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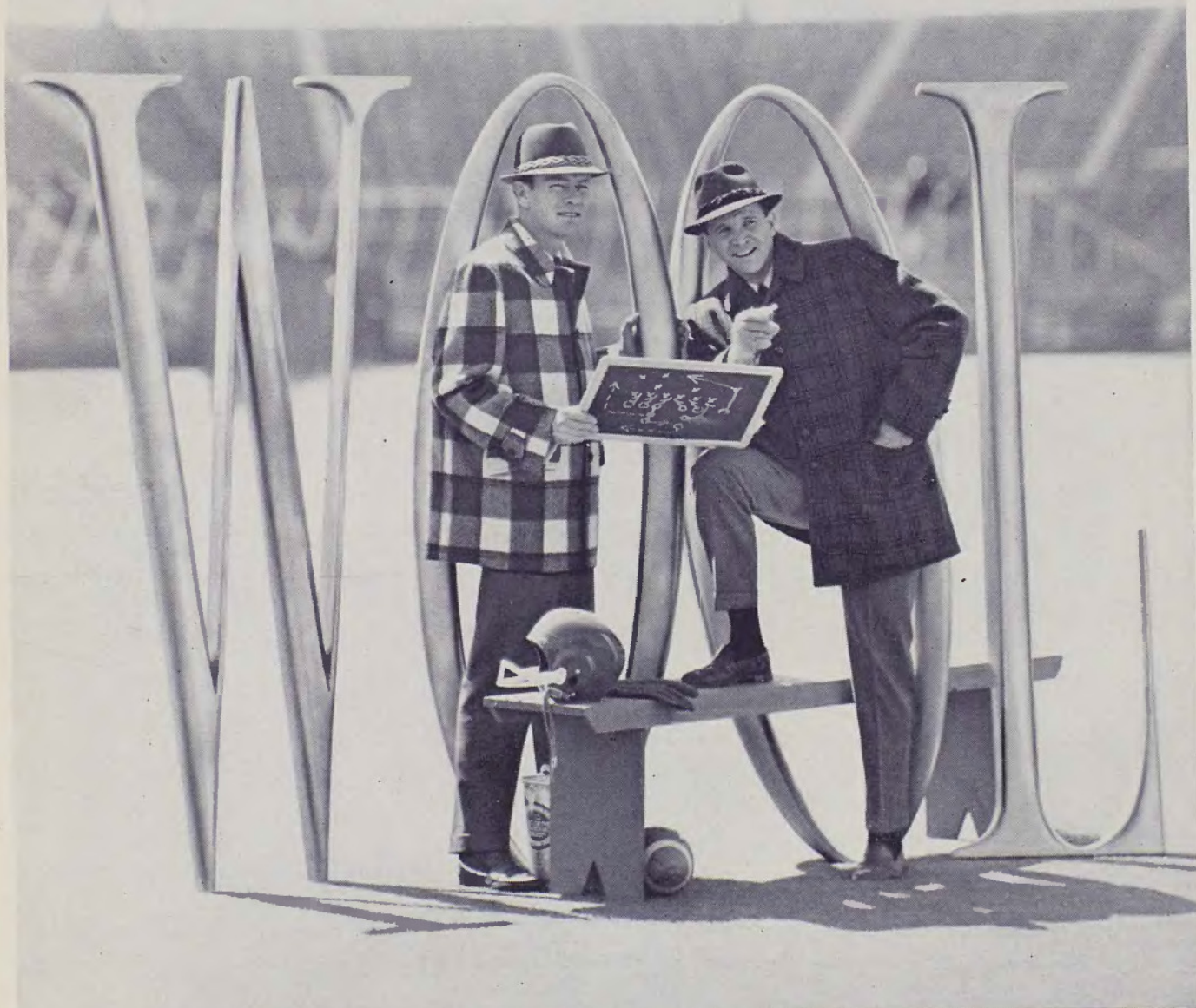
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PLAYBILL

LIKE MOVIE AND TV credits — producer, director, writer, etc. — the masthead of a magazine is frequently of more interest to the trade than to the public. We allow ourselves to believe, however, that PLAYBOY readers take more than a casual, passing interest in what goes on behind the scenes here, so we call your attention to our revised masthead on page eight, whereon you'll find some newsmaking new names, and some PLAYBOY regulars assuming new roles.

Richard Avedon, Contributing Editor, comes to PLAYBOY with a top hat full of top-drawer credits. The youthful, extravagantly gifted photographer — who has put his unique stamp on such diverse offerings as *Harper's Bazaar* and the movie *Funny Face* — makes his premiere appearance with this month's lavishly illustrated, authoritative nine-page *Fall and Winter Fashion Forecast*, by Fashion Director Robert L. Green. Also joining up this month: J. Paul Getty, Consulting Editor in Business and Finance, represented in this issue by the end-all monetary autobiography: *How I Made My First Billion*. (Impressed, but professionally adamant, we insist on paying him, but yield to his ukase that his retainer go to charity.)

Another new staffer: Jeremy (Wilbur Fonts) Dole, who signalizes his affiliation as Assistant Editor with one more of his droll Dole sagas. This time it's a non-Fontsonian venture called *The Year the Yankees Won the Pennant*, a sportive satire about the World Series — unexpectedly enlivened by the challenge of a team from the U.S.S.R. Contributing Editor Ken Purdy herein racks up his twentieth score for us with *The Ninth Score*, a beautifully controlled exercise in passionless malice. Not on hand in this issue, but warmly welcomed aboard: Contributing Editors Richard Gehman, Charles Beaumont, Paul Krassner, and Associate Editor Tom Payne, a convert to the periodical life from a distinguished career in the book biz.

Anatole Broyard, a newcomer to our pages, proves eloquently that he qualifies for his present post as instructor in short story and novel writing at Columbia University. In *The Labors of Love*, he poignantly recalls the mingled agony and ecstasy of a boy emerging into the mysteries of manhood. Moving from loving to laving, we learn, among other things, in William Iversen's *A Short History of Bathing*, that cleanliness has not always been next to godliness, and vice versa. Accompanying

this amusingly informative traipse through the tubs of time is a photo portfolio of exquisite maidens dipping their exquisite pelts in yesteryear's bathtubs. We don't know how often, or even whether, Martians take baths, but this arcane bit of cosmic intelligence is very nearly the only intimate idiosyncrasy of visiting extraterrestrials with which earth's irrepressible "contactees" haven't yet claimed to be personally familiar. In *Take Me to Your Leader*, Gerald Walker entertainingly documents the fact that most of these space-smitten souls are even farther out than their intergalactic inamorata.

No less unearthly is Jack Sharkey's second tickler of PLAYBOY's risibilities, *Conversation with a Bug*, a deliciously ironic little tale of a man, a spider, a wasp and a wish. Segueing from the ridiculous to the sublime, we present *Stravinsky*, a compelling profile of our greatest contemporary composer as a man and a musician, revealed in an insightful evaluation of his masterworks by Roland Gelatt, long-time music critic for *The Reporter* and perspicacious Editor-in-Chief of *High Fidelity* magazine. In the music of other spheres, October marks the downbeat of PLAYBOY's popular Jazz Poll, our sixth annual plebiscite on the notes — high, low, blue and otherwise — that you've been hearkening to during the last year. Your ballot (a tangible token of gratitude to the jazz guys and dolls you dig most mightily) awaits you on page 114.

With a flourish of strumpets, we invite you to peruse chapter and vice in an *Anthology of Pros*, by Chip Reay, a playful portrayal of that grand old institution known politely as a house of ill-repute. We then commend a gallery of bibbing blandishments which PLAYBOY considers *Par for the Bar* in any host's home that's not a house. And while we're on the subject, you ought to know that Saint Denis keeps rock tarts in the closet and Margo O'Brien has a tower of rusty mutton on her feet. Before you accuse us of being stoned, we suggest you consult *Bojo Rolo Takes Two to Tango*, William E. Masee's mnemonically mirthful excursion through the verities of viniculture. Thomas Mario offers *Crème de la Crème*, a superlative cook's tour de force through the velvety domain of parfais, frappés and mousses. And for a final sweetmeat, feast your epicurean eye on our opulently endowed October Playmate — a bewitching capper to what we think is an issue you'll take no issue with.

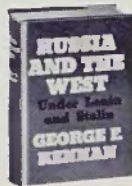
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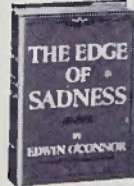
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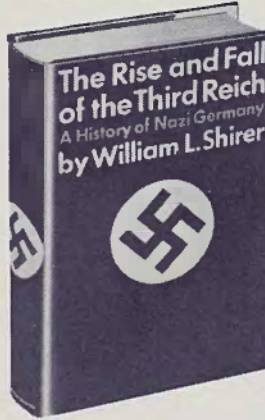
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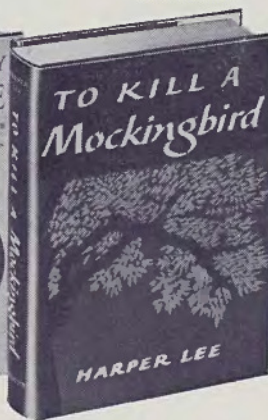
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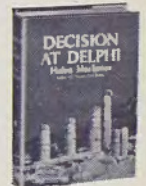
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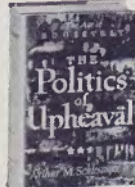
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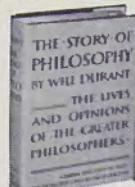
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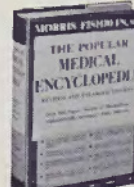
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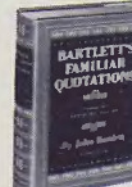
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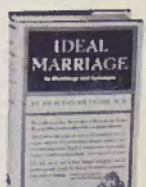
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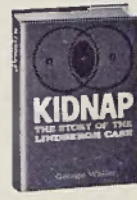
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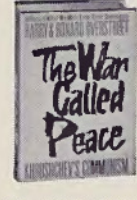
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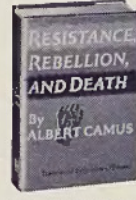
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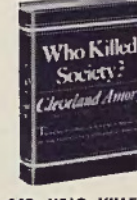
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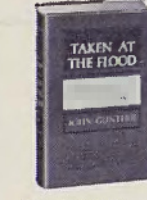
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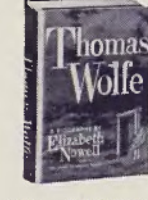
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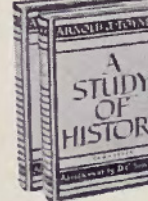
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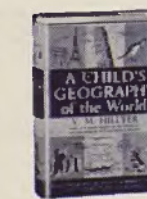
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SEX AND CENSORSHIP

Your PLAYBOY panel discussion on Sex and Censorship was much appreciated. I'm heartened to read publisher Barney Rosset's good sense in carefully noting the difference between censorship and guidance — an important but often overlooked difference. Last year, in the face of some oversimplifiers who turn to law to solve all problems, I strongly urged the use of a "positive parental consent to purchase" device, rather than police book-store and magazine-stand censorship, as the best solution to the problem of so-called "adult" or "questionable" literature getting into the hands of juveniles. Such a plan avoids harmful direct legal controls and places the responsibility upon the seller and the parent, the only two suitably responsible parties in this type of sales transaction.

C. J. Beck, Chairman
Corrections Division
Iowa Welfare Association
Anamosa, Iowa

I found the July *Playboy Panel: Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts* stimulating, especially since the subject rarely rates the space in such mass circulation publications.

Sanford Socolow
CBS News
New York, New York

I am amazed (but pleased) that your panel went to such a lengthy discussion and interpretation of sex and censorship in literature and the arts when the whole situation can be summed up with one short passage from the Bible which I am sure even the do-gooders must consider an excellent source of moral stability, i. e., Romans 14:14: "I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus that there is nothing unclean of itself, but to him that esteemeth any thing to be unclean, to him it is unclean."

Bud Calvert
Wichita, Kansas

The discussion appearing in the July issue of PLAYBOY was indeed a "provocative conversation about a subject of interest on the contemporary scene." Sex and its expression are, I believe, acquir-

ing more and more freedom and recognition in this country. As Freud so avidly demonstrated, sex has been repressed not only by the censors but by the very minds of the people themselves, resulting in much misunderstanding, frustration, and, in some cases, mental illness. Therefore, it benefits society in general to look sex in the face — to examine it openly and honestly; such was the attitude that pervaded your panel discussion. I would like to add one point of my own. Mr. Girodias came close to it when, toward the end of the discussion, he talked about "moral censorship being used by most governments as a means of control and domination." William O. Douglas talks about the same thing in *America Challenged*. The point is this: censorship, whether it be of pornographic trash or communist speeches or anything else, is dangerous to our system of democracy. The most dangerous thing that can happen to America is for its people to become brainwashed into conformity. How many people nowadays, with the exception of the outspoken but brave Senator from Arizona, will even talk about getting rid of some element in society to which they're opposed, much less try to do something about it? That is why your article goes further than just sex emancipation; it bears importance in the question of freedom itself — real freedom — from censors, from government, from complacency, and from oblivious conformity in everyday living.

Pete Neumann
College of Law
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

There seems to be confusion these days between two words — freedom and license. To call license freedom does not make it so, for license is self-destroying and freedom is not. The license that helped destroy Greece and Rome was often called freedom but that did not change its effect.

C. E. Martin
Los Angeles, California

This was the best panel discussion I've read in a long time. It is something I'm

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going to save so that my children (when that time comes) may read it, too. The youngsters of today need desperately to know the difference between pornography and art.

B. Calistro
Kailua, Hawaii

The discussion by the PLAYBOY panel in your July issue is reprehensible. You delve into the problem with an adroit presentation of several intellectual viewpoints, but you then contradict your own purpose. You try to dissect and analyze the specific comments of your panel, but in so doing you leave the distinct impression that all censorship is bad. The important point which you should have brought out is that intelligence and judgment must determine what is obscene and what is not. Your panelists did this. Your own comments supported only one side of the discussion—that portion which was against all censorship.

George Smith
Shreveport, Louisiana

To be sure, a fifteen-year-old lad reading *Lady Chatterley's Lover* will not go out and rape the first woman he sees. Yet, the constant barrage of sex-tainted media brings to mind the old Latin adage: *Gutta cavat lapidem; non vi sed saepe cadendo.* (The dripping wears away the stone, not by force but by constant falling.) Your round-tables are great, but why stack the deck? How about some opponents to the assenters you feature at each discussion?

Bill Tushana
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Tushana, meet Mr. Bascom and Miss Neubauer.

In this day of supposed "objectivity" in discussion groups, it's a relief to find you chaps thinking straight and clear in your choice of panelists. The usual procedure, which you avoided, is to have all viewpoints represented. This finds TV discussion shows, for instance, contaminating a potentially sensible cross fire between a Democrat and a Republican by introducing a right-wing nut. Same thing would have happened to you if you'd had some primitive "intellect" from the Post Office censors on your panel: his elementary backwardness would have dragged the whole thing down to grade-school level, with all the other guys reduced to trying to educate him on the ABCs of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution. You know, for instance, that he'd introduce such disputed myths as "damage to the morality of the young"—when it is patently far more damaging to have people growing up tacitly believing that censorship and democracy are compatible. Stay adult, PLAYBOY; your panel was fascinat-

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Allan Bascom
Princeton, New Jersey

Thought you'd be interested in a small contretemps at a cocktail party I attended where a group was discussing your latest panel. One guy said it was interesting but unfair, because nobody was putting forth the pro-censorship position. Another chap pointed out that Judge Thurman Arnold had established, in a court of law, that the Post Office was completely out of line in its censorship actions. A third, for whom I have a very special regard, ended the debate (to my satisfaction, anyway) by saying that if he were assembling panelists for a discussion of mental illness, he wouldn't feel it was necessary to have a psycho on the panel. Me—I kept my mouth shut; I'm his girl.

Toni Neubauer
San Diego, California

NOTHING BUT THE BOOTH

Motorists have been casting strange glances at our toll booths ever since Barry Spacks' delightful whimsy *For Whom the Booth Tolls* appeared in the July *PLAYBOY*. Luckily, we've had no trouble with peripatetic toll pirates setting up their own booths on the Chicago Skyway. Perhaps it's because our approach is different. Unlike Willie Brain-tree in the story, we show courtesy to all—even to admirals of the Arizona navy. And our rates are the same for everyone, even for blondes.

James J. McDonough, Manager
Chicago Skyway Toll Bridge
Chicago, Illinois

LOOSE COG

In regard to Jules Feiffer's cartoon *The Machine* in July, the chief character seems to have spent 13/12 of his life in beginning, middle and goodbye conversations.

Eliot Kalman
Newton Centre, Massachusetts
Feiffer flunked fractions.

GRACE NOTE

I have been buying *PLAYBOY* practically since its inception and many times I have wanted to sit down to write to you about your wonderful magazine. I've been buying it on the newsstands but if it helps you out any, you can sell me a subscription. That three-year deal would be fine but please don't ask me to fill out the little card that comes in the magazine because I must have torn out fifty of the damned things with every good intention of filling one out, but I lose things. By the way, before going to

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- 138. GERRY MULLIGAN — Meets Stan Getz. Anything Goes, That Old Feeling, Let's Fall in Love, Ballad, etc.
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- 145. CHARLIE MINGUS — Mingus Ah-Um. Better Git it in Your Soul, Goodbye Fork Pie Hat, Fussy Cat Dues, Boogie Stop Shuffle, Open Letter to Duke, etc.
- 146. RAMSEY LEWIS — Down to Earth. Dark Eyes, John Henry, Greensleeves, We Blue It, Come Back to Sorrento, Soul Mist, etc.
- 147. J. J. JOHNSON — Blue Trambone. Hello, Young Lovers; 100 Proof; Blue Trambone (parts 1 & 2); What's New; Kev; etc.
- 148. GERRY MULLIGAN — The Concert Jazz Band. You Took Advantage of Me, Out of This World, I'm Gonna Go Fishin', etc.
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Europe, I went on tour to try to help publicize a film called *Return to Peyton Place* and in my travels I managed to get to Chicago for a day. During that day I tried to get a chance to telephone you since I was outraged by a magazine which I bought from a newsstand in Duluth. It was a cheap, boldly brazen, bottom-of-the-barrel imitation of your magazine. Sadly, I cannot tell you the name of this bit of trash since, as I said before, I lose things and that damned magazine was one of them. I cannot believe that men of the caliber of those who produce your book could be unaware of such goings-on but my question is why in hell don't you put a stop to it? It's dreadful, and please don't give me that old bromide about imitation being the sincerest form of flattery. That's what my husband did.

Grace Metalious

Gilmanton, New Hampshire

We have found that discerning readers, and for that matter, people of discernment in general, are almost always able to separate the real thing from spurious imitation. Imitators have a happy tendency to wither and die from lack of self-sustaining vitality.

DESIGN NOTES

We at Dunbar were very pleased with the editorial coverage of famous designers in the July PLAYBOY. We think John Anderson did a splendid piece of reporting, and we do hope that more of these articles on furniture and designers will appear in the future.

Harold D. Sprunger, President
Dunbar Furniture Corporation
Berne, Indiana

Naturally, I was interested to see the design article in the July issue of PLAYBOY and how we all fared in a periodical whose pages are normally so generously overstuffed. Pictorially, I think our works came off better than ourselves, but that, of course, is putting credit where it should be put, since how we six look can be no fault of yours or your photographers. I just wish I could recall my frozen daydream, sad as it must have been. I think the principal compliments, however, are due John Anderson for tripping so lightly and accurately through an esthetic no man's land where we practitioners seem to be wandering. More precisely, I think it is remarkable that in such a limited space he was able to set the stage for your vast audience, limning the historical backdrop and underscoring our emancipation from Bauhaus methodism. It will certainly be news to almost all of your readers, I presume, that some of the furniture classics of our time do not follow the line religiously. More power to you, but from what I hear my accolade will be superfluous.

Edward J. Wormley
New York, New York

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I do think that an excellent job has been done by everyone on the magazine as well as John Anderson, and sincerely hope that this article will prove to be important for all of us.

Jens Risom
Jens Risom Design, Inc.
New York, New York

I feel that I must take you to task for your July article, *Designs for Living*. I see this need because the contents seem much too one-sided and twisted. And although I think it a noble practice to present the layman articles on artistic objects of intrinsic value, too much emphasis has been placed upon the sterile approach to contemporary design by the American designers. You made mention in your article of the different schools of ideas seemingly critical of the late Frank Lloyd Wright—though not in so many words. Though I envy Mr. Wright's works, I cannot be considered one of his followers. Nor can I, on the other hand, even after having had an opportunity to work directly with Mr. Mies Van der Rohe (Detroit Pavillion Apartment), fully accept his philosophy, either. There is a point that lies somewhere beyond these two men—a point of feeling for the human in the total design. I believe, perhaps due to my heritage (Danish), that the Scandinavian designer has long since reached this point: in architecture, furniture design, accessories and other fields as well; and I must agree with and follow Finn Juhl, Hans Wegner, Jens Risom, Jens Quistgaard (for Dansk) and others, perhaps even Soren Kierkegaard—for I see the "modern" house, home, pad, whatever, to be lacking humanity. Here is steel, chrome, stainless, aluminum and plastic, angular lines and the cold look of an IBM 407. With the Scandinavian, there is more than the warmth of materials and craftsmanship—there is an inborn intangible feeling of ties with history and, more important, people who live in houses, sit in chairs and use all these designs. Again: your article was a fine attempt—as far as it went—and it is just an unfortunate thing that Mr. Anderson chose to regard the toys of Eames and Saarinen as superior to the truth of real design.

James Petersen
Tokyo, Japan

HIGHWATER MARK

I must say *The Fifteenth Station* was one of the finest stories I have ever read.

Louis B. Graham
Syracuse, New York

The Fifteenth Station by T. K. Brown, III, was the gem of the ocean. Let's have more of his perfect fiction.

Mike Hunt
Boston, Massachusetts

The extraordinarily gripping shock value and humorously grim finish of *The Fifteenth Station* had me reading the July issue with more than my usual interest.

Michael J. Hayward
Burbank, California

VOTING ON THE MACHINE

I feel that Arthur C. Clarke's article *Machina Ex Deus* in the July issue of *PLAYBOY* is saturated with errors. To attack each point would be too lengthy a task but I would like to indicate a few flaws. First, Mr. Clarke insists on referring to electronic computers as "brains." This is a serious misnomer since the word brain infers the capacity to reason. Machines cannot reason. Actually a computer is incapable of performing any operation unless the operation is programed into the memory of the computer by a human brain. A computer is more analogous to a desk calculator than to the human mind. I fail to see how a sophisticated desk calculator will eventually rule the world. Also, I do not comprehend the analogy which Mr. Clarke makes between the synthesis of urea and the evaluation of life from inorganic matter. Although urea is an "organic" compound, it does not have life. "Organic" here means only that the compound is derived from carbon. The fact that a chemical reaction is the same in the body as in a reactor does not destroy the "mystique," as Mr. Clarke so eloquently states, between the worlds of inorganic and organic (meaning living) chemistry.

R. D. Voyer
Kingston, Ontario

I'm very happy to see that you, too, have found pleasure — and stimulation — from Arthur C. Clarke's particular writing style and ideas. I have been searching for more of his work ever since his *Childhood's End*.

G. B. Reynolds, III
Ferguson, Missouri

I am very curious to know which machine has assumed the pen name of Arthur C. Clarke.

William Z. DeRosia
New York, New York

The computer does not think. The computer will not think. The computer will use $E = mc^2$ but the computer cannot derive quantum electrodynamic theory from observations of the physical world. In short, the computer does not create. The computer makes a choice between alternatives, both the choice and the alternatives being in its memory system, or the computer performs a set of prescribed assumptions. It cannot observe data and make decisions unless

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from **ELEVEN LIVELY ARTS** by **Marv Kitman**
Scientific Tests Show... February 27, 1961
 A friend of ours, who runs the An Independent Research Laboratory of Ridgefield, N.J., was complaining recently about the recession his little business is in.

For those of you not in the independent research laboratory business, several words of explanation. The An Independent Research Laboratory tests claims made by advertisers in their television commercials. Hired neither by sponsors nor by consumer groups, it can afford to be fiercely independent, responsible only to the man who runs it.

Why has the independent research laboratory business been in a recession? Most observers blame the Government, which began cracking down on scientific tests in commercials last year. The government is demanding that all television tests be unrigged.

The decline in the scientific test, our friend feels, shouldn't be misconstrued as *prima facie* evidence of fixing. It's just that advertisers, in a free competition, are leery that Brand X may win.

The little testing still going on in commercials is being conducted in such impeccable tests, there is simply nothing for an AIRL to check up on, according to our friend. "A good example of what the government has wrought is the Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Test," he said.

"The idea behind the blue-glass test is simple. Buy three brands of Scotch. Make sure one of them is Old Smuggler. The three brands are served in identically the same way in blue glasses. All you have to do is decide which brand you like best."

In its advertising copy for the Old Smuggler Scotch Test, W. A. Taylor & Company captures the new spirit.

Which Scotch will you pick? Frankly we don't know. But we know that among men who have made the blue-glass test, many find that their favorite Scotch is Old Smuggler.

A Sane Test... March 6, 1961

In years of studying scientific tests in advertising, we have yet to witness a single instance where the underdog product—whether its name be Brand X or Brand A—has emerged the victor.

Against this background our enthusiasm for what we consider a really unique test in recent advertising history is understandable. We mean the Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Test. Our concern about this test is more than academic.

The blue-glass test, an integral element in Old Smuggler's advertising program, is a marked departure from past whisky ads because it does not say its product is the absolute last word in Scotch. The campaign tells you to buy three bottles of Scotch, only one of which need be Old Smuggler. Drink all three out of blue glasses. The ad says:

It should be emphasized that the purpose of the blue-glass test is not to identify the different brands of Scotch but to provide a reliable basis for deciding which you like best.

And here is the revolutionary pitch:

Which brand will you pick? That is for each individual to say for himself. But it is worth noting that among men who have made the blue-glass test, many find their favorite Scotch is Old Smuggler.

May we emphasize the significance in this advertising campaign?

The Old Smuggler people are admitting their product can finish second. It can also finish third. That's dead last in a field of three.

Now everybody from the president of, say, ██████████ down to a stockroom boy at ██████████ knows individual tests should be the criterion in selecting a whisky. But nobody had the guts to say it until now.

A Man's Home Is His Test Lab... March 7, 1961

Long ago in every land, citizens discovered that fruit could be turned into wine and cereals into beer and that when either of these is boiled and the vapors condensed, collected and drunk, the effect on the drinker is a miracle. The product of all this labor is called whisky.

Some 3,000 blends of Scotch whisky made by approximately 30 distillers are exported to the U.S. Can you tell the difference among them?

In the interests of science recently, we've been conducting the Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Test, one of the few really

scientific tests a man can conduct in his home without getting a Rockefeller Foundation grant. The scientific implications in this test made us so heady, we repeated it five nights running. In this spirit, we pass along some information about the test and its results.

Next to three Scotches, the first thing novice testers must do is get hold of blue glasses. The Old Smuggler people sell a set of 9-ounce blue glasses for \$1 (send check to Blue Glasses, P.O. Box 36A, Mount Vernon 10, N.Y.). They are etched with numerals 1, 2, 3 and are similar to glasses used by professional whisky-tasters. The idea behind the dark glasses is to make all brands look alike.

As any professional whisky-taster will tell you, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, not in its appearance. This is particularly true of Scotch.

When a man holds a bottle of Scotch up to the light to see if he can read some significance into its hue, he is really telling the world about his ignorance. Unlike most American whiskies, Scotch is usually distilled gin-clear and is artificially colored.

(Aging in charred barrels gives bourbon and rye its amber color, but Scotch is aged in uncharred wood.)

Blue-Glass Stakes—I... March 14, 1961

As scientific tests go, the blue-glass test is easy. It is so painless, so to speak, one can make a game of it. An instruction sheet we received from the Old Smuggler people suggests just that:

To play it, all you need are three blue glasses numbered 1, 2, 3—three different brands of Scotch whisky—and a pretty girl to act as umpire.

Our wife put her foot down when she heard the Old Smuggler people were sending over all the equipment. So we invited a senior chemist at NYC-Bellevue Hospital, a neighbor, to be the umpire.

He was so enthused about the scientific implications in the blue-glass test, he asked us to act as umpire for him. We told him to get his own pretty girl.

You might think we were making too much of this umpiring business. Actually, the umpire is an important figure in the blue-glass test.

She is the pretty girl who pours the three Scotches into the blue glasses behind the participant's back. Clearly, if the taster sees what is being poured into the glasses, the test immediately is invalid.

She must also keep impeccable records of what she is pouring where.

We once attended a blue-glass testing session in Greenwich Village where the umpire didn't take her role seriously. A heated argument started when she confessed she had been pouring ██████████ in all three glasses.

But getting back to our test, as host we decided to submit our own taste buds to the test first. We turned our back and the umpire poured.

"Be careful," we said, "don't waste a drop—that's Old Smuggler."

The umpire blew his whistle.

Is it our fault we can recognize different Scotches by the sound they make being poured into a glass?

Blue-Glass Stakes—II... March 15, 1961

The umpire in our blue-glass stakes decided we were spending too much time looking into the glasses to see if we couldn't glean color information about the unidentified Scotches we were tasting. He said we were only "half-safe." He ruled that we had to wear the special blue glasses provided by the Old Smuggler people for known cheaters.

The object of the test is to find the Scotch the taster likes most. The way everybody in our game played, it was assumed Old Smuggler would finish third in a field of three. Price being our rule of thumb at the liquor store, it figured. ██████████ and ██████████ each cost more than Old Smuggler, the man who purchased the samples reported.

After studying the first blue glass like a tea-leaf reader at a loss for words because the tea was brewed with a tea bag, we tasted it. Naturally, we expectorated, then drank a



glass of water to kill the taste. We did not swallow, only because whisky taste-testers never swallow samples. It dulls the taste buds.

By the time we had reached the second blue glass, it seemed a waste of good whisky to spit it out. Despite our scientific frame of mind, it was remarkably easy to rationalize swallowing the stuff.

The first three blue glasses were suddenly empty. The cheering crowd that had gathered in our apartment sat on the edge of their chairs waiting for our decision.

We asked that another round be set up.

By the fourth round, we had completed every conceivable test. Only the umpire growing increasingly restless to get a whack at his test prevented us from ordering drinks for the house.

"Cut it out," he said. "You'd think something depended on this. Which blue glass tastes best by far?"

"No. 3 blue glass," we said.

The umpire checked his score card. Confidently, we extolled the virtues of [redacted] and [redacted] to our neighbors.

"Old Smuggler," he said, "wins."

Everybody laughed at us.

The umpire was still laughing when he sat down to take the test. We became the umpire.

An hour later he had picked the No. 2 blue glass.

"Old Smuggler," we had to tell him.

In a burst of enthusiasm, our wife offered to take the test.

Of all the glasses she tested, she chose the glass of water as best tasting. "This test really taught me something about Scotches," she said. "They all taste like iodine."

—Marv Kitman

Advertiser's Note: To Mr. Kitman, widely-read syndicated columnist, we doff our hat for his enchanting series—entirely unsolicited—on the pure pleasure of Old Smuggler Blue-Glass Scotch Testing. To *The Armstrong Daily*, Mr. Kitman's publishers and copyright holders, our thanks for permitting this reprint (names of competing brands obliterated in the interest of fair play). To Mrs. Kitman, a low bow to hide our chagrin. But you simply can't win 'em all.

That, incidentally, is the credo of Mr. Kitman's readers, seasoned practitioners of scientific testing, who were good enough to send us his serialized critique on our blue-glass test. Mr. Kitman writes to a dedicated group who pledge their personal fortunes to a thorough test of every promising new theory that comes along. To help them cope with the vast complex of known vs. unknown, logic vs. hunch, assigned weight vs. track condition, Mr. Kitman's splendid paper compiles pertinent data. The scholarly pore over it earnestly at Hialeah and other centers of research on improving the breed. They then resolutely step to the \$2 window . . .



make
the
blue-glass
test

Smart way to find your favorite scotch

Making the *blue-glass test* is a very intriguing game. To play it, all you need are three blue glasses numbered 1, 2, 3—three different brands of Scotch whisky—and a pretty girl to act as umpire. Or a friend or a waiter can be a stand-in. The idea is to enable you to judge impartially which Scotch is your favorite. The three brands are served identically in the blue glasses, so that all look alike and you will not know which brand is which. Be sure one brand of Scotch is Old Smuggler. Sip each judiciously. Compare the flavor thoughtfully. Then decide which brand you like best. Which Scotch will you pick? Frankly, we don't know. But we do know that among men who have made the blue-glass test, many find that their favorite Scotch is Old Smuggler.



Special Offer: Set of 9-ounce blue glasses etched with numerals 1, 2, 3. Similar to glasses used by experts for testing Scotch. Ideal for enjoying Scotch any way, any time. Send \$1 per set of 3 glasses to Blue Glasses, P. O. Box 36A, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Offer subject to state and local regulations.



OLD
Smuggler
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86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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A virtuoso performance by the top popular singer in the country at the famed Copacabana. "The opening night audience was still applauding her performance after she'd retired to her dressing room," wrote Hy Gardner. In mono and Super Stereo E/SE3913.

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Broadway's Biggest on **MGM RECORDS**

caballero!



Der Bingle ambles South of The Border with Billy May's orchestra for a visit with some old friends, including such favorites as My Shawl, Down Argentina Way, Ramona, Amapola, Malaguena, The Breeze and I, and more than a dozen others! In mono and Super Stereo E/SE3890P.

The Starpower label is **MGM RECORDS**

the possible decisions have been inscribed in its memory.

Donald H. Lambert
Waltham, Massachusetts

RE MACHINA EX DEUX. TERRIFIC, SCIENTIFIC, MAGNIFIC, HORRIFIC. HOPE IT'S NOT FACT BUT FIG.

KURT RAUSCH
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Congrats for hitting on a very special and fruitful combination. Reference is to Arthur Clarke's letting his disciplined and educated imagination roam in non-fiction. I've read Clarke the scientist before (to my benefit) and Clarke the science-fictioneer (to my pleasure). *Machina Ex Deux* melded the two to produce one of the most provocative speculations I've ever seen anywhere—and in the course of my work I read most scientific journals and, for relaxation, a lot of science fiction. May we not have more of the same, please?

Richard J. Millar
Seattle, Washington

Yes, you may. Arthur Clarke's scientific extrapolations have appeared in *PLAYBOY* before ("Rocket to the Renaissance," July 1960), will do so again in a series of articles starting in January 1962.

JUNE SPOON

I was charmed by the lead story in the June issue, Bernard Wolfe's *Marcianna and the Natural Carpaine in Papaya*. I enjoyed the reality with which the story unfolded, and was carried along objectively, laughing or feeling sad, as Mr. Wolfe allowed me to sample his well-organized thalamic impulses. Being methodical, especially with *PLAYBOY*, it was not until page 77 that I was allowed to live out *Harold's Affair* by Walter Goodman. From the first line I found so much indigenous to the personalities of all of us that I was no longer a spectator.

Dr. Frank R. Hurlbutt, Jr.
Sausalito, California

ALL THAT JAZZ

I enjoyed Bruce Griffin's article on *The Jazz Singers* and learned a lot about the origins of jazz, especially the fact that blues and jazz came out of sadness of the underprivileged and that it found its finest expression in the voices of those burdened down by personal tragedy. As an opera singer who also sings standard pop tunes, I enjoy jazz—but as a listener rather than as a singer. I accept it as part of the panorama of American music and look forward to the day when opera will have a greater mass appeal in America. English lyrics for European operas will do much, I believe, to attract more Americans to opera, as will operas with a jazz or blues theme, like *Porgy and Bess* and *Carmen Jones*.



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RELAX

and really enjoy the holiday season this year!

GIVE THE MAN PLAYBOY FOR CHRISTMAS

Your Christmas shopping is over – your gift problems are solved the easy armchair way. While others are bucking the Christmas crush, worrying about the “right” gift, you can sit back relaxed, pleased with the feeling that comes from knowing you’ve made the perfect choice for any man on your Christmas list. We even do the gift wrapping and the mailing.

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California playboys create

The Black Devil



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ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

From sunny California comes a twilight drink to enjoy at Bacardi Parties: *The Black Devil*.

Mix 4 parts Light Bacardi with 1 part dry vermouth. Stir *well* with ice, and serve in a cocktail glass. For the satanic touch, add a *black olive*!

Devilishly smooth and satisfying. Have a *Black Devil*: Toast the rising moon.

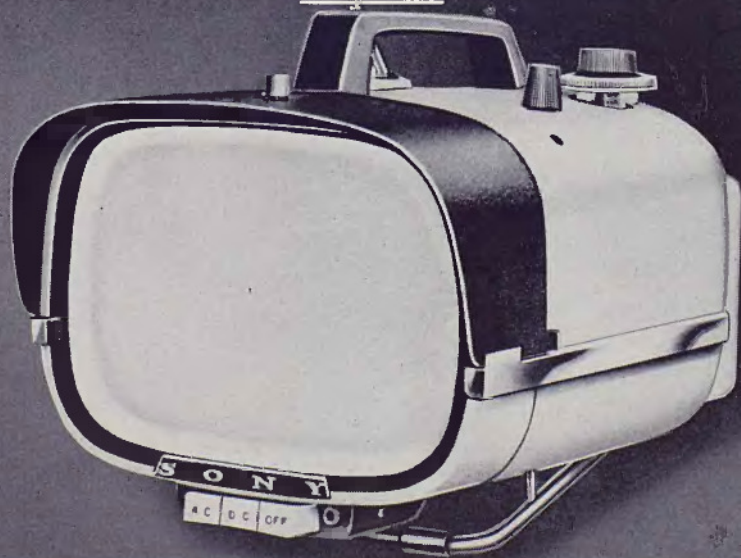
(For those still in the dark, a Bacardi Party is where the guests bring Bacardi, and the host supplies the mixings — as many as he can think of! *Fun.*)

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Mr. Griffin should delve into why jazz stays so close to records and nightclubs, instead of reaching for the dimensions of opera. Opera can give jazz a new visual excitement it's never had and bring it a new audience.

Robert Merrill
New York, New York

I am enjoying your article on *The Jazz Singers*. However, you reach a little far back even for my senile circle. But we finally "got with it" about the time of Bessie Smith, who, I will have to agree, was a gas! Enjoy PLAYBOY every month, although it's sad at my age—I can only look at the pictures.

Paul "Pops" Whiteman
New Hope, Pennsylvania

Bruce Griffin is to be congratulated on a superbly written, tremendously fascinating and highly informative article. Can't wait for Part II.

Chuck Taylor
New York, New York

ILLITERATE LITERATOR?

Leslie Fiedler has gone too far with his popularized style of literary criticism in *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word* (June 1961). Either he does not "remember" his mythology after all, or else he has distorted it for dramatic purposes in his article. Had he even taken the trouble to translate the lines from Ovid quoted by Eliot in the note to *The Waste Land* which he cites, he would have discovered that Tiresias was neither blind nor a prophet before he was called upon to settle the gods' dispute. Furthermore, Tiresias did not answer "blithely" when he told Juno that women derive more pleasure from the sexual act than do men. Prior to this ruling, he had spent seven years as a woman, the result of having busted up a party between two copulating serpents. In the eighth year, after catching the serpents at it again, he (she?) was transformed back into a man. Finally, Juno did not transform Tiresias, as Fiedler says—she blinded him. But Jupiter, perhaps tickled pink at finding someone to prove his point, gave Tiresias the gift of divine prophecy. All of which goes to show that Eve wasn't the only one to get all mixed up over this serpent business, and that in such superficial critical essays Leslie Fiedler gets mixed up over even less.

Jeb Carter
Elwood, Indiana

How is it possible for anyone of intelligence to mix *Fanny Hill*, a work of pornography obviously written with a single-mindedness of purpose, under the same heading (Erotic Literature) as James Joyce's *Ulysses*? Mr. Fiedler seems to delight in categorizing and generalizing, which leads him to speak of Law-

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CHANEL

rence, Joyce, Wilson and Mailer as a group — presumably a group titled, as his article, *The Literati of the Four-Letter Word*. It was just such a blandly categorizing attitude which led for so long to the suppression of some valuable literature as obscenity. Mr. Fiedler dwells at length on the image of the little boy scrawling dirty words with a piece of chalk, although his entire article seems to suggest that he is not long out of this stage himself. It must be his preoccupation with the four-letter word which has led him to see these writers, most notably Joyce and possibly Durrell, as writers of erotica rather than simply as writers. Mr. Fiedler complains about the vocabulary used in describing sex. The four-letter words do not satisfy him, nor do the more exalted vocabularies. It would seem that in a rather peevisish way he is trying to hint that literature would be better off if no one wrote about sex at all. If one cannot see it in literature, one cannot see it in life — sex is a part of the whole, not a segregated item. To regard it out of context, as Mr. Fiedler does, is worse than false — it verges on the perverted. Mr. Fiedler is not alone in his guilt, however. PLAYBOY has contributed a good deal to the *reductio ad absurdum* of sex. Start with a premise: sex is fine. Qualify it to: sex is best in dimly lit bachelor's quarters replete with "in" wines and hi-fi. Reduce it with: desirability of sexual partner (known as playmate) is proportional to bra-cup size, etc., and you end up with a rigid and stilted game, rather than a joyous, personal (and, therefore, each time unique) experience. Please, PLAYBOY, give your readers more of a chance to discover and experience for themselves. You seem hellbent on reducing the men of our nation to a legion of wet-dreaming adolescents.

A. S. Rounds

Honolulu, Hawaii

Or freedom-loving men, of intelligence, spirit, good will and humor — unwilling to accept the old traditions and taboos.

You've had Fiedler on literature and Eric Bentley on drama; J. Paul Getty on finance and Carl Sandburg as a poet; Vargas on girls and your own photogs' pix of Playmates. I could go on, but I think I've made my point (and yours). My question is, what are you going to do for encores? Incidentally, the Fiedler seemed to me especially fine: sound thinking, elegantly expressed, on a subject uniquely right for you and your readers.

C. W. Alexander

Greenwich, Conn.

Thanks, C. W., and in answer to your question: more and even better of the same.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



For the delectation of those who have exhausted the entertainment value of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and the Manhattan telephone directory, we'd like to suggest *Books in Print*, a stupefyingly exhaustive catalog of 225,000 currently published authors and titles, as a rich new source of light reading pleasure. On all counts—staggering weight (eight pounds), unwieldy dimensions (8½ x 11), healthy cost (\$17.50) and preposterous length (2050 pages)—this pleasingly plump tome qualifies as an endlessly diverting bedside companion for the discriminating reader. Picking up our copy the other day, we flipped quickly to the I's, began scanning 240 titles beginning with everyone's favorite word, and discovered that we were, or rather *I Was*, at one time or another, *Defeated*, unaccountably *Swindled by Red Movie Makers*, and just plain *Sick*, which is hardly surprising in view of the fact that *I Was* also *A Male War Bride*, *A Teen-Age Dwarf*, *A Spy for Hitler*, *A Career Girl's Consort* and *A Chaplain on the Franklin*. With equal versatility, *I Stole \$16,000,000*, *Doubled Flying Saucers*, *Met a Man with a Shining Face* and *Couldn't Help Laughing*, *Fought with Geronimo* and also *With Custer*, *Saw It Happen in China*, *Knew Sister Kenny* and *Knew a Phoenix*; then, just in the nick of time, *I Found My Love* and *I Thought of Daisy as I Threw a Rose into the Sea*; finally *I Joined the Russians*, but regretted it and woke up one morning to find that *I Killed Stalin*. Currently, we are, or rather *I Am*, *A Daughter of the Church*, *A Mouse*, *A Shipping Clerk*, *An Estonian*, *An Eskimo*, *Anastasia*, *Fifteen* and (somewhat confusingly) both *My Brother and Myself*. Soon after, *I Married a Korean*; but it didn't work out, and in rapid succession *I Married a San Blas Indian*, *A*

Logger, *A Hunter*, *A Boat*, *The Klondike*, *The Veep*, and finally, for a new kick, *Four Children*. Furthermore, apropos of nothing, *I Can Jump Puddles*, *Tell God Things*, *Fly and Get It for You Wholesale*. And for whatever it's worth, *I Know the Club Manager*, *A Magic House*, *A Secret*, *Some Little Animals* and *A Lot of Things*, you bet. Not only that, but *I* happen to *Like Children*, *Trains*, *Winter*, *Greece*, *Red* and—laugh if you will—*Being a Grandma*. And here, as Eloise would say, is what *I Want*: *I Want to Be a Zookeeper*, *An Orange Grower* and (don't bandy this about) *A Ballet Dancer*. However self-contradictingly, *I* also *Want to Be Like Stalin*; but most of all, *I Want to Paint My Bathroom Blue*. What *I Don't Want*, on the other hand, is *To Shoot an Elephant and Other Stories*. Therapists might want to look into my (our) ambivalent intentions: *I'll Be Seeing You*, *I'll Tell You a Story*, then, undiscouraged, *I'll Tell You Another Story*; and because you'll be insufficiently attentive, *I'll Kill You Next*, *Bury My Dead*, and then *Die Laughing*—but *Cry Tomorrow* and *Sing No More*. Let's face it: *I Never Grew Up*. That's enough about *I* (or rather us) however; now let's talk about *You*: *You and Your Skin*, *Your Budgie*, *Your Rugmaking*, *Your First Threed Meals*, *Your Nasal Sinuses and Their Disorders*, *Your Cosmic Destiny*, *Your . . .* but that's all the time *I* (or rather we) have for the Reading Hour this month, kiddies. Next time we'll tell you *How*, among other things, *To Build a Baroque Concert Harpsichord*, *To Live with a Neurotic at Work or at Home*, *To Write and Use a YMCA Physical Education Policy*, *To Scrape Skis*, *To Make Earthworms Pay*, *To Tan Animal Skins at Home*, *To Put on a Minstrel Show*, *To Run a Bassoon Fac-*

tory, and even—lest these varied accomplishments don't suffice—*To Be Deliriously Happy*.

We admire the exuberance of the linotyper who set up this juicy block of copy for the *Baton Rouge Morning Telegraph*: "The victims told deputies the man drove them down a back road toward Shady Beach and stopped. He took one of the girls out behind the auto and kissed her twice, unbuttoned her beach coat and looked at her in her bathing suit, deputies said. MORE MORE MORE"

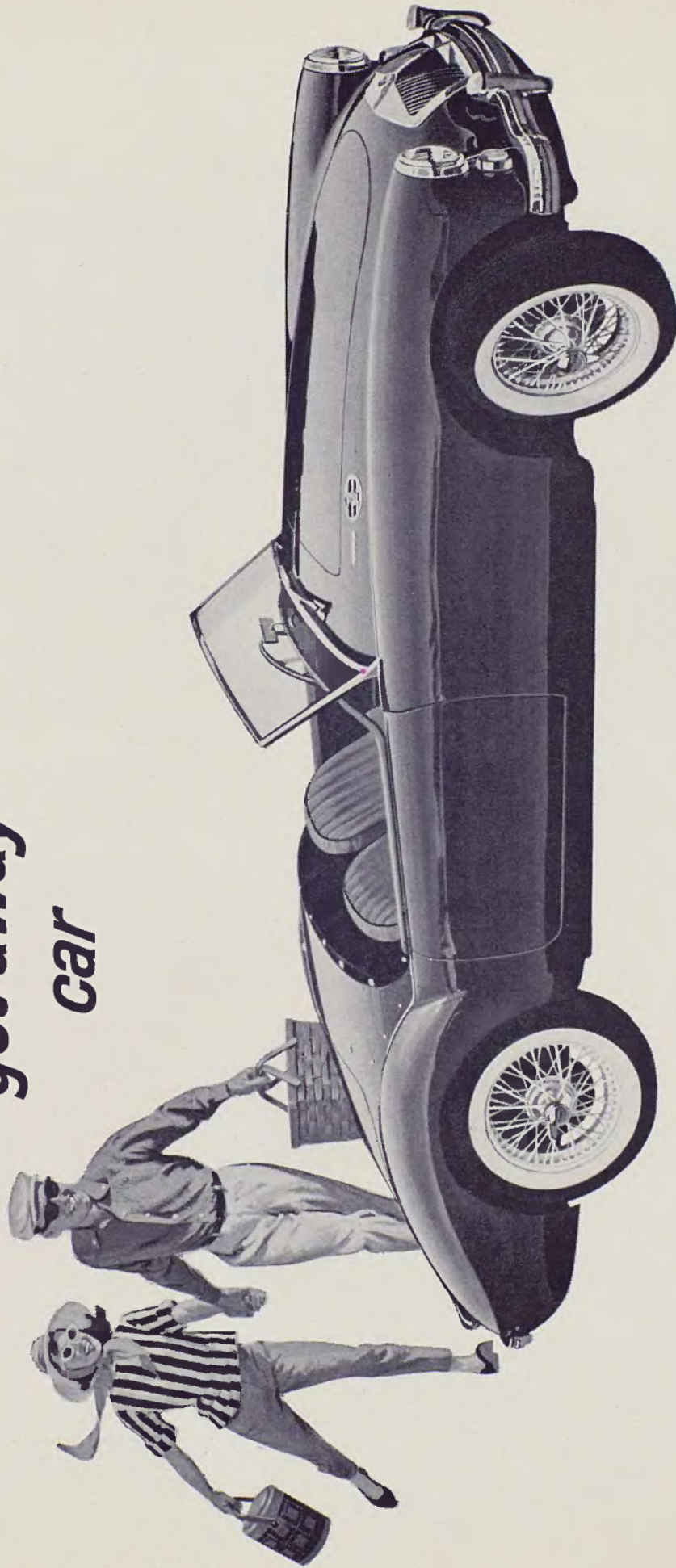
Headline on a Hollywood story in the Lansing, Michigan, *State Journal*: FAMED PRODUCER FAVORS MAKING STARS ON THE SET.

When a Galveston court granted a divorce decree to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Jones last year, reports the *Detroit Free Press*, the estranged pair were ordered to divide their property equally. Jones simply took a handsaw to his twenty-six by thirty-nine foot frame house, sliced it meticulously in half, and sealed the open sides; then he moved into one half and his wife, into the other. The account neglected to mention whether the Joneses have an only child.

A sixty-two-year-old South London vicar was recently dismissed from his parish and publicly defrocked for what the *New York Journal-American* called "immortality." We thought that sort of thing was encouraged.

Oops Department: At a flag-raising ceremony scheduled to precede a recent centennial parade in Wichita, tuxedoed city officials were gathered, hats in hand, on the grandstand; militiamen stood by,

the get-away car



Back seat drivers, g'bye! This one is deliberately designed for a carefree twosome to slip into snug bucket seats, take the helm, give it the gun, flash through teeming traffic and head for their favorite wide open spaces. Alone. This is the sports car for a guy and a gal who dare get away with an MG, knowing that everyone's watching them. Enviously. The

MGA 1600 Mk. II is one of four brand new members of the famous BMC family along with the MG Midget, the Austin Healey 3000 Mk. II and the Sprite...mighty fast company all. Drop everything for a get-away test drive today. You'll find your hometown BMC dealer to be a happy accomplice.



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ready to fire a thirty-four-gun salute; drums rolled as the bright-suited bandmaster poised with baton aloft to strike up the national anthem. The crowd hushed; a uniformed man tiptoed over to the mayor and whispered something in his ear; the mayor made a brief announcement and everyone went home. Somebody had neglected to rig a flag rope.

One of our staff members, weekending in New York, had occasion to phone Robert Benton and Harvey Schmidt (authors of *The In and Out Book*), and found that Benton was In but Schmidt was Out. To his relief, however, he later learned that Schmidt wasn't really Out, but merely not answering the phone — which is about as far In as you can get.

"Sober, industrious man urgently required to paint rear end of bears. Must be members of painter's union. Apply Box 23, Crag and Canyon." Don't ask us how we happened to be leafing through the Help Wanted pages of a Banff, Alberta, daily; but when we spotted this beguiling ad buried inconspicuously among the expected appeals for lumberjacks and fish canners, we were powerless to refrain from applying to Box 23 for particulars. The Canadian National Park Service, it seemed, had devised an ingenious if somewhat impractical plan for keeping its bear market in the red. British bruins who galumphed too close to campers had their rumps rudely reddened with identifying paint. If they were foolish enough to return again, they were summarily dispatched to the happy hunting grounds. After a year of haunch-daubing, a total of ninety-five bear bottoms had been artfully encrimsoned, and some of the tint was beginning to rub off on the Park Commissioner's face: the demand for paint was bigger than ever, but the supply of painters — who seemed to prefer a somewhat less challenging medium for their creative efforts — was in alarming decline. We offered our sympathy, but not our services.

Modern furniture design knows no limitations, it seems. One store, advertising in the *New York Daily News*, offered a sale-priced item with the following description: "Console Extension Table. Opens to Sleep 10."

"Small words," rhapsodized the copy chief of Van Brunt and Co., a New York ad agency, in a recent issue of *Printers' Ink*, "are clean . . . sweet . . . gay . . . the grace notes of prose . . . like bright stones in rings of gold." Hoping to drive home his point, he culminated his tract with a virtuoso display of fol-



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It remained for "phase 4 stereo" through its new scoring concepts to make musical use of "stage presence," "separation," and "movement."

For "phase 4 stereo" arrangers and orchestrators re-score the music to "place" the instruments where they are musically most desired at any particular moment to punctuate the musicality of sounds. "phase 4 stereo" is definitely not "background" music. "phase 4 stereo" recording (and this term is used in its broadest sense here to include the arrangements—the musicians—and the engineers) allows you to enjoy the music actively. Recording in this fashion was made possible technically as a result of London's new 4 TRACK MASTER recording system. Now, for the first time, the musical arranger was given a whole new technical capacity with which to work, and with which to create new musical entertainment and enjoyment.

To take advantage of this new musical framework afforded him, the musical arranger (who up until now was accustomed to writing musical figures in the conventional way on ordinary two dimensional manuscript paper) now has to envision the sounds he hears in his head as they relate to each other in the extra dimension of space afforded by stereo reproduction. And just as the student of geometry had to employ ordinary two dimensional paper to depict and convey three dimensional figures and thinking, so the musical arranger, restricted to two dimensional musical staves, has to create new forms of musical annotation and scoring to convey his full musical concept.

Shown below are 4 of the many new "phase 4 stereo" LP's now available.



PASS IN REVIEW
Prod. dir. by Bob Sharples
Rule Britannia; Scotland the Brave; La Ritirata Italiano; Mexican Hat Dance; Waltzing Matilda; Lili Marlene; Marine Corps Hymn; others.

BIG BAND PERCUSSION
Ted Heath and his Music
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THE PERCUSSIVE 20's
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Whispering; Black Bottom; Tiger Rag; Tea for Two; Ain't She Sweet; Fascinating Rhythm; Chicago; Whoa; Charleston; others.

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lowing his own prescription: "In fact, if you play your cards right, you can write ads the way they all say ads should be written: in words like these (all the way down to the last one, that is) of just one syllable." We suggest that the president of V. B. & Co. run two of those clean, sweet, one-syllable lulus — "You're fired" — up his copy chief's flagpole to see if he salutes.

Sign at the Cary Plumbing Company in Seattle: HONEST CARR'S USED JOHNS.

From the want ad section of the *Chicago Tribune*: "Evening openings from 6 to 9 selling *Life* and *Time* magazines by prone."

If there's anything we can't abide, it's a shnook of a crook. During a short but remarkable career, one Robert W. Brodie became a living testimonial to the maxim that crime doesn't pay. Among sundry blunders, he: (1) broke into a jewelry shop and walked off with a pearl necklace dangling from his pocket — straight into the arms of a waiting bobby; (2) tried to escape from a warehouse down a staircase leading to a locked door, and was captured by an elderly night watchman; (3) shattered a cigar store window, methodically looted its contents, and turned to discover that the man standing beside him was a policeman; (4) patronized a department store after hours, filched his fill, forgot which door he forced to get in, and was finally guided out the following morning by thoughtful store detectives; and most ambitiously, (5) picked the lock of a shiny new car, correctly crossed the ignition wires, and drove triumphantly off — only to run out of gas a few hundred yards away. "Your trouble," observed the sentencing judge with stinging simplicity, "is that you are a completely ineffectual man." While we can't wish the poor gink better luck next crime, we would admonish him not to try a jail-break; he'd only tunnel his way into the warden's office.

