

NOVEMBER 60 cents

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

LA EKBERG OF
"LA DOLCE VITA"

GAHAN WILSON'S
CHAMBER OF HORRORS

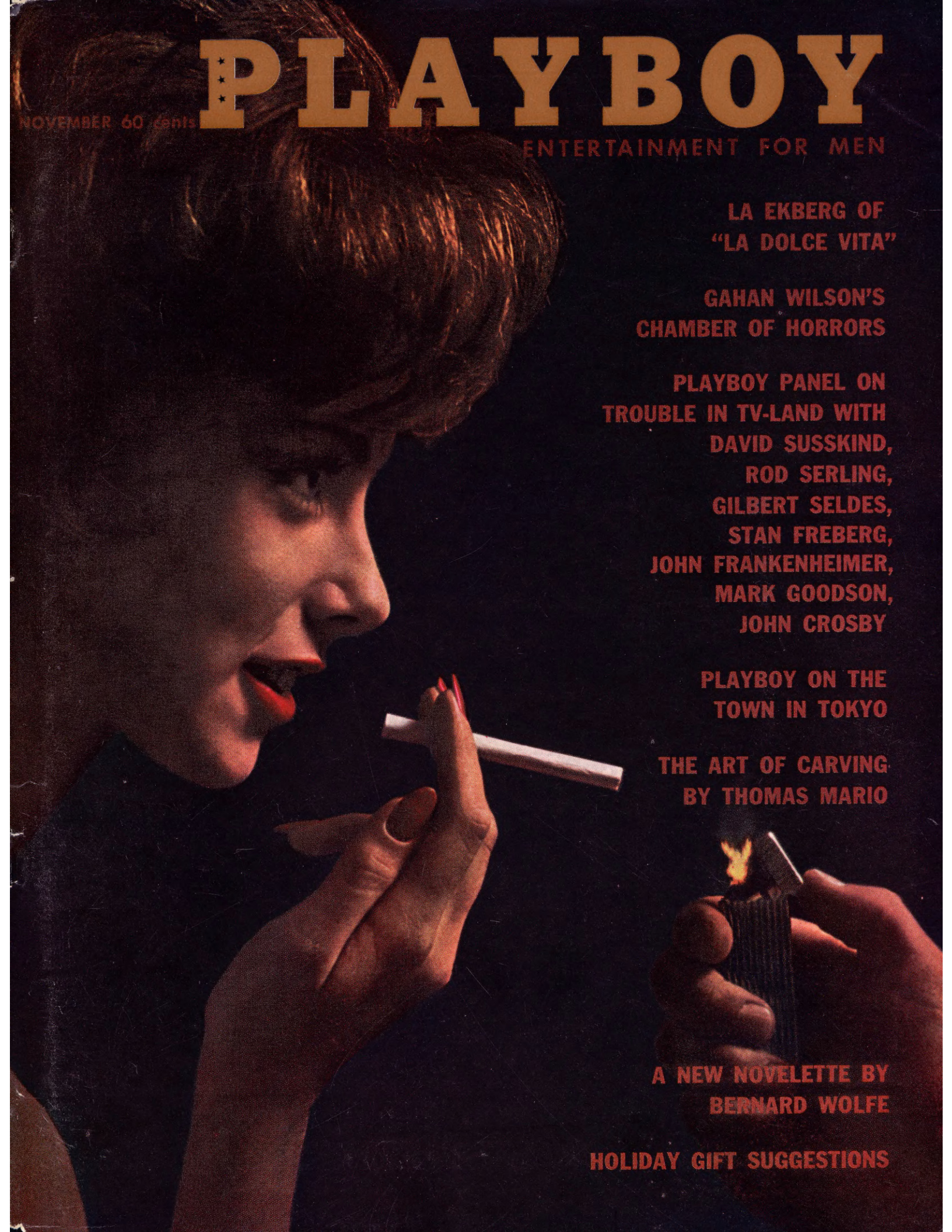
PLAYBOY PANEL ON
TROUBLE IN TV-LAND WITH
DAVID SUSSKIND,
ROD SERLING,
GILBERT SELDES,
STAN FREBERG,
JOHN FRANKENHEIMER,
MARK GOODSON,
JOHN CROSBY

PLAYBOY ON THE
TOWN IN TOKYO

THE ART OF CARVING
BY THOMAS MARIO

A NEW NOVELETTE BY
BERNARD WOLFE

HOLIDAY GIFT SUGGESTIONS





Mansfield packs this much wear...

into a trim...

flexible sole...

on new "Taperlites"

(how does Mansfield give you so much more?)

Shhh! We can't give away the whole secret. We can only tell you that Mansfield has developed a special way of stitching a new, durable sole leather to the upper of the shoe. It makes possible a trim clean-cut look right to your toes. You get the same mileage your bulky soles gave you. But you enjoy a new light-footed feeling.

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Start enjoying Mansfield Taperlites at your Bostonian Dealer's, today.

MANSFIELD TAPERLITES

Top: #1316—3-yelet Taperlite with low-sweep cobbler's stitch. Also #1317 in black. Middle: #1312—Taperlite slip-on with elasticized Snug-Top in olive brown. Also #1313 in black. Bottom: #1314—4-yelet smooth-front Taperlite with low-sweep cobbler's stitch. Also #1315 in black. Most styles \$11.95 to \$19.95. Also makers of Bostonian and Bostonian Boys. Write for address of your nearest Mansfield Dealer. Bostonian Shoes, Whitman, Mass.



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BATH POWDER 5.00



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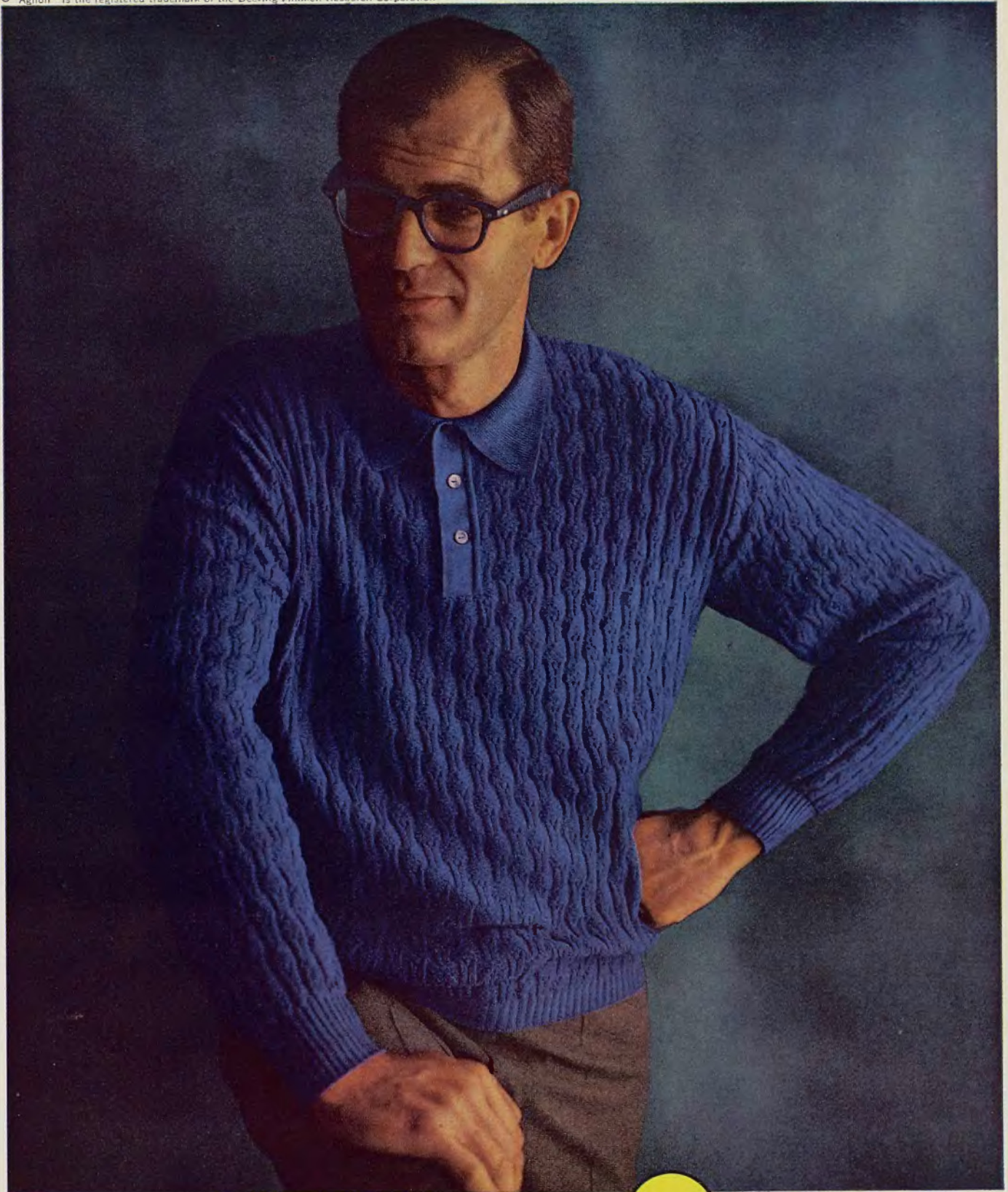


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alive
wants
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Also comes with short sleeves, about \$8.95. At finer stores everywhere.

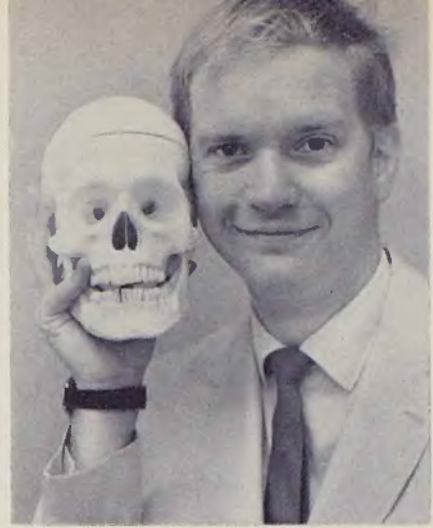
THAT EMBATTLED AND UNHAPPY MEDIUM, TELEVISION, is the subject this month of our fourth *Playboy Panel*, a symposium of eight of the medium's most prestigious practitioners, disciples and dissenters—producer David Susskind, impresario Mark Goodson, director John Frankenheimer, critics John Crosby and Gilbert Seldes, satirist Stan Freberg, scriptor-director-producer Rod Serling and network nabob Mike Dann. They generate both heat and light as they debate the extent and limits of *TV's Problems and Prospects*, then suggest escape routes from what FCC Chairman Newton Minow has dubbed "the vast wasteland." In a lighter look at the little screen, Shel Silverstein's newest attack on videoschmerz, *The Return of Tee-vee Jeebies*, should prove a panacea for the most jaded eyeballs.

Mustachioed chronicler Bernard Wolfe has again fashioned one of his tantalizingly titled, engagingly ironic Hollywood tales, *Agoraphobia Is in the Public Domain*, wherein a literary toiler in the celluloid vineyards reaps a harvest of sour grapes. (Bernie recently spent a few days in *PLAYBOY's* Chicago offices, with Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and actor-producer Tony Curtis. Topic of the confab: a Wolfe-scripted screenplay of the forthcoming movie, *Playboy*; going into production early next year, the film will star Curtis portraying Hefner on the screen.) Other fiction includes William Masters' insightful *The Normal Man*, a disturbingly poignant story of a quest for love—requited, then found wanting in a bittersweet ingredient. In Henry Slesar's *The Last Smile*, the wages of deception are weighed by a compassionate chaplain who burdens himself with mortal sin to unshackle a prisoner from mortal fear.

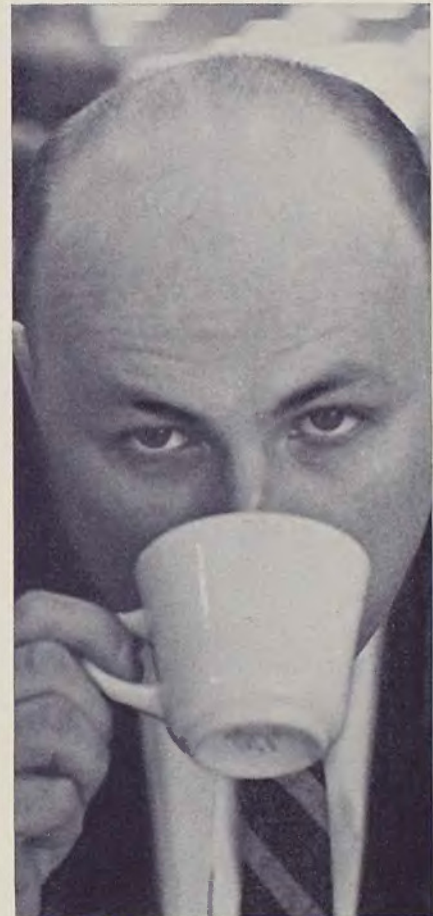
Pictorially, we think you'll enjoy our revisit with beautifully structured Anita Ekberg as she cavorts in the jungles of Roman high society, both on and off the screen. The refulgent Anita, recently returned to the realm of first-magnitude stardom in Fellini's monumental morality play, *La Dolce Vita*, is as *dolce* as ever—as you'll see from our eye-filling photo feature.

Patrick (*Auntie Mame*) Dennis—prolific author and jack-of-all-pseudonyms—has a new book on the stalls this month, *Little Me* (see *Playboy After Hours*), which he describes as "the typical star's typical ghostwritten autobiography, capturing, I hope, all of the ignorance, arrogance and egotism of a no-talent nitwit." With a searching look into *The Little World of Patrick Dennis*, author Allen (*The Improper Bohemians*) Churchill captures all of the whimsy, eccentricity and effervescence of the multitalent wit. East is East and West is West and verily the twain shall meet in *Playboy on the Town in Tokyo*, nine color-splashed pages of pleasures exotic as well as erotic in the world's biggest, brassiest—yet charm-laden metropolis. On the other side of the world, cartoonist Gahan Wilson, *PLAYBOY's* master of the macabre, spent much of his time in London this year and, quite naturally for Gahan, haunted the musty corridors of Madame Tussaud's famed Wax Museum, especially the Chamber of Horrors. See what he saw and feel what he felt in *Chamber of Horrors*, a five-page piece of humorous ghoulishness executed in his finest graveside manner, complemented with his own prose commentary.

To launch the festive season, we offer a gladsome three pages of holiday bounty for the gifting month ahead: an appreciative appraisal by Ken Purdy of U.S. motordom's most elegant auto-crat, *The Lincoln Continental*; ex-*Fortune* editor Al Toffler's unsparing indictment of *The Secret Snatchers*—commercial spies hired by rival industrial companies to filch one another's ideas; a shooting session with our sharp-eyed, sharp-looking November Playmate, Dianne Danford; plus a handsome array of burnished cutlery for the host at home, with a fare-thee-well explication of the gentlemanly art of carving, by *PLAYBOY's* keen Food and Drink Editor, Thomas Mario. His book and ours—*The Playboy Gourmet*—is published this month (and reviewed in this issue). Our Thanksgiving feast of reading and glomming, previewed above and stuffed with other goodies noteworthy though unmentioned, is herewith proffered with pride.



WILSON



SIEGEL

PLAYBILL



WOLFE (left) and friends



TOFFLER

PLAYBOY



On the Town P. 105



Chamber of Horrors P. 73



La Dolce Ekberg P. 80



Tagged for Christmas P. 119

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“Why don’t you take the 8:45 instead?”

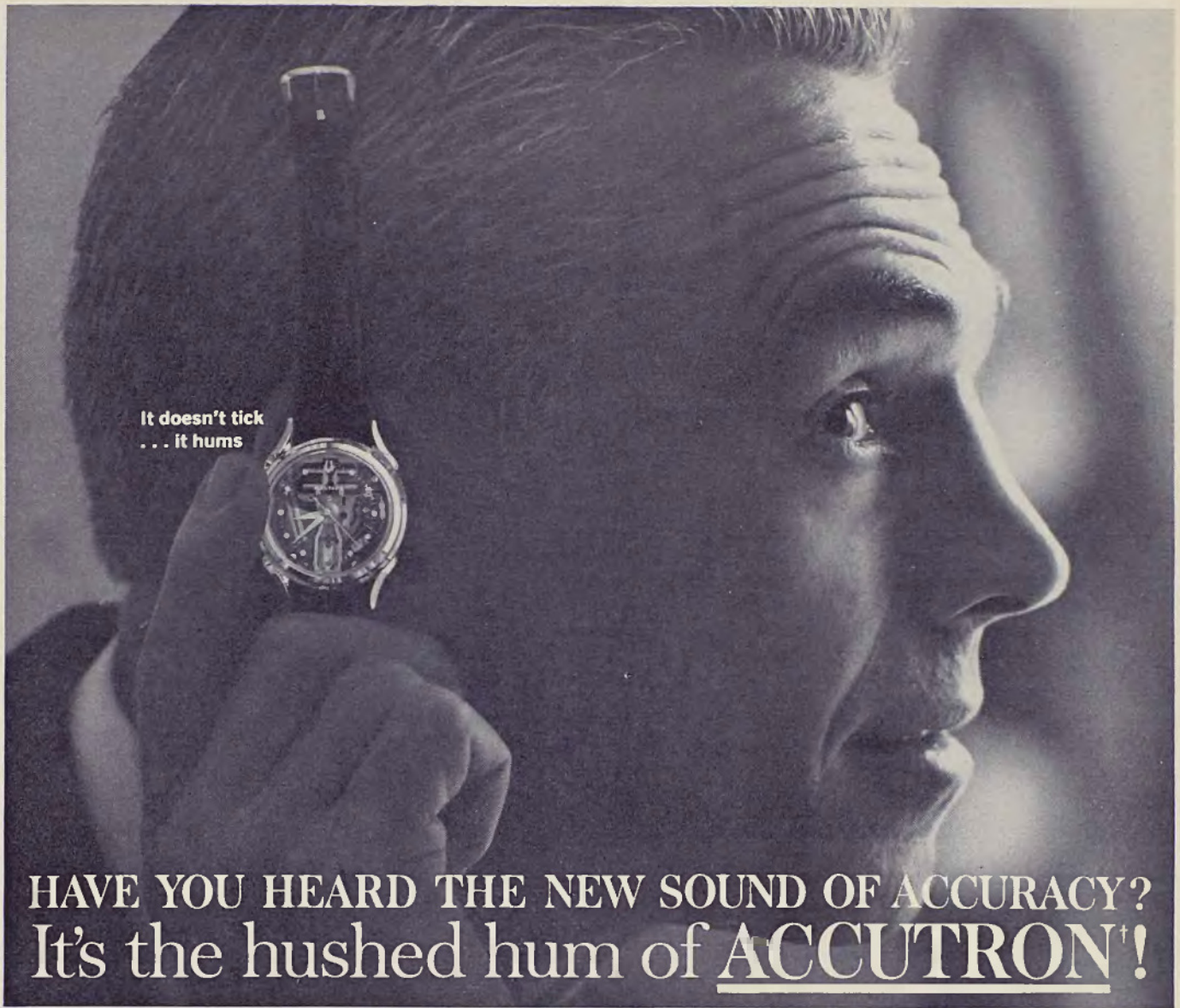
It’s a great day in the morning when you use Kings Men After Shave Lotion. Its subtle, manly fragrance underscores the vigorous way you feel after soothing and cooling your just-shaved face. What’s more, Kings Men is the first 24-hour skin tonic, and no other After Shave Lotion gives you a lift that lasts so long. You’ll feel great when you start your day with Kings Men After Shave Lotion . . . \$1 plus tax.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

HULA HOOPLA

When I saw on the cover of your August issue that you were featuring an article on *The Girls of Hawaii*, I thought, "I'll get a copy and remind myself how delectable those lovelies are." But when I looked inside and saw the photographs of some of the gals I had known in the Islands, I thought, "Damn-it all, they didn't do the gang justice." Fine as your photographs were, alluring as they made the gals look, I have to advise you that the subjects in person are prettier, sexier, more golden-skinned, more laughing and more totally desirable. In fact, I don't understand why you edit your journal in Chicago, when, with a little more effort, you could be in Hawaii. If you saw these chicks in person you'd know I was telling the truth. And you ought to tell your readers that Hawaii is the best place in America for an unmarried male — or married, too, for that matter — to find a partner. The ratio of beautiful girls to available males is about five to three. After Kodiak Island in Alaska, it's the best hunting ground in the 50 states.

James A. Michener
Pipersville, Pennsylvania

The Girls of Hawaii was most convincing proof of the loveliness of the Eurasian girl. It seems that "integration" works there with stunning success. I have had the opportunity to use some Eurasian models and found them not only most attractive, but also gifted with a natural poise, combined with gentleness and a wonderfully cooperative attitude. Altogether, they seem to be adorable girls from whom some of our "purebreds" could learn a lot.

Eric Stearne
Berkeley, California

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Words almost fail me after having incredulously read *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book* — almost, but not quite. After having read it again, I saw what I'd really thought I'd seen. I am forced to consider one of two alternatives; either Uncle Shelby has lived it — nobody could make that up — or he was watching

through my window with the periscope he got for box tops.

Mrs. Carolyn M. Murray
Sherburne Center, Vermont

It took me 23 years to learn the ABZs, but now, thanks to Uncle Shelby, I think I'm ready for the second grade. The book tasted delicious.

Ron Edwards
East St. Louis, Illinois

I was shocked to read *Uncle Shelby's ABZ Book* in your August issue. Certainly the editorial staff of your magazine cannot be fooled by such an article. Such deliberately sadistic, subversive humor can only come from one source — Moscow.

John M. Eadie
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
John, you sound like you've been soundly Birched.

CAR-RESPONDENCE

Ken Purdy's article *Classic Cars of the Thirties* was excellent. The paintings by Jerome Biederman were fabulous.

Kenneth D. Hapgood
Birmingham, Alabama

Your article *Classic Cars of the Thirties* features some beautiful cars, among them the Duesenberg. There is so much information available on these cars that I am surprised that Ken Purdy would err (more than once) in writing about them. The well-known authority, J. L. Elbert, has published a monumental tome on the Duesenberg. The principal error in your article is in the drawing at the head of it. The Duesenberg Model SJ was not announced until June 1932 (see *Motor* for that month) so the blower could not very well have been available on a 1931 model. Your illustration is therefore mislabeled by at least a year. The basic price of the Duesenberg was the price of the chassis, plus the price of the body. The latter could be most anything, but the basic price was \$8500, later raised to \$9500. Contrary to what you say, the Duesenberg did not boast a "stop-clock." The instrument was known as a chronograph and it was made especially for Duesenberg by Jaeger. Your comments

promise her
anything...
but give her

APR
PRE
GE
E

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

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about the chassis lubrication are beyond belief, especially coming from an authority such as Purdy. The chassis lubricator on the Duesenberg was not operated by hand — it was (and is) completely automatic — and it did not "grease" the car, the car was oiled by this device. You speak of Derham, coachbuilder of some of the Duesenberg bodies, as being the only one of the lot who is still in business. Wrong. There is a Duesenberg in Pittsburgh with a beautiful Wolfington phaeton body, an original creation of that Philadelphia concern. Wolfington, like Derham, is still in business, and if you will look them up in the Philadelphia phone book you will have no trouble contacting the grandson of the founder.

Allen R. Thurn

Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Ken Purdy writes: "To take your comments in order: You will notice, in looking at the Duesenberg illustration, that the date is integral with the drawing, and not placed under it as a caption. I had nothing to do with this, so I'm afraid your quarrel is with the artist, not with me. [The editors in checking artist Biederman's Duesenberg date used "Cars of the Connoisseur" by J. R. Buckley (Macmillan) and found on page 244. "Type SJ introduced in 1931."] In the matter of prices, I took them from the factory letter dated December 21, 1932, quoted on page 69 of the Elbert book. You say that the term "stop-clock" is wrong and that it should be "chronograph." If you will look at the 1929 factory catalog, page 151 of Elbert's book, you will find that Duesenberg used the term "split-second stop-clock," not "chronograph." Also, if you will consult a dictionary you will find that there is not much to choose between the two terms. You are right about the oiling system, of course. This is an inexplicable error, because I know quite well how the system works, and for many months now I've been driving a Duesenberg, with the big green and red lights winking at me every so often. This is the third mistake I've had to admit since 1949 and oddly enough the other two were very similar: well-known facts about which I was in no doubt whatever! I suppose I could list a dozen men who will make an occasional body, but actually full-time coachbuilders are a great rarity today, wouldn't you agree?"

AFTER HOURS

Enjoyed your patent medicines for neurotics in August's *Playboy After Hours*. Just wondered if you have heard of the two new contraceptive Sulfa compounds, Sulfadenial and Sulfacontrol.

Harold Kushel, Editor

New Jersey Journal of Pharmacy
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



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You state in your review of *Tropic of Cancer* (August *Playboy After Hours*) that the Henry Miller opus has been "spirited into this country for 27 years under the dust jacket of *Anaphora of Great Eucharistic Prayer*." A remarkable trick, gents, since as any semiliterate reader can tell you (and hundreds no doubt have by now), Walter H. Frere's memorable *Anaphora* wasn't published until 1938.

Edward Handman
Elmsford, New York

Anything is possible with prayer.

CULTUREPHOBIA

Although Mr. Getty is given to sweeping hyperbole in describing *The Educated Barbarians*, he has indeed touched on a deplorable shortcoming in American values. I commend Mr. Getty for sticking his neck out to write such a provocative article, and *PLAYBOY* for publishing it.

Robert F. Loughridge, Jr.
New York, New York

Getty is all wet. This is why: (1) There are more symphony orchestras in this country than in any other in the world. (2) There are more museums, public libraries, art galleries and other cultural watering holes here than in any other country in the world. (3) If the Europeans are so saturated with culture, why do so many European composers, conductors, soloists, singers, writers, actors, artists, etc., choose to live and make their living in this country? (4) Why are so many European orchestras, museums, ballet companies and opera houses supported by government or municipal funds? They can't cut it otherwise, that's why. Getty would better serve the cause of culture he so feverishly espouses if he would attempt to wise up the Europeans to what we're doing instead of knocking the country that has nearly as many cultural facilities as their whole damned Continent.

John R. Hudson
Los Angeles, California

Today's educated American male is a hard-living, hard-driving individual whose concept of recreation and relaxation is almost nonexistent. He is a 24-hour-a-day doer who signs contracts at the luncheon table, talks specifications on the putting green and draws a veritable storm of Continental criticism for his inability to relax and contemplate the "finer" things in life. He does not stroll, he strides, for he has become a hard-nosed realist and expediency dictates an exorbitant price for long, tranquil moments of pensive reveries and euphoric abstract nirvanas. He is, in short, history's most dynamic, most pro-

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Tammy
Jalousie
9 MORE

3. Also: Arrivederci, Roma; Oh, My Papa; Moonlight Love; etc.

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21. A popular comedy record. "Sidesplitting" — Billboard

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NARRATED BY JOHNNY CASH

37. A vividly realistic performance with special sound effects

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liffe producer in all areas of commerce and industry. And, gentlemen, I'm damned if I don't think he's doing pretty well at that.

Richard E. Botke
New York, New York

J. Paul Getty is very gentle in dealing with the average cultural level of the American businessman. I admire his attitude, however, and his restraint. I'm sorry that he didn't deem it proper to criticize the candidates in the last Presidential election for ducking the issue of establishing a Cabinet post for Secretary of Culture. I believe that they both deserve to be criticized for their lack of vision in this regard. Again, thanks for bringing Mr. Getty's views to the attention of your readers. I am sure they are shared by many, many Americans who are not ashamed of their love for any or all of the arts.

Ernest Charles
Beverly Hills, California

Let us collectively close our eyes, chant obsolete slogans and rock 'n' roll our complacent way backwards—into oblivion. Can't happen here? That's what the Romans said.

J. Sparky Summers
Hermosa Beach, California

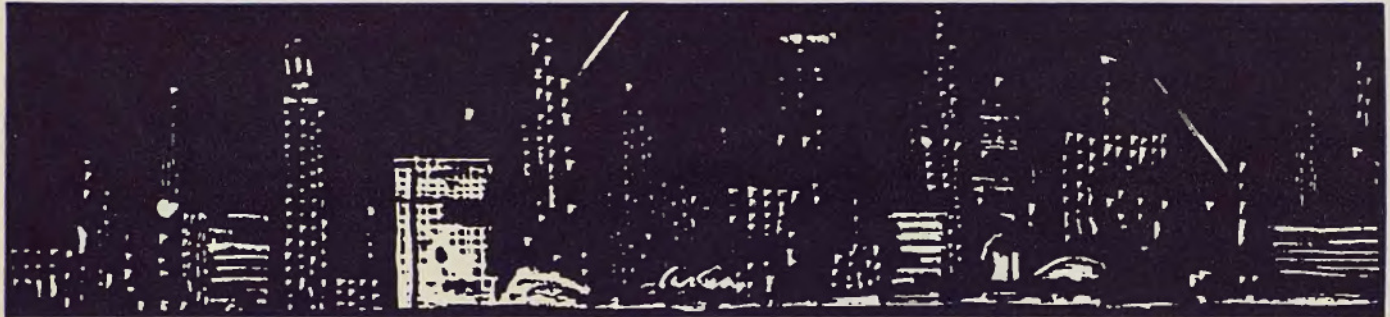
Getty writes "... American men ... slump in easy chairs at home staring blankly at the vulgar banalities that flash across the screens of their television sets." Two paragraphs later he pens, "The world's most successful commercial and industrial leaders have always been known as patrons of the arts and active supporters of all cultural activities." There is a paradox here. If we can assume, and I think Mr. Getty will agree, that a far greater majority of the world's most successful commercial and industrial leaders is located right here in the U.S., then, looking at just one vastly improvable area, why haven't more of these champions pushed for superior TV programming? We all know that, with isolated and negligible exceptions, the client holds a financial cudgel over the ad agencies and the networks who will grind out the most horrendous junk if it means keeping an account. If the financial behemoths are as sympathetic with Mr. Getty's feelings on America's cultural poverty as I am, let them prove it by backing not a few spectaculars a year, but maybe a dozen series of superior programs.

Vernon L. Lewis
New York, New York

Be sure to see "The Playboy Panel" in this issue, Vernon. It discusses in depth the very same questions and problems you pose.



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Having nothing better to do, apparently, a novelist friend recently wrote us that he had conceived a fool-proof formula for literary success which he believed would revolutionize not only his own less-than-Promethean career, but also the entire world of publishing and belles-lettres. More and better prurience, perhaps? A revival of mid-Victorian ethical values? No. After observing the swift circulation of a Herbert Gold novel among the patrons of a neighborhood booke nooke, he decided that the volume's popularity was helped along by a felicitous euphony of title and author: *Therefore Be Bold* by Herbert Gold. Which of John O'Hara's books, he continued rhetorically, was most rewarding both to readers and writer? Answer: *Appointment in Samarra*. Q.E.D., said he, proceeding to theorize that Robert Frost would be knee-deep in royalties today if only he had had the perspicacity to title his last volume *Paradise Lost* and that *The Sound and the Fury* would have fared even better in bookstores and on Broadway had the author been Allen Drury. Extrapolating further to support his poetic premise, he cited such works as: *The African Queen* by Fulton Sheen; *Beau Geste* by Nathanael West; *Catcher in the Rye* by Christopher Fry; *Pollyanna* by Santayana; *Sister Carrie* by James M. Barrie; *Vanity Fair* by Bugs Baer; *Tristram Shandy* by Mohandas Gandhi; and *Leave It to Jane* by Mickey Spillane. "Only one detail remains to be ironed out," our friend concluded, "before I announce my plan to a waiting world: I haven't been able to come up with a title to rhyme with my own name. Any suggestions? Best regards, William Makepeace Orange."

With refreshing impartiality, *The New Yorker*, a recent addition to the Gotham

art-movie circuit, posted the following critical quotes during the premiere of the controversial Polish film, *Kanal*: "*Mirror* — 'Superb artistry'; *Tribune* — 'Revolting.'"

Day-Glowing on the rear bumper of a car owned by a Detroit college instructor: on the left — PASS; on the right — FLUNK.

Hell, we were surprised to learn recently, is located in Livingston County, Michigan. Succumbing to pressure from hundreds of travelers demanding to know where it is and how to get there, the State Highway Commission has been forced to add this minuscule hamlet to its official maps. Comparable concern, we regret to report, has not been evinced in the location of Paradise — another Michigan village.

Want ad in *Chapel Chatter*, the news organ of the Commercial Telegraphers' Union: "Young lady seeks job as secretary. Willing to struggle if given chance."

Eye-opening item from a press release for the recent Illinois State Fair: "Breeding classes will be held if weather permits. Jack Staulcup's orchestra, from Metropolis, will play music appropriate to the events taking place during the show."

One of our overseas correspondents in London returned recently from what he describes as "one of my most harrowing experiences since the blitz" — a community songfest conducted by the members of a suburban cultural society in the local grange. The evening, he recalled, had been only ordinarily grim — consisting of the usual interpretive dancing by the unmarried niece of the alderman,

a string trio rending Mozart, and impassioned readings from Kipling by the seven-year-old son of the fire commissioner — until the master of ceremonies, in a freshly pressed tuxedo, drew himself up to his full height and announced with dignity: "Miss 'Eather 'Orneshaw wull naow zing *Woit Whingz*." Amidst deafening silence, Miss Horneshaw propelled herself to stage front, arranged her feather boa, nodded to the musicians — and froze in mid-gesture, her rosebud lips forming a perfect circle, as a deep voice from the back of the hall made this solemn pronouncement: "Miss 'Eather 'Orneshaw hizz ha 'oor." During the profound hush that followed, Miss Horneshaw's countenance crimsoned to the shade of a garland of red roses she wore at her waist. Finally, she began to sniff. But the master of ceremonies, coming forward with a fresh handkerchief for the unfortunate woman, was equal to the occasion in every way. "Be thot has hit moy," he said with determination, "Miss 'Eather 'Orneshaw wull naow zing *Woit Whingz*." And cor, she did.

Highlighting the social calendar of the Skokie Valley (Illinois) Traditional Synagogue this season: a "kosher luau." Poi vey!

For Want of a Comma the Sense Was Lost Department: From a *Variety* item regarding new Met soprano Dorothy Coulter: "Miss Coulter is wife of Joseph Hall, a Kansas City businessman and mother of two children."

Now that names like Gogie, Gogie, Kookie, Rip, Rock, Race, Piper, Tab, Tuesday, Tammy and Lex are old hat, whither go the film flacks for fresh moni-

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kers? Back to the silent era, that's whither. How heartening it would be to behold marquees blazing once again with the stylish dignity and individual flair of such as Arline Pretty, Blanche Sweet, Billie Dove, Maude Fealy, Florence Lawrence, Fritzi Brunette, Bessie Barriscale, Carmelita Geraghty, Laura La Plante, Renee Adoree, Raquel Torres, Cissie Loftus, Derelys Perdue, Ida Conquest, Vesta Victoria and Vallie Valli; or for that matter, Rupert Julian, Montagu Love, Bigelow Cooper, Walker Whiteside, Monroe Salisbury, Webster Campbell, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Ferdinand Tidmarsh, Mergenthaler Waisley-willow, Spottiswoode Aitkin—and the ever popular Stanhope Wheatcroft.

Sooner or later, it would seem, the wondrous machinations of the birds and the bees are revealed to each of us. On learning that *Frau* number eleven was about to present him with his first child, 67-year-old Tommy Manville was heard to remark with bewildered pleasure: "I figured she had a cold."

Among the aptly yclept employees of Milwaukee's Miller Brewing Company: William Beers, Harold Bock, Fred Hopp, Harland Stein, Walter Brewer, Aloys Booz and John Sourbeer. Presumably they all have good heads on their shoulders.

BOOKS

P. G. Wodehouse's new novel, *Service with a Smile* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.75), is very much like all the other Wodehouse novels, and that's jolly news. Once again we are blithely off to Blandings Castle with a lot of England's nuttier nobility, giving Wodehouse ample opportunity to prove he is still handy with his dukes. The plot is, as usual, a completely logical series of mild insanities. The *deux ex Debrett's* is that benevolently busy earl, Uncle Fred, known to his few enemies as Lord Ickenham, the hectic hero of some of the funniest stories ever understated in the English language, and who is not, by gad!, finished yet. Uncle Fred, whose particular wicket is other people's romantic troubles, gets himself invited to Blandings, fief of Lord Emsworth, in order to introduce there incognito the swain of an American heiress. Emsworth's spinster sister, the girl's guardian, has sworn that never the swain shall meet. But the spinster has reckoned, as millions could have told her, without Uncle F. She has also reckoned without Lord Emsworth's passion for his prize sow, Empress of Blandings. This lard of the manor skips nimbly through some complicated twists of the tale, and she hogs



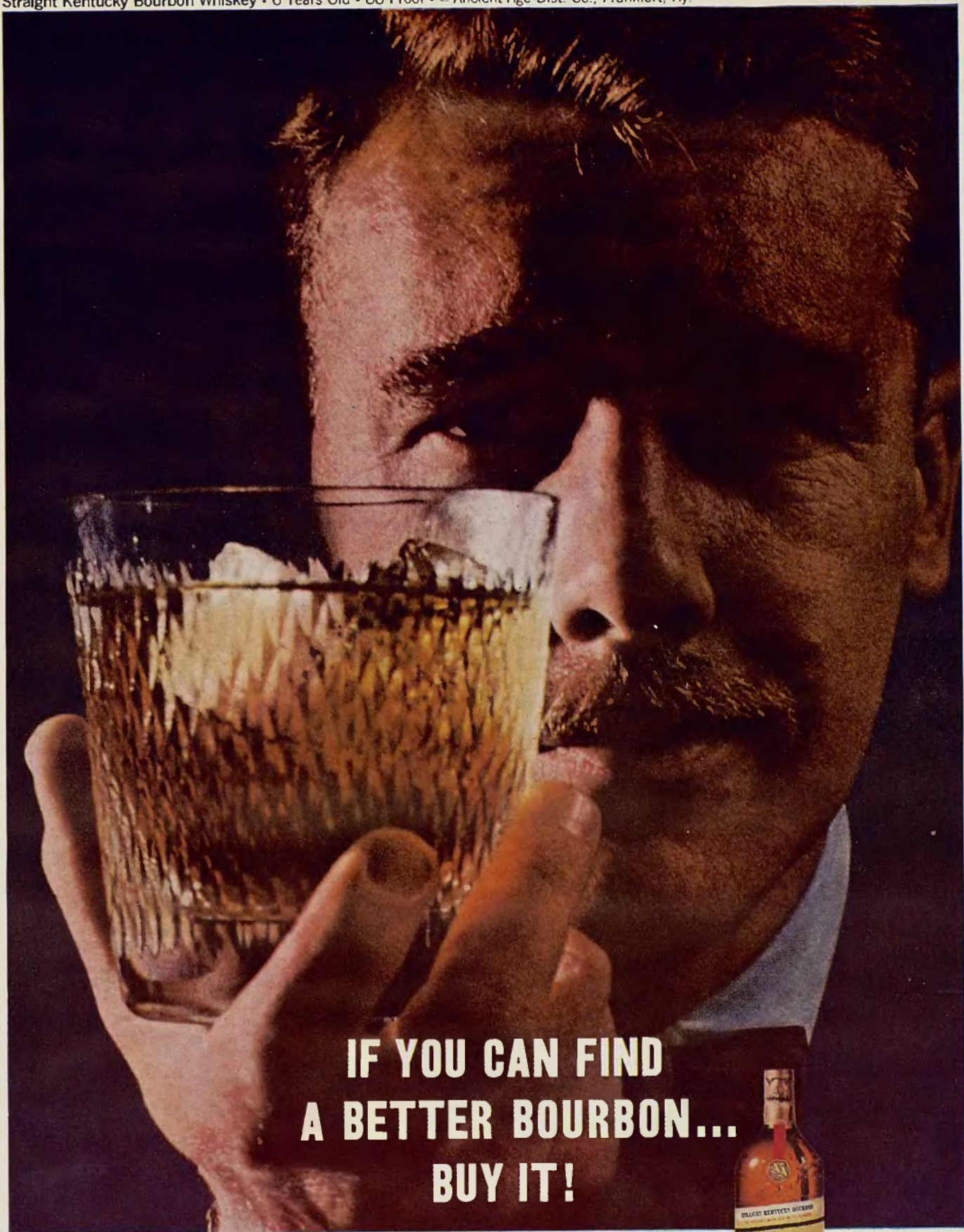
(6 off-color stories unfold here)

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a good deal of the show. That all will end well goes without saying. What is worth saying is that all goes well with the good old Wodehouseian pace, pezzazz, and blend of terseness and round rhetoric.

Little Me (Dutton, \$5.95), Patrick Dennis' take-off on as-told-to biographies, is a first-person account of the undulating life of undulating Belle Poitrine, nee Maybelle Schlumpfert. After launching her career with a starring role in an arty one-reeler filmed in a deserted barn and featuring the Houlihan brothers, Belle goes on to find fun and failure in almost every medium of showbiz. She tells us, in breathlessly innocent prose, of her many, many liaisons (including one with a mysterious gentleman who keeps her comfortable during Prohibition until his body is dredged up from the Harlem River) and of her several husbands (especially movie magnate Morris Buchsbaum, who commits suicide with a basket of asps after the premiere of his \$10,000,000 epic, *Nights on the Nile*, starring Belle as Cleopatra and Letch Feeley as Mark Antony). Belle's bio, previewed in show BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED and bound for Broadway, also includes alcoholism, contributing to the delinquency of a minor, a close relationship with an "unusual woman" who smokes cigars, a couple of murders and finding God in Southampton. This Frank-ly written spoof, illustrated with a gross of funny photos of buxom Belle in various phases of her development, will probably not dissuade ghostwriters from penning still more pseudo histories of ghost-ridden women, but it may make them slightly self-conscious about it. Read all about Belle's creator—Pat Dennis—in this issue of PLAYBOY, on page 100.

The Playboy Gourmet (Crown, \$10 now, \$12.50 after January 1) by Thomas Mario is a banquet of our own cook's tours de force culled from almost eight years as PLAYBOY's Food and Drink Editor, plus two preceding decades as a distinguished *chef de cuisine* at New York's finest hotels and dining clubs. A 320-page blending of the best in food and drink from canapés to cognac—appetizingly illustrated in color—it brims with recipes foreign and domestic, princely and plebeian, ancient and modern, piquant and formidable, obscure and universal. It's seasoned with common-sense tips on short-order *coups de maître* and skillful skilletry, but also with a heaping measure of robust masculine tang and, above all, with a full-bodied and unconcealed appreciation for the sensual pleasures of eating and drinking well. In short, it is a far cry from the chintz-aproned homemaker's encyclopedia of cookery. Like PLAYBOY itself, it has been edited as a highly selec-



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214. Also: Blue Skies, Goody Goody, The Lady Is a Tramp, 6 others.



295. Also: Wonderland by Night, Donny Boy, etc. by piano ace.



281. And 8 more of his top Latin dance band hits in "new sound."



261. Also: Secret Love, Unchained Melody, etc. by new vocal sensation.



14. Also: Love Is a Many Splendored Thing, many more favorites.



282. Haunting themes from the current international film hit.



37. Also: The Man I Love, Cherry, by tosty pianist's relaxed trio.



292. Also: Red River Valley, The Last Round-Up, 18 Western gems.



316. "A compendium of marvels... sublime," noted The Reporter.



291. Rich Spanish Gypsy moods spun by the peerless guitarist.



264. "A musical pot of gold" - Hi-Fi/Stereo Review.



204. Authentic Island moods. Sweet Leilani, Aloha Oe, 10 others.



248. Popular vocal trio also sings Scarlet Ribbons, Cool Water, etc.



274. And 10 more by TV trumpet star with swing band/strings.



298. My Prayer, East of the Sun, etc. Mellow instrumentals.



219. Country-pop star also sings Dear Hearts and Gentle People, etc.



277. Sinuous, danceable twists on TV themes. Latin settings.



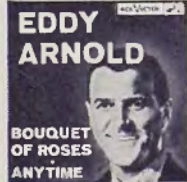
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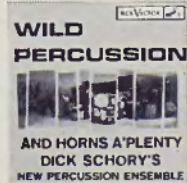
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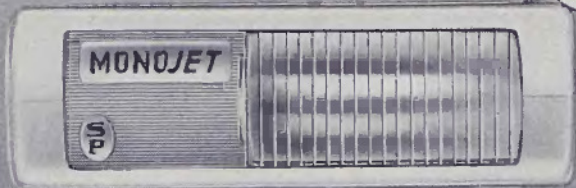
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Bernard Malamud's *A New Life* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$4.50) may be the best campus-based novel since Randall Jarrell's blistering *Pictures from an Institution*, but it suffers from the predictability of its university ingredients. (Some college ought to create a post of Novelist in *Non-Residence*.) In this new novel, Malamud's schlemiel goes West. On the day of his arrival at Cascadia College, English instructor Sam Levin, a bearded, lonely, dedicated New Yorker, has a hot plate of tuna casserole dumped in his lap. Our hero is thus introduced as a man to whom accidents happen, who is interrupted by phone calls during elaborately planned seductions, who gets lost on the way to a motel rendezvous with a hot-pants coed, and who manages to antagonize the entire campus in his campaign to restore intellectual dignity to the half-baked English department of the half-back-oriented college. But for Pauline Gilley, wife of the department's status-seeking assistant head, Levin is a way out of her stifling marriage. Their progress from casual flirtation to deepening love is paralleled by Levin's tussle with departmental dullness. The climax comes when Levin decides to campaign for election as new department head, oblivious to how prime a target for blackmail he has become. Malamud's sex scenes are especially effective—whether they involve the spinster grammarian Miss Avis Fliss ("When her brassiere came off, her breasts, handsome under clothes, hung like water-filled balloons from her chest. Levin shivered a bit . . . still, for a starving man—") or the touching Pauline ("Lying on the coats, Pauline raised her hips and drew back her skirt, to Levin the most intimate and beautiful gesture ever made for him"). Yet his hero's transformation from sad sack to crusader, from lonely outcast to dashing lover, is never quite convincing. We can't help thinking that Eastern city boys Levin and Malamud would both be happier on home ground than wandering among the Western extroverts.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

When *Joey Bishop* played the Empire Room in Chicago recently, peninsulas of hastily assembled tables stocked with Toledo schoolmarm and South Bend hardware salesmen snaked right out on stage, endangering Bishop's life, limb and delivery. It must be said that he

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took the hazardous working conditions with deadpan equanimity. From his opener, a reference to the long-green limitations of his Jack Paar stint ("It's a real pleasure to be working for more than \$320") to his sign-off 45 minutes later, he had the audience neatly tucked into the handkerchief pocket of his Continental tux. Bishop is at his best — which is very good, indeed — when he can ricochet ripostes off a straight man, be he waiter ("The maître de looks like he fell off a Polish wedding cake"), male customer ("You fellas who came stag don't have to worry — the band mixes") or female customer ("You see those eight ladies settling up their tab. One just asked who the hell ordered tax."). Bishop is a quiet comic; he doesn't have to shout his audience into submission. He talked matter-of-factly about his boyhood ("I was poor when I was a kid. When it snowed, I didn't have a sled; I went downhill on my cousin — and she wasn't bad. My folks used to play games with me. I would come home from school and find they'd moved."), or his golf ("The other day I missed a hole in one by four strokes. My handicap is an honest caddie."). Occasionally Bishop would surreptitiously slip into a visual routine — while the band played *When My Baby Smiles at Me*, he donned a top hat and announced: "I'd like to give you my impression of someone you've all loved for many years: Fourscore and seven years ago . . ." Bishop crammed an immense amount of material into his three-quarter-hour bit; it made for a most Joeyful evening.

DINING-DRINKING

Jilly's (256 West 52nd, New York), an average-sized boîte (capacity: downward of 200 people, wall to wall), is intro'd by a huge, police-precinctlike white globe (appended high over a step-down, double-door entry) on which the establishment's moniker is etched in black. The globe decor carries over into the bar, with pawnshop clusters of three illuming the mahogany-stained paneled walls. The early bright we sailed into the place (named after owner Jilly Rizzo), we were quickly taken in tow by maître de Bill Rockwell and navigated into the main ménage. Service, entertainment, edibles and potables all proved highly palatable. A grand-piano bar vibrates constantly with high-grade, low-key pianist-vocalist plus bass duos, to the apparent delight of the dozen or so bar-based patrons who usually rim the Steinway. Closing is 3 a.m. for entertainment (*Jilly's* is open 4 to 4, except Sundays when it shuts at 3, and Wednesdays and Saturdays when it opens at 1) which, on our last sojourn, traded capable hands between Mickey Dean (billed as "The Piano Wizard" — spelled inexplicably with two zs) and bassist Carl Pruitt, and



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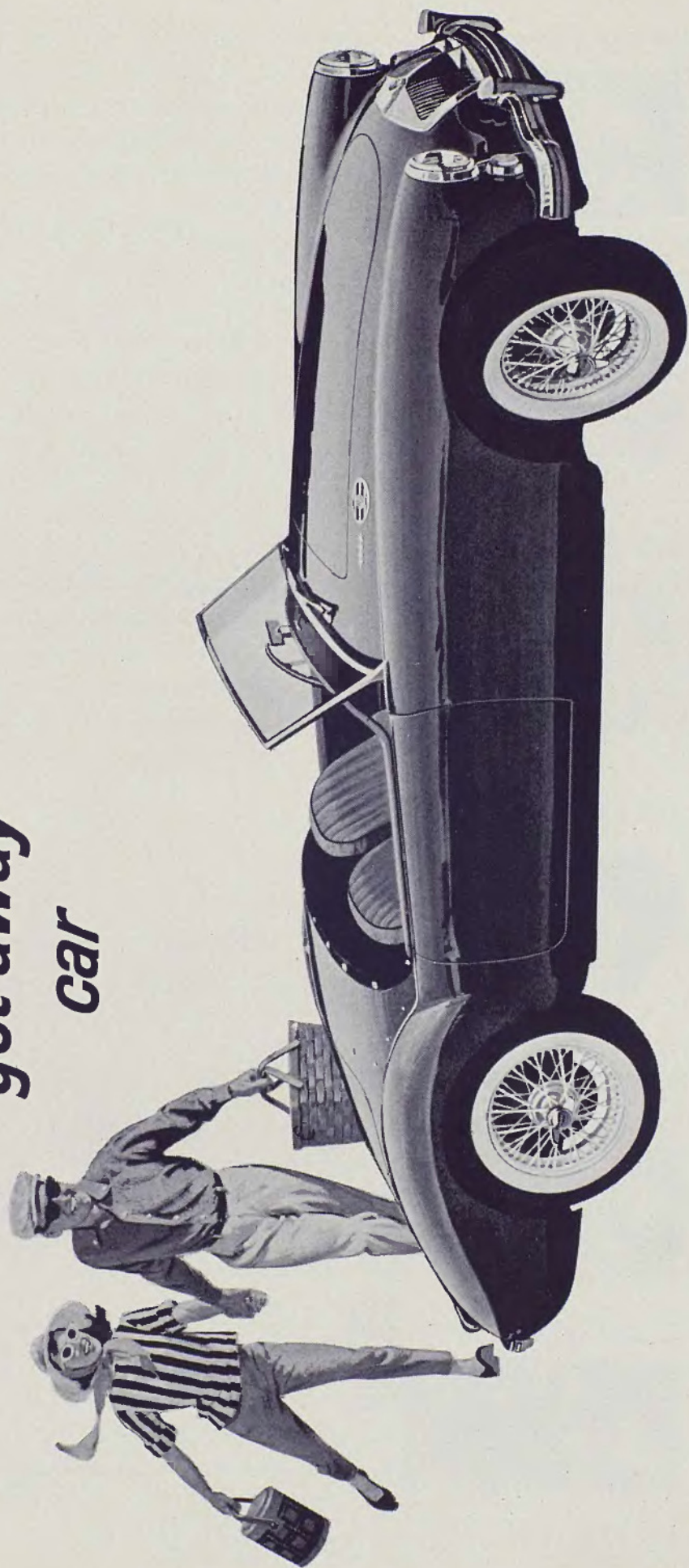
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RECORDINGS

The joys of *Ezz-thetics* (Riverside) by the George Russell Sextet are so manifold it would be almost presumptuous of us to label it as simply a fine recording; it is much more than that. It is an LP filled with heady, provocative arrangements, fluent and cerebral solo work and an internal rapport that indicates a deep mutual respect of talent. But primarily it possesses an exhilarating freshness — a happy refusal to tread timeworn musical paths of least resistance without resorting to cacophonous anarchy. The most pleasant surprise of the set is the work of trombonist Dave Baker, whose robust blowing is deceptively simple-seeming. No less prestigious are the efforts of Eric Dolphy on alto sax and bass clarinet and Don Ellis on trumpet. Dolphy's careening solo on *Round Midnight* is awesome in its hell-for-leather inventive exploration. The whole, of course, is a reflection of pianist-arranger-leader Russell's tastefully transcribed musical musings. We feel that it is in the probings of such as Russell — neither the regression of soul nor the stream-of-consciousness twitchings of an Ornette Coleman — that jazz's New Wave will be found.

Early in his career, Ray Charles sounded like Nat Cole. Although his recent conquests have been as a surgingly spirited blues apostle, he returns to the domain of Cole on *Ray Charles and Betty Carter* (ABC-Paramount). Sharing the spotlight with the commonplace stylings

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of Miss Carter, he regresses appreciably in imitating Nat without having mastered the nuances of Nat's approach. The tunes fall into a familiarly gimmicked format-for-two: *Cocktails for Two*; *Side by Side*; *Baby, It's Cold Outside*; *Together* and *Takes Two to Tango* are among the ditties tackled. A string ensemble (alternating with a brass entourage) and chorus, compounding the incongruities provided by Miss Carter, consistently corner the luckless Charles. Although his potential exceeds that of a blues seller, he'll never realize it in surroundings like these.

A pair of jazz-with-strings LPs on the scene this month are eminently noteworthy. Of the two, *Smooth as the Wind* (Riverside), featuring trumpeter Blue Mitchell with strings and brass scored by Tadd Dameron and Benny Golson, is perhaps the more fulfilling. Mitchell's horn is rich, wide-ranging and clarion. The brass section is replete with top-drawer horn talent and the strings (a sizable contingent) astutely avoid intruding on the cornucopic Mitchell. Among the goodies that pour out of Blue's bottomless horn are the lovely standards *But Beautiful*, *The Nearness of You*, *For All We Know* and two Dameron originals, the title tune and *A Blue Time*. The second LP, *Moody with Strings* (Argo), is not quite as satisfying, even though James Moody on tenor, alto and flute is an electrifying performer. Perhaps the richly strung arrangements by Torrie Zito are too much of a good thing. His scoring for the strings results in unusually intriguing figures which on occasion can be distracting when you're trying to devote your full attentions to the many-hued Moody tone poems. It may be querulous to exact a penalty for too much imagination, but that's just about the size of it. Moody, sifting softly through standards and Zito originals, should have been kept in the fore.

Betty Blake Sings in a Tender Mood (Bethlehem) introduces the nonfrilly, mildly dramatic vocalizing of an ex-band singer. Miss Blake, backed by tenor man Zoot Sims, vibist Teddy Charles, pianist Mal Waldron and drummer Charlie Persip, projects unpretentiously in a modestly jazz-influenced manner. Her taste in tunes is first-rate; among the dozen she offers in this outing are six by Alec Wilder, including *I'll Be Around*, *Trouble Is a Man* and the seldom recorded *Don't Say Love Has Ended*. A different sort of chirping is done by *Shelby Flint* (Valiant), whose airy, folk-oriented style buoyantly expresses *Scarlet Ribbons*, *The Riddle Song*, *Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo* and *Joey*, among other numbers. Some of the songs are on the sugary

side, but Miss Flint's pure tone cuts through the most viscous of the lot.

An LP rather immodestly labeled (even by effusive album-cover standards) *America's #1 Arranger* (Pacific Jazz) is a showcase for the talents of Gil Evans. He heads an orchestra highlighted by tenor man-clarinetist Budd Johnson, trumpeter John Coles, trombonist Jimmy Cleveland and soprano-sax man Steve Lacy. Gil's claim to the crown may be somewhat in dispute, but there is no disputing the efficacy of the Evans-blue-printed output. *Theme*, the lead item, is an Evans original; the rest are jazz standards as disparate in their origins as Bix Beiderbecke's *Davenport Blues* and Thelonious Monk's *Straight No Chaser*. All are given the uncommon touch of a hand sensitive to the composer's primary intent, and capable of expanding the horizons of the musicians involved through inspired arranging. The ensemble work of the Evans crew is a full-blown thing of beauty; individual performances, especially Johnson's clarinet—soaring and serene—on the Don Redman evergreen *Chant of the Weed* and Cleveland's limp-hip larger-than-life tromboning on *Ballad of the Sad Young Men*, are superb. Throughout, Evans exhibits the attributes that make him at least a leading contender for the #1 title.

Three male singers of varying jazz persuasions have made life among the hi-fis aurally as well as orally interesting with their latest LPs. *I Like It Swinging* (Epic) finds Buddy Greco in the fore of a phalanx of driving sidemen (Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Urbie Green, Zoot Sims, etc.), maintaining fever pitch throughout. The arrangements by Al Cohn, who's set aside tenor for baton this session, point up Buddy's high-voltage vocals with tension-charged charts. The tempo relaxes only momentarily on *Once in Love with Amy* and *They Can't Take That Away from Me*, but even these are handled more briskly than usual. Buddy gets off flying on the opening *Day In—Day Out* and doesn't descend till the closing bars of the rousing *I Love Being Here with You*. At the other end of the spectrum is *Bill Henderson* (Vee Jay). Bill & Co. spend most of their time in the quiet confines of sedately paced ballads and blues with only an occasional venture—via *Sweet Georgia Brown* and *The More I See You*—into more frenetic fields. Although we're partial to an up-tempo Henderson, we note with pleasure that he performs admirably in the more languorous latitudes of love, such as Rodgers and Hart's *Be-witched* or the Arlen-Capote *Sleepin' Bee*. The third item on the agenda, Al Hibbler's *Monday Every Day* (Reprise), plunks down the one-time Ellington vocalist in a comfortably familiar milieu.



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Although the album is subtitled *Al Hibbler Sings the Blues*, none of the tunes, in the strict sense of the word, follow the true blues pattern. But the description is right on target if it refers to the indigo mood sustained throughout. Particularly impressive requiems to love's labors lost are Harold Arlen-Ted Koehler's *When the Sun Comes Out* and the lustrous Styne-Comden-Green *The Party's Over*. The luster is dimmed somewhat by a trio of so-so sonatas — *You of All People*, *It's Monday Every Day* and *Don't Be So Mean to Baby*. But there's enough high-class Hibbler on hand to more than go 'round.

