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NOVOTNY

## PLAYBILL



HAMBLETT

THE KNITTED BROW is not a common sight around PLAYBOY. While not insensitive to the world's woes, we usually worry about them after office hours, preferring to spend our work days producing the best kind of entertainment we know how. Once in a while, though, our happy editorial forehead creases over a problem that seems uniquely close to our (and therefore our readers') interests. The sick sex in the "blameless" ladies' magazines was one such brow-corrugator, and it gave birth to the gratifyingly well-received article, *The Pious Pornographers*. The chromium horrors of the American automobile industry gave rise to the successful *Eros and Unreason in Detroit*. Now the topic of our concern is the advanced age of the men who run our country. We recruited Ralph Ginzburg (ex-*Esquire* editor and author of the book *An Unhurried View of Erotica*) to survey the situation. His article, *Cult of the Aged Leader*, is the incisive, thought-provoking result. It appears in this issue. It is such a thorough exploration of such a disturbing subject that it forced us, when we first read it, to reverse our usual custom: we worried about the world's woes during office hours, and when the evening sun went down we enjoyed a carefree night on the town in Chicago.

You go on the town in Chicago, too, this month, with PLAYBOY as your guide to the bright lights and brighter doings in this big breezy burg. We gather from reader response that you found the first in this series — on San Francisco, June 1958 — almost as much fun as an actual visit to the place, and we think this issue's text-and-photo takedown on the toddlin' town may be even more entertaining. But then we're biased: it's our town.

Our town was an important stop for June (The Bosom) Wilkinson when she first came to this country from England. PLAYBOY introduced her to American readers, and now we visit her in Hollywood, where she has found her place in the sun of Southern California.

Southern California is also the scene

of the colorful story, *OK, So I'm a Coo-koo-boo*, the work of a writer new to these pages, Charles Hamblett, who tells us he was raised mostly along whistle-stops of the Orient Express, and in the taverns of Soho, where he and the late Dylan Thomas (whom Hamblett faintly resembles) "did imitations of Humphrey Bogart and wrote poetry in beer stains."

Hamblett's story is about a pickup on a beach: so appropriate does this situation strike us for an August issue that we thought it a grand idea to have two stories about pickups on beaches, as long as they were totally different kinds of pickups on totally different beaches, so we've included a suspenseful new novel-ette by Herbert Gold, *The Sender of Letters*.

Senders of letters to our *Dear Playboy* department have always been lavish with praise of those two antic fellows, H. Allen Smith and Shel Silverstein, comics of the typewriter and the sketch pad. Smith — his latest book, *Don't Get Personal with a Chicken* (see page 24), out of the way and selling well — has done for us *A Short History of Fingers*, which is definitely the last few thousand words on the subject. Silverstein, bearded like the pard as always, gets lost among other bearded types — Arabs (mostly friendly, it turns out) — in his latest pictorial report from a far-flung land.

The amalgamation of far-flung and near-flung automotive talents is gone into by Ken Purdy in *High-Bred Hybrids*, an article on those cars with foreign-designed bodies and domestic innards.

And speaking of innards, why don't we stop talking and let you examine the interior of this August issue yourself? In addition to what we've already told you about, you'll find a *Penthouse Playmate*, informed advice on attire, articles and fiction by Thomas Mario, Henry Slesar and John Novotny — the last-named being another storyteller introduced to PLAYBOY readers this month, via his charming and truly adult Western, *The Rancher's Daughter*.



GINZBURG



SMITH

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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

### BRITONS

Your May issue of PLAYBOY rates a solid 400! My own personal favorite was *Britons at the Ballpark*. Hermione Gingold is my dish. Why not feature her as a Playmate, complete with Havana cigar?

John Gerner  
Brooklyn, New York

I heard about *Britons at the Ballpark* only yesterday from Herb Caen of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. This feature was admirably and, I think, amusingly produced and I am delighted to see this visual record of what was, for me, a very enjoyable day.

Commander Edward Whitehead  
Schweppes, Ltd.  
New York, New York

### JUICELESS PLAYBOY

I am very disappointed in PLAYBOY. When I shell out half a buck for a magazine like yours, I expect to get what the title indicates. I look at the photos first, but then I turn to the fiction for some juicy reading, know what I mean?

William Douglas  
Chesterfield, South Carolina

*We know what you mean. There are at least a dozen magazines available to lovers of "juicy reading." Take your business to them; we'll never miss you.*

### SHADOWY BUNNY

There is no other word for it, "sneaky." I thought PLAYBOY had finally pulled a blooper and omitted the rabbit from the May cover; but there he was, just a shadow of his former self. And no wonder, look at the company he keeps!

Gary F. Paul  
Ann Arbor, Michigan

### PLAYBOY HOUSE PARTY

After seeing your May pictorial, *Playboy's House Party*, I am still saying "Like wow." Do the girls come with the house?

Charles Millard  
Chicago, Illinois

*Playboy's House Party* is the greatest. Along with the ideas that I can incorporate in my future bachelor pad, the scenery that dressed the set was the best

bevy of beauties I have seen in a long time. How can your photographer stand it?

Neale G. Traugh  
Atlanta, Georgia

I have just read your May issue and think it is splendid. The article on Harold Chaskin's dream home is very good. The fact is, I think that I will become a Miami tile contractor. The business looks good.

Jeff Allison  
Orlando, Florida

Yes, yes, the *House Party* was diverting and the wench decorative, if blank, but let's cut the phony, pretentious, pseudo-sophisticated copy you print with these pictorials. The commentary on *House Party* was elbow-in-the-ribs silliness.

Wallace Branders  
Toronto, Ontario

Let me see if I've got this straight. To have a house party, I first have to move to Florida. Then I have to build a Playboy's Weekend Hideaway, replete with oh-so-secluded sun deck, sunken bath, and hidden bar next to an underwater window which peers out into my swimming pool. Then I have to invite about five girls to stay the weekend, two of whom must be real good sports. Also I'd better lay in a goodly supply of steaks, booze and bubble bath. Oh, yes, don't forget to ask Bunny Yeager to fall by with her Press Graphic to snap a few candid remembrances of our wonderful weekend. Boy, this sure sounds like fun — only one thing has me worried. At the end of the day, with the soft wind blowing in through the open roof and the couples moving close together in the semi-darkness, when does Bunny Yeager stop taking pictures?

Gordon Blackley  
Los Angeles, California

Cindy Fuller gets my vote for the next Playmate of the Year.

James Hartley  
Kansas City, Kansas

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ANTOINE TAN

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Congratulations on Cindy Fuller. I cheerfully nominate her as Playmate of the Year without even waiting to see the remaining seven issues.

Ted Nicholson  
Chilliwack, British Columbia

Thank goodness May's Playmate, Cindy Fuller, does not sell brushes, as I don't know where I would put all the brushes I would order. With Cindy, I would have no sales resistance.

Richard Bailin  
University City, Missouri

Your pictorial essay, *Playboy's House Party*, was devastating. But let's see more of that curvaceous redhead, Mary Jane Ralston!

William Kimmel  
New Haven, Connecticut

I am a Cuban student now studying in your country and I would like to be a resident of the U.S. because one of the many American customs I've acquired is reading *PLAYBOY*. The most impressive array of pictures I've seen in your pages were those of Bonnie Harrington in *House Party*. I hope you will soon make her a Playmate—with towel or without.

Alejandro Modena  
Coral Gables, Florida

I was overwhelmed by *Playboy's House Party*. The tiles, mosaics and inlays were most impressive.

Glenn Clark  
Kaneohe, Hawaii

### THE BOTTOMLESS PURSE

Your magazine, though filled with excellent fiction and art work, is directed to millionaires. The travel guidance section, *Playboy's International Datebook*, particularly seems aimed at some mythical creature with the classic bottomless purse and thick gobs of snobbish blood. Climb off that social ladder.

Samuel E. Lessere  
Paris, France

### THE NOISE

Immensely enjoyed Ken Purdy's *The Noise* in your March issue. Purdy certainly has a clear and comprehensive knowledge of modern psychiatry. Sure he isn't a couch commando using an alias?

David J. McCluskey  
St. Louis, Missouri

Ken Purdy has unquestionably done it again. *The Noise* exhibits the same impressive talent seen in *The 51 Tones of Green*.

Leo Maselli  
Porterville, California

Barnaby Hackett, Mr. Purdy's doomed character in *The Noise*, could have found sanctuary in one of our isolated

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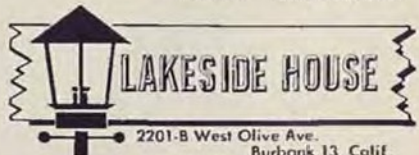
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Army Missile Sites up here in Alaska. Furthermore, this individual with the unusual perceptive qualities would only have to cope with one train of incoming thoughts, as we soldiers fairly wallow in monomania: what's going on back in CONUS (Continental United States)? Indeed Ken Purdy has given PLAYBOY one of the most interesting and original stories printed in quite a while. In fact, PLAYBOY's prose in general is head and shoulders above the bourgeois bilge in most other magazines.

Don Gordon  
Fairbanks, Alaska

Ken Purdy's *The Noise*, in the March issue, has prompted me to write you. It's a new and intriguing approach to the ESP theme, and on the whole well-handled. It's particularly refreshing, in these days of the pointless, plotless "slice-of-life," to run across a story the principal characters of which are educated, intelligent and reasonably rational men. The March issue as a whole was, in fact, quite good—one of the best ever, I think. Silverstein, as usual, was superb; John Wallace's story was sensitive and well-formed; Ray Russell's article on the cravat was highly entertaining. PLAYBOY, I think, has established itself as a magazine of a much-needed type—one which offers a broad range of material directed toward the man whose interests are many and varied. It is a difficult character to maintain—it would be remarkably easy for PLAYBOY to degenerate into just another sex sheet, or to become an effete and snobbish journal for the rich. I hope that will never happen. I hope the editorial staff will always keep before them the image of the reader they are aiming at—the reader who is sophisticated (in the best sense of that oft-abused word), intelligent, and interested in many things. It is a difficult task, but one whose achievement is well worth while. And let's have more issues like March!

Clarke Walser  
Chicago, Illinois

#### EL SHEL

Is it possible to obtain reprints of Shel Silverstein's drawings of the bullfight? I have a number of *aficionado* friends who will be as pleased with them as I was.

Peter E. Blau  
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

#### GIRL HAD BEEN AROUND

*The Girl Had Been Around* should be required reading for every man married over two years. The situation pictured in this bit of fiction is all too true to life. As I'm sure you will agree, it's the man who should put the "zing" into love-making, or take the responsibility for the lack of it. I wonder if the author of the story didn't use my husband as Bart's prototype? We have been married four

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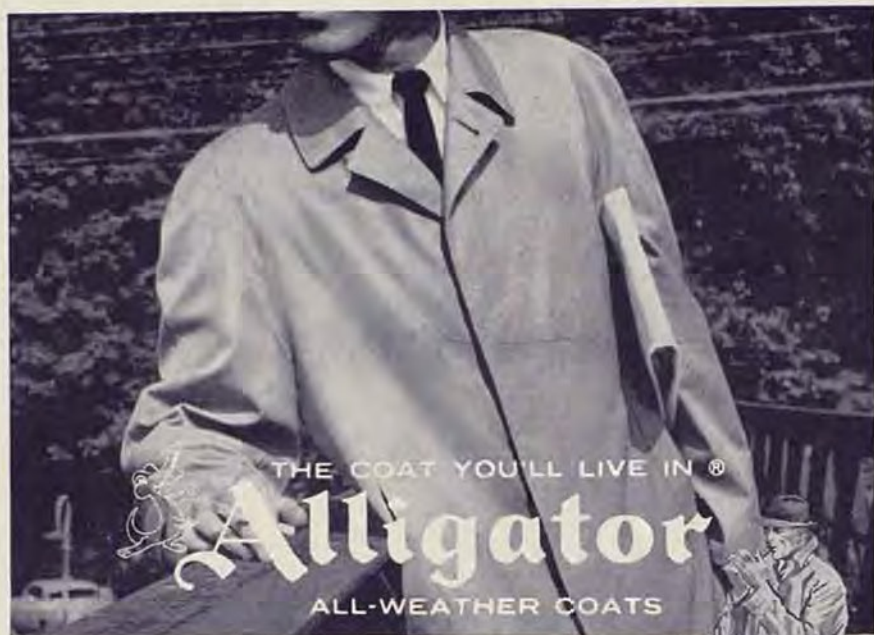
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Back in March we first announced that "deep in Dixie we've uncovered a new playboy pastime—The Bacardi Party."

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So have yourself a Bacardi party. You may not have invented it, but you certainly can *discover* it. Just bear in mind the old saying: No Bacardi Party can be a Bacardi Party without *Bacardi*.

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years and he tells me I should no longer expect honeymoon love-making, that I'm too old for it. Well, gentlemen, I am 22! Is that too *old*? I wish someone would crash my ever-loving right between the eyes with the facts of why wives get bored with husband-style sex and seek more stimulating experiences outside the marital bedroom. Thank you for the chance to blow my top.

(Name Withheld)  
Boston, Massachusetts

## ICEBREAKING CARTOONS

Original or not? I have discovered a way to add a more relaxed atmosphere to my apartment. The drawings of Jack Davis, Charles W. Miller and Gahan Wilson are delightful and have contributed much to PLAYBOY. I have framed a few of these colorful cartoons and decorated the living room walls with them. Occasionally I place new cartoons in the frames. When I invite guests to my home, I introduce them to each other and then leave the room and mix the drinks. Meanwhile, they read the cartoons and by the time I return, they are in a relaxed, warm and congenial mood.

Toby L. Smith  
San Jose, California

## UPSTAIRS CREDIT

Your story about Julius Monk's *Upstairs at the Downstairs* (May issue) was very interesting, but in light of the fact that you quoted liberally from the *Conference Call* sketch, it occurs to me it might have been fair to credit the author of the sketch, Bill Dana. Bill also writes many of the funny things that fall from my mouth, not including my bridgework.

Steve Allen  
New York, New York

## THE ART OF TRAVEL

With great interest and pleasure I read Patrick Chase's article, *The Art of Travel*, in your May issue. I have traveled extensively and can vouch for the high value of his tips.

C. de Isordes  
Maracaibo, Venezuela

A superbly written, timely and authentic article by Mr. Chase. It is most gratifying to see a Travel Editor not only providing your readers with facts of "where to go" but also "how to go"—with a travel agent.

William K. Burnheimer, Manager  
Allen Travel Service, Inc.  
Warren, Ohio

## A GOOD MAN GONE

I must be in love. I read your undeniably great May issue—and was *bored!*

George Parker  
Kew Gardens, New York



# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HERE'S another harvest from the columns of Ann Landers and Abigail Van Buren (as released by the *Chicago Sun-Times* and McNaught Syndicate). For those of our readers who may be coming in late, be it known that every so often we print verbatim letters to Ann and Abby and their answers, then add, in italics, our male amendments to their feminine flights of fancy.

DEAR ABBY: I am a single man, age 35, and I live in a rooming house. There is a young woman (about 27) who has a room in the back apartment; mine is in front and there is a bathroom in between us. She has a clothesline strung up in the bathroom and every night she washes out her underwear and hangs it up. I get up first and see these things in the bathroom every morning. She must have only two sets of underwear because one set is on the line every single morning. Both sets are getting very ragged so I guess that's all she has. Would it be too personal a gift for me to give her some new underwear? I am not very forward and it might be a good way to get better acquainted. **SQUARE SHOOTER**

DEAR SQUARE: A gift of intimate apparel would be out of order. If you want to know her better, engage her in conversation casually like a gentleman Duz. Good Lux.

*VEL, you know that time and TIDE wait for no man. All you need to do is spend a little SILVER DUST and give her the pants. Then be of good CHEER: if she gets enough JOY from the present, you may be able to talk her out of them. If you do WISK her off her feet, just be careful about founding an AMERICAN FAMILY.*

DEAR ANN: I'm in my first year of college and in dire need of help. My steady girl and I agreed when I went off to school we would both date others. During Easter vacation I dated my former steady and also another girl who is a close friend of hers. Girl No. 2 didn't have the high standards of my former steady and we became intimate after just a couple of dates. I know it was wrong, and I'm particularly ashamed because she never meant anything to me. I don't plan to date her again. Now my former steady has started to write very warm letters. She says she's beginning to think of me as THE man in her life. In her last three letters she asked what went on during vacation between me and the other girl. I've ignored the question as I don't want to damage a reputation. At the same time, she may know more than I think and if I don't level with her she may cool off on me. Please help.

A TROUBLED STUDENT

YOU ARE a brass-plated, four-door heel to have used the girl so shabbily. Your statement that her standards weren't as high as the other girl's was interesting. What about YOUR standards, Bub? Do you raise and lower them like an elevator, according to the company you keep? The confession that the girl never meant anything to you supports what I've been trying to drill into the heads of teenage girls. If a fellow has respect for a young lady he won't try to sell her on such shenanigans. You behaved like a cad. Don't compound the felony by blabbing. Continue to ignore the written question. If she confronts you in person, tell her she's out of order, and what went on with you and a third party is none of her business.

*Don't be a schnook, you schnook.*

*Everybody knows that a girl who's eager enough can have any normal young man complying, without half trying. It is from this fact that several pungent phrases have entered our language, like "cherchez la femme," "getting married" and "raising a family." Stop kicking yourself, and wise up: Girl No. 1 has obviously consulted with Girl No. 2, and digs what she's heard. In a nice way, she's telling you she wants to sample your technique. If you don't act soon, she WILL cool off on you. Strike while this siren is hot.*

DEAR ABBY: I've been going with this Chief Petty Officer for 12 years and the best I can get out of him is that I am a "good kid." I tell him I love him, trying to get him to say the same to me, but he just laughs and avoids saying the words. He bought me a card table set and made the down payment on my car for me and I showed my appreciation the same way any other grateful woman would, but I can't get him to talk marriage. Do you think I am wasting my time? **SWEETIE PIE**

DEAR SWEETIE: I am afraid you suffered considerable "depreciation" when you showed your "appreciation." If you really want to hear a man say, "I do" — don't!

*There's nothing petty about this Chief. Any guy who isn't chained, yet sticks around while his girl ages 12 years, is really a find. Count your blessings and don't bug the guy about marriage unless you want to lose him.*

DEAR ABBY: Not wishing to reveal my identity, let's just say I am a man whose business takes me into the homes of my clients. While on a business call (to pre-

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sent the bill) a very attractive woman practically "threw herself" at me. Being human, I "caught" her. When I presented my bill for what she owed me (labor and materials), she tore it into little pieces. It amounted to \$400. I took it to my lawyer and he advised me to forget the bill, the woman and the incident. Should I? "HOMO SAPIEN"

DEAR SAP: Take your lawyer's advice. You're lucky she didn't add an amusement tax.

*You're the only guy who can judge whether it was worth it. If it was, quit beefing. If not, deduct whatever you think her service was worth and continue to collect the balance due you on the installment plan.*

DEAR ABBY: I was sitting in a restaurant minding my own business when a nice-looking girl (about 22) came up to me and said, "Can I have your phone number or do you want mine?" I was so stunned I said, "Sorry, but you must have me confused with somebody else." Then she went away and I saw her go sit with a man who I presume was her date. She looked like a lady. She was pretty and well-dressed and very clean looking. Am I just a green hick or is this the way people get acquainted nowadays? Maybe I'm missing something.

STILL STUNNED

DEAR STUNNED: You got what is commonly known as the "direct approach." She may have looked like a lady, but I assure you she was not. You missed something all right—a lot of trouble!

*What you're missing is your marbles. But don't brood about it, just climb back in the freezer with the other cubes.*

A recent issue of *Punch* made public that publication's opinion of a current social phenomenon. Our English cousins reported that "Mr. Edwin Malendine claims that the need for public opinion polls can only be determined by a public opinion poll. We'd like a public opinion poll on this."

That the world of big business is still often a dog-cat-dog arena was borne out recently by a headline that appeared in the *Willimantic (Connecticut) Daily Chronicle*:

"TEXTRON INC. MAKES OFFER TO SCREW CO. STOCKHOLDERS."

The murky workings of the academic mind are often awesome for the layman to behold. But perhaps no ways of academe are stranger than those used by the Mental Health Research Institute of the University of Michigan, which at-



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will receive a free 12-inch 33 1/2 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. A wide choice of RCA VICTOR albums will be described each month. One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—you can make your wishes known on a form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

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42. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together*.



24. "Biggest battery of percussion west of Cape Canaveral." Hi-fi and stereo must.



26. 12 big-band, high-beat cha cha: *Ain't Misbehavin', Fascination, Solitude*, etc.



40. Remakes of the band's biggest hits. *Hot Toddy, My Hero, Where or When*, etc.



29. Relax! Smooth instrumentals. *When Day Is Done, Thinking of You*, 10 more.



8. 12 warm ballads. *But Beautiful, How Deep Is the Ocean?, Love Walked In*, etc.



11. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus 14 others.



22. Virtuoso engineering, musicianship. *The Peanut Vendor*, 11 others.



4. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call*, etc.



41. Swing band and strings—top dancing, listening pleasure. *Sugar Blues*.



32. 12 love songs. *Time on My Hands, In Love in Vain, You Are Too Beautiful*.



30. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado*.



37. Laugh a second! Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, others.



28. 8 sections from Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score. Booklet, photos.



19. Bob swings. Clancy sings *Shine on Harvest Moon, We'll Build a Bungalow*.



14. Miller-styled modern repertoire. Ray McKinley. *Birdland*, 11 others.



17. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry*, etc.



20. Piano-orchestra swing through *Blue Hawaii, Dardanella, Hindustan*, 9 others.



35. 12 airy dance specials. *Once in Love with Amy, That Old Feeling, Dream Boat*.



33. Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad lib. Billy May arrangements.



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23. 12 dance hits by modern jazz octet. *Remember Me, Cheerful Little Earful*.



36. 65-man group sings 15 authentic Irish favorites. *The Rose of Tralee*, etc.



39. The Crew Cats sing 12 many-noodled hits. *Lazy River, Pretend*.



5. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah, I Love Her So*, 11 others.



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6. 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, Birth of the Blues*.



2. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit.



15. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonlight*.



27. New remakes of their biggest hits. *Jalousie, Skaters Waltz, Liebestraum*.



13. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet.



25. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones*.



16. His 12 biggest hits, newly remade. *Green Eyes, Linda, Mujer, Adios*, etc.



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tempts to entice subscriptions to its publication, *Behavioral Science*, by describing one of its articles thusly:

"Social groups as entities do not have an epistemological status different from such middle-sized entities as stones and rats, but are apt to be fuzzier, less discrete, less multiply confirmed, and in this sense less real. The degree of entitativity and the possibility of a sociology at a level of analysis separate from psychology is a matter for empirical determination rather than a priori decision."

Well, we're only a fuzzy middle-sized entity (like maybe a stoned rat) but, reading this, we began to suspect that the author of the article was apt to be fuzzier, less discrete, less multiply confirmed and, in this sense, less real.

For those of our readers interested in new ways to make the cold war between the sexes a little warmer, here's the latest tactical maneuver to come our way: You say, "Do you like to make love?" If she says "Yes!" you simply press on, of course, toward unconditional surrender. If she says "No!" the proper reply is, "Neither do I. Let's hurry up and get it over with."

### THEATRE

*Gypsy*, the musical about a Rose Lee of the same name, is, in case you haven't heard, the best entertainment on Broadway, and much of the reason for this show's excellence is the little lady with the built-in amplifiers, Ethel Merman. As Rose Hovick, mother to Gypsy and sister June Havoc, she's all over the stage doing all sorts of things, though the character is not always sympathetic. She's the scourge of the Orpheum Circuit, a clobberer of stage managers, a klepto who lifts silverware in a restaurant, a penny-pincher who sardines nearly a dozen child vaudevillians into a single hotel room and feeds them chow mein for breakfast—and, above all, she's the compulsive stage mother who bullies and bustles her two reluctant daughters into the theatrical limelight as an unconscious sop to her own frustrated ego. While she's doing and being all these things, competently and sometimes touchingly, Miss Merman's voice also pins a fine Jule Styne-Stephen Sondheim score to the back of the auditorium. Arthur Laurents' snappy book from Miss Lee's memoirs gives choreographer-director Jerome Robbins a passel of plausibly motivated characters. These are silhouetted against a garish backdrop of show business at its corniest and most conspicuous, from the shrill juvenilia of the number *Baby June* and *Her Newsboys* to the weary bumps and grinds of

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the Kansas burlycue where Gypsy first learns there's a future in stripping—if you have the build, and a gimmick. Some of the gimmicks prevailing at the time are hilariously illustrated by three has-been houris who demonstrate their specialties. One bumps to classical music like a left-over duckling from *Swan Lake*; another shimmies with strategic flashlight bulbs to illuminate her points; the third tortures a trumpet while she jiggles her assets. Gypsy decides that her gimmick will be to wear gloves and strip like a lady. Sandra Church, who's very good as Gypsy, actually does a strip on stage, but it reaches such new highs in restraint that your blood pressure will reach new lows. Lane Bradbury as sister June, and Jack Klugman as the last man to walk out of Mamma's life, leave little to be desired in their portrayals, but the crescendo of kudos must be reserved for Mamma Merman, obviously in charge from beginning to end. Her denouement is moving theatre: deserted by both her daughters and the last man she loved, she takes over an empty stage to sing *Rose's Turn*, to explain herself to herself and the world at large in a shattering recapitulation of the play's theme and substance. The world at large should be around to listen for a few seasons to come. At the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., NYC.

## FILMS

That dramaturgical chestnut, the May-December romance, gets another roasting in Paddy Chayefsky's adult, perceptive, but downbeat adaptation of his Broadway hit, *Middle of the Night*. Frederic March is the upper-middle-aged businessman and widower who falls in love with his young employee, Kim Novak. He's wary of the entanglement and realistic about his arteries, but he can't help feeling he's found a pleasant detour on the lonely road to the grave. Scenes of explosive argument about the insanity of the affair are brought on by his spinster sister (Edith Meiser), his psychology-spouting daughter (Joan Copeland) and Kim's graspy mother (Glenda Farrell). The lovers wade through seas of guilt and doubt, but Chayefsky pulls them through by banging home the thought that one should not knock love: love on any level and at any price is better than no love at all, for without it life has no meaning. The picture has going for it splendid performances by March and most of the other players (especially Albert Dekker as Fred's lech partner and Betty Walker as a wistful widow), uncannily natural dialog, good shots of New York's garment industry, sensitive direction by

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Wigglesworth Press... founded in 1959

Delbert Mann (*Marty, Bachelor Party*) and a fine censored score. On the debit side, Miss Novak is foreseeably inelastic in this vital role and the author strains a little in trying to find valid obstacles to the marriage. As a demonstration of the meshing of artistic talents, though, the picture is a delight.

Shirley MacLaine, in *Ask Any Girl*, is a youthful hick come from the sticks to start a bachelor-girl life in New York. The accepted procedure for such damsels is (a) to get a job and (b) to lose their virtue. Unfortunately, scripter George Wells chose to ignore this convention and, despite some turquoise-tinted and more than moderately witty dialog, Shirley reaches the end of the flick unravished. She does get jobs, though, first with Jim Backus, a sweater manufacturer who wants to pull the wool over her eyes. He woos and pursues her, but she finally drives him off with a left hook. Then she gets a job with an ad agency run by brothers Gig Young and David Niven. A predictably square triangle ensues, whose outcome is so obviously telegraphed as to make Western Union twitch in envy. Lack of motivation makes this comedy wispy, and the scent of orange blossoms pervading its ending is saccharine, but director Charles Walters maintains a lively pace, there are some funny gags involved, and it's a passable excuse for spending a hot summer's eve in an air-conditioned movie house.

Take 10 pounds of old soap-opera scripts and grind well; add a dash of sex for spice and talent for surprise and guess what? It's *The Young Philadelphians*. We'll go through the plot-line slowly; it seems that Paul Newman blithely labors under the misconception that he is of Main-Line stock, whereas actually he is the result of a misconception between his mother and an obliging Irish contractor. (She was married to a husband who was impotent, hence her interest in the Gaelic gigolo.) Well sir, an assortment of disappointments turns good-natured ol' Paul into a self-centered, grasping s.(n)o.b. and before he's reconverted into his lovable self by his efforts to save a former college chum from a trumped-up murder charge, he has to hack his way through jiltings, seductions, double-dealings and like that. Fine performances by three oldsters—Otto Kruger, Montague Love and Billie Burke—and topliners Newman, Barbara Rush, Brian Keith, Alexis Smith and John Williams, almost make the whole thing worth the trouble.

The dubbing is atrocious in the Franco-Italian *Hercules*, the script is unspeakable, the acting non-existent, and the direction appalling, but you won't care: there never was such a picture for

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good honest chuckles. In the title role, Steve Reeves, an ex-Mr. America of billowy biceps, spends his time uprooting trees, throwing the Gretan bull, sailing Argo's pleasure yacht, pulling down palaces, and sidling next to shapely Sylvia Koscina, whose low-cut and ultra-short *chiton* permits her cleavage and upper thighs to alternately upstage each other. The creators of this merry mishmash didn't allow little things like motivation, characterization and logic to bother them, and neither should you.

Some might have thought that Lewis Milestone, who directed the classic *All Quiet on the Western Front*, was endangering his reputation by choosing to direct another war movie, *Pork Chop Hill*. As it turns out, there was little risk involved. Like *All Quiet*, this is an intensely anti-war film. The action, based on actual records, is an account of an American assault on a not terribly vital hill in Korea. Melodrama, heroics and humor are in evidence, but not as a glorification of the proceedings. The G.I. wisecracks, born of tension, are acrid rather than amusing; the scenes of combat bear screaming witness to war's inhumanity; and there are shots of battle's aftermath to show its senseless waste. James R. Webb wrote the screenplay with economy and integrity, and an able cast headed by Gregory Peck creates a story and a message you can't afford to miss.

The Japanese *Street of Shame* — directed with great sympathy and delicacy by the late Kenji Mizoguchi, who did *Ugetsu* — is ostensibly a moralistic tract outlining the evils of professional love. But in our eyes, the picture does nothing of the sort. By failing to suggest the sordid side of the business and presenting the girls, instead, as nobly self-sacrificing in their efforts to pay off parental debts, the screenplay has made a stronger pitch for the pros than for the antis. The picture is artistically shot and clinically interesting, but depressing in its scenes of bone-deep poverty and those showing the ingratitude of the girls' dependents. There are some fine characterizations, though — Machiko Kyo as a cynical whore, Aiko Mimasu as a doting-mother whore and Michiyo Kogure as a loving-wife whore. One scene, where the brazen Machiko invites her father to go to bed with her, is a shocker. After all, she doesn't even *like* him.