From a rural English newspaper, our nomination for the want ad most likely to be banned in Boston: "Gamekeeper seeks position with titled lady."

MOVIES

Fanny is based on David Merrick's Broadway musical, which was a condensation of Marcel Pagnol's celebrated film trilogy. The surprise is not that the original has been diluted but that the picture has managed to retain some tang of the Pagnol originals. So those who saw

Marlboro makes it safe to pace the platform in any weather. Lines this cotton and Dacron* polyester, water-repellent gabardine commuter coat with man's surest protection against winter—Borg's high-pile fabric of 100% Creslan¹ acrylic. Considers your convenience too, with special commuter ticket pocket. With Marlboro's styling outside and Borg lining inside, you couldn't want smarter protection against drenching rains and biting winds. Under \$35. At Arnold Constable, New York and branches; Wurzburg Co., Grand Rapids; May-D & F, Denver, and other fine stores everywhere. **a Borg fabric**

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Illustrated: Model SO-260—FM-AM—Short Wave, optional FM Stereo Multiplex; 4-speed stereo phono, diamond needle; built-in reverberation; provision for TM-45 tape deck; 4 Superphonic speakers.

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the classic trio, *Marius, Cesar and Fanny*, may say, "Tangs for the memory." *Fanny* (the movie) is laid on the Marseilles waterfront. *Fanny* (the girl) becomes pregnant by Marius, who wants to be a sailor. When he sails off, Panisse, an older man who loves *Fanny*, marries her and treats the child as his — until Marius comes back to claim his girl and his son. Leslie Caron, in the title role, is elopement-bait, and Horst Buchholz as Marius yearns with sincerity for sea and sex. As Cesar, his saloonkeeper father, Charles Boyer still suggests more boudoir than bar. Maurice Chevalier, playing the doting dotard Panisse, is a high-power entertainer but a low-voltage actor. Shot in Marseilles in picture-postcard Technicolor, *Fanny* is a not unpleasantly flavored bouillabaisse that could do with a lot more seasoning.

The Honeymoon Machine is not the saga of a mattress factory: it's an adaptation of *The Golden Fleece*, a short-lived Broadway comedy about young American naval officers in Venice. A loot-minded lieutenant gets the idea of using an electronic computer — which the U.S., in its innocence, installed on a ship to help track missiles — to work out a system for beating a roulette table at the Venice casino. The civilian employee who runs the computer helps out because he wants a cut of the proceeds in order to marry; hence the title and hence the action. To say the plot is thin is like striking a baby, but this baby is fairly sturdy and strikes back with a few comic jabs. There are (for a change) some really funny take-offs on the Russians, whose consulate goes into a tizzy when it sights the mysterious ship-to-shore semaphore of the gamblers; and Jack Weston, as a lame-brain signalman trying to locate the source of the messages, does a long vaudeville turn that pumps juice into a slightly jaded joke. Steve McQueen of TV is on hand, and so is an unpromising newcomer named Brigid Bazlen. But Jim Hutton and Paula Prentiss, the gangling lovers of *Where the Boys Are*, have gangled up again with some nice dry comedy. Everybody has to strain a bit, but they keep the laughs coming.

Talented Truman Capote celebrated a very far-out girl named Holly Go-lightly in his novella *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, which has been made into a pretty "in" film starring pretty Audrey Hepburn. Holly doesn't go quite so lightly in the movie — at any rate, her light goings are only implied — but she is still a rackets unconventional girl-about-Manhattan whose only visible means of support is a weekly C-note from a con's lawyer for visiting said con in Sing Sing. Into her apartment house moves a writer kept by a woman who keeps him



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Previn, a subtle and elegant swinger, salutes the maestro,



Duke Ellington. He takes a fresh look at such well-known tunes as "Sophisticated Lady," also retrieves long-lost gems like

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The Clancys & Tommy Makem are an ingratiating group of roisterers



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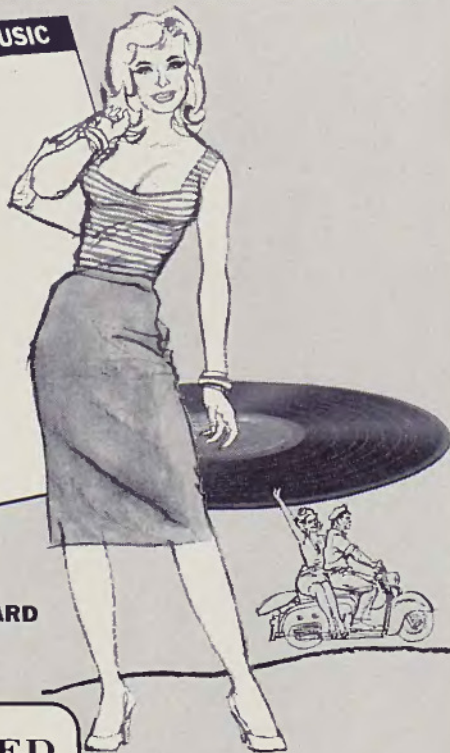
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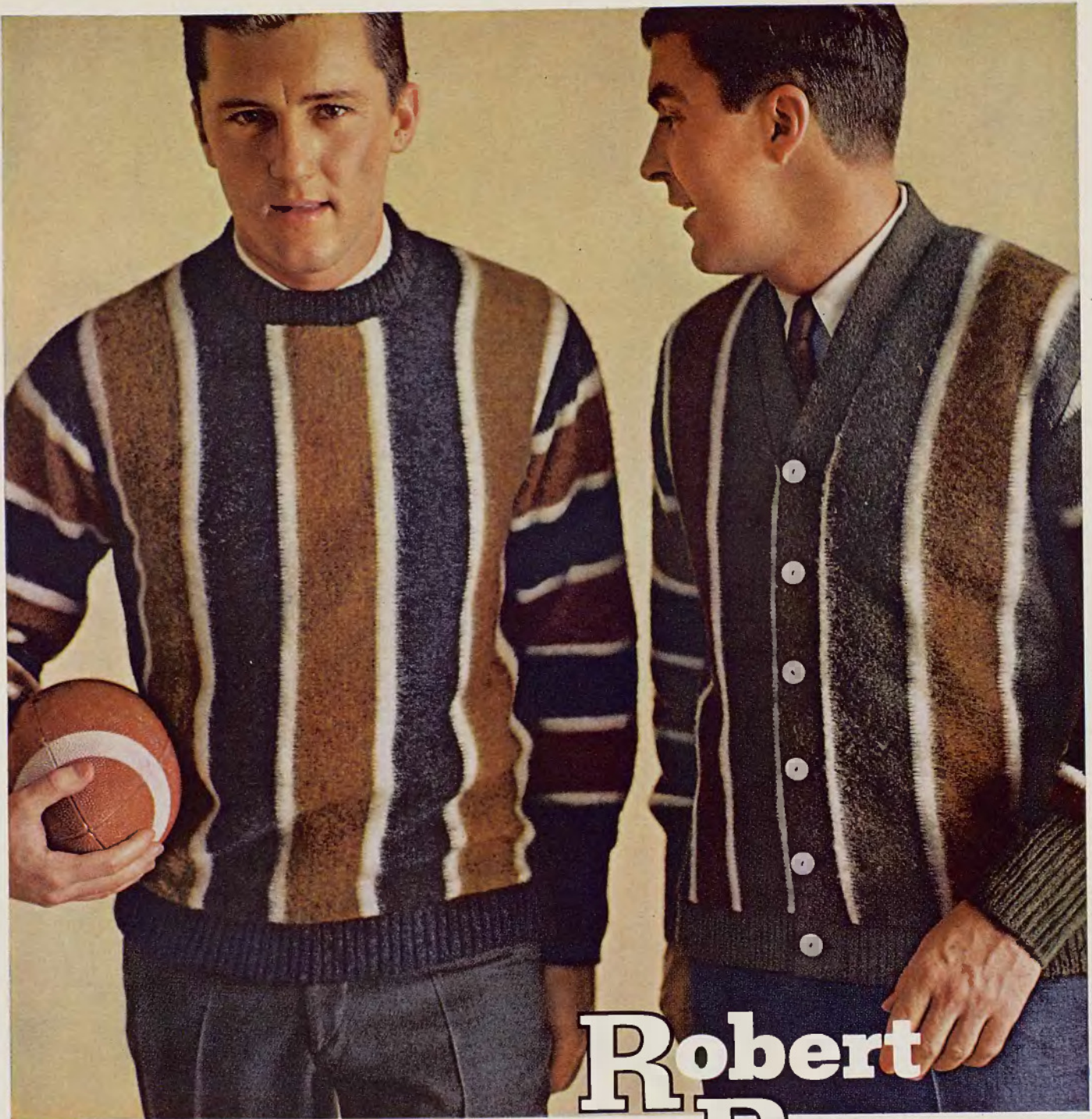


729 SEVENTH AVE. • NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

from writing. He and Holly get wrapped in a romance that blossoms into friendship, then back into romance, and which involves a Brazilian aristocrat, a big Hollywood agent, and a cocktail party that might have staggered out of *La Dolce Vita*. Miss Hepburn starts a bit slowly but catches on to the part as she goes — and then really goes. George Peppard, as the writer, has just the clean boyish appeal that a mature woman like Patricia Neal would want in a gigolo. Martin Balsam is specially sharp as the fast-talking, fast-leeching agent. Mickey Rooney, with a mouthful of somebody else's teeth, plays Mr. Yunioshi, a photographer, in a way that should do much to strain Japanese-American relations. If director Blake Edwards can shuck such corn as the star-type close-ups and the final clinch in the rain, he may be an entry in the Billy Wilder Stakes. With Capote's work as a hefty head start, scripter George Axelrod has managed in a funny-schmaltsy way to keep Holly from going too Hollywood.

The Young Doctors is the hospital picture to end them all (although it won't) — so authentically produced that you can almost smell the ether. In the pathology lab of a big hospital, a dedicated old doctor, who is wearier than he knows, is being badgered by his Angry Young Assistant. The plot hinges on two medical decisions, one concerning the assistant's girl, the other an intern's baby, and before you can say "erythroblastosis" (which is said a number of times), the old man is proved right in one case and wrong in the other. As the chief medic, Fredric March is a wrinkled, wonderful old sawbones; Ben Gazzara is a flickering firebrand as his junior. Ina Balin is delectable but disappointing as Ben's girl, and Dick Clark, as the intern-father, looks like a slipped-disc jockey. Joseph Hayes scripted neatly but not notably from Arthur Hailey's soapy best seller, *The Final Diagnosis*. Well photographed and edited, the film would like to be a serious call for higher medical ideals and fewer administrative details, but ends up as just one more call for Dr. Kildare.

Ingmar Bergman has gone to hell and back for his new film, *The Devil's Eye*, and has come up with an infernally un-novel idea: the return of Don Juan. "A maiden's chastity," says an Irish proverb, "is a sty in the devil's eye." and Satan is sty-eyed when we first see him. He promises to reduce Juan's punishment by three hundred years if the Don will return to earth and seduce a Swedish vicar's daughter before she marries. Juan accepts and takes his man Pablo with him. Pablo vanquishes the vicar's wife, but Juan, chastened by chastity, falls in



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love with the daughter. A last-minute plot twist relieves the devil's eye, while Juan, with unrequited love now added to his torment, must go back to his subtle silken suffering. Familiar faces from Bergman's band of A-1 actors are present, including Jarl Kulle as Juan, Bibi Andersson as the daughter, and Gunnar Björnstrand as narrator. Everything visual in *The Devil's Eye* is a treat for the spectator's eye, but from Molière to Shaw the Don Juan story has done substantial service, and this time the rewards are light and the talk heavy. Instead of making things a little clearer about Paradise and Purgatory, Bergman's film leaves us more or less out on a limbo.

RECORDINGS

At first glance, Frank Sinatra's most recent LPs bear certain striking similarities. Both *Come Swing with Me* (Capitol), and *Sinatra Swings* (Reprise) boast the presence of Billy May and his studio band. Both highlight Sinatra singing reliable standards. On the Capitol disc, he investigates *Day by Day*, *Five Minutes More*, *That Old Black Magic*, *Lover*, *Paper Doll* and *I've Heard That Song Before*, among the dozen tunes included. On the Reprise LP, entrepreneur Sinatra confronts another dozen, including *Falling in Love with Love*, *Love Walked In*, *I Never Knew*, *It's a Wonderful World* and *Have You Met Miss Jones*. Beyond these separate but equal qualities (a situation which prompted Capitol to sue Reprise and win a temporary injunction which halted nationwide distribution of the Reprise package under its original title, *Swing Along with Me*), the LPs are light-years apart. For his ex-bosses at Capitol, Sinatra performs listlessly; it's an able but undistinguished outing. For his own firm, however, he wails as he's rarely wailed before, punching out a dynamic *The Curse of an Aching Heart*, a vigorous *Granada* and a hard-charging *You're Nobody 'til Somebody Loves You*. In this competition, Reprise triumphs handily.

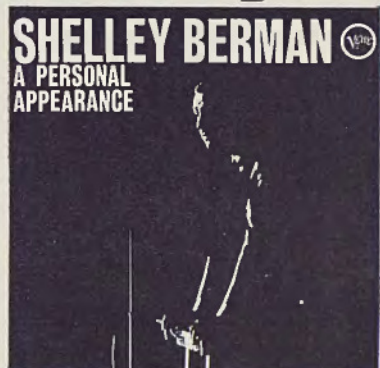
Stockholm's gain is our loss. It's too bad that the creative climate of Scandinavia is salubrious enough to keep expatriate trumpet man Benny Bailey on its shores; if a pair of recent pressings are typical, it would appear that the American jazz scene is much the poorer for his absence. *Big Brass* (Candid), recorded when Bailey was briefly Stateside with the Quincy Jones band, showcases a marvelously expansive, deftly controlled, richly inventive horn. Bailey, escorted by a handful of Jones sidemen, best reveals the scope of his

absolutely !!!



The newest collection of swinging tunes and gentle ballads by Ella Fitzgerald is a gem. Just wait 'til you hear her sing *Somebody Loves Me*, *St. Louis Blues*, *Like Young*, and the other favorites in this album. V/V6-4036.

The First Lady of Song is on VERVE positively !!!!



There is no one quite like Shelley Berman in all of the world of wit. This album, his fourth, adds to his stature as today's authentic comedy genius. V/V6-15027.

The Wit of America is on VERVE indubitably !!






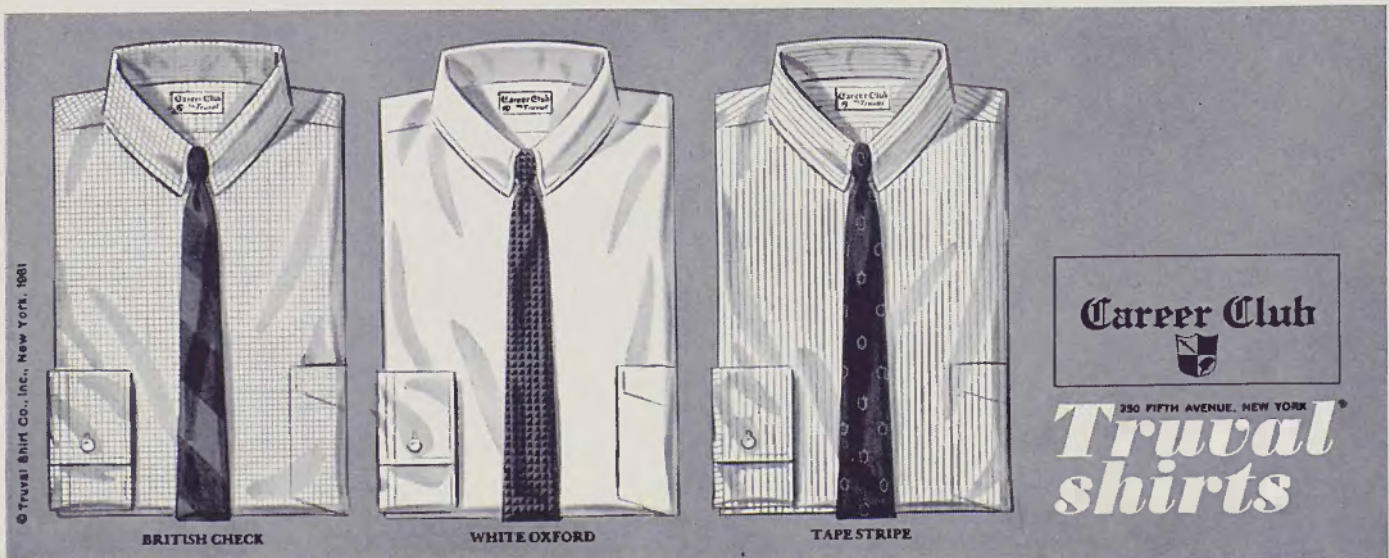
Zany Phyllis Diller says she looks "like a sack of doorknobs," but no comic can rap off a barrage of gags with her deft timing and infectious laughter. She's the one you've been hearing about from your convulsed friends. V-15026.

The First Lady of Comedy is on VERVE

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Ever watch a man struggling to button a tab collar? Then you will appreciate what an epoch-making invention the Truval touch-tab is. One click and the snap is closed—like that! We predict that this new, easy closure will lead to a sweeping new vogue for the tab collar. No doubt about it, this style does have a certain elegance. Definitely flattering, too—makes a man look as if he knows his way around. And quite timely, now that the British trend is very much *in*.  The Career Club collection of tab collars is notable for its far-flung variety. White and colors. Solids, striped and checked. All exceedingly smart, taper-tailored by Truval for that trim-waisted look. The convertible cuffs are worn with or without links—clever, eh?  To strike a mercenary note, we call your attention to the price tag on these shirts. Just \$4.00, friend, which is a darn sight less than practically any other fine snap tab around.  This is in keeping with the Career Club motto, as formulated by Truval: *where fashion and value meet*. If you recklessly disregard our counsel and find yourself spending dollars more for the same thing, remember: we told you so. And next time see your Truval dealer first.



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A. J. Foyt wears
Seven Seas slacks with
that cool, comfortable
fiber by Courtaulds



abilities, we think, when he can develop intriguing melodic lines on a cornball cantata like *A Kiss to Build a Dream On*; what would normally be an uphill struggle in lesser hands, proves just the right challenge for him. Julius Watkins, an exemplary French horn man, is another standout, even though he suffers the handicap of laboring in Bailey's long shadow. *The Music of Quincy Jones* (Argo) cut in Stockholm by Bailey, American drummer Joe Harris and a grab bag of Svensk jazzmen, is a further delineation of Bailey's awesome talents as Benny and troupe tackle an octet of Jones' tone poems. Although most of the Scandinavian soloists left us smorgasbored, we were duly impressed by Aake Persson, a Swedish bone specialist whose sparingly succinct sound serves as an effective counterbalance to Bailey's full-blown, opulently figured style. Oh, won't you come home, Benny Bailey?

Joe Parnello, a skilled pianist who worked in several Chicago haunts before hitting the road as Vic Damone's accompanist, is surrounded by a studio orchestra on *After 12 Parnello* (Kapp). It's a Previnish outing, with Parnello making like young as the orchestra swings and sways behind him. *The Moon Is Blue*, *Lush Life*, *The Nearness of You* and *I Love Paris* are among the dozen ditties Parnello exploits, and it's all just right for late-at-night listening.

We'd like to paraphrase Al Jolson's old line and say "You ain't heard nothin' yet" until you've dug *Broadway, Bongos and Mr. "B"* (Mercury). The combination of Hal Mooney orchestrations, Billy Eckstine's booming, rain-barrel baritone and Latin-lilted show tunes (the only nonconformist is *Something I Dreamed Last Night*, a second-rate pop ballad) produces effects refreshingly free of musical clichés. The backgrounds, sharply bongued on the upbeat offerings and silkenly marimbaed on the pianissimo entries, are deftly appropriate in each instance, with the jarring exception of *Oh, What a Beautiful Morning*, an Oklahoma anthem, which absolutely refuses to adapt itself to the Latin surroundings. You'll forget that one painful experience in the light of the large stock of stellar Eckstine efforts on hand. Pay particular attention to *I Could Write a Book*, *I've Got You Under My Skin* and *Old Devil Moon*; all are right up Eckstine's tin-pan alley.

Amid the flood of LPs released each month, it's too easy for a worthwhile disc to get lost, particularly if it's on a little-known label. Take our advice and dig up a copy of *North Texas Lab Band* (90th Floor), a sparkling sample of the jazz taught and played at North Texas



Trouble on the Turnpike by A. J. Foyt, 1961 Indianapolis Winner

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State College (the school that nurtured Jimmy Giuffre, among others). It's the work of a student band, but few listeners will know it. The 23-piece ensemble snaps and crackles brilliantly on a string of originals by band members. As Stan Kenton has noted on the liner, "There is hardly an aggregation in professional music today that can compare with this band." Dr. Gene Hall and his aides at the Denton, Texas, jazz center can pop some buttons over their protégés.

Three LPs of more than common merit on the classical front crossed our turntable this month and went right on to our "keeping" shelves. *Brahms' Piano Quartet in G Minor, Opus 25* (Victor) was composed when he was in his twenty-eighth year, reveals youthful vigor while prefiguring his continuing responsiveness to Hungarian themes. (*The Rondo alla zingarese* sounds like a fiery *czardas*.) As a whole, the music is also illustrative of other Brahmsian penchants: melodic passion alternating with *Weltschmerz*, slow passages contrasting with a technique-challenging presto. Four outstanding soloists (Babin, piano; Goldberg, violin; Primrose, viola; Graudan, cello) joined to form the Festival Quartet at Aspen, with this disc as one of the happy results. Although, at times, they seem to be playing more in physical proximity than musical togetherness, theirs is now the best available recording of this work. Less profound by far and verging on the purest romantic schmaltz—but no less wonderfully listenable *Music to Daydream By*, is Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole* (Angel) from which violinist Leonid Kogan—abetted by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Kyril Kondrashin—extracts all the lyric feeling in which the composition abounds. Flip side features Tchaikovsky's very aptly titled *Sérénade Mélancolique* (*Opus 26*); it is an unambitious work accorded here enough Slavic attention to warrant subtitling it *Music to Weep By*. Headier, much more cheerful, and much more intellectually pleasing, are the works of two moderns (neither a major composer) given superior performance by the New York Woodwind Quintet: *Sextet for Piano and Winds*, by Poulenc, and *Concerto for Piano and Woodwind Quintet*, by Riegger (Concert-Disc). Francis Poulenc was one of The Six, that group of French talents who consciously revolted against romanticism and impressionism. His capacity to combine wit, chic and seriousness is charmingly evident in this delightful, piquant composition, here superbly performed by a group of virtuosos who seem to amplify each other's talents playing ensemble. Riegger's concerto is considerably more cerebral. First performed in 1954, its occasional atonal excursions sound less striking (and more pleasing)

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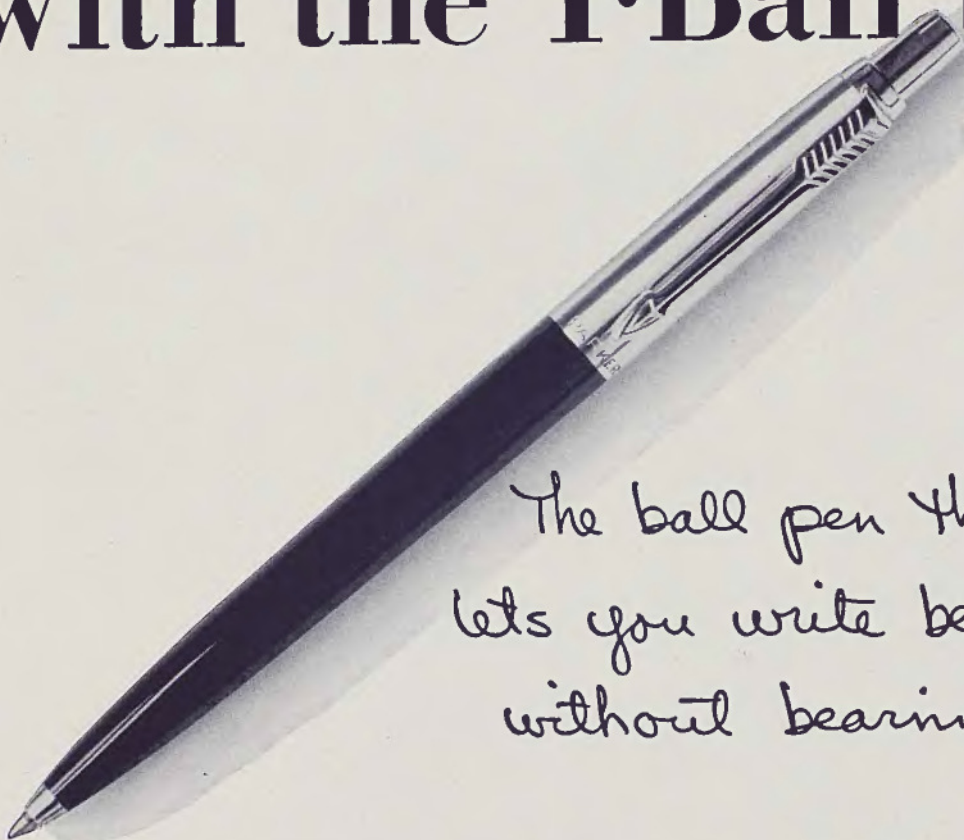


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than they did then; it stands revealed as a dancing, rhythmic work which pays dividends of unexpected discovery with each hearing.

A pair of jazz pianists currently are represented by unlikely LPs. Bobby Timmons, composer of *Moanin'* and *This Here* and one of the fountain-heads of the soul movement, heads a trio that includes bassist Sam Jones and drummer Jimmy Cobb on *Easy Does It* (Riverside). Instead of flashing through gospel figures, however, Timmons turns lyrical, digging deeply and romantically into *Ghost of a Chance* and Tadd Dameron's lovely *If You Could See Me Now*. Not even on three originals does Timmons descend to pat earthiness—a firm indication that he's familiar with more than one jazz stream. Junior Mance, on the other hand, is known as a versatile, lyrical pianist. Yet, on *The Junior Mance Trio at the Village Vanguard* (Jazzland), he is joined by bassist Larry Gales and drummer Ben Riley in a basically blues set. Only two standards, *You Are Too Beautiful* and *Girl of My Dreams*, interrupt Mance's blues-tinged tour. Fortunately, Mance doesn't resort to fashionable tricks; his blues are impressively groovy messages, well-rooted in healthy tradition. It's comforting to learn that the ways of contemporary jazz aren't as rigid as a few crowd-pleasers would lead us to believe.

Love Swings (Atco) presents Bobby Darin's views of a dozen popular laments—including *Long Ago and Far Away*, *Just Friends*, *Something to Remember You by*, *Spring Is Here* and *I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan*. Like Sinatra, Darin attempts to take some of these tunes at brisk, hardly balladic, tempos. Unlike Sinatra, Darin has his troubles staying in tune. As a result, this is an uneven set. Bobby's sense of rhythm, reasonably astute, keeps some of the ditties simmering (with an invaluable assist from Torrie Zito's arrangements and studio band), but the art of singing requires more than a knowledge of the beat. Darin has his difficulties sustaining notes and his voice is thin; at slow tempos it turns to a rasp, at rapid tempos, a kind of restless recitative. A potentially engaging singer, Darin at this stage of his career could use more coaching and less complacency.

A brace of big bands, as disparate as chili peppers and chocolate parfaits, each engenders its own particular brand of aural excitement. *The Romantic Approach* (Capitol) features a new Stan Kenton orchestra in precisely disciplined, pastel-tinted panoramas of sound, with superb ensemble work in evidence throughout a dozen time-tinged ballads. Four niello-phoniums (see *Acts and Entertainments*)

add an intriguing dimension to the already likable likes of *When Your Lover Has Gone*, *Imagination* and *Moonlight in Vermont*. Estimable soloists such as Gabe Baltazar and Sam Donahue (yes, that's the same Sam Donahue) take balcony seats this session to the plush-lined unison work. Cannonball Adderley and his Orchestra, a great big, wildly swinging aggregation, operate at the opposite end of the musical axis, as they set off a whole series of pyrotechnic displays on *African Waltz* (Riverside). The eighteen-piece group is under the baton of Ernie Wilkins, who arranged most of the hair-raising *objets d'art* in the package (valve trombonist Bob Brookmeyer charted the rest) and the complement is loaded with top-echelon performers, although only Cannonball, brother Nat, Brookmeyer, tenorman-flutist Oliver Nelson, pianist Wynton Kelly, and Jerome Richardson on piccolo, share solo honors. The title tune (a surprise jukebox smash as a single) is typical of the fierce drive mounted by the troupe—a mite ragged perhaps, if you want to be picky, but the fevered sounds wrung out of the assemblage overcome any concern about the lack of finesse.

If Ray Charles' vocal talents have kept his pianistic excellences hidden of late, *The Genius After Hours* (Atlantic) should remind listeners once again of the all-encompassing scope of the Charlesian keyboarding. Backed by an assortment of groups in varying sizes, and including several older tracks made with the late Oscar Pettiford, Charles constructs a varipatterned pastiche, progressing nimbly from gutty, deep-blue figures that are musically antique yet timeless to the delicately phrased Nat-Colesque embellishments that decorate *The Man I Love*, to the raucous *joie de vivre* of *Music, Music, Music*, ordinarily an atrociously rickytick tune which we would never have believed salvageable. Charles & Co. make it sparkle.

Cabaret theater has come to vinyl in a sparkling cluster: two of the brightest, bitingest companies extant are now splendidly spinnable. *Comedy from the Second City* (Mercury) is a redoubtable revisit with old friends (PLAYBOY, October 1961). The Chicago-spawned group has exploded to both coasts this year, serving rich slices of comedy with the demitasse. Some of the efforts recorded include a bookworm's-eye view of a Great Books class in a spirited discussion of *Oedipus Rex* ("God knows how it gets through the post office." "It's great because it's old, it's difficult to follow, and it has a message—which I didn't get." "There was nothing premarital between Oedipus and his mother." "Good thing, too. He was in enough



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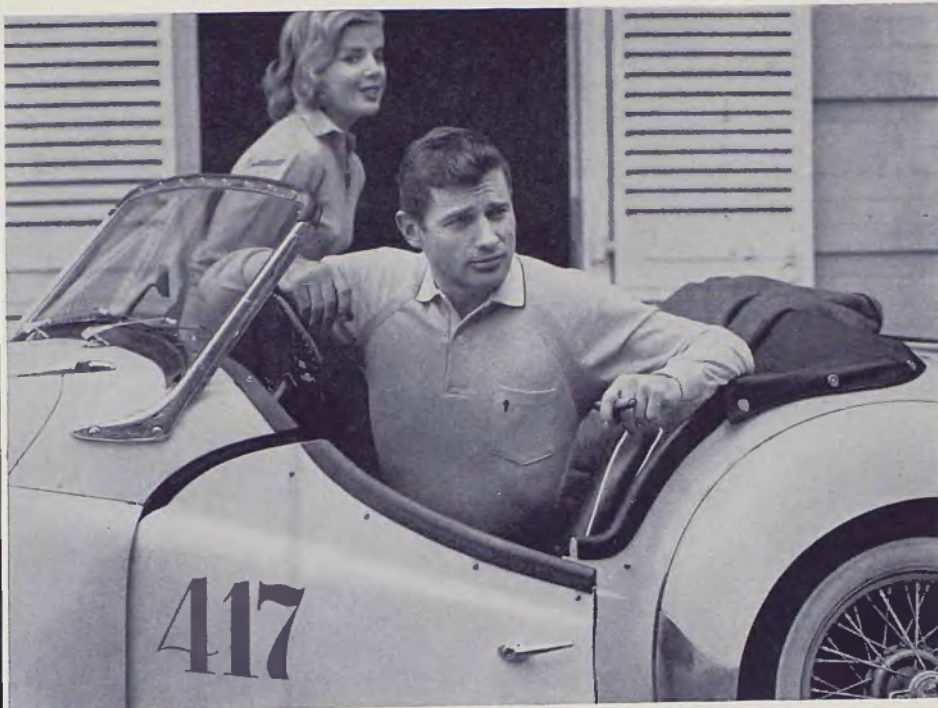
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trouble"), which brought on a folk singer twanging away at Blake's *Tiger, Tiger* ("That William Blake was just plain folks"); and a Clark Kentish bit of nonsense billed as *Business Man* ("Out of this Ivy League suit and into my Bermuda shorts — it's Business Man!"). Eight members of the troupe were happily on hand for the festivities. *The Premise* (Vanguard) is a Greenwich Village cabaret venture of more recent vintage than *Second City*, but showing evidence of a fast maturation. Most of the vignettes etched were conceived by *The Premise's* chief cook and conjurer, Theodore Flicker, who here leads a quartet of quip-equipped truth-seekers. The *Premise* players take their laughs where they find them: in a Village coffee-house where the proprietor is confiding to a couple of visiting firemen — "We sell coffee, tea, hot chocolate and cider with cinnamon in it. We have folk singing, poetry reading, and for the big spenders, we lock the doors and play — *chamber music*." "That does it; this is the vice squad, you're under arrest." The intro skit, short and to the point, boasts this boy-girl dialog — He: "I just discovered how to create an embryo outside the human body!" She: "Thank God!" If comparisons are in order, it would seem, at least from these samplers, that the *Second City* troupers strive less for the gag line than the incisive creation of a steady chuckle-promoting mood. The *Premise* is more prone to build for the punch line and, in consequence, has less of a spontaneous air about it.

A triumvirate of tightly knit small groups offers a profusion of vinyl goodies sharing the uncommon denominator of good taste. *Fusion* (Verve) by the Jimmy Giuffre 3 (Giuffre, clarinet; Steve Swallow, bass; Paul Bley, piano) is, in the best sense of the phrase, chamber jazz, an intriguing interplay of one instrument with another. The compositions — sometimes tonal, sometimes atonal, often introspective, never blatant — sustain a cerebral atmosphere from first groove to last. Freer and fancier, *Bags & Trane* (Atlantic), with the peerless Milt Jackson and tenorpotentiary John Coltrane in the fore of a rhythm section, is a superb example of the electricity that can be sparked by two completely *simpatico* jazzmen. The title tune, Matt Dennis' gem *The Night We Called It a Day* and the Dizzy Gillespie trend-setter *Be-Bop* are hand-in-gloved by Jackson and Trane in a positively weird exchange of musical ESP. On a less intellectual level, *Merry Olde Soul* (Riverside) with Victor Feldman ping-ponging from vibes to piano, is a stimulating tour de three. Abetted by two-thirds of the Cannonball Adderley rhythm section (drums and bass), Victor spoils nothing

he gets his hands on, be they malleted or otherwise, although we have found that our favorite Feldman numbers are usually those that feature him on vibes and this outing is no exception; *Lisa* and *Come Sunday* are particularly vibe-rant.

Get Happy! (Verve) is Ella Fitzgerald at her ebullient best. A quartet of superlative arrangers — Frank DeVol, Nelson Riddle, Russ Garcia and Paul Weston — has fashioned a lighthearted compendium of perennials that burst into blossom under Miss Fitz's magic touch. Benefiting most from Ella's therapy are a couple of hitherto undistinguished opuses, *Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar* and *Goody Goody*, neither of which has struck us as possessing any of the subtleties inherent in pop classics. They have been considerably Ella-vated by their inclusion here. The remaining items on the agenda are all first-class cantatas that Ella's made more *bella*. **Robert Clary Lives It Up at the Playboy Club** (Atlantic) is just that. The diminutive, dynamic Frenchman who has kept busy conquering American supper clubs with his galvanic Gallic exuberance is at it again as he revivifies some *New Faces* stand-bys, takes the curse of being 100-proof corn off the usually harrowing *Alouette*, and in general has zee beeg ball. We think you will, too. The latest Frank D'Rone LP, **Try a Little Tenderness** (Mercury), is at once satisfying and frustrating — satisfying in that the dozen chestnuts warmed over by Frank are tastefully done up; frustrating in that we're still waiting in vain for a D'Rone LP in which Frank's only accompaniment is his own guitar. Instead, his full-throated vocal efforts are set in front of a highly conventional, heavily strung orchestral backdrop. Be that as it may, the roster of familiar refrains is impressive. Even more so are the D'Rone tempi — *Gone with the Wind*, for example, usually tackled at a deliberate pace, is handled in sprightly fashion, while *Love Is a Simple Thing* is slowed down and turned into a richly romantic ballad. Ruggedly rasp-voiced Nina Simone offers a fresh crop of firmly fashioned tunes on *Forbidden Fruit* (Colpix), almost all of which are practically perfect for her rough-hewn delivery. Three of the items, as a matter of fact, are from the prolific pen of Oscar Brown, Jr. (see this issue's *On the Scene*) — *Rags and Old Iron*, *Work Song* and the title tune — and we're glad to say that Miss Simone, by her handling of the first two, has dispelled for all time the notion that there is any such thing as a for-male-singers-only song. The rest of the program runs the emotional gamut from the gully-low *Gin House Blues* to Hoagy Carmichael's honeysuckled sonata *Memphis in June*. No matter the opus, queen Nina reigns supreme.



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DINING-DRINKING

In Murray Hill, a richly historic section of New York almost devoid of outstanding eating places, the **Town House** (108 East 38th) stands out in bold, happy relief. Maitre de Emmanuel Zwaaf boasts that his staff can prepare *any* dish a patron asks for, whether it's on the menu or not, but the menu more than suffices. Start with a Coquille St. Jacques (seafood baked in a shell). For an entree, it's cenny-meeny-miny-mo — Baked English Sole, sautéed Beef Filet with Sauce Chasseur, Coq au Vin Rouge, Pompano Veronique. We requested and received the marvelous Shrimps St. Honorat even though it was not on the menu that evening. It's an incomparable composition of shrimp and lobster with a stuffing of crab meat mixed with white wine, mustard, minced garlic and bread crumbs, blended and baked to that point at which robustness and subtlety are *d'accord*, and served with a hot cream sauce. Next, try the piquant Salade Emmanuel (chopped raw spinach and shallots, vinegar-wine dressing). If, after this, you are miraculously up to more than coffee and a pony of Chartreuse, there are Profiteroles au Chocolat, Peach Flambé au Cognac and a number of other seductive confections on the dessert menu. Prices are à la carte, with most entrees between \$3.75 and \$5.75. Lunch is also à la carte, starting at \$2.30. The dining arrangements are split-level — two darkly intimate rooms seating about sixty each. One room has murals of Provençal scenes painted in gay colors, but seen in deep chiaroscuro because most of the light is supplied by flickering candles on the tables. Down a few steps is a less formal area with whitewashed brick walls, red leather banquettes and red carpeting. The bar is in the Library, a shadowy den more suited to romantic bibbers than researching bibliophiles. A pianist (during our visit, Stan Stacey was in attendance) is unobtrusively present from 7 P.M. to closing. Hours are 11:30 A.M. to 11 P.M. Monday through Friday. The Library is also open Saturdays to students of the good life.

A vest-pocket dining room with a tight (or sober) capacity of forty just wasn't large enough to handle the daily inundation of souls in search of sustenance at New York's **La Barraca** (253 West 51st). So owner José Fernandez, tired of operating with a menu in one hand and a shoehorn in the other, recently knocked out a wall here and there, expanded the dining room, and added a gleaming new kitchen to keep his chefs in the proper frame of mind. Located in the midst of the theater district, La Barraca is one



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of the city's few Cuban restaurants, but Señor Fernandez would still have had to knock out walls if there were a dozen of them in town. For though the decor is plebeian, the food is exotic and excellent. In keeping with the spirit of the occasion, try one of the several rum drinks that the *cantinero* will be happy to conjure up for you, unless, of course, you prefer to stick with Scotch. Food is all à la carte and reasonable. Most dishes, in the Cuban tradition, are well seasoned and spiced with more than a hint of garlic. Appetizers are unnecessary, but if you feel devil-may-care, sample the Anguilas Españolas en Aceite (eels in olive oil) or Mejillones en Escabeche (fried mussels in pickles). In the entree column, a superb specialty of the house is Picadillo—ground beef, garnished with tiny olives and capers, sautéed and covered with a spicy tomato sauce. Rice and black beans go with this dish. Chicken is popular and plentiful, and host Fernandez offers several varieties: For example, you can try Arroz con Pollo, chicken broiled with a light garlic sauce and served with saffron rice. Paella, a casserole of chicken, clams, lobster and shrimp, is also served with saffron rice. Hígados de Pollo al Jerez, chicken livers sautéed in wine, is another house specialty. All food is wheeled to the table in heated, covered dishes, and the waiters make an art of good service. For a sensible dessert, try the Flan de Huevos, a simple but tasty custard, topped with a coffee sauce. A new specialty in the dessert department is Caribbean Suzettes, the traditional crepes covered with a unique sauce of banana liqueur and 151-proof rum, a sweet and swinging combination. The espresso is well brewed and adds a perfect final touch. The doors open every day at 5 P.M. At 10, a guitarist and pianist join the scene to serenade diners with easy-to-take Cuban sounds until closing, which is around 3 A.M.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

In what was probably the biggest opening since Jonah stepped inside the whale, Stan Kenton and his troupe of two-dozen traveling minstrels debuted midst much fanfare their "new era in modern American music," an unveiling that threatened to totter Las Vegas' towering Riviera Hotel. Kenton's bow in the hotel's Lounge was so successful the management removed the large plush swivel chairs from the lounge and substituted smaller straight-backed jobs to accommodate a slew of extra customers. In its four 45-minute shows nightly, the "new era" band made you forget the

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shoehorning, with the exuberant vocals of Kenton's songbird-spouse, Ann Richards, the winner of every set. The Kenton crew balanced out thusly: five trumpets, five trombones, five reeds, four mellophoniums, bass, drums, congas and bongos, and Mr. K. at the keyboard completing the complement with his customary éclat. The four mellophoniums (the hippies have dubbed them elephant horns), an off-breed brass instrument pitched in F and specially created for Kenton, visually and musically demanded and got the crowd's attention. In appearance, the mellophonium resembles nothing so much as a surrealist French horn. The music goes round and round and comes out of the large bell some three feet from the player's lips; the tubing is circular; the valving is trumpet style. The instrument's tonal quality broadens the arranger's scope, enabling him to score an alto voice in the brass section, filling the gap in the chord structure created by standard brass voicing. Its effect in the ensemble, as scored by Kenton and his artful arranging staff of Johnny Richards, Gene Roland and Lennie Niehaus, ranged from the warm to the sonorous to the eerie, imparting a multifaceted character to the always dominant Kenton brasses. From the opening ballad of the evening's first set, a languorous *I'm Glad There Is You*, through the medium-up *Stomping at the Savoy*, the new instrumentation became immediately evident in the broader tonal palette applied by the band. *Intermission Riff*, that sturdy Kenton stand-by, was still, in its revamped form, an exciting arrangement that built line on line until all the massed brasses wailed in surging waves of sound. Bill Holman's scoring of *Malaguena* was a brilliant example of choice modern charting, while *Clair de Lune*, written for brass choir, spoke softly but carried a big kick. This new Kenton contingent boasts a cracking good trumpet team, a sax section whose intonation is impeccable but whose teamwork tended at times to be sloppy, a well-nigh perfect trombone section in which Jim Amlotte's bass horn glittered, and a mellophonium choir that became more closely knit with every set. There also were strong soloists in every section; Gene Rowland blew mellophonium jazz with taste and attack; Gabe Baltazar, on alto, managed to combine an essentially cool and collected approach with fire in long, fluid exploratory figures; Marvin Holiday's baritone sax, on the other hand, was gruff and biting. However, the band's most exciting soloist, surprisingly enough, was old-timer Sam Donahue. His big, brash tenor-sax sound and his solid, romping concept of what jazz communication should be proved a delight. Kenton, appraising the Lounge



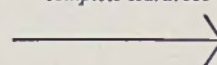
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date, said: "This is the location we've wanted for such a long time in Vegas. We've all worked so hard on this new endeavor, we're happy it's such a success." Our own feeling is that if Stan Kenton isn't exactly launching a new era in modern American music, he certainly is enlivening the present one.

Theodore Bikel is not a folk singer nor even, as he modestly states, "a folk-song singer." The thirty-four-year-old performer is a capital E Entertainer, a term that best expresses his skills as minstrel, instrumentalist, actor, dialectician and energetic propagandist. His rapport with an audience has never been more evident than when we audited his recent one-man show at Chicago's Civic Opera House. Alone on the massive stage, separated from the sizable throng by a broad orchestra pit, Bikel turned the hall into a cozy parlor. From a repertoire that encompasses twenty languages, he offered songs in Hebrew, English, Spanish, Irish, Yiddish, Russian, German and French dialects. He satirized amateur folknik types, from the party-goer who sings in a monotone and plucks a single guitar chord as accompaniment, to the accomplished chap equipped with strident trills and an array of wrong chords. For an at-home sample of the Bikel touch, try *From Bondage to Freedom* (Elektra), songs of tyranny and liberty from many nations.

The Smothers Brothers, fun-loving Tom and straight-man Dick, a pair of fresh-featured, poker-faced, tongue-in-cheek folk singers who recently made the Mister Kelly's scene in Chicago, have added a last wildly absurd fillip to an art which has tobogganed rapidly downhill. The Brothers Smothers play and sing it strictly for laughs — puncturing the pretentious preciosity, and the pseudoseriousness of the coffeehouse culturists. Guitar-plunking Tom is sort of a hinterland José Jiménez, an antic hayseed caught in a comedy-laden communications snafu as he tries to explain the nuances of, for example, *Marching to Pretoria* ("That's Pretoria, not Peoria") or *Tom Dooley* ("A song based on the internal triangle which my brother Dick wrote five years ago when it was stolen from him — along with his luggage") or *Jezebel* ("A lovely monument to beauty and evilness"). If we had our druthers, we'd put money on the Smothers to make it big as they administer their own kookie *coup de grâce* to all of today's barefoot, bearded, button-downed balladeers. It might be added that when the brothers are of a mind to, they sing real good.

We consider ourselves fortunate to have been in attendance at *Judy Garland's*

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now-classic performance at New York's cavernous Carnegie Hall. Everything good you've heard about it is true: it was an unqualified triumph for Judy. The up-and-down career of Miss Garland obviously is on the rise again, with plans for Broadway and Hollywood roles, the promise of a TV spectacular with Frank Sinatra, and extended concert tours. If the response to her Manhattan stopover is any indication, she'll soon surpass the success she once enjoyed. After this one-nighter, the promotor noted, "Not even Maria Callas can do what Judy does." What Judy does, of course, is less pertinent than how she does it. Roaming across the vast stage with a hand-mike, she sang — with a voice that reached and seduced orchestra and second-balcony ticket holders alike. The wide, moving vibrato, the intense power and the wizard sense of phrasing — all these, plus her innate taste in selecting tunes, captivated the more-than-three-thousand fans present. Aply backed by Mort Lindsey's 28-piece band (with strings), she crashed through with a bright *When You're Smiling* and closed with a hard-stomping *Chicago* (her third encore). In between, she fondled a flock of rich refrains, including a Latinized *You Go to My Head*, a bouncy *Just You, Just Me*, a slowly balladic *I Can't Give You Anything but Love* and a vibrant *That's Entertainment*. She tucked in versions of memory-provoking staples, too; among them were such parcels of private property as *You Made Me Love You, For Me and My Gal*, *The Trolley Song* and her perpetually penetrating *Over the Rainbow*. She sang with the full orchestra, with a nine-piece combo and with Lindsey alone at the piano. She was — clearly — the entire show. Her voice soared through the mammoth hall with a matchless allure; its sound was heightened by the idolatrous silence that reigned during each song, to be broken by the massive applause and cries of "bravo" that accompanied the final bars. Her singing, her dancing and her patter charmed both teenagers and those standard-bearers who cherish the Garland movie-musical days. It was a performance only a first-rate artist can provide, a performance superbly preserved on *Judy at Carnegie Hall* (Capitol), a two-LP emotional experience in itself, that eloquently captures a unique moment in show business and the genuine greatness of one of its brightest stars.

BOOKS

The beginning of Carson McCullers' new book, *Clock Without Hands* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), leads one to expect a somber lyric narrative in the manner,



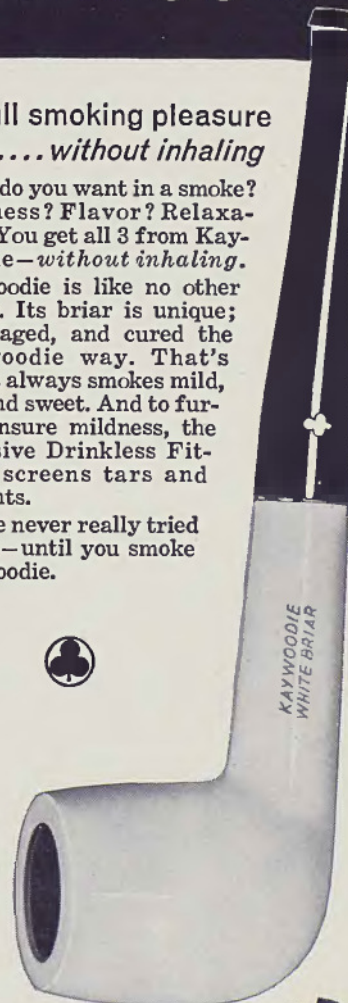
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KAYWOODIE

if not the style, of Samuel Beckett. J. T. Malone learns that he has leukemia and can expect to live only a little more than a year. That is the underlying premise of the novel, but unlike Beckett, Miss McCullers does not keep her focus entirely on one subreal central character; she moves outward to his small Georgia town with its assorted characters and builds an absurdity — feeble Judge Fox Clane, dreaming fatuously of the Ole South — into a lovable, yet contemptible human being. But J. T. Malone, the one real human being in the novel, moves like a shadow in the shadow of death. At forty, he has lost what small libido he once had; he is not needed by his wife or his children. He fears death, and would like to believe in God and in his own immortality, but his minister is embarrassed by his questions. Toward the end of the novel, a blue-eyed Negro named Sherman Pew, having gone unnoticed all his life, decides to "do something." Through a newspaper ad, he rents a house in the white section of town. A white citizens' committee meets in J. T. Malone's pharmacy, and lots are drawn for who should bomb Sherman. Malone draws the job — but refuses to carry it out. He is near death, he tells the others, and fears for his immortal soul — ". . . if I have one, I don't want to lose it." So somebody else throws the bomb. Sherman Pew is killed and, later, Malone dies, somehow comforted by his refusal to do the job. "He was no longer a man watching a clock without hands. He was not alone, he did not rebel, he did not suffer." J. T. Malone remains veiled, while the world of mindless racism around him comes through vividly in this admirable and ambitious novel.

This is a warning. If you live in proximity to any tot who's picked up the ability to read, take care — for Shel Silverstein's *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book* (Simon and Shuster, \$1.50) has been loosed on the land. Mark our words, no adult is safe if this primer of perversity (pre-viewed in *PLAYBOY*, August 1961), which delineates the delights of egg-throwing, fire-kindling, ink-drinking, and cozying up to kidnapers, falls into the kids' grubby hands. Upon perusing a copy over his dad's shoulder in a crowded bus, a seven-year-old we heard about followed one of Uncle Shelby's diabolical directives to the letter by screeching at the top of his lungs, "My father is a junkie!"

A Fall of Moondust (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95) is *PLAYBOY*-regular Arthur C. Clarke's fourteenth book of science fiction. One large segment of his fiction has dealt primarily with the technical gimmickery of space travel and living;

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the other portion is intended either as pure divertisement (*Tales From the White Hart*) or as a poetic prediction of the final permutation of mankind (*Childhood's End*). His new novel, which takes place around the year 2020, belongs in the first category. Man has been on the moon for about fifty years, long enough for domed hamlets of 25,000 inhabitants to have sprung up. Long enough, too, for tourism to be heavily promoted. One day twenty rubberneckerers from Earth set out on a day's cruise around the Sea of Thirst, a large body of sifting grey dust. As a result of a natural catastrophe involving escaping gases beneath the surface, their ship is swallowed up and sinks about twenty meters before coming to rest. Most of the book is devoted to the efforts to rescue passengers and crew before their oxygen is exhausted. It's a tense, minute-by-minute operation involving special infrared scanning equipment, air shafts and ingeniously rigged scooping devices. Adept at feeding the reader bits of technological info, Clarke has placed the accent in his new book on the science rather than the fiction.

A new three-volume edition of Arthur Machen's translation of *The Memoirs of Jacques Casanova* (Dover, \$6) puts into respectable paperback form the disreputable adventures — mainly amatory — of history's most conscientious, least conscionable rogue. Casanova's advertisements for himself, though given to locker-room exaggeration about his erotic accomplishments, remain a classic of picaresque peccadillos and cutting comments on Eighteenth Century men and manners.

There are devils abroad in the land, contends Frank Getlein in *A Modern Demonology* (Potter, \$5), and he proceeds to conjure them up through the medium of imaginary, but unnervingly realistic, spokesmen for some of the more truculent segments of our society. In their authentic tones, Getlein transmits the most inane of the mutual insults indulged in by Protestants and Catholics, by liberals and conservatives, by union officials and corporation heads. Here is a Southern colonel on Negroes: "... nobody, not a person you can find, has a single, solitary thing against the colored people themselves. In their place. . . . But take them out of their place . . . and they turn into raping, rioting, razoring rascals that you just don't want your children to go to school with." A doctor on socialized medicine: "The lesson is clear. When you can't afford to be sick, you stay well. Put illness within reach of everyone and we'll have a nation of invalids." The Chief of the "Federal Bureau of Identification" on "self-styled civil-libertarians":



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The off-trail plot of Richard Condon's wildly satirical *A Talent for Loving* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95) starts with the marriage of Major Patten, a reformed gambling man, now owner of the biggest ranch in Texas, to the daughter of Mexico's greatest landowner. There is one complication. In the veins of Patten's wife flows the blood of one of Cortes' officers, whose descendants have huffed and puffed through the centuries under a rather peculiar Aztec curse: at their initial nonfilial kiss, they are afflicted with unbounded, insatiable lust. Thus, when Major Patten first bussés the girl who is to be his wife, there has to be a priest standing by for immediate action. Needless to say, the Major goes to a good deal of trouble to shield his own daughter from embraces that are less than matrimonial. Having mistakenly gotten the notion that his two foster sons have compromised the girl's reputation, he promptly arranges a wild series of competitions between them with his daughter as Grand Prize. Naturally, the two fine young men are evenly matched and battle to eleven consecutive draws. The Major is peeved because, his gambling mania revived, he's been making book on the events. Finally, he decrees that the lads race overland twelve hundred miles to Mexico City across rugged terrain where bandits and Injuns roam. The denouement involves a besieged train rolling back and forth over a three-mile stretch of track while a band of Apaches protects the white passengers from attack by a unit of Mexican cavalry in their underwear (the Mexicans' commanding officer having ordered his troops to strip lest they mess up their fancy uniforms in battle). There is also a cattle-rustling sequence featuring counter-rustling, counter-counter-rustling and counter-counter-counter-rustling, which ends up with the good cowpokes stealing back not only their own stolen cattle, but the rustlers' hon-



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estly purchased herd as well; a visit to a local restaurant called the Forum of the Twelve Aldermen; and a wild five-page aria devoted to cheeses. It could be that Richard Condon has taken the traditional Western for its Last Roundup.

In *Barnaby Conrad's Encyclopedia of Bullfighting* (Houghton Mifflin, \$10), the eminent *aficionado* continues his public love affair with *la fiesta brava*. This handsome volume covers the noble art from *abanico* (a two-handed cape maneuver) to *Zurito* (a celebrated picador); between are descriptions of *pases* and *plazas*, profiles of celebrated bulls, biographies of matadors living and dead, and (for what may be the first time) an English translation of the rules of bullfighting. Interspersed with all this is a wealth of often extraordinary *corrida* photography. The result is a boon for U.S.-style bull sessions. Though experts may dispute Conrad's evaluation of top *toreros* (Manolete is "limited," Ordóñez is only briefly mentioned), we prefer to avoid such carping. To Señor Conrad we offer ears and tail for fashioning, truly and well, this trove of taurine lore.

