

PLAYBOY



PLAYBILL

AUGUST IS HARDLY a month for poring over history lessons, but when the historian is a photographer of pulchritude like Jerry Yulsman, there's good reason to look upon history as one of the most pleasant of pastimes. His camera loaded with color film, Yulsman has stripped away the cobwebs of musty fustian surrounding several famous historical personalities and given us a racy new slant on them in the five flavorful pages of his *History Revisited*.

The chrome-cruised hussies of Detroit — those sex-symbol cars we see all around us — are the subject of an incisive expression of opinion from John Keats, author of the forthcoming book *The Insolent Chariots*. The automotive trollops get their wallops from Keats in his exclusive *PLAYBOY* article, *Eros and Unreason in Detroit*.

Eros and unreason in the minds of men and maids provide cartoonist Jules Feiffer with the stuff his Sick Little World is made on. The creator of an illuminatingly ill Greenwich Village cartoon feature and a well-selling bilious book, Feiffer takes a bow in this issue with a satirical spread that introduces him to *PLAYBOY* readers for the first — but far from last — time.

Bill Iversen is back with some coronary

cutups called *You Gotta Have Heart*; so is Fred Birmingham, with *Summer in the City*, an article on attire that is also an evocative essay on the conquering of dog-day doldrums.

In the fiction bailiwick, newcomer Fred McMorrow has given us a stinging, hard-hitting lead story, *Drop Dead*, a tale of the tensions and terrors of the offbeat generation; Robert Bloch contributes *Word of Honor*, science-fiction with a searching philosophical query slipped in; *PLAYBOY* favorite Henry Slesar has whittled a neat one-page twist-roony titled *A Very Rare Disease*; S. B. Abelson freshly translates *A Dish for the Gods*, a Ribald Classic by (of all people) La Fontaine, a writer more famed for little moral fables like *The Ant and the Grasshopper* than for ribaldry. In the words of translator Abelson: "He took vacations from the ants and the grasshoppers every so often and concentrated on the birds and the bees."

There are a few more appetizing, provocative and/or humorous features in this issue, but we'll let you discover them on your own. Robert Browning yawningly maligned the month of August as being "past surprises," but we think we've given him the lie.



KEATS



FEIFFER



MC MORROW



BLOCH

DEAR PLAYBOY

 ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • 232 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

OUR CAUSE

At last, a man to champion our cause: William Iversen! Down with the P.T.A., Lawrence Welk, TV Westerns, *McCall's* and Togetherness! Mr. Iversen's article has inspired me to new heights of Apartness. Unfortunately, we Togetherness-haters cannot unite, for, as any fool knows, that would be Togetherness. Ugh! So we must carry on our fight singly. Viva Apartness!

Bob Lloyd
Tyler, Texas

OASIS WITH EARS

Congratulations on the liveliness and good taste of *PLAYBOY*. I commend it to my students as a noteworthy oasis in the contemporary desert of conformity.

Atwood H. Townsend
Department of English
New York University
New York, New York

THE RARE ROUND ROLLS

Readers of your Rolls-Royce article, *Prestige on Wheels*, may be interested in learning of the existence of a round R-R, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Max Obie of Paramus, New Jersey. I'm enclosing



a photo of this automotive oddity. It was made in 1934 for the then Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor), and among dozens of unique features, it boasts a king-sized tail fin down its back, a floor covering of lamb's wool, a ceiling lined with velvet, and round doors. There's a sliding skylight roof, and the seats let down into a bed. It's the only R-R ever built with a slanting radiator shell. Constructed entirely by hand, it took four years to complete,

originally cost \$100,000 (today, it would probably run a quarter of a million). The Duke unloaded the car for \$30,000 in 1937 when he abdicated to marry Wallis Simpson. The Obies picked it up in 1952 on a trade-in.

Charles V. Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea
New Jersey

SAY CHEESE

Although my tastes in food and drink do not always coincide with Thomas Mario's, I have often found his articles informative. But why hasn't he written anything about cheese?

Myron C. Bennett
Cincinnati, Ohio

He has: "The Sophisticated Cheese" in our May 1955 issue.

PLAYBOY EVERY WEEK?

Each month I know when *PLAYBOY's* out, Because it quickly brings about The transformation of my spouse To roaring lion — from meekest mouse! From dalliant dolt to torrid lover Before he hardly cracks the cover!! So, please, if I may hint obliquely — Why don't you publish *PLAYBOY* weekly?

Mrs. M. L. Louis
Cadillac, Michigan

NEIMAN

Just a note to commend you on using LeRoy Neiman's work in *PLAYBOY*. I dislike modern art but his pictures thrill me. Please send me all back issues in which his work has appeared.

S. L. Holladay
Salt Lake City, Utah

GLITTERING GOLD

One of the things that makes *PLAYBOY* continually popular, I'm sure, is that every issue contains such great fiction. Congratulations to Herbert Gold for his fine *Weird Show* in April.

Larry Shurlds
Marianna, Arkansas

Herb Gold's *Weird Show* was a dandy, but he missed out on the title. Should have been *I Came, I Sawed, I Conquered*.

Richard S. Tyler
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin



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OUT AGAIN, IN AGAIN

Gripe: what has happened to the Ribald Classic? This has been one of your better features—hope you haven't given it up completely!

Max Bridgeman Marshalltown, Iowa

I was most disappointed to discover the Ribald Classic missing from recent issues. Has it been banished to limbo?

James H. Labadie Chicago, Illinois

Fear not, fellows—the Ribald Classic was pushed out of the May and June issues because we had so many other exciting things to crowd in, but if you peek at page 60 of this issue, you'll find it's back, as ribald and as classic as ever.

MR. AVERAGE

Your "What sort of man reads PLAYBOY" campaign is very impressive. However, your readers are not always glamor-boy, cocktails-at-seven, gotta-beat-the-women-off-with-a-stick types. I could be wrong, but it is possible that more young men would buy PLAYBOY if you were to aim your campaign at Mr. Average a little more, instead of directing it at the young executive group.

Wayne D. Peterson Enderlin, North Dakota

There are plenty of magazines for Mr. Average, Wayne. PLAYBOY is edited for a special sort of guy—a bit above average in taste, education and income.

D. J. PLAYMATE

Got to gassin' with the staff here at Station KDJI the other afternoon and we've come up with an idea we think has merit. We've some beautiful hunks of feminine pulchritude out this way that aren't receiving the attention due them. We'd like to hold a D.J. Playmate of the Month contest and if the winner is a real beauty, we wonder if you might be interested in featuring her as a real Playmate in PLAYBOY? Perhaps other stations across the country might become interested and pick up on the idea, too.

Bill Cross Program Director Station KDJI Holbrook, Arizona

We'll be happy to consider the winner of your Playmate contest as a possible Playmate of the Month in PLAYBOY, Bill.

WIZARDS

In his Wizards of a Small Planet, Anthony Boucher says science-fiction writers "goofed" in not predicting Russia's getting a head start in the space race. He's mistaken: around 1947, L. Ron Hubbard wrote a novelette called 240,000 Miles Straight Up, in which the Russians reached Luna just as we were getting ready to blast off. They spelled out "U.S.S.R." across the moon.

Jim Harmon Mount Carmel, Illinois

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2. Doris Day—Day By Night
3. Johnny Mathis' Greatest Hits
4. South Pacific—Orig. Broadway Cast
5. Frank Sinatra—That Old Feeling
6. Dvorak: New World Symphony
7. 'S Marvelous—Ray Conniff
8. Erroll Garner—Other Voices
9. Rossini: William Tell Overture, etc.
10. Ellington at Newport
11. Norman Luboff Choir—Just A Song
12. Andre Kostelanetz—Calendar Girl
13. Schubert: "Unfinished" Symphony; Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream
14. My Fair Lady—Orig. Broadway Cast
15. Paganini & Saint-Saens Violin Concertos
16. Frankie Laine—Command Performance
17. Vivaldi: The Seasons
18. Eddy Duchin Story
19. Lester Lanin at the Tiffany Ball
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FLAT FOOT FLOOZIE

Your May Playmate, Lari Laine, has left me speechless.

John W. Grau
Long Beach, California

How does a fellow get into that Knollwood Country Club?

Stanley P. Tigges
Newton, New Jersey

Lari Laine certainly has a well-rounded figure, but my, my, what flat feet!

Georgianna Laird
Las Vegas, Nevada

Doesn't that fetching floozie, Lari Laine, have a hard time delivering a "stinging overhand smash" with those flat feet?

Stephen Patrick
Seattle, Washington

How Miss May must suffer. Isn't that a corn on her little pinky?

Charles B. De Walt
Paxton, Massachusetts

Why didn't you tell us? Had to read it in Jimmy Starr's column in the *Los Angeles Herald & Express*: namely, that Lari Laine is the great-great grandniece of James K. Polk, 11th President of these United States!

Thomas Griffith
Los Angeles, California

That's called president-dropping, Tom; we're above it.

PLANEBOY

Due to the popularity of your fine magazine among the students in pilot training here at Vance Air Force Base, we chose PLAYBOY as the theme for *Planeboy*, our class book, when graduation time arrived. By way of saying thank you



for your magazine and for the idea for our class book, 65 Air Force officers who received their wings thought you would like a copy of *Planeboy* for your files.

Lt. William D. McGuth
Vance Air Force Base
Enid, Oklahoma



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Lovers of the great indoors might be interested to know that during the current summer, members of the Fred R. Lanagan 14,000 Foot Peak Non-Climbing Club succeeded in not climbing most of the major Colorado mountain peaks. Executive vice president John Barrows tells us that a few years ago the club had to face the problem of whether they should not not join the Everest Expedition. "Various committees made various studies," Mr. Barrows says. "It was finally decided to not join. We couldn't face the thought of sitting around, Saturday after Saturday for six months, keeping our strength up with martinis and other medicines, when, using the same medicines, we could not climb a different peak every week for six months. Had we the slightest idea that Hillary and Tenzing would actually get on top of old Everest, we would, of course, have endured the tedium of not climbing the same old peak week after week." Mr. Barrows adds that non-dues paid in by non-dues-paying members go to swell the coffers of the Foundation for the Assistance of Non-Climbers of 14,000 (or Higher) Foot Peaks (or Lower). With the money not in the till, says Barrows, the Foundation can establish a Fund with which not to buy any crampons, gryphons, phytons, pitons, pythons, bergschrunds, berserks, cornices, crevasses and all the other gunch a non-climber does not have to stuff in his cul-de-sac. Those interested in not participating should write Mr. Barrows, Non-First National Bank Bldg., 624 17th St., Denver 2, Colorado, no later than.

The "sack look," in Madison Avenue advertising cant, doesn't mean that an agency has been taken over by a horde of chic femmes. What it means is that

things are shaky and a wave of 14-day notice slips is expected to hit the employees shortly.

The pendulum, we're pleased to report, is swinging away from those satirical desk cards reading "Think," "Don't Just Sit There—Worry!" "This Is A Non-Profit Organization: We Don't Mean It To Be But That's What It Is," etc., etc. It's now hip to lampoon those observations which lampooned the original observations, and if you get the feeling you're right back where the whole thing started it's because you are. Today's minuteman is panicking people with such signs as "If You Can't Help, Don't Hinder," "Too Many Cooks Spoil The Broth," "Honor Thy Father And Thy Mother," and "The Important Thing Is To Have Your Health."

A rover we know who just returned from Italy tells us about a most unusual girls' school located in downtown Naples. Seems the school, whose headmistress is a middle-aged matron named Donna Francesca, teaches promising young ladies the light-fingered art of pocket picking. The girls learn by doing, in the best educational tradition. They practice on fully clothed dummies on which little silver bells have been hung at strategic spots. Woe to the bungling babe who causes any sort of tintinnabulation while dipping inside a pocket. Should she get inside without making a racket, an additional trap remains: a mouse trap which would bang shut at her slightest wrong move. There's no tuition. After graduation (a modest affair, our reporter says, no mortarboards or stuff like that), the alumnae practice their craft, turn back a percentage of their profits to good old Donna Francesca and alma mater.

RECORDINGS

The Hi-Lo's *Love Nest* (Columbia CL 1121) and *The Four Freshmen in Person* (Capitol T1008) showcase those eight dissonant dandies at their best. The Frosh, caught amid a concert at Compton College, deal mostly in Frosh favorites (*In This Whole Wide World, It's a Blue World*), add to them all the spontaneous high-jinkery of a live performance. Laying aside their pipes now and then, Ken Albers (trumpet, mellophone) and Bob Flanigan (trombone) break up the student body (and us) with some stunning fireworks in brass; the platter is a gas. Like Steve Allen says on the liner notes, the Hi-Lo's feature stereophonic breathing—both lungs. For the most part, they eschew their usual violent vocal nip-ups and turn to a set of semi-straight softies (*But Beautiful, In the Wee Small Hours, The Lamp Is Low*). And you never heard it so good.

"Caruso" is one of those names that has almost become a word: it is synonymous with the zenith of vocal art. On *The Best of Caruso* (Victor LM-6056, two discs), the lyrical Enrico can be dug in 30 songs and arias recorded between 1904 and 1920, and culled from the 260-odd pressings the Italian tenor made in his flamboyant lifetime. Though waxed before the days of electrical recording and thus sounding a bit as if they are sung by a genii from a tightly capped pickle jar in the rear of the bottom shelf of a shut fridge, Caruso's thrusting tones knife through the barriers of time, death and primitive recording technique to emerge victorious and, if not golden, at least a richly burnished copper. Most famous number: *Vesti la giubba* from *Pagliacci*, sung with the bitterness the

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THE GATE OF HORN

CHICAGO & DEARBORN ST. CHICAGO

aria demands but seldom gets; nicest surprise: the dark, classic stateliness he brings to the "Largo" from Handel's *Xerxes*; oddest oddity: *Over There*, which, in broken English and fractured French, he belts right in the *labansa*.

On a recent LP, *Way Up There* (Atlantic 1270), Shorty Rogers and his Giants are not as high up as they've been in the past. This is closer in than it is far out, dig, and a good thing, too. For with a magnificent gaggle of cool blowers by his side, Shorty has come down to earth with a strongly Basie-esque set in which such senders as Harry Edison, Bud Shank, Barney Kessel, Leroy Vinnegar, Shelly Manne, Jimmy Giuffre, the Candoli boys, Lou Levy and others (in various groupings) prove joyously that however high they orbit, they can combine West Coast with blues and swing very mightily indeed.

Rave reissues: Frank Sinatra's *Put Your Dreams Away* (Columbia CL 1136), on which Frank does the title tune plus 11 other richly roasted acorns (*I Dream of You, It Never Entered My Mind*) to a turn. The band in the background is the beatless generation belonging to Axel Stordahl, and Frank has to fight it most of the way. The winner: Sinatra . . . Billie Holiday's *The Blues Are Brewin'* (Decca DL 8701) showcases a limber, squealing Lady Day, circa 1946-1949, blowing liling larynx with a variety of bands both big and small. Most of the tunes are obscure, but top drawer (big drag: Billie sings the expurgated version of *Gimme a Pig Foot and a Bottle of Beer*) and on two of them, she shares the mike with gravel-gulleted Louis Armstrong . . . Ella Fitzgerald's *The First Lady of Song* (Decca DL 8695) is smooth and sassy Ella, vintage 1947-1955. That woman (then, as now) is so consummately professional and infectiously jazzy that she doesn't know how to bollix a tune.

Bel Canto has come up with four show-tune tapes you might want; though none offers the complete score, most all the hit tunes are present. *The Music Man* (STC/37), *South Pacific* (STB/36) and selections from *Silk Stockings* and *Pajama Game*, on a single tape (STB/40) are reasonably facsimiled by The New World Theatre Orchestra—whatever that is—assisted on the first two tapes mentioned by The Hollywood Sound Stage Chorus—whoever they are—and some unnamed soloists. (Liner information on tapes is as sparse as it is apt to be wordy on LPs.) *Pal Joey* (STB/39) is given nice representation of its filmed version by Bobby Sherwood and his orchestra, who did the honors in the movie; the tape includes three tunes which weren't in the Broadway musical: *My Funny Valentine*, *The Lady Is a*

the scotch mist

...merriest moor
this
side of heather

COACH HOUSE
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PERSONAL

PERSONAL

WILL THE GENTLEMAN who stepped out to put a nickel in the parking meter last February 17th, and left the 5'5" blonde (36-23-35) perched at the bar of the Cloister Inn, please contact— She insists on tapping her foot to the music— If out of tempo—and it's driving us nuts. If merchandise is not claimed in ten days it will be sold for unpaid charges.
Phone Skippy or Shelly: SU 7-0506.

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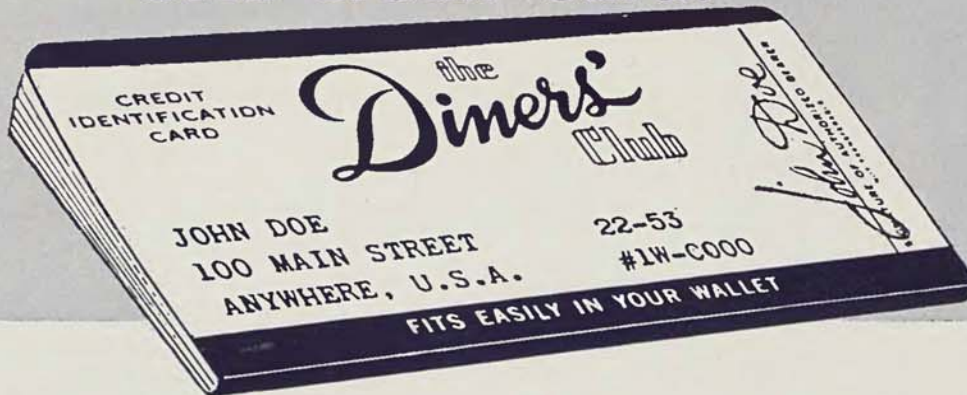
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If, as is likely, you cut your classical teeth on César Franck's *Symphony in D Minor* and then went on to other things, you now have an excellent opportunity to rediscover it in stereo. On a new taped version (Victor ECS 58), Charles Munch leads the Boston Symphony Orchestra through this opus with appropriate lyricism and drama; stereo provides just enough separation to let you hear nuances and instrumental interplay you just don't get in monaural.

On the lighter side, Ray McKinley leads *The New Glenn Miller Orchestra in Hi Fi* (Victor CPS-81) in a clutch of familiar tunes—*Anything Goes*, *Lullaby of Birdland*, *Mine*, etc.—for those jaded oldsters who still like to dance instead of just sit and listen, or for those who are still young enough to want to do more than keep time with one foot. Alternatively—and we don't think this is faint praise at all—this tape's fine for playing real low, under the level of cocktail party conversation.

BOOKS

In the shadow of the mushroom cloud, two new heroes have walked the pages of postwar fiction—the beat American “hipster” and his British cousin, the angry “hypergamist” (a man who social-climbs on a matrimonial ladder). Now their explosive exploits have been lovingly anthologized by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg, whose *The Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men* (Citadel, \$4.50) brings them face to face, and etches their jagged profiles via excerpts from their creators, chroniclers, and too few critics. It's all here—from Allen Ginsberg's anguished *Howl* (“angel-headed hipsters burning for the ancient heavenly connection . . .”) to the tragicomic “Merrie England” episode from Amis' *Lucky Jim*; from William Lee's *My First Days on Junk* to the gall-bitter climax of John Braine's *Room at the Top*; from Norman Mailer's *The White Negro* to Jack Kerouac's *The Time of the Geek*. And more. In fact, most of the important names in both groups are somehow represented. Glaringly absent is any part of or comment on PLAYBOY's own tripartite appraisal of beat—perhaps because it put the finger on the nihilist, anti-social, anti-creative elements in the beat mystique, a vital aspect of the matter which doesn't jibe with the book's generally adulatory premise. The editors have supplied a thoughtful introduction showing how both Angries and Beats are reacting to a world they never made—the latter in a search for sensation, a “sordid dance of violence

and pain,” the former by strangling their “betters” with their old school ties. In the process, both have produced some of the most dynamic writing of our time, and you can read the best of it here. In short, a bloody cool collection.

For the second consecutive year, a PLAYBOY story has been reprinted in Judith Merrill's anthology of top science-fiction. This time, George Langelaan's novelette, *The Fly* (it copped our \$1000 Best Fiction Bonus), occupies a major niche in *SF 58: The Year's Greatest Science-Fiction and Fantasy* (Gnome, \$3.50; Dell, 35¢) as “one of the great horror stories of this or any year.” And, among the stories Honorably Mentioned, is Robert Bloch's *The Traveling Salesman*, also from this magazine. In addition to fiction, Miss Merrill has, this year, slipped in some Sputnik-inspired non-fic of the Where-Do-We-Go-From-Here variety.

There was the time in Paris when Patrick Dennis' Auntie Mame replaced an ailing friend at the Folies-Bergère in a costume that was all front but almost no back, with little Patrick holding her train while she walked down the runway. On that historic occasion, a capricious customer tripped her with his cane and she, with her six Russian wolfhounds on leash, plunked into the lap of an austere banker they knew from home. In London, Auntie Mame saved an amorous friend from a fortune-hunting Spaniard by allowing him to learn that *her* fortune was even greater. He probably is still trying to figure out who locked him in the lavatory of a plane carrying volunteers to the Spanish Republican Army. Her eagerness to do anything for a friend involved her and her compliant nephew in misadventures in Venice, Vienna and the Middle East, and they're all part of the latest Dennis delight, *Around the World with Auntie Mame* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95), sequel to a famous best-seller/Broadway bonanza/in-the-works film. “Maybe next summer we can start all over again,” Mame forecasts in Chapter Last. “Just a short trip, up or down the Amazon. Possibly both. . . .” Either way, Auntie will be back soon, we hope, like an indestructible champagne bubble.

DINING-DRINKING

Should pleasure or biz take you to Hollywood this month, you owe it to yourself to sample some of the finest fare forthcoming from the kitchen of any restaurant on the land. At *La Rue* (8631 Sunset Blvd.) you can dine in sumptuous and quiet elegance on pheasant, guinea hen, a variety of game, or more common viands like roast beef, all prepared superbly, served with just the
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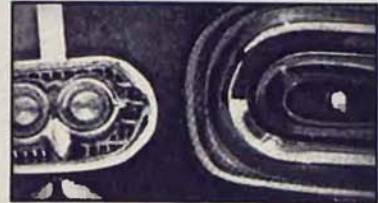
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PLAYBOY

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THE TURK felt good.

He stretched, catlike, on the mattress and took a big pull at the cigarette and watched the smoke eddy up to the one bright light on the ceiling.

Inside his hard, flat stomach was the greatest meal The Turk had ever known.

Everything he liked, starting with a big blast of rye and 7-Up, highlighted by a fat steak up to there with onions and mushrooms, topped off by a whole apple pie and three plates of butter pecan ice cream.

If they could see me now, The Turk thought. Those punks. He was a Big Man now.

