

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN DECEMBER 1 DOLLAR



SPECIAL GIFT EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

BEGINNING THIS ISSUE: "MY BROTHER, ERNEST HEMINGWAY"
A PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY BY LEICESTER HEMINGWAY
"WALL STREET IS NOT MONTE CARLO" BY J. PAUL GETTY
HOLIDAY HOSTING: HOW TO THROW FIVE PLAYBOY PARTIES
PLUS A PICTORIAL INVITATION TO A PLAYMATE HOUSE PARTY




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PLAYBILL

WITH THIS 210-PAGE ISSUE — FIRST OF A PAIR OF SPECIALLY PRICED Christmas Gift and Holiday Packages and the biggest in our history — PLAYBOY celebrates its Eighth Anniversary. Commemorating the occasion in the style to which you've become accustomed, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner has thrown open the portals of the Playboy Mansion for a lavish Holiday-Anniversary house party. Along for the weekend: an even dozen of our most popular Playmates of the past, frisking from hearthside popcorn popping to bikinied splashing in the free-form indoor pool — all to be seen on 10 pleasure-filled pages inside. Never one to espouse merely vicarious diversions, we also offer counsel on how to do your own *Hosting for the Holidays*, in a compendium of wise words and instructive pix presenting five festive PLAYBOY parties ranging from the traditional Formal Dinner to the unique Let the Guests Do It.

Beginning in this brimful Anniversary issue: *My Brother, Ernest Hemingway*, an intimate and personal biography of America's most influential literary stylist, and possibly its greatest contemporary writer. Leicester Hemingway — Papa's younger brother — has assembled a lifetime of sibling recollections into a compelling mosaic of the late author as man and artist. In book form, Hemingway's *Hemingway* will appear in late February under the imprimatur of the World Publishing Company.

In a Yuletide stockingful of wry, you'll find such risible delights as Eldon Dedini's portfolio of Christmas cartoons; PLAYBOY's annual array of impudent Christmas cards for assorted loved ones, and *The Night Before Christmas*, that hoary holiday chestnut done to a Park Avenue turn by Percy Llewelyn Dovetonsils (sometimes known as Ernie Kovacs). Dovetonsils, in Kovacs' own words, was "born on a mauve chaise longue in an East Side co-op of fashionable Manhattan. His father was an eccentric brain surgeon married for seven fulsome years to a Polish sand hog. They were not blessed with progeny." Other works by Dovetonsils, "none of which have appeared, include *Ode to Fig Blight on Adam's Leaf* and *Does the DC-8 Eat Its Young?*"

Raise a welcoming cup of good cheer to a trio of PLAYBOY newcomers. Ex-*Collier's* editor Walt Grove serves up our well-spiced lead fiction treat, *Square Christmas*, a hiply told tale wherein a love-smitten uptown type takes the cube route through beat bohemia and winds up as part of an unsquare triangle. Novelist Alec (*Island in the Sun*) Waugh conducts a spirited study of *Modus Bibendi*, proposing with characteristically dry British wit that as it is with people, so it may be with nations: by their drinking customs ye shall know them. The verity of this maxim is further substantiated by *Professor Hyde*, a refreshingly fresh fictive variation on the Jekyll-Hyde theme in a college-faculty setting, brewed with a dash of bitters by Thomas Berger, whose book, *Crazy in Berlin*, was a best seller.

Christmas being also a time of warm reunion, these new friends are joined by a contingent of seasoned PLAYBOY hands. Charles Beaumont — long-time contributor to our fictional and factual pleasures, and our Contributing Editor in charge of the preservation and encouragement of nostalgia — evokes this month *The Golden Age of Slapstick Comedy*. In it, Chuck takes affectionate measure of such lost joys as the classic pratfall and the pie in the face, along with their legendary practitioners: Chaplin, Sennett, Langdon, Keaton, Fields, Arbuckle, Laurel, Hardy and all the rest. In *Wall Street Is Not Monte Carlo*, J. Paul Getty, Consulting Editor in Business and Finance, answers a question that's no laughing matter: why the speculator in common stocks has the house odds stacked against him, while the judicious investor is a good bet to come out a winner. Painter LeRoy Neiman — whose pert Femlins and impressionistic illustrations have long been PLAYBOY fixtures — celebrates the jolly season abroad with a *Man at His Leisure* pilgrimage to Paris' famed mecca for *bons vivants*: *Maxim's*. To help you and yours celebrate the season in the traditional fashion — gift giving — we offer five full pages of goodly bounty for the man *At the Present Time*. Ray Russell, whose PLAYBOY novella of last January, *Sardonicus*, is now a movie (reviewed in this issue), fires a short-range satirical missile aimed at the sci-fi mags; it hits the mark dead center in its recital of the intergalactic exploits of one Zoonbarolarrio Feng, a villain most foul in any world. Out of this world, and a heavenly body indeed, is parachuting Playmate Lynn Karrol, a Christmas and Anniversary bonus from us to you. Be merry.



GROVE



DOVETONSILS



HEMINGWAY

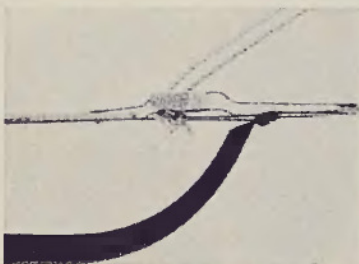


BEAUMONT

PLAYBOY



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DEAR PLAYBOY

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LIONIZED

I grant the flailing arm of coincidence can reach out and bat anybody, but if Harvey Jacobs pulled September's *The Lion's Share* out of his imagination, I'm heading for Zen. My curiosity is roaring. To wit: The ladies Bell exist, but the daughter's name is Bonnie Bell, the mother's Irene. The goddamn cat is probably still alive. I'm from the Bronx. I have a good collection of Tristano. My roommate, the biggest slob since Typhoid Mary, was a creative writing major. All this business took place while I was at the University of Oklahoma.

Martin Stein

Hastings-on-Hudson, New York

Sorry, Martin, Harvey Jacobs attended the University of Syracuse.

The lead story in your September issue by Harvey Jacobs was one of the most delightful you have ever published. He is, obviously, a superb artist.

Maurie Hillson, Associate Professor
Bucknell University
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania

A hoist of the glass and a Skoal! to Herr Jacobs on a beautiful piece of literature.

Peter Hoskins
Portland, Oregon

MIAMI BREACH

In your September article on the Miami Playboy Club I noticed a picture of a trio that you said was the Barr Sisters. I thought the girls, whom I saw in Las Vegas a few months ago, were the Starr Sisters.

Pat Solkenberg
Northridge, California

A three-Starr booboo on our part.

SOWING WILD OATHS

I have just returned to the States after a long absence and haven't time to comment at the length to which I am tempted on William Iversen's excellent *A Short History of Swearing*; but I would like to refer to one or two points. "Drop dead" is not a Yiddish imprecation—at any rate, I don't know its equivalent and can't find it in the ex-

haustive *Yiddish Thesaurus* of Shtutchkoff. It may be Jewish, nevertheless. The authentic Yiddish is: "Ver geharget!" or "Get killed!" The most ingenious of the curses I can call to mind is: "May you be reincarnated as a candelabrum, to hang by day and burn by night." As Mr. Iversen correctly points out, Yiddish curses have depth and vigor; they also have an imaginative and lyrical quality which sterilizes their rancor. I have known two Jews to stop and correct each other in the course of "mortal" exchanges of this kind.

Maurice Samuel
New York, New York

Bill Iversen is happy to acknowledge the scholarship of Maurice Samuel, author of the prize-winning book "The World of Sholom Aleichem," translator from the Yiddish of the works of Sholem Asch and I. J. Singer.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Sincere thanks and congratulations to Mr. Keats for his eye-opening exposé *Highway Robbery*. As an under-25 male urbanite, I have long suspected the condemnation of my age group by the insurance companies but have never been presented with the real facts and statistics.

Charles A. Smyth
Princeton, New Jersey

I assume you are aware that the insurance industry has been putting on a nationwide campaign for some years, apparently to sell the public on the idea that all plaintiffs' lawyers are crooked, juries and judges are for the birds, and high-award verdicts are responsible for its insurance rates. This campaign started some time ago and I believe they have since cast about and selected the under-25 driver as an alternate scapegoat.

Kenneth Agee
Columbus, Ohio

Your article struck home to this under-25, sorely put-upon bachelor. I feel much better now that I've found somebody to carry the ball for me. Recently, I was involved in an accident in which the

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provocative perfume!



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other fellow was to blame. Everyone, including the state police, thought that I was innocent, but my insurance company was not too sure. To avoid a fight, they settled out of court—and hiked my premium.

David L. Chase
Granby, Connecticut

Your review of the insurance situation is one of the finest, most comprehensive and downright sensible articles it has been my privilege to read.

David I. Gilmore, President
Albuquerque Citizens Safety Council
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Highway Robbery neglected to mention one item. Many insurance companies will, if you twist their arms, write policies on males under 25—for an outrageous fee, of course. But if they happen to be wearing the uniform of their country, the door is rudely and firmly slammed in their faces.

William S. Rivkin, Editor
AFCS Intercom
Scott Air Force Base, Illinois

I don't know how old Mr. Keats is, but he is either under 25 or his insurance company has just turned down a fraudulent claim he presented.

M. C. Brooks
The Bezanson Agency
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Keats is over 25, has never filed an auto claim against an insurance company.

OUT ON A LIMBO

I read with great interest—and, I must confess, a certain pleasure—Murray Kempton's trenchant analysis of the pomposities of some sociologists as they strain to suggest that they alone are the Keepers of esoteric knowledge about Man's social habits (*Status-ticians in Limbo*, September). As one interested layman who has waded through many hundreds of sociological papers, I do not feel his chidings were unreasonable. He might also have had some fun with the proneness of sociologists to intramural feuding and schism-formation. On the other hand, sociology—adolescent as it is as a science—does have in its ranks some men who have reported their findings in blunt, incisive fashion. Hollingshead, Warner, Mack, Baltzell and Kahl are names that come most immediately to mind in this connection.

Vance Packard
New Canaan, Connecticut

For the most part, I agree with Kempton. Sociologists are often inexact—and too often self-serving. What I resent most is their pretensions about being scientists, with precision, which they are not. At the same time, I must honestly say that I think Kempton went a mite too



A college education does not make an educated man

Mortimer J. Adler
Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, Director of the Institute for Philosophical Research, Editor of the SYNTOPICON

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and time
is short...
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far. I think sociology has a legitimate place—when it doesn't jump on the publicity escalator—and some findings in various fields are illuminating. It is just that they don't have the useful magic they claim. And as to their role, casting for Baal is still open. It is one of the several points I tried to tackle in *The Chapman Report*. Much of last year in America and this year in Europe, interviewers tried to provoke me into admitting my novel was anti-Kinsey and anti-sex survey. I would not admit to this because it is not true. Like much of the press, the Kinsey people thought it was true. For almost a year, Kinsey's heir, Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, threatened me and also Simon and Schuster and Darryl F. Zanuck with injunction or libel action—which he dropped recently. The fact is that I am not anti-Kinsey or anti-sex survey any more than I am anti-sociologist. I think sex surveys are important for the little they teach us about others and ourselves, for the ray of light they sometimes offer, for dispelling of countless guilts, etc. They have their place. But it is not and should not be on the front pages, where it encourages confusion and permissiveness. Also I suspect—I cannot prove, but suspect—the methods of these sociologists leave much to be desired. It was a point I made in my novel. You don't go into a community or on a campus and feed a lot of women—so many inhibited and neurotic—questions on sexual behavior, and then simply leave them and move on. These women are not numbers, not statistics. They have emotions. They can be unsettled badly. I don't believe a sociologist should be permitted to ask a man or woman or youngster of either gender provocative questions without later providing a competent psychiatrist or advisor to discuss with them their answers. As to Kempton's remark that Kinsey has helped make sex more tedious by making it inconsequential—I doubt that. Despite those statistical charts, or because of them, Kinsey gave people the license to discuss sex more and to consider it without as much fear and shame. Once it was in the open, "pain, laughter and suffering" were surely near at hand. As to Kempton's remark that "girls otherwise impregnable can probably not be seduced by books"—he is wrong. I know the girls. I know the books. And I know the sociologists who can back me up. But Murray Kempton is right-minded and good. Raise his word rate.

Irving Wallace
Los Angeles, California

MORANDUM HARVEST

A very minor footnote to Richard Gehman's major article on Jim Moran, ace practical joker and owner of "a collection of ancient stringed instruments." A few years ago I visited the Village



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FOR MEN



CHANEL

String Shop on Bleeker Street. I wandered around, poking at lutes, citterns, harps, vihuelas — all of which appeared to be at least 200 years old — and discovered an item which looked like a cross between a zither and a one-drawer wooden file cabinet. Across the metal strings was laid something like a drumstick. "Maestro," I asked, "what in the hell is that?" The proprietor smiled a weary smile. "Jim Moran brought that in a while back and asked me to tune it," he said. "I fiddled around with it for a month before I discovered that it was an old-fashioned noodle-slicer."

Avram Davidson
New York, New York

PIGSKIN PREVIEW REVIEWED

Anson Mount has done his usual good job with *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*.

Harold "Red" Grange
Chicago, Illinois

May you and *Sports Illustrated* live forever in your happy land of Eastern Supremacy. The days of the Top Ten being in the Big Ten are over, just as Rutgers and Princeton aren't the only teams playing football any more. Granted the West hasn't been a powerhouse on the gridiron since the breakup of the Pacific Coast Conference, but we've been rebuilding. Or has the pain of the last two Rose Bowls performed a lobotomy on your memory?

Robert A. Hughes
Berkeley, California

You mentioned that in a year or two, Ohio University will be reclassified "Major" rather than "Small" by football people. "Small" Ohio has more students than Baylor, Kentucky, both Mississippi State and Mississippi combined, Notre Dame, Oregon, Princeton, and any three South Carolina colleges or U.S. Military Academies combined. Who says "Small" and why?

Lewis B. Hodges
Kettering, Ohio

"Small" is a measure of the emphasis the school puts on the game.

ADVISOR ADVISED

Man, I'm sorry, but your Advisor goofed in September's third letter. An English horn is a *tenor* oboe, not alto. The oboe d'amore is the alto and has not been used since the time of Bach. The English horn is in F, a fifth lower than the oboe, and darker in timbre.

J. Kelley Robinson, Jr.
Sylacauga, Alabama

Man, we're sorry, but "*The Oxford Companion to Music*" corroborates us. "*Cor Anglais or English Horn . . . This is an alto oboe, its range lying a fifth below that of the oboe.*" You dig?



PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



We were the recipient of a telephonic cry for help from a fellow fourth estate the other day. Our caller was the editor of the *Courier-Review*, the local newspaper of Barrington, Illinois, an exurban hamlet which has been pejoratively described as a road-company Westport. His plea for succor was not a selfish one: his readers were confronted with a thorny problem entailing the maintenance of status in a changing society — and we were glad to offer our assistance to a colleague and, via him, to the vanishing breed of entrenched county blue bloods. For many years, he told us, the sterling folk of Barrington had been privileged to obtain from the county clerk the required resident windshield stickers bearing status-loaded low numbers. To their chagrin, said clerk (who may otherwise be the soul of charity) had brutally announced that, for the coming year, no numbers would be held sacrosanct for the upper crust; the stickers would be issued strictly on a first come, first served basis. Deprivation of this numerological badge of privilege, our caller felt, would not only sow consternation among the gentry, but might even threaten the very fiber of social class distinctions and their ready recognition. He wanted advice — fast — to impart to his readers on how to combat this bureaucratic plebeianization without too much effort, since effort of this sort is as *infra dig* as high sticker numbers. The conversation — with us doing our off-the-top-of-the-noggin best in a worthy cause — went like this:

"What," the Barrington editor wanted to know, "might be the effect of this cold-turkey cure, or sudden withdrawal of status symbols, on the community?"

We suggested that, at the least, Barringtonians would be tempted by less

benign forms of status seeking.

"Can you suggest possible outlets for the status drive which aren't antisocial?" he asked.

"Well," we said, as soothingly as we could, "*Angst is Angst*, and when you deprive an in-group of ready reasons for looking down on an out-group, you're looking for trouble. Previously," we went on, "there was simple recourse to something expensive, like a swimming pool. What with the low cost of pools and the expense account society's spreading of the ample life, however, good status symbols are pretty hard to find."

"What about the volunteer fire department kick?" we were asked.

"A possibility," we said, pointing out that in certain chic parts of Connecticut, it was deemed rather smart to belong to the volunteer police. "But," we told the harried man, "a status symbol of the first class is never sought or bought — it is conferred. In Barrington, your problem is giving status to the automobile. This is very tough today. For example, a Japanese manufacturer is now in the business of turning out counterfeit foreign motor-club badges. For a couple of bucks, you can appear to have been touring the Continent as a member of the Auto Club d'Italia, the Real Automovil de España, or even the British Racing Drivers' Club. When everybody's got it, it's no good."

We then offered what we deemed to be a truly superior suggestion: that the village board have all vehicle stickers numbered from one to 10 — thus conferring status on high numbers — but were told the state's gendarmes might object. At last we took pity on the man and told him about the rear-deck gambit — referring, of course, to the greenhouse-like shelves under cars' sloped rear windows.

"You start out," we explained, "by throwing a few magazines onto the shelf. Maybe a copy of the *Paris Review*, to show you're an intellectual — no, *Botteghe Oscure* would be better; a paperback mystery to show you're not a snob, and a copy of the *Harvard Business Review*."

"Next, dogs and horses are very good. Toss a hacking bridle on the shelf, maybe. Or the pieces of a broken polo mallet — indicating that you're intending to have it repaired, so you can get back to your polo. Also very good is an invitation to stop in and have your income-tax return examined."

Our interlocutor, who was breathing hard from furiously taking notes as we dropped these priceless pearls of wisdom, asked if we knew any source of counterfeit letters of invitation from the feds.

"No," we said, "but a man can always inform on himself, anonymously. And if this seems too farfetched, your local tradespeople might be pressed into service in the interests of their tonier clientele. It would be a good idea for garages, for instance, to specialize in these special stigmata of status. They could fix up the car with them while you're getting an oil change and grease job. For five bucks you could get the whole kit."

"But," he reminded us, "this would violate one of your previous dicta: when everybody's got it, it's no good."

"True," we admitted. A silence, filled only by the humming of the phone wires, indicated we were thinking. "Well," we said finally, defeat in our voice, "things are tough in suburbia today. That's why we prefer to live in the city."

A theater-buff couple of our acquaintance received in the mail a pair of all-but-unobtainable ducats to an SRO Broadway hit — accompanied only by a



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note mysteriously signed "Guess who?" Puzzled but pleased, they went to the play, enjoyed themselves immensely, and returned home to find their apartment systematically looted from its cathedral ceilings right down to the parquet floors — and to discover a neatly printed note on the mantelpiece. It read simply: "Now you know."

Headline on a food story in *The Atlanta Constitution*: GREEK TARTS MAKE PARTY FUN FOR THE HOSTESS, TOO.

Among the less predictable occupational hazards is the bartender's need not merely to cope with the psychiatric revelations of *Weltschmerz*-ridden luses, but to occasionally put down, pleasantly but permanently, the too-knowing customer who sees himself — in the darkling haze of the back-of-the-bar mirror — as a Noel-Cowardesque international epicure who will entertain all with a display of bar-stool One-upmanship. Bartender of Chicago's Near North oasis the Knight Cap gave us a world-weary sample of the sort of thing he has to forcibly finesse from time to time. A very junior and very correctly Continental exec showed up at the juniper hour and asked, in loudly imperious and superior tones, for "a really truly martini sec — very dry, that is" (the last words being delivered in an infuriatingly condescending manner). To which the bartender replied blandly, "Perhaps you'd prefer a sahara?" "I don't quite recall how it's made," said the couth lout; to which the barman calmly replied, "But I'm sure you do — six parts gin to one part sand."

THEATER

The hard-working, original and talented authors-performers of *From the Second City* demonstrate conclusively that it is only a short theatrical step from Chicago, where their revue was born (PLAYBOY, October 1960), to the Broadway big time. The collective excellence of this company has been appreciated for years by coffee sippers at the Windy City's Second City — heir to the improvisational heritage of the Compass Players — and earlier this year Los Angeles had the pleasure of this company's company for three successful months. Whether or not the show matches this record in New York, its visit will still have been most welcome. The production is simple: eight actors, one pianist, four chairs and a trunkful of props. And the viewpoint is fresh in approach, wise in comment and rich in verbal wit. Take the sketch that ribs a

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mechanized world of "canned togetherness": A lonely young misfit listens hopefully to a long-playing record that offers him the eternal friendship of the narrator. As Eugene Troobnick's voice booms heartily over the sound track, oily in cajolery, avuncular in phony aphorisms, Paul Sand, who studied with the master, Marcel Marceau, achieves an alternation of despair and tentative confidence that is a small masterpiece of pantomime. There is a wildly animated burlesque of an early Chaplinesque flick; a lethally perceptive parody, in drastically broken Swedish, of an Ingmar Bergman film; and a brilliant dialog between Alan Arkin as a beatnik with a guitar and no place to go, and Barbara Harris as a shy young art student "with problems in the area of spontaneity." All the players are at home with intelligent ideas that demand an equal share of intelligence from the audience. Although not every sketch is up to par and although what seemed right in the informal ease of a cabaret theater does not always make it in the formality of a main stem theater, the best of *From the Second City* is the best revue material Broadway has seen in years. At the Royale, 242 West 45th Street.

RECORDINGS

Miles Davis in Person at the Blackhawk, San Francisco, Volumes 1 and 2 (Columbia), reconfirms, in the clearest possible terms, two things—that Davis' playing is an intricately sculpted work of art, and that any sideman working the quintet must be absolutely first-rate or suffer the consequences. Hank Mobley, Davis' tenor man for these sessions, unfortunately suffers the consequences. Adequate in other surroundings, Mobley's ideas appear sterile and inconsequential in the glaring light of Miles'. A random sampling of Davis statements—*Bye Bye Blackbird* (Volume 1), *Fran-Dance* (Volume 2) and *Neo* (Volume 2)—gives an accurate indication of how Miles has expanded the scope of his instrument and, for that matter, the horizons of jazz. The erroneous equating of audio excitement with frenetic, overdecibeled, underdisciplined blasting was never more resolutely put down than in the tightly transcribed tonalities of Davis' lovely horn.

Laugh Along with the Kirby Stone Four at the Playboy Club in Person (Columbia) chronicles the Chicago exploits of four characters in search of a keeper. The boys kick off with a straight run-through of *Everything's Coming Up Roses* and do a legit chorus of *Lazy River*. Thereafter, mayhem breaks loose as they offer

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rapid-fire imitations (and good ones) of the Mills Brothers, Billy Daniels, Tony Martin, Mr. Magoo, Arthur Godfrey, Ed Sullivan, Elvis Presley, Louis Prima, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Jimmy Stewart, Mr. Kitzel, Marlon Brando, Liberace and Sammy Davis, Jr. They then segue into a stiff-upper-lippish British rock-'n'-roll version of *The St. Louis Blues*, and sandwich some honest harmonizing around their classic Ed Sullivan anthem, *It's a Really Big Shew*, a title which nutshells the LP.

For those whose antic appetites were piqued by *2000 Years with Carl Reiner & Mel Brooks* in either its record form or as it appeared in *PLAYBOY*, August 1961, *2000 and One Years with Carl Reiner and Mel Brooks* (Capitol) should go a long way toward assuaging their humor hunger. It is not, though, as continuously amusing as its predecessor, but its lead-off track, a second interview with the 2000-year-old man, is worth the price of the LP. "I pray fiercely for 22 minutes every day that the roof shouldn't fall on my head and my heart shouldn't attack me . . . The first hospital was a cave, and would you believe it, today hospitals are exactly the same; people walking up and down not caring whether you're yelling and screaming—the same wonderful indifference . . . The first songs were based on fear. You couldn't just say 'help.' You said 'help,' somebody'd say 'hello,' you had to sing it out. For instance, there was a song: *A Tiger Is Eating My Foot Up; Won't Somebody Call a Cop?* . . . Sure I knew William Shakespeare. What a pussycat, but he was a terrible writer. You know his first folios—blots all over it, p's looked like q's, you couldn't tell an r from a v—he was an awful writer. One play of his you don't know about which I had invested money in was *Queen Alexandra and Murray*. It didn't get past Egypt . . . Did I know Napoleon? A short guy; yeah, I knew him from when I took a summer cottage on Elba. I used to say to him, 'Napoleon, why don't you go back to France and open a mouth?' . . . Sure I knew Sigmund Freud; a terrific basketball player. The reason nobody knows that is because he didn't score much; he used to set up the shots. What a dribbler . . . Today, if every human being in the world would play the violin we would be bigger and better than Mantovani." Things taper off after the 14-minute opener, but there are enough laughs sprinkled through the *Two-Hour-Old Baby* and *The New Technique Psychiatric Society* to make it worth your while. Listen to the first two tracks on *Joey Carter's Little Belly Laughs* (Epic) and forget about the rest. The initial band, *Some*



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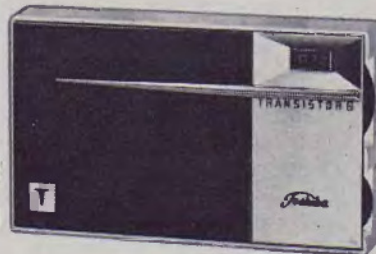
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Folk Songs, finds Joey plucking away at a god-awful zitherlike instrument and wailing baleful lyrics like "I'm goin' to join the CIO, 'cause everyone I see I owe," or "When I was young I had a dog. I loved him like my brother. Until one day my maw said he were no dog; he were my brother." The second band finds Joey directing a gigantic movie epic, *The History of Mankind*: "All right, we're ready to shoot. Charlie, will you keep those people in Asia quiet . . . Adam and Eve, start raising Cain . . . Moses, lead your people out of Egypt to the water . . . take off that life preserver, Moses, have a little faith . . . not on top of it; that comes later . . . Everybody stab Caesar; you, too, Brutus . . . Now the restaurant scene: Judas, you get up from the table and pick up the check . . . Now, Christopher Columbus, you steal a boat and the other two boats chase you . . . Louis Pasteur, wash your hands, then milk it . . . Let the two young kids run for the Presidency and let the guy whose wife is pregnant win . . ." From that point on, though, bombsville. *Shelley Berman: A Personal Appearance* (Verve) is a painful recording on three counts: (a) the inclusion of a number of sight routines, which might have been terribly amusing to Berman's audience, but exclude and dismay the listener; (b) Berman's delivery is so frantically high-strung, it transmits a tension that beclouds the material; (c) the material, on the whole, is just not very funny. The opening take-off, a routine on Manners, the minuscule Kleenex butler, is an outlet for Berman's dramatic skills, but nothing more; a lampoon of TV advertising is neither original nor mirth-provoking. It is only when Shelley plays a newly arrived hotel guest that he reverts to his customary good form: "Hello, desk, this is Berman, room 702; just checked in . . . I don't have a window . . . No, I looked . . . Well, I guess I just like to have a window . . . Everything else is here, wall-paper, Utrillo prints, Gideon Bible . . . lots of hot water . . . out of both taps . . . Near which door? . . . I can't find the door . . . You mean the door to the closet . . . Oh, I thought I had one . . . Well, send up a bellhop . . . Well, what time do you reopen? . . . What do your guests think about all this? . . . I am?"

The Remarkable Carmell Jones (Pacific Jazz) features trumpeter Jones' sensitive horn vis-à-vis the equally perceptive tenor of Harold Land as they execute quiet configurations around such disparate items as Duke Ellington's *Anatomy of a Murder* melody *I'm Gonna Go Fishing*, the Arlen-Mercer evergreen *Come Rain or Come Shine* and the usually maudlin *Full Moon and Empty*



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Arms. This outing, happiness is just a thing called Jones. *Donald Byrd at the Half Note Café, Volume 1* (Blue Note) is another salubrious pairing, as trumpeter Byrd is off and winging with baritone sax confrere Pepper Adams. The mood is mainly blue and mostly minor as the quintet works its way meticulously through a handful of originals that surround the all-Byrd oldie *A Portrait of Jennie*. Another distaff paeon, *Cecile*, boasts an extraordinary lyric quality enhanced by the Byrd-Adams embellishments. Pianist Duke Jordan's *Flight to Jordan* (Blue Note) is a superior six-pack of his own compositions. Their handling marks Duke as a musician of rare inventiveness and consummate taste, possessing a talent which, regretfully, has not yet been given its full due. Trumpeter Dizzy Reece and tenor man Stanley Turrentine join Jordan in filling out a quintet that is very much on the musical *qui vive*. A vigorous group that sounds as though it's come straight from Vic Tanny's, the Horace Silver Quintet, is at its zestful best on *Doin' the Thing* (Blue Note), a camp meeting recorded live at the Village Gate. The exuberant Silver piano is a restless probing instrument, constantly racing off in new directions. The stout trumpet of Blue Mitchell and the tenor of Junior Cook respond rousingly. It is, verily, a set of sterling Silver.

For jazz archaeologists, *The Fletcher Henderson Story — A Study in Frustration* (Columbia) is Minos, Troy and Angkor Wat all rolled up in one. A handsome four-LP package, it covers the ill-fated Henderson band from its embryonic stages in the early Twenties right on through its death throes in the late Thirties. The initial Don Redman arrangements are primitive, almost Mickey Mouse in scoring and quality of reproduction, but the great musicians are all there — Armstrong, Hawkins, Carter, Eldridge, Waller, Webster, Cootie Williams lead a long line of notables. One of the small joys of this album is the rediscovery of several sides featuring the trumpet work of Tommy Ladnier whose sound, even today, is a thing of rare beauty.

Concerto buffs would be well advised to acquire *Hermann Scherchen Conducts Trumpet Concerti* (Westminster). Haydn, Torelli, Vivaldi and Handel are represented with works for this rather uncommon solo instrument, in performances of notable sparkle and clarity. The three earliest concerti were written originally for a now extinct, valveless trumpet called the clarino; Roger Delmotte and Arthur Haneuse — who share solo honors — exhibit the brilliant technique demanded by Baroque composition. The Handel work for two trumpets

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is interesting in that Handel "stole" from it most of the material for the first movement of his Royal Fireworks Music—hearing it is rather like meeting an old friend in strange clothing.

The tenuous thread that ties together *Jimmy Rushing and the Smith Girls* (Columbia)—Mr. Five-by-Five belting out the tunes pioneer jazz singers Bessie, Mamie, Clara and Trixie Smith made famous—is all Rushing needs to wrap up in his typically robust fashion a Twenties-tinged, blues-laden package. Rushing's rear-back-and-let-go style is traditionally backdropped by trumpeter Buck Clayton, clarinetist Buster Bailey, trombonists Dickie Wells and Benny Morton, and rhythm. The tenor of Coleman Hawkins, however, is an instrument incapable of backtracking into history; the sound of the Hawk, an eloquently contemporary *non sequitur* in this context, is nevertheless highly pleasurable. Among the memorabilia dusted off by Rushing & Co. and given a glistening patina that belies their age are *Arkansas Blues*, *Trouble in Mind* and the Bessie Smith blockbuster, *Gulf Coast Blues*.

FILMS

The Hustler is Paul Newman in more senses than one. He plays a pool shark who lives by conning pool clunks, then makes the big time for a short time. In one scene he tells his girl what it feels like when the balls are clicking right and the cue seems part of his arm. That's the feeling he gives us all through the film—in control and going. He can take moments you've seen 3000 times, that usually you just can't wait to get past—and make them *happen* (the moment when he sees the girl's body, for example). An actor who can do that is like a writer who can nudge a weary cliché slightly and suddenly the world starts all over again and all of us are very, very grateful. Newman is perfectly paced by Piper Laurie, who does well as a kid with her nervous system showing, and Myron McCormick, a friend whom Newman and an audience can lean on. George C. Scott, playing a gambler, is exceptional, as is Jackie Gleason playing pool whiz Minnesota Fats. Robert Rossen has directed with a Marcel Carné touch and, with Sidney Carroll, has co-authored the script based on Walter Tevis' short story that originally appeared in *PLAYBOY* (January 1957) and was later turned into a novel. The dialog is incredibly real and dramatic, and the script reaches for the Hemingway mystique: sport as the one activity at which



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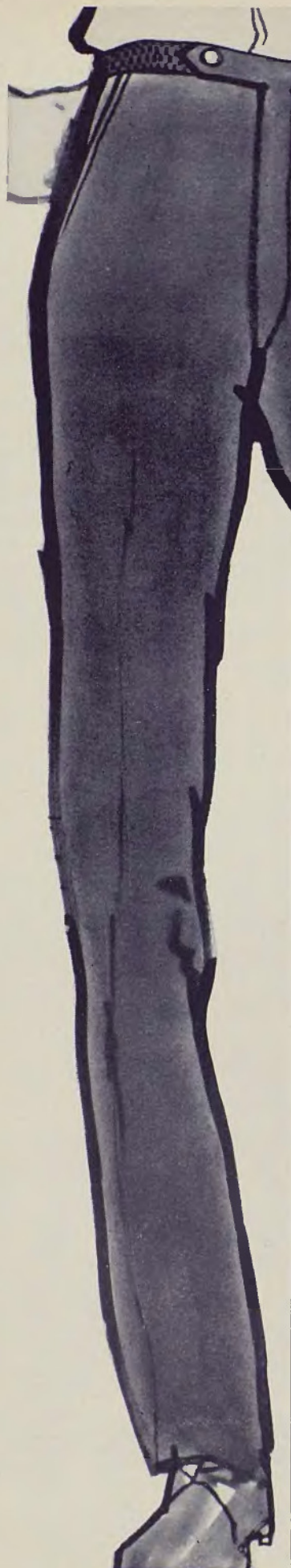


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modern man can face his moment of truth. The poolroom doesn't quite match the bull- and boxing rings, but the scenes in the poolroom are as compelling as anything put on film this year and the best parts of a strong picture. This is a triumph for Rossen and gives Newman the chance to niche his name nice and big at the top of his profession.

Depravity, modern rootlessness, murder and similar ingredients make up *Purple Noon* — and all in color as luscious as the title. In this French film a couple of young American expatriates named Ripley and Greenlaef are played by a couple of Frenchmen named Alain Delon and Maurice Ronet; a third American is played by a real one — in French, with an American accent. Apart from such small oddities, René Clément has concocted a tight, tenterhooking example of that new kind of suspense film — you know, where every scene seems to insist: "This is no mere thriller. We're really delving psychologically and slicing contemporary life like crazy." Life may or may not be sliced, but rich young Greenleaf sure is, and Ripley, his poor but dishonest friend, impersonates him, forges his signature on bank drafts and tries to move in on his girl (Marie Laforet, a *chic* chick). The picture was shot in southern Italy, and when the tension shows any sign of sagging, there's Roman scenery for improvement. Maybe this is a study in social psychology, but we have to confess that, in our visceral way, we got an old-fashioned, totally nonpsychological bang out of the plot as plot — especially the surprise pay-off.

Go see *Mr. Sardonicus*. Many are the unpredictable elements that enter the making of a movie, but you can usually figure that if a film is based on a firmly plotted yarn, and the author of that yarn enlisted to write the screenplay, and a cast of expert (if largely unknown) European actors signed, the resultant flick stands an excellent chance of being well worth the price of the ducats. This, happily, is true of the ripsnorting horror film Ray Russell has fashioned from his novelette, *Sardonicus* (it led off our January 1961 issue). Russell's original story, you'll recall, was a tour de force told in the grand manner. His screenplay follows the story faithfully — but not slavishly, since he has cooked up a wealth of new invention for the cinema version. The title character, Sardonicus, stylishly portrayed by English Shakespearean actor Guy Rolfe, is a sinister Central European whose face has been blighted by a rigid, teeth-baring grimace, and who wears a mask to hide this fact from the world. So ugly is he to behold that his pretty wife (prettily played by Audrey

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Dalton) will not admit him to her boudoir, and the poor chap is reduced to forcing his attentions on peasant girls procured for him by an evil, one-eyed helot called Krull (played to the hilt by seasoned pro Oscar Homolka). Sardonicus invites a prominent London physician, Sir Robert Cargrave (young Ronald Lewis, another English import, and a talent to watch) to his remote castle. In his efforts to persuade the medico to cure his affliction, Sardonicus uses his wife, an old heartthrob of Sir Robert's, as a lever, threatening her with a punishment so dire that the doc agrees to try a dangerous new treatment. The complications mount; the plot twists and twists again, leading to a jolting surprise finish; and it all adds up to a little low-budget classic of flamboyant horror, told with elegance by scriptor Russell and presented with impact by producer-director William Castle, who makes a brief appearance as the story's raconteur. Why the puzzling addition of *Mr.* to the title? We hear the Columbia front office feared confusion with *Spartacus*. (Incidentally, Russell's original novelette is now at your bookdealer's: see *Books*.)

In *The Devil at Four O'Clock*, Spencer Tracy says to Frank Sinatra, "When I was a kid in Hell's Kitchen, we used to eat punks like you." And Sinatra replies: "That was when you had your teeth." These, sad to say, are the best lines in the film. The title comes from an old proverb that a man needs extra courage if he knows he's going to meet the Devil at four P.M. Tracy plays an American priest on a French island in the Pacific, who has been there long enough to build a leper hospital for children, to grow embittered at the villagers because of their opposition and to start lapping up the nonsacramental sauce. Sinatra is one of three convicts en route to Tahiti whom Tracy borrows to do some work at the hospital. Later, when a volcano threatens the island and everyone flees, the convicts go back with the priest to get the children out. Trailing tatters of *My Three Angels*, *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* and *Boys' Town*, the film staggers to a conclusion as incredible as everything that has gone before. The color is poor, the editing worse, Mervyn LeRoy's direction unspeakable. However, Tracy gives one of his best performances in years; he actually manages to seem awake and interested a good deal of the time.

In *Judgment at Nuremberg*, Stanley (On the Beach, *Inherit the Wind*) Kramer has tackled another serious subject—and, once more, it has thrown him. This time it's the postwar American trial of four Nazi judges, and, as in his films on nuclear dangers and the Ten-

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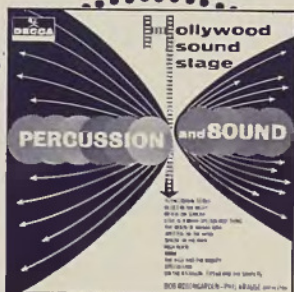
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nessee Scopes trial, he has not stinted with sincerity or directorial skill. But again he has crashed between two stools: the film has nothing enlightening to say to those who have thought about the matter, and others will not find themselves much moved. The script by Abby Mann plods heavily over the surface of such topics as Nazi guilt for their crimes, German guilt for the Nazis, and world guilt for the Germans. And whenever the movie comes to a Moment of Revelation, it's as ineffectual as Chaplin's huge cannon out of which a little shell plops weakly. The attempts at inducing tension (some pressure is put on the judge and prosecutor to go easy) are born more from desperation than from dramatic necessity, and brief appearances as witnesses by Montgomery Clift and Judy Garland, intended as star shells, turn out to be empty shells. Burt Lancaster plays a former German Minister of Justice who sits mute through most of the trial, and is almost convincing until he opens his mouth. Spencer Tracy (this is Tracy month), the chief American judge, has a miserable part; mainly he says, "Thank you," and raps for order. Richard Widmark, the U.S. prosecutor, loses the acting if not the legal battle to Maximilian Schell, the German defense lawyer, who has the best role in the film and knows it. A German general's widow is played by Marlene Dietrich, who comes across like an unreasonable facsimile of herself.

No Love for Johnnie asks, in a civilized, quick-witted manner, What Makes Johnnie Run?—for Parliament, that is. J. Byrne is a political pro, a Laborite from the Midlands who has shucked a Sam Small accent for a large ambition. In his early 40s he has risen far enough in the House of Commons to be disappointed when the new Prime Minister fails to give him a government post. Curving in and out of this penetrating picture of life in Talkery-on-the-Thames are the women in Johnnie's private life—his cranky ex-Red wife who leaves him, the available woman upstairs, the impressionable girl who impresses him. Peter Finch plays Johnnie with sympathetic understanding, and there are unimprovable performances by Stanley Holloway as an old M.P., Geoffrey Keen as the P.M., Rosalie Crutchley as Johnnie's wife, Billie Whitelaw as Lady Too-Bountiful, and Mary Peach (no kidding) as Byrne's flame.

Girl with a Suitcase stars well-packed Claudia Cardinale. This Italian export makes much of another of those encounters between a girl who has seen everything and a teenager who's looking. Miss Cardinale, a band singer, has been taken on a jaunt by a rich young joker, who ditches her after a couple

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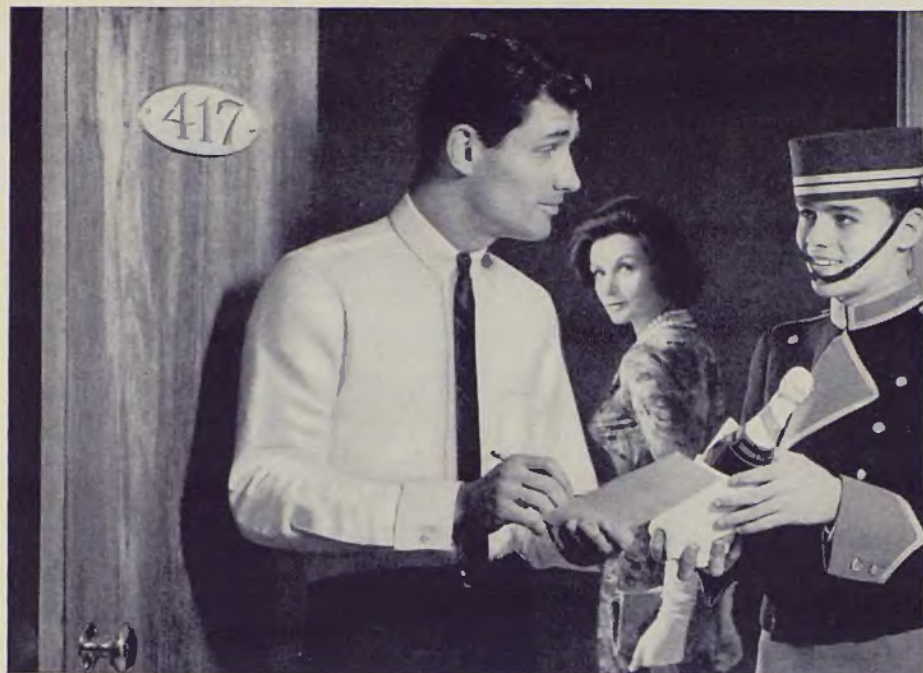


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of days. When she follows him home, he sends his sensitive 16-year-old brother out to give her the brush. But the kid is stunned by her beauty and, with his X-ray vision, sees the virgin in the veteran. The story details his infatuation and her affection, and, after considerable commotion, reaches the moment in which they clinch and part—he sadder and wiser, she just sadder. Some of the scenes between the two have a *Devil-in-the-Flesh* delicacy, but the picture, with its serpentine plot and its snaillike pace, is about one third too long. Valerio Zurlini, the director, has obviously been studying films like Antonioni's *L'Avventura* but, equally obviously, he hasn't mastered their creation. Jacques Perrin, the boy, has a certain poetic tenderness; Miss Cardinale's assets are more tangible.

DINING-DRINKING

Don't be taken aback by the 5000-odd books lining the walls of *The Library* (917 Clement near 11th Avenue), way off San Francisco's beaten and beat track. This boîte is not for the pedagogically inclined. As soon as you're comfortably ensconced on one of the back-to-back couches scattered through the dimly lit lounge or at the low-slung volume-inous bar, a close-by phone jingles; you uncradle it and hear: "This is Nonie, your librarian. If you see someone you know, or would like to know, pick up this phone, tell me where she is sitting and I'll make the connection." Nonie, a 36-24-36 former Jackie Gleason show dancer, makes connections from cocktail time through 2 A.M. closing; as a result, few chicks who come to *The Library* solo leave that way. Partners in this beer-booze-'n'-books emporium (a brew, straight or mixed drink, or any book on the shelves goes for six bits) are Joe Gannon (who was one fourth of *The Kingston Quartet* before it switched to a trio) and Bob Fischer, who has a strictly business background. While flying the Berlin airlift, Joe first spotted the phone *shtick* in a German *Bierstube*. Years later, he remembered the phones, Bob dreamed up the librarian-operator acting as a hostess to introduce people to the phones and each other, and the pair was in business. Prime public relations problem was persuading telephone execs that one room with 30 phones did not a bookie joint make. Since its June opening, *The Library's* been swinging right up to its 60-sit, 60-stand capacity, and they're now talking of franchising *Libraries* in Los Angeles, New York, Seattle and Honolulu.

The *Alhambra* (1321 South Michigan), in Chicago, is jazz pianist Ahmad Jamal's

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Brush: Brush, brush, brush, brush, brush, brush, brush, brush. Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth. Whew! (don't stop now, you're almost done).



Buffer: Buff, buff, buff, buff, buff, buff, buff, buff. If you work hard enough and practice long enough, maybe you can even make it snap (this is a man-size job).



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Playboy Club News



VOL. II, NO. 17

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DECEMBER, 1961

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Fun in the Sun Plus Lavish Nights
for Vacationing Keyholders

MIAMI (Special)—Following the sun to Miami this season definitely includes a visit to that winter "funderland's" brightest ray—the Playboy Club. Since its opening last May, the Miami Playboy Club has moved right to the top of the festive Florida fun scene, and special PLAYBOY-styled plans are on the agenda for the upcoming winter season.

The Playboy Club's Miami resort—situated on a palm-studded 40,000-square-foot estate by the aquamarine waters of Biscayne Bay—is a super-swinging scene.

And just listen to this sterling array of talent—only a sample of the top-flight entertainment that will parade through the Miami Club this winter: Ernestine Anderson, Jackie Gayle, Johnny Janis, Peggy Lord, Moms Mabley, Margaret Ann with the Ernie Mariani Trio, Pat Morrissey, Nino Nanni, Jimmy Rushing and Jerry Van Dyke.



Around the clock, whether it's under the sun or "moon over Miami," the Playboy Club will cap a visit to southern Florida. The Club opens for luncheon during the week at 11:30 A.M. and a swinging trio provides the sounds for the "breakfast jam session" in the Living Room until 5 A.M.

CHICAGO CLUB OPENS SWINGING NEW SHOWROOM

Playroom Offers Earliest
Show in Town at 7 P.M.

CHICAGO (Special) — The opening of a scintillating new showroom in the Chicago Playboy Club—the Playroom—gives Keyholders the opportunity to go straight from work and enjoy themselves in the posh surroundings of this fifth floor of fun. The Playroom opens for dinner at 6 P.M. and offers the earliest show in town at 7 P.M.

The perfect answer to an early week night "on the town"—as well as festive weekendening—the Playroom features the best in swinging entertainment as presented in the Library and Penthouse and offers three shows nightly (7-9-11), with extra late shows on Friday and Saturday at 1 A.M.

GIFT KEY MAY BE ORDERED THROUGH DECEMBER 15

The Playboy Club has the key to solve your Christmas problems. If you act before December 15, you can be sure of giving a lasting gift to the discerning men on your holiday shopping list. The Playboy Club's special Christmas Gift Key Offer is the perfect answer



to the problem of finding a truly personal gift.

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. A Playboy Club Femlin will adorn your personalized Christmas card, announcing your Playboy Club Gift Key to all the lucky men to whom you give this choice holiday offering. Your gift of a Playboy Club Key offers the lucky recipient a life time of enjoyment and sophisticated entertainment not only at Clubs already operating but at all Playboy Clubs wherever they are established.

If we discover that anyone on your list already belongs to the Club, we will send him a handsome packet of "Bunny Money" in the full amount of your gift, which can be applied as a credit against his monthly statement.

Your One
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A sterling Playroom entree has brought further raves from Keyholders and their guests. It's the "Playboy Delmonico Steak Dinner"—succulent slices of the finest prime beef from the "eye of the rib," *au jus*, accompanied by *rissolé* potatoes, broiled tomato with cheese crumbles, relishes and petite dinner rolls — ALL FOR THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

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, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, 1006 N. Morton St. in Baltimore, Washington, D.C., Puerto Rico, 1014 E. Jefferson Ave. in Detroit, Houston, Dallas, 3914 Lindell Blvd. in St. Louis, Denver, Phoenix, 8580 Sunset Blvd. in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle,

**NEW ORLEANS CLUB
OPEN 'TIL 5 A.M.**



The dean of hip wits, Mort Sahl (right) relaxes at the Chicago Playboy Club. Shown with Mort is Playboy Club favorite Jackie Gayle.

PLAYBOY CLUB TALENT LINEUP

CHICAGO (Through November 25)—Don Heller, Enid Mosier, Wayne Roland, Jackie Gayle, Penie Pryor, Max Cooper, Bob Gibson, Davey Carr. (November 26 to December 16)—Burns & Carlin, Bob Grossman; Carol Brent, Little, Dane & Mason, George Kirby, Ernestine Anderson, Slappy White.

MIAMI (Through November 25)—Joe & Eddie Trio, Eagle & Man, Slappy White, Phyllis Branch, Don Rice. (November 26 to December 16)—Inman & Ira, Dick Curtis, Doree Crews, Billy Rizzo, Stu Allen.

NEW ORLEANS (Through November 25)—Mae Barnes, Burns & Carlin, The Starr Sisters, Johnny Janis, Will Mercer. (November 26 to December 16)—Jerry Van Dyke, King & Mary, Romer & Howard, Peggy Lord.

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c/o PLAYBOY Magazine, 237 E. Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois

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

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THE NEW LOOK...SNUG TOPS

BY CROSBY SQUARE



THE HOUSE OF CROSBY SQUARE 539 W. WRIGHT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

first plunge into supper-club entrepre-
neuring. Ahmad, a devout Moslem, has
had the club's four levels, which hold
several hundred customers, decked out
in whitewashed Moorish decor. In keep-
ing with his religious beliefs, no alco-
holic beverages are served, as of this
writing; knowing the club crowd's liba-
tional tendencies, this ranks as one of
the year's braver moves. The Alhambra
does have an impressive list of no-proof
potables guaranteed to keep your head
crystal clear—from Aam Ras (mango
juice) to nonalcoholic hot zabaglione
(hot milk, eggs and sugar). Three cook-
ing staffs are on tap to handle the
American, Pakistani-Indian, and
Middle-Eastern cuisine and they're
capable of turning out a wide array
of exotically tempting fare. (Maitre
de Lou Kulis claims the Alhambra
serves the only true curry between
the East Coast and Chicago.) The
American side of the menu is stocked
with steaks, roasts, fowl and seafood.
The curry entrees (lamb, beef, shrimp,
chicken), served with rice, vegetables,
dahl (a spiced puree), chutney and
condiments, may be preceded by an
appetizer of spiced meat or vegetable
samosa (a flaky triangular patty), and
capped off with India honey cake and
an extensive variety of coffees or teas.
The Middle-Eastern menu features as
an appetizer an eggplant salad that
boasts a superlatively exotic handle
(and flavor), Ba Ba Gannouge, with
Oriental white cheese and black olives
offered as an alternative. The entrees
are varied: we turned our attention
to the Lahma Mohammara (cubed
lamb, beef and calves' liver with
onions, herbs and spices, simmered
in broth and served with rice),
passing up the Mahshe (grape leaves
stuffed with chopped lamb or beef),
and several others that held gourman-
dial promise. Jamal and his trio are
almost always on tap supplying fine
musical accompaniment. On our visit,
however, he was off on concert tour,
but his club chores were more than
ably taken up by Jackie Cain and
Roy Kral. The club, shuttered Monday
and Tuesday, is open 5:30 P.M. to
4 A.M.; sets commence at 9, 11 and
1:30, with an extra-late set added on
Saturday. There's a \$2.50 cover from
9. Flamenco guitarist Lou Russo and
an unobtrusive hi-fi system fill in
while the troops are off stage.

BOOKS

Morris L. West's new novel, *Daughter of Silence* (Morrow, \$3.95), is, like *The Devil's Advocate*, set in contemporary Italy where the Australian novelist, a down-under Alberto Moravia, apparently spent some crucial years. The book opens with a young woman stepping out of a

taxicab (it's obvious from her looks that she comes from a big city), knocking at the door of the mayor of a small back-country Italian town and, when he appears, shooting him five times in the chest. Promising opening, one murmurs to oneself—dark passions, mysterious doings, and all that. And then we meet the Ascolini family, who are simmering and simmering not far from the scene of the slaying. *Il doctore* is a noted lawyer, urbane, cynical, whose aged body no longer performs in signorine's *camere da letto*, but whose mind performs agilely in manipulating the emotional lives of those around him. His daughter, Valeria, is occupied full time putting horns on her husband, Carolo, a young lawyer as unproved in law as he is in matrimony, who does a great deal of brooding at the piano over Chopin nocturnes. The cast is rounded out by Peter Landon, a visiting American psychoanalyst, and Ninette Lachaise, an attractive French painter, as unattached, self-sufficient, worldly wise and as aching with adolescent yearnings as Peter. Question: What happens when young Carolo decides to get out from under poppa-in-law's thumb by defending a pretty young murderess and showing his stuff in court? Answer: Just what you'd expect to happen when *La Dolce Vita* is crossed with *The Guiding Light*.

Sinclair Lewis had more than his share of the torment required to live the life of a tormented genius, but not enough of the genius. The harassed career of the enormously popular, enormously unhappy novelist, the first American to win the Nobel Prize for Literature, is set forth with ironic compassion in Mark Schorer's 800-odd-page biography, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (McGraw-Hill, \$10). Lewis' most memorable achievements were less esthetic than social. *Babbitt* and *Main Street*, overdrawn, naive and gracelessly written as they were, with their heavy reliance on photographic description and quickly dated colloquialisms and slang, do not stand as literary masterpieces. But they jolted post-World War I America into an awareness of the fatuously conforming money-oriented society that dominated the nation's hinterland. With painstaking care, Schorer traces Lewis' pain-filled life from his boyhood in Sauk Centre, Minnesota ("He was a queer boy, always an outsider, lonely"), to his death in Rome in 1951 ("He died among strangers . . ."). His battles with wives and publishers, with agents and alcohol, and mainly, with his own restless, raging temperament that kept him traveling over the world in search of a peace he was never to find are reported with an abundance of detail that the general reader may find somewhat excessive. But writer-critic-English professor Schorer's

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decade of conscientious scholarship and reporting have produced what will surely stand as the definitive biography of a writer who, as one critic put it, had the terror of commonplace America soaked into his pores.

The rise and fall of a garment-center self-made man is related by his only friend in *A Feast of Friends* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$4.50) by Rosser Evans. Igor Conrad and Jack Hobbs started their careers as delivery boys in the garment district and Igor—in a Horatio Algeresque, ruthless scramble to the top—succeeds in betraying the friendship en route, via tampering with Jack's girl and the girl's wealthy mother. So much for the rise of our hero: the fall is literal—in a plane crash. Jack—a guileless innocent—re-creates Igor's careening career in a series of flashbacks notable for their originality, acuity and vitriolic wit. Igor's doom—apart from proving that many a modern Achilles is a heel—is pure psychiatric *deus ex machina* and, in terms of the reach of the novel, beside the point. But along the way, both in business and in bed, there are episodes (oft moving) that lift this tale above its rather tortured plot and arbitrary outcome.

Sardonicus and Other Stories (Ballantine, 35¢) is Ray Russell's first fiction collection, and a roistering romp it is. Kicking off with the Graustarkian novelette limelighted in the book's title, it offers a cornucopia of 17 yarns which—though they range from "straight" through science-fiction, fantasy, horror and suspense—can all be described by the coincidentally apt adjective, *sardonic*. Other writers may see life through the grimy window of realism, or under the microscope of clinical analysis, or through rose-colored glasses; Russell sees it reflected in a fun-house mirror—a wry viewpoint that can be, and in this case is, tartly entertaining. The characters include, in addition to the ghastly Gothic gentleman of the title tale, a Russian film director with Eisensteinian overtones, an un-supernatural ghost, a mutated baby, the Devil (in no less than three stories), the Emperor Nero, and an interplanetary invader who takes a long look at Earth's inhabitants and promptly commits suicide. The stories take place in the past, the present and the future; half a dozen of them—including the opening novelette, which has become a motion picture (see *Films*)—appeared first in these pages.

We picked up *I Should Have Kissed Her More* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50) apprehensively, a bit worried that Alexander was making too much of a good King. But this third installment of his inter-

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minable memories, in which the old master reminisces about old mistresses, is the best yet. He calls it a "lovingly poised mirror of memories by a man with instant extinction constantly on his mind," and, naturally, he opens with a daydream of his own funeral. Each ensuing chapter is devoted to a lady or ladies who will or, for various excellent reasons, will not attend. Some of them were only friends, some were friendlier; all have their idiosyncrasies. There is the Leopard Girl in the Coney Island side show whose spots were caused by an allergy to tomatoes, the Russian artist's model who had—literally—a tail, and the khaki-clad buxom young recruit for land service in Israel named Bubbles Gallagher. King's stock of anecdotes shows no signs of depletion. He tells, for example, of the Broadway musicians who took revenge on a mounted cop for giving them a parking ticket by feeding his horse an apple stuffed with laxative. Although King sometimes leaves the tap open on his emotion, the drain of realism keeps things from overflowing. Maybe it's all true, maybe it's touched up a bit. No matter. In either case, it's a King-size memoir.



Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, July 2, 1946 and June 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of PLAYBOY, published monthly at Chicago, Ill., for Oct. 1, 1961. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher and Editor, Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chi., Ill.; Managing Editor, Jack J. Kessie, 164 W. Burton Pl., Chi., Ill.; Business Manager, Robert S. Preuss, 7970 Oak Ave., River Forest, Ill. 2. The owner is: HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., 232 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill. The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of the total amount of stock are: Glenn L. Hefner, 1922 N. New England, Chi., Ill.; Hugh M. Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chi., Ill.; Keith Hefner, 1340 N. State Pkwy., Chi., Ill.; Victor A. Lowmes III, 221 E. Walton, Chi., Ill.; Arthur Paul, 168 E. Pearson, Chi., Ill.; Eldon Sellers, 2615 Greenleaf, Wilmette, Ill.; Burt Zollo, 532 Aldine, Chi., Ill. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 1,212,598. Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1961. (SEAL) Marjorie Pitner. (My commission expires April 20, 1963.)

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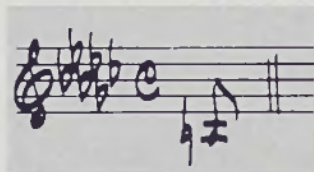
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

If soup is served in a cup with handles, is it correct to pick up the cup and drink from it? What if the cup has no handles? — T. K., Newport, Rhode Island.

It is entirely proper to drink soup or bouillon directly from a handled cup. A spoon should be employed for stirring and tasting the soup, and for polishing off whatever noodles, vegetables or other ingredients may remain after the many sips 'twixt the cup and the lip. One may also drink with propriety from a small, cup-size bowl that does not have handles. With a larger, handleless bowl, a spoon must be used at all times.

For the past four months I have been enjoying a warm relationship with an intelligent and vivacious young girl. Of late, however, my enthusiasm for her company has been dimmed by a desire on her part to "improve" my admittedly imperfect character. She has taken to proposing certain ground rules for my personal conduct: I should henceforth limit myself to a pair of pre-dinner cocktails, stop seasoning my conversation with salty expressions, and give up what she considers to be the bad habit of puffing a post-prandial cigar. The obvious thing to do, of course, is to tell her to shut up, but I am reluctant to risk losing the young lady because her approach to life is otherwise admirably emancipated. How can I straighten her out without alienating her affections? — W. F., Chicago, Illinois.

A woman's urge to purge her male of "bad" habits is primal and potent — but there is a way to curb it. We suggest that you explain to your inamorata as ominously as possible that your minor vices are merely emotional safety valves — and that if they are denied you, you won't be held responsible for the consequences. It this doesn't jar her out of her role as a one-woman reformation, try capitalizing on her sense of humor by quoting Oscar Wilde's incisive observation: "The only way a woman can ever reform a man is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life." Whatever you do, don't yield an inch to her wishes.

I am about to set forth on a three-week holiday cruise to France, Spain and Italy. While abroad I intend to add several items to my wardrobe — but what little I know of the European clothing measurement system leaves me completely baffled. Is there any easy way to convert American sizes into their Continental equivalents? — C. H., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

For the benefit of all who may soon be outfitting themselves in countries us-

ing the metric system, we offer the following size conversion table:

Suits and Coats:

American: 36 38 40 42 44 46
European: 46 48 50 52 54 56

Shoes:

American: 8 9 10 11 12
European: 41 42 43 44 45

Shirts:

neck

American: 14½ 15 15½ 16 16½
European: 37 38 39 41 42

sleeve

American: 30 31 32 33 34 35
European: 76 79 81 84 86 89

Socks:

American: 9½ 10 10½ 11 11½ 12
European: 39 40 41 42 43 44

A sportsman friend and I have recently had several arguments concerning the care of guns when they are not in use. We were unable to resolve the following questions: (1) Is there any truth to the assertion that it's bad for a gun to store it in its carrying case because the lining accumulates moisture? (2) Is it true that handling metal parts of a gun (except when in use, followed by cleaning and oiling) causes rust? (3) Most bullet boxes bear statements that protective coating and/or special priming prevents any fouling or pitting. If this is really true, is it necessary to swab out the barrel after shooting? (4) My friend keeps his varment rifle, deer rifle, skeet gun and duck gun on a decorative rack. The muzzles are plugged with cotton soaked in oil to keep out dust and moisture. I say this is bad because the oil in the cotton tends to get gummy. My method is to seal the barrels shut with a dab of gun grease. Which way is best? (5) Should guns be stored cocked or uncocked? — H. G., Madison, Wisconsin.

In the order in which you fired your questions, here is the score: (1) In general, it is wiser not to store your gun in its case, not only because some lining materials are apt to accumulate moisture, but also because case tanning processes may involve the use of chemicals which induce rusting. Too, under certain climatic conditions, an encased gun will "sweat," producing condensation. (2) Yes. Perspiration contains acid which will accelerate rusting. The corrosive qualities of perspiration vary with the individual. (3) Modern primers and smokeless powders (which release no hygroscopic salts) will not cause bore corrosion, and the lubricant placed on some bullets does, indeed, have a rust-inhibiting effect. However, in humid climates it is always



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a good idea after firing to clean out the bore first with a solvent, then with gun oil or gun grease. (4) There is no need to plug your gun bores with either oil-soaked cotton or gun grease. Swabbing the bore with a good gun grease prior to storage will provide protection even under severe conditions for a prolonged period of time. (5) Most guns are cocked automatically when the action is closed after getting off the last shot, and experts agree guns should not be stored with their actions open (which invites dust and rust). Some gunsmiths claim the trigger spring is weakened by keeping it in the cocked (compressed) position for long. Others say the alternative (pulling the trigger on an empty chamber) may injure the firing pin. Take your choice; if either were likely to be seriously damaging, manufacturers would so state in instruction manuals and suggest remedial action.

In the apartment above my bachelor digs there lives a toothsome young chick who is charming, voluptuous — and married. Her husband is, to coin a phrase, a traveling man, who is out of town on business more often than not. Of late, it has become increasingly apparent that the girl is getting tired of spending her evenings alone. Repeatedly she has presented herself at my door on some patent pretext or other — even the corny one of wanting to borrow a cup of sugar — but there has been no mistaking the fast invitation in her sloe eyes. Thus far I have successfully kept my libido in check. But the situation is beginning to deteriorate. Am I a fool for ignoring such a temptation? Wouldn't I be better advised to raid the pantry while the breadwinner is away? — M. G., Seattle, Washington.

Pass up this chance to make a pass: it spells trouble, ranging from mayhem, to alienation of affection suits, to prominent billing in divorce proceedings. Stick with the 10th Commandment and never forget that one man's helpmeet is usually another man's poison. And don't just be coy about it; the harder you seem to get, the more she'll want you. Next time hubby's in town, invite the couple to your apartment for a neighborly snort and turn the conversation so you can clearly state your unshakable belief that legal game is the only fair game for a bachelor.

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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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway



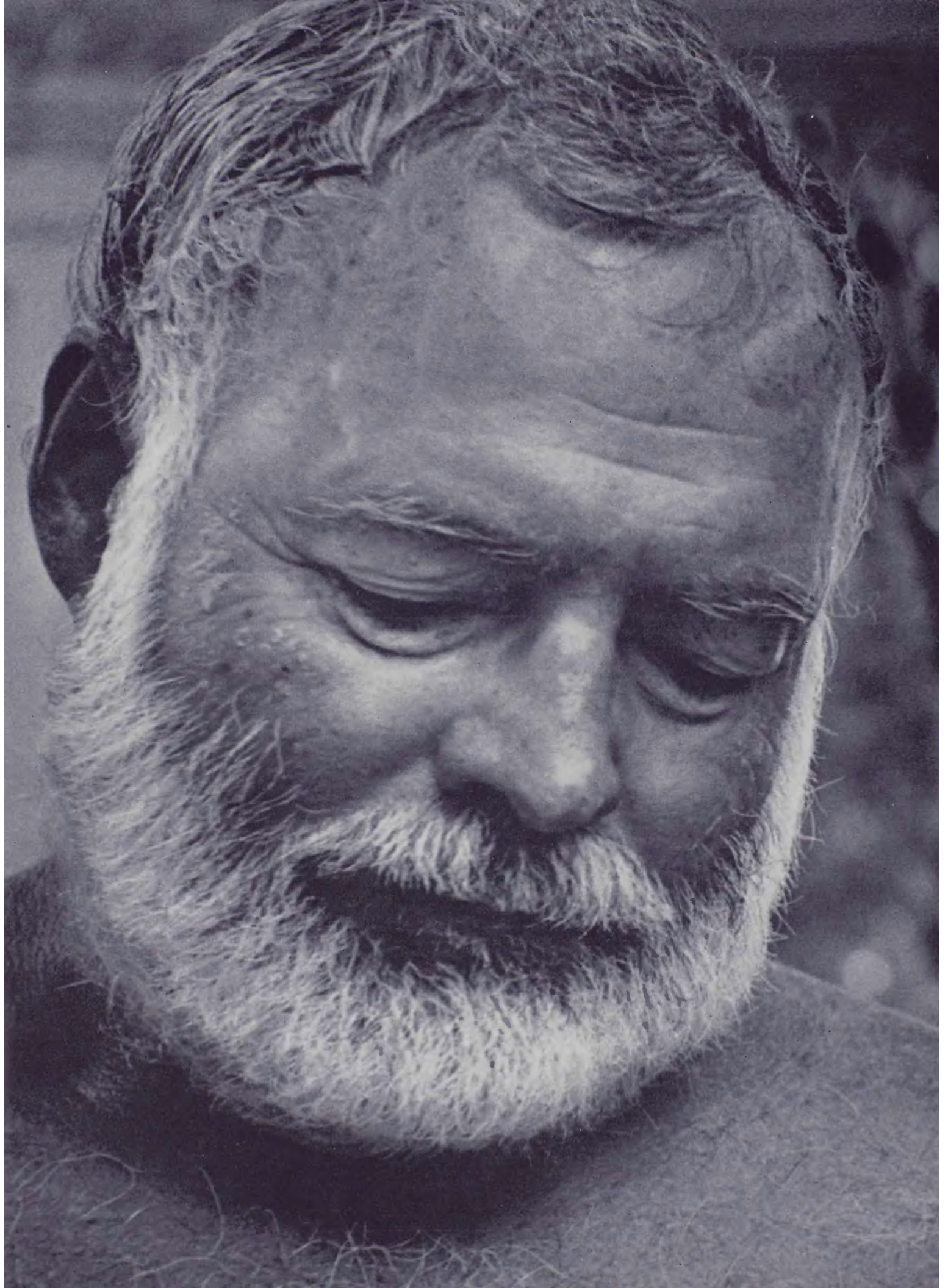
an intimate and
personal biography
of the writer as
man and artist

By Leicester Hemingway

PROLOGUE

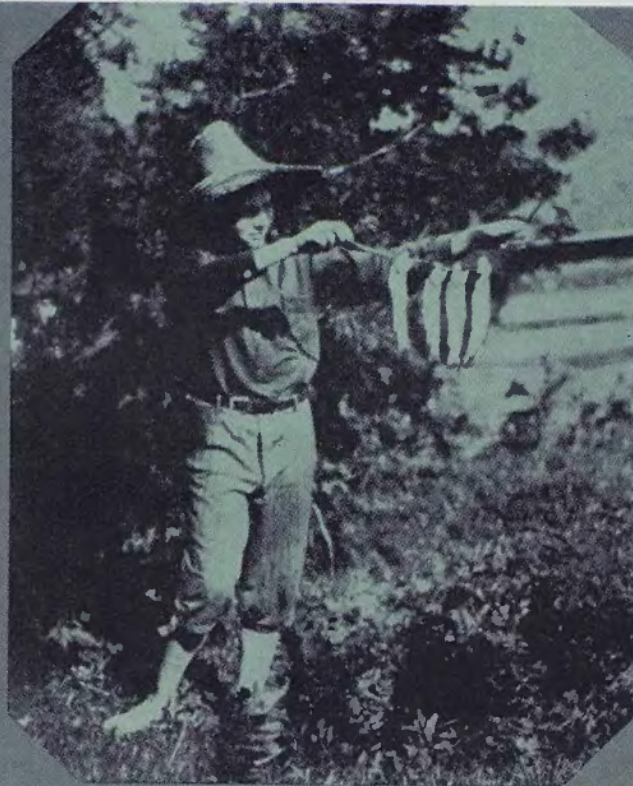
This is a book about Ernest Hemingway the writer, the soldier of fortune, the big-game hunter, deep-sea fisherman and bullfight buff. Ernest was all of these things. He was also my only brother. In the early years after I was born he changed my diapers with amusement and called me "the Pipehouse." Later he changed my nickname to "the Baron." He taught me even more than my father did about shooting, fishing and fighting.

One calm evening after World War II while we watched the sun setting beyond Havana, Ernest talked about life and the things that made a good one. We laughed together over some of the observations on his own life that had been made by people.





1913: Ernest, 13, at the time of his graduation from grade school in Oak Park, Illinois.



1914: In a scene evocative of Nick Adams and "In Our Time," Ernest displays trout caught in northern Michigan.



1917: Graduation portrait taken at Oak Park High. Ernest's formal education was ended.

Agnes von Kurowsky



1918: Serving with the Red Cross Field Service in Italy, Ernest was badly wounded by a mortar shell. Above: in a Milan hospital he whistles stoically to overcome the pain. Right: he convalesces with the aid of a cane. It was at this time that he fell in love with Agnes von Kurowsky, a Red Cross nurse who was to become the model for Catherine Barkley of "A Farewell to Arms."



Agnes and Ernest in Milan. She was soon to reject his proposal.



outside the family. "Jeezus, Baron," he said finally, "someday I'd like to have somebody who really knew me write a book about me. Maybe you'll be the one. After all, the Huxleys made out all right, and the James brothers — Frank and Jesse especially."

A good deal of time has passed since then. But Ernest never took back anything he said. In the time that has gone by, some of the material written about Ernest by scholars, columnists, reviewers and indignant custodians of public virtue has been so heinously and hilariously inaccurate that it does not merit correction. A few of the writers have been just and accurate.

Ernest was one of those rare humans who are truly original. That he has a secure position in world literature as a gifted writer is certain. That he also possessed absolute integrity, both emotional and esthetic, is clear to the people who have read his books and to those who knew him well. But the fact that he was a child of God besieged by a welter of familial and personal problems is either forgotten or overlooked by most students of his work and life.

As Ernest's brother, I have many times been asked for insights into his life and character. These glimpses might well be called notes for a biography, since his life was so abundant that a definitive account would be almost impossible. As Ernest once pungently observed, "The true story of a man's life should really cover everything that happened to him and around him every 24 hours for 50 years."

Ernest lived as he died — violently. He had a tremendous respect for courage. During his own lifetime he traded in it, developed it, and taught other people a great deal about it. And his own courage never deserted him. What finally failed him was his body. This can happen to anyone.

The morning of that last July 2, when he took the final action of his life and for the last time fondled his silver-inlaid 12-gauge double-barreled Richardson shotgun, there was no one to witness the exact manner of his death. It may indeed have been "in some way an incredible accident," as his widow Mary told reporters after the news of Ernest's death was released.

In the circumstances of his death Ernest created a mystery, a thing he had never done in his lifetime of writing — a lifetime concerned with death and violence, tenderness and humanity, the comic and the true.

When news of Ernest's death reached the radio and television stations across the country about noon of that final Sunday, Ernest's three sons were engaged in varied pursuits. John was trout fishing in Oregon, Patrick was on safari in British East Africa, and Gregory was in and out of a medical library in Miami studying for a midsummer exam. I was being splashed on a beach in the Florida Keys, teaching my young daughter to swim. None of us received the news until late in the afternoon when friends, relatives and communications finally caught up with us. Our older sister Marcelline was in Detroit, Ursula was in Honolulu, Madelaine at Walloon Lake, Michigan, and Carol out on Long Island.



1920: Now 21, Ernest was criticized by his parents for fishing and loafing.



1921: Ernest poses with his first wife, Hadley, at their wedding in Michigan.

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

They all had the word by evening, and preparations were soon under way, with the assistance of Ernest's friend Pop Arnold, for attending the funeral, first scheduled for the following Wednesday. When we discovered that Patrick couldn't arrive before Wednesday evening, even with the best jet connections from Africa and Europe, the funeral was rescheduled for Thursday.

The day following Ernest's death, statements were issued by the Vatican, the White House and the Kremlin, as at the passing of a world statesman. Never before had an author been given such news coverage following his death. The entire world was realizing with a sense of shock that the loss of this man would be felt by all mankind.

In midsummer the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho are their greenest. In the higher ranges the snow stays through the warm season. But down in Sun Valley there is a fine crop of hay by July, and the Wood River runs trout-cold down one edge of the winding fold in these old, smooth foothills of the Rockies.

Between Hailey and Ketchum, a dozen miles away, the valley narrows from two miles to less than half a mile. Along its western edge the mountains feel closer, and a steady line of trees marks the course of the river. Just outside Ketchum, across the river and beyond the trees, sits the two-story house where Ernest Hemingway lived and worked during the last years of his life. The house has a natural wood color like so many of the houses in this winter sports area. But Ernest's house on the west side of the Wood River has an unusual view. Instead of catching sunsets, like most dwellings in Ketchum, it faces the rising sun.

By the morning of July 6, those members of the Hemingway family who could attend the services had arrived in Idaho. Of the more than a dozen honorary pallbearers, only half were able to attend. Many other friends from far away had flown in to honor the man who had spent a lifetime writing about what he had learned of life, writing so simply and well that all men could understand some of what he said and be moved by it.

Early that morning the mountain air was chill, and you could see your breath. The sun was up well before six, and fine clouds far overhead moved slowly eastward over the valley. There was an insistent smell of sage in the air as though great quantities of the herb lay somewhere upwind just over the horizon. In the lower meadow the Wood River gurgled over the pebbled bed and fish occasionally darted out of the shadows to feed.

By midmorning the chill had vanished.

The sun made small heat waves shimmer above the tops of the cars as they pulled in beyond the State Police barricade at the cemetery entrance.

The cemetery lay on a gentle slope around a small hill north of town. A galvanized wire fence enclosed it. And beyond this, less than 30 yards from the freshly dug grave, waited a group of photographers and technicians with tape recorders.

Ernest's grave was beside that of Taylor Williams, an old hunting friend. For years Taylor, called "Beartracks," was a shooting instructor at Sun Valley. He died two years ago, and Ernest had been a pallbearer at his funeral. Plots in the cemetery at Ketchum are \$25 each, so the Hemingway family bought six. Ernest always liked space.

The burial ceremony began at 10:30 A.M., on schedule. A small gathering of townspeople and curious strangers collected around the fence. First to arrive were the pallbearers, all local friends, including the undertaker. To enter the area, everyone needed a plain white envelope with Ernest's box number on it, containing a single sheet asking that the bearer be admitted to the graveside service. The envelopes had been distributed the day before, and each one was checked.

After the relatives, honorary pallbearers and friends had gathered, Mary Hemingway approached, escorted by Ernest's sons. She wore a simple black dress and a black hat with a wide brim. She crossed herself before sitting down. Then the priest, Father Robert J. Waldmann, looking unused to so much commotion, walked to the front of the group. He was followed by two altar boys.

"... That's Jack Hemingway, the author's oldest son, sitting down now," a voice from beyond the fence intoned into a microphone. "And beyond him is..." The voice faded as the priest began the graveside service in Latin.

Then, lapsing into English, Father Waldmann began a meditation on death, and since he had been requested to read verses 3, 4 and 5 of the first chapter of Ecclesiastes, he began, "What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh: but the earth abideth for ever." He paused. Then he passed on to a new thought, omitting the next verse which contains the passage "The sun also riseth."

Mary looked up quickly. Later she told friends, "I wanted to stand up right then and say, 'Stop the ceremony.'"

Father Waldmann continued in English, "Our Father, we beseech Thee to forgive Thy servant Ernest..." Behind the fence, the tape recorders continued to give a play-by-play account of the

service as though it were a sporting spectacle. In mood the scene was curiously theatrical. To the eye it had a clearly etched quality.

Suddenly there came a resounding "ka-whomp." Everyone in the burial party remained motionless, barely turning to see what had happened. Just behind Father Waldmann, near the upper end of the coffin and close to the fence with its gathering of newsmen and photographers, lay a form dressed in white. At its lower end a pair of new brown shoes pointed heavenward.

The group stood in stunned fixity. The priest retraced his words, and then continued. Silently the funeral director circled the group, bent down, lifted the fainting altar boy onto his feet, and held him as he rocked unsteadily, making small convulsive sobs. Then he quietly led him away.

"What was the name of the one who fainted?" The whisper carried clearly from behind the fence into the service area. The large cross of white flowers at the grave's upper end stood wildly askew. It had been disturbed as the altar boy fell. No one touched it during the remainder of the ceremony. It seemed to me Ernest would have approved of it all. Ave Marias and Pater Nosters were said three times. Then the casket was covered with a bronze shield, lowered into the grave, and sprinkled with the soil of the land in which it would rest.

It would have been difficult for anyone present, knowing Ernest had seen the valley from that vantage countless times, to look around without thinking, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills."

At the foot of Ernest's grave there is another, with a simple marker. Beneath it rests the body of a Basque shepherd.

Ernest came straight out of the Midwestern Victorian era of the Nineties. Our parents, Grace Ernestine Hall and Clarence Edmunds Hemingway, grew up in Chicago, Grace on the South Side during her early years and later in the Oak Park section where Clarence spent his entire life. But as was common in the vast middle class of the Middle West, they believed themselves to be members of the upper class. They prided themselves on their interest in church missionary work and the fine arts. They aided all sorts of uplift movements, ranging from the establishment of nature-study groups — Father founded the local branch of the Agassiz Society — to Protestant missionary societies dedicated to spreading the Word all over the world.

Father, the oldest in his family, had three brothers and two sisters. After high school hours he studied photog-

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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

raphy and made wet plates of Oak Park scenes. He also played football. But his real love was nature. "When I was a boy there were plenty of prairie chickens north of Lake Street," he used to tell us. These rolling grasslands are now lined with solid miles of houses. During one summer Father spent three months with the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, learning nature lore and gaining a great admiration for Indian ways. Another summer, between studies at Rush Medical College, he worked as cook on a Government surveying party in the Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. He loved the outdoor life, but medicine was his consuming interest.

Our mother's great passion was for music. Having shown an early interest in piano, she continued studying through her teens and also cultivated her contralto voice. By the time she finished high school, she had a solid basic training in music. She wanted to study voice in Europe, but Grandmother considered that ambition too bold. Mother did manage to tour England and France. But for serious music study, she settled in upper Manhattan. For a year she worked intensively under Madame Capiani there. Then she made her singing debut under the direction of Anton Seidl, conductor of the New York Symphony, and had excellent notices from the critics.

At that point she returned to Oak Park to marry the promising young physician, Dr. Clarence E. Hemingway. They had met in Oak Park High School — Father had graduated in 1889, Mother in 1890. After finishing his studies at Rush Medical College, Father had interned at the University of Edinburgh. By mail he and Mother compared notes on Europe and their friendship flourished. When the young couple married, in the fall of 1896, our mother felt she was sacrificing a great musical career. For most of her life that feeling rankled within her.

Father longed to be a medical missionary like his brother Will. Mother, cultural arbiter, dealt firmly with this wanderlust. So our father settled down and built a large, successful practice right where he was, in Oak Park. He was medical examiner for three insurance companies and the Borden Milk Company as well as head of the obstetrics department at the Oak Park Hospital. During his career he delivered more than 3000 babies in the Oak Park area.

Marcelline, our oldest sister, was born in 1898. She was exceptionally pretty and from the start received lots of attention. When Ernest was born on July 21, 1899, he was a healthy baby. According to our mother he cried a lot.

This emotional honesty paid off later. According to family records, he was breast-fed for the first year, began putting on weight after the first 10 days of regaining his birth weight, and had reached a hefty 17 pounds by the time he was three months old. He was early with teething, learned to walk before he was a year old, and indulged in a jabbering lingo of his own during most of his waking hours.

Years later, Mother admitted, "Marce was such a darling that Ernie was almost two before he managed to claim his full share of attention. By then he was a strongly independent child."

One of the early attention-insuring devices Ernest latched onto was the use of what Mother called "naughty words." "Go wash your mouth out with soap," was a common command in the Hemingway family, and the list of words our parents deemed improper was a long one. Ernest knew the taste of soap from an early age. So did our sisters. So did I. This punishment emphasized the power of words. Part of Ernest's later reputation as a realist was gained through his adroit use of these same words, and he once wrote an article for *Esquire* entitled *In Defense of Dirty Words*.

Beyond singing lullabies and breast-feeding, our mother lacked domestic talents. She abhorred diapers, deficient manners, stomach upsets, house cleaning and cooking. It was necessary for each child to have considerable outside aid in reaching the acceptable stages of walking, talking and self-reliance.

Striving to catch up with Marcelline, Ernest progressed quickly. He had the usual baby words and mispronunciations that were parroted in fun and served only to confuse. But he was shrewdly perceptive.

Father, extremely proud of having produced a scion, did some adroit guiding toward an interest in nature, and in hunting and fishing, the noncompetitive sports he loved so much. Ernest was introduced to fishing before he could say "pish," a bit of bad diction he was never allowed to forget. While walking, whether down by the beach or over fields or in the "yard," he was regularly told the names of different things he saw, touched, tasted and smelled. Our father had a way of explaining even the simplest of things so that they became fascinating.

During the summer of 1900 our parents visited Walloon Lake in northern Michigan and were seized with a strange sense of shared destiny. They bought a tract of land — two acres of shore line more than four miles from the foot of the lake, which was then known as Bear Lake. Nine miles from Petoskey,

it was some 300 miles north of Chicago, and much cooler. Here they built a cottage. Mother's fascination with Sir Walter Scott's novels came into play. The place was christened "Windemere," and remains so to this day.

The best thing about the Windemere location was its beach. Here the clean sand made it an excellent place to camp. A favorite family picture shows Ernest, one year old, and his sister Marcelline splashing in the shallows. Mother had this one printed on post cards to send to relatives and friends.

The summer when he was two, Ernest went out in the boat whenever Father went trolling or fished around the old sawmill pilings. The following year Ernest had his own sapling rod and went everywhere with a trout creel slung over his shoulder. Our proud parents stuffed the family album with pictures of Ernest in his trout-fishing regalia. There were plenty of pike, large-mouth bass, perch and bluegills in the lake and Ernest learned to name the catches accurately.

By the time he was three, Ernest had been calmed with readings on hundreds of occasions. Our father used books of natural history with good color illustrations. From these Ernest learned the birds of North America. Mother was quick to put him through his paces for any and all visitors.

"Now, Ernie, what's this one?" she would ask.

"*Icterus galbula*," he'd say, or "*Cardinalis*." He had learned more than 250 of the Latin names. *Erithacus rubecula* and *Merula migratoria* were as familiar to him as "oriole" and "blackbird" were to lads years older. Our mother, a severe critic, would beam with pride. Ernest must have felt then that to excel was a very satisfying thing.

Ernest began the first grade of school when he was five. Mother decided he could do the same classwork as Marcelline who was a year older, as were most of his other classmates. This spurred his competitive spirit. Throughout his school days he tried not only to equal students older than himself, but to surpass them. By high school years he was getting straight A's, and seldom missed a day's attendance.

When Ernest was three our sister Ursula was born. Two years later, Madeline, known as Sunny, came squirming along. She was Ernest's favorite from the first. As soon as she was old enough, Ernest permitted her, Tom Sawyer fashion, to help him clean fish and skin game.

"You can carry the snakes and hold the frogs," he'd say when she begged to go hunting with him. To Sunny he gave



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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

the honor of burying the fish entrails around the roots of the apple trees our father had planted in the side yard at Windemere. With Sunny, Ernest created a secret language. Marcelline and Ursula scoffed, "That's just pig Latin," but they couldn't unravel it — nor could anyone else. Only the nicknames — Ernest was Oinbones, and Sunny was Nunbones — were known to outsiders.

There were lots of outsiders visiting us in those days. Once Father's brother Will came home on sabbatical leave from Shensi Province, China, where he was a Protestant medical missionary. His daughters, with their Oriental costumes and ability to speak Chinese, delighted Ernest. He questioned them constantly, wanting to learn everything about life in another country. And he learned well. When our sister Ursula visited Ernest in Havana, some 40 years later, she asked suddenly, "Hey, do you remember *Jesus Loves Me*?"

And Ernest, then a bearded patriarch, burst into the Chinese version of the hymn he had learned from our cousins while still in grade school. He and Ursula sang together until the tears rolled down their cheeks.

Stoicism was something else Ernest learned early and well at Windemere. Summer vacations were not all hunting and fishing. As soon as a child was old enough to hold a broom or a rake, he was given definite daily tasks to do. The beach needed raking every morning, and the slope down from the cottage toward the beach was a second project. Ernest was given the daily errand of the "milk run," bringing Mason jars of milk from the Bacon farm half a mile away and returning the empty jars.

It was on the milk run that he almost lost his life — the first time. A dark, shaded ravine separates the high ground of Windemere from that of the Bacon farm. A small stream, choked with water cress, flows along the bottom of this ravine. The ground on either side is brown humus, from decomposing hemlock trees.

One morning Ernest ran off to get the milk carrying a short stick in his hand. When he reached the ravine, he stumbled in the loose earth and fell forward, bringing up the hand with the stick to protect his face. The stick was driven into the back of his throat, gouging out parts of both tonsils. The blood gushed and he lost quite a lot before he got back to the cottage. Fortunately, our father was there and stanching the bleeding.

The sight of her young son hemorrhaging as he ran toward the house was a shocking one to Mother. Years later, when I was a youngster and picked up

a stick or even a sharp piece of candy, the warning was swift. "Remember Ernest!" someone would always say.

Ernest's throat was tender for some time after the accident. Our father told him to concentrate on whistling when he felt like crying as a way to take his mind off the pain. And whistling became Ernest's stoic reaction to pain from that time on. A picture of the wounded hero taken in an Italian hospital during World War I shows him whistling through clenched teeth.

The summer that Ernest was five, Mother's father died. He left her enough money to build the kind of house in the Oak Park suburb of Chicago she had wanted for years. She designed its 15 rooms, including a 30-by-30-foot music room two stories high with a balcony — very impractical as far as heating went, but fine for recitals and concerts.

The new music room was truly a joy to our talented mother. She soon decided that what the family musicales needed most was a cello to provide depth for the violin, piano and voice she and Marceline contributed. Ernest's feelings were of minor consideration. He had an ear for music, and a third member was a definite need. So Ernest was started with the cello, a half hour a day at first. Soon he graduated to a full hour's daily practice. This was the system our mother used with each one of us until she was completely convinced the efforts were a waste. And she was very difficult to convince. Malingering was not allowed.

For years Ernest put in his hour a day at the cello. To the everlasting question, "How did you get started writing?" his most truthful answer was often mistaken for a joke by people outside the family. "Part of my success," Ernest used to say, "I owe to the hours when I was alone in the music room and supposed to be practicing. I'd be doing my thinking while playing *Pop Goes the Weasel!* over and over again."

In these early years Ernest was personally far more fond of shooting than of music. One fall before he was 12, after Grandfather Hemingway had given Ernest a 20-gauge shotgun, Father took him down to the farm of our Uncle Frank Hines, near Carbondale, Illinois. That was wonderful quail country and though the trip had been anticipated for months, it had an outcome that neither father nor son could have foreseen.

Ernest's little gun shot a remarkably close pattern. He could reach out with it and bring birds down out of the sky that were more than 50 yards away when his luck was running well, and Father was tremendously proud to have him show off his shooting on the pigeons

flying around the barn. They needed thinning out, and this was exhibition work, taking all the hard shots within plain sight of the house where the women and youngsters were.

Ernest downed more than 20 with a single box of shells. Then the men went off on an errand, and told him to take a dozen birds down the road to another farm for pigeon pie that night. On the way down the road alone Ernest met a party of country boys coming the other way. They asked him where he got all the birds and he proudly told them.

"I shot 'em around Frank Hines' barn."

"Aw, you're kiddin'. You, a strange kid, shoot these?"

"I certainly did."

"You're a fresh kid. You never killed these — never."

"You're a liar."

"... Take him, Red. Go on. You take him on."

The smallest of the country boys stepped out. Ernest put the birds down and before he could get his jacket off, felt a stinging wallop. He fought back just as he was then, and was soon flat on his back with the others jeering. Red ran off with the others. Ernest continued down the road with the birds. From that moment on, he was determined to box as well as he could shoot.

Ernest soon realized that the music room he so disliked could be put to a more cheerful use. There were frequent arguments with his classmates.

"Come on over to my house and we can settle it quietly," he used to say.

When the group arrived it would take only a few minutes of scouting to see where Mother and our various sisters were. If the coast was clear, the participants entered the music room by the side door from the back-yard porch. Sunny smuggled in the boxing gloves, water pail and cloths. These were important for even one-round bouts, but most challenges went three, so there was plenty of time for each contestant to show his stuff.

Great care was taken to keep these bouts secret from our parents. Father had a horror of physical violence. When only a boy he was once chased into his own kitchen and brutally beaten by a bully right in front of his mother. Grandmother Hemingway would not allow him to strike back, so strictly did she hold to the Biblical admonition about turning the other cheek. During Ernest's high school years our father lost face on at least one occasion [the basis for Ernest's story of 1925, *The Doctor and the Doctor's Wife*] by avoiding an honorable stand when physically challenged.

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

The music room became Ernest's private solution to the problem of bullies and multiple opponents. Our parents must have had some inkling of what was going on. But they wisely chose to ignore it, thereby avoiding edicts that would almost certainly have been broken.

Later, when Ernest saw an advertisement for boxing lessons in a Chicago gymnasium, he got Father's permission to sign up. The very first day he got his nose injured by Young A'Hearn. It didn't discourage him. Long after, he told a friend, "I knew he was going to give me the works the minute I saw his eyes."

"Were you scared?" asked the friend.

"Sure. He could hit like hell."

"Why did you go in there with him?"

"I wasn't that scared."

The new house was only five pleasant, elm-shaded blocks from the Scoville Institute, as the Oak Park Public Library was called. Ernest was not an early reader. When learning, he preferred to make up his own stories to go with the pictures in the books. But once he settled down to finding out what the books said, he made up for lost time. *St. Nicholas* magazine and *Harper's* magazine were early favorites. The family had made a practice of saving these and having them bound as volumes to be kept at Windemere. In these Ernest read Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane. He particularly enjoyed reading Kipling, Mark Twain and R. L. Stevenson.

Visits to the library were frequent and valuable. Ernest loved adventure fiction, and next to that, science. Even during grade school—at Oliver Wendell Holmes Elementary, a block from home—he read constantly, though his eyesight was poor. By the time he was 10, he had developed definite myopia. Our mother's own vision was seriously defective. She realized that the combination of inheritance and eyestrain had poorly equipped Ernest for the paths of scholarship. Yet he absolutely refused to wear glasses. Mother often found him deeply absorbed in reading. "It's a lovely day. Go on outside and pitch some baseball with the boys. Hear them playing down by the school?"

"Aw, Mother, I pitch like a hen," he'd say and go on reading.

Ernest went through the Oak Park and River Forest Township High School without glasses, squinting at far objects and bright lights. After graduation he tried to enlist in the American Expeditionary Forces, but was turned down because of defective sight. Years after the war, after putting in serious time on paper work, he allowed himself to be fitted with glasses. Even then he refused to wear them during social occa-

sions. He continued to squint until the Thirties, when the need to see finally overcame natural vanity.

In the early years, Sunday target practice was the high point of the week at Windemere. Without transportation there was no chance to get to church during those summers. If a missionary were present, a prayer service was held with singing, which was what the children enjoyed. Otherwise Sunday was observed as a day of rest and entertainment.

After Sunday dinner, everyone would wait impatiently until Father would finally say, "How about a little target practice?"

"Hurray!" everyone would shout. Shooting meant excitement and the smell of burnt powder. Our father was a really great wing shot. He could hit barn swallows—though, as he showed us, they have only about as much meat as the end of your thumb and it would take dozens to make a pie. He never allowed anyone to kill for sport alone. The meat always had to be used. We had clay pigeons for targets. With a hand trap, and later a spring trap, the younger children were allowed to throw the disks toward a nearby hill, well away from the house.

Everyone was taught to shoot. Our sisters all learned the feel and recoil of a shotgun before they were old enough to hold the weapon alone when firing. Ernest was a good wing shot by the time he was 10. Each child worked up to being allowed to hold and shoot "Daddy's gun." It was a triumph we all shared long before reaching adulthood.

Ernest's first gun was the 20-gauge single-barrel shotgun given him on his 10th birthday by our Grandfather Hemingway. The gun was fine for both birds and rabbits. As a gift it cemented the fondness between our grandfather and Ernest, who loved to hear his stories about coming West in a covered wagon when he himself was a boy. Grandfather Hemingway also had some fascinating yarns about Civil War battles. He had fought in a volunteer Illinois infantry regiment and learned and understood a great deal about battle tactics as well as about the unpleasant realities of war.

The other of Ernest's two early idols was Great-Uncle Tyley Hancock. A wonderful marksman, he had been a gun salesman in the Middle West while market hunting was still legal. He enjoyed drinking whiskey, fished wherever conditions were best, lent his fly rods to Ernest, and taught the boy fly-fishing techniques that even our father did not know. Most wonderful of all, he had a walrus mustache and had sailed around

the world three times by the age of seven. Uncle Tyley Hancock had seen the wonders of the Pacific and Indian oceans, and other far places. Years later he recalled them to whet the wanderlust of another young boy whose nautical experiences had so far been limited to the waters of Walloon Lake.

During his teens, Ernest slept out in the open away from the cottage as often as possible. Since his daily chores had mushroomed to a full work schedule, he was allowed more freedom with his nights. Father had purchased Longfield farm across the lake. He hired a cheerful backwoods farmer named Warren Sumner, who lived nearby, to handle the heavy work that required equipment and mules. Warren and Ernest planted avenues of butternut and walnut trees, acres of sheeppose, Yellow Transparents, Jonathan apples, damson plums and crab apples. These not only had to be planted and transplanted, but trimmed, pruned and fertilized. The hay had to be cut, raked and gathered. Father believed Ernest was just the boy for these tasks.

Ernest loved to "make hay" because it gave him a chance to develop his muscles and to compete with the other pitchfork wielders. But the other tasks were painfully monotonous. Early in his farming career, he was caught several times sprawled in the shade of a big tree, lost in the fiction of far places and great adventures. "After that, all I was allowed to take across the lake were copies of Father's *Journal of the American Medical Association*," he recalled. But he gained some medical knowledge, strengthened his muscles, and had plenty of time to think during those long, hot summer days.

Though Ernest worked hard at summer farming, he never ran away from home or let his family wonder what had happened to him. Such incidents have been freely reported by biographers and magazine writers. Ernest always sent post cards, telling of birds and game he had seen, even on overnight hikes down the Illinois River and up to Lake Zurich, Wisconsin.

Ernest's knowledge of guns served him well while he was still in high school. He took genuine delight in organizing the Boys' Rifle Club. This group got its start while Ernest was editing an issue of the weekly newspaper *Trapeze*. "Got to fill this space," he figured. And soon he had dreamed up the new and exclusive society. A similar organization for girls really existed and it always received plenty of space and publicity.

Listing himself and half a dozen friends as members, Ernest proceeded to invent great deeds of prowess. The scores

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

chalked up by the Boys' Rifle Club were high enough to make most amateur marksmen blanch. "Members," of course, had the inside story and were all sworn to secrecy. The club's activities were never investigated. There was no problem until the end of the year when the officers were asked to submit pictures for the school annual. At that point, Ernest pulled his final spool. He grouped his members, in the fashion of photographs of the day, and took a prominent position himself on the extreme left. Each of the remarkable riflemen held a shotgun—a fact that slipped past the editors and sponsoring teachers and remains to this day a fitting finale to one bit of Hemingway legend.

Ernest took his high school English compositions as a challenge and tried to write his best about the things that stimulated him. By his junior year he had written four pieces that the faculty considered material for *Tabula*, the school's literary publication. He was then a reporter for the *Trapeze*. In his senior year, he was chosen to be one of the six *Trapeze* editors. His constant competitor, older sister Marcelline, was another of the paper's editors.

Ernest originated a high school humor column after the manner of Ring Lardner, then considered the hottest columnist in the Chicago papers. Adopting the Lardner attitude and the slang, he made the basically dull column material seem fresh. The year 1917 was one of gallantry, patriotism and high-flown doings. The world was ripe to be saved for democracy. Ernest's shrewd eye saw many of the fine points in the comedy of manners that was high school society, complete with high, stiff collars. Marcelline seemed to him the embodiment of the sanctimonious social belle, and Ernest particularly enjoyed aiming barbs at her. He also invented an "anti-Prohibition party" and once reported that some family silver belonging to a member of the Trap Shooting Club had changed hands as a result of wagering among the members.

During that final year of high school, Ernest wrote more material for English Composition that the faculty advisors thought was *Tabula* quality. One *Tabula* sketch described God as "having a large, flowing beard and looking remarkably like Tolstoy." He wrote two Indian stories, tales of violence based on his knowledge of the Ojibways up in Michigan. These were published in *Tabula* as well.

And he turned out other early writing that had nothing to do with school assignments. While going through the accumulated family material after our mother's death, I came upon a notebook

of this early, serious fiction. It was turned over to our sister Sunny, appointed by Ernest as the official family representative at the time.

Though the Hemingway family's finances were in solid shape during Ernest's high school years, his own lack of ready cash was a social handicap. Our father had been raised frugally. He believed the path to Hell was paved with easy money, so he transferred cash into the hands of his offspring by assigning definite tasks at low, prefixed rates. At no time did Ernest's income from the family during his high school years exceed 25¢ a week—a tight budget even in those days. It took canny management to afford the occasional date he did have with girls like pretty Caroline Bailey and Lucille Dick.

But Ernest suffered another social handicap which he considered worse than lack of cash. It shouldn't have happened to a country bumpkin, much less to a brilliant young reporter and athlete. In those early years, our parents, with stern Victorian guardianship, forced Ernest to act as social escort for his sister Marcelline, an arrangement distasteful to each of them as an infringement on the right of free choice.

Ernest did manage to save some money from his summer work at Walloon Lake. On the farm, Father arranged all work with Ernest on a contract basis, with plenty of time and perspiration going into the completion of any specific task. But he did not insist on unremitting hard labor. He valued vacations too much to be blind on this point. So Ernest had long weekends between tasks and occasional time out for days of trout fishing over on Horton's Creek, a three-mile walk from the farm. There, just at dusk, he caught a record rainbow trout by the old dock on the west side of the bay where Horton's Creek empties into Lake Charlevoix. He entered the fish in competition and learned for the first time the grand feeling of winning a sportsman's prize.

He got to know every foot of the creek, from the marsh where it opened onto Horton's Bay on Pine Lake up through the deep pools and open woods to the dam, and the open fields, the bridge, and finally the very difficult part of the stream in the tamarack swamp where most fishermen get lost for the day within half an hour.

Ernest's friend Jim Dilworth lived at Horton's Bay. His home became a convenient second home for Ernest. It was one of several refuges he took when the lively, noisy, and overwhelmingly female domination at Windemere got him down. At that time Marcelline and Ursula were eager Campfire Girls. Sunny

followed their lead later in a round of cooking, sewing, costume-making and general hilarity. So did Carol, who was four years older than I. As a completely unplanned-for male child arriving when Ernest was already a junior in high school, I was at first regarded as a further embarrassment, rather than a welcome break in the female tyranny. Ernest was sent on an overnight hike to Lake Zurich when I was born.

It was hard for Mother to handle six children. So she delegated the older ones to look after the younger and tried to keep to a minimum the number of fractures of etiquette. Whenever there was a serious emotional crisis she rushed to her room, drew the shades and declared she had a sick headache. Having her wishes crossed always produced a crisis, and there were hundreds of them while we children were growing up.

Father's practice kept him busy back in Oak Park, but even when he could get away to Windemere, he spent a certain amount of time practicing medicine. He was the only doctor on the lake then. And there was an Ojibway Indian camp at the abandoned sawmill less than two miles away. These Indians were the poor of the area, owning no land and seldom holding jobs for long, since all the big timber had been logged out. They had regular emergencies—stabblings, broken bones, serious infections. Ernest often went with Father on these calls. Not only did he admire many of the Ojibways, he learned a lot about emergency medicine under primitive conditions.

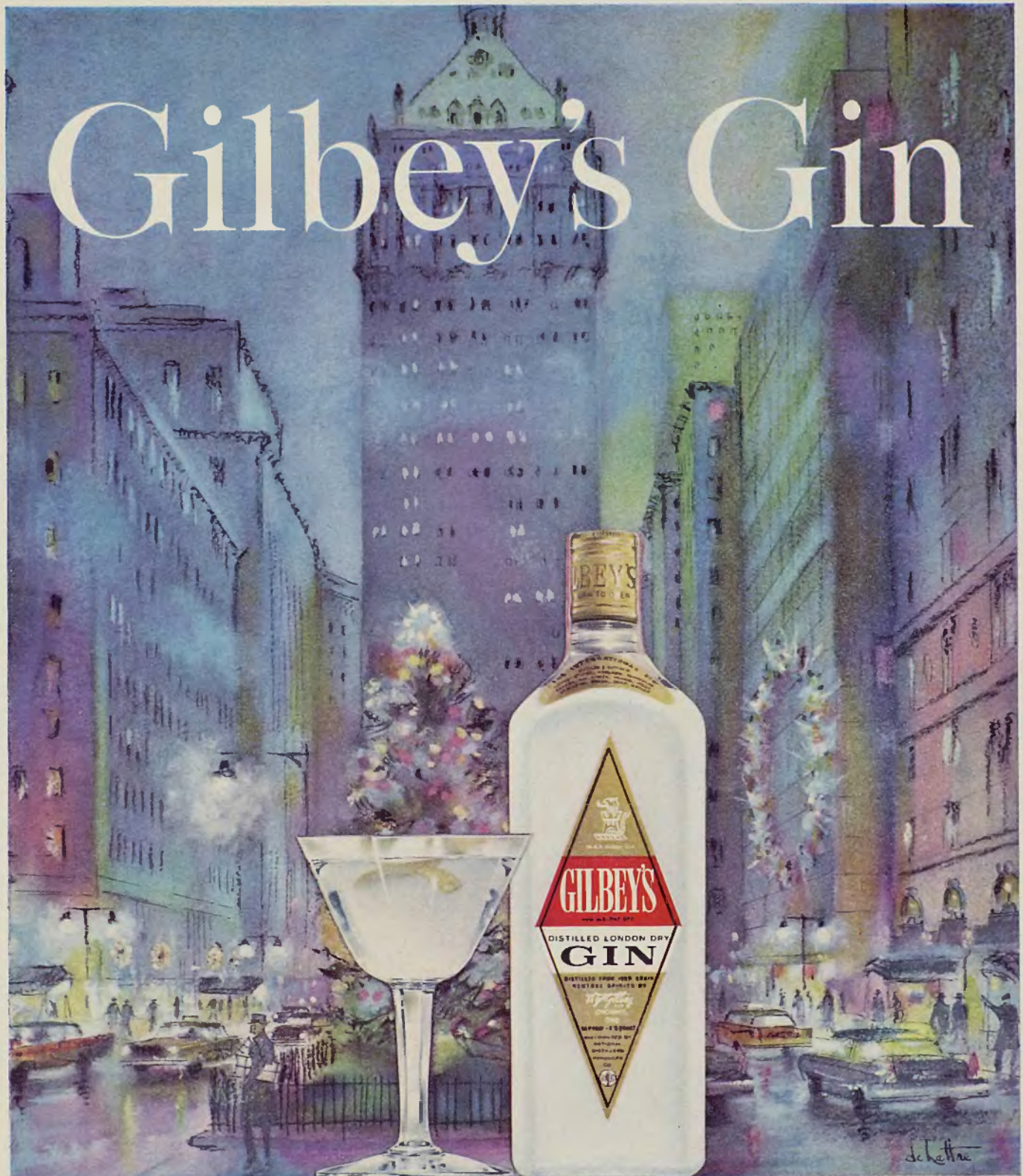
One of the first times Ernest tried using his knowledge of emergency medicine, he was the patient. Maybe that was a good thing. Out fishing in the boat with Sunny one day, Ernest got a fishhook caught in his back. "Cut it out," he commanded and began bravely whistling.

"I can't, Oinbones. I just *can't*," Sunny said.

"Cut it out," Ernest insisted grimly. "A small, clean cut is better than a large tear."

Fortunately, Sunny didn't have the heart to use the knife on him. They made it back to Windemere without the hook tearing any flesh out. At the cottage, our father pressed the tip of the hook up through the skin, broke it off, withdrew the rest, and dabbed the puncture with iodine.

After high school graduation, Ernest wanted to go to war more than anything in the world. But he knew he could not get Father's permission to enlist right away. Father absolutely forbade it. That meant a definite delay. In our



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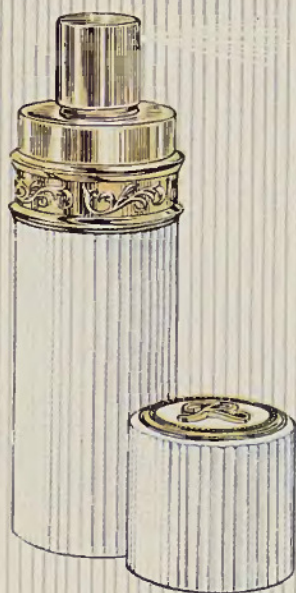


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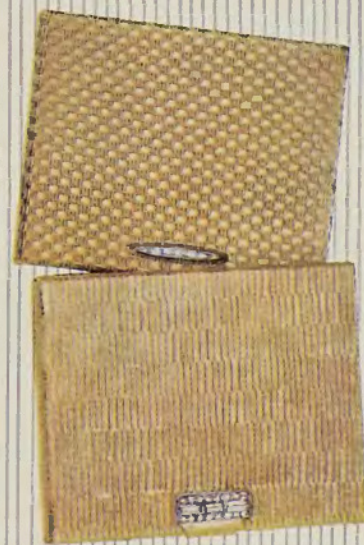
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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

family, when something had been forbidden absolutely, it meant anywhere from a few days to possibly months of delay.

All summer, between work and fishing trips, our parents continued urging Ernest to enter Oberlin College where some of the family had gone, or to choose any other college. Ernest used the time to think, to question and to make plans. After talking it over with personal friends, friends of the family and finally the family itself, Ernest decided to go to Kansas City. There Father's brother Tyler had married into the White family and was making money in the lumber business. More to the point, Uncle Ty had gone to school with Henry Haskell, prominent on the editorial staff of the *Kansas City Star*. This really good newspaper had already become a recognized Midwestern training ground for writers.

Ernest wanted experience and freedom. The *Star* could provide both, if he could get the chance to show his ability. And Uncle Ty came through. He liked Ernest and wanted to see him working on the *Star*. He did not care about the boy's journalistic career. But there, at least, the family would know where he was. And Ernest had declared himself dead set on writing and positively against higher formal education.

In Kansas City, Uncle Tyler's introductions gave his job application a push. In those days, everyone hired by the *Star* was on a month's probation. New employees either swiftly mastered the style sheet, wrote as much as was assigned to them, and stayed cheerful about it, or they went skidding out on their backsides. It was an invaluable training ground and stimulated every healthy cub reporter who came near the paper.

"I hit it lucky," Ernest told me years later. "Because the people there liked to see young guys get out and deliver. Things broke my way quickly, like in a ball game. I used to go out with the ambulances, covering the big hospital. It was just police reporting. But it gave me a chance to learn what the help thought, as well as how they did their jobs. My luck was a big fire. Even the firemen were being careful. And I got inside the fire lines where I could see what was going on. It was a swell story . . ." Ernest paused and gave a short laugh. "Sparks fell all over everything. I had on a new brown suit that got burnt full of holes. After I got my information phoned in, I put down \$15 on the expense account for that suit I'd ruined. But the item was turned down. It taught me a hell of a lesson. Never risk anything unless you're pre-

pared to lose it completely — remember that."

But one of the most important benefits of his Kansas City newspaper work was the passage of time. It softened Father's attitude against Ernest's going to war. After his being away from home four months as a self-sufficient young police reporter, Ernest's going off to the war in Europe did not seem a certain way for him to get killed. After Christmas, Father changed his attitude. Ernest was free to go if he could get one of the services to accept him.

By February of 1918, Ernest had learned finally and definitely that his eyesight was not good enough to let him enlist in the American Expeditionary Forces. He had talked with others on the *Star's* editorial staff, read all the news dispatches, and decided that the American Red Cross Field Service would give him the best chance to see the most action.

Ted Brumback, a recent addition to the *Star* staff, had previously been in France for six months with the Red Cross. He was older, less sure of himself physically because of an eye accident, and even more of a romanticist: he wore a beret. Charlie Hopkins, another *Star* man, and Carl Edgar, a friend of Ernest's from Pine Lake who worked in Kansas City, caught the enthusiasm. At the end of April, all four signed up and left Kansas City, heading for New York by way of Michigan so as to get in some trout fishing before leaving for Europe. They sailed on the S.S. *Chicago* of the *Compagnie Général Transatlantique*. During the 10-day voyage to Bordeaux, Ernest's stateroom was filled with visitors, for on the door he'd placed a large sign reading *Chambre de Chance*. A great many dice were rolled and their numbers noted before the lighthearted group debarked and caught the train for Paris.

Ernest got his first look at Paris while the city was being shelled. Then his group, Section Four, was sent on to Italy where it was soon being used to help the survivors of a munitions plant explosion near Milan. After that there were weeks of frustrating inactivity near the front but safely back of it, where Section Four had replaced another unit. Barracks life on the second floor of a former linen mill was frustrating, though Ernest and the others enjoyed having a stream nearby to swim in.

Wangling a chance to operate a Red Cross canteen in the Piave sector where there was more action, Ernest took off. He made friends with the commander in that area and at last got his chance to be actually in the trenches. After nearly a week of nosing around, distributing cigarettes and chocolate, he was

learning firsthand how it felt to be under enemy attack.

While he was distributing these supplies up forward, during the early-morning hours of July 9, a mortar shell lobbed in very close. Of the four people nearest its point of impact, Ernest was the least seriously hit. One man was killed instantly. Another lost his legs. The third was badly injured. Ernest picked the injured man up and carried him to the rear. While doing this, he was hit twice by machine-gun bullets. But Ernest made it back to an aid station with the injured man on his back. Then he fainted.

All of Ernest's wounds, on this occasion, were from the knees down. This is how he told it to the family. All accounts to the contrary are interesting mainly for their elaboration. He was not emasculated by a war wound. He was not hit 237 times in the groin. Nor was he a basket case.

He was certainly hit hard and dangerously and came out of it well. He spent the next three months in hospitals, getting back in shape. More than 20 bits of mortar shell were removed from his legs. By the time Ernest actually reached home, more than six months later, it was widely believed that he was one of the most severely wounded Americans in the entire war.

Ernest enjoyed the situation enormously. He was as convinced as anyone that the Great War was the war that would end all wars. And more than most of those daring young veterans, he was determined to make the most of the glory. For the family was still less than reconciled to the fact that he refused to go on to college. But knowing the family attitude about hiding any flicker of light beneath a bushel, his letters home became classics on how to write comical private material for publication.

The October 5, 1918, *Oak Leaves* ran the following story.

Dr. C. E. Hemingway, whose son, Ernest M. Hemingway, was the hero of a fine Red Cross exploit in Italy, as told in a recent issue of *Oak Leaves*, has received a letter from North Winship, American consul at Milan, Italy, praising the courage of the doctor's son and announcing his intention of keeping an eye on him. And from Ernest, in the hospital, comes the following letter:

"Dear Folks: Gee, Family, but there must have been a great bubble about my getting shot up. *Oak Leaves* and the opposition came today and I have begun to think, Family, that maybe you didn't appreciate me when I used to reside in the bosom. It's the next best thing

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

to getting killed and reading your own obituary.

"You know they say there isn't anything funny about this war, and there isn't. I wouldn't say that it was hell, because that's been a bit over-worked since General Sherman's time, but there have been about eight times when I would have welcomed hell, just on a chance that it couldn't come up to the phase of war I was experiencing.