The Making of the President — 1960 (Atheneum, \$6.95), Theodore H. White's "narrative history of American politics in action," takes us up close for an immensely revealing look at last year's Presidential campaign—the strategies, primary fights, delegate safaris and convention convulsions. Since the rules of the great quadrennial contest provide for just one winner, much of the book deals with the unmaking of also-rans. Hubert Humphrey weeps in West Virginia, and Adlai Stevenson's backers wail in California. Stevenson himself hesitates, decides at the eleventh hour to make a fight for it, only to be told by Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley that the Illinois delegation will give him "no support, period." With that, says White, "the hope of a real Stevenson candidacy had ended, and the demonstration in the Sports Arena four hours later was meaningless." The only loser who managed to look like a winner was Nelson Rockefeller. He compelled Richard Nixon to fly to Albany, there to rewrite the Republican platform into relatively liberal form. Rockefeller triumphed according to White, because of Nixon's basic weakness—the "lack of an over-all structure of thought, of a personal vision of the world that a major statesman must possess." The book has no surprise ending. It leaves John Fitzgerald Kennedy, still panting slightly, alone in the White House. JFK called his victory "a miracle." One gets a breath-taking view of the miracle's dimensions in this superbly recounted, intimate, highly personalized chapter of contemporary history.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm a one-time loser who took too many years to discover my mistake. Now that the marital knot's been untied I find that I cannot bring myself to go through the whole boring rigmarole of calling girls on the phone, making small talk on dates, exchanging inane pleasantries, and all the other sticky frosting that's required on the pre-boudoir cake. It just seems too childish to me now. Am I asking the impossible by inquiring if there is any other way to establish a rapport than through the usual time-consuming channels? — M. T., San Francisco, California.

Having taken "too many years to discover" your mistake, you may not be allowing yourself long enough to recover from the psychic scars of unhappy marriage, the inevitable inner turmoil that accompanies even the most "civilized" separations or divorces, and to make the readjustments in daily life entailed in switching to bachelor living. Our hunch is that if the pleasures of the chase have lost their tang, you're rushing things rather than giving yourself time to readjust. The hunch is lent credence by your impatient haste, which suggests you're not seeking romance so much as overt proof by conquest that you're the man-on-his-own you want to be. Relax; face the fact that there are no challenges in the quickie contest — and blessed few rewards. When the act of establishing an entente cordiale becomes a part of the pleasure of its consummation, you'll know you're your own man again.

My date and I recently dined at a first-class restaurant. We were met at the door by the maitre de who escorted us to our table. The captain then came over and took our drink order; the waiter served during the meal, the captain asked several times if everything was satisfactory. Whom should I have tipped and how much? — D. F., Montreal, Quebec.

It's very easy for the novice to become trapped in the largess labyrinth. Here's a handy tip sheet to follow. The waiter, naturally, gets tipped (at least fifteen percent), the captain gets nothing except a "Thank you" unless he performs some special service (and not merely taking drink orders or asking whether you enjoyed your meal), in which case the tip is a dollar or two. If the wine steward is called on, he receives fifteen percent of the wine bill or one dollar, whichever is greater, as a tip. You may tip the maitre de beforehand if you desire a special table at a restaurant where you're not known. If you are a regular patron it's more appropriate to tip him as you leave; you needn't do it

every time you go there, however. In either case, the tip should range from five or ten dollars in the posher places down to a minimum of one, but never silver. It is not mandatory that you tip him at all.

A friend of mine is about to tie the knot with a notably knotable gal. He is a nice guy, but somewhat strait-laced in his approach to wine, women, and song. His other friends and I would like to toss a bachelor party in his honor, but are undecided as to whether the affair should be a chaste one, or whether it should have the ribald atmosphere that is traditional at such get-togethers. Frankly, we favor the latter. — A. J., Lexington, Massachusetts.

Frankly, we don't. We have always felt that "traditional" bachelor parties, with their rib-digging humor, single-entendres, stag flicks, and all the other indigo ap-purtenances, tend to verge on the poorest possible taste. Your proposed party is, or ought to be, a good-humored salute to a buddy at an unabashedly sentimental time in his life; don't spoil it by insulting his intelligence. There are a multitude of more apropos moments for the earthier entertainments.

Please straighten me out on differences, distinctions, similarities and appropriate times of service for: antipasto, hors d'oeuvres and canapés. Are hors d'oeuvres variés the same as smorgasbord? — J. K., Washington, D.C.

Antipasto, hors d'oeuvres and canapés are all appetizers — that is, they're served before dinner, designed to stimulate the taste buds and may come in either hot or cold varieties; the serving of one should preclude putting forth the others. Hors d'oeuvres may be a single dish such as oysters or a group of tidbits (hors d'oeuvres variés) set out with cocktails to perk up the appetite. Antipasto, "before the pasta," is simply an hors d'oeuvre of a different country, in this case, Italy. Canapés are cocktail-party fare, "couched" on a wafer, cuplet or tartlet, so they may be eaten with the fingers. Smorgasbord, a bounteous Svensk buffet, is a good deal more extensive than hors d'oeuvres variés and is a fête accompli in itself. Bon appétit.

A young lady I have started to date gives every indication (verbal) of being on my exact amatory wave length. It's been several months now since we started seeing each other, however, and I still haven't been able to bring her in loud and clear. Time after time she has begged off from our moment of truth with one excuse or another which al-

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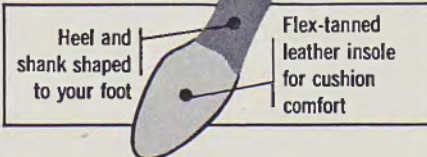
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ways seems quite plausible at the time. But it's happened too often to have been a series of unfortunate coincidences. If she would even give me a blunt "no" I would know how to handle the situation; instead, she always professes deep chagrin and a mutual frustration over our inability to get together. Advice, please. — M. F., Chicago, Illinois.

The girl may be just a tease, one of those semisick chicks who get kicks from a last-minute nix. But her expressions of sorrow suggest there's more to her — and to your problem — than that. She may be suffering from fear, guilt, or some insecurity about her adequacy as a functioning female. We suggest you take some of the pressure off the situation and try playing it a bit cooler for a while; with you no longer on the offensive, you may find her accepting some of the initiative and you'll be in a far better position to maneuver her in the desired direction. An added suggestion: discuss the problem with her frankly, not as though it is a matter of vital concern to you, but with as much detachment as you are able to muster; a great many women, who balk at being pushed in the direction of the bedroom, can be talked into it with relative ease. Many girls have built up defenses against the physical approach since early adolescence, but have developed none whatsoever for coping with a psychological one.

I've been told that the difference between being a well-dressed guy and a sartorial misfit can be a matter of a fraction of an inch. Please help me out on correct fit for Ivy attire. Where should a trouser bottom end in relation to the top of the shoe? How much should the shirt cuff extend past the jacket sleeve? How should the jacket collar rest in relation to the shirt collar?—D. B., Butte, Montana.

Although a fraction of an inch doesn't measure the difference between a Beau Brummel and a bum, there are some general rules to follow. The trouser leg should hang without a break, with the trouser bottom ending just at shoe top. In the shirt department, a barrel-cuff should extend about a half-inch past the jacket sleeve while a French cuff can extend from three-quarters of an inch to a full inch. The shirt collar looks best when it rises approximately a half-inch from the jacket collar at its highest point.

All reasonable questions — from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette — will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on this page each month.



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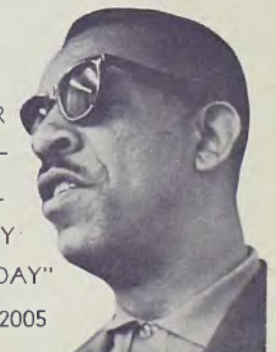
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Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 15

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SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
UNLOCKS ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

OCTOBER, 1961

GIVE A PLAYBOY CLUB KEY FOR CHRISTMAS!

Charter gift keys still available in most areas at \$25 (Save \$25 from Regular Key Fee). Perfect gift for every man of distinction opens new world of entertainment.

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After establishing itself as the most successful private club in America—in a scant six months—the Playboy Club's special Christmas gift key offer looms as a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to delight the hard-to-satisfy man of means on your Christmas shopping list.

Far more than just a status symbol, your Playboy Club gift key offers the lucky recipient a lifetime of enjoyment and sophisticated entertainment, not only at the Clubs already operating in Chicago and Miami, but at all Playboy Clubs wherever they are established.

With the New Orleans Club set to open in October, the New York Club by Christmas, and other

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—116 E. Walton St. in Chicago; 7701 Biscayne Blvd. in Miami.

Locations Set—5 East 59th St. in New York; 725 Rue Iberville in New Orleans; 8580 Sunset Blvd. in Los Angeles; 1007 N. Morton St. in Baltimore.

Next in Line—Pittsburgh, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Dallas, San Francisco, St. Louis, Washington, D.C., Puerto Rico.

Clubs being readied throughout the world, you can rest assured that your gift will be remembered for years to come.

Gift keys are \$50 if the recipient lives within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and only \$25 for persons who live outside this area. (The Chicago Charter Roster has closed.



From expert mixologist to breath-taking Bunny to you, a full PLAYBOY-size drink containing an ounce-and-a-half plus of the amber...



A PLAYBOY CLUB FEMLIN will announce your Playboy Club gift key to all the lucky men you designate to receive this choice holiday offering. Of course, the announcement message will be penned in your name, so you can be sure you'll be thanked lavishly!



... the price of a drink will buy you a prime steak platter or a choice of succulent fare from the Club buffet

The Miami Charter Roster closes January 1. This is the last opportunity for Dade County, Florida residents to join the Playboy Club at the \$25 Charter Rate.) Keys may be paid for by cash or, if you are a Club Keyholder, you may charge to your key.

After the qualifications of the prospective recipient are reviewed (quickly and quietly), the key is sent out with a gift announcement just before Christmas. If we discover that anyone on your list already belongs to the Club, we will send him the amount of your gift in "Bunny Money" to live it up at the Club—as your guest.

NEW ORLEANS CLUB OPENING SET— NEW YORK UNIT FOLLOWING SOON

New Orleans, October (Special)—The doors of a magnificent eighteenth century manse in the heart of the French Quarter will be thrown open October 13, as the New Orleans Playboy Club swings into operation.

Lavishly endowed with a full complement of Playboy Club features, the New Orleans Club will spotlight a 1 A.M. 'til morn "breakfast Dixieland jam session." And, of course, service chores will be handled by 50 beautiful Bunnies.

If our quick check reveals that the recipient of your Playboy Club Christmas gift already owns a key to the Playboy Club, we have the perfect optional gift... "Bunny Money."

We will send him (in your name, of course) a handsome packet of Bunny Money in the full amount of your gift. The "Bunny Boodle," can be applied as a credit against his monthly statement, is not only a gift that will add to the recipient's holiday cheer, but one for which you will be especially remembered.



... cue your mood to one of the relaxing, intimate bars—or take in your choice of six swinging shows offered up in the Library and Penthouse.

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Gentlemen: Please send the following a Lifetime Playboy Club Key as a Christmas gift in my name. If the recipient of my gift already owns a key to the Playboy Club, please send him the full amount of my gift in "Bunny Money," which he may use to live-it-up at the Playboy Club as my guest.

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Gift keys are \$50 if recipient lives within a 75-mile radius of Chicago and only \$25 for persons who live outside this area. Enter additional names on separate sheet of paper.

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Check here if key is for yourself or if you also wish a key for yourself. Full payment must accompany gift key order. (Keyholders only may charge gift keys to their Playboy Club account: Key No. _____).

DEPT. 215

*there was a shock of recognition
when the adept pupil learned
his teacher's fateful secret*

Peter Stelver was a lover of games. When he was eight years old the names Parker and Bradley warmed his blood and rattled his brain in its pan; they moved him as the sight of Monte Carlo from the sea might goad a gambler. His relatives noted his taste, and his toy chest was racked high with bright lithographed layouts of games of skill and chance. He spent hours over them, and he didn't care whether he played with someone or alone. When his middle finger flew off the trigger of his thumb and the little brass arrow spun in a blur, he knew contentment, whether the pointer told him, when it stopped, "You Have Found the Gold Mine!" or "Go to Jail."

In due course he came to checkers, and to chess, and then to "go-maku" and "go." When he first sat down before a square-scribed "go" board and the bowlfuls of white and slate-gray counters, he was a novice-master of many games. I say he was a novice-master because I want to convey that he was good indeed, as a novice. But he did not pursue any one of the games he studied, pursue and exhaust it and truly master it. He learned it well, and went on to another one. He came to each new game in a passion of discovery, a lover trembling with incredulity (she will?), but ultimately he knew disappointment, boredom, distaste.

He had been, during all this time, approaching what he would think of as his own game, but he had not at first known that it was a game. He was twenty when he knew that it was a game, that it was an entity, and could be given a name: murder. He did not give it that name, however. When he thought of it he called it just The Game. That is its proper name.

He came upon The Game by chance, as a boy of ten. He lived in Morton, New York, a small city in the Finger Lakes, a hilly place

THE NINTH SCORE

fiction **By KEN PURDY**





"I'm waiting for you
to say something more."

"All right, I'll say it.
It's your move . . ."

cut by streams and gorges, wooded land. When Peter was ten he and the knot of friends with whom he moved found themselves in one of the cyclical passions of boyhood: the slingshot. They began with ordinary forked sticks and strips of old inner tube; they went on to wire handles and surgical rubber and steel ball bearings; they had two-inch slingshots that threw single bird shots in ten-second classroom skirmishes and they made what amounted to an arbalest out of a forked apple tree on the edge of an orchard: six of them tugged on each other's waists to stretch the rubbers and it threw a rock as big as a baby's head.

In time Peter and the others developed notable skill. Any one of them could kill a wren at fifty feet. They hunted in the streets, they hunted in their back yards and they went into the woods to hunt. When they had learned to sit still for long enough, they killed squirrels. The best place for squirrels was a hickory grove on the eastern rim of town, where the hills leveled off. You walked up Gregory Street, as steep as anything in San Francisco, past the college campus into Halley's Gorge, along a wide path soft with pine needles. There were two crossing places: a spidery suspension footbridge and, a couple of hundred yards above, where the gorge narrowed slightly, a downed tree, a big pine that had fallen from one bank to the other seventy-five feet above the floor of the gorge, six inches of water on bed rock. Someone had adzed a flat on the tree. It was safe for strong heads in dry weather.

The other kid's name was Benny Turek. It had been his idea to go for squirrels. He was bigger than Peter, a bit older, too, and when they came into the woods he led by natural right. He walked briskly out on the tree. Peter watched him. Afterward, when he thought about it, he realized that he had not known what he was going to do. His slingshot was in his right hand, his thumb and forefinger closed around the ball bearing in the leather pouch; he looked at a place on Benny's head, he pulled quickly, and he saw the shiny steel ball strike and carom off. Benny simply fell off the log, as he would have fallen had he lost his balance. He fell, and turned, and came in like a diver.

Peter Stelver sat down. Benny didn't move. The water lapped around him. There was a great din of sound suddenly new to Peter: the whining and whirring of a million insects, the rattle of leaves, the petulant cry of birds. Panic briefly rose in him. He sat on his heels and looked down at Benny, still and wet. After a while he got up and jogged purposefully along the path toward town.

He was not yet committed to The Game, not completely. He began to be, only began to be, days later, when he

realized that not a trace of suspicion attached to him. The log bridge was tried and found guilty. It was cut and thrown into the gorge.

Peter Stelver had found The Game, as hundreds before him had done. It is a peculiarity of The Game that each player must discover the rules for himself. No one will teach him. Peter had found one rule: There must be no motive. And another: Conceal the means. These, of course, are rules for the novice. A master may improvise.

Peter thought a good deal about Benny Turek, down the years. He did not deceive himself. He did not, *post factum*, make an enemy of the boy. He did not theorize reasons for having killed him. He didn't suffer conscience, either.

I was a long time learning all this. I met Peter when he was twenty, in his junior year at Columbia. I had him in a chemistry section. Except that he was brilliant, there was nothing remarkable to be seen in him. He was ordinary, common in height, in build. He had a face-shaped face and hair-colored hair, one might say. So have I. I incline to the belief that most players are ordinary-looking people — most successful players, that is. I think it's a requirement, as a wrestler should have light legs, a *torero* narrow hips, a distance-runner a slow heart, and so on. I think that a man six feet six inches in height who attempted The Game would not last long, nor would one who was exceptionally ugly or notably good-looking. One should not stand out. Of course, this is only theory, and of my own origination. One can almost never pick out another player. Peter is the only one I've ever certainly identified. I knew a script girl in Hollywood on whom I would have bet, but I lost contact with her, and never did find out.

I had been playing for nine years and I had a score of six when Peter came into my section. There were twelve people in the section, and I hoped, as one always hopes, that one of them might be bright and two not really stupid. The sickening boredom that is inseparable from the teaching of the young is made bearable only by the occasional appearance of a first-rate mind. If one is lucky, it will be a disciplined, purposeful mind as well. In the first weeks of a new semester one does a lot of shuffling and reshuffling and holding up to the light in the hope of finding such a specimen in the grab bag. Peter Stelver was one. His mind grabbed at new ideas. He was capable of thought, even original thought. He spoke rapidly in English sentences that would parse. If this does not seem to you the description of a brilliant student, a student of the very first rank, I can say only that your knowl-

edge of contemporary academic circles must be limited. I favored him, naturally. I talked to him over the heads of the others, often enough. One day, in the course of a dull little discourse on molecular affinities I mentioned the groupings of the pieces in the game of *go*. As the pieces are laid down in play, the groupings they make are often reminiscent of molecular structural diagrams. Stelver came to me after class to say that he had taught himself *go* but had no one with whom to play. There was a small *go* club at Columbia. I took him around and he began to play regularly. In a short time he was, as I have said, a strong novice, a very strong novice. We played together a good deal. I had played longer, but he had more talent, and we were of almost equal strength. Our styles were similar. We played a cold game, detached, conservative. We accepted no small hazards. We took major risks that had been long planned. It was enjoyable.

I had three sections that year, and a girl in one of them. She was one of those long-legged brown blondes they've been breeding in California for the last two or three decades. She had about as much interest in chemistry as she had in the bloodlines of the kings of Siam, but she was bright enough to cope, and she was oddly honest. When she didn't know something she would say so, but not with that fraudulent sincerity that implies, "So what, sucker?" She would say, "I don't know, and I'm sorry. I should." Then she would try to find out, and she never missed the same point twice. This made her more rare than rubies, and nearly as desirable, in my view. Moreover, she was pretty, and she moved regally, in grace and beauty. She had been reared in sunshine and athletic frenzy and it was possible to believe that she could walk nude and still be enchanting. I believed this, and I was right. Her name was Martine, her parents had had a hostile divorce and she never went home vacations. She dated students, of course, but our arrangement stipulated that I was her lover, that infidelity had to be confessed, and that a beating would be the consequence. This happened twice in the first year or so. It seemed equitable to me. I think that it takes a louse to beat a girl discovered in infidelity, but voluntary admission is license. It is more than license, it's a request.

"I came by your place last night," Peter said to me one day. "When did you get the TV set?"

"I haven't any TV set," I said. "What made you think I had?"

"It sounded like Alfred Hitchcock in there," he said. "Biff-baff, the muffled whimperings and so on."

"If you thought it was TV why didn't you knock?" I said.

"I didn't think it was TV," he said.
(continued on page 66)



"Gosh, Mr. Pellswick, this certainly has been a fun weekend!"

NINTH SCORE (continued from page 38)

"I thought it was Martine."

"It was Martine," I said.

He snapped a white onto the board in *kiru*.

"You could have an accident that way," he said.

"No," I said. "Not I."

We finished the game. I won.

"Another?" I said.

He shook his head. We walked through 116th Street to Riverside Drive. There's an apartment building on the corner there that intrigues me, 440, an old building with a real porte-cochere. I made him wait for the space of a red light while I walked through it. I could imagine the hoofs clattering on the close-set bricks, the rasp of the iron carriage tires, the creaking of the harnesses. No one who heard these things is now alive, I told myself. Many died, and some were scored. Some were scored, never doubt it.

The light changed and we went across the street into the park. The air had been warm all during that May. The Jersey shore blinked with white and yellow light. It was after eleven. There were few people about.

"What I said about Martine," Peter began. "I had an accident like that one time. Something like that."

So he's a sick one, I thought, some bloody-handed sadist. "You mean she died?" I said.

"It was a boy," he said. "And the circumstances weren't the same. I wasn't beating him or anything."

"What kind of accident?" I said.

He told me.

"It wasn't an accident," I said. "You wanted to do it. That's why having done it has never bothered you. You wanted to do it."

He didn't react. That was no new idea to him.

"You've wanted to since, too," I said.

"That's right," he said.

"And?"

"Wanted to, that's all," he said. Thirty seconds later he said, "I still want to."

"Nobody's stopping you," I said.

We didn't talk about it any more that night.

. . .

The New York Times ordinarily registers the deaths in the city of a hundred-odd people a day. Most of them have come naturally to the ends of their life spans. Many are noted as having died violently, in accidents or otherwise. I believe that for the most part these statistics are correct. I think that comparatively few players score in New York. In the matter of this game, as in most others, New York is the big league. It's true that there is a lot of opportunity in New York, but there are balancing factors: a sharp police department and

a functioning coroner's office. Big scores are run up in the provincial bush leagues, where post-mortem is almost unknown, and where a verdict of "heart failure" can cover anything short of a cut throat. In some states I imagine *The Game* is so easy as to be almost dull—almost, almost. It can never really be dull. After all, it's *The Game*. But in New York one can read the papers very carefully, and I do, without noticing, more than once in three months or so, an obituary that just might be a score. I kept looking for a score of Peter's.

He ordinarily kept his women to himself, but one night in June he did bring a girl, a Barnard sophomore, to a Stadium concert with Martine and me. We fed them afterward and took them home, first Martine, who lived farthest away, then his girl. Then Peter and I walked up the Drive to the church. High in the huge bell tower a slit of orange light burned in the gray stone, an apprentice carillonneur copying arrangements, or beating his blistered hands on the practice clavier, working for the leathery toughness and the blacksmith's strength. Or it might have been Lefébure himself. We sat on the grass a hundred yards away and waited for the great bells to speak. They did not. We went into the park.

"I feel much better than I did last time we were here," Peter said.

"Calmer, I suppose," I said.

"That's right," he said. "Calmer."

"The first time it happened to me," I said, "I slept for thirty-six hours. I was a freshman. This was in Chicago, in 1951. I had rented a car for a fraternity party and I took it back to the garage about one in the morning. There was one man on duty. I turned in the car and paid for it and all that. The rental place was on the fourth floor of the garage and you could drive the car up the ramp. I had left it standing where I'd got out of it, close to the elevator shaft, and I was just ready to go when I remembered I'd put a scarf behind the seat. I got in to find it and I was stuffing it into my pocket when I saw the attendant standing there in front of the empty shaft, waiting for the elevator. There was no gate or anything. He was about three feet from the edge. I put the thing in first—it was a Plymouth coupe—and hit the starter, the gas and the brake all practically together. It was just a nudge I gave him. I stopped the car two feet from the edge. I suppose he yelled, but I never heard him. I just parked the car in the farthest corner and went home. As I said, I slept for thirty-six hours."

"I suppose they asked you some questions," he said.

"Sure," I told him. "But it was no problem."

"I suppose not," he said. "Still, there was a connection, wasn't there?"

Dig this supercilious son of a bitch, I told myself. I suppose there was no connection in his first score, when he knocked his buddy off the log.

"There usually is, the first time," I said.

He felt the thin edge in my voice. "Certainly there was in my first," he said. "Not in my second, though, and I suppose not in yours?"

"No," I said. "Not in the second. Not in the third."

"The fourth?"

"No, not in the fourth, the fifth, the sixth."

"The seventh?"

"I hope not."

He laughed. "You should give me a handicap," he said. "We're six to two."

"Take it up with the committee," I told him.

I could have written the next line for him. I knew what he was going to say.

"Have you ever told anyone else?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Obviously you can tell somebody else only if he's a player, and there's no way for us to pick each other out. It would spoil it all, anyway, if every player wore a red-enamel ax in his buttonhole, or shook hands with his little finger curled, like a charter member of the Noble Society of Sanskrit Speakers or something."

"The Thugs knew each other," he said.

"The Thugs were organized," I said. "Togetherness. They were fortified by conviction, held up by each other. They killed with purpose. To kill with purpose makes it pointless, don't you see? Soldiers kill with purpose, and policemen, out of duty. That's work, that's labor, that's not a game. What am I telling you all this for? If you don't know that this is a game, that it's *The Game*, you don't know anything. It's just the ultimate game, that's all: the highest stakes, the greatest odds. Life. You on one team, you *all* of one team, the population of the civilized world on the other."

"You never knew anyone else?" he said.

"Not certainly. I thought I was close, five or six years ago. A woman."

"Still there must be many."

"I saw a criminologist quoted as saying that there were twenty-thousand concealed murders a year in this country, France and England. I believe it."

We leaned on the fence and watched a tug hauling four barges upstream, imperceptibly, slowly. The barges were unladen, high in the water, they looked bigger than houses, and the line was

(continued on page 148)

PLAYBOY'S FALL & WINTER FASHION FORECAST

THE DEFINITIVE STATEMENT ON THE COMING TRENDS IN MEN'S WEAR AND ACCESSORIES

attire by ROBERT L. GREEN *photographed by* RICHARD AVEDON



IN OUR SEMIANNUAL Fashion Forecast last October, PLAYBOY divined and defined Ivy, British and Continental as the three major influences then shaping the form and direction of upcoming sartorial styles. The prevailing Ivy silhouette, we correctly prognosticated, would be infused with a feeling of unimpeachable Continental elegance, while reviving British outlines would impart to outdoor and casual (text continued on page 71)

Suave stockbroker at left sets brisk fashion pace in worsted suit with center vent, lap seams, by Hanover Hall, \$70; cotton broadcloth shirt, by Sero of New Haven, \$7. Mad Ave man at center strides in Kennedy-look chalk-stripe suit with center-vent jacket, single-pleat trousers, by Baker, \$125; cotton broadcloth shirt, by Excello, \$6; while Girl Friday proffers mohair-wool raincoat with velvet shawl collar, satin lining, by Aquascutum, \$110; felt Homburg, by Dobbs, \$20. Guy at right is time- and style-conscious in English wool whipcord suit, by Southwick, \$115; oxford buttondown, by Arrow, \$5.



Briefcase-bearer at left steps lively in tasteful charcoal-brown Dacron-Corval suit with cloverleaf lapels, flap pockets, medium-depth side vents, Continentally cuffless belt-loop trousers, by Northweave, \$50; maroon-on-white striped Scottish broadcloth shirt with regular collar, French cuffs, by Hathaway, \$12; blue-ground silk tie with red-green block pattern, by Wembley, \$3.50. With coffee-clutching, note-taking executive sweets in tow, our center man personifies the natural-shouldered, slim-silhouetted American look in an impeccable blue-black bengaline worsted suit with three-button placket, cloverleaf lapels, flap pockets, cuffless plain-front trousers with extension waistband, adjustable side tabs, quarter-top pockets, by Phoenix, \$65; lovat blue imported cotton broadcloth shirt with English spread collar, barrel cuffs, by Hathaway, \$10; non-Ivy (but undeniably elegant) navy leaf-patterned silk moire tie, by Countess Mara, \$12.50. Understandably, office boy at right has eyes for their raiment as well as their secretaries.



Swathed in style, a gladsome throng of weekenders sets out in search of an autumn-leafy spot for a late-season lobster feast alfresco. Bussing en route is a friendly fellow in supersoft white Dynel-Verel pile reversible parka, black nylon flip-side, four slanted zipper pockets (two inside), knit cuffs, drawstring waist and hood closures, by William Barry, \$40; and clergy-gray wool worsted flannel cuffless slacks with belt loops, conventional side pockets, by Corbin Ltd., \$24.50. Our other bloke, pulling Tarzan bit on Jane with champagned expression, sports an extra-warm lightweight laminated Orlon knit jacket in classically handsome Norwegian pattern of blue, black, olive, gold and orange (reversible to blue Dacron and cotton), with zipper front and pockets inside and out, hidden hood, heavy black knit collar and cuffs, zippered sleeve pocket, by McGregor, \$40; and cuffless olive wool cavalry twill trousers with belt loops, pleatless front, conventional side pockets, warm quilted lining, by Anthony Gesture, \$20.

Ladies' slacks by Jax



Happily hampered with clam-laden basket, next picnicker digs adjoining action in suede leather coat with full lining, removable back belt, by Mighty Mac, \$65; wool hacking pullover shirt, by RFD, \$19; Orlon-worsted slacks with $\frac{1}{8}$ -cut pockets, by Jaymar-YMM, \$14. Middle marcher wins worshipful gazes in basket-stitched, mohair-wool cardigan, by Catalina, \$13; buttondown corduroy pullover shirt, by Cisco, \$9; beltless wool twill slacks, by Esquire, \$20. Toting bubbly, our third man wears uninhibited corduroy suit with wool-pile lining, leather buttons, suede elbow patches, by RFD, \$45.

wear a look of tweedy masculinity. With the arrival of a new fall and winter season, these same three fashion forces will continue to hold sway over the style scene, but with a significant realignment in their balance of power. Continental modes will be giving way before a combined upsurge of Savile Row and Ivy League. And as a result of this shift in spheres of influence, a new fashion movement is *(text continued on page 74)*

Picnic accessories by Hammacher Schlemmer



With a quartet of thoroughbred fillies in pursuit, a field of fashion winners makes a beeline for the C-note window. At left is turfman in camel's-hair jacket with satin lining, by Varsity Town, \$75; cotton oxford shirt with snap-tab collar, by Arrow, \$5; harlequin-pattern velvet vest, by RFD, \$16; worsted flannel slacks, by Jaymar-YMM, \$16. Steed's excited owner—with winning grin and tie askew—wears horse-blanket plaid Scottish tweed coat with alpaca collar and lining, by Aquascutum, \$150; cotton broadcloth shirt, by Hathaway, \$7.50; cloth hat with pinched crown, by Champ, \$5. Lensman clicks in worsted cheviot suit, by Cricketeer, \$70; brushed suede chamois shirt, by Eagle, \$6. Victorious jockey straddles two odds-on favorites in style derby. Left: guy in wool plaid jacket with suede shoulder yoke, back belt, center pleat, by Clinton Swan, \$45; corduroy slacks, by Corbin Ltd., \$15; brushed mohair-wool sweater, by Robert Bruce, \$11. Right: ticket holder in hound's-tooth wool tweed jacket, by RFD, \$50; khaki cotton twill belt-loop slacks, by H.I.S., \$6.

Ladies' suits by Dior, New York





beginning to take shape. Amalgamating the undecorated naturalness of Ivy and the unique detailing of British tailoring, this emerging profile will retain the slimness and suavity of Continental lines—but with a distinctive authority all its own.

Incorporating bold innovation with reanimated tradition, the new wardrobes will bear the stylishly identifiable (text continued on page 164)

In a setting of Gatsbyesque goings-on, the updated classic look is embodied by a coterie of urbane revelers. Supinely admired atop the bearskin is bemused chap in lush brocaded silk formal jacket with velvet braid trim, shawl collar, by Petrocelli, \$125. Reclining with friend nearby is gentleman in imported wool jersey dinner jacket with satin-edged shawl collar, welt pockets, center vent, by Bernhard Altmann, \$75; rococo tapestry-print vest with five metal buttons, flap-faced pockets, by Parkton, \$15; black mohair formal trousers with belt loops, satin side seams, by Lord West, \$32.50.

Ladies' evening dresses by Bill Blass of Maurice Rentner



Strategically located between champagne bucket and pillow-talking partner, guy reclines in blue and black formal jacket of rayon, silk and acetate, with shawl collar, flap pockets, \$38; black worsted trousers with satin side seams, \$20, both by Haricon. Our host makes the most of an elegant fashion innovation: the distinguished "Nehru" suit, an Indian-inspired style in black mohair, with straight-lined silhouette, immaculate high collar, five-button front, side vents, convertible sleeves for buttons or links, extension waistband slacks with conventional side pockets, adjustable side tabs, by Saint Laurie, \$100. Flanking barefoot girl with chic at right is guest in imported black mohair formal suit with jacket featuring notched lapels, satin-edge collar and cuffs, slanted flap pockets; trousers detailed with satin side seams, quarter-top pockets, satin extension waistband with adjustable side tabs, by Lord West, \$135; sumptuous gold-threaded Persian-print backless waistcoat with satin shawl lapels, also by Lord West, \$19.

Crystal by Baccarat





"You're my best friend's wife and what's good enough for dear old Charlie is good enough for me!"

I WAS SITTING AT MY DESK in the bowels of the State Department when the intercom crackled and the sepulchral tones of Walter Watts poisoned the morning calm.

"Monroe," he said, in a voice of infinite regret, "I must see you immediately."

This news failed to kindle any fires of enthusiasm within me. My interviews with Watts were usually conducted under a cloud of mutual acrimony. Apparently I did not embody for him everything that was true and beautiful in the Foreign Service, and I certainly didn't consider him the very model of a modern major-domo in statesmanship. He was, however, among the mighty horde that comprised my superiors, and if he wanted to see me, I was not left with much in the way of choice.

Mentally reviewing all possible transgressions committed within the past fortnight, I arose and threaded my way through an armada of desks and dolls to the corridor, and thence proceeded at a brisk pace in a westerly direction until I arrived at the tall green door that bore the legend: WALTER WATTS, UNDERSECRETARY OF STATE FOR EURASIAN AFFAIRS.

I rapped smartly and entered. It was a large office, crammed with fertile vegetation. Framed by two luxuriant palm trees, Watts appraised me across a vast barren desk. With his bald head and sloping shoulders he looked like a nine-pin fatalistically resigned to being converted into a spare.

"Ah, Monroe," he sighed. "It was good of you to come."

"Yes, sir," I said, sliding into a modified parade rest. "If it's about that cocktail party at the Chilean Embassy, I swear to God I didn't know she was Secretary Hadley's daughter. Naturally, things would never have reached the stage they did if —"

"Stop." He raked a fistful of fingers across his brow. "I don't know anything about that. What's more, I don't want to know anything about it. Sit down."

I sat, mashing a eucalyptus branch and staining my trousers. Undersecretary Watts plucked a pipe from its caddy and carefully ignited a loathsome blend. He was a very cautious man. He acted as though he were under the

while they were slugging the braves, the reds from rompsk were readying for summitry on the diamond

THE YEЯЯ THE УАИКЕES WOИ THE РЕИИИИИТ



TOMI UNGERER

fiction By JEREMY DOLE

perpetual surveillance of *Candid Camera*. "Tell me," he said slowly, "do you know much about baseball?"

In the State Department it never pays to admit ignorance on any subject. "Quite a good bit," I said. "Matter of fact, I used to play second base in high school." (True enough—though they used to call me the Ancient Mariner—the guy who stoppeth one of three.) "Just what do you want to know, Mr. Undersecretary?"

He studied me for a prolonged moment. "Quinn is in Cairo," he murmured. "And young Fletcher left last week for Thailand. I'm afraid that you're the only one left." His face had the helpless appeal of a CARE poster.

"You can count on me, sir."

"Well, we shall see. We shall see."

Pulling open a drawer, he removed a thick brown envelope and placed it upon the desk. "I want you to listen very carefully to what I have to say, Monroe. Please make an effort to concentrate."

"I'm all ears, Mr. Watts."

"God knows that's true." He nuzzled his pipe and began to speak in the tranquilizing tones that had lulled two generations of uncivil servants. "Here's the situation—the background, as it were. Two summers ago, in July of 1961, the boys in C.I.A. first began to suspect that a highly secretive project was being undertaken in the vastness of northern Russia. A small Siberian village called Rompsk had been sealed off from the outer world by a complex of barbed wire and turf pillboxes. Naturally, the initial surmise was that the military intended the testing of a nuclear device, most probably of the underground variety. But no one was really sure. Our agents over there did their damndest to find out what was going on, but to no avail. For two years the clandestine activity at Rompsk remained a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

"Well put, sir," I acknowledged. "I doubt if Churchill himself could have phrased it better."

With teeth grating audibly against his pipestem, Watts pressed on. "Only now is it becoming clear precisely what those rascals are up to over there. I'm sure you'll find this information to be both extraordinary and totally unexpected." He fumbled through the dossier and withdrew two typewritten sheets of paper. "On Tuesday last, Chairman Khrushchev made a long speech before the Central Committee of the Communist Party. The bulk of his speech contained the usual polemics about corn and hog production—nothing new there. However, in one of his extemporaneous asides he made the following puzzling statement: 'Our hogs,' he said, 'are superior to Capitalistic hogs, even as our tractors, and our television sets, and our baseball players.'"

"I don't get it," I said.

"Neither did we," Watts growled. "Neither did we—until yesterday, when the Soviet ambassador delivered to Secretary Rusk a short caustic note which clarified all. Monroe, the Russians have given us a challenge. Incredible as it may seem, they want to play the winner of our World Series."

I mulled this over for a moment. "They do, eh?"

Watts sighed. "It's always such a privilege to watch your intellect at work," he said. "Yes, they do. You see, at Rompsk, behind those barbed-wire barricades, the Russians have been practicing baseball. For twenty-four solid months they have been hitting, running, throwing and sliding. They now feel that they are ready for competition."

"If they're foolish enough to think that," I said, "then let's take them on. We'll clobber them."

"Yes, that was the reaction in the higher echelons. It was felt, too, that the Soviets have a semantic point. 'If you call it a World Series,' they say, 'then prove it—let the contest be between world powers.' I tried to point out to our people the considerable dangers involved in agreeing to such a match—namely, what if they beat us at our own game? We would, of course, be an international laughingstock."

"Not very likely," I snapped, for the moment letting my hot Latin blood gain the upper hand.

"History will be the judge of that," said Watts quietly. "In any case, the Russians have invited us to send an emissary to Rompsk to have a look at their team, and to act as liaison if we agree to invite them to this country. Monroe—he hesitated, then with an effort girded his loins—"Monroe, as of now, you are our man in Rompsk."

I accepted the honor with a modest blanching of features and a small sickly smile. "I've been in the bull pen a long time, sir," I said. "You just give me the ball and I'll pitch my heart out."

Contrary to my expectations, he did not jot down this gem for use in his memoirs. "Never mind all that," he snarled. "Remember this—for the time being your mission will be strictly hush-hush. We will place heavy reliance upon your recommendations. Try to use your head, and to behave in a manner that will reflect credit upon your family name." Somehow Watts had got it into his head that I was a direct descendant of the fifth U.S. President, a fallacy that I had never sought to correct.

"Don't worry," I soothed him. "Great-Great-Granddad will be proud of me. Instinctive diplomacy is a family asset."

"Oh?" he murmured, scenting a kill. "I would have thought all *your* assets were liquid."

I departed, helpless with mirth. Watts

has a grand sense of humor.

That night I filled my valise to the brim with traveling togs, and then set out to say farewell to my most ardent admirer, a delightful Southern-fried chick yclept Marilyn Plimsall. Marilyn was well set up in more ways than one, for her father was none other than Boondock Plimsall, Dallas oilman and international connoisseur of cash. She and I had been seeing quite a bit of each other of late. I was well satisfied with the arrangement, for there seemed little danger of matrimonial entrapment. Here again, my name was a distinct aid: no gal, I reasoned, would hastily court the moniker of Marilyn Monroe.

She met me at her Georgetown portal, gowned in a mumuu and bearing twin libations of Courvoisier. "When do you leave?" she asked, after bestowing a filibustering kiss.

"At dawn," I replied, sinking wearily to the couch.

"Can you—can you tell me about it?" Her hair was a golden waterfall; tiny lines of care furrowed her pristine brow. I took her hand.

"Top Secret," I said cryptically. "You'll read about it someday, perhaps. *If* all goes well."

"But you *will* come back?"

I laughed, briefly. "Some do. Some don't." Gazing into her martini eyes, I shrugged philosophically. "That's the way it is—to catch the big ones you've got to use bait."

"Oh, Dick! I'm worried! Please don't take any chances."

"Life is a lottery."

"Then let's make tonight a night to remember." I read the roll call in her eyes and did not abstain.

As my jet sprang caterwauling through the next dawn's early light, I reflected briefly upon the task that lay before me. Lord knows, it seemed uncomplicated enough—I merely had to ascertain whether or not the Russkie team was lousy enough for us to risk playing them. Clearly, for the nonce I could do no more than rest myself for the trials of an uncertain future. With this bit of rationalization, I veiled my eyes and snoozed as we arced above the snowy parapets of the world, awakening long enough to pluck ambrosial highballs from the chaste grasp of a goddess in airline mufti, then drifting again back into sleep (to dream, of course, of fly-by-night affairs).

Hours later, as we roller-coasted down a cloud bank into a drab Moscow morn, I lurched into a state of modified wakefulness, two-blocked my tie, and ran an electric razor around the ragged edges of my chin. As the plane touched down and rolled to a stop I wondered who, if anyone, would be at the airport to greet

(continued on page 122)



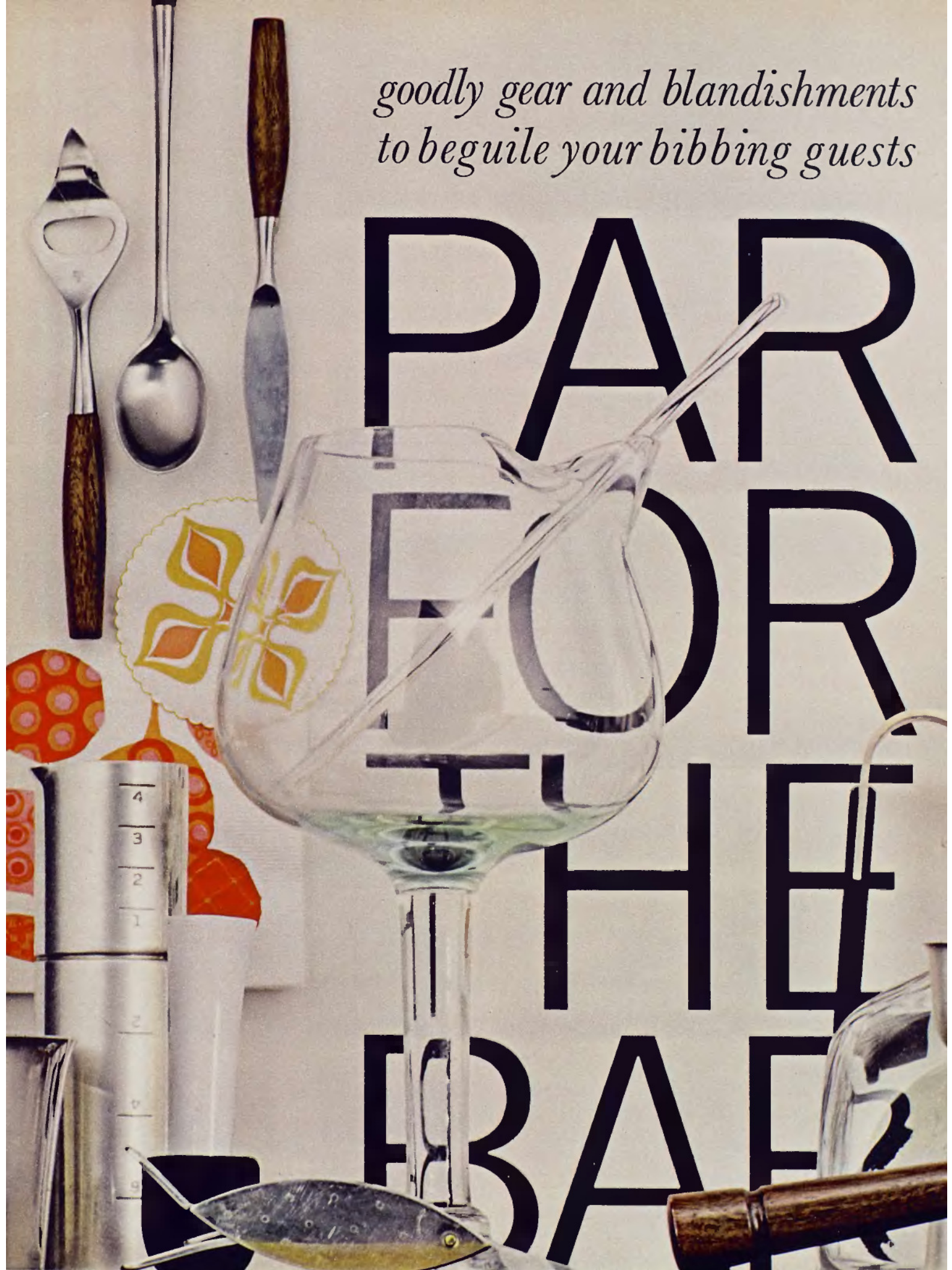
"It's just the apartment I've been looking for. I'll take it!"




St. Landi

*goodly gear and blandishments
to beguile your bibbing guests*

PAR FOR THE BAR





PLAYBOY has here assembled a host of handsome tending tools designed to turn any man into a master mixer if given the proper liquid assets. These precision instruments for an idyl hour or two will stand the cheerleader in good stead whether he's serving Scotch functionally neat or devising some exotically frosty frappé to warm the cockles of a distaff heart. Top, left to right: three-piece bar set of stainless steel with teak handles, by Dansk, \$13; four pieces (bottle opener, bar fork, corkscrew, bar spoon) of eight-piece Royal Danish pattern sterling-silver bar set (jigger is directly in front of captain's bottle, muddler is bottom right, second bar spoon and lemon fork are not shown), by International Silver, \$96. Bottom, l to r: sterling on-the-rocks glass, by International Silver, \$15; eight-inch silver-plated double cocktail jigger, by Alfred Dunhill, \$9; porcelain liqueur glass, by Raymor, set of six, \$6; fish-shaped silver-plated lemon-wedge squeezer, by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$6; martini snifter-pitcher with stirrer, by West Virginia Glass Specialty Co., \$2.50; silver-plated double jigger gavel, walnut handle, by Dunhill, \$12; captain's bottle decanter, by Blenko, \$8; stainless martini pitcher, by Raymor, \$17.50; silver-plated cocktail shaker, by Dunhill, \$20; silver-lined brass juicer, by Dunhill, \$15; set of four white ceramic cocktail jars with walnut lids, stainless servers, by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$14.

an exclusive and candid recount of how the noted financier amassed his fortune

article **By J. PAUL GETTY** AFTER MANY FRUITLESS MONTHS of prospecting for oil in Oklahoma, I finally spudded my first test well not far from Stone Bluff, a tiny Muskogee County hamlet, in early January 1916.

On February 2, the bailer — the device which cleared formation rock from the drill hole — brought up a quantity of oil sand. This indicated that we were nearing the final stages of drilling; the next twenty-four hours would prove whether the well was a producer or a dry hole.

I was still very young and quite green. My nervousness and excitement rose to an intolerable pitch. I became more hindrance than help to the men on my drilling crew. To get out of their way and ease my own tension, I beat a strategic retreat to Tulsa, the nearest city of any size. I decided to wait there until the drilling operation was completed and the results were known. In Tulsa, J. Carl Smith, a close friend who was considerably older and far less excitable than I, volunteered to go to the drilling site and supervise the work there for me.

There were no telephones in the remote area where my well was being drilled. The single line between Stone Bluff and Tulsa seldom worked. Hence, J. Carl Smith promised to return to Tulsa on the last train from Stone Bluff the next day and inform me of the latest developments.

On the following day — a chill, blustery February 3, 1916 — I was at the Tulsa railroad depot, anxiously pacing the windswept passenger platform more than an hour before the train was due to arrive. At last, it pulled into the station. Endless seconds later, J. Carl Smith's familiar figure emerged from one of the coaches. His face beamed, and my hopes soared.

HOW I MADE MY FIRST BILLION

"Congratulations, Paul!" he boomed when he saw me on the platform. "We brought in your well this afternoon. It's producing thirty barrels!"

I automatically assumed he meant thirty barrels a day, and my elation vanished instantly. Thirty barrels a day — why, that was a mere trickle compared to the gushers other oilmen were bringing in at the time.

"Yes, sir," J. Carl grinned. "We're getting thirty barrels an hour . . ."

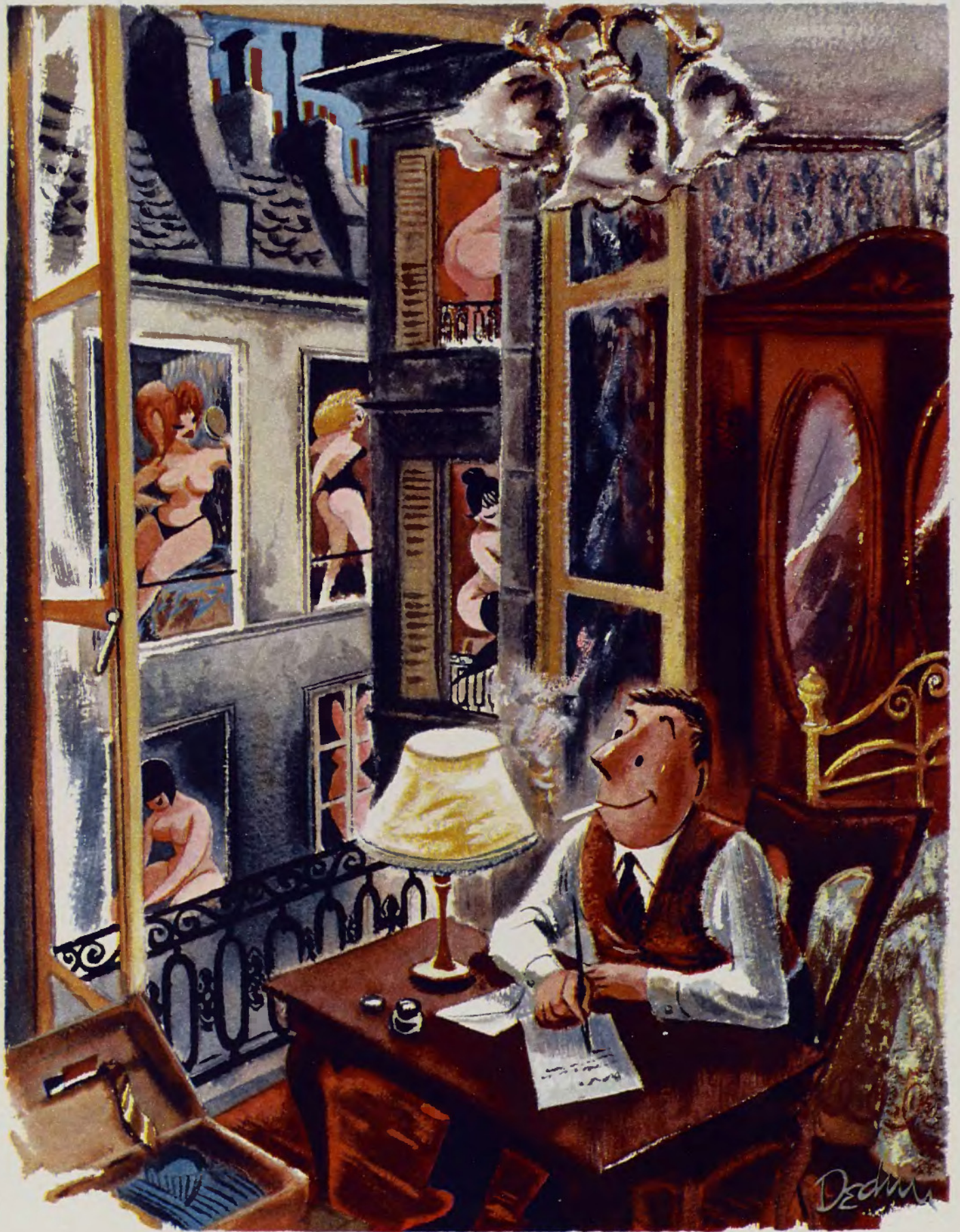
Thirty barrels *an hour!*

That made a difference, a world of difference. That meant the well was producing 720 barrels of crude oil daily. It also meant that I was in the oil business — to stay.

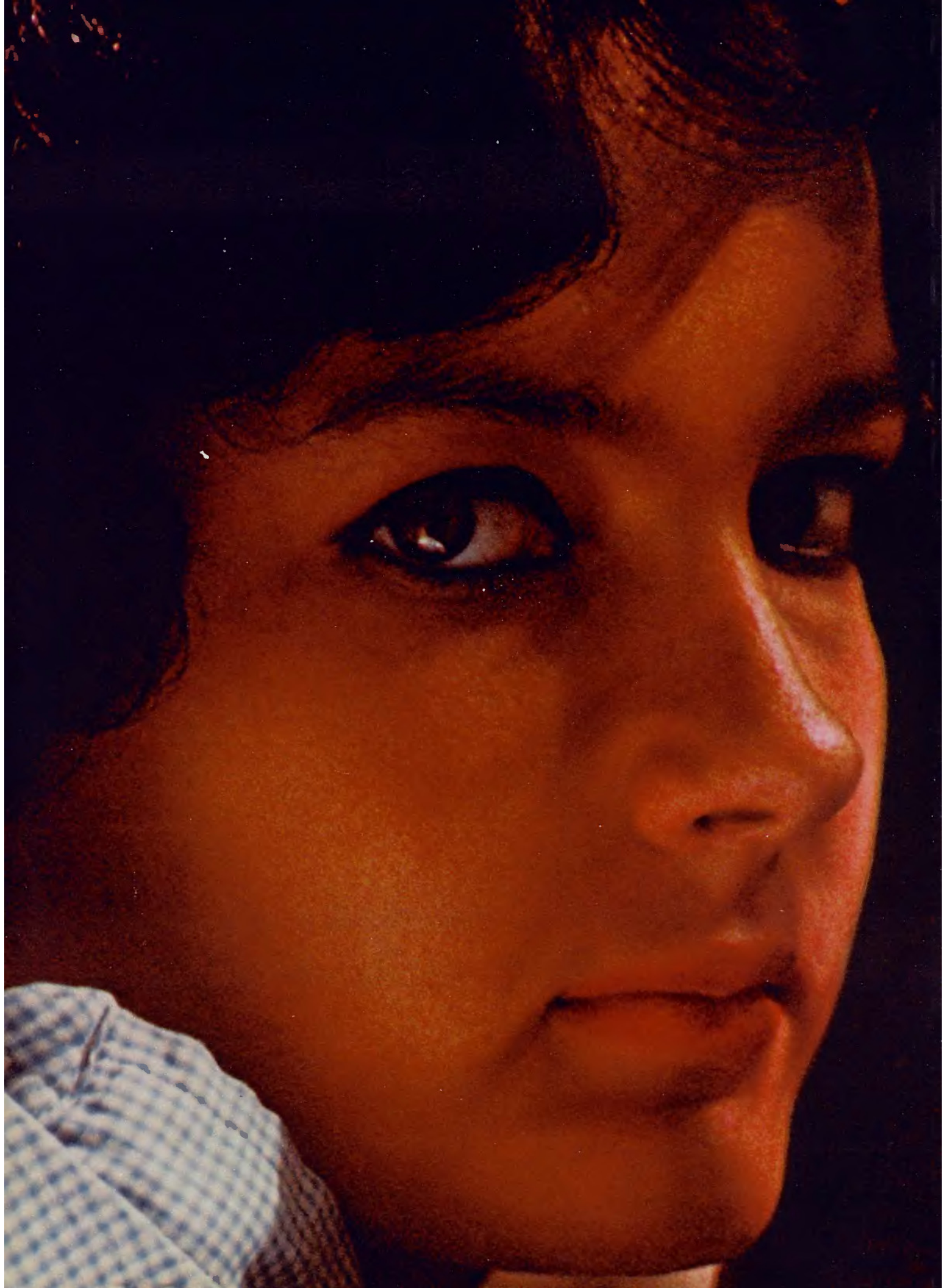
Being the son of a successful oilman, I had been exposed to the virus of oil fever since childhood. My parents, George F. and Sarah Getty, and I first visited what was then the Oklahoma Territory in 1903, when I was ten. While there, my father, a prosperous Minneapolis attorney-at-law, found it impossible to resist the lure of the Oklahoma Oil Rush, which was then in full swing. He formed the Minnehoma Oil Company and began prospecting for oil.

My father, a self-made man who had known extreme poverty in his youth, had a practically limitless capacity for hard work, and he also had an almost uncanny talent for finding oil. After organizing Minnehoma Oil, he personally supervised the drilling of forty-three oil wells, of which forty-two proved to be producers!

