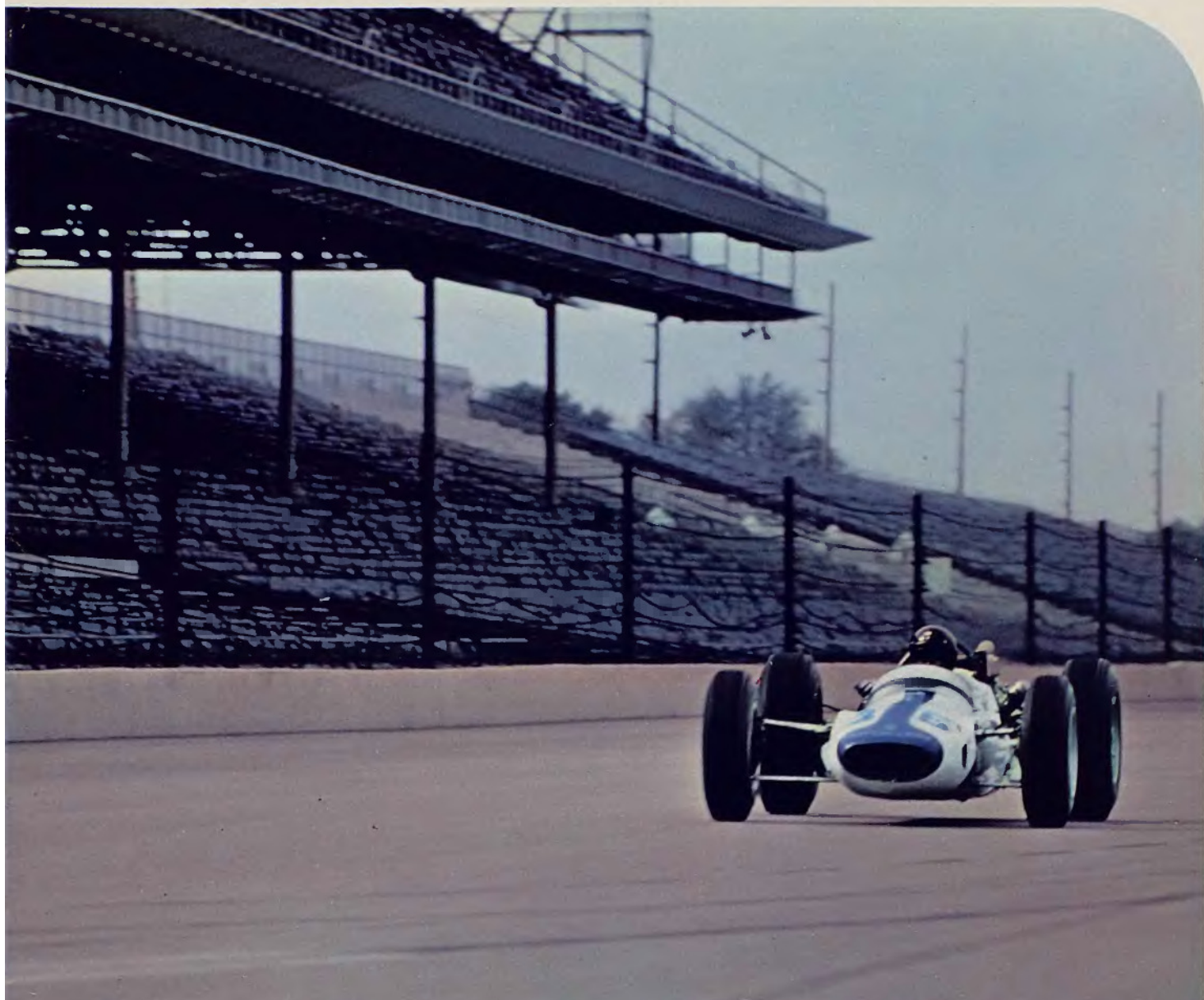
mobile, he might be really fast. Oldfield raced for the first time on October 25, 1902, and won going away. A month later Henry Ford began to organize his company with money that race publicity had largely brought in; now, 62 years later, Ford is again a big name on the circuits.

"We are in racing to stay," Benson Ford says, and while conceivably the company might have second thoughts about staying, should winning come hard, it certainly is in. Ford is running for blood on the stock-car circuit (Ford drivers were 1-2 in NASCAR competition at this writing), Ford engines power Carroll Shelby's AC-bodied Cobras—winners of 18 national race events and the U.S. manufacturer's championship in 1963—and they ran seven Indianapolis cars this year. More audacious still, Ford shipped a trio of *gran turismo* cars, not just engines but the whole steaming package, off to Europe to essay the 1000-kilometer Nürburgring and the 24-hour Le Mans races. Win or lose, however, the Ford GT is one of the most exciting motorcars since World War II clanked off the scene. It represents hard effort, long thought by brilliant minds, and a lot of computerizing in the great iron brain machines as well; it's radical in concept, has the beauty of the ideally functional device, and will be well driven (by Phil Hill, Dan Gurney, Bruce McLaren, Roy Salvadori, Jo Schlesser, Dick Attwood) wherever it goes. If honest effort counts, the car *deserves* to succeed.

The Ford GT will do 200 miles an hour and looks it. It has a 21st Century air, is five fingers higher than a yardstick to the rooftop, shark-nosed in front, weirdly vented in back, cross-engined and fat-wheeled. Technically it's not a race car. It's a *gran turismo* car, or, as the British say, a "fast touring" car. In theory



Top left: Carroll Shelby's Ford-Cobra team awaits start of Sicily's Targa Florio road race. Above left: Ford-Cobra is piloted by Phil Hill. Combination of Ford, Shelby and AC won 1963 SCCA manufacturer's cup. Above right: Ford-powered Cobra GT, shown at Le Mans, carried Shelby's hopes for world manufacturer's title.



Clark, in Lotus-Ford cockpit, confers with Gurney.



Mickey Thompson's Ford-powered Indy car had enclosed wheels.

Above: Dan Gurney, behind wheel of Lotus-Ford, takes practice run at Indy. Tire problems forced both Gurney and Jimmy Clark, 1963's second-place finisher, to retire from 1964 race. Clark won pole position with fastest trial time in 500's history, 158.828 mph. Another Lotus-Ford, driven by Bobby Marshman, set race lap record of 157.646.

one should be able to fit into it a girl, luggage for two for two weeks, a picnic basket full of truffled *pâté* and *blanc de blancs* and head for the hills. In fact, all it would take would be the girl, and she wouldn't take its rough ride, noise, heat and smell. Yet there's hope: Enzo Ferrari, whose GT cars have been the standards of the world for the past 15 years, makes perfectly tractable touring cars, wonders to transport two people at 165 miles an hour from here to there, together with everything they need to sustain civilized life. If the Ford GT works out, there may be something like that in our future.

The new, wild Ford is an Anglo-American device. Its remotest ancestor is probably a GT Lola that was the rage of the Racing Car Show in London at the beginning of 1963. This Lola was very low, indeed, and wickedly fast-looking. The man who'd designed it, Eric Broadley, was much complimented, and cited in some quarters as one of what the British call "the coming-men"—people on the way up.

The experimental idea car, Mustang I, the Ford GT's paternal grandfather, so to speak, was designed by Roy Lunn, born a Briton, an American citizen now, who worked with AC, Aston Martin and Jowett, is in charge of future and far-out Ford projects: Manager, Advanced Concepts Department. Lunn brought Broadley into the picture as a consultant on a yearlong contract. The Ford GT was put together on Broadley's home grounds in Slough, England. A third Englishman looming large in the project is John Wyer, European Manager, Special Vehicles Activity, Ford Division, Ford Motor Company. This means that Mr. Wyer is in charge of Ford's European competition activity.

Wyer understands perfectly well the two virtues of racing: There's nothing like it for making publicity, and little like it for hurrying along the technological development of a car. The well-known General Motors position—"The test track is the place for testing and development"—has a lot going for it, but in Wyer's view test-track work works, but not fast enough.

"The great thing about racing," Wyer says, "is that it puts *pressure* on the engineers. You can do this in other ways, but never so quickly."

It's true that race pressure is fierce. The actual stake may be nothing much; first prize may be a silver cup a foot high and a thousand dollars, but once a major company has committed itself to an entry, the race seems to increase in importance 10,000 times. To a company that is really earnest about racing, no effort is too great, no detail too minute. Mercedes-Benz, always serious about its racing, once flew a single specialist mechanic from Germany to England to solder a leaking radiator. When he'd

finished, they flew him home again. There was nothing else that required his attention. Ford may not go quite that far into the bag of tricks, but some of the design features of the GT car show an exemplary concern with minutiae. Much about the automobile is startlingly new. The other Ford-powered road-racing car, the Cobra, is conservative in contrast; it is reminiscent of the fast road cars of the classic period in everything but power: Few motorcars ever put on the road have the Cobra's brute force. And few have ever offered so much performance for so little money: 0 to 100 miles an hour, for example, in 14 seconds for \$6000! People who want to go like that are not upset by tight-fitting driving space or a cloth top that may not keep out quite all the rain. The Ford GT planners took things down to points much finer than that.

Take the matter of the driver's seat. There was a time when whole race cars were built with less care and planning than has gone into the Ford GT seat. Designers seemed to take the view that the driver was going to be sitting there at his ease, and if he could reach all the controls, and see the road, right, he'd been amply provided for. This attitude has produced some startling cases of discomfort. If a driver has to shift 2500 times during a race, as he does at Monaco, the shape and size of the gearshift knob becomes a matter of some significance, the difference between a sore hand or a blistered one. Some cars get so hot that their drivers expect to lose five or six pounds in every race. A famous photograph shows the late Harry Schell leaning hungrily out of his car on a slow corner while a friend aims a full bucket of cold water at his head. That was an *open* car, a single-seat Grand Prix race car, and even so, capable of producing cockpit temperatures around 150 degrees. In closed cars, *gran turismo* cars, it can get *really* hot. And such matters as a little lump on the side of the seat, or a projection that bumps the left knee every time the clutch is floored, are trifles that are mere nuisances for the first 50 miles, and real horrors after the first 500.

Ford is having none of that. The seats in the three GT cars that make up the Ford team are of course set up for the individual drivers, and since *gran turismo* races are very long, usually requiring two drivers to a car, the drivers are matched not only for ability and temperament, but for hip size. The seats are not adjustable; they are fixed, they are integral with the body and contribute to its strength. (Also, they can't come unglued during a race. It's hard to put back an untracked seat while doing 160 miles an hour in a pouring rain at midnight.) In harmony with the new mode, the Ford GT allows for driver leg length and preference by setting up the steer-

ing wheel and pedals as adjustable.

The upholstery is patterned in nickel-size depressed dots. They're not decorative: Air taken out of a high-pressure area at the front of the car is ducted to the seats and blasted through each dot. This air flow will relieve, if it doesn't completely remove, one of the big sources of driver distraction and annoyance: plain perspiration. An even more ingenious use of air: An inflatable pillow is built into the lower part of each seat back. When the driver's back muscles begin to cramp in one position, he can alter his posture by pumping a little air into the cushion, or by bleeding some off with a push-button control.

When 120 miles an hour was a very high speed, a driver might have afforded minor distractions, but this year, at Le Mans, the fastest cars could touch 200 miles an hour down the Mulsanne straight, running on what is, after all, a two-lane road, no race track. At that rate, three-and-a-third miles a minute, a driver who involuntarily winces because his elbow has just hit a sharp-edged window-winder, conceivably can lose the car for good then and there. Carroll Shelby has on the Cobra staff a knowledgeable, experienced, and very hardy English driver, Ken Miles, who is responsible for, among other things, something called "Driver Environment" in the Cobras. It's a term with which Roy Lunn is also very much concerned.

The Ford GT is a mid-engined car, that's to say, with the engine in front of the back wheels. This design puts the source of 350 horsepower a very few inches behind the driver's head. Everyone wears earplugs, of course, but even so, the noise is shocking and the vibration worse. The engine is a slightly detuned example of the 1963 Indianapolis model, a Fairlane in basic configuration. Many of the other components in the car are foreign. Some of them the GT shares with the Ferrari, the car to beat.

"One must remember, however," John Wyer says, "that Enzo Ferrari has forty years of experience, a great facility, and many cars. We've had a horribly short time, we're a new project, and obviously it would be presumptuous of us to think of blasting him off straightaway."

The GT came down to the wire under such a punishing finish that Lee Iacocca, the ranking nonfamily Ford executive, did not actually see the car, when it came to New York early in April, until after the press had seen it. It had been flown from Europe for that purpose, and was immediately flown back. It ran for the first time on a circuit at Le Mans during the April 18-19 practice period. Two cars were on hand and both crashed, one at 60 miles an hour, the other at 120. The faster crash was in a deluge of rain, apparently because the tires, which were "dry," not rain tires.

(concluded on page 130)



THE MOOR'S TALE

fiction By WILLIAM WISER *posing wasn't his idea of fun—but that little teatime maid was something else*

YOU WONDER WHAT the border cops could've thought to see us two big-winged birds, me and Priest, en route from the old French Riviera to Rome on his Church-bought motorcycle, him puffing heavy on a giant-size cigar, steering us down the white line when there was one, and me black colored with my guitar between my knees in the sidecar, hanging on for Christian love, praying for rain or a roadblock.

Speed was his meat. I had give away my St. Christopher's in Cannes, and now I was sorry. It was great going for him—he at least had a set of beads for God's grace and good luck—but he like to scared me white that time passing a passenger bus on a mean curve coming into Monaco. The Riviera is rugged highway all the way, just hugging the side of a mountain with artichokes growing along the edge and a long-way drop down to the Mediterranean Sea on the other side.

We got by the frontier fine: He showed his white collar for ID—me, a U. S. passport. Customs didn't even trouble us to open our knapsacks. That's a good thing about traveling with the Church. We set up a cloud of motorcycle smoke getting out of there and never stopped till we got stopped by a picket fence around a hand-pump gas station just this side of Ventimiglia. Clipped off about five meters of pickets. Nobody hurt, not a splinter hit us; his motorcycle was all right and so was my guitar. Off again, hell bent for heaven, and never slowed till Spezia where I talked him into time out. I had to go something terrible.

We parked under an orange tree with oranges on it. I took my guitar with me, and my duffel bag, for safety from thieves. I myself wouldn't steal a man's guitar out of a priest's motorcycle, but there's people in this world that would. Priest bought me a big dish of *gelati*—seven different flavors piled up in a pyramid, awful good ice cream—in an ice-cream parlor where they had the chairs all turned one way to watch television, so we sat at *(continued on page 80)*



"Let me take you away from all this . . . !"

THE HOMOGENIZED MAN

ARTICLE BY J. PAUL GETTY A PLEA FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL IN OUR INCREASINGLY PIGEONHOLED SOCIETY

AT ODD MOMENTS, when sunk in contemplation of some cosmic navel, the vague suspicion that I am, at heart, an anarchist flashes through my mind. Not that any impulse to strew high explosives in palace gardens or parliamentary antechambers stirs within me; I certainly bear no malice whatsoever toward aged archdukes or young czarevitches.

My evanescent anarchistic tendencies are purely classical. I use the word anarchist in the sense in which it was understood by the ancient Greeks. They, of course, accepted the anarchist as a fairly respectable—if somewhat vehement—opponent of government encroachment on the individual's rights to think and act freely. It is in this sense that I glimpse myself as an anarchist—regretting the growth of government and the ever-increasing trend toward regulation and, worst of all, standardization of human activity.

I never dwell long on such thoughts, however, for no man relishes seeing himself as an anachronism clinging hopelessly to obsolete concepts. Being a realist, I am forced to concede that in the *guerre à outrance* between individual rights and government prerogatives, the latter have clearly emerged the victors.

Big government has been with us for quite some time—and it continues to grow bigger. The government administrator and “planner” and the electronic brain are inheriting what daily becomes more and more of a punch-card world. Led by big government—which, after all, sets the style—we are moving rapidly and inexorably into the era of the completely structured society, the bureaucrat's beehive utopia in which there will be just one great assonant buzz.

I, personally, find the prospect dismal, but I appreciate that what is a strait jacket for one man may well seem a loose-flowing toga to the next. Even such words as forward and backward are relative terms; their meanings depend on where one is standing before he starts to move. There are unquestionably many to whom the planned and ordered—if not very brave—new world of the future will appear as the safest of all possible havens.

Nonetheless, it should be plain to all that the completely structured society will impose increasingly severe restrictions on its members and will drastically change most—and quite possibly all—of our existing social and economic patterns. But then, these changes will not really be new—only final and complete. They have been taking place more or less gradually for a long time; the trend toward the structuring of society has been evident for centuries.

In the early city-states of the ancient world, premiums were set on individuality in almost all things. But, with the emergence of the concept of empire, the movement toward uniformity was firmly established.

Within the Roman Empire, for example, such diverse things as laws, the administration of justice, fashions in wearing apparel and business practices became highly standardized. The civilization, customs, manners and mores exported by Rome impressed themselves—and were

impressed upon—subjected and allied peoples, many classes among whom eagerly accepted and aped them. Temples, amphitheaters, dwelling places and other structures built by the Roman legions in the Empire's far-flung reaches were, save perhaps for size, virtually identical to like structures built in Rome. The artistic style and techniques apparent in a Second Century bust found in a Roman ruin in Syria are practically indistinguishable from those to be seen in a Second Century bust dug from the banks of the Tiber.

It is not unreasonable to assume that if the Roman Empire had survived, the civilizations of Europe, the Middle East and North Africa might well have developed according to the prototypal patterns established by Rome. The Empire, however, collapsed. The ordered whole was shattered into myriad splintered fragments. Even Latin, long the language of Western civilization, was split into innumerable languages and dialects. With that, the trend toward standardization was temporarily halted. Countless highly individualistic tribal societies and minor principalities replaced strongly organized imperial government. The chaotic patchwork remained until, at last, the feudal system that had evolved during the Dark Ages finally withered and died. Then, with the re-emergence of strong central governments, a marked trend toward unification and standardization began again.

The movement has continued steadily throughout the last four or five hundred years. In more recent generations, burgeoning populations, multiplying social and economic problems and such other factors as vastly improved communications have strengthened the trend and caused it to move at a progressively faster pace. Today, the tendency toward standardization is evident almost everywhere on the globe. Native costumes have been largely discarded in many countries; the custom is to dress in Western-style clothing. A women's dress fashion set in Paris one day is reported by press, radio and television on every continent within hours; within a week it has become the vogue throughout much of the world. There isn't much difference between the appearance of, say, refrigerators built in England and those manufactured in the United States, France, Italy or Germany. Let an architectural style catch on in one country, and you can be sure that it will become the rage in a dozen other countries in short order.

Today, the inherent nature of government in an increasingly complex civilization creates strong pressures toward systemization and standardization, which, in turn, serves to create vast bureaucratic complexes. In government (as in overgrown big-business corporations that have assumed government-style managerial practices) the attempt to establish rigid procedures for the most minute activities tends to guarantee imposition of a structured conformity. Needless to say, all this proves especially appealing to the type of job seeker and job holder who is bereft of courage and imagination and basks like some somnolent embryo in the amniotic comfort of having his life completely regulated. *(continued on page 66)*

man at his leisure

neiman captures the swinging esprit of the jet set's favorite riviera spa



Above: A couple enjoys a plunge in the surf. Right: St-Tropez harbor in radiant repose.

ST.-TROPEZ, for centuries a little-known fishing village, then the exclusive playground of Paris' bohemian set, is now a world-renowned resort for celebrities (Bardot, Rubirosa, Soraya, et al.), celebrity seekers and just plain celebrants. Perched midway between Marseilles and Menton on a small promontory jutting out from France's sandy, sun-steeped Côte d'Azur, St-Tropez slumbers tranquilly during the off season, but awakens with *esprit* in June when vacationers begin trickling in. By July, the ripple becomes a rumble, as sports cars and power boats deliver a cosmopolitan mélange of revelers, most of whose identities



man at his leisure *continued*



Helping out with the suntan lotion is a pleasant chore at Epi Plage, one of St.-Tropez' two beaches.



Sand and sea-horse play are twice the fun for the beachnik with a pair of playmates.



Shutterbug focuses on a scantily bikinied lass at Tahiti Beach.

Young, unattached guys and girls are in abundance at St.-Tropez; all a visitor need do is wait for someone who tickles his—or her—fancy.



*Elroy Weiman
St. Tropez*



As the afternoon moves on, Tahiti Beach turns into a riotous, swirling mass of color.

are blurred in a mass of bare feet, barer midriffs and barely covered bosoms and bottoms. The onset of August signals the end of the international season: *Les Français* descend en masse and restore to the town its Gallic flavor, without diminishing its spice and vitality.

PLAYBOY's itinerant impressionist, LeRoy Neiman, spent a fortnight in "St.-Trop," man-aging to observe and record the scene, even while being swept up in the spa's frenetic pace. "It was mostly sleepless-nightsville," he reports, "—a vain attempt to indulge in pleasant idleness that was really more active than idle." The merry-go-round begins, according to Neiman, at a place called L'Escale. "It's a smart bar-restaurant on the Quai, and most of the regulars check in about 8:30 in the evening. After several drinks, the crowd breaks up, some staying on to dine at L'Escale, others going to Le Café des Arts, or other fashionable spots. The *dolce vita* set digests a leisurely repast and then moves on to one of several select *clubs privés*—right now the 'in' group prefers a pair known as Chez Chyslaine and L'Esquinade. These boites are tiny—especially Chyslaine—and packed. They're wild, they're boisterous, and they hit their stride about three A.M. Then they go and go. Daytime, except for early-bird schoolteachers from the corn belt, doesn't begin until noon, when the coterie gathers in the harbor café adjacent to the yachts before wheeling or boating out to Tahiti Beach or Epi Plage. It doesn't matter whether you sun-bathe, skindive, water-ski, swim, ogle or disappear with one of the chicks to a secluded cove, the afternoon moves. Before you know it, the sun is setting and you go back to dress. Then," concludes Neiman, "*la ronde* begins again at L'Escale."

HOMOGENIZED MAN (continued from page 61)

The bureaucratic mazes of government are self-perpetuating, self-propagating and given to mitosis—and they grow ever more intricate, unwieldy and ubiquitous. I do not suggest that there is a malevolent force behind any of this. It is simply the way things are, simply the way they have developed and continue to develop.

Our own country's history provides an illuminating example of how nations move toward the creation of a structured society. Originally 13 rather loosely federated states dedicated to the proposition that all government should be held to a minimum and individual liberty kept at a maximum, the United States has changed greatly since the Declaration of Independence was signed. Modern America is a country with national, state and local governments that are infinitely more powerful than was ever envisioned by our founding fathers. Today, the hand of government can be felt—regulating, prescribing, proscribing and standardizing—in almost every area of human activity.

True, our nation's citizens are as free as any people on the face of the earth, far more than most. But just *how* free are they? To what extent has government already encroached on their freedoms and their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

I think the average American would be astounded to realize how many commonplace things he may *not* do unless he maintains standards set by government and obtains permission from government to do them in the first place. I rather doubt that most people have ever stopped to think about it.

For example, the average American citizen cannot sell a bottle of beer, get married, go hunting or fishing, drive an automobile or even keep a dog for a pet without appropriate licenses from government. In most places throughout the United States, he cannot hold a parade, build a house or even add a bathroom to his home unless he first obtains permits to do these things from government. He must not operate so much as a pet shop, a boardinghouse or a soda fountain without licenses or permits from such government departments as police, health, fire and so on, ad bureaucratic infinitum.

From the moment he is born and his birth certificate is filled out and recorded, the average American is a marked human being. His life, habits and activities become the concern of numberless bureaucratic offices and agencies which register, enroll, scrutinize, supervise and regulate him and whatever he may do until the day he dies, and even after.

Our free American *must* be enrolled in school at a certain age and must remain there for a prescribed period

studying at least some prescribed subjects. Male members of the population must register with Selective Service boards. They remain eligible for military service for many years; if called, they must serve in the armed forces for a specified time. Most Americans—regardless of sex—must register with the agencies handling Social Security, workmen's compensation, income tax, census and other Federal, state, county or city government bureaus.

Now, I hasten to make clear that I consider these requirements necessary and beneficial. Obviously there must be laws and standards in our complex civilization. Unrestricted hunting would quickly wipe out all game animals; unlicensed drivers would greatly increase the already appalling slaughter on our jammed streets and highways. An individual cannot be allowed to erect a slovenly shack where others have built fine homes; nor should he be allowed to operate a boardinghouse that is a fire-trap or a menace to the health of its tenants. The nation's security in a troubled world depends on its armed forces, hence the need for Selective Service. Certainly no sane person would want to abolish the census. Government, law, control and regulation—and even concomitant bureaucracy—are essential if a nation of 190,000,000 people is to exist and function, if there is not to be utter chaos and eventual destruction.

I would like to repeat and make it very clear that I am no antigovernment reactionary. I do not maintain that the restrictions I have cited are undesirable. They are, in my opinion, entirely necessary, in that their purpose is to make life safer and more pleasant for all.

The issue is not that any of these manifestations are good or bad. The point is simply that they *are*, that they exist, are implemented and enforced, affecting all citizens. They are mentioned only as demonstrations of the extent to which we are already living in a regulated society.

Further proof may be found in the manifold ways in which government at all levels controls the nation's business and economy. Like it or not, the so-called free-enterprise system is not nearly as free as some might imagine. The Federal Government alone has some 30 *independent* regulatory agencies which wield great power and influence over practically every aspect of U. S. business.

Take, for example, the duties and responsibilities of just three of these agencies. The Interstate Commerce Commission fixes rates and grants franchises for railroads, barge lines, trucking and pipeline firms. The Civil Aeronautics Board sets airline routes, rates and safety standards. The Federal Communications Commission determines who may (or

may not) operate radio or television broadcasting stations. In addition to such independent regulatory agencies, there are scores of other Federal bureaus and offices that exert influence and exercise varying degrees of direct and indirect control over the country's economy and business. Farm production is regulated through price supports, acreage controls and other methods—and the effects are felt not only by the farmer but by the produce trucker, food wholesaler, corner grocer and consumer as well. Government affects business activity and expansion by raising or lowering Federal Reserve discount rates, tariffs, taxes and by innumerable other means. Whatever it does in these directions is soon reflected in production and sales figures, employment statistics and price indexes.

In short, big government wields numberless big sticks over American business and the American economy. And, when I speak of big government, I do not mean the Federal Government, alone. The various states—and even counties and cities—license, tax, inspect and regulate businesses within their jurisdictions.

It should hardly be necessary to mention that it is but a short step from such economic regulation as exists at the present time to the establishment of a completely regulated economy. And—be it for better or for worse—all recognizable signs augur more, rather than less, economic regulation for the future.

With government setting the example, it is little wonder that many of the nation's citizens anticipate the seemingly inevitable and hasten to conform to standardized patterns. Business firms that establish their own bureaucracies and individuals who strive to be conformists are merely floating with the tide that is carrying our society toward final, top-to-bottom "structurization." There are abundant indications that this is in the offing, that the civilization that produced homogenized milk will soon be producing the homogenized man.

Not long ago, the Federal Government, acutely concerned over the shortage of scientific and engineering personnel in the United States, launched a program designed to encourage young people to become scientists and engineers. To date, the technique employed has been one that seeks to *impel* young people to choose these careers. Public statements by national leaders and other prominent persons and widespread publicity campaigns aim to make science and engineering attractive, to excite the imaginations of the young, and to sell the idea of following such careers to students in high schools and colleges. Huge money grants are financing the expansion of training facilities at universities and colleges and are making it possible

(continued on page 128)

REVOLUTION

AS ROBERT LINDNER, author of *The Fifty-Minute Hour*, once pointed out, the sexual revolution of our time has been mostly abortive. Though society in the last 20 years has taken a more tolerant, not to mention sensible, view of such things as premarital intercourse, sex techniques, homosexuality and obscenity, it would be naïve to assume that this constitutes anything more than the kind of liberal reform that followed the equally abortive revolution of 1905 in Russia. Viewing sex as a social fact rather than a personal sin is certainly an advance of sorts, but it is more indicative of a change in terminology than in point of view. A "healthy" attitude toward sex is probably as much a part of the mood of the New Frontier as the late President Kennedy's physical fitness program, but this is as different from a recognition that sex may be one of the *last* frontiers as 1905 was from 1917. Despite such diverse breakthroughs as Kinsey, *Lolita* and Enovid, the authorities still remain to be overthrown, for the simple reason that the authorities are internal.

An ideal illustration of this sort of psychological ground giving (as opposed to ground clearing) is the continuing legal argument over the censorship of literature. Viewed superficially, it would seem that the door to the boudoir is at least ajar, if not wide open. *Tropic of Cancer*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Howl*, all heretofore the object of suits, may now be published openly in the United States, and the precedents established in their cases seem to have defined for some time to come the differences between what is called "erotic realism" and hard-core pornography. And yet the deciding factor in each of these cases, the factor attested to by all the expert witnesses and referred to in most of the judges' rulings for dismissal, was not the thorny question of the artist's inalienable right to deal with erotic desires, but its precise opposite—that, because the books under consideration did *not*, in fact, arouse erotic desires, they could not be legally banned. The courts listened to a parade of intelligent men—literary critics, college professors and novelists, all with presumably normal sex lives—solemnly testifying on the assumption

that the arousal of sexual desires by a book was somehow socially reprehensible, but that in the case at issue it hadn't happened. At least, not to them. Honest.

Progress? Yes, of sorts. The author's right to take the reader into the bedroom has now been established by law, but only so long as he carefully separates behavior from emotions. His skill may be employed to describe, but never to evoke. He may write with the hands of a surgeon, but not with the eyes of a lover (the results of which sometimes make one long for the old asterisk fade-out that at least left one's *own* imagination free to roam). The point is as simple as it is fatuous: Though there is nothing wrong with describing everything from cunnilingus to pederasty, there is something very wrong indeed about arousing the desires which make this behavior comprehensible.

Of course, it should be clearly stated that very few of the witnesses in these cases accepted, in private, the assumption on which they testified in public. As Dickens said, "The law is a ass," but it is still the law, and it states that books appealing to prurience are bad books and may not be published. The idea that prurience is bad is one of those ideas that only applies to *other* people; leave anyone (who believes it) alone with a work of out-and-out pornography, and you will soon see how deep the conviction goes. The fact of the matter is very simple (though no one would be caught on the witness stand admitting it), and that fact is that words *do* have the power to make us realize that we are desirous, just as they have the power to make us realize that we are hungry, and (if they are ill-chosen words) that we are sleepy. But the question still remains: So what? Even the libertarians and the petition signers seem to be stymied by this, because they always carry on their arguments with the book-burning maiden ladies and literary police sergeants (who, it seems, never read *anything* but dirty books) in terms of what *constitutes*

erotica, not what's wrong with it.

Equally, parents and educators like to think of themselves as being very enlightened for distributing among the young all manner of do-it-yourself sex manuals which, like all their brethren in an America that seems obsessed with keeping idle hands busy, tell you in tedious detail what to do, but never *why*. These chatty volumes leave almost nothing to the imagination, but carefully avoid touching on the earthier emotions without which the more acrobatic aspects of sex must seem to the young and inexperienced about as sensible as a trapeze act to a blind man. The anatomical drawings in these books, complete with helpful arrows and Latinate words, seem deliberately fashioned to prepare the 15-year-old for the operating room, rather than the seduction couch or the marriage bed—unlike the Japanese pillow books which proceed on the idea that you don't have to know it's called a vagina, you only have to know what to do with it. As a consequence, young men memorize the graphs on the minimum amount of time to be devoted to foreplay, and young women know that females were given the inalienable right to orgasm along with the right to vote, and both are prepared for everything but the thrilling and unsettling emotions for which all the positions, techniques and variations are only physical expressions.