"For example, in the trenches, during an attack, when a shell makes a direct hit in a group where you're standing. Shells aren't bad except direct hits; you just take chances on the fragments of the bursts. But when there is a direct hit your pals get spattered all over you; spattered is literal.

"During the six days I was up in the front line trenches only 50 yards from the Austrians I got the 'rep' of having a charmed life. The 'rep' of having one doesn't mean much, but having one does. I hope I have one. That knocking sound is my knuckles striking the wooden bed tray.

"Well I can now hold up my hand and say that I've been shelled by high explosives, shrapnel and gas; shot at by trench mortars, snipers and machine guns, and, as an added attraction, an aeroplane machine-gunning the line. I've never had a hand grenade thrown at me, but a rifle grenade struck rather close. Maybe I'll get a hand grenade later.

"Now out of all that mess to only get struck by a trench mortar and a machine gun bullet while advancing toward the rear, as the Irish say, was fairly lucky. What, Family?

"The 227 wounds I got from the trench mortar didn't hurt a bit at the time, only my feet felt like I had rubber boots full of water on (hot water), and my kneecap was acting queer. The machine-gun bullet just felt like a sharp smack on the leg with an icy snowball. However, it spilled me. But I got up again and got my wounded into the dugout. I kind of collapsed at the dugout.

"The Italian I had with me had bled all over me and my coat and pants looked like someone had made currant jelly in them and then punched holes to let the pulp out. Well, my captain who was a great pal of mine (it was his dugout) said, 'Poor Hem, he'll be R.I.P. soon.' Rest in peace, that is.

"You see, they thought I was shot thru my chest, because of my bloody coat. But I made them take my coat

and shirt off (I wasn't wearing any undershirt) and the old torso was intact. Then they said that I would probably live. That cheered me up any amount.

"I told them in Italian that I wanted to see my legs, tho I was afraid to look at them. So they took off my trousers and the old limbs were still there, but gee, they were a mess. They couldn't figure out how I had walked 150 yards with such a load, with both knees shot thru, and my right shoe punctured in two big places; also over 200 flesh wounds.

"'Oh,' says I, in Italian, 'my captain it is of nothing. In America they all do it. It is thought well not to allow the enemy to perceive that they have captured our goats.' The goat speech required some masterful lingual ability but I got it across and then went to sleep for a couple of minutes.

"After I came to they carried me on a stretcher three kilometers back to a dressing station. The stretcher bearers had to go over lots, as the road was having the entrails shelled out of it. Whenever a big one would come, whe-ee-eeeee-who-oosh-boom, they would lay me down and get flat.

"My wounds were now hurting like 227 little devils driving nails into the raw. The dressing station had been evacuated during the attack, so I lay for two hours in a stable with its roof shot off, waiting for an ambulance. When it came I ordered it down the road to get the soldiers that had been wounded first. It came back with a load and then they lifted me in.

"The shelling was still pretty thick and our batteries were going off all the time 'way back of us, and the big 350s and 250s going overhead for Austria with a noise like a railway train. Then we'd hear the burst back of the lines. Then shriek would come a big Austrian shell and then the crack of the burst. But we were giving them more and bigger stuff than they sent.

"Then a battery of field guns would go off just back of the shed — boom — boom! Boom — boom! and the 75s and the 149s would go whimpering over to the Austrian lines. And the star shells going up all the time and the machine guns going like riveters — tat-a-tat-tat.

"After a ride of a couple of kilometers in an Italian ambulance they unloaded me at a dressing station, where I had a lot of pals among the medical officers. They gave me a shot of morphine and antitetanus

serum and shaved my legs and took 28 shell fragments out of my legs.

"Then they did a fine job of bandaging and all shook hands with me and would have kissed me, but I kidded them along. Then I stayed five days at a field hospital and was evacuated to the base hospital here.

"I sent you that cable so you wouldn't worry. I have been in the hospital a month and 12 days and hope to be out in another month. The Italian surgeon did a peach of an operation on my right knee joint and my right foot; took 28 stitches, and assures me that I will be able to walk as well as ever. The wounds all healed up clean and there was no infection. He has my right leg in a plaster splint now, so that will be all right.

"I have some snappy souvenirs, that he took out at the last operation. I wouldn't really be comfortable now unless I had some pain. The surgeon is going to take the plaster off in a week now and will allow me on crutches in 10 days. I will have to learn to walk again.

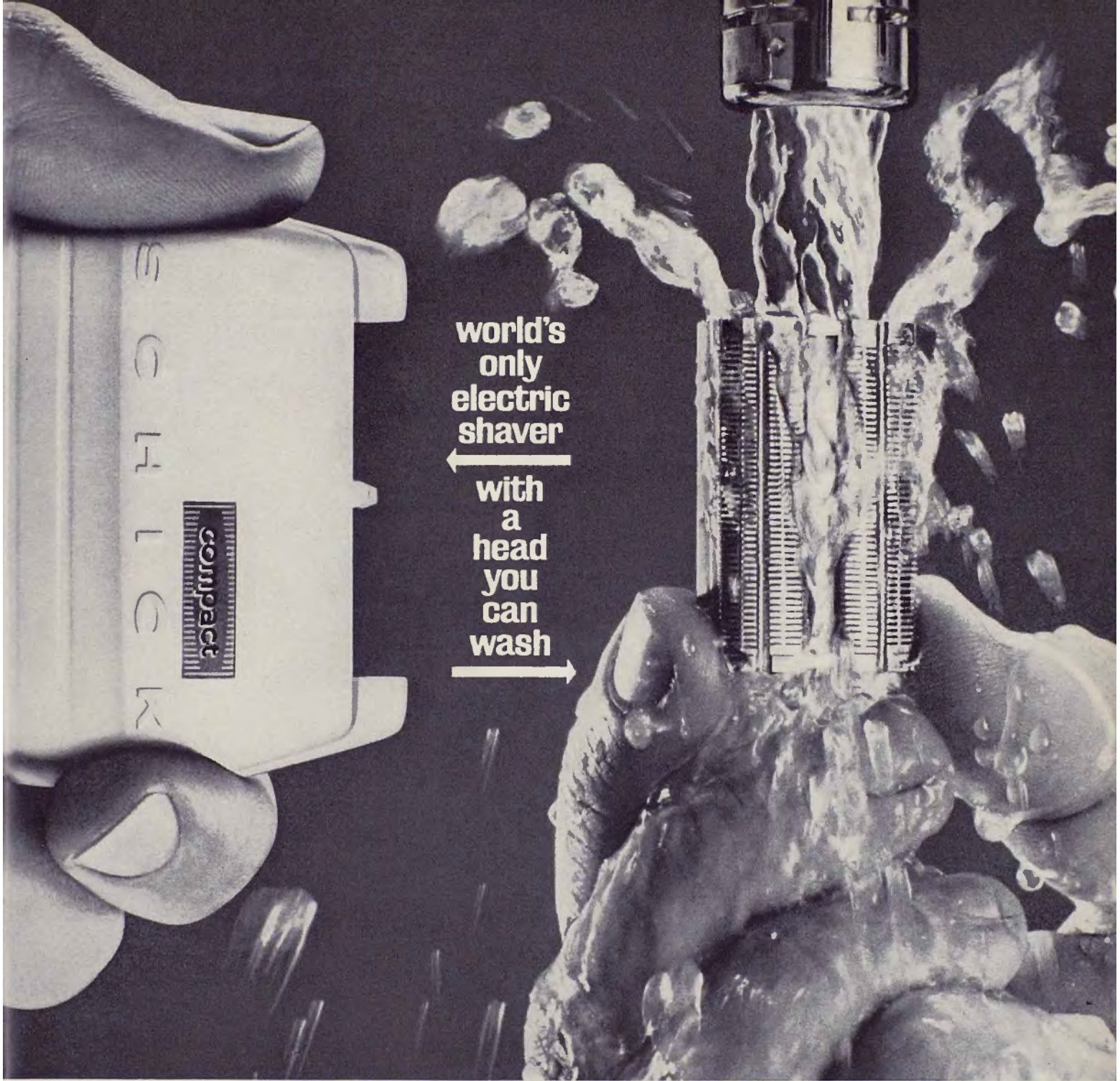
"This is the longest letter I have ever written to anyone and it says the least. Give my love to everybody that asks about me and as Ma Pettigill says, 'Leave us keep the home fires burning.'"

By October 23, the *Chicago Evening Post* had picked up the story, asserting that Ernest had been "shot to pieces," while working in a front-line trench when a shell exploded in it that "buried his companion under a trench mortar." The story ran a full column.

What no one in America knew then was that Ernest had fallen desperately in love for the first time. Shortly after he was transferred to the field hospital outside Milan, a young nurse arrived there. She was on night duty at the American Red Cross Hospital in Milan where Ernest was operated on and recuperated from his wounds. Later she had the 40-patient ward at the American Army Field Hospital where she was sent to help during the flu epidemic in Padua.

She was Agnes H. von Kurowsky, a graduate of Bellevue Hospital in New York City. She had joined the American Red Cross in New York, but her passport had been held up for a time because her father was German born, though he had become a naturalized American citizen and had since died. This prevented her from sailing for Italy with the main group of Red Cross nurses.

Miss von Kurowsky had poise, a sense of humor, a lithe, graceful carriage, and a wonderfully sensitive nature. In a mat-



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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

ter of days she and Ernest developed an emotional bond that grew as the weeks went by and they talked out past incidents in their young lives and reveled in the moments when they could be alone.

"Ernie was an unruly patient in some ways, but he had great popularity with all the other men patients, and drew friends from everywhere," she told me years later. "I was on night duty for quite a while, and he was there off and on for months while his legs healed. He was often in trouble with the directress, Miss De Long, for his closet was always filling up with empty cognac bottles. Miss Elsie MacDonald, her assistant, was his special friend and always took his part." "Gumshoe MacDonald," as Ernest called her, had been head of the Nurses' Infirmary at Bellevue.

"Later I was transferred to Padua and, later still, to Torre de Mosta on the Livenza," Miss von Kurowsky said. "In Milan he wrote wonderful letters to me while I was on night duty, and sent them downstairs to the nurses' quarters by one of the other nurses. When he came to see me in Padua he limped in on a cane and was covered with medals. Some of the men I was tending then laughed because, though he had obviously been wounded, he was in Red Cross uniform with no insignia of rank.

"We used to take walks and the countryside was beautiful. An American captain, I think he was Captain Jim Gamble of the Proctor and Gamble firm, wanted Ernie to be his secretary and travel around Europe with him. He had a villa in Sicily and wanted to visit Mallorca regularly. I advised Ernie to go back home and get to work. I was afraid if he stayed over there he'd become a bum.

"I remember that when Ernie was able to go to the races in Milan—his first jaunt away from the hospital—we had to hurry up and sew wound stripes on his uniform jacket before he would appear in public. The races were one of the few places we could go for amusement and the Red Cross was admitted free, so we all went quite often."

Later, when Ernest asked Agnes to marry him she deferred answering, saying she would write him on the coming weekend. When Ernest got her letter he found he had been turned down. Agnes pointed out that she was older and the decision was hers to make. Her refusal hit Ernest like a second mortar shell, and he reacted violently though he'd been given the word as calmly and gently as possible. It was a difficult time for each of them. In bitterness Ernest later wrote to Miss MacDonald that he hoped when Agnes returned to the States she

would "trip on the gangplank and bust all her goddamn teeth." Agnes later was engaged to an Italian officer, but returned home without marrying him. Ernest confided to a friend, Howell Jenkins, that he felt terrible over her unhappiness but had tried to burn out the memory of her with booze. Several years later, when Ernest and his first wife took a walking tour through northern Italy, Ernest wrote a fond letter to Agnes telling her how much the country reminded him of the happy times they had spent together at the end of the war, and what a truly wonderful person she was. In their separate ways, each of them had made the best recovery possible from that serious early romance. His bitterness gone, Ernest remembered Agnes in the creation of Catherine Barkley of *A Farewell to Arms*.

Ernest was mustered out of the Red Cross while still in Europe. It took nearly a month to get back to Oak Park. His return there was anticipated with much the same excitement that stirred the entire state of Tennessee as the residents there waited for Sergeant York.

"The night that Ernie came home from the war" was a moment in family history. Our two youngest sisters were allowed to stay up. All the lights in the house were on. Out in the dining room, hot chocolate was served and nobody said a word about holding off on the marshmallows. Ernest stood around being kissed and backslapped while the neighbors came hurrying as the word spread. I was hoisted up onto his shoulder and Carol, the next youngest, insisted on being lifted up, too. It was pretty glorious stuff being kid brother to the guy who had personally helped make the world safe for democracy. And I was not the only one who saw him in that light.

On February 1, 1919, the *Oak Parker* had an interview with Ernest listing his enemy contact as "wounded three times when he went with a motor truck into the front lines to distribute cigarettes and block chocolate to the soldiers. In no man's land, he was at an observation post when a big shell came in and burst, hitting him and killing two Italian soldiers at his side. This felled the young hero, deeply implanting shot in both knees. As soon as he was able to crawl, however, and still under fire, he picked up a wounded man and carried him on his back to the Italian trenches, despite the fact that he was knocked down twice by machine-gun fire, which struck him in the left thigh and right foot. In all, Lieutenant Hemingway received 32 45-caliber bullets in his limbs and hands, all of which have been removed except one in the left limb which the young warrior is

inclined to foster as a souvenir—if his surgeon-father does not deprive him of this novel keepsake. . . . Lieutenant Hemingway submitted to having 28 bullets extracted without taking an anesthetic. His only voluntary comment on the war is that it was great sport and he is ready to go on the job if it ever happens again."

Though his voluntary comments may have been limited, Ernest managed to keep a straight face while letting the stories grow. He allowed his modest mask to be lifted from time to time and almost every time some new glory was disclosed. It was a splendid triumph for the young man so recently regarded by his family as an irresponsible gray sheep who would not settle down.

During those first months that he was home, Ernest gave a wonderful party for Sunny and her friends. Old-timers at Oak Park still remember it. He brought a captured Austrian star-shell pistol and more than a half-dozen shells down from his room. He seemed as unconcerned about the legality of shooting such a weapon in the heart of Oak Park as he was about the danger of it. Out in the back yard he raised the muzzle of this great pistol with its foot-long barrel and 4-gauge bore.

"Blam!" A thin, fiery line arced into the sky. Five seconds later a great white light burst out and slowly, ever so slowly, drifted down over on Grove Avenue.

The next shot allowed for more windage. By the time he had fired red, blue, green and white lights, the still-burning star shells were landing back in our own yard. Two of them burned small holes in the grass and were gleefully stamped out. The neighborhood kids were greatly impressed. So was everyone in our family. Ernest's luck was running so good then that no other fires were started in the area. The empty shells, almost twice the diameter of 12-gauge shotgun shells, smelled deliciously of burned powder for years afterward.

But Ernest was under increasing pressure about his uncertain future. Our parents had harbored definite hopes that this fling at soldiering had taught him a lesson, that now he would suddenly show a keen interest in some "sensible" way of life. But if nothing else, Ernest had begun a legend to live up to—one that would never be so easy that it would be less than a challenge.

Not all of Ernest's wounds were physical. Like hundreds of thousands of other soldiers before and since, he had received some psychic shock. He was plagued by insomnia and couldn't sleep unless he had a light in his room. To his friend Guy Hickok he described how he felt when the mortar shell exploded. "I felt my soul or something coming

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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

right out of my body like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket by one corner. It flew around and then came back and went in again and I wasn't dead any more."

The older bartender in *A Clean Well-Lighted Place* knew something of that feeling. Nick Adams says in *Now I Lay Me*, "If I could have a light I was not afraid to sleep, because I knew my soul would only go out of me if it were dark."

In those first months Ernest's welcome home had all the genuine reverence due a national hero, within the confines of Oak Park. At home he was enshrined in his third-floor room. The steep climb could not have been easy for him, but it probably helped to strengthen that trick knee. And in his room he had war souvenirs, pictures of Europe, maps, uniforms, guns, bayonets, medals, an unexploded hand grenade, and a secret bottle to pass around to friends who came to visit. On rare and wondrous occasions I was allowed to follow the clumping footsteps up the back stairs to the third floor. I watched in awe while Ernest and his friends handled the guns, sighted them out the windows, snapped their actions, and asked questions. Besides the Austrian star-shell pistol he had brought back an Austrian Mannlicher carbine with a straight-pull bolt.

"That's a sniper's rifle," he told me. "I killed the sniper who was using it to pick off our troops from up in a tree."

It baffled me, young as I was, that he only bothered to tell me these marvelous stories when he had other friends around. But he gave me a shiny medal with a portrait of King Victor Emmanuel on it, which hung from a red-and-green ribbon. And for a long time I refused to go out of the house without that medal pinned to the front of my shirt. I was the only kid I knew whose brother had been in the war in Italy, and I had the medal that could prove it. In those days I didn't know the only American units in Italy were Red Cross units.

The actual combat decorations Ernest won, a silver medal and a bronze one, were kept in a velvet-lined case upstairs. The silver one had been presented to him by the Italian King. It was only shown to friends who had seen the other trophies. Later Ernest gave it to a local girl of great beauty.

Our family and Ernest's friends soon began observing Ernest's daily life with indifference. It did not ease Ernest's mood of rebellion to find himself being moved around with the air of long-suffering patience some families use with difficult young men. Our father switched from being fascinated with Ernest's war wounds and hospital experiences back

to urging him to "go have those tonsils tended to!"

Ernest had been bothered with sore throats frequently during his high school days. These might have been caused, it was thought, by the infections lodging in the tonsils he had half amputated with a stick when he was a child. Sore throats were a regular annoyance. Finally, Father got him to go to his friend of medical school days, Dr. Wesley Hamilton Peck, an eye-ear-nose-throat specialist, to have the tonsils properly removed. Immediately after the operation Ernest had a serious throat infection.

The irony grated on Ernest for years. "I nearly died when I had those tonsils out—after surviving the damned war." In the 40 years since the operation he was plagued with more sore throats than an average opera star. But he took them with considerably better grace.

That first summer after the experience of being alone and near death was a time of personal triumph and humiliation, one of violent emotion. Ernest savored the delights of roaming afoot through the woods. He loved the smells of pine needles and new-mown hay, the fresh-caught trout laid in ferns and the sound of cowbells carrying far on the calm evening air. He was like an animal that has traveled far and returned to the place where he'd been raised, finding reassurance that things were as he remembered them and that this was truly the place.

Strict parental restraint was behind him, though Mother and Father had not completely faced that fact. Ernest was a personality, a former lieutenant in the Red Cross. As an ex-newspaper reporter and ex-officer, with the snobbery of combat and wounds, Ernest felt he had lived more deeply than his fellow men. He was moody and bored, and he had not yet decided what to do about it. What he liked best was to see old friends, go fishing, and get away from people who had no personal knowledge of experiences such as he had recently gone through.

In between fishing trips that summer, Ernest wrote a lot. He wrote what seemed good to him. When the summer ended, he decided to stay on and write some more. He had never before been able to stay in Michigan during the fall, when the hunting was best. He was eager to experience the fine autumn storms, the grouse shooting, and the approach of real winter on the lonely lake. Most of all he looked forward to the seclusion he would have when the rest of the family left for Oak Park.

Ernest worked hard on paper at Windemere during the autumn months.

But nothing he wrote that summer or fall hit the market. Each manuscript bounced for one reason or another, which was doubly discouraging because of our parents' disapproval of his chosen field. Fortunately, he had sympathetic friends in Petoskey. Through Edwin "Dutch" Pailthorpe, Ernest met Ralph Connable, the head of Woolworth's stores in Canada. Connable had planned to take young Pailthorpe to Toronto with him; when there were complications Ernest was suggested as an alternate to tutor Connable's son. Ernest was interested, particularly if Connable would agree to introduce him to someone on the *Toronto Star*, where he knew he would like to work.

So, in the winter of 1919, Ernest and "Dutch" both went to Toronto where Mr. Connable introduced Ernest to Gregory Clark, feature editor of the *Weekly Star* magazine. Clark explained what the paper was interested in buying, what it paid, and how to get his copy in. It was a free-lance opportunity. With this opening, Ernest wrote news copy again, saw his name in print, and sold enough material to feel he was earning a living. During that winter and spring he sold 15 articles for a total of less than \$150. But the articles kept appearing during the spring, summer and fall. Writing independently and getting money for his copy gave him confidence. It wasn't great. But it was better than trying to sell to magazines that would not buy what he produced.

By the spring of 1920, however, Ernest was again longing to be in northern Michigan, outwitting the local trout with both natural bait and flies. He delighted in the many places there where the eye could move over lots of country without seeing a sign of man anywhere. And it was the time of year that he loved best. So he came again to the rivers and streams and the woods and wild life of the northern end of the lower peninsula.

On this summer of his coming of age, Ernest finally fought openly with our parents. As is usual in such contests, it ended in a draw. Both sides acknowledged misunderstanding. On the surface the quarrel was smoothed over, but underneath nothing was ever the same again, and each side realized it. Self-righteousness was the order of the day. And while misunderstood artists and writers are the norm, Ernest is the only one I know who, having already shown talent, courage, humor and a genuine affection for his family, got formally drummed out of the home just after his 21st birthday. Mother and Father managed to carry it off with a magnificent show of solidarity. They not only did

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

it—they congratulated each other on the stand they had taken when it was all over.

Ernest was staying with friends over at Horton's Bay when the family—Father had stayed behind—arrived at Walloon Lake the first week of June that summer. Since Ernest was unemployed—freelance writing could hardly be called self-employment when the returns are so small—he was expected to help get cottage life rolling, as long as he was nearby. That was the least a young man could do. It was not a lot to ask; on the other hand, what rankled Ernest was that the family would not consider his writing as work.

At first Father was cautious in reacting to Mother's complaints. On June 11 he wrote: "Dear ones at Windemere: Hope Ernest has been over to help you . . ." On June 13: "I will write to Ernest this afternoon. Hope he has been over and helped you . . ." June 16: "I had a letter from Ernest in this morning's mail. He expected to go over and see you soon . . ."

On July 2, Father got another doctor to take over his patients and came to Windemere for two weeks. While he was there, the situation ripened fast. Tired and knowing that he by no means had all the answers to life's problems, Father was worried. He was baffled by Ernest's refusal to settle down and frightened to think of where further independent behavior might lead.

Back in Oak Park after an uneasy vacation, he sent Mother a letter dated July 22: ". . . I think Ernest is trying to irritate us in some way . . . I have written him that I wanted him to get busy and be more self-supporting and respectful, and leave the Bay and go to work down Traverse City way. I will write [a letter] to him and enclose it herewith for you to read and hand to him. Keep up your courage, my darling. We are all at work and very soon he will settle down or suffer the loss of his friends the way he is fast using them up. He will have to move into new fields to conquer . . . Read [my letter to] Ernest enclosed! If he has gone, seal it and stamp it and mail it to him!"

July 26: "My Dear Gracie: I have just received your letter written Saturday the 24th and am indeed sorry for you. I hope you have handed Ernest the letter that I enclosed for him, advising him he must move on and get to work and stay away from Windemere until he is again invited to return . . ."

The passage of time was valuable in this hoedown. On August 27, our long-suffering father wrote from Oak Park: ". . . I had a very nice letter from Ernest today, written yesterday in Petoskey. He says he has been fishing with Sam Nickey and had some good times, and had some

wonderful fishing. He surely feels as if he had a great injustice done him at Windemere. I do not in any way discuss the matter with him. I am glad he has cooled off and again writes to his father, who will always love him, and will continue to pray for him to be an honest and unselfish and considerate Christian gentleman and loyal to those who love him . . ."

Our mother was not so ready to be reconciled with her wayward son, however, and on September 2, Father wrote: ". . . I am glad to receive your letter this morning with the copy of the letter you wrote to Ernest [ordering him to leave Windemere]. That is a masterpiece. I will always prize it as the right conception of the Mother's part of the game of Family life. Keep up your courage, my darling, as I know you will recover from this summer's shocks. It is a long session of the family's existence, and we must be brave. There are relatively few storms in our sea of life as compared to many you and I know, if you only stop and count your blessings."

Another letter came from Ernest later, and Father wavered even more in his belief that all at Windemere had been as represented to him. On September 15 he wrote to Mother: ". . . I continue to pray for Ernest and believe that God will soften his heart and that we all shall again be united in love. If you falsely accused him, be sure to beg his pardon, even if he had made many mistakes. For false accusations grow more sore all the time and separate many dear friends and relatives . . ."

And by September 19 Father was feeling somewhat more piqued with his absent wife [still at Windemere] than with Ernest. ". . . I wrote to Ernest last night and hope you will invite him over to help you pack up. He is stronger than I am and can do all that is necessary. Love him, my dear, he is our boy and we must always love and forgive each other . . ."

That was how the big rift came and passed. Years later, on being shown the long letter formally drumming Ernest out of the family's summer home which our mother had written for his birthday, I was surprised. With all the emotion and mutual recriminations, anyone would think some dreadful sins had been committed. Actually, Mother did some mighty belaboring of his lack of courtesy and gainful employment, enumerating all the ways he had changed since she remembered him as her dear little boy, listing some trivial actions she deemed worthy of censure, and commanding him to leave Windemere, not to return unless specifically invited. Few affronts to personal dignity could top that of holding a ceremonial dinner on a 21st birthday,

while getting ready to slip the guest of honor a letter asking him to kindly leave the family premises.

It was this break that enabled Ernest to write as truthfully as he did about what he knew, including our parents and their reactions to stress, in the years following. He could be indifferent to any criticism that he had violated the right of privacy. Without the break, he could not have done it.

Though the feud was over, Ernest remained emotionally as well as legally of age. He would have nothing more to do with family lodgings. That fall he and Bill Smith headed for the Near North Side of Chicago where they both had friends. They moved in with Y. K. Smith and his wife, who had a large apartment on East Chicago Avenue.

The Smiths spent their summers at Horton's Bay, and Ernest had been a friend of Y. K.'s young sister Kate in earlier days. The Smiths had many friends in the writing world; through Y. K., Ernest met Sherwood Anderson.

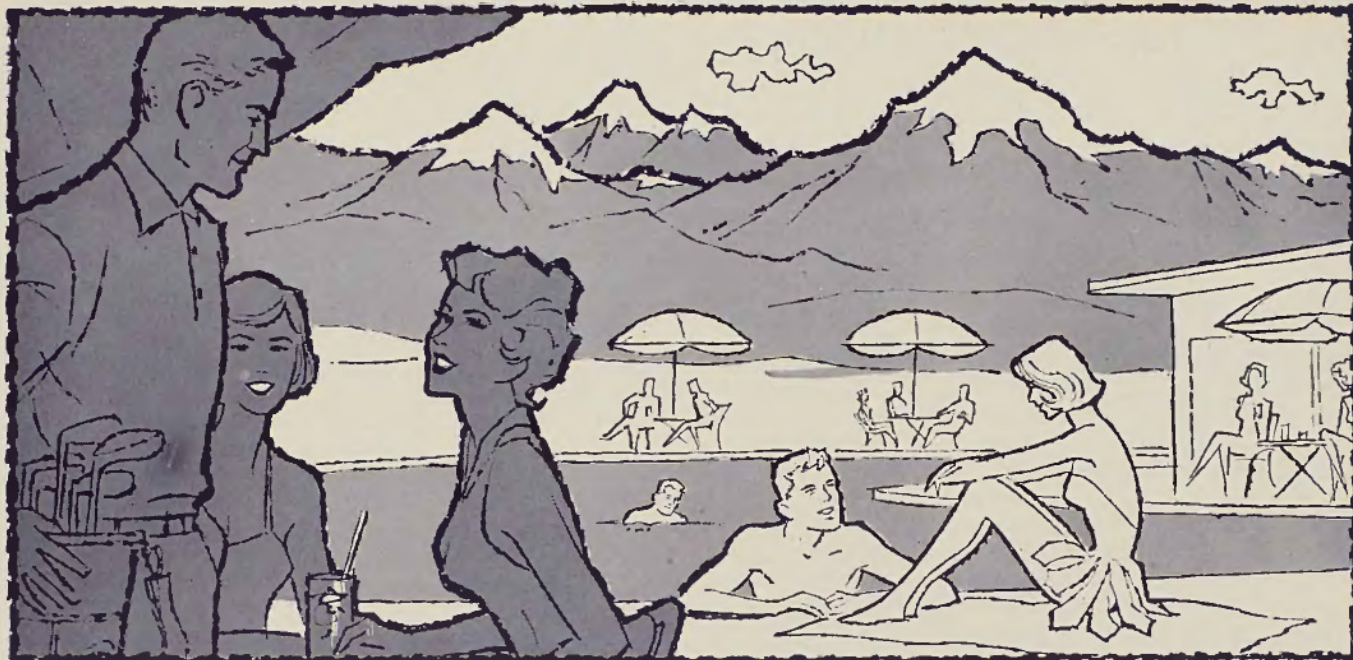
At the Smiths' apartment Ernest also met Hadley Richardson, whom he married the following September. Hadley was a tall, well-formed girl with a British look about her. She had studied piano for years. That winter she had come up from St. Louis to visit Kate.

"The moment she entered the room," Ernest said afterward, "an intense feeling came over me. I knew she was the girl I was going to marry."

That winter Ernest got a job editing the *Cooperative Commonwealth*, a folksy house organ. He was an associate editor at first and did a lot of features and human interest articles which the publication needed. After his apprenticeship on the two *Star* papers, the work came easily to him. It was his first job in Chicago and paid him \$50 a week, which was not bad. It gave him time to write on his own, too. He sold more features to the *Toronto Star*. His magazine writing still did not sell, but he was learning more all the time, and he was just past 21.

Best of all, he was financially independent from our critical parents. As during the previous winter, he was living in an establishment operated by somebody else, but this time he was supporting himself and saving a little money as well.

It didn't take more than a couple of months for the sweet settling down to become unsettled again. The *Commonwealth* job palled. Saving went slowly and time went fast and he had big plans he wanted to get on with. In April he wrote to Father, then in Florida blowing his savings in what was to become the real estate bubble, saying he wanted to



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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway (continued)

go to Italy next year. More than just getting back to Europe, Ernest wanted to land a job that would pay his expenses over and allow him to get around once he landed. He was dickering with the people on the *Toronto Star*. And in that summer of 1921, a great many things worked out well for him.

Ernest and Hadley decided to get married that summer. And they did not want the fuss and formality that would go with a ceremony back in her home town. Ernest was strong for Horton's Bay, close to Windemere, and Hadley — called "Hash" by Ernest — liked the idea of spending some time in northern Michigan after the wedding.

It was a really beautiful wedding. Everybody said so. The big elm trees that grew along both sides of the road through Horton's Bay were well dusted by end-of-summer traffic. The wedding party assembled up beyond the store just before four o'clock on that September 3 afternoon. The single white spire of the small Methodist church stood back from the road in a clearing.

Hash looked like an angel, her bridal radiance covered with considerable flowing white veil, as she came up the aisle. Then came Ernest, the debonair war hero, my personal idol — but with legs moving from side to side as well as forward. His heavy white serge trousers really had a serious case of shivers. It was the first time I had ever seen unconcealed shaking, and it baffled me. Then suddenly the kneeling part was over, the organ's vibrant strains filled the church, and everyone milled around laughing and congratulating everyone else and hurrying out to the lawn for picture-taking. I was relieved to see that Ernest was "well" again and that the shaking had stopped.

After their honeymoon at Windemere Ernest and Hadley moved into a small apartment on the Near North Side of Chicago. Our parents entertained brief hopes that a wife was what he had needed all along to help him conform to the social pattern of the Chicago suburbs. But late that fall the newlyweds closed up their apartment to go to Toronto and straighten out plans for Europe. Father was helping with the baggage. When he came down to the car where I was waiting, I knew something was wrong. He shoved some boxes into the back of the car and climbed behind the steering wheel where he sat for a moment shaking his head in bewilderment.

"Those young people," he spluttered. "Do you know what they were cooking their eggs in? Well, I won't say it." The car bucked out into the traffic at a greater speed than usual.

Sherwood Anderson had come back to Chicago after months in Europe. He was full of anecdotes and gossip about the literary movement there and gave Ernest several letters of introduction. As a return gesture, Ernest and Hadley went over to Anderson's apartment one evening just before they left, carrying a knapsack of canned goods as a gift for an established writer settling down again. It made for good feeling all around, and Anderson told about it years afterward, when they no longer saw each other.

The arrangements with the *Toronto Star* were finally made, and Ernest and Hadley were able to go to Europe as they had hoped, though without a salary for security. Instead, Ernest was to file dispatches by mail, be paid space rates for everything the paper used, and be paid expenses incurred in getting the stories. This meant financing themselves for the first few weeks, and playing it low and slow until they got to Paris, where they would set up headquarters. The arrangement kept the *Star* from risking anything, but it allowed Ernest great freedom to work on his own writing whenever he was not working on special articles for the *Star* for eating money. With the money he had saved, the plan was workable. Living was cheap in Europe then, if you had dollars to exchange. Both Ernest and Hadley were delighted at the firm commitment and made plans to get to France as soon as possible.

To be headed for postwar Europe with a beautiful wife, letters of introduction, writing assignments lined up, and enough money ahead to insure a few months of inexpensive living was the fulfillment of a young writer's dream. Ernest already thought of himself as a writer as well as a newspaper correspondent. A news story from Charlevoix during his honeymoon had described him this way. The word could have come only from Ernest or a close friend. He had written reams of material, but he had so far sold only to newspapers.

The mid-December voyage across the North Atlantic was not easy because of high winds and head colds. But it was fun. Hadley was in great demand because of her piano playing. Ernest boxed three rounds with Henry Cuddy, a Salt Lake City middleweight who was also headed for Paris with fights scheduled. Hash was described as the real champion in Ernest's corner, sponging him off between rounds and cheering him on. Ernest was given the decision in one shipboard match. And Cuddy, impressed by his excellent showing, urged Ernest

to consider fighting professionally in France. This was the kind of praise that delighted Ernest most.

They landed in Le Havre and reached Paris three days before Christmas. In the Hotel Jacob they took living quarters and Ernest arranged for a small room on the fourth floor where he could work completely alone. Settled at last, they were both promptly laid low by colds and tonsillitis.

By the first week of January, Ernest wrote that they were looking forward to taking a small apartment on the rue Cardinal Lemoine. There Hadley could have a piano and work on some Scriabin. She was excited by Paris and loved just being there. In her delighted letters to our family she described in amazement the complete dinners that could be had for seven or eight francs, then about 60¢, and the breakfasts of marvelous coffee with hot milk and crescent rolls that came to a tenth of that.

At that time Paris was again in vogue as a haven for artists and writers, as it had been in spurts over several centuries. The Americans and English living in Paris then soon came to know each other as they would in Soho or Greenwich Village. Their friend Sherwood Anderson, a mature, well-published Midwestern writer, having been in Paris earlier in the year, Ernest and Hadley had been thoroughly briefed on the outstanding characters before they arrived.

They soon met Sylvia Beach, who ran the Shakespeare and Company bookstore. Through Anderson's introductions, they got to know Gertrude Stein, Alice Toklas, Ezra Pound, Lewis Galantière and some other serious workers, as well as dozens of fakes and pretenders.

During their first three months in Europe, Ernest made one short trip to Switzerland. He brought back enough material to turn out thick envelopes of feature articles. At the end of March, his Toronto office asked him to go to Genoa to cover the European economic conference. This turned into a two-month job, and further solidified his status with the paper, where his by-lined articles began to appear daily. The *Star* upped his status to that of foreign correspondent and began paying him \$75 a week plus expenses.

Ernest was feeling very good about his newspaper work. At the conference he had met Mussolini, Lincoln Steffens, Max Beerbohm, Max Eastman and others. Back in Paris and laid up with another sore throat, he wrote cheerfully that May Day was quiet, although the Comrades had shot a couple of policemen. He told of meeting Lloyd George, Chicherin and Litvinov, and said he hoped he would be going to Russia for the paper very



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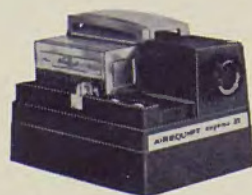
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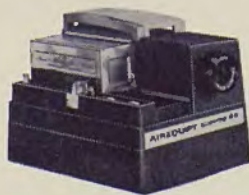
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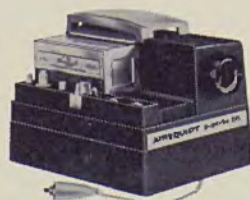
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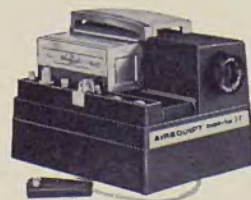
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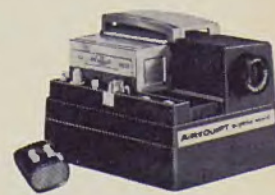
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My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

soon — a trip that he was never to make.

He complained of the rotten weather — rain always depressed Ernest — but described the countryside around Paris, with fields full of big black-and-white magpies walking along the plow furrows, and said he'd seen a crossbill on one walk. He was impressed with the forests, bare of underbrush. With Hash he had hiked 40 miles through the forests of Chantilly and Compiègne, seeing deer, wild boar, foxes and rabbits. They had eaten a meat pie of wild boar with carrots and onions and mushrooms in a fine brown crust and Ernest was looking forward to good bird shooting in the fall. Of the rebuilding of the towns of eastern France, Ernest commented that the new French architecture was ugly.

Three weeks later, Ernest and Hash headed for Montreux to go trout fishing with Ernest's friend, Major Dorman-Smith. They planned to walk over the St. Bernard pass and down into Italy, before going back to Paris. He said the country around Montreux was exhilarating. They had climbed Cap au Moine, a tricky, steep height that allowed them to coast down the snow fields by simply sitting down and letting go. The lower valleys were full of narcissus, and he said that just below the snow line they had seen two fine martens.

In July of that year, Ernest and Hadley went off on a long trip through Germany with Bill Bird of the Consolidated Press and his wife. They were bent on fishing and getting feature material for magazines. They were moving out of the city's heat in the most pleasant way possible, and catching many trout on the way. From Triberg Ernest wrote the family about the wonderful time they were having, with Hash catching three good trout the first time she fished, and he and Bill steadily taking numbers daily.

That summer Ernest continued writing the stories that seemed important. He got down some of the strongest impressions he had of northern Michigan. He was also learning from Gertrude Stein, with whom he talked over his work regularly, about the publishing ventures of several people who were determined to start small magazines. He was doing some astute listening. It seemed to him that these magazines might bring recognition quickly rather than late in life.

That fall the pressure of work kept Ernest and Hadley apart for several weeks. The *Star* ordered him to Constantinople where a Turkish attack on the Greek army in Thrace was expected. The situation could have started another large war, and the assignment was ideal

for a young writer who wanted to know more about violence.

Before leaving, Ernest had wangled an interview with Clemenceau, the former French premier who had personally killed many men in duels. Though he obtained valuable statements and quotes, the *Star* would not use the piece. Ernest was so angry he welcomed a chance to get away from feature interviews, even though it meant being away from Hadley.

Before he left for Turkey, Ernest got Frank Mason, who ran the INS bureau in Paris, to let him file additional material for INS under the name of John Hadley. Mason agreed to pay expenses on it. This gave Ernest more money, for he was able to file twice as much material on the same crisis.

He had the freedom to decide where he wanted to go and to maneuver his way there. The armistice talks in the city were not very interesting to cover. But the fighting and the evacuation of cities were. Other correspondents were on the scene and also military observers, who knew a great deal but, of course, could write nothing of what they knew for publication.

Ernest made friends quickly with the people who had the most information and were free to talk as long as they were not directly quoted. He skipped the interminable wrangles about high politics, conceding that both sides were being manipulated in a struggle for control of the oil of the Middle East. But he wrote some wonderful feature material on the inhabitants, the places where they lived, and what was happening to their lives during this fight over oil.

Following the armies west through Thrace, Ernest got to know the horrors of war among agrarian people in a mechanized age. Moving through troop-occupied territory, he finally reached the areas of civilian suffering. What he saw and the horror he felt later gave him material for scenes which shocked many a reader. But his observations gave him additional conviction that to write truly was the most important thing to do in a lifetime. He had known missionary zeal and fervor at work within our family. He was convinced that, for him, a better way to do something about human conditions was to show these things as clearly as he could so that men elsewhere would be incensed enough to take action. It was the beginning of a credo for him. In later years he developed it to the classic status of a moral responsibility.

Whether outraged over some international event or over a personal conflict, he used to sum up his sense of immediate involvement with, "If you're any damned good at all, *everything* is your own

damned fault."

When Ernest got back to Paris in November, he and Hadley made up for time lost while he had been away. It was a wonderful season to be in the City of Light. But he was soon given another assignment. The new job involved digging news out of a very difficult subject — the Lausanne peace conference. As one who had actually seen the problems of Greece and Turkey, Ernest was ideally equipped for writing background material.

Through Hank Wales of the *Chicago Tribune*, Ernest landed a second spot as legman for Universal News while at the conference. This was valuable because Switzerland was an expensive country in which to work. The *Star* paid whatever expense accounts it OK'd, but always well after their submission. The "foreign" press was being used by each delegation to the conference as a public relations outlet. No reporters were trusted for off-the-record interviews, which made digging difficult. The results were disappointing. Though everyone sensed what was going on, no one could make statements and back them with documentary proof.

Bill Ryall of the *Manchester Guardian* taught Ernest a great deal about political maneuvers. Ryall was a former infantry officer who knew how the British Foreign Office worked. He understood the human motives, including the cold, calculated drive for power behind many a bland gesture. Writing as William Bolitho, his first two given names, Ryall showed the world the depth of his understanding. He thought for himself and needled others into doing the same thing. Ernest reasoned with him, drank with him, and became his great admirer.

Just before Christmas, Hadley gathered up Ernest's papers, his short stories and part of a novel he had been working on for a long while. Packing the manuscripts into one suitcase, she took a smaller bag of personal things and left the apartment, heading for a holiday with her husband in Switzerland. She got there, but the baggage did not. The bag with the manuscripts apparently was stolen in the railway station in Paris.

Ernest did everything within his power to recover that suitcase. He had no luck. The thief, probably unable to read English and most likely disappointed that the loot was hard to sell, may have destroyed the contents as a worthless haul. Ernest finally had to accept the loss. Later he said it was the hardest thing he had had to do in his life, up to that point.

After the holidays, Ernest wrote a series of character sketches of the various

My Brother, Ernest Hemingway *(continued)*

personalities at the Lausanne conference. He depicted the Turks, the Russians and their secret police, the Italians and their Fascist show-offs, and particularly Mussolini. Then he and Hadley went down to Rapallo to talk with Ezra Pound.

The poet introduced Ernest to Robert McAlmon, another American. McAlmon had a small printing press and had just published the first of Pound's *Cantos*. McAlmon had been briefed on Ernest and was interested in his work. It was an incredibly sad moment when Ernest had to explain that almost all of his work had been lost. There remained only a few poems and pieces scattered around. But he and McAlmon talked well. They liked each other and figured something good would yet come of their meeting. Later that year it did.

In March, the *Star* set him planning a series of stories on the Ruhr and what the French occupation was like.

After the Ruhr series, Ernest plunged into work on his own fiction, reconstructing from fragments some of the work lost at the time the suitcase disappeared. An arrangement for McAlmon to publish *Three Stories and Ten Poems*, his first book, was under way. And Bill Bird had him pulling together sketches and stories for a volume to be called *In Our Time*. That summer Ernest corrected proofs while working on new material.

In June he wrote to thank Father for the sporting magazines he sent regularly. Ernest said he and Hadley both read them in bed and that they made him want to get out on the Sturgeon or the Black or some other good northern river to fish.

He said he and Ezra Pound had watched Battling Siki, a wonderful Negro Ernest believed would be a world beater if he would only stop training in the cafés. He said he was looking forward to seeing more fights — if only the rain would end. It was making Paris "entirely disagreeable" for him.

He told Father he had lived with a bunch of bullfighters while he was in Spain and predicted that the experience would make some very fine stories. He had wanted to go in as a picador, but union rules would not allow it at that time. Nevertheless, he said that if he and Father were ever some place where there was a bull he would show him some of the stuff.

Late in July of 1923, McAlmon, at Dijon, in eastern France, had printed and bound the first copies of *Three Stories and Ten Poems*. It was a small edition of 300 copies. But it was a book, and it was for sale to the public. Now, almost 40 years later, each copy of this edition is valued at several hundred dol-

lars or more. The Library of Congress keeps its copies in the Rare Book Collection.

When the book came out, Hadley was some six months' pregnant. In order to insure skilled medical care and either U.S. or Canadian citizenship for their coming child, they decided the shrewd thing to do was head for Toronto at the end of August. There Ernest believed he could talk the *Star* management into a job on the daily paper.

By mid-September Ernest and Hadley were comfortably relocated in Toronto. From there they spread the good news. Hadley explained to our parents that she and Ernest had decided to let the two families know only after making a safe passage, so that they would not worry. It had seemed the best way to keep them from feeling anxious since there was nothing anyone back home could do to help.

Hadley produced a fine, healthy son on October 10, 1923. They named him John Hadley Nicanor Hemingway. At the time Ernest was on his way back from Montreal where he had covered the visit of Lloyd George. While both families rejoiced in the birth of John (later nicknamed Bumby) and in Ernest's settling into "a good job" on this side of the ocean, Ernest himself was miserable.

The paper's assistant managing editor was out to break the spirit of every prima donna in the newspaper business and he considered Ernest a definite prima donna. Ernest's friends had long before been transferred to the *Weekly Star* where there was less unpleasantness than on the daily. Ernest looked forward to a switch himself. If it didn't work out, he planned to climb off the merry-go-round before it got him down.

The actual birth of his son had done little to modify the apprehension of becoming a father he had voiced months earlier to Gertrude Stein in his often-quoted comment, "I am too young." To our parents he wrote that the baby, with his squawling, was a nuisance and that he supposed there would be plenty of yelling for the next couple of years.

The weather was rotten again and depressing and so was the country. He remembered that the summer before he'd been out on the Marne shooting crows and had shot a pike in the river with his .22 automatic pistol. In the fine open country of Thrace he had shot more than 20 quail in one day with a 12-gauge double. He longed to get back to Spain; Galicia had the best trout fishing in Europe, and Spain was the best country — though he thought almost any place would be more pleasant than where he

was. It had been a mistake to return to Canada, he felt, and he wanted to pay for his mistakes and move beyond them as quickly as he could.

After a blow-up in the office he chopped all ties with the *Toronto Star*, and with Hadley and young John he caught the boat from Montreal to France. Hadley agreed with Ernest that the most logical thing for them was to get back to where living was inexpensive, friends more expansive, and his second book, *In Our Time* (Paris, 1924, a limited edition of 170 copies), was due for publication in a matter of weeks. By now, Ernest was betting completely on himself and on his ability to survive by creative writing. He felt that if he did what he wanted to do as well as he could, the results would justify the belt-tightening means.

Once in Paris, they found an inexpensive apartment at 113, rue Notre Dame des Champs, where Hadley said "a carpenter makes the sawdust fly down below and Ernest keeps the keys of his Corona flying on the floor just above." He had to get out a lot of work in a hurry, for the savings from those four hectic months in Toronto would have to stretch until there were new returns on his writing.

By April they had established their routine. Describing family life, Hadley said the baby slept all day dressed for outdoors in his bed right by the big French window. He came to meals with pink cheeks and laughter. For his six-month birthday they'd invited his godparents, Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas. The baby had been presented with rubber animals and a beautiful silver cup for his orange juice. Then the adults had gone to the dining room and had oysters before dinner and white wine for toasts. To reassure Mother and Father on Bumby's welfare, Hadley reminded them that Gertrude Stein had been an obstetrical surgeon — a Johns Hopkins graduate — and that she came over every few days.

She said that Ernest was making a great name for himself among literary people and that Ford Madox Ford, editor of the *Transatlantic Review*, who taught Joseph Conrad to write English, had told Ernest, when he was complaining that it took a man years to get his name known, "Nonsense! You will have a great name in no time at all!"

This is the first installment in Leicester Hemingway's biography of his brother Ernest. The second installment will appear in January.

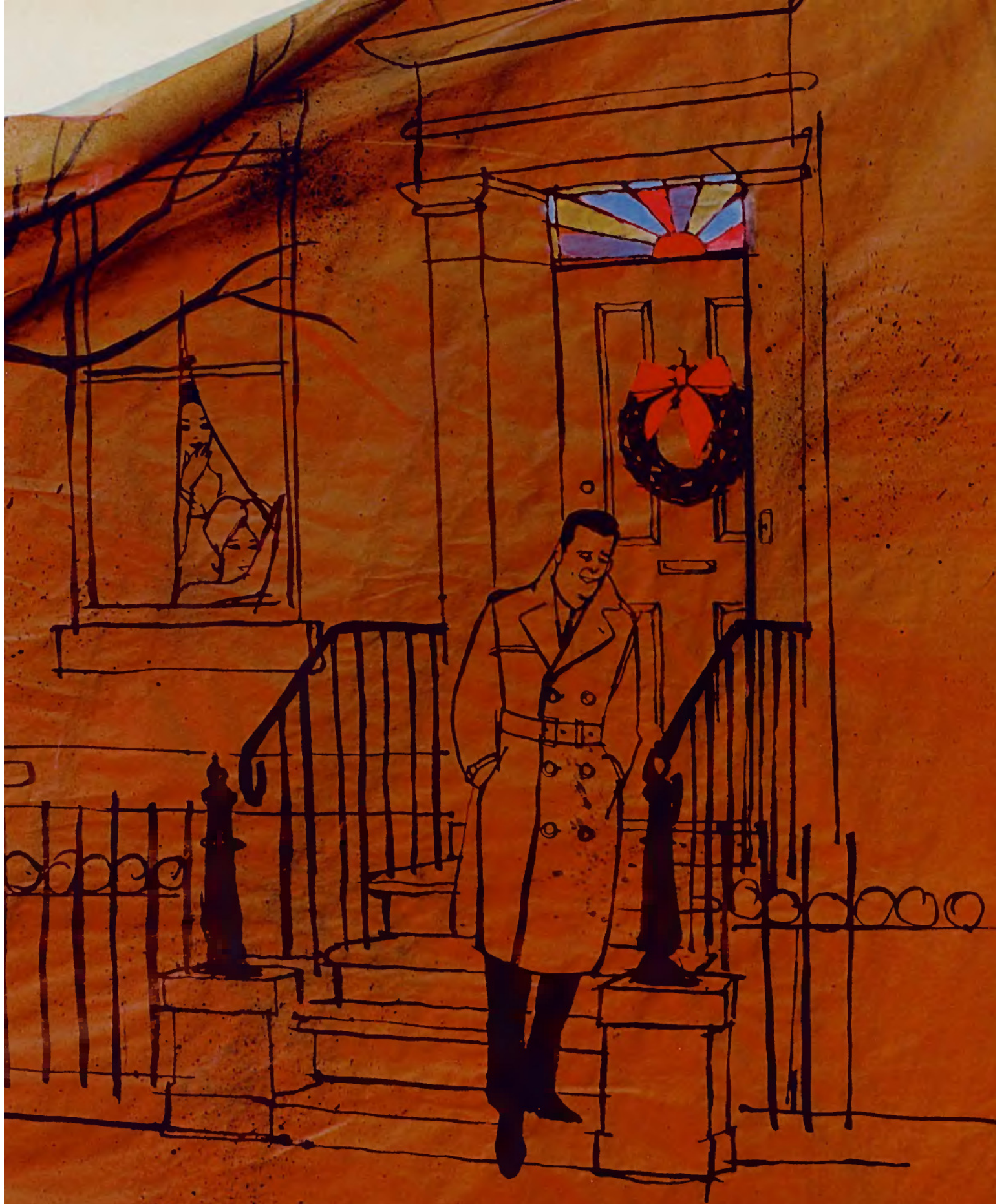




"Well, Willie, I understand you've been a bad boy this year!"

THE YOUNG MAN MET THE GIRL in a Longchamps bar; her office was in the same building, on the 17th floor. The bar had been decorated for Christmas since Thanksgiving — everything in New York had. There was a draft from the revolving door and the girl kept her coat around her shoulders. She had bought the coat in the Village and it looked a little Villagey but not too Villagey. "I had to see my income tax man this afternoon," the young man said. "He's got a place in Florida and he said there wasn't anyone there right now and I could use it. So I got to thinking — would you like to go down to Florida for Christmas? We could start tonight and drive down, and be on the beach tomorrow. Or if you'd prefer I could see





fiction **By WALT GROVE**

SQUARE CHRISTMAS

in which the course of true love runs a crooked path through beat bohemia

about plane reservations."

"I'm sorry, I can't," the girl said. The waitress put the martinis on the table, on little paper napkins.

"Listen, this is probably the only chance I'll have all winter for a long weekend. We could leave tonight and have at least part of tomorrow there. They won't care if you're not in your office. Nobody cares what you do around Christmas. We can spend Christmas in Florida and get back in time for work."

"No, really, I *can't*," the girl said. She obviously cared something for the young man, because she was trying hard not to hurt his feelings. "My sister-in-law expects me to spend Christmas with them. I promised to take care of the kids so she can get some rest. I told you, she's pregnant again."

The young man drank his martini. "All right, you promised," he said; anyone could understand that. "But Christmas is only one day. Would you care to fly down before?"

"I'm sorry, I can't," she said.

"Why not?"

She looked uncomfortable. "I'm going skiing with some people. It's been planned for a long time."

He nodded shortly. "OK."

"Listen, I *told* you," the girl said, lowering her voice, and leaning closer to him. "I'm *not* going to sleep with you."

He looked as if that had been the last thing he'd had in mind; actually, he had been thinking about little else. "Did I say anything about that? What did I say? I invited you to Florida, didn't I? Isn't that what I said?"

The girl took a deep breath. She looked a little guilty and somewhat embarrassed, but not too guilty or embarrassed. She wasn't that kind of girl. "John, I don't think I'm a very good girl for you. I'm really *not* going to sleep with you. I think you ought to find another girl."

That made him angry, but it was impossible for him to tell her again how he felt about her, especially in Longchamps. He said, "Want to have dinner somewhere? Patrissy's?"

"I can't. I have things to do tonight, before I leave."

He drank a second martini. Wash her goddamn hair, he was thinking; wash her goddamn underwear and stockings, and then *iron*, for Christ sake.

"Why don't you ask Rosa?" she said suddenly. "She's not doing anything. She'll be here alone."

The young man did not answer that question. "I'll help you find a cab," he said. He held her coat while she put her arms into the sleeves. They went out the revolving door. A cold wind was blowing down Madison Avenue. He helped the girl into a cab, then handed the driver two one-dollar bills.

"Oh, I didn't mean for you to —"

"No, it's OK, Ag. Goodnight. I'll call you."

He walked back into Longchamps and stood at the bar. The Christmas present he had planned to give her was still in his pocket. He knew he would never give it to her, and that made him feel crummy. He drank four martinis and realized he was getting drunk: he wanted to lean forward, rest his head on the bar and sleep. He paid the check and left. In the cab on the way uptown he fell asleep. The driver shook him awake.

"You OK, fella? You make it?"

"Sure, fine," he said. "Fine." He unlocked the front door of his house and stepped inside, into the smell of wet paint and fresh plaster. The house was in the 80s between Second and First Avenue and he had bought it partly as an investment. The two top floors had been converted to apartments, one rented for \$250, the other for \$300. Even so, it made him nervous to think how much money he had borrowed. He had to be careful about money; he had responsibilities. His clothes came from the sixth floor at Brooks and he had paid only \$1055 for the Jaguar he drove; he had found it through an ad in *The New York Times*.

He dropped his overcoat on the floor, on the litter the plasterers had left. The parlor floor and basement were being made into a duplex and he was trying to live there while the work was being done. He went carefully downstairs and found a cold bottle of gin in the refrigerator.

At 3:30 in the morning he suddenly awakened. He had gone to sleep sitting in a chair and he was bone-cold. All the lights were on. The glass had slipped from his hand and shattered on the floor. He had been holding a cigarette between his fingers and it had burned down to the filter tip. The bottle of gin was half empty. Shaking with cold and nausea, he fell on the sofa and covered himself with a blanket.

The next day at 10:30 the telephone rang. He could not get up to answer it.

At noon the doorbell rang, then someone began pounding on the front door. The sound echoed through the empty floors until he felt he was trapped inside a bass drum. He managed to get upstairs, to the door. Hy Kaplan was standing on the steps, wearing a Chesterfield and a bowler, carrying gloves.

"Christ sake, look at you," Hy said.

John went back downstairs, to the sofa.

Hy stood over him. "You need a drink." Hy took off the Chesterfield and folded it neatly over the back of a chair. He poured a Scotch and soda for both of them. "Don't try to come in today, the shape you're in."

"Thanks, Hy. I don't know why —"

"Don't thank me, buddy boy. Thank Sigmund Freud." Hy's cheeks were rosy, his eyes bright with vitality. "I had one of the most expensive psychoanalysts you can buy in this town. Doctor Karen Horney, 50 bucks an hour. And one thing I learned, if nothing else — you'll never find everything you want in one woman. They aren't built that way."

