

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1966 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY



GALA CHRISTMAS ISSUE! BEGINNING A NEW SPY NOVEL BY LEM "IPRESS FILE" DEIGHTON
FACT AND FICTION BY JAMES BALDWIN, BUDD SCHULBERG, KINGSLEY AMIS, MACKINLAY
KANTOR, HARRY GOLDEN, ARTHUR C. CLARKE, SAMMY DAVIS JR., PEARL BUCK, KENNETH
TYNAN, JOHN GUNTHER, BROOKS ATKINSON, ROBERT RUARK, MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE • PLUS
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There'll be no breaking these dates. You won't want to miss a day with this delicious dozen—twelve of the most provocative Playmates to grace PLAYBOY's gatefold in captivating new poses.

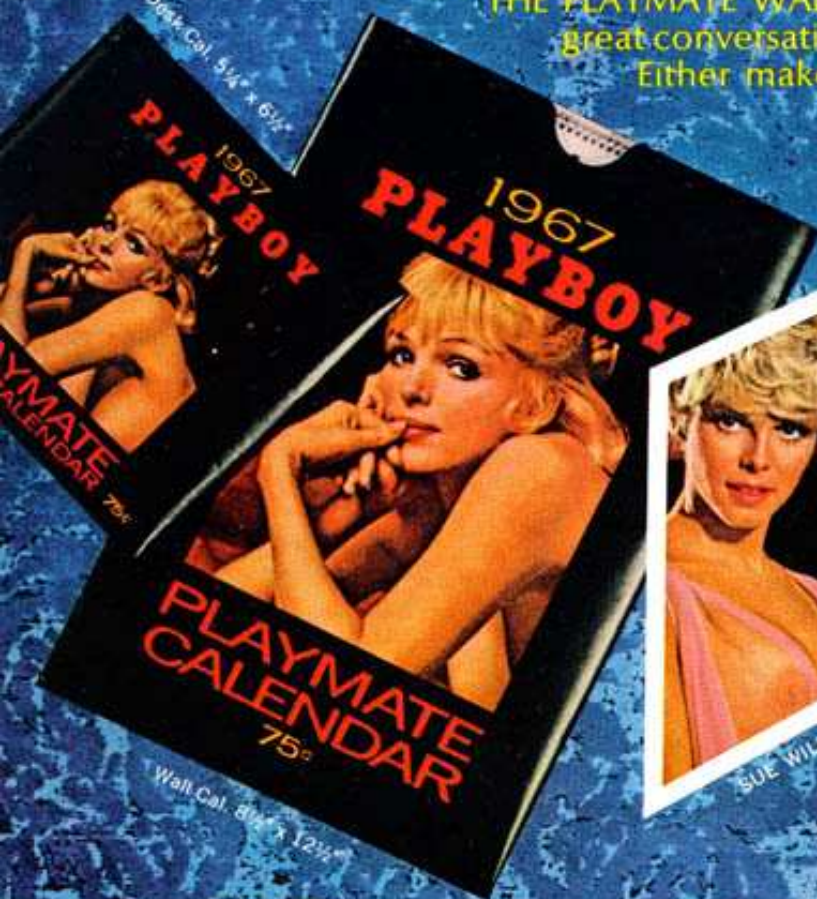
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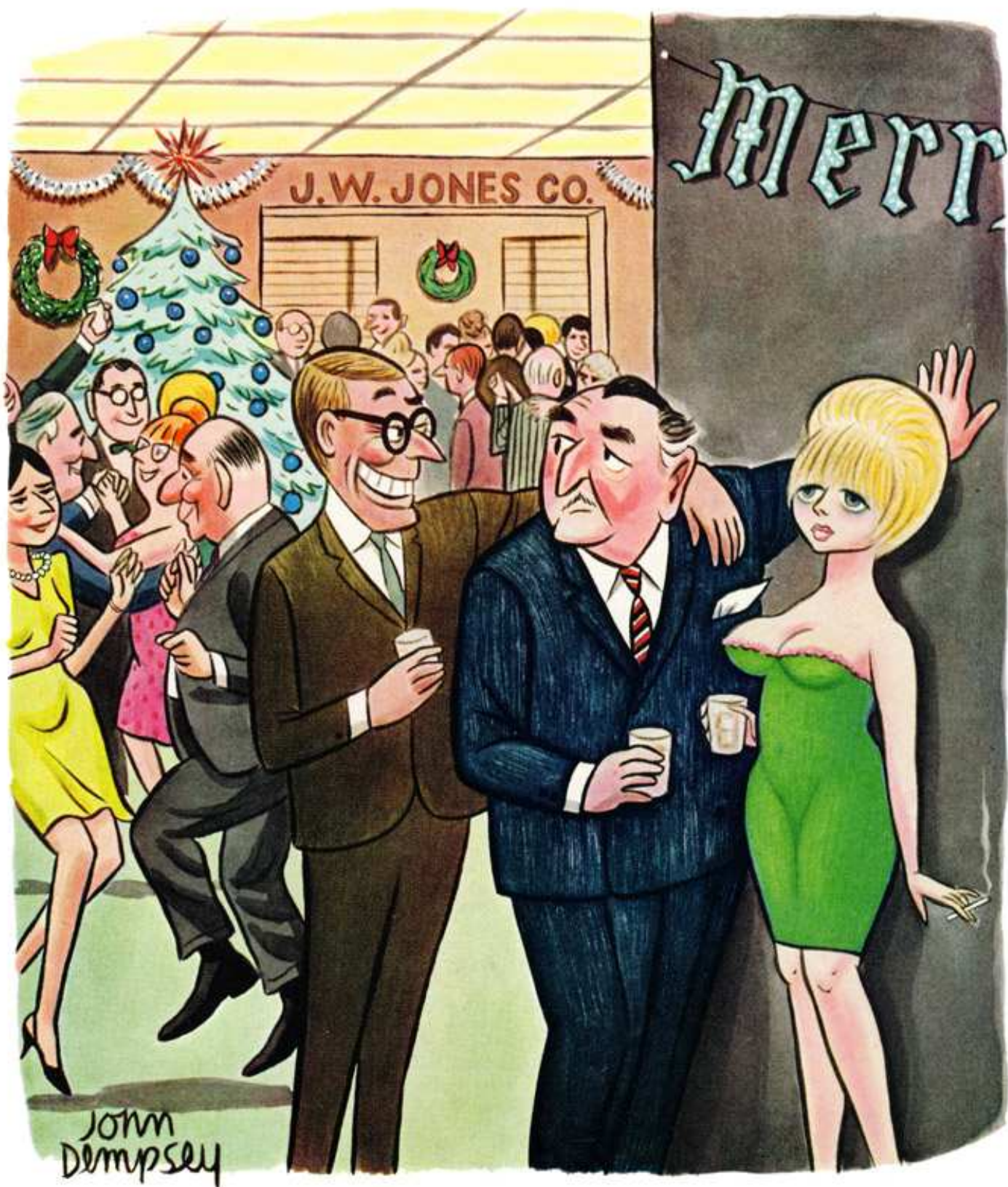
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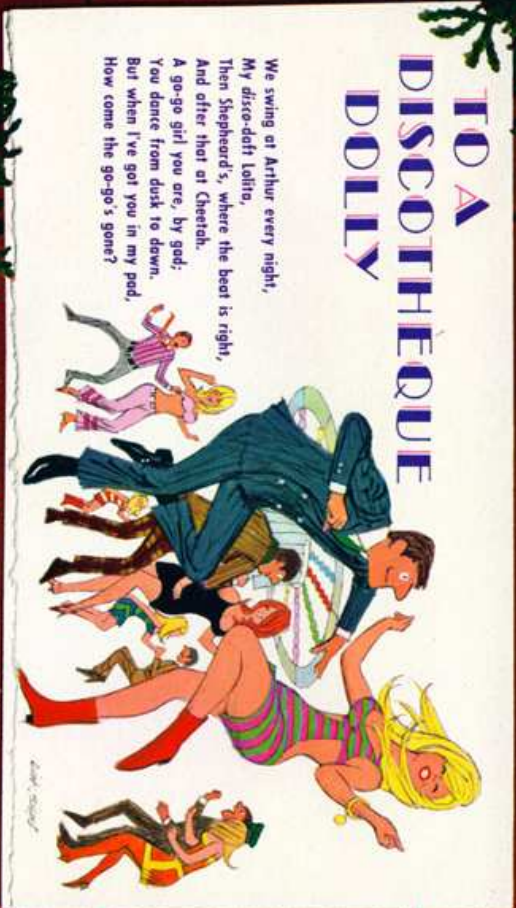
"Sexy little broad, my wife—eh, J. W.?"



"You've got to hand it to Brookworth and Finch when it comes to holiday sales gimmicks!"

PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS

missives and missiles for the jolly season



verse BY JUDITH WAX



*"Roll me over,
In the clover . . ."*

PLAYBOY ON THE TOWN IN

LONDON

A SWINGER'S GUIDE
TO GOOD TIMES
IN THE LAND OF MOD



IN THE 200 YEARS since Dr. Johnson first noted that when a man is tired of London he is tired of life, this astonishing, swinging metropolis has amassed even greater evidence to affirm the erudite doctor's perception. To the foot-loose young bachelor on the move, London offers more of the best and less of the worst in virtually every pursuit and diversion known to civilized man. Understandably, contemporary London has been written about, photographed, filmed, televised, analyzed and almost inundated in a flood of phrasology, such as *switched on*, *with it*, *fab*, *gear* and *super*. But great



Many of the sights of London are best sampled on foot. At the extreme left, Cozy couple strolls through Parliament Square, home of body politics, as coronation site. Westminster Abbey, rises regally behind. Center of spread: At Portobello Road, one of many London open-air markets, sartorial surprises range from old military to Mod. Left: The End Is At Hand at Hyde Park Corner, where speakers protest everything from telly tax to nuclear arms.



cities aren't summed up in a phrase; the chigma of London has challenged the descriptive powers of observers all the way back to the days of Caesar. Spenser, Pepys, Boswell, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, even Winston Churchill, have attempted, with varying success, to define London's uniqueness—but the protean city on the Thames persists in presenting as many faces as there are artists to limn them.

The personality of London today suggests urban schizophrenia that has somehow come to terms with itself. While its nocturnal turbulence sounds the upbeat staccato of a major city



Above: Horse Guards, resplendent in gleaming breastplates and atop magnificent mounts, parade daily from Buckingham Palace through the Mall in a pageant that evokes the ageless glories of England in Briton and Bos-tonian alike. Left: Happy pair boards a London double-decker bus, the cheapest and friendliest way to see the city. Smoking is permitted on the upper level, conversation is abundant and fares begin at three-pence (3d.)—less than a nickel. 151





Piccadilly Circus is just that—a riotous circus of sound, light and movement just minutes from everything that's happening. Since 1893, the statue of Eros has pointed its bow eastward to Leicester Square, first-run movie center and alfresco arena for buskers, London's mendicant musicians. Five minutes to the northeast lies the heart of the theater district—Shaftesbury Avenue. To the north rages the phantasmagoric world of Soho: Strip shows, jazz, folk singers, Mod fashion run wild. To the west, the tailors of Savile Row, just off Bond and Regent Streets. To the south, the hushed greenswards of St. James's Park. And at the hub of it all, Piccadilly Circus.



Soho's strip salons begin their long day's grind before noon, and the girls leave absolutely nothing to the viewer's imagination. At Raymond's Revuebar (above), if pedestaled nudes prove too tame, English ecadysiasts whip up a leather-and-motorcycle tableau capable of fulfilling fetishist fantasies. Raymond's also lays bare a large collection of nudie comic films, with screenings held in its cocktail lounge. In addition to serving up delicious femalia, London has regained gastronomic glory. At the Cockney Pride (top) and the more intimate Hunting Lodge, Yorkshire pudding and roast beef prove that Britain's traditional comestibles are still regal victuals.



Above: Tavern tipping in Shakespeare's day left Britons groggy, and today the same atmosphere—and effect—is created at the Gore Hotel's bawdy Elizabethan Room. Against a backdrop of authentic period furnishings, waitresses respond to England's ancient art of the bottom pinch by turning the other cheek, and a table-wandering minstrel strums his way through the top pop tunes of the 17th Century. Mead, a time-honored ferment of mostly malt and honey, causes Elizabethan Room revelers to remark how sweet it is. **Below:** At the fashionable Colony Club, host George Raft (light suit) lends dice-rolling support to a hopeful distaff craps shooter.





Above: A covey of wildly plumaged night owls flies high at Sibylla's, one of the London discothèque set's newest haunts in a town making the most of a miniskirted bird-refuge boom that encompasses the likes of *The Scotch*, *Dolly's*, *The In Place* and *The Playboy Club*. Owned by Beatle George Harrison and several of his friends, Sibylla's opened this past summer with 800 members, each picked and vouched for by an owner. It's named after British debutante Sibylla Edmonstone. **Below:** Romantic twosome tête-à-têtes at historic Blackfriars Bridge—where the Thames' early-morning beauty dawns—after an all-night session in the Mod new world of Londontown.



AND THERE'S ALSO THE SWINGING SCENE INSIDE



Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, Bunny Gert hops into hutch. Keeping things hopping, below, Frank Sinatra spends day shooting scenes with *Bunnies* in London Club for his latest movie.



In the Playmate Bar, the limboers invariably include London's swinging set—these microskirted birds and escorts will cap their evening at the Playboy Discothèque. Among the celebrities dining in the VIP Room, bottom left: international film stars Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ursula Andress and James Garner.



"Twenty-one, a winner," says the Bunny dealer to a lucky keyholder. The Penthouse Casino, on the top floor of London Club, offers roulette and craps as well as blackjack—all played with Croupier Bunnies.



VIPs in the VIP Room: Ballet's brightest star, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Princess Lee Radziwill, sister of Jacqueline Kennedy. VIP Bunny Sandy, at right, adds charm to the Continental cuisine. Below, the traditional "Rien ne va plus!" signals end of betting in VIP Room's French roulette.



THE LONDON PLAYBOY CLUB





Woody Allen, in London for filming of "Casino Royale," puts on an impromptu show in the Playroom for fellow keyholders. At right, Kenneth Tynan, critic and PLAYBOY contributor (see page 223), gives his between-acts drink order to superbly superstructured Bunny Sylvia. Below: Bunny's hand is a blur as she deals cards in Cartoon Corner casino. Comedian Allan Sherman confessed, on the Johnny Carson show, he found playing blackjack with a Bunny so disconcerting he didn't really care how the cards came out.





The Majority (top) rules in the Discotheque as disked doll dances with comic Jackie Curtiss; Julie Christie, Playmate Susan Denberg and Hugh Hefner dig the beat; and then everyone joins in. At right: The Scene, as seen from Hyde Park.





"Plastic ones are OK, but nothing can replace the real things, eh, Mr. Thompson?"



"Terrific, eh? Each year we rent the old lady and come out here and have a real underground Christmas."

JUST BEFORE this Christmas Playmate pictorial went to press, our yuletide miss called us from the Coast with the news that she'd won the ingénue lead in *Stranger in Hollywood*, a new dramatic film with a tentative title that doesn't describe Miss December at all: Sue Bernard's been an Angeleno for all of her 18 years and is the daughter of top Hollywood glamor photographer Bruno Bernard (Bernard of Hollywood) and actress-director Ruth Brande. "The house has always been filled with theater and movie people," Sue says, "and after I decided that acting was really for me, my

GROWING UP GLAMOROUS

*charm and talent
run in the family
of hollywood playmate
sue bernard*

parents encouraged me at every step."

Featured on dozens of puppy-and-little-girl calendars as a youngster, brunette and brown-eyed Sue has emerged from the traditional prepping of school dramatics, commercial modeling and professional dancing and acting lessons as a star a-borning. Acceptance in the talent program of the Film Industry Workshop at Columbia Studios followed Sue's first film role, a small part in a shot-on-location desert flick. Now she's alternating daytime work on *Stranger* with evening appearances in *Friends and Romans*, a play about a movie, at the Player's Ring, an unsquare L.A. theater in the round.

Sue caught our attention when she accompanied Bruno on a business trip to our Chicago offices—the Bernard who works behind a camera has often shot for *PLAYBOY* and, in fact, took the black-and-whites of Sue at home used here.