The Mastersounds, who no longer work in clubs, are still very much with us on vinyl. *A Date with the Mastersounds* (Fantasy) vividly demonstrates that Mastersound Buddy Montgomery is an exemplary practitioner of the delicate art of mallet-wielding. His vibes, the driving force that moves his associates — brother Monk on bass, Richie Crabtree on piano and Benny Barth on drums — remain the focal point on all numbers except *It Could Happen to You*, which is Crabtree's. Otherwise, it's Buddy's soft-spoken messages on Benny Golson's *Whisper Not*, Buddy's crisply funky phrasing on his own *For Now*, or his waggish horsing around on *Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, that give life to the group.

Six years ago Harry Belafonte turned out a captivating calypso LP. It was, as the trade sages say, a smash, inspiring a nationwide calypso craze. Despite the ready lucre, Belafonte did what few recording artists would have done: he abstained from West Indian chants to move on to other LP projects. Now he's returned to the island scene, and his view of it is as invigorating as ever. On *Jump Up Calypso* (Victor), he's joined by orchestra, chorus, Trinidad steel band and a trio of string-plucking sidemen in a warmhearted tour of ballads, calypsos and a Christmas song — all from the Caribbean. Among the best moments are a dashing *Sweetheart from Venezuela*, a passionate *Gloria* and a softly sighed *The Baby Boy*. Throughout, Belafonte is in command, as fresh and ingratiating as a *Man Smart* can be.

MOVIES

Summer and Smoke is Tennessee Williams' thirteen-year-old opus about a vested virgin and a tomcat on a hot tin roof. Set in a Delta town circa 1916, it really takes place in Williams' private province where gonads gambol, hormones moan and life is simple because you define happiness by what happened

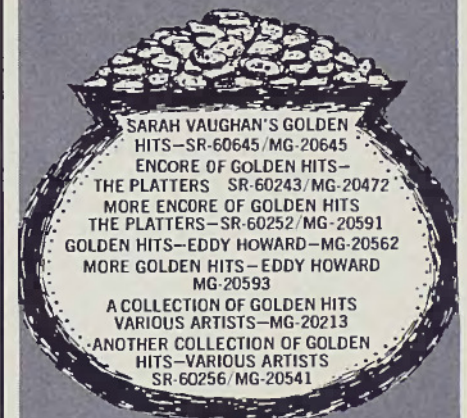
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last night. Alma, a minister's daughter, lives next door to John, a wild young doctor who tries to give her some of his own medicine. She declines, then goes into decline. The doc's debauchery brings about his father's murder, which brings about his own reform. By the time Alma comes around to John's horizontal view of things, he is upright and betrothed to a village maiden; so Alma goes off to get a bang out of life with a visiting drummer. Williams delivers his now familiar message in prose that strains to be poetically symbolic. It strains the audience, too. Geraldine Page's fluty voice and mouth-twistings, which unfortunately remind us of Zasu Pitts, get in the way of her considerable intelligence and talent. Laurence Harvey, who once found room at the top, continues his descent to the bottom; as John, he adds another still life to his growing gallery. English director Peter Glenville does for this Southern epic what English director Tony Richardson did for *Sanctuary* (*Playboy After Hours*, May 1961): nothing.

From Tennessee Williams it's just a short misstep to William Inge. His latest work is an original screenplay, *Splendor in the Grass*, with Kansas crises in place of Southern discomfort, but with that same ole Tennessee philosophy: once you've made your bed, life consists of lying in it. Here the reluctant female is a 1928 high-school girl and the hot-panting male is her school beau. Again, as in *Summer and Smoke*, she refuses Life (i.e., sex) because of her parents' pleadings, and the boy turns desperately to a wicked (i.e., nonvirgin) girl. Again our wounded heroine sinks into a slough of despair — but Inge gives her two and a half years at the tunny farm instead of one summer in the hall bedroom. By the time she comes out of the fog, the boy (like Williams' boy) is off and winging with another chick, and the girl (like Williams' girl) must settle for someone she doesn't love. No matter how ponderously Inge tries to pile on meaningfulness, or how feverishly Elia Kazan directs the close-up grapplings, the film never gets beyond *Lust Comes to Andy Hardy*. The cast does what it can, given the circumstances. Newcomer Warren Beatty, as the boy, is no skyrocket, but no bomb, either. Natalie Wood is credibly nervous as the girl. And Pat Hingle gives a perceptive performance as the boy's imperceptive father. Both the Inge and the Williams efforts are set back several generations in order that they may shout bravely that Sex Can Be Fun. So what else is new?

The Joker, a frolicsome French film made of champagne and chuckles, is about effervescent Edouard and his family: his two illegitimate babies, his broth-



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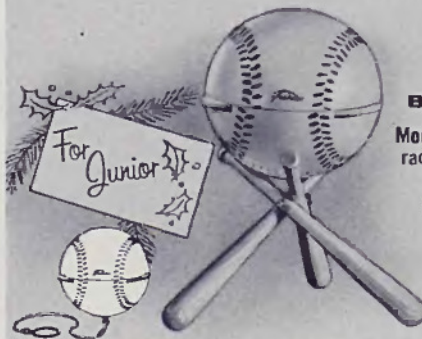


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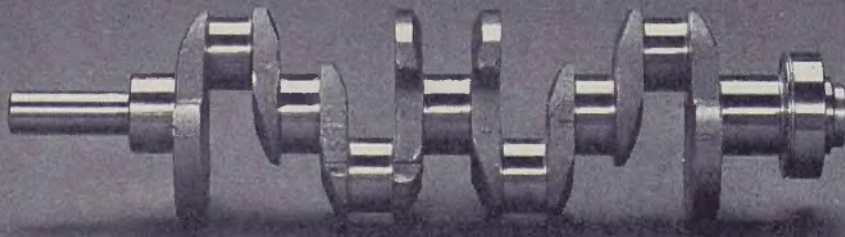
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er and blonde sister-in-law, his wacky old uncle and a maid that should happen to you. They make their haphazard living in a house that looks like a rummage sale by posing for historical crime pictures (brother's a photographer) to illustrate articles written by sister-in-law. The movie deals with Edouard's pursuit of a beautiful married woman, how he gets her but refuses to be held by her. Philippe de Broca, the 28-year-old director and co-author whose one previous film was the lyric *Love Game*, is the brightest entrant into *le cinéma français* since René Clair. The whole film, à la Clair or Chaplin, has a choreographed feel, and in Jean-Pierre Cassel, who plays Edouard, De Broca has an actor made to his order—many-mooded and very male but who appears to float over the Paris streets. Life seems lighthearted when Cassel's in the air. Anouk Aimée (the married woman) and Genevieve Cluny (the sister-in-law) are two of the several stunners who make his life a bowl of *chéries*.

A provocative idea is stranded in the middle of *Paris Blues*, calling for help. The idea, which was the main plot of the Harold Flender novel on which the film is based, is simple and dramatic: an American Negro jazz musician has gone to Paris to live, and loves it there; for the first time in his life he is accepted without prejudice or patronization. An American Negro girl, a schoolteacher, meets the jazzman on her vacation, and they fall in love. He wants to stay abroad and be happy; she wants him to come home and fight. But this wasn't sure-fire enough for the moviemakers, so they gave the Negro a white friend in the band, and now it's *two* girls who come to Paris, one conveniently white. (Hear those giant creative brains humming?) The revised story line is an old, old one: the white buddy wants to stay in Paris and be creative, his white inamorata wants to go home and be corn-fed. As for the Negro theme, it's reduced to a couple of squabbles. The best thing in the film is Sidney Poitier's scalp-tingling performance, and the next-best thing is the exquisite Diahann Carroll as his girl. As the white couple, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward are better than their roles deserve. Duke Ellington has supplied a cool score, and Louis Armstrong puts in a TNT guest appearance. Maybe someday they'll make a movie out of the book.

A Cold Wind in August is a pretty hot blast. Despite advance signs of a quickie sex-quiverer for the popcorn-and-smooth set, it turns out to be a respectable film about a disrespectable lady and her affair with a wide-eyed, wide-shouldered youth. It's a subject that has been good since *Camille* and will still work

when they're showing movies on the moon. A thirtyish stripteaser lives under wraps in a New York apartment house and, just for kicks, seduces the janitor's 17-year-old son. But the kicks are stronger than expected and she finds herself hung on him. To the boy, it's like being given the key to Macy's and told to help himself. He doesn't know about her profession and he weaves romantic daydreams about her, until he learns the truth. Badly hurt, he goes off with a girl his own age. The woman is left to face an endless future of substitutes. As the stripper, Lola Albright is tough and moving. Scott Marlowe's clumsiness as the boy is at least adequate, and there is a good gnarled-chestnut performance by Joe de Santis as his widowed father. Alexander Singer's direction is as firm as the Burton Wohl script. The film didn't leave us feeling that it absolutely had to be made, but there's no complaining about the way they made it.

West Side Story has been faithfully translated to the screen—which makes it perfect for about two thirds of the trip. Put together by the gifted hands of Jerome Robbins who staged the stimulating Broadway musical, the film has all of its many marvels and the same last-round letdown. The picture whirls, splashes and zooms, moving so easily in and out of dance on the New York streets that there seem to be no set "numbers," just life somewhat heightened. From the opening helicopter shots of Manhattan that take you from a god's-eye view of the island right down to the snapping fingers of the Jets, you are *there*—up to your eyes and ears in this contemporary version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Every resource of wide-screen color photography and intercutting is used the way Rubinstein uses a keyboard. With the exception of Richard Beymer, whose roughneck Romeo never really lights up, Robbins has done a jewel of a job with his cast: Natalie Wood (Maria), Russ Tamblyn (Riff), Rita Moreno (Anita), George Chakiris (Bernardo), and all the Jets and Sharks. Some of the singing is, presumably, dubbed, but Leonard Bernstein's sky-high score, under Johnny Green's baton, never sounded better, and Stephen Sondheim's lyrics are still fresh. Weakest link, as in the original, is Arthur Laurents' book, which hasn't been improved by Ernest Lehman's screenplay. The last third of the story reaches for high tragedy that the characters of the two lovers just can't carry, and ends in a reconciliation that sweet-gums up the bitter reality of the piece. If the entire film were on the same level as the Robbins-Bernstein-Sondheim parts of it, one could reach for the adjective "great."



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Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 16

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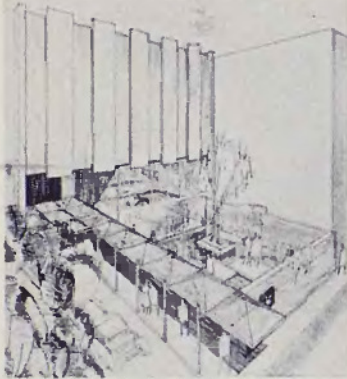
YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
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NOVEMBER, 1961

FABULOUS ST. LOUIS CLUB TO OPEN SOON!

\$350,000 Structure to Have 4 Levels of Fun

St. Louis (Special)—Another Club in the rapidly growing network of Playboy Clubs will soon become a reality with the selection of a site in St. Louis. The St. Louis Playboy Club to be located at 3914 Lindell Blvd., will be a dazzling four-level structure done in the contemporary PLAYBOY design that has made the



"Meet me in St. Louis" will shortly be followed by "At the Playboy Club," as work proceeds on this ultra-modern Playboy Club at 3914 Lindell Blvd. A new feature of the St. Louis Club will be the suspended "Playpen" overlooking the Living Room and Playmate Bar areas.

Playboy Clubs America's most talked-about private clubs.

The Club will have all the luxurious features found in existing Clubs—Playmate Bar, Cartoon Corner, Living Room, Library and Penthouse, closed-circuit tele-



Swinging songstress Gina Martin, a merry miss from merry old England, who recently captivated audiences at the Chicago Club with her bouncy style, is typical of the bright young talent that delights Keyholders and their guests in the Clubs.

vision, expansive hi-fi stereo center and, of course, beautiful Bunnies to greet and serve Keyholders in the sophisticated style demanded by urban men of means. Also, the finest entertainment will be featured in the swinging showrooms of the Library and Penthouse, with the best in cool jazz sounds highlighted in the Living Room.

Sparkling special features of the St. Louis Club include an exotic patio-garden with reflecting pools, a glass front exterior exposing two floors of the Club, and a new and exciting room, the "Playpen," that will be suspended, overlooking the Living Room and Playmate Bar areas. Club offices will be located on a lower level under the Club.

PLAYBOY CLUB KEY IS PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT

Special Holiday Charter Key Fee Only \$25 Outside Chicago Area

A truly personal gift is something everyone tries to give—yet it's very hard to come by, especially when it's going to "the man who has everything." The Playboy Club has solved this problem with its special Christmas Charter Gift Key Offer—a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to please discerning men of means on your holiday shopping list.

With Playboy Clubs opening all over the country (remember, one Playboy Club Key unlocks all Clubs), your gift of a Lifetime Key will ring in the New Year and many years of fun and lavish good times for your lucky recipient.

With Playboy Clubs already in full swing in Chicago, Miami and New Orleans, and with work going on right now to get Clubs ready in other major cities, a Playboy Club

Key is a gift that will be long valued and long remembered.

Gift Keys are the \$25 Charter Rate for anyone living outside a 75-mile radius of Chicago, and \$50 for persons living within that area. However, it will soon be necessary to close these rosters and the key fee will go up to \$50 and \$100, respectively. (The Charter Key Roster in Chicago is closed and the Miami Charter Key Roster will close January 1.)

The qualifications of the persons to whom you send Gift Keys will be quickly and quietly checked out before the gift announcement and key are sent out, in time for Christmas, of course. If we discover that anyone on your list already belongs to the Playboy Club, we have the perfect gift for him. He will receive, instead of a key, a gift box full of "Bunny Money" in the exact amount of your gift to be used to live-it-up at the Playboy Club as your guest.

By filling out the form below you can make sure of giving a Christmas gift that will be genuinely valued and appreciated for years to come.



You can put a whole new world of fun and excitement under the Christmas trees of the men on your holiday shopping list by giving a truly personal gift of lasting value—a Lifetime Playboy Club Key, still only \$25 outside a 75-mile radius of Chicago.

PLAYBOY CLUB LOCATIONS

Clubs Open—116 E. Walton St. in Chicago; 7701 Biscayne Blvd. in Miami; 725 Rue Iberville in New Orleans.
Next in Line—Boston, Philadelphia, 5 East 59th St. in New York, Houston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, 1006 N. Morton St. in Baltimore, Denver, Phoenix, 8580 Sunset Blvd. in Los Angeles, Dallas, San Francisco, 1014 E. Jefferson Ave. in Detroit, Puerto Rico, Seattle, 3911 Lindell Blvd. in St. Louis, Washington, D.C.



Zany comedienne Phyllis Diller is greeted by lovely Chicago Club Bunnies Annetta Scott (left), Linda Gamble and Teddi Smith (right) as she pays a visit to the Club.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (October 14 to November 3)—Anne Marie Moss, Joe & Eddie Trio, Dick Weston, Van Dorn Sisters, Bill Henderson, Jerry Van Dyke, Bob Davis Trio, Harold Harris Trio, Kirk Stuart Trio and swinging pianist Claude Jones. (Opening November 4)—Don Heller, Wayne Roland, Penie Pryor, Enid Mosier, Jackie Gayle.

MIAMI (October 14 to November 3)—Casey Anderson, Wayne Roland, Stagg McMann, Jackie Jackler, Julian Gould Trio, Kookie Norwood Trio, plus Teddy Napoleon at the piano. (Opening November 4)—Joe & Eddie Trio, Eagle & Man, Phyllis Branch, Slappy White.

NEW ORLEANS (October 14 to November 3)—Jackie Gayle, Beverly Wright, The Diamonds. (Opening November 4)—Mae Barnes, Starr Sisters, Johnny Janis.

To: Playboy Clubs International
c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

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.

Name of Recipient (please print)

Address

City Zone County State

Gift card to read:

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.

My Name

Address

City State

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. 216)

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HEALS! Whenever skin feels irritated because of weather or shaving—Outdoor Lotion brings quick relief. Soothes chapping, chafing, roughness; also tiny cuts and rashes.

REFRESHES! Outdoor Lotion cools as it conditions, never stings. Non-sticky, invisible. From the makers of Old Spice, the quality grooming aids that are favored by men the world over.



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discussion

THE PLAYBOY PANEL: TV'S PROBLEMS AND PROSPECTS

fourth in a series of provocative conversations about subjects of interest on the contemporary scene

PANELISTS

JOHN CROSBY, syndicated columnist for the *New York Herald Tribune*, has long been one of television's ablest and most trenchant critics; though he now levels his sardonic gaze on the world at large, he still maintains an incisive interest in the unhappy medium. He is known to PLAYBOY readers as an author of both fact (*It's Like This with TV*, PLAYBOY, May 1957) and fiction (*A Star of the First Magnitude*, PLAYBOY, May 1961).

MIKE DANN is CBS Vice-President in Charge of Network Programs; prior to 1958 he was Director of the Program Department and Vice-President in Charge of Program Sales for NBC; he is, thus, an exceptionally qualified spokesman for the network point of view.

JOHN FRANKENHEIMER is, at 31, among the country's most admired and iconoclastic directors (*On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, December 1958); though his major work has been in television (most notably the cl funct *Playhouse 90*), he has also directed for Hollywood and Broadway.

STAN FREBERG is an irreverent satirist and outspoken gadfly who has enjoyed success with his own radio show, his humorous records (*Stan Freberg Presents the United States of America*), and his production of bright TV commercials. Thus far his appearances on TV have been limited to guest shots and one-shots.

MARK GOODSON is a prolific television producer whose firm, Goodson-Todman Enterprises, Ltd., is among the largest and most successful packagers of TV entertainment, specializing in panel and quiz shows such as *What's My Line?*, *To Tell the Truth* and *The Price Is Right*.

GILBERT SELDES, author and critic, is one of America's most energetic commentators on the popular entertainment scene. Director of pioneer television programs for CBS from 1937 to 1945, he has authored numerous TV and movie scripts; his books include *The Seven Lively Arts* (1924), *The Great Audience* (1950) and *The Public Arts* (1956). Seldes is TV critic for the *Saturday Review* and Dean of the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania.

ROD SERLING is perhaps the most outspoken of today's practicing television dramatists. The winner of innumerable industry awards for such literate studies of the contemporary scene as *Patterns*, *The Rack*, *Requiem for a Heavyweight* and *Rank and File*, he is also Executive

Producer and sometimes writer and director for *Twilight Zone*.

DAVID SUSSKIND heads Talent Associates, Ltd., is perhaps the most widely known TV producer. He has achieved commercial and critical success with such productions as *Marty*, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* and *The Winslow Boy*; he is also responsible for *The Play of the Week* and hosts *Open End*.

PLAYBOY: Television—the most massive of the mass media—has been subjected to a closer scrutiny in the past months than has befallen any other medium, or TV itself, up to this time. Particularly since Newton N. Minow described it as a “vast wasteland,” it has not only been discussed and dissected, it has also been belabored in terms almost as extravagant as those its PR men have mustered in its defense. It has been accused of perfidious greed, playing fast and loose with the public good, corrupting the morals of the young—and being just plain dull as mud. As panelists who have been in the thick of the game for years, you will not be asked to re-explore the ground which multiple hearings and symposia have trod so diligently before the public eye. Let us, instead, proceed at once to the question of TV primarily as *entertainment*, to an exploration of its present, as such, and its future, as such, too. The charges leveled against it have become truisms, as have the righteous cries of “censorship” which have been raised against those who would improve it via legislation. We will strive to be both more practical and more imaginative in our probing of the medium to which this panel devotes so much professional attention. Gentlemen, let us begin our discussion with a quote from an article in the anniversary issue of *Variety* entitled *What Price Mediocrity?* “It is obvious to all but the programing executives of the networks that the masses are being cheated of real entertainment. That the millions who dutifully buy the soap and the beer and the deodorants are a sad, clubbed, captive audience who would love to be surprised and intrigued and charmed and entertained—but just don't know what to do about it.” Mike Dann, since you are a programing executive, what's your reaction to this criticism?

DANN: Well, I don't think that you can make any blanket statement about tele-



SUSSKIND: They went out of television, most of these fine craftsmen, because television began to create so many inhibitions, frustrations and fetters that they couldn't live with them any more . . .



CROSBY: Today, it's a boiler factory . . . they're just turning out comic strips now and this doesn't take writers. All the excitement has gone out of the business . . .



FRANKENHEIMER: Pay-TV will be good for two or three years until the big voices get in again and kind of get the equalizer going . . .



SERLING: On the level and within the framework that we try to operate, I think we are reasonably high in quality . . .



GOODSON: *What I object to is the position taken by certain critics that the public ought to be told what it should like . . .*



DANN: *We make lots of mistakes, but that isn't because of advertisers or agencies. We make mistakes because we're only human . . .*



FREBERG: *As I have had a chance to observe Madison Avenue, I think one of the major problems is that everybody wants to get the hell out of there at five o'clock . . .*



SELDES: *If you can say . . . that you have created an audience . . . for symphonic music, you have also created . . . an audience for the daytime serial . . .*

vision in general. You have to address yourself to trends, kinds of programing or a specific program in evaluating it. First of all, programing can be divided into two kinds: entertainment programing, and then the coverage of the real world, by which I mean news, public affairs and documentary. In the news or public affairs or real world area, there has been a steady spiraling upward, both in the quality of the coverage and the amount of the coverage. In particular, during prime evening time—the important hours when people watch. So if we evaluate television trends of recent years in the real world area, we can be very happy, optimistic, upbeat and positive. On the other hand, if a critic wants to evaluate the entertainment area trends, then that's quite a different kind of evaluation. I am not as happy about conditions in the entertainment area as I would like to be.

CROSBY: Yes, but this is a rather false way to look at things. In the first place, I think that public service is exactly what television was set up to do. This is the kind of service they ought to perform all the time rather than, you know, applauding themselves whenever they do put on a particularly good program. If you look into the percentages of just how much public service there is and exactly when it's on, you find out it's pitifully small, it's usually on at the worst hours. I think that most of the improvement in public service programing has simply come about in an attempt to forestall criticism.

SERLING: But, precisely how much the bulk audience *wants* to be surprised, delighted, enthralled and uplifted is a moot question. That's got to be proven. Too often, when the competition is very explicit between a cowboys-and-Indians and an *Omnibus*, the massive audience immediately proceeds to go out under the plank. No, you've got to prove to me yet that the audience by and large is as astute as you claim.

GOODSON: I think most of the mass audience is mediocre. When I use the word "mediocre," I don't mean I have contempt for my audience. Mediocre merely means technically down the middle. I used to pick pears when I was very young, in the San Leandro Valley in California, and we would divide them into boxes. You know, the choice ones would always go to New York and the crummy ones would go to the cannery and most pears would come out in the middle, and most of everything is mediocre. I think there are distinguished television programs, and there are terrible programs, and most of them are in the middle, and that's mediocre. And I think that audiences get pretty much what they want and demand.

FREBERG: Well, the only real way I have, in my own experience, of evaluating

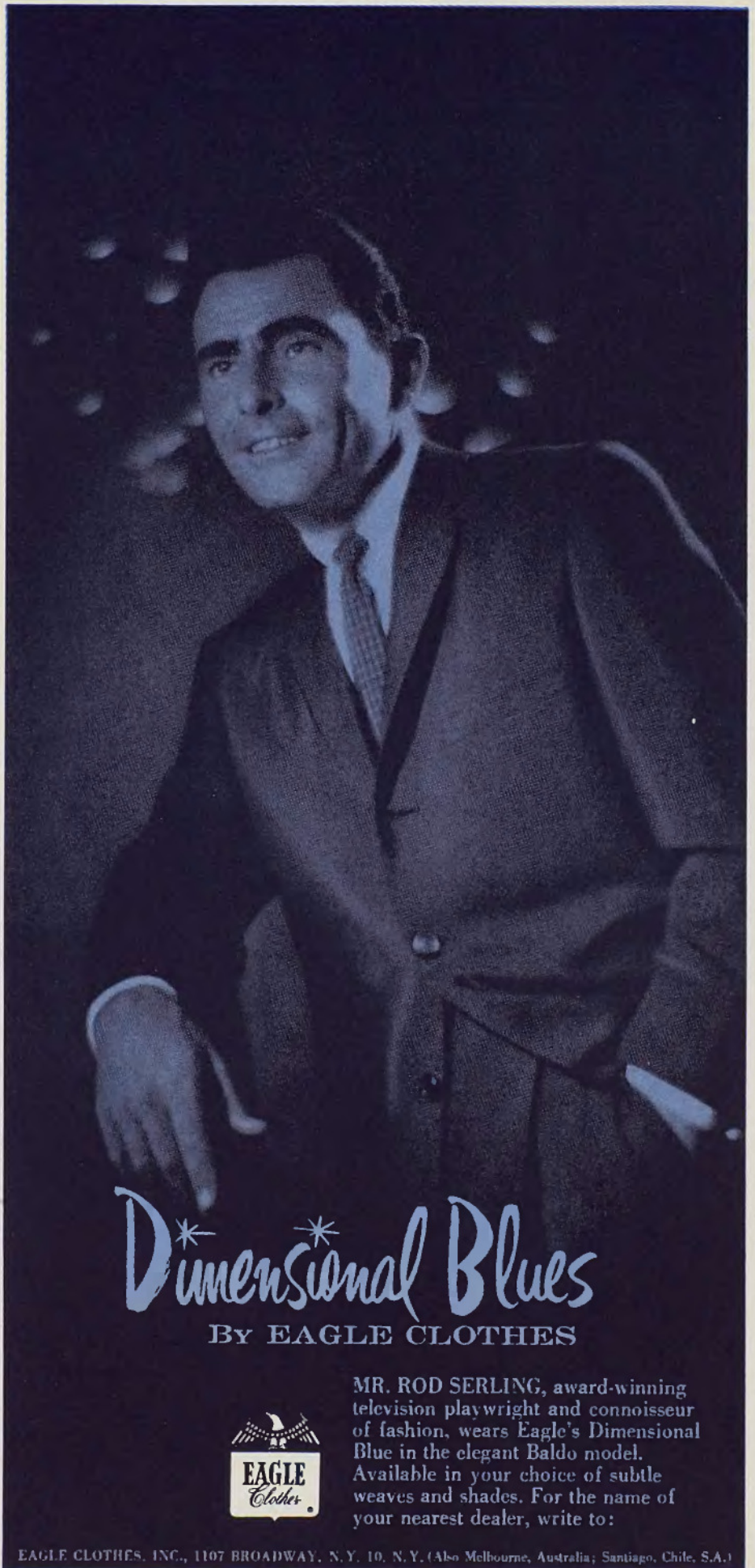
the intelligence level of the audience or their desire for a more intelligent approach to, let us say, humor and advertising—which are the two fields that I am mostly involved with—is the fact that I have sold over 5,000,000 single records—records which were admittedly sharp and sophisticated. Now this says something for the intelligence of people, because they went in and laid down \$4.98 for those things. But that is only half the picture. All of my commercials that I have done for various clients have been very sophisticated—by advertising standards. And the products they have moved is gratifying indeed, because it proves that people, when you approach them, not with a baseball bat, but in an intelligent manner that gives them credit for some intelligence, and you amuse and entertain them with soft sell, evidently they're so grateful they rush out and buy the product.

PLAYBOY: Newton Minow himself, speaking at a Northwestern University symposium, said that in his view, some commercials were more imaginative than programs. And yet, when *TV Guide* published an open letter to Minow—this was before he had called television a "vast wasteland"—in which they were critical of television, they received about 200 letters from readers, with the count running about three to one against their position, saying, in effect, "Why don't you and Minow shut up—we like television as it is!" Whereas, when *TV Guide* included a parenthetical phrase in a piece about Rod Taylor, star of *Hong Kong*, saying ". . . there is only a faint hope it will return to the air next season," they received over 3700 letters and cards to be forwarded to the sponsor, virtually all asking that *Hong Kong* be returned. Whereupon *TV Guide* editorialized: "At face value . . . more viewers are concerned with bringing back *Hong Kong* than with broad, drastic steps to improve the quality of programing . . ."

SUSSKIND: Look, this is an extension—or a piece, really—of an ancient and rather dull argument that what television is now doing is *giving* the public what it wants. George Bernard Shaw once said, "If you give the public what it wants long enough, pretty soon the public begins to want what it gets." Now, the public has been fed an almost unending diet of trivia. When it isn't mediocrity, it's shockingly bad, for the most part. They've been bred on that. This is the *tradition* of the television dial, with some brilliant exceptions. After a while, they become inured to it; they get used to it and they like it. However, that begs two questions. The first one is that the television airwaves are in the nature of a public utility. They are owned by the people of the United States and leased by the Gov-

ernment to private contractors who swear that they will use them in the public interest. And the use of it for *Hong Kong* and *Roaring 20's* and *The Untouchables* and *Lawman* and *Cheyenne* and *Rifleman* and *The Price Is Right*—the excessive number of pap programs—is shortchanging the public interest and doing it incalculable damage. Now, if the public interest is to be honored in the observance as opposed to the breach, it is the responsibility of the broadcasters to exercise *leadership*—and this is the second point I want to make: it is not the business of broadcasting to essentially give the public what it wants; it is to give a *balanced* programing diet to a public that needs it through an instrument that has become the greatest information, education and entertainment medium ever invented. It is their job to lead, not to follow the horde. If the public voted overwhelmingly for an unending diet of *Hong Kong* and *Roaring 20's* and *Maverick*, the public would be wrong and responsible leaders would attempt to divide the load to give pure entertainment, pure escape in some proportion to meaningful programing. On the other hand, I think that if Gilbert Seldes had his way, he would turn television into symphony, ballet and Shakespeare. I think that would be as oppressive in its own way as the ridiculous diet we now enjoy. I think *balance*, again, is the watchword, and I think pure eggheadism overdone on television would repel.

SELDES: What I am interested in is that what most people see most of the time should be constantly improving in quality. I don't give a hoot if I could never see Shakespeare on television until twenty years from now. I would say, all right, provided that the shows that you do put on do get better from year to year to year—that is the way to get people to watch Shakespeare. Actually, Shakespeare is rather roughly popular at present, but suppose you say Henrik Ibsen—who is, as a matter of fact, a rather dull writer, but he has something to say—and if you put before your public a series of things which *constantly rise* in their quality, that is the way in which eventually they will say, "Now we'd like to see Ibsen," and so forth. But if I had to make a choice between improving the quality of the Westerns and adding ten percent of Shakespeare, I would say improve the quality of the Westerns. I am saying the opposite of what David just attributed to me. I have been saying that for 25 years. The middle hook of the three books I've written basically about this is called *The Great Audience*, which means I am interested in the audience and not the creator. I am interested in putting before the audience; exposure is the basic thing. You put things in front of people and you



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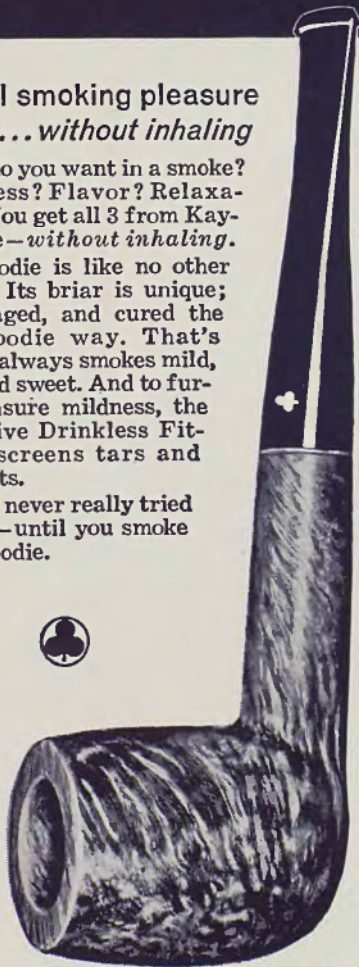
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find out what they want. You cannot find out what they want by putting things in front of them which they obviously do not want.

FREBERG: What makes sponsors think that the poorer the quality of the show, the larger audiences they'll get?

FRANKENHEIMER: Well, when we were doing shows like *Playhouse 90* and *NBC Sunday Showcase* and even *Ford Star-time*—the Ingrid Bergman thing which got a huge rating, maybe because Ingrid was on it—most of the time, programs like *Tennessee Ernie*—and I think he is a very talented man—consistently beat us. So, I think that when the vast audiences had a choice they went for what is currently called bad entertainment. And I think that the tragedy of the whole thing, really, is that when you consider that a show like *Playhouse 90* was reaching upwards of twenty, 25 million people every Thursday night and the network officials called it a failure, that's the tragedy of the situation, you know. It isn't so much that it didn't get a huge rating in the range of 50 million people like some of the other shows did—like Ed Sullivan does, or something like that—but the fact that you can be a failure and still reach twenty million people. *Playhouse 90* was opposite the *Tennessee Ernie* show, and then *The Untouchables* came on and really creamed *Playhouse 90*, just in terms of mass popular appeal.

SELDES: I've heard this from far less esthetic people than John Frankenheimer. A TV executive, Ted Cott, once said to me, "This is a hell of a business, where 40 million people is considered little if someone else has 40 million and a half."

FREBERG: That is a tragedy, though. Twenty million people are a lot of people. In radio that was considered a tremendous mass audience. And it still is a mass audience. My gosh, that's insanity, to look at it that way. I'm in a unique position—I am dealing now, through advertising, with clients who will gladly settle for an audience of twenty million if that twenty million becomes militant and goes out and buys the product, you know?

GOODSON: Let's put it this way. In New York I can read *The New York Times* to get a full story of the news and to get interesting comments by James Reston; and then I can also, if I have the time, read the *Daily News*, which, in its own way, is an excellent newspaper which does human interest, scandal, gossip and is an exciting, bizarre newspaper. But if that were television as we know it, both these newspapers would come on at the same identical hour, wouldn't they? You have a choice to make. You've got to take one or the other. That's what happens in TV. And it is a tragedy that a program with millions of viewers is considered

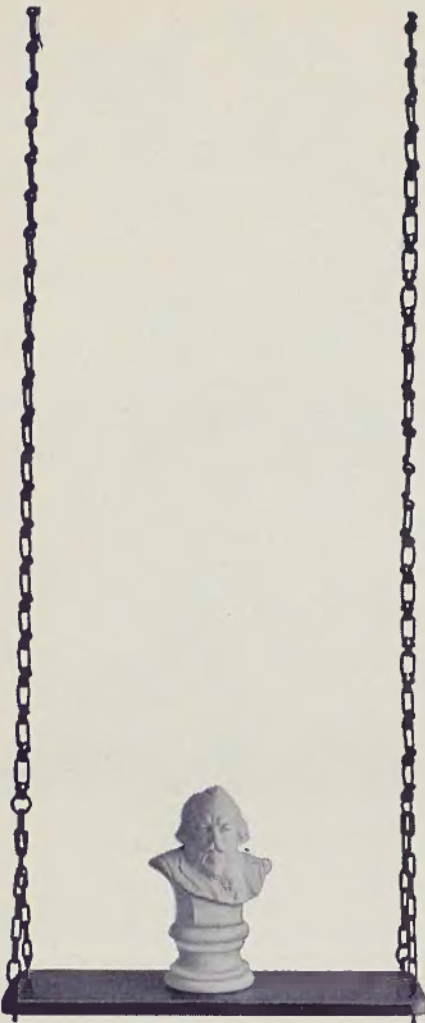
to be a failure because it's opposite a program with maybe a couple of million more.

SERLING: That, of course, is a major problem—there is such a totally quantitative approach to what constitutes success.

PLAYBOY: It might be interesting, at this point, to hear the words of Roscoe L. Barrow, Dean of the University of Cincinnati College of Law, and FCC consultant, who spoke them at a symposium on "Responsibility in Broadcasting." Barrow said, "... Marketing motives are a major factor in the network program selection process. This is the strongest influence in the character of television programming today. ... A program is sponsored because it is deemed a good vehicle to carry the advertising message. With rare exception, a program does not stay on the air unless it sells the product. *Omnibus*, a show of great cultural and educational quality, could not survive the hot sun of commercial analysis." He went on to point out that the advertiser who pays the bill for "free" TV (up to three million dollars for a season's alternate sponsorship of a half-hour show) has to recoup through sales of his product, and that few advertisers who sell quality products to a limited audience want—or can afford—network advertising. The mass marketers, on the other hand, require the largest possible audience. He then cited *Playhouse 90*—with an audience of twenty million, for four years—giving way to a Western. Would you say the economic motive is at the root of TV's troubles—any more than any other communications medium is detrimentally influenced by this motive?

SUSSKIND: The increasing, spiraling astronomical costs of television have driven people in their frenzy—the advertising agencies, the sponsors and the networks—to seek the largest audience at the lowest cost. Numbers have become the be-all and end-all of the broadcasting industry. The ratings are the Ten Commandments of our life, and if that be true it would seem that the largest number of millions can be captured by the cheapest kind of programming. The ultimate low level of this kind of thinking is probably pornography, but short of that, this kind of price frenzy, equating cost per thousand with value received, has led to television's being turned into a giant comic strip.

CROSBY: I reject the whole concept of television as a popular medium. In the first place, I don't believe in ratings. I think it's absolutely immoral to run a system as a popularity contest, anyhow. But I don't think the ratings are any good. In other words, I don't even think it's a true popularity contest. I have lectured up and down the country. I've met many, many people, and I find almost nobody in the business who really has a great deal of respect for the ratings.



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If they get a good rating, they won't run them down, but they don't really believe them. However, even if the ratings were perfect, I don't think that this is an adequate way to run a huge communications industry. These people have a responsibility and they're not fulfilling it. I think the way things have been going, up a blind alley, that television has so completely lost its interest, they're losing their audience. However, they are all defending the rating system which, again, I find hopelessly false. I mean, you take an outfit like Nielsen. Nielsen is kept in business by the television networks, which pay them millions of dollars a year. They're not going to tell them that they have no audience. If they did, they'd get another rating service that would tell them what they want to hear.

FRANKENHEIMER: The way television is set up in this country right now, it can in no way be called an art form, because basically what you're doing, when it all comes right down to it, after everything has been stripped away, what you're doing is selling a product. Now, whether you're doing it by means of a soap opera, an old movie or a television dramatic show, the result that really is counted by the network officials and by the sponsor is how many tubes of toothpaste you've sold. And I don't think that in those terms television can be called an art form any more, I really don't.

DANN: Good programing, as in any other creative area, comes from good, able people. Television's growth can only take place by experimentation and doing things effectively. This means that bureaucrats like myself, program executives, must be willing to take gambles. We must be effective in building good pilots so the advertisers will participate in these gambles, and then we must be effective in carrying out the series.

FRANKENHEIMER: Oh, sure, in the *beginning*, when we were all new at it and when the medium itself was new, the relative cost of a television program was so small that the advertiser decided, "What the hell, let these guys do what they want to do, and we'll see if it works." In other words, *they* were experimenting, too. That was before they realized the full potential of television as a sales medium. The result was that some wonderful shows were done. But gradually, as the cost of television programing became greater, the advertiser got more and more cautious, and also as the climate of fear began to hit this country with Senator McCarthy and the House Un-American Activities Committee and all those pressure groups — you know, fear began to be more and more a problem. In every area, not only television. There began to be, in a sense, almost a form of mental isolationism, so that gradually more and more advertis-

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PRE-ELECTRIC SHAVE LOTION—Sets up whiskers like clay pigeons for the smoothest, closest shave ever. And refreshing as a breeze, \$3.75

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The development of stereo from 1958 to "phase 4 stereo"

Since the introduction of the revolutionary stereo record in 1958, the art of recording has undergone a rapid evolutionary process.

Phase 1 stereo: "Concert Hall Realism." In this phase (1958 to 1961), stereo recordings attempted to recreate a true stage presence. The instruments of the orchestra were placed "soundwise" in their normal positions, with the result that for the home listener they appeared to come from an imaginary sound-stage spread between the listener's two loudspeakers. The record buyer no longer needed to be content with listening to his favorite artists in the restricted medium of "compressed" monophonic sound. This type of stereo recording reflected the "purist" approach and applied most generally to stereo recordings in the field of classical music. When London Records introduced its first stereo record in 1958, it had years of preparation and refinement behind it. The result was that London's "fss" (full frequency stereophonic sound) offered the most advanced and finest definition of "concert hall" sound ever heard on records.

Phase 2 stereo: "Separation of Sound." In this phase (1959 to 1961), stereo recordings proved that an orchestra could be "split in half"; that voices could be "full left" while the orchestra was "full right"; that a ping-pong ball could be heard hitting the table on the left and then on the right, and that sounds could be reproduced "left-right" without any center "leakage." Sounds emanating from two loudspeakers lent themselves to a seemingly endless variety of juxtaposition, separation, and other strictly mechanical processes, and a fascinating display of unusual sound pyrotechnics it was that followed. . . . bongos jumped from left to right speakers while saxophones and trumpets answered back and forth between speakers: it was the technical "gimmick" that was in command, the technique was the end-in-itself.

Phase 3 stereo: "Moving Sounds." In this phase (1961), it was demonstrated that the sounds of a whole section of an orchestra or a single instrument could be moved and followed by the listener's ears as the sounds passed through the space from left to right speakers and back again electronically. . . . In certain opera, drama and musical comedy recordings, the voices could be followed moving before one's ears as in a true-to-life stage presentation.

"phase 4 stereo": In this phase (1962), arrangers and orchestrators re-score the music to place the instruments where they are musically most desired at any particular moment and make use of direction and movement to punctuate the musicality of sounds. The effect is more sound—more interest—more listening pleasure. "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 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: the musical arranger has to create new forms of musical annotation and scoring to convey his full musical concept. Through a complicated network of microphones, switches and dials, the music envisioned by the arranger comes into reality as the engineer captures on 4 Track Master tape, the complete and true musical concept of the arranger. From the 4 Track Master tape, the four tracks of sound have to be carefully rebalanced in the reduction to two channels of sound which eventually reach the listener via his two-channel stereo record groove, and ultimately through his two loudspeakers.

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ers decided that they really couldn't do anything controversial at all because more and more of these pressure groups would write. And while I am so dead against these pressure groups that I can hardly talk about it, they—at least on their own terms—were *active*. I mean, they *wrote*, they created a terrible stink so that advertisers would really listen to it. Now the people that just sat back on their rear ends, you know, week after week, and sucked all this free entertainment in, like *Playhouse 90* and *Philco and Studio One* and *United States Steel*—all these kinds of marvelous shows—we hardly ever got any letters that said they liked them. Most of the letters we got were from pressure groups and from cranks who wrote that they despised the shows. Boy, oh boy, and all hell used to break loose! I mean, television is a business. Its primary purpose now is that it is an electronic supermarket.

SERLING: An electronic supermarket? Gee, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, because I see too many fine things on television to excuse this kind of generality. Let's say that it conceivably could be far better if it were allowed to be.

PLAYBOY: Possibly, "allowed" is the critical word in your comment, since we seem to have been talking in terms of pressures that prevent quality. But Professor Louis L. Jaffe, of the Harvard University Law School—a specialist in communications law and hardly an apologist for current practices—raises another point, or points, rather: the scarcity of talent, and the audience's own attitudes. In the same symposium referred to earlier, he said: "Let's face it: there are a vast number of programs which by cultivated standards are bores. But surely part of the problem is just that there are a vast number of programs. Mr. Minow seems to think that there are thousands of clever people ready and willing to fill his 'vast wasteland' with an infinity of pleasant prospects. Look at the other media. There are only a few good movies each year, three or four good plays, and a handful of good musicals. Surely there has never before been anything comparable to TV's enormous maw, hungering for entertainment. How is it possible running on a timetable week in and week out to avoid the stereotype? Anyone who sits supinely before TV waiting to be constantly amused deserves no better than he gets. The most alarming thing about TV is not its undeniable dullness, but the apparent fact that so many people have nothing better to do than to sit constantly before it. I insist that these passive sponges are so completely bereft of culture that for them the quality of programs is immaterial."

Of course, we all know pressures do exist. Do they come primarily from the sponsor, or from his ad agency?

SERLING: It works both ways. On occasion, a very energetic ad-agency man will *project* and make an assumption of fears which he thinks will be held by a sponsor, and blue-pencil even before the sponsor has let those fears be known. On occasion an agency man will be much more permissive and allow a show to go up to the wire, and then suddenly the sponsor himself will take a hand. In my experience this is rarely the case with the networks. They usually are kind of middlemen who respond to the pressures, the external pressures, but they themselves don't generate them—though this is not to say that the networks are particularly shining white knights and should be decorated for courage.

FREBERG: I think that agencies and sponsors and networks have an absolute obligation to television. The airwaves belong to the people, and although it may come as a shock to Madison Avenue, those airwaves are there for a little more than simply getting a "unique selling proposition," as Rosser Reeves, the head of the Ted Bates Agency, puts it in the best-selling book called *Reality in Advertising*. Mr. Reeves' clients are the Whitehall Pharmaceutical Company, which is Anacin and Carter's Pills; Preparation H for hemorrhoids; Colgate's don't let romance fade, fade, fade away. I call Mr. Reeves the dean of the gastrointestinal school of advertising. I think advertising has a responsibility to contribute to the *raising* of the cultural level of our society. But in no event must it ever contribute to the *lowering* of the level. Television is the world's most enormous bulk of audio-visual garbage, but I still think that we cannot blame the sponsor, because the average client is like a child who needs to be led by the hand. Anyway, it's more important to me that television be improved as a mass medium than that a client use it as a more efficient tool to sell his product. I'd rather see advertisers forbidden by law to use television if they couldn't show more responsibility in their control of it.

CROSBY: In Great Britain they have commercial advertising, and there it's against the law for the advertisers to attempt to exercise any control at all over programming.

GOODSON: Could I cut in for one second? Don't you think that it's interesting, we are not only Anglophiles in America—we love English tailoring and English pipes and English tobacco and English accents and titles—but we also, among our eggheads and critics, have this feeling that English television, both the BBC and commercial, is somehow inherently superior. That is particularly true of those who haven't seen English television, you know? Well, I just got back from Europe yesterday, and I've seen a

great deal of it. Goodson-Todman has four shows on English television, which are done by English panels. And I've seen their programming. I think it's a kind of amusing commentary that *Wagon Train* is the number one show in Great Britain.

CROSBY: That's just getting very popular television. It has brought about a decline in standards, but nothing like the decline in our own country. There's nothing like the direct control by the advertiser there. It has been said that the philosophical basis is wrong, but there's no reason why it should be wrong. By the same reasoning, the newspapers are slaves to the advertisers, except they're not. They're supported by the advertisers but they're not enslaved. Now, there's no reason why television has to be the slave of the advertisers.

PLAYBOY: We're now getting into an area in which there's been a lot of allegation without too much supportive evidence. Quoting Dean Roscoe L. Barrow again, we find an advertiser in the situation of having no control whatever: in this case, it was the network that dumped a quality program: "An example of conflict of interest between advertiser and network is provided by the demise of the *Voice of Firestone*. In 1954, NBC pre-empted the time period used by Firestone in order to include the *Sid Caesar Show*. Firestone was unwilling to sponsor the *Sid Caesar Show* because it was not deemed to reflect the corporate image of Firestone. NBC was unwilling to continue the Firestone musical show because the show was not achieving audience ratings comparable to those of CBS' *Arthur Godfrey Show*. The Firestone show then found a place on ABC, where it was subsequently replaced by *Adventures in Paradise*. Thus, a high-quality show, attracting a substantial—but not the greatest possible—following, could not maintain a place in prime time although the advertiser desired to continue it."

This may be an exception, of course. A widely read book, *The Big Picture*, avers: "Television's greatest handicap is the way it is financed. It is a slave to the advertiser, who, in turn, must be a slave to the bland formulas that guarantee him the greatest possible audience at the least possible cost . . ."

GOODSON: I have mixed feelings about that. Frankly, I would prefer a system whereby the networks had total say over what went on. On the other hand, if the networks had absolutely untrammelled control, it would really mean that a tiny group in one network—we only have three places in which to sell our shows—would have sole determination. Right now, it's tough enough to get your programs on because the networks still really have to approve your show,

but if a big sponsor wants the program badly enough he can apply pressure to help you get it on. And, incidentally, you do have to face the fact that in spite of all the crying and shrieking on the part of the egghead packagers about the naughtiness of sponsors, there have been situations where sponsors have wanted to keep programs on the air that had less rating, but that they liked, and the networks have booted them off. We know the situation of the *Firestone* hour of music, where the sponsor said, "We like it, we don't care if we get a minority audience," and the network said, "We don't want you on." There have been instances, I think, in the public affairs department, where the networks, in order to maintain absolute authority in that field, have turned down outside public service shows purportedly on the grounds that they did not like those shows, but, I think, more realistically on the grounds that they didn't want packagers monkeying around with a field that they would have control over.

PLAYBOY: David Susskind, wasn't that your experience in trying to sell a series on President Truman?

SUSSKIND: Yes, I think this would be a program of real consequence to the American people. It is the first time that a living ex-President has consented to tell the story of his seven years in office—the great events, issues, decisions, the motives that impelled him, the opposition that he encountered, an evaluation of what he did and how he feels about it today. And I have found, up to this point, no takers.

PLAYBOY: Mr. Dann—any comment?

DANN: On the President Truman thing, that was in a different department at CBS. I only handle entertainment programming, and that went to our news and public affairs department—

SUSSKIND: Let me say that Mike Dann is an exception in the industry. He's a bright man, a cultured man, a man with a conscience and a sense of responsibility, and Mike personally represents the best kind of instincts about television. He is caught up frequently in the corporate thrust for profits and ratings and competitive standings and is not always empowered to do what he would like to do as a broadcaster.

DANN: I'm very complimented that anybody would say anything nice about a network bureaucrat.

SUSSKIND: Broadcasting is a labyrinth of conflicting motivations, of aspirations with the necessity for compromise, with desiring to capitalize on the medium's peculiar strength to do a job for a free electorate, together with the need to place them in a hypnotic trance so that they'll buy cigarettes and gum; and these compromises are abundant and everywhere. But I can't believe that this industry will not finally come to the



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In 40 B.C. the 2000 year old man was born. In 1960 he was interviewed ("2000 Years with Brooks and Reiner"). Everyone laughed for a year. Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks just finished their new album 2001 YEARS. The 2000 year old man is back, garbled English and all, but one year older and wiser. The subject matter is only twice as funny. Everyone will now laugh for two years.



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awareness of the importance of this Truman program. I think it will become an absolute must for scholars of this period in history when they come to do their theses and books. It's a unique opportunity, because other series such as Winston Churchill's were essentially compilations of old film clips. Churchill was unable to function on the series. The F.D.R. story will be, again, old film clips and narration. But we *have* ex-President Truman. He is available for retrospective analysis and introspective analysis and factual reporting on *great* events—the dropping of the atomic bomb, the Berlin airlift, the Korean invasion, the founding of the United Nations, the Marshall Plan—the events that affected our lives and the lives of the entire world. I feel that Mr. Truman said it better than I can. He said, "If only we were able to have such reportage, in television terms, on Lincoln and Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt and Andrew Jackson. How much richer the historical record would be." It's more than entertainment, the Truman program; it's absolute education. One network said of it: "We're up to our navel in Presidents." Another network said, "It's one of the most exciting programing ideas I've ever heard, but it does invade the area of public affairs programing and that is a network exclusive. That domain is ours alone and we will suffer no independent production." The third network said, "We pass." All of these add up to "Not for us, thanks."

PLAYBOY: If what you say is true, don't you find it surprising that the networks would pass up what might also be a large audience-attractor?

SUSSKIND: Yes, but you have to be careful in television. There's large, larger, largest. This will not compete with *I Love Lucy*, and it will not compete with *The Untouchables*, in terms of largeness of audience. It will have a huge audience by any reasonable, sane standards. I would guess, ahead of time, that this program would be seen by something like nine to fourteen million people. In any economy in the world, that would be a *huge* number of people and very worthwhile. By television standards, nine to fourteen million is just an average rating and a little depressing if contrasted with *The Untouchables* and the Ed Sullivan show. We've got to get back our sanity, we've got to begin to realize that nine and fourteen million are not *no* people. It is not a programing disaster. It is a terribly important segment of the population which must be fed the diet it wants on television.

GOODSON: What I object to is the position taken by certain critics that the public ought to be *told* what it should like. I think the head of the FCC said that, just as you don't give children ice cream three meals a day because they want ice cream, likewise you merely

can't give people what they want in entertainment. I think that basically is slightly antidemocratic, because when you're an adult, if you want ice cream three times a day, you've got it.

PLAYBOY: There seems to be some confusion as to the FCC's possible violation of freedom of speech. The Communications Act forbids the FCC to censor; that is, to *prevent* the broadcasting of any individual program on the ground that its content is objectionable. It also forbids the FCC to select broadcasting licensees on the basis of the social, political or economic views embodied in their programs, or on any other arbitrary basis. However, the Communications Act both permits *and requires* the FCC to make reasonable judgments as to the nature of the broadcasting program service which serves the public interest and to carry out its licensing functions on the basis of such judgments. In fact, a largely ignored statement by Minow in his "wasteland" speech was this: "I am unalterably opposed to governmental censorship. There will be no suppression of programing which does not meet with bureaucratic tastes. Censorship strikes at the taproot of our free society." The link between Mr. Minow's position and Mr. Jaffe's, previously quoted, was provided by a viewer who wrote to the FCC wanting to know what channel *Vast Wasteland* was on.

GOODSON: That's a good title for a show—*What's My Wasteland?*—could be a good quiz.

SELDES: I'd say this. First, I give you a quote and then I'll tell you who said it. The quote is "There is never any need to apologize for entertaining people." Now this, you would think, would be a network president. It is actually from a work by Bertolt Brecht, who was the most advanced—and, as it happens, in the end, the most communist—of people, who was defending pure entertainment theater. Now, what we are getting on television is an appeal to a very limited, but basic, set of appetites. Among the things that the industry has to be troubled with is that it begins to be terribly expensive to feed them. It is particularly expensive to change the formula. Now, what I'm saying is that the multitudes are not being cheated in the sense that they want anything *else* terribly. I don't think they do. But the thing that interested me is that I think that every once in a while—and I think the last two years have been a case in point—in a sense the quality of the ice cream has gone down. Now, 90 percent of the people who object to the fare on television object on a ground which I find absolutely untenable. They say they—the ten percent at most; actually, about one percent—are not getting as much as they're entitled to. Or, I'll put it the

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other way. You could have a television programing system in the United States which would be almost without criticism if you had ten percent more highbrow stuff. And to me this is sheer, bloody crap. Let's go back to this famous phrase that television is a "vast wasteland"—in the first place, I don't think that T. S. Eliot is a name to invoke when you're talking about a popular art. In the second place, it's not a wasteland, it's a jungle. It's overgrown with too many different things. But every single person that has used this phrase has indicated, you know, that they're perfectly willing for all the other people to starve in the Sahara Desert, provided you have four more oases. I am totally opposed to this. The point is not the absence of more good things; it is the fact that the *average* thing is of a low quality in its own category.

PLAYBOY: What factors do you think are responsible for this low level of quality?
SELDES: Money.

SUSSKIND: It really has to do with a philosophical attitude about broadcasting. The sponsor and the advertising agency have treated it essentially as a purveyor of goods, as a method for selling merchandise and not as a responsible communications device charged with serving the public interest. Now, if it is only a hawker of goods, if it is only a way as opposed to billboards and newspaper and magazine ads to sell cigarettes, soap and detergents, then perhaps that way can best be accomplished by the cheap qualityless programing that we have. But the other philosophy that I think is going to come into currency is the philosophy that this is an important means of instruction, education and enlightenment, and entertainment. And that philosophy, when it takes hold—and I think it will in the fall of 1962 to a far greater extent than ever before—will see a new kind of conscience in broadcasting; a serving of the public interest.

DANN: There has been less and less influence by advertisers and agencies in what goes on the air as the networks have assumed more responsibility for what goes on the air. Agencies and clients, despite what has been said, have very little influence in what goes on in a dramatic anthology series, like a *Playhouse 90*. There may have been, from time to time, objections to a certain word, like the gas incident, which we were *wrong* on. I think we made a mistake in deleting the word "gas" in a *Playhouse 90* production, *Judgment at Nuremberg*, sponsored by the American Gas Company. We make *lots* of mistakes. But that isn't just because of advertisers or agencies. We make mistakes because we're only human, and some of us aren't very good, maybe. But that's true of many creative areas: mistakes are made. But very few of our mistakes can



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be attributed to advertising or agency pressures. Advertisers and agencies do not want bad programs. They are not the ones who are clamoring for action shows, if you please. They are interested in getting good value for their money. But I have yet to meet a client who wouldn't rather be identified with an important program versus a less important program, or a quality program versus a nonquality program. Their only requirement is that they get a certain circulation, which is their *business*. They *should* ask for that. They're selling goods and services and want to do that as cheaply as possible. The *clients* do not advocate mediocrity. They do not advocate unoriginality. They want *success*, as a backer does of a Broadway show. But they never have determined for us or defined for us what makes the success. That's our business.

FRANKENHEIMER: In the setup that television has found itself in over the past ten years, the elimination of the word "gas" was inevitable—absolutely inevitable—I mean it couldn't have been anything else. You know, that was one of the few things that ever reached the public. That kind of thing went on every week. For instance, we did a show called *A Town That Turned to Dust*, written by Rod Serling, which finally ended up as a show against lynching. Let's face it, that's about as uncontroversial as you can get. There was a lot of noise about the show, but basically it's very uncontroversial. I mean nobody wants to lynch anybody. But that's not the way the show started out. It started out as a contemporary drama about what happened to the two men that killed Emmett Till, you know? Really, what happened was that the whole town, in a sense, turned against them for reasons of guilt in our contemporary society. It was a very interesting script. And the idea was—it was played in 1960 or 1959, or whenever it was—and it was based on fact. Now, what happened was that the sponsors read this thing and said that there was just no way they were ever going to put this thing on the air. I mean they just wouldn't *conceive* of sponsoring such a program. It had been scheduled for the first program of the second year of *Playhouse 90*, and we were all set to go with it when they turned it down. Hubbell Robinson [at that time Executive Vice-President in charge of Programming at CBS] fought like crazy for it, you know, but they said no. So, finally, we had to give up and in a sense create a substitute at the last minute that we whipped together, called *The Death of Manolete*. Now, we practically never worked again after *The Death of Manolete*. I mean it was a disaster. But part of the reason it was a disaster was that it had to be put together in such a damn hurry, because

the sponsors wouldn't accept the original show. Oh, we finally did it, but the way we did it was, we had to make it a *Western*. We had to predate it 100 years. We had to eliminate a Negro and substitute a Mexican. I mean it was ludicrous, what happened.

SERLING: I think that kind of problem will be with us for as long as you have a sponsored medium. There will always be, and forever, with every sponsor and every sponsor, an area timorous as regards the so-called offending of the mass viewers. In other words, I don't think you will ever achieve that degree of quality that, say, the proscenium arch does or the novel or the short story because, unlike any other art form, we are controlled by sponsors. This is just a fact of life we're going to have to live with. Now, within that framework, we can operate in a much more mature fashion, but there is a limit to that maturity and I think we've already reached that. I don't think we can hope to see *Play of the Week* that often as standard fare on television. I just don't think this medium will ever support it.