John took a deep breath.

"Sure, I know what you're thinking. How my wife and Mama keep a nice kosher home for me up in Riverdale. How they take care of my kids, see they get to school on time, call the doctor if they're sick. And you're thinking if I got 'business' I stay overnight at a hotel and call up some broad that's busting her drawers to get into TV. And in your books that makes me a real genuine mumser, doesn't it?"

"Hy, I have never —"

"No, you listen. It's morally wrong, sure. I know it and you know it and everybody knows it. But, it works. It works, buddy boy. My wife's happy, kids are happy, Mama's happy, and *I'm* happy." Hy finished the Scotch. "I know a girl named Iris. Gorgeous knockers. Want the number?"

"It wouldn't do any good. I've tried that."

Hy picked up the Chesterfield and bowler, and gestured toward the bottle. "Don't pickle your brains."

"No. I'm through getting drunk."

"In that case, I'm off to spend the afternoon with a talented but unknown young actress from Death Valley, Nebraska, or somewhere." Hy grinned. "It's the Yuletide season, buddy boy, and old Santa's coming. He really is."

Hy let himself out the front door. John stood in the shower and let hot water beat on the back of his neck.

Before John Andrew met Aggie Mulholland he felt this had been the story of his life: He had married a girl whom he had always known; first they had a small apartment in the Village, then they had a baby. John worked for an ad agency and their friends were not Village types but young marrieds like themselves. By the time their little girl was two years old their friends had started moving to the North Shore, to Westchester and Connecticut. John had started going to an analyst and so had his wife, and whatever they had once had did not come running back. He moved into a small hotel and spent sleepless nights worrying about the staggering doctor bills. One day a friend said, "Why don't you try writing some crap for television? I'll call Hy Kaplan and tell him you're coming around."

Eventually John Andrew became the
(continued on page 167)

modern living

HOSTING FOR THE HOLIDAYS

*five festive fetes:
a guide to throwing the
perfect playboy party*

SINCE THE MIDDLE AGES, when Christmas was celebrated in the holly-decked halls of the great feudal demesnes with 12 days and nights of feasting, wassailing and dancing — and a partridge in a pear tree — the Yuletide has been a season of hospitality on a grand scale, of welcoming hearths and prodigal boards, of brimming bowls and hearty camaraderie.

We're all for tradition — but not when it leads you into a rut. So, while we cherish the custom of holiday hosting, we're always cheered when the habitual festivities are shelved for something a bit more original — and more suited to the contemporary urban scene than the usual familial

(text continued on page 86)





LET THE GUESTS DO IT: Snugly ensconced in the host's home on a wintry afternoon, our party crew savors the culinary, gastronomic and esthetic pleasures of a self-prepared international repast par excellence. Friends in foreground get in their shash-licks at the grate indoors (wisely fueled, started and burned in the fireplace till glowing and smoke-free), charcoal-broiling skewered morsels of marinated porterhouse steak, green pepper, onion and mushroom assembled from surrounding platters. Mistress chef, meanwhile, performs the pleasant ritual of tossing a bowl of salad—dressed to the greens from a choice of herbs, oils and vinegars arrayed on the sideboard—as the host picks up a plateful for delivery to the hungry loungers across the room. Next he'll pass the porcelain cups at left, toast the holiday season in hot sake, and for dessert, bring forth a big crystal bowl of Brandied Peaches or Nectarines from which the guests may help themselves.



THE INFORMAL LATE SUPPER: Far from the buzz of traffic and restaurants, our smoking-jacketed host greets the last arrivals for a leisurely Act Four to an evening at the theater. After plying them with their choice of cheer—perhaps a steaming mug of hot buttered rum—he'll invite them to join the others, who've already begun to feast on the festive holiday collation easily prepared a few minutes before. There's still plenty for all comers: Baked Clams Casino (broiled cherry-stones with pimienta and anchovy butter), Avocado Salad with Lemon Dressing, hot buttered finger rolls, Gambler's Eggs (a blue-plate version of scrambled eggs, served on toast and garnished with a tart sauce), Shrimp Jambalaya (bubbling in the red casserole), an inviting platter of sliced turkey, ham and tongue—and quantities of fresh-brewed coffee to top it off. The final curtain: lights low, conversation muted, show tunes on the stereo, sniffers of hand-warmed brandy on the hearth.



holiday gatherings. As alternatives, *PLAYBOY* has planned a quintet of holiday jollifications designed to lend festive variety to your seasonal entertaining.

First is the cocktail party, intended for the host with a host of friends and a taste for the festivities short on duration but long on diversion. Next is the buffet, a bounteous spread of unusual food and drink for the host who wants to offer the most to the largest number with the least expenditure of time and energy. Then comes Let the Guests Do It, a casual affair involving an intimate group of friends in the pleasures of preparing its own viands. Penultimately, we present the informal late supper, an after-theater gathering wherein the host serves up a succulent short-order collation to be eaten by firelight. And last, but *(continued on page 88)*



THE FORMAL DINNER: With its patina of time-honored tradition, this classic social gathering is the apogee of elegance combined with fun in holiday entertaining. It's an occasion calling for not only the finest in potables and viands, but in accouterments as well: you'll want hand-blown crystal, silver, bone china and damask napery to grace the table in addition to your formally attired dinner companions (all, save companions, may be rented for a nominal fee). Here, at the close of an epicurean nine-course feast punctuated superlatively with a succession of vintage wines, seven guests look on admiringly as the host himself brandy-flames a cascade of fresh fruit by flickering candlelight. Soon after this, the ladies may wish to retire to the living room for demitasse and liqueurs while the gentlemen—suffused with that benign sense of well-being which follows a meal of superb quality—remain behind for the unhurried and expansive ceremony of cognac, coffee and cigars.

HOSTING (continued from page 86)

certainly first in ceremonial importance, is the classic formal dinner, a black-tie occasion on which the host of discrimination and unstinting hospitality offers his guests an evening of impeccable elegance. All are gala *fêtes accomplies*, designed both to evince and evoke the spirit of the season.

THE COCKTAIL PARTY

It's not known for sure who invented the cocktail. Some maintain it was an Aztec princess called Xochitl, renowned for her potent cactus-juice potations; others swear it was a Yonkers tavern-keeper's daughter who first plunged a cock's tail feather into a glass of grog and used it as a swizzle stick. To whom ever was really responsible for its invention, we owe a double debt of gratitude: certainly for the joys of such libations as the martini, but most of all for providing the *raison d'être* for one of the Great Ideas of Western Man: the cocktail party. As the spirit—and the spirits—of the holidays rise, the social ritual of the cocktail party can create a mood of relaxed congeniality. The extra measure of advance care you'll want to invest in your cocktail party will be repaid with interest at evening's end, as your gratified guests depart with refreshingly sincere compliments.

First thing you'll want to decide on is your guest list. You'll want to exercise judgment in mingling business and social contacts, single and married friends, close comrades and casual acquaintances, talkers and listeners, etc., taking into account occupational interests, educational backgrounds, artistic tastes, political and philosophical persuasions, intellectual prowess, wit, disposition and interpersonal involvements. The ratio between males and females should stick fairly close to 50-50. By all means, include at least one but no more than two energetic raconteurs who can be relied upon to enliven the proceedings. And if the party is a large one, garnish the group with one or two young ladies selected primarily for face and fuselage.

Invite your very special guests first; three weeks in advance is suggested. If they can make your chosen date, you can then send out the rest of the invitations with equanimity. R.S.V.P. should be the rule, both to underline the importance of the occasion and to discourage guests from bringing uninvited friends. Whether printed or handwritten (we prefer the more personal and gracious feeling of the latter), each note should state explicitly not only the date, time (six to eight is usually the best), and place of the gathering, but the expected mode of dress.

However vivacious the throng, no

cocktail party will be worth its salted peanuts without a prodigal supply of stimulants. Most mixing manuals and party guides advise four drinks per guest as adequate for the average soiree; since Christmas comes but once, etc., be liberal and plan for a salubrious six apiece. Allowing 17 drinks per fifth (using the standard 1½-ounce shot measure), five fifths should see a dozen imbibers through a six-drink evening with a comfortable safety margin. For a crowd of 24, eight fifths should do nicely. The exact quantities of each kind of booze you'll need, of course, will depend entirely on which drinks you elect to serve.

These party-size recipes—each enough for 24 to 30 healthy drinks—will offer guidance in determining the amounts of each ingredient to order for the most popular cocktails. Mix in advance and refrigerate. Ice only as served.

Manhattans: 1 quart rye (in the East—bourbon or blended whiskey west of the Alleghenies), ½ pint sweet vermouth, 6 teaspoons bitters. Stir with ice, strain each drink over cherry.

Martinis: 1½ quarts gin, ½ pint dry vermouth. Stir with ice, strain each drink over olive or pearl onion, add lemon twist if desired.

Old Fashioneds: 1 quart rye (or bourbon or a blend, as for manhattans), 6 teaspoons bitters, 24 lumps sugar, 6 splits club soda. Muddle sugar lump, dash bitters, 1 jigger soda in each glass, add ice cubes, 1 jigger booze, twist in lemon peel, garnish with cherry, cocktail orange.

Daiquiris: 1 quart light rum, juice of 12 large limes, ½ cup sugar. Shake with cracked ice till frosted, strain into chilled glasses.

In many cities, neighborhood liquor stores will deliver cases of booze (and often the glassware and ice to go with it) and take back—and credit you with—unopened bottles the day after your party. Ask your regular dealer about this inexpensive insurance against running out.

As a seasonal touch of munificence for the occasion, we recommend that you plan also on brewing up a bowl of Swedish glögg, hot toddy, mulled wine (complete with that showy bit of business involving a red-hot poker), or better still, one of these original PLAYBOY punch bowls, each designed to provide cheer for 24:

Luau Punch Bowl: Mix 2½ cups coconut syrup, 2¼ cups lemon juice, 3 cups lime juice, in blender for one minute, pour over ice in bowl, add contents of one 38-ounce jar brandied pineapple wedges, 32 ounces cold light rum, 3 quarts cold club soda, and stir well.

Hot Wassail Bowl: Heat 3 fifths dry sherry, 1 fifth brandy till hot, not boiling; pour into bowl with segments 3 baked apples (sprinkled with brown sugar and broiled till brown), strips of peel from 4 oranges (studded with cloves and broiled); mix well.

The edibles offered should tantalize, not tranquilize, the taste buds. But don't rely on those unimaginative, plebeian barroom staples—pretzels, potato chips, popcorn and peanuts. The livelier spirits of a holiday cocktail party call for the opulence and piquancy of more than ordinary munching, so do like so:

Terrines

Stilton cheese with port

Liver pâté

Lobster pâté

Corne d'Abondance

Westphalian ham rolled around port du salut cheese

Smoked turkey rolled around water cress

Smoked salmon rolled around diced scallions

Canapés Muscovite

Lobster meat, anchovy fillets, skinned and boneless sardines, sliced hard-boiled eggs, salami, etc., garnished with parsley, paprika, pimiento, sliced olives, etc.

Hot Hors d'Oeuvres

Crab meat wrapped in bacon, broiled on a toothpick

Beluga caviar in miniature patty shells

Meat balls, cocktail sausages on toothpicks

Chilled camembert cheese strips, breaded and French fried

Spanish Melon Cubes wrapped in Prosciutto

Celery Ribs stuffed with Pâté de Foie Gras, Chopped Truffle topping

Preserved Dates stuffed with Candied Pineapple

Assorted Nuts: almonds, brazils, pecans, filberts, macadamias, etc.

Whether bedecked in bowls and chafing dishes on your groaning board, or served with style and flourish from capacious silver platters, this PLAYBOY-planned array of chef-d'oeuvre hors d'oeuvres should bring equal delight to eye and palate. As an added kindness to your cocktail-carrying guests, all have been designed exclusively as finger food—no forks, plates, dips, sauces or anything of the sort needed. The pâtés, *corne d'abondance* and canapés Muscovite are served on a variety of neutral-flavored carriers such as melba toast and cocktail crackers; the meat balls, sausages, melon cubes, broiled crab meat and fried camembert strips are speared on toothpicks; the caviar is offered in miniature patty shells, available at any patisserie; and such tidbits as celery ribs, dates and nuts

(continued on page 197)

SPACE OPERA *fiction* By RAY RUSSELL The following communication was recently received in our morning mail, along with the usual stack of letters from readers, writers, literary agents, et al. There was nothing particularly unique about the contents of the missive — in fact, it was quite typical of letters from professional authors — but the substance on which it was written was of a metallic nature and was slightly tingling to the touch. The secretary who copied its contents, so we might read it without eyestrain, claimed the letter had a way of “flickering” (her word), by which she meant vanishing and reappearing “as if it didn’t want to stay here.” This was obviously an excuse to cover a messy job of typing, and the secretary is no longer with us. Neither is the original letter: it seems to have been lost or misplaced. This is just as well, since it was not intended for us, anyway — a fact we deduce from its mention of prior correspondence (we have had no prior correspondence with this person) and also from the fact that the envelope was addressed to the editor of some foreign publication called *Man About Mars*. We are reproducing the letter here, as a curiosity, after having anagramized the names of people and places out of respect for their privacy.

— THE EDITORS



the galactic exploits of zoonbarolarrio feng

DEAR SIR: YOUR LETTER WAS MOST APPRECIATED, but I am very sorry you did not like *Vixen of Venus*. Too melodramatic, you say, and today’s readers will have nothing to do with melodrama.

But, my dear sir, life itself is flagrantly melodramatic! The lady I described in *Vixen of Venus* is an almost literal transcription of an actual lady I encountered there in my travels. However, that is water under the bridge, as you Terrans say.

My purpose in writing to you again is to sketch briefly an article I would like to do for you. It is completely factual, though I fear it may strike you as extravagant. A deep-dyed villain figures prominently in the piece; also a fair maiden in distress; not to mention a righteous, retribution-dealing father right out of the admirable Victor Hugo of your own culture. And, yes, I’m afraid there will even be a tricky twist ending.

If you have read this far, perhaps you will read further. The proposed article, which we might call *The Star of Orim*, concerns a series of fascinating events that occurred in my own galaxy, 75/890 (I trust you have no editorial taboo against foreign settings). The chronicle begins on the planet Orim, and our antagonist, the war lord Zoonbarolarrio Feng, accompanied by a beautiful young lady who hates him — it would (continued on page 92)

TO A PEACE CORPSMAN



J.D.

Merry Christmas, friend of man,
Off to uplift whom you can;
With pack on back, with map and ration,
Bound for some emerging nation;
Angola, Congo, Guinea, Ghana,
Bearing quinine, books and manna.
Bless your patriotic fervor;
Would I were a mankind server.
But each must find his own Frontier—
I'm for womankind this year.

verse
By LARRY SIEGEL

playboy's
christmas
cards

*missives & missiles
for the
jolly season*



TO A DAMSEL OF
UNTAPPED RESOURCES

Lovely lady of sweet eighteen,
So pure and delicate of mien.
'Tis the season to be jolly,
To sip the wassail, hang the holly.
You're so endowed with nature's riches,
Your untouched wealth excites, bewitches.
Come join me now by hearthside here,
The fire and rug invite good cheer.
We'll talk of love and all its facets,
While you, my dear, unfreeze your assets.



TO A CHICK'S ROOMMATE

I wish you season's joy complete,
I wish you happiness.
I wish you Christmastide replete
With health and all success.
I hope your future's warm and bright
And dream-come-true embossed.
But for tonight—yea, every night,
I wish you...would get lost!



Intalandi

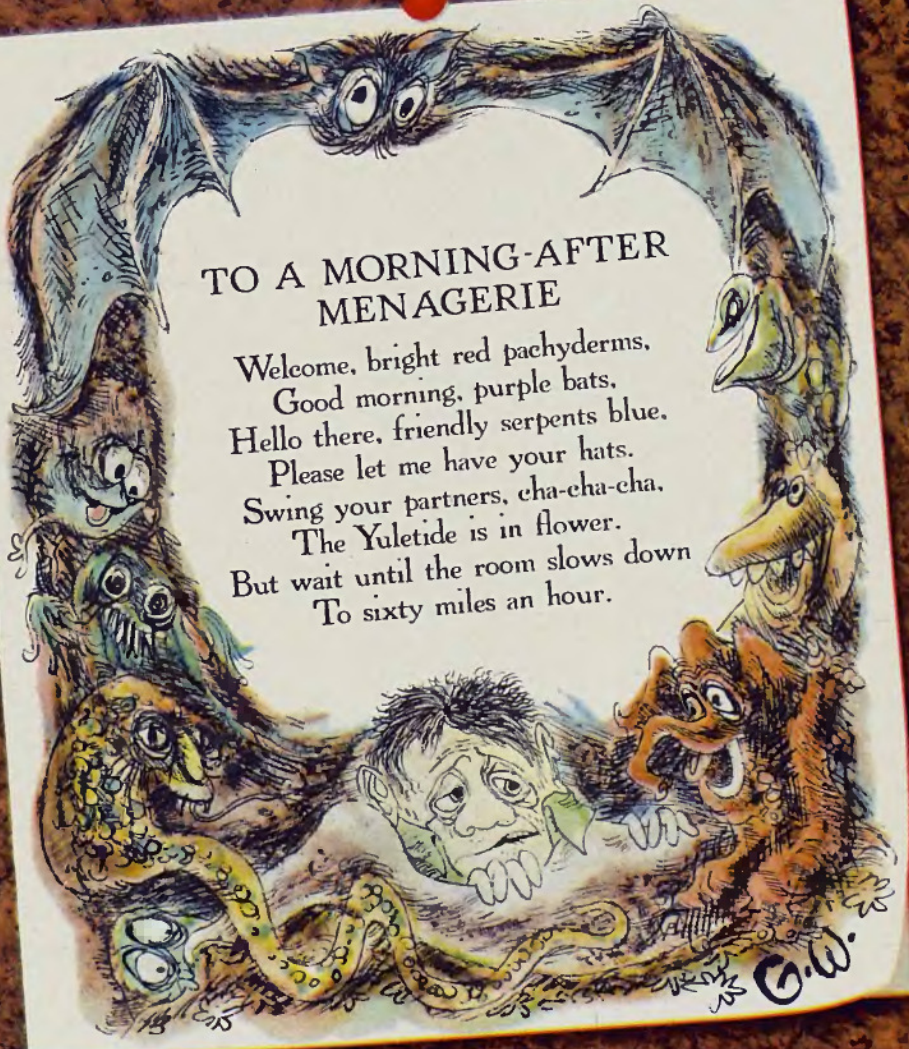
TO A JOLLY SANTA

(from his account executive)



Don Mordden

You come on strong mirthwise,
But you overproject girthwise.



TO A MORNING-AFTER MENAGERIE

Welcome, bright red pachyderms,
Good morning, purple bats,
Hello there, friendly serpents blue,
Please let me have your hats.
Swing your partners, cha-cha-cha,
The Yuletide is in flower.
But wait until the room slows down
To sixty miles an hour.

G.W.

SPACE OPERA (continued from page 89)

be well to establish this immediately — are discovered in a magnificent Orimese palace. To point up their relationship, we might have them leaving a bedroom together. They make an oddly contrasted pair as they walk through the high-ceilinged, luxurious rooms of the palace. Feng is an enormous man — massive and powerful, with thick black hair and beard; his eyes are like an eagle's and his nose is a formidable promontory that looks well on the coins that bear his likeness. In his black tunic and red robe, he is indeed an imposing figure. The girl is his complete opposite: she is small and slight, with fair skin and with hair red-gold as a dying sun (I'm sorry, but there is hair like that, you know, especially among the Orimese). Her young body is covered only by the most gauze-like pale blue silk, cut in a pattern that leaves much of her smooth skin exposed.

Feng is in a good mood. As they walk, he chatters amiably in his rumbling basso. "Conquering your planet has been rich in rewards. Not only do I capture the most brilliant scientist in the galaxy, but I find that he has an extremely beautiful daughter. A double prize!" This speech is reconstructed, and if the exposition is too crude for you, I can smooth it over in the finish.

As they approach the laboratory, they are saluted by two slender officers in the skintight black uniforms of Feng's personal guards. One of them opens the door. Feng and the girl enter a huge room of glass and metal where a small forge glows and platoons of test tubes and retorts bubble and hiss. At the end of a long aisle, a gray-haired man sits on a high stool and looks at a gleaming piece of metal in his hand.

Feng walks up to him and the girl follows. The black-bearded conqueror greets the scientist with condescending joviality. "Good evening, Torak," he booms. "What have you there?"

The old man ignores Feng, looks past him at the girl. "Vola," he whispers gently. "Vola, my child."

The girl's voice is faint and husky. "You look tired, Father. You work too hard."

"You, my dear — how are you?"

She lowers her eyes. "I'm all right. Don't worry about me."

Feng laughs. "That's right. Don't worry about her. She's in good hands. Now then, Torak: how soon will the project be finished?"

"It is finished, my lord," Torak answers in a lifeless tone, and holds up a flat piece of metal cut in the form of a four-pointed star.

"This —" asks Feng, "this is it? The new metal?"

"The new metal. The invincible metal. Yes, this is it."

Feng chuckles. "I can see you've made it into the shape of the star of Orim, the symbol of your people, eh? A very clever comment, Torak — but your rebel's propaganda is wasted on me, I fear. Here, let me have that." He snatches the metal star from Torak's hand. "I shall notify my entire staff to assemble here immediately. The tests will begin at once."

"Tests?"

"Of course," Feng smiles. "You didn't think I would take your word for it, did you? Why, for all I know, this shiny new stuff of yours might collapse like tin foil in a baby's fist. Nothing would please you more, would it?" He laughs again. "No, my friend. I am not such a fool. I have not conquered almost the entire galaxy to be finally outwitted by a rebel scientist. This metal shall be thoroughly tested, I assure you. And my own scientists shall conduct the tests." Feng's eyes grow suddenly sharper. "If it is all you claim it to be, then the last stronghold in the galaxy shall yield before me — the planet Klor!"

Now, somewhere in through here we will have to sandwich the information that, for years, Feng had been looking forward to the day when the whole galaxy would be his. Slowly, planet by planet, he saw his dream coming true, but always the planet Klor resisted his mighty navies. Perhaps in a footnote we can remind your readers that Klor is a world almost completely under water; most of its people are fishlike depth creatures. And Feng's engineers had despaired of building amphibious ships versatile enough to fling themselves from the base-planet, Sarg, across the black emptiness of outer space, and down into the watery depths of Klor. Such ships would have had to be made of metal as light as spaceship alloy and yet pressure-resistant to heat and cold and radiation. But back to our scene in the laboratory:

The scarlet-robed emperor grasps the metal star and repeats, "Yes, the tests will begin at once." He turns and strides out of the room.

When the door clangs shut, Vola buries her face in her father's chest and breaks into uncontrollable weeping. "Oh, Father! It's been so horrible! That man is a beast — a filthy beast!"

Torak's hands clench as a father's indignation rises in him. "Vola, be brave. It will not last much longer. We must both be brave."

Vola pulls herself away and collapses onto one of the benches. She sighs. "Not much longer? Who are you trying to deceive, Father? You know as well as I do that we will be Feng's prisoners as long as we live."

"Or," Torak's voice takes on a strange resonance, "as long as *he* lives."

She shrugs. "What's the difference? Feng is strong and healthy. He has the vitality of a demon: I know . . . He is not ready to die."

"Often, death comes when it is least expected."

The girl looks up. "What are you talking about, Father?"

He turns to her and his old eyes are aglow like embers. "Courage, my dear," he says. "Trust me."

As you pointed out in regard to *Vixen of Venus*, dialog is not my strong point. I realize this and am perfectly willing to do the piece in straight reportorial form, should you so desire. However, since I have begun my outline in this style, I shall continue so:

Sparks fly in the darkened laboratory, as a group of dark-goggled men recoil from terrific heat. A powerful ray is bombarding the small, star-shaped piece of metal. "See, my lord!" says one of the men. "The upper side of the metal is white hot, while the underside —"

"Yes?" hisses Feng.

"The underside is cool to the touch! Incredible! Your captive scientist has achieved perfect insulation." He turns off the ray and they all remove their goggles. "That concludes the series of tests, my lord. This piece of metal was subjected to powerful explosives, searing acids, atomic radiation, great pressure, and now — withering heat. Nothing affects it! It is completely impervious."

Feng smiles. He turns to Torak. "My congratulations. You have not failed me. You shall have an honored place in the scientific hierarchy of my empire." Abruptly, he turns to his chief engineer. "Great quantities of this metal must be produced and made into the spaceships you have designed. You will work with Torak. I shall expect you to begin tomorrow. And remember, gentlemen: the conquest of Klor means the conquest of the galaxy." He walks away as the scientists and generals bow. At the door, he turns to a figure in the shadows. "Come, Vola," he says. (We can play down this sex element if you wish.)

During the next months, Torak forces himself to be oblivious to his daughter's tears. While she struggles in the arms of Feng, the scientist supervises at foundries where ton after ton of the molten new metal are poured from monstrous blast furnaces. Captive slave-workers from the far reaches of the galaxy labor day and night until they drop from exhaustion and are whipped into consciousness again. And often at Torak's side is the exultant Feng who slaps him on the back and praises him.

As soon as the sheets of metal roll from the foundries, they are rushed to the shipyards where, already, the armada of

(continued on page 207)

after the faculty party, one heady draught released the beast within

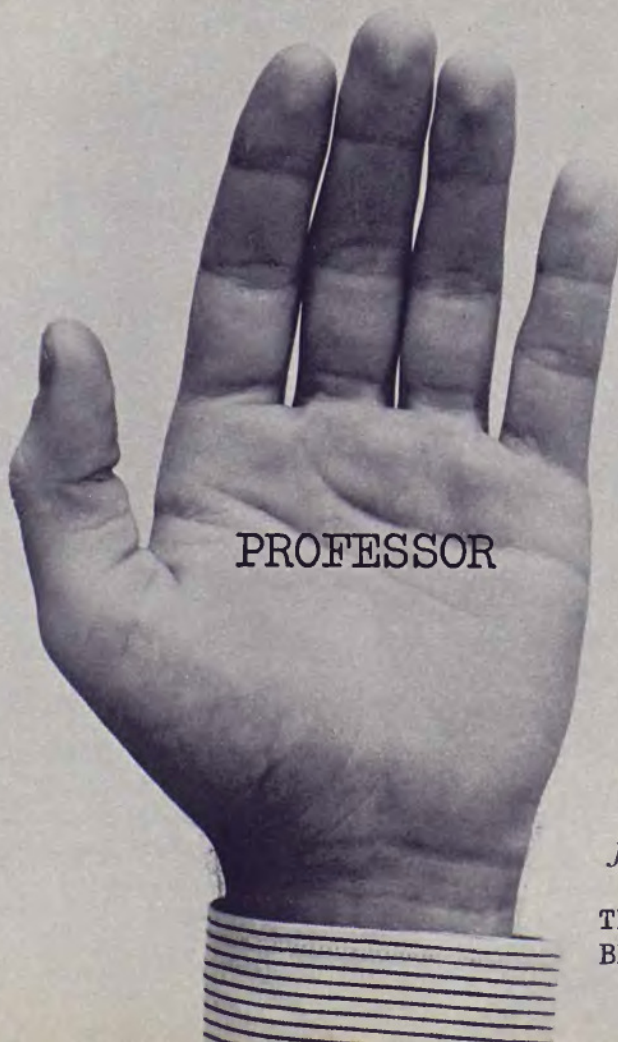
HENRY HYDE, PH.D., assistant professor of sociology, had for precisely one year suffered a violent and unrequited craving for the wife of a faculty colleague at Merryweather College; and here it was, Christmas Eve again, the annual eggnog fest, the anniversary of the onset of his unhappy hunger. His prey stood blonde and breasty, gaudy, apathetic, peering with great violet eyes into a foaming cup while Claude Revanche, of Romance Languages, spitefully abused prominent statesmen.

Hyde wiped off his nog-mustache and insinuated himself between his beauty and little Claude, who was the kind of freak that attended parties to talk to his wife, for so she was.

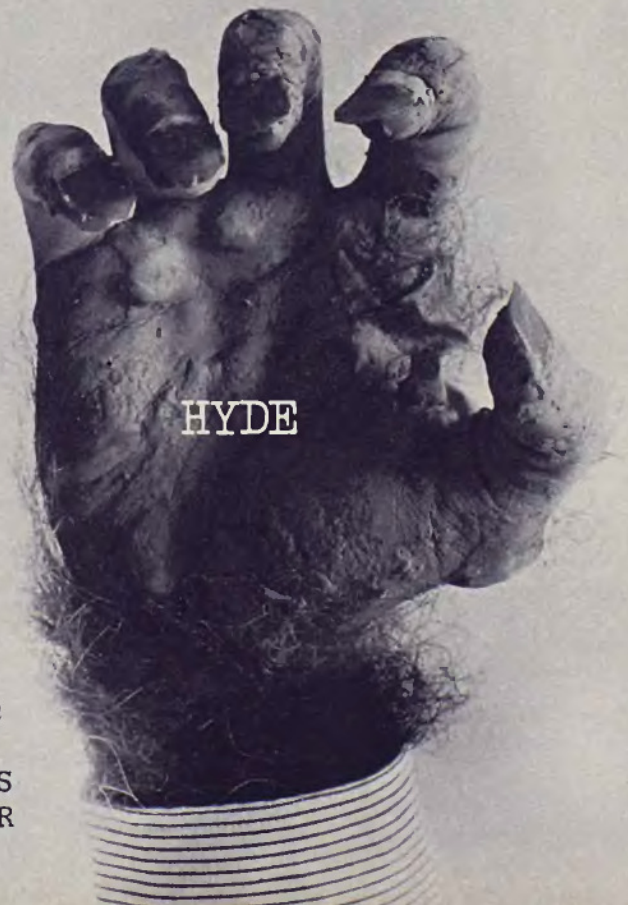
Revanche said, with the unction of a hamlet minister: "Weez and I agree that X, Y and Z are probably inverts."

"Probably!" said Hyde, robustly, so that he could roll his eyes from Claude to Louise, and hence from her bust to shin. His right arm, carrying the glass cup, drifted against her soft, bananalike left.

Revanche screamed outrage. Hyde's secret was out and he helpless. The lounge of Webster Hall was congested with faculty members, wives and offspring, and a dozen students, holiday holdovers, in basic black: the latter all girls, since Merryweather was that kind of school. And before the great fireplace, into which three Cossacks could have ridden without colliding, stood the president, Gifford T. Cudahy, hard back toward Yule log, noble face toward surrounding sycophants, arctic eyes looking over them at Hyde — whom, Hyde happened to know, he disliked profoundly. Exposed, exposed! Hyde ranted to himself, maintaining contact with Louise and taking forever to hear that Revanche's rage was directed, *(continued on page 140)*



PROFESSOR



HYDE

fiction
By
THOMAS
BERGER



Intrepid

"That's all very well for you, but what do I hang onto?"

WALL STREET ^{IS NOT} MONTE CARLO

By **J. PAUL GETTY** *the speculator in common stocks has no more chance than a roulette player, but the investor has the house odds on his side*

SIZABLE FORTUNES HAVE BEEN MADE and are being made by individuals who invest their money in common stocks. I, myself, have made many millions by investing in them, by buying common shares on the stock market. I own certain shares today that are worth as much as 45 times what I paid for them a few years ago.

Yes, common stocks can prove highly profitable to those who *buy* them — to those who choose them carefully and consider them as *investments*. I would not, however, recommend that anyone spend a penny on stocks for purposes of speculation. I cannot hold out much hope for those who buy stocks in companies about which they know little or nothing on the basis of a tip. Such people expect to make a killing — but instead, they are lambs leading themselves to the slaughter. That, in my opinion, just about sums up the situation insofar as speculation in general and stock market speculation in particular are concerned.

If purchased wisely, selected common stocks are excellent investments. But they should be bought for investment. The stock market is not a gambling den. Nonetheless, it might be said that speculators bear somewhat the same relationship to investors that roulette players bear to the owners of a casino. Speculators — like roulette players — are simply gambling, hoping that they'll guess right and hit a lucky streak. Investors, like casino owners, sit back calmly, coolly and confidently, knowing that the house odds are working inexorably in their favor.

To put it another way, the former are betting on the weather, while the latter are banking on the climate. The weather is notoriously temperamental and changeable. At best, it can be predicted only within certain limits and only for very short periods in advance. The climate, on the other hand, follows an established and predictable pattern year after year and decade after decade. It takes only a single, sudden freak storm to wipe out the speculator. The seasoned and sophisticated investor handily rides out even protracted spells of foul weather, because he has made allowances and provisions for them in his long-term calculations.

Unfortunately, it is difficult to impress these truths upon people who are mesmerized by the idea that they can reap immense profits through in-and-out speculation in common stocks. Even more unfortunately, those most prone to fall into this trap are usually individuals with limited savings or capital who can't afford the losses they almost invariably incur.

I know of countless incidents that prove the financially suicidal folly of random speculation in stocks. Typical — and telling — is the story of one of my former employees, a man I'll call George Baker.

George Baker was a likable, industrious man of 32 with a wife and two young children. One day in 1950 he came to me and asked for some advice.

"I've got about \$5000 in my savings account, and my wife has just inherited \$10,000 from an aunt," he explained. "I'd like to buy stocks with the money, and I thought you might be willing to give me a few hints."

I have never considered myself an investment counselor, and I told Baker as much. I suggested that he consult a professional investment counselor, but he pleaded with me to advise and help him.

I don't like telling other people what they should do with their money, but George Baker was so earnest and persistent in his entreaties that I finally agreed. I suggested that he consider investing his money in two stocks: A, an industrial stock and B, an oil stock. Both were underpriced in relation to the earnings and realizable assets of the companies that issued them. In addition, the companies were even then embarking on expansion programs, and their future prospects appeared extremely bright.

"Both stocks seem to be excellent buys," I told George Baker. "If you purchase them now — at prevailing prices — you'll very probably make quite a bit of money on them in the next several years."

To my surprise, Baker's face fell, and he looked terribly disappointed.

"But I want to make money quickly," he protested. "I don't" (continued on page 110)

Dedini's
Christmas
Portfolio

a yuletide package of new blue cheer

PEYTON
PLACE





"I've been saved, thank you."



"No, Fred, it's pretty quiet here. As you know, Stanhope and Company canceled all Christmas office parties two years ago."



"Santa Claus is on his way, Miss Bowers. Tell me, are you a good girl or a bad girl?"



"Open your mouth and close your eyes."



"Christmas, of course, is really a rat race for us Don Juans."



"What's going on here?!"



"BAH! HUMBUG!"



"...and still another memorable Christmas dinner, I recall, consisted of Consommé Madrilène, Gigot D'Agneau en Croute, Bouquet of Baby String Beans, a certain Miss Dominique Tyler, and two magnums of Bollinger '36..."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK ECK

*she
floats
through
the air*

*parachuting
playmate
lynn karrol
is our heavenly body
for december*





IF YOU'RE LOOKING for a girl with both feet on the ground, look elsewhere, for December's air-borne miss, Lynn Karrol, is smitten with the life aloft — at least part of the time. She's a lissome 22-year-old ex-Pittsburgher transplanted to Manhattan, has held a pilot's license since she was 16 and has recently taken up the exhilarating sport of skydiving (she's logged nine jumps so far). Miss Karrol's somewhat singular avocation has not been plucked out of thin air: her father owns a small flying field on the edge of Pittsburgh and Lynn returns there several weekends a year to perfect her technique. When she isn't hitting the silk, she's donning it — as a fashion and television model.



Lynn acquired her mannequin's poise at a Pittsburgh finishing school; after graduating, she stayed on to teach her newly acquired social skills (make-up, styling, speech, etc.) to fledgling models. Our richly endowed (35-22-35) aress doesn't always have her saffron coiffed head in the clouds: she'd love to use her growing

number of modeling credits as a springboard to the movies. Lynn suspects that a film contract might put an end to her skydiving diversions. Until then, however, she'll rate as our favorite fall girl.

Playmate Lynn Karrol makes the switch easily from glamorous high-fashion model sipping a Tom Collins to jump-suited skydiver—all the while remaining captivatingly feminine.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS DECEMBER



High-flying Lynn does her jumping from a Cessna 150, wears a serene smile as a pretty preface to taking off on another skydive. The Karrol form looks well-nigh perfect as she starts her spectacular descent toward terra firma.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A new organization has been formed, called Athletics Anonymous. When you get the urge to play golf, baseball, or any other game involving physical activity, they send someone over to drink with you until the urge passes.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *window dresser* as a girl who doesn't pull down the shades.

A friend of ours who is a nut on classic automobiles bought a car a few weeks ago that runs entirely on electricity, and he paid \$10,000 for it — \$5000 for the car and \$5000 for the extension cord.

Bobby's mother had been away for a few weeks and was questioning her small son about events during her absence.

"Well," said the boy, "one night we had an awful thunderstorm. It was so bad that I got scared, and so Daddy and me slept together."

"Bobby," said Babette, the boy's pretty French nursemaid, "you mean 'Daddy and I.'"

"No, I don't," exclaimed Bobby. "That was last Thursday. I'm talking about Monday night."



Some girls get a lot out of a dress, and leave it out.

The suburban couple, middle-aged and married for very nearly 22 years, were out for the Saturday-afternoon ritual with the grass, the bushes and flowers. He was putting Vigoro on the crab grass and she was pruning the rose

bushes, but somehow their minds didn't seem to be on their work. The wife seemed especially discontent and was mumbling under her breath about something; then, quite unexpectedly, she stalked over to where the husband was standing, examining at close range a tree fungus on his favorite elm, and gave him a short kick to the ankle.

"Ow-ouch!" exclaimed the husband, seizing the bruised appendage. "What the hell did you do that for?"

"*That,*" she said, stalking back to her rose bushes, "is for being such a lousy lover!"

The husband thought about this unexpected attack for a minute or two, then he turned and — just as resolutely as she had a few moments before — stalked over and gave his wife a swift and well-placed foot to the behind as she bent over, about to pluck an American Beauty.

"OW!" she wailed. "You brute — why did you do *that*?"

"*That,*" said he, returning to his elm, "is for knowing the difference!"

The guy who first said, "You can't take it with you," had probably never met an old maid.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stalemate* as last season's girlfriend.

An old fraternity brother told us about a gag an undergrad girlfriend of his pulled off last semester: She disguised herself as a boy, joined TKE and the authorities never found out about it.

"Wait a minute," we objected. "If this girl joined a fraternity, she would have had to dress with the guys and shower with them."

"Sure."

"Well then, someone must have discovered she was a girl!"

"Probably," said our friend, downing his drink. "But who'd tell?"

Carol was furious when she came home unexpectedly and caught her Harry in bed with a lady midget.

"You promised me two weeks ago that you would never cheat on me again," she stormed.

Harry shrugged his shoulders and murmured airily, "Well, as you can see, I'm tapering off."

Heard any good ones lately? Send your favorites to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 232 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill., and earn \$25 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment goes to first received. Jokes cannot be returned.



Bill Murphy

"Don't 'Ho-ho-ho' me, you dirty old man!!"

WALL STREET

(continued from page 95)

want to wait for years to make my profits. I thought you'd be able to tip me off to something really good — you know, a stock that'll go up in price fast . . ."

I could see that it was useless to reason with Baker. He didn't want to invest. He wanted to gamble his money in the hopes of getting rich overnight.

The Korean conflict had just begun. Some stocks were dropping, while others, given artificial impetus by widespread predictions of materials shortages to come, zoomed in price. George Baker reacted in a manner characteristic of most speculators. He bought stocks which he believed were "going sky-high." For a time, his shares did continue to increase in value. Whenever we met during those next few weeks, he gave me what were almost pitying looks. It was obvious that he considered me stupid and shortsighted. It was clear that he wondered how anyone with as little imagination as I possessed could ever have become a multimillionaire. Then, the inevitable happened. The overinflated price balloons of the speculative stocks burst. George Baker lost not only all his considerable paper profits, but also the major portion of his original \$15,000.

What if he had invested his money in stocks A and B and held them for the 10 years between 1950 and 1960? Well, taking into consideration dividends, stock splits and the increased value of the shares, he would have quintupled his original investment. And, he could have done as well or even better with other sound growth stocks, had he bought them in 1950 and held them as investments until 1960.

George Baker lost his money, but he had not been swindled or robbed by confidence men or tricksters. He had cheated himself of the opportunity to make a large profit over a period of time because he was obsessed with the idea of getting rich quick. Get-rich-quick schemes just don't work. If they did, then everyone on the face of the earth would be a millionaire. This holds as true for stock market dealings as it does for any other form of business activity.

Don't misunderstand me. It is possible to make money — and a great deal of money — in the stock market. But it can't be done overnight or by haphazard buying and selling. The big profits go to the intelligent, careful and patient investor, not to the reckless and overeager speculator. Conversely, it is the speculator who suffers the losses when the market takes a sudden downturn. The seasoned investor buys his stocks when they are priced low, holds them for the long-pull rise and takes in-between dips and slumps in his stride.

"Buy when stock prices are low — the

lower the better — and hold onto your securities," a highly successful financier advised me years ago, when I first started buying stocks. "Bank on the trends and don't worry about the tremors. Keep your mind on the long-term cycles and ignore the sporadic ups and downs . . ."

I've found that this, in a nutshell, is the secret of profitable investment in common stocks. I have bought stocks at low — often rock-bottom — prices, resisted the temptation to sell them for quick profits and held them through the years. Some shares I bought during the Depression are worth 75 and 100 times what I paid for them.

Great numbers of people who purchase stocks seem unable to grasp these simple principles. They do not buy when prices are low. They are fearful of bargains. They wait until a stock goes up — and up — and then buy because they feel they are thus getting in on a sure thing. Very often, they buy too late — just before a stock has reached one of its peaks. Then they get caught and suffer losses when the price breaks even a few points.

Typical of these people is an acquaintance of mine with whom I had lunch one day in 1955. We talked about many things — including the stock market. During the course of the conversation I happened to mention that the X Corporation's shares were selling at 4½, and that I thought the stock would go up in price.

By late 1957, the stock stood at 11¼. I later learned that my acquaintance had kept his eye on the stock for two years and, when it reached 11¼, he finally decided it was safe to buy and purchased several hundred shares. He watched happily while the stock climbed to 13½ in the next six months. Then there was a dip. X shares fell to 10 and stayed there. My Johnny-come-lately acquaintance sold out and lost money. Those of us who'd bought early held on, for the securities were worth more than twice what we had paid for them. Eventually, the stock rose again, going up several more points to reach another fairly steady price plateau. Today, it's around 15 — and those of us who bought early are holding on to it firmly. I might add that we've also collected satisfactory dividends on the stock through the years.

Many individuals consider themselves investors, yet they view stocks as things to buy and then sell quickly when prices go up a point or two. Now, this sort of stock dealing is fine and proper for a floor trader who is, after all, a professional and who may be in and out of a given stock a dozen times in the course of a single day. That is the floor trader's business. It is not, however, sound investment as I believe the average nonpro-

fessional should understand investment.

As I see it, the average person should consider the purchase of common stock as the investment of surplus capital for the purpose of earning an annual return on that capital and of eventually increasing the capital as much as possible.

The average individual begins "investing" by opening a savings account or by buying insurance or annuities. He usually graduates to buying Government bonds. Later, when he is more experienced and sure of himself, he may decide to invest in common stocks. If and when he does so, he should follow certain definite rules for his own protection and benefit.

1. In the main, the average investor should consider buying only such common stocks as are listed on a major stock exchange. There are many good reasons for this. Many unlisted stocks are worthless, bogus shares peddled by fly-by-night companies. Even when the unlisted stocks are legitimate, the buyer often finds that he is "locked in" with his investment. It is frequently difficult to sell an unlisted security.

The person who buys or sells listed stocks can always be certain he is paying — or receiving — a price that is fair and bona fide to the extent that it has been set by buyers and sellers according to the law of supply and demand in a free market place. The same cannot always be said for unlisted stocks, which may be pegged at artificially high prices or, in some cases, have no value at all.

2. Common stocks should be purchased when their prices are low, not after they have risen to high levels during an upward bull-market spiral. Buy when everyone else is selling and hold on until everyone else is buying is more than just a catchy slogan. It is the very essence of successful investment.

History shows that the overall trend of stock prices — like the overall trends of living costs, wages and almost everything else — is up. Naturally there have been and always will be dips, slumps, recessions and even depressions, but these are invariably followed by recoveries which carry most stock prices to new highs. Assuming that a stock and the company behind it are sound, an investor can hardly lose if he buys shares at the bottom and holds them until the inevitable upward cycle gets well under way.

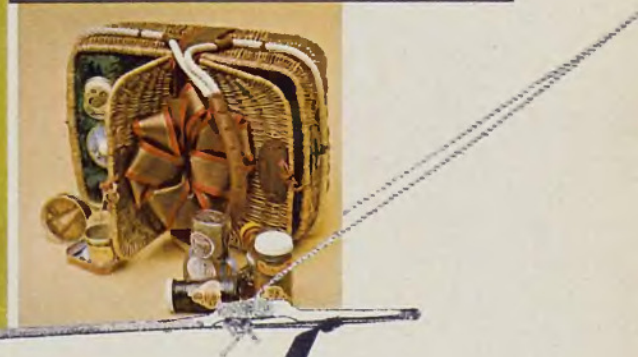
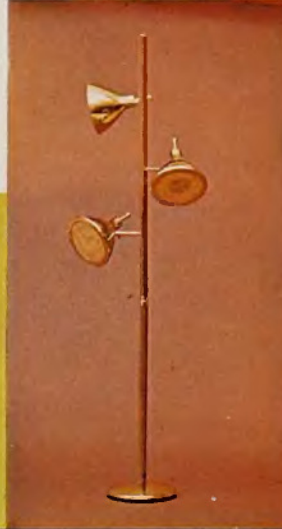
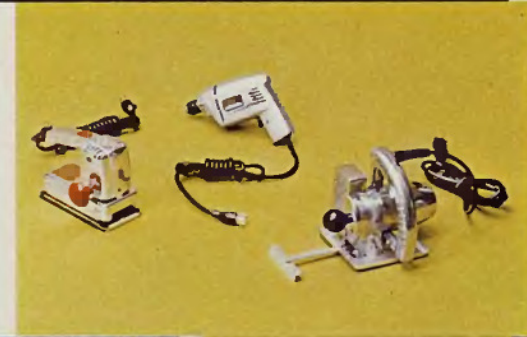
3. Withal, the wise investor realizes that it is no longer possible to consider the stock market as a whole. Today's stock market is far too vast and complex for anyone to make sweeping generalized predictions about the course the market as such will follow.

It is necessary to view the present-day stock market in terms of groups of stocks, but it is not enough merely to classify

(continued on page 187)

AT THE PRESENT TIME

*splendiferous gifts galore
to sleigh him
come christmas*



A sumptuous sledful of imaginative Christmas gifts. Left, top to bottom: teak umbrella stand, by Maison Gourmet, \$22.50. Walnut bar with refrigerator, formica counter, storage compartment, by Springer-Penguin, \$550. Center, top to bottom: double-action sander, with three-position removable auxiliary handle, by Cummins Power Tools, \$49.95; 1/4" drill with geared key chuck, by Skil Corp., \$18.95; 1/2-hp portable jig saw, by Wen Products, \$44.95. Lightweight kangaroo leather golf bag with hidden umbrella-holder, \$160; matched set of 13 tourney woods and irons, \$244.50, all by MacGregor. Right, top to bottom: Diplomat Foursome trav-L-bar, with six 8-oz. tumblers, six 2-oz. shot glasses of polished aluminum, chrome mixing spoon, bottle-and-can opener, corkscrew, stain-resistant Mylar tray lid, by Ever-Wear, \$24.95. Pole-mounted walnut and brass three-way speaker system pivots 360 degrees, has crossover network, volume control, by Lords Electronics, \$109. Left to right: AM-FM 9-transistor portable auto radio, has push-button controls, by Sony, \$79.95; 3-band short-wave AM 8-transistor radio, with dial light, by Hitachi, \$79.95; Ovation 8-transistor, portable AM-FM receiver operates on flashlight batteries, by Bulova, \$79.95. Wicker double hamper trimmed with leather, brass and hemp, contains gourmet assortment, by Berkshire Farms, \$100.

A pleasantly pushy female helps deliver a full complement of Christmas treasure guaranteed to make easy sledding of your lady fair's master plans. Clockwise from one o'clock: PLAYBOY's fetching Femlin, \$7.50, flourishes aloft our favorite bunny-embazoned four-in-hand, black on muted shades of gray, brown, navy, red, olive, \$5, Playboy Products. Our Christmas wool-gathering garnered these cold-weather accouterments: left to right, Swedish wool pullover, \$26.50, matching cap, \$3.50; Icelandic-patterned multicolor wool cardigan with hidden zipper, \$32.50; Bavarian hand-loomed wool zippered cardigan with contrasting trim, \$27.50, matching cap, \$3.50; all by P.&M. Distributors. Perfect for travel reminiscences or top-level sales meetings: 580 console model Executive Projector in walnut cabinet, holds 60 slides in spill-proof tray; F/2.8 45mm lens projects mirror-reflected image on 13½" x 20" translucent screen; remote-control unit on 10-foot cord allows forward and reverse cycling, remote focusing, contains a pointer light; four-position automatic timer can be set for 4-8-16- or 32-second intervals, by Argus Cameras, \$400. A superb helpmeet is this contemporary design forged stainless steel 11-piece steak knife and carving set, slicer, carver and fork, with hollow-ground stainless razor-steel blades, in lined cowhide zippered case, by Plummer, \$49.50. For the happy huntsman: Deerslayer lightweight 16-gauge shotgun for rifled slugs, with peep sight, recoil pad, sling, by Ithaca, \$125; lightweight automatic-loading, center-fire .308-caliber rifle with detachable box magazine, rotary-action bolt-lock, by Winchester, \$155. For sitzmarkers and schussboomers: Red Blizzard combination skis, lacquered laminated wood with Kofix plastic bottoms, steel edging, \$85, attached Eckel bindings, \$16; Eckel steel poles with racing rings, \$14.50; Innsbruck double boots with speed lacing, \$32.50; glare-killing amber-tinted plastic racing goggles, \$2.50, all by P.&M. Distributors. Herewith an extra-elegant carving equipage: silver-plate roast carving cart with cherry-wood base, has movable plate rack, carving-knife shelf, cast aluminum cutting plate, vegetable or gravy warmers, twin alcohol or Sterno heating elements, by Iron Gate, \$2000. For the most automatic do-it-yourself moviemaking, a Leicina 8mm electric-eye motion-picture camera with reflex viewing and focusing systems; motor driven by miniature battery, controls exposure automatically, with adjustable forehead rest bar, folding hand grip, leather carrying strap, by Leitz, \$267. Attached is Q-Beam, a 650-watt quartz motion-picture flood lamp with built-in safety, needs no fuses, has adjustable hinged folding camera mount, provides constant color values for 16 hours, by Acme-Lite Manufacturing Company, \$22.95. Above the guns: for company cookery, an eight-quart earthenware marmite with copper and brass stand; alcohol or Sterno heating element has walnut handle, by Bazar Francais, \$49.50.







A brace of snow belles follow their leader with a Flexible Flyerful of new booty. Clockwise from top: Selectric 11-inch rigid-carriage electric typewriter is world's fastest, uses spherical typing element with six interchangeable faces, has automatic paper feed, by IBM, \$395. Toast-colored vicuna vest with gold-finished pewter buttons, four pockets, crest-patterned pongee silk lining, by Hylo, \$100; on either side, African hand-woven vests, by Sidafro Imports, \$30 each; brown alligator four-compartment pocket secretary, by Rolfs, \$35; brown double-sided crocodile belt, by Countess Mara, \$36.50. Citizens' Band Transceiver, has automatic volume control, illuminated slide-rule dial, controls for tuning, squelch, on-off, volume, by Regency, \$124. Atmos Heritage perpetual-motion clock, by Le Coultre, \$125. Left to right: matte chrome ashtray, \$10.50, teak and matte chrome lighter, \$14, and silent butler, \$9, all by Maison Gourmet. Chef-Mate all-in-one mixer, juicer, coffee grinder, sharpener, blender (only latter shown), by Casco Products, \$119.95. Merry '01 full-size working replica, air-cooled, two forward speeds and reverse, starter, sealed-beam headlights, directional signals, pneumatic tires, top (not shown), by Berkshire Sales, \$1895. Top: Montague 20-oz. hollow fiberglass big-game rod with stainless-steel, chrome-plated guides, stained-ash butt, by True Temper, \$47.50; Ocean City sailfish reel with forged brass one-piece spool, Bakelite side plates, by True Temper, \$25. Below: light-action 6½-foot hollow fiberglass rod, by Garcia, \$27; automatic spinning reel with two spools of different line capacity, by Garcia, \$39.95. Nylon one-suiter, by United Luggage, \$42.50; two wool blankets in cowhide carrier, by Loyal, \$25.





MODUS BIBENDI

article BY ALEC WAUGH *a potatious peripatetic proposes that as it is with people, so it may be with nations: by their drinking customs ye shall know them*

"WILL SOMEONE TAKE ME TO A PUB?" So ran the refrain of one of G. K. Chesterton's happiest ballades. I have often quoted it to myself when the Madame Secretary of a lecture club has displayed for my admiration the cultural and civic ornaments of the community whose elite I am to address that afternoon. The library, the swimming pool, the oratorium, the cathedral, the park are potent proofs, no doubt, of a high standard of industry and social consciousness, but I should get a clearer insight into her fellow citizens if she would take me to a saloon and I could observe how they relaxed.

A nation reveals itself in its drinking habits. The various airlines — American, Asian, European — vie with one another in their advertisements to explain what is that "little something," that treasured secret that makes them different from and superior to all other lines. I have flown by most of them, and they are all the same; identical in service and routine, with the quality of the meals and comfort determined by the class you travel — first, tourist or economy. In one respect only have I found any difference among them: the kinds of drinks they serve and the way in which they serve them. In no other way, if I were taken onto an aircraft blindfolded, could I guess under which flag I flew.

A trim, brisk hostess is at your elbow with an order list. "Would you like anything to drink before your lunch? Beer, gin and tonic, sherry?" Britain is taking care of you. A small tumbler is put upon your table, a trolley is wheeled down the aisle. "Cinzano, Dubonnet, St. Raphael?" Where else but in France could you be? A highly salted herring canapé bites your palate, a small cold glass smelling of aniseed is set before you. Ah, Scandinavia! There is the rattle of ice on aluminum. "Martini or manhattan, sir?" This is the U.S.A. The invariable "delicious, complimentary meal" will follow, but you have your map reference.

We are the products of our soil and climates — mentally, emotionally and socially; our natures are determined by the degree of latitude on which we live; so are our drinking habits, which are the expressions of those natures. There are basic differences among the Latins who are wine producers, the English and Germans who are beer producers, and the northerners — the Scandinavians, the Scots, the North Americans — who hit back against the cold with spirits. Wine drinkers as a general rule drink during meals; whereas the advocates of beer and spirits drink before and after meals. The sidewalk cafés of France and Italy are expressive of a wine drinker's way of life, just as the Third Avenue saloon fulfills the demands of the man who escapes shivering from Arctic cold, throws quickly upon his stomach a short sharp shot of fire, then as warmth revives him looks round for company among other orphans of the storm.

Between the beer drinkers of Germany and England there is a difference imposed by climate. The German summer is very hot; its winter is very cold and its rooms are appropriately heated. England, the beneficiary as she is the victim of the Gulf Stream, is neither frozen in winter nor baked in summer. Central heat is for the most part a superfluity, and tropical-weight clothes are rarely needed. Clammy is the definitive epithet, and English draft beer is an admirable antidote to that. Indeed, only in England could it be drunk at all. It is flat and tepid and American GIs were very properly warned against it when they crossed the ocean. But in England it is rarely hot enough for one to need cold beer. On the few occasions when it is, tepid beer can be exceedingly unpleasant, particularly during austere periods of rationing when the brew is denied its fair share of malt. I remember returning to England from America in the summer of 1948. It happened to be a torrid day. There was *(continued on page 134)*



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



'Twas the night before Christmas and all through
 the duplex
 Just a valet was pressing (a glen plaid with
 blue checks).
 The nylons were hung by the chimney with care
 C.O.D. from I. Magnin's (the bill was still there).

The boys home from prep school all snug in their beds,
 While visions of Marilyn danced in their heads.
 And Mumms in her Bergdorf and I in my Saks
 Lay in Louis XIV (whose first name was Max).

When up in the penthouse there arose such a clatter
 I summoned the butler, asked, "What was the matter?"
 I ran through the room in a 40-yard sprint,
 Pulled up the venetians and leaned out to squint.



The moon on the sidewalks of chic Sutton Place
Gave the color of liver to the old doorman's face.
When what to my wond'ring eyes did appear
But a Mercedes-Benz pulling up in high gear!

With a cute little driver so lively and quick
I knew 'twas the chauffeur of Jolly Saint Nick!
More rapid than Jags, his convertible came
And he whistled and shouted and called it by name.