Most older readers will have had the bizarre experience of overhearing teenagers, who have yet to make even the most abashed, back-seat-of-the-car love to one another, solemnly talking about masturbation or copulation, and have probably crept away, not wanting to embarrass them, and prided themselves on the liberality of modern society—though if they had been caught reading a book which shamelessly celebrated these activities for teenagers, intervention would have been immediate. For the parental attitude boils down to this: Healthy young people are expected to like necking just as they like steak or tennis—because it's invigorating, nutritious and therapeutic. In other words, it has redeeming social value, like chaperoned

opinion

By John Clellon Holmes

BELOW THE BELT

today the battle lines are drawn between anxiety born of guilt and the potent life force of genuine sexual liberation

rock-'n'-roll sessions, or policed drag-strip races. It is a harmless release for youthful energies, which, it is clearly understood, should *never* be taken to mean that the energies thus released will be allowed to move from the level of foreplay to that of fornication. So fantasy is tolerated and even encouraged, while the reality of sex remains under the same old injunctions.

Why? It's not really a question of morality, for though sex was once the evil half of the moral Manichaeism of Western consciousness (the Mr. Hyde that lay like a coiled serpent in the breasts of all Jekylls who were not vigilant, the loathsome portrait in the attic mirroring the scarlet sins that did not show on Dorian Gray's daytime face, the satanic Svengali force that would hypnotize and enslave the better, or Trilby, angels of our nature), times have changed radically, and very few sensible people, from Smilin' Jack to Smiley Blanton, speak ill of sex any longer. Indeed, if anything (other than democracy and, perhaps, Albert Schweitzer) is thought to represent the good, the true and the beautiful by most young sophisticates, it is probably "healthy" sex. It is viewed as the most natural expression of love—a sort of epoxy glue, one drop of which will support two tons of anxiety and ethnic difference; and the day cannot be too far off when we will be reminded, on subways and in buses, that "The Family That Sleeps Together Keeps Together." Probably as many mothers worry about whether young Bobby is experiencing a healthy feeling of competition for their favors with his father, as worry about whether he will be able to get into the college of his choice; and I have seen young marrieds go off by the station-wagonful to see *Never on Sunday*, and sit around afterward enthusing wistfully over how simple, straightforward, and nonneurotic sexual love could be, as evidenced by this incarnation of that sentimental folk figure, the Good Whore who is as gay and wise and reassuring as—but the conversation broke off at this point, because everyone realized that they were just about to say "as mother should have been." I have listened to young matrons, freed from drudgery by appliances and from children by prep schools, confess that they knew they must be maladjusted because, though they loved sex and grabbed all of it that they could get, they still, damnably, thought of it as "dirty," instead of "beautiful and uplifting." When reminded that you could think of farming the same way, but that this didn't mean that all 4-H clubbers were slovenly, they looked at me as if I were suggesting that their husbands *openly* cheat on their income tax, instead of merely padding the expense account.

You come upon this "healthy" attitude toward sex in the laissez-faire obscenity of cocktail parties and country clubs; in the latest *Reader's Digest* article on How to Be a Mistress to Your Husband (the key to this seems to be a nap in the afternoon); and in the statements of Bennington girls that sex is the natural adjunct to a love relationship, even if that relationship doesn't result in marriage.

On the surface of it, all this sounds very advanced indeed. Certainly our grandmothers would be shocked by it (the usual rule of thumb by means of which we congratulate ourselves on how emancipated we have become), and undoubtedly they would conclude that the revolution has arrived, and all authorities have been swept away. But then our grandmothers operated on the old-fogy idea that sex was a necessary evil without which marriage would be incomplete, because it would be childless. The fact that we operate on the young-fogy idea that sex is a necessary good without which love would be incomplete, because it would be childish, does not occur to us, much less that it represents no radical step forward. The difference between saying that sex is all right when sanctified by marriage, and saying that sex is all right when sanctified by love, indicates a greater subtlety of justification, but not an abandonment of the notion that sex somehow *needs* to be justified. Both ideas assume that sexual energy is volatile, anarchic and potentially dangerous when not restrained by a "higher" emotion, and both ideas assert that the problem posed by sexual energy is primarily the problem of controlling it.

With the exception of a few wise men, like Gandhi, and a few wild men, like Mailer, no one talks about abstinence any longer as the simplest method of control (and it is interesting to note that neither of these men assumes that sex is destructive, only distracting), but people *do* talk endlessly about such things as moderation, proper outlets, normal identifications and responsibility, all of which unconsciously equate sex with alcohol, narcotics, overeating and the other forms of self-indulgence by which we sometimes compensate for anxiety and inner turmoil. The fact that the very inner turmoil out of which we overindulge more often than not results from the *suppression* of sexual energy, rather than its liberation, does not seem to have occurred to them.

The reason? The reason is baldly simple: Despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, we still assume that sex is the antithesis of the spirit (admitting that we *have* "feet of clay" is very different from trying to walk on them); that it is somehow animallike (whether

we view it as a tiger or a tabby cat doesn't materially alter the assumption); or, at the very least, that it is merely the physical acting out of psychological needs (why it so rarely occurs to anyone to view these very psychological needs as merely the acting out of our dammed-up sexual energy has always been a mystery). At the bottom of it, all our attitudes rest as squarely on the old Christian dualism of mind versus body as did the rather more austere injunctions of Saint Paul—which, at least, constituted a hardheaded counterrevolution that kept the issue clear.

The fact that there is still something grievously wrong with our sexual attitudes is as plain as the type face in our newspapers, a good deal of which these days is taken up with statistics on divorce, promiscuity among the young and sex crimes, while the best part of what is left is used to advertise books, movies, plays or TV shows that seem obsessed with sex in a way that not even the most uninhibited sensualist would call "normal." Some social observers profess to be alarmed by this, and their explanations, when they offer any (and mostly they treat the phenomenon like an outbreak of polio, about the nature of which it is unnecessary to say anything), range all the way from the ringing of moralistic fire whistles over the passing of 19th Century values, to the twitter of psychiatric jargon describing the whole thing as a hangover from these very same values. The conservatives assume that all the commonality *wants* is titillation, the liberals assume that all the commonality *gets* is titillation, but both assume that there is no valid, internal reason for the preoccupation in the first place.

Nevertheless, the astonishing success of movies such as *La Dolce Vita* (which took anything but an American Legion, or even a Great Books Club, view of contemporary sexual life) cannot be explained solely on the basis of the degradation of, or our distortion by, an outdated moral code. What this success clearly indicates is a troubled awareness of the rigidity of current sexual attitudes, and a willingness (heretofore unknown in America) to treat the matter of sex as if it were a crucial key to individuality, as well as a social or psychological phenomenon. Some of the critics of *La Dolce Vita*, for instance, viewed it as a symptom of moral decay, rather than as an analysis of it; others felt that the eruptions of sex in the film indicated the degeneracy of the characters, rather than their despair; but few seemed to realize that what they were viewing was nothing less than the mirror image of their own phantom faces, paralyzed by the ambiguity of limitless
(continued on page 130)



Dacron-and-cotton tattersall-check jacket, \$45, coordinates correctly with Dacron-and-linen madder-red trousers, \$20, both by Gordon Ford, and Kodel-and-cotton shirt, by Manhattan, \$6, with washable Dacron necktie, by Superba, \$3.50.

the colorful summer spectrum

bright hues—fashion right—come to those cool and crisp synthetics that were heretofore of somber shade

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

SYNTHETICS HAVE COME INTO their own. Their early test-tube feel and look have been eliminated and the last vestige of resistance on the part of manufacturers has been overcome. In fact, leading craftsmen now use them as a matter of course, so much so that a complete wardrobe of multihued masculine attire fashioned from synthetic fibers is now available.

This summer, color is the key word, an exciting spectrum of sunny-hued warm-weather (concluded on page 127)



Above: Dacron-and-cotton seersucker jacket, by Haspel, \$40, with Dacron-and-cotton poplin golf shorts, by Puritan, \$8, and knit Antron-and-Orlon short-sleeve polo shirt, by David Church, \$13.50. Right: Arnel-and-cotton jacket, by McGregor, \$30, a cool contrast to washable Arnel-and-cotton trousers, by TMM, \$11. Fortrel-tricot shirt, by Ramey, \$11, is complemented by Swiss silk tie, by Seidler, \$6.50.



Right: Dacron-and-cotton seersucker formal dinner jacket with center vent, shawl collar, full lining, \$45, contrasts with black Dacron-and-worsted tapered formal trousers with adjustable side tabs, \$20, both by Lord West. White Fortrel-tricot shirt with French cuffs, by Ramey, \$14.

ROBERT BRUNTON

WHILE WE'VE OFTEN FEATURED Playmates with outdoor proclivities, our sportsman's loving cup goes to China Lee, our August Playmate, one of the most athletic young lasses we've ever encountered and also one of the most charming. Twenty-one-year-old China (pronounced "Chee-na") is a Training Bunny in the Playboy Club empire; though she's based in the Windy City (see *The Bunnies of Chicago*, page 98), her teaching duties take her to a different location with every new Playboy Club opening—a job which suits her peripatetic nature to a T. "If I had to describe myself in one word, it would be 'active,'" China says. "I love to roam, and I love to keep busy." High on her sports agenda is softball: Last season she pitched and won 12 games ("My windmill pitch is unhittable"), leading the New York Bunny softball team to the Broadway Show League championship. Our five-foot, four-inch Miss August is also a pin-toppling bowler (she ran up a 217 at the age of 13), prize-winning equestrienne and jumper, expert swimmer and ping-pong player, as well as champion twister of all Bunnydom. Not surprisingly, she was chosen Bunny of the Month in the first issue of *VIP*, the Playboy Club magazine. As she told us: "Despite the fact that I'm always on the go, success has come to me without my seeking it. I didn't apply for my Bunny job; I was discovered in a New Orleans hairdresser's shop. While my girlfriends were desperate to get into the movies (and I wasn't), a moviemanager spotted me and gave me—not them—a bit part in *The Troublemakers*. I'd like to be a professional singer someday—but I'm not counting on it, so if no one discovers me I won't be disappointed." A native of New Orleans and the only member of her family of 11 not now in the Oriental restaurant line, China says: "Though I was born in America, my folks still follow Oriental ways: They speak the old language, read the old books, and follow the old customs. In this sort of environment, the men dominate and females are forced into the background. I rebelled, and I'm glad I did." So, we might add, are we.



CHINA DOLL

american sportswoman and oriental charmer,
lovely miss lee is our spirited august playmate

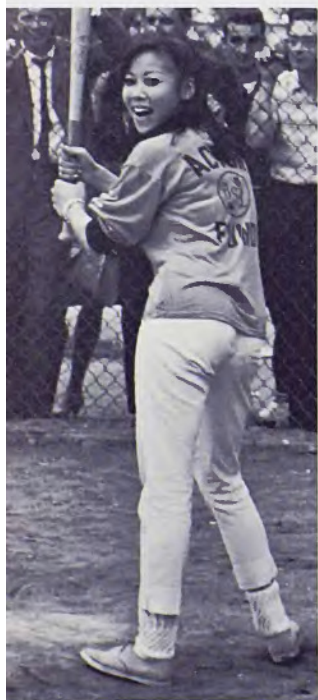
PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



Left: Our fine China cuts a fashionable figure emerging from a Manhattan department store. With disarming candor she says: "For me, one of the biggest benefits of being a Bunny is money. My family was never very poor—but we were never very wealthy, either. As a Bunny, I've been able to buy clothes I never dreamed I'd own." Right: China begins a shopping spree by admiring a mopheaded Beatle doll (which she passed up) and inspecting a tray of briars (she bought two).

MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Top: China taxis to The Playboy Club for a quick change from shopping togs to baseball uniform for a midafternoon softball game in the Broadway Show League. Above: Our Playmate proves a distracting batswoman. After running up a 3-2 count, she walloped a double over second base, then stole third successfully, neatly sliding under the tag; on the next play, she crossed the plate with the winning run.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A local drive-in showed one of the worst movies ever made the other night, but the management reports that the customers loved every minute of it.



The psychiatrist was not expecting the distraught stranger who staggered into his office and slumped into a chair. "You've got to help me. I'm losing my memory, Doctor," he sobbed. "I once had a successful business, a wife, home and family; I was a respected member of the community. But all that's gone now. Since my memory began failing, I've lost the business—I couldn't remember my clients' names. My wife and children have left me, too; and why shouldn't they—some nights I wouldn't get home until four or five in the morning. I'd forget where I lived . . . And it's getting worse, Doctor—it's getting *worse!*"

"This is not an unusual form of neurosis," the psychiatrist said soothingly. "Now tell me, just how long ago did you first become aware of this condition?"

"Condition?" The man sat up in his chair. "What condition?"

The bleary-eyed, unshaven bum approached a passer-by and said, "Mister—could I have \$20.10 for a cup of coffee?"

"But," the man protested, "coffee only costs a dime."

"I know," said the bum, "but coffee always makes me sexy."

In Paris, everybody dates until the *oui* hours.

Originally scheduled for all-night duty at the station, Patrolman Michael Fenwick was relieved early, and thus arrived home four hours ahead of schedule. It was nearly two A.M., and hoping to get into bed without waking his wife, he decided to undress in the dark. But as he crossed the room to climb into bed, his wife sat up and sleepily asked, "Mike, dearest, would you go down to the all-night drugstore in the next block and get me a box of aspirin? My head is splitting."

"Certainly, sweetheart," he said, and feeling his way across the room, he crawled back into his clothes, and stumbled out of the house and down the street to the drugstore. As he arrived, the pharmacist looked up in surprise.

"Say," said the druggist, after taking Fenwick's order, "aren't you Officer Fenwick of the Ninth Precinct?"

"Yes, I am," said Fenwick.

"Well, then, what in the world are you doing in the fire chief's uniform?"

Why a man would want a wife is a big mystery to some people. Why a man would want *two* wives is a bigmystery.

"I hate to go golfing with any of the executives from my own agency," complained the advertising prexy, while relaxing with his fourth Scotch and soda at the clubhouse bar. "Every time I yell 'Fore' they chime in with '—he's a jolly good fellow!'"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *liquor store* as a stupormarket.

Is it true that you telegraph flowers anywhere?" the man asked the Western Union operator.

"Of course," she said.

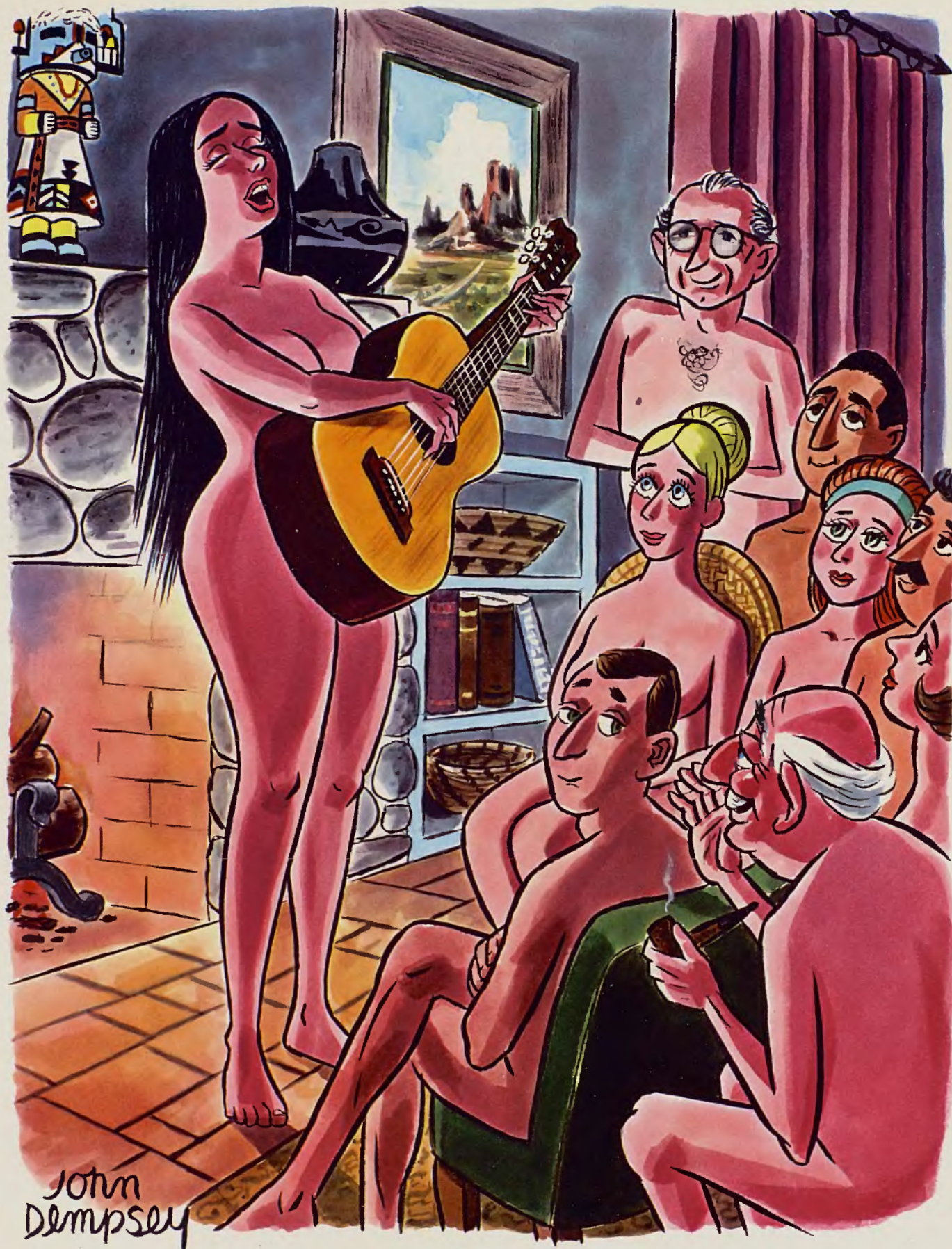
"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Send me to New York. I'm a pansy!"



We suppose you've heard about the farmer's daughter who got sent home from the country fair because she couldn't keep her calves together.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sun bathing* as a fry in the ointment.

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



"I rather wish Miss Baer had taken up the violin instead ..."

MOOR'S TALE (continued from page 59)

the bar. Here was I, come all the way to Italy mainly for the music and find out television and jukeboxes got here ahead of me. Television is the end of anybody's music. I blame it mainly on the U.S.

Back outside on the flying machine again, tearing out of Spezia, Priest asked me through the thunder, "All right, drive all night?"

Me and the priest talked pidgin English and French. I didn't know no Italian. I couldn't hear him any too good for the cigar in his mouth and the motor exploding. What I actually wanted to do was rest up somewhere and get the kinks out of my backside, but I was polite and said, "Sure." And was right away sorry for it.

Priest wanted to talk, tell me all his monastery adventures, where he was from (Ravenna), his poor old mother's high blood pressure—talking against a motorcycle motor, might as well shoot the breeze next to a hydraulic drill—talking anyway out the side of his mouth to keep his cigar in his teeth, cigar sparks in a funnel and backfire fireworks trailing behind us. He wanted me on top of it to tell him my life and travels.

Twisty roads with hardly any light. Liable any minute to hit a donkey cart.

"What say? What say?" he kept saying when I tried to talk.

You don't see the sights that way or catch your breath.

Coming into Florence a little past sunup—sunup is tricky light to drive by—we smashed straightaway into a chicken. Motorcycle slid all the way around full circle and scared a milk truck off the road. Nobody got hurt but the chicken. When Priest got off his mount to check the carcass, I got out my side and my gear with me. I didn't know Italian, but I sure knew enough was *basta*.

Milkman mad as hell, but with Priest stooped over giving the chicken final rites he couldn't allow his self to cuss. Then Priest looked up to see me standing picking chicken feathers out of my guitar strings.

"You go Rome *avec moi*. *N'est-ce pas* true? I go straight all away Holy City."

"No thanks, Father," says I. Then I lied and told him I had a buddy I wanted to see in Florence, not to make him feel bad. I figured, confidential, with his madman driving we might likely get to the Holy City a whole lot sooner'n we thought.

I lucky enough met my meal ticket at a birthday-cake picture gallery named Uffizi right off the old square where I was in looking at pictures one day. She was up on about the third layer, painting a copy picture of a picnic of a bunch of ladies in thinny, almost nothing dresses, passing around grapes and melon slices and some pretty horny old men

looking through the weeds at them. When she took notice of me watching her paint she tried me in German—which is what I figured her for—and I answered back in French. Then she went to English and we settled for that.

"You like it?"

I said yes.

"Which one?" she said, testing me.

"They all look about the same in those cellophane dresses."

"I mean which painting?" She meant which painting did I like the best.

"Yours's plenty good enough for me."

Somehow everything I said sounded personal.

I circled around her and her picture a minute, and she gave me the up-and-down with her big blue Berlin eyes—two new dogs sniffing each other out. I sniffed her out "money" and she naturally sniffed me out "broke." She put her paintbrush into turpentine and said she'd buy me a Cinzano. I said fine.

Her name was Eva. We drank out on the porch terrace looking over Piazza Della Signoria with old David down there standing up taking the sun and some more statues inside in the shade and a whole world of rooftop tiles and yellowy sides of old houses and tourists sitting under umbrellas and awnings. She sipped tea and talked about this friend of hers, some girl named Della Robbia, and how Florence was the "last lovely flower bud of Western civilization" while I sat relaxed with my Cinzano watching the pigeons dirty up David.

Then she up and asked, "Would you care to pose for me?"

"Why not?" says I.

Don't think all the artists are off starving in Bohemia someplace, not Eva. She had a villa with a maid and could afford to keep me in her bell tower with my own bed, that's how well off she was. One whole side of the house was glassed in so you could look out at the garden without getting mosquito-bit. The glassed-in place was where she kept her paint stuff and where I posed. She posed me regular, afternoons, one to four. Then tea break at four come hell or high water.

Said she wanted to paint "the man entire," which was me, stripped to the short hairs. She at least sat wrapped up in a kimono on a paint stool, squinting around the edge of her easel at me, getting my measures. Same time, just before she started in serious, smearing paint, I was getting her measures, too. She was big German-built, to last, put together real nice, though—big behind and good big bosoms but not bubbly, solid. I liked her in her kimono, never no make-up around the house, her blondey white braid wound up on top of her head like

whipped cream. She was so white sitting stone solid against a white wall that you couldn't hardly see her except for blue eyes and paint spots all over her kimono.

She generally posed me naked, but sometimes I got rigged up like Halloween: I was all dressed up, and sat on a throne, the time I was Pope Innocent, but for Adam all I wore was some grape leaves and had to stand up the whole time. I carried a paring knife to be Hamlet, and a cardboard sword for Charlemagne. Eva was on a big historical kick. For a while there I was Parsifal and Mercury and Brutus and Beowulf and Spirit of the Renaissance (with a flashlight for a torch) and Saint Christopher and Hannibal and Judas and Jesus Christ, all in one week, everybody painted black, like me.

I got drew, and painted, in just about every position: straight up, leaned back, laid down or however she wanted. Whichever way she put me I had to stand still or die, but I did it. I been searched so much by the police force I knew by now how to stand still.

But posing for art is about the boringest work I ever did. You can only look at one place at a time, till you memorize it, then you have to keep on looking at it for what seems like forever. Before I was through I memorized her and her easel and the glassed-in room and all. And I would itch in the worst places and wasn't allowed to scratch. Sometimes she faced me looking out at the garden which was a lucky relief, seeing some green for a change: hedges shaved with a razor and nice neat gravel paths, everything laid out like a geometry problem.

Eva never talked when she painted, just scratched at her picture and breathed heavy. She never seemed like she noticed here I was a naked man standing around her art room with her. Never the least monkey business, just paint. If that's the way it was, it was OK by me, but not much variety. She did at least play Vivaldi music on the record player while she painted. I like the one about the different seasons of the year, but that's hard music to stand still to.

Four-o'clock tea always caught me with my pants down, so to speak. It was brought in on a tea wagon by a frisky little Italian maid, everything silver, and a Cinzano for me. Up to now I was a Pope or Parsifal when she came in, or carried a basketball or something I could hide behind, but this one time all I had was a bow and arrow in my hands and the rest of it was just plain me. Maid was cute-built, a starched-up little package all tied in ribbons, everything neat and where it should be. Generally she whipped past me, tending to her cart and her business, like she wore horse blinders, but this one time she wiggled her behind at me, full of sass, and took a

(continued on page 119)

*The
Happy
Hipster
fiction
by
Herbert Gold*



the future was bright for this precocious lad and nobody knew it better than he; in fact, he'd known it for most of his 40 years

SAM DORIC WAS SO HIP that he walked about North Beach in San Francisco with his nose lifting the rest of him up toward Telegraph Hill, as if he personally had dropped the feather that sailed through the air of Carnegie Hall when Charlie Parker died. He had that kind of pride. He had the pride of the man who can do anything, blow cello, persuade ladies, learn French. He blew pretty good cello, he had persuaded many a lady, but he had not needed to learn French.

Why?

Well, when you communicate with the world on such easy terms as Sam's—99 percent from the world, one percent from Sam—what need have you of foreign tongues? (His share went on the cuff, of course.)

He had a long, creased, horsy face, intelligent and ugly, with large square teeth, a long lazy body with lots of lean on it—a face and a body that pleased everyone. His voice was soft. His words were friendly. It didn't matter how many years he had been identical with himself, shyly making out on North Beach and the slopes of the adjacent hills. He was a boy, permanently a boy filled with promise.

Sam had often made his own living in recent times, frequently not living off his friends. He had found a steady job. In fact, he had found a dozen steady jobs in the past two years, selling Honda motor bikes, bartending at the Monterey Folk Song & Coffee Club, bouncing at the Hot Dog Palace (although he was better at persuading), stage manager at the Actor's Workshop, sidewalk photographer at Fisherman's Wharf, Swedish meatball roller during Sweden Week in San Francisco, French cab driver during French Week, Mexican hat dancer during Mexican Week, distributor of *The New York Times'* Western edition during the last month before it suspended operations, waiter at Enrico's, pool instructor at Mike's Pool Hall, sideman in the band at Burp Hollow, and a few he forgot. It was easy to reason out why he left Burp Hollow: His ear was too delicate for Dixieland; and the *Times* had folded; and there were equally sincere explanations for all the other instances of permanent employment that he had found, invented, locked on, and finally lost. The world was a generous

place in most ways, but to Sam, the world, the universe, and a steady job were economically unsound.

Until he heard that French teachers were in short supply. That did it. He believed he could do anything he set his mind to, provided his mind was gratified. He would become a professional French conversation teacher. All he had to do was blow a little French, and so he bought some books at the dusty little second-hand French bookshop on Polk and decided to learn French as Lord Greystoke had learned English—by puzzling it out. "I'll be the French Tarzan, man," he said. "How do you say 'you'?" he asked a young lady who took courses at San Francisco State and, on the side, nursed Sam in his perpetual good health. She wore stretch pants from the Sea & Ski—she had a little money. She filled them out plumply, in two handfuls—she came of good stock. She used eye make-up and white lipstick and looked serious when Sam talked. She had a face like a young, corrupt Doris Day.

"*Vous*," she said, "means you."

"*Moi homme! Vous Jane!*" he cried. "You see, I'm practically ahead of the mob already. The mob of French teachers." A troubled frown passed over his boyish, 40-year-old countenance. (He was dressed in a red turtle-neck sweater, jeans and cowboy boots.) "How do you say 'mob' in French?"

"*Foule*."

"Masculine or feminine?"

"*La foule*."

"Umm. After I learn their cruddy language, I'll have to reform it. What do they need masculine and feminine for? English doesn't have it. Or maybe"—as a cunning smile passed through his countenance, leaving tracks of pleasure—"I could save time by reforming it first."

Normally, Sam had his rounds to make. In the late morning he would steal a boutonniere from a Russian Hill wall or a garden, come prancing down into North Beach, and patrol Broadway and Columbus, Jackson Square and Portsmouth Plaza, until someone offered him a drink, a lunch or, failing those desired goals, a moment of nourishing conversation. What's doing? What's up? Who has published or painted or gotten arrested or heard from his long-lost father? What chick is pregnant, headachy, or improving herself with an evening course? What do you have in mind personally, pal? . . . Many found themselves enlisted in finding Sam a job, despite the fact that he could hold a job for immense spans of time by his own standards, only briefly by the world's. But he was qualified by chipper wit, happy spirit and sincere intentions. He was continually recommended, frequently hired. At this point I should mention that his long, horsy face was also a smiling Irish face, with the kind of glow at its forward rampart that may end in a bulbous nose

but had not as yet, a firmly unstable belly in his customary sweater, and a boyish bounce in crepe soles. He had just found a job as lobby portrait sketcher (in charcoal) at the Jack Tar Hotel when the inspiration about learning French somehow came to him. He quit the field of commercial art, leaving his easel standing until a porter took it home for his boy.

Now a syndicate was formed to support Sam's new enterprise. This was an unusually informal, high-risk, sure-loss corporation which met and put up the money: San Francisco's Groucho Marx, San Francisco's Nelson Rockefeller, San Francisco's Buckminster Fuller and San Francisco's Jonas Salk, who was actually a psychiatrist and interested in Sam's curious personality which fit none of the usual three categories—neurotic, psychopathic and psychotic—into which he divided the human race. (Nor was he a member of the several subdivisions of categories, such as alcoholic, tectotaler, etc.) At any rate, these four gentlemen, lurching at Jack's, made an agreement. They would provide the small sum necessary to teach Sam a fluent French. This was identical with the small sum required to support life in him—life being the fluttering, bemused hummingbird of his soul—while he absorbed the French language and culture from the air, in his own fashion. All four had confidence that they would both succeed in their enterprise and, somehow, some way, lose their investment. San Francisco's Nelson Rockefeller explained to them how they could take it off their income tax as a bad debt. San Francisco's Groucho Marx said, "You mean as a dad bet?" San Francisco's Buckminster Fuller said, "He is the sort of man who discovers a new mathematics one day, but finds no one to tell it to and so it is lost to the world. When I myself first discovered the secret of the universe—" San Francisco's Jonas Salk (but a psychiatrist) took mental notes on his colleagues and said, "Hm, hm."

"What? What? What?" demanded his friends.

"This lamb chop," he replied, blushing. "It's delicious. But if I didn't have a bad bite, I'd much prefer the club steak. My temporomandibular joint is out of whack and—"

If anyone could learn French on pure nerve, they decided, it would be Sam Doric. They parted in peace. San Francisco's Nelson Rockefeller went to his office to oversee construction of an atomic shelter in his Marin County retreat.

Three months passed. Sam wore a carnation in his lapel on Bastille Day. He sang songs by Prévert and Kozma. He spoke the French of the Latin Quarter, with *de l'éclat*, with *de la souplesse*, with *du charme*. "Alors!" he would cry when he saw his backers.

"What?" asked San Francisco's Jonas Salk (but in psychiatry).

"*Zut!* Aie 'ave ze zolution to ze problème de l'Afrique."

When he spoke English now, he kept his French accent honed up by employing French syntax and pronunciation. Eet help, he agree wiz heemself.

Now, of course, there remained the question of what to do with their investment. Having given up the easy life on the forever-April slopes of San Francisco in favor of hard work on the same slopes, Sam's health would suffer, they believed, if he did not put his training to constructive use. What would Sam like to do?

"Well," he reasoned with Cartesian logic, "I'd kind of like to be an ambassador or an actor in French films, or maybe head of the French desk at the CIA or the Pentagon."

"How about a waiter at the Fleur de Lys?"

Sam turned his horrified, pale, bug-eyed gaze upon this small-minded question and questioner.

"Purr'aps ze chef de section d'un rail gang," he commented with Gallic irony.

One point was proven by the experiment: that Sam had the stuff with which to learn when he set his mind to it. The savor of happy result of their experiment was lost to the four backers, however. They had always known that Sam possessed an airy genius. To test this was like proving that a salt fog has power to cool the fevered brow. Their expensive gesture had proven something, perhaps, but accomplished very little. Sam pranced down Pacific with the same bounce as always; he could cadge a drink at the Montmartre or a meal at the Hotel de France with unusual grace; things were very much unchanged. His affable horse face pleased them less.