Miss December's private life makes a striking contrast to the image of an in-demand girl running from studio to stage. Even in the busy Bernard household, Sue's managed to establish a balcony retreat for work on oil portraits of people she likes, among them the dates who take her to her favorite beaches and the cozy restaurants she prefers to gaudier showbiz scenes. "Those are my special places," Sue says, "but I really don't care where we go, as long as I'm with someone I like"—refreshing sentiments from the girl next door to stardom.





A day in the life of December Playmate Sue Bernard more often than not begins on the phone and ends in the fantasy of the theater. In between are classes in philosophy and modern languages at a nearby junior college, Malibu beach dates and daily dance sessions ("I really feel alive when I'm dancing to modern jazz"). Below right: Sue reaches for the stars in a scene from Tennessee Williams' *This Property Is Condemned* at the Professional Theater Workshop. "I'm playing Willie," she explains, "one of Williams' most challenging roles—you have to be both a little girl and a woman."



During a day at the Warner Bros. lot arranged by her father, Sue relaxes with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.—like many Hollywood celebrities, a personal friend of the Bernards—and indulges in some costume clowning with Norma Brown, head of Warners' wardrobes. "After a zillion changes, I decided this little chemise fit me best."



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Highlighting Miss December's trip to the Warner Bros. studios were script readings with Solly Baiano, left, head of the studios' talent department, and then with Baiano and casting director Doov Barskin. "These 'cold readings' are scary," Sue Bernard says, "but they're terrific practice. You've never seen the script before and have to interpret it in your own way." At Christmastime, clearing up the last-minute chores of the season, Sue slips into a cozy costume to decorate the family tree and then to catch our fancy in the centerfold.





SOKOL

"But, my dear fellow—if your eyesight is failing, why don't you purchase a pair of eyeglasses?"



*"Gosh, I just met the most exciting man
coming up in the elevator . . . !"*

SANTAS FOR ALL

*playboy updates that jolly old elf
so that every slice in the layer cake of life
can have a saint nick all its own*

ILLUSTRATED BY GERRY GERSTEN



**DASHER, DANCER,
PRANCER & KRINGLE**



CARNABY CLAUS



SANTA THE SURF



SWISH KRINGLE



ST. SNCC



KU KLUX KLAUS



SUPER CLAUS



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GREAT SOCIETY SANTA



NICK THE BEARD



CLERGY CLAUS



ST. NICK-NIK

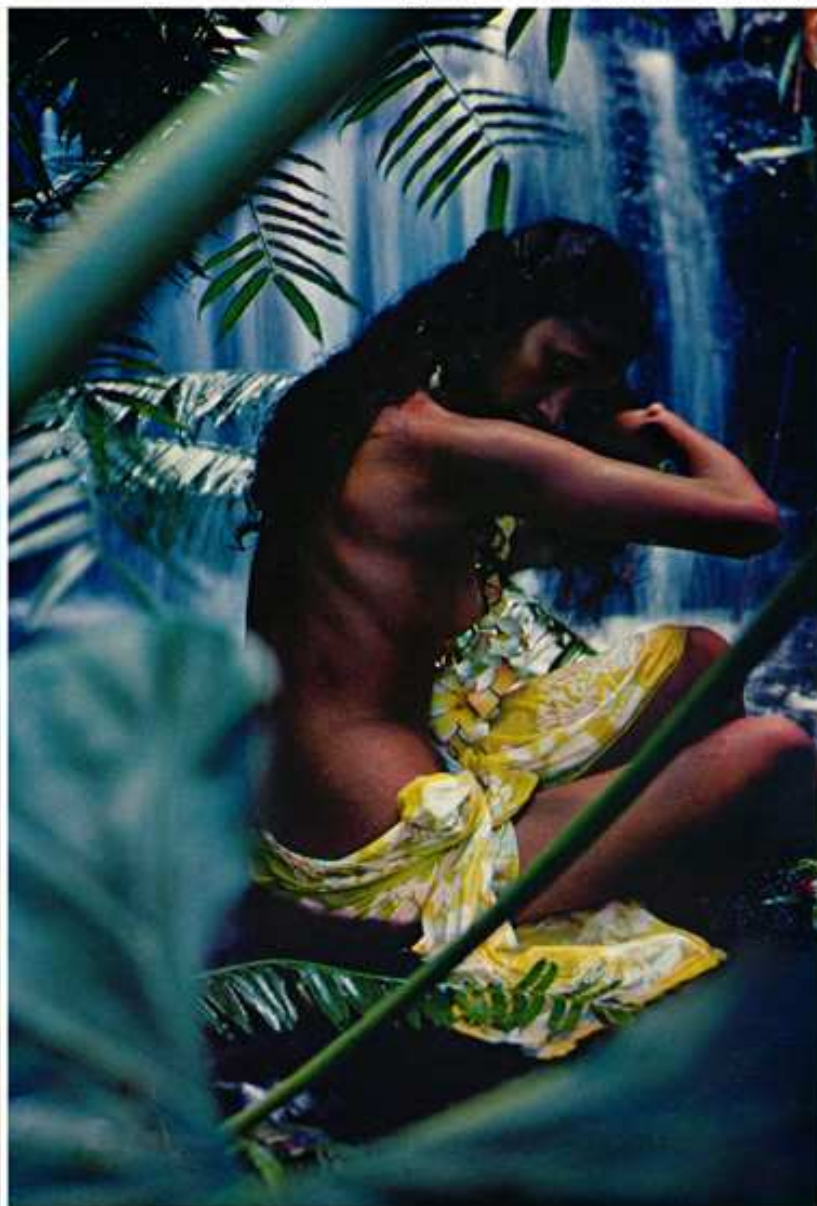


THE GIRLS OF **TAHITI**

an eye-filling encomium to the legendary lovelies of that idyllic isle

EVER SINCE 18TH CENTURY SAILORS returned to port with their tales of the loving girls of the South Seas, no gentleman's pipe dream has been more persistent than that of the palm-fronded tropical isle, isolated by a vast ocean and an encircling reef, rich in scents and colors beyond the temperate imagination, and teeming with passionate child-women whose only desire is to lie on the beach and make love. Wanderers who pursue this dream into the southern ocean are usually drawn by the siren lure of Tahiti, crossroads of the South Pacific and island home of some of the world's most forthright females. Like most

An exotic amalgam of Spanish, French and Tahitian, finely sculpted Patricia Garcia (below, left) is a student at Tahiti's Lycée Paul Gauguin. Amid lush tropical grandeur, Mareva Merahi brushes after bath. Opposite: Sultry Myriam Rydge epitomizes Polynesian womanhood.



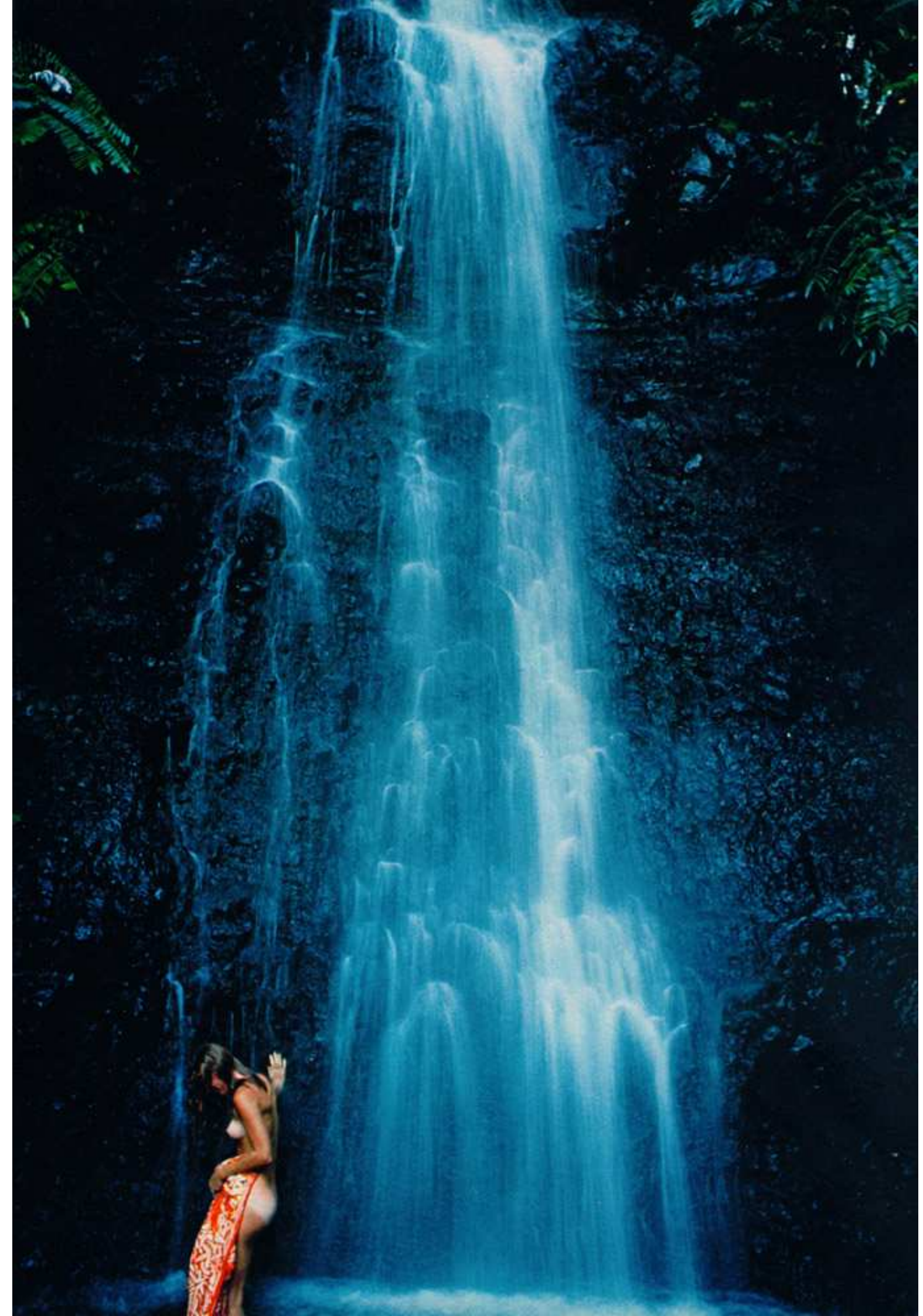


dreams, this one conceals a sprinkling of fiction, a dash of fancy—and a large dose of fact. The fact is that while Tahiti may mean Gauguin to the art buff, marlin to the sports fisherman, Melville to the *littérateur*, even *poisson cru* to the gourmet, its reputation with the world at large is built on a firm foundation of compliant femininity; a reputation by no means undeserved, since the girls of Tahiti have been famous for their amatory proclivities since the white man first touched their island—and them.

Credit for the white discovery of Tahiti goes to Captain Samuel Wallis of the British ship *Dolphin*, who sighted the island's beckoning peaks on June 8, 1767. After sending a crew ashore to seek water, Wallis dazedly

Bikinied Sophie Taumihau, 17-year-old girl Friday at the newspaper *Echos de Polynésie*, graces the veranda of Papeete's Hotel Tahiti, where bubbly Caroline Marthens, born in San Francisco, is receptionist. Hibiscus-tressed Marie Here, of Chinese extraction, hails from Rurutu, in the Austral Islands. After napping in a fish-net hammock, ex-Californian Betsy Grigsby surveys the surf, while Hawaiian eyeful Susie Bright (opposite) sheds both cares and pareu under a Tahitian spring-fed waterfall.







noted in the ship's log that the girls—"very handsome, some really great beauties—stripped themselves naked and made all the alluring gestures they could to entice the men on shore." The crew soon learned that those few who wouldn't give themselves freely would exchange their favors for nails—on a one-for-one basis. A thriving trade blossomed overnight, coming to Wallis' attention when a boom tumbled to the Dolphin's deck and the carpenters discovered that "every cleat in the ship was drawn and all the nails carried off." Hardly more than a heap of spars laced together with *purau* bark, the Dolphin limped back to London, and Tahiti has never been the same.

In subsequent years, relations with the outside world undeniably have grown more sophisticated—but both Tahiti and its girls have managed to retain much of the charm that so captivated the first whites. Missionary

Willowy Maea Flohr, from nearby Huahine, adorns a French colonial mansion in classic mui muu. Above: Multilingual Awlina Tumohai is agent for the local T.A.I. airlines. Paris-born Annie Thiebaut (right) awaits date, while monokinied Carlota Lee, from vowel-laden Faao, relaxes lagoonside.





influence, the scourge of many another fun-loving Pacific culture, was bloody but brief—and generally ineffectual. Today, while the girls of Tahiti no longer shed their *pareus* to lure the incoming visitor through Customs, they remain—particularly in matters sexual—among the most candid, relaxed and unself-conscious women in the world. Indeed, more than a few visitors have left the island with the impression that the entire female population has banded together with the sole purpose of pleasing the traveling stranger.

More than just her openness distinguishes the *vahine* (it's *vahine* in Hawaiian, but in Tahiti everything is simpler, including the 13-letter alphabet) from her sisters around the world. Tahiti, after all, is more than 2000 miles from almost anywhere (4100 miles southwest of Los Angeles, 2500 miles northeast of Auckland), and in a world of increasing moral enlightenment, it's difficult to

The peaks of Mooréa loom over Italian-born Danielle DiLio, soaking up sun at Cook's Bay. Expatriate San Franciscan Lynn Lambertson emerges from dip, as statuesque Rosine Copie, native of Bora-Bora, dries opulent tresses. Below: Hairdresser Paulette Kieou, part Chinese, is expert water skier.







envision even the most hapless jet-age roué traveling that far to gratify urges he could more conveniently assuage at home. The traveler who does make the trip will discover that the *vahine* is unique in her every thought and action, from her broadest view of the paradise around her to the way she performs the most insignificant daily task.

All this may not immediately dawn on the typical American tourist, recovered from his eight-hour flight from L. A. and rubbernecking in the swirl of femininity along Papeete's Quai Bir-Hackeim—a South Pacific adaptation of Fifth Avenue and Lake Shore Drive. Papeete, which the *cognoscenti* pronounce in Tahitian ("Pa-pay-eh-tay"), is the only "city" in the South Seas and capital of the

Classic features immortalized by Gauguin show clearly in profiled Yolande Flohr, Miss Tahiti in 1962. Vacationing from Kyoto, flower arranger Etsuko Yashimachi examines flora, while Chinese-Tahitian Marcelle Wong beams at Tahiti's Club Méditerranée. Papeete danseuse Isabelle Dexter practices in surf and (opposite) fragile ear flower complements Mirielle Hart's exotic ambiance.