Chick! went the electric clock out in the hallway.

Another minute gone. The Turk sighed long and deep. There was a lot to think about.

Joe McGee, for instance . . .

He never told Joe McGee the guys called him The Turk because that was none of Joe McGee's business or anybody's business at the newspaper where Joe McGee was a rewrite man and The Turk had been a copy boy. To everybody on the night side staff of the paper The Turk was just plain lazy, impudent, back-talking Bob Hannesen.

The Turk remembered the night those three kids got the chair for killing that

old guy in the delicatessen and the real great story Joe McGee wrote about it. He was nowhere near Sing Sing that night but wow, that story made you feel you were there.

"You know, Mr. McGee," The Turk said, "I think they're better off, you know?"

"Let's say everybody's better off," Joe McGee said.

"No, I mean like, what if they got life? I wouldn't want to spend the rest of my life in no jail. Not me. They can give me the chair any time."

"That's just about the stupidest thing I've ever heard out of you and you're pretty stupid," said Joe McGee. The Turk smiled. That was what he liked about Joe McGee. He never weaseled around anything, he told you.

"Why?" said The Turk. "Now you tell me, why am I stupid?"

"I'll tell you," said Joe McGee. "How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"What do you know about living?"

"Whaddaya want me to do, write a book or something?"

"Write a book? I'd like to see you write a whole sentence."

"Well, I still say it's better to get the chair than life."

"You know something? You'd make a

good soldier."

"Whaddaya mean?"

"I mean you're so goddamn stupid and that's what makes a good soldier, stupidity. Look: You take an older man, you ask him, go out there and kill those guys who are shooting at you, and he'll try to get out of it. But a young jerk like you, you'll fight with your teeth if you got nothing else."

"Yeah," said The Turk with discovery in his tone. "I guess I would at that. How'd you know?"

"Now I'll tell you a war story," said Joe McGee. "I was in the Army and they sent me overseas and I was in three battles and I was all of 20 years old and I only get the willies about it now. You could get killed doing that! But I never thought about it while it was happening because I was a dumb, jerky kid, just like you."

"Well, now, wait a minute, wait a minute," said The Turk. "You got a wife and kids now, right? Maybe you're thinking about them, am I right?"

"No, that's not all there is to it," said Joe McGee. "It's just that you live a little more, you get to like it, you know something about it. You don't have to ball all the time, you get to just enjoy living. Ah, what's the use? You won't know what I'm talking about until you

fiction By FRED McMORROW

DROP DEAD

his world was divided into turks and jerks—and he was the turk of turks

get to be my age. If you live that long."

"Who wants to be your age?" said The Turk. "I want a good-looking corpse, you know?"

"Get the hell out of here," said Joe McGee.

"I like you, Mr. McGee," said The Turk. "Lemme do something for you. Cup of coffee? Sharpen your pencils?"

But The Turk meant it. Of all the people at the paper Joe McGee was the only one The Turk respected and with The Turk, respect came first. Joe McGee, he knew.

The Juvenile Aid Bureau got The Turk his job at the paper. The editor was a member of the Big Brother movement. He liked to help young kids in trouble. The J.A.B. thought The Turk had a brain or two in his head so they asked the editor to give The Turk a chance as a night copy boy. Maybe something would come of it, something like what Angelo Patri did for John Garfield. And it would be bad if The Turk had his nights free.

One of the first jobs they gave The Turk was making the coffee-run to the Greek's, the dirty little diner behind the police station where the cab drivers and bakery deliverymen hung out at night.

The Turk was waiting for the Greek to fill the containers when Joe McGee came in, two hours late to work. It was snowing and Joe McGee was bundled up in a shaggy tweed overcoat with a shaggier fur collar. He was a big, beefy guy in his thirties, with red hair and a bushy red mustache. The Greek poured him a glass of buttermilk and Joe McGee threw it down in one gulp. The Turk thought his eyes looked sad, like a dog's he once had.

Joe McGee stared around the place and his eyes fell on The Turk and stayed there. The Turk felt like it was a priest or a cop looking at him, looking into him.

"Hi," The Turk said challengingly, but Joe McGee just kept looking.

"That's your new copy boy," said the Greek. "He's gonna be the boss tomorrow, the way he talks around here."

"I'm pleased to meet you," The Turk said. "My name's Bob Hannelsen."

"Well, you can live that down," said Joe McGee, and turned away like a book closing. "Gimme a coffee regular."

Later, in the city room, The Turk watched Joe McGee working.

He had just taken a story over the phone from the night police reporter and he was sitting there with his arms folded, chewing the ends of his mustache, and staring at The Turk.

"Hey kid," he said. "Come here. Do me a favor. Take a walk down the end of the room and come back real slow, like you were going to meet your girl and you didn't want to get there too

soon."

"Wha-at?" said The Turk.

"No, I mean it," said Joe McGee. "I got a story here where a kid is walking down the street like that with the cops waiting for him where he's going and I want to describe it. Do what I said." The Turk shrugged and obeyed, even swaggered a little.

"That's it, that's it!" said Joe McGee.

He bent over his typewriter and began stabbing the keys as if in anger, and stared at the paper as if it were the face of a man he was fighting.

The Turk slumped into a chair at the copy boys' desk. "What's that guy, nuts or something?" he asked.

"You gotta be a little nuts to be in this business," said the head night copy boy.

"No, I think he's really a little nuts. Making me parade up and down like that. What the hell was that for?"

"He told you. He wanted to write about it. Wait till you see the story. He's a hell of a writer."

Later, the night editor gave the story to The Turk to take out to the composing room. Once out of sight of the city desk, The Turk stopped to read it.

It made him feel naked.

It was about some punk getting arrested for raping a girl and how the cops tailed him as he strolled along to meet her. But when Joe McGee described the kid walking, it was The Turk. Everything—his black leather jacket, his blond, Detroit-cut hair, his skintight chino pants, his pointed shoes, his handsome, sullen face with the mean, thin lips, and that insolent, heel-dragging walk.

"Mr. McGee," he said when the rewrite man wasn't busy, "that kid in that story, does he look like me?"

"Search me," said Joe McGee. "I guess he looks something like you. He's got a name like yours and he was about the same build."

"How about the rest of it?"

"You mean what he did?"

"Yeah, with the girl. Would I do something like that?"

"Why not?" said Joe McGee. "Put yourself in his place. You got this girl, she says yes, there you are. Nothing any red-blooded, clean-cut American boy wouldn't do."

"Well, I know, but rape . . ."

"You read the story?"

"Yeah, I read it."

"You didn't read it too well."

"Sure I did. You said rape."

"I said statutory rape."

"Yeah, I saw that."

"Do you know what it means?"

"Sure. Rape. You rape somebody, you're violatin' the statutes. Right?"

"Not exactly. It means she was under 18, the age of consent, and Mama found out about it and went to the cops. Like

I said, put yourself in the kid's place. She tells you, help yourself, daddy-o. What are you going to do, spit in her eye?"

"I'll have to remember that," The Turk said, grinning. "Next time I'll tell the girl, lissen, you know what my friend Joe McGee told me? I can't go raping no statues, honey!"

"Don't be a wise guy," said Joe McGee.

"I like you, Mr. McGee," said The Turk. "You're my friend."

"Drop dead," said Joe McGee. But they got along and The Turk learned to appreciate Joe McGee's insatiable curiosity about people's motives, guts, meanness and goodness, and where the line was between those last two qualities.

"Mr. McGee," The Turk said once, "you don't belong in this crappy business. You can write stuff so it sounds like it was real important. I mean it's like you see it happening when you read it. Why don't you write a book?"

"You mean just start writing and when I've got a couple of hundred pages I've got a book, huh?"

"You know you could do it. You could make a lot of money. Why don't you?"

"Anybody can do this," said Joe McGee waving at the city room. "Not everybody can write a book. I can't write a book. I don't even want to write a book. Nobody reads books any more."

"I'll read your book, Mr. McGee. I'm your friend."

"You gotta have something you want to tell somebody when you write a book."

"So? So?"

"So I don't want to tell anybody anything. I got a message. I'll go to Western Union. I just want everybody to mind their own business, including you. Drop dead, now, I got work to do here."

One morning after work The Turk and Joe McGee and one of the photo-engravers stopped in the bar across from the Greek's.

Joe McGee and the engraver got pretty drunk and The Turk decided to go easy so he could listen to them talk.

It soon became a one-way conversation, a lecture by Joe McGee on the decline and fall of practically everybody.

To everything Joe McGee said, the engraver would answer "right," or "that's right," or "you're goddamn right."

Finally the engraver was sound asleep, his face buried in his arms on the bar, but Joe McGee lectured on.

"You, you're a journeyman in your trade. You can get a job anywhere, you can make enough money to live like a man. You could get a job shop, make cuts for house organs, work in the daytime and hire other dumbbells to work

(continued on page 52)



"I'll be with you in a minute. Keep your shirt off."

EROS and UNREASON in DETROIT

how the makers and manipulators built a dream that boomeranged



John Keats, author of this article and such talk-provoking, bile-churning books as "The Crack in the Picture Window" and "Schools Without Scholars," wields one of America's angriest young pens. Herein, Mr. Keats' deep dudgeon is aimed foursquare at a medium-sized mid-western metropolis that sits on the north bank of the Detroit River and is chiefly responsible for the conception, design, production and marketing of the American car. He performs an incisive autopsy on the still-thrashing carcass of a depressed automotive industry and delivers a scathing diagnosis of the corporate yelps. (Next month, Lippincott is publishing his expanded broadside on the subject, titled "The Insolent Chariots.") Whether or not you take umbrage at Mr. Keats' nasty nouns and acid adjectives, we have no doubt that his piece provides an indignant, provocative case against the automakers of Detroit.

FOR SLIGHTLY MORE than the price of a college education you, too, can own a kind of rolling, illuminated Crystal Palace, wherein you can recline on a couch, idly pushing buttons and wondering what might lie in front of the glistening hood, while the sun burns into your eyes through a windshield that is strangely overhead. This Chinese love junk, or Perpetual Wurlitzer, is popularly supposed to float on air and to be powered by jets or rockets, somehow aided by wings and fins. It seems ludicrously appropriate that the best way to enter it is by crawling on all fours.

If you buy—or own—such a monstrosity, you may be interested to know what the people who made it think of you. Briefly, they think you are in dire need of the ministrations of a competent alienist. They imagine that you are the victim of aggressive impulses, or that you aren't so hot in bed and



opinion **By JOHN KEATS**

need a kind of mechanical aphrodisiac, or that you're a frustrated lecher or—at best—that you are simply infantile.

Furthermore, they say they're not making all this up. They say they're giving you just what scientific research proves you secretly most want—a great big shiny automobile festooned with sexual symbols that will tell the world that you're really not what you really are. What you really are, they say, is a sick fetishist who isn't sure he is male.

There might be a kind of shy, poignant charm in all this if they—meaning Detroit's designers—would only occasionally turn out a sick dream in metal to sell to some specific wealthy nitwit who suffers from some specific psychosis. Who is to quarrel with the idea of giving the customer what he wants? King Farouk ordered, and got, an automobile horn that imitates the howls of dogs being mangled beneath his wheels. Why not turn out custom-made symbols of psychosexual fantasies for those in need of them?

Of course, the trouble is that Detroit doesn't operate on a custom but on an assembly-line basis. Now that Detroit has heard a little third-hand gossip about Freud from the prophets of motivation research, Detroit is operating on the theory that we are *all* as daft as Farouk; that *none* of us is in a state of mental health; that we *all* want to buy automobiles that are portable symbols of twisted desires. For the sake of argument, perhaps we could stomach this preposterous assumption if Detroit thereupon mass produced a variety of representations of different desires. But no—mass production admits no variety. Therefore, Detroit merely seized upon what it was led to believe to be the *one* great fault with *most* American males: an irrational fear of impotence. Hence, as noted semanticist S. I. Hayakawa observed in his paper *Sexual Fantasy and the 1957 Car*, Detroit decided to "give the men . . . the One Big Symbol that will make them feel they are not impotent." The result: a four-eyed blather of chromium schmaltz, hoked up with meaningless, temperamental gadgets; a rocket ship containing enough electrical apparatus to illuminate Boston and enough power to make paterfamilias think he is the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The worst things about these "fantastic and insolent chariots," as Lewis Mumford calls them, are not that they are too expensive. The worst things are that their design has nothing to do with any mechanical or human reality, that they are as unsafe as they are unsightly, that they are shoddily built of inferior stuffs, that they are idiotically costly to operate and to repair, that at the very most they are little more than four-wheeled insults to men of good taste.

An exact case in point is the Cadillac Eldorado Brougham, the most lavish and pretentious of all Detroit dreamboats; the car the shamans of motivation research insist that you are most lusting for because you're such an impotent wretch.

General Motors tells us the newest Eldorado has "anti-dive control, outriggers, pillarless styling, projectile-shaped gull-wing bumpers, outboard exhaust ports, four metal magnetized gold-finish drinking cups, [a bottle of] perfume, an antenna which automatically rises to urban height, ventipanes, [and a] sound-wave opening for the horn."

This contraption is more than 18 feet long, and more than 6½ feet wide, but it has only 5-3/10 inches of road clearance and its roof rises no higher than the average Texan's belly button. Once you're inside it, you discover there is less than one yard from seat to ceiling and only 43.7 inches allowed—hip to toe—for your legs. Before we explore it, however, let's try to examine the Eldorado from a rational point of view, beginning with an attempt at English translation of that ad copy:

The name implies it is a light, closed carriage that comes to us from an English lord's estate that is curiously located in an imaginary land abounding in gold. "Pillarless styling" might mean the top is as collapsible as a Japanese lantern, as you may discover in case of accident. The carriage has "anti-dive control," which doubtless means there is some built-in device that keeps it from *not* diving when you slam on the brakes. A "sound-wave opening for the horn" apparently means the horn's noise is permitted to be heard outside the car. "Ventipane" is gibberish. The image of a projectile shaped like a gull's wing, or a gull's wing shaped like a projectile, is not for the rational mind to grasp. One wonders what is meant by "urban height"—presumably it means the average height of all cities. Why an antenna should automatically seek such a mean altitude is difficult to understand. One also wonders why a light carriage from a golden land should have outriggers attached to it. Only when one comes to the outboard exhaust ports do the words fall sweetly on the ear, because one can readily imagine how difficult ordinary respiration would become were the exhaust pipes to empty themselves within the car.

At this point, it is clear the Eldorado's description is not meant to be taken literally. Instead, it is designed to create the impression that the Eldorado is really not an automobile at all. It is a souvenir of English gentility. Your attention is directed to the dreams of Spanish conquistadors. You are asked to think of Hawaiians skimming past

sunny lagoons in outrigger canoes; of the intimacy of milady's boudoir; of 16-inch naval shells; of gulls soaring and, apparently, oddly bumping into each other. You are asked to don a white suit to enter a laboratory to measure sound waves with your fellow-physicists. All of these potency-symbol associations can be yours for a measly \$13,000, plus tax.

The price, like the description, implies that this thing which is more than an automobile is not built for most people. Physical inspection *proves* it. It is a thing built for very rich, very short people who have no parking problems. Let's wander around an Eldorado and see for ourselves.

If you can keep up a brisk pace of six feet per second, it will take you slightly more than eight seconds to circumnavigate the Eldorado. In slightly more than one second, however, you have marched past all the linear room reserved for occupants. Or, to put it another way, of the 117 square feet the Eldorado measures, only 35 square feet—less than one-third the area—is devoted to people. Barely one-fifth of the 503.1 cubic feet of the Eldorado's vast bulk is reserved for human habitation. In short, either two-thirds or four-fifths of the Eldorado is not concerned with human reality, depending on the way you choose to compare the usable space with the overall size.

Next, we discover the usable space to be equally aloof from reality. A six-foot man will have only 6.2 inches tolerance sitting inside the thing because the total maximum number of inches of combined head and foot room is 78.2. It is therefore obvious that a six-foot man cannot wear both a hat and ripple-soled shoes at the same time and drive an Eldorado Brougham. On the other hand, the seats are more than five feet wide, and so we can say that a man who happens to be five feet tall and four feet wide would have at least a foot of room in which to bob up and down, and six inches to sway from side to side.

Suppose, now, we are to fill the Eldorado with six skinny midgets. They sit three in front, three in back. One reaches for the perfume bottle and dabs at a tiny ear. Applying Boyle's law governing the expansion of gases in a confined space, we discover that not one, but all six people will immediately take on the odor of crushed rose petals, whether they want to or not.

There are other, minor contradictions about the Eldorado from a humanistic point of view, but let's get on to some mechanical aspects.

Why the power steering on this or any other car? To move the sow fat, squeaky tires and the enormous front-end weight. Why power brakes? To stop the overpowered, overweight juggler-

(continued on page 24)



food

BY THOMAS MARIO

fair white flesh in armor plate

LONG LIVE THE LOBSTER

THE LOBSTER is the playboy of the deep: he is a Night Person, an epicure, a traveler. During the daylight hours, he remains relatively stable on the ocean bed: after sundown he becomes noticeably restless, moving about with vigor and dash, despite his armor-plated bulk. He has the true gourmet's fondness for seafood, being partial to clams in the shell, and he has been especially equipped by nature to enjoy this delicacy: one claw is larger than the other — with this he holds the clam, while with the daintier claw he extracts the tasty tidbit piece by piece. As for his traveling preferences, he finds the airplane more congenial than train or truck.

A century ago, the lobster's travels were limited. The shipping of the first live lobster from New England to Chicago back in 1842 was a major event. *(continued on page 32)*



"Just think, Georgie, someday I'll look just like that!"

though as old as mankind and as catching as measles, this was...

A VERY RARE DISEASE



NEIMAN

fiction By HENRY SLESAR

SPIRO got to the restaurant first, and sat silently on a plump semicircle of leather cushions, sipping a cold, dry martini and listening to the lunch talk. Big talk, little talk, deal, deal, deal; it was just like the talk he'd heard in every restaurant in every city where the selling business had taken him and his black suitcase. But today, the talk jarred. Today, Spiro had big worries.

O'Connor showed up at 12:30. He said: "Welcome home, Joe. You knock 'em dead in Chicago?"

Spiro edged over for his lunch partner and picked up a spoon. "Yeah, I knocked 'em dead, all right." He rapped the spoon against a glass and rang a clean sweet bell that made the waiter look in his direction. "You want a martini, right?"

"You got it," O'Connor grinned. "Tell you the truth, Joe, I kind of think you're lucky. I hate being stuck behind a desk. Me, I like to travel."

"I like it all right," Spiro said.

"Then what's wrong? You look worried."

"I am."

"Bad trip?"

"No, good trip. Best three weeks on the road since last year. It's no business worry. It's a health problem."

"No kidding? You having trouble, Joe?"

Spiro slumped in his seat.

"No, not me. It's Katherine."

"Your wife?"

"Yeah, I guess the worst is over, but she really had me scared for a while. I been through hell these past three days —"

"Well, what happened?"

"It must have started a couple of weeks ago, when I called her from Chi-

ago, just to say hello. She complained of a headache, some dizziness, nothing very serious. But that's the way this thing is—hardly a symptom at all. That's what's so frightening about it."

"About what, for Pete's sake?"

"About this disease. I forget what it's called exactly—mono, monotheocrosis, something like that. It's a very rare disease, one of those medical freaks that show up once in a hundred years. The symptoms are practically non-existent; the doctor told us some people don't realize a thing until it's too late."

O'Connor's jaw slackened. "Until it's too late? You mean this thing's fatal?"

"That's right. If you don't catch it in time—" Spiro snapped his fingers crisply. "—that's it."

"But she's OK now? You found out in time?"

"Yes, thank God. It was pure coincidence that saved us. My doctor came to our house on Thursday night to play some bridge. I told him about Kathy's cold, and he looked her over. He thought she was looking funny, so he decided to take a blood sample; that's when he found this crazy bug. It's a damn good thing he did—for both of us."

"How do you mean?"

"This monotheocrosis—it's catching as hell. A couple of nights more, and I would have had the damn thing in my system, too."

O'Connor's drink arrived, and he gulped it gratefully.

"But what did you do about it? Is there a cure?"

"That was my first question, too. My doc was a little baffled by the whole thing, but luckily he remembered the

name of a man who made a study of the disease. A Dr. Hess, on the third floor of the Birch Building. We shot right down there and saw him, and he was very comforting. He said they might not have been able to do anything 10, 12 years ago, but now they had drugs that could do the trick. I was so relieved I almost cried."

"Boy! No wonder you look so beat. That was quite an experience."

"It sure was," Spiro said, downing the rest of his drink.

They left the restaurant at two, and Spiro said good-bye to O'Connor on the corner of Fifty-eighth and Madison. Then he stepped into a cab and gave the driver the address of the Birch Building.

He was there in 10 minutes. In the lobby, he stopped at a newsstand and bought a pack of cigarettes. He lit one, and entered the elevator. "Three," he told the operator.

The corridor was bustling with people settling back into the afternoon work routine. He lounged near the elevator for another 10 minutes, and the hallways emptied.

At 2:30, O'Connor stepped off the elevator, looked up and down the hall, and then headed left.

Spiro called out: "O'Connor!"

O'Connor whirled, looked bewildered, and then walked up to his friend.

"I just wanted to be sure," said Spiro, "you son of a bitch." Then he drew back his fist and drove it into O'Connor's cheek. O'Connor yelped and fell sprawling to the marble tiles. Spiro, feeling better than he had in a long time, pressed the Down button.