I served a tough and valuable apprenticeship working as a roustabout and tooldresser in the oil fields in 1910 and 1911, but I didn't go into the oil business for myself until September 1914. I had but recently returned to the United States after attending Oxford University in England for two years. My original intent was to enter the U.S. Diplomatic *(continued on page 94)*



"... This is my first day in Paris. It's all that I ever imagined! ..."



october's woodland nymph likes nature au naturel

NATURE GIRL



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL

Nature-loving (and clearly loved by nature) Jean Cannon's natural habitat is any reasonably shady glen, except when she's water-skiing, showing her prize-winning pooches or boning up on the hippest way to crack the Hollywood enigma (she's a stage-struck emigree from New York's very "in" Neighborhood Playhouse). While we're not usually enthused over rambles through the greensward, the prospect of prospecting for dryadlike Jean would send us into the California woods faster than Apollo pursued Daphne. Doe-eyed Jean hasn't met a satyr on her sylvan romps, instead speaks warmly of silver birches and her pet poodles (she brings out the beast in anyone). But the satyr's loss is our gain, all 38-24-37 inches, so join us in a birthday toast to our sable-haired October Playmate, a tempting twenty this month.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS OCTOBER



Fetchingly framed by birch branches, blue-jeaned Jean affectionately cuddles one of her prize poodles.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A wag-about-town we know told us recently that his current girlfriend is truly electric. "In fact," he added, "everything she owns is charged."



The best years of a woman's life are usually counted in man-hours.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *late date in Paris* as keeping a girl up until the *oui* hours of the morning.

A friend of ours claims to be the world's champ with the chicks, and we're inclined to agree. He let us look at his alphabetical little black book, and the forty-seventh entry was a doll named Annabelle Aarons.

Many a girl is looking for an older man with a strong will—made out to her.



The forgetful professor had left his umbrella in his hotel room when checking out; he missed it on the way to the train station and, still having time to spare, he hurried back. He found the room and was about to ask a passing chambermaid to open it for him, when he became aware of voices within and realized that in the brief time since his

departure, the room had been let to new occupants.

"Whose little baby are you?" asked a youthful male voice from behind the door, and the question was followed by the sound of kisses and a girlish giggle.

"Your little baby," said the youthful female voice.

"And whose little hands are these?" asked the boy.

"Your little hands," responded the girl, with more giggles and more kisses following.

"And whose little feet are these?" More kisses and giggles of delight. "And whose little knees . . . and whose little . . ."

"When you get to an umbrella," said the professor through the door, "it's mine!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *artificial insemination* as copulation without representation.

The history of women's fashions is a movement from skirts that barely covered the instep to skirts that barely cover the step-ins.

It was the young Englishman's first visit to the States and, in his innocence, he sought lodging in the city's red-light district. His money, however, was as green as his outlook, and the madam gladly offered him a room for the night. When a friend questioned him about his accommodations over lunch the following day, the young Briton replied:

"Well, the room was very pretentious, you know, but *gad*, what maid service!"

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.



"Now remember, no funny-business!"



"We never kiss any more."

"help me! help me!" cried the creature, but Henry couldn't even help himself

WHEN THE SQUEAKY LITTLE VOICE called "Help me! Help me!" over and over again, Henry nearly jumped out of his skin. He had just returned to his apartment from seeing a re-rerun of *The Fly* at his neighborhood theater, and his first thought was of that awful climactic scene in the web. "Impossible!" he told himself, but he started looking around anyhow. "Where are you?" he asked.

"In the corner, near the ceiling. Hurry!" said the voice. It sounded anxious.

He saw nothing in the indicated spot, but his room was equipped with one small floor lamp with a fifteen-watt bulb, so it wasn't surprising. Clambering up onto a straight-backed chair, he looked more closely into the angle where the ceiling met the walls, and beheld a small wasp struggling in the confines of a cobweb, its whirring wings tearing ragged holes in the fabric, which then clung to its body like chunks of gluey gray seaweed. Down in the corner of the web lurked a spider, its jewel-eyes an octet of emotion.

"You spoke?" Henry said in some amazement.

"Yes," whimpered the tiny voice. "Save me before this chitin-covered horror finishes me off!"

Henry lifted a hand toward the web, then paused. "If I do," he said carefully, "what's in it for me?"

"Mercy!" squeaked the voice. "First the rescue; then we'll discuss the reward."

"Nothing doing," said Henry. "You might just vanish into some dark corner and leave me flat, with webbed fingers."

"You're a hard man," came the mournful squeak.

"On the contrary," Henry said, "I am soft as anything. That is my problem. I have no confidence, neither in my social life, nor in my physiognomy and musculature. All my life has been spent reading books on bodybuilding and popularity-molding, and look at me."

There was a pause, then the voice ventured, "You do seem rather puny."

"I am," Henry agreed wistfully. "I am five feet, three inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, and have pimples, weak eyes and receding hair. I don't imagine you can do much for me, but whatever you could do would be certain to improve my condition."

"As a matter of fact, I *can* help you," said the voice. "I am not what I appear to be, which is why I can speak to you. I am under a spell, put upon me by a rival genie."

"A genie?" gasped Henry. "Like in the *Arabian Nights*, a magical creature who grants wishes and stuff?"

"Yesss!" shrieked the tiny, tinny voice. "Now, hurry, squash this hideous thing before it gets to me, and I will grant you a wish!"

"If you're so necromantic," Henry said suspiciously, "why don't you just *blast* this other creature or something?"

"A genie," said the bug, "may never use his powers for his own ends, but only in the interests of his master." It sounded like a quote.

"You take an oath or something?" said Henry.

"Certainly. You can't become a genie if you're going to use your magic for yourself. You'd take over the universe or something."

"And if you break the oath?"

"All your magic fizzles, and you're just a floating spirit, who can observe things but do nothing about them. It's pretty awful."

"I can imagine," Henry sympathized. "But how come just one wish? I kind of thought three was the custom."

The wasp beat its wings more furiously against the web, and the spider (continued on page 136)

**u
bg**

conversation with a

fiction by jack sharkey

BILLION (continued from page 82)

Service, but I deferred that plan in order to try my luck as an independent operator — a wildcatter — in Oklahoma.

The times were favorable. It was a bonanza era for the burgeoning American petroleum industry. A lusty, brawling pioneer spirit still prevailed in the oil fields. The Great Oil Rush continued with unabated vigor and was given added impetus by the war that had broken out in Europe that year. Primitive boom towns dotted the Oklahoma countryside. Many bore bare-knuckled frontier-era names such as those of the four "Right" towns: Drumright, Dropright, Allright and Damright.

Streets and roads were unpaved — rivers of mushy clay and mud in spring and winter and sun-baked, rutted tracks perpetually shrouded by billowing clouds of harsh red or yellow dust in summer. Duckboard sidewalks installed outside the more prosperous business establishments and gambling halls were viewed as the ultimate in civic improvements.

The atmosphere was identical to that which historians describe as prevailing in the California gold fields during the 1849 Gold Rush. In Oklahoma, the fever was to find oil, not gold, and it was an epidemic. There were few, indeed, who were immune to the contagion.

Fortunes were being made — and lost — daily. It was not unusual for a penniless wildcatter, down to his last bit and without cash or credit with which to buy more, to drill another hundred feet and bring in a well that made him a rich man. A lease which sold for a few hundred dollars one afternoon sometimes increased in value a hundredfold or even a thousandfold by the next morning.

On the other hand, there were men who invested all they owned in leases and drilling operations only to find that they had nothing to show for their money and efforts but a few dismally dry holes. Leases purchased at peak prices one day proved to be utterly valueless the next. It was all a gargantuan, supremely thrilling gamble for staggering stakes, and I plunged into the whirl hopefully. I had no capital of my own; my personal budget was \$100 per month. My first year was anything but profitable. Large oil strikes were being reported regularly, and other wildcatters were bringing in gushers and big producers, but fortune seemed to elude me.

Then, in the late fall of 1915, a half-interest in an oil lease near Stone Bluff in Muskogee County was offered for sale at public auction. I inspected the property and thought it highly promising. I knew other independent operators were interested in obtaining the lease, and this worried me. I didn't have much money at my disposal — certainly not enough to match the prices older, estab-

lished oilmen would be able to offer. For this reason, I requested my bank to have one of its representatives bid for me at the sale without revealing my identity as the real bidder.

Surprisingly enough, this rather transparent stratagem accomplished the purpose I intended. The sale, held in the town of Muskogee — the county seat — was attended by several independent oil operators eager to obtain the lease. The unexpected appearance of the well-known bank executive who bid for me unnerved the wildcatters. They assumed that if a banker was present at the auction, it could only mean that some large oil company was also interested in the property and was prepared to top any and all offers. The independents glumly decided it would be futile to bid and, in the end, I secured the lease for \$500 — a bargain-basement price!

Soon thereafter, a corporation was formed to finance the drilling of a test well on the property. I, as a wildcatter with no capital of my own, received a modest fifteen-percent interest in the corporation. I assembled a crack drilling crew, and my men and I labored to erect the necessary wooden derrick and to rush the actual drilling operations. We spudded the well in early January 1916. I remained on the site night and day until the drilling went into its final stages. Then, as I've related, I found it impossible to stand the nervous strain and fled to Tulsa, where my friend J. Carl Smith brought me the news that the well had come in for an initial daily production of 720 barrels.

The lease on the property was sold to a producing oil company two weeks after that, and I realized \$12,000 as my share of the profits. The amount was not very impressive when compared to the huge sums others were making, but it was enough to convince me that I should — and would — remain in the oil business as a wildcatter.

My father and I had previously formed a partnership. Under its terms he was to provide financing for any exploration and drilling I conducted and supervised for the partnership. In return, he would receive seventy percent of the profits, while I received the remaining thirty percent. After my first success, we incorporated the partnership and in May 1916 formed the Getty Oil Company, in which I received a thirty percent stock interest.

Many fanciful — and entirely erroneous — accounts of the business relationship between us have appeared in print. Contrary to some published reports, my father did not set me up in business by giving me any outright cash gifts. George F. Getty rejected any ideas that a success-

ful man's son should be pampered or spoiled or given money as a gift after he was old enough to earn his own living. My father *did* finance some of my early operations — but solely on the seventy-three percent basis. Insofar as lease purchases and drilling or other operations I conducted on my own account were concerned, I financed these myself. My father neither provided the money for my private business ventures nor did he share in the profits I received from them.

Incidentally, there is another popular misconception I'd like to correct once and for all. It has been said that my father bequeathed me a huge fortune when he passed away in 1930. Actually, he left me \$500,000 in his will — a considerable sum, I'll admit, but nonetheless a very small part of his fortune. It was a token bequest. My father was well aware that I had already made several million dollars on my own, and he left the bulk of his estate to my mother.

After Father and I incorporated our partnership in 1916, I went right on prospecting and drilling for oil. My enthusiasm was not dampened when my second well proved to be a dry hole. By then, wildcatting was in my blood and I continued to buy and sell leases and to drill wells. I usually acted as my own geologist, legal advisor, drilling superintendent, explosives expert and even, on occasion, as roughneck and roustabout. The months that followed were extremely fortunate ones. In most instances, the leases I bought were sold at a profit, and when I drilled on a property, I struck oil more often than not.

There were no secrets, no mystical formulas behind these successes. I operated in much the same manner as did almost all wildcatters — with one important exception. In those days, the science of petroleum geology had not yet gained very wide acceptance in the oil fields. Many oilmen sneered openly at the idea that some "damned bookworm" could help them find oil. At best, the vast majority of oilmen were skeptical about geology as a practical science and put little stock in geologists' reports. I was among the few who believed in geology. I studied the subject avidly at every opportunity, and applied what I learned to my operations.

The independent operator had to possess a certain amount of basic knowledge and skill. He also needed reliable, loyal and experienced men on his exploration and drilling crews. But, beyond these things, I believe the most important factor that determined whether a wildcatter would succeed or fail — whether he would bring in a producing well or wind up with a dry hole — was just plain luck.

There were some who didn't consider it luck, among them T. N. Barnsdall, one
(continued on page 138)



a far-out discourse on intergalactic intercourse

article By **GERALD WALKER** "INTERPLANETARY SHIPS AND SAUCERS of various material densities can approximate the speed of light. This seems impossible to you only because of a natural principle that has not yet been discovered by your scientists. Also, the Speed of Light is the Speed of Truth. This statement is presently unintelligible to Earth's peoples, but is a basic cosmic axiom."

Thus spake Neptune, a peripatetic philosopher from an advanced civilization in outer space who in 1952 dropped in to swap cosmic axioms with one Orfeo Angelucci, a California aircraft-plant worker. Having explained *how* his flying saucer arrived here, Neptune told why.

"'The Great Accident' is nearer than any man dreams," he said. "We [space people] are the Earth's older brothers. . . . We love the Children of Earth and it is our desire to help them. . . ."

Angelucci — who says his chronic nervous disorders make him extrareceptive to visits with extraterrestrial visitants — describes four such experiences in his book, *The Secret of the Saucers*. Three were in California, but in 1953 Orfeo ascended. He spent a week on "one of the larger planetoids of the shattered planet Lucifer," arriving in a saucer whose Muzak played his favorite song, *Fools Rush In*.

The natives, "generally similar to men and women," were friendly but not to the point of fraternization. Although he was a family man as well as a religious mystic, there was enough of the typical lonesome traveler in Angelucci for him to break up a Luciferian dinner party by venturing a timid pass at the young lady seated next to him. "I had the strong telepathic impression," he

recalls, "that sexual desire is merely another of the erroneous manifestations of materiality . . . in the higher spiritual worlds it is nonexistent."

But outer space is less than unanimous about this. Recently the *Journal of Borderland Research* told of "a Brazilian farmer whose tractor was stopped by the nearby landing of a flying saucer. The flabbergasted yokel was dragged aboard by little men, then drugged and forced to have sexual intercourse with a fairly attractive space woman."

Leaving sex aside, the one clear fact is that some people are reporting some sort of intercourse with creatures from other planets. It has become a kind of profession, calling forth the energies of about two dozen "contactees" at last count. Many find it necessary to quit their jobs, and devote themselves full time to spreading the wisdom derived from their interviews with the interplanetary visitants. Each member of the steadily expanding contactee elite has a following, ranging from an indulgent spouse to a nationwide chain of well-organized branches.

Exemplifying the latter are the fivehundred disciples of Daniel W. Fry, who in 1954 recorded the following exchange with A-Lan, a frequent caller from Out There.

A-LAN: Well, Dan . . . we have given you information which is both of interest and of value to people. Why do you keep it to yourself?

DAN: If I attempt to make public the information which you have given me, it will only mean that I will be scorned and ridiculed.

A-LAN: Ridicule is the barrier which the ignorant erect between themselves and any truth which frightens or disturbs them. . . . It is easier to ridicule than to investigate, but it is not as profitable.

Convinced at last, Fry in 1955 launched Understanding, a California-based spiritual movement disseminating the gospel passed along by his own private Space Brother. The thirty-odd Understanding units which meet regularly around the country—a kind of Great Books course without books—are a built-in lecture circuit. Asked *what* they try to understand, a member recently replied, "Everything." Considering this scope, the annual dues of \$4.50 seem reasonable.

The American flying-saucer movement comprises one hundred such groups, with others in England, Australia, Brazil, France, Japan, New Zealand and Switzerland. Most have monthly meetings, a newsletter, and dues running to five dollars a year. Active membership of local clubs averages about seventy-five, while the annual conventions draw thousands—all in all, a fair-sized market for the hundreds of UFO (unidentified flying objects) books and pamphlets in print.

All saucer enthusiasts believe that UFOs are manned spaceships from other planets, and they agree that Government statements to the contrary are lies. Archvillain is the Air Force, which has looked into 6523 reported UFO sightings since 1947, when saucers first made headlines. In *Flying Saucers and the U.S. Air Force*, official spokesman Lt. Col. Lawrence J. Tacker reported: "From its investigations covering the past thirteen-year period, the Air Force contends that when the evidence of these sightings has been sifted through the scientific criteria, it has always led to the conclusions that the objects were not space craft and they did not constitute a threat against the security of this country." Scoffing at such disclaimers, UFO believers pepper the Air Force with mail alleging suppression of the facts and demanding what one called "a return to audience participation."

These common beliefs aside, the flying-saucer movement is split into two camps. Forming a vocal majority are the contactees, who claim direct or telepathic communication and interplanetary hitchhiking with the Space Brothers. The opposition call themselves ufologists, which they translate to mean "sensible saucerites." Ufologists believe in the existence of saucers, but say they are interested only in objective research data, such as who sighted a UFO, where, when, speed, distance, etc. They explicitly deny that anyone has yet contacted a saucer pilot and regard the contactees as misguided or worse; ufologist newsletters make frequent use of the term "Con(tact) men."

The prototypical contactee is silver-haired George Adamski, self-styled "philosopher, student, teacher, saucer researcher" who likes his friends to call him "Professor." He lives with some disciples and two small telescopes (six-inch and fifteen-inch models) in Palomar Gardens, California—not to be confused with nearby Mount Palomar observatory and its somewhat larger equipment. In addition to his long-range viewing, since 1952 Adamski has been meeting with a down-to-earth group of Martians, Venusians and Saturnians who preach Brotherly Love as an antidote to The Bomb. The handsome, long-haired Space Brothers and their "incredibly lovely young women" wore costumes resembling either ski suits or mufti to escape notice by lesser mortals than Adamski. He, of course, knew them by their secret handshake (palm to palm with no grasping, like two hipsters giving each other some skin, man). Adamski has not only sat across a restaurant table from these extraterrestrials (Firkon, a Martian, displayed a weakness for peanut-butter sandwiches on whole-wheat bread, black coffee and apple pie), he has also ridden

many times in his friends' spaceships. To prove it all, he has penned countless articles and three books ("dedicated to People, everywhere and in every world"), lectured around the saucer circuit, and sold photographs of objects resembling ceiling light fixtures in condemned apartment houses.

Tension stemming from the saucer movement's doctrinal differences is illustrated by the recent revocation of Adamski's membership in the ufologist-oriented National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena. The expulsion order was given by NICAP director Donald E. Keyhoe, a retired Marine Air Force major and one of the earliest and most prolific saucer authors.

It was Major Keyhoe who coined the term "the silence group" to describe nefarious Government officials who refuse to release data which, he says, prove that interplanetary craft exist. It is his claim that historical records clearly demonstrate that the Earth has been "under observation" for over 175 years. For a time Keyhoe was a leading exponent of the theory that the other-worldly creatures who had us under observation were Martians. "Since 1947," he reasoned, "each close approach of Mars—at twenty-six-month intervals—has brought a sudden increase in flying-saucer sightings." During March–April 1950, June–August 1952 and August–November 1954, when the orbits of Earth and Mars were closest to each other, UFO sightings ran thick and heavy, pointing to the possibility of Martian origin. But this supposed periodicity was then doubly shattered: a UFO flurry during the summer of 1955 occurred when Mars was at its maximum distance from Earth; and in the fall of 1956, when Mars came close again, there was only a scattering of sightings in the Dakotas and Minnesota. About this 1956 disappointment, one saucer newsletter commented, "Was this the looked-for biennial Martian expedition to Earth? If it was, its appropriations must have been cut severely by the present Martian administration."

Although the twenty-six-month-cycle theory has had to be abandoned, Keyhoe and NICAP (with four-thousand members at five dollars per year) can still draw satisfaction from the knowledge that their research projects have done much to bring the saucer movement far along the road to respectability. For example, before May 1947, the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* carried no listing at all for flying saucers. In the 1947–1949 volume under "Flying Saucers," it says, "See 'Illusions and Hallucinations.'" The 1949–1951 reference, a slight improvement, is to "Aeronautics: airplanes, jet-propelled; balloons, use in research; illusions and hallucinations." But with the 1951–1953 number, UFOs

(continued on page 102)

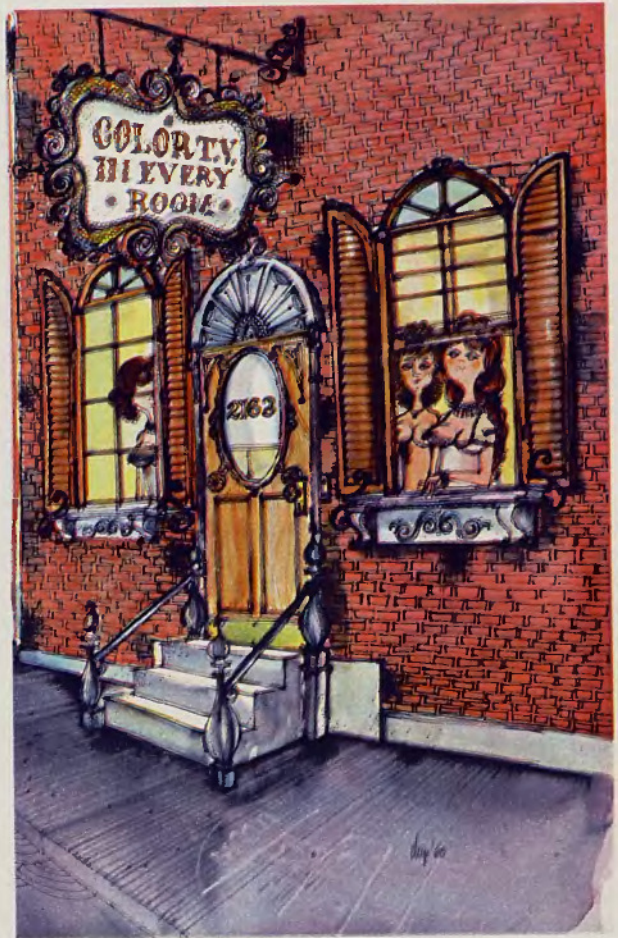
pictorial

*an artist's view of that
venerable (if not venerated)
institution known as a
house of ill repute, or*

ANTHOLOGY OF PROS...

*being an assay of 'ores,
a flourish of strumpets,
or even
a volume of trollops*

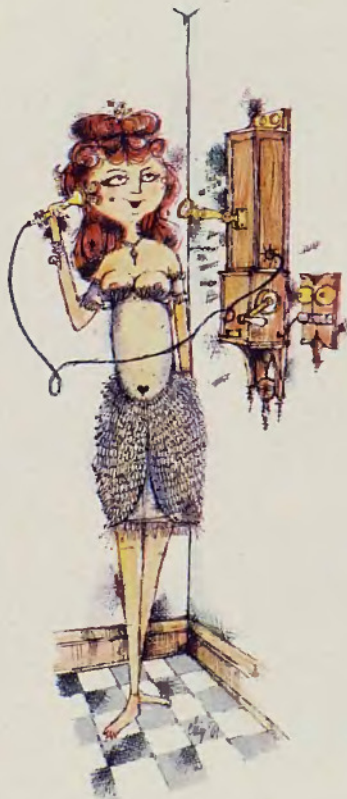
*by
Chip Reay*



*"I want a girl just like the
girl that married dear old Dad."*



"Mother always told me there would be days like this!"



"Guess what, Mama? The kids elected me Shop Steward!"

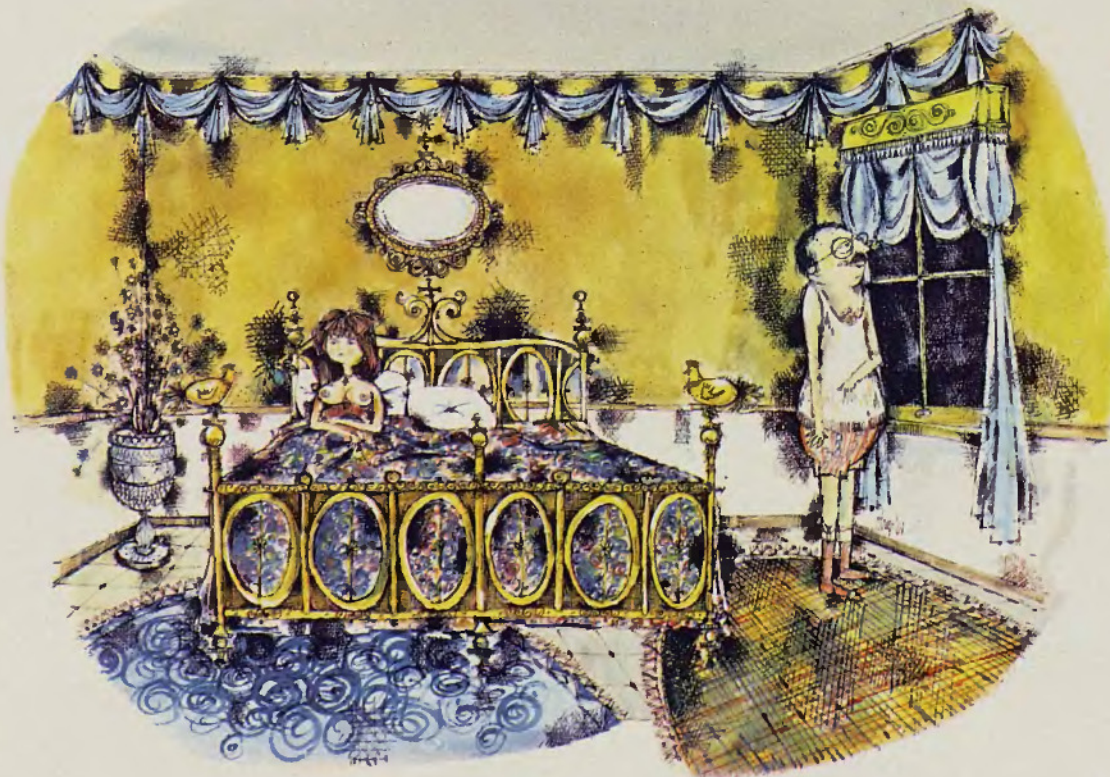
"Hurry up, baby. I'm double parked."



"What in the world is a beautiful girl like you doing in a place like this?"

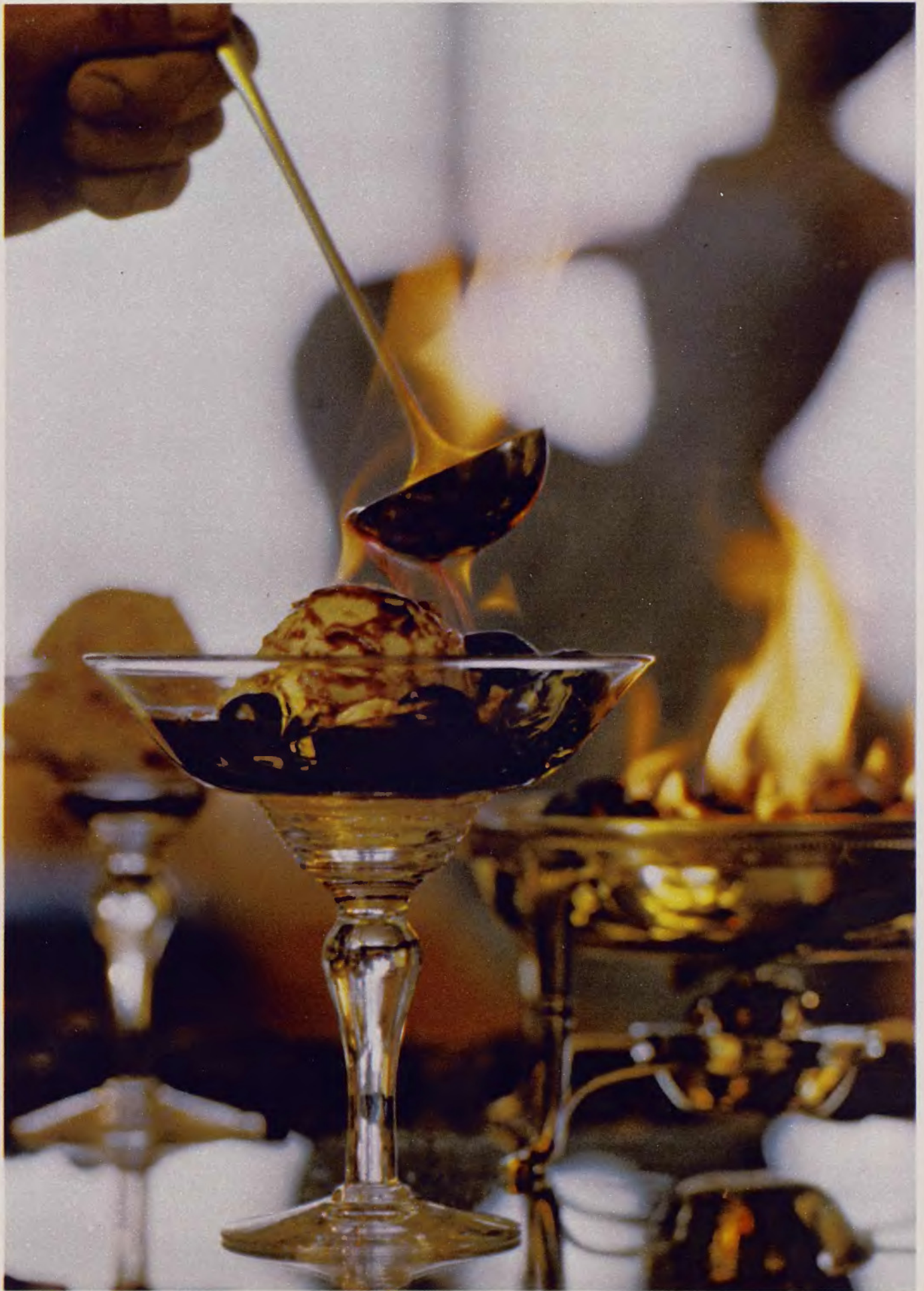


"Well look, if we can't beat 'em, let's join 'em."



"Star light, star bright..."





NERO WOULD PROBABLY have relished the succulence — and certainly the spectacle — of a Baked Alaska lapped with flaming brandy, but this erratic emperor had to pique his sweet tooth with simpler pleasures: buckets of snow from the distant Alps were borne to Rome by the swiftest centurions, drenched in the rarest fruit syrups, then rushed to the festal board for the approval of his surfeited palate. A sweet-scarce millennium later, the first iced delights joined boar haunch and blood pudding on the banquet tables of Britain's lionhearted (and iron-stomached) sovereign, Richard I, who returned from the Crusades not with the Holy Grail, but with a dandy recipe for orange ice presented to him by Saladin, the gourmet-warrior-sultan of Egypt and Syria. Enjoying Thirteenth Century hospitality in Cathay, Marco Polo tasted a sugary none-such which he was foresighted enough to take home to Italy, along with the silks and spices of the East: a treasure-trove of voluptuous recipes for cold confections made with milk. It remained for the French, of course, to stir cream into what came to be known — and sometimes worshiped — as *glacé*. Charles I became so enamored of this *bonne bouche* that he employed the services of a full-time *glacé*-chef, who pledged himself to keep the king's exclusive formulas on ice. Overcome with sweet sorrow when security measures melted, the miffed monarch summarily sent the *glacé*-maker to his Maker.

Happily, however, these same recipes were soon brought from France to America by our earliest and most eminent epicure, Thomas Jefferson — who probably had no idea what an avalanche of sweetness he was setting into motion. In thousands of Colonial kitchens, Charles' favorite dessert — now less elegantly called "ice cream" and cranked laboriously by hand in wooden tubs — began to supplement, and even pre-empt, such traditional American standards as bread pudding and pumpkin pie. It wasn't long before entrepreneurs discovered that bigger tubs produced even more of the creamy stuff; ice cream became a business. By 1867 it was being mass manufactured, and sweet-fanciers from coast to coast were sitting on wire-backed chairs stowing it away, amidst the candy-jar-and-ceiling-fan decor of cool urban oases called ice-cream parlors. The flavors were basic — vanilla, chocolate, strawberry and, for an exotic treat, butter pecan; even so, people couldn't get enough of it. With each generation, their numbers became larger, their tastes more sophisticated; until today Americans gobble up more than two billion quarts of ice cream a year in a cornucopian variety of flavors ranging from licorice to lingonberry. Even such frozen glories as Nesselrode pudding and cherries jubilee — long among the aristocracy of *haute cuisine* — have become familiar fare to burgeoning multitudes of ice-cream *cognoscenti*.

For the knowledgeable bachelor chef, there could be no more fitting finale to a fall feast than such a chilled treat; perhaps one of those marron-dolloped hippodromes of oven-browned egg white and French vanilla ice cream known as *meringue glacé*; or a frappé-glassful of that velvety compote of heavy cream, chilled liqueur and puréed fruit which the French call a *mousse*. Before venturing to serve up such silken savories, however, any dessertmeister worth his ice-cream scoop should become privy to a few pointers about the art of frigid feasting.

The first fact to file away: "French" doesn't necessarily connote quality in ice cream. "French" ice cream in this country is made with egg yolks; while they do enrich the flavor, it is butterfat that imparts irresistible smoothness to the true French product; the more butterfat, the creamier the ice cream. Most American manufacturers use twelve to fourteen percent butterfat; connoisseurs, consequently, will seek out those few companies which raise the content to a buttery twenty percent.

French or American, *glacé* gourmets steer clear of ice cream that's coarse or icy, gummy or frothy; there's no pleasure in eating — or paying for — an insubstantial product with air whipped into it during the freezing process. Lift the package; it must be hefty. The best plan is to buy ice cream freshly scooped out of five-gallon canisters at the local fountain. Bulk or brick, all but vivid flavors should be shunned. The chocolate must be overpoweringly rich, the vanilla mature and refined; the coffee must call forth the aroma of freshly roasted beans; the strawberry must be bursting with juicy pink buds.

In the summer season, commercial ice creams emerge from their customary classifications and appear in such far-out flavors as plum and ginger, persimmon and peanut brittle; some are inspired innovations, others, merely bizarre; for the adventurous, all (continued on page 174)

CRÈME DE LA CRÈME

food By THOMAS MARIO for the *glacé*-eyed gourmet, a magnificent *mélange* of perfect *parfaits*, marvelous *mousses* and formidable *frappés*

LEADER (continued from page 96)

come into their own — thirty-eight listings under a separate heading, "Flying Saucers."

If the ufologists are known, as they wish to be, for their sobriety, glamor is the province of the contactees. And as in some other fields, the colorful do somewhat better financially than the plodders. Take the Tristan and Isolde of the saucer movement — a former New Jersey sign painter named Howard Menger and his wife, an attractive blonde known to the space crowd as Marla Baxter. Howard and Marla have apotheosized their out-of-this-world romance in books: his, *From Outer Space to You*; hers, *My Saturnian Lover*.

As Howard tells it, when he was ten he was out in the woods one day meditating, when he came upon a beautiful blonde Venusian woman. She let little Howard know ("It was a tremendous surge of warmth, love and physical attraction which emanated from her to me") that big things were in store for him. "We are contacting our own," she said.

Scene: the same spot. Time: fourteen years later.

BIG HOWARD: Are you actually the girl . . . ?

VENUSIAN WOMAN: Yes, I am. The same girl, Howard.

BIG HOWARD: But you're no older —
VENUSIAN WOMAN: Oh, but I am . . . I'm more than five hundred years old. Now you can refute anyone who says a woman tells little falsehoods about her age!

The following year Howard met Marla and recognized her as the sister of the five-hundred-year-old Venusian beauty. Then it all came back. He himself had been a citizen of Saturn before assuming earthly form; on a refueling stop at Venus he had fallen in love with Marla and now they were, like Daphnis and Chloë or Abercrombie and Fitch, together again.

"My Saturnian lover," writes Marla, "did wonderful things for me. . . . My body seemed to grow more softly contoured through this Pygmalion transformation as the Saturnian sculptor, by his unique artistry, molded me by his every electric touch and caress." Soon her body was contoured to the point of being "a little bit pregnant."

Once this obstacle was overcome (in her book Marla simply wills the pregnancy dissolved; verbally, she explains that her Saturnian lover aborted her with his third eye), and once the *first* Mrs. Menger had made for the divorce courts, Howard and Marla proceeded with their earthly mission. They spread the word that the Space Brothers are coming, a New Age is imminent, and the way to prepare for it all is to read their books (his,

\$4.50; hers, \$2.50), hear their lectures (admission by contribution), listen to the recording (\$3.98) of Howard, who had never played the piano before being exposed to the music of the spheres, tinkling out *Theme from the Song of Saturn*, or attend the First Eastern Interplanetary Spacecraft Convention in 1958 at their new hundred-acre farm near Lebanon, New Jersey (admission, two dollars; attendance, two thousand). Good works occupy them so utterly that Howard no longer has time for sign painting and has hired a business manager to relieve him of tedious details.

According to Long John Nebel, an all-night talk-jockey for New York's WOR, the real entrepreneur among the contactees is George Van Tassel. Long John should know, since he's interviewed about fifteen contactees on his show, a Pandora's Box of esoterica tuned in by two million Night People with an interest in the occult.

Once Van Tassel told Long John that he had collected over \$40,000 — \$15,000 in a lump sum from one elderly lady — to construct a Longevity Machine for which some accommodating Martians had provided the plans. As we age, Van Tassel explains, the electron orbits in our atoms become eccentric; his machine will rejuvenate us by restoring them to circularity. He has been quoted as saying, "I have every reason to believe it will eliminate the medical profession." When finished, the rejuvenator will resemble a long tunnel-like building through which clients will stroll and be processed by its beneficial rays, a little like a cosmic car wash and not taking much longer than a minute at that. When they come out the other end, they won't *look* any different, but the inner change in "youthful vitality" will, the prediction goes, be impressive.

Long before Van Tassel first claimed a physical contact with a caller from another planet in August 1953, he had been experiencing telepathic o.s.c. (outer-space communication). Thus, for example, on March 21, 1952, he telepathically received and passed along this message: "Greetings. I am Totalmon, fourth projection, seventh wave, space patrol, realms of Schare. Elevation 750 miles above you, speed 170,000 miles per second; returning from the second sector. Our light-cast instructs us to bring you blessings from the Center and the realms of Blaau."

When he is not performing oracularly or off on lecture tours in his private plane, Van Tassel also runs the Giant Rock Airport in California, the College of Universal Wisdom, and the heavily attended (ten thousand came one year) annual West Coast Interplanetary Spacecraft Conventions at which contactees

set up booths to sell their books, saucer photographs and space souvenirs.

"Aside from Van Tassel and a few others," observes Long John, "there aren't many fast bucks in the saucer-contact line. Most contactees have to struggle. They lecture at fifty or sixty dollars a night, possibly twice a week. But they've got travel expenses to pay. They stay at people's homes, not at fine hotels. Their shirt cuffs are frayed. When they're on my show and the food comes up from the delicatessen, even some of the vegetarian saucer people start gobbling pastrami as if the Russians were at the Jersey end of the Lincoln Tunnel."

Obviously, only the most dedicated would enter such an exacting calling. Indeed it was the saucer movement's religious aspects that first attracted the interest of Dr. Carl G. Jung, the late renowned Swiss psychiatrist. Wrote Jung in his 1959 book, *Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies*, ". . . space-guests are sometimes idealized figures along the lines of technological angels who are concerned for our welfare. . . . In a difficult and dark time for humanity a miraculous tale grows up of an attempted intervention by extraterrestrial 'heavenly' powers. . . . It is characteristic of our time that, in contrast to its previous expressions, the archetype should now take the form of an object, a technological construction, in order to avoid the odiousness of a mythological personification. Anything that looks technological goes down without difficulty with modern man."

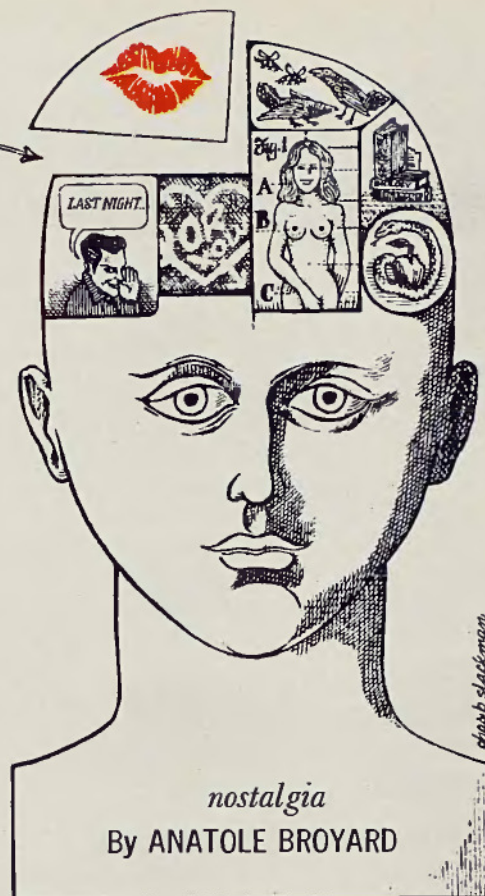
This shotgun wedding of technology and faith has produced strange offspring. Some contactees say (and they are only repeating what the Space Brothers have told them) that Jesus and Buddha are among the pilots of the strange round craft; in fact, they reveal, *all* of the world's religious leaders were spacemen who temporarily assumed human form before being translated heavenward. The Second Coming will occur and the world will end neither with bang nor whimper, but with a saucer landing.

While the Space Brothers, as Isabel Davis of Civilian Saucer Intelligence of New York has noted, "are positively neurotic about having their pictures taken," one saucer fan claims nothing less than to have photographed God himself. Should any shutterbugs be interested, he says he did it "through a hundred-inch telescope on an exposure of four hours and forty-seven minutes." The snapshot (like UFO photos in general) is somewhat blurred, however, due either to the unfortunately high radiation or the electromagnetic flux in space.

"The religious flavor of the [saucer] clubs," comments Richard R. Mathison in *Faiths, Cults and Sects of America*, ". . . is obvious by their names — Celestial
(continued on page 168)



THE LABORS OF LOVE



the pathway through the mysteries to manhood comes to each of passion's neophytes anew

"ANNETTE MILLER IS A HOOER," Harold Isaacs whispered to me one day when I was in the 2B in P.S. 54.

"What's a hooer?" I whispered back, looking at Annette Miller over in the third row.
"She does it with everybody!"

I stared at Annette Miller. I'd never known anyone who actually did it. I looked at her very carefully, searching for some mark or trace, but I couldn't find any. I tried to picture her doing it, but this was difficult, too — not only because she was eight years old like me, but because I didn't know exactly what *it* was. I only knew *about* it, the way you know about a secret you haven't been told. Hooer . . . hooing . . . wonderingly I murmured these words to myself. Hooer . . . hooing . . . and then in my mind's eye I saw Annette Miller in a ghostly moonlit landscape, wearing a loose white dress like a nightgown, her long golden hair spilling over her shoulders, her arms stretched out toward me like a sleepwalker's, her high little voice crooning hooooo . . . hooooo . . . hooooo . . .

For a year after that, Annette Miller and I kept a moonlit rendezvous where I held out my arms to her, too, and answered her hoo, hoo, hoo from the bottom of my heart, a bottom whose boundaries I hadn't guessed. My indistinct dreams of love were all fitted on her, size eight, but I maintained a gallant discretion by never speaking to her in school, or even so much as meeting her eye.

When I was promoted to the 3B, I found that Annette Miller was no longer in my class. And as though someone had erased the blackboard, her image soon disappeared from my memory, too. Like the fairy tales and fables of the first grade, it faded away under the rub of reality.

This reality stole up on me mainly in the shape of "dirty" jokes, which seems to be the only way it can be made understandable to little boys. Dirty jokes are simply fairy tales in reverse: on closer inspection, the princess turns out to be a bleached blonde, and you live unhappily ever after.

Wendell Pogue told me the first one. It was about a bride who fired off a hidden horse pistol in bed to make her husband think he had burst her maidenhead. I had no idea what this was all about, but I realized that the joke was somehow on me. I knew instinctively that I would have to change my thinking, and when Wendell Pogue laughed at the end of the story I laughed, too, at the end of my innocence.

Soon everybody and his brother was telling me jokes. Some days I heard as many as half a dozen. I didn't always get them, but I laughed anyway and learned. I learned that Jewish mothers braided their daughters' hair down there so you couldn't (continued on page 159)

IGOR STRAVINSKY — a slight, somewhat stooped elder citizen whose deeply creased jowls and heavy, dark-rimmed spectacles accentuate a generally somber physiognomy — is a man with a long and distinguished past who might now be expected to play the part of the benign old master. He does nothing of the kind. Stravinsky makes no attempt to build a bridge across time to *la belle époque*. In his eightieth year he remains the model of a modern iconoclast.

If you ask him to reminisce, Stravinsky will gladly dredge up recollections of Imperial Russia. His memory teems with details of a world he has not seen for half a century: the clatter of droshkies on St. Petersburg's cobblestoned pavements, the cries of Tatar vendors hawking their wares outside his window, the sight of Emperor Alexander III riding past in a magnificent equipage, the scraping of horse-drawn sleighs on frozen canals. But these are memories only, not his stock in trade as a composer. No sleigh bells or troikas for him when he puts notes on paper, no evocations of brocaded elegance, no nostalgia for snow-laden onion domes. Stravinsky is ruthlessly up to date. As an artist he has journeyed a prodigious distance from the fairy-tale world of his youth.

The journey has carried him to a rare kind of fame. Stravinsky is the world's greatest living composer. One makes this seemingly incautious statement without fear of contradiction. Not since the time of Beethoven has there been such widespread acknowledgment of one man's musical pre-eminence. To be sure, Stravinsky was for long *persona non grata* in the cultural rulebook of the Soviet Union. But even that last bastion of resistance has fallen; the great man has tentatively accepted an official invitation to return to Russia next June after an absence of forty-eight years. Elsewhere no opposition whatever is raised. Stravinsky is, by universal agreement, tops. No creative artist of our time, with the possible exception of Pablo Picasso, has been more pampered and extolled. This distinction has come his way without benefit of public relations. Stravinsky pays scant regard to the opinions of his listeners; he has never equated success with

stravinsky

popularity. "I hate pandering to the public," he says. "The masses demand that an artist should bring out and exhibit his inner self, and then they

take it to be the noblest form of art and call it individuality and temperament." Stravinsky does not pander and seldom has been known to repeat himself. He can be said to have an accent — a uniquely Stravinskyan way of expressing himself in music — but no manner. He has rather a multitude of manners, and he progresses from one to the next with upsetting regularity. No sooner do we grow accustomed to the latest Stravinsky fashion than he decrees it old hat and moves on to another. You may call this caprice or you may call it growth, but you cannot charge Stravinsky with following a formula.

His current style is that of the twelve-tone system, the so-called serial technique of composition formulated by Arnold Schönberg. That Stravinsky in his old age should have swung over to the twelve-tone, or dodecaphonic, camp is one of the supreme ironies of musical history. Ten years ago such a realignment would have seemed inconceivable; one might just as well have suggested that Joseph Stalin would desert the Kremlin to become president of the New York Stock Exchange. A profound schism had the world of music divided into hostile sects. Two popes disputed authority: Stravinsky, upholding the sacred laws of tonality and insisting on the continuing validity of traditional musical forms, and Schönberg, exploring new frontiers of atonality and developing new forms based on the twelve-tone system. The twain did not meet. Though the two popes lived within a few miles of each other in California, they could just as well have inhabited opposite ends of the earth. Los Angeles in those days, a wit observed, was both Rome and Avignon.

Then, on July 13, 1951, Schönberg died. The rival pope was no more. Perhaps his death swept away some unconscious barrier in (continued on page 150)

the world's greatest contemporary composer as revealed by his masterworks

article By ROLAND GELATT






A
SHORT
HISTORY
OF
BATHING

article By WILLIAM IVERSEN

homo sapiens
rub-a-dub in a variety
of forms:
a traipse through
the tubs of time



TO THE BEST of anyone's knowledge, the human practice of bathing began with primitive man, and is presumed to have developed from the experience of getting wet. As a habit it is more recent than eating, drinking, hugging or kissing, and probably evolved only after a long period of scratching. It preceded the use of soap by thousands of years, and has figured prominently in the histories of sex, religion, medicine and Madison Avenue.

Since time immemorial people have bathed in the sacred waters of the Nile and the Ganges. According to Herodotus, the priests of ancient Egypt bathed religiously "twice every day, and twice every night." Bathsheba was taking a bath when she first attracted the adulterous attentions of King David, who saw her from the roof of his house and found her "very beautiful to look upon." *Leviticus* demands that the man and woman who "shall lie with seed of copulation . . . shall both bathe themselves in water"; and when the beautiful Esther sought to win the favor of King Ahasuerus, she was bathed and scented for a whole year.

The gods and goddesses of ancient Greece, too, took baths as a prelude to seduction. When Hera saw Zeus seated upon Mount Ida, she began to scheme how to "entice him to lie by her side in love . . . so she went to her chamber . . . she closed

the doors, and first she washed every speck and stain from her lovely body with a bath of ambrosia. She anointed her body with oil — ambrosial, soft, scented with perfumes . . ."

It is somewhat surprising that the ox-eyed goddess took her bath in private and without help. The mortal Odysseus, for his part, was constantly having his back scrubbed by obliging females. When he set sail from Calypso's isle, the fair-haired nymph saw him off only after she had bathed him and clothed him in garments scented with juniper. The sportive maidens who attended Nausicaä could hardly be restrained from helping him bathe *alfresco* in a river, and at the palace of Alcinoüs, "the women bathed him and rubbed him with oil."

But such merry arrangements were makeshift compared with the organized sweating and splashing that took place in the classical Greek gymnasium. Here the naked Hellenes wrestled and romped in glistening coats of olive oil, which were later sweated away in steam rooms. From thence they nipped into a cold bath, donned fresh linen, and spent the afternoon at philosophic discourses in an adjoining lecture hall.

It was on this high-minded model that the Romans built their first public baths, which soon expanded into palaces of pleasure where the accent was on hot water, steam and scented sensuality. Philosophy was washed down the magnificently engineered drains, and the discourses of the bath were seldom Platonic. Although the boys were ostensibly separated from the girls, slaves of the opposite sex were commonly employed as bath attendants, and Montaigne reports that it was the custom for ladies "to receive men in the vapor baths" for steamy assignations.

"Who was ever worse than Nero? What could be better than Nero's baths?" the poet Martial asked, for it was the fat-necked emperor who gave Rome its first taste of bathing on the grand scale, when he constructed a handsome bath on the Palatine Hill in the hope of diverting public attention from his parricide, pyromania and assorted pranks. In the opulent baths of his own Golden House, both sea water and sulphur water were on tap and dinner guests were sprayed with fragrances from concealed sprinklers. Poppaea, Nero's sometime wife, preferred to bathe in asses' milk, and recom-

A
PICTORIAL
VIEW
OF
TUBS
FROM
OTHER
TIMES
AND
PLACES



TEUTONIC BARREL-STAVE TUB, 14th Century



FRENCH "BOOT" TUB,
Napoleonic Era

mended bathing in a solution of benzoin followed by a dusting with powdered starch to a young lady who wished to "pass as a virgin."

Harking back to the virtuous simplicity of the old days, when Romans "bathed their whole bodies on market days only" — and then in plain stone tubs — Seneca asked, "Who at this time would submit to bathe thus?" The dour orator scorned the grandeur of the baths, with their precious marble and silver pipes. "Since dainty baths have been invented, we are become more nasty," he grumbled. "Horace, when describing a man infamous for his dissipation, what does he reproach him with? With smelling of perfumed balls — *Pastillos Ruffillus olet!*"

With this allusion to early cakes of scented soap, Seneca shortly departed this life. Ordered by Nero to kill himself, he botched his suicide, and, ironically, expired in the suffocating heat of the furnace room of his own private bath. Following the death of Nero, the pitch of luxury mounted, as each succeeding emperor sought to ensure his popularity by providing bigger and more sumptuous baths. The Baths of Caracalla were a mile in circumference and contained theaters, temples and festival halls. (The massive main building served as a model for the construction of New York's Pennsylvania Station.) Diocletian's Baths, completed in 302 A.D., were still more magnificent, and could accommodate thirty-two hundred bathers in the heated pools.

But the decline of Rome was already under way, and with the collapse of the Western Empire, the unsupervised baths became sinkholes of crime and depravity. Christians, who had labored in slave battalions to build the baths, denounced them as pagan works. Cleanliness now being held akin to devilishness, the buildings were abandoned, and the odor of sanctity became indistinguishable from b.o.

The reaction of the Eastern Christians in Constantinople was more moderate, and the practice of bathing was preserved largely through the influence of the Greeks, whose forefathers had introduced the classical steam-and-water treatment into Africa and Asia. The slow spread of the art among Arabic nations is typified by the story of Abooseer, an itinerant bath-keeper, as related in *The Thousand and One Nights*: "So when Abooseer knew that there was not a Bath in the city . . . he repaired to the council of the King, and went in to him, and having kissed the ground before him and prayed for him, said to him, 'I am a man of a strange country, and my trade is that of a Bath-keeper, and I entered thy city, and desired to repair to the Bath, but saw not in it even one Bath;



ITALIAN CHAIR BATH, 18th Century



ENGLISH CHAIR-BACK SHOWER-TUB, 19th Century

and how is it that a city of this beautiful description is without a Bath, which is one of the best delights of the world?' So the King said to him, 'What is the Bath?'

Starting, so to speak, from scratch, Abooseer described its wonders, and the King ordered such a building to be constructed. When it was finished, "Abooseer invited the King to the Bath. So he mounted, with the great men of his empire, and they went thither. He pulled off his clothes and entered the inner department; and Abooseer entered and rubbed the King with the bag, removing from his person the impure particles like twists of thread, and showing them to him, whereat the King rejoiced. . . . After Abooseer had washed his skin, he mixed for him some rose water with the water of the tank; and the King descended into the tank and came forth, and his skin was softened, and he experienced a liveliness which in his life he had never known before. Then Abooseer seated him upon the raised floor, and the Mamelukes proceeded to perform on him the operation of gently rubbing and pressing him, while the perfuming vessels diffused the odor of aloewood. And the King said, 'O master! Is this the Bath?' Abooseer answered 'Yes.' And the King said to him, 'By my head, my city hath not become a city, save by this Bath!'

It was the enthusiasm of just such satisfied customers that led to the construction of hundreds of baths throughout the Near East at a time when their popularity was on the wane in Europe. However, some Roman baths, built in northern outposts for the military, continued to operate for the benefit of local civilians, and mixed bathing parties enabled Germanic friends and neighbors to see each other socially throughout the Middle Ages. According to the *Encyclopedia of Sexual Knowledge*, "Everybody undressed at home and went to the baths practically naked. . . . The men went into the baths wearing a suspensory; on their entering, an attendant handed them a bundle of rods, intended for massage; the women's
(continued on page 128)



AMERICAN HIP BATH, 19th Century



FRENCH COPPER TUB, Early 18th Century



ENGLISH TRAVELING TUB, Victorian Era



"Anyone for touch football?"



bojo rolo takes two to tango

humor By WILLIAM E. MASSEE *mysterious mnemonics make memorable the mad mystique of vintages and vino*

THERE'S NO BITTERNESS so numbing as to find oneself sitting in the shambles of one's life, regarding the wreckage of the years. A decade ago, I learned something about wines. They seemed unnecessarily confusing to me, so eventually I wrote a book about them, to clear things up. The book may well have been crystal, but too long, so then I wrote a short one, which I thought of fondly as a grape caught in amber. And there I rested, until I overheard a conversation in a restaurant while I waited for a late guest.

The ice had melted in my Scotch when the table behind me was taken by two beefy men in dark suits and light ties, exuding satisfaction in rumbly chuckles and hoarse voices pitched loud enough to be overheard. "I'm on the wine bit," said the blue to the gray. "Just spent four hundred bucks to one-up the clients."

"I'd like in," said the gray. "I've got a VP who blinds me with first growths and great vintages and all that jazz. I'd like to snow him back."

"Twenty-three, fifty-nine for boobo sham," said blue.

"I don't dig," said gray. By this time, I realized they both must have teenage daughters, from whom they had learned to make the scene.

"This guy in the grog shop cues me with crazy sentences," said blue. Boobo sham is burgundy, Bordeaux and champagne. Two, three, five and nine are the great years in the Fifties. Simple. But you have to take four, five and six for boobo sham, which means they take that long to get ready."

"So a 1959 burgundy won't be ready until 1963, but a 1955 champagne is ready now, gullet-wise," said gray. "That's easy, man."

Blue chug-a-lugged his Bloody Mary. "On the noggin, except for bojo rolo, which takes two to tango. That's Beaujolais which drinks under two, Rhônes which drink two-two — that means four years to get ready — and Loires, which take about two."

Gray ordered another round. "Beaujolais 1959 has had it. The Rhônes are going to get it in 1963, and the Loires are getting it right now."

"You're soaking it up just grand," said blue. "And remember that the rhinos take two to get ready, but the lazies take three to go. The rhinos are the dry Rhine wines, and the lazies are the sweet ones you drink with ham and fish. They're the Auslesen, and Spätlesen. Real sweeties are the beerenauslesen and Trockenbeeren Auslesen, and they go on for ten."