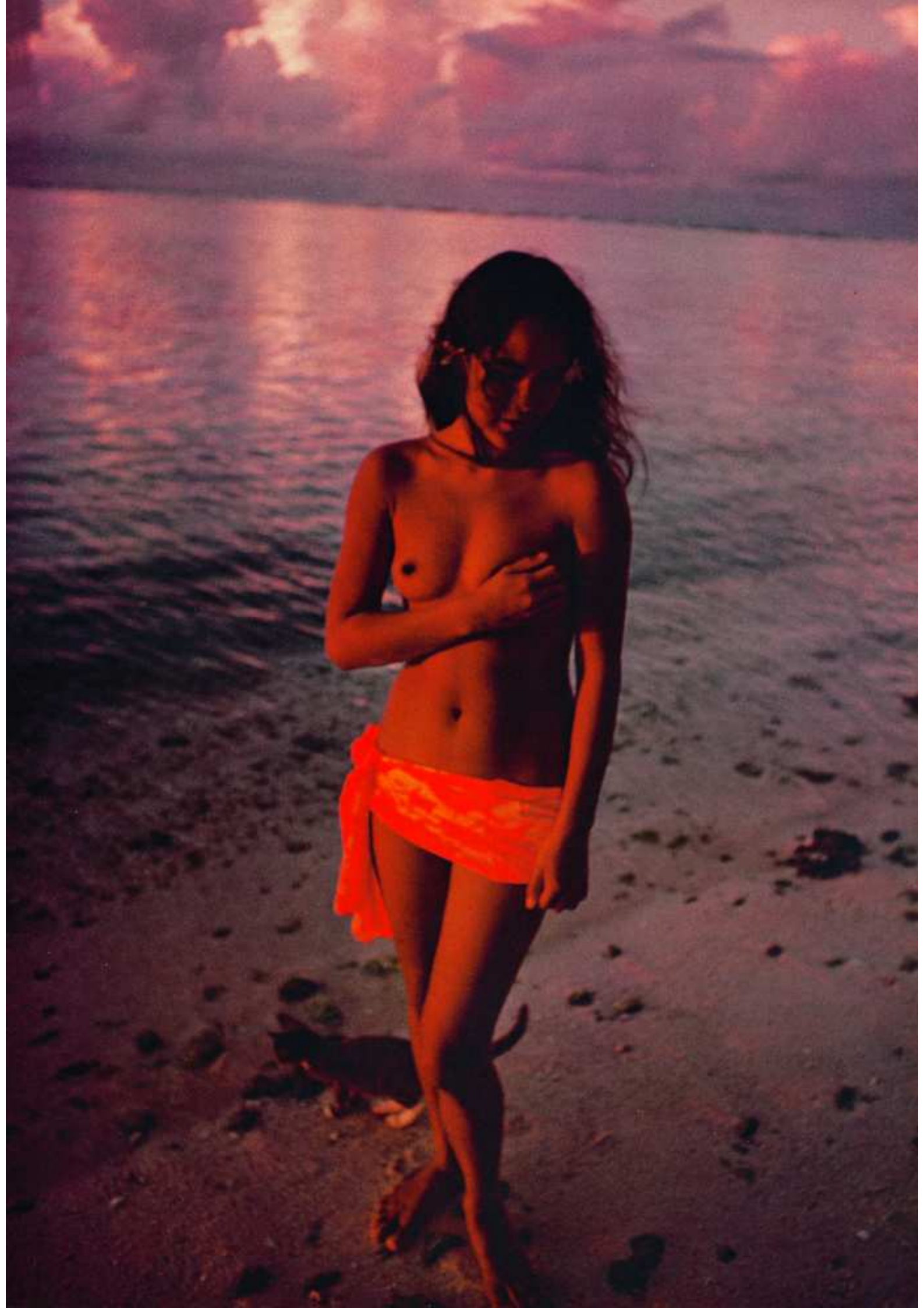


sprawling island empire of French Polynesia.

What our man does immediately realize is that the doll-like *vahine* of the Melville idyls, if she ever existed beyond men's idle dreams, has long gone the way of the Pequod. As he drifts through this ground swell of smiling faces, whose well-formed features eschew cosmetics: as he hears from their unreddened lips a sonorous potpourri of Tahitian, with its jawbreaking vowels and explosive stops, sprinkled with the South Sea version of French and English; as he senses the unencumbered grace and outspoken sensuality of their *pareu*-clad figures; as he dodges an endless stream of motorized two-wheelers—Vespas, Solexes and Mobylettes—ridden by a phalanx of Godiva-like beauties whose mini-skirts may provoke (continued on page 295)

Medical assistant Neyen Regaud, raised in the Tuamotus, frolics amid wild hibiscus, while South Sea starlet Vaea Bennett, featured in *Mutiny on the Bounty* and once "a good friend" of Brando's, wades in lagoon. As Cindy Groenendyke, late of Newport Beach, California, digs downpour, U. T. A. stewardess Helene Lee, sans sarong, decorates *pareu* bedspread. Opposite: Strand-strolling Annie Typaia is an accomplished amateur guitarist.





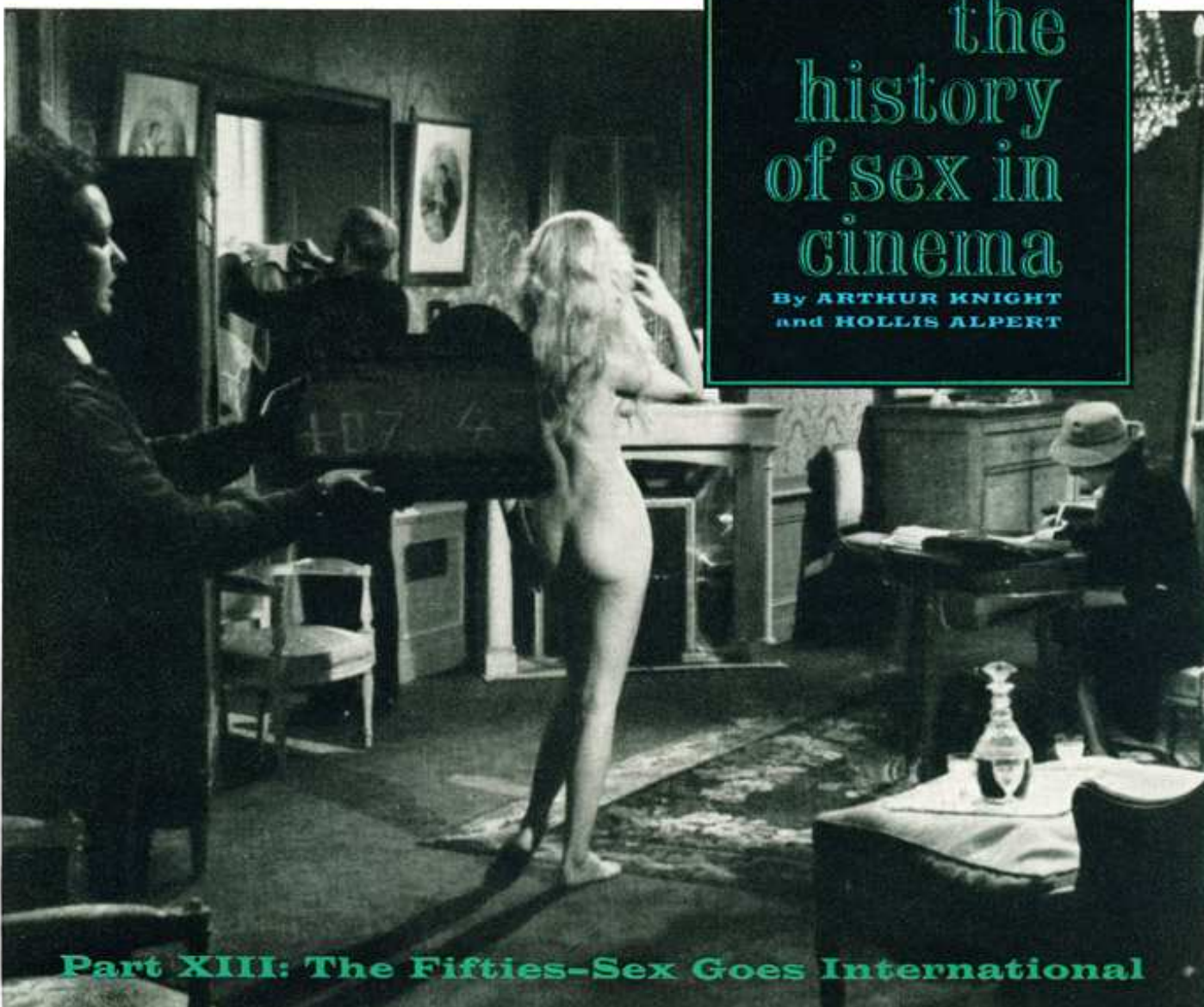


"It's a Happening!"

*"You'll need more
than one shot to bag me,
Mr. Thompson."*



Vargas



the history of sex in cinema

By ARTHUR KNIGHT
and HOLLIS ALPERT

Part XIII: The Fifties—Sex Goes International

throughout the decade, the sexual sophistication and “new-wave” nudity of foreign films enjoyed increasing popularity with audiences in america and abroad

IF AMERICA'S ATTITUDES toward sex in the movies underwent a drastic change during the Fifties, it was due in no small part to the stepped-up importation of foreign films throughout that period. Always, to say the least, tolerant of nudity on the screen, the French during the Fifties began to exploit it in earnest with charmers like Martine Carol and, especially, Brigitte Bardot—augmented in the last years of the decade by the bed-oriented efforts of the *Nouvelle Vague*. Italy's film makers learned quickly that their neorealism somehow sold better when the likes of Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida decorated their brawling tenements and squalid farms, and that history became a much livelier subject when peopled with beefcake males and gauzily clad (or unclad) females. Ingmar Bergman, by sex obsessed, accomplished singlehandedly a revival of interest in the films of his native Sweden; while *Rashomon's* multifaceted depiction of a brutal rape focused international attention on Japanese pictures. And in England, where heretofore only cleavage had given our censors occasional cause for concern, a whole new tribe of angry young men explored both social and sexual relations on screen with a candor that was as profitable as it was unprecedented. Suddenly, it seemed, the entire world had discovered sex and was eager to expose the nature of this discovery through cinema.

It was an era markedly similar to the Twenties, when once again the life-destroying forces of war were countered in the post-War years by a reaffirmation of the flesh and the rejection of all repressive influences, whether political or philosophic. But where the Twenties embraced Dr. Coué's view that “things are getting better and better,” the existentialists of the Fifties would go no further than the wary admission that “whatever is, is.” And where the Twenties had its “flaming youth,” the Beat Generation of the Fifties preferred to play it cool. Existentialist or cool, however, implied the same attitude—the acceptance of phenomena, events and happenings on their own terms,



BY SEX OBSESSED: Unknown in American movies, overt eroticism became commonplace in the foreign films of the Fifties. Top: In the 1950 French sex comedy "La Ronde," a prostitute (Simone Signoret) serviced a Serviceman standing up. As a libidinous Miss Julie in the Swedish film of the same name, Anita Björk became aroused while spying on servants making hay. Center: Throughout the decade, French film makers maintained their laissez-faire attitude toward nudity, as in "Forbidden Fruit" with Fernandel and Françoise Arnoul; and toward sexually explicit horseplay such as this game of "Guess Who?" in Truffaut's "The 400 Blows." Above: Overturning the ban of an Ohio censor board, a historic Supreme Court decision allowed "The Lovers" (with Jeanne Moreau) to run uncut in the U.S. By 1959, Signoret's sex scenes had become horizontal; in "Room at the Top," she won an Oscar for her performance opposite—and under—Laurence Harvey.



OUTDOOR EROTICA: The Swedish penchant for *al fresco*, or nature togetherness was sensually depicted in "One Summer of Happiness" (above), a 1951 film shown relatively uncut in some U.S. cities. In a typically Hollywood ending, however, its two stars gambled with love but lost. An atypical interlude from the French fantasy "Nude in His Pocket" (below) found Agnès Laurent frolicking outdoors in the altogether with scientist Jean Marais after he had transformed her from puppet proportions back to her full-sized self.



without censure and, above all, without applying to them the moral values of the past. It was an era that feared commitment of any sort, except to the fulfillment of the personality and the gratification of the senses. Not surprisingly, the films of the Fifties—and particularly those produced in Europe—not only reflected this philosophy but boldly affirmed it.

Inevitably, however, American censors were more concerned with flesh than with philosophy as they wielded their shears over foreign-made films; and the pictures from France and Italy in the early Fifties frequently provided a good deal more than Shylock's proverbial pound. Indeed, one of France's most popular *vedettes*, Martine Carol, remains largely unknown in this country because so many of her earlier (and best) works were either slashed unmercifully by our censors or barred completely from our screens. Long before Brigitte Bardot had bounded on the scene, *Mademoiselle Carol*, a comely and well-shaped blonde, was baring her all in sexy comedies such as *Trente et Quarante* or in more serious efforts such as *Les Amants de Vérone* (*The Lovers of Verona*). Stage-trained, and a capable actress, by the end of the Forties she had become France's favorite pinup. Her career began to skyrocket, however, when in 1950 she was cast in the title role of *Caroline Chérie*, a kind of French *Forever Amber*. As Caroline, the bosomy Martine wore gowns that left precious little to the imagination (and in the French version she shucked even these from time to time for the benefit of the completely unimaginative). So successful was the film that it was soon followed by a sequel, *Un Caprice de Caroline Chérie* (*A Night with Caroline*), and then by a long series of historic or fictional films about bad girls—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Madame DuBarry*, *Nana* and *Lola Montès*. In all of them, the star obliged her fans by appearing in the altogether at least once; but as her popularity increased, the number of glimpses vouchsafed diminished in direct proportion—and Lo Duca, a French authority on such matters, has pointed out as well that in her later films she was not above using a substitute with larger and shapelier breasts as her stand-in for the close-ups.

But if Martine Carol's profits were largely in her own country, Brigitte Bardot, whose film career got under way in the mid-Fifties, had the inestimable advantage of rising to stardom just as some of the wraps were coming off the American screen. Americans, of course, saw considerably less of the uninhibited sex kitten than did their European contemporaries. Indeed, the opening sequence of *Et Dieu . . . Créa la Femme* (*And God . . . Created Woman*), in which BB indulges in a nude sun bath amidst a yardful of drying laundry, was so chopped (text continued on page 238)



INDOOR EROTICA: French film makers of the Fifties shot their sex scenes around the world, but almost always in the great indoors; and their favorite furniture was a rumpled bed. Clockwise from above left: The poetic tragedy "Black Orpheus," set in Rio, included the obligatory bedroom scene; so did "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," shot in Japan, a tale of interracial love between a Japanese architect and a French actress. In "Diary of a Bad Girl," a pretty prostitute bedded down in Paris with her pimp-boyfriend—the only mattress mate who satisfied her. French sex stars such as Yves Montand—seen at right in "Les Héros Sont Fatigués" under Maria Felix and "The Crucible" atop Mylène Demongeot—seemed to spend most of their on-screen hours in the sack; so did Italy's Raf Vallone in such films as "No Escape" (below).





GALLIC GRAPPLING: This scene would seem to suggest that when a bed wasn't handy, young French sex stars of the Fifties simply hit the floor. In "Three Girls in Paris," Alain Delon was amorously ambushed—but undefeated—by three playful film fatales after they discovered that he'd previously wooed and won each of them separately in a series of uncontested bouts.

BEAUTY AND THE BUST: When American sex stars made foreign films, they were sometimes as uninhibited about nudity as their Continental counterparts. In the British thriller "Too Hot to Handle," Jayne Mansfield wore a transparent evening gown that displayed previously unexposed portions of her abundant anatomy when strategically centered spangles slipped askew.





HAREM HOURIS: Early in their careers, Italy's Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren unveiled their assets for their art: Gina as the star of "Beauties of the Night," spy-glassed in a dream sequence (top); Sophia in "Era Lui, Sì, Sì" (center), an ersatz epic in which the 17-year-old sexpot was just another Turkish delight. Both had become international sex stars by the end of the decade. **ROYAL HIGH JINKS:** Sexual shenanigans among the nobility were a popular theme in foreign films of the Fifties. In "La Reine Margot" (above), Jeanne Moreau portrayed a topless, man-hungry monarch who donned a mask before dallying.



ORGY, ANYONE?: The popularity of period spectacles in the Fifties provided foreign film makers with the opportunity—and the rationale—to pack their productions with explicit sex on a Cinemascope scale. “O.K. Nero” (top left), a heavy-handed parody of the epidermal epics mass-produced by Italy, was seen in censored versions throughout the U.S. Star Silvana Pampanini (seen nibbling on unforbidden fruit while Nero burns) never let her guard—or dress—down; nudity was left to anonymous extras such as the one Nero fiddles with, near left. In “La Tour de Nesle,” however, Pampanini did disrobe—if only by proxy; an amply endowed stand-in doubled for her in a Boccaccio-style orgy scene that included a worldly monk. Eschewing the ancient and medieval backgrounds (and the anti-royal, anti-clerical themes) favored in Franco-Italian sextravaganzas, British audiences preferred their bacchanalias in an 18th Century setting—the age of Moll Flanders and Fanny Hill. “The Flesh and the Fiends” (bottom)—a rakehellish horror story set in Scotland—was a Tom Jonesian case in point.

by the censors as she darted among the blowing sheets that she seemed to be suddenly afflicted by a bad case of St. Vitus' dance. More footage came out of the film's most famous scene, with Bardot luring her new husband (and off-screen lover, Jean-Louis Trintignant) into bed by the simple expedient of wrapping her naked self in a sheet, then flinging wide her arms to expose its contents; so well did the gambit succeed that for the next few moments, as the two grapple beneath the shifting sheet upon the bed, the censors went to work all over again. Critics scoffed and censor boards fulminated, but this tawdry tale of a man-hungry gamine who almost destroys herself held a powerful fascination for American audiences, who showered upon it some \$4,000,000—making it one of the most successful imports ever to play in this country. It was, incidentally, far (text continued on page 244)

THE BAWDY BORGIAS: Perhaps the fleshiest film of the decade, “Sins of the Borgias” offered (in the European version) a cornucopic abundance of lusty, looks at low life and high times in Renaissance Florence. Among them were a sexy series of bath (top right) and boudoir scenes of the licentious Lucrezia, played by Martine Carol, the first sex star to make it big by taking it off. Such good clean fun soon gave way to a graphic orgy among her friends and relatives. In a sequence similar to one seen in an earlier French film on the Borgias (pictured in Part Seven of this series, PLAYBOY, February 1966), star Pedro Armendariz (bottom), as the dissolute Cesare Borgia, prepared his favorite culinary creation—coquette au vin.