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fornia at Jones, Nob Hill). Alexis' Tangier is not an easy place to find. No neon sign, nor hanging shingle, but a small brass plaque and miniature minaret-shaped awning mark this most *intime* and exclusive haunt of *la haute cuisine*. Alexis' is the perfect setting for a romantic evening out on the town. Open the ornate door and enter a Near Eastern panoply of gold, red and black. Ask maitre de André for a table in the Casbah, where a slave girl in harem garb serves before-dinner nectars and ambrosial hors d'oeuvres. The creator of this splendor is Alexis Merab, born in Caucasian Georgia, land of the Argonauts and the Golden Fleece. There, the romance of great food and wines is a tradition handed from generation to generation, and so it was with Alexis' family, members of the nobility. The menu presents a bouquet of Near Eastern dishes, traditional Georgian specialties and examples of classic French cuisine. Each dish is prepared by chef Vladimir Skvortsoff and saucier Boris Philippoff, both of whom were brought from Paris by Alexis. Choosing from a menu so replete with delectables is delightful. If you have a partiality for lamb, don't hesitate. The house specialty is shish kebab of rack of lamb amirani via the flaming sword. Should you prefer fish, the filets of rex sole Veronique are incomparable. Beef buffis will want to go the French route à la tournedos Rossini or entrecôte Parisienne; or, should the music of the Near East, which wafts from here and there in the dining room, intrigue you, you may want to try filet of beef El Morocco. Poultry fanciers have a wide choice too: côtelette de volaille and canard à l'orange range with chicken à la Kiev, boneless squab Istanbul and chicken Baghdad — each has its own subtle gourmandistic virtues and caloric vices. The cellar is judged to be one of the finest in the country. As you might expect, though Alexis' is great for a date, it can be somewhat of a wrecker to the exchequer. The average is about \$10 per person, including drinks, but it can rise rapidly depending on the number of courses and your taste in wines. The service is impeccable; reservations are a must; closed Sunday and Monday.

### RECORDINGS

Fortunately for jazz fans, several of the bop era's most luminous chieftains are still around, creating as furiously and as tastefully today as they did when Minton's was the place to wail. Among those jazzmen who have continued to progress is trombonist J. J. Johnson, whose latest LP, *Blue Trombone* (Columbia 1303), is a delight. Of course, Johnson has able support in Max Roach, drums;

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\*Aug. 7, 8 & 9 Chicago Stadium (see page 4)

Paul Chambers, bass; and Tommy Flanagan, piano, but Playboy Jazz Poll winner J. J. is in the spotlight throughout. The program is neatly divided between Johnson originals (*Kev*; *Blue Trombone* and *100 Proof*) and standards (*Hello, Young Lovers*; *What's New* and *Gone with the Wind*). With Johnson sliding gracefully and the superb rhythm section floating along, there's not a stumble within listening range.

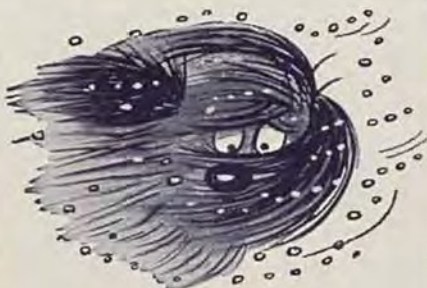
A gentle, infectious style of singing, with a pleasant feeling of rhythm and blues, can be sampled on Bobby Darin's *That's All* (Atco 33-104). Bobby, as you probably know, is a youngish gentleman who has enjoyed socko success with the soda set via several 45-rpm platters (*Splish Splash*, etc.), and herein launches a full-fledged attempt to capture the gin-and-tonic crowd. He does it with this snappy collection of ballads and show tunes (outstanding: *Mack the Knife* and the title tune). You'll be hearing more from Mr. Darin.

Benny Golson and the Philadelphians (United Artists 4020) is a brotherly sort of reunion. Among those on hand for the celebration are tenor man and composer Golson, trumpeter Lee Morgan, pianist Ray Bryant, bassist Percy Heath and drummer Philly Joe Jones. Thanks to the inclusion of several Golson originals and arrangements, the session's content is not as banal as some of the blowing-the-house-down kind you hear today. Golson's *Stablemates*, almost a jazz standard by now, is included, as are his *Blues on My Mind* and *Thursday's Theme*. John Lewis' charming *Afternoon in Paris*, Gigi Gryce's *You're Not the Kind*, and Bryant's *Calgary* round out the set. Golson plays effectively, more in the John Coltrane fashion than in past outings, and Morgan effortlessly zips through his trumpet choruses in a Dizzyan mode.

Three London recordings of the Vienna Philharmonic playing Brahms provide a happy conjunction for the classical stereo buff. The *First Symphony* (CS 6016) and the *Third Symphony* (CS 6022) are given richly sonorous readings by conductor Rafael Kubelik, who seems to understand Brahms' upbeat joyfulness perhaps better than some more famous batonists who dwell on his darker aspects. Example: the animation with which he imbues the *Presto* ending of the *First's* last movement. The *Variations on a Theme of Haydn* (CS 6030), that sturdy and likeable standby of current concert repertory, is capably led through its contrapuntal paces by Hans Knappertsbusch in a recording which wonderfully (and for a wonder) lets you hear the separate orchestral voices; the flip side presents the peppy *Academic Festival Overture*,



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with its student-song thematic material and, for sudden contrast, the symphonic, brooding, moody *Tragic Overture*, written about the same time as the *Festival* (1879) — a contrast and contemporaneity, by the way, which nicely point up the complex and wide-ranging character and temperament of the composer.

*Bags' Opus* (United Artists 4022), any hip jazz fan will tell you, must be the title for a Milt Jackson LP. And, of course, it is. But this time around, vibist Jackson is joined by Art Farmer, trumpet; Benny Golson, tenor; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Connie Kay, drums. Jackson vibrates his way along with customary calm, but doesn't upstage the horns. Farmer plays exquisitely on *Thinking of You* and Golson has his moments, too. Two of the latter's more impressive compositions — *I Remember Clifford* and *Whisper Not* — are included, as are John Lewis' *Afternoon in Paris*, Jackson's *Blues for Diahann* and *Ill Wind*. The last-named is a ballad à la Bags and is remarkably personal and fresh. As, for that matter, are most of the sounds on this LP.

A most pleasant Four Freshmen can be heard on *Love Lost* (Capitol stereo 1189), a sure-fire collection of romantic ballads — *Spring Is Here, I Should Care, I Wish I Knew*, etc. — done up mellow and gentle, without hoke or stratospheric flights by the Frosh. Perfect fare for late-night listening, and she'll dig it too. *Bobby Scott Sings the Best of Lerner and Loewe* (Verve 2106) spotlights an enthusiastic young (21) supper-club baritone who accompanies himself on the 88s and gently swings to some of L & L's most memorable tunes: *There But for You Go I, Almost Like Being in Love, I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face* and *A Toujours*, among others, all of which prove fine fodder for Bobby's bright brand of piping. Another star in the supper-club galaxy can be heard on *Welcome Matt Dennis* (Jubilee stereo 1105), an outrageous pun of a title, but containing some superior Dennis. As you might have guessed, the tunes are all home-and-hearth oriented (*You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To, Cheek to Cheek, Let's Put Out the Lights*, etc.). Like it says on the liner, "... no home should be without a *Welcome Matt*," and we agree. *June Christy Recalls Those Kenton Days* (Capitol stereo 1202) is a noble experiment, one that strives, in June's own words, "to be faithful to the spirit of the original while being true to what we all feel and do and like today." June's Kenton days, of course, produced such classics as *Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin', Willow Weep for Me, Across the Alley from the Alamo, How High the Moon*, etc., and they're all reprised here, with

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Pete Rugolo on the podium and June displaying her 1959 style of singing. The collaboration is successful, but not, we feel, up to the originals. India Adams on *Comfort Me with Apples* (RCA Victor stereo 1943) displays a studiously sexy set of pipes, a big, belting voice not unlike a combination of Lena Horne and Julie Wilson. Her tunes are purposely provocative and she takes obvious delight, on *It's Silk*, in asking her listeners to "... feel it, feel it, but don't blow your top"; and on a hot little number titled *Tabasco*, it is India's seductive pleasure to growl out: "Olé, Olé — life is better that way, just a little each day." You may have heard it all before, but India does manage to get under your skin.

The atmosphere around New York's recording studios is increasingly percussive these days. No less than 10 drummers — three jazz and seven Latin — contribute to an amazing round of thuds, crashes, cross-rhythms, chants and wailing solos under the title *Holiday for Skins* (Blue Note 4004) by Art Blakey. This, if it can be categorized at all, is Afro-Cubana-Swahili-Americana, and whether you're just a Saturday-night bongo buff or a serious student, you should dig everything from tree-log to timbales on this wild workout. Man, we've come a long way from the rumba.

The cry of a friendly gnat, with overtones of Eartha Kitt and undertones of Andy Devine: this is the vocal equipment of Tammy Grimes (Off Broadway 401), and well she does with it, too. In this recording, she sings the songs she featured in her stay at Julius Monk's Downstairs at the Upstairs. Her approach to a comic rendition is debonair and unique; when a word or note lies at the outer limits of her miniscule range, she swallows or ignores it, as in *Fit as a Fiddle*, but this is not to suggest that Tammy's talents are limited to the amusing. She is also able to wring from a ditty its ultimate drops of emotion, as, notably, in the bitterly bantering *Take Him*. Also included in her 15 fine renditions are *Molly Malone*, *Limehouse Blues*, *What Shall I Do?* and *Something Sort of Grandish*. The last title, going by the cover photo at least, describes Miss Grimes' looks as well as her singing.

With dozens of new and established record companies jumping on the classical LP and stereo bandwagons and cranking out indifferent recordings of the standard repertory, our admiration grows for such projects as Decca's Archive Productions, recorded in Germany by the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, which continues to produce monophonic LPs toward a complete history of European music. Their efforts so far have been characterized by superb

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fidelity, purity of performance and liner notes of impeccable scholarship rather than hard-sell raves. The most recent of these we've spun—to our delight—is *The German Pre-Classics: Series A* (Archive 3109) featuring four concertos by the self-taught Georg Philipp Telemann, who penned them between 1700 and 1760. The music is as cheerful and bubbly as a champagne cocktail, with the oboes chasing the flutes, the flutes chasing the oboes, both of whom unite to chase the fiddles, with all three of them ganging up on the recorders. Viola da gamba, bassoon and oboe d'amore cheer from the sidelines and the entire group of German musicians, led by Emil Seiler, is first rate.

As if there weren't enough jazz pigeon-holes to fret about, now we have to concern ourselves with East Coast tuba and West Coast tuba. The former is prominently represented in the person of Don Butterfield on an engaging album with trumpeter Clark Terry, *Top and Bottom Brass* (Riverside stereo 1137). Butterfield toots the brass monster, ad lib, as if it were a piccolo. Terry, on Flügelhorn and trumpet, is his usual jaunty, super-sardonic self, even to the point of indulging in one solo on trumpet mouthpiece alone. The other tuba cat is California's Red Callender, who plays it on only four of the 11 tracks, relying on the conventional string bass for the rest; there are Gerald Wilson on trumpet and Gerald Wiggins on piano as well. Maybe our thinking is twisted, but Red blowing tuba on *I'll Be Around* impressed us as a wild and wonderful sound. Also, we dig the album title: *The Lowest* (Metro-jazz 1007).

## BOOKS

*The Tents of Wickedness* (Little, Brown, \$3.75) is the fourth novel by Peter De Vries, who claims to be a "serious novelist writing comic novels." Perhaps it is this lofty image of himself that is responsible for the fact that his novels grow progressively unfunnier. *Tents* is populated by characters out of his second novel, *Comfort Me with Apples* (*Playboy After Hours*, July 1956) but the humor has become hydroponic, its wan roots not in the rich loam of human experience but in the chemical tank of in-group literariness and private winks. There's small need to go into the story, for all De Vries stories are pretty much the same: intricate sex structures in which the protagonist, though he may get as far as actually climbing into bed with a lass, never makes out, or if he does, discovers in the final chapter that the illegitimate child he thought was his, isn't. What is Mr. De Vries, in spite of



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himself, trying to tell us? By conveniently making his hero a frustrated literary man, De Vries is able to pepper the book with parodies of prose-writers Faulkner, Proust, Marquand, Dreiser, Thurber, et al., and since apparently he also wants to dispose of several verse parodies from his trunk, he invents another character who writes "derivative" poems. The whole effect, a couple of too-brief funny scenes notwithstanding, is of a pastiche Scotch-taped together for the amusement of Mr. De Vries' cronies. The familiar De Vries puns are still displayed, some twice ("Legal Tender Is The Night" appears on pages 135 and 253). If Mr. De Vries were not umbilically tied to *The New Yorker*, that magazine might conceivably comb *Tents* for a series of excerpts publishable under some such title as *Infatuation With Sound Of Own Cash Register Department*, for we have "metallic women with eyes like nickels" (p. 5), "women with eyes like coins in whose metallic laughter . . ." (p. 103), "Pity was the underside of the coin of contempt" (p. 108), ". . . That flabby impressionability thanks to which a man standing barefoot on a coin can tell whether it is heads or tails" (p. 117), "Even her feet were changed. She wore no shoes as yet, but there was something about them that it took me a second to place. She had been walking through money, that was it, lots of money . . ." (p. 118), "So having failed in one life he migrates to its opposite; but it's not its opposite really, since it's simply the other side of the same coin" (p. 145), "I'm going to hand you a coin with your eyes closed. I want you to hold it in your fist and tell me what it is" (p. 240). Dear Mr. De Vries: we are cruel only to be kind. As the only comic novelist in the country worth a damn, why don't you straighten up?

In case you are not up on these things, an **ABASAB** is a one-hundred-foot-long blister, a **BARD** is a pen that looks like a pencil, a **JAZZABAR** is a drunk jazz quartet, a **PAMMER** is a photograph of dinosaurs, and a **WONSOME** has the same meaning as **BARD**. These definitions are culled from a six-year-old's *Dictionary of Goofy Words*, which is only one small part of H. Allen Smith's latest, *Don't Get Peronel with a Chicken* (Little, Brown, \$2.95). Like his *Write Me a Poem, Baby (Playboy After Hours, November 1956)*, this is a collection of kiddie creativity. From it, you will learn that "Denver is just below the 'O' in Colorado," that "Abraham Lincoln was shot by Clare Boothe Luce," that "Pins are a means of saving life by not swallowing them," and a lot of other indispensable stuff.

*The Cool World* (Little, Brown, \$3.75) by Warren Miller is the world in which



teenager Duke Custis moves. The locale is Harlem, and Duke's occupations are many and varied: he is second in command of a gang which maintains its own headquarters and supports its own prostitute; he makes his living by pushing marijuana. Duke's major ambition, though, is to own a gun with which he can lead his fellows into battle against a neighboring street gang. The story is raw and real and sometimes universal to the point of discomfort, as when Duke's gang, preparatory to waging war, spends hours deliberately working up hate against its "enemy." It's to society's shame and the author's credit that there's nothing artificial about this novel, powerfully told in the protagonist's own vernacular. It makes for a couple of fast hours of compelling and disturbing reading.

In one of the most two-fisted indictments of the year, Judge John M. Murtagh, Chief Magistrate of the City of New York, and Sara Harris, a sociologist and writer, unabashedly lay bare the pathetically inept and stupid narcotics laws extant in the United States. The book is *Who Live in Shadow* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.50), and it is the authors' contention that our current drug laws are unjust because the penalties "fall mainly upon the victims of the traffic—the addicts—rather than upon the dope racketeers." The laws—and Murtagh backs his ire with documented evidence throughout—make no distinction whatever between the violator who is a profiteering pusher and the addict, the sad little sick simp who gets hooked by the drug and nabbed by the cops. Main target of the attack is Commissioner of Narcotics Harry J. Anslinger, who for 30 years has maintained that the addict is nothing more than a common criminal, has advocated the punitive, prohibitory approach to the drug problem, which has been an obvious failure (there are more addicts in the U.S. today than in all other Western countries combined; more users in Manhattan alone than in all of Europe). Anslinger turns a deaf ear toward the methods that have worked in England (there are less than 400 known addicts there), where doctors are allowed to dispense drugs to users and to treat them in their own offices, practices forbidden in the U.S. Murtagh and Harris offer a list of solutions to the U.S. drug problem, and also a horrifying look at the way the Mafia operates and at the life of a junkie. This is a sober, eye-opening book that should be read by everyone.

Latest victim of jazz-novelitis is Garson (Born Yesterday) Kanin, no less. His *Blow Up a Storm* (Random House, \$3.95) boasts the three standard ingredients of all such tomes: the frustrated cat who

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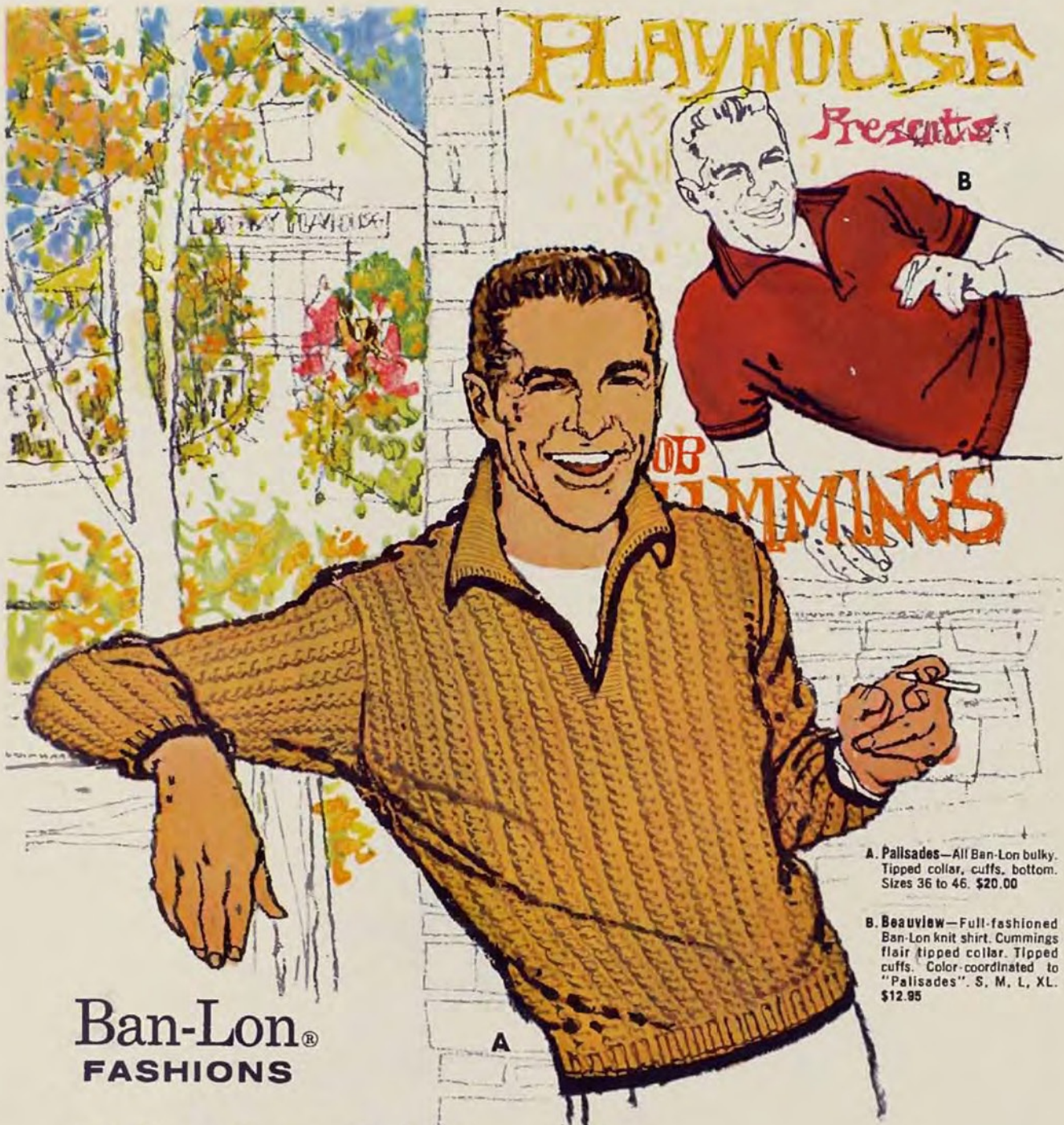


Well of the Sea  
**COLLEGE INN PORTERHOUSE**



goes to hell, the marijuana party in the rich dame's pad, and the interracial romance. It also goes in for elliptical dialog that suggests Hemingway crossed with Al Morgan (typical clipped sentences: "Forward to seeing you, Woody" and "There's a wild"). There are, for jazz fans, weird anachronisms by the dozen (pre-Repeal Billie Holiday and Roy Eldridge records); indeed, the entire plot is based on a rewrite of jazz history that's anachronistic in itself, viz. a popularly successful mixed band in 1932-33, years before even the precedent-setting Benny Goodman Trio dared appear in public, and a full decade before anyone could have organized a completely interracial septet like the one Kanin depicts. The author's narcotics terminology, too, is a little mixed up; a pot-smoker, for instance, would never be termed a hop-head, a person addicted to opium. These objections aside, this is a better-than-average novel. The narrator, like Kanin himself, is a saxophonist *manqué* who turns playwright, unwinds through flashbacks the rise and fall of Woody Woodruff, a trumpet player with more talent than soul, a man in turn arrogant, bitter and pathetic. The death of a pep-pill-gobbling Negro drummer in his septet is the key to a plot that shows keen insights into the musicians' minds. But like all jazzmen portrayed in novels, they are given too romanticized and unreal metaphysical dialog; nevertheless, they are far more credible than the usual cardboard cutouts, and there is among the Negro characters enough variegation to avoid any suggestion of stereotyping. It's a readable amalgam of psychological and racial nuances, nostalgia and *Weltschmerz*, and for all its superficial weaknesses, we suspect you'll dig it.

*The Challenge of the Spaceship* (Harper, \$3.50) by astrophysicist and science-fictioner Arthur C. Clarke is a timely volume containing some fascinating and informed speculation concerning man's conquest of space. Too timely, perhaps: in point of fact, only a bit more than half the book fulfills the promise of the title; for the rest, it is rather obvious that a book-length accumulation of writings by Clarke has been hastily assembled to cash in on current curiosity about space, and the inevitable result is some repetitiousness and some material which has nothing much to do with the announced topic. These deficiencies aside, though, *Challenge* is commendable. Clarke writes easily and fluently on the concrete and the abstruse, the practical and the purely speculative aspects of the dawning space age, and occasionally his fertile imaginativeness combines with his scientific knowledge to create delightful humor, as when he composes a Martian scientific paper which proves beyond



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doubt the impossibility of sentient life on Earth. Despite the visibility of the volume's patchwork seams, it is a provocative and exciting job.

If author Lawrence Lipton is to be believed, Venice West, California — a *déclassé* resort turned slum — is the new Jerusalem of Beat, surpassing in its dedication to the conformity of the self-styled non-conformists such older enclaves of the disaffiliated as San Francisco's North Beach and New York's Village. Lipton, the middle-aged sage and father confessor of the place, says Venice West is a hipster beachhead on the frontiers of our square civilization, a wildlife refuge for those barbarians who assail it not with the weapons of war "but with the songs and ikons of peace." *The Holy Barbarians* (Messner, \$5) is a highly readable, revealing, affectionate, partisan portrait of this new Beatburg, its inmates, and its songs and ikons of peace — which include spontaneous poetry read to jazz, pot, horse, undemonstrative but free-wheeling sex, a vocabulary as rigid and stunted as the Regular Army's, and a directionless intellectual voracity. Lipton documents it all, with case histories, taped conversations, and his own frequently sapient analyses of topics whose chapter headings are self-explanatory (*The Love-ways of the Beat Generation*, *The Euphoric Fix*, *Down with the Rat Race: The New Poverty*, *Cats Possessed: Ritual and the Beat*, among them). The cats of Venice come through as excruciatingly voluble, extremely self-centered, humorless about themselves, rather inartistic despite their claim to sole ownership of honest creativity, and brutally contemptuous of the square world which they deem to owe them a living. If you want to get turned on to beat behavior, however, this is the best guidebook going.

At the turn of the century New York City was the crime capital of the country. 1900-type sin was loud, lusty, cheap and anarchical. Crime was run in a crude and inefficient fashion. One man changed all that. He was Arnold Rothstein, who, before he died of a bullet in the belly in 1928, had originated and molded to near-perfection practically every big-time hood technique. It was "A.R." who originated rum-running during Prohibition, who backed the first of the modern gangsters, Jack "Legs" Diamond, who was the first to see the possibilities in highjacking. But Rothstein was much more than a mere racketeer. He was an underworld executive, a master politician; he was a financier for every kind of criminal enterprise, and above all he was a gambler. Rothstein would bet \$150,000 on a poker hand, once made \$850,000 on a single horse

race. He was a calculating gambler, no plunger, and he usually won. He made book, too, starting as a "lay-off" or "come-back-money" specialist (one who accommodates other bookmakers who find themselves overextended on one side of a proposition). Rothstein established the investment technique that has made modern organized crime really powerful: burying crooked money in legitimate enterprises. He never spent a day in jail, but he was probably the most important single figure in the history of American crime. Leo Katcher's full-scale study of him, *The Big Bankroll* (Harper, \$5), is a thoroughly fascinating account of the incredible life and times of a man who could tie up \$2,000,000 in narcotics but still be persuaded to loan, at outrageous interest, the \$25,000 that kept *Abie's Irish Rose* on Broadway. Katcher's research has been thorough, including such minutiae as substantiation of the fact that Rothstein, like most compulsive gamblers, had little interest in sex, or anything else except making money by every criminal means that a resourceful, inventive and totally asocial mind could conceive.

Half-Irish, half-Hindu Aubrey Menen is known for some half-dozen books which logically combine Gaelic wit with Delhic wisdom. His latest, *The Fig Tree* (Scribner's, \$3.50), hurls some tolerably aimed shafts at current scienceolatry; it's a ribald romp about a bumptious British biochemist who, to his horror, produces a roaring aphrodisiac. In Italy, no less! Hired to improve the yield of Neapolitan flora, Harry Wesley grows a treeful of figs whose priapic properties are positively Vesuvian. But alas, since this is Menen, the only two people to taste them are the most asexual pair in the world: Harry himself and his buddy Joe Bellman, a rotund, rubicund American remittance-man whose only passion is food. ("Shall I never enjoy another meal?" he wails un-Americanly. "Only women, women, women, women!") They proceed to wrestle alternately with their consciences and with any female in sight until their erratic, erotic exploits become a *cause célèbre*, even penetrating the chaste walls of the Vatican. Despite the modern setting, Menen imparts a baroque, Renaissance flair to the book, and though it occasionally slips off into baroquefort, you'll find some of it yeasty indeed.

*Conversations with Igor Stravinsky* (Doubleday, \$4) is just that: diamond-faceted gumbeating held with and recorded by the famous composer's friend, Robert Craft. The old (in years only) master thinks and speaks with a mountain spring's clarity and brisk, bubbling onrush, which is not to say that he is all wet. Musical theory is "Hindsight. It

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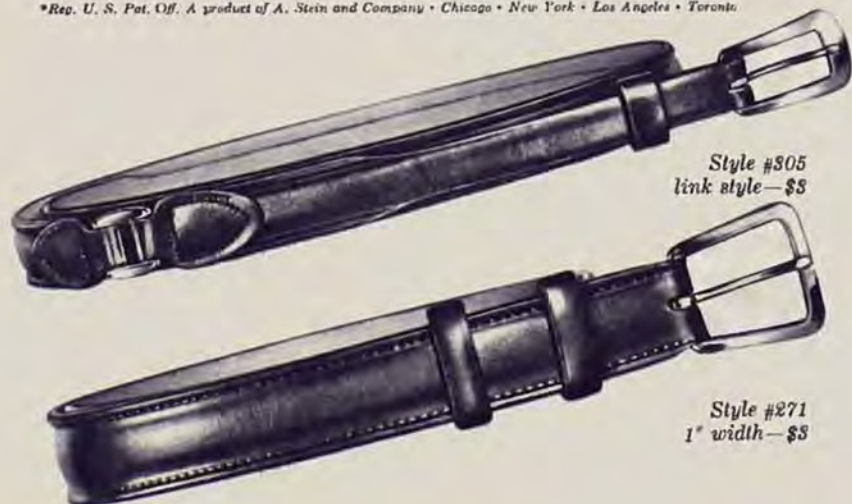
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doesn't exist. There are compositions from which it is deduced." Music critics "misinform the public and delay comprehension" of new works. Jazz can be "a kind of masturbation that never arrives anywhere" and "at its rare best . . . the best musical entertainment in the U.S." (he admires Shorty Rogers). "'Experiment' means something in the sciences: it means nothing at all in musical composition." The "music of the future"? "It will very much resemble the 'music of the present': for the man in the satellite—super-hi-fi Rachmaninov." But Stravinsky's most winning comments are about people—people in general ("The French will do absolutely anything to get [theatre] tickets except buy them") and specific people he has known, loved, despised: Rodin, Proust, Ortega y Gasset, T. S. Eliot ("that kindest, wisest and gentlest of men"), Chaliapin ("that idiot from every nonvocal point of view, and from some of these"), Picasso, great friend and fellow-worker of his youth, with whom he was arrested in Naples for urinating against a wall, Debussy, who flattered him to his face and insulted him behind his back, the dying Ravel ("Gogol died screaming and Diaghilev died laughing, but Ravel died gradually. That is the worst"), his great teacher, Rimsky-Korsakov, in his coffin ("I could not help crying. His widow . . . said, 'Why so unhappy? We still have Glazunov.' It was the cruelest remark I have ever heard, and I have never hated again as I did in that moment"). In May of 1953, Stravinsky and Dylan Thomas decided to collaborate on an opera, and the composer built an annex to his Hollywood home to house the blowsy Welsh poet for the duration of their creative labors. "I wrote him October 25 in New York and asked for word of his arrival plans in Hollywood. I expected a telegram . . . announcing the hour of his airplane. On November 9 the telegram came. It said he was dead." Stravinsky can paint vivid images with words second only to those he paints with tone: of Bach's instrumental writing, he enthusiastically says "You can smell the resin in his violin parts, taste the reeds in the oboes"; and of the alto saxophone, an instrument he does not esteem, he can yet say that its "juvenile-delinquent personality floating out over all the vast decadence of [Berg's] *Lulu* is the very apple of that opera's fascination." One is therefore reminded of Shakespeare's eloquent Antony claiming "I am no orator" and silver-tongued Othello insisting "Rude am I in my speech" when this brilliant, dynamic old man says "I lack words and have no gift for this sort of thing. . . ." There are plenty of photographs, plus letters from Dylan Thomas, Debussy, Ravel.

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PLAYBOY





"ALL RIGHT!" SHE SAID. "Feel better tonight. I'll try to do the same."