I ordered a double. Gray was scribbling with a golden pencil in his wallet pad, lips amove.

"What are the rhinos again?" he asked.

"You don't need to know the names of the districts, but (continued on page 134)

THE 1962 PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL

IN THE TWELVEMONTH that's passed since you last rated the nation's top jazzmen, more fans dug more jazz (funk, soul, cool, Dixie, Third Stream) in more forms (concerts, clubs, festivals, LPs, radio, TV, college courses) by more first-rate musicians (from Adderley to Zentner) than ever before. Now, it's time once again to make your wishes known as to who should fill the regal roster that will make up the 1962 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band — a dream aggregation of top sidemen. As in the past, the ballot is made up of musicians who have been active on the jazz scene during the past year. Several top names — notably Chet Baker and Art Pepper — are missing because of entanglements with the law both here and abroad.

The most popular jazzmen in the Playboy Jazz Poll — the biggest, most prestigious musical consensus going — will be duly honored with a seat in the 1962 All-Star Jazz Band and be given the much-sought-after sterling silver Playboy Jazz Medal.

To vote, all you have to do is read the simple instructions below, check off your favorite jazzmen where indicated, and make sure you forward the ballot on to us before the deadline date.

1. Your official jazz poll ballot is attached to the opposite page. A Nominating Board composed of jazz editors, critics, representatives of the major recording companies and winners of last year's poll has selected the jazz artists it considers to be the most outstanding and/or popular of the year. These nominations should serve solely as an aid to your recollection of jazz artists and performances, not as a guide on how to vote. You may vote for *any* living artist in the jazz field.

2. The artists have been divided into categories to form the Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, and in some categories you may vote for more than one musician (e.g., four trumpets, four trombones, two alto saxes), because a big band normally has more than one of these instruments playing in it. Be sure to cast the correct number of votes, as too many votes in any category will disqualify all of your votes in that category.

3. If you wish to vote for an artist who has been nominated, simply place an X in the box before his name on the ballot; if you wish to vote for an artist who has *not* been nominated, write his name in at the bottom of the category and place an X in the box before it.

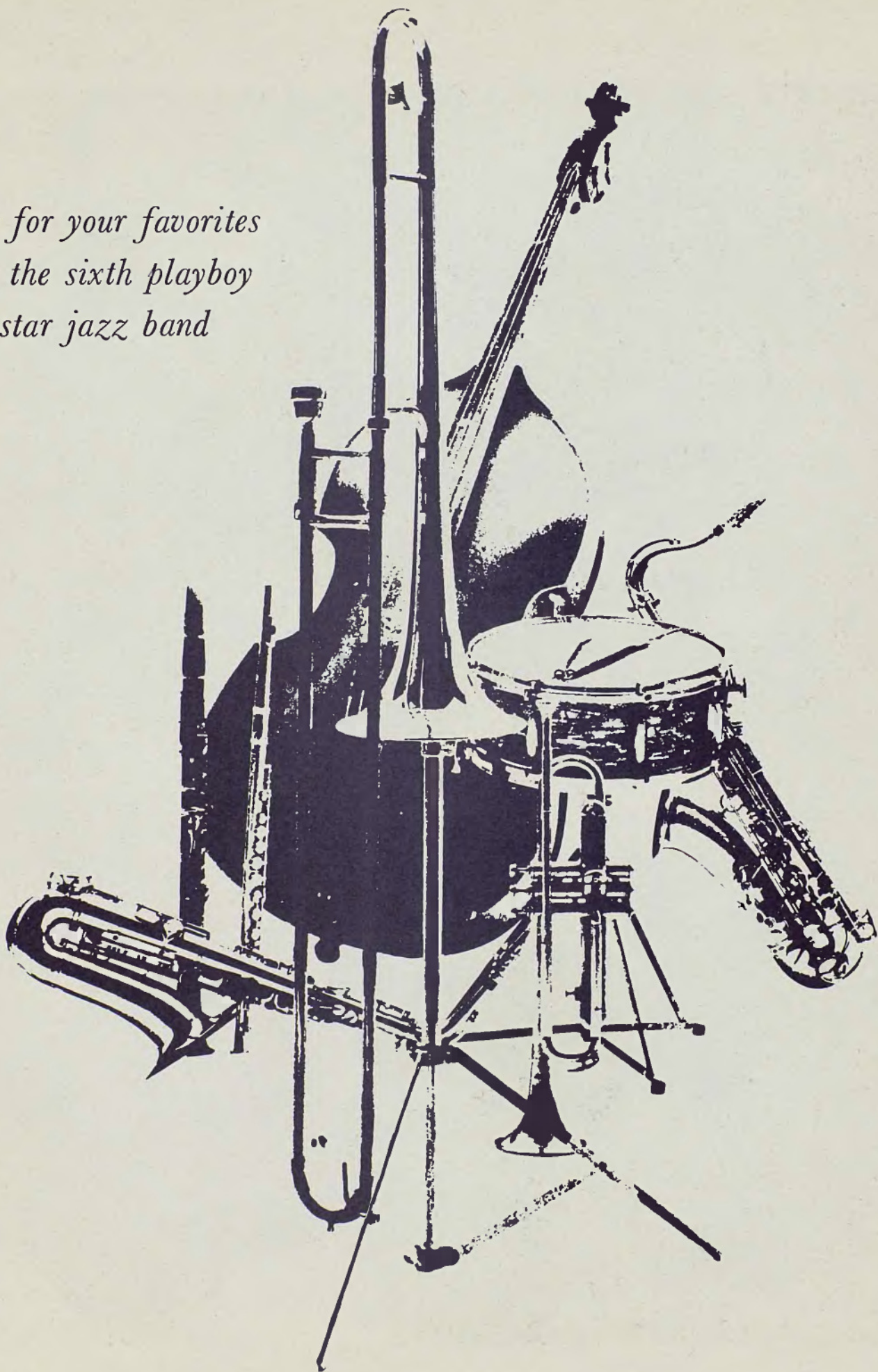
4. For leader of the 1962 Playboy All-Star Jazz Band, limit your choice to the men who have led a big band (eight or more musicians) during the last twelve months; for instrumental combo, limit your choice to groups of seven or less musicians. In all categories, vote for the artists who have pleased and impressed you the most with their music during the past year.

5. Please print your name and address in the space at the bottom of the last page of the ballot. You may cast only one complete ballot in the poll, and that must carry your correct name and address if your vote is to be counted.

6. Cut your two-page ballot along the dotted line and mail it to PLAYBOY JAZZ POLL, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. Ballots must be postmarked before midnight, October 31, 1961, in order to be counted, so get yours in the mail today. The results of the sixth annual Playboy Jazz Poll will appear in the February 1962 issue.

NOMINATING BOARD: Cannonball Adderley, Louis Armstrong, Bob Brookmeyer, Ray Brown, Dave Brubeck Quartet, Miles Davis, Miles Davis Quintet, Buddy DeFranco, Paul Desmond, Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Coleman Hawkins, Milt Jackson, J. J. Johnson, Jonah Jones, Philly Joe Jones, Stan Kenton, Barney Kessel, Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, Shelly Manne, Gerry Mulligan, Oscar Peterson, Frank Sinatra, Jack Teagarden, Kai Winding; David Solomon, *Metronome*; George Simon, Jazz Critic, *New York Herald Tribune*; Leonard Feather, Jazz Critic; Wilder Hobson, *Saturday Review*; Don Gold, SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED; Nesuhi Ertegun, Atlantic Records; Robert S. Altshuler, Candid; Dave Cavanaugh, Capitol; Stuart Phillips, Colpix; Teo Macero, Columbia; Lester Koenig, Contemporary; Milt Gabler, Decca; Max Weiss, Fantasy; Allen LaVinger, Liberty; Jack Tracy, Mercury; George Avakian, RCA Victor; Morris Osten, Reprise; Bill Grauer, Jr., Riverside; Morris Levy, Roulette; Tom Wilson, Savoy; Art Talmadge, United Artists; Creed Taylor, Verve; Teddy Charles, Warwick; Richard Bock, World Pacific.

*vote for your favorites
for the sixth playboy
all-star jazz band*





Gahan Wilson

LEADER*(Please check one.)*

- Count Basie
- Les Brown
- Les Elgart
- Duke Ellington
- Gil Evans
- Maynard Ferguson
- Benny Goodman
- Lionel Hampton
- Ted Heath
- Woody Herman
- Harry James
- Quincy Jones
- Stan Kenton
- Michel LeGrand
- Henry Mancini
- Billy May
- Ray McKinley
- Gerry Mulligan
- Bill Potts
- Nelson Riddle
- Shorty Rogers
- Pete Rugolo
- Bill Russo
- Gerald Wilson
- Si Zentner

TRUMPET*(Please check four.)*

- Nat Adderley
- Red Allen
- Louis Armstrong
- Frank Assunto
- Benny Bailey
- Emmett Berry
- Ruby Braff
- Billy Butterfield
- Donald Byrd
- Conte Candoli
- Pete Candoli
- Don Cherry
- Buck Clayton
- John Coles
- Miles Davis
- Wild Bill Davison
- Sidney De Paris
- Kenny Dorham
- Harry Edison
- Roy Eldridge
- Don Ellis
- Art Farmer
- Maynard Ferguson
- Dizzy Gillespie
- Joe Gordon
- Bobby Hackett
- Al Hirt
- Harry James
- Carmell Jones
- Jonah Jones
- Thad Jones
- Virgil Jones
- Jimmy McPartland
- Blue Mitchell
- Lee Morgan
- Ray Nance
- Joe Newman
- Red Nichols
- Shorty Rogers
- Ernie Royal
- Bob Scobey
- Doc Severinsen
- Charlie Shavers
- Jack Sheldon
- Muggsy Spanier
- Rex Stewart
- Clark Terry
- Joe Wilder
- Richard Williams

TROMBONE*(Please check four.)*

- Fred Assunto
- Milt Bernhart
- Bob Brookmeyer
- Lawrence Brown
- Georg Brunis
- Jimmy Cleveland
- Cutty Cutshall
- Wilbur De Paris
- Vic Dickenson
- Bob Enevoldsen
- Carl Fontana
- Curtis Fuller
- Tyree Glenn
- Al Gray
- Benny Green
- Urbie Green
- Slide Hampton
- Bill Harris
- J. C. Higginbotham
- Quentin Jackson
- J. J. Johnson
- Jimmy Knepper
- Melba Liston
- Murray McEachern
- Lou McGarity
- Turk Murphy
- Dick Nash
- Kid Ory
- Tommy Pederson
- Aake Persson
- Benny Powell
- Julian Priester
- Vince Prudente, Jr.
- Frank Rehak
- Frank Rosolino
- Jack Teagarden
- Dickie Wells
- Kai Winding
- Buddy Woodman
- Trummy Young
- Si Zentner

ALTO SAX*(Please check two.)*

- Cannonball Adderley
- Gabe Baltazar
- Al Belletto
- Earl Bostic
- George Braithwaite
- Pete Brown
- Benny Carter
- Ornette Coleman
- Hank Crawford
- Paul Desmond
- Eric Dolphy
- Lou Donaldson
- Bob Donovan
- Herb Geller
- Gigi Gryce
- John Handy
- Johnny Hodges
- Paul Horn
- Hilton Jefferson
- Lee Konitz
- Charlie Mariano
- Jackie McLean
- James Moody
- Ted Nash
- Lennie Niehaus
- Robert Plater
- Gene Quill
- Marshall Royal
- Bud Shank
- Zoot Sims
- Willie Smith
- Sonny Stitt
- Phil Woods

TENOR SAX*(Please check two.)*

- Gene Ammons
- Curtis Amy
- Georgie Auld
- Bill Barron
- Al Cohn
- John Coltrane
- Bob Cooper
- Eddie Davis
- Teddy Edwards
- Booker Ervin
- Sam Firmature
- Bud Freeman
- Stan Getz
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Golson
- Paul Gonsalves
- John Griffin
- Eddie Harris
- Coleman Hawkins
- Jimmy Heath
- Bill Holman
- Illinois Jacquet
- Richie Kamuca
- Harold Land
- Yusef Lateef
- Andrew McGhee
- Eddie Miller
- Hank Mobley
- James Moody
- Vido Musso
- David "Fathead" Newman
- Dave Pell
- Bill Perkins
- Flip Phillips
- Sonny Rollins
- Charlie Rouse
- Zoot Sims
- Sonny Stitt
- Buddy Tate
- Ben Webster
- Frank Wess

BARITONE SAX*(Please check one.)*

- Pepper Adams
- Ernie Caceres
- Jay Cameron
- Harry Carney
- Al Cohn
- Chuck Gentry
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Lars Gullin
- Frank Hintner
- Bill Hood
- Gerry Mulligan
- Cecil Payne
- Ronnie Ross
- Bud Shank
- Lonnie Shaw
- Sahib Shihab

CLARINET*(Please check one.)*

- Barney Bigard
- Buddy Collette
- Buddy DeFranco
- Pete Fountain
- Jimmy Giuffre
- Benny Goodman
- Edmond Hall
- Jimmy Hamilton
- Woody Herman
- Paul Horn
- Peanuts Hucko
- Rolf Kuhn
- Matty Matlock
- Pee Wee Russell
- Tony Scott
- Bill Smith
- Sol Yaged

PIANO*(Please check one.)*

- Mose Allison
- Count Basie
- Dave Brubeck
- Ray Bryant
- John Bunch
- Barbara Carroll
- Joe Castro
- Cy Coleman
- Duke Ellington
- Bill Evans
- Victor Feldman
- Russ Freeman
- Red Garland
- Erroll Garner
- Eddie Heywood
- Earl "Fatha" Hines
- Ahmad Jamal
- Pete Jolly
- Hank Jones
- Wynton Kelly
- Steve Kuhn
- Billy Kyle
- John Lewis
- Ramsey Lewis
- Toshiko Mariano
- Harold Maybern
- Les McCann
- Marian McPartland
- Thelonious Monk
- Phineas Newborn, Jr.
- Bernard Peiffer
- Oscar Peterson
- Bud Powell
- André Previn
- Jimmy Rowles
- George Shearing
- Horace Silver
- Willie "The Lion" Smith
- Jess Stacy
- Billy Taylor
- Cecil Taylor
- Bobby Timmons
- Lennie Tristano
- Mal Waldron
- Randy Weston
- Mary Lou Williams
- Teddy Wilson

GUITAR*(Please check one.)*

- Laurindo Almeida
- Chet Atkins
- Billy Bauer
- Billy Bean
- Dennis Budimir
- Kenny Burrell
- Charlie Byrd
- Eddie Condon
- Herb Ellis
- Tal Farlow
- Barry Galbraith
- Freddie Green
- Jim Hall
- Bill Harris
- Al Hendrickson
- Barney Kessel
- Mundell Lowe
- Wes Montgomery
- Oscar Moore
- Les Paul
- John Pisano
- Joe Puma
- Jimmy Raney
- Sal Salvador
- Johnny Smith
- Les Spann
- Jean Thielemans
- George Van Eps
- Al Viola
- Jimmy Wyble

BASS*(Please check one.)*

- Don Bagley
- Norman Bates
- Joe Benjamin
- Lawrence Bergen
- Keter Betts
- Ray Brown
- Red Callender
- Paul Chambers
- Buddy Clark
- Curtis Counce
- Israel Crosby
- Bill Crow
- George Duvivier
- Pops Foster
- Johnny Frigo
- Charles Haden
- Bob Haggart
- Percy Heath
- Milt Hinton
- Chubby Jackson
- Eddie Jones
- Sam Jones
- Scotty La Faro
- Charlie Mingus
- Red Mitchell
- Whitey Mitchell
- Joe Mondragon
- Monk Montgomery
- George Morrow
- Buell Neidlinger
- Gary Peacock
- Mike Rubin
- Howard Rumsey
- Eddie Safranski
- Arvell Shaw
- Slam Stewart
- George Tucker
- Leroy Vinnegar
- Gene Wright
- El Dee Young

DRUMS*(Please check one.)*

- Ray Bauduc
- Louis Bellson
- Denzil Best
- Art Blakey
- Larry Bunker
- Frank Butler
- Jim Campbell
- Cozy Cole
- Jimmy Crawford
- Nick Fatool
- Vernell Fournier
- Sonny Greer
- Chico Hamilton
- Louis Hayes
- Roy Haynes
- Red Holt
- Lex Humphries
- Ron Jefferson
- Osie Johnson
- Elvin Jones
- Jo Jones
- Philly Joe Jones
- Rufus Jones
- Connie Kay
- Gene Krupa
- Don Lamond
- Stan Levey
- Mel Lewis
- Shelly Manne
- John Markham
- Joe Morello
- Sonny Payne
- Charlie Persip
- Buddy Rich
- Max Roach
- Wayne Robinson
- Art Taylor
- Ed Thigpen
- George Wettling
- Sam Woodyard

MISC. INSTRUMENT*(Please check one.)*

- Ray Brown, *cello*
- Milt Buckner, *organ*
- Gary Burton, *vibes*
- Candido, *bongo*
- Teddy Charles, *vibes*
- Buddy Collette, *flute*
- John Coltrane, *soprano sax*
- Bob Cooper, *oboe*
- Eddie Costa, *vibes*
- Miles Davis, *Flügelhorn*
- Eric Dolphy, *flute*
- Don Elliott, *vibes & mellophone*
- Victor Feldman, *vibes*
- Terry Gibbs, *vibes*
- Justin Gordon, *flute*
- Tommy Gumina, *accordion*
- Lionel Hampton, *vibes*
- Paul Horn, *flute*
- Milt Jackson, *vibes*
- Roland Kirk, *manzello, strich*
- Steve Lacy, *soprano sax*
- Yusef Lateef, *flute*
- Herbie Mann, *flute*
- Red Mitchell, *cello*
- James Moody, *flute*
- Sam Most, *flute*
- Ray Nance, *violin*
- Red Norvo, *vibes*
- Dave Pike, *vibes*
- John Rae, *vibes*
- Shorty Rogers, *Flügelhorn*
- Shirley Scott, *organ*
- Bud Shank, *flute*
- Jimmy Smith, *organ*
- Stuff Smith, *violin*
- Les Spann, *flute*
- Jean Thielemans, *harmonica*
- Cal Tjader, *vibes*
- Art Van Damme, *accordion*
- Frank Wess, *flute*

MALE VOCALIST*(Please check one.)*

- David Allen
- Mose Allison
- Ernie Andrews
- Louis Armstrong
- Harry Belafonte
- Tony Bennett
- Brook Benton
- Pat Boone
- Oscar Brown, Jr.
- Joe Carroll
- Ray Charles
- Nat "King" Cole
- Earl Coleman
- Perry Como
- Austin Cromer
- Bing Crosby
- Vic Damone
- Bobby Darin
- Sammy Davis, Jr.
- Johnny Desmond
- Fats Domino
- Frank D'Rone
- Billy Eckstine
- Earl Grant
- Buddy Greco
- Roy Hamilton
- Clancy Hayes
- Bill Henderson
- Jon Hendricks
- Al Hibbler
- Cornelius "Pinocchio" James
- Johnny Janis
- Eddie Jefferson
- Frankie Laine
- Steve Lawrence
- Dean Martin
- Johnny Mathis
- Mark Murphy
- Jimmy Rushing
- Frank Sinatra
- Jack Teagarden
- Mel Tormé

- Joe Turner
- Adam Wade
- Muddy Waters
- Andy Williams
- Joe Williams
- Jimmy Witherspoon
- Nat Wright

FEMALE VOCALIST*(Please check one.)*

- Lorez Alexandria
- Ernestine Anderson
- Pearl Bailey
- La Vern Baker
- Mae Barnes
- Jackie Cain
- Diahann Carroll
- Betty Carter
- June Christy
- Chris Connor
- Doris Day
- Frances Faye
- Ella Fitzgerald
- Aretha Franklin
- Judy Garland
- Eydie Gormé
- Lena Horne
- Helen Humes
- Lurlean Hunter
- Mahalia Jackson
- Etta James
- Beverly Kelly
- Teddi King
- Eartha Kitt
- Irene Kral
- Ada Lee
- Peggy Lee
- Abbey Lincoln
- Julie London
- Barbara Long
- Gloria Lynne
- Big Maybelle
- Carmen McRae
- Helen Merrill
- Marci Miller
- Jane Morgan
- Jaye P. Morgan
- Anita O'Day
- Patti Page
- Bertice Reading
- Della Reese
- Ann Richards
- Mavis Rivers
- Annie Ross
- Dinah Shore
- Nina Simone
- Keely Smith
- Joanie Sommers
- Jeri Southern
- Jo Stafford
- Kay Starr
- Dakota Staton
- Teri Thornton
- Diana Trask
- Sarah Vaughan
- Dinah Washington
- Margaret Whiting
- Lee Wiley
- Nancy Wilson

INSTRUMENTAL COMBO*(Please check one.)*

- Cannonball Adderley Quintet
- Louis Armstrong All-Stars
- Australian Jazz Quartet
- Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers
- Dave Brubeck Quartet

- Charlie Byrd Trio
- Barbara Carroll Trio
- Cy Coleman Trio
- Ornette Coleman Quartet
- Miles Davis Quintet
- Davis-Griffin Quintet
- DeFranco-Gumina Quartet
- Wilbur De Paris Sextet
- Dukes of Dixieland
- Don Ellis Trio
- Bill Evans Trio
- Art Farmer-Benny Golson Jazztet
- Stan Getz Quartet
- Dizzy Gillespie Quintet
- Jimmy Giuffre Trio
- Chico Hamilton Quintet
- Al Hirt's New Orleans Sextet
- Ahmad Jamal Trio
- Jonah Jones Quartet
- Barney Kessel Quartet
- Gene Krupa Quartet
- Ramsey Lewis Trio
- Shelly Manne and his Men
- Toshiko Mariano Four
- Ron Mathews Trio
- Les McCann Ltd.
- Marian McPartland Trio
- Charlie Mingus Quartet
- Modern Jazz Quartet
- Thelonious Monk Quartet
- Turk Murphy's Jazz Band
- New Directions Quartet
- Red Nichols' Five Pennies
- Red Norvo Quintet
- Oscar Peterson Trio
- André Previn Trio
- Max Roach Quintet
- Shorty Rogers' Giants
- George Russell Sextet
- Bob Scobey's Frisco Band
- Bud Shank Quartet
- George Shearing Quintet
- Horace Silver Quintet
- Nina Simone and her Trio
- Cecil Taylor Quartet
- Cal Tjader Quintet
- Teddy Wilson Trio
- Kai Winding Septet

VOCAL GROUP*(Please check one.)*

- Ames Brothers
- Andy & the Bey Sisters
- Axidentals
- Al Belletto Sextet
- Brothers Four
- Bud and Travis
- Jackie Cain & Roy Kral
- Double Six of Paris
- Four Freshmen
- Four Lads
- Gateway Singers
- Hi-Lo's
- Ink Spots
- Mary Kaye Trio
- King Sisters
- Kingston Trio
- Lambert, Hendricks & Ross
- John LaSalle Quartet
- Limelites
- McGuire Sisters
- Mills Brothers
- Modernaires
- Platters
- Signatures
- Kirby Stone Four
- Weavers

Name and address must be printed here to authenticate ballot.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THE BIG DOG

THERE WAS ONCE A CERTAIN gentleman who used to go in the dark of night to make love to a certain woman. They had an agreement. When he came to her door he would yap like a little dog and she would then open the door and let him in.

One night a young man, who had seen the gentleman take his frequent walks through the dark streets, decided to follow him. The woman's lover, suspecting nothing, went directly to her door and said, "Yap, yap, yap."

Immediately the door swung open and the woman revealed her beauty for a moment in the moonlight before she took her lover by the hand and led him into the darkened house.

"So that's how it is," said the young man to himself. "Well, tomorrow night I'll get to the door ahead of him." And that is exactly what he did. When he arrived, he said, "Yap, yap, yap," and the door flew open. The beautiful face appeared, the hand led him inside. For an hour they lay together in a perfumed bed, and if the woman was aware of any difference, she gave no sign.

Suddenly a sound broke the stillness. "Yap, yap, yap," came from outside the door. In the bed there was silence. Then the young man leaped from the bed and tiptoed to the door. Placing his mouth close to the lock, he thundered forth with a deafening "Bow, wow, wow!"

Outside all was very quiet. At last there was the sound of retreating footsteps.

"Since the little dog is afraid of the big dog," said the woman from the bed, "let the big dog come back to his rightful place."

And that is what the big dog did.

— Translated by J. A. Gato





ARNOLD NEWMAN



DON BRONSTEIN

ON THE SCENE

A. M. SONNABEND: *industry's master matchmaker*

THE BOTANY FORMULA HAS NOTHING AT ALL to do with flowers. It is instead the business brainchild of Boston-based corporate crossbreeder Abraham Malcolm Sonnabend. In 1954, after accepting an invitation to buy a quarter of the common stock of all-wool Botany Mills, Sonnabend discovered that the company was in danger of not meeting its next payroll. Made Chairman of the Board, he quickly added a highly profitable textile complex, paying for it out of his own excess working capital and future earnings; at tax time, its profits were offset by Botany's considerable tax-loss credit, and its sellers had a handsome capital gains deal for their troubles. He continued to feed the revived Botany a fistful of companies making everything from dolls to synthetic pearls, turning it into a fat and frisky fiscal cat. In like manner, Sonnabend's Hotel Corporation of America (New York's Plaza, Chicago's Edgewater Beach, Washington's Mayflower, et al.) also includes such unlikely enterprises as maple syrup and minced clams marketers, while his Premier Industries, originally a soft-goods amalgam, now has *Mad* magazine under its well-feathered wing. Harvardman Sonnabend joined forces this spring with oil zillionaire Clint Murchison's sons in a successful proxy Pier Sixer that knocked out Allan Kirby and the incumbent management of the Allegheny Corporation, a multibillion-dollar holding company. Although happy to have won, Sonnabend had already earned his M.D. (Master of Diversity) many times over.

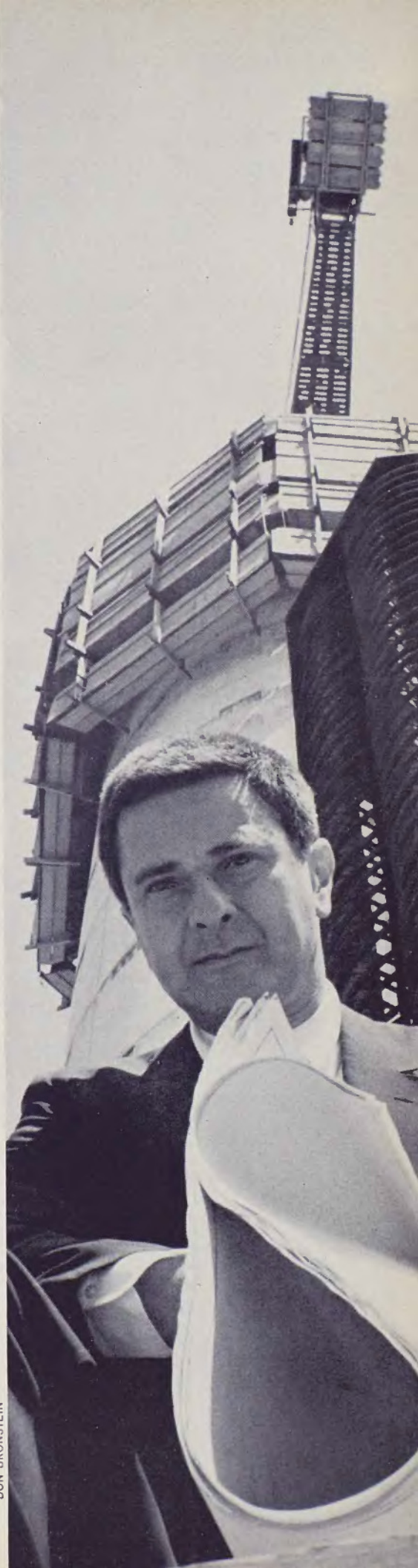
OSCAR BROWN, JR.: *a folk poet gets his kicks*

"I THINK WRITERS are the beginning. If you don't have writers, there is nothing for singers, actors and musicians to do." So speaks Oscar Brown, Jr., a thirty-five-year-old, multiskilled artist who is himself a singer, actor and musician as well as lyricist and author. His latest one-man effort is a "modern morality play with a beat," *Kicks & Co.*, all about a Mephistophelean mag publisher who has a hell of a time on a Negro college campus corrupting beauty and brains. Whether *Kicks* soars high or falls flat at its Broadway debut this winter (it preems in Chicago this month), it will remain as a hip monument to a canny folk poet who got into the songwriting biz ten years ago. After his first hit, *Brown Baby* (recorded by Mahalia Jackson), one-time radio actor and newscaster Brown began to play the nightclub circuit, has to his credit recent pack-'em-in performances at New York's Village Vanguard, Chicago's Birdhouse, as well as a fine Columbia LP, *Sin and Soul*, and a rave reception at last summer's successful Music at Newport. Singer Brown, adept at combining wit and nonsense with wildly moving, tormentingly real blues ("Being a Negro is not always pleasant, but it can enrich an artist"), has a knack for leaving his audiences hollering for more. Lyricist Brown, who counts among his credits *Work Song*, *Forbidden Fruit* and *Dat Dere*, sums up his credo succinctly: "My aim is to deliver messages that swing and entertainment that is meaningful."

a restless spatial spirit: **BERTRAND GOLDBERG**

A WORLD-WIDE REVOLUTION BY BLUEPRINT is shaking the deep-rooted Bauhaus foundations of modern architecture right down to bedrock. One of the spearheads of the movement away from right-angle thinking ("Contemporary Victorianism") is Chicago-based, Bauhaus-weaned architect-engineer Bertrand "Bud" Goldberg, forty-eight, a restless spatial spirit responsible for Marina City, whose twin sixty-story cylindrical towers — with utility "cores" at the center from which radiate 896 pie-wedge-shaped apartments, each with all-glass perimeter wall and patio offering fabulous lake or city vista — dominate the north bank of the Chicago River. Marina City, a round-the-clock design for living, will contain (in addition to the world's tallest apartment buildings) offices, twenty-story garages, a boldly avant-garde theater, docking facilities, skating rink, swimming pool. Goldberg, whose designs often have to pause in mid-flight waiting for technology to catch up, is busy exploring fresh avenues for the "creation of order." Already built: factories, schools, residences, a revolutionary featherweight freight car. Already blueprinted or a-building are an outdoor civic auditorium for Palm Beach; a radically conceived audio-visual grade school for Chicago; Astor Tower, a radically designed Chicago apartment hotel. Goldberg's Renaissance-man interests span past and present — he alternates twelve-tone music lessons with collecting archeological artifacts — but professionally, he has eyes for only the present and the future. Regarding architectural "monuments" which impede the progress of urban planning, he states flatly: "When a building has outlived its function, rip it down."

DON BRONSTEIN



me. Halfway between my seat and the ramp I found out.

A girl came striding down the aisle toward me, a bit of un-Cominform pastry flanked by two burly ruffians. She halted and gave me a searching look. "You are Monroe of the Foreign Service?" (It has a nice ring, don't you think?)

"The same," I said. "My friends call me Dick."

"I am Sonya Kabalevskaya Kunyaeva," she said, or words to that effect. "I have been assigned as your interpreter. Welcome to Russia. You will take no photographs. You will follow me."

One of the Moscow mules hefted my luggage and we dismounted from the 707 and headed toward a smaller, svelter jet. Three officious gentlemen in shiny serge stood glaring at me with an urge-to-purge malevolence. Sonya spoke to them and they glumly stepped aside, allowing us to board the other plane.

"The flight to Rompsk is of four hours' duration," she said, lashing her hips down with a safety belt. "In the meantime, I will be happy to answer your questions."

I had plenty of questions, all of them concerning Sonya Kabalevskaya Kunyaeva. She was a petite Ninotchka doll, swaddled in a stiff gray sackcloth that classified her secrets to a depressing degree. But not even Communism could defeminize that Christmas Eve face. Her lips were like a caviar hors d'oeuvre, her hair dark as a Tchaikovsky coda, and in her Volga eyes I saw a does-she-or-doesn't-she look that gave me sweet intimations of immorality. She liquefied my knees with one cobweb flick of her lashes.

"Tell me," I said, "what is there to do in Rompsk, when the sun has set and it is time to forget the worries of the day?"

"In Rompsk," she replied calmly, "one watches instructional baseball films, attends hot-stove cells to discuss strategy, and reads training manuals."

"It sounds like one gay mad whirl."

"The project was not designed for pleasure," she said, crisp as a ten-ruble note. "Perhaps that is why things have gone so well. Originally, you see, the learning of the baseball game was set forth in a Five Year Plan—it was thought it would take at least that long. But by diligence and sacrifice we have produced the best team in the world after only two years. It is now no longer necessary to prepare."

"Just where did you find the players?" I asked. "Are they all Cuban exports?"

"Ours is a vast land," she said, "and there is obviously no shortage of athletes. It was not difficult to recruit a squad."

"Maybe not. But I'll be plenty surprised if they can dig the game after such a short time."

She smiled. "At Rompsk," she said,

"there are many surprises."

Sonya was right. I was astounded by their setup.

We landed in a landscape of flat forbidding browns and grays, and were met by a belching Black Maria of a limousine. We boarded it and were spirited through a shabby frontier town and betwixt the barbed sentried gates of which Watts had spoken. Inside, we passed a cluster of low wooden barracks. The September air was decidedly nippy.

"Kind of bracing for baseball, isn't it?" I remarked. "I don't quite see how they can practice all year round."

"Look there," she said, and pointed. Ahead I saw two vast mounds rising from the ground, twin ice-cream scoops of polished aluminum set close together like some Freudian dream. "I'll be damned," I said. "You've got all-weather stadiums."

"Playing fields, not stadiums," she amended. "There are no spectators here. The one on the right houses our farm club. To the left—there is our major league."

We parked by the latter obese structure and entered a small rounded door. Inside I halted, engulfed by a flood of sensation. The enclosed arena was brilliantly lighted; neon blazed from above upon emerald grass and cavorting white-uniformed figures. Sounds reverberated from the arching walls in a cacophony at once strange and familiar: hoarse shouts, ice-cracking reports of ball on bat, plopping fusillades of mitted drives. There must have been close to fifty players, all going at it hammer and sickle.

Sonya touched my arm. "Now do you doubt?" she asked.

"It looks like the real McCoy," I admitted. "With a couple of exceptions." I was staring at a flanneled madonna of shot-put girth who was prancing through infield drill.

"She plays the third base," Sonya explained. "Here there is equal opportunity. Come, you must meet the manager, Comrade Belgrade."

We approached a wizened pappy type who was busily belting fungos to a cell block of left fielders. His head was as wrinkled as a stewed apple, hairless save for the two brows that were like the pale curls of dust that congregate beneath a bed. (My bed, anyway.) He extended a claw in greeting. "Glad to see you, old man," he said.

"You speak English," I observed shrewdly.

"Oh, yes. Learned the game in the States, you know. Harvard, '27. I'm sure you want to see the lads in action. Have a seat and we'll give you an exhibition match." So saying, he mouthed a silver whistle and blew three tremendous blasts. Instantly the players stopped their activ-

ity and padded off the field into two separate groups. Another whistle blast, and nine men took the field (eight, really, plus the female third-sacker). Sonya and I took seats on a bench beside Belgrade and watched as the contest began.

Now, a fair portion of my youth had been spent soaking up Vitamin D in the bleachers of Fenway Park and, like most Americans, I felt I had, at the very least, a masterful understanding of the game. There's an embryonic Casey Stengel in us all. So as the Russkie players had their innings, I had every confidence that I was gaining an accurate picture of their ability. They were clearly well-coordinated athletes, and they played a steady competent brand of ball. They executed all the plays and ran and slid and threw with ballet grace.

They were good, no mistake about it. But something was missing.

It was almost undefinable. But it seemed to me that their marvelous precision was somehow mechanical. They lacked the split-second zestful instincts of the player who has been going at it from the age of six on. By the end of the fifth inning I was quite sure that even our Washington club could take them.

Sonya was watching me with a den-mother's pride. She leaned close and whispered, "What will you tell your State Department?"

I did not answer. I had just noticed a huge Neanderthal figure hunched on the players' bench on the far side of the diamond. "Who's that big ape over there?" I asked. "Why isn't he playing?"

"That is Pavlov." She studied her ankles. "He is . . . he is not feeling well. Is that not so, Comrade Belgrade?"

"Sore arm," Belgrade said quickly. "Good Lord, don't pay any attention to him. He's really monstrously poor."

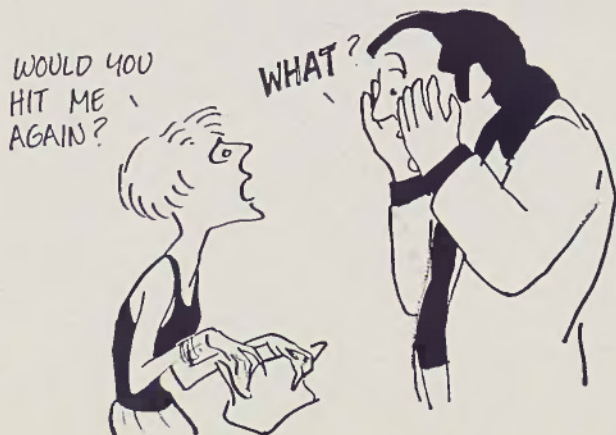
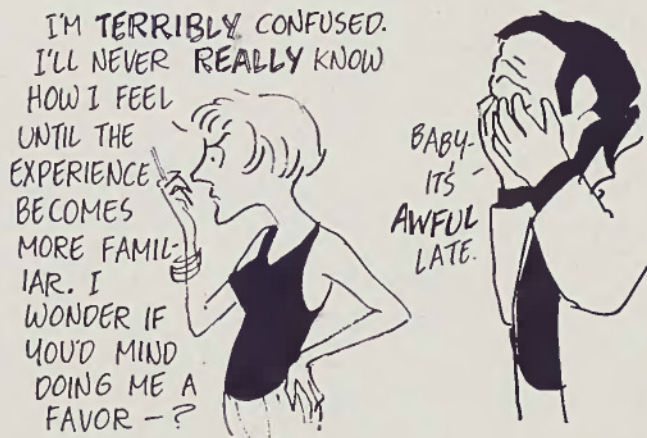
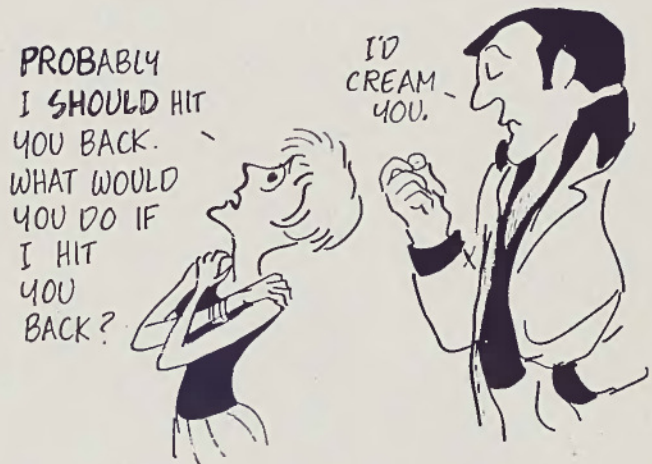
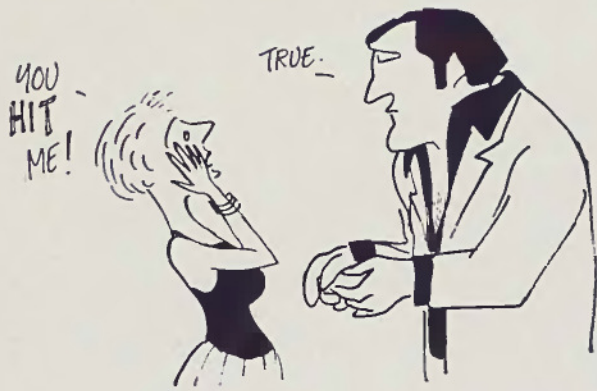
I was not so sure. He made Moose Skowron look like a choirboy. But I turned again to the game and began to compose in my mind the message I would soon be sending to Watts.

I wrote it out that night in the drafty barrack cubicle they had allotted me, doing my best not to be too explicit. RED PLAY SURE-FIRE TURKEY, I penned. STRONGLY RECOMMEND STATESIDE TRYOUT.

For two days there was no answer. Then Watts replied in a rather windy cable of his own. The United States Government had officially accepted the Soviet challenge. A team of twenty-five players, together with requisite officials, coaches, et al., were invited to America forthwith, to await the outcome of our own World Series. The Russian team was to play the winner in a two-out-of-three series. I was to remain with the Russians in my capacity as liaison.

All of this was welcome news to me. Rompsk was not exactly the Place Pigalle. I sped to Sonya's well-camouflaged side and showed her the message:

The Student



JULES
FEIFFER

she smiled, and passed the word on to the appropriate local commissars. The wheels were beginning to turn. And so were some of my own.

"Look, Sonya," I said, "I know it's against the rules. God knows, you've made it clear it's against the rules. But" — I gave her my I'm-all-alone-and-seven-thousand-miles-from-home look — "I was wondering if maybe you couldn't possibly kind of slip up to my lodgings for a short vodka snort. To celebrate, and all."

"Well . . . all right," she said. "But just this once."

In my drab cell I tendered her a glass and proposed a toast. "To the improvement of relations," I said. "I have always found them to be absolutely essential."

She sipped somberly. "What is a sure-fire turkey?"

"A species of game," I replied nimbly. "Baseball, for example. Actually, it's a great compliment."

"Ah." She prowled the room, making lovely flanking movements. "What is the name of the team that we will meet?"

"The last I heard the Yankees were leading by fourteen games. The best guess is that they'll meet Milwaukee in the Series. Then, of course, you people will play the winner."

"Who will that be?"

"Well, you see, nobody knows yet. But the smart money is always on the Yanks."

She shook her murky mane. "Yanks and money — how childish you all are. When will you learn that our system is best?"

"I'd like to embrace your system," I said, edging toward her. "If you'd just give me half a chance."

"Nyet!" Her mouth was a croquet wicket of displeasure. "Thank you for the vodka. I must go."

I threw my hands above my head. "Why am I so repulsive to you?"

"You just aren't my type," she said thoughtfully. "For one thing, you are too happy. I like men who are sad and melancholy. Men who are Russian."

She should have seen me after she left. I was Russian right down to my marrow.

On the third day of October a huge TU-4 snarled out of the Western sky and shoehorned into the Rompsk aerodrome. I hailed its appearance with happy bleats of joy. The good Spartan life had not had a precisely narcotic effect upon me — you can watch baseball practice for only so long. Abstinence had made my heart grow fonder for the small soft pleasures of home. Like, for example, Marilyn.

I was a bit taken aback to see the lumbering figure of Pavlov among our boarding party. "How about that guy?" I asked Sonya. "I thought he was supposed to be a loser."

"Oh, he tries so hard," she said. "Com-

rade Belgrade is going to give him another chance. Now, why don't you stop worrying and relax? It will be a long flight."

It was all of that, especially in view of the fact that the Commie craft bore no portable potables. Sad to relate, I was unable to highball it home.

For me, our arrival in New York was a little like awakening from a monkish slumber and finding that I had sleepwalked my way onto the podium of the Democratic National Convention. I was in no manner prepared for the trumpet blasts of publicity that hailed the advent of the Russian squad. They and I trundled down the ramp into a seething maelstrom of reporters and lensmen, TV jockeys and frock-coated UN emissaries. Mid the ghostly pulse of flashbulbs, I spotted Watts clawing his way toward me, pursued by a brace of baying scribes. He grabbed my arm and hauled me beneath the obscurity of a wing.

"Evening, sir," I shouted in his shell-like ear. "You needn't have gone to all this bother."

"It's mushroomed!" he replied hoarsely. "By heaven, I've never seen anything like it. Captured the imagination of the world. Peiping has even sent observers. Nothing like it since K unshod himself in the General Assembly." Tiny droplets irrigated his lowering brow. "Listen, Monroe, we've got to win this one. It's a bloody goldfish bowl. For your sake and mine they better be pretty damn horrible."

"No sweat," I said, mopping my own forehead with a large handkerchief. "How's the Series going?"

"The Series? I don't know. The Yankees took the first two. It's in Milwaukee now. Listen." He impaled my arm with his fingers. "Tell them they can work out in the Stadium the next few days. Ed Sullivan wants them for Sunday. My God, do you realize they're going to carry these games on the *Voice of America*?"

"Be calm," I counseled, sagging against a wheel. I pondered the situation for a moment. "Sir, I wonder if you would care to join me for —"

"A drink? A most splendid suggestion." In the crucible of international diplomacy, Undersecretary Watts had come of age.

As soon as I reached my hotel I put through a call to Washington, or, more precisely, to the chicquest body politic therein. "Marilyn?" I said. "Your Richard is back."

"I know," she purred. "I saw it all on TV. Who was that bouncy comrade you followed out the door?"

"A mere steppe child, love."

"With her sugar daddy."

"No, I've been faithful." This with the sad resignation of truth. "Listen, sweetie, how about joining me in my hour of

need? I crave moral support."

"Ha! Well, don't worry. Daddy is flying up there from Dallas tomorrow and he promised to stop and pick me up. He's quite a sportsman, you know — wouldn't miss this for the world." She paused. "We *are* going to win, aren't we?"

"If we don't," I sighed, "there's a promising career ahead of me in the shoeshine game."

I passed the next few days in a state of moderately controlled panic while we awaited the outcome of the games in Milwaukee. Afternoons I took Marilyn and her father, Boondock Plimsall, to Yankee Stadium, where we sat in pale October sunlight watching the Russians work out. There I introduced them to Sonya and Comrade Belgrade. As we turned to leave, the Russian girl put her hand on my arm and, her voice lowered, said, "Tell me quickly, who is that man over there? The short one with the tragic eyes."

"That's Walter Watts," I said. "Why?"

"Ah, what a face!" she murmured. "What superb misery . . ."

Mr. Plimsall seemed to enjoy himself enormously at the practice sessions. He was a large rotund man with oil derricks hand-painted upon his silk ties. "Look at 'em!" he would direct us gleefully. "The nasty little nit-pickers. Rotten Commie bushers. Why, we'll skin 'em alive!"

On the second afternoon as we sat watching, I was startled to see Pavlov emerge from the dugout and shuffle out to the pitcher's warm-up mound. A heavily padded catcher squatted to receive him. "Get a load of this," Plimsall chortled. "A Stone Age hood if I ever saw one." Pavlov uncoiled his left arm lazily, and then brought it past his head in an accelerating whiplash motion. The ball banged like a firecracker in the catcher's glove.

"Seems to have a bit of speed there," Plimsall remarked.

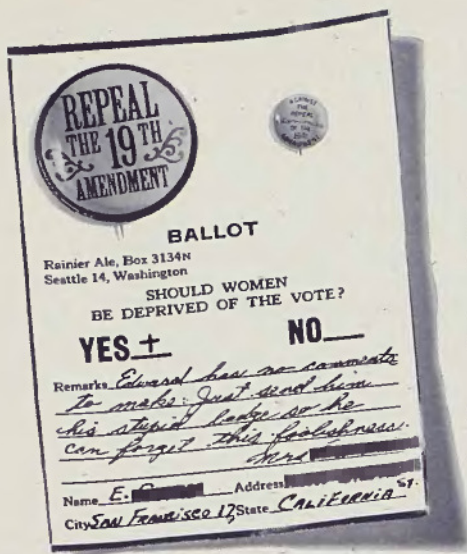
Pavlov threw again. I don't think any of us really saw the ball — just a microscopic confetti twinkle of white. The catcher's anguished grunt was clearly audible above the impact of horsehide on leather.

Plimsall kneaded his suddenly slack jaw. "Well," he said at last, "I suppose we can always pray for rain."

By this time Watts was at my side, frothing merrily at the mouth. "What about *him*?" he bellowed. "You never mentioned *him*!"

"I think he pitches batting practice," I said weakly. But it was no good. Pavlov was obviously an authentic titan, a Michelangelo in the chuckers' trade. We could but contemplate him with awe.

That night with Marilyn I was so nervous I almost proposed. Funny how



Remarks: **“EDWARD HAS NO COMMENTS TO MAKE. JUST SEND HIM HIS STUPID BADGE SO HE CAN FORGET THIS FOOLISHNESS.”**

Of the thousands of ballots we have received for or against the repeal of the 19th amendment, this is the most interesting. It is a prize example of cooperation. Edward makes a neat X and fills in his name and address; his wife fills in the remarks. Togetherness.

We imagine them there in the gloaming, to each his or her own: she busy over the embroidery hoops and talking a mile a minute; he drinking Our Product silently as he dreams wild, manly dreams. (Once, in the early years, he offered her a glass and she recoiled indignantly: “I wouldn’t touch that nasty stuff”).*

The “foolishness” Edward’s missus wants him to forget is obviously women voting. Otherwise why would she want him to wear a great big badge that calls for repeal? (Why she called it “stupid” we don’t know; probably a term of affection, you know how women are.)

Our guess is that she is fed up with all the hanky-panky that has come about since August 26, 1920 (Black Thursday), the day when man inflicted the vote on women.

Oh, voting is all right, but she is tired of mowing the lawn. She is tired of His and Hers matched sun suits, and so is Edward. Edward is also tired of fixing his own breakfast. They both long for the days when some things were for women and some things were for men.

Not to digress, but Our Product, we are happy to say, is for men; Rainier Ale is male. It is not lighter, brighter, milder, or any of that stuff. It has a strong color and a strong flavor. Also, it is strong, if you want to know the truth.

In conclusion, we have been accused of deploring woman suffrage. This is not true. What we deplore is the side effects. And, after all, all we have done is ask the question. To show how fair-minded we are, we are including a

ballot for the ladies as well. And next time our guest contributor will be Pamela V. W. Wood, an ultra-feminist of Boston, Mass. Her subject will be “Help Stamp Out Togetherness” or something equally stimulating.

(LADIES' BALLOT)

Rainier Ale, Box 3134p
Seattle 14, Washington

Gentlemen:

How nice of you to think of me!
About the matter of woman suffrage, I must admit that I am:

in favor of it decidedly not in favor of it I simply can't decide, so please send me both badges.

Remarks: _____

Yours very truly, (Miss) (Mrs.) _____
Address _____

P. S. If I change my mind I'll let you know.

MEN'S BALLOT

Rainier Ale, Box 3134P
Seattle 14, Washington

Sirs:

About the repeal of the
19th Amendment:

YES _____ **NO** _____

Please send me my badge.

Mr. _____
Address _____



*She was quite right, women don't drink Rainier Ale. A few women have written in to say that they do so drink it. We doubt it; perhaps they have it confused with ginger or some other kind of ale.

tension affects a man.

The Yanks took two straight from the Braves on their home field and, having stashed away that series, four games to nought, winged back to Gotham, lusting for further profit with honor in their own country. The first game of what the *News* termed the Summit Series was played on a Friday afternoon beneath immaculate wind-dusted skies.

It was, of course, a sellout. Seventy thousand fans glutted the stands, and the press boxes were almost as crowded as a press-club bar. "The eyes of the world are upon us," Watts said, with his gift for the inventive phrase, and it looked as though he were right. The happy mediums of mass communication all were there, typewriters cocked, cameras poised, ready to flash the outcome to an expectant globe.

I sat far back in the grandstand with Marilyn. We both cheered as the Yankees took the field. Unfortunately, it was the last cause for celebration that afternoon. P. Pavlov, pitcher, saw to that.

The outcome was never in doubt. In the fifth Mantle beat out a bunt and in the seventh Richardson hit a chip shot over the shortstop's head. That was the sum and substance of the New York attack. Pavlov's principle was not especially complicated—he just reared back and fired the ball with incredible speed. Against his howitzer heaves even a ticked foul became something of a moral victory.

The Russians, for their part, were not particularly aggressive toward Jim Coates at the plate. But what they did was sufficient. The buxom lady third-sacker whaled a slider into the right-field bleachers in the first, and back-to-back doubles in the ninth brought in an insurance tally. Then, as the great crowd pleaded for a last-ditch rally, Pavlov struck out the side with nine strokes of lightning.

That night Watts summoned me to his hotel room. He was in a rather disagreeable mood. "Monroe," he snarled, thrusting a stack of papers under my nose, "for the record, I want you to know that I hold you personally responsible for what's happening to your country."

I glanced at the headlines. ROMPSK REDS ROMP 2-0, they cried, with just a touch of hysteria. LEFT-WINGER VETOES YANKS. K HAILS SOVIET SUPREMACY.

"There's still hope," I said. "I've been in touch with Comrade Belgrade, and he says that Pavlov definitely will not pitch tomorrow."

"Maybe not," Watts said grimly. "But he sure as hell will be back for the third game. If there's any need to play it."

There was. That next day Manager Houk sent Whitey Ford into the breach

and the antique southpaw responded with a nifty four-hit shutout. The Yanks devoured a succession of mediocre Russkie hurlers and won going away, to the catchy tune of 12-0. But Free World elation was dampened considerably by Belgrade's postgame pronouncement. "Tomorrow," he said through an iron curtain of cigar smoke, "tomorrow it will be Pavlov's day."

Shortly thereafter Watts was swinging from my lapels. "Do something," he hissed. "You got us into this mess. Now you can, by God, get us out. And I don't care how."

Oh, it was easy enough to say. But what could I do? Adrift in thought, I hardly noticed as Sonya oozed between us. "Come, Walter," she crooned, "it has been a hard day for you. You must rest."

"All right," he grunted. Arm in arm they shuffled for the exit, she regarding his mournful face with an almost worshipful expression. But I had no time to reflect upon the quixotic quality of quail—something had to be done, and done fast.

The solution came to me that night at dinner. Like all the great ideas of Western man, it was awesome in its simplicity.

Plimsall *père*, his daughter and I were dining together, indulging in the light-hearted banter that is common along death row. "Say what you will about their political philosophy," Plimsall observed, as he gnashed his way through a chunk of French bread, "you got to admit those fellows play a damn good brand of ball."

"I admit it," I said.

"As a matter of fact," he added, "it may be a wee bit unpatriotic of me to say so, but I wouldn't mind having a little old ball club like that for my very own. No sir, I surely wouldn't."

There it was! In an instant the great plan crystallized in my brain, and I was clutching his arm in excitement. "Do you mean that?" I cried.

"I never say anything I don't mean. What's wrong with you, anyway?" Both he and Marilyn were staring at me with unalloyed bewilderment.

"Expansion!" I whispered. "Expansion. And there isn't a moment to lose."

In all modesty, I believe I can say that those next few hectic hours comprise one of the more glorious chapters in the annals of the Foreign Service. And Walter Watts, I will admit, was nothing short of magnificent when his country called.

I phoned him as soon as we had left the restaurant. "Mr. Undersecretary," I said, "can you get hold of Sonya?"

"I can," he replied, somewhat sheepishly. "Why?"

"I'm calling from Plimsall's suite in the Plaza," I explained. "Sir, we have a plan. Do you think you can persuade

Sonya to come over here with Pavlov and as many of the other first-stringers as she can muster?"

"Wait a minute." I heard muffled conversation, and then Watts came back on. "She says it will be dangerous. But she says that for me—well, she says she'll try. What's your game, Monroe?"

"Defection," I said, and cradled the phone.

A half-hour later Watts, Sonya and nine husky Russkies were darkening our door. "You understand it was not easy," Sonya said nervously. "I told the security guards it was for more publicity. We were not followed. What is it you want?"

"I want you to translate for Mr. Plimsall. He has a proposition which may interest your team."

Plimsall was seated on a couch. He squinted toward the ceiling and began to speak softly. "Boys and girls," he said, "baseball is a pretty big game here in the old U.S. of A. We take it serious. Fellow like Mantle, he gets maybe eighty thousand a year. Just for whackin' a ball around. That's a mess of rubles, gang. A bit more than you presently make, I'll wager."

Sonya translated. The Russians stirred and regarded him with interest.

"Now, it seems to me that you might want to take advantage of the opportunities to be found in our fair land. For a long time I've been hankerin' after my own club. Down Dallas, Texas, way." He lidded his eyes dreamily. "Fine country down there. The thing is, I'd be right pleased if you'd sign up to play for me. We could call ourselves the Gushers. I always thought that was a pretty name. Way I see it, you and me, we need each other. What do you say? Will you help make an old man's dream come true?"