UNTIL RECENTLY, Brother Theodore freely admits, his life was unimportant. "I lectured on how to manufacture baby oil, using live babies; the joys of making love to a raincoat; and other commercial pap." enjoying a certain success with lovers of the macabre in small Eastern nightclubs and on TV. But then one day he received The Word. The ailments of mankind, he discovered, were caused by man's walking on his hind legs. So, putting Two-Leggedism and Two-Leggedism together, he emerged with a glorious panacea, Four-Leggedism or Quadrupedism. "Walking on all fours," proclaims Brother Theodore, "is living as nature meant you to live; with your vertebrae held horizontal, from east to west; your posterior pointing to the North Pole; with the navel as the center of gravity, transmitting poise and self-expression to all parts of the body." Nee Theodore Gottlieb, he cracked showbiz as a grisly club comic in 1947, seven years after escaping from Nazi Germany, where his family was liquidated. Dropping his last name, Theodore attracted a faithful following in various urban pubs and clubs with a program called *Blossoms of Evil*. His audiences found in him the same sort of ghoulish humor previously popularized by *The New Yorker's* Charles

Addams. John Huston described him as "a one-man Grand Guignol." (It is no coincidence that his name is identical to that of the title-character of a PLAYBOY story, *The Distributor*. Author Richard Matheson confesses that the disturbing Distributor was, at several removes, inspired by Theodore's more ghastly routines.) Resembling a pudgy pile of mud, with egg-beater hair, satanic eyebrows, and a hangdog lower lip, Theodore punctuated his dissertations with rolling eyeballs, blood-stopping shrieks, slobbering, and what he labels "good old-fashioned death rattles." An LP of these rantings was cut, and Theodore seemed well on the way to becoming what the *New York Daily News* called "a genius of the sinister." But then he saw *The Light*. His posters and handbills were changed to read: "Brother Theodore (formerly Theodore)." He Went Forth. Now, in such temples as New York's Town Hall, as well as on the Jack Paar and *Night Beat* television shows, he expounds on his new-found faith. His greatest satisfaction, he finds, is derived from seeing his little group of disciples grow. Just recently, a young lady wrote him: "Before I became a Quadruped, I was so nervous nobody could sleep with me. Now everybody can."

a pudgy pile of mud



slenderella in the sky

ONE OF THE LATEST giants to thrust its head into New York's skyline is a stern but startling 38-story edifice sheathed in stunning bronze. Austerely geometrical and devoid of any ornamentation, the House of Seagram is referred to sneeringly as "that whiskey building" by Frank Lloyd Wright. But to the rapidly multiplying admirers of its 72-year-old architect, Mies van der Rohe, the building is the crowning manifestation of a lifelong principle: maximum effect with minimum means. Mies (as he prefers to be called) is a man of ample proportion and great personal warmth; his architecture is spare and rigid ("skin and bones," he calls it). Mies' career began officially in 1919 in his native Germany, where he designed a truly revolutionary skyscraper, sheathed wholly in glass and stripped almost to the structural skeleton. After 20 years of advancing his avant-garde theories in Europe, he came to this country. At the Illinois Institute of Technology, he headed up the Department of Architecture (a job he still holds). With relish he proceeded to re-do the entire I.I.T. campus, making bold use of immense glass areas and blanketing the 100-acre project with his architectural X-ray look. Then in 1948 the

unique Mies touch appeared on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive in two towering apartment houses with floor-to-ceiling windows, standing on stilts of steel. Though somewhat resembling up-ended ice-cube trays and thus termed "icy cold" by critics, this Slenderella approach to architecture elicited huzzahs from many of Mies' confreres in the field. But his genius might never have been acknowledged outside the circle of *Architectural Forum* readers if the Seagram people hadn't been seeking fresh talent for the New York scene. With the assistance of architect Philip Johnson, Mies gave them the world's first bronze skyscraper, with huge, tinted, glare-resistant windows, overlooking a paved, fountain-dotted plaza (Park Avenue's first "park"). Now that Mies, like his building, enjoys a place in the sun, the paeans to his artistry are filling the air. They are summed up in the words of one of his fellow architects:

"Mies' very perfectionist attitude toward detail, his insistence on order, his uncompromising truth to material, his precise adjustments of scale and proportion have all been brought together to achieve an architecture for the 'whole man' of the 20th Century."

ON THE SCENE



hot podium for a wunderkind

"I NEVER THOUGHT I'd use that horrid expression, 'musical genius,'" the late music critic Olin Downes once said: "You can blame Lenny for making me sound trite." Downes' Lenny, of course, was Leonard Bernstein, who last November became the first American-born (Lawrence, Mass.) conductor to be appointed Musical Director of the New York Philharmonic and, at exactly 40, is the second youngest ever to hold the position. For the past two decades, *Wunderkind* Bernstein has had his talented fingers in a variety of musical pies: he'd tear off a symphony or a movie score, knock out a Broadway show (*West Side Story*, *Wonderful Town*, *On the Town*), give lively lectures on jazz and Bach via TV's *Omnibus*

(he got an Emmy for the Bach), do some serious conducting, compose an opera (*Trouble in Tahiti*), play a little jazz piano. Some sourpusses have called this Spreading Himself Thin, but for the next three years, Bernstein will have plenty of chance to prove the strength of his symphonic baton. Conducting the Philharmonic full time should serve as an excellent maturation index for Lenny. It will also put him on a hot podium, as the first Yank to break into what has been so far a strictly European club. While Lenny strives to prove his baton wizardry, there will be much toe-crunching and yowling along the way. He has already promised to inject liberal doses of American music into his programs, at the expense of the Old

Masters (sheer blasphemy to the concert Tories). Another concern of the old guard is that Bernstein's long association with Broadway will besmirch the dignified name of the Philharmonic. Some still wince at the way he good-humoredly referred to his predecessor at the Phil's helm (elderly, distinguished, Greek-born, Brynner-bald Dimitri Mitropoulos): "I feel," said Lenny, "like an actress who has to follow Tallulah Bankhead." Those who ought to know believe that if any home-grown American can triumph in a field that has been dominated up to now by foreign imports — and even make the world forget that one of America's musical products of late has been more longsideburned than long-haired — that person is the *Wunderkind*.

UNREASON in DETROIT (continued from page 18)

naut. Power steering can whisk a novice off the road at 80 miles an hour, and power brakes can hurl him through the windshield.

Why the electrically driven windows? Why, indeed? Temperamental as most of today's gadgets, the electrical windows on one car of vivid memory stuck shut on the hottest Texas day in 30 years. On another, they jammed open during a Vermont blizzard. Those on a third caught a three-year-old child's hand. On another, a child was actually strangled to death. There is almost no point to such gimmicks, unless it be that they keep repairmen in food and beer.

There is an automatic light dimmer mounted on the dashboard, which itself resembles the answer to a pinball addict's dream. It dims your lights as another car approaches. But it also clicks on and off while you pass streetlights, and, worse, it doesn't dim your lights when you follow a car.

Air suspension? Many a cheaper car on the market today gives you a better ride on metal springs.

Automatic transmission? A wretched device, wasteful of gasoline, hard on brake linings, less accurate and less safe than a manual transmission in the hands of a good driver. And who else, pray tell, should drive?

That big, soft, gooey ride? Here is a superficial advantage indeed, because it is well known that you can operate an Indianapolis racing car at 100 miles an hour with far greater safety than a professional race driver can operate a Detroit dreamboat at 60. For one thing, there is no feel of the road in a dreamboat—the driver doesn't drive the thing, gadgets drive it for him. For example, there is that passing gear. Idea is, you floor the accelerator and are at once jolted from 35 to, say, 55 miles an hour in a matter of seconds. The excuse is that this will save your life if you have to get around another car in a hurry. But such a device is also an excuse for a loose mind to weave through tangled traffic. Worse, it sometimes may not work, and you will never know that it is not working until you desperately call on it.

Automatic choke? Here is yet another dingbat that can easily go out of kilter, thus divorcing the driver in still another way from practical control of his machine.

Four headlights? Why the hell not eight, or 16, or 32? Anybody want to try for the 64-headlight car?

Shoddy? Of course. Why the "metal magnetized gold-finish drinking cups?" Lady Nora Docker uses gold lavishly in her custom-made Daimler. She's even plated the exhaust pipe with the stuff.

If you're going to sink 13 Gs into a bit of rolling stock, you'd think the least you'd get would be 14 carats. Likewise, look with suspicion upon the Eldorado's "high-pile nylon Karakul" rugs. No doubt nylon lasts longer. But if we're going to do the extravagant thing, let's have genuine Karakul. Steel? The Stanley Steamer used a heavier gauge.

Expensive to operate and repair? You said it. Not only does today's monster engine suck up nothing but the most exotic fuels, delivering eight to 13 miles a gallon in return, but if you dent a fender it doesn't cost you eight bucks to hire a man with a ball-peen hammer. Instead, you'll find yourself faced with a repair bill slightly larger than the price of a Caesarean section. Furthermore, to find the spark plugs on most Detroit cars these days, you require the services of a specialist in a white suit, equipped with Geiger counter and contour maps.

Finally, we come to style. The idea of a luxury automobile is that it is supposed to reflect the quiet good taste of a man to whom money is no object. There is nothing about the Eldorado, for example, that is not blaring ostentation, as far removed as Jupiter from the graceful not-a-line-wasted simplicity of the Rolls-Royce.

It is necessary to take such an acid look at the Eldorado because it is General Motors' theory that the Cadillac is the most beautiful car there is. It is beautiful, thinks GM, because it costs more than any other GM product. GM therefore believes the more a car looks like a Cadillac, and the closer it approaches the Cadillac's price, the more beautiful it is. Thus, all GM cars are designed to look like apprentice Cadillacs; and since GM sells more cars than all other manufacturers put together, all other Detroit manufacturers, with the exception of George Romney's American Motors, try to make cars that look as much as possible like GM cars. And they have succeeded—not only in style, but in performance as well, as advertising agency president David Ogilvy rightly notes.

"There isn't any significant difference among American automobiles, any more than there is among cake mixes," he said. Raymond Loewy, the industrial designer who did the postwar Studebaker, says the reason for this lack of difference is that every company produces "imitative, overdecorated chariots, with something for everyone laid over a basic formula design that is a copy of someone else's formula design."

Detroit spends an annual fortune to ensure its lack of originality, and its effort takes the form of a perpetual Keystone Cop comedy. To protect its styling

studios, Ford has a force of 20 security guards commanded by an ex-FBI agent. Different-colored passes admit different people to specific, different rooms and to those rooms only. Unused sketches and clay models are destroyed. Ford's studio locks can be changed within an hour if someone loses a key. To pierce such a wall of secrecy, each company employs spies and counter-spies, rumorists and counter-rumorists. Rival helicopters flutter over high-walled test tracks. Ford guards peer at an adjacent water tower with a 60-power telescope to make sure no long-range camera is mounted on it by a rival concern. One automotive company installed a microphone in a blonde's brassiere and sent her off to seduce a secret. There is just about everything in this desperate hugger-mugger that you might expect to find in an Eric Ambler thriller, except a genuine sense of humor—although the results are laughable enough. All secrets are discovered! The shape of a Ford hubcap! The number of square inches of chromium on the new Buick! The final result is that all the companies know all the secrets of all the other companies, and everyone brings out the same car. But the cars would have come out looking alike, anyway (with the possible exceptions of the Corvette and the Rambler), because they are not designed to be automobiles in the first place, nor are they advertised and sold as such. Instead, from Eldorado down, they are sold as dreams, because the pseudo-scientists of motivation research told Detroit that people don't buy automobiles. Instead, they said, people buy dreams of sex, speed, power and wealth. Your problem, the researchers told Detroit, is to find some way to provide everyone with his private variation of these favorite illusions, while, at the same time, practicing mass production.

According to Vance Packard's incisive best seller, *The Hidden Persuaders*, one psyche-probing agency discovered what every automobile dealer knows to be true—that a convertible in the window lures men into the store, whereupon they buy sedans. Mr. Packard says Ernest Dichter, president of the Institute of Motivation Research, chose to regard all this with Viennese eyes. The convertible, it seems, was the mistress the men wanted. It represented a perpetual daydream of youth and beguiling sin. The man who stared at it like an Elder at Susanna knew perfectly well he would never have the courage, the brains nor the money to keep a mistress, but he dreamed his little dream, anyway. Then he marched into the store and bought the plain old frump of a sedan that represented the humdrum wife the customer knew to be the best female bargain he had any right to expect, and

(continued on page 28)

sick

satire

THE LITTLE WORLD OF JULES FEIFFER



a new cartoon talent probes and prods the boy-girl relationship

THE SENSITIVE SCRATCHINGS on these pages spring from the mordant mind of Jules Feiffer, a kind of Mort Sahl of the drawing board, who has more than a touch of psychoanalyst and social critic in his makeup. These cartoons first appeared in *The Village Voice*, unofficial organ of the Greenwich Village bohemian belt, under the apt title *Sick, Sick, Sick*. Now gathered into a book of the same name (McGraw-Hill, \$1.50), they are creating new Feifferphiles beyond the confines of the Village.

They appear here by way of introduction to a unique talent who is joining Jack Cole, Shel Silverstein, John Dempsey, Alden Erikson, Gahan Wilson, Eric Sokol and other popular *PLAYBOY* cartoonists as a regular contributor to these pages. In the months ahead, Feiffer will analyze, in addition to sex, such subjects as jazz, sports cars, hi-fi, double vodka martinis on the rocks with a lime twist, and other frantic phenomena of our gay, enchanting, urban, sick-sick-sick society.



IT'S LIKE SHE'S MADE OF ICE.

MAUL-MAUL-MAUL-



WHAT DOES SHE THINK I AM? FROM OUTER SPACE - I BRUSHED MY TEETH BEFORE I CAME HERE.

FLESH - ALL I AM IS FLUSH TO HIM!



BUT ONCE WE GET INDOORS - SUDDENLY IT'S - "YOU ONLY RECOGNIZE YOUR OWN NEEDS, BERNARD."

WHY DOES HE CHANGE SO? DO I SOMEHOW THREATEN HIM?



I KNOW SHE'S ALIVE. I SAW HER LIP CURL.

IF HE JUST DIDN'T PUT ON THOSE DAMN FLAMENCO RECORDS.



SHE WAS AFFECTIONATE ENOUGH IN THE CHINESE RESTAURANT. IN A MOB SHE'S ALWAYS AFFECTIONATE.

HE CAN BE SO NICE WHEN WE'RE OUTSIDE.



ALL THE WAY UP HERE I COULDN'T GET HER OFF MY NECK.

OUTSIDE I CAN SQUEEZE HIS HAND AND BITE HIS EAR AND HE NEVER GETS THE WRONG IDEA.



WELL IT'S LATE, GLADYS - I BETTER GO.

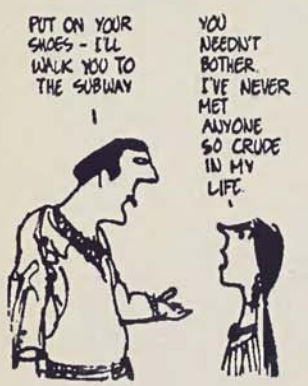


AS YOU LIKE BERNARD.



SAME TIME TOMORROW?

OF COURSE.



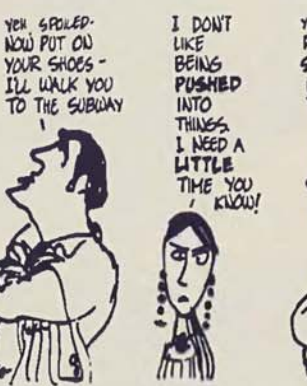
PUT ON YOUR SHOES - I'LL WALK YOU TO THE SUBWAY

YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER. I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE SO CRUDE IN MY LIFE.



YEH, CRUDE - NOW PUT ON YOUR SHOES - I'LL WALK YOU TO THE SUBWAY

YOU WANT EVERYTHING YOUR OWN WAY! YOU'RE SPOILED!



YEH, SPOILED - NOW PUT ON YOUR SHOES - I'LL WALK YOU TO THE SUBWAY

I DON'T LIKE BEING PUSHED INTO THINGS. I NEED A LITTLE TIME YOU KNOW!



YEH, TIME - NOW PUT ON YOUR SHOES - I'LL WALK YOU TO THE SUBWAY

I MEAN - WE'VE HARDLY EVEN TALKED



YEH, TALK - NOW PUT ON YOUR SHOES - I'LL WALK YOU TO THE SUBWAY

YOU'RE CERTAINLY ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF ME.



I'M HIP - NOW PUT ON YOUR SHOES - I'LL WALK YOU TO THE SUBWAY

ISN'T THERE TIME FOR A CIGARETTE?



SURE - NOW JUST PUT ON YOUR SHOES - I'LL WALK YOU TO THE -

YOU'RE A VERY STRANGE BOY HUEV



YOU TAKE ME SO SERIOUSLY



I KNOW I'D FEEL MORE RELAXED AFTER A FEW BEERS

I THINK I'M OUT.

I HAVE MONEY

AT FIRST I FOUND HIM AMUSING. SUCH A YOUNG BOY. SO UNAWARE. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.



I TOLD HIM I WAS FAR TOO OLD FOR HIM. BUT HE KEPT CALLING. HE BEGGED TO SEE ME. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.



I REFUSED TO LET HIM PAY MY WAY. I INSISTED WE DO EVERYTHING DUTCH. HE NEVER KNEW HOW TO ARGUE. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.



HE BEGAN COMING BY AT NIGHT. HE'D BRING BEER AND WE'D SIT AND TALK FOR HOURS. HE WAS SUCH A BABY. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.



I LENT HIM BOOKS AND ADVISED HIM ABOUT LIFE HE WAS SO UNPREPARED. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.



AND THEN HE GOT DEMONSTRATIVE.



I TOLD HIM HE DIDN'T REALLY WANT ME. HE WANTED A MOTHER. BUT HE WAS SO PERSISTENT. I FELT SORRY FOR HIM.



SO I SUBMITTED.



NOW HE THINKS I'M A TRAMP.



WE'RE SO MUCH ALIKE.



WE LIKE THE SAME MUSIC AND THE SAME PLAYS - WE HAVE LOTS OF LAUGHS.



SHE EXPRESSES HERSELF VERY WELL. SHE'S A VERY WARM PERSON - VERY COMMUNICATIVE.



SHE'S EXTREMELY WELL READ. SOMETIMES HER PERCEPTIVENESS AMAZES ME.



IT'S ABOUT THE BEST RELATIONSHIP I'VE EVER HAD.



I WONDER WHY I DON'T LOVE HER.



I GUESS IT'S HER BUILD.



© M.T. JONES PAPER

UNREASON in DETROIT *(continued from page 24)*

Mr. Packard tells us that Detroit swallowed this bilge without blinking an eye.

Mr. Packard also tells us that when the hardtop burst upon the scene to become the fastest-selling innovation since the self-starter, the motivation researchers smoothly said this was because the hardtop represented both mistress and wife in one sanitary package. Thus, gullible Detroit's current view of a hardtop or convertible customer is that he's a frustrated lecher whose automobile is a portable symbol of his baffled desires.

Likewise, Mr. Packard says, motivation researchers told Detroit that people buy big, powerful cars to relieve their aggressive impulses and to be reassured of their masculinity. Detroit's general decision, as noted above, was that most American men feel sexually insecure. Detroit never questioned the advisability of allowing some insecure nut to vent his psychosis by speeding 90 miles an hour through a school zone. Instead, it deliberately made cars more powerful, in order to capitalize on what it mistakenly believed to be a serious defect in the American male's character. Likewise, it built ostentatious cars, believing that most people equate ostentation with good taste, and that conspicuous consumption symbolizes high social status.

Now, motivation research certainly has its place, but as Hayakawa pointed out in last spring's issue of *Etc.*, *A Review of General Semantics*: "Motivation researchers . . . tell their clients what their clients want to hear; namely, *that appeals to human irrationality are likely to be far more profitable than appeals to rationality.* . . . What [they] failed to tell their clients . . . is that only the psychotic and the gravely neurotic act out their irrationalities and their compensatory fantasies—and it is because they act them out that we classify them as mentally ill. The rest of us—the mildly neurotic and the mature, who together constitute the majority . . . are reasonably well oriented to reality. . . ."

In other words, Detroit cynically sought to exploit mental illness for profit, unaware that most people aren't really sick. But Detroit should have known this. For instance, sober marketing research long ago turfed up the news that most new-car buyers are in their twenties and thirties, and since when have young Americans ever doubted their abilities in the sack? (Check, if you must, the rapidly rising number of babies born every year.) Young America needs potency symbols like it needs a second set of elbows.

Detroit managed the difficult feat of swallowing the depth-probers' nostrum while keeping its head in the sand. Thus, Detroit not only put a dream girl in every advertisement of a dreamboat,

but also built deliberate sexual symbols into automobile design in the expectation that the cars' outward appearance would precisely represent the shape of the customers' sexual shortcomings.

This is the reason the manufacturers stick penial shapes on the hoods of their cars. This explains why Cadillac's stylists candidly talk of the breasts on their bumpers; why Buick came up with its famous ring pierced by a flying phallus; why knowing Detroiters complimented the Edsel people for achieving "the vaginal look"; why so many Detroit stylists lavish so much attention on the rear ends of automobiles.

Meanwhile, Detroit also was advised that 65% of this nation's population is found in the upper-lower and lower-middle classes—the bulk of the nation's consumers. Further, Detroit was told that women do 80% of the nation's buying (a dubious statistic at best), and so it would be logical to assume that most women would have at least *something* to say about the cars their husbands bought. Detroit therefore thought of a lower-middle-class woman, and it sort of naturally envisioned one of its own, which is to say, a somewhat paunchy, mentally restricted, myopic aardvark with stringy hair. Because of this mid-western beauty, Ford's design chief George William Walker says Ford spent "millions" trying to find a floor covering that would duplicate the insipid rug in her Philistine living room. Because of her, Chevrolet hired seven psychologists to investigate the Chevy's sounds and smells, and you can imagine the glee at Chevrolet when the company came up in 1957 with what it proudly called "the finest door slam this year we've ever had—a big car sound." Because Detroit cared about a blowzy, lower-middle-class hausfrau, a farmer can't just go out and buy a pickup truck that looks like a truck, but has to buy something done up in white sidewalls, two tones of bile green, chromium knickknacks and tufted upholstery. There isn't anything else available in these days of market research and motivation research.

Hence, if you suspect there might be something unpleasant about Detroit's automobiles, you might reflect that Detroit is trying deliberately to mass produce something that will appeal at once to a male misfit and to a rather common, empty-headed bag.

How do you market something that is a symbol of speed, sex, wealth and power to Pop when it must also appear unimaginative, unspontaneous, routine and unexciting to Mom?

So far, Detroit's answer is that you, as a designer, need not try to do anything well. First, you start out with a

basic shape—an oblong over four wheels, with a smaller oblong on top, like a matchbox on a shoebox. You do not depart from this basic pattern lest you wend into the area of the unique, the unfamiliar and the unconventional. Then, you put breasts on the bumpers and a gaudy stern on the thing to titillate Pop. You shove Mom's rug inside to make her feel homey. You go on and on, putting curlicue on curlicue, adding the fragment of one illusion to the fragment of another.

Whatever you have created cannot be called a motorcar. What you have done defies description for the simple reason that it is not designed to be any one thing, but is an agglomeration of the constituent elements of wet dreams.

For the first five years after World War II, Detroit congratulated itself. People were buying cars as fast as Detroit could smash them out and slap them together. Therefore, Detroit told itself, "We're obviously giving the public what it wants. Freud was right—everybody is screwy. Barnum was right—there's a sucker born every minute." What Detroit failed to understand was that the automobile had become essential to America. During the war, the government discovered 24 million automobiles had to be kept on the roads to get war workers to their jobs. One out of every seven businesses in this land is concerned, directly or indirectly, with the manufacture, distribution, sale and maintenance of automobiles. More than 6,000 American towns lacking rail or water transportation simply could not exist without automobiles.

Naturally, therefore, Detroit sold automobiles, but it is not quite correct to say that Detroit was giving the customer what he wanted. It is more correct to say that Detroit could sell whatever it decided to make, since the public had no choice but to buy from Detroit.