The quartet of experimental philanthropists gathered again for their monthly business luncheon at Jack's. Concerned with higher matters, they all took the waiter's suggestion—turbot and salad—and then settled back to fret, to signify their fret by remarks characteristic of their separate characters, and to imply that the error lay in someone else's calculations. "We don't allow ourselves to let go and dive in, that's why we can't learn as fast as Sam," said one of San Francisco's. "Inhibition," another agreed. "He has a knack, he concentrates, that's good," said another. "Shall we argue about how he's extraordinary, and yet we are more so?" inquired someone else. (The last speaker turned out to be the waiter, returning to report that the turbot was all gone. He suggested the hangtown fry.)

Brooding together, an inspiration emerged from the friction of four of the finest minds of San Francisco. "*Zut!*" they cried—an expression they had

(continued on page 146)

SMOKING FOR PLEASURE



a host of hickory-flavored delights to give summer menus a zesty fillip

food By THOMAS MARIO

LONG BEFORE MAN DISCOVERED the sustenance-preserving qualities of the refrigerator, smoke was used to cure fish such as sprats and salmon as well as the flesh of beef and boar and buffalo. Today, we savor smoked frogs' legs, smoked ring-necked pheasant, smoked mussels, smoked capon, smoked Rock Cornish game hen, smoked gruyère cheese, and hundreds of other smoked savories, but for smoke's own delicious sake rather than merely to keep the larder full.

Many of the great old smokies, with their pungent aromas of a past era, are still around and still heartily appreciated. Smithfield hams, for instance, following a time-honored custom, are taken from a special breed of Virginia porkers that have been fattened on peanuts. They're slow cured and deep smoked, rubbed down with pepper and aged at least a year before they're ready to be sliced paper thin for cold-buffet parties. In the same class of nobility is finnan haddie, named after the town of Findon in Scotland, and the Scots' name for haddock. Its joys were discovered in the 17th Century when an oak fishing shack filled with salted haddock caught fire. Unlike the Chinese in Lamb's famed fable of the charred pig, Scottish neighbors put out the blaze before the flames hit the fish, and a new kind of golden-brown fish fillet was the happy accident. Like Scotch whisky, the flavor of finnan haddie is at once both mellow and impudent. You pay your first respects to it by boiling or steaming it until tender. You then have your option of anointing it with sweet butter or flaking it and mixing it with cream and a dash of white pepper. Both versions are classics. Perhaps the most venerable form of Italian smoke is preserved in provolone cheese, which is first cured in brine, then smoked and hung from the rafters till its flavor becomes rich and tangy.

There's a lighter, milder trend apparent in today's smoked foods; they're softer on the tongue and taste buds, as though they were following the light/dry bandwagon in drinking circles. Smoked turkey, for instance, isn't just a bird hung high above a bonfire till it's redolent with smoke, but a mild-tasting flesh, an amalgam of smoke and the oils of coriander, bay leaf, black pepper, thyme, basil and cardamom. Although smoke is still a preservative, freshness—allowing as little time as possible between the ritual of the smokehouse and the final appearance on your platter—is now the prime guiding rule. When you buy smoked eel, smoked whitefish or smoked sausage, your best bet is to shop where the traffic is thick and the turnover fast.

New legions of smoke-it-yourself epicures have arisen, and they can be loosely divided into two categories—the slow and the fast. The slow school is made up of hunters and anglers, who smoke fish and

game birds in outdoor ovens containing a firebox and a smoking chamber. A fair-size salmon in one of these devices takes about eight hours to prepare. The second school of smoked-food fanciers, which generally prefers the patio to the great plains, owes its education to the outdoor charcoal fire and to gadgets like the Swedish smoker. The latter is a year-round portable appliance, which can be used indoors or on the terrace with equal ease. Its simplicity is only one of its virtues. In ten minutes it can produce smoked shrimp, smoked brook trout, smoked whitefish or smoked sausage with a wonderfully fresh, tangy flavor. You merely pour powdered hardwood, which comes with the gadget, into a rectangular pan, place the food on a grill above the sawdust, cover the pan with a snug-fitting lid and set it above a flame for about ten minutes. Indoors, there's a slight aroma from the smoker, but it's light and pleasant.

Cooking with smoke from a barbecue fire is an altogether different art. First of all, let's clear the air by pointing out that the holocaust that arises when a fire is started isn't the kind of smoke you want when you're grilling chicken, steaks or seafood. The best outdoor smoke is actually a kind of incense, and the proper way to impregnate food with its sorcery is to throw a handful of wood chips over the white charcoal when the flames have subsided. Different woods give rise to different fragrances. The magnificent flavor of Westphalian ham, for instance, is the result of the burning of juniper branches and berries over the regular hardwood normally used for smoking the German hams. Orange wood, apple, oak, mahogany and birch all produce individual smoke flavors. Wood that's green creates a denser smoke than aged or dry wood. Patio chefs usually take advantage of the hickory chips sold in most places where charcoal is available. One or two handfuls is enough for artful smoking. Presoaking them in water for a few minutes will increase the smoke and discourage flaming.

If you own an outdoor oven fitted with a heavy dome, smoke can be easily captured. But even without the use of a dome, foods like lamb or lobster instantly take into their pores the smoke that curls from a mere handful of wetted wood shavings.

Smoke, of course, can now be bought in bottles. There's hickory-flavored salt as well as liquid smoke that can be mixed with butter or oil and brushed over food before broiling. But bottled smokes, unhappily, aren't very volatile. They're a superficial magic. Real smoke plays not only around the outside of the food, but imparts its scent deep into the flesh.

The easiest way to satisfy a craving for smoke in the hors d'oeuvres department is to open a can of smoked oysters,

smoked clams or smoked mussels. All three, it should be conceded, owe their sensuous flavors not only to smoke, but to the oil in which they're marinated.

During Roman times, smoked meats were offered both at the beginning of the feast in order to whet the appetite and at the end of the meal to revive the thirst for post-prandial libations. Smoke, like spice, is a guaranteed catalyst.

It would be completely naïve to tab one kind of wine as suitable for all smoked foods. A *pâté* of smoked goose liver will stir up a thirst for a *vin blanc cassis*. With a cold smoked pheasant, you want the best *brut* champagne in the cellar. When the smoked cheese appears on the cheese platter along with the coffee, the accompanying bottle of port should be at least 20 years old. Where there's smoke, there's usually a delightful repast, as witness the following recipes.

SMOKED STURGEON SALAD (Serves four)

1 lb. fancy smoked sturgeon, sliced thin
1 medium-size Spanish onion
4 pieces celery
1 teaspoon dried dill weed
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
½ cup salad oil
¼ cup white wine vinegar
Salt, white pepper
4 large beefsteak tomatoes
Boston lettuce
12 ripe olives, largest size

Cut sturgeon slices crosswise into julienne strips. Be sure strips are of uniform, very thin matchstick size. Peel onion and cut into quarters through stem end; then cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Separate slices to make julienne strips. Peel celery and cut into very thin julienne. In a large mixing bowl combine sturgeon, onion, celery, dill weed, mustard, salad oil and vinegar. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Lower tomatoes into pot of boiling water for 20 seconds, then hold under cold running water for about a minute. With paring knife remove peel from tomatoes and cut out stem end. Place lettuce leaves on individual salad plates or large platter. Cut each tomato twice through top almost to bottom, separating, petal fashion, into four wedges. Place tomatoes on lettuce; pile sturgeon salad on top and garnish with ripe olives.

COLD SMOKED SHRIMPS, WHITE WINE DIP (Four appetizer portions)

1 lb. fresh shrimps
½ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons minced shallots
1 cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon anchovy paste
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Wash shrimps well, but do not remove shells. Prepare Swedish smoker with powdered hardwood sprinkled evenly

over pan bottom. Place shrimps on smoker rack, cover pan and place over moderate flame. Smoke shrimps 10 minutes; then remove from smoker and chill in refrigerator at least three hours. Remove shells and veins from shrimps. In a small saucepan heat wine and shallots over a moderate flame until wine is reduced to about ¼ cup. Avoid scorching. In a mixing bowl combine mayonnaise, shallots and wine, anchovy paste, mustard and lemon juice. Chill in refrigerator. Arrange shrimps around hors d'oeuvre dish or shrimp cocktail server. Place mixture in sauceboat or glass dish for dipping.

SMOKED CHICKEN, HORSERADISH SAUCE (Serves two)

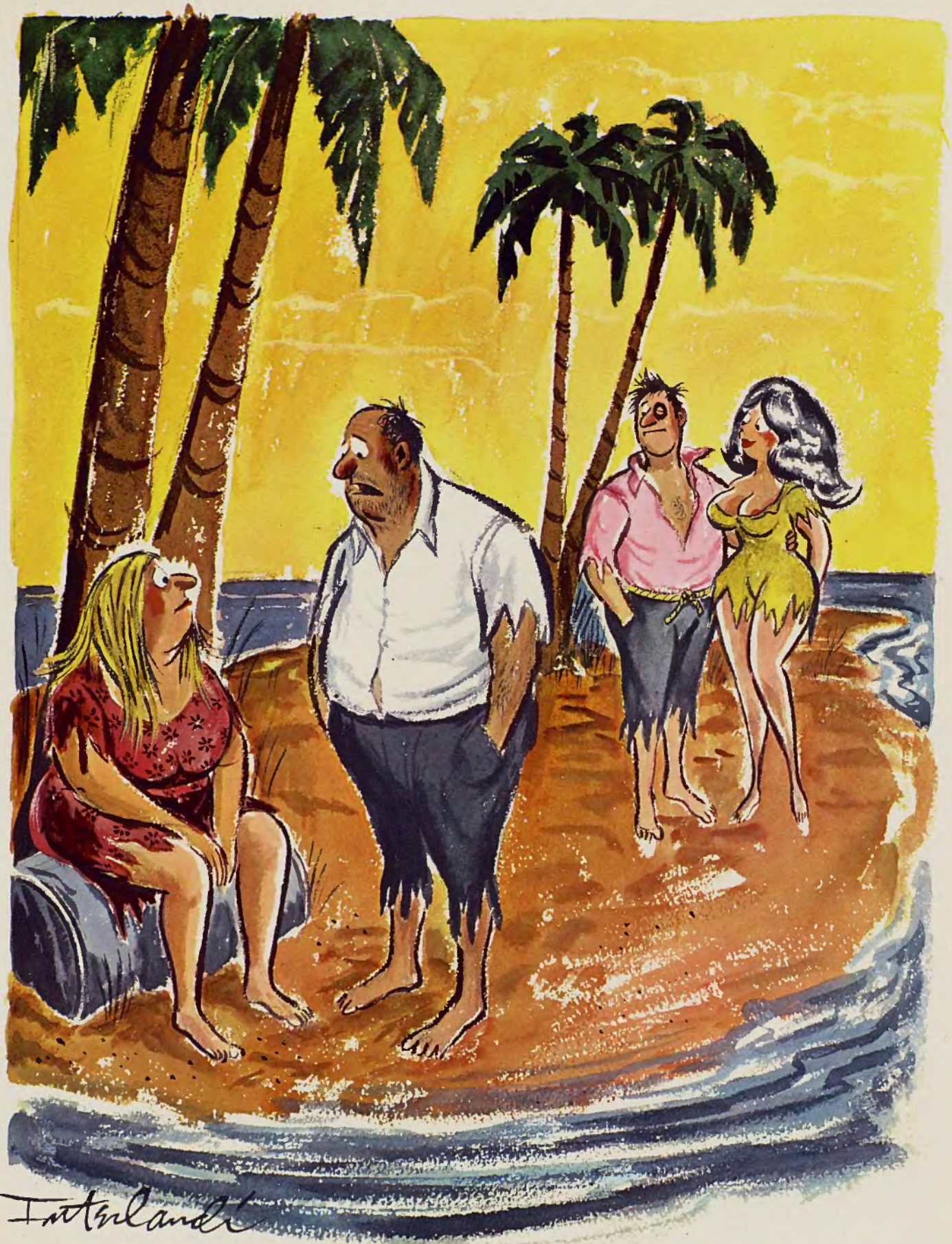
2 small whole chicken breasts
4 tablespoons olive oil
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 medium-size onion, sliced
¼ teaspoon ground coriander
Salt, freshly ground pepper
Peel of 1 apple
1 cup milk
¼ cup bread crumbs
1 packet instant chicken bouillon
2 tablespoons prepared horseradish
1 teaspoon butter

Remove bones and skin from chicken and separate each breast into halves. Separate small fillet on underside from rest of meat. Cut each half breast into 6 to 8 pieces. Place chicken, oil, lemon juice, onion and coriander in salad bowl. Sprinkle generously with salt and pepper. Marinate overnight or at least 6 hours. Prepare Swedish smoker with powdered hardwood. Drop apple peel into smoker. Remove chicken from marinade and fasten pieces on skewers 5 in. long. Place skewered chicken on smoker rack. Fit lid onto smoker and place over a moderate flame. Smoke 10 minutes. Bring milk up to boiling point. Remove from fire and stir in bread crumbs, instant bouillon, horseradish and butter. Season with salt and pepper. Reheat sauce just before serving in sauceboat.

HICKORY-SMOKED STUFFED LOBSTER (Serves four)

4 live lobsters, 1½ lbs. each
¾ cup bread crumbs
¼ lb. sweet butter, room temperature
1 small onion
Salt, pepper, paprika
Salad oil
¼ lb. sweet butter, melted
1 lemon, cut into 4 wedges

Prepare outdoor charcoal fire. Soak 1 cup hickory flakes in water 30 minutes to 1 hour. Split lobster by inserting tip of heavy French knife in back of head (this will kill the lobster instantly), separating body into two parts. Remove sac in back of head. Remove lobster liver (green section) and mix with bread crumbs and butter. Grate onion into
(concluded on page 118)



Tom Threlkeld

"He'd rather fight than switch."

*an appreciative appraisal
of the leading ladies of
the original playboy club*

TO AFICIONADOS of the female face and form, a stroll down the streets of the Second City affords a scenic, and sometimes spectacular, view of feminine fauna matched by few urban centers in civilized ken. It will come as no news to Playboy Club keyholders that many of these ring-a-ding belles seen brightening the Chicago scene are en route from home to hutch, where they exchange their streetwear for the satin suits and snap-on cottontails of the Bunnies of Chicago.

"Not many people are aware of it," wrote Art Buchwald in a column devoted to Playboy and the Bunnies, "but Chicago has become the sex-symbol capital of the United States."

In the four-and-a-half years since the opening of the Chicago Playboy Club—the first link in an expanding chain of the most successful and famous clubs in the world—the Playboy Bunnies have become a global symbol of feminine pulchritude. Even the word "bunny" (or "boni," as they say in Latin America) has become a synonym for any unusually attractive *(text continued on page 91)*



A model embodiment of Chicago Bunnyhood, Kai Brendlinger swims, skis in Windy City waters during leisure hours.

THE BUNNIES OF

CHICAGO

Bunny Cheryl Vincent—who has won awards for her paintings, and beauty contests for her pulchritude—here poses as a winsome pitchgirl in a champagne-themed Club promotion photo (below).



Above: A welcome and welcoming sight, Door Bunny Terri Kimball greets keyholders in the Club's newly furnished lobby. Terri was our May 1964 Playmate.

Training Bunny Wanda Owens, a onetime dance instructor who now teaches tyro cottontails, pauses beside The Playboy Mansion's poolside bamboo hut (below) during an early-hour wingding.



Below: April is a lucky month for charter cottontail and Chief Training Bunny Kelly Collins: She was cover girl for PLAYBOY in April 1963 and for VIP, the Playboy Club magazine, in April 1964.





Cover girl Bonnie Jo Holpin (PLAYBOY, October 1962), who was with the Club on opening night, enjoys the combination of urban living and sports facilities afforded by the Windy City.



A successful model and aspiring ballerina before emigrating to America from Germany, Elke Hellmon displays fine form in (above) or out of (left) costume. Elke is continuing her modeling here, along with her Bunning.

Mary Warren works five days a week in PLAYBOY's Personnel Department, three nights as a Door Bunny. Recently, while checking a keyholder's key, the favor was returned: He checked her and offered Mary a role in a movie he's producing.



Ask Lannie Balcom, a 23-year-old former dental assistant, if she's read any good books lately, and she'll likely tell you about *The Last Love*: It chronicles the affairs of Lannie's distant aunt, a lady who made amorous history during the Napoleonic era.

young girl. The Bunnies have been praised, spoofed, rhapsodized, revered and reviled in numberless articles in newspapers and magazines, jokes, cartoons, comic strips, books, songs, movies, records, plays, radio and television shows. A contemporary cross between an airline stewardess and a Ziegfeld Girl, the Playboy Bunny is intended as a tribute to that vanishing species of American female—the all-girl girl.

In a syndicated newspaper story titled "Bunnies Keep Playboy Club Hopping," reporter Mike McGrady referred to The Playboy Club as "Disneyland with broads," but hastened to add that the girls were not the usual, run-of-the-mill "girl-type girls," to which he was accustomed: "For these young females, known far and wide as Bunnies, are young creatures of breath-takingly regular features and unnervingly improbable construction. They come in various heights and colors, but they were all poured from the same basic mold. Some may be seen, folded in three sections, as centerfold attractions in PLAYBOY magazine, a nationally circulated publication aimed at young homewreckers.

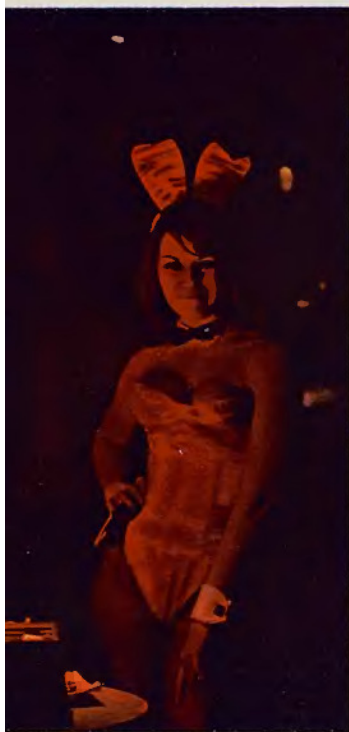
"Encountering these Bunnies on a leisurely thumb-trip through a magazine offers the reader remoteness, the safety of unreality, the chance to study them with a certain academic interest. However, encountering them in the flesh, as it were, can be curiously numbing. And even an interviewer of vast experience may find himself suddenly tongue-tied, just another perplexed kid given carte blanche in the candy factory."

Reporter Joseph Cohen, *(text continued on page 96)*



Cover girl Joey Thorpe (PLAYBOY, September 1963), a topflight Chicago model, displays mannequin grace whether walking her dog along the shores of Lake Michigan (above) or primping prettily on the Playroom stage (right). Joey, a frequent contributor to art exhibits, possesses an impressive collection of awards.





Beauty-contest winner Frankie Jones grew up (to a sun-ripened 37-24-35) in California, where she also excelled in water sports and enjoyed a successful though brief stint as a movie chorine.





Above: Sheila Winters doffed Miami fashion-model garb to don Chicago Bunny bunting. Left: PLAYBOY receptionist Teddi Smith, in Monaco during jaunt financed with Bunny earnings, has been a Playmate (July 1960) and cover girl (October 1963).



Jeannie Bogan, taking a keyholder's reservation (above), once ran a police-department teletype, now acts in TV commercials when she's not adorning the Club with her pretty presence. Left: Chicagoan Patti Kolb, 1961 St. Patrick's Day Queen and a member of the Bunnies' polo squad, canters her pony through Lincoln Park in preparation for the team's next match.



Left and below: The Club's photogenic Photo Bunny is blonde June Cochran, December 1962 Playmate, 1962's Playmate of the Year, and a former Miss Indiana in both the Miss Universe (1960-61) and Miss World (1962) contests.



Twenty-two-year-old Patti Reynolds, an eye-filling addition both to the Chicago sky line (above) and to The Playboy Club's Penthouse (above, left), is an avid travel buff who spends her work hours cottontailing and her leisure time island-hopping in the Caribbean.

Above: Candy Robins cymbalizes her musical tastes and talents at a late-hour jam session in the Living Room. An expert rider and trainer of show horses, Candy's won a five-foot shelf of equestrian trophies and ribbons.

Linda Castorino, gyrating gracefully (right) at one of the Chicago Club's after-midnight twist parties, recently returned to Bunnydom after a modeling hiatus in hometown Hollywood, where she also sang for her supper in a West Coast supper club.



Appropriately posted in the Playmate Bar (above), Playmate-Bunny Connie Mason (June 1963) combines work at the Club with position as a high-fashion model. While Bunnying at the Miami Club, talented Connie starred in a pair of independent films.



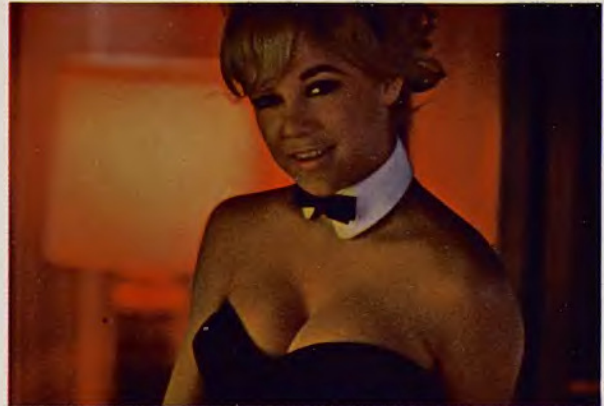
Left: Tandem twins Janis and Jennifer Jackson are identical from top (5'8½") to tape (36-23-36), but dissimilar in interests; Janis (front—we think), bookwormed her way through school, while Jennifer piled up athletic honors.

in the *New York Journal American*, refused to be similarly cowed. "I have to point out," he wrote, adopting a suitably sophisticated and blasé manner, "they're just plain, ordinary girls . . . except for their curves, beautiful faces and charming manner."

"The New American Pinup Has Rabbit Ears," proclaimed the title of a feature story in a recent issue of the renowned French magazine *Paris Match*. The story stated, "The 'Bunny' is the best-known animal in American mythology. In case of a flood, it will surely be the first to go up the gangway of the modern-day Noah's Ark. In its original usage, 'bunny' is a diminutive of the word '*lapin*,' meaning 'rabbit.' Today it's a symbol of sex appeal and feminine charm for millions of Americans."

In another U.S. newspaper story, Romola Metzner reports, "Though this seeming land of make-believe reads like an added chapter to *Alice in Wonderland*, it's no myth. The Club is real; so are the Bunnies, replete with floppy ears, skimpy (text continued on page 140)

Below: The finest Brandy this side of France is a tall blonde whose label reads Johnston. A N.Y. product, vintage 1945, Brandy modeled fashions before donning Bunny satin.

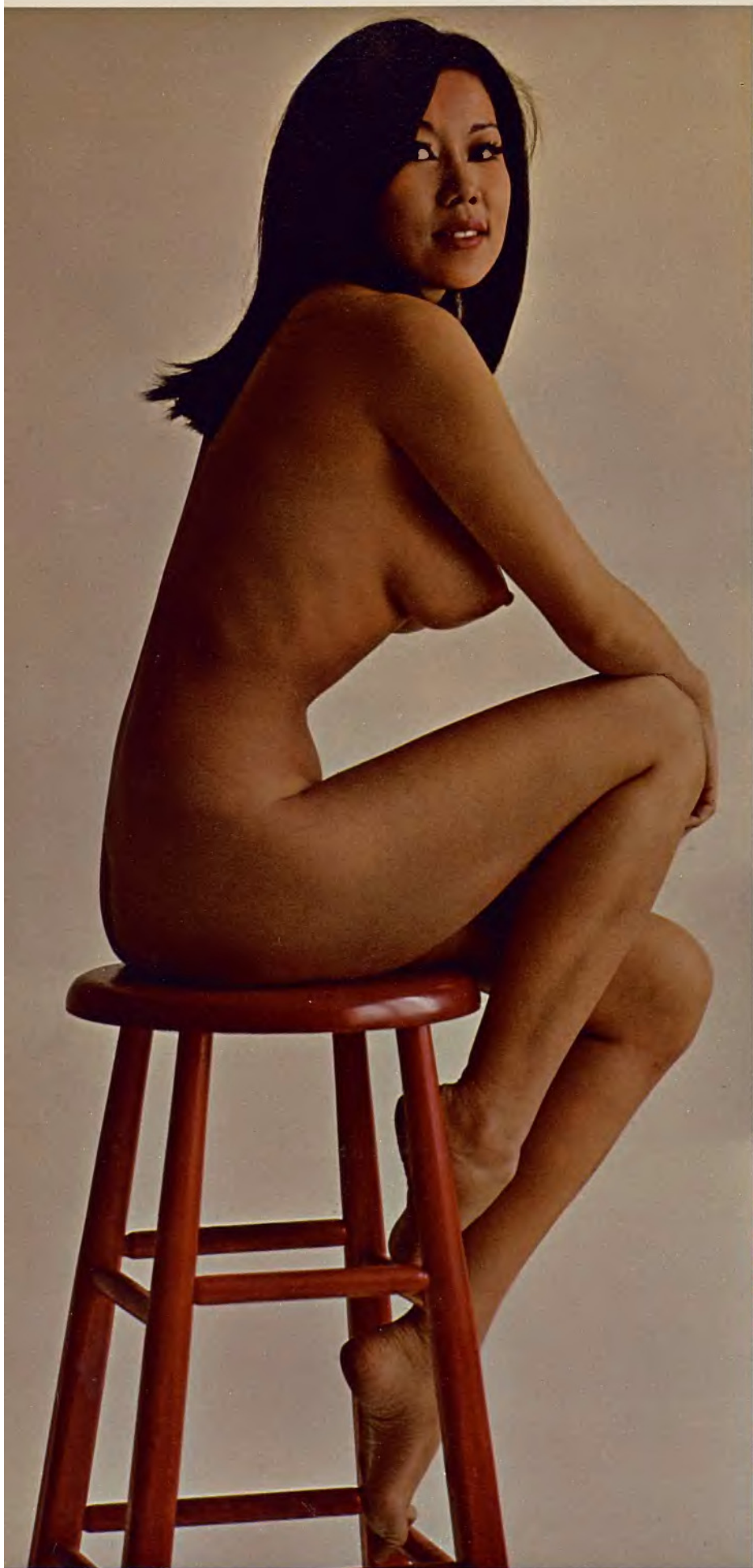




Left: PLAYBOY readers first set eyes on Sharon Rogers when she graced our November 1963 cover. Since then Sharon's been a Bunny, PLAYBOY editorial assistant and January 1964 Playmate.



Above: The many facets of Playmate-Bunny Avis Kimble (November 1962) include a keen ear for music, a sure eye for painting and a shrewd head for business: She manages her own antique shop.



Left and below: China Lee—this month's Playmate—is equally adept at Bunny-hopping (she has cottantailed in Chicago, New York, New Orleans and Detroit) and ball-hurling (she pitched the Manhattan hutch to a title in the Broadway Show League). Above: Carol Gertis, a daytime denizen of the city's Gold Coast, works week nights at the Club, spends weekends rallying in a modified Morgan. Right: The Playmate Bar's bumper-pool table racks up an S.R.O. audience of male kibitzers when Budapest-born Marika Lukacs shows up on cue with her extraordinary dimensions (40-24-37).





WHEN THE SWITCHBOARD said that the Soviet Embassy was on the line, my first reaction was: "Good—another job!" But the moment I heard Goncharov's voice, I knew there was trouble.

"Klaus? This is Mikhail. Can you come over at once? It's very urgent, and I can't talk on the phone."

I worried all through the 20-minute drive to Geneva, marshaling my defenses in case anything had gone wrong at our end. But I could think of nothing; at the moment, we had no outstanding contracts with the Russians. The last job had been completed six months before, on time, and to their entire satisfaction.

Well, they were not satisfied with it now, as I discovered quickly enough. Mikhail Goncharov, the commercial attaché,

THE SHINING ONES

the thing was almost upon him and he knew then that terror was coming toward him out of the abyss

fiction By **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

was an old friend of mine; he told me all he knew, but it was not very much.

"We've just had an urgent cable from Ceylon," he said. "They want you out there immediately. There's serious trouble at the hydrothermal project."

"What sort of trouble?" I asked. I knew at once, of course, that it would be the deep end, for that was the only part of the installation that had concerned us. The Russians themselves had done all the work on land—but they had had to call on us to fix those grids, 3000 feet down in the Indian Ocean. There is no other firm in the world that can live up to our motto: ANY JOB, ANY DEPTH.

"All I know," said Goncharov, "is that the site engineers report a complete breakdown, that the Prime Minister of Ceylon is opening the plant three weeks from now and that Moscow will be very, very unhappy if it's not working then."

My mind went rapidly through the penalty clauses in our contract. The firm seemed to be covered, because the client had signed the take-over certificate, thereby admitting that the job was up to specification. However, it was not as simple as that; if negligence on our part were proved, we might be safe from legal action, but it would be very bad for business. And it would be even worse for me, personally; for I had been project supervisor in Trinco Deep.

Don't call me a diver, please; I hate the name. I'm a deep-sea engineer, and I use diving gear about as often as an airman uses a parachute. Most of my work is done with TV and remote-controlled robots; when I do have to go down myself, I'm inside a minisub with external manipulators. We call it a lobster because of its claws; the standard model works down to 5000 feet, but there are special versions that will operate at the bottom of the Marianas Trench. I've never been there myself, but will be glad to quote terms if you're interested. At a rough estimate, it will cost you a dollar a foot plus a thousand an hour on the job itself.

I realized that the Russians meant business when Goncharov said that a jet was waiting at

(continued on page 108)





*"You know, Captain, before you
invited me on this cruise
I really had no idea what the
first mate was supposed to do."*



Vargas

FRÉRON HAD DEVOTED his life and the guile of his dishonest mind to becoming the richest man in Langres and one of the richest in France. Nothing was too wicked or treacherous for him, if he could thereby gain a few francs. And so great was his stinginess that when a woman agreed to bed with him—for money, as none would for pleasure—he would try to cheat her of her wages. For Fréron merely lusted after women; until he met Danaë, he loved only gold.

Danaë was as beautiful as her namesake of pagan legend, for whom mighty Zeus forsook the goddesses of Olympus that he might, descending in a shower of gold, partake of the delights of the mortal damsel's bed. From the moment Fréron beheld the second Danaë, he loved her. Yet she scorned him. The maiden had sworn not to lose her head and her heart, except to a lover resembling of Zeus.

And Fréron, advancing in age, with an ugly face and a scrawny body, was most unlike the pagan god.

For months, the miser tormented himself about this dissimilarity. Suddenly his despair gave way to hope: The slyness that had enabled him to cheat so many men of their treasures now showed him how to cheat the maiden of hers. Secretly he fashioned a golden helmet, a mask of gold mail and an artfully padded suit of cloth of gold; on each was affixed the golden lightning bolt of Zeus. Thus attired, the miser admired his reflection and, assured that his appearance was now indeed that of a god, again descended to find pleasure among the daughters of men. In this spurious glory, Fréron climbed one night to the balcony of Danaë's chamber.

He beheld her reclining on her couch. Overwhelmed by this spectacle, he drank in the sight as the very draught increased his thirst. Driven by the need to slake that thirst, he burst into the chamber. As she turned in fright, he addressed her thunderously: "Do you not recognize me, O incarnation of my ancient love? As you have returned to earth, so have I returned to you!"

He observed the alarm fade from her face, to be replaced by—surely—a look of recognition! Certain his ruse had succeeded, Fréron, inflamed with desire, restrained himself no more.

Danaë welcomed him. Indeed, when

The Deceit of Danaë

Ribald Classic

from the Gothic tales of Le Sage



her gown hampered the passage of his kisses from the softness of her throat to still greater softnesses, her hands rent the fabric and guided him. Finally—reluctantly, for even his eyes were feasting on her beauty—Fréron moved to extinguish the candles, that he might without fear of discovery make his victory complete.