PLAYBOY: In our last *Playboy Panel*, "*Sex and Censorship in Literature and the Arts*," the panelists pointed out the putative moral reasons behind censorship in books and films. But television censorship comes from a different point of view, doesn't it?

SERLING: Even worse than that. I think innate in this is the inability to *find* a point of view. The censorship that you talked about pertains to objectionable censorship of ideas; of less importance but just as irritating is the censorship of lines in the name of a product. Hence, you can't ford a river because the show may be sponsored by Chevrolet!

PLAYBOY: Along that line, recent FCC hearings elicited testimony that an electric company wanted a different title for Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed*; also an advertising agency eliminated Abraham Lincoln's name from a Civil War drama because Chrysler sponsored the program. Are these merely entertaining trivia, ludicrous but not of very great significance—or are they symptomatic of the industry's malaise?

SERLING: Of infinitely more importance, overall, of course, is the whole principle of an American artist being unable to call his shot as he sees it, whether it be in television or anything else.

GOODSON: I think Rod was tempted into *Twilight Zone* not by lack of restriction but by an interesting business offer where he was given, I think, substantial equity in the series. I think it's an excellent series. I happen to love *Twilight Zone*. But I don't think Rod turned to that merely because they said, "Now you can do it without restriction."

SERLING: I've got very little sponsorial or agency or even network interference on

any level on *Twilight Zone*. Part of this can be attributed to a prearranged agreement. I promised I would try to remain tasteful on everything I touched, and they in turn promised me that they would do no specious or capricious blue-penciling. They have no prerogatives in changing a line, even. And this way, we have a pretty happy marriage. Now, much of this, of course, is due to a pre-censoring on my part with my prior knowledge of those areas which I know would be difficult, so I just don't touch them. They're the usual ones and the very obvious ones. Sex being one, religion being another, color and race being yet another. And these are the three tough areas. The alternative, of course, is to shoot 24 minutes of film at the cost of \$50,000 and then have it relegated to perdition in my own projection room where only I will see it, having paid for it. There's an unfortunate economic reality that we have to live with. This is not to say that I deliberately cheat, short-change and write down. I don't do that at all. On the level and within the framework that we try to operate, I think we're reasonably high in quality.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, then, even in the unusually permissive framework of *Twilight Zone*, there is a kind of self-imposed pre-censorship resulting from your knowledge that to do otherwise would get you nowhere. This seems in line with the other kinds of pre-broadcast control which occupied the attention of the various Government investigatory sessions and subsequent symposia on TV's troubles. At one such meeting, Newton Minow hurled the word censorship back at his accusers: he spoke of "rating censorship—a result of the almost desperate compulsion . . . to work and to plan and to live by the numbers," and of "dollar censorship" (a phrase coined by Clare Booth Luce) in which the broadcaster "abdicates his own judgment and turns programing decisions over to an advertiser or his agency." This is, of course, a tricky matter—as all of us in communications know. How and where does one draw the line between prior censorship and the act of selection, economically motivated or not? In the sense that a newspaper editor decides which of hundreds of daily news stories to put into the limited space of one issue, he is exercising prior censorship. For the purposes of this discussion, let's concentrate on that editing, that pre-broadcast censorship, if you will—which is not self-imposed. Stan Freberg, what are some of the blue-penciling to which you've been subjected?

FREBERG: Well, one time, Orville, my little moon-man, came to earth and he was outraged because his girlfriend, Miss Moon, had not been allowed to enter a

Miss Universe contest. It turned out that she stood only 31 inches in high heels, and her measurements were 39-39-39. So I said, "Well, probably she was just too short for the contest." I tried to, you know, make some apology on behalf of the earth. I tried to make Orville feel better. So I said, "Maybe we can have a separate contest for people from other planets," and he looked at me and smiled and said in a kind of knowing way, "You mean separate but equal?" Now, this thing was permitted to go through all the rehearsals all week long, and on Saturday, the day before the show, the executive producer of the Chevy show — it was his package — he came to me and said, "Stan, I think maybe you better take out the line 'separate but equal.'" I said, "I'd like to leave it in." He said, "Why?" I said, "It makes kind of a nice social comment at this time." "Well," he said, "I don't think you'll ever miss it if you take it out." I said, "Yes, I will. I'll miss it." He said, "Who will know it isn't there?" I said, "I'll know." So the next day, Sunday, after the dress rehearsal, he takes me to the dressing room, puts his arm around me, walks me up and down, and I could see that he was on the spot. He said, "Stan, I've been on the phone over the weekend with Chevrolet, and they want me to convey to you that they are in sympathy with your point of view on the integration problem. Why, they have many Negro employees working for General Motors. And as a matter of fact, they once had Marian Anderson on a show." And I said, "Wow!" I said, "Well, I guess they ought to get a medal for that. It was good of them to give her a break, because the kid can't really sing very well." So he said, "I think the decision is, we have to take 'separate but equal' out." I said, "No, it stays in." He said, "Well, then, you're off the show." So after due deliberation I thought, "Well, it isn't that important a line to walk off on." In other words, if it had been a line where I made a really great contribution to the Negroes' position, then I would have fought harder. So I did the show and lost the line, that's all. Another time, Orville came to the earth and he wanted to arrange for a cultural exchange with our Government. And he said, "I have here a list of samples of your culture I'd like to take back to the moon. I'd like to have some of your outdoor advertising — billboards, that is; a couple of Louella Parsons' columns; rock 'n' roll; a little smog; and a piece of Las Vegas." So I said, "I see you picked the best of our culture." He says, "Yes." And I said, "Now, what do you have for us?" He says, "I've got this spaceship full of beads and trinkets — that's what they said the natives wanted." And I said, "No, no, we're beyond that now. Give

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me some technical thing." He said, "I know, we'll give you a nuclear weapon." I said, "I'm afraid we already have a nuclear weapon." He said, "Not like ours. Ours is terrific." And I said, "What's so special about yours?" And he said, "Ours doesn't work." I said, "Well, if it doesn't work, what do you do with it?" He said, "All the nations on the moon get together and we hit it with a stick." And I said, "And then what happens?" He says, "Paper hats and toys fall out." So I said, "And then what do you do?" He says, "And then we all go home." So I said, "Do you have some name for this particular type of festivity?" And he says, "Yes—progress." About three days before the show, they came to me and said, "Stan, we're a little long, baby, so we're going to chop this from page 18 to page 22." I said, "Just a moment, that's the most significant part of the whole bit." They said, "Well, you don't need it, you got a lot of jokes up front." I said, "No, I'd like that to be in." They said, "Well, uh, Stan, uh —" I said, "Come on, level with me. You don't like me talking about the hydrogen bomb, right?" They said, "That's right." I said, "Why do you not want to mention the hydrogen bomb?" They said, "Well, we'd just rather not mention it." I said, "Do you think by not mentioning it, it may go away?" They said, "Well, we don't like to talk about hydrogen bombs on an entertainment program." So that's the kind of logic you're dealing with. see?

FRANKENHEIMER: You know, these sponsors — these big business concerns — are not run by idiots. And the agency people are far from idiots, either. These are the same guys that in turn will go to see, say, *Death of a Salesman* or a fine motion picture with their families or their wives and enjoy it immensely. But then, when they get back at their desks on Madison Avenue, they are working for a result, which is to sell cigarettes. Though they liked *Death of a Salesman* the night before at the theater, they know damn well it's not going to sell cigarettes, or at least not in their terms.

SUSSKIND: This is the real irony, the real anomaly of television — that it is inhabited, populated by fine men, erudite, cultured, educated, who personally pursue interesting, exciting and worthwhile investments of their time. But when they put on their professional clothes in the morning they practice a kind of vocational schizophrenia. They drop off their personal ideals and they drop away their personal tastes and they buy for an unknown, unseen, unidentified *them*. They won't like this — it's too artsy-craftsy. They will like this — it's got some raucous, bawdy fun, and it's got violence and murder and mayhem. They make a terrible, and I think specious, distinction between themselves and the audience.

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PLAYBOY: As a selective viewer, would you watch your own productions?

SUSSKIND: Yes, I would watch the *DuPont Show of the Month*; I would watch the Art Carney shows; I would watch *Open End*; I would watch *The Play of the Week*; I would watch *Way Out*—it's a fun show; eerie, macabre stories. Now, I think that Mark Goodson's intellectual challenges are richer and higher and stronger than any of the shows he does. He is a bright, intelligent, educated man and, I think, would not tune in the game shows that he produces.

GOODSON: Yes, I watch them. It's a little hard for me to be totally honest and say, to ask the question—would I watch my shows if I didn't have an ownership interest and if I didn't produce them?—I really can't answer that without qualification. First of all, many of our shows are on five days a week, but secondly, to answer David, I don't really think that is totally the point. I enjoy reading *The New Yorker* magazine, but *The New Yorker* only has a circulation of a little less than 500,000. That's a fact of life. I might someday find myself working on *Reader's Digest*, which has a circulation of 12,000,000 and yet not look forward every month to poring through the contents of the magazine. I will say that there are certain of our shows that I definitely would watch every week. I think our type of programing, by the way, which emphasizes ad-libbing and immediacy, is one of the most novel things that television does. I think that most of David's things have been successful adaptations of already proven works which have been originally novels, then plays, often movies, and then finally television. It seems to me that in that sense television is really a *Reader's Digest*. It is doing a condensed version of a condensation. I think that our programs, whether one likes them or not, are unique and original; were developed strictly for broadcasting. *What's My Line?* and *To Tell the Truth* were developed out of our stomachs, out of our heads, and present interesting people in ad-lib situations with intriguing formats. I watch mainly the nighttime

shows. I still enjoy watching *What's My Line?* After eleven years, I think it's a show which has great appeal, which I sometimes can't even analyze myself. I've grown to like every member of the panel and I think that the audience apparently does, too; I'm always intrigued by the occupations that we can bring up week after week. I enjoy *To Tell the Truth*. On good nights I enjoy *The Price Is Right*. I think it's a very exciting, very commercial game; and I watch, occasionally, in the daytime, too. But those are programs which I enjoy watching myself. As I say, if I were not connected with them I would probably watch them less frequently, but I will say that I enjoy them more than I enjoy watching the average dramatic series. Personally, I loved—even though I had no connection with—the programs that featured live, original drama.

DANN: The decline of live programing has been because of the economics—by that I mean we have to commit into a film series maybe 36 or 39 or 52 weeks.

SERLING: Leaving live TV for economic reasons carries with it implicitly a guarantee of deterioration in programing, and when they got rid of *Playhouse 90* and some of the other live shows, the supplanting shows were not nearly as good, simply because they were done on film by film people who were not remotely concerned with quality. When you're talking about a filmed anthology on television, it usually deals with a specific kind of people, a kind of plot line—a whole concept of writing—which is unique and peculiar to the West Coast.

SUSSKIND: Hollywood took over with its assembly line system of turning out X yardage of celluloid per two days, and creative aspiration, creative dedication, creative integrity gave way to the hard-bitten economics of slick Hollywood production—to the B, C and Z films which now dominate the dial.

DANN: We have found out our mistakes too late. We have put too much emphasis on the film form, with the result that we have had too much repetition and too little experimentation. I am perfectly willing to say, though, that there was a time when we had too much original drama on the air—twelve, fifteen original dramatic shows. I suppose that's a terrible thing to say—to have too much original drama on the air—but there were many of the series that went on all year long that didn't produce a single important drama out of 52 telecasts. Now, I'm not talking, of course, about *Philco Playhouse* or *Studio One*, which had gifted producers in charge of them. But I do think that there simply weren't enough good writers around. That's why the programs with continuing characters often had better drama on them than the one-shot dramas had—because you could call a

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writer in, tell him about the characters, the form of the show, and he had a framework in which to write. This is much easier drama to write. You could call somebody in and say, "Write a *Route 66* for me" or "Write a *Checkmate* script for me" and sometimes have fairly good drama as compared to some of the drama on the anthologies, simply because it is much more difficult to write from scratch than it is to write once you have a form to work with. I'm not now advocating that we don't have original drama; I'm trying to say why it's more difficult. Original drama today presents a very complicated problem. I had a meeting at my home with a number of top dramatic producers and all agreed that today it would be impossible for any one of them to do a whole series like we did previously on *Playhouse 90* or *Studio One*. They all thought they could do no more than thirteen or fifteen shows. This is compared to the old days when they did anywhere from 40 to 50 shows. The requirements are much more complicated today, due to the size of the production and the qualities of the scripts demanded, and dealing with the talent. One of the problems in the decline of the anthology form has been that television writers cannot be developed in a vacuum. They have to have their work on the air, but, much more important, they have to work with producers. The great producers were able to work with writers on a continuing basis and were able to develop them. As the original-drama field declined, the number of writers who were coming along declined, with the result now that just recently, when we announced we were going to do six original dramas for next year, we went to the top twenty writers in the business and said, "You can write about any subject you want." Of that number, fifteen were involved in other projects—in Broadway theater, books, travel—and were not interested in writing for the series. The really great writers that were developed in the '50s by and large are not interested in writing for television today. It also follows that many of the great directors whom we developed in the '50s are not interested in working in television today. They graduated. Television was a college that they went to, which they graduated from, because, after all, the economics and the creative challenges are more satisfying on Broadway in particular and secondarily the movies and maybe writing a novel.

SERLING: I think that's pretty much been the case throughout the history of television, and it seems evident because of the fortunes of most of the writers who made their early marks in TV—the Bob Aurthurs, the Paddy Chayefskys, the Gore Vidals, the rest of them—who only stayed around long enough to pick

up small checks and smaller name credits and then went on to bigger and better and more adult things. I personally find no fault with this at all. I think they've probably done the very right thing. Television at its best is a kind of finger exercise for the more important things later on—but it is the dictates of television that made it so.

CROSBY: Yes, you're right, they have graduated, and I think it's been a good thing. In the early days I think that television was a marvelous training ground for playwrights. Under an ideal situation these young fellows would have been followed by other young fellows. But all of the shows that these guys wrote for have gone. The hack writers, of course, have all gravitated to the West Coast. All the good writing, incidentally, was done in the East. Today, it's a boiler factory. Warner Brothers, Desilu, Ziv—they're just turning out comic strips now and this doesn't take writers. All the excitement has gone out of the business.

SUSSKIND: There's always a problem where creativity is concerned. There are too few gifted artists—directorial, acting, writing—for any medium at any time. There are too few in the theater today—the theater season last year was almost embarrassingly bad, with some notable exceptions—there are too few in the motion picture business at any one time, and there are certainly too few in television. There is, however, an opportunity for the artist in television, if he would be granted it. I mean, to express himself to the largest and most vocal and the most electric kind of audience in the history of the world. The good writers of television never really looked on television as a stepping-stone when they had their baptism in it. It was a creative effort to which they dedicated themselves completely. They found a kind of magnetic joy in the expression of their work and the response to it. They went out of television, most of these fine craftsmen, because television began to create so many inhibitions, frustrations and fetters that they couldn't live with them any more. It was less price that drove them out, or greener pastures, than the noxious clamp on their creative brains. You know, they couldn't live with that. You couldn't write about miscegenation, you couldn't write about integration, you couldn't write about underpaid schoolteachers, you couldn't write about witch hunting. Now, the really fine writer of our time is probably not oriented to boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl, boy-gets-girl. He is living in a world of tension and conflict and desperate turbulence. He tends to be throbbing about the issues of our time. Scripts about the issues of our time are largely untenable on television because they will have a point of view and because they will



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evoke some controversy, and controversy is anathema in television.

GOODSON: Baloney. It isn't only restrictions on them. There just frankly is more money available elsewhere. Anybody who tells you that he can write and is willing to write a television drama for \$10,000—which is a lot of money for television—when he can instead take his time and write a movie which will pay him perhaps \$50,000 plus enormous subsidiary rights that will continue . . . I mean the reason George Axelrod, who is a man that I respect and admire, who used to write for radio and television and who now doesn't—it's not because he has restrictions, it's because, frankly, television can't pay him the money. It can't pay Abe Burrows the money. One good Broadway show can pay Moss Hart more money than he can make in twenty years of television, except possibly for the tax gimmicks involved and the ownership of film series, but those are generally not of the quality these men would like to turn out anyway. I think that I'd be very happy to do a series with Paddy Chayefsky and give him no restrictions. I don't think that's the reason that keeps him from television. I think that he can make five times as much writing carefully selected screenplays which he can produce independently or have done in a joint venture. Maybe pay-TV will change that.

SUSSKIND: Well, I'm a pragmatist and I don't really subscribe to many illusions. I think there will be pay-TV and I applaud its coming. I hope it comes sooner than I anticipate—I think it's five, ten years off—but it would represent another vista of programing, it would represent another competitive level of television with free TV.

SERLING: It strikes me that with pay-TV, you'd find yourself operating under the same kind of limitation that you do in commercial television. And that is, making an assumption that you must hit the biggest audience possible with the most quarters. And therefore it would probably behoove them to try to hit popular entertainment rather than very special adult entertainment. So I'm not sure pay-television is the answer at all.

FRANKENHEIMER: Pay-TV will be good for two or three years until the big voices get in again and kind of get the equalizer going—sort of a national equalizer.

CROSBY: I occasionally get the horrors when I think of Jack Warner running off with pay-television and just filling it with a lot of Westerns, but I'm very heartily in favor of it, if only to get the advertisers out of there and put showmen in. Now I don't think this is going to bring on the millennium—anybody that thinks it's going to be, you know, opera and ballet, is crazy. But at least there will be showmen interested in

(continued on page 126)

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A good friend of mine has been dating a sensational chick rather steadily the last few months, although they are by no means seeing each other exclusively. I wouldn't mind in the least dating her myself, but am not exactly sure what is protocol in this case. Do I have to ask his permission; if I get the green light from the girl, will that suffice; or should I wait until the two go their separate ways? — R. N., Washington, D.C.

This doesn't require a big production. Just mention to your buddy in the most casual way possible (you're not asking her father for her hand in marriage) that you're interested in dating the girl—provided he has no objections. If he wants to avoid the impression that there's an exclusive arrangement, or that he's afraid you'll prove the better man, he'll surely give you the go-ahead. If he doesn't, and you want to stay friends, the wisest move is no move at all until they split.

I've just begun to take an interest in sports-car racing (though I'm still a spectator) and I wonder if you can straighten out for me the bewildering array of flags that racing officials seem to take great delight in waving around the course. — S. M., Chicago, Illinois.

The flags are used as a visual means of governing the conduct and insuring the safety of a race. A black flag is waved at a specific automobile; it says get the hell back to the pit, and may either indicate a mechanical problem the official has spotted, or serve as the racing equivalent of the baseball umpire's thumb, notifying the driver that he has committed an infraction of the rules and is being waved out of the race; a wigwagged blue flag admonishes him for being a roadhog. The rest of the flags apply to all cars in the contest: green signals the start of a race or the all-clear if a race has been stopped or slowed down; a static yellow flag means caution (drivers must hold their positions because of an accident or some dangerous condition on the course); when the yellow flag is waved, it's generally a prelude to a red flag which signals the cars to stop as close to the edge of the course as possible to let emergency vehicles through; a white flag means that an emergency vehicle is on the course; a yellow flag with red vertical stripes warns that the track has been made slippery by oil spillage. A checked flag indicates the winner.

Somehow, and I'm really not quite sure how, the word has gotten around that my only goal in life is to go to bed with the women I date. While I take a

back seat to no man in a healthy interest in the opposite sex, my goaty reputation is really undeserved, yet I'm stuck with it. I have recently become quite smitten with a lovely lass but now find myself in the intolerable position of having my every word and move misinterpreted. She reads a *double-entendre* into every remark, a seduction into every innocent action. As a result, there is an oppressive tension that I would dearly love to dispel. Do you have any suggestions? All pleadings of innocence on my part have failed. — R. T., Seattle, Washington.

Why not turn that albatross around your neck into an amulet? We suggest you make an earnest effort to live up to your advance publicity. It's obvious that your present liaison has reached an impasse in which you'll be damned if you do and damned if you don't, so by all means do. You may be pleasantly surprised to find that an amatory aura will draw some very attractive moths (even if not this particular one) to its flame.

After having tried every first-class liquor store in this city, I have been unable to dig up one bottle of Five Star Hennessy cognac. There's plenty of Three Star around, but Five Star has evidently never reached the Midwest. I was entertaining a company bigwig and wanted the best, so I was distressed at having to settle for less than that. Doesn't the importer feel we Midwesterners have discerning enough palates to rate the top of the line? — H. F., Detroit, Michigan.

No Five Star Hennessy is shipped to the Midwest for one very good reason — there is no such thing. Hennessy has been bottling cognac for almost two hundred years but has never tagged its product with any more than three stars. Oddly enough, all sorts of remarkable qualities have been ascribed to this Bunyanesque creation that doesn't exist. Haig & Haig Five Star, yes (of course, this is Scotch whisky). Hennessy, no.

I've been out of college for two years and am now in a junior exec slot with a fair-sized public relations outfit. I figure that if I really put in the hours, do the weekend bit at the office and make myself available for work on a round-the-clock basis, I can build a solid foundation in the company which will give me a good running start up the executive ladder. But, my girl seems to resent every extra hour I put in on the job; she seems to think I care more for the career than for her. I've tried, but I just can't get the point across to her that these next few years could be the most crucial, business-wise, for me and I can't afford to fumble the ball. I believe I love the girl, but she's putting it on a "me or your job"

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basis, which is really unfair. How can I do my best for both? — S. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

If she is merely "your girl" of the moment, lay it on the line; it's your prerogative to structure your relationship and apportion your own time. Don't start out by issuing ultimatums, do strive to win her admiring (or at least respectful) understanding. If you feel the love you express has elements of the permanent, first coolly evaluate the implications for the future of her apparently stubborn blindness to the demands of your career and its importance to you, not only in terms of your getting ahead, but also relative to your personal job gratifications. You have, in her present attitude, a crystal-clear clue to possible conflicts to come and to possible egocentricity in her character. It is up to you to decide whether it is worth it to try to involve her in your career—as a way to winning her understanding. Face three facts before you decide on a course of action: (1) A domineering, competitive woman may lurk behind the façade of the "girl" of today. (2) Trying to share the job experience, as we suggested above, can lead to unwanted meddling, or to your becoming one of those bores who has to tell the little woman every day how he slew the saber-toothed tiger, so proceed in this matter with caution. (3) However she feels now, if you let her make you a clock watcher and a man who works solely to buy his leisure time, rather than because he's vitally and ambitiously interested in what he's doing, then the time will inevitably come when you fail to forge ahead—and she will predictably lose respect and admiration for you as an also-ran or a failure. Finally, if you can look ahead to having to deal with this girl on a strategic level, instead of spontaneously and openly, then there's something far deeper that's wrong about you two for each other than a mere temporary disagreement about the amount of time you devote to her. It's up to you to evaluate the total relationship. If she can't be content with your undivided attention after you complete a satisfying day's work, it might be best to forget her, or keep your association a casually romantic one. Marriage is a career for a woman, not for a man.

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 these pages each month.



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ARROGANCE IS THE WORD. As soon as this Jonathan Silk walked in my office, dressed in mustard corduroy pants his knees were winning their battle against and a mouse-colored sweater the moths had been having seven-course feasts off of, hair like a hen's roost in canyon winds, stubble on his chin worse than bread mold, I could see there was a big percentage of arrogance to his make-up.

"You're Jerry Willens," he said with the air of telling me something. "Good."

I watched him drop like he was unexpectedly boned into a carved Moroccan chair and elevate his dirty tennis sneakers to my inlaid-teakwood Siamese desk. I thought, there are flophouses on the Bowery that wouldn't let him in. I said, "I think it's pretty good."

"Black mohair suit and Italian shoes." He gave me the hard study with the eyes like an exterminator who has located a new and ugly bug. "Is there one agent in Beverly Hills whose horizons are wider than black mohair suits and pointy Italian shoes? You plan to skewer some shish kebab on those shoes?" He rubbed one filthy sneaker against the other filthier sneaker.

"I don't like you either," I said. "Now should we do some business?"

"Willens, I have one question to put to you: how many of my books have you read?"

"To be perfectly straight and above the board with you, none. But I hear a lot of wonderful things about them."

He sighed. He seemed in bad pain. "Your job is not to go around hearing wonderful things about my books. Your function is to read my books yourself and make up wonderful things to say to other people about them. You should be on the launching end of these ecstatic comments, Willens. Listen, you in the mohair suit, how in the name of ten percent of my earnings do you expect to sell me as a writer when you don't know what kind of writer I am?"

"I know what kind of writer Theodore Dostoievsky was and I don't read his collected works. I know what kind of a writer Dalton Trumbo is and I have never——"

"Are his works collected? What's the collection called? Dalton Trumbo's One-Inch Shelf?"

Arrogant he was, plain and simple arrogant.

"Mr. Silk," I said, "let's get on the big picture. The boys upstairs briefed me about you; I know you came out to Hollywood to write a movie and now the movie's finished and you can't get another one."

"Not my fault. Can I help it if the writers in this town suddenly get it in their nicely barbered and pomaded heads to pull their imported alligator belts in another notch and go on strike against the exploiters who won't pay them more than two fast thousand a week?"

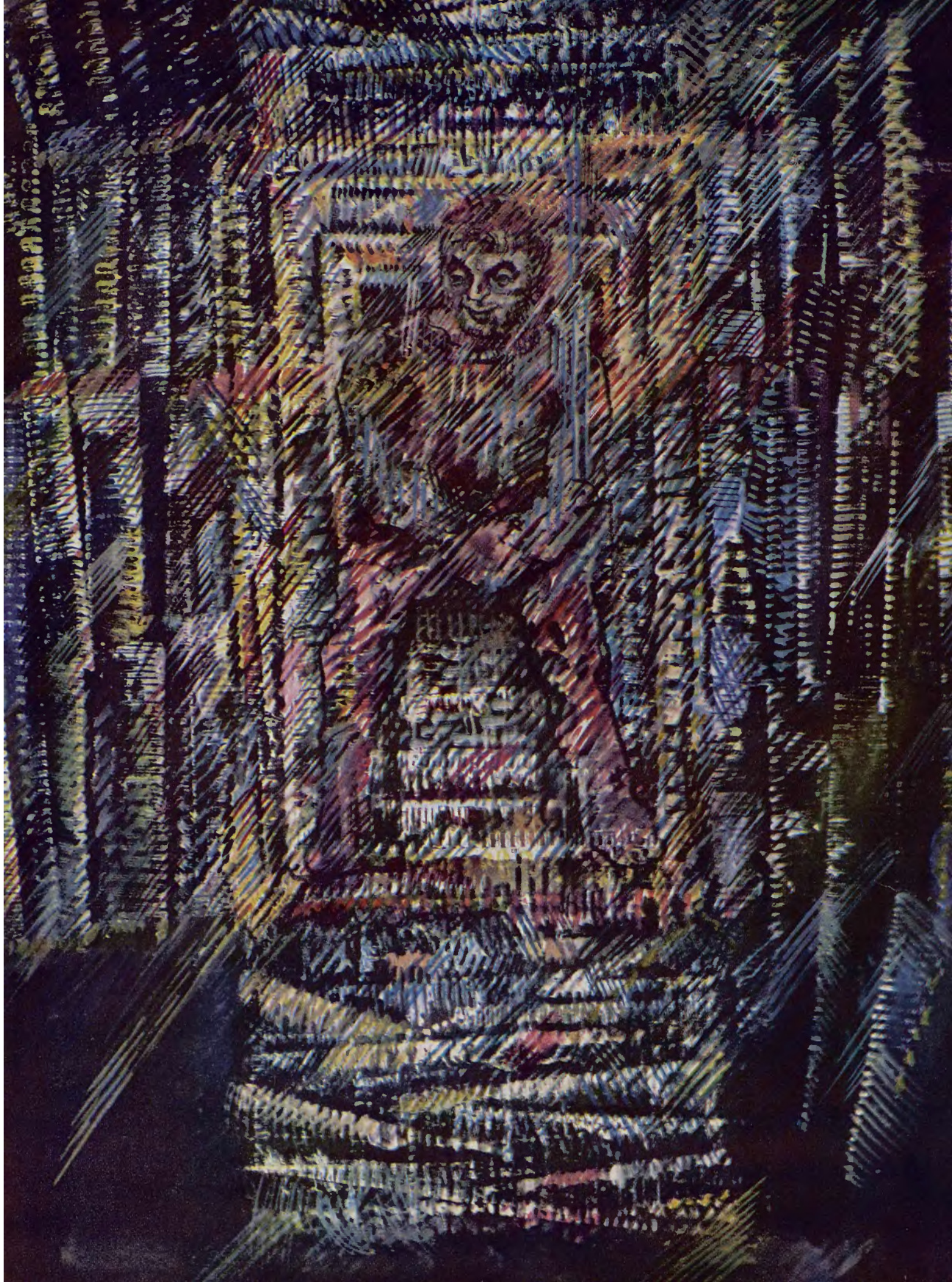
"Right. So with a strike in the offings the movie studios aren't starting any new projects, so, naturally, you want to get in a couple quickie television assignments before the strike deadline, and that's why the agency sent you down here to the TV department."

"And that's why you should let yourself down by a silken rope ladder from your

AGORAPHOBIA IS IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

how jonathan became the most reluctant dragon in the jungle of hollywood tv

fiction **By BERNARD WOLFE**



Wilshire Boulevard Olympus and dip into some of my books to find out what it is you're going to be selling."

"I'll read them," I said. "I'll read every word you ever wrote backwards and forwards, I don't mean you *wrote* backwards and forth, I mean I'll *read* you back and forwards. That isn't going to help us in selling you to TV producers, though. You can't expect miracles, you don't have a single TV credit—"

"I see," he said, fixing this know-everything smile on his lips. "Your job is to sell writers to television and you're quite sure you can't sell your most experienced all-around writer. What you're saying is, you can't do the job you're paid to do. You're telling me in advance you're an incompetent."

"I didn't say that, Mr. Silk. I said no such thing. I'm going to knock myself out trying to sell you but you've got to understand the obstacles, the drawbacks."

"Young fellow, you're thinking around a corkscrew. Stop counting up the obstacles and drawbacks and put your mind to one fact, namely, that over the past twenty years I've written nine fat novels, something close to two million words, which in bulk alone is a hell of a lot of credits and suggests that I am a professional writer of long standing who can handle just about any writing assignment ever invented. Why do agents always have black shiny hair? To go with their black shiny suits?"

He stood up and stretched. I swear, the holes in his sweater had holes.

"I'm glad you wrote all those books, Mr. Silk," I said. "I wish, if you'll take a little constructed comment from a black-haired agent, I wish you'd of thought a little about the future and written a few television plays, too."

"I did think about the future," he said, yawning. "Mine, and the human race's. That's why I didn't write any television. Now circumstances are pressing and I must do this foul, foul thing." He came around the desk, leaned close, and pointed his finger at me. The nail on that finger could of been cleaner. "Wear your hair any color you want. Wear it polka dot or candy-striped, if you want. What I'm going to lecture you on now is clothes, Willens. You've been looking at me as though I might be a ragpicker or a gutter wino who busted his way in here. Well, let me tell you something, these are my working clothes, I'm dressed like this because I've been working like a dray horse all morning and most of the afternoon, writing another book that won't make me any eating money, a serious book. What's *your* excuse for wearing black suits and pointy shoes? If they're your working clothes you must be in the mortuary business or a professional

hangman or tango instructor. You all wear the same clothes, every mother's son of you, unless some of you don't have mothers, unless some of you are the product of spontaneous generation, and I'm against uniforms of all kinds because they tend to make people uniform. Willens, faint heart ne'er won any television assignments for seasoned novelists, and I'll enlighten you as to what a seasoned novelist is, a seasoned novelist is a novelist in a salt-and-pepper suit, so start thinking positive agent thoughts, my lad, I expect you to have me working on some well-paying television show in exactly a week's time. Is that clear?"

It was clear, and I wanted to throw the *Player's Directory* at him, both volumes. Where did he get off going around Hollywood knocking a top writer in the business like Dalton Trumbo, practically the Theodore Dostoevsky of the business?

• • •

I began to make the rounds of the television offices selling Jonathan Silk. I forced the picture of raggedy elbows and knees and fungus growth of whiskers out of my mind and did my best to sell him like he was an ordinary run-of-the-mile writer.

Bright is not a word I ordinarily apply to myself. What I think of myself primarily as, the way I would describe myself first and foremost, is as a pusher, a type who gets in there and pushes against all the odds and obstacles, sees it through, in short, plugs. I pushed plenty hard for my ragpicker client Jonathan Silk, despite of any misgivings I might of felt about him around the private edges, and after a while the resistance began to give some ground. Doors showed signs of opening and heads appeared in the cracks to see what was what.

It was not to be believed, what a doom touch that man had. Every story premise of the leastwise possibility turned to gravel bits, sometimes to absolute bad lard, in his murderer's hands. The worst thing was, I never saw a man so set on selling producers goods they did not want, something they shrank back from like it was some plague or poison spider, and with the pitch that it was just what the doctor ordered for them, what would save them from cancellations and make their fortunes.

We sat down with the people at *General Electric Theater* and the genius of the novelists said, "I'm told you like contemporary family dramas, strong ones. Well, I've got a story idea about *two* present-day families and it's very dramatic. The Robinsons and the Cartwrights live in the suburbs on adjoining properties. In the teaser we show a tragic thing happening. Mr. Cartwright goes to the carport to get his Corvette. He begins to back out. Unknown to him,

the Robinsons' two-year-old girl has crawled over and is playing in the driveway. Mr. Cartwright runs her over, killing her instantly. The Robinsons are half out of their minds from grief. Mrs. Robinson, in particular, blames Mr. Cartwright for what happened. But then, as the play unfolds, we begin to see that things are not so simple. Mrs. Robinson, we learn, started out to be an actress, was on the verge of a promising career in Hollywood. When she married, her husband insisted she give up her career and be just a housewife and mother, and secretly she had always resented him for this, feeling he kept her from fulfilling herself. Also, Mrs. Robinson resented the coming of the baby, which tied her down still more. She's been a careless mother, the baby had wandered off more than once. Besides, she drinks. Now, a series of mysterious accidents begins to happen to Mr. Cartwright. First a brand-new tire on his Corvette blows. Then his clutch inexplicably goes out of commission on a steep incline. In both cases Cartwright has a very, very close call. Can it be that somebody is out to get him? We learn a worrisome thing about Mrs. Robinson. She knows all about sports cars, she can take them apart and put them together, she used to drive in sports-car races . . ."

"It's a little stark for us," one of the story people said, studying the blotter on his desk. His black suit was of raw silk, not of mohair. I myself happen to think silk is showy. "A little, you know, strong. If you have any other ideas that might be more suitable for a family-type format, why, we'd love to hear them, call for an appointment any time."

Next, we went to see the people at *Hong Kong*. Silk got himself in his usual 45-degree slouch on the sofa and began to talk with his usual butter smoothness: "There's this fellow named Henry Murthers. He's 40, a bachelor, teaches algebra and geometry in a Brooklyn high school. For years he's had one passion, he spends all his spare time charting the day-by-day progress of some 50 or 60 stocks on the stock market and over the years he has been investing his pennies in the market according to his own mathematical formulas. Well, due to his careful study of long-term trends he has been cleaning up, and one day, at age 40, he looks over his situation and finds he's worth close to \$500,000; he's secure for life. Now he can catch up on all the things he never allowed himself to think about; first of all, he can go looking for a wife. Henry has peculiar ideas about women. He has read all the books and seen all the movies about the Orient, and from his studies of the Sayonaras and Suzie Wongs he has come to the conclusion that American women are hopeless, the only truly feminine women left
(continued on page 78)



How to make **44** drinks that put life in your party



Here's how to ENTERTAIN AT HOME and enjoy it!

While your guests are having fun, are *you* stuck in the kitchen, mixing drinks when you'd rather be mixing with your friends? Is home hosting all work and no play? Cheer up . . . there's a way out! This handy little guide shows how you can have fun at your own party. The secret? *Plan ahead!* Prepare your party snacks the day before and put 'em in the refrigerator, ready to serve or heat when guests arrive. Choose the drinks everybody likes, then mix in advance, by the pitcherful or shakerful. On the following pages, you'll find tested, easy-to-make recipes for 44 of the best-known drinks that most of your guests prefer, including many that you can mix in advance. And here, too, are recipes for preparing drinks in *party quantities*, so you don't have to be a mathematician to gauge the proportions for 4, 6, or 12 drinks. Plan ahead . . . so that you, too, can enjoy your party.

THE BASIC HOME BAR

Key to planning: Be prepared! Have ready the tools and basic liquors for mixing the drinks most guests call for. Minimum home bar equipment includes ice bucket, tongs, ice-crusher or cloth bag and mallet, measuring glass and cup, shaker, pitcher, lemon-lime squeezer, strainer, can-opener, and corkscrew.

Basic liquors are: Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka, a light rum, both dry and sweet vermouth, bitters . . . and don't forget the Southern Comfort! It's the most versatile of liquors, because so many popular drinks can be made only the Southern Comfort way, and because its completely unique flavor adds new zest to so many old favorites. Try it once in your favorite drink, and you'll agree!

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PLAYBOY, November, 1961

mixing's easy with these tips from the experts



for success—measure!

Magic formula for consistently successful drinks is *exact* measurement of the finest ingredients. Bad guesses make bad drinks. Basic Measures: 1 *jigger*=1½ oz.; 1 *pony*= 1 oz.; 1 *dash*=4 to 6 drops.

don't skimp on the ice!

Use cracked ice for shaker drinks, cubes for highballs. When pre-mixing drinks, add ice when ready to serve.



chilled glasses—better drinks!

Before mixing, fill glasses with shaved or cracked ice, let stand. When mixture is ready, dump ice, dry glasses, and pour.



when to shake? to stir?

A drink made with *clear* liquors needs only stirring with ice (the Stinger's an exception). *Shake* drinks made with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice, eggs, cream, sugar . . . and shake *hard*.



secret of the frosted glass

For frosted drinks, put wet glasses in the freezer or bury in shaved ice. To "sugar-frost," dampen rim of pre-cooled glass with lemon slice, then dip rim in sugar for a few seconds. Brush off excess.

how much liquor will you need?

Biggest factor in planning is to have *enough!* There's nothing worse than a dry well. Figure each guest for *four* 1-jigger drinks (total, 6 oz.); it'll average out! Use the handy chart at right to determine how many bottles you'll need. 1 pint=16 oz., or 10 jiggers plus normal spillage. 1 fifth=25.6 oz., a fraction over 17 jiggers. 1 quart= 32 oz., or a bit over 21 jiggers.

No. of Persons*	Total No. of Ounces	No. of Fifths**	No. of Quarts**
4	24	1	¾
6	36	1½	1½
8	48	2	1½
10	60	2½	2
12	72	3	2¼

*Averaging four 1½-oz. drinks each **Approximate

BASIC GLASSWARE FOR YOUR HOME BAR

Toddy or Standard Old-Fashioned (4-6 oz.)



Double Old-Fashioned (10-15½ oz.)



Standard Highball (8-10 oz.)



Collins (10-14 oz.)



Cocktail (2-3½ oz.)



Sour (5-7 oz.)



Cordial (¾-1 oz.)



Standard Wine (4 oz.)



Pilsener Beer Shell (10 oz.)



See last page for special offer on matched "Steamboat" glasses!



Lunch time or
brunch time,
the...

Comfort* Sour

The day's entertaining starts
right and bright with a sour
made in a delightfully new
way with Southern Comfort.
Mix a shakerful in advance!

As served at the
Hotel Mark Hopkins,
San Francisco

Four cheerful luncheon companions

WHISKEY SOUR

1½ tbsps. lemon juice • tsp. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) bourbon or rye

*Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass.
Serve with orange slice on rim of glass, and cherry.*

BLOODY MARY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • 2 jiggers tomato juice
1 tbspn. lemon juice • dash Worcestershire sauce

*Salt and pepper to taste, shake with cracked
ice and strain into 6-oz. glass.*

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

*Place two ice cubes into 6-oz. glass. Pour in the
vodka, fill with orange juice, stir and serve.*

*The standard screwdriver takes a pleasant new twist when
you use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.*

THE ALAMO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Unsweetened Texas grapefruit juice

*Pack Collins glass (12 oz.) with cracked ice,
add Southern Comfort, fill with juice, and stir . . .
and you'll remember the Alamo!*

*Southern Comfort®



One or a dozen—easy mixing guide!

No. of Drinks	Sugar (Optional)	Lemon Juice	Southern Comfort
1	½ tspn.	1 tbspn.	1 jigger*
4	2 tspns.	¼ cup**	¾ cup
6	1 tbspn.	⅜ cup	1½ cup
12	2 tbsps.	¾ cup	2¾ cups

*1 jigger=1½ oz.

**1 cup=8 oz.

*Shake well with cracked ice, strain, serve with orange
slice and cherry. (Note: Quantity recipes in guide use
standard kitchen measures—teaspoon, tablespoon, cup).*

BACON SUZIES

From prepared mix, make
thin pancakes 2-3 in. in
diameter. Fold pancakes
over strips of crisp bac-
con. Dust with powdered
sugar, serve with maple
syrup, fresh melon balls.

PLAYBOY, November, 1961





Colorful accent
for the afternoon

Scarlett O'Hara

Make your afternoon party memorable with a drink as enticing as the hospitality of the South, cosmopolitan as the French Quarter.

As served at
Antoine's Restaurant,
New Orleans

Favored at afternoon get-togethers!

STRAWBERRY BLONDE

1 oz. Sunkist strawberry-lemon punch concentrate
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour undiluted juice concentrate and Southern Comfort into toddy glass filled with cracked ice; stir thoroughly.

DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon • 1 tspn. sugar • 1 jigger light rum
Shake well with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass.
For a Daiquiri with a difference, try Southern Comfort instead of rum.
Use only ½-tspn. of sugar, same amount of fruit juice.

MINT JULEP

Several mint sprigs • 1 tspn. sugar • dash water • bourbon
Crush mint and sugar in water. Pack pre-chilled 12-oz. glass with cracked ice. Pour bourbon to within ½-in. of top, and stir gently with bar spoon until well-frosted.
A mint julep rises to new glories when you omit the sugar and use Southern Comfort instead of bourbon. Top with fresh mint sprig.

COMFORT* HIGHBALL

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • dry soda
Twist of lemon or juice of ¼ lime (optional)

Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in highball glass, add lime juice or lemon peel, fill with soda and stir.



Make enough—you'll need 'em!

No. of Drinks	Fresh Lime Juice	Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice	Southern Comfort
1	½ lime	¾ oz.	1 jigger
4	2 limes	2 jiggers	¾ cup
6	3 limes	3 jiggers	1½ cup
12	6 limes	1½ cup	2¾ cups

Shake well with cracked ice, strain into sour glasses. (When pre-mixing drinks, never add ice until ready to serve. Blend other ingredients first, add ice last!)

PARTY PUFFS

Mix two 6-oz. pkgs. sharp cheese with ¼-lb. butter, 1 cup flour. Shape into roll, chill overnight. Slice into thin discs, bake at 350° 'til puffy, and serve hot on round crackers.





For
 "come-on-over"
 hospitality, the

Comfort* Collins

When it's Open House and friends pour in, serve this zesty crowd-pleaser. Save time; mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in advance.

As served at the
 Fontainebleau Hotel,
 Miami Beach

Welcome quartet at any Open House

COMFORT* COLA

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lime • 1 jigger Southern Comfort • cola
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind, Southern Comfort, fill with cola and stir. For a Cuba Libre, use light rum instead of Southern Comfort.

TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) lemon juice
 1 jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) gin, vodka or tequila • dry soda
Dissolve sugar in juice, add ice, liquor, and soda; stir.

HONOLULU COOLER

Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lime • pineapple juice • 1 jigger Southern Comfort
Into a tall glass packed with cracked ice, pour lime juice and Southern Comfort. Fill with Hawaiian pineapple juice and stir until the glass is thoroughly frosted.

COMFORT* 'N TONIC

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lime (optional) • tonic water
 1 jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Southern Comfort
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass, add rind, Southern Comfort, fill with tonic, stir. Gin, vodka, or tequila may be used instead of Southern Comfort.

*Southern Comfort®



Host's special— mix now, play later

No. of Drinks	Lime Juice	Southern Comfort	7-UP
1	$\frac{1}{4}$ lime	1 jigger	Keep 7-UP bottles capped and cold until ready to serve
4	1 lime	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup	
6	$1\frac{1}{2}$ limes	$1\frac{1}{2}$ cup	
12	3 limes	$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups	

Pre-mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in shaker, blending thoroughly. To serve, pour jiggerful over ice cubes in chilled Collins glass, fill with 7-UP, stir.

SAVORY SHRIMP DIP

Mince 2 lbs. of cooked shrimp, add 1 cup mayonnaise, 4 tspns. grated onion, 1 tspn. Tabasco, salt, pepper. Thin with light cream until mixture is "dippable." Serves 16.

PLAYBOY, November, 1961





How to make **44** drinks that put life in your party

SPECIAL OFFER! Save over 1/2 on these Southern Comfort Steamboat Glasses

Sparkling blue and gold "steamboat" design adds new gaiety to home entertaining! No advertising on these beautiful glasses. Save \$4.45 . . . each set a regular \$7.95 value. Postage paid. Use coupon to order today!

①



1. LONG DRINK GLASS

Welcome in every home. Use for Collins, coolers, highballs . . . any tall favorite.

Set of 8 glasses (12 oz. size) **\$3.50**

2. DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED

The generous host's all-purpose favorite. For highballs, on-the-rocks, even coolers.

Set of 8 glasses (15 1/2 oz. size) **\$3.50**



②

3. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS

Smart new setting for drinks on-the-rocks, for mists, and even for generous frappés.

Set of 8 glasses (8 oz. size) PLUS matching 3 oz. Master Measure glass, all 9 only **\$3.50**

4. MASTER MEASURE GLASS

This versatile single glass enables you to pour all of the correct measures. It is marked for 3/4 oz. (1/2 jigger); 1 1/2 oz. (jigger); 2 oz., and 3 oz.

Sold alone, each **50¢**



③

NEW! GAY COCKTAIL "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS!



Cheery napkins color-mated to glasses in blue, gold, and black. Two plump packs of 40 each, for the price of postage and handling alone. \$1.00 value. **25¢**



④

CLIP COUPON

(we'll send you another mixing guide with your order!)

MAIL TODAY!

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SOUTHERN COMFORT CORP., 100 PROOF LIQUEUR, ST. LOUIS 32, MO.

To order, indicate quantity desired in box below. Include check or money order. Send to: Dept. 61FP, Southern Comfort Corporation, 1220 N. Price Rd., St. Louis 32, Missouri.

Item	Long Drink Glasses, set	Double Old-Fashioned, set	On-the-Rocks, set	1 Master Measure, ea.	Napkins (Set, 2 packs)
Quantity:					

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Enclosed is check or money order for \$ _____

Offers void wherever use is prohibited, taxed, or restricted by law.



Perfect end to
any day...

Comfort* On-the-rocks

Easy to pour, easy to enjoy,
smooth as an Ambassador jet.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour into Old-Fashioned glass
over cracked or cube ice. Add
twist of lemon peel and stir.

As served on TWA
Super Ambassador
Jet Flights

Four dramatic dessert favorites that can make your dinner party an event to be long remembered



SNOWBALL FLAMBÉ

Vanilla ice cream
Toasted shredded coconut
1 oz. Southern Comfort
per individual serving

Roll individual ice cream balls in the coconut, place in dishes. Warm Southern Comfort in ladle, ignite, let burn for short time, pour slowly over ice cream.



PEACH FLAMBÉ

Canned peaches
Whipped cream
½ oz. Southern Comfort
per individual serving

Place two peach halves in dish and add whipped cream. Ignite ½-oz. Southern Comfort in ladle, let it burn for short time, pour slowly over whipped cream.



COMFORT* ROYALE

Hot black coffee
½ oz. Southern Comfort

Fill a tablespoon with Southern Comfort, and balance over steaming cup of hot coffee. Touch a match to the fumes rising from liquor. As the blue flame fades, pour slowly into the coffee. It's delicious!

CHERRIES JUBILEE

2 cups canned black Bing cherries
¾ cup cherry juice from can
1 cup white Karo corn syrup
1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort
Vanilla ice cream

*Southern Comfort®

In a chafing dish, heat and stir cherries, juice, and syrup until thoroughly warm. Add Southern Comfort, stir. Ignite, and ladle slowly over individual servings of ice cream. Will serve 4 to 6.

PLAYBOY, November, 1961





Crowning touch
to a gala dinner

St. Louis Cocktail

A delicious dinner-topper!
Put $\frac{1}{2}$ peach or apricot in
champagne or sherbet glass,
add cracked ice, fill with
Southern Comfort.

Serve with small spoon, straw.

Featured at Stan Musial
and Biggie's Restaurant,
St. Louis

Finish with a flourish — six discriminating after-dinner drinks, symbols of elegant living!



ALEXANDER

1 tbspn. ($\frac{1}{2}$ -oz.)
fresh cream
 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. creme de cacao
1 jigger gin or brandy
*Shake well with cracked
ice, strain into glass.*

For an Alexander that is really "Great," use
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ -oz.) S. C. instead of gin or brandy.



COMFORT* 'N MINT

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Southern
Comfort
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) green
or white creme de
menthe

*Mix Southern Comfort and creme de
menthe; pour into toddy glass over
cracked ice. Top with fresh mint sprig.*



STINGER

Jigger ($1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) brandy
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ -oz.) white
creme de menthe
*Shake well with cracked
ice, strain into glass.*

For a stinger you'll say is surely a dandy, try
versatile Southern Comfort instead of the brandy.



GRASSHOPPER

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tbspn. ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de
menthe

*Shake well with cracked
ice or mix in electric
blender. Blend very thoroughly before
straining into a cocktail glass.*



COMFORT* 'N SCOTCH

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Southern
Comfort
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Scotch whisky
 $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger water

*Pour S. C. and Scotch over cracked
ice in Old-Fashioned glass. Add water,
stir, then add a twist of lemon peel.*



CREME DE MENTHE FRAPPÉ

1 oz. green creme de
menthe
*Pour into glass full of
finely cracked ice, and
serve with short straws.*

For a change of pace, serve the "Golden Glow"
frappé: Comfort* poured over finely cracked ice.



Any time's the right time for...

Comfort* Old-Fashioned

You'll serve it with pride and sip it with pleasure.
Dash bitters** • Splash dry soda
1 jigger Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, soda, add ice cubes and S. C. Top with lemon twist, orange slice, cherry. For ordinary Old-Fashioned, muddle 1 lump sugar with soda and bitters, then add bourbon or rye.

As served at the Gaslight Club, Chicago



Three brimming bowls of cheer add a festive air to special occasions

COMFORT* EGGNOG

1 quart dairy eggnog mix
1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort

Pre-chill eggnog mix and S. C. Blend by beating in punchbowl; dust with nutmeg. Serves 10.

PARTY PUNCH

Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
½ cup (4 oz.) Jamaica rum
1 cup (8 oz.) pineapple juice
1 cup grapefruit juice
½ cup lemon juice
2 quarts champagne or sparkling water

Pre-cool ingredients, mix (champagne last), add ice, garnish with orange slices. Serves 25.

ANNIVERSARY OR WEDDING PUNCH

Bottle (fifth) Southern Comfort
1 cup (8 oz.) cranberry juice
1 quart sparkling water
¾ cup lemon or lime juice
Dash Angostura bitters
2 quarts champagne

Pre-cool ingredients. Pour into punch bowl over large piece of ice, add champagne, fruit slices. Serves 20.

warm
winter
friends



TOM & JERRY

1 egg • ½ jigger (¾ oz.) brandy
1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger rum

Beat egg yolk, white separately. Blend, add sugar, beat. Add liquor, stir. Pour in mug, adding hot milk or water, nutmeg.



HOT BUTTERED RUM

Jigger Jamaica rum • Stick cinnamon
Lump sugar • lemon peel • dab butter
Mix ingredients in Old-Fashioned glass, add boiling water, and stir. Superb with Southern Comfort (omit sugar)!

*Southern Comfort® **Angostura bitters—optional

PLAYBOY, November, 1961



Cocktail-time favorite, the...

Comfort* Manhattan

A Manhattan with a richly different flavor all its own . . . perfect appetite-teaser for a fine dinner. Mix 'em early and enjoy the party!

As served at
Sheraton-East,
New York

Tried and true party-starters

MANHATTAN

½-oz. Italian (sweet) vermouth • 1 jigger bourbon or rye
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice, strain, serve with cherry.

DRY MARTINI

1 part French (dry) vermouth • 4 parts dry gin or vodka

Stir with cracked ice until chilled. Strain, serve with green olive, pearl onion, or lemon twist.

MARGARITA

1 oz. Cuervo tequila • ½ oz. Triple Sec

1 oz. lime or lemon juice

Shake with cracked ice. For the true Mexican flavor, moisten rim of cocktail glass with fruit rind, then spin moistened rim in salt and sip over salted edge.

GIMLET

3 parts dry gin or vodka • 1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into glass.



Recipe for a pitcherful of pleasure

No. of Drinks	French (dry) Vermouth	Southern Comfort	Angostura Bitters**
1	½ oz.	1 jigger (1½ oz.)	Dash**
4	2 oz.	¾ cup	½ tspn.**
6	2 jiggers	1½ cup	¾ tspn.**
12	¾ cup	2¾ cups	1 tspn.**

To pre-mix, stir Southern Comfort, French (dry!) vermouth, and bitters in pitcher. Before serving, add ice, stir to chill. Strain into cocktail glass, add cherry.

**Bitters optional

CRABMEAT CANAPÉ

Mix 6½-oz. can crabmeat, ¼ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup chopped celery, 1½ tspn. lemon juice, 2 chopped eggs, salt and pepper. Spread on bread fingers; pimiento garnish.





"All right, wise guys — where's the film of last Saturday's game?!"



The 1962 four-door convertible, basically unchanged from the '61, retains the elegant simplicity of the familial Continental contours.

THE LINCOLN

article By KEN PURDY

an appreciative appraisal

CONTINENTAL HAS FOR MORE THAN 30 YEARS been a classifier indicating a desirable, sought-after automobile. Rolls-Royce used to make a Continental, a special high-speed grand touring car. When the postwar Bentley Continental came out in the 1950s it was priced at \$26,000 and Messrs. Rolls-Royce urged, indeed ordered, dealers to restrict its sale to high-speed drivers of demonstrable competence. But it is of the Lincoln Continental that most Americans think when they hear the term; not the \$10,000 Mark II of 1955, but the prewar model, the Continental that Edsel Ford originally designed for himself and his sons alone to have.

There were only 5320 of these cars built, and probably fewer than half of them survive today. (Some of the 500-odd members of the Lincoln Continental Club own three or four cars.) They were not expensive. Before World War II a Lincoln Continental could be bought for \$2640, and afterward for \$4260. In the classic-car market today, rough examples can be had for \$500 or \$600, a fine one will bring \$2500 and one particularly lavishly restored specimen is alleged to have changed hands a few years ago for \$10,000. The Lincoln Continental is one of the very few automobiles, of the 5000-odd makes the world has known, that will apparently be wanted as long as there are roads to run upon. If anyone foresaw such a turn of events when the car was being designed and when the first models were being built, he kept his opinion tightly to himself. From 1938 to 1948, when production ceased, ownership of a Lincoln Con-



The original Continental, shown here in its 1941 version, was Edsel Ford's finely wrought concept of the ultimate in personal transport.

CONTINENTAL

reveals it to be among the few authentic american classics

tinental conferred a certain prestige. It was an endorsement of one's taste. (It carried no connotation of the love of speed: mechanically the car was indifferent.) For the next seven years, after 1948, the Lincoln was just a good mass-produced car like any other, but in 1955 the new Continental Mark II appeared, offering what its makers hoped was the ultimate in status appeal: a \$10,000 automobile so precious that even in transit it wore a fleece-and-plastic envelope. About 3000 Mark IIs were sold in two years. Its successor is the current Lincoln Continental, which looks a little bit like the 1938 classic, a little like the 1955 tycoons' chariot, and has been engineered in terms of the excellence that marked the great Model KB of 1932 and 1933. The new one, the 1962, may be the best of the lot, but still it will never be *the* Continental. That was Edsel's car.

Edsel Ford was with his father in 1922 when Ford bought Lincoln from Henry and Wilfred Leland. Edsel signed the contract, sitting under a bunting-draped picture of Old Abe. The picture's being there was not a public relations man's idea. There weren't any public relations men around: neither Henry Ford nor Henry Leland believed in them. The picture was legitimately present: Leland called his car the Lincoln because the first time he'd voted, in 1864, he'd voted for Lincoln. Leland admired Lincoln and he liked to think that he imitated Lincoln's rigid ethical standards. The big cars he made were good ones. For example, it was common practice among other fine-car builders to break in

their engines, before installing them in chassis, by hooking them up to electric motors, so that expensive blowups due to careless assembly could be avoided. Leland tested his on gasoline and under load. They were broken in on the road, too, and Lincoln buyers who wanted to run past the first motorcycle cop they saw after leaving the showroom could do it with an easy conscience, at least as far as injuring the engine was concerned.

Lots of Lincoln owners did hurry. When the newspapers of the day reported "the killers made good their escape in a big black touring car," they were often talking about Lincolns, and they were much favored by the police as well. A Model KB Lincoln would do 95 miles an hour, handle well in the bends and stop in 28 feet from 30 miles an hour (stopping in 30 feet from 30 mph is the standard of excellence), the latter feat something that not many cars have ever been able to do. The KB's V-12 engine was justly famous for reliability and long life. It was an expensive car, expensively made, but by 1933 the world market for it, and for the smaller, companion KA, had dwindled so markedly that they were replaced by a standard production model, and in 1935 that was in turn replaced by the famous Lincoln Zephyr.

The Zephyr's designer, John Tjaarda, intended the car to be rear-engined. The first one was, at a time when the only heavily produced rear-engine car in the world was the Czechoslovakian Tatra. (The Zephyr also had a torque-converter transmission, handmade at a cost of \$40,000.) The Zephyr was planned by the Briggs body people, like all other Ford cars. Henry Ford was almost indifferent to "styling." He wanted his cars to be cheap to make and he wanted them to run and to last long enough but not too long; if they looked neat and orderly and were painted black he was pleased. Edsel Ford's primary interest was design, and by 1938 he had persuaded his father to let him cancel out Briggs and set up a Ford design department. The 1938 Zephyr was the first project, and as far as Edsel was concerned, the Continental was the second.