In the spring of 1952, however, a cloud no bigger than a Volkswagen appeared on Detroit's horizon. By the end of 1952, only 27,000 foreign cars had been sold in this country, and Detroit paid no attention to this phenomenon. As one Pontiac dealer remarked at the time, "There'll always be a few nuts." By 1955, however, foreign car sales had doubled to 54,000 units. It was nothing to Detroit. What percentage of six million sales is 54,000?

The following year, foreign car purchases nearly doubled again, to 107,675 units, and Detroit stopped pooh-poohing. The next year, 1957, foreign car sales more than doubled to 225,000, and at that point, Detroit went into conference. In fact, when Detroit brought out its "new, all new" 1958 models in 1957 (they were designed in 1954) it took care to import some of its own European

(continued on page 42)

active By **FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM**

AS PURVEYORS of fashion information and advice to the young urban male, we feel the time has come to convey a great big fat secret to our readers. This hot bit of news is that—virtually all other magazine illustrations to the contrary notwithstanding—the average and even the above-average young man does not spend his summers vacationing in Cannes, Newport, Banff or Kamp Kill Kare in the Catskills, but (except for a couple of weeks) stays right in the city, at his office.

This stunning hunk of info used to be bad news. A guy had every right to feel sorry for himself while he toiled at the rolltop desk and had his hair ruffled at droning intervals by a hot, wet wind from the office fan. No more. Summer in the city can be wonderful fun.

What happens is this. The aged and the rich, the housewives and their broods, do take off for the country. Behind them they leave a much less crowded city of smart young folk, a city that may shimmer in the heat, but shimmers romantically and excitingly. A city whose gleaming glass and steel and concrete buildings are air-conditioned, whose restaurants, bars, theatres and clubs (air-conditioned, too) are less jammed, less apt to be filled with yammering suburban matrons and middle-aged drunken conventioners. With daylight-saving time, there are hours of daylight after work in which to play—or rest up in one's air-conditioned apartment for later living-it-up through the lush summer night.

We know some happy commuters who



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP O. STEARNS

SUMMER IN THE CITY

the urbanite has it made, as cool heads prevail



Above: on his mind, designs. On hers, designs on him. On his back, a breeze-light dacron/wool suit, dark, and eminently air-conditioned.

bitch bitterly about their daily stint in the city and talk big about the bucolic joys of their split-level junior estates. But we also know (and tend to identify with) quite a few happy toilers in the city salt mines who get a sadistic clout out of going from office to railroad station, now and then, to watch the poor pseudo-hayseeds scurrying to make the 5:05 or the 5:39, dutifully homeward bound to the little viragoes who, 40 minutes hence, will be waiting for them in the jet-propelled marshmallow called a station wagon. It's fun for the confirmed urbanite to watch the station's sweaty bustle and rush — and then to turn his *(concluded on page 67)*



Above: twilight time on his penthouse roof garden, variations on a cocktail theme (spritzers), then a quiet dinner for two while the city simmers below. His suit's a blue note in sleek and lustrous mohair and he couples it with an English tab-collar shirt. Right: they're still fresh and frolicsome in the wee small hours. The cobby in the back sports the new (circa 1900) all-purpose topper.



LONG LIVE THE LOBSTER (continued from page 19)

something like the launching of a satellite. The crustacean got as far as Cleveland (traveling by the fastest possible overland route), where canny Clevelanders, sensing it was not long for this world, boiled it with much pomp and circumstance before whizzing it on to the Windy City.

Those were the days when lobsters were sold for a penny apiece on the Maine coast, but, not far inland, brought fabulous sums in so-called lobster palaces. New York's Broadway, where well-fixed bachelors took their blonde papsies for fancy seafood dinners, became known as lobster alley.

Today, lobsters—freed from the shackles of the leisure class—are available to everyone. The wonderful thing about lobsters is that while they're no longer the rare romantic food of the gaslight era, they've lost none of their gustatory enchantment whatever. Even now, in the full tide of the summer lobster season, the most jaded epicurean will tighten his bib at the sight of a bright red lobster, lifted from a steaming pot, hiding beneath its armor the firm white flesh, the soft green liver or tomalley and (if the lobster happens to be female) the heavenly crisp roe.

It's not quite fair to compare the northern lobster, with which the present thesis is concerned, and the spiny lobster taken from warm waters off California, Mexico, South Africa and Australia. The latter, sold in frozen form as rock lobster or *langouste*, is as different from a Maine lobster as veal is different from beef. While rock lobster is easy to handle and never too costly, it lacks the moist vivacious flavor of the cold-water titans and their incredibly sweet claw meat.

Just because two lobsters are alive doesn't by any means indicate that they're of equal quality. The very best lobster is one which is snatched right out of the "pot" (a trap of wooden lath) in which it was caught, and rushed to the boiling water. If you live in South Bend or Santa Fe, this ideal state of affairs isn't practicable. Lobsters will stay alive out of their own habitat about two weeks, provided their gills are kept moist with ice, seaweed or water. If your fish dealer happens to have a tank of freshly pumped water, and if he receives a daily supply of the restless thoroughbreds, you'll usually have no problem. If you have any doubt about the condition of a live lobster, simply lift it up and observe its tail movements. Collar the fellow on the top of the back with the pincers pointed forward, so they'll be unable to swing around and nip you. Look at its tail. If it barely shows signs of movement, the lobster is on his way to an early demise, and should be rejected. If the tail snaps underneath, you've

got your hands on a lively, luscious specimen.

Generally, the color of a good live lobster is a deep charcoal brown tinged with green or blue, and showing, here and there, speckles of red or orange. Like all creatures in the sea around us, variations of this main color theme will be found. Some lobsters are black; in rare instances, cream colored. If, however, a barely moving lobster shows large patches of orange or red, it means that its life is ebbing, and it has no place on your bachelor board.

After you've lifted and held a number of live lobsters, you'll learn more or less automatically to select those that are heavy for their size. Lobsters that have just molted and replaced their shell will feel somewhat hollow and will show deep red at the joints. They're perfectly edible, but the meat isn't as succulent as that of lobsters that haven't recently thrown off their old armor plate for new. Look for lobsters with large-size claws, since the meat is so delectable. A lobster who loses a claw in battle will simply grow another one to replace it, but it takes several moltings before the new claw reaches full size again.

If you're buying a cooked live lobster, a really wonderful labor saver, again check the tail. It should be tightly curled underneath the body. Lift the tail up. If it snaps back impudently, the lobster was good before it was boiled. A cooked lobster should have a clear salty sea-shore fragrance, not a dank fishy smell.

Chicken lobsters weighing from $\frac{3}{4}$ to one pound apiece—it takes six years to attain even this baby size—are tender and toothsome, but the amount of labor necessary to extract a fair-size portion always makes a hungry seafood man hone for something more mature. Lobsters weighing from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ pounds are just about perfect for single portions. Real lobster-lovers will demand double or triple portions. Above two pounds, the specimens tend to be tough and dry. Normally a $1\frac{1}{4}$ -pound lobster when cooked will yield one cup of lobster meat for such dishes as lobster cocktail or lobster newburg. Frozen cooked northern lobster meat is always more or less of a frustration. It looks luscious in the can, but the moment it thaws, all of the lobster's goodness flows out in sad little rivulets. Unlike shrimp, which can take freezing well, northern lobsters are still best when they're alive and kicking.

BOILED LOBSTERS

The best way to boil lobsters is not to boil them. Steam them. Old Maine lobstermen are forever reminding you that the lobsters prepared in a clambake

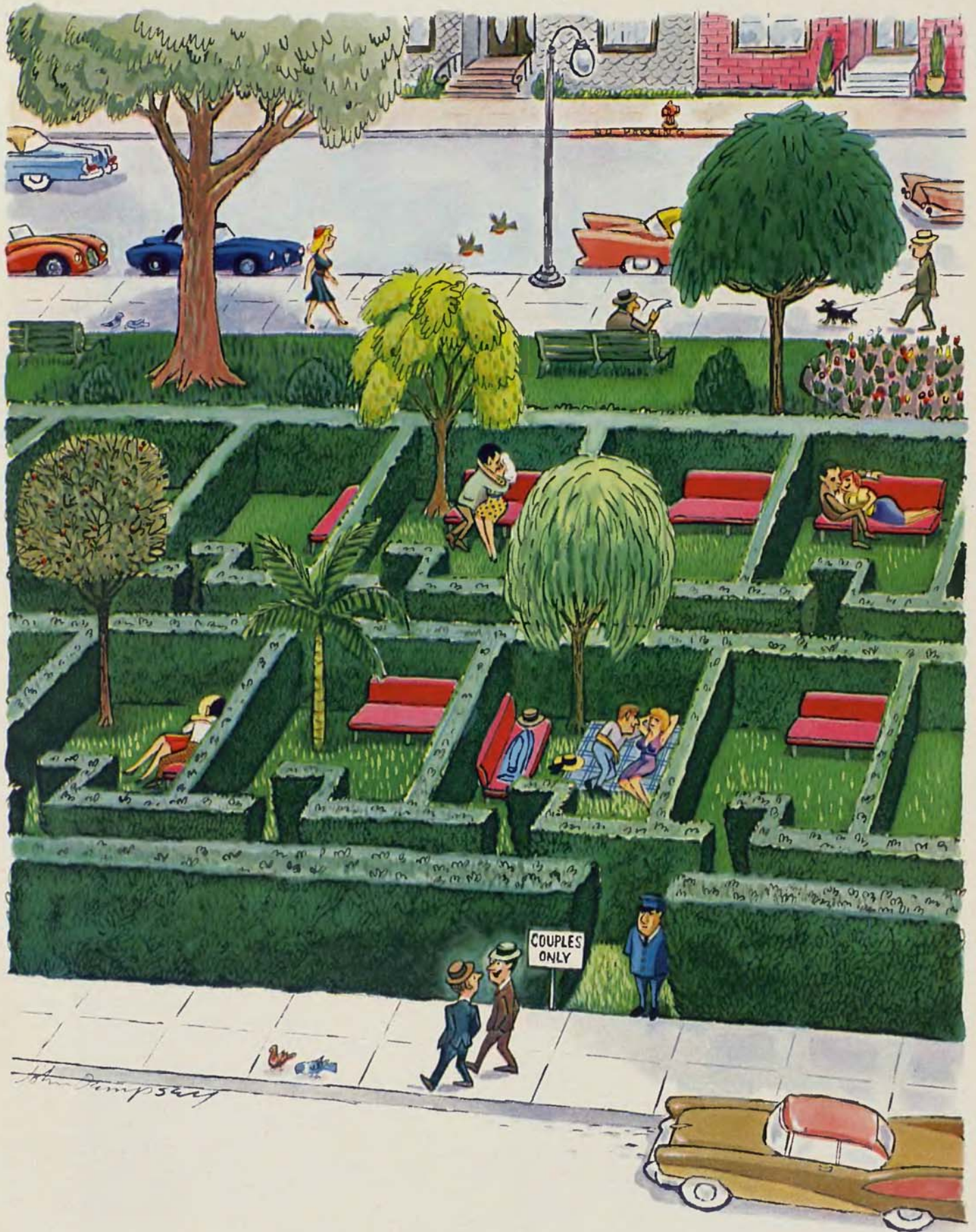
are not actually baked but are steamed by the seaweeds covering the hissing hot rocks. The essential point to remember is no matter how you cook a lobster, don't overcook it. A lobster contains sublime, sensuous broth, and it shouldn't be drawn or spilled in vain. In spite of the fact that seafood houses submerge lobsters in boiling water (a convenience for them), you'll do better to cook the lobsters with only enough water to fairly cover the bottom of the pot, about one cup to a gallon pot. Choose a pot into which your lobsters will fit comfortably. Be sure the pot has a tight-fitting lid. Bring the water to a boil. Place the lobsters in the pot on their backs. Cover the pot. Let the water come to a second boil, and then cook for 10 minutes for a medium-size lobster. Seven or eight minutes will do for a chicken lobster. The small amount of water will generate enough heat to cook the lobsters without washing away too much of their own natural nectar.

To serve a boiled lobster, remove it from the pot with a pair of large tongs. Wait a moment or two, so it isn't too hot to handle. Use pot-holder mitts if necessary. On a heavy cutting board lay the lobster on its back, pincers forward. Insert a heavy French knife (the heavier the better) into the belly. Split the tail in two without separating the halves, if possible. Turn the head toward you. Cut toward the head and down until the lobster is divided. Remove the small sac, sometimes called the "queen," right in back of the head. It's the lobster's stomach and usually contains some gritty matter. Remove the vein running the length of the body. Don't discard the tomalley or roe, if any. Twist off the claws by hand. With the heavy knife, crack the claws for easy dissection at the table. When you crack the claws beforehand, you eliminate the use of a nut cracker at the table, a clumsy weapon if ever there was one. Serve the lobster with a sauceboat of melted butter to which a healthy squeeze of lemon juice has been added. Lobster etiquette, certainly the least dainty but the most practical in the world, is usually observed with oversize bib napkins as well as extra hand napkins, oyster forks or the smaller-tined lobster forks, large finger bowls and a whopping salad bowl or platter for lobster shells discarded in battle.

BROILED LOBSTERS

Preheat the broiler at 400°. To split a live lobster for broiling, place it on its back, pincers forward. Insert a knife between the tail and body sections to cut the spinal cord. Then cut the lobster in half in the same manner described above for the boiled lobster, removing

(concluded overleaf)



"Yessir, he was a great park commissioner!"

LONG LIVE THE LOBSTER *(continued from page 32)*

the sac and intestinal vein. Leave the claws intact. Brush generously with melted butter or salad oil. Sprinkle the flesh side lightly with salt, celery salt, white pepper and paprika. Place the lobster flesh side up in a shallow baking pan. Place the pan under the broiler flame. Broil five minutes. Remove the lobster from the broiler section. Cover the lobster with aluminum foil. Place in the baking section of the oven and bake eight to 10 minutes for a medium-size lobster. Allow more baking time for larger-size lobsters. Remove the claws and crack them with a heavy French knife before sending the lobster to the table. Serve with large lemon wedges and melted butter livened with lemon juice. For broiling lobster outdoors over charcoal, fasten the lobster in a wire broiler rack. Broil six to eight inches above the source of heat. The flesh side will get done very quickly. Remove the claws and broil them a minute or two longer close to the charcoal.

Either boiled or broiled lobsters are always sensational lead spots at the table. Other dishes seem pale by comparison. However, a large platter of crisp salty French fried potatoes, some sliced beefsteak tomatoes and a bowl of cole slaw with mustard dressing are quite compatible. For the finale, a cold billowy wedge of lemon chiffon pie, along with coffee.

Once you've mastered the basic skills of boiling and broiling, you'll want to go on to other specialties in the great lobster variety show. Here now are a gaggle of lobster recipes all approved by PLAYBOY:

COLD STUFFED LOBSTER *(Two portions)*

- 2 boiled lobsters, 1¼ lbs. each, chilled
- ⅔ cup diced ripe avocado
- 1 large fresh tomato
- ⅓ cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons chili sauce
- ⅛ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ½ teaspoon lemon juice
- Salt, pepper
- 2 teaspoons finely chopped chives

Split the lobsters in two, removing the claws and saving the lobster shells. Remove sac and vein from each lobster. Remove meat from the lobsters. Cut the lobster meat into dice ¼-inch thick. Bring a saucepan of water to a rapid boil. Lower the tomato into the water for 15 seconds. Then place it under cold running water, peel off the skin and cut out the stem end. Squeeze the tomato gently to eliminate excess juice and cut it into ¼-inch dice. Combine lobster meat with diced avocado, diced tomato, mayonnaise, chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice. Mix thoroughly.

Add salt and pepper to taste. Carefully spoon the lobster mixture into the lobster shells. Sprinkle with chopped chives. Serve very cold.

LOBSTER FRA DIAVOLO *(Two portions)*

- No. 2 can Italian-style tomatoes with tomato paste
- 2 live lobsters, 1¼ lbs. each
- 1 small onion minced
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1½ ozs. brandy
- ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- ½ teaspoon basil
- ¼ teaspoon rosemary
- Salt, pepper

Put the tomatoes with tomato paste in a blending machine. Blend until no large pieces of tomato remain. In a medium-size saucepan, sauté the onion in olive oil until it just turns yellow, not brown. Add the brandy, light it and burn for a few seconds. Add the tomatoes, garlic powder, parsley, basil and rosemary. Simmer over a very low flame, stirring occasionally. Split the lobsters, following previous directions. Remove the tomalley and set it aside for later use. In a large pot fitted with a tight lid, bring 1 cup water to a boil. Add the split lobsters. Steam for five minutes, no longer. Remove lobsters from the pot. Pour liquid in which lobsters were steamed into the tomato mixture. Remove lobster meat from shells, cut into slices ½-inch thick and add to the tomato mixture. Simmer a few minutes. Slowly stir the tomalley into the saucepan. Simmer. Don't boil, stirring constantly, about two minutes longer. Add salt and pepper to taste.

LOBSTER NEWBURG *(Two portions)*

- Meat of 2 boiled lobsters, 1¼ lbs. each
- ¼ cup butter
- ⅛ teaspoon paprika
- ⅓ cup dry sherry
- ½ cup light cream
- ½ cup milk
- 1 envelope instant chicken broth
- 2 egg yolks beaten
- ¼ cup milk
- Salt, white pepper

Cut the cooked lobster meat into slices ½-inch thick. In a heavy saucepan melt the butter over a low flame. Add the lobster. Sprinkle with paprika. Sauté one minute. Add the sherry, light cream and ½ cup milk. Slowly bring to a boil. Add the instant broth. Combine the beaten egg yolks with ¼ cup milk, mixing well. Add 3 tablespoons of the hot liquid from the pan to the egg yolks. Gradually stir the egg-yolk mixture into the pan, stirring constantly, and cooking only until the sauce thickens. Overcook-

ing will cause it to curdle. As soon as the sauce begins to bubble around the edge of the saucepan, remove from the fire. Add salt and pepper to taste. Spoon the lobster newburg over hot fresh toast.

LOBSTER STUFFED WITH CRAB MEAT *(Two portions)*

- 2 live lobsters, 1½ to 1¾ lbs. each
- 1 cup fresh crab meat
- ½ cup light bread crumbs or cracker crumbs
- Butter
- 3 tablespoons minced onion
- 2 tablespoons minced green pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Salt, pepper, paprika

Prepare the lobster as for broiling, following previous directions. Remove the tomalley, and set it aside. Melt 3 tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Add the onion and green pepper. Sauté until onion is yellow. Combine bread crumbs with sautéed vegetables and parsley. Add lemon juice, crab meat and lobster tomalley. Add salt and pepper to taste. Broil the lobster as directed. After removing the lobster from the broiler and before transferring it to the oven, stuff the cavities of the lobster near the head with the crab-meat mixture. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Bake as directed.

LOBSTER STEW A LA PLAYBOY

- Meat from 2 boiled chicken lobsters
- ⅓ cup butter
- Salt, white pepper, paprika
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ cup light cream
- ⅛ teaspoon onion salt
- ⅛ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- Tabasco sauce

Separate the lobster tomalley and the roe, if any, from the meat. Slice the meat ½-inch thick. Force the tomalley and the roe through a coarse sieve or colander into a heavy saucepan. Add the butter. Sauté very slowly, stirring constantly, about two minutes. Add the lobster. Sauté about two minutes more or until each piece of lobster has absorbed some of the butter. Sprinkle the lobster lightly with salt, white pepper and paprika. Add the milk and cream. Add the onion salt and monosodium glutamate. As slowly as possible bring the liquid up to the boiling point but do not boil. Remove from the fire. Add a dash of Tabasco sauce. You can eat the lobster stew at once, but to permit the flavors to really ripen and "marry," keep the lobster stew in the refrigerator overnight. Then reheat it in a double boiler only until hot, not an instant longer. Eat the stew with pilot crackers or Trenton crackers. Eat it with Relish, Gusto and Alacrity, too.





LAST MONTH, in a tasty treatise on totable treats entitled *The Picnic Papers*, Thomas Mario outlined an array of delectables for outdoor enjoyment. You'll remember he talked about Hot Clam Madrilene, Cold Glazed Duckling, Onion Turnovers, Frogs' Legs Provençale, icy thermoses of vodka martinis, etc. It was an appetizing essay, but in our opinion, Tom didn't place quite enough emphasis on the prime prerequisite for picnic pleasure—the company you choose to enjoy it with. Take, for example, Myrna Weber.

Myrna, a fetching Floridian just turned 19, is a sunny-tempered, sun-toasted miss who would enhance any fun-function, be it cocktail party, tête-à-tête dinner, or—as in the case in point—a private picnic. And a picnic is a picnic whether it takes place in a sylvan glade or on a sandy shore. The sandy shore got our vote for an August picnic with Myrna: this particular shore, far from the madding crowd, provided plenty of privacy for the healthful, pleasurable pursuit of over-all sunning and swimming. Later, near twilight time, we roasted hot dogs over an open fire. They couldn't hope to measure up to Frogs' Legs Provençale, but with Myrna there to share them with us, we couldn't have cared less.

PLAYMATE ON A PICNIC

*a pulchritudinous
p.s. to mr. mario's
recent essay*



MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







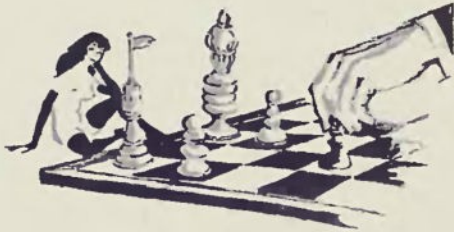
Winsome Miss Weber slips out of her jeans and slips off for a solitary splash.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The two sorority sisters were babbling gaily over a double malted. "How did you like the bridge party that the Sigs threw last night?" asked one.

"Fine," answered the other, "until the campus cops came and looked under the bridge."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *courtship* as an entertaining introduction to a dull book.

"Yes, you heard correctly," said Phillip rather pensively to the cute cigarette girl. "My wife has run off with my very best friend."

"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, sir," said she. "I suppose he was a handsome scoundrel."

"I don't really know," said Phillip, brightly. "I've never met the chap."

Did you pick up any Italian on your vacation?" the secretary asked the honey blonde at the next desk.

"I'll say I did," enthused the honey.

"Let me hear you say some words."

"I didn't learn any words."



Arthur sat brooding at his favorite bar. "Charley," he said to the bartender, "I'm a rat. I've a lovely wife at home and instead of appreciating her, I've been out getting into trouble with another woman. But a guy can reform. I'm going home right now, Charley, and I'm going to tell her everything, beg her to forgive me, and start anew as a model husband."

Thereupon, Arthur paid his tab, went home, told his wife everything and begged her to forgive him so he could start anew as a model husband.

"I'll forgive you on one condition, Arthur," his wife said. "I want to know the name of the woman." But Arthur

was too gallant to tell.

"Was it Susan Adams?" she asked.

"I can't tell you, dear," he said.