Sonya hesitated. You could almost hear the dogma fight in her mind. But again she translated his words. Immediately a lively conversation broke out among the athletes. Pavlov was obviously their leader; they addressed their guttural remarks to him, flapping their hands for emphasis. He listened sedately for a moment, then barked an order. In the sudden silence he heaved himself to a window; gazing out at the diamonded night, he spoke.

"He wants to know if Dallas, Texas, is anything like Rompsk," said Sonya.

"Not a bit!" Plimsall cried. "You tell him it's paradise. Not a frostbit tootsie in sight."

At this news a gargantuan smile cleaved Pavlov's face, and the other Russians began to babble happily. The decision had clearly been made. As Marilyn phoned for champagne, Sonya plastered herself against Undersecretary Watts. "Do you know what this means, Wally?" she whispered. "I can stay, too. Now nothing can come between us."

Watts colored and struggled to detach

himself. "It means we've got to move, and move fast," he snapped. He glanced at me. "Frick, Giles, Cronin — they're all in town, aren't they?"

"Yes, sir. All the club owners, too."

"Good." He rubbed his hands together, thinking. "We'll have to get in touch with them all, Monroe. Tonight. Ask them up here. Rendezvous with destiny, that sort of thing." He seemed a little tipsy with excitement, but I couldn't much blame him. After all, a moment like that happens only once or twice in a man's career.

The historic meeting that took place at midnight was brief but charged with tension. All the baseball potentates were there, including Commissioner Frick and Presidents Cronin and Giles. They and the assembled club owners listened with taut faces as Watts explained the situation. "I appeal to your patriotism," he concluded. "Let us move forward into the future, claspng a newborn Dallas team to our bosom — the proud, triumphant bosom of America. Gentlemen" — his voice was the barest whisper — "gentlemen, the decision is yours."

No more needed to be said. The gathered officials voted on the spot to expand the American League to eleven teams. Within the hour an old man's dream had become reality — the Dallas Gushers were officially in business. Needless to say,

they could not meet the Yanks in open competition until the following year.

The news of the defection of the Rompsk nine was, predictably, an immediate international sensation, the implications of which were not lost to the uncommitted nations of the world. From the Russian embassy and from Moscow itself a great howl of protest was raised — but to no avail. The propaganda coup had left them with faces as crimson as their ideology.

Making the best of a nasty situation, the Soviets sent their second-stringers against the New York club in the final game, where they were promptly dispatched with a lovely brutal precision. The Yankees were still undisputed champions of the world.

. . .

Two days later Watts summoned me to his office, where he hailed my arrival with a wintry smile. For the first time in my life I had the impression that my presence was almost endurable for him. "Monroe," he said, "I want you to be the first to know. Sonya and I — well" — he fumbled for the right words — "we're going to be teammates, my boy. In the great game of matrimony."

I started to mint a mot about politics making strange bedfellows, but innate modesty stilled my tongue. "That's great, Mr. Undersecretary," I said.

"I don't want you to think I don't appreciate all you've done," he added with an expansive wave of his hand. "Tell you what — take the rest of the day off. And on top of that, I give you my solemn word that you positively will *not* be fired at any time during the next six weeks."

I don't care what anybody says — Watts has a heart as big as all outdoors.

I rushed to phone the glad news to Marilyn. "Your Richard has the day off," I chortled. "You are cordially invited to spend same with me. Dress is optional."

"Oh, Dick, I can't," she replied. "I don't know how to tell you this, but — you see, I've found someone else. Someone wonderful. Someone —"

"Who?"

"Peter," she said. "Peter Pavlov."

The world is riddled with disloyalty.

But I am not too disheartened. My attention has been caught of late by a sumptuous frail in the Bureau of the Budget, the sum of whose parts makes a truly extraordinary figure. I plan to give her a seasonal pass as soon as possible. That's one thing I've learned about our National Pastime — you might call it my Monroe doctrine: in scoring, it's not the hits and runs that count, it's the eros.



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BATHING (continued from page 110)

bathing costume consisted of a diminutive apron which usually slipped off the hips." The bathers had to be administered to by the opposite sex. It goes without saying that the robust waiters and trim waitresses in no way detracted from the erotic atmosphere. So that public baths, as contemporary writers testify, soon turned into brothels or houses of assignation. There is no doubt that it was not so much the water which attracted clients as the prospect of an affair. As a poet amusingly put it:

*Nothing better than a bath for the
woman sterile,
For with the water goes company
virile.*

Pictorial art of the period offers ample evidence that the feudal bath was a centuries-long bash. Aprons and suspensories were apparently discarded in favor of hats, and gentlemen are to be seen in all their neck-up propriety assisting their dames in the offices of the bath with much amorous feeling.

The greatest impetus to social bathing in England and France occurred during the Crusades, when knights, squires and camp-following wenches became acquainted with the rose-scented delights of the Islamic bath. Indeed, the present-day Order of the Bath is supposed to have originated with the traditional top-toe tubbing that knights received at the hands of young virgins. Parsifal, Tristram, Guy of Warwick and other chivalrous chaps all enjoyed such maidenly ministrations. A contemporary illustration depicts one lucky lord being showered with rose petals by his fair attendants.

Prior to the Crusades, the English at-

titude toward water was one of extreme caution. Although the stuff was acknowledged to be useful for putting out fires, few chose to drink it unless it had been "cleansed and poured by boylynge," for it was believed to be "infect with frogges and other wormes that brede." Pure springs and "holy wellles" were used mainly for medicinal purposes, and were under the protection of monks and friars, while the average Englishman drank ale and scrupulously avoided dampness.

*Wine, Women, Baths by art or Na-
ture warm,
Used or abused do men much good
or harm.*

Such was the prudent message contained in a lively Latin tract on hygiene which William the Conqueror's son, Robert, received from the learned doctors of Salerno in 1096. But once the fad for bathing took hold, the immoderate and simultaneous pursuit of all three warm pleasures soon earned the public baths a reputation for being *seminaria venenata*, or seminaries of sex and sensuality. It was many a young wife's tale that she had become pregnant merely from bathing in water previously used by a man, and the superstition arose that male bath water was dangerously potent with "frogges and other wormes" of fertility. Sir Thomas Browne found such stories "common in every mouth" in the Twelfth Century, and sought to scotch them by declaring that it was impossible to thus "fornicate at a distance, and much offendeth the rules of Physick."

As in Germany and France, the English baths, or "stews," became resorts for lower-class lust. The name "stewhouse" served to designate both public bath and

brothel, just as the Italians used *bagnio* for either bathhouse or bordello. Respectable people were more exclusive in their bathing habits, but illicit passions thrived on limited privacy, and tubbing as a twosome was a popular get-acquainted gambit with upper-class couples. If found *flagrante delicto*, the sudsy lovers could presumably plead that they were only trying to save water—no small consideration at a time when it had to be purchased by the bucketful from professional water-bearers or hauled by hand from a town pump—which, by the way, appears in early records as a *pompe, pynp, pimp or plump*.

At the end of the Fifteenth Century, the intimate association between high jinks and H₂O began to dissolve. With repeated ravages of plagues and two major outbreaks of sweating sickness, public baths were closed, as breeding places of infection, and the habit of personal cleanliness was all but forgotten. As a German student of modes and manners described the situation, "Ladies and gentlemen of the Sixteenth Century arrayed themselves in the most costly fabrics: they were stiff with velvets, silks and gold brocades; they were positively plastered with pearls and precious stones; and—they stank like the plague!"

Throughout the century pestilence continued to sweep Europe, but few suspected that the cause might be found in lack of civic sanitation. Streets were narrow and filthy. The habit of emptying chamber pots out of upper-story windows into the gutter made a city stroll so hazardous that gentlemen gallantly took the side nearest the curb when walking with their ladies—a position they have assumed ever since, without quite knowing why.

Students who wonder at the fuss made over Sir Walter Raleigh's throwing his cloak across a puddle for Good Queen Bess, need only acquaint themselves with the pollution of Elizabethan puddles to realize the magnificence of the gesture. But of all the heroes, wits and courtiers who surrounded the Virgin Queen, only one man responded to the situation with anything approaching genius. His name was Sir John Harington, and he invented the single most important piece of plumbing in the modern bathroom: the flush toilet.

To include this now familiar facility as part of the bath is a peculiarly American innovation, historically resisted by most of the world's peoples. Even today, travelers in Europe will often find the toilet or "w.c." enshrined in its own little closet, quite apart from the tub. Sometimes it is even outside the house—a location fraught with inconvenience and redolent of historical and religious tradition.

The ancient Hindus, for example, were enjoined to retire to the distance of a bowshot from the house with a



"See? I warned you I was booby-trapped!"

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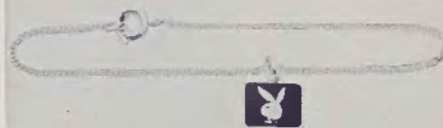
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brass vessel. Members of the Hebraic Essene sect were provided with small paddles with which to dig suitable holes in out-of-the-way places. The Egyptians, too, were a privy people, and the rhymed advice of Hesiod offers an insight into the outdoor habits of the Greeks:

*Stand not upright before the eye
of day;
And scatter not your water as you
go,
Nor let it, when you're naked, from
you flow:
In either case, 'tis an unseemly
sight:
The gods observe alike by day and
night:
The man whom we devout and wise
may call
Sits in that act, or streams against
a wall.*

When bathing was at its height in Rome, luxurious latrines with marble seats were built directly over the sewers that sluiced down from the hills, and tubs were placed at street corners to serve as urinals. Trimalchio, the rich man's rich man, whom Petronius profiled in the *Satyricon*, was attended by a eunuch who followed him about with a silver chamber pot. While "playing at ball with a company of boys," the decadent tycoon "snapp'd his fingers, at which sign the eunuch held the chamber pot to him as he was playing; then calling for water, he dipped the tips of his fingers in it, and dry'd them on the boy's head."

In the absence of fleet-footed eunuchs and short boys with bushy hair, the feudal lord repaired to a rude wooden privy along with his vassals. Affluent barons had indoor facilities tucked away in castle closets with narrow window slits which some Victorian romancers believed to be crossbow vents. Others mistook the tiny closets for cloakrooms or chapels intended for princely meditation. The fitting consisted of a wooden seat placed over an open shaft, which ran down the outside wall and emptied into the moat. If the *Nuremberg Chronicle* is to be believed, it was through one such shaft that a certain proud nobleman was attacked unawares by enemy archers. The castle was instantly surrendered.

The public privies, or "jakes," of medieval cities were plain wooden plank affairs built over deep pits, and risky rest rooms they were. At times the board seats would rot out and citizens would fall through. Since rolls of tissue were unheard of, each crude comfort station was supplied with a curved stick for the use of all and sundry. In darkness it was often impossible to decide which end of the tool to grab, and unlucky guessers were heard to complain of getting "the mooky end of the stick." Indoors, finer folk used chamber pots

placed under special seats in a closet, known as "close stools."

In the year 1596 Sir John Harington, the Father of the Flush Toilet, wrote *The Metamorphosis of Ajax* (or "a jakes"), which contained complete details for the construction of a simple water closet and cesspool. The aptly named Sir John was a man before his time. Though his godmother, the queen, had a working model built in Richmond Palace, where a copy of instructions hung hopefully from a peg, the ingenious device was widely ridiculed.

This, then, was sanitation's darkest hour, despite the fact that thinking men were beginning to advocate at least a modicum of bodily cleanliness. "I look upon bathing as generally salubrious," Montaigne confessed, "and believe that we suffer in health to no small degree for having left off the custom." And advanced practitioners prescribed hot mineral baths for a variety of human ills, including "Preternatural Thirst, All Sorts of Worms" and "the Longing of Maids to eat Chalk, Coals and the Like."

In France, where physicians believed that male glands were prone to become congested with stones and sediment, Montaigne found some experts who claimed, "It is a good thing to have frequent intercourse with women, for that opens the passages and carries away the gravel and sand," while others declared it "very bad, because it inflames, wearies and weakens the kidneys." Similarly: "It is a good thing to take hot baths, since that relaxes the places where the sand and stone settle; it is also a bad thing, because the application of external heat assists the kidneys in baking, hardening and petrifying the matter there stored up."

While French kings and courtesans possessed baths of considerable splendor, bathing was extremely occasional, and wariness of water continued into the Eighteenth Century, when the arts of powdering and perfuming reached their apogee. The Marquise de Pompadour spent an estimated million pounds a year on fragrances, and it was rumored that Du Barry secreted scented pads about her person in order to seduce Louis XV. Most people were content with their natural aroma, however. When an outspoken ladyfriend told Samuel Johnson that he "smelled," the gamy doctor's only concern was over her misuse of verbs. "You *smell*," he said, "I *stink*."

In the first half of the Eighteenth Century, the pro-water wing of the medical profession began to propagandize in earnest. Upper-class faddists made it fashionable to wash the hands, face and neck every day, and persons of means resorted to Tunbridge Wells, Epsom and Bath to take "the cure."

Of all English watering places, Bath was certainly the richest in tradition.

Founded by King Lear's father, Bladud, who allegedly had been cured of leprosy by bathing with his pigs in the hot, bubbling mud of the springs, the town had been a favorite resort of the Roman legions, who built a beautifully functional bath for themselves which they called "Waters of the Sun." Out of the ruins left by the onslaughts of Pict, Scot, Saxon and Dane, a monastery and church had arisen around the mineral springs, which early Christians believed were fed by the tears of fallen angels. By the Seventeenth Century, the waters had been invested with the old fertility myth. The childless Queen Catherine visited Bath in the hope of soaking up enough fecundity to present Charles II with at least one legitimate offspring to counterbalance the merry monarch's ever-increasing brood of bastards. Although Catherine's mission failed, the publicity of the royal visit attracted a sampling of aristocracy, social climbers, gamblers and gay ladies that made Bath the birthplace of British café society.

For a peep into the mystique of the era's bathing, we are indebted, naturally, to Samuel Pepys, who visited Bath in June of 1667: "Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another. . . . And by and by, though we designed to have done before company come, much company come; very fine ladies; and the manner pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water."

The chummy social atmosphere Pepys describes suggests a trend away from the purely medicinal bathing of the previous century, when the Cross Bath was reportedly "much frequented of People diseased with Lepre, Pokkes, Scabbes and great Aches." Indeed, the author of *A Step to the Bath* was moved to declare in 1700, "Here is perform'd all the wanton Dalliances imaginable: celebrated Beauties, Panting Breasts, and Curious Shapes, almost Expos'd to Publick View." And another observer concurred: "The Baths were like so many Bear Gardens, and Modesty was entirely shut out of them. People of both Sexes bathing Day and Night naked; and Dogs, Cats, and even human creatures were hurl'd over the rails, while People were bathing in it."

Although the municipality passed an ordinance against "smoaking Tobacco in bathing Cisterns, singing songs and such disturbances," it had no regulations regarding gambling, and rakes of all ranks and stations wagered freely at cards, dice, cockfights and bowling. Usually, our *Step to the Bath* informant reports, "the Citizens won the Courtiers' money, and the Courtiers swore to be Reveng'd upon their Wives and Daughters."

The literature of Bath abounds in evidence that such revenge was easy for

courtier and citizen alike. In *The Bath Unmask'd*, a popular period play, Pander boasts to Sprightly: "As for Ladies — we have all Degrees, as their several Interests draw 'em hither. Those of the first Rank . . . who Understand the Use of Nature better than to be confin'd to conjugal Constancy, improve their talents by private Intercourse; Coquettes enlarge their Conquests; Prudes indulge in a Corner, and are demure in Publick. . . . Profess'd Ladies of Pleasure find Cullies in Abundance . . ."

With the election of the elegant Beau Nash as Master of Ceremonies and King of Bath, the town began to assume a venter of fashionable respectability. Order was restored to the "bathing Cisterns," rules of dress and etiquette established, gambling put on a house-controlled basis — and Bath became the English resort of the Eighteenth Century.

Celia Feinnes, a diarist contemporary with Pepys, has left us a description of the period's bathing costumes: "The Ladies goes into the bath with garments made of fine yellow canvas, which is stiff and made large with great sleeves like a parson's gown; the water fills it up so that it's borne off that your shape is not seen. . . . The gentlemen have drawers and waistcoats of the same sort of canvas, this is the best linning, for the

bath water will change any other sort yellow."

Bath reigned supreme until 1789, when the royal court began to sojourn at seaside Weymouth, where, "when George III bathed, a band was towed out to the royal machine to play *God Save the King* when his head reappeared after the first dip."

Whether at Weymouth or Bath, when the season ended, peers, fortune hunters and mistresses returned to town for a winter of powdered wigs and perfunctory washing. In the better English homes, mirrored washstands were not unknown, and private companies supplied wealthy Londoners with piped-in water for three hours a day. A curved and shallow bathtub made its appearance in France, concealed in a chaise longue. But, as Siegfried Giedion observed after a study of French engravings: "Cleanliness of the body could hardly have been its purpose. It forms the background for a scene between a gallant, a young woman, and a procurer. Bath and sin were one."

In 1710, a scene between one such gallant and the modish Mme. de Prie occasioned the first public mention of a new bath-type convenience — the bidet. Seated upon a handsomely wrought boudoir model, it was Madame's pleasure to

receive a call from the Marquis d'Argenson, who expressed surprised delight at the sight of the droll little bowl. Advertised by one delicate merchant as "a porcelain violin case," this aid to feminine daintiness has since become a standard fixture in Continental bathrooms, although guardians of Anglo-American plumbing have always considered it too frankly French.

The custom of receiving guests while seated upon a *chaise d'affaires* did not originate with Mme. de Prie, however. Louis XIV regularly gave audience to ambassadors and other favored dignitaries while seated upon the royal close stool, and was thus enthroned when he announced his engagement to Mme. de Maintenon. This was known as "French courtesy," not to be confused with the Scottish courtesy of shouting "Gardy loo!" ("Gardez l'eau!" or "Look out for the water!") before emptying a chamber pot out of an Edinburgh window.

During most of the Eighteenth Century the call of nature continued to be answered by chamber pots, which were sometimes concealed in sets of dummy books bearing such titles as *Mystères de Paris* and *Voyage to the Low Countries*. Under their carriage seats, my English lord and lady kept traveling versions of the same ceramic necessity — some of

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them survivals of the Commonwealth, with Cromwell's portrait painted on the bottom.

Since Queen Anne's day, Windsor Castle had boasted "a seat of Easement of Marble, with sluices of water," and inventors had been at work on improving it. The first patented w.c. appeared in 1775. Designed by a Bond Street watchmaker, this fully automatic model found a fair degree of acceptance, and was soon being installed in London town houses — usually under the stairs or in some windowless closet.

Nevertheless, when Queen Victoria took the throne, Windsor Castle was still plagued with fifty-three overflowing cesspools. There were no baths at all in Buckingham Palace at the time of her coronation, and those of her subjects who thought such matters important made do with portable hip baths that had to be filled by hand. Reformers raised their voices against this deplorable lag in basic hygiene. "We must have a standard of cleanliness as well as of truth," David Urquhart pleaded. "We must look for one tested by long experience and fixed from ancient days — this standard is The Bath."

British travelers, in particular, were becoming more and more beguiled by the pleasures of the Islamic bath; and their accounts glowed with enthusiasm: "It was ecstatic enjoyment, it was Elysium,

nothing seemed wanting to perfect bliss." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu attended a bridal reception at "one of the finest baths in Constantinople," where the young bridesmaids "appeared without other ornament or covering than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. . . 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of the sight," she concluded, "most of them being well proportioned and white skinned; all of them perfectly smooth and polished by frequent use of bathing."

In Russia, another traveler reported, "they find the use of the bath acts as a powerful remedy in carrying off the superabundant humours. Scores of individuals mingle together in a heated apartment, and after being sweated, switched, and half-boiled, rush into the open air like so many frantic satyrs and *plunge into the coldest water.*"

The Abbé Chappe d'Aueroche, who visited Tobolsk to witness an eclipse of Venus, also managed to take a long look at their exotic public baths. "These are shared by men and women alike," he noted. "Planks partition the sexes, but since both sexes leave the bath naked, they see one another in this condition and stand conversing upon the most indifferent matters. In the poorer villages the sexes use the baths promiscuously."

The Finnish bath, or *sauna*, was al-

most identical with that of the Russians, and turn-of-the-century tourists found the friendly natives willing "to leave the Bath, and assist in yoking or unyoking, or fetching provender for horses, or in anything else, without any sort of covering whatever, while the passengers sit shivering with cold, though wrapped up in a good sound wolf's skin."

The genuine bath, as its most fervent advocates saw it, was nothing less than the complete Islamic treatment, with its emphasis on cleansing the pores from within by means of perspiration, as well as from without by means of soap and water. It was David Urquhart who named it the "Turkish Bath," and it was he who led the fight for the building of two large baths in London — fitted, of course, with private cubicles where Victorians could sweat in seemly solitude.

While the English were admiring their Turkish delights, the Irish were pointing with pride to their own ancient "sweating houses" — beehive structures of stone, similar to outdoor ovens, in which Erin's kings and countrymen had been steaming themselves since the days of Finn Mac Cool. Indeed, in Germany the Turkish Bath was known as the Irish Bath. When the first baths were opened in America, they were advertised variously as Turkish, Russian and Greek — though they might just as well have been called Indian, since sweat huts had been used by all native tribes as a cure for fevers and colds.

With the flourishing of egalitarian and hygienic ideals during the Nineteenth Century, it began to trouble socially conscious people that a proper steam bath could be enjoyed only by those who could afford a visit to a specially constructed building. To answer the need for more available facilities, in the 1830s, European hygienists began promoting the shower. The novelty of a mild needle spray was so great, however, that after three decades a French practitioner found it "no rare thing to see a subject who at his first shower betrays actual terror, shouts, struggles, runs away, experiences frightening suffocation and palpitation."

But human beings are adaptable, and by the end of the century Dr. Oscar Lasser could proclaim, "*Die Douche als Volksbad*" — "The Rain Bath is the People's Bath." Portable models were introduced into English homes by army officers who had served in the tropics. Visiting Americans found the overhead sprinkler to their liking and brought it back home, where it has since rivaled the tub as the number-one cleanser of a busy, no-nonsense nation.

In a recent interview, as a matter of fact, Mr. Axel Dessau, head of the Danish National Travel Office in New York, somberly announced, "The bathtub is headed for extinction." In Mr.



"I always remember that the same people who say tobacco and alcohol are bad for you, claim that marriage is good for you."

Dessau's opinion, the shower is rapidly and insidiously replacing the tub throughout most of the civilized world. "An international agreement is needed to protect the rights of bathers," he proclaimed.

Mr. Dessau might find comfort by looking eastward. In Japan, for example, it is still possible to get a hot bath in many restaurants as a prelude to dinner. For centuries the Japanese have cherished hot baths in their neck-high tubs as a means of achieving the relaxation necessary to an appreciation of the good things of life.

The East may have been wiser than it ever knew. Reporting on world-wide experiments to discover methods of birth control that will eliminate the need for contraceptives, Dr. Warren C. Nelson of the Rockefeller Institute cited studies in Japan in which modified sitz baths, similar to the old hip baths, in water about 120 degrees Fahrenheit "had been found effective in reducing the number of sperm below levels of fertility for up to twelve weeks." If this news from Nippon proves correct, it could be the Bath of the Future, and a very hip bath, indeed.

Unfortunately for students of the history of the American bath, many source works repeat a group of bogus facts perpetrated by the late H. L.

Mencken. In one of his more elephantine moods of intellectual superiority, Mencken concocted his own brief history of the American bathtub. He alleged that the tub was unknown in the New World until around 1840, at which time it was invented in Cincinnati. He described how the inventor, in the absence of running water in the town, employed workers to haul it up from the Ohio river in buckets. He told how a tub was put into the White House in the Fifties, and how Millard Fillmore took the first Presidential bath. And he concluded his history by reporting that U.S. medical men unanimously opposed the new invention as dangerous to health, and that laws against it were passed in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Mencken's fantasy was reprinted in textbooks and encyclopedias, thus making the entire record suspect.

There are claims that stationary tubs were first installed in a group of Philadelphia row houses in 1832, but it is safe to say that the modern combination of tub, toilet and basin was not to be found in many American homes before the 1890s. The saga of the American bathroom, then, is scarcely seventy years old. With the passing of early prestige-symbol types, with their mahogany-enclosed tubs, gold and silver faucets, and sculptured toilet bowls, our pageant

of private plumbing moved steadily in the direction of the functional. The bathroom was stripped for the speedy performance of a few essential operations. The tub was recessed into the tiled floor, the toilet tank was lowered from the ceiling, the faucets plated with nontarnishing chrome, and the shower installed in its own cell. The door can now be locked against intruders, the toilet is designed for single occupancy, and the tub and shower are sleek one-passenger jobs in which we can soak or scrub in the innocent belief that the sole object of the bath is to get clean.

In this long-lingering, post-Victorian period, privacy is still the keynote, and there are no signs of a return to musicians, Mamelukes or "trim waitresses" to scrub one's back. But, in recent years, a small, yet significant, drift back to clubby elegance has become apparent in custom-built accommodations featuring twin tubs, washbasins and toilets. Wall-to-wall carpeting, gold-plated faucets, steam-bath stalls, scented shower heads and pink porcelain bidets all figure in luxury-class lavatory designs, together with marble telephones, built-in sunlamps and roomy, rectangular tubs in which any number can play. If high fashion is any guide, the future holds more sociable bathing for us all.



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bojo rolo

(continued from page 113)

they're the fine firm of alpal, hessgow and mostein. That's Alsace in France, and the Palatinate just across the border, then Hessia and the Rheingau, and the moselle and Steinwein, which are on Rhine tributaries. But forget the lawyers and remember so grave, oh doc and saint pom. They're the Bordeaux districts.

"What are?" said gray. He seemed to be the more sensible of the two, if that's the word I want.

"So grave is sauternes and Graves, oh doc is Haut Médoc, and the other two are St-Émilion and Pomerol. Sweet for sauternes, light white and red wines for Graves, and reds the rest of the way."

"What about burgundies?" said the man in gray. He really wants to know, I said to myself, he really wants to know. My hands were sweating.

"The gold coast has bony nights," said blue promptly. "I can't remember the damned French. But the best part of burgundy is the Côte d'Or, and it has two parts, the white and red Côte de Beaune, and the red Côte de Nuits."

"Bony nights," said gray wonderingly. "That's swell."

"Yeah," said blue. "The night wine towns are good to know because all the wines are fine if there's a vineyard name along with the town name. First, there's fixing Geoffrey and Morrie's shambles. That's Fixin, Gevrey-Chambertin, Morey St-Denis and Chambolle-Musigny. Then there's the rest of the night towns. Voojo, flajeevo, St-Georges. That's Clos de Vougeot, Flagey-Echézeaux, Vosne-Romanée and Nuits-St-Georges."

"Voojo flajeevo," said gray, almost to himself. "Sort of like an invitation to dance."

"The bony towns are easier," said blue. "A lost curtain and a bony pommel at full nay. Aloxe-Corton, Beaune, Pommard and Volnay. They're the reds. Sort of horsy because Pommard is almost pommel. The whites are horsy, too. You're so pullin' and chasin'. That's Meursault, Puligny and Chassagne. The greatest dry white wine comes from the last two towns. Called Montrachet. Sounds like a song."

"You're so pullin' and chasin', mawn-rah shay," said gray.

I sat there, staring at my empty glass.

"Course, I think it's easier to learn the top vineyards, myself," said blue. "In Burgundy, nine vineyards are called Chambertin and three Romanée. No trouble there. Four are called clos—Clos de la Roche, Clos de Tart, Clos Saint Denis and Clos de Vougeot. That becomes, Saint Denis keeps rock tarts in the closet, would you? The rest are, and I quote: You must see the good marc. Is that so? Don't touch, rich boy, she's courtin'. Translated, that becomes Musigny, Bonnes-Mares, Échézeaux, La Tache, Richebourg and Corton."

"I'm getting confused," said gray.

"There's only one more," said blue.

"All the best vineyards in Bordeaux go to market with the word château on the label. The best châteaux are easy. Margo O'Brien has a tower of rusty mutton on her feet, and Peter has an oh-so-white horse. Margaux, Haut Brion, Latour, Mouton-Rothschild, Lafite, Petrus, Ausone and Cheval-Blanc. I'll admit rusty mutton isn't so hot, but what can you do?"

"Rusty mutton is fine," said gray. "Let's run it through the grinder and see if the meat balls."

"You twist the handle," said blue.

"Twenty-three, fifty-nine for boobo sham."

"Bojo rolo takes two to tango."

"Rhinos take two to get ready, lazies three to go."

Blue banged the table. "You're cranking just grand, boy. You forget alpal, hessgow and mostein. Who needs lawyers? But remember so grave, oh doc and saint pom."

"The gold coast has bony nights," said gray.

"The red nights are fixing Geoffrey and Morrie's shambles, with the help of voojo, flajeevo and St-Georges."

"A lost curtain at full nay are horsy reds. You're so pullin' and chasin', Montrachet."

"Chambertin and Roman A. Saint Denis keeps rock tarts in the closet, would you?"

My guest hustled up at that moment, and I missed the rest. Instead of going back to the office that afternoon, I went home and took a nap. I awoke at three and got up and got out my wine books. I remembered all the sentences and wrote them down. I tried fixing Geoffrey and Morrie's shambles, but I couldn't improve on them.

I leafed through the pages of my books to see if anything important had been left out. Blue had greatly underestimated the Rhône reds of 1954 and 1957, and the Rhône '59s were lousy. Outside of that, everything was all right. Our dinner guests arrived, so I washed my face and started downstairs. There were six people sitting around the living room, drinking. My wife poured me a martini.

"Margo and Julie love Paulie and Stevie," I said.

My wife looked at me. I smiled. "This guy at lunch today. He forgot the townships in the Haut Médoc. You know, Margaux, St-Julien, Pauillac and St-Estèphe. Names of Bordeaux regionals."

My wife smiled at me. "Would you open the wine, dear? We're having some Beaujolais."

I got up. "Bojo rolo takes two to tango," I said.

It was a long evening.



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conversation

(continued from page 93)

scuttled to another corner, watching its progress.

"People got too greedy, too clever in their wishes. So we hold them to one, that's all."

"Isn't it worth three to be rescued?" persisted Henry.

"Can't do it. If I tried to exceed one wish, it'd revoke an amendment to my oath, and all my spells would fizzle."

"Damn," sighed Henry. "I hardly know what to wish for."

"Rescue first, think later!"

"No," Henry said. "Genies are tricky. I want you to grant my wish *before* I rescue you, just in case."

"OK, OK, OK!" shrilled the genie. "Think!"

Henry thought very hard, watching the tableau in the corner nervously, lest his wish fulfiller get itself destroyed during his meditations. It was terribly difficult to decide on something, on the spur of the moment. "I could ask for wealth, I suppose," he said slowly. "No matter what a person looks like, he can be awfully popular if he's well to do."

"Money?" said the genie. "It's a deal!"

There came a whistling of hot winds, a terrible glare of lemon-colored lightning, and Henry's room was suddenly swamped in a sea of fluttering green bills, with an emerald or two glinting among the confusion. He also noticed a number of elegant men's rings laid out on the kitchen table, their stones varying from ruby to carnelian to gentian to onyx, and the sink was stacked golden with doubloons. "Now save me!" cried the genie.

"But—" Henry faltered, giddy at the sight of all that wealth, and choked by the power of his own heartbeats, "money isn't *everything*, you know..."

"What?" came the raucous squeak, almost in despair. "A king's ransom, and you're not *sure*?"

Henry ran a hand through his thinning hair, glanced down his spindly frame at his unsightly potbelly (barely the size of a cantaloupe, but it spoiled the over-all silhouette), and he blinked his nearsighted eyes and sniffed. "I mean, even with money, and the power it brings, and also the friendly company of better-than-nothing fair-weather friends, I would still have to look at myself, and live with myself, and —"

"OK, then," sobbed the genie. "Here!"

The hot winds brought the lemon lightning again, and all at once Henry's head thumped the ceiling as he became — amid the hissing whirlwind of vanishing wealth — six feet, four inches tall, with two-and-a-half-foot shoulders, a flat abdomen like sheet steel, and his hand, reaching again to his head, felt a thatch of curly hair which, as he tugged out

the forelock for a look, was a handsome raven shade and gloriously healthy. He could feel the cavities vanishing from his teeth, feel the missing teeth replaced by strong white ones, and feel all his pimples vanishing into suddenly firm, bronzed flesh. "How do I look?" he murmured, trembling.

"Like Rock Hudson," yelled the genie. "Now, quickly, save me from this — Oh hell! Now, what's wrong?"

"I — I miss all that money," said Henry. "Isn't there some way of — uh — combining wishes? I mean, couldn't you make me a handsome millionaire, both at once?"

"Impossible," the genie groaned. "Money is one thing, looks are another. It can't be done. Which do you want?"

Henry wrung his hands. "I don't know!" he said truthfully. "What's the fun of being handsome if you're poor?"

"I got it!" said the genie, eagerly. "Use your looks to get into the movies, and earn your millions!"

Henry sighed. "They already have a Rock Hudson."

"OK, then," said the voice, desperately, "use the money to get good looks. Plastic surgery, a toupee, a ten-week course at Vic Tanny's, and platform shoes ought to —"

"But I wouldn't look like Rock Hudson, even then," Henry mumbled, shaking his head. "It wouldn't be the same."

"How about popularity, then?" the genie hollered. "If you're popular, really popular, looks don't matter, because people like you as you are. And as for money, you could always use your popularity to borrow it or something . . ."

"Well," Henry said, toying with the idea. "I suppose even Rock Hudson's looks don't guarantee him a date every night, but popularity would . . ."

"Done!" said the genie. Again that wind, and that lightning, and Henry shriveled like a pricked balloon, back to his own form. He felt no different. "Am I popular?" he queried hopefully.

At that moment the phone began to ring, the door to his room burst inward, and in galloped a crowd of cheering girls, with warm red lips and sparkling bright eyes, all calling his name. He rushed for them, grabbed the nearest one, and —

"Come back here!" screamed the wispy voice of the genie.

Wham! Crackle! Bzzzt!

Henry fell to the floor, his arms empty. The room was devoid of girls. Ashamed, he got up from the rug and slouched over to the chair in the corner and got back onto it. "Sorry," he whispered, as he came abreast of the web once more. "I got carried away."

"You should be sorry!" snapped the genie. "I've had enough of this messing around! You pick a wish, and mighty

quick, or all bets are off!"

Henry looked closely at the web. Things were desperate, indeed. The wasp had shredded enough web so that it now hung within half an inch of the spider's fangs. The wasp buzzed and whirred like crazy. "Well . . ." said Henry, "I suppose I can trust you to grant my wish after I save you?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" whimpered the genie, as the gap between the pair of horrid little creatures narrowed. "Anything! But hurry!"

Henry made his decision.

"All right," he said, jumping from the chair. He got a hammer from the kitchen drawer, rushed back and reached the site of the combatants once more. "Hold still so I don't miss!" he said.

"All right," sobbed the genie.

Henry swung the hammer with all his might . . .

The spider squashed out flat against the wallpaper, making a nauseating spot. Henry shuddered and dropped the hammer to the floor. "You're free," he sighed.

Silence.

"You're free," he repeated, prodding

the wasp with the bony tip of one finger. Then corrosive agony lanced down his hand, and he fell back onto the floor, almost stunning himself, looking with shock at the swelling sting-lump on the back of his knuckle.

Suddenly furious, he clambered onto the chair again.

"What did you do that for?" he demanded. "After all, I saved you from the spider, didn't I? . . . Genie?"

More silence.

Then Henry had a disturbing thought. He dashed to the phone, yanked it up, and dialed the Museum of Natural History.

"Does a spider have any natural enemies?" he asked the man who answered.

"Of course," said the man. "Birds, toads, the dreaded ichneumon fly, and, of course, the hunting wasp."

"Oh dear," Henry said, and hung up.

The trouble with talking to a pair of bugs is that you don't know which one's lips are moving. Henry has since moved to a new apartment. That spot on the wall was driving him out of his mind.



"Well, if you never carry more than fifty dollars in cash, and you never carry traveler's checks, just what the hell do you carry?!"

BILLION (continued from page 94)

of the great Oklahoma oil pioneers. Multimillionaire Barnsdall often expounded his favorite theory about what he thought made the difference.

"It's not luck," he maintained stoutly. "A man either has a nose for oil or he doesn't. If he does, he smells the stuff even when it's three-thousand feet down!"

Perhaps. But I rather doubt it myself. Personally, I was never able to sniff out the presence of a subterranean oil pool. Nor do I recall that I ever tingled with an oil dowsers' extrasensory response while tramping across a potential drilling site. I still think my early successes were due mainly to pure luck.

However, lest there be those who imagine wildcatters had little to do but wait for the wheel of fortune to spin and then reap their profits, let me say that the oil business was never an easy one. It has always entailed work—hard work—and it has always been fraught with innumerable financial pitfalls, especially in the early days. Wells sometimes blew up, and profits—and often capital—were devoured with appalling speed by costly efforts to extinguish the resulting fires. Dry holes, equipment failures and breakdowns at crucial periods, squabbles and litigation over leases and rights-of-way—these were a few of the myriad problems and setbacks which frequently drained the independent operator's financial resources down to a point well below the danger mark.

In addition, all of us who operated independently often found ourselves facing heavy competition and opposition from major oil firms. Some of these huge companies did not always abide by Marquis of Queensberry rules when they engaged in legal or financial infighting to smother an independent who appeared to be growing too big or too fast.

Wildcatters developed traits and techniques which enabled them to stay in business and to do more than merely hold their own against the petroleum industry's behemoths. We became flexible, adaptable and versatile—adept at improvisation and innovation—if for no other reason than because we *had* to in order to survive. For example, the big companies employed vast numbers of specialists and consultants, administrative personnel and office workers, housing them in large and expensive offices. We, the independents, found our experts among the hardbitten, veteran oil-field workers who formed our prospecting and drilling crews, or we relied on our own judgment and experience to solve our problems as they arose. We did our own administrative and paper work—keeping both to a minimum. As for our offices, these—more often than not—traveled with us in the mud-splattered automobiles we drove from one drilling site to another.

In my own case, as I have said before, I was lucky—very lucky. I made many profitable deals and brought in several producing wells in the months after I first struck oil on the Nancy Taylor Allotment site. The Getty Oil Company prospered. I was named one of the company's directors and elected its secretary, but this did not mean I exchanged my work clothes for a business suit. Notwithstanding my heady new titles, my work was still in the oil fields—and on the drilling rigs. My role in the company's affairs remained the same as it had been. I bought and sold oil leases, and prospected and drilled for oil.

As the Getty Oil Company's wealth increased, so did my own in proportion to my thirty percent share in the firm—and I was also embarking on profitable ventures on my own account. All these things kept me very busy—too busy to pay more than cursory attention to how much money I was actually making. Then, one day, I stopped and took detailed stock of my financial situation. I suddenly realized that I had gone a very long way toward accomplishing what I'd set out to do in September 1914. I had built the foundations of a business of my own in the American oil industry.

I was not quite twenty-four, but I had become a successful independent oil operator. And I had made my first million dollars. I was a millionaire!

Until then, my life had been devoted chiefly to growing up, obtaining an education and establishing a business. Now, at twenty-four, I found I'd made enough money to meet any personal requirements I might conceivably have in the foreseeable future. I made a headstrong snap decision to forget all about work thereafter and to concentrate on playing, on enjoying myself.

My decision was influenced—at least in part—by the fact that there was a war raging in Europe. Although the United States had not yet entered World War I, I felt certain that American participation in the conflict was inevitable. I'd already filed official applications to serve in either the Air Service—my first choice—or the Field Artillery when and if the U.S. declared war. I was sure it would be only a matter of time before I received my orders, and I wanted to relax and have fun before they arrived.

My mother, father and I had made our permanent home in Los Angeles, California, since 1906. I'd attended school and college in California before going on to Oxford and then, later, starting my business career in the Oklahoma oil fields. I loved California and the easy, informal and extremely pleasant life that prevailed there in those days. Thus, it was only natural that I should choose Los Angeles as the place to enjoy the money I'd made in the oil fields.

"I've made my fortune—and I'm going to retire," I announced blandly to my startled parents.

Neither Mother nor Father was pleased with my decision. Both of them had worked very hard in their own youth. When first married, my mother had continued to work as a schoolteacher to help provide my father with the money he needed to put him through law school. Both of them firmly believed that an individual had to work to justify his existence, and that a rich person had to keep his money working to justify its existence. My father tried to impress upon me that a businessman's money is capital to be invested and reinvested.

"You've got to use your money to create, operate and build businesses," he argued. "Your wealth represents potential jobs for countless others—and it can produce wealth and a better life for a great many people as well as yourself."

I'm afraid I didn't pay much attention to him—then. Later, I was to realize the truth of what he said, but first I had to try things my own way. I owned a spanking new Cadillac roadster, good clothes and had all the money I could possibly need. I had made up my mind I wanted to play, and with these prerequisites, I encountered no difficulty plunging full tilt into the Southern California—Los Angeles—Hollywood whirl of fun and frolic. Although the United States entered the war, my call-up was first delayed, then postponed by bureaucratic snarls, and finally I was informed that my "services would not be needed." I consequently spent the World War I years playing and enjoying myself.

It took me a while to wake up to the fact that I was only wasting time and that I was bored. By the end of 1918, I was thoroughly fed up. Early in 1919, I was back in the oil business—not a little abashed by the "I told you so" smile I got from my father when I informed him that, having retired at twenty-four, I was coming out of retirement at twenty-six!

In 1919, oilmen's attention was already shifting from Oklahoma to Southern California, where new producing areas were being discovered and developed. A great new Oil Rush was in the making, and I was among those who wanted to be in on it from the beginning. My initial oil prospecting venture in Southern California was a fiasco. I drilled my first California well on the Didier Ranch near Puente, but the well proved to be a dry hole.

The luck that had stayed with me in Oklahoma had taken a brief holiday, but it hadn't deserted me. Subsequent tries were considerably more successful. I drilled several wells in the Santa Fe Springs, Torrance, Long Beach and other Southern California areas, and most of them proved to be producers, some of them sensational producers.



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RE A

“Uh — didn’t you forget to take your stethoscope with you under the covers, doctor?”

I spent most of my time in the field working on the drilling rigs with my men. This habit, formed in Oklahoma, paid many handsome and unexpected dividends. Not the least of these stemmed from the drilling crews' reactions to the presence of a working boss on the job. The men felt they were partners with the boss in a mutual effort, rather than merely employees of some corporation run by executives they never saw and who had probably never set foot on a drilling platform in their lives. Morale — and production — soared as a result.

This was important, for with new wells being drilled by the hundreds throughout Southern California, there was an acute shortage of experienced oil-field workers. The personnel managers of most large companies engaged in wild scrambles to find the necessary manpower for their operations. They bid frantically against each other in the labor market, offering special inducements and benefits to anyone who'd ever had any experience working on an oil rig.

Most oldtimers resented the implication that they had to be bribed with frills to do an honest day's work. They preferred to sign on with wildcatting operators who offered no fancy extras, but who spoke their language and worked side by side with them on the drilling sites.

I'll never forget the time I began drilling on a property not far from the site on which a major oil company was drilling a well. Carrying its employee inducement program to ludicrous extremes, the firm had designed and built what its press agents glowingly described as the last word in drilling rigs.

The entire rig was steamheated all the way up to the crown block. A neatly raked gravel drive led to the site. There were hot showers for the men and even a laundry which washed their work clothes while they waited! Early one afternoon not long after I'd spudded my well, a grizzled roughneck appeared on my site and announced that he wanted to see the boss. When I was pointed out to him, he came over and wasted no words asking me for a job.

"Are you working now?" I asked.

"Yeah," came the sour reply.

"Where?"

"Over there," the roughneck replied, nodding his head toward the de luxe drilling rig. There were no home comforts available for my crew, and I told the man so. And, I added, I couldn't understand why he would want to leave a job that offered such luxuries for one on my relatively primitive operation.

"I've been on that rig for four months," the roughneck growled unhappily. "And we've only gotten down four thousand feet!" I laughed. Four thousand feet in four months was a ridiculously slow rate for drilling through the type of soil formations to be found in that particular field.

"How long do you think it'll take me to get down that far?" I asked.

"From the looks of you — about ten days!" the oldtimer answered with a broad grin. "That's why I'd rather work for you than for that cream-puff outfit over there . . .!"

He got the job, and stayed on my payroll for many years. As a footnote to the story, I might add that my well was drilled in record time and proved a good producer. The "last word" in drilling rigs brought in a dry hole and was finally abandoned.

Another good example of what close teamwork and mutual confidence between boss and crew could accomplish can be found in the story of how my men and I licked the "insoluble" problem of a certain oil lease.

The lease was on a tiny piece of property in the midst of a forest of oil wells in the rich Seal Beach, California, field. By some fluke, the lease had been overlooked by the firms which were operating there. A company in which I held a substantial interest acquired the lease, but was about to write it off as a dead loss. Everyone agreed that nothing could ever be done with the property. In the first place, it was a plot barely larger than the floor area of a small house. In the second, the only right-of-way providing access to a road was over a strip of ground several hundred feet long but less than four feet wide. It was impossible to get supplies and equipment to the property by truck over this constricted path. Even if it had been possible, the postage-stamp-sized plot would not have accommodated a regular-sized derrick and drilling rig. The companies holding leases on adjacent properties refused to grant any right-of-way over their sites, for if a producing well was brought in, it might diminish the production of their own wells, since it would be pumping oil from the same pool.

"Forget the lease," associates with whom I discussed the matter advised me. "You'll never get a well drilled there — not in a million years."

Stubbornly, I insisted there must be a way: I put the problem before the men in whom I had the greatest confidence, the members of one of my drilling crews. They listened to me, and their reaction was the same as mine. They considered the problem an irresistible challenge.

"Let's go up and look at things, boss," a hardbitten driller grunted. "We'll find some way — don't worry." Several men and I went to survey the situation firsthand, and we found that it did look fairly hopeless.

"I guess we could drill the well with an undersized rig," the driller mused after thinking things over. "If you could get somebody to design and build it, we could set it up — but I can't figure how we're going to bring everything we need in from the road . . ."

The obstacle provided by the limited

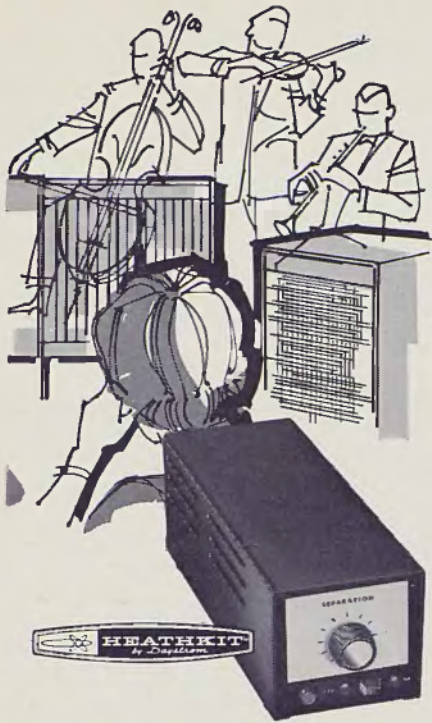
right-of-way seemed insuperable, until my mind began to turn over the driller's suggestion about a miniature drilling rig. If we could drill with a miniature rig, then why couldn't we solve our transportation problem with a miniature railway? It was a perfect solution. A narrow-gauge track and a car or two on which to bring the disassembled "baby" derrick and supplies and equipment from the road to the drilling site.

Mulish obstinacy? A desire to prove that we were able to accomplish what everyone else considered impossible? Possibly — even probably. But both the miniature rig and the miniature railway were procured. The former was moved in sections over the latter and assembled by hand on the microscopic plot of ground. The well was drilled — and we struck oil.

I recall other memorable strikes during the 1920s. Among them is the one I made in the so-called Athens Field in the southern suburbs of Los Angeles. I acquired the plot in question for something over \$12,000. Because I was operating entirely on my own account and knew that I would be stretching my available cash resources thin before completing the first well, I elected to act as my own drilling superintendent. Among the men I hired for my crew were three of the finest drillers in the oil industry: Walter Phillips, Oscar Prowell and "Spot" McMurdo. We completed the first well on February 16, 1925, at a depth of 4350 feet for an initial daily yield of 1500 barrels. A short while later, I brought in the second well on the site for an initial production of 2000 barrels per day. In the next nine years, the two wells on the Athens property were to show over \$400,000 excess recovery — clear profit over and above all costs and expenses.

Even more spectacular is the story of the Cleaver Lease in Alamitos Heights, which I bought with a personal check for \$8000 in October 1926 from a man who had purchased it for \$4000 only a few days before and who wanted to make a quick profit.

I spudded Well Number One on February 21, 1927, and subsequently drilled three more wells on the property. All proved exceptional producers, bringing up a total of more than 17,000 barrels daily. Between 1927 and 1939, excess recovery on the Cleaver Lease wells was nearly \$800,000 — a ten-thousand percent profit on my original investment. Yet, within a few weeks after the first well came in, I was not only close to losing a fortune, but also close to losing the lease itself. Behind this apparent paradox lie two stories. One illustrates what the average wildcatter faced when he jostled with certain major oil companies. The other proves that while some large firms had no compunctions about strangling an independent operator, others were ready and willing to give



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him a break — and even a helping hand.

As soon as I'd brought in Cleaver Well Number One — which produced an impressive 5100 barrels a day — I cast about to find a buyer for my crude production. To my dismay, the firms I approached refused to deal with me. The motives behind this evident boycott became infuriatingly clear within a few days, when I received several calls from brokers offering to buy the Cleaver Lease at a very low price. The brokers refused to name the principals they represented.

By then, I was an old hand in the petroleum industry. I recognized all the classic signs indicating a well-organized squeeze play. Certain interests wanted my lease. Either I sold out at a ridiculously low price, or I would be left without any market for the oil produced by the wells on the property.

Unable to sell my oil, I had to find some way to store it. The only storage facilities available in the Los Angeles area were in a defunct refinery — two storage tanks with a total 155,000-barrel capacity, which I immediately leased. In the meantime, even while I was vainly seeking a buyer for the 5100 barrels of crude my Number One Well was producing every twenty-four hours, Well Number Two came in for a 5000-barrel daily production. This was followed in short order by Number Three, which produced 5100 barrels a day, then by Number Four, the runt of the litter, which brought up 2100 barrels daily.

This production rate was rapidly filling the two storage tanks — and I was still unable to find an outlet for the oil. I knew that when the tanks were topped off, I'd have no choice but to shut down my operation entirely.

Obviously, I was receiving no income from the four wells. My fluid cash resources — already strained by drilling costs — dwindled rapidly as I paid for leasing the tanks and for trucking my crude several miles from wells to storage. The situation could have easily turned into financial disaster. I decided to make a frontal attack on one of the biggest of all the major oil companies — Shell Oil. By a fortunate coincidence, Sir George Legh-Jones, then the Shell Company's president, happened to be visiting in Los Angeles. In desperation, I aimed high, asked for an interview with him personally, and was informed that he would be happy to see me.

A warm, friendly man, Sir George listened attentively to what I had to say. The deepening scowl that etched across his face as he heard me was all the proof I needed that his firm was not a party to the boycott and that he heartily disapproved of such tactics. When I finished talking, he smiled his reassurance. "Relax," he grinned. "We'll help you."

As a starter, the company would buy the next 1,750,000 barrels of crude oil produced by my Cleaver Lease wells, Sir George told me. In addition, a pipeline

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would be constructed to link my wells with the Shell Oil Company's pipeline network — and construction work was to commence the very next day.

Sir George and the Shell Company were as good as their word. Shell's work crews arrived on my Cleaver site bright and early the following morning and started to lay the pipeline. The boycott was broken — and the Cleaver Lease was safely and profitably mine!

As the 1920s drew to a close, the American petroleum industry began to undergo a radical change. The industry was rapidly growing more complex; the costs of finding and producing oil were spiraling ever higher. Much greater capital expenditures were needed to purchase leases, machinery and equipment and to finance exploration and drilling. Most oil pools that lay near the surface in known oil belts had been located and were being exploited. It was necessary to prospect ever farther afield and to drill ever deeper to find oil.

There were many mergers and consolidations of oil companies. Some independent operators were falling by the wayside. Others were selling out to big oil companies. There was also a strange, ominous undercurrent running through the entire U.S. economy. The Stock Market listed shares at fantastic highs, but there were warnings and forebodings of economic trouble ahead.

It was a critical period for all wildcatters and a particularly difficult one for me. I had to look after my own mushrooming business interests — my own leases, producing wells and companies. Then, through the years, I'd bought sizable blocks of stock in my father's companies as well. Now, his health began to fail, and I found it increasingly necessary to take an active part in managing the operations of these companies.

In 1929, the Stock Market crashed. The following year, my father suffered a stroke. Although he was over seventy-five, he fought death bravely and grimly for several weeks, but the battle was lost on May 31, 1930, when he passed away. My mother and I were allowed but little time to grieve. We had to keep his businesses going and his companies operating. The Federal Government pressed for rapid settlement of the inheritance taxes on the estate. These and many other matters demanded immediate attention and all were complicated by the economic factor of the deepening Depression. Many advised me to liquidate everything — to sell out not only my late father's holdings, but my own firms and interests as well.

"The business situation can only get worse," they predicted. "The economy is going to disintegrate completely!"

I didn't see things that way at all. I was convinced the nation's economy was essentially sound — that though it might sag lower in the near future, it would

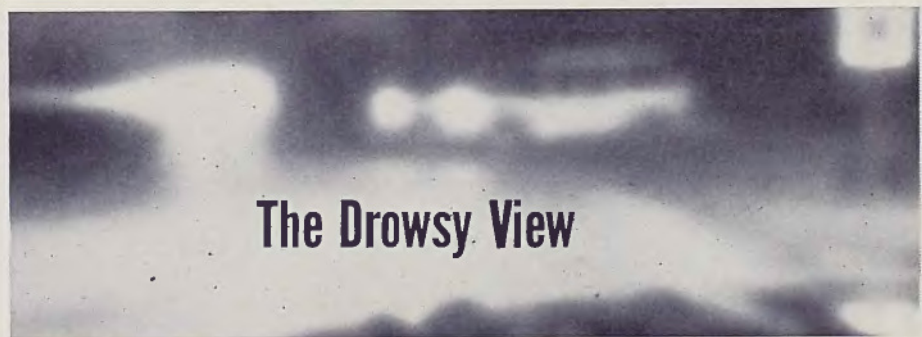
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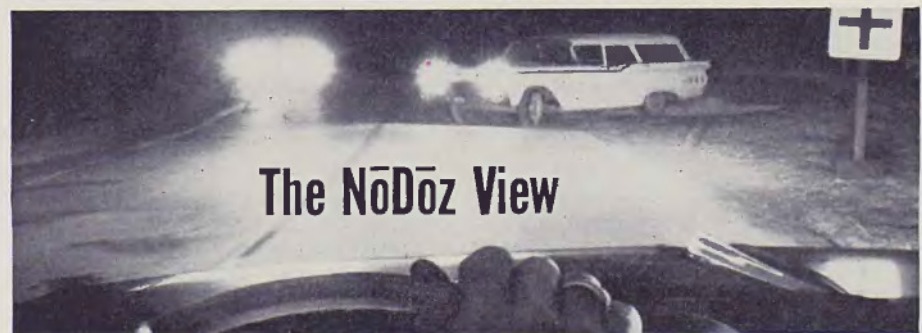


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eventually bounce back, healthier than ever. I thought it was the time to buy — not sell.

Many oil stocks were selling at all-time lows; they were spectacular bargains. I began to envision the organization of a completely integrated and self-contained oil business, one embracing not only exploration and production — the operations in which I'd been exclusively engaged until that time — but also transportation, refining and even retail marketing.

In business, as in politics, it is never easy to go against the beliefs and attitudes held by the majority. The businessman who moves counter to the tide of prevailing opinion must expect to be obstructed, derided and damned. So it was with me when, at the depths of the U.S. economic slump of the 1930s, I resolved to make large-scale stock purchases and build a self-contained oil business. My friends and acquaintances — to say nothing of my competitors — felt my buying spree would prove a fatal mistake. Then, when I announced my intention to buy into one of the seven major oil companies operating in California, even those who had been my supporters in the past were inclined to believe I had taken leave of my senses.