SEXUAL VIOLATION: Rape was the melodramatic theme of contrasting classics by two of the world's master movie-makers in the Fifties. In "Rashomon," Japan's Akira Kurosawa wove four contradictory tales of a brutal assault (above)—told by the woman, her husband, her attacker and a witness—into a poetic riddle of illusion vs. reality. In "The Virgin Spring," Sweden's Ingmar Bergman used the graphic, grisly violation of an innocent young girl (right) as the central symbol in a brooding parable of Old Testament tragedy and vengeance. **SEXUAL SURGERY:** In a curious phenomenon of the Fifties, several box-office-minded "screenplay doctors" in the U.S. specialized in shooting surreptitious scenes of overt erotica for insertion into imported foreign films; they were then shown in cities that permitted footage banned by the conservative Customs Bureau. In the doctored version of Bergman's "Illicit Interlude" (below), a torrid couple subbed for the original stars in a nude necking scene filmed not in Sweden but in New Jersey.





THE AGONIES AND THE ECSTASIES: Sexual violence of another kind—laced with latent Lesbianism and sado-masochism—was evident in two French films of the Fifties. One such scene in "Prisons de Femmes" (above) showed an errant inmate being stripped, glued and feathered by her fellow jailbirds. During a similar feminine free-for-all in the prize-winning film "Gervaise" (right), the *derrière* of Suzy Delair was supposedly bared; but the buttocks actually belonged to Rita Cadillac, a cheeky striptease artist who consented to grin and bare it in place of the slender star. In Roger Vadim's "And God . . . Created Woman" (below), a fresh piece of French pastry named Brigitte Bardot—then Vadim's wife—played a wanton newlywed who, after sharing the conjugal bed with her naïve husband, proceeded to tease her brother-in-law into ripping off her clothes and raping her. The film was an international hit, and Brigitte's alliterative initials—like those of the late MM—became as universally known as those for Sex Appeal.

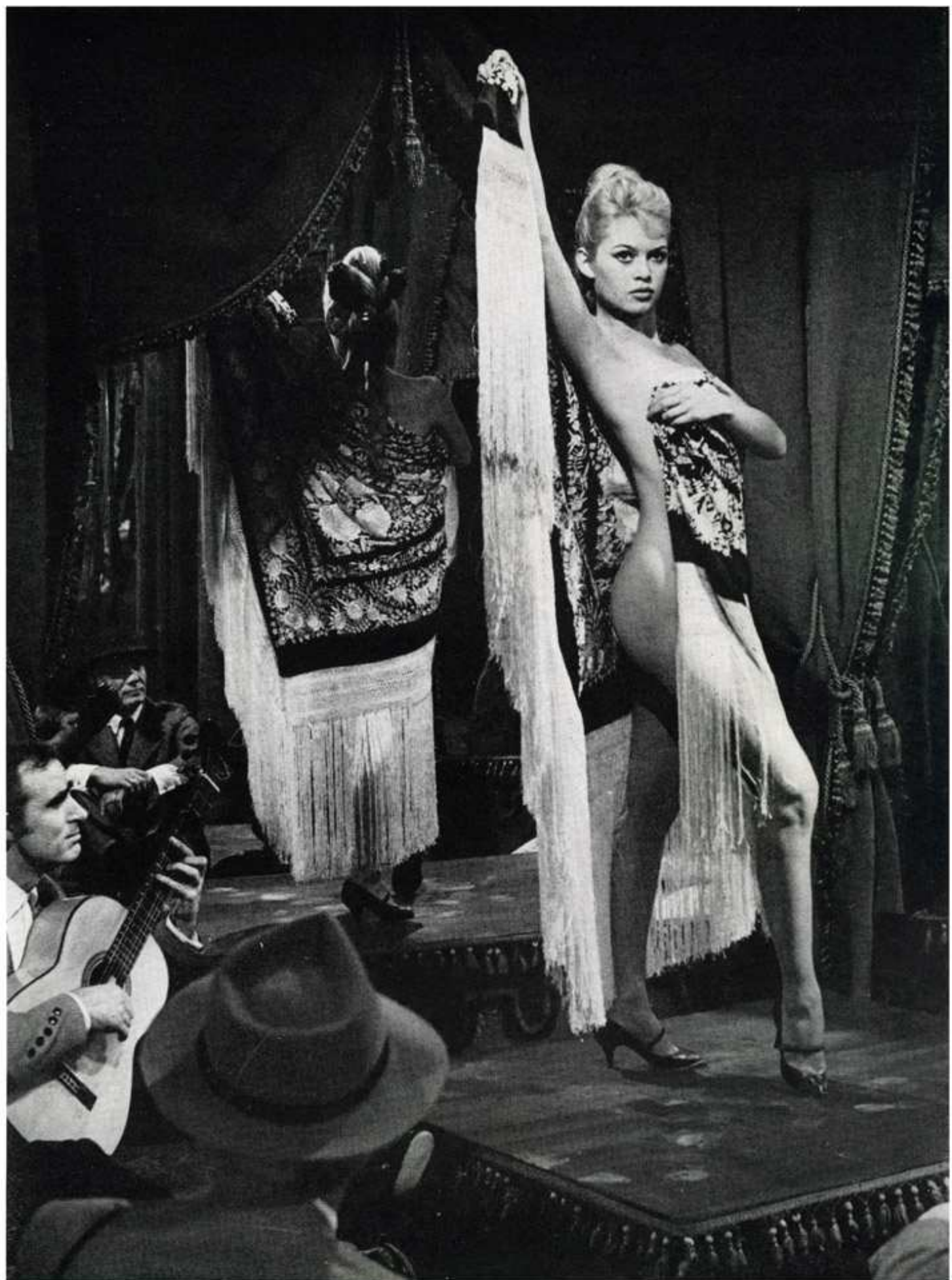


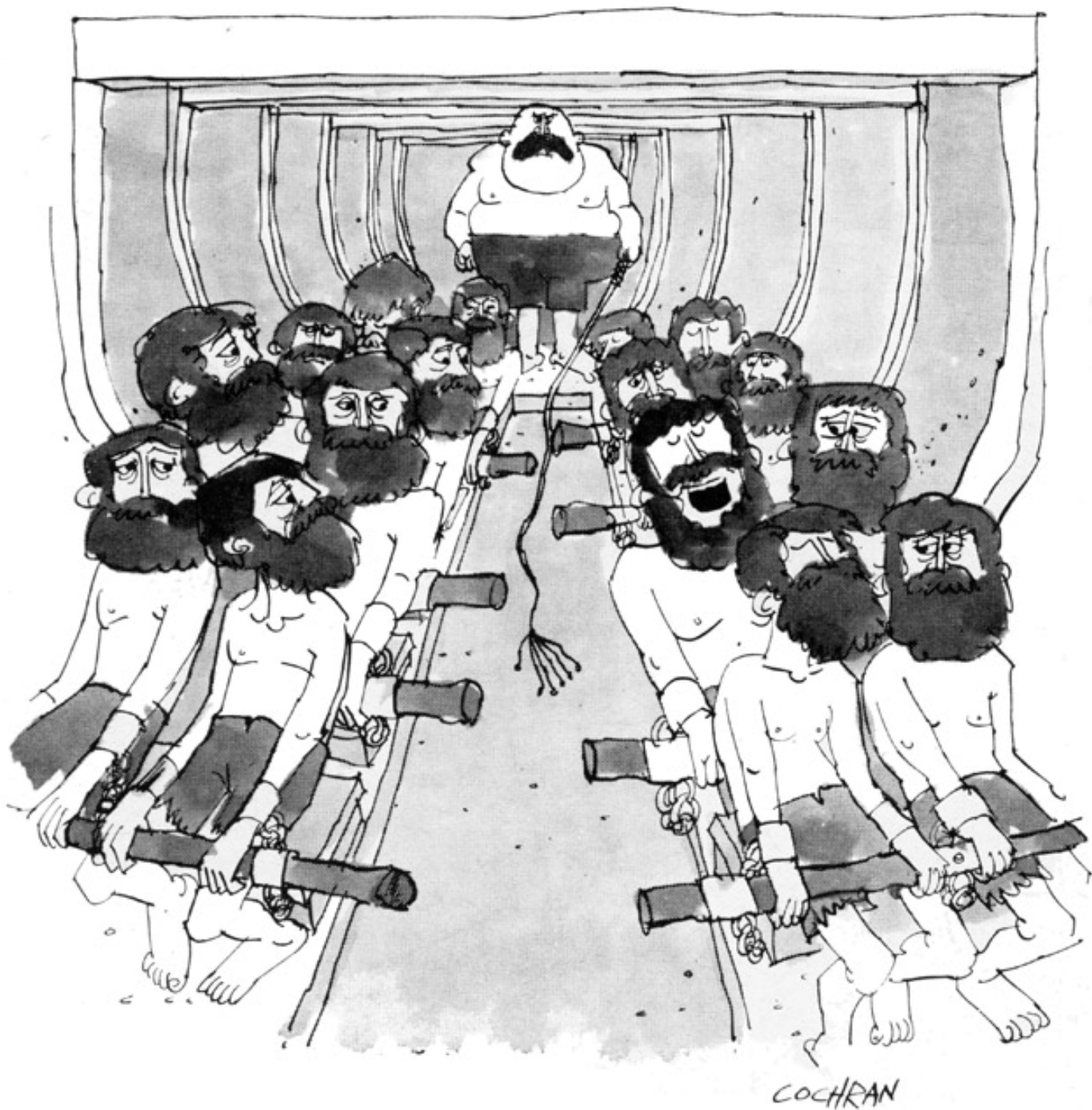


TURNABOUT: In the late Fifties—even as U.S. authorities were becoming more permissive about sex in cinema—French censors were beginning to crack down. The scene above from “Love Is My Profession”—in which Brigitte Bardot coaxed lawyer Jean Gabin into lowering his fee by raising her skirt—was snipped from the French version as well as the American. A year later, on completion of Vadim’s erotic epic “Les Liaisons Dangereuses,” French officials found the entire film offensive and banned it for a time. When the picture opened in America, however, the sexiest sequences were merely darkened rather than deleted. And one revealing episode—in which Gérard Philipe used a beauty’s backside for a phone stand—went undimmed.

CHILD-WOMAN: By 1959, Bardot had become the erotic embodiment of New Wave sexuality. This ambivalent image, an amalgam of innocence and availability, was epitomized by the amoral cabaret girl she portrayed in “A Woman Like Satan” (opposite).







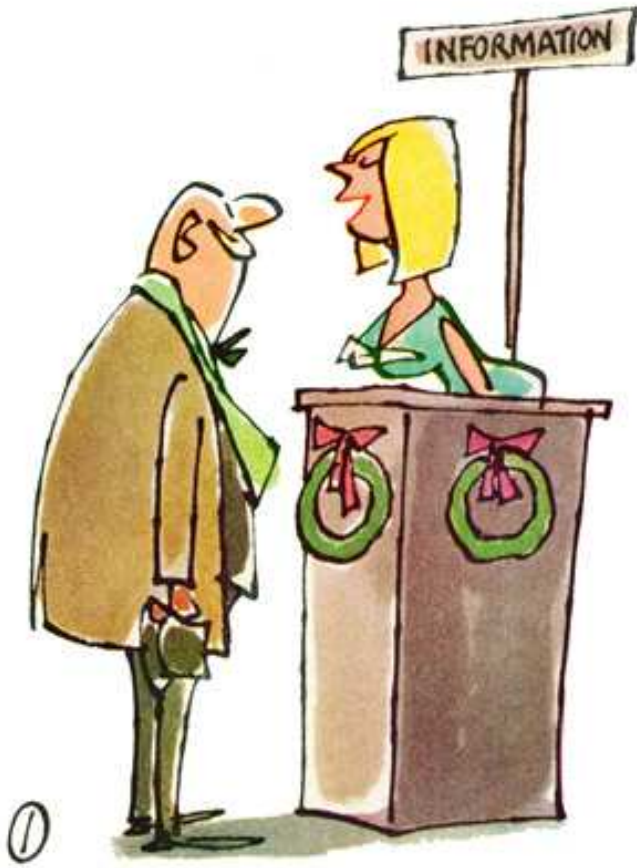
*“Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream,
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily . . .”*



"Let me give you a separate bag for those."



"I said, 'I, too, am a nonconformist.'"





*"This is going to be a hell of a rough
day if a wind doesn't come up."*



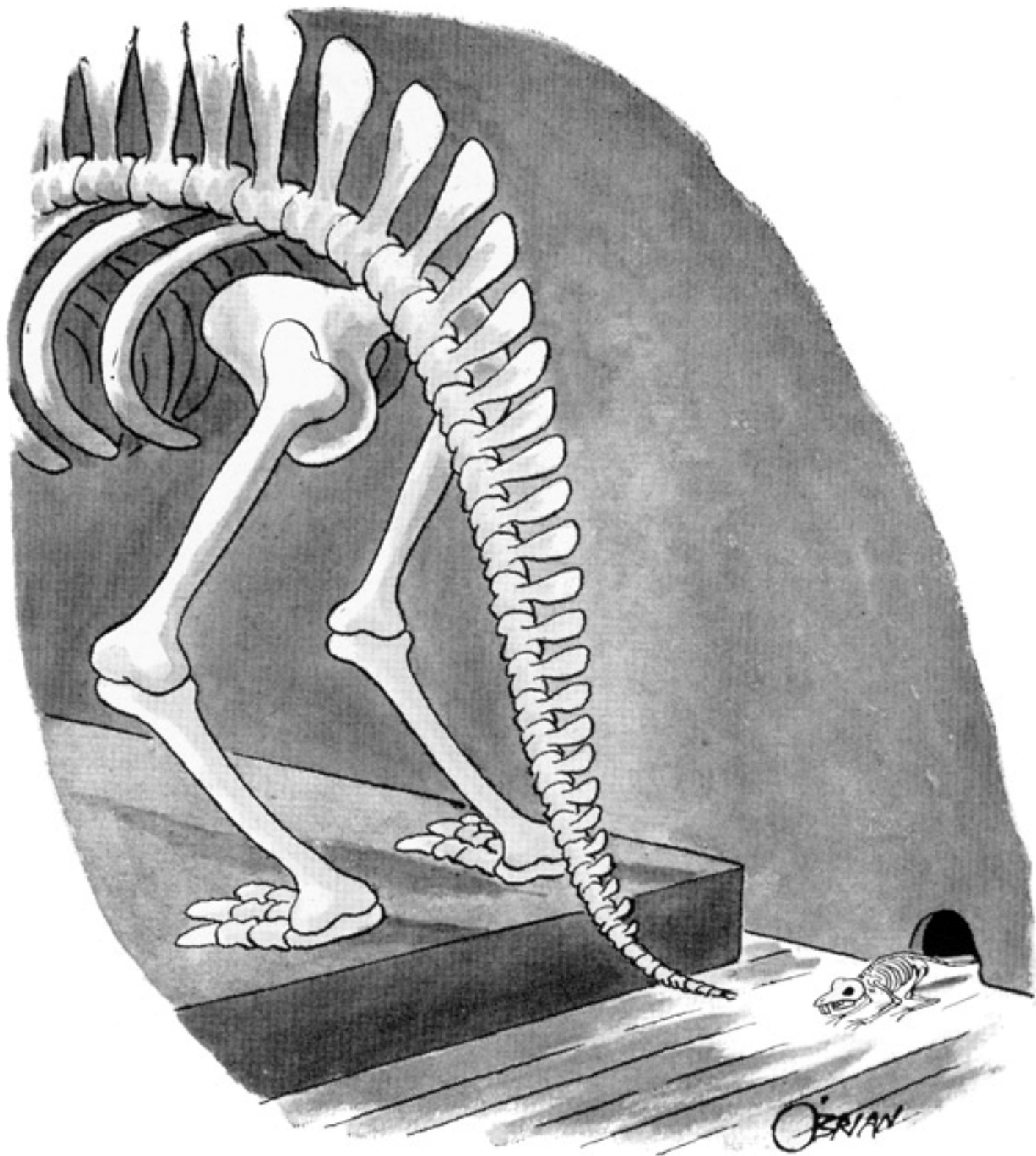
"And here's a get-well-or-else card from the Mafia."