"Now Stupid! Now Junk-Heap! Now Bucket of Bolts!
Look out for those taxis! (Those drivers are dolts!)
Look out for the porch! Look out for the wall!
Whatever you do, Mercedes, don't stall!"

As strollers 'fore taxis and buses do fly,
He hit a poor cop and knocked him sky high.
Then up to the duplex the convertible flew,
With a trunk full of toys and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling like a fast-driving heiress,
He slammed on the brakes and parked on the terrace!
As I drew on my Homburg and was turning around
Down the stone fireplace Santa came with a bound!

He was dressed all in cashmere from his head to his foot.
Abercrombie & Fitch was stamped on each boot.
He had a Hathaway shirt—and was looking quite dudie
As he took genteel puffs on a meerschaum Kaywoodie.

His Cavanagh hat and bright Argyle socks
Matched the fur on his suit which was ermine, not fox.
His beard was white mink—a right jolly old elf
And I laughed at his spats, in spite of myself.

But a look at his tie (shantung and in red!)
And I wished that I'd stood all snug in my bed.
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work
And drove Sardi's caterer fairly berserk.

He ate like a demon as he trimmed up the tree—
Pheasant, hors d'oeuvres and lobster *gelée*.
In a fine linen hankie he blew on his nose,
Sucked in his tummy—up the chimney he rose.

His driver was snoozing, a lovely young dame.
She woke with a smile when he called her by name.
Come Gina, Bambina, it's time for linguini—
But first to the Stork Club, a real dry martini.

He saw me and hollered ere he whizzed out of sight—
"I'll bill you next month for my labors tonight!"



Paul Davis

Stork
Club

pictorial

WONDERFUL AND EXCITING things have happened to PLAYBOY during its eighth year of publication. We count among them hefty increases in circulation (now guaranteed at 1,150,000), advertising lineage and revenue; the launching of SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED, the most important new magazine of the past half-dozen years; established plans to expand the Playboy Club operation to 50 major cities throughout the world. The year's dramatic caper was provided by a signed contract with Tony Curtis to produce and star in a film based on the PLAYBOY operation, scheduled for shooting this coming spring. Curtis will play Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner, the man behind it all.

With so much to celebrate, some very special salute to our Eighth Anniversary seemed called for. Hefner decided on a gala house party. He had the perfect setting for it — the Playboy Mansion, a magnificent house in the center of Chicago's Near North Side. And what could be more in keeping with the spirit of the occasion than inviting a dozen of the magazine's most dazzling pin-up beauties, the Playmates of the Month, to be the guests of honor for a weekend frolic.

The girls arrived on the scene one wintry Friday afternoon from near and distant corners of the country: Manhattan mannequins Sheralee Conners (Miss July 1961) and Carrie Radison (Miss June 1957) flew in from Gotham, as did Latin Quarter lovely Elaine Reynolds (Miss October 1959); from Hollywood came movie and TV actresses Delores Wells (Miss June 1960) and Kathy Douglas (Miss October 1960); heading East from California, too, were Teddi Smith (Miss July 1960) and Christa Speck (Miss September 1961), who was so entranced with Chicago she decided *(text continued on page 125)*

PLAYMATE HOLIDAY HOUSE PARTY

playboy invites a dozen of its past pin-up favorites to a weekend anniversary celebration

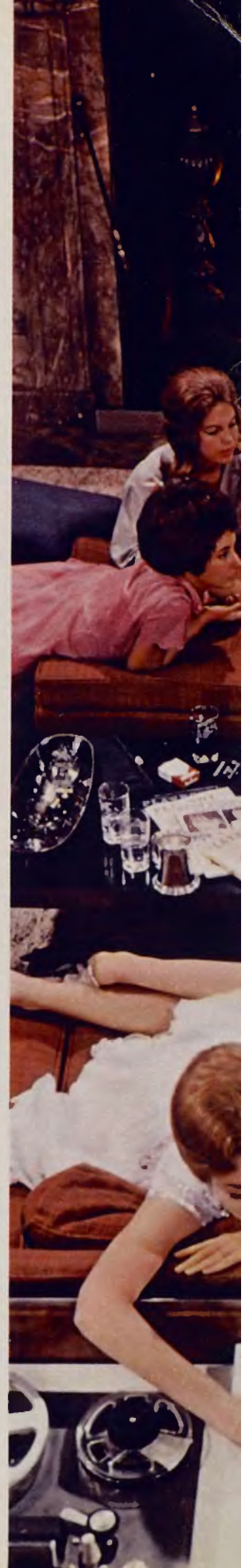




Above: PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher and party host Hugh Hefner ushers a pretty quartet of arriving Playmates past the armor-guarded entrance to his boronial main living room. From lovely left to radiant right: Delores Wells, Sheralee Conners, Christa Speck, Kathy Douglas. Already on hand for the weekend festivities are Joyce Nizzari, clutching her poodle (o most fortunate bundle of fluff named Pumpkin P. Dog), and ponytailed Teddi Smith. Far left: host Hefner takes his glamorous house guests on a top-to-bottom tour of his opulent digs situated in the heart of Chicago's Near North Side, points out some of the intriguing features of the inviting free-form pool—water temperoture kept ot a constant body-soothing 82 degrees, polm trees growing from islands in the center, a hidden cove (dubbed the "Woo Grotto" by Time magazine) behind a shimmering waterfall, o subsurface bar whose outsized picture window affords the bibber a skindiver's-eye view of deep-six doings. Left: hoving completed a turn about their host's mansion—a lengthy jaunt—o packet of our favorite Playmates relax in the Red Room, one of the several guest rooms they occupied during their weekend stay, get a chance to unpack their clothes, phone home, compore careers and partake in that mysterious pastime, girl talk, before the weekend Anniversary celebration shifts into high.



Friday night, Hef escorts his dozen Playmates to the Chicago Playboy Club. Above: the stunning entourage savors the steak dinner and lively show in the Penthouse. Below: after the show, the girls gather in the Playmate Bar for conversation and libation. Left to right: Elizabeth Ann Roberts, Joyce Nizzari, Teddi and Joni Mottis are flanked by Bunnies and backdropped by Playmate photos. Several of the house-partying Playmates are now Playboy Club Bunnies. Right: Fridoy draws to a quiet close as the pipe-and-slippered host explains the intricacies of his elaborate stereo rig to Kathy and Susie Scott, while (l to r) Liz, Christa, Carrie Radison, Elaine Reynolds, Joyce, Sheralee, Linda Gamble, Joni and Teddi pass the popcorn and sip hot toddies beside the roaring fire.





Above: Christa, Linda, Liz and Carrie, becomingly nightgowned, trim the ceiling-high Christmas tree in anticipation of the forthcoming holidays. Below: Teddi, July 1960's silver-tressed Playmate and last December's cover girl, adds her own distinctive ornamentation to the Yule tree.





Left: Saturday is launched in leisurely fashion as the girls indulge in the luxury of breakfast in bed. That's Delores in foreground sampling scrambled eggs; Carrie and Christa are in background. Host Hefner, off for conferences at the PLAYBOY offices, has given the Playmates the run of the house, promised that they will be undisturbed.



Above: putting their promised privacy to good use, the girls spend the afternoon hours having a splashing good time as they take to the warm pool *au naturel*, as unencumbered as though they were on a remote tropic isle. Right: well-tanned water sprite Christa, September '61's Playmate, is given a playful push poolward, shows the glow of year-round Hollywood sun-worshiping. Below: like a school of frolicsome, finless mermaids the girls cavort uninhibitedly beneath the water curtain covering the entrance to the hidden gratto, wind up delightfully drenched.



Below: in the luxuriously tiled two-tier steam room adjoining the pool, Joyce, Elizabeth and Teddi are drowsily draped in languid, soothing vapors; before they become parboiled, the girls will take an invigorating shower near at hand. Bottom: a pair of ultralovelies loll under the ultraviolet lamps (a timer shuts them off automatically when the girls are "done") in the sunroom 'twixt the pool and the steam bath to keep their year-round tans in shape. Their torsos are tossed on a vibrating table that tones up body muscles, in this case a quite unnecessary benefit.



to give up bank clerking in Los Angeles and stay on as a Windy City Playboy Club Bunny. Up from Miami came Joyce Nizzari (Miss December 1958) and westward from Pittsburgh jetted Linda Gamble (Miss April 1960). A trio of Chicagoans were close at hand to fill out the royal roster— Elizabeth Ann Roberts (Miss January 1958), who attends pre-med school in Chicago, Joni Mattis (Miss November 1960) and Susie Scott (Miss February 1960), both of whom are Bunnies at the Chicago Playboy Club.

The girls put in an early appearance in eager anticipation of a weekend that would culminate in Saturday night's king-sized wingding. The house — with more than 40 rooms and a round-the-clock domestic staff — is a Chicago showplace just a few blocks from the Playboy Building and Chicago Playboy Club. It has been the scene in the past of memorable parties thrown for staffers of **PLAYBOY** and **SHOW BUSINESS ILLUSTRATED**, ad and communications execs (text concluded on page 209)



Left, top to bottom: a pre-party respite finds Corrie Radison enjoying a cigarette; she and other Playmates relax in the guest rooms after their afternoon swimming session and before getting dressed for the gala evening that lies ahead—a night-long house party in their honor. PLAYBOY Associate Publisher A. C. Spector sky tête-à-tête with October '60 Playmate Kathy Douglas as the festivities get under way. Joyce, Hef and Teddi take time out from a three-way conversation to sample the tempting hors d'oeuvres. Right, top: Delores Wells does some gentle jitterbugging with the host, exchanges quips with visiting screen star Tony Curtis. Curtis will portray Publisher Hefner in the Hollywood movie *Playboy*, which goes before the cameras this coming spring. Right, above: hip comic Mort Sahl, one of a lengthy Who's Who of show business celebrities who regularly make the party scene at Hef's, shares the line for the bountiful buffet with Joni and Susie.



Above: the party suddenly takes a musical and mirthful turn for the worse as a discordant quartet of Playmates takes over the bandstand during a musicians' break and knocks out some musical nonsense for nondancers only. The girls are wildly enthusiastic but waefully atonal. Right, top to bottom: Hef shares a laugh with Joyce Nizzari, Mart Sahl and other guests as he shows them a trap door in the main living-room floor which reveals the "secluded" confines of the Wao Grotta below. Bathers Linda, Liz and friend, after swimming through the waterfall into the cave, discover by an overhead glance that they are by no means alone.



Left, top to bottom: the party progresses swimmingly around the pool's less formal environs. A bevy of bikinied Playmates make a spectacularly quick entrance to the underwater bar via a fireman's pole. A *simpatico* couple is framed in the subdued, subterranean lighting of the bar as Playmate Joni Mattis pauses between potables for a wee-hour phone call. Publisher Hefner and Playmate Christa Speck speculate over the sudden deflation of a rubber pool toy, discount the possibility of sharks. Above: as the party draws to an end, the main living room is a colorful conglomeration of suits—Ivy, Continental and bathing—and cocktail gowns. Spotlit on the living-room dance floor are swim-togged Playmate Elizabeth Ann Roberts and Playboy Club entertainer Chico Randall in a sprightly past-pool Lindy; behind them, and evidently dancing to the sound of different drummers, are flower-bikinied Susie Scott and bright new comedian Jackie Gayle, a standout performer on the Playboy Club circuit. Right: the evening's festivities reach a romantic multileveled finale as couples watch swimmers through the bar's picture window or dance cheek to cheek to the soft strains of a muted combo upstairs in the main living room. The candelabra cast their shadows onto the oak-paneled walls as the couples sway to the haunting melody of *The Party's Over*.



man at his leisure

maxim's of paris: neiman sketches



Maxim's lush decor, red velvet walls and magnificent convex mirrors provide a glittering backdrop for the Parisian *haut monde*.

the bon vivant's paradise in the city of light



MAXIM'S, just off the Place de la Concorde at 3 Rue Royale, is one of the world's famed dining establishments and a cherished mecca for affluent *cognoscenti* everywhere. Founded at the turn of the century, the restaurant still retains all the flavor of an era long past — with massive convex mirrors, velvet-covered walls, paintings turned golden with the years. An unobtrusive orchestra can be heard faintly above the well-bred talk and tinkling laughter of the ladies and gentlemen present (at one time, only actresses and well-born mistresses were considered decorative enough to be appropriate dinner companions at Maxim's). Amid the rose-hued Victorian glow of the main dining room, peripatetic **PLAYBOY** artist LeRoy Neiman and his date took dinner of a Friday night (when formal garb is obligatory). "We started with *un dry* — pronounced 'dry' and meaning, of course, a dry martini — but you want only one, lest your taste buds become immune to the *cuisine prodigieuse* that is to follow," relates Neiman. "I ordered Caviar Volga and, for the young lady, Belons Extra — small, pungent oysters — and we went on to, respectively, Crème Vichyssoise Glacée d'après M. Diat de New York and Crème Margny. As our entree, we chose the Tournedos Marsan Déglacé à l'Armagnac, in which the Armagnac is poured over the beef fillets and immediately burned off, along with Asperges Vertes de Louis and Pommes Soufflées. We'd consulted Bernard, one of the four sommeliers of Maxim's, for appropriate wines: a white Haut Brion '53 with the caviar and oysters, a red Chambertin '55 with the Tournedos.

"When we were ready for dessert, we'd achieved a state of gastronomic euphoria. I ordered a bottle of champagne, Perrier-Jouët '52, to revive us during the Soufflé Glacé aux Framboises (iced raspberry soufflé), a *spécialité de la maison*."

Not long after, the orchestra changed its pace and the strains of a soft cha-cha brought couples out on the floor. "At evening's end," Neiman concluded, "it was easy to understand why Chez Maxim's has retained its reputation as the ultimate in luxurious elegance, and why it continues to draw together the fellowship of *bons vivants*."



"Room service? I'd like to see someone about my bill."



A GASCON REWARDED

Ribald Classic

A new translation from La Fontaine's *Contes*

A CERTAIN YOUNG GASCON, having boasted of possessing a young damsel who had no use for him at all, was justly punished for his boasting, as you shall see. The world is always ready to believe the worst of a beautiful maid, and the Gascon's false words found eager ears wherever he went in the village, much to the poor damsel's dismay.

Phyllis, as she was named, rejected the Gascon with tossing curls, and oftentimes was not at home to him at all. Frequently, on seeing his approach, she would slip out of her house and stay with her neighbor, Chlorise, until the boastful boor had gone on his way.

Now Chlorise had a husband, Eurilas, some 40 years her senior, and a lover, Damon. There you have the cast of this little drama. Witness now the punishment of the Gascon.

One day at the hour when he was wont to call, Phyllis donned a gown which left her lovely white shoulders bare and her full breasts almost completely exposed. She had brushed her hair until it shone like the sun of Provence. Her perfume would have seduced the village curé.

Upon entering, the Gascon could scarce believe his eyes. Feverishly, he sat down beside Phyllis and began to enumerate and extol her beauty and grace as only a Gascon can. His hands caressed her fingertips, his eyes caressed her bosom. For full an hour he praised the ivorylike texture of her skin, the fires of passion smoldering in her eyes, and the rosy succulence of her lips.

At length, Phyllis began to yield under his assault. The Gascon's lips sought the succulence, and his hands groped for what his eyes had earlier possessed.

But suddenly Phyllis pushed the Gascon aside and said, "If thou wouldst truly win my favors and my bed, wouldst aid me in a plot which my neighbor, Chlorise, has conceived to outwit her sly old husband?"

"I would! I would!" cried the Gascon without a second's hesitation.

"Hear, then, what thou must do," continued the maiden. "Tonight when Eurilas, her husband, is preparing for bed, Chlorise will let thee into her house. Thou wilt wear a nightshirt and wilt get forthwith into bed. The old man is a fool in the bedroom, accomplished at snoring and nought else, and when he feels thee next to him he will believe it is his better half and will sleep away the night while Chlorise spends it with Damon."

As risky as the scheme sounded, the Gascon would have slept with Satan himself if afterward he could have slept with Phyllis.

Night came. The Gascon entered the bedchamber of Eurilas and Chlorise and slid down under the quilts of the large bed. Presently old Eurilas entered the darkened room and took his place beside the trembling Gascon.

All night long the young man lay awake, afraid to move, terror-stricken lest he cough or sneeze, fearful that his very breathing might betray him. He took up so little room on his side of the bed that one could have slipped him into a scabbard. A hundred times at least his bed partner turned over in his sleep, and once the Gascon fancied he felt the beard of Eurilas brushing the back of his neck with every snore. But the worst of the young man's fears was that the husband might awaken, be seized with an amorous whim and demand his connubial rights.

When the first cock announced the coming dawn, the Gascon was limp with terror and lack of sleep. Phyllis had promised that Chlorise would come to take her place in bed before the old man stirred.

Suddenly the chamber door banged open, and in walked Chlorise with Damon at her side, each of them bearing a torch and talking and laughing loudly.

The poor Gascon crossed himself, for he knew his final hour had surely come. He turned to old Eurilas to beg the old man's forgiveness and plead for mercy. But to his eternal dismay he found that it was Phyllis who had spent the night beside him, having taken the place of Eurilas.

Laughing, she leapt from the bed and stood with Chlorise and Damon, and the three of them howled with glee at the boastful Gascon who had lain all night with his beloved and had done nothing but tremble with fear.

And the young man sat in bed speechless, his fright transformed into frustration, as Phyllis, to salt his wound by showing him the pleasures he had missed, let her nightgown slip slowly to the floor.



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**MODUS BIBENDI***(continued from page 117)*

a cricket match at Lord's and I went straight to it. I was thirsty. I ordered a half pint of bitter: its lukewarm bouquet was redolent of chaff and dust; only the dignity of my surroundings prevented me from spitting it upon the floor. But on a winter's day, seated before a fire, in a taproom, there is little better than a tankard of draft beer that has been cooled but not chilled in a publican's cellar; nor is there anything much better on a bland August evening, under an apple tree, in a garden. Anyhow, it suits England.

The difference between the English and Germans is illustrated not only by the taste of their different beers but by the atmospheres within their inns. The Germans are intensely musical: they also like being organized; they relish athletic rallies and massed parades. The English are competitive individualists. Where the Germans sit round a table, emptying steins and singing songs, the English enjoy quiet games like darts, shove ha'penny and dominoes. The atmosphere of a German beer garden is faithfully reproduced in the East 80s in New York, and an extremely cosy atmosphere it is, too. In January 1939, feeling certain that war was imminent, I returned to Europe from New York by a German ship, the *Hansa*, long since sunk. I wanted to remind myself before the curtain fell of how many pleasant things there were in Germany. One evening there was a Bavarian party, with the crew dressed in the national costume. It was very gay; it was hard to believe that within seven months friendship between a German and a Briton would have become impossible.

But it must not be forgotten that Germany is even more famous for its wines than for its beers: we make a mistake in thinking of Germany exclusively in terms of its beer gardens. There is the *Weinstube*, too, those dark little rooms, with a grape sign hanging over the door, where in the twilight of a paneled peace you sip cool, clean wine out of long-stemmed glasses. For close now on a century, the world has been distraught by the contrast between what we love and what we hate in Germany; would it be too fanciful to suggest that all we cherish most in Germany, her poetry, her music, her philosophy, spring from the *Weinstube* and that the noise, the regimentation, the ostentation spring from the beer garden, dearly though, at its best, we love it? The beer garden and the *Weinstube* — is there a conflict there? Perhaps that is stretching an argument too far. But is any country more divided within itself than Germany, and does any country present two such different ways of drinking?

In France there is no equivalent for the *Weinstube*; the French take wine

with their meals and they take their meals at home. It is a general custom for a man to go home to lunch. There was no restaurant in Paris before 1765; and restaurants did not begin to flourish until the revolution made the supply of servants scanty. The sidewalk café, a result of the introduction of coffee into France in the middle of the 17th Century, was essentially a place where you drank coffee. Until then, France had only known the *auberge*, the traveler's inn. Coffee appealed to the French temperament, but Louis was distrustful of the café; he feared it as a center of sedition, just as Charles II across the Channel, in spite of Catherine of Braganza's addiction to tea, regarded the coffeehouse with suspicion.

Both the café and the coffeehouse survived their monarchs' strictures and their separate fates are indicative of the difference between France and England. The sidewalk café has retained its pristine character. The French go to cafés before and after meals; to drink coffee and eat a pastry in the afternoon, to sip an aperitif before dinner, to take a cordial with their coffee after dinner. The café became an extension of the home, or rather, an alternative to the home. The Frenchman's home is a moated fortress; it is easier for a stranger to gain admittance into a Turkish harem. Without the café, life would be very dreary for the Frenchman; he must have somewhere to sit and watch life drift by. Socially, in the 19th Century it developed into an ancillary of the *salon*, each café having its own clientele, each café becoming the center of its own political and esthetic creeds. George Moore, arriving in Paris in the 1880s, found his university, his education—emotional and artistic—in the Place Pigalle, in the Nouvelle Athènes; the young American today finds his equivalent in Montparnasse, in La Rotonde and Les Deux Magots.

The fate of the coffeehouse in England was very different. The Englishman's home may be his castle, but its doors stand open. While the English inn has always attempted to be a home from home, the London coffeehouses became clubs, White's and Brooks' and Boodle's, where far less coffee was drunk than port and brandy, where cards were played for extravagantly high stakes—and did not Max Beerbohm write in his essay *A Club in Ruins*, "It had been more than a home; it had been a refuge against many homes; it had been a club"?

The English pub, on the other hand, has retained its pristine character as a home from home. The history of the English pub is indeed the history of England. It was not until the dissolution of the monasteries that inns spread over England—although it was from an inn that Chaucer's pilgrims set off for Canterbury. Before Henry VIII's quarrel



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with the Pope, country inns were not needed, travelers put up in monasteries. But under Elizabeth, road travelers needed safety and comfort for the night. Monarchy was concerned that the inn should retain that essential status, and not become a shelter for the spread of dangerous, heretical ideas. Charles II enjoined in his *Tippling Act* that the inn should be "a place for the receipt, relief, lodging of wayfaring people; it is not meant for the entertaining and harboring of lewd and idle people to spend and consume their time and money in lewd and idle manner." But the inn survived, fulfilling an essential need of the English character.

The urban pub, in particular the London pub, has become a microcosm of English life, which logically combines democracy with class distinctions. We, Britons, are all subjects and equal under the Crown, but we recognize differences between ourselves, differences that are exemplified by the English pub. In a Public House there are three bars—in order of status, public, private and saloon—catering to men and women of different income groups and different social standing. The prices and amenities are different. You enter by separate doors, but the wooden divisions between the bars do not reach the ceiling; the same roof is over all and the publican and his staff move without hindrance

round the inner circle from one bar to the next.

The architectural heyday of the pub came in the middle of the 19th Century. The Victorian gin palace, with its efflorescence of applied ornament, its elaborate brass rails with their triple gas burners, the decorated plate glass softening the glare, the embossed wallpaper, the Corinthian capitals, the rich mahogany was for the slum dwellers of the day what the movie palaces were to be to a later generation. The "home from home" had become grander than anybody's home. In a higher degree than ever before the heavy swells of the day could, under the incrustated ceiling, preserve their anonymity—the small half-opened windows, pivoting on vertical axes, the mahogany framework of the saloon bar protecting the perpendicular drinker from impertinent scrutiny.

The old English inn was essentially an alehouse; and that it has remained, in spite of the changes that have been forced upon English habits by the caprices of their rulers' foreign policies. During the 14th and 15th centuries England owned Aquitaine, and the noble wines of Bordeaux flowed onto English tables. Then there was a change toward the sweet heavy fortified wines of Spain and of Madeira, which proved an effective antidote to the chill, damp climate. The age of port began when William of Orange's hatred of Louis XIV of France

encouraged him to place exorbitant taxes on French wines and spirits and lower the tariff on wines from Portugal. But beer has always been the national drink in England.

It was beer for the most part that the American GI drank during his exile across the water, and in spite of its unexpected taste most ex-GIs, when they return with their families to England, make straight for the nearest village inn. More than one of them on his return from the wars, when asked about the English, replied, "There can't be anything too wrong with a country that has an institution like the village pub." It is the answer that most Englishmen would soonest hear; a Frenchman would equally like to hear it made about the sidewalk café and a German about the *Weinstube* and the beer garden. We are content to stand or fall by the congeniality of our drinking habits.

The foreign countries that I have loitered in are as vivid in my memory for their drinking habits as for their landscape, architecture, climate, ways of dress. I recall Martinique as much for its rum punches as for its green and towering mountains, over one of which there always seems to be a rainbow curving, and for the long flowing dresses of its womenfolk, the scarf over the shoulder, the handkerchief knotted into the hair in points. Rum is the staple drink of the West Indies; every punch is made on the classic formula "one of sour, two of sweet, three of strong and four of weak," but the basic taste of each island's rum is different. My personal belief in the superiority of Martinique rum is founded on the fact that its punches are prepared more simply, require less sophistication, than those of any other island except Barbados. In Fort-de-France, you sit at a rickety wooden table in the shade, looking out across the savanna to the white statue of Josephine, with its sentinel royal palms; you order a punch, specifying that you want old not white rum; a waitress will set before you a bottle of rum, a couple of limes, a glass of syrup, a red-brown earthenware pitcher that has cooled, through evaporation, the water it contains. You mix your punch yourself, by the classic formula; the lime, the syrup, the rum, the water. Two punches sipped slowly send you to lunch in an anapaestic mood. Whenever I travel in a French ship, I order a rum punch at noon. The flavor of that rich, sweet, powerful liquid carries me back to Martinique.

Japan is the country of formal courtesies. On my first day in Tokyo, I asked the director of the British Council against the committal of which solecisms, which breaches of etiquette, I should be most on my guard. He replied, after deliberation, "Never be impatient, never be angry. Impatience and bad temper



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are things which the Japanese do not understand." The drinking habits of the Japanese confirm this excellent advice. To most tourists, possibly, the traditional tea ceremony serves as a symbol of the country's way of life. It is certainly elaborate and picturesque, but it is lengthy, and I found the thick green fluid that I was eventually invited to sip most unpalatable. I felt about the tea ceremony in Japan much as I felt about the kava ceremony in Fiji.

That, too, is an experience no visitor should miss. I doubt if any male, other than a Fijian, could be stimulated physically by a Fijian belle. Her shoulders are broad, her ankles thick, her features heavy and her black hair sticks up on end as though it had been trained by a topiarist. Yet when she is arrayed for the kava ceremony, in bright clothes with her face painted, she does not have the bizarre attraction of a Mardi Gras grotesque. And the ceremony itself is not unimpressive, with the chief dipping something that looks like hemp into a bowl of water and wringing it out into another bowl which he proffers with formal courtesy to his guests. But the brew itself has a dirty, gritty taste; moreover, it is completely unalcoholic. The Fijians themselves find it as invigorating as the English housewife does her morning cup of tea, but I suspect that the lack of warmth I felt for the people of Fiji was the result of my inability to appreciate their kava. Indeed, had Japan had nothing more invigorating than its tea ceremony to offer, I am very sure that I should not have returned there within 13 months. Mercifully it had a great deal more to offer: its sake and its geishas.

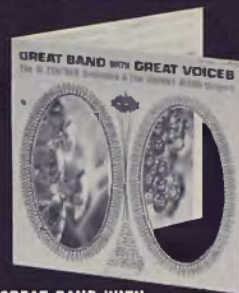
The Japanese are experts at manufacturing articles that resemble their American and European originals. They produce whiskey and champagne that look as though they had come from the Highlands and from Épernay, and which if used in moderation have no deleterious effects. But the hot rice wine, sake, is the true *vin du pays*. The small white-and-blue decanters in which it is presented and the small shallow white-and-blue cups out of which it is sipped are in accordance with the customs of its people. Sake is very light. It is not a distilled spirit. You can drink a great deal with impunity. A glass holds very little. This allows the ritual of innumerable refills to be performed without trepidation. I attended my first geisha party in Osaka. I was warned before it began that on no account must I fill my own glass myself; though I might refill those of my hosts and fellow guests. I was also warned that before I drank I must raise my cup to whomsoever had filled it for me. For several hours a number of elegant creatures attended to my

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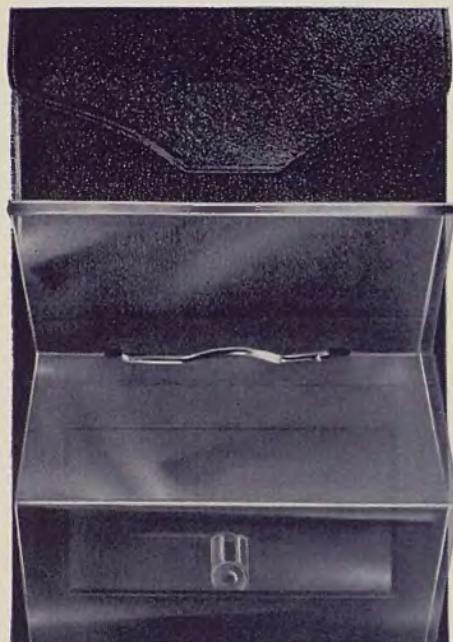
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needs. The final memories of a geisha party are, or should be, vague, but I know that I felt well next morning, and I still carry in my luggage the small white-and-blue sake cup to remind me of the happy hours I spent in Tokyo, Kyoto and Osaka.

There is a kinship between the drinking habits of the Japanese and Danes, though no two drinks could be less alike than aquavit and sake. My memories of Copenhagen are very warm. I spent the whole of a recent winter there. Hotels are empty then, but though January and February are not tourist months, for Copenhageners that is "the season," when the ballet and opera are in residence and the court is at Amalienborg. There are no friendlier people than the Danes. In London, New York and Nice, I manage to half lose my temper three or four times a week; someone or something contrives to irritate me, but after I had been a month in Denmark I realized that I had not lost my temper once. It was not that I had become gentler-natured, but that the lighthearted tempo of Danish life precluded irritation.

In some ways the Danes are a formal people. There are certain courtesies that you must not neglect. You should never arrive as a guest without flowers in your hand or without having sent flowers earlier in the day. And when you next meet your host and hostess, you must not forget to thank them for their hospitality almost before you have said anything else, charming and gracious rules that it is well to absorb young till they become second nature. Equally gracious are their drinking customs. Beer and schnapps are the country's produce. Schnapps is taken at the beginning of the meal with a highly flavored hors d'oeuvre, raw herring preferably. It is very strong, so strong that it must be drunk ice cold. Two small glasses will suffice. You must never drink schnapps unless you are toasting someone or being toasted, but you must never toast your hostess; injudicious or ill-intentioned guests might force her to drink more than she might consider prudent. The toasting in schnapps is a half stage in gallantry; you raise the glass; your eyes meet a lady's; you smile and you say "Skoal!"; you sip; then, as you lower your glass, your eyes again meet hers in a smile. Every newcomer to Copenhagen is given a lesson in the ritual of drinking schnapps. For me the heart of Denmark is in that ritual.

If one is out of sympathy with the drinking habits of a country, one is unlikely to feel in tune with it. Fiji was an unlucky place for me not only because of the kava ceremony. Hospitably though I was cherished during my three weeks in Suva, persistently though I was taken round the clubs and round

the bars, by the end of the third day I was beginning to wonder why I had met so few women; in club after club I had found males, young and elderly and old, standing coatless at a bar, pouring cold beer down their gullets. I inquired if there was a dearth of marriageable females on the island. No, no, I was assured; most of the men, even the youngest ones, were married. Times had changed in the islands. Malaria had been stamped out; phrases like the white man's exile and the white man's grave applied no longer. Air conditioning and air transport had solved a hundred problems. Men married young and brought their wives out with them.

"Where are those wives?" I asked.

"At home; cooking, looking after the children."

"Don't they ever come here?"

"Not often."

I was puzzled for a little, then I understood. Fiji is administered by the British Colonial office in Whitehall, but its white population is mainly from Australia and New Zealand, and the custom of "the hour's swill" had been imported. It is a custom unique to Australia. Bars open early there, at 10:30. They remain open through the afternoon, but they shut at six. Males, therefore, when their offices close at five, go straight to their favorite bar and, standing shoulder to shoulder, gulp cold beer that has a nine-percent alcoholic content, hastening the pace and volume of consumption as six o'clock approaches. They then stagger out into the cool evening air. In New South Wales the custom has recently been modified and bars reopen at 7:15, so that a wife has been given a sporting chance of getting her claws into her husband's shoulder.

No one is certain whether this regulation was imposed out of deference to the puritans, the publicans or the politicians. The puritans for obvious reasons; the publicans because of the cost of labor, the reluctance to run a second shift; the politicians because they wanted to get the manual laborer to work on time and fit next morning. The hour's swill is, for the uninitiated, an intimidating experience. It is something that he should not miss; but its transportation, even in a modified form, even as a corollary, did not heighten my enjoyment of Fiji. I should have preferred more females at the bars and fewer males.

I spent two thirds of World War II in the Middle East—in Egypt, in Lebanon, in far Baghdad, mostly among Moslems, to whom the use of alcohol is forbidden. But in Lebanon, Moslems and Christians alike drink arrack. Arrack is a generic label. The Lebanese variety is distilled from grapes; it is white with a tinge of blue; it clouds when you pour water on it. It tastes of aniseed—it was

in Beirut that I acquired a taste for Pernod. An insidious drink, it was forbidden to troops during the war, and Arab street vendors made high profits out of the sale of spiked oranges, into which arrack had been injected. If you do not eat while you are drinking arrack, you become quickly drunk; that is where its danger lies. It must be handled with circumspection. Moreover, it leaves a coating of powder round the stomach. You may wake in the morning after an arrack evening, thinking yourself recovered but feeling thirsty. You gulp a tumblerful of water and you are drunk again. The water has mixed disastrously with the powder, on an empty stomach.

Arrack demands leisurely drinking. There lies its charm. In cafés it is served with mezé, four or five dishes of hors d'oeuvres, olives, cheese, ham, radishes. At an arrack evening with a Lebanese family, you will spend three or four hours consuming four or five glasses of arrack, with fresh dishes of hot appetizers, sausages, cheeses, small birds, being presented every half hour or so. More than once, at an arrack evening, I have been too interested in the conversation to eat enough. At Western cocktail parties, out of regard for my weight, I am careful to ration my consumption of pre-prandial canapés. In Beirut, chattering away, lifting my glass periodically, I have become suddenly and alarmingly aware of the ceiling revolving to meet the floor. But a couple of quick mouthfuls of food have restored my equilibrium.

The tempo of arrack sipping is in admirable accord with the leisurely tempo of the Levant. Lebanon has been for many years a French sphere of influence; the vine has been tended carefully and many sound pleasant wines have been produced there, but for me arrack is the key to the country. I spent a congenial winter and early spring there in 1942, and it was a happy day for me in 1950 when I landed early on a May morning at the Damascus airport and drove across the Bekáa valley to Beirut. I was surprised at first and disconcerted by the number of new buildings that I saw around me; would I find it very changed, too changed? Then in an unredeemed slum area, acrid upon my nostrils, came the stale smell of last night's arrack. My heart exulted; I was home again.

From Lebanon in 1942 I crossed the desert to Baghdad. Engaged there in counterespionage, one of my chief problems was my ignorance of the Arab way of life. I needed to understand the kind of man whose activities I was watching. Speaking no Arabic, I resorted to a familiar practice. Wearing civilian clothes, I would sit in an Arab café, watching, over the top of my newspaper,

the hooded Moslems, who would sit motionless for hours, upright in their hard rectangular wooden settles, sipping at their coffee; alone or silent for the greater part, but when they talked, elaborating what they had to say with graceful, evocative, deliberate gestures. Dignified, impassive, unhurried, they appeared to be utterly detached from the radio that blared above their heads and from the traffic of the street outside; but the movements of their hands suggested mastery, power, firmness when they did resort to action. The men who were names to me upon a file became less strange, less foreign when I was back in my office reading an agent's report on them.

Whenever I go to a new country, one of my first requests to the friend or guide who is showing me the sights has been,

"Please take me to the equivalent of an English pub." How I wish that in the days when I was a publisher I had commissioned an anthropologist to compile a study of the world's drinking habits. What a valuable book it would have been; what a pleasant assignment, too, for him. How he would have enjoyed his research. Now and again you run into a fight in a bar, but for the most part human beings are at their best there. Did not a poet say—

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,

*Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.*

But is that a cause for sighing? And need the round be so dull, if there is an inn to round it off?



"I see a policewoman wanting to get something on a poor old gypsy who is only trying to make a lousy buck."

PROFESSOR HYDE (continued from page 93)

as before, at the alleged inverts in high places.

Hyde's elbow suddenly touched nothing but enervate air. Probing, he spilled some eggnog. "Aw, I got your shoes," he said to Revanche, and as his unsuspecting rival looked down, he turned furtively to smile some obscure message at Louise and adjust his range. She went away. The pleated skirt refused to confirm his sense of her rear end's slow, heavy roll; he parted with the Japanese on their idea of the sensuality of loose clothing. She made for the fireplace and Warren G. Harding-Cudahy within his ring of the Ohio Gang: nasty young instructors, an effeminate poet-in-residence, the sinewy Sappho who coached in field hockey.

The one gain was in also getting rid of Revanche, who had been peeved by the slop on his toecap, all the more because Louise had left before he could clean it off and he must follow: he broke off in mid-venom and left without a by-your-leave. His basic Americanism constantly showed through the French veneer, which owed only to his father's, an emigrant Pole, having passed briefly through Paris in 1911: the original was Revantsky. After two drinks Claude was wont to sweeten and give confidences. He had found Louise behind the necktie counter of an Indianapolis department store when he was teaching at a tiny denominational college in that region, but when sober he refused to confirm or deny the rumor, started by himself, that she had waited on tables in a roadhouse. However, the other wives held Louise's air of sullen torpor as supporting evidence for the racier version, and the Revanches were unpopular with everyone but the Hydés—Hyde's wife, a Merryweather alumna who had been taught here to pull down vanity, having an addiction to outcasts.

Hyde believed that he himself when drunk became tigerishly resolute. He was very limp at present: the eggnog, mixed by Frau President Cudahy, was heavy only on the nutmeg. He licked the dregs from his cup and was made uneasy by the reflection of a tongue like the rubber tool with which his wife scraped plates.

He had formally decided to kill himself, if Louise gave him no hope, before 12 midnight, having added the extra hours—this fete would end no later than 10—out of romantic bravado. He had broken his wristwatch in some recent pique. The clock on the mantel high above Cudahy was fixed on some long-passed afternoon hour at which the fencing team had perforated Vassar's. A messy-haired student conveniently threw hand to mouth and retreated a foot from some, to her, provocative remark made by a dowdy cohort, so that Hyde could see the table clock between them. Nine-

thirty, an ugly Swiss thing all carved birds, gift of one Marge Partridge, Capt., WAC, BA '51; a harpy, he remembered, who in private consultations always stank of the gym. Captain Marge, we who are about to die salute you. He demonstrated with his empty cup, and luck, in a shafting mood, caused Lank Locks to see the gesture and come to him as if in summons.

Students at faculty parties were habitually drunk on water. This specimen, one Nan Schine, belonged to his own class in Social Pathology, and was perhaps related more closely than usual to the subject matter, though Hyde saw criminal inclinations in everyone who opted for the course.

The cruelest greeting he could give her, and so he gave it, was: "Miss Schine, how lovely!"

Hair like kelp, dress hanging as if it still rode the rack some Puerto Rican trundled through a Seventh Avenue gutter, she gave him back measure for measure: "Thank you!" Adoringly. He never failed to attract the creeps. This one was very rich, being the sole issue of a fat illiterate who owned a trans-American chain of coffee shops—called, in fact, Coffee-Shoppes—where Hyde could testify, the essential ingredient of all dishes was a small, hard, black foreign object and the milk always curdled in the dark venom referred to in the corporate name.

Miss Schine's smile was the wirework of an expensive, incompetent dentist. She chortled: "I'm doing my homework right here!"

Leave it to her, pathetic conformist, to use the jargon introduced by Cudahy, who worked in violent reaction to his "progressive" predecessor, sun-tanned, ousted Roger Whelp, who had unwittingly hired a representative of the Soviet foreign office to lecture on Biblical literature (Job turned up as the resident of an underdeveloped country smarting under the imperialist lash). A spy of a chauvinist organization sponsored by a senile Texas millionaire was taken on at midyear for the course in marriage relations, and shortly thereafter forwarded a dossier to Fort Worth—on Whelp, not Lermontov—and before you could pronounce "Friedrich Engels," the board of directors showed Whelp the door and flung his tennis racket after him. As to Lermontov, he had kept his job—even, it was resentfully whispered over the ugly little sausages in the faculty cafeteria, was to be promoted.

Anyway, with Cudahy research had returned to the homework of traditional American girlhood, just as his own title was now *president* and not the *chancellor* of Roger Whelp, or Adolf Hitler—a disjunction which Cudahy sometimes failed to maintain in his faculty talks.

And what Miss Schine meant was a

project which Hyde, secretly an outlaw, had assigned his students for the Christmas holidays: 2000 written words each on Unorganized Prostitution in American Society. Hyde, to himself at least, had meant it literally, knowing his safety, for your typical undergraduate—which, in spite of all, Miss Schine was—would go into a spasm of idealization. Her angle was how television entertainers were mere procurers for the sponsors' products, and, balancing her ungainly figure on first one ballet slipper then the next—her party eyeglasses had three sequins at each hinge; her celery neck was enpearled, and from clavicle to shank her person ran flat as a boy's—that is, with no recommendation at all she insisted on making an oral report here and now, notwithstanding Hyde's desperate counsel that no significant thinker since Socrates had shot his wad in speech.

Nine thirty-five, said the timepiece of sweaty Marge. Miss Schine's friend, a student he did not recognize, hung by it and peeped sideways at them: of course in love with him, too, being acned and wearing a skirt so tightly plastered to her fat bottom that you could see the ridge of her under-armor. Instead of suicide, Hyde decided to murder a host of other people and throw acid in Louise's face... Miss Schine had, to all appearances, concluded. He said splendid, splendid, and she melted like maple walnut at high noon and dripped all over him. He never knew from one moment to the next where his masochism might take him; he helplessly was about to invite both girls to Christmas dinner with the Hydés, and was saved only by the children's chorus, led by Mrs. Cudahy jabbing the air with a forefinger, starting *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen*.

All styles of midget, they were lined in two wobbly parallels before the cement windows. Miniature Brooks Brothers were the boys, buttoned-down and vented, but the girls were all hollyhocks or rare birds. Hyde recognized his daughter, seven, legs bowed, in the front line. His 12-year-old son, an undersized but formidable bully, in the second; the tense set of Leonard's right shoulder and the wince of a plump pink maiden between him and the audience suggested what harassment he was up to *sub rosa*.

Good rest yeem airy gentlemen, let nothing hue this May: Leonard's lips were clenched as if he had to do something, but this was sheer fraud, for he had ample nerve to do that, if he had to, in public. Sestina Hyde, on the other hand, opened her small red hatchway down to the tonsil scars and belted out the old carol as if it were a bawdy roundelay and she a sailor full of cheap wine. A vulgar trick of nature, which Hyde saw through the stained central pane in each window that reproduced the Merryweather coat of arms with its bar sinister, suddenly ejected a fall of



"Why can't he just go out and buy some Christmas cards like everyone else?"

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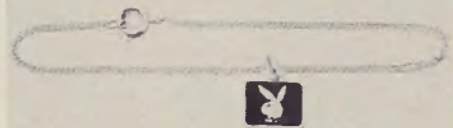
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snow like the bloated soap chips they used, he understood, on TV, and he wondered whether a handyman had been posted on the roof to open a hopper at this point—he had forgotten for a moment that Whelp was gone and Cudahy in.

Hyde had been stud much more recently than was represented by the two carolers: by the Christmas tree (Cudahy had brought back green, and balls of many colors, and at the apex, instead of Whelp's Great Seal of the UN, stood an armed angel with cotton hair, a kind of blanched Mau-Mau) stood his wife, and in it groped her most recent production: rounded-headed, bellicose twins of three, boy and girl, Nicolas & Nicole. And she, Patricia, narrow-hipped as a lad, short-haired, androgynous, she was the type of wife that certain suspect movie actors eventually take at 47 or 50, except she had no money of her own. Today Pat wore a navy-blue jumper, like a Girl Scout working on her merit badge in carpentry, and her sole decoration was a copper abstraction at the neckline, a piece of antijewelry, and below it an antibosom, cunningly arranged to be as flat by art as poor Miss Schine's had been ironed by nature.

For G. S. Kreiss our slaver... Hyde's sour ear detected Leonard's alto cleverly corrupting the hallowed old lyrics: a 19th Century, Dickensian father would have beat such a boy blue and packed him off to a boarding school run by sadists. Pecksniff Hyde smiled across to his wife, who merely looked back in the level way that was protocol at these gatherings. Unobtrusively he indicated the twins at their dreadful work beneath the tree—they had begun to assault the lower ornaments and Nicolas had his corrosive gaze fastened on the fattest tinsel rope, the pulling of which would spin the tree like a yo-yo and fell the entire assemblage. Pat produced the modern-dance shrug she had been taught here at Merryweather a decade and a half earlier.

Hyde shifted his red eye to Louise Revanche, for whom he had determined to die. She stood in all her *zaftig* vulgarity near the pansy poet, who had been imported from England for one year in the Crabb Chair in Contemporary Verse: one Alto Shawm, who kept a Siamese cat and showed execrable manners to everybody else. No danger there. And then to her left, of course, impotent little Claude. But behind them, statesman Cudahy was not attending to the music, dirty old man, but rubbing his unrighteous jaw as he checked the trim of Louise's calves. Hyde could fancy a private colloquy in which the president said: "Now, my dear, how would you like to be Mrs. Head of the Department? Splendid, now just let me..."

Or something like that—Hyde's rea-

son was fast vanishing, and he took no trouble with his fantasies. Nine forty-five. Mrs. Cudahy signaled for another carol, neighing in holiday euphoria. Nine forty-six. Midnight had been set as the absolute deadline, but Hyde now found himself yearning for an earlier surcease: everybody to bed in the Hyde home except paterfamilias, who would then be free to draw a high bath and submerge his head. Put out the light, and then put out the light! He was himself both Desdemona and Othello.

Like all people who could read and write, Hyde was naturally craven, but experience had shown that he came through in extreme situations where the moral was clear: once when he left a roadside diner and saw a big swarthy man vomiting on the left rear wheel of his automobile, without reflection Hyde ran fiercely at him and drove him off. Another time, on an urban bus, when a glowering Negro, muttering gibberish, swayed along the aisle clearing straphangers from his passage, Hyde stood his ground at the centerpost. "Scuse me," said the colored man, and even sucked in his big belly to slip by without touching.

But as to sex, Hyde's trouble was this: the kind that attracted him was always inconvenient and thus impossible of heroism. Like everybody, he had no morals in this area but many scruples. He wished to put the horns on his best friend—which in spite or because of, Claude was—but he could not risk a rejection by Louise, for all parts of whom other than her body he had enormous contempt. (He was certain she had been a waitress, and more besides, in a roadhouse.)

At one and the same time an atheist and an usher at the Dutch Reformed Church, Hyde saw himself usually and his wife always in commercials of typical young couples choosing deodorants and colored toilet paper, on the television he had been pressured into buying for his children and ex post facto justified as socially healthy because it worked off aggressions. The slaving beast lurked under this façade, which was so dense that Hyde in his sober moments realized Louise probably had no hint of his yen; indeed, almost hoped she did not, for if he knew anything of women she would still fail to submit to him while at the same time lording it over her husband. She had the look of a person who lived in a void and wished to populate it only with certain dull hatreds. He had directed perhaps 10 words at her in the course of their acquaintance—even "hello" and "goodbye" were always put to Claude—and once at dinner in the Revanche home, five of them had been exhausted on "Louise, where is the bathroom?" It was when she gave him tit for tat, of course symbolically, at last year's Christmas party—during the carols, in fact, and in a fragrant whisper: "Henry,

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where's the little girls' room?" — that, galled, he knew he must know her in the Biblical sense.

After the holidays he had to read themes, and then it was end-of-term and examinations, not only for his students but his own children, who were being educated publicly and grievously needed aid: Sestina was a disciplinary problem and Leonard was forever threatened to be held back a year for gross inadequacy in every area of learning and conduct. Next came spring vacation, and he was commissioned by Pat to destroy one wall of their home — between living and dining rooms, making one large enclosure impossible for either living or eating — and paint the others a deep sewer-green. Soon occurred summer, when he stayed home a week to prepare new reading lists and then returned to teach through the hot months for the girls on the crash program. Hard on the heels of which followed fall, and no sooner did you see October than it was the day before December 25.

Throughout the twelvemonth, every Friday night Pat sprayed her hair with the kind of cologne they are always giving out samples of with hand-lotion purchases, and came to bed in a pajama top. She had not added a pound of flesh since they were married. In Hyde's fantasies he frequently bit Louise's solid shoulder. Though a rationalist, he was a great mystic, believing that surely all those quanta of passion transmitted by him into the ether could not fail to strike the proper antenna.

Now at last the caroling was done, and Hyde's dwarf fiends ran to him while Mrs. Cudahy oozed a few parting words of holiday sentiment from a mouth that seemed to be gumming a

small ear of corn.

"Why didn't you wear your good suit?" snarled Leonard, punching his father in the jacket pocket which carried the cigarettes — although to frustrate him Hyde often switched them from right to left sides, he never missed, unless something more fragile was in the other. "You don't think enough of me, hey?"

"Of you!" snorted Sestina. "A male parent normally gravitates toward the female children, and the reverse obtains in ratio, isn't that true, Henry?" And yet in school she couldn't learn the alphabet.

Yes, said Hyde to himself as he grimaced down upon her pigtails, I suppose I would drown Leonard first, if it came to that. Aloud, he suggested: "Now, you friends run along and get your coats. We must leave."

"I go under protest," Leonard warned. "There is a girl whom I wanted to stay and hurt, and you know what hostility does when not vented."

"Indeed I do," said Hyde, hiding his clenched fists. "But you see, we all have some, not just you."

"Mine is worse," Leonard replied, "because, you see, my father is in flight from his role." Nevertheless, he swaggered off toward the cloakroom, about four feet high but all bone and muscle.

"You do prefer me, don't you, Henry?" crooned Sestina, running her hand over the back of his in what she believed a fetching manner, and sending up the odor of licorice though her mouth was clean. Ah, there it was, an amorphous black mass stuck in the hairs of his fist. She retrieved it directly, simply tore it away.

"I could eat you up," he answered, and showed her the teeth with which to

do it. Wincing with both pains, he saw Louise Revanche, in a coat with a great hairy collar, come out of the cloakroom and collide with the entering Leonard, whose burr-head made a trinity with her breasts. Neither disliked the encounter, Leonard displaying an abominable sweetness, of which since he hoarded it while spending his spleen he had a goodly supply; Louise, who was not in fact a mother, becoming one in fancy. She squeezed the boy and rumbled what hair he had, and — what was the little wretch doing? Hyde started toward them just as Nicolas leaped for the tinsel, caught it, and brought down the Christmas tree.

The Hydes had erected a tree of their own on a giddy end table in their living room; it was scrawny and sprayed white, and when lighted looked like the ghost of an old woman. Below it Pat had stacked the Christmas gifts against opening time next morning, but as Hyde predicted, the children would have none of tradition. When the family got home that evening, Leonard stormed the table, with Sestina and the twins close behind, and all disappeared in a blizzard of bright paper and ribbon.

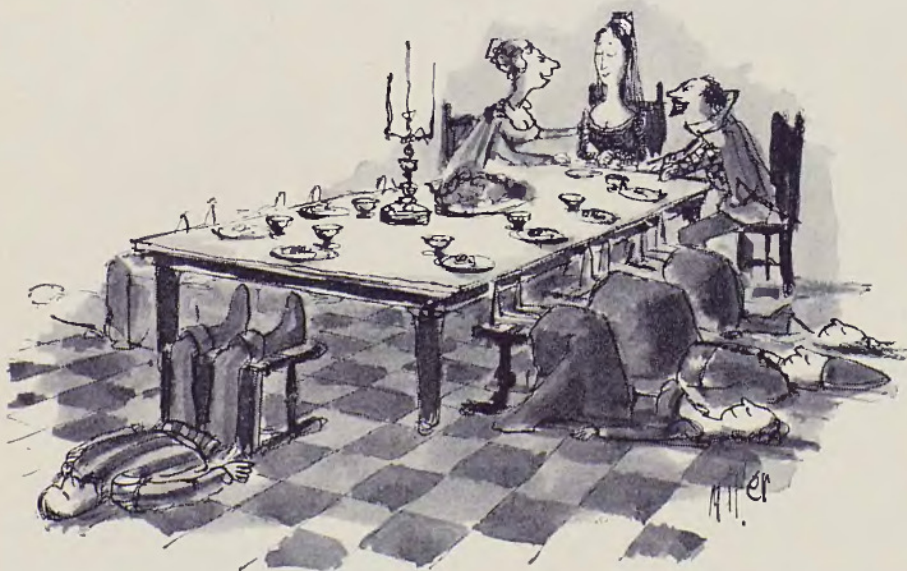
The boy emerged carrying the wet-diaper doll meant for his sister. To Hyde, he said: "This is a pretty piece of aggression on your part."

Pat, at whose door could be laid every one of his neuroses, was as usual uproariously amused. She threw herself, with a boyishness beyond Leonard's, onto the foam-rubber sofa for which Home-Workshop Hyde had crafted the plywood frame, and giggled. "You know that's Sestina's gift."

"Then what is mine?" he cried. "This, this, this?" One by one he tore packages from the hands of his siblings and held them aloft.

The twins ran crying to their mother. Hyde turned away, his stomach curdling at the sight of Pat simultaneously indicating to all four that they were not rejected. As he slunk upstairs he heard Leonard's triumphant shout: "A chemistry set! Thank you, Pat, oh thank you!" (When in fact Hyde had himself purchased his son's gift after much thought.)

Naturally, Hyde was frustrated in his plan to drown in the tub; they had only one bathroom and by the time all five predecessors had used it and gone off to bed, there was no hot water left. One might wish to perish in agony but never in discomfort, which would obscure the moral. Therefore he dallied there, looking in the mirror at his hazel irises rimmed with crimson, until stealthily listening at a crack in the door he heard five regular suspirations from various points off the hall: they every one had fallen instantly to sleep, including Pat, who wore an old flannel nightgown stained with cough syrup and buttoned to the neck.

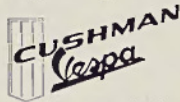


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Hyde stole downstairs in darkness, hugging the staircase wall so as not to touch the creaky median surface of the steps. He had forgotten to bring matches, and barked his shin thrice on as many articles of furniture. But quickly enough he found the ghostly Christmas tree, which the reflection from a street lamp made a living presence, and beneath it one of the gifts, taking which he went to the kitchen and turned on the overhead light without fear of discovery. This business had been made necessary by Pat's outlawing all toxic medicaments from the bathroom cupboard, lest the children drink iodine, say, and turn black. There was no proper poison in the house; even the garden classics, like the arsenical weed killers which are responsible for as many liberations as the state of Nevada, fell under the ban.

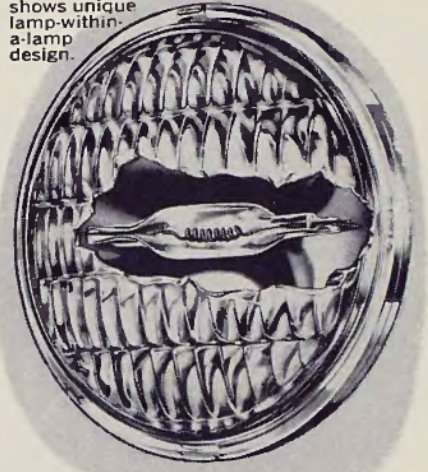
But resourceful Hyde had thought of Leonard's chemistry set, and now broke it open upon the lip of the sink, seized a number of vials at random, dumped their powders into an ex-jelly glass, sloshed in some water from the tap, and — He checked the clock on the stove's superstructure, which indicated 10 minutes of 11: 70 minutes early. Thirsty from his rashness, he swallowed half the cloudy potion in a single gulp. It was mildly salt and had a faint odor of public swimming pool.

Hyde staggered to the kitchen table, which he had made from a flush door and wrought-iron legs purchased in kit form from a back-page advertiser in *The New York Times Magazine* and never truly finished — there was a host of tiny air bubbles in the varnish, which should have been rubbed down with steel wool — and hurled himself into a grubby plywood chair from the same source but which had never been painted at all. He regretted not having drawn up a will bequeathing the children to the sociology laboratory and Pat to the garbage man, a hairy cretin she thought peculiarly well adjusted to his environment.