Now, for the first time, she demurred. Fearing lest his success become defeat, he begged to know her reason. She sobbed that he loved her less than he had when first they had loved. His feelings gave weight to his denials: Truly he could conceive of no one lovelier than she at that moment. Still, though she did not force him away, she did not believe. For, she reminded him, he had come to her once truly as a god, in a shower of gold; now he came to her merely gilded.

Begging her to wait but a few moments, he promised to return in a way appropriate to the tribute he would pay her beauty. Quitting her, he ran home to empty his treasure chests into two great leather sacks. Staggering under the weight, he returned to Danaë.

She lay still as he had left her, her eyes closed, her torn gown framing her charms. He bent to kiss her; doing so, he forgot his once-cherished burden. But she did not forget. As his lips moved from hers, she murmured, "And now come to me as you came to me then, O Zeus."

Sighing, Fréron arose. Pouring treasure upon her, he watched somewhat reluctantly as the shining metal concealed the white body, until only two peaks of loveliness rose above the gold. He dropped the empty sacks and bent eagerly toward her.

Now her languor gave way to anger. "What? Would you desecrate the love-making of a god by playing at the feeble caresses of a mere mortal? Having taken me thus, could you stoop to taking my body?" Heedless of his protests, she leaped from the couch. He sought by word and embrace to win her to his need, but she remained as unyielding as the gold pieces.

He could find no solution. To remain a god was to lose her; to reveal himself a man would be disastrous. Thus, defeated by his own craftiness, the miser departed, having lost both his coin and his conquest.

—Translated by S. B. Abelson

Playmates Revisited • 1960

playboy encores its seventh year's gatefold girls

THE SEVENTH YEAR IN PLAYBOY'S reprise of Playmates past (to be climaxed in December by a *Readers' Choice* pictorial portraying the all-time top ten) might aptly be called the Year of the Bunny: A fully rounded half dozen of our Playmates preceded or succeeded their 1960 photo chores with stints in the newly opened Chicago Playboy Club (see *The Bunnies of Chicago*, page 104). The roster includes Kathy Douglas (October), Joni Mattis (November)—both of whom went on to successful New York modeling careers—Susie Scott (February) and Linda Gamble (April), who was subsequently chosen 1960's Playmate of the Year. June Playmate Delores Wells Bunny-hopped from the Chicago Club to a Hollywood film career, while shapely Teddi Smith (July) beautified the Chicago and New Orleans hutches before becoming a PLAYBOY receptionist and frequently photographed model for the magazine: Her most notable assignment was the striking October 1963 cover (one of five appearances in that issue) in which she posed *au naturel* behind a steamy shower glass. Most talented of 1960's Playmates is Stella Stevens (January), whose flourishing film career—she has appeared with such stars as Bing Crosby, Jerry Lewis and Glenn Ford—has made her one of our most famous Playmates. If your mind is made up already, send your top-ten list to PLAYBOY now. Any Playmate who has appeared from December 1953 through December 1963 qualifies for inclusion in our year-end *Readers' Choice*.



JONI MATTIS, November 1960



SALLY SARELL, March 1960

DELORES WELLS, *June 1960*



KATHY DOUGLAS, *October 1960*



GINGER YOUNG, *May 1960*

LINDA GAMBLE, *April 1960*



CAROL EDEN, *December 1960*



ELAINE PAUL, *August 1960*



SUSIE SCOTT, *February 1960*

TEDDI SMITH, July 1960



ANN DAVIS, September 1960



STELLA STEVENS, January 1960

SHINING ONES (continued from page 100)

Zurich, and could I be at the airport within two hours?

"Look," I said. "I can't do a thing without equipment—and the gear needed even for an inspection weighs tons. Besides, it's all at Spezia."

"I know," Mikhail answered implacably. "We'll have another jet transport there. Cable from Ceylon as soon as you know what you want: it will be on the site within twelve hours. But please don't talk to *anyone* about this; we prefer to keep our problems to ourselves."

I agreed with this, for it was my problem, too. As I left the office, Mikhail pointed to the wall calendar, said "Three weeks" and ran his finger across his throat. And I knew he wasn't thinking of *his* neck.

Two hours later I was climbing over the Alps, saying goodbye to the family by radio and wondering why, like every other sensible Swiss, I hadn't become a banker or gone into the watch business. It was all the fault of the Piccards and Hannes Keller, I told myself moodily; why did they have to start this deep-sea tradition, in Switzerland of all countries? Then I settled down to sleep, knowing that I would have little enough in the days to come.

We landed at Trincomalee just after dawn, and the huge, complex harbor—whose geography I've never quite mastered—was a maze of capes, islands, interconnecting waterways and basins large enough to hold all the navies of the world. I could see the big white control building, in a somewhat flamboyant architectural style, on a headland overlooking the Indian Ocean. The sitting was pure propaganda—though of course if I'd been Russian I'd have called it public relations.

Not that I really blamed my clients; they had good reason to be proud of this, the most ambitious attempt yet made to harness the thermal energy of the sea. It was not the first attempt; there had been an unsuccessful one by the French scientist Georges Claude in the 1930s and a much bigger one at Abidjan, on the west coast of Africa, in the 1950s.

All these projects depended on the same surprising fact—that even in the tropics the sea a mile down is almost at freezing point. Where billions of tons of water are concerned, this temperature difference represents a colossal amount of energy and a fine challenge to the engineers of power-starved countries.

Claude and his successors had tried to tap this energy with low-pressure steam engines: the Russians had used a much simpler and more direct method. For over a hundred years it had been known that electric currents flow in many materials if one end is heated and the other

cooled; and ever since the 1940s Russian scientists had been working to put this "thermoelectric" effect to practical use. Their earliest devices had not been very efficient—though good enough to power thousands of radios by the heat of kerosene lamps—but in 1974 they had made a big, and still secret, break-through. Though I fixed the power elements at the cold end of the system, I never really saw them; they were completely hidden in anticorrosive covering. All I know is that they formed a big grid like lots of old-fashioned steam radiators bolted together.

I recognized most of the faces in the little crowd waiting on the Trinco airstrip; friends or enemies, they all seemed glad to see me—especially Chief Engineer Shapiro.

"Well, Lev," I said, as we drove off in the station wagon, "what's the trouble?"

"We don't know," he said frankly. "It's your job to find out—and to put it right."

"Well, what *happened*?"

"Everything worked perfectly up to the full-power tests," Shapiro answered. "Output was within five percent of estimate until 01.34 Tuesday morning." He grimaced; obviously that time was engraved on his heart. "Then the voltage started to fluctuate violently, so we cut the load and watched the meters. I thought that some idiot of a skipper had hooked the cables—you know the trouble we've taken to avoid *that* happening—so we switched on the searchlights and looked out to sea. There wasn't a ship in sight; anyway, who would have tried to anchor just *outside* harbor on a clear, calm night?"

"There was nothing we could do except watch the instruments and keep testing; I'll show you all the graphs when we get to the office. After four minutes everything went open circuit. We can locate the break exactly, of course—and it's in the deepest part, right at the grid. It *would* be there, and not at *this* end of the system," he added gloomily, pointing out of the window.

We were just driving past the solar pond—the equivalent of the boiler in a conventional heat engine. This was an idea that the Russians had borrowed from the Israelis; it was simply a shallow lake, blackened at the bottom, holding a concentrated solution of brine. It acts as a very efficient heat trap, and the sun's rays bring the liquid up to almost 200 degrees Fahrenheit. Submerged in it were the "hot" grids of the thermoelectric system, every inch of two fathoms down. Massive cables connected them to my department, 150 degrees colder and 3000 feet lower, in the undersea canyon that comes to the very entrance of Trinco harbor.

"I suppose you checked for earthquakes?" I asked, not very hopefully.

"Of course. There was nothing on the seismograph."

"What about whales? I warned you that they might give trouble."

More than a year before, when the main conductors were being run out to sea, I'd told the engineers about the drowned sperm whale found entangled in a telegraph cable half a mile down off South America. About a dozen similar cases are known—but ours, it seemed, was not one of them.

"That was the second thing we thought of," answered Shapiro. "We got on to the fisheries department, the navy and the air force. No whales anywhere along the coast."

It was at that point that I stopped theorizing, because I overheard something that made me a little uncomfortable. Like all Swiss, I'm good at languages, and have picked up a fair amount of Russian. There was no need to be much of a linguist, however, to recognize the word "*sabotash*."

It was spoken by Dimitri Karpukhin, the political advisor on the project. I didn't like him, nor did the engineers, who sometimes went out of their way to be rude to him. One of the old-style Communists who had never quite escaped from the shadow of Stalin, he was suspicious of everything outside the Soviet Union, and most of the things inside it. Sabotage was just the explanation that would appeal to him.

There were, of course, a great many people who would not be exactly broken-hearted if the Trinco power project failed. Politically, the prestige of the U. S. S. R. was committed; economically, billions were involved, for if hydrothermal plants proved a success they might compete with oil, coal, water power and, especially, nuclear energy.

Yet I could not really believe in sabotage; after all, the Cold War was over. It was just possible that someone had made a clumsy attempt to grab a sample of the grid, but even this seemed unlikely. I could count on my fingers the number of people in the world who could tackle such a job—and half of them were on my payroll.


The underwater TV camera arrived that same evening, and, working all through the night we had cameras, monitors and two kilometers of coaxial cable loaded aboard a launch by morning. As we pulled out of the harbor, I thought I saw a familiar figure standing on the jetty, but it was too far away to be certain and I had other things on my mind. If you must know, I am not a good sailor; I am only really happy *underneath* the sea.

We took a careful fix on the Round Island lighthouse and stationed ourselves directly above the grid. The self-



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*"Well, I guess it just goes to prove that not
all God's children got rhythm."*

propelled camera, looking like a midget bathyscaphe, went over the side; as we watched the monitors, we went with it in spirit.

The water was extremely clear and extremely empty, but as we neared the bottom there were a few signs of life. A small shark came and stared at us, then a pulsating blob of jelly went drifting by, followed by a thing like a big spider with hundreds of hairy legs, tangling and twisting together. At last the sloping canyon wall swam into view; we were right on target, for there were the thick cables running down into the depths, just as I had seen them when I made the final check of the installation six months before.

I turned on the low-powered jets and let the camera drift down the power cables. They seemed in perfect condition, still firmly anchored by the *pitons* we had driven into the rock. It was not until I came to the grid itself that there was any sign of trouble.

Have you ever seen the radiator grille of a car after it's run into a lamppost? Well, one section of the grid looked very much like that. Something had battered it in, as if a gargantuan madman had gone to work on it with a sledge hammer.

There were gasps of astonishment and anger from the people looking over my shoulder. I heard "*sabotash*" muttered again, and for the first time began to take it seriously. The only other explanation that made sense was a falling boulder, but the slopes of the canyon had been carefully checked against this very possibility.

Whatever the cause, the damaged grid had to be replaced. That could not be done until my lobster—all 20 tons of it—was flown out from the Spezia dockyard where it was kept between jobs.

"Well," said Shapiro, when I had finished my visual inspection and photographed the sorry spectacle on the screen, "how long will it take?"

I refused to commit myself. The first thing I ever learned in the underwater business is that no job turns out as you expect. Cost and time estimates can never be firm, because it's not until you're at least halfway through a contract that you know exactly what you're up against.

My private guess was three days. So I said: "If everything goes well, it shouldn't take more than a week."

Shapiro groaned. "Can't you do it quicker?"

"I won't tempt fate by making rash promises. Anyway, that still gives you two weeks before your deadline."

He had to be content with that, though he kept nagging at me all the way back into harbor. When we got there, he had something else to think about.

"Morning, Joe," I said to the man who was still waiting patiently on the jetty. "I thought I recognized you on the way out. What are you doing here?"

"I was going to ask you the same question."

"You'd better speak to my boss. Chief Engineer Shapiro—meet Joe Watkins, science correspondent of *Time* magazine."

Lev's response was not exactly cordial. Normally, there was nothing he liked better than talking to newsmen, who arrived at the rate of about one a week. Now, as the target date approached, they would be flying in from all directions. Including, of course, from Russia; and at the present moment Tass would be just as unwelcome as *Time*.

It was amusing to see how Karpukhin took charge of the situation. From that moment, Joe had permanently attached to him as guide, philosopher and drinking companion a smooth young public-relations type named Sergei Markov. Despite all Joe's efforts, the two were inseparable. In the middle of the afternoon, weary after a long conference in Shapiro's office, I caught up with them for a belated lunch at the government resthouse.

"What's going on here, Klaus?" Joe asked pathetically. "I smell trouble, but no one will admit anything."

I toyed with my curry, trying to separate the bits that were safe from those that would take off the top of my head.

"You can't expect me to discuss a client's affairs," I answered.

"You were talkative enough," Joe reminded me, "when you were doing the survey for the Gibraltar Dam."

"Well, yes," I admitted. "And I appreciate the write-up you gave me. But this time there are trade secrets involved. I'm—ah—making some last-minute adjustments to improve the efficiency of the system."

And that, of course, was the truth; for I was indeed hoping to raise the efficiency of the system from its present value of exactly zero.

"Hmm," said Joe sarcastically. "Thank you very much."

"Anyway," I said, trying to head him off, "what's your latest crackbrained theory?"

For a highly competent science writer, Joe has an odd liking for the bizarre and the improbable. Perhaps it's a form of escapism; I happen to know that he also writes science fiction pseudonymously, though this is a secret well kept from his employers. He has a sneaking fondness for poltergeists and ESP and flying saucers, but lost continents are his real specialty.

"I am working on a couple of ideas," he admitted. "They cropped up when I was doing the research on this story."

"Go on," I said, not daring to look up from the analysis of my curry.

"The other day I came across a very old map—Ptolemy's, if you're interested—of Ceylon. It reminded me of another old map in my collection, and I turned it up. There was the same central mountain, the same arrangement of rivers flowing to the sea. But *this* was a map of Atlantis."

"Oh, no!" I groaned. "Last time we met, you convinced me that Atlantis was the western Mediterranean basin."

Joe gave his engaging grin.

"I could've been wrong, couldn't I? Anyway, I have a much more striking piece of evidence. What's the old national name for Ceylon—and the modern Singhalese one, for that matter?"

I thought for a second, then exclaimed: "Why, Lanka, of course. Lanka—Atlantis." I rolled the names off my tongue.

"Precisely," said Joe. "But two clues, however striking, don't make a full-fledged theory; and that's as far as I've got at the moment."

"Too bad," I said, genuinely disappointed. "And your other project?"

"This will really make you sit up," Joe answered smugly. He reached into the battered briefcase he always carried and pulled out a bundle of papers.

"This happened only one hundred and eighty miles from here and just over a century ago. The source of my information, you'll note, is about the best there is."

He handed me a photostat, and I saw that it was a page of the London *Times* for July 4, 1874. I started to read without much enthusiasm, for Joe was always producing bits of ancient newspapers, but my apathy did not last long.

Briefly—I'd like to give the whole thing, but if you want more details your local library can dial you a facsimile in ten seconds—the clipping described how the 150-ton schooner Pearl left Ceylon in early May 1874 and then fell becalmed in the Bay of Bengal. On May 10, just before nightfall, an incredibly enormous squid surfaced half a mile from the schooner, whose captain foolishly opened fire on it with his rifle.

The squid swam straight for the Pearl, grabbed the masts with its gigantic arms and pulled the vessel over on her side. She sank within seconds, taking two of her crew with her; the others were rescued only because the steamer Strathowen was in sight and had witnessed the incident herself.

"Well," said Joe, when I'd read through it for the second time, "what do you think?"

"I don't believe in sea monsters."

"The London *Times*," Joe answered, "is not prone to sensational journalism. And giant squids exist, though the biggest we know about are feeble, flabby

beasts and don't weigh more than a ton, even when they have arms forty feet long."

"So? An animal like that couldn't capsize a one-hundred-and-fifty-ton schooner."

"True—but there's a lot of evidence that the so-called *giant* squid is merely a large squid. There may be decapods in the sea that really are giants. Why, only a year after the Pearl incident, a sperm whale off the coast of Brazil was seen struggling inside gigantic coils which finally dragged it down into the sea; you'll find the incident described in the *Illustrated London News* for November 20, 1875. And then, of course, there's that chapter in *Moby Dick* . . ."

"What chapter?"

"Why, the one called 'Squid.' We know that Melville was a very careful observer, but here he really lets himself go. He describes a calm day when a great white mass rose out of the sea 'like a snow-slide, new slid from the hills.' And *this* happened here in the Indian Ocean, perhaps a thousand miles south of the Pearl incident. Weather conditions were identical, please note.

"What the men of the Pequod saw floating on the water—I know this passage by heart, I've studied it so carefully—was 'a vast pulpy mass, furlongs in length and breadth, of a glancing cream-color . . . innumerable long arms radiating from its center, and curling and twisting like a nest of anacondas.'"

"Just a minute," said Sergei, who had been listening to all this with rapt attention. "What's a furlong?"

Joe looked slightly embarrassed.

"Actually, it's an eighth of a mile—660 feet." He raised his hand to stop our incredulous laughter. "Oh, I'm sure Melville didn't mean that *literally*. But here was a man who met sperm whales every day, groping for a unit of length to describe something a *lot* bigger. So he automatically jumped from fathoms to furlongs. That's my theory, anyway."

I pushed away the remaining untouchable portions of my curry.

"If you think you've scared me out of my job," I said, "you've failed miserably. But I promise you this—when I do meet a giant squid, I'll snip off a tentacle and bring it back as a souvenir."

Twenty-four hours later I was out there in the lobster, sinking slowly down toward the damaged grid. There was no way in which the operation could be kept secret, and Joe was an interested spectator from a nearby launch. That was the Russians' problem, not mine; I had suggested to Shapiro that they take him into their confidence, but this, of course, was vetoed by Karpukhin's suspicious mind. One could almost see him thinking: "Just *why* should an American reporter turn up at this moment?"—and ignoring the obvious answer that Trin-

comalee was now big news.

There is nothing in the least exciting or glamorous about deep-water operations if they're done properly. Excitement means lack of foresight, and that means incompetence. The incompetent do not last long in my business, nor do those who crave excitement. I went about my job with all the pent-up emotion of a plumber dealing with a leaking faucet.

The grids had been designed for easy maintenance, since sooner or later they would have to be replaced. Luckily, none of the threads had been damaged and the securing nuts came off easily when gripped with the power wrench. Then I switched control to the heavy-duty claws and lifted out the damaged grid without the slightest difficulty.

It's bad tactics to hurry on an underwater operation. If you try to do too much at once, you are liable to make mistakes. And if things go smoothly and you finish in a day a job you said would take a week, the client feels he hasn't had his money's worth. Though I was sure I could replace the grid that same afternoon, I followed the damaged unit up to the surface and closed shop for the day.

The Russians hurried the thermoelement off for an autopsy, and I spent the rest of the evening hiding from Joe. Trinco is a small town, but I managed to keep out of his way by visiting the local cinema, where I sat through several hours of an interminable Tamil movie in which three successive generations suffered identical domestic crises of mistaken identity, drunkenness, desertion, insanity and death, all in Technicolor and with the sound track turned full up.

The next morning, despite a mild headache, I was over the site soon after dawn. (So was Joe, and so was Sergei, all set for a quiet day's fishing.) I waved cheerfully to them as I climbed into the lobster, and the tender's crane lowered me over the side. Over the other side, where Joe couldn't see it, went the replacement grid. A few fathoms down I lifted it out of the hoist and carried it to the bottom of Trinco Deep where, without any trouble, it was installed by the middle of the afternoon. Before I surfaced again, the lock nuts had been secured, the conductors spot-welded, and the engineers on shore had completed their continuity tests. By the time I was back on deck, the system was under load once more, everything was back to normal, and even Karpukhin was smiling—except when he stopped to ask himself the question that no one had yet been able to answer.

I still clung to the falling-boulder theory, for want of a better one. And I hoped that the Russians would accept it, so that we could stop this silly cloak-and-dagger business with Joe.

No such luck, I realized when both

Shapiro and Karpukhin came to see me with very long faces.

"Klaus," said Lev, "we want you to go down again."

"It's your money," I replied. "But what do you want me to do?"

"We've examined the damaged grid, and there's a section of the thermoelement missing. Dimitri here thinks that—someone—has deliberately broken it off and carried it away."

"Then they did a damn clumsy job," I answered. "I can promise you it wasn't one of my men."

It was risky to make such jokes around Karpukhin, and no one was at all amused. Not even me; for by this time I was beginning to think that he might have something.

The sun was setting when I began my last dive into Trinco Deep, but the end of day has no meaning down there. I fell for 2000 feet with no lights, because I like to watch the luminous creatures of the sea as they flash and flicker in the darkness, sometimes exploding like rockets just outside the observation port. In this open water there was no danger of a collision; in any case, I had the panoramic sonar scan running, and that would give far better warning than could my eyes.

At 400 fathoms, I knew that something was wrong. The bottom was coming into view on the vertical sounder, but it was approaching much too slowly. My rate of descent was far too low; I could increase it easily enough by flooding another buoyancy tank, but I hesitated to do so. In my business, anything out of the ordinary needs an explanation; three times I have saved my life by waiting until I had one.

The thermometer gave me the answer. The temperature outside was five degrees higher than it should have been, and I am sorry to say that it took me several seconds to realize why.

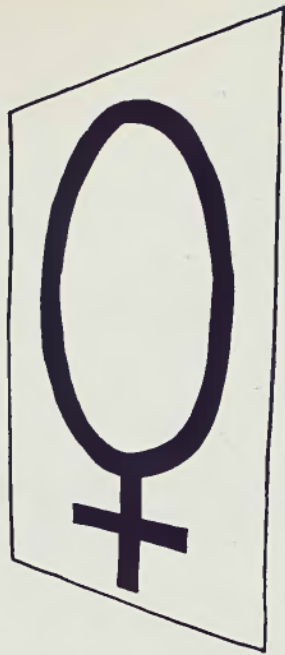
Only a few hundred feet below me, the repaired grid was now running at full power, pouring out megawatts of heat as it tried to equalize the temperature difference between Trinco Deep and the solar pond up there on land. It wouldn't succeed, of course; but in the attempt it was generating electricity, and I was being swept upward in the geyser of warm water that was an incidental by-product.

When I finally reached the grid, it was quite difficult to keep the lobster in position against the upwelling current, and I began to sweat uncomfortably as the heat penetrated into the cabin. Being too hot on the sea bed was a novel experience; so also was the miragelike vision caused by the ascending water, which made my searchlights dance and tremble over the rock face I was exploring.

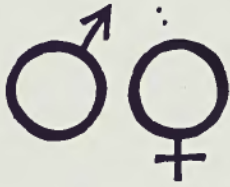
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SYMBOLIC SEX

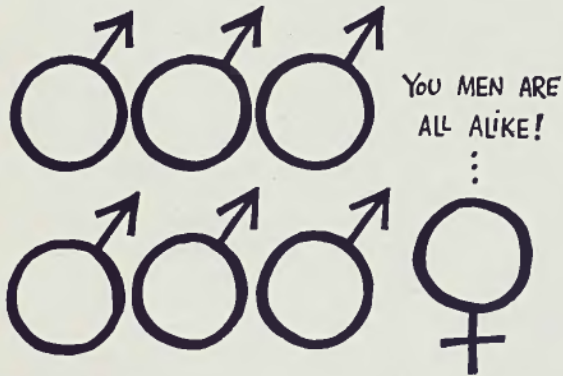
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS



...BUT WILL THEY
EVER BELIEVE I
CAN ALSO ACT?



PRETEND YOU DON'T
NOTICE HIM, SHIRLEY

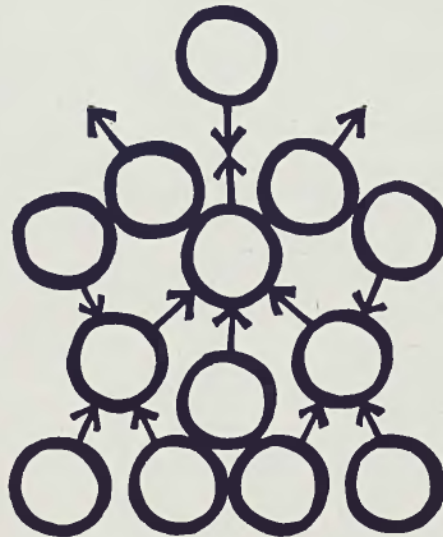


YOU MEN ARE
ALL ALIKE!

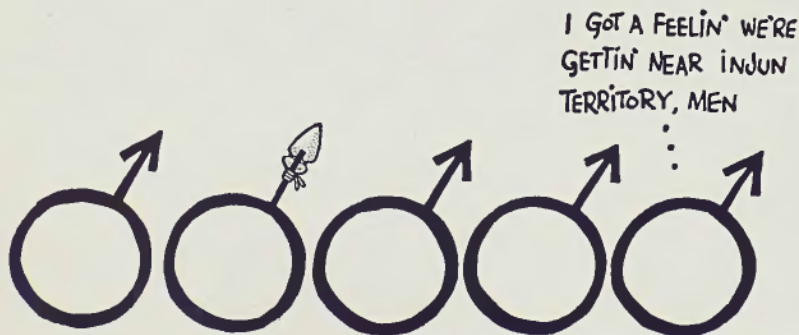
I CAN'T STAND HER HOLIER-THAN-THOU
ATTITUDE!



NOT TONIGHT, HONEY



I WOULDN'T MIND IT
SO MUCH IF THEY DIDN'T
KICK SAND



I GOT A FEELIN' WE'RE
GETTIN' NEAR INJUN
TERRITORY, MEN



HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RALPH

SHINING ONES *(continued from page 112)*

You must picture me, lights ablaze in that 500-fathom darkness, moving slowly down the slope of the canyon, which at this spot was about as steep as the roof of a house. The missing element—if it was still around—could not have fallen very far before coming to rest. I would find it in ten minutes or not at all.

After an hour's searching I had turned up several broken light bulbs (it's astonishing how many get thrown overboard from ships—the sea beds of the world are covered with them), an empty beer bottle (same comment) and a brand-new boot. That was the last thing I found, for then I discovered that I was no longer alone.

I never switch off the sonar scan, and even when I'm not moving I always glance at the screen about once a minute to check the general situation. The situation now was that a large object—at least the size of the lobster—was approaching from the north. When I spotted it, the range was about 500 feet and closing slowly. I switched off my lights, cut the jets I had been running at low power to hold me in the turbulent water, and drifted with the current.

Though I was tempted to call Shapiro and report that I had company, I decided to wait for more information. There were only three nations with depth ships that could operate at this level, and I was on excellent terms with

all of them. It would never do to be too hasty and to get myself involved in unnecessary political complications.

Though I felt blind without the sonar, I did not wish to advertise my presence, so I reluctantly switched it off and relied on my eyes. Anyone working at this depth would have to use lights, and I'd see them coming long before they could see me. So I waited in the hot, silent little cabin, straining my eyes into the darkness, tense and alert but not particularly worried.

First there was a dim glow, at an indefinite distance. It grew bigger and brighter, yet refused to shape itself into any pattern that my mind could recognize. The diffuse glow concentrated into myriad spots, until it seemed that a constellation was sailing toward me. So might the rising star clouds of the galaxy appear from some world close to the heart of the Milky Way.

Even then I was not really frightened. I could not imagine what was approaching, but I did not believe that any creature of the sea could touch me inside six inches of good Swiss armor plate.

The thing was almost upon me, glowing with the light of its own creation, when it split into two separate clouds. Slowly they came into focus—not of my eyes, but of my understanding; and I knew that beauty and terror were rising toward me out of the abyss.

The terror came first, when I saw that the approaching beasts were squids, and all Joe's tales reverberated in my brain. Then, with a considerable sense of let-down, I realized that they were only about 20 feet long—little larger than the lobster and a mere fraction of its weight. They could do me no harm; and quite apart from that, their indescribable beauty robbed them of all menace.

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. In my travels I have seen most of the animals of this world, but none to match the luminous apparitions floating before me now. The colored lights that pulsed and danced along their bodies made them seem clothed with jewels, never the same for two seconds at a time. There were patches that glowed a brilliant blue, like flickering mercury arcs, then changed almost instantly to burning neon red. The tentacles seemed strings of luminous beads trailing through the water—or the lamps along a superhighway, when you look down upon it from the air at night. Barely visible against this background glow were the enormous eyes, uncannily human and intelligent, each surrounded by a diadem of shining pearls.

I am sorry; that is the best I can do. Only the movie camera could do justice to these living kaleidoscopes. I do not know how long I watched them, so entranced by their luminous beauty that I had almost forgotten my mission. That those delicate, whiplash tentacles could not possibly have broken the grid was already obvious. Yet the presence of these creatures here was, to say the least, very curious. Karpukhin would have called it suspicious.

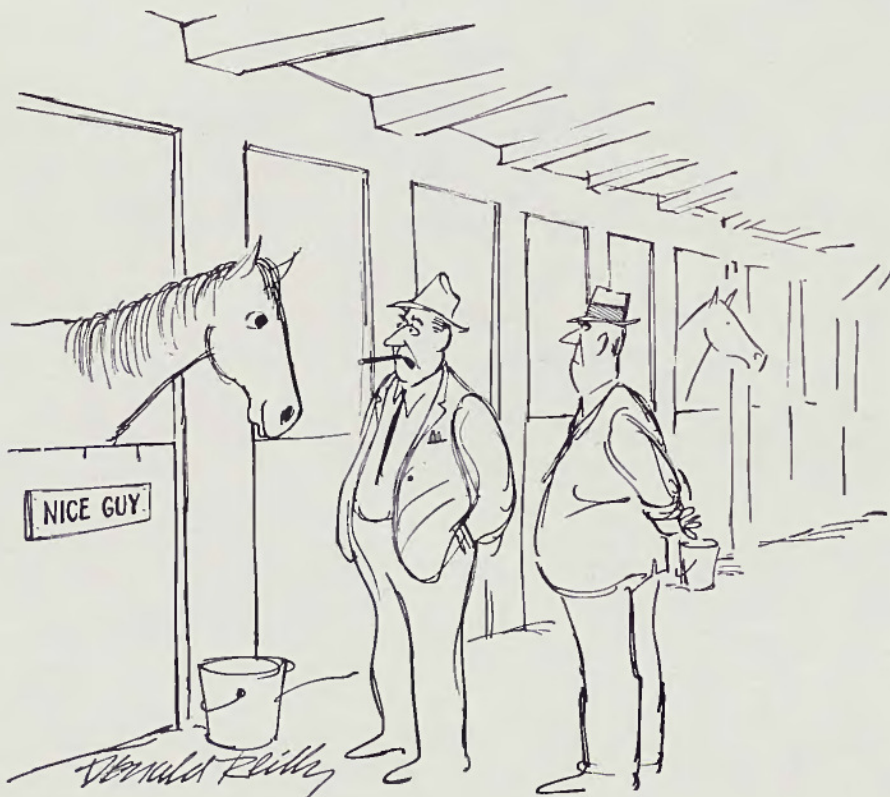
I was about to call the surface when I saw something incredible. It had been before my eyes all the time, but I had not realized it until now.

The squids were talking to each other.

Those glowing, evanescent patterns were not coming and going at random. They were as meaningful, I was suddenly sure, as the illuminated signs of Broadway or Piccadilly, not the ones that spell out words, but those that form pictures. Every few seconds there would be an image that almost made sense to me, but vanished before I could interpret it. I knew, of course, that even the common octopus shows its emotions with lightning-fast color changes—but this was something of a much higher order. It was pictorial—or pictographic—communication; here were two living electric signs flashing messages to each other.

When I saw an unmistakable picture of the lobster, my last doubts vanished. Though I am no scientist, at that moment I shared the feelings of a Newton or an Einstein at some moment of revelation.

Then the picture changed, in a most curious manner. There was the lobster again, but rather smaller. And there be-



"He's never once finished in the money."

side it, much smaller still, were two peculiar objects. Each consisted of a pair of black dots surrounded by a pattern of radiating lines.