"We'll both try," her husband said dryly, and she stood holding the door open for him. Within herself Sheila felt the quarrel reaching the point of fire again, anguish and hatred, then pure bright contempt, simply because his hasty unhappy breakfast had left a smudge of soft-boiled egg in the corner of his mouth; but of course she said nothing; she was sorry, he was sorry; and as the screen door fell to, she leaned, frowned, watched his sagging retreating shoulders out to the car, the cotton sack suit pulled shapeless at the pockets.

She wished that he would learn not to stuff things in his pockets — it gave him fat hips — but nevertheless she was sorry for him. He had arranged a transfer to the Miami laboratories of G. S. Perry, Inc., just because she loved the sun; now he suffered the daily rush-hour trip through heat into town from Fort Lauderdale, leaving her behind to consider how tropical clothes robbed his rapidly aging body of the dignity which bulky northern tweeds had allowed it. She was sorry they quarreled. She was sorry they had no children, sorry she looked so much younger than Fred, sorry they fed on a diet of senseless cruelty and quarrels whose origin she could often not even remember; sorry, sorry, sorry.

Most of all she was sorry for herself.

But she would do the best she could for both of them.

The nights of tears and chill tense huddling on separate countries of their double bed usually ended with an abrupt desperate spasm of lovemaking, engorging and unsatisfying, and then perhaps they slept an hour or two, and then the alarm clock sounded — nothing settled, nothing changed, nothing helped. There would be the weary clop-clop bumping about, breakfast, and then — as on this morning — he left her in peace.

Peace and loneliness, not friends but her most intimate parents.

But abruptly Sheila smiled; her mood changed; luxuriously she stretched, shook her hair, and shed her clothes. She took a quick comfort, like an extra cup of coffee, in the reminder that she still looked young enough to wear her sun-lightened hair long to her shoulders, or in thick plaits, or any way she chose. Naked but for her hair, she walked about the house, strolling idly, enjoying her body alone as she never did under her husband's clasp. She felt the early heat of the Florida summer day seeping in under the roof and through the window against which the slats of Venetian blinds rustled in an occasional sea breeze. No living person could see her, but the white of sky and the flash of sun were eyes. And she could glimpse her own body in the mirror, although in her innermost northern heart she felt it immoral to stand and stare. She merely walked slowly, casually peeping, back and forth before the glass.

It was still fine, high, lithe. She stood stretching on the chill tiles. Yes, why should foolish childhood prohibitions deprive her of pleasure in her own body? There was a poet who said, "The lust of the goat is the bounty of God." In an unhappy world, Sheila argued, don't we all deserve what little joy we can find? And did not poor Sheila's flesh — her work of art — deserve the same rapt contemplation which the sculptor gives his statue?

Yes. She stopped and found new slopes and valleys, the marvelous shifting geography of a lovely woman's body. At 30, Sheila still possessed that faintly adolescent grace, gawky and unused, for which the pretty woman who will never bear children is sometimes the envy of her friends. Self-love seems to replace love of family, and at its highest skill molds an adorable creature barely betrayed by line at nose and dip at mouth. The tan too served Sheila well, and in the half-light of sunny yellows and browns, the marks of straps

## THE SENDER OF LETTERS

*the ardent, angry, dangerous tribute  
of a pickup on the beach*



and the line of her swimsuit framed the delicious forbidden areas.

With an angry pout she turned from the mirror. She had come too close without realizing it. Dreams are no one's fault.

Hastily now she seized swimsuit, extravagant sail of towel, terrycloth robe, sunglasses and notebook. The notebook was in case she wanted to write a poem, although she never did. She thought thoughts, however, and it was nice to know that she could write them down if she only cared to. She put her beach equipment into the woven souvenir basket that Fred had bought her on their trip to Puerto Rico and set it on the back seat of her red Renault convertible in the carport, its top already folded down and ready. The little French runabout was an anniversary gift from Fred, paid for out of his bonus for solving a troublesome detail at the lab; it had brought a truce between them which lasted for weeks; it was a putt-putt darling and a marvel for her little trips to the beach. She loved the way she looked in it bouncing down the sand road, her long blonde hair flying (its color changed by the sun, not by anything artificial), her intense little chin lifted to the breeze and her eyes secretive behind sunglasses.

The move to Fort Lauderdale was justified by such fine moments. After their quarrels and furtive reconciliations, Fred could sometimes sleep a little, but Sheila got none of the good of these bitter nights. Insomnia had been a menace to her skin, her hair, her health itself up north. It steals the gloss. Now, however, she could hurry off to the beach and lie quivering, easing under the sun in the gentle urging of sun. The salt smell of ocean and the everlasting fierce probing light burned her to sleep; she could return home later and make dinner for Fred and perhaps life would go on. He would be exhausted from his day at the laboratory after the terrible nights of unhappy marriage. Sometimes she returned from the beach rested, at peace, and willing to forgive. It was as if the occasional flies, like imperative lovers, headlong and undeterred by either slap or passivity, sucked the anger from her body which yielded only under the sun.

Fred was a nice guy, one of the world's slender store of nice guys, and also inward-looking, gifted, and pleased with his gift. This is not enough for happiness. Sandy, pale, thin-chested, with softly folding pout of a middle-aged belly despite his boyish legs and arms, he had, it seemed, been born with a passion for chemistry; and when it turned out that Sheila could never have children, he directed all his creative lust into his work, except for that forever new, forever crushed adoration of Sheila

that made each argument a torment and made him then go touching her at night, tentatively, imploringly, like that first time years before when they parked in his father's prewar Hudson. He wore glasses and held the newspaper nearly at arm's length; he needed bifocals, but would not get them because he did not want Sheila to be reminded that age catches up with everyone, even those who love their youth too much, as she did. Despite his sandy receding hair and narrow, peaked face, he had a firm, determined and realistic mouth. He was a good organic chemist and an intelligent man. If his choice of Sheila to love was foolish, he did not fool himself about her. The most logical minds have the most irrational ambitions. He accepted the fact that he loved her and he could not bear the thought of losing her. He would fight, he would plead, he would wait patiently through all her moods of childish petulance.

Both weak men and strong men would long since have given her up—the weak because of weakness, the strong because of strength. The weak man would despair of her; the strong one would learn to go his way without her. Fred knew himself to be neither of these final cases. He simply loved her and was determined not to be broken by her. And not to lose her.

He had a rare consolation and nourishment—a deep love of his research—and this absorption in work helped him to survive and even to grow while in thrall to an angry woman. He could turn outside himself; Sheila could only turn within, to that girlish dream of the cavalier lover, her first and last recourse.

She knew it of herself.

Why now did the dream return with such stifling intensity? Sun-battered flecks of green and yellow spun slowly, revolved to a stop behind her eyelids. The deserted weekday beach had altered. Someone was watching. She could not see him, but her body responded, yearning toward admiration. It was odd how this happened; the black dead fall of the beach nap which remedied her nighttime insomnia depended on the study of strolling men—they were her silent protecting chamber—and usually she awoke suddenly, with a lively pleasure, when a man stopped and stared and she felt his desire penetrate her dreamless sun-drenched dozing.

She opened her eyes. "What—what?"

"I'm sorry, Miss—ah, M'am," he said, elaborately taking notice of her wedding ring when she moved. "I thought maybe you were asleep and maybe I should wake you up." He grinned and showed a coarse, healthy row of thickly tobacco-stained teeth. "Reason is, M'am, I once had a friend fell asleep face up like that in the sun, and she—I mean

he—was wearing sunglasses but she really burned her eyes bad. Dangerous business. Maybe you're not used to the sun down here."

She stretched, pushing sand, and then sat up and held her knees. "No, I'm from up north until this year, but you get the tan fast."

"Yes, yes," he said, eying her deliberately, all over, his excuse a scholarly concern with her color. "Yes, M'am, but eyelids are another story, and the tender eye . . . Well, my friend, she, I mean he . . ."

While he talked to her, standing with his shadow stretched out in the morning sun on the deserted beach, she studied the stranger. He was wearing a tee-shirt and denim pants and white tennis shoes without socks, almost a college-boy carwashing uniform; the tee-shirt was cut at the neck, and then drawn together with a shoelace in an odd affectation; he was no college boy—he was at an indeterminate slender healthy age, with a salt-weathered, deeply tanned face, small, prying black eyes, and a graceful, very youthful stance as he grinned and chattered at her so fast that it took her a time to understand that what he said made no difference to him or to her; it was just his clever and experienced way of putting them at their ease with each other.

"Engineer on Captain Sam Olliver's boat . . . The engineer gets a share and a quarter on shrimp, you know, and we had ourselves a real good trip—thirty-five days and twenty-eight hundred dollars was my share . . . Happens sometimes, Ma'm."

She was interested and, still standing, he grinned and told her. "The captain gets a share and a half, plus two percent—oh it's complicated. The cook and me, we get a share and a quarter. Mess time is important to men out like that. The crew, well, a share each. When you have a good catch, you're rich for a while. Then you wait till it's time to go out again."

"Sounds like a good life."

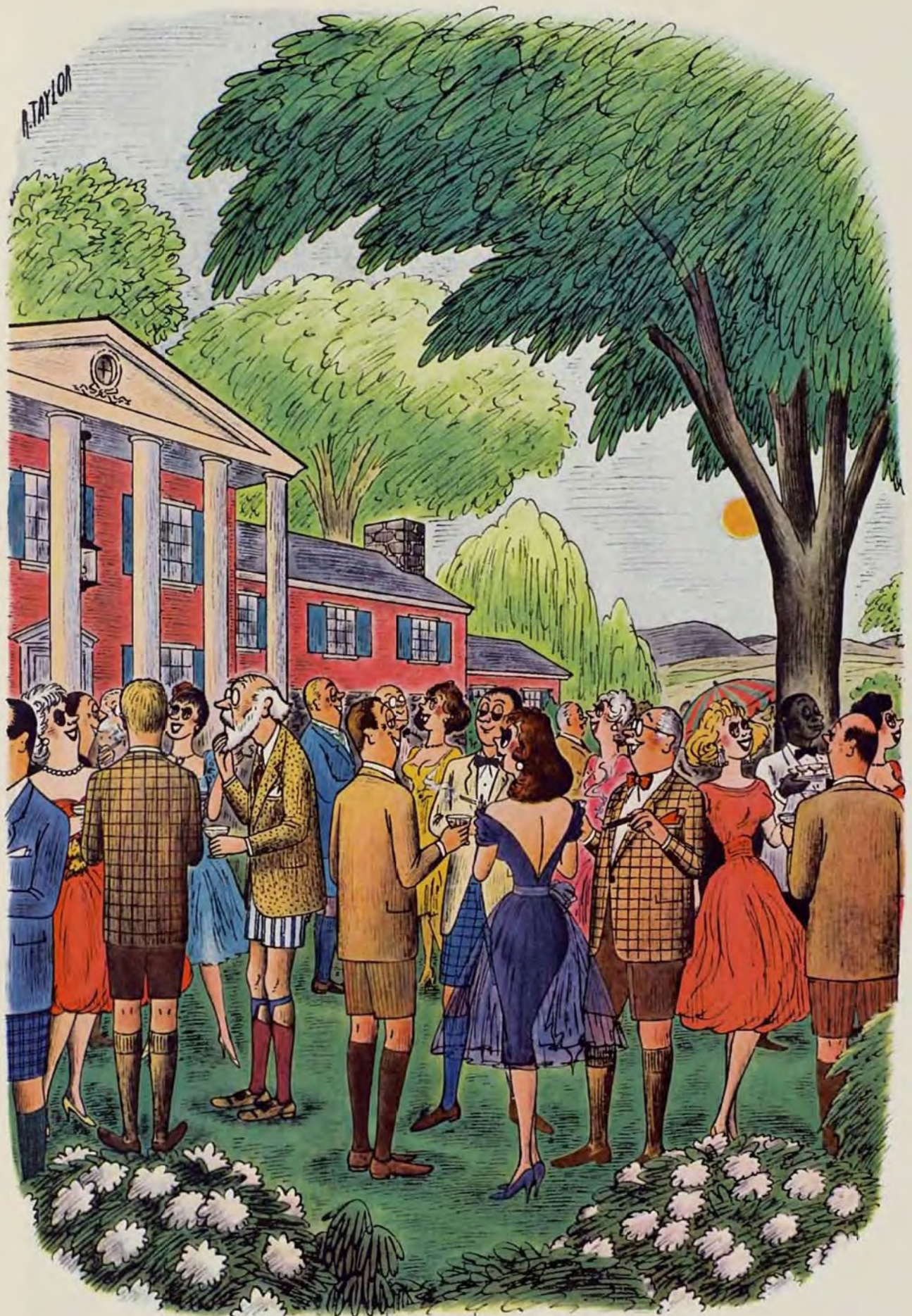
He did not answer. Instead he stretched, still grinning, and finally said, "Yes, but out on a small ship like that, just pulling in nets and seeing to the engine for thirty, thirty-five days . . . Well, Ma'm, you get to missing things."

Sheila gasped. Abruptly he had reached for his belt and was unloosening it and unsnapping the pants and down they fell.

"My Lord, honey, I mean Ma'm, you're jumpy, aren't you? What do you think a sailor is made of?"

Of course he was wearing something underneath, a black bikini swimsuit which did not at all match the rough beach-strolling clothes. He was an engi-

(continued on page 86)



A close-up, high-angle shot of a dark-colored classic car. The focus is on the large, round, multi-lens headlight on the left side of the frame. The car's grille and hood are visible, showing a sleek, aerodynamic design. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the curves and textures of the car's bodywork.

# HIGH-BRED HYBRIDS

*modern living*

By **KEN PURDY**



Frank Sinatra and His DUAL GHIA

*the mating of foreign bodies  
with domestic motors creates  
an exciting breed of car*

**T**HE AUTOMOBILE CONNOISSEUR has long dreamed of the happy results that must attend the mating of the best in American and Continental models. The typical European sports car has a lovely Italianate body, sleek, low, chrome-free, running a small, fussy, fast-turning and hard-to-service engine. The typical American high-performance car has a big, immensely powerful, slow-turning engine (that can be fixed in any crossroads garage) driving a grotesquely oversize, barge-like, chrome-curlicued body. Why not take the European body and stick the American engine into it?

A lot of one-shot automobiles were turned out to this formula, some by major firms, some by individuals. The  
*(continued on page 82)*



FACEL-VEGA



CADILLAC ELDORADO BROUGHAM



*sheik shel in the land of  
dervishes and dromedaries*

"I'LL SING THESE SONGS of Araby," said Silverstein as he departed for that locality, "and tales of fair Kashmir." Or, anyway, he said something to that effect. On foot and on camel, he roamed North Africa, visiting Tangier, Cairo, Rabat and Casablanca, where he swears he saw individuals remarkably like Claude Rains, Paul Henreid, Ingrid Bergman and other old Warner Brothers types lurking behind the mosques and minarets. "But they may have been mirages," he adds; "that desert sun . . ." Even though he was not invited to come to the casbah, Shel was enthralled by the land of the Arabs. "And I was pleased to learn that the barbaric practice of buying and selling beautiful young women has been abolished," he scowled.

SILVERSTEIN  
AMONG  
THE ARABS

"Pssst—a word of warning,  
o bearded one—  
beware the fatal  
charms of Fatima, of  
the flashing eyes,  
who dances nightly  
at the Casbah Club, 23 Rue  
Rakir, continuous  
shows from 9:30 to 1:30, no  
cover, no minimum——"



"That's funny—I  
always wondered  
how you of the west  
could carry so many  
things with your hands."



"You refuse to buy  
my souvenirs,  
you refuse to save  
my wives and  
children from starvation,  
you refuse to aid  
our tottering economy,  
o foolish one—  
you drive us into  
the arms of  
the Communists!"



"For heaven's sake, cut out  
the 'Open Sesame' stuff  
and ring the doorbell!"



"But it is  
form fitting."



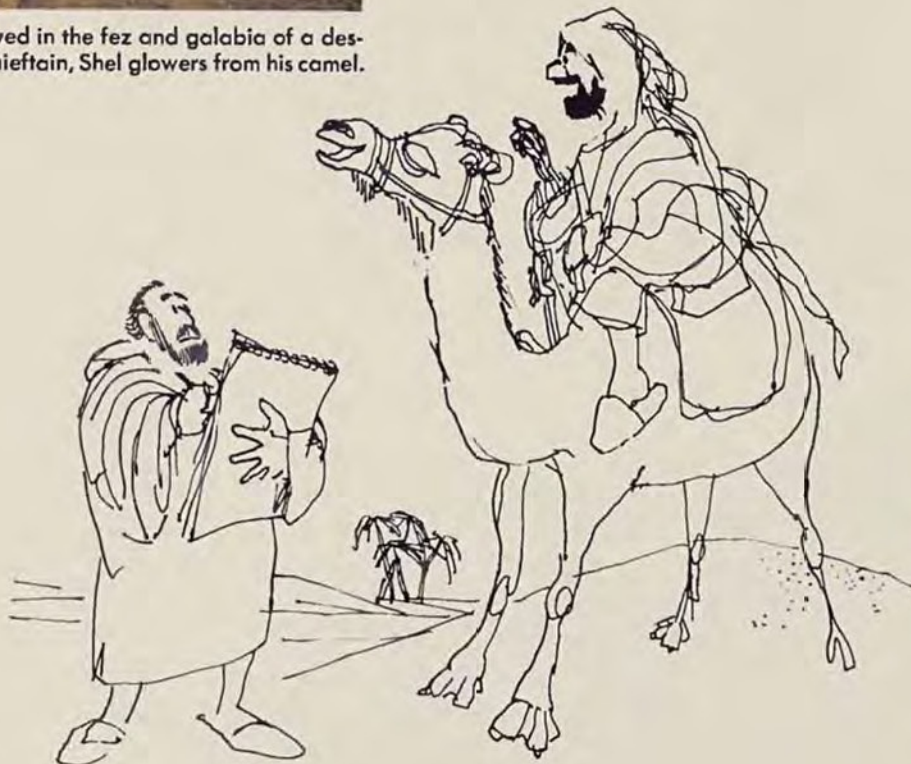
"These are my sisters—  
Aicha, Zohra and Halima.  
Halima is the shy one."



"Sure I'll say,  
'Alms for the love of  
Allah,' but not for  
a lousy 20 francs!"



Arrayed in the fez and galabia of a desert chieftain, Shel glowers from his camel.



"...Or how about a camel alone on the desert saying, 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel.' Get it? Or maybe you can draw a pack of camels. Get it? A pack of Camels? Ha! Or maybe you can draw a camel trying to squeeze through the eye of a needle. Or how about a camel salesman saying, 'One lump or two?' Get it? 'One lump or two!' Or how about a..."





Silverstein strolls through a suk, or outdoor market, of Marrakech, alongside the veiled women of an exotic culture.



"I don't know which one is ME!"

*seldom was heard a discouraging word from bernadine*



## THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER

YELLOW HAIR CAUGHT UP in a neat little bun that just sets there and rides along. Big blue eyes that look up at you and make you think of the baby pictures on the calendar down at Sam Taylor's general store. Pert little tilted-up nose like on the doll Jesse Carrol won at the carnival last May. And a mouth like one of the rosebuds growing on the south side of the Bar T bunkhouse. That about takes care of Bernadine north of the neckline. Below that is 23 years of construction that makes most other women look something like my paint horse, Arnold. Course, this don't run around loose but is usually wearing little calico dresses with little white aprons. The lower part of Bernadine is legs which look grand in those new kind of bullfighter pants. The first time old Dan Connors saw her in shorts he went blind for two days. Adding it all up, Sam Taylor ran a Brigitte Bardot picture in the theatre he sets up once a week in the store and the only people who paid their way in was women.

The Bar T Ranch is a big spread and there's five of us who ride steady for it. Besides Jesse Carrol and old Dan Connors, there's Frank "Gimpy" Yake, Curly Preiser and me. Jesse is wanted in Wyoming. Old Dan was a crooked sheriff in New Mexico. Gimpy would be dead right now, except that he was on a stepladder when the Colorado Kid fired and he got the bullet in his foot. Then while he blinded the Kid with the chandelier and standing on one foot he shot the Kid in the top of the head. Curly robbed a bank once and never spent a cent of the money. He's afraid it's all marked. I'm the only one without a record but I'm still young.

With a bunch like this the Bar T needs Bernadine. She walks around with those big eyes and that Sunday school smile and sometimes there's not a dirty word muttered on the Bar T for a week. Old Dan gave up his chaw because of her. Curly took to wearing undershirts. When Bernadine wears her white frock dress it's like a little organ is playing walking music for her. No cowpoke wants to be a slob in a situation like that. Bernadine is the owner's daughter and he stays in Denver. Helping Bernadine run the spread is Aunt Bessie. She does the cooking and she's deaf as hell. Which is a damn good thing because with all her other good points Bernadine loves sex.

"Johnny," Bernadine would say, "you get those jeans off and come up here in the loft right away. How long you think a little lady can wait?"

That's how I got my skinned knees last Thursday. And Gimpy near broke his good leg tripping over his gun belt when Aunt Bessie went out to the road to get the mail and Bernadine invited him into the kitchen. Aunt Bessie makes the trip from kitchen to road and back in seven minutes.

Once Aunt Bessie spent the weekend with the Tollivers, 12 miles the other side of Sam Taylor's general store. No sooner is Aunt Bessie over the hill than the kitchen door opens and Bernadine comes out

*(concluded on page 80)*

*fiction* By JOHN NOVOTNY



Gahan Wilson



Above: fine for a late-evening date with a chorine from New York's Copacabana is our guy's deep-brown worsted American Continental suit with peaked lapels, by Groshire, \$85. His double-cuffed, eyelet-collared shirt is cotton broadcloth, by Excello, \$5.95, and his silk tie is by Countess Mara, \$12.50. Right: just as fine for a less-formal luncheon date at Michael's Pub is his dork-brown wool and cashmere Ivy herringbone suit, by Gramercy Park, \$70. His Truval oxford shirt, \$5, is worn with a pin-stripe tie by Bronzini, \$7.50. His narrow snap-brim hat has a black band, by Dobbs, \$13.50.

## BROWN FOR TOWN

*attire* By ROBERT L. GREEN

AFTER THE CASUAL CORD SUITS and leisurely sport duds that dominate the summer wardrobe, there is a certain satisfaction felt by the urban man in crawling into town clothes again. Used to be that colors for town stuck pretty close to dark grays and blues, which are still OK, to be sure, but this year brown very definitely steps into the forefront of town fashion news.

It's a new brown, however; not the rusty, rustic brown of bucolic autumns, but rather a series of shadings with a burnished look: rich combinations of brown mixed with varying proportions of black. No matter what you call them — burnished browns, earth tones, deep tones, or just plain (concluded on page 103)

*a rustic shade goes elegantly urban*





GARDNER  
REA

*"If this doesn't work, I don't know what we'll do!"*

# A SHORT HISTORY OF FINGERS

*humor*

By H. ALLEN SMITH

FINGERS ARE GOOD for you. They play a tremendous part in your day-by-day existence and if you didn't have them, life would be infinitely more difficult.

If man were born without fingers Nature would probably compensate by putting additional vigor into the toes and making them larger and much longer than they are now. (Shoes would have to be bigger and would cost more, and God knows they cost enough as it is.) Many little acts and duties which we perform today with our fingers would then be performed with our toes. If you would appreciate the full importance of such a state of affairs, please try to visualize Winston Churchill giving the "V for Victory" sign with his toes.

Fortunately our race has had fingers as far back as we can trace history. It is obvious that if earliest man had been without fingers the whole pageant of civilization would have been radically different. Assuming that Eve could grab hold of things only by using her toes, she would have had to stand on her head in order to pluck that apple,

*the first really thorough study  
of ten long-neglected subjects*



and I doubt if she'd have gone to all the bother. And what of the Netherlands? I think it probable that there would be no Holland today. That little boy who held his finger in the dike — he couldn't very well have done the job with his nose.

Anatomists and medical men have their own names for the fingers, beginning with *pollex* (for the thumb) and continuing through *index*, *medius*, *annularis* and *minimus*. The gloriously-fingered man in the street is familiar with only one of these terms: *index*. The digit which we call the index finger was originally known among the Anglo-Saxons as the *towcher*. The Anglo-Saxons were notorious for their bad spelling ("Sumer is icumen in; Lhude sing, cuccu!") and the word they spelled *towcher* means, simply, *toucher*. The *towcher* was the finger used for touching. It was always called the *towcher* in towns and cities where, presumably, a large amount of touching was done. Out in the country the *towcher* had another name: the *scite-finger*. This word actually means "trigger-finger" and we can only assume that country people were more inclined to shoot something than to touch something.

On the other hand the ancients who lived across the channel on the Continent believed that the index finger was just about the worst finger a person could possibly use for touching. It was poisonous, they said, and if it were used to touch a wound, that wound would never heal. It was loaded with toxins, hence they kept it well away from their soup.

The middle finger doesn't seem to have any history at all. Nature apparently just stuck it in there to keep the others apart. In mythology the middle finger is mentioned somewhat vaguely in connection with Saturn. Since Saturn was the god of agriculture, perhaps this finger served as the world's first dibble. A dibble is a pointed instrument for poking holes in the ground preliminary to planting. This is pure speculation on my part and the Dibble Theory probably wouldn't hold up in court. I don't think I'd ever use my middle finger as a dibble.

Biographical material is also wanting on the little finger. We do know that the Anglo-Saxons called it the *ear-finger* because it was most easily introduced into the ear. When I was a boy in the Midwest a common thing was to see a grown-up stick his little finger in his ear, with the rest of the hand held at jawbone level, fingers folded, and then waggle the hand vigorously up and down. An uncle of mine told me that this maneuver relieved the pressure on the brain. I have never had occasion to use it.

The opposable thumb is, of course, a great source of wonder to anthropolo-

gists who consider it a more revolutionary development than the wheel, the printing press, the magnetic tack-hammer or Togetherness. I think the story of the opposable thumb is quite fascinating (Hollywood could make a fine movie of it) and I don't want to belittle it at all, yet my own favorite among the fingers is the *leche-man*. The *leche-man* is the ring finger. *Leche* is the way Anglo-Saxons spelled "leech" and "leech" means doctor and so it came about in the olden days that this finger was known also as the "medical finger." The Greeks and Romans believed that it contained a special nerve that ran through the finger itself, up the arm, across the chest and into the heart. So they, the Greeks and the Romans, used that finger for stirring things. If the brew they were stirring contained anything in the way of poison, a warning was transmitted along that special nerve, straight to the heart. They must have believed strongly in this theory. If you doubt it, just try to stir something with your ring finger; it would be easier and more graceful to use your elbow. Still, the theory of the medical finger survives to this day in parts of England, where the inhabitants are careful to use that finger in applying salves or medical ointments to the body. Moreover, they use the same finger exclusively when they want to scratch an irritated spot. I have seen a cultured Englishman remove his bowler and scratch his scalp with his medical finger. It looks silly, but it is just as natural for him to do it that way as it is for him to retain his fork in his left hand throughout a meal. He isn't really conscious of what he's doing.

Now, why do we call this particular digit the ring finger? The expression derives from those same Greeks and Romans. They reasoned that if this finger contained the super-nerve leading straight to the heart, then this finger was the proper place to install a wedding ring. The theory got fouled up a bit when it was translated from Latin into English. In 17th Century England we find one Henry Swinburne, an ecclesiastical lawyer, writing a book about romance and matrimony in which he said: "The finger on which this ring is to be worn is the fourth finger of the left hand, next unto the little finger; because there is a vein of blood which passeth from that fourth finger into the heart called *vena amoris*, or love's vein." So, it became a vein of blood rather than a nerve. Why quibble?

Sad to relate, the Greeks, the Romans and Henry Swinburne were all in error. In modern days experiments have been undertaken to determine the degree of sensitiveness of each of the fingers. These experiments show that the index finger is the most sensitive of the lot, the middle finger ranks next, then the

thumb, after that the little finger and, finally, the ring finger. And George Stimpson has written: "The fourth digit on the human hand is the least mobile, the least sensitive and the least used of all the digits." In other words, the ring finger is a real stupid digit. Like some of our leading television performers, it lacks talent and it lacks personality but somehow it gets along.

Down through the centuries the fingers have been of inestimable importance in every known kind of pursuit except, possibly, grape pressing and the stamping out of forest fires. There was a time back in the Middle Ages and earlier when most people used their fingers instead of paper and pencil whenever they wanted to tackle a problem in arithmetic. I don't mean the simple counting processes which we ourselves employ, such as counting forward on our fingers to determine what day of the month next Tuesday will be, or counting backward on our fingers after hearing the gladsome tidings that a new baby has been born. The ancients went much further than that in their finger calculations. They refused, for example, to memorize the multiplication table on the simple grounds that it was impossible to do so; they learned, instead, to multiply with their fingers. The way they did it, according to the usually reliable *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, is as follows:

To multiply 8 by 6, turn down 8 — 5 fingers on one hand and 6 — 5 on the other. There are then 3 turned down and 2 standing on one hand and 1 turned down and 4 standing on the other. Add the fingers down ( $3 + 1 = 4$ ) and multiply those standing ( $2 \times 4 = 8$ ), and the result is 4 tens + 8 units, or 48; that is, in terms of mathematics,  $ab = [(a - 5) + (b - 5)] 10 + (10 - a)(10 - b)$ . Numerous variants of the plan were in use, some having been brought to Europe from the Arab schools.

I would like to see some of those variants. I would like to have a whole bunch of variants brought from the Arab schools, because I can't get any right answers with the variant given above. I worked on that problem until my wrists got tired, and then had to give it up.

The most effective way of demonstrating the value of fingers is to visualize a world in which there are none.

Stop right now and hold up a handful of fingers and examine them closely. Pretty crazy looking, aren't they? If you could manage to detach one of them and lay it on the coffee table, it would look even sillier. You'd likely burst out laughing. But you would be doing that finger and all its fellows a gross disservice.

If man didn't have any fingers he would not, of course, know that there  
(concluded on page 99)



# OK, SO I'M A COOKOOBOO

IT WAS A GAS ON THE BEACH: no brawls, no squalls, nary a problem, a cool pad, seagulls, fishing, the mild California weather, a full icebox, hi-fi, seals being washed up on the shore to die gracefully, a rest from the bottle to keep dem ole debbils away, a book or two, regular trips to Madam Jesus' drop on 14th Street, a silent phone, and enough moola in the bank from that salvage job in the Gulf to hold out for a year or more. A real gas: on good days you could sprawl on the warm sand like a crucified ox and almost believe in immortality.

I was sitting on the crumbling sea wall, watching the early horizon heading out toward Japan, when the Professor joined me, hawking and scratching, his eyes yellow with mischief. Nudging me, he said:

"Seen the new girl yet, neighbor?"

I shook my head and pretended to count the pelicans on the breakwater.