The clock sounded a sharp *pluck* when its hand reached 11 and passed the alarm gadget used to time eggs — incidentally cueing Hyde as to when Pat ate breakfast, three hours after he delivered the twins to nursery school. The noise also reminded him he had been dying for 10 minutes without marked detriment to himself. Indeed, he felt better by the second, growing hard yet not tense. Therefore he was not at present expiring, the launching of the inquiet soul into the smoggy void, but if not, why not? ... The manufacturers of Leonard's gift would hardly stock a child's chemistry set with lethal powders. He tried to be exasperated by his folly but failed, such were his rising spirits. Striving to be down-in-the-mouth, he felt with all 10 fingers that he was grinning strangely. Another piece of news to his

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hands was a harsh, pumice-stone beard, though he had shaved at 6:30.

He got to his feet and lumbered about, new clumps of latissimus dorsi muscles forcing his arms akimbo. It was then that, approaching the window, he saw, in an advance from the yard outside, the simian figure of the aforementioned garbage man, whom he had always considered a primary enemy though never having exchanged anything with him beyond monosyllables on how to separate dry refuse from wet. Hyde fell into a barbaric crouch, and his adversary followed suit. They stalked each other until they came vis-à-vis at the glass. Hyde had never before quite appreciated what an ugly swine the man was, with nose pores big as dimes, a black stubble of emery cloth and gloating, feral eyes, not to mention little animal ears lying close to his head. He muttered an imprecation; the enemy's lips did as well. How long was it, nostril to nostril with that hateful face, only the cold glass between them, before Hyde understood he was snarling at his own reflection?

Yet unquestionably it was also the image of the garbage man, whose name was Scallopini. Some kind of transference had taken place which Hyde, a man of reason, did not immediately understand but was laboring over. Interesting work was being done in Psych concerning the effect of chemicals on emotions; the old analysis stuff of person-to-person was being fast outnodded. He must call Dr. Fowler soon with this new data, meanwhile observing the effect of his transformation on societal relations, which in extension could be seen as relevant to his own area of scholarly commitment, with many ambivalences in between. Namely, what was more promising for Social Pathology than Hyde's psyche in Scallopini's Neanderthal body?

At this point he received a greater surprise, for being a man of mind he could hardly assign fundamental importance to a mere change of physique: he had also got another will, ostensibly Scallopini's, which was at marked variance with his own. How else explain, following hard after his tentative outline of the structure of the problem in hand, the deep negative which rumbled through his rib cage and was verbalized as "Crap!"?

Scallopini's face, in the glass, showed a brute grin, winked malevolently, and offered a hoarse, coarse suggestion that made Hyde, in the portion of the soul still his own, blench. Yet now that it was established he would not die, at least not tonight, he had no option but to agree tremulously and be dragged by Scallopini out the back door and into the icy night — in which, strangely, he was not uncomfortable though dressed only in pajamas and robe, which were at once too long and too tight on Scal-

lopini's barrel trunk and ape legs. His feet were naked within felt slippers, but negotiated the back-yard atolls of encrusted snow as if they were so many scatter rugs. Out the driveway, past Hyde's garageless car, which sat quietly rusting under the drip from the eaves, up the silent street where the windows of some houses were still modestly afire with the season, others were black, and street lamps guttered over guttered slush. How often had Hyde made this trip in the brothel alleyways of his imagination! He was breathless now; Scallopini was not, and fairly flew, taking the wind in his hairy nostrils, circulating it within his pelted chest, and scratching his unshaven cheeks with a furry hand.

The Revanche home lay five blocks north, one west. Scallopini-Hyde arrived there within three minutes, bounded across the front yard, and pressed their beard against a window in that corner of the living room known to Claude as his study area. And there he sat, back to them, little head round as an orange, malignantly grading bluebooks. He had achieved an evil celebrity with the student body by making his holiday observance a midterm exam, given on the last day before vacation. Watching the little swine wield his maidenly red pencil, Hyde at last and at once fused completely with his captor, who now breathed furiously through a distended nose and clawed the brick wall. Soon he found the aluminum downspout and swarmed up it like a gibbon.

Crouching before the left front dormer window, he saw Louise Revanche in her boudoir. She brushed her honey hair and wore a negligee all lavender sensuality. Black underclothing was strewn about in the most aphrodisiac insouciance. He made the glass squeak with his paw. She came immediately to him and opened the window, murmuring in wry provocation: "Merry Xmas, Sandy Claws." He bounded in.

• • •

Trotting homeward in a nimbus of pungent scent, Hyde experienced a brief depression as he began to separate from Scallopini. For one, he grew cold in his night clothes; for another, he lost much of his hair and all muscles. He suffered some retrospective cowardice — what if he had slipped from the rainpipe and fractured his coccyx? At the corner he saw an oncoming pedestrian and plunged into a bush of barbs and clotted snow, later emerging with superficial wounds.

Yet these negative reactions were the mere condiments, so to speak, in his general dish of well-being. He had had and was done with Louise, nobody the wiser. He triumphed over all adversaries in, so to speak, one leap: Louise herself, Claude, of course Scallopini, President Cudahy, his own family — invariably he thought of Leonard rather than Pat — and even, in a delightful irony, over himself: irony because he had not ex-

actly been his own man, delightful because he had prevailed.

As he entered the driveway, only a vestige or two remaining of the savage who had earlier traversed it going the other way, here and there a wire whisker falling limp, a fang losing its edge. Hyde had almost completed his retransformation, from sanguinary to sanguine, quite a gain over the onetime hopeless Hyde — that is, it was definitely not a return to the same old self. He had plans, plans, plans, which were stimulated by a poignant recollection that in the character of Scallopini he had been as ready for murder as love. Louise, who apparently played *grande dame* with her trash-can paramour, had been alarmed.

He had access to power, could strike without warning, violating, marauding, slaying, and vanish without a trace: *cherchez Scallopini!* He anticipated visiting a reign of terror on Merryweather and environs. *Fiend Strikes Again . . . Home Ec Teacher Assaulted . . . College Prexy Throttled . . . Garbage Man Released When Outrages Continue Though He Is Jailed.* (In a necessary affinity with his double, Hyde refused to fantasy a miscarriage of justice; besides, simply by being Scallopini he revenged himself sufficiently on the trashman, who Louise had given him reason to believe was affectionate, ingenuous and non-criminal.)

With such splendid hallucinations, and a thirst more grievous than ever, Hyde, the scholar-felon, that rare man of mind who practiced what he observed, that Lord Acton who tended toward the corruption he hypothesized, climbed his back stair and entered the kitchen. His current weakness of body, exaggerated by the memory of recent strength, suddenly upset a fine equilibrium of flesh and spirit, and he went all the way, asking: Why ever stay just Hyde?

The room looked as before. The ceiling globe burned; the open pedal-can showed an eggshell and an apple peel, which the real Scallopini would eventually cart off; the chemicals were still broadcast on the sink top — could Hyde recall his formula? But meanwhile he had half his original mixture to go on. The glass still stood on the plywood table — oh yes, it was there yet, but now quite empty.

The stove-clock, which he had reset for midnight, reached 12 sharp and sounded a remote, evil buzzer, like a dentist's drill entering the pulp. Weak, wet, glabrous of body, clean of face, spent of passion yet feverish for more, Hyde heard a series of unspeakable grunts issue from the corner near the refrigerator and knew, long before he turned his eyes there, that his time was up.

Leonard, transformed into a ferocious little ape, dropped a banana and leaped for his father with murderous paws.





You'd smile, too.

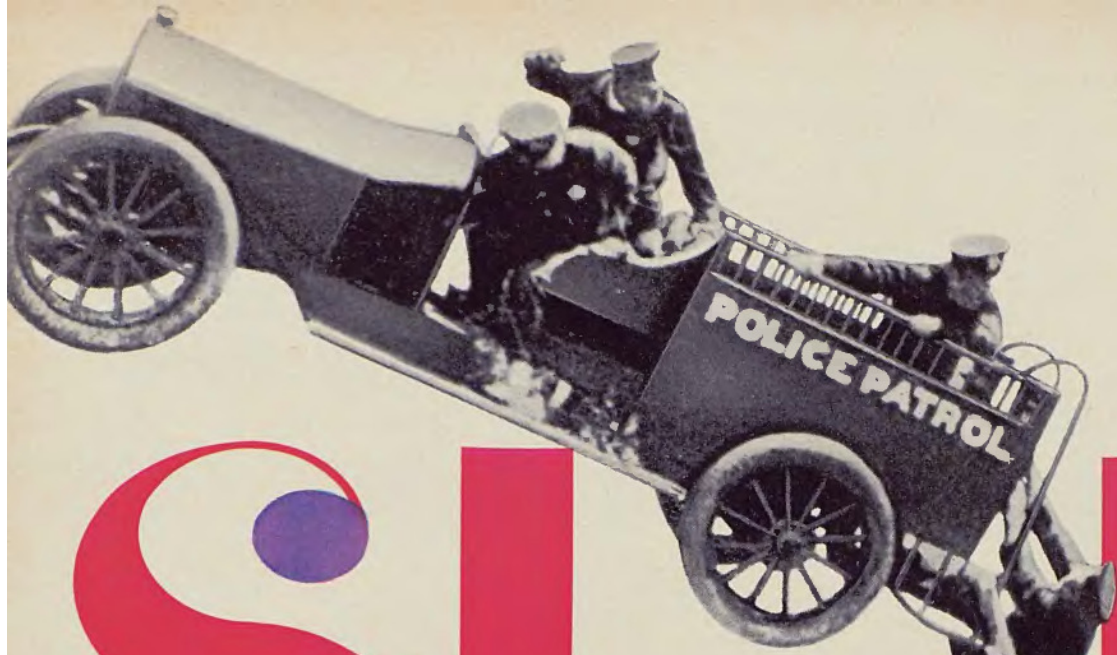
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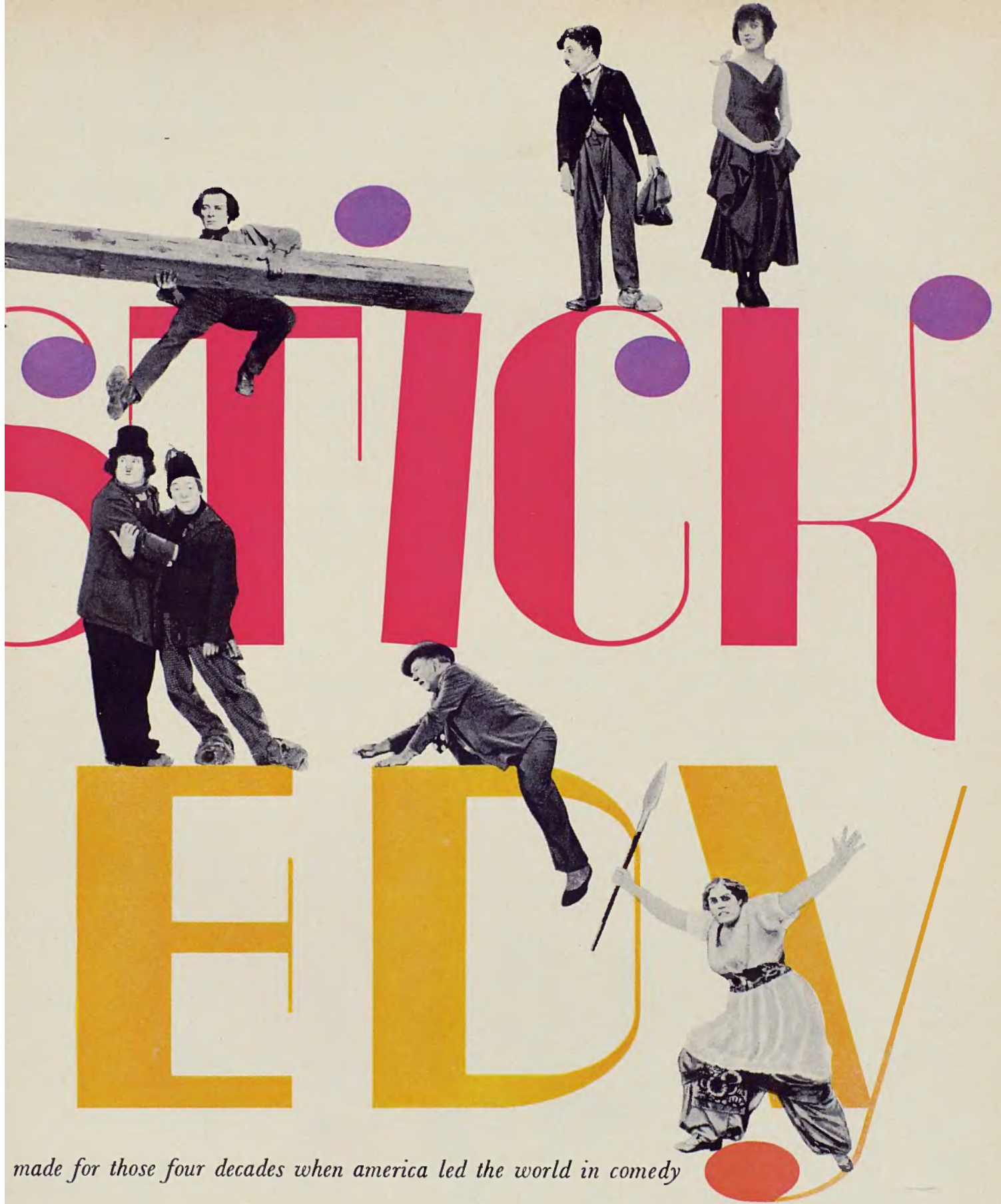
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nostalgia By CHARLES BEAUMONT

laughter was the sound we



made for those four decades when america led the world in comedy





ODAY, there is probably nothing the world wants or needs more than an epidemic of laughter. Laughter is the sound a nation makes when it is proud of its past and confident of its future. We made that sound not so very long ago. We made it and we exported it to the four corners of the earth, creating thereby an image of the United States as the capital of joy and merriment, a happy-go-lucky, fun-loving country of clowns who preferred pie in the face to pie in the sky, exploding cigars to imploding bombs, and the boff to and above all things.

Now, of course, we are the solemn Leaders of the Free World, obliged therefore to act with dignity. But beneath our juridical robes is a jester's suit, and let no one forget it. Let no one forget, either, that the world laughed with, not at, us in the wonderful, wacky years when we wore that suit openly, honored by its signification of our absolute mastery of screen comedy.

Of course, we didn't invent the form, nor were we its sole practitioners; but we were responsible for its development into an art and for most of its greatest moments. Until the advent of "talkies" we were universally accepted as the absolute and supreme creators of film humor, not only without peers but also without serious competitors. And no wonder. We had the best directors, the best gagmen, the best comics and no less than three authentic geniuses.

The geniuses are gone: dead, retired or in exile. So are the comics. It is generally thought that their breed is proliferating, but that is incorrect. The men we call comics today — Mort Sahl, Lenny Bruce, Shelley Berman, Jonathan Winters, et al. — are highly skilled entertainers; but they are in no sense comics, for the response they seek from their audiences is not laughter but understanding. And while it is true that they do manage to fetch an occasional guffaw, it is also true that not a single one of these clever, caustic, cynical, disillusioned young men could have got himself hired as assistant gatekeeper when comedy was in flower. No value judgment is involved. Stand-up comedians are neither better nor worse than true comics; they are simply different, as an ichthyologist, say, is different from a fisherman.

The true comic, of course, must be seen to be disbelieved. Unreal, insubstantial as a shadow, apart from humanity and above its petty course, he thrives — as did the first comic and god of all joy, Pan — in the country of dreams, which is an international, interracial, interdenominational and wholly nonexclusive community. No surprise, then, that he thrived as never before or since in the age of the silent motion picture. In his new incarnation he chased across the world, kicking down barriers en route, breaking into the private heart of every mere human who saw him; and it is our pride that he made his home America.

Look at him now; forget the present and look at him: Pan's great-great-great-grandchild thrice



removed, Tartar-mustached, uniformed, helmeted, seated high on the bucking back of a car that never existed, in a world that never was, pell-mell on his way to glory. See how he wrestles manfully with the wheel and keeps his eyes on the road, to no avail: the ridiculous squad car caroms from curb to curb like a thing possessed, smashing store fronts, uprooting hydrants, leveling the population. The fact that those attentive eyes are crossed in a manner unique to ophthalmology would seem to pertain to the vehicle's erratic flight, but remember, this is the world of comedy, where only the abnormal is normal. Look at the car itself. Surely no control is possible over a machine whose components have scarcely a nodding acquaintance one with another. The wheels, disdainful of their axles, wobble and pivot frantically, causing the fenders to flap in a desperate effort to leave the body. The windshield, already reduced to a glassless frame, flies off, taking with it the helmet of another of Pan's descendants. Turning to follow the course of his headpiece, the divine Cop fails to observe a low-hanging tree branch which is approaching fast. Pow! It sweeps him aloft and deposits him in the midst of a vegetable pushcart, staffed by a volatile Italian who promptly whips a stiletto from beneath his apron and pursues the luckless victim up a nearby alley.

Now back to the squad car, which still contains a gigantic overload of Cops. Watch as it careens around a sharp turn, mounts the curbing, runs a few yards along the sidewalk, scrapes some of its cargo off onto a striped awning and plunges back into a maelstrom of traffic — headed the wrong way on a one-way street.

The inevitability of disaster! Gesticulating wildly, the Cops clang their alarm bell and weave through the onrushing cascade of automobiles, miraculously avoiding collision after collision as they hurry to the scene of some imaginary crime. In a breathless moment the vehicle spins crazily around another corner and leaps like a frolicsome colt toward a railroad grade crossing, where it coughs, shivers and stops, in the exact center of the track.

And what's that up ahead? The Limited, of course — black smoke boiling from its stubby stack, white steam hissing from its sides.

Neither the alpha nor the omega of screen comedy, the Keystone Cops have come to symbolize the form, as the picture of a quiet, Ivy League-suited young man standing on a concert stage may be said to symbolize current American humor. The Cops flashed across comedy's horizon as a kind of cosmic afterthought in the creation of film pantomime. Yet, though they disappeared like any bright meteorite, their principal activities — violent, almost mayhemic assault; perpetration of lese majesty on any figure of dignity; and the chase, invariably devastating, inevitably catastrophic — were an encapsulation of the format. Other, individual talents brought wry, sardonic, satirical or pathetic refinements, but the Cops and their madcap machinations remain as spokesmen for the period.

What is little known, even to those who are rediscovering movie comedy's great past through such television programs as *Silents, Please*, is the fact that certain films were drawing hysterical laughter almost two full decades before Sennett's gaggle of uniformed dolts ever mounted the back



step of their tired Model T. The first of these — and the first of all time — derived its effect from a simple function of nature: the sneeze.

Although not destined as a comic masterpiece, the dignity-destroying film clip shot at Thomas A. Edison's studio (*The Black Maria*) in 1893 rates as the granddaddy Adam. The brief episode did no more than to record Fred Ott, one of Edison's employees, in the process of launching an involuntary oronasal blast. It would have remained in obscurity with hundreds of other minute reels for the company's peep-show Kinetoscope had not the transition from these one-viewer-at-a-time machines to projected exhibition been made shortly thereafter. The explosive snort, albeit without the benefit of sound, afforded a change of pace for audiences already beginning to tire of shots of breaking surf, waterfalls, trains in motion and dancers, "all wonderfully real and singularly exhilarating." *The Sneeze* brought howls of laughter, and film humor was begun.

The first comedy with a "plot" followed soon afterward when the Lumière brothers produced an interlude entitled *Teasing the Gardener*. It was simple-minded and primitive but, for the times, nothing short of an epic. The scene is a

garden, somewhere in France. A tousle-haired little girl skips gaily among the flowers until she encounters a hose. She gazes at it for a long moment, then, giggling, jumps upon it with both feet, shutting off the water supply. As the surprised gardener peers at the nozzle, the little girl steps off the hose — with results that kept audiences in stitches all around the world.

The names of the principals in this first film comedy team have been lost to posterity, but the splash of liquid full in the unsuspecting face introduced a "turn" to be followed devoutly by hundreds of comics in thousands of reels to come.

Another sequence filmed the same year, similar to *Teasing the Gardener* but containing somewhat more depth of characterization and heaviness of plot, was Robert W. Paul's *The Soldier's Courtship*. In this one a uniformed young man and a nursemaid are shown in the act of pitching enthusiastic but discreet woo. They are on a park bench. An old lady appears. She sits down on the bench. For obscure reasons she begins to edge close to the idyllic couple. Annoyed, the soldier and his girl stand up, abruptly. The seat tips, the old lady

is dumped to the ground, and the bench tumbles on top of her. THE END.

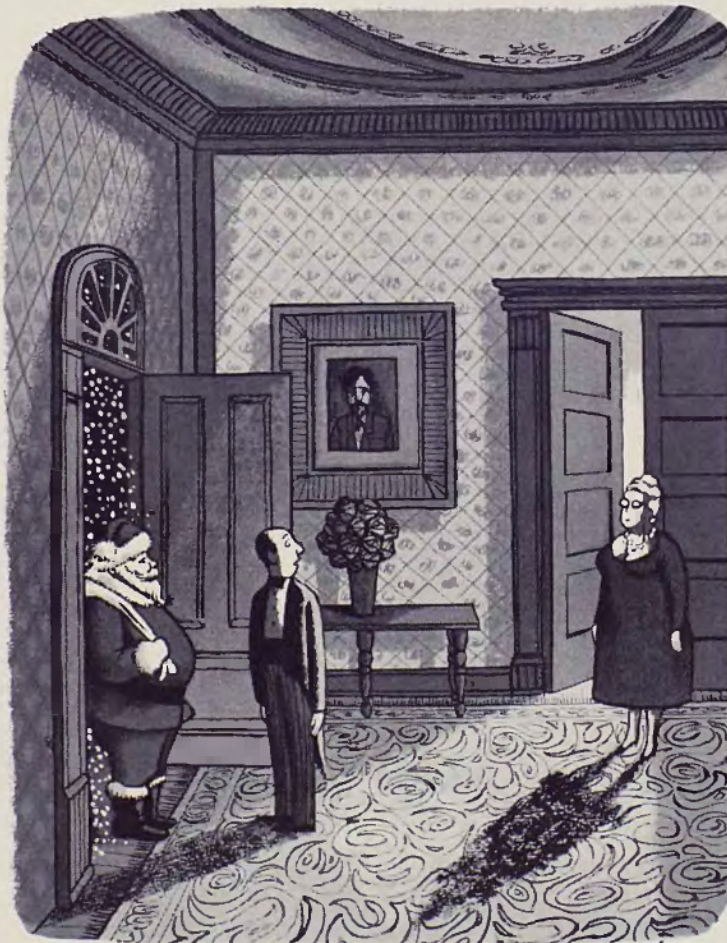
It sounds cruel, but it was not, for the old lady wasn't real except insofar as she represented reality. As with all film humor to follow, the action of *The Soldier's Courtship* took place in a world of its own making. The same scene encountered in the real world would have embarrassed and appalled all those who laughed so freely.

This apparently brutal method of arousing audience reaction stemmed, of course, from the similar efforts of a legion of stage comics who had been belting each other with inflated pigs' bladders and pairs of bed slats (the original "slapstick") for a century or more. The latitude of film technique, however, gave not only freedom of movement but virtually free rein to the use of props which could not be employed on the reasonably tidy stage. Thus stage and screen comedy methods were divorced forever.

Actually, few of the established legitimate clowns of the time ever attempted the transition to celluloid. The big names, who had sharpened their acts over a long period of years, simply could not countenance "posing for the flickers" and displaying their talents in exchange for the few paltry dollars a week offered by the early producers.

The millions to be poured into the industry and transferred to selected bank accounts were not even suspected when America's first film comedy star waddled before the cameras, in 1910. A portly legitimate actor who longed to play romantic leads, John Bunny mastered the art of pantomime because he had been told that this accomplishment, added to his hippopotamic bulk, would make him an ideal clown. Good natured, pliable and quite talented, Bunny brought a Dickensian sort of character to the minuscule Vitagraph motion picture company in Brooklyn and soon catapulted the characterization to world renown. At that time, the movies had already swept the globe in a kind of entertainment tidal wave. People loved pictures of all kinds, but especially Bunny's. His half-sad, half-ridiculous face, Micawber's if it were anyone's, smiled out of 150 one- and two-reelers and brought untold joy to the land.

Less concerned with joy and more devoted to assault with intent to commit great bodily harm were Al Christie and Mack Sennett, a couple of embryonic tycoons who managed to develop an almost magical rapport with the audiences of the day. Sennett, the discoverer, employer and mentor of all the slapstick stars except Keaton and Lloyd, was unquestionably a genius — to everyone but himself. He never laid claim to any particular skills other than an inherent sense of the ridiculous and the conviction that whatever made him



"... It's Christmas, madam... do you need anything...?!"

laugh was bound to make the average man laugh, too. Though Christie's productions occasionally rivaled Sennett's, the Keystone fun factory must be rated as the single greatest source of motion-picture amusement ever in operation, thanks primarily to the screwball vision of its proprietor.

A stage-struck, expatriate Canadian steelworker, Mack Sennett was playing the rear end of a two-man comic horse when movie fame beckoned. The gesture arrived in the form of an invitation to act before the camera of D. W. Griffith, a director of small but growing reputation in New York. Sennett leaped at the opportunity, but it was no bold step calculated to cut him off from the legitimate stage. It was simply a temporary answer to a permanent problem: poverty. Inasmuch as he was almost chronically unemployed and subsisting on free lunch-counter snacks at the time, he was in no position to turn down any job, however remote its connection with show business.

Such early experiences with penury may fairly be said to have made Sennett the colorful and contradictory figure he became. Where money and monetary values were concerned he was hopelessly inconsistent. He would think nothing of paying thousands of dollars a week to writers who never wrote, or of firing bricklayers who fell a half-dozen short of the daily quota of bricks. He would build a tower from which to spy on the entire company and then, the next week, outfit and staff an entire studio for a star who would not even let him inside the gate. These traits, and a host of similar idiosyncrasies — plus his fantastic record of producing over 1000 hit films — make the King of Comedy one of the most enchanting figures of this shadowy domain.

In 1912, when Mack persuaded two bookmakers, Charlie Bauman and Adam Kessel, to refrain from tearing his head off in lieu of payment for a hundred-dollar bad guess on the relative speed of a group of thoroughbreds — and, indeed, to further extend him \$2500 to form Keystone Productions — there were in existence seven accepted types of comedies. Foremost was the Chase; then came the Trick Photographic Film, the Knock-about, the Dramatic Farce, the Domestic or Social Comedy, the Satirical Comedy and the Cartoon Film. Sennett was to lump all of these categories together in as many combinations as possible in each and every epic, thus creating a new art.

Rule number one of the art demanded that life's portrait be painted with a brush a yard wide on the end of a 10-foot handle. However, contrary to popular belief, Sennett never had a wild, everything-goes philosophy. He insisted that his superficially chaotic burlesques proceed from believable premises. Motivation was the key to Keystone. The clowns could do anything that came into their heads so long as they were properly, or




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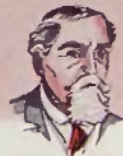
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even improperly, motivated.

Parody was also big at the fun factory. To Sennett, conventional stage plays and motion pictures (particularly of the heavily dramatic variety) were not only fair but fine game. In keeping with the concept that comedy is the satire of tragedy, the more serious and complex the original work, the more ridiculous and simple-minded the parody. Such titles as *The Sea Squawk*, *Uncle Tom Without a Cabin*, *East Lynne with Variations* and *The Battle of Who Run* suggest typical irreverence. *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, the first full-length feature comedy and the vehicle which established Marie Dressler as a comedienne of the highest rank, did much to propel Charlie Chaplin, Mack Swain, Edgar Kennedy, Charley Chase and Mabel Normand along the road to fame. It was merely a takeoff on Miss Dressler's highly successful stage play, *Tillie's Nightmare*, in which she had introduced the grand old tear-jerking ballad, *Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl*.

The story of how this howler came to be is typical of the methods by which movies were made in the Golden Age. Sennett was determined to produce a feature-length comedy. Everyone advised him against it. He refused to listen. He hammered and badgered and hectored his partners Bauman and Kessel, the ex-bookies, until—with grave misgivings—they agreed to ante up \$200,000 for the production. Of course, Sennett had no script. He had no ideas. It fact, he now had nothing but two hundred grand and a vague determination to launch Marie Dressler as a Keystone star. He hired the actress at the then fantastic salary of \$2500 a week; then he ordered his "scenario department" to create a suitable piece.

The thought of sustaining a chase through six reels was a powerful narcotic for the "writers." They attacked the problem with gusto but, after a week, pronounced it a hopeless and impossible proposition. Sennett was undisturbed. Calling his two top-bracket gagmen into a hotel room in downtown Los Angeles, the Chief had a case of iced champagne delivered, then locked the door and put the key in his vest pocket.

"Have all the champagne you want, boys," he said, good-naturedly. "We don't leave this room until we get a story for Marie Dressler."

Thus inspired, and with three bottles still to go, Craig Hutchinson, the senior member of the team, came up with the moneysaving idea of using the story line of Miss Dressler's recent stage hit. Around that absurd and tangled plot the Sennett gagmen and actors wove a rich tapestry of humor that has kept the film in circulation for 46 years, solely on its merits as a laugh-getter. Issued at the same time as D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, *Tillie* can be shown for sheer

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entertainment, while the Griffith masterpiece is primarily of historical interest. That *Birth* was the great trail blazer and a work of creative genius is undeniable; but only the fanatically faithful could argue that it has not dated to the point of quaintness. *Tillie*, of course, was quaint to begin with.

As was Sennett, also to begin with. Always money-conscious, he was one of the early sun-seekers who flocked to California on the excuse of less rain—more production. In pressuring Bauman and Kessel into the move from New York, he rashly promised that he would have a completed comedy in the can within a week after landing in Los Angeles. Taking Mabel Normand, Ford Sterling, Fred Mace and a cameraman named Pathé Lehrman with him, Sennett debarked from the cross-country train ride and walked right into a Shriners' parade. The street was clogged. Passage was impossible. To a lesser man, this would have been an inconvenience; to the Comedy King it was a blessing.

Quickly estimating the dramatic possibilities, the newly arrived director-producer dispatched his minions in all directions, instructing them to return with any props they might think of. Meanwhile, he and Lehrman set up the tripod. Within minutes, the cast reassembled. Pathetically attired in a shawl and clutching a most realistic baby doll, Mabel Normand flung herself into the parade under orders to "embarrass those Shriners! . . . Make out that you are a poor, lorn working girl, betrayed in the big city, searching for the father of your child!"

Mabel made out magnificently. "[She] put on the comical act you ever clapped eyes on," Mack reported later, "pleading, stumbling, holding out her baby—and the reactions of those good and pious gentlemen in the parade were something you couldn't get in six days of D. W. Griffith rehearsals. Men were horrified, abashed, dismayed. One kind soul dropped out and tried to help Mabel.

"Move in, Ford!" I told Sterling. Ford leaped in and started a screaming argument with the innocent Shriner who didn't know he was being photographed to make a buck for Keystone. The police moved in on Ford and Mabel. Ford fled, leaping, insulting the police, and they—God bless the police!—they chased him. I helped the cameraman and we got it all. The Shriners were good, but the best scenes we nabbed were the running cops. I never got their names, but if there are any retired members of the Los Angeles Police Department who remember taking part in that incident, let them bask in fame: They were the original Keystone Cops."

Sennett and his menagerie didn't even stop at their hotel but went directly to a previously rented studio. There they

shot enough additional footage to give some sense to the parade scene and had their first one-reeler in the can, not in the promised week, but in a day.

In his first year of operation in the studio at Edendale, a long-since absorbed suburb of Los Angeles, Sennett issued 140 comedies. These one- and two-reelers cost about \$25,000 each and returned \$75,000 to \$80,000 in the 1914-1918 period. Humor was a vital part of the motion-picture business then, so the only limits to Keystone's fortunes were the limits of time and inspiration.

The inspiration was largely in the fertile minds of the comics themselves. "Writers" abounded at Keystone and were treated with great respect, even being permitted their own secluded domain; but for many years they were forbidden to go near pen, pencil, paper or typewriter—on threat of instant dismissal. Their job was to dream up story lines and supplementary bits. They needed nimble minds and India-rubber bodies for, as noted, they never actually *wrote* (male secretaries were considered adequate to that secondary task) but, instead, *pitched* their brain storms, usually in the presence of Sennett, his clowns and his directors. With as many as six hardy scribes writhing and pratfalling to illustrate their gags, it is not surprising that insanity lurked near the surface in every two-reel skein of celluloid.

Yet those early screenwriters did not complain, and on the whole it may be observed that theirs was a better and more rewarding life than that endured by most of the current membership of the Writers' Guild of America. Despite the apparent indignity of their position, the Edendale gagmen enjoyed unique prestige; also, this "miscellany of wags, bonded together by the loose camaraderie of contempt" (in Gene Fowler's words) liked each other. Nowhere could a happier, or zanier, group of employees be found. However, they did reserve one objection. It was in the area of diet. The Keystone lot was the first to maintain its own cafeteria. It was well stocked with provender, but the waitresses were strictly forbidden to serve the scenario staff anything more nourishing than a tuna sandwich and a glass of milk during luncheon. "Eating heavy stuff makes them logy," said Sennett, "and they go to sleep, or if they don't go to sleep they get dozey and don't know what they are talking about." To further discourage noontime food intake, the Chief located his lunchroom at the top of four flights of stairs, of which every fourth step was missing entirely. To prevent scurvy and malnutrition in his literary hirelings, he served "tea" in the afternoon. This tiffin was originally scheduled at four o'clock in the Boss' office but gradually it extended until, at last, long shadows from the nearby hills were cloaking the stages in darkness at teatime. Concluding

the repast, Sennett would announce: "Well, boys, now that we've eaten, we can do some more work"—and the loving crew would be kept busy until midnight.

The Boss was also a demanding taskmaster when it came to his product. He exercised two kinds of quality control: on hearing the "story" and on seeing the finished print. "He could be persuaded to try anything once," reports an ex-Keystone gagster, "but if he didn't laugh when he saw it on the screen, look out!"

Gene Fowler described the process of judgment. "In the coffinlike projection room, there were three rustic benches, such as might be found in a backwoods church. Mack had a large rocking chair for himself and sat, one leg tucked under him, like a half-Buddha. He clasped his hands over his belly and analyzed his product. When a gag failed to make Mack laugh, the men automatically deleted or reshot that piece of business. If he did laugh, they made a note of that, too, for if Mack Sennett laughed, they knew that approximately 10,000,000 Americans would howl. His taste was the most infallible audience barometer in the history of motion-picture burlesque. He *never* missed."

Fowler, faithful chronicler of the lives of Hollywood's gamier and more succulent denizens, goes on to an interesting personal character evaluation of the King of Comedy, whom he cherished. "Beneath the odd and fantastic didos of this brooding keeper of the clowns and despite his suspicious moods, his penchant for baths, for champagne with corned beef and raw onions, the

truncated Panama hat and his ponderous but intense love for Mabel Normand, his literary shortcomings and educational poverty, his liberality with temperamental people on the one hand and unyielding taskmasterlike behavior on the other—beneath these evidences of muddled majesty, one feels rather than sees evidences of a compelling simplicity of purpose, a tenacious, strong, driving power that made him the Napoleon of the cap and bells. In his almost primitive soul there existed the average man's instinctive dread of destiny and innate yearning for revolt . . . Perhaps he had the greatest sense of the ridiculous of any man of modern times."

The Keystone Cops are fixed, chasing through the consciousness of every moviegoer, including those who never saw them. We know *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. But what of the rest of the madness? What, actually, was the flickering, two-dimensional idiocy spawned by this legendary Custard College Dean over the years? Idiot dust now, most of it. Crumbling clips. Flashes of memory. Bits and pieces, unhappily—although it was Walter Kerr who advised a young writer to build his castle on sand, if he wanted it to last. The human mind is the great even-temperature preserver; legends keep forever in its dark vaults. The plots of those revered frolics, hilarious in retrospect, are far too frail to afford any amusement or insight in the telling. They powder away under analysis. Yet a look at the performers, their work and the social climate in which they operated provides an utterly





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revealing, and almost tactile, picture of that phenomenal time.

The first of the individuals to poke his head above the bubbling mass of wrestlers, cops, old women, flea circus entrepreneurs, acrobats, jugglers, prize fighters, dogs, lions, geese and chimpanzees that populated Sennett's Edendale plant—and the first to demand billing plus a sizable increase in salary—was Ford Sterling, for years the "Chief" of the Keystone Cops. Sterling had created a "Dutch" comic in vaudeville and continued it in the Keystone flickers, but it was his inspired direction of his uniformed subordinates during their continual exigencies that won him public acclaim and placed him above specialists like Hank Mann and Chester Conklin. Sennett, unwilling to part with his friend and cohort, upped the comic's salary to \$250 per week when \$125 was tops. However, the inevitable interview came. Sterling announced that he was quitting. Sennett went to \$400. Sterling demurred. Grabbing a salary that was really far beyond his authority as studio head, the King named \$750, with no options in the contract. Sterling leaped like a ballet dancer and threw his hat in the air. "Yippee! So that's what I'm worth!" he crowed. Sennett replied that what he was worth and what he was being offered were not necessarily the same thing, but that anyway it was nice to have "the Chief" stay with the firm. "Stay, hell!" Sterling roared. "I'm still leaving. I just wanted to find out what I can get somewhere else."

The star's departure (into eventual obscurity) left Sennett looking for a lead comic. Hank Mann suggested a British entertainer whose name he couldn't remember. After some conversation, Sennett vaguely recalled having seen the little fellow in a performance of Fred Karno's *A Night in a London Music Hall*, which was touring the country. Wiring his New York associates to look for a comedian named "Chapman or Champion," he forgot the matter.

Chaplin was found and offered \$125 per week on a year's contract. His salary from Karno's operation was then between \$35 and \$50 per week. The offer was, therefore, quite tempting; yet it smelled of danger and risk. Fellow trouper Alf Reeves resolved the dilemma with a bit of advice. "That's 25 quid in real money," he said, and Charlie reached for the pen.

Working with veterans like Arbuckle, Mack Swain, Charley Chase, Slim Summerville, Hank Mann and Al St. John at the fevered pace of the Keystone one-reelers almost caused the timid, shy little comic to vanish. His first film, variously titled *A Busted Johnny*, *Troubles* and *Doing His Best* was highly inauspicious. In fact, as Sennett commented

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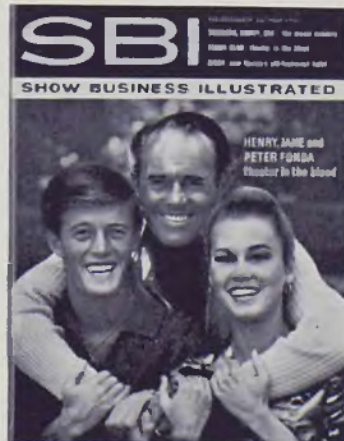
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later, "No matter what we called it, the film was a flop."

The character burlesqued by Chaplin in the initial handful of releases was that of a traditional British fop. His garb, an oxford-gray cutaway, checked waistcoat, batwing collar, polka-dot tie and top hat, was the same he had employed on the stage. Unhappy with his own performances and the fierce competition from the balance of the company, he began experimenting with costumes, on the theory that clothes make the clown. First he borrowed a pair of the outsize Arbuckle trousers. Then he filched Ford Sterling's old shoes. Within minutes these items, plus derby and cane, were assembled into a ridiculous but magically unified ensemble—and the screen's greatest figure, the Little Tramp, was born.

In a tryout of the new character, conceived to fit the costume, Chaplin jogged over to a hotel lobby set and made like a drunk. Chester Conklin, who aided and abetted the transformation, tells about this sneak preview:

"He got his foot caught in the cuspidor. His cane betrayed him and tripped him up. The mustache wiggled like a rabbit's nose. A crowd gathered. Mabel and Hank and Avery and Arbuckle were laughing at Charlie. We didn't notice that the Old Man had come down from his tower and was standing in the rear. All of a sudden we heard him. 'Chaplin, you do exactly what you're doing now in your next picture. Remember to do it in that getup. Otherwise, dear old England is beckoning.'"

The characterization was, of course, an instantaneous success. Chaplin's Charlie the Tramp became the most distinctive comedy figure at the Edendale lot, diminutive alongside such giants as Arbuckle and Swain, yet in a way bigger than any of them.

Relying more on his own instinctive timing and the insertion of bizarre actions than on the established Keystone gags (which he had always found alien to his taste), Chaplin appeared only once in a pic-throwing orgy (*Dough and Dynamite*), never with the Bathing Beauties and seldom in an auto chase. "He was always a fugitive," Sennett remarked, adding: "A *furtive* fugitive." From his 10th picture forward, the ex-music hall pantomimist—about whom everyone had had serious second thoughts—received writing and directing credits, which reveals the personal stamp he set upon even his early efforts.

The first 11 Tramp comedies (also starring Mabel Normand) brought the characterization through its first important phase. Sennett felt that nothing new was added afterward. "Though in the process of shrinking his tramp to pathetic and lovable proportions, it was a long time before he abandoned cruelty, venality, treachery, larceny and lechery

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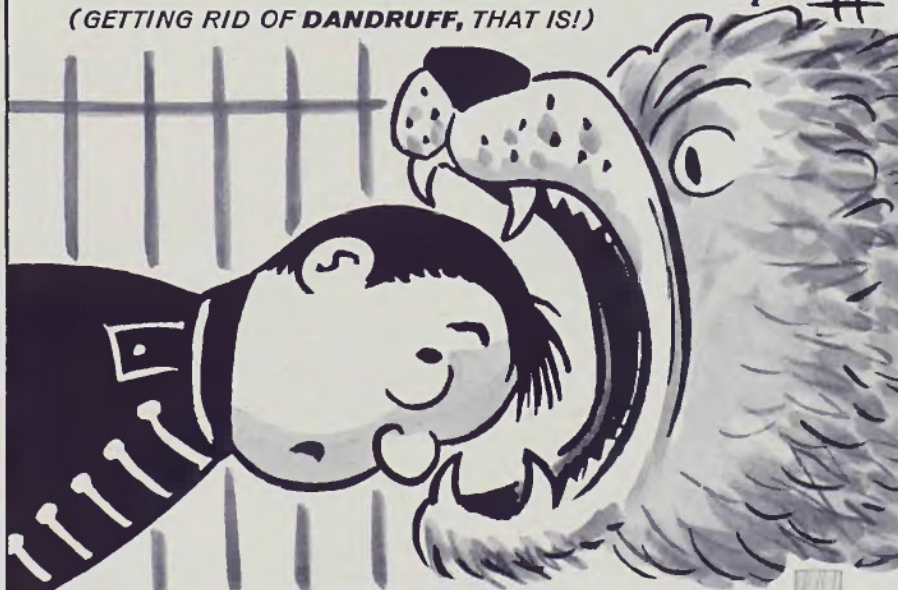


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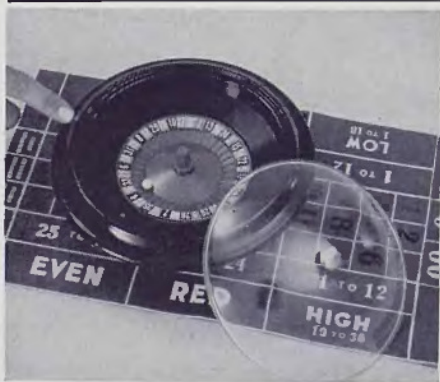
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as the main characteristics." In *Her Friend the Bandit* Charlie plays an impostor who visits Mabel's fancy mansion and, out of frustration, tears it apart. In *Mabel's Busy Day* Charlie gets drunk in a saloon and steals hot dogs from a poor girl who operates a small sidewalk stand. He bankrupts her. In *Mabel's Married Life* he staggers home in an alcoholic daze and is defeated in a boxing match with a dummy. *A Gentleman of Nerve* shows him sneaking through a hole in a fence, for the purpose of watching an auto race; after managing to get several innocent people arrested, he winds up as a thief. Preceding W. C. Fields by many years, Charlie got laughs in *His Trysting Place* by threatening to strangle a baby. Nowhere could a cockier, pluckier, more sadistic, violent, criminous and totally uninhibited clown be appreciated in that period.

As the characterization grew, however, many of these traits were smoothed out, eliminated or combined. Taking his cue from the great French comic Max Linder (who graciously denied that he had ever taught "Charlot" anything), Chaplin added the quality of wistfulness. It was the final touch. Sennett offered his star one-half of his own one-third interest in Keystone, but Charlie declined. He moved to Essanay Studios in Chicago, starting at an incredible \$1250 per week. A year later he commanded \$10,000 per week and a bonus of \$150,000 per year from Mutual, becoming the highest paid theatrical performer in the world.

The Little Fellow's subsequent rise to the highest peaks of artistry is known to all. It should be remembered, though, that his first home, Keystone, his foster father, Mack Sennett, and his fellow orphan inmates were all vital factors in the creation.

Surprisingly, it was a woman who set the wacky tone of the day. Irrepressible madcap Mabel Normand, who looked like the standard innocent-eyed heroine and behaved like a female Keystone Cop, was (in Sennett's words) "our mainstay." She taught Chaplin his first turns. She thought up gags for all the other comics. She threw the first pie, in an ad-lib sequence, opening the way for a million sticky laughs. Once she jumped into a lake 22 times in order to achieve the right effect. Working hard, playing hard, living for the Edendale fun house and its insane product, she was the very spirit of comedy.

Her chapter in the history of slapstick opens with the blazing succession of Keystone mortgage lifters, with Chaplin, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin and Fatty Arbuckle, and closes on a tragic note: her involvement in the William Desmond Taylor murder of the Twenties.

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was on the shelf, ready for release, when Taylor — a motion-picture director known more for his amorous adventures than for his cinematic talents — was shot to death by person or persons unknown. Mabel and Mary Miles Minter were among this gentleman's last visitors. Although no accusations were leveled, the association was sufficient to bring down the wrath of the self-appointed guardians of the nation's morals. Sennett was forced to withdraw *Molly-O*, losing half a million dollars. Mabel, described by all who knew her as the kindest, sweetest, most lovable person in the business — Mabel, the bright, zany incarnation of fun — was drummed out of pictures and propelled toward a hard and early death.

The need for extreme discretion was pointed up by this incident, but the clown mask is not so easy to slip off. Most of the public relations problems that dogged the stars of the silent comedies stemmed from their wholesale zest for living and the ready acceptance, by their friends, of anything they might care to do. The need to top one's previous performance, whether in public or private, pushes a certain type of actor to the heights. Conversely it can drag him to the depths. All the great film clowns, with the exception of Harold Lloyd, suffered private tragedy and public abuse.

Surely none suffered more than Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle. He was a big, jolly, mischievous man who played big, jolly, mischievous men on the screen. The world loved him. His peers bowed to him as one of the greatest comedians of all time. It is not recorded that he had a single enemy. Yet one night's indiscretion destroyed him and his image and his memory. It happened at the St. Francis hotel, in San Francisco. Arbuckle was hosting another of his well-known open-house parties. Girls were present, including a sturdy Hollywood hopeful named Virginia Rappe. The newspapers described her later as a "frail, lovely virgin." Buster Keaton says that she was "... a big-boned, husky young woman, five feet, seven inches tall, who weighed 135 pounds ... about as virtuous as most of the other untalented young women who had been knocking around Hollywood for years, picking up small parts any way they could." In the course of the party the actress suffered a "pelvic disturbance." Within a few hours she was dead.

The courts tried Arbuckle for manslaughter and judged him innocent. The great world public, however, was not so lenient. Roscoe's fans condemned him. No longer was he the funny fat man who filled their hearts with joy. Now he was an obese, gross, lecherous monster whose lustful bulk tore the insides out of an innocent young girl.

It was one of the blackest, ugliest pages in show business history. Fatty Arbuckle was driven out of motion pictures. After

two decades of success and fame, the jolly clown — mentor to Keaton, innovator of a thousand priceless gags, dispenser of delight to millions — was summarily consigned to disgrace, obscurity and neglect. Years later, when the scandal had faded, Roscoe tried a comeback. But the memory of mobs shouting obscenities at him in the name of reform stifled the big man's urge to play the buffoon; and when we might have been treated once again to his art, the clown was dead.

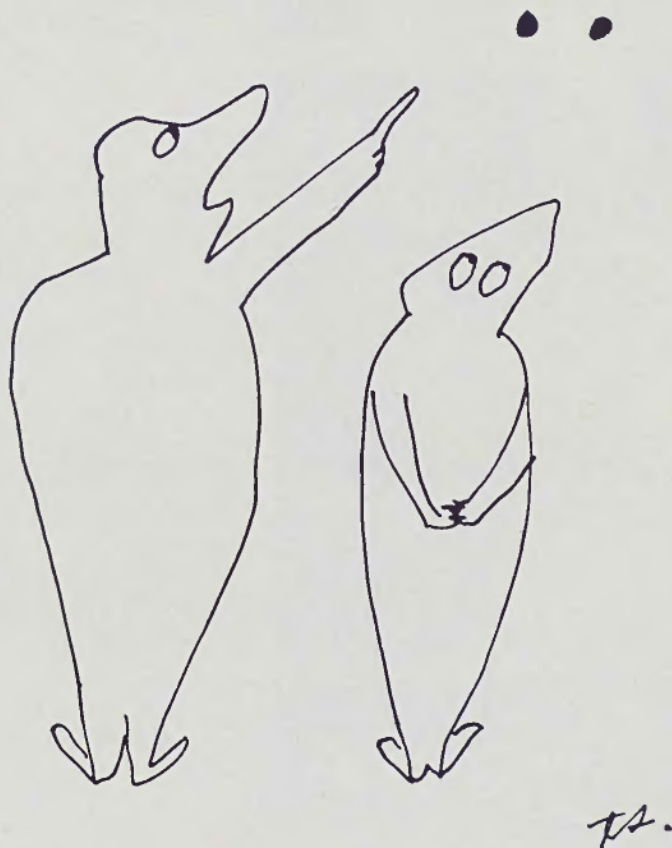
Buster Keaton's tragedy was almost as great. His fans never deserted him. Now, because of his activities in television, he is probably the most familiar of the silent-screen comics. Yet he had a 20-year-long bout with obscurity and despair.

The poker-faced, basset-eyed, loose-knit Keaton we know today differs only in age and sagging jowls from the poker-faced, basset-eyed, loose-knit four-year-old who was knocking them dead in 1899. The youngster worked into his parents' act by becoming a heckler. Shortly afterward he joined his father in a rough-and-tumble acrobatic altercation that gave great pain to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, if not to Buster. So adept at avoiding fractures did the pair become that the elder Keaton often forgot that his son was not an oddly shaped missile to be thrown about

at will. On one occasion he actually used the child as a weapon, hurling him into the audience at a third-row cutup who had become obnoxious.

This tender training, plus an inborn sense of comic effect, supplied The Human Projectile with all the necessary attributes for slapstick films. When the family act broke up, he went to work at the Colony Studios in Brooklyn, owned and operated by the newly independent Fatty Arbuckle.

Buster's debut was made in an Arbuckle epic called *The Butcher Boy*. His first moment of glory comes as he enters the country store where most of the action takes place. Fatty and Al St. John, the proprietors, are engaged (naturally enough) in throwing bags of flour at each other. Buster walks accidentally into the line of fire. He takes a bag full in the face. His blank expression following the assault is such a contrast to the fevered eyeball-rolling and mouth-twitching of the other comedians that an extra dimension has been brought to insanity. Throughout the film — during which he must remove a quarter from a full pail of molasses and endure the bite of a mangy hound — Keaton maintains his carved-from-granite calm. Once established, this deadpan became his trademark. No one ever man-



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The late James Agee, also belatedly appreciated, described Keaton's face as "ranking almost with Lincoln's as an early American archetype, haunting, handsome, almost beautiful." Once it was so. Buster's early movies reveal him as a sensitive-featured young man, with many of the same elements of inner pathos and compassion that distinguished Chaplin. Like Chaplin, his characterizations depicted the victim of circumstances rather than the goosoon who violates propriety. Hence there was a certain nobility and grandeur to his clowning.

The Deadpan was frequently as funny and inventive as the Tramp, occasionally more so. Yet even Keaton's staunchest fans will admit that he lacked the greatness of Chaplin, if only because of the necessary limitations of the frozen-faced character. Still, if there ever was a challenger to Charlie's throne, it was Buster Keaton.

He was a natural jester but he was (and is) a serious student of humor, also. Tension/Growth of tension/Release of tension was his formula, and it saw him through some of the funniest movies ever made, notably *The General* (recently revived for television), *Go West* and *The Navigator*. He was called a director, but he didn't direct. He choreographed and danced the leading role in over a hundred screen ballets, any one of which would intimidate the Moiseyev Company.

The ex-acrobat scorned the use of doubles and so suffered more bruises, abrasions, contusions, black eyes and fractures (including a broken neck) than all the other comics put together. Buster's sight-gags almost always relied upon physical contact between man and object. In one two-reeler he dives from a high board into a swimming pool, misses the water and crashes through the tile coping. In *One Week* he assembles a prefabricated house in a completely hopeless fashion, steps outside the misplaced door to admire his work — and falls two stories. Yet Keaton was capable of subtlety, too. His well-paced, well-thought-out pictures were amalgams of the loud and the soft, the wild and the pensive, the obvious and the subtle.

With the advent of sound, Buster came under the aegis of MGM and its youthful production supervisor, Irving Thalberg. Unwilling to assign the veteran comic his own unit for fear other stars would demand similar dispensation, Thalberg unwittingly started Keaton on his long downhill slide. "He thought he was doing the right thing," Buster recalls. "And you couldn't say he was stingy. I got as many as 22 writers for every script. But that was the trouble. Everything had to be on paper." The organization idea, dominant in Hollywood today but only beginning then,

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stilled Keaton's sense of spontaneity. With "help" from everyone at the studio, he soon retreated into frustration and inactivity. Compounded by a matrimonial disaster, his fortunes declined to a point where he was happy to accept work at \$100 per week in the studio where once he had commanded \$200,000 per year. Some bits in big films and a willingness to try the fledgling medium, TV, brought the great Deadpan back to his admirers, in small but thoroughly enjoyable doses. He is not the star he used to be—that would be impossible, in any case—but neither is he a pathetic relic. As one of Hollywood's senior citizens, who made the most difficult transition imaginable without losing either his hope or his sense of values, Buster Keaton treasures the plaudits of his fans and their affectionate memory of the "little man with the frozen face who made them laugh a bit long years ago when they and I were both young."

For others there was no transition at all. "Talkies" spelled the end of many great careers and the beginning of the end of an entire age.

Suddenly there was no more call for Larry Semon, a direct descendant of Dan Leno and all the great flour-faced European clowns; for Harry Langdon, the bewildered babe-in-the-woods with the survival instincts of an Apache; for cross-eyed Ben Turpin; bumbling Andy Clyde; indestructible Chester Conklin; no call at all for the prancing, dancing mimes whose silent frenzies convulsed the world. The expression of Everyman's distrust of his environment and his defiance of fate through the lifted eyebrows and waggling backsides of shadow-figures ceased to be. The new talking toy called for not a new expression necessarily, but a new method.

Semon, who died the year sound was fully adapted for the screen, had actually been in retirement for a number of years. But if he had tried to find employment in the profession at which he was an acknowledged master, it is certain that he would have failed. The barrier was understandably oak-strong at the time. In the embryonic development of sound film, dubbing had not been perfected. Therefore, all scenes were required to be shot complete with whatever sound effects were desired in the finished print. The sound camera, noisy in itself, was necessarily shrouded and limited in movement. The sets, accordingly, were small and totally sealed against random decibels. So action—the heart of comedy—was circumscribed. And this alone, without the other limitations brought by sound, was enough to kill the knockabout, Keystone type of movie.

Classic motion-picture slapstick struggled to stay alive. Harold Lloyd fought the coming revolution with a series of silent masterpieces, any one of which



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should have been adequate to stem the flood of words. Chaplin delivered his finest gifts. Keaton, at the peak of his powers, tossed off one brilliant comedy after another. Indeed, it may be said that the threat of extinction spurred those early practitioners of the art of silent mirth to their greatest accomplishments.

The year it died, slapstick comedy was at last truly an art.

Of course, film comedy, in the broad and unspecialized sense, did not die. While most of the great mimes vanished, a new breed of comics sprang up. They were not clowns in the classic sense, nor purely cinematic creations, but a number of them were highly talented and a few—only a few—managed to be so funny that it appeared, for a little while, that a new art was in the making.

The two real geniuses of this transitional period came very close to merging silent and sound techniques, an impossible blend. Sound creates the illusion of reality; slapstick requires the reality of illusion. Nonetheless, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy made the attempt, and in so doing contributed a special, peculiar and altogether wonderful form of humor.

The comics were first brought together by a leg of lamb. Laurel, once Chaplin's understudy, was directing silent comedies for Hal Roach when it happened that Hardy, who pursued a gastronomical hobby, suffered third-degree burns in the process of cooking a lamb and was forced to miss a scheduled film appearance. Laurel substituted. Roach liked the bit and suggested that the two team up in forthcoming productions. The magic of the combination was at once apparent.