The design conception of the Continental was Edsel's own. One of the reasons for the good looks of the Continental, its design integrity, is that it was a one-man idea. Most good cars have been. Bugatti, Voisin, Bentley, Royce, Porsche were men inclined to make their own decisions. Many of the worst automotive abominations that have cluttered our roadways were committee creations. Edsel Ford's authority, in 1933, was strong, and he did not have to accept any dilution of his design. After all, the car was *not* a company

project, it was not to be made to be sold, but for Edsel's own use. He could have what he liked. Only one fairly serious attempt at change was made. Edsel heard strong suggestions that the rear-mounted exterior spare-wheel carrier be deleted from the design, and the spare put inside the trunk like everybody's else. Unerringly, the committee-oriented designers had fastened on the one characteristic that everyone who ever saw a Continental would remember, the one that was held to be so important that it was incorporated into the brutally expensive Mark II. Edsel said the spare had to stay in the open and he made it stick.

The first Continental was a convertible and so were numbers two and three, which were made — with Henry Ford's permission — for Edsel's sons, Henry II and Benson. Edsel took number one to Florida in 1939 and returned with 200 blank-check orders, although he'd made no effort to sell the car. Its own looks had done that. (And only its looks: in every other particular of manufacture it was a standard mass-produced Lincoln.) It went on the market in December 1939, and it was an instant success.

The immediate public acceptance of the Continental was a remarkable tribute to the esthetic, even the artistic soundness of its body design, which was, in 1951, to be given the imprimatur of the Museum of Modern Art. The engine was no better than it should have been and perhaps not that good. If the car were driven as it looked as if it should be driven the engine was sure to make trouble, and many collectors, despairing of keeping it running, replaced the engine with a sturdier unit. (The vogue now is to replace the replacement with an original V-12.) But the clean, smooth flow of the Edsel Ford Continental was intriguing to anyone of taste: the fine hood, the beautifully proportioned, squared-off doors, the graceful pontoons over the wheels. Some of the body units were standard Lincoln, the sheet metal hand-stretched and fitted by skilled workmen in custom-coachwork tradition, but few buyers knew this and none cared, because everything looked exactly right.

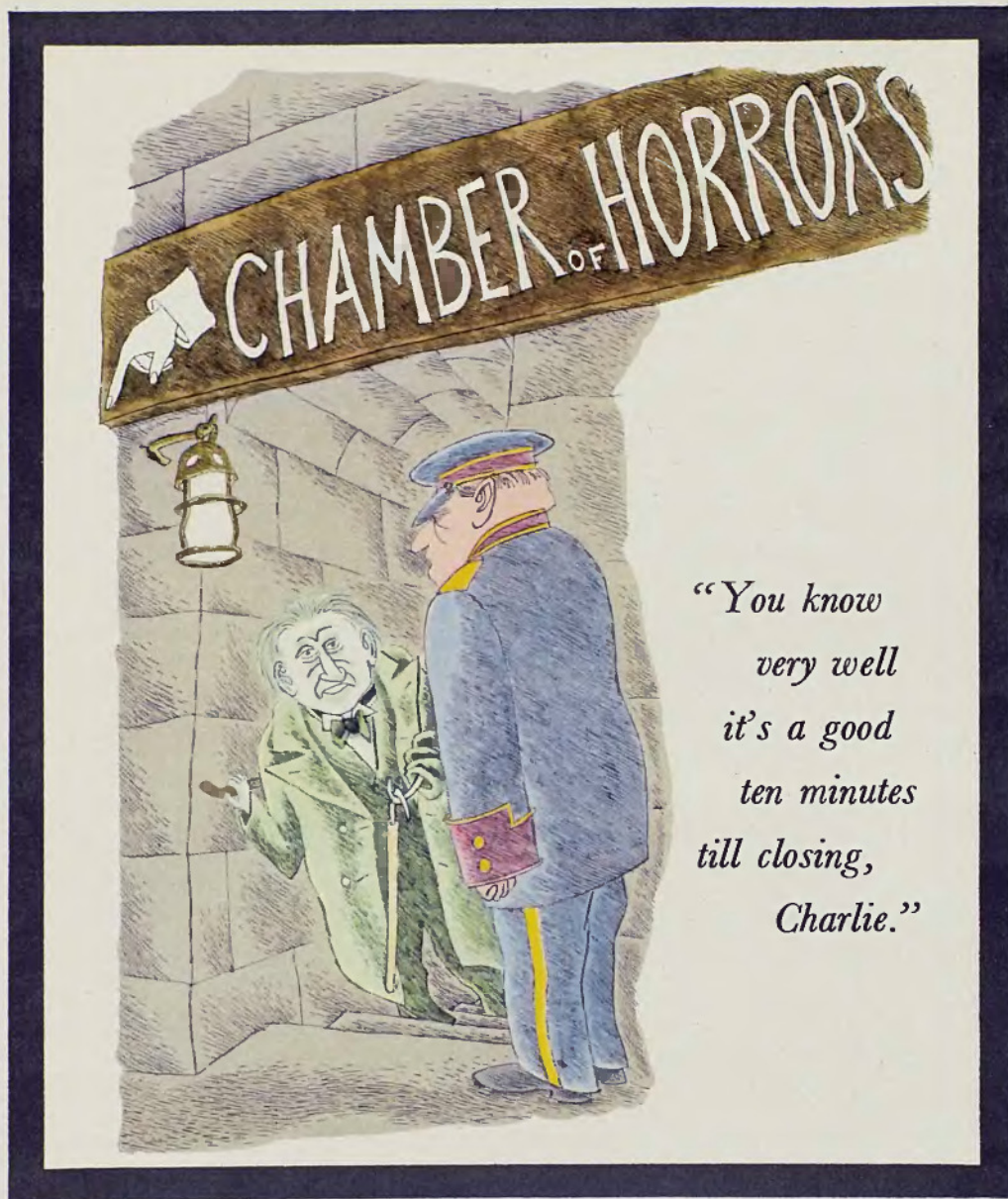
It was the handwork on the car that killed it; by 1948 the rising cycle of prices would not allow more than cursory handwork on a car selling for only \$4620, and the Continental was dropped. But so secure had it become, so important was it in the American consciousness that I am sure a substantial number of the 1938 cars could be sold today, without a line being changed in the body. Even the trunk, which had to be loaded with a derrick over the spare tire, could be kept, for the car in its whole attitude and outward voice, conveyed elegance and purpose and privacy then and it would today. Mechanical

concessions would have to be made. The suspension would have to be improved — although the Continental was reasonably roadable and some present-day owners think it more comfortable for a long trip than a standard 1962 automobile. It would have to be given a modern V-8 engine, strong enough for the work, reliable — and driving through an automatic transmission. The stick-shift is dead. I agree with Stirling Moss: a street automobile running anything but an automatic is silly.

Lincoln did try to bring back the Continental in 1955. Although the car was called the Mark II, because it seemed a good idea to someone to imitate the terminology of wartime, when military hardware from dishwashers to rockets was tagged Mark this-and-that, it was indisputably an imitation of the Edsel Ford Continental. It was a good car, and good-looking, and it offered flaming proof of the immutable fact that successful creation cannot be an act of will alone. The good and earnest and intelligent men, who staffed the separate division of the Ford Motor Company set up to make the Mark II, were determined that it would be so very good as to be irresistible, and the doors to the money bins were left open day and night to that end. For example, Mark II upholstery leather, the customer-elect was told, had come from cattle reared in unfenced land in Scotland — unfenced, so that no sharp wire barbs could scar it; Scotland, because there hand-tanning methods produced an unusually soft and supple skin. Indeed it *was* fine stuff, premium goods, first cabin, number-one chop, but old Continental owners looked upon it and compared it unfavorably with the ordinary shiny brown or black cowhide that had covered the seats of Edsel's car. The hood of the new car was long, as the old one had been, and there was a suggestion of the blind rear quarter that had marked the old one, but it was only a suggestion, it was not the real shield, the solid curtain against the peering eyes of the world that the original Continental had had.

Ford let it be known that more than the credit standing of a prospective Mark II owner might be questioned; his social stature, his moral and ethical principles might well be quietly examined. But snobbery is hard to establish artificially. Some people did want a Mark II badly enough to submit to almost anything in order to get it, but there weren't enough of these. William Clay Ford's automobile was a very much better car than Edsel Ford's had been, but that was all it was — an automobile, not an artifact. possession of which magically enlarged a man in every dimension.

"I know the old Continentals were not the best cars you could buy in 1939
(concluded on page 156)



*"You know
very well
it's a good
ten minutes
till closing,
Charlie."*

*playboy's master of the macabre
explores england's famed wax museum
text and cartoons by GAHAN WILSON*

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX MUSEUM is a venerable institution located in London, just off Holmes' Baker Street, close by Regent's Park. Within it are reproductions in wax of over 400 famous people. Those who worry about such things regard inclusion among this waxen number as the ultimate in status symbols. Eligibility requirements are restrictive—it helps, for example, if one is an English king or queen, or a leading member of the Conservative or Liberal parties, or the head of a major government, or a reasonably famous military leader, or an athletic hero, or an entertainment notable, or a successful explorer. There is, however, a simpler means of qualification: one is given serious consideration if one has committed a particularly foul murder, or dispatched several of one's fellows in an especially

ingenious manner. This is, I think, a nicely democratic touch.

On display in the upper stories of the museum are the models of those who have achieved fame without recourse to crime. They are, with a few royal exceptions, highly respectable folk; some could accurately be described as saintly. Matching tourists stare for stare are the likes of Lincoln, Shakespeare, Nelson, Ghandi, Bacon, Franklin, and many other such undeniably uplifting types. There are not, I think, enough women, aside from the queens, but there is Marilyn Monroe, which makes up for a good deal, and there is also the fascinating Sleeping Beauty—her chest rises and falls as she slumbers—who was modeled by the original Madame Tussaud in 1793.

If, however, you grope your way down the gloomy, twisting stairs which lead from the ground floor to the dungeonlike basement below, you will find awaiting you an entirely different sort of assemblage. For this is the infamous Chamber of Horrors, where each solemn wax figure (excepting one police constable and two hangmen) represents someone who has died in prison, or who has been executed for murder, or who has been horribly tortured to death.

Here is Doctor Crippen, who killed his wife with hyoscine; with his John Q. Public mustache, bald head and glasses, he seems altogether out of place in such lethal company. The Frenchman Landru, on the other hand, appears very much at home. His wax face has a look of leaden, dull brutality; and, though he's easy enough to get at, I noticed that none of the passing children dared touch him. They'd reach out, but at the last moment their hands would swerve and fall instead on the form of Jean Vaquier, a friendly-looking killer.

Here, too, is the pathetic image of Callas, strapped in the very chair in which he was roasted to death for a crime he did not commit. And Doctor Cream, who doted on poisoning prostitutes with little pink pills full of strychnine; and Burke and Hare, the body snatchers, done from life in their Edinburgh cells by Madame Tussaud; and Haigh, who disposed of accumulated bodies by cooking them in baths of acid and who, on the day before his execution, in a classic demonstration of a murderer's ego, bequeathed to the Tussaud exhibition the clothes his model wears today.

I noted a difference in the care bestowed upon the honorably famous above, as opposed to the horribly infamous below. Upstairs the figures are extremely well kept. Each morning teams of attendants swarm over the prime ministers and other personalities. They gently comb into place any wisp of hair which may have drifted out of line. They examine, they touch up, they smooth, then step back and take one last look to make absolutely sure that the angle of the raised hand or the tilt of the head is exactly as it would be if the original were standing there.

The figures downstairs are looked after, to be sure, but rather roughly by comparison. Though the murderers are brushed, the dust never seems to be quite beaten out of them. Their clothes are well adjusted, in the main, but the ties seem almost always to be a little loose, as if in consideration for throats still smarting from the noose.

They are really, these murderers, a fairly shabby crew. A few have even suffered harm to their persons. M. Dumollard and his wife, who between them eliminated eighteen young women, seem to arouse an active enmity on the part of their viewers, for the backs of their wax hands have been scratched so often that they have become as worn as the steps in a Gothic cathedral. John Thurtell, who killed a fellow gambler back in the 1820s, has lost the bulk of one sideburn, poor chap. But this has not dissipated a certain grimness about him. It's still very easy to imagine the snicker-snicker of his shovel digging in moonlight when you study the casual coldness of his bearing.

No, the general air of shabbiness doesn't alter the menace of these lads in the least. On the contrary, it helps to conjure up the furnace rooms and attics and dusty woodsheds where they so busily performed.

It is a curious fact that everybody becomes quiet upon entering the Chamber of Horrors. The noisiest child is unable to communicate in anything louder than a stage whisper, and jokes have a way of trailing off into awkward throat clearings. The visitors shuffle as though mesmerized from one murderer to the next, reading off guidebook accounts of grisly deeds in an almost reverent tone. If anyone is bumped, he will start nervously.

Halfway through my visit I became aware of the recurrence of an odd and gruesome sound. It was a sort of stifled groan: "EEuuawh." It took a while before I realized that it was the Bakerloo Line underground train, muffled and far away beneath our feet. When I listened for it I could make it out quite clearly. And then I noticed something else. Whenever the train moans by, under the ground, the murderers sway. Not much; but they sway.



"Gesundheit."



"You put that right back where you found it."



"Would you mind?"

CHAMBER OF HORRORS

continued



*"I suppose
it's because he
was very naughty."*



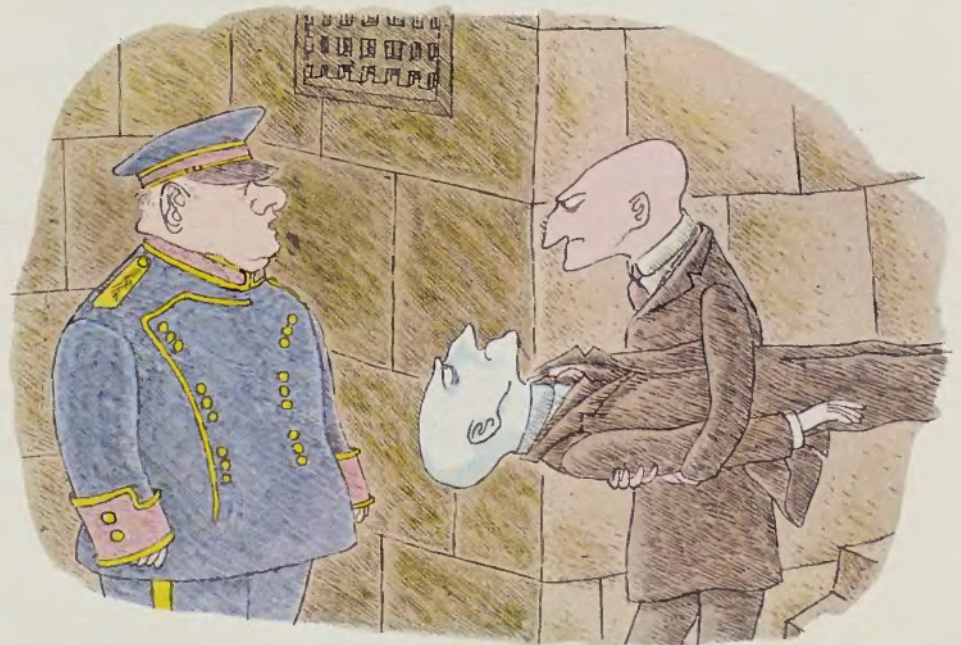
"Now, Claude, you know it's only just some kind of a silly mistake!"

*"I swear to God, lady—
I'm not part of the exhibit!"*



*"'E don't look at all the
sort of bloke what would
strangle 'is wife, chop 'er
up into little bitty
pieces and scatter 'er
all over town, do 'e?"*

*"Sorry, sir.
All entries must
be approved
by the management."*





“Have you noticed the one who seems to be looking at you no matter where you go in the room?”



“It’s no good, Bertie— we must either find some other place to meet or break off the affair altogether.”

CHAMBER OF HORRORS

concluded



AGORAPHOBIA *(continued from page 56)*

in the world are in the Orient. All this is background, we open with wisp-haired Henry Murthers coming to Hong Kong to find himself a wife. There has been a lot of publicity in the papers about the Brooklyn schoolteacher who made a killing in the stock market and the moment he shows up in Hong Kong all the sharpies, scroungers, madams, hookers and all-round con merchants in town descend on him. Obviously he's the fairest game, the easiest mark, to have hit this wide-open town in years and —"

"Interesting premise," one of the story editors said, making a careful survey of all the lamps in the room, "but primarily comedic, I would say, very much on the comedic side. Possibly you weren't briefed on our story needs, our format here is that we're primarily an action show, you know, with beat-ups and shoot-outs at the high points of action, and it's a little hard to see how, starting with the premise of this Brooklyn bachelor looking for a wife, with that kind of primarily fey premise, you could work up much legitimate action . . ."

It went on like that. Jonathan Silk was full of maybe bright but, for sure, impossible ideas. For the *Loretta Young Show* he suggested a play about a Madison Avenue advertising executive who is a bigamist, with one split-level exurban family out in Darien and an entirely separate one, a wild, jazzy, swinging one, down in a Greenwich Village brownstone; to the *Alfred Hitchcock Presents* producers he submitted a story about two beatniks who do away with an advertising executive and are never apprehended because they had no motive for the killing that could lead the police to them; it was just something Jonathan called a "gratuity crime" along the lines laid down by a French writer named Andry Jeed; they decided to do away with this man simply because they were against the gray flannel suit and the way of life it stands for. In both cases, the producers and story editors said, fine, interesting, food for thought there, and if Mr. Silk had any more ideas just a bit closer to their needs, more in line with their formats, premises that might be a degree more on the nose, why, let him call for another appointment, they were always glad to talk to an inventive writer with fresh ideas. At the end of the first week we had met with the people on eleven shows and the only result I could see was that all the doors I had managed to get open by giving them the full weight of my shoulders were now closed tight for good and held with padlocks.

My client still looked like a wetback or some drooping animal the cat had dragged in, but I will say this for him, he was his old arrogant self.

"What's the matter with these television people?" he said to me. "They say they want new blood and new ideas, but when somebody comes along and offers them something really new, something to get them out of their ruts, they turn saffron and their spines get rubbery and their eyes go corrugated with fear."

Well, he was a novelist: I suppose he had to express himself with his own kind of poet's license. All the same I could not take his exaggerations and had to say, "Come on, Jonathan. When's the last time you saw a corrugated eye?"

"They quake like scarecrows in a hurricanel Their nerves do the can-can, their eyes go on the trampoline! Can't they see it? I'm new blood, the newest and bloodiest blood around, and they have the sickness unto death, they need my transfusions!"

"They know that if they get blood with the wrong Rh factoring, if that's what the stuff is called, they can go into convulsions and die."

"Interesting. My agent, who is supposed to be selling me to television, is secretly convinced that I would give the whole industry convulsions. Very interesting."

"Jonathan, I'm going to level with you. It's for your own good, you have to understand I'm with no holes barred on your side. Jonathan, you're not thinking television. Television-wise you're lost and getting lost."

"Television-wise and pound foolish," he said. "I want those words inscribed on my tombstone. Remember that, please."

"You want to know what I think, Jonathan? Seriously? When you go into people's offices to tell them the kinds of horrible stories you've been telling, stories that aren't true stories, that are more like cold-towel slaps in the face and hotfoots, practically take-offs, parody items, you know what you're doing? You're laughing out loud at the television people, making fun of them and this television media. You seem to me a fellow who's used to living by his wits. Why can't you get your wits working in this area and see the formats —"

"Some people who live by their wits only half live," he said with a quick, nicely smile. "Especially agents. I'd like those words on my tombstone, too, under the words, television-wise foolish and pound-wise foolish, will you remember, Jerry?"

He was hopeless, like a bull in a Chinese shop, and his tangle of hair was falling down over his eyes like some tired spaghetti.

. . .

Then we got our first break.

One lunchtime, in the Metro com-

missary, I ran into Todd Hammermill, a fellow I sometimes refer to as the Ivy Leak. It's a small joke, what it refers to is two things, one, Todd Hammermill dresses in Eastern college-boy clothes, with pants and jackets that don't match, and, two, when he gets to talking along serious lines he often has a tendency to spray from the mouth, so unless you keep your distance you can get damp. It's a small joke. Well. Anyway, this Todd Hammermill, who used to do book reviews for the L.A. dailies before he got in this television mass media, a definitely literary fellow, came up to me and said, was it true what he'd heard, was I representing Jonathan Silk for TV? I said, yes, he'd heard right. Well, he wanted me to know Silk was his big hero, to him Silk's novels and stories were gems, the fullest expressions of today's moods and the trail blazers to the literature of tomorrow. Todd was just now settling down in his new job as story editor on *Have Gun, Will Travel* and he was interested in finding new writing blood for the show. I said Jonathan was a pretty busy man but I would see what I could do.

Two lunchtimes later we were sitting in a dark Culver City bar with Todd, having double martinis, rather, the two of them were having the martinis and I was giddying myself up on some fresh-squeezed grapefruit juice. For this occasion of meeting his public, his one-man fan club, I had convinced Jonathan to shave and even put on a tie, which with its many creases and loose threads looked like something no self-respecting cat would of dragged in from anywhere.

Todd Hammermill was in no hurry to get down to formats and story premises. What he wanted to talk about, over, around, through, was literature.

"They're making it tougher and tougher for legitimate, serious-minded writers, Mr. Silk," he said, trying to swallow down his awe before the great man. "A talent like you having to work in TV, it's a crime and a setback for American letters."

"American letters," Jonathan said, fingering his tie, "are in good hands. American letters go through the American post office, as they should, and get delivered despite sleet and snow, as they should, so we have few grounds for worry."

Todd didn't even crack a smile. "No, seriously, Mr. Silk," he said, "a writer of your stature, I'm ashamed even to be talking to you about doing any shoot-up epics for *Have Gun, Will Travel*."

"I might point out," Jonathan said, starting on his second double martini, "that you aren't talking to me about writing for *Have Gun, Will Travel*, you're talking about everything but."

"I know what you're doing," Todd

(continued on page 86)

THE
fiction **NORMAL** By WILLIAM MASTERS
MAN

WHEN RAYMOND TERRIS was thirteen years old he began to grow — shooting upward like a rangy weed. He had always been a strong, handsome child with a big frame, taller than his age average, but otherwise not out of the ordinary. Both his parents were of middling size and his mother was on the short side. Alex Terris, his father, was rather proud at first when thirteen-year-old Raymond outgrew him, and used to say that Ray must be a throw-back to his great-grandfather, the pioneer, who had been a kind of Paul Bunyan of the plains.

Mrs. Terris was not especially concerned either, except when it came to buying Ray's school clothes. When he was still a child, it was impossible to outfit him in either the high school or college departments of clothing stores. The sleeves of all commercially made shirts never reached his wrists and his shoes had to be made to order. But Ray was good-looking and healthy and people remarked favorably on what a big fellow (*continued on page 88*)



he sought and found romance in a heroic mold, then found a universal truth, a galling flaw



**LA
DOLCE
EKBERG**

*the playboy favorite
who danced
back to stardom
in the apocalyptic
fellini film*

REEL

REAL



WHEN ANITA EKBERG, she of the flowing flaxen mane and the overflowing Nordic frame, set the tone for Federico Fellini's esoteric epic *La Dolce Vita* with a gown-popping Roman rock-'n'-roll fertility rite, she might have been starring in a rerun of *This Is Your Life*. It was a stroke of pure artistic and financial genius worthy of the Medicis that had Fellini cast La Ekberg as the child-of-nature American movie star who soaks up Rome's high-level hanky-panky. Several scenes in *La Dolce Vita* come off like newsreel clips of past Ekbergian revelries.

Back in 1958, Hollywood expatriate Anita, a guest at a Roman night-club soiree sponsored by full-time socialite, sometime photographer Peter Howard, was caught up in the spirit, or spirits, of the evening, tossing off a sheath-straining cha-cha that made up in exuberance what it lacked in subtlety. Not to be daunted by any

The line of demarcation between *La Dolce Vita*'s celluloid saturnalias and Ekberg's real-life Roman romps is slim indeed. Top: Anita undulates her way through the now-famous *La Dolce* dance sequence, mirroring her sexy cha-cha at that headline grabbing 1958 Roman revel, above. Below: Nadia Gray's sensuous strip in one of *La Dolce*'s most frenzied scenes, is virtually an exact copy of the impassioned peeling, by Haisch Nana, bottom, that took place at the same Ekberg-starring party the carabinieri raided.

REEL

REAL





Above, Hungarian sculptor Sepy Dobronyi is shown putting the torch to a nude statue of Anita. The busy bronze and the Sepy-shot photos, above right, from which it was fashioned, set off the sparks that made Ekberg and one-time spouse Anthony Steel hot under the collar. Tony responded promptly to Anita's suggestion that he remodel Dobronyi's chin.

Swedish pastry, one Haisch Nana, a far-from-brittle bit of Turkish taffy, then proceeded to strip until she was completely exhausted and almost as completely exposed. The *carabinieri* finally put a damper on the evening's activities, swooping down midst cries of the Italian equivalent of "It's a raid!" The ever-present Roman photographers had by that time snapped everything in sight and the Italian tabloids had a field day. Anita, somewhat chastened, went back to less-front-pageish diversements, except for a brief yet exhilarating episode last year when she held a coterie of Roman reporters and photogs at bay with a bow and arrow while her producer-escort chose discretion as the better part of valor and let Anita make all the William Tell overtures.

It has been Anita's penchant, until her present Fellini-sparked renaissance, to garner more





Below and right: *Zarak*, a plodding Asian epic that filled the lower half of the double-bill circuit before it meekly folded its tent, had as its sole redeeming feature a Salomelike Miss Ekberg in the improbable but not unappreciated role of a thinly veiled, navel-waving, Khan-Khan dancer. Anita's gauzy getup—as diaphanous as the plot—and her steamy terpsichore, caused movie audiences to momentarily forget the dreary film fare while concentrating on Ekberg unbound.





Anita's transparently abundant charms—barely shielded from the sun's rays as she has herself a beach ball—reflect the Ekberg proclivity for getting a maximum of photo coverage with a minimum of torso coverage. Her monumentally dimensioned figure has become one of the Continent's most impressive current attractions.



newspaper space for her off-screen contretemps than for any thesping accomplishments. In August of 1956, *PLAYBOY* chronicled Anita *au naturel*, in the flesh and in bronze, the latter a statue executed with loving attention to detail by Cuban-based Hungarian exile Sepy Dobronyi. The sculpture and the pix that ostensibly were taken to aid the sculptor set off a minor tempest in a Miami teapot when one-time husband Anthony Steel threw a couple of left hooks at Dobronyi at Anita's behest.

According to Steel, Anita was much given to demanding this sort of knuckle-chafing chivalry. He has been quoted as saying words to the effect that: "She was always making me do things like that. She would say, 'Darling, I don't like the way that man over there is looking at me. Go over and hit him.' So I would go over and hit him." Even for a muscular chap like Steel this could be rather nerve-racking.

But it was just this sort of thing that made Anita a member of that breed peculiar to Hollywood—movie stars with almost no film credits whose stellar status has been achieved on the basis of press books packed with off-screen peccadilloes. The sensational *PLAYBOY* Ekberg uncoverage brought Anita to the apex of a somewhat less than stratospheric Hollywood career that included such diverse roles as a Chinese peasant in *Blood Alley* and as an Asian nautch dancer in a Z costume epic, *Zarak*. Ekberg, who never seemed to receive Hollywood parts big enough for her admittedly immense charms, finally cut out for the Continent and the company of the rather racy nobility who lend an aroma of high life to Roma's beguiling night life. It was in Rome that Anita gained a reputation and dropped a husband as she embarked on assorted public and private escapades.

That was the Ekberg story—a minor flick here, a major newspaper pic there—until *La Dolce Vita*. Now, with a starring role in the top all-time European box-office smash tucked neatly in her bodice. Anita's basking in the Swede smell of success—whether it's cruising on a yacht in the Mediterranean or steaming the camera lenses in Fellini's latest effort, *Boccaccio 70*. Meanwhile, to movie audiences all over the world, Anita has become the nubilest Roman of them all.





AGORAPHOBIA *(continued from page 78)*

said, nodding his sadness. "You're steeling yourself for the television ordeal, saying that since it's got to be done let's get on with it, and I admire your courage, the courage in that attitude. But your having to take such an attitude, your having to cope with these commercial rat races, says something about the plight of the creative artist in the U.S., now doesn't it?"

Jonathan was rolling and unrolling his rag of a tie, a sure sign, I knew by now, that he was getting irritated under the collar, which, like the tie, was frayed all over.

"I have a theory about rat races," he said into his martini glass. "My theory is, so long as there are rats there'll be rat races, rats being very racy types, and we're all rats, whether we put immortal words together or shreds of garbage; the human race is a rat race, we're sniffers and prowlers in all walks of life. I'll tell you something else, for every rat who's being raced to death there's another who's being raced to death faster, in other words, bad off though a given rat may be, there's a rat worse off next door. Listen, I used to know a fellow who wrote short stories, good ones. He went off to the war and when he came back he was suffering from the world's worst case of agoraphobia. His agoraphobia was so bad that when he moved his family into a three-room apartment in a housing development up in the Bronx he not only couldn't leave the apartment to go outside, he couldn't even force himself to walk from the bedroom to the living room, luckily he could make it to the bathroom but just barely, and no farther. He was a writer, so he had to write, agoraphobia or no agoraphobia. But he couldn't just sit in his bedroom and turn out short stories, there's no market for serious short stories and he had to think about making a living for his family. So, sitting there in his bedroom in his pajamas, his horizons going no farther than the bathroom immediately adjoining, he founded a lonely-hearts magazine for people who wanted to meet other people, this fellow who couldn't step through his door to meet a living soul on the outside. For fifteen years now he's been sitting there in his pajamas, writing words of advice and good cheer to the lonely and the lovelorn and the generally abandoned, and reaching out into the faraway outside world with long literary fingers to move his miserable readers about and bring them together, this man who begins to shake and has to hide in the closet when any human face appears in his doorway, even if it's only the delivery boy with the groceries. Mr. Hammermill, let us stop talking about how bad things are for the creative artist in this barbaric

land. All lands are barbaric, and things are bad all over, for everybody. Let's stop this weepy sorrowing over the things we artists have to do and simply do them, do them with dispatch and a hey-ho; let's, in short, talk about the format of *Have Gun, Will Travel* and your basic story needs, all right?"

But Todd wasn't listening. There was a far-off look in his eyes and when I examined them closer up, I swear, they seemed corrugated, damn near. Not with fear. With a kind of held-in inspiration, some sort of hesitation joy.

"You've got it," he almost whispered. "I think, yes, I'm almost sure, you're there."

"Where I am," Jonathan said with full irritation, "is neither here nor there, the Culver City branch of limbo, and what I've got is a swift pain in the sacroiliac from sitting here talking about letters, dead letters." He was nibbling like a rabbit on the unthreading end of his tie.

"I'm perfectly serious, Mr. Silk." Now Todd's eyes were marble shiny. "You've come up with a marvelous premise for *Have Gun, Will Travel*, a sensational premise."

"I thought," Jonathan said, "I was just telling a story about a poor slob with agoraphobia."

"Agoraphobial Exactly!" The word shot out of Todd's mouth like a cannonball. "Can't you see it? A gunman with agoraphobia, great!"

Jonathan's eyes weren't corrugated, they were packed in dry ice.

"Agoraphobia isn't a premise," he said, "it's a mental condition, a diseased state of mind."

"I knew a man with your talent and background would come up with something absolutely original!" Todd went on in a bubble. "This would make an entirely unique play for us; I can see it now, shoot-outs have to take place in the open, but here we've got a great twist—Paladin's tracking a gunslinger who, right smack in the middle of the wide-open spaces, has a bad case of agoraphobia, he won't come outside, he's holed up in his hotel room and Paladin's got no way to get to him, there seems no way to force a shoot-down: brilliant, unique!"

"Let me get this brilliantly and uniquely straight," Jonathan said. "Are you truly, literally suggesting that I do a play for your program about a gunfighter with agoraphobia? This idea came out of your mouth and not mine. I'm not hearing things?"

"I not only want you to do it, Mr. Silk," Todd came back, "I insist on it, I'm begging you on my hands and knees!"

Jonathan considered this very long

and very leaky drink of water for some time.

"I have an uncomfortable impression that some very massive tables are being turned," he said finally. "Certain people have accused me of having a flip attitude toward television, of parodying its needs and aspirations, and now, sitting here listening to you, I suddenly have the terrifying impression that you're parodying me. I can only tell you this, you have just summed up my innermost heart's desire; if you really want me to paint a picture of the Old West's wide-open spaces as a breeding ground for shrinking and shriveling violets of agoraphobics, it's a deal, just tell me how to proceed."

"The procedure's simple," Todd said. "All you do is put the idea down in an outline, just a few pages I can show to my producer, I'll clear it with him and then you've got a firm assignment. It's going to be an honor to work with you, Mr. Silk! We'll make television history!"

"I'll be satisfied, Mr. Hammermill," Jonathan said, frowning all over his face, "if I can make \$2500 and keep out of jail."

Jonathan wrote the outline that afternoon. I had it in Todd Hammermill's hands first thing in the morning and he said wetly, swell, great, perfect, he'd get it cleared in 24 hours and we'd be in business. He didn't get it cleared in 24 hours, of course. He never got it cleared at all. The way I heard it, Todd's producer took one look at the outline and said, was he kidding, did he want to make a laughingstock out of the show and force it off of the air entirely? A little later I heard Todd had been bounced off *Have Gun, Will Travel* for reasons having to do with his not completely assimilating the basic format of the show, his not being all the way orientated toward television needs and directions. A little after that, his name began showing up in the L.A. dailies again, he was back at the old stand writing his daily book reviews. He was too much of a literary type, with a not-too-firm grasp on the needs and directions of the television mass media, and there's no room for fellows of that type in a billion-dollar serious industry.

As I say, I'm primarily a plugger. Where others operate with their wits and bright ways, I push, and keep on pushing until something gives. Where I decided to push Jonathan Silk was along the lines of the agoraphobia premise. Agoraphobia, as I understand it, is a fear, and fears are very human, they make good, tight, suspensy television drama; in fact, I would say dramas of all types are built primarily around fears and their very human implications. This was my thinking on the subject,

(continued on page 146)



"... And this one, of course, is a commission."

NORMAL MAN *(continued from page 79)*

he was getting to be.

Mr. and Mrs. Terris both thought he was achieving his growth early and when he got to a normal six feet, he would stop. But this did not happen. When he was fifteen he was a head and shoulders taller than his father and still growing. His bed was too short for him and he had to stoop to get through doorways.

It was to be expected that Ray might feel sensitive about his height in the confusing years of adolescence when conformity is of such importance. His mother and father left nothing undone to prevent this. He was their only child and since they were people of means, they were able to spare him the preliminary jibes of the world by keeping him in expensive schools where the problem was thoroughly gone into with headmasters beforehand. He was encouraged to engage in sports, where he excelled. In football, track and basketball, he was expert by very reason of his abnormality, and since he was an amiable and goodhearted boy, he had ordinary popularity in his school life.

Meanwhile, Alex Terris began to go into his son's problem with medical authorities. Ray was put through a clinic, but reports merely bore out the fact that he was healthy. When local doctors could discover no reason for his abnormal growth, Mr. Terris got on the train and went East, where he discussed the subject with specialists in the pituitary gland. He instituted a tracing of his and his wife Millicent's ancestral strains trying to locate a tendency toward gigantism in their hereditary history. There was nothing to indicate abnormality, and Mr. Terris was surprised and a little disappointed to find that his legendary grandfather had stood only six feet. Ray was already over seven feet tall. The doctors Mr. Terris consulted at Johns Hopkins, Philadelphia General and Cornell Medical Center advised him to bring Ray in for examination.

The following summer he proposed a trip to New York before Ray entered on his college career, and he and Mrs. Terris and the boy made the round of clinics and hospitals. Mr. and Mrs. Terris were, by now, seriously perturbed. They felt that some treatment to check the condition must be started immediately, for Ray had begun to experience the pangs of handicap. It was impossible for strangers not to be nonplused when they turned around and found themselves looking into the center of his belt buckle. He could not sleep in Pullman cars nor in hotel beds, since it was impossible for him to accord his long legs into a sleeping position. He often had to sleep sitting up. The top of his head grazed the roofs of automobiles and even low ceilings, and he had to be

constantly alert to keep from banging his cranium on doorways.

The best doctors pondered Ray Terris' case, studied his metabolism, sought for tumors which might bear upon the secretion of the pituitary, submitted him to mental tests, dismissed the possibility of acromegaly. In the end they told Mr. and Mrs. Terris that there was no apparent reason for his great size and that it occasionally happened that people of abnormally large frames were unexceptional in every other respect. They said that Ray in every other way was a normal individual with better-than-average intelligence and health and that there was no reason why he could not live a satisfactory life within the limits of what they were forced to refer to as his handicap. There was nothing which could be done to shrink his size or even to stop him from growing.

When his parents heard this, Mrs. Terris broke into weeping and Mr. Terris felt as if a death sentence had been pronounced upon his son. Ray, himself, was shattered. He had never thought much before about his physical nonconformity, but now his great body seemed to him an unbearable burden and he looked ahead into vacant years of loneliness and desperation.

"There is no reason," Dr. Frenaux said kindly, "to deny yourself any of the birthrights of the average man. It is not only highly probable but almost certain that your children will be of normal stature."

"My children!" Ray said bitterly. "Who would marry a man like me?"

"My boy, you will be surprised," Dr. Frenaux said. "You will be the answer to some beanpole maiden's prayer."

Ray winced at this casual levity, for he had become hypersensitive in the course of the medical investigations. Introspection had replaced his normal good spirits and he now shunned people and public places and stayed to himself. He dreaded going home and had already determined to spare himself the misery of college. The anxiety of his father and mother made him touchy and irritable and he even avoided their company. He could not bear his mother's pity nor his father's crestfallen concern. He felt, with anguish, that they were ashamed of him, as if they had borne and nurtured a monster.

"The thing to do in a case like this," Dr. Frenaux said, "is to make capital of your unconventionality. Do the kind of work where your height will be advantageous."

"Second-story man!" Ray rasped out. "Or telephone lineman. Or maybe I should go into the circus!"

"Railing against fate won't help," Dr.

Frenaux said equably. "There is no reason for you to develop a psychosis which will be far more troublesome than your height. In my work I come across disabilities which make yours pale into insignificance. You are an exceptionally strong, handsome young man and I dare say you can make a remarkable life for yourself."

"I don't need platitudes," Ray said. "I just want to be alone."

"You have to make your own decisions on that subject," Dr. Frenaux said.

There seemed to be nothing more to say and the Terrises left. When they got out on the sidewalk a covey of urchins was playing in the muddy gutter. They stopped playing and gaped up at Ray.

"Look, guys," one of them said. "It's the Empire State!"

"How is the weather up there?"

Ray's face worked nervously. He felt as if he might be going to cry.

The years that followed were hardly happy. Alex and Millie Terris were people of some wisdom and they did what they could, but Ray had a bad time. He passed through many stages of despair. The first was a kind of numbed disbelief that he was condemned to be alien. The second was a railing at fate—the harsh agony of the outsider who finds himself outside for no apparent reason—when no one and no thing can be blamed. He eschewed company and brooded in angry solitude upon his misfortune. Eventually he began to read and took a perverse pleasure in studying the nature of his affliction. He searched history for accounts of men who had been physical giants and burrowed into their dead, forgotten lives. He read medical treatises, books about freaks, literature of abnormality. He became an authority on giants.

The more he read the more convinced he became that, while giants had accomplished a good many things, no one of them had ever lived a normal life, managed to be a normal man. His excitement mounted as this recurred to him, seeming to indicate a glimmer in his darkness. The day he decided to exist mentally and spiritually as a normal man, ignoring the physical husk which was depriving him of this status, he was like a scientist who at last discovers the formula he has sought.

This decision gave his interminable days a new purpose. Normalcy became a fetish with him, almost a neurosis. He laid intricate plans. He pondered schemes. He decided that first he must go to work. He went over all the professions and discarded them one after another. At last he decided that outdoor work—hard work—was what he must do. He went into the ranching business, salvaging a parcel of unprofitable land from Alex Terris' many properties. He

(continued on page 142)

food THE
KINDEST
By THOMAS MARIO CUT

the gentlemanly
art of carving, keenly
delineated for
your very eyes

"EVERY MAN THAT WYLLE COME to knyghthode hym behoveth to lerne in his yougthe to kerve at the table." Even in 1484, it would seem, when William Caxton thus admonished the armored playboys of his day in a definitive book of *Chyvalry*, the art of *kervynge* was already esteemed as one of the fundamental social graces appurtenant to cultivated manhood. A lethal-looking girdle dagger, equally effective for meals or mayhem, was regarded as an indispensable wardrobe accessory by the gay blades of the age. Ornate carving knives—inlaid with ivory, brass, mahogany or staghorn; etched with pictorial reminders of the hunt—not (text continued on page 91)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DICK BOYER



CROWN ROAST OF LAMB: This most festive of all holiday *pièces de résistance*—a ring of two racks of lamb filled with mashed potatoes and trimmed with crab apples—is actually the easiest to carve. To facilitate slicing and enhance flavor, allow the meat to steep in its own juices for at least 15 minutes after roasting. Then anchor lamb firmly on carving board with meat fork inserted obliquely between the ribs, and begin cutting vertically between each rib for single portions (between alternate ribs for ravenous appetites) and transfer chops to adjoining plate. The sharper the slicer, the more appetizing the portions.



to mention such events as the Fall of Man; and worn at the waist in sturdy leather sheaths embossed with the family coats of arms — were considered potent status symbols of the nobility.

The official court carver, in fact, was endowed with noble rank along with the court cupbearer and *sewer* (the dignitary in charge of serving). Together they led the impressive procession of platters into the great halls, and were accorded honors bestowed today only on men of Cabinet rank. Not surprisingly, the mystique of carving soon became as elaborate and specialized as that surrounding a fine art—even to its own private nomenclature. The carver could not merely carve; he would have to, sounding like a *(continued on page 177)*



ROAST TURKEY: With the bird facing left, insert fork as indicated (left) and remove wing by tilting bird slightly upward and slicing down where the joint meets the body. Center, slice down between thigh and body, pushing leg outward with the flat side of the knife, or by pulling on the drumstick until the socket joint is visible; complete the cut at this point and set piece aside. Then carve slices $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick (right) down from top of breastbone. Separate thigh and drumstick with a judicious slice at the joint, and cut thigh into vertical slices $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick. If the bird is a heavyweight, 20 pounds or more, cut half slices from center of breast. For second helpings, merely repeat ritual on flip side. It is not *infra dig* to use shears at the joints.

SUCKLING PIG: Point the porker with his snout facing left, insert meat fork as shown (left), remove the head with a clean cut between the middle neck vertebrae, and set aside. Separate foreleg (center) by slicing down close to the body between ribs and shoulder blade; remove ham the same way. Then insert fork (right) and divide the pig in half down the backbone. Place one of the halves inside up and cut between the ribs, allowing one double-rib chop per portion. Wait until it's time for "seconds" to carve the other half, identically, and serve the ham and shoulder either whole or halved at the joint.



Left, a glittering cast for a meaty life-of-slice drama. Left row, top to bottom: chrome-plated roast-holder with stainless steel tines, by Hoffritz, \$3.50; sterling platter with rough-finished border, by Cartier, \$115; three-piece Indian stag-handled carving set, by Hoffritz, \$20; Italian-marble-based chrome ham rack, by Iran Gate, \$45; on rack's left, sterling-handled slicer, by Iron Gate, \$15. Center row, top to bottom: walnut carving and serving board with chrome rack, stag handles, by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$67.50; footed Rosewood-pattern silver-plated meat dish, by Gorham, \$57.50; resting on and below dish, Neo-Ionic pattern three-piece sterling set, roast carver, fork and game shears, by Cartier, \$80; hand-forged stainless two-piece carving set, by Dansk, \$14. Right row, top to bottom: stainless three-piece carving set with black matte-finish handles, in walnut chest (not shown), by Lauffer, \$37.50; heavy sterling meat platter, by Cartier, \$280; to left of platter, stainless two-piece carving set, by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$25; ivory-handled stainless two-piece carving set, by Cartier, \$50; oval walnut carving board with tree and well, by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$30; resting on board, Siamese-teak-handled two-piece stainless carving set, by Dansk, \$24; stainless hollow-handled three-piece set, fork with large guard, roast carver and slicer, by Hoffritz, \$36.50.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



fresh cause for thanksgiving:

VENUS WITH ARMS



our sharpshooting miss november



MISS NOVEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Dianne's form at the exclusive Golden Valley Gun Club is admirable from any angle. Our sharp-eyed and shapely November Playmate looks right an target whether she's loading up on the firing line or cooling off in the clubhouse.



The well-known adage that in Hollywood the improbable is a strong possibility was never more agreeably demonstrated than by our discovery there of November Playmate Dianne Danford. We found her merrily potting clay pigeons at a skeet range. Dianne — a 23-year-old, emerald-eyed, honey-tressed, fresh-visaged fair belle to arms — gets herself to a gunnery for sweet sessions of not-so-silent skeet shooting whenever she can break away from her workaday chores modeling the latest in bathing regalia, for which her 5'7", 120-lb. frame is perfectly suited. Living with her mother, father and brother close by Hollywood's celluloid dream factories, Dianne presents a pretty paradox — she couldn't care less about getting her face and form before a movie camera. Her main ambition is to middle-aisle it with a Prince Charming who is tall, considerate and, Dianne candidly admits, rich. Happily engaged in perfecting her already delightful form, our deadeye chick, who shucked Chicago's intemperate temperatures three years ago for California's more salubrious shores, proves a quick draw for masculine admirers (she scores 36-22-35). There is more to DD's life than the shell game, however; although she sheepishly confesses an inordinate appreciation of Fabian records, she also digs such diversions as painting, water skiing and lazily lolling about the hearth. Apropos the latter, a flip of the page will give your eyes cause for Thanksgiving — our gamin gamestress keeping her powder dry atop a tiger pelt, a timeless enigma in her mischievous eyes: who is the hunter, and who the hunted?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two hipsters crossing the Atlantic by steamship were out on deck looking at the ocean. The first cat said, "Man, look at all that water out there!"

"Yeah, man," the second, even further-out cat replied. "And just think, like that's only the top of it."



We know a progressive college professor who claims that you'll always have a student body where you find a faculty for making love.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *clothesline* as "How would you like a new gown by Givenchy and a cocktail dress by Oleg Cassini?"

Two little boys were engaging in the traditional verbal battle of little boys everywhere:

"My father is better than your father!"

"No, he's not!"

"My brother is better than your brother!"

"No, he's not!"

"My mother is better than your mother!"

A pause.

"Well, I guess you've got me there. My father says the same thing."

Said Flo, a lady of the evening, to Dolores (another pro): "Would you please lend me ten dollars until I get back on my back?"



A small group of scientists had spent an enlightening week on Mars, comparing life there with our own.

"Tell me," one Earth scientist asked his Martian counterpart, "just how do you reproduce the species here on this planet?"

"I shall be pleased to demonstrate," replied the leader of the Martian group, and he called forth a voluptuous Martian beauty with three heads. They then engaged their tentacles for a few moments, and almost at once a small

pouch began to form on the female's back; it grew, and within little more than a minute, it opened up very much like a blooming flower and a small Martian dropped out, as fully developed as the adults, but much smaller, and began scampering about the room.

Once the Earth scientists had recovered from this unexpected experience, they attempted to explain how procreation differs in our world. The Martians insisted upon being shown, and after several unsuccessful attempts to dissuade them, the chief scientist of the expedition finally agreed. Choosing a comely scientific aide from the group, he took her to a cot in the corner of the room and there proceeded to make love to her in a manner to which we here on Earth are more accustomed.

The Martians examined the couple from every angle, and when they were finished, their leader said, "That was certainly unusual and, I must say, interesting, but where is the baby — or was the demonstration a failure?"

"It is difficult to say," replied the Earth scientist. "We cannot tell at once. But if the contact was successful, then the baby will arrive in approximately nine months."

"Nine months!" exclaimed the Martian. "Amazing. But tell us then, Doctor, if the Earth child will not be born for nine months, why were you in such a hurry there at the end?"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *repeal* as a stripteaser's encore.

Some girls ask the boss for advances on next week's salary. Others ask for salary on next week's advances.

The board members of the Cordial Catsup Company were wowed by the idea their ad agency had come up with for their billboard campaign. It showed a husband type seated before a delectable steak in a smart restaurant, and a pretty young waitress in a tight-fitting uniform was handing him a bottle of catsup.

"This is great," said the prexy of Cordial Catsup, "but remember, our appeal here is to housewives, so let's clean that title up a bit. 'What does she know about your husband that you don't know?' is too suggestive."

A week later the billboards were attracting attention all over the country with the caption: "He gets it downtown — why not give it to him at home?"

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



"First finish high school, then we'll talk about marriage."

NOT LONG AGO THE PUBLISHERS E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., signed a contract with the firm of Lancelot Leopard, Ltd., for publication this month of a book entitled *Little Me*, a wildly satiric spoof of recent as-told-to Hollywood autobiographies. Since *Little Me* is that rarest of literary properties, an almost sure-fire best seller, the transaction aroused a sense of deep satisfaction in Edward Everett Tanner III, creator and chief stockholder in Lancelot Leopard. When PLAYBOY's companion publication SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED bought *Little Me* for prepublication serialization, Patrick Dennis, author of the lively spoof, found further cause for rejoicing. And when Feuer and Martin, producers of such hit shows as *Guys and Dolls*, *Silk Stockings* and *The Boy Friend*, forthwith announced purchase of the book as a vehicle for a Broadway musical comedy in which Sid Caesar would undertake to play no less than seven different parts, a happy, spectral cheer was evoked from Virginia Rowans, author of the novels *Oh, What a Wonderful Wedding*, *The House Party*, *The Loving Couple* and *Love and Mrs. Sargent*, a recent product of Lancelot Leopard, Ltd.

Any person seeking to locate the principals involved herein — Lancelot Leopard, Edward Everett Tanner III, Patrick Dennis and Virginia Rowans — might be astonished to find them all merging into the single dashing figure of Patrick Dennis, a man best known as the author of a fabulously successful book called *Auntie Mame*.

The chameleonic Mr. Dennis is a tall, thin, bearded and impeccable fellow who stands as straight as a fencer and moves with the easy grace of a ballet dancer. Balding and superior-looking, he affects English-cut suits, set off by pink or blue shirts with attached stiff white collars. In winter he sports a bowler, in summer a stiff boater or expensive panama. In conjunction with his distinguished beard, the correct attire gives him a look of dilettante snobbery — and this, apparently, is exactly the effect he wishes to achieve. His voice rings with the precise, actorish tones of a petulant Edwardian dandy. He seems to listen closely to his own words, as though equipped with a built-in third ear, by which he is able to savor his own chiseled utterances. His remarks are brisk, usually epigrammatic, often acidulous, and frequently devoted to his favorite subject: himself. He gives every evidence of being a contented, self-aware poseur, thoroughly pleased to be playing games with his own identity, altogether relishing his day-to-day enactment of the role of highly successful author.

Patrick Dennis has ample cause for self-satisfaction. He was the author of three mildly successful books, written during working hours at his desk in an advertising agency, when *Auntie Mame* was published in 1955. With it, he hit the jackpot.

Dennis comes as close to anger as he ever does when asked how much money he made from *Mame*. Eyebrows hiked and beard a-quiver, he answers sharply, "I made more than I needed, but far less than people think." Still, it is possible to make a rough estimate. *Auntie Mame* sold over 200,000 hard-cover copies at \$3.50 each, of which the author collected approximately 50¢ a book. Paperback sales here and abroad soared over 2,000,000, netting the writer about a penny per copy. *Auntie Mame* also became a Broadway musical that ran for two sellout years. Next came a Hollywood sale for the princely sum of \$500,000. Recalling this, the author's stern façade slips a bit. "I got more of that money than the producer," he admits proudly. Producers customarily get 40 percent.

So it is safe to say that elegant Pat Dennis has earned in the neighborhood of a million dollars (before taxes) from *Auntie Mame* and his other books. Add to this the already lucrative *Little Me*, and it is not difficult to comprehend why the erstwhile junior adman is today a remarkably confident author, able to view lesser mortals with aplomb — all, that is, save other writers. Dennis refers to his fellow craftsmen as the Talking Authors, claiming to find their minds obsessed by tiny matters. "They organize meetings and talk about how hard it is to make a living as a writer," he says. "It's as if someone had put a gun to their ribs and forced them to write. I find it much easier to stay home and write than to talk about it." He is annoyed by authors, like Taylor Caldwell, who complain of income-tax problems. "You just have to pile it up and pay it out at a monthly rate," he explains grandly. He is also unique in refusing to write unless he finds himself enjoying it. "Anything I have trouble writing, people have trouble reading, so I just quit working if it doesn't flow," he states.

Dennis conceived the theme for *Little Me* a year ago when an illness prevented him from accompanying his wife to one of the parties he so dearly loves. Left to his own devices at home, he began to dream up possible ideas for books — and soon hit upon the inspired notion of penning the fictional memoirs of film and TV star Belle Poitrine. The actual writing of the book took him 90 days, par for a Dennis novel. But he did not stop there. Viewing the venture in terms of production as well as text, he saw that his satiric saga would be neatly implemented by the inclusion of amusing pictures. So, with the aid of photographer Chris Alexander, and a cast of 60 of his friends, including Rosalind Russell, Peggy Cass and Dody Goodman, he organized the shooting of some 150 posed photographs to illustrate *Little Me*. Dennis, who personally selected the period costumes and arranged each sitting, was his dapper self throughout the sessions: to Jeri Archer, who portrays Belle Poitrine, he cried before every click of the camera, "Remember, you have the I.Q. of a beetle!" Since *Little Me* seems destined to start a new vogue in elaborate books, the question arises as to whether he plans to do another like it. "Why should I?" he asks, with a shrug of his tailored shoulders. "Everyone else will be doing it now."

Dennis lives with his wife and two children in a four-story town house just off Park Avenue, a building which may well be the most sumptuous author's dwelling in New York. Dennis decorated the entire house himself. The duplex living room is dominated by a Palladian window sixteen feet high and eight feet wide;

the busiest beaver on publishers' row has talent to spare for five incarnations

**THE
LITTLE
WORLD
OF
PATRICK
DENNIS**

tapestries cover the walls and a brace of chandeliers dangles from the twenty-foot ceiling. The furniture is Empire, inherited by his wife from a wealthy ancestor who lived at the court of Napoleon II. His workroom — if such a prosaic word can be applied — is adjacent to the living room, overlooking a small rear garden. Dennis does his writing at a severely modern desk, separated by a stride or two from an inviting Récamier sofa, where he may commune in comfort with his muse. Above the workroom is a dining room which features a huge Viennese porcelain stove. On the third floor are located the bedroom and a sitting room. The top floor — reached by a self-service elevator — is the children's domain. Here are bedrooms, kitchen and quarters for the maid, where the children — Michael, seven, and Betsy, five — can, if necessary, lead a self-sufficient existence.

Pat Dennis always seemed destined for such splendor. "His success is a tribute to the power of positive posing," one friend says. Even as a struggling copywriter he appeared to be anticipating a life of future luxury; for then, as now, he wore a beard, spoke in clipped accents and clothed himself in the most expensive suits he could afford. It is possible that he might be equally happy without the accouterments of fame. "He was ready for success when it arrived," another friend says. "But if it hadn't come he wouldn't be bothered." Dennis' philosophy seconds this view. "I take things when they come, as they come," he declares.

Yet he was sufficiently stimulated by the sale of *Little Me* to Feuer and Martin to feel that he owed himself a special gift for his 40th birthday last May 18. He decided to charter an excursion boat and take 150 of his friends on a ride up the Hudson. Dennis still talks about that boat ride, but probably not as awesomely as most of his guests, an assortment of New York publishing-house editors, literary agents, public-relations men, stage and TV celebrities and pretty actresses. Almost every known type of alcoholic beverage was available in abundance during the voyage. Below decks, two chefs cut succulent slices from immense sides of rare beef, while another cooked omelets to order. Most of those aboard recall the junket as a wild affair. During the trip a woman of mature years formed a liaison with a youthful deck hand, and the nylon panties of a blithe young lady of fashion mysteriously appeared as a decoration in the engine room of the craft. But to others the voyage was decorous. "I've done nothing but hear about things I didn't see," a guest complains. "To me, it was just another trip up the Hudson."

Dennis himself recalls only bright spots. "One hundred and fifty alcoholics

on one boat," he murmurs with nostalgic relish. Only one tense moment threatened to mar his pleasure, when someone complimented him on his resemblance to Commander Edward Whitehead, of Schweppervescence fame. Over the years Patrick Dennis has waged an unceasing battle to be considered unique. "Commander Whitehead's beard is red, and mine is getting gray," he corrected sternly. Here he seemed to sense that this was too prosaic a remark for a man who likes to be thought outrageous. He took a quick breath and fixed his interlocutor with a baleful glare. "The only things Commander Whitehead and I have in common are blue eyes and genitals," he added with finality.

Good humor thoroughly restored by the success of this sally, he moved onward.

. . .

On the sidewalks of New York, Pat Dennis cuts a conspicuous figure. Beard, correct Savile Row attire, furled umbrella and upright bearing all combine to give him the appearance of a distinguished visitor from the British Foreign Office. Most of the people who pass him by turn to stare — yet very few recognize him. A man who vastly enjoys amusing himself and his friends, Dennis cares little for the customary publicity rites which attend authorship. He is one of the few living writers who has never appeared on TV or radio to promote one of his books. Nor has he ever subjected himself to an autographing party. The efforts of TV's recent *Person to Person* to penetrate the Dennis town house were heroic, but completely unsuccessful.

As though to shield himself from such public scrutiny, Dennis delights in projecting an image of confusing eccentricity. The author of eight books, he has yet to put his right name on one; he has even presented himself in the role of literary transvestite. A man cloaked in many guises — cheerful narcissist, man about town, prolific author and loving husband — he has taken great pleasure in turning himself into a character fully as bizarre as his own madball creation, Auntie Mame.

The joys of playing tricks with his own identity were discovered by Dennis early in life. Born in Chicago, the son of a well-to-do real-estate broker named Edward Everett Tanner II, Pat was christened Edward Everett III. One evening his father returned from a prize fight featuring a pugilist named Pat Muldoon to find little Edward Everett III belligerently waving his fists in his cradle; the delighted parent forthwith began calling his son Pat. Growing older, the child soon found he had two names to choose from. He selected Pat, noting with mounting excitement how doggedly school and official records clung to Ed-

ward Everett III. Perhaps this confusion helped him to become one of the least organized pupils ever to set foot in Chicago and Evanston schools. Whereas some children dislike school, he detested it. He did his best to fail and now says, not without some pride, "I was able to telescope two years of Latin into four." Yet Pat seemed to enjoy attending summer school. Why? Because it kept him away from the countryside, which he loathed even more than the groves of academe.