I said that we Swiss are good at languages. However, it required little intelligence to deduce that this was a formalized squid's-eye view of itself and that what I was seeing was a crude sketch of the situation. But why the absurdly small size of the squids?

I had no time to puzzle that out before there was another change. A third squid symbol appeared on the living screen—and this one was enormous, completely dwarfing the others. The message shone there in the eternal night for a few seconds; then the creature bearing it shot off at incredible speed and left me alone with its companion.

Now the meaning was all too obvious. "My God!" I said to myself. "They feel they can't handle me. One of them has gone to fetch Big Brother."

And of Big Brother's capabilities I already had better evidence than Joe Watkins, for all his research and newspaper clippings.

That was the point, you won't be surprised to hear, when I decided not to linger. But before I went, I thought I would try some talking myself.

After hanging there in darkness for so long, I had forgotten the power of my lights. They hurt my eyes and must have been agonizing to the unfortunate squid. Transfixed by that intolerable glare, its own illumination utterly quenched, it lost all its beauty, becoming no more than a pallid bag of jelly with two black buttons for eyes. For a moment it seemed paralyzed by the shock; then it darted after its companion, while I soared upward to a world that could never be the same again.

"I've found your saboteur," I told Karpukhin when they opened the hatch of the lobster. "If you want to know all about him, ask Joe Watkins."

I let Dimitri sweat over that for a few seconds while I enjoyed his expression; then I gave my slightly edited report. I implied—without actually saying so—that the squids I'd met were powerful enough to have done all the damage; and I said nothing about the conversation I'd overseen. That would only cause incredulity; besides, I wanted time to think matters over and to tidy up the loose ends—if I could.

Joe has been a great help, though he still knows no more than the Russians. He's told me what wonderfully developed nervous systems squids possess—and has explained how some of them can change their appearance in a flash through what amounts to instantaneous three-color printing, thanks to the extraordinary network of "chromophores" covering their bodies. Presumably this evolved for camouflage; but it seems nat-



"Maybe—but would you rather be extinct than pink?"

ural—even inevitable—that it should have developed into a communication system.

But there's one thing that worries Joe. "What were they doing around the grid?" he keeps asking me plaintively. "They're cold-blooded invertebrates. You'd expect them to dislike heat as much as they object to light."

That puzzles Joe; but it doesn't puzzle me. Indeed, I think it's the key to the whole mystery.

Those squids, I'm now certain, are in Trinco Deep for the same reason that there are men at the South Pole or on the Moon. Pure scientific curiosity has drawn them from their icy home to investigate this geyser of hot water welling from the sides of the canyon. Here is a strange and inexplicable phenomenon—possibly one that menaces their way of life. So they have summoned their giant cousin (servant? slave?) to bring them a sample for study. I cannot believe that they have a hope of understanding it; after all, no scientist on earth could have done so as late as a century ago. But they are trying, and that is what matters.

Tomorrow, we begin our counter-measures; I go back into Trinco Deep to fix the great lights which Shapiro hopes will keep the squids at bay. But how long will that ruse work if intelligence is dawning in the deep?

As I dictate this, I'm sitting here below the ancient battlements of Fort Frederick, watching the Moon come up over the Indian Ocean. If everything goes well, this will serve as the opening of the book that Joe has been badgering me to write. If it doesn't—then hello, Joe, I'm talking to you now. Please edit this for publication in any way you think fit, and my apologies to you and Lev for not giving all the facts before; now you'll understand why.

Whatever happens, please remember this: They are beautiful, wonderful creatures; try to come to terms with them if you can.

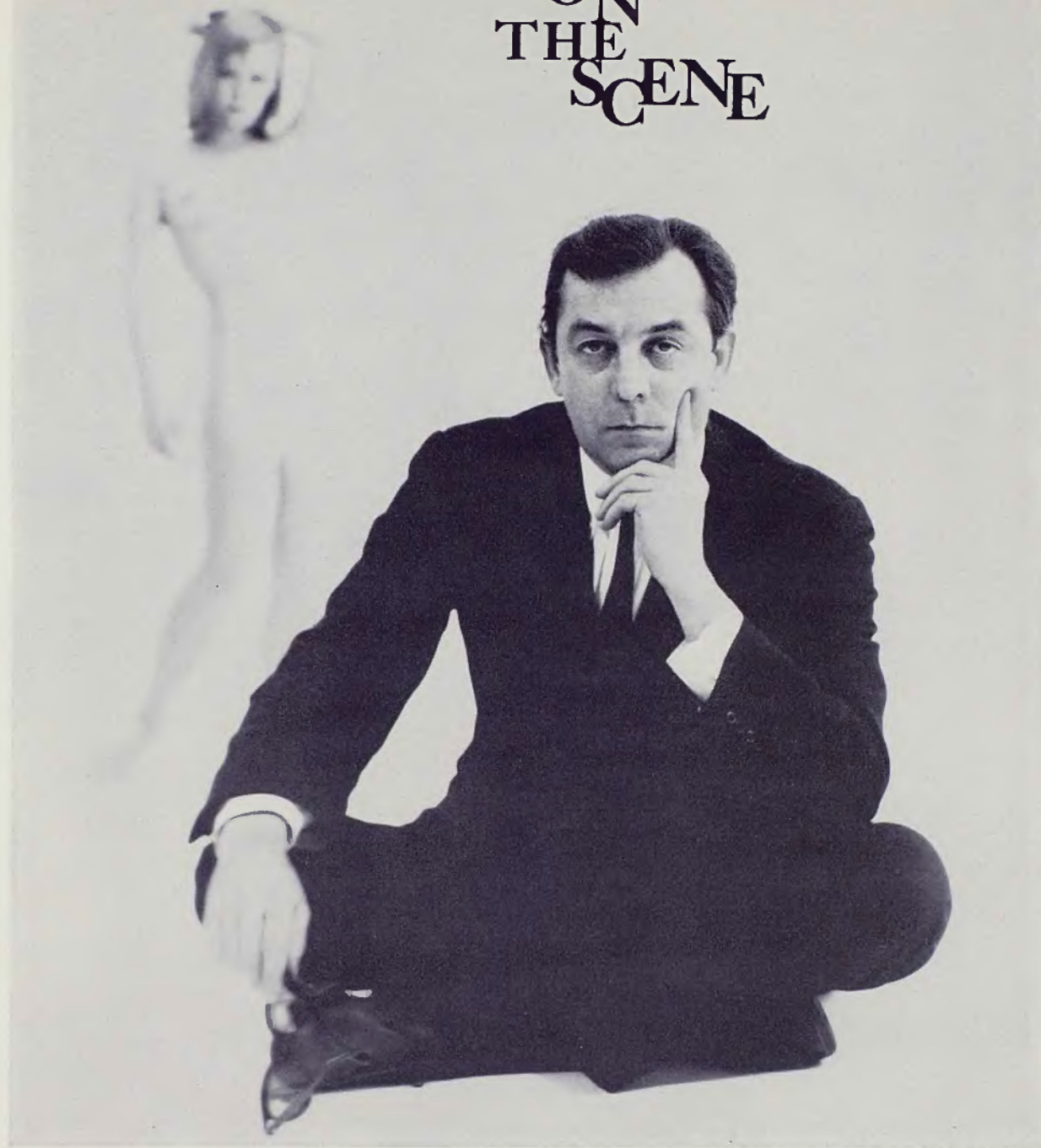
TO: Ministry of Power, Moscow
FROM: Lev Shapiro, Chief Engineer,
Trincomalee Thermoelectric
Power Project

Herewith the complete transcript of the tape recording found among Herr Klaus Muller's effects after his last dive; we are much indebted to Mr. Joe Watkins, of *Time* magazine, for assistance on several points.

You will recall that Herr Muller's last intelligible message was directed to Mr. Watkins and ran as follows: "Joe! You were right about Melville! The thing is absolutely gigan—"



ON THE SCENE



TERRY SOUTHERN *candy man*

IN TANDEM WITH STANLEY KUBRICK in *Dr. Strangelove* and Mason Hoffenberg in the sex-spoofy, sweetest-selling *Candy*, Terry Southern's writing has won kudos from film and literary critics here and abroad. His offbeat genius for fetching far-out belly laughs stems from an irreverent, satiric imagination—perhaps the most potent of his generation. As a solo satirist, his work has been equally brilliant, but less well known: His comic novels, *Flash and Filigree* (1958) and *The Magic Christian* (1959), received acclaim by hip literati, but were largely ignored by the press. During the Fifties, he was one of the more poverty-stricken members of the post-World War II literary expeditionary force in Paris, which included William Styron, James Baldwin and Norman Mailer; his short stories then, such as the classic *Red Dirt Marijuana*, were only to be found in small literary magazines. This winter several American and English publishers will reissue editions of all his early work. Though the flavor and substance of his writing can hardly be called provincial, he was born in Alvarado, Texas, and spent much of his childhood on a farm. His literary reputation largely derives from a furiously unpuritanical, furiously funny attack on old-guard bugaboos and sacred cows. For example, he treats sex and the use of relatively harmless drugs (such as marijuana) as pleasurable pastimes, the source of humor—and by extension, joy—rather than with glum seriousness. There is an unbridled wildness to his prose—as wild as the pilot's exultant cry in *Dr. Strangelove* as he straddles the plummeting H-bomb. Southern's satirical skills have recently been applied, with those of director-producer Tony Richardson (*Tom Jones*), to the preparation of a filmscript based on Evelyn Waugh's scathingly witty Hollywood novel, *The Loved One*. Presently, he's at work—this time solo—on a new novel about a great movie director who makes an aesthetic film, aptly titled *Blue Movie*, in which sexual intercourse is a graphically displayed theme. For zesty literary and film satire at its best, put yourself in line for some salty Southern exposure.



TOM O'HARA *fastest run in the west*

SPINDLY (5'9", 130 pounds), mile-mannered Tom O'Hara last March ran the fastest 5280 feet ever recorded indoors (his time: 3:56.4). In October, surrounded by the pagodas and shrines of Tokyo, it will be his charge to carry away the garlands of victory in the 1500-meter race of the 1964 Olympics or consume the hemlock of defeat administered by Peter Snell, the great New Zealand runner, whom he has never faced, or by teammate Dyrol Burleson, his most redoubtable foe in the U.S. But, despite his formidable opposition, skinny, pink-haired Thomas Ignatius O'Hara, a 22-year-old Chicago accountant, is, at this point, generally regarded to be the fastest middle-distance runner in circulation and the sport's finest competitor since Roger Bannister, the original four-minute miler. Consequently, he is hopefully expected to bring to his homeland its first victory in the 1500 since 1908, when Mel Sheppard came home in the rather lethargic time of 4:3.2. As a strong-willed will-o'-the-wisp, O'Hara's forte, like that of Man o' War and Arnold Palmer, is his finishing charge. In early 1963, in New York, he almost ran up the spine of Jim Beatty, then king of domestic milers, in the home stretch, encouraging the latter to give up the mile completely to concentrate on the less competitive two-mile event. Since then, O'Hara has been on the right track with comforting consistency, and his surging 60-yard finishing sprints have been harder to beat than a hard-boiled egg. A mousy, retiring, somewhat diffident fellow who resembles a resident bellhop in a somewhat sleazy hotel rather than a champion miler, O'Hara becomes a man-eater once turned loose upon cinder or board—and then, off-track he returns again to his accountant's world of checks and balances. Thus our Olympic hopes in the 1500 this year are based mainly upon paradoxical fledgling accountant O'Hara's unerring ability to make new entries in the record book of track.



E. WILLIAM HENRY *new waves*

CRITICS OF THE broadcasting industry have found a vocal champion in the Ivy League personage of E. (for Emil) William Henry, 35, clean-cut young chairman of the Federal Communications Commission. Shortly after succeeding tough-minded Newton ("Vast Wasteland") Minow, Henry actively took up the cause of fewer commercials, thus continuing the tradition that the FCC control booth should control. A nation of viewers has applauded Henry's pleas, but Congress and the broadcasters remain seated on their hands. Undaunted, Henry has kept up the fight, confident that if the broadcasters don't soon shape up, the public will ask him to do the job for them. Although a Yale man (and once an announcer for Yale's WYBC), Henry was one of the young hands who helped mold the Harvard-heavy New Frontier. As a youthful lawyer in early 1960, he happened to meet another promising young attorney, Robert Kennedy, at a Bar Association meeting in Washington; with characteristic Kennedy decisiveness, Henry was soon serving as Kennedy campaign liaison with minority groups. After J.F.K.'s election—in which minority groups played a decisive role—Henry returned to his Memphis law practice, only to be recalled to Washington for a seven-year appointment to the FCC; within a year he was named its chairman. Broadcasters who expected him to relax the stiff policies of Minow's administration soon found the FCC hard line firmer than ever. Henry is less a newsmaker than his predecessor, more a worker; he is genuinely interested in improving broadcast offerings, and broadcasters and listeners agree that his actions over the next five years—which should see the internationalization of broadcasting through satellites, as well as the controversial ascendancy of pay TV—will profoundly affect (and hopefully improve) the entertainment of America's millions.

SMOKING (continued from page 84)

bread-crumb mixture and season with salt and pepper. Crack each lobster claw with heel of knife. Brush exposed flesh of lobster tail with oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place lobsters in hinged wire broiler rack. Drain hickory flakes and scatter over coals. Broil lobster, flesh side down, 5 minutes, no longer. Remove from fire and from wire rack. Fill the hollow of each lobster in back of head with bread-crumb mixture. Sprinkle filling with paprika. Return lobsters to fire, flesh side up. Lobsters need not be placed in broiler rack at this point but may rest directly on grill above coals. Broil 15 minutes. If there is a cool wind, a piece of aluminum foil may be placed on top of lobsters, but foil should not be fitted tightly over stove, or heat circulation will be impaired. Skim top of melted butter. Care-

fully pour butter, separating clear liquid from solids. Serve lobster very hot with drawn butter and lemon wedges.

KIPPERED SALMON QUICHE
(Six appetizer portions)

9-in. unbaked pie shell
6 ozs. kippered salmon
3 ozs. smoked gruyère cheese
1 cup milk
1 cup heavy cream
2 eggs, beaten
1 small onion
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon white pepper
Use prepared unbaked pie shell, now obtainable at many bakery counters. Preheat oven at 450°. Fit pie shell into pie plate; pierce bottom and sides at 1-in. intervals with fork, then bake for 10

minutes, no longer. Remove from oven. Reduce oven heat to 350°. While pie is baking, cut away any hard ends or surface of salmon. Cut salmon into ½-in. dice or break into flakes. Cut cheese into very small dice or slivers. Heat milk and cream in saucepan over a moderate flame until bubbles appear around edge of saucepan. Do not boil. Slowly pour milk into eggs, beating well. Grate onion into milk mixture. Add salt and pepper. Place salmon and cheese in pie shell. Place pie shell on oven rack. Pour milk mixture from teapot or saucepan into pie shell, avoiding spillage. Do not overfill. Bake 20 minutes or until top of quiche is firm when lightly touched. Serve warm as appetizer. Quiche may be baked beforehand and then returned to a moderate oven for reheating a few minutes just before serving.

COLD SMOKED TURKEY PLATTER
(Serves four)

12 ozs. thinly sliced smoked turkey
1 bunch broccoli
⅓ cup olive oil
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
1 tablespoon brandy
1 tablespoon heavy cream
½ teaspoon Dijon mustard
Salt, pepper
6 ozs. fine egg noodles
½ cup mayonnaise
¼ cup sour cream
½ teaspoon curry powder
½ teaspoon horseradish

Wash broccoli well. Cut off lower parts of stems, leaving about 3 in. of stem with flowerets. Cut stems lengthwise into three or four pieces, leaving flowerets intact. Cook broccoli in 1 in. salted water in a wide saucepan or Dutch oven fitted with tight lid, until broccoli is just barely tender. Avoid overcooking. Lift broccoli carefully from water, and chill in a shallow dish in refrigerator. Mix oil, vinegar, brandy, cream, mustard and ⅛ teaspoon each of salt and pepper. Pour over broccoli. Let broccoli marinate in dressing two or three hours before serving. Turn broccoli, to marinate on all sides. Cook noodles until tender in boiling salted water. Drain; wash under cold water and drain well again. In a mixing bowl combine mayonnaise, sour cream, curry powder and horseradish. Add noodles and toss well with fork. Place broccoli in center of platter. On one side of broccoli and slightly covering it, place overlapping slices of turkey. Place noodles on other side of broccoli.

With the above offerings for summertime culinary incentive, we're confident that an increasing number of the comestible *cognoscenti* will be smoking more and enjoying it more.



"Must you breathe down my neck?!"

MOOR'S TALE

(continued from page 80)

quick peek at me in my birthday suit when she went by.

It was right when two Vivaldi horns were fighting it out for first place, and the record got stuck. I felt myself get warm-blooded. Eva got burned up when what happened happened, but I'm a natural man and got natural reactions. All Eva could do was tap her paintbrush on the tea table till the maid went and changed the record and went out and I went back to normal again.

Nights Eva went to the opera or antique stores where she got herself good and pinched by "degenerate Italians." I stayed home. I stayed up in my bell-tower bedroom with an actual big bell in the center—which was rung, Eva claimed, the day some guy named Savonarola got burned up in the old square. You had to walk all around that bell to get anywhere up there, and it took up a helluva lot of space, but it was historical so it had to stay. But I was comfortable up in that tower where I had me, private, my own little bird's nest at the top end of a turn-around stair ladder. The bell used to sound out of a hole in the roof, but that was glassed in with a skylight, now, to keep you from getting rained on. Just me and my little army-cot bed up there, strumming guitar, looking through the sky window at the stars. Big bell and water pitcher for company.

Then, the night of that same day when my reactions showed, and got noticed, Eva got in late from the opera and changed her tune. Sang up to me in my bell tower, wouldn't I like to join her for Cinzano and crackers? So I went down.

It was in her bedroom and her bedroom was different designed from mine, by a long sight. Checkerboard floor and rugs on the walls and a tent top hung over her bed, with tassels. She was wearing a nightdress thin as kitchen curtains like those ladies wore in that picture she painted. Right off the bat she told me she was married, which surprised me—I never had the least idea of it or saw her wear a ring. He was Italian.

"He's in Rome, thank God," drinking her drink, "in the Mafia where he came from, or in jail where he belongs."

Glasses had stems as long as cigarette holders and I had to be careful not to break mine.

"He was a great coward . . . his idea of art was a collection of movie-star photographs . . . stole change out of my handbag, you know . . . I've seen him pick his nose when he thought I wasn't watching."

The more she told the less I gave a

damn. I've knew too many like him and I was probably some like him myself. If ever I met up with him anywhere we would've been friends. Then later she claimed his family was nobility—and so was hers—and he was practically a prince, but a degenerate one. So I never got the whole straight of it, bastard or prince, rat or royalty.

Two drinks and she was calling me her Othello and said to call her Desdemona. Then she put the lights out and the Vivaldi on.

. . .

After that I got called down to bed regular, but only opera nights. Eva was all clockwork when it came to bed. She had everything all organized her way, laid out like her garden, and she made up the regulations. About as much surprise to her as a calendar. But I was better off, I guess, than going to bed every night with a bell.

At first I was halfway afraid what would happen if her old man showed up some opera night. But I soon enough got to where I knew he wasn't ever coming back. My time I spent in Eva's fancy four-poster under that velvety awning with her coat of arms embroidered on it, I learned all about Eva and at the same time how it was her man took off like he did. Take more'n a coat of anybody's arms to keep a man steady in that lady's bed.

I got tired of the whole routine, naturally, just like her husband did that ran off. That's a repetitious song to sing, that cradle song. Eva wasn't no Desdemona and me Othello. About the only really pretty thing she did nights was take her hair down out of that braid and spread it out. And I was right next door to being a kept man, all the time telling myself I was posing for art, to keep my respect up. My guitar music was getting no place, and me, too. Another thing, that cute little teatime maid was working under my fingernails, getting to be a deep-down itch I couldn't scratch out to save my soul.

Things finally at last came to a kind of a closing note one night when Eva went off to *Il Trovatore* in her usual opera-night horse taxi. I never did get invited to go with her to the opera when she went—I never did see an opera, and I've never rode in a horse carriage either, but that was her way. She made her gold braid up into a crown and wrapped herself up in a red cape, carrying her special silver-handle pocketbook and mother-pearl spyglasses for style. She swished by me at the doorstep like I was Cinderella or I was supposed to kiss her hand goodbye or something, but I never did.

That was the night, *Il Trovatore* night, when there was an electric storm

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come up all of a sudden. Terrific rain, and the garden like to get washed down some sewer and the lights all went out all over the villa. My sweet maid climbed up that twisty iron ladder to bring me some candles, carrying one lit one herself. She looked awful lovely in candlelight. I didn't know Italian, but I had sense enough to talk fast, whatever I talked, and made up the words as I went along.

"Gracious per los candles. Como llama your name?"

She just smiled, happy, and put the candles in a candleholder.

"You like pizza?" There wasn't no pizza, but that's all I could think to say.

She just smiled, but she was listening.

"A rivederci Florencia, Roma next place," I made wings to show her I was leaving Florence, time running out, you got to make hay in harvest.

She never got it.

I put my head in my hands, folded, to show sleep, and said, "*Esta notte solo. Mañana finito,*" then tried to show myself flying out of the skylight, elsewhere, gone forever. But she didn't bite.

I made a Mussolini face and she at least giggled. I didn't know if it was for or against. I poured a little water from the drinking pitcher on the floor and did a little shuffling soft shoe in the puddle. She giggled some more. I took her starched maid hat off of her and put it on my head and acted like I was serving tea to Eva. She laughed out loud.

Then she quieted down and pointed to my guitar where it was standing in the corner on the other side of the bell. Now I knew I was home. I got all flooded up with confidence when I took up my music box and strummed out some introduction chords. She sat down on

the bed to listen, just where I wanted her.

I played to her. I played up a mood and the rest was rain hitting on the skylight. We worked out sign language till our fingers got tangled together, and you don't need words after that.

Naturally, nobody had give a thought to *Il Trovatore*. Well, the opera was out of lights, too, so the singing show was off. Next thing I knew was Eva, standing stark blondy white in my doorway, before I could think.

Eva dropped her opera glasses, but we were all three took by surprise.

Then I said, stupid, "She only came up to teach me some Italian," or some dumb thing like that, her clothes scattered all the way under the bell, trailing from the candles to my pillow—and her on my pillow with me.

Eva suddenly hissed a little hiss, backed back, and slammed down out of my tower, high heels clattering down that spiral stair ladder.

Never saw a maid move so fast as Eva's did, popping out of my bed and trying to get into her maid suit again. Quick as a fireman, but not near quick enough. Because right then was when the fire bell went off. Eva had got hold of the bell cord down there someplace and was pulling the life out of it. Bell heaved over at us and like to near knocked the maid flat, but she ducked under and ducked out, her clothes only half on, the last sight I ever saw of her. Me, I hung onto my cot and poked my guitar fingers in my ears, but that first gong struck one o'clock anyway, right through my skull. Next note put me into shock, and I tried to climb through the mattress into China. Bell went right on ringing thundering doomsday for I don't know how many tolls after that.

Monastery monks at Siena were awful good to me: put me up three nights and two days, no charge. And they even gave me chianti wine two times a day, because I was a civilian. They wanted me to stay right on and maybe finally be a monk like them. Since I always sat in the refectory mealtimes with my head cocked to one side, listening, I think they thought I was hearing holy voices.

But I had to go to the head abbot monk one day to tell him, in all sincerity—he spoke good English, "I'm a music man, awful sensitive to sound." I showed him my guitar for evidence. "Appreciate your kindness and the chow and the bunk . . . but all that ringing of bells, you know, vespers and matins and all, well, it's a real torment to my soul . . . Father, could you please point me out which way's the way to Rome?"



"As I understand it, there's a merry-go-round upstairs."

READING, RELAXING OR RECIPROCATING?

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sincerely (continued from page 52)

man, bald, about fifty, I'd say, very gentle and soft-spoken. Nice fellow. Lives all alone there. Made me a cup of instant coffee with powdered milk in it. 'Mr. Mullen,' I said, 'I am a great admirer of your books and I want to bring them to the screen.' He just blinked at that, as if he could hardly believe it. I showed him the check. He smiled. He laughed. Why, I'll bet he's never seen that much money all in one lump in his entire life. I showed him the contract. He read it, and he nodded, and I whipped out a pen, and he signed it. Then and there. I gave him the check, put the contract in my pocket, shook his hand, and left. As simple as that. But can you see their faces? The Mirisches, and Seven Arts, and Joe Levine, and Otto Preminger, and all of them, when they hear that Ken Grummit bought both Mullen books for a lousy five Gs?"

"I warn you, Ken," I said, with a smile, playing it cool, "I intend to stick you for a lot more than five Gs."

Grummit laughed. "That agent of yours is already putting the squeeze on me. But don't worry about the money, Clay. I'll do very well by you. It's worth it to me to get the best possible screen adaptation. The Mullen books deserve to be dramatized by a first-rate author, a literary figure comparable in stature to Blaise Mullen himself. *And I mean that sincerely!* For this job, I don't want someone who's been grinding out Joan Crawford pictures for the past thirty years. Now tell me. Be completely honest. What do you think of the project?"

I heard in my mind—with an echo-chamber effect and muted brass playing occult chords—Marvin Brod's voice, se-

pulchrally saying, "Don't blow it, kid. Don't blow it." Somehow, I felt that being "completely honest" to the extent of admitting I had never read the Mullen books would place me in grave danger of blowing it. So:

"Ken," I said, "it's sensational. *And I mean that sincerely!*"

"I'm glad you feel that way, Clay. I have a hunch we're going to see eye to eye all the way down the line. I'll talk to Brod this afternoon, and if we can agree on terms, then I'll expect to see you here Monday morning bright and early."

At the risk of blowing it, I felt this was the time to be clearly understood about certain small but significant matters. "That's fine, Ken," I said, "all except the bright and early part. I'm good for absolutely nothing—not to mention great writing—until about ten-thirty in the morning. Before that time, I'm puffy-eyed, nasty, uncommunicative, and thoroughly useless. So, if you don't mind, I'll roll in some time between ten-thirty and eleven A.M."

For a fraction of an instant, doubt hardened Grummit's eyes. Then he smiled broadly and said, "Fine. Any way you work best is fine with me. So I'll say goodbye to you for now, and I'll huddle with your agent, and then if all goes well, I'll see you Monday morning bright—well, I'll see you Monday morning."

We shook hands and I left.

There was a pay phone in the lobby. I slipped a dime into it and dialed a number. "He's on the hook, Marv. Reel him in."

Monday morning, I awoke precisely at 8:15, took my time over breakfast, show-

ered and shaved indulgently with an excess of lotions and talcums, and spent the better part of ten minutes choosing my clothes. Then I drove, at a leisurely speed and by the most circuitous route I could think of, to the studio. It was only 10:15 when I reached the parking lot, so I sat in the car and read the paper until 10:30, at which time I got out and shuffled casually into Grummit's office.

"Clay!" boomed Grummit. "It's good to see you! All ready to dive right in?"

"All ready," said I with a cheery smile.

"I'll show you your office." He did. It was sunny, commodious, cool, and contained—in addition to desk and typewriter—several heavily upholstered chairs, end tables, lamps and a couch. "To your liking?" he asked.

"It will do very nicely."

"Fine! Now, what would you say is the first order of business?"

"This week, Ken," I said easily, "I think I should do nothing more than read the two books."

"Oh."

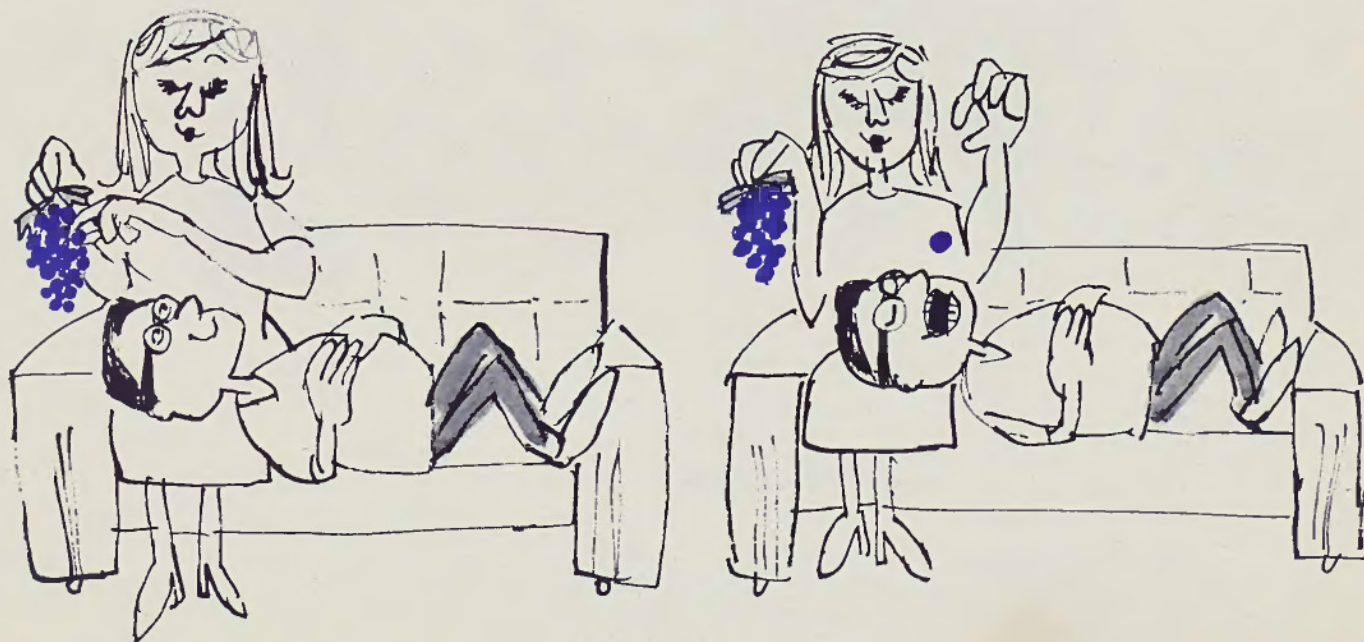
I quickly added, "It's been years, you know. I barely remember them. And I think they deserve a very close rereading and careful study, don't you?"

Grummit perked up. "Definitely. I'll order some copies right away and you can get down to work as soon as they come in. Next week, I suppose you'll start in on the treatment?"

"Yes, although I think *most* of next week should be spent in meetings between us, don't you? I want to have the benefit of your thinking on the approach."

"Yes, yes . . ."

"And if we have a little time left after our meetings, I think we should set up screenings of certain selected films that



tie in directly with what we're doing. *Lolita*, *The Balcony*, that sort of thing. There was even a rather bad French film made of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* which I think we ought to see, if only as a guidepost to what to avoid."

"I like your thinking, Clay. Very thorough. We'll set up those films for next week. But first things first. Those books. May I use your phone?"

"Please do."

Grummit dialed his secretary. "Honey, call Pickwick's or Martindale's and order some copies of the Mullen books. Have a special messenger deliver them here right away. What? Titles? I don't know—what are the titles, Horne?"

"Why . . ." (You see, I had never heard the titles.)

"Doesn't matter, honey, everybody just calls them Mullen One and Mullen Two. They'll know what you mean. Right." He hung up. "Care to have a cup of coffee in my office while we're waiting for the books?"

"Great idea."

In Grummit's office, the secretary was waiting for us with a mask of bemusement and failure on her face. "Mr. Grummit, those books. They're not available."

"What do you mean, they're not available?"

"They're not published in this country."

"What? Not even by Putnam?"

"Not even by Grove Press!"

"You mean to say I bought rights to a couple of books that aren't even—well, where *are* they published, then?"

"The bookstore man said France."

"Cable France. Specify airmail. Sorry about this delay, Clay . . . maybe we can schedule those screenings for this week

instead of next . . ."

"But Mr. Grummit—"

"Don't just sit there, honey, send that cable."