"Brother," the Professor said. "Wow." His eyes burned hot little holes into my neck. "OK," he said, "so I'm a cookoofoo, but I'll bet my bottom dollar this chick'll get you off that Gandhi kick. Wow, yes."

I stuck a plastic inhaler up my left nostril and breathed menthol and counted pelicans. The Prof squatted beside me, still hawking. He sure was loaded with phlegm. The old goat patted his pockets till I handed him a nickel cigar and a book of matches.

"Thanks, son." He bit on the cigar. "Oh, brother, wait'll ya see her."

The pelicans looked good and mad, like starlets sitting on high stools in Schwab's drugstore, banging their cavities about the latest Louella Parsons.

"Well, son — ya hear me?"

I gave up. "OK, Professor, let's have it. What's so special about this broad? She malformed or something?"

You'd think I'd said something witty, the way that old seadog doubled up.

"Mal-formed? Wait'll I tell the old lady. Mal-formed, by gar." He went blue, laughing. "That's one for the book, son." He lit up, hawked, spat. "Jest you keep your eyes open." His yellow old hands traced an hourglass. "Red-head. Stacked like a brick lighthouse. Moved into the Green Chalet yesterday."

"I don't sound you, Prof. Romeo and Juliet live there."

"Not any more. They flitted, skipped owing a munce rent."

"Oh, no. Hell, they were up there. That crummy little pad was like Shangri-La to them." I glared at the Prof, who just sat there grinning. "They once told me they were the happiest couple on the beach."

"They must've bin high when they said it."

"Isn't there any honest-to-god, old-fashioned, one-and-one-makes-two loving left in the world?"

The Prof just scratched and hawked and grinned.

"Come down off that cloud, son. Shoot, they wusn't even married. Not that you'd know it, the way they belted each other around. Some kind of a religious deal. Juliet'd two, three ay-bortions the last eighteen munce. Shucks, Mary knew all along." Mary, the Professor's wife, was the beach Louella. "Every now and then they'd make a sashay up to the church and have a pow-wow with the Father, but it never done no good. Hee, hee, coupla hours later they'd be beating the holy hell out of each other again. But who needs *them*? It's the redhead I want you to size up and inwardly digest. Wow-ee."

"The hell with redheads."

"Jest wait —"

"Don't worry about me, dad. I'm on a Schopenhauer kick. I root strictly for vin and yang."

"Shucks, son, if I didn't know you was off the sauce I'd say you was pie-eyed."

The pelicans must have switched to Mike Connolly, they looked even more mad. I stared at the theatrical backdrop of the Santa Monica Mountains, then watched a whole slew of seagulls bruising the crisp sky with pink-tinted wings. They looked hip and free, unlike the pelicans. The Professor creaked upright and hitched his frayed Levis.

"Reckon I'll be giirin' along. Got to put another lick of paint over that skiff



*fiction* By CHARLES HAMBLETT

*the redhead had him feeling like a yogi  
in the umpteenth beatitude*

I bought last week at Balboa." The Prof runs a charter service from off the pier. "Watch out now, lad. Oh, brother; yes-sir."

And he shambled away on loose, whiskey legs, cackling like he'd busted a gut at Strip City.

I slipped off the wall and stretched out on the sand. My first stogie of the day was burned halfway down when Joe joined me. The vet's hard, hairy belly bulged over his tartan trunks, his tartan cap tilted over the top part of his gold-bearded face. His artificial leg shone like a bone in the sunlight.

"Ain't this something?" He squinted into the glare. "Real groovy."

"Yeah, but tell me something, Joe. I've often wondered: don't you ever get homesick for Korea?"

"You want me to part your hair with my leg?"

"No, I mean it. You've been around, kid, you shook hands with the President—"

"Lay off, will ya? I got enough troubles. That job I had, part time, I was saving to go on a hunting trip in the Sierras. Hell, there's nothing like killing and eating something you've bin stalking for hours. Well, that's gone fuzzi. Know what that lousy manager did? Ordered me to shave my beard off, for crud. Shave my beard, man."

"So what happened?"

"What happened? What d'ya think happened? I told the creep what to do with his lousy gasoline pumps. Then I went downtown and drank beer and listened to Brubeck. Man, my head." The vet's eyes bulged. "Wow," he said. "Wow."

I turned, knowing what to expect. The Prof had not exaggerated. She was a big bouncy redhead, rising 30, vibrant, green-eyed, with a mobile torso between whisps of bikini. "Wow" was an understatement.

Joe tipped his hat. "Welcome to the beach, lady. I was just telling my buddy, there's no other place on earth like it."

She inclined her head, smiled.

"Where you from, honey?"

The smile froze. She nodded briefly and began to pick her way over the sand toward the ocean. Joe grunted.

"Shoot, she's as wound up as a mountain lion."

"She's just another dame."

"You think so? I'll spell it out for you, kiddo. She's tee ahr oh you bee ee."

"Relax, man. Have a cigar."

"Uh-uh, can't face one after last night. Dig her running into the sea. Trouble, man, trouble. She's a vampire on wheels. Don't you ever start getting sentimental about her, kiddo."

"I won't."

"Worst thing you can do. I started

reading a book, last week, written by an old guy called Hemingway. Man, did he get sentimental about broads. We've made a lot of progress since the olden days he was writing about."

"We sure have."

"Getting sentimental like that. Shoot. I couldn't finish the book. There were some good bits about fighting in it, but, shoot, he ruined them with all them sentimental bits. What a square."

"Don't worry, Joe. I won't get sentimental."

"Atta boy. Well, I better see if I can force a late breakfast down me. You wouldn't care to trade heads, would ya?"

The day built warmly, little ripples of heat making the beach shimmer. I thought about Garbo, but it gave me the shakes to think of her growing old and somber behind those big sunglasses, and passing through the change of life, and bumming around the Mediterranean with rich Greeks, so I goofed off into a state of not thinking, and almost hit zero, when a voice like a warm mint julep squirted across the morning.

"Cottonpicker." Mississippi Jim clapped a hand to his forehead. "Whah don't yuh join me for a bracer?"

"No thanks, Jim. I prefer to contemplate other people's hangovers, these days."

"It's a crahing shame, a scholar and a gentleman lakh yuh refusin' a drink from a brother officer."

"That's the way the bongo bingles, Colonel."

"Sure I can't tempt yuh? Not even to a small one?"

"Not today, General."

"Bastard," Jim said amiably.

He shuffled away, thong sandals flapping. The beach was still again. Quiet and peaceful, like Forest Lawn before a funeral.

After lunch, I flopped onto my day bed and dug into a paperback which sent me to sleep. A knock wakened me around four. I hollered for them to come in, and Joe stomped in on his dead leg. He gave me a disapproving look and eased himself into a soft chair.

"People die in bed," he sniffed.

"I could think of worse places."

"Well, get the lead out. We're going fishing."

"We are?"

"Me and Moose and Jim got a boat cheap from the Professor. Thought you'd like to chip in."

"OK. When?"

"Sundown. Dress warm. It can git mighty cold out there." Joe picked a record album off the floor. "*Fidelio* by Beethoven. What's it about?"

I yawned. "Freedom, I guess. Like not shaving your beard to suit some sawn-off Hitler at a gas station."

"That so?" The vet placed the disc gently on the record rack. "Better start getting ready," he said, and stomped back out the door.

I was pulling a blue knitted sweater over a Canadian lumber shirt when there was another knock. When I opened up, the redhead pushed in like a galleon in full sail. She smelled of that corny French perfume they were plugging everywhere, that year. She looked great.

"Sorry to bother you," she said, and I discovered that her voice was husked and breathless. "But do you have an egg-whisk?"

"A wut?"

"An egg-whisk. I'm making a cake."

"Sorry, no egg-whisks."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure. Now, if you'll forgive me—"

"Oh, sorry. Guess I'd better try Mary."

"Yeah, do that."

She hovered in the doorway a moment, the heavy artillery of her breasts booming away in all directions. Then she shrugged and left. I closed the door so fast I almost sliced her heel.

Egg-whisks. Wow.

We had a great night of fishing, really working at it, dragging our catch into the beat-up Monterey till our backs screamed and the stars faded. We dumped our haul on the pier, selling most of it to the illegal Mex fish brokers, just stuffing what we needed into gunny sacks. We breakfasted in the all-night hash joint for fishermen, then walked back to our row of beach shacks as the sun slipped up over the damp mauve ridges of the distant Sierras. We stopped outside my drop, yawning and grinning.

"Shoot, am I tired," Moose said.

"I'll sleep like a stuck pig," Joe said.

"It was a ball, though," Jim said. "A cottonpickin' ball."

We remained there a few more moments, enjoying the growing sunlight and clean air. Our tackle was snarled, our clothing damp, the sacks were heavy on our shoulders. But we felt good, and when, at last, I got into my shack, it seemed to be waiting for me to reoccupy it. It was a sort of home. So I put my catch into the icebox and walked heavily into my small bedroom and stripped raw and fell into my cot. As I plunged into sleep, I thought:

The hell with egg-whisks.

The next few days the redhead really fractured me. She'd carry a portable radio around, and all the beach wolves would go sniffing after her, just as she intended them to, making like they really enjoyed the corny slime that dribbled out of that box. It was a gas to watch, though, seeing those cowboys running around, fetching cigarettes, bottles of pop, candies. But she never let any

(continued on page 92)



**PENTHOUSE  
PLAYMATE**

**MISS AUGUST** PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK

THE FONDEST DREAM of suave Manhattanites is to be an active part of the city's excitement and sophistication, and yet to know a measure of isolation from its frantic tempo and its noises. The penthouse apartment is a physical expression of this dream, and Clayre Peters, who inhabits one such romantic dwelling, claims that realizing this urban ambition in no way diminishes its power to please. A devotee of finer living in all its aspects, Clayre declares that her pad at the pinnacle gives her a wondrous appreciation of the city that no other form of familiarity could inspire. We can readily understand the aid Clayre claims this perpetual panorama gives her in her hobby, writing poetry. But, with our Miss August in attendance, whether in a penthouse or in a subterranean basement, we find it difficult to believe that the vista outside could hold half the charm of the intimate, inimitable view indoors.



*a girl finds a city's heart, high amid its topless towers*



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two well-dressed, matronly women entered the business office and approached an executive.

"Sir," said one, "we are soliciting funds for the welfare and rehabilitation of wayward women. Would you care to donate?"

"Sorry," replied the exec, "but I contribute directly."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *clear conscience* as poor memory.

In the traditional ocean-liner interview, the reporter said to the glamorous movie queen, "I understand you were courted by many European noblemen during your four weeks abroad."

"That's right, honey," she replied, hiking her skirt still higher and smiling into the flashing cameras. "I managed to make every second count."

Epitaph for the tombstone of a cool musician: "Man, this cat is really gone."

The lights in the apartment were low and so was the music. "You say you can read my mind?" the handsome young bachelor demanded.

"Yes," replied his bountifully proportioned and beautiful date.

"OK," he challenged, "go ahead."

"No," she said. "You go ahead."



Johnny, a Hollywood youngster, was very proud because he had the most parents at the P.T.A. meeting.

Cynthia's fine figure had been poured into a beautiful form-fitting gown and she made a point of calling her date's attention to it over and over again throughout the evening. Finally over a nightcap in his apartment he said, "You've been talking about that dress

all evening long. You called my attention to it first when we met for cocktails, mentioned it again at dinner, and still again at the theatre. Now that we're here alone in my penthouse, what do you say we drop the subject?"

We know a girl who hates losing her heart to a man, but who loves having him search for it.

Natalie, a pretty but distraught model, took her troubles to a psychiatrist.

"Doctor, you must help me," she pleaded. "It's gotten so that every time a man takes me out, I wind up in bed with him. And then afterwards I feel guilty and depressed all day long."

"I see," nodded the psychiatrist. "And you want me to strengthen your will power."

"Heavens, no!" exclaimed the model. "I want you to fix it so I won't feel guilty and depressed afterwards."



We're sure you've heard about the traveling salesman whose car broke down in a rain storm. He ran to the closest farm house and knocked on the door. A grizzled old farmer answered and the salesman pleaded for a place to stay the night.

"I can give ya a room," said the farmer, "but I ain't got no daughter fer ya to sleep with."

"Oh," said the salesman. "Well, how far is it to the next house?"

All it really takes to separate the men from the boys is girls.

These days, too many beautiful women are spoiling their attractiveness by using four-letter words—like don't, and can't, and won't.

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn an easy \$25.00 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"Changing glass into diamonds and lead into gold is nothing.  
Remember the young lad who used to help about the laboratory . . . ?"*

# Moment of Truth

I CAN'T STAND IT ANOTHER SECOND, BERNARD. I'M BORED! DO YOU HEAR ME? BORED!



I KNOW EVERYTHING YOU'RE GOING TO SAY BEFORE YOU SAY IT!



THERE'S - THERE'S NOTHING I CAN REALLY SAY TO THAT, ARLENE. IF YOU FEEL THAT WAY I GUESS I'VE FAILED IN SHOWING YOU THE REAL ME.



THE ME UNDERNEATH THE DULL, PREDICTABLE ME - THE ME WHO FEELS SOMETHING GROW INSIDE OF HIM WHENEVER YOU SMILE OR TOUCH HIS HAND. ITS NOT MUCH I ADMIT BUT IT MUST BE WORTH SOMETHING.



IF SMALL, ORDINARY PEOPLE - PEOPLE WHO MAYBE DON'T LIGHT UP THE UNIVERSE WITH BRILLIANCE - PEOPLE WHO MAYBE DON'T MAKE HEADS TURN AS THEY WALK BY -



IF THESE PEOPLE MEAN ANYTHING IN THIS WORLD - THEN THAT ME - THE ME INSIDE THE OTHER ME - MUST COUNT FOR SOMETHING! THAT ME MUST BE NOTICED!



YOU CAN'T DISCARD IT LIKE AN OLD GUM WRAPPER, DO YOU HEAR! YOU CAN'T THROW IT AWAY, CLAIM IT DOESN'T EXIST! THAT ME IS A HUMAN BEING! FOR GOD'S SAKE YOU DARE NOT TURN YOUR BACK ON IT, ARLENE! YOU DARE NOT!



I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO SAY THAT.



JULES  
FELBER



# CULT OF THE AGED LEADER

**W**HY DOES THE UNITED STATES, a country that traditionally prizes youth, idealizes it, insists on it in top jobs, now find itself with superannuated leadership in the most critical area of national life? The facts are these: the ages of men running the government are at an all-time high. Dwight Eisenhower, 68, will shortly become one of the oldest Presidents in American history. The over-all average of the Cabinet he brought with him was 14 years over the pre-1900 average.

In the Senate, despite the handful of younger men who were chosen in the last election, the average age is nearly twice that at which a man is deemed mature enough to fill the job according to the Constitution.

There are more than four times as many men over 65 in the Senate—the word comes from the same Latin stem that gives us “senile”—as there would be if their age bracket were proportionately representative of the American adult population as a whole. Senators are exceeded in this lopsided predominance of old men only by a few other job groups, including scissors grinders, fortune tellers, beekeepers, umbrella menders, bankers, Roman Catholic Cardinals, cemetery keepers and Federal judges.

In the House of Representatives, Speaker Sam Rayburn is 77. If the Republicans had won control of Congress last election, Rayburn would have been replaced by Joe Martin, also well up in his 70s.

The oldest of our top leaders are Congressional committee chairmen who

head the bodies where new laws and projects are born and where initiative and vision are called for perhaps in greater measure than anywhere else in American public life.

The average age of all Senate permanent committee chairmen is 67. Appropriations is headed by Carl Hayden, 81, Public Works by Dennis Chavez, 71, and Finance by Byrd of Virginia who refuses to list his age in the *Congressional Directory*. The Senate's newest committee is the Astronautical and Space Exploration Committee. It includes Senator Green, 91, who has said he will not retire till he's 100, but who recently resigned chairmanship of the Foreign Relations Committee following newspaper attacks upon his age. The space committee was formed by a 95-1 vote, with Allen Ellender, 67, the lone dissenter. He could not be made to see the importance of outer space in America's future.

In the House of Representatives, chairmen average even higher in age, with Cannon, 80, heading Appropriations, Dawson, 73, running Government Operations, and Vinson, who has been charged with the nation's dragging its heels on Pentagon reform, heading Armed Services at 75. Every one of these gentlemen would have been forced to retire under rules of Civil Service if he had been appointed instead of voted into office.

But in Civil Service the ages of top men are up sharply, too, just as they are in the military establishment and foreign corps.

Is this good or bad? That is, does the

article By **RALPH GINZBURG**

*with old men in its top positions,  
our democracy is in danger of dotage*

country profit from the maturity and experience of its present leadership more than it would from the qualities that would be associated with a group of younger men? And exactly what are the mental qualities which youth possesses and age does not, and vice versa?

In studies at leading universities across the land, it was found that older people do not fare well in either memory, ability to learn or judgment, as compared with young people. At Columbia University it was found that a person's ability to absorb new information is greatest during his middle twenties, diminishing at about one percent a year until the mid-fifties when it starts to drop sharply. By 65 a man can learn only about half as much in an hour as he could at 25, the Columbia study showed. Older people are tremendously inhibited in absorbing new information which conflicts with established memory patterns. The effort to learn something new thus becomes twice as great when it is necessary to *unlearn* something old.

As for memory, Dr. Walter Miles of Yale, after a series of tests some years ago, found that young adults under 30 remember things twice as sharply as those over 70. Pseudo reminiscence is common among oldsters, who also show a distinct lack of attentiveness, surprising indisposition to take pains to be right, and a sharp drop in intellectual curiosity. In general, oldsters have been found to be less concerned with lofty ideals, more preoccupied with comfort.

Although investigators are not certain of what effect brain dimensions may have upon intelligence, its very size decreases with age, losing approximately 30 grams from age 35 to age 65.

The glandular system deteriorates, too, enfeebling emotions. Thus older people show greater apathy and inflexibility, fewer signs of pleasure, weaker signs of love and courage, milder hates and fears. Despondency and pessimism overgrow the enthusiasm and hope of youth and small problems of everyday life often begin to loom enormous. Suicide statistics reflect this trend. A man in his late 70s is four times as likely to kill himself as a man in his early 40s.

In the light of scientific findings, it is no surprise that almost all the real giants of American history have been young men. Our six greatest Presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Teddy Roosevelt, Wilson and FDR—were all relatively young men. The founding "fathers" Madison and Hamilton were both in their 30s when they drafted the Constitution. Thomas Jefferson, the philosopher of our Democracy, drew up the Declaration of Independence at 33.

In the arts and sciences as well, the great works have almost always been created by men in their green years. When

geniuses have enjoyed long, productive lives, it is nevertheless to their early years that their major works are almost invariably traced. Dr. Harvey C. Lehman of Ohio University, in a 20-year study sponsored by the American Philosophical Society, found that a man's best working years—no matter what his field—rarely come after the age of 40, though public recognition may not be won until then.

Just as the records show that great political advances have been wrought mainly by young men, so recent history indicates that a large proportion of the world's political blunders are attributable to older men. Witness the numerous times Stalin brought the world to the brink of atomic annihilation during the senile dementia of the final three years of his life. Or the sorry state of unpreparedness to which 71-year-old Chamberlain had reduced Britain at the outbreak of World War II, only to be rescued by younger Winston Churchill. And remember the embarrassment caused the United States by the 85-year-old Syngman Rhee and his wholesale sudden release of Red prisoners from UN compounds while we were in the midst of hammering out a peace settlement at Panmunjom. Even more recently and closer to home, recall the spectacle of sexagenarian Eisenhower blaming septuagenarian Truman—and vice versa—for permitting American technology to fall behind Russia's in launching an earth satellite.

The age of Russian leaders shows a significant contrast to our own. While it is true that Khrushchev at 64 is no youngster, it is also true that almost all his bureau heads are comparatively young men. Foreign Minister Andre Gromyko, Russia's second most powerful figure, is only 49. John Gunther, in *Inside Russia Today*, calls the 15-man Communist Party Presidium "the youngest aggregate of men of such illimitable power in the world."

Why should things be so different in the U.S.? The explanation that comes quickest to mind is that our phenomenally lengthened life expectancy and resultant aging population have put a greater percentage of oldsters into the working force. But statistics do not back up this conclusion. Actually, since retirement at 65 is now implied for the nation as a whole under Social Security, there is a considerably *smaller* percentage of people over that age remaining in the labor force today than there was, say, 50 years ago. So, while it is true that greater numbers of senior citizens are alive in the country today, it is also true that proportionately fewer of them are working. That is, in almost every field but government.

People in politics themselves tend to blame the predominance of oldsters

upon the financial unattractiveness of the calling. Eleanor Roosevelt in an interview told me: "A poor boy doesn't have the same chance to become President today that Lincoln had. Even a minor elective job carries social and charitable demands which a young man with a family can't begin to meet on his salary alone. Older men, of course, have had time to save up money. That might partly explain why no man under 40 has been nominated to the Presidency in this century, though several were in the 1800s."

But poor salary is only a partial explanation for the lack of young men in key government jobs. A deeper answer lies in a subtle, almost imperceptible change in America's attitude toward aged men as leaders. As the republic has grown older, we have assumed, almost unconsciously, a reverence for old age (not unlike the Chinese) which approaches a cult of the aged leader.

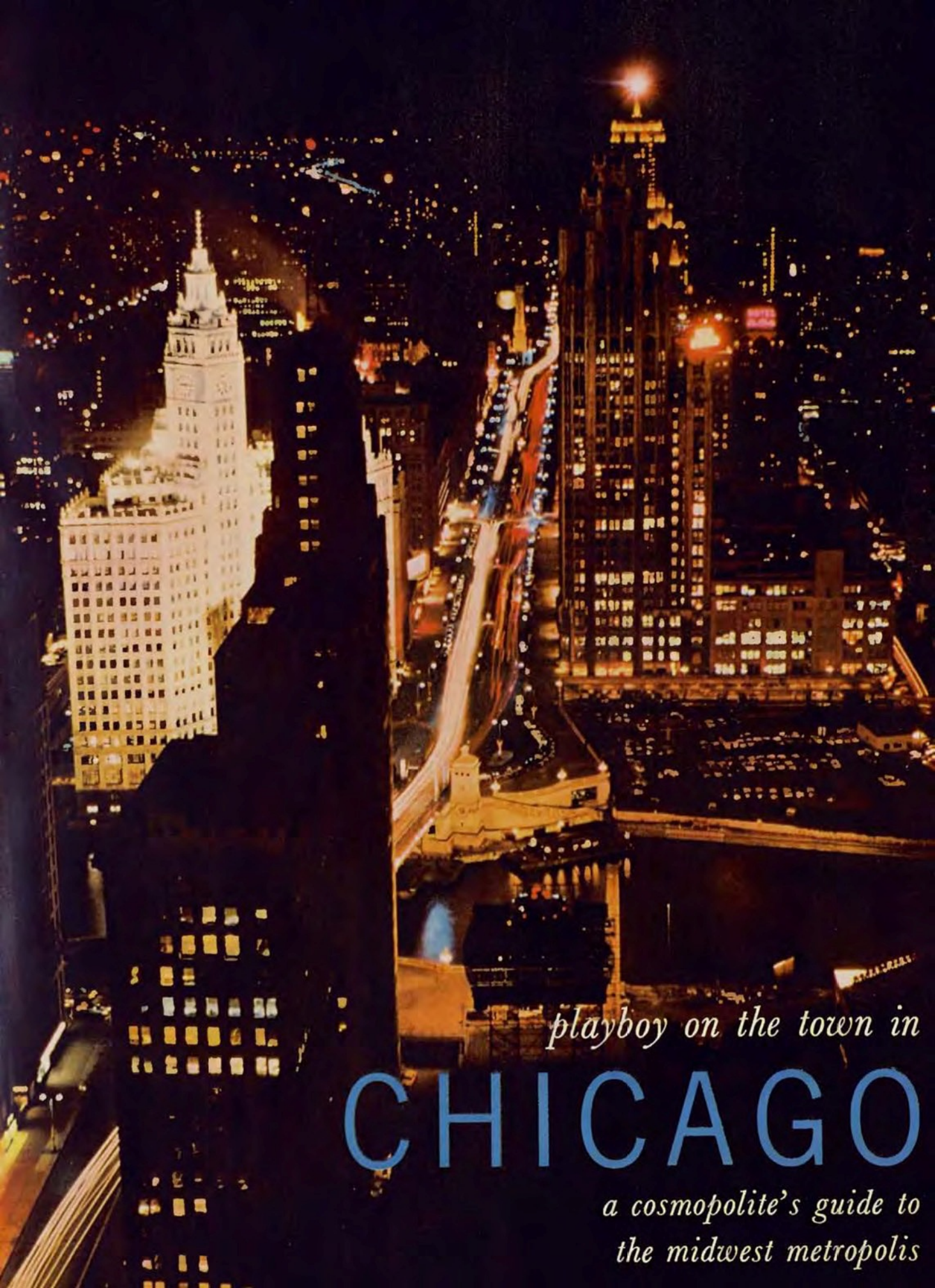
Robert Kennedy who, as Chief Counsel of the Senate labor rackets subcommittee, has vigorously exposed union corruption and earned for himself national prominence as perhaps the only man in his 30s of any real influence on Capitol Hill, said recently in an interview:

"We have come to put such tremendous *over-emphasis* upon the need for age and maturity in our leaders that young men nowadays just don't have much chance at all to leap into top jobs, even when they are far more capable than their elders. It has become 'ungentlemanly' and 'impolitic' for a young man to talk back to an old man who has been in power for many years, even when an honest difference of opinion is involved. On the rare occasion when a young man comes into the Senate nowadays, he is expected to keep his mouth shut, to think like an old man, to live like an old man, until he actually becomes an old man. Otherwise he will be considered 'brash' or 'impudent.' I could never have gotten this far this fast in public service if it hadn't been for the wealth, connections and contacts of my family. There are many other people in the country as young as I am who could handle my job as well as I do, but not very many of them would be able to get a crack at it. The wheel of political fortune is clearly rigged against the young man nowadays."

Senator Neuberger—who made the mistake of speaking his mind when he first went to the Senate several years ago and is said by observers to be still smarting from it—has gone on record as saying:

"We are leaving decisions that vitally affect our lives to hardened professionals, to men turned gray and cynical in the game of vote-getting. What's more,

(continued on page 96)



*playboy on the town in*

# CHICAGO

*a cosmopolite's guide to  
the midwest metropolis*



For the visitor to Chicago flying his own plane, Meigs Field on the lake front (top) offers easy access to the heart of the city, whose brilliant night skyline shines in welcoming beauty. Meigs also provides direct helicopter service to and from the breezy burg's two international airports, Midway and O'Hare. Above, Riccardo's sidewalk café and restaurant features a near-Neapolitan atmosphere, complete with outdoor cocktails, opera-sputing waiters and exhibitions of contemporary art. Right, the lights and sounds of the city after dark are apparent strolling north on Rush Street, nexus for much of the night life on Chicago's glittering Near North Side.



**Y**OU CAN HAVE A LITTLE MORE FUN IN CHICAGO than in most any other city in the country, if you go about it right. It's not as big as New York nor as sophisticated as San Francisco, but it has a free-wheeling, fun-loving personality all its own that guarantees a good time to everyone. For the impromptu male visitor, it offers sights and entertainment in all sizes and shapes, including close to 249,000 unattached females betwixt the ages of 18 and 29 (and 18, let it be known, is the age of consent in Illinois).

If you come in by air — pure jet service is available from both coasts, and prop-jet from Miami — the first thing you'll spot is Lake Michigan, a shimmering blue-green playground in the summer. After you land at either Midway or O'Hare — Chicago's two international airports — why not pass the usual cab ride into the city and take a helicopter instead? You can make the trip in a scant 11 minutes and the whirlybird sets you down at Meigs Field, a lake-front air terminal just a taxi hop from the Midwest's most elegant showcase — Michigan Avenue and the Magnificent Mile. It is magnificent, too, with some of the swankest shops in the world, as well as such lofty landmarks as Tribune Tower, the Wrigley Building and the Palmolive Building. Nearby, there's State Street and the Loop (named for the L tracks that encircle it), center of the city's vast finan-



Above, smart jazz sounds combined with charcoaled fare are the attractions at the London House. Left, sophisticated folk gather round the piano bar of the Scotch Mist. Below, portraits of buxom, bygone broads, waitresses in scanty attire and mustachioed bar-keeps are fixtures at the famous Gaslight, a key club dedicated to the fralicsome fun of the Gay 90s, popular with the ad exec crowd.





For savory supping, Chicago boasts a varied line-up of restaurants. Top left is the near-ultimate in poshness: the Pump Room of the Ambassador East Hotel, invariably a stopping place for celebrities because of the quality of its menu, service and decor. Left, specializing in superlative smorgasbord, the Kungsholm draws the gourmet, also boasts a midget opera house, where expertly manipulated puppets do pantomime to stereophonic opera recordings. Above, the exotically Far Eastern Shangri-Lo, a romantic rendezvous serving Cantonese delicacies and a heady assortment of stimulating, rum-based drinks.





Show time in Chicago, and the big, brash nightspots and *intime* clubs all come alive. Top, the venerable Chez Paree, must-see mecca for the town's visiting firemen and showplace for headliners in the entertainment biz; here, the Adarables strut and sing, to be followed by the likes of Sammy Davis, Jr., Jerry Lewis or Lavis Prima and Keely Smith. Above, the Black Orchid, a supper club whose entertainment policy runs the gamut from undulating ecdysiast Lili St. Cyr to crooner Johnny Mathis. Below, the subterranean Claister introduced sick comic Lenny Bruce to Chicago, usually couples hip humor with swinging singers like Anita O'Day.



cial and commercial enterprises, and all the other sights that you can learn about from any competent guidebook, which we suggest you pick up on arrival. Chicago, recently made a world seaport, is still the vital, throbbing City of the Big Shoulders that Carl Sandburg described 40 years ago. And while New York is surrounded by two polluted rivers, Chicago has 25 miles of lovely lake front — lined with tree-shaded boulevards, gleaming skyscrapers (the world's first was constructed in this city in the late 19th Century), venerable mansions, handsome parks, a series of yacht harbors and a string of white sand beaches — all right in its own front yard. Chicago also has its Near North Side — part Greenwich Village, part Madison Avenue — studded with nightspots that swing till nearly dawn.

You'll want to freshen up at your hotel before going out on the town. We assume you've made your reservations well in advance, a good idea when visiting any city, but especially Chicago, because it is the country's biggest convention town and accommodations aren't always easy to come by. The big hotels in and around the Loop — the Palmer



Entertainment for every taste can be found in or near the Windy City. Top left, the low-lit Gate of Horn spotlights folk singers such as Josh White. Center left, epidermis displays are featured at the strip joints in nearby Cicero and Calumet City, where the action lives up to even the wildest of expectations. Top right, the jazz cool can be sampled at the city's most famous jazz joint, the Blue Note in the Loop, which consistently features top groups like the Gerry Mulligan Quartet. Bottom right, the south side scene at the Sutherland Hotel Lounge, where the Max Roach Quintet and similar combos hold forth. Bottom left, nuzzling and guzzling are predominant at the East Inn, a boy-meets-girl hangout for collegiates and nubile nurses from nearby hospitals.