In his own halting fashion Pat eventually completed his formal schooling, only to find himself on the brink of another struggle: World War II. In 1942 he joined the American Field Service — or, as he calls it, the Junior League Overseas. While driving an ambulance, he saw rugged action and was twice wounded. But already a pattern of good luck seemed to be shaping his life. His worst injury kept him bedridden for a month. During this hospitalization only one book was available for him to read: *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the daring, deadpan best seller of the Twenties. Loose ends in Pat Dennis' life have a way of tying into neat knots. Today, Anita Loos, author of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, is a close friend. More to the literary point, the book was to be a strong influence on both *Auntie Mame* and *Little Me*.

During his stint with the American Field Service, Pat's outfit was at one point attached to a thickly bearded unit of the Free French Army. The French soldiers gave him further inspiration for personal camouflage: he decided to grow the rich poilu beard he wears to this day.

After the war, Pat elected to start his civilian career in the cosmopolitan confines of New York City. From the very start he seemed completely self-confident. "I've never seen anyone less cowed by the city," a friend recalls. "Big names, big places — nothing fazed him." His first job was as a part-time manuscript reader for the literary agency McIntosh and Otis, where he soon attracted attention because his written reports were so far superior to the works he read. He next moved to a nine-to-five job at the Franklin Spier advertising agency. Despite the fact that he was then embarking on a year of Jungian psychoanalysis ("It unclogged me, made me more honest with myself — we all need that"), at Spier he was the sort of lighthearted employee seen in plays and movies, but seldom in real life. Arriving at the office each morning, he would sit at the typewriter recording his dreams of the night before for his analyst. Then he typed reports for McIntosh and Otis, for whom he still worked. At 11:45, with a noon lunch in the offing, he took fifteen minutes or so to bat out the most brilliant copy the

(continued on page 104)

fiction By HENRY SLESAR

the chaplain led the killer down a devious road to faith

THE ARROGANCE WENT FIRST. The clanging of the death-cell door drove it out of Finlay the first day. Then he turned sullen, uncooperative, his young face taking on the protective coloration of the cement block that lined his prison. He wouldn't eat, talk, or see the chaplain. He snarled at his own lawyer, muttered at the guards, and kept his own company. A week before the scheduled execution, he began to cry in his sleep. He was 21 years old, and with the aid of an accomplice, had mercilessly beaten and slain an aged storekeeper.

On the morning of the fifth day, he woke out of a nightmare in which he had been sentenced to die. Finding the dream sustained by reality, he began to scream and hurl himself against the steel bars. Two guards came into his cell and threatened him with mechanical restraints, but they failed to quiet him down. An hour later, the prison chaplain, a silver-haired, stocky man with the pained face of a colicky infant, looked in on him and said the same old things. This time, however, there was an air of pleading that made Finlay listen harder.

"Please," the chaplain whispered. "Be a good fellow and let me come in. It's important, really."

"What's important?" he said bitterly. "I don't want you praying over me."

"Please," the chaplain said, in a curious, begging tone. The boy in the cell wondered at it, and wearily gave his permission. Once the chaplain had been admitted, however, he regretted the decision. The silver-haired man took a small black book from his pocket.

"No!" Finlay yelled. "None of that! I don't want no Bible reading!"

"Just look at it," the chaplain said, his face reddening. "Here, take a look."

Finlay took the small thick volume from the plump fingers. Outside the cell, a guard with a comfortable paunch stood profiled against the hall light. Finlay looked at the opened page, marked *Revelation*, and then at the tiny slip of white paper that had been stuck into the binding of the book. The handwritten message read:

Trust me.

Finlay blinked at it rapidly, and then looked at the cherubic face of the man beside him. The round chin fitted the turnabout collar like an egg in an eggcup, and the expression on the baby features was impassive.

"Now can we talk?" the chaplain said cheerfully. "There's so little time, my son."

"Yes," Finlay said vaguely. "Listen, what's the —"

"Shush!" A chubby finger crossed the chaplain's lips. "Let us not speak any longer, son. Let us pray." He placed his palms together, and closed his eyes. (*concluded on page 140*)

THE LAST SMILE

PATRICK DENNIS

(continued from page 102)

agency produced. His lunch was usually long and studded with cocktails, for he enjoyed social drinking then as much as he does now. Back at the office he regaled the staff through much of the afternoon by embellishing on the gossip he had heard during lunch.

At this time Dennis also began ghost-writing for the Crowell publishing firm. In the midst of one particularly arduous job it suddenly occurred to him that it would be much more fun to write a book of his own. Accordingly, he quit the cocktail-lunch circuit and began to write *Auntie Mame*. Ninety lunch hours later the book was finished—but unsigned. Because Patrick Tanner seemed far too humdrum a name to affix to his opus, he began searching for a pseudonym. During a random perusal of the New York phone book, the name Dennis leaped at him from atop a page—and the quest was ended: the author of *Auntie Mame* would henceforth be known as Patrick Dennis.

The world is familiar with the astonishing success of *Auntie Mame*, which stayed on the best-seller lists for two years. Less well known is the amount of time it took to sell the manuscript. For five long years it made a fruitless journey down the alphabetical list of publishers, until at last it reached V—and was accepted by Vanguard. No shouts of acclaim were heard on the January day in 1955 when *Auntie Mame* first appeared on the nation's bookshelves, and for two months no newspaper even bothered to review it. The book was a sleeper, which required a month or two more before it finally edged onto the bottom of the best-seller list. Then—still largely unreviewed—it moved slowly but inevitably toward the top. Life's minor ironies amuse Pat Dennis, and when, in 1958, he published a sequel called *Around the World with Auntie Mame*, he was sardonically delighted to find the critics indulging in hindsight reviews of *Auntie Mame*, which was belatedly hailed for its "stylish offhandedness," "spontaneous and sustained lunacy" and "yeasty good humor."

In the five years between completion and sale of *Auntie Mame*, Pat wrote three other novels: *Oh, What a Wonderful Wedding*, *The House Party* and *The Loving Couple* (a split-personality book told in two "first persons," relating the staff and distaff sides of a marital fracture). These were all penned under a new sobriquet which was coined at a conference with the editors of the T. Y. Crowell publishing house. At this meeting Pat proposed the names John Doe, Richard Roe, Lancelot Leopard, John Brown, John Smith, Benson Hedges and Virginia Rounds. His own favorite

was Lancelot Leopard, but the editors recoiled at this. They favored Virginia Rounds, to which Pat assented. It was then decided that Virginia Rowans (pronounced Rounds) was closer to the public domain. Pat claims that the fact that this was a girl's name did not strike him until much later. "It might just as well have been Lucky Strike," he says.

After the success of *Auntie Mame*, an article appeared in *Time* magazine publicizing Pat's numerous identities. Interviewers descended upon him, seeking to find out why he wished to hide his true self behind so many names. He replied that he wanted to protect his privacy ("I have as much as Marilyn Monroe," he says); that Franklin Spier might object to his noontime writing; and that writers were offensive people who talked about themselves too much, a pitfall he wished to avoid. In the midst of such explanations the irreverent author could not resist trying to sound outrageous. "I start with a clean piece of paper and a dirty mind," he told one reporter. To another he confided that he got his ideas in the bathtub: "I think best in the tub—and I also get clean." He chose to deprecate his work, saying, "Writing's easy if you do it badly enough." He also made a capsule comparison of the styles of Patrick Dennis and Virginia Rowans. "Virginia is more thoughtful, Patrick more slapdash," he said. With this, book reviewers tend to agree. Patrick Dennis is a lively, free-swinging writer, whose instinctive feeling for popular taste allows him to stop just short of vulgarity. Lacking Patrick's racy lunacy, Virginia is more expert, but formal and, as a consequence, less stimulating.

By 1960, Pat was the author of seven novels. Four were signed Patrick Dennis, three Virginia Rowans, and he had complicated matters further by collaborating as Patrick Dennis with two friends named Barbara Hooton (*Guestward Ho!*) and Dorothy Erskine (*The Pink Hotel*). At one time he had three simultaneous best sellers: *Auntie Mame*, *The Loving Couple* and *Guestward Ho!* These successes brought him to such a peak of prosperity that he decided, for tax purposes, to incorporate and, in effect, manufacture his own books. They would then be leased to established publishers for distribution and sale. He christened the new corporation Lancelot Leopard, Ltd., thus finding use for a name he had never ceased to cherish. The first Lancelot Leopard book was *Love and Mrs. Sargent*. The second, bearing the Dutton imprint, is *Little Me*.

Lancelot Leopard promises to be a highly lucrative venture. "We plan to declare a 50-percent dividend and do over the secretary's office this year," Pat says,

with an airy wave of his hand. This last is artful nonsense, for the corporation office is located solely in his own balding dome. He has insisted on pressing Lancelot Leopard stock on old friends, thereby enabling them to share in its profits. "You don't have to change your life if you don't want to," he believes, and holds firmly to this credo. His prosperity has not interfered with the close friendships he made soon after his arrival in New York. Guests at parties in the duplex living room today are for the most part people he first met at Franklin Spier, and during his later employment at the Creative Age Press and *Foreign Affairs* magazine, from which he departed on January 1, 1956, to become a gentleman author. "I don't believe Pat and his wife have made five new friends since *Auntie Mame* was published," one intimate says. Like candidates for the Presidency, they know who was for them before the nomination.

Pat met Louise Stickney fifteen years ago when they were both working at Franklin Spier; two years later they became Mr. and Mrs. Tanner. When anyone expresses disappointment at such a prosaic courtship, Louise Tanner smiles and says, "Yes, I know—we should have met on a camel." The two take obvious delight in each other's company. "They'd rather be with each other than with anyone else," a friend says. Both are excellent talkers who enjoy striking verbal sparks from one another. In these exchanges, the quiet wit of his slim, sophisticated wife neatly complements Pat's flamboyant words.

Three or four times a year the Tanners host large parties at their home, where Pat is invariably surrounded by friends awaiting samples of his brittle wit. He unabashedly enjoys drinking at these affairs, a proclivity some acquaintances deplore. "You're so boring when you drink," one guest told him. "I know, but you're so fascinating," was his silky rejoinder. Although his verbal dexterity and carefully sculptured tones enable him to dominate most gatherings, if these fail, he has a number of sly attention-provoking tricks. When he wants another drink, for example, he is likely to balance his empty glass on top of his head. For a time he wore a toupee, which he would doff with startling effect whenever he felt a party growing dull. Supple as a cat, he is able to lock his knees behind his head without apparent effort. At one party which featured a demonstration of Yoga, he astounded everyone by proving himself more limber than the guest of honor.

In Pat Dennis' closet hang fifteen suits bearing the London label of Kilgour, French and Stanbury. Each Wednesday he carefully selects one, then taxis to
(concluded on page 180)

a cosmopolite's guide to the world's biggest metropolis

TOKYO

*playboy
on
the
town
in*





ホンジー堂
化粧品
身具一般

カッビー

水田三丁目
一院長
合誠

三栄

あさ

衛生用

紙株式会社





Left: embracing past and present in the contrasting caparisons of his companions, a Brooks-attired traveler explores one of the shop-lined serpentine side streets near the Ginza. Above: scant blocks from the downtown din, a pair of exuberant pilgrims romp through the fir-shaded stillness of the Imperial Palace grounds. Below, l to r: with traditionally dutiful deference, a classically coiffed geisha pours a porcelain cupful of warm sake for her contented guest. Browsing through a Ginza print shop, a Stateside collector and his yukata-clad consort leaf through a sheaf of landscapes in stylized Japanese technique.

FOR MORE THAN HALF A MILLENNIUM, fever since Marco Polo returned from the kingdoms of the East with tales of a wondrous land called Cipango, the mystique of Japan has held a uniquely seductive allure for Occidental man. Over the years, he has cast many a yearning glance toward this storied archipelago, his Western psyche tranquilized with visions of pagodaed hills, of picturesque paper houses, of blossoming cherry trees, of lotus-soft women with musical voices and complaisant ways. Today this siren song has lost none of its allure, but the tempo has begun to quicken: mingling with the languid largo of the samisen are the insistent rhythms of a rock-'n'-roll guitar. The cadence is that of change, of growth, of uncontainable energy. It is the upbeat pulse of Tokyo, the biggest, busiest, brassiest city in the modern world — an amalgam of prosperously coexisting anachronisms which threatens to pre-

(text continued on page 111)





Above, left: with encumbering shoe gear sensibly stashed on the threshold, a fond couple reclines dreamily on the soft *tatami* matting of a secluded resthouse on the meticulously manicured 300-year-old gardens of the Happon Restaurant, an island of Elysian calm in the heart of the metropolitan maelstrom. Right, from top: in the piping-hot privacy of a tiled *ofuro*, or sunken bath (a thrice-daily ritual for many of the hygiene-happy natives), a solicitous miss lavishes laving care on the back of her *boyfurendo*. Duly scrubbed and freshly togged, he sips a bracing pre-prandial cup of tea while she completes her toilette behind a beguilingly insubstantial curtain of bamboo. Preferring an elegantly Occidental atmosphere for their nourishment, a candlelit foursome at Frank's Steak House — an enormous but epicurean Continental restaurant — beholds a showy bit of business: the ceremonious branding of their chosen sirloins by the *maitre de* before they are consigned to the glowing coals.



Top left: aboard a *tempura* boat on Tokyo's tranquil *Sumida* River, a trio of fish-fanciers prepares to sample the ultimate in fresh fare: they net their own banquet from the briny, then watch hungrily as the morsels are dipped into batter, browned in a pot of bubbling vegetable oil, and popped onto waiting plates. Top right: with a charming rooster by his side, a venturesome visitor tries a wet hand at goldfishing (for diversion, not digestion); he strives to shanghai as many wigglers as he can before his paper net disintegrates; it's catcher's keepers, but most anglers elect to return the fish to their finny friends. Above: in a setting of serene simplicity evocative of old Japan, the esthetic and gustatory harmonies of a formal *tempura* dinner are savored by a gathering of gourmets at the superb *Hanacho* Restaurant; this subtle feast of deep-fried vegetables and sea-food is conjured up at the table by a skilled chef, who then revolves himself discreetly out of sight on a circular platform.



Above: bibbed bibbers drink hearty Asahi beer and relish prime beef, pork, chicken and vegetables charcoal-broiled alfresco over a Mongolian Genghis Khan grill on the verdant grounds of Chinzansa, a seventeen-acre preserve of mossy glades and rolling turf dotted with tiny teahouses, lotus pools, gnarled trees and, equally memorably, a firmament of flickering fireflies.



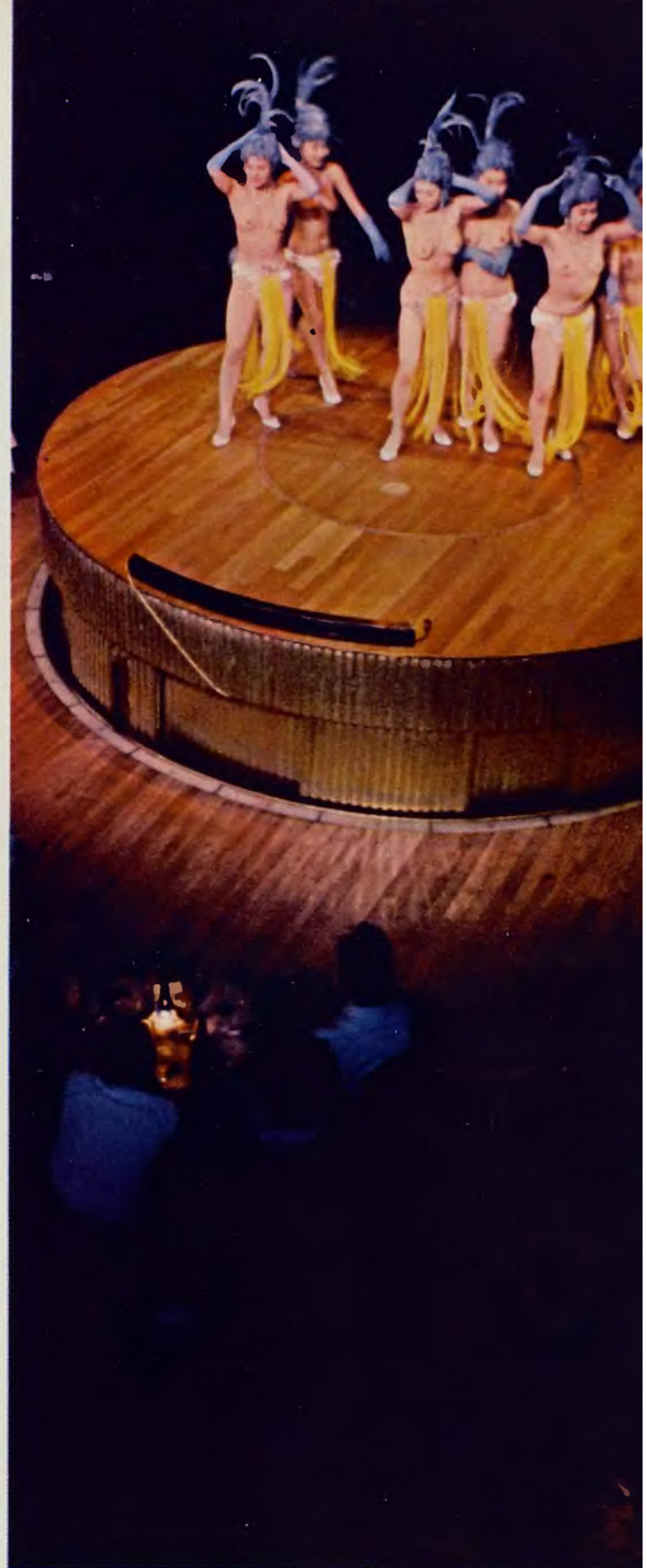
Top left: down a neon-lit lane in the night-swinging Shimbashi district — a labyrinth of bars, clubs, espresso parlors, noodle shops and barbecue stalls, most of them no bigger than a telephone booth — a brace of beauties introduces an American friend to the pleasures of Tokyo eateries and drinkeries far from the well-trod tourist track. Above, left to right: in the golden glow of an incandescent fountain and dozens of table-top candles, throngs sip and sup sumptuously in the vast outdoor restaurant of the Prince Takanawa Hotel, which also boasts such Miamiesque attractions as a 400-yard driving range and two heated swimming pools, amidst the landscaped gardens of a former imperial estate. Some 12,000 miles from Naples, a pungently authentic anchovy pizza is devoured by three pie-eyed patrons at Nicola's — one of 30,000 Tokyo restaurants catering to every ethnic predilection from poi to *piroshki*, jambalaya to *Wiener Schnitzel*, and all intermediate international points.



Above, from top: improbably named Rat Mort, a chic saloon for the well-heeled smart set, serves first-rate swizzle at immodest prices, flaunts a crystal-dripping decor worthy of *fin de siècle* San Francisco. In an atmosphere of subdued Continental elegance, bewitching witching-hour provender is flamed with flair at Manuela's, a basement bistro dishing up palatable club acts along with its toothsome club steaks.



Above: in the immense Kabuki-za — the world's largest legitimate theater — 2600 aficionados munch box lunches of rice and raw fish while they pay avid homage to their favorite matinee idols, all male, in marathon four-hour dramas of ancient folklore and imperial intrigue enacted against a musical counterpoint of drums, koto and samisen. Right: to the schmaltzy strains of Koji Suzuki and His Eight Echoes, a flock of elevator-borne chorines rise and shine in a grandiose Ginzatorium comparable to the flossiest of Parisian fleshtacular nighteries.



empt Paris as the mecca for males in pursuit of pleasure.

Situated in central Honshu, largest of the four Japanese islands which form a craggy, California-sized crescent off the east coast of Asia, this 800-year-old one-time feudal fiefdom sprawls across 828 square miles of low marshland, populated by 9,700,000 souls. Resurrected from the ashes of (text continued on page 113)



Top, l to r: a gigantic jukebox for the joy-seeker, eight-storied Shin-Sekai towers above the night-blooming boites of the Akasaka district; day and night it pulses with the polyphony of assorted beer halls, kiddylands, java joints, public baths, shopping centers and tumultuous rock-'n'-roll parlors. Awaiting the beck of passing patrons for tableside chitchat and preliminary pillow talk, a sextet of hostesses sits smilingly by the sidelines in a downtown cabaret. Center, l to r: the short-stemmed beauties of the lush Latin Quarter outstrip their Manhattan counterparts in the literal, if not the figurative, sense. At the Papagayo, a popular epidermal emporium, enchiladas and ecdysiasts (both heavily spiced) are purveyed as a tasty combination dish. Above: shows at the cavernous Crown Club are climaxed with a finale of spectacular confusion, as the vast cast reappears for a final explosion of electronic and terpsichorean pageantry that puts most night-club finales to shame.



Top: dead till midnight, Club 88 overflows an hour later with an influx of honeys from early-closing nearby hives. Above: a guy and doll hearken to a distaff keyboardist in the Rosier, an urbanely intime bistro with an adequate wine cellar and first-chair Gallic fare. Below: flanked by a tenor-sax combo, a tiny Japanese nightingale sings pretty for the people in Manuela's low-key, highbrow showroom. Right: at evening's end, a lantern-lit pair wends inward and upward through the nighttime fragrance of a private garden.



war to unchallenged pre-eminence as Japan's—and probably Asia's—financial, industrial and cultural capital, it is a metropolis of stupefying confusion and schizophrenic diversity, half clinging to ancestral Eastern icons, half erupting in unabashed emulation of the West. This head-on collision assails the senses in a flood of contradictory, somehow compatible images: huge red balloons touting beer and cigarettes

float above meticulously manicured ancient parks; kimono-clad mothers stroll the avenues with their duck-tailed, blue-jeaned sons; steel-girdered fire towers stand sentinel over centuries-old Shinto shrines; bronze Buddhas seated under ginkgo trees stare sightlessly at humming laundromats; geta-shod beauties clip-clop homeward to dig Dillon-san, Doc and Chester on the *terebi*.

The Tokyo of today is both a brash, swaggering, night-swinging boom town and a serene city of subtle refinement and quiet introspection. Almost miraculously, beneath its machine-tooled veneer of flux and enterprise, it has managed to preserve an inner core of calm, steeped in antiquity. It is a city both worldly and unworldly, chaotic and contemplative — athrob with cabarets of elemental enticement, yet dotted with temples of unearthly beauty; raucous with burlesque of unflinching ribaldry, yet enriched with theater of classic purity; forested with TV aerials, yet carpeted with sylvan gardens; thronged with courtesans trained in the ways of the flesh, yet graced with geisha versed in *haiku*, court music and traditional dance.

Savoring the fruits of this earthy Eden can become a memorable reality for any man with a week or two of leisure, a modicum of loot, and the necessary soupçon of wanderlust. Preparatory paper work is minimal: you'll need a visa stamped in your passport (processable in 24 hours at your local Japanese consulate, or in a few days by mail if your town lacks same); and the standard vaccination certificate. Pack the togs you'd take on a trip to Washington, D.C.; Tokyo's climate is approximately the same, though perhaps a bit damper.

Thanks to the jet age, the Far East has become relatively near: flight times to Japan have dwindled to twenty hours from New York, seventeen from Chicago, and a mere fourteen from the West Coast. Via any one of the major lines serving Tokyo — Pan Am, BOAC, Northwest Orient and Japan Air Lines — the round-trip tariff from New York is \$1659 first class, \$1060 tourist; proportionately less from intermediate jump-offs. In girdling the Pacific you may elect the southern route, with the option of an overnight stay in Honolulu; or the northern, via Anchorage, which, though no scenic paradise, is an hour or so faster. You may, of course, prefer to make your way by water.

Before you can say "Jack Lobinson," your jet clipper will be arching earthward over the blue-green geometric patterns of seaweed traps in Tokyo Bay; weather permitting, you may even catch a glimpse of the immaculate cone of Fuji, floating above the cumulus 75 miles to the west, serene and somehow unreal in the late afternoon sun. Soon after touchdown

at Haneda Airport, where customs clearance is handled with characteristic Japanese courtesy and dispatch, you are ready for the 40-minute limousine spin into town.

As your car threads through mile after mile of sprawling gray suburbia toward the city's incandescent core, you will find yourself plunging into a vortex of Dantean confusion. Putt-putting three-wheel trucks and whining motor bikes zigzag amongst the locust whir of cyclists; chauffeured Cadillacs surge like sleek dreadnoughts through the melee, bearing in air-conditioned solitude the plump tycoons of Japan's postwar industrial boom; tiny beetle-shaped taxis (aptly called kamikaze by the populace) dodge and dart about.

Add to the din the plaintive whistle of bicycling bean-cake vendors, the babble and shuffle of scurrying pedestrians, the blare of TV from sidewalk cafés, the twanging samisens and thumping hand drums of a *chindonya* band ballyhooing the opening of a new store, the clickety-click ding-ding of careening trolleys, the singsong sales pitches from store-front loud-speakers, the whir of carousels and Ferris wheels high atop department stores — and everywhere the jackhammer clamor of big construction, as functionally modern department stores, office buildings and hotels mushroom at an astounding rate to accommodate the 300,000 a year who swell the population of a city which will soon become the world's first 10,000,000 metropolis.

Your nose will be assailed by the usual gas fumes and factory smoke; but mingled with these universal city smells is a suffusing redolence that is typically Asian and yet peculiarly Tokyo's: an insinuating scent at once subtle and overpowering, compounded of bamboo and sandalwood, of seaweed and steamed noodles, of wet straw and damp earth, of simmering soy sauce and frying peanut oil, of dried fish, burning charcoal, tanneries and dye works.

As you speed hotelward, you will more than likely be mystified by the labyrinthine intertwining of streets and alleys. For most foreigners, learning the lay of this vast and amorphous city is comparable in complexity to the task of deciphering the subplots of a kabuki drama — to no small degree because those few of Tokyo's serpentine thoroughfares which have individual names tend to change them every few blocks in the most whimsical manner. During the occupation, General MacArthur strove valiantly to create some semblance of geographical order by introducing a system of lettered avenues and numbered streets; but the plan met with scant success. City officials have politely retained the weather-beaten signs posted by the occupation forces, and they do offer at least a clue to the maze; but they mean nothing at all to the Japanese,

who still prefer to give directions which always seem to begin, "Turn left at the beautiful cryptomeria tree by the stream where the noodle man sits on sunny days . . ." Unless you are of a poetic turn of mind, we suggest you entrust yourself to the savvy of a cab driver; many speak English after a fashion, and you can always ask the hotel doorman to scribble directions on a slip of paper for the cabby to read.

As the limousine negotiates the circuitous remaining blocks before arrival at your hotel, you might make a last-minute review of an imminently eminent matter: yen. The exchange rate is 360 to the dollar, minus a small service charge for conversion in banks and hotels. Whatever the charge, you'll find that your lucre lasts longer in Japan than in either the U.S. or Europe, thanks in no small part to one of the more delightful Japanese monetary customs: tipping is all but unknown. Though hotels, restaurants and night spots exact a flat ten percent tariff for services rendered, neither cabbies nor bellboys nor waitresses nor maître des expect palm lubrication of any kind. If you feel impelled to pass silver for some favor beyond the call of duty, 100 to 200 yen will be considered prodigal. (For the benefit of readers disinclined to perform mental gymnastics with a monetary conversion table, all yen prices henceforth will be quoted in dollar equivalents.)

You should, of course, make your hotel reservations well in advance. Even though Tokyo hostelrys boast some 5000 Western-style rooms (and more are being added at a manic clip to accommodate the expected influx for the 1964 Olympic Games), the race for space among travelers is still critical. The most prestigious rendezvous for American tourists is Frank Lloyd Wright's venerable Imperial Hotel, a monolithic Mayan-Colonial bawliwick adjacent to fir-fringed Hibiya Park. Though 39 years of daily earthquakes (most of them hardly perceptible) have been unable to undermine either its architecture or its unimpeachable dignity, this austere relic is slowly sinking into the silty marshland on which it stands — though not quickly enough to prevent you from enjoying a delightful stay. On firmer ground next door, Imperial impresarios have constructed the New Imperial, a lavish Hiltonesque citadel of Western comfort, replete with pastel bathrooms and pseudo-Scandinavian decor. Rates at either branch are regal by Japanese standards, though not by American: single rooms with Continental breakfast go for about \$6, doubles for about \$9. Room service is instantaneous, and the food is first-chair.

In the same neighborhood are a trio of hotels rightly favored by Western
(continued on page 164)

BASICALLY, THERE ARE TWO ways to make money in business. One is to get a good idea and exploit it. The other is to steal a good idea and exploit it. And since the demand for good ideas always exceeds the supply, idea stealing is one of the most important, if least advertised, activities in the world of business. Swaddled in secrecy, shrouded in hypocrisy, idea snatching today is as prevalent as the padded swindle sheet. The nation's biggest corporations practice it cheerfully. Professional spies do a thriving business in the executive suite. And thousands of Americans who would shudder at swiping a nickel newspaper from an unguarded kiosk are busily raping the files of their bosses for private gain.

Enterprising businessmen have stolen fashion designs from Christian Dior, geological maps from Gulf Oil, and details of chemical processes from Monsanto. They have stolen price lists from steel companies, bid information from liquor companies, and blueprints from machine builders. In Detroit spies perennially peddle filched photos of advanced-model autos. And at Idlewild Airport last March, the president of a Midwestern bubble-gum company was arrested for allegedly bribing the employee of another bubble-gum company to deliver to him the plans for what one newspaper described, tongue stickily in cheek, as "a revolutionary new machine for wrapping bubble gum with pictures of sports stars."

The most authoritative study of business espionage yet made was issued in 1959 by a team of Harvard Business School graduate students. More than a quarter of the 1500 company executives surveyed replied that "spying or other types of undercover information collection had recently been discovered in their industry." Since industrial espionage — or I.E., as it is called by its professional practitioners — is, by definition, *sub rosa*, its extent may have been understated, the study noted. Howard Winter, manager of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, puts the case bluntly, if euphemistically: "I don't see how companies can exist in this highly competitive era without some intelligence work."

Today's bumper-to-bumper traffic in other people's ideas and information is partly a consequence of the recent revolution in research and development. Industry today spends \$9,500,000,000 a year on R&D, and a single new product can sometimes launch even a small company into the big time almost overnight — unless a competitor gets it first. Never before has business placed so large a premium on brains — and brain picking. At the same time, the more competitive industry becomes, the more valuable is strategic intelligence in the internal politics of the big corporation. The hungry-eyed executive panting up the hierarchical ladder can, with the help of a bit of inside poop, ram a rival out of his path — and frequently does. For both companies and individuals, then, nothing is quite so useful in the passionate pursuit of profit as a working knowledge of an adversary's plans or processes.

All companies engage in some kind of data collection, whether it is simply reading about the competition in the trade press, sending men to industry meetings to scoop up the latest scuttlebutt, or interrogating suppliers and customers about the opposition. But not all information is so readily available; frequently one must snoop to conquer. Thus, enterprising entrepreneurs have bribed janitors and charwomen to save the wastepaper in their competitors' offices. With typists and secretaries casually pitching spoiled copies of letters, contracts and other documents into the round file, the wastebasket often turns out to be as full of data as an executive's head.

Sometimes more high-flown measures are used. When a chemical firm opened a new phthalic anhydride plant in Chicago recently, the head of a competing firm asked if he could be given a tour of the installation. Politely rebuffed, he turned up an hour later hovering over the new plant in a helicopter, looking, it might be

article **By AL TOFFLER**



THE SECRET SNATCHERS

in
corporate
life today,
business espionage
is big business

said, for phthalic symbols.

Other companies are less creatively competitive. Through a customer, the Seismograph Service Corporation of Tulsa learned that a man named Charles Hastings had invented a system, which he dubbed "Raydist," for determining the precise location of seismographic mapping ships. The company, on the hunch that Hastings had been too poor or too negligent to have nailed down a patent, collected as much information as it could about the system, and rushed to apply for a patent itself. What followed has been described in a remarkably vivid court opinion: "Seismograph invited Hastings to its home office, further to pick his brains and milk him of the information on Raydist he had been so long in acquiring. During the time Seismograph was deluding Hastings with the offer of a joint venture, its own technicians . . . were perfecting their own version of the Raydist system based on the information Hastings had given them." When Seismograph's brain pickers were finished, the company waltzed into court to sue Hastings for infringing on its patent on the system, thus setting off a tremor in the presiding judge. Fuming, he ruled that any patent "obtained through fraud" was worthless.

But such crude skull pumping is generally unnecessary. The Compleat Idea Stealer has a whole catalog of more polished procedures at his command these days—such as the often-used Fool's Job Gambit. In this ploy, a well-paying, but purely mythical, job is offered to a competitor's employee who has some desired information. When he expresses interest, as most men will do if the offer is juicy enough, he is asked to submit a memo about his present job responsibilities—the procedures and equipment he supervises, etc. The memo, it is explained, is merely to establish that he has sufficient experience for the job. To impress the prospective employer, the gull drafts a memo filled with details. When it is handed in, the job offer suddenly vanishes; and the dazed victim is in no position to tell his own boss what has happened—if, indeed, he comprehends what has happened, which is unlikely.

Of course, a legitimate job offer, too, may be the key to a lot of locked-up data. Technical and trade conventions swarm with executive recruiters who specialize in pirating skilled personnel. Most of the job trading they encourage involves the swapping of what the hip businessman refers to nowadays as "competitive intelligence"—for one of the easiest ways to snag a piece of desired data is to hire the man in whose brain it resides.

Pirating a skilled man, says one cop-per-industry executive, "is the quickest, least expensive and most reliable way to enter an established field." Such

piracy has mushroomed in recent years, with everybody from zipper-production foremen to synthetic-sapphire makers merrily switching jobs and allegiances. Sometimes the job switcher takes with him more than just what happens to be in his brain. Consider the case of Hiram J. Kinkade. Hiram J. was sales manager in charge of air-cooled heat exchangers for the Young Radiator Company of Racine, Wisconsin. In 1956 he quit his job. Not long afterward, the Perfex Corporation of Milwaukee announced that it was setting up a new division. It would make and sell air-cooled heat exchangers, and it would be headed by guess whom? Hiram J. Kinkade.

The new products were to be directly competitive with Young's and, despite all this air cooling, Young Radiator became overheated when a photo of one of the Perfex products showed it to be a dead ringer for the counterpart Young model. Young sued Perfex and Kinkade, and quickly confirmed that the similarity was more than coincidental. It was revealed that upon leaving Young, Kinkade had taken with him several hundred sheets of Young design and lab data, price sheets, blueprints and drawings. Under a court consent order, Perfex agreed to return the papers and pay damages to Young. Similar cases, especially in the chemical and electronics industries, have clogged court calendars in recent years.

Such techniques of idea appropriation reveal the lamentable lack of imagination that is so often the hallmark of amateur effort. Sometimes they work, but more often they end in disaster. *Chemical Engineering*, a trade journal, recently recorded the case of the over-enthusiastic salesman who, determined to get information about a competitor's process, bribed a watchman to let him into the competitor's plant disguised as a plumber's helper. He had hardly got past the entrance when a supervisor came dashing over, rounding up hands to render first aid to a malfunctioning boiler. The salesman spent a full eight-hour shift inside the boiler and never got so much as a glimpse of the process he had come to observe.

To avoid such hit-or-miss methods, American industry has, in the past fifteen years, come to rely heavily on the more refined skills that the professional idea stealer brings to his work. During World War II thousands of men in the Government's police, espionage and counter-intelligence services were trained in the arcane crafts of scientific sleuthing. For these men, the end of the war was an occupational calamity. Many, finding themselves technologically unemployable, slipped back into selling shoes and clerking in supermarkets. Those who were insistent upon putting their wartime skills to use were demoted from

their glamorous roles as cloak-and-dagger experts to being skip tracers, credit checkers and private gumheels peering over transoms in search of divorce court evidence.

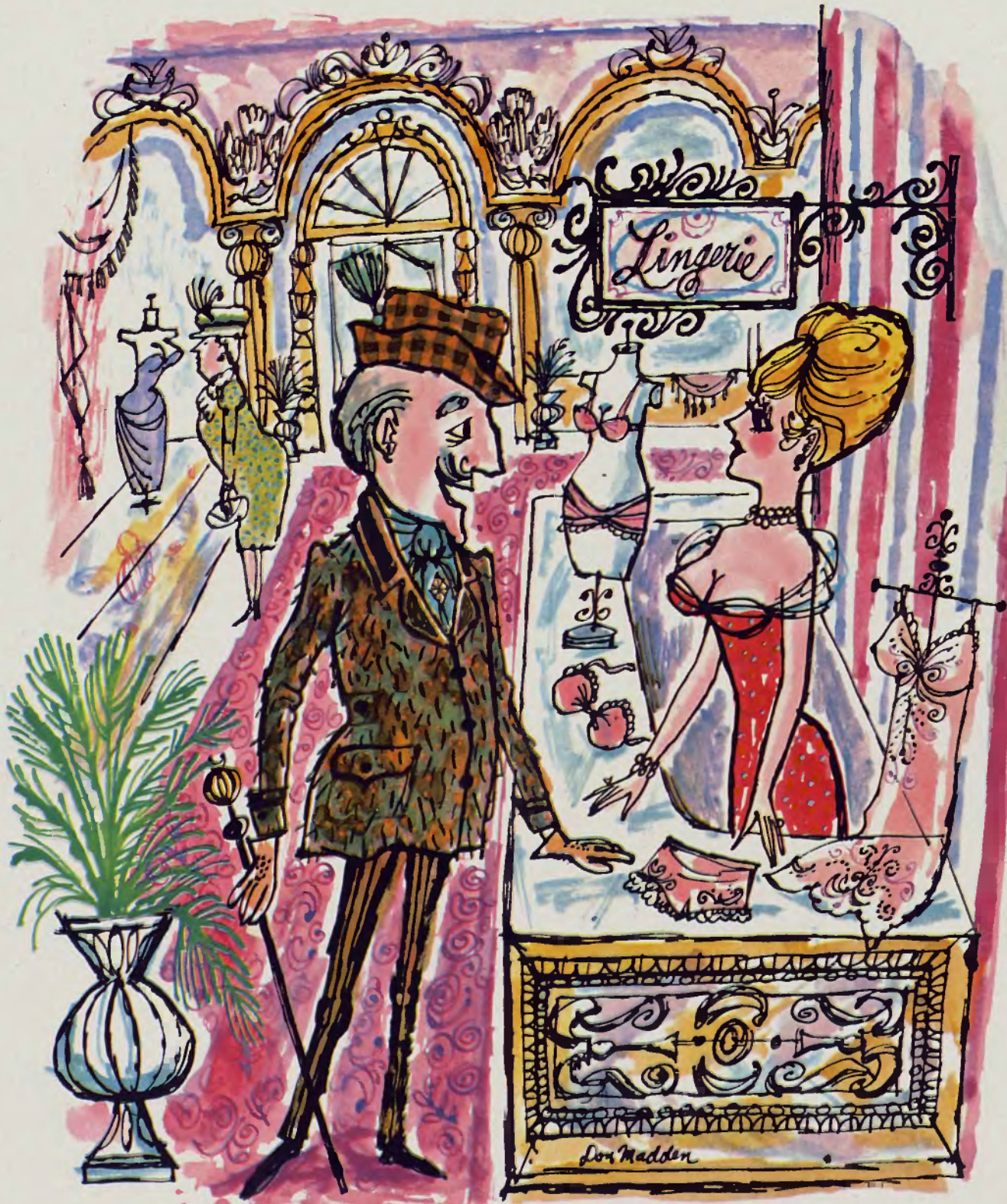
Such was the postwar condition of the erstwhile espionage agent until American business, in its never-ending march of progress, discovered his talents. The professional has since then joyfully found that swiping secrets from corporations is not only more lucrative, but infinitely less risky than stealing them from enemy governments. In his gratitude, he has introduced to business such delicate arts as surveillance, bugging and wire tapping, and such exotic equipment as "sneak-thief powder" and parabolic mikes.

Take the career of a former naval intelligence officer named John Cye Cheasty. Best remembered as the prime Government witness in one of its perennially unsuccessful prosecutions of Jimmy Hoffa, Cye Cheasty makes his living these days as an investigator for business, operating from a tiny Wall Street office cluttered with the tape-recorded reports of his field agents. Typical of the kind of services Cheasty performs was his work on a recent case in which, Cheasty says, "one outfit was fabricating certain steel products and wanted to keep a check on the production and sales of a competing firm." Cheasty dispatched an agent to apply for a laborer's job in the target company. "We provided him with a routine cover (i.e., a fake résumé) appropriate for a guy looking for laborer's work. He was lucky enough to get hired as a materials man. He supplied the materials to the machine operators and picked up the finished products. Pretty soon he had the run of his department. He never asked any questions. He just listened and watched. We got a daily report from him. Through him, over a three-month period, we got the exact quantity of goods shipped. Sometimes he even phoned us from the plant during his lunch hour."

If this agent had not been hired, Cheasty would have simply sent another, and another, bombarding the personnel office with qualified applicants until one managed to penetrate the target company's defenses by getting on its payroll. This, in the professional spies' jargon, is called "drifting" a man into a plant. Another approach, Cheasty notes, is to find an employee of the competitor's company who may be willing to pass along desired data for a fee. Such a man, once hooked, may turn into a veritable fountain of information, pumping out the inside poop for many years.

Another professional is Ulmont O. Cumming, who calls himself a "patent investigator" and who travels 100,000

(continued on page 118)



"I'm interested in a girl who seemingly has everything. What would you suggest to get some of it?"

SECRET SNATCHERS (continued from page 116)

miles a year blithely burgling secrets for his clients. Once when Cumming's client wanted a sample of a sewing-machine spindle developed by a Midwestern competitor, Cumming lined up two compliant cops, drove with them to the competitor's factory and, amid a flashing of badges, explained to the night watchman that they had come to investigate strange lights that were blinking on the roof. As the two cops and the company man sprinted upstairs, Cumming poked around on the second floor. By the time they came back down, he had a spindle in his pocket.

Elsewhere Cumming has gained entry by posing as an inquisitive stockholder, an accountant, a teacher and a fireman. Occasionally, his wife helps. She once ruined an expensive dress going down into an Oklahoma zinc mine in the role of a reporter doing an article on a woman's view of mining. But she found out for Cumming's client what he wanted to know about the mine's method of disposing of certain diesel fumes. Cumming modestly murmurs: "There isn't a plant in the U.S. that I can't get into."

Other professional investigators have posed as meter readers, building inspectors and financial analysts to get information. They have followed American executives on trips abroad to check on their contacts. They have shadowed foreign businessmen in this country. Three Pinkertons masqueraded as college boys to get data from a Texas food processor; and a Negro investigator once moved into a shanty in a small Florida town and set up shop as a "voodoo doctor" to con some local workers out of samples of a competitor's special white clay that his client craved.

Professional investigators are not only hired to keep watch on the competition, they are also used to cock a questioning eye at the activities of supposed business allies. One of Cheasty's recent clients was a national corporation which suspected its New York distributor, a building-hardware supply firm, of violating its franchise agreement. Sales of its product in the franchise area had slumped drastically for no apparent reason, while sales of competing products were on the rise. Cheasty rented an apartment down the block from the distributor's supply yard, placed the yard under surveillance, and had the distributor's salesman tailed by agents in radio-equipped cars. The distributor, it turned out, was not only violating his franchise agreement, but misrepresenting his goods to his customers. He was taking orders for the national brand he represented, then quietly buying up inferior quality goods and passing them off as the real article. The evidence Cheasty provided made it possible for the na-

tional company to take action against its distributor.

Harold Lipset, a leading West Coast investigator, tells of the owner of a chain of drug stores who gave one of his managers a part interest in a new store in order to increase his incentive. Not long afterward, Lipset says, the owner "noticed a phenomenal growth in business in the new store." But he also became aware of a sharp drop-off of business elsewhere in the chain. Lipset, called in to investigate, monitored the store's telephone. He found that the manager was secretly diverting business from the old stores to the new one in whose profits he shared, thus demonstrating once again that there is nothing like the incentive system for getting the best out of an employee.

The trained snoop turns up also in the corporate *macht-politik*. According to Dave Karr, youthful president of the Fairbanks Whitney Corporation and author of a book on proxy fighting, "when a proxy battle is in the offing, management and insurgents find themselves in need of the services of a whole army of retainers expert in digging up facts. . . . Private detectives are hired to track down the most minute details in the participants' private lives. Wire tappers search for that one hidden error which may hit the stockholder's nerve."

When Louis Wolfson fought to take over Montgomery Ward a few years ago, he complained bitterly that his enemies were "sending detectives around the country to follow me." The president of a \$25,000,000 corporation, who forced a foe to resign a disputed directorship, confirms the effectiveness of such gumshoeing: "I had top private investigators find out everything there was to know about the sonofabitch, and I finally got him."

Whether he is engaged in inter- or intracorporate espionage, the scientific snoop relies heavily these days on what the profession likes to call "electronics." The revelations of the 1955 investigation and trial of one John G. (Steve) Broady, for example, were enough to make the nation's drug makers reach for their aspirins. Broady, it seemed, had charged Charles Pfizer & Company, the big pharmaceutical house, \$60,000 to tap the telephones of some employees whom the company suspected of leaking information to competitors. While he was at it, Broady discovered that Bristol-Myers was interfering with Pfizer's efforts to land a patent on its drug, Tetracycline, and was, at the same time, selling Tetracycline to Squibb, a third big drug house. So Broady, acting apparently on his own irrepressible initiative, proceeded to tap the telephones of these two companies as well.

At the same time, the cosmetics industry had cause to look to its make-up. Revlon, Incorporated, makers of a multitude of lipsticks, hair dyes, potions and creams, and the sponsor during those years of that bastion of television integrity, *The \$64,000 Question*, was busy keeping its employees honest by tapping their telephones, a procedure which, a company official straight-facedly testified, resulted in "higher morale." Meanwhile, Raymond Spector, head of the rival Hazel Bishop, Incorporated, was growing concerned over the loss of research data on such vital matters as whether lipstick cases should come in pink and white or tortoise-shell and gold. So Spector called in a detective named Charles Gris to examine his telephone lines and see whether they were being tapped. Gris brought with him a professional tapper named Carl Ruh, who proceeded to make the check. Ruh came back to report that Spector's line had, indeed, been tapped, but that the tap had been disconnected. What Ruh neglected to tell Spector was that he himself had connected the tap in the first place at the behest of the ubiquitous Mr. Broady, and that he himself had just disconnected it. The hard-working Mr. Ruh was paid twice for tampering with the same line. Things were so tap-happy at the time of the Broady imbroglio that ex-stripper Ann Corio, whose telephone lines were also honored with Broady's attentions, commented: "I feel like I've been bathing in a glass bathtub."

Broady eventually landed in Sing Sing for his efforts on behalf of freedom of communication, and the national furor his activities aroused led to a crackdown on tapping and tappers in many states. But bugging and the use of tape recorders remain largely unregulated. "Bugs," or tiny hidden mikes, have turned up in the pen sets of New York Telephone Company employees, in the office of a famous dress designer and in California auto showrooms, where they are used by salesmen to eavesdrop on the seemingly private conversations of customers. The late Serge Rubenstein once attached a listening device to a girlfriend's bed-springs, impelling the girl, Pat Wray, to utter her famous plaint: "I guess everyone now knows my bed squeaks." Rubenstein boasted that much of his dazzling financial success could be traced to a few judiciously placed bugs.

Resourceful idea stealers have occasionally managed to combine the business of bugging with the business of sex, by baiting their traps with the subtle scent of the female. The recent German movie *Rosemary* was based on the life of a Frankfurt prostitute named Rosemarie Nitribitt, who made the discovery that the big businessmen who visited her sometimes, in the intimacy of embrace,

(continued on page 156)

TAGGED FOR

CHRISTMAS

gifts

Herewith a hand-picked early crop of handsomely crafted Yuletide largesse. 1. Reversible black-to-tan calf belt with brass buckle, by Knize, \$9.50; Scottish cashmere and wool muffler reverses to check-patterned silk, by Knize, \$25. 2. Ice-O-Matic portable electric coarse-to-fine ice crusher, by Rival, \$29.95. 3. Siamese teak and cane ice bucket, by Dansk, \$30. 4. Imported chrome liquor flask in black leather jacket, with two push-out cups, by Swank, \$10. 5. Silicone-treated oven and barbeque mitts with washable corduroy slip covers, by Pretty-mits, the pair \$4. 6. Model 53 .22-caliber center-fire magnum revolver with 6-inch blue-finish barrel, by Smith & Wesson, \$110. 7. Pewter coffeepot, sugar bowl and creamer, with leather-wrapped handles, by America House, Ltd., \$80. 8. Copper chafing dish-saucepan-double boiler, with removable cover and teak handle, has porcelain liner, brass burner, stand and trim, by Dansk, \$82.80. 9. Two-way Pocket Talkie, by Ross Laboratories, \$124.50; one-way Pocket Pager, by Ross Laboratories, \$64.50. 10. Stainless-cased, 25-jewel deep-sea diver's watch, by Rolex, \$165. 11. Meerschaum pipe with amber stem, in case, by Pioneer Pipe, \$30. 12. Acqua di Parma Italian cologne, 8 ounces, by Battaglia, \$10. 13. Cut-crystal ice bucket with chrome trim, tongs, by Baccarat, \$90. 14. Two-way X-10 speaker system in oiled walnut cabinets, by Jensen, each \$29.75. 15. Bottle-shaped Italian brass cocktail shaker, by Swank, \$9. 16. Model 88E 8-mm movie camera, electric eye sets exposure automatically, by Ricoh, \$64.95.



1. Cocktailmatic automatic martini mixer, by Autobar Systems, \$325. 2. Battery-powered FM-AM-SW radio and tape cartridge player, by Westrex, \$189.95. 3. Haitian salad bowl, spoon and fork, by Hammacher Schlemmer, \$40. 4. Thor III leather camera bag, by J. B. Perrin & Co., \$59.95. 5. Bell-striking eight-day ship's clock in brass case, by Hoffritz, \$50; matching ship's barometer-thermometer, \$30. 6. SQ reflex camera, by Kalimar, with f:3.5 80mm lens, \$129.95; extra f:3.5 52mm wide-angle lens, \$99.50; f:4 150mm telephoto lens, \$79.50. 7. Silver-lined copper and brass *café diablo* bowl and stand with silver-plated ladle, by Iron Gate, \$55; porcelain *café diablo* cup and saucer, set of six, by Iron Gate, \$19.50. 8. Coaxial stereophonic earphones, with separate woofer and tweeter reproducers in each phone, adjustable crossover network, by Superex Electronics Corp., \$29.95. 9. Cut-crystal ashtray, by Baccarat, \$125; straight-grained briar pipe, by Lane, Ltd., \$100. 10. French rush-covered leather-trimmed decanter with walnut stopper, by Destino Gifts, Ltd., \$40. 11. Nordic-patterned waterproof nylon-and-Chromespun knit parka reverses to solid-color nylon, with hidden hood, by White Stag, \$30; Helanca nylon and wool water-repellent stretch pants with four zippered pockets, by White Stag, \$40. 12. Pewter martini pitcher with rosewood stirrer, by America House, Ltd., \$23.50. 13. Lightweight cowhide two-suiter, by Hartmann, \$70; matching one-suiter, \$60. 14. Italian silk umbrella with case, collapsible tip and hand-stitched pigskin-covered handle, by Battaglia, \$20.



1. Prompter monaural tape cartridge recorder, by RCA, \$99.95. 2. Ramsey 21-inch table-model color TV, with charcoal finish on metal, by Admiral, \$595. 3. Stackable walnut-finished square wood stools with attached pin-seal plastic cushions available in eight colors, by Baumritter, each \$14.95. 4. English natural chamois vest with five figured-brass buttons, flap-faced pockets, by Breier of Amsterdam, \$22.50. 5. Eau de Cologne Imperiale, 32 ounces, by Guerlain, \$25. 6. Hand-loomed Indian silk, wool and cotton over-all-patterned ties, with squared-off ends, by Taylor Ties, each \$2.50. 7. Aqualung with one-hour tank and Jet-Air regulator, by U.S. Dive Master, \$132.50; skindiving mask, by U.S. Dive Master, \$6.95. 8. Silver-plated duck press on heavy Italian marble base, by Iron Gate, \$405. 9. Contemporary-design bench in walnut finish, open in back, is single enclosure for six-speaker, three-way stereo system which uses no grill cloth, bounces sound off rear wall and floor, by Ravenswood, \$299.50. 10. Black plastic clock radio with gold trim has keyboard controls for four different settings of automatic clock, by Philco, \$49.95. 11. C 1000-R stereo AM-FM tuner and dual 35-watt stereo amplifier with CXR wireless remote-control unit, by Clair-tone Sound Corp., Ltd., of Canada, \$598.85.



*"You surprised
me, dear —
I thought it was
the milkman!"*




Vargas

SEE IF YOU CAN PASS THIS BAR EXAM

Bet your guests e drink they can't
answer 10 of these questions:

1. A jigger equals: ¾ oz. 1 oz. 1½ oz.
2. A fifth of liquor contains:
 22.5 oz. 25.6 oz. 28 oz.
3. True or False: When planning a party,
allow for two jiggers of liquor per person.
 TRUE FALSE
4. A "dash" is: 1/6 teaspoon 4-6 drops
 a good, vigorous shake of the bottle.
5. True or False: A Manhattan is always
made with sweet (Italian) vermouth.
 TRUE FALSE
6. True or False: The experienced bartender
never has to measure. TRUE FALSE
7. For a party of 8, have on hand at least:
 1 fifth 2 fifths 3 fifths.
8. A "standard" highball glass holds:
 5-6 oz. 8-10 oz. 11-12 oz.
9. True or False: To frost a glass, you
pack it with cracked ice. TRUE FALSE
10. A Scerlett O'Hara is made with Southern
Comfort, lime, and which other juice?
 orange cranberry cherry.
11. True or False: Whether you shake or stir
depends on preference. TRUE FALSE
12. True or False: A host's place is at the
bar, mixing drinks. TRUE FALSE
13. When a Bartender says "powdered"
sugar, he means: granulated
 finely-granulated confectioners'.
14. True or False: Drinks should never be
mixed in advance. TRUE FALSE
15. Since 1958, the sales of Southern Comfort
have increased: 15% 30% 45%.

Turn page to find the answers 

(Advertisement)

Here are the bar exam answers:

1. 1½ oz. 2. 25.6 oz. 3. False. You know your guests, but most experts advise 4 jiggers per person. 4. 4-6 drops. The housewife's dash is 1/6 teaspoon, but that's too heavy for drinks. 5. False. The delightful Southern Comfort Manhattan is made with dry (French) vermouth. 6. False. Precise measurement is one secret of making successful drinks. 7. 2 fifths will make 35 drinks, sufficient for 4-plus per guest (with a dividend for the host). 8. 8-10 oz. 9. False. To *chill* a glass, pack it with ice; to *frost* it, bury it in shaved ice or wet it and place in freezer. 10. Cranberry juice. 11. False. See "Tips from the Experts" in recipe guide. 12. False. A host's place is with his guests. The secret's in "How to make 44 drinks..." 13. Finely-granulated sugar. What most people call "powdered" sugar is actually confectioners' sugar, which does not mix well. 14. False. Many party drinks are easily mixed in advance. The guide tells how, gives quantity recipes. 15. 45%—it's one of America's fastest-growing drinks. If you haven't tried it lately, *do*... and learn why so many others have switched to Southern Comfort!

Be the best mixer
in your crowd . . .

TEAR OUT

the attached recipe guide

"How to make

44

 drinks that put
life in your party"

featured in the Southern
Comfort ad in this issue!

*If your copy of "How to make 44 drinks..."
is missing from this issue, write us and we'll
send you a recipe guide without cost.*

(Advertisement)

NARY A CROSS WORD



humor By LARRY SIEGEL

it was too late for a shaman, for the kris was dipped in inee

FOR MANY YEARS NOW I have been a crossword puzzle fanatic, and I doubt if anyone can match my zeal for the wonderful world of the three-toed sloth. However, the other night I awoke from a deep slumber with a troublesome thought on my mind. Namely, the only times I had been making use of the hundreds of truly beautiful words that I had learned while doing crossword puzzles, was when I was doing *other* crossword puzzles.

Well sir, I decided that something had to be done about it. Why couldn't I integrate about threescore or so of my favorite Down and Across words into a poignant one-act play? Why not, indeed?

The project turned out to be a satisfying, albeit enervating one. And so, with my first royalty check, I plan to rent a dhow and take a slow, relaxing voyage to the Eskimo settlement of Etah.

The curtain rises on a living room in an ell located approximately one arc from Abraham's birthplace at Ur. CHARLIE LAMB, a salesman (known affectionately as ELIA), has just entered the room wearing an ulster and tam and carrying an etui. His wife, SELENE, a rather moony goddess, is standing nervously in front of a closet door, which she has apparently just closed quickly.

SELENE

Elia! You surprised me! I didn't expect you back until the thirteenth of the Hebrew month Adar.

ELIA

(Taking off his tam and ulster) Ave! Business was a little slow, so I came off the iter a few days early. Besides, I think I have a touch of the ague. *(He bussess her on the pate)* While I lave, why don't

you fix me something to eat? Anything but bitter vetch.

He haves and heads for the bathroom. Halfway there he stops.

ELIA

(Dilating his nares) Am I mistaken, or is that claro smoke I smell?

SELENE

(Nervously riant) Now, what would I be doing smoking a claro?

ELIA shrugs his shoulders and disappears stage left to lave.

SELENE

(Calling to him) Elia! Would you like a bread and Edam sandwich?

ELIA

(From off stage) Fine! Put a little cos on that, will you, dear?

She gees and makes for the kitchen. Suddenly ELIA bursts into the room holding an aba.

ELIA

What's this Arabian garment doing in the bathroom? It's not mine!

SELENE sits down on a settee, emulating nonchalance, and reaches for her tatting. ELIA goes over to her and puts his hand roughly on her clavicle.

ELIA

Stop tatting, Selene, and respond to my query. WHAT'S THIS ABA DOING IN THE BATHROOM?

SELENE

(Smiling weakly and reaching for a deck of cards) Er . . . uh, Elia, would you like to play some loo?

He knocks the cards out of her hands. She becomes lachrymose.

SELENE

(Between sobs) I . . . I work my fingers to the os for you . . . but what . . . what thanks do I get? You come home, scream.

at me . . . and act as if I'm your esne or something.

ELIA

I rue what I just did, Selene, but you know how jealous I am and how much I love you. It's just that . . . I don't know, something's amiss . . . you're as nervous as a goa.

He embraces her and they osculate, she a little reluctantly.

ELIA

Say, honey, why don't you slip into a sari and we'll go out on the stoa? It'll be romantic gazing at Ara and the other constellations.

SELENE

(Wearily) Amen.

As she reaches for her sari, a drunken voice from the closet shouts, "Evoe!"

ELIA

Hark, Selene, am I hearing things, or was that a bacchanalian cry?