"It won't do any good, Mr. Grummit. The bookstore man says the U. S. Customs would impound them. They're not allowed in this country."

"That true, Clay?"

"That's what I understand, Ken. But I'm not without certain connections among the avant-garde. I think I can scare up some copies. I have a friend down in Mexico—"

"Good boy. In the meantime, let's get a little publicity rolling. We'll announce the project to the trades and the columns. Honey, take this down—Kenneth K. Grummit has signed the prominent novelist, Clayton Horne—that sound OK to you, Clay?"

"Prominent novelist is just fine."

"—the prominent novelist, Clayton Horne, to prepare the screen adaptations of the controversial Blaise Mullen books, uh, what are the titles again, honey?"

"I don't know, Mr. Grummit. The bookstore man wouldn't tell me."

"Wouldn't *tell* you! Why not?"

"Because I'm a girl, he said. All he'd tell me was that both books have one-word titles. And they rhyme with each other."

"What kind of nonsense is this! Get that joker on the phone again. *I'll* talk to him."

"Yes, Mr. Grummit."

As she dialed, Grummit shook his head eloquently. "Obstacles. Everywhere you turn in this business, Clay, obstacles. Even a little thing like ordering a couple of books."

"Hold on, please. Mr. Grummit? The bookstore man."

Grummit grabbed the phone. "Hello, this is Kenneth K. Grummit. Do you think you could bring yourself to tell *me* the titles of those Mullen books?" Grummit frowned. "What? What's that you said? Spell that." There was a pause. Grummit's voice was quieter: "I see. Well, what's the title of the second one?" Grummit visibly paled. "Thank you. Thank you very much." He returned the phone to his secretary, who cradled it.

"Clay," said Grummit, "step in here a moment, will you?" We entered Grummit's inner office and Grummit closed the door. "We have a problem, Clay. Why didn't you tell me what those books were called?"

"Well," I lied, anxious not to blow it, "actually, when I read the books, I borrowed them from an Army buddy, and they were in pretty bad condition. The covers were torn off. Also the title pages. So, to tell you the truth, Ken, I never *knew* the titles. Just Mullen One and Mullen Two, you know, the way they're referred to in hip circles." I coughed a little, and asked, "What are the titles?"

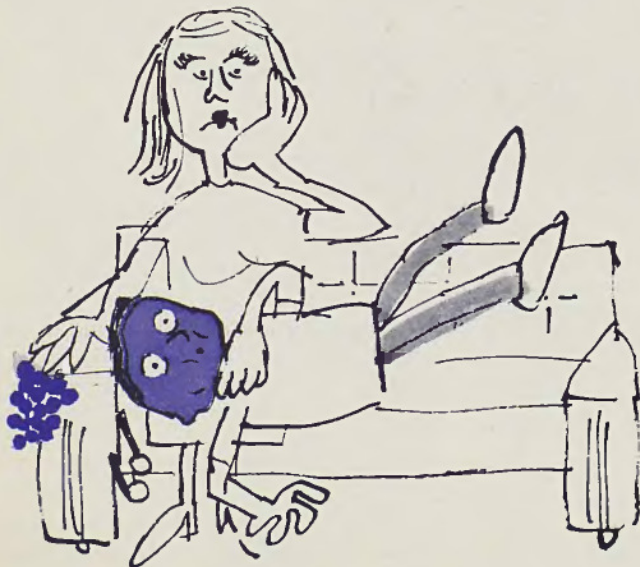
In a near whisper, with incredulity and horror stamped on his face, Grummit uttered a single word.

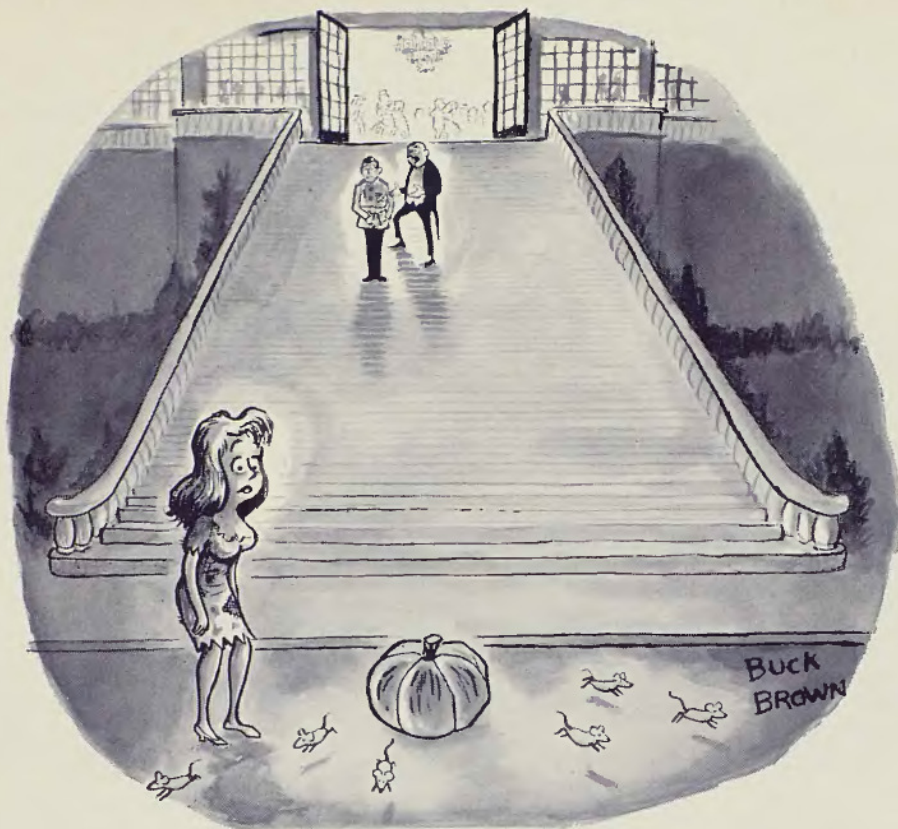
I said, "What?"

Grummit nodded. "And that's just the first one. The second one is called . . ." He scribbled a word on a scrap of paper and crammed it into my hand. I looked down at it, gulped noisily, and handed it back to him. He placed it in an ashtray and burned it.

"I suppose they have a symbolic meaning," I said. You might say I said it lamely.

Grummit circled his desk. Hands be-





"Look—as long as you keep giving these way-out parties, you're gonna keep meeting these way-out broads!"

hind his back, he gazed out the window. At length, he said, "What do we do, Clay? I mean, *Tropic of Cancer*, *Lolita*, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* . . . at least the titles are decent."

"Well, Ken, I should think the obvious solution would be to change the titles. It's been done often enough before."

Grummit shook his head emphatically. "Not with well-known properties. When you buy a well-known property like this, a big part of what you're buying is a famous title. We call it presold. You cash in on all the publicity the book has received. You simply do not buy *Gone with the Wind* and then change the title to *Frankly, Scarlet, I Don't Give a Damn*."

"No," I said. "No, you don't." I saw the job sinking like a torpedoed ship. I saw, as in comic strips, \$1000 bills sprouting wings and taking to the air. I heard the hollow, ghostly voice of Marvin Brod again, saying, "You blew it, kid, you blew it . . ." What, I asked myself, would Marv do in this situation? Well, Marv would, first of all, snap his fingers.

At the crisp sound, Grummit turned from the window.

"Ken," I said with soft excitement, "who knows those damned titles?"

"Huh?"

"Did you know them? Did I know

them? Did your secretary know them?"

"No . . ."

"That's right. No. Which proves they are *not* famous, presold titles like *Gone with the Wind* and *Chatterley* and *Lolita*!"

"I think," said Grummit, his eyes lighting up. "I think I'm beginning to get your drift . . ."

"Of course you are! It's so simple! *Mullen One* and *Mullen Two* are the titles everyone knows. *They* are the titles that have received all the publicity."

"So we call the picture . . . ?"

"We call the picture *Mullen*. It's a notorious name, and the books are largely autobiographical anyway, I understand. The first half is labeled on the screen with a big Roman numeral one—" (I sketched it in the air) "—and there's an intermission at the halfway point. The second half is preceded by the Roman numeral two . . ." (I sketched again.)

"Clay," Grummit said reverently after a moment, "I take my hat off to you. You have turned defeat into victory. We have fallen into a tub of sheep-dip and come up smelling like a rose."

I shrugged modestly and summoned a delicate blush.

Grummit glanced at his watch. "It's lunchtime," he said. "Will you do me the honor of being my guest?"

"The honor," I said gallantly, "is mine, sir."

We watched movies all that week. The following week, the books having arrived via the good offices of my friend, I spent supine on the couch, reading. Late on the Friday of that second week, having by that time made \$4000 for doing precisely nothing, I walked into Grummit's office, the books in my hand.

"Ah," said Grummit. "All through?"

"All through. But I think you'd better read them, Ken."

"Certainly. I fully intend to." He took the books, which were bound in green paper covers, and he winced. "Those titles," he said. "How can they print something like that?"

"This publisher is very emancipated," I explained.

"Before I look at them—what's your candid opinion?"

"Well, Ken, having just finished reading them again, I'd like to let them settle in my mind and sort of marinate over the weekend, rather than form a hasty judgment."

"Good idea."

"Also, that will give you time to give them a quick glance, perhaps, so we can have a common frame of reference."

"Will do. Have a nice weekend, Clay."

"Thanks. You, too."

I roused my family early Saturday morning and carted them off to the beach. We stayed out all day, because I was expecting a call from Grummit, and I didn't want to be near a phone. We returned home just long enough to shower and change, at which time the sitter arrived and we beat a quick retreat to dinner at Ah Fong's and a movie. We got back at midnight to learn that Grummit had phoned twice. "He said be sure to phone him as soon as you came in," the sitter told me.

I didn't. But at ten on Sunday morning, I took a deep breath and dialed Grummit's private home number.

"Ken? Clay. I'm sorry I missed your calls last night, and I got home too late to return them. Did you get a chance to look at those books?"

"Did I!! Clay, what kind of books are these??"

"How do you mean?"

"They're positively filthy!!!"

"Well, you knew that, Ken . . ."

"Hell, I thought they were a little racy like *Lolita* and *Chatterley* and *Tropic*—but there isn't a clean line in either one of these! They're nothing but filth from beginning to end! They make me want to throw up! And there isn't even a *story*—what is this, some kind of free verse or something they're written in?"

"I understand Mullen calls it free prose; a kind of Joycean stream-of-consciousness—"

"Stream of *filthiness* is what they are! I mean, I thought I knew a little something about life, I'm no kid, and I've



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lived among showbiz people as far back as I can remember, but *this* guy has invented some tricks I never even heard of before! Like this stuff right here on the very first page of the second book, where the girl—"

"I know the passage you mean, Ken. I must admit that it was news to me, too."
"Clay, what are we going to *do*? How can you even *begin* to build a story out of this mishmash?"

Don't blow it, I told myself. I took another deep breath. "It won't be easy, Ken. But it won't be impossible, either. Buried in all that free prose and raw sex are characters, people with flesh and blood on their bones, and in every one of those characters is a story. It will take some extracting—and it will be like pulling teeth, I grant—but, after all, that's what you're paying me for, isn't it?"

Grummit groaned. "But Christ Almighty, at least those other guys were able to cash in on some famous presold characters like Humbert Humbert and Lolita and Lady Chatterley, but in *this* stuff, even the characters' *names* are obscene!"

"We could change them slightly, Ken. Decontaminate them, just a *little bit*."

"Decontaminate them! How the hell are you going to decontaminate the name of the girl?"

"Ah, I'm glad you brought that up. That's a perfect example of how we can pull a *slight* switch. We could, for example, call her *Kitty*. See?"

"Hmm. That's not bad. It's clean, and yet everybody in the literary know will tumble and get a kick out of what we've done. Yes, that's good thinking."

"So you see, Ken, there's no need to panic."

"You may be right, Clay. This has been a fruitful conversation. We'll carry it a bit further bright and earl—we'll discuss it tomorrow."

We did. We discussed it the next day, too. We discussed it that whole week, by which time I was yet another \$2000 richer. The following week, I started in on the treatment, working slowly and carefully, I assure you.

You know what a treatment is? A bastard form, in an unpublishable (and often unreadable) limbo between screenplay and narrative; a sell job, by which the writer tries desperately to hook the interest of the jaded, unimaginative illiterates he frequently works for; a synopsis *before the fact*. When you were a kid, did you ever know a really good movie-teller? I mean someone who could see a movie and then tell you all about it—so vividly, so selectively, so enthusiastically that you almost felt you had seen it yourself? I had a cousin like that. Well, that's what a good treatment writer has to be—not a writer at all, really, a movie-

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teller. Except that he must recount a movie he's never seen, a movie that doesn't exist save on the silver screen of his mind. It's tough.

My treatment was 200 pages long. It was a novel in every way except its use of the present tense ("He slaps her face" instead of "He slapped her face"). It was about 5 percent Mullen and 95 percent me. The plot was mine, the dialog was mine, the style—what there was of it—was mine; only the characters were Mullen's (and even their names were mine, most of them, since Mullen's handles were censorable by the most liberal of standards). It was the most taxing drudgery I've ever been damned with, and during the course of it I began to steadily increase my quota of luncheon martinis, deliberately lurching off the lot for that purpose.

One afternoon when I was good and looped, I got angry with Blaise Mullen and decided to phone and ask him a certain question. Have you read his books? No? Among other things, they constitute a veritable encyclopedia of sexual aberrations, all of which are described in minute clinical detail (and, I must admit, poetic brilliance)—all, that is, but one. That one he merely refers to as *The Bulgarian Perversion*, and does not deign to delineate further. When sober, I had no curiosity about this (after all, I couldn't use it in the treatment), but after one of my wet lunches, I always found his reticence intolerable. So, on this particular day, I pulled the L. A. phone book out of my desk and called him.

I was very polite. I told him who I was and what I was doing. I expressed admiration for his prose. I half hoped he would recognize my name and say something nice about my books, but I guess he lived in too rarefied a literary atmosphere to be aware of my little flyspecks. Then I asked my question: "Mr. Mullen, exactly *what is* *The Bulgarian Perversion*?"

His answer was astonishing: "Words fail me."

"Words," I said, "fail *you*?"

Abruptly, he asked, "Can you spare an hour this afternoon?"

"An hour for what?"

"Let me send Lulu Rats to your office."

"Lulu who?"

"A girl I occasionally see."

"Well, I don't know, I—"

"Lulu is Bulgarian," he explained.

She sure was. Dark, small, compact, olive skin writhing with dancer's muscles, enormous melons for breasts, eyes brown and cold as this iced coffee, a flat, broad, handsome-if-animal face. In a voice that would make Tallulah sound like Tweety-Pie the Canary, she said, upon entering my office 45 minutes later, "You

Mizzder Hor-ren? I Lulu Ratzvetnizhiev." I started to mutter a hello, but she sternly said, "Not talk." Then she locked the door.

My friend, heed the earnest counsel of a man not much older but a great deal sadder and wiser than you. Never ask what *The Bulgarian Perversion* is. The knowledge of it, gained at first hand, will darken your soul yet streak your hair with silver. After she left, I made out an expense slip which I later handed in: *L. Ratzvetnizhiev, Research: \$25.*

But I was speaking of the treatment. Grummit loved it (with a few minor reservations). He gave me the green light and I went ahead with the first-draft screenplay. Which he also loved (with a few more minor reservations), and he gave me the green light into the second-draft screenplay. He didn't have a few minor reservations about that one. He had a great many *major* reservations—which just about brings me to the end of my chronicle. And a good thing, too. I can't take much more of this iced coffee.

. . .

Horne caught the eye of the waitress and motioned for the check. "This story has no moral," he singsonged. "This story has no end. This story only goes to show that very few producers know what they want until we tell them and sometimes not even then." He reverted to straight speech. "I see the question in your eye: How come Grummit approved the treatment and the first draft, only to frown upon the second draft? The man who will answer that will have delved to the core of this industry's riddle, an achievement I cannot boast of. All I know is that the second draft had Something Missing. That elusive, indefinable Something Missing. I was on that project half a year. Twenty-five weeks. I took fifty thousand dollars away from Grummit—paid off the Feds, kept up the house payments, got a new car, a new wardrobe, socked away a little in the bank, learned about Bulgar Arts & Crafts—but I never roped and tied the Mullen books to Grummit's complete satisfaction. We parted quite amicably, though. And, after me, he tried other writers, good ones, Johnny Sturtevant, Saul Nathan, the late Bill McGraw, maybe a few others. I hear he finally got a script that was filmable."

Horne signed the check and they walked toward the commissary's exit. His companion asked, "When is he going to start shooting it?"

"Shooting? You mean the Mullen project?"

"Yes, of course."

"Good Lord, don't you know the kicker to all this? I thought everyone knew." His companion shook his head.

"Well, after tremendous *Sturm und Drang*, Grummit succeeded in getting a

script and announced his starting date, at which point he received a letter. A very short letter. From Paris. Informing him that the moment he shot his first frame of film, a squadron of lawyers would descend upon him and sue his ass off. You see, Grummit bought the film rights from Mullen. But they weren't Mullen's to sell. Mullen's manuscripts had been rejected all over the world for something like ten years, so when this French publisher offered him a flat sum for all rights, Mullen grabbed. The publisher owned the film rights—and still does—not Mullen."

"Why won't the publisher sell?"

"Oh, he will. He wants to. His price is four million, eight hundred thousand francs. Those crisp *new* francs. That's roughly one million clams of the realm. Which Grummit is not about to fork over—not after spending, let's see, five to Mullen, fifty to me, say maybe a hundred and seventy to the other fellows, what's that come to, around a quarter of a million bucks? And now somebody is asking him to add a cool million to that? Just for story costs? Uh-uh. Good money after bad? Not a chance."

"So the Mullen project—?"

"Is dead for a ducat, dead. A quarter of a million ducats, that is. One of our more expensive corpses. Say, how did I get started on Grummit, anyway?"

"I asked you about a job I may have . . ."

"So you did. Take a job. Grummit's not a bad guy to work with and his money is like satin to the touch. What assignment are you up for? He has so many irons in the fire . . ."

His companion frowned. "That's what worries me. I hope he really has the screen rights to this one. He *says* he's got William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*."

Horne suddenly stopped talking. "What? That's what *I'm* doing for him *right now!*"

"You mean—you and Grummit—after all that—"

Horne was preoccupied, pensive. "Sure, sure. He loves me. Par for the course. Nothing unusual in that." Then he laughed. "So I'm getting the ax again? How beautiful. How classic. How right." He clapped his hand upon the younger man's shoulder. "Take the job. Go in. See the man. Play it cool. Don't blow it. Oh—and you'd better have this, for when the seas get choppy . . ."

He scribbled something on the inside of a matchbook and pressed it into his companion's hand as he walked off.

"What's this?"

Clayton Horne was already waving, on his way into the Writers' Building. "The phone number of a very good researcher," he said. "She's a lulu."



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summer spectrum

(continued from page 70)

fashions. The cautious, subdued browns, blacks and grays of other seasons have been replaced by clean, bright, vibrant and dynamic shades.

An outstanding example of the big change to color is found in tailored sportswear, which this summer boasts vivid patterns and a broad choice of cool fabrics. Much of the season's sportswear is, happily, coordinated for you: The colors of jackets are superbly related to those of the slacks. Thus, the best values of each are enhanced and the guesswork is taken out of mixing and matching.

An exciting new range of reds, no longer limited to fire-engine shades, makes a bold entrance onto the fashion scene this summer.

Patterns run the gamut from stripes, plaids and checks to handsome solids. The scope of colors, in addition to the reds, is rich: Some of the best are the yellows, greens and blues.

To show how inspired the synthetic scene has become, let's take a look at what has happened to summer formalwear. The dressed-up synthetics are perfect choices in this area; the versatility of these fabrics allows them to be worn under the sun as well as under the stars. Seersucker, for example, may be seen in daytime sports jackets and also serves handsomely in evening formal dinner jackets, some of which are tailored with black satin-faced shawl collars.

The new wash-and-wear fabrics, with their complex molecular structures, definitely help suits, jackets and slacks hold their press and retain their original shape. Also, whether they're pure or blended with natural fibers, the problem of shrinking and stretching has been completely eliminated.

Other pluses abound as well: Synthetic swim trunks dry rapidly once you're out of the water. And socks of man-made fibers will retain their shape naturally and will not shrink, thus eliminating sock stretchers. Also, you can be confident that synthetics will always keep the fullness of their original color—there is no fading due to laundering.

Because of their wrinkle-resistant packability, synthetics are ideally suited for travel. All you need do after unpacking is hang them up in a closet overnight and they look freshly pressed in the morning. Most spots will wash out of a synthetic fabric with a damp cloth, and leave not a trace of a stain nor a wrinkle.

All in all, the new synthetic summerwear is now, in addition to its practicality, colorful, correct and cool—and it's ready to take the simmer out of summer and take you for a delightfully fashionable walk in the sun.



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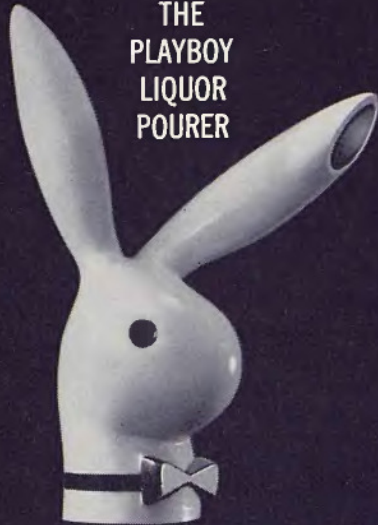
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HOMOGENIZED MAN

(continued from page 66)

for these institutions to offer scholarships and fellowships on an unprecedented scale.

Now, all this is very necessary—and very much to the good. But, considering the trend, it should not be too difficult for any moderately imaginative person to visualize a day when government will no longer *impel*, but will *compel* individuals to enter certain professions or career fields.

One does not have to be a science-fiction addict to imagine how this might be accomplished in a fully programed society. Somewhere in a government building, an electronic computer whirs, calculating how many new physicians the country will require six years hence. The data obtained is fed into another machine which promptly spews out punch cards on which are recorded the names of the nation's high school seniors who made the highest scores on the medical section of the Standard Career Aptitude Test. Within a few days, the students receive their career-assignment notices through the zip-coded mails.

That such a system might prevail at some time in the future is no longer a fantasy. It is a distinct possibility. We have already passed the point of no return in our race to establish the structured society.

"But then, we are headed for regimentation!" the reader is quite likely to protest. Well, we are—and we aren't. I'll admit that at first glance, the difference between a structured society and a regimented one may not be too apparent. But there are differences—and very big differences, at that. Although I can hardly say that I would be overjoyed by the prospect of living in either, if forced to make a choice, I would most certainly take the former.

As defined by common usage, the regimented society is one produced by totalitarianism and dictatorship. It is created, operated and controlled by a selfish and cynical minority using ruthless methods and totally disregarding the rights, welfare and human dignity of the majority. In it, the majority exists solely to serve the ruling minority's ends and purposes. To me, at least, the regimented society implies all the classic appurtenances of dictatorship—terror, concentration camps, firing squads—and the end to all human dignity.

On the other hand, the structured society, as I choose to understand it, is one that evolves with the consent—be it active or tacit—of the majority of its members. Although it is organized, regulated, standardized and programed, its goals are still to provide the greatest good for the greatest number without using op-

pressive measures against any. And, at least to these extents, the governing elements in such a society are benevolent and altruistic in their intents. They do not rely on rigged show trials or *Nacht und Nebel* decrees to govern.

Stated simply, the regimented society is the Orwellian nightmare, while the structured society is the do-good social theoretician's dull, monochromatic dream of utopia. The completely structured civilization will provide complete security for its members, quite literally from womb to tomb. The individual's needs will be defined, anticipated and met—not through his own foresight and abilities but by government experts and administrators. They will watch him—and watch over him. They will classify him, evaluate his potentials, assign him to his tasks, supervise his life, and press him into the mold they determine to be the one he fits or should fit. They will, of course, do these things for his "own good" and for the "good of society as a whole."

Theoretically, at any rate, there will be very little insecurity or want in this Erewhonian ants' nest. The individual will face few of the anxieties he is liable to encounter in a freely competitive society. His progress through life will be a measured journey up a neatly structured ladder. He will go from one faceless level to another, under constant surveillance by those appointed to guard the rungs. "A slot for everyone—and everyone in his slot," will be the guiding principle.

It all promises to be rather boring. Whatever else the structured society may or may not offer, it definitely will *not* offer the individual adventure or inspiration—and precious little challenge. He will plod slowly along in the groove provided him, knowing full well exactly what to expect at every step.

Many forces are at work to bring this era of the homogenized man ever closer. Each contributes its part in preparing the ground and the conditioning process which will make the majority accept its advent without a protesting murmur.

I've already dwelt at some length on the role played by government, which tends to impress the patterns it has adopted for its bureaucratic microcosms on the social macrocosm. Business, too, hastens the coming of the structured society—and, as a conceivable consequence, its own doom—by its ever-increasing tendency to overorganize, to place more emphasis on procedural rules than on production and to show more concern over committee meetings than customers.

Many businessmen who complain most about government's bureaucratic meddling are lost in bureaucratic labyrinths of their own making. Far too many wallow in organizational charts, administrative directives and quintupli-

cated memoranda, worrying more about doing their paperwork than about doing business.

Labor unions contribute their share by such attitudes as inflexible insistence that seniority rather than merit and efficiency be the yardstick by which eligibility for promotion is measured. Thus, the time server takes precedence and receives preference over the toiler.

Schools and colleges do their not-inconsiderable bit by producing overspecialized graduates whose knowledge and horizons are severely limited. An unfortunately large percentage of students leave their schools ready tailored to fit only the narrowest of grooves.

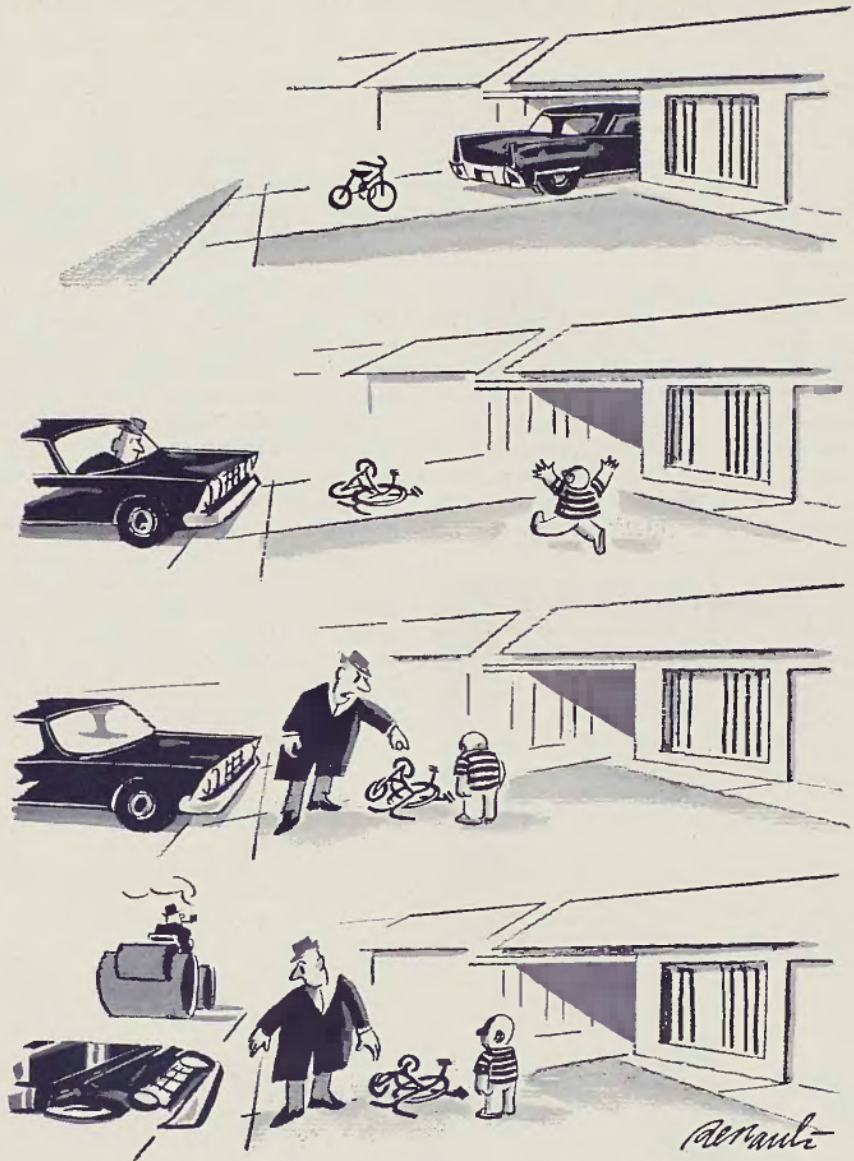
Individuals help accelerate the trend toward a programed social and economic system by their complacent, almost bovine, acceptance of it all. In many instances, they rush pell-mell to conform, to be the first to enjoy the dubious fruits they hope to find in the safely structured nirvana. Vast numbers have already anticipated the dawn of homogenized civilization, but there are still those who refuse to join the cults of the conformists, status seekers and organization men which form the super mystique of security at all costs.

One might well ask what, in an increasingly standardized society, dominated by standardizing and stultifying government, the individual can do to protect himself from becoming a homogenized man. In my opinion, there is much he can do.

In the first place, to be forewarned is to be forearmed. The man who wants to be an individualist, call his life his own and retain considerable freedom of will and action should be alert to those activities and courses of action which might lead him unwittingly into the trap of standardization. For instance, such comparatively simple things as the reading of newspapers and listening to the opinions of others—all with an open mind tempered with a bit of healthy skepticism—are a great help.

Then, whenever the individual is confronted with the necessity of making a choice—be it in voting, choosing a career or a job, buying something, or whatever—the question of whether he wants (or thinks he wants) to do this or that should not be the only consideration governing the choice. The individual must ask himself whether the choice will circumscribe his life or make him more susceptible to the forces in our society that tend to standardize people.

The would-be individualist will carefully examine his motives for wanting something and ask himself whether he is making his choice because it is safe, secure, easy. He will strive to accept or reject so that he will maintain as much mobility and personal freedom as possible. He will understand that however high the price of courage and self-deter-



mination, the rewards are ultimately far greater in terms of personal satisfaction than can be obtained by passively permitting himself to be trundled from infancy to decrepitude by governments, organizations and institutions which may indeed wish him well, but which throttle his individualism.

I, for one, am convinced there will always be those who reject any system that considers them as numbers, as code holes in a punch card. Admittedly, the completely structured society will be heaven on earth for the meek conformists and for those who lack imagination, initiative, self-confidence and self-respect. But there will always be individualists, and they will always make their presence known as they assert their individuality. Such persons have always existed and will always exist, never content to have their lives systematized. Whatever the forces against them, they live their own lives and achieve their aims on their own.

I can't honestly say that I think the over-all outlook is very bright. I believe that more and more regulation, standardization and uniformity are virtually inevitable—if for no other reason than that populations and social and economic problems have become too complex to be coped with in any other manner.

There is, however, hope for any person who wants to remain an individual. He can assert himself and refuse to conform. He'll be on his own, that's true, but while he will not have the security enjoyed by those who do conform, there will be no limits to what he may achieve.

It shouldn't be very difficult for anyone to resist the temptation to force himself into the pattern of the structured man. One needs only to remember that a groove may be safe—but that, as one wears away at it, the groove becomes first a rut, and finally a grave.



FORD FLAT OUT

(continued from page 58)

aquaplaned. This is a phenomenon discovered only recently in which a heavy water film on the road forms itself into a wedge of water under the tire and lifts it completely off the surface, voiding the steering. Under optimum conditions it can happen at speeds as low as 55 miles an hour. Before the crashes, however, it was known that the Ford GT had an aerodynamic flaw: The rear end was lifting at very high speed. When the original design was being smoothed down into final form, 76 wind-tunnel tests were run at the University of Maryland, and a radical tendency for the front end to come off the ground at rates over 150 mph was demonstrated. Technicians corrected this with a spoiler lip in front. The rear-end lift didn't show up until the car was on the circuit. A spoiler was then added to the rear deck.