After establishing themselves in the soundless flickers, the delicate hippo Hardy and childlike Laurel moved

smoothly into the new medium. Accounting for the transition, Laurel says: "We had decided we weren't talking comedians and of course preferred to do pantomime like in our silents. So, we said as little as possible—only what was necessary to motivate the things we were doing. If there was any plot to be told we generally would have somebody else tell it. We used sound chiefly for the effects and after a while, we really liked sound because it emphasized the gags and eventually we did more talking than we had intended."

Even in their final efforts Laurel and Hardy depended upon the "kaleidoscope of visual images" rather than spoken humor, which ought to have made them misfits, but didn't. Whoever saw the two of them struggling with a crated piano up an impossibly steep stairway; or devouring an invisible dinner in the mansion of a madwoman; or strutting along a 40-story-high scaffolding, both, plus a large live crab, in the same pair of trousers— whoever watched Laurel react to perplexity with his hair-mussing scratch of the head and baby-wrinkled, verge-of-weeping-hysteria face, or Hardy in his ponderous yet graceful attempts to salvage human dignity from the most absurd situations— whoever laid eyes on the colorful, lovable pair at work, brushed with comedy at its finest.

Hardy, known to his friends always as Babe, is gone. Laurel, in poor physical health but mentally sound, lives in a small apartment in Santa Monica, California. It is pleasant to report that, although he remembers the past fondly and vividly, he is primarily interested in the future.

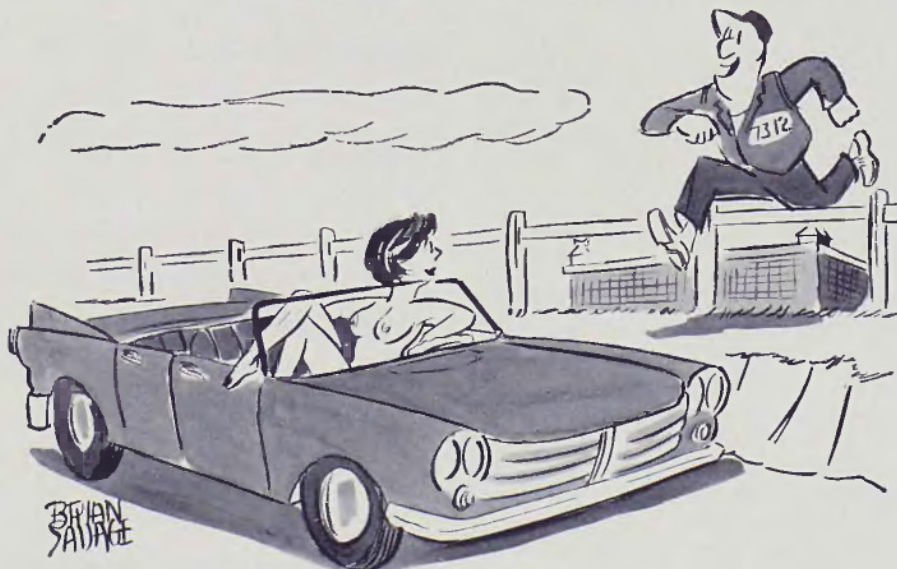
A man who claimed to have been born without a future was W. C. Fields, one of the funniest and most enigmatic figures in motion-picture history. He made his debut as the Ringmaster in *Tillie's Punctured Romance* but, paradoxically

— for he was at heart a mime— he did not achieve renown until after the advent of sound. Although people remember him best for his sly, insouciant, minor-key canny barker's drawl, his finest moments relied not upon sound but sight. He lacked Sennett's innocence—in fact, frequently he appeared to be parodying the style of his mentor— still, he put the Keystone touch in most of his wild extravaganzas. And they were wild. The bulb-nosed misanthrope simply progressed by a nebulous story line from one improbable situation to the next, disregarding with Olympian contempt the careful plotting and attempted logic of competitive products. His people and their activities: the inventor of a punctureproof tire who flattens all the casings on a police car by gunfire, under the impression it is his test vehicle; the intrepid game hunter who is terrified by any four-legged creature and runs from a pair of tame lions; the pool shark who is forced to play with a corkscrewlike cue— these and other grotesque characterizations, presumably disparate, all blending into one dumpy, suspicious, ill-tempered, dishonest, cowardly and somehow magnificent fool. No one ever claimed that Fields was lovable. But no witness of his almost nightmarish humor could deny that he was a great comic.

Equally great, and very definitely outgrowths of the sound period, were three brothers who were born with the gift of madness and a sense that the world was a laugh: the brothers Marx. More than merely a team of comics, Groucho, with his suggestive, *reductio ad absurdum* eyebrows, his idiot bent-kneed, slump-shouldered walk and his habit of saying whatever happened to be on his mind. Harpo, the Panlike angel-devil, and their foil, Chico, combined three separate schools of comedy into a spicy, meaty, sometimes unidentifiable porridge remembered well by all who love film humor. There was almost no sweetness to the brothers. They were not quaint nor charming nor appealing. Often they were obnoxious. But always they were funny; and if there was a certain desperation to their lunatic activities, it was only because they were destined to be the last of the great destroyers, the last recognizable link to old-time slapstick.

After the Marx Brothers, American comedy suffered a swift and inexorable decline. There were comics and funny pictures, to be sure, but they were a break from tradition, following no pattern and achieving little art. The Ritz Brothers, Joe Penner, Hugh Herbert, Leon Erroll, Joe E. Brown, Eddie Cantor, Olsen and Johnson, and others, frequently hit high standards; but somehow they all seemed out of context. Their humor gradually grew tame, controlled, almost polite. And in time they, too, disappeared.

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Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Bob Hope, et al., was, of course, no such thing. It was the feeble twitch of a dying giant.

Now we have exactly two clowns, and they are lost, out of time, out of step, and aging. Danny Kaye, an artful exhibitionist, began well but, like Keaton, was soon crushed by the Hollywood machinery. The gigantic, Technicolor, wide-screen bushel baskets under which he is obliged to hide the light of his talent are uniformly zestless and unrewarding. Red Skelton is with us, but only in spirit, which is just as well. The inestimable Red never was meant to work in films. Stepping back centuries to Grimaldi and the white-faced jesters, he exists as an anachronism and a reminder, in semihuman form, of a past art.

There are no others. Slapstick is gone from the American screen, brutally murdered by sound, growing sophistication and a wonderful, but undistinguished, toy called the animated cartoon. Of this sub-art Gene Fowler commented: "It preserved and accentuated a thousand-fold all the illusions of slapstick. The pen was mightier than the bed slat. By the exercise of a few thousand strokes of the cartoonist's quill, a whole animal kingdom of stars came into being and had immortal existence . . ."

Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Bugs Bunny and the other inkwell performers drew no salaries, never became temperamental, suffered no stains of public misdemeanor, and were wholly unlikely to succumb to ulcers and coronaries. Combined with the assault of the talking double feature, they delivered the *coup de grâce* to slapstick as it was practiced by the masters. Yet they did not replace or take over slapstick, even though they borrowed its methods. One is not surprised to see a five-foot-high mouse do anything, and surprise was an essential ingredient in the art.

Ironically, the nations who never had a look-in when America was king are now the arbiters of film comedy. Alec Guinness, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas and Peter Sellers in Britain; Fernandel and Jacques Tati in France; Cantinflas in Mexico—all are nibbling on the fringes of great comedic style, and it is to them that we must look for a return of laughter.

Perhaps it would be well for us to think about that.

Perhaps, as the young commentator of our times scratches our consciousness from the grooves of a vinyl disc, it would be well for us to rediscover the slap shoes and funny hat we were born with, and the admirable and defiant mirth which was our legacy. It is not too late. In fact, the fearful absurdity is only beginning, waiting to be laughed into its proper place.

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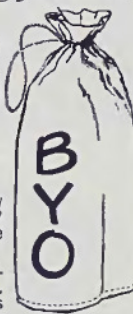
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SQUARE

(continued from page 82)

assistant producer for a 30-minute show, a Western titled *The Drifter*. Hy was the producer; he had created the main character and established the format. That past September John had lunch with a literary agent and as they were parting the agent had said almost apologetically, "Say, I've got a writer who can really write. I don't know if he can do anything for you. But I do know he needs the dough."

"Send him around," John said. "I'll talk to him."

The next afternoon John's secretary said Mark Sawtelle was outside. Sawtelle was small, Southern and unborn-looking; he had on an ancient green tweed jacket and worn-out sneakers—his white eye-lashes were thick and gummy and he had a sinus condition.

"You've seen the show?" John said.

Sawtelle took a filthy rag from his pocket and said, "No," as he blew his nose.

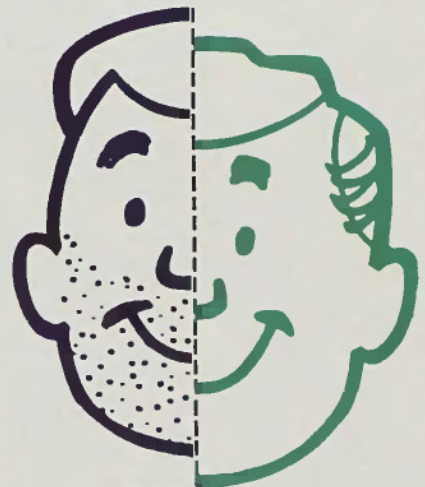
"Then I'll give you some scripts." John opened a desk drawer and began shoving mimeographed, stapled-together pages across the desk. He leaned back in his chair and stared out the window at lower Manhattan. It was almost five o'clock and a heavy rain was falling.

"The format is fairly simple. The Drifter is a cowpoke who is always between jobs. He never has any money. All he has is a horse, a saddle, a blanket and a little grub. And his gun, of course, but he never kills anyone with it. His rope is the weapon, or tool, which he uses to capture the antagonist and turn him over to the marshal. But the most important thing about the Drifter is that he is always headed for a new job, a better job. He believes that the grass on the other side of the hill is greener and the show proves it is, in a very special way." John tapped his pencil on the desk. "Just as he is about to strike it rich we put him in conflict with a person or group — families are good, especially if the children are sick — who want exactly what he wants but who could never win in a struggle against him. For instance, in one of our most successful shows the Drifter was dying of thirst when he found a water hole. It was a small water hole, barely enough to save his life. But lying beside it was a mother collie with six babies. She could feed them only if she had water. She had crawled to within a foot of the water hole and collapsed. Both the mother collie and the Drifter had to have that water. So what did the Drifter do?"

"Drank the water, shot the dogs, then ate —"

"No, no. He picked her up in his arms. He carried her to the water hole. She was too weak to drink. He filled his

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own mouth with water—but he didn't drink any of it, he spat it into the mouth of the mother collie. And in that way and in *only* that way did he get his reward. A dog's love and affection, things money can't buy." John smiled. "Think you'd like to try one for us?"

"Well, I'll try," Sawtelle said, but there was no hope in his voice. He took a deep breath. "Why don't we go down to Hurley's and have a beer?"

John never drank with writers, it was no help in getting the kind of scripts he needed. But it was raining and he had nowhere to go except his apartment. He went to Hurley's.

Sawtelle drank three martinis, one-two-three, and said, "Want to go to a party in the Village?"

John knew Sawtelle was getting tight. He thought it might be easier to go to the party and let someone else take care of Sawtelle, if it came to that. They took a cab down to Bleeker Street. The apartment was full of people and the gin and vermouth and the ice were already gone. Then he saw the girl.

She was sitting in a chair in the corner of the room, her feet tucked under her. She had the coolest face that John had ever seen. Then she suddenly turned and looked directly at him. He felt something like a shock.

"Sawtelle, who is that girl?"

"That bitch? Don't have anything to do with her. You should see some of the things she sleeps with."

John thought Sawtelle was drunk and simply being nasty. "Oh, come on. Introduce me."

Sawtelle took John across the room, stopped in front of the girl, and leered. "Hear you moved in with a couple of dykes and their great Dane."

"Screw you," the girl said distinctly.

Sawtelle giggled and walked away.

"I'm sorry," John said. "He didn't tell me your name."

"Aggie Mulholland."

John sat on the edge of the coffee table. He thought she might be literary, so he said cheerfully, "I've been trying to get Mark to do a script for the show. You know his work?"

The girl looked at him briefly, then glanced away. "That fag," she said.

"Oh, is he?" John said, surprised. "I didn't think —"

"Oh, God!" the girl said. "*How square!* He's one of my oldest friends."

John had to smile. She was right: that had been square. "Would you like to have dinner?"

The girl glanced at him; she was amused. "I won't sleep with you," she said.

Other girls, at other times, could have used that gambit and John would have reacted differently—with irritation or even boredom. But she made him smile.

"Just dinner, then?"

"Sure," she said. "When I'm ready to leave. I'm not ready to leave yet."

It was 11 o'clock when they left the apartment. It was raining. She tied a scarf around her hair and, as he held an umbrella over her, he put his arm around her shoulders. They could not get a cab, so they walked to a restaurant south of the Square and ate clams and lasagne and drank white chianti. She told him she wrote a column for a woman's magazine: cosmetics. She wasn't an authority, but she'd worked on magazines.

"Listen," she said abruptly. "Would you like to come to dinner Saturday night? One of my oldest friends hasn't been married long. Nobody thinks it'll work, but I think it will. They're coming."

It was unexpected and, unexpectedly, he felt flattered. "I'd like that very much."

John Andrew had been invited for dinner and so Saturday night he dressed as he would for dinner in Greenwich or Old Westbury: dark suit, sober tie, black shoes. The young fathers he had once pushed baby carriages with on Saturdays in Washington Square were older, and their wives were older and they had climbed higher toward the rich protein center of the Luce spiderweb. All of them had a place in the country, all of them felt bad about old John. *Damn* shame, nice guy like that. And on weekends at Westport and at Hastings John Andrew had been introduced to women whose husbands had unfortunately died, whose husbands had for some obviously insane reason left them, to women who were brilliantly successful and at last getting around to marriage. John Andrew had been "thrown together" quite a lot.

(Aggie Mulholland speaks here: *Oh, God! How square!*)

Saturday night Aggie had on blue jeans, a feminine-looking blouse, and she wore no shoes; her feet, as all bare feet in New York apartments become, were black on the bottom. Sylvia, whose pregnancy was beginning to show, wore slacks and a sweater. Ralph had on cords; he'd been chopping wood all day in Pennsylvania. Yeah, they had a place there. Not like the shore. You could go year round, you know? Fortunately, they left early.

John and Aggie sat on the sofa and had a goodnight beer.

"Listen, there's something I want to tell you. I know it's going to sound kind of out, but I wanted to tell you." He paused, he wanted to get the words exactly right. "A long time ago, about the



"Gee, Marshal, he must have been one of the good guys!"

time I stopped being analyzed, shortly before the Civil War, I had a dream. I was standing at the foot of a staircase with a wooden banister and a girl was sliding down it. She was, oh . . . about 18 or 20. She reminded me something of my daughter and a little of Joan Loring. Did you see her in *Come Back, Little Sheba*? Anyway, she was dressed in a very old-fashioned dress and when she slid down the banister I told her not to, she might fall. She just laughed at me, then slowly flew around the room, like Peter Pan. My analyst said everybody's androgynous. Everybody's got an androgyne, and that's what makes a relationship between a man and a woman possible. A man has an androgyne and he expresses it by having a relationship with a woman who's like that. Well, you're more like her than anyone."

Aggie looked at her hands. "John, you're sentimental."

"Well, I don't know. I do know I have sentiments."

"You don't even *know* me. You don't know anything about me. I don't think I'm capable of a relationship like that."

He put his hand on her shoulder, on her neck. He thought she was beautiful, that the soft line of her jaw was lovely. He loved the rising, falling inflections of her voice. He thought the way she walked with her knees slightly bent was the sexiest-looking thing he had ever seen. It amused him when she talked dirty; he knew she did not have the emotions that make dirty words dirty. Well, an objective observer might have said her face was a trifle too long, her upper lip a bit thin; that she slumped and did not stand erect (in her own words she'd always had a "skinny little ass"); and that she was both obscene and profane in her speech.

But John loved her; and he told her all about it.

Oh, God! How square!

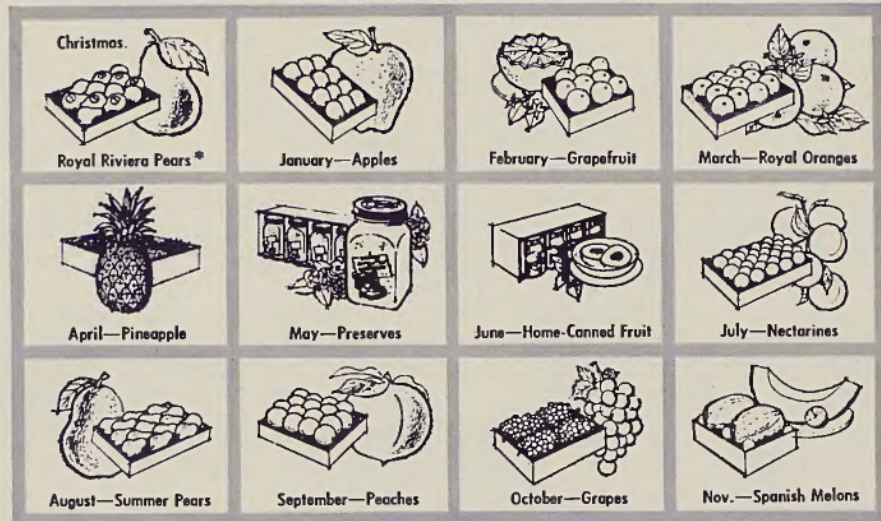
On John's 31st birthday Aggie took him to dinner, to celebrate. That made him feel good — no one remembered his birthday, except his parents and his daughter who had obviously been reminded by her mother.

They met in the bar at the Brittany, they were late and had to wait for a table. Standing at the bar they had several drinks. When they sat down they had just one more, before the snails. They drank Charmant with frogs' legs Provençal and had stingers with the coffee. When they went outside to get a cab it was cold and John put his arm around her; riding downtown she leaned against him, sleepy with food and drink. The cab stopped and she said, "You might as well come up for a beer."

He followed her up the stairs, waited as she took a key from her handbag and

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unlocked the door. She dropped her coat on the sofa and suddenly yawned. John put his arms around her. She leaned against him, relaxed. He put his hand under her chin and kissed her, kissed her mouth and her ear and neck.

"That beautiful face," he said.

She smiled, then yawned again. "I'll get you a beer."

"No. I'll get them."

He went to the kitchen and took two cans of beer from the refrigerator. Before he opened the cans he wiped the tops carefully with a paper towel; that was the way she did it. When he went back to the living room she was not there.

He heard the sound of water running in the bathroom. Instantly he was alert. Well, by *God*, he thought. Of course, it was his birthday, but . . .

She came out of the bathroom wearing a long-sleeved, high-necked flannel gown. He saw her only briefly as she walked from the bathroom, then passed from his line of vision on the other side of the bedroom door. The girl in the dream! She was dressed like the girl in the dream! He remembered. It hadn't been an old-fashioned dress. It had been a nightgown! He heard the bed sigh. "John?"

He walked to the bedroom door, a can of beer in each hand. "Want a beer?"

"Oh, no. I've had too much to drink already."

He sat beside her and put the cans of beer on a bedside table; he took her as carefully in his arms as a beginning golfer gripping a club. He kissed her mouth, the lobe of her beautiful ear, her neck—her freshly scrubbed neck. He rubbed his face across the soft flannel of her nightgown where her breasts lay.

"Ag, I love you," he said. He was choked.

She did not push him away, nor move. But something changed, very suddenly.

"Listen, I didn't mean—I was *sleepy*, that's all. I've got to go to sleep, John."

What he had thought had been very far from the truth. The beautiful soft picture that had been in his brain and heart shattered; fragments lay on the floor bleeding, in agony, calling to him: save us, save us, don't let us perish like this!

"I'm going right to sleep, John."

After a second he said, "Well, I'll just finish this beer."

The blanket was pulled up to her chin and there was no make-up on her face. She looked like a clean little girl telling her father goodnight. Goodnight! Goodnight! See you in the *morning*!

"Listen, John, I don't think I'm a very good girl for you. I mean, I can't sleep with you. It isn't that I don't *like* you or anything like that, or that I



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wouldn't enjoy it. I don't mean that. But, I can't."

Seconds later she was asleep, breathing lightly. He turned out the lights and went home.

The next day Sawtelle walked into John's office. It was the end of the day, the end of the week, and John's head hurt. He got up from his desk and closed the office door.

Sawtelle leered. "Togetherness?"

"I want to ask you something." John was embarrassed. "If you don't want to answer, OK. It won't make any difference as far as money is concerned. You can still write for the show."

"Sure, I'm queer," Sawtelle said. "Thought you knew. What's the matter, FBI been around?"

"Be serious. This is important. It's about Ag."

Sawtelle cocked his head.

"Do you know if she's . . . well, if she's got anybody?"

"You mean sleeping with."

"Well, somebody she's interested enough in, although maybe she hasn't got around to it yet."

"Well, it's not you, obviously." Sawtelle lighted a cigarette, blew smoke out his nose. "I don't know. I never really understood that girl. We grew up together in this little old Southern-fried town, she was just another little old Southern-fried girl. Of course, her mother and father hated each other's guts, but so what? My God, my old man shot himself. She went to college in Connecticut. I didn't even know she was in New York until one night I ran into her in the White Horse with a beat poet and some colored fags who were high. She was *with* them but she wasn't part of it, you know? She's never part of anything, really, always on the outside, staring. Listen, you ever read *The Call Girl*?"

"The *call* girl?"

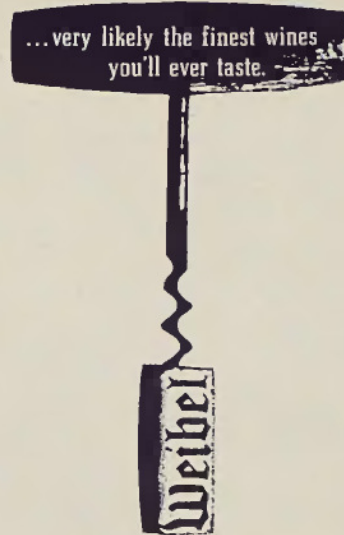
"Now, that's not what I mean. But you notice the way Ag dresses sometimes? She wears blue jeans—and they *are* men's work pants—and a girl's blouse. Well, in this book one of the whores did that and the good doctor said it was due to her indecision about her role in life, whether she wanted to be masculine or feminine, aggressive or passive."

John shook his head. "Ag's a very positive person, very positive in her opinions."

"Hell, I don't know. I'm pretty sure she had a fairly miserable affair once, though. I'm pretty sure I know the guy. I think all she got out of it was an abortion. I wouldn't be surprised."

John pinched the bridge of his nose with his thumb and forefinger; he was very tired.

"Oh, I fell in love once," Sawtelle



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said. "Indeedy-do, I did." His voice was quiet. "I was in the Army of the United States of America, friends, and I fell. So they shipped me out of that celestial city—Open Thighs, Indiana—and sent me far away to Moo-koo Chow Gow-yoke, Cantonese style. And I cracked. You've heard about rotten fruit, haven't you? My brain case split open in the heat of the tropical sun. That's how I got out. Psycho." He smiled. "I went back once, back to Open Thighs. She'd married a Catholic truck driver and was about two ax handles broad in the keister. But she'd kept my letters. She'll probably sell them for a mint someday—after I'm dead."

John was staring at him.

"It is the most miserable, the most useless feeling in the world. The greatest waster of human energy and emotion I know. To fall in love is to destroy love. And, remember, you heard it here first, Papa-san. Someday a bronze plaque will be embedded in the very chair where my bony arse now rests. Consequently, I can only recommend to you the peace of Hurley's, the solace of the dry martini."

Instead John went home. He sat with a pile of scripts in his lap and a pencil in his hand, but her image floated before him, telling him he was square. And, Jesus, he *felt* square.

For a while John did not see Aggie and he found a certain amount—and kind—of peace. He began accepting dinner invitations from old friends again, in Pleasantville, over in Rockland County. They asked him what the hell he'd been doing. They introduced him to unattached females they had dredged up from the bottom of the yo-ho-ho. On Saturdays John walked with his daughter in Central Park; they fed squirrels and they fed elephants, too. He sat with her in the Palm Court and watched her point to the pastries she preferred. She was five years old and went importantly into the powder room alone, a secret mission, hers alone. She ate éclairs and pressed a napkin to her lips to remove chocolate. John drank martinis and watched and thought: I love you, I love you.

"Come on, doll. Let's go over to Schwarz' and ease the joint. Let's go down to Rosemarie de Paris and lay in a fresh supply."

"OK," she said. "But let's skip."

John skipped with his daughter down the steps of the Plaza, across Fifth Avenue and into Schwarz'. It was really the only way to travel.

Thanksgiving day John was in bed with the flu, a pitcher of water, aspirin and Kleenex. Most of the day he watched the flickering image on the picture tube. At five o'clock he went downstairs and put a kettle on the stove and made a

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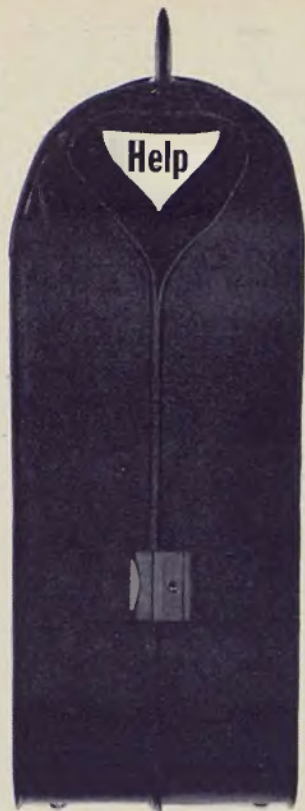
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hot toddy. It cleared his head. Then the telephone rang.

"Christ sake, why didn't you tell me you were in town?" Sawtelle said. "I thought you and Hy'd taken those whores down to Miami."

"I couldn't go. I came down with the flu."

"Well, Christ sake, can I do anything? Come over and give you an enema? Hold your head while you puke?"

"Thanks, Mark. I'm better now."

"Well, let's get drunk, then. Come on over."

Sawtelle had become successful and had moved from the cold-water flat on the lower East side. He lived in a new building in the Village with Danish crystal, \$5000 worth of hi-fi, and a huge bar.

John rang and Sawtelle opened the door. "Man, you're in time. The creeps just came down from Harlem with the pot."

John stepped inside and saw Aggie. She was sitting on the floor with a glass beside her, leaning against the wall, listening to a Presley record. She had on a big bulky sweater and she had taken off her shoes.

John made himself speak to everyone else in the room before he finally sat down on the floor beside her.

"How are you?" she said.

"I've got the flu."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He took her hand and held it; she made him tremble, but he didn't care if she noticed. She's my androgyne, he was thinking, and it's only right that we sleep together—she's just being a goddamn recalcitrant female bitch about it, but somehow, some way, by God, I am going to seduce her.

When Aggie was ready to leave, John took her home.

"I'm sorry I can't ask you in, John. I've got a friend staying with me. Rosa. She's just back from Europe and she's sleeping on the sofa. I told you about her."

He frowned; he did not remember.

"Oh, she writes those dirty books. Olympus Editions. You remember the one I gave you? She's lived in Europe."

"Oh, yes." The book he had looked at had been about two girls who had bred cats; a third girl had been involved.

"John . . . some of us are going to Sylvia and Ralph's. In Pennsylvania? Would you like to drive out Sunday?"

"I'd like that very much," he said, repeated his goodnight, and walked firmly to Sixth Avenue, to a cab, home, a firm man with a firm purpose: Sunday he would take her to bed.

Sunday was an unseasonable day, a warm day. The sun shone on the bare tree limbs and dry fields of New Jersey as the assistant producer of *The Drifter*

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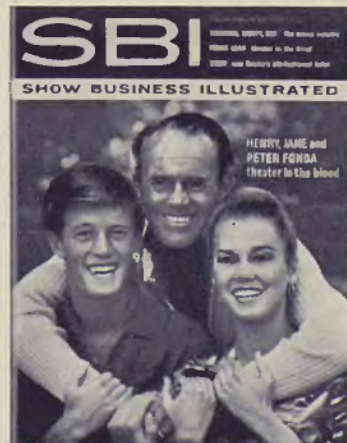
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headed west, shifting gears in accordance with the laws of his tachometer and blowing his nose on Kleenex. He was prepared to spend a day in the country, as a guest. In his picnic hamper was a cooked ham, two fifths of Beefeater gin, a bottle of Noilly Prat, a carton of cigarettes. Sylvia and Ralph's house was old and it could have been handsome, but Sylvia and Ralph were casual to the point of sloth. The paint had peeled and the exposed siding had weathered silver gray. The great front door sagged open, weak in the hinges.

John stopped the Jaguar. "Hello? Anybody home?"

No.

He carried the picnic hamper into the house. Several damp-looking logs hissed at him from the fieldstone fireplace. The house not only smelled of wood smoke, but of kerosene and wet. He walked outside and surveyed the barn — in ruins, of course — and the weed-grown fields. There was no one in sight, not even a cow. In the far distance a red kite was pasted against a thin blue sky.

A girl walked slowly around the barn. Her lipstick was pale, her eyes dark and luminous, and her hair looked as if it had been arranged by the wind. She was wearing a brilliant red sweater, the top four buttons were unfastened. When she saw John she smiled immediately, and came toward him bouncing energetically and holding out her hand.

"You are John Andrew, are you not? Of course, you must be. I am Rosa Santulli." She spoke with a slight accent; she gave him the no-nonsense handshake of the European woman.

My God, what breasts, John thought. "You're Rosa?"

"Of course. It says it on my baptismal certificate. Do you demand to see it?" She was smiling.

And she had written that book — that dirty, dirty book. "You didn't write that book," John said.

She chuckled. "Did I not? Listen, I will tell you. I went to the office of the publisher and he said to me, 'Rosa, we need a book about two girls who are in love with the same girl, and so forth.' And so I went home and wrote it exactly as he said, putting in much so forth, and he paid me well."

That was exactly the way it was done in television; a format was established, a writer followed it, and was rewarded with adequate amounts of bread. But not the dirty-book business! John had always thought that was inspired.

"Where is everybody?" he asked.

"They are flying a kite. Do you wish me to take you?"

"I'd rather have a drink," John said.

They went inside and he made martinis.

"It is the only thing I like about America, the martini."

"Oh? What's wrong with America?"

"Oh, there is nothing wrong with it. It is me, myself. I cannot express it accurately. Your Cadillacs, for instance, are wonderful, but . . ." She suddenly grinned. "Let us say I like it better on the back of a Lambretta."

John realized he was looking down the front of her sweater: he knew he shouldn't. After all, she was one of Aggie's oldest friends. "How long have you lived there?" he asked. "I mean, Ag said she went to school with you —"

"Oh, I will explain. My father came from Italy and married my mother. Her father had come from Italy, too, but she had been born here. And what do you think happened? They had six babies and got into a great big fight to end all their fights, which it did. She took the children and went back to Italy, he stayed here and became . . . well, not wealthy, but quite well off. He would only send me to a university if I went to an American one. He believed in American education."

"Then you went back to Europe to live?"

"Yes. I return only because of the

death of my father."

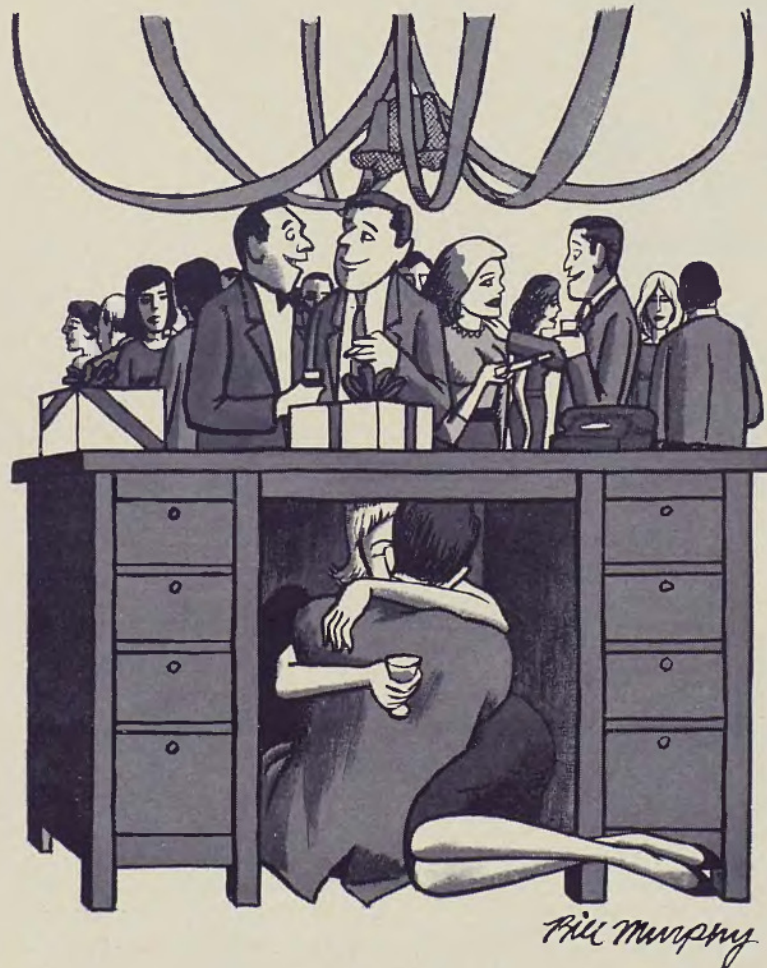
"Oh, I'm sorry," John said; he felt stung.

"Please," she said, shaking her head. "There were few mourners beside his grave, my friend. He had lived all his life like some animal, with much hatred. And what is the purpose of a man's life, eh? To love a woman, is it not? So he left everything to one of his universities. One dollar each to his wife and children. No, it was not right. And my mother is so poor. I will not tell you, but to see the way she lives would make you sick, I think." After a moment she added, "And I am quite poor, of course, but I do not mind."

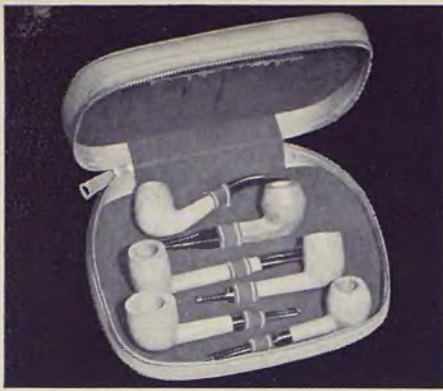
"Listen, you come in and see me," John said. "Will you do that? We can work out something."

She looked at him, and laughed. Then she suddenly reached out and took his face between her hands. "You are kind, did you know that? All men are not kind. You would not believe some things I could tell you. But you are kind, you are nice and well-mannered."

She leaned forward and kissed him; immediately she got to her feet and



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walked to the window.

John walked across the room, and glanced down the front of her sweater: it made him feel like a real sonofabitch — after all, she had just told him about her father's dying. "Rosa, really, is there anything I can do, to help you?"

She smiled. There was affection in her eyes. "You have done it already. But since you are so generous, so thoughtful of others, then, yes. Make me another martini."

When Sylvia and Ralph, Aggie, a blond young man named Jimmie and a tall New England girl, Dorothy, came in, everything changed. The peacefulness of the late afternoon was gone. Ag picked up a bottle of Beekeeper gin and said, "Oh, God!" but she did not add *How square!*: she had a drink. Ralph said it was damn thoughtful, by Christ, and scratched.

"How was the kite-flying?" John asked. "Not enough tail," Ralph said, then winked. "Not enough tail, boy. There never is."

Everyone laughed. "The hell there isn't," Sylvia said, and put a hand on her placid, swollen belly. Everyone laughed again.

Peace was gone, and as darkness fell the social unpleasantry of five argumentative half-drunks all trying to cook at once began. The potatoes Ralph had placed among the coals — only way, by God — were burned on the outside, raw in the center. The steak was cool, the salad limp.

"Well, it's quite a drive back," John said as soon as he felt he decently could. "Sunday-night traffic."

No one spoke. Except for Rosa who was properly in a chair, they all lay in indolent attitudes before the fire.

"What do you think?" John asked anyone who would answer.

"Go ahead, John, if you have to," Aggie said; she was obviously prepared to spend the rest of her life on the stone hearth.

"Well, I'd better," John said, trying to sound pleasant. "Lots of work tomorrow." Then he added, "Certainly been nice." Still he did not stand up and leave; he was waiting.

"May I ride back with you, John?" Rosa said.

That had not been what he had been waiting for; he had been waiting for Aggie to ask that. (How the hell could he seduce her unless he was alone with her? That was basic.) And even though he knew Rosa was asking him out of kindness, so that he would not have to drive back alone, he was angry with her — perhaps if she had not spoken Aggie might have.

Driving into the city John and Rosa did not talk. Once he asked her if she wanted to stop for coffee; she shook her

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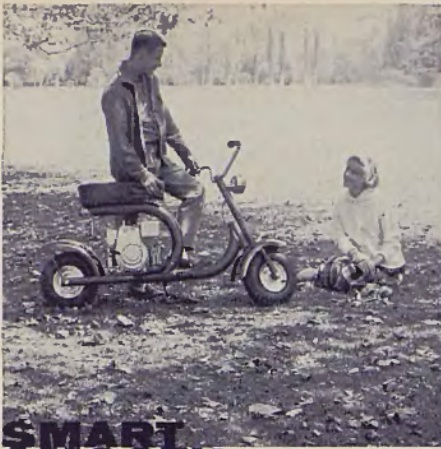
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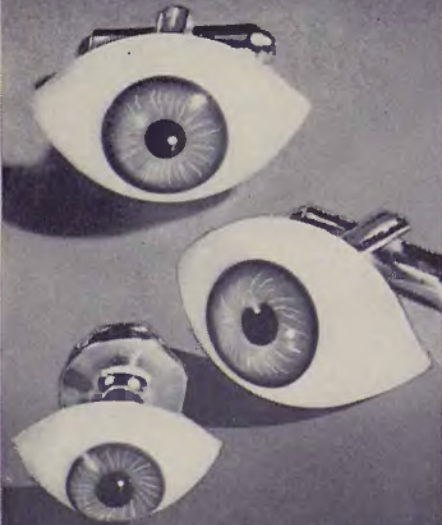
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head no. There was no place to park on 12th Street. He had to stop to let her out, blocking traffic.

"Would you come in?" Rosa asked.

"No thanks, I'm still trying to kick this cold."

. . .

It became much, much worse than he could have imagined. Aggie flatly refused to go to his house, and if he picked her up at her apartment it was impossible not to ask Rosa to dinner, too. If he met Aggie uptown, then Rosa was at the apartment when he took Aggie home. It is an established fact that a girl cannot be separated from her girlfriend, if she does not wish to be, except by the use of violence and physical force. Society frowns upon violence and physical force, and society can strip you of honor and privilege.

John liked Rosa very much. He would have liked to count her among his friends. But *all* the time? Goddamn, man. He got to the point where he didn't care *how* big her breasts were, or if he ever looked down the front of her sweater again.

John got out of the shower. He put on a sweater and gray flannels and had another Scotch. Then he opened a can of chicken soup and drank some milk and had an aspirin. It was Christmas Eve. He picked up the telephone and called his mother and father long distance to say Merry Christmas. It was six o'clock. John made a pot of coffee and picked up a copy of *TV Guide*. Then the telephone rang.

"John? This is Rosa. Would you care to have dinner with me this evening?"

He hesitated; he did not want to go out. He wanted to lie far back in his cave and listen to the winds howl. "Well, what time?"

"When you wish. Come now, or come later."

He put on a shirt and a tie, a jacket. He put a bottle of wine and a bottle of gin in a paper bag and took them with him. At the florist's on the corner of Lexington he stopped and bought a dozen roses.

"Merry Christmas," he said to Rosa, as he handed her the flowers.

"Oh? So it is. Thank you very much. Have off your coat. I will put these in water."

Aggie's ghost lay about the room, a low fog; he walked knee-deep in it and not without effort. The scent she used was in the air, in tiny wisps; he felt he was drowning.

"Make some martinis, John, eh?"

It was *her* kitchen with a dead avocado plant in a clay pot on the table — it had grown leggy and *she* had murdered it in cold blood by depriving it of water. And her refrigerator with her beat-up ice trays, her bottle of vermouth, *her*

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glass pitcher and long-handled spoon.

John and Rosa sat across from each other at a drop-leaf table in the living room, looking down at a Greenwich Village Christmas Eve street.

"I never celebrate holidays," Rosa said. "They are simply days to me, like other days. Actually, I hate them a little. That is because I have no family. I am alone."

"You were married, weren't you?"

"Twice. I was married twice." She laughed, then looked at the martini glass. "They were both quite sick."

"Who were they?"

"No one you would know, I am sure. The first was a poet, quite well thought of at one time. The second, I am afraid, was merely sick." She smiled. "Whom did you marry?"

"A girl," John said.

Rosa laughed. "I did not expect that in your case it would be a man, my friend. Not you."

John stared at her. "What do you mean?"

She was still chuckling. "Oh, you don't know, do you? I did not think you did, and that is not so odd either. Well, I cannot tell you. Let us have another of these, shall we?"

Back into the kitchen. Looking at the blue enameled saucepan with tiny blue stars on it. *Her* little saucepan.

"You are very quiet," Rosa said.

"Well, I was thinking," he said, and smiled at her. "It's no longer an accomplishment to get married. *Anybody* can get married. Perhaps a long time ago—well, say the turn of the century, it was an accomplishment to get married, in a social sense. But everything's so personal now, everybody's such an individual. It doesn't show, though. I mean, we're individuals but we hide it. Marriage itself doesn't mean anything. People are much more concerned about getting divorced, actually. Did you ever have anyone come to you and say *should* I get divorced?"

"It is perhaps the age bracket you are in."

He nodded. "Perhaps. But, what I was trying to say is, there's one basic relationship, one important relationship and everything else is secondary." He sipped the drink. "Mothers and fathers and children are fine. But *the* basic relationship is between a man and a woman. Everything else is secondary."

Rosa was smiling at him. She stood up, suddenly squeezed him and kissed him. "You are very sweet. I will cook."

They ate dinner without talking, watching people in the street below. The wine was pleasant and he was holding the bottle in his hand, reading the label, when Rosa brought him brandy and coffee. "John, would you care to watch an old moving picture on television? I love the old moving pictures."

The television set was in the bedroom, on a chest of drawers. Rosa turned it on.

"Oh, my God, it is William Powell. I adore William Powell."

She lay across the bed on her stomach, staring at the television set; she was entranced. John sat beside her and stared at her buttocks as he finished the brandy and coffee; she not only had lovely breasts, she had nice buttocks, too. He lay back on the bed and looked at the ceiling. He had begun to think, to imagine how it might be.

"Want some whiskey and soda?" he asked politely.

"Perhaps a small one," Rosa said. "It is not good for my complexion if I drink too much."

When he returned from the kitchen he lay across the bed beside Rosa. That way they could put their glasses on the floor, drink from them, and watch television. She put her arm across his shoulders, then her hand on the back of his neck. He felt sleepy and comfortable and ready.

He made himself one more drink and walked back to the bedroom. Rosa had turned off the television set. She was lying face down on the bed. He lay beside her and put his arm around her and kissed the back of her neck. She did not stir. Oh, hell, she's Aggie's best friend, she probably doesn't know what to say to me, he thought.

After a moment he picked up his glass. "Getting late."

"Oh, I did not think. You will be able to get home? Oh—you could stay here. You could sleep on the sofa."

"I'd better go home."

She took his coat from the closet, helped him into it.

"Thanks, Rosa," he said.

"I am very glad you enjoyed it."

Oh, the hell with it, he thought. He put his arms around her and kissed her, hard. She said, "Oh!" with her eyes closed and dug her fingers into his arms. He kept kissing her, very hard. "Rosa . . . let's sleep together."

She pushed him away, shaking her head. "No, I do not take men from other women. It would not be a good idea."

He took a deep breath and let it out; he nodded several times. "Yes, you're right. It wouldn't be. It'd only make things more confused." He glanced casually down the front of her dress. "But it's a goddamn shame."

"Goodnight, my dear," she said. "Try to sleep."

Christmas afternoon John visited his daughter. The living room of the apartment was strewn with the evidence of orgy—gift wrappings, empty Lord & Taylor boxes, toys, clothes and candy, smashed Christmas tree decorations. When John arrived the dog had made a mess beneath the tree and it was being cleaned up.

John's daughter cooked for him on the



"What are you, anyway, some kind of nut?!"

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toy electric stove and they rearranged the doll house so that the maid was upstairs napping. He had his picture taken with the new Polaroid camera, was given his present — a dachshund painstakingly cut from plywood with a coping saw and the aid of a kindergarten teacher — and Christmas cookies, candy and a Scotch on the rocks.

She stuck her finger in his empty glass, tasted, and said, "Ugh." Then she asked politely, "Would you care for another drink, Father?"

He laughed. "Where'd you get the 'father' bit? No, I have to go now."

"Oh, you're always going. Can't you stay?"

"No. Your mother has people coming."

"Yes," she said resignedly, and looked back at the bones of a fifth Christmas scattered on the floor. She would never have a fifth Christmas again, nor a fifth birthday; she was growing old, old. She sighed. "I might as well watch television, I guess."

She walked with him to the elevator. "Thank you for all the presents, Daddy."

"Thank you for yours. Don't forget I'll see you Sunday instead of Saturday this week. We'll do what you want."

John went downstairs in the elevator. The doorman smiled and said, "Merry Christmas, sir."

"Merry Christmas," John said. At home he took off the suit he had been wearing and put on a pair of khakis and a sweat shirt. He made a pot of coffee and took a handful of pencils and a scratch-pad and sat down in a comfortable chair with a pile of scripts.

Shortly before six o'clock the phone rang.

"John, this is Rosa. Would you care to hear some music? I have tickets, given by a friend who is singing."

"I can't, Rosa. Thanks very much. I've got a pile of scripts to wade through."

"Oh," she said. There was disappointment in her voice. "I am so sorry you must work, John."

At 6:30 he stopped long enough to open a can of chicken and eat a sandwich. At 7:15 the telephone rang again. "John, this is Rosa once more. There simply seems to be no one in town who can go. Cannot you go? I do not want to waste a ticket."

He smiled; European frugality. After all, he did not have to read the scripts. "Well, it's 7:15 now. Where is this place? Perhaps I'd better meet you."

John did not really enjoy Gregorian chants. The audience was small but dedicated, the auditorium large and drafty. Rosa listened, rapt. John tried to keep from shifting in his seat. When it was over he lighted a cigarette while they were still in the auditorium, holding it cupped in his hand.

"Did you enjoy it, John?"

"Very much," he said, politely.

She laughed. "You did not enjoy it at



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all. I know you did not. What would you like to do now? Oh, I know. I am very hungry. Are you hungry, too, by any chance? We will go downtown and I will cook you scrambled eggs."

It was after they had climbed the stairs to the apartment, taken off their coats, and he was standing in the kitchen with a glass in his hand that he suddenly realized what was going to happen: Rosa had changed her mind. He *knew* she had; it was in every movement she made, going from refrigerator to stove to sink: in every gesture, the way she looked at him, everything.

John ate the scrambled eggs; Rosa talked, but he had no idea what she said. She went into the kitchen for coffee and when she came back he took her wrist in his hand — it was a very thin wrist, surprisingly — and pulled her into his lap: their heads were almost on a level, hers slightly above his. He kissed her. It was like holding a fluttering bird in his hand . . . the soft hurried erratic beating of feathered wings. She said, "Oh, my dear. Oh, John. Oh."

They walked with their arms around each other into the bedroom and sat on the edge of the bed. Her dress fastened with a row of little cloth-covered buttons at the back of the neck.

"No, I feel too shy for that," she said softly. "You get into bed first. I will go into the bathroom."

John took off his clothes and put them on the back of a chair. He closed the door to the living room. Rosa came out of the bathroom; it was black in the bedroom. "Oh?" she said softly. "A little light?" She opened the door to the living room a trifle. A wedge of light entered the room. She had on a housecoat. He watched her walk to the bed. She turned her back to him, took off the housecoat, and very quickly slid under the blanket beside him. They found each other. She was saying, "Oh, yes. I have wanted it, too."

When he finally pulled away from her he lay beside her looking at her eyes looking back at him. He thought, my God.

She reached out to hold him. "You will not go very far from me, you will not stay away very long."

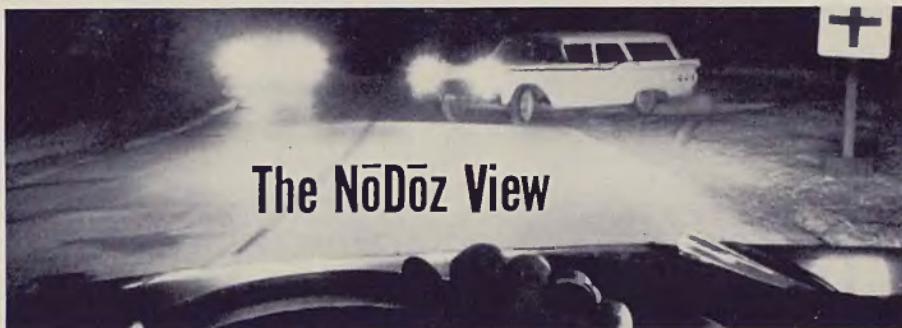
"You changed your mind."

"Oh, I am going away. I will never be back. No one will ever know about this. It is an idyl, something perfect. Does not every human being wish for such an idyllic time, which he can at least always remember? Oh, let us not talk. I want only to feel, to feel you."

He pushed back the bedclothes so that he could see her.

The next morning when John awakened, Rosa was sitting in bed beside him, a blanket drawn up to her knees, reading a book. He reached for a cigarette. She smiled and put her hand on his

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chest. "Did you sleep well, my dear?"

He nodded. "You?"

She laughed. "You are so much better than a sleeping pill."

He laughed and reached for an ash-tray.

"Oh, cigarettes before breakfast. You will ruin your stomach. I will fix you a very big breakfast and you will eat and then I plan to love you a great deal more."

Rosa got out of bed without picking up the housecoat lying on the floor and walked across the bedroom. John sat up on the side of the bed and yawned. The bedroom door opened and Aggie started in, carrying a small overnight bag. Then she saw them both and stopped.

"Oh," Aggie said. "Oh, excuse me." She walked backwards two steps and closed the bedroom door.

"Oh, John, my dear, I am so sorry!" Rosa said. "I am so sorry for you now, my dear."

John had been thinking: well, that finishes it. For a second he had honestly expected Aggie to say, "Oh, God! How square!" He took Rosa's hand. "It doesn't matter, really."

She looked very worried. "Oh, I am not so sure, my dear. I am not so sure at all."

They listened.

"Do you think she is still out there somewhere in this apartment?" Rosa asked softly.

In the kitchen something fell to the floor and clattered.

"We'll have to get dressed," John said.

He put on his underwear and then his socks and shoes and lighted another

cigarette. Rosa came out of the bathroom, completely dressed and looking rather formal. She stood with her hand on the doorknob, looking at him. Then she took a deep breath, opened the bedroom door, and walked out.

John stared at his face in the bathroom mirror. There was probably a razor somewhere, but he wasn't going to hunt for it. He combed his hair, knotted his tie neatly, slipped into his jacket and picked a bit of lint from one lapel. He lighted another cigarette and opened the door.

Aggie had left the overnight bag on the floor next to the couch; her coat, handbag, hat and gloves were on the couch. He could smell coffee. He walked across the living room, into the kitchen; there was nothing else he could do. Rosa was standing drinking a cup of coffee, looking out the window at an air shaft. Aggie stood facing the stove and the coffeepot. They had their backs to each other.

"Milk and sugar, John?" Aggie asked. "Please."

She gave him the cup without looking at him. "The *Times* is on the sofa."

John took the coffee cup into the living room and sat at the table. He opened the *Times*.

Aggie came in with a glass. "I forgot to offer you juice."

"Perhaps he would care for an egg," Rosa said, from the kitchen.

Aggie swallowed. "Would you care for an egg, John?"

"Oh, no. No, thank you," he said quickly. "This is fine."

Rosa came in, carrying a cup of coffee,

and sat on the sofa. Aggie sat down across from John, at the table.

He read the *Times*. "Quite a storm they had out West. Thirty inches." He finished the coffee. "Well," he said, standing up.

Rosa took his coat from the closet and held it for him.

"Do you want more coffee, John?" Aggie asked.

"Oh, no. No thanks," he said. "Got to run." If I can just get out the door, he was thinking. He slipped his arms into the sleeves of the overcoat and said, "Thank you," to Rosa politely.

Rosa nodded, and stood with her hands folded.

"I'll see you to the door," Aggie said. It was exactly six feet down the hall to the door, the only door leading to the outside world. She walked ahead of him and opened it.

"Thanks again for the coffee," he said.

"I'm glad you liked it."

John walked downstairs to the street. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He hailed a cab.

"Take me home," he said.

"Be glad to. Where do you live?"

John sat in the living room for a long time with his overcoat on, holding his left wrist with his right hand, and trying to stare into the murky future. Eventually he began to laugh; it was the only thing he could do, laugh. He laughed until tears came into his eyes. Then he blew his nose and mixed a martini. He thought he could call Hy for lunch; he could talk to Hy about it and they could laugh together.

The telephone rang.

"John, this is Aggie."

He suddenly felt very weak in the small of the back, as if someone had hit him in the kidney. "Well, hello."

"Are you doing anything for lunch?"

He did not want to see her, not so soon; he would not know what to say, how to act. "Would you like to meet me at the Bistro?" he said. "One o'clock or so?"

"I'll see you then."

He carried his martini into the bathroom. He showered and put on a suit he had worn only once before, to a funeral. He had another martini to give him strength and then went to the Bistro. She had not arrived, and he was glad.

She came in suddenly and stood behind him. She had not bothered to change her clothes, she had on the same sweater and skirt. There was something odd about her hat, as if she had put it on hurriedly, rushing, then forgotten she was wearing it. She looked upset, angry and nervous and tearful.

"I'll get a table," he said quickly.

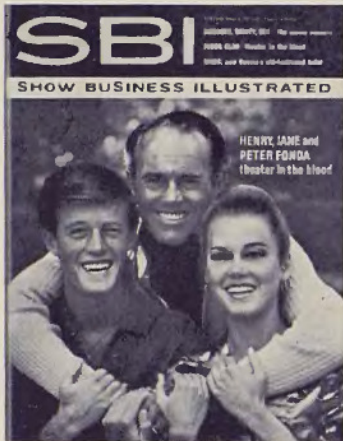
The headwaiter took them to a table. John ordered martinis. She did not take off her gloves, and they did not look at each other.



"As a matter of fact, Mr. Green, you're descended from Robert E. Lee."

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"How about some snails?" he said.
"No, thank you."
"The pâté is usually good."
"I'd like another drink, please."
They had another drink.
She took a deep breath. "The snow was so crappy we couldn't ski. Nobody could ski in that crappy snow. So I came back."
"I'm sorry the snow was so crappy," he said, and anyone hearing only the sound of his voice and not his words would have thought that Aggie had just lost a dear friend.

"Why, John?" she said suddenly. "Oh, I know it's none of my business and you don't have to tell me. I'm embarrassed even to ask. And I'm not blaming anyone or anything. I don't mean it was wrong. But could you tell me *why*?"
He searched his mind for an honest answer. "Well, these things happen," he said at last. "Particularly—well, particularly when people are alone, who live alone."

"She's very attractive."
"That isn't it." He looked at the table. "It . . . it just happens. It might not be what a person wants, in a lot of respects. But it happens. We can't keep from it sometimes."

She was trying hard to control herself. "Do you—do you know what it *looked* like to walk in and see you? She's one of my oldest friends, and you . . . do you know what it *looked* like, John, or how it made me feel?" She began to weep.

"Hey," he said.
"Well, goddamnit," she said, and her voice broke.
He put some money on the table. "Come on, Ag."

As they walked out of the restaurant to the sidewalk she put her face against his arm; she wasn't being affectionate, she was hiding. A waiter ran after them. "Your coat, sir. Your change, sir."

"Keep it," John said, taking his overcoat and flapping it at a passing cab.
When he sat beside her she collapsed against him, hiding again. He put his arm around her. "Want to go home?"

"Oh, no. She's there."
"Do you want to go to a friend's?"
"Oh, God no."
"Ag, where do you want to go?"
She did not answer.

"Eighty-first, between Second and First," he told the driver. "I'll point out the house."

She collapsed on the sofa. He took her shoes off, her coat and hat and gloves. He covered her with a blanket and sat beside her and chafed her hands; they were cold, cold.