Again the drunken voice shouts, "Evoe!" ELIA runs to the closet and throws it open. Out steps ESTE, a member of a noble Italian family. He has a claro in one hand, a glass of kvas in the other, and all he is wearing is a pair of pacs on his feet.

ELIA

Este! . . . You . . . You son of a dhole!

ESTE

Take that back!

ELIA

I will not! . . . STET!

ESTE

(Weaving a bit and leaning against the wall for support) Well, no matter . . . *(Toasting ELIA with the kvas)* . . . Evoe, old buddy! Evoe!

ELIA punches him in the maw and

knocks him down. The *kwas* splatters all over the floor. ELIA turns quickly to SELENE.

ELIA

What in the name of Ra is *he* doing here?

SELENE

(Coldly) You might as well know that I no longer love you, Elia. But ere I leave you, let me tell you that we should *never* have married. I'm used to the better things in life. I like to wear fancy obis, vacation at swanky spas, shop at the best agoras . . . But you . . . you never have an *écu* to your name!

ELIA

(Seizing her hand) Selene, don't! I love you in spite of all this. I want you to be the mother of my scions.

SELENE

(Emitting a rasping laugh) Mother of your scions, indeed! And who would take care of them? You can't even afford an *amah*!

ELIA *hies over to a bureau, opens a drawer, and takes out a kris.*

ELIA

This I avow . . . If I can't have you, nobody can!

SELENE

Elia! Elia! Put down that Malayan dagger! Are you insane?

He leaps at her and drives the kris into her ulna. She sinks to the floor.

ELIA

Oh, my Zu! What have I done?

He plunges the kris into his own ulna and falls to the floor.

ESTE

(Getting up and massaging his sore maw) Say, buddies, should I send for a shaman?

ELIA

(Feebly) No, it's . . . it's too late for a shaman . . . the kris was dipped in inee.

He falls back dead alongside the lifeless form of SELENE. ESTE sighs, walks over to his eton, which is hanging in the closet, and takes out a small ebon tome from a side pocket. He opens it and deletes the name and phone number of SELENE. Then he turns to another page and walks over to the telephone and dials.

ESTE

Hello, Eris? . . . How's my contrary goddess? In a good mood? . . . Good . . . Are you doing anything tonight? . . . Wonderful! I'll be over like a steatopogenous emu.

He hangs up the receiver and begins dressing as he whistles a lighthearted olio. Suddenly he hits a particularly high note and holds it. He inhales briefly and then hits the same note again.

ESTE

(His countenance beaming) E La! I hit E La! By God, Guido would have been proud of me!

Arras.

PLAYBOY PANEL

(continued from page 50)

putting on a good show and not selling products. I think the guys whose real rights are being sadly neglected are yours and mine. I mean the viewers. The time on the air doesn't belong to the advertisers any more than the newspapers belong to the advertisers.

FREBERG: Actually, there are many fine advertising agencies in the country, but by and large, they simply do what they think the sponsor *wants* them to do in order to keep the account and the billing, and there isn't enough *inner conviction* among advertising agencies—real, ethical, inner conviction—that says, "By God, when we take up a half hour or an hour of time on television, sure, we want to sell a product, but we want to contribute something. We actually want to *give* the people something." And I don't think that it's simply that we want to educate them or give them more highbrow stuff. The idea is just to give them better programs. Let's just give them something that's good, something that's funnier or more exciting or more provocative or interesting, something that will stimulate their imagination. And that doesn't have to be *Omnibus*. It doesn't have to be Frank Baxter reading Shakespeare. It can just be a damned good show, something better than what the people have been conditioned to and what television has sunk to in the last five years.

GOODSON: I think it would be very interesting in this country to have an extra channel operated by the Government. I would like to see that. I think it would be wonderful to have a channel where a committee would say, "This is what we think the public ought to see," and would put these programs on. And I think there would be no question that they would have the minority audience, but I think that it would be a very healthy thing to have.

CROSBY: I would dearly love to see a Government-supported network based on the present educational television stations which would have no concern about popularity at all. It would try to put on things of the highest merit without the slightest *consideration* of whether they're attracting any audience whatsoever, because I think this would act as a great exemplar of what should be. SUSSKIND: Maybe the educational stations will be something of a competitive challenge to the others to do better, but I think that Government-operated TV is largely a myth and a hopeless ideal in this country, because we can't get enough money for old-age medical benefits or education and the repair of roads and urban renewal. I doubt that we will ever get the money for a Government-operated television system and I'm not sure it would be a good idea if we got it.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, Harvard's Professor Louis L. Jaffe says (eloquently and elegantly, if we may be permitted an editorial aside): "Government has a basic responsibility for the maintenance and advancement of our culture . . . but it is our philosophy—the philosophy of the Western World—that official direction of culture tends toward the academic, the safe, the thrice tried, the inoffensive, the mediocre; that it is the herald and the certificate of sterility." How do you gentlemen feel about the so-called "magazine concept," wherein the advertiser buys network time in much the same way that he would buy space in magazines, with no control of editorial content?

SERLING: I'd like to see this tried. It seems to be the most realistic way that you could take away the more-or-less soldered association between sponsor and entertainment.

FRANKENHEIMER: I think it would be great if we could ever get the magazine concept, but I don't think there's any way it could be gotten; I think that if you've got a pattern set up, then neither networks nor advertisers will break it at this point, because if one network breaks it and says, "OK, now you can only buy time and have absolutely no say," they'll all go to other networks, and unless all three networks combine and say, "This is our policy," it will never happen.

DANN: But we do have today in television a modified magazine concept that is growing all the time, which is, essentially, advertisers buying *insertions* in shows fitting their marketing plans. Under the magazine concept it is true that the networks are responsible, primarily, for the shows that are in their schedules. And that is as it should be. It is our responsibility as broadcasters to determine what shows should go in the schedule, and then it is also our job largely to supervise, produce, monitor those shows that are on.

SUSSKIND: Although we have the magazine concept with us today—in the expensive shows, anyway: *Today*, the former Dave Garroway show; the Jack Paar show—it is never, I think, going to really take hold, because the sponsor tends to lose his singular identity. He's in there with six and ten and twelve other sponsors, and so his pride is hurt, his corporate pride, and his merchandising potential is inhibited.

CROSBY: Well, advertisers have pretty well lost their identities anyhow. But I don't think advertisers *should* be identified with the program, and I have never felt that performers should be identified with *products* the way they are. I think this is awful. We might be forced into the magazine concept because television is pricing itself out of existence, so that the magazine concept is slipping in by default. (continued on page 130)



THE RETURN OF TEEVEE JEEBIES

yet another batch of ad-lib dialog for the midnight flicks

IT'S TEEVEE JEEBIES time again, fellows— that pause in the day's labors when we roll out a batch of wee-hour flicks that keep the country's cathode tubes ho-humming. Then we affix our own screwball subtitling. It's a game any number can play: next time you're being etherized by the not-so-magic box, all you have to do is douse the audio and dub in your own outrageous dialog (the further out the better), just as we've done below and on the following pages.



*"I'm sorry, sir, but this is the way
we take everybody's temperature."*



*"Say, J. B., it looks like Mr. Phillips
is ready to sign that order!"*



*"For the last time, are you going
to clear off that table?"*



"I—I think I just broke a bra strap . . ."

satire By **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**



*"I tell you, Trade, it was the Luden Brothers that run off with our stock, shot the mare and burnt down the barn."
"OK, Mark, if they want to play that way, we'll start our own cough drop company!!"*



"Well, if they don't belong to a girlfriend, just who do they belong to?"



"I want to hold one of the guns!"



"You sneaky sonofabitch, this isn't lemonade!"



"How about a nice combination pizza ... golden cheese ... spicy sausage ... anchovies ... mushrooms ... tomatoes..."



"It's M-A-R-Y A-N-N ... and could you put a heart around it?"



"Would you believe it? I have a cold!"



"OK, each of you kids got a big piece of watermelon, right? Now everybody's going to forget what they saw me and Miss Wilson doing, right?"



"... And you'll continue eating alone until you stop ordering that garlic sauce!"



"Time out till Johnnie gets his boot back on."



"I beg your pardon, miss. I should have said, 'You have a fine-looking donkey there!'"



"OK, I said I was sorry, now move him out of the way, will you?"

PLAYBOY PANEL (continued from page 126)

FRANKENHEIMER: Except that the Jack Paar show is not up against that much competition, so that they have a group of sponsors that really want to buy into it. I don't know if anybody knows it, but about half the time, a third of *Playhouse 90* was sustaining. Nobody wanted it. They couldn't sell it. They had a hell of a time trying to sell it in the beginning, for God's sake. I mean it wasn't our idea to have six sponsors and to have commercials every fifteen minutes.

GOODSON: You know, here in this country we talk about the horror of breaking into a program in the middle. We say, "Oh, it's terrible, you break into a show in the middle and put a whole 60 seconds right in the middle, and one in the beginning of the show and one at the end — what a disastrous thing to break it up." But actually, if you tune in to a British television show, you will have between one show and the other as many as eight, nine, ten and eleven commercials, right in a row. You know? Talk about double spotting! I don't know what you call twelve in a row. But they go on and on and on. I watched *To Tell the Truth* in England, and right in the middle they stop because they are allowed to interrupt a show which is not a dramatic show, and they have a little sign which comes on and says "End of Part One — *To Tell the Truth*." And they put on six different commercials in a row, popping them in and out as fast as they can. And while it's true, I suppose, that advertisers have no control, they nevertheless can have the right to say, "We're not going to go" — a razor-blade sponsor is not going to have his commercial put in the middle of a totally unrelated program; he's going to insist on and get placement that he likes. And they do get it in England, too. And if enough people stop buying a program because its rating has dropped, in effect the same pressure is put on the program to be changed. Now the magazine concept, it seems to me, is based on your unlimited choice to buy a lot of different magazines. But if all you have in America are three magazines and that's it, buddy, that's different. I mean how many magazines do you see on the stand? And they deliberately set out to appeal to very segmented, restricted audiences. That's the big problem, I think, in television today; that, of its nature, by its cost structure, it must cover everybody; while **PLAYBOY** will appeal to this group and *Saturday Review* to that group and *Harper's Bazaar* to a different group and *Vogue* to a different group and *Partisan Review* to a different group and *Saturday Evening Post* to a different one, television can't afford, it seems to me, under the present setup, to go after minority audiences, because the

advertiser who goes after a *New Yorker* type of circulation has to pay *Life* magazine rates for it on television.

SEIDES: There was a man that was the butt of all the jokes in America, and his name was Edward Bok; he was the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and oh, boy, we used to laugh like anything about the *Ladies' Home Journal*. But Edward Bok said, "Of course we'll give them what they want. But it's going to be of a better quality each year than the year before." And what you got in the *Ladies' Home Journal* at the time this man took office was the cheapest kind of fiction. It is known as hammock, or summer, literature. The romantic novel. And after twenty years he was publishing Edith Wharton and a batch of other novelists of absolutely first order. What he had done was slowly, slowly to move up the quality of what he was giving.

PLAYBOY: Edith Wharton's name figured in the recent Congressional hearings on TV, in precisely the context of what we're now discussing. Newton Minow pointed out that "... as for Edith Wharton's bleak tragedy, *Ethan Frome*, the [ad] agency inquiry was, 'Couldn't you brighten it up a little?'" However, Robert W. Sarnoff, Chairman of the Board of NBC, once wrote a letter to *Harper's*, citing a year in which "nearly one third of all weekly magazine serials (as well as mass-market paperback fiction) consisted of Westerns — a ratio several times greater than the ratio of Westerns to other programs on the NBC Television Network."

CROSBY: But even on a question of popularity, I don't think that Westerns are all that popular. I don't think they're respected by the people who look at them. You know, nobody is going around and asking people — even the people who are looking — whether they're enjoying what they're seeing. Besides, I think that Bobby Sarnoff is out of his bloody mind, equating network television with a bunch of pulp fiction. This is really what he's talking about. He's not equating it with, say, *Life* and some very big popular mass magazines, but with the lowest possible junk on the newsstands. What's he doing that for? I don't know why they want to run a business like that.

SERLING: Hear, hear and hallelujah! You know, however we slice it, television exists in the public interest and it's so stated on the statutes that way. And the air that is used is public air. What is deliberately overlooked is this major point: that in judging the proportionate number of intellectual magazines, as opposed to pulp publications, these are privately owned, privately supported institutions, publishing ventures, as opposed to television, which is supposedly

in the public interest, owned by the people, and there by the sufferance of the United States Government. The networks themselves, you know, are commercial entities, but they owe their existence to a package of laws. The apologist analogy is not correct at all.

SUSSKIND: I'm sick unto nausea with the argument of the broadcasting officials, be they advertising agency personnel or network, of turning to other media like book publishing and motion pictures and the Broadway theater and saying, "Well, look, relative to those, we do a really splendid job. I mean, how many good books were there last year, how many good movies, and how many good plays?" That's a specious, meretricious argument designed to sandbag the viewer or the listener or the reader, because those businesses are fully empowered to be as bad as they choose. They are private enterprises, to be mismanaged, misrun and misdirected at will. Broadcasting is a public utility. The broadcasting franchise is held from the Government on behalf of the people of the United States.

PLAYBOY: You may be interested in Newton Minow's exact words on this subject: "The trouble, in my opinion, is that far too many licensees do not regard themselves as 'trustees for the public.' The frequency is regarded as 'theirs,' not the public's; and, the license is not one to operate in the public interest but rather to see the greatest financial return possible out of their investment."

CROSBY: You know, Sarnoff came out of the telephone business, and this whole communications feeling that he has, has affected the whole industry, which is pretty much like a telephone conversation, that he feels is none of his business, that his business is to provide a service — to give us the best possible communications system, and what we say is our own business — they're selling their facilities: MCA [Music Corporation of America] has almost run off with all of NBC's programming now.

FRANKENHEIMER: I think the networks have abdicated their position as producers of shows; they don't want to do them, so they turn them over to MCA.

SUSSKIND: I feel Johnny Frankheimer has abdicated from television. He has left in high philosophical dudgeon. I think he should stay and fight. He is one of those who has gone on to greener pastures, meaning motion pictures and the theater. There is no greener pasture than television if you speak of its potential; it influences more people at one time than anything else ever invented or than all the other media put together, and if the thrust of the artist is to affect an audience, to influence an audience and have an impact upon it, television offers him the most golden of opportunities. (continued overleaf)



JACK
DAVIS

*"Do you realize what this discovery means, Professor Farnsworth?
It means we can tell the Museum of Natural History to go to hell!"*

CROSBY: One of the things that broke me out of television criticism was just the sheer *sameness* of it. I think that it's almost impossible to write about it coherently even when it's entertaining — it's a very difficult thing to write well about, and I've noticed that — well, people like Jack O'Brian are running gossip instead of news; Jack Gould is talking politics, really, scolding the networks. Ten years ago, the television column was one of the most interesting things in the papers. Now nothing could be duller. I think television just *has* to do something. I really think that they're losing their audience terribly. I meet lots of people who say, "Well, I just don't look at it any more." It's becoming a medium for the shut-ins and children.

PLAYBOY: Apropos critics and TV columnists, two comments by the redoubtable Messrs. Jaffe and Barrow shed interesting light on their plight. Concerning the critical function, Jaffe has this to say: "One practice which enormously and artificially increases the quantity demand [for TV material] is the single showing of programs no matter how distinguished. This is incredible and incomprehensible waste. Could Broadway or Hollywood conceivably function on such a basis? . . . One of the most important functions of the program critic is lost when the audience cannot respond to a favorable review." Barrow, commenting on the sameness of TV fare which John Crosby blames in part for the dullness of writing about TV says: "Advertiser and agency consult the audience ratings . . . Programs achieving the highest ratings become stereotypes for imitation. *Gunsmoke* was imitated by 26 programs and *I Love Lucy* by sixteen." Both men attribute the conditions they decry to the pressures we've discussed. Perhaps John Crosby will tell us whether any pressures were ever exerted on him by the TV industry because of his critical attitude.

CROSBY: Well, NBC took all its advertising out of the *Herald Tribune*, and it's still out. It's over a year now that they have not advertised in the *Herald Tribune*. The Messrs. Sarnoff and Kintner have still got the sulks. But I wonder if John Frankenheimer ever plans to get back into television?

FRANKENHEIMER: Yes, I will come back to television any time there's really something that I want to do, and if I can do it the way I want to do it. I really, sincerely, love television. I think directing live television is the most exciting thing I've ever done. I think it's far more exciting than directing films, but it turned out to be impossible, because the pressures that were exerted from both sponsors and network got to be so ridiculous that we all felt, why are we doing this? I mean, we can get the same kind of thing with less pressure, with more time and more money by making films than by directing TV plays or writing.

FREBERG: In terms of lowering the cultural level of the medium, in the area of film, I put the greatest amount of blame at the feet of a company like MCA, which is in a position now of *controlling* the television film business through the great bulk of talent they represent and the shows they own. They're taking the easy way out because they want to be sure and get the hell out of the office by five o'clock, and if they stay and have to sell some client or agency on why they should buy this show because it's better and more intelligent and funnier and more sophisticated and more adult, it's liable to take 'em until a quarter to six. I think this is the *real* crux of the matter. As I have had a chance to observe Madison Avenue at close range, I think one of the major problems is that everybody wants to get the hell out of there at five o'clock, they want to keep that corner office, and they don't want to do anything that would rock the boat. That applies to advertising agencies and networks, and it also applies to the people at William Morris and MCA.

DANN: The point you've just made is that with so many of our shows being bought from packagers, does that hinder originality? It is true that certain packagers, primarily the film packagers, have a tendency to gamble less than many packagers who are involved with very creative, experimental things. But the record must show that there are thousands of packagers — anybody with an idea is a packager, let's face it — of ideas that come to the network all the time: it is up to the network program executives to determine for themselves which package, which program, they want to pick. At CBS there is no particular devotion to one packager over the other. We go for the *show*, and one of the problems, as I said before, is that too much of the product comes from one particular area, like Hollywood, and there's less of a tendency for experimentation. We have a new series on the air that's called *The Defenders*, created by Reggie Rose. That is as experimental as any dramatic show I've ever seen, with as high a quality of writing as *Playhouse 90*.

GOODSON: I think that the public will tend to pick out the best of the popular type of programs. I think that *Maverick*, when it was the most popular, happened to be a pretty good show. I think that *My Three Sons*, the Fred MacMurray situation comedy, is one of the best situation comedies on the air, and I think that the public *found* it. I think that there is also a tendency to assume that the masses of people are . . . well, in the slums of Harlem, or in the mountains of Tennessee — and *I'm* not talking about that as the masses. I'm talking about the great bulk of people. When the average industrialist, or when a

former President of the United States relaxes after a day's work, I don't think he picks up a copy of *The Iliad* or *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He probably picks up a copy of Mickey Spillane or a Western story. I think that President Kennedy's favorite author is Ian Fleming. Well, Ian Fleming is one of the great English mystery writers who writes material which is about on the level of a very good television mystery. And a man wants to relax. I think that people basically want to come home — that doesn't say that this man on Sunday might not like to watch *Meet the Press*, but who is to say that he wants to watch a live drama about the spiritual and psychic degeneration of an elderly widow? I mean, somebody who worked on the old *Philco Playhouse* called it "Frustration Playhouse" because some of those dramas tended week after week to get very similar, you see. Some of them were outstanding, and the outstanding ones were picked up and some of them became fine plays and fine movies. But I believe the audience picks what it wants and must get what it wants except under an autocratic system of government whereby you say that because this is a public franchise, we, a committee, are going to say, "This is for you, Mr. and Mrs. Public, and we are going to decide what's right for you" — the way a college decides what is right for freshmen to study.

SELDES: But I say you *can* put before people certain things and they'll try them. Now the great example — although it is a little bit inflected by the fact that people think it's highbrow to listen to highbrow music or, you know, it's chic — but the fact is that about 1929 or so, Bill Paley [of CBS] said we ought to broadcast the Philharmonic. They said, "You're crazy, there's no audience for highbrow music." He said, "Then we ought to create one." At the end of five years the Philharmonic had ten million listeners. And such *ardent* listeners that when CBS proposed to shift the time — that is, do it by delayed recording — they got a furious protest and had to go back. Now, to the other side. I'm not really basically defending the networks. The other side is that when I pointed this out — and I think it probably was to a CBS executive — if you can say, as I think you jolly well can, that you have *created* an audience of ten million for symphonic music, you have also *created* the ten million audience for the daytime serial. At this point, they say, "Oh, but God, no, we're only just satisfying a *demand*." Well, that's nonsense. They created those demands that they can satisfy. That's where I think all broadcasters are really creative: it's not that they create the programs; they create an audience — and we've got to see to it that this audience has integrity and character. The audience is in danger of being cut down to

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John
Dempsey

"Must you be a damn cowboy actor 24 hours a day?!"

the size, not of the individuals who write the show, but to the size of what the commercial necessities think they have to demand.

DANN: I do not believe in giving the audience what they expect to find. I do not believe that's television's responsibility. Television's responsibility is to do the most stimulating, exciting programs possible and, if possible at the same time, to do something that's important.

SUSSKIND: Television has become almost an essential of every home. There are more television sets in America than there are bathrooms. That being true, the television set has ceased to be a plaything, and it's become an important part of American life. Now, it's a public utility and it cannot be mismanaged at will except on pain of suspension of the franchise; and, again, the comparisons with the other media are simply not valid. If there were no good books published at all this year, it would be a scathing indictment of the book publishing business, and the public could really feel put upon, but it has no recourse. It does not *own* the book publishing business. It *owns* the airwaves and should insist on minimum standards and minimum balance and intelligence.

GOODSON: Well, I just want to say this. In the *Esquire* case of many years ago, the Post Office Department tried to withdraw second-class mailing privileges from *Esquire*, saying that when the Congress gave a special dispensation to literature and magazines it was their intent to do this to uplift and educate and help the public; that *Esquire*—which was at that time slightly unrespectable—was so obviously not what the Congress had intended, that they should not have the privileges of second-class mailing. The Supreme Court, in its decision, said that the moment any group, any committee, anywhere in America, can start to decide what is or is not literature, this is the beginning of the end; and therefore *Esquire* continued to receive those privileges. To me, this is identical: just as the Government gives a special economic benefit to all magazines, unless they are just openly obscene and violate the law, there is a public franchise for broadcasting. But the moment the Government or any committee says, "This is not entertainment, this is not good for you," that, too, is the beginning of the end. I'm trying to say that the analogy is between the Government saying that *Esquire* was below standards in literary fashion and the Government today, through the FCC, attempting to say that there is a vast wasteland and that we must—if necessary, legally—discourage by pressure things which are not literary, which are not good for the people. Magazines are a public franchise. If the Government began to charge any magazine today full mailing costs, it could put it out of busi-

ness. It's like the subsidization—the underwriting—that they do for airplanes. The cost of mailing a magazine might be seven cents. Instead it goes through the mail for, let's say, two cents or one cent. That cost is all being borne by the Government. This is the basis on which the Post Office Department took the case to the Supreme Court—why should we, the taxpayers, underwrite magazines which are obviously not literary, when the intent of the Congress was, by giving this special privilege, to increase literary standards. So the FCC said, why should we permit poor programs on publicly owned air?

PLAYBOY: While there is theoretically no limit to the number of magazines which may be published, there is a physical limit to the number of channels the airwaves can carry. Some clarification of what this entails may be useful here. The Supreme Court has been very clear on the subject, stating: "Facilities are limited; they are not available to all who may wish to use them. . . . Congress acted upon the knowledge that if the potentialities . . . were not to be wasted, regulation was essential." Reference was to the Radio Act of 1927; Newton Minow applies the same criteria to TV, since the same limitations exist. Louis Jaffe expatiated on the matter this way: "Given the monopoly situation, TV is under responsibility to approximate the variety that could conceivably emerge from pure competition, and so must include something for all tastes. . . . Why should TV have such an obligation when its cultural siblings—the theater, the cinema, the newspaper, the magazine—are free? It is often said that because TV is given a license to use public property—the air waves—it can and should be required to serve the public. I do not find this convincing. In my opinion the responsibility of the licensees rests on the present limited number of frequencies. Were it possible for anyone to broadcast I can see no reason for imposing any responsibility on the broadcaster different from that which it would be appropriate and constitutional to impose on the other communications media." We might add to this Newton Minow's quite succinct statement on the subject: "The Commission requires applicants to set out their programing proposals. We take those proposals seriously whenever we grant a license. If the applicant did what he said he would do, there obviously can be no controversy between him and the Commission at the time of renewal. But if he fails to honor his own application for reasons of business expediency, then this constitutes bad faith on the part of the applicant. Then there is going to be a controversy, and the issue between him and the Commission will not be programing—it will be his character or fitness to be a licensee."

SELDES: I love the question raised there, it's really a beauty: the real function of the FCC. An applicant says, "I will do this . . ." and he is otherwise qualified. They say go ahead. Then the applicant does what he can or what he wants to do or what makes the most money. Up to now, when the man came up for renewal of license, the effect was this: like a little boy coming home with a report card from school. Papa says, "Have you been a good boy?" The kid says, "Sure, I've been a good boy." Papa looks at the report card and says, "You haven't been a good boy." So the child says, "What should I do to be a good boy?" And then the FCC says, "Catch me interfering with your freedom." Now, at the time that the first hearings occurred about two years ago, I think two things were said that were of extreme importance. One was said by Paul Lazarsfeld, who is the greatest sociologist working on broadcasting. He said—he was constantly saying—that you can't decide what's a good program. In fact, I think it was James Thurber who said, suppose that Jack Gould and John Crosby disagree as to what's a good program—what do we do then? What Lazarsfeld said was, look, of course you cannot say a program, but, he said, "If you will give us a little time and the services of some five or ten people, we will be able to set down standards of programing as a whole which will be acceptable to 99 percent of the people in the United States." This is one of the boldest statements ever made; of course, they did nothing about it. The other statement that I found interesting, I made myself. Which was that—we were talking about coming up for renewal of license—what I wanted to do was to have this "talking" thing: every station should put on the air a discussion of what it has done last week or, say the last two weeks. Station WCAU in Philadelphia has done this—they've brought in a group that really represented the people and said, "What do you think of what we've done?" And they're doing it every month. They come in and they say, "Why did you put on this program, and why did you put it on at this time, and why did you cancel this program?" And so forth. Once the management came off beautifully because a man said, "You had a great program on the air and you threw it off." What really happened was, it went off only for the summer, and they're going to do it every week instead of every month. I do not give one hoot either for the FCC or a few intellectuals that criticize television. I want a minimum of five million people to be actively critical. One thing I want to do, for instance, is to have the material of broadcasting, particularly television, studied in a school, and not only if somebody puts on Shakespeare. I would sacrifice the reading of *Ivanhoe*, writing a report on

Ivanhoe, if students in every school in the country would write a report about *Have Gun, Will Travel* or *Maverick*. I want to go beyond that into colleges when you begin to study the nature of the mass media. If we had a GI Bill which said, among other things, that one course you've got to take, or you can take, is The Mass Media, we would now have these five million families who would be critical of what they're getting. That's the only way you're going to have anything worth getting, by having people want more and more and more than they're getting.

DANN: Yes, that's right, but I think that when you educate, you don't educate just for television. You educate for their appreciation of books, Broadway theater, music, movies, conversation. You can't really raise the level of taste just for television. If you raise their levels as human beings, then they're interested in better things in every branch of living, not just television. I think that television does have a profound influence upon how people react and think, and I think conversely that people have a profound impact on what they see. But television will not improve because the Government tells us to do something. Or because of the influence of pay-television. Or because of certain ad-

vertiser demands. Television only improves when somebody has an exciting idea, and that exciting idea can come from many places—from a producer, from a writer, from a bureaucrat, from a packager, from anywhere. And then the networks must have the initiative to develop it, to spend the money and to put that program on the air. I do think it is one general rule that we should aim up rather than down in our programming—that we should try for things which make people better than if they had not looked at the program. And that's our responsibility. But none of that comes by legislation; none of that comes from ordering it. It comes from aggressive zeal of creative people doing their best in a creative environment.

FREBERG: I wrote an hour script which I read to NBC and which they didn't go along with. They said they would put it on in the summer, and I wouldn't go on in the summer. But then Newton Minow made his vast wasteland speech, and the next day I went in to ABC and I read this script, and everybody was standing around mopping their brows, saying, "My God, you know, it looks like we're going to have to do something." And they accepted the script, and within about 48 hours, they sold us time for *The Chun King Chow Mein Hour* on

the eve of the Chinese New Year. Everybody was kind of shaken up by what Minow had said.

SUSSKIND: I challenge that the whole flurry was caused by Minow's speech. Minow's speech *capped* a rising crescendo of protest. Ahead of it, I believe, was Senator Dodd and his subcommittee in the Senate investigating the undue proportion of violence on television. Along with that was Senator Magnuson's investigation of the rating systems. And previously, Representative Oren Harris held hearings having to do with the morality of broadcasting. Responsible writers in the press, responsible ministers, responsible teachers and educational authorities had been mounting a barrage of criticism that preceded the Minow speech in which he said, by indirection, "The FCC has not been doing its job heretofore, has not been sufficiently vigilant, sufficiently disciplining, sufficiently tough, and there's a new world a-coming, boys, you'd better get with it because we're starting to stare at you very closely."

CROSBY: Mr. Minow's statement was promptly squashed by Congress. If you look into it, you'll find a good many Congressmen own television stations, or own parts of television stations. And even those that don't own them are very responsive to the pressures exerted on



them by the television-station owners in their own home towns. In the case of broadcasting, we just haven't got a representative government, we have government by pressure group. I think Congress has a great deal to answer for in trying to circumvent the FCC. But I think there has been such a mass of criticism, that Minow's statement—though it was jumped on by Congress—has caused a great deal of soul-searching.

SUSSKIND: I would just like to be optimistic for the first time in years. I feel that the fall of 1962 is going to see a resurgence of quality—the season after this, because this season's programs were committed before the storm broke—a rebirth of television and a use of television in some kind of sane, intelligent, balanced way that we haven't had since the very early days of television in 1951, '52 and '53. I think the broadcasters are self-conscious. I think they feel that they've erred. I feel that they now sense that the pursuit of the biggest buck is damaging to our public, damaging to our country, damaging to our national intelligence, and I think they are going to seek to right it. It's the first time I've felt optimism in a long time.

PLAYBOY: We might end on that optimistic note. It's true, not all of you share David Suskind's sanguine prognostication, but we seem agreed that

there are signs of a breakthrough, if only in the industry's new posture of agonizing self-appraisal—even though, as has been suggested, outside forces may have precipitated it. The old fat-cat complacency appears to be gone; the public is more than ever aware of TV's potentialities and its shortcomings. The prospect seems to be for better programs and programming the season after this; as with public opinion, so with TV fare: there is an inevitable time lag.

John Crosby, never a punch puller, concluded his comments with an assertion that in TV, soul-searching is already in progress. Mike Dann—who might have been expected to defend the network record—conceded its goofs, predicted its improvement. John Frankenheimer, though highly critical of today's TV practices, asserted his love of the medium. Stan Freberg's ruefully delightful descriptions of the vicissitudes he's survived, concluded with his stated belief that the TV moguls are all shook up—for their ultimate good and hence for ours. Mark Goodson expressed his faith in the public's preference for the best of the popular programs. Gilbert Seldes voiced his belief in gradual improvement, as opposed to sudden change. Rod Serling is living proof that even today the industry cherishes one of its most original and critical craftsmen.

In our discussion, TV has had a rough time of it—but the very passion of the attack is testimony to the degree to which you gentlemen care, and with that kind of caring among those so directly involved, there is reason for hopefulness. Yet the best summation of this discussion may well be embodied in the following words from a document just one year old this month. The Report of the President's Commission on National Goals, which was submitted to President Eisenhower on November 16, 1960, says: "The American system of broadcasting is deeply entrenched and is founded on the rock of freedom from Government interference. It is not, however, beyond critical examination in the light of its performance. It is too easy to say that the people are getting what they want. The fact that large audiences can be attracted by fourth-rate material does not acquit the broadcasting companies or the Government, which has an ultimate responsibility for use of this valuable and scarce resource, from asking whether the public interest is being adequately served . . . Thus far, television has failed to use its facilities adequately for educational and cultural purposes, and reform in its performance is urgent." Gentlemen, thank you.



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LAST SMILE *(continued from page 103)*

Bewildered, Finlay mimicked him, and the chaplain droned on in a convincing monotone about salvation and redemption. When he was through, he beamed at the prisoner and took his leave.

Finlay didn't see the chaplain again until late that evening. This time, there wasn't any hesitation about admitting the chubby little man to his cell. As soon as he was inside, Finlay whispered hoarsely at him:

"Listen, I gotta know. Was it Willie sent you? Willie Parks?"

"Shush," the chaplain said nervously, looking at the strolling guard. "Let us not speak of earthly matters . . ."

"It is Willie," Finlay breathed. "I knew Willie wouldn't let me down." As the chaplain opened his little black book, he grinned and leaned back on the cot. "Go on, pal, I'm listening."

"The Bible tells us to have courage, my son," the chaplain said meaningfully. "The Bible tells us to keep faith in ourselves, our friends, and our Lord. Do you understand?"

"I understand," Finlay said.

That night, he slept well for the first time since his imprisonment. In the morning, he asked for the chaplain again, and the guard raised an eyebrow at the sudden conversion. When the little man arrived, Finlay smiled broadly at him and said: "What's the Bible say this morning, chaplain?"

"It speaks of hope," the chaplain said gravely. "Shall we read it together?"

"Sure, sure, whatever you say."

The chaplain read a lengthy passage, and Finlay began to stir restlessly. Then, just as he was about to explode with impatience, the chaplain handed the small book over, and Finlay saw the written message in the binding:

Everything's set.

The chaplain smiled at the prisoner, patted his shoulder, and called the guard.

On the beginning of what was officially his last day on earth, Finlay was visited by his attorney, a small man with a perennially moist upper lip. He had nothing to offer in the way of hope for commutation of the sentence, and Finlay

gathered that his visit was merely to satisfy the contract. He seemed surprised by the condemned man's congeniality, a sharp contrast to the hostility he had shown before. In the afternoon, the prison warden came by and asked Finlay again if he cared to reveal the name of his accomplice in the murder of the storekeeper, but Finlay merely smiled and wanted to know if he could see the chaplain. The warden pursed his lips and sighed. At six that evening, the chaplain returned.

"How's it gonna work?" Finlay whispered to him. "Do I crash outa here, or —"

"Shush," the little man warned. "We must trust a Higher Power."

Finlay nodded, and then they read the Bible together.

At ten-thirty that night, two guards entered Finlay's cell and performed the ugly duties of shaving his head and slitting the cuffs of his trousers. The ceremony made him nervous, and he began to doubt that his escape was ordained. He started to rave and demanded to see the chaplain; the little man appeared hurriedly and talked to him in quiet, firm tones about faith and courage. As he spoke, he placed a folded slip of paper into the boy's hands; Finlay swiftly hid it under the blanket of his cot. When he was alone once more, he opened the note and read it. It said:

Last-minute escape.

Finlay spent the rest of the time tearing the note into the tiniest possible shreds and spreading them around the floor of the cell.

At five minutes to eleven, they came for him. The two guards flanked him, and the warden took up the rear. The chaplain was permitted to walk beside him all the way to the green metal door at the end of the corridor. Just before they entered the room, with its silent audience of reporters and observers, the chaplain bent toward him and whispered:

"You'll be meeting Willie soon."

Finlay winked and allowed the guards to lead him to the chair. As they strapped him in, his features were calm. Before the hood was dropped over his face, he smiled.

After the execution, the warden asked to see the chaplain in his office.

"I suppose you heard about Finlay's accomplice, Willie Parks. He was shot and killed this afternoon."

"Yes, I did. Rest his poor soul."

"Strange, how Finlay took it all so calmly. He was a wild man before you started working on him. What did you do to that boy, chaplain?"

The chaplain put his fingertips together, his expression benign.

"I gave him hope," he said.



"We were going to be married in the spring, but his wife turned out to be a poor sport."



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NORMAL MAN

(continued from page 88)

stocked his acres with blooded herds and began to breed cattle. He rode about on a great stallion—a tall, powerful figure, and the outdoors seemed to diminish his size. It was only in houses that he seemed immense. He built a house in which everything was scaled to his height. He lived alone on the ranch and his progress was spectacular. He had the energy of five men and almost their strength, and he soon mastered the techniques of ranching and began to make money on his own. The men he met in the cattle business showed little surprise at his towering figure and he felt that he was meeting them on an equal basis. He made friends as well as money and for a considerable period he found himself almost satisfied.

The only incident which marred this satisfaction concerned a girl. After he had been in the cattle business for about two years, he went to Kansas City to the Grand National where he was invited to dinner by one of the members of the commission who bought his steers. He met there the daughter of the house—a pretty, slender fibbertigibbet of twenty named Jeanne Sayers. Ray, who automatically lowered his head when he went through doors now and hardly remembered his conspicuousness unless it was brought forcibly to his attention, was instantly taken with Miss Sayers, who, with the impeccable manners of a well-bred and well-trained young woman, made no overt show of curiosity when she looked at him.

He had never permitted himself to think of a girl during the difficult times; he had by now attained a composure which made him brave enough to seek out Jeanne Sayers. During his stay in Kansas City, he took her to various functions and she seemed to find pleasure in his company. In her small, light head there was probably some perverse pride in having humbled a giant and she liked to be seen leading him around.

Ray, who insisted to himself over and over every day that he had made himself a normal man, eventually made the mistake of folding Miss Sayers in his long, powerful arms and kissing her. He was on the point of asking her to marry him when he looked at her face and saw in it such revulsion as shook him with horror. He let her go abruptly, fled the house and went back to the ranch where he brooded for a month upon his bleak fate. He then began to patiently rebuild his self-confidence and try to get back his sensations of normalcy. In time he was able to forget all about Jeanne Sayers as a person. What he could not forget was the recollection of her lips and the warm scent of her hair.



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He knew then that he was terribly lonely.

From the crater of his loneliness he hit upon the notion of the romantic quest. He decided that he must find a woman to marry, and he determined that she should be of approximately his own stature.

At first this idea struck him as ridiculous and quixotic, but then it began to tease and plague him. All day at his work, he conjured up visions of a wife waiting at the house for him.

He started to plan. He went about it awkwardly at first. He feared and abhorred publicity and he did not know how to organize a search. He began to frequent freak shows and vaudeville theaters and to cultivate the tatterdemalion hangers-on of circuses. He was appalled at some of the things he saw, and while he met a woman giantess in a dismal carnival in southern Illinois, she was a pathetic sight—a gross enormous woman of raddled middle age with a hairy chin. For days he was disgusted and repelled, but then his interest revived and he began to pursue his search again. He asked all these outcasts with whom he had become acquainted if they knew of any tall women and tracked down many false clues. He consulted newspaper records and followed up every lead. He met one presentable spinster who was six-feet-eleven, but she was an introverted, complaining, drab woman and he found that he could not even think of her with friendliness.

He realized then that there was more to his search than mere size. He was looking for someone to fall in love with.

There are few men who set out deliberately to fall in love, and those who do must leave a certain amount of the procedure to chance. Raymond Terris could leave nothing to chance. He was not only seven feet and four inches tall, he was perforce solitary and thoughtful and he was obsessed by his idea. He took to traveling, especially in the primitive regions of the United States, searching for legendary types. He haunted musical comedies and night-club revues, hoping to find some languorous showgirl who came to his shoulder. He stared at Wagnerian sopranos and went to swimming meets and to women's athletic events. The embarrassment that these expeditions cost him can hardly be calculated. Still, he did not give up.

He first heard about Laura Beck in a quite ordinary way. He was returning from one of these discouraging jaunts when he came down with a sore throat in Chicago and went to a doctor who was a stranger to him. As was to be expected, Dr. Menard commented upon his extraordinary height, with the clinical curiosity of a physician. Ray, who had

been so frequently thrown with the medical profession, had lost his sensitivity where doctors were concerned and discussed his case quite frankly.

"Your parents, I take it, were of average size, then?" Dr. Menard said.

"Yes," Ray answered. "In fact, my mother is inclined to be dumpty."

"I know of but one similar case of incipient giantism. A girl . . ."

"A girl?" Ray said. "How old?"

"She was about fourteen when I saw her as a patient," Dr. Menard said. "Lived in Minnesota. Daughter of Hardy Beck, a prominent citizen up there. Her father and mother brought her here seven or eight years ago. She must be about twenty-two now."

"There was nothing you could do?"

"There was nothing anybody could do. It was unfortunate. Except for her great size, she was a pretty child. Pretty and intelligent."

"Yes," Ray said. "It is unfortunate. Have you seen her since?"

"Once," said the doctor. "I met her and her mother in Marshall Field's. Of course, her life is miserable when she appears in public. People follow her around staring up at her. But I suppose she has to come to the city occasionally to get shoes and clothing made."

"I know," Ray said. His heart twisted strangely, as he thought of the small vanities of a woman and the abyss to which this girl must be relegated.

"She seemed cheerful enough," the doctor continued. "I stopped to speak



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to them and she laughed and chattered like any other young person. I couldn't help being struck with her real beauty, emphasized by its dimension. She was beautiful, only larger than life. Like one of those goddesses whose pictures you used to see in the mythology books. Or Brunnhilde, maybe."

Ray experienced a rush of fantastic excitement. He felt, inexplicably, that his search had at last been given direction. He was shy about speaking further on the subject with the impersonal doctor, nor could he bring himself to quiz him for particulars. Her name was Beck and she lived in Minnesota.

Ray didn't go home. He made inquiries at Chicago newspaper offices and consulted a few files in the library, located the address of Hardy Beck and as soon as he had recovered from his cold, got on a train and went to Minnesota. He registered at the Palace Hotel in the small city where the Becks lived and sequestered himself in his room for a day, trying to think how he could accomplish his objective in some dignified manner. Or at least, that was his rationale. In reality he was frightened and overstrained, for he did not feel that he could bear another failure.

Hunger at length forced him to the hotel's dining room, where he got into the usual conversation with the startled waiter.

"You any kin to the Becks?" the waiter asked.

"What did you say?" Ray asked.

"It's none of my business," the waiter said. "But you being so tall, I thought you might be related to Laura Beck."

"Laura," Ray said softly. "Laura Beck." It seemed the right name for her. "No, I never met her."

"She's a pretty girl," the waiter said. "Or she would be if —" he paused in embarrassment.

"Is she here now?" Ray asked.

"Sure, saw her yesterday. Can't miss her," the waiter said sheepishly.

Ray paid his check and went upstairs to sleep fitfully on the diminutive hotel bed. He could no longer postpone his mission. Tomorrow, he would have to find out. He took the address out of his pocket and stared at it, as if it sealed his fate. The following afternoon he dressed with explicit care and started for Hardy Beck's residence.

He had imagined many versions of this encounter, but still he felt unprepared. His mouth was dry and his heart pumping. It was a bright northern afternoon. His grotesque shadow fell before him on the walk as he turned into the Beck gateway.

She came toward him as if she had been expecting him. She had been cutting flowers and she was holding a basket filled with great ragged dahlias. She had, as Dr. Menard had indicated, a beauty that was larger than life.

"Hello," she said. "Were you looking for someone?"

He swallowed and nodded. It was the first time in many years he could remember having looked straight into another pair of eyes.

At the end of six months they were married. Whatever misgivings the elder Becks and Terrises felt about such a match were swept away by the ardor of the principals. The only thing that ever marred Ray's courting was the hint of gratitude in the depths of Laura's eyes. Otherwise, he was as nervously happy as any bridegroom and congratulated himself that he enjoyed all the premarital doubts and misgivings of the average man. He looked forward to the contentment which went with the married state.

They spent an idyllic honeymoon, for while there was no great backlog of shared experience, the whole psychology of the minute minority which they represented made them closer to each other than most people ever get to be. He saw that she took pride in his physical appearance, just as he did in her noble looks, and they gave to each other mutual self-confidence. Ray was more and more persuaded that he had reached his coveted goal, but still he was never quite sure.

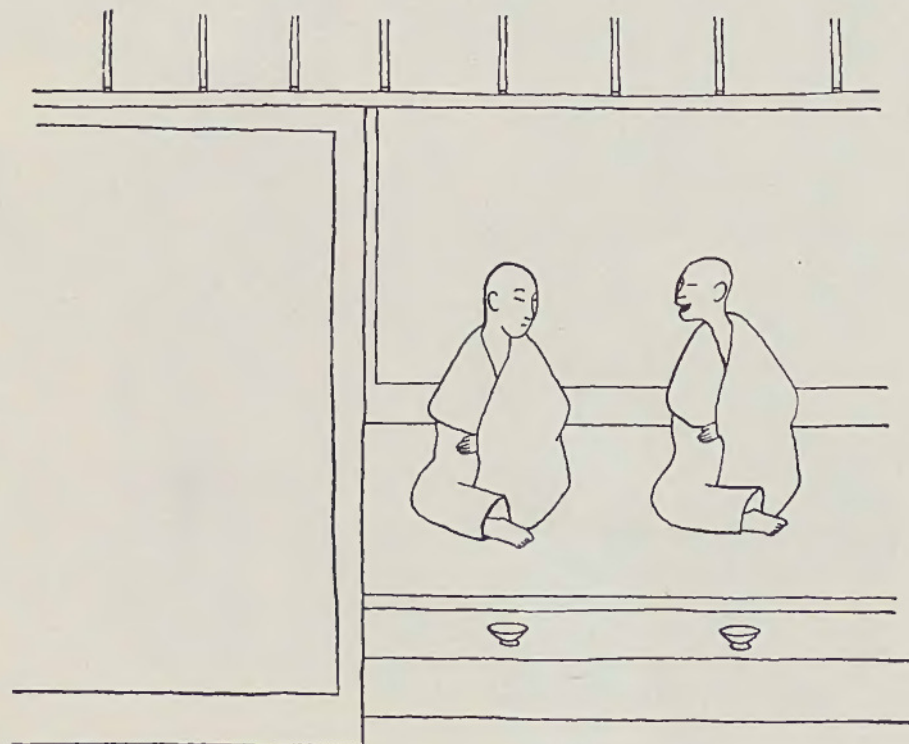
He did not recollect when he first began to feel restless. He found it hard to rationalize this development and guarded his emotions closely. They had been married about two years. Laura was as devoted as ever. Happiness had made her face lovelier. The sense of close companionship had not faltered, and when she stood beside him, her shoulder touching his, his loneliness subsided. Still there was something missing.

Laura was sensitive to this change, and frightened. She redoubled her efforts to please and placate him.

The shaft of thought which shattered his carefully constructed universe struck him like lightning felling the great tree. It happened on an evening in early spring. He remembered that the room was full of vases bearing great branches of plum blossoms that she had put there. They had a vague, wild scent. Laura, whose anxiety had caused her to dress with unusual care, was wearing a dull blue dress that became her coloring. She had been playing the big, concert-grand piano when he came in, but she stood up and moved toward him, preternaturally tall and beautiful, with all her love reflected in her face.

"I will never be unsure of her," he thought. "I won't have to struggle. No other man — would be interested."

He could not understand why he was so shaken by this realization, feeling that nothing would ever be the same again, and that he had lost the battle for normalcy. In reality, he had never been nearer to the secret.



Miller

"Sheer existence is such a gas, it almost drives me out of my skull, man!"



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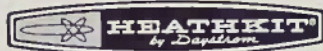
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AGORAPHOBIA

(continued from page 86)

and I decided to promote Jonathan Silk in this television media as a foremost authority on agoraphobia, a claim I was reasonably sure no other Hollywood television writer could make, so we did not have to worry about competition.

I arranged for him to meet with the people on *The Untouchables*. For a while I sat quiet in the corner and let him hang himself with his nutty premises, one about a bootleg king who had such a soft spot for Beethoven that he insisted on going to a concert at Carnegie Hall even though he knew all the members of the enemy gang were spotted in the Diamond Horseshoe with tommy guns, another about a gangster's moll who was an expert artist and made the plates for a counterfeit ring and the plates were perfect, only she ruined the whole operation by working her initials into the design because as an artist she had the urge to sign all her works. When the situation looked hopeless I spoke up, saying, "Jonathan, what about that other premise, the one you worked up specifically for *The Untouchables*?"

Jonathan looked me up and down with no detectable love. He said, "What premise?"

I said, "You know, the agoraphobia?" "Ah," he said. "That. Yes." He looked me from down back to up, finally turned to the ring of deep-frozen faces around the table. "I forgot, gentlemen, there's this idea I came up with specifically for your show, it has to do with a gunsel of the Thirties who suffers from agoraphobia, the fear of open spaces. Let's see. Yes, this is how it goes. This gunsel is in the penitentiary on a five-to-ten rap for safebreaking. He's got a fortune stashed away on the outside, the loot from the last job he pulled, and his pals want to get him out so they can make him produce this loot, but he won't budge from prison, he likes it there because he's cooped up behind walls and, as I say, he likes walls, needs them, he has a bad case of agoraphobia. His pals hire a smart mouthpiece to spring the gunsel but he won't even talk to this man, he doesn't want to be sprung. The lawyer is very smart, he studies the records of the gunsel's trial and finds a lot of improper procedure there, he draws up a brilliant brief and the court has no recourse but to free the gunsel. Now, let's see, the gunsel walks out of prison, rather, they push him out, and his pals are waiting for him, it's a tense situation, you can see what complications can develop . . ."

His voice trailed off. The chief executive producer, no, it was the associate story consultant, pursed his lips and went through the motions of gulping as if swallowing something bad, then said,

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his eyes on the light fixtures, "It's a highly unusual premise, Mr. Silk, I would say that. We face a certain difficulty with psychological material like that, though, our format is more on the dramatic action side and this premise, well, it leans just a straw to the clinical, I'd say that, your gunsel has a problem that, while fascinating, would be hard to dramatize."

I took him to see the *June Allyson Show* people. He went through his whole repertory, from the hot-rod mama and the gratuity beatniks to the Madison Avenue bigamist and the counterfeiting lady artist who signed all her works, and the people looked hurt, positively hurt. So I spoke up from my corner again, saying, "Jonathan, haven't you left out the special idea you worked out especially for this format?"

He looked at me with narrow eyes and said hopelessly, as though he knew what was coming, "Uh, what idea?"

"You know," I said. "Agoraphobia? Remember?"

He took a deep breath, lowered his head, and began to mutter, "Indeed. Yes. Of course. Don't know how I overlooked it. Let me see now, yes, this is one I thought of especially for your family-type format, it's about a man who suddenly develops a bad, very severe case of agoraphobia, that's a fear of open spaces, you know, it's so bad he has to stay home from work, he can't step outside, he just stands at the window and looks out, then, one day, let's see, he's alone in the house, that's it, his wife has gone shopping, he looks out and sees his two-year-old son; the boy has just fallen in the pool in the back yard and he can't swim; there's nobody around, unless this man can steel himself for the ordeal and hurry outside . . ."

He ran out of breath and just sat back and looked at the people. They looked at him as if they had never had any breath. Finally one of them said, "It's good, it's very good, but is it television?"

"If it's not television," Jonathan said, "I can't imagine what else it could be."

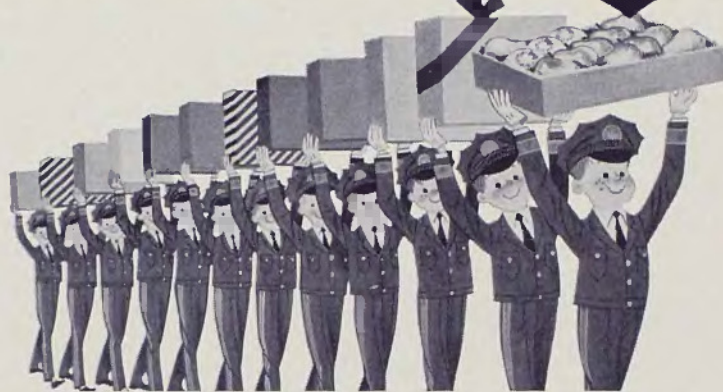
"I think, Mr. Silk," one of the story editors said, a fellow who looked a little drunk, "I think you'd have a more playable idea if the pool was indoors, and your *hero*, the father, was the one who couldn't swim, and *he* falls into the pool and his two-year-old son, who is an Olympic swimming champ, has to jump in and rescue *him*. The problem there would be, of course, that the small son has a psychological quirk, too, not agoraphobia, of course, *claustrophobia*, so that he's afraid of walls and has to spend all his time *out* of doors, and when he looks in through the picture window he sees his agoraphobic father drowning in the indoor pool but he can't force himself to go *inside*. But

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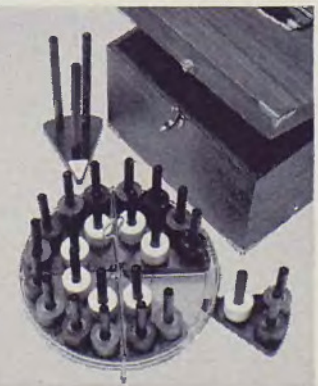
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that's a rather different approach and I certainly don't want to seem as if I'm rewriting your stuff."

As I said, this man had the earmarks, marks all over, of being drunk, and from the way his associates avoided looking at him, from the way they made their mouths grin too wide as they looked away, I had the definite feeling that he would soon be writing book reviews for the L.A. dailies, maybe spelling Todd Hammermill. A mocker like that gets cut down fast in this billion-dollar industry.

That afternoon I drove Jonathan up the Hollywood hills to a high point on Mulholland Drive and we sat there looking down at the smogged-over geometry of the Hollywood basin on the south and the population-exploding San Fernando Valley on the north.

"I don't get it," I said. "I've tried to sell you with this agoraphobia theme everywhere in TV, from Revue to Four Star, from Metro to Warners, from Ziv to Cooga Mooga, and it's thumbs down everywhere."

"Jerry," he said, "listen, Jer, you're beginning to scare me, you positively are. You thought I was parodying the television arts, though all I was conscious of was a big effort to think their way. Then Todd Hammermill caught it from me and *he* began to parody his job without knowing it. Now, I swear to God, you, with this obsession of yours

about selling me as an expert on agoraphobia, you seem to have caught the disease, too, and if my agent begins to parody them the way I appear to be doing then I'm lost, my head begins to spin, I'm about to faint."

It was the most unjustful accusation that had ever been made against me by anybody, friend or foe.

"Listen, Jonathan," I said, "I keep bringing this agoraphobia premise up because I believe in it, I consider it a distinctly human theme with a lot of immediate audience identification value, and I mean to sell it and you as a package or my name isn't Jerry Willens. Take it from me, agoraphobia will go."

"If it shows any signs of going," he said, making a noise like a groan, "please, please, don't stop it. Stand aside and wave bye-bye. Besides, your name isn't Jerry Willens, suddenly it's Jonathan Silk, I look at you this minute and see myself in a black mohair suit and pointy Italian shoes and I tell you, the sight is driving me mad, mad."

I started up the car. "Nobody can stop me. I'm going to sell agoraphobia and not short."

"Jerry, you're cutting both our throats with one stone." He made the groaning noise again. "Now look what you've done, you've got *me* talking like *you*. Oh, oh, all the barricades are dissolving and, mother, I'm afraid."

. . .

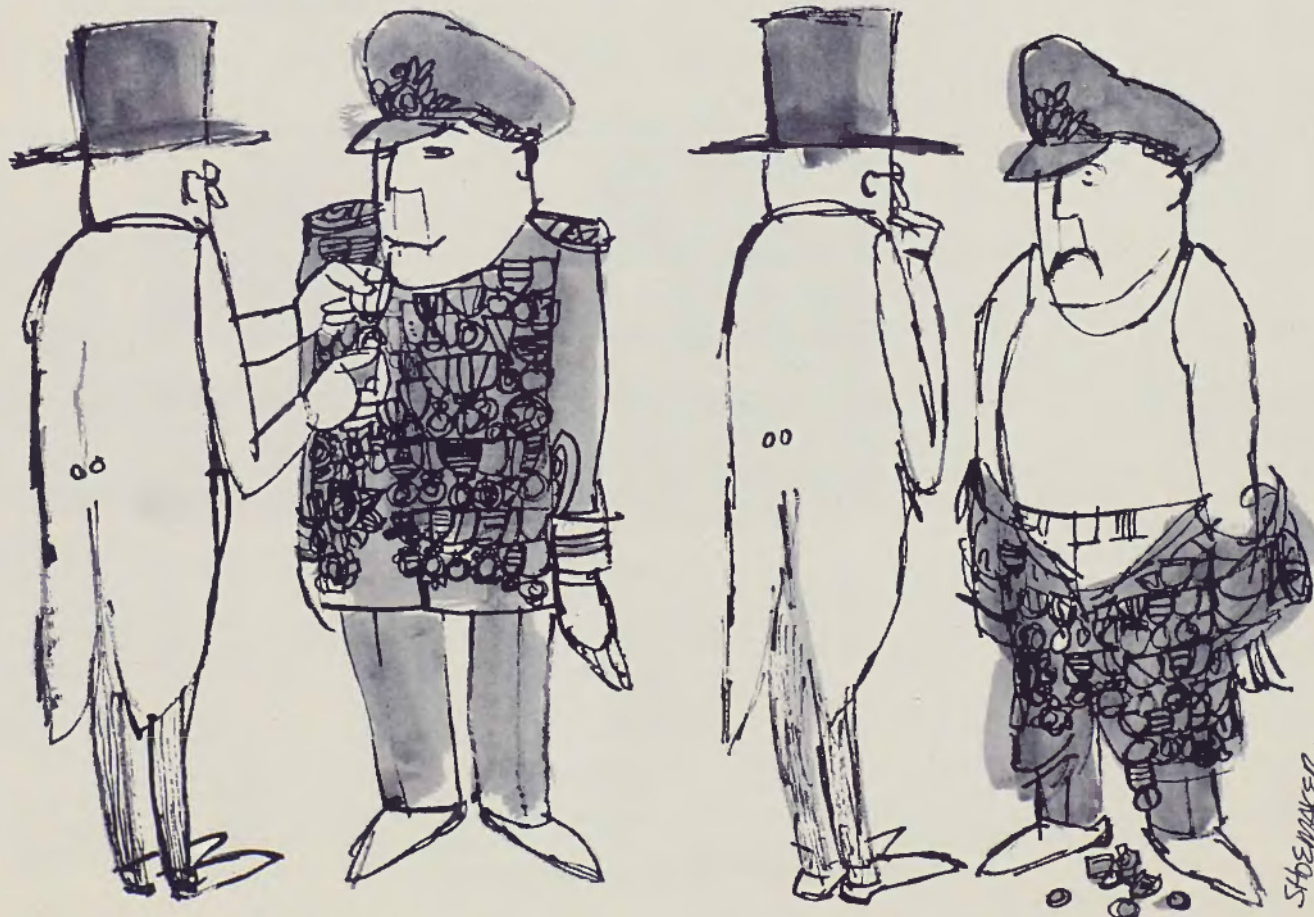
The next thing that happened, Ziv announced a new TV series called *The Wild Blue*, which was to be all about the first explorations of men, specifically, Americans, into space. I drove Jonathan right over to the Ziv studios. I had briefed him on the format of the show and he had put some solid thought into ideas to fit their story needs.