"I'll bet it was Mrs. Simpson," the wife declared.

"My lips are sealed," said hubby.

"I know," exclaimed the wife, "it's that hussy Mrs. Higgins."

The next day Arthur was seated again at his favorite bar and as he sipped on a vodka martini, the bartender asked how he'd made out with his good resolution of the night before.

"Not bad," said Arthur. "My wife didn't forgive me, but she gave me three pretty good new leads."

Why, hello, there," said the sultry brunette to the young exec as he entered the elevator. "How's tall, dark and hands?"



The distraught father hurried down the beach to the spot where his lovely daughter lay. A bronzed lifeguard stood over her.

"I've just resuscitated her, sir," he said.

"Then, by God," exclaimed the father, "you'll marry the girl!"

A dedicated bachelor is one who believes in the adage wine, women and s'long.

I don't know what's wrong with me, doctor," said the curvy callgirl. "I feel tired, dragged out. Pooped. No pep. No get up and go. Is it vitamin deficiency, low blood count, or what?"

The medico gave her a tip-toe examination and then his verdict: "Young lady, there's really nothing wrong with you. You're run-down, that's all. You've been working too hard. I suggest you try staying out of bed for a few days."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy five dollars for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



Gahan Wilson

"Looks like the end of civilization as they know it."

UNREASON in DETROIT (continued from page 28)

cars — automobiles made by Detroit's European subsidiaries. Typically, General Motors modified its foreign cars to make them slightly larger, heavier, more bechromed and more expensive. As the miserable sales year of 1957 wore on into the impossible sales year of 1958, it became hideously apparent to Detroit that foreign car sales were not only steadily increasing in proportion, but that in fact, foreign cars were the *only* cars selling at any sort of clip, except for the American Motors' Rambler, which had been specifically designed to compete with them. Thus, in midwinter, word went around that every manufacturer would produce *some* small cars in 1960. At this point, it seems safe to predict that Detroit will miss the boat once again, because Detroit simply doesn't understand that the virtue of the small European car is not specifically that it is small.

It might pay Detroit to take another look at those European cars and at the people who buy them. For instance, if the foreign car's small size can be considered a virtue, it is only when the purchaser's specific use of the car is such that any larger car would be too big; any smaller car would be too small.

The *real* virtues of the European models are that they bear something resembling an honest price; that their quality is all the advertising they really need (thus they are advertised as automobiles, and not as sick dreams); that they are soundly built of good materials and are well painted; that their horsepower is no greater than necessary to meet any legitimate demand; that their fuel consumption runs closer to 30 than to 13 miles a gallon; that their repair rate is low; that the driver actually drives the car instead of being at the mercy of capricious gadgets; that they are a much more adequate means of transportation economically, aesthetically and in every other way than anything Detroit is currently selling — again with the exception of the Corvette and the Rambler. This is true of foreign cars in all sizes, from Rolls-Royce sedans to Volkswagens. Thus, it is *quality* and not *size* that speaks for the foreign car. And, the *quality* is essentially that *the design exactly matches the intended function*. This is the real test of good taste in industrial design, just as it is in the fine arts.

Now, who usually buys the foreign car? Answer: young men buy most new cars; of these, the most youthful in fact and in heart buy most foreign cars. Youth has always had the ability to see through sham because youth is naively honest, rebellious and suspicious of convention and pretense. In this case, when

youth buys a machine, it wants to buy an honest machine, responsive to youth's dominant control. Detroit could find out why people buy foreign cars simply by asking its own young executives why they don't buy the Fords, Plymouths, Dodges, Cadillacs, Buicks and Mercurys that their companies make. Why are these young executives driving Jaguars, Porsches, MGs, Triumphs and Citroëns? Price has nothing to do with that list of preferences. Neither has size. But something called *quality* has.

Everything indicates Detroit is blind to the implications of the foreign sale. While all manufacturers promise eventually to produce some small cars, they don't promise many. In fact, they're thinking in terms of 15% of production. It was precisely this preoccupation with bigness in cars that led Ford to ruin whatever *raison d'être* the Thunderbird ever had. The Thunderbird *looked* like a sports car. It is a sports car's function to provide the driver with sport, however, and sports car buffs were quick to say the Thunderbird was nothing but a small Ford in disguise, not to be mentioned in the same breath with Corvette, much less with Jaguar. Instead of building a sports car's function into the Thunderbird's appearance, however, the Ford company next abandoned its tentative step in the sports car's direction in favor of a giant step in exactly the opposite direction. It converted the Thunderbird into a small, four-seater hardtop, thus winding up with something not quite a sedan, certainly not a sports car, and not even a Thunderbird. Here is yet another example of Detroit's characteristic remoteness from reality, but the worst is yet to come.

The 1959 models to be unveiled this fall will be wider, lower, longer, more bedizened and befanned than ever. As *The New York Times* puts it, they will be "devoid of any radical engineering principles." Learning nothing and forgetting nothing, unwilling to admit that lagging sales may reflect consumer revulsion, Detroit, plagued by depression, this year will spend \$1.5 million on those "new, all new" 1959 models (designed in 1957) merely to lengthen Ford's wheel base two inches; to substitute spears for fins on Plymouth's stern; to abolish Chevrolet's folded rump effect in favor of sharp fins; to lower roofs; to bend those glaring windshields even farther up and around; to slap multicolored aluminum about in the interiors; to fritter and fiddle with trivia. Sic semper Detroit.

Detroit dug itself into its own bog largely because it has always been an introverted, provincial town. Detroit's provincialism is almost self-explanatory.

Our automotive pioneers, humble men with the hayseed's fear of being laughed at, never got over the embarrassment of equipping the first Oldsmobile bodies with whipsockets. Thus, Detroit turned its attention to itself, where it felt safe. It has been estimated that Motor City's conversation consists of 75% talk about automobiles, 15% about sports and 10% about television. More important, every observer of Detroit reports that Detroit's *executives* talk of almost nothing but automobiles at home, at the office, at lunch, and at the country club. Thus, far from being in touch with the outside world, far from understanding the real implications of market and motivation research, Detroit became as remote and as inbred as the Jukes family.

Additionally, Detroit has rarely contributed an original idea to automotive engineering; it has always been afflicted with creeping Charlie Wilsonism and is dedicated to "dynamic obsolescence." Creeping Charlie Wilsonism can best be explained in terms of General Motors' research and development center, which is dedicated neither to research nor to development, but to applied tinkering. This bespeaks the dicta of Charles Wilson, former director of GM destiny, who said: "Basic research is when you don't know what you're doing," and again, "If we want to go ahead and have pure research, let us let somebody else subsidize it."

The result of this policy became apparent when *The New York Times* asked Edward T. Ragsdale, GM's general manager of the Buick division, what Buick was doing in 1958 toward achieving fuel economy. "Oh," Mr. Ragsdale said lightly, "we're helping the gas companies, the same as our competitors."

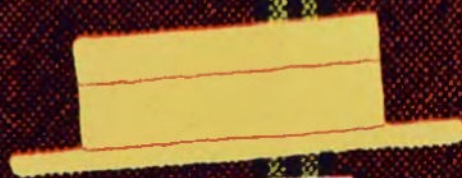
Thus, GM devotes more effort to fiddling with superficial styling than to increasing the efficiency of its products. In styling as in engineering, however, the word is sloth. For instance, GM introduced its vile two-tones in 1940; its dangerously unsupported hardtop in 1948; its vision-distorting windshield in 1954 and Europe's old air springs in 1958.

This brings us to "dynamic obsolescence" for which there is no excuse or English translation other than blind greed. The trick is to bring out a car just a little different each year, but not too different, so that this year's dreamboat will become next year's old hat without causing a sudden drop in used car prices. Detroit calls the process "cycling" and this is how it's done at GM:

For its more than 50-odd models, GM has three basic body shells, forthrightly called A, B and C. Chevrolet and Pontiac use A bodies. B bodies go on Oldsmobiles, Buick Specials and Centurys.

(concluded on page 65)

GO TO BLAZERS



DYED-IN-THE-WOOL blazer bugs (you need not own a banjo to qualify) consider their breed of jacket niftily nonpareil for skylarking—day or night. Ever since the whoopeddoo of the Twenties, yachtsmen wouldn't think of putting to sea (even in a canoe) without their solid blue flannel jobs, while club fellows lived for their blazing, bar-striped models (both, of course, sporting metal buttons, the distinguishing mark of a bona-fide blazer). A fresh wrinkle on the subject, here beswatched in but three of its myriad color combos, is a zephyr-weight woolen fabric featuring subtly muted regimental stripes—unabashedly borrowed from your better neckties. The jacket's cut: slimly trim. Lapels: high-notched and narrow. Pockets: flapped and patched. Buttons: burnished brass. Tab: \$55.

attire By **BLAKE RUTHERFORD**



"Well, good night, gang — it's time I was crawling into the sack."

is there no escalator to ecstasy?

AT THE RISK of being called Ishmael, I have been sitting here on my duffel bag reading *Moby Dick* in the flickering glare of a three-way binnacle lamp, and brooding over a newspaper clipping pasted inside my sou'wester. "RECORD IS SOUGHT OF WHALE HEART," reads the curious legend nailed beneath the masthead of *The New York Times*. "2 Expeditions Aim to Take Electrocardiograms - One Will Use Tranquilizer."

Scurrying down the ratlines of print with muffled cries of "Shiver me Mil-towns!" we learn that the two parties were all set to shove off from the quaint old port of Los Angeles "on hunts for whales on which to make heart experiments." Led by Dr. Paul Dudley White, the Eisenhower heart specialist, one of these expeditions was bound for Scammon Lagoon on the west coast of Lower California, where they would "hover over a whale nursery in a helicopter."

"The plan calls for darts to pierce the muscle tissue of the whale, then transmit by radio signal an electrocardiogram to specialists waiting on the beach," the *Times* yarn continues, copping the plea that "precise pulsebeats will add to scientific knowledge of human hearts."

"We'll put our electrodes into a mother whale from the air," Dr. White is quoted as saying. "We believe we can make our approach a little better that way than in a boat."

Now, I don't wish to be dragged into a sea-air controversy over the best way to approach a mother whale. As an able-bodied landlubber with a phobia against ferryboats and flying machines, it doesn't matter to me whether Dr. White and his trusty crew use surfboards, Sputniks or a fleet of old inner tubes. But I should think that being hovered over by a helicopter would make any whale so nervous and fidgety that a recording of precise pulsebeats would be impossible.

It was this consideration that prompted Dr. Frank G. Nolan, leader of the second whale chase, to enlist the aid of a tranquilizer. According to the same news account, Dr. Nolan planned to "lead an expedition of small boats in the Catalina Channel sea lane used by south-

bound whales off southern California." What the doctor's attitude would be toward northbound, westbound or cross-town whales, I don't know. The last I heard, he was eagerly pacing the poop-deck with a tranquilizer-tipped harpoon. The drug, he hoped, would produce "a very happy whale."

Offhand, it sounded as though it had already produced a very happy doctor. But I still couldn't see how a depth study of whale palpitations could add to the scientific knowledge of the human heart. Granted that whales are mammals, just like people - but are we really coronary cousins? Brothers beneath the blubber?

In my thirst for further enlightenment, I began combing the local bars and beaches for notes in bottles that might offer some clue as to how the doctors made out. Peering into empties and whistling hornpipes, I was just getting to the point where I no longer cared, when along came a series of medical cliff-hangers written by Earl Ubell, Science Editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*. "Will YOU Have a Heart Attack?" Mr. Ubell shouted across the top of the page, like a hard-of-hearing houseboy passing the *hors d'oeuvres*.

"Heart attack." The words rattle like a machine gun . . .

"Are you the muscular steel worker who feels a little numbing pain in your shoulder from time to time? Are you the diabetic housewife? Or the fast-paced executive who lives at his desk? Or the 70-year-old woman who lives alone?"

"Which one will it be who staggers, clutches his fist to his chest, blinking and sweating with pain . . .?"

Up until that moment, I had been feeling no pain at all. As a slow-paced non-executive type, with no more muscle than it takes to hoist a double bourbon and change the ribbon in my Smith-Corona, I had no trouble staying away from my desk for days at a time. True, my left foot sometimes got a little numb from sitting on it, and I have been known to stagger, but the only thing that made me blink and sweat was the machine-gun rattle of Mr. Ubell's prose:

"Sometimes the heart beats wildly -



humor By WILLIAM IVERSEN

YOU GOTTA HAVE HEART

180 times a minute compared to a normal 90 times a minute. Sometimes it skips beats, and loses its syncopation . . . the familiar and constant sound of lub-dub . . . lub-dub . . . lub-dub . . . lub-dub . . . may become lub-dub-dub . . . lub-lub . . ."

Picking up the beat of my own off-sync ticker, I found that it could also throb with a familiar and constant chug-a-lug . . . drink-chug-a-lug . . . chug-a-lug. As Mr. Ubell's series rolled on, however, the rhythm changed to a rapid tippy-tippy-tin of anxiety, because the more I read the worse my odds became.

"If you were a Bantu in South Africa or a Japanese in Japan your chances of suffering a heart attack would be small. You might be protected by your low fat diet, by your heredity or even by your way of life," he informed me, one bright, grim morning.

"But as an American you could, at any moment, become a victim of the greatest plague that has hit mankind since smallpox swept Europe . . ."

A handicap chart based on "Diet Fat and Cholesterol" indicated that safe-money bets on coronary health could be made on the Japanese farmers of Koga, the clerks of Shime and the doctors of Fukuoka, with the Caucasians of Los Angeles running as no-can-do long shots. In fact, it appeared doubtful whether the average American male could run at all, what with smoking, overeating and working at a sedentary job.

I had just about decided to swear off food, cigarettes and sitting down, when Mr. Ubell pulled the rug out from under me with a chapter on the "Effect of Sexual Intercourse on a Weakened Heart." It seems that a certain Dr. William Dock, of the Palo Alto Medical Clinic, has discovered that "sexual intercourse imposes sustained circulatory stress comparable to that caused by running up four to nine flights of stairs." Worse yet, the late Dr. Ernst Boas, "who did one of the first studies of heart rate during sexual intercourse," found that "many cases of cardiac infarction (heart attack) occur during coitus."

That was it, as far as I was concerned.

Recalling that "as an American" I could, "at any moment, become a victim of the greatest plague that has hit mankind since smallpox swept Europe," I canceled all engagements that might involve running up stairs, and stretched out in my heart-saver chair to read the article through from the beginning.

"One of the most urgent questions asked by a recovering victim of a heart attack is:

"May I have sexual intercourse without danger to my heart? Will I have another heart attack if I do?"

To which Mr. Ubell replied: "This is a difficult question for the doctor to answer because there is little scientific

information that can be used as a guide."

What information there was seemed pretty damned complete to me, however. For instance:

"Dr. Boas, in his pioneering work, measured the heart rate of various activities. The rate during sex orgasm was the highest, 148 times a minute. The others were: moderately violent exercise, 142; dancing, 130; eating, 102; sitting and talking, 107; telephoning, 106; walking, 118."

No score was given for sitting and reading heart-rate statistics, but I'm sure it was at least on a par with moderately violent drinking. Since Dr. Boas' studies were made back in the 1930s, I tried to console myself with the fact that his figures may have been high due to the emotional strain of celebrating Repeal and listening to Rudy Vallee records.

Not so, however.

Only last year Dr. Roscoe G. Bartlett and Dr. V. C. Bohr "reported new measurements made on three married couples during sexual intercourse," and "found that with heart rates that normally beat 70 to 80 times a minute, the rates jumped to 170 to 190 beats. The breathing rate tripled. The electrocardiograms showed abnormal and skipped beats, which never occurred when the couples later did exercise."

Whether they did toe-touches and push-ups or frolicked about courting cardiac infarctions with a spirited game of leapfrog, Mr. Ubell didn't say, but it's evident from the figures that the national pulse is pounding at a greater rate than at any time in recent history. In line with the general inflationary trend, the "physical effort and emotional excitement" of conjugal sex has risen 42 heartbeats in the past 20-odd years—an increase of almost half the number of lub-dubs required to eat or telephone when Dr. Boas made his pioneering studies in the 1930s. Reduced to its simplest terms, this would seem to indicate that a mid-Depression couple might have enjoyed a 148-beat orgasm under the NRA, and still have had 42 beats left over to put through a short call to the corner delicatessen, while the 190-beat couples of today are triple-breathing under a "sustained circulatory stress comparable to that caused by running up four to nine flights of stairs."

Pausing to catch our breaths, it behooves each of us to consider what the rates must be for unmarried couples—and then ask, quite honestly, "May I have sexual intercourse without danger to my heart?"

Are all women walk-ups?

Is it not possible to meet love on a lower landing?

Is there no escalator to ecstasy?

Faced with blanks instead of answers, we can only hope that Doctors Nolan and White will come up with some

sound scientific guidance. Though they may appear to be all at sea in their attempts to record the electrocardiograms of whales, I've come to suspect that they may be on the right track after all. Did not Melville speak of hovering over a whale herd and spying "young Leviathan amours in the deep"? Has he not made a footnote of the fact that "When overflowing with mutual esteem, the whales salute *more hominum*"—in the same manner as humans?

Sulphur-bottom, humpback or sperm, we are all closer to being Moby Dicks than anyone who saw the movie might imagine. Open the book to Chapter LXXXVIII, for instance, where the incomparable Herman describes the two predominant schools of whales: "those composed almost entirely of females, and those mustering none but young vigorous males."

"Like a mob of young collegians," the males "are full of fight, fun, and wickedness, tumbling round the world at such a reckless, rollicking rate, that no prudent underwriter would insure them any more than he would a riotous lad at Yale or Harvard. They soon relinquish this turbulence though, and when about three fourths grown, break up, and separately go about in quest of settlements, that is, harems."

"In cavalier attendance upon the school of females, you invariably see a male of full grown magnitude . . . In truth, this gentleman is a luxurious Ottoman, swimming about over the watery world, surroundingly accompanied by all the solaces and endearments of the harem . . ."

It's a cinch that few Harvard or Old Eli grads ever had it as good as these free-style alumni of the 20,000 Ivy Leagues under the sea, and I'm all for manning the whaleboats and learning as much as we can.

"I was already aware that in the whaling business they paid no wages," Ishmael informs us, "but all hands, including the captain, received certain shares of the profits called *lays*, and that these *lays* were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship's company. I was also aware that being a green hand at whaling, my own lay would not be very large; but considering that I was used to the sea, could steer a ship, splice a rope, and all that, I made no doubt that from all I had heard I should be offered at least the 275th lay—that is, the 275th part of the clear net proceeds of the voyage, whatever that might eventually amount to. And though the 275th lay was what they call a rather *long lay*, yet it was better than nothing . . ."

Which are my sentiments exactly.



HISTORY REVISITED

suppressed for centuries, the truth shines forth at last

By **JERRY YULSMAN**

"HISTORY," in the opinion of Tolstoy, "is nothing but a collection of fables." "All the coloring of history," wrote Dr. Johnson, "is conjecture." George Santayana went on record as saying, "History is always written wrong, and so always needs to be rewritten," a view also held by Oscar Wilde, who declared: "The one duty we owe to history is to rewrite it."

Historian Jerry Yulsman (he also takes pictures) agrees wholeheartedly with these eminent gentlemen, so, deciding that one man's conjecture is another man's truth, he has set about rewriting history not with the pen but with the camera. Future generations may rank his findings with the uncovering of the Rosetta stone, and in the meantime,

The PLAYBOY Historical Society gives them its unalloyed approval and endorsement. We have long suspected that the noted men who shaped history were not the dullards our school textbooks made them out to be. Mr. Yulsman has merely confirmed our belief that behind every outstanding figure of history was another kind of outstanding figure.



ARCHIMEDES, previous historians tell, observed things about the relationship of bulk to water displacement when he lowered his own bulk into a bathtub, causing him to cry out, "Eureka! I have found it!" This is true, except in one significant detail: both the bathtub and the beautiful bulk belonged to a nubile next-door neighbor of Peeping Archimedes'. Her name: **Eureka**.



LEIF ERICSON, valiant Viking, discovered America long before Columbus, but did his best to play down the fact. History has been at a loss to explain this—until now. It seems Leif, ever eager to propagate Scandinavian customs, taught Swedish massage to the daughter of a savage Indian chief and things went so well that her father soon started talking about a tomahawk wedding. Leif left the New World under a cloud and the daughter was exiled to the wilds of the inland territories, where she founded the Scandinavian community which, to this day, is known by her name, Minne-So-Ta.



MARCO POLO endured the long, perilous journey to the Far East for the sake of those exotic Oriental spices, conventional historians claim, and for once they are telling the truth. However, they cravenly abridge the list of spices, which included Nutmeg, Ginger, Pepper, Curry Powder, Cassia Leaf, Lotus Blossom, and Lotus Blossom's sisters, Golden Bell, Fragrant Incense and Exquisite Form.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON, sometimes known as Mr. Gravity, hit upon the what-goes-up-must-come-down theory when (so the story goes) he was boinked on the bean by a falling apple. Actually, it was the apple of his eye who boinked him—inadvertently, with a slipping slipper, whilst sneaking out to meet Sir Isaac's younger rival.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE really did write all those plays and sonnets which bear that illustrious byline, and cranks who aver they were written by Francis Bacon, Christopher Marlowe, the Earl of Oxford, the Count of Derby and others are all wet. A point not so well known is that William Shakespeare was a woman, probably the one who started the "modern" trend for masculine monickers on girls (Billie, Bobbie, Jackie, etc.). The fellow in the foreground? That's Bacon or Marlowe or Oxford or Derby or someone.





PAUL REVERE was not revered by Colonial men, no matter what Longfellow said. His famous ride was planned as a hoax to lure husbands, brothers and fathers away from their homes so Paul could be alone with their wives, sisters and daughters. Coincidentally, the Redcoats did attack that night, all unbeknownst to pleasure-prone Paul and his fair friends. They read about it in the papers the next morning.



ULYSSES S. GRANT, Northern general, won the War of the States all right, but not even Southern textbooks give the true reason. Things had been going badly for both sides and General Grant had every intention of surrendering to General Lee on that fateful morning of April 9, 1865. However, having tented on the old camp ground with an appetizing little abolitionist the night before, Grant awoke somewhat later than usual. Lee, who also planned to surrender his sword that morning, beat Grant, so to speak, to the draw.



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, as everybody knows, set out to conquer the Russian Bear and suffered ignominious defeat. Until now, chroniclers have suppressed the fact that it was not the Russian Bear but the bare Russians, or camp followers, that so distracted the Little Corporal with vodka and venery that all his maps began to look alike and his famed strategy dissolved like the mists of the morning. This fiendish forerunner of brainwashing was known as Russian Coquette.