"Would you like some soup?"
"No."
"Anything? Want me to shut up and leave you alone?"
"A martini," she said in a small sick

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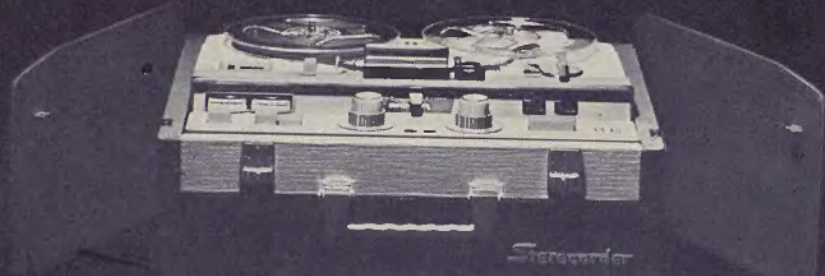
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voice. "I want to get drunk and pass out and never come to again, ever."

He made a very dry martini and she sat up to take it from his hand. He watched her drink it in one long series of swallows. She was headed straight for the bottom of the bottle. Oh, no, he thought, uh-uh.

"Aggie, you listen to me," he said. "You said you couldn't. You've got no right to act like this. You told me you couldn't. Why, if you'd wanted, it could've happened on my birthday."

"I couldn't then!" she snapped at him. "I couldn't."

Imagination is aloof from the concrete, it is speculative and flits like a blind bird in barren treetops. The cat sits below, as real, as ready, as solid as the stalk of a hunter. Many things have existence. Sight, seeing. The suddenness of his skinny shanks, the way he sat on the side of the bed, his stupid surprised face. And Rosa nude toward the bathroom. Intimate, intimate! Imagination cannot trace the sounds of passion. A bedspring, a pillow, hair, ointments, cries. Imagination never finds what is not, and thinks is-not means never-will-be. Imagination, speculation, thinking . . . all fall apart in front of *is* and *flee*. Leaving her alone, all alone with the unmistakable tracks of love on the bedclothes as if a field mouse had darted over a snowbank at night, unseen, unheard, unknown.

John picked Aggie up in his arms. "Ag, raise your face and kiss me."

Her eyes were closed; she searched for his mouth, a blind woman feeling her way on a dark night.

"I tried to tell you, Ag. But you wouldn't listen. All you ever said to me was no. No. I can't, I can't—that's all you ever said. But what I said was true, Ag. I love you."

He carried her into the bedroom and closed the door behind him with his foot and sat down on the bed, holding her in his lap. Her eyes were still closed, she lay against him with her mouth fastened to his neck. He unbuttoned her sweater and tossed it aside. "This should have happened a long time ago," he said.

He made her stand up and he unzipped her skirt, pulled her slip over her head; he took off her underwear and stockings and picked her up and put her on the bed. When he came out of the bathroom she was lying exactly as he had left her, waiting.

He took a package from a bureau drawer and put it on the pillow beside her. "Merry Christmas, Ag."

Her eyes were half-closed, their color deeper than usual; as his knee sank into the softness of the bed she murmured, "Oh, I forgot. I'll call her later."

"What?"

"Rosa. I want to wish her Merry Christmas."



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"He's in the fur business!"

WALL STREET

(continued from page 110)

them as, say, industrials or aircrafts, and so on. This is an era of constant and revolutionary scientific and technological changes and advances. Not only individual firms, but also entire industries must be judged as to their ability to keep pace with the needs of the future. The investor has to be certain that neither the products of the company in which he invests nor the particular industry itself will become obsolete in a few years.

In the early part of the century, farsighted individuals realized that automobiles had more of a future than buckboards, that automobile-tire manufacturers' stocks were better investment bets than the stocks of firms that manufactured wagon wheels.

The trolley-car industry was a good bet — until trolley cars began to be supplanted by buses. Airplane makers who insisted on producing nothing but canvas-covered planes after the day of the all-metal airplane dawned had little future. Today, the manufacturer of jet or turboprop transport planes is much more likely to stay in business and make money than one, say, who insisted on turning out trimotored airplanes.

It is indeed surprising that so many investors fail to recognize business situations only slightly less obvious than these dated or farfetched examples. They will buy stocks in faltering or dying firms and industries and ignore tempting opportunities to buy into companies and industries that cannot help but burgeon as time goes on.

4. It follows that the investor must know as much as he possibly can about the corporation in which he buys stock. The following are some of the questions for which he should get satisfactory answers before he invests his money:

a. What is the company's history: Is it a solid and reputable firm, and does it have able, efficient and seasoned management?

b. Is the company producing or dealing in goods or services for which there will be a continuing demand in the foreseeable future?

c. Is the company in a field that is not dangerously overcrowded, and is it in a good competitive position?

d. Are company policies and operations farsighted and aggressive without calling for unjustified and dangerous overexpansion?

e. Will the corporate balance sheet stand up under the close scrutiny of a critical and impartial auditor?

f. Does the corporation have a satisfactory earnings record?

g. Have reasonable dividends been paid regularly to stockholders? If dividend payments were missed, were there good and sufficient reasons?

h. Is the company well within safe limits insofar as both long- and short-term borrowing are concerned?

i. Has the price of the stock moved up and down over the past few years without violent, wide and apparently inexplicable fluctuations?

j. Does the per-share value of the company's net realizable assets exceed the stock exchange value of a common stock share at the time the investor contemplates buying?

Whether he wants to invest \$100, \$1000 or \$1,000,000 in common stocks, every investor should ask these questions before he buys stock in any company. If each and every question can be answered Yes, then he can feel quite certain he will be making a safe and smart investment by purchasing the shares — provided, of course, he follows the other rules for wise investment.

I repeat that I personally believe that selected — and I want again to emphasize the word selected — common stocks are excellent investments. There are innumerable fine buys on the market today. Among them are many stocks issued by companies with net realizable assets two, three, four and even more times greater than the stock exchange value of their issued shares.

What does this mean to the investor? Well, for example, let's suppose that the mythical XYZ Corporation has realizable assets with a net value of \$20,000,000. At the same time, it has 1,000,000 shares of common stock outstanding and the stock is selling at \$10 per share. The arithmetic is simple. The \$20,000,000 net value of the company's realizable assets is double the total \$10,000,000 value of its outstanding common shares. Thus, anyone buying a share of the XYZ Corporation's common stock at \$10 is buying \$20 worth of actual, hard assets.

Such situations are not nearly so unusual as one might imagine — and the shrewd, seasoned investor takes the time and trouble to seek them out. Occasionally — though admittedly such instances are rare — especially astute investors discover companies that have undistributed surpluses equal to a sizable percentage of the market value of the outstanding common stock. Anyone buying stock in such a company is actually buying an amount of money equal to a goodly portion of his investment, as well as a share in the corporation's other assets.

I might point out, however, that the exact opposite may be true, and that the investor will still be safe. An individual does not necessarily have to buy stocks in a company whose vaults are bulging with cash in order to make a sound investment. There are many times when an entirely healthy company will be very short of cash.

I think one of the best examples of such a situation in my own career occurred in 1921. On January 24, 1921, the

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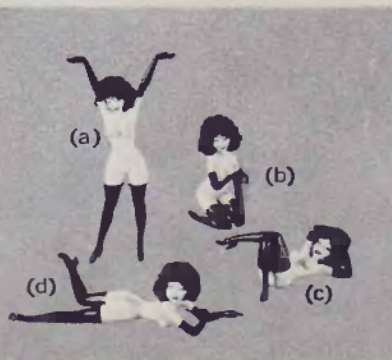
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price being paid for crude oil by purchasing pipeline companies stood at \$3.50 per barrel. Without warning, the price suddenly broke, plunging to \$1.75 per barrel within 10 days. The market continued to drop, and independent oil producers were receiving far less for their crude than it cost them to bring it up out of the ground.

The Minnehoma Oil Company, a producing company in which I'd bought a substantial interest and of which I was a director, was especially hard-hit by the staggering break in crude-oil prices.

Now, Minnehoma Oil was not a small or a poor firm. Its assets—leaseholds, producing wells, equipment, tools, accounts receivable, and so on—were valued at more than \$2,000,000. Despite all this, when the board of directors met on March 21, 1921, to decide what should be done to ride out the crisis, we learned there wasn't enough actual cash in Minnehoma's till to meet the firm's current operating expenses.

The company's immediate cash requirements were estimated at \$50,000. This sum would tide it over the next 90 days, during which time certain accounts receivable would be collected and emergency retrenchments—including deep cuts in directors' and management salaries—would sharply reduce operating costs. Meanwhile, the \$50,000 had to be somehow obtained—in cash. The only practical solution was to borrow the required money from a bank.

In other, blunter words, Minnehoma Oil Company, a firm worth over \$2,000,000, was in desperate need of a 90-day bank loan of \$50,000—an amount equivalent to less than 2½ percent of its assets. The directors voted the necessary authority for borrowing the sum from the Security First National Bank on a 90-day, 6½-percent note. The loan was obtained quickly—and, I might add, repaid promptly. Minnehoma Oil came through the price-break crisis with flying colors, and went on to make excellent profits and pay sizable dividends.

This, I admit, was an exceptional situation brought about by a sudden and unexpected business slump. Nonetheless, I think it illustrates my point. The fact that a corporation is temporarily short of cash should not necessarily deter an astute investor from buying its stocks.

The professional or experienced semi-professional investor has little in common with speculators who hopefully play the market when prices are spiraling up. The veteran investor objectively looks for bargains in growth stocks—which he buys and holds, and from which he generally reaps handsome profits over a period of years.

As I've said before, he banks on the climate—and makes all necessary allowances and takes all precautions so that he can ride out any stock market storms.

Incidentally, it should be made clear

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that such financial storms are not caused by professional investors or Wall Street financiers. They are brought about by speculators, amateurs and the impulsive — and frequently totally irrational — buyers and sellers who stampede to get in on a good thing or to get out from under.

There is still a lingering misconception is at the mercy of the big investors and the Wall Street financiers. This might have been the case in the dim, distant and unlamented days of Jay Gould, but nothing could be further from the truth today. No ruthless, rapacious Wall Street tycoon can rig the market or corner the stocks of an entire industry these days. For one thing, all stock market transactions are closely regulated by such highly efficient and potent watchdog organizations and agencies as the Federal Securities and Exchange Commission — the SEC. For another, the common stocks of most large corporations are owned by thousands and tens of thousands of individuals, organizations, mutual fund groups, and so on. "Big" investors seldom own more than a comparatively small percentage of a large corporation's common stock.

If anything, it is the professional investor who is at the mercy of the speculator and the amateur — at least in the sense that the latter categories of stock buyers and sellers set the pattern for the market.

The professional investor purchases stocks on what might be termed a scientific, or at least a cerebral, basis. He analyzes facts and figures objectively and with great care and does his buying for purposes of long-term investment. He is, in effect, banking that the stocks he buys will increase appreciably in value over the next few or several years.

It is the emotional nonprofessional investor who sends the price of a stock up or down in sharp, sporadic and more or less short-lived spurts. A politician's speech, an ivory-tower pundit's pronouncements or prophecies, a newspaper item or a whispered rumor — such things are enough to trigger wildly enthusiastic buying sprees or hysterical orgies of panicky selling by thousands of self-styled investors. The professional investor has no choice but to sit by quietly while the mob has its day, until the enthusiasm or the panic of the speculators and non-professionals have spent themselves.

The seasoned investor does not allow temporary fluctuations in stock market prices to influence his decisions to any great extent. Usually, he waits until prices return to approximately the levels at which he wants to buy or sell. He is not impatient, nor is he even in a very great hurry, for he is an investor — not a gambler nor a speculator.

People often ask me what specific advice I would give to individuals who have various amounts — \$1000, \$10,000, \$100,000 or even more — to invest in com-

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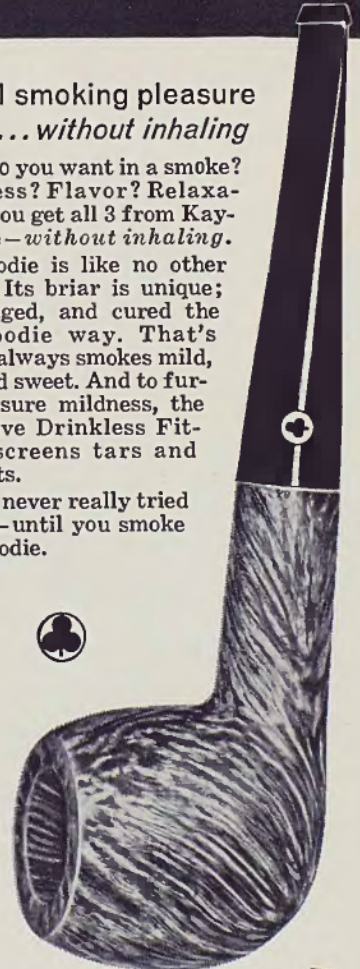
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mon stocks. My answers are always the same. Whether I had \$100 or \$1,000,000 to invest, I would consider buying *only* such common stocks as are listed on a major stock exchange. I would apply the rules and tests I've enumerated and select the soundest and most promising growth stocks.

And, I might add, I would certainly ignore the advice of promoters and theorists who peddle harebrained formulas or secret methods for making huge and quick profits on the stock market. There has been a spate of How to Get Rich Overnight books in recent years. Seasoned financiers and investors laugh at them — or rather, they feel only pity for the gullible individuals who follow the "advice" contained in such tomes and almost invariably lose their money.

But, all such formulas and secret methods aside, there are many opportunities to make money in stocks today. I personally believe that some of today's best securities bargains are to be found in oil stocks. A shrewd investor who takes the time and trouble to investigate the market thoroughly before he buys will find that there are many oil companies that have net realizable assets worth two or more times the stock exchange value of their common stocks. Such shares are excellent buys, for they have fine prospects for future growth and, in a few years, should be selling at considerably higher prices than they are at present.

I do not mean to imply that there aren't similar situations and equally good stock buys in other sectors of business and industry. I am, however, basically an oilman, and it follows that I should keep much closer tabs on oil-stock situations than I do on other industries.

When I recommend selected oil shares for investment, I am doing nothing more than stating my own personal opinions and preferences. And, while I feel that I am a seasoned investor in securities, I hardly consider myself infallible.

It is always well to remember that common stocks are not the only things in which one can invest his money and hope to see his capital increase even while it is earning a regular return for him. It is also wise to bear in mind that there are many people who feel more secure — and thus are more likely to succeed — when they invest in such tangible things as, for example, real estate.

But good stocks are good investments — as long as they're bought for investment and *not* for speculation. The average individual who wants to speculate in common stocks might just as well take his money to the nearest gambling casino and play roulette or *trente et quarante*. He'll be bucking just about the same odds in the *salons* as he would be bucking on Wall Street. He'll run just about the same chance of losing everything he owns — and of going home flat broke.





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HOSTING (continued from page 88)

can be plucked up neatly sans vehicles of any kind.

Most party guides, erring in the direction of frugality, will tell you to allow four pieces of food per guest at the average elbow session. While we've all eaten the kind of horror d'oeuvre which makes even this ration seem overgenerous, the *bonnes bouches* offered here are among the aristocracy of nibbling cuisine: serve them with a prodigal hand, as befits both their succulence and the season — make it six per person. If you're in the mood to whip up 144 such morsels (the allotment for a gang of 24), you'll find the wherewithal in any caviarteria or well stocked delicatessen; if you're not, simply deliver our menu to a first-class caterer at least a week before the jollifications. Though they don't publicize the fact, many of the better restaurants offer the same service, and will supply you with a magnificent spread already arranged on silver trays.

You'll also want to lay in an adequate supply of such supplementary provisions and paraphernalia as maraschino cherries, pitted olives, cocktail onions, sugar (both cube and finely granulated), oranges, lemons and limes (for peel, juice and garnish), cocktail toothpicks, coasters, and at least a dozen packs of cigarettes (not only your own brand). For a group of 24, you'll also need two dozen splits of club soda and 12 each of tonic, ginger ale, cola and 7-Up — depending upon the dilutive preferences of your guests. Ice, of course, should abound. You can count on two dozen steady imbibers going through just under six 70-cube bags, plus two more of cracked ice if you plan to serve daiquiris or any other shaker drink. In the matter of glassware, you'll find it preferable to rent it from the caterer or liquor store rather than risk breakage of your own fine crystal. Four kinds suffice: cocktail glasses, heavy-bottomed glass punch cups (or thick-handled pottery mugs), on-the-rocks glasses and highball glasses.

If you have no bar in your home, you may want to consider the convenience and efficiency of renting a professional service table from the caterer; he'll bring it in, set it up and cart it away for you after the ball is over. But any steady rectangular table at least six by three feet will suffice, covered with several layers of white linen. It should be placed centrally along a wall, wherever bibbers can gather with minimum congestion — preferably at the end of the room nearest the kitchen. On top should be your glassware, arranged in rows at one end; your supply of open liquor (spare bottles, along with soda, tonic, cola, etc., are stored beneath); a bottle of bitters; bowls of cherries, olives, pearl onions, cube sugar and the like; and an arsenal of basic bar gear. At the very least, this

should include a blender or cocktail shaker (either metal or glass, with screw top, spout and removable wire strainer); a standard 1½-ounce jigger glass; a long bar spoon for measuring sugar, bitters, etc.; an oversize insulated ice bucket, to minimize treks to the fridge; a glass stirring rod (not metal) for stirring carbonated drinks; a round-based muddler; a sharp bar knife; martini pitcher; a corkscrew; and a beer and bottle opener.

If you hope to become acquainted with your guests in any but a menial capacity, allow us to discourage now the notion of your tending bar, serving hors d'oeuvres, heating punch, emptying ashtrays, washing up or performing any other domestic duty. For a cost that should be considered moderate in view of the labor saved and the freedom granted, the caterer will supply both bartender and butler in addition to the food, glassware, bar table, coat rack and whatever else you may be lacking — short of entertaining the guests.

When the first guest arrives, make him (or her) comfortable with a drink until the next arrival. Since they may not know each other, offer some sort of biographical detail in making the introduction to provide an opening gambit. Do the same with the next few guests, introducing them individually to those already present, informally as you come to them in passing. After eight or 10 are circulating, things will begin to get busy;

from then on simply introduce each new face collectively to the group, then individually to the nearest circle. As the plot thickens, you should move graciously from group to group, keeping the banter light — and a weather eye for empty and iceless glasses, drafting strangers and shy types to help you in selecting records and gently torpedoing too-tight cliques.

The cocktail party is made to order for mingling old friends and new, not only because of its informality, but because the strong spirits consumed liberate inhibitions and lower the barriers of restraint. The bane of cocktail parties is the mistaken notion that it's nice to have a seat for everyone. Nothing could be further from the truth: standing groups and circulating guests give this gathering its life; it is the first few arrivals, who do sit, that may constitute a listless time for host and guests. For this sometimes awkward half hour you, as host, should lead the conversation in the direction of some topic you know to be of interest to the early arrivals. Once your pad fills up a bit — and don't worry about crowding; too small a group is worse than too large — your guests can be left on their own, provided you've prearranged things so it will be easy for all to get prompt refills. In the unlikely event things do lag, do not hesitate to organize party games (see *PLAYBOY*, January 1959).

Most of your guests will have dinner plans, which will start the exodus for the coat rack around 8:30 or nine. To



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pry loose the inevitable die-hards, however, you may have to consult your watch rather theatrically and stage whisper something about your own dinner reservations. If even this ploy fails, you might try either turning off the music or closing the bar; if one doesn't do it, the other should.

THE BUFFET PARTY

Etymologically speaking, the word buffet came to English from the French word for "a piece of furniture with drawers for dishes and silver." In colloquial usage, it metamorphosed gradually into a kind of sideboard from which refreshments are served; today, it is most widely understood to signify the social function at which food is served from a sideboard—with the added notion, picked up somewhere en route, of self-service. We prefer to think of it as a delightful and adaptable mode of informal dining which lends itself perfectly to the gala mood of the holidays.

Even if your digs and your budget are smaller than your heart, you'll be able to entertain 12 or 24 graciously and generously with far less help, space and equipment than you'd require for a comparable throng at a sit-down dinner. Invitations should be handled as for the cocktail party: three weeks' notice for kingpins, two for the rest of the guest list, R.S.V.P. to discourage the uninvited, informal dress explicitly advised.

With edibles serving as the main event rather than as accompaniment to cocktails and punch bowls, the possibilities are limitless for turning your own buffet into a memorable gastronomic occasion. Imagination is the secret ingredient, and should be used lavishly. Consider, for example, the refreshing appeal of a smorgasbord buffet with sprats, herring, lobster and a cornucopian abundance of similar Scandinavian specialties—all to be served with iced bottles of aquavit and piping mugs of glögg.

Or perhaps you'd prefer the pleasures of an antipasto table replete with platters of prosciutto and salami, wedges of gorgonzola, mountains of stuffed olives, to be accompanied with quantities of Valpolicella and vermouth on the rocks; or the finesse of an *hors d'oeuvres variés*—distinguished with such delights as liver pâté, crepes with roquefort, and snails, Burgundy style—proffered along with chilled magnums of vintage champagne. You may even decide to combine Swedish, Italian and French—each with its own special drinks—into one international table. Whatever your predilections, they may be indulged with educated abandon after a quick study of the menus which follow. Before flipping ahead, however, you'll do well to file away a few pointers on the logistics and etiquette involved in throwing a well-planned buffet.

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Far less than with the cocktail party should you consider the notion of doing everything yourself, or you will turn into an absentee host. Delegate the work to a professional caterer.

As a first step, survey your pad for space available. As with the cocktail soiree, a group of at least 12 and — in most average-sized apartments — no more than 24, seems to turn out most felicitously. However, as a sit-down occasion involving the breaking of bread as well as the consumption of spirits, the buffet is a gathering of longer duration and greater intimacy than the cocktail party — though both are designed to entertain a relatively large number of guests. For this reason, the selection of a balanced and compatible guest list should be undertaken with care.

Next on the agenda: conduct an inventory of your furniture, serving equipment and the like. If you don't own what you need, rent first-rate equipage from the caterer, along with the staff to set it up. At least a week before B-Day, deliver our recommended menu to this same worthy — or to some obliging restaurant whose cuisine you admire — with a count of guests expected.

The food should be attractively oriented around one or two of the major attractions suggested below. Follow the procession of dishes with your eye, and be certain that each is arranged in the order of the guests' progress down the table — linen, dishes and silver at the head, rice before gravy, bread before butter, and so on.

At a buffet for 12, the guests ordinarily carry their plates, silver and napkins to coffee tables set up by the butler during serving; or to individual stack tables. If you're planning a larger and more formal buffet, the silverware and napkins should already be set up at places on linen-covered tables complete with candles, goblets, salt and pepper shakers and the like.

After the guests arrive, and everyone is scattered comfortably around the apartment chatting and sipping cocktails passed by the butler, you should announce dinner to the nearest group. As host, of course, you must be the last in line.

BUFFET MENU

Major Attractions

- Fresh Fruit Arrangement
- Whole Smoked Salmon
- Whole Baked Smithfield Ham
- Whole Smoked Turkey

A big table holding a buffet for 24 or more will be able to accommodate a triumvirate of such gastronomic monuments without pretension, overcrowding or a sense of imbalance. At a smaller buffet, however, one or possibly two *pièces de résistance* will be all the board can bear with ease and appeal.

To look as Lucullan as possible, the



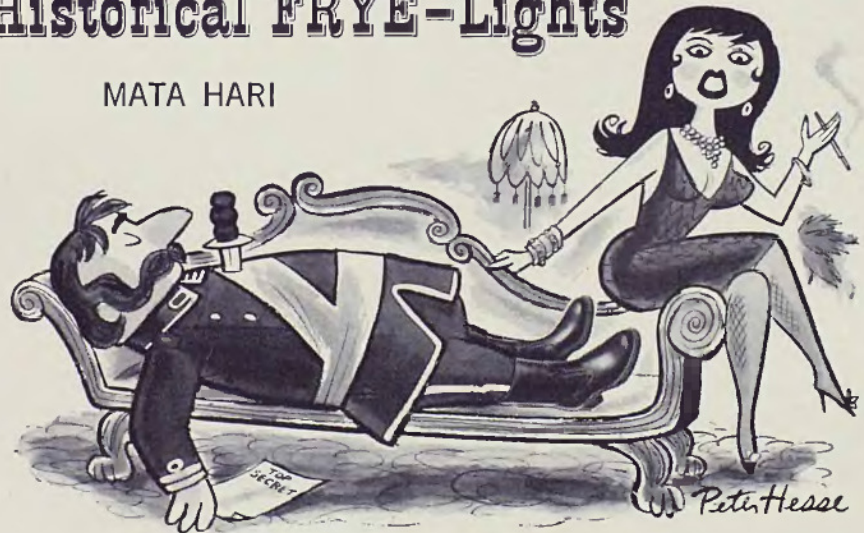
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fresh fruit arrangement should feature a large pineapple as an axis around which to place such fruits as apples, pears, limes, oranges, bananas, strawberries and great Bacchic bunches of grapes both purple and white. Whole smoked salmon glazed with anchovy butter is the classic buffet showpiece and a showy affair it is. The whole baked ham and turkey are also traditional at such functions and are more practical for gatherings of 12 or 24. Glazed and decorated, they can be bought in gourmet emporiums; but again, the caterer is a better bet. At the table, they should make their appearance firmly anchored on a sturdy spiked wooden platter, partially carved and flanked with the appropriate utensils.

(Asterisked entries are our own inventions or variations on well-known gustatory themes. Recipes for them may be found here or in *The Playboy Gourmet*.)

HORS D'OEUVRES VARIÉS

Cold

- *Shrimp Canapés with Curry Butter
- *Crab Meat Ravigote Salad
- Pickled Mushrooms
- Mackerel in White Wine
- Liver Pâté

Hot

- *Crepes with Roquefort
- *Snails, Burgundy Style
- *Ham Beignets, Chive Sauce

The pickled mushrooms and crab meat Ravigote salad should be served in capacious bowls; the other cold dishes on big platters; hot foods in chafing dishes.

SMORGASBORD

Cold

- Rolled Herrings
- Herring in Dill Sauce
- Herring in Cream Sauce
- Danish Sprats
- Raw Relishes: celery, radishes, black olives, etc.
- *Cold Stuffed Lobster
- Herring Salad
- Cucumber in Sour Cream
- Cheeses: Gjetost, Primula

Hot

- Swedish Meat Balls
- *Mussels au Gratin
- Swedish Brown Beans

All but two of these splendid Scandinavian specialties are obtainable in canned and bottled form at the nearest caviarteria, and often fresh in Swedish and Danish groceries. Each item should be arrayed individually in the appropriate receptacle: herring dishes, lobster and cheeses (cut into hefty half-pound wedges) on serving platters; salads and sprats in bowls or tureens; meat balls and beans in chafing dishes; and mussels in a casserole over a warmer.

For tipping accompaniment, we suggest hot Swedish glögg in thick-handled pottery mugs, passed on trays by the host or a domestic; and bottles of bone-cold aquavit — the Swedish national beverage.

ANTIPASTO

Cold

- Sliced Prosciutto Ham
- Genoa Salami
- Sardines
- Anchovies rolled with capers and pimientos
- Caponata
- Peperoncini
- Jardiniere Vegetables
- Finocchio
- Pimiento
- Gorgonzola cheese
- Radishes, scallions, celery hearts, cucumber sticks, stuffed olives

Hot

- *Baked Clams with Oregano
- *Crostini of Italian Cheeses
- *Stuffed Mushrooms Rockefeller

All of the cold offerings can be garnered in one visit to a neighborhood Italian grocery or delicatessen. Apropos alcohol, you may want to skip the standard cocktails and do as the Romans do: serve a currently fashionable aperitif, such as Negronis ($\frac{1}{3}$ Bitter Campari Aperitivo, $\frac{1}{3}$ gin, $\frac{1}{3}$ Italian vermouth; shake well with ice and strain into a cocktail glass) or Americanos ($\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Bitter Campari Aperitivo, $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Italian vermouth, squeeze of lemon rind, cracked ice; serve with or without club soda). With the food, try Valpolicella, a red wine from northern Italy; and after eating, serve Grappa, a delicious, clear distillate of grape skins.

After-dinner coffee should be self-served in standard cups from an urn on the sideboard — the kind that's fitted with a spigot; or at a more formal buffet, passed by the butler in demitasse cups.

LET THE GUESTS DO IT

The novel notion of a Let the Guests Do It party for six or eight may be more your cup of cheer. Guests are invited to join the host in the fun of cooking — by skewering and broiling the morsels for their own shish kebab over a sideboard brazier; by sautéing the tempting ingredients for Sukiyaki in an electric skillet or chafing dish; by dressing their own salads from an assemblage of oils, herbs, spices and vinegars; or, somewhat less ambitiously, by spearing bread chunks with long-handled forks and dipping their own bite-size helpings from an already prepared cheese fondue simmering in a chafing dish.

Strictly a casual scene — informally arranged by phone a week ahead — for the kind of crowd that prefers the comfort of the hearth rug to the proprieties of the dinner table, this sort of soiree can bring

out the chef in anyone. With fireplace warmly aglow, diners sprawl about on couches, cushions, rugs and chair arms, merrily sampling their own creations.

The three party menus which follow — each designed to involve your guests as much as possible in the enjoyable folderol of preparation — will demonstrate how a further fillip can enhance the originality of your own self-service shindig: a one-nation ethnic theme sustained from entree to dessert. It might be most fun to pick the one whose cuisine you and your social circle know least well. If you wish, of course, you may combine suggestions from all three. Each recipe should feed a crew of eight.

JAPANESE MENU

- Sukiyaki
- Skewered Beef and Vegetables
- White Rice
- Hot Sake
- Brandied Peaches or Nectarines

The more exotic ingredients for Sukiyaki are obtainable in cans and jars at most gourmet specialty shops or fresh at any neighborhood Japanese grocery; recipe and cooking instructions are given in most modern cookbooks. To prepare this subtle and ancient dish for a gathering of chef-diners, have the raw materials neatly and attractively arranged on a large lacquer tray beside an electric skillet or a chafing dish. You make the first batch and let your guests prepare their own seconds. Piping-hot steamed rice should wait nearby in a covered bowl, and porcelain bottles of warm sake with a supply of cups should be scattered about the room within easy reach of the seated eaters. Suggestion: have chopsticks available.

The broiling of Skewered Beef with Vegetables is an equally pleasant bit of business. About half an hour before the guests arrive, marinate 4 pounds of inch-thick porterhouse or shell steak (cut into bite-sized cubes) for 20 minutes in 2 cups soy sauce, 2 tablespoons dry mustard, 2 minced onions, 2 teaspoons powdered ginger, 4 cloves minced garlic, 2 tablespoons sugar, 4 tablespoons sake and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon black pepper. Then arrange the morsels on a platter and set it on the sideboard with three other plates of wherewithal: 2 pounds of fresh medium-size mushroom caps, four giant green peppers cut into 1-inch squares, and the drained contents of 2 one-pound jars of silver onions. After the guests arrive, repair to your terrace or fireplace and get the charcoal going in a pair of large hibachis; transfer them to the serving area only when the last trace of black has disappeared from the glowing coals. On wooden or metal skewers you let your guests impale alternate tidbits of



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beef, pepper, onion and mushroom to broil over the charcoal. When things begin to quiet down around chafing dish and hibachi, bring forth — for dessert — a big crystal bowl of Brandied Peaches or Nectarines.

ITALIAN MENU

*Vermicelli with Eggplant and Anchovies

*Veal Scaloppini à la PLAYBOY

Asti Spumante

Biscuit Tortoni

Espresso

Anisette

Vermicelli with Eggplant and Anchovies, as robust and succulent a pasta dish as you're likely to savor this side of the Via Veneto, can be prepared with ease an hour or so before the fun begins and kept warm in a casserole over a chafing dish flame. The *paisans* simply spoon it up for themselves, sprinkle with parmesan from an adjoining bowl, and dig in — with bibs, if necessary, but without ceremony.

PLAYBOY's variation on a theme by Scaloppini goes like so: as a preliminary, cut 3 pounds of Italian veal cutlets, pounded thin by the butcher, into about 24 pieces, sprinkle with salt, pepper and sage, and arrange on a platter beside two electric skillets on the sideboard or dinner table. In individual small bowls around it, place 1 pound thinly sliced fresh mushrooms, 4 big green peppers cut into 1-inch squares, 2 thinly sliced Spanish onions and 1/4-inch cross-sectional slices from 2 large peeled cucumbers. In a saucepan back at the range, combine one 10 3/4-ounce can beef gravy, 1/2 cup tomato juice, 1 cup chicken broth, 1/2 cup dry marsala wine, 1/4 cup minced parsley and 2 tablespoons minced shallots. Bring to a boil, simmer 5 minutes, pour into a small casserole, and place over a heater beside raw veal and vegetables. When the last strand of vermicelli has disappeared, heat the electric skillets to 300° and add 2 tablespoons each of butter and oil to both. When the butter has melted, convene a delegation of guests and let them pop everything into the pans for sautéing. When the meat is brown and the vegetables have just turned tender, give them the nod to add the marsala sauce. After 5 minutes of simmering, give the signal for the rest of the crowd to queue up: the main event is on.

While they're serving themselves, uncork a pair of chilled bottles of Asti Spumante — a rich and earthy sparkling Italian vino, palate-perfect with Scaloppini — and pour glassfuls for the plate-carriers to pick up. For a final *dolce*, nothing could be simpler, tastier, or more suitable than Biscuit Tortoni all around, followed by steaming demitasse cups of espresso. For the crowning touch,



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break out a decanter of anisette, and toast the season.

SWISS MENU

- *Shrimp and Ham Fondue
- Swiss Neuchatel
- Vanilla Ice Cream with Brandied Cherries
- Madeleine Cookies

Though it asks nothing of your guests in the way of preparation, Fondue is probably more fun to eat than any other do-it-yourself delicacy. Everyone rubs shoulders around a community chafing dish while impaling wedges of French bread on long forks, twirling them in the melted cheese until thickly coated, stowing them away on the spot, then demanding more.

Here's how for eight hungry fork-wielders: Pour $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Rhine wine into chafing dish over direct flame. When hot, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pound diced boiled ham, 2 pounds small cooked shrimp (peeled and deveined), $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon garlic powder, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon dried dill, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon celery salt and two dashes cayenne pepper, mixing well. Then add 2 pounds Swiss Gruyère cheese cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes, and cook until melted, stirring frequently. Add 4 tablespoons kirsch, lower flame, and begin dunking.

Caesar Salad, we'll grant, isn't Swiss, but it tastes so good with Fondue and lends itself so perfectly to the pleasures of self-preparation that we suggest it as a part of the Swiss menu.

You'll find that a couple of bottles

of chilled Swiss Neuchatel, an ebullient semisparkling white wine, will go a long way toward dissolving whatever inhibitions may have survived the cozy informality of the Fondue-dipping scene. For dessert, simply set out a heaping terrine of Vanilla Ice Cream and flank it with a plate of Madeleine cookies and a bowl of Brandied Cherries. Your guests will take it from there.

THE INFORMAL LATE SUPPER

It's 11:20 P.M. You've just emerged with your date and three other couples from the theater, and you're all heading toward your place for an informal late supper. You bundle indoors, unswathe, mix up a batch of hot buttered rum, and get your late supper under way with the striking of a match under a pair of chafing dishes. Ensnconed in the warmth and informality of your own digs—windows frosted of a winter's night, logs roaring in the fireplace, Christmas tree aglitter—your friends can conduct a post-mortem on the play while you prepare at the sideboard or dining table a short-order holiday collation as effortless as it is epicurean:

INFORMAL LATE SUPPER MENU

- *Hot Buttered Rum or Mixed Drinks
- Avocado Salad with Lemon Dressing
- Baked Clams Casino
- *Jambalaya
- Platter of cold sliced turkey, ham and tongue
- *Welsh Rarebit or Gambler's Eggs
- English Ale

- *Strawberries Smetana
- Coffee

All of these wee-hour savories have been chosen not merely for their compatibility, but for the ease with which they can be either partially or wholly prepared ahead of time and for the freestyle casualness with which they can be eaten wherever the diners find themselves most comfortable. Hot Buttered Rum—a grog of light and dark rums spiced with cinnamon and cloves—can be swizzled up on a hot plate or in a chafing bowl in a jiffy. The salad consists of nothing more than sliced avocados on a bed of lettuce with a wedge of lemon, squeezable to individual taste. Baked Clams Casino, though rightfully among the aristocracy of the hors d'oeuvre domain, can be turned out in 10 minutes by any cook who knows how to follow directions: for eight hungry souls, have your fishmonger open three dozen cherry-stones; keep them refrigerated until you are ready to prepare them, then loosen clams and insert a nugget of anchovy butter (a mixture of three tablespoons butter with one-half teaspoon anchovy paste) in shell beneath each. Top bivalves with finely chopped green pepper and canned pimienta, cover each with a piece of raw bacon, set clams on a layer of rock salt in a shallow baking pan, and broil three inches from flame for five to seven minutes, turning bacon once. Serve in shells, garnished with water cress.

Jambalaya, that monumental Creole potpourri of fowl, ham, shrimp, sausages, celery, onions, garlic, rice, white wine and seasonings, can be cooked well in advance, then simply reheated and ladled out at the witching hour from a Dutch oven over a tabletop warmer. The delicatessen-bought cold cuts can be arranged on serving plates, covered with one of the adhesive plastic wrappings to keep them moist and relegated to the fridge till the appropriate moment. Finger rolls, obtainable from any well-stocked bakery, can be opened and buttered ahead of time; five minutes in a slow oven while the other dishes are heating will do them to a turn. Welsh Rarebit, the best-known of all chafing dish delights, lends itself perfectly to the ritual of preparation at the table. Or, if you prefer, Gambler's Eggs (scrambled eggs with barbecue sauce on toast). For accompaniment, you'll want brimming tankards of cold English ale. And as a culmination for the meal, Strawberries Smetana—a mélange of fresh or frozen whole strawberries marinated in liqueur, dolloped with sour cream and sprinkled liberally with brown sugar. An ever full pot of piping, freshly brewed coffee should stand at the ready with a supply of hefty cups, for inclusion in the lingering close of the evening.



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THE FORMAL DINNER

For the host who would do his holiday entertaining in the grand manner, the formal dinner is nonpareil. Among the critical ingredients, in this more than any other party, are the guests themselves. The intimacy of the formal dinner—ideally a gathering of eight, large enough to be companionable, yet small enough to retain a feeling of rapport—calls for a certain homogeneity of disposition. You should invite people you already know and like and who already know and like one another. They should be people who take pleasure in the dress and rituals attendant on this traditional rite. Three weeks is minimum notice for invitations. They may be handwritten, always a gracious touch; or printed formally. In either case, of course, black tie should be indicated. Eight-thirty or nine is a civilized hour to specify as starting time.

If a professional serving staff is unnecessary at the Let the Guests Do It party and informal late supper, and desirable at the buffet and cocktail soiree, it is obligatory at the formal dinner. Hire at least two servants from a competent caterer—one to cook, one to butle.

Unless your bachelor pantry stocks a complete set of formal dinner service for eight—about 200 pieces in all—you should arrange for the rental of china, silver, crystal, and damask table linen. Next, survey your dining area; if your table won't seat eight comfortably, the caterer will find you one that does—and dining chairs to go with it.

As a festive finishing touch for the table, ask your florist to arrange an attractive centerpiece of holly, pine cones and poinsettia. On the mantelpiece, or atop a bookcase, a few more seasonal sprigs are entirely in order; and on the front door, of course, a wreath of evergreen.

It will be wise to call in your faithful family retainers early to familiarize themselves with the layout of your kitchen, pantry and dining area, and to discuss schedules for the serving of both cocktails and dinner. If your apartment has a separate dining room, by all means take advantage of the arrangement by serving hors d'oeuvres and libations in the living room. And when the butler announces dinner, your guests can enjoy the charming ceremony of watching the door open to reveal the finished table: candles ablaze, silver agleam, linen spread, centerpiece arranged, service plates in place.

As host, you lead the way and your date, who at a formal dinner acts as hostess, brings up the rear. She sits at the foot of the table, you sit at the head. The woman guest of honor, if there is one, sits on your right; the male guest of honor sits on the hostess' right. Men and women are alternated; mar-

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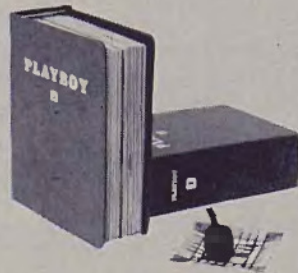
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ried couples, usually out of mercy, are customarily separated.

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At the close of the meal, you give the sign for leaving the table simply by laying your napkin down beside your plate and starting to rise at one of those odd moments when everyone seems to stop talking at once; or by finding an opening and giving some such cue as "Are we ready for coffee?" If your apartment is laid out that way, you may even want to indicate to the girl who is acting as hostess that she lead the ladies into the other room for demitasse and liqueurs while the gentlemen — suffused with that benign and expansive sense of well-being which follows a holiday meal of superlative quality and unhurried serenity — stay behind for brandy and cigars. Like the evening, for which it administers the crowning touch, this ancient ceremony should lend a special kind of pleasure.

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SPACE OPERA

(continued from page 92)

amphibious destroyers is growing. Feng himself supervises the construction of the largest of these, his flagship. His escutcheon, the flaming sword of Sarg, is deeply etched on its gleaming prow; rich draperies and costly furniture — the loot of a thousand plundered worlds — are carried aboard to embellish his cabin. It is only a matter of months (incidentally, I am using Earth time throughout) before the fleet is finished. Poised and sparkling in the sun, the ships stand ready for embarkation.

Feng and his highest officers stand on a great platform, repeating a ritual that has taken place before the conquest of each new planet. Martial music blares from a phalanx of glittering horns. The people of Orim cheer — with Sargian guns at their backs — as Feng, resplendent in his battle armor made completely of Torak's new metal, declaims his customary ritual speech. (I have a copy of this, for verification.) His big, rough voice thunders over the loudspeakers in phrases heavy with emotionalism and light on logic. Often "the glories of Sarg" and the greatness of "our sacred galactic empire" are spoken of, but no attempt is made to define or examine these terms. Feng emphasizes the importance of conquering Klor, the last remaining planet in the galaxy which still struggles in "a barbaric darkness unilluminated by Sargian glory." He tells why he has ordered not only his generals but also his eldest statesmen and savants to accompany him in his flagship on this mission: "It is fitting that the chiefs of the Sargian Empire be present at the momentous conquest of the last planet." The speech ends with the mighty exclamation, "On to Klor!" and the trumpets drown the unenthusiastic applause.

On the gangplank of his flagship, Feng pauses and turns to Torak. "Upon my return, you shall be decorated for your services to Sarg. And you, Vola" — he smiles at the unresponsive girl — "be prepared for a night of revelry on my return. These missions of conquest never fail to excite my blood, and although the water-dwelling females of Klor may turn out to be lovely," he winks knowingly at his generals, "I fear that, as proper entertainers to an emperor, mermaids may have certain . . . disadvantages. Eh?" He laughs at his joke (too coarse for your readership?) and enters the flagship, followed by his generals and key statesmen.


Soon there is a terrific roar and a searing blast of rocket-fire, as the fleet shoots upward and dwindles to a swarm of tiny specks in the clear blue sky of Orim.

During the months of the voyage, the green wine of Sarg flows freely in the imperial flagship. Feng toasts his empire,



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his generals and himself. He toasts Torak, he toasts Vola, and he toasts the nearly forgotten women of his youth. He sings ribald Sargian ballads and he swears fantastic oaths. All this can easily be expanded into several pages.

At length, the armada approaches Klor. As his flagship hovers above the flooded planet, Feng draws his jeweled ceremonial sword and points dramatically to the objective. His voice roars through the intercoms of every ship:

"Attack!"

Down they plunge, the flagship leading. Cleanly, Feng's ship cuts the surface of the water and his fleet follows, creating a series of immense splashes and vast, ever-widening ripples.

Through the transparent dome of his ship, Feng marvels at the exotic weeds and pouting giant fishes of Klor. Triumph sings in his veins.

Then, suddenly, the cries of startled men reach his ears. He turns and his

eagle's eyes bulge with shock . . .

If we do this as a serial, what better place for a break? But that is up to you, of course. And now let me quickly limn the final scene, which takes place back on Orim:

Torak drops a four-pointed metal star into a glass of liquid. It floats slowly to the bottom. He turns to his daughter who is gazing pensively out of the laboratory window. Tenderly, he asks, "Is anything troubling you, my dear?"

There are tears in her eyes. "I was thinking of the people of Klor, that's all."

Torak smiles slightly — for the first time in many, many months. "I wouldn't spend my tears on them, if I were you. In fact, I see no reason for weeping at all."

"You don't? Father, how can you say that?"

"Feng," says Torak, grimly, "will never molest you again."

"What do you mean?"

"And never again will he subjugate an entire galaxy. By this time, the armada should have reached Klor." Torak verifies this by a glance at his calendar. "Feng is dead."

Vola fears for her father's sanity. She is silent as he continues: "Dead. Floating in the waters of Klor, with all his officers, his ministers and his navy."

He looks up and sees the fear in her face. "No, my dear. I'm not mad. You see, I created a very wonderful metal. A metal both light and strong, resistant to heat and cold and radiation. A miraculous metal. And Feng was smart. He tested it thoroughly. Yes, he put my metal through every possible test — except one. One so simple, so basic, that it never occurred to him. And so he built his fleet and plunged it into the seas of Klor, without knowing . . ."

Torak turns to regard the glass from which the metal star of Orim has vanished. "Without knowing," he says, "that this rather remarkable metal *dissolves* — in water."

Now *there*, sir, even you must admit, is a natural! And true — every word. But that is not all — in fact, the greatest revelation is yet to come.

For suppose we say — or, at least, hint — that shrewd Feng, the galaxy-killer, the scourge of 75/890, the man who never trusted anybody in his life, took the characteristic, routine precaution of wearing, under his ceremonial armor of Torak-metal, a conventional depth suit (not because he suspected anything specific, but simply because suspicion was his natural state of mind); that Feng, in other words, *survived the disaster*?

Perhaps we may even use a title like *Feng Is Still Alive!* or *Feng Is Still Alive?* — a time-tested attention-getter. We can imply that the indestructible Zoonbarlario Feng, after the demolition of his navy, made his relentless and lonely way to one of Klor's few shreds of dry land — say, the south polar region of Fozkep — where even now he plots new conquests, like your own Napoleon of yore at Elba. You will say, perhaps, that nobody will believe such an assertion, and I would be inclined to agree with you, but what does that matter so long as they buy your magazine? And speaking of buying brings me to the touchy but unavoidable question of payment. I am in most desperate need of large sums and would expect your highest rates, on acceptance, should this article be commissioned for your pages. So *please* let me hear from you by return warpmail, since I urgently require every bit of ready cash I can muster.

Yours sincerely,

Z. Gnef

Fozkep, Klor

75/890



"If not you, who?"

HOUSE PARTY *(continued from page 125)*

from around the country and a lengthy list of show business personalities. Frank Sinatra and fellow Clan members Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop and Sammy Davis, Jr., have been on hand; Steve Allen, Shelley Berman, Tony Bennett and Vic Damone have also dug the Near North scene; TV hoozies Hugh O'Brian, Chuck Connors and Steve McQueen tied up at the Hefner corral; ditto Phyllis Diller, Stan Getz, Lenny Bruce, Joe E. Lewis, Buddy Rich, Howard Keel and a host of others. Tony Curtis and Mort Sahl had been invited to this Saturday's very special shindig.

After the girls had been shown to their rooms, they were given a tour of the premises. The Playmates were captivated by Hefner's collection of abstract-expressionist paintings, which includes the works of such moderns as Pollock, de Kooning, Tworkov, Resnick and Rivers. Throughout the house, there is a felicitous amalgam of the traditional and the contemporary, typified by the juxtaposition of a giant piece of modern sculpture and a burnished suit of 16th Century armor. The outsize oak-paneled main room, constructed in England a half century ago and shipped in sections to Chicago, has an enormous marble fireplace: 20 feet overhead, hanging from the beamed ceiling like a quartet of or-

biting satellites, are stereo speakers in plexiglass globes, from which emanate the sounds of a 20-foot-long custom stereo installation.

On the floor below, the visiting Playmates got their first glimpse of the free-form pool and its bamboo dressing rooms, waterfall-hidden cave (called the "Woo Grotto" by *Time* magazine), and sunroom and steam bath. Adjacent to the pool on a still lower level, they were shown the subsurface bar that can be reached, conventionally, by a stairway or, more directly and delightfully, by a fireman's pole whose terminus is cushioned by soft leather padding. In this bar, with its low-lit, palm-frond and ti-leaf motif, guests can take their ease on deep couches that line the walls or observe human marine life through a picture window that gives a bathysphere's view of the pool.

After their tour, the girls relaxed and freshened up in their rooms for the evening ahead. That night Hefner escorted them to the Playboy Club, where they had dinner, caught the double show in the Penthouse and the Library and returned to their home away from home for relaxed late-hour hot-toddying and corn-popping around the hearth, and tree-trimming.

Saturday got off to a lazy start; the girls

didn't rub the sleep out of their eyes till late morning and then luxuriated with breakfast in bed. Hefner had conferences at the PLAYBOY offices and left his Playmate guests with the run of the house and the promise that they would be completely undisturbed all afternoon. The girls took advantage of their maleless surroundings and went native, enjoying the pool, sunroom and steam bath in garbless abandon. After hours of swimming, sunning and steaming, they returned to their rooms to read, nap and make small talk, before getting ready for the party planned for that evening.

Later, at the eighth anniversary festivities, the Playmates were joined by company staffers and show business nabobs for a freewheeling long night's journey into day. With a swinging combo providing the modern sounds for dancing, a sumptuous buffet supplying sustenance, and the pool and bar offering liquid diversions, the party rapidly gained momentum. By the time it drew to a close in the sun-flecked hours of the morning, the main room had taken on a Mardi Gras air, with swim-suited dancers in casual contrast to the more formally attired revelers.

It was a memorable celebration of a memorable PLAYBOY year, a year that presaged for PLAYBOY, its enterprises and its friends, even happier things to come.



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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.

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PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

IF YOU WANT something more exotic than a Stateside vacation this February, we suggest a flight south to the Caribbean, where the sulcing sun of the tropics can be yours for the basking. An assortment of attractive cruises originate in the islands themselves, providing opportunities for lazy junketing through warm blue waters to old, worldly ports of call.

One shining example is a cruise that departs weekly from San Juan, Puerto Rico, on a six-day circuit linking nine beguiling islands in the sun. Three of the stopoffs are made in the U.S. Virgin Islands—at St. Thomas and St. Croix for free-port bargain browsing, and at St. John where, in a coastal national park the world's first underwater nature trail has been blazed for the benefit of snorkel and scuba buffs. Submerged markers lead the wet way over a marine paradise of sponges and sea fans, anem-

ones and fantastic coral formations along a water course populated by schools of multicolored tropical fish. Other profitable pauses are made at St. Kitts, Antigua, Tortola and the French island of St-Barthélemy; the price a mere \$150.

To top off your February wayfaring in festive style, drop in on New Orleans during the historic hysterics of Mardi Gras. The press of out-of-town tripsters puts space at a premium, of course, but if you're farsighted, you can get a room at the top in an elegant hostelry like the Pontchartrain or the Royal Orleans, admirable bases for all excursions. At the French Quarter's Galatoire, Brennan's, the new Playboy Club and Arnaud's, you may dine like a *roi*, then step out for post-sunset roistering.

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30. Willow Weep For Me, Solitude, Where or When, 6 more

DANCING ON A SILKEN CLOUD

Swing and Sway with SAMMY KAYE and his orchestra with strings

60. The Nearness of You, Cocktails for Two, Mona Lisa, etc.

THE MAGIC OF SARAH VAUGHAN

BROKEN HEARTED
MELODY
THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC
CARELESS
plus 8 more

14. Also: Love is a Random Thing, Are You Certain, etc.

FOLK SONGS and DRINKING SONGS
from GERMANY

46. Lighthearted singing, lusty and utterly delightful

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ANDRE KOSTELANETZ
NARRATED BY JOHNNY CASH

37. A vividly realistic performance with special sound effects

PORGY AND BESS

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING
From The Samuel Goldwyn
Motion Picture Production

53. "Superb...all the beauty and nobility captured" - HiFi Rev.

EILEEN FARRELL
SINGS
PUCCINI ARIAS

MADAME BUTTERFLY
LA BOHEME
TOSCA
and many more

44. "Probably the finest dramatic soprano in the U.S." - Time

SAY IT WITH MUSIC
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RAY CONNIF

28. Also: I've Got You Under My Skin, Too Young, etc.

ROMANIAN Rhapsodies 1 & 2
HUNGARIAN Rhapsodies 1 & 2

PHILADELPHIA ORCH.
ORMANDY

43. "Superbly played, exciting listening" - Amer. Record Guide

Torchin'
FRANKIE LAINE

73. You've Changed, Body and Soul, I've Got it Bad, 9 more

SCHEHERAZADE

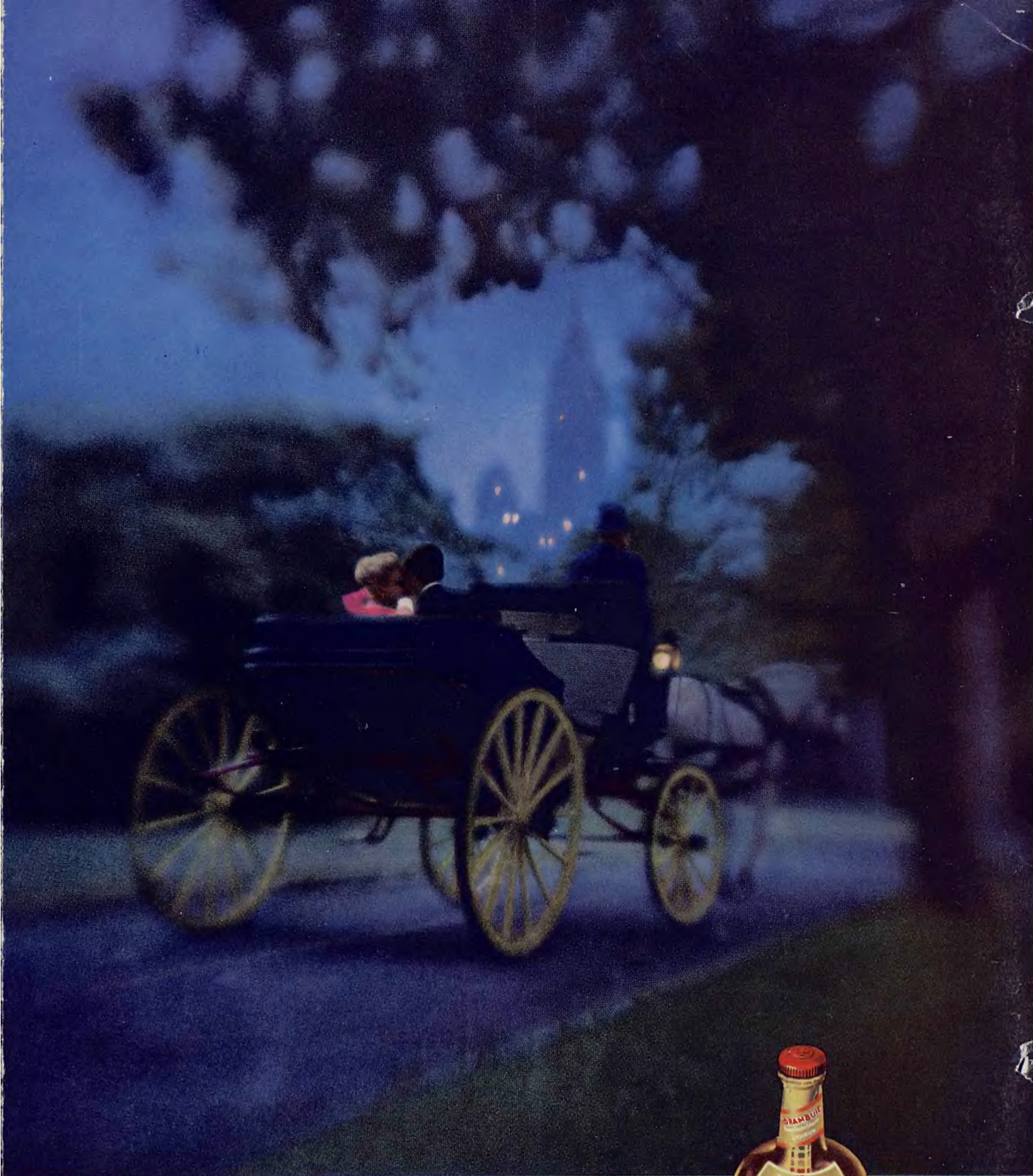
BERNSTEIN
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

39. "A persuasive, sensuous performance" - Listen

4 LADS + 12 HITS

SUCARTIME - HIGH HOPES
PERSONALITY plus 9 more

54. Also: Catch a Falling Star, Come On-A My House, etc.



*Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include Drambuie*

After dinner, have a dram of Drambuie,
the cordial with the Scotch whisky base.



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