House, the Conrad Hilton, the Sheraton, the Pick-Congress, the Sherman, the Morrison, the Sheraton-Blackstone — are right in the center of things. They all offer a number of first-rate bars and restaurants and if you like a lot of activity, hustle and bustle, then one of these is for you. If you're coming to Chicago for the Playboy Jazz Festival on August 7, 8 and 9, best stay at the Sherman, which is official Jazz Festival headquarters. There'll be transportation directly to and from the Stadium for all five concert performances, plus a jazz film, symposium and exhibit at the hotel. Most of the musicians will be staying there and the Sherman will be holding special PLAYBOY parties each evening for the jazz stars, celebrities and those staying at the hotel. Singles begin at \$7.45, dou- (continued on page 100)



Left, a topper for any evening on the toddlin' town is the magnificent panorama afforded by the window-side tables of the Tip Top Tap atop the Allerton. Above, Chicago's lake-front scene is as beautiful a sight as any city in the U.S. has to offer, and a sunrise stroll along the shores of Lake Michigan can provide a romantic lost memory for your visit.



*"You know, I think he's making those bad calls on purpose."*



## INCOGNITO

*to be free as a bird,  
the hounded fox  
became a beaver*

*fiction* By HENRY SLESAR

SCANLON WOKE UP thinking about his mirror. He kicked the coffee-stained blanket off the cot and stood up, wobbling on his thin legs. He staggered, sleep-drugged, toward the cloudy cracked glass that hung crookedly over the rust-spotted sink. It was dark, so he pulled the beaded chain that dangled from the bare light bulb, and squinted at his reflection.

It wasn't impressive. In his underwear, Scanlon looked like a gawky adolescent with hairy arms and legs. Seeing him this way, nobody would ever believe he was the country's number one desperado, the object of a search that covered seven states, the pet patsy of the tabloids, the bogeyman that mothers invoked to make kids eat their spinach. He was an escaped con, a merciless gunman, a ruthless killer; he was also a haggard, sleepy-eyed, skinny-chested fugitive in need of a bath, a hot meal, and especially a shave.

But Scanlon didn't want the shave. He looked at his face in the distorted mirror and chuckled at the progress he had made. The mustache hung thick as a rope over his mouth, ending invisibly in the tangled black beard it had taken him 30 days to grow. The beard had come easy: it was the mustache that had been the problem. It had started as a pitiful sprout, a mere cat's whisker, and for the first two weeks, he had despaired of his ability to raise the hairy crop under his nose. But now it was respectable, bushy, the perfect complement to the six-inch beaver jutting from his chin.

"That does it," he told himself gleefully. "That does it, boy. Now we can get out of this rat hole . . ."

He took a blunt-edged scissors from the sink rim and started to clip. He trimmed carefully, removing the shaggy ends from both beard and mustache. He liked the final effect, especially when he brushed and combed his new facial ornaments. It was distinguished. More than that, it was his ticket to freedom, to South America, to any place where cops and feds weren't dogging his trail.

He washed and dressed. It was the first time he had worn the suit since he had holed up in the flat a month ago; his initial act had been to hang it carefully in the room's single closet, preserving the neat press of the

jacket, the sharp crease of the trousers.

The new Scanlon was better-dressed than the old. He was still small and thin-framed, but the mustache and beard gave him a foreign air that added dignity. Maybe he'd keep them, Scanlon thought. Maybe it was more than a disguise; maybe it was the way he ought to look.

He added the final touches. Cuff links inset with blood-red rubies. A wrist watch of 18-carat gold, engraved by somebody named Viola to somebody named Sam. A leather wallet without an identification card, but with a thick cluster of bills amounting to over seven grand.

He gave the mirror a final look, then blew it a kiss. "So long, sweetheart," he said.

Then he went down the stairs.

The fresh air hit him like a shot of whiskey. He never knew how good it could feel. The sun was pecking over the tenement rooftops, making even the dingy street look idyllic. There were kids playing stickball in the gutter; one of them hooted at the sight of him, and Scanlon smiled.

When he saw the patrolman on the corner, his brisk steps slowed, and his heart did some overtime beating. But then he calmed down. There was nothing to worry about now; he strolled past the cop as if he had been a lamppost. The cop looked, but that was all. It was then that Scanlon knew his troubles were over. He reached up and stroked the beard affectionately.

"Hey, you," the voice said.

He turned around and saw the cop again. It was a shock; he hadn't even heard the footsteps behind him.

"You're under arrest," the cop said, drawing his gun. "What?"

"No trouble from you, Scanlon," the cop said.

He went meekly, keeping pace with the patrolman's hurried strides to the call box. He paused only once, to look at the WANTED poster on a nearby fence, a poster that bore his own face. Only it wasn't his face. The features had been desecrated by neighborhood vandals, the mustache and beard crudely added in pencil.

**H**O! 'TIS THE TIME OF SALADS!" wrote Laurence Sterne in *Tristram Shandy*. He was writing, of course, of summertime, when the hot sun makes appetites ready for cool, crisp refreshment. There's nothing more pleasing to the warm-weather eye and palate than tossed meals dressed for dinner, so take a tip and enhance both your reputation as a chef and your buffet table with main-dish salads of flesh and fish.

Every interested disciple of the salad bowl should keep in mind the fact that a salad isn't really a salad until it's marinated. This doesn't mean you must marinate it for hours. For some salads the mixing time itself, or 10 or 20 minutes' standing time, is sufficient for a proper blending of flavors. Others, like the French white bean salad, require at least overnight marinating. In any case you must allow sufficient time for the wine vinegar, the chives, the Dijon mustard and all other ingredients in the bowl to blend, to cook without fire in a sense, until a liaison of flavors has occurred. When you bite into cold shrimp, you should instantly taste the sweet pepper, the lemon juice, the pungent celery salt and any other condiment that went into the bowl before the salad was mixed.

In leafy green salads this liaison is encouraged by olive oil and vinegar; for many of the more substantial salads it's often formed with mayonnaise. A good rule of thumb (continued on page 84)



# THE TIME OF SALADS

*cool entrees for summertime dining*

*food* By THOMAS MARIO



# THE BOSOM IN HOLLYWOOD

*being the further adventures of miss june wilkinson*



Proud of her prow, June Wilkinson strolls with purpose down a studio street, at left. Above, she tries out a pair of footprints in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Below, she goes native by shopping at one of the many open-air markets indigenous to Southern California. June finds the climate friendlier than England's.

**A** LITTLE LESS THAN A YEAR AGO, in our September '58 issue, we introduced American males to June Wilkinson, a kitten from Britain who, when she passed through Customs, had little to declare save a quiet manner, a demure English accent, and the thoroughly upsetting mathematics of 43-22-36. One of her first important stops was Chicago, where she dropped in upon *PLAYBOY* to chat with the chaps and to pose for the memorable emulsions which led us to dub her *The Bosom* and which were to bring her to the attention of Anglophiles all over, not excluding Hollywood. Since that time, June, newly blondified, has graced that city, braving the rigors of sun, snog, stucco and casting directors, and generally having herself a ball. She's made a movie for Paramount, *Thunder in the Sun*, with Susan Hayward and Jeff Chandler, and has been on location in Brazil, filming something called *Macumba Love*. She's also worked nightclubs with Spike Jones and appeared at Hollywood's scantily-clad Ballyhoo Ball. Between and often during these activities, she's been obliging the avid lenses of photographers, becoming, for a couple of excellent reasons, the most photographed young lady in the U.S. We thought nobody would mind if we got back into the act to report on June's adventures in Hollywood.









Literally having a ball, June joined other starlets and luminaries at the Third Annual Ballyhoo Ball, a social function sponsored by the Publicists' Association of Hollywood. Though the Ballyhoo is always studded with scantily clad sirens, June managed to steal the show as a voluptuous Egyptian mummy. Above, she and a friend anoint the Wilkinson pelt with oil to impart a sensuous gleam suitable for a daughter of the Nile and, right, she is gift-wrapped Egyptian style. She arrived in a sarcophagus, unwound and posed for photographers both conventionally and horizontally, in the Mansfield manner, held aloft by an obliging muscle-man.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RUSS MEYER AND MARIO CASILLI

Between takes, June uses friendly persuasion on TV's Paladin, Richard Boone, to get professional acting tips.



June receives makeup (above) and direction (below) during shooting of pilot film for new television adventure series starring Done Clark.





Morning ablutions and subsequent lolling about can be long and leisurely only when a starlet is not on early call at the studio.



June Wilkinson at home. The Hollywood Studio Club, historic domicile of many starlets who later became famous cinema personalities, is also June's home these days. Despite these languorous photographs, however, not much time is spent lounging there, for the life of a budding screen actress is a busy one. In addition to actual hours spent performing before the cameras, she has a grueling round of script rehearsals, coaching, personal appearances, posing for publicity photos, conferences with agents and producers, attendance at strategical parties. "But," as June says, "it's fun."





Since her appearance in PLAYBOY last September, June Wilkinson has become a popular subject for the glamor lensmen of Hollywood who have made her the most frequently photographed beauty in the country. Above, she poses for a fetching figure study.

# CAMPUS NOTEBOOK: FALL TERM

COLLEGIATE ATTIRE, local fads notwithstanding, is still traditional Ivy. The news is found in a continuing evolution and refinement of tailoring details, fabrics and colors. We show some of the freshest here, and can predict genuine durability for them all. Variety and individuality are attained through the wide range of buttons, yoking, closures, collar treatments and cut of pockets on jackets and slacks — those special touches that help enhance the reputation of the best-dressed men on campus.



McGREGOR: \$18.95

Right: bulky knit sweaters on campus are sound fashion still — in burnished, subdued shades — but with modifications. Such classics as the cardigan and the pullover now boast a smaller shawl collar and

brass buttons on the former, the addition of a shawl collar and bone buttons on the latter.

Left: the prevalence of shawl collars extends to outercoats too, as in this one with a knitted facing; also prevalent

are man-sized closures, pockets and yokes.

Right: the tweed sports jacket is still a classic part of the collegiate wardrobe, but, as this model shows, pockets are hacking, lapels are high-notched, colors

are not only subdued, but often metallic, as in this brass check.

Right: slacks have definitely abandoned the back buckle and, frequently, cuffing as well.

Adjustable slash pockets slash pockets back pockets inroads into



ASHER: \$13.95

side closures, no belt loops, in front and a tab closure on are evidence of Continental Traditional Ivy styling.



CHESTER LAURIE: \$50

Below: in casual jackets you'll want to check the yoking influence (borrowed

from the classic Norfolk) and the semi-shawl, notchless gull wing collar, detail news exemplified by this wide-wale

corduroy beltless jacket.



THE AMERICAN MALE: \$18.95

Below: even in the traditional button-down, there are

fresh detailing touches such as a pullover shirt body for better fit and only three buttons down the front



ARROW: \$5

for a casual look.

Right: several current trends you'll want to watch for in blustery-weather outercoats include the husky, covered zipper, toggle fastenings, double yoke front, and a pile collar that converts to a hood.



## RANCHER'S DAUGHTER *(continued from page 42)*

wearing blue shorts no bigger than my bandana. On top she's got a yellow thing she says is a halter and is no bigger than a pair of sunglasses. All weekend the only one herding cows is Cooky, the dog. When Aunt Bessie gets back early Monday she catches Jesse climbing down from the hayloft in his underdrawers and docks him a day's pay for drinking. While she's chewing out Jesse, Curly is crawling under the porch looking for his duds. Old Dan and Gimpy are out cold in their bunks, faces happy as can be, and being the youngest, I'm on Arnold riding out to relieve Cooky.

"Where did you get the yellow bandana, Johnny?" Aunt Bessie yells over. I got no answer ready so I pull out my handkerchief to wipe my nose and all I come up with is little blue shorts. It was a helluva weekend.

It's hard to imagine a more contented bunch of cowpokes than us five on the Bar T. We gave up gun-slinging because we felt we had something to live for. Gimpy and me even gave up smoking 'cause it makes you short-winded. If it's one thing that riled Bernadine it was having a guy get short-winded. Actually we were not just contented; we were getting healthier.

"Almost makes a fellow ashamed to take his wages every month," Old Dan would say.

Aunt Bessie always handed out the wages. "Now don't go spending it all on women," she would say sharply. Bernadine would set there beside her and just look at us with those big blue eyes. Aunt Bessie's words meant nothing to Bernadine. To Bernadine sex was the most wonderful thing going. You don't worry about money when you have the most wonderful thing for a hobby. It was no time at all before all the Bar T hands came to feel the same way about it. It was good clean living, healthy work, and a good-paying job. You sure would guess that Harold would come along sooner or later.

"Harold is down from Denver to check the books," Aunt Bessie says, introducing him. He's wearing city pants and a necktie and Bernadine looks him over. Right away each of us figures our playing time is cut by one-sixth; but not one of us complains because we know Bernadine would want it this way. Of course we figure the books are going to be pretty well loused up by the end of the week, but that's not our worry. Tuesday we have a new worry. That evening in the bunkhouse Curly Preiser brings up the delicate subject.

"Anybody have any fun yesterday?" Curly asks. We all look at each other and count the up-raised hands.

"None," Curly says. "Anybody today?"

There's a dead silence and a few boots start shuffling nervously. Curly goes to the calendar and checks the date. "Nope, that ain't it," he announces quietly.

Old Dan hops up. "Who's holdin' out?" he demands. "Fess up now! I don't like this horsin' around."

"Johnny," Curly says, looking at me. "You sure Bernadine didn't drag you into the barn yesterday?"

"No, sir," I told him. "Last time was Saturday night in the orchard. I remember 'cause the little crab apples were all over the ground and —"

"I ain't askin' for details," Curly snaps.

"Bernadine never acted like this before," Old Dan says sadly.

"I think it's Harold," Gimpy Yake mutters. "He's been talkin' a lot to Bernadine."

"Ho!" Jesse laughs. "That ain't the answer. Bernadine don't go for talk."

"Maybe Harold talks different," Curly says softly. All of us sat back to think and this got us nowheres. All I could think of was the apple orchard, blue shorts, and how sometimes she wore a ponytail instead of a bun. Man, she would get that ponytail aswirling and all hell would break loose.

"Johnny," Jesse said. "You don't look like you're doin' the right kind of thinkin'."

"Why don't we ask Bernadine?" Curly suggested. We took a vote and next morning we nabbed Bernadine behind the barn where it's all tromped down nice.

"Morning," she says, looking like somebody's kid sister. Old Dan steps forward.

"How come the supply been shut off?" he inquires in a kindly tone. Bernadine opens her eyes to the half-dollar size.

"What supply you talkin' about, Dan?" she asks sweetly.

"You know what I mean," Dan says. "Ain't one of us had any fun since Saturday."

Bernadine lowers her head, looks at her shoes, and wrinkles that little tilted nose.

"Harold explained it's wrong," she murmurs real serious.

"Wrong!" five voices chorus. Curly leans against the barn and looks sick. Gimpy has to sit down. Old Dan opens his eyes and comes back to the attack.

"But Harold leaves at the end of the week. Then it won't be wrong," he tries.

"Harold is staying," she tells us. "I'm gonna fall in love and marry him. And he told me the vows. I'm being true to him 'til death do us part. Isn't that beautiful?"

Curly leans against the barn again

and almost does get sick. I didn't know my mouth was open until a big damn old moth flies in and out again. Bernadine smiles, pats our hands, and walks away. We pick up Curly and stumble back to the bunkhouse.

By Friday night we knew what had to be done. It was probably Old Dan's idea or Jesse's but any one of us would be proud to claim it. At sunrise Saturday morning we marched Harold out the back bedroom door of the main house. He was wearing a nightshirt and we had no mind to give him time to dress.

"No point to it," Old Dan explained, propping Harold up against the corral fence. "Care for a cigarette?"

"What are you madmen doing?" Harold demanded.

"Who's got a cigarette?" Dan asked, looking around.

"We all gave 'em up," I told him. "Makes you short-winded."

"I forgot," Dan apologized. "Guess Harold will have to settle for a blindfold."

"Don't anyone dare blindfold me," Harold said angrily. Jesse nodded.

"A brave man. OK. Let's go."

Harold watched in amazement as we backed up and formed a neat line facing him.

"One," Dan said. We took deep breaths.

"Two," he called. We crouched slightly.

"Three!" Five hands slapped leather. The shots rang out like one — and Harold naturally was done for. None of us forgot our old trade. We planted him in the flower bed with the petunias and stood around waiting for Bernadine.

"Hope she didn't forget how," Gimpy mused. The rest of us nodded.

That was a month ago and it turned out we'd been worrying in the wrong direction. When Bernadine discovered that death did them part she began to smile again and that ponytail went swinging something fierce. Old Dan passed away in his sleep two weeks ago Wednesday. Out of sheer weariness Jesse missed the top rung of the ladder from the hayloft two nights later. Gimpy chickened out and left for Colorado last Saturday. He was down to 86 pounds and fading fast. His horse never knew when Gimpy was aboard and would just stand in the corral looking stupid.

Curly is painting the sign now and doing a right nice job with the lettering considering he has to left the brush with two hands. HELP WANTED, it says. Not so much with the herding as to pitch in with the chores around the place. Don't bother applyin' if you smoke. Bernadine don't cotton to it.



## A Pair of Concubines

A new translation from the  
*Syntipas* of Andreopulus

tiful women quite naturally caused the farmer's son to lust after them. He shot hot glances at them and when the father was at a distance, he told them what was passing through his mind, but all to no avail. The vision of the slave dealer far outweighed the imagined delights of the young man's embrace.

One day the old man sat napping in the rose garden. His feet hurt him and he slipped off his shoes and called to his son:

"Go to the house and fetch me my slippers," he commanded.

The son started for the house, and on the way an idea occurred to him.

When he entered the house, the first concubine exclaimed, "Why have you come into the house while your father is out in the garden? Such rashness might send us to the slave dealer!"

"Nonsense," laughed the young man. "You see, my father has just consented. He sent me to do that which I have so longed to do with you."

"No!" said the first concubine in disbelief.

"Would that it were true!" cried the second concubine.

"But it *is* true!" said the farmer's son. "I swear that it is."

They would not believe him, and for fear of the slave dealer they drew back when he would have kissed them and they covered their faces.

"Come to the door," he said at last. "We will ask my father so that you may hear for yourselves."

When all three were standing in the door in sight of the farmer, the son raised his voice and called out: "Father!"

The old man stirred and sat up in his garden chair. "Couldn't you find them?" he cried.

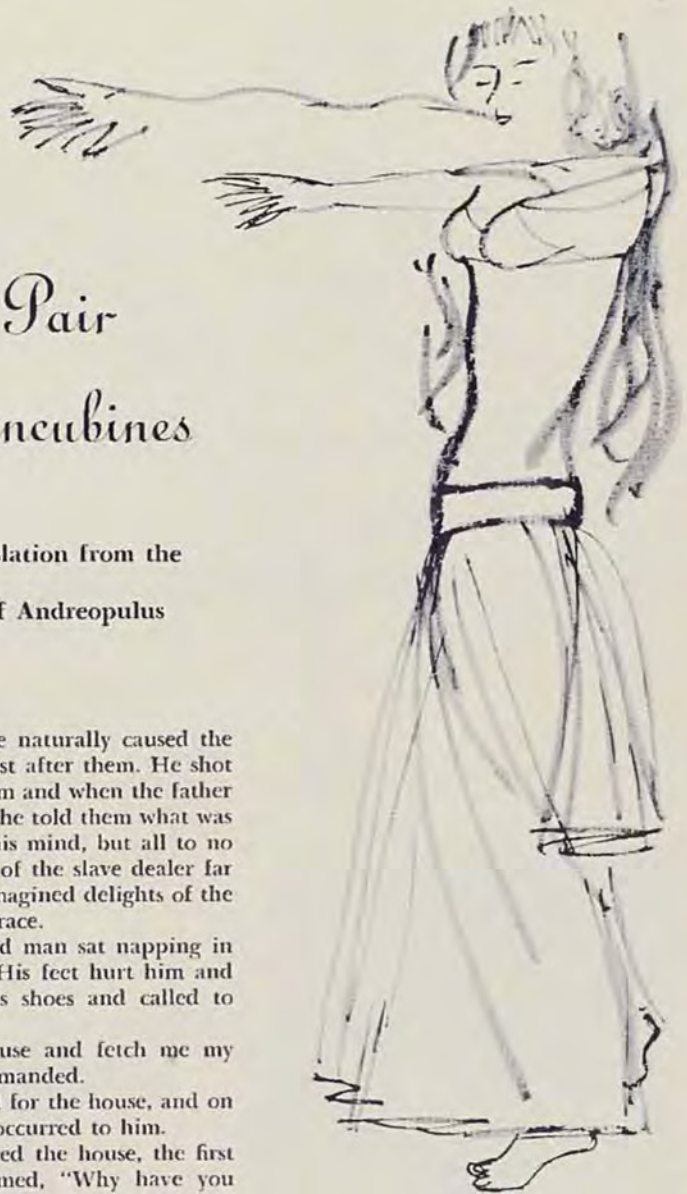
"Did you send me to get both?" called the son.

"Of course, you idiot!" shouted the farmer. "Did you think one would be enough? Both! Both! Both!"

"You see?" said the young man, turning to the two concubines. "Both."

The concubines understood perfectly, and if they wondered at their master's change of heart, they said nothing. They believed firmly in the saying, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth."

— Translated by J. A. Gato



A WEALTHY OLD FARMER in the old days had a handsome son and two voluptuous concubines—a dangerous combination any time.

This farmer never ceased to be on guard lest his son, just reaching manhood, should attempt to sample forbidden charms, and he repeatedly warned him against it. Furthermore, he reminded the concubines again and again that if they ever yielded to the young man, they would be sold to the first slave dealer who passed that way. The concubines, therefore, although the son's youth and beauty tempted them sorely, never gave their master the least reason to suspect infidelity.

The daily proximity of two such beau-

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## HIGH-BRED HYBRIDS

(continued from page 37)

Nash Rambler Palm Beach, the Chrysler K-300, the Dart, the Norseman were some of them. Individually made, their cost was fantastic, a minimum of around \$40,000.

Some of those who drove them thought they were almost worth it. They were beautiful, they were exotic, and they were fast. What more is there? Only handling and history. The thoroughly experienced driver, wedded to firm suspension and quick steering, found them a bit insecure, and the traditionalist found them socially unacceptable: he wanted a car that had behind it decades of elegance, or of race-winning, or of style-setting.

Still, the idea of engine-swapping was no new thing. The British had been doing it for years, and the Allard, one of the most successful racing sports cars of the postwar period, was usually delivered in this country without an engine, so that the purchaser could drop in a Cadillac or a Chrysler, as he chose. Engine-swapping had even been done on a wholly domestic basis: when the Loewy-designed Studebaker appeared, a good many of the *cognoscenti*, enchanted by its lines, were prevented from buying only by the lack of horsepower in the Studebaker engine.

The idea of the transatlantic bastard car had occurred to people in Europe, and after the Paris Automobile Show of 1951 the French Compagnie Facel-Metallon, builders of bodies for the Simca Sport and the Ford Comete, began to consider making a new high-performance car. Before the war, France had produced many such: Bugatti, Talbot, Hotchkiss, Delage, Delahaye. Some of these were still being made, in very small quantity, but they were prewar in conception and design. The Facel-Metallon people wanted something that would be new from the tires up.

By March 1953, a test car was in being, and in November there was a second. Both of them ran 110,000 kilometers in France, Switzerland and Belgium. The final design was shown to the press in July 1954, exhibited at the Paris Show in October, and the first production car was delivered in March 1955. It was called the Facel-Vega.

The Facel-Vega is a genuine high-performance automobile *de grande luxe*. It uses a big Chrysler V-8 engine and transmission, but the chassis is special, a welded arrangement of four-inch tubes; in the coupé model the car is short, at 104 inches only a bit longer than a Nash Rambler. There's a bigger four-door sedan.

In the old tradition of the custom-made automobile, unhappily almost gone now, the Facel-Vega offers numerous options to the buyer: Chrysler auto-

matic transmission, or the magnificent Pont-a-Mousson four-speed manual gearbox, with synchromesh on all gears, reverse included, as an option on the option. Disk brakes, power steering, right-hand drive are all available, and the interior can be finished in any leather or fabric available on the world market. An enormous stack of fitted luggage is tagged at \$350 extra.

A two-seater in the European tradition, the Facel-Vega coupé makes no concessions to three-abreast seating. The two front bucket seats are separated by the necessarily high transmission tunnel, which carries controls for the lights, windshield wipers and windows, the latter electrically raised and lowered. Part of the impression of luxury the Facel-Vega makes derives from the dashboard, a tremendous door-to-door expanse of walnut paneling.

With 360 horsepower available at 5200 revolutions per minute, the Facel-Vega is fast: using a 3.31 axle ratio, the makers claim 0 to 60 mph in 7.5 seconds, a fabulously quick reading, and a top speed of 130. An alternative 2.93 rear end will produce 150 mph, in theory at any rate. Most owners value the car's comfort and agility over its top speed potential, but it's nice to know that the quickness is available. At 150 mph the Facel-Vega joins the legendary likes of the Ferrari Super as one of the fastest passenger automobiles in existence. And at \$7500 the cost is around half, while the exclusivity is not much less. There will never be many Facel-Vegas around, even though the French diplomatic service is to be equipped with them. That's a pity. In a really well-ordered world there'd be one for everybody who wanted it, one for everybody who wanted to know the joy of sliding along a string-straight moonlit road in utter silence, power underfoot to run away from anything, a month's luggage nested under the deck, and someone pretty and amenable in the other seat.

Cousin to the Facel-Vega is the Dual-Ghia, a Chrysler-based Italo-American high-performance car. The Dual-Ghia originated in Detroit when Eugene Casaroli, head of Dual Motors, a subsidiary of the Automobile Shippers firm known as a sponsor of Indianapolis 500 cars, fell victim to the wish for a fast, unique automobile. He made a couple of tentative stabs at it and then asked the Detroit representative of the Italian coach-builder Ghia, Paul Farago, to give the matter some thought. Farago thought for a while, then bought two Dodge D-500 chassis and took them to Italy.

The D-500 Dodge had created a considerable stir when it appeared in 1956. It would accelerate from 0 to 60 mph in 9.6 seconds and in another 40 seconds arrive at 115 mph — and all this with a total weight of over two tons.

In Italy Farago had his two D-500

chassis cut up and reworked in the interests of a lower center of gravity. Ghia designed a typically handsome convertible body, unusual but restrained, and the completed car weighed 200 pounds less than the D-500 Dodge. It was consequently a little faster in acceleration and in getting to top speed, 123 mph. Moving the 230-horsepower engine six inches rearward in the chassis materially improved the car's handling qualities over the parent Dodge. The Dual-Ghia was available with power brakes and steering and automatic transmission at about \$7600 and a production run of 100 was planned. The car went on the market in the middle of 1957. By March of 1958 the last one had been sold and none has been made since. Hoagy Carmichael had one, Dan Topping and Gussie Moran were owners. Gilbert Kahn of the famous New York financial family had one, liked it so much that he said he was sure he could sell six of them to his friends. Frank Sinatra got one, and the car soon became a top prestige symbol and badge of belonging among members of The Clan, the hip set in Hollywood. Peter Lawford and Eddie Fisher picked one up. Tony Curtis said he wanted one too.

Unlike the Facel-Vega, available only as a hard-top, the Dual-Ghia is a convertible. It offers American big-engine performance, American big-scale comfort

(there's room for three in back) with Italian styling, for the last dozen years the world's best. Retaining Dodge suspension, it's not a competitive sports car, but it certainly is a high-performance automobile of unusual grace and beauty.

Out of production now, the Dual-Ghia may appear again next year. Plans are incomplete. The new one would be different in at least two ways: it would be a hard-top, and it would probably cost around \$10,000.

For the man who wants something a little bigger than the Dual-Ghia or the Facel-Vega, say rather more than twice as big, there's the Cadillac Eldorado Brougham. The six-page publicity release announcing the car said nothing about the fact that the 1959 Brougham is being shipped, chassis and shell, to Italy to the famous Farina coach-works for finishing. The styling, although executed by Farina, is basically Fisher, and few onlookers, not noticing Farina's signature-plate on the car, would take it to be anything but standard Detroit.

The Brougham is a limited-production car, and is unique even in its own category in that there are no mechanical options. There is no need for options. The American public wants nothing to do with a stick-shift, understands little about alternative axle-ratios, and everything else is standard: air conditioning

and air suspension, automatic headlight dimmer, power front-quarter windows, power seats and electric door locks and power rear-deck lid. The customer can, however, have anything he likes in the way of interior options.

The Brougham is an all-out attempt at a series-produced luxury automobile of the highest order. It is an enormously comfortable prestige-building carriage, with remarkable suspension characteristics, marvelously good power steering, and the most brutally snobbish horn-tone in the world! It is full of novelties such as a rear-quarter window that slides out of sight when the door is opened, in the interests of easier passenger passage. The Brough is 225 inches long and at \$13,075 costs a little less than the small, or economy model, Rolls-Royce.

That's the field at the moment: Chrysler, Dodge, Cadillac engines; Facel, Ghia, Farina coach-work. If you can't be made happy by a choice from this group you're fussy indeed. However, there is hope for you. Buy a couple of whatever chassis you like, take them to Italy, wander around Turin until you hear the unmistakable sound of hand-held hammers bashing metal, and then go in and talk to the man. Eventually you'll find one who'll listen to you, if you've remembered the important thing, which is: bring money.



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## TIME OF SALADS

(continued from page 70)

For the salad beginner is to seldom use mayonnaise as it comes from the jar. Spreading unmixed mayonnaise on toast is just right for a club sandwich. But for salads the mayonnaise should be softened so it both clings to the ingredients and flows among them. Dilute it with milk, cream or lemon juice, or any combination of these. Use from one to four tablespoons of diluent per cup of mayonnaise. Now and then you will mix mayonnaise with a watery food, like the mandarin orange slices in the shrimp salad recipe that will follow. In such instances, the food itself will provide its own *diluent*, and no other thinning will be necessary. Freshly boiled potatoes in a salad, on the other hand, will not only blot up the mayonnaise but will actually make it thicker than it was when taken from the jar. Around the Rouen area in France, chefs make a potato salad by adding only sweet cream and vinegar to the hot sliced boiled potatoes. As the salad stands, the cream turns into a gentle, enticing cold sauce.