DROP DEAD *(continued from page 14)*

the night shift. So what's the matter with you? Why are you still here, why do I see your ugly face every night, why, why? Well, I don't know why. Me, I'm a damn good newspaperman. I know it. I can work for anybody and I've worked for most of them. I've done other stuff. Advertising, PR — I didn't like it. I tried to write a book. I didn't have any book in me. You think what I do around here is writing? It's crap. It's for Mrs. Schultz to go tsk-tsk and then she wraps the fish in it. That's all I'm good for. Mrs. Schultz. There's always a dance in the old dame yet. Everybody wants recognition. You know what I mean? We never any of us really grow up, we always got to have somebody else telling us listen, you're a Big Man, you did a great job, you're really somebody now. And that's what it is with these punk kids getting in trouble. You think they do it for kicks like they say, when they get caught beating up on some old ape in the alley? No, no, they do it for recognition. Nobody gives them a second look until they get in some big trouble and then they get their name in the papers and the other punks step aside, this is a Big Man now, a Big Man. Ah, your mother's big nose. Recognition. Innkeeper! Innkeeper! Fill us with the old familiar juice, for the love of God."

The job didn't last. The Turk lost his interest in it as he eventually lost interest in everything. He started calling in sick again and again and finally he didn't bother to call at all, and they took it eight times, and then the night editor took him aside and told him he was fired.

The man took it seriously and tried to be nice but The Turk laughed in his face.

Joe McGee stopped him on his way out.

"Where do you go from here, kid? You got a job, something to keep you busy?" He sounded a little more gruff than usual.

"No, I don't have no job. I don't want no job for a while. I'm just gonna ball and bop around awhile. You know?"

"Yeah, I know. With the statutes."

"Maybe."

"That's just swell. Listen, what's the matter with you? What did you get yourself fired for? Kicks?"

"Yeah, for kicks."

"Maybe you'll do something real big now, huh? Rob a bank? Push some old lady down the stairs like Richard Widmark? Kill somebody?"

"Sure," said The Turk.

"Well, I'll see you," said Joe McGee. "And you know where I'll see you. I can write the story now and fill in the names when it happens. Go ahead. Be a Big Man. Go all the way. Go to Sing Sing. Go to the chair. Go to hell. Have a good-

looking corpse, you stupid little jerk."

"I said I like you and I still do, Mr. McGee," said The Turk. "I mean it, it's been real nice knowing you. You're a good guy."

"Drop dead," Joe McGee said. The Turk turned to go and Joe McGee touched his arm.

"Wait a minute," he said. He fished a handful of bills and change out of his pocket. "Here, take this, maybe it'll pay the rent or something. Look. Take care of yourself, you dumb, dumb little — ah, get out, get out, get out . . ."

Well, they weren't all like Joe McGee.

Some of them were like Teddy . . .

It would be supper time in their cheesy little apartment over the laundry.

Teddy would be home from the Navy Yard and planted in the only comfortable chair reading the horse pages and drinking beer.

The cooking smell would get into your ears and soon his mother would set the table with the glass plates and the food still in the pots and pans and they would all sit down and The Turk would dread every moment of it.

He would just sit and eat and try to mind his own business and hope Teddy wouldn't start something but one thing or another always brought it on.

Teddy had an annoying habit of pretending to be deaf and he would get into conversations in the middle.

"What did you do in school today, dear?" his mother would say.

"Nothin'."

"Nothing at all?"

"Well, nothin' special. Today's Wednesday. History, Phys Ed, Civics—"

"What's fizz ed?" Teddy would rumble.

"Physical education," The Turk would say.

"Miserable education? What the hell is that?"

"He said physical education, dear," his mother would say.

"Never mind what you think he said. Let him tell me. What am I sending him to school for, to learn to mumble? Let him talk decent."

"You're sending me to school? Some cruddy public school I've got to go, you're sending me there?"

And so it would start, and finally The Turk would just leave without finishing his meal.

Or in bed, late at night. The Turk would listen to Teddy, drunk, giving his mother a bad time in the kitchen.

"What the hell were you before I came along? Tell me that. What were the pair of you, you and the kid? Hah?"

"Teddy, please go to bed. You're tired, dear. You have to get up in the morning."

"I don't have to do nothing in this

life but die, everything else I got a choice. I'll tell you what you were. You were a pair of bums and for my money that punk won't never be nothing but a bum."

"Teddy, Teddy, Robert is an only child, he's all I've got besides you."

"You hear the way he talks to me? Is that any way for a young kid to talk to his old man, even if I am his step-father? Where'd he get that snotty habit, anyway? I'll tell you where. From that no-good crud you were married to, his father, that no-good crud."

"Teddy! The Dead!"

"This is what I think of the dead! Dead he's better off. He wasn't nothing but a lousy weakling and his son is nothing but a bum and soon as the punk gets his wofking papers he goes out, understand me, unless he learns how to act nice . . ."

A lot to think about, a lot to go over, a lot of good and bad stuff to mull over and decide — decide what? Well, just decide.

Chick! Another minute.

The guys . . .

"Will ya get a load of this jerk?" said Roger Connolly, leader of The Invaders, as the new member stood before him and his boys. "What's your name, stupid?"

"It's Bob—"

Crack!

A sunburst of pain blinded The Turk as the fist hit him.

"Don't you know how to talk to people, stupid?"

The Turk blinked hard and the little room in the cellar took shape and here was Roger Connolly standing in front of him.

"What did you do that for?" The Turk said.

Connolly's eyes gaped and his mouth fell open in a burlesque of incredulity.

"Will ya listen to him?" the gang leader said. "What did I do that for? What do I think I am, running this outfit or something? Look at him stand-in' there like he was a Turk!"

"A Turk! A Turk! A jerky Turk! A turkey Jerk!" chanted The Invaders, circling the two boys like wolves.

"Listen, stupid . . ." said Connolly.

"You listen, stupid."

"What did you call me?"

"I said stupid. You're a stupid bastard, you stink, you're a fruit."

The leader flung his jacket off.

"I guess you want a real initiation," he said. "I'll give you one. I'll make you a member. A dead member. We'll put your name on the honor roll. I'm gonna like doing—"

Suddenly The Turk crunched his heel down on the other boy's instep. As the gang leader's head went down in reflex, The Turk slammed his knee into Con-

(continued overleaf)



*"I'm worried about Sonny. Nineteen years old
and he still plays up in his old treehouse."*

DROP DEAD *(continued from page 52)*

nolly's face, then rabbit-whacked him on the neck.

Thup! Thup! Thup! The Turk kicked the boy as he lay squirming on the floor, until he stopped squirming.

"Anybody else?" The Turk said. They were all gaping at their fallen leader. One had the sense to answer.

"No, man," he said. "You're the Man now. You're Big Boss, if you want to be."

"All right," The Turk said. "All right. Throw him out of here. Jump!" Three of them hustled the battered boy out and flung him into an alley.

They called him The Turk from that day on, and as leader, one of his first official actions was to change the name of the gang to The Turks. For two wonderful years he led them, picked and chose their victims and his women, made his guys jump for him like a bunch of trained monkeys.

He felt like he really belonged to something, for the first time. He was able to keep it from Teddy until his stepfather found out that he and seven Turks had been closely questioned about a pocketbook snatch in which an old woman was pretty badly beaten up. There was a showdown at supper that night.

"You're nothing but a lousy little gangster. You're one of those teenage hoodlums in the papers. Well, is it true?"

"You know all the answers."

"This is how you get your money."

"No, this isn't how I get my money. You know I got a job nights down at the paper."

"You weren't there last night. They called up. Where were you?"

"None of your goddamn business."

Teddy came at him but The Turk was ready, and one good jab in that beer belly deflated the older man like the bag of wind he was. That was the night The Turk finally left home for good . . .

Chick!

Then, man, there was Lorna.

The Turk shut his eyes against the ceiling light and lolled in an ecstasy of memory, of those nights with her in the Polack's cellar, of the way she would exult in every violent thing he did, of her looking across a crowd at him with the wide hunger in her eyes, until they had to sneak away somewhere for half an hour . . .

The night he met her the gang had crashed a Police Athletic League dance. They were incognito; they had left the "TURK" jackets home. The Turk strolled along the wall of the drafty old gym, looking them over, until he saw her.

That jerk she was dancing with, he didn't rate a girl like that, with her night-black hair, her tall, proud body, the dark, insulting eyes, the full, hungry-looking lips. The Turk went out and

tapped the guy on the shoulder.

"I'd like to dance with your girl."

"Get lost."

"I said it in a nice way, buddyroo, I'd like a dance with your girl."

"I told you to get lost." Magically, The Turk's men had cut them off from the rest of the dancers but in a way that did not attract attention.

By the way she was looking at him — there was fear there, but something else, too — The Turk knew he was on sure ground. One of his guys stepped close to the jerk.

"This is The Turk," his man said. "He's gonna dance with the lady."

"He's real brave with eight guys to help him," said the jerk.

"You don't dig, man. We're not protecting him, we're protecting you."

"Wait a minute," said The Turk, staring at the girl. "Let the lady decide. You want to dance with me, miss?"

"Look, let's not have any trouble," the girl said. "Sure, I'll dance with you. Jimmy, I'll see you later, huh?"

"You bitch," Jimmy said.

"That's no way to talk to a lady," The Turk said.

"I wasn't talking to a lady," Jimmy said.

"Maybe you and me better take a little walk," The Turk said.

"Sure, you and your friends here."

"Just you and me, buddyroo."

"Turk," said the one who had spoken to Jimmy, "this is the P.A.L., you know? There's cops all over the place, Turk, listen, take it easy."

"I'm not afraid of him," Jimmy said. He left with The Turk strolling after him. The other Turks eased the girl over to a chair and stood around her.

Presently The Turk came back in, massaging his right wrist, and silently led the girl out on the dance floor.

"So you're The Turk," she said.

"That's me, lady. I suppose you got a name?"

"A reputation, too."

"I'll take the name first."

"Lorna."

"Lorna," The Turk said. "I like that."

"What did you do to him?"

"What did I do to who?"

"You know who."

"You must be talkin' about somebody who isn't here," The Turk said. "Somebody who just blew away, you know?"

"All I've got to do is yell, Turk," the girl said. "All you'll see is cop."

"Go ahead."

"I might."

"Go on, yell," The Turk said.

"Maybe not right now," Lorna said, staring all over his face. "Maybe later. Much later."

The way she was dancing with him, the way they fitted together, like they

were meant to do something about it.

"Let's take a ride," The Turk said.

"You got a car?"

"Sure," The Turk said.

"All right, man."

"You go sit over there and I'll bring it around front," The Turk said. "You'll be here, won't you?"

"I'm not going anywhere, man," she said.

He was back inside of five minutes. He led her out to a Pontiac convertible and she climbed in the front seat with him. When The Turk figured by the speedometer he had put 10 miles between them and the P.A.L. hall, he swung over to the curb and parked.

"All right, man," Lorna said. "Now where did you get this car?"

"I got it the same way I got you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I found it."

"Are you going to keep the car?"

"Nah, I'll ditch it over in —"

Then he realized what she was asking.

Later with the radio humming softly and their cigarettes two coals in the dark, Lorna asked him, "Turk — what did it feel like?"

"Wow," The Turk said.

"No, man, I mean what did it feel like to you?"

"What did it feel like? What do you think it felt like?"

"I want to hear you talk about it. Say it, man. I've got to hear you say it." The Turk thought.

"I'll tell you what it felt like," he said. "My old lady and me live up on top of a laundry and outside my window there's some telephone poles and the wires are real close. When the wind comes up hard I can lie in bed and listen to them wires — thumm, thumm, thumm. Once there was a big storm and a coupla the wires busted and there was a big blue flame and a terrific big noise — brraack, brraack — like a loudspeaker turned up all the way. That big noise — that's what it felt like."

"You want to know what it felt like to me?" said Lorna. "It was like you were six hundred guys, all at once. Hey, man, what's the matter?" The Turk was sitting up and peering into the dark. Far up the street was a blinking red light, blinking like a burst artery.

"You better hold on to something," The Turk said, "because we're gonna move, and we're liable to bust into little pieces all at once."

He vaulted into the front seat and gunned the motor and swung the big machine around and gave it the gas. He didn't know the neighborhood and he had to keep the lights on. Behind them the police car's siren began to screech. The Turk gripped the wheel hard and swung the powerful machine in and out of the streets with Lorna screaming "go,

(continued on page 62)



*the dangerous game of
truth—and consequences*

WORD OF HONOR

fiction By ROBERT BLOCH

AT 2:27 IN THE AFTERNOON, Homer Gans, cashier, entered the office of his employer, the President of the First National Bank.

"I've got something to tell you," he murmured. "It's about the reserve fund. I'm into it for 40,000 dollars."

"You're *what*?"

"I embezzled from the reserve fund," Homer said. "Been doing it for years now, and nobody ever caught on. Some of the money went to play the races, and a lot of it has been paying somebody's rent. You wouldn't think to look at me that I'd be keeping a blonde on the side. But then, you don't know how it is at home."

The President frowned. "Oh yes I do," he answered, taking a deep breath. "As a matter of fact, I happen to be keeping a blonde myself. Though to tell the truth, she isn't a natural blonde."

Homer hesitated, then sighed. "To tell the truth," he said, "neither is mine."

Between 2:28 and 2:43, quite a number of things happened. A model nephew told his rich and elderly uncle to go to hell and quit trying to run his life. An equally model husband told his wife he had hated her and their children for years and frequently wished they'd all drop dead. A star shoe salesman told a female customer to quit wasting time trying on small sizes and go out and buy a couple of rowboats. At one of the embassies, a visiting diplomat paused in the midst of a flattering toast and abruptly emptied the contents of his glass upon the bald head of the American Ambassador.

And —

"Holy Toledo!" howled Wally Tib-

bets. Managing Editor of the *Daily Express*. "Has everybody flipped?"

Reporter Joe Satterlee shrugged.

"In nine years on this rag, I've never pulled that 'Stop the presses!' stuff. But we're standing by for a replate right now — and we're going to stand by until we find out what gives. Got enough lead copy for a dozen front pages right now, and none of it makes sense."

"Such as?" Satterlee gazed calmly at his boss.

"Take your pick. Our senior Senator just issued a statement of resignation — says he's unfit to hold office. That labor leader who built the big new union headquarters uptown went and shot himself. Police headquarters can't keep up with the guys who are coming in and confessing everything from murder to moper. And if you think that's something, you ought to hear what's going on down in the advertising department. Clients are canceling space like mad. Three of the biggest used-car dealers in town just yanked their ads."

Joe Satterlee yawned. "What goes on here?"

"That's just what I want you to find out. And fast." Wally Tibbets stood up. "Go see somebody and get a statement. Try the University. Tackle the science department."

Satterlee nodded and went downstairs to his car.

Traffic seemed to be disrupted all over the city, and something had happened to the pedestrians. Some of them were running and the others moved along in a daze or merely stood silently in the center of the sidewalk. Faces had lost their usual mask of immobility. Some people laughed and others wept. Over in the grass of the University campus, a number of couples lay locked in close embrace, oblivious of still other couples who were fighting furiously. Joe Satterlee blinked at what he saw and drove on.

At 3:02 he drove up to the Administration Building. A burly man stood on the curb, doing a little dance of impatience. He looked as though he wanted either a taxi or a washroom, but fast.

"Pardon me," Satterlee said. "Is Dean Hanson's office in this building?"

"I'm Hanson," the burly man snapped.

"My name's Satterlee, I'm with the *Daily Express* —"

"Good Lord, do they know already?"

"Know what?"

"Never mind." Dean Hanson shook his head. "Can't talk to you now. Got to find a cab. I suppose I'll never get to the airport."

"Leaving town?"

"No. I've got to get my hands on Doctor Lowenquist. He's at the bottom of all this —"

Satterlee opened the door. "Come on, get in," he said. "I'll drive you to the airport. We can talk on the way."

A wind came out of the west and the

sun disappeared to cower behind a cloud.

"Storm coming up," Dean Hanson muttered. "That damned fool better land before it hits."

"Lowenquist," Satterlee said. "Isn't he head of the School of Dentistry?"

"That's right," Hanson sighed. "All this nonsense about mad scientists is bad enough, but a mad *dentist* —"

"What did he do?"

"He chartered a plane this afternoon, all by himself, and took it up over the city. He's been spraying the town with that gas of his," Hanson sighed. "I don't know anything about science. I'm just a poor University Dean, and my job is to get money out of rich alumni. But the way I hear it, Lowenquist was monkeying around with chemical anesthetics. He mixed up a new combination — like pentothal sodium, sodium amytal — only a lot stronger and more concentrated."

"Aren't those used in psychotherapy, for narcohypnosis?" Satterlee asked. "What they call truth serums?"

"This isn't a serum. It's a gas."

"You can say that again," Satterlee agreed. "So he waited for a clear, windless day and went up in a plane to dust the city with a concentrated truth gas. Is that a fact?"

"Of course it is," Hanson replied. "You know I can't lie to you." He sighed again. "Nobody can lie any more. Apparently the stuff is so powerful that one sniff does the trick. Psychiatry department gives me a lot of flap about inhibitory release and bypassing the superego and if a man answers, hang up. But what it all boils down to is the gas works. Everybody who was outside, everybody with an open window or an air-conditioning unit, was affected. Almost the entire city. They can't lie any more. They don't even *want* to lie."

"Wonderful!" Satterlee exclaimed, glancing up at the gathering storm clouds.

"Is it? I'm not so sure. When the story hits the papers, it'll give the whole school a bad name. I shouldn't even have told you, but I can't help myself. I just feel the need to be frank about everything. That's what I was telling my secretary, before she slapped my face —"

Satterlee wheeled into the airport. "That your boy up there?" He pointed upward, at a small plane careening between the clouds in the sudden gale.

"Yes," Hanson shouted. "He's trying to come in for a landing, I think. But the wind's too strong —"

A sudden lance of lightning pierced the sky. The plane wobbled and began to spin.

Satterlee gunned the motor and turned off onto the field. In the distance a siren wailed, and through the rushing rain he could see the plane spiraling down in a crazy dive . . .

. . .

Wally Tibbets leaned back and pushed

his chair away from the desk.

"That's how it happened," Satterlee told him. "The poor guy was dead before they pulled him out of the wreckage. But they found the tanks and equipment. He had the papers on him, and I persuaded Hanson to turn the stuff over to me; he was in such a daze he didn't even think to object. So now we can back up the story with proof. I've got copies of the formula he discovered. I suppose we'll feed the dope in to the wire services, too."

Tibbets shook his head. "Nope. I'm going to answer all inquiries with a flat denial."

"But the story —"

"Isn't going to be any story. All over now, anyway. Didn't you notice how people changed after that storm hit? Wind must have blown the gas away. Everyone's back to normal. Most of them have already convinced themselves that nothing ever happened."

"But we *know* it did! What about all those story leads you got this afternoon?"

"Killed. Ever since the storm, we've been getting denials and retractions. Turns out the Senator isn't resigning after all — he's running for Governor. The labor boy's shooting himself was an accident. The police can't get anyone to sign their confessions. The advertisers are placing new copy again. Mark my words, by tomorrow morning this whole town will have forgotten — they'll *will* themselves to forget. Nobody can face the truth and remain sane."

"That's a terrible way to think," Satterlee said. "Doctor Lowenquist was a great man. He knew his discovery could work — not just here, but everywhere. After this trial run he meant to take a plane up over Washington, fly over Moscow, all the capitals of the world. Because this truth gas could *change* the world. Don't you see that?"

"Of course I see it. But the world shouldn't be changed."

"Why not?" Satterlee squared his shoulders. "Look here, I've been thinking. I have the formula. I could carry on where Lowenquist left off. I've saved some money. I could hire pilots and planes. Don't you think the world needs a dose of truth?"

"No. You saw what happened here today, on just a small scale."

"Yes. Criminals confessed, crooks reformed, people stopped lying to one another. Is that so bad?"

"About the criminals, no. But for ordinary human beings this could be a terrible thing. You don't see what happens when the doctor tells his patient that he's dying of cancer, when the wife tells her husband he's not actually the father of their son. Everybody has secrets, or almost everybody. It's better not to know the whole truth — about others, or

(concluded on page 68)

*a day in the life
of a men's
magazine editor*



I am aroused, bright and early,
by my French maid, Henrietta.



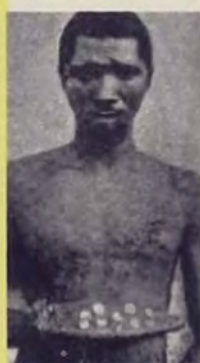
After feeding the cat...

THE EDITORS of men's magazines are like the legended busman — often you will find them having a high old time reading other men's magazines. One of our favorites is a sprightly British periodical called *Man About Town*, published in London and (to quote several issues' mastheads at random) "edited by John Taylor, and jolly well too," "edited by John Taylor, who is known and loved by all," "edited by John Taylor, who lives like a monk."

In a recent issue, Mr. Taylor devoted several pages to *24 Hours in the Life of a Great Public Figure*, himself. These 24 hours contained segments of similarity to a typical day in the lives of PLAYBOY's editors, so, after a lengthy transatlantic correspondence, several cablegrams and an appeal to the interests of Anglo-American understanding, we finally prevailed over Mr. Taylor's modest nature long enough to secure his permission to reproduce the feature here. It demonstrates that the life of a men's magazine editor (in Mr. Taylor's words) "is not all beer and skittles; nor even, indeed, all beer."



...I enjoy a hasty bath...



... and the breakfast prepared by my manservant.



Then, following a brief but affectionate chat with my dear wife...

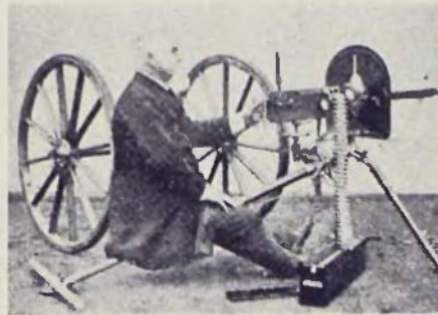


...I leave for my office...

THE PERILS OF PUBLISHING



... where I am greeted by my loyal secretary.



Next, I prepare myself for a conference with the Chairman of the company...



... and after that I may be tied up with the Managing Director for a while.



Later in the morning, I may rehearse our Advertising Representatives in their sales talk...



... and possibly follow up with a little dictation.



In the meantime, a Copy Editor will be checking proofs for mistakes.



I may possibly have an exchange of opinion with my Art Director...

THE PERILS OF PUBLISHING

(continued)



... and will surely discuss fiction with some short story writers ...



... while my secretary is checking my luncheon appointments. After luncheon, I may return to the office ...



... for a conference with an author ...



... or with an author's agent.



Later in the afternoon, I will instruct the Accounting Department to prepare the Advertising Director's salary ...



... and draw my own.



Around six o'clock, the staff will slowly begin to leave the office.



A few colleagues may persuade me to partake of a little refreshment before I start for home ...



... and I, in return, may persuade one of them to give me a lift.



But whatever happens, I can be assured of an affectionate greeting by my devoted wife—particularly on payday.