"And yet, as a businessman, I can't help but feel a grudging admiration."



*"While I'm gone, you two nice people
try to get better acquainted . . . !"*

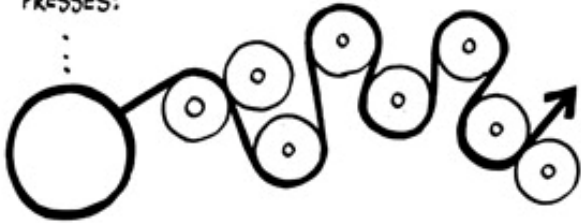


SYMBOLIC SEX

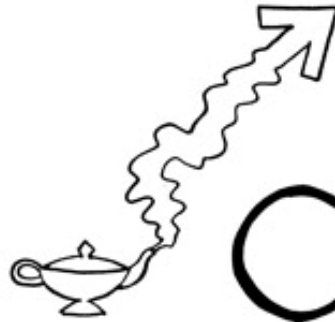
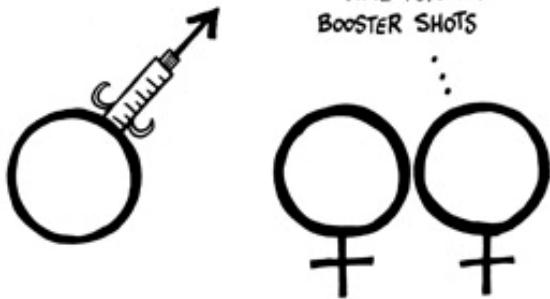
more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times

humor By DON ADDIS

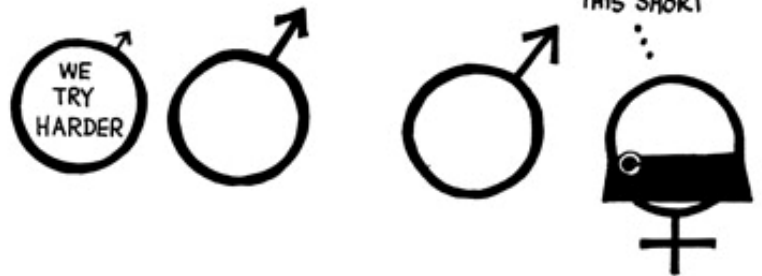
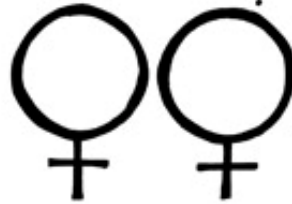
STOP THE PRESSES!



TIME FOR MY BOOSTER SHOTS



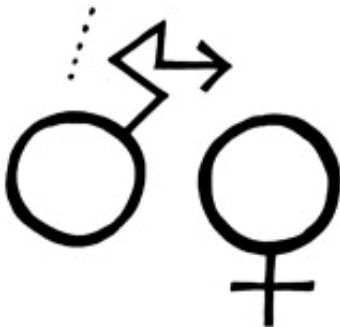
LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO GET YOUR WISH



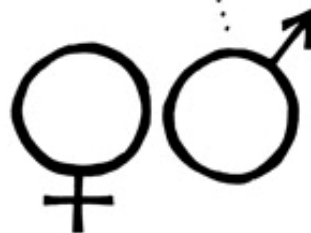
WE TRY HARDER

BUT, DADDY... ALL THE GIRLS ARE WEARING THEM THIS SHORT

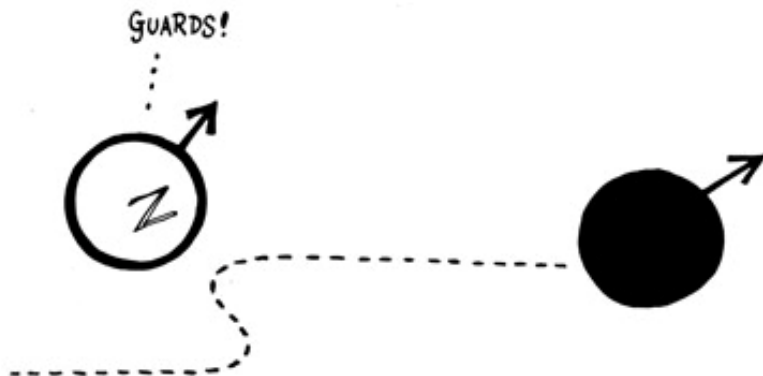
...THEN TURN LEFT, KEEP GOING 'TIL YOU COME TO THE FIRST TRAFFIC LIGHT...



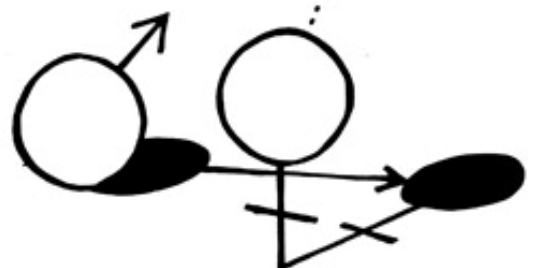
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE RESTORED HIS WILL TO LIVE, MISS PHELPS



GUARDS!

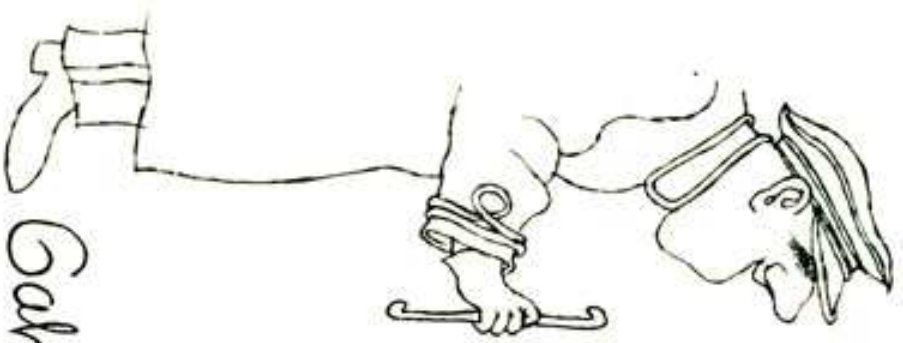


WATCH IT, BUSTER!





"Yoo-hoo—where are you . . . ?!"



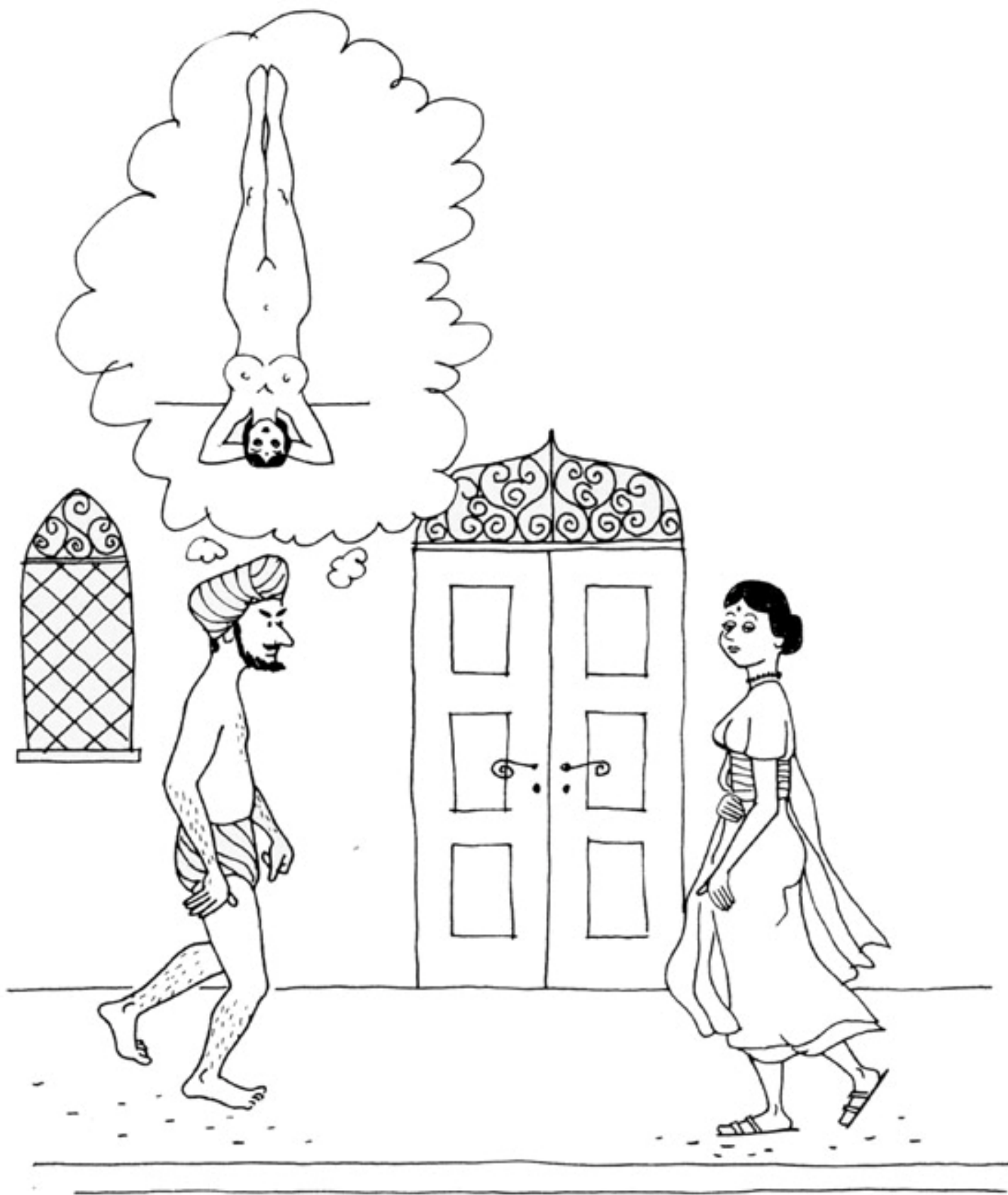
Graham Wilson

“The door is over here, sir!”





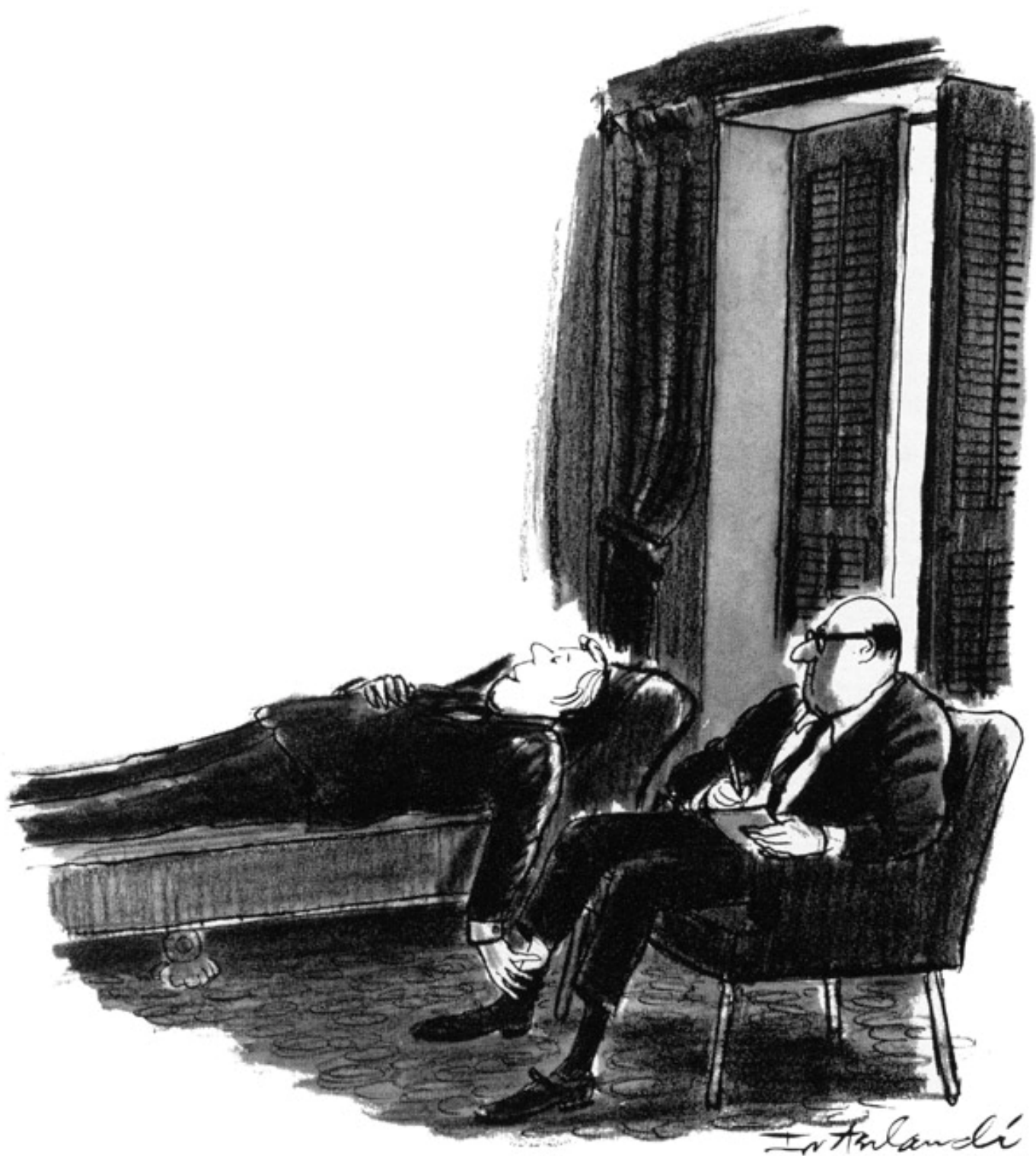
"Please, Fred—not during prime time!"