We had to go through a big sound stage to get to the administration building, the stage where they had just built some outer-space sets for the new show. There was the surface of the moon with a lot of bumps and pocketmarks and in the middle of everything a 40-foot rocket ship standing on its hind legs.

"That's, what I mean, a *moon*," I said. "They put a lot of realism in that moon."

"It's realistic, all right," Jonathan said. "It's an exact reproduction of the inside lining of my duodenum after three weeks of exposure to television and you."

Jonathan began to lay out his ideas for this producer: "Here's a story I think is tailor-made for you people, it's built around a medical theme, more or less. The situation is, a crew of our astronauts has been missing, their spaceship went out of whack and they had to make an emergency landing on some asteroid or planetoid and their communications equipment was ruined so they couldn't report back, so they were listed as missing until a search party



finally locates them. Now, they've been gone for over two years, and before the rescue party can take them back the space surgeon has to give them all a thorough physical. He discovers an astonishing thing, these are the first truly clean men in history. You see, these lost men have been living for over two years on an absolutely dead, sterile asteroid, one on which there's no life at all, not even the lowest forms of unicellular life, and as a result, their insides have not been under constant bombardment from all sorts of bacteria and viruses and molds and fungi as bodies on earth are from birth to death; they're clean as a whistle inside, sterile. This poses a hair-raisingly serious problem because, if their bodies are no longer hosts to all the germs and fungi all earth bodies contain, they must have lost their immunity to the full range of human diseases, their resistances are gone, in other words, the moment they set foot on earth again they will be in danger of contracting all sorts of diseases. As the first truly clean humans in the history of the human race they're a terrible threat to their fellow men if they come home. What this suggests, of course, is that while cleanliness may be next to godliness it can't be tolerated on earth; it's bound to make you sick. Well, the space doctor reports this emergency situation back to his earth base, and pretty soon these lost astronauts become a *cause célèbre* all over the world; the decision as to what to do with them becomes a matter of international policy; it goes from the top Pentagon level to the White House and then the General Assembly of the U.N., and a worldwide debate rages around the matter. For a while it looks like these brave space explorers will be condemned to live their lives out on this dead asteroid because if they return and come down with all sorts of virulent diseases, diseases the general run of earthbound people don't get any more because they've built up an inherited immunity to them, they may become sources of infection, may be carriers of all sorts of anachronistic plagues and epidemics . . ."

"It's a heck of an idea," the producer said with a sorrowed face, "and ordinarily it would work fine for us; it's definitely along the lines we're working along, but it just so happens that last week we assigned a writer to do a story about space medicine and the problems of human beings' infecting the dead reaches of space with germs brought from earth, which is tackling the self-same theme from the other end, so to speak. You can see there's too much of an overlap there, a definite overlap."

"Haven't you got another space idea, Jonathan?" I said.

"Have I?" he said. His eyes were on me but far away, too.

"Sure you do. Agoraphobia? Remem-

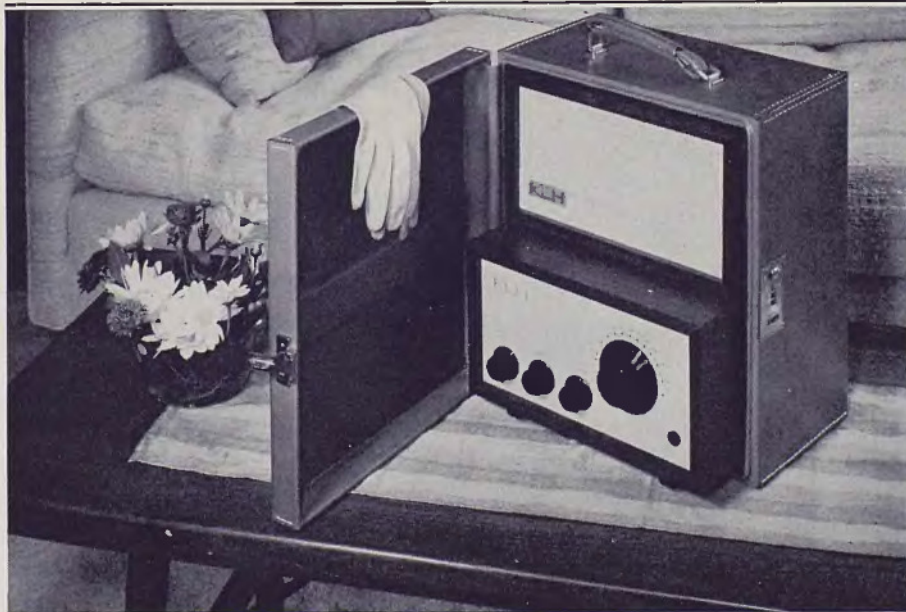
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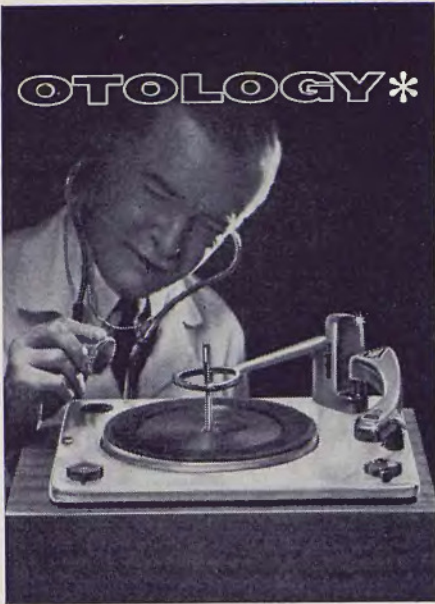
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ber the agoraphobia?"

"I do," he said, sighing heavily. "I remember the agoraphobia right next to the Maine. Well, let's see if I can reconstruct this now, yes, our premise is that there is one of the astronauts being trained for a mission who suffers from agoraphobia but doesn't know it, and neither do his instructors because they haven't devised any tests for this disease. How are you going to ascertain if agoraphobia is there short of putting your man *up* in space? So the astronauts take off, and in the middle of the long mission, suddenly this one man breaks out in a sweat and begins to pound against the walls of the spaceship, begging, screaming to be put down; he can't stand being in the middle of a lot of nowhere. It presents a terrible problem to the crew; you see, they've reached the point of no return; they're better than one year out from earth and have almost a year to go, and here's a man going berserk. They *could* knock him out with powerful sedatives but what are they going to do, keep him under sedation for another three years or so, and besides, who's going to take his place, do his vital job? That, in a sketchy way, is the premise. It could make for a tight, taut, tense, all-round suspenseful dramatic situation, I believe, and I'd be glad to develop it for you in an outline if you're interested."

The producer was sitting forward on his chair, both his hands cupped under his chin, examining Jonathan with the kind of glad eyes that to me mean, we're in, we're all the way in.

"Mr. Silk," he said in a low and emotional voice, "I think you've got hold of something there, something important and full of meaning for our times."

He nodded several times. He leaned back and clapped his hands; I thought he was applauding but he was only calling somebody.

"Charlie?" he said in a loud tone. "Charlie, could you step in here a minute?"

A man appeared in the doorway leading to the next office. He was in the uniform of an Air Force major, with the curling doodids on his shoulder patch that said he was a medic.

"Charlie," the producer said, "meet Mr. Jonathan Silk. Jonathan, this is Major Dr. Rennie of the Air Force, one of our top-qualified space surgeons; he's been assigned to our program as technical consultant and we're mighty glad to have a man of his caliber around here. Jonathan, be good enough to run through your idea once more for the Major's benefit. You've got a big thing here and we've got to work it right, get all the technical bugs out, and Charlie here is the man to set us straight on the technical details."

So Jonathan ran through his idea once more, while I kept all my fingers crossed.

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Major Rennie listened. He listened some more. His eyes got, well, corrugated, his eyes were two corduroy roads. Not from fear. From being with it. And the happy-times smile on his lips sang me a sweet message, we're in, we're all the way in. We had brought space to the right people. This was the one office in all of Hollywood, in all of this TV mass media, where it was a seller's market for agoraphobia.

"Interesting," Major Rennie said through his teeth. He reached for a pad and began to make marks on it. "Very interesting. Let's see, now. We put the spin seat about here, yes. Build the cyclorama of the heavens here, and here, and here, all around the seat. Right. What it amounts to is placing the spin seat dead center of a big hollow ball that's dark but with pinpoints of light all around for the stars, and —"

"Might I ask what it is you're drawing?" Jonathan said with a minimum of curiosity.

"Sure thing," the major said. "It's an astonishing fact but, as you say, for all the testing we've done with our astronauts we've never come up with a test for agoraphobia, only for claustrophobia. It occurs to me that we could design a rough setup for such a test, a sort of full-scale mock-up, and show it right on *The Wild Blue*. On the show you're going to write, I mean. It'll be a major contribution to space medicine, I assure you. I'll take the plans for the thing and send them straight on to the Pentagon . . ."

I felt down and right proud. This confirmed the blind faith I had had in my client and his agoraphobia theme all along. How many clients can boast of dreaming up an idea for TV and, by it, making a big contribution to the science of conquering space?

"So we have a deal?" I said to the producer.

"If Charlie here says the idea works," the producer said, "that's plenty good enough for me. You're going to have a solid deal, all right. First, though, just as a formality, you understand, before we firm up and finalize the thing, I wish Mr. Silk would sort of draw up a little statement of two or three pages on the structure of his play, nothing elaborate, nothing as elaborate as an outline, just two or three pages that I can clear with the sponsor and the network, then we'll sign contracts and you're in business. Congratulations, Mr. Silk. You've come up with a good one, a, if I may put it this way, dilly."

When we got outside I was in such high spirits that I patted Jonathan on the back several times and jumped up and even clicked my heels. But he looked disturbed.

"Look here," he said. "As I understand the procedure, according to the Minimum Basic Agreement which the Writers' Guild has with all television

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producers, no writer is supposed to write one word on speculation, whether it's a full outline he does, or a two-page summary, or one lousy paragraph. He's supposed to get paid at least the minimum for the first stage, which I gather is \$300. When this weasel says he wants two teentsy-weentsy pages instead of a full outline, what he means is that he wants to curve around the contract he has with the Guild and not pay me a cent if the thing doesn't clear with the network and the sponsor, and I'm not going to write one word for him on spec and be a fink. You call this guy right away and tell him I insist on at least minimum payment for any statement I write, no matter how short, at least \$300, which was what I got when I did that outline for *Have Gun, Will Travel*."

"If you've got faith in this idea," I said exploringly, "and I think with U.S. Air Force space surgeons backing it up you ought to have a lot of faith, maybe you ought to sort of play ball with him a little, curve a little where he curves. I'm a strong union man myself, the strongest, believe me in that, but all the same I believe in trying to see the other fellow's point of view and sort of play ball, meet them halfway, etsetter."

"Call him."

So I rang up the producer of *The Wild Blue*. I put it to him that my client was not going to bust any union rules by writing on spec, he insisted on getting the minimum pay for his outline, or statement, or sum-up, or hurry-over, or whatever it was being called this season.

The producer's voice began to get very distant very fast.

"I don't care what Silk says," he came back at me. "I don't give any minimum guarantees to writers who never wrote a word for television, who are untried in the media. Let him do this two-page quick skim without guarantees and then we'll see."

"He won't do it," I said. I was on the rim of tears, we were so close to being in, so close. "What's more, I'm worried about protecting the whole unusual idea he laid out for you. Look, suppose the deal breaks up over this issue, what guarantee does he have that you won't take agoraphobia and assign it to another writer, some writer who is willing to play ball with you no matter what the Guild regulations say?"

There was a pause. When the producer spoke up again his words seemed to be coming from outer space somewhere, some very cold area.

"No guarantee at all," he said. "None whatsoever. Let me point out to you that space is in the public domain and has been for some time. Agoraphobia is in the public domain. Come to think of it, so is God. Have you or has your client tried lately to get a copyright on breathing?"

And all of a sudden the whole brilliant deal was out of the window and Jonathan Silk was unemployed and unemployable again. It was a crying shame. Just when we'd found the one office in all of Hollywood where there was definitely a seller's market for agoraphobia.

• • •

I was desperate. I was ready to beat my head against the wall like a claustrophobic. The situation was clear now; it looked like my client Jonathan Silk was never going to get his foot with its dirty sneaker one inch inside the television door through the usual process of throwing ideas at producers until they bit for one, then writing up under-the-counter outlines and getting them passed. I had to find another way in for this unraveling client.

With this in mind, and as an act of desperation in the last stages, I dropped over to Four Star to see my old friend Sidney Garbatte, co-producer of *The Earth Movers*, a pretty hot series about some tough American construction workers who knock around the world building bridges and dams and beating down anybody and anything in their two-fisted way.

"Sidney," I said, "I don't usually ask you for favors but this time I'm in a bind and you're the only one I can turn to. I've got this client, Jonathan Silk, he's a good and experienced novelist, he's written a gang of books, only he's finding it tough to break into TV because the people around here don't know him and what he can do. He's a high-type New York writer and he's very strong on story lines, he's a first-rate structure man, he can knock out rewrites and polishes practically overnight. Now, I understand you're in bad script trouble, you need some rewrites on some scripts, and I'm asking you as a special favor, as a personal favor to me, to give this Silk some assignments. It'll get him started and also it'll be a good thing for the show to get some New York blood in your stable, you know?"

"Bring him around, Jer, and let's look the man over," my good pal Sidney said.

I got Jonathan over to Sidney's office fast.

"I'm not too familiar with your format," Jonathan said in a feeling-out way.

"Neither am I," good old Sidney said. "Neither is anybody else on this show. What we're trying to do is turn out some reasonably entertaining entertainment, and the way we decide whether a play is *that* is, mostly we just look at it and if we're entertained, why, we feel it fits our format. Doing television is a game of blindman's buff and there's no sense pretending we've all got seeing-eye dogs to lead us to ultimate truths and high ratings. All I know about the mass media is that they're massive and pay massively, which is why I'm here instead of on the

beach at Waikiki."

Jonathan sat up straighter. "I like your approach, Mr. Garbatte," he said. "You're hitting me where I shake hands with people. As I understand it, you have some scripts that need rewriting?"

"We have several scripts that start out with a good idea," Sidney said, "but the idea gets lost along the way. The development is bad and the writing is bad, and here is where I think an experienced writer can help us."

"I'll help," Jonathan said. "You've put me in a very helpful mood. Could you give me a sample of the kind of script you've got on hand?"

"I'll tell you about the one I'd like you to take a crack at first," Sidney said. "To start with, though, I ought to prepare you, this is a pretty offbeat idea; it may strike you as a little nutty at the outset but it has something, it just has to be brought out. Don't bust out laughing when you hear this. The premise is that there's a Mohawk Indian with agoraphobia . . ."

This is how it happened, word for word, Sidney Garbatte looked Jonathan Silk straight in the eye and without swallowing or slitting his wrists began to talk about some Mohawk Indian with agoraphobia.

Jonathan stiffened in about the way I would guess a patient in a mental hospital does when they turn on the current for his electric shock therapy. He studied me, then his fingers, then his sneakers, then the ceiling.

"Well," he said, his voice shaking a little, "I suppose Mohawk Indians are subject to about the same stresses and strains as the rest of us. Could you elaborate on that premise a little?"

"Easy," Sidney said. "You see, for a lot of decades now there's been a rather sizable community of Mohawk Indians living out in Brooklyn; they're all structural steel workers, they do the dangerous high-steel work on most of the skyscrapers that go up around Manhattan, the craft is passed on from father to son. Well, what we're assuming is that a young fellow in this tribe works up a large-size case of agoraphobia and he can't go strolling around the steel girders all those hundreds of feet in the air, so the other Mohawks consider him an outcast and try to ostracize him and take a strong position against his marrying his fiancée, the daughter of one of the best high-steel men. What I thought was, we could start the thing off with a teaser in which a bunch of these Mohawks are doing a war dance up on the top beams of a skyscraper . . ."

"It's lovely," Jonathan said as though he was speaking prayers. "It's so beautiful I want to cry. At this moment I feel that all the strands from my past life, from all my works and dreams, are coming together in a meaningful whole, an ultimate package, and for the first time

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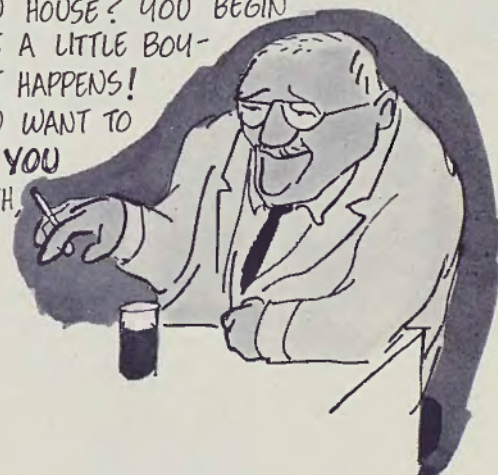
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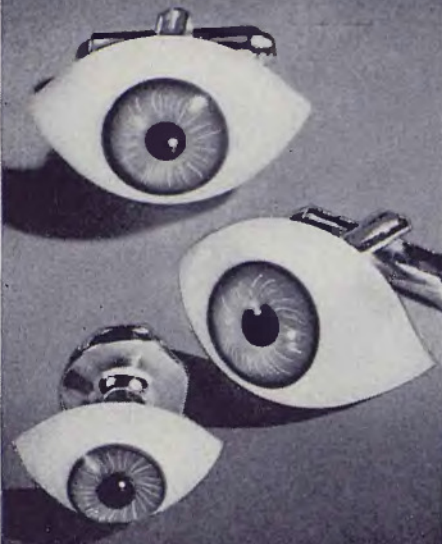


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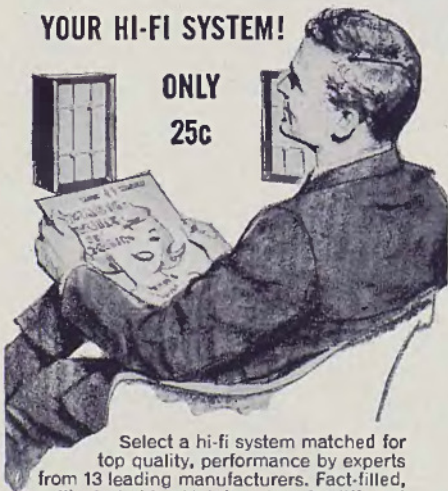
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my life has pattern. I'll write this play for you, Mr. Garbatte, I'll write the living daylights out of it, trust me. And I want to thank you for putting the final touches to my career, for showing me that there is still room among all the frozen formats for a surge of the miraculous and giving me the courage to go on."

"I thought you would see the beauty in it." Sidney said. "I sized you up immediately for a fellow who could see the deeper symmetries and shimmers in a thing like this. Mr. Silk, I think you and I are going to get along, we are both men of enthusiasm and range."

When we got outside Jonathan stopped and leaned against the building. He looked like he was going to fall down; there was some kind of slugged expression on his solemn face.

"So this is Hollywood," he whispered, "where they package and package and everything finally adds up to a billion billion even. Oh, how beautiful, how positively gorgeous."

"I told you and told you," I said. "I tried to make you see the dramatic premise in agoraphobia but you wouldn't listen."

"Apparently you don't get the point," he said, breathing hard. "What he was talking about was fear of heights, not fear of open spaces, that's a disease called acrophobia, not agoraphobia. But he called it agoraphobia because there is a destiny that shapes our ends and life must occasionally have such payoffs, there must once in a while be a big package deal in every man's life. Jerry, thank you from the bottom of my heart for bringing me together with Sidney Garbatte. Before I met him I was a rag-bag of odds and ends and now I am whole, healed into a fine unit, and ready to face the world again. Thank you, you miracle worker in your black mohair suit, thank you; I march into the future unafraid."

So this was how Jonathan Silk, with all his patches, got his first and only job in Hollywood television.

Three weeks after he turned in his script, which the *Earth Movers* people loved, slobbered over, for which they were very happy to pay Jonathan 1500 crispy and crunchy dollars, I was sitting with him one night in Cyrano's, the coffeehouse that was the preferred Sunset Strip hangout for more restless souls that season.

"Good news," I said, looking around to check the girls. "Had a nice chat with Sidney Garbatte today. He wants you to do some more rewrites and maybe tackle some story ideas of your own for *Earth Movers*. You're in there, Johnny, boy, I mean, in."

"That's very nice of Sidney," Jonathan said, "but tell him, no, thanks."

"Have you suddenly become independently wealthy? You know the Guild



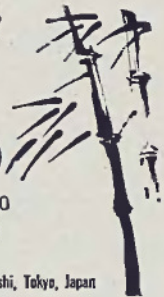
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voted to go on strike end of the month, and if you don't squeeze in all the work you can between now and then you're going to be a plenty unemployed writer with no cash cushion."

"I've got the cushion, Jer, a cushy one. My situation has changed radically in the last 24 hours. You see, I sent the first half of my new book to my publishers in New York, and they liked the stuff so much that they decided to give me an extra advance of 3000 very crinkly dollars. With that money, plus what I got from Sidney for the rewrite, I can take the next three or four months off and finish my novel. Television really isn't for me, Jer. I belong somewhere where life isn't such a strict format, where there's more concern with consequences than with premises, where the miracles can explode the formulas, where the emphasis is on storied lives rather than story lines, and what that means is that I should be writing more books rather than television, which can never be a medium well done because it's out to scratch backs by the multimillions, and I'm not up to scratch, though the scratch is very good. I think you might have been right, more right than wrong, when you said I was out to parody the medium, I think without realizing it. I may have been trying to needle the producers and editors enough so that they would throw me out and let me do my true work. I thank Sidney Garbatte from the bottom of my heart but now I think I'd better go and package myself according to my own needs and directions. Right now I've got a terrific need to go and sit on a mountain in Big Sur and be my own network and my own sponsor."

A month later he wrote me from Big Sur, on the back of a laundry list, as follows:

"Pacific very blue, very broad. Have my own mountaintop and it's a very dramatic premise with a lot of real human identification value. Yesterday saw a wild boar in the redwoods back of my cabin, he was dressed in a black mohair suit and pointy shoes, I waved my friendliest Sunset Strip wave but he lurched away. Novel taking form, if not format, beautifully. Son, keep in good health, accept all the miracles in the public domain, be happy, and avoid fried foods. I wish you long life and good luck in card games. Your pen pal, Theodore Dalton Trumbo Dostoevsky."

He was arrogant, this Jonathan Silk, plain arrogant and definitely high-and-mitey in his thinking. All the same, his birthday was coming up, and so I sent him a tie, one that wasn't coming apart around the edges, a tie with small figures that were eyes but not producers' or agents' or even genius novelists' eyes, not corrugated, but clear blue like the Pacific, and with plenty of human identification value.



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LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

(continued from page 72)
and 1940," a man, a wealthy man, said to me, "but I bought three just the same, and I still have one of them, well into its second hundred thousand miles. It's got a Ford engine in it, it's been repainted twice and it's wearing its third top, and I still drive it in preference to anything else on the market — and I can buy anything else on the market. The Continental is a *practical* classic: it has a heater, a defroster and no service problems, or few at any rate. I don't drive it because I like nostalgic reminders of my life twenty years ago, and I don't drive it because I want to establish a reputation for quaintness and eccentricity. I drive it because it's *individual*. I think of it as damned-near *alive*."

That's about as close to articulation as most Continental owners get. Understandably, for they're not talking sense, they're talking about a love affair. They won't be much more moved by the new Continental, the 1962 (though a younger generation of quality-seekers may), than they were by the Mark II, in all probability, despite the fact that it's one of the finest automobiles available today, competitive with any luxury car, and at only about \$6500 with everything aboard, air conditioning included. The magazine *Road and Track* has cited the new Lincoln as one of the seven best-made cars in the world, and it is the only American car on the list.

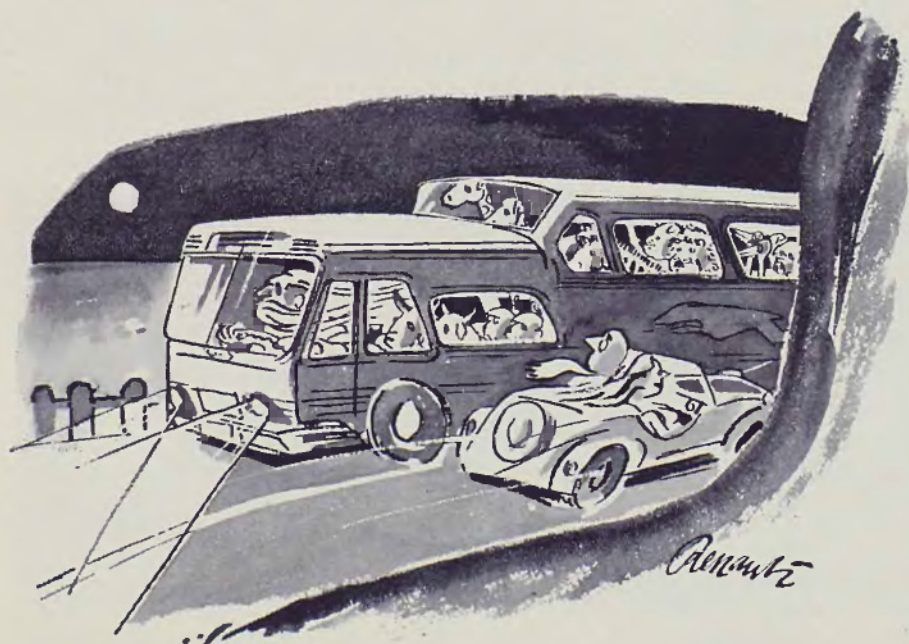
Extreme care is taken with the Lincoln from beginning to end of the manufacturing process. It probably more closely approaches the legendary "hand-made" ideal than any other American car presently in production. One Continental body a day is pulled off the assembly line and checked against a master jig which will reveal any errors

of fit that have crept in: one body out of every ten is taken off the assembly line and spot-checked; one body a week is minutely examined inside and out and torn to pieces in the process. It is tossed on the junk heap when the inspectors are through with it.

The finished car is given a short but exhaustive road test on public highways, its skilled driver being responsible for checking scores of points. This driver is under no pressure of time, and anything he complains about will be fixed, rebuilt or replaced. When the car goes to the customer even the tone of the horn will be exactly right.

The newest White House state car is a Continental with a few extra features designed into it: it's armor-plated, the rear seat can be raised 10½ inches, to give spectators a better view of the President, it has three different tops and two two-way radios. And a pair of old-fashioned running boards for Secret Service men to stand on. Specialties aside, President Kennedy's car looks much like any other Continental built in the last couple of years. As far as the Continental is concerned, company policy is inclining to the "continuity" concept that has served Rolls-Royce so well for so long; only trained eyes can tell a 1962 Continental from a 1961. The company is probably right. The Continental's is a good design, winner of an Industrial Design Institute award this year. Why change it?

Still, every day in the year, somewhere in the country someone takes pen in hand, and asks, of a newspaper, or a magazine, or Ford in particular or Detroit in general, "When are you going to get sensible and make another car like the original Lincoln Continental?"



SECRET SNATCHERS

(continued from page 118)
felt the need to talk shop. One top industrialist planted a tape recorder in Rosemarie's cupboard to collect the secrets that spilled from his competitors' passionate lips. Pretty soon her apartment had more hidden microphones in it than a Gestapo interrogation cell, and Rosemarie, while performing her basic services, kept up a running stream of questions aimed at filling up the silently spinning tapes. Apparently, the information thus collected was quite useful. In the fall of 1957, an unknown person or persons put Rosemarie permanently out of the espionage business by knotting a nylon around her pretty neck.

In this country matters rarely end on so Gothic a note. One investigator's favorite story is about the Los Angeles structural engineering firm that engaged him to find out how a rival firm was managing to underbid it by a slim margin on job after major job. The investigator did all the things investigators do in such cases: he ran a check on all employees for traces of sudden wealth, marital problems, sex deviation, narcotics addiction and so forth. When nothing turned up to point suspicion at an employee, it occurred to the investigator that the client himself, for some obscure reason, perhaps related to insurance, might be trying to sabotage his own business. On this wild hunch, he bugged the client's home. The eavesdropping revealed that the owner of the firm was discussing all his business with his wife, who was displaying more than a wifely curiosity about his bidding.

Placed under surveillance, the wife was soon discovered to be carrying on a torrid romance with, of all people, the head of the rival firm. Before long the investigator had the delicate duty of placing before his client not only still photos and motion pictures of his spouse entering a Sunset Strip motel with the other man, but tapes of their conversations in which she tipped the rival off to her husband's planned bids. "That woman must have had something," the investigator marvels. "Her husband paid his bill. Gave us a handsome bonus. Told us to go away. And went right on living with her. They are still together in the same house. There has been no move toward divorce or even separation."

Sometimes industrial espionage pops up as a more or less temporary phenomenon in an industry where existing business relationships are being upset by some important new technological development. In electronics, for example, the development of the semiconductor triggered a wave of idea stealing in 1958 and 1959, as engineers and scientists, suddenly afflicted with entrepreneurial aspirations, left their

jobs with the nation's top electronics companies, carried off technical secrets in their attaché cases, and set up their own small semiconductor companies in direct competition with their former employers. Thus, business espionage in America is, for the most part, a sporadic and unorganized activity.

In certain industries, however, espionage has come to play so important and continuous a role that it has become fully institutionalized. The best example of this is to be found in Detroit, often described — accurately — as the mecca of the professional business spy. In an industry where even a minor design change requires astronomical amounts of money and months or years of lead time for tooling up, to modify an ash tray is to move a mountain. Moreover, in today's volatile market the stakes are incredibly high. The propitiously timed introduction of a new style or a new mechanical feature can have a rocketlike effect on the company's share of the market. Understandably, then, all auto companies have developed highly trained espionage arms which they keep tucked away in their tables of organization under innocent-sounding designations like "competitive analysis" and "competitive data" staffs. These outfits work full time to lay their hands on competitive blueprints, photos and statistics. Their methods, like those of the CIA until recently, are both hush-hush and freewheeling.

The engineers and analysts assigned to these espionage staffs know their counterparts in other companies and may, indeed, fraternize with them. Company intelligence agents frequently trade information with rival agents — about third parties. Thus, a Ford agent may supply a Chrysler agent with a tidbit about a particular GM model, in return for a dribble of data about another GM model. Supplementing the work of the company staffs are a group of high-priced professionals who are called in for spot assignments, and an even larger group of ambitious amateurs — free lancers always eager to pick up a bill for a bit of stolen information.

The Detroit grapevine is particularly sensitive, too, because the industry is so heavily concentrated in a single city. The thousands of small tool-and-die shops and parts factories are rich sources of gossip and fact. Moreover, manufacturers' representatives, company officials, salesmen, management consultants, engineers and others all move in the same social circles. They golf together at the Bloomfield Hills Country Club; they dine at the Fox and Hounds or Topinka's; they live next door to one another in Bloomfield Hills, Birmingham and Grosse Pointe. In addition, personnel move constantly from one auto company to another carrying with them sheaves of valuable information.

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It is a wonder, considering these facts, that there are any secrets left in Detroit at all. But what companies jockey for is not merely information; it is time. According to William H. Corrigan, the former FBI agent whose job it is to keep Ford's styling secrets under lock and key, "You concede that the competition is aware of your plans a year in advance." In Detroit, where the lead time on a new model runs about three years, the trick is to find out what the other guy is doing at least eighteen to 24 months before he does it, so that you can have time to counter it. The value of any piece of information is thus directly related to the calendar. This principle is illustrated in two cases of espionage involving photographs of forthcoming models. One of these occurred in the summer of 1958, when a man stole five photos of the soon-to-be-introduced 1959 Dodge from a studio engaged to photograph the new model. The owner of the studio received a phone call from a stranger who threatened to turn the pictures over to GM unless he was paid \$2000 to return them, thereby revealing his lack of understanding of the calendar principle. By this time, only a few months before the public introduction of the car, the chances were that GM had its own set of pictures plus plenty of additional information about it. In any event, it would have been too late for GM to act on any information it might glean from the photos. In the other case, in 1954, another amateur, who happened to be a Michigan policeman, managed to snap some shots of the 1956 models of the Buick, Olds and Chevrolet. This was about two years before their actual introduction, and the pictures might conceivably have been of significance to Ford or Chrysler. Word of the photos, however, seeped back to GM, which deftly arranged to have a friendly independent designer buy and return them. The spy was never prosecuted because a court trial would probably have made it necessary to make the pictures public.

Taking pictures of advance models, or even just getting a good look at them, is a fine art in the Motor City. Spies try every possible means to get close to the design centers of the big companies and to their test tracks and other facilities where a peek at a forthcoming model might be had. The Dearborn Inn, for instance, has no trouble renting its top-floor rooms which happen to overlook the Ford test track. And elsewhere, spies photograph anything that could be a "cobbled" (disguised) prototype of a future model. Sometimes espionage agents adopt commando tactics to get what they want. Pontiac stylists once brazened their way into a Lincoln plant and marched down the aisle with blueprints under their arms as if they belonged there, in an effort to sneak a glimpse



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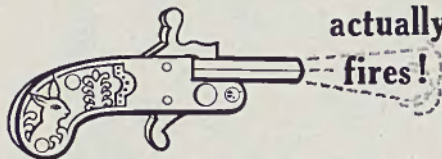
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of the styling of an upcoming Lincoln. Their reconnaissance foray ended in strategic retreat when a foreman spotted them.

Style plays an even more critical role in another industry in which espionage is highly organized. The design of women's apparel demands great originality and, naturally, nobody displays more of it than the men who have made fashion filching into a multimillion-dollar international racket. Commissioner Jacques Besson of the French Surêté Nationale has estimated that the theft of original designs costs Paris *couturiers* between \$12,000,000 and \$14,000,000 a year. Maison Dior complains that it loses about 25 percent of its possible annual income to thieves.

Not long ago gendarmes picked up a chic young *mademoiselle* as she boarded a plane bound for Cairo. From her purse they recovered a collection of original sketches stolen from a top fashion designer. In another case, a young society widow, invited to the fashion salons because she seemed to be a legitimate customer, was found to be sketching the designs from memory after the shows, and then hawking her drawings to German and Dutch dress manufacturers. But such admirable individual initiative is largely *démodé*, and fashion piracy, like war and charity, has yielded to the organization way of doing things, leading Monsieur Besson to charge that design theft is conducted today by a conspiracy that could be said to girdle the globe, with headquarters in New York and branch offices in Belgium, Italy, Germany and Austria, not to speak of Paris. He has appealed to Interpol, the international police agency, for help in ironing out this unsightly and expensive wrinkle.

The racket operates this way: the syndicate infiltrates the audience with its agents at a Dior or Givenchy opening. If it can get more than one spy into the salon, its men (or women) specialize. One studies and memorizes details of sleeves. Another commits to memory waistlines or skirts. Another has the not altogether unpleasant duty of studying necklines. As soon as the show is over the agents rush back to their offices or hotel rooms to sketch what they have seen. Microfilm copies of these sketches are then airmailed to the United States for sale or trade. But even if the design pirates are screened out of the audience, they manage to get what they want. A syndicate-linked exclusive dress shop in St. Tropez, for example, may buy a Dior original for 100,000 francs. Within a few hours of its arrival the shop makes up an almost indistinguishable copy, which is passed off on a client as the original. The original original is then shipped by jet to a "model renting" syndicate in New York, which loans it out to dress

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manufacturers for several hundred dollars per day. The result is that almost as soon as the legitimate manufacturers and retailers get their product on the market, copies are being peddled all over the United States for \$10.95 apiece.

American designers, victimized in much the same way, have on occasion had to shout for help. Not long ago one big fashion house called in an investigator to find out how a competitor was able to get advance information about its plans. When a mail-order clerk was observed pocketing certain outgoing letters, he was placed under surveillance. A phony letter was then written to another company, one of whose executives happened to be related to one of the top men in the fashion house; the relative was asked to return the envelope unopened. Sneak-thief powder was sprinkled inside the envelope before it was dropped into the company mailbag, and word was leaked that this was an important piece of correspondence. The next morning the mail clerk turned up with his hands dyed a deep red from the powder. When the firm accused him of stealing information, he readily admitted that he was being paid by a rival firm to supply it with copies of his employer's significant correspondence. He had been pocketing key outgoing letters, taking them home at night, photographing their contents, then resealing and mailing them.

Idea abduction will no doubt remain in vogue in the rarified realms of *haute couture* as long as the fashion industry exists. According to *Women's Wear Daily*, "Ninety-eight percent of the trade lives by swiping styles," and many designers take things philosophically. Says Adele Simpson, a leading American costume designer, "You might just as well go out of business if they stop copying you. It really means that you aren't making clothes that are good enough to steal."

The nation's oilmen feel much the same way. Nobody was noticeably shocked when two men were convicted in 1958 of stealing thousands of exploration maps from Gulf Oil, or when a singularly oleaginous oil executive in Casper, Wyoming, was caught rifling through the maps of a former employer, or when a switchboard operator in the office of a major oil company was found tape recording the conversations of its executives for the benefit of a competitor. Information pilferage is as precisely planned in the petroleum business as the pipes and towers of a giant refinery, and is almost as conspicuous. Last year, Texas police broke up three well-organized rings which had managed to make copies of 4000 valuable oil maps stolen from the industry's biggest producers.

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who, to quote *Fortune*, are "really spies." These experts, reports the magazine, have been known to pose as equipment salesmen, college boys and itinerant preachers in order to get their hands on core samples. Often they simply watch through field glasses until oil is struck, then hurriedly phone in options on the surrounding land. It is not surprising, then, that the petroleum people have also had occasion to call on the professional counterspy. One of these is a former Army intelligence officer named Harvey G. Wolfe, probably the only man in the world whose business card proclaims him to be a "Consultant on Espionage" and whose letterhead is adorned with a big black fingerprint and the words: "espionage . . . counter-intelligence . . . information." Wolfe owns a 3000-volume library on espionage and has provided technical advice to Hollywood studios engaged in filming spy thrillers. He has also lectured business groups on such subjects as "Science Checkmates the Criminal." But his chief occupation, he says, is chasing business spies, and one of his prime sources of income is the oil industry.

Wolfe tells of the chivalrous young geologist who left his West Los Angeles apartment one spring morning in 1959 and came upon a gorgeous girl struggling to fix a flat on her Jaguar. Moved by the motionless vehicle, the young man naturally came to the girl's aid. Before long he was accompanying her on long drives in her Jag and, incidentally, gushing out a river of confidential information about his company's drilling and leasing sites. The company he worked for soon began to suspect it had sprung an information leak, and hired Wolfe to plug it. After a preliminary investigation, Wolfe put the geologist under surveillance and quickly learned of his after-hours romance. Such a finding would not have aroused undue suspicion had not the girl had the disconcertingly unromantic habit of sprouting a pencil and notebook during their tête-à-têtes. Wolfe's operatives mounted a long-distance parabolic microphone in the back of what looked like a dry-cleaner's delivery truck. The private conversations of the pair, picked up by the mike and recorded on tape, turned out to have as much to do with petroleum as with passion. The girl turned out to be a veritable Mata Hari in the employ of a rival oil company. It took only a few dates for the geologist to realize what she was up to — and, like any red-blooded young American, he was delighted to find he could underwrite his sex life by so simple an expedient as passing along a few of his boss' secrets.

Of course, a company is already in a bad way if it has to go out and hire a professional counterspy. To forestall such a distressing necessity, many com-

panies today have developed elaborate countermeasures ranging from signs exhorting their employees to button their lips to the use of "scramblers" which make telephone conversations unintelligible to tappers. Many companies go in for codes to keep information secret. Thus, when New York builder Erwin Wolfson was negotiating his record-breaking \$117,000,000 office-space lease with Pan American World Airways in 1960, he took great pains to prevent the news of the dickering from leaking to the New York real estate community. His files on the subject were labeled "Project X"; Pan American was referred to as "Prince Albert"; and Juan Trippe, Pan Am's boss, was designated "The Traveler." To confuse its competitors, Wallace Laboratories names many of its experimental pharmaceuticals after New Jersey towns. The code name of one tranquilizer remained unchanged after the product was marketed, thus making a New Jersey community's name (minus an "I") a household term — Milton.

Just as espionage has reached its greatest elaboration in the auto industry, so, too, are countermeasures most highly developed in Detroit. Design studios and styling centers are segregated from other less "sensitive" facilities. Inside, the various production areas are blocked off from one another, and a complicated system of color badges restricts the movements of employees among them. Visitors are screened carefully and escorted as long as they remain in "secret" areas. The Ford styling center uses locks with removable cores which can all be changed within an hour if need be. When GM was building its \$175,000,000 technical center, it had its own men fly over and snap aerial

photographs of it to see what, if anything, a competitor could see from the sky. The center is now equipped with electronic devices which draw the curtains over the studio windows at the approach of a plane or helicopter. Studebaker once shifted a road and planted a row of trees to help conceal its test track. All the auto companies, taking a charred leaf out of the Pentagon's book, burn or shred their confidential papers after use. Prototype models are bulldozed into unrecognizable scrap after being tested. Guards with telescopes patrol the roofs of design facilities, scanning the surrounding lawns and approaches for intruders.

Sometimes the pressure for secrecy in business crops up in ludicrous surroundings, as, for example, in a nine-room office on Chicago's North Side where employees work behind locked doors. They are sworn to secrecy, prohibited from discussing their work even with their wives. Visitors are strictly *verboten*. Only one man, a harried hypochondriac named Marvin Glass, has all the keys to this suite in which, under his inspired direction, a team of designers, artists and sculptors create new ideas for toys like Robot Commando and Busy Bidee Hen. Then there is the Borden Company whose fragrant Ohio Liederkrantz factory is positively redolent with secrecy. To keep its processing methods confidential, Borden won't even let its own top executives into the plant unless they can prove a "need to know" — something most of them have successfully managed to avoid doing for years.

There are times, too, when secrecy becomes a game played for its public-



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relations value. Thus, Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola both stamp their formulas top secret. Coke, in its main plant in Atlanta, has a multistoried brick building-within-a-building in which its critical flavor ingredients are mixed, and into which only those employees with Coke's equivalent of Q-clearance are permitted to enter. Both companies vociferously insist that their precise formulas are known to only one or two men. These keepers of the sacred secret allegedly travel all over the world to syrup and concentrate plants where they personally concoct the vital essences, a notion that conjures up the image of them scraping fruit rinds into bubbly cauldrons while muttering occult incantations. It is believed that this sort of mumbo jumbo, when publicized, helps build a kind of charisma around one's product.

Finally, there is the kind of secrecy that is merely stupid, a panicky reaction to the rise of the idea stealer. Some Canute-like companies, in a frenzy of secretiveness, try to bury information that is already out in the open. Coke, for example, for years steadfastly refused to publish its annual sales volume, although the figure was on file with the Securities and Exchange Commission, available to anybody who took the trouble to look it up.

The epidemic of industrial espionage is not only feeding a kind of foolish security mania on the part of many companies, it has, belatedly, begun to arouse concern over the ethics of idea stealing. The business community is currently both disturbed and fascinated by the activities of the labor racketeer, the television rigger, the corporation price fixer, the advertising faker and the payola operator. In this new atmosphere of moral introspection many businessmen are beginning to ask themselves where free enterprise ends and freebooting begins. Is it right, for example, to hire away a competitor's key man? Is it right to "drift" a "plant" into his organization? The *Harvard Business Review's* 1959 poll of its readers to find out what businessmen consider to be ethical conduct in the collection of competitive data throws a bright light on our changing standards of business morality.

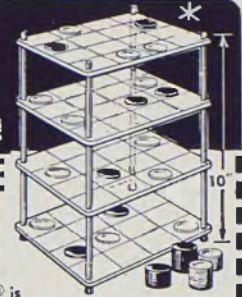
Seventy-seven percent of the more than 1500 respondents to the survey said that business espionage reflected a "decline in ethical standards." But most of them saw nothing improper in sending a comparison shopper to buy products in a competing store in order to check out prices, or in the setting up by oil companies of "scout" departments to watch the drilling operations of competitors, or in hiring away a key employee from a competitor.

There was a sharp split along industry lines when it came to whether it is

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proper for an executive to "wine and dine" his counterpart in a competing firm for the purpose of picking his brain. Most executives in manufacturing, transportation and engineering approved of the practice. Those in other industries frowned on it. The majority in all industries disapproved, however, of posing as a consumer to get information from a competitor; of hiring a private investigator to watch a competitor's proving ground; of stealing the plans for a competitor's new model; of secretly recording conversations in a competitor's office; of wire tapping the competition; of bribing a competitor's employee for information; and of planting a confederate in a competing organization.

But the most interesting finding of the survey was the contrast revealed between the attitudes of older as against younger executives. "In nearly every case," the study found, "the younger executive is more likely to approve of a situation than an older executive." The most radical contrast turned up on the matter of hiring a man away from a rival firm. By and large, executives over 50 disapproved, while those under 50 approved. This may simply reflect the fact that the younger men consider themselves "available" and are happy to have the opportunity to move up by moving out, whereas older men are more likely to be frozen in their jobs. But the difference in moral stance on most other questions cannot be so simply explained. Take the example of wining and dining. Of executives up to the age of 39, only 40 percent disapproved of this practice. But among respondents 50 or older, nearly 70 percent disapproved. Nearly 30 percent of those under 39 saw nothing unethical about hiring an investigator to spy on a competitor's proving ground. Among those over 50, fewer than ten percent approved. About eight percent of the younger group found nothing immoral about a design engineer's stealing a competitor's new model plans. Almost no one in the older group condoned this practice. Such differences, concluded the *Harvard Business Review*, "might very well represent quite separate ethical standards on the part of younger and older executives."

Does this mean that as executives grow older they become more "ethical" in their behavior? Or does it mean that, as our young executives move into higher echelons, they will carry with them their present set of ethical values, a much looser set than that held by the older generation? If this turns out to be the case, business may be in for a tidal wave of idea stealing, in all its forms, that will make present-day pilfering seem Puritan by comparison.



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TOKYO (continued from page 114)

visitors of less rococo dispositions. In the vast Dai-Ichi — self-described with quaint immodesty as “enjoyable to the depth of charm in an atmosphere of elegance and joyfulness” — an impersonally modern but quite comfortable room may be had for \$4. The lush Nikkatsu, at a teeming intersection athwart the Imperial Palace Plaza, offers splendid singles for \$7, deep-carpeted suites worth every penny of \$30, one of the finest hotel dining rooms in Tokyo, and a shopping arcade vending wares ranging from 100-year-old Chinese jade to week-old American newspapers. The smaller Nikko, featuring compact singles for \$5 and a rooftop barbecue with a panoramic view of the city, has the added virtue of being located at the hub of the entertainment district. Less convenient to downtown diversions — but serenely remote from their tumult — stretch the landscaped acres of the Takanawa Prince, a resort of Floridian opulence erected (complete with golf driving range and two heated swimming pools) on a former estate of the Imperial family; single

rooms cost \$5, doubles \$8, and luxurious three-room suites, commanding a vista of Tokyo's Horseshoe Bay, are a bargain at \$28. There are several other Western-style hotels which offer rooms and service comparable to the best of U.S. hostels; among those worthy of your patronage, should the aforementioned be booked solid, are the New Japan, the Toshi Center, the Sanbancho, the Azabu Prince and the Akasaka Prince (no relation), the Shiba Park and the enormous Kokusai Kanko. Rooms in all range between \$5 and \$20, depending on your predilections for creature comfort.

However, in order to savor the calm simplicity of genuine Japanese quarters we strongly recommend — lacking an invitation to stay in the home of a Japanese friend — that you flout tourist tradition by spending at least a night or two of your visit at a *ryokan*, or traditional inn. You may find yourself deciding to stay on longer, for their quiet beauty and gracious hospitality are justifiably legendary. The guest rooms of these gracefully unadorned wooden dwellings

contain neither beds nor chairs, dressers nor side tables. Floored with softly fragrant straw mats called *tatami*, upon which you sit, sleep and dine — sans shoes, of course — they are furnished with little more than a bedroll, a low lacquer table, a hanging scroll, and perhaps a vase of chrysanthemums; somehow this is more than enough. You sit sipping tea in a cool cotton kimono as your petite chambermaid slides open a paper-paneled *shoji* to reveal a verdant vision: slopes of wild flowers, rolling turf, lily ponds, ancient stones and artfully manicured bonsai trees, all arranged to create a harmonious unity with the inn itself. Altogether, it's an enchanting introduction to the stately serenity of Oriental living — with but one distraction which many actually find refreshing: blissfully oblivious of Western views on privacy, the maid is apt to enter giggling, day or night, without any warning whatever.

Tokyo abounds with such sylvan sanctuaries, but among the most beautiful, in our opinion, is the Honjin, an authentic feudal castle with silken service and impeccable elegant decor. The Kegan, which houses one of the city's most epicurean *sukiyaki* restaurants, is a tempting alternative, as is the more subdued charm of the Kizan and the Sudaiso. Rates are reasonable in all, ranging from \$5 to \$8 “American” plan for a single room with two Japanese meals. The only shortcoming is the matter of language. Employees at Westernized hotels can cope comprehensively with English, but *ryokan* staffers, accustomed to native clientele, are for the most part spectacularly undecipherable — a situation paralleled in varying degrees, incidentally, throughout Tokyo. Though English is the secondary language in Japanese schools, it nevertheless remains an enigma in practice to the vast majority — though few will admit it. In any event, with a few basic guidebook phrases dutifully memorized en route, and a pocket glossary within arm's reach, your difficulties will be negligible.

For the nonce, ensconced in your *shoji*-walled room, begin your vocabulary with one essential word: *ofuro*, or honorable bath. The Japanese are among the most scrupulously scrubbed and refreshingly unself-conscious peoples in the world. Every *ryokan* has a deep *ofuro* of wood or tile suitable for a least four sudsy souls; in the larger inns, a jolly fifteen or twenty can be accommodated in pool-sized tubs. For one and all — foreigners included — the management of most *ryokan* will transform this aquatic group therapy into a singular esthetic pleasure by furnishing a halter- and shorts-clad *jochusan*, or bell girl, who will cleanse your hide before plunging you into the lobster-hot tub for a



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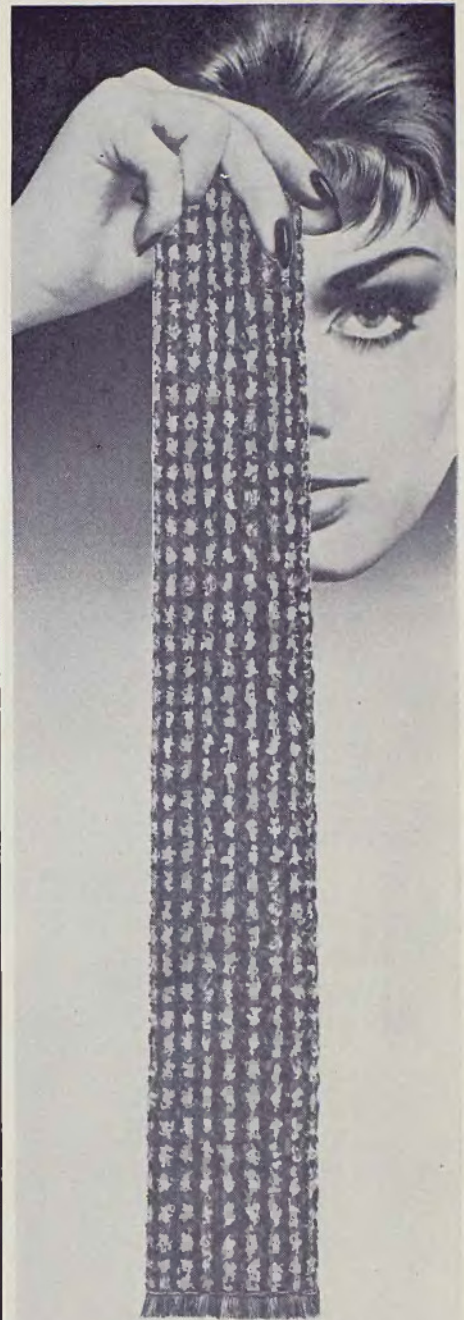
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suffusing soak; she will then administer an invigorating massage—often via the startling but profoundly pleasurable technique of trotting up and down your back barefoot with delicate dexterity. Her attitude, it should be pointed out, is strictly professional; so you needn't bother working up a lather. The bill for all this tactile delight, incredibly, will come to around a dollar. Don't despair if you're registered at a Western-style hotel, however; though tubside scrubbing service is unavailable, a sure-footed masseuse can be summoned to your room by phone.

Duly pummeled and parboiled, you will be refreshed for a leisurely pre-dinner promenade. Before setting forth, however, you will have secured a fistful of the bilingual calling cards in which the Japanese set such store for establishing business and social contacts; they can be procured within the hour through the desk clerk. Thus equipped, and with a goodly supply of yen, you stroll out into streets still athrong with pedestrians and traffic—but now also ablaze with neon. The city is humming through dusk into the electric excitement of night that is peculiarly Tokyo's. Down broad tree-lined boulevards; past the swan-dotted moat of the Imperial Palace, just visible over the crest of the sweeping, stone-buttressed wall which surrounds its 250 acres of exquisite grounds; and through shop-lined lanes astream with bicycle-driven rickshas, your ambulation finally finds you standing on the Ginza, Tokyo's pulsing main artery. A frenetic thoroughfare only one-half mile in length, it is Times Square, Piccadilly Circus, Place Pigalle, and the *Via Veneto* all rolled into one; though no one is really sure, it has been estimated that upwards of 50,000 bars, night spots and eateries line the Ginza—along with the biggest and most fashionable department stores in the Orient, an assortment of public bathhouses and an uncounted number of *pachinko* parlors, where a jangling bastardization of pinball is played with rapt concentration by men, women and children alike. It is a scintillating stretch at any hour, but most especially now, as galaxies of billboards bloom with multi-colored lights.

As you walk and look, you will find yourself garnering many stares from the diminutive throngs; for the Japanese have never become blasé about their stature. You'll note the multitudinous, almost toylike bobbing of heads as friends greet one another with deferential politesse. The dress of nearly all will be Western: the men in conventional suits; the women, who have been persuaded that the flat planes of the kimono are not flattering to the feminine curves so modish in the West, wear quiet floral-patterned dresses. (Once home, of course, nearly everyone, male and female, doffs Western garb for the familiar compact



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L-32/33 inseam



and classic beauty of the kimono.)

Many of the signs in front of stores and night spots, you'll notice, are bilingual, bearing a picturesquely mutilated brand of English; connoisseurs of local sign language fondly recall a barber's blurb reading "HEADS CUT HERE"; and the intriguing revelation that appeared before a tailor's shop "LADIES HAVE FITS HERE."

Having found your way to the heart of the matter, you might well elect to sip a preprandial libation at any one of the numberless bars and coffee shops that line the Ginza and its Lilliputian side streets—byways so tiny and so panoplied with jutting wooden placards that even small cars are unable to enter. In picking a spot, it would be well to stay with those establishments sporting English signs at their portals; the ones that don't may not cotton to Caucasians. Among the more companionable spas are the Rat Mort, a chandeliered chateau serving expertly swizzled cocktails; and the Tennessee Tea Room, a pleasantly peculiar coffeehouse which along with the caffeine, purveys decent drinks, rockabilly musicians in flamboyant cowboy outfits imitating Elvis, Fabian, and other musical spokesmen of Western culture. At Gin-Paree, a miniature outpost of Continental charm just off the Ginza, a troupe of Japanese vocalists relentlessly—but somehow engagingly—render such chansons as the ever-popular *Apuru in Parisu*. Nearby is Shirobasha, a Stygian-dark, four-storied java joint which also does a heavy trade in the more potent potables. A few blocks south is Eraishon, an ornate den in which elevator-borne vocalists waft eerily past the tiny balcony upon which you perch with your drink. If you prefer a setting of Gothic splendor, you might amble into Kohaku, Hami-Kochi, or Chopin-Scalaza, more Far East than far-out nuclei for culture- and coffee-lovers, in which you will be permitted to commune silently with Mozart and Bach on the stereo while you sit sipping with the other longhairs.

Drinks in any of the above will cost about a dollar apiece and can be nursed as long as desired without a glower. When ordering, we advise that you stick to imported stock, because native Japanese liquors (including gins) tend to be a mite sweetish. Japanese beer, on the other hand, is among the truest of brews—richer than light American lagers, yet lighter than the dark European products. And you'll also want to sample a porcelain bottleful of sake, the national beverage—though it might be best to save this pleasure for savoring over dinner.

At about this juncture, as the relaxing intake of spirits bolsters your own, you may well begin to ponder the possibility of forming a liaison. In a city of over 4,750,000 women, the task of securing companionship for your evening's outing is both prohibitively difficult and abnormally simple. Technically speaking, the

postwar constitution conferred on Japanese women equal status with men: in one bold stroke they were liberated from their traditional cipheric role and legislated into individual identity. In practice, however, the principle of personal liberty has not filtered through to either the older generation or the upper classes, where papa-san is still very much the master, exerting sufficient control over his daughter to blueprint both her personal life and her marriage. The consequence: if you are not a Japanese male of honorable family, prospects and intentions, your chances of dating an old-fashioned or blue-blooded lass are, quite simply, nil. It is barely possible that you will be able to gain escort rights with the daughter of a proper middle-class family, but usually only if you possess gilt-edged diplomatic or military connections. Among the remaining tinkling belles, happily, both democracy and its attendant pursuit of happiness are fervently embraced. For the unhurried male with a well-honed approach, this chick-list presents a wide array of possibilities: you may beguile a pert waitress from the Tennessee Tea Room, a willowy salesgirl from Mitsukoshi department store, a short-stemmed chorine from the epidermal displays at the Nichigeki Theater, or a chic stewardess who works the Pigeon Bus tours—delightful damsels all. But the most expeditious and facile opportunities are to be found among the massed ranks of hostesses employed by the city's various cabarets and night clubs. The evening is still too young, however, to undertake an expedition into this vast nocturnal domain; its enticements must await the completion of the dinner hour—a golden time in the round of Tokyo's cosmopolitan night life.

Perhaps no other city in the world offers the gastronome such cornucopian fare. Its 30,000 restaurants cater to a potpourri of ethnic tastes, offering everything from a *knish* to a tamale. The two best-known native dishes are sukiyaki, an elegant meat and vegetable stew by now a household recipe from New York to San Francisco; and *tempura*, an equally favored and savored assortment of deep-fried seafood and sliced vegetables. In a sukiyaki restaurant you remove your shoes, sit on *tatami* matting at a low table, and watch hungrily as your waitress ceremoniously prepares the repast. Into a table-top skillet sizzling with soy sauce above a charcoal brazier, she pops morsels of beef, chicken or pork, bean curd, sliced scallions, lotus root, bamboo shoots, quartered onions and assorted other exotica. All this is accompanied by white rice, and an inexhaustible supply of sake.