Major oil companies could, and often did, buy out independent operators' firms. But for an independent operator to buy a major oil company? That was heresy — an attempt to turn the established order upside down!

Nonetheless, I went ahead with my plans, for I was looking to the future. The oil companies I controlled or in which I held substantial interests were engaged exclusively in finding oil and getting it out of the ground. To insure markets for this oil and for that to be produced by new wells drilled in the future, I had to invest in a company which needed crude oil and which also had adequate refining and marketing facilities. There were only seven such companies in California — all majors.

The list was headed by the Standard Oil Company of California — obviously far too big a chunk for any independent to bite off and digest. The same held true for the Shell Oil Company. The next possibility was the Union Oil Company, but this firm had its own crude-oil sources. So did the General Petroleum Company which, in any event, was virtually a closed corporation, and its stock was not available for purchase. That left three firms: Richfield Oil — then in receivership and consequently not a very tempting prospect; the Texas Oil Company, which was amply supplied with its own crude; and, lastly, the Tide Water Associated Oil Company.

Tide Water Associated seemed the logical choice. The company met only half its refineries' crude requirements from its own reserves, buying the rest from other producers. Tide Water also

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had a good marketing organization and its products enjoyed a good reputation with the consuming public.

I saw great advantages in linking my companies up with Tide Water. My firms — George F. Getty Inc., and Pacific Western Oil Co. among them — would have assured outlets for their crude production, and they would guarantee steady crude oil supplies for Tide Water's refineries. Furthermore, with the firms working interdependently, large-scale economies could be effected. The savings could be passed on to the consumer in lower gasoline and oil prices and shared by Tide Water's 34,668 individual shareholders in the form of higher dividends.

I began my Tide Water campaign in March 1932, by purchasing 1200 common shares at \$2.50 per share. Within the next six weeks, I'd increased my holdings to 41,000 shares. Nearly twenty years were to pass before I gained clear-cut control of the firm. In that time, my producing companies and I would buy millions of shares of Tide Water common. I didn't guess wrong when I started buying at depressed 1932 prices. In the next five years, Tide Water's common shares rose to more than \$16 — and eventually each share came to be worth many times that amount.

It was not easy to gain control of the Tide Water Associated Oil Company. Many risks were taken, much opposition encountered, many no-holds-barred proxy and legal battles were fought. Countless critical situations developed. The outcome was often in doubt.

My first attempt to obtain a voice in Tide Water's management was made in May 1932. I went to the annual stockholders' meeting armed with my own 41,000 shares, plus a proxy for 126,000 additional shares. At the last moment, the proxy was revoked. My efforts ended in failure. I bought more stock and tried to sell my ideas to Tide Water's directors. They, however, did not see things my way and dug in for a long, hard fight. Why? Well, I suppose there were several reasons. First of all, I was an outsider. I'd had little or no experience in the heady atmosphere of board rooms.

"Paul Getty should stay where he belongs — on a drilling rig" a Tide Water director supposedly snorted when told I was buying the company's stock right and left. I fear there were others on the board even less kindly disposed toward me and my ambitions.

I'd studied Tide Water's organization and operations carefully and recommended that the company make certain changes and practice certain economies. These recommendations, apparently too radical to suit the conservative directors, caused considerable resentment.

I'd also concluded that much of Tide Water's refining plant was obsolescent and would soon be obsolete. I believed the company should make provisions for modernization and replacement, but

management was reluctant to make capital expenditures during the business slump. The directors called it "necessary caution." I viewed it as shortsighted and dangerous penny-pinching.

By 1933, Getty interests owned nearly 260,000 Tide Water shares — a block too large to be ignored. I was elected to the company's board, but it was a hollow victory. I was only one among many, and the other directors were still ranged solidly against me and my proposals. I continued to buy Tide Water stock. Proxy fights, lawsuits and countersuits ensued. Injunctions, restraining orders and writs flew in blizzards. By late 1937, Getty interests owned enough stock to obtain a voice in management. Three years later, we held 1,734,577 shares — a shade over one-fourth the voting stock, and many changes I proposed were being implemented. By 1951, I held enough Tidewater stock to have numerical control. (By then, the "Associated" had been dropped from the company name and "Tide Water" contracted into a single word.) Two years later, with all but one director elected by Getty interests, the campaign was finally over. Today, Tidewater's assets exceed \$800,000,000.

In 1938, I turned momentarily from the oil business and bought the Hotel Pierre in New York City, purchasing it for \$2,350,000, less than one-fourth its original, 1929-1930 cost. Later, I bought several hundred acres of land in Acapulco, Mexico, where I eventually built the Pierre Marques Hotel on Revolcadero Beach. These, contrary to reports which have me owning a string of hotels, are the only ones I own.

In 1937, as part of the Tide Water campaign, I obtained control of a firm known as the Mission Corporation. Among Mission's holdings was a fifty-seven percent interest in the Skelly Oil Company, a major oil firm with head-

quarters in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Thus, almost as a windfall, I acquired the controlling interest in a company with a 1937 net income of \$6,400,000 — and which, today, has more than \$330,000,000 in assets.

But this is not the whole story. Among Skelly Oil's subsidiaries was the Spartan Aircraft Corporation, a Tulsa concern engaged since 1928 in manufacturing aircraft and training pilots and navigators. I paid my first visit to the Spartan plant on December 7, 1939. Its aircraft manufacturing operations were rather limited; there were only some sixty workers employed in the factory. The pilot training school was much more active. It was, in fact, the largest private flying school in the U.S.

I'd just returned from a trip to Europe, which was already at war. I was convinced that the United States would eventually have to throw its weight into the war against the Axis. Consequently, I felt Spartan Aircraft would have an increasingly important role in the nation's defense program — but I could not guess then how very important it was destined to be.

Two years to the day after my first visit to Spartan, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and the United States was at war. It was in that same month that my beloved mother died. It was a heavy blow. Although I was by then almost fifty, I felt the loss as keenly as though I had still been a youngster.

War news filled the newspapers. I had not been allowed to serve in World War I, and I now hoped for the chance to serve in the second world conflict. I had studied celestial navigation and had owned — at various times in my life — three yachts, the largest a 260-foot, 1500 tonner with a crew of forty-five. On the basis of this, I volunteered for service in the United States Navy. To my chagrin,



I was politely but firmly informed that the Navy didn't have much use for a middle-aged businessman unless he was willing to take a routine, shore-based administrative job. After exhausting all other avenues, I obtained an interview with Navy Secretary Frank Knox and pleaded my case. I told him I wanted a Navy commission and sea duty.

"You qualify for a commission as an administrative or supply officer," Secretary Knox declared. "But sea duty is out of the question." He paused and studied me closely. "I understand you own the Spartan Aircraft Corporation," he said after a moment. I agreed that I did.

"The Armed Forces must have every aircraft factory in large-scale production as soon as possible," he told me. "The most important service you can render the war effort is to drop all your other business interests and take over direct personal management of Spartan."

I arrived in Tulsa as the working president of Spartan in February 1942. There was a tremendous amount to be done and very little time in which to do it. Manufacturing facilities — including factory space — had to be expanded, machinery and tools obtained, engineers and technicians recruited and workers hired and trained by the thousands. Despite bottlenecks, shortages and setbacks, peak production was attained in less than eighteen months.

I remained in active and direct charge of Spartan's operations throughout the war. Before it ended, the Spartan flying school was training as many as 1700 fledgling aviators at a time. By V-J Day, the Spartan factory — employing more than 5500 workers at the peak — had turned out a vast array of airplane parts and components on subcontracts from major aircraft firms. Among these were: 5800 sets of elevators, ailerons and rudders for B-24 bombers; 2500 engine-mount sets for P-47 fighters; Curtiss dive-bomber cowlings by the hundreds; Douglas dive-bomber control surfaces by the thousands; wings for Grumman Wildcat fighters; tail booms for Lockheed P-38 pursuits. Spartan also produced N-1 primary trainers on prime contract.

Spartan's production record brought high commendations from the Armed Forces — tributes to the efficiency and loyalty of the men and women who'd worked for the firm and who did their part in helping to win the war.

I stayed on at Spartan until 1948 to nurse the firm through the pangs of re-conversion to peacetime production of house trailers. Then once more I went back to my first and greatest business love — oil.

My oil companies were prospering and were larger and more active than ever before, but it was time for additional expansion. Vast demands had been made

on America's oil reserves by the war, and postwar petroleum consumption was rising sharply throughout the world. Oil prospectors were fanning out — to Canada, Central and South America, Africa and the Middle East — searching for new oil sources. Instinct, hunch, luck — call it what you will — told me the Middle East was the most promising locale, the best bet, for oil exploration. I had almost obtained an oil concession in the Middle East in the 1930s, but had allowed my chance to go by. Now I decided to seek a concession to prospect and drill there and make up for the opportunity I had lost. In February 1949, my company obtained a sixty-year concession on a half interest in the so-called Neutral Zone, an arid, virtually uninhabited and barely explored desert region lying between Saudi Arabia and Kuwait on the Persian Gulf.

The concession was granted by His Majesty, Ibn Saud, King of Saudi Arabia. In immediate consideration for the right to explore and drill for oil in the Neutral Zone, I paid the Saudi Arabian Government \$12,500,000. It was a gargantuan risk, and many people in the petroleum industry once again openly predicted I would bankrupt my firms and myself.

Four years and \$40,000,000 were needed before we brought in our first producing well in the Neutral Zone. But, by 1954, I could relax and enjoy a private last laugh at the expense of those who had prophesied my ruin. The Neutral Zone has proved to be one of the world's most valuable oil properties. Well after well has come in, and petroleum geologists conservatively estimate proven reserves in places in the region covered by my concession to exceed thirteen billion barrels!

With this tremendous reserve and with producing wells in the Middle East and elsewhere bringing up millions of barrels of crude oil annually, it has been necessary to expand even further in other directions. My companies have had to build and buy additional refineries to handle the enormous crude-oil production. Pipelines, storage facilities, housing projects for workers and innumerable other installations and facilities have been built or are a-building.

A \$200,000,000 Tidewater Oil Company refinery was completed at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1957. Another Tidewater refinery near San Francisco has been modernized at a cost of \$60,000,000. There is a new 40,000-barrel-a-day refinery in Gaeta, Italy, and another with a 20,000-barrel-a-day capacity in Denmark.

In 1954 and 1955, construction began on the first vessels in a fleet of supertankers. Several of these have been completed and are even now in operation. This tanker construction program is pro-

ceeding apace. Tonnage afloat and now under construction exceeds one million deadweight tons. Among the ships are truly giant supertankers displacing upwards of seventy thousand tons.

My firms have recently built spanking-new office buildings in Los Angeles, California; Tulsa, Oklahoma; and New York City — at a cost approaching \$40,000,000. Regardless of what they produce, plants and businesses owned by Getty interests are orientated to steady expansion. Management is constantly seeking ways and means to increase output, and large-scale projects are under way to develop new products and to find new applications and uses for old ones. By no means the least of the activities in which my companies are engaged are oil and mineral explorations, which are being conducted energetically on four continents.

This, then, is the story of how I chose my road to success and how I traveled it from my wildcatting days in the Oklahoma oil fields, of how I've built my business and made my fortune. To it, I would like to add a brief, highly personal — and mildly rueful — footnote.

For years I had managed — at least on the whole — to avoid personal publicity. Or rather, since I did nothing either to seek or evade it, I suppose it would be more accurate to say that personal publicity avoided me. This state of peaceful near-anonymity ended suddenly and forever in October 1957, when *Fortune* magazine published an article listing the wealthiest people in the United States. My name headed the list, and the article labeled me a billionaire and "The Richest Man in America." Subsequently, other publications gave me the even more grandiloquent title of "The Richest Man in the World."

Since then, I've been besieged by requests to reveal exactly how much money I have. I'm seldom believed when I reply in all honesty that I don't know, that there is no way I *can* know. Most of my wealth is invested in the businesses I own or control; I make no claims about the extent of my wealth, and I really don't care how rich I am.

Today, my companies are thriving, and they're carrying out ambitious programs for further expansion. My primary concern and main interest lie in making certain that my companies continue to grow so that they can provide more employment and produce more goods and services for the benefit of all.

My associates and I are convinced that the over-all economic trend is up and that despite the alarms and fears plaguing our era, the world is on the threshold of a prosperity greater than any in its history. We want to contribute our part to bringing this prosperity about — and to share in it, along with all peoples in all countries throughout the world.





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NINTH SCORE

(continued from page 66)

taut. We could see it thin and black against the Jersey lights.

"It's odd, finding you," he said. "I suppose it's like taking a slow boat to Australia, and coming across someone, the fourth day out, with a go board under his arm."

I laughed. "Hidden," I said. "A board wrapped in newspaper, with a book on each side to hide the shape."

"Still, we did find each other," he said. "So we can play, and see who wins."

"That's usually what happens," I said. I thought we were talking about the same things. I didn't know the boy had delusions of grandeur.

I was willing to play. I wanted to make an easy score, but still I was willing to play. The next day I went to Stern's on 42nd Street and bought a pair of black silk socks. That night I put one of them inside the other. I had a stone in a bureau drawer, the size of an egg, beach-polished, a paperweight kind of stone. I put it into my pocket and went out just after midnight. I walked in the park, moving downtown. It was not a warm night. Opposite 113th Street or so I found him: an old man sitting alone on a bench. I sat down two benches away and began to look carefully around. I did this for fifteen minutes. I paid no attention to the old man. If he got up and went away, that would be too bad, but the important thing was to look. We were shielded from the street by heavy bushes. The path was straight, and I could see as far as I could be seen. I sat. I listened. After a bit I knew there was a couple on the ground forty or fifty feet to the left. Kids, they would be. I listened and followed their progress in what they were doing. They finally got up and went away. If there was anyone now within two hundred feet he was alone and lying silent as snow on the ground. I considered this, and the corollary that the old man was a decoy, a police setup against muggers. I decided against the proposition, mostly on the ground that he really was an old man, not a strong young or middle-aged cop acting like an old man. I put the stone into the toe of the doubled socks and walked briskly toward him, putting him on my right. As I came up to him I turned half away and swung, totally committing myself, just as hard as I could, tight diaphragm, breath out in a great grunt. I caught him just under the brim of his hat. I walked briskly on. I rolled the rock out into my hand and flipped it into the bushes. I wadded the socks into an empty cigarette package, ready for the first sewer grating I came to. I walked along home.

When I saw Peter next time I said to him, "Your move."

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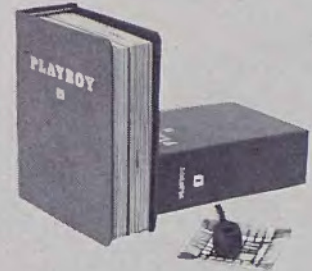
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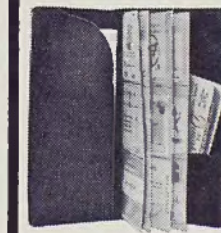


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The first weekend after the fourth of July, Martine and I went to Fire Island. It was a long-standing date. The people we saw were her friends, two couples who'd taken a house for a month. It was pleasant enough. We came back early Sunday night. I was warm with soaking in the sun, surfeited, content, talked out. I drove up Broadway to 110th, pointing toward Martine's house.

"We'd better go to your place," she said.

"Why?" I said. I was surprised. I couldn't think of anything else to say.

"I have to tell you something," she said.

"Maybe it can wait," I said. "It's late. We're both tired."

"No, it can't wait," she said.

"Tell me here."

She shook her head. "You'd get arrested," she said, "beating me here."

We went to my place. When I was through with her I asked her who it had been.

"Peter Stelver," she said.

I saw him at the *go* club the next night. I didn't say hello.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"The television was on again last night," I said.

"Oh," he said.

"I'm waiting for you to say something more," I said.

"All right," he said, after a bit. "I'll say it. It's your move."

I thought about it for a couple of days. It would have been easy enough to take him straight off. I know ways he'd never heard of. It's laughable. Hell, I once scored with a rolled-up copy of *The New Yorker*. He'd know he was losing, that part would be all right. But he wouldn't know for long enough.

There was another consideration, too. One's either a novice or one's not. I'm not. The Game has certain standards. One's obliged to keep them up.

I went around to see Martine. I told her she had badly hurt me. The other two, I said, the first two, are in the past, they don't matter. Peter Stelver does matter. Let me show you what I mean, I said. I took three slips of paper from her desk. I gave one of them to her.

"Write on this," I said, "Jonathan Burry did it."

She stared at me.

"Do it!" I said.

She wrote. I read it, folded it, tore it to pieces, put them into my pocket. I gave her another slip.

"Write on this," I said, "Gale Browne did it."

She wrote and I tore it up. I gave her the third one.

"Write on this," I said, "Peter Stelver did it."

I dropped it to the floor and as she looked down, surprised, I put a handkerchief over her mouth and hit her in the chest with a short knife. I kept her from

scratching me or anything.

I looked at the note. She had written it standing, holding the paper in the palm of her hand. The writing was wavy and irregular. It looked fine. I faced up to the unavoidable hazard, getting out, and made it. No one saw me. It was past six-thirty and most people were eating.

I was playing with Peter when they came for him. They were uniformed cops. He was baffled, the more so because all they would say in front of the rest of us was that they wanted to talk to him at the station house.

"You might as well run along and

find out what they want," I said. I nodded toward the *go* board. "You've lost the game."

His eyelids flickered. I knew I had been blessed by fortune. I had seen the exact beginning of awareness in him. I walked to the door with him. I whispered in his ear.

"Never mind telling them about the fellow in the garage," I said. "It didn't happen quite that way. And not in that town. And not in that year."

After all, one's either a novice or one's not. I'm not.



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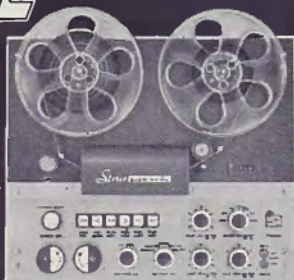
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stravinsky

(continued from page 104)

Stravinsky's psyche. Perhaps the conversion was merely a matter of historic inevitability. Whatever the reason, Stravinsky soon began to embrace the heretical notions of his former antagonist. Minor flirtations with the twelve-tone method were noticed in a cantata of 1952 and a septet of 1953. The romance blossomed in the *Canticum Sacrum* of 1956 and the ballet *Agon* of 1957, and it was consummated in 1958 with *Threni*, which adheres unreservedly to the latest dodecaphonic precepts.

These works are all hard nuts to crack. Stravinsky's recent music could hardly be described as ingratiating. Nevertheless, the standard critical reaction has been one of guarded enthusiasm. What other line is a prudent person to take? If he is at all mindful of history, he will know that Stravinsky has hewed out difficult paths before and persuaded his listeners to trot along behind. Indeed, the composer's whole career has been a sort of musical beacon light into the Twentieth Century, as Beethoven's was a beacon into the Nineteenth. To follow him along the route that leads from the colorful panoply of *Petrouchka* to the severe permutations of *Threni* is to follow the course of contemporary music.

While still a fledgling composer in St. Petersburg, known only to that city's musical *cognoscenti*, Stravinsky had the immense good fortune to cross paths with the greatest talent scout of all time. Serge Diaghilev heard one of Stravinsky's apprentice works in 1908, divined the genius that was in him, and commissioned him to compose a ballet for a forthcoming season of the Ballets Russes in Paris. The result was *The Firebird*, which in 1910 established Stravinsky overnight as a musical celebrity. We see it now as an excitingly orchestrated but not very original work, rather strongly beholden to Stravinsky's teacher Rimsky-Korsakov in its reliance on exotic, neo-Oriental melodies and on pungent, atmospheric effects. Looking back from a distance of more than half a century, the composer takes a distinctly dim view of his first major effort, though he is always glad to pick up the fee for conducting it. As condensed into a concert suite, it is probably performed more often than any other of his pieces.

Petrouchka, his next ballet for Diaghilev, is also essentially post-Romantic in concept, but the rhythms are more complex and vital, the harmonies cleaner and more abrasive, the orchestration more strikingly original. The first production (Paris, 1911)—with Vaslav Nijinsky as the puppet-clown, Tamara Karsavina as the ballerina, and a young Pierre Monteux in the pit—must have been something to experience. It is now rarely given as a ballet, but the music alone

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
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has become a staple of the concert hall. No matter how often repeated, *Petrouchka* retains its fresh effervescence. Its evocation of the carnival spirit, its sense of exhilaration and gaiety, its robust, swirling colors, its fragile countertheme of pathos are the work of a master.

The third Stravinsky ballet for Diaghilev's company, *The Rite of Spring*, provoked one of the most strident musical scandals of all time. As cacophony piled upon cacophony at its first performance in 1913, the Parisian audience grew increasingly derisive; booing and whistling reached such a pitch that one of the noisiest pieces of music ever composed by man was lost in the din; and at length the police had to be called out to quell the pandemonium. The brutal, searing, furiously unsentimental music with which Stravinsky called forth a primeval sacrificial rite was denounced as the very negation of art. While outraged traditionalists cried havoc, the avant-garde sprang to the composer's defense, cheered subsequent performances, and made of *The Rite* an article of contemporary faith.

If any one work can be said to divide the Nineteenth from the Twentieth Century in music, it is *The Rite of Spring*. The piece became a measuring rod of musical hipsterism. It separated the men from the boys, the ins from the outs, the forward-lookers from the old fogies. Today *The Rite* barks as loudly as ever, but it no longer bites. Matinee matrons in Boston can sit through it placidly, and Walt Disney can use it as background music for belching volcanoes. But its wild discordancies, its savage, hurtling rhythm, its icy brutality, its revelation of the hidden dark regions of the soul speak as powerfully as ever. *The Rite of Spring* blew the lid off the comfortable world of Nineteenth Century music, and the repercussions are with us still.

Stravinsky's pre-1914 music had emerged in an atmosphere of uninhibited affluence. He could score his ballets for gigantic orchestras and allow his conceptions to follow dizzying flights of fancy. Diaghilev spared no expense. Then came Sarajevo. The Ballets Russes retreated to Italy and Spain, money became scarce, the mood of the day turned somber, and the old opulence vanished. Stravinsky suddenly had to come to terms with a wholly new set of circumstances, and in the process his music changed profoundly. Not only did he begin to write for tiny ensembles instead of oversize orchestras, but he began to tighten and desiccate his musical speech. Wit and understatement took the place of noisy intoxication.

The Soldier's Tale, written in 1918, is an engaging example of this new direction. Stravinsky, holed up in Switzerland for the duration of World War I, had become acquainted with the author C. F. Ramuz and the conductor Ernest

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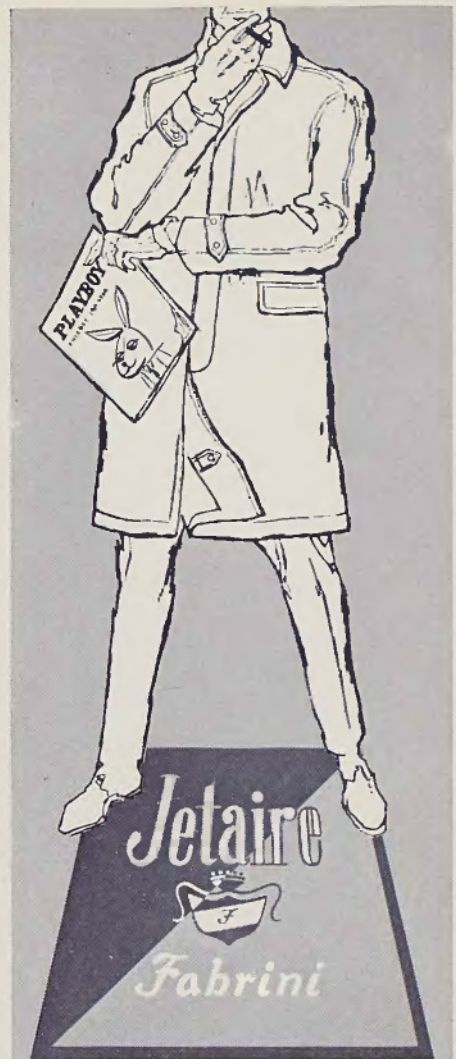


Ansermet. All three were broke. "We often met," Stravinsky recalls, "and sought feverishly for some means of escape from this alarming situation. It was in these talks that Ramuz and I got hold of the idea of creating a sort of little traveling theater, easy to transport from place to place and to show in even small localities." Ramuz concocted a Faustlike story about a soldier who sells his violin to the Devil in exchange for wealth and power; Stravinsky wrote the accompanying music; and Ansermet conducted. The score—for an "orchestra in miniature" of only seven players—is a wry, astringent, utterly delightful mishmash of unlikely ingredients: American ragtime, Argentine tango, a Bachlike chorale and prelude, a Viennese waltz, a Spanish paso doble, all of it flavored with the bubbling, rattle-tattle rhythmic verve of the earlier ballets. Despite the vastly reduced instrumental forces, there is no impression of sonic poverty. Stravinsky's ear for original sonorities could be as inventive with seven players as with a hundred.

The Stravinsky who returned to Diaghilev's Ballets Russes after the wartime hiatus was a composer of drastically altered esthetic convictions. The flag of neoclassicism had been unfurled, and he was to be seen at the head of the parade espousing music of trenchant discipline. Mother Russia had been cast aside. Stravinsky's temporary self-exile from his native land became permanent after the Communist revolution of 1917, and in his music the composer quite deliberately expunged the fierce Russianisms that had helped build his reputation. In this respect the 1919 *Pulcinella* is light years distant from *Petrouchka*.

The score is based on themes by Pergolesi, the Eighteenth Century Neapolitan composer of limpid, graceful arias, and it is all sun and light and azure clarity. Pablo Picasso designed the scenery and Leonide Massine had charge of the choreography. Stravinsky recalls their three-way collaboration with unalloyed pleasure. The music itself represents a sort of collaboration—between composers two centuries apart in time. The melodies are Pergolesi's, but their recomposition and instrumentation are inimitably Stravinskian, and the end product is a nimble, lilting re-creation of antique *commedia dell'arte* in piquant contemporary style.

Throughout the 1920s every composer of note engaged in a long succession of "returns to" this and that master of the past—Ravel to Saint-Saëns, Prokofiev to Mozart, Hindemith to Bach, and so on—all of them pouring new music into old bottles. To write music in somebody else's style was extremely à la mode. But when Stravinsky let it be known in 1928 that his latest ballet owed its inspiration to the music of Tchaikovsky, eyebrows went up throughout the civi-



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lized world. Sophisticates had long since written off Tchaikovsky as hopelessly square, a dullard who vacillated between maudlin bathos and hysterical bombast. Stravinsky thought otherwise, and in *The Fairy's Kiss* of 1928 paid homage to the subtle elegance and radiant classicism of Tchaikovsky's finest efforts.

The piece is not wholly dependent on Tchaikovsky's melodies (as *Pulcinella* is on Pergolesi's), though only the most erudite listener can detect where Peter Ilich leaves off and Igor begins. (Nothing could sound more Tchaikovskyan, for example, than the elegiac theme for oboe heard at the opening of the ballet, a theme which, in fact, is strictly of Stravinsky's fabrication.) In any case, *The Fairy's Kiss* survives today not so much for its skillful imitation of the Tchaikovskian idiom as for its appealing restatement of the perennial romantic bromides — fairy sorceress, village rustics, handsome youth and dewy damsel, all disporting themselves in Never-Never Land. The complete ballet score has some tedious patches, but the shorter suite — entitled *Divertimento* — drawn from the full work is a pure delight. The rollicking, oompah-pah gyrations of the Swiss dances and the ingenious weavings of the *pas de deux* variations are out of the composer's top drawer.

But there was more in that drawer than bright, genial charm. An austere, solemn, sacerdotal side of the composer's creative personality also found expression in these middle years of his career. The two aspects emerged in baffling contiguity. Stravinsky swung back and forth from "entertainment" music to "serious" music, from blithe gaiety to thorny sobriety, from *la vie en rose* to *la vie en noir*. The *Symphony of Psalms*, written in 1930 on commission for the Boston Symphony's fiftieth anniversary season, is decidedly *noir*; it is also a masterpiece.

The work is a setting for chorus and orchestra, without violins or violas, of three of the Psalms of David (in the Latin Vulgate version). Its texture is gnarled and contrapuntal, its harmonies bleak, its layout complex. The Byzantine orientation of the music is unmistakable; its static repose recalls the glacial severity, the mystic transfiguration of a Ravenna mosaic; and the total effect is one of stark nobility and exaltation.

These two trends — Arcadian charm and dry austerity, entertainment and ritual, *rose* and *noir* — fuse together in *Persephone*, a longish piece for narrator, tenor, chorus and orchestra, which is one of the composer's least-known and most nearly perfect achievements. The text, by André Gide, is based on the Greek myth of the goddess Persephone's abduction to the underworld and her return to earth. Of all Stravinsky's many collaborations with celebrated contemporaries — painters, authors, dancers, musicians — this one with Gide in 1934 was by far the

most fretful. Gide so heartily disliked the composer's disjointed prosody, his habit of making verbal syllables suit the music instead of making his music fit normal poetic stresses, that he boycotted the first performance. Stravinsky, for his part, thought the verse cloyingly naïve and concluded that Gide "understood nothing whatever about music." But, as the case of Gilbert and Sullivan triumphantly demonstrates, bickering collaborators can often turn out top work. There is nothing substandard about *Persephone*.

Critic-poet Paul Valéry put his finger on *Persephone's* cardinal quality when he referred to its "divine detachment." This is music from Olympus, in which beguiling melodies and lustrous instrumentations are ordered into a monumental frieze. The icy calm, the celestial repose with which Stravinsky most effectively approaches the sublime is sustained from beginning to end. For that desert island, this might well be the one Stravinsky piece to take along.

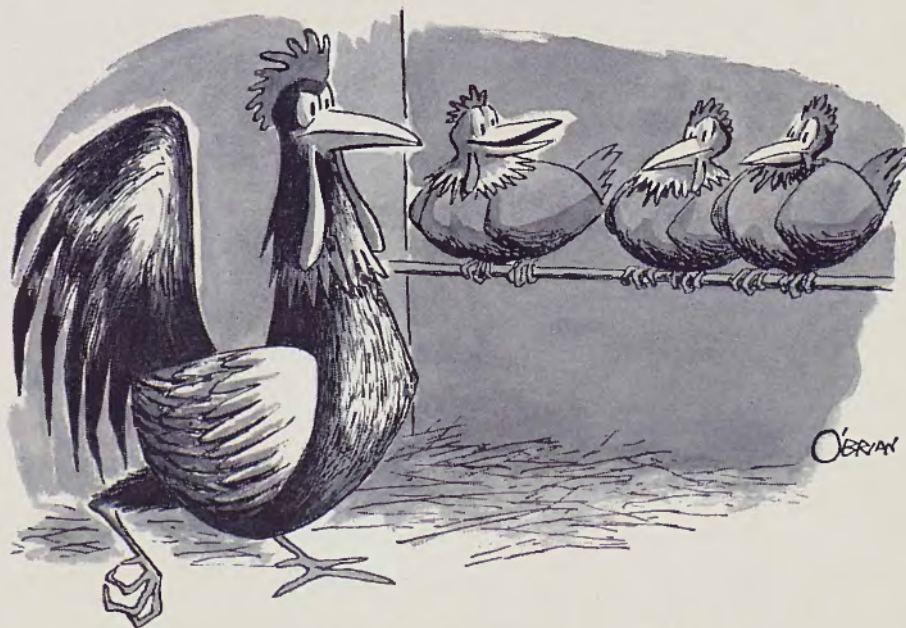
For thirty years — ever since the premiere of *Firebird* — it had been almost axiomatic that a new Stravinsky score would get its first hearing in Paris. France had become the composer's adopted home, French his language of preference. But a combination of personal misfortune and the deteriorating international climate impelled him in 1939 to pull up roots and move on. He came to the United States to give some lectures at Harvard, applied for American citizenship ("I remember that one of the immigration officials asked me whether I wished to change my name, which was the most unexpected question I had ever heard"), and soon settled in the small, one-story house on Hollywood's North Wetherly Drive where he lives today.

The *Symphony in C*, written in 1940, is one of the first products of Stravinsky's American period, and as usual it took

his admirers by surprise. Unlike the *Symphony of Psalms* (which is a symphony in name only), this one turned out to be the genuine article, a classical symphony in four movements embodying all the formal devices — first and second subjects, development, recapitulation — of the Haydn-Beethoven tradition. But it is not one of those modern symphonies that are all form and no content. Its typically concise themes are juggled, contrasted and reshaped with mercurial virtuosity, and its finest passages linger long in the ear. Of how many post-Brahms symphonies can this be said?

Stravinsky's first evening-length opera, *The Rake's Progress*, which made its debut in 1951, was also his last exercise in neoclassicism. Nothing could be more eclectic in its forms and its inspirations. Though the opera is modeled primarily on Mozartian lines (specifically on the *dramma giocoso* exemplified by *Don Giovanni* and *Così Fan Tutte*), the composer liberally showered snippets of Gluck and Handel, Weber and Schubert, Bellini and Verdi throughout the melodies and accompaniments. The transmutation of all these disparate gleanings into Stravinskysese is as finely accomplished as ever, but the totality is a *mélange* of clever workmanship rather than a sustained work of art.

The text, by W. H. Auden with an assist from Chester Kallman, rates high as poetry, average as philosophy, and low as opera libretto. The plot — about a new-rich wastrel who succumbs to a variety of temptations in Eighteenth Century London and dies in Bedlam — is peopled with the composites of some hoary operatic characters. Its central figure, Tom Rakewell, has bits of Faust and Don Giovanni and Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton in his make-up; Anne, his first and last love, recalls Beethoven's Leonore and all the other faithful-to-the-bitter



"There he goes again, girls, to make the sun rise."

end heroines of romantic opera; and his servant, Nick Shadow, is half Mephistopheles and half Leporello. They're a shadowy crew, and you couldn't care less what happens to any of them. Of course, none of these libretto defects would matter if the music were sufficiently enchanting. In *The Magic Flute* the genius of Mozart serves to blot out the inanities of Schikaneder. Unfortunately, in *The Rake's Progress* you keep telling yourself "How well done!" when you should be exclaiming "How beautiful!"

It is understandable that the composer recognized this work as "the end of a trend" and began to break fresh ground. Seven years later he made his wholehearted plunge into the waters of dodecaphony with *Threni*, a setting of the Lamentations of the Prophet Jeremiah. Its mood of knotty desolation is as far removed from the crystal grace of *Pulcinella* as that ballet was from the barbaric incantations of *The Rite of Spring*, and yet *Threni* is recognizably Stravinskyan — particularly in its darting rhythmic eccentricities and its spiky instrumentation. Much of the canonic writing is determinedly dissonant and flagrantly ungrateful to the ear, but the swooping choral interjections on Hebrew letters that occur throughout the work provide lovely oases of assimilable Stravinsky, and the listener who perseveres to the serene closing prayer will hear one of the composer's most moving passages. In time — as our ears accustom themselves to the rigorous and austere idiom — the work as a whole will doubtless yield increasing satisfaction.

When you add to this arbitrarily limited list the other major compositions of Stravinsky — *Les Noces* and *Oedipus Rex*, the *Symphony in Three Movements* and the *Capriccio for Piano and Orchestra*, the ballets *Apollo Musagètes* and *Orpheus*, the *Octet* and the *Duo Concertante*, to name a few — you have an imposing body of music. Nevertheless, by Mozartian or Schubertian standards, Stravinsky could not be termed a prolific creator. He has worked with steady deliberation, producing a major effort every year or so, and he has had the good fortune to have lived a long time and to have kept his creative powder dry. Unlike Sibelius, who literally wrote himself out thirty years before his death, or Richard Strauss, who kept repeating himself (albeit with glowing mastery) for his last thirty years, Stravinsky has continued to find new things to say and new ways to say them. His seventy-ninth birthday this year found him busily engaged on his first composition specifically conceived for television, a ballet entitled *Noah and the Flood*. Scheduled to be performed by the New York City Ballet, with choreography by George Balanchine, it will be shown on CBS early next year. Stravinsky himself will conduct.

It is not surprising that Stravinsky should be attracted to television, for he has always had a high regard for the Twentieth Century's instruments of communication. (Indeed, he relishes mechanical equipment of all kinds; his California study, as a visitor once observed, has "all the instruments needed for writing, copying, drawing, pasting, cutting, clipping, filing, sharpening and gluing that the combined effects of a stationery and hardware store can furnish.") The Stravinsky apartment in St. Petersburg was one of the first in that city to be equipped with a telephone. For more than forty years the composer has been an avid record collector (in the early days he took particular delight in records of American popular music), and in 1925 he composed a serenade for solo piano specifically with discs in mind — each of its four movements having been timed to fill one 78-rpm side. Today Stravinsky is much intrigued with the potentialities of stereo sound. Far from inveighing against "canned music," he believes that certain kinds of music are heard to better effect on a good stereo system than in our often acoustically inadequate concert halls. Stravinsky's own long activity in the recording studio is too well known to require comment; he insists that records are as important as printed scores in conveying a composer's precise intentions, and he has documented all his major works on discs. In virtually every case, his rendering of one of his own compositions is the best available.

Although he suffers from colossal hypochondria (his small talk with contemporaries and near-contemporaries invariably fastens on a thorough discussion of the latest pills, treatments and doctors), Stravinsky has remained in reasonably good health considering his advanced age and his intermittent history of tuberculosis. His wife Vera (whom he married in 1940, a year after the death of his first wife) resolutely shields him from importunate visitors, and a young American disciple, Robert Craft, has assumed much of the taxing musical and literary spadework that would otherwise sap his energy. Craft, an accomplished musician and journalist, takes charge of the early rehearsals for Stravinsky-led performances and recordings; he also ghosts most of Stravinsky's written pronouncements, prepares quasi-official commentaries on his works, carries on negotiations with publishers and impresarios, and in general acts as the composer's alter ego.

Despite his sometimes stern countenance and his caustic contempt for what he considers inferior accomplishment, Stravinsky is not an essentially dour type. To his close friends he is warm and generous, to his working acquaintances, polite and genial. Though separated by a vast chasm of time from his native land,

he is still a Russian and exhibits much of the vibrant expansiveness that is typical of his countrymen. He speaks English with a strong Russian accent but with great precision and wit, and he delights in embellishing his thoughts with pungent metaphors ("Can you imagine what it means for me to conduct in the City Center, with its orchestra pit like a men's room and no acoustics at all? It is like putting a new Rolls-Royce on Russian roads."). His written prose, though somewhat less jocund, is equally concise in expression and rich in picturesque detail.

Both his conversation and his writing reveal a man of impressive intellectual attainments. He has read widely in all the chief European languages, steers his way securely through the artistic cross-currents of the past and present, and shows a marked predisposition for the involutions of philosophical discourse. He has made it his business to know — and often to collaborate with — almost every significant creative artist of his time. Bach and Beethoven may have understood intuitively the determining intellectual and artistic forces of their day, but no other leading composer — with the possible exception of Richard Wagner — has gone about acquiring knowledge with anything like Stravinsky's voracity. This omnivorous thirst, in alliance with his remarkably responsive creative drive, has helped make him the reigning musician of our time.

Stravinsky's ultimate place in the musical pantheon is something for posterity to assign. My own guess is that he will be ranked on the same level as Haydn — that is, as a composer of the first category, just below the transcendent supremacy of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven. Like every great creative personality, Stravinsky has reflected, as well as partially created, the chronicles of his time. Despite his contention that "music is, by its very nature, essentially powerless to express anything at all," Stravinsky's lifework will tell posterity a good deal about the *ambiance* and aspirations of the Twentieth Century. The "dynamic calm" which he has sought to achieve in his music will probably be accounted his most precious quality. It produces in us, his listeners, that feeling of euphoria and exaltation which is the pre-eminent endowment of all great music. What one misses in his work is a sense of compassion. Stravinsky holds himself aloof and in reserve. You will not find in his music the cosmic forgiveness that transfigures the last act of Mozart's *Figaro* or the enkindled benediction of the Arietta from Beethoven's Opus III Sonata. But it is foolish to fault Stravinsky for what he is not. That he is a genius without qualification and that we are immensely privileged to have him with us are verities beyond dispute.



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*"I'm just taking three girls with me.
It's only an overnight trip."*

get in; that babies reluctant to be born could be frozen out if their mothers ate enough ice cream; that men and women sometimes got stuck together like dogs, and firemen had to turn the hose on them; that some women were so big they walked knock-kneed to keep their insides from falling out, and some men had to carry their works in a wheelbarrow. I learned that bowlegged girls were pleasure-bent; that every man was allotted five thousand times; that there was a mysterious little man in a boat who excited women more than anything else.

I collected a whole encyclopedia of these items and patiently fitted them together like a jigsaw puzzle until at last I arrived at a complete and conglomerate image even more splendid than that famous cup of Cellini's, in which he sets an iridescent dragon astride a golden turtle, then crowns them with a hymeneal sea shell on whose edge a jeweled sphinx with pearls for breasts is brooding.

These extravagances — which would make any cup run over — never fazed me in the least. In fact, I accepted them much more willingly than I would have the truth, for I was already a devoted follower of *Amazing Stories*, *Astounding Stories* and *Weird Tales*. Nothing was too much to believe, and for me this was sex' finest hour. Romanticism never had such a neophyte, before or since.

Inevitably, though, science fiction led to scientism and sex soon suffered Santa Claus' fate. For the builder of model airplanes, accuracy is a fetish, and in the blueprint there's no place for poetry. Doubt reared its ugly head — I went to the library and looked everything up, or hunted it down, behind the librarian's back. Like a rapist, I rushed through the biology section until I found a book on sex. See, I said to myself, my smart-aleck suspicions confirmed, there's nothing to it! As if it were a rose pressed in those pages, all the life crushed out of it, the secret of secrets became just a dried-up remnant of romance. Deflowered by diagrams and dictionary words, sex lost its mystery — and, of course, its magic. Familiarity bred contempt, and I broke out in cynicism like pimples.

The body was a machine. Your mother's womb was an oven where you were the Thanksgiving turkey. In the sex act your father simply oiled the machine, a locomotive engineer with his long-nozzled can.

Luckily, this didn't last. A hypothesis has to satisfy the evidence, and this one left too many questions unanswered. If it was only that, I had to ask myself, what was all the shouting about? Why would everyone always want to do it? And unless it was so exciting as to be

actually dangerous, why would it be forbidden?

With the beginning of wisdom, as they say, I realized how little I knew. I had discovered only the mechanics — a typical nominalist mistake — and now I sensed that the difference between this and the sex act itself was like the difference between studying the blueprint of the model airplane and actually flying it. My heart had wings again.

There was still another argument for the extreme urgency and importance of sex: the Word. Written everywhere on walls and sidewalks, wherever there was a blank space, the Word had been waiting for me when I learned to read, had been, in fact, the first word I deciphered outside of school. In the beginning was the Word. I had never seen anyone write it — it was simply there, given, a priori, a mysterious imperative issuing from life itself, a cryptic command whose very universality banished all dissension or doubt.

Sometimes the Word was followed by *you*. In these instances I naturally took *you* to be not the object but the subject, as in *come here you*. I felt then that I was personally commanded, and I earnestly replied *Yes, I will, I will, as soon as I can*.

Meanwhile I prepared myself by meditation. At first, these meditations didn't know what form to take. Annette Miller no longer called to me with her hoo, hoo, hoo, and the chimeras of my science-fiction phase were as hopelessly behind me as the spick-and-span mechanics of the textbook. Stripped of these, I groped toward the ineffable, the sweet mystery of life itself. I sank into abstraction for hours at a time, and my expression grew so lyrical that my mother tried to give me a laxative.

. . .

The world, though, continued to intrude on my imagination, and it wasn't long before something started the whole cycle all over again. Coming out of Segal's candy store one day, I heard Curtis St. Clair say to George Hanlan, who was lounging there against the window with him, "I laid Viola last night."

These words hit me from behind like a rabbit punch. But I quickly recovered myself, swallowed them at a gulp, and hurried away. Then, as certain animals do, I regurgitated them in the safety of my room and slowly digested them. Here, for the first time, was the actual fact — not a joke, or a description in a book, but the thing itself, the party of the first part. I was immensely impressed. I was surprised, too, to find myself so impressed, because I thought I'd been through all that. I didn't understand yet that growing up was just a matter of meeting the same problems again and again on increasingly intimate terms.

I felt that there were a thousand questions I wanted to ask Curtis St. Clair. You couldn't ask a book questions. I pictured myself talking to him, man to man, hearing firsthand. I began to frame my questions, just how I'd put it to him . . .

But here this daydream of mine suddenly broke off. With my imagination teeming like an anthill, I discovered that I couldn't think of anything to say. Not that I was bashful or tongue-tied or anything like that — it was just that every time I started a question I realized that I already knew the answer.

Finally it dawned on me that I didn't really know what I wanted to ask Curtis St. Clair. I had a pretty fair idea how the thing was done, I knew the topography more or less . . . it wasn't that. Then what could it be, I wondered, because there certainly was something. I could almost hear the question buzzing like a bug in my ear.

I thought about it for a long time, but I kept arriving at the same dead end — What? What could it be? What? — until at last, as though the echo of this word had come back clearer, I realized that it was precisely this — the whatness — that I wanted to understand, the quiddity or essence of the experience itself. I had arrived at the heart of the matter. In other words: *What is it like?*

This was what Curtis St. Clair could tell me. But would he? There again was a large question. With any other guy on the block, it would have been easy — but then, of course, it couldn't have been anyone else. It had to be Curtis St. Clair, because he was as far removed from the ordinary as this thing that he, and he alone, had done. He never played ball. I had never seen him riding a bike or skating. And he never spoke to anyone except George Hanlan, who wasn't from the block. In inscrutable contrast to the perpetual motion of my friends and myself, he spent his days standing in front of Segal's candy store or sitting on the stoop of his house, doing nothing and looking at nothing, unmoving as a mystic.

Though he lived on my block — in a tenement on the far side — and had lived there since the day I was born, Curtis St. Clair had never so much as nodded to me or in any way recognized my existence. I would have to find some way to incarnate myself before his eyes. And since he was fourteen to my eleven, this would call for strategy.

I pondered what sort of tone I ought to take with him. I rehearsed an assortment of deliveries, drawn mostly from gangster and Western movies, but none of these seemed to fit. They sounded like I was playing cowboys and Indians or something. Then I found one exactly right for my purpose. It was from a movie, too, a war movie: Just before he goes over the top under heavy bombardment, the young rookie casually says to the

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Charles Bickford-type top sergeant, "What's it like up there, Sarge?"

As a final preparation I wore my sneakers, even though it was past the season for them. I couldn't have said exactly why I did. To sneak up on the act of love like a maniac in the park? To run away from Curtis St. Clair if necessary? To run away from what I might find out?

Setting off like Christopher Columbus or Marco Polo, I found him sitting alone on his stoop. With his long sideburns and his collar always turned up, he was a junior Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., good-looking in a hard sort of way and big for his age. He looked bigger and bigger as I came closer. He was staring straight ahead, into space as far as I could tell, so I stopped a couple of paces to one side and waited for him to ask me what was on my mind.

He didn't. I shifted my feet and waited. He was still staring off, so I cleared my throat. He didn't even blink. I waited a long minute more and then I plunged in. In a voice neither of us had heard before, I said, "Hiya, Curtis."

He flicked me an incurious glance—he had green eyes flecked with yellow like a tiger's and long curly lashes—then his eyes flicked away again and I was a child who should be neither seen nor heard.

I blushed. I hadn't prepared for this, and I stood there, excruciatingly irrelevant, in front of Curtis St. Clair's stoop. I deeply wished I wasn't there, but I couldn't take back what I'd begun, so I said, all my false soprano familiarity gone, "I wanted to ask you something . . ."

The tiger eyes turned on me again, more deliberately this time, and I felt like that unknown Viola, hypnotized and helpless. I dropped my eyes, then raised them again to his, pushed from inside by the deep need to know. Then he said, "What are you talking about, kid?"

His voice was flat and cold. Still I grabbed at the straw. "I heard what you said that day . . . in front of Segal's candy store . . ." For me, there was only *that day*, but his eyes showed nothing, so I ran on. "You know, you were talking to George Hanlan . . . about Viola."

"Viola!" he said. "What do you know about Viola?"

"Nothing!" I said hastily. He looked angry, and I thought, *He's going to jump up and hit me*. I gathered myself to run. But as in a dream, I felt that I couldn't if I tried, so I gave it up and just watched him.

He didn't jump up and hit me. He didn't do anything. I saw that he wasn't even looking at me and I felt my breath coming back. "You said you 'laid' Viola," I hesitated over the word, "and I wondered . . . well, I wondered what is it like."

A long pause. "You wondered what it is like." He said this without looking at me, as though he was musing sardonically to himself. Then he reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out his knife.

Holy Mary! He's going to kill me!

He made a sudden movement and the blade flashed open and clicked into place.

I only asked! All I did was ask!

Holding the knife delicately, his little finger extended as if he were going to draw freehand, Curtis St. Clair began to clean the nail of his left index finger. "So you wondered what it's like . . ." The knife moved to his middle finger. "Well, I'll tell you . . ."

Relieved, speechless, I couldn't pull my eyes away from the knife. It wasn't a Scout knife like the one I had at home, or a pearl-handled one like my father's — it was long and slender, with a handle that looked like imitation blue marble. I watched the point as it curved slowly under his nail, pushing before it a little wad of gray-black that overflowed onto the blade. My eleven-year-old heart still just a Valentine to Mother, my passions a memory of Post Office and Spin-the-Bottle, I waited for Curtis St. Clair's knife to circumcise me into irrevocable manhood.

He raised his head. He narrowed his eyes. He stared, not at me, but into the distance. "I'll tell you what it's like," he said. "— It's greasy."

Like the flowers that pushed up each spring in the ashes-strewn empty lots of my neighborhood, some stubborn faith kept blossoming amid the debris of my disappointments. Therefore, when I was thirteen, I spent a trembling hour moving my hand by infinitesimal degrees from Marjorie Balfour's lower ribs upward to her left breast, which I located geographically, since I couldn't see it through her clothes, or feel it either. Letting my flattened palm lie there ever so lightly lest she take offense and thrust it away, I felt like "proud Cortez (Balboa) when with eagle eye he spied the Pacific." It would be hard to say whether I trembled with passion, love or awe — or all three — but this much was clear: the magic and the mystery were still there, a Christmas package as yet unwrapped.

It was not long after this scene with Marjorie that I became aware of a change in myself. It was a peculiar and subtle change, not easily recognized like the down, for example, that had appeared on my upper lip. I don't know exactly how to describe it, but I felt almost as though I had developed another dimension. Like a fourth dimension, it was intangible and difficult to define, but this didn't seem to make it any less important. I sensed that the acoustics of my self had somehow changed: I had a



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kind of organ resonance now. I felt magnetized, pneumatic, haloed, complete almost to coziness.

Although I didn't know how to apply it, I enjoyed my new dimension. Like a man who buys a house and then discovers that it has underground passages and secret panels, I was always exploring it and feeling my way through different areas. It wasn't static, either, this new aspect of mine—it had an ebb and flow, a weather of its own that I would follow and try to chart from time to time while I might be walking along the street, or lying in bed, or sitting in my room with a book in my lap.

One day in particular I felt this weather gathering, getting heavy. I was taking a bath, and it seemed as if with my clothes off my extra dimension could expand and take shape more easily. It was filling the bathroom like smoke. I felt it more and more distinctly. It began to hum, like a generator, an uncanny humming that seemed to come from somewhere in, and yet outside of, me. It grew louder, and now I began to feel afraid of it. It grew louder still. It pounded in my ears and my whole body vibrated with it . . . Then an electrical storm suddenly brewed in the bathtub and my own potentiality broke over me like a tidal wave.

In every Brooklyn neighborhood there was at least one bad girl—in ours it was Dolores Howell—and a near-unanimity of Peck's bad boys, so it was only a question of time until they got together. This was now happening on my block. Overnight, we went from Doc Savage to Don Juan, and every day some fledgling satyr took his turn at telling out of school. This one had done it in the cellar, that one in a hallway; another while his parents were out, and one had even lost his virginity in the schoolyard.

I leered as lewdly and guffawed as loudly as the others, but inside I was silent and thoughtful. I knew Dolores Howell and where to find her, and hardly a day passed when she wasn't in my mind, but I hesitated. When everyone—even boys a year younger than myself—had described at least one encounter with Dolores, I felt that my silence was becoming conspicuous. I brooded on this, and then I made up my mind. I went and sat on a fence where I could see Dolores' house. I sat there naming cars and not thinking about her until she came out. She went the other way, up the block, and I followed her. I walked half a block behind her until she bought a ticket and went into the Loew's Sumner. I stood across the street, staring at the door where she had disappeared. I looked up at the marquee—there were two love pictures playing—then I turned around and went home.

The next day it was my turn to boast, and since it was not merely embellished

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like the others but pure art unfettered by facts, my story was a masterpiece and soon became a legend on the block.

In this way, a year went by. Though I now carried a contraceptive in my wallet, too, I was still a virgin. Like those brothers or sisters who always delayed eating their dessert until everyone else's was gone, I hoarded my sweet dream and waited. I waited and I worried, because I was almost fifteen and where was it? When would it come true?

My fifteenth birthday passed, and then I met Serena Haas. She had very big, very dark eyes, and she wore very high heels. She didn't know anyone I knew, and when I met her at a party she kissed me in a bedroom and held me so tightly that she ripped the sleeve of my jacket.

That was in August, and I met her again over Labor Day at a beach party with the same people. Everyone sat around a fire singing, but we walked off in the dark and I slipped down the top of her bathing suit and kissed her where I had never kissed a girl before. As she pulled her bathing suit back up, she invited me to come and see her next Saturday, and, just before we came back into the light, she said, "My folks will be out."

The next few days those words were the lyrics of a song. Our song. I sang them to myself and refrained from eating candy or doing anything else that might make my face break out. I borrowed an anthology of poetry from the library and wrote out a list of clever remarks and compliments. I resumed my weight-lifting, which I had given up, and exhumed my pipe. I listened to classical music on the radio and brushed my teeth three times a day. I went for long walks and fell into brown studies. I danced a slow two-step with her in my room to Glen Gray and his Casa Lomas.

I recalled and re-examined every single thing I knew about her, every word we'd said and all its possible meanings. I looked up her family in the phone book and rejoiced at her name on the page. In inward-smiling secret tribute, I used the word *serene* in conversation whenever I could. I walked through her neighborhood several times, but was careful not to meet her, just as the groom mustn't see the bride on their wedding day until they come together at the altar.

She answered the door with a cigarette in her hand, and I thought she looked extremely poised and breath-takingly pretty. The apartment was like any other in Brooklyn, except that she was in it. She led me to the living room, where I sat in the center of the sofa while she leaned back and smiled at me from the corner.

Twin streams of smoke came from her nostrils, and I was about to bring out my pipe when I remembered that I had decided against it because it made a bulge in my pocket.

"Would you like a drink?"

"Yes," I said, stupefied by a week's suspense.

She went into the kitchen and came back with two glasses. She clinked hers against mine and smiled into my eyes. I couldn't tell whether it was bourbon, rye or Scotch.

The beating of my heart was keeping me very busy, and I found it difficult to meet her eyes. I looked at the glass in my hand. I lifted it and emptied it, then I put it down and with an effort I looked at her.

She put her glass down, too, and suddenly she was in my arms. I didn't know how she got there, but she was there, and her warm wet tongue was in my mouth. She fell backward on the sofa, carrying me with her. "Pull out the light," she whispered.

I drowned in kisses, then I swam in desire. I slid my hand up over her breast, but I didn't have to locate it geographically because it was round and pointed under her dress. She wasn't wearing a bra, and my heart almost burst with gratitude.

She took my hand in hers and pushed it down—away, I thought at first—down, down, over her ribs, her belly. Then she arched upward and her dress slid from under my hand like a tablecloth that's yanked without disturbing the dishes.

That was the last barrier, there was nothing else between us. Love and incredulity struggled for supremacy in me, and then they fused into a single feeling. I allowed myself to acknowledge that I was really touching her, and as though her little belly were a Bible under my hand, I was ready to swear to anything.