Jerry Mayer



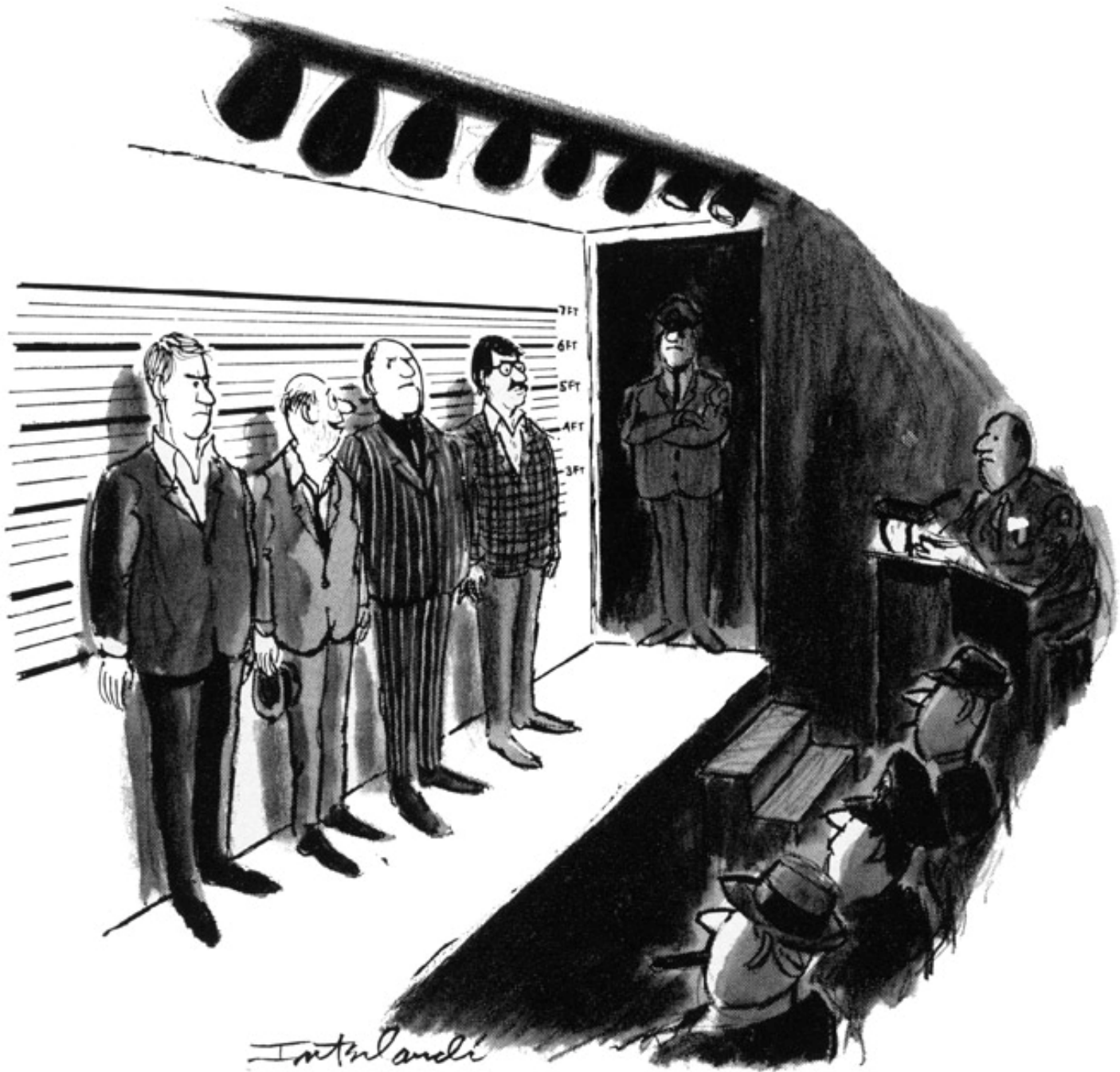
*“God bless the old gentleman.
He simply thrives on controversy.”*



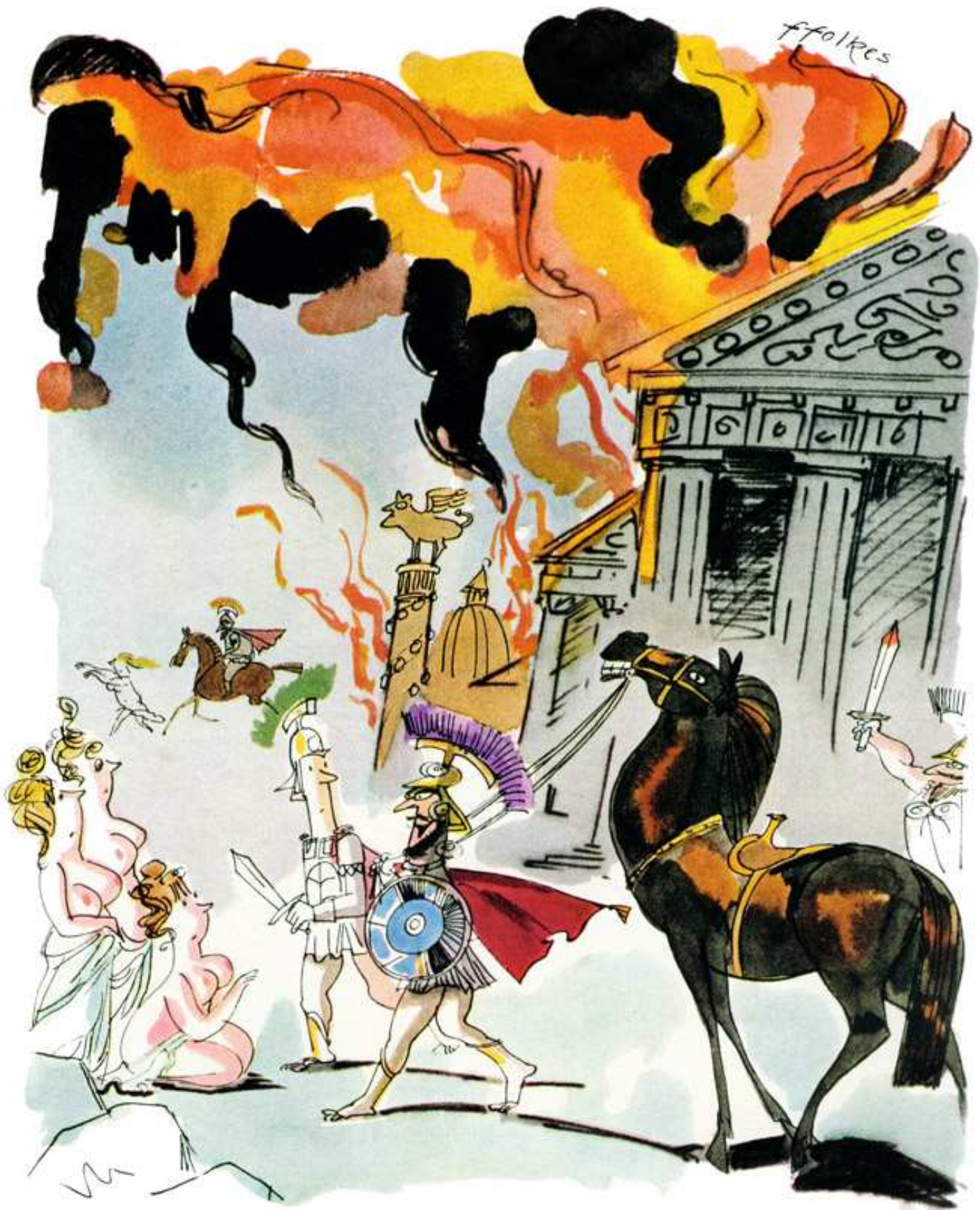
"I need help."



"... but before enrolling you as a student, we must exact a pledge that you will never use your great strength to achieve evil ends."



"Psst! How tall am I?"



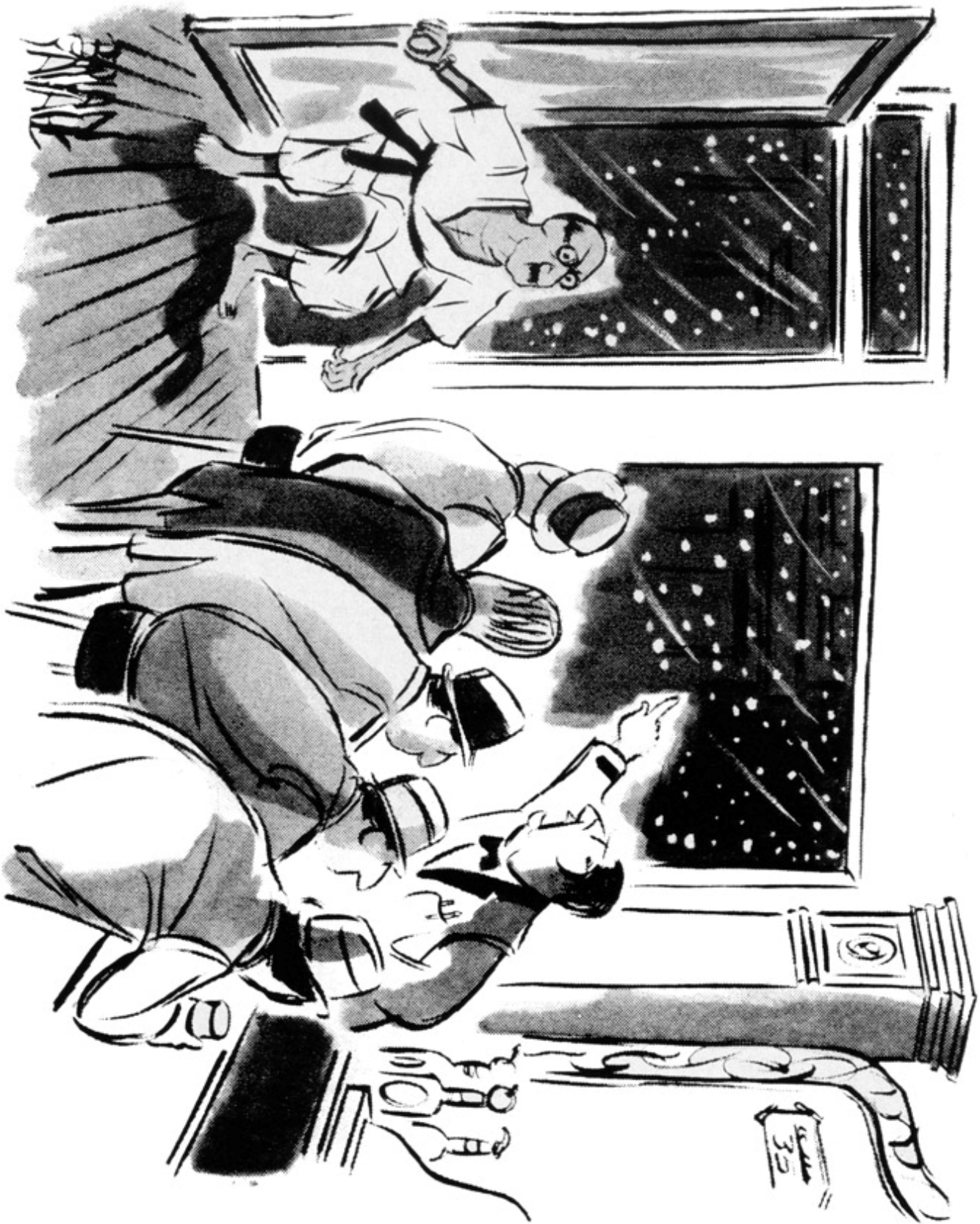
"Don't be a damn fool. Of course we take prisoners!"



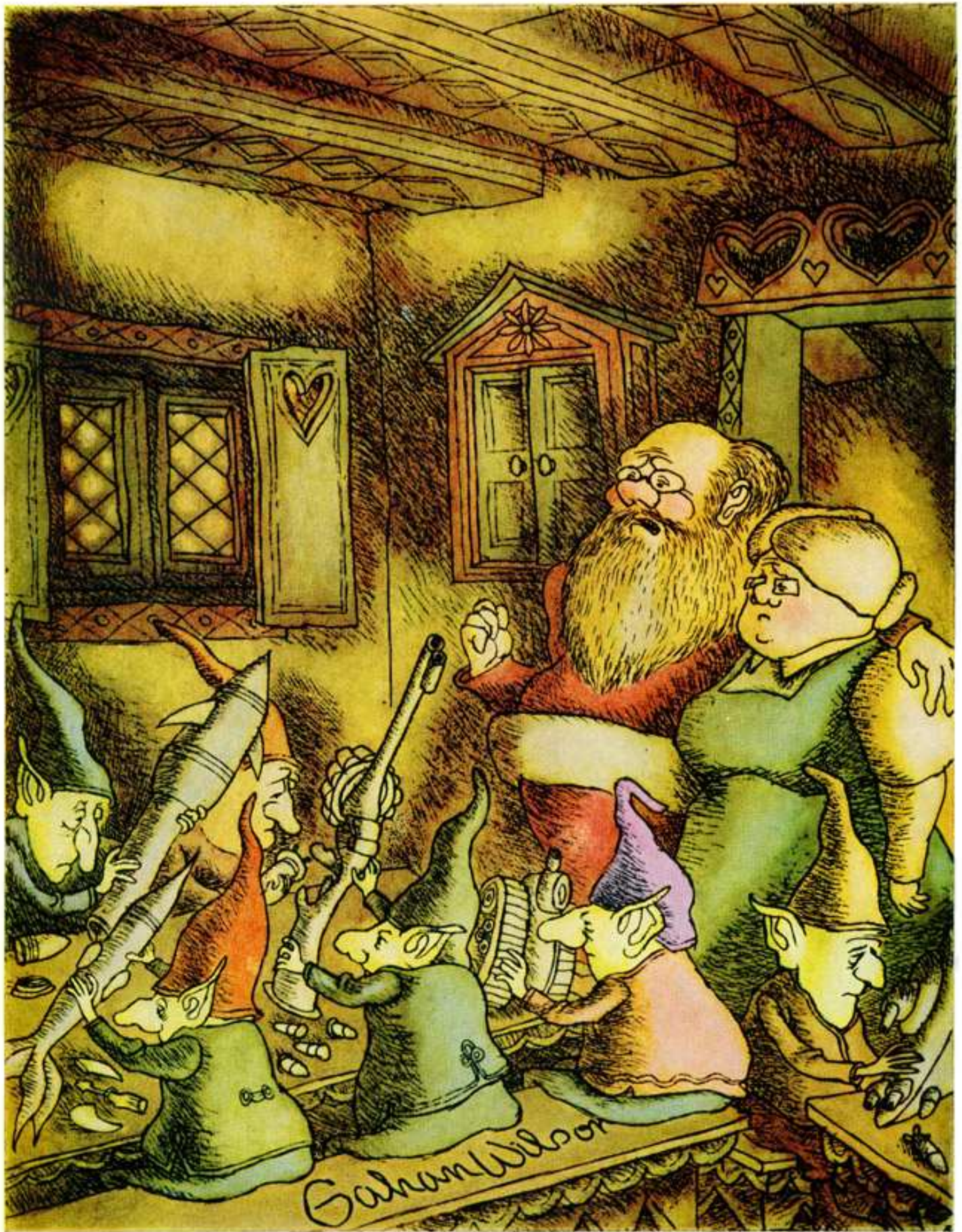
“Somewhere out there is a young lady in flaming-red stretch pants. Get her off the slopes immediately . . .”



"I've always been a leg man myself."



"Go home, McCarthy!"



"Where did we go wrong, Mother? Where did we go wrong?"



“First of all, Kendall, let me say I can’t remember when I’ve enjoyed a presentation more!”