Until a man, however well-traveled, has tasted the sukiyaki at Suchiro, he cannot, to our palate, truly call himself a connoisseur of Japanese cuisine. Despite tourist-baiting dancing girls and an

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unesthetic atmosphere of busy clatter, this four-story emporium serves the most delicately delicious beef sukiyaki we have ever eaten, prepared with porterhouse from their own herd of tenderly nurtured livestock. The sukiyaki at Doh-Hana, though a shade less epicurean, may be savored more by those to whom a setting of classic serenity, and a garden of surpassing beauty, are as essential as fine fare to complete dining pleasure. In both places, the price for dinner is just under \$4—high for Japan, but certainly worth it.

Though a somewhat Westernized mecca for tourists and conventioners, Ten-Ichi serves perhaps the finest *tempura*. Even so, we prefer the quietly traditional quarters of Hanacho, a *tempura* temple which has carefully preserved both the rituals and recipes of old Japan. Somewhat less accessible to downtown, Inagiku also offers a blending of superlative *tempura*, service and decor which merits your attention. Prices in all range between \$2.50 and \$3.60.

Two other national delicacies you'll want to savor are *yakitori*—tidbits of chicken and vegetables mixed in batter and roasted over charcoal flames; and *kabayaki*, broiled split eels dipped in soy sauce. A pleasantly airy spot to sample these is the Tokyo Kaikan, a lantern-festooned roof restaurant which opens

for dinner and dancing at 5:30 and stays open till about nine.

Newcomers are sometimes surprised and always gratified to discover that Japanese beef is among the most tender and succulent in the world—due in some degree, at least, to the solicitous husbandry practiced by the farmers of Kobe in Southern Honshu, where the cows are lovingly massaged and fed beer to perfect the quality of their meat. Such beef, comparable to the best in the world, may be relished at hamburger prices in the Chaco, a tiny place serving enormous steaks charcoal-broiled before the diners; at nearby George's, an ingroupish hangout for the American colony, and at Frank's, the biggest (but not best) steak house in the city, a dressy, Los Angeles establishment complete with candlelight, chrome table carts and flaming desserts.

In the summer, Tokyo's garden restaurants provide a benignly pleasant atmosphere for leisurely gourmandizing; there are several worthy of note: Hamaseiho and Hannayen sport outdoor barbecues and sensible prices; and Happo-en, decorated in the style of a traditional inn, is nestled in a garden 300 years old, and serves excellent French cuisine, as well as Japanese, for under \$4; but by all odds the finest of its genre and perhaps the best known of Tokyo's myriad res-

taurants is Chinzanso. Situated in a tranquil seventeen-acre park, this elysian rendezvous offers both Western- and Japanese-style dining rooms, as well as an alfresco garden grill where tender portions of beef, lamb and chicken are charcoaled over Mongolian Genghis Khan broilers—all for the modest sum of around \$3. You should try to get there in June, during which over a million fireflies, gathered from all over Japan, are released from cages like vast star showers into the landscaped gardens.

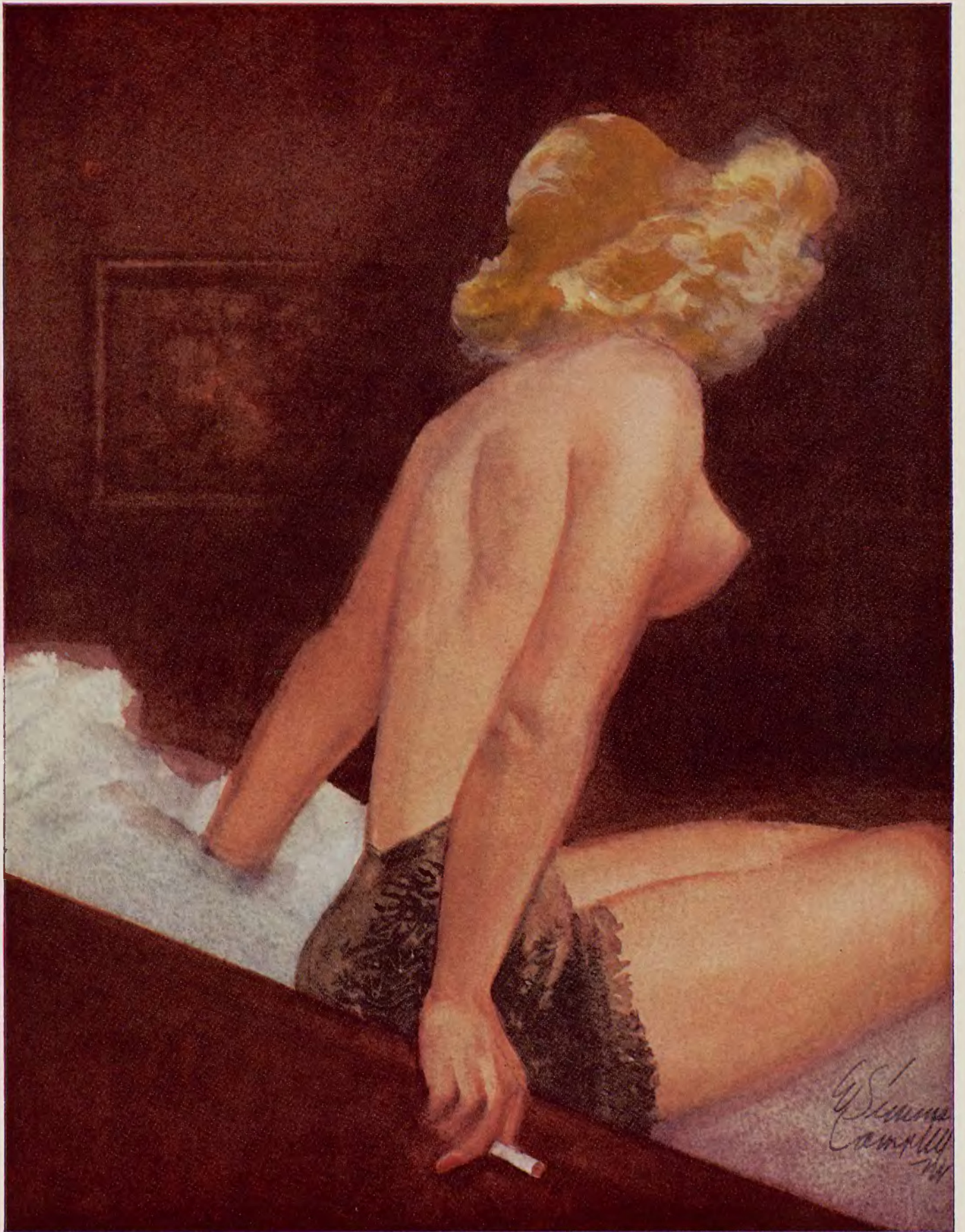
The venturesome, of course, will want to forage about in search of more obscure dining haunts—less spectacularly appurtenanced, perhaps, but more genuinely indigenous. At Furusato, for example—an old farmhouse which was dismantled, transported to its present site and reassembled—the guests sit around an open hearth quaffing sake and savoring country-style meat, broiled chicken and fish both raw and cooked. The price tag here is high by Japanese standards (around \$8 per person).

Another purely Japanese spot of gustatory interest is Fujino, a diminutive indoor cookshop about three blocks from the Imperial which specializes in *okaribayaki*, the traditional dish of samurai; the diners sit at a table centered by a grill resembling a samurai shield, upon which the chef carefully chars small beef filets,

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"I remind you of your mother?!"

slices of sweet potatoes and onion, fresh fish, and, toward the end of the meal, the apogee of off-beat gastronomy: edible chrysanthemums. You top all this off with *misoshiru*, a savory soup of bean curd stock served in a black-lacquered bowl, at the bottom of which are two or three dozen tiny black clams.

Chinese restaurants of imperial rank also abound in this amazing city; for many of the finest Cantonese and Szechwan chefs in China fled the mainland with the Red take over to set up shop in Tokyo. Sun Ya is such a place; with a bill of fare featuring over 400 different offerings, this unprepossessingly decorated establishment has earned a reputation so far flung that a certain elite contingent of passengers on every incoming international flight refuses the last meal on board in order to whet their appetites to a keen edge for a monumental meal at Sun Ya on arrival. In order to sample the largest possible assortment of savories such as sharkfin soup, Peking duck and hundred-year-old eggs, take with you a quartet or more of friends. The total tab for four is absurdly low in view of the inordinate pleasures imparted: around \$11.

If his palate is of an even more exotic turn, the feasting male can also go Asiatic in an assortment of Korean, Siamese and Indonesian restaurants. For Korea-philes, there is Taisho-en, which serves pungently savory *pulgogi* — strips of barbecued beef that have been steeped for hours in a marinated garlic sauce — not recommended for delicate stomachs, or before a date. If you're fit to be Thaid, the Bangkok should have you feeling like a king. Indonesian buffs will find superb assuagement at Indonesia Raya and Sederhana.

For the diner craving more familiar fare, the polyglot variety of Tokyo's Continental cafés is munificent, their quality magnificent. A complete cataloging would be fodder for a doctoral thesis, so we'll content ourselves with listing some of the best. Gallic comestibles may be partaken of at the Crescent, which serves chef-d'oeuvre frogs' legs and commands an unexcelled view of the Eiffel-topping Tokyo TV tower (which in turn contains two restaurants of its own); and at France-ya, a minuscule cuisinery buried in a maze of side streets, which sets a bountiful table from apéritif to demitasse, but offers no alternatives to its table d'hôte meals — which are *prix fixe* at \$10. But perhaps the rarest French repast in the city, if not in the Far East, is savored by the patrons of ultrachic Hananoki, whose kitchen is ruled by the redoubtable Shido, acknowledged Escoffier of the Orient. The prices, needless to mention, are unforgettable — but so is the food. Italian *cucina*, including some 50 varieties of highly respectable pizza, is served with style, and usually with anchovies, at

Nicola's; Germanic trenchermen will raise a seidel to the *gemütlich* gustatory pleasures of Lohmeyer's or Ketel's. If you prefer Hungarian sustenance, try Irene's Hungaria, where gypsy-bloused Japanese bartenders mix the best martinis in town. Headlining the Russian borsch circuit are Cossack, Volga and Balalaika, the last of which enjoys the dubious distinction of being the largest restaurant in Tokyo. If you find yourself longing for London fog and kidney pie, you'll find the latter, along with tankards of ale, Yorkshire pudding and roast mutton in hearty abundance at The King's Arms, a timbered tavern opposite the American embassy.

Having satisfied the inner man, you'll be set to swing into the organized pandemonium of the city's night life. Patrons of the sensual arts may wish to inaugurate the evening in a carnival side-show mood by venturing into Tokyo's triumvirate of temples to Eros — the Nichigeki Musical Hall, the Shimabashi Embujo, and the Asakusa Theater — wherein mass fertility rites are conducted three times daily, to the age-old syncopation of a trap drum and a blaring pit band, by brightly pigmented bouquets of Oriental blossoms.

In most of the nighteries, whether brightly lit, or *intime*, you will encounter in gratifying numbers the pretty phenomenon known as the Japanese hostess. Like all cosmopolitan cities, Tokyo exerts a magnetic attraction on good-looking women and the best of these seem to gravitate to the top clubs. For the same reason that one doesn't carry coals to Newcastle, you need not escort a date to these dens. These quasideishas are hired by the management to provide tipping and terpsichorean companionship for visiting males. When the hatches are battened at 11:30, however, most of these accident-prone young ladies are amenable to a broad interpretation of Eastern hospitality.

Achieving an amiable entente with a hostess, you'll find, is about as difficult as gathering acorns under an oak tree. As soon as the waiter has seated you, he will inquire with bowing solicitude if you wish to imbibe *à deux*; you will say yes, adding that you prefer an English-speaking companion. Whereupon a procession of walking advertisements for the Paris fashion industry will wend their way to your table. After surveying the line-up with the care of a caliph, you simply reach out to clasp the hand of your choice; the remaining girls will prettily disperse. As she settles at your side, you ask her name. If she likes you, she will respond by proffering a card on which you will find her first name and two telephone numbers — the club's and her own. Overcoming the temptation to learn her family name as well — an inexcusable *gaucherie* at this point — you conclude the formalities by giving her

one of your own pasteboards.

The fee for this pleasant package — company, canapés and cocktails for two — usually starts at about \$2 an hour in less pretentious cabarets, and just under \$3 in the fancier boites; this in addition to a cover charge of from \$1.50 to \$4. At these rates your petite pal will stay with you — dancing enthusiastically, fashioning charming small talk, sipping daintily (invariably a hybrid of Scotch and ginger ale), laughing at your jokes, lighting your cigarettes and handing you the traditional hot towel to wipe your hands preparatory to food and drink — for as long as you like. In the improbable event that you become disenchanted with the company you're keeping, it's quite permissible to change hostesses in midstream without objection; the larger clubs have several hundred available.

The average Tokyo floorshow is reasonably diverting: ten or more demiclad chorus girls generally alternate with an Ed Sullivanesque parade of magicians, acrobats, singers and, if luck isn't with you, a team of indefatigable baton twirlers. Though the acts have an international flavor, top American talent is scarce, for the owners' yen for yen ordinarily precludes payment of the fees Yankee artists demand.

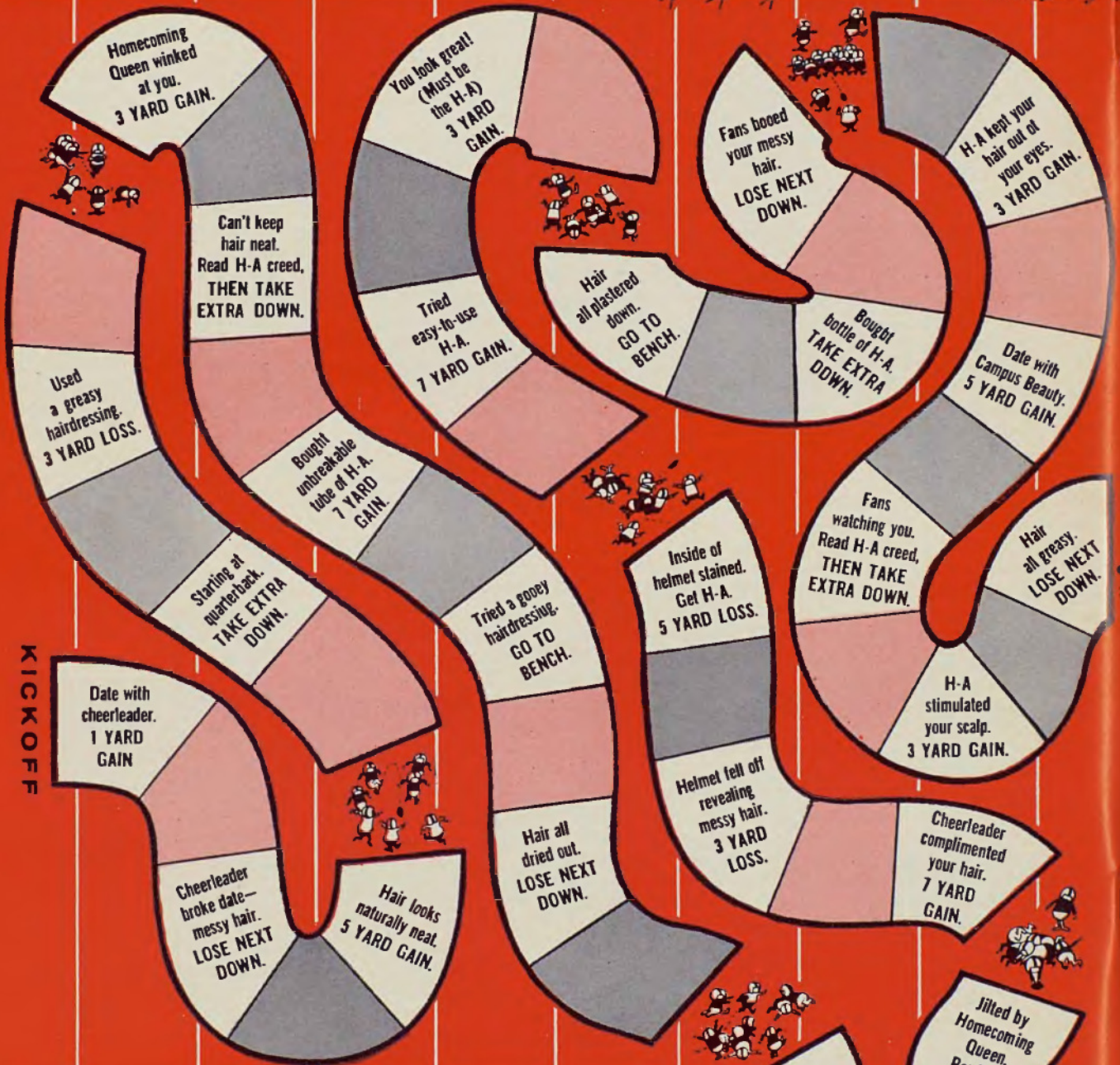
There is a fine semantic distinction between cabarets and night clubs which you might file away at this point: cabarets are strictly for stags, while night clubs cater to couples as well as to the man taking a solo flier; hostesses, of course, abound in both.

The three poshest clubs all throb in the rowdy Akasaka district: the Copacabana, the new Latin Quarter and the Hanabasha. Of these, the Copa gets our nod both as the biggest and the best — but only by an inclined eyelash. Presided over by a Junoesque Japanese woman who calls herself Moma Cherry, it offers action on two fronts: downstairs, Hiroshi Watanabe's Star Dusters, blowing current U.S. pop hits, plus a show compounded of good second-string talent from abroad; and topside, a bar in pleasant proximity to a task force of waiting hostesses. Next door looms the gigantic Hanabasha, Tokyo's most cavernous tabernacle of joy. With a Brobdingnagian stage, Arabian Nightmare decor, and an amphitheatrical assemblage of postage-stamp tables, its central showroom is little short of awesome. Almost as an afterthought, there is also an adjacent lounge — an expectedly cozy retreat with a wood-burning fireplace before which a covey of unattached hostesses keep warm while awaiting the customers' cues. In an unresolved argument that has been banded about for years, some connoisseurs maintain that these girls are the pick of the city's crop — and we agree. Across the street is the new Latin Quarter, an elephantine saloon comparable to its competition in



H-A Hair Arranger

(A GAME FOR ...)

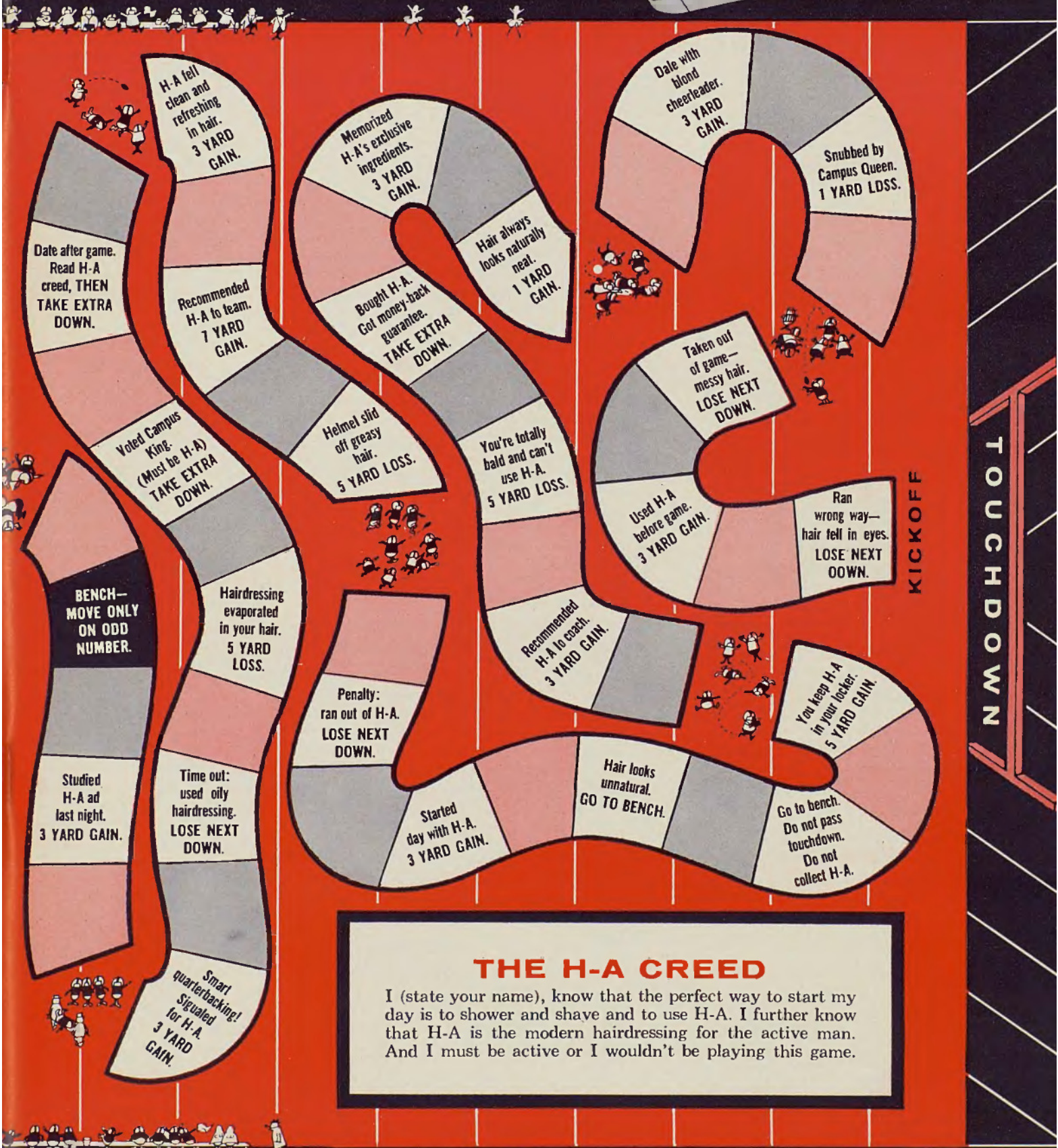


DIRECTIONS

1. Each player place coin or similar token in one of two areas marked "Kickoff"—one on right, one on left.
2. To move (have a "down"), open magazine to any page and add the digits. i.e. If page 53, $5+3=8$, so move token forward 8 squares ("yards").
3. Follow directions printed in square on which you land.
4. Object of game: first man to reach area marked "Touch-down" wins.

er Football

(TWO PLAYERS)



H-A fell clean and refreshing in hair. 3 YARD GAIN.

Date after game. Read H-A creed, THEN TAKE EXTRA DOWN.

Recommended H-A to team. 7 YARD GAIN.

Voted Campus King. (Must be H-A) TAKE EXTRA DOWN.

BENCH—MOVE ONLY ON ODD NUMBER.

Hairdressing evaporated in your hair. 5 YARD LOSS.

Studied H-A ad last night. 3 YARD GAIN.

Time out: used oily hairdressing. LOSE NEXT DOWN.

Smart quarterbacking! Signaled for H-A. 3 YARD GAIN.

Memorized H-A's exclusive ingredients. 3 YARD GAIN.

Bought H-A. Got money-back guarantee. TAKE EXTRA DOWN.

Helmet slid off greasy hair. 5 YARD LOSS.

Penalty: ran out of H-A. LOSE NEXT DOWN.

Started day with H-A. 3 YARD GAIN.

Hair always looks naturally neat. 1 YARD GAIN.

You're totally bald and can't use H-A. 5 YARD LOSS.

Recommended H-A to coach. 3 YARD GAIN.

Hair looks unnatural. GO TO BENCH.

Dale with blond cheerleader. 3 YARD GAIN.

Snubbed by Campus Queen. 1 YARD LOSS.

Taken out of game—messy hair. LOSE NEXT DOWN.

Used H-A before game. 3 YARD GAIN.

Ran wrong way—hair fell in eyes. LOSE NEXT DOWN.

You keep H-A in your locker. 5 YARD GAIN.

Go to bench. Do not pass touchdown. Do not collect H-A.

KICKOFF

TOUCHDOWN

THE H-A CREED

I (state your name), know that the perfect way to start my day is to shower and shave and to use H-A. I further know that H-A is the modern hairdressing for the active man. And I must be active or I wouldn't be playing this game.

Write to: SWINGING BOOKLET, P. O. Box. 4727, Chicago 80, Illinois. OOPS! Enclose one H-A Boxtop. Don't forget that par

decibels, if not in Jezebels. Spirits circulate in these three citadels for about a dollar a jolt; and the cover charge is usually \$2.25, though it may go up for a big name entertainer from Stateside.

There is another Akasaka playpen which defies categorization: a vast supermarket for the senses known as Shin-Sekai. Among other attractions, this eight-story jukebox — complete with bubbles and miasmatic colored lights — contains a kiddyland, a Science-Magic Land, an echoing beer garden, a shopping center and an endless array of restaurants and public bathhouses. The roof is topped by a planetarium and a five-story pagoda limned in neon; descent from this height to a neighboring Buddhist temple can be negotiated swiftly by cable car. Gilding this enormous lily, Shin-Sekai also boasts the mostest in hostesses: there are an even thousand of them, and each can be individually paged by a stock-exchangelike system of flashing numbers on the walls of a colossal night-club arena in the building's innards.

While cabaret-hopping, your time and money will be best spent in either the Crown or the Queen Bee. The Crown — a regally bedizened sanctum of the expense-account set — boasts a pair of reasonably euphonious bands (Fujio Tsuruta and His Swinging Stars trade riffs with Koji Suyuki and His Eight Echos), a fairly fleshy floorshow and a full contingent of hostesses; the uncover charge is \$1.35. Somewhat higher tariffed, the Ginza's Queen Bee is a buzzing hive celebrated for its equally ornate stage shows and French stained-glass decor. From your perch at its central revolving bar — circumscribed by a cordon of beckoning but stationary Bee-girls — a nod of the head will summon a friendly fellow passenger onto the carousel. As at the Crown, the pleasure of her company will come to \$2.75 an hour.

For the curiosity-seeker, the mammoth Mimatsu, Tokyo's biggest cabaret, possesses some measures of statistical interest: it stages extravagant shows twice a night, blares continuous band music and leases tableside helpmeets for the entire evening — all for the bargain-basement price tag of \$2.70 plus drinks. Markdowns notwithstanding, many visitors prefer the less Atlantean scope of the Monte Carlo, a boîte catering mainly to Japanese, but warmly esteemed by many clean-minded foreigners for its Saturday night "Bathtub Revue," featuring 40 suds-clad chorines engaged in mass ablu-tions.

Only the intrepid venture into the New Yorker, a bawdy foxhole filled to overflowing with underclad hostesses, primarily for the edification of GIs on furlough from Korea; or to the Albion, where *le jazz hot* cannonades from a battery of loud-speakers, and jungle-colored lights throb rhythmically to the

titanic beat, while 30 warbling waitresses in skintight bodices demonstrate their broken-field running technique amidst the many-handed patrons.

By the time the 11:30 curfew rolls around, you and your consort will undoubtedly have achieved sufficient rapport to warrant gambols in greener pastures. The fact that she has been forbidden to fraternize off the premises is merely an exercise in oriental face-saving on the part of the management; if your interest is reciprocated — as it almost always is — she will forthwith impart explicit directions to a nearby coffee-shop rendezvous, where you will be instructed to sit patiently while she switches from hostess finery to chic street clothes. Unlike the charade of misdirection practiced by Stateside dance-hall hostesses, she will always show up — at which time she and you will then be free to paint the town champagne pink in one of the wheel-hour bistros.

One such spot is the Aoi Shiro; ostensibly shuttering up with the rest at 11:30, this tiny club keeps the midnight oil burning via a venerable speakeasy gambit; a waiter wielding a flashlight guides you down a back corridor and thence through a murky obstacle course of stairs and storerooms to a curtained second-story retreat, where curfews — and conventions — are but the figments of a policeman's imagination.

But the real heartland of after-hour revelry is freewheeling Roppongi Street, where creaky joints like Liz Laurie's Club 88 and Club Shima detonate till dawn. These two dens extort neither cover nor minimum from their clientele, nor do they provide hostesses; but this last lack is strictly academic, for both clubs are invariably dense with yet uncommitted female functionaries from early closing nearby cabarets — a golden last-ditch opportunity for liaison. Rather edible *sushi* and broiled specialties can be sampled at Liz Laurie's; next door at Club Shima you can feast on standard Chinese fare, then choose a dish for a dance to the unlikely combination of an electric organ sided by bongos. In any event, the possibility of reaching the nether end of the evening sans companionship — except by choice — is mathematically remote. Assuming that your overtures have been answered with approval, the sole remaining question is purely logistic: *Quo vadis?* Few of the major hotels — Western or Japanese — will countenance female visitors "during hours designated for sleeping." Therefore, the girl will probably volunteer her own quarters — provided she doesn't sleep with six or seven relatives in the same room, as is often the case. In this infelicitous event, you have but to set out for the best of the late-hour inns which dot the downtown area: the Sekitei; surely among the most Elysian and esthetic of transient hotels to be

found anywhere, its secluded bungalows, set among rock gardens and gurgling streams, rent for \$8 to \$14 an evening.

When the rising sun finally appears, you will discover that the city by day is almost as intriguing as at night and perhaps even more frenetic. The superabundance of its daytime diversions make slugabedding an impossibility, though Tokyo is not a spectacular sight-seeing town in the usual tourist sense — mainly because it is relatively new. It was not until 1868, under the aegis of the Emperor Meiji, that the town became the Japanese capital and received its present name (literally, Eastern Capital).

Built by Meiji, the Imperial Palace is located in the heart of Tokyo on a 250-acre tract encircled by a system of moats. Although most of its buildings were destroyed by an air raid in 1945, the massive masonry and watchtowers that remain have lost none of their serene monumentality. The general public is allowed to visit the grounds just twice a year, on January 2 and April 29, but you can behold its main entrance at any time from the famous double bridge, Nijubashi. The ashes of Meiji — Hirohito's grandfather — are contained in the Meiji Shrine, a structure sacred to Shintoists everywhere, set amid 175 acres of forested park lands. Heavily damaged by wartime bombing, the shrine has since been completely rebuilt; its original *torii* — a magnificent gate fashioned from cypress wood over 1700 years old — still stands astride its entrance.

A visit to one of the city's mammoth mercantile temples should be no less an experience, in its own way, for the staggering abundance and variety of their bounty. Uniquely native, however, is the virtual Japanese patent right on the ultimate secret weapon of huckstering: genuine courtesy. Clerks in these vast department stores turn handsprings to insure your satisfaction; uniformed girls greet you with a smile and a bow as you disembark from the escalator at each floor; and miniature roof-top Disneyland with scaled-down Ferris wheels, tiny zoos and fun houses beguile the little shavers while the grownups browse below. The finest of these soft-sell citadels are Takashimaya, whose resplendent Manhattan branch displays but a scattered sampling of the selection of goods sold in its Tokyo store; and archrival Mitsukoshi, the largest department store in the Orient. But your shopping sorties will, perhaps, be most conveniently and reasonably accomplished in the arcades of the big hotels, where the many precious Japanese artifacts available — all incomparably superior to the flimsy ten-cent-store merchandise which once transformed the "Made in Japan" label into a symbol of shoddy workmanship — include such treasures as Mikimoto pearls, lacquerware, silks, cloisonné, porcelain, brocades, china, fans, bamboo work,



"I've been thrilled by the dazzling breakaway of your four-speed, close-ratio, synchromesh manual transmission and the lusty surge of your 315-horsepower, fuel-injection, high-lift cam engine . . ."

even samurai swords—as well as a gleaming assortment of Japanese cameras and binoculars, which many claim have supplanted the German product as the finest in the world. Pearls, cloisonné and optical equipment, you might note, may be exported tax-free. In the arcade at the Imperial (and also less accessibly elsewhere about the city) are several highly skilled Hong Kong tailors who can produce a perfectly fitting, custom-made suit of top-drawer English wool or tropical worsted, within 24 hours if necessary. At \$30 to \$40 per suit, you will quickly realize that Tokyo is the best place this side of Queen's Road in Kowloon for assembling a custom wardrobe.

Before packing up those precision-ground field glasses for shipment, the unregenerate *beisboru* (baseball) buff will want to hie himself out to Korakuen Stadium with 50,000 other fans of the Japanese national sport, for a magnified look at the local pro nines which have several times vanquished the mighty New York Yankees during tours through Tokyo. Aside from such charmingly Japanese embellishments as usherettes, female announcers, and a ceremonious pregame presentation of flowers to the team captains, these spirited contests are remarkably similar to our own—even to pop-bottle projectiles from the mezzanine, punctuating such familiar empirical declarations as "Sturaiku," "Boru," and "Ahootoh."

For more exotic sporting tastes, and for TV exiles long disenchanting with the amateur histrionics of American grunt-and-groan, a rousing *sumo* tournament—held in January, May and September—may revive not only respect but enthusiasm for the wrestling game. In this elaborately stylized contest of brawn and balance, two porcine behemoths, often weighing 350 pounds each, are pitted against one another in a fifteen-foot ring of hard-packed clay. After much inscrutable contemplation and ritual foot-stomping, both will spring simultaneously to the attack with a speed and agility remarkable for their bulk; in a matter of seconds, one will have belled the other out of the ring and won the match. Though the contests begin at 9:30 in the morning, the best time to go is around 3:30 P.M. when the top-ranking leviathans lumber into action.

If *sumo* is not in season, a sprightlier manner of mayhem may be observed at the Kodokan Judo Hall, where you can flip over the dexterity of twoscore or more white-robed Judo practitioners and their pupils.

For those of gentler disposition, Tokyo offers an array of avocations adopted intact from Western models: one may play golf on the shortish nine-hole fairways at Takanawa and Shiba Park; play the ponies during weekend races at the

modern tracks in Fuchu and Nakayama, both just outside the city; or indulge in such familiar *divertissements* as bowling, tennis, ice skating, skiing (in the not-too-distant Japanese Alps), or even table tennis—a national obsession which has won the country repeated world championships.

After an afternoon of such sport, either as spectator or participant, you'll want to head next for one of Tokyo's many *onsen*, or Turkish-style public baths, to enjoy a full hour of slow steaming and gentle kneading from stem to stern, the more salubriously to emerge into the pleasures of the evening. The full treatment—steam, suds and squeeze—will be administered by a diminutive naïad for about \$2.80.

As a refreshingly sedate contrast to the racy atmosphere of the previous night's inaugural, you might consider next an early visit to one of Tokyo's many geisha teahouses. Trained from infancy in the subtleties of entertaining men, geisha become accomplished in singing ancient songs, strumming the *samisen* and *koto*, traditional dancing, playing pleasantly harmless parlor games, and the art of making feather-light conversation. Despite persistent Western suspicions, they are simply what their name implies: "art person." Not that all geisha are strictly puritanical: many acquire affluent businessmen as their great and good friends. They are not, however, fair game for the visiting huntsman. Even so, you may wish to hire one for a private party; but bear in mind that the best of them charge \$50 to \$100—not yen—for each pleasant, but decidedly not passionate, hour of entertainment.

If it's still early—well before five—you'll just have time to make the "late" show at the Kabuki-za. This monumental downtown edifice, gilded and fretworked to resemble a medieval palace, houses the largest legitimate theater in the world: a suitable setting for what is perhaps the most electrifying of the performing arts: kabuki. Combining elements of opera, dance, drama, concert and sometimes vaudeville in a framework of rigidly stylized conventions, this 300-year-old dramatic form never fails to startle and delight even those who understand neither a syllable of its eerily wailed dialog nor a convolution of its intricate four-hour plots of court intrigue and ancient legend.

No less absorbing, though somewhat less robustly enjoyable for many visitors, the *Noh* drama is a ritualized art form of such disembodied otherworldliness that some have said its plays seem to occur outside of time and space. Enacting melancholy stories of the legendary and the supernatural, male actors in enveloping silks and expressionless masks move with stately deliberation about a small, sparsely propped stage, speaking

their lines in tones of ghostly hollowness and with a stylized archaic diction which even Japanese audiences seldom fully comprehend, though they know all the time-honored plots by heart. We suggest you give it a try.

Once you've undertaken a kabukithon, and know *Noh*, you'll be mentally prepared to appreciate the quaint and fragile beauty of *bunraku*, Japan's classic puppet theater. Imported from China almost 500 years ago at a time when live drama had been banned by Imperial edict in an attempt to punish actors for their "loose living," *bunraku* is a kind of pocket-size kabuki in which amazingly expressive four-foot dolls, manipulated on stage by black-cloaked puppeteers, mime the plot lines of heroic ancient dramas against a background of diminutive trees and pavilions. Ducats for all of these theatrics cost between \$2 and \$3, and should be ordered a few days in advance.

In a lighter mood, you may want to catch one of the pleasantly frothy performances of the Takarazuka Opera Troupe—familiar to those who saw it during a recent U.S. tour—an all-girl company of singers, dancers and thespians specializing in sudsy Rudolph Frimlish operettas with shapely Prussians in boots and epaulets; and in Western-style musical revues of Dick Powell—Ruby Keeler vintage—complete with top hats, champagne bubbles, revolving stages and patriotic drill teams.

To an extent rivaled only by flick-happy Los Angeles, Tokyo bristles with movie houses great and humble, showcasing features from America, France, England, Italy and India as well as the local product for a public whose appetite for celluloid—new or old, grades A to Z—seems to know no bounds. In an attempt to equalize supply and demand, the Japanese film industry, centered largely in Tokyo, has become the most prolific in the world, grinding out four times the footage produced on our own shores every year. Though occasionally an impressive production such as *Gate of Hell* or *Rashomon* bobs to the surface of this stupendous outpouring, most are maudlin modern-dress soapers, juvenile science-fiction cheapies on the order of *Godzilla*, or low-budget samurai opuses featuring the fastest swords in the East in histrionics of such eye-rolling absurdity that they're actually great fun to watch—without a word of translation.

If you're momentarily spent with sporting life and yearn to idle away a quiet evening on the *tatami*, settle back on a cushion and flip over the ubiquitous *terebi*. You'll soon discover that Japanese video fare is a *sukiyaki* of the good and the ghastly: homemade panel shows, soap operas and samurai Easterns, liberally larded with a number of American ingredients such as *Wagon Train* and

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Gunsmoke; enriched with tidbits of kabuki and educational programs on flower arrangement and formal tea ceremony; and spiced with a sweetmeat savored every Sunday night by a vast majority of the male viewing audience: *The Pink Mood Show*, a Minskyesque revue featuring old-fashioned burlesque blackouts, patriotic tableaux, and a delegation from the chorus line at the Nichigeki in a memorable mass demonstration of terpsichorean expertise.

On the following day — or soon thereafter — you should make it your business to explore the pleasures of Tokyo's multitudinous hinterlands. Just two hours distance by crack express train, for instance, are the rushing mountain streams and crystalline air of Nikko, site of the great tomb of Iyeyasu Tokugawa, a shrine which stands today as one of man's most prodigious handiworks. Eleven miles to the west, reachable only by a car-width road of cliff-hanging hair-pin turns — or via a breath-taking cable-car ride — are the glass-smooth waters of Lake Chuzenji, a tranquil mountaintop resort rimmed with dark forest, dotted with tiny lakeside temples, and rumbling with the distant thunder of Kegon Falls plunging to the valley below in a cataract higher than Niagara. The wise traveler will allow at least two days for this unforgettable excursion, with an overnight stay in the turn-of-the-century splendor of the Nikko Kanaya Hotel, just a few steps from the main gate of the Tokugawa Shrine. Singles run around \$3.50, doubles around \$7.50, for either of which advance reservations are essential.

Fujiyama, an extinct 12,000-foot volcanic cone of almost perfect symmetry, has long been the country's most venerated and spectacular natural wonder. Three hours by rail from Tokyo, or four by car through the patchwork quilt of rice paddies and rolling hills northwest of the capital city, the foot of the holy mountain is dotted with resort hotels commanding matchless vistas of its towering profile. The best of these, in our judgment, is the aptly named Fuji View Hotel on the banks of Lake Kawaguchi, on whose mirroring surface the image of the nearby peak can best be seen from the windows of thatched-roofed cottages (both Japanese and Western style) available for \$16.50 a night.

Whatever your side-trip itinerary, you'll probably want to spend the glowing twilight of your sojourn back in the swirl and clamor of Tokyo itself, savoring the pleasures of a city as boisterous and sedate, as mercurial and serene, as the engagingly ambivalent people who populate it — until at last you find yourself uttering that appropriate but somewhat shopworn valediction: *sayonara*.

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KINDEST CUT *(continued from page 91)*

refrain from *Ol' Man River*, "lyft that swanne, breke that dere, rere that goose, barbe that lobster, undertraunch that purpos, dysmembre that heron, wyng that partryche, mynce that plover" and, most exotically and graphically, "dysfigure that peacock."

Needless to say, the carving craft was jealously preserved as a masculine province. Feudal dining etiquette excluded females not only from the serious business of wynging and lyfting, myncing and dysmembre, but also from the dinner table itself. In Elizabethan England a few centuries later, unremitting feminine agitation finally forced men to permit the ladies to sit with them; but by a concession that could hardly be construed as gallant, they were assigned to the task of relieving the carver of his manual labor. Predictably, this innovation was a resounding failure, for in order to carve, the women had to sit at the center of the table, near the chair of honor—"above the salt"—and thus precipitated peppery protest from the male diners thus outranked.

Despite this inauspicious beginning, however, women persisted in their campaign to dysfigure the male carving tradition. Even as late as 1875, ladies of gentle birth were being sent on the eve of marriage to the exclusive Beak Street Academy for exhaustive instruction in the mysteries of meat cutting—a tactic which history does not record as having made any visible inroads into the androcentric monopoly on carving. The affinity of a carving knife to the male hand remains to this day a part of the order of nature—or at least of gastronomy.

In choosing his weapons for mastery at the carving board, the modern male makes a wise choice from among the three trustiest types of cold steel available: the triangular-bladed French knife for clean cutting of small pieces of meat such as tongue or pot roast, and for searching out hidden joints without unnecessary lancing in the dark; the long, flat blade of the slicer for straightaway carving of meaty expanses; and the scimitar-shaped, or curved, blade, a double-duty cutter equally adept at joint-separating and standard slice work. For the job of dividing small fowl into manageable parts, a sturdy pair of poultry shears is helpful.

A sharp reminder before you begin to brandish all this silverware: keep it keen. Too many novitiate knife wielders, dull whetted about honing their blades, become first-class hacks at the dinner table. To avoid this rueful role, you have but to cultivate an educated thumb: simply run this digit lightly across—not along—the knife edge. If it falls short of razor keenness by even a hairbreadth, the blade must be carefully sharpened before you can expect to cut a competent figure

as a carver. For this task, the old-fashioned honing stone is the prime priming tool. For those impatient with this ritual rigmarole, the electric sharpener—fitted with several rotating circular stones—is a lightning-fast alternative.

And steel yourself for this one: if you prefer carving to whittling, you'll be well advised to pass your blade also over a good-quality knife steel—not merely when the edge becomes dull, but before each carving bout. The cutting edge of every blade is lined with microscopically small teeth which fall out of place or become displaced after each session at the board, and this indispensable implement "trues" the knife by realigning

these tiny serrations. As with the stone, you merely hold the heel of the blade at a slight angle and draw it over the steel about a dozen times—speed doesn't matter—then flip the knife and the steel to repeat the procedure. *En garde*: your weapon is in top fighting trim, ready to dispatch the most formidable crown roast or suckling pig.

Blade and appetite duly whetted, you should man your post at the head of the table with the chosen roast securely anchored on a capacious board or platter—the meat having "set" and steeped in a warm place for 15 to 30 minutes. Then, with a firm grip on the knife, begin carving in a long sweeping motion, even though the slice may be quite small; use full bow, in other words, not staccato.



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And this above all: check the side view now and then to avoid the kind of slices which swell into thick bulges or taper into nothingness. Since all sliced meat cools quickly, the wise host will also take care to keep his gravy bubbling hot on the sidelines, ready to pour over the roast after the carving is complete.

For the benefit of modern kervyrs too busy to explore ancient archives, we submit herewith a few cutting remarks of our own, incisively updated and felicitously simplified, in the hope of honing your hosting pleasures to a keen edge.

Unsheathing our cutlery for battle over the groaning holiday boards ahead, we supplement our illustrated how-tos first with a bit of fowl play over the immemorial roast goose. For the game diner, this toothsome bird is a realm of the purest succulence. Here's how to explore it: with the neck of the bird facing left on the carving board, insert your sturdy, long-tined fork into the wish-bone area, seize the slicer firmly in the other hand, size up the terrain and proceed to sever the left leg by slicing down between thigh and body, forcing it away from the bird with the flat side of the knife—or by pulling on the drumstick—until the socket joint peeps out; then complete the cut. Place this morsel on an adjoining platter, skin side down, and separate drumstick from thigh with a careful slice at the joint. A goose wing may be rather dry munching, but for anyone who fancies it, simply tip the bird starboard a few degrees and cut almost horizontally at the wing joint. Restoring your meal to an even keel, carve the breast meat by cutting parallel slices 1/2-inch thick from the base of the breast forward to the ridge of the breast-bone, releasing slices with a deep horizontal incision below the breast. For second helpings, of course, merely repeat this easy ritual on the right flank.

No less savored and favored as a crowning touch for Lucullan spreads is the hefty, hearty ham roast—fresh, smoked or Smithfield. To our palate, the ham what am at such seasonal jollifications is the sugar-cured variety. For the edification of like-minded cutups, this is the way the carver slices: hoist the ham upright with your fork (shank bone pointing heavenward, fat side to the left) and, with a long, slender ham slicer, cut one or two thin slices from the lean underside, so that the behemoth will rest securely flat for the balance of the carving. Turn fat side up, sliced side down, cut a V-shaped wedge off the shank bone (or narrow) end, and lay this chunk aside for a Western omelet, or some such destiny. Then proceed to carve away at the thick nether end, cutting straight down to the bone in 1/8-inch slices (1/16-inch for Smithfields). If you prefer larger slices, cut at a slightly

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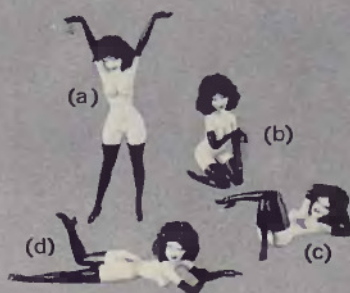
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oblique angle. In either case, an unusually tender specimen will demand somewhat plumper slices to keep the meat from falling to pieces. After a dozen or so such kind cuts, release the slices by sliding the knife along the bone to which they are attached. Then turn the ham over and deal with the underside in the same brisk fashion—mixing a few of these lean slices with those from atop when serving.

Somewhat subtler in flavor, but no less succulent, is the roast saddle of lamb—a venerable merry-month institution. Ask the butcher to remove the tough flanks of the saddle, and save them for a post-holiday stew; also have him peel off the fell, or thin outer skin, for easier carving. After the cooked roast has "set" for at least 15 minutes, assemble your guests, place your piping side dishes about the board, bring forth the steaming saddle on its silver platter, flanked with *risolée* potatoes, and begin the ceremony: turn the roast on its underside with the meat fork and cut the two fillets into long, thin strips—or remove them intact if the saddle is smallish. With the meat topside up again, insert fork to the left of the backbone and begin slicing long strips about ¼-inch thick alongside backbone; these may be cut in half if the roast is mammoth. Carve along rib bones, then along backbone, to loosen slices, which may then be replaced on the saddle or transferred to another platter for serving. Don't fail to apprehend the tender morsels between the ribs: the post-prandial saddle should resemble nothing so much as a refugee from the museum of Robert Blackwell, an Eighteenth Century cattleman who enshrined the skeletons of his prize shorthorns.

The reigning monarch of festal fare, of course, is the standing rib roast of beef—no less majestic as a centerpiece on today's holiday tables than it was on the boards of William the Conqueror. Contemporary rulers of the roast deal with this Goliath exactly as did our forebears: place the meat on the carving board with the small end up and ribs to the left. If it seems unsteadily supported, cut a slice from the bottom for a flat resting place. Jab the fork deeply between the ribs and cut out the first rib bone with a boning knife. Then begin carving ½-inch slices from left to right, using a razor-keen slicer, taking care that each is of uniform thickness, and transfer to an adjoining platter with knife and fork. Retrieve the precious juices from the well of the carving board and add them to the hot pan gravy. Finally, when the second rib bone is reached, remove it before undertaking further exploration—and so on through the roast, as long as the assembled appetites remain as keen as the carver's blade.



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PATRICK DENNIS (continued from page 104)

the Belmont Plaza Hotel for a haircut and beard trim. Afterward he goes on to Voisin or the Café Chauveron to lunch with friends. (At the table he invariably orders a sidecar, a favored drink of the Twenties, the period he most savors.) Aside from this midweek ritual, Dennis generally spends the day at home. He arises early, after precisely seven hours of sleep, and, seated in a leopard-skin office chair, devotes himself first to matters involving Lancelot Leopard. Next, he may write, using a regular office typewriter rather than the electric machine favored by most prolific authors. Though his pose before the world is that of a man to whom undue exertion is all but unknown, he has on occasion labored at his typewriter for as long as sixteen hours at a stretch. *Around the World with Auntie Mame* was his toughest book, principally because he did not wish to write it at all. ("I hate to bite the hand that feeds me," he says, "but I'm tired of Mame.") After lunch he will either continue writing, read current books or engage in one of his favorite

occupations, lengthy telephone conversations.

The Tanners do not like the theater, movies, night clubs or dancing. On nights when there is no party to attend, the two are likely to sit home talking, usually to the accompaniment of several quiet drinks. Pat maintains that his life is a dull one, saying, "If I ran an Oldsmobile Agency in Peoria, I'd have more excitement." He is, however, obviously content with his domestic lot—though a visitor to the Dennis home may be somewhat nonplused to hear Pat fondly addressing his five-year-old daughter as Miss Bitch and his seven-year-old son as Mr. Bastard. The children, it should be noted, show no ill effects.

Pat still despises the country and would much rather pass the summer in his air-conditioned town house than in a rural retreat. He has worked out an effective system for discouraging those who invite him to spend weekends in the country. "Why don't you visit us, instead?" he smoothly asks. "It's so cool here, you can wear old clothes, and we have the

most wonderful community-theater movement here in town." Last July 4, Pat and Louise attended a picnic eaten off the parquet floor of a stately mansion on East 72nd Street. During the evening the guests went up on the roof and for fifteen minutes dutifully waved sparklers in the air. It was exactly the sort of outdoor evening Pat likes.

Another of his pet hates is TV. In part, this is because of what happened to the only script he has written for television, a lunatic effort in the vein of *Auntie Mame*. "Do you know what they did to that script of mine?" he asks in crescendo tones. "They added a Portuguese nun!" Further resentment is aroused by what he considers the abysmal caliber of TV drama. "Television and I are not ready for each other," he mutters. To salve his feelings, he has devised a curious—and characteristic—revenge. He has become the self-appointed President of the Young Dr. Malone Fan Club. Nearly every afternoon at three he esconces himself before the TV to observe the daily session of this venerable soap opera. To watch him at this unlikely pursuit is to see a man milking life. Not only is he charmed by the involuted plots of *Young Dr. Malone*, he is also personally acquainted with all the actors—they come to his parties. He takes a special pleasure in the knowledge that one actor, who plays an unmarried son, is in reality the father of four, while another, who plays the son's father, is childless. Such in-the-know minutiae fascinate him. So do other aspects of the program. "It's completely bogus, but I love it," he says, a glint of malicious mischief in his china-blue eyes. "Those troubled faces—how I adore them!" Any attempt by the show to convey elegance provokes his favorite adjective: "How tacky, oh, how tacky, how beautifully tacky!" He is disappointed if no black-mailers turn up in the day's installment. "They're the best," he says. "So vicious, and so evil."

At the conclusion of the program Pat Dennis leans back, the scraggly, graying beard lifted into the air. "Just wonderful, wonderful," he sighs contentedly. "The amnesia, the illegitimate kids, the temporary blindness—it just rolls on and on." Yet the soap opera seems to have made an impression, for suddenly he exclaims, "The trouble people have in life!" This reflective concern is short-lived, however. The inner ear has warned him that such a conventional attitude does not befit Pat Tanner, Pat Dennis, Virginia Rowans, or even Lancelot Leopard. It is the chosen role of this diverting fellow to be endlessly irreverent and unique. "Of course, I have serious problems, too," he quickly adds. "I'm doing over two rooms next month."



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Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE
232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

USE CONVENIENT GIFT
SUBSCRIPTION ENVELOPE PAGE 49

SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH



- 3 yrs. for \$14 (Save \$7.60)
- 1 yr. for \$6 (Save \$1.20)
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232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

FOR TRAVELERS SEEKING a variety of vistas during January's snow-buffed days, we herewith commend the merits of a European sojourn combining ski-doings with pleasurable *après-ski* touring. One recently conceived plan enables you to jet from New York to Munich, where a freshly minted Mercedes will be placed at your disposal for \$126 per fortnight, and this rental fee can be applied against future purchase of the car. Under this attractive arrangement you may first motor to the snow business resort of your choice—the wind-sculpted slopes above Austria's St. Anton, say, or the French Val-d'Isère, where helicopters waft you to pristine alpine trails—and then, sated with schussing, be free to wheel your way to less frosty, equally diverting Continental byways.

Vienna, for example, is never more festive than during its pre-Lenten *Fasching* celebrations, when the city's accustomed gaiety is abetted by such glittering galas as the Vienna Opera Ball, at which both debutantes and ballerinas from the Vienna State Opera join the social twirl. If you write well ahead of time, the Direktion der Wiener Staatsoper may be able to wangle an invitation for you to this affair, thereby providing you with

charming contacts for future town-painting *à deux*.

Further post-ski peregrinations, with a sylvan lining, may take you south toward the French Riviera, on a leisurely jaunt made memorable by stop-offs at such fabulous inns and baronial châteaux as the Hôtellerie du Moulin des Ruats at Avallon, Château St. Jean at St.-Jean-le-Priche, Hôtellerie Beau Rivage at Condrieu, Hôtellerie La Cardinale at Baix, La Petite Auberge at Noves and—the ultimate in Gallic sumptuousness—the Hostel of the Royal Monastery of the Abbaye de La Celle near Brignoles. A former retreat for such regal notables as Louis XIV, François I and Charles de Gaulle, the *hôtellerie* has been refurbished, with modern *clan*, to accommodate 44 fortunate travelers. For \$9.50 per diem you may snooze in a royal four-poster richly carved with lions' heads and plump cherubim, dine in a beamed Fifteenth Century grand salon and cool your heels in a Romanesque pool fed by revivifying spring waters.

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



COMING NEXT:

PLAYBOY'S DOUBLE HOLIDAY PACKAGE THE BIG ANNIVERSARY AND HOLIDAY ISSUES

"MY BROTHER, ERNEST HEMINGWAY"—BEGINNING A THREE-PART INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY BY **LEICESTER HEMINGWAY** PLUS PROVOCATIVE FICTION BY **IRWIN SHAW, WILLIAM SAROYAN, RAY RUSSELL, GARSON KANIN, KEN PURDY** AND **RAY BRADBURY**. PENETRATING ARTICLES BY **ALFRED KAZIN, ARTHUR C. CLARKE, J. PAUL GETTY, AL MORGAN, ALEC WAUGH, HENRY MILLER** AND **CHARLES BEAUMONT**. HUMOR BY **ERNIE KOVACS** AND **ELDON DEDINI** PLUS **HOSTING FOR THE HOLIDAYS**—HOW TO THROW FIVE MEMORABLE **PLAYBOY** PARTIES—AND THE **FAVORITE DRINKS OF SHOWBIZ CELEBRITIES** ALONG WITH **GIFT SUGGESTIONS** GALORE

A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL INVITATION TO A **PLAYMATE HOLIDAY HOUSE PARTY** WITH TWELVE PAST PLAYMATES OF THE MONTH, PLUS OUR ANNUAL **PLAYMATE REVIEW** AND SPECIAL FUN FEATURES BY **PLAYBOY** FAVORITES **JULES FEIFFER** AND **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**

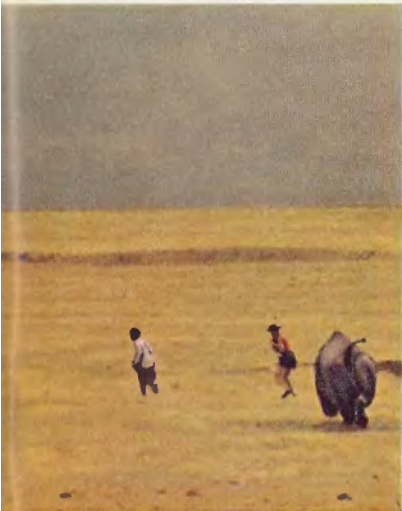
BOTH WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ISSUES YOU WILL NOT WANT TO MISS



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

Our "close-up" of an angry rhino got too close for comfort

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • IMPORTED BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS, INC., DETROIT, MICH.



2. "Like a battering ram, he thundered down on us. We took to our heels but it was like running down the track in front of a runaway express train. The furious beast was gaining on us fast.

3. "There was only one chance—a deep gully at the edge of the clearing. Cameras flapping, we ran as though our lives depended on it. They did! The earth trembled as the rhino bore down on us. With lung-bursting speed, we reached the gully and blindly leaped head-over-heels down the slope.

4. "The rhino didn't dare follow us down the steep slope. At nightfall, still trembling, we made our way back to camp. What a welcoming sight was my favorite whisky—good old Canadian Club . . . a perfect ending for any adventure!" Why this whisky's universal popularity? Canadian Club has a flavor so distinctive, no other whisky tastes quite like it. What's more, it's the lightest whisky in the world. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Try Canadian Club tonight.

1. "You never know how fast you can run . . . until a rhino breathes down your neck," writes Don Higley, an American friend of Canadian Club. "We were after pictures of wild life in Tanganyika. But that rhino was wilder than we'd bargained for! We stalked cautiously into picture range, our cameras at ready, when suddenly the monster whirled on us in a blind fury. Snorting with rage, he lowered his ugly head and started toward us at a gallop. We forgot about the pictures. One look at that mean horn was enough. We were in for it!



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE CANADA

6 years old. Imported in Bottle from Canada

Canadian Club





"You're some tomato.
We could make beautiful Bloody Marys together.
I'm different from those other fellows."

"I like you, Wolfschmidt.
You've got taste."



Wolfschmidt Vodka has the touch of taste that marks genuine old world vodka. Wolfschmidt in a Bloody Mary is a tomato in triumph. Wolfschmidt brings out the best in every drink. General Wine and Spirits Company, N.Y. 22. Made from Grain, 80 or 100 Proof. Prod. of U.S.A.