The kinds of individual dressings that you can make from a jar of prepared mayonnaise are practically unlimited. Such additions as capers, chopped tarragon, chopped hard-boiled egg, curry powder, sherry, sour cream, unsweetened whipped cream, chili sauce or chili powder, or even fruit juices or fruits, are only a few of the numberless variations.

Not many amateur chefs make their own mayonnaise these days. If, however, you are enamored of olive oil flavor, you may want to make your own, since the prepared product is processed from comparatively tasteless vegetable oils. Whipping up your own mayonnaise is really a snap if you own an electric blender. You merely drop into the well of the blending machine 1 egg, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1/2 teaspoon salt and a dash cayenne pepper. Mix it at low speed for about 5 seconds. Then, at low speed again, slowly add 1 cup olive oil or other salad oil if you prefer. If you own the type of blender that's fitted with a filler cap, merely remove it and pour the oil through the opening. After the oil has been added, stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 1 tablespoon wine vinegar, and the mayonnaise is ready. Again you can reach for your apothecary jars and add turmeric, dill weed or any spiking ingredient that pleases your fancy, remembering to add a little at a time to taste.

Even easier than mayonnaise is an old pastoral delight, sour cream dressing, especially good with a fish dish like fresh salmon salad. Combine 1 cup sour cream, 2 tablespoons wine vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon onion salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and 2 dashes Tabasco sauce. Stir

it for a minute, and the dressing is ready.

When you make a salad, be conscious not only of flavors, but of textures as well. It's no accident that in one salad recipe after another you'll find diced celery listed as one of the ingredients, because of its tonic crispness. Crinkly lettuce with firm beefsteak tomatoes, hard water chestnuts teamed with tender shrimp, soft pimientos paired with lobster chunks—all these are prime examples of delightful textural juxtaposition.

No man who ever had the right to hold a salad spoon has said anything more important than Sydney Smith in his famous recipe in rhyme for a salad dressing: "Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl, / And half suspected, animate the whole." To keep raw onion half suspected, however, isn't as easy as it sounds. Some fresh onions are much more volatile than others, and when the tear glands begin to flow too energetically, that's an indication to go easy. An onion that's grated will reach other foods in the bowl much more quickly than an onion that's diced or chopped. The most delicate member of the onion family is the thin green herb, the chive. Shallots, the small yellow bulbs that come in quart measures, have a lively yet delicate onion flavor, but must be chopped extremely fine before they can be used in salads; they're usually too small to grate. Scallions should be handled the same way. For those who can't tolerate onions in raw form, onion powder or onion salt may be substituted.

The proficient saladier knows how to turn emergencies into assets. When a recipe calls for two cups diced boiled chicken, and you have only one cup on hand, you won't be fainthearted about substituting cooked ham or tongue or sweetbread or chicken liver or even crab meat. And if you have only one and a half cups of chicken when a recipe calls for two, and you decide to add a half cup of walnuts or chestnuts or frozen pineapple chunks, you'll learn that additions of this type, properly prepared, will invariably be credited to your creative ingenuity rather than to a shortage in your icebox.

Here is a covey of salad-meal recipes, each planned for four portions and guaranteed to garner huzzahs from hungry guests.

### SEASHORE SALAD À LA PLAYBOY

Meat from 2 1-lb. boiled lobsters  
1/2 lb. freshly cooked crab lump  
1 lb. medium-size shrimp boiled  
1/4 cup French dressing  
1 1/2 cups diced celery  
Salt, pepper, celery salt  
1/4 teaspoon paprika  
1 teaspoon horseradish  
Juice of 1 lemon  
2 tablespoons oyster cocktail sauce

- 2 scallions, white part, finely chopped
- ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- ½ head lettuce
- 2 tablespoons capers in vinegar
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- Lettuce leaves

Cut the lobster meat into ½-inch cubes. Examine crab lump, and carefully remove any shell or cartilage. Peel shrimp, and remove veins. In a salad bowl combine the lobster meat, crab lump, shrimp, French dressing, celery, two or three generous dashes each of salt, pepper and celery salt, paprika, horseradish, lemon juice, cocktail sauce, scallions and Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly. Chill in the refrigerator at least one hour. Cut half a head of lettuce into fine shreds. Combine the salad with the lettuce shreds, capers and mayonnaise. Mix thoroughly. Line four dinner plates with lettuce leaves. Spoon salad on lettuce. Garnish salad, if desired, with wedges of hard-boiled egg or wedges of tomato or both.

#### CORNED BEEF SALAD

- ¾ lb. thinly sliced cooked corned beef
- 4 medium-size boiled potatoes, peeled
- 4 medium-size cooked or canned red beets
- 1 medium-size dill pickle
- 4 tablespoons salad oil
- 4 tablespoons garlic-flavored wine vinegar
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped chives
- Freshly ground black pepper, salt
- 2 hard-boiled eggs
- Lettuce leaves

Cut the corned beef into ½-inch squares. Cut the potatoes, red beets and dill pickle the same size. In a salad bowl combine the corned beef, potatoes, beets, dill pickle, salad oil, wine vinegar, mustard and chives. Hold the pepper mill over the bowl, and give the handle a half-dozen turns. Add salt very sparingly, since the corned beef is salty. Toss all ingredients thoroughly. Let the salad marinate in the refrigerator at least 4 to 5 hours. Line cold dinner plates with lettuce leaves. Spoon the salad onto the lettuce leaves. Garnish with wedges of hard-boiled egg.

#### ITALIAN MIXED SALAD

- 2 quarts salad greens
- 1 sweet green pepper, thinly sliced
- 4 whole roasted sweet red peppers from jar, thinly sliced
- 2 small hot green peppers, thinly sliced
- 2 2-oz. jars artichoke hearts in oil, drained
- 2 ¾-oz. jars cocktail mushrooms, drained
- 12 large stuffed green olives
- 6 large black olives
- 2 large tomatoes cut into wedges
- ¼ cup capers in salt

- 1 cup diced celery
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
- 2 2-oz. cans boneless and skinless sardines

The salad greens may consist of any available assortment such as lettuce, romaine, chicory, endive and watercress, cut or torn into medium-size pieces, washed and dried until not a droplet of water shows. Use one of those special wire salad baskets, paper towels or clean cloth towels for drying the greens. In a large salad bowl combine all the ingredients (ice cold) except the sardines. Toss slowly but thoroughly until well blended. The capers in salt will usually obviate the necessity for additional salt. Since the artichoke hearts, roasted peppers and mushrooms are marinated as they come from the jar, no further marinating is required for this salad. Spoon the salad onto the serving plates. Place the sardines on top of each portion.

#### MANDARIN SHRIMP SALAD

- 2 lb. shrimp boiled
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup heavy cream whipped
- 5¼-oz. can water chestnuts, drained
- 11-oz. can mandarin orange segments, drained
- 2 dashes Tabasco sauce
- Salt, white pepper
- Lettuce leaves
- 1 bunch watercress
- 2-oz. jar pimiento strips, drained

Remove shells and veins from shrimp. Slice the water chestnuts as thin as possible. Fold the whipped cream into the mayonnaise. In a salad bowl combine the shrimp, mayonnaise mixture, water chestnuts, orange segments and Tabasco sauce. Add salt and white pepper to taste. Let the salad marinate a half hour

in the refrigerator before serving. Line cold dinner plates with lettuce leaves. Spoon the salad onto the lettuce. Place 2 large sprigs of watercress on each portion of salad at opposite sides of serving plates. Place the pimiento strips on top of salad just before serving.

#### SCALLOP SALAD

- 1 lb. sea scallops
- 1 tablespoon dill weed
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 2 tablespoons salad oil
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 cup diced celery, including leaves
- ½ cup sour cream
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- Salt, pepper, celery salt
- Lettuce leaves
- 8 large stuffed olives

Wash scallops well. Drop scallops into boiling salted water and simmer for 4 minutes. Drain scallops and cut them into slices about ½ inch thick. (Bay scallops may be substituted for sea scallops, when in season. They should be boiled 2 minutes, and left whole.) Put the sliced scallops in a salad bowl. Add the dill weed, grated onion, salad oil and lemon juice. Add two or three generous dashes each of salt, pepper and celery salt. Let the scallops chill in the refrigerator one hour. Add the celery, sour cream and mayonnaise. Mix well. Correct seasoning as needed. Spoon the salad onto lettuce leaves. Cut stuffed olives in half crosswise. Arrange the olives, cut side up, on top of each portion of salad.

You'll find these meals will lead to gustatorial applause. And the delighted reactions of your more delectable guests will help make your summer days salad days in more ways than one.



*"Having lived a rich and full life . . ."*

## SENDER (continued from page 34)

neer, not a mere sailor. "I'm sorry," Sheila said, feeling the flush rise to her face and relieved that the glare of sun would hide her embarrassed color. Involuntarily, instinctively, like the flies which sometimes attacked her in the high grass between her car and the beach, she gazed at his body, an agile, wiry and powerful one, of middle height, with just slightly bowed legs as he stood in the sand, his pants dropped to his ankles and the tee-shirt now pulled over his head. During that quick moment when he could not see her, her eyes fled to the brief clothed part of his body. He looked much stronger, more wiry, bunched and thicker than Fred . . . And the hectic flush rose again to her face. She wanted to jump up, kicking sand, and run for the surf.

"Reason we do this to our tee-shirts, Ma'm, it's a mariner trick, is you know it gets hot, sticky, and you get that salt spray. Hard to get them off unless you can loosen at the neck."

He handed her the tee-shirt to let her admire his sailor's skill at piercing the cloth and threading in a shoelace. It was as if he had read her mind at wondering about it. She could smell him in the cloth as she held it. She let it fall near his pants and the tennis shoes. Abruptly, without warning, just as he had dropped his pants, he now dropped himself in the sand beside her, again talking rapidly to get over the moment of shyness at a new step in this pickup dance which must have been ritual with him. He was too good at it. Sheila resented and admired his boldness, his skill, and especially the way he would mention his friends, saying, "She—I mean *he*," in a cunning correction which somehow made the whole question of sex very important.

With this recognition of jealousy—she did not even know his name!—she became angry. "I'm going in," she said, jumping up in an imitation of his brusqueness and running toward the sea.

"Me too! Wait up!"

Of course! But she ran, laughing, to be first in the boiling white and blue surf, and for an instant felt his hand pursuing her as she slipped away, diving into a rolling wave and grateful for its cooling touch to her fever. It did not count in the water, she decided. She could not be expected to know his touch from that of the sea.

They came out together, ostentatiously separated. But had they really touched? Why this shyness? she thought. Why guilt already for nothing at all?

Perhaps because she did not like his laughter. It had a shrill, almost feminine note in it. It was unlike him.

"What's your name?"

"Larry, didn't I tell you? Engineer

Larry Fortiner, the shrimper's friend, changes kerosene to Cuba rum!" And again that shrill insistent laughter.

She lay back, closed her eyes, and drowsily they talked. The morning sun rose; the stretch of beach was deserted except for an occasional stroller, picking shells—most people went to the guarded beaches. Perhaps she slept for a time; perhaps he slept, too. At least there was a silence of deep consideration between them. She could never recall the act of falling asleep on the beach, but she slept often, because she would return home refreshed, the tumult within stilled for a time, and perhaps ready to help poor Fred feel better after the hurt night and the long hurt exhausted day at the laboratory. Like the days without Larry, this morning passed mostly in dream, and she might then go home to admire the fresh reddish glow of her skin and the newly lightened hair. She would brush and brush her hair until all the sand was out, but she knew it still smelled of sun. The thought made her feel desired; she knew she was. While she dozed, she sensed through her pores the stares of other strange men passing by. Without opening her eyes, she raised one knee, slowly, languidly, giving them the sight in motion of the inside of her thigh against the inside of her thigh. She always wore her black swimsuit for these silent lonely outings.

Silent and lonely! And yet when she moved her legs now she knew the name of an important watcher: Larry. And Larry loved watching. Sheila felt the sun and his hot black gaze pouring over her, probing and pleasing her, so that she lay for a moment spreading in the golden light, and it seemed to her that the invisible secret organs of pleasure were swelling, replying; and then with abrupt shame she thrust her hand between her legs, just as if she were a man, to hide herself; and then remembered that she was a woman and nothing could be seen and the hand fluttered away.

She opened her eyes, smiled, shook her head, sat up, and said, "My Lord. The sun must be . . . I've got to get home, Larry."

And burned fiercely inside.

And went on, staring at him with a sun-dazzled boldness. "You must be, on that shrimp boat of yours—you seem to be tan all over—do you—?"

"Say it. Spit it out, Sheila."

When had she told him her name? When had he begun using her name so casually?

"Do you work on shipboard without clothes? Without clothes at all?"

He threw back his head to laugh, the sun glinting on the oily black hair, his thick eyebrows gleaming, and the hair

of his body and the slightly bowed legs glittering with salt slick; and somehow now she did not mind the high note of his laughter.

The rest happened very rapidly, but Sheila did not object either to being a classic case. He asked her to go with him now to his hotel in town. She lowered her eyes and shook her head. He seemed to expect this, and was willing to allow her to shower, to make preparations. He paused a moment. He asked her to meet him later in the afternoon, in about three hours—at his hotel, in room 318, just go straight up. She did not need to run the risk of being seen with him.

"No," she whispered.

"Let's say two o'clock. I'm an impatient man."

"Oh no, please Larry, don't!" she said, shaking her head violently.

"Why not? We understand each other pretty well already, in fact we agree." He showed his teeth in a smile without humor. "I know we agree. So why not, Sheila?"

"Well . . . Well . . ." Head lowered, face hot. "I have a jealous husband."

And again his high infuriating laughter. Sheila, who was mobilized for communication with him, knew the reason for his amusement. Her words were a seal to the agreement, and they both knew it, for she had said, "I have a jealous husband"; not *I'm married, I won't*, but simply, "I have a jealous husband. . . ."

*But if I could!*

And so quickly he made plans for her. She was to take the Renault in for a change of oil, leave it, go down Front Street to the Tides Hotel; he lived on the third floor, she could walk up the alley stairway—"Agreed?"

Swept along, it seemed inevitable. She nodded yes. She got up and gathered her towel, sunglasses, slippers. She felt a congested adrenaline pout filling her lips. Larry's nasal voice and angry eyes altered her blood as the weight of Fred's body could only rarely do.

"One thing more before you go," he said. He was looking at her solemnly, standing with his hands on his hips, rocking slightly in the sand on those dark, strong, slightly bowed legs. "I've been at sea a long time, Sheila. I'm rough, but that's OK. You want that. But it means something, honey: Do not disappoint me, hear?"

"I'll be there, Larry."

"Hear me now?"

"I said so, Larry."

"Don't change heads on me when you're safe at home."

"Don't threaten me!" she cried, shaken and near tears with excitement, and turned toward the high grass where her car was parked. Then she faced around to where Larry stood, watching her thoughtfully and pulling his jeans back

on. "I do what I want," she said quietly. "I haven't wanted this before, but now I do. So I'll do exactly what I want."

The last thing she saw was his casual grin and wave as she slipped onto the scorched seat of the little 4-CV. The motor barked as she spun in a half-circle and fled up the dirt road to the highway. While in town she could also have the tailpipe replaced.

Home after this long morning in the sun. Sheila found it past lunchtime already. She had a headache compounded of sun, hunger, excitement. She made herself a salad with bits of cheese and long slices of cucumber, and ate even the rye cracker with relish (a gesture toward protecting her weight), and then, for pure high spirits, allowed herself a slice of the lemon pie she had bought for Fred the day before. As if a curtain had been dropped, her headache was blocked away. She felt merely drowsy and satiated in the pleasure of return to the familiar rooms, filled with the comforts of her 10-year marriage, after a tricky and dangerous adventure. The best part of this strange morning was that nothing had been altered.

Not yet.

She showered, considering this yet. With the relief of lunch and a shower, she thought back on the morning as if it were pleasant ancient history. It

seemed complete already. Afterwards, wrapped in a robe and ready for a nap, she took an aspirin, not because she had the headache again, but just in case.

No, she thought, of course she would not meet him.

What nonsense!

What foolishness!

No, she did not like his laughter. And though his legs were powerful and rippled tautly, she found the slight bow obscene to contemplate now in her cool shaded cottage. And the hairs all over his body. And his nasty yellow teeth. And that laugh again! Deliciously she shivered with the fright of what she almost did, might have done, perhaps even someday would do.

And with this renewal of her sense of daring pride, her head turned on the pillow and she slept.

A long time she slept. She slept right through the time when she was supposed to meet Larry. Well, too bad. Awakening, she lay slugabed, rubbing her scalp with the pads of fingers, as you are supposed to do, especially when you've had too much sun. Too bad about Larry. Too bad about his waiting for her. Men are such pigs, so eager and greedy for the great struggle, and then so sure of themselves, complete, silent and insufferable afterwards. Let him be sorry! It would be a lesson for his huge male conceit. Next time he would be

careful when he preyed on a woman's loneliness.

So she got up to prepare dinner, making the small housewifely gestures of straightening the house, pulling the blind against the late afternoon sun, emptying the ashtrays, setting the table. Then she put a stack of Frank Sinatra records on the machine and sat down to do her nails. She used colorless polish; she was proud of her taste. (She also preferred late Sinatra and early Anita O'Day.) Just as she heard Fred's car pulling onto the gravel—she kept her Renault in the carport, he left the other car outside—the telephone rang. She knew, she knew, and she ran to get it.

"Please, you're late. What happened? I've been waiting and waiting." His voice had a hurt urgency that made it very different from the drawling nasal one on the beach.

"No," she hissed, watching the door for Fred, "no, no, I've decided no—don't call here again."

"Please, honey."

"No!"

"You promised me, Sheila."

"It was a mistake. Now don't bother me again, it was just a terrible mistake. I'm sorry if I—oh, why should I have to apologize to you? Just don't bother me again."

There was an instant of silence. In this silence she could feel his arrogance



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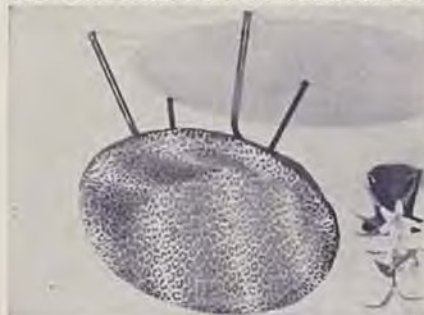
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flowing back, and now abruptly she saw him again on the beach, shocking her by ripping at the snaps and dropping his pants. And over the telephone came that shrill laughter, almost like a woman's, and she was abruptly grateful for her narrow escape, that prudence which had protected her from the sun-twisted, fleeting desires of the beach. A bow-legged sailor with oily hair all over his body and a womanish giggle! She hung up on him while he was still laughing.

Putting away the garden tools, puttering outside, admiring his little property before going in to the risks of troubled marriage, Fred gave her a moment to gather her calm like black netting about her, revealing and not revealing, ready. She was impatient to see him, and finally ran outside. "Darling, whatever are you doing? Don't worry about the plants, I'm waiting for you!" She wrapped her arms lightly about his shoulders and kissed him, mouth and tongue, and then, smiling, pulled away the upper part of her body. "Why don't you take a shower, darling? Of course I like your big bad male smell, but it's been a long day. While you wash up I'll have a drink out for the both of us. OK?"

"What a rush!" He grinned, rising at once to the unexpected boon of her good spirits. "What have you been doing? I see a fresh sunburn under your tan —"

"Just waiting for you, darling. Hurry now," and she got behind him and put both hands on his rump and playfully pushed him, talking train. "Choo! choo! choo! We're heading in to clean up the great scientist!"

Fred's wanness passed over to good cheer and gratitude under her happy welcoming mood. Oddly enough, his jacket pockets did not seem to sag when he smiled, was joshing and gallant, clinked glasses. She did not resent his pale, untanned face, because when he took off his glasses she could see that he had managed to get some sun anyway: the browned cheeks contrasted with the pale, bluish pouches under his eyes. "Honey," he said, "you're full of vinegar, you even spilled your bottle of nail polish. Want to go into town for a movie?"

"Let's just stay home," she murmured, "and . . . and . . ."

"I'll help you clean up the polish," he said.

And she was touching, touching, touching him, and they were slipping down. They made love on the cold tiles of the inside patio floor in the heat of the Florida summer evening. With fierce gratitude Sheila clutched the dear straining face looming over her, and feeling the icy smoothness of tile against her sunburned back and against the flesh of her buttocks, an unprecedented marvel of desire came to dwell in her; she believed that she loved Fred, had always loved

Fred, only only Fred. Breathless and gasping, she asked him to carry her to bed afterwards. He smiled and was strong enough to do it. Dreamily she kissed him, many light sleepy kisses now, grateful and dreaming, and then turned to sleep.

Lucky Fred, lucky Sheila.

Poor Larry, poor boy, she thought. Hunting on the endless beach. Tanned sailor with sly tobacco smile and powerful bowlegs. No, engineer on the shrimper, not sailor, and his jeans full of lazy money. Tribute of his hurt voice on the telephone. A history of hurt desire in that hard calculating face. He couldn't take his eyes from the inside of her thighs. That black suit looked swell on her — no, charming, not swell. Vulgar word. Piquant. Pec-kwunt. Adorable. Those are words for thighs rising to grip Fred's shoulders. Larry's mean laughter. Oily hair all over him. Why he even dared to touch her in the boiling surf.

Maybe that's what a wife needs to be loyal to her husband and content with him — the ardent, angry, dangerous tribute of a pickup on the beach.

Foreplay, she believed it was called.

They, Sheila thought bitterly. They won't let you be happy. You have to pay and pay and pay in this hard life. It was as if the decision had been made on some fiery beach in the underworld.

But the devil was not They. It was simply He.

The next morning, shortly after a tender silent breakfast — Sheila had got up to squeeze the juice for Fred — just a few minutes after Fred left for work, the first special delivery letter came.

*. . . For God's sake, after what we have meant to each other, you can't just break it off now. You came into my life like a gift I did not deserve, but you just tear yourself away. You can't. I know you don't really want to break with me. . . .*

And on like that. Ever yours as always, Larry. She recognized the game at once. Blackmail. But the question was: when would he stop? Was he crazy or merely malicious? Did it make any difference which?

Impulsively she ran to the telephone and dialed his hotel. Breathlessly she shouted at him over the telephone. "I know your trick! Don't! You have no rights on me! How can you take advantage of a woman without defense?" And then, struggling to master herself, "Please, Larry, I beg you. It was fine to meet you like that, you were handsome —" She tried cunning to match his. She purred in a voice she recognized as her last-night's voice on the tile. "You were so attractive I didn't know what I was saying. I was tempted. You're so — but please now, Larry, my self-respect . . . You know I'm a mar-



ried woman."

He answered, "I'm waiting for you. I'll stay in this hotel. I want you. I must have you, Sheila. You promised. For God's sake, for my sake and your sake —"

"Oh please!"

"Even for your husband's sake —" And the steady ardent courting voice suddenly broke to shrill laughter. It was no use. She hung up.

Was it her imagination, or did the postman have a nasty little grin on his face when he came with the second special delivery letter? It was very short this time.

*Deep within my loneliness I kiss again in memory the little mole on the highest tender part of your left thigh. Darling I need you.*

She did not go out all day. She locked the doors and pulled the blinds, though she believed that he would not approach the house. She stared into space and jumped at each creak, and she pulled the plug of the electric clock because she could not stand to watch the second hand turning, turning, going noplacé, and finally Fred came home, and then it was worse because she had to pretend for Fred while she felt the black bile of anxiety welling up within her at every sound. Was it the postman again? Would the telephone ring? How could she explain to Fred if Larry took it into his head to report about the mole which must have showed just at the elastic line of her swimsuit?

Shouldn't she just tell Fred the truth? The truth wasn't so bad. He should be able to forgive a momentary weakness that came to nothing. But after their quarrels, his suspicions, her habit of running to the beach when there was trouble between them . . .

In his dry way Fred would ask for an explanation of her passionate demand for him yesterday evening. It would spoil everything; it would sink them.

She was not a brave woman, she would admit it to anyone. She was a coward. All right. Perhaps she should tell Fred, and maybe Larry would tire of his tormenting of her and just go back to his shrimp boat. Eventually he would have to go. Perhaps he would have mercy. At least the early evening passed without another letter, without a telephone call.

Before 10 o'clock, before Fred had even finished his newspaper, Sheila could stand it no longer and threw herself into his arms. "Oh love me, love me, love me," she wept.

"I do, darling. But what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"What is it?"

She could not speak. She would protect Fred: He would go away. "Nothing," she said, "just love me and take

care of me, darling, hurry, please —"

When she awakened next morning, she was convinced that she had done the right thing. Larry wanted to frighten her, but not to destroy her. He knew very well how to send a letter so that it would arrive in the evening, or to telephone in the evening and arouse Fred's suspicions . . . She felt almost grateful to Larry, as the prisoner is said to be flooded with love when his tormentor stops hurting him. Oh she would be good to Fred now! Oh she would be kind! He deserved it; he had been sweet, loving, understanding during these last terrible days.

*Understanding.* She smiled wryly. Men don't need to understand very much to be ardent, understanding.

And then the postman rang again. And the day passed. And the evening.

And the next day again. Another letter. Sheila thought that she would break, but she found strength in herself that she did not suspect. She did not crack. She spent the entire day indoors, waiting, wondering if Larry would go to the trouble of getting Fred's address at the laboratories and writing directly to him. She wondered if he would dare to call Fred there. She figured out things to say to Fred, speeches of justification; she imagined scenes of confession and reconciliation. But she did not dare.

She had come to need Fred's love and trust as she never suspected she could. Her self-love, her control of Fred, her dreams of better men and better fates for pretty little Sheila had disappeared

under this threat to the entire structure of her life. One morning she labored and panted and struggled to turn the big mirror to the wall. She did not want to look at herself. She had strange belly weaknesses and pains. Perhaps it had really happened at last and she was pregnant. She ran to the mirror to see if her silhouette had altered, but someone had turned the big mirror to the wall.

And still the letters kept coming.

Each night she studied Fred's face. It was bland and peaceful. Surely he knew nothing. But he was deep, he had quietnesses within him that she only now suspected. It seemed curious to her that he never discussed his work at the laboratory. When she asked him, he said, "Why, I just didn't know you were interested. You haven't asked me in years."

"Tell me! Tell me everything that's on your mind!"

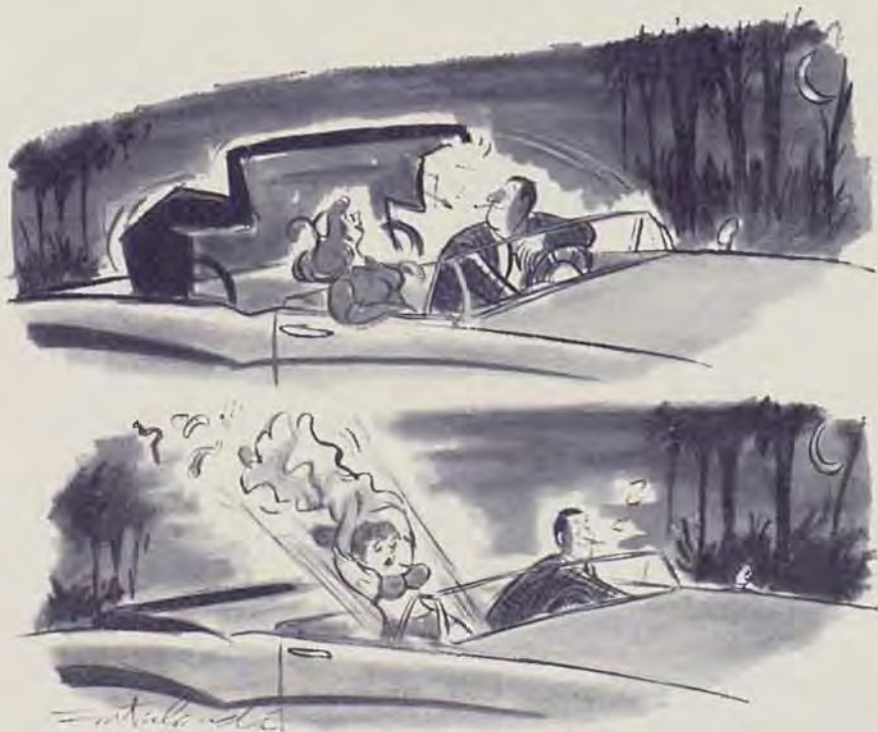
He smiled and stroked her hair. "Kitten," he said, "you're a ruffled little kitten these days. What's on *your* mind?"

If she were only pregnant, that might explain everything—or it might make it horribly worse.

And still the letters kept coming.

When the resolution to her problem occurred to her, it seemed so easy and inevitable that she could not understand why she had balked at it for so long. She telephoned the hotel. "All right, you win," she said. "I'll be there at two this afternoon."

"Thank you, thank you, darling," said his now grave voice, and then with



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the nasal imperative note that was the next thing to his fierce laughter: "For God's sake don't disappoint me this time." And then the hilarity: "You are overdue!" And finally the churning high laughter.

She went. She remembered that oddly pleasant, oddly unpleasant kiss of adrenaline at her lips, and with her anticipation both the swelling pout returned and her bewilderment at it. She was 10 minutes early, but he was waiting. She parked her red Renault down the street and walked a block in the heavy mid-day heat, dazzled, blinking back tears behind her dark glasses. With a little shock she discovered that it was easy to blink back the tears. There was relief. There was a purpose and hope. Anything to drain him, diminish him, shut him up!

His room was unlocked. She opened the door, closed it behind her, turned, and said calmly, "All right, Larry." It was as if the events of the last week had made them old friends.

He was lying on the bed in the same clothes he had worn when they first met on the beach. He turned on his side without getting up. "Take off your clothes slowly," he said, "and then come here and help me undress."

With an unwinding shiver of release and gratification, she understood that she would now do anything, anything he wanted, and that this passive and brutal control of her was something that, deep within her angry heart, she had always sought and no man had given her before Larry. That night on the tiles with Fred, she had been in fear of herself and what she might do; now she was in fear of Larry, but this dread was a strange sweet excitement that said, Fear nothing, obey!

Silent urging, clenched teeth, throbbing heat, very hot... It was over very quickly. He rolled away from her without a word. He got up, dressed, and went out. She understood that he wanted her to be gone when he returned.

She hurried, feeling soiled, and left without washing. But now at last she could return to the beach. She would swim in the salt and cleanse herself. She would take the sun again.

Downstairs in the lobby, she found to her surprise that she could look in the mirror. No, she was not soiled. No, she was not pregnant either; that had been morbid fantasy. In the mirror on the elevator door stood a lovely young woman with a hectic flush on her face and her shoulder-bobbed blonde hair tousled. The way a light cotton dress clings to the hips is significantly different among women, and Sheila could see even in this rumpled state that hers clung nicely, sweetly, clingingly. It has something to do with the hips. It even has something to do with the quality

of the dress. But mostly, Sheila decided, it is the walk, the way a girl carries herself, her pride in her ability to seize and draw a man so that he can never never forget her or make do with anyone else, never, no matter where he goes after they pay him his share of the load of shrimp.