That was practice running. The first competition the GT had was at the Nürburgring in Germany on May 31. The 'Ring is a tough circuit: 14.2 miles to the lap, rising and falling 3000 feet, carrying 174 bends and corners. It is very hard on cars and it's perhaps the most effective of all the world's circuits in sorting out drivers, who may find sunshine on one side of it and pouring rain on the other.

With Phil Hill driving, the single

Ford GT car entered at the Nürburgring last May bettered the old lap record in posting the second-fastest qualifying time. Hill lay second in the early stages of the race, then dropped back to fourth when gearbox trouble forced him to hold the car in fourth gear. He turned the GT over to Bruce McLaren after 12 laps. It went out of the race on the 15th lap with a broken bolt in the rear suspension, and the Ferrari team came on to sweep the day. It is an often-told story in automobile racing: for want of a nail . . . But the sturdiness and reliability of the Ford engine, brand-new to racing, has been surprising and heartening. An Offenhauser won at Indianapolis, but Rodger Ward's Ford-engined car was second, and none of the Fords put out of the race had mechanical failure. Jimmy Clark, the present champion of the world, had what looked like a tight grip on the lead when a disintegrating tire broke up his rear suspension. Dan Gurney was called in to avoid what happened to Clark, and Bobby Marshman, who had also led the race for a time, ruptured an oil line when he was momentarily forced off the circuit. In every case, the engine, which is, after all, at the heart of the matter, was in perfect order. It's a safe prediction: If Fords continue to go motor racing, they'll do some winning, and probably a lot of winning.



REVOLUTION

(continued from page 68)

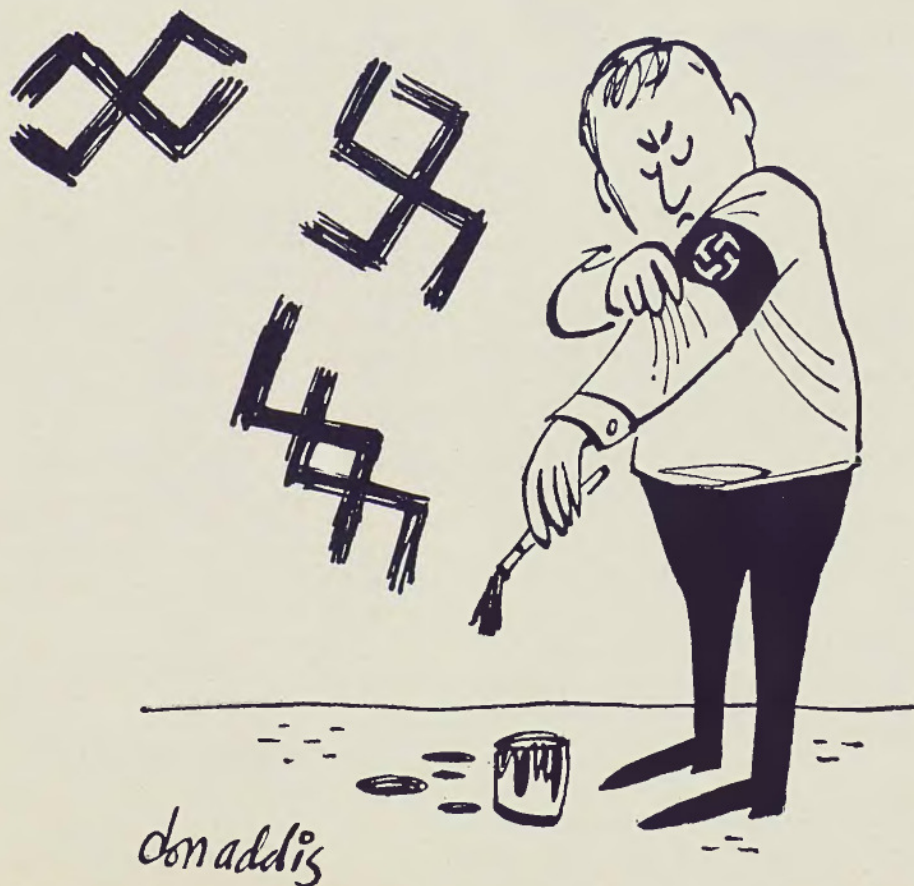
material affluence in a morally impoverished world, helpless to discover any pursuit that did not end in compromise, apathy or futility, and thus deprived of any way to experience their uniqueness, except through their own flesh. And the fact that the film could not maintain the courage of its insight (as, for instance, *La Notte* did), and fell back on baldly moralistic symbols and exaggerations which denied the dignity of the search, seems to have escaped almost everyone.

The same sort of myopia overcame the critics of such "unnatural," sex-dominated works as *Suddenly Last Summer*, *Tropic of Cancer* and *Lolita*, to mention only the first examples that come to mind. Their success was attributed to simple prurience on the part of the audience, and their creation to complicated maladjustments on the part of the authors, but the possibility that like need might be calling to like need was mostly dismissed, and what this indicated about the progress of the so-called sexual revolution was not discussed at all.

For, like it or not, we are not quite ready to admit that there is a growing restiveness everywhere now concerning the internal authorities that, while they do not prevent us from indulging in sex without guilt, nevertheless compel us to justify it in any number of nonsexual ways; there is a growing suspicion that sex may constitute one of the few remaining experiences in which Jung's process of individuation can still occur; and there are disturbing signs that the psychic attritions of our time may have brought us to the brink of a sexual 1917 at last, as we shall see.

As all totalitarians discover when they allow themselves to speculate on the dynamics of control, the cheapest and most efficient way to disarm resistance is to internalize the censor, to build the Secret Police *into* every individual. Once this is accomplished, the state can, indeed, "wither away," as Marx believed it should and would, because (like the mite of grace that everyone swallows with the symbolic body and blood of Christ) the state will then have been miniaturized, mass-produced and distributed to all for free, making deviation impossible and exterior authority unnecessary.

That this internalization of authority is the ultimate aim of many psychiatrists, as well as most Communists, only indicates how complex modern life has become—so complex indeed that there is less and less room in it for the autonomous individual. The establishment of authority is almost always idealistic in the beginning, but because it stems from



the assumption that man is basically disruptive and anarchic when left in Hobbes' state of nature, it always ends up in the most cynical kinds of expediency. Whether one attempts to control society in the name of the intellect (as Marxism does), or whether one attempts to control the intellect in the name of the society (as Freudianism does), the result is mostly the same: a monolith of layers of control, one series backing up the other, until the font of resistance, deep in the psyche, has been reached and (so goes the squalid little hope anyway) sealed off. The ingenuity of totalitarians in putting fingers in the dike is only exceeded by their stubborn refusal to see that there are only so many fingers available, and that eventually the underground man, made raw to his human predicament by these very controls, breaks through in the form of the psychopath or the rebel.

There is probably no better illustration of this internalization of authority than the sexual attitudes described above, attitudes which continue to regulate behavior even though the morality of which they are a result has "withered away." But deep inside man there is something that "doesn't love a wall," and in an age that is characterized by walls that cut as deep into consciousness as they do across continents, that something is growing ever more rebellious, exacerbated and desperate. It is starting to question the very nature of sexuality, just as the American colonists questioned the nature of liberty. It is indulging in self-defeating extremes of libertinism, just as the Jacobins plunged into self-consuming extremes of license. And here and there, the outraged frustration (which turned the 1905 revolutionaries of Russia into 1917 terrorists) is exiling that something to the bitter streets and dark cellars of sadism, perversion and other forms of sexual outlawry.

Common to all these reactions are the convictions that sexuality has an intrinsic validity (in and of itself) that finally transcends the uses to which it is put. That sex is not just a kind of visceral valentine you give your beloved, nor something as fleeting and emptily symbolic as a handshake. That it is not so much a specific emotion directed at a specific person, as it is an objectless, steadily coursing flow of energy out from the centers of the being which, like an underground stream, can surface in an infinite variety of places, in an infinite number of ways. The homosexual pool is different from the heterosexual river only in that it has been dammed, but both rise from the same dark, subterranean watershed, ceaselessly flowing, seeping, searching its level. "In everything

living," Wilhelm Reich wrote, "sexual vegetative energy is at work." Or, as D. H. Lawrence enjoined much earlier: "Accept sex in the consciousness, and let the normal physical awareness come back, between you and other people. Be tacitly and simply aware of the sexual being in every man and woman, child and animal."

Outlandish (or outright mystical) as these statements probably sounded in their day, an approximation of the insight they contain typifies the new consciousness of sex. The current attitude of homosexuals toward their predilection is one example. Second only to the Negro or Jew, the homosexual was once the favorite whipped boy of the liberals, who always told you that they defended him from persecution, *despite* his anomaly. But this Don't-let's-be-beastly-to-the-faggots attitude (like its counterpart concerning the Germans) is actually based on the spurious magnanimity that overcomes insecure people just after they have thought, "I may not be perfect, but I'm better than you, and just to prove it I'll be nice to you"—with the result, in this case, that the homosexual acted more pansyish than ever, just as the Negro before him had acted more Uncle Tomish. For the outcast instinctively knows that when he is accepted with such a *show* of tolerance it is his very outcastness that is his meal ticket, and so he emphasizes it, secretly mocking his benefactor with the caricature, and waiting for the day of unmasking.

That that day is probably upon us is indicated by such statements as this one by Allen Ginsberg: "I sleep with men and with women. I am neither queer nor not queer, nor am I bisexual," which would have seemed gibberish to the humorless liberal of yore, whose strong suit was never satire-with-a-straight-face, and who, lost without labels, would have wondered what, indeed, Ginsberg actually *was*, then. To which Ginsberg would have replied (as he has): "My name is Allen Ginsberg and I sleep with whoever I want." This sort of Marx Brothers candor is always called "tasteless" (for which read "too pertinent") by the critics, but the fact that Ginsberg's work is singularly free of the rococo hints and minces and stifled sniggers of homosexual poetry of the past, and that he can write about women as women, rather than as so many emasculators-in-skirts or fags-in-drag, is a sign of how liberating a simple admission can be. Think of how many tedious pages of "decor and sensibility" we would have been spared if Ronald Firbank, for instance, had been allowed to make the same statement. Think of what his bizarre talent might have accomplished had he been able to admit to himself



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"Is it just me, or does there seem to be a new crowd coming here this year?"

that he was homosexual, but so what?

It is not so much that society has treated homosexuality as a stigma, as it is that the homosexual *himself* has felt this way, that accounts for the effeminate aura of Firkbank, who rarely writes overtly about homosexuality, as contrasted to the masculinity of Genet, who deals with it as candidly as if it was no more shameful than a penchant for bosomy blondes. Behind the one stands the feeling that sex is *The Flower Beneath the Foot*, something ambiguous, perverse, furtive and theatrical. Behind the other is the conviction of Genet (among others) that sex can fructify and even ennoble, that it is a recharging of the identity, and ultimately an illumination. The homosexual of the past never got beyond the object of his desire, and his felt necessity to either disguise that object or justify his choice of it with windy drivel about the Greeks, whereas today's homosexual realizes that it is not the cup that gives sustenance, but what is in it.

In so far as Reich and Lawrence asserted that the important characteristics of sexual energy are its primacy, creativity and undifferentiated flow have they been unique harbingers of this revolution. Almost no one talks seriously about Reich these days, and to my knowledge no exhaustive, head-on, point-by-point refutation of his theory of sexual energy exists in English, but many people, particularly artists, feel that though he may have been scientifically wrong, he was "poetically" right when he stated that "sexuality [is] nothing else than the biological expansion from center to periphery. Conversely, anxiety [is] nothing but the reverse direction from periphery to center. Sexuality and anxiety are one and the same process of excitation, only in opposite directions." In this statement, sweeping and oversimplified as it may sound to psychiatric lint pickers, may be found one reason for the persistent sexual preoccupation of our age of anxiety. For when everything else is pul-

verized, uncertain and relative, the consciousness automatically turns back to the cohesive, unequivocal absolute of sexual energy for relief, making (at one and the same time) a denial and an affirmation.

During the Cuban crisis of 1962, for example, my wife and I were certainly not the only ones who found themselves obsessively making love during the three most perilous days (and also, in our case, making bad jokes about the beneficent effect of all those released orgones, that were really no more idiotic than the jokes people make to explain a binge of wine drinking in France, or a spate of intensive moviegoining in New York). Critics may feel that the inclusion of a detail like this is unnecessary, tasteless or dull-dull-dull (the accredited ploys for dealing with the erotic confessional), but then they probably also felt that the overdrinking which the anxieties of the Munich crisis brought out in people, who were caught in the double bind of total concern and total helplessness, evidenced nothing but irresponsibility, and so they are incapable of knowing how far history and its demen-tias have brought us. They would undoubtedly find Lawrence's diagnosis, made ten years before Munich (not to mention Hiroshima, Hungary and Havana), incomprehensible: "When men and women are physically cut off, they become at last dangerous, bullying, cruel. Conquer the fear of sex, and restore the natural flow. Restore even the so-called obscene words, which are part of the natural flow. If you don't, if you don't put back a bit of the old warmth into life, there is a savage disaster ahead."

That savage disaster had already occurred when Lawrence wrote. Mechanistic modern scientism, after destroying the old absolutes of organized religion, and then the new relatives of moral convention, went on to create the weaponry which in our time has expressed, in violence, our thwarted inability to live in the spiritual wasteland that is all that remains. Cut off from God, adrift in the baffling collectivism of a society that is itself adrift, pulverized by wars whose only noticeable result is the further loosening of inner anxiety and the concomitant tightening of outer control, mass man is finally orphaned from himself as well; all experiences are stereotyped and explained away; all mysteries are revealed as manifestations of misunderstood drives; until the old rationalist aim (the happy man in the sane society) is finally achieved, not by the light of reason, but in the dark of schizophrenia—with the clammy result that man has never *understood* himself more, and ex-

perceived himself less. He lives by second hand, he watches himself living, he goes through his emotions like Dr. Frankenstein observing his monster; and all the while he struggles to believe that if you cannot abolish the instinctual beast by the imperatives of morality, you can at least tame him by the explanations of science.

Increasingly, he fails in that struggle. And increasingly he falls back on those few experiences which involve what Mailer has called "the connection of new circuits"—experiences which, because they finally elude reason, ultimately escape time (the ticking mind of life), and thereby abolish for a moment the insect loneliness and cogwheel futility that are perhaps the most typical modern emotions.

Once love was one of these experiences. But love, like honor, faith and chastity, has not come through the storms of our century intact. Whether it was the emotion, or the term, that has proved too vague and general for our age of genocide and overkill is not really important, but love seems to have joined such other "secondary experiences" as truth and beauty, whose cerebral character gives them connotative but not descriptive value, i.e., truth is ultimately one's *idea* of truth. But then one thing that typifies the 20th Century is a weariness with language (and the distortion of reality that it entails), for, as Arthur Adamov (one of the leading playwrights of the Theater of the Absurd) says: "The words in our aging vocabularies are like sick people. Some may be able to survive, others are incurable." The degree to which love, as a word, has become "incurable" was perhaps most starkly illustrated by the final interchange between the husband and wife in *La Noite*. Having reached that emotional impasse out of which even infidelity offers no exit, she (who no longer loves him, and knows it) nevertheless begs him, "Say the words! Say the words!" to which he (who no longer loves her either, but refuses to admit it) can only reply, "I can't, I won't!" And, for the first time in the film, the dead wall that seals them off from each other produces a despair immense enough to arouse desire.

But when sexual desire becomes a sort of last stand against the dead wall in the mind (which can, literally, take the ass out of life), strange things often occur. The internal censor is challenged on its own ground by such flagrantly thrown-down gauntlets as Lenny Bruce's habit of sometimes starting his night-club act with a meaningless stream of sexual and ethnic obscenities, "just to clear the air," to exorcise these words of the dangerous power they possess when left

unsaid, an example of shamanism in reverse that is unfailingly misunderstood by police department anthropologists. Bruce has been known to do routines on masturbation, psychic impotence and most of the esoterica of the erotic life, and a citizen of the calmer times that are bound to come (if any times come at all) will be able to learn more about the sexual preoccupations and dislocations of this age from his work than from any number of humorless Kinsey reports.

The outrage of club owners, and the embarrassment of audiences, are the best testimony to how penetrating and accurate his perceptions are. Far from being "sick," his is a mind that is as mordantly, even obsessively, "healthy" as a latter-day Luther, who may rise to shock, but never stoops to titillate. Far from being "dirty," he assumes that the sexual life is far too important to be left in the damp hands of such genteel pornographers as Dwight Fiske. For the essence of pornography is fantasy (which is socially harmless precisely because it is a substitute for action), and Bruce, as his numerous run-ins with the law indicate, is so concerned with reality that sometimes he is simply not *funny* at all.

This feeling that the sex life has overriding importance because it constitutes one of the last frontiers, is based on the recognition that the frontier experience has always caused man to transcend himself, whether that frontier was the Mississippi River or the Michelson-Morley experiment. On the frontier, there is a disturbing but ultimately beneficial interaction between man and the unknown, which always results in a widening and a deepening of consciousness, and it is this aspect of sex which Norman Mailer, James Baldwin and others have probed most persistently.

Mailer, who is always accused by the critics of seeing sex in everything, is actually a writer so absorbed by the traditional view of the novelist as philosopher that the worst he can be accused of is seeing everything in sex. There is something almost Jamesian about his intention to find a level of experience on which the most complex states of being can be acted out, and such works as *The Deer Park* and *The Time of Her Time* may constitute nothing less than a new fictional genre, in which sexual relations are described primarily to reveal interpersonal attitudes, rather than interpersonal relations being described to reveal sexual attitudes (as was true in the psychological novel of the past that has become all but impossible to write since the War). Far from wanting to reduce life to sexuality, Mailer sees sexuality as one of the only unobstructed avenues back into the richness and creativity of

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the whole personality. He knows that in an age in which most human endeavors are socialized, mechanized or depersonalized, the bed is one of the last places where the triumphs and defeats, splendors and miseries, commensurate with man's essential stature, can still occur. If anything, Mailer is a puritan (as was Lawrence, as was Reich), who jealously wishes to preserve the fecund possibilities of being from the sterile certainties of the brain; and it is one of the paradoxes of our pulverized age that the unified vision of the puritan is most forcefully expressed these days by men who are continually mistaken for libertines.

Baldwin, on the other hand, is far less ambitious. The value of sex to him lies in its very intimacy; the opportunity it offers to express, and finally anneal, the violence and despair of outcastness; and the best of his work vibrates with the belief that the barriers will only come down when we allow ourselves access to one another across *all* abysses, sexual and racial. His world is taut with the angry loneliness and fevered curiosities of the isolated, to whom *touch* itself is the only comprehensive act of communication. In Baldwin's novels, indeed, touching the body of the other (its strangeness, its inviolateness) is treated as the *only* way to annul its power of intensifying our loneliness simply by being out of reach. If this represents a disturbing exacerbation of consciousness, it also serves to illumine the enormous dimensions of the cul-de-sac in which we are trapped—and going stir crazy.

Portents of riot and jail break are everywhere. More and more people realize that the fight against censorship can no longer be waged on the censor's terms. For the definition of what is—to use the stock phrase—pornographic and obscene (always a misty mid-region of Weir) carries a moral stricture within it, no matter how liberal that definition may be, and it is this very moral stricture that is increasingly being put on trial. There are those, including psychiatrists, sociologists and at least one Supreme Court Justice, who are questioning for the first time the age-old assumption, heretofore accepted by authoritarians and libertarians alike, that out-and-out erotica is rightfully beyond the protection of the law. Far from triggering antisocial acts, the evidence is mounting that the effect of pornography may be precisely the opposite: your average rapist being decidedly *not* a man who has accepted sexuality as an everyday part of his life. As a result, hard-core 1905ers are fast being forced into the position of having to argue that, yes, the ban on pornography ought to be continued, but only because it is *not* sexually exciting, and thus has *no raison d'être*—

an example of prejudice torturing logic into syllogism that is classic in its absurdity.

If it is the first sign of a society's maturity when it can see some difference between children and adults (a distinction that has so far been impossible for a nation that has decided most matters of taste by the categorical imperative: would you want your sheltered 12-year-old daughter to do it, see it, read it, think it?), one indication of our coming of age may be that, increasingly, the dispute over pornography is revolving around the problem of how to keep it from the young—a thorny question indeed, but one which we have solved on other levels without closing all the bars or banning the automobile. The day may not be too far off when representations of erotic desire, as an adjunct to that desire, may be as legal as gourmet cookbooks, which have never been under a ban, though far more people have exotic sex every day than are overpowered by the urge to whip up a *boeuf bourguignon*. The use or abuse of an appetite is ultimately beyond the reach of the censor, as would be immediately apparent to everyone if an attempt were made to blame America's obesity on Clementine Paddleford and her colleagues. Pornography may be caviar for the general, but it is certainly far less poisonous than the garbage served up by Mickey Spillane or Harold Robbins, and perhaps the strongest *negative* argument for instantly legalizing it is that no one who could obtain the one would ever again be satisfied with the other.

Far more significant, however, are the signs that more and more of us are asking the sexual experience to compensate for the aridity of most other experiences. Nowhere is our era's ambivalence of values and standardization of futility better illustrated than by our preoccupation with aspects of sex that until recently were thought to be forbidden, or at least suspect, even by the most uninhibited. "But to do the forbidden, in order to transgress limits that *seem* unnatural, is normal and innocent," as Paul Goodman once said, "and if the limits *are* unnatural it is often necessary and admirable."

The so-called orgy, for example, heretofore a ritual naughtiness for the rich and twisted, has become at least as widespread in New York as Zen lectures and LSD sessions, and, more often than not, the same people attend all three. The Firbankism of the Black Mass, on the other hand, which equated sex with evil, and embraced it *because* of that, has caused it to fall into disfavor these days, for what we seem to need so desperately now is not a transgression, but a transcendence. It is not a given code of morality that we seek to deny, as much

as it is an outlawed conception of being that we seek to affirm, by such excesses. Joyless and mechanical as an orgy may be, it opens up unknown territory where one goes armed only with one's own body, and no mass-observer or visiting-psychologist attitude will get you through it. It seems to hold out hope that if we do not discover unknown predilections, we may at least reinforce well-known aversions, and thereby emerge with a sharper sense of ourselves.

Beyond this, most of us have probably known couples, trapped in the kind of marital desert depicted in *La Notte*, who made it flower, at least temporarily, by such divergings of the sexual stream as the mutual adulteries of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, the erotic charades of *The Balcony*, or a simple *ménage à trois* involving one sex or the other. Boredom and satiation are certainly involved in sophistications such as these, but they can best be understood against the background which Mailer has put into the image: "A whore practicing fellatio looks up and says, 'Are you a Communist?'—that's what the modern world is all about in a way." For a crippling drought always awakens dreams of the flood, and in a flood nothing is saved but the barest essentials.

Most modern revolutions have been followed by a period of civil chaos, and there are signs that this sexual 1917 will be no exception. The sudden revival of interest in the Marquis de Sade is as unmistakable an indication of upheavals under the surface of "healthy" sexuality, as the interest in Dostoevsky before the First World War was of similar upheavals under the surface of the easygoing optimism of that time. Dostoevsky, once thought of as the Russian Sade (by people who had obviously never read the Frenchman), established that man cannot be reduced to a mere "organ handle" at the mercy of his "interests"; Sade, on the other hand, established that man *would* not be reduced to a mere "interest" at the mercy of his organ. But the key to Sade's fascination for people today lies in his conception of the sexual act as the ultimate existential situation. Fearless and consistent atheist that he was, he knew that the only way to experience oneself (in a reality from which the linchpin of a transcendent faith has been removed) was to exert power over others, which, at the bottom of it, meant power over their bodies; which, in turn, demanded the continual lashing of the sexual instinct by the very anxiety to which it is opposed.

That Sade had the courage of his insight, and thereby provided us with a detailed map of the perils of the territory ahead, is exhaustively (and exhaustingly) documented in his works, which

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"I thought I explained the double standard to you!"

describe the relentless progress toward impotence that results from the libertine's forced marches on his sexuality. Nowhere can the tragedy of rationalism be more keenly felt than in Sade, who (alone in that age of reason) was brave enough, and logical enough, to turn rationalism itself to the service of the instincts. He was a veritable Napoleon of sex, but in the psychic debris that our scientific and political Napoleons have so zealously created out of the temples and parliaments of the recent past, he stands as a prophetic warning of the sort of nightmares to which the dreams of reason as the sole reality can lead.

The dislocations of sexuality which can be felt everywhere today (the aforementioned orgy, *ménage à trois*, tentative forays into Lesbianism or homosexuality, the psychic impotence that is as common to sensualists as it is to prudes), all these may be as much a result of our demand that this one emotion carry the weight of all the failed emotions of modern life, as they are of the so-called "feminization of America," a major cause of which is certainly the breakdown of virility under the burden of being the sole reliable support of the male ego. Nevertheless, there are skirmishes along the frontier that bear watching, such as the upsurge of militant feminist manifestoes, ranging all

the way from the NAACP-gradualism of Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* to the Black Muslim-extremism of Elizabeth Mann Borgese's *The Ascent of Women*. Whether these books are a response to the sexual difficulties of men, or are evidence of a female attitude that is the cause of those difficulties, does not matter very much beside the fact that women, like men, are growing restive in their sexual roles, albeit from the other side of the frontier.

What is happening, however, is far more complicated than a simple exchange of roles. If there are more homosexuals, there are probably more sexual engineers as well, and for every feminist, demanding instant equality in the board room, there are probably 50 women experiencing it in the bedroom. The profoundest change is a change in consciousness; in the traditional conception of sex as a charade, in which roles *must* be played.

Yeats, speaking of another revolution, said: "The beggars have changed places, but the lash goes on," as neat a description of a failed revolution as one could possibly hope for. But it is precisely this idea (that sex is power, and power is eternal, and thus we are doomed to struggle over it eternally) that the new consciousness is questioning on all levels, for a real revolution does not merely

seek a transfer of power from one hand to another, but a metamorphosis in the nature of power itself. Men and women, when they struggle for sexual dominance, may be engaged in the politics of the *coup d'état*, but this has nothing to do with the revolution of being which our dehumanized times demand, a revolution which (in these early days) is unfortunately bound to be extremist, antirational, and even dangerous.

The aim of this revolution, however, is not merely to supplant one side of man's nature by another, but to abolish this illusory duality altogether, and to do this, the cannibal mind, swollen to gigantic proportions by centuries of overthinking, arrogant with the bloodless logic of the computers it has fashioned in its own image, must be drenched in the passions once again. For like a dictatorial regime that controls the police, the army and the press, the mind allows no free elections to the instincts, but instead stages all manner of titillating and harmless circuses to distract them. It is one of the sorry truths of our oppressive era, in which freedom all too often takes the form of anarchy, that such a regime can probably only be overthrown from the darkest cellars of the consciousness. But that the mind alone has failed is as evident on the couches of analysts as in the ovens of Auschwitz, both of which hold victims of the berserk rationalism of our civilization. For what is more rational than a concentration camp, given its assumptions? And what is more rational than paranoia, given its? In each, the mind, like a mad Dr. Huer, concocts solutions which create two problems for every one they solve—on and on and on, until half the world is mad, and the other half is dead.

More and more, something whispers to us that we are doomed to this nightmare of insanity and murder if we do not become whole again. More and more, something whispers that one source of that wholeness lies in the mysterious sexual energy through which we can still experience our uniqueness, even when anxiety has most obscured it. And more and more are we willing to assume (with Lawrence) "that people would [not] be villains, thieves, murderers and sexual criminals if they were freed from legal restraint," rather than assuming the opposite, as totalitarians of all persuasions have always done. For the essence of the new consciousness, in sex as in everything else, is the simple insistence that man is more creative than destructive. And a more revolutionary creed, given our world, would be hard to imagine.

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 37)

that sex itself is not "dirty." It is the attitude toward sex that makes it so.

Michael Levine
Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo, Michigan

ARTIFICIAL ADULTERY

In your November issue you mentioned a New York court case in which a "child born in wedlock as the result of artificial insemination" was declared illegitimate.

I am interested in obtaining more information relating to this case. Could you tell me: (1) the presiding judge's name, and (2) the basis for his decision?

Jack Wood
Lexington, Virginia

This case, Gursky vs. Gursky, was decided on August 2, 1963, by Judge Constantino of the New York State Superior Court of Kings County. Referring to the case of Doornbos vs. Doornbos, decided by the Illinois Superior Court of Cook County on December 13, 1954, as a precedent for his own decision, Judge Constantino said: "Where the precise issue of legitimacy has been squarely presented for determination, it has been held that heterologous artificial insemination by a third-party donor, with or without consent of the husband, constitutes adultery on the part of the father, and that a child so conceived is not a child born in wedlock and is therefore illegitimate."

SCHOOL PRAYER

We are writing in protest to an Associated Press article in *The Dallas Morning News* of May 11, wherein it states that an Akron, Ohio, minister named Dallas F. Billington urged his listeners in a radio address to implore almighty God to strike the Baltimore atheist, Madalyn Murray, dead, because of her influence in the Supreme Court Bible-reading suits.

It seems to us that this is a pernicious attitude to assume. Who knows but what some fanatic might be thus encouraged to help God a little by bringing harm to Mrs. Murray himself; recently there is the case of William H. Moore, who was shot to death on a U.S. highway in Alabama.

This is supposed to be an enlightened age and a civilized country where all people's freedom is guaranteed. We may not agree with another's views, but we should defend his right to express them.

Reverend Thomas L. Clarke
Brown City, Michigan

The decidedly undemocratic and un-Christian harangue against Mrs. Murray is but one irrational response among many to the Supreme Court's decisions opposing public school prayer and Bible reading. These decisions are viewed, by

some, to be irreligious, but in reconfirming the Constitutional guarantee of a separate church and state in America, the high Court was protecting religious freedom fully as much as the freedom of secular society.

And yet the pressures from a misunderstanding public are so extreme that Congress is seriously considering amending the Constitution to permit religious exercises in our schools, and the House Judiciary Committee is currently holding hearings on the subject.

The implications in such an erosion of the First Amendment are frightening to contemplate; it would be the first significant step toward replacing our democracy with a theocratic form of government. It is an action that every American, whatever his religious beliefs, should most resolutely oppose.

Editor-Publisher Hefner will discuss the matter in greater detail in the next installment of "The Playboy Philosophy."

MORALITY AND ECONOMICS

Not everything that Mr. Hefner says on the subject of free enterprise is open to criticism, of course, but I find it highly amusing to note that when he is talking about the morality of sex, Hefner is terribly liberal, and while discussing the morality of economics, he sounds like my maiden aunt.

Let us use reason in discussing the realities of sexual man; but let us also use reason when we discuss the realities of economic man. For example, the term "enlightened self-interest," especially when it is used by members of the higher income brackets, is often a euphemism for "selfishness" and "greed."

Roughly 80 percent of the wage earners in our society earn less than \$5000 a year. But, of course, we know that "in a competitive economy not everyone can come out on top." In our competitive society nobody has an inalienable right to economic security. In fact, everybody has the right to own two cows while his neighbor starves. Unfortunately, God (it seems) didn't create enough cows to go around. Therefore, somebody is going to have to starve to death. I hope it won't be me. I'm almost certain it won't be Hefner.

Please let us be just as realistic and reasonable when we talk about the morality of economics as we intend to be when we talk about the morality of sex.

Gerry S. Laffin
Winona, Minnesota

If Hefner's sexual views can be called "liberal" and his economic ideals termed "conservative," then it is the labels that are inconsistent, not the "Philosophy," for both the sexual and social moralities endorsed in these editorials place their emphasis on the importance of the individual and his freedom. This semantic



"You know what you remind me of? A giant cricket!"

confusion is evident in the notion that socialism and communism are examples of the extreme "liberal" left, while fascism exists at the ultra "conservative" right—that these political and economic concepts are poles apart, with democracy and free enterprise somewhere in between. In actual fact, these ideological extremes of "left" and "right" are quite similar, since both are totalitarian and stress the importance of the state over the individual citizen; their opposite is actually a free society, with its emphasis on the individual.