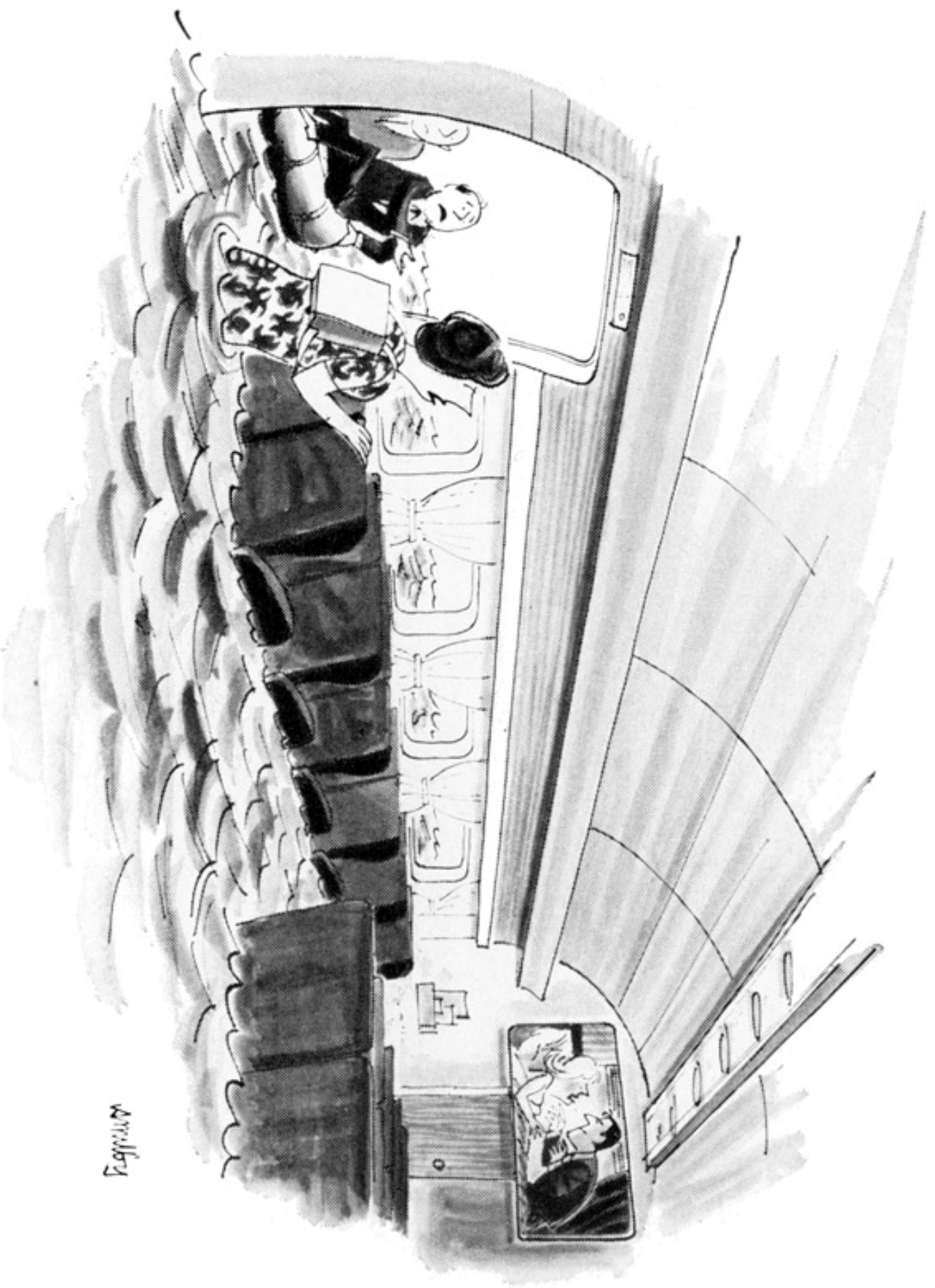
"Now we're getting somewhere!"



*"It's not as if I were looking for sex or drugs.
All I want is a lousy glass of beer."*



"I want to see 'The World's Greatest Producer'!"



Amalbert

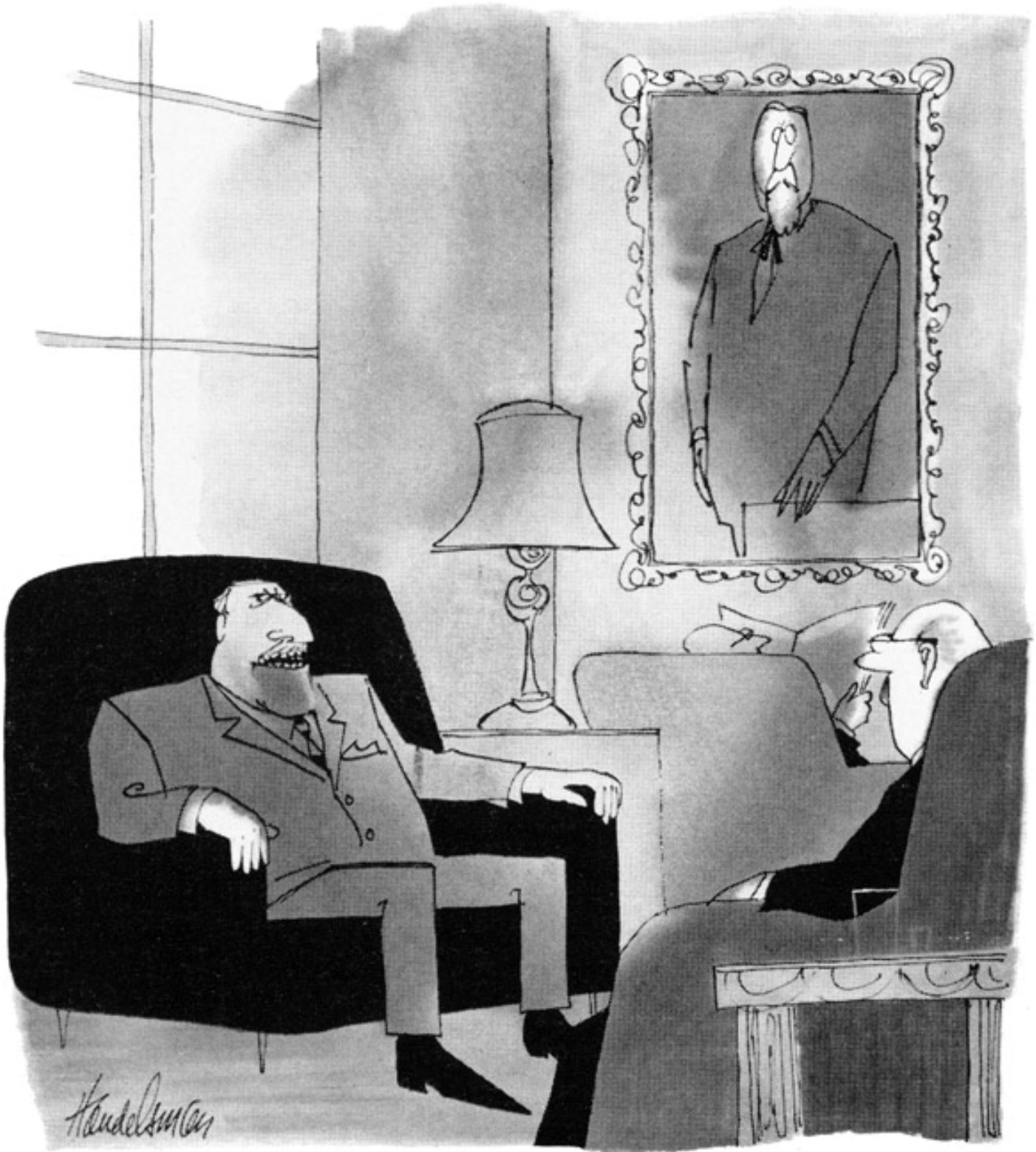
*“Helen—for heaven’s sake—is
it that important how it ends?”*



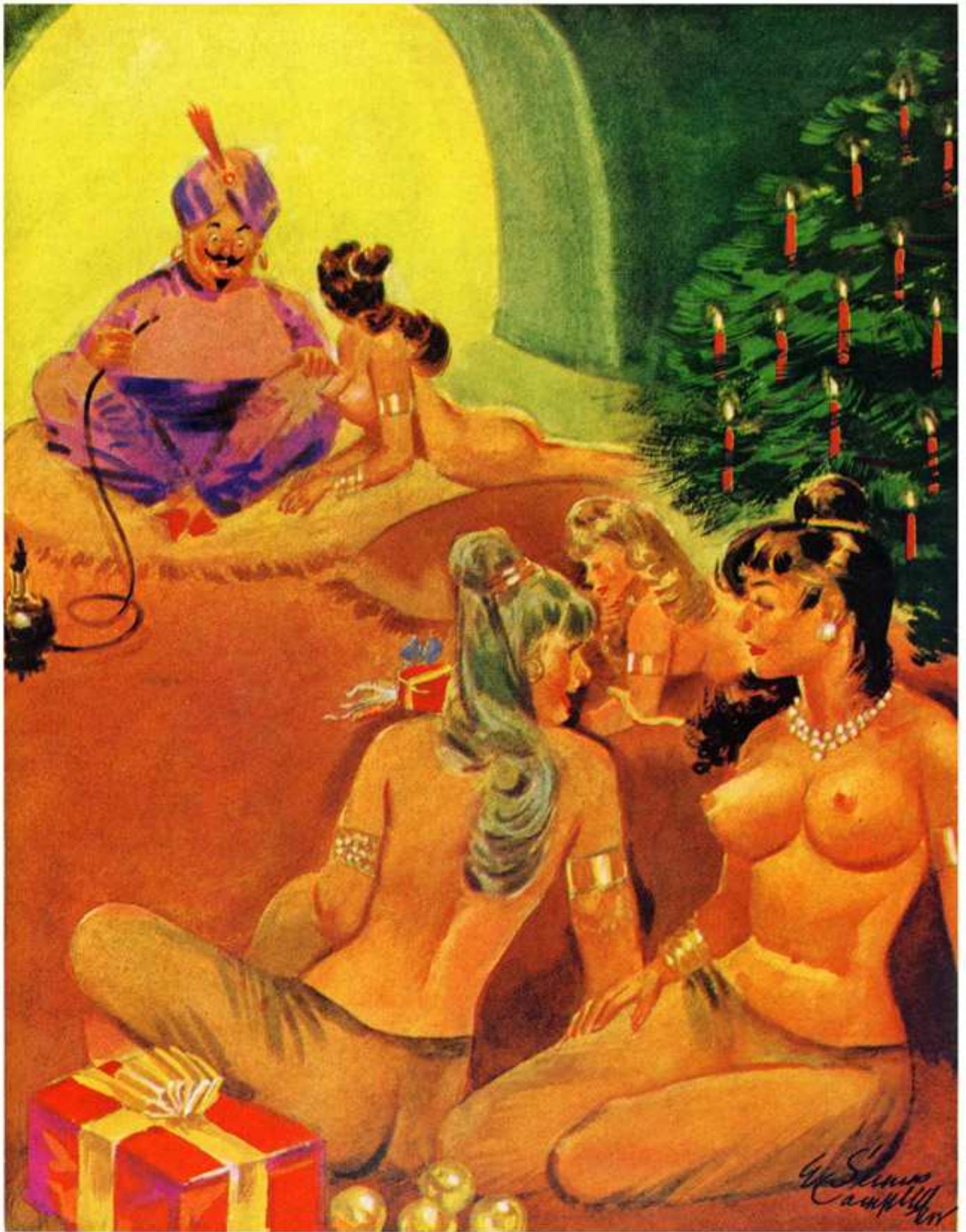
Dink-Siegel



"Alvin!"



"I live by bread alone."



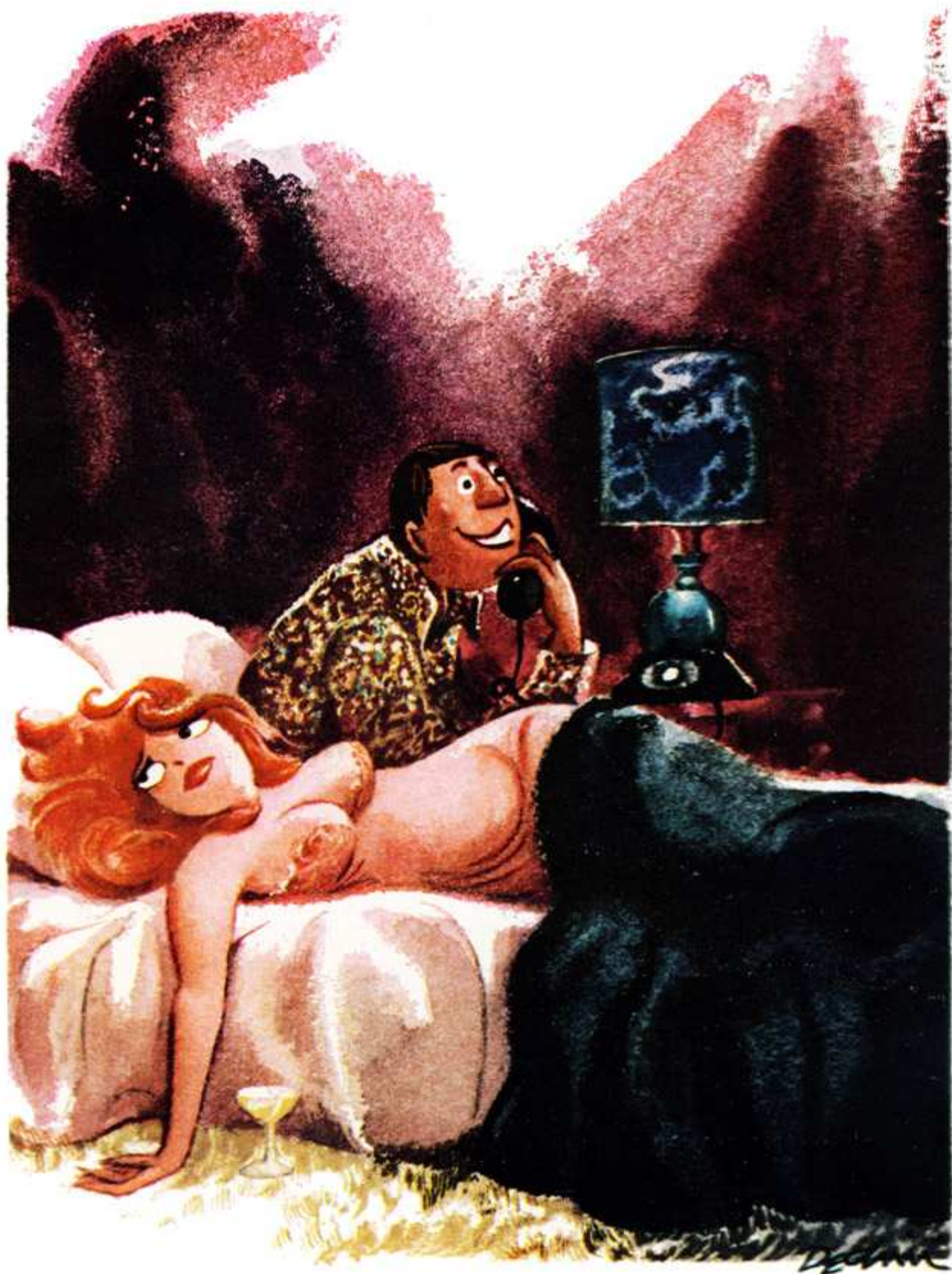
"He's easy to please. He wants the same thing every Christmas."



"... We remain, sincerely yours ..."