A DISH FOR THE GODS



The Duke's hand lingered at her bosom.

THE DUKE DE RENARD married a well-born maiden of incredible beauty. He had loved her long and passionately, and for the first few months of their marriage he was sublimely happy to be alone with his bride and felt no need for any other woman. But soon the youthful nobleman, who had hitherto sought entertainment in diverse places, once again began to seek it, away from his wife's side.

Among the Duke's men-at-arms there was a robust fellow named Jean, who was of an age with the Duke and had served him since childhood. Shortly after his master's wedding Jean, too, had married, taking a pretty village maiden as his bride. When the Duke's gaze began to

seek diversion, it came to rest upon Jean's wife.

Jean observed this; and, though not overly wise in the ways of the world, he was well acquainted with the ways of his master. He loved his wife, and was concerned lest her refusal anger the Duke.

His concern grew deeper when he began to fear that the Duke might have no cause for anger.

One afternoon, the Duke made Jean's wife a gift of some flowers, and held her hands over-long in the giving. She made no show of reluctance, smiling up at him while he looked down at her. Nor did she make any protest when he gallantly offered to decorate the spot which he

had been most steadily regarding; indeed, she displayed no impatience while he did so, although surely, Jean thought, he need not have taken so long only to place a few blossoms on her bosom.

Now truly disturbed, Jean resolved to reason with the Duke, hoping that he could persuade him not to pursue this course further. He therefore made occasion to accompany the lord on a ride through the forest.

"My lord," Jean said when they were alone, "each of us has one who belongs to him. You have, in your castle, a wife whose value is one hundred times that of my wife. I ask you, then, not to concern yourself further for my wife's happiness; it is too great a burden for you, too great an honor for her. She has no need of joy from so great a lord, and you—you have no need of pleasure from so insignificant a woman, especially since you are wedded to one who is all that any connoisseur of women can ask, and more." Now Jean dared to raise his eyes to his master and, seeing that he showed no displeasure, continued. "Most men, were they wed to a gem of womankind like your lady, would be content with her were they offered a queen in exchange. How, then, can your passions and your reason urge you to stoop to toy with the wife of one of your servants, herself no more than a servant?"

De Renard gave ear to his man-at-arms, but did not give answer. They ended their ride in silence, and Jean began to fear that he had offended the Duke.

That evening a messenger from the Duke came to Jean, bearing a huge bowl filled with *pâté de foie gras*. He presented the bowl to Jean, telling him that the Duke requested that Jean accept it and that he vow to eat only this delicacy until the master bade him stop. Jean gave his word eagerly, delighted at this sign that he had not angered the Duke, and even more delighted at receiving so great a quantity of his favorite food, which until now he had tasted only rarely. He ate of it that evening with much pleasure, observing to his wife that he hoped the Duke would never ask him to stop. The next day, too, Jean was happy with the *pâté* brought by the messenger, and so was he the third day. But when it was placed before him on the morning of the fourth day, he found himself taking less pleasure in it than before, and on the fifth day, he discovered that the mere smell of the food made his appetite vanish.

Soon Jean was unable to bear even the thought of *pâté de foie gras*. He longed desperately for the taste of plain black bread—indeed, for anything but *pâté*.

(concluded on page 69)



"Whoopee! Does that bring anything to mind, Miss LaVerne?"

DROP DEAD (continued from page 54)

go, go!" When he had shaken the police they ditched the car and caught a bus home. The night was lifting and everywhere there was the stirring cacophony of the city awakening.

"What about your folks?" The Turk said when they were at Lorna's door. "We been out all night. You'll catch hell."

"I don't have no folks, man," Lorna said. "Just my big sister and she don't care what I do. She keeps telling me I'm a tramp. Well, I don't want to disappoint her, you know?"

"How about tonight?"

"You got a place?"

"Yeah, real cool, way out. The Polack's cellar. A bunch of blankets behind the furnace. You want it?"

"I want it, man," she said, touching him. "I'm gonna want it a lot . . ."

Chick!

Then there was Christmas Eve, the biggest deal of all, the night that would only be topped by this one . . .

The Turks and their debs were balling in the Polack's cellar. Man, it was way out. They had whiskey and beer and they were feeling great and everything went, man, everything.

At midnight, The Turk suddenly pushed Lorna away and put on his jacket.

"Where you going, man?"

"It's Christmas," The Turk said. "I got a family. Everybody got a family. I'm just gonna go see my family and wish them a happy Christmas."

"Turk, don't," said Lorna. She had heard that tone before and she knew what it meant. "You don't need any family. I'm your family. I'm your wife, man."

"Leave me alone," The Turk said.

"Turk, you're drunk, you don't know what you're doing. I'm not gonna let you go, man. I'm not —" But he flung her to the floor like a glove. They were all silent, watching him, worried. He took his stance in the middle of the floor.

"What's the matter with everybody?" The Turk yelled. "Stop lookin' at me like I was gonna kill somebody or something! I'll be back."

"We'll go with you, man," said one of his boys.

"I said I'll be back!" The Turk roared. No one stopped him.

They knew their leader.

. . .

When he got there the windows were dark in his mother's flat. There were no lights anywhere on the street, and no people, either. Good. The Turk had kept the key to the front door. He tried it, but the lock had been changed. Maybe Teddy had expected something like this.

The Turk rolled his jacket around his

list and bashed a hole in the glass door panel, right near the doorknob. He waited, but there was no sound from the dark above him. The Turk reached in and opened the door.

He crept up the stairs, carefully placing his feet on the far corners of the steps so they wouldn't creak. He could hear his mother and Teddy snoring.

He felt his way through the little foyer and into the kitchen, off which were the bedrooms. He bumped into the kitchen table and there was a clatter of glass. He switched on the light.

There were two empty beer bottles and a whiskey bottle three-quarters empty and near them, two glasses, one of which had slobbers of lipstick on the rim.

You bastard, The Turk thought. With me gone she couldn't fight you any longer so she joined you. My mother. A stew-bum. Just like he said — a bum. All right. He took a long drink out of the whiskey bottle and when he put it down Teddy was looking at him from the bedroom doorway. The man was naked and The Turk stared at his sagging belly.

"Merry Christmas, you bastard," The Turk said.

"What do you want here? You want to steal my money? You want to kill me for my money?"

"Your motherless money," said The Turk. "I'll tell you. I didn't know what I was here for until I saw that." He pointed to the bottles and the glass.

"There, that one, with the lipstick on it."

"What about it?" said Teddy.

"I mean you made my mother a drunk." Teddy laughed shortly and spat on the floor.

"That sounds good, coming from you," Teddy said. "A punk criminal. Sure, she likes her liquor now. You know what she likes better?" And he pointed.

All The Turk remembered clearly after that was the little click the button made as he pressed it to flick the blade open. Everything else was just a kaleidoscope of movement and screaming and blood hitting him in the face, all over his clothes, soaking even his shoes.

"I just blacked out, I guess," he told the detectives later. "I didn't know just what I was gonna do when I went in there but when he did that, man, I lost my head, you know? Man, tell me, just what did I do?"

The detective across the desk from him sighed and picked up the medical examiner's report. "Fourteen penetrations of the man's body. 16 of the woman's body," he said. "That's what you did."

Joe McGee got him a lawyer, and the lawyer hired some doctors or something with big glasses and they asked him a lot of nosy questions about his habits, and they wrapped a blood-pressure thing

around his arm and asked him more funny questions with a needle making ziggy tracks on a roll of paper.

And the lawyer made a big pitch to the jury how The Turk was a creation of a hostile environment, how his father died when The Turk was a baby, what a crumb Teddy was, all that jazz.

But that other lawyer, the District Attorney, he had a few things to say, too.

"This was not only murder but a wanton act of total rebellion against authority, against parentage, against the home itself," he told the jury. "For the sake of the vast majority of young people, the decent young people who will be the leaders of the future, the state cannot condone, by this court, any judgment but the supreme penalty."

"The defendant is 18 years of age. He is fully responsible for his actions and on conviction here he is liable for the full penalty."

"Perhaps the murder of the mother was an act of hysteria, but that of the stepfather has been shown to have been fully premeditated. And there is something else — that broken door panel. In breaking and entering upon premises which were no longer his residence, the defendant committed a felony; while that felony was taking place the defendant caused the deaths of two persons."

"The law is very clear on this point. Murder in the commission of a felony is first-degree murder, with the same penalty provisions . . ."

The lawyers had a good time, but The Turk was bored. He knew what was coming. What was all the balling around for, man?

Chick!

Well, it was all over now but the waiting and that would be over soon. He did miss the newspaper reporters around the courthouse, though. Man, what a fuss they made over him. And those stories Joe McGee wrote — almost made you want to cry, you know?

The Turk heard a familiar voice in the hallway.

"What the hell are you reading that pass for? What did I do, forge the warden's name on it?"

"All right, fella, all right."

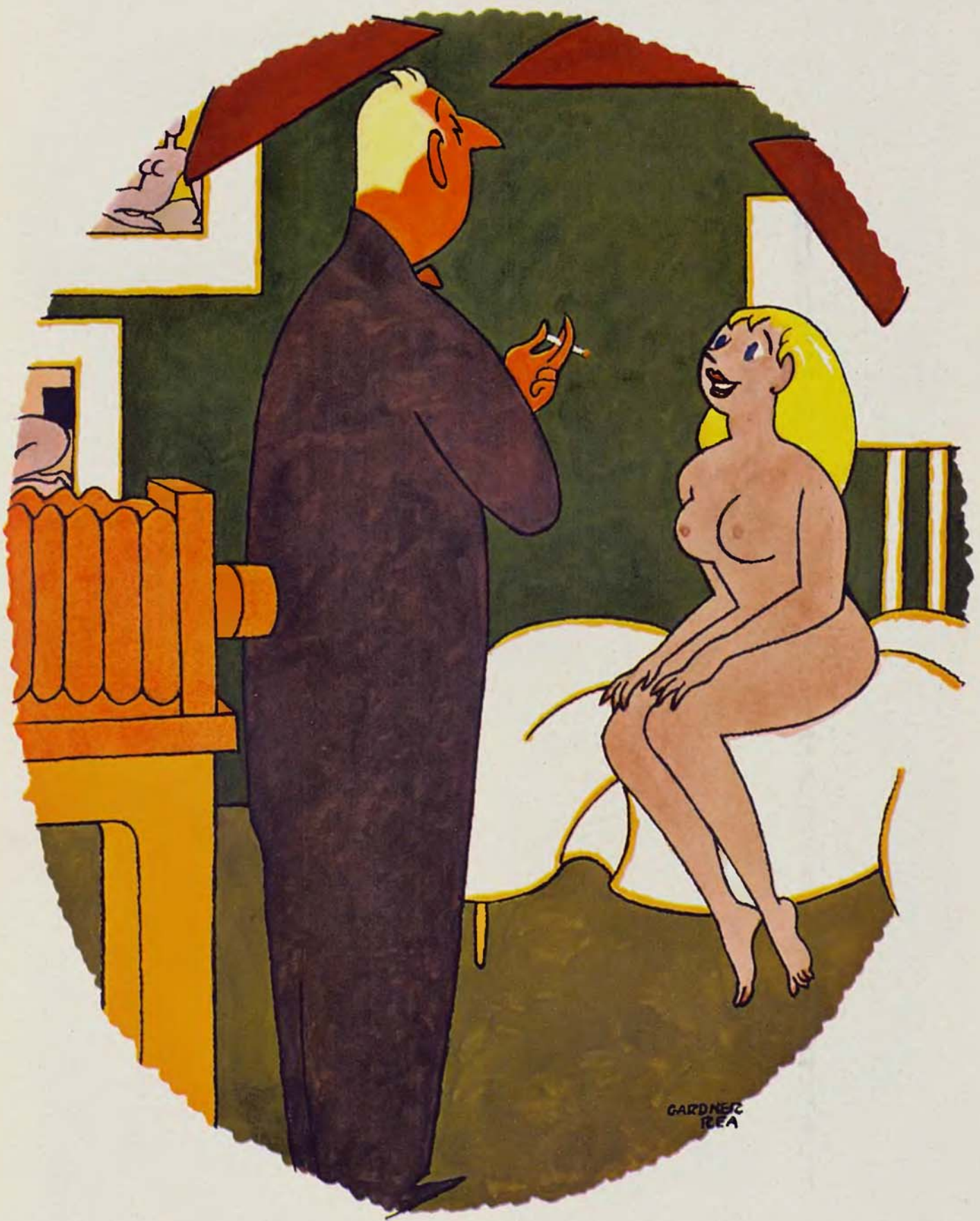
"It's not all right. It stinks. It's you crumbly civil servants all over. You can't get fired so you blow your nose on everybody."

"How about you newspaper crumbs? You treat a man nice, do you, a man that's just tryin' to do his job?"

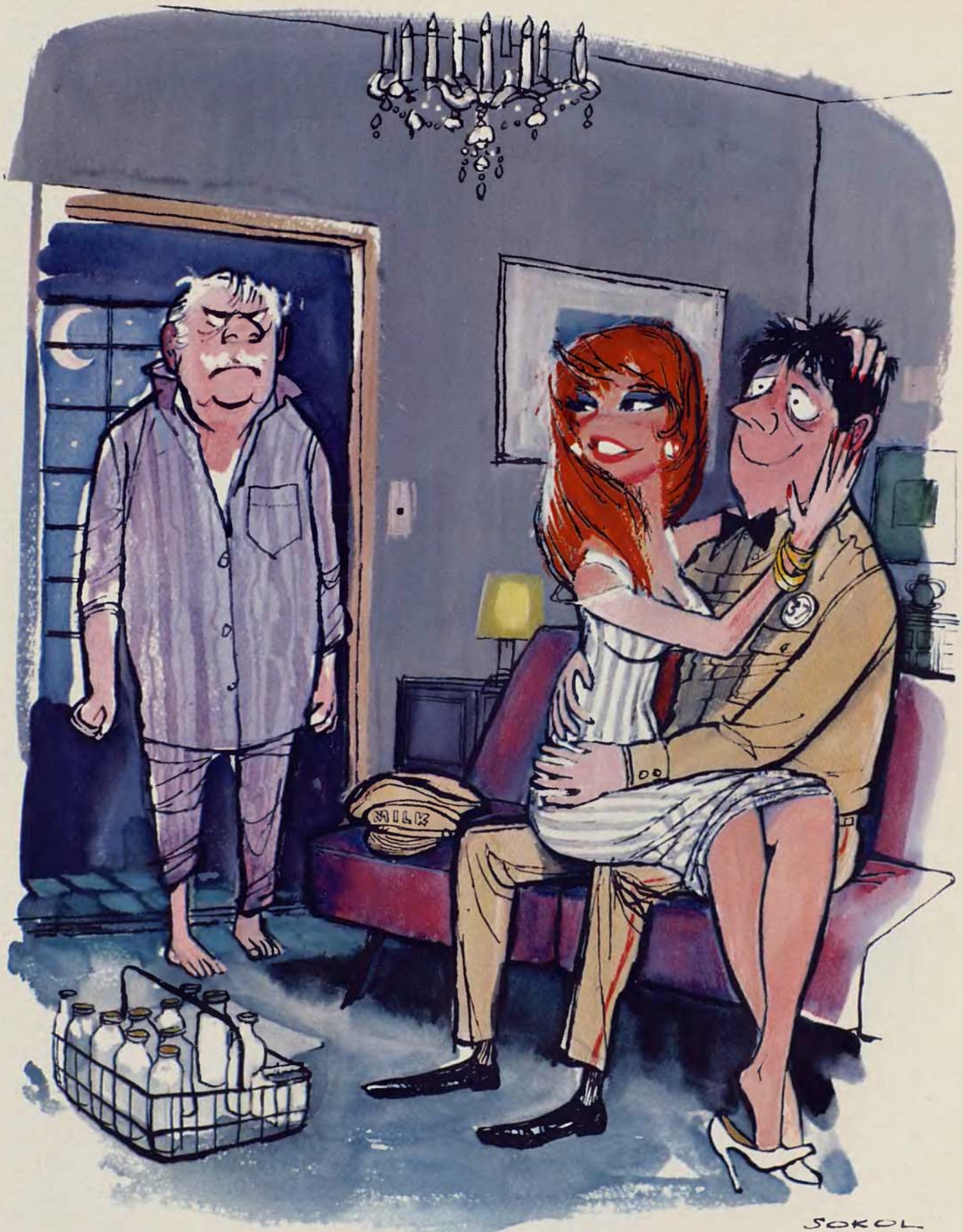
"Look — do your job later. I got a deadline to meet, and you people set it. Look at that clock, man!"

"All right, all right! Martin, take this gen-tle-man down to see Hannesen." Footsteps bonged on the steel floor and then the cell door opened and Joe McGee walked in on The Turk.

(concluded on page 66)



"Remember, my left profile is my best, Mr. Armbruster."



SOKOL

"Oh, Harold left an hour ago, Dad — this is Richard, the milkman."

UNREASON in DETROIT

(continued from page 42)

C bodies fit Cadillacs, Buick Roadmasters and Supers. The idea is to leave body A alone this year, tinker with the shape of B, bring out a new C. Next year, leave C alone, horse around with A, bring out a new B. The third year, bring out a new A, leave B untouched, monkey with C, and the cycle is complete. It is Detroit's version of the shell game.

Furthermore, just in case you're the kind of man who doesn't fall sucker for changing frills, but who is content to drive a car until it falls apart, dynamic obsolescence has another meaning. It means your car is also so poorly made out of such shoddy stuff that it will begin to fall apart within three years, anyway.

The whole idea is to ensure a constant sale of new cars. The immorality of it lies in the fact that Detroit doesn't try to make you buy a new car because the new car is better than the old, but simply because it looks different. *Slightly* different.

Moreover, Detroit is not above terminological inexactitudes, or plain old-fashioned fibbing, in order to make a sale. For example, while it is true that Detroit automobiles are obscenely overpowered, their advertised horsepower has nothing to do with that power actually generated at the wheels. Detroit puts an engine on a dynamometer block in a clean, well-lighted room. There is no radiator, no fan belt. The engine is connected to nothing — it does not have to turn so much as a phrase. Nothing is allowed to impede the happy scamper of the pistons. Indeed, a partial vacuum is created to remove back pressures at the exhaust ports. Special fuel is carefully mixed. The spark is adjusted manually through changes of speeds, even though this often causes the engine to knock ferociously. The resulting measured "power" is called the "test stand rating." This figure is whisked to the advertising department where it is multiplied by whatever number pops into a copywriter's head. Thus, a Detroit automobile might turn up anywhere from 100 to 200 less actual horsepower than that advertised.

Detroit's senseless preoccupation with its own navel has not only led it to ugliness, to fantasy, and to outright truth stretching, but has also helped to foment a national depression. Foisting extravagant, ridiculously overpriced crudities through the use of vicious sales practices and unsound 36-month credit terms resulted in an oversale of the 1955 market with the result that sales practically ground to a stop for the next three years. People were still trying to buy their 1955

cars. Simultaneously, the public was suddenly confronted with a real choice when the foreign car invasion gained momentum, and this meant even fewer sales to those people who could still afford to buy new cars.

Then, because Detroit, biggest user of steel, glass and other commodities, is so central to our entire economy, depressed sales in Detroit meant fewer orders for raw materials, and hence, less national demand for labor. Ergo, a depression in Detroit resulted in partial depression nearly everywhere else in our interdependent industrial society. Wherefore, it is high time that Detroit began to ask itself some questions. Perhaps we can suggest a few:

Even if it were true — which it is not — that most male Americans are psychosexual screwballs, where is the morality in designing an automobile to meet some defect in an unfortunate's character?

Where is the business morality in selling what you *can* as compared with turning out the best product you can possibly devise, for sale at the lowest possible cost?

What, oh hard-headed Detroit, do you really think of selling a man something artificially designed to become obsolete before he's through paying for it? Would you make such a purchase yourself?

Why tell whoppers? Why say a car has 300 horsepower when it really has 185? Why claim a car has a smooth ride when in fact, on any but a boulevard surface, it rattles the fillings in your teeth and, further, is unsafely suspended — as is the newest botch, the Edsel, that \$250 million mistake which not only boasts a ludicrous style, but which is properly regarded by competent experts as a mechanical mess?

Since your contraptions carry people along the highways at high speeds, why not build in real pre-crash safety factors, such as the sports car's handling ease and roadability?

There are many more questions Detroit could ask itself with considerable profit to us all, and unless Detroit begins to do so, the reasonable man of good taste will have no recourse but to buy foreign products, no matter how often he is advised it is his patriotic duty to purchase an overpriced, blaring excrement of unmitigated vulgarity from Detroit.

In sober truth, what is good for Detroit is good for the country, beginning with honesty. The way to persuade Americans to buy new cars, however, is not by sticking a more obvious penis or vulva on the hood, but by constantly improving the design and the operation of the machines.



How to entertain a Shaman

Shamans are a lot of fun at a party provided your invitation specifies no spears, darts or incantations! But by all means, drums for dancing.

And on your part, to clinch the fun, be sure you have enough *Champale* on ice. As you undoubtedly know, *Champale Malt Liquor* adds tone, color and spirit to any party.

Just open the chilled bottles of *Champale*... pour the sparkling, bubbly beverage into a stemmed glass and enjoy yourself as gaiety takes over... *Champale* is like that!

And beat the drums again — there's never a dent in your wallet because *Champale* costs little more than beer...

Hie yourself over to your favorite restaurant, bar or grocery... wherever beer is sold and learn with the very first delightful sip of *Champale* why it's the "malt liquor you serve like champagne".



FREE! For clever new drink recipes, including the fabulous *Champale* Cocktail, write to Dept. 6B, P.O. Box 2230, Trenton, N. J.





THE MALT LIQUOR YOU SERVE LIKE CHAMPAGNE



CHAMPALE


MALT LIQUOR


A malt beverage specialty served in a wide, shallow or sherbet glass. Metropolis Brewery of N. J., Inc., Trenton, N. J.

Too Pooped To Play, Boy?

When a hard day puts you behind the social eight-ball , don't drag your heels  Play it smart . . . keep on your toes with NoDoz Tablets.

Take a NoDoz  and be ready to concentrate on important subjects 

Clinical tests show that for most people NoDoz increases mental efficiency within minutes 

Safe as coffee 

NODOZ



Product of Grove Laboratories, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.



Wedding Box

Send the next invitation you receive to us for precise reproduction in etching on the lid of a Fostoria glass cigarette box. 5" x 4" x 1 1/2" \$10.00
 Pair of trays 4" x 2" etched with first names pr \$5.00

Prompt, safe delivery assured.

Catalog on Request *Holiday House*

58 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.

DROP DEAD

(continued from page 62)

The Turk grinned and put out his hand.

Joe McGee slapped it aside. He was very, very drunk.

"I'm sorry, Mr. McGee," The Turk said. Joe McGee steered himself to the cot and sat down heavily.