It is true that America cannot gain the advantages of a competitive economy without incurring some of the disadvantages. By the very nature of competition, some will fare better than others, but the superior efficiency and productivity of the system makes the whole of society the primary beneficiary; and necessary safeguards can and should be introduced to assure that none will starve or suffer the hardships of extreme poverty. As Hefner stated: "Enlightened self-interest does not mean that man should be unconcerned about the well-being of his fellow man. To the contrary, intelligent self-interest includes a concern for others. The individual should be willing to

assist those less fortunate, for a society—and each individual in it—benefits from a concern for the welfare of all."

Our nation should assure economic opportunity to every individual in it; the tragedy is that some segments of the population are content with mere subsistence—or, if not content with it, resigned to it.

LOST WORDS?

No one in our time has written a straighter view of our nation's troubles—in layman's language, at least—than has Hefner. The only problem is that, like most good influences, Hefner's words will not reach the people who could profit from them most.

As a student, laborer and soldier, I have closely observed people who believe that sitting on their ass is not a privilege, but a right. I am not nearly as confident as Hefner seems to be that the majority of them can be persuaded that they should do anything that does not produce immediate gratification of one appetite or another.

SP/4 Claud E. Morris
United States Army
Augsburg, Germany

BROADCASTER'S BACKBONE

I am writing primarily to answer the *Forum* letter of Mr. Nelson Thomas, which said in part: "I sincerely hope that by his [Hefner's] 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." Perhaps I can make Mr. Thomas feel a bit better.

As a program director of a small radio station that has developed a large listening audience through adult programming, I have defended PLAYBOY to the fullest. I have been responsible for several radio editorials concerning groups that are trying to censor magazines, in which I have pointed out that there are many magazines on the market that are trash, but that PLAYBOY does not fall into this category. There are many magazines and newspapers on the market today that I personally would like to see silenced, but I know that I do not have the right to tell people what they can read or deprive them of material they may want.

It might interest Mr. Thomas to know that I recommend that my listeners buy PLAYBOY and read the *Forum* and the *Philosophy* each month.

Broadcasting is an honorable profession, and while there are many things that occur in this field that shouldn't, there are still many of us who believe in editorializing. I have put my hand behind my back, and it was no surprise at all to find my backbone still there!

Ron Wilson
Program Director
WJCM Radio
Sebring, Florida

May your vertebrate tribe increase!

J.F.K.'S MORALITY

In agreement with Hefner's *Philosophy* is the concise position on morality stated by John F. Kennedy in *Profiles in Courage*:

A man does what he must—in spite of personal consequences, in spite of obstacles and dangers and pressures—that is the basis of all human morality.

Robert A. Dushane
Culver City, California

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in our continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Address all correspondence on either the "Philosophy" or the "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



COCHRAN

"As dean of one of our most exclusive women's colleges, would you say there is any truth to the rumor of a new sense of sexual freedom among the nation's college girls, Mrs. Birdwhistle?"



SHOULD A GENTLEMAN OFFER A TIPARILLO TO A LADY?

It all depends on the lady. If she happens to be the high-spirited type, she'll probably offer you one.

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Offer milady a Tiparillo? If her name is Tammy Grimes, will she call you an ol' coward if you don't?

BUNNIES *(continued from page 96)*

attire and fluffy cottontails."

"Bunnies are Playboy's Americanized version of the geisha girl," states the *New York Herald Tribune*; but the Japanese appear to be as taken by our Bunnies as the more than 300,000 U.S. males who are already keyholders of The Playboy Club. "A Playboy Club is a male dream world," wrote the editor of the Japanese magazine *Woman's Self*, after a recent visit Stateside: "Imagine being surrounded by beautiful young 'Bunny' hostesses." Another Japanese journal, reporting enthusiastically on the "Bunny Empire," stated: "Although PLAYBOY is as American as Coca-Cola and the skyscraper, it is also a blow at the Puritanism which still remains strongly rooted in American mores." The article concludes with: "Although Hefner has many critics, he is living his dream of the rabbit surrounded by female Bunnies. He is the target of each man's envy, having pointed up the distortion in American society concerning sex."

The *Saturday Evening Post* published a critical essay, "Czar of the Bunny Empire" by Bill Davidson, in the spring of 1962, which generally pooh-pooed the Playboy phenomenon, while cashing in on the interest in the subject with a massive promotion of the feature, including extensive newspaper advertising, radio spots, a full-page ad in *The New Yorker*, newsstand displays and a special band across the cover of each issue that proclaimed: "Two Lives of Hugh Hefner . . . The Inside Story on Mr. Playboy and His Playmates . . . This Week in *The Saturday Evening Post*."

A year later, the *Post* ran an article entitled "Funny Side of the Bunny Business," with the subhead "A new Playboy Club whirls in a tangle of corn, beefs and cabbage." This piece defined the Playboy Bunny as "half geisha and half double malted, in a satin swimsuit that shows what swimsuits usually show. To Club members, a wiggling, giggling invitation to 'let's pretend' sin; to PLAYBOY promotion writers, 'a beautiful, personable, fun-loving girl who is working in the most exciting and glamorous setting in the world of show business.'"

More recently, *Show* magazine published a similar story, "A Bunny's Tale" by Gloria Steinem, in two parts, with similar promotion and hoopla; the same article was later sold to several newspapers. It was subtitled "*Show's* First Exposure for Intelligent People," but the writer of "Bunny's Tale" found so little to tattletale about, after two weeks of intensive research as a funny Bunny in the New York Playboy Club, that she had to make do with a mishmash of half-truths and innuendo, and such startling, and wholly false, assertions as: Bunnies with colds are usually replaced, since a sneeze can undo their costumes,

The most interesting response to the *Show* "exposé" came from Broadway producer David Merrick: He phoned Hefner from New York seeking permission to produce a show about the Bunnies.

MacLean's, the Canadian equivalent of the *Post*, cast a more appreciative eye o'er our cottontailed charmers than did *SEP*; in an article entitled "Among the Bunnies," it enthused: "One of the most agreeable innovations of the Sixties."

Unless our overseas clipping service is sending us only the more favorable articles, it appears that the foreign press is more consistently enthusiastic about Playboy—the magazine and its Playmates, the Club and its Bunnies—than are our publishing compatriots here in the good old U.S. of A. In any case, the foreign press seems uncommonly enthusiastic on the subject of Playboy—especially the Bunnies—and sometimes it gets downright ecstatic.

"They're the latest craze in America," exclaimed Tony Crawley for an English newspaper syndicate. "The most fashionable status symbol for all career girls. The newest entree to films, TV and modeling. And they've won more press space around the globe than all the columns devoted to the *Cleopatra* filming. These are the Bunny girls—a fantastic collection of the world's most beautiful belles: a new form of cocktail waitress, in the plush, lush and lavish Playboy Key Club, created by the ultrasophisticated PLAYBOY magazine."

"Bosoms, education and a good reputation are what young ladies must have if they want to work as Playboy Club Bunnies," explained the German magazine *Kristall*.

Bunnies are "endowed with exquisite shapes, peach complexions, faultless education and with a morality beyond question," said daily *France-soir*.

Norman Mailer offers this poetic picture of Chicago Bunnydom in his latest, best-selling book, *The Presidential Papers*: "The Bunnies went by in their costumes, electric-blue silk, Kelly-green, flame-pink, pinups from a magazine, faces painted into sweetmeats, flower tops, tame lynx, piggie, poodle, a queen or two from a beauty contest. They wore Gay Nineties rig which exaggerated their hips, bound their waists in a *ceinture*, and lifted them into a phallic brassiere—each breast looked like the big bullet on the front bumper of a Cadillac. Long black stockings, long long stockings, up almost to the waist on each side, and to the back, on the curve of the can, as if ejected tenderly from the body, was a puff of chastity, a little white ball of a bunny's tail which bobbed as they walked . . . The Playboy Club was the place for magic . . ."

The Bunnies have been eulogized in song, to a rock-'n'-roll beat, in *I'm in*

Love with a Bunny by Paul Hampton; and song satirist Allan Sherman included his romanticomic Bunny ballad, *You're Getting to Be a Rabbit with Me*, in his LP hit *My Son the Nut* (promised sequel: *My Bunny Valentine*).

Night-club comedians Marty Allen and Steve Rossi have introduced a Bunny interview into their act and it appears in their humor LP *Two Funny for Words* ("Hello, der. I'm your Playboy Bunny Marty." "Hey, wait a minute. I heard that a Bunny had to be between 18 and 24 . . . and beautiful . . . and sexy . . . and a girl! How did you get the job?" "I lied about my age.")

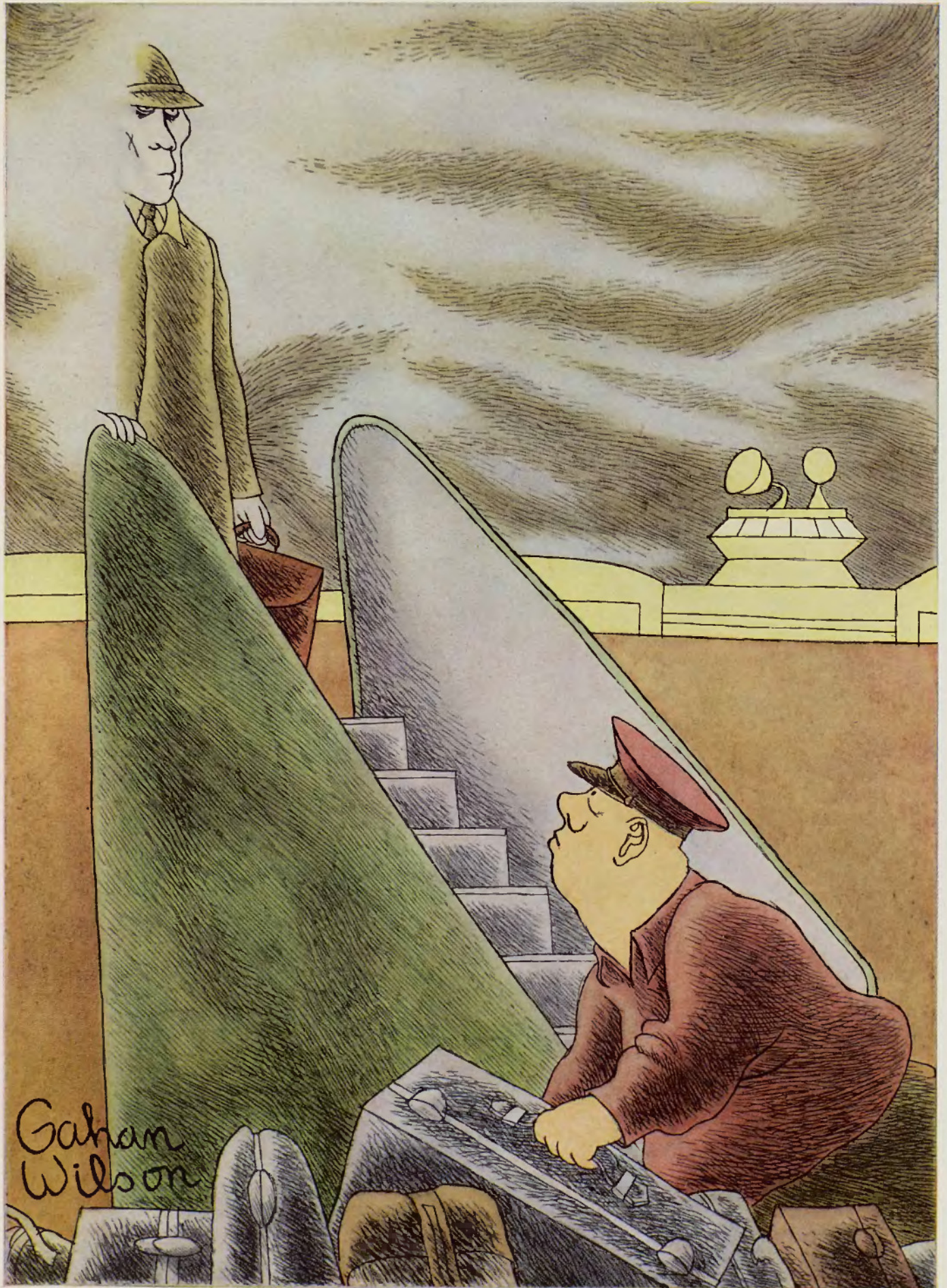
Bob Hope recently devoted an hour-long TV special to a good-natured spoof of the Playboy Empire, with Hope cast in the role of the Editor-Publisher and Eva Marie Saint as a do-gooder who objects to Bob's male-oriented magazine-club operation; but by the final scene, has become a Bunny herself.

Real Playboy Bunnies make frequent appearances on television, too, including recent bits on the Johnny Carson and Jack Paar shows. David Susskind devoted an entire evening of his *Open End* to a round-table discussion on the merits of Bunnyhood, with a trio of current cottontails and an equal number of Club alumnae; and Playmate-Bunny Sheralee Conners (July 1961) appeared on *The Steve Allen Show* to tutor a Bunny-suited Steve on the finer points of cottontail comportment (amid cries from the side lines of "Turn in your tail!").

The Playboy Bunnies are famous the world over and it's a glamorous and exciting job for any girl fortunate enough to qualify. The Bunnies come from every corner of the United States and a great many foreign countries as well. Any girl between the ages of 18 and 26 may qualify, if she's attractive enough and has a pleasing personality. Experience is not important, because no other job is really comparable to being a Bunny, and the Bunny Training Program is geared for girls without any previous related experience; the great majority of Playboy's Bunnies have never held a similar job before.

Most of Chicago's 70 training-school graduates were enlisted through an intensive recruiting program conducted by Bunny Director Thelma Freeman—abetted by an opulently outfitted Private Coach Company "Bunny Bus," equipped with office, kitchen, bar, TV and hi-fi. The Bunny Bus will soon be touring the entire country—thus augmenting the roster of 19 states from which Chicago's Bunnies hail. In addition to welcoming girls of all nationalities, the Club has a hiring policy that is racially color blind.

When new Bunnies arrive in town, they can hang their ears, if they wish, in the Bunny Dormitory of The Playboy Mansion, which provides the girls with



Gahan
Wilson

opulent but inexpensive quarters. For \$50 a month, a Bunny can have the run not only of her luxuriously appointed digs but also of the Mansion's indoor swimming pool, steam room, sun deck and billiard room.

Although the Bunny costume is the same in all the Clubs, the Bunny prototype in each hutch bears her own stamp of attractive individuality. The Chicago cottontail, with an average age of 22, is half a year younger than her counterparts in the other links of the key chain. Statistically, the girls of the Chicago Club tape in collectively at a staggering 2450"-1610"-2450"—which divides nicely into a symmetrical 35-23-35 per Bunny, just a shade trimmer than the national Bunny average. Her average height of 5'4" puts the Chicago Bunny on an even footing with her national sisters, and her average weight of 116 places her on the same eye-filling scale.

The proximity of the Chicago Club to the magazine's executive offices is among the assets of Bunny duty in the Second City. Cottontail Mary Warren, for example, works weekdays as a recep-

tionist in PLAYBOY's Personnel Department, but hops at the chance for a change of pace as a Door Bunny three nights a week. The ancillary advantages of Bunnyhood are exemplified by a recent experience Mary had. While she was checking keys at the Club's newly refurbished portals, a keyholding Hollywood producer gave the tall, willowy blonde a once-over, twice-over, and then an on-the-spot offer for a starlet role in a new film. Sharon Rogers has parlayed Bunnyhood into a triple treat—for keyholders, readers of the magazine and members of the PLAYBOY staff. Not only does she work at the Club, but she's been employed as a part-time editorial assistant by the magazine, and appeared both as a Playmate (January 1964) and cover girl (November 1963). Playmate-Bunny Teddi Smith (July 1960), who amassed a tidy rabbit's-nest egg from her combined earnings as a Bunny and a PLAYBOY receptionist, has had the unique distinction of not only smiling invitingly on the October 1963 cover of PLAYBOY, but of a quadruple appearance within the same issue.

In all the Clubs, a total of 34 Playmates have joined the Bunny Brigade—or vice versa: Frequently a potential Playmate is discovered at a Club by staff or free-lance photographers. Of this total, 28 have worked in the Chicago Club, as many as 10 at one time.

Another extracurricular plus for Chicago Bunnies is the new Playboy Model Agency (scheduled for expansion to coast-to-coast operation), a subsidiary formed to offer the cottontails training in make-up, coiffure, modeling and the performing arts, as well as high-paying assignments in the latter two professions.

The most recent windfall for Windy City Bunnies seeking to diversify their activities is the new Playboy Movie Theater, where girls seeking a change of pace from Club duties will serve as usherettes. Located just a bunny hop from the Club, the plush theater, first in a projected chain embracing the nation's major cities, will screen foreign and domestic films geared to the adult and contemporary tastes of PLAYBOY readers and Club keyholders.

The Playboy Theaters are but another step in Playboy's ever-widening involvement in the world of entertainment. Hugh M. Hefner, President of all Playboy Enterprises, expects to return to television soon as host of the popular syndicated variety show *Playboy's Penthouse*; most of the beauties who will decorate these late-night TV parties will be Chicago Bunnies.

It isn't, of course, only showbiz that attracts the bright and the beautiful to Bunnyhood: there's the lettuce. Most Bunnies working in the Chicago Club's Playroom or Penthouse average a few dollars more than \$200 per week in tips and may pull down as much as \$500 weekly when the Club is S.R.O.

Chicago's Bunnies typify the variety of backgrounds from which the girls come. Hamburg-born Heidi Roller was once a diamond cutter; Mary Brady was the best-assembled miss on the Western Electric assembly line. Trudié Jacqué processed photos in a darkroom until she began to display her own positive developments in a Bunny costume. And Debbie Kaye was a St. Louis commercial artist when she joined the cottontail corps. Lynn Leithleiter, one of a squadron of ex-airline hostesses now working at the Club, was executive secretary in the Phoenix Club's office before she decided to slip into Bunny satin.

Off duty, the Bunnies are no less diverse in their avocations. Peggy Wibbels is the only distaffer in an otherwise all-male flying club; Gail Hanson gets her kicks racing her new Spitfire in regional rallies. Other Bunny sportswomen have won awards for showing and training horses. Among them is Sandy Kaye, a former riding teacher, and Candy Robbins, who boasts a roomful of ribbons and trophies. Candy also founded the



"Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight,
I wish . . . ? Aw, what's the use!"



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Bunny polo team, trained by a professional team that the girls later played against; awed by the superb Bunny form, the all-male team didn't lead until the last chukker.

The percentage of college-educated cottontails is considerably higher at the Chicago Club than among the girls employed in the average business office. Kathy Greenlee, a 22-year-old alumna of the State University of Iowa, brings to Bunnyhood a list of scholastic credits which includes membership in the National Honor Society. Among the hutch's postgraduate campus cottontails, Patti Burns studied drama at New York University, Miko Iwanaga was a Purdue education major, and Terry Brady received teacher's training at Texas Christian. Phyllis Phillips studied art at the University of Tennessee, and Elizabeth Ann Roberts, January 1958 Playmate and one of the first Chicago Bunnies, was a premed student at the University of Illinois.

If this random sampling of cottontail *curriculum vitae* makes them seem too good to be true, their charitable endeavors may seem even more so. Every Bunny donates a dollar a week, and a dollar for every night she earns more than \$50, toward the support of 26 European and Asian orphans. And early this year, a Bunny-run cookie sale in Chicago supermarkets raised more than \$400 for infants at Chicago's Cook County Hospital.

The cookie sale was one of the first projects of the new Bunny sorority, Pi Beta Sigma, formed by the Chicago cottontails. Starting last December with 15 members, its first official act was to hold a Christmas dance, proceeds of which were donated to charity.

A hop, skip and jump south of sorority headquarters at the Mansion are the wood-paneled portals of The Playboy Club—at 116 East Walton, just off Michigan Avenue's Magnificent Mile.

The entrance to the remodeled and expanded Club, which now encompasses two four-story buildings, is covered by a canopy of white canvas and framed by colorful Mondrianlike glass panels. Playboy's Rabbit emblem puts in a jaunty appearance on orange, black and white flags flying over the canopy, and in a brushed-bronze profile on the door.

In the lobby are the first of numerous closed-circuit TV monitors which flash the goings and comings of keyholders on the mezzanine between the Playmate Bar and the Living Room. On your left is the Gift Shop where a Bunny will be glad to show you anything from a pair of Playboy cuff links for you to a \$360 bracelet for your lady friend.

You then move on past a foliage-festooned rock garden and fountain to a second lobby, one wall of which houses a TV camera and screen, plus several rear-projection movie screens which show activities in Miami, New Orleans and other Playboy Clubs. Down a short flight

of stairs is the Playmate Bar, which combines the intimacy of softly lit surroundings with the warm glow of back-lighted color transparencies of Playmates past.

One of the most glamorous decorations of the room, however, is Hungarian-born Bunny Marika Lukacs, who as a part-time Bumper Pool Bunny stuns her opposition with a phenomenal 40-24-37 (for pictorial confirmation, see page 99). The Club's regular Bumper Pool Bunny, Kathy Greenlee, although a stunning girl in her own right, can usually whip any man in the house on sheer ability (she once thrashed pool champ Willie Mosconi five games out of five).

Up a short flight of stairs from the inner lobby is the Living Room. Playboy artist LeRoy Neiman's paintings grace the spacious room's walls, which echo nightly to the hip sounds of the Harold Harris Trio playing at the piano bar. The Living Room Buffet features a wide variety of mouth-watering main courses at luncheon—roast duckling, roast pork and braised tenderloin are just a few. In the evening, though, the buffet really comes into its own with steak-kabobs, bite-sized chicken, baby back ribs, rice pilaf and relishes. From midnight to closing, the Living Room Buffet serves a hearty ham-and-eggs breakfast.

Beyond the buffet is the get-away-from-it-all Cartoon Corner, its walls covered, as the name indicates, with cartoons from the pages of PLAYBOY. Living Room habitués are likely to encounter such delightful Bunnies as Carron Wales and Lynn Leithleiter.

On the next floor up from the Living Room is one of Chicago's (and the country's) most prestigious dining spots, the VIP Room.

In richly furnished blue-and-white surroundings setting off superb napery, silver and stemware, bilingual (and often multilingual) Bunnies, assisted by liveried butlers, serve a VIP luncheon from noon to 3 P.M.—for \$5.50 per person—which features Steak Delmonico, Tournefos of Beef or Dover Sole. Dinner, served from 6 P.M. until 1 A.M., offers the VIP Gourmet Dinner for \$12.50; its nine courses are highlighted by vintage wines and entree of either roast boneless sirloin, Maine lobster or roast capon.

The Bunnies on hand form a distaff United Nations—Ana Lizza, from Puerto Rico, Austrian Ditha Nicherl, Lithuanian Andrea Vikta, and Dane Vivi Kiener.

The next two floors of the Windy City's Playboy Club are occupied by the Penthouse and the Playroom. They offer the entertainment seeker a colorful spectrum of comedic and vocal talent. The Penthouse has the earliest dinner show in town at 8 P.M., followed by three other shows on Friday and Saturday and two shows Sunday through Thursday. Decoratively highlighted by a unique translucent mobile mural, the Penthouse also boasts a culinary attraction: a \$1.50 *filet mignon* at luncheon and dinner.

The Playroom, capping off the Playboy pleasure dome, presents the last of its four shows at 1:45 on Saturday nights, making it the latest in town. It's followed at 3 A.M. (1:45 the rest of the week) by a rousing Celebrity Party that lasts until closing time. Its dance floor is the scene of till-the-lights-go-out twisting as keyholders join Bunnies in the latest variations of the Hully Gully, Bird, Watusi, Frug, Pony and the Club's own twist variation—The Bunny. The Playroom food fancier will find the 8-ounce sirloin special served from first-show time until 1 A.M. a bountiful feast.

Recalling the Club's early days, Hugh Hefner said, "We never anticipated the tremendous public reception to the Club. We originally planned it as a posh private club for the magazine's executives and their friends. On opening night, we had a small cluster of Bunnies and three rooms—a Playmate Bar, a Living Room and a Library—and the only entertainment was Mabel Mercer singing in the Library. It just grew from there until today it's an entertainment mecca for 11,500 Chicago businessmen and executives, as well as for visiting keyholders—a total of 302,424 to date—from all over the nation and the world.

"The Playboy Club is today—four-and-a-half years after its inception—the most successful night-club operation in the world, with the best—for our keyholders, and for PLAYBOY—still very much ahead. We will double the total number of U. S. Club cities in 1964 and we're acquiring the poshest of resort hotels in Jamaica, which we plan to transform into a Caribbean Playboy paradise.

"In the year ahead, we plan to open Clubs in other major cities here in the United States, including Honolulu; we're looking for logical locations in the key cities in Canada and we've an advance guard in Europe right now, selecting Club sites—in London, Copenhagen, Paris, Rome and Berlin; we're also considering Tokyo, Hong Kong, San Juan, Mexico City and South American cities."

Although they admit that being a Bunny is a demanding job, most of Playboy's 500 Bunnies would agree with Chicago cottontail Phyllis Phillips when she says, after three years as a Bunny, "It's really *more* than a job. It's a world apart and unto itself. It's the most exciting and rewarding kind of life a young girl could hope to live. I just couldn't imagine myself working anywhere else." Neither could her sister Bunnies of Chicago—for they work at what has become one of the world's most glamorous jobs, which is perfectly fitting: They are the world's most glamorous girls.

Bunny applications may be obtained by writing Playboy Clubs International, Bunny Department, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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Happy Hyster

(continued from page 82)

learned not long ago from Sam.

It was decided that he should have a job showing about touring French engineers, actors, artists, diplomats, cooks and businessmen. The port of San Francisco has a continuous stream of important international visitors and the local State Department office was burdened with the task of finding natives to entertain the visitors. Sam qualified as a native, and with the connections of the four important monthly diners at Jack's, it was not difficult to get him engaged, as in this quasi public-relations task, representing America at home. "Remember—every citizen is an American," the local protocol chief informed him at his indoctrination session. "You must never be sure to forget that."

Sam swore.

The protocol chief fingered a stack of withdrawn passports. "We count on you," he said. "I've had indigestion for years. Now I can eat at home sometimes." And he licked his lips over the hope of a patriotic family dinner of Metrecal, Lolitaburgers and Baby Ruth bars.

Sam's first job, as luck would have it, was with the famous girl novelist, Francine de Saigon. She had been a girl novelist for 22 years now, and after three marriages, a sports-car accident and the gradual weathering of age—which Colette understood so well—she had be-

come a trifle sere. Under white front lighting she still looked like a girl in her photographs. When his task was explained, Sam rubbed his hands with fun-loving patriotism. He was now a dollar-a-year man, paid several times an hour.

"You will enjoy this?" asked the State Department representative.

Sam was cautious. "No. I think of it as a duty. But on the other hand, a duty is a pleasure."

"Good. You will be paid your per diem from public-relations funds."

"Good."

"Good. And next week we have a French-speaking Egyptian publisher from Cairo. You will not mention Jews, Zionism or Suez."

"Check. I'll get all that out of my system with Mrs. Saigon."

"Please, Miss. Or *Mademoiselle*."

"Sure, I know that word there. I'll take her to see the Beth Israel Temple—now, I was only kidding. I'll take her tea dancing."

Which he did. The next weekend, when she wrote her new novel, he became the hero of it. But for purposes of modern literature, she changed the happy, gamboling, horse-faced American into a brooding, paraplegic, horse-faced American, whose inability to use his limbs came about from a childhood trauma concerned with guilt over the

race problem. In the film, Sam was played by Marcello Mastroianni; there was talk of an American television series in which Eddie Fisher might do a Tony Curtis—become a serious actor.

The next week, Sam took the Egyptian publisher to see Mount Tamalpais, on a vague theory that (a) Mohammed went to mountains, and (b) at the green and misty top, where the high birds swirled and the grasses swayed, amid the scent of eucalyptus and pine, they would find no Zionists. There were none.

He discussed the zither with a French harpist, the city planning of Paris with a French architect, antique music with a classical guitarist. He became more and more a successful citizen of San Francisco in his own little private business, hosting for Gallic visitors who were subcontracted to him by the State Department, much as the post office subcontracts the cleaning of buildings to the scavenger specialists in this line. Since he was carried on the books as an Usher at Cocktail Parties (no Civil Service rating), he did not require an FBI or CIA clearance. He just did his simple tasks of making friends for America in his own simple way.

Naturally, all good things come to an end—good for society, good for San Francisco's four high-risk promoters, and good for Sam Doric.

The FBI found him to be a high-risk article because he had belonged to every subversive organization that ever asked him?

He fell in love with a beautiful French physicist and married her? (She lectured at Stanford that year.)

He demanded a permanent appointment with the State Department?

He fell back into wasteful, slothful, alcoholic old ways?

No, none of these. Actually, since his duties were part time, he had plenty of time left to love, to waste, to sloth, to alcoholize if he wanted to, and he drifted in and out of subversive organizations, looking for an evening's entertainment, without ever being tainted by scandal. Cuba, LSD and Indian rights all tickled his fancy, but did him no harm in his job.

What happened was that he took his occupation seriously. He began studying French civilization and culture. He read Ernest Renan and Adolphe Thiers. He delved deeply into the history of the excavations of Tours. He ceased to be an inspired and charming dilettante with an unusually long chin. The expressions of gratitude on the part of the visitors for whom he had been provided as guide began to grow less ardent. He was using them to fill out the gaps in his knowledge, which some of them found flattering; and then, with American pedantry and impudence, he began to argue about matters that they held closest to



"You can always tell an ex-officer
by his military bearing."

their hearts. Finally, there came complaints. Sam said that *he* knew the real cause of the population decline after the Napoleonic wars, and the usual demographic explanations were so much hogwash. French folk songs had a much greater Moorish influence than the visiting French *chanteuse* would admit; therefore, she was a fool. The Socialist Party in Lens, he informed a visiting French trade-unionist, had always been infiltrated more by the left than by the radicals.

Sam was called in and lectured on tact by the West Coast Chief of Protocol, but the next week he insulted a visiting traffic expert by saying that the trouble with the circulation of automobiles in Paris lay with French driving, not an excess of cars.

Sam was put on probation.

The Italians gave the Riviera all its spice. The annual bicycle races were a silly fad. Sam persisted in his bad habits. To many, his ugly face began to seem *ugly*. As a result, some now think, France recognized Red China and began trading with Cuba.

Alas, Sam had decided to give up being nice and become an expert, a demonic executive, instead.

Sam was fired.

Where is he now? Well, he wanders North Beach, a flower in his lapel, looking for people to buy him a meal or a drink or merely to stop for a moment of conversation. He has no money; mysteriously working his own will, if not God's, he survives. Recently a rescue movement has developed among four friends, the deep thinkers of San Francisco, who dine once a month at Jack's. They want to rehabilitate their old friend by inspiring him to take up Russian.

Will this save Sam Doric?

The cultural exchanges have begun. Sam is willing. He is learning. So far, he likes the taste of *boeuf Stroganoff*. "*Ya drug! drug! drug!*" he shouts over the linen at the waiter on whom he practices his eating. "I am your friend! friend! friend!"—with ferocious good fellowship and a liberal distribution of sour cream sprayed into the air.


Sam is ready for the genuine Soviet article. They are coming. But the missions of moviemakers, child psychologists and agronomists will inevitably be succeeded by serious and stubborn men, generals, scientists.

How, then, will Sam Doric take his place in the history of mankind, which includes the history of Sam Doric but is even more important? Can one man, singlehandedly, with the best will in the world, set off World War III?

Some optimists still believe in the importance of the human factor in human affairs. And some pessimists, too.



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