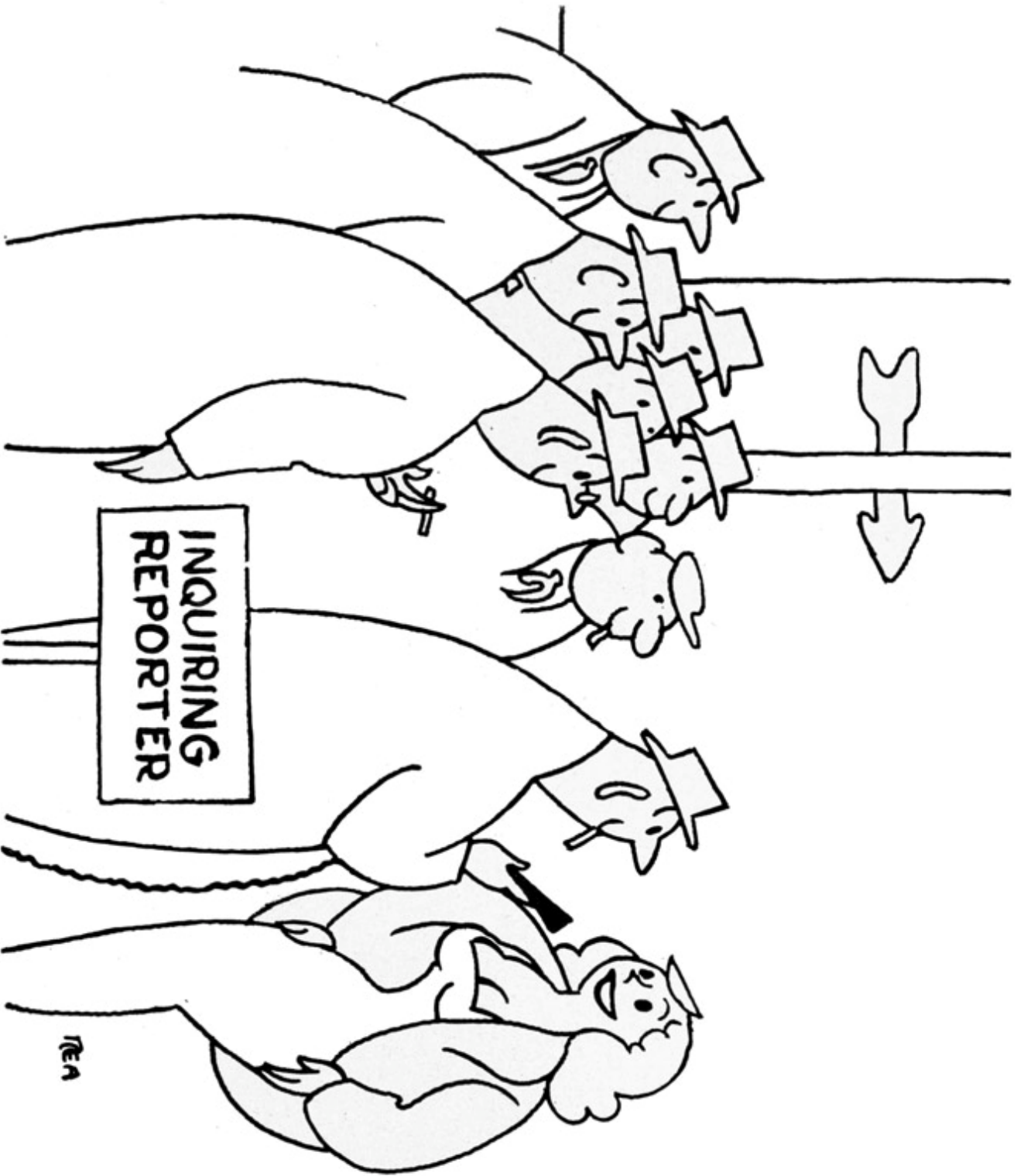




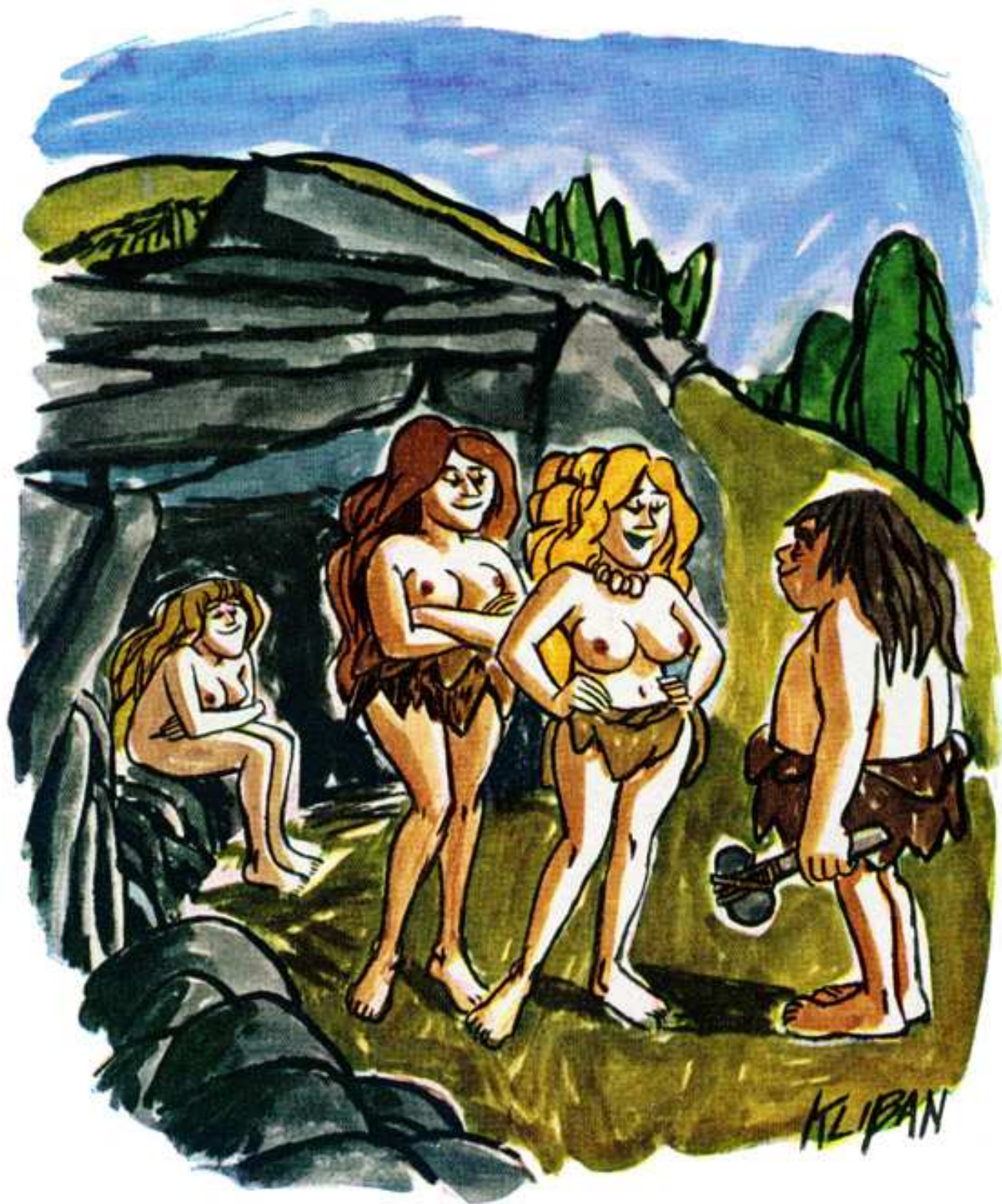


*1/2 pound dark raisins
1/2 pound currants
1/4 cup chopped walnuts
1 1/4 cups sifted flour*

*1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs ...*



“Sorry. I’m not used to thinking on my feet.”



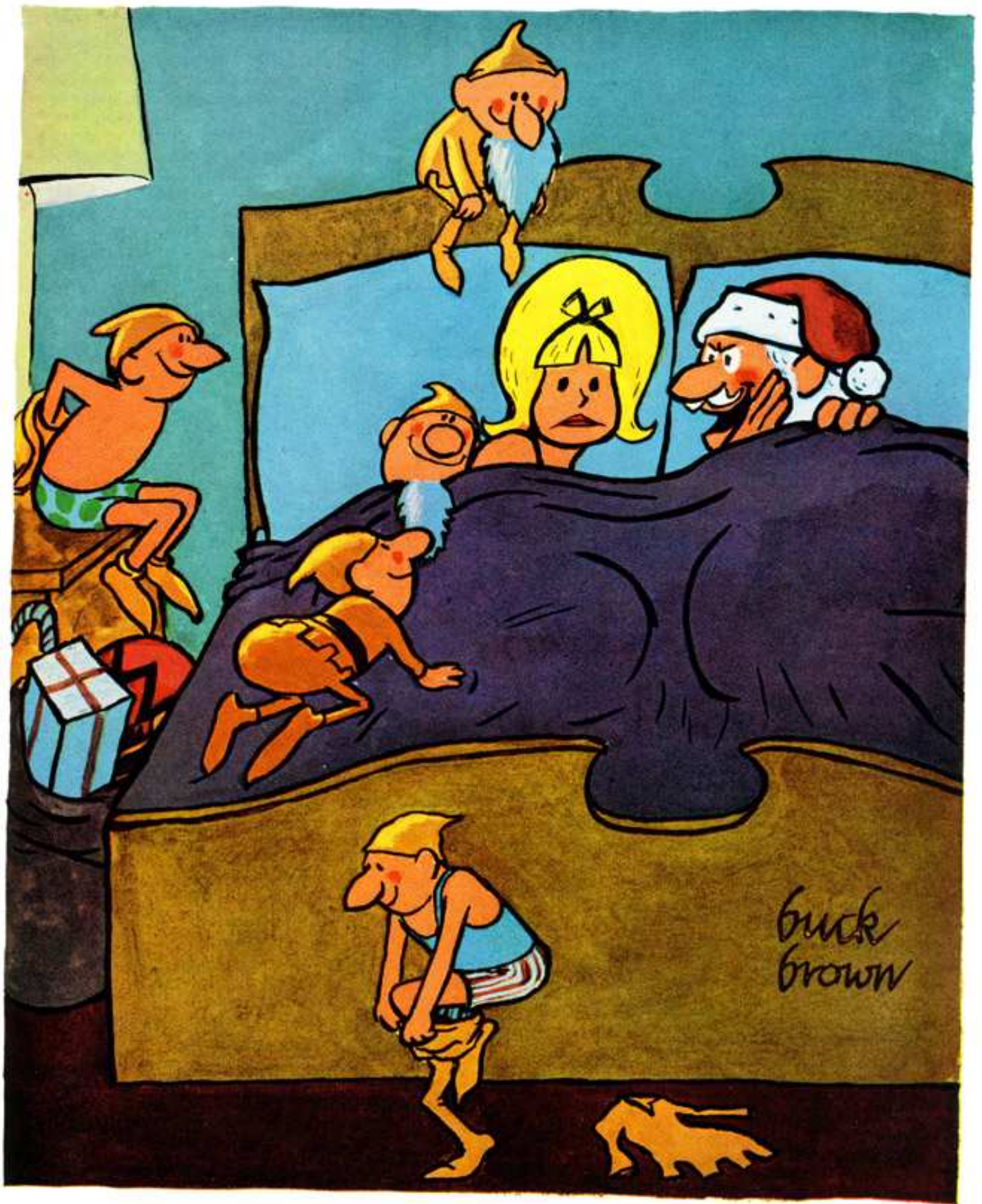
“Hi, there! We’re starting a new business service here in your neighborhood, and we wondered . . .”



"I tell you, Harry, it's a shocking commentary on our modern civilization when an apparently sweet, innocent young woman takes lessons in judo."



*“Note the piquant tartness at the first
taste, subsiding subtly
to a delicate, gracious nuance”*



"You've heard of Santa's Little Helpers?"



CON
SUOZZI

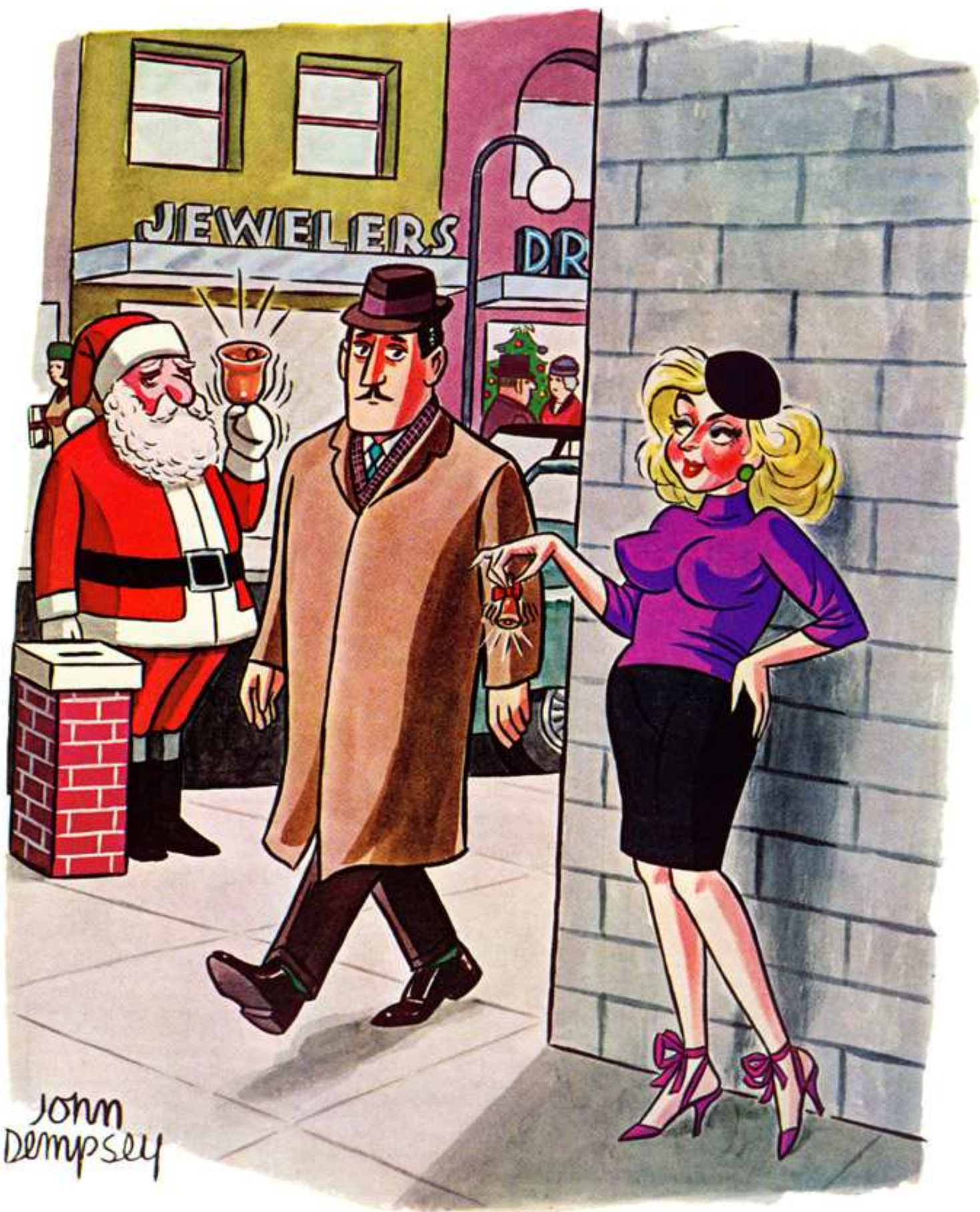


“Here’s a legal precedent that might be worth keeping in mind. In ‘Hatch vs. Morrison’ (1959), the Court gave defense counsel a fat lip.”



"But I don't want to kiss you and break the spell. I like you just the way you are."





John
Dempsy



"But what if I did believe in Santa Claus!"



*"You're getting the hang of it, Chiquita,
but you're still stomping too hard!"*

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDOR
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

FOR SOME TIME NOW, ONE SPORT HAS ALMOST COMPLETELY DOMINATED THE AMERICAN SCENE. IT'S A BRUTAL, COLORFUL SPECTACLE THAT INVOLVES CRUEL GIVE AND TAKE WITH ONE SIDE BATTLING THE OTHER EVERY INCH OF THE WAY. IT IS CALLED SEX. THE NUMBER TWO SPORT IS PRO FOOTBALL. AND A KEY FIGURE IN THE GAME IS ANNIE'S DADDY BIGBUCKS, OWNER OF THE GREENBACK BUSTERS. WE OPEN IN THE FINAL QUARTER OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP GAME BETWEEN THE BUSTERS AND THE CLEVELAND BULLS, AND IF YOU LOOK CLOSELY, YOU'LL NOTICE THAT THE CHEERLEADER'S FACE IS FAMILIAR. ALSO HER BODY -

THREE MINUTES LEFT AND THE BULLS ARE LEADING 20 TO 17! BUT DON'T FORGET, FOLKS, GREENBACK, WISCONSIN, IS THE PRO FOOTBALL CAPITAL OF THIS PRO FOOTBALL CRAZY COUNTRY. AND THE 60,000 FANS HERE TODAY AREN'T GIVING UP! NO SIRREE! IN THIS TOWN, THEY LIVE FOOTBALL, THEY SLEEP FOOTBALL, THEY EAT FOOTBALL!

HEEYAR!
GET YOUR
RED-HOT
FOOTBALLS
ON A
ROLL -

I'M TRYING
TO CHEER, DADDY,
BUT IT ALL COMES
OUT "BLUB, TEAM,
BLUB" -

WHAT A
DAY! FIRST HAIL,
THEN A FREAK MONSOON
AND NOW A THUNDERSTORM!
AND NOT A SOUL HAS
LEFT THE STANDS.

A TRUE
FAN NEVER
LEAVES THE
STANDS.

HE
ONCE LEFT
THE STANDS.

WELL,
GEE...
THAT WAS IN
THE BASEBALL
SEASON, AND
WE DON'T HAVE
A BASEBALL
TEAM.

GET
SOME
THING
GOING,
BABY!
THIS GAME
ISN'T OVER
BY A
LONG
SHOT!

TELL
THAT ALL-
AMERICAN END
IF HE SIGNS WITH
ME FOR THE NEXT
YEAR, I'LL GIVE HIM
HALF A MILLION AND
ALL SHIPPING RIGHTS
TO LAKE ERIE.
... THAT'S RIGHT!
**BUY HIM AND
GET BACK
TO ME!**