She listened to the clack of her heels smarting down the pavement toward the little red Renault. She swam that afternoon; she came home tired and content and at peace. At last it was over, and Fred did not know.

Such innocence! While they were having dinner, the telephone rang and Sheila seized it and heard a tumult of compliments, of wonderful flattery and recollections of the afternoon. "I don't want any! Leave me alone!" she shouted, and hung up.

"What is it, Sheila?" Fred asked.

"Oh nothing, nothing. Telephone salesman wants to know..."

"What, Sheila?"

"If we want to buy something! What difference does it make?" she almost screamed. "I'm sorry, Fred, I have the jitters and when you pester me with questions—"

A long slow puzzled look was passed across the table from Fred to her. She felt it like an almost physical transaction. "I wasn't pestering you," he said mildly, and bent to his plate.

Sheila tried to eat, but the diced carrots kept falling off her fork. She had to pierce them like little hearts, and still they fumbled, fell. She looked up and caught Fred staring at her, but he said nothing and she was afraid to ask what he was thinking.

The next day there were no telephone calls or letters, but that evening, after dinner, the postman came with a special delivery letter. She managed to intercept it and tell Fred it was the drugstore with some pills she had ordered. He seemed to accept this.

"But why don't you let me bring them home from the laboratories?" he asked. "If it's sleeping pills, well, I know the fellows working on that project—it's big business, you know. They're constantly being improved. New compounds. I know one of the boys on—"

She believed that Larry would never finish with her. One letter came the next morning. And then the next evening. And the next. And they kept coming in the evening. Sheila tried getting Fred to go out every night, and then while he parked in the carport—she now gave up the space to his sedan—she would run to the front door and intercept the notice at the mailbox, "A Special Delivery Letter has been placed under your door," and open the door and get the letter before Fred caught up with her.

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like this. We mean too much to each other. You must not stop now. You must make arrangements, you must. . . .

Must, must, must! She wanted to scream. He was torturing her, and although she was always on the edge of confessing to Fred and pleading for his mercy, she never could. She would plan, resolve, make a little speech, weep . . . But she never delivered the speech. Once in the middle of the night she woke up with a suspicion. The reason she had gone to Larry, the reason she could not ever tell Fred, was that she wanted to go. Her new dependence on Fred was a gift from Larry, and this was why she could never confess it to Fred and ask his forgiveness. It was Larry who had moved her to Fred with love at last.

. . . Dearest darling, it won't hurt if once more, once more in a lifetime of missing each other, we feel again what we mean for each other, what we do for each other. I've never known a woman like you, and you know you told me (I hear your voice again and again through the sleepless nights) how no other man has been able to stir you as I have. What is the right of a husband compared with the rights of desire?

Oh he was clever! He must have spent his days with pen and paper, writing and rewriting and copying these crazy lovenotes. She called him once more. She tried pleading, sarcasm, threats. "It's filthy of you! I could tell the police —" All she received in answer was his wild gift of laughter. But she would not go to him now, no more! She knew him. Merciless he was.

Exactly when Fred began to suspect, she was not certain. Perhaps it happened when she had looked up to find him staring at her after the first evening telephone call. (Now, when the calls came, she would say, "Wrong number. This is the Frederick Wayne residence.") Perhaps he had intercepted one of the letters and simply lacked the courage to say anything. That would be like Fred, she thought. Maybe it was just his dour, depressed suspiciousness in operation. An odd change had taken place. He began to make love more frequently. She never thought that Fred would react this way to jealousy. He insisted greedily, pursued, rose over her with a fevered will. But she knew it was sick. His lovemaking had a quality, enraged and furtive, that she had never felt in him — not love, but a thin sick fury.

"Are you all right? Do you feel well?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, and turned over. He admitted nothing, no matter how she probed. She would almost have welcomed an accusation, and then per-

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haps she could confess. He turned back and peered into her face in the darkness. "Yes, I feel fine. You, darling? You? Something on your mind?"

She said nothing. The unbearable suspense somehow was borne. The telephone calls kept coming. The letters. At different times. Sometimes a day would pass without a letter or a call, and then she had to wonder if Fred had received it instead.

One evening she lay sleepless, panting and crushed beneath Fred's now ferocious insistence. He had exhausted himself in a sick transport of sex, rising again and again, like a tormented boy, and now he lay breathing shallowly by her side. Then he got up. He put on the lamp. "Ohh!" he said, and touched himself with both hands.

"What's the matter, Fred?"

"Just an ache." He had a wry, wan smile on his face. "Very frequent phenomenon. A pain from excess of . . . too much of . . . Happens very often."

"Are you getting an aspirin?"

"No, no, it's the best kind of pain. Goes away with rest. Many men would be proud . . . No, I feel fine, darling, I'm just getting up to find you a sleeping tablet. I notice you have trouble sleeping these days, and we've been working on this new compound —"

"I don't want it!"

He took two pale green pills, wrapped in tissue paper, out of his briefcase. He said, "It's not habit-forming. It hasn't been released to the general public yet."

"No, no, I don't want any!"

"Take them!" he commanded.

"There's something I've got to tell you first, Fred. I can explain it if you'll only let me —"

"Tomorrow, tomorrow. There's all the time in the world for explaining. Here, open your mouth now."

And in some deep dim way she knew that Fred had become strong enough to take control of her life. She accepted the tablets from his fingers. Yes, at last she was willing. He had a glass of water ready by the bed. Yes, let Fred decide. She was tired. Yes, willingly she now gave Fred the right. She felt his fingers place the capsules on her tongue, caress her lips, and then, as if to press the wakefulness away, brush across her eyes to close them. She knew how lovely she would look to him, stretched out at peace on their bed.

The letters kept coming; the telephone jangled. The last note said:

*I haven't heard from you in a week now, darling. What has happened? Why don't you answer the telephone? Where have you been?*

This letter was sent back to Larry Fortiner at the Tides Hotel with a routine stamp on the envelope: RETURN TO SENDER. ADDRESSEE DECEASED.

## OK, SO I'M A COOKOOBOO

(continued from page 50)

one particular romance get too hot, and that way she kept the entire wolf-pack in tow.

One morning, I was sitting on the sea wall when she came over and asked if I would give her a lift into L.A. She pouted when I told her "no." Then, two days later, we went swimming together. There was nothing premeditated about it, we just happened to be setting out for the ocean at the same time. She swam like a champion, I had a job to keep up. Half a mile out we turned and floated on our backs. Suddenly she went tense, I grabbed her as she started going under.

"What happened?" I asked, holding her.

She gave a quick, pale smile. "Nothing, forget it."

But she started to cry. A minute later, she said:

"Do you ever feel like swimming out till you're so beat that you drown?"

"Hell, no."

"I felt like that just now." She snuffled. "Life can be lousy at times, can't it?"

"It's never that bad."

"Maybe not, for a man. But for a woman —"

We trod water. Then her mood switched again. Threshing up against me, she slipped her arms round my neck and kissed me. We both nearly went under this time.

"Salt kisses," she laughed. "Like them?"

Before I could answer she was off, heading shoreward. I followed, and we hit the beach on a big sandbuster. We retrieved our towels and dried in silence. Then she spread out her towel.

"Let's sit down," she said.

I sat. A minute passed. She trickled sand through her long fingers, smiling a sad faraway smile.

"I'm a widow," she began. "But let's not go into that now."

Let's not, I thought.

In that sudden way of hers, she gripped my arm, saying, "I'm in trouble. Real trouble. He keeps threatening me, following me. Well, not threatening, really. But — you'll never believe me."

I didn't speak.

"He might be watching us, this minute, from the palisades. Through a telescope. That's the kind of thing he'd do. He's quite mad, of course."

I watched her dead, empty face without feeling a thing.

"He's a real gone cuckoo. Remember that time I asked you to give me a lift? I had to visit a girlfriend from my home state. Before coming here, I'd given her apartment as a forwarding address. That devil got hold of it and followed me out. He's trailed me to this beach. Yesterday

I saw him, he was watching me have a coffee in a drugstore. He —"

She put her hands over her face.

I said: "There are such things as the cops —"

"You think I haven't tried them?" she exploded. "But he doesn't do anything. Just watch me, follow me. Sometimes he calls me on the phone, then doesn't say a word. The first time I ever met him, it was back in Kansas City, he —"

"I don't want to hear about it," I said.

"But I'm in a fix, I don't know what to do."

"Look, sweetie, tell your troubles to Jesus. There's nothing I can do about them."

"But I thought you'd understand, help —"

"Sorry, baby."

I stood up. She followed, picking up her towel. We headed back toward our pads. Near my gate she stopped and gave me a look of complete contempt.

"You're just another heel," she spat.

Before I could bounce that one back where it might hurt she was off and running. I watched her rush into the Green Chalet and slam the door. She was flaming mad, crazy as a hoot owl. And you know something? It didn't bug me at all.

But next day —

On the beach. It had crept into me like a germ overnight, making me restless and irritable. I saw her leave her shack and set up shop with her towel and radio, and it left me cold (I thought). I watched the wolf-pack surround her, and didn't feel a thing (I told myself). The hell with her and her corny line. So she'd given some moron the old come-on, like she was doing right now with those cowboys, like she had tried with me the previous afternoon. So the poor schmo was hooked. So why should I bother. Let her go peddle her cookies someplace else, huh?

But the irritability grew. I don't know exactly how it happened, but around noon the solution was firmly lodged in my skull. I needed a drink. What was wrong with having a couple of beers? Old Prof was right, get down off that cloud, son, and start living. You chicken, or something? The moment I decided to do something about it, the tension, the irritation, began to slip away.

I headed for the bar at the end of the pier, feeling like a yogi who has just hit the umpteenth beatitude.

"Welcome aboard, neighbor."

"Whah, yuh old cottonpicker, this is a surprise."

"Hey, whatever this guy's having, it's on me."

"And me —"

"He don't pay for a thing. You got that, bartender?"

They were all there, my buddies. Joe and Moose and Mississippi Jim. The first few beers went down like spring water in a desert. The bar became an oasis, a happy oasis. Then the Professor came in with a gentleman angler from Avalon, who insisted we all switch to highballs. The guy soon got nostalgic about the great fishing days off Catalina, when Zane Grey and Mack Sennett were still around, and we argued back that the fishing was just as good today, if you knew where to look for it, and we argued back and forth, and the drinks came and went, and the afternoon slipped by in a happy blur.

The sun was eating into the horizon when we left the bar, weaving back to our pads through a haze of gaudily colored tuna and marlin that made wild leaps and crazy headlong rushes through the bright green seas of our minds. Someone had a bottle of Jack Daniels, and there was talk of going back to Joe's to kill it. Maybe it even worked out that way, but not for me. Because the next thing I knew I was stretched out on my cot like a snoring corpse, and then my

mind snapped out like a fused lamp.

Consciousness crawled back in a darkened room. I figured out the time from the luminous face of my bedside clock. Nine. I got up, rubbing the ache in my shoulders. A nerve was doing a mambo in my right temple. If I'd known how, I would have gladly died on the spot.

Solution: Joe. Drink in Joe's pad. Great guy, Joe, great crip. Finest crip a guy could ever meet. Not a shred of self-pity in him anywhere, gutsy as they came. Swell neighbor, fine example to entire community. Great community down here on beach, swellest spot you ever pitched your tent on. No need to move ever. Go see Joe, see crip buddy. Get drinkee. Drinkee fix everything, clarify picture.

OK, quick march. Square off. Go —

It was thickly dark outside. But the night breeze was kind to my throbbing temple, the unseen surf crashed harmoniously against the shore. It was swell to be pushing through the night, walking toward a bottle and a pal. A pal and



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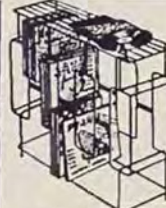
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a bottle, my old self again. No longer scared of taking a drink, of getting involved with a strange woman. Woman. I saw her light burning a few yards away. Woman. I'd tell her, I'd lay it on the line. This is a quiet beach, I'd tell her, we don't want no bitchin' redheads lousing up the joint. No, sir. Tell her to head up the coast and not leave a forwarding address. Let her go up to Frisco, that was a good place for phonies. Or Carmel, that's where the real nuis flourished. Tell her to go up there with the fakes, and dazzle them with that square bit about being chased from state to state by an ape man, and leave us simple, uncomplicated Southern Californians to our fishing and our liquor and our laughs.

I tried her door. It was unlocked, so I walked into her living room. Her face swam in a circle of lamplight.

"OK, relax," I told her. "It's only me, come to give you best piece of advice you've ever had."

She stood up, saying, "Are you all right? Here, sit down. Can I get you anything?"

"Whiskey. Neat. Take your hands off. Won't sit down. Prefer to stand."

I sat down.

"Let me fix you a coffee."

"Hell with coffee. Whiskey."

She was heading toward her kitchen when there was a sudden ringing. I stared at the phone. I reached out a hand.

"Don't," she said quietly. "Don't answer it. It's —"

I stared at her, blinking.

"Please don't. He's been trying to get through all day. If I answer he doesn't say a word, just breathes —"

The phone continued to ring.

"And you stand for it?" I said thickly. "Boy, am I going to give that nut a mouthful."

"No, please." She rushed over, her hair spilling wildly around her shoulders. "You've been drinking. You're not yourself. Let me handle this."

But I had lifted the receiver.

"Who dat?" I asked, shaking her hand off my arm. "Speak up, punk. I can't hear you."

"For God's sweet sake," the redhead implored, "hang up."

But nothing could stop me now.

"Listen, punk. You're not talking to a woman now, punk. What kind of a man are you, anyway? Trying to scare a woman like that. I'll tell you something, punk. Listen, I got news for you." I timed the words carefully. "You revolt her. You make her sick to the stomach. She says you've got a face like an ape's. Got that, punky? You turn her gut over every time she thinks about you. So hang up. Blow."

The voice, when it came, was different from anything I'd expected.

"Finished talking, pally?" it asked,

noncommittally. "OK, then get this. I'm coming over to collect her in five minutes. Tell her to start packing. We're leaving on the next bus out of this dump."

The line went dead. I hung up.

"What did he say?" the redhead asked in a low voice.

"That he's coming here to collect you. And when he does, I'm going to push his teeth down his neck."

She started pacing the room, barely looking at me. "You must go. You must leave at once, you hear? Listen, I don't want you to be around when he arrives, is that clear?" I refused to budge, and she went on: "You fool, you stupid fool. He's a maniac, he's capable of doing anything."

"You think I'd leave you alone with a guy like that on the rampage? Don't you worry, doll, I'll fix him."

"Oh, you fool," she said again. "You stupid fool."

The door opened slowly. He stood there, a great animal of a man, squinting into the lamplight. He was rocking from side to side, a strange grin on his ugly puss, rocking to the music that seemed to be playing inside his head.

"OK, honey, you're coming home," he said, ignoring me. "There's a bus out in fifty minutes. You and me are going to be on it."

"You keep away from her," I said, rising, my fists bunched. "Persecuting the kid like that, calling her on the phone and then not talking, chasing her from state to state when she hates your guts. What right have you to follow her around like that?"

"Shut up, junior."

"I won't shut up. For days you've been pestering her, following her into drugstores, monkeying around on the phone —"

The guy kicked the door shut and lumbered into the center of the room. The redhead watched him uneasily. Suddenly he began to laugh, his great body shaking as the laughter roared out of him.

"Jesus, this is funny." He looked at me, the tears streaming from his eyes. "Is that what she told you? Is that really what she told you? Oh, my God, that's funny."

His laughter really made me mad. I stepped forward, tightening my fists. This made him laugh all the more.

"Oh, no, and now sonny-boy wants to fight me for persecuting this poor, defenseless woman. Chee, that's rich. OK, man, if it's a fight you're after, never let it be said that Jack Rafferty didn't oblige. Take this for a commencement, son."

He struck out at my heart and a flash of pain seared through my body. I was real mad now, and I let him have it, swinging in with both arms. This made

him laugh all the more, and, countering my blows, he started slapping me around the head, still laughing like crazy.

"Ho, ho, ho," he bellowed. "Take that, and that, and that." We danced around like a corny ballet, with him taking casual swipes at me and laughing his big, stupid head off. "Haw, haw, take that, and that —"

A crunching blow on the jaw sent me toppling backward.

"Had enough, pal?" the big ape asked, grinning. "OK. Now may I take my ever-lovin' wife home to her three kids?"

"Wife?" I asked through thickening lips. "Kids?"

"Sure. I don't know what she told you, pal. But then I just blew into town. So I called her from the bus terminal, natch. And you gave me all that bull about me trying to scare her." He started laughing again. "Scare her? Most of the time she scares the living daylights out of me. The stories she dreams up. Chee, what imagination. This kid," he said proudly, "is a walking soap opera." He put his arms around her and drew her fondly to his body. "But I'm crazy about her. Besides which, somebody's got to wash the diapers and cook my meals." He tweaked his wife's nose affectionately. "OK, doll, pack your duds. We're going home."

I looked at the redhead. She averted her face, and hurried into the bedroom. I got to my feet, swaying, my head ringing like a telephone switchboard on Christmas Eve. The big guy watched me humorously as I headed for the door.

"So long, pal," he called after me. "Don't let anyone sell you a flannel nickel. Hey, and another thing: go easy on the bottle. If you can't handle it, leave it alone."

You could almost touch the dark outside, a land darkness that had nothing to do with the universe of light that hung over the great surging mass of the sea. In the house, the guy was laughing again. At times you could hear the slap of his big ham hand across the redhead's butt as he hustled her along with the packing. You could hear his slaps and delighted roars all the way across that wide beach. He sure seemed glad to be back with his old lady.

I sat down shakily, and the sand felt cold against my palms. A big red disk of a moon rode low over the ocean. The surf thundered its timeless laughter. And, after a while, I found myself staring up at that great cosmic orange and laughing too. OK, so I'm a cookoo, but I couldn't help laughing, even though I had to hold my ribs where it hurt. Then the lights went out in the Green Chalet and I was quite alone. Alone, laughing like a goosed hycna. And the ocean laughed with me.

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## AGED LEADER

(continued from page 60)

we are drying up our traditional source of national leaders and statesmen. . . . The average age of lawmakers, at least at the state level, ought to be 37 or 38."

Dr. Eberhard Kronhausen, a California psychiatrist, supplies a psychological explanation of our changed attitude toward leadership:

"In times of peace and fat and plenty, which is by and large the current state of affairs in the U.S., the older statesman is seen by the average male voter as a benign father figure who will not compete with him for wealth or power, but who will leave him in peace to enjoy the fruits of his labors. For the women voters, the elderly politico is seen as an idealized daddy who loves and protects. Really it's not father figures we like to select in times of prosperity, but grandfather figures who will let us bask without trauma in the sun of the beautiful status quo. Grandfather is not close enough in age to pose any psychological threats and he has a direct line to divine wisdom and guidance. Or so, at least, runs the subconscious magical stream of thought of which Mr. and Mrs. Average Voter are not even aware."

Dr. Kronhausen's contention holds up even when his theory is applied to the converse situation. In times of crisis, depression and war—which means times of national anxiety, insecurity and disappointment—we have tended to select younger leaders representing decisiveness and action. In elections following the crash of 1929, Washington swarmed with younger men, and immediately after the Pearl Harbor fiasco hundreds of older military men were weeded out of top-level jobs. Eisenhower himself was brought up over the heads of several dozen seniors to command the European Theatre of Operations.

The change in attitude toward aging leaders is also clearly discernible in statements that have been made by men of government and industry alike. Former President Herbert Hoover, aged 85, urges men on the verge of retirement to get into public service. Similarly, General Motors' Honorary Board Chairman Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., 84, recently recommended a career in public service for men who are forced to retire under mandatory company rules. Ironically, in the same statement Mr. Sloan said he believed industry's compulsory retirement age of 65 is "probably sound, because, while some men can stay in administrative posts beyond that age, most may not be aggressive and vigorous enough to do so." Mr. Sloan's attitude is the prevailing one among businessmen, if not among citizens of the nation as a whole.

We are left, then, with the irony of top-flight executives who will not keep

men on the payroll over the age of 65 because their minds are not flexible enough, who look forward to retiring at that age themselves, yet who will willingly vote into office a man of those years and expect him to carry out one of the most critical jobs in the country.

That the President's job, for example, is a killer and requires a person of superior stamina is a well-known fact. Seven of our Presidents have died in office and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company points out that Presidents inaugurated in the present century have lived an average of eight years less than their life expectancy indicated at the time of inauguration.

This increasing view of public office as a position of reward for citizens in semi-retirement is as true of appointive positions as of elective office. In Civil Service there is a growing tendency to appoint as department chiefs only men who are on the verge of retirement. Often they are merely hangers-on with little or no *Excelsior!* motive left, men whose chief concern is safeguarding seniority and securing maximum retirement benefits.

It is ironic that Princeton will appoint a president at 39, M.I.T. will pick one at 44, and General Electric will vote in a board chairman at 40, while the Defense Department relegates a brilliant 52-year-old Air Force staff general like Lauris Norstad to a few years of "aging" overseas before it will consider him for a top Pentagon job.

What are we to do about our disproportionately aged leadership?

The Roman Republican regime (whose culture, laws and government serve in many ways as models for our own) solved the problem by forbidding sexagenarians to vote, to run for office, or even to approach legislative buildings. Early in our own century, when the trend to older leaders was first discerned, Dr. William Osler, one of history's eminent medical pioneers, jolted the country when he suggested a savagely satirical solution: that all men over 60 be chloroformed to death. Our problem may be pressing, but obviously neither of these solutions is worthy of serious consideration.

It has been earnestly suggested, however, that mandatory age retirement rules—which already apply to well over 99 percent of government workers—be extended to elective officials, the Cabinet and the Federal Judiciary, the only officials now exempted. Proponents argue that such rules guarding against antiquated attitudes and senility would certainly be consistent with Constitutional provisions which now guard against immaturity in potential office holders. Mr. Eisenhower himself, in a recent press conference, said that he believed no man over 70 should be permitted to hold the job of President.



To find out how a member of Congress might react to the suggestion of voting mandatory retirement rules for himself, I went to see Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York. At 71, he is chairman of the powerful House Judiciary Committee. The interview went like this:

"Mr. Celler, as you may know, scientific studies have shown that a man's mental and physical abilities at, say, age 65 are considerably diminished from what they were when he was 25. Do you feel there ought to be mandatory retirement rules for Congressmen in order to assure the nation of the keenest possible group of legislators?"

"Son, you don't have to be a great athlete to be a great legislator."

"But these figures refer to keenness of the mind as well as to fitness of the body," I said.

"Well, if you ask me, the bulk of men under 25 don't even have their wisdom teeth yet. Remember, cream rises to the top of the bottle, but it takes time to rise. Leadership comes with age, not with youth."

"Do you believe, then, Mr. Celler, that a House of Representatives which averaged 80 years in age would be a more dynamic and efficient body than one of 35?"

"Certainly I do. No question of it."

Mr. Celler, rising from his chair and looking out the window, continued: "It's absolutely tragic the way we cast aside men of age like broken tools. How does that Longfellow poem *Morituri Salutamus* go?" The Congressman quoted the lines:

*Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,*

*At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales;*

*Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,*

*Completed Faust when eighty years were past.*

"That poem has a great message for you, young man. Be sure to look up the rest of it when you get a chance. It's important for your article."

"Well, thank you very much, Mr. Celler," I said as I got up to leave. "I appreciate your forthright answers to my questions. I know I threw you some curves there."

"You said it, they were curves," he replied. "But I hit them all right." There was a gleam in his eye. "I hit them right out of the ball park!"

That night I looked up the rest of the poem Mr. Celler had quoted. The following stanza came right after the lines he had judiciously selected:

*Whatever poet, orator, or sage*  
*May say of it, old age is still old age.*

*It is the waning, not the crescent moon;*

*The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;*

*It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,*

*But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,*

*The burning and consuming element,*

*But that of ashes and of embers spent,*

*In which some living sparks we still discern,*

*Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.*

From my interview with Mr. Celler and from subsequent interviews with other public figures, including Bernard Baruch, Senator Francis Green and James Farley, it became quite clear to me that no matter how strong the argument in favor of mandatory age retirement rules for elective officials, Congressmen would never impose them upon themselves, even though they have already imposed them on almost all other government workers.

Several years ago it was thought that older members of Congress might be induced to retire if they could look forward to a secure pension. Congress voted itself a generous pension plan, providing payments up to \$18,000 a year. But it had no effect whatever in lowering age averages. It became quite clear that Congressmen do not hang onto their jobs because they cannot afford to stop working. They work because they enjoy the prestige of the job. After years as public spokesmen, they have a basic and continuing need for a forum from which to deliver their opinions.

England, recognizing the possible value of these opinions, employs the House of Lords as a formal body to which elder statesmen are appointed and from which they may sound off and continue to participate in the pageantry of government but not exercise any real voting power. The Senate in France serves the same function, and Israel, one of the world's young democracies, is attempting to set up a similar chamber.

It has been suggested that the United States Senate—which is no longer a truly representative body because of the disproportionate populations of our various states—be converted into a similar prestigious but emasculated chamber to which elder statesmen could be "kicked upstairs." Harry Truman himself has suggested that former Presidents be appointed to the Senate as non-voting members so that they might express their opinions for the record. However, converting the Senate into a formal "Old Legislators Home" could not be achieved in the foreseeable future and is not, therefore, a practical solution.

The prospect of another long Democratic tenure with further entrenchment

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of aged Congressional committee chairmen suggests that the first step ought to be the revamping of the system by which chairmen are selected. Traditionally, chairmanships have been doled out strictly on the basis of seniority. The follies and inequities of this system have occasionally been bared to public view, as when Clare Hoffman, 77, Chairman of the House Government Operations Committee, dictatorially attempted to cut off his committee's staff and funds because colleagues had gently suggested he was "not well," or when Carter Glass, 87, refused to resign chairmanship of the crucial Senate Appropriations Committee though he had not been present to answer a roll call in over two and a half years.

Philip D. Reed, who retired as General Electric's Board Chairman last year at 59, believes that our present Congressional committee system "is nothing to be especially proud of." In a recent interview he said:

"Now mind you, I don't claim to be a parliamentary expert and I'm not talking as an executive of General Electric, but in my opinion age alone is not adequate qualification for chairmanship of a Congressional committee or for any other job, for that matter. The majority party should certainly make the choice of chairman, but he should be selected by virtue of intellect, vigor or special knowledge of the committee's field. Why should the best qualified man be barred because of his comparative youth? Now mind you, I am not making criticism of any specific party or person. My only quarrel is with the method of selection."

Opponents of change in the present committee system like to point to the vigorous job which is being done overseas by such aged men as De Gaulle, 68, and Adenauer, 82. While De Gaulle may be an exception to the rule, Adenauer, according to quiet reports in the American press, is so senile that he cannot retain his train of thought from one end of a sentence to the other. Moreover, there is no need to look as far off as Germany and France for proof of the generally diminished ability of aged men as leaders. In the last session of the Senate, the five Senators with best attendance records averaged 12 years younger than the five with the worst records and the five younger men were on hand to vote for over three times as many bills. Moreover, the number of days Mr. Eisenhower spends behind his White House desk cannot be said to be setting a record for Presidential toil.

Certainly it is true that youth alone is no guarantee that a leader will be a great benefactor of the people, just as age is not. There can, however, be little dispute about the characteristics of aged and youthful leaders in general, though

plenty of exceptions can be found.

Of course, all men of 70 are not inferior to all men of 40. But most men of 70 are not as capable of leadership as most men of 40. Industry, education, even major denominations of the clergy recognize this fact. That is why age retirement rules are so widespread in our society. The same logic should apply to elective office. But it is not necessary that the men in power impose retirement rules upon themselves. The voters can do the next best thing: exercise the ballot with an increased awareness of the age factor. This is not to say that a candidate should be favored strictly on the basis of youth. But where a candidate's old age raises serious question of his ability to continue to function in office and to adapt himself to the innovations of this rapidly changing world, there should be no hesitation to recognize this as an issue and to vote against him. During the last election, Harrison A. Williams, Jr., in running for the U.S. Senate in New Jersey, made an issue of his opponent's old age. Caustic newspaper comment resulted and damaged his campaign. Fortunately, a majority of the voters saw the logic of his argument and now, at 39, he is the youngest U.S. Senator.

The victory of New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, 51, over Averell Harriman, 67, was credited by many, including *The New York Times*, to Rockefeller's comparative youth. A Rockefeller speech writer confided to me that "During the campaign we took every opportunity to exploit Rocky's youth and I would credit it as the principal reason for his victory in the face of a Democratic sweep nationally."

In summation, then, it is clear from available data that the men controlling our destiny are not only old, but probably too old. That is, considered as a group and without singling out any individuals, they would probably function with greater efficiency and would more accurately represent the viewpoint of the young voters of the nation if they averaged, say, 10 or 15 years younger. The only thing that can be done at the present time to correct the present age imbalance is to (a) abolish the present Congressional committee chairmen selection system and (b) urge a more cautious use of the ballot. Thus, at least to some degree, would our government rid itself of the hypocrisy implied in these lines of James Ball Naylor:

*King David and King Solomon  
Led merry, merry lives,  
With many, many lady friends  
And many, many wives;  
But when old age crept over them—  
With many, many qualms,  
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs  
And King David wrote the Psalms.*



# FINGERS

(continued from page 48)

ever were any such things as fingers. In such a world, suppose you went to your doctor and he felt your pulse with his toes; you would consider it to be quite the normal thing, even if you had to get down on the floor to make it more convenient for him (it is altogether possible that in a fingerless world the pulse-beat would be in the nose, though some medical men say it would be in the ankles). In other words, you would be accustomed to an existence without fingers, just as a dog is, and it wouldn't bother you. You might observe a group of Italian men playing *morra*, shooting out their toes and crying "Nòve!" and "Uno!" and "Quattro!" You wouldn't even smile. Your garage mechanic would use his foot to flip open the hood of your car, then thrust it inside and begin tinkering with your carburetor, and you wouldn't give him a second glance.

As I've already suggested, Nature has a habit of compensating for our physical deficiencies. If we had no fingers our bodies would be organized quite differently from the way they are now. I think it probable that we would have an opposable big toe so that we could "handle" tools with our feet. We'd be able to stand on one leg for long periods, like the yellow crowned night heron and the marbled godwit, and thus be able to play baseball. But the changes in body function would be far more extensive than that. We would develop universal joints in our knees and hips in order that we might, with ease, bring our toes into position for such duties as shaving, extracting cinders from the eye, feeding ourselves, applying lipstick and hailing cabs. The custom of tipping the hat would be abandoned; too many men would fall down while doing it.