"Can I print that?"
 "What?"

"That you're sorry. Nobody's gonna believe it, you know. Only Mrs. Schultz. Then she'll wrap the fish in it."

"Mr. McGee," The Turk said, "I want to tell you how I appreciate everything." Joe McGee stared out of the window at the black sky, laced with the restless searchlights.

"That's all right, kid," he said.
 Chick!

The Turk controlled himself. He asked, "What time is it, Mr. McGee?"

"Ten thirty."
 "Half an hour."
 "Yeah."

"Half an hour and they take me in there and sit me down and I blow the fuses, you know?"

Joe McGee looked up at him and The Turk began to feel scared for the first time because his visitor was crying. Not him! Not Joe McGee!

"Listen, Mr. McGee," The Turk said. "There isn't much time. I tell you what. I'll give you a story. A real great story. I'll—listen, I'll break down and bawl for you, how's that? Can't I, Mr. McGee, can't I?"

Joe McGee shook his head slowly.
 "No story, kid," he said. "No story, no interview, nothing."

"You mean you just came up here to see me?"

Joe McGee nodded. "Yeah," he said. "I—thought somebody ought to be with you. I'm sorry I'm drunk, but I couldn't do it any other way."

"Oh, Jesus, Mr. McGee."

"Everybody ought to have somebody when they need them."

"Mr. McGee—does it take long or is it over right away?"

"Right away," Joe McGee said.

"You know, Mr. McGee," The Turk said, "I still feel the same way about—about what's going to happen."

"You're better off, is that it, kid?"

"Yeah. And you know, you were right about something else."

"What's that, kid?"

The Turk tried to say it but something hot and wet filled his mouth and eyes and he bit his lip and turned his head away.

The only way he could get it out, the thing he had to say to Joe McGee, was in the old snarl:

"Everybody's better off!"
 Chick!


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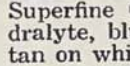



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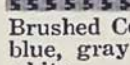
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SUMMER IN THE CITY

(continued from page 30)

back on it, stroll back out to the waiting city, find a nice, dark, cool bar and have a tall, beaded collins or gin and tonic. The commuters' vineyard bears sour grapes when he swats at mosquitoes and children; it bears grapes of wrath while he sweats out his suburban summer night, knowing he'll have to rise an hour before his urban opposite number stirs from his comfortable air-conditioned sleep. In our book, the canny urbanite has it made.

It's no news that cities can be steaming hot; it's equally true that only a masochist needs to be uncomfortable during a city summer. What with virtually universal air-conditioning and cool, lightweight, good-looking garb, the urban man can be happily at ease while he earns his keep and seeks his pleasures.

Consider a midweek city morning. The hum of traffic is light as a young man about town — perhaps you — peers at the street from his apartment window, sees the city in the lambent haze of a summer morning, decides that yes, it will be hot again, and goes to his clothespress to select his wardrobe for the day. In the likely instance, he'll don a gray dacron-and-tropical suit. It might as likely have been shantung, Palm Beach, one of the man-made fabrics we discussed last month — or a linen jacket and slacks (perfectly legit for office wear in summer). His shirt, too, is lightweight, despite its correctly conservative look (he wouldn't dream of wearing the sleazy meshes that are touted as cool), as are his club-stripe tie and black socks. His shoes are slender, of calf, with thin soles and lean lines. (He leaves the two-tone, ventilated novelty numbers to the rubberneck goons from the sticks.)

Once dressed, he phones down to the doorman to get him a cab, takes the lift to the street and rides to his office. En route he may pleasure himself by gazing on one of the city's finest sights: young, chic, svelte office girls in summer dresses heel-tapping their way to work.

Summer lunching in the city is apt to be leisurely. The spritzer with white or red wine may take the place of winter's martini, a salad and iced coffee does the urban man nicely for his two-to-five afternoon of work. And then, in full daylight, he's through with office toil and ready for the sweet labors of love.

Now, he may have one for the road in a midtown bar; he may have made a date with one of the office girls for a drink in his favorite lounge; or he may go home to change for the evening.

At home he showers and then puts on a midnight-blue mohair with a sleek hint of silky sheen, a white shirt with tab collar and a silk tie. Still coolly dressed, his attire is formal enough for any city summer occasion. Perhaps he'll

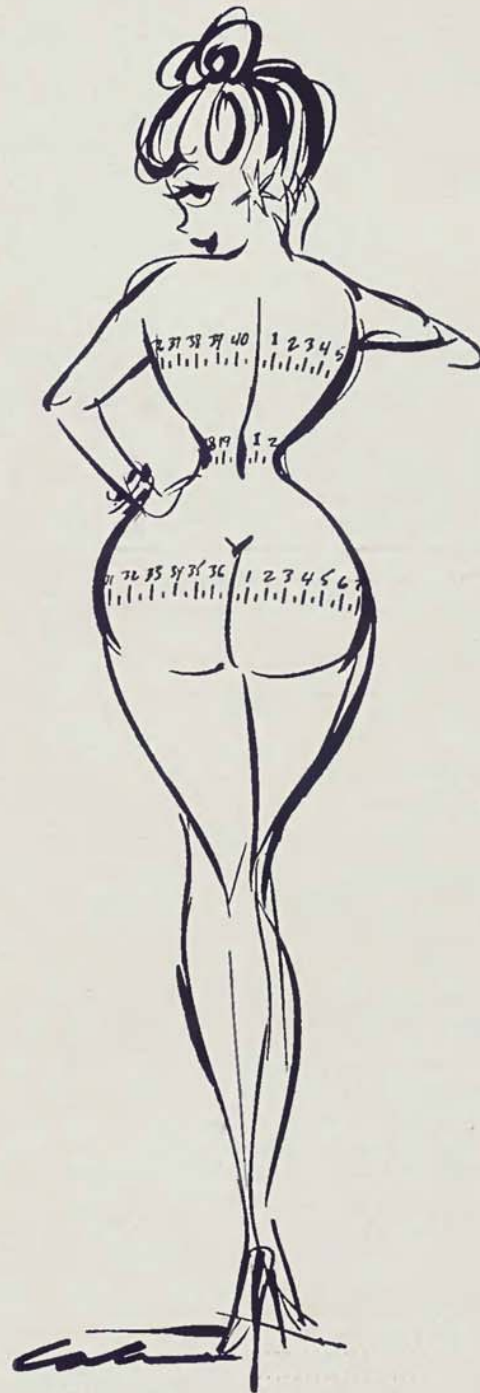
start this particular evening by rendezvousing with his date at some hotel roof or penthouse club, where they can sip their 12-ounce highballs and watch the sunset bathe the city with the purple hues of an urban twilight. Perhaps she'll come, instead, to his digs for a drink — and they'll decide to stay in and run up a cold buffet together. It may be a restaurant where they meet, or her apartment.

Whatever is planned — or unplanned and done spur-of-the-moment, the way you can in the summer when advance reservations are seldom needed on weekdays — you can be sure that the smart

urban man and his smart urban date won't subject themselves to a traffic-tangled dash for al fresco dining out of town in the dubious hope that the local countryside may be cooled by a vagrant breeze. These are city people and glad of it. They are indolent and easy in their way of summer life. They're part of the club, that nameless club of working city people who are regularly begged and cajoled to be country guests, but who tend to finesse the invitation without giving offense, because they live the glamorous city summer scene.



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WORD OF HONOR

(continued from page 56)

about yourself."

"But look at what goes on in the world today."

"I am looking. That's my job—to sit at this desk and watch the world go round. Sometimes it's a dizzy spin, but at least it keeps going. Because people keep going. And they need lies to help them. Lies about abstract justice, and romantic love everlasting. The belief that right always triumphs. Even our concept of democracy may be a lie. Yet we cherish these lies and do our best to live by them. And maybe, little by little, our belief helps make these things come true. It's a slow process, but in the long run it seems to work. Animals don't lie, you know. Only human beings know how to pretend, how to make believe, how to deceive themselves and others. But that's why they're human beings."

"Maybe so," Satterlee said. "Yet think of the opportunity I have. I could even stop war."

"Perhaps. Military and political leaders might face up to the truth about their motives and change—temporarily."

"We could keep on spraying," Satterlee broke in, eagerly. "There are other honest men. We'd raise funds, make this a long-term project. And who knows? Perhaps after a few doses, the change would become permanent. Don't you understand? We could end war!"

"I understand," Tibbets told him. "You could end war between nations. And start hundreds of millions of individual wars instead. Wars waged in human minds and human hearts. There'd be a wave of insanity, a wave of suicides, a wave of murders. There'd be a tidal inundation of truth that would drown the home, the family, the whole social structure."

"I realize it's a risk. But think of what we all might gain."

Tibbets put his hand on the younger man's shoulder. "I want you to forget this whole business," he said, soberly. "Don't plan to manufacture this gas and spray it over the Capitol or the Kremlin. Don't do it, for all our sakes."

Satterlee was silent, staring out into the night. Far in the distance a jet plane screamed.

"You're an honest man," Tibbets said. "One of the few. I dig that, and I admire you for it. But you've got to be realistic and see things my way. All I want is for you to tell me now that you won't try anything foolish. Leave the world the way it is." He paused. "Will you give me your word of honor?"

Satterlee hesitated. He *was* an honest man, he realized, and so his answer was a long time coming. Then, "I promise," Satterlee lied.



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DISH FOR THE GODS

(continued from page 60)

His need became so great that he prepared to break his vow, and asked some of his fellows for a taste of their plain rations in exchange for his. In vain. They all knew of his promise, and each refused to share his simpler fare with Jean. Despairing of ever being released from his promise, and unbearably hungry for any food but that which was constantly before him, Jean one day approached a serf and begged for a crust of stale bread. But even the serf had learned of the lord's order, and he too refused to aid Jean to escape from his miserable luxury. "My lord has said that you must eat only of *pâté de foie gras*; you are forbidden all other food." Then, so curious that he overcame his servility, the serf queried, "But why do you seek other food, sire? Truly that which you must eat is that which all of us would be most grateful to enjoy."

"I have had enough, *more* than enough, of this enjoyment!" cried Jean. "I would now prefer anything to this luxury. Here, take some of my food, let me take some of yours, I beg you; for I swear that I am so surfeited with *pâté de foie gras* that if it were to follow me to Heaven, I would beg the saints to excuse me and take myself elsewhere."

It chanced that the Duke was riding close by when Jean spoke these words, and overheard them. He turned his horse and came to them; sending the serf away, he spoke to Jean. "My friend, how can it be that so magnificent a dish has so soon become monotonous and disgusting to you? Most men, were they provided with such fare, would be content with it were they offered ambrosia in exchange. How, then, can your appetite and your reason urge you to stoop to beg crusts from a serf?"

Jean, on thus hearing his own earlier words echoed, attended more closely as his master continued, "It did not take you so long, then, to wish for a change? And have I, in desiring your wife, done something so very different? You have blamed me because I expressed a preference for a common dish over a plate fit for gourmets; and now you declare that you would eat black bread rather than *pâté*."

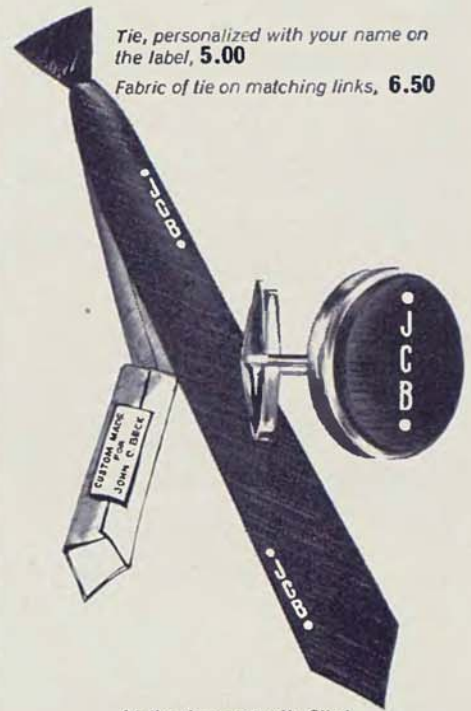
The Duke paused. "Well, then," he said finally, "you may have your black bread. And I, my friend? Have I your leave to take mine?"

Jean nodded. So well had he learned his lesson that he was already considering: if the master could look below his station for new pleasures, was it not then possible for the man-at-arms to raise his eyes *above* his station in his quest for happiness?

—Translated by S. B. Abelson



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

(continued from page 10)

right degree of personal attentiveness, accompanied by wines from one of the city's best cellars. The atmosphere and cuisine are French; the price is all too American: half a C-note can vanish if you do yourself and your date proud, but it's worth it. We urge you to accompany your second cocktail (served at table) with a platter of cracked crab heaped on a mound of ice.

Speaking of Hollywood dining, you might give one of the town's currently most popular and crowded restaurants a nice, wide miss. Scandia (9131 Sunset Blvd.) serves adequate Scandinavian food in a magnificent setting, but its owners are either too greedy or too indifferent to honor reservations. Happened to us twice, so it seems hardly an accident. Second time around, we insisted on the phone that we'd rather dine as late as they wished than be brusquely shooed to wait at the four-deep bar when we came in on schedule as we first did. We were assured we'd be seated at the appointed time (9:45 P.M. - their suggestion), but got the bar treatment again, despite vociferous protests. By the time we did get served, the captain seemed too tired to offer to make us one of the restaurant's specialties - flamed dessert at table - and proffered a platter of tired pastry instead, so we can't tell you whether the specialty lives up to its rep.

FILMS

The wild pranks of the naughty, nautical Norsemen who scared the spit out of the 8th and 9th Century English are recapitulated for us by Kirk Douglas as one-eyed Einar, bearded Tony Curtis as Eric and Ernest Borgnine as the good-natured rapist and Viking king, Ragnar, in *The Vikings*, based on the lusty book by Edison Marshall. Frankly hokey, the picture has enough offbeat violence, sudden shock, sloppy eating scenes and spectacular camera work to compensate for all the corn. There's a smorgasbord of authentic historical morsels, too, to shore up the gory mood: death in the wolf pit and a game involving a "testing board." A wife suspected of philandering pokes her head through the board, pig-tails pinned up. Hubby (full of malt) throws axes at her till he unpins her or splits her down the middle. (Beats hiring a private eye.) With a riot-inciting musical score and lupine portrayals on the part of the male principals, the picture moves along like a rocket. UPA did the tableaux for the prologue and they are cute as hell.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU'RE AN *aficionado*, plan to spend October in the City of Kings, Lima, Peru. It's springtime in South America then, and that means the start of the bullfight season. Prizes as high as \$25,000 on the six bulls run at each day's *corrida* lure top *torero* talent from Europe and Latin America. One way to get there is by ship—a smallish Grace liner from New York boasts a pool, beach deck and veranda café, makes a run through the Panama Canal, then a whole slew of stops on the west coast of South America as far as Callao. Fare for the 12-day run is \$445 up. If you prefer a bigger Moore-McCormack liner and a straight East Coast run to Buenos Aires (round-trip 31-day romps cost \$1110), you can bask in a special solarium for nudist types who like to tan all over. Sorry: there's one for boys and one for girls.

About this time of year, we can't help but remember that hoary but hip German maxim *Bier auf Wein das lass sein; Wein auf Bier rat Ich dir*—which, unscrambled, means simply "Beer after wine I'll leave to you; wine after beer I urge on you." So do we. Take the foamy first—in great suds-spattered mugsful—at Munich's roistering, brassy Oktoberfest, which starts the last week in September and is acrawl with lusty Bavarian wenches. Then continue the fun and frolic in the proper order at the most knocked-out of German wine festivals—resplendent with buxom vino queen and court, samples of the fresh vintages and a typically Teutonic high old time. It's at Neustadt, in October.

Solid 18th Century comforts on our shore have appeal during crisp fall days after a drive through the Virginia hunt country—blue-smoked from raging leaf fires—on to Williamsburg. We need no excuse to visit there beyond a creamy oyster pie and a bottle of *brut* champagne on a candlelit table beside an open wood fire, followed perhaps by a concert at the Governor's Palace featuring peruked musicians blowing up a Colonial storm. While you're in that neck of the woods, don't fail to stop at The Tides Inn at Irvington, Va., where the victuals continually adorn the various "10 best" lists compiled by knowing gourmets, and we don't mean Duncan Hines. If you can stick around longer, there's a heated pool for you to enjoy plus hearty cruises on the breeze-whitened waters of Chesapeake Bay aboard the Inn's 127-foot private yacht.

Should you hanker for the winter Western sun, Furnace Creek Ranch reopens in Death Valley October 15. It's an enchanting spot in the arid desert, complete with swimming, tennis, riding, etc. Spanish-style adobe cottages, offering the utmost in privacy, are yours at a slim \$11 a day—for two. Not so far away is tough old Tombstone, Arizona, which throws its annual Helldorado in October, featuring everything from snortin' bronc-busting to re-enactments of historic gunfights.

For further information on any of the above, write to Playboy Reader Service, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Illinois.



NEXT MONTH:

THE BOSOM—MIGHTY MEASUREMENTS OF A BRITON KITTEN

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW—THE GRIDIRON SCENE

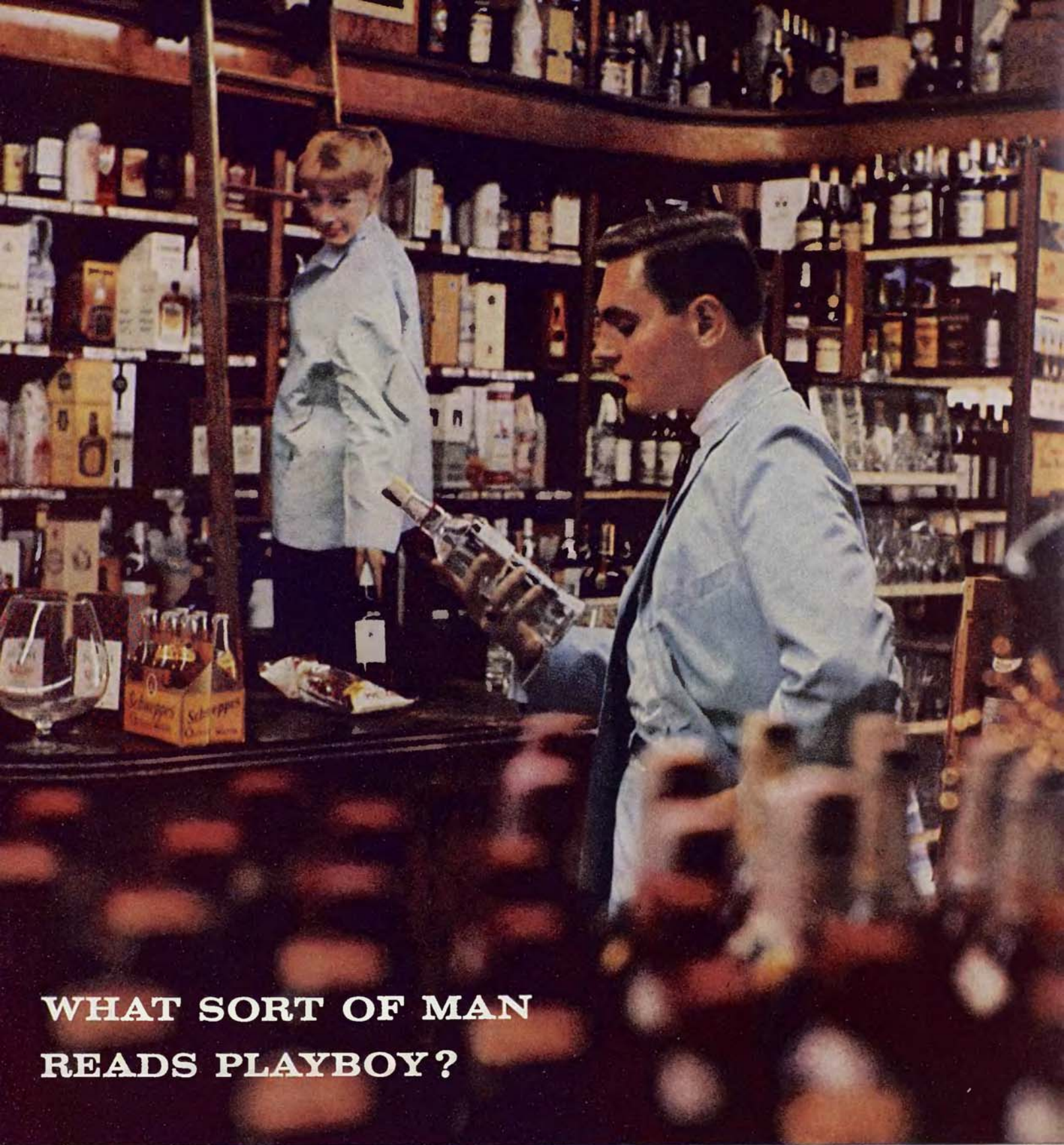
A COLLEGE PLAYMATE AND A PIECE ON COLLEGE PRANKS

PLUS—**PHILIP WYLIE** ON WOMANIZATION, **JACK COLE** ON SUB-LIMINAL, A NEW STORY BY **HERBERT GOLD**

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

THE LIFETIME PLAYBOY CLUB has been growing in membership since its inception last August. It's not surprising: a lifetime subscription to this jaunty journal saves the fuss and bother of checking a renewal card every three years and carrying it way down there to the corner mailbox. And there's a warm, comforting feeling of assurance that comes over a man when he knows there is a lifetime of PLAYBOY pleasure ahead of him. Beats annuities by a mile. Beats, too, just about any other gift idea for the well-known Man Who Has Everything. That's why we're offering lifetime subscriptions to those fortunate few who are already assured of life's other necessities. The tariff? A miniscule \$150. You (or your giftee) will receive a handsome Certificate, suitable for framing, attesting that the recipient is indeed a member of the select LIFETIME PLAYBOY CLUB. Also a handy plastic card, suitable for flashing, attesting ditto. An added dividend: you can bequeath your lifetime subscription for one generation to your most deserving heir-do-well. For those who must be content to enjoy the PLAYBOY life from year to year, we still retain the shorter-term subscriptions. But for those to whom money is no object, the lifetime subscription (as a gift for self or friends) is, well, the chance of a lifetime.





WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

SOLOMON'S—CHICAGO

A good mixer who regards the best of spirits as more than a state of health, the PLAYBOY reader does, indeed, take his drinking seriously. Good case in point—the trend-setting enthusiasm of young men that has boomed sales for vodka into big business. Facts: According to the leading independent magazine survey, a larger percentage of PLAYBOY families drink or serve whiskey than those receiving *any* other magazine. 69.3% of all the homes where PLAYBOY is read treat themselves and/or their guests to whiskey, gin, rum or vodka either straight, on the rocks, or in one of the tasty recipes recommended in PLAYBOY's regular articles on the subject. (Source: Starch 52nd Consumer Magazine Report, June 1957 and Starch Supplement on PLAYBOY, January 1958.)

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