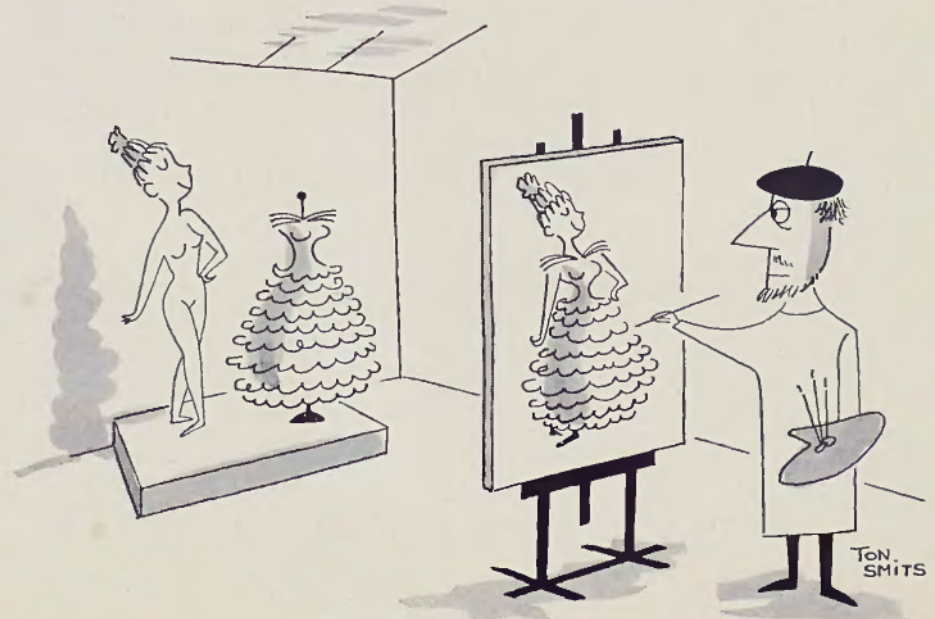
I might have died happy right there, but she unzipped me. I remembered the thing in my wallet and fumbled with it. Then I dropped through the funnel of her legs and fingers into love's last hiding place.

I would never have believed such happiness. Or that it could change so quickly, because minutes later I was overwhelmingly unhappy. Inexperienced as I was, I could tell—she had done it before.

As I said before, the world is always intruding on my imagination. Of course, this might be partly my fault. Perhaps, as a Chinese philosopher said, to be sincere in love is to be grotesque. I don't know—you can't prove or disprove it by me. All my life I've been gathering evidence for a generalization, but it seems I haven't been able to reach it. Meanwhile, I've gone on clinging to my original idea, or ideal, like a man clinging to a raft in a rough sea. Or rather, it has gone on clinging to me. Like a mongrel pup that picks you up in the street, love dogs my heels. It keeps following me, no matter how fast I run or how hard I try to cover my tracks.

So here I am, my soul in a sling and my heart on my sleeve. I almost blush to admit it, but in spite of all the dirty jokes and all the F Yous on the walls all over the world, in spite of Curtis St. Clair and the last twist of the knife, in spite of Dolores Howelt and Serena Haas and a number of others whose names I've forgotten or never even asked, in spite, especially, of a strong feeling that the worst is yet to come . . . I'm still willing to try.

As a contemporary poet put it, my heart must be a bag of manure, because it keeps encouraging flowers to grow. Like those flowers that pushed up each spring in the ashes-strewn empty lots, et cetera, as I also said before. So what the hell . . . hurrah for love. Believe it or not, I'm all for it. I just hope, though, that no one's going to complain if my feet turn out to be a bit cold under the covers.



FASHION FORECAST *(continued from page 74)*

made-in-U.S.A. stamp from head to toe. Shoulder treatments will preserve their natural Ivy line, though somewhat Anglicized in the new country suits; lapels will be medium width, chest expansion full, coats seat-length, only slightly shaped at the waist; jacket flair will be perceptible, but extremely conservative, particularly in business suits and dinner jackets; and vents will be much deeper than Continental slits, though less extreme than the British style. The overall look will be tailored and classic, but with a sense of custom-made individuality that promises to distinguish town clothes with a feeling of sleek sophistication, and country garb with one of rugged handsomeness.

Subtlety in both hue and pattern will be the unifying factor. Subdued plaids and checks, augmented by JFK-inspired pencil and chalk stripes of sober but not somber caste, will maintain a quietly urbane tone in tailored garb. Neat herringbones, diagonals and multicolored hopsacks will set the sports-wear pace in tastefully muted shades. Olives, predictably, will remain in charge; but blues (black-navy, stone-blue, deep Baltic) and black-browns (in smooth worsteds, tweeds, chevots and Shetlands) will be making substantial inroads. In the more freewheeling realms of neckwear, shirtings and sweaters, there will be one major thread of searing color, not for the fainthearted, to counterpoint the general mellowness of the fall and winter wardrobe: tangerine. But the unimprovable color combination, as always, will be black and white — immutably basic, impeccably correct; with the revival of the classic look, they will assume even greater importance in every category of tasteful attire.

The British country suit, resuscitated last year, will be pulling out all the stops in two-, three- and even four-piece outfits that dress up or down according to the occasion in a versatile variety of mutually interchangeable permutations. Muted-pattern suits will be teamed with matching vests; reversible waistcoats (one side matching, flip side contrasting with coat and trousers) will be paired off with coordinated slacks; foulard prints will be showing up in coat linings and on integrated vests. Natural-shoulder styles will prevail for the conservatively inclined, but last year's trend toward more extreme cuts, inspired by the upsurging hacking jacket, will become even more pronounced. Construction details predicted for the new sports-coat profiles will include both hacking and patch-flap pockets, lap seams and veddy British collar tabs. Trousers will be Americanized with plain fronts, but will sport such features as extra-deep cuffs, inch-

wide belt loops and quarter-top pockets. Materially speaking, medium to beefy tweeds earn our endorsement in subdued herringbones, district checks and — for the unreconstructed Anglophile — British glens and window-panel plaids. Solid fabrics will blend warm heather, sod and putty tones in earthy compound colorings; and cotton suede, a newcomer to country suitings, will stride on scene in masculine leather tones. For those dedicated to less casual, urban pursuits, we commend the suavely sophisticated, completely new cocktail suit for semi-formal resort wear or home entertaining, elegantly accoutered with braid-trimmed jacket and contrasting trousers.

The same consanguinity of British and Continental strains, subtly modified with an additional mingling of straight Ivy, will be observable in sports jackets. In quiet-patterned English plaids, checks, herringbones and rough tweeds, the natural-shoulder outline will share equal billing with hacking-influenced models (featuring lap seams, patch pockets, slightly wider lapels and either side or center vents). Shetland remains the top-drawer choice in traditional coats; and for balmier climes, the same understated patterns in lightweight, smooth-finish worsteds and synthetic blends will be the coolest bet. Even in the North, refreshingly, medium and light fabrics will be making their presence comfortably felt in models that warm but don't weigh. Black-brown will be coming on strong in all styles; olives will be joining forces with blues, grays and browns in a variety of engagingly offbeat mixes; and old-fashioned camel's hair — both the fabric and the color — will be back in force. In another laudable renaissance, the dashing Douglas Fairbanks jacket with below slits and belted back will be bounding into the limelight once again, updated with natural shoulders, medium-width lapels and three-button placket.

The boom in uninhibited blazers, which we accurately prophesied this spring, will diminish, but only in lumenescence. Unimpeachable solid blacks, olives and classic navy in medium-weight flannels and nubby hopsacks will quietly supplant the traffic-stopping hues and patterns of the past summer's models; although a smattering of scorchers will remain to accent the autumnal tone. Once part of the official Scott Fitzgerald yachting ensemble, the double-breasted blazer — shipshaped with side vents, rococo linings, trim shoulders and narrow lapels — will be seen again in a tasteful assortment of low-key colors, presaging a marked but modest return to double-breasted styles in suits and sports jackets — but only for the avant-gardists.

The word in dinner jackets is black,

as always — but trimly contemporized with peaked lapels, satin facing and trim, and elegantly enlivened with bold vests of lush and exotic fabrics. For the venturesome host, the most inventive inspiration in many a season is the immaculate Indian diplomatic jacket — à la Nehru — complete with straight-lined silhouette, stand-up collar and convertible cuffs for formal links, ultracomfortably designed to be worn sans tie or shirt. For this strikingly sophisticated departure from Western sartorial traditions, we predict a large fashion splash.

Conservative influences have divested separate slacks of virtually all gimmicks. Cuffless belt-loop models, in a felicitous variety of worsted flannels, coverts, sharkskins, wool gabbs, Bedford cords and reverse-twist worsteds, will once again dominate the dressier styles. Subdued olives and compound colors will set the tone; muted plaids and checks will supplement the solids. For casual wear, both belted and beltless models (the latter with button tab or buckled side adjustments) will be making the scene in sleek cotton suedes, revived poplin and cotton gab, and corduroys in offbeat earthy shades.

Resuming their rightful place in the male wardrobe with the return of loops, belts will be as tastefully unadorned as the trousers they complement. Varicolored stripes, patterns and solid colors in webbing and stretch materials — buckled with classic simplicity — will be available in abundance, not merely as a practical supplement to basic leather in standard black and brown, but as a coordinating touch of dash and distinction for each individual outfit.

With the revived three-piece suit still soaring in popularity, waistcoat enthusiasts will be in for a field day, with the new vests showing up in uninhibited brocades, embroidery, harlequin patterns and even fur. They'll appear in plaids, checks and solids of earthy camel tones, uncompromising hunter yellows, forest olives and fire-engine reds. They'll have both rounded and pointed bottoms; fabric and knitted backs; single- and double-breasted fronts; standard and flapped pockets. They'll be fashioned in velvet and cotton suede, tweed and mole-skin. Reversibles will proliferate, some pattern-and-pattern, but mostly pattern-and-plain. And for a refreshing fashion note, some of the new sports jackets come equipped with matching vests, designed to be worn with contrasting or coordinated slacks.

Dress shirts, too, will bear the imprint of updated, upbeat traditionalism. Button-downs, British tabs and round collars worn with a pin can be expected to hold firm, but several new spread styles will be bidding for favor — chiefly a short-pointed model with narrowed spread. The Tony Curtis-influenced shirt with

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high-banded collar and extrawide cuffs will gain increasing support. And the pullover dress shirt, a boon to the button-wearer, will be coming into its own. Regimental stripings on richly yarn-dyed backgrounds will be adding zest and variety to the pattern picture; blue will be the key color in both stripes and solids.

With patterned shirtings and suitings in greater ascendancy, however subtly, than at any time since the pattern-happy Thirties, one might conclude that the only answer to tastefully integrated neckwear is the solid knit. Not so. With neatness and simplicity as the keynote, this year's patterned ties—bright rep and club stripes, geometrics, design-embossed foulards—will be at least as essential to the well-coordinated wardrobe as play-it-safe solids, and far more rewarding to the imaginative dresser in his pattern-on-pattern improvisations. Plain and

fancy, the trend is toward narrower cravats, as shirtmakers tend toward diminished collar space for neckwear.

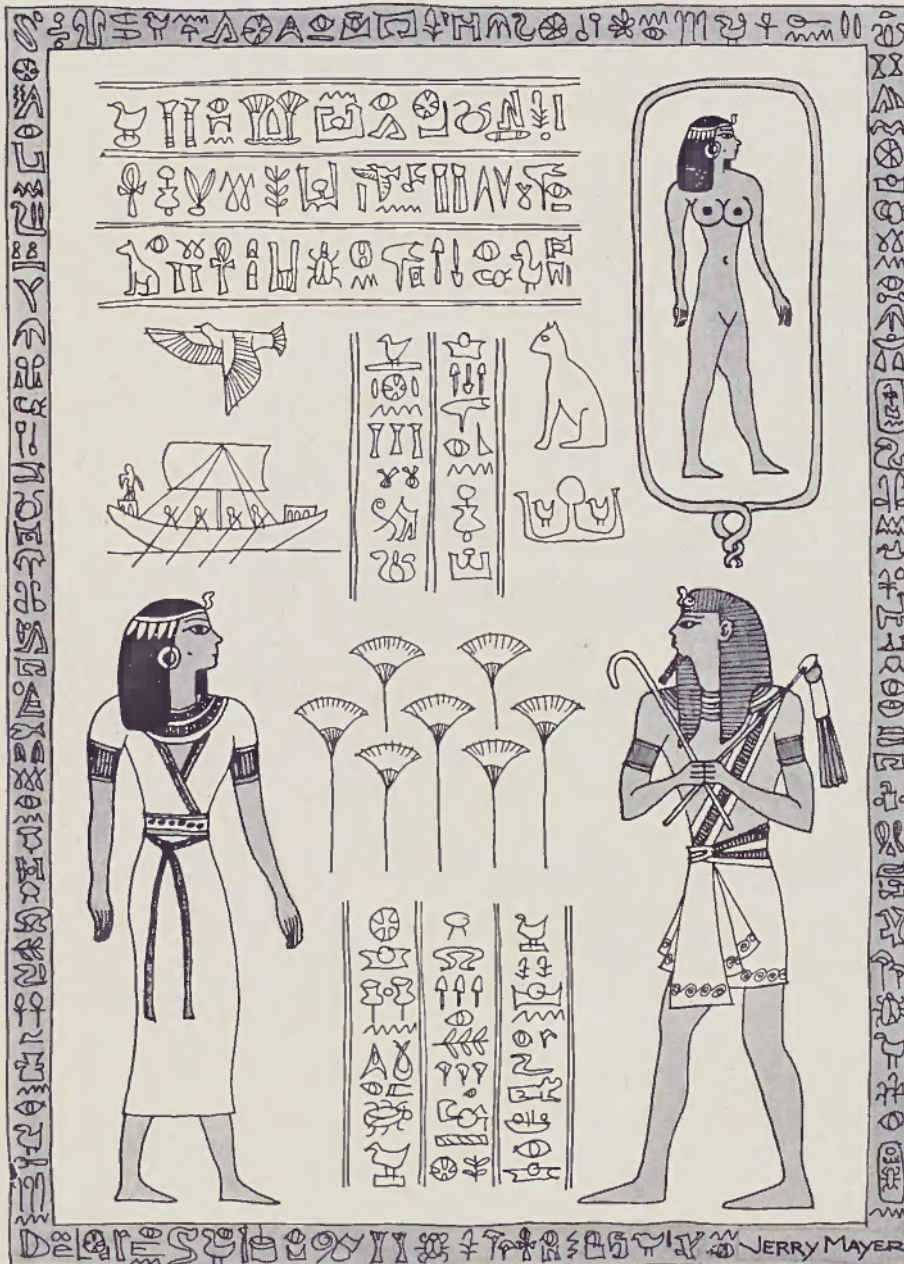
The sport-shirt scene is one of the few fashion areas where some degree of esthetic abandon will prevail. Rugged- and smooth-fibered stripes, tartans, tattersalls, batiks, abstracts, plaids and checks will appear in unabashed oranges, yellows, blues, greens and purples. Button-downs (with tapered bodies and somewhat shorter collars) will continue to vie evenly with spread-collar shirts for the esteem of the knowledgeable—as will pullover and button-front models. Soft suedelike cotton will make its mark in classic, poncho and buttondown styles in natural, russet, olive and solid primary colors. All-or-nothing will be the story in print shirts: either way-out bolds or conventional foulards in low-key colors, with no middle ground. And

watch for the outerwear shirt, an innovation incorporating raglan sleeves, double-flapped pockets, false yokes, zippers, elbow patches and contrasting stitching. Blending tradition and trail blazing, many of the new knit shirts will be Greek-key-patterned with slit plackets and rib-knit or self collars. But some will sport suede or leather-patched shoulders and raglan sleeves, others self-covered four-button plackets, or even—taking their cue from the new cardigans—full zip-fronts. Most will be offered in both long- and short-sleeved versions for fall or winter wear. As an ideal accessory for an open-necked dress or sport shirt (blazer and ducks optional), the smart ascot—in a choice selection of paisleys and geometrics—is becoming as popular among weekending American men as among cutawayed horse buffs at the English race track which gave this smart accessory its name.

Sweater styles this fall will be highlighted, along with almost every other category of wearables, by a return to the uncluttered classic look. The traditional seven-inch V-neck pullover will easily win the majority vote: close behind will be the raglan-sleeve cardigan with six-, seven- or eight-button closures, and the new zip-front model. Standard crew- and turtle-neck collars will be in; tricky shawl and boatnecks out. Slated for a strong and welcome comeback: the immemorial sleeveless. Gone, though perhaps not forever, are the engulfing super-bulkies; and in their place are lightweights and textured knits in such trimly handsome self-patterns as flat cable and accordion rib. Solid colors, traditionally, will dominate the new styles, but the fall and winter line of patterned sweaters, in geometric and abstract designs vividly accented with unflinching reds, oranges and purples, will be far from eclipsed.

Outerwear this season will be robustly imaginative. With the emphasis on clean-lined simplicity, it will earn adherents primarily by inventive applications of new notions in detailing. Underset Tyrolean sleeves and shoulder treatments will impart a casually tailored feeling to topcoats and overcoats; tie-belted and half-belted coats are in for a jaunty re-appearance; the British warmer, both traditional and modified, will be debuting in dressy longer lengths; and the double-breasted polo coat, after a long absence, will be pushing for a modest revival. But perennial balmacaans (in full-cut and slimmed-down models) and semi-fitted chesterfields will remain in the lead.

In casual outerwear, ruggedly functional stadium coats—stripped of frills—will hold unchallenged sway. Many feature zip-plus-button plackets; and most are fitted with warm hoods, either zippered or attached. Bal and notched



collars have upstaged shawl styles; raglans and split raglans have pre-empted dropped shoulders. And almost all of the new jackets are lined with weather-proof shearlings. These familiar curly-pile fabrics first appeared in European outerwear a few seasons ago with the introduction of sumptuous one-piece suede-and-shearling leathers. Since adapted to poplins, blanket plaids and sueded fabrics of all-cotton or partially man-made fibers, they have the same burly, raw-edged look as genuine sheepskin; but the price has been lowered. Near-weightless laminates — jerseys, knits and other traditional fabrics bonded to spongelike foam for body and for shape-retention — will be lightening and strengthening not only the lion's share of these new jackets, but almost everything else in the male wardrobe, from hats to shoes, shirts to slacks, sweaters to sports coats.

Wetwear will acquire a dressy topcoat look with shorter lengths and raglan sleeves, split or full. In laminated jerseys and woven fabrics, both solids and muted patterns will be seen in black, tan, oyster, putty and taupe.

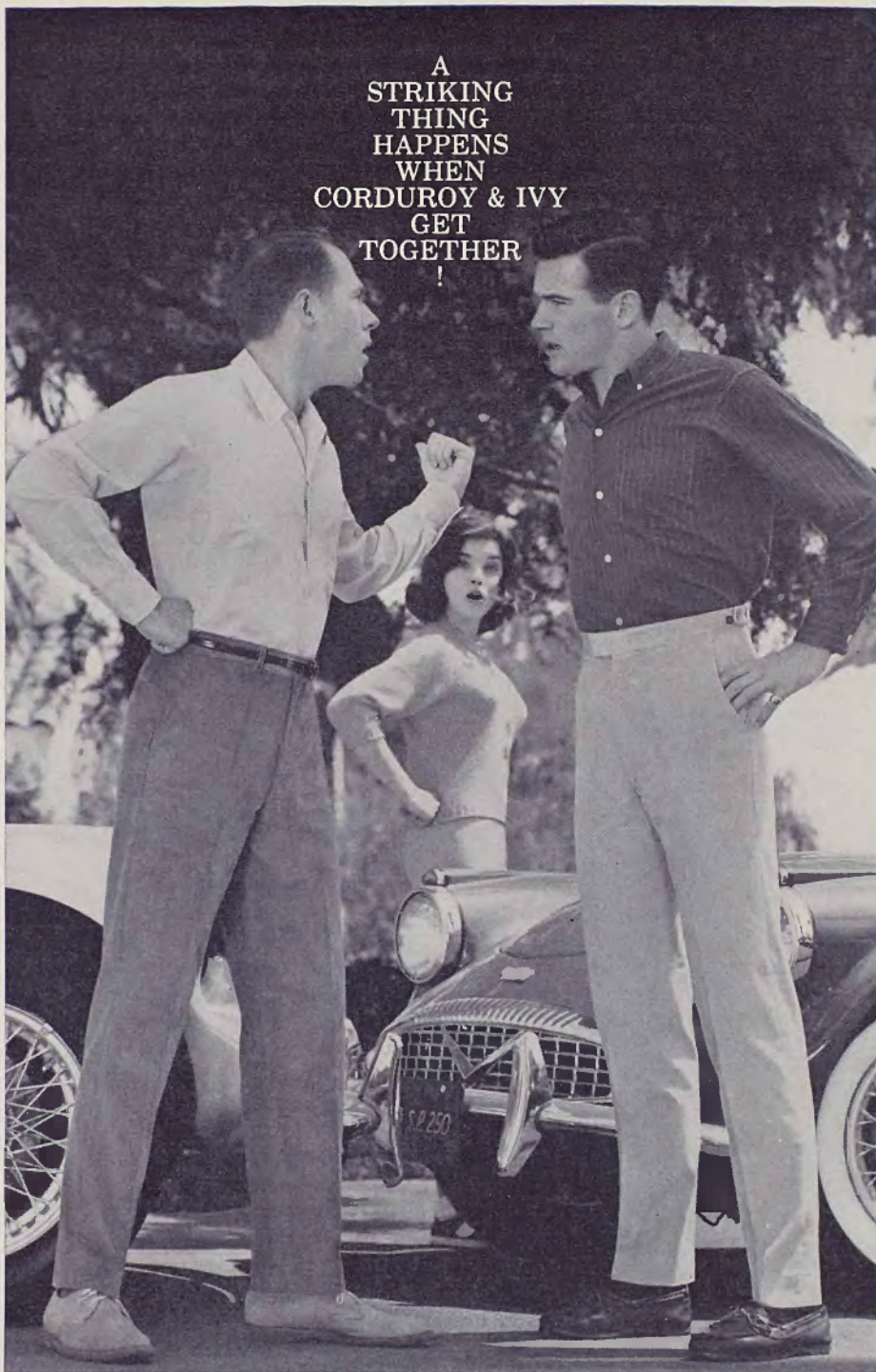
The increasingly classic profile in clothes for both town and country underlines the importance of suitable gloves for the winter wardrobe. Handsomely on hand this season will be soft leathers trimmed with stitching and self-braid; classic pigskins in basic browns and black; and the widest choice yet in sporty stretch gloves.

The right hats, too, can make the difference between impeccability and mere correctness in a man's wardrobe; this year's headgear should enable the fashion-wise to get on the right side of this often subtly shaded distinction. In keeping with the slim, natural-shouldered style in suits, the small-brimmed, tapered-crown felt should set the dress-hat pace, chiefly in bronze and blue-olive. Even narrower-ribbon hatbands will emphasize the over-all feeling of trimness. With soft velours, nubby cloths and brushed felts, the same compact look will be informalized in the new hats for country wear.

Proceeding from head to toe, we find the classic revival actively and urbanely afoot in shoegear. As a footloose coordinate for casual duds, brushed leathers will be stepping out in style for the first time in many years. With renewed interest in black-browns, rusts, auburns, chocolates and camel-tones for suiting, browns of every shade should pull close to front-running black as the shoe-in favorite. And to lace our fall and winter forecast with a final foot-note: lightweights will be obtainable in every model, but watch for a trend toward more substantial footwear than the slipperlike Continentals of recent memory.



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LEADER

(continued from page 102)

Vehicle Investigation Committee, Christ Brotherhood, Inc., Cosmic Circle of Friendship, First Christian Spiritualist Church, Fellowship of Golden Illumination, Ministry of Universal Wisdom, Pacific Lemurian Society, Sanctuary of Thought. . . Publications devoted to the cause include such titles as *Thy Kingdom Come*, *Cosmic Voice*, *Love with Understanding*, *The Universal Key*."

Many up-to-date yearners for that Old Time Religion have seized upon the saucer phenomenon in an attempt to harness modern technology for their own traditionalist purposes. In the words of one saucerian author: ". . . the long-drawn-out battle between Science and Religion might suddenly end in a surprise knockout just at the very moment when Science appeared to have won hands down."

Religion has frequently been associated with the ability of certain rare mortals to make contact with creatures not of this world. Before people had become acquainted with outer space, at stages of history when man's view of the universe was more theological than it is today, these unearthly beings were considered to be supernatural rather than superterrestrial. Thus, Medieval history is filled with devils and witches. Nor did the Protestant Reformation ease the flying-sorcerer mania initiated by the Catholic Inquisition. Indeed, as A. D. White comments in *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*, ". . . the new Church being anxious to show itself equally orthodox and zealous with the old . . . Catholic and Protestant theologians vied with each other in detecting witches . . ."

By the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, Satanic contacts had fallen off and were being replaced by more benign occult visitations. Emanuel Swedenborg, the Scandinavian mystic, did not see his first spirit-caller until 1744, when he was fifty-six years old, but he then proceeded to make up for lost time until his death at the age of eighty-four. He not only received his protoplasmic friends here on Earth, but he politely returned their visits, thus setting a pioneering example for today's contactees. Describing his travels through the Unseen World in twenty thousand pages which Swedenborgians reverently refer to as *The Writings*, he says that beyond the veil is an exact counterpart of the visible world. Among other things, Swedenborg wrote, there are "schools for infant angels; universities for the learned; and fairs for such as were commercially inclined—particularly the English and Dutch angels!" Swedenborg also reported that there is sex after death, which may account for his following among the middle-aged.

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earlier centuries were largely supernatural, persevering researchers have found evidence of doings even in the preflight age. For example, British UFO historian Desmond Leslie quite definitely traces the annals of saucery to the year 18,617,841 B.C., when, he says, the first space vehicle landed on Earth from Venus; he backs up his calculations with references to "vimanas" (meaning "cars celestial" or "fiery chariots") in Sanskrit scrolls and to "Pearls-in-the-Sky" in ancient Tibetan works.

In *Flying Saucers on the Attack*, Harold T. Wilkins (one of the very few writers who feel saucers are hostile) says that certain old Irish manuscripts refer to mysterious "demon ships" in the years 212, 763, and 956 A.D. In particular, Wilkins quotes this episode from the *Speculum Regali in Konungs-Skuggsjá*: "There happened in the borough of Cloeva, one Sunday, while the people were at Mass, a marvel. In this town is a church. . . . It befell that an anchor was dropped from the sky, with a rope attached to it, and one of the flukes caught in the arch above the church door. The people rushed out . . . and saw in the sky a ship with men on board, floating before the anchor-cable, and they saw a man leap overboard and jump down to the anchor, as if to release it. The folk rushed up and tried to seize him; but the bishop forbade the people to hold the man, for it might kill him, he said. The man was freed, and hurried up to the ship, where the crew cut the rope and the ship sailed away out of sight. But the anchor is in the church, and has been ever since, as a testimony."

Although some strange "globes" were apparently seen over Nürnberg in 1561 and over Basel in 1566, space consciousness did not really soar until the first successful balloon ascension in 1783. The heavens seemed accessible at last; man looked up, and anything seemed possible — even the famous Moon Hoax of 1835 when the *New York Sun*, as a circulation stunt, ran a satirical series of articles purporting to describe life on the moon as seen through a new and powerful telescope. "They are doubtless innocent and happy creatures," said the account, referring to the moon's apelike, four-foot-tall inhabitants, "notwithstanding some of their amusements would but ill comport with our terrestrial notions of decorum." The satire was taken straight by about half the paper's readers, many of whom refused to disbelieve what they had read even after the reporter made a public admission of what he'd been up to.

In 1882, a Great Saucer was reportedly sighted at England's Greenwich Observatory. In 1897, a huge object, described either as torpedo-shaped or cigar-shaped, supposedly passed over large portions of the United States. Charles Fort, who spent much of his life probing strange phenomena, assembled whole chapters of sight-



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ings of strange sky objects, most of them cigar-shaped, reported in the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries. Abhorring certitude on anyone's part, Fort speculated that they might be piloted by Martians deliberately observing us, or "... I conceive of other worlds and vast structures that pass us by, within a few miles, without the slightest desire to communicate, quite as tramp vessels pass many islands..."

Just before the turn of the century, Theodore Flournoy, Professor of Psychology at the University of Geneva, began a lengthy examination of a remarkable thirty-year-old Frenchwoman known by the pseudonym Helene Smith. In his book, *From India to the Planet Mars*, Flournoy tells how she went into a series of related trances forming a Martian sequence in which she traveled forty-three million miles through space like a spiritual Sputnik.

Interplanetary travel reporter Smith revealed that the Martians rode in horseless and wheelless carriages, that they looked just like humans and wore ski suits, and that the women wore flat round hats shaped like nonflying saucers. She drew countless sketches of the landscape on Mars and she regaled Professor Flournoy with samples of the Martian language, both written and spoken: "Metiche," for example, means "Monsieur"; "Medache" stands for "Madam." After four detail-larded years of this sort of thing, Professor Flournoy wrote, "I myself, I am ashamed to acknowledge, began, in 1898, to have enough of the Martian romance."

This brings to mind the more recent space-travel episode described in *The Fifty-Minute Hour* by the late psychoanalyst, Dr. Robert Lindner, of which he, too, "had enough"—but in a different way. In the chapter called *The Jet-Propelled Couch*, Dr. Lindner described his treatment of a brilliant research physicist working for the Government, normal in every way except in his belief that he was Lord of the planet Seraneb, which he visited regularly. Lindner described that therapeutic tactics required him to participate fully in the patient's fantasy and then, from within, to underscore inner contradictions and miscalculations which would bring down the whole structure. But Lindner did not reckon on getting so involved that the fantasy became more important to himself than to the patient. In fact, the physicist went on pretending to believe in his trips to Seraneb for weeks after he had shed his psychosis, "Because I felt you wanted me to!"

Despite the fact that superterrestrial visitants were gradually becoming more numerous than supernatural ones, fascination with the occult persisted well into the Twentieth Century. In 1921 Sigmund Freud wrote that it represented

"one manifestation of the devaluation which, ever since the world catastrophe of the great war, has affected everything established . . . part of the attempt to probe the great upheaval toward which we are drifting." Freud regarded the public's recurring interest in the esoteric as an effort "to regain by other 'supernatural' means the lost appeal of life on this earth."

Man's wish or need to believe in the exotic has existed in all eras and has taken many forms. Today, more than a few world catastrophes after Freud made his observation, the need is apparently still with us, only now it is dressed up in a space suit. Jung said, "The basis for this kind of (visionary) rumor is an *emotional tension* having its cause in a situation of collective stress or danger, or in a vital psychic need." As an example of the former he cited "the strain of Russian policies."

Whatever the specific cause, or complex of causes, the Twentieth Century has undergone a long build-up to the present saucer craze. Interplanetary commuters have always figured prominently in science fiction, whose popularity has mounted since the turn of the century. Men from other planets were central to H. G. Wells' 1898 novel, *The War of the Worlds*, just as they are in such contemporary fiction as Arthur C. Clarke's poetic *Childhood's End*, John Wyndham's chilling *The Midwich Cuckoos* (basis of last year's movie *The Village of the Damned*), and Fredric Brown's ironic *Martian, Go Home!* From only one science-fiction magazine in 1926, the field has grown to about two dozen today. And the science-fiction novel is now catching up in popularity with its older brother, the detective yarn.

If anything at all was proved by the panic which struck an estimated one million of the six million listeners to Orson Welles' 1938 radio adaptation of H. G. Wells' story about a Martian invasion (a panic which caused them to see and hear the invaders all over the country), it was that, for better or worse, people were even then ready to believe in the landing of other-worldly beings. World War II and high-powered jet airplanes brought space travel that much closer. Then in 1957 Sputnik put earthlings over the hump into the Space Age and in 1961, the Russians sent a ship to Venus. Saucers seem here to stay: for if we now have the means to scout around Out There, isn't it just as likely that they have the means to get here?

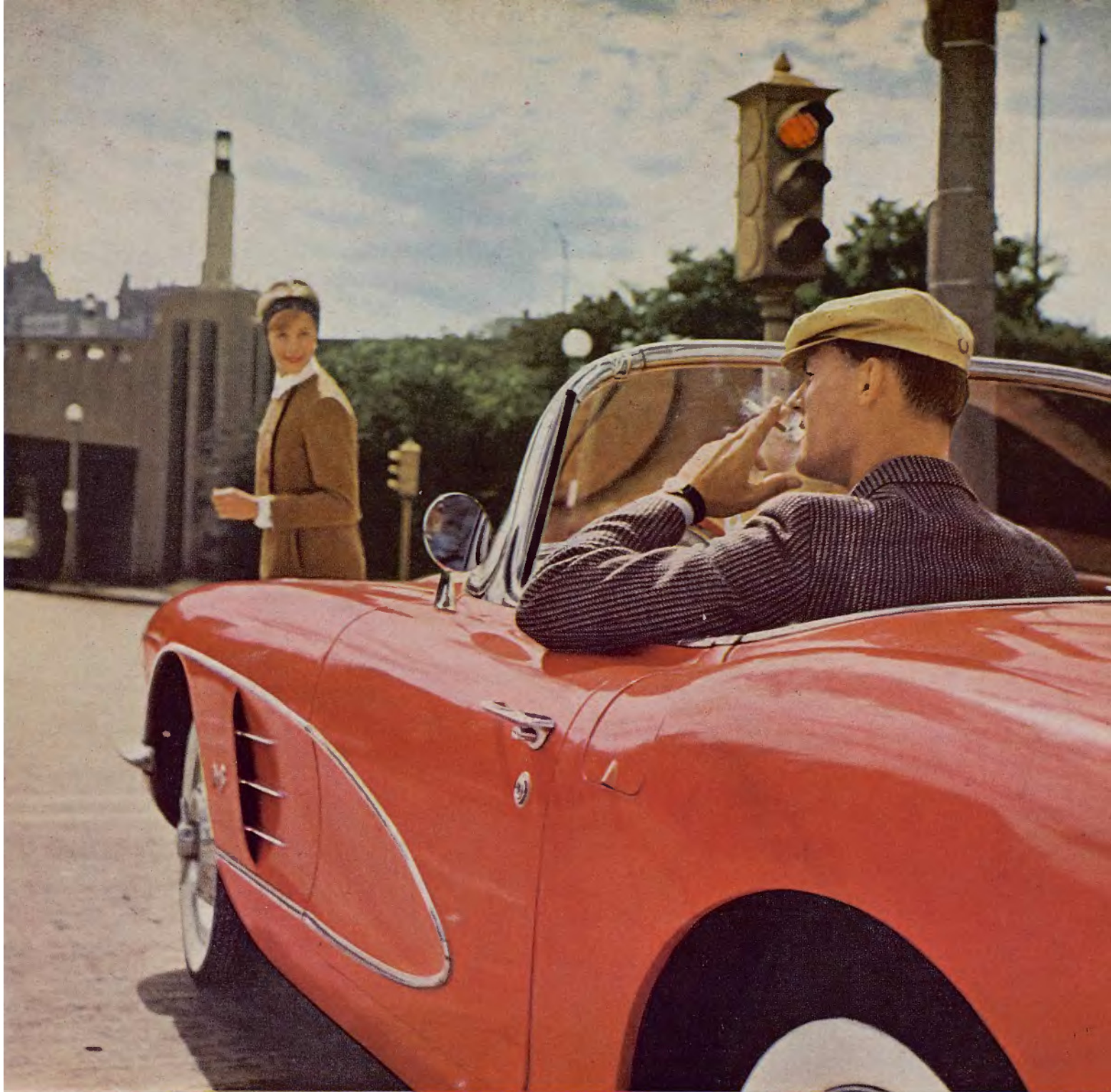
Some contactees say the Space People are actually revisiting the Earth, having established an ancient civilization here millions of years ago before blasting off for greener pastures in another corner of the solar system. In any event, the extra-terrestrial guests, like their hosts, are worried about the A- and H-Bombs. Some

spacemen are strictly altruistic in their concern over the Earth's welfare. Others are worried that a nuclear war here may accidentally upset the balance of the universe's basic forces. Either way, they're here to help head it off. If they fail, it won't be a total loss: they've promised to send spaceships to evacuate contactees and their followers Before It's Too Late.

Most American contactees are west of the Mississippi, perhaps because visibility for spotting saucers is better out in the wide, open spaces, or perhaps because there are more Californians west of the Mississippi than east of it. Around each contactee has formed a core of True Believers who subscribe to a synthesis of fundamentalist religion, super-sonic technology and extroverted sex (the proportions vary from group to group, although Long John Nebel says "most of them are strongly in the pad with Venusian women") which serves as their ideological gospel for the New Age.

There are few college graduates among the contactees, but many have finished high school. They, like their followers, are drawn largely from the ranks of the humble and obscure, where most virtue resideth; not a few are quick to point out that Jesus Christ was a lowly carpenter. However, they are not wholly antistatus, for they also claim that a number of "top scientists" are actually cryptosaucerites who cannot reveal their convictions publicly for fear of colliding with the Government's conspiracy of silence. Scientific corroboration is drawn upon wherever it can be found. Thus, it is pointed out that on September 2, 1921, Guglielmo Marconi reported receiving radio signals, which he thought were in code, from some station on a wave length not of this world. One is referred to the two Government installations in West Virginia that beam electronic signals to outer space and patiently listen for a reply. And then there is the recent Brookings Institution research report on space, a 190-page study costing \$96,000, which says, "While the discovery of intelligent life in other parts of the universe is not likely in the immediate future, it could nevertheless happen at any time."

On occasion, however, the contact wing of the saucer movement has attempted to buttress its case with more detailed evidence. For example, in 1958 there appeared a book called *Flying Saucers and the Straight-Line Mystery*. Its French author, Aimé Michel, contended when he plotted the sightings of any single day on a map of France, the connective tracings formed a series of straight lines intersecting at one point which he took to be the location of a mother ship sending out scout craft. By thus using "orthoteny" (derived by Michel from the Greek word for "stretched in a straight line"), he inferred that the Earth was being subjected to systematic aerial exploration.



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For contrast, the book also contains charts on which a handful of catnip seeds has been sprinkled at random, with connecting lines drawn through their locations. Beneath every chart is an indispensable caption to tell the reader whether he is looking at plottings of saucer sightings or catnip seeds.

Given the inherent difficulty of their subject matter, it is not surprising that contactees pepper their pronouncements with tantalizing escape clauses ("... cannot be revealed at this time... will be revealed at the proper time") that serve to bridge the gap between apparent differences of opinion; for example, are the visitants Venusians or Martians or both? In the end, despite a measure of off-the-record rivalry and animosity, the contactees usually recognize their community of interest and back each other's stories in public.

By and large, American contactees have reported intelligible chats with humanoid visitants who were usually quite attractive physically, if not downright sexy-looking. Truman Bethurum, a California construction worker, met eleven times in the desert with "chic petite brunette" Captain Aura Rhanes, commander of an "Admiral's Scow" and its thirty-two-man crew from the planet Clarion, which, being on the other side of the moon, is invisible to our eyes and, apparently, to the camera the Russians recently sent back there. In his book, *Aboard a Flying Saucer (Non-Fiction: A True Story of Personal Experience)*, Bethurum offers the following sample of Captain Aura's prose style: "I love to read and ride and swim and fish in lakes and rivers. I like to dress up nice and dance. But housework gives me shivers." Her style in clothes usually runs to a red-and-black dress with a beret to match. On one occasion, Bethurum says she switched to a light-gray slack ensemble and "looked very chic indeed... with her fully developed small figure set off by the slacks, which appeared almost as if painted on her, so snugly did they fit." Another time Aura looked up at him "with a speculative expression in her big brown eyes," and the following dialog was exchanged.

AURA: Truman, you seem distraught and worried tonight. Is anything wrong with you or your world that you think I might be able to help you with?

TRUMAN: Yes. A lot of things in my world are wrong. I wrote my wife about you, and she thinks I've gone off my rocker.

AURA (*smiling sympathetically*): Yes, I can see how she might feel that way.

Truman Bethurum's book appeared in 1954. Two years later, according to ufologist Isabel Davis, Mrs. Bethurum successfully sued for divorce in Los Angeles, naming Captain Aura Rhanes as correspondent.

In foreign countries, the visitants have only rarely resembled "chic petite bru-

nettes." Usually they have been reported to be everything along the scale from lemurlike to insectiform, from midgits twenty-three inches in height to fifteen-foot giants, or sometimes simply as "medium-sized blobs." South Americans seem to go in for hairy dwarfs, while the French have displayed a strong predilection toward little green men who drop such remarks as, "Oumph... grobrezabri... trobobrana!" What all this indicates about differing national characteristics is a nice debating point for the sociologists. Perhaps it only proves that it takes all kinds to make a solar system.

Despite disagreements among the saucer movement's Faithful over who or what is seen, or over other quasi-theological bones of contention, they are monolithically united in their awareness of hidden conspiratorial threats all around them. Fortunately, they have allies. As Miss C. Lois Jessop, assistant director of the procontactee New York Saucer Information Bureau, informed a recent interviewer, "The space people will put a beam on a writer if he ridicules them."

Several contactees, however, are relying upon their own terrestrial acts to right the conditions that bother them. George Van Tassel and Gabriel Green, for example, have entered politics, and managed to poll some California write-in votes for President in the last election. (Green's slogan: "Abe in 1860 — Gabe in 1960.")

Lately the flying-saucer movement has been taking more and more eccentric twists and turns in its attempt to provide a meaningful pattern of life for its followers. The omniscient Space Brothers have begun passing along increasingly detailed and vehement advice on the following: health foods and organic farming (OK); vivisection (NG); Yoga (OK); fluoridation (NG); Salk vaccine (NG); vegetarianism (OK); tobacco (NG); alcohol (NG); chemical food additives (NG); Hoxsey cancer cure (OK); progressive education (NG); United Nations (NG); isolationism (OK); antibiotics (NG).

This set of views falls within the "naturalistic syndrome," a phrase coined by Morris Davis, Professor of Political Science at Dalhousie University in Nova Scotia, to describe the "fear of unnatural novelty." If it be objected that few things could be more novel or more unnatural than flying saucers, one must remember that the Space Brothers long ago learned to power their craft by tapping into the *natural* forces of the universe.

Another recent development has been the influx of anti-Semitic and Jim Crow tidbits into the spacemen's teachings. Buck Nelson, an elderly Missouri farmer turned contactee, reports that on Venus "the races are nicely segregated." (He's

been there and seen for himself; to prove it, he brought back a 385-pound Venusian dog which no one has ever seen, but whose hair he has been selling as a souvenir; according to one report, he "sold several dogfuls" at a recent space convention.) The Jews, Nelson declares, are off in a ghetto on one side of the planet, the Negroes on the other; in the central lebensraum are only white Gentiles. Nelson once told Long John Nebel that the Venusian Twelfth Commandment is along the lines of "Thou shalt not commit adultery," adultery being defined as Jew marrying Christian.

George Van Tassel, in addition to his other interests, has been hitting the miscegenation theme. In his pamphlet *Into This World and Out Again*, he makes a novel contribution to Higher Criticism as he records a spaceman saying, "The black people and the yellow people are as true a race of humans as the white people, as long as they do not propagate cross seed by intermating. *This is the 'original sin.'*"

Transvaal Episode, anonymously authored but published by John McCoy's Essene Press in Corpus Christi, Texas, quotes a "Great Master" whose saucer lands in Africa: "Throughout the Universe there is a White Brotherhood and a Dark Brotherhood, the latter the less evolved... Stand firm — for like all slaves — though they be slaves unto themselves — the lesser evolved will try to overthrow and dominate the higher if they can. Stand firm."

George Hunt Williamson is a self-proclaimed anthropologist who, according to the jacket copy of his book, *Other Tongues — Other Flesh*, "attended Cornell College, Eastern New Mexico University, the University of Arizona, and took a special course at the University of Denver." The blurb neglects to say that he was graduated from none of them. "Dr." Williamson's writings might easily be dismissed as those of a hallucinated Frazer, except that every so often one runs up against a puzzling sentence like, "The swastika, itself, always retained a warm corner in the people's hearts." This becomes somewhat more intelligible when one learns that Williamson was once William Dudley Pelley's assistant at the Soulecraft Publishing House in Noblesville, Indiana. Silver Shirt Pelley, it will be recalled, was convicted of sedition in 1942 and went to prison for seven years. Separately and in collaboration, Williamson and McCoy have turned out a number of UFO tracts in which they rehash every anti-Semitic classic from the "International Banker" bogey to Moscow-dominated Communist conspiracies.

Is there any correlation between the saucer movement's racist tendencies and the other new ideas which lately have begun to infiltrate its thinking? Is there



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any reason why it so frequently happens that people who like wheat germ and blackstrap molasses don't like Jews and Negroes?

Brandeis University Professor Max Lerner believes he has the key. He would change Professor Davis' "naturalist syndrome" to read "purity syndrome." The common denominator in this interconnected set of attitudes, suggests Lerner, is the emphasis on purity of food, drinking water, body and race. A person who is anti-"pollution" in virtually every aspect of his life, he goes on, is usually motivated by a guilt feeling over his own deep sense of impurity, which he then projects onto others. And who is a handier scapegoat than an "inferior," "impure" race bent on "defiling" or "mongrelizing" the pure of heart, body and soul?

That is where the flying-saucer movement stands today. As Richard R. Mathison writes, "The doctrine which will establish the flying-saucer phenomenon as a cult is taking shape. In study circles, the true believers are searching the Bible for those references which, by their interpretation, will establish their cult as the only true approach to God."

In their efforts, the contactees and their disciples are undeterred by opposition or ridicule. They care not at all that Donald H. Menzel, Professor of Astrophysics at Harvard College Observatory, has said that eighty percent of the UFO sightings are attributable to misinterpretations of natural objects, such as planes, vapor trails, astronomical bodies, balloons, clouds, kites, birds, bits of newspaper, etc.; and that the other twenty percent consist of various kinds of optical illusions, aurora-related phenomena, or unusual kinds of shooting stars. Nor is the logic which governs the movement adversely affected by the fact that ten years ago the *Saturday Review*, never a magazine to fling money about recklessly, offered a reward of \$100,000 "to the first little man from another planet who walks into this office," and that this sum is still unclaimed.

The Society for Psychical Research of London once queried seventeen thousand people and found that 9.9 percent of any given population "have had sensory hallucinations in the course of normal everyday life." Another student of the subject has observed, "Among hysterics and the insane, hallucinations often tend to reflect current beliefs and ideas of the age."

Putting all this together at this point in our survey of mankind's experiences with extraterrestrial visitants, it is just possible that there may be some current relevance to the remark which the French author Fontenelle made over two centuries ago. "Show me," he said, "four persons who swear it is midnight when it is noon, and I will show you ten thousand to believe them."

CREME

(continued from page 101)

are worth a try. If even these exotica don't appeal, however, it's simplicity itself to ad lib frosty fancies in answer to one's mood, using rich, pristine vanilla as a base and embellishing it with improvisations. Devotees of the buttered almond have but to buy a three-ounce package of slivered almonds, bake them in a moderate oven with a few tablespoons of butter until light brown, salt them generously, soften a quart of vanilla in the refrigerator until easily scoopable, then quickly stir in the almonds, secrete the mixture in the freezer for hardening and, just before serving, cover the collage with orgeat or almond syrup. *Voilà*—we guarantee an almond ice cream to eclipse any frozen facsimile west of Rumpelmay-er's emporium, long the gourmet's mecca of mouth-watering polar joys.

For those game to attempt real spellbinders, we suggest an exploration of the toothsome world of preserved fruits. Such sweets as brandied dates or Nesselrode, rum or brandy sauce, bottled guavas, mangoes or papayas can transform prosaic vanilla into the most dulcet extravagance in the desert kingdom. Merely drain them, dice them, then perform the same mixing ritual as with the toasted almonds. And for a final fillip to Caribbean-fruit-based creams, cap the creation with canned coconut in syrup.

The French *coupe*—not a car style, but another realm of chilled delight—is simply a standard American sundae with no holds barred. Those with a well-developed ice-cream sense can whip up a million variations: with any ice cream (from apricot to avocado) as a base, heap on any fresh fruit (from peach to pineapple), top with any liqueur (from Cointreau to curaçao), any nuts (from cashews to filberts) and any given amount of sugared whipped cream—but please, no corny maraschino crown. Or perhaps a parfait would be preferred; years ago a *pièce de résistance* requiring hours of preparation, today's parfait is nothing more than a *coupe* that doesn't know when to stop: mountains of ice cream and compatible condiments are succulently stratified in a tall Pilsner glass. For instance: put strawberries in the bottom of the glass; fill almost to the top with alternate layers of vanilla and strawberry, mint or what-have-you; let more berries drizzle down from above; and top it with a Matterhorn of rum-laced whipped cream. Or: fill the glass with coffee ice cream and apricot ice, and surmount this achievement with fruits marinated in kirsch. Or even: fill glass with strata of chocolate ice cream and hazelnuts, and atop, pour a cool pool of crème de menthe.

For those lacking long spoons, we recommend such free-form, plate-borne inspirations as these: in the hollow of a



ripe honeydew melon, place a scoop of fresh lime sherbet; or combine tart raspberry ice and fresh peach ice cream, flank them with ladyfingers dipped in benedictine, and top with sugared berries. To anyone who can contrive a kinglier culmination to an autumnal repast we offer our unreserved admiration.

Just remember that any ice-cream invention will conjure up more delight if it's scooped out and spooned up when it's just beginning to lounge on the soft side. If it's to be kept for any length of time, of course, it should be stored in the freezer. Simply transfer it to the main chamber of the refrigerator about half an hour before bestowing. And when the time comes, don't downgrade the delicacy by serving it in those toy-town sherbet cups on glass feet; use either a mammoth frappé or Pilsner glass, or one of those oversize dessert dishes called nappies. Ladle out melba sauce, marrons and brandied fruits with a lavish hand. In the regal recipes below — each intended for four — serve up the portions in prodigal proportions, supply each man and maid with a large dessert spoon (never a teaspoon), tuck napkins in collars, if necessary — and dig in without further ceremony.

BAKED ALASKA

- ½ cup strawberry jam
- 1 small loaf sponge cake
- 4 egg whites
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 pint ice cream, any flavor
- 12 brandied cherries
- Confectioners' sugar
- 1 tablespoon brandy

Spread half the jam on the bottom of a shallow 12-in. oval casserole, cover with ½-in.-thick slices of sponge cake, and spread balance of the jam on top of the cake slices. Beat the egg whites and salt in mixer at high speed until soft peaks are formed. Slowly add the sugar and continue to beat until a stiff meringue is formed; then add vanilla. Place ice cream in an oval mound in the center of the cake, and cover completely with the meringue, shaping evenly with a spatula. Arrange the cherries on the meringue, sprinkle lightly with confectioners' sugar, and place in preheated 475° oven for three to four minutes, or until meringue is lightly browned, turning casserole, if necessary, to brown evenly. Light brandy, spoon over Alaska, cut crosswise into portions and serve with a flaming flourish.

CHERRIES JUBILEE

- 20-oz. can black pitted cherries in heavy syrup
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons sweet butter
- 2 jiggers light rum

2 jiggers curaçao
4 large scoopfuls vanilla ice cream
Drain the cherries well, putting ¼ cup of the syrup (saving the balance) into a small bowl with cornstarch and sugar. Mix well until there are no lumps and sugar is dissolved. Bring the balance of the juice to a boil over a low flame, gradually add cornstarch mixture, stirring constantly, simmer about two minutes, add butter, one jigger of rum, remove from heat and set aside. When ready to serve the dessert, scoop the ice cream into dessert dishes at the table, and crown with hot cherry sauce. Heat cherries, curaçao and remaining jigger of rum in a chafing dish over a direct flame until hot but not boiling. Set ablaze, let flames flicker a minute or so; spoon over the ice cream, admire, then devour.

CREPES SIR HOLDEN

- 10-oz. pkg. frozen strawberries
- 2 6-oz. jars crepes suzette
- 2 jiggers cognac
- 2 jiggers maraschino liqueur
- ½ cup heavy sweet cream
- 3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- 4 large scoopfuls vanilla ice cream
- 2 tablespoons toasted slivered almonds

(We have adapted this extravaganza from a *spécialité* at Horcher's renowned bistro in Madrid.) Thaw strawberries. Roll crepes, place in a saucepan or chafing dish, inundate with liquid from the jars, heat until sizzling, add cognac and maraschino liqueur, reheat, set ablaze and let flame for a minute or so. Whip cream, add sugar, whip a moment more. Spoon crepes alongside ice cream on serving dishes, spoon on liqueurs and strawberries, and crown with generous helpings of whipped cream. Sprinkle with almonds, behold, besiege.

FRESH PEACH MOUSSE

- 3 cups sliced ripe peaches
- ¾ cup sugar

- 2 tablespoons kirsch
- 6 egg yolks
- ½ teaspoon almond extract
- 1½ cups heavy cream

Frozen desserts made in freezer trays are often filled with inedibly sharp ice crystals. The *mousse* that follows is an exquisite exception. Purée one cup sliced peaches in an electric blender. Combine remaining two cups with ¼ cup sugar and kirsch. Chill until serving time. Beat egg yolks and remaining sugar in mixer at high speed until yolks are fluffy — about three to four minutes — and add almond extract. In a separate bowl whip the cream and fold with peach purée into the egg-yolk mixture. Turn the mixture into ice tray and freeze until semihard. Then cover with wax paper, complete freezing, and scoop *mousse* onto serving dishes. Spoon sliced peaches on top, and commit the creamy compute to the attentions of your sweet-toothed tablemates.

STUFFED JAMAICAN BANANAS

- 4 large ripe bananas
- 2 tablespoons frozen concentrated lime juice
- 2 tablespoons Jamaica rum
- 8 canned pineapple spears
- 1½ pints coffee ice cream
- ¼ cup coffee syrup

Cut about ¼ in. off the ends of each banana and slice a lengthwise slit in each. Without tearing the skin, cut the meat of each banana crosswise into chunks about 1-in. thick. Remove and mix with lime juice and rum. Place 2 pineapple spears on each banana skin, top with small scoops of ice cream, arrange banana chunks around them, flood with lime-juice mixture and coffee syrup, serve and sumptuously savor. In Caribbean climes, that's the way the banana splits.



"No, no, dear . . . on all four like Mama and Daddy."

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IN DECEMBER a sparkling world of travel awaits those venturesome enough to flee the traditional holiday haunts. For this month we suggest that you take off on a balmy ski jaunt, to a clime where slalom can be mingled neatly with Sol.

One good offbeat bet for warm ski-for-two fun is Spain. Of several choice resorts, we favor La Molina, a town fusing Siberian snow with Iberian glow. From excellent hostelries (Adsera, Solana, Sitjar and Solineu are the best, at a skimpy \$4.50 to \$8 per diem) you are wafted by ski lift and cable car to superb trails on Mounts Piug d'Alp and Piugllansada.

Equally beguiling schussing in the sun may be found on the unheralded (and hence uncrowded) slopes of Sicily. We recommend a pad at Catania or Taormina; the latter boasts the San Domenico, just possibly the best European inn extant. At either spot less than an hour's drive separates you from a warm Mediterranean dip or a snappy wedeln down Mount Etna's gleaming flanks.

For stateside sun-and-ski dueting, there is surely no more stimulating a locale than Las Vegas. Here your day may include a desert canter in the A.M., followed by an afternoon of ski summitry on handy Charleston Peak; in the evening, of course, the fabled diversions of the aptly yclept Strip are but a silver dollar's flip away. In addition to the lavish floorshows, in all the top resort hotels you will encounter a plenitude of luxurious pools, roulette wheels, lithesome

misses and other games of chance.

If you prefer your fun in the sun unsullied by thoughts of snow, try Guatemala during the December 12-21 Feast of St. Thomas. Don't miss the celebration at Chichicastenango, where throngs of Indian pilgrims pour in over the mountain passes and along coiling brown roads into the town's ancient square. There, dressed in the ceremonial black and reds of the ancient empire, and hazed in blue spirals of Mayan *copal* incense, they stage their ritual dances; later, marimba bands, mariachi guitarists and fireworks add to the flamboyant excitement of the night.

One final holiday hint: season your vacation with the salt spray of an ocean voyage. For example, a wassailing forty-day romp out of San Francisco includes on its Yule log stopovers at Hawaii (where swinging carols have a ukulele beat), Japan (the biggest social wingding of the year is the Christmas Eve ball at the Imperial Hotel) and Hong Kong (here brilliant tropical fruits garnish the imported traditional fir trees). And, if you sail early enough, you can even make it to the King of Thailand's birthday fete, a fabulous December 5 affair featuring priests and princes borne in magnificent royal barges to the royal palace at Bangkok. It's a ball for ordinary mortals, too.

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

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