I've already mentioned the likelihood of our shoes being bigger. On further consideration I think it probable that our shoes would be more like gloves in order that our toes would have greater freedom. With our feet encased in ordinary shoes, we would be unable to cross our toes when passing a graveyard, to snap our toes at a dilatory waiter, to crack our knuckles as a means of finding out who dearly loves us, or to put the whammy on an enemy.

The absence of fingers would be a boon to our teeth. They would grow bigger and stronger so that we could use them for unscrewing caps off pickle jars, changing fuse plugs, picking gooseberries (strawberries would be picked with the toes), and squeezing toothpaste tubes . . . hold it! A major problem now arises—the business of brushing the teeth. I somehow don't warm up to the idea of brushing my teeth with my toes. It wouldn't have to be done that way. We could have fixed, stationary brushes,

fasten our mouths over them, and agitate our heads. I tell you, the human brain can solve any problem!

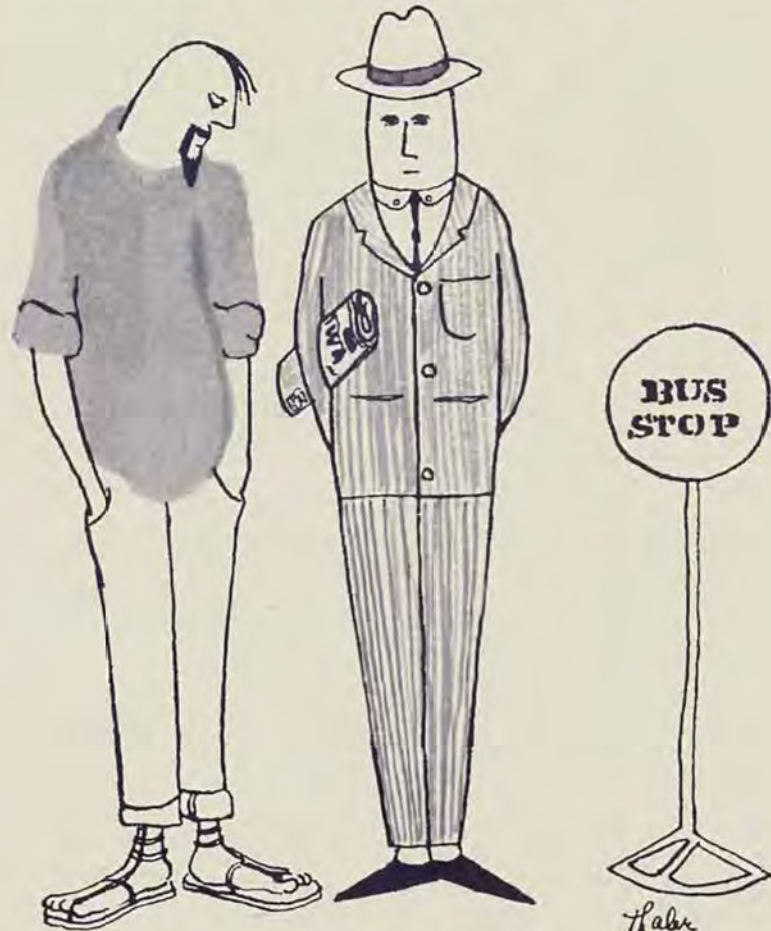
The nose, too, would likely be different—longer and more rigid at the tip—so that it could be employed in dialing telephone numbers, operating pop-up toasters, manipulating the thermostat and turning the pages of a book (the tongue would probably be used to turn the pages of a newspaper).

Since we are assuming a world without fingers, what would we have on the ends of our arms in their place? The best scientific opinion available at this moment seems to be that we would have knobs instead of hands. This sounds unpleasant, I know, but knobs have their points. I mean their uses. You wouldn't be able to button your shirt with knobs, but you could mash potatoes. You could do work ordinarily performed with a ball-peen hammer, and think what a cinch it would be to pound flour into a swiss steak.

If we had knobs instead of fingers the world of music would be vitally affected. I can't see how anyone would be able to play a violin or a harp or a Hawaiian guitar or a six-hole flute. Of necessity our symphony orchestras would go in heavily for xylophones, marimbas, kettle

drums, possibly harmonicas, and people would still be able to blow into a jug. Yes, I think we'd get along fine with knobs, even though something delicately beautiful would go out of romance, or at least out of romantic writing. Somehow it doesn't sound soul-inspiring to say, "He ran his knobs through her glorious hair."

In the Fiji Islands there are certain savages who cut off their fingers as a sign of mourning after the death of their chief. It is a noble gesture but, like many noble gestures, it is a foolish one. We should not only hang onto our fingers; we should cherish them and protect them against sprains, dislocations, fractures, felons, warts, and all the other ills to which finger-flesh is heir. We should honor them by taking notice of them historically; so far as I know, this is the first history of fingers ever undertaken; Toynbee ignores them altogether. We really need our fingers. Without fingers to snap, today's singers of popular songs would go slack-jawed and mute. Then, too, we've simply got to have something to rub over the lettering of other people's stationery so we can tell if it's engraved or merely printed.



"Hey, man, you got seventy-five cents for a cup of espresso?"

bles at \$11.45, and there will be special dormitory accommodations available during the Festival for four at \$12 per night.

Should you prefer a somewhat quieter, more elegant retreat, then you'll choose a place just outside the Loop, or on the Near North Side. Our first choice would be the Ambassadors, West and East, the latter being the home of the world-famous Pump Room, and both are handy to the Near North's main stem, Rush Street, where most of the late-night fun is to be had. The Ambassador is a hotel in the grand manner, invariably the stopping spot for visiting royalty and other dignitaries from around the world. You can rough it there in a \$15 single room, or feel that you're spending your time at Buckingham Palace in a \$140-a-day two-bedroom apartment complete with bar and outdoor patio.

If the Ambassador isn't your cup of tea, then we recommend Executive House, a newish and nifty modern structure on Wacker Drive that's furnished in best-of-taste Swedish woods and overlooks the Chicago River, the city's main commercial waterway and one that runs backwards (the natural current was reversed at the turn of the century, so that the river now flows out of Lake Michigan instead of emptying into it) right through the center of town. There is an excellent restaurant and cocktail lounge open on the first floor, and, as of press time, plans call for a sumptuous eatery in the penthouse. Your diggings at Executive House will run you anywhere from \$12 to \$85 a day. The Drake, our third recommendation, is in the tradition of the Ambassador — quiet, elegant, loaded with expensive shops, fun bars and excellent restaurants (more about them later) and with a commanding view of the Outer Drive and the lake. The tariff runs from \$9 to \$85 a day.

As in other major cities across the U.S., the motel-in-town has made inroads in Chicago, too, and if you like sun patios, swimming pools, plenty of privacy and a chance to keep your car handy, we recommend the Sands Motel out north, the Lake Tower Motel midtown, or the 50th-on-the-Lake Motel on the south side.

Now for companionship. The secret of finding a pleasant, affable partner for the evening is a simple one, and one that doesn't apply to Chicago alone: start looking early in the day. Chicago's smarter shops, broad streets and pleasant beaches offer innumerable opportunities for the poor confused visitor to ask directions, and then take it from there. We have also audited some great boy-meets-girl success stories in the Art Institute, the Chicago Public Library, the Museum of Science and Industry, the Shedd Aquarium and the romantically dark Adler Planetarium — Chicago is

happily loaded with such shrines to the arts and sciences, and you can find them in your guidebook.

Should an early start prove impossible for one reason or another, there are several pubs and bistros around town that get a pretty good play from unattached young ladies during the cocktail hour. Generally, though, these more direct forays on the part of the girls are made in teams of two and three, and it isn't always a simple matter to cut one out from the herd. So take a buddy along while casing these establishments.

If it's a weeknight, and your taste runs to girls employed in the communications dodge, you can find sweet swarms of them in such watering holes as the Recess, the London House bar and the Top of the Rock; the last offers a stunning view of the city, being 41 stories above street level. Fashion models, airline stewardesses, secretaries and just girls favor the Scotch Mist, Easy Street, Le Bistro and Pigalle with their unescorted presence at the end of the day, drawn by the intimate and informal surroundings of these chic Near North clubs that not long ago were coach houses and garages; all serve sophisticated piano with their cocktails. Dante's Inferno offers devilish decor and a drink called the Diablo; Larry's, Gus' and the Dunes offer almost no decor at all, but are popular with the wenches just the same. Figaro's, on the beatnik side, has bizarre paintings on walls and ceilings, and a jukebox featuring cool jazz. The East Inn is a popular hangout with the college crowd and nurses who work at hospitals in the area; it's an unusual evening that doesn't find a dozen or so free damsels on the premises, and the Friday-night dances in the rathskeller (to an r'n'r jukebox) bring them out by the score.

If airline stews are your specialty, you'll find that a lot of them live in, and frequent the bar of, the Flamingo Hotel on the south side. That hotel and others out that way are thoughtful enough to keep a "Stewardess Register" on a table in the lobby, so it's possible for enterprising young chaps to leaf through and discover what stew from what city is in what room. How this information can be put to good use on the house phone, we leave to your imagination.

Once you've gathered up a date, you can either stay put for further cocktails at the places we've already mentioned or move on to some other worthwhile watering spots. The hotel beat rates your attention here: the quiet and relaxed atmosphere of the English Room in the Pearson Hotel, the air of unbridled excitement that surrounds the doings at the bar of the Pump Room in the Ambassador, the Coq d'Or in the Drake; or there's the Glass Hat of the Pick-Congress or the magnificent view

from the Tip Top Tap in the Allerton. Cocktails at the sidewalk café at Riccardo's can be a special sort of treat in Chicago, which boasts few outdoor facilities for the inner man.

Most of the bistros in town offer patrons a dice game called "26" which is almost unknown outside the Chicago area. You get 10 dice and a cup and the idea is to make your point (any number from one to six) 26 or more times in 13 rolls. The house pays off in drink checks only, which keeps everything legal in the eyes of the authorities: 26 to 32 points pays 4 to 1, 33 and over pays 8 to 1; 13 points pays 2 to 1, 11 or less pays 4 to 1. If you get confused, the pretty creature behind the dice table will be glad to spell it out; incidentally, it's usually easier to make 26 than the 26 girl, who is so used to being pitched (nearly every guy who plays the game tries), she learned to say no long ago. Of course, there's always the exception, and it *might* be you (she's got to go home with someone, hasn't she?).

When your thirst has been assuaged, and you're ready to settle down to the pleasures of dining, you will be happy to know that there is no shortage of excellent restaurants in Chicago. But, by the same token, there is also no shortage of second-rate establishments that masquerade behind a giant menu or splashy decor. Space limitations forbid our warning you away from these latter joints, but those that follow we can recommend.

Chicago's *grand luxe* establishments include the Red Carpet, and they weren't whistling *Dixie* when they chose the name — it's red-carpet service all the way by the most solicitous set of waiters in town. Small (seats only 42), the R.C. is fine for the candlelight-and-wine treatment in an intimate atmosphere. The menu is brief and elegant, featuring mostly French (the *châteaubriand* with béarnaise is superb) and West Indian (ditto the Haitian lobster *sauté*) cuisine. The dining room is open till midnight, the bar till two; maître de's name is Jim. Another lavish and lovely dining facility is the Imperial House, featuring exquisite Continental fare such as whole pheasant en cocotte au beurre noisette capped with beignets de fraises with sauce sabayon. Excellent wine cellar; open for lunch, dinner, till 2 A.M.

Expensive but not unreasonable is the Cafe de Paris (\$35 should do nicely for two, wine included), featuring good service and outstanding food; specialties are *tournedos Rossini* and duckling à la Belasco, a famed treat at the Cafe for more than 15 years. Maître de is Johnny; open every day from 5 till midnight. One of the newest, and best, of the top-level establishments is Maison Lafite, featuring an outsize menu loaded with Gallic delights, an excellent wine list, and a pianist who unobtrusively plinks away outside the dining room. Special-

ties include a sumptuous chicken Kiev, whose only sauce is butter sealed inside the breast, and tenderloin tips sautéed in wine. There's a bar adjoining. Maitre de is Jerry; open 5 P.M. to 1 A.M.

Other *grand luxe* establishments you'll want to visit include the Cafe Bonaparte in the Sheraton-Blackstone, featuring French cuisine in the tradition of Napoleon's chef, Carême. There's dancing, too, after 9:30. Sasha's, a newish restaurant, is a fun spot serving up exotic dishes to the tune of strolling musicians. There's a "gourmet's choice" that changes daily, according to what Alexander "Sasha" Vereschagin has a taste for. It could be chicken veronica, chicken Kiev, bouillabaisse, or what have you, but all of it is a delight to the palate. Sasha's is tiny, too, so make your reservation early. Open from 5 P.M. to 2 A.M. daily. The Camellia House, in the Drake, is a spacious, well-appointed room that serves delicious food, notably the Monday-night gourmet menus (*prix fixe* of \$9.50). There's a different feast each week, and the various dishes harmonize beautifully, with wine included. Other nights, the standard menu features such pleasures as pheasant Lucullus and roast quail Moscovite. Frank is the maitre de; open till 2 A.M. Friday and Saturday, 1 A.M. the rest of the week; dancing and cabaret attractions.

Famed in legend and song is the Pump Room of the Ambassador East, celebrity showcase extraordinaire and purveyor of exciting food as well. The Pump remains the place in Chicago, and any young lady will love to be seen there. Open from noon to 2 A.M. If you don't care for the pomp at the Pump, you'll enjoy the more sedate atmosphere of the Buttery (with dancing) and the Beau Nash Club (blessed quiet), both in the Ambassador West; the menus in both are similar to the Pump Room's.

If Far Eastern atmosphere — some of it corny but all of it fun — is your dish, along with good food as well, we think you'll like the Cantonese cuisine and sunken garden backdrop of Shangri-La, the South Seas decor of Don the Beachcomber, the Polynesian hoop-la of the Traders, under the supervision of Trader Vic's in San Francisco, and the Polynesian Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel, if you happen to be on the far north side. Dancing is available in the latter establishment, and all of the places specialize in outlandishly titled rum drinks (the vicious virgin, missionary's downfall, etc.) calculated to make the girls giddy.

Chicago abounds in other notable ethnic eateries, including the best in German food at the Red Star Inn, served up in unpretentious Old World surroundings at reasonable prices. There are 66 entrees on the menu, most notable of which are the Zwiebelleisch au gratin and stuffed young goose. The

Golden Os also does wonderful things with German cuisine. For Hungarian fare, the Epicurean draws classical musicians and artists, is run by a retired ballet dancer, male, who bills himself as the Strudel King. Chicken paprikash, goulashes of all types, fruit pancakes and, of course, the strudel, are the highlights of the menu. Pasta addicts will want to try El Bianco, a moderately-priced Italian restaurant serving excellent grub and wheeling around an all-you-can-eat cheese and antipasto cart. If you don't want to travel that far (it's on the southwest side), try Riccardo's, La Scala (with private booths for the serious-minded) or Graziato's to take care of your appetite. Pizzerias Uno and Due serve the most succulent pies in town.

Fanciers of Japanese cuisine will find the Azuma House completely delightful down the line, from food, to service, to surroundings. Should you want to go all the way, there's a special room for dining shoes, seated on cushions at low tables. Gracious Japanese dining is re-created in the old style: sukiyaki is prepared at the table, and is a specialty, along with abalone yoshino-age, lobster curry-yaki and tempura. Lovers of Swedish smorgasbord can do no better than Kungsholm, an elegantly-appointed restaurant with one of the best smorgasbord tables in the country. Before or after your dinner, you may watch the nightly puppet opera. Greek cuisine is (no surprise) the specialty at the Athens, adorned with statuary of all the deities from Zeus to Pallas Athena, and serving inexpensive, tempting dishes — lamb shishkebab, avgolemono soup, baklava for dessert, topped off with an ouzo on the rocks. Try the Pantheon, across the street, for some frantic Greco-style entertainment. There's a small, undistinguished-looking Mexican restaurant that rates a stop: Cafe Arteca, complete with posters on the walls, guitar-strumming proprietor, and patio service in warm weather. No liquor license here, but you can bring your own bottles in with you. Or try stopping for your cocktails across the street at the Old Town Ale House, a beatnik, chessboard sanctuary for those who want to mutter about tourists. The Scheherazade specializes in Middle Eastern dishes in an Arabian setting, with reasonable prices and tempting entrees. Chez Paul, Jacques (with courtyard dining in the summer) and L'Aiglon are worth your while if you enjoy French cuisine, with the latter offering more than 400 dishes to select from.

Chicago, as you might have guessed, boasts some of the best steak houses in the U.S.A., featuring prime beef direct from the Chicago Stock Yards. Top position goes to two places, the Sirloin Room at the Stock Yard Inn, which features a "steak throne" where the customer chooses his own cut of beef and slaps his "brand" on it, after which it is



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whisked away to be done to a T; open daily from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Sharing top honors is an unreconstructed speak-easy-type eatery called Club Gene and Georgetti, featuring an à la carte menu and memorable steaks served with excellent cottage fried potatoes; stays open till 2 A.M. Other outstanding establishments for top-quality beef are the Porterhouse at the Hotel Sherman, Miller's Steak House (far north), Al Farber's Steak Room, Morton's Steak House (on the south side), the Corona Cafe, the Eric Cafe, the Brass Bull in the Sheraton Hotel, the Steak House in the Conrad Hilton and George Diamond's.

For prime rib of beef, you can do no better than the Embers (there are two of them, one on Dearborn Street, the other on Walton) serving great slabs of blushing, marbled meat at least an inch thick. Other prime rib houses worth your time include Don Roth's Blackhawk, the Cart in the Harrison Hotel, and Isbell's on Rush Street.

Seafood fanciers in Chicago have an excellent choice of restaurants. Leading the rest is the Drake's Cape Cod Room, a rustic, fish-netted cove serving delicious portions of their specialties: red snapper soup with sherry, French turbot, pompano sauté meunière and Louisiana shrimps. The maître de is Eddie, the service is good, and the hours are 12 noon to 12 midnight seven days a week. The Well of the Sea, in the Sherman, boasts an imaginative subaquatic decor: the table lights are lucite jellyfish, the fluorescent wall murals are of highly unlikely sea denizens and the menu is imaginative and interchangeable with that of the Porterhouse, right next door.

Dinner, dancing and a full-blown nightclub show are offered by the Chez Paree, the Empire Room (in the Palmer House) and the Boulevard Room (in the Conrad Hilton). The Boulevard specializes in ice shows, if you care for that sort of thing, and the Chez usually offers the biggest name talent in town: Sammy Davis, Jr., Tony Martin, Jerry Lewis, Nat "King" Cole, Louis Prima and Keely Smith are regular headliners.

If you want a less pretentious show, you'll enjoy one of the smaller clubs: Mister Kelly's, the Black Orchid or the Cloister, all on the Near North Side. Kelly's and the Cloister offer hip comics (Mort Sahl, Lennie Bruce, Mike and Elaine) and singers (June Christy, Ella Fitzgerald, Anita O'Day); the show at the Orchid is a little more varied, from Frances Faye to Jack E. Leonard to Lily St. Cyr. Both Mister Kelly's (Dick Marx and Johnny Frigo Monday and Tuesday nights, the Marty Rubenstein Trio the rest of the week) and the Cloister (Ramsey Lewis Trio) have exceptional house combos playing the intermissions; Kelly's and the Orchid offer food with the program, but it's strictly a booze scene at the Cloister. Like it says

in their ad, the Cloister swings till 4 A.M., and it's one of the friendliest clubs in town. The Junior Room of the Black Orchid also comes alive around midnight and goes till 4 with the swinging of Duke Hazlit (who does Sinatra down to the last note and gesture) or Buddy Greco (who is too much just doing himself).

You won't want to miss Chicago's famous Gaslight Club, if you can find someone who has a key (it has a lock on the door, which makes it seem private, and brings in more business than if it were left wide open). This turn-of-the-century oasis features buxom waitresses, lightly clad, and lots of singing round the piano; it has proved so popular with ad executives and clients (an ad man started it) that they now have branches in New York and Washington, D.C.

For jazz in the Windy City, your choices are many and good. Modern jazz addicts dig the sounds at the Blue Note, which offers everything from big-band jazz (Kenton, Basie, Ellington) to combos and vocal groups (the MJQ, Gerry Mulligan, Dave Brubeck, and Lambert, Hendricks and Ross). Though the place isn't long on atmosphere, no self-respecting jazzophile who wants his passport renewed would miss the Note on a Chicago junket. Other full-time cool spots are the Preview Lounge in the Loop, and the Sutherland Lounge on the south side. The London House often features small jazz groups along with a tasty charcoaled menu.

Dixieland devotees will find Jazz, Ltd. to their liking. It's a ground-floor, smallish room dedicated to the kind of music that made Chicago famous. Equally boisterous are the Cafe Continental, where Bob Scobey's Frisco Band is currently holding forth, and the Club Bambu right around the corner.

If folk singing moves you, check in at the Gate of Horn; you might find the College of Complexes to your liking, too, with everything from folk singing to impromptu lectures in defense and damnation of practically any subject under the sun. It's a younger crowd that hangs its hat here and the principal beverage consumed is beer. Same goes for the Ivanhoe, with a below-ground labyrinth of bars called the Catacombs, plenty of pianos for community singing and many of the trappings of a luncheon at an amusement park. Or if it's a real amusement park you want, Chicago's River-view is one of the biggest and best in the country: roller coasters, parachute jump, cotton candy, and scads of unescorted quail just waiting to be taken for a ride. If sports hold any interest, Chicago is a big sports center, with top baseball, football and hockey teams and a number of important fights at the Stadium during the year.

You can sometimes catch an unusual show out at Roberts Show Club on the south side (the Jewel Box Review, blue

comic Redd Foxx, or top talent like Dinah Washington or Lionel Hampton). If the slightly risqué is to your liking, you may get a kick out of Phil Tucker, who has been titillating Chicagoans with his particular brand of wit for longer than we can remember. You'll find him at the Silver Cloud.

Strip shows aren't what they used to be in Chicago. The heat is on all over town and even the best at the Silver Frolics is only a shadow of its former self. It's a different matter in suburban Cicero, however. Just 10 minutes from the Loop, at the Frolics, on 22nd Street, the girls peel off everything down to, and including, the G-string. Things were wide open in Calumet City (just over the Indiana border, half an hour from the Loop), too, till a Federal Grand Jury cracked down on its "street of sin" a while back. Folks feel that Cal City might be a wicked influence on sailors from all over the world who come to Chicago via the St. Lawrence Seaway, but attempts to close Cal City down have been tried before and failed, so it is difficult to tell at press time how much success this one will have.

Callgirls aren't as common in Chicago as they once were, either, but they can still be found on occasion along La Salle, Clark and Wells streets, and the south end of Wabash. Prices range from \$10 on up. A number of motorized maidens in the Loop area operate out of late-model cars, but when business gets slow, they're apt to join their sisters on the sidewalk. Houses are practically non-existent in Chicago, and those that do open are soon raided, forcing the girls to move elsewhere. Most of the town's hot pillow trade is transacted by telephone, with the numbers widely circulated amongst bellboys, bartenders, cab drivers and other public servitors.

Chicago is a stay-up-late city; all places serving liquor are allowed to stay open till 2 A.M., and those with special licenses, till 4 A.M. on weeknights and an hour later on Saturdays. If hunger has returned, Julian's, at Chicago and Rush, is open all night, and the Tradewinds, at Rush and Delaware, offers food until 6 in the morning, and serves as an early-morning gathering spot for celebrities in town and for off-duty waitresses from the just-shuttered Near North clubs. If you're still not ready to call it a day, the Clark Theatre offers a different double feature every day with the last complete show starting at 4 A.M. Or if you're in a romantic mood, take a walk along Oak Street Beach and watch the sun come up over Lake Michigan. It's a sight you'll never forget.

As you will have gathered by now, Chicago is a scene you'll be glad you made. Like they say in the song, you'll have the time, the time of your life, for it really is a toddlin' town.



## BROWN FOR TOWN

(continued from page 41)

and — they're good-looking and correct for both business and pleasure in the city.

Fabrics run the gamut: from chevrons, worsteds, wools, gabardines, on up to silks and cashmeres. Natural fibers combined with synthetics are, of course, available too.

The suits are essentially restrained in cut and character, and even where there is pattern interest — stripes, checks or herringbones — the patterns are muted.

brass, copper and gold tones. Because the new hues in brown are essentially dark and conservative, the tie can be used to highlight the whole suit. This doesn't mean the tie should dominate the scene, but it should harmonize with it.

In the matter of shirts, patterned and colored jobs are proper for any daytime occasion, though generally you should stick to solid white after six. Select your daytime shirt in a coordinating tone — sand, beige, putty — or achieve contrast by using soft greens or grays. Stripes of varying widths can be interesting, too.

natural Ivy model or the fast-rising Continental suit (generally the latter is dressier than the former), it is important to remember that trousers are being cut shorter than they were yesteryear, and this focuses additional attention on both shoes and socks. As a rule, if your suit has more brown in it than black, wear brown socks; if it has more black in it than brown, choose black socks. Ditto with your shoes; many pairs of burnished brown are now on the market (see *PLAYBOY, Fashion Afoot*, March 1959).

In addition to the two suits shown on

## FIVE URBAN ENSEMBLES IN THE NEW HUES

SUIT	TIE	SHIRT	SHOES	HAT
Baker's "Antiqua" burnished brown Continental suit has 2-button jacket, semi-peak lapels, slanted welt pockets, side vents, \$125.	Daché's copper all-silk tie, \$7.50, or Wembley's "Golden House" olive Ivy silk tie, \$2.50.	Jayson's bamboo color Continental-inspired shirt with spread collar and tab cuffs, \$5.	Non-Dush's brown and black lightweight U-Up Cara Morocco leather shoes, unlined vamp, \$19.95.	Cavanagh's "Envoy" dark brown smooth felt homburg with a black band, curled brim, \$20.
Southwick's bronze brown English worsted suit with vest has 3-button jacket with flap pockets, center vent, \$115.	Seidler's olive and red Paisley tie imported from Italy, \$7.50, or Taylor's red and olive silk Paisley tie, \$2.50.	Sero of New Haven's buttondown oxford shirt in loden color, \$6.	Nettleton's lightweight deep brown 3-eyelet calfskin shoes with a squared-off toe, \$31.95.	Dobbs' "University" Cuba tan smooth felt hat with a black band, narrow brim, \$13.50.
Norran Hilton's heath brown imported tweed suit has 3-button jacket with lapped seams, lined in colorful sports print, hooked vent, \$100.	Wembley's "Golden Thistle" woven jacquard all-over neat design in new olive shade, \$5.	Hathaway's tan-striped fine English broadcloth shirt, tab collar, double cuffs, \$8.95.	Johnston & Murphy's burnished brown with black Galway grain calfskin shoes, a 2-eyelet plain-toe hat, \$34.95.	Lee's "Luzerne" elm-wood color beaver nap hat with a fancy green and red band, ornament, 1/4" underwelt on brim, \$11.50.
Lobow's deep brown striped British worsted Continental suit has 3 covered buttons, detachable cuff on sleeves, side vents, \$135.	Wembley's "Golden Thistle" heavy quality foulard twill with black Paisley design on a burnished gold ground, \$5.	Van Heusen's "Super Van" fine white broadcloth shirt, regular-point collar, double cuffs, \$7.95.	Foot-Loy's oak brown llama 4-eyelet plain-toe blucher, leather lined, \$31.95.	Cavanagh's "Downturn" dark brown smooth felt hat with a black band, downturn edge on brim, \$25.
Andrew Pallack's deep brown wool worsted Continental suit has gold-lined 2-button jacket, backing welt pockets, no breast pocket, \$100.	Countess Mara's dark brown textured silk tie with woven pattern of small roses, \$15.	Arrow's gray-striped Dacron and cotton wash-and-wear shirt with medium-spread collar and convertible cuffs, \$7.95.	American Gentleman's burnished brown dress slip-on with dark undertones along vamp, narrow decorative strap and buckle, \$13.95.	Knox' "20" dark brown lightweight flexible derby of smooth felt, narrow brim, \$20.

This means that the overall tone is deep, but far from dead. There is also a real richness of good accessory colors that work remarkably well with the new brown tones.

Lighter and brighter ties provide just the right color accent, and these include

And don't be stodgy about your collar style: the buttondown may be your old stand-by — and a good-looking one indeed — but you should own a range of styles including the short point collar, the round collar and the tab.

Whether you choose your suit in the

pages 44-45, there are other excellent choices of brown tones available. Above are suits that really point up brown as a new force for town wear, and some accessorizing suggestions as well.



# PLAYBOY

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## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU'VE A MIND to visit the Mediterranean come the fall, why not take a look at Israel? A room at a luxury resort hotel runs under 10 bucks a day, and there's recently been a 20-percent increase in the exchange rate for dollars. Best part of all is that Israel is still virtually undiscovered as a vacation mecca, and you're treated like a most honored visitor almost everywhere. Glim the spot where David bopped Goliath, or the site of the wedding at Cana—but this is a fun country, too. From fine modern hotels like the King David or the President (which has a good pool), the Dan on the shore at Tel Aviv and the Accadia at Herzliya, you can go skin diving and deep-sea fishing, or watch a rendering of *Macbeth* by the famous Habimah players, and follow that up with a snort at a sidewalk café overlooking the Mediterranean. You'll want to stroll through the huge outdoor Carmel Market in Tel Aviv, and stop for a while at the Cafe Cassit, favorite meeting place for writers and showfolks. A startling sight in the middle of Jerusalem, and one of its most beautiful buildings, is, of all things, a YMCA. The spiced and exotic foods of the East are available in Israel, and of course you'll want to try the kosher cuisine, which is not unlike that of central Europe. It's a cultured, cosmopolitan and truly different land.

Should you prefer to see South America at its best, we suggest you head down to Lima, Peru, where the girls are among the best-looking and the best dressed in all of South America. If that isn't

enough, bullfighting starts up again in October—and the purses are fat enough to draw the top talent from Europe and Mexico. A short drive from Lima nets you the beach resorts at Ancón and Heradura, which boast two of the area's better restaurants, the S.O.S. (despite its handle) and La Marsillaise.

Fall, especially October, also spells big doings in Europe, and the best way to get a running start on seasonal events is to climb aboard a PanAm Boeing 707 jet for an easy seven-hour hop from New York to Paris. The smart set's back in town (packing the top hotels; if you're wise, you'll try the smaller, savorous ones on the Left Bank) for the Auto Show at the Grand Salon October 1-10, the fashionable Arc de Triomphe race in Longchamp on October 4 and the gala opening of the Paris Opéra. Then, it's London for the auto show at Earl's Court and the running of the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket on October 28. And don't forget Munich's Oktoberfest, the biggest beer-Braunschweiger-blonde bash of them all.

Fall's also the best time to get going around the world, the one trip that never involves turning back or covering the same ground twice. You can make the circuit by air in 30 days for under \$2000, or in 49 days for \$2400, everything included.

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



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